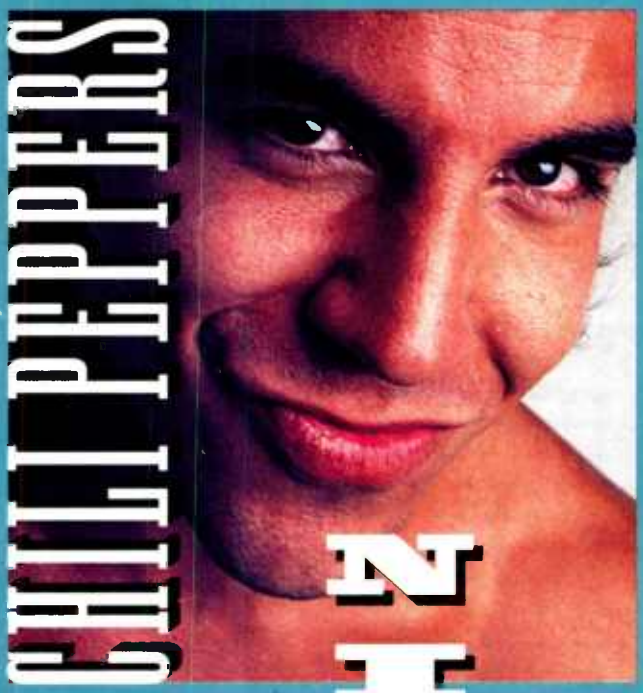
THE BEST & THE STUPIDEST '92

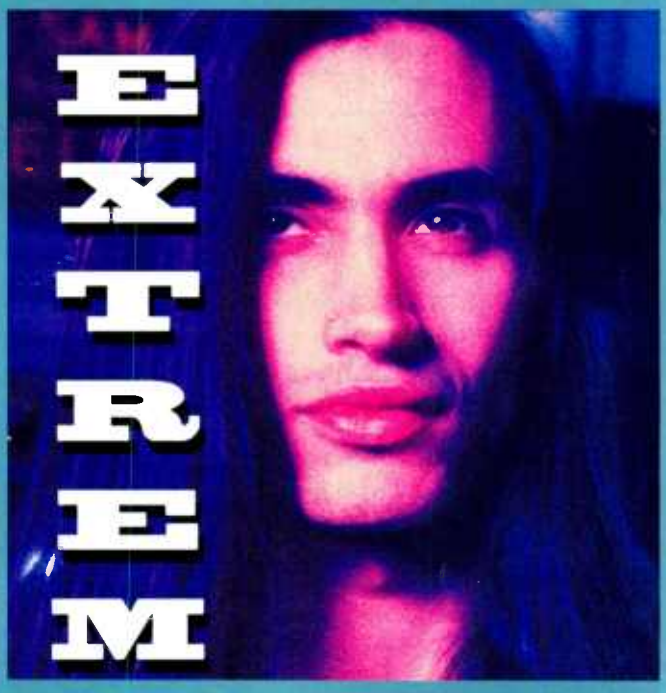
WHO WILL BE THE BAND OF THE YEAR?

MUSICIAN

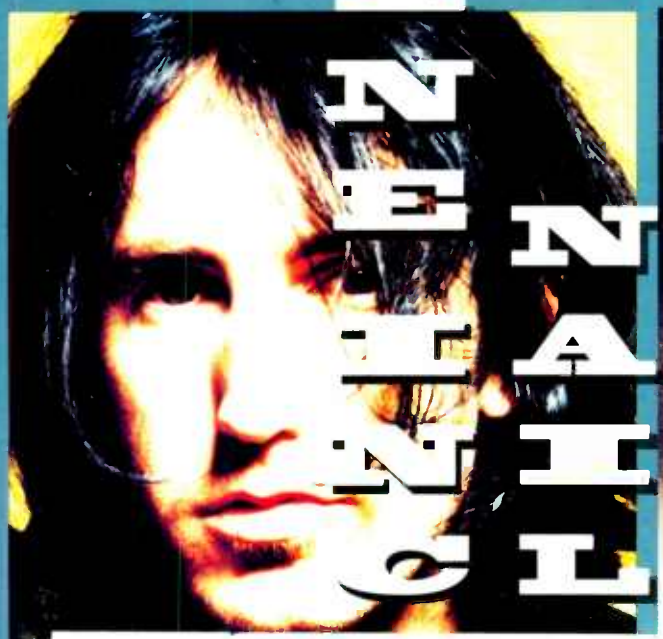
JANUARY 1993 $2.95



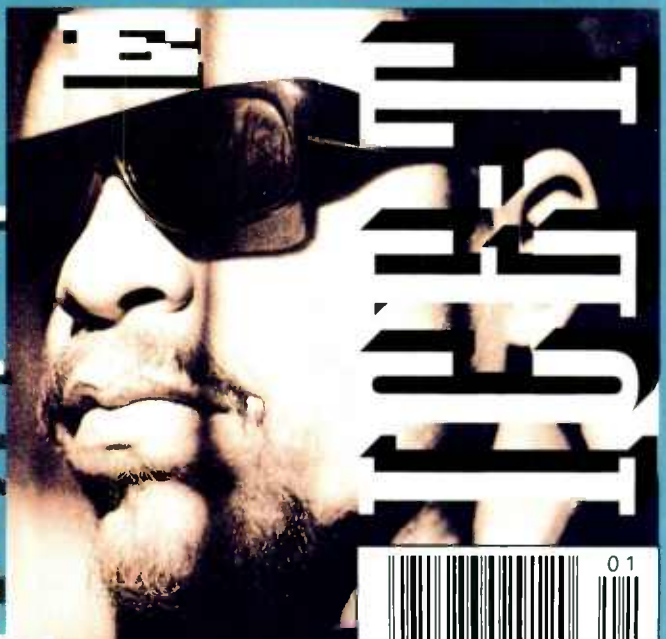
CHILI PEPPERS



EXTREME



ALICE IN CHAINS



TUTU

TORI AMOS, BOBBY BROWN, MARIAH CAREY, MUDHONEY

KEITH JARRETT, TOM WAITS, THE BLACK CROWES

D S OF HIPHOPRISY

0 71486 02912 0 01

$2.00 UK $3.75 CANADA ISSUE No. 171

DYLAN.

ACOUSTIC. AGAIN.

A guitar...a harmonica...thirteen classic blues and folk songs, all recorded in the same intimate style as his 1962 debut.

"'Good As I Been To You' is one of the best things Bob Dylan has ever done...a bracing shot of unadorned passionate music."

—Jay Cocks, Time Magazine

BOB DYLAN

"GOOD AS I BEEN TO YOU"

SOLO. ACOUSTIC. INDISPENSABLE.

COLUMBIA

Although it goes without saying, we'll say it anyway. The new Roland R-70 Human Rhythm composer is unlike anything you've ever seen before. It features 242 professional-quality percussion sounds and a whole slew of digital effects including reverb, delay, chorus and flange. Add layering and you've literally got 58,564 different sounds at your fingertips. What you also have at your fingertips are sixteen velocity-sensitive pads, as well as the new Positional Pad. Which, among other things, gives you sensitivity and versatility by letting you influence different parameters depending on where you play. Not to mention a unique Rhythm Expert System that automatically creates quick original patterns and songs. In short, the R-70 is like the best drummer you know. Only it won't show up late to a gig or make passes at your girlfriend.

It's as close as you can get to a real live drummer. In fact, it's a lot closer than you'd want to get to most of them.

Roland®

Roland Corporation US, 7200 Dominion Circle, Los Angeles, CA 90040-3647 213 685-5141.

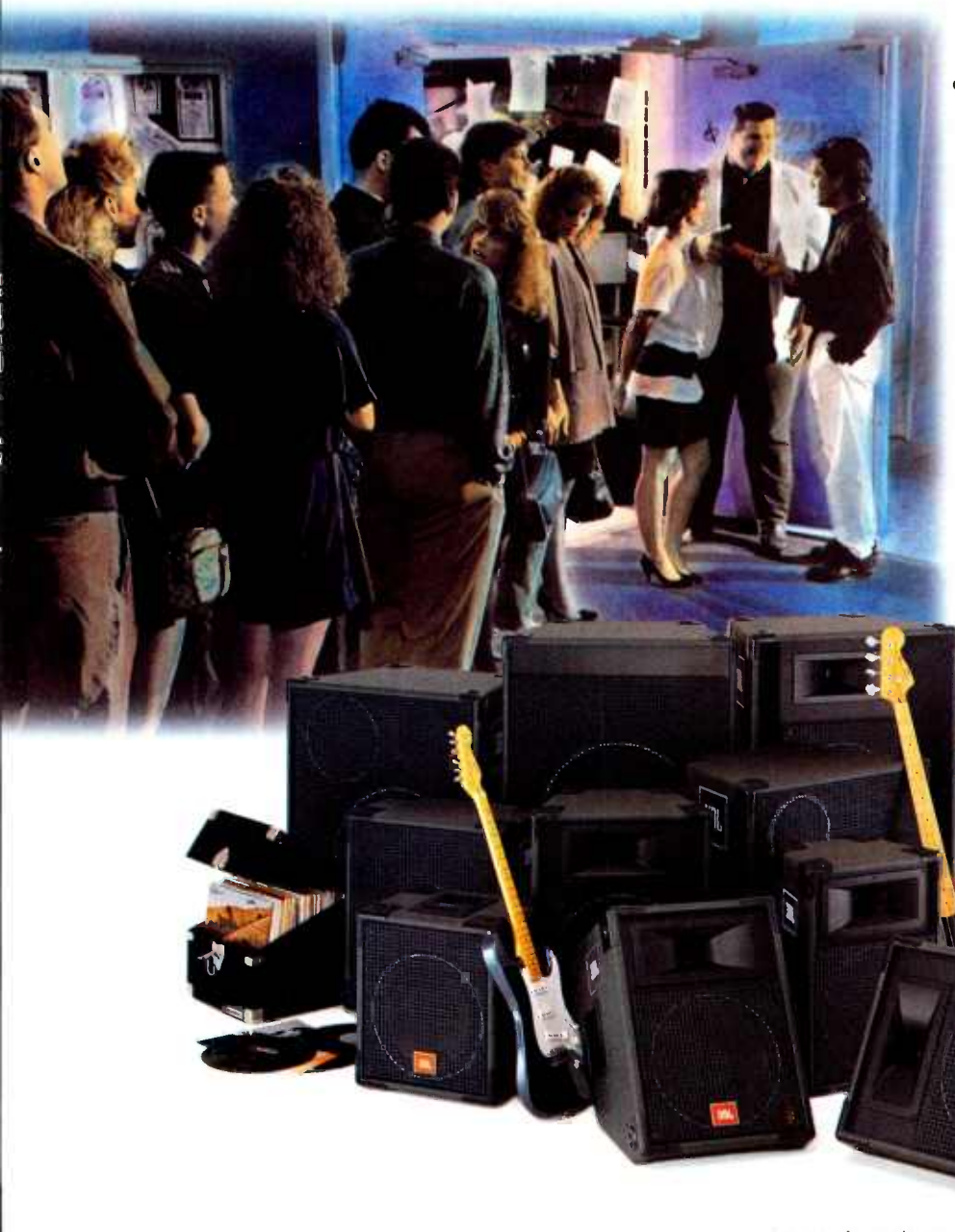
MUSICIAN MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1993
ISSUE NO. 171

1992

THE STATE OF ROCK

COVER
Clockwise from upper left: Mark Leialoha/Speed of Sound; Kurt Mundahl; Frank W. Ockenfels 3/Outline; Joseph Cultice



Just The Ticket To A Great Performance.

You've paid your dues. You've invested your soul. Now you're flush with the thrill of making it, and ready for a larger stage. But you can't ignore reality just yet. Getting into a decent sound reinforcement system can be a costly endeavor.

For you, the emerging performer, we've developed the MR Series. Serious loudspeaker systems that deliver out-of-this-world performance at down to earth prices. From the single transducer guitar boxes and 2-way stage monitors to 3-way full range systems and 18" subwoofer, MR Series systems produce a big, clean, powerful JBL sound. The kind of sound you and your audience will truly appreciate.

Besides providing the launching point for new loudspeakers with powerful 3 inch voice coils, the MR Series also relies on the proven technologies of our Bi-Radial® horns, titanium diaphragms and ultra-strong trapezoidal enclosures. From the crisp, clear tones of a guitar solo to the complex textures of a synth, even to the special performance needs of mobile DJs, MR Series delivers the efficiency, reliability, and power handling capability that has become synonymous with JBL.

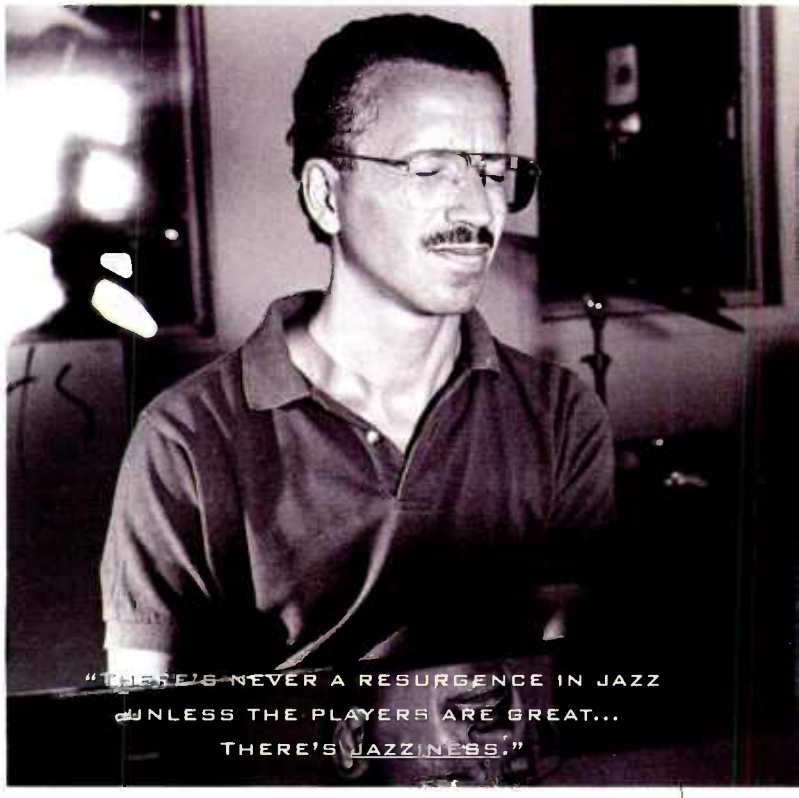
MR Series. Check them out at your local JBL dealer. They may just be the ticket for your next great performance.

JBL

JBL Professional
8500 Balboa Boulevard, Northridge, CA 91329
A Harman International Company

KEITH JARRETT

FRONT MAN



In the essay you wrote for the New York* Times *in August, you come off as a curmudgeon who sees contemporary culture—world music, the Marsalises and beyond—as a wasteland. Was that your intent?

Yes, it's a critique of popular culture at this moment in time—not as a potential. I've had people say that what they get from the article is that I don't think musicians ought to be able to work. [*laughs*] Someone actually said that I hate musicians. You can always misread things, so I can't help that part. But I did intend for it to be a vast critique, and let the cards fall where they will.

Somebody might say, "How can he be saying this?" Well, that's part of my purpose—to get them to ask something. I don't care if I'm wrong or right in this case. I care that they wake up, because then the music will win out, whatever the best music is. People ought to hear good music—that's my point. They shouldn't be convinced something is good just because everyone is telling them so.

Why make public observations about the jazz scene?

I think people are accepting fakeness as real. I think, in a way, the whole thing is Disneyland. I feel there's no resistance, and if there is no resistance much longer, it will be forgotten.

How much exposure do you allow yourself to pop culture?

Pop culture is so much different than it was hundreds of years ago, when Mozart was pop. Now it is an industry thing. Even the musicians would say so. Whereas Mozart was writing his music, and then it became popular. We don't have a single example of that.

I guess at least three times in my career, I've heard people say, "There's a resurgence of jazz now," and those have been times when I've seen it as a desert. So my question is: the resurgence of what? There's never a time of resurgence in jazz unless the players themselves are great. There is no jazz without that. There's jazziness. In a way a German would choose a BMW to be sporty, TV has chosen jazz to be jazzy.

What did you mean by "world music is a hoax"?

That it is a trick. The person who might now be listening to music from northern India might never listen to it if he had to find northern Indian music. Well, the very fact that he doesn't have to find it takes away his effort, so his listening isn't going to be as good. I have a feeling that what we've done is destroyed ethnic music by calling it world music. If you go to the Nile River and talk to Egyptian troubadours and ask them what they're doing, they're not going to say, "We're playing world music." [*laughs*] They will maybe say, "This is our people's music, and we're trying to preserve it." They probably wouldn't even say it's *their* music, personally.

When we call it world music, what we're saying is that "it's not *our* world." Semiotics is really an important thing—the realization of what a symbol is actually doing, of what it's actually creating. People let these things go through their system. Eventually, it's part of their consciousness. Now everyone says world music, but they don't know what they're talking about, [*laughs*] and neither do I.

Some people might sense a disparity between your two recent projects—the Shostakovich preludes and fugues, and your solo improvisational piano recording* Vienna Concert. *Obviously, you don't.

No, not at all. Without one of them, the other one wouldn't be as good. This stuff is something I feel close to, and then I want to make it realized for listeners. I hate to quote this guy, but Jesus said, "If you bring forth what is inside of you, what you bring forth will save you. If you don't bring forth what is inside of you, what you don't bring forth will destroy you." That's about it.

Does the solo piano context still serve as a relatively pure mode of expression for you? Does it give you the greatest freedom?

That's a hard one. Everything has its own kind of purity. I will say, though, that the *Vienna Concert* satisfies my need to have anything on record with solo piano. I don't feel like I ever have to release another solo piano record, ever. I don't have to compete with myself.

There was a fairly sharp turning point for you about a decade ago, when the* Standards *trio started and you started playing classical music. Are you sensing a kind of fruition 10 years down the road?

Definitely. It's all a process. I can't put my finger on a moment when I knew it was clicking in a new way. You know how people say, "You have to go on vacation. You've been working too hard." I never have to go on vacation, because everything I do is a vacation from something else. [*laughs*] To me, the definition of a crossover is someone who remembers where he crossed over from. That's why, when someone asks me about it, they get a very confusing answer. I say, "No, I'm not a crossover artist. Everything is 100 percent."

JOSEF WOODARD

PHOTOGRAPH: CHEUNG CHING MING

INTRODUCING

A new digital future. Take a good look at the letters DCC. Because if you love music, they'll soon be as common as the letters CD. Created by Philips – the inventor of Compact Disc – the Digital Compact Cassette gives you crystal clear CD quality, along with all the advantages of a cassette.

You're the recording artist. Even better than playing music with CD clarity, DCC records with the same digital sound quality. That means you can make a digital copy of your favorite CD. There's no loss of sound. Zero hiss. After all, it's fully digital.

Music on command. With DCC, you can directly access your favorite tracks. All you have to do is enter the track number, and the player automatically locates and plays it for you. But Philips DCC also has features even a CD player can't match.

See what you hear. Beyond track numbers and elapsed track time, prerecorded DCCs show the song title, album title and the artist's name. Searching for your favorite selection has never been easier.

Built to survive. Just look at

YOUR MUSIC WILL N

PHILIPS DCC

the cassette and you can see the future in it. It's beautifully sleek, with the entire top side devoted to album art. All of the openings are concealed under a metal slider to keep it free of dirt and dust. Best of all, both the cassette and its case are built to survive.

Your favorite artists are here. Already there are literally hundreds of titles available on DCC. From all your favorite artists, in every style, from metal, pop, rap and jazz to country, oldies, classical and swing.

And there are more coming every day.

Don't throw it all away.

Because you weren't born yesterday, you probably have hundreds of conventional cassettes — the ones we invented over twenty years ago — so Philips designed the DCC900 to play them as well. Imagine — a system that doesn't expect you to simply dismiss the past. Get in touch with the future. Call **1-800-982-3737** for the Philips Dealer near you, because the DCC900 is here, now.

Another First From Philips

PHILIPS

EVER BE THE SAME

LETTERS

ELVIS: ORAL HISTORY

Thank you for writing about Elvis Presley (Oct. '92) the way he should have been written about these last 15 years. It was the music that first caught our attention, before we ever saw his face or knew anything about him; it is the music that will be around centuries from now. For that he deserves our respect. All else is irrelevant.

Sherry Daniel
Los Angeles, CA

It's almost criminal that Elvis' talents were not utilized to his fullest potential, not only by Elvis himself but also by those promoting him. It was interesting to read Scotty Moore's comment: "Of everything I ever did with him, feel was most important." Listening to some of Elvis' material, you just can't sit still or stop smiling because it makes you feel so good! When Elvis was "on," there wasn't another singer who could touch him.

Leslie Masse
Manchester, NH

Without question Elvis had the most versatile voice in the history of recorded music. Elvis' ability to interpret and deliver lyrics is what made him the "King."

Steve Braun
Dallas, TX

I've just gotten through reading your Elvis Presley article in the Oct. '92 issue of your very fine magazine, and I've often wondered how many takes he must have gone through in doing his many hits. ONLY ONE! Golly, he was fabulous, and so were the bands and singers he had. He really put his soul into his music.

Most Rev. Archbishop E.C. Payne
Wethersfield, CT

In my opinion someone who has been "dead" for almost as long as I have been alive has very little to do with today's music. Today's music scene is much more exciting and diversified than 20 years ago. It seems a shame to honor the dead when the living deserve so much! Will today's groups like Pearl Jam, Live and Nirvana have to be long gone before they get the covers they have earned?

Alisha Harrison
Kearns, UT

MERCURY REMEMBERED

The very nice tribute you did on Jeff Porcaro (Oct. '92) brought rather strongly to mind the fact that your publication has failed to mention the death of Freddie Mercury. This is a rather sad omission.

Queen was a unique band—skilled, intelligent, witty and superbly musical. Perhaps this is the time for *Musician* to consider a piece about one of the most innovative musicians to grace us in a long while.

Cheryl Horowitz
Bridgewater, NJ

The October issue's story on the unfortunate death of Jeff Porcaro contained an important factual error. Porcaro did *not* die as a result of using pesticides. Mr. Bob Dambacher, a spokesman for the Los Angeles County coroner, said an autopsy found that Mr. Porcaro's death was related to hardening of the arteries stemming from cocaine use. Tests found no trace of pesticide but did find traces of cocaine in Mr. Porcaro's blood.

Jeff Porcaro was a great musician, and that fact will never change. I just feel it is important to be clear about the cause of his death. Perhaps this could serve as a signal to others.

Jonathan Langer
Patchogue, NY

DISS YOU, DISS ME

Branford Marsalis' comment (Oct. '92) about black people listening to classical music to prove they can be as white as white people are is the main reason there is division and disunity in the musical community. Since when did color make any damn difference whether music, whatever type it is, can be enjoyed? And he wonders why there was a riot in Los Angeles? I listen to and play classical music not because it makes me feel white, but because I enjoy it, and there is nothing to be "shame" about that!

Todd Gorham
Farmville, NC

Hey, Branford, why you dissin' wedding bands? We're out there playin' changes, makin' a living (same as you), and in 13 years on the job I've only played "Louie, Louie" twice ("Celebration," on the other hand, continues to occasionally rear its ugly head and must be exterminated). Live music, on TV or in a banquet hall, is best.

Andrew Collins
Chicago, IL

LOOK OUT BELOW

Have the members of L7 blown up your toilets yet? I hope so. What the hell were you thinking when you decided to interview L7 and Hole (Oct. '92) for the same article? Not only did you run what at first and last glance is a "girl band" article, but within the first few paragraphs you had to mention Nirvana, thereby making it easy for the reader to infer that the two bands are somehow merely "coattailing" on the success of said Olympian trio. Remember "Where the Players Do the Talking"? Perhaps it would be best to leave categorization and comparison to the players, too.

Jon Crowe
Chicago, IL

Courtney Love says that she likes her guitarist because "he played like a girl," and would let her husband Kurt Cobain into her band if he was a girl, all the while complaining about the sexism she has faced. Courtney—wake up, if you want to be treated fairly, you should treat others fairly.

Brian Lewis
Valencia, CA

HARE

Congratulations! You have proven that George Harrison is the biggest hypocrite to ever live (Sept. '92). There he goes driving around in Ferraris and loony toon cars, and then he has the audacity to condemn material wealth. Well, I love my car, I love my CD player, and I love my fax machine. Let this be known: I never liked you and I never wasted a dime on your wheelchair rock, and I never subscribed to your Hare-bullshit philosophies.

Hal Ward
Washington, DC

Your interview with George Harrison was very informative and let me realize that Harrison is a self-loving and unappreciative bum. Not only did he insult a far superior guitarist in Clapton, he also makes a remark about Elvis Costello wishing he were a Beatle. Perhaps if Costello had been a Beatle they would have been better than with a guy who brought less than a handful of memorable songs to that group.

Byron Philbrick
Stratton, ME

Please send letters to: **Musician,** ***1515 Broadway, New York, NY 10036.***

MUSICIAN

BILL FLANAGAN
editor

JOHN KORPICS
art director

CHARLES M. YOUNG
executive editor

MATT RESNICOFF
senior editor

MARK ROWLAND
(310) 273-7640
west coast editor

KEITH POWERS
managing editor

PETER CRONIN
developments editor

RUTH MAASSEN
typographer

MAC RANDALL
assistant editor

JOCK BAIRD · J.D. CONSIDINE
SCOTT ISLER · JIM MACNIE · TONY SCHERMAN
CHIP STERN · PETER WATROUS
TIMOTHY WHITE · JON YOUNG
contributing editors

RICHARD FULCO
editorial intern

GORDON BAIRD
publisher

GARY KRASNER
executive publisher

PAUL SACKSMAN
associate publisher

ANDY MYERS
national advertising manager

TOM FISHER
dealer sales director

JOHN R. GOODWIN
creative services director

SANDY MASUO
promotion coordinator

PHILIP E. HOPKINS
JEFF SERRETTE (CLASSIFIED)
DEVLIN SHERLOCK
sales/promotion

HYACINTH AMERO
assistant to the publisher

FINELLA FAORMINA
NATHAN BRACKETT
DAN DORI · NICHOLE BURKE
administration

JOAN MASELLA
circulation director

ALLIS RUNCO
assistant circulation manager

33 COMMERCIAL ST.
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930 (508) 281-3110
main office, production/retail sales

1515 BROADWAY, 39TH FL.
NEW YORK, NY 10036 (212) 536-5208
advertising, editorial

GORDON BAIRD
SAM HOLDSWORTH
founders

MUSICIAN (USPS 491-912) 33 Commercial St., Gloucester, MA 01930. 508-281-3110, is published monthly by BPI Communications, 1515 Broadway, New York, NY 10036. © 1993 by MUSICIAN, all rights reserved. Second class postage paid at Gloucester, MA 01930 and additional mailing offices. Subscriptions $19.97 per year, $34.97 for two years, $52.97 for three years. Canada and elsewhere, add $12 per year. U.S. funds only. Subscription address: MUSICIAN, Box 1923, Marion, OH 43305. Send address changes to above address. CALL 1-800-347-6969 FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS IN THE CONTINENTAL U.S. Current and back issues are available on microfilm from University Microfilms Int'l., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Billboard Publications, Inc. President and Chief Executive Officer, Gerald S. Hobbs; Vice Chairman & Chief Operating Officer, Arthur L. Kingsley; Executive Vice Presidents, John Babcock Jr., Martin K. Eidels; Senior Vice Presidents, Paul Curran, Robert J. Dowling, Ann Haire, Howard Lander, Rosalie Lovett; Vice Presidents, Georgina Challis, Glenn Heiferman, Theo Roos.
MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

1992-THE ONES THAT GOT AWAY

BEFORE DIVING INTO AN ISSUE devoted to the big winners of 1992, *Musician* decided to poll a few of our music critic pals and ask which great albums of the past year were most unjustly overlooked. We have our picks—such as Los Lobos' *Kiko*—but we keep our readers filled in on *our* choices all the time. So we asked the question—what have we missed?

"Miracle Legion's *Drenched*," Katherine Dieckmann said immediately. "Blue Aeroplanes' *Beatsongs*, Throwing Muses' *Red Heaven*, the Chestnuts' *West of Rome* and, especially, *Soft Bomb* by the Chills—a brilliant album that did not get its due."

Jon Pareles chose *Nursery Boys Go Ahead!* by Abana Ba Nasery: "From Kenya, just a couple of guitars, a scraped soda bottle and some cheerful voices turn minimalism into pure sunshine."

Elizabeth Wurtzel said, "The Cowboy Junkies' *Black Eyed Man*. What happened? Everyone I played it for loved it. Michael Timmins is a really gifted songwriter and raconteur and Margo's singing, which used to be too understated, was just right."

Kurt Loder picked *Miserere* by Arvo Part. "Quietly astonishing in its otherworldliness," Kurt said. "I love this record and play it a lot."

Jay Cocks was one of several votes for *Can You Fly* by Freedy Johnston, "because it's the best New York folk writing of the year and because I misspelled his name in *Time* magazine."

Nelson George chose *Skin* by Ephraim Lewis: "Understated R&B, more Sade than Terence Trent D'Arby. The kind of record that critics normally don't like—it's too mellow. It isn't AC, but if you think it's AC you'll hate it."

"*Hacienda* by Francois Houle," was volunteered by Kevin Whitehead. "Although the sound on this live septet CD ain't super, it's an auspicious debut for the Vancouver clarinetist, soprano saxophonist and composer, whose twin influences—John Carter and Steve Lacy—aren't hard to spot, but who's got his own sound and an appealing voice on clarinet and as a leader."

David Handelman wanted to plug "Juliana Hatfield's *Hey Babe*, a record that always puts me in a good mood. She has an interesting post-feminist viewpoint in her songs. The first rock chick I've liked since Chrissie Hynde."

"One of the most unjustly overlooked records of the year is *Spooky* by Lush," said Timothy White, "which yielded two sublime singles—'Nothing Natural' and 'Superblast!' The group's sound is pretty but tough, poignant but propulsive, ghostly but gritty. And Miki Berenyi and Emma Anderson were the unsung rock stars of Lollapalooza II."

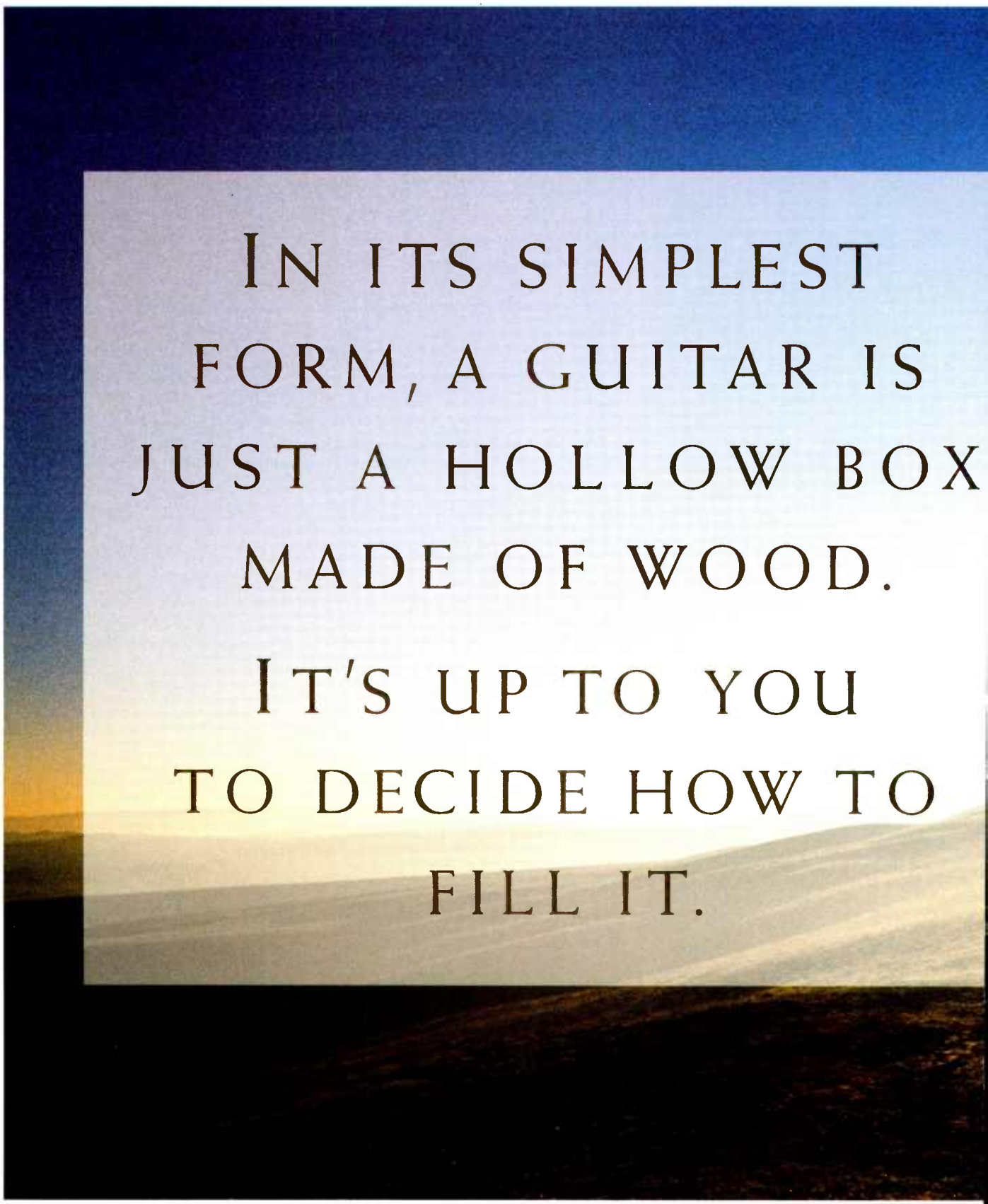
Robert Christgau's selection was Mzwakhe Mbuli's *Resistance is Defense*: "Many fine African records are ignored in this country. This South African entry is the finest of 1992, and it's in English, besides."

Greg Tate chose Julian Joseph's *The Language of Truth*. Greg said it contains "the most incandescent writing from a young jazz player I've heard in a while; it's the year's best album, in a classic jazz sense, from a young player."

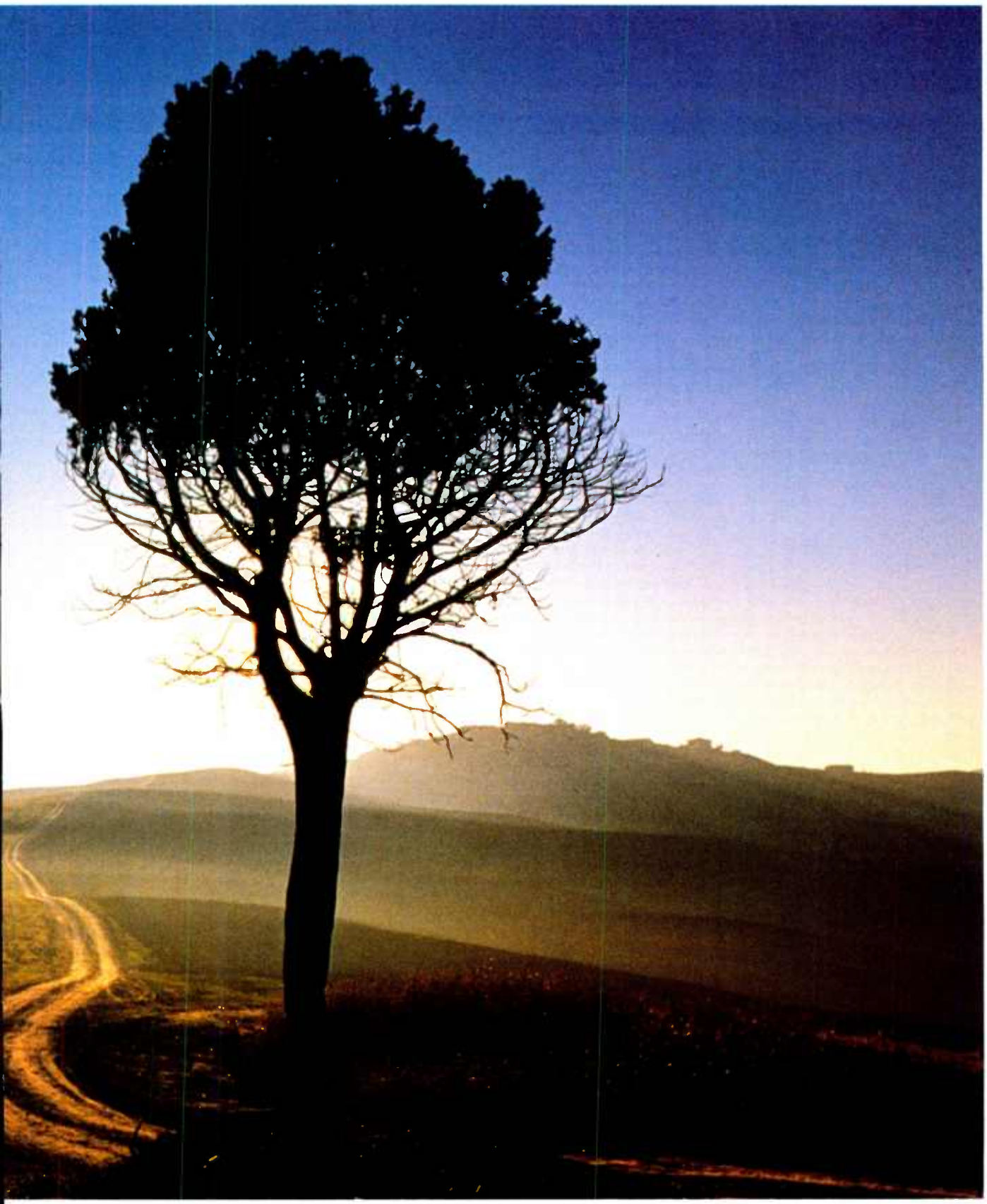
Anthony DeCurtis said, "*Charcoal Lane* by Australian singer/songwriter Archie Roach is the stirring story of an aboriginal life lived in the shadow of Anglo oppression. Growing up colonized in your own homeland can make for powerful anger—and powerful insights. Roach transforms his alienation into aesthetic distance, so the tales he tells take on a terrible beauty. They will haunt you."

David Fricke voted for Simon Bonney's *Forever*: "He's an Australian post-punk balladeer who writes and sings like Nick Cave reborn as Jimmie Dale Gilmore instead of Leonard Cohen."

Janine McAdams was one of several critics who mentioned Basehead: "In the excitement over such rap/song hybrid artists as Arrested Development and the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy, the Basehead debut was totally overlooked. The album, *Play with Toys*, consists of mellow, droning guitar rock layered over hip-hop rhythms, and features Michael Ivey's laid-back, druggy vocals, which fall somewhere between singing and rapping—intoning is more like it. It's not folk rap, it's not hardcore; it is the stream-of-consciousness urban odyssey of a guy from da hood who writes love songs to his beer, is convinced his woman is cheating because her hair is perennially 'fucked up,' and misremembers events that happened '2,000 B.C' (2,000 braincells) ago. Not rocket science, but real and totally dope."



When you think about it, it's amazing that those sweet sounds can come from a wooden box. But quit thinking abo



play. Write us at 1940 Gillespie Way, El Cajon, CA 92020 for the dealer near you.

THE END OF THE CHILLS

Martin Phillips Goes Home

"Why was I spending so much time trying to keep a group together?" Martin Phillips is asking rhetorically. "And at the expense of actually making more music?"

At 18, the singer/songwriter/guitarist started the Chills in his native New Zealand. Over the course of the '80s, Phillips' band was recognized for carefully worded and cleverly constructed pop numbers over which his innocent voice would swoop and soar. But at a recent end-of-tour gig in New York City, in support of their latest release, *Soft Bomb*, Phillips dropped a bomb of his own, announcing that it would be "the last Chills show ever." After 12 years (and at least as many lineup changes), three albums, and countless singles and EPs, the Chills have called it a day.

"It really is frustrating," sighs Phillips, who blames his decision on a lack of sales, record company support and enthusiasm from band members. "I really don't know why it's been more difficult for me to keep a band together than for a lot of other central figures in different bands. The Chills' music was much better suited to the input of other people, which is why I've never gone solo—because I know what my limitations are as a performer and as a songwriter. To have a whole group focused on one generally understood sound or ideal is much more effective than just having me telling everyone what to play or what to do."

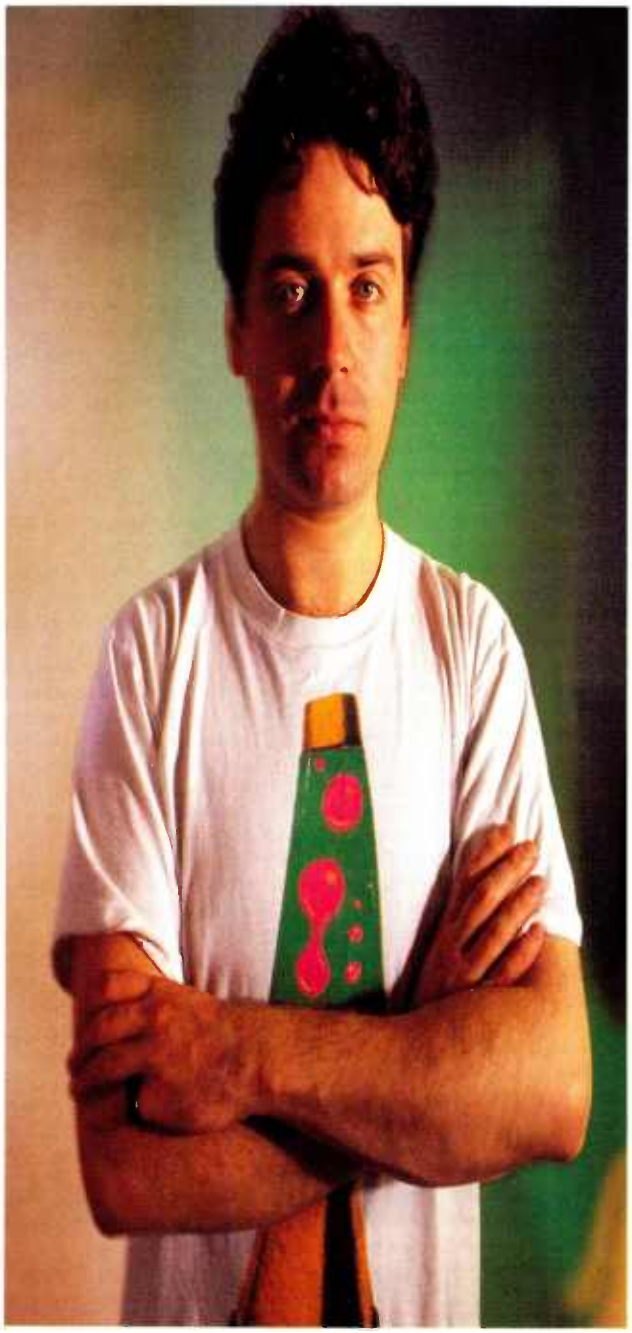
Without the Chills, then, can there still be a Martin Phillips? "The idea of 'Martin Phillips and his group' doesn't thrill me," he says. "But, in a way, fate has sorta forced this decision upon me. It's still the same situation—I'll still be looking for the right people to play with."

Phillips plans to "test the water" by releasing a single or two through Flying Nun, with whom he's remained signed in New Zealand since the beginning. "As a music lover and collector, I've got so many albums by artists who did really well in various groups where the band's founder went on to make solo albums that absolutely no one has heard of, so I'm prepared for that," he concedes.

For the moment Phillips is home "trying to finish off some of the 400-odd songs that I've got under way.

"It has been quite a shock. In a way it hasn't really sunk in yet that I am actually starting a fresh career—going on 30 and really having to realize that I've had all of my eggs in one basket," he concludes. "But at the same time, it does feel like a weight off my shoulders. I am looking forward to the big creative freedom that I'll have now. Because nothing has really particularly clicked with a major audience, I feel I can try *anything* at the moment, and it has as good a chance as anything else of working."

DEV SHERLOCK



PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL ROBERTS

NOW DIGITAL SOUND FITS IN A CASSETTE BOX.

INTRODUCING DCC. THE DIGITAL COMPACT CASSETTE.

Presenting the Digital Compact Cassette, a breakthrough in both digital and cassette technology. Brought to you by Philips, the same people who invented the compact disc.

Pre-recorded DCC cassettes give you precise, crystal clear reproduction of every kind of music with zero noise and zero hiss. That's because the tape inside is all digital. Outside, DCC cassettes are sleek, streamlined and come complete with their own lyric booklet.

In addition, DCC decks are specially designed to play analog tapes as well as digital. That means you can keep the cassettes you have now, and keep listening to them. So whether it's a favorite old tape from years ago, or your favorite new DCC cassette, you can have it both ways.

What's more, you'll be able to enjoy DCC cassettes at home or on the go. Look for portable DCC players at your local retailer soon.

The incredible sound quality of digital audio combined with the unsurpassed convenience of a cassette. That's what DCC stands for.

All of these artists and hundreds more are now available on DCC: Bryan Adams • Bon Jovi • Boys II Men Jose Carreras • Cathy Dennis • Placido Domingo Shirley Horn • I Musici • Herbert von Karajan Yevgeny Kissin • Bob Marley • Luciano Pavarotti Lionel Richie • Shakespear's Sister • U2 Suzanne Vega • Vanessa Williams

Your music will never be the same.

DCC. HOW TO HEAR THE FUTURE WITHOUT GIVING UP THE PAST.

ALICE ARNOLD

BOUKMAN EKSPERYANS

While assembling an American tour, the members of Boukman Eksperyans are learning about international priorities. It seems percussionist Hans "Bwa Gris" Dominique is only 14 years old, and this discovery has complicated the band's planned appearance in a concert series sponsored by Benson & Hedges. Something about minors in the presence of free tobacco samples—an odd problem compared to military censorship, constant surveillance and having rifles leveled at their heads back home in Haiti. "Cigarettes will not stop us where guns and stupid governments have failed," vows singer Theodore "Lolo" Beaubrun.

For Boukman Eksperyans, the music business is a matter of survival, and their latest battle has brought us *Kalfou Danjere* (Mango/Island), an inspired collection of songs about religion and hope. Their style is traditional *mizik rasin*, meaning "roots music," with those roots extending deep into Haitian mythology. "When we first played long ago, people were shocked to see we used drums from the Vodou temple," explains Beaubrun. "For them, that is devil worship. But when we play, everyone dances. People accept Vodou now, even as we've moved on to electronic instruments in the studio."

Kalfou Danjere ("Dangerous Crossroads") has won no fans in the Haitian military, which has come down hard on the Boukman message, and with good reason. When Haitian dictator "Baby Doc" Duvalier was ousted in 1986, the crowds were chanting "Ke M Pa Sote" ("You Don't Scare Me"), one of Boukman Eksperyans' most popular songs.

Such popularity has not translated into profit. Fearing the wrath of the military, Haitian record stores won't carry their product, leaving distribution to bootlegged cassettes. Nonetheless, Boukman Eksperyans aren't immigrating. "The revolution is coming," says Beaubrun. "We have to be in Haiti and talk to the people, to give them their energy and receive their energy. We were at the crossroads, but now we are at the corner, and people are waiting for us." J.R. TAYLOR

NUSRAT FATEH ALI KHAN

Hang on, Sufi

During Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan's extraordinary October concert at the Sanders Theatre in Cambridge, Massachusetts, scores of adoring fans rushed down from the balcony and covered the stage with money. First, they blessed the musicians by tracing a halo over their heads with dollar bills, then they tossed those bills at the players. This is a traditional custom in Khan's homeland of Pakistan, but it's unusual when it happens just outside the gates of Harvard Yard.

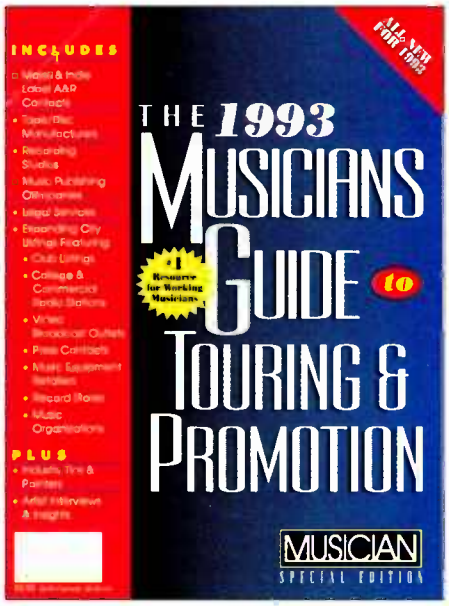
Nusrat is a superstar on the Indian subcontinent who is gradually gathering fame in the West, thanks in part to Peter Gabriel, who featured the Qawwali singer on his album *Passion* and signed him to Real World. Qawwali is the devotional music of the Sufis, and Nusrat's seven-man Party has rearranged traditional hymns in a style similar to Indian ragas. Over the complex rhythms of two hand-pumped harmoniums and tablas, Khan and his singers traded stunningly precise licks, their voices building in power until the music reached an ecstatic state.

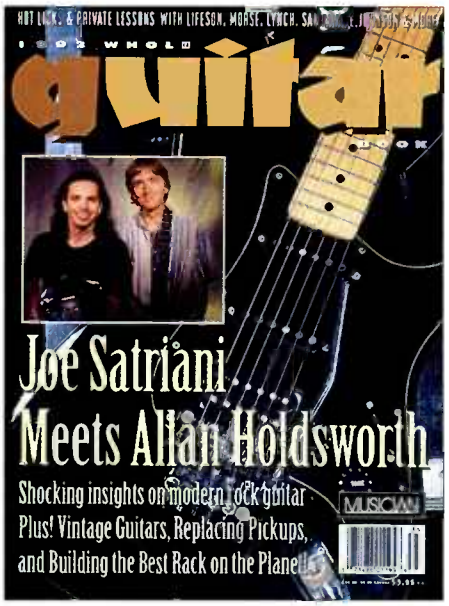
The audience was ready for ecstasy. The Pakistani contingent was in full force (especially in the balcony), and from the beginning made its presence known with requests and patriotic yells; the evening's first lyrical mention of Mohammed triggered a response that sounded like the Muslim equivalent of a revival meeting. After the first song, which lasted approximately 45 minutes, the fire alarm went off and the theater had to be evacuated—despite almost an hour's delay, hardly anyone went home.

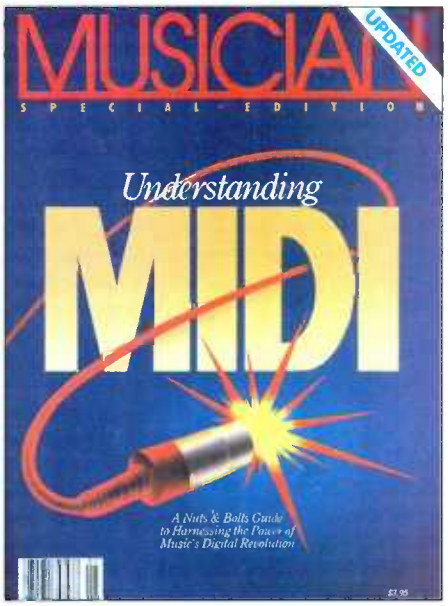
MAC RANDALL

TOM WOLFF

MUSICIAN SPECIAL EDITIONS







ALL NEW! 1993 MUSICIANS TOURING GUIDE

Includes: Over 500 major/indie A&R contacts, publishing companies, tape/CD manufacturers, as well as over 125 city listings featuring club contacts/booking info, college & commercial radio, press contacts, music & equipment retailers. Plus artist/industry interviews, insights and advice.
ONLY $6.95 EACH

ALL NEW! 1993 WHOLE GUITAR BOOK

The all-new Whole Guitar Book features details on building a killer rig, tips on changing pickups and personalizing your sound, a forum with Satriani and Holdsworth, an in-depth look at the vintage guitar market, plus private lessons with Santana, Slash, Tuck Andress and many more.
ONLY $4.95 EACH

UNDERSTANDING MIDI

The most popular and practical introduction to MIDI ever published. Whether you are just beginning or upgrading the gear you already have, this guide will help you get the most out of your MIDI and analog equipment.
ONLY $4.95 EACH

SPECIAL EDITIONS ORDER FORM

☐ **1993 MUSICIANS TOURING GUIDE**
AT $6.95 EACH ($7.95 OUTSIDE THE U.S.)

☐ **THE 1993 WHOLE GUITAR BOOK**
AT $4.95 EACH ($5.95 OUTSIDE THE U.S.)

☐ **UNDERSTANDING MIDI**
AT $4.95 EACH ($5.95 OUTSIDE THE U.S.)

ORDER BOTH $4.95 SPECIALS FOR JUST $8.90

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED $_____

Send your check or money order to
MUSICIAN SPECIAL EDITIONS
33 Commercial Street
Gloucester, MA 01930

PLEASE INDICATE NUMBER OF COPIES IN THE BOX NEXT TO TITLE.
ALL PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE & HANDLING.

15	12/78	**Chick Corea,** New Freedom Swing
21	11/79	**Brian Eno,** Talking Heads, Weather Report
34	7/81	**Tom Petty,** Dave Edmunds, Wayne Shorter
36	10/81	**Grateful Dead,** Zappa, Kid Creole, NY Dolls
45	7/82	**Willie Nelson,** John McLaughlin, the Motels
64	2/84	**Stevie Wonder,** X, Was (Not Was), Ornette
70	8/84	**Peter Wolf,** King Crimson, Sly + Robbie
71	9/84	**Heavy Metal,** Dream Syndicate, Tina Turner
77	3/85	**John Fogerty,** Marsalis/Hancock, Los Lobos
79	5/85	**Jeff Beck,** Alison Moyet, John Hiatt-Ry Cooder
94	8/86	**Jimi Hendrix,** The Cure, Prince, .38 Special
102	4/87	**Robert Croy,** Los Lobos, Simply Red
104	6/87	**Springsteen,** The Blasters, Keith Jarrett
111	1/88	**R.E.M.,** Year in Rock, 10,000 Maniacs
112	2/88	**McCartney,** Stanley Clarke, Buster Poindexter
113	3/88	**Robert Plant,** INXS, Wynton Marsalis
115	5/88	**Stevie Wonder, Sonny Rollins, Joni Mitchell, Johnny Cash**
116	6/88	**Sinéad O'Connor,** Neil Young, Tracy Chapmon
117	7/88	**Jimmy Page,** Leonard Cohen, Lloyd Cole
118	8/88	**Pink Floyd,** New Order, Smithereens
119	9/88	**Billy Gibbons,** Santana/Shorter, Vernon Reid
120	10/88	**Keith Richards,** Depeche Mode, Steve Farbert
121	11/88	**Prince,** Steve Winwood, Rondy Newmon
122	12/88	**Guns N' Roses,** Midnight Oil, Glyn Johns
123	1/89	**Yeor in Music '88,** Metallica, Jack Bruce, Fishbone
124	2/89	**Replacements,** Fleetwood Mac, Lyle Lovett
125	3/89	**Elvis Costello,** Jeff Healey, Sonic Youth
126	4/89	**Lou Reed,** John Cole, Joe Satriani
127	5/89	**Miles Davis,** Fine Young Cannibals, XTC
128	6/89	**Peter Gabriel,** Charles Mingus, Hüsker Dü
129	7/89	**The Who,** The Cure, Ziggy Marley
130	8/89	**10,000 Maniacs,** Mellencamp, Brown/Roitt
131	9/89	**Jeff Beck,** Laura Nyro, Billy Sheehon
132	10/89	**Don Henley,** Rolling Stones, Bob Marley
133	11/89	**The '80s,** Daniel Lanois, Syd Straw
134	12/89	**Grateful Dead,** Stevie Ray Vaughan, Paul Kelly
135	1/90	**Aerosmith,** NRBQ, Richard Thompson, Mox Q
137	3/90	**George Harrison,** The Kinks, Abdullah Ibrahim
138	4/90	**Tom Petty,** Lenny Kravitz, Rush, The Silos
139	5/90	**Paul McCartney,** Cecil Taylor, Kronos Quartet
140	6/90	**Robert Plant,** Suzanne Vega, Soul II Soul, Drums
141	7/90	**Jimi Hendrix,** David Bowie, Bob Clearmountain
142	8/90	**Sinéad O'Connor,** John Hiatt, World Party
143	9/90	**Steve Vai,** Michael Stipe, Malmsteen/McLaughlin
144	10/90	**INXS,** Neville Bros., Lou Reed/Vaclav Havel
146	12/90	**Slash,** Replocements, Waterboys, Pixies
147	1/91	**Robert Johnson,** Bruce Hornsby, Soul Asylum
148	2/91	**Pink Floyd,** Neil Young, Art Blakey, Black Crowes
149	3/91	**Jerry Garcia/Elvis Costello,** NWA, Pink Floyd
150	4/91	**R.E.M.,** AC/DC, Top Managers, Jim Morrison
151	5/91	**Eddie Van Halen,** Fishbone, Byrds, Chris Isaak
152	6/91	**Stevie Ray Vaughan,** Morrissey, Drum Special
153	7/91	**Bonnie Raitt,** Tim Buckley, Sonny Rollins
154	8/91	**Sting,** Stevie Wonder, 15th Anniversary Issue
155	9/91	**Paul McCartney,** Axl Rose, David Bowie
156	10/91	**Dire Straits,** Jesus Jones, Paul McCartney
157	11/91	**Jimi Hendrix,** Frank Zappa, Primus, Eddy/Fogerty
158	12/91	**Miles Davis,** Robbie Robertson, Mossive Attack
159	1/92	**Super Deals!,** Nirvana, Earl Palmer
160	2/92	**Fear of Rap,** Eric Clopton
161	3/92	**U2,** Harrison & Clapton, Songwriting Report
162	4/92	**Def Leppard,** k. d. lang, Live
163	5/92	**Drugs & Creativity,** Lovett, Mike Speciol
164	6/92	**Guns N' Roses,** Metollica, Genesis
165	7/92	**Led Zeppelin,** Faith No More, Burnett/Phillips
166	8/92	**David Gilmour,** Robert Wyatt Bill Nelson
167	9/92	**U2,** Big Guitar Special, George Horrison
168	10/92	**Elvis,** Horace Silver, Producers Special.
SP1		**Best of the Beatles and Rolling Stones**
SP2		**Masters of Metal,** Metallica, Def Leppard, more

CLASSIC HITS

MUSICIAN BACK ISSUES

162
Def Leppard

138
Tom Petty

153
Bonnie Raitt

120
Keith Richards

134
Grateful Dead

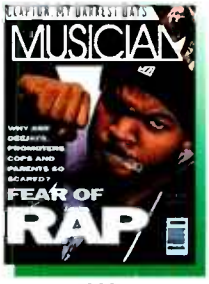
140
Robert Plant

157
Jimi Hendrix

126
Lou Reed

142
Sinéad O'Connor

131
Jeff Beck



160
Fear of Rap

SP1
Beatles & Stones

SP2
Masters of Metal

BACK ISSUES ORDER FORM

15 21 34 36 45 64 70 71 77 93 94 101 102 104 108 111 112 113 115 116 117 118 119 120
121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144
146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 SP1 SP2

ALTERNATES: IN CASE OF SELL-OUTS, PLEASE LIST ALTERNATE CHOICES. ISSUE # _____, _____, _____

SEND ME ____ ISSUES OF MUSICIAN AT $5.00 EACH ($6.00 OUTSIDE THE U.S., U.S. FUNDS ONLY)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Send your check or money order to **MUSICIAN BACK ISSUES**, 33 Commercial Street, Gloucester, MA 01930

LISA JOHNSON

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

"Rage Against the Machine is about confrontation, not about escape," says guitarist Tom Morello of his L.A. quartet, whose self-titled debut on Epic launches a mortar barrage of revolutionary politics at late-millennium apathy and intolerance. "People are always going to use music as an escape, but I personally think that if music doesn't serve to heighten consciousness, or help rip away a veil of complacency, then it's an opiate."

The album's 10 funk-metal-hip-hop diatribes are all of a piece, chapters in a radical manifesto. Vocalist Zack de la Rocha raps, snarls, howls and, of course, rages his tear-down-the-system lyrics, while Morello, bassist Timmy C. and drummer Brad Wilk churn out megaton riffs that could leave a smoking hole about 10 stories deep in downtown Washington D.C. Exhorting listeners to "Wake Up" and "Know Your Enemy," to "Take the Power Back" and "Settle for Nothing," *Rage Against the Machine* states its case with canny street metaphors in which the nightly news becomes "the in-house drive-by."

"And we play it all live," says Morello, who's phoning from Stuttgart, Germany, where Rage is opening for Suicidal Tendencies. "Every sound on the record is created by guitar, bass, drums or vocals, despite the weird sample-like sound effects. The record is self-produced, because we wanted it to be absolutely as raw and as street as we are."

A&R scouts took notice almost immediately after the band's inception in August 1991, resulting in a record contract in less than a year. Among Rage's label wannabes was Madonna's Maverick Records. Morello says the group was flattered by the Bleached One's offer, however: "She's still very much a mainstream pop artist. We were concerned about the perception of *this* band being associated with a vanity label of hers."

MOIRA McCORMICK

Tom Coster
Geoff Downes
Keith Emerson
Edgar Froese
Eddie Jobson
Chuck Leavell
Peter Oxendale
Greg Phillinganes
Dave Stewart
Rick Wakeman
Gota Yashiki
The Yellowjackets
and Joe Zawinul
bring you

"THE BEST OF THE 01/W."

Thirteen of the world's most respected keyboard artists have created original sequences using only the Korg 01/Wfd, and they're available now on compact disc.

Get this special limited edition Korg "Best of the 01/W" CD and hear your favorite musicians creating on their favorite workstation.

Send $3.50 to cover postage and handling to Department CDO, Korg USA, 89 Frost St., Westbury, NY 11590. You'll also get a copy of *ProView*, Korg's new 80 page magazine. Act now because supplies are limited.

And if you want to hear the 01/W bring out the best in your music, audition one at your Korg dealer today.

Please send check or money order and allow 4 to 8 weeks for delivery. Offer good until February 28, 1993 or while supplies last.

KORG 01/W SERIES

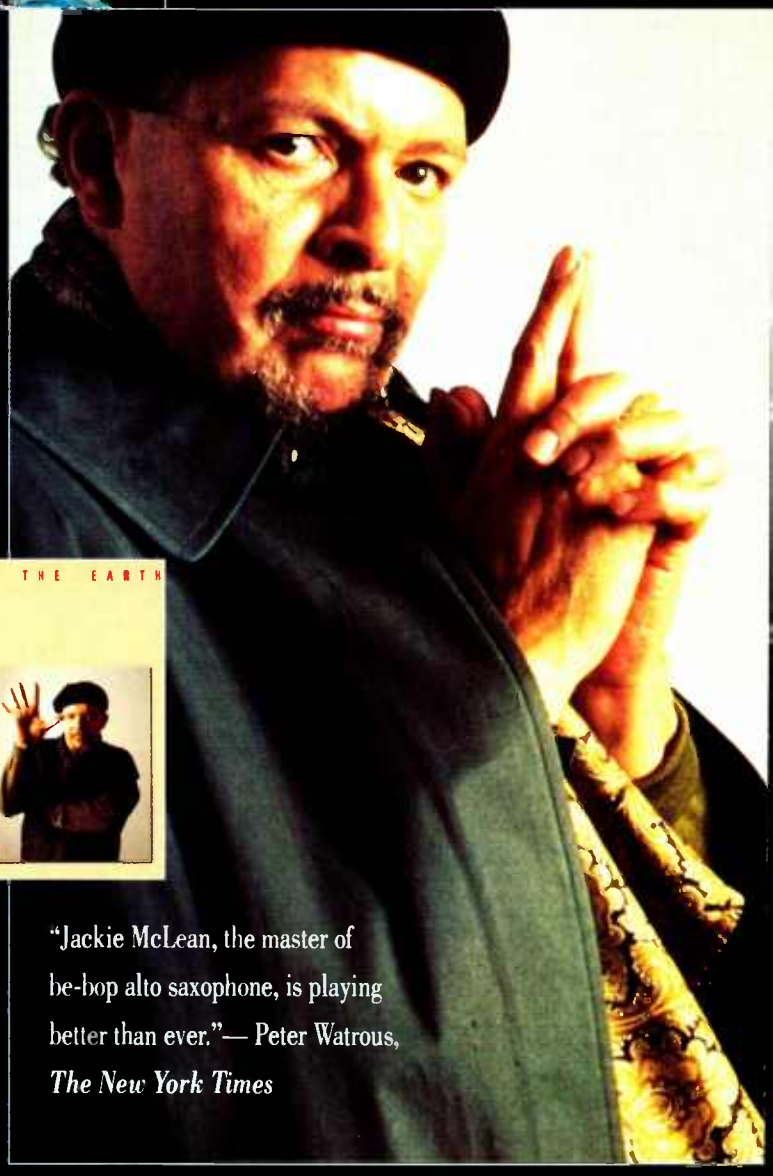
ANTILLES: WHERE A IS FOR ALTO

"Cool and caressing, passion-drenched yet unsentimental, this is his true forte; nobody does it better."— *Down Beat*

314 512 570

FRANK MORGAN
YOU MUST BELIEVE IN SPRING

Featuring:
Kenny Barron, Barry Harris,
Tommy Flanagan, Hank Jones,
Sir Roland Hanna



314 512 654

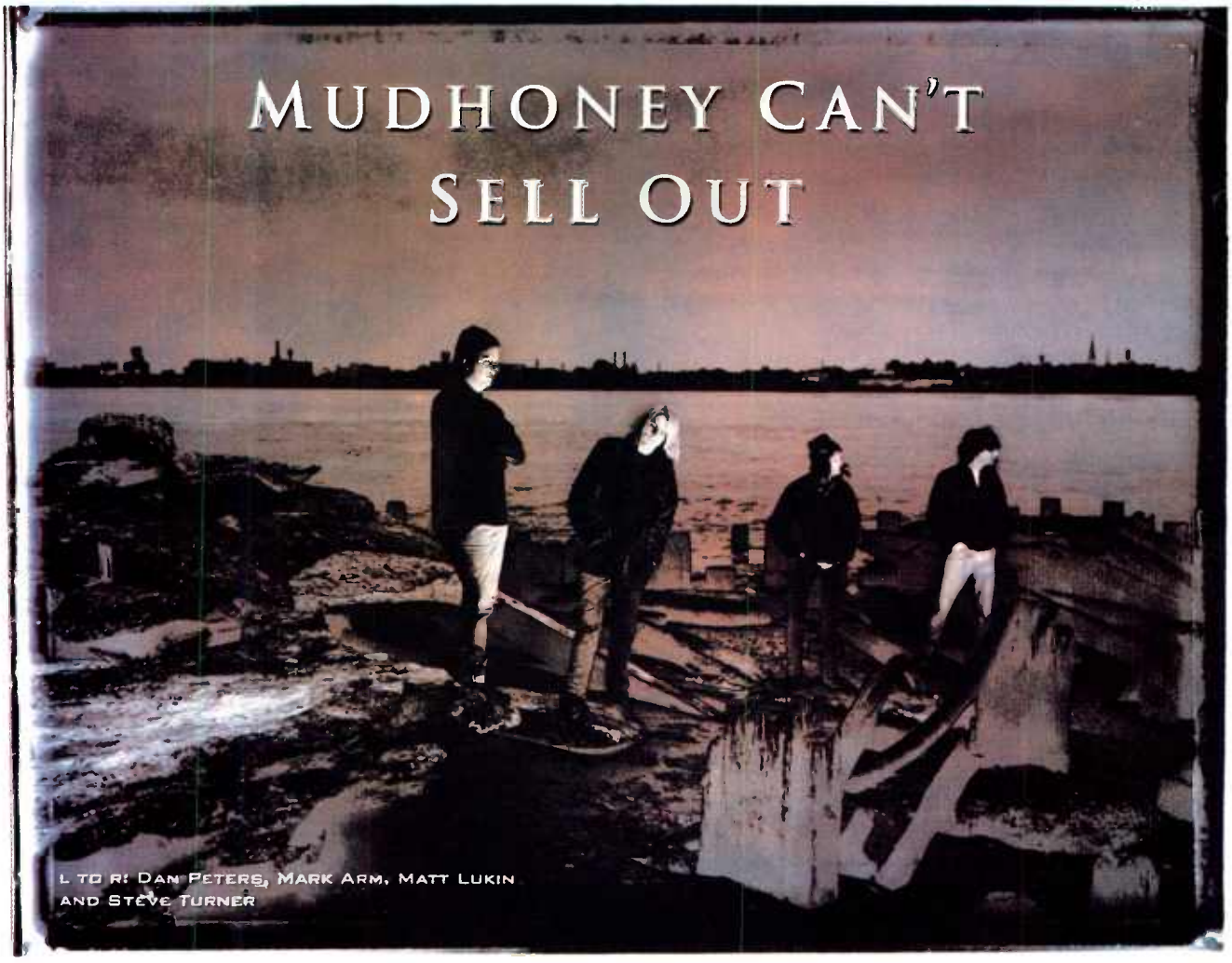
JACKIE McLEAN
RHYTHM OF THE EARTH

Featuring:
Roy Hargrove, Alan Jay Palmer,
Steve Davis, Nat Reeves,
Steve Nelson, Eric McPherson

"Jackie McLean, the master of be-bop alto saxophone, is playing better than ever."— Peter Watrous, *The New York Times*

ANTILLES

MUDHONEY CAN'T SELL OUT



L TO R: DAN PETERS, MARK ARM, MATT LUKIN AND STEVE TURNER

IN AN IDEAL WORLD, IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE TO TALK ABOUT MUDhoney without once mentioning Seattle, Sub Pop, Nirvana or bassist Matt Lukin's infamous flatulence. In the world we're stuck with, the one where Mudhoney has just released its latest celebration of confusion, *Piece of Cake* (Reprise), it seems pretty clear that's not going to happen.

Mudhoney is the last of the big-deal Pacific Northwest bands to make a major-label debut, even though, in many people's minds, they were the first to bring Seattle national attention for something other than microbreweries and Microsoft. When Kurt Cobain was still living in Olympia, and still finding graffiti on his bathroom wall informing him that he smelled like Teen Spirit deodorant, Mudhoney was gigging around and laying down the tracks that would comprise the band's dazy, zoned-out, distortion-pedaled sound—which eventually became the Seattle scene's trademark. Grant Alden, the managing editor of *The Rocket*, Seattle's weekly music journal, says he's pretty certain that Mudhoney got the ball rolling. "Soundgarden did an album for A&M first, but Mudhoney is what got all the alternative music people focused on Seattle." Until Nirvana's debut album broke all previous sales records, Mudhoney's *Every Good Boy Deserves Fudge* was Sub Pop's bestselling title.

But the two bands apparently know no rivalry. They have toured together—in fact, Mudhoney's drummer Dan Peters went on the road with Nirvana before they managed to find a permanent player—and Nirvana recently took an opening slot on a Mudhoney gig at Seattle's Crocodile Cafe ("Guess how many people stayed after Nirvana played?" singer/guitarist Mark Arm asks jokingly).

> *"We never meant to make an album."*

"Sure, we'll ride on their coattails," guitarist Steve Turner said with a laugh several months ago, when I interviewed him at the height of the Nirvanarama. "It's pretty fucking incredible what's happened with them, but since day one, Nirvana was always described as a pop-band-meets-the-Melvins—like, these guys could be *huge*. So we expected it. In a perfect world, I always thought Nirvana would be huge."

"And I guess we've got a perfect world," Mark Arm added. [*cont'd on page 95*]

BY ELIZABETH WURTZEL

PHOTOGRAPH: ROBERT LEWIS

HERLIN RILEY'S SECOND-LINE BLOODLINE

IF WYNTON MARSALIS' MUSIC *FEELS* BETTER THAN IT USED TO, YOU CAN thank Herlin Riley, the musician most responsible for kicking Wynton's butt out of the clouds. Wynton Marsalis studied trumpet at Juilliard; Herlin Riley studied drums in church. Related by blood or marriage to a remarkable number of New Orleans' best musicians, Riley learned music at about the same time he learned to talk, and about as automatically. At 35, though thoroughly familiar with Elvin Jones, Tony Williams and drumming's modern giants, he remains steeped in his New Orleans heritage, his funky, limber playing a perfect example of how tradition can renew itself.

Riley's three uncles, the Lastie brothers, were aristocrats of New Orleans jazz and rhythm & blues; his mother is a talented singer. His late grandfather, Frank Lastie, "the Deacon," was born in 1902, grew up with Louis Armstrong and played drums for 60 years in church. It was the Deacon who taught Herlin to play.

In New Orleans music, the past never got moldy; even today, the city's best drummers are direct descendants of the marching band tradition, with its syncopated bass drum and rattling snare-drum press rolls. The Deacon's style came straight from the parade grounds. "We'd be at the breakfast table," says Riley, "and he'd pick up two butter knives and beat out rhythms on the table. Stomp his foot." In church, Frank Lastie always played a kind of march-time shuffle, ride cymbal and snare in unison, with a syncopated bass drum.

"I watched him play in church and when he'd get up to sing or speak, I'd move in on the drums.

> *"When you think of New Orleans musicians, you don't think of virtuosity—you think of a feeling, a vibe they possess."*

I could keep a good beat when I was four or five. If I played too many fills, he'd come running back and fuss at me. 'Boy, keep time! Don't play all that crazy foolishness! Play time!' If I didn't, I'd get moved out. They'd put my cousin in. That's how I learned the importance of time—I hated to give up that drumkit so bad, I'd tell myself, 'You've gotta do this right, or else!'" Though the trumpet became Riley's main instrument—he didn't concentrate on drums until his early 20s—he kept on playing in church. "I've never really stopped. I still do it today, when I'm home."

Outside the church was a cityful of rhythms. In the '60s and '70s, all the generations of New Orleans music were alive, from traditional jazz to Allen Toussaint's pop. "Preservation Hall was always there for me, drummers like Cie Frazier, Louis Barbarin, Freddie Kohlmann, Frank Parker—pioneers of the early style. Newer guys like Smokey Johnson; I'd see Smokey at various back-of-town kinda clubs. I'd check out the jazz funerals and the social pleasure parades and functions, where I'd see cats playing hand-held bass drums. In the French Quarter I'd hear jug bands and washboard players, and they had this guy called Kokomo Joe who had a drumset he'd made out of cans, where he drilled holes in a can, put nails in it, and the nails rattled like snares. I didn't have to go back and research the history of playing, because it was all around me, all the time.

"Still, I would say that 60 percent of who I am as a drummer is my grandfather. Because all the technical things—soloing, playing colors on different parts of the kit—all [*cont'd on page 29*]

BY TONY SCHERMAN

PHOTOGRAPH: JOSEPH CULTICE

The highest fidelity component in bass since the Hartke driver.

The Hartke Amp.

Six years ago, we pushed technology to create the perfect speaker for bass. The Hartke aluminum cone driver gives bass players the sparkling clarity and detail they had always been missing with paper cone speakers.

Now we've gone even further toward the ultimate bass setup. Hartke has designed a series of sophisticated new amplifiers with all the critical features you need to get *total* Hartke sound.

Power. Our top-line Model 7000 rack-mount amp pumps out 350 watts a side of crystal clear bass power into 4 ohms.

Tone. The 7000 comes standard with both tube and solid state preamps. You can select tube for a brilliant, fat sound. Or solid state for more "edge." And mix them together for dynamic new possibilities.

Sounds. We've included rotary bass and treble Contour controls to shape your overall sound. And a precise 10-band graphic EQ to fine-tune it.

Control. The 7000 also has adjustable compression to add the exact amount of presence and sustain to your sound. And a variable crossover with a unique control that lets you get the right balance of highs and lows.

Choices. If you don't need all that power for your bottom line, our model 3500 delivers 350 watts mono into 4 ohms with all the extensive tone-shaping features of the 7000.

Now the biggest sound in bass doesn't end with Hartke drivers. It starts with Hartke Amps.

Hartke Systems
Transient Attack »»

Hartke Systems distributed exclusively worldwide by:
Samson Technologies Corp., P.O. Box 9068, Hicksville, NY 11802-9068
TEL (516) 932-3810 FAX (516) 932-3815

ROBIN HOLCOMB'S EQUILIBRIUM

> *"I'm not sure playing this wild, free music and these tight little songs makes sense."*

ROBIN HOLCOMB CELEBRATED THE RELEASE OF HER NEW ALBUM *Rockabye* opening for 10,000 Maniacs at Carnegie Hall, and it wasn't long into her set that her talent for improvisation flashed. During "Nine Lives," the lead track from her first, critically creamed-over album, the chords were revoiced in the most chimeric manner—slightly nudging the tonal center of the tune and peeking into corners that had previously been unexplored. It was teeming with dramatic subtleties, and it made a point: Anything can change at any time.

A key member of a diverse clique who wince when hearing themselves described as "downtown musicians," Holcomb played a fiery hybrid of jazz and classical in New York for a large part of the '80s. Many of the lessons first cultivated in this prog-strumental work—the expert use of dynamics, creating thematic motifs that needn't flaunt themselves to resonate—are parlayed into the unusual pop pieces found on both of her solo records. It gives the 38-year-old's art-folk a marvelous singularity.

"Being focused on as a singer/songwriter isn't false," she says quietly over breakfast the next morning, "but the fact that it doesn't make sense to me makes sense—it's not all that I am. Then again I'm not quite sure that playing all this wild, free music and playing these tight little songs makes much sense either."

By addressing a handful of American vernacular musics, which include styles culled from both high-art and low-art realms, Holcomb harvests some novel sounds. Perhaps that's why her thoughtful melange, which also takes a shot at balancing city sophistication with rural virtue, conveys a mysterious intimacy. Without ignoring her listeners, Holcomb staunchly makes a case for allowing music to reflect personal preferences. In an unusual twist, she also finds intrepid, on-the-spot creation easier than following ye olde verse/chorus/verse schemata.

"I've almost exclusively played my own music," she offers. "It's not as if I've covered a lot of songs; I haven't even *sung* a lot of other people's songs. It's much easier for me to get up and just play the piano; these songs with a lot of structure can be terrifying to perform, even though I wrote them. In improvisation you're in total control. With these pieces I'm afraid of losing my place."

That fear is at odds with the grace at the center of Holcomb's tunes. Even during the turbulent moments on *Rockabye*, the ensemble passages

BY JIM MACNIE

PHOTOGRAPH: BIRNEY IMES

"...THE PEAVEY C8 IS EASILY THE BEST MIDI MASTER KEYBOARD ON THE MARKET."*

— Jim Aikin, *Keyboard* Magazine

ENOUGH SAID.

For Details See Your Local Peavey Dealer.

For complete Peavey keyboard information and software upgrades, pick up the latest edition of *Key Issues* at your local Peavey dealer.

The Monitor magazine by Peavey is a publication filled with the latest information that musicians want to know. To receive 4 issues for only $5 (price good in U.S.A. only), send check or money order to Monitor Magazine, Peavey Electronics, 711 A Street, Meridian, MS 39302-2898

PEAVEY®

manage to negotiate an intricate equilibrium. In "Iowa Lands," dissonance and melody wind up embracing, each respectful of its partner's duties. While a stark piano figure gently skirts back and forth, a Nino Rota flourish emerges from nowhere, braiding the piece with a macabre reverie. Instead of the usual pastoral, you've got an unsettling scape that parallels the restlessness found in the song's subject matter: the migration of jobless Easterners to a haven of opportunity.

Holcomb, who hustled off to Seattle (with husband Wayne Horvitz) when New York's grime became overwhelming, is all for separating the principal elements of her pieces. "After writing a lot of horrible songs in the conventional manner, I found that if I took lyrics—words—that were meant to stand alone, and put music to them, it worked much better. To write music that I thought words would fit around got me nowhere."

When the 1989 New Music America Festival gave her the nod for a song cycle entitled "Angels at the Four Corners," her confidence was bolstered. Its text reflected the Georgia native's sharecropping days in North Carolina. The "Days of Heaven" hay bales that adorn *Rockabye*'s cover aren't far afield from her roots. Orchards in pale bloom, dawns that don't shed light, people who look like the torn-out pages of a book—the singer's view of ruralism may be explained in pithy snippets, but enhanced by her band's idiosyncratic colorization, from Bill Frisell's gauzy guitar to Doug Wieselman's peck 'n' paw reeds.

"The songs aren't necessarily vision-based, but I like it when I'm compared to painters. There's something in a great painting that can really send you...instead of describing a specific place in my songs, I'm trying to evoke a longing for a place, the desire to be there."

As enthralling as it is arcane, *Rockabye*'s verse secures the personality of these evasive emotional locations, making humanity a part of nature. A fan of W.S. Merwin and Randy Newman, Holcomb lets a little go a long way. "I try to edit things down to a small number of words. I'm not a minimalist per se, but sparseness is appealing."

That's not the operating procedure when she's writing for a heftier group. *Rockabye*'s woozy adaptation of Stephen Foster's "Dixie" harkens to the gargantuan sounds of the New York Composers Orchestra, which she and Horvitz co-founded. Her bittersweet title composition from the group's natty *First Program in Standard Time* is one of the most provocative on the disc. A grin comes from across the table. "It's nice to mess around with people's concepts of a big band, by using an Elliott Sharp piece or an Anthony Braxton piece." Or a Robin Holcomb piece. "I can hear the orchestra in my head when I'm writing for them; it's a snap compared to coming up with the song songs."

Perhaps, but Holcomb manages to mess with precepts there as well. "Eugene Chadbourne just covered one of my most delicate tunes," she concludes thoughtfully, "and though it didn't have much to do with the melody or the words, the sentiment was there. That's what I consider the important part."

UPRIGHT & GRAND

In her Seattle studio, ROBIN HOLCOMB plays a Steinway upright piano. When that's not allowing the creativity to flow, she traipses into Wayne Horvitz's workshop and tries the Yamaha Baby Grand (G3). The vocal mike she used on *Rockabye* is a Shure SM58. "I've been experimenting with a bunch of them," she says, "and so far it's provided the most intimate sounds for my vocals."

[*cont'd from page 24*] that comes *after* you learn how to play good time. That's really the main aspect of New Orleans drumming: to play good time. To swing, with a good feeling. When you think of New Orleans musicians, you don't think of their virtuosity, except Armstrong and Marsalis. You think of a feeling, a vibe they possess."

What else constitutes New Orleans drumming? Sitting in a New York hotel room, armed with sticks, practice pad and his stockinged feet, Riley gives a little lecture/demo. "A lot of it," he says, "is press rolls, which come right from the parade bands. Listening to my grandfather, that's how I got a really good roll. He could *roll* on a snare drum—sound like fryin' eggs, or fish: *ssshhhhhh*. Whenever I play stuff with a lot of rolls, like the beginning of 'Oh but on the Third Day' [from Marsalis' album *The Majesty of the Blues*], I automatically think of my grandfather.

"Another thing about New Orleans rhythm is that the accent tends to be on the second 'four': one-two-three-four, one-two-three-*boom*, one-two-three-four, one-two-three-*boom*. Everything else that goes on, it leads to accenting that second 'four.'" It's a built-in bounce, a kick in the pants.

"The New Orleans style also has a heavy relationship between the bass drum and the snare. In the parade bands, it was two separate drummers having a dialogue on their instruments. Today, a single drummer does it. But you still get that dialogue going. I might put it into something as modern as Wynton's 'Uptown Ruler,' which is in 5/4—listen." Riley plays the song's beat, his right, ride-cymbal hand keeping a steady pulse over a syncopated, chattering exchange between his left hand and his right foot. It's a lesson in how to make a difficult, abstract meter sound funky. At a clinic last February in New Orleans, Riley gave another beautiful demonstration of bass drum/snare drum coordination: Against an unvarying swing beat on his ride cymbal, he played a snare phrase and then repeated it on the bass drum, starting with a simple two-note figure and working his way through eighth-notes and triplets to rapid-fire snare/bass exchanges. It's not just a lesson in New Orleans technique; it's a fine independence exercise.

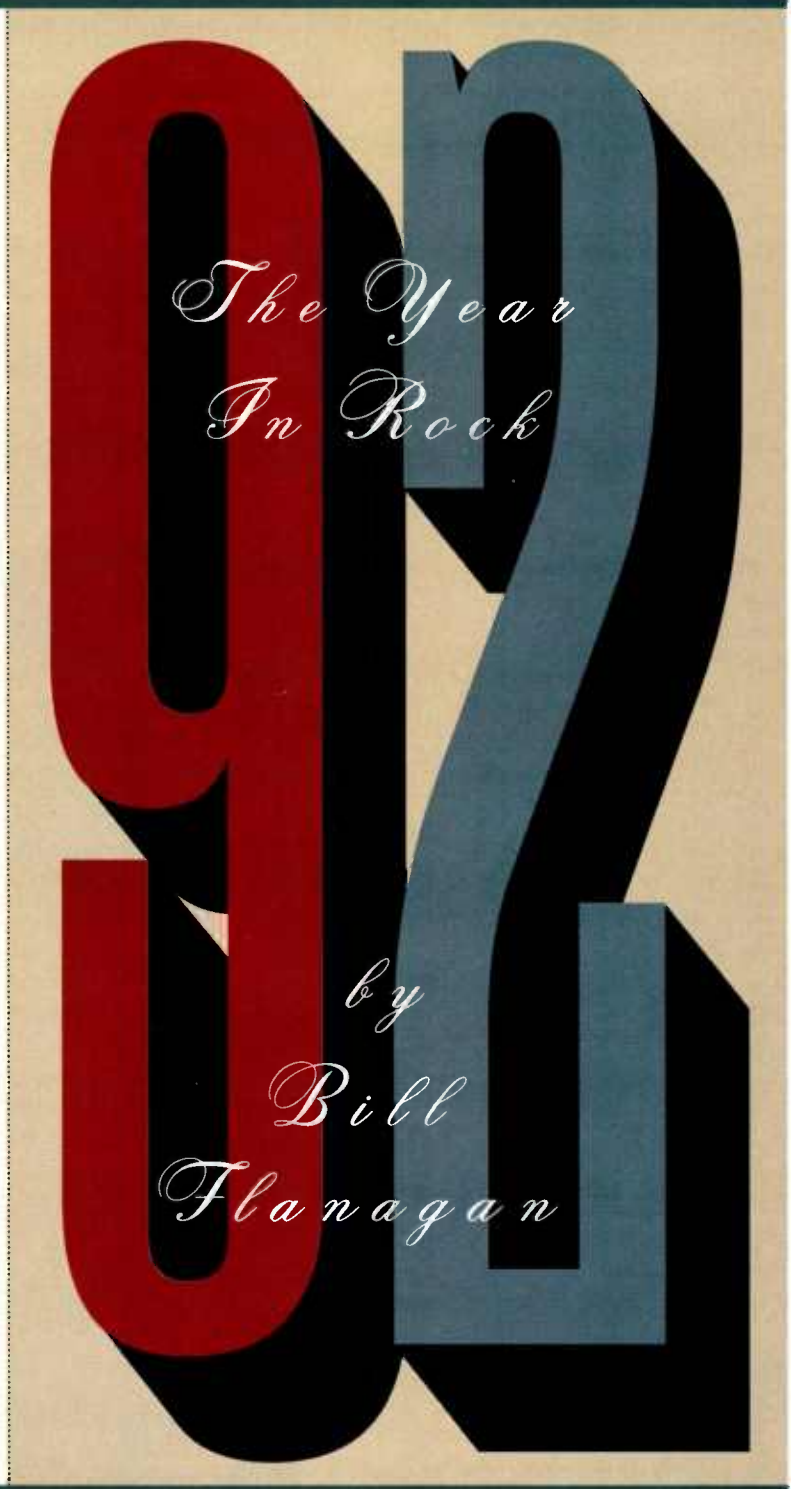
Though he can draw effortlessly on a century's worth of rhythmic styles, the last thing Riley considers himself is an archivist. "I don't go around trying to make some big evolutionary statement. You play what the music dictates. I just try to be imaginative, and hopefully, in trying to be creative, I can use all these things I've learned from the past. Getting a historical perspective on your instrument just opens up your vocabulary. The broader your vocabulary, the easier it is to express yourself.

"Wynton wrote this piece, it's in the can, called 'In This House, on This Morning,' where I'm playing tambourines and washboard. This is brand-new music from the 1990s, but Wynton wanted a certain feel, and using those instruments provided that feel. Why should we forget about all this stuff that's still so valid? When I heard old Kokomo Joe in the French Quarter, I didn't think of him as a piece of history. I just thought, 'Damn, that sounds neat!'"

CHURCH KEY

HERLIN RILEY plays a custom-made Corder drumkit: 8"x10" and 8"x12" toms, a 13"x14" floor tom, a 14"x18" bass drum and a 6½"x14" snare. He's got Zildjian cymbals: 14" hi-hats, 22" and 20" rides (the former riveted), and 20" and 18" riveted crashes. He uses Vic Firth 7A sticks.

The DEATH *of* STARDOM...



1992 WAS THE YEAR THE PUBLIC burned out on Celebrity, the religion of American mass media in the 1980s. Superstars from Paula Abdul to Tom Cruise to George Bush to Bruce Springsteen found their latest efforts greeted with a big yawn and a collective question: "Yeah, yeah. So what have you done for me lately?"

Springsteen said in *Musician*, "I just think people have become fundamentally skeptical and cynical—in a good way." Hard times and financial insecurity (even people who had good jobs wondered how long they would last) will make folks a lot less concerned with buying the latest CD or getting tickets to a hot concert. But beyond that, there seemed to be a general devaluation of celebrity in American culture. Call it the result of 10 years of too many talk shows, too many cable channels, too many pop culture magazines and too much gossip and show biz coverage in the daily newspapers. The public had this stuff, these people, coming at them from all sides. As moms used to tell their husband-hunting daughters, "A man won't buy a cow when he's getting milk for free." America became reluctant to shell out money for new product by the artists who were already coming into their homes all the time through MTV, CHR, *USA Today* and the CD player. It felt as if people were saying, "Bob Seger's got a new album? So what—I already have three Bob Seger albums."

and the BAND *of the* YEAR.

Which would be seen by the music business as okay if the public were transferring its loyalty from the Springsteens and Pettys (or Hammers and Abduls) to new artists. But Guns N' Roses' new albums didn't sell nearly as well as *Appetite for Destruction* had, Def Leppard's *Adrenalize* sold less than half what its predecessor did, and no one thinks Nirvana's next album is a shoo-in for the sort of success enjoyed by *Nevermind*. Don't misunderstand; all these acts sold tons of records. It's hard to consider Michael Jackson's *Dangerous* a disappointment when it's moved four million copies in the United States. But the expectations raised in the '80s were that the biggest artists could sell three times that number. In 1992 that expectation went away. In 1992, every new project had to win on its own merits.

The year's biggest winners came from Seattle and wore flannel shirts. When MTV started playing "Smells Like Teen Spirit," grunge rock was given a peephole into middle America. Nirvana took advantage of that opening to smash through the old walls of resistance. As quick as radio realized kids *liked* this stuff, Soundgarden, Pearl Jam, Alice in Chains, Temple of the Dog and a dozen more post-punk, post-metal, post-alternative barbarians crashed through. One unexpected byproduct of the Nirvana wave was that reasonably young bands like Guns N' Roses and Metallica suddenly seemed to be on the wrong side of a generation gap. Axl Rose's overtures to Nirvana to join GN'R on a summer tour were rebuffed with the disdain of the Sex Pistols blowing off Queen.

But the musicians really left out in the cold by this changing of the generational guard were the young bucks of the late '70s who had become the superstars of the '80s. Springsteen, Petty, Dire Straits, John Mellencamp and Bob Seger all released albums that were (even while going platinum) far less popular than expected. The Bob Dylan tribute concert at Madison Square Garden in October almost felt like a symbolic welcoming of that generation into Rock Valhalla. From now on the Springsteen generation will be judged by the same standards as Dylan, Neil Young and Van Morrison—by what they say, not by what they sell.

U2, who have straddled the rock generations, managed to catch a ride on the next wave by redefining themselves as the biggest alternative band in the world. Like R.E.M. and (maybe) Prince, U2 positioned themselves with the incoming, not the outgoing. *Achtung Baby* was a brave change of direction that worked musically, as well as strategically. U2's Zoo TV tour set new standards for what stadium rock could accomplish. Yet it would be a mistake to think U2 just sat back and let success wash over them. The band were aggressive in staying in front of their audience, releasing a series of singles (with new B-sides and extra tracks), and keeping the videos coming. They made three different video clips for "One" before they hit the MTV formula. U2 succeeded so well in 1992 because, unlike some of their peers, they took nothing for granted.

One area where no one has ever rested on his laurels and lived is rap. In its dozen years that style has made, chewed up and spit out more stars than anything since, well, early rock 'n' roll. It was a political year, from L.A. to Washington, and political controversy swirled around Ice Cube in the winter, Sister Souljah in the spring and Ice-T in the summer. That was current events, but the real rap history in 1992 was being made a little further from the front page, as groups like Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy and Me Phi Me extended the definition of what rap could be. The new rappers explored how far they could stretch the musical frame around the core of what they do. There were plenty of precedents—from Jamaican toasters and dub poets to Soul II Soul and Massive Attack—but no single act since Public Enemy had excited the hopes and possibilities of the rap audience as much as Arrested Development did in 1992. Arrested Development's debut album, *3 Years, 5 Months & 2 Days in the Life of...* showed musically that rap could be relaxed as well as aggressive, rural as well as urban, and lyrically that socially engaged rapping could transcend—and challenge—sexism and tough-guy posturing. The older part of A.D.'s audience heard in them a modern equivalent of Sly and the Family Stone, Taj Mahal, the Wailers, War, even the Grateful Dead. The younger audience heard everything they liked about rap hung in a fresh context. That crossing place between solid roots and current fads is where the musical future is born. And it's why the editors of *Musician* choose Arrested Development as our 1992 Band of the Year.

BAND OF THE YEAR

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT

What follows are interviews with 10 other musicians who made significant contributions to the state of popular music this year. Twenty years from now, when someone asks you what rock sounded like in 1992, these are the people you'll think of. All of them are, in their own way, artists of the year.

PHOTOGRAPH: ANN STATIS/SABA

Changing The Package Was Your Idea, Saving You Money Was Ours.

When we asked our customers for opinions on our idea of getting rid of the six string envelopes and replacing them with a color-coded ball end system, the majority of you said, "...great idea, but could you also lose the plastic pouch?" So that's exactly what we did and we're now proud to introduce our revolutionary new string package which features a recycled paper pouch and uses 75% less packaging materials overall.

Inside you'll find the same great D'Addario strings, with the same great sound. It means we'll save about 10,000 pounds of paper every month. And, as if that's not enough, we discovered we could also save you some money too.

So, start looking for some of your favorite D'Addario strings in our new packaging*. After all, you asked for them.

*The original package is still available. Prices are suggested retail price.

Conventional Packaging	XL110 $7.95	XL115 $7.95	XL120 $7.95	XL125 $7.95	XL130 $7.95	J15 $10.95	J16 $10.95	J17 $10.95
Environmental Packaging	EXL110 $6.95	EXL115 $6.95	EXL120 $6.95	EXL125 $6.95	EXL130 $6.95	EJ15 $9.95	EJ16 $9.95	EJ17 $9.95

D'Addario®

MAKE MUSIC, NOT GARBAGE

J. D'Addario & Company, Inc. • PO Box [illegible] • Farmingdale, NY 11735 • USA

THE YEAR IN ROCK

VERY HOT CHILI PEPPERS

by Charles M. Young

INSTEAD OF ERUPTING WITH A STRING OF speech tics while he formulates a thought, Anthony Kiedis has this way (not quite a habit) of repeating the key words of a question. Ask him, for example, if he has any theories on why the Red Hot Chili Peppers have achieved colossal, nitro-methane-powered, superstar-type success in 1992, as opposed to each of the band's previous 10 years of funk & rap & metal (in that order), and he will say, "Theories of success." And then he will pause for a split second, inducing panic in any interviewer with the slightest insecurity that maybe the question is really, really dumb. And then he delivers a thoughtful answer that seems even more thoughtful than it probably is, because the interviewer's mind is drowning in great globules of gratitude along the lines of "Thank Jesus, he isn't Johnny Rotten." "Well, for one thing, the definition of success varies from person to person," Kiedis says. "I've felt

PHOTOGRAPH: MARK LEIALOHA/ SPEED OF SOUND

successful from the first day we ever played. For me, success was just being happy doing what you're doing. Making a living at it was incidental. As for mainstream popularity, we've been working at it for 10 years now. It can take time for the general population to warm up to a concept that isn't made readily obvious by the mainstream media. It was a combination of laying down this foundation, and the fact that we made a great record. Anyway, I'm awful at analyzing why things happen in the music business. I just get on the boat and go."

So what's your final word on Lollapalooza, the summer's most successful tour, which the Chili Peppers headlined over Ministry, Pearl Jam, Soundgarden, Ice Cube, the Jesus and Mary Chain, and Lush?

"The final word on Lollapalooza," he pauses. "Again, I'm not good at analyzing. I was there. I had an amazing time. It was great breaking in [new guitarist] Arik Marshall under such strange circumstances. He'd been in the band about a week when we started playing in front of 15–30,000 people a night. I feel extremely blessed that it went as well as it did, that I got to hang out with all those great people on a daily basis. It was the supreme circumstance for playing, compared to what touring usually is."

Flea has said that he sometimes felt hostility toward the audience, that they looked like the people who tormented him in high school.

"I didn't get picked on in high school. Also, I'm extremely nearsighted, so when I look out at an audience, I see a big blob. As for fraternizing with the local yokels, you'll find interesting, creative, intelligent, artistic people wherever you go. And you'll find slews of moronic, mindless sheep who get all their information from television. That balance exists all over the world. If people at a show are searching for enlightenment, or even if they aren't, I feel compelled to give them the most beautiful aspects of my musical spirit when we're in the same proximity. I'm not going to judge them."

Certainly one of the reasons the Chili Peppers finally connected with a huge audience in '92 is that *Blood Sugar Sex Magik* happens to be their finest and most accessible album. Produced by Rick Rubin, it is also a very long album, with 17 cuts that clock in at 74:57. "Give It Away" was the first hit single (and video), but the song that sent them into the stratosphere was the ballad (and video) "Under the Bridge." Its endless exposure on MTV and in MOR formats must have inspired a lot of album purchases by people who were surprised to find the rest of the album a unique form of metallicized funk, distinguished by Flea's still-astonishing-after-all-these-years bass playing, John Frusciante's jazzy-but-hooky guitar, Chad Smith's thunderous-but-funky drums and Kiedis' insistently subjective approach to singing. Make that "vocalizing," a term that could have been invented for Kiedis, who doesn't quite sing, doesn't quite rap, doesn't quite free-associate, doesn't quite speechify, doesn't quite poeticize, doesn't quite a lot of things that don't quite add up to "singing." Kiedis would have added up to dead if he hadn't dealt with his heroin addiction and changed his ideas about what is truly important in life, a process he describes in "Under the Bridge."

"Yeah, I'm still sober," says Kiedis, four years after kicking. "It makes life a much less miserable cruise for me. When I was with the band and using, it was during the brief periods of sobriety that I was at my most creative. There were occasions when I wrote songs fucked up, but mostly those ideas went down a dead-end street. It's just easier for me to be productive now. Instead of burming everyone by doing shows with a hangover, I concentrate on maintaining a healthy mind/body/spirit balance. I would never take away the experiences of my past, but I wouldn't want to trade anything I have now for what I had."

Do you ever envy bands who seem able to sustain high levels of creativity and drug consumption?

"If you get to see musicians like that at 5:30 a.m., as I have, the picture isn't so rosy. There are a lot of creative people out there getting fucked up, but most that I know—and I know a lot of them—experience a great deal of self-inflicted agony. The public may think, 'Here's this magical, freaky music guy on heroin—I wish I could lead a life like that.' But if you meet them, they wish they didn't have to carry that ball and chain of chemicals everywhere they go. It's incredibly unpleasant."

The Chili Peppers' current hit "Breaking the Girl" concerns Kiedis' discovery that a large element of his father (an actor who never quite made it) lives on in his own personality.

"From 1973 to 1977, he was a complete womanizer, which is not to say he disrespected women, or treated them vilely," says Kiedis. "He was just so enthralled with the existence of the female that he had as many different girlfriends as there were sandwiches on the Carnegie lunch menu. There was a never-ending succession of women in his life. As a child, I saw that and accepted it as the way that you deal with women. So I mentioned 'girl of the day' in that song. I'm seeing that part of my father in me, this element that might not be conducive to having a healthy relationship with one woman. I haven't had that for a long time."

By contrast, why has your friendship with Flea lasted so long?

"In high school, I saw this really smart, creative, adventurous person who needed a partner in crime. He was a freak and I was a freak and we decided to freak together. Our friendship has been deeper than everything else surrounding this band. We've been the only consistent members from the beginning, and we've ended up in this perfect situation to express ourselves. I have the freedom to write my own lyrics, to see the world, to hang out with my friends, to affect the lives of other people in a positive way, and to rock. I can't imagine a situation more desirable for me."

Kiedis' next creative endeavor will be sitting down with Flea and writing a movie script, a "psychedelic comedy" based on their experiences in the band. Several studios have expressed interest, but they'll have to wait until Kiedis returns from Borneo. "This Dutch friend of mine is going to cross the country by river and by foot to write a book, and I'm going with him into the deepest, most remote rain forest left on the planet. It's a very harsh environment, but I'm so into it. I'll be hanging out with crocodiles and orangutans for three or four weeks. My lust to experience the beauty of Mother Earth while it's still here is one of my most overwhelming drives, almost to the point of gluttony. I can't get enough of the mountains and the skies. Which is another reason I'm having such a good time in Australia and New Zealand—they're just full of hardcore natural beauty. And it's all going to be gone, probably within our lifetime. There's a chance it can be saved, and that's [*cont'd on page 40*]

NOW HEAR THIS

MUSICIAN magazine's fourth and final new music sampler of 1992 is now available!

Featuring the Following Artists...

Jeff Healey

The Frames

Paul Weller

Television

Julian Cope

praise

Maceo Parker

311

Brian Eno

Gavin Friday

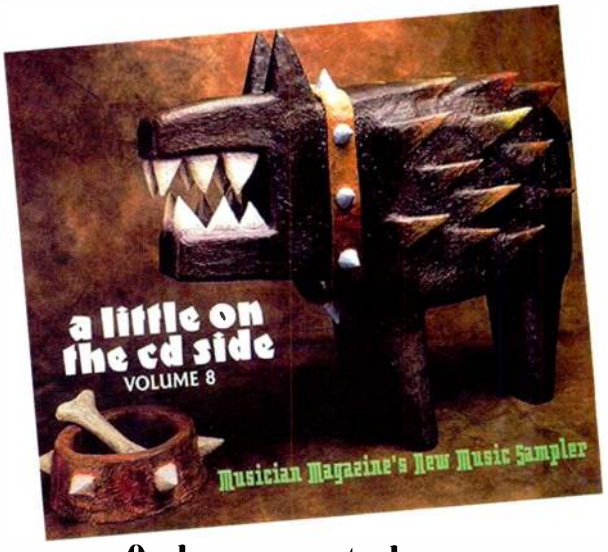
21 Guns

The Goats

4 Non Blondes

plus more!

Only $3.00 per sampler



Order yours today.

Send me ___ copies of **CD SIDE VOLUME 8.**
Enclosed is $3.00 per disc, P. & H. included ($4.00 for foreign orders).
Send your check/money order to: **"CD SIDE,"** 33 Commercial Street, Gloucester, MA 01930

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ I am interested in becoming a CD SIDE subscriber

ALLOW 4 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

Also available:

Volume 6, featuring Los Lobos, Del Amitri, Ringo Starr, Buckwheat Zydeco, Young Gods, Rodney Crowell, The Chills, Strunz & Farah and 9 more.
Send me ___ copies of **CD SIDE VOLUME 6**. Only $3.00 per disc, P. & H. included.($4.00 for foreign orders.)

Volume 7, featuring Lyle Lovett, Michael Penn, PJ Horvey, Jude Cole, Tom Waits, Throwing Muses, The Zoo, Dixie Dregs, Scott Henderson, Shown Lone, John Wesley Harding, Chuck D, plus 18 more!
Send me ___ copies of **CD SIDE VOLUME 7**. $5.95 per double disc, P. & H. included. ($6.95 for foreign orders.)

THE YEAR IN ROCK

CRAP KILLER

By Mark Rowland

LET'S BEGIN WITH ICE-T'S TOP SEVEN reasons for pulling "Cop Killer" off the shelves: "One, taking it off and just giving it away will stop making people say you're doing it for the money. Two, at that point everyone who was buying the record was buying it out of curiosity; all the true fans already had it. Three, it was a good way to let people know what censorship feels like. Now I get letters from people saying I want 'Cop Killer' and I can't get it. Well, see? This is how the shit is. Four, I didn't want my group known for just that. *Body Count* is decent with or without the song. Five, the politicians were taking me for a ride, like Willie Horton. They were able to reverse the polarity of the issue so instead of talking about how terrible the cops were—which is what the song is about—they were able to hold up this record and make America say look how terrible Ice-T and Warner Brothers are. Six, most of the

PHOTOGRAPH: FRANK W. OCKENFELS 3 / OUTLINE

people who backed me were backing the First Amendment, which I don't believe exists. I can't say whatever I want on TV or radio. If you want to back me up, back me on the issue: I have the right to write that song because people are mad enough to kill cops, okay? It's a true record. You don't have to believe in it, but deal with why I wrote it.

"And last but not least, the cops were using some real ill tactics. [Warner Brothers president] Lenny Waronker got about 500 death threats, not only to him but to his children. And I am intelligent enough to know that these lunatics will carry out those threats. They sent two bombs. The thing is, they never threatened me, it was like, 'Ice-T, we know why you did it. But you big white corporation, how could you be associated with those niggas?'

"And yet, for all the money they were losing, Warner Brothers never stepped to me in any way, like, you gotta pull that record. So I have a lot of loyalty to them. I could have said fuck it, you can all go out there and back the First Amendment. But I made the record. So bring the sweat to me."

Ice-T pauses, then adds philosophically, "As far as who won or lost, the police won. They've frightened every record label, and there's a freeze now on people getting signed. So there came a point where the shit was out of control and we weren't gaining nothing. But in a war, you retreat—and return with superior firepower."

Considering the forces that have swirled around Ice-T this year, his military analogy seems apt. The wonder is how well he's kept his composure. One suspects that his early career as a street criminal has prepared Ice-T well for the cutthroat domains of corporate finance and national politics he currently finds himself inhabiting. After all, writing a song that draws public attacks from the President of the United States and threatens the stability of the world's largest entertainment conglomerate would drive a lot of pop stars to the Betty Ford clinic, or to an unlisted bunker somewhere in north Idaho.

But here's Ice, hanging out in the comfortably furnished living room of his Hollywood Hills home, putting the finishing touches on a new rap record, *Home Invasion*, that will come out in January, and carrying forward a multi-faced career that also includes a planned talk show on HBO dedicated to reviving the status of black films of the '70s; a new movie entitled *Trespass* (judiciously changed from *Looters*) that co-stars his buddy Ice Cube; a DC comic book series whose main character is based on himself; a philosophy book of *Ice Opinions*; a line of gang-banger clothing and a variety of outside businesses that includes a Porsche shop. While less than tickled that "Cop Killer" turned him into a household name—"I don't need the hype," he says flatly—he can also view the controversy from more advantageous angles. "It let me know who my real allies were," he says with a sly smile. "Now the people who like me really like me and the people who hate me really hate me.

"I don't have anybody that I answer to," he goes on. "I have black friends that don't understand the white kids, white kids that don't understand the black man. But I'm gonna do what I want, and I think people know that. Said he was gonna rap from the West Coast and he did it. Said he was gonna play with a metal group. So at this point people aren't judging me. You see I've got paintings here," he says, gesturing to artwork framed along the walls, including a striking montage of brightly colored spheres. "I'm gonna start doing some art..."

Indeed, Ice-T tends to move in so many directions it's sometimes easy to overlook his most creative accomplishments. Case in point: *Body Count*, 1992's Misunderstood Album of the Year, and an emotionally charged, groundbreaking record with and without "Cop Killer." The band, comprising Beatmaster V on drums, Mooseman on bass, D-Roc and Ernie C on guitars, and of course Ice-T on vocals, debuted *Body Count*'s title track last year as part of Ice-T's *O.G. Original Gangster* LP. But that basic tune only hinted at the new record's mix of heavy metal thunder, funk/rock rhythms and lyric flights that are alternately enraged and corrosively funny.

"We went to school together. They were the only musicians I knew," Ice says of the band's genesis. "When I'd make my albums they'd come into the studio. And then one night we had some down time and I'm playing Slayer, 'Angel of Death,' and thought, we got a band right here."

Ice-T has long admired "the more evil sounds" of metal, from Blue Oyster Cult and Black Sabbath onward, as well as the "punk energy" of bands like Black Flag and Dead Kennedys. "We wanted a group that has the attack of Slayer, the impending doom of Sabbath, the drive of Motorhead and groove-oriented, to come up with what I call consumable hardcore music—a record that once you hear it you can sing it. Like what Anthrax does, that power hook. I like being in a show and having a crowd involved."

To emphasize Body Count's low-tech approach, guitars were recorded live, rather than directly into the sound board. "That was for our own safety," Ice laughs. "We knew we could never sound like Metallica. If the album sounded like garbage, at least we could do it live." Ice-T analyzes his vocal contributions with the same pragmatic attitude: "I was not so confident as aware that a lot of people in metal can't sing—but screaming is important. I can carry a note from here to here," he says, measuring a few inches with his hands, "but I know I can't sing like Keith Sweat. On the next album we're doing 'Little Wing'—it's real slow, easy to sing. So, you pick the right records...the thing is to know your limits."

Modesty aside, *Body Count* packs a solid punch. Anthemic choruses and a sonic atmosphere of thick, sinister grunge help evoke Ice-T's cautionary tales of prison ("Bowels of the Devil"), drug addiction ("The Winner Loses," written by Ernie C) and yes, police abuse. There are also songs about male promiscuity ("Evil Dick") and sexual politics ("KKK Bitch") that drive home serious points with dry, dark humor. Indeed, the album's climactic number "Momma's Gotta Die Tonight" uses over-the-top horror film clichés as a metaphor for the resilient curse of racism. It's an angry, witty, idealistic song—if you pay attention to what is actually being said.

"Well, that's one thing about rap and metal. There is a lot of humor in it—but if you don't see the humor, it'll scare the living shit out of you. And a lot of people believe rappers can't think like that," Ice-T points out, not without bitterness. "You know, like they're not capable of any deep thought or metaphor. What they say is what they mean, 'cause they're dumb."

In fact, Ice-T's travails this year often seemed to presage or mirror upheavals taking place in society at large. "There's a revolution going down," he agrees. "Either you have a violent overthrow or, hopefully, you have an intellectual revolution. In one year you had

Steve Ferrone

A Musicians' Musician.

Few musicians get an opportunity to record or tour with one of the true legends in popular music. People like Eric Clapton, George Harrison, Steve Winwood or Pat Metheny for instance. Guys like this seem to choose only the very best musicians to work with. Steve Ferrone hasn't worked with just one of them, he's worked with all of them. And you could add a list of others that would seem beyond belief. Although he has worked with many great musicians over the years, one constant has remained...his instrument of choice, Pearl Drums.

Pearl®

The best reason to play drums.

the Lollapalooza concert, which touched a lot of people's heads, backed by the extreme injustice to Rodney King, backed by the riot, backed by a gang truce, backed by an extreme case of censorship and a hopeless election.

"But now there are white kids sitting up and saying, fuck all this old bullshit, I'm not with it. You've never seen so many white kids with African pendants on! They're going home and saying, 'Wait a minute, Mom, we didn't build the pyramids, Elizabeth Taylor was not Cleopatra, and what makes John Wayne such a hero for killing Indians? Why are Oriental people the enemy? Why are you teaching me to hate? I ain't with that.' And that's going on right now."

A cultural earthquake?

"It's gotta be. For the survival of the *human* race. Either that'll happen, or they're gonna push everybody apart again and they'll come back to kill each other."

One of the year's events Ice-T seems hesitant to talk about is the birth of his second child, who's tottering about the house and gurgling as we talk. "He's just a rumor," Ice drawls at first, explaining that he's been feeling a bit paranoid since reporters tried to stir up copy during the "Cop Killer" frenzy by questioning his daughter at her school: "I don't want my personal life to get fucked over by people who are not my friends." A little later, though, he affectionately introduces "Ice Junior," a happy little guy who's just starting to walk but already appears adept at tipping over large objects of furniture.

Having children, one could argue, is a fundamental act of faith in the future.

"Well, I have a lot of faith," Ice-T replies. "You've got two options: You can become very cynical or you can have some kind of hope. And I've got hope. I don't think it's necessarily gonna change in my lifetime," he avers, "especially racial issues. 'Cause you've got 400 years of one situation, and people who are locked into these traditional modes. You've got the President talking about 'tradition,'" he scoffs. "Well, the tradition of America is holding slaves. Thirty years ago I was on the back of the bus. The good old days? I don't know nothing about that.

"So I have to look forward. Hope is all I have."

[*cont'd from page 34*] a project to which I'll be applying my energies."

As rock 'n' roll ages, every new album seems to erase more of the line between sex and politics. But it's still odd hearing such sentiments from the guy who wrote "Party on Your Pussy."

"I'd never, ever take back anything that I've written. It's all a part of me. 'Party on Your Pussy' is a sex comedy based on my own experience, not a serious manifesto on human sexual behavior. I would never denounce the act of being in love with the female genitalia, because I'd be lying about my character. I hope that's something I'll always believe in. People are so worried about being politically correct that they're afraid to express sexual feelings in their art. To me, to ignore it is a lie. I will always express that, and if somebody thinks I'm sexist, I don't give a fuck."

So maybe Flea has a theory on why '92 was so big for the Red Hot Chili Peppers.

"'Cause Anthony's so handsome," says Flea.

Hasn't Anthony been handsome for the entire 10 years you've been making music with less sales? "It's because we had a hit, man. And then all these people show up to see us. We do better than most bands who have a hit and the crowd knows one song. We get more people who know the full scope, because we've built up a following. But mostly it's 'Under the Bridge.' It was on MTV every second. We crossed over into that forced-down-your-throat type of thing."

Maybe the wider exposure of rap in the suburbs has made white kids more accepting of the black musical styles that are so much a part of the Chili Peppers' approach.

"I guess. Except that 'Under the Bridge' isn't rap or funk. It's a ballad. 'Give It Away' was funk, but less of a hit."

Has all this success changed your life?

"I have more money to spend the wrong way. More people want our autograph. And they squeal, 'Weeeeeeee! Weeeeeeee!' We played this show in Sydney, and there were 1500 people waiting for us afterwards when we went to the cars. As soon as we walked out: 'Weeeeeeee!' The highest pitch you could imagine, reverberating off the walls. I can't explain it."

Did you have any say in EMI, your previous label, releasing a greatest hits package to cash in on the success of *Blood Sugar Sex Magik*? And what's "Under the Bridge," a Warner Bros. song, doing on it?

"We had no choice in the matter. It was all part of the deal when Warners bought us out of our co
a greatest
'Under the
Hits!?"

Why do yo
lasted so much l

"I don't kno
tion. There are s
involved. When I
to be in a band and
with my life. I was w
ything to
make that happen. A
didn't think that way about relationships. I didn't think, 'I really want to get married and be married for the rest of my life.' So when I got married, maybe I wasn't prepared to deal with it emotionally."

Yeah, but being in a band is a lot like being married.

"It's just like being married. And it's hard. And we have our differences. Sometimes we harbor resentments forever, and they grow into ugly, twisted monsters that lie inside our souls. Sometimes we talk about it. Sometimes...I don't know. But the bottom line is, we all love each other."

UNDER THE BRIDGE

FLEA plays a Music Man bass with medium Ernie Ball Slinky strings (lights don't have the substance, and he fears hand cramps with anything heavier) through a Gallien-Krueger amplifier and MESA/Boogie cabinets. True to his name, ARIK MARSHALL plays through vintage Marshall amps with a Crybaby wah-wah, and Boss overdrive and chorus pedals. He chooses among four Fender Stratocasters: an SRV, a '63 reissue and two '57 reissues. CHAD SMITH plays Pearl drums and Paiste cymbals with Dean Markley sticks, and ANTHONY KIEDIS sings through an Audix microphone.

HEY EARIN ROCK

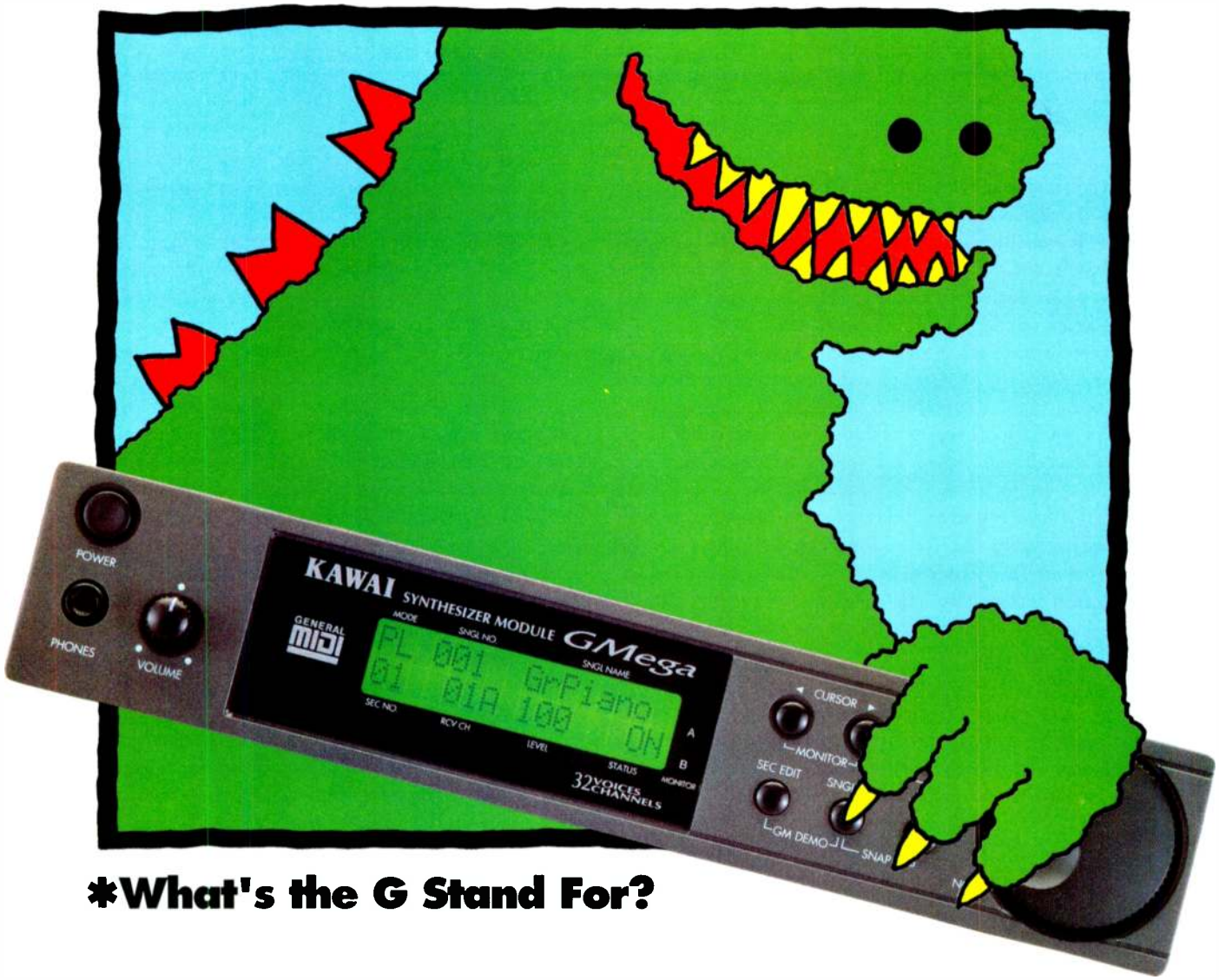
THE BLACK CROWES ATTITUDE

by Fred Schruers

THE CORRECT ROCK 'N' ROLL ANSWER to society's "What are you rebelling against?" has always been Brando's "Whaddya got?" In this regard, Black Crowes frontman Chris Robinson does not disappoint, and it starts with his look. Coming into view like a mobile made of metal coathangers, Robinson is a portrait of the charismatic street scruff you always prayed your sister wouldn't bring home. It's a defense. The guy who says hello from in there behind the wings of hair may be a Bad Boy, but he's not a bad guy. He just likes to tilt at big targets, and do it 24×7×365. They had attitude well before they were kicked off the ZZ Top tour for mocking corporate sponsorship. "When we were on tour with Robert Plant," Robinson's saying once he's started his afternoon coffee in a New Orleans

PHOTOGRAPH: NEIL ZLOZOWER

G MEGA*



*What's the G Stand For?

Try **G**argantuan, or **G**igundo, or any other word that describes the incredible number of sound programs (384 total) inside the diminuitive but amazingly powerful Kawai **G** Mega. Or maybe it's for the totally new Digital Multi Spectrum Tone **G**eneration system (16-Bit PCM and 16-Bit DC at a 44.1 kHz Sampling Rate), or the **G**obs of Sample Memory (48 Megabit), the **G**lorious 32-Voice Polyphony, the **G**igantic Wavetable of 256 Tuned Instruments plus 256 Percussion instruments, or the **G**enerous Selection of Drum Kits– 7 Kits for each Tone Bank (128 Sounds Each) all through 32 channels of MIDI. Maybe it's for the General MIDI implementation which allows you to get right to making music faster than ever before, or how about the fact that it's **G**loriously Easy to Program **G**azillions of your own sound creations into the 128 User Programs. Or how about the **G**RRRRREAT Panel Layout featuring an easy to read **G**reen Back-lit display. But then again, maybe it's for the **G**alactically Huge Sounds, or the basic fact that you've never **G**otten so much sound out of one (reasonably priced) module before. Convinced? Okay, mabe the **G** Mega is really named after a **G**iant **G**reen-skinned **G**oliath who likes to **G**rind cities underfoot. But please don't tell him. His head's big enough.

KAWAI

Digital Magic.

hotel bar, "his publicist said, 'You guys walk around here like you own this gig or something.'" His eyes do the crazy-world-ain't-it swirl that's second nature to him. "Well—we don't?"

It's the arrogance of selling many units fast. Every year, every month, almost every week, somebody goes Top 10 for the first time. It's often over the dead protestations of the critics. What makes the Black Crowes different is how well they have continued to sell, through two records, while watching their initially high critical esteem take a methodical beating. "Well, it's just the weenie media like the local papers, so I don't give a shit," says Chris' brother Rich, who plays (rhythm) guitar and is the band's surrogate railer against the establishment. But when both the New York and Los Angeles *Times* diss you heavily ("Empty Nest" was the latter's headline), you've been slagged nationwide.

How did things get so contentious? It began with *Shake Your Money Maker*, their 1990 debut, and its rapid vault up the charts behind the Crowes' cover of Otis Redding's "Hard to Handle." Here was a creature in mirrored shades and a velvet jacket, Beatle boots and bell bottoms, long hair, spilling the song out in an auctioneer-quick Jawja accent. The band looked like good ol' (and I mean this in the best sense) rocker dopeheads. Chris had a mouth shaped like a cornet bell, an evident mixture of impulsive wrath and goofiness, and seemed to be put on earth for no good reason other than rocking. Mix in the song's sexual swagger, the duck-calling guitars and pushing-the-beat drum part, and the package was highly infectious.

To the Crowes' continuing consternation, even many positive reviews accused them of plundering from the Rolling Stones and Faces. The band has steadily insisted that what they shared with the Stones were not so much licks (despite Rich's open tunings, often compared to Keith Richards') as influences.

It would be churlish, therefore, to say that the first album's "Tumblin' Di...," er, "Jealous Again" or "Sister Morph...," er, "Sister Luck" sound Stones-derived. Is it the post-*Exile* cover art that makes one wonder if the second album's "Bit...," ummm, "Hotel Illness" evokes the Glimmer Twins? They've also been accused not of using drugs, now a pro forma marketing ploy thanks to the Keef-et-al legend, but of "junkie-chic" posing. "Oh good heavens, baby where's my medicine," sings Robinson on "Hotel Illness," "...the scars I hide are now your business..."

Robinson pleads otherwise. "I have a really hard time talking about lyrics," he says. "I don't write narrative music as such. But 'Hotel Illness' to me sort of prefigured the L.A. riots. The entire song is being in Europe and seeing the United States from there." Seen that way, "I got a head full of sermons and a mouth full of spiders/The politics of the world's greatest liar" does click as being "totally satirical. How many DJs across the country sit down and say, 'Well, I guess they're tired of living in hotels.' Well, we all live inside a big, huge hotel, man—I mean, where the fuck are *you* going? Everything's being taken so literally..."

Derivative or no, *Shake Your Money Maker* won a massive vote not only from consumers, but from several critics' polls. And not for nothing. On "Seeing Things for the First Time" the brothers wrote a song Chris could sing the bejesus out of. By the time he sings, "You won't find me down on my knees.../Won't find me over backwards baby, just to please..." for the second time in the song, he's all het up. The keening vibrato he brings to "knees" and "please" is almost Mahalia Jackson territory, and it takes nothing away from Jagger or Stewart to say that they couldn't carry Robinson's jock in that passage. By the time he wails to the song's end, you may be inclined to forgive Robinson much of his complaining.

By the same token, it only takes one listen to "She Talks to Angels" to understand Chris' protest that there's a lot more Steve Marriott in his style than others mentioned more often. Throw in Paul Rodgers and smear liberally with Aerosmith and you have his white-rock underpinnings.

Chris Robinson is but 25, Rich two years younger, but they grew up in the suburban Buckhead section of Atlanta fully convinced that they'd form a band. Dad Stan had been a folkie, an actor, and even had a couple of rockabilly-style novelty hits. Chris was the musical omnivore, indoctrinating Rich with everything from '20s jazz to Television, while Rich went for Dylan and the Byrds, and especially the picking of Clarence White. He got into open tunings not solely thanks to Richards ("Who gives a shit for Keith? How about Robert Johnson, Ry Cooder, Nick Drake?"), and despite occasional solo forays, basically fills the role of Chris' liner notes: "Very loud in the left speaker." Guitarist Marc Ford ("most of the bits called the solo") replaced original member Jeff Cease, who Chris says refused to improve with his bandmates. The Crowes still curse Cease's attitude. Asked if Cease could have honed his chops, Chris says, "I don't know—could the South have done better at Gettysburg if we had M-16s?"

The second album seemed to suffer not at all from the brief time they lent it—a couple weeks finishing off songs begun on the road, and only eight days in the studio. Chris says he sequenced *The Southern Harmony and Musical Companion* like an old, flip-it-over vinyl LP. His best segue may be going from the Stonesy (there we go again) opening kick of "Sting Me" straight into its close cousin "Remedy." After that a certain turgor locks in, and there's chilly defiance in making Bob Marley's "Time Will Tell" the closer. Luckily, the album plays like a suite, with the well-crafted if disconnected lyrics popping up compellingly throughout. They didn't succumb to sophomore jinx. But it may be that the third album will be the one that shows if they've got the long-term stuff to back up their gumption.

The band doesn't doubt it for a second. They've forsaken virtually all local interviews that bands usually use to sell tickets and win friends on the road. Luckily, they're playing compact 4000-seat halls that sell out readily for them.

For every protest they make that they're against image-mongering, they've been waging a tedious, many would say bogus, war with the local security. If you arrived the minute they lit into their first number, you weren't likely to find your orchestra seat. New Orleans audiences tend to need seducing, but the Crowes fans were thick and boisterous at stagefront. Robinson wanted them there—all night—and he made that clear. "Hey, leave them fucking people alone, man," he hollered into his mike. "You people don't understand that everybody paid good money to come have a good time."

That's phraseology that, in a campaign year, is readily recognizable as rhetoric. He made this scene in virtually every city. Large sections of their set amounted to sludgy jamming that would have been hooted off the old Fillmore East stage. But [*cont'd on page 49*]

THE YEAR IN ROCK

TORI AMOS KEEPS HER HEAD

by Elysa Gardner

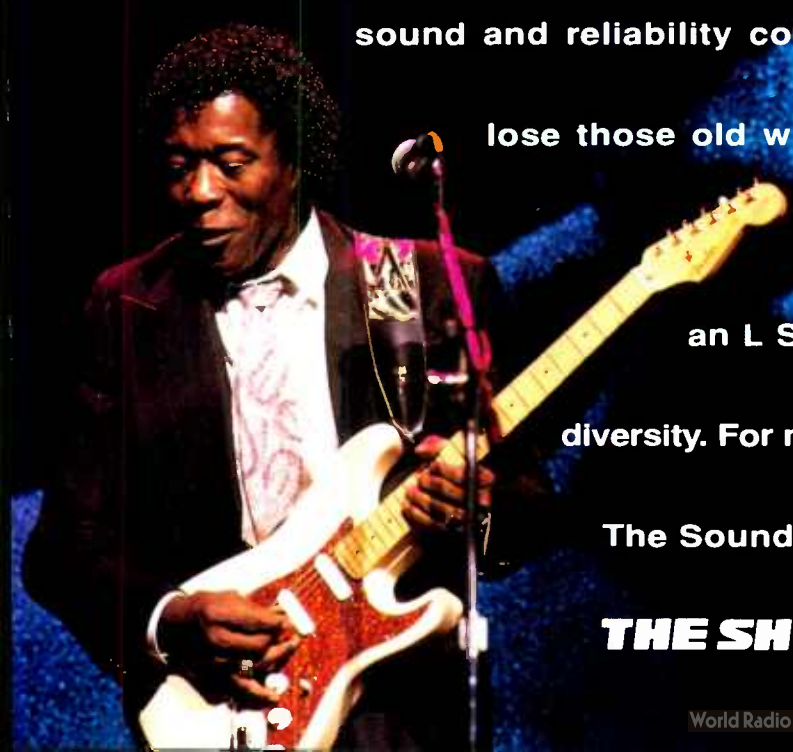
TORI AMOS LOOKS YOU STRAIGHT IN THE eye when she speaks to you. "We're living on a very sick planet," she announces. "And it's getting more sick, in a sense, because we're not pressing our freedoms home. Especially in the art community—painters, writers, dancers, musicians. There is a numbness that is happening. It's as if a sleeping drug has been given." Amos is wide awake at the moment, and digging into a bowl of pasta in a dimly lit Italian restaurant on New York's Lower West Side. The topic of discussion is what the singer describes as the "intimidation" of today's pop music community. "We musicians have turned our self-worth over to those who listen to our music. The troubadour thing was that if they didn't like you, you'd hope you didn't lose your head and then move on to the next cas-

PHOTOGRAPH: CHRIS CARROLL / ONYX

The Shure Wireless won't give this Guy the blues.

They say you've got to suffer if you want to play the blues. But Grammy-winning bluesman Buddy Guy never has to suffer the glitches, dropouts and breakdowns of the wireless blues, thanks to the Shure LS114 Wireless Guitar System. Buddy's wireless system features Shure's unique MARCAD™ diversity circuitry. It combines the signals from *both* diversity channels to produce the strongest possible reception – in contrast to ordinary diversity systems, which simply switch between channels. MARCAD reception virtually eliminates dropouts – even when you're leading your band from the parking lot, like Buddy does. It's your assurance of great wireless performance, night after night. And of course, Shure's legendary sound and reliability come standard. If you're looking to lose those old wireless blues, see your local Shure dealer and play a few licks through an L Series Guitar Wireless with MARCAD diversity. For more information, call 1-800-25-SHURE.

The Sound of the Professionals® ... Worldwide.



THE SHURE® WIRELESS

tle. But these days we turn over our music like puppies: 'Please love us, please tell us it's okay.' I mean, not all of us do that, but I know I've had that tendency in me."

Amos' *Little Earthquakes*, a collection of dramatic, starkly introspective ballads, has made her a favorite on college radio and MTV and led critics to herald her as one of the most promising new singer/songwriters of our young decade. "The exposure on alternative radio has been really good fun," Amos says, "because, as a piano player, you wouldn't think I'd be up their street." Conversely, you wouldn't think Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit" would be up Amos' street, but on an EP released this year, she gave that song the acoustic piano treatment. Far from an irreverent spoof, Amos' version is as earnestly tender as the original is wickedly catchy.

Amos points to Nirvana, Pearl Jam, and Ice-T's Body Count as examples of "outbreaks"—indignant and necessary reactions to the malaise she believes is afflicting our pop climate. "These artists are saying, like it or not, this is the truth from my point of view; this is what I have to say, with no fear of repercussions. It provides the thread between chaos and vision; it centers us, it brings us back into our bodies. Because about 90 percent of the time, most of us are *just not present*. We're just floating around, trying to avoid confrontation—trying to avoid the fact that we don't have the guts to say what we really feel. So, yes, artists have a responsibility to come from the heart—to come from the tummy."

Many of Amos' songs address concerns and experiences common to women. "Me and a Gun," a graphic first-person account of rape, delivered a cappella, deals unsparingly with dangerous assumptions about female sexuality. The daughter of a second-generation Methodist preacher, Amos is neither as calculated in using sexual imagery as Madonna nor as rash in her comments about abuses of power as Sinéad O'Connor—whose actions on "Saturday Night Live," tearing a photo of the Pope to shreds, Amos chooses not to condemn: "She wanted to express that, and felt she had to. I respect that."

For all her colorful outspokenness, in fact, Amos is a study in post-feminist—and, given her upbringing and her preoccupation with all things spiritual, post-Christian—ambivalence. Her assertions, whether in lyrics or over linguine, reveal complex, often conflicting feelings about sex, God and other matters prevalent in pop music and dinner conversation.

"I've been reading the account of a woman from the Middle East who became a free spirit and as a result was put in solitary confinement for the rest of her life. This is an example of a person's spirit not being honored, and it makes me sad. And I'll tell you another thing that saddens me, that makes me lose my temper. I have such respect for a lot of today's rap poets; I think that theirs is the music most committed to telling the truth. But if they were more comfortable with women, these poets wouldn't always need to be *demeaning* them. No matter who you are—man or woman, whatever your race—you *honor* another spirit. That's where the Native Amer-

ALL THESE GEARS

TORI AMOS uses Shure Beta 58 microphones and a Bösendörfer 9'6" Concert Grand piano when performing live. For recording Amos used various mikes, including a Neumann U87 and U47, Telefunken 251 and a Rosse E43. Her keyboards included Bösendörfer, Yamaha and Steinway grands, and an Emulator, a Kurzweil and a Yamaha CP80.

icans were coming from."

Amos should know: Her great-grandmother was a full-blooded Cherokee, and passed many of her beliefs concerning nature and spirituality on to her son, Amos' grandfather, who the singer says "trained me every day, teaching me about life."

"My dad can tell you all about how, after giving birth to Jesus, the Virgin Mary did it and had, like, three or four kids. Nobody wants to talk about that fact, but my parents didn't hide it from me. And I'm totally proud of Mary! If you look back at mythology, you'll find that the goddesses represented in most cultures were not cut off from their sexuality. Now, Mary is the Christian version of a goddess. And Mary—the Virgin Mary—has been the role model of Christian women for almost two thousand years. Well, we can't be the Virgin Mary—we've messed *that* up—so now what? Hmmm...

"I wonder what would happen if certain people allowed themselves to admit what they were really feeling—what's really going on in their minds when they think about sex. Do they think any woman who would throw a man against a wall and lick every inch of his body couldn't prove as capable a mother as a woman who believes that such action goes against God? Now, there's the far left as well as the far right; they're not that much apart."

Amos' flirtatious smile and penchant for caressing the piano bench with her hips and thighs are trademarks of her performance style. It's easy to detect a wry, self-knowing humor in that swivel and grin. "Really good tragedy has to have a giggle in it," she insists. "It's like, with loud music, you have to have a moment—just a moment—of silence. You have to alter the dynamics so you can appreciate the loudness again. So that it *means* something."

Which brings Amos back—again—to the need for honest, purposeful statements in art and in life. "We have all these communications systems all over the world, and we can fill that space with thoughts; we can fill it with possibilities. We need truth now, we really need truth. It doesn't have to come with a sword. Why can't it simply come as truth?"

BLACK CROWES

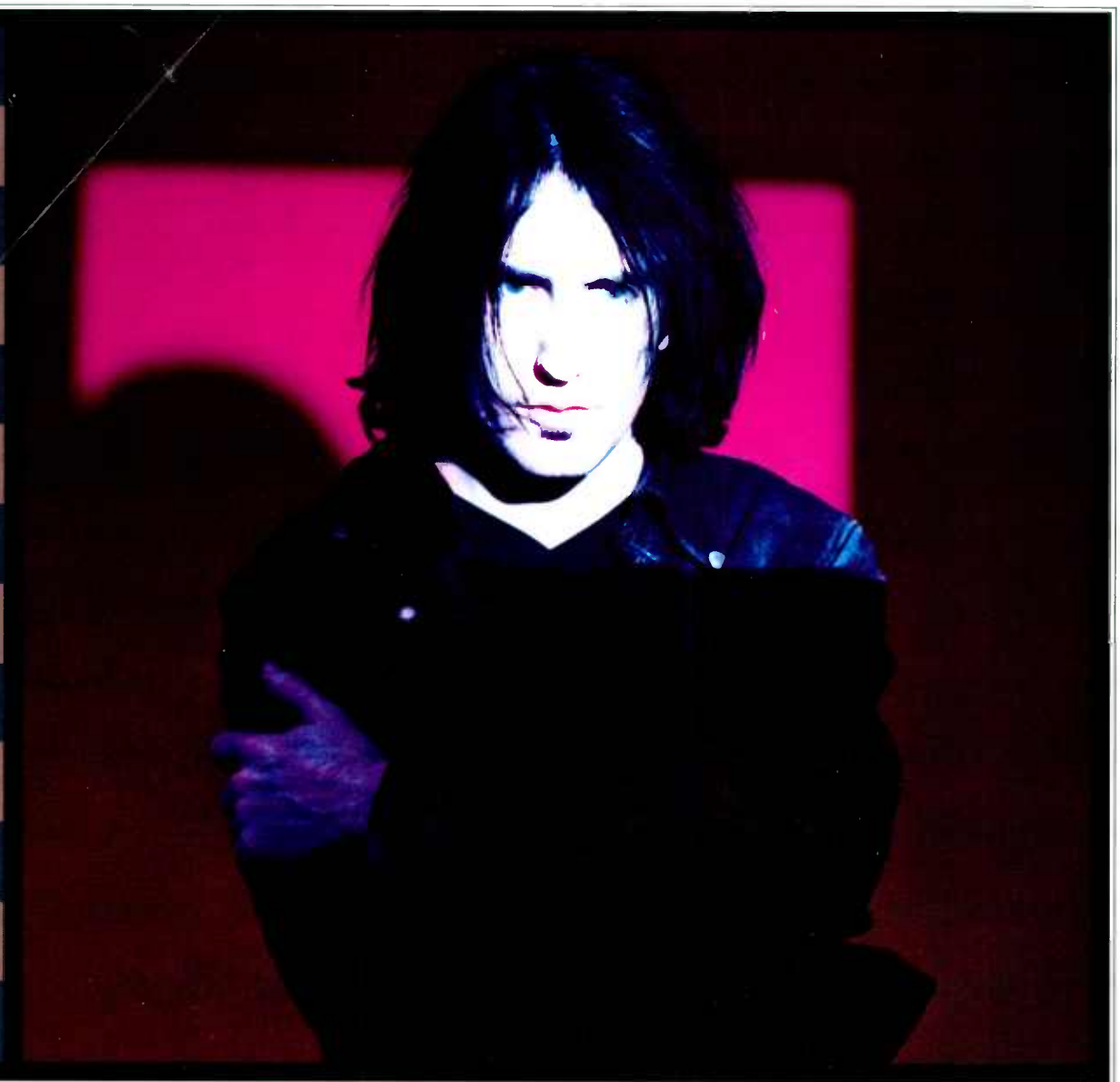
[*cont'd from page 44*] once they slammed into "Hotel Illness," they ascended—even through the ritualized unveiling of the propot banner to Marley's "Three Little Birds," and the later display of top-hatted Leon Russell's picture during "Remedy." Chris whirled about on the band's traveling Oriental rugs.

By the show's end, fog machines and spotlights had created a, well, purple haze, and the band and most of the now-untrammeled throng were conducting a love fest. "You step out there every night," Chris had said over coffee, "and may not know the difference between Memphis and New Orleans while you're onstage. But at least that's your Shangri-la. And you can take Shangri-la anywhere you need to go." Retro or no, that's a definition of rock 'n' roll the Black Crowes are doing their damnedest to live up to.

CROWE TRACKS

CHRIS sings into a Shure SM58, and for this tour he and bandmates scrapped cordless technology: "It was just so much warmer." For similar reasons, he bypassed the big, digital SSL board at Southern Tracks to bring in his own Neve outboard gear. RICH grew up coveting his dad's untouchable '53 Martin D-28 ("*Now* he lets me play it"), but now has "a variety of Teles, Les Paul Jrs., a Strat, a 335, a Gretsch and a Tony Zemaitis custom."

THE YEAR IN ROCK

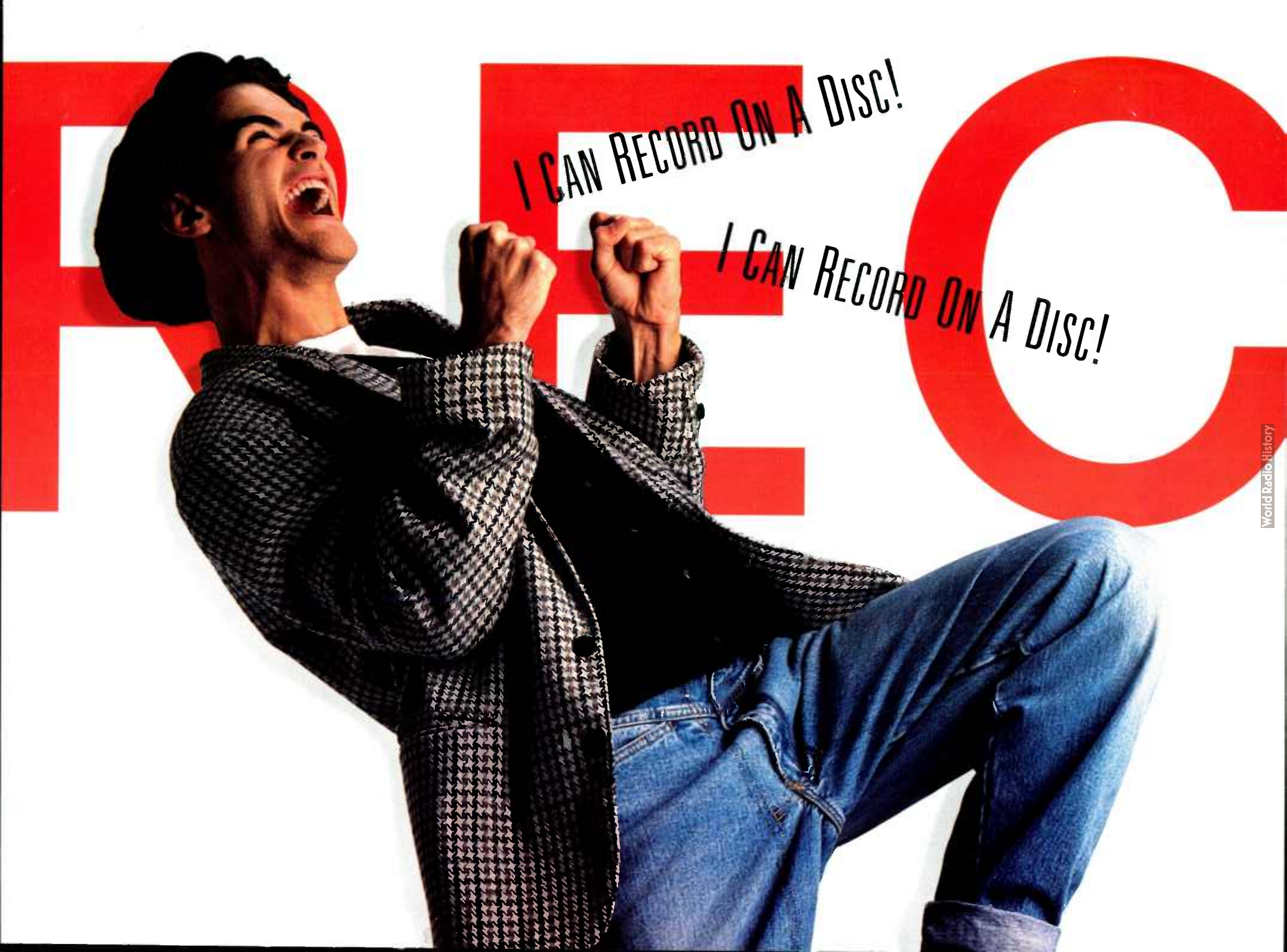


DRIVING NINE INCH NAILS

By Bill Flanagan

TRENT REZNOR SITS IN THE CORNER OF a dark room, looks at the floor and says, "I think my main problem was, my whole life's goal was to attain where I was last year. I never thought I'd get there. I always thought I'd be happy if I got to that stage. I'm probably *more* fucked up and miserable, in a way. Okay, now my job is making music. Great, I don't have to worry about working in a music store or something. But it wasn't this *fulfillment*. The wind got out of the sails because right while this was happening the bottom fell out of the business side. It didn't give me any moment to enjoy it. Which is probably good artistically in the long run." The sad thing is, Reznor's probably right. While a musician with his vision could probably make something worth hearing out of any mood, artistic misery has

PHOTOGRAPH: JOSEPH CULTICE



MiniDisc Recorder/Player

Recordable MiniDisc

Mini Disc

Now this is news: A 2½-inch disc that you can record on over a million times with no wear or loss of sound quality. That stores up to 74 minutes of digital sound and lets you find any song in a second. That comes in its own protective cartridge for durability. That virtually eliminates skipping from shock and vibration, so you can go wherever you go and have your music flow uninterrupted. Meet the digital, recordable, instantly accessible, virtually unshockable, portable MiniDisc from Sony. It's the biggest step yet in personal music entertainment for people who never stop moving.

SONY

YOU'LL LOVE HOW MUCH YOU CAN HEAR.

Many titles from your favorite recording artists are already out on MiniDisc.

Get into Sony MiniDisc. It's a revolutionary new way to play. (And record.)

BREAK OUT

Call us at 1-800-999-9988 for 1993 B.U.B. information and entry forms

AND GET YOUR MUSIC HEARD

Musician Magazine announces the **1993 Best Unsigned Band Contest**. All tapes will be reviewed by the publishers and editors of Musician Magazine. Winners will be chosen by an all-star panel of music industry judges featuring the talents of **David Byrne, Rosanne Cash, Sonny Rollins,** producer **Butch Vig** and the **Red Hot Chili Peppers' Flea**.

IF YOUR MUSIC DESERVES TO BE HEARD, WE'RE READY TO LISTEN.

MUSICIAN

served Nine Inch Nails well. And Trent Reznor is Nine Inch Nails.

Here's his story for those who came in late. In the late '80s Reznor sent a demo of his self-made music to TVT Records in New York, an indie label whose great success had been with compilations of television theme songs ("Gilligan's Island," "Mr. Ed" etc. TVT stands for "TV Toons"). TVT owner Steve Gottlieb signed the one-man band, though, according to Reznor, Gottlieb proceeded to object to everything Reznor wanted his album to be, from the title, *Pretty Hate Machine*, on. Nonetheless, the album generated positive word of mouth and began slowly selling. From 1989 until 1992, *Pretty Hate Machine* became a fixture on the *Billboard* charts, eventually selling close to a million copies. That's why last year should have been the best time in Reznor's life.

The reason it wasn't is the reason Reznor was horrified this afternoon when he realized *Musician* had scheduled his interview and photo shoot for a studio located upstairs from TVT's Greenwich Village headquarters. Just coincidence, but when Reznor says that if he bumps into Gottlieb in the elevator he'll kill him, it's only half a joke. To make a very long story short, Reznor came to mistrust every aspect of TVT's operation, from their creative ideas to their bookkeeping. After a series of escalating arguments, Reznor exploded when TVT withdrew permission for him to make an uncredited guest appearance on a one-off recording by Ministry's Al Jourgensen. Reznor wanted off TVT, and a lot of big labels wanted Reznor. But there was no way in hell Gottlieb was going to let his cash cow go. Thus began the Battle of Nine Inch Nails. Reznor refused to give TVT another album and kept a touring version of Nine Inch Nails on the road (including the 1991 Lollapalooza Tour) to pay his lawyers.

"People have been on my shit for milking *Pretty Hate Machine* for so many years," Reznor says. "Which isn't all my fault. I couldn't put a record out. It was a terrible thing because on one hand your career's taking off, people like you. On the other hand, you're chained to a bad record deal and not able to do anything. Pretty soon we'd just fade out of people's eyes and be in the *Where Are They Now* category."

Enter Jimmy Iovine, legendary record producer and—these days—president of Interscope Records. Iovine was determined to sign Nine Inch Nails, but so were a lot of other record executives. When it became clear that Gottlieb would not let go of his prize, Iovine got the idea of Interscope *buying* TVT to get the band. During months of bi-coastal negotiation, other Interscope executives began to question Iovine's obsession with landing Nine Inch Nails. Iovine would tell them, "Listen—they're another U2," and get back on the plane.

Actually, Iovine was not the only big shot to have the brainstorm of acquiring financial interest in TVT to get Trent Reznor. The trouble, as a rival label president explained, was that any other record executive would be seen by Reznor as an ally of Gottlieb. Iovine—an acclaimed record maker who had stood with Bruce Springsteen and Tom Petty through similar legal wars—could win Reznor's trust because he could make a convincing case for being an ally of the musician *against* Gottlieb.

"They kicked the door open," Reznor says of Iovine and Interscope. "They joined forces with TVT, which initially made us think they were the enemy. But upon calming down I realized that all our plans had to shift. And they have been totally cool to me. I deliver them a record mastered, finished. I deliver them whatever 12-inch singles we want to put out, I deliver them videos. It cuts this third wheel that always caused problems out of the loop."

So recently, when the last hands were shaken and the last agreements signed, Reznor told Interscope he had a surprise for them—a new Nine Inch Nails EP to put out immediately (an album will follow in spring of '93). If there was one final test of Interscope's good intentions, that EP was it. *Broken* is a harsh, screaming assault from start to finish. Reznor unleashes all his pent-up fury through four proper songs, two instrumental bridges and—just when you think it's safe to put the crystal back on the shelf—two unlisted bonus tracks.

"On this *Broken* EP," Reznor says of himself and his co-producer, "Flood and I kind of went crazy. We were both in foul moods and wanted to make a record that was pretty difficult to listen to. It became difficult to do it, and to listen to the songs all day long created ear fatigue and tension. And *where* we did it was horribly depressing. We recorded up in Lake Geneva, a resort town outside of Chicago. It was like *The Shining*.

"Arrangement-wise, we would start with what I thought was a good song—let's say 'Gave Up,' the last song, which is probably my favorite. I had a good guitar riff, a vocal that I liked and a good chorus. Then we just ruined it by arranging it in such a fashion that...it's still there but it's not. If it was in *Pretty Hate Machine*'s world the vocals would be way up on top, all the little bits that are juicy would be right where you could get at them. Instead, they're about 10 levels in. The hook's there, but the guitar sound is so fucked up that you can't even hear what it's playing unless you fill in the blanks with your mind. The lyrics are fairly indecipherable, the vocals are back three notches instead of on top. And that carried through the whole EP. I guess it was kind of a test. I don't know. It was me flexing a muscle.

"I wrote the songs on guitar instead of keyboards to give myself a new challenge. I realized if I sat down at the drum machine I would churn out more songs that resemble what I've done in the past. When Flood and I started to arrange and program, my original idea went from being a very straightforward guitar/bass/drum thing to sort of psychotically adding part upon part upon part. Both of us were in a shitty mood and we were in a horrible studio in the middle of nowhere, and it just seemed like the right thing to do. The end result I think is fairly undigestible the first couple of times around. But if you give it a chance, I think there's some stuff in there."

He's right, there is some stuff in there. Although *Broken*'s sheer aural audacity will break any lease, the more you hear it, the more the songs emerge from the stew, and the better those songs sound. Thematically, Reznor has moved from being mad with the world (the general attitude of *Pretty Hate Machine*) to being mad with the world and himself. There's a lot less anger at the silence of God and stupidity of authority, and a lot more exploration of how often one's real enemy is oneself. On *Pretty Hate Machine*'s "Head Like a Hole" Reznor screamed, "I'd rather die than give you control." On *Broken*'s "Happiness in Slavery" he wakes up to the fact that he's been giving people control over his life since he was born.

Any *Pretty Hate* fans who are stunned by *Broken* (and there must be a lot of them—the EP debuted at number seven on the charts and immediately started falling) probably did not see the live

band version of Nine Inch Nails, which occupied Reznor's energy during the years he was on strike against TVT. Under that group's nightly assault the *Pretty Hate Machine* songs were ripped open and their guts exposed. The live, unrecorded Nine Inch Nails was the missing link between the alone-in-the-darkness of *Pretty Hate Machine* and the screaming-in-the-fire of *Broken*. "I look at *Broken* as the *third* step in Nine Inch Nails," Reznor says.

Still, Reznor says that none of the touring band were under any illusion that they would have a part to play in the studio. The idea of Nine Inch Nails as a band was for public consumption; it was never a reality. "I want to give the impression that it is a band," Reznor says, "'Cause I like to hide behind that. But I never worked with those people on songwriting. I need the control, I have to get the thing out the way I want it to be. But at the same time, I miss the camaraderie of a band. I have my own studio now which allows me the time to get a guitar player and drummer together and play for a week on some ideas, and if it works, record it and that will be incorporated into the record. But to say, 'Okay, we're a democracy now, let's all join in...' I've just found that anytime I start to share responsibilities I am ultimately disappointed. I don't know if I expect too much. I'm the closest one to Nine Inch Nails. I've put the most work into it. It's not that I want the credit, I don't care about that. Honestly. But I do care about it enough that I want it to be done right. I can't just say, 'Let's all dick around with the songs and then vote on it.'"

Sure, but other bandleaders, from Ray Davies to Bob Mould, find a road between democracy and working alone. Reznor nods. "I think a lot of other bands have an advantage on me of an experience I don't have—of interaction with people. I'm trying to figure out how it works. In some ways it's good we weren't on the typical band schedule of put a record out, tour, second record, tour. There was a time about a year after *Pretty Hate Machine* came out when people started liking it, when I honestly didn't know what I'd do next. Because I didn't know *why* they liked it. I went through that thing: '*I* like it but I don't understand. What was good about that? Well, I should probably incorporate those good elements into...' Since I had plenty of time to think, I realized that when I did that record it was really honest to me. That was the thing I wanted to keep for anything Nine Inch Nails does in the future, whether people like it or not. I didn't expect them to like the first one.

"The record I'm working on now is going to turn out a lot differently than *Broken*. It's not necessarily going to be harder, meaner, but I think a lot less polished. I decided to start this new record by myself. I wanted to get a studio in a house to make myself learn the engineering side of it, which I think will make a less polished-sounding record, but possibly more interesting and unusual-sounding, which in turn will probably limit the commercial appeal further because it sounds less conventional. Of course, that's also one more thing on the pile of responsibility. It may slow things down, we'll see, but so far it's going all right. If I get stuck and I think it sucks, I'll call for help."

Reznor has set himself a series of rules for this new album. Some are thematic—he wants the record to follow a sequence and he's writing songs to fit the overall arch. "Musically," he says, "I want to use other people—possibly no drum machine, we'll see. I don't want to get away from electronics. I don't think it's cool to discard everything like that just because it's out of fashion now. I want to be tougher, so I want real drums on everything."

Grateful as he is to be free of record company wars and able to make his music again, Reznor always has new problems to face. Some record stores are charging album prices for the *Broken* EP, leading Nine Inch Nails fans to think they're buying a full album and leaving them disappointed. Things may get further confused with the release of *Fixed*, a collection of *Broken* tracks remixed by some of Reznor's favorite producers. When the new album is finally finished, Nine Inch Nails will head out on tour for what Reznor hopes will be a long-delayed catharsis. He needs the visceral release of shouting at his audience and seeing them shout back. He needs the camaraderie of a band. Trent Reznor needs to get some positive feedback. He is hurt by underground rock fans who now consider Nine Inch Nails too popular to be hip.

"If you're in that alternative world," Reznor says, "with record sales which cap off at about one to two hundred thousand, and you haven't been embraced by MTV and radio, it's easy to stay at that level and maintain your integrity and fans still like you. You get big and your base collapses because they all feel betrayed. I was guilty of that as a consumer, but it's weird to see we're now at that level where people that put you up there are the first to be catching the next train out, because people that aren't that cool are learning about you. It's kind of disheartening. I would assume Nirvana are going through that, too.

"There's a troubling climate with MTV right now. If your number comes up on the roulette wheel, that's good—but is it good? Where does Pearl Jam go from here? The thrill of it's gone, I think. For example, who wants to go see INXS live, when every 10 minutes their video's on TV? I'm like, STOP, you know? I don't think anything on *Broken* would be able to do that anyway, but my biggest fear would be getting into that sort of mass overload where people go, 'I used to like the song but I'm sick of it, it's on every five minutes.' To make sure that won't happen we've done some things to make sure we don't get played. We just did a video for 'Happiness in Slavery' that won't get shown on MTV. There's no chance."

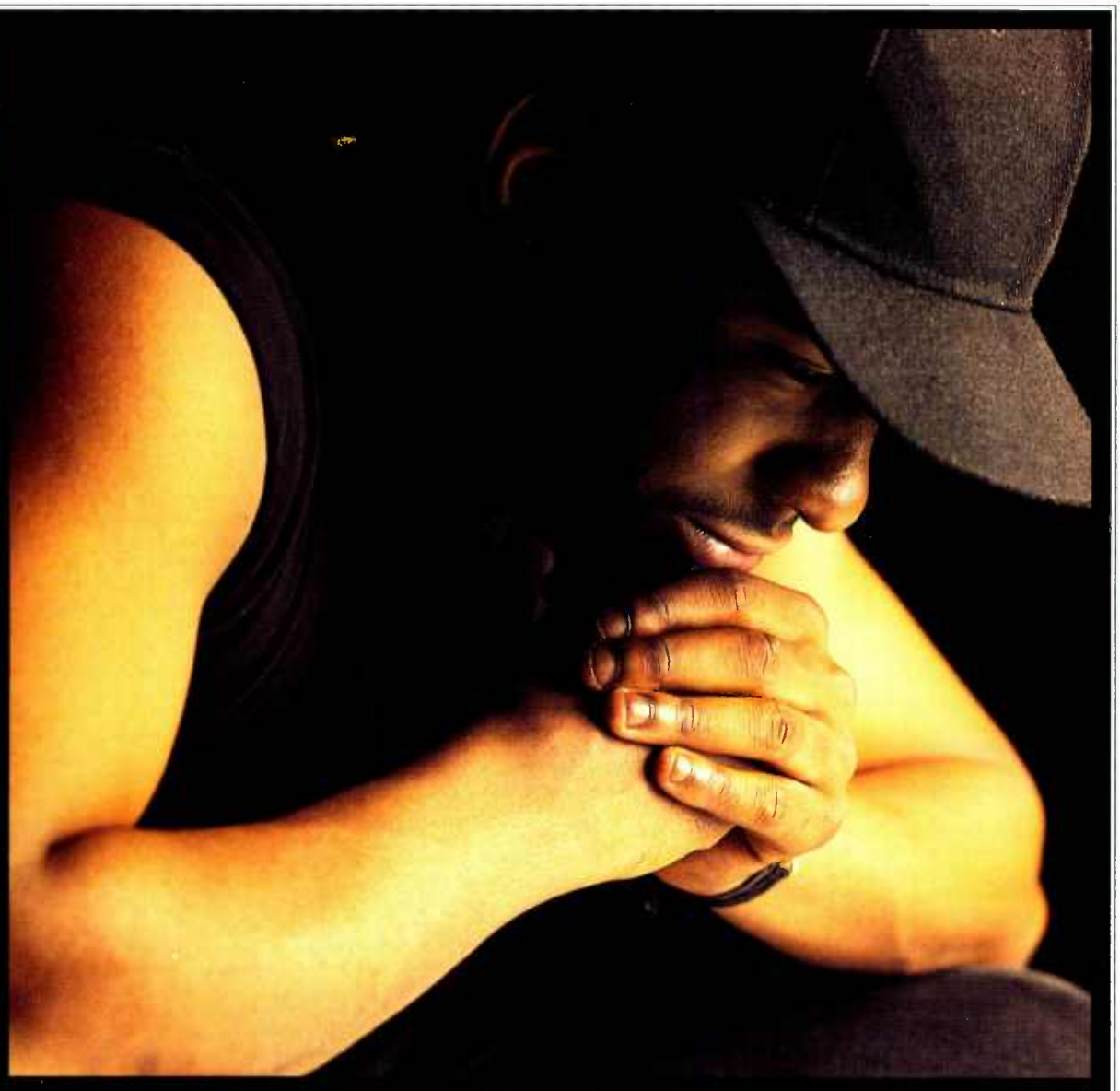
That's the understatement of the week. The video shows a naked man strapped to a torture machine being systematically dismembered. Nice close-ups of metal claws tearing his nipples and testicles. Talk about testing Interscope's dedication!

"It's extreme," Reznor says, "but if I saw that I'd say, 'Yeah!' It doesn't stop even at the point of good taste. It goes over. When you saw Madonna's 'Erotica' video you were let down. After all that [hype], when I saw her *Sex* book, I wanted to see come shots, I wanted to see bestiality."

Reznor smiles, sighs and looks up. "I threw my life out of balance when I started doing this," he says, "as I'm sure all musicians do. I'm not very well-rounded and I can't maintain a personal life very actively *and* try to make a record that takes every waking minute of my consciousness. I've just been trying to figure out what I really want to do and coming to terms with realizing that I can't be well-rounded for several years. I want to dedicate the next x number of years of my life to pushing it to the ultimate extreme of what I can do musically, and then at some point say, 'I can't stand it any more, I'm going to shift gears.'

"There's a lot of fun things," he adds, "a lot of [*cont'd on page 72*]

THE YEAR IN ROCK



BOBBY BROWN'S NEW PRE-ROGATIVES

By Chris Willman

LIKE JUST ABOUT ANYONE OF HIS APPROXIMATE age, talent and musical inclination, Bobby Brown grew up wanting to be Michael Jackson, the little prince and not-yet-King of Pop. A decade younger than his idol, Brown even took much the same route to fame as part of an all-singing, all-dancing, all-pubescent quintet before bolting for greater solo glory of the multi-platinum sort. "Michael's definitely my target," says Brown, a superstar now all of 23, still packing a veritable AK-47 of ambition, still training the Antiseptic One in his crosshairs. But somewhere along the way to the Forum, a funny thing happened: Michael Jackson wanted to be Bobby Brown. Or so it seemed, anyway, when Jackson hired all three of the producers that had built Brown's trademark sound on his landmark *Don't Be Cruel* album—New Jack Swing architect Teddy Riley and the stylist team L.A. Reid & Baby-

PHOTOGRAPH: PETER TANGEN / RETNA

RAMSA WR-S4424

Big Time.

The music soars. The crowd roars. Big time sound and technology proven on the world's largest tours. The WR-S4424 4-bus mixing console – with Ramsa's legendary low noise and distortion ☐ 2 full range mic-line inputs per channel ☐ up to 27 discrete aux sends ☐ sophisticated EQ. And more. 24 channels of Ramsa through and through for only $3,195*. Less for the 12 and 16 channel models. They tell people where you're going, not where you've been.

RAMSA

Panasonic

Broadcast & Television Systems Company

face Edmonds—for his own *Dangerous*. It surely wasn't lost on Jackson that Brown had sold many millions of records, and more than a few of them to middle-class white kids, while maintaining an image as an R&B loyalist and not making the slightest every-little-step away from his core black constituency. So cynics tended to view the producer loan as Jackson's fairly naked attempt to grab hold of Brown's hip-hop integrity while still maintaining a crotch-hold on the pop mainstream.

Though Brown can't quite bring himself to outrightly take shots at the man in whose image he first created himself, you can count him a cynic on the subject, too.

"Michael's not a New Jack artist," he says flatly. "Teddy's bad. He's phenomenal. But *Michael is not a New Jack artist.* I loved the album, because Teddy is on it, but I'm used to hearing Michael Jackson with Quincy Jones, so I respect that flavor. It's like he came after me, and don't step on my stage—that's not no place to play."

Surely it must be flattering, though, when the guy you grew up worshipping, the biggest in the world, is basically doing your stuff.

"Yeah, yeah, but at the same time, he wasn't really doing my stuff, because he doesn't have the heart that I have, he doesn't have the street knowledge that I have, he doesn't have the personality that I have. So it really didn't bother me that he was using Teddy *and* L.A. and Babyface. It didn't bother me, but...I liked it. I thought it was cute."

Brown is dissing with faint praise, given that Michael wants to hear his latest album's "cute" as much as Madonna likes hearing her shows are "neat." No matter. Brown has enough on his mind these days that even his legendary competitiveness as an artist—even his high hopes for his latest project, *Bobby*, which he considers with characteristic modesty to be "a great album"—don't seem to consume the King of NJ-Swing quite as intensely as before.

Love and entrepreneurship are his twin concerns at the moment. The former, obviously, comes in the form of his new bride, Whitney Houston, who at the moment is "a big pregnant woman," as he pridefully puts it (plus a new songwriting partner, he adds). The businessman in him, meanwhile, is giddy over his custom record company, BBB Records, which the former Bostonian is planning to run out of his current hometown, Atlanta.

All told, he's not leaving a lot to do in his 30s...except, perhaps, a reunion with erstwhile whippersnappers New Edition, whose ex-teen-king members may well be approaching middle age before they're finally bribed into donning matching duds again.

"We were all a bunch of crazy motherfuckers, just crazy," says Brown of New Edition, "but we were always interested in becoming executives and things like that, and we used to spend a lot of time when we were younger reading books about and talking about the business. We still don't got the respect as a group in this business. But individually, we've surpassed a lot of artists that've been out there for major years. We did something that the Jacksons couldn't even do, by splitting up and everybody still becoming successful—I mean, that's something that no group has done in history. And us being black, no one looks at that. But it's cool..."

Your inclination might be to approach the subject of a New Edition reunion question gingerly, much the same way you might've been hesitant to query Paul McCartney or George Harrison with the inevitable conversation-stiffener once upon the '70s. But Brown seems almost *eager* to be asked when he'll get back with original boys-to-men Johnny Gill, Ralph Tresvant, Ricky Bell, Michael "Biv" Bivins and Ronnie DeVoe.

"It's gonna be crazy to put us all together, but we've sat down and talked about it, we want to do it. Now it's up to MCA if they want to pay us the money. We're businessmen now, so, you know, everybody gotta get theirs. It's gonna take a lot to get us all together, but we're gonna do it, definitely."

Any expectations of what that would be like, in musical, not financial, terms?

"Slammin'. Slammin'. Slammin'. I've never in my life sung with Johnny Gill, except on 'Word to the Mutha!' [an unheralded sorta-reunion on Bell Biv DeVoe's remix album], but we didn't really sing together on that. And we are all older now, and you get better with age... New Edition is gonna be together forever. We all have our solo careers, we have everything we need. But New Edition will never break up again. Never."

On permanent hiatus due to negotiating snags, maybe.

For Brown, the tension between brother-love and business is no more a tension than that between his strangely concurrent bad-boy and good-guy images. Ask him about the dichotomy between his salacious performing persona—the rogue who may or may not be "Humpin' Around"—and the offstage husband and father who hangs with gospel stars BeBe and CeCe Winans, and he'll tell you that's the difference between "going to work" and being off-duty. Brown wears the sunglasses-at-night, self-referential jewelry and bravado that bespeak considerable ego, but lacks the surrounding entourage and flagrant extroversion to complete any picture of impending Eddie Murphydom. A little bit like, well, Michael Jackson, he exudes that odd combination of shy and hungry.

Very hungry.

"I might come off a little bit arrogant," he admits, unprompted, "because I *am*, but in a way I'm not. I'm a nice guy. But I want what I want when I want it. That's me, you know. I don't put up a front for anybody. I love everybody, but you know, business is business. I like to take care of that...very well."

Circumstances would indicate that he does know how to take care of it: Free from outside molding or handling (his manager is his brother Tommy Brown, "because if I had anybody else for a manager, I'd probably kill him"), Brown's second solo album sold eight million copies worldwide. And his third, *Bobby*, while not off to the world-beating sales start the record company envisioned, looks to be potentially "deep," as they say in the biz, in singles.

Whether he can apply the same savvy to other artists is a question. The legacy of small-label entrepreneurs like Hammer (who's had some chart successes but recently had to close the L.A. branch office of his Bust It label) is a mixed one. Brown is at his most earnest and passionate, though, discussing how he plans to tutor his acts in the ways and wiles of the music industry so they don't have to learn through the "dues-paying"—i.e., rip-offs—he says he experienced with New Edition. And apparently BBB Records won't just offer straight hip-hop or even strictly black-based fare.

For himself, though, overt crossover is anathema: "All I know how to write is R&B music. I don't record pop songs. *Soul* music, *I* would call it... And New Jack Swing is the sound, it's the only thing people can really dance to. The shit is major."

Just don't step in—er, on—his stage. You know who you are.

Pop Quiz: Which is the *most* important factor for becoming a great musician?

Granted. It takes a combination of factors to get where you're going.

Yet when you consider that music is a HEARING art, you realize that your *own ear* ultimately determines if your sound will be just mediocre, or *great.*

The quintessence of a great ear is called Perfect Pitch. It was a prized ability of the classic masters like Bach and Mozart.

Perfect Pitch works equally well today to bring out your own natural creativity and talent. It can give you the expertise and freedom you need to perfect your own unique style of playing. And sharpen your *enjoyment*, too.

Once you gain a masterful ear for music, you'll find it sticks with you, becomes a part of you—as permanent as this guy's tattoo.

We'd like to show you how it works! Just send your name and address *today* for your FREE Perfect Pitch Lesson #1!

For fastest delivery, call 24 hours:

(515) 472-3100

FAX: (515) 472-2700

FREE PERFECT PITCH LESSON #1!

☑ **YES!** Rush me my FREE Perfect Pitch Lesson #1—taught by David L. Burge—plus a FREE Report on how I can improve my own ear.

Please print

NAME

ADDRESS

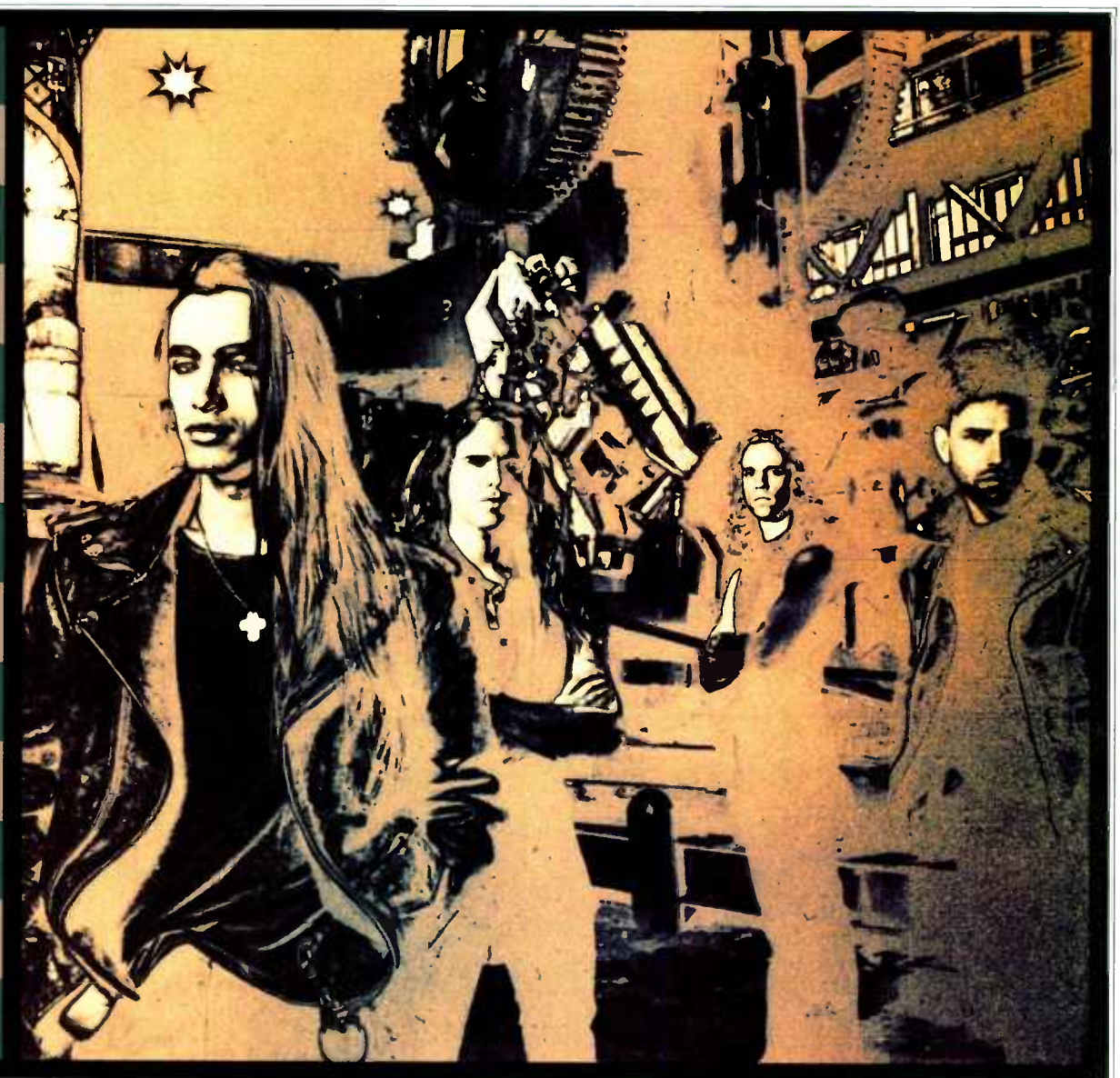
CITY

STATE ZIP

Mail to: **American Educational Music Publications, Inc.**
Music Resources R48, 1106 E. Burlington, Fairfield, IA 52556

In response to questions about our guitarist model: Yes, Mike's tattoo is genuine--not the wash-off kind. The design depicts an eagle carrying a red guitar over a lucky green dragon. Mike poses with his own axe, and encourages all musicians to excel by developing their own ear for music. ©1992 AEMP, Inc.

THE YEAR IN ROCK



EXTREME RALLY THEIR DEFENSES

By Jock Baird

"LIFE IS SHORT—PLAY HARD," SAYS NUNO Bettencourt's sweatshirt, but it's advice he obviously hasn't taken. After carving a niche for himself as one of the fastest and most inventive young-gun metal guitarists, Bettencourt and his band Extreme have weighed in with a sprawling, ambitious and often dazzling third album, two-thirds of which are anything but "hard." And now he's hearing about it. In print. In the *Musician* record review section, to be precise. When Bettencourt first read Deborah Frost's review of Extreme's *III Sides to Every Story* in the November issue, he hurled the magazine across his local music store and unleashed a string of rock 'n' roll invective. Gee, it's hard to see what disturbed him; Frost only called the album "overindulgent...waste," said the band had "let 15 MTV minutes go straight to their poodle tresses," accused them of conspir-

PHOTOGRAPH: KURT MUNDAHL

V.A.S.T.™ technology. Infinite possibilities.

Leading the world with the most sonically advanced music technology available, the Kurzweil K2000 and K2000R provide infinite possibilities for expressive synthesis and sound design. The K2000 Series instruments are considerably more than just synthesizers; they also feature ROM Sample Playback and Stereo Sampling capabilities. The flexibility is vast; the potential is limitless.

For today's creative demands.

Today's creative market demands an entirely new level of professionalism, and performance flexibility. The K2000/K2000R, with its inherently flexible and *expandable* architecture, is the obvious choice. With other keyboards, you'll eventually run into a brick wall when you need better capabilities. With the K2000 Series, you can, at a fraction of the cost of other systems, transform your system from a ROM-based music workstation to a full sampler/audio processor with exceptionally high quality and full bandwidth capabilities.

V.A.S.T. – A new beginning.

The heart of this flexibility is Kurzweil's proprietary V.A.S.T. technology (Variable Architecture Synthesis Technology). While past approaches to synthesis left the artist with a stack of instruments, back problems and MIDI protocol headaches, V.A.S.T. eliminates the mess and unites live performance, digital sampling, sound designing, composing and sequencing, in one compact, portable unit.

Sounds never before imaginable.

Thirty-one powerful sound shaping algorithms, with a multitude of DSP (Digital Signal Processing) functions per voice are available. They encompass almost every synthesis technique ever devised. In fact, V.A.S.T. is the only technology at this price that provides up to three DSP functions per voice. So, if the job calls for a fat, analog bass sound, the K2000 delivers. If the part calls for a bell sound, the K2000 provides crisp, percussive ringing. If a stereo sample needs re-synthesizing, the K2000 can shape, re-shape and layer multiple samples, transforming even the most basic sound samples into thrilling, new experiences.

Partial list of K2000 Users.

William Bolcom	Jimmy McGriff
Wendy Carlos	Fred Mollin
Pat Coil	Patrick Moraz
Michael Dorian	Sammy Nestico
Michael Franklin	Roger Powell
Dominic Frontiere	Freddie Ravel
David Gant	Kenny Rogers
Jerry Goldsmith	David Rosenthal
Tony Guerrero	Frank Serafine
J.J. Johnson	Paul Shaffer
Michael Kamen	Rick Wakeman
Fred Lawrence	Fred Weinberg
Lyle Mays	Stevie Wonder

Eight megabytes of Kurzweil's world-renowned 16-bit ROM samples are on board to start the sonic feast. Two additional 8-megabyte ROM sound blocks will be available for a total of 24 megabytes. Further, samples from many other manufacturers' libraries are compatible and extensive third party software is available.

Limitless sound storage.

For most keyboards, storage of sound files can be a problem. Boxes of floppy disks are certainly smaller than three pianos and a set of drums, but they are slow to load and cannot hold much material. To address this problem, the K2000 system supports the addition of both internal and external SCSI-compatible hard disk drives, as well as readily-available optical, "floptical," SyQuest, CD ROM readers, etc.

Both units accept up to 64 megabytes of sample memory via standard Macintosh SIMMs, for holding *over 12 minutes of sampled sounds at full bandwidth*. The system also supports a program memory upgrade.

Flexible inputs and outputs.

The K2000/K2000R thoroughly covers the ins and outs of sampling and synthesis. The SMP-K/R stereo sampling options (keyboard/rack) offer analog, digital and optical inputs. Digital outputs are also provided, and both are soft-switchable between AES/EBU and SPDIF formats. The K2000 offers six analog outs configured as a stereo master pair and four individual outs (the K2000R offers a stereo master pair and eight individual outs). Support for MIDI is extensive as the units can transmit on three channels and receive on sixteen. For special effects and sound design use, up to 96 sonic events can be triggered simultaneously, and each MIDI channel supports the stacking of up to nine events.

A price that's astounding.

The K2000/K2000R can do more than a stack of conventional synthesizers and samplers. No other comparable instruments offer so many ways to configure and upgrade for future applications. Yet, they cost no more than most ordinary synthesizers.

So, if today's creative demands are on your mind, join the stars who have found that the Kurzweil K2000 and K2000R offer the solutions through V.A.S.T. technology for infinite possibilities.

Specifications

Keys	61 (K2000 only)
Transmit Pressure	Mono-Pressure (K2000 only)
Receive Pressure	Poly, Mono-Pressure
Tone Generation	16-Bit Sampled ROM Waves Digital Wave Generation Noise Generation Optional User Sampling
Polyphony	24 (96 oscillators)
Dynamic Voice Allocation	Yes
Multi-timbral	16 Channels
Filter/DSP	Up to 3 Configurable Per Voice: Sweepable Resonance ("Q") LP/HP/BP/All Pass/Parametric Notch/Distortion/Shaper
Effects	1-Stereo Processor
Effects Types	Reverb/Chorus/Delay/Flanging
Stereo Sampling	Yes (with Sampling Option)
Analog Sampling Rates	29.4/32/44.1/48 KHz Analog
Digital Sampling Rates	All
Sample Playback Rates	All
ROM Wave Sample Rate	Up to 48 KHz
Stereo Analog/Digital I/Os (with option)	Analog In; Optical In; Digital Ins/Outs.(AES-EBU/SPDIF formats)
Disk Drive	3.5 HD/DD
SCSI	K2000: 1 port K2000R: 2 ports
Internal ROM Wave Memory	8 Megabytes, expandable to 24 Megabytes
Internal RAM Sample Memory	Up to 64 Megabytes (SIMMs)
User Program RAM Memory	128K, expandable to 760K
Display	240 x 64 Backlit
Sequencer	16-Channel Record/Play, Type 0 Play
Audio Outputs	K2000: 6 analog outs configured as a stereo master pair and 4 individual outs. K2000R: stereo master pair and 8 individual outs.
Outs Double as Inserts	Yes
Standard SIMMs RAM Memory	4 Card Slots
#/MIDI Channels/ Simultaneous Transmission	3

Accepts Sample Dump Standard: Complete SYSEX Implementation, SMDI Protocol

Physical Controllers: 2 Wheels, 1 Slider, 2 Foot Switches, Continuous Controller Pedal, Mono-Pressure (K2000 only)

KURZWEIL
Music Systems

Kurzweil is a product line of Young Chang America, Inc.

ing to be the next Queen, told them to "get a producer" and finally advised Nuno to ditch the group, especially "heavy-handed" singer Gary Cherone and his "expanding ego." Now that he's calmed down a bit, a still-smarting Bettencourt methodically counterattacks.

"I knew that was going to happen," he sighs. "I said right before the record came out, 'Either they're going to really understand what we're doing and love the record, or they're going to understand what we're doing to the point where they don't think we can handle it.' Either way, they're going to say, 'Who do you think you are, thinking you can do something like this?'

"Another review said, 'The third side was reaching too much.' It can't be reaching too much. It is what we are. Who set these standards for what this third side is supposed to be? They don't know that for years I've listened to classical music, they don't know that my father played violin. They look at Nuno, here's a rock guitar player, and now he's trying to reach for something he doesn't have. Bullshit."

Hey, welcome to the big leagues. Before Extreme's last album, *Pornograffitti*, sold four million copies, they had been pretty well treated by the critics, who had found the horny Zep-Aerosmith stew of their first album fresh and funky. When the power-guitar, uptempo singles off *Pornograffitti* fizzled and the album stalled, Bettencourt even intimated in print that he wouldn't mind trading some of those kind reviews for some sales. Ah, be careful what you wish for—the ballads "More Than Words" and "Hole Hearted" became monster hits and out came the knives. And no matter how much Nuno knows it shouldn't matter what one critic thinks, he seems to care a lot.

"Yeah, I do. I obviously do," he says. "I didn't for a while, but..."

What about the criticism that Nuno threw off the restraining influence of *Pornograffitti* producer Michael Wagoner? "This whole production credit thing is garbage," declares Bettencourt. "Nobody produced that record but me. Before Michael Wagoner even heard this stuff, the basic tracks were recorded. He even said to us at the time, 'I don't know what they need me for.' But toward the end, his lawyer said that he was too big to share production credit with anyone."

Bettencourt is in Boston this October evening trying to finish up his first outside production project. It's for a local rap group named Top Choice Clique—one member, John (Word Man) Preziosa, rapped on the song "Cupid's Dead" on *III Sides*. "One of my personal dreams is to break down these walls of segregation of music in America," he says. "These guys made me realize how talented you have to be to be a good rap group. Unfortunately, it's a lot of the weaker elements of every kind of music that always seem to get the airplay, so you get jaded. That's true of rock 'n' roll: half the time I can't even watch 'Headbanger's Ball' because I'm too embarrassed by what I see."

Bettencourt has a healthy attitude about his influences: He freely admits them and moves on. After working a snaky Hendrixian wah guitar solo on the new LP, he ends by quoting the opening line from "Voodoo Child." "The reason I do things like that is that I'm sick of people always denying they had influences," laughs Nuno. "Come on, man, it's okay to be influenced by people. That's what it's all about! You're passing it on through generations. But there's a difference between influence and emulation. It's one thing to do a little taste of a Zeppelinesque thing and another to rip off a complete song. We've never ripped off anything."

The young Bettencourt learned at the feet of predictable icons like Perry and Page and Eddie, but also fusioneers like Al Di Meola ("one of my biggest influences"). As Bettencourt worked his way up through a series of local metal outfits, it was his meeting with Gary Cherone, a singer five years his senior, that proved to be a turning point. "We met in this bar and started talking, and the things that he was saying were like I could have been looking in a mirror. For instance, his favorite record was *Queen II*, which was my favorite record, and that was such an obscure album! And the next day he called me up and asked me to be in a band with him, and I said, 'Man, you haven't even heard me play yet,' and he said, 'I don't need to hear you play.' It was a real weird thing." Of all the negative comments aimed at Extreme, Nuno is most incensed about advice that he ditch his bandmates. "Critics can really cause damage," he seethes. "When someone publicly says that Nuno should hire three other musicians more his caliber, that's going to do something to those people. I'd rather hear 'Extreme sucks, end of review,' than see writers start messing with what a band should be."

What does Bettencourt think are the major rock currents of 1993? "I think what is happening is that in the '80s Van Halen came out and changed rock 'n' roll. Then you started seeing the Mötley Crües and the Poisons and the Bon Jovis. When something great comes out, every record company wants one and they're usually shit. So somebody's got to come along and clean it up, and that's what the Seattle movement's about. I think Nirvana, Pearl Jam, Alice in Chains and Soundgarden are just like this big vacuum cleaner, sweeping up all the stuff that got really corporate. It was too pretty, too nice—too dishonest."

Where does he think guitar will go this next year? "Guitar players have to stop treating music like the Olympics and just do whatever the song calls for." Bettencourt himself has been exhibiting less flash and more fiber as he gets older, although he can still lay down a terrific covering fire when needed. But he is downplaying his identity as a hot guitarist, and has gone so far as to insist he not be photographed with a guitar on a recent cover of *Guitar World* magazine. "They said, 'We can't do that. It's never been done on a guitar magazine!' But I wanted to show people reading the magazine, kids and adults, don't just be a guitar player, don't be strict about it. Be more of a musician and listen to everything."

Bettencourt also plays down the importance of his equipment. He plays a special, smaller-scaled Strat-type endorsement model made for him by Washburn that has a humbucker under the bridge and a different location for the toggle switch, but otherwise it's a fairly straightforward guitar. "It's stripped down," he grunts. "If you want to play, here it is. If you want to see lime green, go buy something else." Likewise his amp—most of *III Sides* was made off a Soldano head and Celestion speakers, with "a bit of chorus" and an occasional Crybaby. His strings are from GHS. "I used to think equipment had a lot to do with the way you sound," Bettencourt laughs. "Then Eddie Van Halen let me try his guitar setup, which was a dream come true. And I sounded like me! I got all bummed out, and then I realized it had a lot to [*cont'd on page 65*]

Hear what you've been missing

It's impossible to keep up with all the new records that are now being released every year. Even those of us at Musician (who get paid to listen to music) can't hear it all, let alone write about it. That's why we created "A LITTLE ON THE CD SIDE," our exclusive new music CD sampler program.

With more radio stations playing less variety of music, "A LITTLE ON THE CD SIDE" has featured over 150 new releases and the most eclectic mix of music available exclusively for Musician Magazine readers.

To guarantee that you don't miss a single tune, we're dropping the price per sampler with our new CD SIDE SUBSCRIPTION plan. You pay just $15.00 to hear over 75 NEW RELEASES. For less than the retail price of a single compact disc, you get six complete discs and over six hours of music. That's just $2.50 PER DISC with a new volume released every three months (double volumes count as two discs).

While most music magazines give you one music sampler with a year's subscription, a MUSICIAN CD SIDE SUB gives you compact discs all year long.

❑ **Sign me up:** Enclosed is my payment of $15.00 for six Musician Magazine New Music CD Samplers. (P.&H. included.) Add $5.00 to all foreign orders.

Send my subscription to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY STATE ZIP _____

I understand that a new volume will be sent to me every three months. Please start my subscription with the following volume:

❑ VOL. 6 featuring Los Lobos, Del Amitri, Ringo Starr, Buckwheat Zydeco, Young Gods, Rodney Crowell, The Chills, Strunz & Farah, Me Phi Me and 8 more

❑ VOL. 7 (double disc) featuring Lyle Lovett, Michael Penn, PJ Harvey, Jude Cole, Tom Waits, Throwing Muses, The Zoo, Dixie Dregs, Scott Henderson, Shawn Lane, John Wesley Harding, Chuck D, plus 18 more!

❑ VOL. 8 featuring Paul Weller, Television, Julian Cope, Brian Eno, Maceo Parker, Jeff Healey, Thelonious Monster plus 7 more

❑ **Send a gift:** Please send a CD Side Subscription to the following. I have enclosed $15.00 per gift, and listed my name (at left) as the donor. I understand a gift card will go out with initial shipment.

Send gift to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY STATE ZIP _____

Please start my gift subscription with:

❑ VOL. 6 ❑ VOL. 7 ❑ VOL. 8

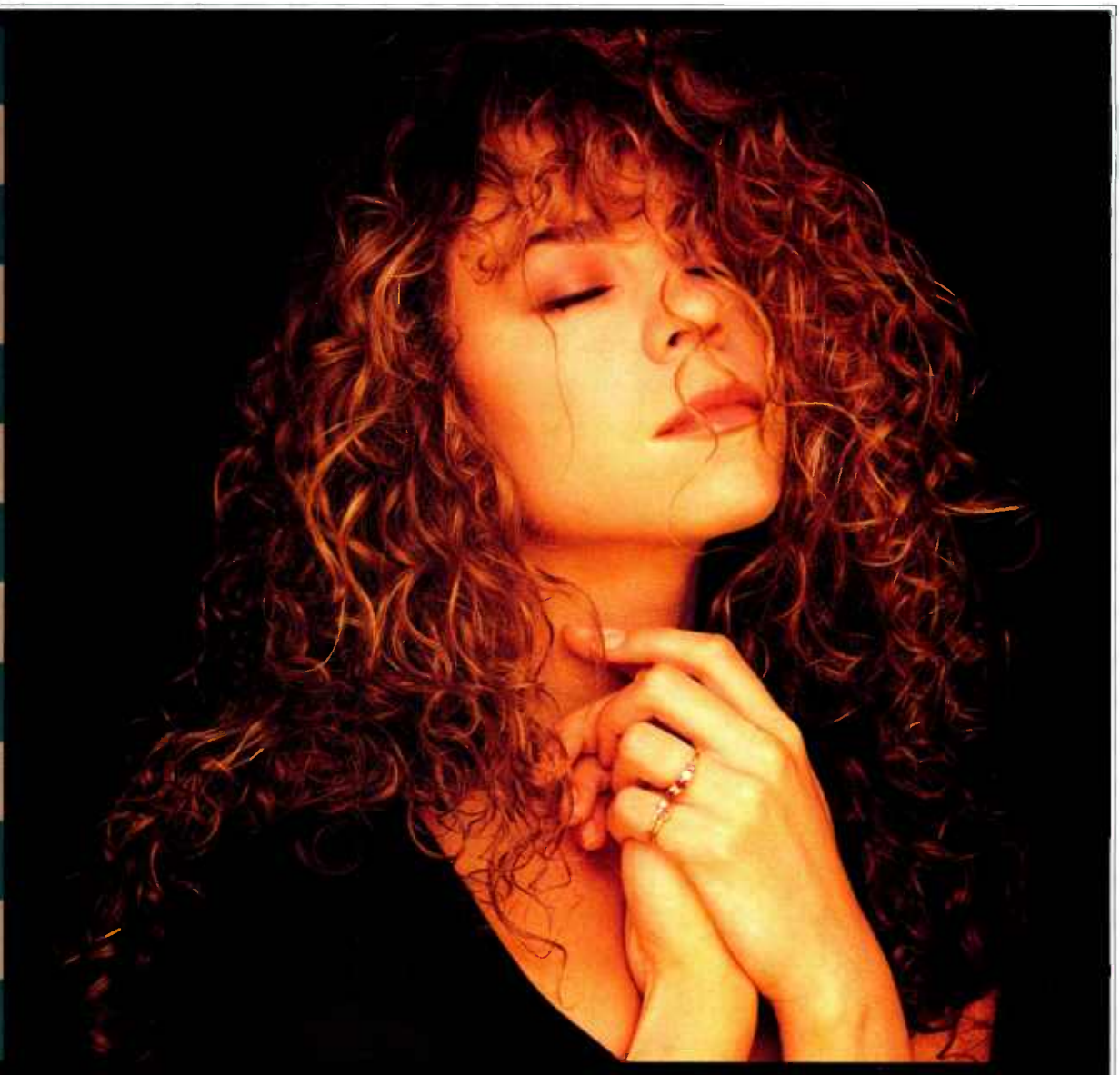
Attach a separate sheet with names and addresses for any additional gift subscriptions.

Mail completed coupon and gift lists with check/money order to:

CD SIDE SUBSCRIPTIONS

33 Commercial St., Gloucester, MA 01930

*If the volume you requested is sold out, your subscription will begin with the next available sampler.



MARIAH CAREY'S VERY GOOD YEAR

By Jon Young

"I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT," SAYS MARIAH Carey, recalling the taping of her "Unplugged" special for MTV last March. "I wasn't originally planning on recording an album, which made the whole experience much easier for me. If I'd thought about it, I would have been too nervous, because I tend to overdo things and critique myself too much." Of course, she did get a record out of the show, and not just another hit to swell her bank account. Although it contains no new material and runs under 30 minutes, Carey's *Unplugged* CD now stands as the high point of the diva's career, proving that behind all that slick pop music is a woman who can just plain sing. Anyone familiar only with the studio versions of "Vision of Love" or "Can't Let Go" would never doubt her technical abilities, of course, but hearing Carey cut loose in a less rigid acoustic setting, free to vent her gospel tendencies, is a very pleasant revelation. For herself as well.

PHOTOGRAPH: DEBORAH FEINGOLD/ OUTLINE

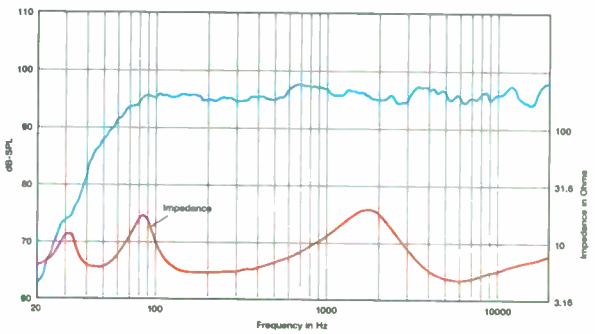
The 4200 Series. Designed For The Control Room, Not The Living Room.

Today's recording studio has evolved into a multi-function facility which simultaneously addresses the specialized needs of music recording, film and video post, and radio production. In this environment, where the most critical listening often occurs in the final mix, close proximity monitors are often more important than the mains. The problem: most console top monitors, unfortunately, were designed for the living room not the control room. Until now.

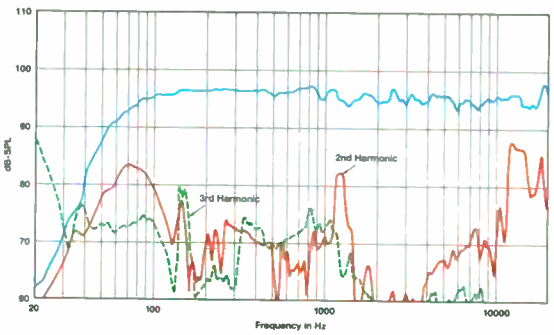
With the 4200 Series we're taking our stand from where you sit: right where you work at the console. Designed, engineered and tested from this position, the 4200 Series is the first console mount monitor created specifically for the professional recording environment.

Both models give you pin-point imaging by delivering high and low frequency information to your ears at precisely the same instant. By virtue of their symmetrical design the 4200 Series monitors are mirror imaged. And so nothing gets in the way of your music, the 4200 Series introduces our uniquely sculpted Multi-Radial™ baffles incorporating newly designed pure titanium tweeters and low frequency transducers. The combination of these technologies successfully corrects time arrival anomalies and eliminates baffle diffraction distortion.

4200 Series: console top monitors designed in the studio, for the studio, with sonic performance rivaling much more expensive monitors. 4200 Series: the shape, and sound, of things to come. Available at your local authorized JBL Professional dealer.



Frequency Response (Model 4206): 96 dB at 1 m, typical console listening levels



Distortion vs. Frequency (Model 4208) 96 dB at 1 m, typical console listening levels (distortion raised 20 dB)

TEC
TECHNICAL EXCELLENCE & CREATIVITY
1992 WINNER

JBL

JBL Professional
8500 Balboa Boulevard, Northridge, CA 91329
H A Harman International Company

"*Unplugged* definitely made me change my outlook. It made me realize I don't have to be so meticulous, I can be looser," notes Carey, who promises the lesson will be applied to her next studio effort, which she's currently co-producing with longtime collaborator Walter Afanasieff. Chatting in her management company's midtown Manhattan office, she declines to reveal details of the work in progress, but says there will be more overt gospel influences, down to using some of the same rousing backing vocalists who enlivened *Unplugged*. "If this were my first album, I would have gotten slick session singers or done all the backing vocals myself. It's hard for me not to sing backup—I feel like I'm tying my hands when I don't."

Carey protects her privacy with the zeal of a Secret Service agent assigned to the president: You can practically hear alarm bells go off in the woman's head when the conversation strays from her career. But ask about music and the enthusiasm is obvious, especially when discussing her first love, the studio. "I've been working in studios since I was 13, doing backup vocals for other people, making demos with people who wanted me to do pop songs that I knew would never go anywhere. That's when I decided to be a songwriter, because I didn't want to become a puppet. I met Ben Margulies when I was 16 and we clicked. By the time I got my record deal, I already had most of the songs ready for my first album, which gave me a little bit of leverage."

No kidding. Although Carey's self-titled 1990 debut was recorded when she was still a teenager and features production from heavy cats like Narada Michael Walden, she was nobody's pawn. Besides co-writing the majority of the songs with Margulies (now an estranged ex-partner, a subject she won't address), Carey produced one track all by her lonesome and receives arranging credit on others. She brushes aside suggestions that it's unusual for her to produce: "You don't need amazing ability to be a producer. It's just a question of knowing how you want the record to sound."

She extended her reach on 1991's *Emotions*, co-writing and co-producing the entire affair. All this time in the studio has left Carey with few occasions to perform before an audience, something she intends to make up for someday, though she's not sure when. "One of the reasons I was looking forward to 'Unplugged' was that I don't do many live shows. I wish I had played more small dates before I got a record contract, because it would have helped me as a performer. Even now, every show I do is a learning experience, and that's not the way it should be. I mean, when I appeared on 'Arsenio Hall' it was one of the first times I performed live ever! My feet were shaking. I was incredibly scared!"

Asked if she feels the urge to prove something by singing live, Carey answers, "I want to do it for myself, and for the fans who have supported me. I think it's something I should experience in my life." Her subdued tone suggests that she actually regards the prospect as more of an obligation than a welcome opportunity. "Other people talk about how great it is to be onstage, and it's rare I get a taste of that."

For now, *Unplugged* is also bearing fruit for Trey Lorenz, the stylish young singer who contributed the second vocal to Carey's tender cover of the Jackson 5's "I'll Be There." Building on a sudden rise from obscurity to prominence in the wake of this hit remake, Lorenz recently released his own solo debut, with Carey and Afanasieff producing the majority of the tracks.

While the album was rushed out to capitalize on recent events, she says it was a long

time coming. "Trey's been singing backup for me since the first album, and I brought him to the label almost a year before 'Unplugged.' The show helped to get things moving faster for him, though, because we didn't want to let the great response he received go to waste." Acknowledging that Lorenz's album sometimes echoes the plush sounds of her own studio work, Carey notes, "I was conscious of not repeating some of the same things I've done for myself, but Trey likes the same kind of vocal arrangements, so..."

If the Lorenz project sounds like the beginning of a second career, that's perfectly all right with her. "Right now I have to finish my own album, and then there are other things on the back burner I'd like to get to. I want to produce some contemporary gospel singers. There are some incredible vocalists around and it amazes me that they don't have records out. For example, the women who were with me on 'Unplugged' are very intimidating, they're so good. They want to sing gospel and I think they should. It's not necessary for them to become pop or R&B stars. Anyway, gospel singers don't always get the same respect when they cross over, and I wouldn't want that to happen to anyone I produced. I want to stay true to the music."

Has she tried gospel music herself? "Not on record. Someday, maybe." Carey's smile freezes briefly, as if she's been asked to walk across an unsafe bridge. "That's one field where you don't mess around. The best singers in the world are in gospel music, in my opinion." She names Vanessa Bell Armstrong, the Clark Sisters and the Edwin Hawkins Singers as favorites. "You know those gospel compilations you see advertised on late-night TV? I call in for those, 'cause you get lots of great songs on them. I play gospel music when I go to sleep at night, because it gives me good vibes."

Given Carey's reluctance to discuss personal matters—she admits resenting the scrutiny of gossip columnists—you might think she's ambivalent about stardom, but the singer shrugs off any reservations. "I do want to preserve my privacy, but the circus aspect of all this isn't really so bad. It's still a new thing for me, very weird and incredible. Anyway, I can go out in a hat and sunglasses and blend in really well when I want to. I went to Disney World the other day and didn't get bothered at all.

"Four years ago I didn't even have a record contract and the focus of my whole life was getting a deal. I thought I might have to wait 10 years. It's all happened so fast. I know this sounds corny, but I love what I'm doing so much that I would probably put up with anything just to be able to keep doing it." Ⓜ

EXTREME

[*cont'd from page 60*] do with his fingers and his tone, the way he plays."

Such departures from orthodoxy are typical for Bettencourt. For instance, how many MTV bands would endorse Biblical warnings against premarital sex? "Everybody's scared of religion. They say it's boring to say no to sex before marriage," Nuno says. "No, it isn't boring. There are reasons why. Sex was intended to be a reward when you have a family. It's the way it feels the best. If you have sex too soon, it's gone and the relationship becomes dull because you have nothing else to look forward to, and then you start finding reasons why you dislike this person. The Bible has to be looked at as common sense. This book is just telling you that if I smack you in the face really hard, you're probably going to want to hit me back! It just comes down to how you communicate with people." Ⓜ

THE YEAR IN ROCK

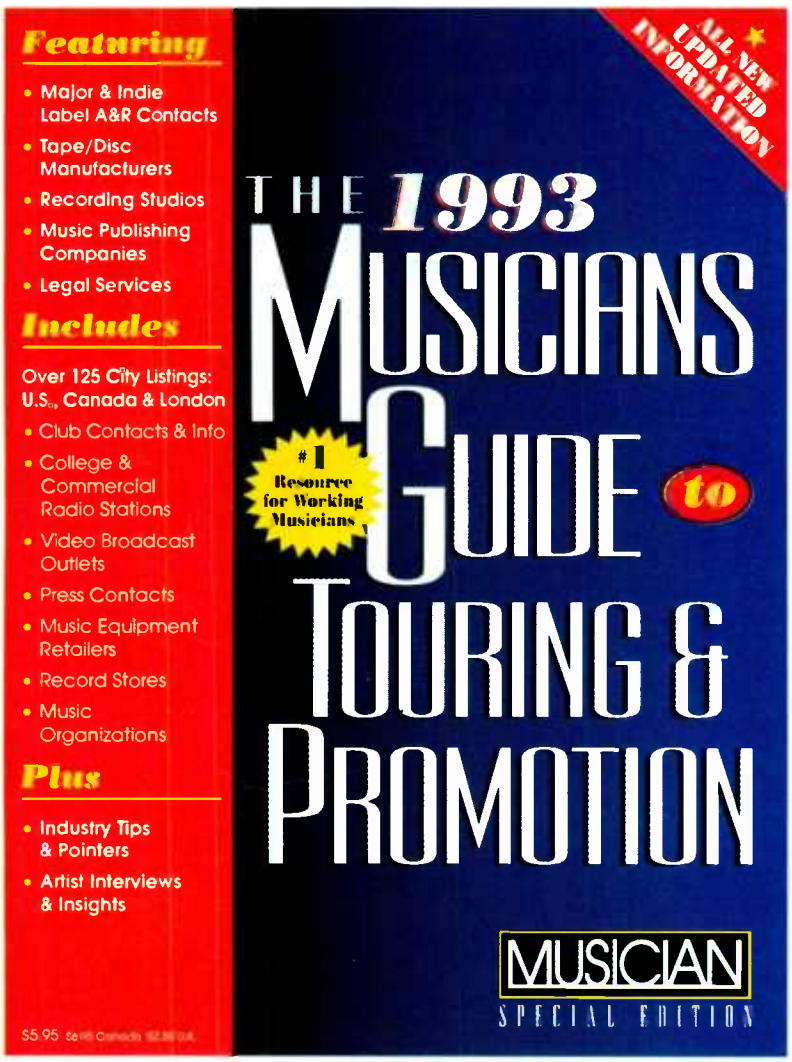
MICHAEL FRANTI: HERO OF HIPHOPRISY

By Mark Rowland

"ONE THING I TRY TO DO WHEN I PERFORM a song is go back to where I was in my mind when I wrote it," Michael Franti is saying. "That takes me to a different level. Sometimes the guys in the band get bored playing the same songs over and over, but I take myself to a different place. I'm reliving where I was when I wrote that song..." It seemed to happen in surreal time. There had been a lot of tension going in the school lately. Some Vietnamese kids were in his math class, part of a group being hounded by redneck white kids, called "gooks" and all that. One day they'd had enough and beat one up. And now as Franti was walking to class he watched this white kid pull out a serrated Army knife and plunge it into a Vietnamese kid's chest, right there in the hallway, and the victim was on the ground bleeding all over the place and Franti's girlfriend was giving him CPR...but the

PHOTOGRAPH: JAY BLAKESBERG

DO IT YOURSELF



Whether you want to record your music, publish it, promote it or perform it live onstage, the all new **MUSICIANS GUIDE TO TOURING & PROMOTION** contains the information you need:

- Major & Independent Label Contacts
- Commercial & College Radio Stations
- Music Publishers
- Tape & CD Manufacturers
- Club Listings & Contacts
- Publications
- Record Stores
- Instrument Retailers

"It was the best guide I've ever seen. You can always judge something like that by looking at your own hometown. And it hit all the right places. They were described absolutely correctly and it made me trust it if I were to use it as a reference to call some club somewhere else."

—Mark Adler • Zoom Club • Seattle, WA

"Musician Magazine's **Guide to Touring & Promotion** *has been like a bible to us. It is a must for anyone who is serious about getting out of the basement and onto the stage"*

—Elliott Hopkins • Vindicators • Boston, MA

"We just released our second album and are trying to gain exposure out of town. **The Guide** *is our ticket for touring. My manager uses it all the time. A tremendous idea."*

—Eddie Bush • The Eddie Bush Group • S. Carolina

Please send me___copies of **THE 1993 MUSICIANS GUIDE** at $6.95 each (includes postage & handling)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

Mail this coupon or your name & address, with your check/money order to:
THE 1993 MUSICIANS GUIDE,
33 Commercial St., Gloucester MA 01930.

GB 92

kid died. And the next day there were stickers put up around the school by the "white Aryan resistance," which the administration managed to remove before the media asked if there was any, uh, racial motivation to the crime. Not at all, came the official line.

"And I looked at my life and I saw I was just as much to blame as anyone else," Franti remembers. "I didn't step in and say let's put an end to this fighting and name-calling, I was taking sides as much as the other kids. Same thing with the administration, trying to deny there was racism. And who *was* the victim—the kid from Vietnam, or the whole community, shocked into reality? As the song says," he goes on, fast-forwarding to present, "'Is this a tale of rough justice in a land where there's no justice at all/Who is really the victim/Or are we all the cause and victim of it all.'"

The song, "Language of Violence," is one of several potent vignettes featured on the recent album by Franti's band, the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy. Since its release in April, the record has received almost unanimous critical praise and growing popular support for Franti's articulate, politically provocative and subtly nuanced raps, which are set to musical arrangements ranging from industrial grunge drones to quietly plucked jazz guitar. A record that refuses to be pigeonholed by stereotypes, nearly every song detonates a smart bomb of surprise. In "Language of Violence," for instance, Franti has changed the scenario from racism to homophobia, which makes him one of the few prominent rap artists (along with Ice-T) to swim against the tide of gay-bashing.

"That came from thinking about how we reduce human beings to inanimate objects through language; then you can do anything you want to them without hurting your own heart. I'd been the victim in that, being called nigger and beaten up in school, and then doing it in turn to other people. Especially in an athletic atmosphere, where the main thing has always been to establish your heterosexual virility. I grew up in a very homophobic environment, and when I came to San Francisco I began making friends and having work mates I respected in the arts and politics who I later found out were gay. And it shocked me. What do I do? Do I totally distance myself from them or do I accept them?

"I've had close friends who got sick and died from AIDS. And I saw how they were being taken care of, by people who were hugging them, loving them, going to the grave with them, while their families stayed on the other side of the country saying fuck you because you're gay. For me, that changed how I saw the world. Because contrary to what Dan Quayle is saying, the moral issue of the '90s is not who we choose to love, but *do* we choose to love."

Franti talks in quiet, measured tones, evincing a maturity seemingly beyond his 26 years. Along with his MTV-friendly looks and physique—he's six-and-a-half feet tall and a former college basketball star—you could wonder if the guy wasn't put together by some brains in central casting. But there's nothing slick or easily calculated about Disposable Heroes' music. And part of what makes Franti so appealing a pop figure is that he appears so disinterested in becoming one. In songs or conversation, he'd rather explore an idea than strike a pose.

So it's ironic that the Disposable Heroes were invited to open a month's worth of stadium shows for U2, a band extremely adept at exploring ideas *and* striking poses. Franti had recently met U2 and was flattered that they knew some of his songs—better, perhaps, than he knew theirs. "I saw their show and really liked what they do a lot. But I hadn't really paid that much attention to them before that. In fact, when we met I kept calling their guitar player 'Ed,'" Franti recalls, slightly abashed at the memory. He smiles. "Finally one of their guys came up and whispered in my ear, 'His name is the Edge.'"

Franti grew up listening to black pop—Marvin Gaye, Earth, Wind & Fire, Parliament—but credits reggae as the music which got him to think about joining the club. "At first it was kind of confusing for me, this idea that everything was on the 'up' beat. It would totally trip me out—how were they *doing* that?" he laughs. "But it got me interested in how music was being played. I was listening to what Bob Marley was saying as well, and that's when I got really interested. I started hearing Linton Kwesi Johnson, Mutabaruka, and the way reggae influenced the Clash, the Police, UB40. All this socially conscious music was coming through reggae. That's when I decided to play bass, 'cause reggae comes around the bass and the drums."

At that point Franti had already entered San Francisco University on a basketball scholarship. He picked up a bass from a pawn shop and started jamming with his roommate, another hoopster with a fondness for heavy metal guitar. ("He was seven foot tall and weighed 250 pounds—I used to call him the seven-foot rock star.") Early political rap songs like "The Message" gave Franti further encouragement. He began working with a band that became the Beatnigs, eventually recording an album for Jello Biafra's Alternative Tentacles label.

"I had written some poems and I hooked up with people who were doing music for dance performances. We started throwing these underground parties in abandoned warehouses. We were combining African drums with poetry and African and hip-hop dancers, garbage-can stuff. So my attitude with the Beatnigs was that you weren't just writing songs for musicians; it had to comprise all these other elements. There had to be dance and theater involved. And that's what we try to do today. It's not so much written music as it is a collage."

More than a few critics have described Franti as a latter-day Gil Scott-Heron, comparing Scott-Heron's "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised" and Franti's "Television, the Drug of the Nation." A few days earlier, Franti had met Scott-Heron, who was performing at a jazz club a few blocks away, and they got on well. He's flattered by comparisons with a composer he admires. But the real parallel, he suggests, is that both of them try to write songs from the heart, "because the songs that come from the heart are eternal. Pop hits that aren't about something, they come and go with the beat. But when you go back to Gil's songs today, they're as vital as Bob Marley's or Marvin Gaye's."

However, Franti isn't courting hero worship. On "Hypocrisy Is the Greatest Luxury," he openly confronts the gap that sometimes exists between his ideals and real life. "We can imagine a perfect society," the song intones, "but can't maintain a decent relationship."

"It's easy to talk about big problems," Franti acknowledges. "But then when I take a look at my family I say, hey, what am I perpetuating in this situation that I hate about the world? That's been a theme for me on this record. On 'Water Pistol Man' I'm saying, are we gonna try to put out the atomic [*cont'd on page 94*]

DOING MUSIC & NOTHING ELSE

THE MUSIC BUSINESS WEEKEND SEMINAR

PETER C. KNICKLES - INSTRUCTOR

EXCLUSIVELY SPONSORED BY

MUSICIAN Magazine

Music Business Seminars, Ltd.
EST. 1986

100% Satisfaction Guaranteed or your $195 tuition refunded!

Not Just Guaranteed Satisfaction, but *Guaranteed Results*

It's the beginning of a new year. Make the commitment necessary to succeed.

1-800-448-3621

FREE BROCHURE & FREE JOURNAL SUBSCRIPTION

Produced By Music Business Seminars, Ltd., 87 Lafayette Road, Hampton Falls, NH 03844

THE YEAR IN ROCK

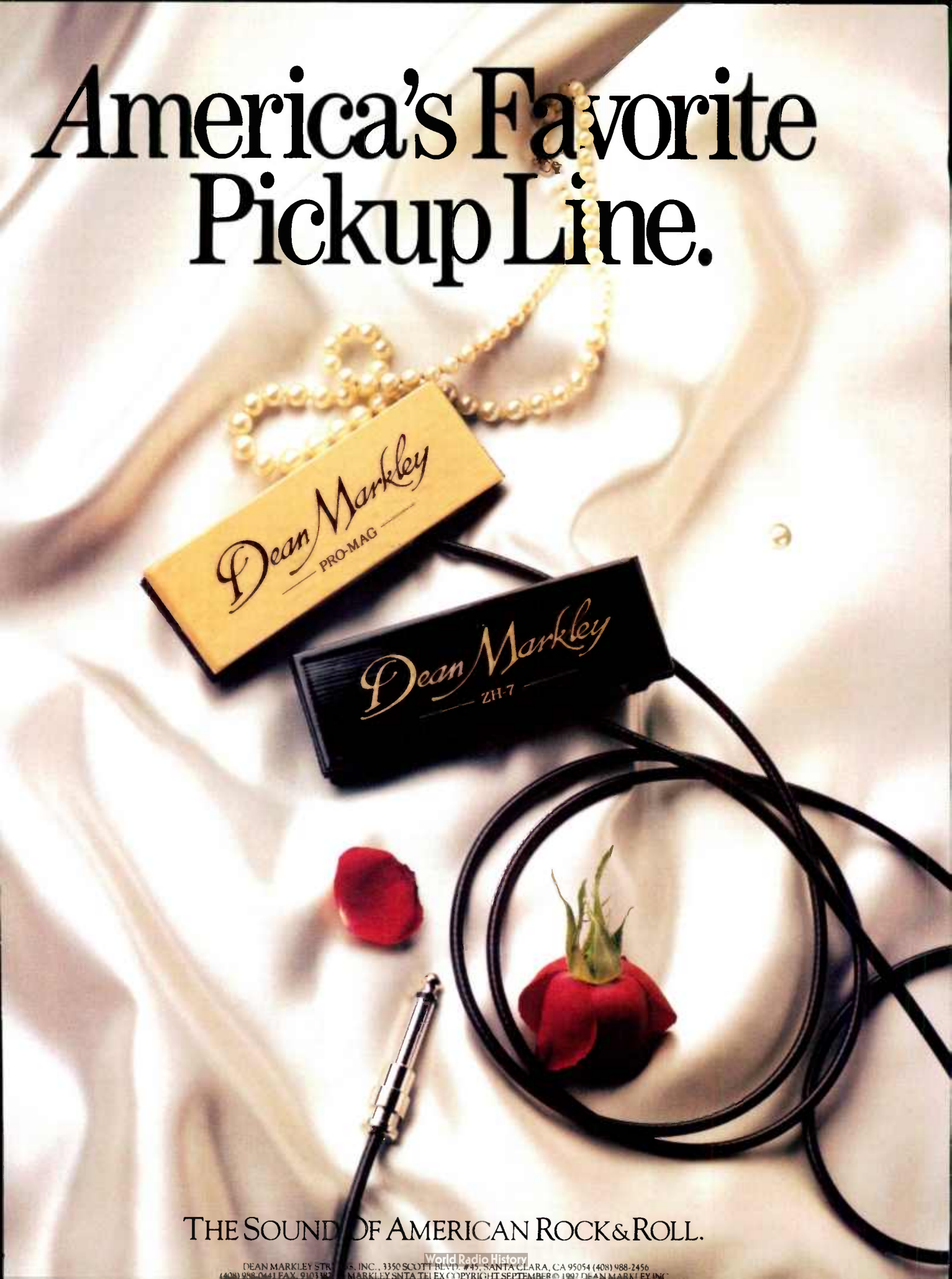
TOM WAITS' WILD YEAR

By Mark Rowland

NOT LONG AGO, TOM WAITS AND HIS family uprooted from Los Angeles, his home for many years, and moved up the coast to the quieter, rustic expanse of Petaluma County. "I came for the waters," he deadpans. "I was misinformed. Now what I like to do is get three radios, turn 'em up full blast and imagine I'm back in town. There's my thrill. Sirens really kill me; I get all choked up." Of course Waits is kidding—maybe. On the other hand, few contemporary musicians are as attuned to the atmosphere in which songs are born and bred, with what he calls "negative space." And as for the perversity of pining for L.A.'s urban cacophony, well, part of what has always made Waits special is his knack for finding diamonds in the rough. Take *Bone Machine*, Waits' first album of non-instrumental music in five

PHOTOGRAPH: JAY BLAKESBERG

America's Favorite Pickup Line.



THE SOUND OF AMERICAN ROCK & ROLL.

DEAN MARKLEY STR[illegible]S, INC., 3350 SCOTT BLVD. #45, SANTA CLARA, CA 95054 (408) 988-2456
(408) 988-0441 FAX, 9103382[illegible] MARKLEY SNTA TELEX

years and his first not joined to a play or a movie since 1985's *Rain Dogs*. All that time between records may have facilitated *Bone Machine*'s relatively easy birth process: "It came out of the ground like a potato," Waits says proudly. But when it came time to incubate all the new songs he'd written—there are 16 on the album—he couldn't find a studio he liked. As a consequence, the album was recorded in the storage room of a warehouse.

"I was so disturbed; the studio we got was totally wrong," Waits explains, still a little pained by the memory. "I was stomping around thinking, nothing will ever grow in this room. I'm more and more inclined toward texture, and you can't get texture with this whole bio-regenerator flesh approach to recording. It gets a little too scientific for me. But the great thing about DAT is that you can record anywhere now. Because the room becomes a character. And fortunately, we stumbled upon a storage room that sounded so good—plus it already had maps on the wall," he recalls fondly. "So I said, 'That's it, we're sold.'"

A composer whose best songs often combine elements of mystery, grit and romance, Waits has spent much of the last decade developing a musical language in which arrangements of sound can be as emotionally evocative as his already distinctive voice, lyrics and melodies. That approach has made for some fascinating experiments (Tony Bennett once described *Swordfishtrombones* as sounding like "a guy in an ash can sending messages," which pretty much hit the nail on the head), but on *Bone Machine* Waits molds those elements with his surest sense yet of harmony and control. The results range from the spare brass dirge of "Dirt in the Ground" to "Goin' Out West"'s demented surf-pop to the spaghetti Western ambience of "Black Wings" to "That Feel," a paean to individual essence Waits co-wrote with Keith Richards, which sounds, well, like a cross between Tom Waits and Keith Richards.

"It's great to have somebody to write with," says Waits, who tends to compose by himself or with his wife Kathleen Brennan. "It's still really a mystery why songs come around and then leave. Keith is always pondering these same questions; he's extremely down-to-earth and very mystical at the same time."

Listening to *Bone Machine*, you get the sense that Richards' influence extended beyond his appearance on "That Feel." On the primal love call "Such a Scream," for instance, Waits whips his guitar along in decidedly Keith-like fashion. "Yeah, right—you can't help it if you're around him," he laughs. "You start walking like him, and you know, it's just impossible. He's got arms like a fisherman. He's physically very strong, and he can outlast you. You think you can stay up late? You can't even come close. He can stay up for a week—on coffee and stories."

You mean you tried to compete with him?

"I gave up the first night. I was hospitalized."

No Waits album would be complete without his droll graveyard humor, but most of *Bone Machine* is far from jokey; several songs probe the subject of death and its various guises—murder, suicide, fate, surrender—with unblinking narratives. Waits says he's as surprised as anyone that the record should congeal around this theme, but as coincidence it's worth noting that the making of *Bone Machine* was interrupted for several weeks while Waits took on the part of Renfield for the Francis Ford Coppola movie *Bram Stoker's Dracula*.

"That was something I felt strongly about, that I was going to be Renfield. I got to go into this whole lurid, torrid tale, which was a metamorphosis for me, to go into your own dark rooms...yeah, there's some horror on this record, but I didn't think about it at the time. I just thought, oh God, I have to stop recording and go get a bad haircut and eat bugs. And then come back home again."

Waits tends to view his songs the way an overprotective parent regards his children, and he sends them into the world with similar ambivalence. "I want it to do well," he says of *Bone Machine*. "I seem to have a wide reputation, but my records don't sell a lot. A lot of people seem to have bought one record or they heard one record a long time ago and got me down, so they don't have to check in anymore: 'Oh, that guy. The one with the deep voice without a shave? *Know* him. Sings about eggs and sausage? Yeah, got it.'

"But you send 'em out there, 'cause it's true that things kind of land in your back yard like meteorites. Songs can have a real effect on you—songs have been known to save lives. So some of them are little paramedics. Or maybe some will be killers. Some of them will die on the windshield. And some of them will never leave home. You beat them but they never leave. Others can't wait to get out of here, and will never write. They're ungrateful little bastards."

Maybe you can scare them by writing more songs.

"Hey, there's only one reason to write more songs," Waits figures. "It's what Miles Davis said. Because you're tired of the old ones."

BONE MACHINES

One of WAITS' favorite instruments is the legendary, anachronistic Chamberlain 5000, featuring 78 analog tapes, including an opera voice "that can make you cry" and four kinds of train sounds, "including steam. People who can repair these things will be decorated for valor," Waits promises. Guitars include an old Guild, "pawnshop model—the neck is heavier than the body," and a 1916 archtop f-hole Gibson: "That has a great sound. Big Bill Broonzy has one," he notes admiringly. Amps include a Univox, an old tweed Fender and a Bassman. Among Waits' impressive collection of found and handbuilt instruments is the Conundrum, created by Serge Etienne. "It's an alternative sound device, composed of scavenged metal welded into a biblical configuration. You hit it with a hammer and it doesn't sound like anything else except maybe a jail door closing." Bassist LARRY TAYLOR performed on an old upright Kay model that broke as the record was being completed: "It just couldn't take it anymore."

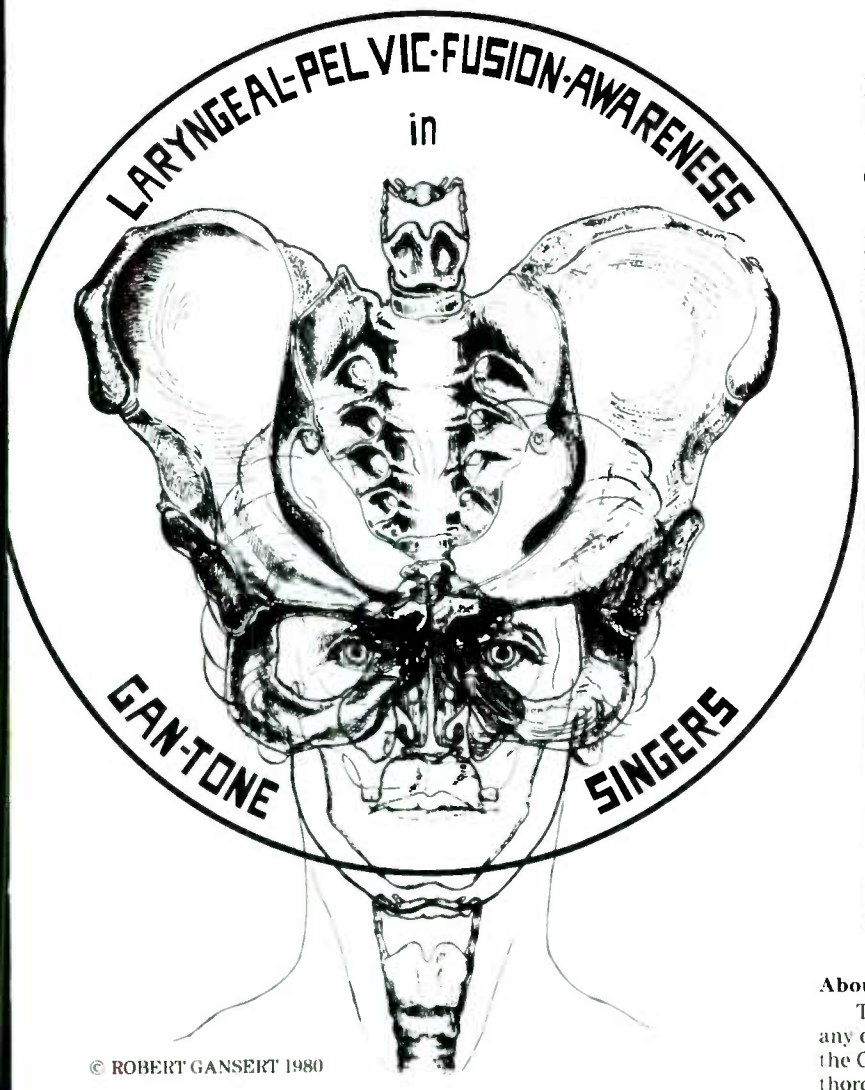
NINE INCH NAILS

[*cont'd from page 53*] cool things, but I can't say I feel totally fulfilled in life. I'm now envious of my friends who have normal lives, who are envious of me because I'm on a magazine somewhere. I'm not bitching, I'm just coming to terms."

BROKEN EQUIPMENT

Making *Broken*, TRENT REZNOR relied most on a Macintosh Quadra with Opcode's Studio Vision. "Studio Vision is the ultimate recording tool for me," Reznor says. "It changed the way I write songs." Also in Reznor's quiver are two Akai S-1100 samplers, a Mini Moog, a Prophet VS, "a lot of Oberheim Expander," a Sequential Circuits Pro-1 and an Arp 2600. On his guitars Reznor uses a Zoom 9030, which he also uses to record his voice ("It's the secret to all my vocals"). And which guitar might that be, Trent? A Gibson Explorer through a Demeter tube preamp ("also great for vocals") and a Marshall 9000 series amp. Reznor's strings are GHS Boomers. His main vocal mike is an AKG 414. He also has a Fender Precision bass which he runs through "a Demeter tube direct thing." Okay, what are we forgetting? Trent sits back and lets his mind wander through his studio. He sees an Eventide H3500, Digidesign Pro-Tools, an Opcode Studio 5 and Turbo Synth software. Reznor's latest purchase is an AMEC Mozart Console.

ANNOUNCING THE GREATEST IDEA IN THE ART OF SINGING



Why is the **Gan-Tone Method** *described in* **SINGING ENERGY** *a great discovery?*

The **Gan-Tone Method** introduces **BODY FUSION,** the **GAN-TONE BEAT** and the unknown **PELVIC-PERINEUM DIAPHRAGM** at the bottom of the torso which produce the GAN-TONE VOCAL INSTRUMENT that creates a new sound by imposing a Beat Frequency on the singing voice!

How does the **Gan-Tone Method** *create the GAN-TONE VOCAL INSTRUMENT?*

Through Jaw, Larynx, Body Fusion, the singer imposes 5 to 7 Gan-Tones (vibrations) per second on the natural singing voice.

This frequency organizes body muscles into a piston action through the fused body to the Pelvic-Perineum Diaphragm at the bottom of the torso, causing vocal cords vibrations to be projected from this new diaphragm and resonated in the head cavities.

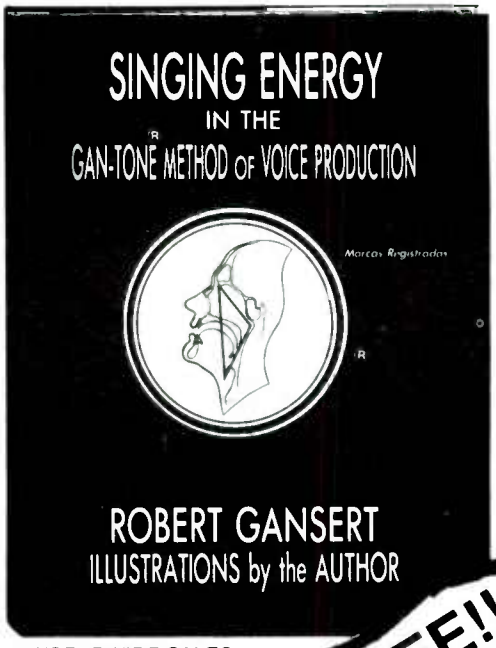
Involvement of the entire body in projecting the singing voice results in:

- More Power
- More Range
- More Control
- More Brilliance
- No stress on the vocal cords, preventing Hoarseness and Fatigue.

Introducing **SINGING ENERGY,** the book that presents the **Gan-Tone Method,** the state-of-the-art for producing the singing voice!

Develop a beautiful singing voice for ROCK or OPERA!

Professional singers! Retain your voice for many years — whether POPULAR or CLASSICAL — with the **Gan-Tone Method!**



ISBN
0-939458-004

Illustrated
324 pages.
Hard Cover.
$38.50
8½" x 11½"

• WORLDWIDE SALES

About the Author:

To hear Robert Gansert, or any of his students, produce the Gan-Tone sound, is to be thoroughly convinced that he is a pioneer in energizing the singing voice into a new dimension!

FREE!!
1 hour instructional audio cassette tape by the author including GAN-TONE EXERCISES

Outside U.S.A.
Bank check $39.50 U.S. CURRENCY that can be cleared in a New York City bank.
U.S. or Canadian Postal Money Order $39.50 U.S. Currency

GAN-TONE IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF GAN-TONE PRODUCTIONS

MAIL ORDER FORM 1/93

Please send me ____copies of *SINGING ENERGY in the Gan-Tone Method of Voice Production* @ $38.50 each, which includes postage, handling and sales tax. (Outside U.S.A., $39.50 U.S. currency.) Includes FREE audio cassette tape.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send to: GAN-TONE PRODUCTIONS, Carnegie Hall, Studio 1105, 881 7th Avenue, New York City, NY 10019.
(Allow 3 to 5 weeks for delivery.

GAN-TONE PUBLISHING CO.

AWARDS & EMBARRASSMENTS

Musician's 1992 Year in Review

★ **LOVE STINKS AWARD**
To Mike Love, who sued Brian Wilson, claiming *Love* wrote all those Beach Boys songs. Hey, don't go giving Bill Wyman any ideas....

★ **CONQUISTADOR YOUR STALLION STANDS AWARD**
To Aerosmith, R.E.M. and Guns N' Roses, each of whom appeared on an MTV special performing one of their hits arranged for rock band and tuxedoed symphony orchestra.

★ **THE WOODY ALLEN AWARD FOR RATIONALIZING UNDER PRESSURE**
To Bob Seger. When asked by TV interview-

ILLUSTRATIONS: (L) ROXANNA VILLA; (R) DAVID COWLES
PHOTOGRAPHS: (WILSON) VINCENT ZUFFANTE/STAR FILE; (JACKSON) OLTINI PRESS

er Bob Costas why he sold his song "Like a Rock" for a car commercial, Seger said that it was the same as John Mellencamp doing Farm Aid for the hungry farmers of Indiana—he did it to support the autoworkers in his native Detroit.

★ **TOUCH ME HEAL ME AWARD**
Roger Daltrey's limo was cruising New York when the guitarist for local band the Raw Poets stepped into the street—and was hit. Daltrey jumped out of the car and rushed over to the prone musician…who reached into his pocket and presented Daltrey with the Raw Poets' demo tape.

★ **FIRST PRIZE AT THE ORGAN RECITAL**
To Cynthia Plaster Caster, who sued old Zappa manager Herb Cohen to regain ownership of her molds of the penises of '60s rock stars. A benefit concert to help pay her legal bills was dubbed "Hard Aid" (and yes, the Revolting Cocks played).

★ The Robert Johnson box did so well, a Columbia field rep called headquarters and asked "if Robert could do some phoners." When they released a Bessie Smith box, Columbia's in-house marketing report promised Bessie "is performing around the country as one of the hottest black entertainer/performers."

★ **GRAMMAR FOR THE PRACTICING MUSICIAN AWARD**
To *GPM* magazine for the article with this opening sentence: "No rock guitar player in history has had a longer run at influencing his predecessors than Eddie Van Halen."

★ **COME SEE UNCLE JOHN'S NECKWEAR CITATION >**
Jerry Garcia designed and marketed a line of hippie neckties.

MAN IN THE DAILY MIRROR TROPHY >

To Michael Jackson, who sued a British tabloid for claiming that repeated plastic surgery had left the singer deformed. "There's no hole in his nose," alleged Jackson's spokesmen. So how does he breathe?

★ TODAY I MET THE BOY I'M GONNA MARRY AWARD
To Maria Aquiar, bride of Skid Row frontman Sebastian Bach and mother of his four-year-old son. Bach announced their wedding with the following statement: "Boning, being one of my favorite pastimes, has become a Russian Roulette of the '90s. This being a fact, I think it is desirable to find someone loving and kinky enough to satisfy any desire so that you never get bored with each other."

★ FLIPPIN' THE BYRD AWARD
To Michael Clarke, the "other one" in the Byrds, who toured under the Byrds' name with a bunch of ringers.

★ (PETE) BEST PERFORMANCE BY AN OBSCURE DRUMMER
To Slingerland drums, who announced an endorsement deal with "Lee Graziano of the American Breed."

★ SEND IN THE CASTRATI AWARD
To lead singers Rob Halford, Charlie Benante and Vince Neil, who were ousted from the bands they co-founded: Judas Priest, Anthrax and Mötley Crüe.

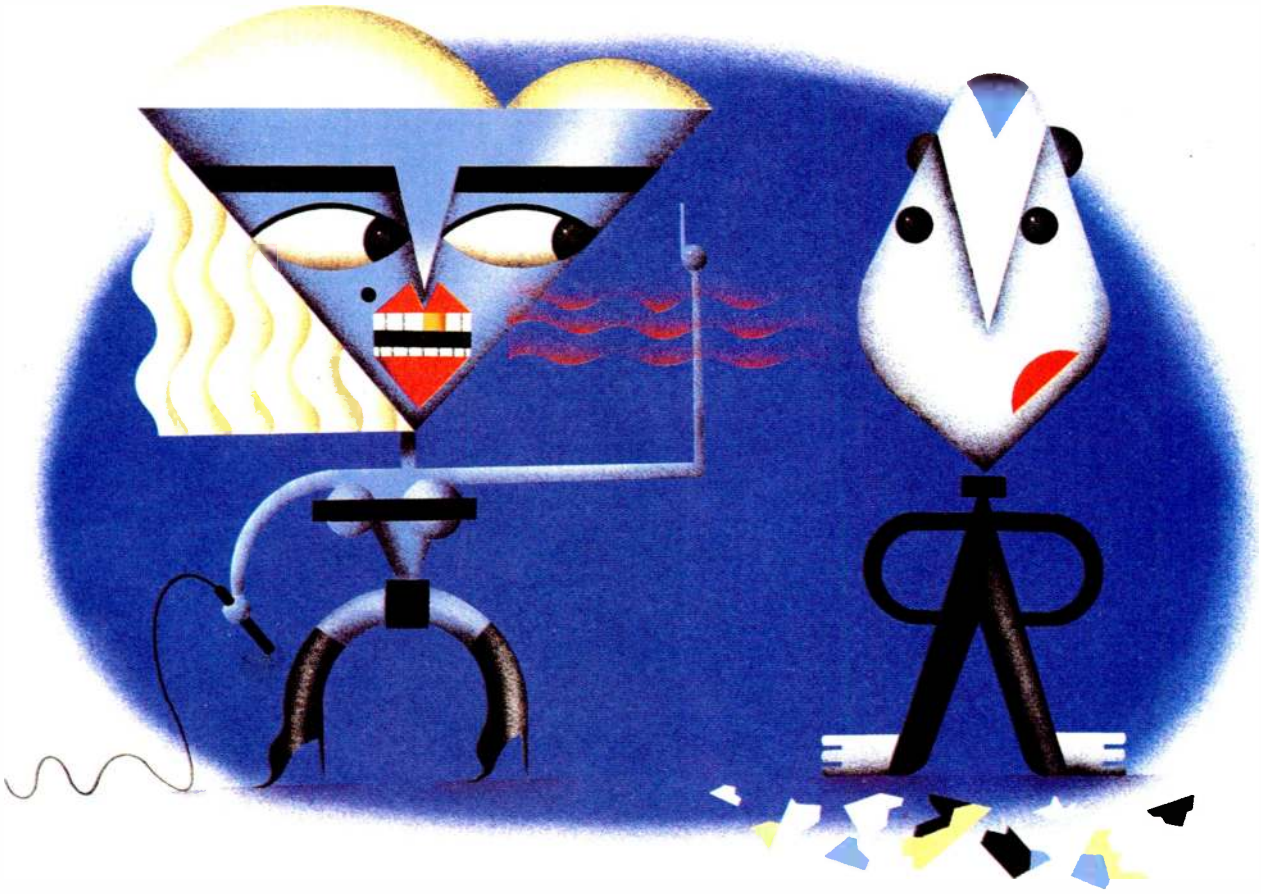
★ ANARCHY IN THE RIAA AWARD
Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols took 10 years (1977–1987) to go gold. It doubled that, going platinum, in just half the time (1987–1992). At this rate the Sex Pistols' record will surpass *Thriller* to become the biggest-selling album of all time by 1998.

★ GOOD YEAR FOR COLD NOSES AWARD
To George Jones, who lent his endorsement to a George Jones line of dog food.

★ AT LEAST IT WASN'T "TUSK"
The Democrats replaced their traditional theme song,

TART CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK AWARD

To Madonna (she of the libidinous crucifixes, burning crosses, *Immaculate Collection*, sexy confessional booth, rosary beads and giant projection of the Pope during her onstage "Papa Don't Preach") for saying that Sinéad O'Connor should not have torn up a photo of Pope John Paul on TV because the symbol means a lot to many people.



ILLUSTRATIONS: (L) TERRY ALLEN, (R) DAVID SHELDON
PHOTOGRAPHS: (BACH) GEORGE BODNAR/RETNA; (TOP RIGHT) VALERIE PHILLIPS/RETNA; (DYLAN) EBET ROBERTS

★ **I WON'T HAVE A MAID WHEN YOU RIDE THE BIG AIRPLANE AWARD**

Wilson Phillips recorded their first protest song, "Goodbye Carmen," about how sad it is when your servants are deported.

"Happy Days Are Here Again," with Fleetwood Mac's "Don't Stop." By the third time in a row they'd crank up that ditty at campaign rallies, the merrily dancing Tipper and Hillary would have smiles on their faces, bounce in their steps and death in their eyes.

★ **ONLY NIXON COULD GO TO "LAUGH-IN" AWARD**

After Clinton and then Gore appeared on MTV, President Bush pooh-poohed any notion that he might do the same, saying he was "not a teeny-bopper." By the Sunday before election day, George was sitting for the MTV interview.

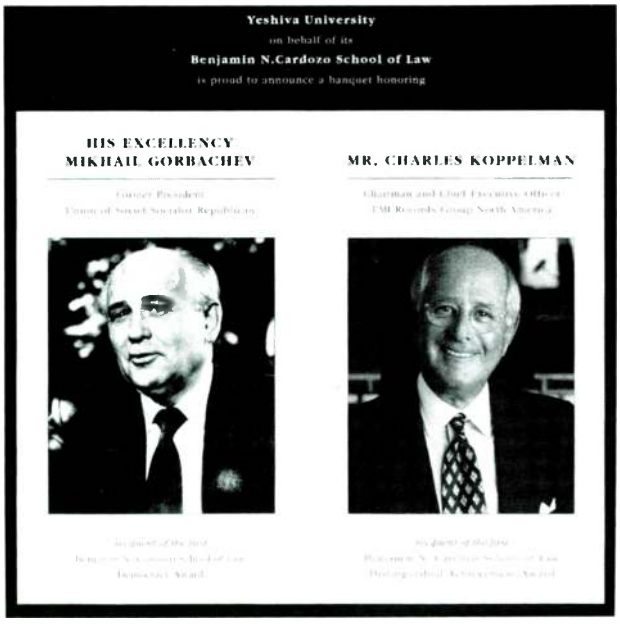
PINK FREUD CITATION

To all the rock stars who embraced psychotherapy as this year's fad, craze and guide to opening up in interviews. Springsteen copped to it, Madonna admitted it, Axl proselytized for it, and Peter Gabriel devoted a whole album to it. Somewhere Doctor Eugene Landy was plotting a comeback.

FOUND A PROMOTER WHO NEARLY FELL ON THE FLOOR

The terrific all-star Bob Dylan tribute at Madison Square Garden in October was a concertgoer's delight. The rumors of backstage machinations while the show was being put together were a gossip-monger's delight. Some critics and industry insiders were insulted that they were asked to *pay* for their tickets. That insult turned to shock when they found out the price of a good seat was $150. That shock turned to outrage when they discovered the cost to the public was half that. Which is pretty funny considering that if the average record-biz insider gets two free tickets each for (oh, let's pick a number) 100 shows a year, and the only one he has to pay for is the Dylan tribute, he's still in the plus column to the tune of about $2850.

Still, the hot news around the Dylan show wasn't the price of the seats, it was the politicking involved as big artists of dubious connection to Dylan's music tried to muscle aside less powerful acts with stronger connections. Confusing the whole thing was the presence of at least three power centers: Dylan's people, Columbia Records' people and the Radio Vision TV people who were beaming the show around the world. It's to the great credit of all that so many non-superstars with strong Dylan connections (Roger McGuinn, the Clancy Brothers, Richie Havens, Carolyn Hester, John Hammond Jr.) made the final cut. It's to the great credit of Columbia that most of the non-superstars with dubious Dylan connections (Mary-Chapin Carpenter, Rosanne Cash, Sophie B. Hawkins, Pearl Jam, Shawn Colvin) were on the label. Best rumor making the rounds was that over Yom Kippur, while Dylan's people were observing the Jewish holy day, Columbia tried to sneak in Michael Bolton.



< PRE-COUP PUZZLE PICTURE:
Find the once-honored leader struggling to hold together a crumbling empire.

★ NINTH ANNUAL MADONNA'S DONE IT AGAIN AWARD

Forget *Erotica*. Forget *Body of Evidence*. And please forget *Sex*. We want to be the first to predict that when this latest hype has blown over Madonna will button up and arrive in Somalia or some other island of human misery with a planeload of food and medical supplies. By 1994 she'll be testifying before Congressional committees and we'll be subjected to a bunch of op-ed pieces that begin, "Although I never had much use for Madonna's music, she has revealed herself to be an informed and articulate spokesperson for the cause of..."

★ IT'S BEEN A LONG LONG LONG BOX AWARD

We're glad the cardboard packaging around CDs is finally disappearing, but we don't know if we can stand the thought of all those geeks filling their closets with Beatles longboxes and other rare collectors items.

★ ANOTHER REASON TO CURSE SOUNDSCAN

"End of the Road" by Boyz II Men was the number one single in America for 13 weeks—the longest run in chart history.

★ THE MICHAEL JACKSON GILDED FIRE EXTINGUISHER

To James Hetfield of Metallica, who caught fire during a concert in Canada when he stepped on one of the band's flashpots. The crowd stayed calm as James was rushed to a hospital. The crowd stayed calm when Metallica did not finish their set. The crowd stayed calm while waiting hours for Guns N' Roses to appear and start *their* set. Then Axl Rose got mad at his monitor man and the crowd started a riot.

MASTERS OF WAR COMBAT RIBBON

To Gen. Norman Schwarzkopf, who revealed that he is not only a Bob Dylan fan, but that he enjoys sitting in his basement playing Dylan tunes on his autoharp.

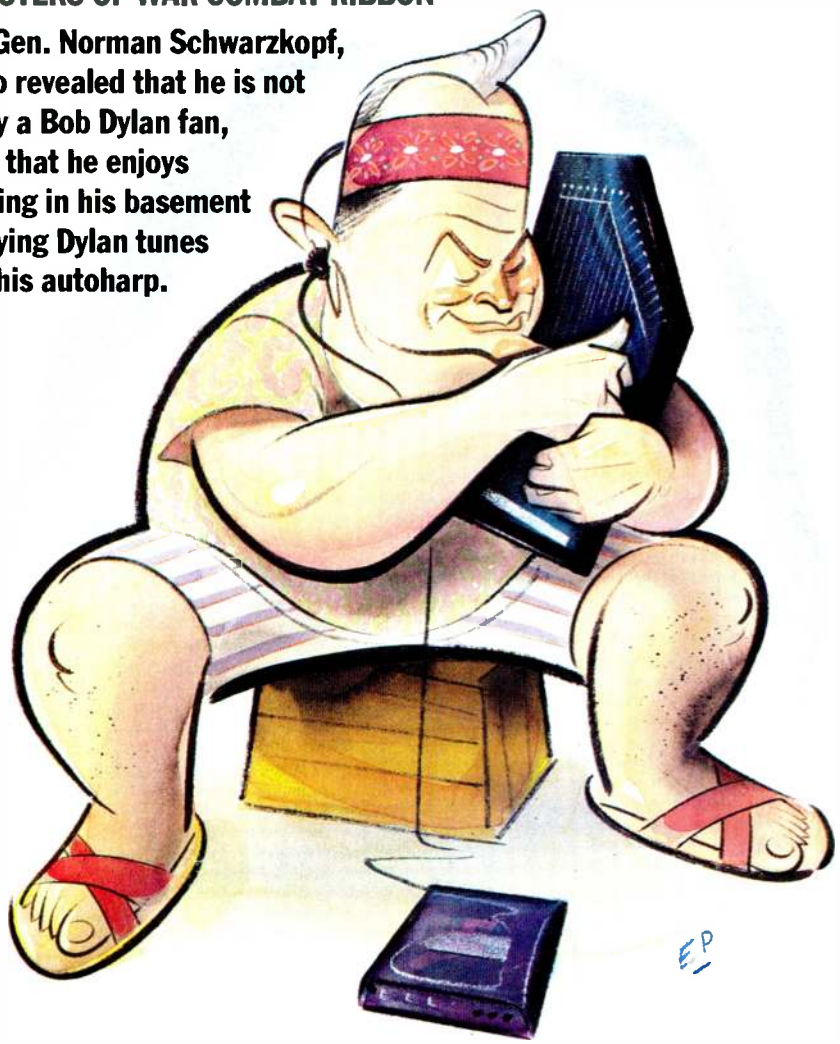


ILLUSTRATION: ERIC PALMA
PHOTOGRAPHS: (LEFT) JAY BLAKESBERG/RETNA; (BUSH) DIRK HALSTEAD/GAMMA LIAISON; (CLINTON) MARKEL/LIAISON

SUSPICIOUS MINDS

WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THIS WOULD happen when Lee Atwater organized that blues jam to celebrate Bush's election four years ago.

The 1992 presidential campaign didn't just feel like it belonged on MTV—it really *was* on MTV. There was Bill Clinton living up to his "Elvis" nickname in a human interest piece in the New York *Times*, which recounted how, when Presley died, Clinton had his mom (an anesthetist) pulled out of surgery because "I have something to say to her that I don't want anybody else to tell her." "He told me Elvis was dead," Clinton's mom said. "Oh what a shock, what a shock." George Bush struck back, saying that Clinton was like Elvis because "If he gets elected he'll send this country to the Heartbreak Hotel!" Clinton returned fire, accusing the President of insulting the King.

"I don't think Bush would have liked Elvis very much," Clinton told a Nashville audience. "And that's just another thing that's wrong with him."

* BUSH AND DAN QUAYLE BOTH ATTACKED BODY COUNT'S "Cop Killer." Clinton put down Sister Souljah. Quayle went after Interscope Records, allegedly because a policeman was killed by a man driving a stolen car with an Interscope cassette in the tape deck (quite a leap of logic, even for Mr. Quayle) but perhaps *really* because Ted Field, the co-founder of Interscope, is a major Democratic fundraiser.

* CLINTON PLAYED "HEARTBREAK HOTEL" ON "ARSENIO HALL" and Bush collected a Fender Telecaster autographed by country stars (sample inscription: "God guide you, sir—Garth Brooks"). As summer turned to autumn Clinton phoned U2 on a radio call-in show, and then met with the band in a Chicago hotel. Bush responded by announcing that Bono tried to call *him* at the White House during every U2 concert, but unlike Clinton he took his advice from experts. The president said if Clinton was elected, "*You Too* will be unemployed, *You Too* will be overtaxed!" and said that he expected to hear next that Clinton was getting foreign policy advice from Boy George.

* NOT THAT BUSH IS WITHOUT ROCK CREDENTIALS. RICHARD Ben Cramer's opus *What It Takes* (an 1100-page insider's chronicle of the 1988 election campaign published this year) ends with Bush, just elected president, sitting on his bus glassy-eyed while Beach Boy Mike Love fills him in on the benefits of being massaged by two chicks at once. "20/20" meets the Vision Thing.

* BY OCTOBER CLINTON HAD REALLY LET THE ELVIS BIT go to his head. Speaking of Democratic senate candidate Russell Feingold to a crowd at the Mecca Arena in Milwaukee, Clinton said, "The real reason that I so deeply support him is that Elvis supports him. This is serious. The next to the last concert Elvis ever sang was right here in this arena. Now, it's well known that I commune with his spirit and just as I walked in here today, he said, 'I'm for Russ Feingold.' "

* JUST BEFORE THE ELECTION, POLITICAL WISE MAN JON BON Jovi told MTV, "I got a fax from the president's publicist asking for an endorsement and I got a message that Governor Clinton wants to call me!" At a rally in R.E.M.-town, Athens, Georgia, Al Gore told the crowd, "George Bush is *out of time* because Bill Clinton is *automatic for the people*!"

* AT LAST REPORT CLINTON WAS EATING JELLY DONUTS AND having the Lincoln bedroom done over in a jungle room motif.

1992 The year in

THERE THEY WERE, 16 OF NEW YORK'S finest, pressed into service by Lincoln Center to honor the music of Duke Ellington. It was an impressive cast, with Wynton Marsalis and Marcus Belgrave in the trumpet section and a cavalcade of seasoned talent below. They were on a national tour, promoting a newly recorded album of Ellington portraits. The evening promised great things: Ellington's "Harlem" suite, "Concerto for Cootie," some lesser-known gems.

Alas, in what has become commonplace tribute behavior, the musicians stepped lightly through the charts. They were too polite to the Duke's legend, and for all its p.c. reverence, the performance suggested few reasons to care about this music in 1992. It was, moreover, the kind of exhuming that Ellington (and Monk and Bird and Miles) would have inherently opposed.

That performance was not an anomaly. Jazz "tributes" aren't just the stock-in-trade of cultural institutions (both the Smithsonian and Carnegie Hall now bankroll big bands) and festivals: They're in the mainstream of new jazz activity. Joe Henderson will follow his acclaimed Billy Strayhorn tribute, *Lush Life*, with an album of compositions associated with Miles Davis. 1992 heard Bob Mintzer remembering Jaco Pastorius; Hal Willner and his eclectic cast of pop and jazz characters conjuring Charles Mingus; Arturo Sandoval tipping his hat to Clifford Brown; Ralph Peterson twisting the music of Ornette Coleman; Charlie Haden evoking the magic of '40s Hollywood.

And now, a moment of silence for jazz's rapidly vanishing improvisatory spirit. For despite all the propaganda about a jazz renaissance, the grimy work of pulling the art forward, advancing the way it is developed and experienced, has been neglected. Before jazz-as-repertory chokes new creative activity, improvised music needs to stop memorializing itself.

Ironically—or maybe not—its commercial prospects couldn't be brighter. Jazz has received congressional recognition; it benefits from unprecedented corporate funding; it's got institutions and service organizations and databases. The poobahs of culture in New York believe it has enough viability to warrant a subscription series.

But for those people, jazz is a fixed commodity, an easily defined slice of history ripe for Time-Life anthologies. Wynton Marsalis has taught them to look back, often at the expense of experiencing the visionary work of, say, the woefully underappreciated Henry Threadgill. The upshot? Lots of worthy but less-than-artistic tributes to Legendary Dead Guys. And lots of young artists—particularly female vocalists, who this year failed the "Next Sarah" test in set-'em-up, knock-'em-down succession—expressing fealty to an approved master rather than articulating the rumblings in their souls. Also lots of what drummers used to call "the businessman's bounce"—boring, starched-shirt approximations of bebop.

It's the same plague that overtook classical music in the early part of the century, when the works of the "second Viennese school," serialists such as Schoenberg, elicited a backlash among the music directors of major orchestras, who ran screaming for their Brahms—and, when they did seek new music, favored neo-classic composers like Aaron Copland. These days, even the least disciplined veterans of free music are following the lead of Sun Ra to work within some structure, be it an established songform of Tin Pan Alley derivation or an original construction. The current thinking admits that there are few fundamentally new approaches to improvisation—no artist has yet improved, significantly, on the marriage of technical command and spiritual outpouring that defines late-period Coltrane—and looks to composition and

PHOTOGRAPH: SUSAN RAGAN

JAZZ

BY TOM MOON

rhythm as the frontiers of innovation. In the retro spirit of the age, many contemporary jazz composers—Muhal Richard Abrams, Threadgill, Geri Allen—are writing music that is as welcoming and inclusive as vintage Ellington, full of references to earlier eras and evocations of styles (New Orleans march music is a current rage) but stubbornly rooted in the language of the here and now.

So why aren't *these* works championed as evidence of a compositional renaissance in jazz? Because Wynton Marsalis makes better copy. Consider the treatment of two "high-art" works of jazz composition, Marsalis' "Blue Interludes" and Abrams' "Blu Blu Blu." Both contain extended compositional passages, not just head charts. Marsalis' small-band effort, which copies various Ellington techniques and offers only threadbare melodic development, was hailed as a masterpiece. Abrams' far more complex and colorful work, which channels the frenzy of collective improvisation into thick tangles of chattering, overlapping themes, was virtually ignored. It wasn't that Abrams' work was too "out." It just demanded more from its listeners. In the best tradition of Sun Ra (whose trailblazing early work, on the Saturn label, was reissued this year), it was music for an accelerated reality. It took time to decipher. And it had the bad manners to come along at the wrong time: Here Abrams was drawing up plans for a brand new vehicle while everyone else was tinkering with the same old car.

The question isn't whether to honor jazz history, but how: Music that reaches for a level of genuine invention by re-examining old concepts shouldn't be crowded out. Threadgill's Very Very Circus, one of the most flexible and interactive small groups currently working, is heard melding brusque funk horn lines, jittery Latin rhythms and complex orchestral counterpoint into an invigorating compositional assault on the knotty *Live at Koncepts* (Taylor Made Records), an album that defines this year's true zeitgeist. Similarly, clarinetist Don Byron reaches back to Benny Goodman, ragtime and klezmer music to realize segments of his eclectic—and thoroughly modern—*Tuskegee Experiments*. Saxophonist Joe Lovano enlisted the late master drummer Ed Blackwell (this year's biggest loss to jazz heaven) to help bring currency to his post-bop sensibilities, and the result was a loose and triumphant *From the Soul*. Following a string of Thelonious Monk and Bill Evans tributes, drummer Paul Motian, Lovano and Bill Frisell issued a live document, *Motian in Tokyo*, that was dominated by original Motian material and the same entrancing, tempo-less explorations that made those tributes textbook examples of group interplay. (And while we're talking tributes, nobody has quite treated "Lush Life" the way Joe Henderson did this year. Be thankful that he did so on a self-capitalized label.)

Significantly, two of the year's notable efforts found jazz veterans looking beyond the usual sources for inspiration. Randy Weston's *The Spirits of Our Ancestors* is a sprawling celebration of the African diaspora that starts with solo piano blues and evokes, through searching written passages and improvisations, different aspects of African life. And Don Pullen's collaboration with African-Brazilian Connection, *Kele Mou Bana*, found the pianist, most at home with blues and modal styles, immersing himself in the vocabulary of West African and Caribbean folk musics. Pullen surrounded himself with musicians who executed the complex rhythms faithfully, and worked to make his vibrant, enchanting lines fit into what was clearly a new environment. The stretch makes this album a magical experience.

Writing in 1959, the French jazz critic Andre Hodeir described Thelonious Monk this way: "Monk's solution, though related in some ways to the formal conceptions of serious modern music, is not indebted for its guiding principles to any school of music, past or present." And that is the essential difference between a visionary and a student. We can pay tribute to Monk all day long. We can replicate every voicing of those famous clustered chords. We can run through every composition in his thick songbook. But if we don't give it currency—if we don't use Monk's ideas as ways to address present and future conditions—we might as well close the clubs. And start opening museums.

1992 The year in

BY TOM MULHERN AND PETER CRONIN

Slow and steady wins the race. That could be the motto of the musical instrument industry as this year draws to a close. Caution prevailed in 1992. The products that were introduced were fewer and more carefully aimed, as manufacturers began to sniff out new markets and learned to live with some seemingly permanent changes. The bad news is that business, especially in keyboards, is still down, with consumers hesitant to part with hard-to-come-by dollars. On the bright side, for lack of new product releases, musicians are finding the time and inclination to really delve into instruments they already own. "In a way, it's a healthy trend because consumers are finally able to catch up with the technology," says Korg USA's Mike Kovins. "Musicians are picking up magazines, and instead of reading about a new keyboard every month, they're learning how to get the most out of their M1 sequencer or how their Ensoniq keyboard

PEAVEY'S UNITY SERIES MIXER

ZON'S "RADICAL" HYPERBASS

PHOTOGRAPHS: JONNIE MILES

GEAR

does this or that. In the past, new products were coming out so fast that no one could keep up."

While 1992 did see new keyboard entries from Roland, Yamaha, Peavey, E-mu, Ensoniq and others, it was the do-it-all K-2000 from Kurzweil that made the biggest splash. The General MIDI spec came to fruition in good-sounding, user-friendly modules from Roland, Korg and Yamaha, as keyboard companies continue to respond to a faltering pro market by reaching out to new audiences. "Everybody's saying there's no growth, but over the past year we've had a really high percentage of first-time buyers," says Ensoniq's Jerry Kovarsky. "For a product like our SQ series, a lot of those buyers were guitarists and bass players. In other words, we're getting keyboards and MIDI to the non-keyboardist. And that makes sense."

HOME RECORDING

The big buzz in home recording finally materialized this fall as Alesis' long-awaited ADAT eight-track digital recorder reached the stores. It uses a Super VHS cassette, and multiple ADATs can be strung together. Tascam just introduced its eight-track digital machine, which uses 8mm videocassettes. But it's still a Tower of Babel out there in Digital Land: Most digital recorders don't talk directly to each other. And don't look for analog recorders to go away for a long time: The ADAT (at about four thousand bucks) and the Tascam (at a grand more) aren't cheap.

Look for big pushes in 1993 for the MiniDisc, which can store up to 74 minutes on a recordable/erasable medium that looks like a smaller computer disk. Likewise, look for Philips' DCC digital cassette to be heavily promoted. These might not be ideal formats for recording your own mixes, but they will offer digital alternatives to analog cassettes.

Mackie Designs' CR-1604 and MicroSeries 1202 mixers set the world on fire in '92, giving the Alesis 1622 and Peavey's Unity mixers a good run for the money. ART recently premiered its Phantom mixers, which should stir the pot even more for '93. It's encouraging to see so much attention being paid to multi-channel, mondo-flexible mixers that musicians can afford.

PLUGGING IN

In electric guitar design, a few timid steps were made away from Stratdom, but the Stratocaster style is still top dog. Fender's Strats and Gibson's Les Pauls continue to dominate the market, but Ibanez, Peavey, Hamer and Washburn did well. 1992 also saw a resurgence of interest in vintage instruments—Flying Vs, old weirdo guitars, Rickenbackers—mostly fueled by recycled psychedelia and other retro phenomena. Watch for new twists in 1993, but unless something as revolutionary as the Floyd Rose comes along, don't look for major boat-rockers.

In amps, the word "tubeness" still carries a lot of weight. Manufacturers are making more and more tube amps, with an emphasis on "classic tone"; some couple that with "classic looks." At the same time, guitarists in the past two decades have come to expect such modern features as low noise, high gain, two or more channels, effects loops, etc. What are designers to do? A scad of amps from Peavey (to wit, the Classic 50 Series), THD, Kendrick and Matchless are tubey and desirable. They're also wrapped in tweed covering.

Meanwhile, back at the future: MESA/Boogie's Mark IV, Rivera's long-awaited combo and VHT's Pittbull provide mega-power, very sophisticated tone-shaping capabilities and fairly big price tags, reflecting their hand-wiring and no-holds-barred design criteria. Look for more tube amps to be heating up basements and garages everywhere in 1993. And while the terms "power amp" and "hernia" used to be practically synonymous, ADA threw a curveball with its MicroTube 200 single-rack-space power amplifier. Yep, it's got tubes, but it weighs only eight pounds—and it grinds out 200 watts of power.

Trying to be tubey without tubes used to be a joke, but no one's laughing at the success of preamps like Tech 21's SansAmp rack-mount or BBE Sound's 381. They're serious preamps with strong personalities—watch for more like them. And because distortion is something guitarists never seem to get enough of, lots of distortion boxes rolled into the marketplace in '92. Many have tubes, such as Thesis Audio's Power Valve and Tube Works' Real Tube. Tubeless-but-cool units come from DOD, Dunlop (the legendary Fuzz Face reissue), Roland and ProCo. The pick of the litter may be the reintroduced Ibanez Tube Screamer.

RHYTHM SHTICK '92

UNLIKE LOVERS OF GLEAMING DIGITAL GIZMOS, DRUMMERS TEND TO WANT their instruments to be more like, well, a drum: a nice round shell, two stretched heads, something to hit with sticks. As a result, acoustic drum designs tend to edge into the future, rarely having the kind of belly-flopping impact that, say, sampling technology had on the recording industry. But that doesn't mean nothing happened in 1992.

Sometimes drum manufacturing trends are concocted in boardrooms rather than research labs. Take, for example, the ongoing rash of signature sticks. While every lathe in the nation continues to spit them out at light-speed, etching them with the stenciled signature of still another famous drummer, you've got to wonder whether any of them are even slightly superior to a good old 5A or 2B. However, there have been some interesting developments in stick-making during the past year, and they've focused primarily on two real concerns to drummers: slippage and breakage. Pro-Mark introduced the Power Grip line for slippery-handed drummers. A colored, textured coating applied to the Power Grip's handle provides an effective and attractive gripping surface. On the other hand, Aquarian's Power-Sleeve sticks address the problem of durability by beefing up the rimshot and tip area of a standard hickory stick with a mysterious molded material called Nylonex. The Avedis Zildjian Company successfully entered the market with a wide range of sticks and an aggressive marketing plan. While that might seem to be a natural move for the famous cymbal maker, Easton's Ahead sticks come straight out of left field. Manufactured by Easton Aluminum, a leader in sporting goods, the Ahead sticks are made from a high-strength aerospace alloy, and feature a replaceable polyurethane cover. Similarly, for the first time in a while, the big three cymbal companies—Zildjian, Sabian and Paiste—have had to factor in two serious contenders. Meinl and UFIP cymbals, both German-made, are established throughout Europe though relatively new to U.S. drummers. This year also saw the increased popularity of the ultra-trashy Wuhan Chinese cymbals, which are actually made in China's Wuhan province and imported by Paul Real Sales.

RANE'S MAP33 FOR THE UNPLUGGED

UN-PLUGGING

Ever notice that most of those acoustic guitars on MTV's *Unplugged* have cables coming out of them? A new breed of acoustic amps and preamps is making amplified acoustics sound great. On the heels of the Trace Acoustic amp is the Trace Elliot acoustic preamp; Seymour Duncan's TARA is a fully self-contained acoustic amp with effects loops. Other versatile preamps include the BBE 386 and Rane's MAP33 routing system/preamp.

THE BOTTOM LINE

The five- and six-string bass proliferation continues unabated, and there is now a fairly wide range of acoustic bass guitars. Some cool new electric designs were introduced in 1992, including the Zon Hyperbass, which has one of the most radical—although aesthetically pleasing—body designs around. Carvin's BB-75, a five-string designed with scary jazz bassist Bunny Brunel, and M.V. Pedulla's Thunderbasses also shook the globe. For those bassists who've longed to "do MIDI," Peavey launched its MIDIBase, a $1799 bass synth controller (including the bass) that really works—honest! Futurist award of the year has to go to the Parker Fly Bass, which weighs about five pounds but doesn't sound lightweight. It's got an exterior of advanced composite material, and an interior of softwood, available in four-, five- and six-string versions. A Parker guitar will be available soon.

Bass combo amps are becoming more popular as designers find newer ways to get greater response (meaning, primarily, *lows*) from a compact enclosure. High power, low noise and flexibility are stressed. Cases in point: Hughes & Kettner's BassBase 250 and SWR's Bassic Black and Baby Blue. Watch for this trend to continue as bassists just say "no" to backaches.

So what *is* the bottom line for '93? The smart musical instrument companies will thrive by adapting and growing into changing markets. As the keyboard industry goes for a bigger piece of the marketplace, user interfaces are sure to improve, and prices will more than likely stay below the stratosphere. Finally, the tons of press that the ADAT and other whiz-bang digital toys have been getting is a healthy development. Maybe we can get some of these home studio hounds out of the house long enough to take a trip down to the music store.

Although there are comparatively few cymbal companies, they maintain some of the most active R&D departments in the industry. And it's fiercely competitive. This year Zildjian made a big splash with their new range of A. Custom cymbals; their combination of thin weights, high-tech hammering and a brilliant finish made them a quick favorite. The AAX line was Sabian's most notable offering this year, consisting of three separate cymbal ranges—Studio, Stage and Metal—each featuring a different sound and application. Among other products, Paiste expanded their highly respected gong line with the new Planet gongs. Even though they are beautiful, sonorous instruments, it was Paiste's press release that caught the attention of at least one jaded copywriter: "Planet gongs are tuned in conformity to the Earth, the Moon, the Sun and the planets according to calculations of Hans Cousto (a German Gnostic)." Oh, why didn't you say so?

The best news for drummers in '92 was in the drum set market, where quality went up while prices went down. Even companies formerly known for producing strictly top-dollar configurations made impressive stabs at the entry-level market through lines such as Sonor's Force 1000, Yamaha's PowerV and the GMS Road Series. Even some exclusive custom manufacturers got into the lowballing action; consider Porkpie's Junior Pie drums. Newcomer Darwin attacked the market from the upper end with their Performing Artist series, and their Rebel series aimed at the first-time buyer. In almost every case, the companies are offering the same shells and hardware as their more expensive lines, except that the shells are covered rather than lacquer-finished.

The real weirdness occurred in the snare sector. Early in the year, two different snare drums appeared which employed more than one strainer assembly. Yamaha's Dave Weckl 5"x13" and 5"x14" Signature snares boasted two snare strainers, one of stainless steel and the other of high-carbon steel. Not to be outdone, the fledgling Robinson Percussion unveiled the Septimbre snare, featuring *three* separate strainers that individually control snares made of gut, wire and cable. Another freaky snare drum was invented by immigrants from the crumbled Soviet bloc. The Firchie features a unique tuning system similar to a Remo Roto-tom: Pitch can be radically raised or lowered in seconds by twisting the hoop, without a drum key. Amazingly, it works very well.

Perhaps the most unlikely supplier of new-age drumming accessories emerged in 1991 when Remo, best known for its drumhead empire, introduced its line of Mickey Hart hand drums. And it just exploded in 1992, with Remo producing one new frame drum after another, in the process making a significant investment in recreational and ceremonial drumming. How did this happen? While investigating the hand drumming movement, Remo's creator Remo Belli found himself on a beach in Santa Cruz, California, participating in a community drum circle led by Arthur Hull, who would soon be Belli's close advisor. It took only one session before the seasoned vet was convinced. Sometimes that's how the drum industry works: You beat on a drum, it sounds good and you fall in love with it. That's been the rule since the dawn of civilization. There's no reason to expect 1993 to be any different.

—ANDY DOERSCHUK

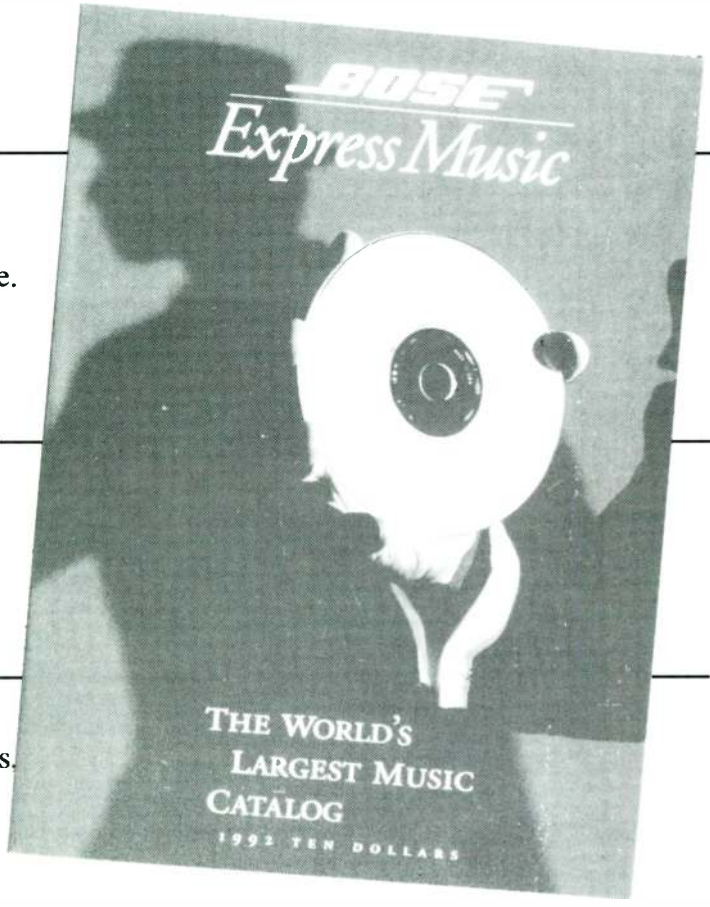
BOSE® *introduces*

The World's Largest CD Catalog

75,000 TITLES IN ONE SOURCE!
Bose Express Music brings an incredible assortment of CDs, cassettes and videos straight to your home.

YOU'LL FIND IT HERE
Choose from major labels – and over 1,000 independent labels including Alligator, Sheffield and Mobile Fidelity.

EVERY STYLE OF MUSIC
288 pages of Rock, Classical, Jazz, Blues, Nashville, Opera, World Music.



***FREE* MUSIC UPDATES**
We'll keep you current all year with updates featuring best-sellers, new releases, samplers, recommendations and more.

ONLY $6 — completely refunded with 1st purchase.

COMPETITIVE PRICES
And special notice of sales. Plus, our catalog coupons let you save on future orders.

Subscription/Mail Order Form

☐ **YES** Send me the current Bose Express Music® CD, tape and video catalog plus ***free*** updates for just **$6.00/year** — completely refunded with my first order from the catalog. (Additional $6.00 S&H charge for orders outside U.S. except APO/FPO.)

☐ Check (International orders – Credit Cards Only)
☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX ☐ Discover

Credit Card # _____

exp. ____

BOSE EXPRESS MUSIC
The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9323 Fax: 508-875-0604

1-800-451-BOSE

Outside U.S. 1-(508)-879-1916 x2008

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

BOSE
Express Music®

MUS01

ROCK AROUND THE BOX

ARETHA FRANKLIN
QUEEN OF SOUL
(RHINO)

After spending several years at Columbia during the '60s making the kind of jazzy/bluesy albums that got played on commercial jazz radio stations (alongside Dakota Staton, Irene Kral and the like) but sold feebly, Aretha Franklin signed with Atlantic Records. There, under the canny supervision of producer Jerry Wexler, the Aretha the world now knows emerged, the powerful gospel-influenced soul stirrer and hitmaker. *Queen of Soul*, a four-CD boxed collection with a handsome and informative booklet, is assembled from that peak period of commercial and critical success, 1967–76. Actually, Aretha's Atlantic association went from '67 to '79, but the box's intention of getting in all the best stuff tilts its representation—there's 32 cuts here from her first four albums for the label and only five from her last four (and none from her last two). Not that there was any diminishing of Aretha's ability. The historical moment passes from a period of unscrubbed R&B to more sophisticated soul to free-floating pop-star signifiers, but the Queen's inspiration is rarely dimmed; it's the context that seems to be leaking its juice.

So, though the first two discs fascinate most, the entire set is a riveting testament. For all its belting dynamics, Aretha's voice has a silvery core, which gives her a vulnerable quality even when facing us down ("Save Me," "Baby Baby Baby"), and adds a spike of pathos to her womanly assertions ("Respect," "Chain of Fools"). Franklin's church background enables her to root out gospel readymades disguised as pop songs while lending dramatic stature to their lyric ambiguity ("The Weight," "Let It Be," "Bridge over Troubled Water"). Her more trad blues ("Going Down Slow," "Today I Sing the Blues") arc and cry out in painful triumph (the gospel heritage), while she redeems some of the later arrangements' waning interest with her raw reach and erotic charge ("With Every Thing I Feel in Me," "Rock with Me"). There

PHOTOGRAPH: MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

may be a lull now and then; more likely it's listener overload as we're asked to climb the mountain on almost every cut. But certainly *Queen of Soul* meets the minimum requirement the consumer has the right to ask of these collections: that they, in some unarguable way, be essential. **—Richard C. Walls**

B.B. KING

King of the Blues
(MCA)

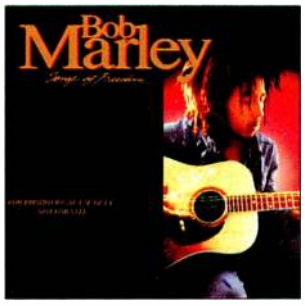
ONE CAN MAKE A CONVINCING CASE for any number of formidable stringslingers, yet does Mr. B.B. remain the king among bluesmen—a true *gentle*man. For all of his innovations and stylistic trademarks, for all of his contributions to American music, you'd be hard pressed to find a more genuinely humble artist, and certainly none more entitled to tell four generations of imitators to kiss his ass from here to Beale Street. Can I get an Amen?

B.B. King doesn't wear his humility on his shirtsleeve (there's no room, what with cufflinks as big as your eye, 'cept your eye ain't a big old diamond). No, he just remembers where he came from: the music he loved, the standards his heroes set for him and the ones he's set for himself. Like Sonny Rollins, he remains a work in progress.

Which is what *King of the Blues* is all about. Less a definitive retrospective than a dandy greatest hits, *King of the Blues* chronicles Mr. B.B.'s achievements decade by decade from 1949 to 1991 over four CDs. What's most striking about this chronology is not Mr. B.B.'s longevity or output, but his growth and consistency, moving easily through soul, funk, rock and jazz without compromising the essential core of truth in his blues, remaining contemporary from generation to generation. At first you can hear his vocal presentation emerging from the shadows of Louis Jordan and Roy Brown, until he arrives at a raw emotive vocal style all his own, batter-dipped in gospel revelation, deep-fried in the blues. All the while Mr. B.B. pares away at his roots in T-Bone Walker and Django Reinhardt ("Three O'Clock Blues" from 1951), until his guitar, Lucille, speaks not in whole sentences but in plaintive feminine asides, a feline kinda signifying, like a big old mama lion.

And while there's no ambiguity about the papa lion in his voice, the dominant/submissive subtext of his darkest and lightest testimonies makes Mr. B.B.'s blues the longest-running soap opera in pop: "Only my mother loves me/And she could be jivin', too/Now you see why I act funny, baby/When you do the things you do." On classic tales like "Don't Answer the Door, Parts One and Two" he's been cuckolded, dogged around, made to play the fool and just generally fucked with. Yet he still can't make up his mind if he wants to fuck or fight or walk out...or just give in one more time. Ultimately, after the requisite begging and bragging, his gospelish assertion triumphs, as Mr. B.B. practically shouts his manhood to the rafters and Lucille whispers once more, begging the question: Is it worth it? Or as Louis Armstrong put it, "You gotta be kidding me, man."

—Chip Stern



BOB MARLEY

Songs of Freedom
(TUFF GONG/ISLAND)

NOT THAT BOB MARLEY'S REPUTATION needs any reinstating, but this exemplary four-CD compilation should reawaken some of the sleepy masses to the late reggae lion's enduring contributions—not just to the genre that he bestrode like a colossus, but to world music and to rock 'n' roll. The greatest revelations for fans who possess only Marley's American albums will be the astonishing early Wailers recordings, made in partnership with co-founders Peter Tosh and Bunny Wailer. Not only do these tracks (produced by such notable Jamaican producers as Lee Perry, Clement "Coxsone" Dodd and Leslie Kong) show how reggae blossomed out of American R&B stylings through mento and ska, but they show the original Wailers triumvirate honing their rough-hewn vocal style from classical raw materials. Moreover, these numbers show Marley's early writing at its melodic (and pop-conscious!) best; check "Simmer Down," "Bend Down Low," "Soul Rebel," "Small Axe," "Duppy Conqueror" and the inutterably eerie "Mr. Brown" for best evidence.

As *Songs of Freedom* moves into the '70s to cover Marley's ultimate domination of the Wailers' sound, the listener encounters a rapidly maturing artist who battered the walls of his chosen music's conventions, even as he beat down Babylon in song. With the turning of the decade, Marley quickly evolved from the canny singer/songwriter who penned sweet, sticky pelvis-thumpers for Johnny Nash into a Rastafarian visionary and protest-song warrior. The CDs chart a rising curve of musical accomplishment and philosophical resolution, from "Concrete Jungle" and "Burnin' and Lootin'" through "Johnny Was" and "Natural Mystic" on into "One Love" and "Zimbabwe." Appropriately, the collection climaxes with a magnificent reading of Marley's crowning achievement, "Redemption Song," cut live in 1980 at his last concert.

Like most boxes aimed at the collector, *Songs of Freedom* contains a pile of rarities and unreleased tracks—rehearsal tapes, dubs, obscure singles, live shots. Not a one of these sounds superfluous, or a mere sop to archivists. If anything, these unusual sides supply a fresh resonance that complements Marley's more familiar accomplishments. Whether you seek the bedrock of Ras Bob's formidable legacy or new insights into his stylistic inventions, *Songs of Freedom* paints a full-length portrait that casts a gigantic shadow. **—Chris Morris**

BUCK OWENS

The Buck Owens Collection
(RHINO)

I MAY BE WRONG, BUT AFTER LISTENING to this boxed set I have the feeling Buck Owens liked to get up at the crack o' dawn. Even two or three decades down the road these songs

sound as fresh and clean as a morning in Bakersfield. Let the other fellers stay out all night drinkin', druggin' and womanizin'; Buck Owens had a job to do. And he did it wearing the biggest, soberest, *corn*iest grin west of Jimmy Carter.

This was not your typical honky-tonker. Owens' musical gifts were matched by his up-from-poverty work ethic and business savvy (he owns so much of his hometown, they nicknamed it Buckersfield). The twin Telecasters of Owens and sidekick/musical protege Don Rich, combined with clean-as-a-whistle production courtesy of Capitol Records' Ken Nelson, had these songs jumping out of car radios all over America. Owens managed to beam an unbelievable string of twanging, hard-country hits out of California at a time when Nashville was trying hard to bury its roots. With galloping hi-hat and crying pedal-steel mixed way up front, the songs on this four-CD collection, from "Love's Gonna Live Here" to "Tiger by the Tail," are country and proud of it, Buster. During his heyday the workaholic Owens was, especially by today's standards, releasing records like crazy (a total of 50 LPs, or about three a year). That made for a lot of junk and a lot of sameness, and a little of both shows up in this box. But *all* the hits are here, along with lesser-known jewels like the stately "The Great White Horse."

It would have been nice to hear more live tracks (go out and get the Country Music Foundation's excellent *Live at Carnegie Hall* CD) because the Buckaroos were also a great little band. The song that bears their name (included here) is one of the coolest instrumentals ever. Throughout his career, Owens had a knack for attracting and nurturing young musicians, but that's not surprising. They'd have to get up pretty early in the morning to find another like him. **—Peter Cronin**

BILLIE HOLIDAY

The Complete Billie Holiday on Verve 1945–1959
(VERVE)

AS THE GREATEST SINGER IN THE HISTORY of jazz, Billie Holiday led two lives. In the first, performing with '30s-era big bands and engaging in a legendary pas de deux with tenor saxophonist Lester Young, she skated gracefully across the surface of that era's standards and less enduring confections with a girlish, sensual swing that only hinted at the currents roiling below. Then, after a few years at Decca miscast as a middle-of-the-road pop chanteuse, she entered her [*cont'd on page 97*]

Nirvana or Not to Be

Nosing Teen Spirit

WHO—WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF JOE STRUMMER—has found himself in such a pickle as Kurt Cobain? As the frontman of a punk band who shocked themselves and the world by selling millions of copies of their first major-label album, Cobain has had to face that strangest of dilemmas—the dilemma of the underground musician who finds himself a big pop star in spite of his image and intentions.

Who—with the possible exception of Hamlet—has been so incapacitated by the range of choices before him as Kurt Cobain? If he makes another album like *Nevermind*, Nirvana's grungy but melodic smash, the old underground fans who are already mad with Nirvana for becoming popular will burn Cobain in effigy. But if he makes an inaccessible, uncommercial record, he will have betrayed his talent and chickened out. And God save Nirvana if Cobain's pop gifts should continue to evolve, moving Nirvana *closer* to the mainstream. He'll end up with even more fans and get even more confused. Like Hamlet, Kurt has spent the days since his epiphany roaming around his castle, mooning over his own punk-rock Ophelia, sticking knives into all the critical Poloniuses and causing the Claudiuses of Geffen Records to wonder whether the prince is genuinely mad or just trying to drive *them* crazy.

Luckily, Kurt has an option Hamlet did not have. Kurt has a bunch of Nirvana B-sides, cover tunes, import tracks and radio tapes. Thus armed, his record company has been able to cobble together a new Nirvana album made when the band was unstymied by the horrible challenge of following *Nevermind*. The amazing thing is, this new album, *Incesticide*, is very good. The poppier stuff (basically side one) reminds you of why Nirvana stood out in the first place—their melodic gifts fit as comfortably with their hard rock squall as anything you've heard since "Helter Skelter" and "Yer Blues." That combination might seem simple, but the Ramones searched for 20 years without landing on it.

As important as Cobain's melodies are to making this mix work, none of it would hold together without drummer David Grohl, who joined Nirvana late and whose presence keeps the *Incesticide* songs he plays on steady and the band disciplined while subtly pushing the music forward. Sometimes Grohl reminds you of a more focused Mitch Mitchell, sometimes of a more subdued Jon Bonham. Mostly he reminds you of Laertes, Hamlet's faithful pal who did all the leg work and got none of the glory. Here's the secret of Nirvana's success: With a melodic top and a solid, driving bottom, the middle can be as grungy as a dead dog and no one will mind.

On "Dive" Kurt Cobain sings what pretends to be "dive, dive with me," but which actually sounds like "die, die with me." Scholars will recall that Hamlet gave Ophelia the same advice and she, not knowing he was kidding, did dive and did die. Cobain is surely not enticing anyone to suicide, but is perhaps suggesting that it's a real bad idea to pin your life to any idol or prince or rock star. People who do that make it hard on themselves, and murder on the idol. With *Incesticide* Cobain has called up the ghost of the old, pre-famous Nirvana and asked it to go out and face the world when he cannot. Maybe that will let him off the hook. Maybe next time we see him he'll be himself again. **—Bill Flanagan**

ILLUSTRATION: ERIC PALMA

NEW RELEASES

JANUARY

ROCK

BY J.D. CONSIDINE

MACEO PARKER
Life on Planet Groove
(VERVE)

"WE LIKE TO do two percent jazz, 98 percent funky stuff," announces Parker at the beginning of this live set, and the music more than bears him out. It helps, of course, that he, Fred Wesley and Pee Wee Ellis treat this show like a JB's date, not only reviving "Pass the Peas" and "Soul Power" but dusting off "I Got You (I Feel Good)" and "Georgia on My Mind" for good measure. Still, as ably as Parker's playmates give up the funk, it's hard not to wish they had found a more capable singer than house diva Kym Mazelle. Lyn Collins can't be *that* busy these days, can she?

MADONNA
Erotica
(MAVERICK/SIRE)

WHY IS *EROTICA* preferable to *Sex*? It isn't just that it's safer—frankly, Madonna seems more seductive groaning the thought of what she's going to teach than making us watch as she sets out the lesson plan. Better, *Erotica*'s bump-and-grind is never as single-minded as the book, either in terms of subject matter (only three of its 14 songs concern carnality) or musical style, which ranges from the snazzy, deep house groove of "Deeper and Deeper" to the luscious, slow-ticking pulse of "Rain."

JULIAN COPE
Jehovakill
(ISLAND)

NO, NO, JULIAN—the idea is to *sound* like Syd Barrett, not *think* like him.

BON JOVI
Keep the Faith
(JAMBCO/MERCURY)

FROM A PRODUCTION standpoint, this is clever stuff: Note the effortless allusion to "Sympathy for the Devil" in "Keep the Faith," or how adroitly the arrangement adds drama to "If I Was Your Mother." From a songwriting standpoint, though, this stuff is really stupid—and that's why it works. The best Bon Jovi songs aren't about anything but hooks, so when the intellectual content is kept as low as it is on "I Believe" or "Blame It on the Love of Rock & Roll," you know you're dealing with a winner.

L TO R: DAVE GILBY, KRIS ABBOTT, MOE BERG AND BRAD BARKER

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, THE DOWNWARD ROAD
(MERCURY)

SEX ISN'T EXACTLY *virgin territory for rock 'n' roll, yet somehow TPOH's songs manage to bring a fresh perspective to the subject. Maybe it's because frontman Moe Berg is so adept at capturing both the perversity of desire and the agony of rejection; Lord knows more than a few listeners will see themselves or their lovers in songs like "Bored of You," "Honeytime" or "I'm Ashamed of Myself." But as smart as the lyrics are, what really makes these songs stick is the music, which deftly weds the power-chord punch of hard rock to the melodic ingenuity of alternative pop. Simply irresistible.*

TEXAS TORNADOS
Hangin' On by a Thread
(REPRISE)

GIVEN THE TITLE tune's credible approximation of a straight-up rock groove, this must be where the Tornados aim for the mainstream. Which is fine with me, so long as they continue to balance such efforts with tasty *norteño*-style numbers like "Guacamole" and "A Mover el Bote."

RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE
Rage Against the Machine
(EPIC)

ALTHOUGH THE MOST obvious comparison would be to the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Rage Against the Machine differs in two big ways. First, their music doesn't just draw from hip-hop and heavy metal, but integrates the two so completely that crossover is no longer an issue; secondly, where the Chilis back their sound with little more than style and attitude, RAM offers pointed politics and articulate anger. Which would you prefer: passion, or product?

CHUCK JACKSON & CISSY HOUSTON
I'll Take Care of You
(SHANACHIE)

THOUGH IT'S GREAT to hear the elder Houston showing her stuff in front of a first-rate soul band (driven by no less than Richard Tee, Wilbur Bascomb and Bernard Purdie), the real draw is Jackson. Listen to him revitalize an oldie like "I Don't Want to Cry," and you'll realize that time hasn't taken anything from his singing; but hear him ride the rhythm on "Are You Lonely for Me Baby," and you'll wonder why he isn't still having hits.

PHOTOGRAPH: MICHAEL LAVINE

THE SAX POSTER™

NEW

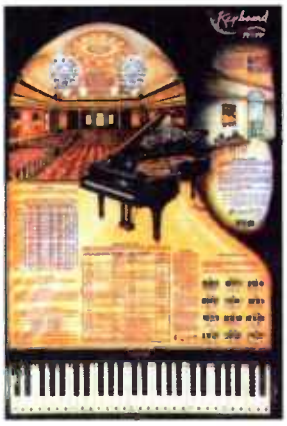
The *SAX Poster*™ is a comprehensive reference system for sax players which will help at every stage of their development. It has the world's all time best sax fingering chart, a complete cross reference system for music theory, and it teaches any player to solo by showing how to play the blues. • FINGERING CHART • TREBLE CLEF • TABLE OF KEYS • CHORD & SCALE TABLE • CIRCLE Of FIFTHS • SAX EFFECTS & TECHNIQUES • PRACTICE TIPS • TRANSPOSING FOR SAX • *BUILDING & IMPROVISING SOLOS!*

Over the years these big, beautiful art prints have become a valued part of millions of homes, libraries, schools and studios. The most comprehensive music resources available in *any* format, they have become true classics, and are world renowned for showing musicians how to understand and apply the principles of harmony *EVEN IF THEY DON'T READ MUSIC!*

GUITAR POSTER™

This poster has been answering guitarists' questions for more than a decade and is ***still the most complete guide to the guitar ever made!*** It contains a wealth of information for all guitar players, no matter what their style or their level of musical accomplishment. • MOVABLE CHORD & SCALE FORMS • TABLE OF KEYS • CHORD & SCALE TABLE • NOTES OF THE NECK • BASIC CHORDS OPEN TUNINGS • CIRCLE Of FIFTHS • MORE!!

KEYBOARD POSTER™



This beautiful work of educational art makes visualizing and applying the principles of harmony as easy as DO RE MI. The easy-to-use music theory applies to every keyboard instrument piano, organ, and all synthesizers, Included are: • FOUR OCTAVE LIFE SIZE KEYBOARD • BASS & TREBLE KEY SIGNATURES • TABLE OF KEYS • CHORD & SCALE TABLE • TWELVE MAJOR SCALES • CIRCLE OF FIFTHS • MORE!

ELECTRIC BASS POSTER™

Featuring a collection of vintage bass guitars, this poster shows you how to play hot bass and hold down the rhythm section in any band playing today's popular music. • TUNING GUIDE • NOTES OF THE NECK • BASS KEY SIGNATURES, • BASS LINES • ALTERING SCALES & ARPEGGIOS • COMMON CHORDS & SCALES • INTERLOCKING PENTATONIC SCALE FORMS • BASS HARMONICS • MORE!

MIDI POSTER™

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DIGITAL INTERFACE is the electronic digital standard that has revolutionized music. Whether you're playing organ for your church or drumming in a rock band, an understanding of MIDI and how it works is essential for anyone who is serious about today's music. • MIDI NOTE NUMBERS • MIDI CONTROLER NUMBERS • MODES • TROUBLESHOOTING • GLOSSARY OF MIDI TERMS • FLOW CHARTS • *SOMETHING FOR EVERY MIDIOT*

ROCK GUITAR POSTER™

This totally radical poster shows how to play the hard rock and heavy metal lead and rhythm guitar used by today's rockers. The poster explores rock styles in great detail, explaining the chords, scales, and the guitar techniques used by the biggest stars playing today's hard rock. • MOVABLE MINOR PENTATONIC ROCK SCALE FORMS • POWER CHORDS • NOTES OF THE NECK • TWO HAND TAPPING WHAMMY BAR • TIPS & TECHNIQUES • MORE!

These big (24" X 36"), beautiful, educational art prints are only $7.95 ea., or *LAMINATED to last,* only $15.95 ea.

MUSIC NOTES™

URABLE, PORTABLE REFERENCE CARDS

MUSIC THEORY *FOR ALL INSTRUMENTS!*

ese 8.5" X 11" heavy-duty laminated cards let you take e answers with you. The **Table of Keys**™ and the **Chord d Scale Table**™ are **the** definitive music charting, nsposing and theory tools for **all** students, teachers, , and ngwriters. **$6.95 per set!** ***Handy and Portable***

IRCLE OF FIFTHS mini poster (18" X 25")

is beautiful graphic of the treble key signatures is a blow- of the sunset area on the GUITAR POSTER. The circle fifths is the most widely used graphic tool in all of music ucation, and is **used daily by music educators and achers of all instruments and styles. Only $4.95 ea.**

GIVE THE GIFT OF MUSIC! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

PLEASE SEND ME: ____ SAX, ____ GUITAR, ____ KEYBOARD, ____ ROCK GUITAR, ____ ELECTRIC BASS, and ____ MIDI posters (regular @ $7.95 ea. or laminated @ $15.95 ea), ____ CIRCLE OF FIFTHS (@ $4.95 ea) and ____ card sets (@ $6.95/set)

[Postage & handling is $3 for the first and $1 for each additional poster; Cards: add $1.50 for the first and $.50 for ea. additional set.] MA add 5% tax. **Allow 6 weeks (*RUSH* [2-3 weeks, UPS ground] add p&h plus $4 extra) Air mail: Canada add $4 extra; W. Europe & S. America add $7 extra; all other countries $10 extra.**

Enclosed is $ _____.____. VISA/MC #: _____

FREE POSTAGE SPECIALS!

A. *5 posters* --------- $35
B. *4 posters* --------- $30
C. *3 laminated posters* $45

Add foreign air or UPS if desired.

Exp.___|___| Sig._____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY/STATE/ZIP_____

MUSICIAN MAGAZINE Box 701, Gloucester, MA 01930

THE DARLING BUDS
Erotica
(CHAOS/COLUMBIA)

THIS MAY SHARE a title with Madonna's latest, but that's all. Not only do the Buds tend toward dense guitar grunge, but frontwoman Andrea Lewis sounds too wan and waifish to be pop-idol material. Still, that doesn't detract from their melodic instincts—from the glorious thrum of "Wave" to the hypnotic swirl of "One Thing Leads to Another," this is guitar pop at its most winning.

JAZZ

BY JIM MACNIE

STANLEY TURRENTINE
More Than a Mood
(MUSIC MASTERS)

TURRENTINE'S ALBUMS HAVE been musts to avoid for quite a while—his constant stabs at being "modern" were merely forays through parched funk turf. *Mood* puts the sweat back in things; its emotional eloquence and near-confessional immediacy are enhanced by the overt jazz setting. Turrentine treats the plush rhythm section of Billy Higgins, Ron Carter and Cedar Walton as a luxuriant rug on which to stretch out, but not to relax—the spin he applies to these straight-ahead blues and bop tunes is propelled by a commitment to reaching their cores. Turrentine's horn sounds more mature—observant, judicious, consequential—than it has in ages. This just might be the masterpiece that his staunchest supporters knew he still had in him.

BARRY HARRIS/KENNY BARRON
Confirmation
(CANDID)

TWO GENERATIONS OF pianists, but a single mindset when it comes to one of bop's crucial elements: flow. Harris pushes the rhythmic aspect of every phrase he plays. He brightens these standard blowing vehicles with a comfortable vitality, no matter what tempo they're played at: loping shuffle, bluesy swing or jumping boogie. Barron's a superb foil, because his melodic territory is more spacious and somewhat drier. When Harris sprinkles notes through it, flowers blossom. Of course the fodder that Ben Riley and Ray Drummond spread doesn't hurt the growth, either.

ART FARMER
Soul Eyes
(ENJA)

SPEAK UP IF you know a more graceful flumpeter. Finally satisfying his yen for both flugelhorn and trumpet, Farmer fashioned this hybrid horn, which makes his tone simultaneously piercing and posh on this live quartet date—no news to those who've been enchanted by his sound for decades. The real revelation here is the immense recreational spirit of the improvs. Jazztet fans may miss Benny Golson's tenor, but with Geoff Keezer's bustling piano more spunky than ever, the boss' rough-'n'-tumble side sneaks out and you hang on all of Farmer's slippery phrases. Lewis Nash and Kenny Davis bear down when necessary, adding tension to a record that reminds that elegance and exhilaration are often a jazz bride and groom.

ELVIN JONES
Youngblood
(ENJA)

JAVON JACKSON
Me and Mr. Jones
(CRISS CROSS)

VETERAN DRUMMER/BANDLEADERS often turn to youth to respark whatever flame has ebbed. But we're talking Elvin here, so we know that the fire still roars and that the Javon Jacksons and Joshua Redmans of this world have their work cut out for them. These tenor players have thick life preservers, however—chops, chops, chops—and their rousing spuzz, alternately low-down and chipper, stands tall against the boss' masterful prowess. Mr. Jones provides some of the most naturally emphatic swing put on record this year.

DON GROLNICK
Nighttown
(BLUE NOTE)

A TAD TOO much polish makes the superb playing on the keyb/composer's second doozy in a row seem slightly perfunctory, relying more on craft than inspiration. Chalk it up to Grolnick's years on the pop front; then again, his focused arrangements offer a much-needed respite from some of the ad hoc ballyhoo that mid-sized groups often call charts these days. The solos sparkle because the hired hands are the crème de la crème: Holland, Turre, Ehrlich, Lovano and Brecker. All blend beautifully. This demure date's about arrangements, and Grolnick creates its share of luxurious moments.

JIM STALEY
Jim Staley's Don Giovanni
(EINSTEIN)

CAN'T NAME ONE free improv disc that's made me perk up in the last year (although, at top volume, Brötzmann's *No Nothing* was a neat parallel to the empty squawk of the debates), and this record doesn't turn that around. Yet there are gorgeously lyrical moments where hermeticism becomes its own reward, a protective device against the imperialistic tendencies of the mainstream. It's a dying art—almost all its top guns have rediscovered the advantages of rhythm—but because of the judiciousness of the cast—D. Williams, Z. Parkins, I. Mori, Tenko and the trombonist/boss—the formal clutter evokes a sly lucidity. (228 West Broadway, New York, NY 10013)

LOVANO/COX/BLACKWELL
Sounds of Joy
(ENJA)

IT'S THE TENOR player's date, but since the trio setting allows for plenty of stretching out, let's use it as a way of saying goodbye to the most individualistic drummer of the freebop generation, Ed Blackwell, who died in October. His rat-a-tat rhythm gives each of his phrases a significance, arguably making his dignified confluence of mama Africa and Baby Dodds the most idiosyncratic dialect of the trap set's swing language. To many bandmates, his style was a Morse code, sending out virtuoso messages with an intelligent playfulness. Not only did he help change history by making Ornette's point of view more vigorous and attractive, but he distinguished every session he graced, including this one, which smokes top to bottom.

XMAS

MASON WILLIAMS
A Gift of Song
(REAL MUSIC)

WILLIAMS' NUEVO-CLASSICAL style melds well with the spirit of these carols old and new, though there are times when the songs sound overarranged—"What Child Is This?" disconcertingly suggests "Classical Gas." More likable—and more frequent—are his tasteful guitar interpretations of favorites like "The First Noel" and melodic originals "Guitar Carol" and the dulcimer-driven "Mistletoe Moustache," evoking seasonal sentiment with the proper mix of spice and eggnog. (85 Libertyship Way, Suite 207, Sausalito, CA 94965)—*Mark Rowland*

MOJO NIXON AND THE TOAD LIQUORS
Horny Holidays
(TRIPLE X RECORDS)

HAVING CREATED A persona as the All-American blaspheming boor, Mojo Nixon pretty much had to do a Christmas album endorsing booze, sex, raucous behavior and Jesus (for being raucous). And here it is—always good-natured, often very funny, somehow capturing the real spirit of a song like "Go Tell It on the Mountain." What people seem to miss about Mojo is that beneath the sloppy, inebriated surface there always beats a rhythm section of gold and here even some horns of brass. The Toad Liquors smoke. My favorite cut is "Good King Wenceslas," one of those carols with

an unforgettable melody and completely forgettable words that Mojo mangles by singing "la-la-la" through 95 percent of the lyric. The version of "Mr. Grinch" is just about perfect, and "We Three Kings" will forever bring to mind his imitation of Tom Waits.—*Charles M. Young*

SOUNDS OF BLACKNESS
The Night Before Christmas—A Musical Fantasy
(PERSPECTIVE)

CONTEMPORARY GOSPEL MUST not have cut it with Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis when they signed the big Sounds of Blackness choir plus its orchestra and musical director Gary Hines, because with this congregation they offer their wide-awake Minneapolis version of that theoretically promising field. Jam-Lewis themselves establish the tone for this seasonal album with "Soul Holidays," another masterful example of how these artist/producers can include everything but the kitchen sink—church choruses, pop leads, street beats and glistening samples, blues-based breaks—and still sound rich instead of overextended, engaged instead of plotted. Most of the rest of the album, an intelligent, fun adaptation of the well-known Clement Clarke Moore poem, is produced by Hines. Within his style he manages to include the same Jam-Lewis virtues, plus useful things like stripping away the old melodrama from "O, Holy Night." A title like "The Jolly One's Here" gets at all the wit, rhythm and motion that, like Sound of Blackness' soaring voices, distinguish this outstanding collection.—*James Hunter*

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Handel's Messiah: A Soulful Celebration
(REPRISE)

LARGELY PRODUCED BY Mervyn Warren, formerly of the a cappella group Take 6, this song-based rendering of the *Messiah* brings on secular performers like Stevie Wonder (who sings with Take 6), Howard Hewett, Tevin Campbell and Patti Austin. At the end, Quincy Jones himself conducts a "Hallelujah!" whose fresh choruses use some of the aforementioned, plus half of Hollywood. Dianne Reeves makes a relatively spacy reggae out of an air; Austin starts with the transcendent (and hard-edged) fact of Handel's great melodicism, then reasons forward, using synth symphonicism and drum programs to contempo advantage. (She sounds like she's listened to some of the better '90s Handel recordings, as well as baroque pop like Miranda Sex Garden.) The terrific contemporary gospel outfit Commissioned! uses rock intonation as Jam-Lewis, say, might. Overall, though, this project doesn't correct the problem that leaves many products from the contemporary Christian market stranded: mimicking nonsecular or even traditional gospel styles instead of fully inhabiting them.—*James Hunter*

BOXETTES

DJANGO REINHARDT
Peche à la Mouche
(VERVE)

THOUGH HIS RECORDINGS in the '30s with the original Quintet of the Hot Club of France are more widely known, these sessions from the years immediately preceding Django's death in 1953 present his peak as a soloist. Along with Charlie Christian, Django was the first great electric guitarist in jazz, and while much of the accompaniment on this double CD echoes the easy swing of his earlier collaborations with Stephane Grappelli, here Reinhardt's playing displays a more mature assimilation of bebop and rhythm & blues. As a result, his solos are more complex and subtly textured than before, and still groove like crazy. Sound quality is muffled at times, though an improvement over the old Everest LPs on which many of these gems were previously released. Fledgling rock or jazz guitarists would do well to take note—or notes—from the master.—*Mark Rowland*

FLEETWOOD MAC
25 Years—The Chain
(WARNER BROS.)

THE QUARTER-CENTURY of pop evolutions on record here—four CDs, to be exact—is ultimately a tribute to its major links, drummer Mick Fleetwood and bassist John McVie, and the means by which an effacing, fluid rhythm section can guide and anchor wildly different sounds, from Peter Green's white Brit blues to Stevie Nicks' silky fantasias. A good chunk of this set is deservedly apportioned to the Mac's mid-'70s platinum, though elsewhere the mix seems unbalanced: specifically, a CD's worth of pleasant but unaffecting froth from the '80s, and only one cut each from the underrated *Future Games* and *Bare Trees* LPs, which featured Christine McVie's arrival as a composer and a plateful of the spacious, mid-tempo arrangements that set the table for what would become, in the Lindsey Buckingham era, the band's signature sound. And though Buckingham's brilliance is undeniable, Green, Jeremy Spencer, Bob Welch, Danny Kirwan and Rick Vito also help comprise a remarkably stylish, uh, chain of guitarists. Cruise, baby, cruise.—*Mark Rowland*

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
Jefferson Airplane Loves You
(RCA)

DATED? SURE. PRETENTIOUS? Often. Ragged? Of course. So call me an old hippie, because 25

years after wearing out the grooves to *Crown of Creation* and *After Bathing at Baxter's* (and 20 years since I stopped listening at all), this music still packs some thrills. Marty Balin's too-pure tenor and Grace Slick's Nordic cool—the voice that launched a thousand trips—evoked the exciting polarities of the '60s culture explosion, while the deft instrumental repartee between psychedelicized folkies Jorma Kaukonen on guitar and bassist Jack Casady gave the band's rock jams (amply represented here by 14 live tracks) a vitality and free-swinging invention matched in its time only by Cream. Some of the political conceits sound silly today ("Volunteers" and "Wooden Ships," anyone?), but that's politics for you. The spirit still soars.—*Mark Rowland*

HANK WILLIAMS, JR.
The Bocephus Box: The Hank Williams, Jr. Collection 1979–1992
(CURB/CAPRICORN)

NO OTHER ARTISTS except maybe Alabama ruled the country music charts during the decade of the 1980s as did Hank Williams, Jr. As a live act, not even Alabama did Hank's business. *The Bocephus Box* shows why: 62 songs that include radio hits, as well as the ones that country radio wouldn't have touched. With his country pedigree and his Southern boogie mentality, Williams filled the gap between George Jones and Lynyrd Skynyrd with an us-against-them mentality and an in-your-face live show. Of the previously unreleased material here, the best from the studio are "Waitin' on the Tables to Turn," "Secret Agent Man" and a customized version of "Mannish Boy." The cuts culled from his live show give a good example of how Hank whips the audience into a frenzy. Covers range from Aerosmith to Warren Zevon, but Williams puts his stamp on every one, while his own songs run the gamut from solid country gold to swampy blues and straight-ahead rock 'n' roll. All in all, it's a strong justification for His Rowdiness' stature among country music legends—including his father.—*Ray Waddell*

EARTH, WIND & FIRE
The Eternal Dance
(COLUMBIA LEGACY/ARC-KALIMBA)

HERE'S AN AWESOME box, three CDs of the classic '70s group that gave niceness a creative name. Though the collection underrepresents later albums like *Raise!*, *Electric Universe* and *Powerlight*, these songs deliver. A six-minute, previously unreleased "Head to the Sky/Devotion," for example, boasts groove, guitar, voices, atmosphere (even the crowd reactions sound musical); academic documentation it's not. There are masterpiece smashes—"Reasons," "Shining Star," "Getaway," the great "Boogie Wonderland," "After the Love Is Gone," the *ur*-early-'80s "Let's Groove"—but more music flew around in Maurice White's head than any box could show. Sometimes Philip Bailey's voice seemed to crystallize it all into one perfect lead; other times the Phoenix Horns summon the illusion of traversing White's unusual reach. Whether hit-making or jazzboing it up, *The Eternal Dance* collects some of the most fluent, centered and elastic pop music ever recorded. Its influence is everywhere.—*James Hunter*

FRANTI

[*cont'd from page 68*] bomb blast that's going on in the world, or will we have more effect if we squirt the flowers growing in our back yard? If we neglect the flowers, we're gonna be big failures, 'cause we're not gonna get any more water; we won't be replenished. That's what children and families do, they replenish you and give you a bigger sense of responsibility. I have a lot of pride in the people who love me. I feel very differently about some issues than they do, but I listen to what they have to say."

Franti points to the birth of his son Cappy, five years ago, as a turning point in his life and career. "Before that I'd dabbled in a lot of things—theater, music—the only thing I did full-time was basketball. But when you have a kid, you have to be responsible. You can't be careless with your life, because you've got to be around now, to be a father. And I want to be able to make records that Cappy can listen to 15 years from now and see that they weren't just records of me holding my dick, no matter how much money it makes. I want to say, here's a record that has some ideas. So that's how I gauge the decisions I make in the music."

The giant TV screen in the hotel lounge where we're sitting suddenly comes alive with a news report related to the current controversy surrounding Ice-T's "Cop Killer." Franti agrees with Ice-T's decision to pull the song off the market as a pragmatic tactical maneuver, but expresses fear and anger regarding its implications for the future. "First the Rodney King verdict condoned police violence against black people and now the police are saying, this is the kind of music you can put out. This is not the P.M.R.C. saying this—it's the *police department*. I think it's frightening that the police are somehow being portrayed as the victims.

"I've always believed that common sense will prevail—given the opportunity to have it expressed. But it's the people who are putting out ideas who are being jumped on here, not the heavy metal bands making date-rape videos. The way to encourage people to see things from a different perspective is not to prevent this idea or that one, it's by putting out a dialogue. If some of these songs get people to talk about things, that's half the battle."

DISPOSABLES

RONO TSE's equipment, in addition to his assortment of chains, tire rims, grinders and fire extinguisher, includes a keyboard rack with a Panasonic SU3700 DAT machine, a Roland PAD-60 Octapad and PC-100 keyboard, and an Akai S1100 32-meg-memory sampler. Drummer SIMONE WHITE's drum kit is a mixed bag that includes a Tama Artstar kick drum, Rockstar tom and Pearl free-floating piccolo snare; also a Yamaha chain-drive pedal, Rhythmtech Studio cowbell and tambourine, Katella sticks and cymbals by Paiste, Zildjian and Sabian. Guitarist CHARLIE HUNTER's axe of choice is a seven-string Novax, custom-built by Ralph Novak of Oakland; the seventh string is a bass A tuned an octave below the fifth-string A. His bass is a Jazz Bass body with a rosewood Warmoth neck, Badass bridge and Grover gears. MICHAEL FRANTI sings and raps through a Shure SM58 microphone, though on the recent U2 tour he used an ElectroVoice wireless system.

[*cont'd from page 23*] "I don't think it's going to happen to us," Steve said. "Lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place. And we don't play their kind of songs."

All of which is supposed to be an anti-hype alert, Mudhoney's way of letting on that they're not expecting to join Seattle's platinum club and they don't much care. Starting with the earliest singles like "Sweet Young Thing Ain't Sweet No More" and "Touch Me I'm Sick" (which was recently parodied as "Touch Me I'm Dick" on the *Singles* soundtrack; the Seattle *Times* claims Matt Dillon's character in that film was based on Arm), the band's dirty sound is music that always makes you feel as if the floor is shaking and everything around you is about to collapse. Mudhoney is rock 'n' roll as mudslide.

"Life-affirming, but a big fuck-you to society," is how Steve Turner describes punk band Flipper's music, and that's kind of the way he'd like people to think of Mudhoney.

At any rate, this is how Steve sees things: The guys don't want to make a big point about the difference between working with Sub Pop or a major label. They swear they'd still be an indie band if it weren't for all the financial problems Sub Pop suffered a few years back.

"They went through hard times and they kept on telling us less and less of the truth," Steve says. "So we figured we had to go someplace. We talked to Caroline [Sub Pop's distributor], but they seemed more uptight than any of the majors we talked to. We thought, why take a step sideways when we can go forward?" Mudhoney came close to signing with Epic, but when the label was not forthcoming about getting them any free boxed sets, they settled on Warner Brothers, which gave them all the Jimi Hendrix reissues they wanted.

Warner also let them cut their album with producer Conrad Uno at Egg Studios, which Uno claims "might be the best-known eight-track in the hemisphere." While Mudhoney did all of their early work with grunge-meister Jack Endino at renowned Reciprocal Studios (where almost all of the Sub Pop catalog was recorded), they gave Uno and Egg a try for 1991's *Every Good Boy Deserves Fudge*, and seem pleased with the results. The board Uno uses at Egg once belonged to Stax Studios in Memphis, which might be why so many bands passing through town—most notably, Mudhoney pals Sonic Youth—have been drawn to Uno's basement to record. Uno, who is also the proprietor of PopLlama Records, is an aging hippie from North Dakota who discovered the sweeter side of Seattle in pop bands like the Posies and the Young Fresh Fellows. He admits he'd "never even heard of Mudhoney before I recorded them," but the chemistry between band and producer seems strong. The inside of Egg is only seven feet high—"there are places where I can't stand up," says Turner—and the eight-track console had to be augmented into a 24-track in order to make the place workable for Mudhoney's latest project, but the guys in the band were adamant about using Uno and his space.

Or maybe they were just adamant about staying true to their crazy old ways. "We've never done a record with Butch Vig," Mark announces proudly, "and we never will."

Piece of Cake sounds a lot like all the other Mudhoney albums, except that it's tighter and stronger, with more crunch and speed, and a few additional effects—a prologue of freaky organ-grinding and about 28 seconds worth of farting noises that bass player Matt Lukin makes on what should be track 15. It's become increasingly clear that these guys couldn't sell out if they wanted to—*Piece of Cake* harks back to early Mudhoney, when the band's sound was crazier, crankier and far more instinctual. All in all, success hasn't un-damaged them yet.

"It's not much different for us really," Mark says. "The biggest change, as far as I can tell, is that our CD lists for $16.98..."

"...instead of, say, $13.98 like it did at Sub Pop," Steve interrupts. "We just found out today. We're not very happy with Warner right now. It's the new rip-off-the-public price."

I ask them if maybe they don't have their information wrong. I'd thought they were just charging more for sure-sellers like Garth Brooks and Michael Bolton. Evidently, this was the wrong thing to say.

"We're kind of Garth Brooks-esque," Mark insists, sounding insulted that anyone would suggest otherwise. "I don't know if you've seen our new stage show, but I wear a cowboy hat with one of those microphones like a telephone operator's. There's more freedom of movement, the microphone doesn't bump into my face—it's practical, it looks good—"

"I like to think that Neil Young started the whole Garth-ism thing with *Trans*," Steve interjects, referring to the headgear.

"Actually, it was Neil Armstrong," Mark says. With Mudhoney, it's hard to get any straight answers. They much prefer to play the merry pranksters, bemused that they've gotten as far as they have on so little motivation. The way they tell it, Mudhoney has always had humble ambitions. The band came together after Mark quit Green River (a seminal grunge unit that also begat Mother Love Bone and Pearl Jam) and hooked up with Steve, who'd quit Green River a year earlier so he could go to college and study anthropology (Mark had already received his degree in English). Matt Lukin had just been kicked out of the Melvins (who have since moved to San Francisco and signed with Atlantic), so he joined on as bass player. Dan Peters rounded the group out on drums. "We never meant to make an album," Steve says.

"We never meant to make more than a single," Mark adds. But the lineup was a good one, the guys in the band genuinely liked playing together, so Mudhoney managed to stick. There are always breakup threats—before Warner came along and offered the band a contract, Mudhoney almost went kaput out of sheer inertia—but some strange, centrifugal force keeps them together.

"We're not one of those bands that can replace members," Steve says. "We figure, if one of us leaves, it's over."

"Yeah, we're not like Guns N' Roses," Mark throws in.

"What's the life span of a good band?" Mark asks, seemingly rhetorically.

"I always figured it was about three years," Steve answers, and Mark nods. "You've got a few good years in you if you were good to begin with."

Mudhoney has had more than three good years, but they attribute that to all the time they take off. "We're mellow," Steve says. "We don't do this every day of our lives."

MUD π

MARK ARM plays an Epiphone Crestwood Custom for normal tuning and a Hagstrom III for slide in open G♯. He uses Dunlop .073 picks, Fender Bassman amps and an Ibanez distortion box from the '60s. STEVE TURNER plays Fender Mustang Competitions with racing stripes. He uses picks he just describes as "thicker than Mark's" and a Big Muff π distortion box, among many others. They both use thick strings, light top, heavy bottom (they also say that they've seen Kurt Cobain's guitars up close and they don't believe he really uses piano wire). They tune all of their guitars down to E♭. Turner: "We didn't used to have a tuner so we tuned to each other, we were all over the place, wherever that was—I think you call it a floating E. But then we got a tuner, and we found out we were at E♭, so we decided to stay there." Arm: "E just wasn't right, and if you tuned down to D the strings were too loose and floppy and stuff." MATT LUKIN plays through an Ampeg bass head with an SZP cabinet. DAN PETERS plays Yamaha drums.

C L A S S I F I E D

MUSICIAN CLASSIFIED HOTLINE TOLL FREE 800-223-7524

Need an ad fast?
Call Jeff Serrette.
In NY State (212) 536-5174
Outside NY St. (800) 223-7524

HOW TO ORDER AN AD

REGULAR CLASSIFIED (ads without borders): 20 word minimum. $2.90 per word, minimum $59 per insertion.

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY (all adds with borders): 1x/1" $163 per, 6x/1" $152 per, 12x/1" $142 per.

BOLD FACE CAPS: First line, additional $20.

Musician Box Number: Add $4.00 per insertion for handling.

PAYMENT MUST BE ENCLOSED with your ad. Send to Musician Classified, Jeff Serrette, 1515 Broadway, NY, NY 10036.

DEADLINE: Two months prior to date of publication.

ALL AD CANCELLATIONS MUST BE IN WRITING AND MAILED TO THE MUSICIAN CLASSIFIED DEPT. FAX YOUR AD TODAY (212) 536-5351

COUPON

Categories: Please mark category desired
☐ Accessories ☐ Books/Publications ☐ Computers
☐ Employment ☐ For Sale ☐ Instruction
☐ Instruments ☐ Miscellaneous ☐ Musicians
☐ Records & Tapes ☐ Services ☐ Software
☐ Songwriters ☐ Talent ☐ Video

Your Name
Company
Address
City State Zip
Telephone

Please fill in the information below if you want to charge the cost of your classified advertising

☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐ Visa ☐ Master Charge
Credit Card #.
Exp. Date Bank #
Your Signature

Publisher has the right to refuse all mail order retailer ads that might conflict with *Musician* dealers.

ACCESSORIES

BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

BOOKS, VIDEOS & TAPES

Recording • Live Sound • Music Business
Composition • MIDI • and more!
Over 550 titles.
FREE CATALOG (800) 233-9604
6400 Hollis St. #12, Emeryville, CA 94608

MIX BOOKSHELF

SONGWRITERS & ARTISTS

Make important music industry contacts with **NATIONAL DIRECTORY OF RECORD LABELS AND MUSIC PUBLISHERS.** Over 3,000 listings include address, phone, fax. Indexed by styles labels represent. Updated annually. Available on mailing labels (sold separately). **Only $24.95** (includes shipping)

Send check or money order to: RISING STAR PUBLISHERS, 710 Lake View Ave., NE, Atlanta, GA 30308, (404) 872-1431. *Allow three weeks for delivery*

VINTAGE INSTRUMENT CATALOG: send SASE for tri-weekly list of about 1,000 vintage, used and new instruments. Accurate descriptions, sensible prices. New Martins, Gibsons and Rickenbackers. We buy, sell, trade, appraise, and ship worldwide. Gruhn Guitars, 410 Broadway, Nashville TN 37203 (615) 256-2033.

INSTRUCTIONAL BOOKS, VIDEOS, CASSETTES, and much more. Free discount catalogs. ELDERLY INSTRUMENTS, 1100 N. Washington, POB 14210-CR5, Lansing, MI 48901 (517) 372-7890.

YOU can get YOUR music to the RIGHT people!!! New booklet shows you the secrets to making contacts in the music business! Learn the right way to approach the people who can help your career! Guaranteed! Order now!!! 56.95 Balfour Press, 7991 Southtown Center #383M, Minneapolis, MN 55431.

CONTEST

$200.00 INSTANT CASH

By naming 21 of America's Favorite Tunes in 2 min.—
GRAND PRIZE $15,000.00.
AMERICA'S HOTTEST MUSIC CONTEST.
Hosted by Grammy winner Jody Miller. $2.99/minute.
Call (405) 232-6351 ext. 15

EMPLOYMENT

FIND BANDS TO JOIN. Find musicians and gigs. Write: MUSICIANS NATIONAL HOTLINE, Box 7733, Murray UT 84107. Phone (801) 268-2000.

INSTRUCTION

ri-'kord! (record) Learn to do it Professionally

Recording Engineer Training
Studio City, CA
(818) 763-7400
Call for a Free Full-Color Catalog
LOS ANGELES RECORDING WORKSHOP

BE A RECORDING ENGINEER. Train at home for High Paying-Exciting Careers. FREE information AUDIO INSTITUTE, 2258A Union St., Suite H, San Francisco CA 94123.

HAL BLAINE LIVE, private drum instruction—Monday thru Friday. Let's rap. 1 (900) 884-4HAL. $1.95 per min., 9am to 6pm PST. Brush Creek Prod., P.O. Box 9569, Santa Rosa CA 95405.

GUITAR CONTROL: Revolutionary powerful shortcut system to lead/rhythm. Found nowhere else. Free report. Method, Box 936M, Veneta OR 97487.

INSTRUMENTS

SUBSCRIBE NOW to our monthly used and vintage instrument list with hundreds of quality instruments at down-to-earth prices. $5.00/year ($10.00 overseas). Current issue free on request. ELDERLY INSTRUMENTS, 1100 N. Washington, POB 14210-CR5, Lansing MI 48901 (517) 372-7890.

HANDMADE DRUMS from all over the world. Very affordable prices. Please call or write: Mystic Beat, 2400 Selkirk Rd., Sandpoint, ID 83864 (208) 265-5097.

MUSICIANS

MUSICIANS—looking for the right band? Bands—are you one "special" musician away from success? Call the Musician's Connection at (513) 522-3639 or 1 (800) 743-3619.

MUSICIANS NATIONAL REFERRAL—Professional musicians seeking bands—bands seeking professional musicians. Bands register free. Call now for information. 1 (800) 366-4447.

MUSICIANS

SELL YOUR MUSIC in a semi-annual publication. All music will be listed. You retain all song rights. Musicians International Tape Exchange, 7675 E. Sutton Dr., Scottsdale AZ 85260.

1993 ALTERNATIVE RECORD Label Guide: over 150 names, addresses, numbers. $7.95 ppd. to: M.S.B., 7510 Sunset, #1082, Hollywood CA 90046.

MUSICIANS WANTED. Amateurs for possible recording contract. Solo/group. Voice/instruments. Call Duff, 1-800-964-6660. Free call. Anytime. Recorded message. No agents. Deal direct. No obligation.

!!!BANDS—STUDIOS!!!

Send in your "FINISHED" DAT and have it Mastered in
3-DIMENSION
You won't "BELIEVE" the difference,
"FREE" Demo
Call (214) 239-9636 Dallas, Texas
MC VISA

DISC MAKERS

Cassette & CD Manufacturing

FREE Graphic Design •
Complete Packages •
Major Label Quality •
Money Back Guarantee •

500 CDs with B&W inserts in two piece jewel box only $1790

Call Today For Our FREE Full Color Catalog:
1-800-468-9353

1328 N. 4th St., Phila., PA 19122
215-232-4140 FAX: 215-236-7763

RECORDS & TAPES

AMAZING FREE CASSETTE mail order catalogs. Reggae, Dub, New Wave, Rock, Funk, Experimentals, ROIR, 611 Broadway, Suite 411M, New York NY 10012.

DEAD tape search service, Box 55, Monroe WI 53566. Locates audio tapes of Grateful Dead sets since 1970. No tape sales.

SERVICES

PROMOTION & DISTRIBUTION for independent labels, major deals. (805) 685-5114.

FOR COMPLETE CASSETTE, C.D. RECORD MANUFACTURING & PACKAGING SERVICES CALL:
QCA (513) 681-8400
2832 SPRING GROVE AVENUE • CINCINNATI, OHIO 45225

RECORDINGS

[*cont'd from page 89*] second musical life, frequently singing the same songs as before, but with the heart of a woman who was absorbing life's deepest bruises, and with the talent and will to channel those feelings into song. It is that second, ultimately tragic life that is chronicled on this beautifully packaged 10-CD collection. *The Complete Billie Holiday on Verve* isn't just a record, it's biography.

As everyone knows, Billie wasn't gifted with a great voice; her timbre was thin, technique limited. These she turned into advantages, by transporting her emotions so directly into the music there was simply no room for artifice. Moreover, her musicality was of the highest standard, comparable among singers only to Louis Armstrong (her most obvious influence) and influential, in turn, upon subsequent generations. Sometimes that's all that saves her from ruin. Among the previously unissued material included here are two CDs' worth of rehearsal sessions on which you can hear Holiday discussing and shaping her music with pianists Jimmy Rowles and Tony Scott. On the Rowles session she sounds plastered, and her voice slurs while speaking; yet through the haze you can hear her working with Rowles to refine nuances within her already impeccable sense of rhythm and phrasing.

It is episodes like this one, and her final, unfortunate studio sessions with Ray Ellis in 1959, that have led many to assume Holiday's last years were defined by pathos—a misapprehension this set should lay permanently to rest. Included are a decade's worth of live performances in which Holiday sounds vibrant and assured. And on several small group studio dates, typically surrounded by empathetic jazzmen like Barney Kessel, Buck Clayton and Sweets Edison, and ranging from the sentimental "Tenderly" to the politically stark "Strange Fruit," she breaks your heart and stitches it back together in a verse and chorus. Though her music and life were often inseparable, they diverged in this crucial respect: As a singer, Billie Holiday kept getting better. As time goes by, she sounds better still.

—Mark Rowland

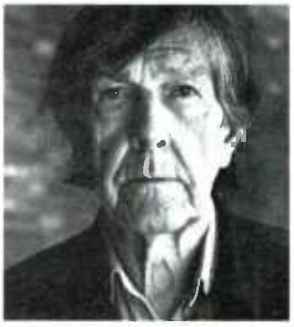
AD INDEX

The following companies are more than willing to fill you in on their products. Call or write them, and tell 'em you saw it in MUSICIAN.

REST IN PEACE

Champion Jack Dupree

Roger Miller



John Cage

Freddie Mercury

Ed Blackwell

Astor Piazzolla

Dottie West

Eddie Kendricks

Johnny Shines

Mary Wells

Gary Windo

Lawrence Welk

John Carisi

Larrie Londin

Beaver Harris

Jeff Porcaro

PHOTOGRAPHS: ROW 1, L TO R: (DUPREE) STUART BRININ; (MILLER) BETTMANN ARCHIVES; (CAGE) WOLFRAM EDER; 2ND ROW, L TO R: (BLACKWELL) DEBORAH FEINGOLD; MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES (3); 3RD ROW, L TO R: (SHINES) JON SIEVERT/MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES; (WELLS) MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES; (WINDO) MICHAEL HOCHANADEL; 4TH ROW: (CARISI) RAYMOND ROSS

top: 431 SeriesII 31 band single rack unit EQ **$249.95** bottom: 830 SeriesII stereo 15 band EQ, **$249.95**

Fill your rack without emptying your pockets.

We build more equalizers than anyone else in America, and we sell them all over the world.

And now we're introducing the new SeriesII, with 5 EQ's and 5 signal processors. More than just a new look and feel, DOD SeriesII EQ's are engineered and built "smart", using the latest Computer Aided Design techniques, and the highest manufacturing standards.

We've even lowered the price to give you more value, and made them the best performing units in their class.

RTA Series II
Real Time Analyzer
$359.95

Quick, easy and accurate setup of your system to almost any environment. Includes calibrated microphone and pink noise generator.

These new models offer 12dB of boost & cut on ISO standard center frequencies, and FET switches for the low-cut and bypass functions to eliminate annoying 'thumps'.

With a signal-to-noise ratio greater than -90dB, and harmonic distortion less than .006% @ 1kHz, they're ideal for PA, club, or lounge installations, or for your studio recording projects.

Come and listen to all the new SeriesII products at your favorite dealer today... or call or write us for more information.

Fill your rack with DOD and you can keep the change in your pocket.

DOD

5639 South Riley Lane • Salt Lake City, Utah 84107
(801) 268-8400 • Fax (801) 262-4966
Int'l Fax (603) 672 4246

H A Harman International Company

YAMAHA®

You can touch music.

In this world there are certain things that you are strictly forbidden to put your hands on. Sound is no longer one of them.

Why? The SY35 has Vector Synthesis. It gives you hands-on control of the music you make by giving you hands-on control of two different types of sound. With a touch of the Dynamic Vector Controller you can mix, stir, warp, and blend as many as four different voices at once.

What are you blending? All those sampled live sounds that you absolutely have to have (there are 128 of them) like pianos and strings and brass. And all the synthesized waves that you just plain want (there are 256 from which you can choose).

Oh yes, the SY35 has MIDI capability, an easy edit mode, an ultra-sensitive keyboard and of course, our distinctly superior sound quality and playability. It is, after all, a Yamaha.

You need more information? Call us for a brochure. Just put your hands on the telephone and dial. 1-800-932-0001, ext. 200.

The SY35.