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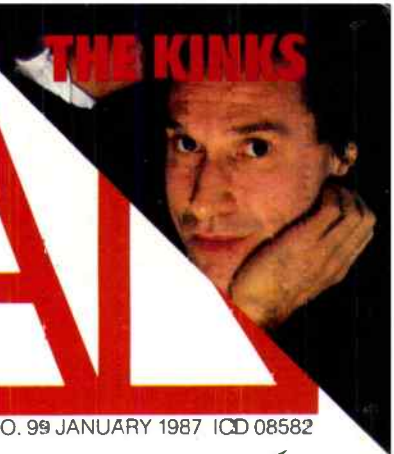

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OCT 28 1983

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LETTERS

Why *Musician* Stinks

The credibility of a magazine that would let a writer vent his dislikes of a band must be seriously questioned. I am speaking, of course, about the article entitled "Is Genesis Really Trying?" or "Why Genesis Stinks." Will next month's issue contain such articles as "Why I Hate Journey" and "Couldn't Eric Clapton Play Better?" I can assure you that this is one subscription that will not be renewed.

Carol Pollock
Philadelphia, PA

Did Genesis sell out for the big bucks? No they didn't! They just changed with the times, and simplified their songs so more people could appreciate them. In a time of plastic patriotism and role models like Don Johnson and Madonna, it seems you have to look like an Adonis and praise our amber waves of grain to get your picture on the cover of *Rolling Stone*. Phil's mugly British appearance works to his advantage, and hey—at least he can play the drums!

Josephine O'Keefe
Tarzana, CA

Musician should be embarrassed to have Timothy White as one of its writers. If your writers want to explore a band's motives and creativity they should do so responsibly, and let the readers form their own conclusions. White had his opinion formed before the article was written, and probably before the interview. This isn't an article, it's an editorial.

Maryann M. Schingo
Manalapan, NJ

It's about time someone took the hard line and criticized Genesis' recent lackluster efforts. Too bad Timothy White didn't have the conviction to take his opinions into the interview. After one mildly probing question, he let Tony Banks stifle his attack. This is a gross injustice; knifing someone in print without even giving them the chance to retaliate. What a shame; it had the makings of a great article.

Iain Taylor
Toronto, Ont.

Timothy White's introductory analysis of Genesis' *Invisible Touch* was perfect. It's a shame that the sales figures support Genesis' decision to move from the elegant compositions of the *A Trick Of The Tail* era to the relentless clamoring that comprises albums such as *Invisible Touch*. Mike Rutherford was right—God, this *is* boring!

Mark Jeantheau
Potomac, MD

[*Timothy White replies: For those who resent my criticism of Genesis'* Invisible Touch*: I stand by it. I do resent the deletion by the editors of specific positive remarks from my article regarding the band's output, and the addition of sophomoric vindictive headlines like "Genesis Stinks" and Three Stooges-type photo captions without my knowledge. They undermine my argument and needlessly prompt letters like these.*]

Mac Attack

C'mon Paulie, stop stepping on John Lennon to try to put yourself on a pedestal. If you cannot stand on your own merits (which are *many* I might add), don't belittle John to cleanse yourself. Your self-righteous purge cannot hurt a dead man—but it sure can hurt the feelings of his two sons. It's such a pity!

Camille DeSantis
Harrison, NY

Great McCartney interview, but don't you think it ended rather abruptly, and out of context? If you can do two issues on Sting then surely you can give us one decent interview with McCartney.

Mabusha Masekela
Philadelphia, PA

Paul McCartney's comments on who was playing on what leads me to an idea that could be a big selling issue for *Musician*: a listing, as close as possible, of who played what instrument on each of the Beatles recordings. Back in my early days of rock journalism, when I interviewed Bee Gee Maurice Gibb in the fall of 1969, his comments about playing bass on "Polythene Pam" and lead guitar (ahem) on "Something" seemed questionable even to my naive self.

Harold Bronson
Rhino Records
Santa Monica, CA

The next time you have a story or interview on Paul McCartney, please put a much bigger photo of him on the front cover. After all, who's going to even remember or know Tina Turner in ten years? Whereas McCartney is certainly a legend in his own time.

Lori Chetakian

Soon Come Bunny

As for the Church of Bunny Wailer of Latter-Day Dreads, nice he put down plough for mike, yes, but really—two and a half hours late for a press conference and excused on the basis of hairstyle? When so many talented songwriters and musicians in Jamaica can't get so much as a listen because of a cultural stigma acquired by such behavior? If Bunny bean-head truly wishes to further the cause of reggae music, he could begin by turning pro.

Elizabeth Joyce
New York, NY

R.E.M. Takes

I am a poet. At least I like to think I am. *Lifes Rich Pageant* is R.E.M.'s best effort in years. The last three hours have been quite inspirational to me. *– Steve Merrill, Richland, WA.* How long is the critics' darling little band going to keep getting rave reviews and mediocre album sales? *– Joey Proton, Atlanta, GA.* Adulation for Scott Isler's review of R.E.M.'s *Lifes Rich Pageant*, as well as for the masterpiece itself. *– Randy Martin, Terre Haute, IN.*

Three Strikes

I am most surprised and disappointed that your magazine would print an unsigned letter that attacks our college and bases this attack on a comment taken out of context (see October "Letters"). The statement in your July issue in no way compared our faculty to plumbers, nor did it imply that they did not deserve a "decent wage." Rather, the comparison was made in answer to a direct question regarding the college's ability to pay for a specific salary proposal put forth by the union.

It is to Berklee's credit that the unnamed individual is a former staff member. It reflects the continuous upgrading of staff that the college has undertaken over the past few years. I trust that the magazine will not let unnamed persons attack individuals or institutions without your first checking the validity of their attacks.

Warrick L. Carter
Dean of Faculty,
Berklee College of Music
Boston, MA

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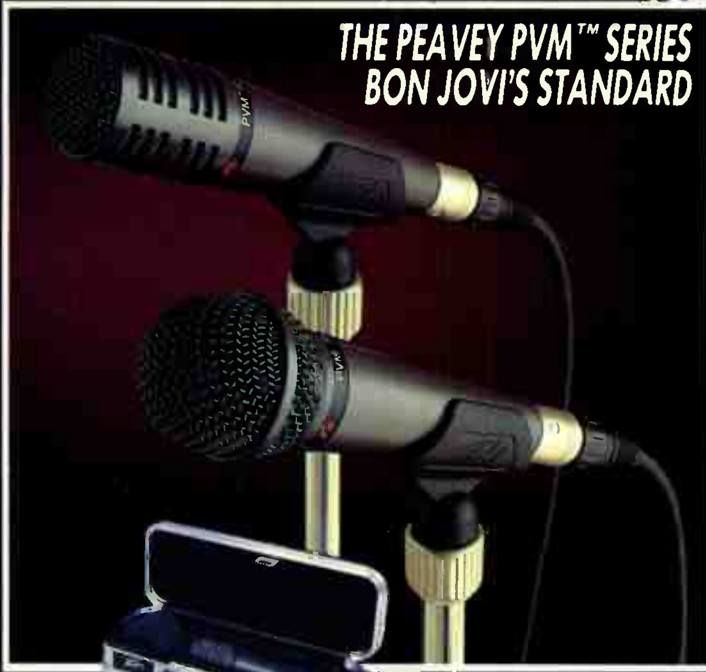

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GEORGIA SATELLITES

BY BILL REPSHER

TRUE LOVE & SIN: INNOCENCE IS THEIR ONLY CRIME

What made Rick Price decide to play rock 'n' roll? "Poossy," the bassist answers, and the rest of his band erupts into a contagious fit of laughter. Then again, that's his answer to damn near every question asked. The Georgia Satellites don't smirk—they howl.

Blitzkrieg honkytonk. Those are the only words for the Georgia Satellites. They've got a hillbilly twang, but somebody stomped on it with a leather boot. Other bands have played the blues, and even more have rocked with a breathtaking urgency. Not many have combined the two like this bunch.

"But you don't want to write about us," drummer Mauro Magellan says, pausing to lower the punch line. "We only know three chords." Magellan and the band are upstairs at the Ritz in New York waiting for a soundcheck. The Satellites have just released their self-titled debut album on Elektra Records, and it's guaranteed, as the Satellites say, to knock your dick in the dirt.

"The New York shows are going great," Magellan continues, "but the audience reaction is much better back home in Atlanta. The drinks are a whole lot cheaper down there." The Georgia Satellites are an honest-to-god bar band; their boyish demeanor is that of perfect Southern gentlemen who put in a few hot summer nights behind the barn.

Onstage that night, nothing changes. From guitarist/vocalist/songwriter Dan Baird's black, hi-top Converses to Price's cigarette impaled Keith-style on the stub of a bass string, the band bears a certain animal grace. Their long, frizzy hair and straining faces look butt-ugly under the spotlights, and that's a compliment. Guitarist/vocalist Rick Richards and Baird trade chainsaw rhythms and leads that crunch, not jangle, while Magellan and Price lay down a beat you'd want by your side in a dark alley. But it's their innocence that matters most; it's the way their eyes catch and light up during an adrenal "Great Balls Of Fire." Their cheekbones must ache from grinning so much.

"We got that way from *mandancing*," Baird says in his Georgian drawl. "Mandancing is when you put on *Sticky Fingers* and everybody stands in front of the speakers going 'Yeahhh!' while playing air guitar. No women allowed—mandancing only. It's like a bunch of guys hunching around the floor doing all kinds of weird crap."

It's a long way from Baird's first mandance to the Ritz. The band all agrees that seeing the Beatles on the *Ed Sullivan Show* provided the initial kick in the ass, but, Baird reminisces, "It all started to happen when me and my little brother used to put on *Beggars Banquet*. By the first three minutes of 'Street Fighting Man' we were beating each other up."

From there it was an endless series of bands until Baird met Richards in the late 70s. "I was working in a guitar store in Atlanta," Richards says, "and one day Dan came in and played 'Peggy Sue Got Married,' so I figured he was okay. One of the first nights we really jammed together was the night John Lennon died. We were feeling pretty bad about it, so we got together and played."

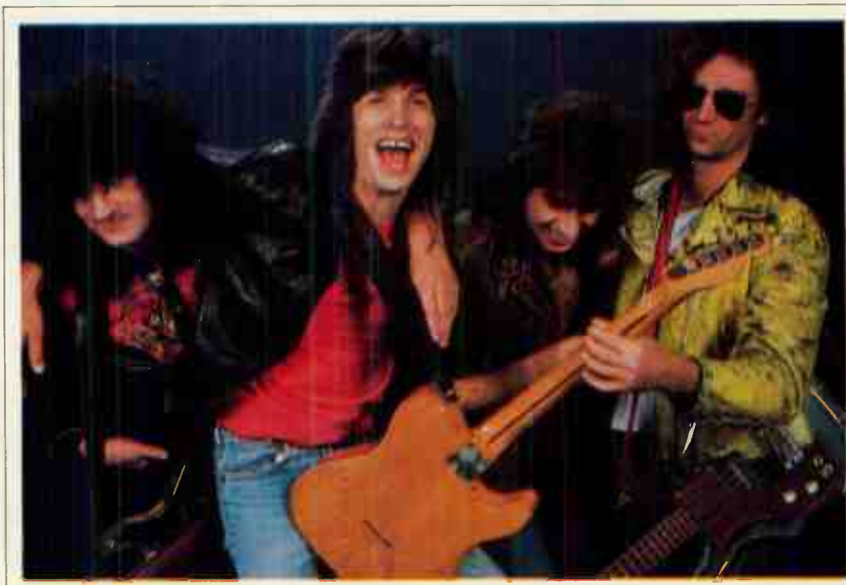
"Around that time," Baird adds, "I was in a band that was a little more poppy than we are now. I saw Rick one night in a band called the Desperate Angels, and I was knocked out. Rick came and saw us, and he liked our songs. My band broke up, so I asked Rick if he wanted to do anything. He said, 'Wayull, Ah got some things goin' raht nowuh, maybe someday.'

"But we eventually got together. We jammed in a place that used to be a plumbing company. It was underneath a barbeque joint. I swear to god—it looked a lot like CBGBs. In Atlanta, that's hard to do. But it was great. We'd jam from midnight to four in the morning, and I'd look at my watch and go, 'Crap, I gotta go to work.' It was like being thirteen again, doing all that teenage crap and being completely unembarrassed."

Baird and Richards formed the Georgia Satellites in 1980; by 1983 they'd forged a strong Atlanta audience. The rhythm section constantly changed, with one hectic week seeing four different bass players. ("No reason why," Baird shrugs, "you just had to be there.") The band had recorded demo tapes with producer Jeff Glixman (Saxxon, Kansas), but they couldn't grab any record company's attention.

That's when the band broke up. Baird joined the Woodpeckers in North Carolina; Richards joined the Hell Hounds, whose rhythm section of Price and Magellan had been in the Brains (Tom Gray's Atlanta-based band who did the original "Money Changes Everything").

But it wasn't over yet. The Satellites' road manager took the demo tapes to England, where Making Waves, a small



Mandancing with Price, Baird, Magellan and Richards.

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JOHN LURIE

BY SCOTT ISLER

THE LOUNGE LIZARDS' PHOTOGENIC SAXMAN PLAYS IT FOR REAL

Profile of a bohemian: fake jazz for real life.

Maybe it's that distinctive face: the broad forehead, the arching eyebrows, the aggressive nose, the pursed lips, the jawbone that looks like it could stop a truck (or at least cause a dent). Maybe it's the way his baggy trousers and 1940s jackets hang on his hulking frame. But something about John Lurie gives the impression that this guy should not be viewed by daylight, let alone beyond the confines of New York's sub-bohemian lower east side.

Yet here he is—not only wide awake at two in the afternoon, but the proud renter of a brownstone garden duplex on one of the most chi-chi blocks in Greenwich Village. Lurie can't quite believe it himself. "People here think I'm ruining the neighborhood," he jokes in a gravelly voice paved by cigarettes. "I come home at ten in the morning, drunk. Scare their children."

[*Anecdote*] Lurie now lives exactly a block away from another renowned musical figure, the Cars' Ric Ocasek. But a summit meeting seems unlikely. Told of his new neighbor, Lurie shows no sign of recognition. "Who's that? I don't know who he is," he says matter-of-factly. He's not kidding. [*End of anecdote*]

You can take the musician out of the lower east side, but you can't take etc. etc. Lurie's three-weeks-old living quarters probably don't look like his neighbors' either. The large living room is completely bare except for a chair, a bicycle and a saxophone case. Recessed shelves hold a sound system, a modest jazz record collection and some books. Mixed in with Waugh and Naipaul are titles like *Japanese In Three Weeks*, *Parlons Français* and an English-Italian *Dizionario*.

John Lurie is going places, metaphorically as well as geographically. In the last two years this thirty-four-year-old adopted New Yorker has become a cult celebrity for his roles in two Jim Jarmusch films, *Stranger Than Paradise* and *Down By Law*. He relishes the fame ("I love seeing myself on TV, it's such a gas!") though he's leery of being typecast by the two similar parts. "People see me as this incompetent pimp in real life," he says incredulously. "I mean, that's like a disaster!"

At the same time he's continued to lead the Lounge Lizards, whose idiosyncratic instrumentals delight some people, enrage others and confuse the rest. Lurie has always juggled media. He created the Lounge Lizards to provide a soundtrack for a potential film, and has directed some super-8 shorts. He says he can balance his careers, though he wishes others would see it that way.

"I was really bugged, like August, September," Lurie fast-raps. "I got an album out and people only wanted to talk to me about my new movie. It was getting on my nerves quite a bit. 'Cause the music was *happening*."

The music's been happening for Lurie at least since 1979, when the Lounge Lizards had their public unveiling. The original quintet interspersed free-for-all jams with moody themes that could have come from B-movies. The lead voices were Lurie's plaintive alto sax and Arto Lindsay's guitar, which alternately sounded like a strangling chicken and a Ford Model A trying to start in cold weather. Lurie coined the term "fake jazz" to describe the group. He regretted it later, when critics took the phrase

PERRY OGDEN

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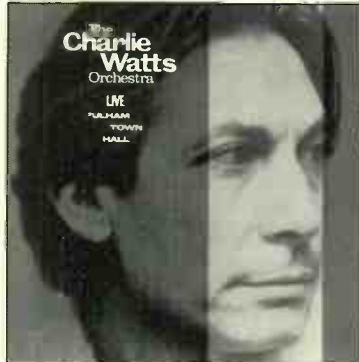

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stood what the direction was." But the Lizards do have chops as well as a sense of humor.

For that reason Lurie dreads the possibility of losing Bowne to the drummer's co-existing rock group. "I heard tapes," Lurie sniffs. "You can't even tell it's him! It's stupid for him to leave this band."

If the Lizards are unstable, Lurie has only himself to blame. "It's hard to keep 'em together," he says, "'cause I'm doing so many other projects. They don't make enough money with the band that they can afford to take off two months."

Right now, though, the Lounge Lizards are wasting no time. *Live In Tokyo—Big Heart* ("In Japanese it's like calling a record *Big Liver*") has just come out. The band is days away from embarking on another tour of Japan. But first they have to wind up recording a new studio album. On top of *that*, Lurie's been putting the finishing touches on a Lounge Lizards video for the title cut of *Big Heart*. No wonder he's up during the day; Lurie claims he's been existing on three hours of sleep a night, and that he's lost ten pounds in the last month: "I can't play romantic leads!"

This next record will be the band's first studio album since its debut. Lurie cites finances as one reason for the Lounge Lizards' preference for live recording. "This band is very difficult to do in the studio," he adds, "'cause everything has to happen live. So you have to have a perfect take for eight people all the way through; you don't do basic drum tracks. It's not impossible. But what's expected now is a record with no mistakes. You start to play and the attitude is 'I've gotta get this right,' so instead of playing it's like you're at a typewriter trying not to make any mistakes. I don't mind the mistakes."

Still, Lurie says the Lizards brought it off, to the amazement of the engineers. Unlike *Live In Tokyo*'s material, drawn from the last three years, "most of the stuff on the [new] album we wrote in a cab on the way to the studio! We wrote something the day before we went in."

A propos of writing—Lurie composes most of the Lounge Lizards' originals—he suddenly announces, "I'm getting really good at just getting off the plane, unpacking, taking out my horn and jotting something down. Then it starts to come. I don't work well if I sit down for five hours and try to write. I have to play for twenty-five minutes, figure something out, and let it stir around in my head."

continued on page 97

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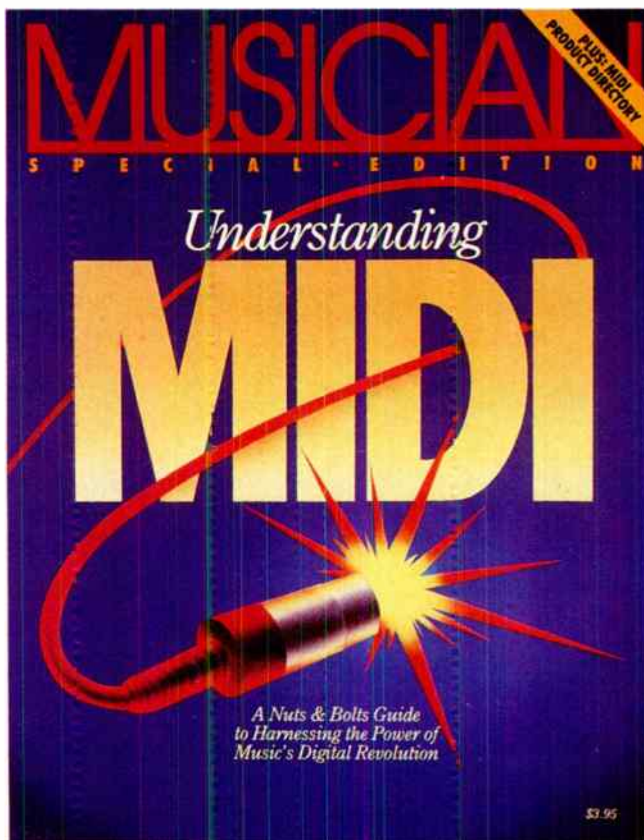

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DAVID & DAVID

Songs of Innocence and Experience

The Los Angeles duo David & David is riddled with contradictions, both forced and unforced. For starters, their debut album, *Boomtown*, emphasizes long pieces locking into smooth grooves that lure the listener like a beckoning finger. But atop this sprightly, seductive music are themes of loneliness and alienation—shattered dreams and seedy scenes peopled with characters like the Cleanup Kid, Handsome Kevin and Ms. Cristina.

When asked about the casting of these characters, singer-lyricist **David Baerwald** replies: "A lot of it is that I wanted me out of the songs. I don't think I achieved that actually. I was trying to nullify myself as a protagonist. And in doing so, I found myself even more of one!"

The LP, with "Welcome To The Boomtown" as its radio and video calling card, has ascended the charts with surprising velocity—surprising, that is, to nearly everyone but David & David. "Well, it's hard to be surprised if you don't know what you're in for," observes composer and multi-instrumentalist **David Ricketts.**

"Yeah, we really didn't know what to expect," Baerwald agrees. This wide-eyed posture seems distinctly at odds with *Boomtown*'s worldly, jaded view. Moreover, the Davids' professed innocence about the workings of the "music biz" doesn't jibe with their considerable experience in various bands before teaming up two years ago.

They do claim that their previous (and separate) dissatisfaction with the band format was a big factor in recording as a twosome. But in the David & David operation, exception *is* the rule. So their anti-band stance hasn't prevented them from assembling a live unit for a tour that started in November.

How will it be to return to band work?

"I think it'll change things, it'll loosen us up," Ricketts responds. "But I realize how protective I am about getting into that stuff. 'Cause I never got satisfaction that way."

All things considered, one suspects David & David will get satisfaction *this* time.

– Duncan Strauss

BAD BRAINS

Speed-Rock With a Heart

Talking influences with the Bad Brains? Prepare to get some curves thrown at you. "You know, Black Sabbath, Budgie, stuff like that," says the band's bassist **Darryl Jenifer.** Budgie?! "Yeah man," he chuckles. "They were *hard.*"

So are the Brains. They have been since 1977, when they were just Washington, D.C. kids playing tunes and trying to get away from all the "negativity" they saw around them. They even dabbled a bit in jazz fusion. "Sure," Jenifer confirms, "we got into McLaughlin and stuff like that."

But ever since the Brains flushed the fusion, they've been known as the most potent of all the hardcore bands, sidestepping the cartoonish hate slogans and nihilistic mantras of the Pacific skinheads. Their music is charged with Rasta-tinged lyrics calling for ye olde one-world brotherhood.

CHRIS CUFFARO/VISAGE ELIZABETH McCULLOUGH

World Radio History

Edited by Scott Isler

FACES

"That was our whole motivation to do the thing," Jenifer continues. "We had our concept of what we wanted to be and we stuck to it."

After an EP and a ROIR cassette showed them to have the power, the Ric Ocasek-produced *Rock For Light* proved they had a shot at hardcore glory. The LP paralleled the full-bore onslaught of a live show. Mayhem, yes, but control too. A Brains show is a well-rehearsed ballet that strives to unite the ferocious in-the-moment possibilities of randomness and the lasting beauty of design. Speed-rock to end it all.

"That's what we do," Jenifer laughs, "go straight and bust it out. You shouldn't be thinking of nothin' except executin' and comin' off with your heart."

Back together after a slight breakup, the Brains have switched gears again. The new *I Against I* finds them amending their attack by (slightly) metalizing their sound. The slick but steely Ron St. Germain production celebrates the band's chops as well.

"We didn't *decide* to slow it down," the bassist claims. "Some songs just call for that. We've changed, we're going forward."

The Brains were weird individualists when they rose to the top in the predominantly white-kid genre of hardcore. Now they're crossing paths with that other bastion of white males, metal. And Jenifer reminds that unlike *I Against I*, their live show will still contain a dose of overt reggae tunes.

"We get tired, we slow it down. We're old ladies, man."

Old ladies who love Budgie. – *Jim Macnie*

GARY GERSHOFF/RETNA

KURTIS BLOW

Old School, New Classes

"Back to the old school." That's how innovative rap stylist and first-generation survivor Kurtis Blow describes his new *Kingdom Blow* album, an eight-song collage of scratching and snippets of other songs. But it's not dated. Today, he says, "a lot of the beats we used to rap to in the beginning are being combined with new production touches like Roland 808s. I'm just giving the history from then to now."

No wonder the rapping on "Street Rock," a grinding collaboration with Bob Dylan ("he's a legend and—to a certain extent—I will be"), struts non-stop like Grandmaster Flash's "The Message." And "The Bronx" emerges a busy, hardcore dedication to places such as the legendary Club 371, one of the hangouts rap calls

To advance rap from there, Blow says he created a formula that legitimized the genre. Before his landmark "The Breaks," he notes, "all that was going on was ego-tripping. 'The Breaks' had the first meaningful lyric—a story." As a result, radio programmers, record magnates, singers, musicians and others not involved in the street scene took notice. "'The Breaks,'" Blow adds, "changed the whole image of rap music."

Ditto for Blow's 1980 recording of Bachman-Turner Overdrive's "Taking Care Of Business" on *Kurtis Blow,* and *The Deuce*'s "You'll Be Rockin'," which became a crowd favorite live. Blow claims, "The producers of Run-DMC got the idea of doing rock 'n' roll rap from me." True or not, Run-DMC has been considerably more successful. But Blow is philosophical; "Others may be kings but I was their teacher."

Another Blow first is his combining New York rap with Washington, D.C. go go. "It was 1980," he recalls. "Even with my $50,000 worth of new equipment, this opening band named Trouble Funk kicked my butt." Figuring "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em," Blow recorded "Party Time" with E.U. in 1982; this year Trouble Funk contributed tracks to "I'm Chillin'," *Kingdom Blow*'s initial single. In the interval, L.L. Cool J, Doug E. Fresh and a slew of other MC's have exploited Chocolate City polyrhythms—all the way to heaven.

Is Blow still influential? He thinks so. On the new album's "Reasons For Wanting You," he eschews gangster posturing for sensitivity. "I think B-Boys are growing up now."

Articulate and business-like, he sure has.

– *Havelock Nelson*

Black Flag Furls It Up

Hardcore fans might already have guessed it, but just to make it official: Black Flag is no more. After a hyperactive 1986—they toured for nine months and released a live LP—the band decided to take a year off. The sabbatical became permanent when guitarist Greg Ginn realized he was fed up with rabid audiences and heavy touring expenses; he was bored with the band in general. Ginn also has his own band, Gone, to keep him occupied. Vocalist Henry Rollins, meanwhile, has recorded a solo LP; unlike his previous spoken-word efforts, this one has music.

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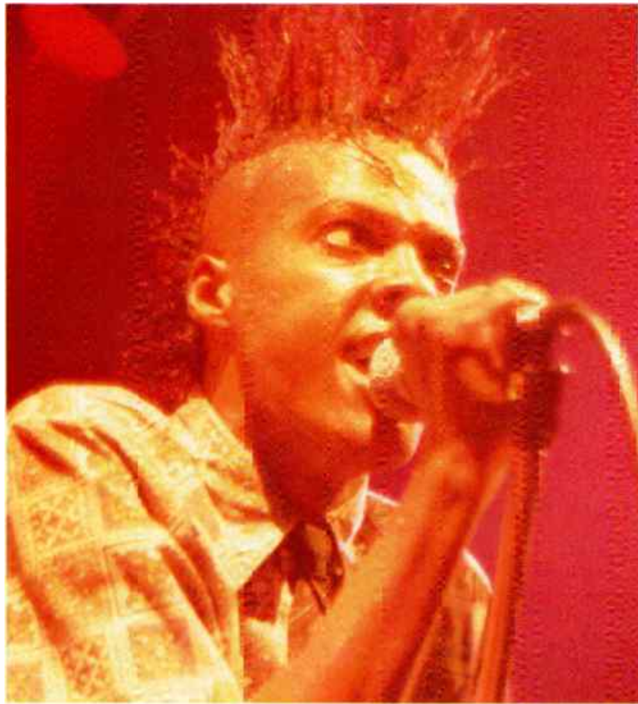

FISHBONE

Hanging on to Eclecticism

It's not a lot of one thing, like the first record was," Fishbone guitarist **Kendall Jones** says, comparing the L.A. band's self-titled debut EP with its new *In Your Face* LP. "I'm not saying [the EP] was bad. It just didn't have enough songs that really showed the full gamut of what Fishbone's about."

This observation may surprise those who remember last year's EP as a crazy quilt of funk, ska, psychedelia, thrash and edgy modern pop—stitched together with more enthusiasm than chops or focus. But Jones is right about *In Your Face*: It *is* pretty eclectic, as well as a far more tuneful and assured work. The often-wry lyrics cover nearly as much ground as the music, scooting from rallying cries for peace and unity to randy mutterings that earned the LP an "Explicit Lyrics—Parental Advisory" tag.

The record suggests a quantum leap in composing and playing skills for the young sextet. Some of the credit may belong to producer David Kahne, who has a reputation for significantly altering songs—even bands—in the studio. Did Kahne play a big role in the creation of *In Your Face*? "Yes, he did," Jones replies. "He's like the seventh member."

No kidding. Kahne helped write half of the album's tunes and played "additional keyboards and guitars." But it's apparent that Fishbone's growth is the real McCoy, not just the product of studio hocus-pocus. Catch the group live (the current tour's dubbed "Bone in the U.S.A.") and the highly animated show confirms that the new, improved Fishbone benefited from Kahne's input while retaining its delightfully odd, broad vision.

"We've never limited ourselves to one groove or trying to play up to people, because you never last that way," Jones asserts. "All the bands that mean something now—that aren't just blatant corporate puppets—are bands that stuck it out and hung on to their own sound."

– Duncan Strauss

LOVE AND ROCKETS

Out of the Darkness

One dip in the trippy currents of Love and Rockets tunes like "Kundalini Express" and "Yin And Yang The Flower Pot Man," and the word "psychedelic" naturally springs to mind. However, singer/guitarist **Daniel Ash** cringes at the description. "There's nothing wrong with the word itself," he observes solemnly, "but it's often taken to mean the 60s and hippies. All we're concerned about is feeling truly free." Singer/bassist **David J** (Jay) adds, "'Transcendental' is a better word," prompting Ash to exclaim, "We want to fly!"

Which in itself is big news for anyone who remembers Ash, Jay and drummer Kevin Haskins from their late 70s/early 80s days in Bauhaus, the British cult quartet whose taste ran to songs like "Kick In The Eye," "Bela Lugosi's Dead" and "Exquisite Corpse." "Bauhaus tended toward the shadows," J notes. "Love and Rockets is the lunar end of the spectrum."

When Bauhaus scattered to the winds in 1983, Ash and Haskins played in Tones on Tail, Jay worked with the Jazz Butcher, and singer Peter Murphy forged a solo career, among other projects. Minus Murphy, they reassembled in early 1985 and became Love and Rockets, borrowing the name (without permission) from the Hernandez brothers' popular comic books.

Where Bauhaus seemed geared to a rabid minority, Love and Rockets wants hits. Thus the trio's first U.S. LP, *Express*, features a reworked version of the Temptations' "Ball Of Confusion" that's tailored for maximum chart action. In fact, Ash says he and his pals were never satisfied with the comforts of cultdom. "That wasn't our attitude, even back in '79," he insists. "Some bands want to be obscure, and I can't comprehend that."

So these three skinny English boys have no fear of big-time success? Ash smiles and says softly, "Not much."

– Jon Young

MONICA DEE/RETNA

Free Plug

Bill Flanagan's *Written In My Soul* (Contemporary Books, Chicago) contains twenty-seven interviews with rock's greatest singer/songwriters: Dylan, Berry, Costello, Sting, the Stones and others talk about their music with unusual candor. Buy it so Bill won't have to close the orphanage.

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Tom Scholz makes records slowly. Very slowly. He once estimated he had been working on his first one for seven years before it came out as *Boston*. The second Boston album took a mere two years. but Scholz insists only the first side was really done. His third and most recent album appeared eight years after his second. There are a number of reasons why Scholz needs this much time, but the simplest is that the man is a compulsive—some would say neurotic—perfectionist. He wants it done Right. This means that, with a few key exceptions, he Does It Himself.

"It's hard for somebody to put down music the way I want to put it down," he explains. "I listen to exactly how every note is played, not just the pitch, the volume or the sound, but the attack, the intonation, and all the little nuances. And if it's not the way I think it should be, then I want to get it done over again and have it done right. When it comes to recording, I'm one of the only people I know that can put up with me."

Among those who've had a hard time putting up with Scholz is CBS Records, who have a three-year lawsuit against him for failure to deliver Boston's third album anywhere near schedule. After a few years of waiting and begging and threatening, CBS cut Scholz's royalties and sued his ass off. When he finally completed the new album—*Third Stage*—this year, Scholz gave it to MCA Records. It went straight to number one.

Also on the outs with Scholz are Fran Sheehan, Barry Goudreau and Sib Hashian, three of the four other members (now ex-members) of Boston. Fran, Sib and Barry all split with Tom during the long, long wait for LP number three. The fourth Boston, singer Brad Delp, is still in the Scholz camp. Fran and Sib are, like CBS, battling Scholz in court over who broke promises to whom. (Barry sued and settled early.)

But hey—don't let that give you the idea Tom Scholz is hard to work with! Okay, maybe he's a little bit of a Felix Ungar. Maybe he's just a little too...picky? "It isn't pickiness, the way people would think," Scholz insists. "If you use a word like picky, people think of some guy who has no tomato spots on his shirt and his hair is combed just right. Obviously I'm not a picky guy—anybody that's seen my car, or me, or

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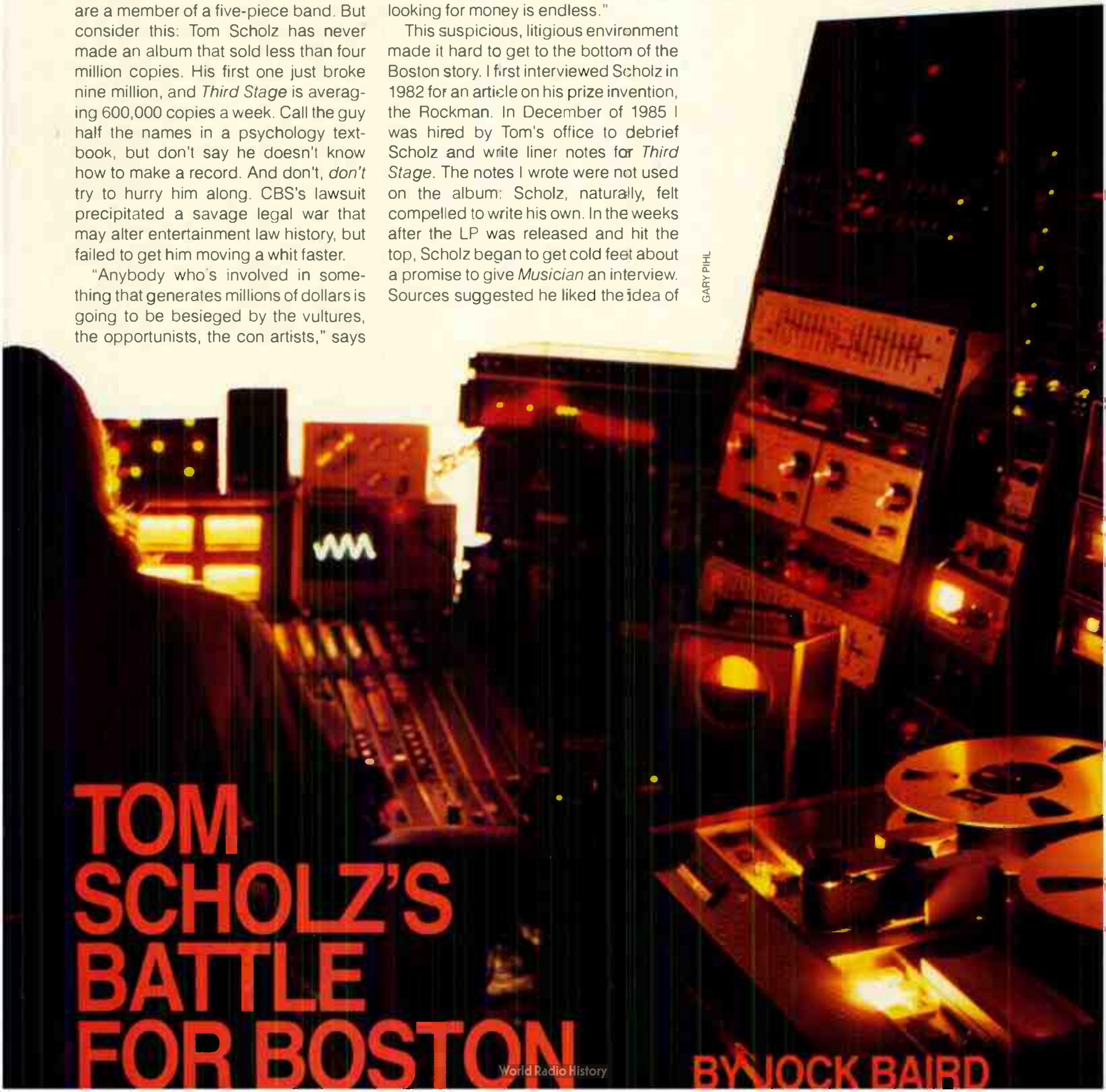
anything about the way I live would see that. The only thing I'm picky about is something I'm making. I don't know, something happens to me. I have to get into it. I'm driven to not let something go that I think I can do a little better."

Now in a mellow, democratic culture like ours, this is considered uptight, dictatorial behavior, especially when you are a member of a five-piece band. But consider this: Tom Scholz has never made an album that sold less than four million copies. His first one just broke nine million, and *Third Stage* is averaging 600,000 copies a week. Call the guy half the names in a psychology textbook, but don't say he doesn't know how to make a record. And don't, *don't* try to hurry him along. CBS's lawsuit precipitated a savage legal war that may alter entertainment law history, but failed to get him moving a whit faster.

"Anybody who's involved in something that generates millions of dollars is going to be besieged by the vultures, the opportunists, the con artists," says Scholz. "I've watched people do that around me—like early in Boston's career—and I made a mental commitment to myself that I was going to be absolutely a brick wall. And I stuck to that. My intention was always to be the one guy they couldn't bully around. I was going to stand up to it. And so far it's worked. The line of people out there who are just looking for money is endless."

This suspicious, litigious environment made it hard to get to the bottom of the Boston story. I first interviewed Scholz in 1982 for an article on his prize invention, the Rockman. In December of 1985 I was hired by Tom's office to debrief Scholz and write liner notes for *Third Stage*. The notes I wrote were not used on the album: Scholz, naturally, felt compelled to write his own. In the weeks after the LP was released and hit the top, Scholz began to get cold feet about a promise to give *Musician* an interview. Sources suggested he liked the idea of creating a mystique around Boston, of having no videos and no articles longer than daily newspaper features.

Scholz's office got wind *Musician* was planning to run a Boston story anyway, and got nervous that we'd use information from my liner-notes interview. (Hard to say what worried them—possibly some less than flattering characteriza-



GARY PIHL

TOM SCHOLZ'S BATTLE FOR BOSTON

BY JOCK BAIRD

World Radio History

WARING ABBOTT

The days of world tours, multiple encores and insomnia: Delp, Scholz, Goudreau, Hashian

guitars on the early demos were done by Goudreau. On that score Goudreau himself cryptically notes, "I will say that Tom had not been playing guitar very long when we began playing together." Scholz admits that Goudreau was present on some of the earliest demos, but that "those didn't work out too well. I later decided to just stick with Jim and me getting the music together. I wish I hadn't had to do all the instruments myself, it was never my intention to form a band and be the central figure and have to do it all. All I wanted was to play guitar. I don't know whether I just didn't run into the right musicians along the road, or what happened. My only other choice would've been to accept other people's interpretations of the songs I was writing and I guess over the years I didn't hear a lot of interpretations that I liked."

Sheehan says he had input in the demo days, too: "I was working with them once in a while. They would keep asking me to join the band permanently, but they weren't playing out. All they were was another band doing demo tapes in Boston. So I'd go and work with them, doing different things, coming up with bass lines, singing vocal backups, stuff like that. And Sib was in the band for a while too. We all contributed ideas about what was good, what wasn't, how this was better, how the mix sounded...."

Sheehan and Hashian have begun litigation over their respective rights to Boston income, so their accounts of the formative days—like Scholz's—have to be taken in that legal light. Certainly Sheehan's consistent use of "they" implies two circles, an inner circle close to Scholz and an outer circle of pick-up musicians that the inner circle bounced ideas off.

When the demos landed a management deal in late 1975 and a band had to be assembled, a major blow was dealt to the inner circle when Jim Masdea was not included. At issue was the chops factor. Sheehan points out: "Masdea just wasn't cutting it. He had just kind of stopped playing drums and wasn't in very good practice or anything. He wasn't really even interested in the drums anymore—he wanted to play keyboards. So I was in charge of getting a drummer, and I went out and got a guy by the name of Dave Currier, who was the best young drummer in the city of Boston back then. But Currier quit, after we had gotten the CBS contract! His exact words were, 'Something doesn't feel right in this band. There's something drastically wrong here.' We all kind of knew what it was, but it was just a thing of, either we act grown-up about the thing and just roll along with it—and let whoever's going to act weird act weird and the rest of us go about our work like professionals—or it wouldn't have happened. At all."

The original Boston management deal with Paul Ahern and Charles McKenzie only signed Scholz and Brad Delp, as did the record deal Ahern Associates negotiated with CBS. Only a few months later were the other three Boston members written in for equal shares in the LP's performance royalties and tour income. Scholz also received half of a separate producer's royalty and most of the publishing income. Sources in the Scholz camp say that the partnership was expanded because Scholz wanted a collegial atmosphere, despite the fact that when Boston finally went in to cut their debut in 1976, Scholz recorded ninety percent of the LP's instrumental tracks. Sib Hashian's recent suit against Scholz claims an oral partnership that dates back a year, to 1975. (That appears to contradict Sheehan's statement that Hashian joined only after Currier quit in early 1976.) Sheehan, too, says there were oral agreements making the three hired hands part of Boston, but assigns to Scholz a different motivation than the pure benevolence with which Scholz's own people credit him:

"When it finally came time for a band," Sheehan says, "Tom really had to get the best musicians he could, and he couldn't get them because...he's a little tough to work with, let's say. Plus, they couldn't make any money playing out, and it's tough to get really good musicians to play with you unless you're gonna make some money or something. So when we all joined the band, before we got the CBS deal, it was an all-equal thing. He was going to get the kinds of guys he wanted."

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Still, as Scholz oversaw cover art and liner photos in preparation for the release of his music, one thing rankled: the sacrifice of his old pal Masdea, which Scholz says he was unable to prevent. Scholz drew from that an important lesson about control: "Frankly, I thought the whole thing was completely unfair. He had worked on my music for years, did a great job, in my opinion, and got pushed out of the band. He got little credit and no royalties at all. At that point, I was powerless to stop it, but eventually I said, 'I'm not going to let that happen. Nobody is going to do that again.'"

"Hindsight is 20/20," notes Fran Sheehan, but ten years after its release, it's easy to see how *Boston* achieved its colossal sales. There's not an original musical idea on the record, but it's assembled with a wonderful ingenuity and hardly a parsec of dead air. A constant parade of scene changes, stunts and segues accompanies Brad Delp's passionate invocations of love, peace and understanding, groovy rock 'n' roll bands and the joys of picking up foxy ladies. The opener, "More Than A Feeling," became a top five single and a certified FM classic. Overall, the record seemed a tribute to one of Scholz's central working principles: "I listen to these songs thousands of times, which would make you sick of most songs. My rule is that if I'm working on something and I really don't want to hear it again, if it gets going through my mind and I can't stand it, I throw that song out. Not one song on the albums has failed that test."

Success hit Scholz, Delp and company like a firestorm. Accountants told them they were rich, although they noticed there wasn't that much money around. Scholz bought a modest

Scholz: "Jim Masdea got pushed out of the band...I was powerless to stop it. I said, 'I'm not going to let that happen again.'"

home in the western suburbs of Boston and moved his recording gear into the basement to create Hydaway Studios, where he's recorded everything since. As the royalties poured in, the band's tax accountants set up a deferred payment arrangement for some of their album royalties: CBS would invest the money they'd already earned and pay each band member a fixed yearly income. A second so-called "Deferral Agreement" was established after the second album as well. These agreements later play important roles in our story.

The band embarked on a series of well-executed tours and press blitzes. The fiction that Boston was a real band was carefully nurtured at all times. "It would always be that for the benefit of the band, you'd have to lie about things to the press," recalls Sheehan, who handled most of the publicity efforts. "Tom would say, 'You can't say this, this can't go this way, you have to tell an untruth.'" For the most part, these untruths involved minimizing Scholz's musical primacy. Sources in the current Scholz camp suggest he felt the Boston audience would not accept the idea the music was over-dubbed, and because he feared embarrassing the other players.

There is some evidence that Scholz did not take well to touring—the perfectionist in him found the small compromises required in playing live too onerous. Says Sheehan, "It's tough, even for guys who had been full-time musicians playing out on good days and bad days. Tom wasn't really at that advantage. I'd gone through a four-month slump, playing in front of people when my head wasn't together and still kept my confidence through it. But for Tom it was real tough, because all of a sudden the thing had accelerated beyond what any of us had gone through. He didn't have much experience to fall back on."

A source who was with Boston around this time gave this picture of Scholz on the road: "He's an eccentric genius. The guy has a very difficult time sleeping, he's always thinking ahead of himself, and he ends up in a semi-paranoid state. Unless he has a bunch of people around him going 'Yeah Tom, yeah Tom, yeah Tom,' things aren't very comfortable."

A few months after the tours subsided, Scholz started in on a second album, working in much the same way as he had recorded the debut. But now there was more pressure to accommodate other band members' ideas. Several sources insist the title cut of the next LP, "Don't Look Back," was written by the full band, and a greater attempt than before was made to find little solo spots for each member. But one witness to the process felt Scholz was unreceptive to musical input, calling his attitude one of "How dare you give me an idea?" "Close. It was close to that," sighs Sheehan. "He had a hard time hearing other people's ideas, other than something he could use for himself. He would take each idea and go over it. If it didn't really catch, it went in the wastebasket."

Epic Records began looking for the follow-up LP about a year after the first, and as the months ticked into 1978 and the band sat around waiting for Scholz to finish it up, a general anxiety settled in. Actually, by his standards, Scholz had done pretty well—a whole side in about eighteen months. And it was not a bad half-record, more musically adventurous than the first album, and less prone to repeating ideas. And it sold as well as the first half of *Boston* did, four million.

The second side dropped off a cliff. It was a Boston recording about two drafts before we usually see it. "*Don't Look Back* was questionably received because it wasn't complete," says Scholz now. "That album had one side finished and it was virtually forced out of my hands." A subsequent Scholz legal memorandum claimed he "succumbed to pressure from [manager Paul] Ahern and CBS." Having delivered the second Boston album in July of 1978, the band hit the road again, adding a European leg. "The group was on tour for more than a year," continues the memorandum, "ending about November of 1979, at which time the group was 'burned out.'" But the real fires were only beginning.

Scholz was becoming embroiled in a legal tussle with manager Ahern; some legal papers allude to the fact that Ahern owned a piece of every song Scholz would write, which made Scholz less than eager to write songs. Sources in the Scholz camp admit that in 1979 Scholz called a meeting of the band and told them to work on any solo project they wanted during the next year, because the suit with Paul Ahern would delay the album. Later Scholz said he felt that encouragement had created a "Frankenstein monster." It came at a time of growing resentment within the band over songwriting. A particular sore point was Scholz's decision to try a couple of songs by outside writers, bypassing the band members' ideas.

"That was a touchy thing," notes Sheehan. "We worked for hours and hours rewriting these *other* people's material, and some of the guys were a little unhappy. They had songs themselves." Barry Goudreau finally announced he would be doing a solo album. "The only reason Barry's album was done," Sheehan relates, "was out of frustration."

Meanwhile, Scholz decided to change the way he had been trying to create music for the previous three years. After all, he felt his most productive time had been back when he had a day job and did music on the side. So Tom Scholz got himself a day job. "Yeah, that was the main reason for starting Scholz Research & Design," laughs Scholz. "I definitely needed a job. I didn't like this thing of trying to go to a studio in the morning and write songs because that was your *job*. In 1976, the day after I quit Polaroid, I thought music was a great job. But it's lousy. It's a terrible job and a terrible way to try to create. How

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RON POWNALL

Brad Delp: the last loyalist.

can it be something you're excited about if you're doing it because you *have* to do it? Music has to be something special to me. I got into it because it was a hobby. It was great fun. Well, it's not particularly fun to go into a room and think of how to put chords together."

Scholz rented a small office space near his home and went to work mornings. His first product was something he used to get his screaming Marshall guitar sound, a giant electronic sponge that connected between an amplifier and a speaker cabinet. As you cranked up your amp, getting a thicker tone, you could keep your real volume at the same level. It was called the Power Soak, and within two years, Scholz made and sold ten thousand.

In 1980, Barry Goudreau's album appeared, and it contained a rude surprise: Lenny Petze, the A&R man who brought Boston to CBS, had asked Brad Delp and Sib Hashian to be on the record. When Fran Sheehan declined, they found another guy named Fran and put pictures of all four on the cover with only their first names. Whether or not this was intended to be Boston-in-exile, the CBS promotion machine certainly was marketing it that way. An ad campaign trumpeted Goudreau as "the guitar sound heard on twelve million Boston records." This last really rankled Scholz, and he nipped it in the bud. But the way the LP had been passed off as Almost-Boston started a running argument in the band. It must have been especially uncomfortable for Scholz to be hoisted on his own P/R petard: Having been fed the image of a democratic band for years, why shouldn't the public view eighty percent of Boston as a rump majority? Scholz saw this as a direct threat to his primary influence over the Boston name, the vessel for all his past labors.

His fears may not have been unjustified. Court depositions reveal Scholz had been a thorn in CBS's side since the beginning, when he took exception to an early print campaign with the slogan, "Better music through science." CBS Records Group president Walter Yetnikoff testifed that Scholz called him at home and told him to change the ad "or else." This was before the first LP was released—such chutzpah! Yetnikoff also related, "He told me from time to time that I could go fuck myself. He'd complain about the color of the sky, all sorts of things." Sources close to Scholz suggest that Yetnikoff couldn't accept Scholz's "I'm president of my company, you're president of yours" manner. The Goudreau album promo campaign may have been CBS's attempt to bypass the difficult Scholz.

Scholz clearly brought pressure to bear to modify the Goudreau promotional campaign, and fretted a good deal about the effect on third album sales. Yetnikoff testified Scholz asked him not to re-sign Goudreau as a solo artist (a Scholz source disputes this). There is also a charge that Scholz demanded CBS pull the plug on the Goudreau album once it was done, using the third Boston LP as a hostage.

In the wake of the Goudreau album, with his suit with Ahern resolved but the bruises still soft, Scholz moved to consolidate his control of Boston. "In the spring of 1981, Scholz requested that Goudreau resign from Boston," says a Sib Hashian complaint, "and further demanded at a meeting of Boston that the other members of Boston enter into a written agreement giving Scholz control over future use of the name Boston and production of further albums under the name Boston. At this time, Brad Delp stated that he was 'quitting' the band."

For Delp, the split into camps must have been especially hard—he had done a lot of work on the Goudreau project and was even related to Barry by marriage (Goudreau today: "He's part of the family and he's still part of Boston and the whole thing is uncomfortable for us"). Even after he finally returned to work with Scholz, Delp continued to do demos with Goudreau until mid-1986. Just how long Delp was out of Boston is unclear, but Scholz did attempt to work with another singer, and even prepared a demo tape with a Coke/Pepsi blind test to see if CBS staffers could tell the difference ("I always could," snorted Sheehan).

With Goudreau and Delp out, Scholz formalized his relationship with the two other Boston partners, Sheehan and Hashian. The Hashian complaint charges (and other sources confirm) that Scholz "threatened that there would be no further Boston albums unless Hashian and Sheehan signed an agreement written by Scholz and his attorneys." Was the threat to do a Tom Scholz solo album a serious one? Hashian: "We were petrified of that situation. When you lose all your voting rights and power...." Scholz did indeed write his own view of Boston's power structure. Hashian's complaint says the deal stipulated, "Scholz will be granted sole and exclusive use of the name Boston and the authority to manage its affairs and to receive funds." The new agreement also formalized Scholz's obligations to Sheehan and Hashian: Scholz would be obligated to include them on at least some tracks on future recordings, and they couldn't be reasonably excluded from touring.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about this deal is that in formally taking the reins, Scholz gave up the money: Scholz, Sheehan and Hashian would split the new profits equally. Scholz would get producer fees (which Hashian now alleges are "unreasonably large") and his publishing, but given the club he was wielding, Tom seemed to be giving generous financial terms. Even when Goudreau was asked to resign, he was given a share of future Boston earnings and has already received money from *Third Stage*. This is consistent with every

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view of Scholz. Even his most serious critics admit money plays no role in his motivations. Failure to grasp this would become a major miscalculation by CBS.

Even before he had restructured the band, Scholz had begun recording the third album, and got off to a "flying start" with the song "Amanda," finished in 1980. Writing that obvious smash had a profound impact on Scholz's attitude toward the album: "I must admit that when I started it, there was a motivation to show that I could do it again, strictly an ego motivation. But once I got 'Amanda' done, I felt I had to complete the album in a way that would do justice to that song, because I wasn't expecting it to work out that well. It set a standard for everything else I had to do."

Under the new deal, Fran Sheehan and Sib Hashian were in there too, helping Scholz thrash out ideas. This has become a sensitive issue for all concerned, since Hashian's complaint against Scholz charges "Scholz engaged in a course of conduct calculated to denigrate and defame Hashian's contributions on the first two LPs in the public eye.... Out of personal pique, ill will and malice to Hashian, Scholz and MCA excluded Hashian from being pictured, featured or even mentioned on the album cover." This sets up some problems in documenting who did what on the first side of *Third Stage*. Sheehan and Hashian insist they worked on "seven or eight" tracks. Neither is listed in the LP's credits.

Hashian's complaint implies his playing was perfectly adequate and that later disagreements about how to respond to the CBS lawsuit caused his omission, but all sources point to musical dissatisfaction long before legal fighting set in. The Tom/Sib argument revolved around Scholz's theories about where to place a drum beat: only by placing them slightly *out* of time would the feel he wanted come through. This is a generally accepted truth of drumming, from Al Jackson to Alex Van Halen, but Hashian never saw the point and apparently chafed under Scholz's suggestions. Jim Masdea knew exactly what Scholz was talking about and was ready to help apply his theory. By natural osmosis, Hashian receded and Masdea came around.

Scholz: "The day I quit Polaroid I thought music was a great job. But it's lousy."

Scholz became so fascinated with drum beats that he began making recordings of drum tracks and cutting them up a bar at a time. It was a kind of analog drum machine only a seasoned tape splicer would dare attempt, but it worked wonders for "Cool The Engines," probably the closest thing to an 80s feel Boston ever attempted. Scholz's involvement in his drum tracks illustrates either his brilliance or his tunnel vision. Or both. Sheehan puts it this way: "Sometimes he had a hard time seeing the forest for the trees. He really has a genius mind, and a lot of times that genius would take him in a bizarre direction to find a cure. If he was a doctor and you had a bad headache, he wouldn't say, 'Take two aspirin.' He'll go through this elaborate thing of finding a whole new cure for the problem. Ninety percent of the time he wouldn't get there, but ten percent of the time he'd find something completely different, and that's where his genius lies."

Scholz plunged on into rhythm research. When Jim Masdea took a job as a pleasure boat captain and went to Jamaica for months, Tom began looking into drum machines. Declaring what was commercially available "putrid," Scholz finally "cobbled up" an Oberheim DMX, doubling its clock speed to get more resolution, and spent several months talking to various EPROM burners to get Masdea's sounds onto microchips. Scholz even used it to complete "To Be A Man," but when Masdea returned, Tom used a set of contact mikes under indoor/outdoor carpeting to trigger the samples and had him play live. Scholz never found this feasible for cymbals, which he had Masdea record live. Thus, most of Tom's research didn't bear fruit, although it was a further step toward getting the other humans out of his project (he also bought an automated mixing system to eliminate an assistant engineer). Despite his experiments, which now qualify him as an expert on digital drums, Scholz is wary of having it known he used a "drum machine."

While Scholz was experimenting CBS was getting hungry for a Boston album. In 1981 there appears the first hint that royalties might be used as leverage to speed progress. Scholz requested and got a meeting with Walter Yetnikoff. Scholz admitted the LP was coming along slowly, but that he was willing to continue financing it himself as long as CBS didn't cut off his royalties. Scholz says Yetnikoff agreed. When Scholz asked him to put it in writing, Yetnikoff allegedly told him, "You don't need it in a letter, you have got my word." This conversation would later become crucial to Scholz's court case.

Scholz went back to the studio where, by mid-1982, he'd completed the first side and some songs for the flip of what

HIDEAWAY HAPPINESS

Scholz's basement laboratory is not a showplace of new high-tech gear, because Tom is no fan of digital equipment: "Anyplace you've got a microprocessor, you've got a disaster waiting to happen. I avoid them like the plague." This means analog tools wherever they work. The main multitrackers are two 3M M-79s, which Scholz uses to dupe his masters so he can wear out the copy. There's also a couple of Studers, his first Scully 12-track, and a Scully mixdown deck for mastering. This last is equipped with a special meter to precisely set the high frequency bias tone so he can take advantage of a notch in the signal-to-noise characteristics of Scotch 226 tape; this gives him exceptional low-noise, big headroom master mixes.

Incredibly, most of his recordings are fourth generation, which he gets away with by plenty of masking and gating. To sync his big decks together, Scholz tried an expensive SMPTE synchronizer, but found it had too much wow; now he syncs up by putting each deck on a side of his headphones and slowing the reel down with his hands so the sound is in the center of his head. His method of punching in and out is similarly low-tech: a bent coathanger to simultaneously hit the play and record buttons with his toe.

His outboard gear includes an EMT plate reverb, Lexicon PCM 41s and an ancient digital delay, an Eventide 910 harmonizer and a flanger, Kepex noise gates, dbx 263X de-essers and 160 compressor/limiters, Urei LA4 and 1176 limiters, parametric eqs by White, Ashley, Synergistic, and SA, and other nondescript boxes and oscillators. The main board is by Audiotronics, with a Fadex automated mixing system added. There's also a Soundcraft Series 200B mixer for the drum triggers going to the Oberheim DMX (which Tom calls "Dummy X"). House monitors are Cizaks, monitor amps are unknown, and house microphones include an Electro-Voice PL20 for vocals and AKG 414s for cymbals.

Scholz still plays his prized gold-top Les Paul Standards with DiMarzio Super Humbuckers, while his acoustics are by Guild. His keyboards (no synths need apply) are a Hammond M Series organ, a Yamaha CP-70 electric piano and his old Wurlitzer which died right after he recorded "The Destination." There are Pearl drums with Zildjian cymbals, an old Marshall amp now replaced by about a dozen Scholz Sustainors and Chorus/Delays, plenty of MXR stomp boxes and eqs, an Ovation electric 12-string, and an old Echoplex. But Scholz's favorite piece of equipment is his flashy red radio-controlled model airplane, which draws a crowd whenever he takes it out for a spin.

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would become *Third Stage*. His day-job company, which was still a fairly small operation, was preparing to release the Rockman, a Walkman-influenced micro-amp/multi-effects unit.

CBS had been biding its time in the four years since *Don't Look Back*, and in the midst of a dreadful economic downturn and big staff layoffs, felt it could wait no longer. In his deposition, Walter Yetnikoff recalled a number of occasions when Scholz would promise the LP within six months and later admit he'd been over-optimistic. Asked if Scholz had warned him the LP wouldn't sell as well if it were rushed, Yetnikoff said, "If he did, he said it as an excuse."

Why did Yetnikoff say that? "Because if a man promises you something in six months constantly, and six months go by and he says, 'I haven't got it' and then the individual says, 'You will have it in another six months,' and another six months go by and he says 'I haven't got it, but you'll have it in another six months' and six months go by and you still don't have it, after three or four years of that, one begins to suspect that the man is either lying or making an excuse."

In terms of leverage, CBS didn't have a lot to choose from. They had advanced no production costs to Scholz—he used his personal royalties to finance the recording, maintenance and upgrading of Hydaway studios. That left the royalties themselves, even though they were for albums that had already been sold and therefore already earned by Scholz. CBS froze Scholz's royalties.

In mid-'82 a woman in CBS' accounting department alerted Boston that their royalty payments were about to be suspended. In his deposition, Yetnikoff said, "There undoubtably came a time where I said, 'You know, I just don't believe Scholz any longer. He has not complied with various promises that I believe he made to me and let's exercise our legal rights.'"

Scholz's new manager, Jeff Dorenfeld, had a hard time getting anyone at CBS to deal with him. An internal CBS memorandum proposing a compromise was rejected with the written addendum, "I vote to sit tight until our LP is delivered."

Early the following year, CBS turned up the heat still further, ending payments of the "deferred royalties"—in effect a CBS-administered tax shelter—that Boston had set aside in '77 and '79. By late 1984, more than three million dollars in royalties remained in CBS' hands. With no income to pay attorney fees or finance the recording, Scholz seemed checkmated. But he had one last card to play: the Rockman.

When he decided to market his Rockman, Scholz had not envisioned a large operation. But initial response to the product produced thousands of orders. Scholz says it was the CBS action that forced Scholz Research & Development into high gear, and as a musical instrument success story S R&D is nearly unparalleled. This small American company not only designed and manufactured the Rockman at a competitive price, but kept the market all to itself—despite attempts to copy the unit, particularly from Japanese manufacturers. "There were a lot of attempts, but they were horrendous," Scholz laughs.

It's interesting that as an entrepreneur, Scholz avoided all his worst tendencies as a record producer: He brought out a quality product at a reasonable cost on a timely schedule. He delegated jobs, and used his leadership to oversee and further upgrade his product, using problems he encountered recording to generate new improved versions of the Rockman. His reward was complete independence from his record label. How many major artists have walked away from making records and succeeded in a totally different field?

Scholz took his Rockman money and went looking for a good lawyer. Los Angeles attorney Don Engel [profiled in the

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November *Musician*] was retained, and a counter-offensive planned. On October 21, 1983, Scholz wrote a six-page, single-spaced letter to Walter Yetnikoff. This "Dear Walter" letter was a specific bill of Scholz's charges against CBS, and it's a revealing look at its aroused author: "Since last summer, when CBS stopped my career short, it has become apparent that your staff at Epic Records does not intend to finance another Boston album, promote Boston, or in any way do business with Boston.... Apparently some people at Epic feel I should be punished for my refusal to sacrifice quality and deliver a record that's compromised by haste. In fact, I will *never* foist a second-rate record on the public to fill CBS' pockets or my own."

In a sweeping, self-righteous tone, Scholz goes on to invoke his "endless, unpaid and thankless hours of time" and denounce CBS' "vindictive animosity" and "numerous roadblocks," which he then lists. The first four focus almost obsessively on the Goudreau album. Lenny Petze had gone behind his back to use the other Boston members, intending to "exploit the reputation of Boston. In doing this, he disrupted and interfered with a delicate contractual and working relationship between myself and the other members of my band, causing over a year's delay in starting Boston's third album."

Upon learning that another Goudreau album was underway, he snarled, "It's especially odd since Boston sold over ten million records for CBS, while the last Barry Goudreau effort sold a miserable 100,000. It's unbelievable that the Epic marketing department could be so out of touch with the written and broadcast comment concerning Boston after the first Goudreau fiasco. Do they expect this artist to make up the...unit sales lost by further compromising Boston's promotion?"

This argument would carry into the case as a counter-claim, but it seems brittle. Even if Petze and CBS did try to play up the Boston connection, the Goudreau album was unquestionably born of Scholz's desire to control the means of production. Goudreau had the right to leave Boston and do a solo LP, and CBS had every right to let him.

Elsewhere in the "Dear Walter" letter Scholz documented his deteriorating relationship with CBS. Of the withholding of the royalties, he wrote, "It was obviously intended to scare the members of Boston. It did. There was a flurry to get personal lawyers involved. There were accusations against me for mishandling Boston's business. There were more lawyer's discussions and renewed turmoil for an additional two or three months, and frankly, it seemed foolish to continue making a record for a company bent on suing me, although I persevered nonetheless.

"At this point, I realized that two things were probable: One, Boston was being unfairly starved to help CBS' cash shortage problem; two, someone at CBS actually believed that they could scare us into creating music at a faster pace. I was reminded at this time of a quote you made in our earlier meeting in reference to a dispute with the band Cheap Trick: 'CBS can be a real prick when it wants to be.' You thought this was important enough you repeated it word-for-word a second time."

The letter closes with the hopeful assumption "that you are unaware of this situation" and suggests a meeting between representatives to conclude a deal for "the nearly completed third album master.... If you are not interested, then CBS should release Boston from its contract with CBS."

"That letter was the last straw for Yetnikoff. It was very significant," Sheehan said in his own desposition. A week after Scholz mailed it, CBS filed suit in Federal District Court against Paul Ahern and Charles McKenzie (the managers who had

continued on page 63

Did you ever listen to a great guitarist and wonder how they got their sound? A lot of the time, it's because they really know how to use their effects. The sound of this set-up is reminiscent of Andy Summers' guitar style from "Every Breath You Take." In this set-up, the CE-3 Chorus is set to Mode 1 where the output is the direct signal plus a positive-phase effect signal. Two delays are used to combine a short reverb-like delay with a longer slap-back delay. The stereo output of the Digital Delay is sent to two different amps. Play this with the pick-up in the center position, picking while slightly muting the sound. Try it out today at your BOSS dealer. BOSS Products, RolandCorp US, 7200 Dominion Circle, Los Angeles, CA 90040 (213) 685-5141. BOSS®

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LEE RITENOUR

Session monster, guitar fusioneer, pop bandleader...? Will the real Captain Fingers please stand up.

By Steven Rosen

"THE GUITAR IS A VERY DIFFICULT INstrument to get a great sound on. There's no doubt about it—it takes a lot of years." You would expect the statement to come from some fretboard novice with more color on his guitar than emanating from it. But the words belong to studio/solo veteran Lee "Captain Fingers" Ritenour, a humble pioneer whose modest attitude belies a career playing on more than 3,000 albums and recording sixteen records of his own. It has been ten years since the release of Lee's first solo record (*First Course*), signaling what was for him a *second* career.

"I was proud to be part of a rhythm section that added all the right colors. And that was a problem on my early records, because I wasn't enough of a lead voice."

"Yeah, can you imagine?" asks Ritenour, trying to digest not only the remains of a turkey open-face sandwich at one of the local delis but the fact that *Earth Run*, his most recent album, finds him still alive and well sixteen albums later. "Being a studio musician was a whole career for half-a-dozen years. So it's amazing to think I'm steeped in this other thing ten years later."

The change is remarkable when one realizes Rit basically abandoned a prolific and highly profitable role as a studio rat of the first order. During the heyday years between 1974 and 1979, Ritenour, a native Californian, played on as many as fifteen sessions per week. But in 1979 he made a conscious effort to lessen the work load and to turn his thoughts more singularly to the task of establishing a solo career.

"That was a very rough thing to do; I mean *what* an addiction." He had been burned out in this capacity as a sideman and it was becoming increasingly difficult to develop a musical personality of his own. Every session demanded the same "hip" rhythm strum or lead break and frustration set in when artists and producers never asked him to try something new. Once in a while, claims the guitarist, he might manage something fresh, but ultimately the powers-that-be would wheedle him back to a "safe" area. Finally, in 1980, he kicked the habit.

"I was at the top of the class, making oodles of money, and playing on everybody's records," admits the thirty-four-year-old player. "I didn't have nearly the pressures or troubles or headaches of being the leader. It was a much easier gig. The reason for leaving the studio was obvious—the growth, the expansion and what you can do musically is so much more as a solo artist. And I had already done everything I wanted to do as a studio player. It was time to move on or go buy the boat in the marina and kick back. But that's never been my way."

Lee's way is founded on diligence, dedication and a touch of cockiness. His training was specific: to be a studio guitarist. Coming up through the ranks, he was never given to fits of nervousness or bouts with doubts.

"I wasn't trained to be anything else," expresses Lee in a matter of fact attitude. "I was never afraid or too nervous because I was pretty cocky. Even Tommy Tedesco thought I was when I was just beginning. He'd ask me, 'Why are you so cocky?' I never thought I was, but in retrospect I may have been."

And for good reason, too. Ritenour, born in Palos Verdes, California, a beach town just degrees south of Larry Carlton's homeplace of Carson, was mired in a guitar environment and he apprenticed with some of the finest instructors to be found. Lee studied with Duke Miller, now head of the University of Southern California department of guitar, and a studio player during the 40s. Most of Ritenour's guitar chops were derived from this association. He also took private lessons from Jack Marshall (who also taught at USC) in orchestration and composition.

Lee's father, a piano player himself, drove the young student to North Hollywood every Thursday for his lesson with Miller, and on the side Ritenour worked weekends to save for lessons with classical great Christopher Parkening. He grew up in an environment which included the likes of Carlton and Mitch Holder (another studio vet) and while Lee's primary

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FINGERBOARD	ROSEWOOD	PICKUP	IBZ
NO. OF FRET	22	CONTROL	1V
BRIDGE	IBANEZ EDGE	FUNCTION	DUO-SOUND

OTHER FINISHES: BK (BLACK), CI (CHERRY ICE), DWB (DARK WINE), IVB (IVORY)

SUGGESTED LIST $479

RG420

FINISH SHOWN: BK (BLACK)

BODY	BASSWOOD, SHARP EDGE	STRING LOK	TOP LOK III
NECK	MAPLE 1 PC, OIL FINISH	HARDWARE	CHROME
FINGERBOARD	ROSEWOOD	PICKUP	2 X IBZ
NO. OF FRET	22	CONTROL	1V, 1T, 3 WAY
BRIDGE	IBANEZ EDGE	FUNCTION	2 X DUO-SOUND

OTHER FINISHES: CI (CHERRY ICE), DWB (DARK WINE), IVB (IVORY), PL (PEARL)

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RG430

FINISH SHOWN: PL (PEARL)

BODY	BASSWOOD	STRING LOK	TOP LOK III
NECK	MAPLE 1 PC, OIL FINISH	HARDWARE	CHROME
FINGERBOARD	ROSEWOOD	PICKUP	3 X SUPER 7F
NO. OF FRET	22	CONTROL	1V, 1T, 5 WAY
BRIDGE	IBANEZ EDGE	FUNCTION	

OTHER FINISHES AVAILABLE: BK (BLACK), PR (PEARL RED)

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RG440

FINISH SHOWN: PB (PEARL BLUE)

BODY	BASSWOOD	STRING LOK	TOP LOK III
NECK	MAPLE 1 PC, OIL FINISH	HARDWARE	CHROME
FINGERBOARD	ROSEWOOD	PICKUP	2 X SUPER 7F, IBZ
NO. OF FRET	22	CONTROL	1V, 1T, 5 WAY
BRIDGE	IBANEZ EDGE	FUNCTION	DUO-SOUND

OTHER FINISHES: BK (BLACK), DWB (DARK WINE), IVB (IVORY), PL (PEARL), PR (PEARL RED)

World Radio History

goal was to set out on his own, his father tried to steer him into the role of studio player. The elder Ritenour thought this situation might be steady, allow for a normal home life, and not require much travel. "What he didn't know," muses Lee, "is that being a musician—period—is not sane."

Drawing from various early influences, including Howard Roberts (Lee's "idol"), Dennis Budimir, Tedesco, Herb Ellis and Barney Kessel, Ritenour actually played on his first session at age fifteen. He was part of a band called the Afro-Blues Quintet produced by the Mamas & Papas' John Phillips. Rit recalls the session: "I was fifteen because I didn't drive and my dad had to take me. It was in Bel Air at John's house and what I didn't know at the time was a band member was supplying drugs to John. And that's why he started to produce us."

Though Phillips' interest in the band may have been non-musical, he did manage to turn an ear to this underage wonder, and later referred Ritenour for a session with drummer Ed Greene (for a Phillips solo album which was never released). The word soon got out and for the next five years there was rarely an album released by a solo artist or a band not totally self-contained which didn't feature his name on it. While one might have expected him to choose a Barbra Streisand or Frank Sinatra or Pink Floyd session as one of his most memorable, it was the early dates with Barry White that come to mind.

"Believe it or not! We'd have these great five-man guitar teams with me, Jay Graydon, David T. Walker, Carlton, and Ray Parker. But you couldn't hear it on record because it was buried with strings and vocals. And he put these horrible tunes over the tracks."

On those early dates, Lee played live with the rhythm section or the band. But as studio time grew increasingly more expensive and the recording process became terribly secularized, he was brought in strictly for overdubs and many times never even saw the artist he was working for. Added to this was the frustration of not having a (musical) voice, and in order to offset this growing restlessness, he recorded an album of his own in 1976. Titled *First Course* and produced by pal Dave Grusin, it drew heavily on his jazz/fusion influences, especially players like Larry Coryell (Lee cites Coryell's *Duster* album as a sort of blueprint for his debut record) and John McLaughlin.

But it was a difficult album to make. Lee's stock-in-trade was as a sideman, supporter, and in so being he shied away from the role of centerpiece. "I was so proud to be part of a rhythm section that added all the right colors and sounds. And that was a problem with my early records because I wasn't enough of a lead voice. There was even a period when I thought the album was so weak I couldn't listen to it."

He admits the playing was a bit "safer" than what he does now and the sound was weaker. But his guitar personality was present, and in the two years following the release of his debut he further developed the style, as heard on *Captain Fingers* and *The Captain's Journey.* His love of fusion-styled music was the antithetical expression of the type of guitar he was forced to play while in the studios: simple pop and R&B. ("A lot of it's not good music.") Returning home at eleven in the evening after a day's worth of fretting, he would stay up until early morning working on various pieces (one of which would eventually turn into "Captain Fingers"). The flirtation with fusion ended with *Feel The Night,* and in a reverse backlash Lee entered a period of pop composition with his *Rit* album,

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WORLD PARTY

Karl Wallinger, one-time Waterboy, releases a dark-horse delight of a home-studio LP.

By Richard Buskin

"WHEN I JUST SET SOME INSTRUMENTS up and start playing the type of music that *I* want to hear; when it starts to build up and is really sounding good; when I'm just lost in that process for an entire night, and then when morning comes I open the curtains, look out, and listen to what I've done, alone, without any need to talk or get myself together for the phone...that's the best time."

"I try not to write the songs first and then record them; I just have a notebook and a drum machine, and actually write things as I'm overdubbing and playing through."

What Karl Wallinger does with that "best time" has recently appeared on a charming little one-man album under the banner of World Party, and it's enough to give him a fair claim to the title of Home Recordist of the Year. The sound is generally melodic R&B pop with a good shot of 60s jangle, produced and arranged in a rough-hewn, freewheeling production style that is endearingly anachronistic in today's super-techno environment. Wallinger's Jaggeresque voice, strong, versatile and of fair range, dashes through a mixed bag of genres, ranging from the Princeisms of the LP's rubbery title cut, "Private Revolution," to the hilarious *Highway 61*-era Dylan tribute, "The Ballad Of The Little Man." Home production works best when it relies on good songs, spare but imaginative adornment, and consistency of intention; *Private Revolution* succeeds on all three counts.

The Man: Twenty-nine-year-old Karl Wallinger has indulged in music since his first piano lessons at the age of nine in his native town by the sea in northern Wales. Pop, rock 'n' roll and soul were major influences on him during his teen years, when he gained considerable experience playing in various bands prior to upping roots and moving to London in 1977. The next five years were spent on forming his own bands, independent record releases, sessions playing a barroom piano and even a spell as musical director of the Rocky Horror Show.

In 1982 he joined funk band Out as lead vocalist, and the following year he switched his attention and his time to the Waterboys, for whom he played keyboards on the *Pagan Place* album before acting as vocalist, instrumentalist, co-composer, producer, engineer and arranger for their next LP, *This Is The Sea.*

This self-sufficiency led to his own contract as a solo artist and his departure from the Waterboys. World Party was "formed," and the first album, *Private Revolution,* consists almost entirely of Wallinger's own work, apart from some saxophone, violin and backing vocals, culled from two-and-a-half hours of material recorded at his home studio.

The Look: The sort of result that you would expect had it been possible to mate Lennon with Dylan: Granny glasses, tousled hair and overcoat 'n' sloppy pants appeal. Admittedly, the fact that when I met Karl he was hungover on the morning after the night before could have explained the reason for his hair being more tousled than in his photographs, and the dark shades fitted over the front of his glasses.

The Motive: music in the blood, a message for the world to hear, or a burning desire to be successful? "Music definitely seems to be in my blood whether I like it or not. As for 'a message that the world wants to hear,' I always get very worried, getting sweaty palms and going very red when there's no one else around! Being successful, on the other hand, has never

World Radio History

part way there! I think it's a discipline that one can build up to, and I think anyone can develop that. It's just like building up your muscles; even if you're like me there's still hope!"

The Studio: Wallinger's home has had no amendments made to the interior structure or design, in order to house equipment which includes a 16-track Soundtracks desk, Beta digital mastering, Akai and Ensoniq Mirage sampling keyboards, Yamaha SPX90 digital reverbs, Revox monitors, Electro-Voice speakers, a Bel delay and AKG and Shure microphones.

"I try to use electronic drums as much as possible. I've got the Akai sampler and I play amalgamations. I haven't got a good room to do everything in, so there's the bathroom....

"The Soundtracks desk has harsh eq—three settings of about 50, 800 and 8000 Hz—and although I would prefer more divisions down the frequency range this at least encourages decisiveness and less fussing around. I don't really need more than sixteen tracks for my recordings, as I've said it all in that amount. There are normally four or five tracks of drums, one of bass and a few Mirage overdubs, and not much else.

"The Beta digital mastering is great because I was getting really depressed about having to do all these line-ups that you see people doing in 'real' studios, and I just wanted something whereby the sound was captured somewhere on the tape digitally, no matter what the levels were.

"I need technology to be quite user-friendly. I feel quite at home in an SSL studio when I'm in it on my own, but that's not easy to achieve. Eventually I hope to have my own. It's not just a case of others interfering, but also that the way they've got the desk wired up isn't necessarily the way you want it, so you're having to work to someone else's system. So it's nice to own an SSL and do it your own way, to be able to buy the best paints and canvas to paint your picture. At the moment my pictures may be alright but I'm doing them on hardboard. I'm still enjoying it, however!"

The Message: Save the world! (Change it.) The lyrics pinpoint many personal and global problems, but suggestions as to how to overcome them are thin on the ground. Perhaps the next album will fill this gap....

"It's very much what we all read, see and hear, tempered with any attitudes that I hold in the first place. It wasn't a case for me of recording an album, but just recording songs from which an album came about. It was just like having a notebook, writing and recording things as I went along. Hopefully they are things that people will sing and be able to hum; I think that's really important. Something that seems to be made up of the same thread as a current book, or a statement by a politician. It must make sense to people now, and it'll also be a way of shedding some light on what was happening both musically and otherwise in 1986 when looking back in the future."

The Future: Karl Wallinger intends to take time preparing and recording the second World Party album, and for both this and the tours which he intends to undertake in Europe and the U.S. in 1987 he has joined up with five musician friends. The first record has afforded him the time to set up this new band, with himself leading it.

"That's the way things are at the moment. Whichever way it grows is to be seen, but it'll have its own life once it gets under way. It's very early days, but one thing's for sure: World Party is World Party, Karl Wallinger isn't World Party, and the second album will be the best record made over a period of time, whether or not it ends up just being me on my own or with a band!" M

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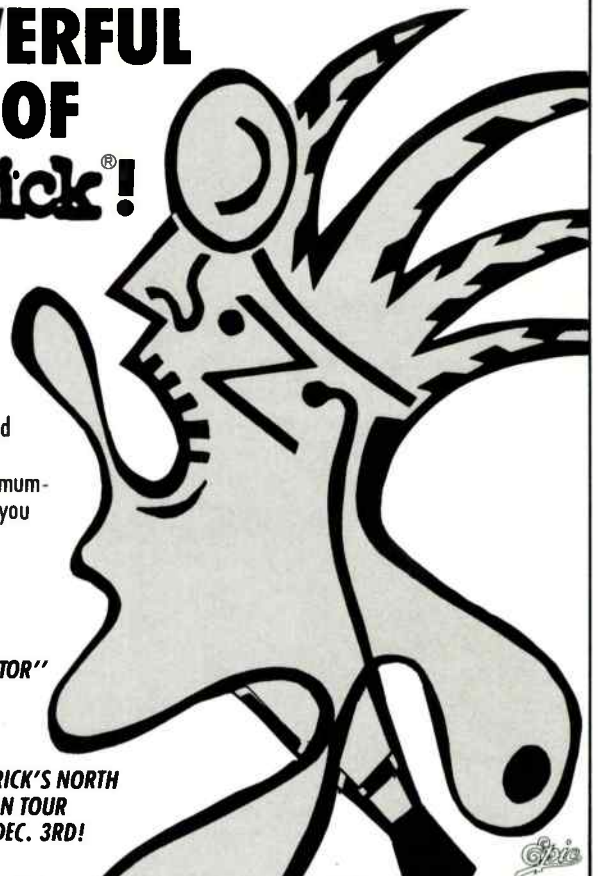

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World Radio History

DEVELOPMENTS

Good stuff cheap! A new DX expander unit you can't refuse, plus other steals and deals

By Jock Baird

SOME READERS OF THIS COLUMN DEtect a certain preoccupation with price. Hell, I admit it, I *do* tend to ask what something costs in the same sentence that I ask what it does. And it's true, once the tag goes over ten grand, a certain glaze will creep across my eyes. But bear with me one more month, because here's a product for which my preoccupation with price has become an obsession, where "What does it cost?" becomes "It costs *what?!*" Of course, I'm talking about the **Yamaha FB-01**, a $350 rack-mount 4-operator DX synth expander module that blows the floor out of the pro digital synth marketplace.

No 6-op snobbery, please: this $350 4-operator FB-01 has 640 presets and 96 user-programmable patches.

"Pro?," you may observe sarcastically. A mere 4-operator DX? Ah, you must be one of those 6-op snobs I keep reading about, people who figure if all six FM operators ain't playing, you don't have a hockey team. Well, excuse me for breathing, but 4-operator jobs like the DX9, 21 and 27 sound plenty good to me. Now take a 4-op module that's velocity-sensitive and multi-timbral, give it eight voices and split-keyboard capabilities, then pile on 640 presets (five banks of 48) and 96 user-programmable patches (you will need a new computer DX voicing program to edit the sounds, but they'll soon be available for all computers, not just Yamaha's own CX5M). Now what do you say, Mr./Ms. 6-op snob? There are other features to keep you from condescending: for example, the ability to speed up the attack of a patch depending on how hard you hit the key, a low-frequency oscillator that's so fast it doubles as noise generator, independent on-board memory for complex multi-channel voice splits and assignments ("configurations"), full stereo and absolutely up-to-date MIDI implementation. For three hundred and fifty dollars. No, it's not a misprint. $350. This is beyond cheap. This is ridiculous.

This is only the most spectacular of Yamaha's recent lower-price-range assault. They recently discontinued the QX7 sequencer and replaced it with the QX21, which does more and costs less—$315. The QX21 is only a 2-track touch-sensitive sequencer, but it retains its sixteen channel assignments even when the tracks are merged. If you have trouble with real-time recording, there's a step mode; there's also chaining functions, great resolution (96 ppqn), dumping to cassette, and a fairly straightforward operating system. Yamaha uses the QX21 as one element in its new cassette studio based around the $565 MT1X 4-track mixer/recorder. But this all pales behind the rumor that Yamaha is planning to unveil a below-$1000 synth guitar with onboard DX voices. Okay, everybody into the bomb shelters!

The drive of DX synthesis to domination of the Earth and neighboring planets has made stars of several programmers, especially **Bo Tomlyn**, whose **Key Clique** company has been churning out DX voice cartridges for years. But just like orange juice isn't just for breakfast anymore, Tomlyn & Co. have gone beyond the DX. For starters, they've got Sys/Ex, a new universal system exclusive software program for Apple II, C-64, IBM-PC and Atari ST that lets you save and load data for more than sixty MIDI machines, including Oberheim, Sequential, Roland, Korg, Kawai, J.L. Cooper, and of course, Yamaha. Another computer program is the Roland Super Jupiter Secretary, a librarian for Apple II that gives you 256 voices. Key Clique is also putting its whole DX library on floppy disks for all computers, using Sys/Ex on the same disk. What else? Datacassettes for 4-operator DX synths and Roland Super Jupiter; the TX Secretary, an Apple II librarian/utility; sample disks for the E-mu SP-12; and even a new Apple II program, the Film Music Tool Kit, that calculates time clock or SMPTE code locations for editing film scores. Egads, will this mean a feature film role for Bo? Only his press agent knows for sure.

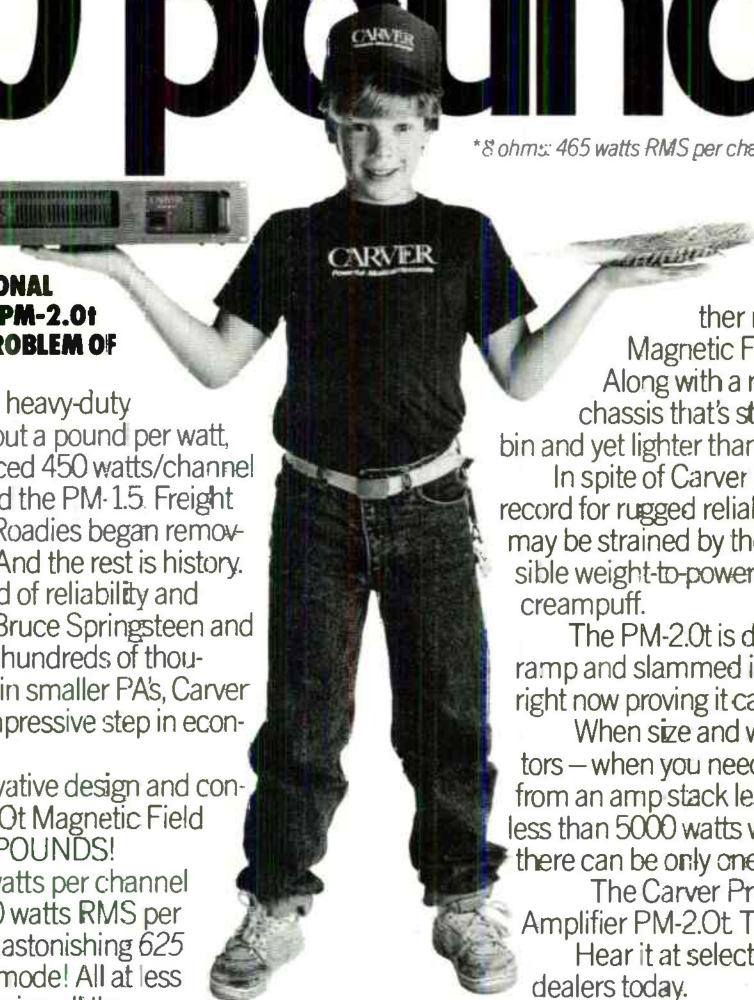
Other activity in the burgeoning DX universe includes a voice storage expansion system based around a separate rack-mount unit MIDI'd to up to four Yamaha TX or TF modules. It's from **Harmony Systems** and is aptly

continued on page 98

World Radio History

465 watts 10 pounds.*

**8 ohms: 465 watts RMS per channel, 10 lbs., 12 oz.*



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Carver did it through further refinements in their patented Magnetic Field Coil power supply system. Along with a remarkable monocoque-style chassis that's strong enough to support a bass bin and yet lighter than an outboard signal processor.

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RITENOUR from page 42

Run, his sixteenth, combines the acoustic/electric elements of *Harlequin*; the compositional maturity on a track like "Soaring"; and his overall growth as an artist and producer. But perhaps the most important facet of this composite-like album is his application of the SynthAxe. Though he has been entertaining guitar synthesizers since 1977 (with the *Captain Fingers* album and the 360 Systems "bastard"), he still has trouble coping with the SynthAxe. While the instrument plays like a guitar, he is swift in noting that it is *not*, and that if he ever was infected with the notion of recording an album entirely on synth the instrument would have to be "pretty unbelievable."

The Synthaxe is the only real digital guitar synthesizer in that it does not convert the guitar sound from pitch to voltage but works through a fret-switched digital processed controller. Lee finds that bends, slides, vibrato, damping (with right hand), and short and long notes at any velocity are capable of sensitive reproduction on this *Star Wars*-looking piece of equipment. "I feel that my personality still comes out on the solos even though it's synthesized."

But it still remains very much a production/composition tool, and for the true colors, "I still keep my guitars, the electrics and acoustics in the forefront."

This pioneer of humility is not totally self-effacing. There is a bit of the *enfant terrible* and it has been this constant butting of heads that has balanced the Lee Ritenour makeup for so many years.

"I was always cocky from the point of view that I was more versatile and more for real in each field than anybody I might run into. I never professed to be the best but I'd say, 'Try and beat me at playing in every field.' As far as being *the* rock guitar hero with my guitar down to my knees and saying, 'Check this out,' I never really got into that. I know where those people are coming from and they're probably not the types of guys I'd like to hang out with and have as friends. Their egos are so out of reach and usually they're really limited as musicians because they spend so much time thinking the guitar is their cock. It seems like they don't spend enough time with music. Those kinds of guys want to be in rock 'n' roll bands to get girls—and there's nothing wrong with that." M

SATELLITES from page 12

Paul Westerberg "simply the best songwriter around."

The rest of the band goes downstairs for the soundcheck, but Baird hangs back to talk some more. Ideas seem to fly out of nowhere and smack him in the head, making him jabber "yeah, yeah, yeah" while tugging on his hi-tops.

"Rock 'n' roll makes room where there is none. It's what I'm supposed to do. When I write, I just strum along to an old Hank Williams song, and something happens. All that crap going through my brain becomes 'found items.' The best stuff comes when I'm completely exhausted and my censors are down. But I don't know where it comes from. Some people are born with special demons," he whispers as though his fingers are on a Ouija board.

"Rick Price may go 'poossy' a lot, but I trust him totally onstage. This band has a hoot, but we are all totally aware of our instincts. Knowledge is a great thing, but it won't get you through problems. Johnny Rotten, Lou Reed, Little Richard—they all got instinct. That's what makes us work." M

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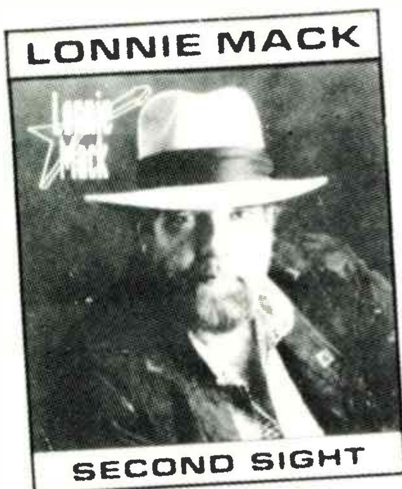

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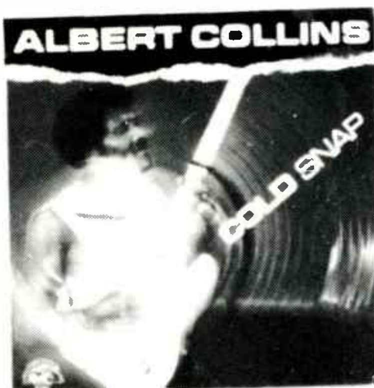

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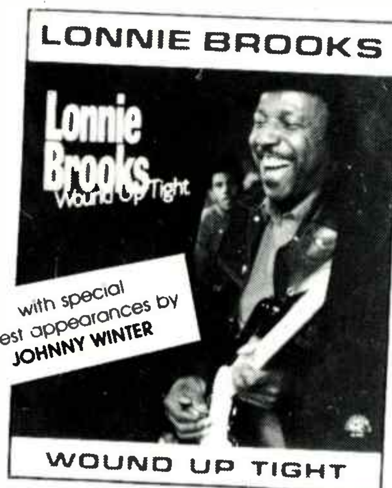

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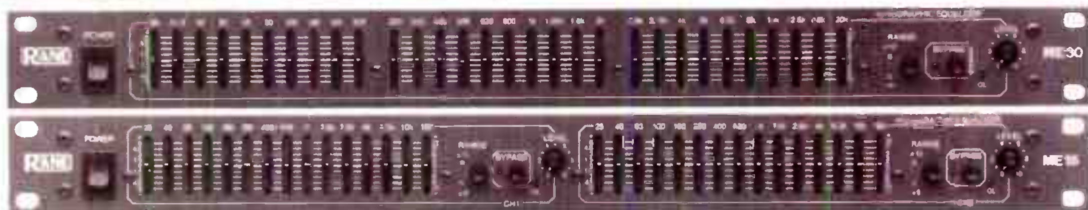

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The Lean, Mean,

Introducing the STUDIO 440, the most versatile instrument we've ever produced. In fact, it's four instruments in one. The Studio 440 is a sophisticated and fully programmable twelve-bit linear digital sampler, a multi-track MIDI sequencer with a 50,000 note capacity, an audio-visual post-production tool that reads and writes SMPTE, and a powerful drum machine featuring velocity and pressure sensing pads. The Studio 440 is easy to use and provides more capability in a smaller package than any other system at any cost.

Real 12-bit Sampling

Based on Sequential's proprietary sampling technology, each of the Studio 440's eight voices delivers the superb clarity and transparent high-end which is the hallmark of *true* twelve-bit digital resolution. Additionally, the Studio 440 provides the user with *all* of the features required to produce professional audio products. Features like:

- Selectable sampling rates of up to 41.667 kHz so you can optimize memory and achieve full bandwidth on playback.
- Computer-assisted looping functions (including cross-fade looping) so that you can easily produce your own library of custom sounds.
- Multiple sample locations for storing up to 32 different samples in memory at one time.
- True stereo outputs (2) plus separate audio outputs per voice (8) for individual processing of each.
- 32 levels of programmable panning per voice.
- Separate analog and digital controls per voice, including fully sweepable filters and VCAs for modifying any sample.
- Lots of on-board memory (768K bytes) with instant access to hard disks or CD-ROMs via the built-in Small Computer Systems Interface (SCSI).
- A 3½ inch double-sided disk drive for storing all work quickly and reliably.
- *Real-time sample monitoring.* You hear exactly how your sample sounds at different sampling rates both prior to and during the actual sampling process.

The Studio 440 is an amazingly fully-featured sampler. We urge you to compare its sound quality with samplers priced to $15,000. We think you'll agree that the STUDIO 440 is in a class all by itself.

The Master of Controllers

MIDI Sequencing

The STUDIO 440 sequencer controls parallel the transport controls of a typical multi-track tape recorder, emphasizing ease of use. It operates in MIDI Modes 1, 3, and Multi-mode (an enhanced Mode 4), and records up to 50,000 notes with as many as 999 measures per sequence, 99 sequences, a song build function, manual tap or programmable tempo control, single-step and real-time recording. Its two independent MIDI outputs can control up to 32 channels of external MIDI equipment. Each of the sequencer's eight tracks can hold any combination of internal sound events and external MIDI events. And for ease of editing, all MIDI channel information is retained per track.

SMPTE Time Code

The STUDIO 440's audio-for-visual features are impressive, both as a master controller and as an audio slave. It reads *and* writes all four types of SMPTE time code, and can synchronize to five different sources: 1) internal clock, 2) slave to external SMPTE, 3) external MIDI clock, 4) external MIDI Time Code, and 5) external clicks of 96, 48, or 24 ppqn.

World Radio History

Production Machine

MIDI Time Code

In addition, the Studio 440 is the first sampler or sequencer to incorporate the new MIDI Time Code, a protocol that encodes SMPTE and sends it over MIDI for use in cue or event lists. Now it is possible to cue punch-in/punch-out recording by bar number, or with sub-frame resolution by programming to SMPTE Time Code. You can even selectively pre-trigger external synthesizers to compensate for their internal timing delays. The Studio 440's capabilities will be further enhanced when used in conjunction with forthcoming librarian, editing, and post-production software packages by companies such as Digidesign, Hybrid Arts, Dr. T's Music Software, and Opcode.

The Ultimate Drum Machine

If you combine a high quality digital sampler featuring individual outputs with a 50,000 note SMPTE/MIDI-based sequencer, all you need to create a superior drum machine is velocity and pressure-sensitive pads. The 440 has eight, organizing its 32 sound samples into four kits and four banks over these eight sound pads. In addition, every sound has two sets of sound parameters that include sample playback direction, pitch-bend envelope, loop types, loop points, start-point modulation, and the familiar VCA/VCF controls.

The four programmable kits allow for infinite variations of the same sound by editing only the performance parameters. Performance parameters can be assigned to any pad and include sound number, pan, pitch, volume, and a choice of one of the two sound parameter sets. These performance parameters are easily edited in real-time, and settings for all eight pads can be stored and recalled instantaneously from any one of the kits. And since the alternate parameters can have individual start/end points for each sound, there are actually up to 64 "different sounds" available at one time.

Sequential's factory library includes over 300 sounds, and is immediately available. In addition, any Prophet 2000 or 2002 sample can be loaded directly into the 440, so the actual number of sounds now available is too numerous to list. The STUDIO 440 is the *ultimate* drum machine.

The Best Value

The STUDIO 440 is a complete, four-in-one professional audio production machine that is small enough to fit under an airline seat, light enough to carry under your arm, yet big enough for any job. The STUDIO 440 is now available through selected Authorized Sequential Dealers. Insist on a demonstration in stereo.

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HENRY THREADGILL

ON BASEBALL, COBBLER AND THE MEANING OF ART
BY JOSEF WOODARD

IT'S BLUE SKIES FOR HENRY THREADGILL. You can pick it up in his jaunty, second-line gait and tour-guide patter as we walk his new Brooklyn neighborhood in search of the perfect lunch. Perhaps it has something to do with the citywide afterglow the day following the Mets victory in the third game of the Series. Or maybe it has something to do with Threadgill's own return to the majors—major labels, that is—with the signing of his Sextet to RCA.

The only ruffle of this fine afternoon occurs when the waitress at a favored Threadgill eatery announces that they've stopped making their famed peach cobbler. "That's a shame," says Henry, "that's some of the best peach cobbler I had in my life. I consider myself a connoisseur. The crust was incredible. I was telling everybody in Brooklyn—Cecil Taylor, Joseph Jarman, Anthony Davis—to try this peach cobbler. I even called up my mother in Chicago."

Cobbler shortage in the avant-garde jazz community is apparently a dilemma on the order of absinthe depletion in turn-of-the-century Paris. Artists must be granted their vices and spices. A tradition is at stake—and Threadgill, a key player in the 60s Chicago avant-garde, an arranger whose mid-70s trio, Air, constructed delightful interpolations of tunes by Jelly Roll Morton and Scott Joplin, and a composer whose current Sextet mixes rootsy truths with a more intellectual European heritage, is no stranger to tradition.

Of course Henry Threadgill is more typically associated with the music's progressive wing. There's even a bit of irony involved in the title of the new sextet release, *You Know The Number.* No one *does* quite have the number when it comes to Threadgill's original vision (there's at least seven people in the sextet, for one thing). As he did with less grand strokes in Air, Threadgill is redefining the modern jazz ethos, incorporating facets of New Orleans, gutbucket heat, free jazz, and modern classical strategies. He's interlacing the chamber ensemble, the pit band and the after-hours jam more convincingly than any single figure in music.

Major label or no, Threadgill probably won't be joining people named Davis or Marsalis at the commercial free throw line. From his earliest days in Chicago, playing in Muhal Richard Abrams' experimental band, Threadgill has traveled the road less taken. Air received lavish critical acclaim even as it languished in cut-out bins. The Sextet is regarded by cognoscenti as one of the musical highlights of this confounding decade. To everyone else, however, he's still very much "Henry who?"

"Popular, traditional music has gone backwards," Threadgill observes. "In my professional lifetime, this is the first time I've seen this happen. I'm still considered part of the progressive element, and I'm forty-two years old. How long can you go on trying to resist being called the avant-garde? They'll be calling me that for the next ten years."

Does it bother him?

"Not personally, but it bothers my ideal of what I think I'm a part of. I'd like to see someone younger than me doing something different, even if I *don't* like it. Miles was on the television the other night and he was saying he'd have a heart attack if he had to go back and play what he was playing before. You can criticize what Miles is doing now. But I know one thing: He feels good about not doing what he was doing before. That's very clear."

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"Art leaves something to the listener; that's what separates art from craft."

Threadgill's development over a decade and a half of vinyl output suggests a steady growth, and his working credo reflects the title of last year's Sextet record: *Subject To Change*. "I like to be in a state of change," he agrees. "I don't mean change for the sake of novelty, but evolutionary, progressive change—I wouldn't leave something until I'm through dealing with it. This [new] record's got a panoramic view of things I've done over the years that most people don't know about."

We go back to the apartment Threadgill shares with his wife, the singer and songwriter Cassandra Wilson, and their young daughter, to sample the evidence. These are clearly musician's digs; the grand piano takes up the lion's share of space in the living room, and its lid serves as filing space for piles of well-used manuscript paper. True to Henry's independent spirit, even the telephone is a multi-colored affair. The Threadgill school of fashion cool includes a wardrobe of primary color threads that suggest West African dress. But he's also a man who clings to an Emersonian code of resourcefulness and self-determination—books his own tours, writes, arranges and plays, and chooses his gigs carefully. The auteur theory has come to Brooklyn, bearing an alto and an angular haircut.

You Know The Number turns out to be the perfect Threadgill primer. The spry "Theme From Thomas Cole" documents Threadgill the theater composer, part of his score to an eccentric and funny parody of art history. He throws Stax/Volt-like brass exchanges to the band on the atypically straight "Bermuda Blues," then exhibits childlike innocence on "Good Times" (imagine Mr. Rogers as a Blood). Threadgill the signature alto player sculpts a pained ballad on "Silver And Gold, Baby, Silver And Gold." More voltage crackles through the elegant polyphony of the closing "Those Who Eat Cookies," as Threadgill the structural explorer takes the Z train, two stops past Mingus and one beyond Ornette's harmolodicland.

Threadgill is openly excited about the Sextet, which pits some of the most respected names in contemporary music within an ensemble setting that allows its leader unusual textural freedom: Two drum kits (Pheeroan Ak Laff and Reggie Nicholson), cello (Deirdre Murray), bass (Fred Hopkins), sax (Threadgill), trumpet (Rasul Siddik) and trombone (Frank Lacy) making music that's blood and gut, savvy and high theater, and with an indefinable nucleus of swing. Who could ask for anything more?

"I've got just enough room to get across a lot of ideas and materials and to blow things up," Threadgill enthuses. "I can make that band sound as big as a traditional big band—I can write music to blow a big band off the stage. It's all in the instrumental techniques and orchestrations. Instrumentation is very important to me—it's like a painter who picks colors to get the range of what he wants to do. Traditional instrumentation, I just can't get excited about that. I don't hear anything."

Part of the rationale for his eclecticism is strategic; the chance to bring buried material into the open. There's also a matter of logistics: "We didn't have a chance to do much live performance. I like to perform and then record. It's like a tune-up fight for a boxer. Practice is one thing, but you need someone to pop you upside the head to get you ready," he snickers. "Music does that."

Threadgill has learned to roll with the sundry punches—fiscal and stylistic—of the jazz ring. A resilient disposition helps; so does a thirst for diversity. Growing up in a Chicago ghetto, music became his early escape valve. He studied tenor sax, flute and piano, and took naturally to composition: "I was writing before I could effectively play," he remembers. Although he paid some jazz dues, Threadgill's sights were wide; he studied classical theory in several colleges and found employment in odd gigs.

"I couldn't get work with tune bands—they didn't think I could play. So I played with blues bands, marching bands, and Puerto Rican bands, plus theater. My first wife was an actress, and she introduced me to that crowd. I started analyzing the 'happenings' of the 60s, stuff that I'd heard about but hadn't looked into."

Threadgill's persistence and vision can also be traced to his time with Chicago's AACM; his mix of structure, free spirit and loopy humor finds some parallels with the Art Ensemble of Chicago's inner-city medicine show. Besides chops and imagination, the AACM helped inculcate a healthy measure of self-reliance: the organization was committed to controlling one's destiny outside mainstream music channels. "We learned right on a grassroots level," he says. "We had to go out and find a place to perform, get money, draw up a contract. We bought a machine to print up our flyers, and then we had to learn how to change the oil and the ink in the machine."

As news of AACM's efforts spread, similar groups sprang up, notably BAG (Black Artists Group) in St. Louis. Threadgill points proudly to AACM's continued existence ("They're determined people. Up and down that river, people had a different kind of drive"), pointing out that in New York, "the machinery is already set up—you buy your Gucci stuff right off the rack.

"Where we were coming from was kind of backwoods," he goes on. "Chicago had this traditional jazz thing happening, and they weren't going to hire us because we were going to play this original music. That was the whole issue. So you have to believe in what you're doing when you decide to get into *your* music, because you put yourself on the spot. That takes a lot of nerve and endurance.

"But, as a result, it builds good character." He lets out a hearty laugh. "It's marine training. When Lester Bowie was president, we'd even talk about training young musicians and sending them over to a part of Europe where nobody had been before with only a one-way ticket and their instruments. We

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"If you go back to the roots of jazz, it was all about <u>collective</u> improvisation."

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STEVE REICH

The release of "the dancing, hypnotically involving" (*N.Y. Times*) *Sextet* and *Six Marimbas* marks Steve Reich's first compositions for percussion ensemble since the classic *Music for 18 Musicians.* Nonesuch (79138)

photo credits: (clockwise from left: Clive Barda, George Chinsee, Carolyn Schultz)

JOHN ZORN

On THE BIG GUNDOWN, "the Lower East Side's reigning musical thinker" (*Vogue*) reworks the music of Italian film composer Ennio Morricone (*The Good, The Bad and the Ugly, Once Upon A Time in the West*). "Like Bernard Herrmann's work for Alfred Hitchcock, Nino Rota's for Fellini, or John Barry's for the James Bond movies, Morricone's writing for Sergio Leone marks one of the pre-eminent composer-director collaborations... Zorn's foxy, intrepid arrangements latch onto the soundtracks only to crack them open." (from the liner notes) Nonesuch/Icon (79139)

WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET PLAYS DUKE ELLINGTON

The first American recording from one of the most acclaimed jazz ensembles of the decade. They "breathe life into the entire jazz saxophone tradition." (Robert Palmer, *N.Y. Times*)
Nonesuch (79137)

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NONESUCH

NONESUCH RECORDS. STANDING APART FROM THE SLAGHEAP OF GUTLESS CONFORMITY.*

(*Chicago Tribune, 1/16/83)

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SUN

The afternoon sun burns down on the Providence, Rhode Island Temple of Music, an ajaxed alabaster that sets the nearly neon sky in bold relief. No less colorful are the troupe of musicians now climbing its stage dressed in ceremonial gold and silver. Their leader, slow and squat, is identifiable by his advanced age, an unmistakably majestic bearing and, not incidentally, a thick black cape (rough garb in the summer heat) dotted with more stars than a Wisconsin sky in late November. The crowd follows his ascent with dutiful reverence. All, that is, save for one middle-aged mom sitting in the front row, an obvious novice who can no longer witness this procession without rising to voice her startling revelation:

"The guy in the middle has a coat hanger on his head!"

"No ma'am," she is patiently corrected by a younger, more knowing companion: "That's an interstellar communication device. It's a clear day for transmissions."

They're both right of course, but such are the seeming paradoxes which surround Sun Ra—a resolute jazz innovator as well as the last of the great big-band leaders—and his fabulous Space Arkestra, a group that mixes musical explorations and vaudevillian traditions. And if audience reactions are any barometer, it's a dialectic Sun Ra has had few problems resolving: By the climax of this typically momentous performance, both the aforementioned mom and her adept have joined the Arkestra's snaking conga line on the Temple lawn, echoing the rapturous congregation as they vow to "travel the spaceways, from planet to planet." Leading the call-and-response cadences, while swaying at the helm of this train, is the now surprisingly agile bandleader, a smile creasing his gentle face.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERI BLOOM

Chalk up another victory against complacency for Sun Ra, the greatest of all composer/keyboardist Svengali/philosopher/bandleaders who swing mercilessly *and* claim they're from Saturn. While most musicians in their seventies rest on reputations made eons ago, Sun Ra and company still test themselves on the bandstand. Though their pear-shaped leader claims he's maintained "low visibility" in recent years, a glance at the global jazz calendar reveals tours through Asia and Europe in addition to a fairly brisk stateside schedule. Given his apparent stamina, Ra may well burn into the next decade; for as is the case with so many artists from outer space, he's imbued with a sense of mission.

"I want to make people happy," he explains serenely, "and if we have been working more lately, that's because the earth is in deep trouble. You've got a lot of intelligent people on this planet, the churches, scholars—but it's not doing any good. Some forces, call them God or whatever, gave me the keys to what to do about the planet. Not being a minister, I try to help musically."

Make no mistake: For all his comic trappings, Sun Ra's ministrations are seriously musical. "With music you can express any emotion," he observes, "you can paint pictures; people can see what a musician feels about outer space. The vibrations will put them over on the sound, and the sound will become a spaceship and lift them out there. People ask me about my philosophy all the time, but it's not a philosophy, it's an equation. It has to do with the survival of humanity. If I don't help people survive, I won't have any audience."

That wily mix of pragmatism and cosmic brouhaha has made Ra one of the most laughed at, laughed with, scorned and revered artists on the, uh, planet.

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tions over the last three decades, it is still Henderson whom Ra credits as his primary influence.

"I was writing and arranging at the Club DeLisa in Chicago when I first got with him," he recalls. "One night the (regular) arranger was sleeping in the car, so they sent for me. I'd never met Fletcher, but he'd seen me rehearsing at the shows. He was my favorite—he's an influence on everyone concerned with big band music—so when he gave me my first chance I was quite pleased."

Ra has made the most of it, in the process pushing musical and theatrical concepts of jazz to the limits of outrageousness. He's been assisted in this endeavor by talented musicians, many of whom have forsaken promising individual careers in favor of Ra's domain. And a domain it surely is: The Arkestra lives communally at a house in Philadelphia, while on the road their leader has final say on everything from who solos when to which hotel rooms are right for which musicians, to what time band members may go to the bathroom. Discipline is a key concept in the Ra omniverse, and he admits his methods aren't always appreciated.

"Many players have come through the band," he acknowledges, "and I don't like to babysit. A few I've had to, though. They might be good, but they usually need to be refined—find out what *not* to play. There are a lot of voodoo rhythms out there, and some of them are deadly. Or if they go outside a club with a whisky bottle in their hand, I have to watch that, because that's not good for a long life. If they can stand the fire, they stay. But sometimes the fire falls," he intones soberly, "and when it does, it's worse than Satan."

The Arkestra's core—tenor saxophonist John Gilmore, altoists Marshall Allen and Pat Patrick, baritone Danny Thompson and singer June Tyson—have stood the fire for decades. In the 50s they helped Ra beguile listeners with hard-bop arrangements that showcased his seductive, off-kilter melodies and relentless swing. By the mid-60s the band was probing sonic frontiers in keeping with their "space" themes, and the aural turf began to encompass electronic keyboard storms, frazzled horn explosions, and the chanting of interstellar incantations. Such "outside" explorations were hardly rare during the 60s, of course, but a Sun Ra concert was just as likely to include fire dancers, light shows and even movies (a favored clip shows Ra marching toward the pyramids) in the midst of his musical journeys. To some observers the result suggests a deft update of black minstrel and theatre tradition; to others it's akin to a Ringling Brothers circus from Mars. In any event, this cosmic cabaret helps listeners warm up for Ra's more challenging musical forays.

"Most of the time the avant-garde looks so serious," Ra moans. "They don't look like they're really having fun. People don't want to see that. I *want* people to laugh at the costumes I have on. Why do the astronauts wear what they wear? Why do soldiers? Because it makes people notice them more. The musicians have a perfect right to join the crowd and say, 'We're going to wear this; this is how we feel.'"

Later in the evening, Ra shows he's got the stuff to back up his style. Supported only by Arkestra drummer Marvin "Boogaloo" Smith, he stomps his way through a bouncy, bluesy stride piano, an approach that suggests equal parts Count Basie and Albert Ammons. His facial expression turns serious, sweat drips onto his overly mascaraed moustache, his foot grinds along with the beat. It's get-down time.

Fighting for a better view, I lodge next to the piano, and as Ra shifts rhythms, in jumps a staggered boogie-woogie bass riff. There's only one hitch: The bass player is drinking a glass of water. The intermittent bass notes get funkier, while Ra's right hand trills out the blues. Where is this bottom coming from? Only the piano player knows for sure.

"I stay active in my room twenty-four hours a day," he says later, by way of explanation, "and I've got my DX7 by my bed most of the time. I'm still interested in different sound effects; I've got about 700 of them now. The way you play must fit the song though," he cautions. "It's like speaking in a foreign language; if you pick the wrong sound, most people won't understand it.

"What I want to do is totally impossible," he goes on, "but I've been ordered to do it, and I'm used to being obedient. When I first started arranging, a trumpet player said to me, 'Write this song off the record.' The piece was [Noble Sissle's] 'Yeah Man'—not an easy one to write. And I didn't know anything about transposing for horns. But I wound up doing it, because I didn't know any better. If you're obedient, you can do miracles."

Ra employs the same theory on the Arkestra; during one rehearsal he suggests a drill sergeant who commands with his eyes. "What I'm doing is so profound it's simple," he says, "so simple that sometimes listeners catch it before the musicians. Most players start off on rock 'n' roll now, and then come to this band to get acquainted with the masters. If they can handle the discipline, they stay; if not, they go. If they make one wrong note, they might get talked about for a month. But if you can't take criticism, you can't grow."

Lately, Ra's been exhibiting his own sort of humility, at least in concert; despite a prolific career as a composer (he's recorded between seventy and a hundred albums), he admits that "I haven't been playing very many of my own compositions lately. I'm doing Ellington, Henderson, Waller, Hines, Armstrong. I'm going to cover the whole gamut, because teenagers today don't know enough about it. How can I expect to be respected if I forget the masters that came before? The songs these composers left behind are little tokens of happiness. And the way the world is today, there's much more unhappiness. So I play things by musicians who weren't discouraged, who had hope. Right now we're rehearsing 'S'Wonderful'—that's a beautiful word. Or we might do 'On A Clear Day You Can See Forever,' because that's a nice sentiment. But we arrange these onto another palette—the melodies are going to be there, but the harmonies will be celestial, and the polyrhythms will be fantastic."

Throughout this tour, the band drives home Ra's point. Punchy set pieces like "Yeah Man" and Horace Henderson's "Big John's Special" are intertwined with pop standards from the 40s and 50s. John Gilmore climbs into an unfamiliar role as vocalist awkwardly at first, but carries off "East Of The Sun West Of The Moon" with aplomb, while James Jackson offers an on-target Satchmo imitation on "Mack The Knife." Ra himself shuffles through a laconic, breezy "I Dream Too Much" in his best Anthony Newley (his friends call him Tony) croon. Wafting his hands while directing the band, Ra (*his* friends call him Sunny) breaks hearts as he warbles the lyric and the group oozes through the ballad's changes.

In the past Ra has invited listeners to follow him to a new world of discipline and enlightenment, sidestepping the issue of social responsibility here. But lately his chants have assumed a more didactic tone. "If the people of the earth don't start to care / trouble's gonna make a nest in their hair" goes one catchy chorus. Another points out, "They're trying to put the White House on the moon / they plan to put the Kremlin on a satellite"—as deft an analysis of Star Wars as any put to music. On "Nuclear War" ("we've been getting a lot of re-

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signed the original record contract) and all five members of Boston (the suit was thus called *CBS vs. Ahern*). The war was on. For a brief moment in December of 1983, a compromise flickered, then died. Seven subpoenas went out and seven different answers came back. (A large surge in the employment rate for lawyers dates from that time.) Within a few weeks, Scholz and Don Engel stitched together a rough outline of their defense and countersuit and filed it in the New York City court of ex-police commissioner Judge Vincent Broderick.

Scholz was determined to keep working on *Third Stage*. He renewed his attempts to repair the second side, fortified by his hunger for legal vindication: "Initially, the first year, it was a big drive. I would get depressed or uninspired and think, 'Boy, why am I doing this?' Then I'd think about somebody over at CBS who was trying to give me a hard time, and go back down to the studio! I knew I had to finish it, and whenever I forgot, my wife reminded me I had to finish it. I mean, it was finally coming out the way I wanted it, musically. I really liked it, in spite of the fact that I had heard it thousands of times."

While Scholz continued to assemble and dismantle his music, the wheels of justice moved steadily. In the second week of February 1984, Scholz was deposed at great length. "He was good," notes Engel. "He had a good memory." The deal called for CBS to produce Yetnikoff, and on the 10th of February he appeared for one of the most dramatic days of the case. In his "Dear Walter" letter and in his own depositions, Scholz had maintained that Yetnikoff promised to accept a late album and not cut off royalties. If there was in fact such a promise and Scholz had relied on it, CBS had modified the original contract. Engel's job was to get Yetnikoff to admit it. It would become the Clash of the Titans.

Engel had worked *with* Yetnikoff on another case and heard him say to someone else the very same thing he'd told Scholz about *not needing it in writing*. Engel began by asking Yetnikoff if he remembered Scholz. Yetnikoff said he did not. Engel calmly asked how many other acts he had that sold eight million records their first time out. None. How many sold four? Three? Rather than wait for the follow-up, Yetnikoff admitted he remembered Scholz. Working against a steady stream of "I don't remember"'s and "not that I recall"'s, Engel quoted Scholz's testimony of Yetnikoff's words. Looking straight into the eyes of a lawyer who'd heard him say the same words, Yetnikoff admitted he "might have said that. In fact, counselor, I might have even said it to you."

Trying to get more out of Walter Yetnikoff made for a grueling morning. Yetnikoff seemed to tire by the fourth hour, admitting he was "getting a little upset." CBS' attorney David Eizenman interrupted frequently with objections and remarks. The mood got ugly by the end, with Engel asking Yetnikoff if he ever considered he was committing a crime by withholding Boston's deferred royalties. "Do *you* ever consider it?" snapped Eizenman. "Yes, very seriously," replied Engel.

Engel would need every advantage to counter CBS' anger about a new development: Scholz had begun talking to other labels about bringing out *Third Stage*. According to a 1985 Scholz motion, CBS warned the other five major labels—in writing—not to touch it. Then CBS let it be known that if another major wanted Boston's contract, CBS would settle for $900,000 and $.25 an album. When Irving Azoff's MCA label decided to take on the album, CBS brought a new case against Scholz and MCA, asking for a preliminary injunction to freeze the deal. The CBS demand for an injunction to stop *Third Stage* took only nine pages. "They put in very simple papers," says Engel. "The tactic was, hey, it's a simple matter, give us the injunction." Engel responded with a densely argued, well-organized seventy-three-page brief. The judge had to accept one to three of Engel's eight points to kill the injunction: Engel won six. *Third Stage* belonged to MCA. Judge Broderick also made special mention of the deferred royalties: "I don't find anything that makes this money, which was being held in a special account by CBS, as being subject to withholding on the grounds of some grievance CBS may think it has with respect to performance under the basic contract."

This last was crucial to the issue of the breached contract. If CBS unreasonably withheld the royalties, it was they who had broken the contract. Only if they had executed their half of the deal could they argue that the deal was still in force. Engel maintained that by continuing to work on the album, however slowly, Scholz had kept his part of the bargain. "I didn't understand the legal complications involved," Scholz says, "but it was going to have to come out that I was simply trying to make this record, period. I wasn't giving up and I was working on it as hard as I could. Basically you're not going to get burned if you're trying to do the right thing." The case is expected to go to a jury trial early in 1987, but don't hold your breath.

In 1985, Scholz says, he "began to see light at the end of the tunnel." One reason was Gary Pihl, a guitarist with Sammy Hagar who helped Scholz rough out some tapes of the LP's final song, "I Think I Like It," on which Pihl is heard trading solos with Scholz. Yes, Tom Scholz was actually delegating work. "Gary was a big help going through the daily grind work of rehearsing Jim, trying ideas I would show him, and making crude demos of them. There aren't many people I could delegate that to; Gary's an exceptional individual—he knows how to play guitar and lots of other instruments, he listens to songs, and is extremely organized. I can't think of any other person I've ever met who I would've entrusted this work to."

Another new aspect in Scholz's work was a unified lyrical theme. No one will ever say Scholz has Elvis Costello's gift for words, but he was aware of wanting to make a personal statement about the "Third Stage after youth and adulthood." "I had the message embedded in the songs that I wanted," Scholz explains. "And that's the first time I'd ever consciously done that. They may go undiscovered forever, but they're in there. For me it has a very exact meaning. I wrote an essay on what every song says and how it fits in. I actually did that, just for myself as I was putting the pieces together.

"There isn't anything on this record that isn't straight from the heart. It's not autobiographical, but it's close. Like on 'I Think I Like It.' What does the guy like? Change. People don't like change, something immensely different that alters your whole life. Like, let's say you go through a terrible lawsuit and come out the other end. There are good parts and bad parts. Some changes may appear bad, but in the end have a silver lining that's better than what existed before. That's what that song is about, a person realizing he's been made to change, and discovering he likes it. He didn't like it, but he does now."

Perhaps the fullest statement of Scholz's theme comes on the LP's closer, "Holly Ann," which Tom grappled with for almost all of the six years spent on the project. It's a tribute to the Woodstock era, halcyon days of youthful idealism: "In my mind I can see reminders of a past decayed / So far behind, like the shadows linger at the close of day." Viewed from his 80s world of lawyers, accountants and sharks, the song has a special poignancy, an innocence he can never regain. "It *is* a tribute to an exceptional time, having gone through it myself," Scholz nods. "A lot of people never realize that they've gone through it when something is over and they've finished. See, that's the key: Maybe acceptance of the passing of something is the *ending* of the third stage."

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soda pop

1986 was feeding time for hucksters, hacks, and hip-ocrites

by charles m. young

"I specifically refuse to do commercials and I don't think an actor should."
Ronald Reagan during grand jury testimony in 1961, quoted in *Dark Victory: Ronald Reagan, MCA and the Mob* (Viking) by Dan Moldea

You got your usual small pile of excellent albums, usual small pile of wretched albums, and usual inundation of mediocre albums that there is no rational reason to like or dislike unless you are somebody's mother or a critic looking to jump on a bandwagon early. So your year in music that was 1986 was pretty usual. Any genre you pick—pop, funk, punk, shameless Madonna imitations, shameless Springsteen imitations, balding wimps from England, haircut wimps from England, technically accomplished hustlers with nothing to say, incompetent youngsters with high ideals—it was usual in the usual proportions.

Nonetheless 1986 was a watershed year as years in music go. It wasn't a year in music, future historians are going to discover. It was a year in jingles. For thirty years, the integrity of rock 'n' roll has been enforced from the outside. It has been for the most part impossible for a rock musician to sell out other than by recording a song he didn't believe in because he thought it would appeal to a certain element of the public. No corporation interested in respectability was willing to associate with rock stars. Thus it was easy for them to resist temptation that wasn't being offered. In 1986, despite the best efforts of the PMRC to bring back villainy to popular music, corporations lined up to sign up.

That's the good news: Tipper Gore and the other defenders of decency failed to follow through with the massive hysteria they were hoping to generate in 1986. And the bad news is that they failed not because rock 'n' roll stood up to them in any serious way but because rock 'n' roll was so obviously harmless, respectable and flaccid. If the public were really worried that rock was turning Junior to Satan, Madison Avenue wouldn't be using it to sell raisin bran.

Glenn Frey made a similar point on

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MTV recently. He was narrating a Pepsi-sponsored history of Pepsi, and these executives were bragging about co-opting the youth culture ever since it was discovered at the end of World War II. Pepsi, Frey asked us to recall, has always been for those who think young, but it has been only in the past couple of years that the company dared to use rock 'n' roll in commercials, lest Mom associate it with subversion and leave it on the supermarket shelf. Rock 'n' roll was now *the* form of music for everyone under forty in this country, was the soundtrack for most movies and military recruitment ads, dominated radio in its various genres. Pepsi wanted a piece of the action.

The climax of the show was the famous spot for which Frey and Don Johnson received a million dollars apiece. The two swinging bachelors drive through a steamy night in a sports car and end up in a club where all the other swinging bachelors and bachelorettes are drinking Pepsi. I'd never paid any attention to the spot before. It is shot so darkly that there is nothing to grab your mind. By the time the half-attentive viewer figures out he is looking at Johnson and Frey (does Frey have face recognition even among music fans?), the plot is unintelligible. A shockingly ineffective spot for the money, I would think. Yet watching closely for the first time, I noted Frey singing in the background, "We got freedom, we got soul / We got Pepsi and rock 'n' roll."

That got my attention. In a literal sense, the line is true, although of the four items mentioned, only Pepsi is currently enjoying a growth market. We who live in the U.S.A. do possess certain freedoms, some of us have soul, all of us have access to rock 'n' roll, and anyone with 50-75¢ is allowed to drink a can of Pepsi. My guess is that Pepsi did not pay Frey and Johnson all that money to make this point. My guess is that Pepsi wants you to think you're drinking Otis Redding, the Beatles and the Bill of Rights when you're drinking brown carbonated sugarwater with flavoring.

So my guess is that Glenn Frey and Don Johnson lie for money. Time was, Glenn Frey was too proud to associate with the rabble of the music biz and refused to pick up his own Grammy that the Eagles won for *Hotel California*. Now he isn't selling quite so many records, so he hawks soda pop. Well, what's wrong with that? Everybody lies for money. The boss says, "The sky is green," and you have to agree or lose your job. Ethics are often a luxury only the rich can afford. But there are exceptions. And let us remember that rock stars are usually rich.

Of the three basic relationships an artist can have with an advertiser—that is, (1) none (the artist claims moral purity and refuses any and all endorsement opportunities); (2) craft (the artist sells his craft to an advertiser, as Randy Newman did in writing a jingle for Dr. Pepper in the late 70s); (3) reputation (either in the form of an artist standing there and saying, "This product is good," or allowing an identifiable song to be used as a soundtrack)—1986 found an unnerving number of musicians all too willing to sell in the name of commerce body, soul and what's left of their reputations. Regarding those reputations, by the way, most discussions of direct product endorsements center on two questions: "Will it hurt his career?" and "Will people still believe him?"

Well, the evidence is in on that one, and it doesn't hurt. Look at Bill Cosby, who is, according to the latest opinion polls, the most respected man in America. I could puke on a plate and for a few bucks that guy would call it pudding on national television. Look at Genesis, who recently played five nights at Madison Square Garden while Phil Collins' "In The Air Tonight" was backing a Michelob commercial. None of his fans were offended that he sold this deeply personal song about his divorce, this courageous exploration of his most intimate feelings (so he had us believe in interviews) to promote beer. Elton John had no trouble selling tickets on his tour after selling "Sad Songs" to Sasson Jeans while it was still on the charts. Clearly rock stars, like incumbent congressmen, can do *anything* without alienating their constituency so long as they remain likable.

Which brings us to the crux of the problem confronting rock 'n' roll in the Year of the Jingle (and beyond): Is such use of one's name and art moral? And if the answer is yes, what does that say about rock 'n' roll in 1986 (and beyond)? We live in a society that lies to itself so much that economy is reduced to a vast exercise in disinformation. Rock 'n' roll at its best has fought that trend. Rock 'n' roll at its best has served the truth. Certainly when I was growing up in the 60s, I looked to it for information—emotional and political—as much as for fun. When I talk to teenagers now, they seem to need rock 'n' roll in the same way, probably more so as our indoctrination has grown tighter and more sophisticated. Kids trust musicians as they would an idolized older brother, which is precisely why corporations want their endorsements. It is unethical to take that trust and manipulate it to sell them beer or breakfast cereal or anything else. Rock 'n' roll musicians should be held to a higher standard than the Smurfs.

Look at Lou Reed, for another example. Here's a guy with unquestioned credentials. He's explored the deepest, darkest, dankest depths of the human unconscious, seen stuff that the rest of us don't want to know ever happened, and he came back with a number of brilliant songs, among them "A Walk On The Wild Side." Now he would have us believe that he has explored the deepest, darkest, dankest depths of the human unconscious and come back with a Honda motorscooter. The ad is powerful and effective and commensurate with Reed's image. When you buy a motorscooter now, you're going to get a little piece of the Wild Side. And when you hear that noble song on the radio, you're going to think what Honda wants you to think: Where you were in the early 70s when it came out, and what a grand role motorscooters played in it all.

I asked Reed about this once during a short interview for MTV and he said, as I recall, "Better us than them," and then rather insistently changed the subject. That is—no sarcasm—a good argument. Rock 'n' roll has concentrated a lot of money in relatively young, relatively liberal hands and often a portion of that money will go to a worthy cause. Better Lou Reed gets those bucks than some old fogey. But there is an artistic consideration that goes beyond political and age differences. If rock 'n' roll exists just as a ploy to get people to part with a few dollars for a record, then there is no moral difference between releasing an album and endorsing a motorscooter. Lou Reed and every other musician I ever talked to, however, would argue that rock 'n' roll is not just product, and that they deserve to be taken seriously as artists. They certainly expect to be taken seriously as artists, or they wouldn't get so mad when critics like me dump on them. If a musician has created an expectation in his audience that he is serious, that he is going to express the truth about some emotion or experience from his unique point of view, he is asking that audience to drop their skepticism and allow him into their minds and together they can come up with new truths. Throwing a motorscooter into the bargain is cheating, unless you wish your artistry to be taken on the same level as Ed McMahon's.

For a final example, consider the Long Ryders. These guys have no credentials except for a mild rep among critics due entirely to their skill at manipulating the

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A TRIBUTE AND A CALL TO ARMS

"Say You, Say Me," "That's What Friends Are For," "How Will I Know," "Kyrie," "Sara," "The Greatest Love Of All," "On My Own," "There'll Be Sad Songs"—whew, whatta year for rock 'n' roll! And just look at *Billboard*'s number-one albums during 1986: Sade, Barbra Streisand, Whitney Houston, Lionel Richie, Huey Lewis, Boston...No wonder they want to take the music away from us!

But are we gonna let 'em? No way! What keeps rock 'n' roll exciting and dangerous is that it's *our* music created by *our* peers. If you can't relate to Bob Seger or the KBC Band, kiddies, why don't you just go back to business school and *stay* there until you're ready for it? This isn't Romper Room; this is *rock*.

Now that we got rid of those eavesdropping sissies, let's get serious. This year was a troubling one for us music fans. Some pigheaded artists are holding out on compact disc releases; there's still talk of a blank-tape tax or anti-duping chip for tape recorders; digital sampling is a legal gray area; and record companies don't want us to have our DAT (digital audio tape). What can we do (besides renewing our subscriptions to *Musician*)? Have our secretaries write letters, that's what! Let's tell our congressional representatives who's paying their salaries! Warn record company execs to lay off the parallel-import question! Withhold our kids' allowances until the powers that be see things our way!

So the next time you're out jogging with the Boss on the personal stereo, reflect a little on our precious rock 'n' roll heritage. We didn't get where we are now by time-shifting our priorities. We changed the world once; we can do it again.

Merits and Demerits

Artist of the Year

Not all artists are celebrities; in the recording world, many talented people don't even get near a microphone. Sooner or later, though, the giants of any profession get their just recognition. This year saw the sudden emergence of a music-industry figure normally content to work outside the spotlight: the independent promo person. Although a shy, retiring type, the promo person—who convinces radio programmers of the merits of particular recordings—has more to do with your musical taste than you realize.

The "indie" promo people, unaffiliated with any one label, are the top practitioners of this noble calling. Even among this elite, though, a couple of names stand out. This year *Musician* breaks with our usual practice of honoring players to honor instead two independent promo men without whom we wouldn't know who to like: **Fred DiSipio** and **Joe Isgro.** (The award would be presented in person, but we couldn't find them.)

Musician of the Year

If just being prolific earned greatness, Elvis "Declan McManus" Costello would be no greater than Elton John. But it's hard to think of anyone since the mid-60s Bob Dylan who poured out such valuable material so quickly. It was enough that Costello made *King Of America*, a back-to-basics gem with T-Bone Burnett and the best American musicians in several genres. But he sealed up this year's award with *Blood And Chocolate*, a dense electric return to form with Nick Lowe and the Attractions.

As a multi-media bonus he appeared in a terrific British movie called *No Surrender*, and went to Spain to act in Alex Cox's upcoming *Straight To Hell*. There were new singles to tide us over the summer, and then in the fall the wildest tour of all: multiple-night stands in a series of U.S. cities with a different show every night. History buffs loved the concerts with James Burton, Jerry Scheff and Jim Keltner; everyone else went wild over the Spinning Songbook, a giant game-show set on which contestants from the audience spun a wheel to pick the songs Elvis and the Attractions played. Along the way Elvis performed with Tom Petty, Tom Waits, the Bangles and other new partners, and added "Pop Life" and an acoustic "Pretty In Pink," among others, to his enormous repertoire.

And even when all that activity is forgotten, music lovers will hear "I'll Wear It Proudly" or "I Want You" or "American Without Tears" and say, boy, was that ever a good year for Costello.

Albums of the Year

Picking the "Best Album" leads the *Musician* staff into bribery, vanity and unnatural concern with musical complexity, lyrical depth, political conscience and artistic ambition. So this year we decided to just list the records the editors actually *played* the most:

Jock Baird: INXS (complete works)
Bill Flanagan: Richard Lloyd, *Field Of Fire*; the Replacements, *Tim*
Scott Isler: Jesus and Mary Chain, *Psychocandy*
Mark Rowland: Various artists, *The Indestructible Beat Of Soweto*
J.D. Considine: Pretenders, *Get Close*
Charles M. Young, The Butthole Surfers, *Rembrandt Pussyhorse*
Timothy White: Peter Gabriel, *So*; Steve Winwood, *Back In The High Life*
Peter Watrous: Various artists, *The Complete Keynote Collection*

A Frequent-Flyer Bonus Bomb

to Prince, Starship and Manhattan Transfer, who canceled mid-year European tours because of terrorist activity

The Mike Love Integrity Plaque (the industry's highest honor)

to Arista Records president Clive Davis, who attacked pop radio at the Music Business Symposium: "There is no shortage of exciting new rock...Rock radio, to its shame, is never at the cutting edge...It's time for revolt again." This year Arista released albums by Alan Parsons, GTR, Air Supply, the Monkees, Billy Ocean and Kenny G.

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Athens, Georgia Chamber of Commerce Bowl
to R.E.M. for importing an endless stream of rock critics to write articles about the boys at home. We suspect that Michael Stipe and company all really live in Hollywood and commute to Georgia to meet journalists.
A Gilt Teapot with a Tempest Inside
to the rock press for holding meetings, taking out ads and forming committees after a TV evangelist criticized rock magazines
The Steve Allen Middlebrow-in-Mixed-Media Award
David Byrne
The Morrissey Bronzed Condom for Abstinence
to *Musician* magazine, for not mentioning Sting or Robert Fripp all year (so far).

Extremists

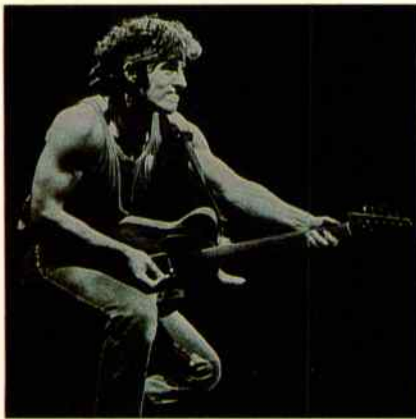
Best New Songwriting Team
Bob Dylan and Sam Shepard
Worst New Songwriting Team
Bob Dylan and Carole Bayer Sager
Corporate Rip-Off of the Year
Record labels pay artists half royalties on CDs while charging customers through the nose. How long before they get rid of LPs altogether?
Most Promising New Supergroup
Crosby, Stills, Nash, Young and Springsteen at the Bridge School benefit
Drug of the Year
Hyperbaric oxygen tanks. Michael Jackson's people said he was climbing into his air tank 'cause it'd make him immortal (like Walt Disney?). But according to hyperbaric-breather Ronnie Lane (whose ARMS concerts were to raise funds to buy such tanks for MS victims), those test tubes make you high as a kite.
Favorite Ongoing Lawsuit
The Beatles vs. Capitol Records
Rumor of the Year
After living in Keith Richards' house and preparing a video and album with the Rollingest Stone, Chuck Berry punched him out. Just his way of being friendly?
Recommended Reading (This Is Serious!)
Sweet Soul Music, Peter Guralnick
Most Slavish Prince Rip-Off
"Oh Sheila," Ready For The World
Best Jackson Family Imitations (in order of faithfulness)
The Jets, Debarge, New Edition, 5 Star, Talking Heads
Best 60s Artists of 1986
Bangles, Smithereens, Fabulous Thunderbirds, Bob Dylan
Most Preposterous 60s Reruns
Chicago updates "25 Or 6 To 4"—and has a hit
Aretha Franklin records "Jumpin' Jack Flash"
Beatles return to charts with "Twist And Shout"
Grateful Dead are summer's top concert attraction
Monkees reunion
The PMRC's Top Rock Artists of 1986
Thompson Twins (shlock as idealism)
Lone Justice (shlock as rebellion)
Ashford & Simpson (shlock as romance)
Stryper (shlock as religion)
Lionel Richie (shlock)

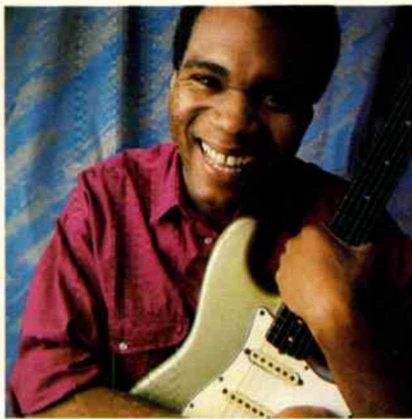
News of the Year, Real and Imagined

Rock 'n' Roll Heaven
Cliff Burton (Metallica), Max (Mark) Dinning, Kelly Isley, Phil Lynott, Richard Manuel, Rick Nelson
Rock 'n' Roll Purgatory
Albert Grossman
The Politics of Entertainment
Manager Ken Kragen resigned (not re-*signed*) Lionel Richie's account, citing his involvement with Hands Across America, and promptly fired over one-third of his staff. A week after accepting Kragen's resignation, Richie rejoined his once and present manager. The ex-Kragen personnel did not.
Whatever Happened To...?
Baltimora, Boys Don't Cry, Nu Shooz
Comebacks
Ginger Baker, Charles Brown, James Brown, Bubble Puppy, ESG, Patti LaBelle, Richard Lloyd, Paul Simon
Semi-Comebacks
Peter Frampton, Alvin Lee
Gobacks
Bad Company, Frankie Goes To Hollywood
Hypes
Monkees, house music, Sigue Sigue Sputnik
Cover Versions
"Immigrant Song," Minimal Compact
"Rollin' Dany," the Fall
"Stormy Weather," Fats Comet
"Will The Wolf Survive," Waylon Jennings
Life's Hard at the Top (I)
Prince's film directorial debut, *Under the Cherry Moon*, was no *Purple Rain* at the box office—and his *Parade* album stiffed with a mere million sold.
Strange but True: New Blood!
BoDeans, Crowded House, David and David, Fine Young Cannibals, Full Force, LL Cool J, Miami Sound Machine Simply Red, Woodentops, Soundtrack
We Couldn't Have Said It Better
"Most dance numbers are content to go 'thump-thump-thump,' but [Niles] Rodgers' arrangements are more likely to go 'thumpity-bip-bop-boom.'"
– Geoffrey Himes, *Washington Post*
It's a Baby-Boomer World
The *New York Times* (appropriately self-deemed "the newspaper of record") ran an editorial lamenting that "the day of the 45 is just about over": "A stack of 45s on a chubby spindle," the august *Times* reminisced, "evokes a time of...blue lights in the basement or Japanese lanterns around the carport." What do you mean, *what* carport?!
Words To Ponder
"If Eddie Cochran was eighteen today he'd have a Fender Strat Jap copy and he'd be up in front of a heavy metal band

CHRIS CUFFARO, HUGO GLENDINNING/SIN, STEVE MARSEL, LARRY BUSACCA/RETNA, CHRIS CUFFARO

World Radio History





kicking ass like rock 'n' roll's supposed to do." – Lemmy Kilmister (Motorhead)

What's Music For, Anyway?

Rolling Stone launched *Marketing Through Music*, a four-page monthly newsletter "about the latest and most creative uses of rock music as a marketing tool": the Beach Boys shilling for soft drinks, Rod Stewart selling automobiles, Michael Jackson fragrances. etc. etc. etc. etc. etc.

Life's Hard At The Top (II)

Paul McCartney

Five Ways Mick Jagger Could *Still* Become the Greatest Rock Legend of All Time

1) Be shot by a jealous husband in a Harlem bedroom

2) Be shot by a jealous wife in a Harlem bedroom

3) Disappear into a crack in the Nicaraguan earth while fighting with the Sandinistas

4) Get blown up in the first British space shuttle

5) Get his throat slit by Keith

No Guru, No Teacher, No Memory

According to a newly popular allegation, Bruce Springsteen copied Bob Seger rather than the other way around. By next year Seger fans will be saying Van Morrison ripped off Bob too.

Generation Gap

Madonna found a way to shock parents who grew up in the 60s: She recorded a song that encouraged pregnant girls to marry the boy and keep the baby.

Charity Begins at Soundcheck

Best news wasn't that rock charity continued in 1986; it was that the charity events provided great *music*. U2's Amnesty show with Peter Gabriel, Fela Kuti, Lou Reed, Miles Davis, the Police and others was a dream of good taste and smooth sailing. Neil Young's all-acoustic benefit for disabled kids with Springsteen, Petty, CSN&Y and others was a once-in-a-lifetime joy. Giant all-day Save-the-World crossover demographic TV marathons are fine, but the best music seems to come from small groups of like-minded artists teaming up for more personal causes.

A Hip Major Label?!!

Polygram may make their millions off questionable chest-thumpers, but at a time when other majors have dropped all pretension of caring about artistic merit, Polygram has signed Robert Cray and Richard Thompson, re-released Velvet Underground classics, and—most impressive of all—been reissuing everything Hank Williams recorded, in order. It's (almost) enough to make us see the merit in Deep Purple.

Pearls of Wisdom from Industry Executives (names withheld on request)

"Just get that Julian Lennon kid to put anything out fast. It'll sell."

"Don't worry, Jane. Everyone will see that you were the *real* talent behind the Go-Go's."

"Why not kick David Lee Roth out of the band? He's nothing without you!"

"David, you're the frontman for these guys. They're nothing without you!"

"Why, having A.C. Nielsen audit MTV will prove to advertisers just how influential our audience is!"

Pop Discovery of the Year

A fundamentalist minister in Ohio revealed that backward masking in the *Mr. Ed* theme song contains satanic messages.

To Be Located in the Basement of the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame: The Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Shame

The first five inductees to win "Fabians": Pat Boone, Mike Curb, Grace Slick, Gale Storm and (group award) artists who played Sun City

New Dinosaur Discoveries!

Brontosaurus Scholzaurus—Huge but very slow-moving, this monster took years to leave even a few tracks.

TriceratELPs—Although technically adept and endowed with the ability to replace members, this spiky creature just could not evolve. A victim of progress.

Kansas Stegosaurus—Traces of this dinosaur have been found in middle-America. Towards the end of its lifespan it attempted to crossbreed with the smaller, more intelligent Southern Morsaurus.

Tyrannofloydus Rex—One of the oldest and most savage of animals with fossil remains found in Britain. Fond of muddy waters, it eventually tore itself to pieces.

Our Fearless Predictions for 1987

Julio Iglesias will duet with David Lee Roth

Tom Cruise and Michael J. Fox will release solo albums

Bananarama's next album, consisting entirely of non-originals, will include versions of "Vehicle," "The Rapper" and "Lucretia Mac Evil"

Linda Ronstadt will finally go back to singing country, her first esthetically pleasing decision in over a decade

Another folk revival will be announced, publicized, celebrated, and not happen

The Kinks will break up—onstage, of course

Boy George will have a religious awakening and release a gospel album

A major teen movie will be set in the mid-70s with a disco soundtrack

All new age artists will claim to be "not really new age"

No Beatles CDs

Sleazy publishers will launch magazines called *Muzishun, Almost Musician, Mexican Musician* and *Ifyoulookfast you'll thinkwe'reMusician*

David Byrne will score a "new music" opera

The pro-drug backlash

Rolling Stone will publish a serious analysis and evaluation of various Bruce Springsteen bootlegs.

(only kidding)

RALPH FITZGERALD, STEVE MARSEL, CINDI PALMANO/RETNA

World Radio History

SUN RA from page 62

quests lately for that one") Ra gets more explicit still, pointing out out that annihilation is "a motherfucker," and that "when the big one hits, you can kiss your ass goodbye (goodbye, ass!)" Perhaps the shoulder-shaking realities of "The Message" and similar rap songs have goaded the freebop patriarch into more politically-minded missives?

"The next thing I'm going to do will shake up the whole planet," Sun Ra promises. "When I get back to Philadelphia, I'm going to a lawyer and have him prepare eviction papers for everybody on this world. I'll take it to the U.S. and the White House and say, 'If you can't handle the anarchists and terrorists, and you aren't capable of taking care of the property of the creator of the universe, then *we'll* take over.' The earth belongs to someone, but that someone is not m-a-n. People might pray to the lord, but the *land*lord will evict them. He's never spoken before, but now he's saying, 'You haven't paid no taxes on the wind, and no taxes on the sun....'"

And why would a prophet who sings "I Dream Too Much," who claims to have invented punk rock, who says he's written "two to three billion" songs, and who still talks about when the Pacific Ocean got mad at him, expect anyone to go along with his plans for global eviction?

"Over the years I've worked on a shoestring," Sun Ra observes, "but the point is, I'm sincere. I don't have to compromise. Because the world is getting ready to change over, and to deal with the people who are sincere." ■

SODA POP from page 65

accoutrements of integrity. They play primitive guitar-based rock, their lyrics have a bogus Bob Dylan/Gram Parsons feel (like the Alarm or America) and one of them has a beard like Solzhenitsyn. I don't know anyone—from committed music fan to casual TV watcher—who doesn't hold these guys in contempt. They come right out and talk about the "integrity" of their music in their Miller Beer ad and then drop the utterly stunning line: "You don't have to be the best musicians in the world, you just have to mean it," as if they'd be singing the praises of Miller without being paid great piles of money.

I read an interview with the Long Ryders in which they defended themselves on the grounds that a) Merle Haggard and Pete Seeger did it first, and b) they needed the money. To which I say: Fuck Merle Haggard and Pete Seeger. As for needing the money, I can identify with that. I'm writing this essay for money. And I couldn't promise you that I wouldn't endorse Miller Beer if I were faced with eviction. But I hope I'd be the first to say fuck me for doing it. I wouldn't care if Jesus Christ needed cash for the Second Coming. If He used the Sermon on the Mount to endorse chewing tobacco, He wouldn't have much of a claim over Beelzebub.

In defense of the Long Ryders, they didn't betray a trust with their audience. No one cared what they had to say in the first place, and they are such puds they probably enjoy putting agency vice presidents on the guest list. This was probably their only chance to make money and they took it. If Glenn Frey needed the money, he should hire a new accountant to search for that mountain of moolah the Eagles generated.

One other image sticks in my mind from this Year of the Rock Jingle: The Grand Finale to the Statue of Liberty celebration this summer was a salute to American music in Giants Stadium. The three singers selected to represent rock 'n' roll were Frankie Avalon, Fabian and Bobby Rydell, classic ersatz rockers in the worst Dick Clark tradition, sorta the Long Ryders of their day. It was my favorite show of the year. The thugs and liars who run this country wouldn't let real rock 'n' roll anywhere near the Statue of Liberty. There must be some truth left in this aging art form. And as long as there is, Pepsi is not freedom. ■

THREADGILL from page 58

used to do stuff like forty-eight-hour marathons where everybody brought their sleeping bags. I don't mean benefits to raise money, this was..."

To raise consciousness?

"Right."

So which comes first, the ideals of the individual artist or that of the collective? Threadgill claims the former: "That was the direction I was moving in, that's the only reason I was there. The AACM was the perfect place for me, because I wasn't trying to fashion those A B A songs based on show business. I didn't know how successful I was going to be, but I knew *where* I was supposed to be."

Where it led was Air, Threadgill's mid-70s chordless trio based on enlightened economy and geodesic beauty. Whether recasting Scott Joplin or Jelly Roll Morton in their own image or fleshing out Threadgill's sly compositions, Air carved a unique jazz niche. But for a long time record magnates were too busy checking out the latest fusion hombres.

"The critics demanded that we get recorded," Henry declares. "We dominated the [jazz] polls for a number of years before that." A Japanese company finally heeded the call. Arista/Novus followed with two U.S. releases.

In the post-Ornette era, pianoless bands were no longer raising eyebrows, and the legitimacy of "free jazz" was finally accepted. But contrary to popular assumption, Air rarely improvised. "That was highly composed music," Threadgill explains. "Saxophone, bass and drums: How many times can you listen to that? We knew we weren't going to last unless we could solve this idea of sounding very broad and different. Even if you come up with new songs, you've got to somehow change the timbre.

"If you go back to the roots of jazz, to the folks who came up the river from the beginning—King Oliver and all of those bands—you'll see that it was all about collective improvisation. And that's the approach I'm still basically involved in. You hear what I said? *Collective* improvisation. That don't mean that everybody gets up and solos by themselves. A lot of people say the music I'm doing is not jazz, but I'm dealing with the basis of this music, music that got passed on to Bird and to Duke Ellington. Bird's bands played collective improvisation. They phased together; not every solo, but there would be parts where everyone hit."

Air's eerie poise hinged on such interplay; compositions, however sturdy, gave way to spontaneous solos. But Threadgill still felt constrained by the limitations of the trio format. To compensate he put together X-75, a band that featured four basses. "It created a physical space problem," he admits, and so after one album X-75 gave way to the Sextet. Their vinyl debut, *When Was That*, surfaced in 1982 on the About Time label and quickly set New York's jazz community on its, uh, ear. The title cut was manic, revisionist parade music for a hyped-up march band. "Soft Suicide At The Baths" languished in squirming, loose-limbed agony. To fans of the ethereal Air, Threadgill's latest bag seemed radically different, at once hangdog melancholy and boisterously life-affirming.

Threadgill, of course, couldn't agree less. "I used to think of Air as an orchestra," he points out, noting that or-

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Nothing's as bad as Ray Davies thinks

By John Hutchinson

Photograph by Davies & Starr

Ray Davies, we've always been told, is quintessentially English. The classic Kinks songs of the 60s—"Dedicated Follower Of Fashion," "Sunny Afternoon," "Waterloo Sunset"—were finely-judged vignettes of British life, full of cheeky optimism and tempered by bittersweet melancholy. You could almost imagine Ray, dressed up in cricket whites and a blazer, playing a role in a Noel Coward musical farce—almost, but not quite, because Ray Davies doesn't really fit in anywhere. He seems destined to be a permanent outsider, never a committed participant in the game of life. By nature he's detached and withdrawn. At first he comes across as a mildly eccentric Englishman, but simmering under the facade is something else. He has a rich sense of humor and a love of the ludicrous; he can be irascible and belligerent, and he's no stranger to the black dog of depression. Ray is not as "English" as you might think.

He certainly looked gloomy enough when I met him at his flat in central London. I was greeted by his Irish wife Pat, a charming and gentle dancer with an elfin face. Then a tall, slightly stooping figure in a black raincoat came out of the shadows of the dimly-lit hall. Ray shook me by the hand, and quickly led me into the living-room to start the interview. He seemed distant, a mite distracted. I'd been warned that he could be difficult to talk to, that he was liable to get bored or irritated, and that he has been known to walk out of interviews without warning. As it turned out, though, Ray couldn't have been easier to work with. What appeared to be despondence was only fatigue, brought on by hours spent editing the videos of the two forthcoming Kinks singles—his own "How Are You" for the British market, and brother Dave's "Rock & Roll Cities" for U.S. release. He was wary at first, but ready to talk, and he made a concerted effort to shake off his weariness. Davies seemed to be taking the interview as an opportunity to formulate new thoughts about his attitudes to his own aspirations and those of the Kinks. At one moment all I'd be conscious of was a pair of piercing eyes looking out from behind a passive mask, then, all of a sudden, his rigidity would crumple, and the old Ray Davies crooked grin would crease his face, his eyes twinkling mischievously. The next morning, at our second meeting, Ray was refreshed by a good night's sleep and was almost jaunty.

The Kinks have signed up with a new record company, MCA, and delivered a new single and album that both have an above-average chance of establishing themselves in the upper reaches of the U.S. charts. Ray is happy with them, and

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says that the album, *Think Visual*, marks a rebirth of the band. Yet it was obvious that he was biting the bullet. More than anything, Ray wanted to talk about his interest in film and theatre. He hinted that he wanted to leave the Kinks, but it was clear that he didn't wish to detach himself from them completely. Clearly, though, his real message was that unless he's given the freedom to stretch his wings, the Kinks can't survive. But it's not impossible for Ray to go solo *and* remain in the band. Brother Dave has done it, as have various Rolling Stones and Talking Heads. It's not *that* big a deal, if everyone is prepared to be flexible.

But it means a lot to Ray Davies. He's a complex and ambitious man, and the Kinks, simply because they're a rock 'n' roll band, are no longer enough to satisfy him. He has two or three projects in mind, one of them being a book about the making of *Think Visual*. When I asked him why this particular record deserved a book, and if it was in some way especially significant, Ray smiled and changed the subject.

> "We all set out to make music to set ourselves free, and the payback is that it's just another prison."

Davies is convinced, in any case, that he has a lot to offer beyond the confines of rock 'n' roll. The Kinks' theatrical shows of the mid-70s seem to have been heading in the appropriate direction, but for one reason or another they never reached fruition. Perhaps nobody, including Ray Davies, was ready for the fusion then. In retrospect, however, his camp stage act was prophetic of the post-modern aesthetics of the 80s. As the critic Hilton Kramer has written, "Against the concept of seriousness Camp invokes an alternative standard—the facetious, which has proved to have a far more insidious power to shape the course of culture than anyone has yet acknowledged." This subversion of the serious defines the temper of post-modernist culture. Ray Davies' irony and sense of the absurd are finally in keeping with the mood of the day.

And he's still debunking seriousness—most of the time, anyway. For although self-deprecating humor is high on the list of Ray Davies' priorities, it barely disguises the shy, earnest man who's in search of the state of innocence that always eludes his grasp. He told me the following story, which struck me as particularly revealing: "I was working with a friend whose father had just died, and one day I found him crying by himself. I began to talk to him, and I said, 'All we've got to do is to come out of this tunnel, and it will take exactly thirty-five seconds!' That seemed to help him." Ray's voice drifted away dreamily, as it sometimes did during our conversations. Then, after a pause, "It's people working closely together like that who can lift each other up."

MUSICIAN: *Do you have a routine when you're writing songs?*

DAVIES: No, I don't have a set format, because I'm always on the run. I'd like to go away for two months to write, but I'm not that organized as a songwriter—I find it more straight-forward working on film treatments and outlines for videos. I'm writing something now for a little project that I might do next year, and I do it in transit. As far as the songs are concerned, I usually start off with a piano or a Casio; the chord structure comes first, and the lyrics come out of it. Sometimes I think of a good rhythmic structure for a line, and I'll write it down, putting accents underneath it in my own shorthand, to catch the phrasing, and then I'll record something on a cassette. Sometimes I'll disappear into a toilet on an airplane or somewhere like that, and do the recording there. That's why I like train journeys—I'm trapped in a space, and that's how I'll occupy my time. It's when I write letters and read contracts. I don't do it as much as I used to, but I keep notebooks of material that interests me; and when I can, I collect press-cuttings about stories that I might develop. I occasionally look back at them, but whatever stays in my head is the important thing—I work from memory.

MUSICIAN: *Do you enjoy writing?*

DAVIES: Yes, I do. Some writing can be hard work, because it has to be word perfect. I don't like wasting words, but maybe I shouldn't worry about it.

MUSICIAN: *What's the most difficult aspect of working on an LP?*

DAVIES: Recording it. The demo stage, to me, is the most enjoyable part. At Konk Studios we've gone digital—SSL, computerized, and all that—so it's now possible for me to go in and put down a demo vocal that will eventually be used as the master. I've done that a couple of times on this album—"How Are You," for instance, has a one-off vocal. I tried to do it again, but I couldn't catch the phrasing as well. I usually go in with a Casio or Oberheim drum machine, and I'll lay them down with an acoustic guitar and piano. I sing to that, and if I like the performance—this is my new technique—I'll get the band in to play to a click track.

MUSICIAN: *Sounds very much like "Ray Davies and the Kinks."*

DAVIES: It is when I do it like that. A few of the songs, like "How Are You," were done that way. On other songs, such as "Working At The Factory," "Repetition," and "Welcome To Sleazy Town," we went for a group feel, and the vocal was secondary. On those tracks we didn't put down any parts separately, and everyone played at the same time. They were live takes in the studio, and there was no overdubbing. So we used two techniques—whichever was the more appropriate to the song in question.

MUSICIAN: *Several songs on* Killing Time, *"Repetition," "Working At The Factory"—are about boredom.*

DAVIES: "Killing Time" was one of the earlier songs, and it's about a couple I know who haven't worked since they left school. They got up in the morning, turned on the TV, and just kept watching. That's something that fascinated me, because it must affect the way you look at the world. I believe that if this situation continues, two things could happen: either a revolution, or else a revival of the Arts and Crafts movement. The world's moving very fast, and people are becoming manic. I *hope* the change is going to be positive, that it will be a renaissance, but there's going to be a big shift in any case, because this is an impossible state to remain in. So the song is not really about boredom as such. "Repetition" might be, but "Killing Time" is more about the acceptance of the condition we're in. "Working At The Factory" is just about anger. The song is very specific, and I've made no attempt to conceal what I feel about what's happened, not only to me, but to a lot of other people in the music business. We all set out to make music to set ourselves free, and the payback is that it's just another prison that you find yourself in. But it's not just about musicians—it's about selling yourself, about the illusion of freedom.

MUSICIAN: *"How Are You," the English single, is probably the catchiest song on the LP, very much in your bittersweet mode.*

DAVIES: Yes, it is. Dave's song, "Rock & Roll Cities," is the American single, and it's a "low budget" kind of song. It is our first single for two years in the U.S., and it's the sort of sound that kids associate with the Kinks, because they remember the stadium concerts. And it's a good introduction to the album.

MUSICIAN: *The album's production is very American.*

DAVIES: Yes, it's very tight. Probably that's me reacting to

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LINDA MATLOW/PIX INT'L

What is camp: gender bending in Middle America.

the loudest around. I wanted *apparent* loudness anyway, because you're working under technological restrictions, you've got twenty minutes of music on either side of a vinyl disc, so you have to keep the volume down, otherwise it's impossible to cut properly. CD is rather different. But dynamics are just as important, anyway.

MUSICIAN: *Why did you want your records to be so loud?*

DAVIES: It was psychological. It was a psychological need for clarity, dynamics and impact.

MUSICIAN: *There are a lot of synths on the album—very prominently on "Natural Gift," for example.*

DAVIES: I've never been anti-synth, as long as they're kept within certain boundaries. I don't like the use of tapes onstage. But I'm not opposed to using synths and triggered sounds—which we used a lot on this record. We actually did one song, where I liked the performance—we went in and did it in one take—where some new drum sounds were triggered onto the original take. You never get the actual sonic depth back, because a triggered sound is always slightly late, but with digital it's possible to get very close.

MUSICIAN: *Do you not feel that you lose some ambience with digital recording techniques?*

DAVIES: You do lose a bit of warmth on the bottom end, so what I did was sometimes to backtrack drums and bass on analog, and bounce them in using a code. On the other hand, digital does have advantages: I used to mix tracks a lot—I still do—and there is tape degeneration on analog, which you don't get with digital. Mixing has always been one of my paranoias. Once or twice in the past we've lost a lot of top in the mixing, and a few dbs in the level, too. But I still believe in analog, because there is something special that comes off tape.

MUSICIAN: *You've sometimes pirated your own sounds and ideas over the years. Were you aware you were doing so?*

DAVIES: Maybe I write the same song twice, because it can happen that ideas haven't been fully developed. As they're now established, pop songs are usually three or four minutes long, and you can only tell so much of a story in that time. Another song might be able to develop a different aspect of the same theme. But I haven't consciously "pirated" my own stuff—except maybe in "Destroyer," which has the riff style of "You Really Got Me" and "All Day." That was a deliberate attempt to recreate a particular sound.

MUSICIAN: *Do you ever scrap a song, realizing that you've done something similar before?*

DAVIES: If I feel I've done it before, I'll stop. The worst thing is when you realize that's happened when you reach the mixing stage—you drop it then, and you've put perhaps fifty hours of work into it.

MUSICIAN: *Do you listen to other opinions of your music?*

DAVIES: I listen to the band, of course; to Larry Page, our manager; and in this case, to the American record company.

some of our earlier work, which tended to be under-recorded. It's not deliberately "American," it's just a very clear sound.

MUSICIAN: *There are other American touches—such as your accent in "Sleazy Town."*

DAVIES: That song is about Cleveland, which *is* the "Sleazy Town." You don't walk down Cleveland's main street any more; it used to be full of good shops, but now there's only the occasional porn cinema. I wanted the song to be about the American mid-west, so that's why I adopted the accent. I did the opposite in "Come Dancing," where I went to great lengths to convey a sense of Englishness.

MUSICIAN: *What standards do you use to judge the merit of a new song?*

DAVIES: I have a preconceived image of what the song *looks* like. The idea of the song becomes a picture, and then it becomes a song—that's the way it usually happens. I work on a song to the point where I feel that it's as far as it can go without becoming overworked. I'd rather songs were underworked than overplayed.

MUSICIAN: *How do you know if a song is worthless?*

DAVIES: When I can't listen to it again—I think I am my own worst critic. I try not to go by what's current and popular, but obviously I have to listen to what's happening, what other records sound like, and how loud they are. I went through a terrible phase five or six years ago when I wanted our records to be

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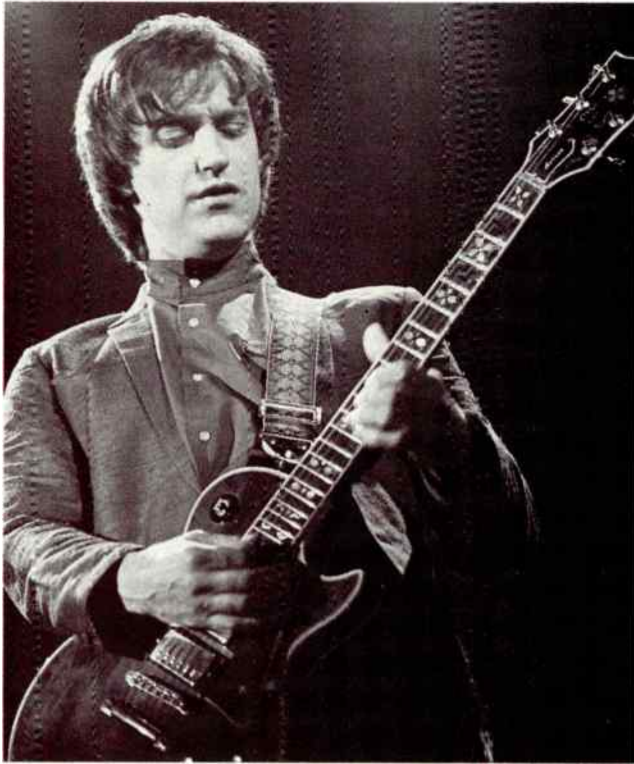

EBET ROBERTS

Dave Davies: Tension keeps the strings in tune.

They came over, listened to the rough mixes, and discussed them. Actually I'm more open now than I've ever been to other people's comments.

MUSICIAN: *Is that because you feel more secure in yourself, or because you want to be sure of the mood of the marketplace?*

DAVIES: Perhaps I criticize what I do too much. My philosophy for this record was "Nothing is as bad as I think it is." That's what pulled me through it. I had to make a new Kinks record, whatever that is, and although I wasn't really working to a market strategy, I knew it had to have driving music on it. Personally, if I buy a record or book by someone I like, I'm disappointed if I don't find ingredients of what drew me to him in the first place. I also want the author or musician to take his ideas further on to somewhere new. I think that's what this record does. It's a rebirth album, I think—there's good confidence on it, both on the part of the players and myself. We did it quite quickly for us; it was started on June 1, and we finished at the beginning of September, and we didn't put in incredible hours either. This was the first time, actually, that the band has known the songs when we went in to record them—we even worked with lyric sheets. It all sounds very organized, doesn't it? Perhaps it came from my experience with *Return To Waterloo*, where I had to work from a script. But we did try to retain some of the spontaneity that you've got to have in rock 'n' roll, when you go for the early take.

MUSICIAN: *In retrospect, what do you think of the last Kinks' album,* Word Of Mouth*?*

DAVIES: Maybe it wasn't brilliantly executed. It was a confused album—the last one we did for Arista. We didn't have much time for it, as we had to go off on a tour that had already been booked. So perhaps it was incomplete.

MUSICIAN: *The titles of the Arista LPs* (Misfits, Low Budget, Give The People What They Want, State Of Confusion) *seemed to be very revealing, expressive of the band's state of mind.*

DAVIES: They were all true at the time. *State Of Confusion*, for example, was a reflection of the band at that point—even the sleeve showed us all moving in different directions. They were all truthful titles. After all, when it comes down to it, you don't like to see your work cheapened in any way. I was going to call *State Of Confusion "Yuk."*

MUSICIAN: *But the record company wouldn't go for it!*

DAVIES: No! And I wanted to call *Sleepwalker "Poseur,"* but they didn't know what it meant.

MUSICIAN: *Some of the late-70s Kinks' music bordered on heavy metal. Do you actually like HM?*

DAVIES: Heavy metal is too jock-strappy for me, but it's fun, and I get a lot of laughs from heavy metal bands. If there's humor, that's all that matters.

MUSICIAN: *Do you really think they're deliberately humorous? The kids seem to treat it as deadly serious!*

DAVIES: [*Laughing broadly*] Oh no, come on—the really clued-in kids know what's going on! But it also reflects life. If you work on a factory assembly line, you'll probably relate to heavy metal rhythms. If you're living in Cleveland, and you're working on a sledgehammer all day, that's what you're going to relate to in your music. I can understand that—when I want my mind to be dead, I'll read science fiction comics in the middle of the night.

MUSICIAN: *Did you find the 70s a bit of a drag?*

DAVIES: I think things were probably pretty boring, musically. And there was no way we could be marketed, which was frustrating, and it turned into a drag. That's why I wrote something like "Ducks On The Wall" on *Soap Opera*. There are some wonderful lines on that, and they're set to a Status Quo or ZZ Top type of rhythm, which was quite funny. I thought that the music industry deserved no respect whatsoever, because limos and drugs were becoming a kind of payola. Then the punks came and saved things a bit, until some of them sold out.

MUSICIAN: *Do you see the early Kinks as a prototype punk or garage band?*

DAVIES: We were a garage band, and still are, in many ways. But like Groucho Marx, I wouldn't belong to a club that would have me as a member. If a punk band were to come up to me and say "We love you," I'd tell them to bug off.

MUSICIAN: *At about the time you changed labels to Arista, the Kinks gave up theatrical stage shows, and became a straight rock 'n' roll band. Was that a strategy dreamed up by Clive Davis?*

DAVIES: I think Clive wanted us to play stadiums and more MOR music. We had to reestablish ourselves as a *rock* band. We were presenting ourselves as a "good time" band, so we had to go out on the road. And it was such a relief for me to go onstage and not have to worry about the next cue. It was a release—I could just enjoy the singing. The *Low Budget* tour had no frills at all: we had a dowdy stage set with tatty drapes, and we just played the music. When the record company saw what we were doing, it became a marketing exercise.

MUSICIAN: *Why do you think you are so much more popular in the States than in Britain?*

DAVIES: We concentrated on America. We toured, and people saw us live.

MUSICIAN: *Does your stage persona extend to your personality?*

DAVIES: Well, when I have an audience I turn into a performer. When I get deeper and deeper into what I'm doing by myself, I end up writing something like "Hey Joe," it's Samuel Beckett time. But when I experience an audience, when I bounce off people, it brings out an entirely different part of my personality. Entertainers, using the term broadly, tend to have strong extrovert and introvert aspects to their characters. When I'm

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writing or recording I become an extrovert, and I get tremendous surges of energy. I'm a very energetic writer—I can't just do it intellectually, I have to *feel* what I'm doing.

MUSICIAN: *I'd like to ask you about your "camp" stage acts in the past. The critic Susan Sontag once defined camp as "the sensibility of failed seriousness." Would you agree with that?*

DAVIES: Perhaps being *aware* of failed seriousness is part of being camp. If you're not aware of it, it is really just innocence.

MUSICIAN: *Let me relate it directly to you. My guess is that one of the reasons you spent a lot of energy camping it up was because you were frustrated—you wanted to do a tight theatrical rock show, but found yourself thwarted at every turn.*

DAVIES: Are you detaching the word from its sexual overtones?

MUSICIAN: *To some extent, yes. The sexual side is one aspect of a general flaunting of outrageous attitudes.*

DAVIES: Perhaps I'm a flauntist rather than a campist!

MUSICIAN: *Is your camp persona optimistic or pessimistic?*

DAVIES: You're touching on areas that baffle me! Let me try to put it another way. It all depends on the context. Somebody can achieve greatness in public, pack out Madison Square Garden, and then go back to a lonely hotel room. We don't normally want to look at pessimism or loneliness: we just want the optimism. That's what heavy metal does. They don't want the world to see how lonely they are—they want Wagnerian heroism. To me, that's funny, it has humor.

MUSICIAN: *Were those shows in the vaudeville tradition?*

DAVIES: I don't like the word "vaudeville" attached to what I do, although it might apply to *Soap Opera*. My English heritage may explain the fact that some of my songs—like "Sunny Afternoon"—could have been done by a vaudevillian performer, but I wouldn't like someone's introduction to vaudeville to be through the Kinks. If there's a direct influence, I wasn't conscious of it. I'm not much of an authority on vaudeville.

MUSICIAN: *Did those crazy shows include an element of condescension to the audience?*

DAVIES: No. I was laughing at myself. I once heard something about Jack Benny, to the effect that all his jokes ended up backfiring. If a comedian sends up somebody else, that's cynicism. All the great comedians end up with egg on their faces.

MUSICIAN: *So, in a way, "Death Of A Clown" might be more appropriate to you—*

DAVIES: Than to Dave? Yes, but he wrote the song, and he sang it. In fact it *was* more suited to Dave. It was about Dave's giving up a raver's life-style, and paying the price.

MUSICIAN: *Barry Fantoni, who knew you well in the early days, once said that your sense of alienation was due to a loss of working-class roots. True?*

DAVIES: Barry's said a lot of things! No, I think he's totally wrong—I don't think I'll ever lose those roots. I had them when I bought my first big house, and you carry them with you wherever you go. If that's your being, you can't lie to yourself, and it's impossible to be creative if you do. At the time he said that—and it was so long ago—that may have been the conclusion he drew from the situation. But I certainly haven't lost my awareness of class and my Englishness. There's something particularly English in my music and the way I look at things.

MUSICIAN: *How do you see yourself in class terms? Has the situation changed?*

DAVIES: I see myself as classless, but I suppose if you press the issue, I'll say that I'm working class. When people approach me, I notice that they don't know quite how to place me. England has become more cosmopolitan in its thinking these days, but there's a very deep awareness of class distinctions here. The 60s were different in a way, but I didn't much like things then, and I didn't mix much either. The 70s were years of stupidity, a period of post-optimism; the 80s are the years of realization. The 90s, I think, will be the years when ideas are put into operation—a time of application.

MUSICIAN: *Do you feel nostalgic about the past?*

DAVIES: No. I like the past more than I used to, but on the whole I think that it's better now than it was. It's more frightening, but it's more alive. A couple of years ago someone asked me, "What do you feel?" I said, "I feel everything." Then he asked, "Are you afraid of feminists?" I told him that I was afraid of *everybody*. Happiness all the time is like a painkiller.

MUSICIAN: *Perhaps you're less afraid of admitting these things than you used to be?*

DAVIES: Maybe. I'm much more aware of each moment, and that's the only way I can approach life. I don't know what I'll be doing in two months' time. And I'm not going to make a statement saying that I still pick up the beat of the street, because I don't think I ever did, I *do* see something in the street—I see beauty there. I don't know *why* I do—perhaps I don't see what's really there, and I just see what *I* see. "Waterloo Sunset" was never there. I imagined it. I saw it for a moment; I'm not saying that's the way it actually *looks*.

MUSICIAN: *Is beauty more important to you than truth?*

DAVIES: No. The past is beautiful because it's true. I'm struck more by ugliness than by beauty. I went to see the Dada exhibition at the Hayward Gallery in London some years ago, and I was so enthralled by it that when I got on the train afterwards, everyone looked distorted, as though they had come out of a Max Beckmann painting.

MUSICIAN: *So you react strongly to what you see around you?*

DAVIES: Yes. I'm quick to react to what people say and do. I believe that you've got to question everything—I don't want to take at face value what someone tells me is the truth. I don't think there is any one truth—everything is true. There is a mathematical truth, there are mechanical truths, which you can't argue with, but I'm talking about ways of living. For example, there is a chemistry in this room, between you and me. If someone else comes in, a totally different chemistry will be set up. Everyone's reactions will change. All I'm saying is that truth changes as the situation or environment changes. I'm not making any earth-shattering statements.

MUSICIAN: *Do you have strong political beliefs?*

DAVIES: I'm opposed to anything that threatens individual be-

LIFE ON THE ROAD

Ray Davies plays a Les Paul Sunburst, a blue Gibson Explorer, a *red* Gibson Explorer, and white and maple Ovations. He uses Ernie Ball medium light strings on the electrics, and Ball medium bronze strings on the acoustics. He plugs into a Marshall 100-watt amp and Marshall cabinets.

Dave Davies uses two Fender Telecasters (black and sunburst) and two Gibson Artisans. He sends his mighty power chords through an ADA signal processor into two 120-watt Boogie amp heads atop four Roland speaker cabinets. Dave's strings? GHS .008 gauge on all guitars.

Jim Rodford plays a Fender Mustang bass through Trace Elliott pre-amps, power amps and cabinets—except when he's beating the low notes on a Status bass, through a Hi-Watt 100-watt amp and cabinet. Whichever he chooses, you can bet he's fingering GHS heavy-gauge strings.

Bob Henrit uses black Pearl drums with eleven assorted Zildjian cymbals and one Pearl Jeff Porcaro drum rack.

Ian Gibbons tickles a Kawai electric grand piano, a Korg Trident synthesizer, and a Korg BX3 through a Dynacord Leslie effect, a Dynacord 12-channel mixer amp, and Dynacord speaker cabinets.

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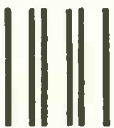

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Tell the folks back home this is the promised land calling.

have closed with songs about loss: this set brings the plot full circle by closing with "Jersey Girl"—a grown-up hero taking his woman back to the shore for a night of dancing.

It's a nostalgic song, and maybe it's inevitable that a retrospective like this be sentimental. But while Springsteen has always been a romantic, he has never before given in to nostalgia. Luckily, he cuts that tendency with the album's other fresh development—a leftist fervor. In the past Bruce's liberalism has been subtle, more assumed by listeners than obvious from his songs. So it's invigorating to hear the fire he pours into "Seeds," "Born In The U.S.A.," and others, and really moving when he speaks to his audience about avoiding the draft. Finally, Springsteen warns today's teenagers that blind faith in their leaders will get them killed. Then the band kicks into Edwin Starr's "War" with a passion that transforms that oldie into a raging scream of defiance.

Too bad the album doesn't also include "Lost In The Flood," Springsteen's 1972 returning veteran song. Describing a "Born In The U.S.A."-type vet from the perspective of the long-haired kids who didn't go, "Lost In The Flood" would be a tougher song to sing these days, which is all the more reason for doing it. Which introduces the problem with *Live/1975-85*. If it's meant to be a social statement and/or the best hard rock concert album since *Get Yer Ya Yas Out*, it succeeds. But that job could have been done more cleanly in two records instead of five. And if it's meant to be a career retrospective for one of our most important songwriters, it's incomplete.

Sure, the roof-ripping versions of forty Bruce classics will sell the back catalog to the twenty million people who bought *Born In The U.S.A.* Like that smash album, *Live/1975-85* is big and loud, black and white, stadium sized. Only one song is actually from '75—the next oldest dates to the summer of '78, the point at which Springsteen moved from theaters to arenas. So everything's a little oversized, and older songs like "Growin' Up" and "Spirits In The Night" are captured at the point when they'd already evolved into routines.

As a performer Springsteen has two great and opposite skills. He can make every person in the audience feel like he's talking just to them. He can also make the grand anthemic declaration. This album is a triumph of the latter—the Operatic Rafter-Shaking Big Statement. It leaves me wishing for more intimacy. The album opens with an acoustic "Thunder Road," still as beautiful as in '75 ("There were ghosts in the eyes of all the boys you sent away"), the terrible, conscience-rending knowledge at the heart of Bruce's vision: Every time you win it means someone else loses. But except for the acoustic "No Surrender," that's about it for getting further inside the old favorites. There are a few other alternative arrangements, but fewer than those who already own Bruce's seven albums will wish for.

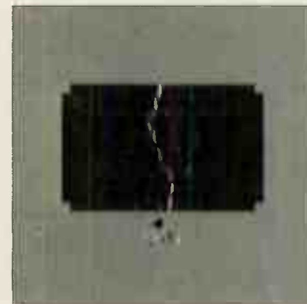
Part of Springsteen's greatness has been a gift for deconstructing his own songs and, like a jazz player, finding new interpretations. So it's disappointing that this collection does not have the slow, moody "E Street Shuffle," which was for so long a staple of Springsteen shows and was so much better than the record. Too bad the extended "New York City Serenade," with its beautiful mid-section about slipping away to a secret place, is missing. Too bad the '78 tour's electric guitar rave-up redefinition of "Prove It All Night" is absent, along with the band version of "Atlantic City." Now you can say that I'm bitching because Bruce didn't make the live album I wanted him to make—he made the live album he wanted to make. But the way I see it, if you've got great interpretations that have never been on a record, why not give those to the audience rather than different takes of the same arrangements of "Promised Land" and "Candy's Room"? Say something once, why say it again?

I love "Darlington County" and "Working On A Highway" and all the others, but the E Street Band usually records live in the studio, so there's not a great distance between many of the original versions and those presented here. Anyhow, eight songs from *Born In The U.S.A.* seems really over the top. Everybody in the world has that record already; would it not have been more generous to put on the live album non-LP favorites like "The Promise" and "Johnny Bye Bye"? "Pink Cadillac" was a centerpiece of the last tour; it should be here next to "Seeds," its musical brother and spiritual antithesis.

In October Springsteen played an acoustic benefit in California where he again displayed his talent for rebuilding songs. Among the highlights of a brilliant performance were an a cappella "You Can Look But You Better Not Touch" and a new "Born In The U.S.A.," with a blues melody. Moments like that are treasured by Springsteen fans. Why, when a live album could put us in the first row of a nightclub, does this one insist on sticking us in the upper balcony of a stadium?

In the fall of 1974 a Cambridge club Bruce was scheduled to play in closed, and his concert was moved to the much larger Boston Music Hall. The place filled up, no small shock to fans used to seeing him in bars. It was a great show, a magic night; we saw how many of us there were and realized that Springsteen was going all the way. When he came out for the encore and sang, "Love me tonight, for I may never see you again," there were tears in a few eyes. Bruce was going to belong to the whole world, and it was never going to be the same. This live record begins after that time passed, and maybe it's self-indulgent to wish that it captured a little less of Bruce the legend and a little more of Bruce the best friend. Surely this is one of the best live rock 'n' roll albums ever made. Too bad; I hoped for more.

– **Bill Flanagan**



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pre- and post-war years, so it's to Lim's credit that so many of the dates he assembled here reflect the virtues of both conservatives and visionaries.

New Orleans-styled sessions alternate with more cosmopolitan ensembles; legends like Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins and Earl Hines rub shoulders with less heralded Lim favorites like trumpeter Joe Thomas, pianist Johnny Guarnieri and altoist Willie Smith. A traditionalist with a twist, Lim provided illuminating "chamber jazz" showcases for some of Ellington's most durable sidemen (Carney, Johnny Hodges, Barney Bigard, Juan Tizol), then flexed more progressive proclivities by giving the bop theorist and pianist Lenny Tristano his debut as a leader. A few dates, like the all-star session in which Earl Hines upstages his peers with Cecil Taylor-like polyphonies, are thunderbolts of revelation; most, like the velvet chemistry achieved between Nat King Cole and Willie Smith on "The Way You Look Tonight," or the way Hodges and Guarnieri caress Billy Taylor's exquisite "Nightwind," merely define 40s jazz at its most assured and luxurious.

Of these 337 performances, over one third have never been released before, suggesting its appeal for veteran collectors as well as casual fans. For the latter there's a comprehensive commentary by Dan Morgenstern, whose insights redeem this collection's otherwise spartan packaging (there are no individual album jackets, and the records aren't even numbered). Ironically, Harry Lim was forced out of business when he purchased a record manufacturing plant that couldn't produce decent 78's—ironic because this set almost certainly owes its existence to the recent saleability of CD's, and because this LP edition affords nearly comparable sonic quality.

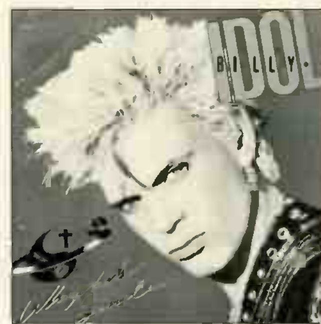
– **Mark Rowland**

BILLY IDOL

Whiplash Smile

(Chrysalis)

Billy baby! What happened? Just when he seemed destined for a multi-platinum rut, with that frozen sneer and perpetually raised fist, the punk-turned superstar has gone and grown on us. Though *Whiplash Smile* is a relentlessly loud record that retains the boorish urgency of Idol's previous efforts, it also boasts, of all things, a slew of interesting ideas, proving once again the power of rock 'n' roll to surprise and delight even a jaded critic.



Of course, anyone who gags at such dubious Idol "classics" as "White Wedding" and "Rebel Yell" isn't going to make a special effort to check out the new, improved Billy, so our boy's made the task easier by choosing one of his most daring tracks for a single. In fact, "To Be A Lover," co-authored by Booker T. Jones and previously waxed by reggae crooner Georgie Faith, might be the last thing you'd expect from him. Here, the song gets a rousing uptempo gospel treatment, as churchy female singers and a rollicking piano set a revival-meeting tone. And Idol meets the challenge, confidently cooing and shouting like he wanted to do this sort of thing all along.

More in character, the slow-building epic "Worlds Forgotten Boy" plays metallic synth bursts against Idol's growly vocals, to thrilling effect. Stooges scholars will note the title's debt to "Search and Destroy"; Billy seems perfectly happy to acknowledge the influence, punctuating the song with convincing barks in gonzo Iggy fashion. Appropriately, he also salutes Robert Plant with the skittish "Soul Standing By": like Zep's former singer, Idol's trying to transplant his original hard edge into more "mature" settings.

A couple of high-class talents help accomplish his mission. Producer Keith Forsey keeps the proceedings just this side of chaos, over-illuminating Idol's every slurred sigh and mutter, as if relating the utterances of God himself, and building a dense backdrop for added dramatic effect. Rounding out the brain trust, hotshot guitarist and all-around handyman Steve Stevens salvages weaker songs ("Man For All Seasons") and energizes others (the wispy "All Summer Single") with inventive axework. Avoiding rote power riffing, Stevens uncoils compact, overwrought solos to quickly kick a song into fourth gear, much the way Phil Manzanera did with Roxy Music.

Speaking of which, Idol renders his finest Bryan Ferry impression on

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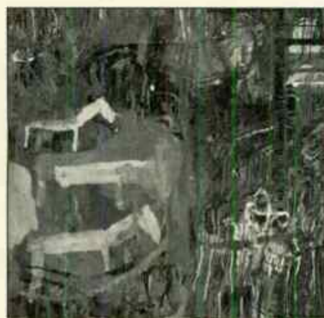
"Beyond Relief," playing the dreamy *Avalon*-era romantic to startling perfection. You'd sooner expect to encounter Charles Aznavour in leather and studs. And that's one of the coolest things about *Whiplash Smile*: Idol and crew don't see any conflict between making a noisy teenage record and tackling more challenging kinds of music. Likewise, aesthetes shouldn't be afraid to take a break from *Graceland* or *True Stories* and kick out some jams with Billy. Naughty pleasure's good for the soul, y'know.

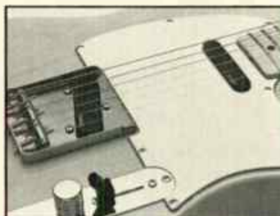
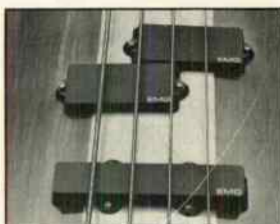
– Jon Young



GINGER BAKER
Horses And Trees
(Celluloid)

Horses And Trees is a bloody delight, a spirited synthesis of the bush and the street corner into a pan-electronic ethnic music of elemental dignity and churning power. For drummer Ginger Baker it is also a resurrection after years of cutout bin ca-ca. Finally taking his talent seriously, he has cast his lot with bassist/producer Bill Laswell—the visiting nurse service of the new wave—for canny, compassionate collaboration that holds great promise of better days to come.

Along with Charlie Watts and John Bonham, Baker's polyrhythmic inventions with Cream showed that backbeats could swing and shift emphases without sacrificing the elemental power of dance rhythms (a lesson apparently lost on a subsequent generation of woodchopping thackawackers like Max Weinberg, for whom *beat* is the thing). A later collaboration with Fela Kuti (*Live!*) and his own *Stratavarious* revealed Baker's affinity for both traditional and pop African forms—traits which Laswell has now helped Baker fashion into his own rhythmic genre. *Horses And Trees* contains no drum solos as such, though there's a wealth of rhythmic detail, no arena gestures for the wonderment of heavy metal groundlings. What there are, are grooves—deep grooves. Even on a

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drum feature like "Mountain Time" Baker's rhythms modulate in subtle ways, at once foreground and accompaniment, while on "Makuta" he practically disappears, save to punctuate the dancing sweetness of Foday Musa Suso's kora and Nana Vasconcelos' berimbau and cuica. On "Satou" his richly articulated double bass cross-rhythms thunder and sing without overpowering the percussive ensemble and turntable artist D. ST's dervish backspinning.

The "band" tracks here subvert Baker's rep as a fulminating technician; his fat sound, firm time and simple expressiveness parallels the pocket power of Al Jackson as much as it does Art Blakey. Nicky Skopelitis' shimmering 12-string, Bernie Worrell's Larry Young-like organ and L. Shankar's mysterious violin amplify the groove magnificently on "Interlock" and the galloping "Uncut." And Baker's slow, ancient resolve on Laswell's "Dust To Dust" conjures a parched vista in which fallen warriors from Congo Square and the savannahlands rise up to ask for music as deep and heartfelt as this in another ten thousand years. – **Chip Stern**

WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET

Plays Duke Ellington

(Nonesuch)

Live At Brooklyn Academy Of Music

(Black Saint/PSI)

Pairing the WSQ with Ellington is one of those brilliant ideas that has the ring of inevitability to it. What's most notable is their mutual affinity for sensualism, and sensualism is what *Plays* delivers—extraordinarily rich, almost exotic harmonies, tangles of moving voices, swashes of chords swinging by on every beat. The WSQ reworks Ellington classics from "Lush Life" to "Prelude To A Kiss" so thoroughly they resemble dream interpretations. Julius Hemphill's two versions of "Take The A Train" lace bop lines through the arrangements, subtly evoking Betty Roche's version of the tune; his "Lush Life" has an otherworldly, opaque preamble; Hamiet Bluiett's "Come Sunday" breaks into a rocking vamp half way through, allowing David Murray to release one of his best solos.

Plays may be sensual, but it also has a nervous edge, the sound of a band working through new and difficult arrangements. *Live* offers the opposite, authoritative but relaxed. The WSQ are on one magnificent roll here, as they bang through a hyper-syncopated "Great Peace" by David Murray, and drift across a languid "Open Air," by Julius Hemphill. Where *Plays* features four solos (five if you count some free stuff) on eight tracks, *Live* has solos everywhere, which makes it more immediate and visceral, pushing back the meditations invoked by their arrangements. The WSQ is in a golden age, and so are we. – **Peter Watrous**

LUTHER VANDROSS

Give Me The Reason

(Epic)

Despite four consecutive platinum albums—and *Give Me Reason* is sure to be his fifth—Luther Vandross has not really come very far since *The Glow Of Love*, his 1980 debut with the disco group Change. There, he suggested a soulful crooner in the mold of Teddy Pendergrass, hugging love lyrics however banal. On *Give Me The Reason* he's still begging his baby to come back, rhyming "higher" with "desire." Never too much, indeed.

Okay, last year's *The Night I Fell In Love was* special, as Vandross and co-writer/producer Marcus Miller rose to new heights of sensitivity and sensuality. Ballads "If Only For One Night" and "Other Side Of The World" hit their mark, soothing emotional bruises like a soft shoulder to cry on. Luther's reading of Stevie Wonder's "Creepin'" was sublime.

Give Me A Reason isn't nearly that consistent. The title song, which debuted on the *Ruthless People* soundtrack, is possibly the best song Vandross has written (Nat Adderly Jr. shares the credit)—a rhythmically sophisticated top forty truffle featuring a killer chorus. The second single, "Stop For Love," features the contemporary concern, "How can I ever love you when you keep working overtime?" Here, as on several other cuts, Vandross layers his mercurial tenor against a wall of backup singers, an

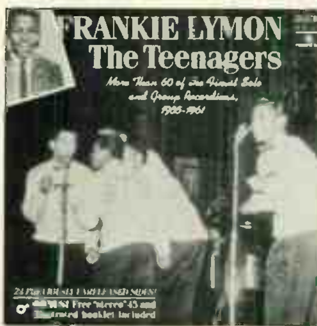
World Radio History

effect which works best on ballads like "Because It's Really Love."

But there are some questionable calls too: a duet with Gregory Hines on "There's Nothing Better Than Love" (his voice is too close to Vandross'; the song needs a female counterpart), and an uninspired cover of Bacharach and David's "Anyone Who Had A Heart." Vandross is obviously a fan of Dionne Warwick material—he sang "A House Is Not A Home" on his first album. But "Anyone" drags. This is a case of infatuation, not interpretation.

With his luscious voice, songwriting and studio skills and charismatic stage appeal, Luther Vandross should be much more of a household name than he's yet become. His Barry White-like obsession with love themes isn't helping matters. He needs other interests. Remember what that did for Marvin Gaye?

– **Steve Bloom**



FRANKIE LYMON/
THE TEENAGERS
For Collectors Only

(Murray Hill)

In 1956 thirteen-year-old Frankie Lymon personified rock 'n' roll: young, playfully sassy, a seemingly unstoppable natural force. In 1968 Lymon also personified rock 'n' roll: forgotten and dead of a heroin overdose. But the rock 'n' roll revival which arrived a year after Lymon left wouldn't have revived his career; as the genre's first child

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star he was a victim of his own hormones as much as ruthless business practices or shifting musical taste.

Lymon's legacy is a troubling one. As this five-record boxed set shows, he didn't have to sing rock 'n' roll; he also excelled at big-band pop ("Glow Worm"), sensitive schlock ("Over The Rainbow") and just about anything else his producers threw at him. Such confident versatility, founded on a soaring countertenor and clear diction, marked him as a prodigy. The problem was that no one, including Lymon, knew what to do with all that talent. Before anyone could figure it out the hits dried up, the voice changed and Lymon was very abruptly a teenaged has-been.

The Teenagers' recordings with Lymon are the happiest proof of his vocal gift. The uptempo sides follow a formula—Sherman Garnes' bass vocal intros, Jimmy Wright's honking sax solos—that Lymon raises to an ethereal plane. This collection has every Lymon/Teenagers recording on five LP sides, including five previously unreleased tunes, seven alternate takes (some in different keys than the released versions) and the between-take studio chatter that lets fans eavesdrop on creation. It also has a Lymon-less side, showing the Teenagers, without their sparkplug, to be competent but undistinguished.

That leaves four LP sides to account for Lymon's wayward solo career. Although not exhaustive, the compilation provides generous doses of the mainstream standards, rock 'n' roll cover versions (superbly performed) and assorted stylistic blind alleys where Lymon strayed. In 1959 his voice deepened and his range dropped. The set's last two tracks, from 1961, reveal a smooth, slightly nasal and unmemorable crooner. Puberty was Lymon's one-way ticket from rock 'n' roll Eden.

Besides the five albums, this box contains a 45 of two-track "stereo" Lymon/Teenagers remixes, and a sixteen-page booklet of reminiscences, essays and critical discography. Murray Hill's Bob Hyde has produced a loving, knowledgeable tribute to a tragic pioneer who influenced the Jacksons (they certainly heard "The ABC's Of Love"), Diana Ross (she had her own hit with the Teenagers' "Why Do Fools Fall In Love" a quarter-century later) and the hip-hop Force M.D.'s.

For Collectors Only? Don't believe it. – **Scott Isler**

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THREADGILL

from page 70

chestras comprise groups of reeds or woodwinds, strings and percussion. "Well, as for the woodwinds and reeds, the saxophone is a two-family instrument; the bass is the strings and Steve McColl was our percussion section. That's how I thought of Air. So I wanted more; more drums and more strings and more brass. I didn't feel like I needed to double myself on reeds."

Though Threadgill usually works outside the commercial marketplace, he's not averse to collaborations, like a recent studio date with Sly & Robbie. "Music is my business: I can come in as a technician. The only thing I have to be worried about is the music. Do I enjoy it? Am I going to really give a hundred percent? I don't need to question anybody's position."

Threadgill fares pretty well outside the conventional jazz circuit through his involvement in, among other things, theater. "The straight jazz people never see this," he admits. "But I actually have more freedom to develop my craft that way. If I'm not appearing at the Blue Note, I don't care, because I'm at the Public Theatre for six nights making more money anyway."

Threadgill also sees his theatrical work as healthy symbiosis. "Frontiers have to be opened in terms of employment and collaboration. Collaboration has always been important to the arts. Remember Bird hung out with writers and painters. Don't you think Balanchine's association with Stravinsky turned him on? That primitivism he got into was through Stravinsky, who was turned on first by Picasso. You dig?

"So when this stuff gets too separated, a lot of inspiration is being blocked off. All art forms are basically the same thing. You can break things down into snow and rain, sleet and clouds, but it's all precipitation. It's the condition of the atmosphere."

Theatricality does inform much of Threadgill's music. Because he avoids tried, true jazz forms, through deft use of histrionic arrangements his tunes often suggest subplots. You sense more than you hear.

"Art is supposed to be like that. You're not supposed to know," he says emphatically. "Who wants to know everything? That's what separates art from craft. Art leaves something to the listener, whereas," he glances around, "that chair comes out as craft. How many times have different writers dealt with 'What did Shakespeare mean here?' Or the way Manet's wall shadows reflected those cabaret dancers? That's what art is about. I don't even think its creators know what the hell they're doing. Not every aspect."

The shadows on these walls are growing longer in the afternoon light. Cassandra Wilson leaves to pick up their daughter in the city. Considering her lineage and environment, one suspects the next Threadgill generation has a decidedly musical destiny, but Henry exhibits mixed feelings on the subject. Maybe he's weighing the innocence of whose who eat cookies versus those who can't even get cobbler when they want it.

"When you're young, you get swept up," he says. "It's like these kids who play basketball at six in the morning, and you have to drag them back in the house after midnight. It's got nothing to do with the business aspect, because at first you don't even consider making a living at

continued on page 98

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Ladysmith Black Mambazo
Inala (Shanachie)

Thanks to *Graceland*, the sound of this magnificent *mbube* choir is a secret no longer, and that's all the more reason to celebrate the group's liveliest, most engaging domestic release yet. The heart of its charm can be found in the giddy interplay between Joseph Shabalala's rubbery, inventive exhortations, and the rich, silken harmonies which follow in response. It's a chemistry that combines the fervor of gospel with the finesse of a vocal ensemble. But the best thing about *Inala* is there's enough English sprinkled through the Zulu to make their wit as engaging as their music. (Dalebrook Pk, Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ 07423)

Big Audio Dynamite
No. 10, Upping St. (Columbia)

Just like the last time, B.A.D. builds its sound as much around drum machines, studio effects and purloined film dialogue as Mick Jones' guitar and voice. The difference this time is the writing—razor sharp, brutally funny, it boasts enough passion and inventiveness to bring the band's disparate devices into harmony. Just how much that owes to Joe Strummer is hard to say, but it's worth noting that even though Strummer shares credit on the better songs here, the best ("C'mon Every Beatbox") boasts the imprimatur of Jones and Don Letts.

The Mighty Lemon Drops
Happy Head (Sire)

Between the dark, mournful drone of singer Paul Marsh and the anxious, jittery jangle of guitarist David Newton, the general tenor of *Happy Head* seems likely to put the listener in mind of Echo & the Bunnymen. Except, of course, that the Bunnymen have never been so persistently melodic or unrepentantly pop. Though the Lemon Drops pay for that tunefulness with occasionally vapid lyrics, it's a bargain nonetheless.

Aretha Franklin
Aretha (Arista)

Considering how much good singing is squandered on bad songs here, it's hard not to wonder if Franklin isn't backsliding into the lassitude of her late-70s output. Admittedly, much of the problem stems from the material, which, aside from a thumping remake of "Jumpin' Jack Flash," has to struggle to rise as high as mediocrity. But the bulk of the blame belongs with Franklin herself, who lavishes her interpretive attentions so indiscriminately that even her most passionate statements ultimately seem suspect.

The Ben Vaughn Combo
The Many Moods Of Ben Vaughn (Restless/Fever)

There are plenty of guys capable of fashioning a passable pop song from a good gag, but Ben Vaughn is one of the few who can come up with melodies as memorable as his punchlines. The best-known example would be "I'm Sorry (But So Is Brenda Lee)," and if Vaughn's gruff baritone and deadpan delivery don't provide the luminous warmth of Marshall Crenshaw's luxuriously rendered version, his vocal eccentricities sound eminently appropriate for the likes of "Lookin' For A 7-11" and "Wrong Haircut." (1750 E. Holly Ave., PO 2428, El Segundo, CA 90245-1528).

Megadeth
Peace Sells But Who's Buying? (Capitol)

Professional cynics will sneer at the little-league nihilism of the lyrics, and deservedly so, but only a fool would think these songs were about words. From the stun-gun rhythm work to the self-consciously slick, hyper-decibel solos, this record is obsessed with making the biggest noises possible, as if the shamanistic invocation of heavy metal thunder could confer that raw power on band and fan alike. It's the extent to which Megadeth succeeds that truly frightens.

Timex Social Club
Vicious Rumors (Danya)

The most vicious thing about these "Rumors" is that the rift between the original members has deprived the LP of its single, here replaced with a newer, slicker and less distinctive performance of the song. And unlike "Rumors," the rest of the LP isn't worth talking about. (PO 3295, Walnut Creek, CA 94598)

a-ha
Scoundrel Days (Warner Bros.)

A further reminder that these guys were signed for their looks.

Adrian Belew
Desire Caught By The Tail (Island)

This collection of "instrumental music for guitar and percussion" is bound to open a few ears, if only because of the stunning assortment of sounds and textures Belew coaxes from his equipment. But if that suggests some sort of guitar-synth demo sheet, think again, for hidden among the squawks, squeaks and squiggles is a melodic mind of astonishing tenderness and lyricism.

New Order
Brotherhood (Qwest)

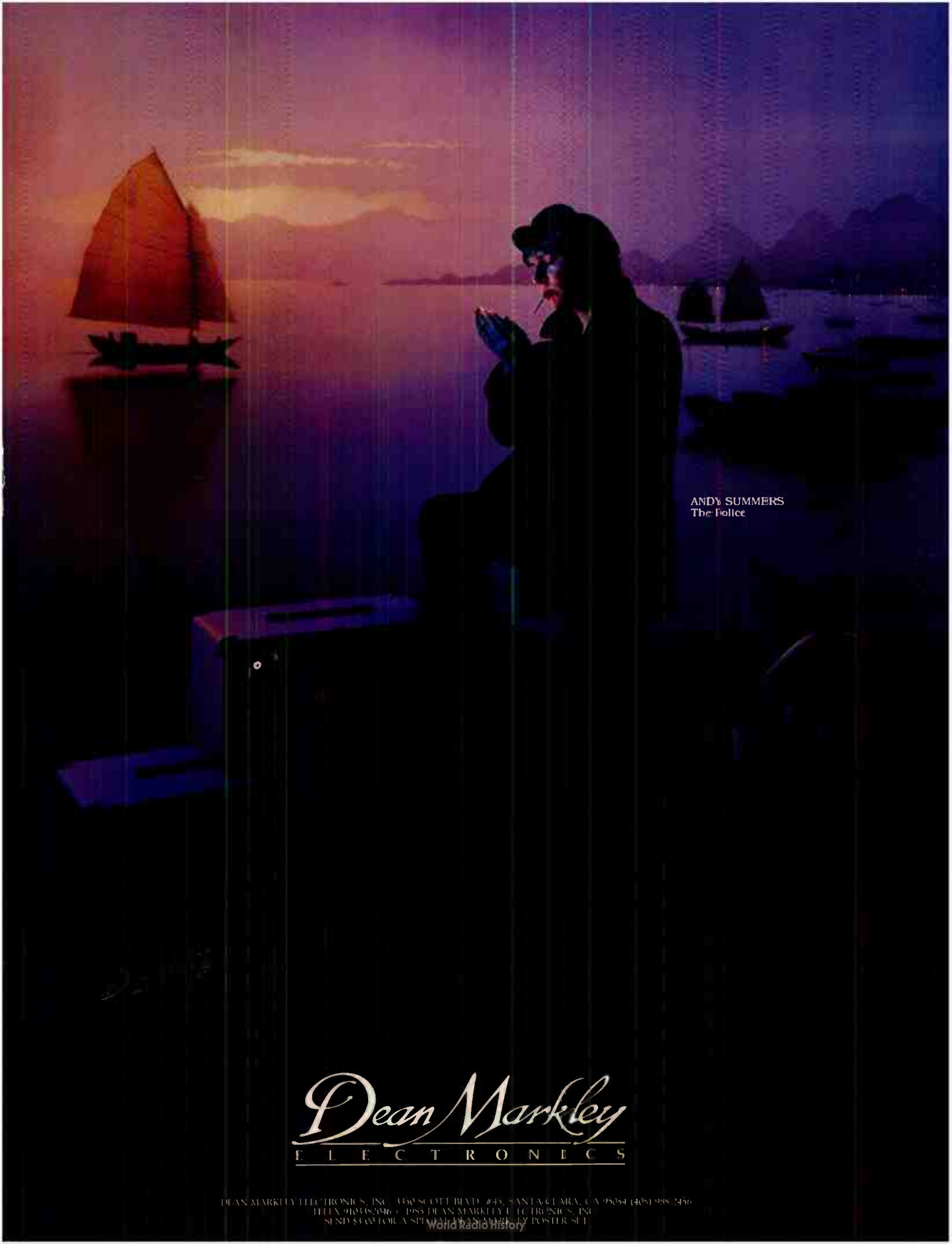
Those anticipating another dose of post-industrial depression may well see this as a major disappointment, but hopefully they're in the minority. This Birmingham band still has a way with moody, minor-key melodies, but here they manage to augment them with all the right hooks. "Paradise," for instance, makes delightfully deft use of the harmonic possibilities of its droning groove, while "As It Is When It Was" is, believe it or not, an entirely credible ballad. And there's always "Bizarre Love Triangle," for those afraid that the old sound had died in vain.

Cateano Veloso
Cateano Veloso (Nonesuch)

Like a lot of Brazilian singer/songwriters, Veloso knows how to turn a phrase, and not just lyrically either. His vocals are lean, supple and sensual, ably exploiting both harmonic subtleties and rhythmic tension to invoke a melodic sensibility of deceptive proportions. That's obvious with such homegrown wonders as "Ca Ja" or "Odara," but Veloso's gifts are hardly idiomatic, as indicated by his arch reading of Cole Porter's "Get Out Of Town" and the lithe, unlikely medley "Nega Maluca/Billie Jean/Eleanor Rigby." A recording to be treasured.

BY J.D. CONSIDINE

World Radio History



World Radio History

SHORT TAKES

Jeez, I guess reissue series are what's happening this year. Who are we to complain when RCA, for instance, finally takes their hands out of, uh, gets off their hands to reissue the classic *The Bridge* (Sonny Rollins recorded with Jim Hall), Charles Mingus' *Tijuana Moods* (which includes new material), or a compilation of Coleman Hawkins sides, *Body And Soul* (including "Body And Soul")? It's all essential, a word I'm overusing this month; then again record companies, for whatever reason, are doing the right thing, finally. Take advantage of it.

Irma Thomas
Break-A-Way (EMI)

Some artists win first prize with the big gestures—Aretha reducing a song to rubble—others like Irma Thomas win with the sideways glance, the emotional resonance of a slightly cracked note. These tracks, taken from sessions with Allen Toussaint for Minit along with Imperial sides recorded in L.A. (including the original version of "Time Is On My Side") are part of a near great set of reissues done by EMI. Other essential sides: *It Will Stand: Minit Records* (EMI), New Orleans protosoul, with Aaron Neville, Ernie K-Doe etc., and *Itchy Twitchy Feelings: Sue Records* (EMI), black rock, circa 1956-1966, with Bobby Hendricks, Derek Martin, Prince La La and more.

Count Basie
Vol. I-VI (CBS/Tower)

The record business being what, ahem, it is, big chunks of an artist's career often vanish into Out-of-Printville. So it's been with Count Basie, whose material from the 40s has been playing it scarce recently, making it seem as if the late 30s and mid-50s bands were the only ones worth the thought. Not so. These French imports, spanning the Okeh recordings (not the Deccas, which can be found badly pressed and with reverb on MCA) of 1936-51 make their case for the riff power of the 40s group, with post-Young soloists like Buddy Tate, Don Byas, Wardell Grey, Charlie Rouse—just to name the tenors. The last volume includes the octet (featuring Grey, Rouse, and Buddy DeFranco) Basie retreated to after the dissolution of his big band; rare as a talking goat, and a lot tastier. (Tower: 1-800-648-4844)

Lucky Thompson
Test Pilot
Charles Mingus
Young Rebel (Swingtime)

Between 1945 and 1950, Los Angeles bristled with black recording. Mingus and Thompson were among the most active players, appearing on literally hundreds of R&B and jazz dates, recording their own stuff and then going on to bigger things. These records find them as sidemen and leaders; Thompson with Dinah Washington, Mingus with Earl Hines and Oscar Pettiford. The Mingus sides, under the name Baron Mingus, are rare, experimental, intriguing; the Thompson LP, featuring an extraordinary jam with violinist Stuff Smith, plus orchestral sides, shows why he was one of Monk's favorite musicians.

Buddy DeFranco
The Complete Verve Recordings Of The Buddy DeFranco Quartet/Quintet With Sonny Clark (Mosaic Records)

The DeFranco group, with the great pianist Sonny Clark, stayed together for about two years in the mid-50s. They were tight, swung hard, played good tunes, and used arrangements that often found DeFranco's clarinet and Clark's piano laying out unison lines. Their sound was really pleasing; it makes you want to hear the records over and over. As soloists, Clark was rhythmically sharp, and DeFranco a stone be-bopper; together they worked up a sweat. A small but significant part of jazz history, this band knew a groove when they heard it—a rarer gift than one might suppose. (197 Strawberry Hill Ave., Stamford, CT 06902)

Duke Ellington
The Intimacy Of The Blues (Fantasy)

Side one, a suite called either *The Combo Suite* or *Hi Fi Fo Fum*, features the distilled essence of the great mid-60s Ellington band—Cat Anderson, Lawrence Brown, Johnny Hodges, Paul Gonsalves, and Harry Carney—and is as warm, intimate and glowing as anything he recorded around that time. Side two was recorded in 1970, with Wild Bill Davis at the organ, and a variety of other weird ideas Ellington was fooling with, like two basses. Still, it's Ellington, of which there isn't ever enough.

Jimmy Witherspoon
Roots (Atlantic)

With Ben Webster trailing off obbligatos, Witherspoon singing classic tunes—"I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water," "Confessin' The Blues," "Cherry Red"—this session from 1962 can't go wrong, and doesn't. Stark blues beauty accentuated by passion.

Richie Kamuca
The Richie Kamuca Quartet (VSOP)

Kamuca is one of those white, Lestorian tenor players that often gets lost in the shuffle, which is too bad; he really swings. His tone is beautiful, opaque. He's as relaxed as late-afternoon-sex, the perfect foil for super-funky West Coast pianist Carl Perkins. A minor classic from '57. (PO 50082, Washington. DC 20004)

Duke Pearson
Wahoo (Blue Note)

Pearson's one of these guys that's been mostly forgotten, a strong writer who knew where to place the right blues lick. He did lots of writing and arranging for Blue Note; though a bit limited as a player, hear the people he hired for this date: Donald Byrd, James Spaulding and Joe Henderson. This is what Blue Note was about, as strong a recommendation as I can give.

BY PETER WATROUS

World Radio History

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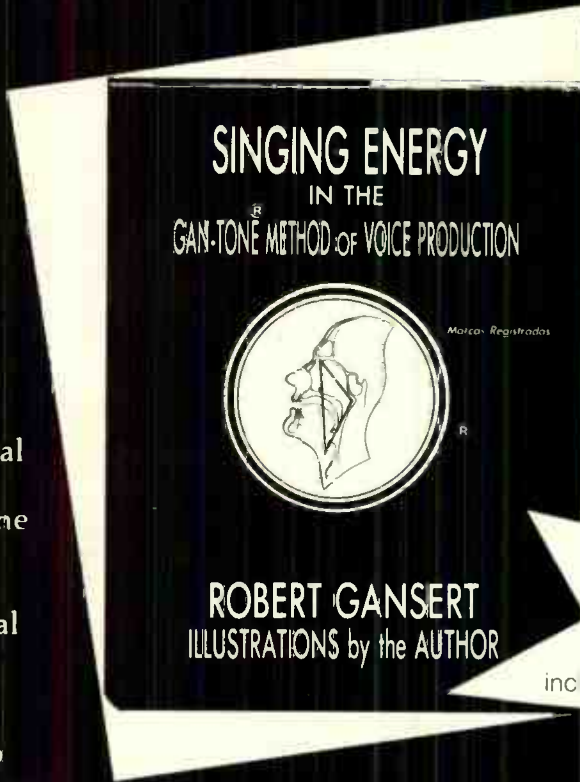

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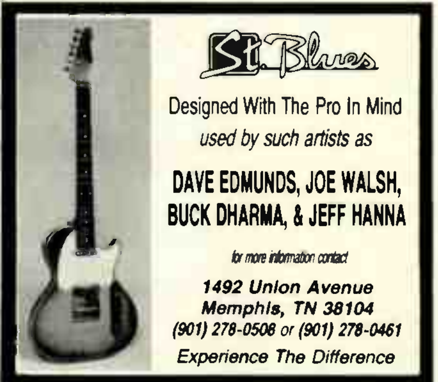

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LURIE from page 18

He admits to a heavy Thelonious Monk influence. "Yeah, I've got a lot of influences. So did Beethoven." But the Lizards, Lurie insists, have "a sound of our own. There's nothing that went like this before. Is there?"

Good question. So, one more time: Is it is or is it ain't jazz? "I think it's just a musical entity," Lurie responds with unreasonable patience. "There's a certain syncopated rhythm, but it's not people soloing over a structure per se. There's no vocal; it's led by a saxophone. You could say it's a jazz group. But it doesn't really hook in quite. We're going even further with the new stuff. I don't think there's a jazz tune on the record. Let me think." He thinks. "Nope. Not one." What do you think? M

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World Radio History

THREADGILL from page 91

music, or that you would get married and have a family and have to move around the world and support them and all of that. Your youthful enthusiasm has just swept you away.

"But if you could actually see what it was going to be like... Well, it's like that game last night," he decides. "You put some cats up under that much pressure, with their back against the wall, and then they rise to the occasion and come up to a whole 'nother level. I think *that's* what it is. That's what makes a good musician. I mean, a lot of the people who I thought were great as kids—who were supposed to have exceptional talent—they dropped out. All of the ones who were child prodigies and geniuses, who won all the contests and got all the awards, they didn't last.

"Because the race is not given to the swift. It's the tortoise and the hare. That's what art is about. You can't win it unless you're in it. You've got to stay." M

DEVELOPMENTS from page 50

dubbed the **Voice Vault Series**. The two available vaults are not cheap—$500 for a 512-voice model—but include two MIDI Ins (which can merge), four MIDI Outs, front panel switches to communicate with your synths, and full MIDI program-change and 16-channel capability.... A small Michigan firm called **Valhalla Music** (313-548-9360) is selling a 757-voice library disk for all DXs—it runs on a C-64 and costs only $100. We auditioned some of the Valhalla voices and they sounded great—at thirteen cents apiece, can you afford to pass this deal up?... And in case you are among the vast majority of chronically confused would-be DX programmers, the ubiquitous **Freff** is finishing up a book for **Music Sales** that will Explain All.

Are you one of those guitarists who uses a MIDI floor pedal and can't do the Program Change Boogaloo? That's when you have to step faster than Fred Astaire just to call up patch 97 on your DDL because there's only three buttons on your MIDI foot controller. Well, unless you enjoy doing the Program Change Boogaloo, may we suggest a controller from **ADA** with *ten* numeric buttons (ah, one for each digit—brilliant!). It's called the MC-1, goes for a reasonable $200, accesses up to 128 programs, also has a bank select button, and sends on all MIDI channels. Naturally ADA hopes you'll use the MC-1 on some of their cool new MIDI signal processing boxes, but it works with everybody else's gear as well.

SHORT CIRCUITS: A big autumn for **Kawai** includes a rack-mount expander version of their **K3 Digital Wave Memory** synth. The K3M has six voices with front-panel programming, does splits, layers and windows, and costs $850. But how about their new R-100 digital drum machine. For $800 it's touch-sensitive, tunable, panable, and even has MIDI song position pointer.... **Roland** has made a bold commitment to buyers of its S-50 and S-10 samplers: free sounds for life, which you collect from an updated bank at your dealer. It's a smart way to get around the head start other samplers may have in library size... **Fostex** has done a luxury version of its famed $500 X-15 cassette four-track; for only $200 more the Model 160 lets you roll faster at 3¾ ips, use Dolby C, sync on track 4, and patch more easily, all with a nice new mixer layout.

Apologies to **Laurie Spiegel** for misspelling her name two different ways and for overestimating by $20 the price of her sensational **Music Mouse** composition program for the Mac; it's really only $60 (212-925-7049)... A Los Angeles-area group of **Synthesized Music Enthusiasts** is forming—write to SMELA, 12702 Emelita St., North Hollywood, CA 91607 for details. M

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OMNISOUND RECORDING STUDIO
1806 Division Street, Nashville, TN 37203
(615) 321-5526
STUDIO MANAGER Kelly Sharber McBryde **CONSOLE** Trident A-Range 40x24x24 **RECORDERS** Otari MTR-90 24-track, Studer B-67 2-track **INSTRUMENTS** Steinway 7' Grand Piano with MIDI, Fairlight Series III **OUTBOARD** LA-2A, DBX-160's, Lexicon PCM-70, Kepex II and Drawmer gates, Lexicon delays

MUSIC MILL RECORDING STUDIO
1710 Roy Acuff Place, Nashville, TN 37203
(615) 254-5925
CONTACT Carolyn Thompson **DESCRIPTION** Main room and separate mix room **EQUIPMENT** 2 Trident TSM consoles, 2 Mitsubishi X-850's, JVC Digital, Studer A-800, MK III, A-80 ½", B-67 ¼" **OUTBOARD** EMT 250, 224-XL, EMT Plates, Lexicon Prime Time, Eventide Harmonizer, Kepex II and more. Full line of microphones. **RECENT PROJECTS** Alabama, Lionel Richie, Louise Mandrell, Charly McClain, Earl Thomas Conley and Anita Pointer, Dobie Gray, Glen Campbell

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(305) 788-2450 — Studio
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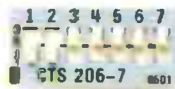

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The digital effects.

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 = 0.1

PITCH CHANGE D
F.B. GAIN= 10 %

ADR-NOISE GATE
TRG. MSK= 5ms

SYMPHON
MOD. DEP

STEREO PHASING
MOD. DLY= 3.0ms

CHORUS A
DM DEPTH= 50 %

CH
AM

REV 1 HALL
REV TIME= 2.6s

REV 2 ROOM
DELAY = 20.0ms

REV 4 PLATE
HIGH = 0.7

EARLY REF. 1
TYPE = RAND

STEREO FLANGE A
MOD. DEPTH= 50 %

STEREO FL
MOD. FR

DELAY L,R
Lch DLY =100.0ms

MOD

IBRATO
= 1400ms

GATE REVERB
LIVENESS = 5

ERB & GATE
G. LEVEL= 65

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Why should a sampled piano respond like a grand? Expressiveness.

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Keith Emerson, Keyboardist/Composer

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Response Equally important, the SG-1 responds to the touch exactly like a grand piano. Full-sized piano keys (76 for the SG-1, 88 for the SG-1D) combine with a true weighted action for the firm yet supple feel of the concert instrument. Differentiated touch-response adjustable in eight steps gives the modern pianist total expressive control over dynamics and the most subtle nuances of tone and timbre.

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The full expressive potential of MIDI can be exploited using the SG-1's responsive keyboard as system controller. It can send Velocity, Pitch Bend, Modulation and Sustain, receive MIDI data, select among 64 programs, send Aftertouch (SG-1D) and transpose within an octave (SG-1). A programmable split point with selectable Local Control On/Off offers the added flexibility of playing piano with one hand and controlling other synthesizers or expander modules via MIDI with the other.

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World Radio History

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A BILLBOARD PUBLICATION OCTOBER 1986 NO. 96

Paul McCartney Can't Let It Be

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Cover Photographs: Paul McCartney by Davies & Starr
Tina Turner and Mark Knopfler, by Terry O'Neill.

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0-120 in 3.6 seconds

Synthesizer

8-voice polyphonic and polytimbral
32 synthesized and sampled waveforms
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MIDI

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MIDI guitar controller compatible

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people involved."

But doesn't Geffen hold the usual sort of hyped expectations for Case's new album? "It hasn't been a case of people having any great commercial expectations for it," Case says of what has thus far been a refreshing experience. "It may be a dark horse or something. Who knows? At least it has a chance." "They think it'll be critically acclaimed, but that nobody'll buy it," Williams adds.

As much as a sympathetic record company has helped, though, Case knows that the worst pressures come from within. For his ability to cope with them, he gives a lot of credit to the Christian faith he developed during the waning days of the Plimsouls. "Success doesn't hold a candle to things that are really important," he says. "It doesn't matter if you're acoustic or electric or if your record goes gold."

Aligned with this belief that the Cases share was an increased sense of security in their ability to survive as musicians through even the hardest times. As he puts it, "If you have a guitar and a suitcase you can go anywhere." In Williams' words, "I feel it's a gift to be able to do this. If worse came to worst, I could go out with my guitar and play for a meal."

Friends and fellow musicians have also provided a solid anchor and, when Case got on the comeback trail, essential guidance. Foremost was T-Bone Burnett, who produced Case's new album and co-wrote some of the songs, and who will co-produce Williams' LP with his former Alpha Band mate Steve Soles, who is also Case and Williams' manager.

"I flew down to Texas and lived in Ft. Worth with T-Bone for a couple of months and just got up every day and wrote songs,"'Case says. "I would just sit there with a guitar in his living room and sing. T-Bone brings a certain kind of boldness to things he does, and honesty. He teaches you to stand up there and not second guess yourself."

A small-towner herself, Williams left her home near Shreveport, Louisiana in 1979, headed for L.A. with ambitions not much more specific than Case's had been when he started out. Among her adventures along the way was a year of sleeping on any available sofa, going home broke and depressed, trying out New York and becoming involved in improvisational music with Steve Swallow and Anton Fier, and then returning to L.A. where she got caught in a hurry-up-and-wait cycle of concerts and demos.

Case and Williams met in an L.A. club a couple of years ago. One of the first things about her that caught his attention was what he identifies as a lack of fear. Despite having fallen through the music industry's cracks numerous times, she was plugging away with her songs about thrown-away shoes and thrown-away people. Her misleadingly innocent appearance and her high quavery drawl drew increasing notice, but still little interest from record companies.

The two were married in the spring of '85 in a ceremony performed by the Reverend (and R&B great) Johnny Otis, in whose church gospel choir Williams had once sung. Ever since, they've been something of the unofficial Prince and Princess Charming of the L.A. club scene. With Case's favored 30s-era traveling salesman look (thrift-store bought baggy suits and rumpled hat) and Williams' natural waif-like appearance, they are as perfect a match visually as emotionally.

"Victoria seems like a complete original," Case says. "She goes up and just makes up whole songs and lyrics on stage." The relationship has been fruitful musically, as the two have performed for the past year together and apart, and with various other musicians including an ad hoc folk aggregation dubbed the Incredibly Strung Out Band. "We're sort of three artists, Victoria Williams and Peter Case and Victoria-Williams-and-Peter-Case," he says.

Peter Case is an album of "songs of sin and salvation" (as it says in Case's somewhat cryptic liner notes) that have all the edge of his Plimsouls best, but a wider

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musical and emotional perspective. The material ranges from the haunting Appalachian-style ballad "Walk In The Woods" to the murderous "Small Town Spree" (which features a killer string arrangement by Van Dyke Parks) to such joyous rock-outs as "Satellite Beach" and "Old Blue Car."

Throughout, the sound and arrangements are stunning, with notable contributions coming from co-producer/keyboardist Mitchell Froom, associate producer/bassist David Minor, and a host of guests including Jim Keltner, John Hiatt and Roger McGuinn.

All in all the album lives up to the promise and mystery of rock 'n' roll that first attracted that young lad in Hamburg. Case explains that attraction in the song "Steel Strings," where he mourns the innocence of the days when kids used to "play with shaky hands/Guitars strung up with rubber bands," and rockers were larger-than-life heros who "used to play in the courts of kings," whereas now "They're only made of steel when they're on steel strings."

"Back then there was no rock criticism. You would have to figure it out

continued on page 22

INSIDE CASE'S CASE

Since breaking up the Plimsouls, Case has played acoustic guitar almost exclusively. On his solo album he played a 1958 Gibson, the model of which he couldn't remember. "It's a small guitar, a parlor guitar," he says. "T-Bone gave it to me. It just sings." Fearing the ravages of the road, Case decided to leave that guitar at home for his current tour. "I picked up a new Gibson J-45. It's the best of the acoustic/electrics. It's got a real warm sound."

For his harmonica, Case favors the Huang Silvertone Deluxe, made in China (he couldn't say which China), a complete set of which he recently bought while in New York. "They're the best sounding and the least expensive," he says.

Williams used to own a 1941 Martin D-18, but it was stolen during her first stay in Los Angeles in 1979. A few years later, she replaced it with a 1960's model of the same instrument. "I bought it in a pawn shop in Baton Rouge, but it's not as good as the other," she says, but adds that the sound does seem to be getting better with time. She also occasionally plays a 1962 Fender Stratocaster with a rosewood fingerboard.

Williams plays some keyboards as well. "I used to play the Vox Continental organ. It's kind of got that real vibrato sound. I don't play that too much anymore." In the studio she plays some piano and, occasionally, a Yamaha DX7.

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PEARL

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horrible. I used to have to bend it around the stick. We'd do 'Trapped,' where I have to switch to playing back-beat on the snare, and my finger wouldn't go around the stick the right way. The first time I noticed it I missed a beat; I couldn't get it off the stick in time."

After *his* cortisone injection, Mullen's hand was okay for the next two weeks. Then it got sore again—worse than before. He saw a New York doctor who warned him about cortisone and put him on "really heavy painkillers. I was taking painkillers before I went onstage; I was taking all sorts of shit just to try to take away the pain. I didn't like it very much. I got back to Dublin, didn't play for about three weeks, and my hand was fine. Then I got on my motorcycle for a ride, and my whole hand freaked out."

When Weinberg came off the Springsteen tour, it was time for the Moment of Truth: To operate or not to operate? Having a trigger finger released, Eaton says, "is a fairly straightforward mechanical operation." Not to Weinberg. "I was so scared," the drummer recalls. But he agreed. "My mother, my mother-in-law and my wife went with me the first day to hold my good hand."

He ended up going into the operating room three times to have seven fingers released. Eaton notes that Weinberg responded better after each operation. The first time he didn't keep his hand elevated afterward—a necessity to reduce swelling. Consequently, "it took eight months for me to be able to bend this finger. After that I got hip." After the last operation, "I tied my hand to a cymbal stand while I slept. For a week I had it over my head, and it healed in two weeks."

Mullen thought he had trigger thumb. Weinberg suggested he see Eaton, who asked the U2 drummer about any childhood injuries. "I did remember when I was a child I fell, I think it was on glass," Mullen says, "and it went into my hands." After receiving treatment, "I told my parents there was still something in there. They didn't believe me." Eaton doesn't think it's glass, but he does feel Mullen may need an area explored at the base of his thumb: "He may have no choice but to have something done, or change careers."

Mullen wants to confer with his fellow band members before deciding on a plan of operation (pun possibly intended). "It's hard for them to understand," the most youthful U2er says. "Music is such a simple thing. You start getting into things like surgery and it makes it complicated. All I want to do is play drums. Suddenly I'm spending $600 for a day with a doctor telling me I need to get my hand sliced open. That's hard for me to deal with."

"It convinced me," Weinberg says of his injury, "that I am, in fact, an athlete. I've had an athletic-type injury. Playing drums is so physical. When we were coming up, playing eight hours a night, that's when I did the damage. There used to be blood all over my drums when I was a kid."

Since his operations, Weinberg has changed his technique to reduce the musical self-abuse. "I try to play lighter. I consciously try to release my grip as I hit the drums. I don't play as many cymbals." There are also preventive practices. Before a show, Weinberg will warm up for about a half hour; "it gets the blood flowing." Afterward he'll stick his hands in ice water for twenty minutes. The precautions are more than worth his job's payback, which isn't just material.

"I get a tremendous thrill out of seeing 100,000 people moving with that beat," Weinberg admits. "When you start doing a lot of fills, you don't see them moving as much." He laughs. "My job is to get 'em up and dancing, and keep 'em up."

"His mouth speaks truth," Mullen agrees. He believes that less is more, and hasn't changed his approach since U2 started playing arenas. The biggest change is the increased stage lighting. "That was frightening for me. I didn't

continued on page 22

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DON PULLEN

BY JIM MACNIE

A ROMANTIC AVANT-GARDIST PLAYS THE WHOLE PIANO

The wind is picking up as I cut across West 4th St. Turning into a friend's apartment to get out of the cold, I find she's in the throes of a painting party. "Who did you interview?" she asks. I tell her. "Oh," chimes one of the painters whose English seems tentative. "Don Pullen!" He drops his tools and hunches over, arms stretched wide, fingers prone, a mixture of concentrated joy and angst in his face. He is playing air piano.

Now, in these new age days, you've got to be careful when talking about pianists, for Don Pullen does not play "air piano" (wafting and thin), white wine piano ("let's lunch"), or even have a nice day piano. He plays earth piano—thick, dark and rooted ideas sprouting all over the keyboard. He plays whiskey piano—bluesy raunch that sways while it swings. He plays point blank piano—you can hear his runs *outside* whatever club he's playing in. He plays the whole piano, and in that light the painter kid has done a fair imitation.

With an attack that can be either graceful or punishing, the forty-two-year-old Pullen sits before his instrument, initiates a theme, and proceeds to wring every variation thereof. By turns he can sound dramatic, joyful, witty or plaintive. During a solo presentation he'll be bent, sprawled, reaching, his body English seemingly fueling the creative process. His right hand shoots the keyboard's top end like a machine gun ripping through wind chimes. Just as often he balances that by mercilessly dropping depth charges with his left, punctuating a statement or redirecting a mood. On his most exuberant excursions he conjures most of the piano's history into one sweeping phrase.

As we sit in the back room of New Music Distribution Service in lower Manhattan, I ask the nattily dressed, somewhat shy bandleader if this distillation of past music is deliberate.

"I'd like to say that it is," he laughs, "but actually it just happens. People want you to say that you have a lot of control over what you're doing. But I really don't want that."

Pullen's talking creative control—the flow of ideas—rather than physical prowess. Two weeks earlier at the Village Vanguard his highly hailed quartet (co-led by tenor player George Adams) scalded through an early Wednesday night set that sounded more like a final Saturday night roar, and Pullen's technical facility was evident and exacting. Driven by a relentless rhythm section of Dannie Richmond on drums and Cameron Brown on bass, the Pullen/Adams Quartet has become one of the more reliably risky units of the day, maintaining a link between the tenets of tradition and more open-ended sonic possibilities.

"Nothing surprises me with that group," claims Pullen. "We've been able to stay together because of our work in Europe, which has helped our rapport. If this Blue Note thing happens the way we plan, it'll be just like starting over." The "Blue Note thing" Pullen's talking about is the band's label debut, *Breakthrough*, which among other things signals a rare opportunity for a contemporary jazz leader to escape distribution limbo. Since Capitol Records handles Blue Note's distribution, you'll be able to walk into a record store in Topeka and pick up the latest Don Pullen cassette. That makes the pianist happy, but he'll save the hoorays for later.

"A lot of writers call us the best, but we're still like an underground favorite," he sighs. "We haven't captured the mainstream in America yet. What people call jazz these days is really some kind of rock. We're concerned with cultivating an audience, but we don't write down to people. Some say I can't play this way and reach masses of people, and I think that's wrong: I'm *always* audience-conscious. But what we've done, in spite of that, is play even harder."

Pullen's populist aspirations may surprise listeners who still associate him with the avant-garde stylings of the 60s, when Pullen first gained some measure of acclaim. But what kind of avant-gardist has a history in bump and grind organ combos? What kind chooses the time-honored quartet as his primary musical setting? Or displays such unabashed romanticism in his work? What Pullen should be known for is his range.

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"I found that constantly playing 'free' led to a dead end."

"I *do* consciously use any idea that makes itself felt to me," he continues. "Those that show up most often are those that jibe with my whole musical experience, whether it's from the classical"—bits of his "Evidence Of Things

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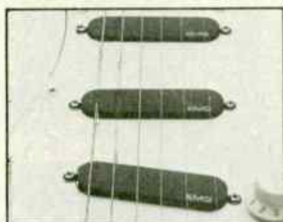
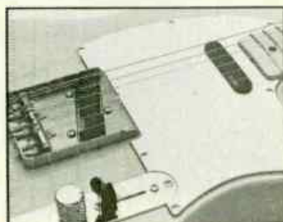
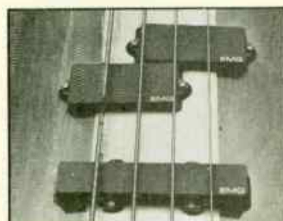

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gate. And they all swung.

"Ornette says he writes just to have something to play. I found that constantly playing 'free' did lead to a bit of a dead end; it all began to sound alike. A well-written head can steer the music in a more particular direction."

Pullen's got plenty of them. There's the pan-Slavic rhumba of "Song For The Old Country," the crystal convolutions of "Double Arc Jake," the trad-soaked staccato of "Thank You Very Much Mr. Monk." Throughout, his deft use of challenging lines mixed with conventional swing structures satisfies both sides of the brain. While Pullen's left hand keeps a rein on the pulse (be it rollicking or soothing), the right gallops or strokes out a melody. With some players this dichotomy could seem fractured and grating, but Pullen keeps his emotional revolving door well oiled. "I'm glad there is romance in my work," he says by way of explanation. "I tell my students to make the instrument sing: That way, you get a lyrically romantic approach. Coltrane's tone was like that. Adams has it too."

As Pullen attracts more notice, it appears that his audience cultivation techniques—planned or unplanned—are working. "If people like what you do, they stay with you year after year," he concludes. "Mingus had people stick with him. I want to keep my music on such a level that people who hear me today will hear me twenty years from now. And they'll enjoy what I'm doing." ■

HANDS from page 16

have lights on me for five years! 'I better not make *that* face!'"

Weinberg's story has a happy ending. At press time, Mullen was still avoiding surgery and unsure what was causing his problem. Although the two drummers' injuries are different in origin, "surgery is surgery," as Weinberg notes. Both musicians have reaped the rewards and the burdens of their craft. Weinberg says Eaton told him that hands weren't made to do what he was doing with them.

"But hey," the E Street resident smiles, "we're rock 'n' roll drummers and we're not gonna stop." ■

CASE from page 12

yourself," Case says. "You'd go down to the record store and get this completely weird record that nobody'd ever heard of and you'd take it home and it'd be great. Now it's a huge business and all the routes have been traveled. I just wanted to get away from that."

It would seem that Case succeeded in his quest. Sinking back into his sofa, he assesses the state of his life. "It *is* kinda like the old days," he says. ■

World Radio History

GWEN GUTHRIE

Emancipation Proclamation

A natural club anthem—a liberating theme—Gwen Guthrie's "Ain't Nothin' Goin' On But The Rent" contends love has little to do with it: "No romance without finance / Gotta have a j-o-b if you wanna stay with me," reasons the hook. Cold and brutal; upbeat and down, this statement is rooted in "an old southern expression that's one of the realities of life." So says its New Jersey-born singer, who also wrote and produced. As part of her new Polygram deal, she is finally calling the shots.

"It's very important for me to have creative control," Guthrie insists, alluding to the "frustration" of being on two labels that didn't give her that authority. "CBS showed me total disrespect," she charges. After she supervised what was to be her debut LP, the company brought in an outside producer to overdub new tracks. "And with $25,000 left in my recording fund," Guthrie says, "they had the nerve to go over budget!" "Devastated," she gave up her expensive studio equipment and a successful career singing jingles, and retreated to Jamaica. The record never came out.

Later, renewed, Guthrie signed to Island Records. She had no problem working in Nassau with Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, but she still wanted to produce herself. "Chris [Blackwell, the president of Island] wouldn't hear of it," she says with a note of bitterness. "I think it was because I'm a woman; there was a lot of macho business going on down there."

"It probably did look like that," Chris Blackwell says, noting that "it didn't seem to make sense to have her produce herself because at the time we hadn't seen anything that she'd done which was successful."

A few weeks earlier, Guthrie's *Just For You* LP was released. "I co-produced that with Deodato," she says, "but they paid him the big bucks. They liked the album's direction, but they said it sounded under-produced; they wanted more production. I said, 'Let me do it.'"

Blackwell, who maintains he still likes Guthrie, agrees that *Just For You* was not successful: "It was a bit of a hodge-podge. Certainly at one time she was in charge of production. But she was going through a very tough personal time. I don't think I stopped her producing it."

"Chris knew what I could do," Guthrie says. "He was impressed by the CBS masters I did in '79. But he just tried to hold me back, not letting me realize my full potential. I don't believe in that. That's why I left. Slavery is over, honey."

– Havelock Nelson

SMITHEREENS

Thoroughly Mod, Thoroughly Modern

We've seen the rise and demise of synth-pop, the rockabilly revival—virtually every musical trend—and we've kinda stuck to our guns," explains **Pat DiNizio**, the lead singer, songwriter and rhythm guitarist of the Smithereens. No doubt; these boyhood friends from Carteret, New Jersey survived seven years on New York's club circuit to emerge with a debut LP on the independent Enigma label. Although they cite such influences as the Beau Brummels, Manfred Mann and particularly the Beatles, the Smithereens are staking out their own territory. "I don't view it as retro at all," DiNizio says. "The influences are there but the production is modern."

The Smithereens preceded the cult punk movie of the same name. The teen film *Dangerously Close* included their bitter "Blood And Roses" on the soundtrack and brought the band considerable attention. Now they're touring with headliners as diverse as ZZ Top, the Hooters and the Ramones; their album is getting widespread airplay; and a "Blood And Roses" video is on MTV.

But the hoopla is unlikely to threaten the Smithereens' solidarity. "We've been through everything that can possibly happen to a band and have survived with the same guys," DiNizio boasts. And they'll probably be called just another overnight success.

–Elliott Murphy

FACES

News Stories by Scott Isler

ERIC GLADSTONE

World Radio History

ZAPPA

THE LICENSE TO BE A MANIAC

It's a sweltering early summer Sunday afternoon, and all's well on the homefront at the Laurel Canyon HQ/fortress, *chez Zappa.* Mom is in the kitchen fetching beverages for the various guests or popping into the editing room, where Frank sits smugly with a couple of nicely-dressed women from *Money* magazine. There they sit, humbly listening to a playback of Zappa's most recent effort, ostensibly for public radio—an unrepentantly hard-edged, over-the-top urban pastiche with comic Eric Bogosian. There are nervous giggles and pinched guffaws in the room as the air quivers with rapid-fire lewdness covering such redeeming topics as castration, phone sex, racial slurs, sexist jibes and other garden variety gonzo filth.

Elsewhere on the Zappa estate, Moon is still glowing over getting Max, her new golden retriever; the first thing Max did when they brought him home was bark twice and jump into the pool. Twelve-year-old Ahmett, who announced his intention of starting a band yesterday, is working out with a synth-playing chum in the Utility Muffin Research Kitchen, the state-of-the-art in-home studio. Dweezil is in and out with his friend (Donovan's son); they've started a mock-metal band called Druid, and are writing a tune called "Jamie, I Hate Your Afro." Mom isn't amused. "Did you like Dweezil's song?" she asks Frank with a scowl. "He didn't sing it for me," says the old man, "he just told me about it."

"Stupidest thing I ever heard. So hideous."

Dad grins through his Dutch Masters facial hair: "I told him a rhyming line for it, something about 'that haircut in 1973.'"

Introducing Frank Zappa, family man, incurable *enfant terrible* and one of the hardest working, least categorizable men in show biz. After forty-five years and over two dozen albums, he has survived with his scabrous wits intact. He still gets a rise from a slobbering punchline to a dirty joke or an intelligently articulated anti-social quip. His music veers between scatological cabaret and compositional virtuosity.

He's posited some of the most dizzyingly intricate scoring in the guise of rock, and has brought several young monster players to the forefront. But many can't get past Zappa's penchant for dirty-ol'-man baritone narration and bathroom humor.

EBET ROBERTS

Who is this Frank Zappa, purveyor of ribald fantasies and the uneasy union of Kurt Weill, Edgard Varèse, Muddy Waters, R. Crumb and Lenny Bruce? Is he a frustrated, formidable self-taught modern composer and agile intellectual led astray by arrested adolescence? Or a courageous crusader for free spirits in American life?

His latest venture may help clarify these questions. An avowed digital disciple who bought one of the first Sony digital decks and continually upgrades his digital recording system, Zappa has an inherent interest in the technological advances of Compact Discs. He has signed an extensive retrospective release deal with the all-CD company Rykodisc; eventually all his old titles will be packaged for CD, along with new work geared for the medium.

No longer tied to the guitar, Zappa has become increasingly involved with the Synclavier as a compositional tool.

His newest compositions are intergalactic chamber music of the most riveting, quasi-tonal brand. "It's scary what you can do with a typewriter," Zappa grins.

What else is afoot *chez Zappa*? He's moving toward the purchase of his own satellite television channel, programming "everything you always wanted to see on television, unscrambled." Is he pursuing this out of a sense of mission? "You bet it's a fuckin' mission. If you look at the rest of the broadcasting on, if it's not purely religious, it's already been tainted by the pressure from these groups. Somebody's got to stand up and say, 'Hey, this is nonsense.'"

MUSICIAN: *Would you say that the composer is a fairly negligible character in America?*

ZAPPA: It's a miracle or a fluke that a guy earns his living from writing music. I still am baffled by how I'm able to do it. I don't have condos or major stock investments supporting me. What comes in that enables me to buy equipment that I turn around and make music with are actual royalties from record sales or tour receipts.

MUSICIAN: *Do you distinguish between your "serious" instrumental work and your more pop-oriented endeavors?*

ZAPPA: No. The way I look at it, it's all the same thing. It's a guy imposing his will or his taste on musical material. It's all made out of the same stuff: the twelve chromatic notes of the scale. It's equally serious and it's equally stupid, either way you want to look at it. Or it's equally worthless, but it's all the same stuff.

I'm delighted to write something very simplistic and stick it up against something technically hard to do because they complement each other. Serious music is even more serious in contrast to "Louie, Louie."

MUSICIAN: *But usually composers like to steer clear of the "Louie, Louie" side, leave that to somebody else.*

ZAPPA: That's because what is known as a composer these days is a guy who owes his ass to a university and in order to keep their pedigree or their tenure or whatever they're trying to keep, they have to give this illusion of dead seriousness because the people who run the universities don't have a clue or sense of humor.

There are a lot of committees involved and in order for any five or ten people to agree on something, it has to be emasculated to the point where the nincompoop quotient goes way up. There are too many committees around and too few people willing to put their ass on the line. And unless *somebody's* ass goes on the line, you don't really come up with substance. Committees abhor substance. They'll do whatever they can do to delete substance from whatever it is

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music in an industrial society? Who needs it, especially if it's dissonant or, when there are words involved, you're dealing with topics that might distress a Republican?

You have to keep your spirit going to plow your way through that. A lot of people give up. It's not just that they can't sell it and make a living from it. Most people are gregarious. They like to have friends. They like to have some kind of a social environment. They like to belong. When somebody comes along and says, "We hate you because you do this stuff," eighty to ninety percent of the people are going to stop doing that just so they can have some buddies.

I was invited to be the keynote speaker at the American Society of University Composers at the Ohio State University, and I picked up some information. I heard a story about someone who overheard a conversation about some people from the Froom Foundation. The word went out that Froom was only funding minimalists. [*Cops a robotic nerd*] *Froom's funding minimalists.* The word went out like wildfire and the next thing you know, everybody's got a chimpanzee and an echoplex. That's the way it is. You want a grant? There it is. That's art. You have to do *this* art.

MUSICIAN: *Minimalism has apparently conquered the buzzword of two decades ago—serialism. It must relate to the accessibility of triads.*

ZAPPA: It also has repetition. It's the kind of music that a board member's wife could almost understand. It's like wallpaper. It does have a kind of interior decorator twinge to it. And if the three notes that are repeating are the proper three notes, it's roughly the equivalent of a pop music hook so you could almost walk out of the hall humming the composition. Dah dah dah. Hey, what a great piece that was!

MUSICIAN: *I can't see you doing that, minus the interplay of a band or other creative collaborators.*

ZAPPA: Oh, you're very wrong. I've had a number of requests during the last year to write things for groups and it's always tempting. The money is even good for some things. But, in my mind, I know what it's going to sound like when they start playing. No matter how good they can count, no matter how good they think they can count, it's not going to be correct. Even if they wanted to be correct, they can't be because there are physical limitations as to what human beings can do.

If I need to write human being music, it probably won't be in the technical vein, it will just be more "Louie, Louie"-like, because bands do that well. They can play the fuck out of that kind of stuff. This [*points to the Synclavier*] is not especially good for it. But for other intricate things [*smacks his chops*], it's got it.

MUSICIAN: *I guess you've long been disgruntled with orchestras who don't satisfy your intentions.*

ZAPPA: An orchestra is very much like a dinosaur in that the head is real tiny and the body is real big and by the time the thought goes from there to here, the tail has already rotted off. That's the worst thing about writing for an orchestra.

If you write a score, it's very much like being in a monastery and doing monk work. One page takes you a whole day. It goes by in a second and you're building this recipe for a noise. You plan it out scientifically. You know that this and this will do that and that. You take it to a copyist and a couple of mistakes happen there. There might even be some mistakes when my score is copied, those are passed along. Finally, you take it to the orchestra and they don't want to play your music because you're alive. They don't like to play anything other than triads. Orchestras sound fabulous playing triads; it's another triadic medium.

Besides that, they already know the classical repertoire and it's like a bar band that already knows the top forty,

FZ ON CD

MUSICIAN: *What is the nature of your deal with Rykodisc?*

ZAPPA: That's been quite some time in the negotiating. The basic deal is eight titles per year, one year with two one-year options leading to a total of twenty-four titles. The selection of which titles were to be released was not left up to me entirely. I had to argue with [Rykodisc president] Don Rose about what to put out. He wanted a certain amount of archival material included. That's their market research.

MUSICIAN: *How have you digitally renovated old material?*

ZAPPA: What we did was to take analog masters and transfer them from two tracks to twenty-four. The engineer would bring those two tracks back up through the board and re-equalize and add echo or whatever, using modern-day equipment to get this stuff as sharp as possible for digital release. Here's the two tracks playing back through the board, with another analog phase through the board, then back onto another two tracks on the multi-track and then D-to-D from the multi-track to the cassette. So we lost one analog generation, but the only thing that you could have picked up would be system noise or if you had compression, you might pick up compressor noise. But I would say that in ninety-nine percent of the cases, this results in an enhancement of the sound rather than taking the original masters and just running them straight through without touching them.

The audio hardware business moves pretty fast and new tools come out every year that give you even more control over your signal. The hippest one recently has been the Aphex Dominator—a wonderful compressor. It's especially good for digital because when you run out of bits, you're dead. You can set a ceiling on that thing and your signal does not go beyond it.

MUSICIAN: *Have you re-treated some of the musical parts?*

ZAPPA: Some of the original masters which I'd owned had been stored so badly by the former owners that the oxide had actually worn off the tape on the two-track masters, so it was impossible to go from two tracks to the digital. It required a remix. I had to dig up the original, in this case, 8-track and 12-track masters of these albums. I decided that I would add new digitally recorded drums and bass. That's been done to *We're Only In It For The Money* and *Ruben And The Jets.*

Some people prefer it. Maybe five percent of the people who have heard it say they wish I would have left it alone. But there was no way to leave it alone, because the original masters were trashed.

MUSICIAN: *How did you go about spiffing it up?*

ZAPPA: Well, one of the things that you gain there is your digital dynamic range. You put digital drums on it and suddenly you gain a whole new perspective. In the original recording, the drums were mono because you didn't have all that many tracks for the drums. When you record masters now, the drums are six tracks. Also, the drummer and bass player in this instance were much better musicians than the original guys who played the parts. Some of the songs were changed a little bit in order to take advantage of the extra skill of the performers. Then it was all remixed with digital echo and all the things that you use nowadays.

MUSICIAN: *So you had no qualms about changing the existing work? It's a sort of necrophiliac thing to do.*

ZAPPA: First of all, it's a necrophiliac thing to do to buy those old records, but the market for them is immense, to the extent that there's a guy in Milan—probably the Mafia—who has taken copies of the early albums, rephotographed the covers and completely pirated the record, and then sells them out of the back of a car or something to record stores. I've gotten ahold of some of these bootlegs. There's a market for those things: original copies of those records—*Freak Out* was selling for seventy-five bucks.

So I decided I would repackage the things and make them sound as good as they possibly could, since people want to buy them.

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JOHN ZORN

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and if you come and say, "Hey, why don't you play 'Radio's Broken' from *Jazz Discharge Party Hats*," they're not going to do it. And the conductor probably is not too thrilled about it because he can always look and sound better playing Beethoven than if he's doing something new. Everything is stacked against you.

All these are real good reasons for getting yourself a computer.

MUSICIAN: *But what about the performance aspect? There's not much theatricality or intimacy in just activating machines in a dark hall.*

ZAPPA: But wait a minute, why does it have to be heard onstage? This is direct to disc, direct to tape. That's where the real income for a composer is going to be, off sales of records, certainly not sales of tickets in a 500-seat hall. What do they pay for a piece to be performed live? A guy's lucky to get fifty dollars or a hundred dollars, or he gets $1,000 for the world premiere.

If you expect to earn any income from being a composer, you have to get it from royalties and the best place to collect those is from sale of a record, CD or film score. But certainly not from live performance. It pays the worst.

MUSICIAN: *How do you proceed compositionally on the Synclavier? Does it open up new pores in your creative mind?*

ZAPPA: That's a good question. I don't know how to answer it. It allows me to do music the way I always wanted to do it, just go in there and do it. You can play that in, just blast it in there and then edit and tweak it. It's kind of like being a sculptor and being able to manufacture the substance that you're going to sculpt at the same time. If you're a sculptor, you get some rock, some metal or wood and then chisel at it and get to do your thing with it. But if you wanted to sculpt a completely unknown element, you can do that, just build a sound from scratch that never existed before.

MUSICIAN: *How many of these pieces have you done? Is this a primary focus now?*

ZAPPA: [*Points to his disc file*] See these floppies? Most of them contain compositions. There's an average of six per disc and there's a couple of hundred discs. I tend to work on the whole library a little bit; I'll grab a disc at random and edit onto it, do two or three different pieces in a night. They all improve and evolve over time, not only as the ideas get more refined but as the hardware comes on line. Some of the things were started before we even had sampling. So when the sampling arrived, we put samples instead of the synthesizer sounds so the piece becomes completely entirely different, so you see it and treat it a different way. When the new editing software came on board, you could do more things.

MUSICIAN: *Skipping idioms for a second, it seems that your bands have been testing grounds for young virtuosically inclined players. Do you have your antennae up for fresh talent?*

ZAPPA: Don't even have to, because I get tapes all the time, resumes. If I walk down the street, odds are fifty-fifty that somebody's going to step up and say, "Hi, I'm a guitar player" or a drummer. We keep a file of these people and if for some reason somebody in the band doesn't want to do a tour or gets fired or something, we immediately go to the file and see who the next contestants would be. And then we audition.

MUSICIAN: *What do auditions consist of?*

ZAPPA: A combination. Usually the roughest ones are the drum auditions. We had forty contestants the last time we auditioned for the drums and twenty-five for the bass. I think Chad Wackerman qualifies as a pretty fabulous drum discovery and I think Scott Thunes qual-

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After Solo Successes and a Decade of Progressivism, Is Making Genesis Albums Getting Perfunctory?

By Timothy White

IS GENESIS REALLY TRYING?

"The reason Genesis was formed in the first place," says Phil Collins, "is that back in the days when they were in school at Charterhouse nobody *else* would play the band members' songs! Tony and Mike are not natural musicians, they're not virtuosos. They learned to play their instruments because they wanted to write music."

"The first song Peter Gabriel and I wrote together ended up on the *From Genesis To Revelation* album in 1969," laughs Tony Banks. "It was called 'The Serpent' and it showed the progression we'd gone through from classical training to picking out Beatles songs on the radio and playing them by ear. My first compositions consisted of using every chord change no one else had used. Then I started to streamline things with Peter, who'd sing.

"In the old days of Genesis, we used to write without too much thinking about the voice. The songs would be built up with great elaborate backing and then you'd have to fit the vocals up on top. Whereas now the vocals are very much a part of the basic writing. So you can stay on much simpler chords for longer, I think, when you've got a person warbling away there."

The warbler, of course, is Phil Collins, and what Banks is trying to say is that it's easier—and faster—to create pop records built around a crooning pop idol than experiment with complex rock forms in which the vocals are just one, albeit crucial, element. At its worst, on early 70s albums like *Trespass*, *Nursery Cryme* and *Foxtrot*, Genesis' semi-heady explorations amounted to a lot of turgid, bookish tinkering without a satisfying structure. At its best, the thought put into the dramatic expansion—and compression—of conventional pop song forms made for arresting rock 'n' roll.

But both the unique musical and the academic milieu from which Genesis emerged have changed forever. For one thing Charterhouse is no longer a boys school. And Genesis, of course, is no longer the progressive rock outfit it was founded as during the audacious heyday of the Nice, etc., the torch of musical determinism having long since been passed from the broody Gabriel to the group's upbeat working-class singer/percussionist. Phil Collins, a native of Chiswick in London and educated at the local grammar schools, joined Genesis in 1970, and he steadily steered the band in a conventional pop direction, commencing with *A Trick Of The Tail* in 1976.

Tony Banks have been toned down to where they seem mere coloration.

It's fascinating how enticing a once-challenging band can be as it slips towards accessibility. Initially the listener wonders if it's a mixture of shared experiences and mutual ground gained that makes the latest yield so familiar. Then one draws back as an endless stream of like-sounding product suddenly decorates the airwaves and the cumulative message becomes undeniable: the process has grown perfunctory, the reunion relegated to a calendar appointment, the reputation now a selling point.

Moe Rutherford, Larry Banks and Curly Collins in need of a lift.

ROSS MARINO

Even the most loyal fans of the band have become restive in the face of the skimpy pop legerdemain that is Genesis' sixteenth album, *Invisible Touch*. With Collins as the prime mover, cuts like the title track and "In Too Deep" are the sure-fire ear candy he's grown adept at churning out since his solo career and his Hollywood "Love Theme" chores ("Against All Odds," "Separate Lives") caught fire. But the rest of the record consists of unfocused, superficial fare that would be unsuitable for Phil's offbeat output with Brand X, let alone partner Mike Rutherford's more polished eclecticism on *Mike & The Mechanics*. Even the always-adventuresome keyboards of Tony Banks have been toned down to where they seem mere coloration.

If *Invisible Touch* is to stand as Genesis' unabashed statement of purpose after a three-year hiatus, what can we deduce about the future?

MUSICIAN: *Explain how, with your incredible schedules, all of you managed to squeeze in another Genesis album.*

COLLINS: Well, when we finished the last tour two or three years ago, we said to each other that we would get together

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to do an album after I'd done some solo stuff and Mike and Tony had done their things. We arrived at the date of September, 1985.

We live near each other and kept in touch, and we went in there with no music written. We'd begin with a blank piece of paper, I'd turn the drum machines on, Tony'd turn his keyboards on, Mike would turn his guitar on. I'd start singing, they started playing, and we just improvised our way through three months of writing songs.

MUSICIAN: *Genesis does all its recording these days in the Farm, your studio in Surrey. Do you have trouble getting yourselves in there to make these records?*

RUTHERFORD: It's never hard. I find it harder getting out, actually. We work pretty long hours. We go in about eleven a.m. and work until between one and two a.m. the next morning, otherwise the adrenalin and momentum go. So often you heard about people spending six and seven months on an album, which I personally could never do. That's because they're going at it slowly. I like to keep the momentum going, or I really go off the ball.

You know, Phil and Tony and I used to bring in material. But with the last three albums—including *Invisible Touch*—because we're apart so much, we've decided to keep Genesis for the actual act of us writing together, the chemistry. So we just jam. Then we put the song down very early on. We try to get Phil to sing on as much as possible, giving us guide vocals, and let the drum machine take care of the basic rhythm track. If we have a great vocal line, Tony and I can vamp on an A-chord for sixteen bars, but if you're just laying it down instrumentally you think, "God, this is boring!"

So we lay the tracks down with a drum machine, Phil singing, guitar, keyboards. The chances are we haven't spent too much time on the song, so it's down while we're still into it and it's still fresh. Tony probably hasn't worked on his keyboards yet and I haven't gotten my guitar part right so we have to go in and replace things and patch, but what you got is a basic framework with a certain energy to it, a magic we can shape. Most of the time, Phil then puts actual drums in to replace the drum machine.

MUSICIAN: *Do you look upon Genesis as a comfort to your careers, a place you can return to when you're weary or battered by your other involvements?*

RUTHERFORD: [*Firmly*] I don't see Genesis as a safehouse. I go into it quite a bit more edgy than that. It doesn't feel safe. Every new album I think, "I wonder if it's going to work this time." There's no reason to think it's always going to work just like that, but so far it always has.

MUSICIAN: *Can you envision a time when there may not be a Genesis?*

COLLINS: We never really know what's happening. As far as we're concerned Genesis is still alive and kicking. And the individual solo things will carry on, because that's just as important to me as the band.

MUSICIAN: *Is collaboration still meaningful to your individual growth? What do you get from it?*

BANKS: The collaboration brings things significant out in me, I *know* it does. On my own I tend to go for slightly more complicated kinds of music, particularly with harmony. But I find that when I'm with the other two I write some very simple things. A song like "That's All" is very much my kind of thing musically, but it's the sort of thing I find difficult to write on my own. I'm not quite sure when I've written something good in that area; I need somebody to help me.

Rutherford: "God, this is boring!"

It's similar with Phil. I think that with his own music he tends to get very much into a groove. He does it very well, but he goes for a verse-chorus type of format. He likes the repetition but he gets a nice roundness to his songs. Nevertheless you can be *made* to stretch out more and he has that side to him. We bring things out in each other.

MUSICIAN: *With the last few Genesis albums, there have been no individual credits, and individual authorship has been assigned only sporadically during group history. What part does this policy play in the current outlook of Genesis?*

COLLINS: In the early days, up until *Trick Of The Tail*, we thought it would alleviate any problems about people pushing their own songs forward for singles or for preference. So if everybody received equal money then nobody had any axes to grind. So we had everything from the early days up to *Trick Of The Tail* listed as "Genesis," although we had various different combinations of members writing the songs. "Firth Of Fifth" (on *Selling England By The Pound*) comes to me as an example of something that's all Tony's. That's a song that I'm sure a lot of people thought Peter wrote.

So when *Trick Of The Tail* came around we thought that, as Peter had left and we were very strong as a group, we would show people who wrote what. So for those people that thought that Pete wrote everything, we'd get a bit specific. And that's when you get the individual credits starting.

But now the last album and everything but one song each, I think, on *Abacab* and all the new album, are all group songs. There's no one conning anybody else: they're thirty-three-and-a-third each. I don't bring my songs in, Tony doesn't bring his and neither does Mike. We just come in with nothing and make it up as we go along.

BANKS: We tend to do the music as a group and the lyrics individually. And we did three each. I did the lyrics to "Domino" parts one and part two, and also the lyrics to "Anything She Does." Phil did the lyrics to "Invisible Touch," "Tonight, Tonight, Tonight" and "In Too Deep," and Mike did the lyrics to "Throwing It All Away" and "Land Of Confusion." The only one that became a little bit more substantial than was originally intended was "Land Of Confusion." When Mike started writing the lyrics he was thinking of a *Mad Max* movie sort of scenario, but as it went on he started relating it to our present state in the world.

We tried a lot of the songs different ways—fast, slow, and so on—as we went along, and the one that most obviously changed for me was "Anything She Does." It looked at one point like it was going to be a heavier and longer piece, and it turned into a very lightweight thing that was nicer. If we'd done it the other way it would have been more ordinary for Genesis. Now it stands up as an ultra-fast pop song that works very well.

As for the title track, we were improvising on the rhythm section of what later became "The Last Domino" and Mike began to play a light little chord riff that didn't fit. But Phil simultaneously began mumbling something about an "invisible touch" and I decided to join in,

ROSS MARINO

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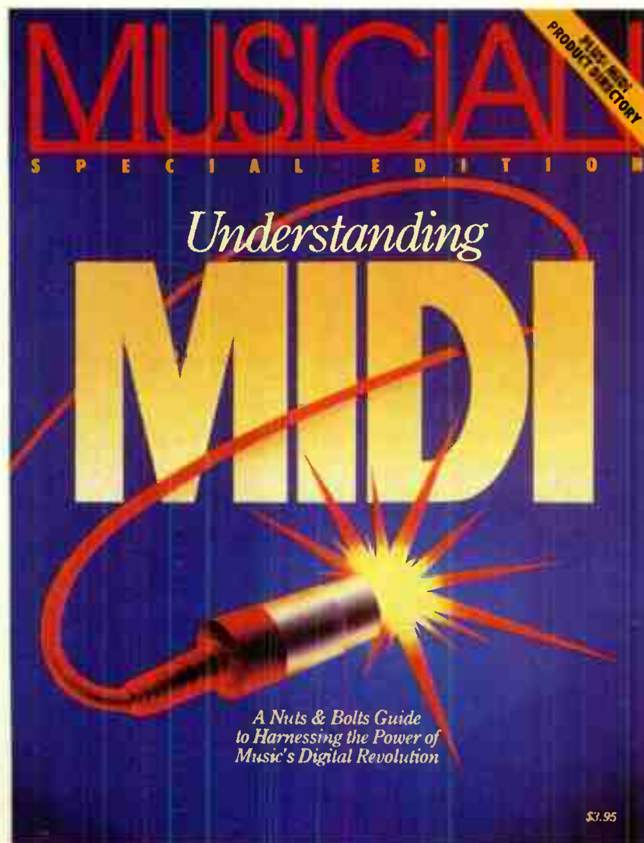

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trying to supply a few more chords to the effort. That's how it came about.

MUSICIAN: *At this point, how do you view Genesis' work?*

BANKS: For me, one of the most significant songs from our early career was "Supper's Ready" from the *Foxtrot* album in 1972. It was long but it was putting soft bits against loud bits and fast against slow with a good, coherent lyric. We'd worked on it in pieces, and it was an extremely exciting thing that surprised us, even, when we finally heard it. And it proved to be an excellent live song.

The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway was designed to be taken as totally individual songs or taken as one piece. In the main it worked, but I think the story's a bit overcomplicated and perhaps it didn't resolve as well as it might have. But there are some great moments on that.

The *Wind And Wuthering* album has always been a favorite of mine because it contained two of what I consider my best songs, "One For The Vine" and "Afterglow." There were more romantic, feminine kinds of songs, if you like, but they represented a certain peak.

I went for years without hearing or even remembering how many songs went on the old albums, but since they've been appearing on compact disc I've been listening to and really enjoying them again.

MUSICIAN: *Phil, this year marks your sixteenth anniversary with Genesis, since you signed on in 1970 in response to a* Melody Maker *ad for a "drummer sensitive to acoustic music."*

COLLINS: Right, and they were looking for a guitar player at the same time, who turned out to be Steve Hackett, of course. I was a professional auditioner; I didn't have a job. [*Laughter*] I went to auditions for Manfred Mann's Chapter Three and Vinegar Joe, which Robert Palmer was singing with at the time. And I didn't get any of them!

When Peter left and we decided to carry on, we were working on the album that would become a *Trick Of The Tail.* We were looking for a singer and someone who would come in as another member to write. We heard a lot of good voices but we didn't find anybody who we thought was special, and nobody we thought we'd like to have as a writer, because we were getting very tired as a four-piece writing unit.

I'd teach a few verses of the songs to the guys who were coming down for auditions and I ended up doing it better than they did. At least this was what I was told by the other members. I wasn't too aware of how good I sounded or whatever, but I was always going to do some of the slower songs, the ballads, because my higher voice fitted songs like "Ripples" and "Entangled." But the heavier songs, like "Squonk," for instance, I was an unknown quantity completely. It was only that we went into the studio with all the music written and still no singer. I tried, one by one, singing all the songs, and "Squonk" was the first song that I actually sang.

As soon as I started singing we felt we had the makings of doing it under our own steam, just the four of us.

MUSICIAN: *Since 1976 you've been the one with the greatest influence on the group's sound, and you've pushed the group in a more percussive but openly pop direction.*

COLLINS: When I started singing, I sang more percussively because I was a drummer. I even sang the old songs more percussively. I think that after *Face Value* in 1981 a whole area had opened up drum-sound wise. When I worked with Peter on his third album, I met Hugh Padgham and we got some great drum sounds that have since set precedents. I feel the credit for that gated sound is as much mine as anybody else's, because I was *playing* on it. It was the part that was written with the sound that was as important as the sound, almost. So I brought that into the group,

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because that's what I was into.

I think with *Abacab* and to some extent beforehand with *Duke*, I've spent more time on the music. That's to say I was more of an equal partner in Genesis. Before, my strength was probably arranging and things like that. Whereas when I found myself in 1978-79 without my family, who'd left me—I mean, my wife had left me—I had a lot of time on my hands, and I was able to dedicate more time to the group. It seemed like I was becoming more dominant, but in fact it was thirty-three-and-a-third contributions-wise.

MUSICIAN: *Tony, you've been cautious in your outside work, doing only two solo records, plus the movie soundtrack for* The Wicked Lady *in 1983.*

BANKS: *A Curious Feeling* was more a concept and mood album, really, but the other, *The Fugitive*, had actual songs. I thought the songs "And The Wheels Keep Turning" and "This Is Love" from *The Fugitive* had hit potential but in this business you need something else beyond just having the song. You need to be able to present yourself. But it's difficult for me to be a front man, it's not a natural thing for me. I can do the musical side of it, but the rest I find far more difficult.

The movie soundtracks are another outlet, an area I certainly wanted to get into when I first started doing it. Nowadays there's too much emphasis placed on using pop singles in movies for my own taste. I'm more a great fan of the Ennio Morricone film scores for the old spaghetti westerns, where the atmosphere is virtually created by the music.

MUSICIAN: *Mike, how about your feelings on the success of Mike & the Mechanics. Are you pleased, surprised, too tired to have an assessment?*

RUTHERFORD: At the moment I'm on the Mechanics tour and the current joke is "Wildmen Of Rock," because at quarter to eleven in the evening on a day off, when one's image of rock 'n' roll is hard partying, we can be found in the restaurant falling asleep over our dessert.

MUSICIAN: *The Mechanics' three big hits all sound like the work of different bands.*

RUTHERFORD: That's down to the material and the producer. Chris Neil should be given lots of credit, because this time around I realized certain things I'm not good at. I wasn't going to sing again, and I'm not good at putting the final song together. I can write the damn things, but I've got the verses in the wrong order and I've got a piece that shouldn't be there. I *need* someone like Chris Neil to come in and do a bit of fine-tuning.

"All I Need Is A Miracle" is a good example of how I work with Chris Neil. The verse came from one of my songs,

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By Jock Baird

SUMMER N.A.M.M.: NO HO HUM

I'm sure many in the audience will breathe a sigh of relief when I promise not to even mention MIDI guitar this month. And perhaps you're right, maybe we've gotten a tad myopic about it—after all, there were plenty of other big stories at this summer's N.A.M.M. show in Chicago, right? No, not according to most press reports and informal handicappers who rated the show a sleepy one—one trade journal even dubbed it the "ho hum show."

Well, ho hum it was not, folks. Most of the new equipment action did have more to do with refinement than breakthrough, but just to show you how wide awake we all were, let's examine four genuinely new music technologies at Chicago N.A.M.M. Yes, they are all software products, which shows you where the MI cutting edge still lies, shakeout be damned. And they are also, each in its own way, Important.

I have to start with **Laurie Spiegal**'s mouse-driven composing program for the MacIntosh, simply because it's so original and so cheap. Spiegal is a New York-based "so-called avant-garde" composer/soundtracker who also spent years in some high-octane programming environments. "Most people don't realize how wonderful computers are," she observes, "They're only using them as tape recorders." To prove her point, Speigal wrote a program that would generate sophisticated contrapuntal compositions in real time by moving a mouse across a grid created by running two piano keyboards along the horizontal and vertical axis. The output comes out as MIDI data, which means you can drive any sound you want. It's really an intuitive composition machine. Do you have to think only diatonically? No, a menu lets you also go pentatonic or chromatic.

I may not have clearly described her program, because I'm not at all clear how it works. Speigal even yelled at me for taking too long to figure out what was going on (not your routine N.A.M.M. exhibitor). But after watching her weave two pairs of voices in parallel contrary motion with the flick of a mouse, making really evocative, usable music with it, I don't care how it works. Some of our non-keyboard-playing readers would kill for a program like this, but all they have to do is send $80 to Laurie Speigal, 175 Duane Street, New York, NY 10013.

More familiar but equally original was an IBM software/hardware package called **MegaMix**, which promised automated multi-track mixdown of up to forty tracks—for very few dollars. Not that original? Ah, but unlike the AHB CMC series and the Akai 8-track MIDI mixer, MegaMix works with any board. How, you might well ask? Through the buss ins and outs—just set all your master volumes all the way up, and the IBM (or clone of choice) will manage your volumes, groupings, muting, soloing, and play/record switching—but not eq or effects. You can cut and paste different mixes together, and the mouse-driven editing scheme makes level changes on the screen a breeze. MegaMix starts with a 16-track basic unit for $2000 and adds 8-channel expander boards at $600 a pop. Call 516-864-1683 for more info.

Another software/hardware combo, this one for the Atari ST, managed to set a few minds a-boggling. It's a professional sampling program with its own visual editing system developed by a bright young fellow named Wendel Brown. Using an Atari 1040ST's megabyte of on-board memory, the **ADAP SoundRack** gives twenty seconds of 16-bit stereo sampling at a rate of 44.1 kHz, and then lets you mix, cross-fade, loop, and even draw your own graph waves—you also get digital effects processing and a real-time oscilloscope. You can divide that twenty seconds into sixty-four simultaneously accessible samples.

Okay, so it's a competitive sampling machine. But now let's bring on some $1200 60-megabyte Atari hard-disk units—you can daisy-chain up to eight. Eight times sixty times twenty seconds? Holy hard-disk, Batman, that's 160 minutes! Enough for a whole film soundtrack. How does the computer access all that memory? Though a virtual buffering system that is loading the next twenty seconds while it's playing the current one. So what we really are talking about here is full-service digital recording and editing for less money than a decent mixing board. ADAP is now being refined in a cooperative venture with Brown's **Nilford Labs** and that ubiquitous Atari powerhouse **Hybrid Arts**. This could be big.

The fourth New Product comes from **Digidesign**, that li'l ol' software company from Palo Alto that's been churning out Sound Designer editing programs for the major samplers. Now they've got something that turns the Mac and most samplers into a sophisticated digital synthesizer—with blue-chip editor. Called **Softsynth**, the program lets you create sounds out of thirty-two oscillators (or harmonics), using additive synthesis.

Hybrid Arts' remarkable ADAP sampling system

Yamaha's high-end, big-noise MIDI kit

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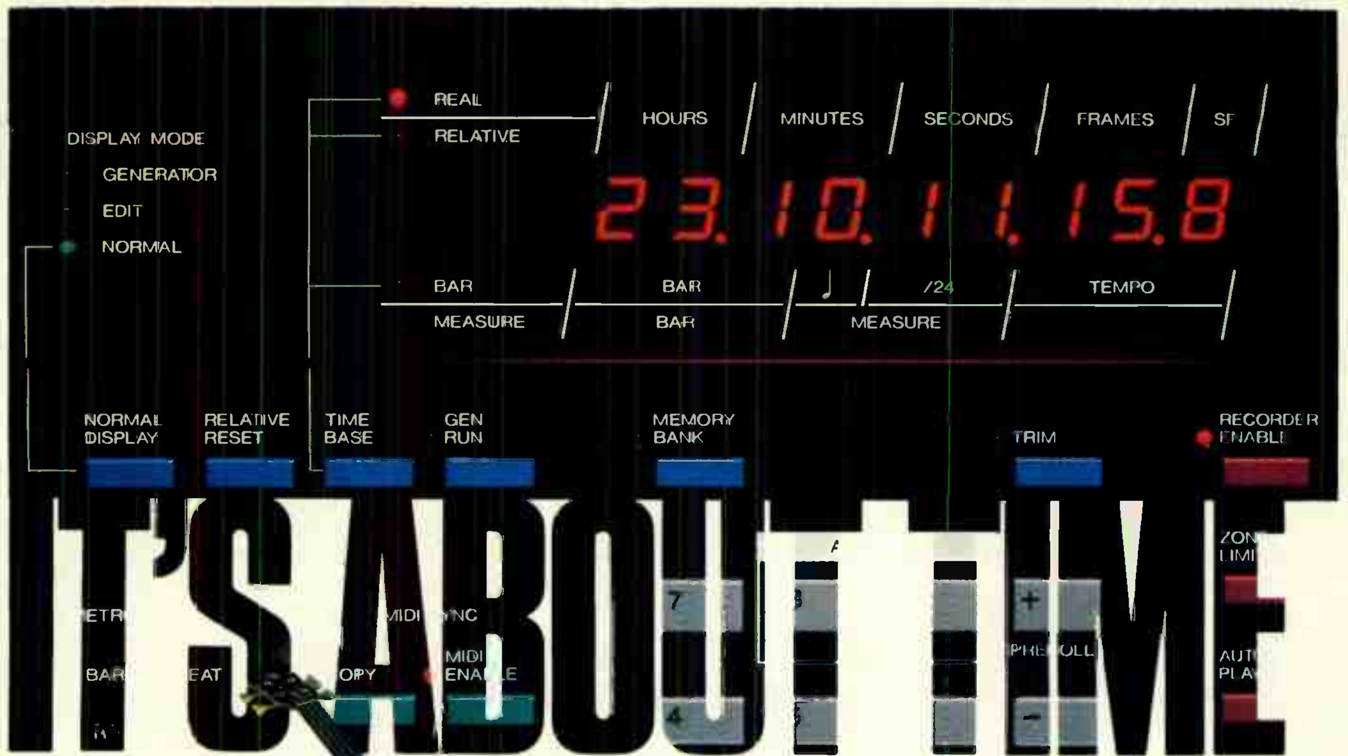

IT'S ABOUT TIME

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.

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There are some serious envelope editing features, a harmonic mixer to create so-called "timbre events" (tonal variations that can be placed anywhere in the sound), and more high-tech high jinks. One limitation is that it doesn't kick the sound out in real time—it's only when you load into your sampler that you can use it, but a digital synth for $300?

But why call this one of the top four rookies of N.A.M.M.? Simply because there's got to be more to sampling than just copying real instruments. If we're using all this new technology simply to replace an acoustic piano, what's the point? Softsynth is the most significant step yet towards a new sampling ethic, the generation of brand new sonic compounds. It's something that cuts the difference between digital synthesis and sampling in half.

E-mu makes its under-$3000 sampling move with the prodigious E-Max.

ELECTRONIC PERCUSSION

Recently, the trend in electronic drums has resembled a limbo contest—who can go the lowest and still remain standing. But that tide may be reversing, as evidenced by a new $2000 system from **Yamaha** that is anything but low-rent. Most surprisingly, it's only a MIDI controller setup—actual sound generation has to come from an external synth—naturally, a TX816 is recommended—or drum machine. The pads and hardware incorporate a lot of Yamaha drum smarts, particularly the multi-layer cushioning systems and the hollow kick drum for better rebound. The MIDI brain does everything from program storage and kit setups to gating and dynamic note shifting (that is, playing higher or lower notes depending on how hard you hit the pad). Will the pros take to it? Well, J.R. Robinson and top percussionist Alex Acuna sure did in a wild, very musical duet-with-sequencer.

A totally new drum kit and brain from **Dynacord** also hit the floor under the **Europa** banner. **Dynacord**, of course, had a decent sample-based kit already, but in a coop venture with two star ex-Oberheim engineers, Marcus Ryle and Michel Doidic, they did a complete rethink. The result is the MIDI-fluent ADD-one, still sample-based, but with more on-board modification clout, more useful memory access features, and space for two add-on EPROM boards. The pads, a skewed parallelogram shape, are pretty cool, as is the Drum-Caddy tree hardware setup

And yet the most dynamic company on the electronic drum front may be **Simmons**, who has been breaking its product lineup into more specialized and affordable units to take advantage of the splintering market. Take, for example, separating the MIDI interface from the SDS9 and selling it separately for $400 as the TMI (and providing an alternative to their own pricey MTM). Or making a new MIDI-accessible percussion expander synth module called the SDE. Or four-socket EPROM expansion boards for the SDS7. Or a new five-channel 200-watt combo amp made especially for drums, the SDC200. But Simmons' biggest coup was getting virtually all of the SDS9's sound quality into the $900 SDS1000. Whether it's a whole new kit or just a component in a built-up system, Simmons is going to be in there fighting for the business.

A related percussion development is a new $1095 Eprommer from **Oberheim**, logically named the Prommer. It loads chips for every known unit on the planet, and will transpose, reverse, modulate, envelope and more. It also holds up to sixteen samples in memory, and can be driven (monophonically) via MIDI. (Oberheim, on the rebound, also had Matrix-6Rs all over the show floor.) Another notable prommer was a Mac software package from **Digidesign** called **Burner**—this one does all the usuals, plus will split sounds on a single chip and be able to receive telecommunications data patches from PAN or an electronic bulletin board.

Alesis MIDIFEX: packed with presets

When I started talking about new instruments a while back, many of you probably thought I was going to mention one of the three new MIDI percussion controllers that set everyone talking. Yes, they are new, but boy are they expensive. And just a tad gimmicky. Sure the **Dynacord Rhythm Stick**, shaped just like a guitar, can put a percussionist at stage front, and let him flip between eight voices, but $900 for a pad to drive a drum machine? I had a little more enthusiasm for the **Brocktronics MIDI Suit**, a Dadaesque leather suit with built-in pads (the bass was in the foot, of course), but wouldn't you have to wash it after every gig? I took the **Palmtree Airdrum** system more seriously (for $1900 I better)—this was a kind of MIDI maraca that uses "directed energy" to generate MIDI notes. There's a large choice of shake directions to trigger a sound. For a skilled percussionist, Airdrums seems a pretty natural and usable instrument, but with that price tag, that skilled percussionist will also have to be working a lot. The electronic/MIDI implementation on this is excellent, by the way. Definitely worth a phone call—(619) 452-5199.

SAMPLING

As if ADAP weren't enough, Chicago N.A.M.M. saw three new digital samplers. One was the **Kurzweil 150** we mentioned in August, a worthy attempt to put upper-price-range clout to work in the below-$3000 market. Another was **E-mu**'s $2600 version of the now legendary Emulator, called the **E-Max**. There were only two samples ready, but if the gong is any indication, this machine is going to sound great. It samples seventeen seconds at 28kHz, with seven other time rate variations, allows for stacking and crossfading of two samples on the same voice, and has full-service analog processing. Then throw in the multi-

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track MIDI sequencer, an arpeggiator and an RS-422 computer port for fast data transfer. And we give extra points for aesthetics—this is literally a gorgeous instrument, from its artful diagonal panel layout to the pitch and mod wheel design. Bravo E-mu!

The third major sampler was the **Akai** S900. This is a mega-improved version of their rack-mount S612, and only gets under $3000 by five bucks. It's a 12-bit job, has about twelve seconds of sample memory at a rate of 16kHz, and holds up to thirty-two samples. And yes, it cross-fades, loops, and has an RS232 port, but no, it has no filtering ability (you have to buy a separate Akai synth equipped for that). The S900 also has a fabulous two-lines-of-80-characters-each LCD display—it scrolls across horizontally to view an entire directory, for example. It also allows for a very user-friendly page-oriented operating system, with lots of helpful prompts and suggestions. And not only is **Digidesign** working on a voice editing package, but Akai is readying a program to turn the S900 into an additive synthesizer similar to Softsynth.

SOFTWARE

I know, you thought I was already done with software, but there's always more. How about **Syntech** guest Clint Howery of **Professional Innovations**, who designed a speech input operating system for a MIDI sequencer so his blind twelve-year-old keyboard-playing daughter Tane could run it. You basically record in a set of spoken commands and then when you repeat them, the computer matches your order with the on-file samples. Howery is also selling a rack-mount IBM-compatible with a built-in TV screen for $1400—the gigging, sequencer-based musician's wet dream. Call Clint at 805-581-2078 and say you saw his daughter on *That's Incredible*.

Speaking of IBM, **Roland** had Kentyn Reynolds do a complete rehab on his **MPS** program, and the new version clears up a number of knotty problems. For example, in the old MPS, to change between the sequencing and scoring modes, you had to save all your data and keep only a phrase. Now you can toggle back and forth. There's also now a loop function, so you don't have to copy eight bars over and over just to get a groove going. It will now punch in not just at the beginning of a bar, but on any beat in a bar. And its graphic capability is beefed up by supporting the new Computer Graphics Interface (CGI), the art world's version of MIDI—now when a plotter runs out those notation files, it's camera-ready publishable. The new version is called **MESA**, goes for $500, reads all existing MPS files and MPS owners will get a substantial trade-in.

SIGNAL PROCESSING

The phenomenal success of the **Alesis** MIDIVERB has taken much of the industry by surprise. The idea was simple: design a stereo reverb with such excellent presets that no one would need to write their own, make it MIDI-controllable and sell it for $400. It set off bombs in the home recording underground. Now Alesis comes out with son-of-MIDI VERB, **MIDIFEX**. Multi-tap digital delays, five reverbs, stereo generation, gates, filters, panning, special effects...this $400 box has a lot in there. How do they do it? One factor is a new kind of computer architecture called RISC, which reduces the possible instructions a programmer needs to enter so it can execute fast. MIDIFEX's only negative is that the bandwidth stops at 10kHz. But even for the more discerning recordist, both Alesis units make great number two or three processors.

Two other MIDI-accessible signal processors from **ADA** will really appeal to guitarists who want to hop on the MIDI express. The first, the MP-1, is a programmable tube preamp that has three gain stages, three bands of eq, a chorus and effects loop. So what? That means you set up your favorite sounds, from clear and shimmering to forceful and fuzzy, and put them into 128 patch locations, then call 'em up with a footswitch. Aha, a MIDI amp without the amp! Fiendish. The other ADA idea is a MIDI equalizer—fourteen bands of programmable eq with 12 db cut/boost, all savable to 128 programs. And I've got a feeling ADA has a few more of these up its sleeve.

ANALOG GUITARS

Sure I wasn't going to mention that other subject, but who said anything about their analog counterparts. Particularly **Grover Jackson**'s ongoing high trajectory. Last show, Grover cut a deal with IMC to have them make Charvels in Japan. IMC must have liked what they saw, because they brought the rest of Jackson Guitars under its wing. Jackson is undertaking an ambitious replacement pickup/hardware offensive, including some nice active eq jobs, and decided to help set up **Neal Schon** with his own guitar line. But Grover's still found time to build some new guitars, one of which is a classy arch-top neck-through-the-body neo-Les Paul for $2200 that takes the breath away. Jackson's also developed a bizarre painting technique using a contracting black material that

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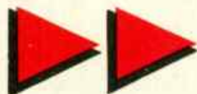

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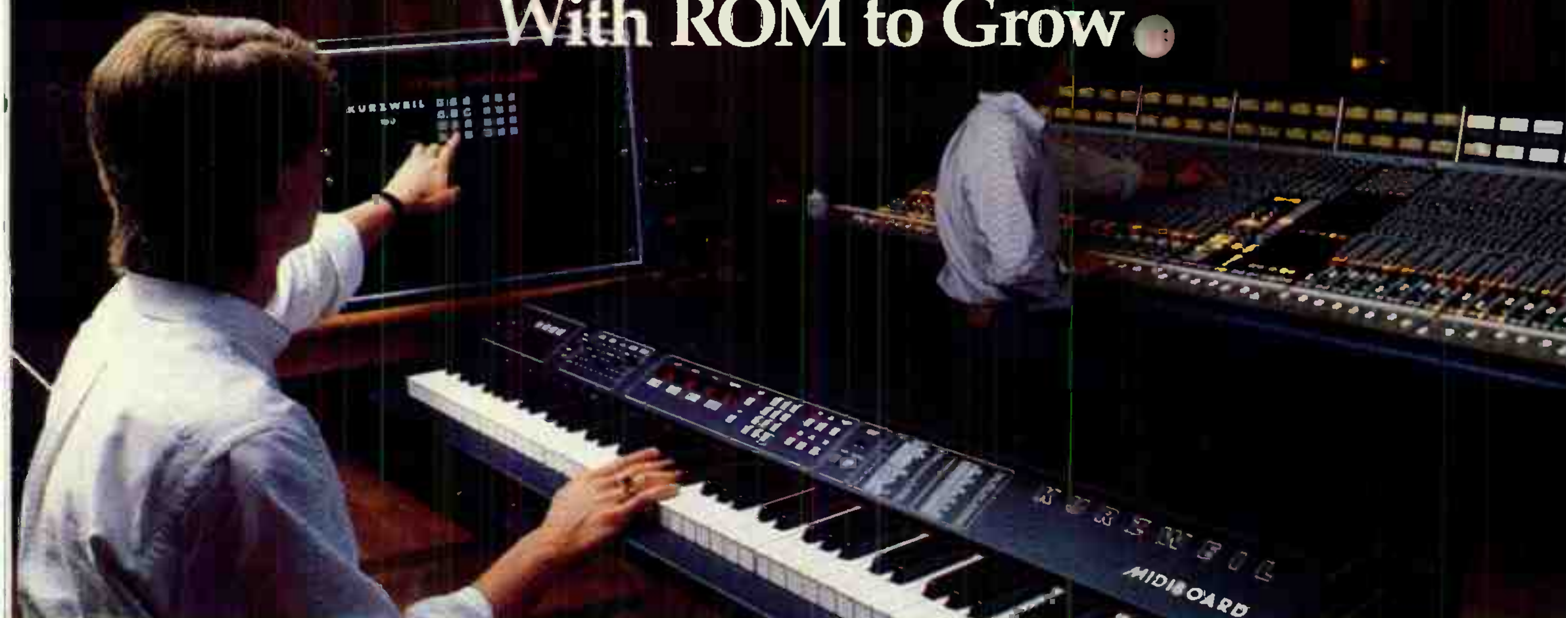

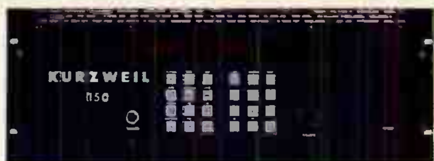

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Introducing the Kurzweil 150, a great performance instrument that lets you bring the Kurzweil Piano and 21 other Kurzweil-quality sounds on the road or in the studio. It's a rack-mountable, multi-timbral sound source, designed to work with *any* MIDI controller.

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The Kurzweil 150 employs Contoured Sound Modeling™ to offer sounds such as the Concert Grand Piano, Electric Piano, Harpsichord, Jazz and Rock Organs, Electric and Acoustic Basses, Nylon and Steel-String Guitars. The 22 resident sounds are arranged into 60 preset programs, all available at the *touch of a button* with 16-voice polyphony. And with more ROM expansion sockets, there's room to grow!

Programmability

The extensive programmability of the Kurzweil 150 allows you virtually limitless customization of each of the preset sounds. You can also program effects, controllers and global parameters. For example, you can split your keyboard into three regions, with up to seven layers of sound in each. And you can timbre shift,™ tune, transpose or balance each sound layer.

Programmable effects include vibrato, pitch bend, chorus and 8-band graphic equalization—applied to each program. Even Polyphonic Pressure Sensitivity. You can assign virtually any parameter to any slider, button or wheel. And you can choose global parameter changes, such as note-by-note microtonal pitch adjustments within an octave. And once your parameters are set, store them permanently in the Kurzweil 150's non-volatile memory. The possibilities are limitless!

MIDI

Of course the Kurzweil 150 offers full MIDI implementation. With OMNI, POLY and MULTI modes, the Kurzweil 150 will be a leading component in your MIDI setup . . . And for only $2,995.*

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The MIDIBOARD's 88-key weighted wooden keyboard has the feel and velocity sensitivity of a concert grand piano. Dedicated sliders adjust the keyboard's touch, attack, release, pressure and retrigger sensitivity, enabling you to fine-tune the MIDIBOARD's feel to your own playing style.

The MIDIBOARD lets you set up and control up to eight MIDI instruments with the touch of a button. And you can easily change any of the 42 operating parameters which describe how the MIDIBOARD controls any given instrument. YOU assign what controls what—so each of the MIDIBOARD's controls is where you want it, when you want it. And once your parameters are set, you can save up to 99 of your setups in the MIDIBOARD's non-volatile memory.

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goes on over a bright color and then shrinks away to let the undercolor burn through. Savage stuff.

And you gotta love this story. Gibson closes its Kalamazoo, Michigan plant where many of its greatest instruments were made and consolidates in Nashville. What do all those workers do? They don't take it lying down, hell they start their own company. **Heritage Guitars** is run by all those same people who ran the Gibson production line in the 60s, and their guitars clearly show it. They do a lot of custom work, and will build whatever you want, but their standard-issue Les Paul, with cut-down body weight to eliminate bad posture, is plenty fine. Appropriate to its America-first predilections, Heritage also offers a complete range of patriotic inlays like flags, eagles, the Statue of Liberty and the space shuttle (not many orders for that one, I suspect).

Hartley Peavey has an even better America-first program, though. He opened a plant in England to sell his products to the Europeans, a virtual one-company crusade against the U.S. trade deficit. Robert E. Lee would be proud.

That wasn't all we saw in Chicago, but it's all I've got room for this month. Having been wide-awake for four exciting, equipment-packed days, I gotta sleep sometime y'know. M

ZAPPA from page 30

ifies as a good bass player. Vinnie Colaiuta and Terry Bozzio were legendary auditioners. Arthur Barrow was. They're easy to spot. You just have to wait and wait and when you hear the right guy, he sticks out like a sore thumb. Arthur Barrow walked in and played "St. Alphonso's Breakfast" on the bass and then topped it off by knowing seventy-five percent of the songs I ever recorded. He was genuinely interested in playing that music. He's now working with Giorgio Moroder.

Colaiuta was amazing. I'd say "play this, play that." Whatever it was, he could play it. "Thirteen in one hand, eleven with the other, do something else with your feet," and liking it and being natural about it. For polyrhythms, I've never seen anybody who had that kind of animal grasp of what polyrhythms are supposed to sound like. It's unfortunate that he wound up doing studio stuff where he doesn't get a chance to be the maniac that he truly is.

They're out there, I know there are fabulous musicians out there. I'm talking about people who love music and would rather do music than anything else—truly devoted. Unfortunately, not all of them look good enough for MTV, so they are going to have trouble with a record contract anyplace. The record industry is too tied to the visual medium. Eventually they're going to find out that they've hoisted themselves by their own petard, because by tying their product to the visual medium, they've tied their asses to MTV and are neglecting the bulk of the American consumers who like music. You're not listening anymore, guys.

MUSICIAN: *So obviously you're not leaping feet-first into the video realm.*

ZAPPA: I've already made one. I'll tell you what: Take a look at *200 Motels* from 1971. You will see that all of the theory of doing a video—in other words the cross between the visualization of the lyrics of the songs intercut with people playing the song—is in *200 Motels.* You should have seen what I went through trying to explain that to United Artists at the time.

Well, just look at how videos get financed. If you're with a record company, the company puts up the money in advance and they take it out of your royalties. They're making you bend over and they keep the rights to the video. What is this?

I did one video in 1980 financed by CBS. I have a foreign distribution deal with them and they wanted to use the video to promote things foreign. So I did a song called "You Are What You Is." I hired a guy like Ronald Reagan and I put him in an electric chair. I also had a black person spewing Pepto Bismol while saying the word "Mercedes Benz," which tended to keep the video off the air.

MUSICIAN: *I can't imagine why.*

ZAPPA: Hah. Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke. No reason why the video shouldn't be done.

MUSICIAN: *"Valley Girl" must have been an unexpected hit for you. Did you have any idea it would take off that way?*

ZAPPA: No, I didn't. I didn't have any idea that "Yellow Snow" would be a hit and neither did anybody at the record company and neither did anybody anywhere. It was totally "how the fuck did this happen?" There are two really good examples that the smartest people at Warner Bros.—completely unprepared for "Yellow Snow"—and CBS—our distributor at the time of "Valley Girl"—neither of them had the slightest hint that this record would go. They all think they know, until you catch them with their pants down; then they don't know shit.

In the case of "Don't Eat The Yellow Snow," it was also an accident. A disc jockey in Pittsburgh on a station that had a policy of playing novelty records of the 60s received the album in the mail, listened to "Yellow Snow," which was ten minutes long and said "My god, it's a modern-day novelty record," cut it down

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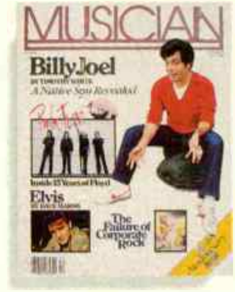

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BONNIE RAITT

STILL TAKIN' HER TIME

BACK ON A RECORD LABEL, BACK ON THE ROAD, THE BURBANK BLUES MAMA DOES IT HER WAY —MOSTLY.

"There were girls out there with backpacks!" It's been seven years since Bonnie Raitt last played Wichita, Kansas, and, frankly, she expected a little more in the way of...er, social progress. Why, god knows. The venue, the Cotillion Ballroom, looks like the next attraction should be Buddy Holly & the Crickets: What appear to be huge Christmas-tree ornaments hang from the domed ceiling. Rafters radiate from the center, making the place resemble the inside of a 1950s UFO. The stage is at one end of the circular structure: l-o-n-g rows of tables are arranged perpendicular to it. Bonnie, I don't think we're in Burbank anymore.

Notwithstanding her incredulous reaction to the crowd, Raitt plays a typically generous set—and the audience responds with a roaring enthusiasm born of landlocked desperation. Raitt and her backing band, Padlock, charge through a survey of her fifteen-year recording career. She belts out bluesy pop in a burnished soprano similar in color to her auburn hair. A moving

BY SCOTT ISLER

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS CUFFARO/VISAGE

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performance of Eric Kaz's "River Of Tears"—dedicated to Richard Manuel, who sang harmony on Raitt's studio recording—opens with her own bottleneck guitar solo. Accompanied only by guitarist Johnny Lee Schell (and later bassist Jim "Hutch" Hutchinson), Raitt turns more traditional, playing the old "race" tunes that first won her renown; on Buffalo Springfield's "For What It's Worth," though, she alters a line to "South Africa, what's going down?" The full band works up to a whomping version of Wilson Pickett's "Three Time Loser," and manages to squeeze in a couple of encores before the eleven o'clock curfew—and a lightning bolt that temporarily plunges the place into near-darkness. It's certainly not obvious that Raitt is recovering from an upset stomach (and worse) occasioned by some very greasy barbeque sampled the previous day in Tulsa. Ah, the road life.

Whether her stomach is in Kansas or some other state, for Raitt there's no place like home on the road. Her touring band is her family, with the considerable advantage that she gets to pick the members; a good sense of humor is as important as technical ability. The current Padlock is an amiable crew, highlighted by keyboard player Ivan Neville (Aaron's son)—at twenty-six the baby of the group, a junk-food junkie and something of a living cartoon character.

> "WARNER BROS. CAME IN AND SAID, 'THIS LITTLE *ARTISTIC CONTROL* BUSINESS ISN'T WORKING.'"

But Raitt, like the old blues song, ain't gonna play no second fiddle. Wichita is the last stop on this first leg of her tour. The next morning, as per the road manager's orders, the band—obviously not used to a.m. hours illuminated by daylight—lounges in the hotel lobby awaiting a lift to the airport and temporary dispersal. Raitt is the last one to show up, perhaps reflecting her statement that "basically, I'm a lazy person."

She's also one of the boys, spearheading a running gag of imaginary groupie sex escapades. Raitt and Schell are flying to Austin, Texas for an appearance at Willie Nelson's Farm Aid benefit. Upon arrival, before hotel check-in they have to go to a Mexican restaurant. The place has paper table coverings and crayons for the artistically inclined. Raitt grabs a crayon and immediately scrawls a phallus. She covers it up when the waiter arrives.

Bonnie Raitt is a walking contradiction. She's a white blues mama who's the daughter of a Broadway musical actor; a bawdy feminist; a partyer with a social conscience. Still self-conscious about her freckles, she won't go out without applying "spackling." The stencilled sign on her equipment case reads *Bonnie Raitt/Fragile*, but don't you believe it. "I have the constitution of an ox. I *look* like an ox," she quips. Raitt quips often. She's an animated, raspy talker, with the polished delivery of a stand-up comic, and can sniff out a double entendre at fifty yards. "I've gotten older and wiser," she remarks, "but I've also gotten a lot funnier."

Her well-developed, sometimes self-deprecating sense of humor is a career necessity. Although she released almost an album a year throughout the 70s, Raitt's new *Nine Lives* is her first since 1982's *Green Light*. In 1983 Warner Bros. Records, her longtime label, dropped her from their roster; in 1986 they picked her up again. The title *Nine Lives* refers to more than Raitt's number of albums.

Not that she hasn't been active these last four years. There are always tours, which Raitt prefers to recording anyway. "It's much more pleasant to a group to get paid to go out and have a party all the time," she says. "I mean, getting onstage and doing that isn't exactly the most unpleasant thing there is. Being in a studio to me is like a term paper." In a throwback to her earliest gigs, she recently toured with only Schell for backup. "There's not that many people that can play (acoustic) guitar and keep an audience for an hour and a half," she boasts. "'Cause we lock the doors."

But seriously, folks: Bonnie Raitt comes from delta country—the delta of Ventura and Golden State Freeways. She was born in Burbank, California thirty-six years ago. Her grandparents were musical; both her parents sing and play piano. Her father, John Raitt, portrayed Curly in an early (1944) touring company of *Oklahoma!* A year later he created the role of swaggering Billy Bigelow in *Carousel*. In the early 50s, the Raitts (now a family of five) relocated to New York for John Raitt's starring role in *The Pajama Game*. After a two-and-a-half-year stint, they shuttled back to Los Angeles for the film version.

The young Bonnie's musical taste was a bit schizoid; she was a member of an Elvis Presley fan club who took Doris Day as a role model. "She made freckles respectable," Raitt says in her defense. Growing up freckled and red-haired, Raitt recalls, "you knew you were different—especially in California, if you couldn't get a tan."

Partly thanks to her older brother's record collection, she picked up on rock 'n' roll and especially rhythm 'n' blues. At eight she started piano lessons and got a cheap acoustic guitar. She didn't take guitar lessons, but soon figured out the basic chords required for folk songs. That same year her parents—both devout Quakers—enrolled her in an upstate New York summer camp run by Quaker friends of theirs. Although hardly a religious summer school, the camp did have Sunday-morning meetings to try to instill moral values. Bonnie returned for the next seven summers, absorbing eastern-liberal pieties (this was the peak of the civil-rights movement) along with the water sports. The soundtrack was Odetta, Peter, Paul and Mary, and Bob Dylan. "Before I knew it," Raitt says, "I became the little camp troubadour."

Her next musical revelation came with a listen to the *Blues At Newport (1963)* compilation; the album included Mississippi John Hurt, John Hammond, John Lee Hooker, and Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee. Raitt was hooked. "I just couldn't get enough of the blues. It's real hard to explain why one person hears the blues and goes crazy, and another person goes off and listens to Barry Manilow. I always liked R&B more than I liked Neil Sedaka and surf music. So it would make sense to me that I would like the blues."

When her father got his last Broadway engagement in *A Joyful Noise* in 1966, the Raitts again pulled up stakes and relocated to the east. For Bonnie that meant switching from a Hollywood high school to a Quaker boarding school in Poughkeepsie, New York—"which was fine with me, 'cause at that point I really couldn't take L.A." Two years later she entered Radcliffe, chosen as much for its high ratio of Harvard boys to female 'Cliffies, as for Cambridge's political/musical scene.

At Radcliffe Raitt got to sample what was left of the folk and

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"I missed the drug culture; I got directly into alcohol."

making me do these records with horns to try to sound like Linda Ronstadt. Which was completely wrong: I helped arrange the horns on *Home Plate* and had a real good time recording it." The album charted considerably higher than any of Raitt's previous records, grazing *Billboard*'s top forty. A year after its release, though, sales were disappointingly small—at 150,000, about the same as Raitt's first LP.

With her sixth album Raitt finally got a single—and struck gold. *Sweet Forgiveness* (again with Rothchild as producer) sold half a million copies propelled by an unlikely version of "Runaway," the Del Shannon oldie. The success couldn't have come at a better time. Raitt's record contract was up for renewal, and the industry was enjoying a boom period. She was set to work with friend and producer Peter Asher, a hot property for his million-selling albums with James Taylor and the dreaded Linda Ronstadt. Columbia Records made her an offer; Warner Bros. matched it. Raitt's good fortune allowed her the luxury of taking time off to devote to political work, notably co-founding the anti-nuke Musicians United For Safe Energy.

The Glow, released toward the end of 1979, was criticized for its apparent commercialism. Raitt refutes any charges that she's been manipulated in the recording studio. [*BR: Insert off-color joke here. – Ed.*] "Each record is something I wanted to do at the time," she maintains, "with the exception of *Street Lights* being a little more arranged. Ironically, everybody thinks *The Glow* was real studio-ized. It was made in a really short period of time with hardly any rehearsal." The album was cut live in the studio; Raitt's vocals are first or second takes.

For that still-elusive hit single, Raitt planned to release her version of Sam & Dave's "I Thank You." Labelmates Z.Z. Top, however, beat her to it. The next choice, "You're Gonna Get What's Coming," garnered a Grammy nomination but little else. *The Glow* ended up "in that no-man's land among my fans. They didn't understand my move to more rock 'n' roll." To Raitt, though, it was "a natural progression." Her albums always blended rockers, R&B, ballads "and some Jackson Browne-type songs." The only ingredient missing from *The Glow* was a dash of "gut blues"—"but how many Sippie Wallace songs can you do?" she asks rhetorically. "I don't feel the need to put a generic blues song on a record just because it says 'Bonnie Raitt' on the cover."

The subsequent *Green Light* was her most rocking album yet. The music reflected the good-timey influence of NRBQ (whose members contributed two of the record's ten cuts) much as *Takin' My Time* reflected Little Feat. Raitt's changing

AX-RAITTED

Bonnie Raitt tends to chose guitars for the shape of their neck "because my hands aren't that large." She primarily plays two Fender Stratocasters. One is a 1963 sunburst that used to belong to Robin Trower. It's been "Schechtered"—retrofitted with the same pickups as an original stock Strat. Until a year and a half ago, according to her production manager Mason Wilkinson, Raitt used D'Arco strings, but now she prefers a GHS set of .011, .015 and .017 plain, and .028, .042 and .052 wound. Her other, natural-finish Strat is for slide work; it has a custom neck reinforced for higher action. On this guitar her strings (also GHS nickel-wounds) are a .013, .016 and .020 plain, .032, .042 and .052 wound. Wilkinson says this slide Strat is from the mid-60s; Raitt thinks it's from around 1960 but doesn't seem overly concerned: "I don't look at serial numbers on a guitar any more than I look at them on men. I keep trying to find out where they're printed!"

For amplification, Raitt insists upon a Jim Kelly amp with a twelve-inch JBL speaker. Her slide guitar goes through an old MXR Sustain pedal; she also has a Boss tuner on a pedalboard.

On the acoustic side, Raitt plays a 1979 or '80 Martin cutaway with a factory bridge pickup. This sometimes goes through a Boss chorus pedal. The strings, either Guild Phosphor Bronzes or Martin Marquis, are .012, .016 and .018 plain, .035, .045 and .056 wound. She also has a 1929 National dobro with a plywood body and fourteen-fret neck. She uses a National thumb pick and clear plastic Dobro picks on her other fingers.

Guitarist **Johnny Lee Schell** usually plays a 1967 sunburst Strat with stock pickups and jumbo frets for a better sustain. His 1967 Gibson Les Paul is still serviceable despite a neck that's broken three times. The humbucker pickup is new. The strings are GHS. Other instruments on call are an early-70s Telecaster with open tuning and no low E-string; and Raitt's own former mainstay, a 1955 Gibson L-75 hollow-body. Schell's amp is a smaller Jim Kelly reverb than Raitt's, non-switchable and with a ten-inch speaker. But Schell stacks it with a MESA/Boogie Mk. III head and single cabinet. An MXR analog delay coupled with a Boss chorus pedal go into the Jim Kelly amp; an Ibanez rack goes into the Boogie. In the keyboard department, **Ivan Neville** (yes, Aaron's son) plays Raitt's Yamaha DX7 MIDI'd to a Roland JX3P. he also has a Korg chorus pedal. **Marty Grebb** has his own DX7 (not MIDI'd) atop a Yamaha CP-80 piano. Grebb's saxes are a King Super 20 alto and King tenor. His delay effect comes from an old Korg tape echo unit plugged into the monitors.

Jim "Hutch" Hutchinson's bass is a graphite-neck 1984 Bass-star by Stars Guitars. It's strung with Ernie Ball Group III roundwounds: .045, .065, .080 and .100. His back-up instrument is a mid-60s Fender Jazz bass. Hutchinson plugs into a new Innovative Audio tube pre-amp, and a Crown DC-300 amp. His two Altec-Lansing custom cabinets house one fifteen-inch speaker apiece. He also has an MXR Phase-90 unit.

Tony Braunagel sits behind a Gretsch natural-finish drum kit with a Ludwig Speed King bass pedal. The kit has Gauger shock-mounted rubber rims, and May-EA system microphones inside the drums—mostly Shure 57s, but an AKG D12 in the bass drum. He has a Ludwig 14 x 5½ Black Beauty snare and a chrome 14 x 6½; three toms—eight-inch, ten-inch and twelve-inch—rack-mounted on a twenty-inch kick; and a sixteen-inch floor tom. Cymbals are Sabians.

On the road, Raitt, Schell and Hutchinson are probably singing into Beyer M-88 microphones. Grebb and Neville have Shure SM57s, with Grebb's sax taking a Shure SM58. Schell's Kelly amp gets an SM57; his Boogie and Raitt's Kelly have Sennheiser 421s.

TERI BLOOM

World Radio History

By Chris Salewicz

Illustration by Patricia Dryden

Tug of *War*

Paul McCartney wants to lay his demons to rest.

"THERE ARE SO MANY MEMORIES THAT COME flooding in," Paul McCartney says. "It's like a psycho session the minute I get on this stuff. It's like I'm on a couch and I'm just trying to purge it all."

The memories are of the Beatles, of course, and the emotions that need purging are the competing guilt and pride the great songwriter feels about his collaborations—personal and musical—with John Lennon. "It *would* just be a maniac," McCartney says of Lennon's death. "It wouldn't be a car accident. I kind of expected to just say, 'He was a saint, he was always a saint, and I loved him as a saint.' But that would be a lie. He was one great guy, but part of his greatness was that he wasn't a saint. He was pretty sacrilegious and pretty up front about it; that was half the fun."

The room in which McCartney spins his "psycho session" is almost immeasurably tasteful. It is on the second floor of the London building from which he directs his activities. The windows overlook the neatly trimmed lawn of Soho Square, filled this afternoon with office workers and winos. There is a forest of deco mahogany woodwork, a de Kooning on the

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wall, and a Wurlitzer jukebox of archetypal splendor.

Wearing fawn moccasins, yellow socks, and a blue and white striped shirt and trousers, McCartney looks in good shape. A week previously I had watched him interviewed for a BBC documentary; his face had seemed pudgy and drawn, attracting your attention to the gray hair that has irrevocably transformed the appearance of the famous moptop. Perhaps on that day, however, he was simply worn out: when you reach forty-four, lack of sleep can wreak a toll on your appearance.

Today, even though he has been in the studio until three in the morning, re-mixing the next single off the new *Press To Play* album, he looks to have lost ten years: you are struck by how clear his skin is, and how alert his eyes.

He seems sensitive to the manner in which some aspects of his good nature are seen now almost as clichés. When the phone rings incessantly in the room (the outside line to the main switchboard having somehow become diverted to it) he graciously asks an assistant to get the telephone company to fix it. "Very diplomatically done," I comment, without any irony. But I have failed to recall how Paul's legendary "diplomacy" was perceived by John Lennon as evidence of his "smarmy" nature. Although he is quite clearly only being considerate to the assistant, my throwaway compliment causes him to visibly tense.

"John felt we were vindictive towards him and Yoko. In fact, I thought we were quite good. Many people would have said, 'Look, man, she's not sitting on *our* amps.' I think John suspected meanness when it wasn't really there."

Part of McCartney's agility as a communicator has frequently been the paradoxical mastery of revealing nothing whatsoever of himself to journalists. This was particularly notable during the interviews he gave for *Give My Regards To Broad Street*, an almost unprecedented barrage of publicity in which it seemed that the more people he spoke to, the less he actually said. But perhaps this was not unconnected with a comprehension of the transparent insubstantiality of the work. "*Broad Street?*" he says now. "You don't stop things just because they're not good; if you've done a bit of work you put it out: I mean, if Picasso's painted a thing...."

Today, however, Paul McCartney is immensely forthcoming. Possibly this in turn is a reflection of the confidence he feels in his new LP, a work that stands almost on a par with *Band On The Run*, his finest solo record, and which in many ways seems to have a direct conduit to post-*Sgt. Pepper* Beatles albums.

The principle strength of the new LP is the quality of the songs, six of which McCartney co-wrote with Eric Stewart, the writer of such 10cc standards as "I'm Not In Love," a song that is almost a parody of a McCartney love ballad. ("It's quite close to my style, that. In fact, I could say it's a McCartney rip-off, but quite close to my style is a more diplomatic way of putting it.") The numbers were written, he says, in the manner in which he would work with John Lennon, sitting side-by-side, watching each other search for appropriate chords.

The interview has a relaxed, conversational tone, with no sense of formally structured questions and answers. In the cold light of print, however, his replies occasionally seem almost petty in their self-justification, a curious consequence considering that such an emphasis is completely absent when Paul is delivering the words to you in person.

"When people come to interview me," he says, "they come with a clipboard and it's not full of questions—it's full of 'facts.' They just go to the files and look it up. That's how I've become known as *the one who broke up the Beatles*. That's how Willie Russell wrote his play [*John, Paul, George, Ringo...and Bert*]. I rung Willie up. I said, 'Wait a minute, man. John broke us up! Don't you want the real story? How did you get your info?' And he said, 'I got it from the newspapers.' So the problem for me is that it's kind of been historically cemented in place with movies and na-na-na. I have go to work a bit at correcting that. 'Cause I don't want it to go down like that. I want people to get a slightly more balanced view."

MUSICIAN: *You've been in the studio all night re-mixing tracks from the new album for single release. How do you feel about the new LP?*

McCARTNEY: I like it. I have a lot of trouble saying, "I think it's great." I wish I was just a fan and I could genuinely like it without seeming wildly immodest. I can't be objective yet. It's going to take me a couple of months. I can just listen to *McCartney 1*; I like that one. This one is growing on me.

MUSICIAN: *So how do you react to criticism?*

McCARTNEY: When I see bad reviews, it'll hurt me. I am giving myself a bit easier time in life these days. I've gone through so much criticism, and not just from critics. From people like John, over so many things, that like a fool I just stood there and said, "Yeah, you might be right." I just accepted that I was to blame for all those things I was said to be the cause of. I'm beginning to see it a bit differently now. I'm beginning to see a lot of what they say is *their* problem, not mine.

John was going through a lot of pain when he said a lot of that stuff. He felt that we were being vindictive towards him and Yoko. In fact, I think we were quite good, looking back on it; many people would've just downed tools in a situation like that, would've just said, "Look man, she's not sitting on *our* amps while we're making a film." That wouldn't be unheard of. Most people would just say, "We're not having this person here, don't care how much you love her."

But we were actually quite supportive. Not supportive enough, you know; it would have been nice to have been really supportive because then we could look back and say, "Weren't we really *terrific*?" But looking back on it, I think we were okay. We were never really that mean to them. But I think a lot of the time John suspected meanness where it wasn't really there.

MUSICIAN: *He was presumably fairly paranoid.*

McCARTNEY: I think so. He warned me off Yoko once: "Look, this is my chick!" Just because he knew my reputation. We knew each other rather well. I just said, "Yeah, no problem." But I did feel he ought to have known I wouldn't. That was John; just a jealous guy. He was a paranoid guy. And he was into drugs...heavy. He was into heroin, the extent of which I hadn't realized till just now.

It's all starting to click a bit in my brain. I just figured, "Oh, there's John, my buddy, and he's turning on me." He once said to me, "Oh they're all on the McCartney bandwagon." Things like that were hurting him, and looking back on it now I just think that it's a bit sad really.

MUSICIAN: *I saw that story in the* Observer *the other week, about the manuscript of the Apple Beatles biography and the vitriolic comments John made in the margins.*

McCARTNEY: I think that shows the sort of pain he was going through. Look, he was a great guy, great sense of humor and I'd do it all again. I'd go through it all again, and have him slagging me off again just because he was so great; those are all the down moments, there was much more pleasure than has really come out. I had a wonderful time, with one of the world's most talented people. We had all that craziness. But if someone took one of your wedding photos and put "funeral" on it, as he did on that manuscript, you'd feel a bit sorry for the guy. I'll tell you

Chris Salewicz is the author of *McCartney: The Definitive Biography*, St. Martin's Press.

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And *another* thing–he was always bumming my ciggies!

what, if I'd ever done that to him, he would've just hit the roof. But I just sat through it all like mild-mannered Clark Kent.

MUSICIAN: *This was hurting you, presumably.*

McCARTNEY: Not half.

MUSICIAN: *When did you actually get a perspective on it?*

McCARTNEY: I still haven't. It's still inside me. John was lucky. He got all his hurt out. I'm a different sort of a personality. There's still a lot inside me that's trying to work it out. And that's why it's good to see that wedding/funeral bit, because I started to think, "Wait a minute, this is someone who's going over the top. This is paranoia manifesting itself." And so my feeling is just like it was at the time: He's my buddy, I don't really want to do anything to hurt him, or his memory, or anything. I don't want to hurt Yoko. But, at the same time, it doesn't mean that I understand what went down.

I went at Yoko's request to New York recently. She said she wanted to see me, so I stopped off and rang her, and she said she couldn't see me that day. I was four hundred yards away from her. I said, "Well, I'll pop over any time today; five minutes, ten minutes, whenever you can squeeze me in." She said, "It's going to be very difficult." I said, "Well, okay, I understand; what is the reason by the way?" She said, "I was up all night with Sean." I said, "Well, I understand that. I've got four kids, you know. But you're bound to have a minute today, *sometime*."

She asked me to come. I'd flown in specially to see her, and she wouldn't even see me. So I felt a little humiliated, but I said, "Okay 9:30 tomorrow morning, let's make an appointment." She rang up at about 9:00 and said, "Could you make it tomorrow morning?"

So that's the kind of thing. I'm beginning to think it wasn't all my fault. I'm beginning to let myself off a lot of the guilt. I always felt guilty but looking back on it I can say okay, let's try and outline some things. John was hurt; what was he hurt by? What is the single biggest thing that we can find in all our research that hurt John? And the biggest thing that I can find is that I told the world that the Beatles were finished. I don't think that's so hurtful. I know he said it was for publicity for my album, but I don't even think *that's* hurtful. Big deal! We waited four months after the group broke up and then I announced it.

I'll tell you what was unfortunate was the method of announcing it all. I said to the guy at the office, Peter Brown, of book fame, "I've got an album coming out called *McCartney*. And I don't really want to see too much press. Can you do me some question-and-answer things?"

So he sent all those questions over and I answered them all.

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EYE OF THE ZOMBIE

JOHN FOGERTY

The New Album

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much else.

MUSICIAN: *George was supposed to have resented you for always getting on his back.*

McCARTNEY: He did resent it. On *Abbey Road* I was beginning to get too producery for everyone. George Martin was the actual producer and I was beginning to be too definite. George and Ringo turned around and said, "Look, piss off! We're grown-ups and we can do it without you fine." For people like me who don't realize when they're being very overbearing, it comes as a great surprise to be told.

So I completely clammed up and backed off; "Right, okay, they're right, I'm a turd." So a day or so went by and the session started to flag a bit and eventually Ringo turned round to me and said, "Come on...*produce*!" You couldn't have it both ways. You either had to have me doing what I did, which, let's face it, I hadn't done too bad, or I was going to back off and become paranoid myself, which was what happened.

A lot of Wings was to do with that I'd been told that I was so overbearing. If the guitarists in Wings wanted to play a solo a certain way, I wouldn't dare tell them that it wasn't good.

The other example that really pissed George off was when we were making "Hey Jude" and he was answering every line through the whole song! I just said, "No man, I really don't want that, it's my song." The rule was whosever song it was got to say how we did the arrangement for it.

"I was the first one in the group on coke. I knew the time was up when Jim Webb—'Up-Up And Away'—offered me a toot. I thought, 'Hello, this is getting too popular!'"

That pissed him off, and I'm sure it pissed Ringo off when he couldn't quite get the drums to "Back In The U.S.S.R.," and I sat in. It's very weird to know that you can do a thing someone else is having trouble with. If you go down and do it, just bluff right through it, you think, "What the hell—at least I'm helping." Then the paranoia comes in: "But I'm going to show him up!" I was very sensitive to that. I remember sitting for hours thinking, "Should I say this thing?" In the end it always came down to "You should have said something." So it's very hard to balance that. In the end I have to say that sometimes I was overbearing and sometimes they liked it.

MUSICIAN: *Do you have much to do with them now?*

McCARTNEY: I'm just starting to get back with them. It's all business troubles. If we don't talk about Apple then we get on like a house on fire. So I've just started to see them again. I had a great day the other day when George came down to visit me and for the first time in billions of years we had a really nice time. George was my original mate in the Beatles.

MUSICIAN: *More than John?*

McCARTNEY: He lived near me in Upton Green and I lived in Ardwick Road, half a mile away, so we took the same bus to the same school, and then we got guitars at about the same time. We went through the Bert Weedon books and learned D and A together and we were quite big buddies then. That was something I'd missed for all these years. We'd got all professional and Beatles and everything, and you lose that, obviously. He just came down the other day and we didn't talk about Apple and we didn't touch an instrument. It was just back as mates, like on the bus. He's very into trees and planting and horticulture, as I am more now, and so we talked about planting trees. It was great to actually relate as two people and try and get all that crap out the window.

MUSICIAN: *He seems to be emerging more now anyway.*

McCARTNEY: We're all kind of coming to. We all brushed off this whole Beatles episode and sort of said, "Well, it's no big deal." Obviously it's a big deal! It was a *huge* deal! If there ever was a big deal, that was it! So I don't think half of us know what happened to us really. I can never tell you what year anything was; literally the years all go into a haze for me. I keep seeing pictures of myself shaking hands with Mitzi Gaynor and I think, "I didn't know I met her." It's that vague. And yet I look as straight as a die in there.

MUSICIAN: *Were you on speed or something?*

McCARTNEY: I don't think so. I think it was just that life was speeding; you just met Mitzi Gaynor for five minutes and then you'd go and meet Jerry Lewis' kids. It becomes very difficult after a while to know if you met fifty of them. I keep seeing weird photos of me with people that I didn't even know I'd met. It's embarrassing. Bowie's got that problem too; he's got huge periods of his life where he just does not know what happened.

MUSICIAN: *When the money started to come in, were you aware of that or were you just living your life and you'd hear suddenly you were worth so much?*

McCARTNEY: We used to ask them, "Am I a millionaire yet?" and they used to say cryptic things like "On paper you are." We'd say, "Well, what does that mean? Am I or aren't I? Are there more than a million of those green things in my bank yet?" And they'd say, "Well, it's not actually in a *bank*...we *think* you are." It was actually very difficult to get anything out of them. The accountants never made you feel successful.

We had the whole top five in America and I decided I wanted to buy a country house. I wasn't asking for the world. In those days it would have cost about £30,000 top. So I went to the accountants and they said, "You'll have to get a mortgage." I said, "What do you mean, *mortgage*? Aren't we doing well yet? We've got the whole top five in the biggest market in the world! There's gotta be some money coming in off that!" They always try and keep you down. So you didn't actually get much of a feeling of being very rich. The first time I actually saw checks was when I left Apple, and it wasn't me that saw them, it was Linda, because we'd co-written a few of our early things.

MUSICIAN: *There are lots of stories about you and money. Miles, once the editor of* International Times, *who was a friend of yours in the mid-60s, told me about finding your MBE and a bunch of £20 notes stuffed into a sock drawer in your bedroom at the Asher house.*

McCARTNEY: Yeah, I've heard that story too. I never remember actually having a wad of money like that. Still, it was nice of him not to nick it anyway, wasn't it? I did know Miles very well. He was my mate. We had many a wondrous stoned evening in his place listening to all sorts of stuff.

That was another of the interesting things. I think that I've got a certain personality and if I give charity I don't like to shout about it. If I get into avant-garde stuff, I don't particularly shout about that either. I just get on with it. So way before John met Yoko and got avant-garde, I was the avant-garde London bachelor with Miles in my pad in St. John's Wood. I was making 8mm movies and showing them to Antonioni. I had all sorts of theories of music—we'd put on a Ravi Shankar record to our home movies and it'd synchronize. John used to come down from Weybridge, looking slightly goofy and saying, "Wow! This is *great*! We should do *more* of this!"

I used to do a lot of that, but it never really came out. When John went avant-garde you knew about it! He just had enthusiasm for whatever he was doing. I'm not as upfront as John was. I'm a different personality.

I used to sit in a basement in Montague Square with William Burroughs and a couple of gay guys he knew from Morocco and that Marianne Faithfull-John Dunbar crowd doing little tapes, crazy stuff with guitar and cello. But it didn't occur to me to rave about William Burroughs in the next *NME* interview I did.

World Radio History

"The worst part of Live Aid was watching it on television after": Paul carrying on with a dead mike.

DAVE PLASTIK/RETNA

Maybe it would have been good for me to do that.

Yoko met me before she met John. You won't hear that from them, 'cause they're Scott & Zelda. They want the story just how they put it out. She turned up for a charity thing. She wanted manuscripts. any spare lyric sheets you had around. Ours tended to be on the backs of envelopes and to tell you the truth, I didn't want to give her any. They were very precious to me and the cause didn't seem so great. So I said, "Look, my mate might be interested," and I gave her John's address. I think that's how they first hooked up, and then she had her exhibition, and then their side of the story started to happen.

I feel as though I have to justify living, you know, which is a bit of a piss-off. I don't really want to have to sit around and justify myself; it's a bit humiliating. But there are lots of things that haven't come out. For instance, when John and Yoko busted up their marriage, she came through London. He was in L.A. doing *Pussy Cats* with Nilsson and having a generally crazy time of it all, fighting with photographers and haranguing the Smothers Brothers, all because he genuinely loved Yoko and they had a very deep, strong relationship. But they were into all sorts of crazy stuff, stuff I don't know the half of. A lot of people don't know the half of that. Hints of it keep coming out in books but you never know if you can believe them....

MUSICIAN: *You mean occultism?*

McCARTNEY: All sorts. I certainly did get a postcard from Yoko saying, "Go round the world in a southeasterly direction. It'd be good for you. You're allowed to stop at four places."

George Martin got one of those and he sort of said, "Would it be alright if I go to Montserrat?" and she said, "No." Actually, John did the voyage. John went in a southeasterly direction around the world, but we all kind of went, "Sure, sure we'll go 'round the southeast."

Linda and me came over for dinner once and John said, "You fancy getting the trepanning thing done?" I said, "Well, what is it?" He said, "You kind of have a hole bored in your skull and it relieves the pressure." We're sitting at dinner and this is seriously being *offered*! Now this wasn't a joke, this was like, "Let's go next week, we know a guy who can do it and maybe we could all go together." So I said, "Look, you go and have it done, and if it works, great. Tell us all about it and we'll all have it." But I'm afraid I've always been a little bit cynical about stuff like that—thank God!—because I think that there's so much crap that you've got to be careful of. But John was more open to things like that.

Anyway, I was telling you about the marriage break-up thing. Yoko came through London and visited us, which was very nice. Linda and I were living in this big old house in St. John's Wood. She came by and we started talking, and obviously the important subject for us is, "What's happened? You've broken up then? I mean, you're here and he's there." She was very nice and confided in us, but she was being very strong about it. She said, "No, he's got to *work* his way back." Which was good. She would have been mad to just go and prostrate herself at his feet.

I said, "Well look, do you still love him?" and she said, "Yes." So I said, "Well, would you think it was an intrusion if I said to him, 'Look, man, she loves you and there's a way to get back'"—sounds like a Beatles song. I said "Would that be okay? I'd like to be the mediator in this because the two of you obviously have something pretty strong going." She said she didn't mind and we went out to visit him in L.A. in that house where all the crazy things went on. I took him into the back room and said, "This girl of yours, she really still loves you. Do you love her?" And he said he did but he didn't know what to do. So I said, "You're going to have to work your little ass off, man. You have to get back to New York, you have to take a separate flat, you have to send her roses every fucking day, you have to work at it like a bitch! Then you just might get her back." And he did. But you won't hear that because then I'm in the story. I mean, if you hear it from John's point of view, it'll just be that he spoke to Yoko on the phone and she said to him, "Come back."

MUSICIAN: *Was it the kind of thing where there are two blokes who are good mates and one of them finds a girl and then the friendship breaks up?*

McCARTNEY: "Wedding Bells" is what it was. "Wedding bells

World Radio History

The Thin Man becomes a Fat Boy

. . . or how a Mirage Digital Multi-Sampler can make your DX-7* Deluxe

The DX-7 is a marvelous machine, but quite a few of you think it could use a little fattening up. DX sounds are punchy and crisp, but a tad on the thin side. Not to worry. With a Mirage Digital Multi-Sampler and a MIDI cable, you can change all that.

While the DX uses operators, algorithms and sine waves to create its sonic personality, the Mirage uses multi-sampled waveforms of actual acoustic instruments for sounds with acoustic richness and character. Just connect the MIDI Out of the DX-7 to the MIDI In of the Mirage, power up your system, and turn yourself on to the hottest performance set-up going.

Partners in Crime

If killer sounds will help you steal the show, the DX and the Mirage are perfect partners in crime. There are over 100,000 sound combinations among the available DX and Mirage sounds. Rather than list them all, here are a few favorites.

Dualing pianos. DX and Mirage keyboard sounds complement each other perfectly. The electric piano sounds in particular combine the synth punch of the DX with the realistic timbre and dynamics of the Mirage. In fact, any synthesized sound takes on a new dimension when combined with the sampled acoustic counterpart. Strings, brass, mallets and fretted sounds take on a new personality when doubled on the Mirage.

Mirage sounds + DX sounds . . . over 100,000 combinations

The bells are stringing. The impressive bell sounds of the DX come alive with orchestral richness when combined with the Mirage string sounds from Ensoniq Sound Library Diskette 3. Depending on how you balance the levels, the effect can be either subtle or startling. While you've got the strings loaded into the Mirage, try some of the DX synth bass sounds (especially percussive variations) and hear how well the strings support the bass.

Digital Doo-wop. The "Tah" and "Doo" vocal samples from diskette 17 add new life to many of the old standby DX sounds. Try the "Tah" and DX brass sounds together. Use the "Doo" with the caliope. The human voices add a jazzy sophistication to even clichéd patches.

The Special Effects Department

With pitch and mod wheels, velocity sensitivity, after touch, breath controller and pedals, the DX is among the most expressive synths. If the truth be known, the new Mirage operating system (version 3.0 and up) was developed specifically to take advantage of these DX features.

Through the magic of MIDI, the DX and the Mirage can be configured many different ways. For instance, you can modulate the Mirage LFO from either the DX mod wheel, breath controller, foot pedal controller, volume pedal, after touch or even the data entry slider. And all independently of how you are controlling your DX.

So you can use after touch to modulate a DX string sound while using the DX mod wheel to control vibrato of the Mirage sampled strings

The Mirage has the ability to vary the mix between the two oscillators of each voice. The solo rock guitar sound on diskette 6, for instance, has a heavy guitar sound on one oscillator and a harmonic feedback sound on the other. You can vary this mix with any of the DX control functions. A favorite of Mirage/DX players is to use the DX after touch to control the mix. Playing the keyboard normally gives you that "wide-open-through-a-couple-of-stacks" sound, and pressing extra hard will bring in the feedback. A little practice with the pitch and mod wheels will earn you a convincing guitar technique.

Remote Territory

Changing sounds and programs on the Mirage is simply a matter of pressing a few buttons, but if you want to rack mount your Mirage you can just as easily change sounds and programs right from your DX over MIDI. Pressing one button on the DX can change your entire set-up from a sweet string background to a sizzling solo sound on both the Mirage and DX.

Just 11 pounds of Mirage can make your lean DX a fat boy

A Marriage made in Malvern

The Mirage/DX partnership is a natural. Although the instruments are designed and built on opposite sides of the globe, they go together like hot dogs and mustard (or sushi and soy sauce). If you own a DX-7, bring it down to your authorized Ensoniq dealer and let it spend some time getting friendly with a Mirage Digital Multi-Sampler.

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World Radio History

are breaking up that old gang of mine." We used to sing that song. It was like an army song and for us the Beatles became the army. We always knew that one day "Wedding Bells" would come true, and that was when it did.

Trouble is, in trying to set the record straight I don't want to blame John. I did this thing recently with Hunter Davies and they pulled out the one line, "John could be a maneuvering swine." Well, I still stick to that, but I'd better not say it to the *Sun* because I'm just going to get hauled over the coals again.

I'll tell you exactly why I said that. We had a business meeting to break up the Beatles, one of the famous ones that we'd been having—we're *still* having them seventeen years later, actually. We all flew in to New York specially and were at the Plaza for the big final settlement meeting. John was half a mile away at the Dakota and he sent a balloon over with a note that said, "Listen to this balloon."

Around the same time at another meeting we had it all settled, and John asked for an extra million pounds at the last minute. So of course that meeting blew up in disarray. Later, when we got a bit friendlier—and from time to time there would be these little stepping-stones of friendship in the Apple sea—I asked him why he'd actually wanted that million and he said, "I just wanted cards to play with." It's absolutely standard business practice. He wanted a couple of jacks to up your pair of nines.

MUSICIAN: *You got an awful lot of shit for saying "It's a drag" after he'd been killed.*

McCARTNEY: Yeah. I think why some politicians are so successful is that they have a little bleeper box in their heads and before they say something they run things through and they can see it as a headline. If it doesn't look good they edit it. I have that sometimes, but in moments like that all my bleepers go out the window.

"George came down the other day and we didn't talk about Apple or touch an instrument. We talked about planting trees. It was great to relate as two people and get all that crap out the window."

I wasn't going to stay at home watching the television news. George Martin rang up to ask if I wanted to cancel the session and I said, "No way, I've got to work through this day." We worked on a track called "Rain Clouds." Paddy [Moloney], the aeolian pipesman of the Chieftains, worked on that. He was the right sort of character to see that day, cause Paddy's like a leprechaun. It was nice to have a sort of magic person around. It was as if he was a sort of guru sent to help that day out. So we just sort of beavered on, and without meaning to, people would make jokes. "We'll do the film next week, we'll shoot it." And the minute you heard the word "shoot" you kind of went, "Huuuh urh." Everytime you spoke you seemed to say "shoot" or "kill me" or all these terrible things. Eventually I thought, "I've got to go home now, there's no more work to be done." And as I came out of the place somebody stuck the proverbial microphone in the window of the car, which I'm mad enough to have open because you see, I'm quite outgoing and I was telling the fans, "Thank you," "It's alright." But, anyway, I said, "It's a *dra-a-ag.*" If I could've I might've just lengthened that word "drag" for about a thousand years, to get the full meaning.

By the time the editors got to it I'm just one of a million punters making a comment: "McCartney was asked by our reporter in downtown London last night at nine o'clock his feelings on hearing of the death of his dear friend. His answer was, 'It's a drag.' Hey ho! On other matters, in the Philippines." And people hearing it said, "It's a *drag*? That's what he *said*?"

Hunter Davies was on television that night, giving a very reasoned account of John. All the puppets sprang right up there. I thought it was well tasteless. Jesus Christ, ready with the answers, aren't we? Aren't we just ready with a summary? Mind you, Hunter had admitted to us years ago that he already had our obituaries written. They're on file at the *Times* and they just update them, which is chilling to learn. So obviously he just pulled out his obituary for John and went to it.

The question is, which is the more sensitive: my thing or his thing? He was the one I rang up about "maneuvering swine" too, so it shows what a buddy he is, he immediately put it in print.

That incident reminded me of John saying, "We're bigger than Jesus," which was a Maureen Cleave article for the *Evening Standard.* John and Maureen were good friends and in that context it was actually John saying to the church, "Hey, wake up! We're bigger than you." He meant that the church congregations were in decline.

But you take it out of context, you send it to Selma, Alabama, you put it on the front page and you've got little eleven-year-olds thumping on your coach window saying, "Blasphemer! Devil worshipper!" I'll never forget the sight of a little blond kid trying to get to us, and he would have done it, if he'd have got to us. I mean, at eleven, what does this kid know of life and religion or anything? He'd just been whipped up.

It's like Philip Norman's book *Shout.* It's shameful the way it says that George spent the whole of his career holding a plectrum waiting for a solo. To dismiss George like that is just stupid, nothing less. George was a major influence musically. The only thing I'm thankful for is that now the truth is starting to come out, and when I see that "wedding" changed to "funeral," I start to realize that it was John's problem, not mine.

MUSICIAN: *What was his problem, do you think?*

McCARTNEY: Heroin, a slight problem.

MUSICIAN: *When did you know he was doing heroin?*

McCARTNEY: When he was living in Montague Square with Yoko after he'd split up with Cynthia. He never actually told us, no one ever actually saw him take it, but we heard. I was very lucky to miss that whole scene. I was the first one on coke in the group, which horrified the whole group, and I just thought, "No sweat." The minute I stopped, the whole record industry got into it and has never stopped since. I knew the time was up when I saw Jim Webb—"Up Up and Away"—offering me a toot. I thought, "Hello, this is getting way too popular."

MUSICIAN: *When was this that you were doing it?*

McCARTNEY: In L.A. It was *Sgt. Pepper* time, it was my circle of friends; the William Burroughs, the Robert Frasers, the Rolling Stones crowd, and we'd use it to wake up after the pot. But that was quite short-lived and I hated it. I soon got the message that it was a big downer. There's a story that sums up all that drugs thing. When I went out to L.A. at the time of that *Pussy Cats* album I was offered angel dust. I said, "What is it?" and they said, "It's an elephant tranquilizer." I said to the guy, "Is it fun?" He thought for a moment and said, "No, it's not fun." So I said, "Okay, I won't have any then." That sums it up, you know. You had *anything* man, even if it wasn't fun! You sort of had to do it—peer pressure. I was given a lot of stick for being the last one to take acid. Now I wish I'd held out, in a way, although it was the times. I don't really regret anything, actually. I remember John going on *Old Grey Whistle Test* and saying, "Paul only took it four times! We all took it twenty times!!" It was as if you'd scored points....

MUSICIAN: *Real twenty-pints-a-night-stuff, isn't it?*

McCARTNEY: It really is! That's it, exactly! Very Northern. It's the same thing. If you get it right with one crowd of people,

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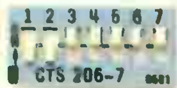

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it's wrong with another crowd, so you can't win. But it was great times and I really don't regret it. I love a lot of what we did; we had screwed-up moments too, but who doesn't?

Like Geldof—there's this guy who does great stuff, but that doesn't mean that he's a saint. In fact it's often the opposite with these people; it just means that they've got Go Power.

I love the story where they finished the *USA For Africa* record and Geldof is buzzing, and Michael Jackson and his family were all having a light meal at about three in the morning. They're all devout Jehovah's Witnesses and they were all sitting there and Bob walks in and says, "You lot fucking *disgust* me!!" The jaws just drop.

He didn't make himself too wildly popular. I think that's why he got a bit elbowed in the States. They never mention him. It's the American guy they always mention, I don't even know what his name is. Ken something. They all thank him. They never say, "And by the way, he got the idea off this mad Irish bog bandit."

MUSICIAN: *How did you feel at Live Aid? The first time you'd been on stage for ages and it all went wrong.*

McCARTNEY: When the mike went I felt very strange. It was very loosely organized and I turned up not knowing quite what was expected of me, other than that I had to do "Let It Be." So I sat down at the piano, looked around for a cue to go, there was just one roadie, and I looked at him for a signal. I started and the monitor was off and I thought, "No sweat, this is BBC, this is world television, someone's bound to have a feed, it's just that my monitor's off."

Then I wondered if the audience could hear, because I knew some of the words of "Let It Be" were kind of relevant to what we were doing. Anyway, I thought, "This is okay, they can hear me, they're singing along."

I just had to keep going, so it was very embarrassing. The terrible thing was that in the middle I heard the roadies come through on the monitor, shouting "*No, this plug doesn't go here*!" I thought, "Hello, we have problems!" The worst moment was watching it on telly later.

The event itself was so great. It wasn't for my ego. It was for people who are dying and it raised over £50 million, and so it was like having been at the battle of Agincourt. It's something you'll tell your grandchildren about.

MUSICIAN: *That's your mother invoked in "Let It Be," isn't it?*

McCARTNEY: Yeah. I had a lot of bad times in the 60s. We used to lie in bed and wonder what was going on and feel quite paranoid. Probably all the drugs. I had a dream one night about my mother. She died when I was fourteen so I hadn't really heard from her in quite a while, and it was very good. It gave me some strength. In my darkest hour, Mother Mary comes to me. I get dreams with John in, and my Dad. It's very nice because you meet them again. It's wondrous, it's like magic. Of course, you're not meeting them. You're meeting yourself, or whatever....

MUSICIAN: *What about "Lady Madonna"?*

McCARTNEY: Lady Madonna's all women. How do they do it?—bless 'em—it's that one, you know. Baby at your breast, how do they get the time to feed them? Where do you get the money? How do you do this thing that women do?

MUSICIAN: *Was it very traumatic when your mother died?*

McCARTNEY: Yeah, but I'm a bit of a cover-up. People like me don't find it easy to have public grief. But that was one of the things that brought John and me very close together. We'd both lost our mothers. It was never really spoken about much; no one really spoke about anything real. There was a famous expression: "Don't get real on me, man."

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MUSICIAN: *How did you feel about all the stick Linda got?*

McCARTNEY: I feel sorry for her. She got a lot of stick, more than we admit to. It made us stronger, really; the thing I'm beginning to understand now was that we were just two people who liked each other and found a lot in common and fell in love, got married and found that we liked it. To the world, of course, she was the girl that Paul McCartney married, and she was a divorcee, which didn't seem right. People preferred Jane Asher. Jane Asher fitted. She was a better Fergie. Linda wasn't a very good Fergie for me and people generally tended to disapprove of me marrying a divorcee and an American. That wasn't too clever. None of that made a blind bit of difference; I actually just liked her, I still do and that's all it's to do with. I mean, we got married in the craziest clothes when I look back on it. We didn't bother to buy her a decent outfit. I can see it all now; why people were amazed that I'd put her in the group. At the time it didn't seem the least bit unusual. But I even had quotes from Jagger saying, "Oh, he's got his old lady up on stage, man."

A lot of people give her stick for playing with one finger, but as a matter of fact the Moogs in those days were not polyphonic. You can only play them with one finger; you can play them with five if you like, but only one's gonna register. And by the time she did the '76 tour with Wings, she was well good at stuff and actually I was quite surprised. I mean, she was holding down the keyboard job with one of the big bands in the world. From knowing nothing! I mean, the balls of the girl!

But along with the public condemnation, there were always millions of people who liked her. Our shows always did okay, and our records occasionally did okay. Occasionally we'd have a whopper burger that'd suddenly make it worthwhile. Then we'd have our big whopper failures, but as long as you measure them against your successes, it's alright.

MUSICIAN: *How do you feel about the Wings output?*

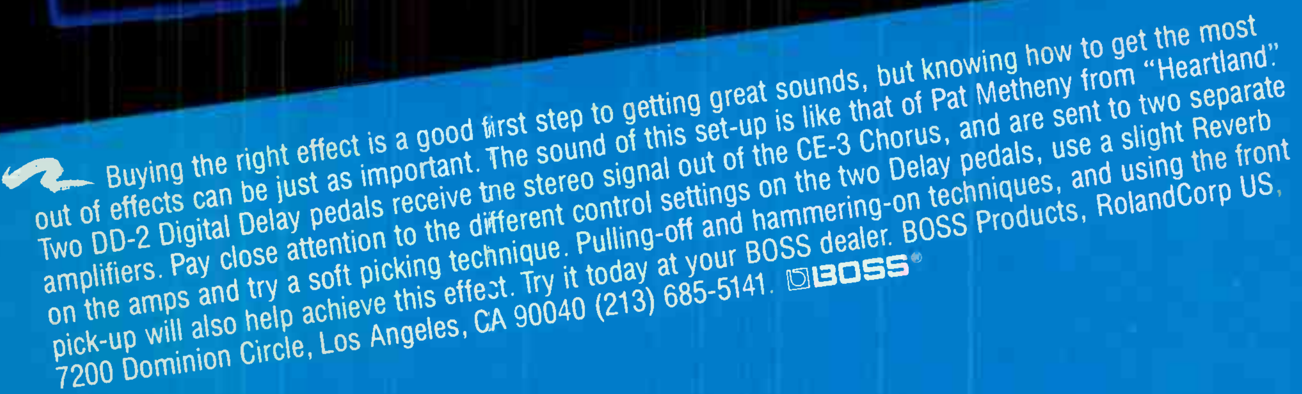
McCARTNEY: I was never very happy with the whole thing but I'm actually starting to think that it was a bit churlish of me, because I'm meeting a lot of people now who had a completely different perception of the whole thing. I met a nurse recently who was a Wings *fan*! I mean, forget *me*, forget the *Beatles*; she was an actual die-hard Wings fan. I didn't think they existed.

A lot of the younger people coming up didn't really know the Beatles history. There are people who don't know what *Sgt. Pepper* was. We find it a bit difficult to understand. It's like not knowing what *War And Peace* is. So it's okay. I was never very pleased with the whole thing, but I'm warming to it now. I'm starting to look at it through my own eyes, and saying, "Wait a minute. What did we do? Where did we go wrong?" Most people would give their right arm for the Wings career, to have hits as big as "Mull Of Kintyre," "My Love," "Band On The Run," "Maybe I'm Amazed."

MUSICIAN: *But it came to an end when you were busted in Japan. How did that happen?*

McCARTNEY: It happened we got some good grass in America and no one could face putting it down the toilet. It was an absolutely crazy move. We knew we weren't going to get any in Japan. Anybody else would have given it to their roadies but I didn't want them to take the rap. It was lying on top of the bloody suitcase. I'll never forget the guy's face as he pulled it out. He almost put it back. He just did not want the embarrassment. But it's a hysterical subject and I'd prefer to skirt 'round it these days, because I don't want any of the pressures that go with it, so I'm telling everyone, "Stay clean, be cool."

I'm pretty straight. I know what crazy is.



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MEGA WOMAN CONQUERS THE WORLD

QUEEN TINA DOES NOT WANT ANY MORE POP, FUNK, REGGAE OR SOUL QUEEN TINA WANTS TO ROCK 'N' ROLL

It is the day of the latest Royal Wedding, which seems to occasion more attention from fawning American TV correspondents than their British counterparts. Unless one happens to be lining the parade route, the most telling sign that pageantry's afoot is the unusual number of drunks clutching Union Jacks as they stumble from pub to pub. Events are considerably more serene in the plush garden districts west of Hyde Park, where a very different sort of Queen is enjoying temporary residence.

She is your typical black, beautiful, Buddhist, forty-seven-year-old rock superstar. She is an ex-wife whose marriage could have inspired Dante to find the tenth circle of hell. After singing and recording for over thirty years, she made her first solo album; *Private Dancer* sold over fifteen million copies. The making of her new one, *Break Every Rule*, includes contributions of varying degree from Mark Knopfler, David Bowie, Terry Britten, Bryan Adams, Rupert Hine, Phil Collins, Eric Clapton, Steve Win-

BY MARK ROWLAND

PAUL COX/LFI

World Radio History

wood, Branford Marsalis and Paul Brady, among others, and none of them had to be asked twice. She does not carry her American Express card for purposes of identification. She is, of course, Tina Turner: the singer as auteur.

Tina's dressed simply but fashionably, little jewelry and less makeup, and there's not a line in her face. Relaxing with soup and veggies in this enormous sitting room, with its skylight and stained glass windows, its splendorous staircase and grand piano, she exudes the composure of a woman in her element, an ocean and several cultural vistas removed from the city limits of Nutbush, Tennessee. Music is but one sextant by which she tracks that journey.

"I've always been attracted to music other than R&B and blues," she is saying. "That starts from being a little girl and changing the knob to stations that I liked, to country & and western and some that were sort of pop. Not that most children love the blues that much," she observes. "But as I grew older I covered a lot of pop material, and it always seemed natural to me, like mixing colors. I'm already soulful you see, and my attitude is, if I get a white boy that's not too soulful to play with me, you're gonna get something that's not too overpowering, because he's not so directly tuned in.

"I think that in the earlier days, with Ike's music, we were too close emotionally. He was playing exactly what I was singing, and maybe that's too much for the ear. Great *live*, but to sit and hear it over and over again on a record? At least with my music now, if I'm in certain moods I can actually listen to it. I'll hear 'What's Love Got To Do With It' or 'Let's Stay Together' in a restaurant. But you can't play that older stuff for people in restaurants," she laughs. "They'll never digest their food."

"Now, these English guys," she goes on, "they tell me more about songs I've recorded that I've forgotten, and how it inspired them to start playing. I'm still shocked to hear phrases by the Rolling Stones that sound so black, or Bryan Adams, or even the Beatles, and I wonder where they get it from, and they start telling *me* about blues and R&B! So I think opposites attract. But here I want to say 'rock' rather than 'pop' music. Rock is closer to R&B, but with a different mentality. It's like copying something but 'not exactly.' And that's the borderline I'm on."

She grew up in a time and place when such musical connections were waiting to happen. During the 40s, the area bounding southern Mississippi was the main track of a musical underground railroad, transporting delta blues north and R&B south, country west and western east. Eventually, in Memphis, the freight reached critical mass, detonating in an explosion we now call rock 'n' roll.

Tina sang in church, but soon patterned her approach after more secular stylists—Ray Charles, Jackie Wilson, Little Willie John and especially Sam Cooke, "the only person I ever wanted to sound like. Because I never did like my voice. I've learned to accept it because I've found a few things to do with it," she laughs. "Instead of 'thing' I'll go 'thang' or sing 'oww' or else something that seems to match this silly voice of mine. 'Cause there's nothing I can do about it: I can't sing pretty. 'Till The Real Thing Comes Along' is about as close as I can get, and there I have to relax so much it feels like bathroom singing. You'll never hear me sound like Diana Ross or Barbra Streisand—no way you get a little bird-like vocal out of here."

The best thing about the recognition she received from *Private Dancer,* she suggests, is that it finally forced recognition of herself as primarily a singer, as opposed to a dancer or stage performer, which historically contributed to the more notorious aspects of her reputation. "Now when people say 'I like your singing' I take that as a great compliment, because it means they've accepted my *way* of singing. I mean, it's not always about singing pretty. I can't imagine anyone singing"—here she trills daintily—"'Everybody must get stoned.' It's gotta be, 'evvvvrbudddy!'" she growls in an imitation that would make Dylan blush. "Now *he's* got a style. And that's what it comes down to, now. Tina Turner's got a style."

'Course if Tina had her druthers, she admits, her own LPs would veer considerably harder toward guitar-slashing, head-banging white noise rock 'n' raunch. "And I will do that," she pledges. "*Private Dancer* was not rock, but I made it more that way in concert. I played those songs faster, and raunchier; Terry Britten came to one show and said, 'You turned "What's Love" into a different song.' Yes! I'm hinting to these guys what I want. And this time they came closer. But let's face it, none of these guys are rock 'n' roll producers. Maybe Bryan, and we can say that Mark is closer than Rupert and Terry. But sometimes, when you have a dream, like when I wished for a solo career, you have to wait a bit for that to happen. Am I gonna be a fool now and say, 'Well, if I can't do *all* rock 'n' roll, I just won't have a career'? Right now my audience is the whole world. Do you know what it's like to sing for the *whole world?*"

Well, no.

"And rock is like, minority music: People tend to put it down even when they love it, right? My manager Roger says to me, 'Darling, it's hard to make a rock 'n' roll album—they all have to be good songs.' And that's true. But"—and now Tina's voice has suddenly elevated into the trance-like fervor of the Acid Queen—"I still want to do it. I want to have it in my hands and say, 'Here's all the raunch that they put a label on me for. And I mustered up all the energy of all that was out onstage, and now it's in my hands. Because haven't I covered everybody else's songs and turned *them* into rock 'n' roll? And yes, I will do that. Because I *am* rock 'n' roll."

As quickly as it was summoned, the evangelical storm recedes. Tina Turner sits back in her chair. She smiles sweetly.

"But I can wait."

It's Gonna Work Out *Fine*

It's no secret that England holds a special place in Tina's heart, nor mystery why. Fans here recognized her first solo venture, on Phil Spector's "River Deep Mountain High" as a pop classic, even as it flopped in the States. The Rolling Stones provided the Ike & Tina Turner Revue with a massive and appropriate forum for crossover success by inviting them on tour, and while it's common knowledge that Mick did his best to nick Tina's dance steps, his very willingness to follow her ferocious performance onstage compels some admiration for his nerve. Brit loyalists helped Tina pick up the shards of her career after leaving Ike in the 70s by packing halls for her shows, and buying her records. Heaven 17's Martyn Ware produced her comeback singles, covers of the Temptations' "Ball Of Confusion," and Al Green's "Let's Stay Together." When the latter hit number three on the British charts, and Capitol Records responded by demanding an album within weeks, it was left to Tina's manager Roger Davies to solicit such decidedly limey acquantances as Mark Knopfler, ("Private Dancer"), Rupert Hine ("I Might Have Been Queen"), and Terry Britten ("What's Love Got To Do With It").

"For the last record we were a little short on time," notes Hine, who co-wrote "I Might Have Been Queen" with his wife, Jeannette Obstoj, produced "Better Be Good To Me," and then cut both vocal tracks with Tina in one day. "I remember routining them in my car on the drive out to my studio. It's raining and we're wearing raincoats; we're stalled at a traffic light en route. And there is Tina, you know, sitting in the passenger seat shouting 'And I might have been Queen' at the

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TERRY O'NEIL

Knopfler: "On liberating herself Tina released a tremendous amount of energy."

top of her lungs and stomping on the floor with her foot. And I could see people standing on the curb, in the rain, staring at us, as if they were saying to themselves, 'Ah, and that would be Tina Turner,' as we're pulling away. That was our rehearsal."

This time around, the producer/songwriter otherwise known for his work with Howard Jones and the Fixx was given more advance warning, along with rather cryptic instructions from Davies. "He said he wanted to show a more 'substantial' side of Tina," Hine says in his clipped, careful tones, "by which I took to mean tracks that stretched a little further." He also entertained a request from Tina that Hine put together a song like Foreigner's "I Want To Know What Love Is."

One listen to *Break Every Rule*'s title track and "I'll Be Thunder," the tune which serves as its coda, lets you know that Hine took both ideas to heart; the former updates Foreigner, while the latter is just about the most over-the-top production number since "River Deep Mountain High" propelled Phil Spector into an early retirement.

"Jeannette wrote the lyrics to that one, which I carried around for weeks. I knew they needed a commanding orchestration, but it wasn't one of those things I could just sit down and work on; I sort of had to wait for the inspiration to come. After awhile I began to wonder if it would. Anyway, I was visiting Tina in L.A., where we were to attend her HBO premiere that evening; and while I was waiting for her to change, I went over to one of the pianos on her ground floor—she has two, and they each have a specific character about them—and I suddenly wrote the whole song in about nineteen minutes. During which I would hear the odd comment from upstairs, as by now Tina was in quite a hurry to leave."

Hine convinced her to give the song a run through on the piano. "We sat together, and Tina—she has this remarkable ability to sing along with you the first time. Later I placed the key. It was important that on the last chorus she hits that note which is at the peak of her range, for the right emotive impact—what I'd call her 'yeastal range,' where the voice still has

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all its strength. That turned out to be quite higher than I thought."

Hine's lavish arrangement for "Thunder," ("The Godly production with the heavens opening," as Tina puts it) was achieved by using the full gamut of electronics; "my real instrument, if you like," Hine explains. "We did actually consider an orchestra but that seemed a bit icky, you know, like putting it all on a pedestal." Still he admits, "it's nice to be able to do something a bit further-reaching and not be panicked that it probably isn't suited for mid-morning radio." Tina did reject Hine's idea about using a gospel choir in the middle of the tune, however, "because I don't want to go to church. I relate totally to what Patti LaBelle does, but I enjoy the fun of *not* being that serious. Actually, what ruined 'I Want To Know What Love Is' for me was that choir in their video. To me that song was about a woman wanting this guy, and then he takes her in his arms and it's love. And all of a sudden here comes this choir! Aggh! There goes my illusion," she laughs. "I was going to cover that song too. But I think that's what Rupert gave me with 'Break Every Rule.'"

In fact, Hine's song is a considerable improvement, a lushly romantic dance number with a bass line that could make even the Washington Wives vibrate. "I didn't want to get so ambitious that it all feels acrobatic, like 'Here are all these showcases,'" says Hine. "This one is fairly easy on the ear." The only problem from Tina's perspective was the song title: originally Hine wanted to call it "Slave." "Well," he admits, "not a very good title for Tina, I suppose."

Bryan Adams: "She stood there with one hand on her hip, about a foot back from the microphone.... I knew we were done."

Bryan Adams wasn't given any instructions about what to write, just what not to write. "We were told not to write anything about her life," he recalls. The song he came up with, "Back Where You Started," is instantly recognizable as an Adams rocker, but the song was very much written with Tina in mind: "It's a story about her life."

He remembers seeing Tina perform for the first time a few years back in Vancouver clubs—"I'd be the guy standing on the table, howling at the moon. I just couldn't believe that a woman would get up in front of maybe two or three hundred people and just give everything she had. It was pretty inspirational." They met for the first time last year while putting together the duet single "It's Only Love," and subsequently shared about twenty dates on a European tour.

"Which I figured gave me one advantage in the studio," he says. "I've never produced a singer before, but I did sing *with* her, and I know what she can do. We only had a few hours together, so the important thing was to get that one great take. Maybe I pushed it a little: I could definitely tell when she'd had enough. She stood there with one hand on her hip about a foot back from the microphone. She never said, 'Aren't you guys done yet?' or anything like that. But she gave a look that said 'Uh-*huh.*' And I knew we were done."

Mark Knopfler offers the most succinct appraisal of Tina Turner's artistry: "She's Megawoman. The way she works, she does her homework, so by the time she comes in to record she's absorbed the spirit of the thing, right down to inflections. If you want something like vibrato, she'll say, 'Oh, you mean right here?' and boom, there it is. She'll do almost anything in any key, and her mike technique from all those years of singing...." He suddenly becomes conscious that he's leading a parade of superlatives. "I know words like 'incredible' get used an awful lot," he admits. "But Tina is *heavy.*"

Having contributed the title track to *Private Dancer,* Knopfler left the production to others, citing time commitments. In the intervening two years he's approached superstar status himself, but agreed to produce two tracks on this LP; Paul Brady's "Paradise Is Here"—"because he's a mate"—and his own "Overnight Sensation"—"because I want to like it." The remark suggests something less than delight with "Private Dancer"'s arrangements, but Knopfler won't say that, only that this time, "I didn't want to be in the position of hearing the song and wishing something else had been done with it." He's been in the studio working on both tracks for several days, and the effort shows on his face.

"Paradise Is Here" turns out to be a richly melodic composition, but Knopfler's relatively spare production gives the track plenty of room for the singer to make it her own. "She has such a dynamic range you don't want to do much to constrict it," adds engineer Neil Dorfsman. "Though with singers I do tend to ride the vocal faders to help them along when we're recording. Following Tina feels like I'm riding a rollercoaster."

"She sings as though she's twenty-two and making her first record," Knopfler declares. A long-time fan from the Ike & Tina days—"who wasn't?"—he suspects that "the repressive situation she was in for so long contributes to that. On liberating herself she released a tremendous amount of energy, a yearning to express herself—which I think is what's being celebrated by the millions of people who identify with her.

"She came in a few weeks ago to do the guide vocals—the guide tracks mind you—and she opened up so much they turned into master vocals. We had a ball! Now she's telling me she can do even better; that ought to be interesting to hear. But I tell you, I'd be happy to record Tina if all she did was laugh."

Tina Turner remembers the first time she ever heard "What's Love Got To Do With It." "I thought it was such a wimpy song. I hear it on the radio now, and I *still* think it's a wimpy song. I refused to sing it at first, but Roger kept bringing it around

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Clapton and Steve Winwood. During "What You See Is What You Get" Terry got to record an Eric Clapton solo, but according to Tina, "he got so excited he recorded it an octave lower than it was supposed to be," eventually having to replace it with one of his own.

"When you use the big names," Britten admits, "there's a temptation to give up your own responsibility when someone else comes in with an idea. And then you're going down a different road. But Tina's so great about that. She says, 'We all draw from the past. They did their thing, but this is your time!' Meaning, I think, 'Trust yourself.' She has such wisdom," he says admiringly. "You can't help but be loyal to her after that."

The Son of a Preacher Man

This album," says Tina, "was written as if I'd written it myself." To write or not to write—for many singers the answer is obvious, for some not obvious enough. Most simply can't do it, at least not well enough to match the efforts of the composers hired in their stead. But that's hardly the case with Tina. Her own songwriting canon from the early 70s is small but impressive; the most obvious example, "Nutbush City Limits," is as deft a memoir as any in rock. In addition, as Rupert Hine puts it, "She has an experience of life that goes well beyond her obvious life experiences."

"I'd like to write about fun experiences," Tina explains, drawing a breath, "and I haven't had enough fun yet. The memories I have now are still about my marriage. I don't want to *sing* about that, you know? The words to the song Mark wrote, 'Overnight Sensation,' go something like, 'I guess I've been working a long time, working in the back line...but I have my dreams.' It's sort of a joke because I've been around so long. I would have loved to have written that, but I'm so sick of it that I don't even want to remember. Someone else can put that in a fun context. I don't have anything fun to say."

She takes a sip of coffee and measures the thought. "I have tried. I sit down with a pencil still, and I look at it, and you know how sometimes when you've had a drink you get really *wise*?" She draws out the word sardonically. "Really heavy. Then you get your pencil and after you look at it later you say, 'Oh phooey.'" She laughs quietly.

"I want to make this a reality for you, though. It's almost like saying, 'I've been working on this job a long time, and I don't like my boss anymore. I don't like this kind of *work*.' And then later somebody might ask you if you ever want to go back just to see the building. But you don't even want that, because you finished that job. The whole time you were there you didn't like it. You did it to earn your money, to pay your rent. There were all kinds of obstacles back then, so you stayed until you hated it—hated your life.

"Then you close the door on that, and I did. I have not played an album of mine since I left Ike. And if I walk in somewhere and people are playing that stuff, I tell you, it still scares me. I have flashbacks in my dreams, I'll wake up and still think I'm there and I'll go...ehhh!" She gasps. "I know it's been ten years now, but no one can realize what that was like for me. And someone can say, 'I don't think it was so bad.' But isn't it always mental? Because obviously, I did write. So I must have a mental block about that. And that's getting into serious stuff. You're talking about psychiatric therapy!" she laughs. "I don't want to work so hard to break down *that* wall. I don't want to do it that way. And these guys are writing about it anyway; I don't have to.

"I have been laughing a lot more lately," she continues more brightly. "But I've also been working. So what would I write about but backstage, dressing rooms, buying clothes and costumes and getting ready for my work? I've been on this ten years steady *since* I left Ike, except that I was not a slave this time, I was on my own. So I still haven't had a lot of Mick Jagger's kind of fun," she giggles.

But now some of those memories are emerging from their recesses; one can almost feel Tina battling to reconcile her spirit with them. "I don't think I was a dumb woman for staying with Ike," she is saying. "I think it took a smart woman, because we had a business and there was money involved, and because there was family. When I left I left for all or nothing, except what I learned from Ike Turner, which was a lot. I think I became a great performer. He was a very good businessman too, and I'd made tons of money—more that was lost, you know? So I did walk out with flying colors. It wasn't something you could see or touch until I did it, but I knew what I learned. And I'm gonna say, Ike could have been a great man, except that he followed the wrong light. But there was a lot learned from him. I tried to prove that to him and to help and protect him—to prove I was his friend—and that is why I stayed so long. That's why I didn't become a drug addict or an alcoholic. I just became a coffee addict!"

She pours herself another cup. "And that's what I left with—knowledge, endurance, discipline and the coffee drug."

The portrait she's painting of her former husband suggests a cross between a Zen master and a bad genie.

"I think so," she agrees matter-of-factly. "He had followers. There were things I wouldn't even write about in my book, because he's still alive; he might come back!" She laughs, a little nervously this time. "The guy was incredible. He really became his own king, and I gotta tell you, it seemed like black magic to me. We're not talking about voodoo now, we're talking about a whole way of life. You know when you read about people who worship things other than what healthy people worship, because they think *they* are the normal, healthy ones—and there's about ten of them, right? He was just totally going over to the dark side. All of the sudden he put value on people who lit his cigarettes, and I'm over here going, 'I'm making *money* for you, can you see that? Hello?'

"I didn't know anymore at what time he could have hit me and it would have killed me. Because it was not just a fist anymore, by that point it was like, *that* thing." She points to a sturdy wooden statuette on the coffee table. "I saw people with broken arms and teeth and I thought, 'Am I next?' It was all getting very paranoid and masterly. When I'd go down the steps to that place, it felt like I was going down the steps of hell.

"And I know he's suffering now," she says soberly, "but I can't go back. You know where the Bible says, if you look back you'll turn into a pillar of salt? And I hate to make Ike sound so horrible, because my wish for him is to do what Eric Clapton did." She is referring to the guitarist's arduous recovery from heroin. "Because Ike can sing as well as Eric, and he can play guitar, though it would take him a bit of work now. But you can only speak the truth about someone to get their attention, and Ike's ego is too big, he was too much of a king to step down and start over, like I did. Maybe I can be blamed for not going back to help. But I did all my helping while I was there. I wish him well. I do it in my mind. But I will not do it with my body."

Let's Stay Together

I'll tell you one thing that's unusual about being with Tina in the studio," says Bryan Adams. "It was actually easier to work with her when her manager was around. You got the feeling he made her feel more comfortable. They seemed like the best of friends."

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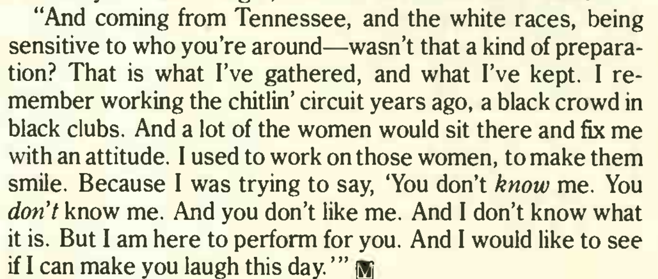
Thomas, who was in the group, used to do the song that way, and one night I was feeling naughty, and I started playing with the mike. I do like to play with a lot of things, and then I get myself tagged. This time Ike wouldn't let me stop doing it, and the next thing you know here are the headlines, 'Tina Turner Pornographic.' I was embarrassed—I didn't even know what 'pornographic' meant. I did that song for an entire year, and I hated it, and when I see it on TV now, I turn it off. I do love the song, but I won't do it any more, because people expect that kind of performance. The fact is, I'm pretty straight. You're not gonna get me on red sheets and flames and all that. I made my mistakes, and I learned from it."

So now it's Tina's time again. There will be singles, and there will be videos (MTV is actually promoting a Tina Turner month) and the publication of her autobiography, and a world concert tour that bodes to last until late 1987, and then there will finally be a break, a long break according to Roger Davies, "because even if she's not worn out by then I will be." Then there will be more records, perhaps even that rock 'n' roll LP ("Oh, I hope not," Davies sighs, "but I suspect she'll get her way") and no doubt films too, and certainly something more; for Tina Turner, if you haven't figured it by now, is very much a woman of purpose.

"I am almost fifty years old," she is saying, "and I think if I had not learned something in all those years, then you would have to say that I have lived a very foolish life. I have learned a lot about spirituality, and when I'm tired and finally fed up with all this other stuff, I think I would like to teach. Now please don't say I want to be a preacher!" she fairly shouts. "That's working too hard! But a teacher tells people about their experiences in life, and hopes they can find a way to relate it to their own.

"That's what the later years will probably be like. I can't say I won't lecture—I don't know what form it will take yet, 'cause I haven't figured it out. But I see how lost the world is, and how you need to know that help comes from within; the harmony that people talk about, that peace comes from individuals working on themselves, not just for the president or the king and queen. I'm a Buddhist now, but there's a mainstream of thought in all religions that's like common sense; a unity. That's what I'm talking about.



"If you are loving, and giving, you can accomplish what you want. After we finished in the studio the other day, Mark and I were chasing each other around and laughing, we were making fun of all kinds of silly little things. And there was a golden glow of memory of being produced by Mark Knopfler. We got what we were trying to get. People think their power is in coming on very strongly, like"—she puts on a maniacal smile—"'This is what *I* want.' That's not it. Egos come out of that and clash, and you can't create something beautiful. But when there is a harmony, everything is connected and it can become joyful. How do you control anger, after all? With love and a smile.

"And coming from Tennessee, and the white races, being sensitive to who you're around—wasn't that a kind of preparation? That is what I've gathered, and what I've kept. I remember working the chitlin' circuit years ago, a black crowd in black clubs. And a lot of the women would sit there and fix me with an attitude. I used to work on those women, to make them smile. Because I was trying to say, 'You don't *know* me. You *don't* know me. And you don't like me. And I don't know what it is. But I am here to perform for you. And I would like to see if I can make you laugh this day.'" ■

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The Secret To Perfe

ZAPPA from page 46

to three minutes and transferred it to tape. Cut it down, put it on cart, put it on the station which was part of a chain. It instantly goes into the top twenty, it's picked up on all the stations on the chain.

In the case of "Valley Girl," it was a hit from the minute it went on the radio. They played it on KROQ (once a rock novelty station), the phones exploded. Next thing you know, they had an acetate. It wasn't even released. It was something that people wanted to hear. The worst thing about that record is the fact that nobody really listened to it. They listened to the slang in there, it has a reasonably good beat, a couple of nice chords in it, but it's a monologue record. People didn't even listen to what the song was saying. The whole coverage of the song barely mention of what the song was really saying, that these people are really airheads.

MUSICIAN: *With all your Synclavier adventures, have you given up on the guitar.*

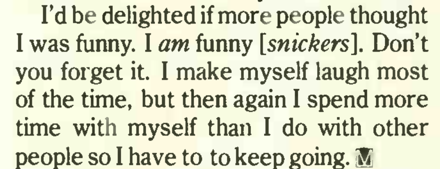
ZAPPA: No. The problem about me playing the guitar is that what I like to do on it has probably less of a market than the weirdest stuff I've done on the Synclavier. People have a very low tolerance for those kinds of guitar solos. People who like it, really like it and people who don't like it, really don't like it and there are far, more of them than those who do like it.

You have to choose—what are you going to spend your life on? I can't be good at everything, let alone *do* everything. There are people who have dedicated their lives to playing the guitar. They practice it every day, they eat, sleep and breathe guitar notes. I don't. I like to play it. I can't just sit down and play by myself; I need a band to do what I do and that makes the overhead really expensive, because nobody wants to play the background for a guy playing guitar for free. You have to pay them to make them sit there and do that.

Not only that, you can't just get anybody off the street to do it because they can't do it. There are only certain people I can play with that can follow it. I give that a ninth ranked priority behind everything else. I wouldn't say that I'll never pick it up again. In point of fact, if I put a show together, I probably will pick it up again so I can play with the band.

I need some awfully good reasons to go through the back-breaking effort to literally learn how to play it all over again. It hurts when you've lost all your callouses and you've got to start again. You just feel like shit. Even if the ideas might still be there, in order for them to get from your head to your hand, you've got to redevelop all the muscles in your fingers and your wrists so that you think and it appears there and there's no dinosaur syndrome where it takes a week to get down there.

MUSICIAN: *There have been album cuts, such as that lyrical little instrumental "Zoot Allures," that suggest you could have followed the trail of the guitar instrumentalist if you chose to.*



ZAPPA: It would be impossible to, because my reputation is based on stuff that's verbal. In fact, only the smallest percentage of people who know my name know that I even play a musical instrument. One time my wife went to the market to buy food, wrote a check and the guy at the checkstand says, "Zappa? You're married to Frank Zappa the comedian?" That's the way it is.

I'd be delighted if more people thought I was funny. I *am* funny [*snickers*]. Don't you forget it. I make myself laugh most of the time, but then again I spend more time with myself than I do with other people so I have to to keep going. ■

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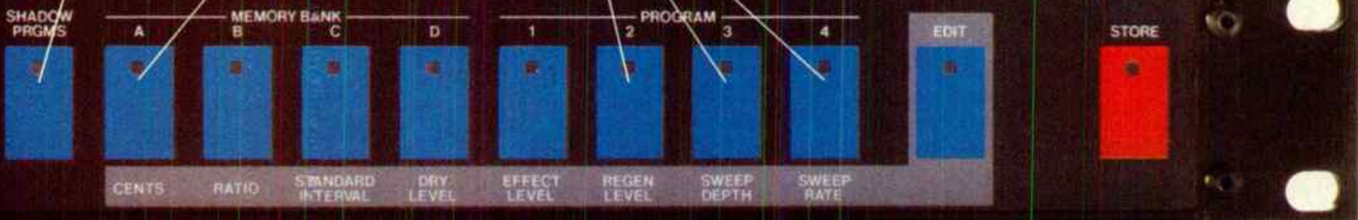

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BOUND FOR GLORY: THE WOODENTOPS' BRIGHT DEBUT.

THE WOODENTOPS

Giant
(Columbia)

Wow. The Woodentops' LP *Giant*, the quintet's major label debut, is a relaxed carnival ride through a variety of pop styles, a series of canny British takes on American pop that break little new ground but find surprising life in fields you'd think had been plowed under. It's a mistake to claim Next Big Thing status for them—the band doesn't yet have the ambition or lyrical specificity necessary—but this is an auspicious introduction to a young band still finding its voice. Like Katrina & the Waves in their indie days, the Woodentops veer on the edge of precocity but reel themselves back before the first pretention sets in—they relish their insular control. Bob Sargeant's sympathetic production captures nearly as much excitement as his (English) Beat productions did, while presenting the group in a deliberate, straightforward manner.

One of *Giant*'s greatest strengths is that it's so modestly framed. Guitarist Rolo McGinty writes and sings with terse assurance, allowing the songs to envelop him, instead of the other way around. He alternates a sweet singing voice with more acidic conversational tones; a wistful, balladic sigh ("Good Thing," a soothing love song, is drenched in la-la harmonies) with more desperate, tension-filled raves. The soft, midtempo "Give It Time" sounds like Aztec Camera, but less stuffy; a stray horn line leads to McGinty's short, delicate scat on the fade, an illumination of his debt to American soul. On the easy pop groove "Love Affair With Everyday Livin'," McGinty's acoustic guitar accentuates the rhythm, allowing Alice Thompson's appropriately cheesy organ to propel them into roller-rink heaven.

The Woodentops don't rock out as much on vinyl as live, but the few upbeat tracks here hint that they should. "Get It On," a funky workout, features a cascade of synthesizer hooks, while McGinty spits nails. (An earlier version appears on a low-key compilation EP, *Well Well Well*, on Upside Records.) "Love Train" is chunky rockabilly, and a decidedly British-sounding inversion; but Simon Mawby's guitar sounds are derived more from Brian Setzer than Carl Perkins. Better is "History," late Beat-sounding hard pop, and the organ-navigated "Travelling," as the intensity of both McGinty's singing and the band's playing recalls Rumour-era Graham Parker. When McGinty raises his voice as the song slams shut, it's a shock.

The Woodentops are sometimes too polite for their own good, but you can say that about a lot of British pop bands. They're still developing, though, and watching them grow up in public is going to be fascinating; *that* you can't say about many. – **Jimmy Guterman**

DARYL HALL

Three Hearts In The Happy Ending Machine
(RCA)

When is a solo album not an ego trip? When its promulgator uses it to deconstruct his pretty-boy image and puncture the public's perception of his narcissism? *Sacred Songs*, Daryl Hall's maiden effort sans John Oates, did just that. Though it stiffed in the marketplace, the hip credibility and artistic

TED CORDHYLY

World Radio History

self-confidence Hall gained from that LP's belated release seemed more than a little responsible for the duo's subsequent skein of success.

Now Daryl's going it again without his short, mustachioed sidekick, but this time the stakes are different. His talent—creative or commercial—is no longer at issue. And as there's nothing left but having a good time, who better to call than that master of studio hi-jinks, Most Valuable Producer David A. Stewart? Like Hall, the ubiquitous Eurythmic was raised on a diet of 60s Britbeat, 70s soul and 80s synthpop; he cloaks Daryl's plaintive croons in a similar tapestry of idioms. Forget *Sacred Songs*' stark, unadorned psychodramas; with the tuneful Stewart at the helm, *Three Hearts* is more like *Imagine* than *Plastic Ono Band*.

Daryl's still got his gaze turned inward: These songs employ "I" more often than Howard Cosell's column, as Hall would have us believe that a guy who looks and sings like he does has romantic problems. And while you have to admire his ability to crank out the catchy single (notably "Dreamtime"), it's also funny how Hall's siren-like hooks—the clipped reggae beat of "I Wasn't Born Yesterday," for instance, or the Middle East *cum* psychedelicized fuzztone axes which suggest Prince-styled funk on "Next Step"—undercut Hall's insistance that he's no fad-mongering fashion plate. This LP's trendiness is just *too* seductive.

Don't get me wrong: *Three Hearts* ain't chopped liver. But where *Sacred Songs* was a declaration of artistic independence, *Three Hearts* isn't much different from the last few Hall & Oates albums, typically avoiding the issue of what Daryl's really like, while Stewart plays the foil. In the end, *Three Hearts* seems about two too many.

– **Roy Trakin**

RICHARD THOMPSON

Daring Adventure
(Polydor)

"I'm nearly in love"—not the sunniest sentiment in the world, but it's about as close to upbeat as Richard Thompson gets. One of rock's foremost pessimists, Thompson heads on an emotional course here that practically begs for mood elevators.

Not that *Daring Adventure* isn't a noteworthy achievement: It may even outdo both *Hand Of Kindness* and *Across A Crowded Room* for sheer emotive power. But the thematic content, bile-

spattered and riddled with depression, is so relentlessly, corrosively negatory that one practically has to hang onto the living room furniture to make it through a single spin.

As on his other solo records since the dissolution of his marriage to ex-wife Linda, romantic inertia, betrayal and longing are the primary themes. At his worst, Thompson is capable in wallowing in unattractive contempt for womankind: "A Bone Thru Her Nose" and "Baby Talk" (the latter practically a rewrite of "Two Left Feet") are unappetizing forays into vitriolic misogyny. Regret is his stronger suit, with "Jennie," "Missie" and "Long Dead Love" stunningly effective ballad ruminations on burned-out affairs.

Not all of the songs resolve into self-pity; "Dead Man's Handle" is an extended metaphor in the manner of "Wall Of Death," while "Al Bowlly's In Heaven" is a nostalgic track which bears comparison with the Pogues' version of "And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda." But the majority of the album, hammered home by Thompson's strangled Telecaster tone and groaning vocals, is solipsistic more often than not, sometimes troublesomely so.

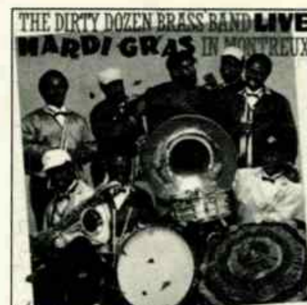
As ever, Richard Thompson has produced some very potent and unnerving work here. Yet you can't help but wish at times that somebody would clap the guy on the back, tell him to buck up, and buy him a couple of beers. – **Chris Morris**

THE DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND

Mardi Gras In Montreux
(Rounder)

If decades of drab Dixieland combos have left you thinking that the New Orleans notion of collective improvisation is mere fabrication, prepare to be converted. The Dirty Dozen Brass Band is no Dixie band, but builds from the same aesthetic, namely the marching brass band format that led most musical processions through the streets of New Orleans. The line-up is astoundingly historical—two trumpets and a trombone lay down lead lines over a bed of sousaphone (can't carry no tuba), snare and bass drum, with tenor and bari sax filling in the gaps. But the approach is utterly contemporary.

Where the Dirty Dozen breaks ranks is through their relationship between rhythm and melody; instead of putting the former in service to the latter, this band views the two as equal. As a result, they cough up all sorts of tuneful trash to keep the groove going. That's the basic idea behind "The Flintstones Meets The President (Meets The Dirty Dozen)," which pairs that modern Stone Age family off against the "Star Spangled Banner," reveille and other parade ground faves. Neither jazz nor pop, it swings just the same.



Ultimately, that's the band's big secret. Despite their occasional free-form flourishes, the Dirty Dozen aren't improvisational geniuses so much as great ensemble players, and it's that unity that makes this album kick. About the only complaint any listener could possibly have is that they're even better in the flesh, but until you can book them into your living room, this will have to do. (Rounder Records, Box 154, N. Cambridge, MA 02140) – **J.D. Considine**

HOWARD HEWETT

I Commit To Love
(Elektra)

Although good voices abound in black pop, Howard Hewett is something else again. More than a fine set of pipes, the former Shalamar Svengali is an Oscar-caliber performer who squeezes genuine emotion from the most predictable lyric, whether he kicks up the tempo or croons smooth and sweet. *I Commit To Love* has its flaws, but Hewett isn't one of them. He's a marvel from start to finish.

This being Howard's first solo outing, he takes special pains to stake out his

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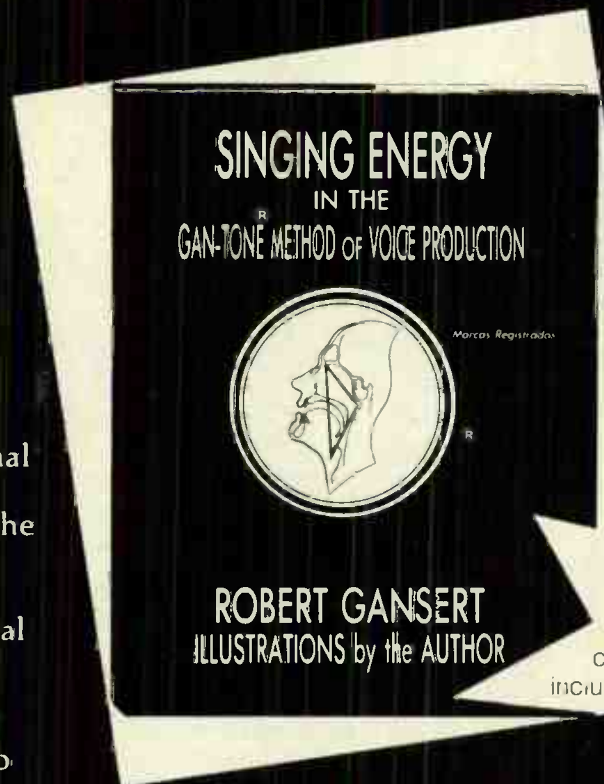

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turf. Given the title, it's no surprise to discover a series of meditations on the power of amour, delivered with an obsessive intensity Bryan Ferry would admire. Jumpy, rock-inflected tracks like "Last Forever" and "Eye On You" recall the later Shalamar hits "Dead Giveaway" and "Dancing In The Sheets," but without the aggressive posturing that marked those efforts. "Eye On You" derives its charm from electric falsetto bursts (a Hewett specialty), while "Last Forever" makes the old-fashioned assertion, "I'm not looking for a one-time love affair / I want you here for the rest of my life." (Not a sentiment to be scoffed at in these troubled times.)

The less hurried stuff really taps into Hewett's dramatic powers. The morose "Stay" turns our hero loose for a tour de force of bended-knee desperation, as he shivers, moans and practically sobs trying to halt a departing lover. "I'm For Real," a dewy-eyed, devotional ballad, offers balm to ears deadened by the rote sentimentality of Richies and Manilows. The prayerlike "Say Amen" closes the show by linking earthly passions and religious fervor, suggesting one is a variant of the other.

It's too easy to concentrate on the tantalizing edge in Hewett's singing and overlook the LP's shortcomings, including antiseptic production work by a variety of collaborators. Not to mention the merely good-to-fair quality of the material; in today's competitive arena, Howard Hewett needs his own "Beat It" to earn the appropriate acclaim. But *I Commit To Love* will do, at least until that monster comes along. And it will.

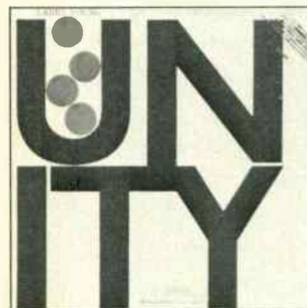
– Jon Young

LARRY YOUNG

Unity
(Blue Note).

When Larry Young passed away on March 30, 1978, the evolution of the Hammond organ ceased, and this original from Newark slipped into the mists of obscurity. Despite memorable contributions for such trendsetting musicians as Jimi Hendrix, Miles Davis, John McLaughlin and Tony Williams, Larry Young disappeared in the stylistic cracks between house-rocking organists like Jimmy Smith, R&B groove merchants like Booker T. and white noise bombasticons like Lee Michaels and Keith Emerson. Now, one of the rarest and most precious stones from the Blue Note vault is back. Young's pivotal second date as a leader, *Unity*, is perhaps the greatest jazz organ record ever.

In his pre-Lifetime incarnations, Young was a probing modernist, heavily influenced by the Coltrane Quartet. He created a lithe melodic line and an uncrowded comping style far removed from the amphetamine dirt bike tactics then in vogue among funky organists. His sound is plucky, rounded and percussive, and mercifully free of heavy, Leslie-induced vibrato; he lets wily chord voicings and escalating rhythmic inventiveness carry the emotional weight, opening up the organ stops to produce longer tones instead of simply getting louder. On "Softly As A Morning Sunrise" he subtly employs vibrato for a spectral shimmer, and on a breathtaking duet with Elvin Jones ("Monk's Mood") uses diminuendo to dramatic effect. For a front line, how about a youthful Woody Shaw and Joe Henderson at their zestful, exploratory best, with the former contributing some of his most delightful writing on the mysterious, modal "Zoltan" (with echoes of the composer Kodaly), "The Moontrane" (featuring a protean Jones explosion), and the loping "Beyond All Limits" (wherein Young whips out pulsing basslines with the fleetest feet in Hammond history).



Through it all, Young's continuum of sound cajoles the soloists without ever overpowering them, his own solos spiraling and polyrhythmic with nary a BBQ cliché in sight. That Larry Young played so much and was heard so little remains one of the enduring tragedies of the last two decades. **– Chip Stern**

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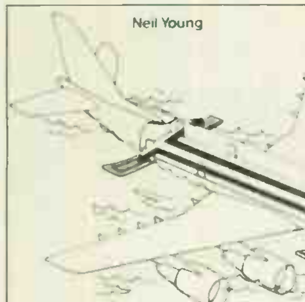

NEIL YOUNG

Landing On Water
(Geffen)

Will this be one of the weird ones? Or down-home Neil? He certainly keeps us guessing, while traveling from technowiz to retro-rockabilly to neo-country faster than most of us change haircuts. But one thing's as perennial as a hurricane: Neil Young is a man at home with his demons. And he delights in dragging up the hoary creatures for the rest of us to hear.

Landing On Water mixes Lennon-esque raging and a junkyard percussive backbeat, further serrated by a Tom Waits edge and Young's best guitar playing since Crazy Horse. Neil has cast his lot with the "Let there be drums!" crowd; the juxtaposition of a sonic tom-tom against his pleading tenor is strangely attractive. It's his heaviest sound in ages, with lyrics to match. You'll drop into rewind just to be sure he really *did* sing "...but the Wooden Ships were just a hippie dream." By god, he did. And since David Crosby went to jail in Texas, maybe Neil's got something there.

He sings with the angry surrender of the aging outsider who awakes one day to smell the coffee; reality has grabbed him like a fishhook and society is reeling him in. In "People On The Street" the desperation of that scene is insanely contrasted with a reggae beat and a cool jazz vocal bridge. "I Got A Problem" opens with a heart-stopping scream before Neil shyly confesses that he's feeling strange. (I take him at his word.) "Pressure" delves into these "problems": TV, video, the Eldorado and the Mercedes Benz—the plight of modern man. Everything we want wants to kill us.

Damn if this Young weirdness isn't the perfect antidote for the Milquetoast vitality of today's pop music. "Violent Side" reveals a loner's attempt to settle down and show some restraint as the walls of rage close in. It succeeds beautifully, backed by the most pure-voiced choir

continued on page 97

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SHORT TAKES

Rodney Crowell
Street Language (Columbia)

This is being called a crossover attempt in country circles, but that's just marketing talk. There's no point in Crowell crossing over—he's already there. Sure, he's a bit on the slick side (you can't hang around Nashville that long without picking up a *few* bad habits), but even if his band lacks the raw edge of, say, Jason & the Scorchers, their playing still packs the same power. And if Mitch Easter ever writes a song as good as "Let Freedom Ring," he'll never have to write another complaining postcard to this column.

Gwen Guthrie
Good To Go Lover (Polydor)

The best thing about Gwen Guthrie's delivery is how much she *doesn't* do. Unlike soul stylists who pull out all the stops to pound your pulse into submission, Guthrie has absorbed enough from reggae to understand the power implied in holding back. Thus, "Ain't Nothin' Goin' On But The Rent" is kept at a steady simmer as the singer effortlessly rides the groove, until the rhythmic hooks become part of the melody and vice-versa. Guthrie's touch is so sure that even the Carpenters' "Close To You" somehow sounds funky.

That Petrol Emotion
Manic Pop Thrill (Demon)

This Ulster aggregation is being called the new Undertones, thanks to the presence of the O'Neill brothers and semi-Tone Ciaran McLaughlin. But there's more to this band than songs about chocolate and girls. The Petrols get political points for their common-sense stand against British colonialism, while the heart of the band retains its ability to balance melody and noise. Some songs recall the quirky pop of the *Positive Touch* period, but the best bits—"Fleshprint," "It's A Good Thing," "Tight Lipped"—match that melodicism with an unbeatable guitar attack, making the title no idle boast. (928 Great West Rd., Brentford, TW89EW, England)

UB40
Rat In The Kitchen (A&M)

As assiduously as UB40 has assimilated reggae's rhythm, the group's strength has more to do with melody. Just consider the way "Don't Blame Me" builds its beat off the piano hook, which in turn sets up the bassline, which gives Ali Campbell more than enough support for his equally tuneful vocal. Even the dub half of "Rat In Me Kitchen" layers enough melody into the mix to make the heart of the groove hummable, giving UB40 the sort of pop appeal few roots-rockers can muster.

Mahmoud Ahmed
Ere Mela Mela (Crammed Discs)

This record, compiled from the recordings of one of Ethiopia's biggest singing stars, offers a startling glimpse at some of the most gorgeous, least heard music in Africa. With cool, jazzy guitar and organ layered over dense, polyrhythmic drumming, the sound is not unlike a native equivalent to *Filles De Kilimanjaro*, except that Ahmed sings with a wailing, Middle-Eastern inflection that puts an entirely different twist on the proceedings. A taste worth acquiring. (149-03 Guy R. Brewster Blvd., Jamaica NY 11434)

The Connells
Darker Days (Black Park)

Because the Connells' playing is so rhythmically direct and melodically allusive, the band's classically constructed songs offer more kick than most post-garage bands muster. Which is more than enough reason to hope for more. (1614 Park Drive, Raleigh NC 27605)

Bananarama
True Confessions (London)

Between their thin, trebly voices and near total reliance on unison singing, Bananarama is as close to an old-style girl group as can be found today. Part of that identity suggests an unhealthy dependence on producers. But how many other voices could infuse these songs with such sexy insouciance?

Sigue Sigue Sputnik
Flaunt It (Manhattan)

The gimmick: The band sold advertising space between songs. The problem: The ads are more interesting than the songs.

Andy M. Stewart, Phil Cunningham, Manus Lunny
Fire In The Glen (Shanachie)

The best traditionalist music understands the importance of style over instrumentation, which is why Cunningham's synths sound as authentic as his accordion or Lunny's bouzouki. Mostly, though, the song's the thing, and Stewart turns in some winners. From the hauntingly mournful title tune to the quiet beauty of "Ferry Me Over," this is the sort of album likely to make a fan of any listener. (Dalebrook Pk, Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ 07423)

Oran "Juice" Jones
Juice (Def Jam)

When he's singing falsetto, Juice is a love man in the grand tradition, with a warm, keening upper register and a sense of phrasing that shows he knows his Smokey. But when he gets into one of his monologues, like the one that tags "The Rain," he shows a street side to his personality that's anything but pretty. That sudden shift from falsetto flourish to seething resentment can be quite a jolt, but never a put-off. Not only does Juice sound more believable than the Force M.D.'s, the rhythm tracks have twice the pop.

The Monkees
Then & Now... The Best Of The Monkees (Arista)

Given the Monkeemania rampant in MTV-land, it's hard to blame the remaining Monkees for trying to cash in on nostalgia by tucking three new tunes in among these oldies. Of course, understanding their motives is hardly the same thing as *liking* the songs, but then again, who but fanatics will ever listen beyond "(I'm Not Your) Stepping Stone"?

BY J.D. CONSIDINE

World Radio History

SHORT TAKES

Dave Burrell
Windward Passages (hat ART)

Just when you thought it wasn't safe to go out and purchase a solo piano record again, here comes the perennially underrated Dave Burrell with two LPs worth of original ideas that form the basis for his long-term project of the last decade—a jazz opera. There's a rich programmatic feel to this set, instead of the usual modal doodling; stride, ragtime, bop and Evansesque impressionism commingle with Monk-Taylor clusters, boogie woogie, R&B and Burrell's own sunny lyricism—not in some vague collage of effects, but as part of a living, breathing continuum. Most satisfying. (N.M.D.S., 500 Broadway, New York, NY 10012)

Kenny Barron
1-1-1 (Blackhawk)

Here's another excellent piano set from a keyboardist with a distinctly original touch and style, heard in Van Gelderish splendor in a series of duets with the estimable bassists Ron Carter or Michael Moore. Barron's milieu is the lyric generation of pianists who came out of Bud Powell and Monk in the 50s, and on (solo) performances like "'Round Midnight" he can be engagingly rhapsodic. On "C Jam Blues" he enlivens a charming little riff with so much harmonic innuendo and counterpoint he seems to exist in two dimensional planes simultaneously.

Michel Petrucciani
Pianism (Blue Note)

Like Chick Webb, Petrucciani has transcended the cruel reality of his physical afflictions through sheer force of will, creating an uplifting lyric swing on the piano. *Pianism* shows him moving past earlier influences through a fervent duality between left and right hands (check out the polyrhythmic implications that crown his "Night And Day" solo as well as the serpentine counterpoint of his own "Our Tune"). Palle Danielsson and Elliot Zigmund give his improvisations a fluid, relaxed urgency, making for gypsy-like ebb and flow.

Dexter Gordon
Our Man In Paris (Blue Note)

If there's a jazz truism you can bank on, it's that 60s Blue Note Dexter is the joint, and that *Go* and this 1963 reissue are the Maui Wowee of the litter. Fellow expatriates Bud Powell and Kenny Clarke give this date a primal bebop buoyancy reflecting an innate understanding of their children's subsequent evolutions as well as Gordon's own looser conceptions. Looser, yes, with a more sterling tone and greater timbral brinksmanship—but not a bit less lushness or rogueish wit, be it on the endless elisions of "Scrapple From The Apple" and "Night In Tunisia" or the heavy petting perfection of "Stairway To The Stars."

Tony Fruscella
Tony Fruscella (Atlantic Jazzlore)

Spectral lyricism from one of jazz's more elusive nocturnal orphans. Dead at forty-two in the summer of '69, Fruscella's tiny recorded output has long been out of print, adding to the trumpeter's legendary status; which, to the uninitiated, compares favorably to the taut introspection of 50s contemporaries Miles Davis and Chet Baker. But there's something else happening on these 1955 sessions featuring Allan Eager (with charts by Phil Sunkel). Like a frozen tear, notable neither for melancholy nor whimsy, Fruscella's dark circuitous brass sonnets sigh in Lestorian detachment at a world too preoccupied with its own escapism to pay much attention to his. Pity.

Jack Walrath
Jack Walrath Quintet At The Umbria Jazz Festival (Red Records)

Take a first-rate trumpeter/composer/arranging whiz (one of Mingus' last collaborators); brass trumpet-trombone front line (Glenn Ferris); and a swinging, sensitive rhythm section with a loose bop/blues/R&B modernist conception (Michael Cochrane, Anthony Cox, Mike Clark). Get some gigs in Europe, attach a tape machine to the soundboard, and wahla—a solid live document of post-Messengers acoustic commitment. Walrath's tone and improvising are in the Kenny Dorham tradition, and his writing reflects the broad Ellington-Mingus scope. Although these are basically blowing sessions, the playing encompasses a dozen postures and styles.

Bola Sete
Jungle Suite (Dancing Cat Records)

Michael Lorimer
Remembranza (Dancing Cat Records)

Easy as it is to throw darts at Windham Hill's devoutly gothic granola (it's glib fun, *and* you can do it at home), let's give Will Ackerman and company credit for defining their alpha ray genre, pleasing their fans and popularizing the cost-effective, sonorous "live-to-½-inch-two-track" recording techniques which make for the most seductive, alluring "room sound" imaginable. And while I find pianist George Winston's Vince Guaraldi-inflected Jarretynerisms more engaging live than on record, his Dancing Cat subsidiary has produced some gems for which we should only kiss his blessed argyle ass.

Bola Sete, the Brazilian eight-ball, has an elusive style all his own; on a steel-strung classical guitar, his evocations of Brazil, Mexico, Africa and the East (mid-nearfargone) paint harmonic sweeps of all forests. *Remembranza* has spent more time on my home and car stereos than any other recording of the past three years. Michael Lorimer is America's preeminent classical guitarist (a notion Segovia endorses with loving liner notes and three ruminative compositions). His technique is clear and dynamic, with a radiant tone that ranges from cello and french horn to koto-like timbres, all animated by a firm, swinging sense of rhythm and contrast that's All-American. His virtuosity never obscures a sensibility for Tarrega, Turina, Albéniz or Villa-Lobos, and his arrangement of the Cello Suite #1 in G Major (transposed to D Major) by J.S. Bach, the original bebopper, is so breathtakingly pure you could dance into tears.

BY PETER WATROUS

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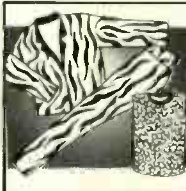

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World Radio History

YOUNG from page 91

since "You Can't Always Get What You Want." Neil's guitar playing is occasionally majestic, reaching pitches of intensity usually reserved for his more inspired live shows.

But the angry Young man has also casually thrown in some of his most danceable numbers in years, from the Talking Heads-ish "Hard Luck Stories" to the chain gang rhythm of "Bad News Beat." Overall, it sounds like Neil made a great record here without even trying; or else that's just the reason why it works so well. – **Elliott Murphy**

GENESIS from page 38

the chorus from another, and the intro from another! That's a prime example of how we work, pulling the best from each demo. To me, it's a really good pop song, and I almost use pop in the critical sense. It's a simple, direct, melodic, *happy* song, which is unusual for me because I'm normally full of doom and despair.

MUSICIAN: *Phil, you are the one who takes the most criticism these days, Billy Joel even commenting recently that it might be wise for you to stay home with your family and take on less of a workload. You do turn out an incredible amount of stuff.*

COLLINS: Personally, I tried to learn by my mistakes with my first wife and my family. Now, I allot two months of the year, when the kids come over from Canada—where they live—so I spend the summer with them. I'm more aware now of trying to make things work. Although, having said that, I always tend to keep myself very busy.

[*Tensely*] But that's because I enjoy it, and I have a very understanding wife who comes everywhere with me. She knows what makes me tick.

[*Changing subjects, smiling*] Looking back, I think I would have liked to have been a soccer player. I've always viewed the drummer in a band as being like a goalkeeper. The thing rests of falls on him. A good band with a lousy drummer isn't a good group. A lousy band with a good drummer, you've got some chance. The same is true with goal-tending—although I'm probably too short to be a goalkeeper. M

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82... **Brian Wilson**, Sting II, Jerry Garcia
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88... **Van Halen**, Pete Townshend, Men At Work
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93... **Peter Gabriel**, Lou Reed, Winwood
94... **Jimi Hendrix**, Prince, 38 Special
95... **Townshend**, Hendrix II, Guitar Special

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MUSICIAN, P.O. Box 701, Gloucester, MA 01931-0701

World Radio History

STUDIO GUIDE

MIDWEST

TRIAD STUDIOS
1910 Ingersoll Ave., Des Moines, IA 50309
(515) 243-2125
Owner: Richard Trump, Bill Synhorst, Joe Borg
Studio Manager: Richard Trump
Engineers: Rick Condon, Tony Schmitt, Bill Synhorst (tech. dir.)
Dimensions of Studios: A: 38 x 24 B: 18 x 21 C: 5 x 10
Dimensions of Control Rooms: A: 22 x 21 B: 18 x 13 C: 10 x 10
Tape Recorders: Otari MTR-90 II, 24-track, Tascam 58, 8-track, Tascam 62-T, 2 track, MCI JH 1110B, 2-track, Nakamichi DMP 100, 2-track, Revox PR-99, 2-track, Tascam 52,, 2-track, Otari MX-5050B, 2-track, Tascam 44-OB, 4-track, Tascam 122B, cassette, Eumig FL 1000, cassette.

ZENITH/db RECORDING STUDIO
676 N. Lasalle Street, Chicago, IL 60610
(312) 944-3600
Owner: Coken & Coken
Studio Manager: Ric Coken
Engineers: Chris Field, Pete Gale, Luis Quiroz
Dimensions of Studio: 1100 sq. feet
Control Room: 350 sq. feet
Equipment: MM1200, ATR104,2, ATR440-4, AG350, MCI:JH16 2" Otari MX70-1"

PEARL SOUND STUDIOS LTD.
47360 Ford Road, Canton, MI 48187
(313) 455-7606 (Detroit area)
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Equipment: SSL/Studer/AMS, etc.
Dimensions of Main Studio: 40 x 50 x 20
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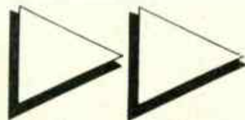

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Microphones: Neumann: (3) U87, (7) KM 84, (1) U47 FET, AKG: (2) 414, (6) 451, (2) 452, (1) D12, (1) D707, Shure: (8) SM57, (4) SM 81, (1) SM 7, (1) 565, (1) 546, (1) 55 S, Sennheiser: (5) 421, (2) Profi/power, Shoeps: (4) SKM 5, E.V.: (2) RE 20, (1) 668, Sony: (1) EMC 50, Beyer: (1) M 101 RCA: (1) D77X

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Studio Manager: Obie Hemsey
Engineer: Gary Chester
Studio Designer: Tom Hidley
Dimensions of Studio: 40 x 50 x 20, fits up to 60 piece orchestra
Dimensions of Control Room: 22 x 22
Tape Recorders: 2 Otari MTR-90 24-track; Studer A 820; ATR 104, 102; Center Trk Sync; ½" 2-track
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Dimensions of Control Room A: 20 x 20 B: 20 x 20
Tape Recorders: 2 Ampex MM1200 24-tracks; 6 Studer B-67's, Studer A-67, Sony F-1 and Nakamichi DMP-100 Digital Processors
Mixing Consoles: API 2488 24-Channel with Fadex Automated Mixdown; API 1604 16-Channel console
Monitor Amplifiers: Bryston and Crown
Control Room Monitors: Sierra Hidley Monitors
Studio Monitors: JBL's
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Consoles: (2) 48-channel Solid State Logic with total recall, Neve 3210 8068-MKII
Monitor Amplifiers: Yamaha, Crown
Monitor Speakers: Urei 813's, Yamaha NS10M
Echo & Reverb: AMS, DMX 1580S, AMS-RMX 16, Sony DRE 2000, Lexicon 24 XL, PCM-70, Quantex QRS, Klark-Teknik DN-780, URSA Major Space Station

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San Rafael, CA 94901
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Studio Manager: Janice Lee
Engineers: Dave Frazer, Gordon Lyon, Dana Chappelle, Matt Rohr, Stuart Hirotsu, Doc Shaffer (systems eng.)

World Radio History