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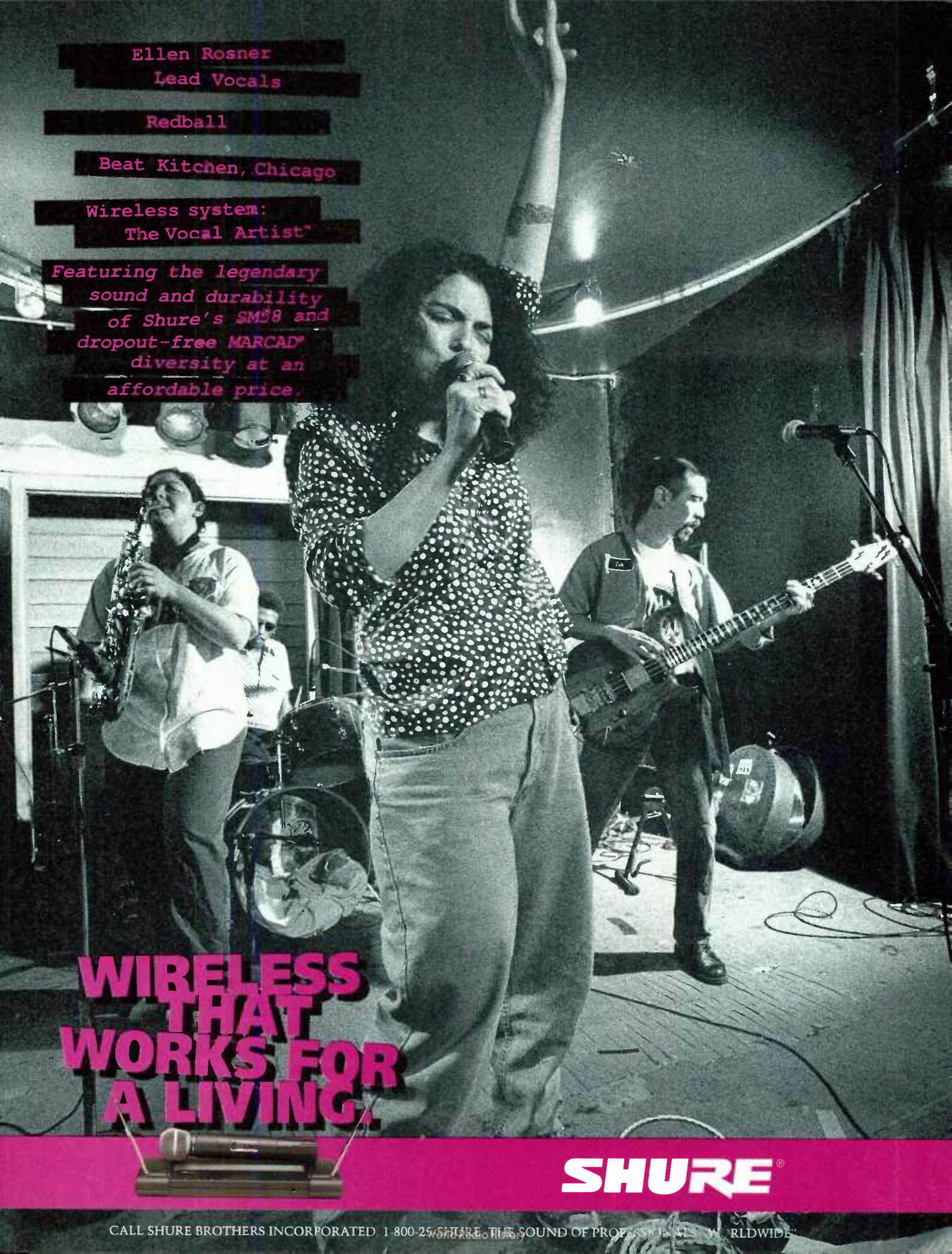

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MUSICIAN MAGAZINE/FEBRUARY 1996 • ISSUE NO. 207

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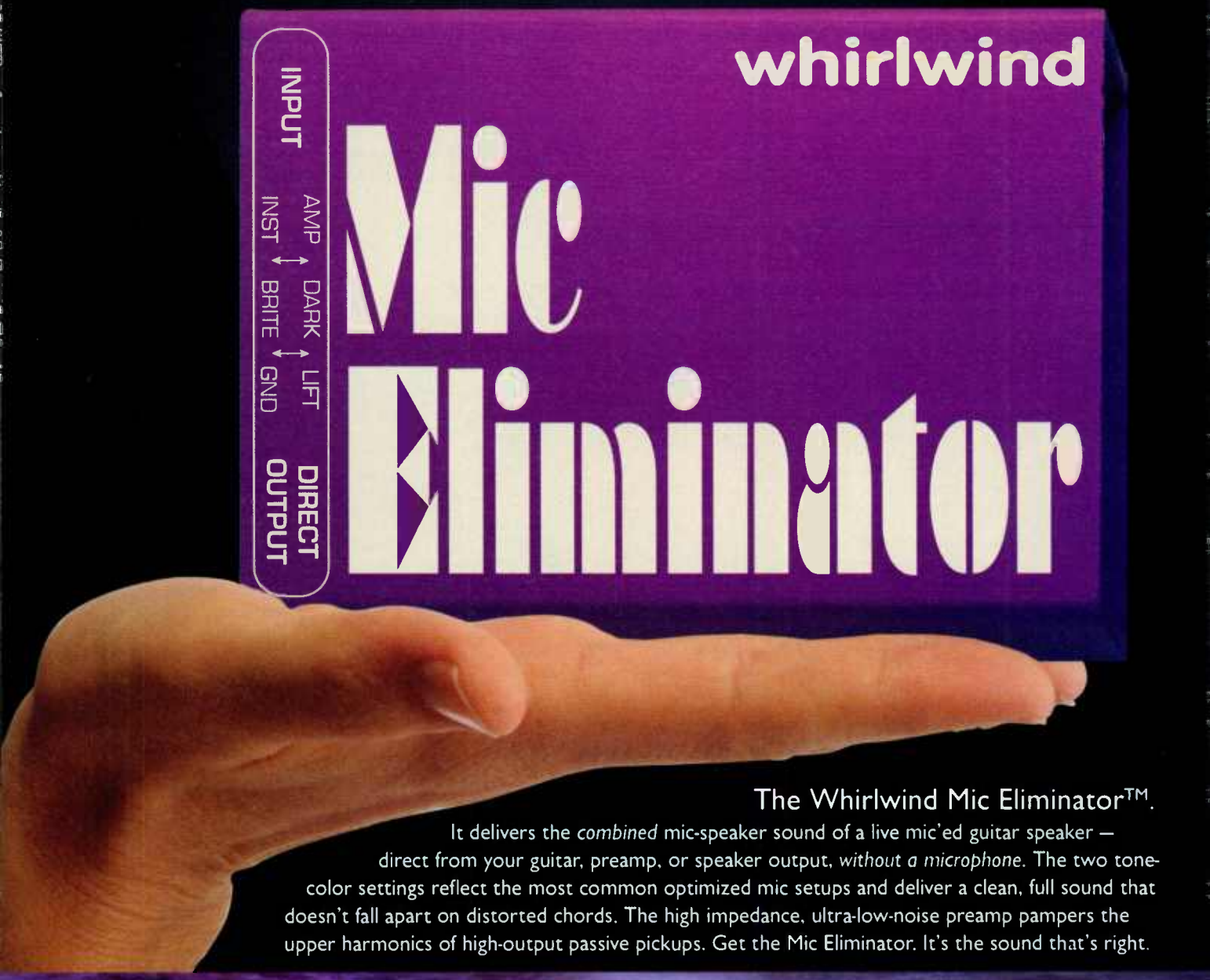
Where Was is and what Was does there. BY MARK WEINGARTEN

COVER AND CONTENTS PHOTOGRAPH: BARRIE WENTZELL/STARFILE; CONTENTS INSET: SUSAN WERNER

Classic Sound.



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Jack Bruce

Your latest album, Monkjack, *features you on piano and Bernie Worrell on organ. Why did you restrict yourself to so spare an instrumentation?*

It's something I've wanted to do because I do play a bit of keyboard. On the last record I did for CMP, there was one little piano piece at the end, and a lot of people liked that. So I thought, "I'll give it a shot." It was actually my first instrument.

But why not expand the lineup with synths and other keyboards?

Well, once you start doing that, it's difficult to stop. I could have put bass or cello on, but the discipline of just having the two instruments was what I wanted.

You even seemed to be limiting Bernie's Hammond registrations. There wasn't a lot of contrast in his textures.

I think Bernie understood immediately what we were doing. It wasn't so much about duets as about piano and voice, the voice being like a horn and the piano accompanying it. It was slightly more angled toward the piano than the organ.

"Playing the bass is like work. When I play the piano, that's sheer enjoyment."

Were you and Bernie reading your unison and harmonized parts from lead sheets?

I wrote everything out through [Coda] Finale. I'm quite happy with it, although I'm finding it rather slow now as I've improved on the Mac. I have it MIDIed up, but I don't use MIDI when I'm writing. I like to notate as if I'm doing it on paper, because it's so much fun.

What else do you have in your studio?

I've got an old Akai S900; I've put a lot of my own samples into it, like my cello. I've got a Roland S-760 sampler and a Tascam DA-88. I've got various keyboards.

Which one do you prefer for writing or playing?

The Ensoniq EPS, because I prefer the sounds. The sounds of the American instruments are vastly superior to the Japanese. The EPS is crunchy; it's more like playing a real instrument. I use a Korg X3 too; it's got millions of interesting sounds, but they're a bit more fizzy than the American ones.

Have you ever MIDIed your bass?

I did years ago, but it didn't really work. To be honest, I've even got reservations about guitar synthesizers. Allan Holdsworth is a master of the guitar synth, but when I hear his band I'm not sure who is soloing and I think, "What's the point?"

The bass is still your main axe, though.

It's my first love, simply because it's given me a pretty good living. I'm still using the Warwick basses I've used for a number of years now, and I've got a very early Fender Precision and a Gibson EB-1, which I used with Gary Moore and Ginger Baker last year. And I've always used SIT—Stay In Tune—strings; they're so great that once I found them I never used anything else. But I have to say that playing the bass is like work; it's my bread-and-butter thing. When I play the piano, that's sheer enjoyment. Normally, I'm the kind of guy at the recording session who's sitting at the piano when he shouldn't be, trying to work out some chords or something. So being allowed to do the whole gig on piano is like, "Wow! And I get paid for this too!" —ROBERT L. DOERSCHUK

Simon Phillips

When you first hear a song, what do you listen for to develop a drum part?

Just about any song you hear has been done before in terms of form, so it will usually fit into a formula. Beyond that, it depends on how much you're listening to. In a way, it's a shame that the demos people make now are so complete. Not much is left to the imagination. In the late '60s and early '70s someone usually just sang and strummed along on a guitar. You didn't really know what they were thinking and they would try and explain it to you through a haze of dope. Nowadays, they just start the sequencer or put on a beautifully produced DAT and everything's there.

Once we're ready to play, I have to have the right sound to play the right style. It's not a problem now, but in the early '70s the studios were dead-sounding and getting a bit of reverb was a luxury. It was great for playing funk or reggae, but you'd turn up for a heavy metal session and it sounded like a jingle for Maxwell House. It used to drive me potty. These days, if you want it to sound like Madison Square Garden, no problem. You can dial up a "Garden Reverb" setting.

What's the difference between being hired for a specific recording or tour and being an actual member of the band?

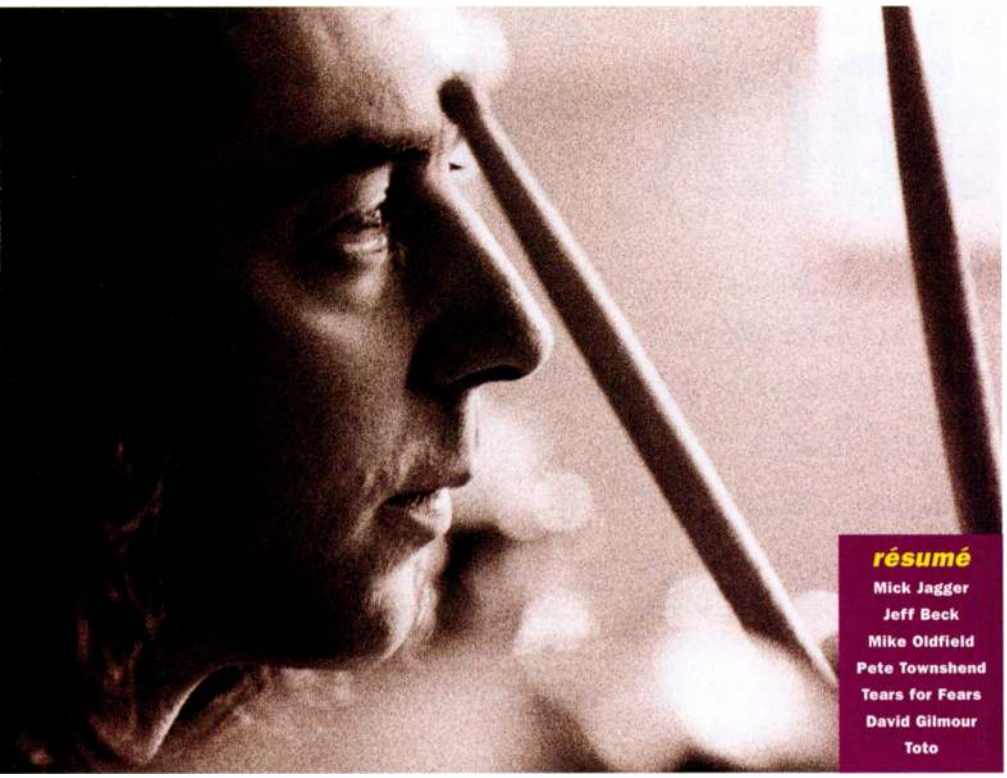
There is no difference. When I'm hired for a session, my attitude is that I join the band for that day and play what's right for the song.

When you first joined Toto, did you ever feel obligated to play like Jeff Porcaro?

Never. The whole point was that they didn't want a session guy to come in and emulate Jeff. But with a song like "Rosanna," there's no other way to play it than the way Jeff did it.

It took awhile for the guys to get used to some of the things I do that are kind of "out," like playing over the barline. One night in Australia in '92 we were playing an instrumental called "Jake to the Bone" and my right bass drum batter head broke. I switched to the left and carried on, but when we got to the end of that section I thought the song was over—forgetting that we were supposed to go to another section. So I stood up and started signaling to my tech to switch drums, and the band kept playing. A couple of the guys were laughing their heads off, but Steve Lukather didn't even look around. He was thinking, "Wow, that's *really* out. Simon's actually stopped playing!"

"When I'm hired for a session, my attitude is that I join the band for that day."



résumé

Mick Jagger
Jeff Beck
Mike Oldfield
Pete Townshend
Tears for Fears
David Gilmour
Toto

You didn't do the fall Toto tour because of health problems. What exactly was wrong?

It was a combination of things, including back trouble and blood poisoning, compounded by trying to do too many things like finishing up both my own album [*Symbiosis*] and the Toto album. I was getting better, but when I started rehearsing for the tour it was too much too soon and I had a relapse. So I had to face the fact that I needed to take a couple of months off to let my body heal.

What's the secret to getting good musicians to play at their best?

Give them something challenging to play. I don't mean technically challenging, but structurally challenging, so they have to think carefully about where the song is going and how they're going to play it.

—RICK MATTINGLY

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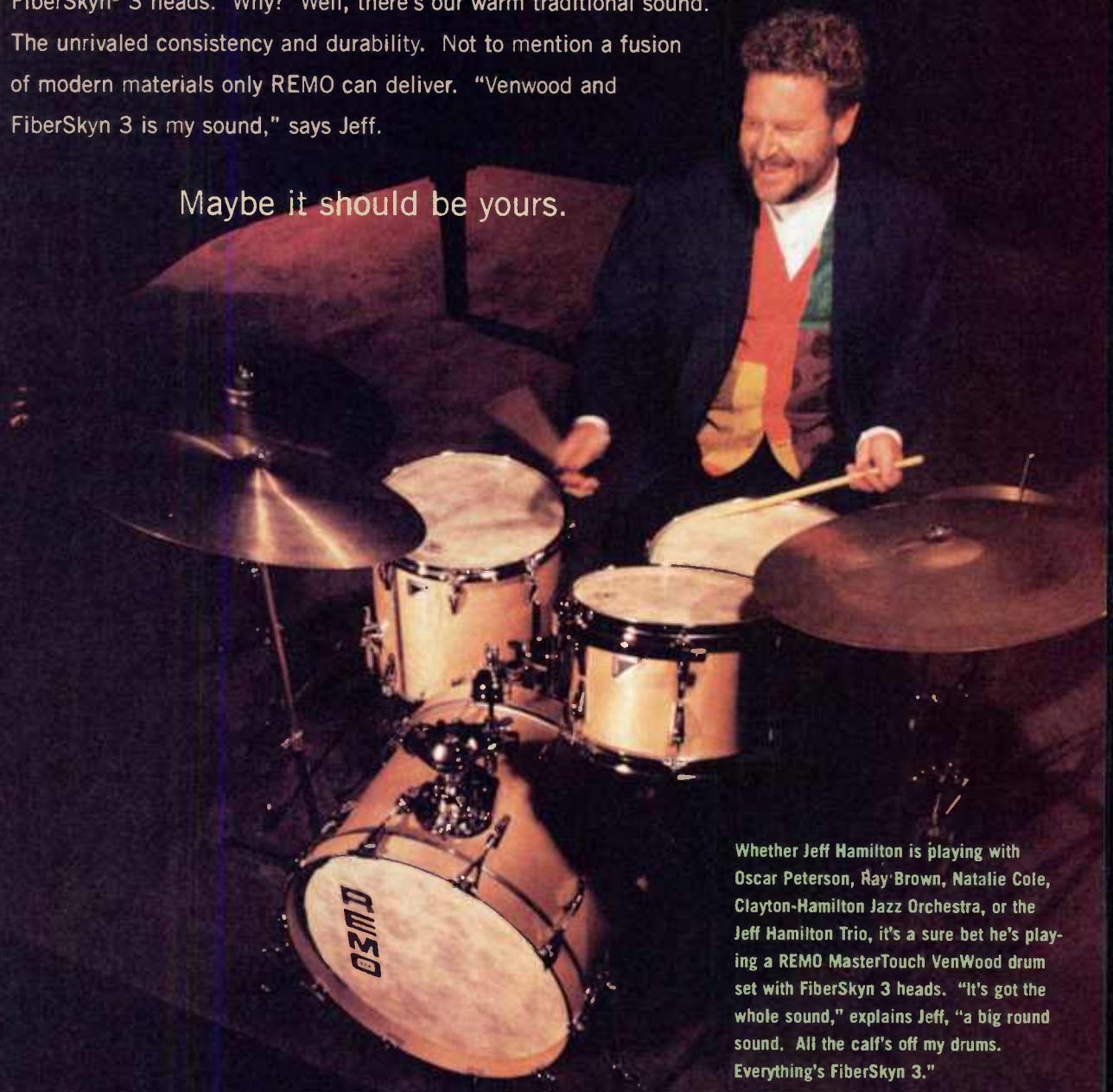

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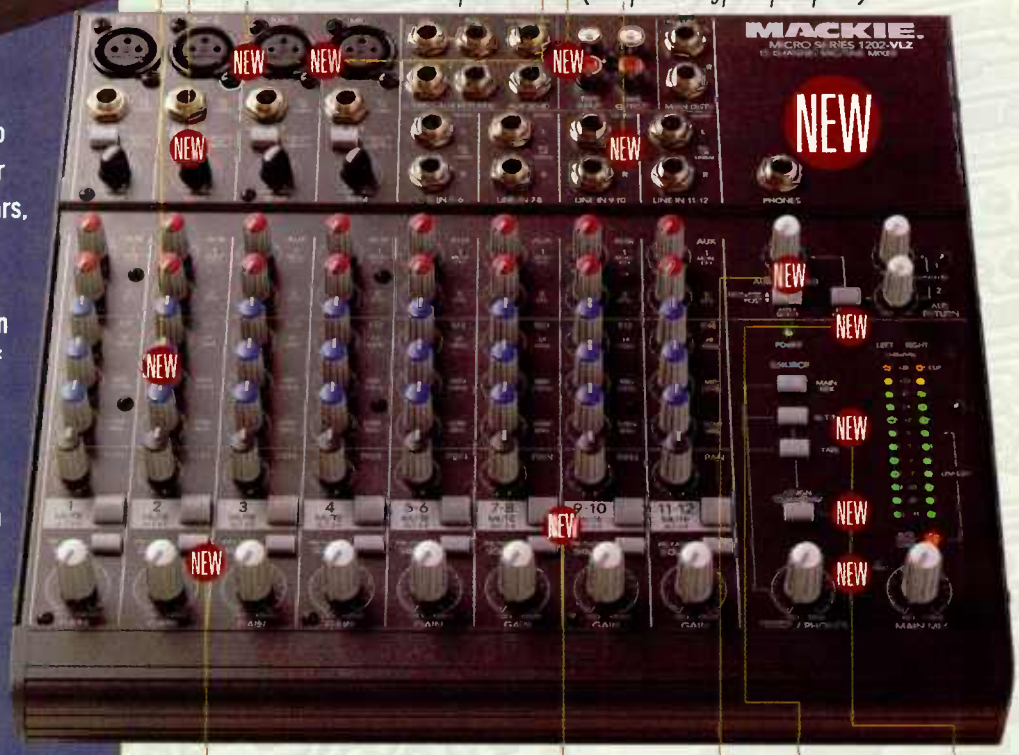

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letters

we're not making this up

Was it the Artist Formerly Known As Prince's choice or his record company's to keep secret that he is an autistic savant who suffers from Tourette's Syndrome, congenital porphyria, dwarfism and is deaf? This is one truly rare and unique man and all this was kept from the public. Why?

All these years critics have compared him to Michael Jackson, and Michael spent most of the '80s in a plastic surgeon's office trying to look like the former Prince. If Michael Jackson had to deal with all the disabilities the former Prince does, he couldn't come up with anything close to the former Prince's genius. Maybe the former Prince is one of Michael Jackson's many molestation victims and that's why he had to change his name.

If it is the former Prince's decision to keep all this quiet, then his privacy should be respected. But if he wants the world to know, then his story should be told with the dignity and respect he deserves. The press should stop all the lies they told about the former Prince in the past. Leave the lying to Michael Jackson.

Sara Jenkins
Hayward, CA

business as usual

I read with interest Mick Jones' article "Musicians Should Own Their Masters" (June '95). Every artist deal that I'm aware of stipulates that the artist bear the costs of recording his/her own master. The recording costs are advanced to the artist and then recouped out of royalties. But the price the artist pays to get this loan is the copyright of the sound recording. It's like taking a loan out to buy a house. It would be better to get a loan from a bank to make the recording and then license the master, keeping the copyright, and (hopefully) receiving artist royalties with which to pay off the bank. If an artist owns his/her own master, then that artist has recourse when the company doesn't pay the royalties it's supposed to pay. Authors of books keep their copyrights. And the book business is far cleaner than the music business, nonpayment of royalties being more the exception than the rule.

Kathlyn Powell
Woodland Hills, CA

lee major

I enjoyed Roy Trakin's article, "Rock Guitarists Don't Die—They Discover Niche Marketing" (Sept. '95). It seems that much of the recorded product today is heavy on promotion and light on music. So it is encouraging to hear that a genuine talent like Alvin Lee has persevered on the independent labels to the extent that his music is again being offered on a major label.

Herb Staehr
Hingham, MA

my world too

Why is it that Joe Boyd, in his article "Beating World Music into Submission" (Aug.'95), laments that artists like Youssou N'Dour deny their rhythmic roots yet has no qualms about Paul Simon denying his? Is Simon's New York Jewish heritage less valid, less "ethnic," or less worthy of being retained in his music than N'Dour's Senegalese Wolof heritage? Why should Simon's cross-cultural musical explorations be seen as a broadening of his musical palette while N'Dour's are seen as a diluting of his?

And if Boyd claims (correctly) that purity of ethnic music is a myth, how is it that he can praise Ali Farka Toure's "pure Malian music"? Why does Boyd maintain that in their collaboration Ry Cooder does not impose an American rhythmic sense upon Ali, yet not assert that Ali has not imposed a Malian melodic sense upon Cooder?

Ramon Versage
Austin, TX

talk is cheap

Sorry, but I have to disagree with two things Tom Mulhern said about 5- and 6-string basses (Nov. '95). First, "the cheapest 5-string starts around $800." Using the 1995-1996 guitar and bass buyers guide, I found 22 5-strings that list for under $800, the least expensive of which is the Foundation 5 by Peavey, listing for $479.99. Second, "Fender's de facto standard spacing"—what's that? Basses are not all made alike, no matter how many strings they have. String spacing (neck width) can even be specified by the customer. Anyway, I was glad to see the bass getting a little more attention. It doesn't matter how many strings you have, it's what you do with them.

Mike Hughes
Binghamton, NY

Tom Mulhern responds: My info regarding prices was out of date—in a good way. Regarding the spacing issue, there is a de facto standard because most bassists are comfortable with the spacing employed on Fender basses and most copies since the 1950s, which is approximately 3/4" apart (center to center). There are variations, especially on 6-strings, but narrower spacing makes slapping and snapping more difficult.

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To *Musician* readers:

Welcome to *Musician*'s 20th year of publication. With this issue, we mark two decades of the best in music journalism, with exciting plans for the future—and one sobering look into the past.

Where were you that night 25 years ago? I was coming out of a theater on Hollywood Boulevard with a friend. As we stepped out into what I remember as a misty evening, we noticed a newspaper machine on the street, from which an oversized headline on the late edition of the *L.A. Times* screamed: "Acid Rock King Dies." When I bought the paper and looked below the fold, I was stunned to find a picture of Jimi Hendrix looking back at me.

Arguments have long raged over how, when and where Hendrix died. Yet new evidence suggests that the mystery may be solved. This month, *Musician* invites the reader to consider another, even more tragic, account of Hendrix's final hours.

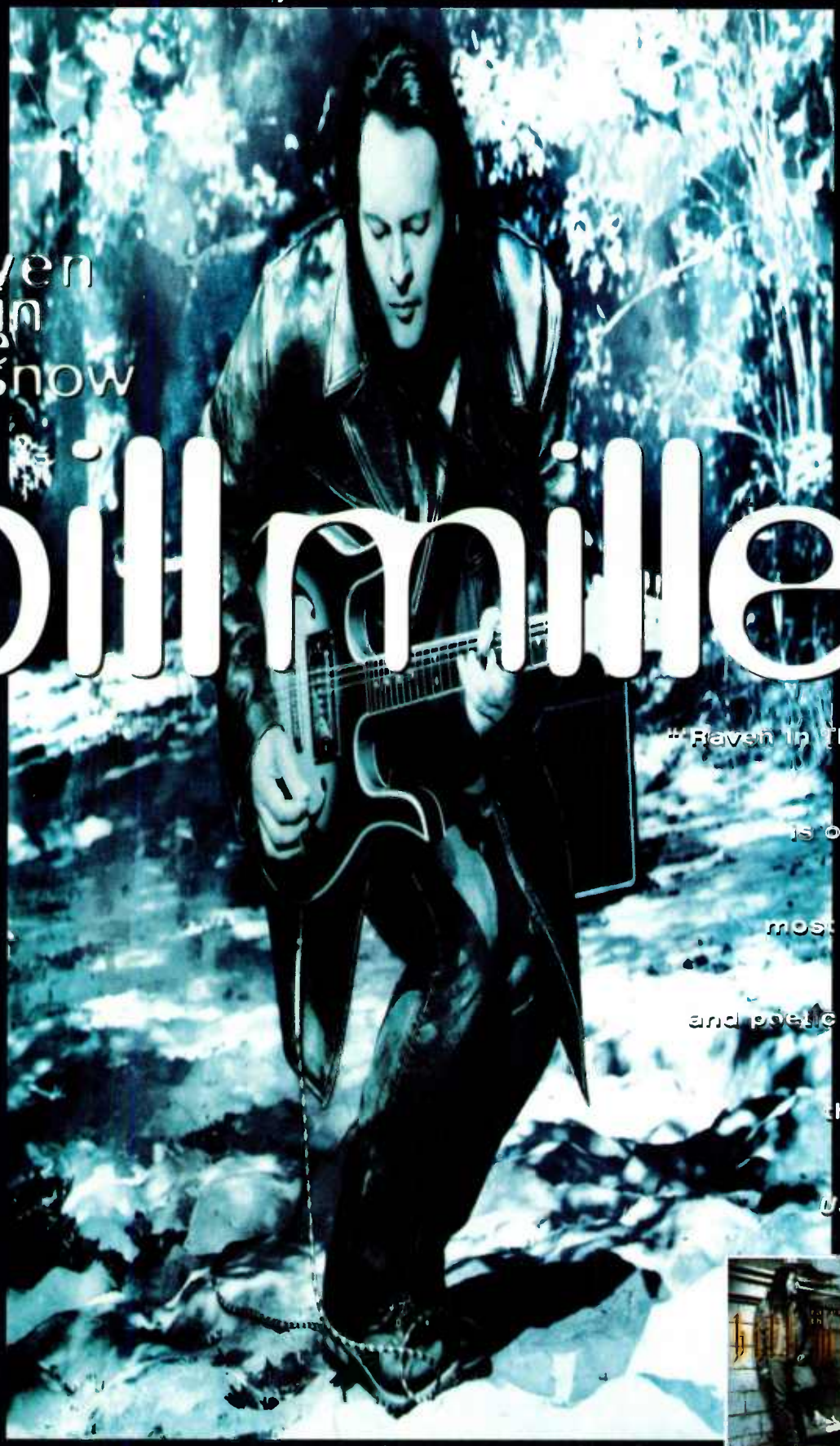
Provocative stuff, but there's more. Check out our first Pick Of The Month—an in-depth look at a product chosen by the staff as the most significant new piece of gear on the market. You'll get 12 of these each year, many of them written by our new technical editor, Howard Massey, whose credits include a string of books—*The Complete Sound Blaster* and *MIDI Home Studio*, to name but two—and articles for *Billboard*, *Keyboard*, *EQ*, and other magazines. The first Pick, though, is by Mac Randall, whose guitar chops give him a handle on this month's featured product, Roland's VG-8 modeling system.

Also, don't miss the debut of What The Players Play, in which Dweezil Zappa, White Zombie, Rusted Root, and other heavy hitters reveal what they're using onstage and show how they get the most from what they're packing. Whether you're a player or a fan, you'll learn more about the acts that matter in this new section.

And, in case you've been too busy reading *Musician* to listen to fresh new talent, we're here to help. Our review of acts you may have missed in '95 will bend your ears toward challenging artists, from Tex-Mex diva Rosie Flores to punk/jazz slammers Medeski, Martin and Wood. Give 'em a listen, keep reading, and let us know what you think.

—Robert L. Doerschuk, Editor

"Rock 'n Roll has just discovered its native soul."



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bill miller

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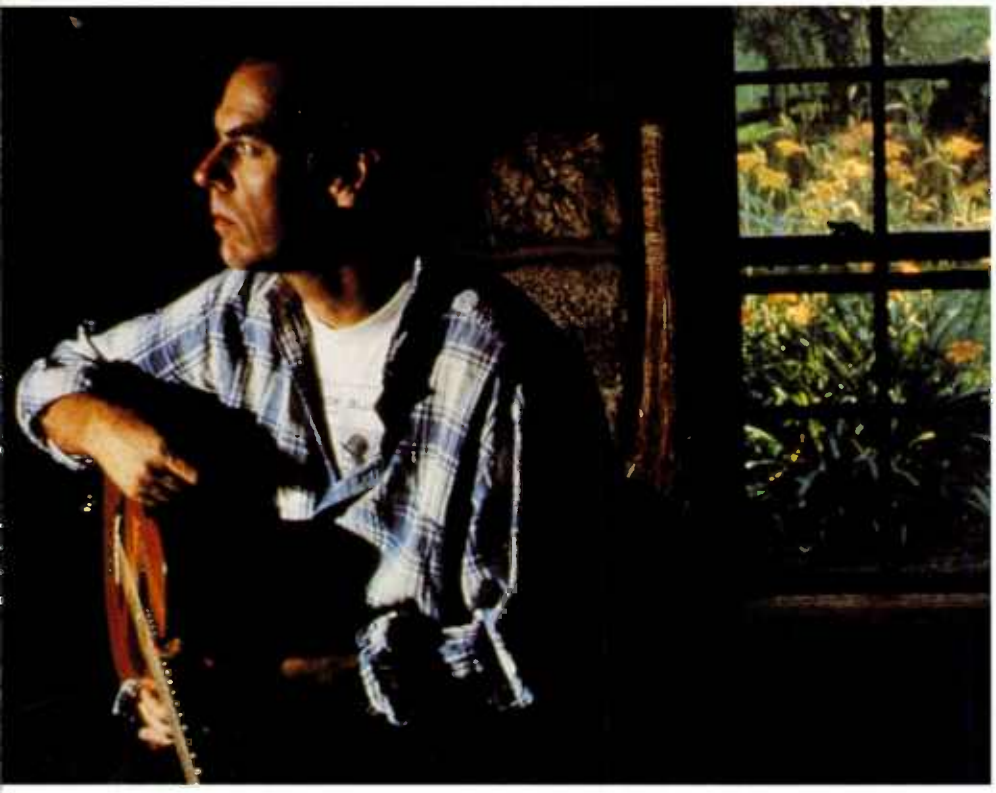

A. Russell

How I Wrote Those Songs

by John Hiatt

I wrote most of *Walk On* on the road. Generally I tour for six months or so and then come home and write songs, but last time we were out touring for so long, 14 months on and off, that it was sort of born of necessity—just fighting boredom. I quit setting aside time for songwriting quite a while ago. I had an office for a year; I was trotting down to Music Row every day trying to get something going. I've employed every device and discipline to try to trick the muse into showing up over the years, and I've arrived back at "why don't you just pick up the guitar and see what happens?" Before you know it, you've got "Old Jed's a Millionaire."

I almost never have a lyric idea when I start strumming. More often than not, the content is invoked by the feeling the melody is giving you. When a melody is emerging I'm just making sounds or singing "scrambled eggs" like Paul McCartney. But once you get an opening line, then it's like you're strapped into the spaceship: "Houston, let's go!" And it's so cool because you don't know where you're going. It's one of the most exciting feelings.

For "Good As She Could Be," I started out with a run-of-the-mill poor little rich girl; I didn't know that she would wind up being sort of like the prodigal daughter returning home unrecognizable to her father. I never saw that coming. "Shredding the Document," that's just a rant. I started thinking about Ricki Lake and Montell Williams, and wound up ranking on the Eagles for charging $100 for something they said they'd never do again.

"Ethylene" was from one of those adopt-a-highway road signs. Apparently our tax dollars no longer pay for that sort of thing, so it's up to the civic-minded among us to keep litter off the roads. This couple adopted a little strip, I don't remember where it was, but her name caught my eye: Ethylene. And I thought, I know this woman. I've met her—or I want to. Or I don't want to. Just the name conjured the whole package. Afterwards I looked at it and thought, "Oh my God, I've described Ted Nugent's dream date!" So you never know where it's gonna lead.

I used to reach a little harder for that musical twist. Like, here's the three chords but I'm gonna throw this little dinky-doink in here just to fuck with you. I don't do that anymore. I go with the three I know, and I drive hard to the basket. I used to go, "You can't do that, it's so dead dumb simple." Now I go, "This is so dead dumb simple—I really like that." I always felt there was something missing. Now I feel maybe it's something that you can't get anywhere else.

I had that whole riff to "The River Knows Your Name" for a couple of days. We were in Austin and our hotel was parked right on the bank of the Colorado River. So by the river I got that riff, and it wasn't 'til the third day that I decided the riff *was* the melody and that the song was about the river I'd been sitting next to. It was practically saying it out to me.

This little lady [*cont'd on page 95*]

rou

by Tim Hyde

The good news is that alternative music is growing immensely. The bad news is that alternative music is growing immensely. Programmers are looking for quick fixes, from novelty tunes (Beck) to big hooks (Alanis Morissette). It can make listening to your local station exciting, but forget about developing a career. Labels want hits now because their catalog sales have slowed down.

So if you're in a band, make your own CD and promote it to radio. If you're a new music fan, tune into the specialty shows in your area and write to

John Hersey

Know the Business Before You Sign On the Dotted Line

by Gerald Levert

Like most performers, if you're serious about becoming a recording artist, you've spent years and years dreaming of "making it." You know what kind of music you want to do, how *you* want to look and so on. But after ten years of being a performer, songwriter and producer, I've finally learned that the music business is more than just recording an album and making lots of money. It's a constant push and pull with the record company president, the person who ultimately controls your career. This is how the process works:

Step 1 - You negotiate your contract. You want to be a star so bad you don't care what the contract says. Later you find out that it's the worst contract ever made.

Step 2 - The marketing department gives you an "image." They want to dress you as a hip-hop artist, when in actuality you're an R&B artist. You're able to overlook all this in order to achieve your dream.

Step 3 - It's time to go into the studio. You've prepared all your material under the impression that you'll be in charge of what you'll be recording. On the other hand, the record company has something else in mind for you. They've hired outside producers to produce the whole album. You consider this to be very disconcerting but figure on your *next* album you'll be able to do what you want.

Step 4 - The album is recorded, your pictures are done and you're preparing to do your first music video. Unbeknown to you, all these costs are being applied to your "account," which must be recouped and repaid in the end.

Step 5 - Finally, the record company chooses your first single. Even though it's not the one you wanted, you are proud anyway. There are so many things you want to do, but the record company president decides that you shouldn't because "it's not in the budget." Your single debuts on the charts at a 97 with a bullet, the record company president tells you it's going to be a Pop and R&B smash. However, the next week [*cont'd on page 95*]

Ruven Asanador

igh mix

your music on the air

those DJs. Radio people love to hear from listeners.

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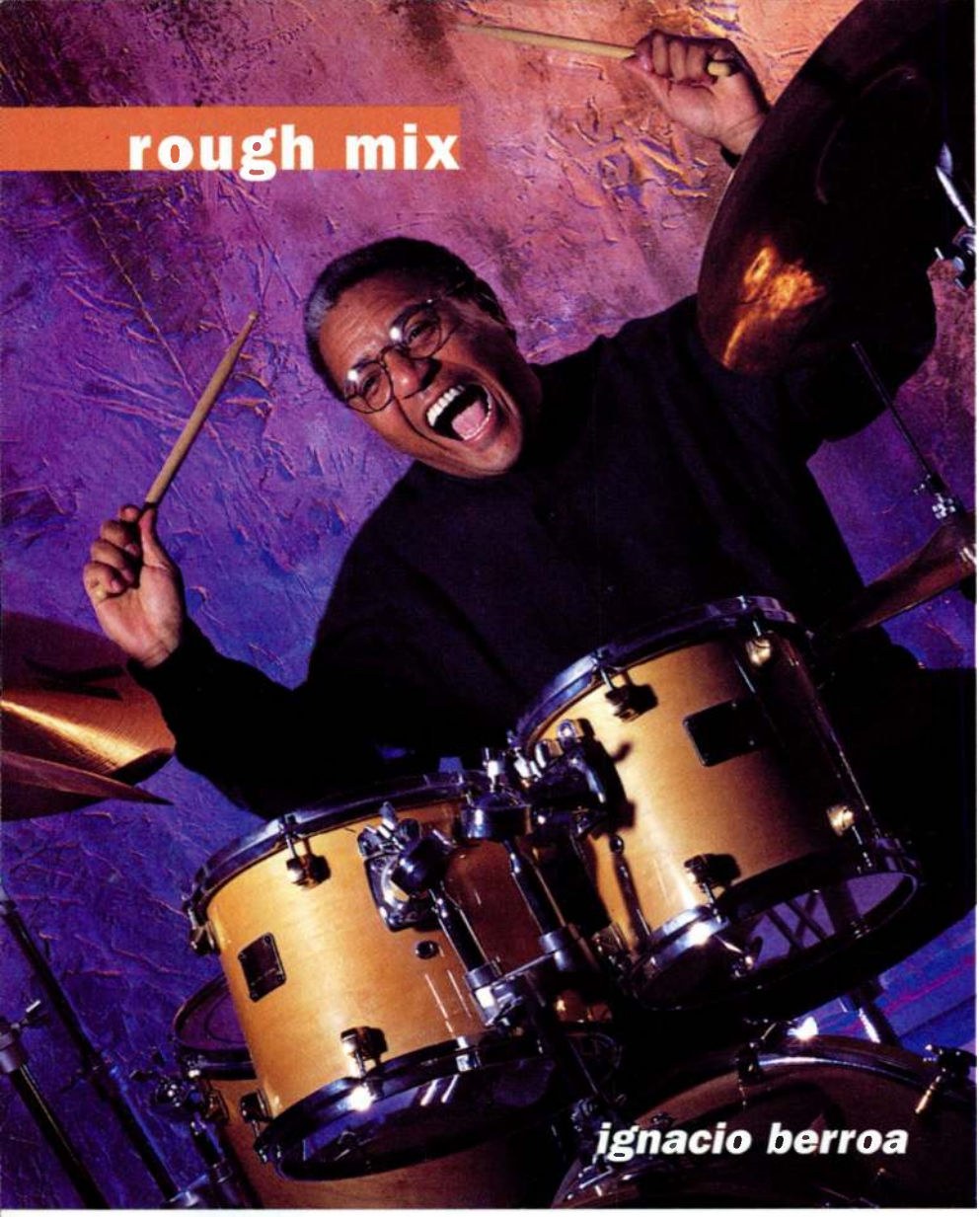
Here are new alternative stations or specialty shows that have signed on in the past six months:

WXRS, 97.5 FM, 2543 La Place Court, Pittsburgh, PA 11732. Local show: Sundays, 7-8 p.m. Host: Bill Burnett. Send tapes and CDs; include phone number. They're looking for fairly mainstream pop, with hip/hit-hard bands like Silverchair, Bush, and Foo Fighters sprinkled in.

WNEW, 102.7 FM, 888 Seventh Ave., 10th Floor, New York, NY 10019. Local show: Saturdays, 10 p.m.-midnight. New program at what has been a very stale station. Competition has pushed these guys into gear and they are hungry for new listeners. Send your tapes and CDs to Pat St. John, with SASE and phone number.

Tim Hyde is a former director of alternative promotion at Mercury. He now runs Music Matters, a radio promotion and artist services firm.

Send questions to Tim c/o Musician or via e-mail to 103067,2025@compuserve.com.



Benny Millares

private lesson

Afro-Cuban Cool

by ken micallef

When Wynton Marsalis recorded *Jazz with a Latin Tinge* for a recent program on National Public Radio, he posed a question to drummer Ignacio Berroa. "Why do Americans sound so funny when they try to play Latin music?" Berroa, ten-year veteran of Dizzy Gillespie's band, replied, "If you don't have the right rhythm section, the music will sound corny."

"That's something I have always criticized," explains the Cuban native. "If jazz musicians would call the right cats, they'd get the real thing."

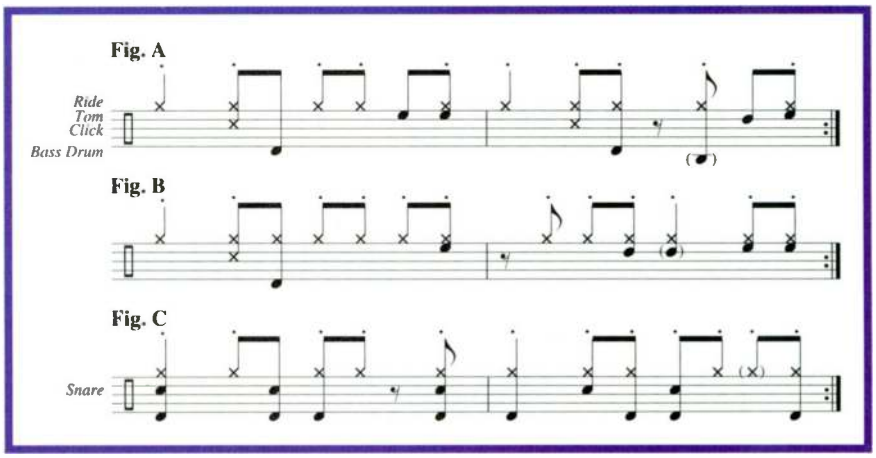
On Berroa's *Mastering the Art of Afro-Cuban Drumming* video, he clears up the past 20 years' fusion-funkified Latin debacle, deciphering such elusive rhythms as *bembe*, *cascara*, *abakwa*, *danzon* and *montuno*. Look behind Steve Gadd's stylized *mozambique* or Dave Weckl's slick *songo* and you'll hear the traditional rhythms Berroa so eloquently performs.

"When people play Afro-Cuban music, they usually play too busy," says Berroa. "My goal is to teach drummers they don't have to play so much. In the old days, Art Blakey or Philly Joe [Jones] would play a rhythm that would fit and drive the music."

The *montuno*-based ride cymbal pattern in Ex. A is familiar to most jazz drummers, but Berroa adds a sparse bass drum figure that alludes to the bass player's pulse, not the overused *songo* or *bayonne*. "This is what I might play on Dizzy's vamp in 'Night In Tunisia.' Something very simple, yet the foundation of Afro-Cuban rhythm."

Ex. B modifies the cymbal and tom pattern slightly while dropping most of the bass drum notes. This gives the beat more of an edge while lending urgency to a bridge or an out section. In Ex. C, a samba bass drum is added to the *montuno* pattern, while the snare drum plays a loose clave (the heartbeat of Afro-Cuban music).

"You can play the rhythms any way you want, but you have to understand the foundations of the rhythm. Then if you want to funkify it, that's cool. If someone thinks a beat is too Afro-Cuban, then you can add a different flavor to it. No one is going to kill you for stretching out a bit."



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Yes, the Sony HR-MP5. It's versatile, convenient, affordable, and great sounding. In conclusion, allow us to leave you with some quotes from Keyboard Magazine, who wrote, *"...clean and smooth presets... the display is big, bright and packed with information ...friendly, easy-to-understand icons at every turn... this user interface is one of the best we've seen,... A+ for Sony."*** What more can we say? For more information, call 1-800-635-SONY, ext. MP5.

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SONY

*"EQ, August 1994." **"Greg Rule, Keyboard Magazine, April 1995."

Denver-based trio 16 Horsepower makes fine music for weeping. The band's earthy, folk-tinged songs render liquored-up moments of despair, lonely breakdowns, and crippled romances in stark detail. The music's vaguely mysterious vibes are underscored by the band's instrumentation—wailing slide guitar or keening concertina set atop pulsing stand-up basslines and parade snare syncopations.

David Eugene Edwards, who functions as the band's master of guitar, banjo and concertina (actually a turn-of-the-century bandoneon), says that 16 Horsepower's dusty melancholia is a reflection of the members' love of traditional musics. "We've listened to Bob Dylan and Leonard Cohen, but the real common bond is in traditional music," he says. "The thing I like most about that kind of music is that it speaks plainly—it's very truthful. And usually the truth is pretty sad."

16 HORSEPOWER

DEBUT ALBUM:
SACKCLOTH 'N' ASHES
LABEL: A&M
RELEASE DATE: FEB. 6

Conversely, the tale of 16 Horsepower is a happy one. Three years ago, working as a carpenter in Los Angeles on Roger Corman film sets, Edwards encountered fellow woodworker Jean-Yves Tola, a Paris transplant and a jazz-trained drummer. The two discovered musical compatibility, and before long had relocated to Denver to pursue their muse in a town with lower rents. There they teamed with Keven Soll, who not only worked with wood but built

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his own basses. Within a month they were playing in clubs.

"Our sound happened quickly—it just seemed to come out of the kind of instruments we were playing," says Edwards. "We got a really good response when we played out, but it wasn't the typical rock show response. People wouldn't scream and go crazy—they'd just kind of stand there drop-jawed, staring at us like, 'Are you guys for real?'"

In the crowd one show was Jamie Fraser of Ricochet Records. He picked up a 16 HP demo and upon his return home insisted that Jeff Suhy, a friend in the A&R department at A&M Records, give it a listen.

"He rarely ever stops in and makes me listen to something," says Suhy. "So when he did, I knew I needed to pay attention. It was pretty obvious that they weren't of the moment. They were doing something soulful, with much deeper roots. Frankly, I was blown away. They happened to be opening for Rev. Horton Heat the next weekend, so I flew to Denver, and as much as I enjoyed the tape, it was totally unexpected how amazing the show was. After a couple of conversations with the guys, I knew this was a band I wanted to deal with."

Suhy's enthusiasm convinced the band that he was the right A&R man as well. "I guess it's a little like some movie," chuckles Edwards, "where the label guy hears the tape, makes the call, and jumps on a plane. But it didn't feel odd to us. It felt like that was the way things were supposed to work. We had a ton of other people call us right after that who just seemed to be dragging their feet. We liked Jeff's initiative, and we really didn't want to talk to anybody else because he's the one who made the effort."

The band also appreciated the initiative of producer Warren Bruleigh (Violent Femmes), who, after seeing a show, called the band just before Suhy did to offer his services if the band ever got a record deal. Sure enough, Bruleigh was behind the boards when the band cut *Sackcloth 'n' Ashes* at Ardent Studios in Memphis. "It's almost beyond belief how easily everything came together for this band," laughs Suhy.

The only difficulty they've confronted so far is that the album, finished last April, has been held up by the label's release schedule. But that potential morale-sapper was resolved last August with a self-titled EP that was recorded at A&M but released by Ricochet. "Loaning out a band for an EP would have been considered insane at one time," says Suhy. "And it did get some raised eyebrows from our legal department. But not only did it return a favor to Jamie, it was also a good way to get word out about the band and it gave them something to work with while touring. As it turns out, they've been selling 60 EPs a night at shows and having people ask them to sign their arms and their clothing. That's not normally what happens for a band that no one's heard of."—*Chuck Crisafulli*

talent

mem shannon Driving a cab can give anyone the blues. But Mem Shannon makes the best of it by turning the toil, travail and human comedy of hackwork into soulful, witty blues originals. The New Orleans singer/guitarist/songwriter combines mainstream urban funk with the rich tradition of Crescent City on his debut album *A Cab Driver's Blues* (Hannibal). Shannon's inspired performance is interspersed with candid conversations recorded in his cab, as everyone from disgruntled hookers to naive tourists bends his sympathetic ear. "That idea came to me after I had cut the album," Shannon explains. "I recorded about 50 hours of chit-chat with my passengers on a cheap little mono cassette player, and then I picked out the best stuff."

Songs like "Play the Guitar, Son" may well emerge as contemporary blues standards. And if that happens, Shannon can abandon his checkered career and make music full-time. "My goal," he says, "is not to be a cabdriver a year from now."

—*Ben Sandmel*

Patti Perret

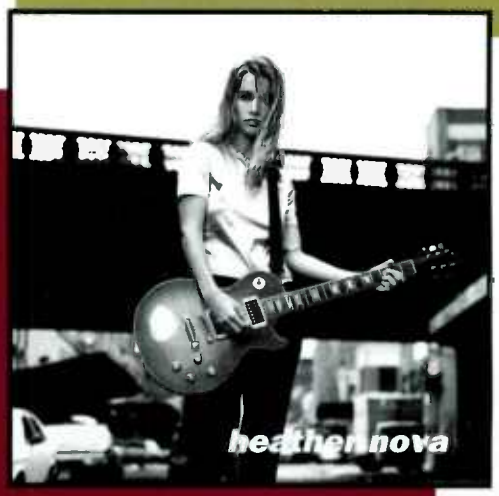
seven mary three They may resemble the crunch and crash of Pearl Jam, but this Virginia quartet takes a less blatant approach, both instrumentally and lyrically. Building songs with poetry and sparsely powerful arrangements, Seven Mary Three reach beyond tormented navel- gazing to illumined self-discovery. "I think our music goes places that are very different from Pearl Jam," says lead vocalist and songwriter J. Ross. "There's no inner tribulation or tragedy that makes us want to build a wall between us and our listeners. What you hear is what you get."

Originally signed after a Florida radio station was deluged with calls after playing the single "Cumbersome," the group recorded *American Standard* for Mammoth. "There are themes on *American Standard* that stroke the outer surfaces of forgiveness," says Ross. "It's about trying to have compassion for people who are truly alienated from society, the real outcasts. That's

talent

entirely different from self-alienation where you isolate yourself from everyone."

Their varied style depends on both tradition and experimentation. "People are trying to peg us as the traditional rock band. We're not struggling to define our sound, but everyone so quickly wants to define it for us." —*Ken Micallef*



Kwaku Alston

heather nova "When I was seven, my parents came into my room in the middle of the night, because they'd heard a noise," recounts Heather Nova. "I was sitting up in bed, asleep, holding a table lamp like a guitar. I said, 'Daddy said I could go on tour.'"

Nova's dream is coming true. *Oyster* combines gritty content with elegant pop textures, using sophisticated tunes and savvy players, including a cellist, to tell candid stories of lust and abuse. "It's easy to write clever songs and sound good. The hard thing is being real."

Raised on a sailboat in Bermuda and educated at the Rhode Island School of Design, Nova did time on the London club scene, releasing a live album and an LP of home recordings prior to *Oyster*. Though brimming with confidence, Nova professes surprise at finding an audience. "It's weird—you write these little songs in your living room and thousands of people end up relating to them."

Delusions of grandeur haven't seduced Heather Nova yet, however. "When I started, my goal was to make an album. Now, I wanna make another album."—*Jon Young*

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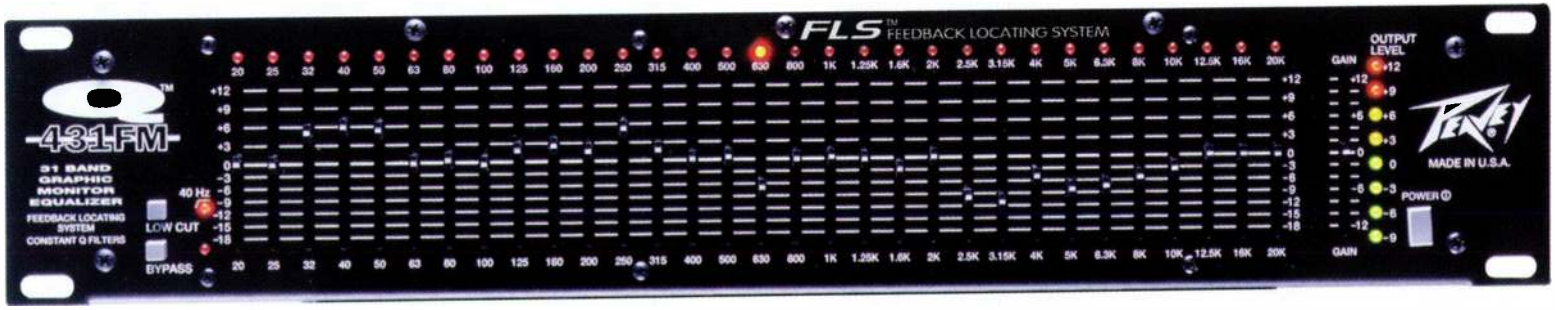

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The 90s Of

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10 BANDS YOU NEED TO HEAR

In a world awash in formula pop, in a business where image is too often a viable alternative to talent, these ten acts, chosen by the arbitrary but well-informed seers at *Musician*, deserve more attention than they have gotten so far from the public at large. With next year lurking around the corner, we're hoping that our top ten will break in a big way. By checking them out now, you can tell your friends that you beat the curve—with a little help from *Musician*.

TRICKY

"I'm just a little kid with a really big mouth," laughs sampling artist extraordinaire Tricky. "And I'm in the best business possible for a kid with a big mouth and a sampler."

For exhibit A, there's his debut album, *Maxinquaye*. Packed full of playfully seductive rhythms and engaging layers of sonic texture, the record handily explodes the genre cubbyholes around rap, hip-hop, techno, and acid jazz, and offers some of the year's most heated lyrics ("I fuck you in the ass, just for a laugh") as well.

"It was a demo album really," shrugs the 27-year-old Bristol, England native, who previously worked with that town's dance-hop unit Massive Attack. "Just me working at my place with a Mackie 1202, an Akai S1000, and a few effects. I tried to re-do a couple of tracks in a 24-track studio and they just didn't work. The vibe that gives me that corny, funny feeling in my upper body just wasn't there. So we put out the demos."

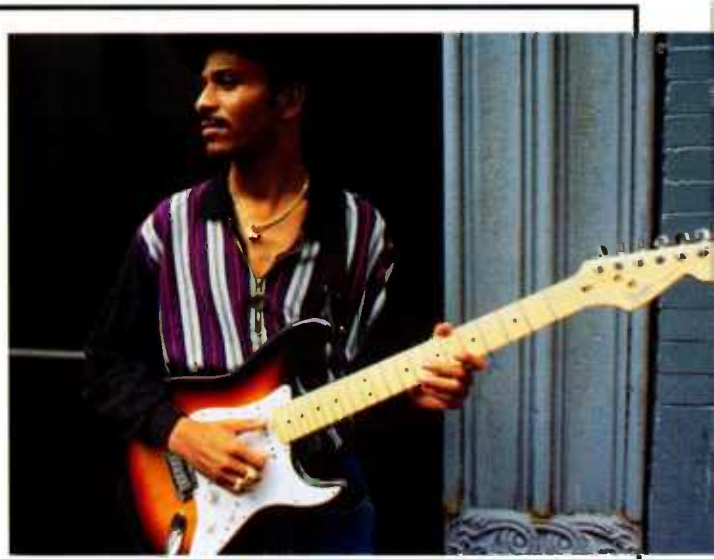
One of *Maxinquaye*'s most successful cuts is an ingeniously reimagined cover of Public Enemy's "Black Steel In the Hour of Chaos." With Tricky's vocalist partner Martine casually purring Chuck D's rage-drenched words, the producer fills out the track with a mix of mutated tabla rhythms and perky, B-52's-style punk guitar. "I knew it was going to work," says Tricky. "I fucked around with some Indian religious music to make that beat up, and I'd had it for ages. As soon as Martine sang it, I knew we'd gotten it right. And Chuck liked it. He came up to me at a party and said 'Thank you' and all I could say was 'Thank *you*.'"

Tricky started his career crashing dance parties in Bristol and fighting for the mike, but he's now a busy, much-in-demand talent. He's produced tracks for Björk, done remixes for Stevie Wonder and Yoko Ono, and released pseudonymous singles and EPs at a daunting clip. Recently, he completed a new Tricky album in a three-week binge at his home studio. Still, he is determined to keep intact his happy-kid approach to the world at large.

"I don't want to learn too much," he laughs. "I can't pretend to know what I've been doing so far, but it's worked out quite nicely. I certainly don't want to start growing up now. I figure growing up is not my greatest strength—being naive is."

—Chuck Crisafulli

Deverill Weekes



DAVE THOMPSON

Blues singer/guitarist Dave Thompson's brawling sound has been bred in venues off the beaten track. Like Booba Barnes' Place, a Greenville, Mississippi juke joint operated by Thompson's former employer, a fellow bluesman.

"It's a rough place," says the plain-spoken Thompson. "Nelson [Street, in Greenville] is a rough scene anyway. All the clubs on that street, the run-down places and stuff like that, just bad joints. They ain't no up-to-date clubs."

The ofttimes violent life in those joints is sublimely captured on Thompson's debut *Little Dave and Big Love*. The album, released by Fat Possum Records, has established Thompson as the latest in a line of fiery down-home blues artists whose harsh, exciting music has been skillfully documented by the small Oxford, Mississippi label. At 25, Thompson is the thrilling young lion of the bunch.

Thompson has been playing guitar practically since he was old enough to hold one: His father, a guitarist and drummer himself, bought Little Dave an instrument at the age of nine, and schooled him in the music of Jimmy Reed and Muddy Waters. By his early teens, Thompson was backing up gospel groups like the all-female quintet the Greenville Letts. At 15, he began playing with Booba Barnes in some of the less exclusive joints of Mississippi.

Recruited by Fat Possum as a featured performer on the debut album by Junior Kimbrough's son David Malone, Thompson stepped out on his own with *Little Dave and Big Love*, which showcases his sizzling single-string and slide playing, bluntly moving songs, and impassioned singing.

Thompson's immediate goals remain humble. "I want to do well in life, as far as havin' things. Just bein' able to live comfortable, and to be able to do somethin' for somebody that needs somethin'."—Chris Morris

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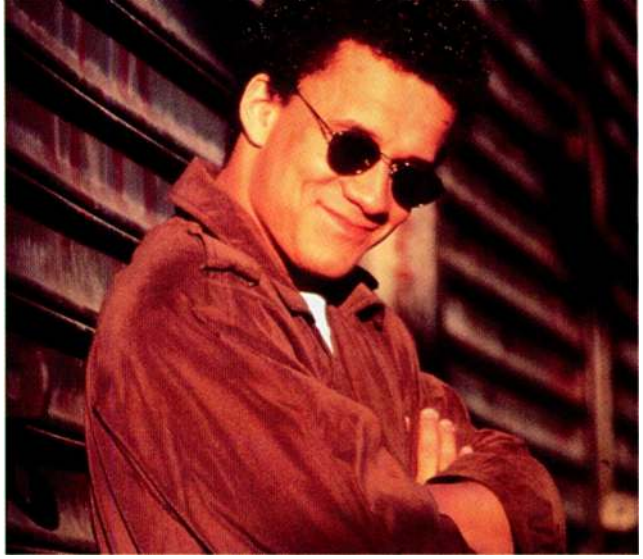

JACKY TERRASSON

Jazz is a serious business, an art form to be approached with caution and sobriety . . . *not*! One imagines Jacky Terrasson deflating the academics, dousing the guardians of the pure flame, with a deft melodic tweak and a playful paraphrase from a Disney theme.

Since winning the Thelonious Monk Jazz Piano Competition back in '93, the 29-year-old Berlin-born virtuoso has torched the club circuit and heated up the charts with two trio albums on Blue Note. The first, *Jacky Terrasson*, released in January '94, ran several standards through some of the cheekiest arrangements they've ever experienced, including an astonishing *accelerando* and *ritard* on the front and back, respectively, of "Bye Bye Blackbird." Terrasson's latest release, *Reach*, out this February, tackles another truism: the virtues of subjecting small groups to unnaturally antiseptic recording conditions. Rather than cut himself off from bassist Ugonna Okegwo and drummer Leon Parker with baffles and listen to his partners from afar through headphones, Terrasson elected to record the group with a grand total of two microphones and unplug the cans.

"Everything came out great," Terrasson insists. "You really capture the air; you hear the band playing in a room. We set up close, just like we do onstage, so it was like doing a live gig in [engineer] Mark Levinson's place."

Like his more established colleagues, he feels that the public could pay a little more attention to jazz. He does, however, admit that his generation needs to take some responsibility for the difficulties of survival in a rock 'n' roll world.

"Jazz is still considered an old thing by the general public. The problem is where young musicians who really should try to do some new stuff are being too conservative. A lot of that comes from how Wynton Marsalis promotes the music. But just because he does that doesn't mean that he should encourage young players to be like that too."

What's the answer? Terrasson smiles—playfully. "Three words. Buy my records."—Robert L. Doerschuk

Jim Varielle

BROUN FELLINIS

On their *Aphrokubist Improvisations Vol. 9* album debut (Moonshine), Bay Area beatniks the Broun Fellinis blend scratchy samples, pert saxophones, slithery bass, atonal keyboards and jarring spoken-word vocals into a neo-jazz pastiche that's tough to pigeonhole.

Lyrically, much of *Aphrokubist* was inspired by outspoken beat-spawned artists like the Last Poets and Gil Scott-Heron. Although reedman Black Edgar Kenyatta and new bassist Kirk the Redeemer are well-schooled in traditional and fusion jazz, the trio shuns such handy nomenclature. According to percussionist Kevin Carnes, who slaps skins under the pseudonym Professor Boris Karnaz, "I try and avoid getting into that jazz or acid-jazz mode and just play music."

One thing's for sure: the Broun Fellinis have, almost overnight, become skoodle-ee-doo-wah coffeehouse cool. At each show you might see punks, poets, rastas, yuppies, maybe even a few beret-and-Rayban revivalists, all swaying side by side to the group's trippy, blissful groove. The band has created a mythology to accompany the music—they claim to hail from Boohaabia, a dreamworld floating off the coast of Madagascar, equidistant from the Phat Temple, the Ministry of Imagination, and the Oasis of Surprise. Philosophies taught there? "All areas are to be roasted thoroughly," quips Carnes.

How does one visit Boohaabia? Professor Karnaz waxes an eloquent purple: "The drum will get you there. A few B-flats in the proper sequence will get you there, and the Redeemer just might let you climb in through his bass cabinet, if you've brought him some cashews. And if you can just let yourself go, you'll feel that place, feel that color, feel that sound, and pretty soon, your chair will be six inches deep in sand and there'll be giraffes all around you, ready to take you anywhere you want to go."—Tom Lanham

Christopher McCann

One of the most appealing things about the pop music that's come out of New Zealand over the past decade has been its straightforwardness. No big production, few frills, just plenty of three-minute songs, verse-chorus-verse, performed sweetly and succinctly. The Bats, arguably the finest surviving practitioner of New Zealand pop, have put their folksy spin on the style, but over the course of four full-length albums, they've kept it pretty simple too. So what's with *Couchmaster* (Mammoth)? From the infinite-sustain guitars of "Afternoon in Bed" to the pulsating six-minute drone of "Crow Song," the Bats' latest release is full of sonic surprises. More a collection of mood pieces than a pop record, it suggests a band interested in creating a sound beyond the basic interplay of lyrics, chords and melodies.

Head Bat Robert Scott confirms this impression. "We were definitely going more for atmosphere this time," says the band's guitarist, singer and main songwriter. "I'd been listening to a lot of ambient music, mainly German bands from the '70s like Faust and Can, while we were working on the songs. I don't think you could necessarily guess that from any particular track, but it affected the writing and recording in some ways.

BATS

"I've gotten a lot more confidence on guitar in the last couple of years," says Scott, who started out as a bassist and only took up guitar after several years holding down the low end for seminal NZ outfit the Clean. "If you listen back to the old Bats records, the playing's quite rudimentary. Now I'm experimenting more with chords and tunings, and I like to stretch out a bit."

Oddly enough, the better the Bats' music becomes, the less their homeland seems to care. "All the New Zealand bands that came up, as we did, on the Flying Nun label are on the margins now," Scott reports. "Most people here are more interested in dance music." No matter. As long as the Bats continue making albums like *Couchmaster*, they'll be welcome just about anywhere.

—Mac Randall

Don't let the name put you off. The music of Screaming Headless Torsos is in fact highly approachable. Just be careful as you approach—otherwise you may find yourself in the middle of a dangerous genre collision. As their self-titled Discovery debut demonstrates, the Torsos are masters of the sudden stylistic shift. "Word to Herb" veers from bop to rap to rock and back again; Miles Davis' "Blue in Green" gets a reggae treatment, then abruptly goes metal. It all should sound jarring, but thanks to the players' knack for finding solid hooks in unlikely places, it doesn't.

The current New York-based Torsos lineup—guitarist/leader David "Fuze" Fiuczynski, vocalist Dean, bassist Fima Ephron, drummer Jojo Mayer and percussionist Daniel Sadownick—has been

SCREAMING H

together for over three years, but the band has existed, as a concept at least, since 1984 (a couple of earlier units played around Boston during Fuze's time at the New England Conservatory). "The original idea for the Torsos was a combination of punk rock and reggae with an opera singer, because I was into both Bad Brains and Nina Hagen at the same time," Fiuczynski recalls. The opera singer's long gone now; in her place we have Dean, who can glide effortlessly from smooth R&B stylings to punky shrieks and snarls. (He's a mean yodeler too.) Ephron, Mayer and Sadownick make a mega-rhythm section, never straying far from the funk even when they're tackling nasty time signatures. And Fuze's playing and writing brilliantly blend jazz knowhow with a love for heavy riffs.

"I'm not a composer," says Fiuczynski. "I'm more of a hunter-gatherer. I like certain grooves and certain harmonies that you don't usually hear over those grooves, some wild singing and playing, and some exciting spices. The

harmonies we're using are nothing new; just listen to Jack Walrath, Billy Hart or George Russell. You probably won't hear those kind of harmonies in a house tune, though." And there lies the beauty of

DLESS TORSOS

Screaming Headless Torsos: When *they* play a "house tune," as on "Cult of the Internal Sun," it's a feast of complex extended chords worthy of Bill Evans. Not only that, but the groove is in 15. All this cleverness would make little difference, of course, if the result didn't rock royally. But if it didn't, why would we be telling you about it?— **Mac Randall**

TARNATION

Tarnation is a band, sort of. "The current lineup is the third group to work under the name Tarnation," notes singer/guitarist Paula Frazer, leader of the San Francisco combo, adding philosophically, "You can't expect other people to follow your vision."

Indeed, the Tarnation responsible for the stunning *Gentle Creatures* split before its release on 4AD last summer. Unfazed, Frazer recruited "more dynamic" Tucson natives Alex Oropeza (guitar), Bill Cuevas (bass, lap steel) and Joe Byrnes (drums), who also have their own thing going as Broken Horse, to fill the void. "They're into a lot of the same things as me, which I didn't share with the previous band," she says, citing Nick Cave and Ennio Morricone.

Frazer's music is a deceptively complex blend. She readily acknowledges the influence of Hank Williams and Jimmie Rodgers, evidenced by her blue yodel, not to mention Roy Orbison and Patsy Cline, but also grooves to everything from Led Zeppelin and the Pretenders to Joy Division and Massive Attack. Anything except modern country.

"I can't listen to it, even for fun. Country music used to be all emotion, but now it's just surface. Today, it seems like you get booted out of Nashville once you hit 30."

The daughter of a Presbyterian minis-

Greg Allen

ter and piano-teacher mom, Frazer grew up in rural Georgia and Arkansas. She drifted to San Francisco in the early '80s, where her dues paying encompassed both punk rock and a 16-woman choir.

Along the way, Frazer found a day job in archaeology, "writing numbers on tiny pieces of rock" before graduating to lab work and on-site digs.

She'll have to kiss that glamorous career goodbye if more people discover Tarnation's wonderfully moody tunes. "My songs might not be punchy enough for mainstream radio," she says blithely. "Although Tarnation may not be another Alanis Morissette, I can see doing as well as k.d. lang, possibly."

—Jon Young

RADIOHEAD

Yes, they do have a much higher profile than our other nine picks for '95. Scoring a smash hit with your debut single can't help but raise your recognizability quotient. But the fact remains: That single—1993's "Creep"—is still the only major commercial success Radiohead's had. That's bound to mystify anyone who's heard the Oxford quintet's latest release, *The Bends* (Capitol), which opens with the heavily echoed piano chords of "Planet Telex," closes with the moody guitar arpeggio of "Street Spirit," and is damn near flawless in between. If music like this doesn't lead to superstardom, then the world's in even worse shape than we thought.

As is so often the case, the singer's gotten all the attention. And no doubt about it, Thom Yorke's a fantastic frontman; his droopy eyes and manic antics make him a stage magnet, while his sinuous vocal style perfectly conveys the depths of bitterness and longing in the band's songs. But what really makes Radiohead special is their skill as arrangers. A three-guitar band can easily become a trainwreck. That this one doesn't is a testament to the value of listening. Jon Greenwood, Ed O'Brien and Yorke aren't

Danny Clinch

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out to blow each other away. Instead, they're interested in devising parts that fit. The result: intricate textures that continue to reveal new layers each time you listen.

Coming off nearly a year and a half on the road, Radiohead entered the studio for the *Bends* sessions with newfound confidence and a willingness to experiment. Aiding in the experimentation was producer John Leckie, best known for his work with the Stone Roses and XTC's psychedelic alter egos the Dukes of Stratosphear. "He demystified the whole process of recording," Greenwood recalls. "That helped us realize how to use the studio. Most studio people are reading science magazines about sound; ask them what music they like and they give you a blank look. It had always been hard for us to be musical in that environment. This time we found ourselves." It's a discovery that all can enjoy.— **Mac Randall**

A lot of times people have said to me, 'I was at your show and hearing this really wild guitar playing and I was looking at this guy and then I realized it wasn't him playing—it was you!'"

It's a mistake Rosie Flores can shrug off these days. Years of charismatic live performances have won her a cult reputation as the queen of the south-of-Bakersfield sound. And with *Rockabilly Filly*, her most recent offering for High Tone, more of the mainstream is taking note of Flores' talents as a hot-shot guitarist, an engagingly personal songwriter, and a vocalist whose jazz phrasings and understated soulfulness bear comparison with the best pop singers.

Flores' beloved Fender Strat includes a

ROSIE FLORES

vintage back pickup with two newer ones up front, a mid-range boost, a shaved neck for easier hand movement and a lightweight body Flores lifted off a cheap Squier Strat, "because the original was so heavy it made my shoulder ache. It's a bit of a mutt but I wouldn't trade it for a million bucks."

Her axe is a good metaphor for Flores' musical style, which pulls together strains of classic country (check out her Pete Anderson–produced Warner Bros. debut, a collector's item slated for reissue in '96), the original folk-rock songs and arrangements which pepper *After the Farm* and *Once More with*

I'm the kind of person who, when you come to my house for a visit, starts playing my favorite records for you before you've hung up your coat. It's "Have you heard this?" and "Wait 'til you hear that!" and "Check out the new so-and-so!"

I can't help it. I've been doing this ever since I learned how to operate my family's old RCA Victrola back in the prehistoric 1950s. I was born to share music.

I managed early in life to find a socially acceptable way to fulfill my "vocation"– I went into radio. It was contemporary recording glut, I was skeptical. For me, the presentation of music has always been a distinctly personal – not corporate – endeavor. But I was curious. So, I met with Steve and Martin and was soon convinced that they meant to do something real...and very hip. They impressed me with their desire to create a vehicle that would appeal to people who complain about having no way to learn about new music; who have given up on radio's boring formats but

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■ **Which brings me to GROOVES.** When these two guys from Time-Life Music called and asked me to get involved in creating a CD and magazine that would serve as a sampler of contemporary "adult" rock 'n' roll geared to people who have always loved music but feel lost in the don't have Beavis and Butthead's taste either; people who would naturally love an Aimee Mann or a Son Volt if only they had the opportunity to hear them. The missionary in me could not resist signing on as Editorial/Music Director of GROOVES.

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(Continued on next page)

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approached programming my radio show for 27 years).

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■ **Think of GROOVES as an adult alternative radio program that comes in the mail rather than over the airwaves.** Imagine we're like that music junkie you know who's always making tapes of his/her current favorite songs and sending them to friends. We approach our mission here with the same zeal and fervor that attracted us to music in the first place. GROOVES is, above all, a labor of love. We've assembled a great writing staff and have a terrific design director (who actually likes words – imagine that!) We're using recycled paper and we've designed a package that allows you to store the magazine and compact disc together, in a size and shape compatible with the other CDs in your collection.

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Feeling, and the inspired electric swing of *Rockabilly Filly*—a career arc that coheres naturally, even as it defies easy category. That's the way Flores likes it, and if her way hasn't proved the quickest route to stardom, she's discovered deeper rewards.

"Somebody asked me the other day, 'Don't you want to be a big star?' And I said, 'Well, I'm a little star in a big sky.'"—**Mark Rowland**

MEDESKI MARTIN & WOOD

There's something scary about the kind of momentum John Medeski, Billy Martin and Chris Wood build together. Other groups mix elements of jazz, hip-hop and neo-punk too, but where most of the time the results feel like oil and water, these guys make it more like oil and fire. It's not about blending styles; it's about banging them head-first and watching them bleed.

Jazz is the first ingredient in the MMW mix, though Medeski's Hammond B-3 lines are about as close to Jimmy Smith as Coltrane is to Boots Randolph. No stranger to the blues, he often ditches the chicken shack for more mutant hangouts, from an avant-tango dungeon in "Last Chance to Dance Trance (Perhaps)" to a day care center for children of the deranged on "We're So Happy," both on *Friday Afternoon in the Universe* (Rykodisc).

This fusion of retro gear and John Zorn-esque attitude finds its reflection in Wood's string-snapping style on a 75-year-old Pfreschtner acoustic bass. Meanwhile, Martin struts his street beats on a Rogers kit with old Zildjian cymbals and a bunch of found percussive objects, including a piece of metal that fell into his Brooklyn loft from Manhattan Bridge one providential night.

In the end, the odd parts fit together perfectly. "We'll play one groove for an hour, just to find one bar of melody," Medeski says. "It's pretty much how a composer writes by himself, but since there's three of us, it just takes a little longer."

—**Robert L. Doerschuk**

Martin Gallina Jones

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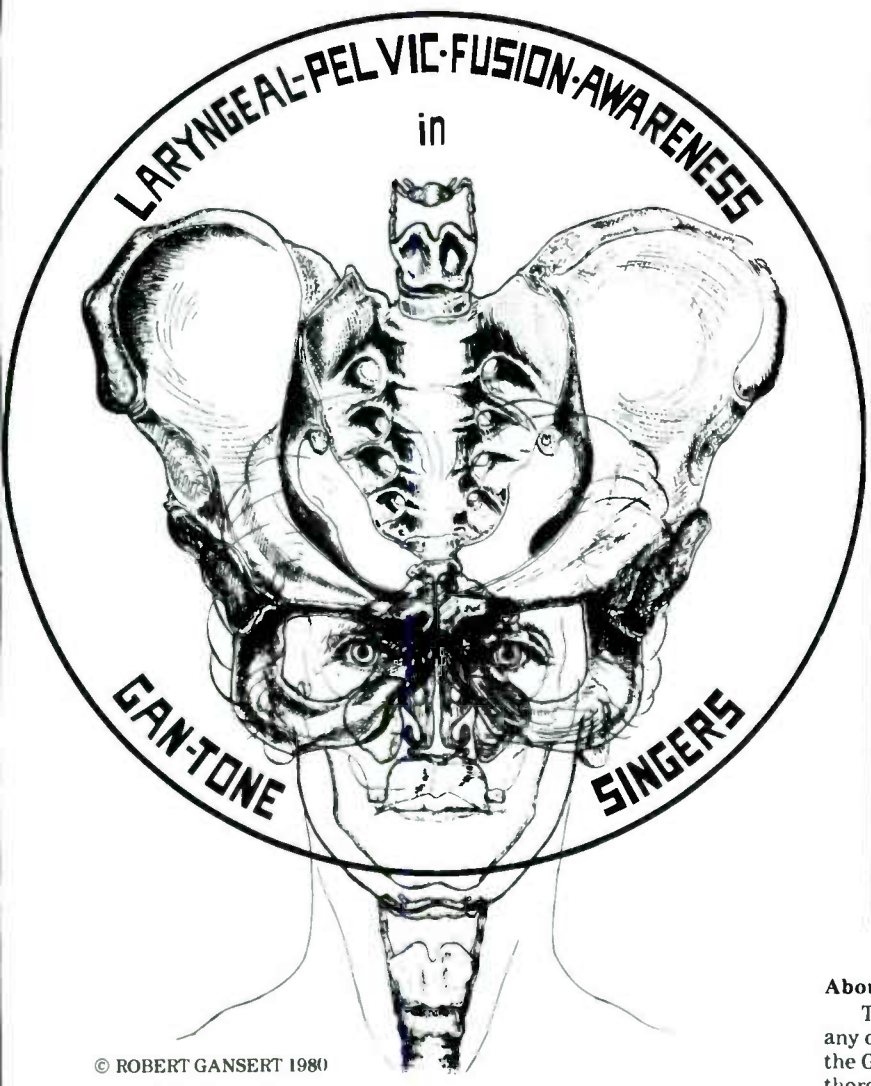

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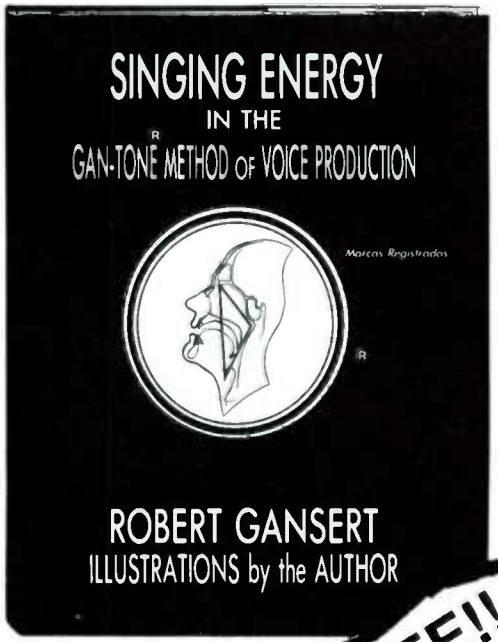

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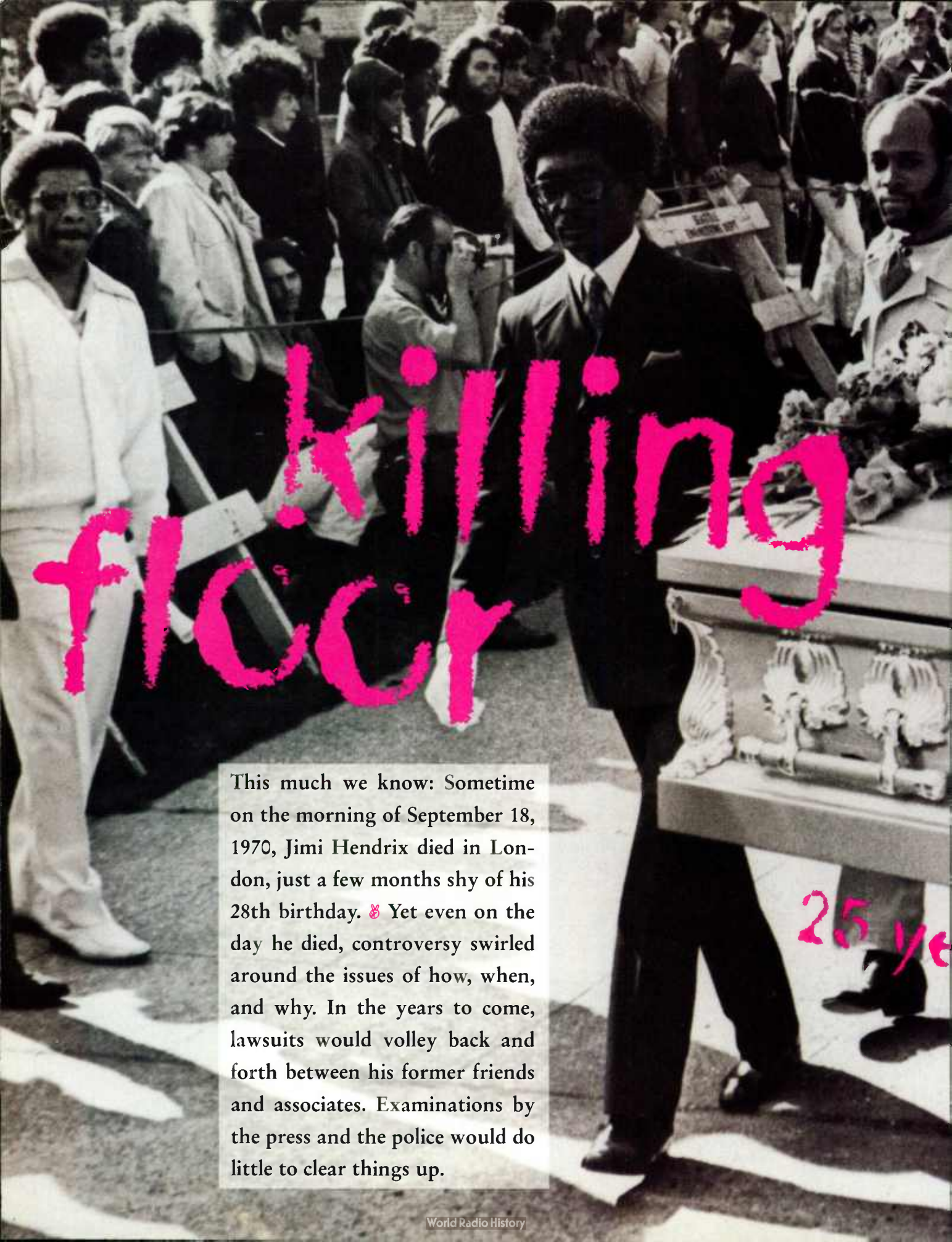


killing floor

This much we know: Sometime on the morning of September 18, 1970, Jimi Hendrix died in London, just a few months shy of his 28th birthday. ✌ Yet even on the day he died, controversy swirled around the issues of how, when, and why. In the years to come, lawsuits would volley back and forth between his former friends and associates. Examinations by the press and the police would do little to clear things up.

rs after jimi Hendrix's death
the story unravels

by robert l. doerschuk

For as long as this storm has raged, Monika Dannemann has stood at its center. A handsome German blonde, she met Hendrix on January 13, 1969, in Düsseldorf, and was with him on the morning of his death in her garden suite at the Samarkand Hotel, a residential inn. On this all parties agree. Beyond this, agreement dissolves into bitter dispute.

What's at stake? The image of who Hendrix actually was, and the story future generations will accept as the true account of his final days.

In 1995 Dannemann upped the ante by publishing *The Inner World of Jimi Hendrix*. This lavish memoir traces her version of her life with Hendrix. It recalls their meeting in a Düsseldorf bar for what was supposed to have been a photo shoot but, as she remembers it, instantly transformed into two souls joining as one. From that point, Dannemann outlines their relationship as a series of intense meetings over the next few years, with long and frustrating periods of separation. She recreates their conversations in detail, on subjects mystical and mundane, from numerology and astral travel to Dannemann's cigarette habit. (Hendrix was against it.)

More crucial is her account of his death. Given her prominence and, in some quarters, credibility—her book begins with a signed affirmation from Jimi's father, Al Hendrix, that "my son Jimi Hendrix was engaged to Monika Dannemann and . . . they planned to get married"—her version of what happened is already on its way to being accepted as fact.

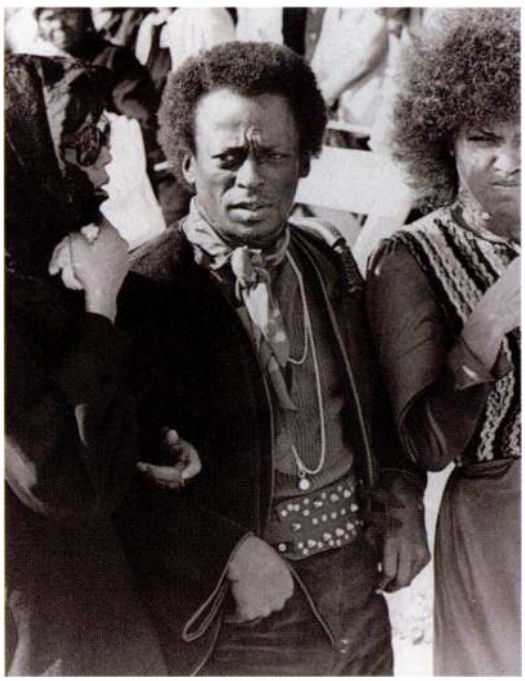
Or is it? New evidence, in the form of testimony delivered by witnesses to British authorities and to *Musician*, raises questions about Dannemann's story.

Love or Confusion?

According to her memoir, Dannemann's meeting with Hendrix was kismet. The moment he first appeared, walking into that bar in Düsseldorf, she writes, he headed "straight in my direction, to sit down right next to me. . . . Jimi asked me all sorts of questions, and seemed to want to know everything about me. . . . After a while he asked, 'Do you want to be my girlfriend? . . . I want you to be my girlfriend and my lady. I've been searching for you for a long time.'" She recalls that they spoke for two hours before the band had to leave for Cologne. She was "too confused" to accept his invitation to join along, and "shocked" when "Jimi suddenly took me in his arms and kissed me. . . . Within two hours he had managed to turn my life upside down."

The next day, the 14th, Dannemann did travel to Cologne to catch Hendrix, bassist Noel Redding and drummer Mitch Mitchell at their next gig. Afterwards, she writes, she accompanied the band to a club for a late jam session and a Chinese dinner, during which Hendrix "bought a bunch of red roses and handed them to me." The

All funeral photos including opener: AP/Wide World



Previous page & upper L: Friends act as pallbearers at Jimi Hendrix's funeral. Above: Miles Davis at the service at Dunlap Baptist Church. Left: Jimi's father, James "Al" Hendrix, after the funeral.

Special thanks to Mark Prendergast for his great contributions to this story.

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evening ended in his hotel room, where Hendrix confessed that "the moment he had seen me . . . he had fallen in love." They "spent most of the night talking and then just fell asleep."

Events moved quickly, Dannemann recalls. Later in February she went to London, where she continued to spend time with Hendrix, where they shopped and went to the movies ("slipping in when it was dark, and . . . out again before the lights came up") but mainly "stayed in [her] hotel room, where we were not disturbed, talking for hours." After a few weeks, in March, Hendrix bought himself a ring identical to one that Monika had bought herself the day before, in a Chelsea jeweler's, and said to her, "I want them to be our engagement rings."

In a deposition taken in Seattle on Oct. 25, 1994, as part of a lawsuit over ownership of rights to the Hendrix estate, Dannemann made it clear that, as far as she was concerned, she and Hendrix became engaged that March. "Later," she told the assembled attorneys, "we went to the Speakeasy—that was a club at the time—and he, to my surprise, my embarrassment, he went from one table to the next in the restaurant section, showing people the rings we were wearing and saying that we were engaged."

"She wasn't his fiancée," insists Noel Redding. Contacted at his home in Ireland by *Musician*, Hendrix's former bassist was asked if his bandmate ever mentioned getting engaged to Dannemann. "Never. I'd certainly imagine that if anyone in a band got engaged, they'd tell other members of the band." In fact, Redding doesn't recall him ever saying anything about Dannemann at all. As for the night she spent with Hendrix after the Cologne concert, Redding consults his diary.

"January 14," he reads. "Got up at 12 o'clock. Went shopping. Bought some gloves and a jacket. Came back to the hotel, had a meal. . . . Left for the gig at five o'clock. Got there at 7:45. Did one show; very good. Came straight back . . . Had a drink. *Went to Jimi's room* [italics added]. Went to bed at 2:15." Redding adds that he and Hendrix spent those hours in his room writing songs—alone.

How much does Redding remember seeing of Dannemann? "She was in Düsseldorf that one morning, and maybe the next day. That's the only time I saw them together."

The festive unveiling of engagement


Petra Niemeler/Starfile

Rare photos of Jimi Hendrix at his home in London, including one with Lenny Bruce and Bob Dylan albums, above, and a shot (or two) with his longtime girlfriend Kathy Etchingham, shown below.


Barrie Wentzell/Starfile

Kathy Etchingham

rings at the Speakeasy, described in Dannemann's book as well as her 1994 deposition, would confirm Hendrix's ties to her. Yet this event, involving a superstar guitarist at London's hippest rock-star hangout, has never been corroborated. In fact, regulars at the Speakeasy, including headwaiter Luigi Bolognese, tell *Musician* that it simply couldn't have happened.

Laurie O'Leary, who was at the club six nights a week throughout his eight years as promotions manager and talent booker, agrees. "I don't believe it," he responds, when read Dannemann's account. "In fact, I'm absolutely certain that it didn't happen. If he produced two rings and announced his engagement, there would have been chaos."

Especially, O'Leary points out, because

Hendrix was living with Kathy Etchingham, his girlfriend at that time. "Kathy and Jimi were a pair," he says. "Obviously, guys talked to girls and girls talked to guys. But they were sharing a flat; I dropped them off there one time."

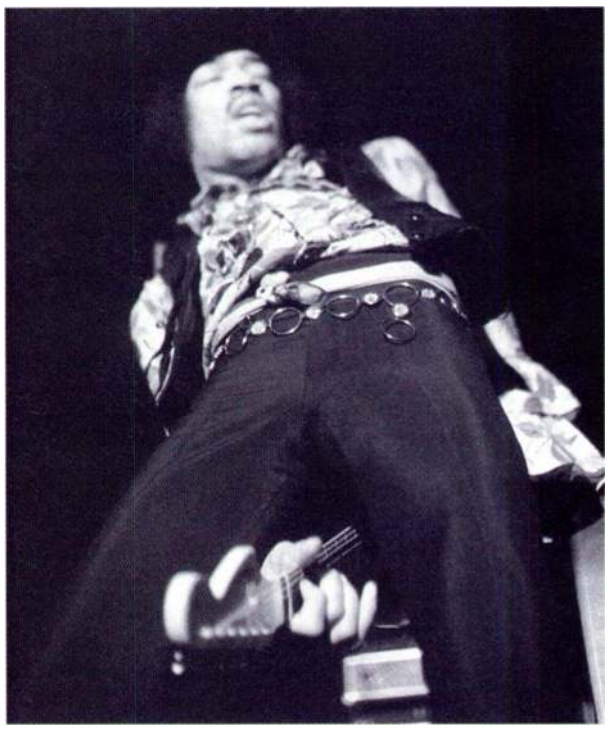
In *The Inner World of Jimi Hendrix*, Dannemann says that Hendrix did tell two people—his father and Mike Quashie, a friend in New York—of his intentions to marry her. However, notes Tony Brown, who has extensively researched Hendrix's life as head of the Jimi Hendrix Archives in England, "Monika contacted Al Hendrix very early on [after Jimi's death]. As far as I know, she's been going over to the States to visit him twice a year, so he's pretty much come to regard her as Jimi's fiancée, although they may have started getting suspicions about what happened." Quashie, contacted through an intermediary, refused to speak with *Musician*.

Queen Jealousy

Flash forward to 1970. Dannemann, by her own reckoning Hendrix's fiancée for more than a year, describes this as a blissful period in his life. She remembers them discussing marriage plans in May and August. They dreamed of having a child, buying a house. Though he was on the road from April through early August, she writes, "he asked me to go to London and rent a flat for us" to occupy once he returned to England later in August. Scotland Yard records indicate that Dannemann did rent a flat, at the Samarkand Hotel on August 24.

Yet, according to many who knew him, 1970 was actually a time of emotional turmoil for Hendrix. Financial pressures were building, partly from business arrangements with his manager, Mike Jeffrey, and debts involving Hendrix's studio in New York, Electric Lady. Many remember him also being involved with a number of women during this period, including a Danish model named Kirsten Nefer, Pat Hartley, who appeared with Hendrix in the film *Rainbow Bridge*, Eric Burdon's ex-wife Angie, and an American named Devon Wilson. Wilson's status as Hendrix's "girlfriend" in New York as late as June 1970 is confirmed by a number of observers in John McDermott's authoritative book, *Jimi Hendrix Sessions*.

Etchingham, who had split up with Hendrix and gotten married by this time, maintained a kind of concerned friendship with him. Shortly after he flew to London to perform at the Isle of Wight rock festival in August—the same month Dannemann remembers them talking about getting married—Etchingham recalls being summoned to his hotel by Angie Burdon. What she saw remains a shocking memory.



Baron Wolman

Hendrix flying high onstage, before the crash: "Thank you for being so patient. . . . Peace and happiness and all that other bullshit."

"I came in [to Hendrix's suite at the Londonderry Hotel] and went into the bedroom," she tells *Musician*. "It was 70 degrees outside, and Jimi was in bed, shivering and sweating, with a heater on. The temperature must have been 95 degrees. In retrospect, it looked like . . . he was suffering from a reactive depression from all the problems he had."

Over the next few weeks Hendrix played his tour, backed by Mitch Mitchell on drums and Billy Cox on bass. Recordings of these concerts, gathered by BBC producer Martin Shankleman and broadcast over Radio One last September in a special program titled *Wink of an Eye*, capture a player in a much more dispirited mood than one would expect, based on Dannemann's gauzy characterization.

Night after night, on Shankleman's tapes, we hear problems. At the Isle of Wight, the crowd reacts coolly as Hendrix tries out a few new tunes, prompting him to say, "Y'all want to hear all those old songs, man? Damn, I'm trying to get some other things together," then kicks into a desultory rendition of "Purple Haze," which in turn sinks into a swamp of electronic noise and shortwave interference through the P.A. After a frustrating two-hour set, at four in the morning, Hendrix tells the crowd, "Thank you for being so patient. . . . Peace and happiness and all that other bullshit," then slams his Strat onto the stage and walks off.

"The band flew to Sweden that afternoon," Shankleman reported. "Jimi was exhausted. He had another gig in Stockholm that evening, the second concert of the day. Backstage in his dressing room, he picked up a small bottle of whiskey and drank it like water. He seemed to be slurring his words when he gave an interview to Swedish radio."

The next concert, on September 3, was at the port city of Århus in Jutland. Here, Hendrix's performance was even more ragged. He arrived, according to reports cited by Shankleman, "trembling and sweating," and tried to cancel his appearance. After being introduced to the crowd, he said over the mike, "Give us a minute to try and tune up, okay?" A minute later he led the band into a sloppy version of "Freedom," followed by a two-minute pause and a crescendo of frustrated rhythmic clapping from the audience. Now we hear Hendrix say, "I actually forgot what I was here for. Oh, yeah. It was 'Message to Love,' right?" He hits the intro hard, but before long the song collapses, with Hendrix aimlessly doodling. Just 15 minutes after the show began, he had to be

helped from the stage.

Club manager Otto Fuorsite remembers going into Hendrix's dressing room. "There Jimi Hendrix was ill," he tells BBC reporter Jack Friscoff. "He collapsed in my arms. . . . Jimi was cold. Cold fever. He asked for cocaine, and I said, 'We have not cocaine.' He could not play any more."

At something called the Love and Peace Festival, held September 6th on the Baltic island of Fehmarn, Hendrix played his last concert in a setting that could best be described as apocalyptic. A violent storm delayed his performance. Hendrix's road manager, Gerry Stickells, was captured on tape, pleading backstage with the implacable organizers of the event, asking them to call it off due to the weather and Hendrix's exhaustion. The crowd, which included a sizable contingent of German Hell's Angels, booed and whistled as the band took the stage; Stickells, pushing through the mob, was hit in the face with a chain. Hendrix, greeted by cries of "Go home!," responds, "I don't give a fuck if you boo, as long as you boo on key." Then, with a vengeance, he tears into "Killing Floor," spitting out the lyrics, "I should have quit you a long time ago."

"Voodoo Chile" was the closing tune. Hendrix deviated from the recorded version by repeating the line "If I don't see you no more in this world" three times before singing, "I'll see you in the next one, and don't be late." After his exit, hooligans attacked the stage and burned it to cinders. Hendrix left town, with a little over one week to live.

House Burning Down

Hendrix returned to London and checked into a room at the Cumberland Hotel. Dan-nemann reports that he moved in with her at the Samarkand on September 15. From that point, she notes, "we were together every moment, except for two occasions: once when Jimi went backstage for a few minutes at Ronnie Scott's Club, and then on Thursday night, when I left him at a flat for less than an hour."

The visit to Ronnie Scott's, London's top jazz venue, took place on the night of the 16th. Hendrix and Dannemann dropped in to hear Eric Burdon's new band, War, with Hendrix briefly sitting in. The next morning, after a night together at the Samarkand, Dannemann took a series of photos of Hendrix in the garden adjacent to the flat. These whimsical shots show him with a tea service, a long-stemmed yellow rose, and his black Stratocaster, now in her possession.

On this, Hendrix's last afternoon, we come to a crossroads, at which accounts of his activities veer in at least two directions. Dannemann was either at his side or nearby in his final moments; her proximity, and her efforts over the years to propagate her story, have won her many supporters in arguments over the details of his death.

In her book, Dannemann notes that she and Hendrix ran into Devon Wilson and her friend Stella Douglas in the shopping district of King's Road that afternoon. Wilson invited him to a party that night; it's not clear whether they intended that Dannemann would come along with him.

Shortly after that, around 4:30, Hendrix

and Dannemann were stuck in traffic at Marble Arch. "Waiting for the cars to move again," she writes, "I saw three young people in another car, waving and laughing at us, and Jimi waved back. They were trying to talk to Jimi across a row of cars, inviting us to come to their flat for a drink."

Strange as it seems, the famous rock star and his companion did agree to visit this threesome that evening. As Dannemann recalls it, after a brief stop at the Cumberland, "we followed them in the car to their flat, where we stayed for about an hour," returning home around 8:15. Beyond that, she writes nothing about what seems to have been a brief and trivial encounter; she doesn't even offer, or apparently remember, the names of their hosts.

Their identity remained a mystery until 1995, when two of the three "young people" stepped forward and spoke to British authorities on the subject of what happened that evening. Though neither consulted with the other, their remarks are impressively consistent. More important, their recollections differ dramatically and disturbingly from those of Dannemann.

Philip Harvey, in 1970, was the young son of a prominent British politician. His father, Lord Harvey of Prestbury, was a Conservative member of Parliament from 1945 through '72; in 1962, he became chairman of the 1922 Committee, the second highest elective post in the Conservative party. Throughout his career he declined eight cabinet positions in order to maintain a successful career in private business.

Philip is now a success as well, with an aviation insurance practice thriving in Switzerland. In 1970, though, he was more concerned with cruising through the streets and clubs of swinging London. On this September afternoon, fate placed him and two female friends in a Ford Mustang, gridlocked a few yards away from Jimi Hendrix.

For years, out of respect for his father's position in Conservative circles, Philip kept his memories of what happened that day to himself. But with Lord Harvey's death in April '94, he soon decided to step forward. In a statement made to a British solicitor—something equivalent to a sworn deposition before an American notary—Harvey describes a visit that was considerably longer and, ultimately, more acrimonious than Dannemann had described. The two young women from his car, Penny Ravenshill and Anne Day, "soon started rolling 'joints,' which Jimi helped smoke with considerable enthusiasm," Harvey says. "Soon everybody in the room loosened up and became very relaxed in the pleasant atmosphere, with the notable exception of Monika, who did not appear at ease at all. . . . Each time they rolled a 'joint,' Penny or Anne offered it to Jimi first so that he could have the 'honour' of lighting it up. . . . I could see Monika across the marble table getting more and more upset each time this little 'charade' was played out. Monika took little part in the general conversation. I remember trying to draw her into conversation several times, but to little or no avail.

"At about 7 p.m."—already well over the hour that Dannemann claimed she and Hendrix spent at the party—"I produced a couple of bottles of French red wine and

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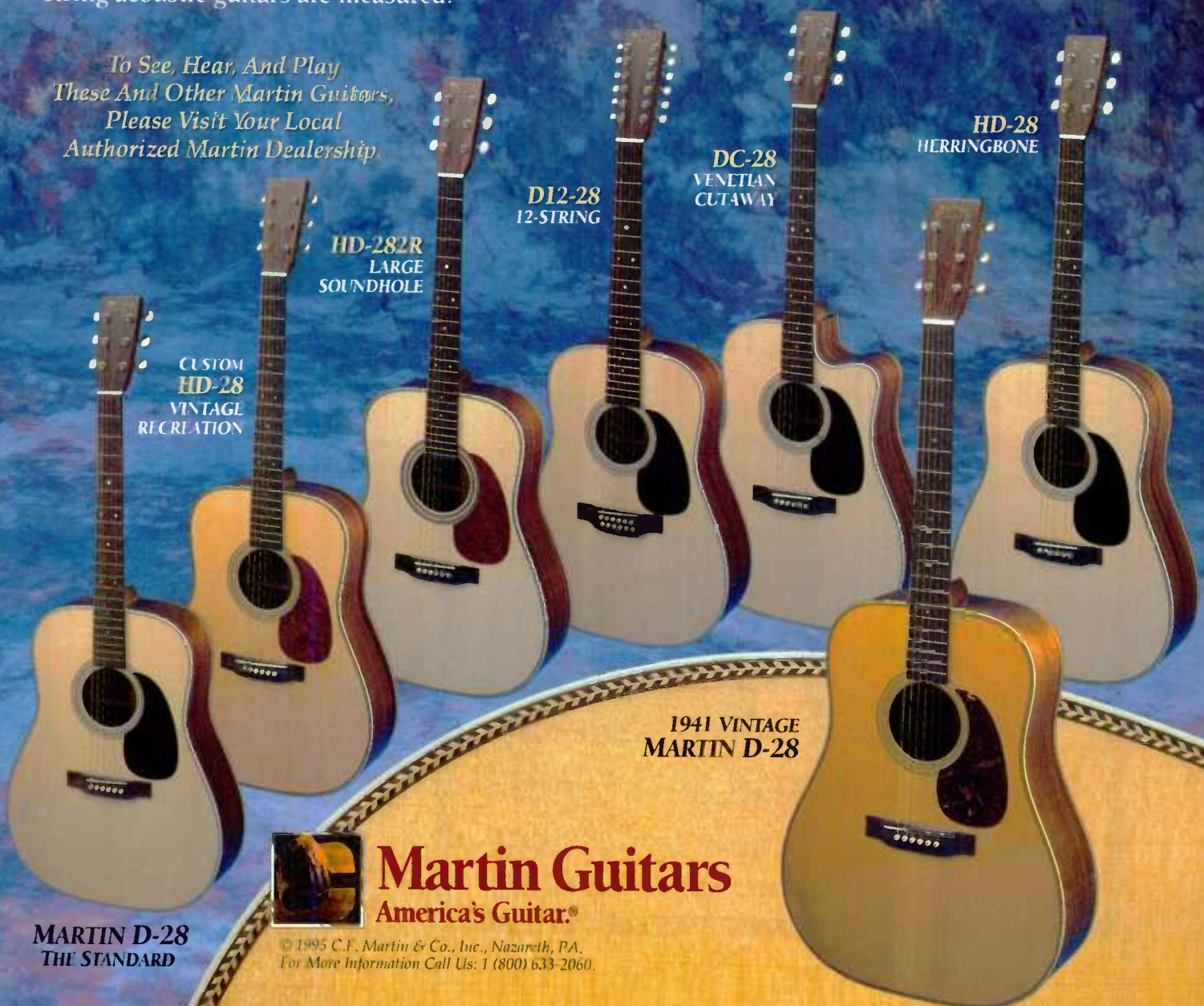

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five silver wine goblets," Harvey continues. "At one point, Anne, who had her acoustic guitar in the house, started playing and singing. . . . I remember Jimi complimented her warmly on her music, which made Monika look very displeased. . . . Later on, at about 8 p.m., Penny and Anne asked Jimi if he would like something to eat. He agreed that he was hungry, and the two girls went out to the kitchen and prepared a simple vegetarian meal, which they brought back into the reception room on trays about half an hour later. I remember that the food consisted mainly of rice and a mixed salad. . . . Jimi ate heartily."

According to Dannemann, by this time of the evening, she and Hendrix had already left the party. In his book *Electric Gypsy*, Harry Shapiro paraphrases her account: "They drove back to the Samarkand flat at 8 p.m. Jimi had a bath, and Monika cooked them a meal and drank some wine." In her own book, she writes, "I cooked a meal for us while Jimi had a bath and washed his hair. . . . We had a bottle of white wine with our meal, Jimi drinking more than me." All this was a prelude to several hours of conversation about "our future" and other matters. Essentially the same scenario was outlined in her own testimony before a solicitor on Sept. 14, 1991.

As the hours passed, then, Hendrix was either deep in conversation with Monika at the Samarkand or having a good time with Philip Harvey and his friends. But, as Harvey recalls it, the pleasantries came to an end around 10 o'clock. "When Jimi had gone to the downstairs cloakroom," he states, "Monika quite suddenly, and for no apparent reason, got up and stormed down the four steps leading from the reception room, through the double glass doors, past the door to the cloakroom, down the hall, and out of the front door into the mews, shouting as she left, 'I'm leaving! I'm leaving now! I've had enough!' Jimi, who had obviously heard something, quickly came out of the cloakroom. . . . I explained to him briefly what had happened. He looked at us in a most embarrassed way and raised his eyebrows to the ceiling. . . . He then followed her out into the mews, leaving the front door ajar.

". . . I could hear Monika shouting at Jimi at the top of her voice. . . . Jimi was just standing quietly there in the mews while Monika verbally assaulted him in the most offensive possible way. As I approached them, I remember hearing her shout at him, 'You fucking pig!' I interrupted them and suggested that they should come back into the house as I didn't want the police called. Monika simply carried on shouting at Jimi, telling me viciously to mind my own business. . . . Monika's haranguing of Jimi continued in my best estimation for half an hour. . . .

". . . At about 10:30 p.m. Jimi came back into the house alone and walked into the reception room. . . . He apologized profusely for Monika's behaviour and said that he was very embarrassed. He said he didn't really know what was wrong with her but she had obviously had too much to drink. He said that Monika refused to come back into the house and that, as he couldn't abandon her, [*cont'd on page 52*]

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he would have to leave with her. . . . Monika was still screaming at Jimi as they left and she did not say a word to me. The time was about 10:40 p.m."—approximately the same time when Dannemann says she was making dinner at her flat for a mellow Hendrix.

Which of these stories is true? Or which is more likely to be true? As a rule, it's the version corroborated by someone else. In this case, that would be Harvey's, which was supported in a separate deposition by Penny Ravenshill. Her recollection of Dannemann was that she "seemed rather insignificant at the time. . . . My impression was that Monika was some kind of employee, possibly Jimi's driver. . . . There seemed no hint of a romantic or sexual involvement, and I don't think they related to each other hardly at all while in our company." However, during the argument outside, when Penny attempted to calm her down, "Monika turned away rudely and wouldn't answer. . . . Jimi, who seemed to be desperately trying to deal with an unreasonable situation with this woman, turned, and I saw his expression change from [*sic*] one of agitation."

We're now in parallel universes. As Hendrix unwinds with his fiancée at the Samarkand in Dannemann's depiction, others suggest that they were on their way from Harvey's to the party to which Devon Wilson had invited him earlier that day. In this universe, one could imagine Dannemann, distraught after watching Hendrix kick back with two younger women at Harvey's, less than thrilled at the prospect of delivering him to the doorstep of another romantic rival. On the other hand, judging by comments made by Dannemann to police hours after Jimi's death, they may not have gone out at all but rather stayed home, where "I cooked a meal of spaghetti."

Dannemann does acknowledge that she took Hendrix to the Wilson party, though she places his arrival much later. In a statement made to police on the day of his death, Dannemann says that "I drove him to a house in Great Cumberland Place" at around 2 in the morning. "I asked him if I could go with him but he said that they were not very nice people. I saw him go into the house and later, at about 2:45 a.m., I picked him up there and we went home."

In her book, she offers a bit more detail. "Jimi . . . explained that he wanted to go to the party to which Devon had invited him, in order to warn her to leave me alone. Jimi thought that her intention was to cause a rift between him and me. . . . He first asked me to join him, but we both decided it was better if he went alone. I drove home and phoned him as we agreed, but he said he hadn't had a chance to speak to Devon yet, and that I should ring back about ten minutes later. I did so, and he asked me to fetch him at once. . . . He said it had been hopeless, because Devon had been too stoned to speak to seriously."

That's not how Angie Burdon remembered it. In an unpublished letter to Kathy Etchingham, Burdon, who was present at the party, wrote, "That chick [Danneman] . . . came back about half an hour later. Jimi got Stella [Douglas] to put her off. She called up on the inter- [*cont'd on page 84*]

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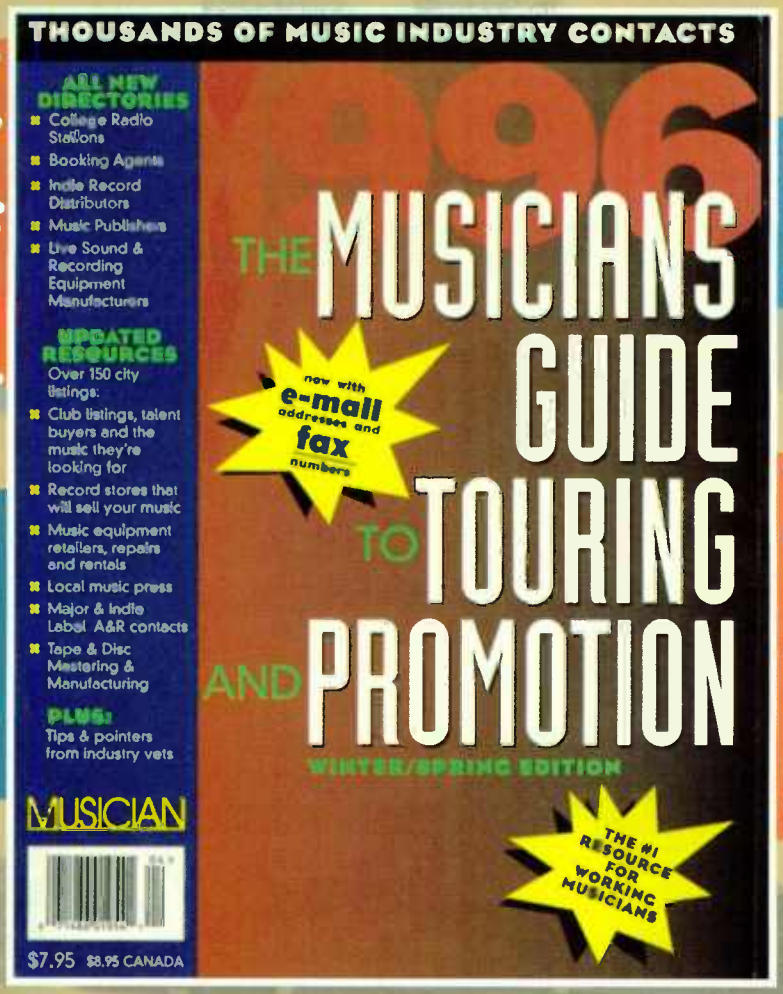

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BOTTOM LINES

NOT BUZZ

From Hootie to Beck, major labels seek musicians with "alternative" careers.

by Johnny Angel

It seems like eons ago, but only five years back the methodology for rock bands obtaining a major record label deal may as well have been etched in stone. First, make demo, preferably including one fist-raising anthem (like Skid Row's "18 and Life" or "Youth Gone Wild") and a "power ballad" (a simpering love song based around the G-C change of Poison's "Every Rose Has Its Thorn" or Warrant's "Heaven"). Next, hire high-powered legal help with much industry juice. Last, pack gear into van and head for the twin towers of the record business—New York or L.A.—to showcase your act.

But as the granddaddies of hair metal Aerosmith once put it, "no more, no more." Just as the spandex and leather have given way to more sober uniforms in the wake of Nirvana and Pearl Jam's modest stage wear, these days it's the group that has already established a following via self-produced CDs, the Internet, fanzines and college radio that's sparking keen interest from major labels.

"When a band proves it can already sell records without major distribution, it's almost a no-brainer for the labels," observes Rusty Harmon, manager of Hootie and the Blowfish. "We'd already sold 50 thousand CDs out of our office [when negotiating with Atlantic]. There are bands on Atlantic's roster that hadn't sold that much. Record

ILLUSTRATION BY KARI KROLL

companies are mainly interested in sales and making their investment back. If they can do that and make a little money on the side, they've met their objective. It's nice to think that record companies are looking at the long term, but realistically, if you don't make a profit on the first two records, you won't get signed again anyway."

Seems like a contradiction, this idea of a band forging its independence, only to be scooped up by the majors. But, says Geffen A&R man Mark Kates, whose signings include cult faves Beck and Elastica, "I regard a band much more favorably if they've made up their own records and toured. I've always been attracted to indie American rock bands, since I was in college radio. Now that the public's taste is similar, these groups that may have labored in obscurity are making a living."

In the old days of band/label mating rituals, it was the band who approached the label with heavyweight attorneys in tow. Nowadays, that approach is becoming passé, says Kates. "Tactically, I don't get approached by bands or artists. I go to them. Yes, I listen to tapes too, but I'm not like the old-school A&R man who signs raw talent and molds them into blockbusters. I like to sign acts that are already there, that know what they're going to do."

Still, Kates feels that certain acts would be best served by remaining independent. "Superchunk makes great records every time out, as does Pavement, and I'd loved to have signed those bands, but they're happy where they are. I can see what the pressure of fame has done to some artists; perhaps they have as well and want to avoid it. Who can blame them?"

The '90s ethos does seem to contain a large chunk of "do-it-yourself" residue from the '80s scene. Hootie, whose bassist Dean Felber was a business major in college, had already set up its own health insurance plan prior to signing with Atlantic. That level of sophistication is still unusual in today's pop scene, but not unique. "You'd be amazed at what some of the bands know about the business end of music, just from what little hands-on experience they have," says Debbie Southwood-Smith, an A&R executive for A&M. "I've been working with this band from Charlotte, North Carolina, called Luster, who seemed kind of naïve. But after a few meetings with them, it became clear that one of the guys, who had worked in retail at a record store, was amazingly savvy about record placement, charts, and the like. I wasn't dealing with a babe in the woods."

Southwood-Smith began her A&R career at the tiny indie Rockville label in the late '80s. "When I signed Uncle Tupelo to Rockville years ago, nobody cared," she says. "We were trying to affiliate ourselves with a major back then—no luck. Now we could sell the whole label on the basis of that signing. In the aftermath of Nirvana, people want rawer records; it's that simple. You get a little band from a little town, like Nirvana was, and a little buzz erupts. Suddenly, *bang*! One publisher and one label at one gig snowballs into a feeding frenzy, and all this before a band has done more than a handful of shows. The biggest difference between then and now, if you're talking about little baby bands, is that it's harder to find stuff under everyone's noses. Everybody knows everything immediately."

> "BANDS SHOULD BE CONCERNED WITH THE BASICS: A GOOD RECORD, GOING ON THE ROAD, BUILDING AN AUDIENCE—HELPING YOURSELF."

So has the climate really changed that much? Back in the late '80s, the key to a big contract was the almighty buzz, or "street talk," which usually consisted of mentions in gossip columns and barroom scuttlebutt, which would catapult an act into the middle of a pitched battle for its services. Hasn't history repeated itself in that one success story (Nirvana) means deals for soundalikes, some that have succeeded (Bush) and many more that have not? Going further back, to the mid-'70s, the *London Times* tried to diffuse the Sex Pistols phenomenon by suggesting that the "same three-chord assault is just repackaged over and over to a new generation."

Wrong. The landscape *has* changed, and it's the bands that have made the difference. "It's almost like there's a script that the bands and the A&R men have when they get into conference," jokes David Katz-Nelson. The self-proclaimed "house lunatic" on the Warner Bros. A&R staff, Katz-Nelson is responsible for leading Flaming Lips, Mudhoney, and the Muffs to the label. "It's like, Band: 'We will never sell out. We demand total artistic freedom.' A&R Man: 'And you'll get it! We're an artist-oriented label. We'll never make you do anything you don't wanna do!' Band: 'We don't want to be perceived as capitalist pigs. We have to take total control!' At that point, the label balks a little, but that's because no one ever gets total anything."

Well, you can't always get what you want—and sometimes, notes Rusty Harmon, that's a good thing. "I wish bands wouldn't go out and beat their managers to get the labels to give them all this money up front," he says. "You don't need to go further into debt. If you need all this money for tour support, maybe you're not ready for a major label. Bands will sell their soul to get signed and then hope they'll sell a million records. But for every band that does that, there are 400 that don't. I think bands should be more concerned with the basics—making a good record, going on the road and building an audience, doing your own in-stores, radio . . . helping yourself. When you can prove your business sense—a knowledge of shipping, invoicing—that says something about your level of intelligence and about your motivation and foresight."

Janet Billig, manager of Nirvana and Hole, takes the latest trend in alternative signings with a grain of salt. "A bidding war is a curse for a band. It tears them apart and creates

incredible in-fighting within a group. God knows how many acts have collapsed under the pressure of label scrutiny.

"The news media have made the whole A&R process seem sexy, like the A&R men are stars in their own right. It's become like the fashion business, where the designers are as big as the models as names. But the bands are wiser to the mechanics of the industry. They'll sit in a room and ramble on about 'recoupable advances,' 'creative control' and the like—intimate details that you'd assume they were clueless about. They're not so easily manipulated by the labels because they've been doing their own releases and they know what they want."

Geffen's Kates is more succinct: "Better that a band comes to a major having sold a lot of their own records and with a substantial following in multiple markets. They can call a lot of the shots at that point."

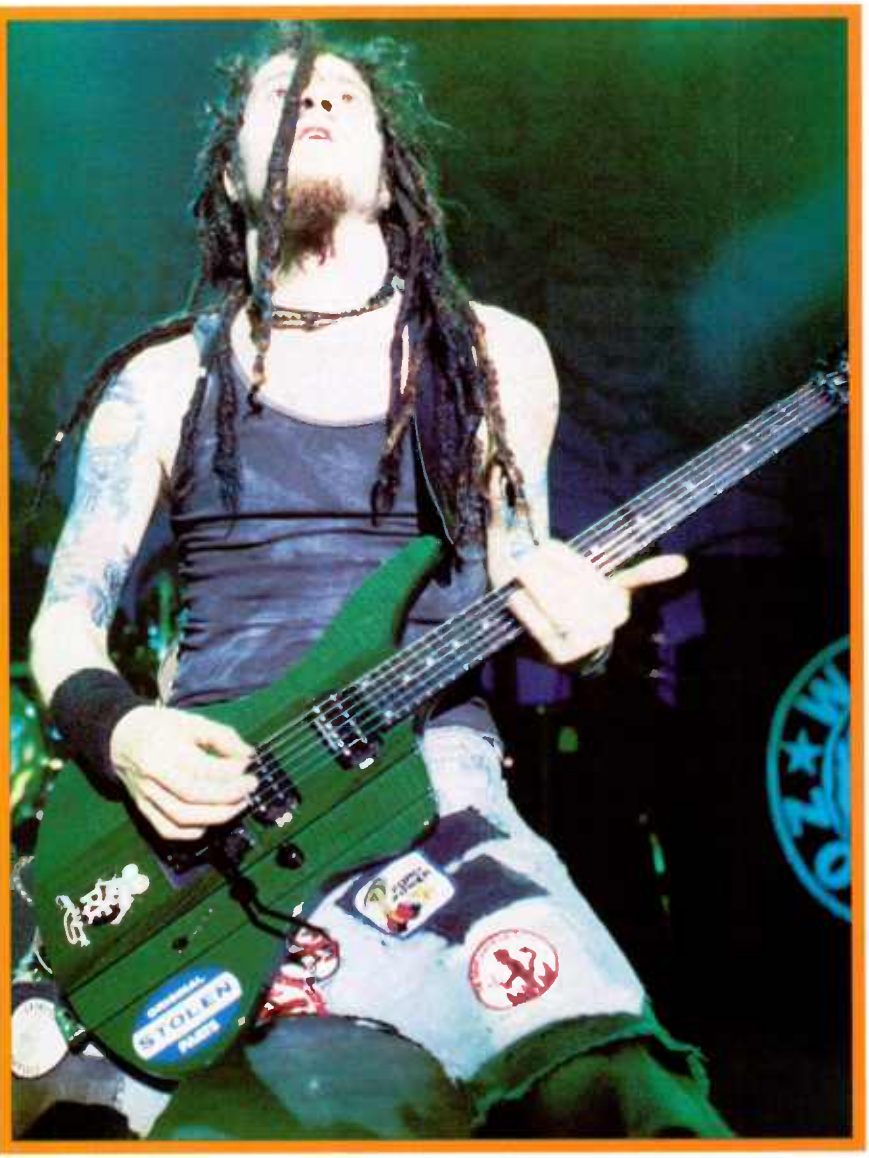
Even the National Academy for Recording Arts and Sciences (NARAS) has taken notice of this trend. Last year, NARAS changed its rules for Best New Artist Grammy Awards nominees, allowing eligibility for bands (such as Green Day, Hootie and the Blowfish and Alanis Morissette) who'd already released one or more records on their own prior to making their major label splash.

Still, similarities between the good old days of A&R quasi-tyranny and the new school of liberated rockers linger. "You still get the same kind of silly press releases," says Billig. "The kind that says things like, 'We sold out Brownies [a Manhattan club] and there were ten labels there.' I mean, how is that different from a metal band raving about a sold-out house at L'Amours [Brownies' metalloid equivalent in Brooklyn]? Except that there's this stigma about looking like you're trying too hard, like you have to play it cool."

Scanning the horizon, Billig sees the business only getting more competitive. "Ten new labels next year, and with all these A&R men getting their own companies, that will only increase the bidding wars. That I'm not looking forward to. I mean, why should another 40-year-old decide what a 15-year-old will buy, like they know? But for artists seeking deals, I have only one thing to say: Knowledge is power."

what the racks that rock: what six bands players play use to stage that monster sound.

white zombie



Jeffrey Mayer

Back in the old days, a show like White Zombie's would have sent religious men running to the bible, prim and proper women to fainting and kids crying for more. Truth of the matter, the new days ain't so far away from the old days, since that type of reputation has followed White Zombie from the beginning. Their latest tour, supporting Zombie's second major-label release, *Astro-Creep 2000: Songs of Love, Destruction and Other Synthetic Delusions of the Electric Head* (Geffen), is an aural and visual feast combining all the best aspects of music with video and pyrotechnics.

The big however here is that along with the whole cacophony of entertainment, there are supposed to be musicians on the stage strumming, pounding and grinding away on their instruments. Tour manager and sound man Ted Keedick laughs on the phone when asked for a laundry list of the equipment used during the band's show. Singer Rob Zombie alone uses four different effect processors on his voice, drummer John Tempesta is playing to a click track so that a sequencer triggers the various samples at just the right moment (they are using a couple of Tascam DA-88s to augment the acoustic and electric

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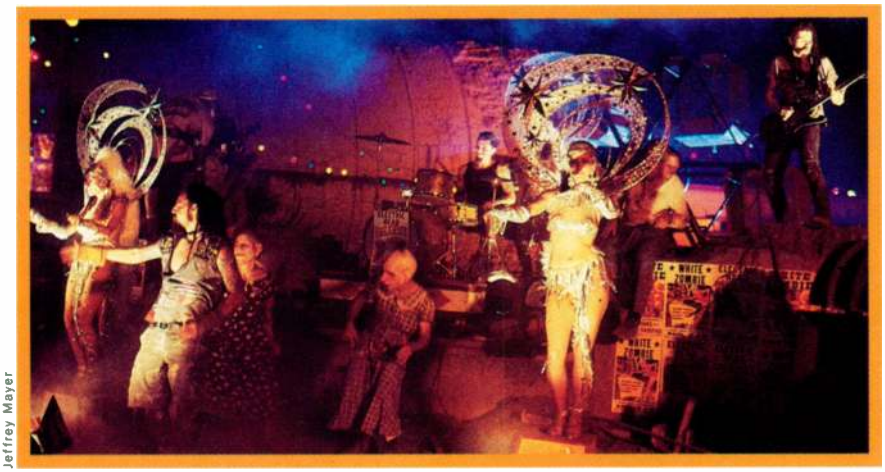

Jeffrey Mayer

drum tones) and, according to his tech, guitarist J. Yuenger keeps his effects "behind a black curtain." Fortunately, bass player Sean Yseult plays it straight, using only an Ampeg SVT II, Morley Fuzz Wah pedal and an Ibanez Tube Screamer for distortion.

While the Zombie's storming around on its shanty-like stage (they've been collecting things from each stop and adding them to the set), Keedick is the man who triggers a variety of samples that augment the tunes from the band's latest album. He uses a rackmounted Kurzweil K2000 sampler and triggers it through a keyboard at the front of the house. Keedick's quick to point out that this is not some Milli Vanilli arrangement. "Nobody's faking anything, but we do use some technology on stage for samples and extra percussive things."

Ah, the simplicity of rock 'n' roll.

—David John Farinella

WHITE ZOMBIE

Rob Zombie. Microphones: Samson UR-5 UHF Broadcast System with Audix 5 hand-held mike. Effects: Yamaha SPX900 units for reverb & delay, Eventide H3500 harmonizer for voice doubling & quadrupling, Lexicon 224XL for additional reverb.

J. Yuenger. Guitars: Ibanez Iceman, two custom Schecters (copies of Telsco Del Reys; one is a hard tail, the other a Floyd Rose), one Robin Warlock. Strings: Dean Markley Blue Steels. Effects: Zoom chorus, Ibanez Tube Screamer, Rocktron Intellifex, MXR Phase 100, various "secret" modules. Amplification: Randall Century 200, Mesa/Boogie Triple Rectifier. Speakers: three Randall Jaguar cabinets loaded with 50-watt speakers & two Boogie cabinets per side. Yuenger also uses a Nady wireless system.

Sean Yseult. Bass: Ibanez Iceman. Strings: Dean Markley Blue Steels. Effects: Morley Fuzz Wah, Ibanez Tube Screamer. Amplification: Ampeg SVT II.

John Tempesta. Drums: custom Tama kit. Cymbals: Zildjian.

Microphones. Drums: Electro-Voice RE20s on kick drums, EV 408s on snare & tom, Shure SM57s on snare bottoms, AKG 452s on overheads, rides & hi-hats. Guitars: SM57 and direct line from Marshall JMP-1 preamp, which is used as a cabinet simulator only. Board: Yamaha PM 4000 (44 mono inputs, 8 stereo inputs, 60 channels).

ape hangers

Piero Ribelli

Being a three-piece pretty simple moronic rock band, there's not much to it. We just kinda plug in and go," says Peter Sjostedt, guitarist and singer for the L.A.-based punk o' the day band, Ape Hangers. Though we're talking about their live music setup, we could just as easily be talking about their studio setup or their rehearsal setup or any other setup you'd find the Ape Hangers around. Not only did they tour the club scene without any type of support staff, they recorded their debut album, *Ultrasounds* (A&M), for about $3000.

So we're not talking about racks and racks of effects, we're talking about a guitar, a bass and a drum kit at maximum volume. Sjostedt, who only relies on an Ibanez Tube Screamer for his Mosrite, says of his setup, "I plug straight into a mid-'80s Marshall Super Lead and I go through two 4x12 4" bottoms. I turn it all the funkin' way up and go-go-go." Bass player Bob Kiah plays a Gibson T-Bird through an old SVT amp and drummer Dennis McCarthy plays a blue sparkle Rogers kit with Zildjian cymbals and a rotating set of snare drums that includes the names Gretsch, Ludwig and Rogers.

Throughout their club tour they've relied on the house PA, which has been both good and bad. One of the worst experiences Sjostedt recalls is the night they played at the Whiskey in Los Angeles. "It's supposed to have a NASA-equipped system, but not the

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night we played." The best was a small (20x40) all-brick room downstairs at the 930 Club in Washington, DC. "Being that we're a three-piece and it's not really too difficult to grasp, the sound guys usually get a good idea," he says.

Piero Ribelli

APE HANGERS

Peter Sjostedt. Guitar: Mosrite. Effects & amplification: Ibanez Tube Screamer into a Marshall 100-watt Super Lead with two 4x12 4" bottoms. Strings: D'Addario, .011 gauge.

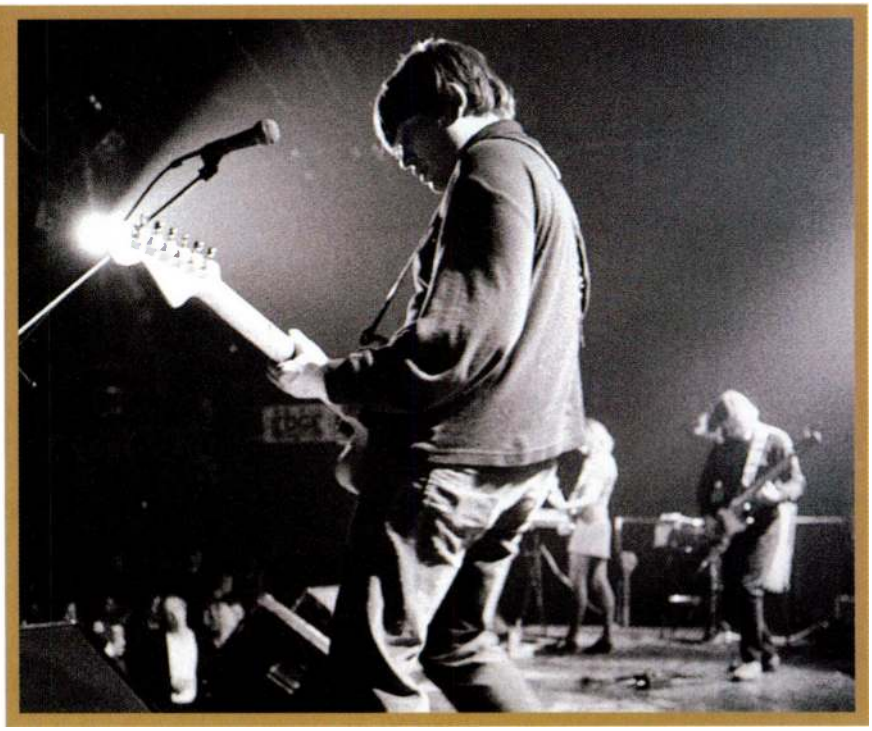
Bob Kiah. Bass: Gibson Thunderbird. Amplification: an old Ampeg SVT. Strings: D'Addario.

Dennis McCarthy. Drums: Rogers kit with Gretsch, Ludwig & Rogers snares. Cymbals: Zildjian.

Although the Ape Hangers don't travel with microphones, nine times out of ten they use Shure SM58s.

Which gives you a clue of what their sound is like: fast and loud, but not too hardcore. Sjostedt prefers to call it Ramones-esque. Suffice it to say that this is not a finesse band, so their sonic rawness on-stage is just right.—*David John Farinella*

polara



"I cultivate mutations," says Polara's Ed Ackerson with some pride. The songwriter/vocalist/guitarist of the Minneapolis-based quartet displays a knack for craftily mixing up pop pleasures and sonic textures on the band's self-titled debut album (Clean), but in live settings those pleasures and textures can be as much a surprise to him as to anybody else.

"It's very important to allow random things to happen in the music," he explains. "Not mistakes *per se*. But it's important not to be too rigid. In Polara, accidents happen continually when we play, and it's one of the main things that keeps us excited about the music. We court the accidental."

A multi-instrumentalist when Polara records, Ackerson sticks with guitar on stage. But his "happy accidents" philosophy gives him a musical range that extends beyond his six strings. "Everything onstage is an instrument—that's kind of the way I look at it. The amplifiers and the pedals and whatever processing we're using—it's all stuff that gets played. In certain ways I feel like the amps are more important than the guitars. A lot of what we do is based around feedback, and as a consequence I've gotten pretty good at getting properly controlled uncontrolled sounds, which is more about playing the amp than the guitar."

Paul Owen

Some may consider feedback fests to be the last refuge of the technique-less, but that's not the case with Ackerson. "I spent a lot of time when I started out trying to get 'good' as a musician, which I thought meant pure chops. But I got bored with it. The thing I find most interesting at this point is combinations of harmonics. When we're having a good show, it's like the whole stage is singing. There's this lump of harmonics that move with the chords of the song. That's when I feel like we're really happening."

Though Ackerson uses a slew of oddball "toys"—vintage effects, analog synths, doctored instruments—to get his sounds

to happen in the studio, he's turned to more typical gear as the band tours more extensively. "I've been moving away from using the more esoteric devices on stage—mainly so that I can replace things when they break. But I'm also pretty much continuously experimenting with my sound. Settings and effects are always shifting around. I also like to run delay loops—and catching those things just right is a little tricky live, so the sound always winds up being a little different."

Ackerson considers himself lucky to be surrounded onstage by players whose approach is equally adventurous. "Everyone in the band has the will to do things that sound odd. We're always looking for ways not to be ordinary."—*Chuck Crisafulli*

POLARA

Ed Ackerson. Guitars: Fender '62 Jaguar (Sonic Blue), '65 Jaguar (Candy Apple Red), '66 Jaguar (Fiesta Red), Gibson '65 Firebird III.
Strings: GHS Boomers (.010). Picks: 1mm Dunlop.
Effects pedals: ProCo Rat, Electro-Harmonix Big Muff, Vox wah, DigiTech Whammy, Prescription Electronics Experience, MXR Phase 90, MXR Blue Box, MXR Dynacomp, Boss Trem-Pan.
Rack effects: Delta Lab ADM 256, Lexicon Alex, Lexicon Vortex, Lexicon Jam Man.
Amplification: Hiwatt '73 100-watt half-stack, Orange Overdrive '95 80 half-stack, Vox '94 AC30 combo, Marshall '89 JTM 454 combo.
Sampler: Roland RS-1.

Pete Anderson. Drums: Ludwig Vistalites & Ludwig Super Classics. Heads: Remo Emperor & Ambassador.
Cymbals: Zildjian K.
Pedals & hardware: DW.

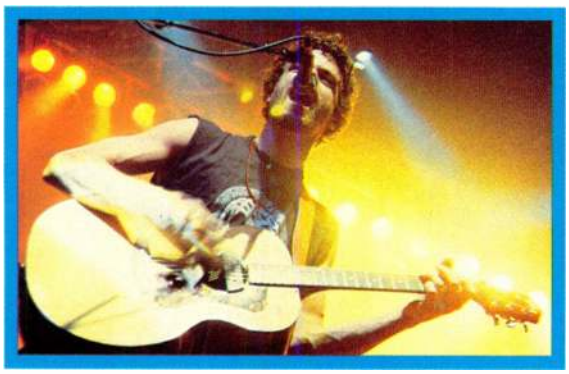
Jennifer Jurgens. Guitar: Gibson '68 SG Standard.
Strings: GHS Nickel Rockers (.010).
Effects pedals: ProCo Rat, Electro-Harmonix Big Muff, MXR Dynacomp, MXR Phase 90.
Keyboards: Roland D-20, Multivox Dual Oscillator, Crumar Toccata organ, Korg PolySix.
Amplification: Fender Twin Reverb reissue ('93).

Jason Orris. Bass: Fender Jazz ('62), Fender Precision ('68), Rickenbacker 4001 ('73).
Strings: Rotosound roundwound medium.
Effects: Electro-Harmonix Big Muff, Dunlop Tremolo, Dunlop Bass Wah.
Amplification: Trace Elliot heads, Ampeg SVT.

rusted root

Here's a head scratcher: How do you mike a gourd so that its true sound gets to the audience? Well, scratch no more, because according to Turk, who runs sound for the percussion-oriented band Rusted Root, the best thing to do is nothing. "I leave it alone," he says. "I just make sure everything is in its place and proper." Yep, you heard right—no mike. But since we're talking about a band that can feature as many as six players at a time on percussion, you figure that Turk (his real name is Don Shell) knows what he's doing.

Turk's simple approach to miking, or non-miking, is a perfect example of Rusted Root's aesthetic philosophy: Let the music speak, not the gear. Michael Glabicki, lead singer and guitarist, says, "I think the most important thing to good sound is to make it as transparent as possible. As opposed to digging the technical aspect, you gotta dig what's comin' through the musician."



That's not to say that the band doesn't mess with equipment at all. In fact, Glabicki has fiddled with his guitar system considerably. He's running his array of acoustics through five Pendulum SPS-1 stereo preamps simultaneously; with two different pickups per guitar, that gives him the ability to choose between 25 different settings or to mute the channel altogether. The outputs from the Pendulums run through a modified Mackie 1604 so Glabicki can group the signals and send them to the main board without putting an equalizer on them. This setup makes for maximum versatility, allowing him to switch in an instant from an in-your-face Latin sound to a strummy Johnny Cash tone.

In the end, of course, it still comes down to the music. "When we get too cerebral with what we're doing, the feeling becomes unclear," Glabicki says. "I think there's a whole Zen aspect to it." And nowhere is that aspect more present than in Rusted Root's way of miking a gourd: They let it be a gourd.

—*David John Farinella*

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RUSTED ROOT

Michael Glabicki. Guitars: Ibanez PF 30, Guild Jumbo JF 30, Yamaha FG411 & Guild Jumbo JF 68 12-strings, Alvarez AY 20, Guild D25; each guitar has one Sunrise pickup & one L.R. Baggs pickup. Strings: Martin lights. Effects: Ensoniq DP/2 parallel effects processor, dbx 166A compressor limiter. Amplification: Mackie CR 1604 16-channel mixer, five Pendulum SPS-1 stereo preamps with footswitches, Furman 20-amp Pro Series power conditioner, Furman PL-Plus power conditioner, Hafler P 3000 Tran Nova power amp, Stewart PA 200 & PA 1000 power amps, two Dedalus speaker cabinets, two Ampeg SVT 50DL speaker cabinets.

John Bunyak. Guitars: Guild D4 ENT acoustic, Guild SF-4 electric. Strings: Martin mediums. Amplification: Trace Elliot acoustic, Fender M-80. Also Latin Percussion bongos, Gibson mandolin, doumbeks, flute, pennywhistle, tambourine.

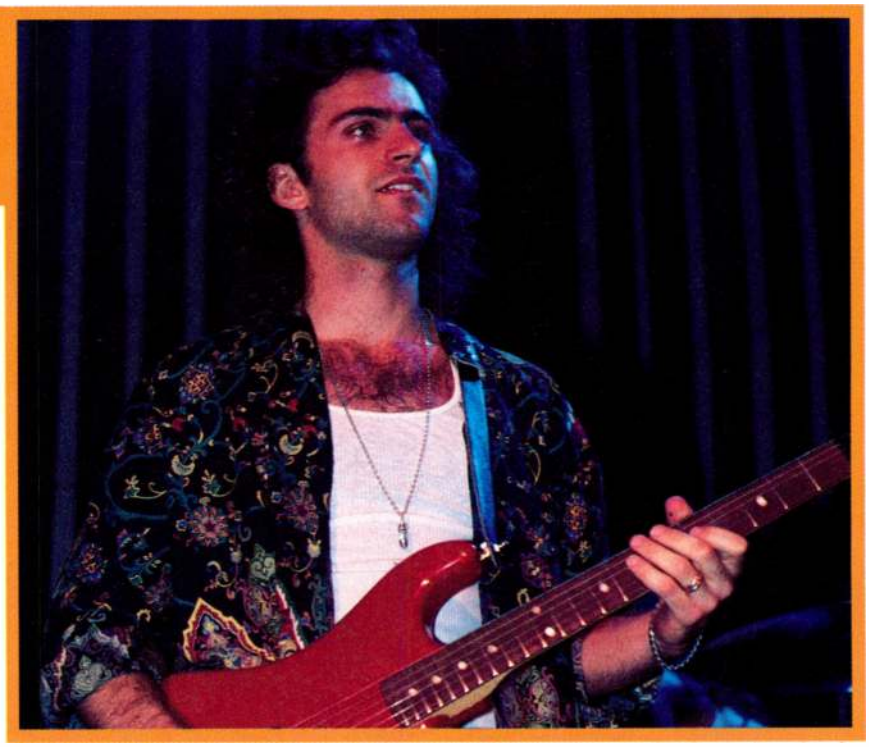
Patrick Norman. Bass: Tobias five-string. Amplification: Trace Elliot AH600 SMX, Trace Elliot 1818T & 1048T cabinets. Strings: GHS Boomers. Tuner: Korg DT-1 Pro.

Jim Donovan. Drums: Yamaha kit (blue), with 10" rack tom, 24" kick with pinstripe head, 16" floor tom with RIMS mounting system, 14" DW snare, Remo Ambassador batter heads, DW 5000 pedal, Zildjian Super 5A sticks with nylon tip. Cymbals: Zildjian, Sabian & Paiste. Throne: Roc N Soc.

Jim Di Spirito. Drums: 13"x13" Drum Workshop tom, 15" African Percussion djembe, three LP congas (Patato Fiberglass), two 11 3/4" & one 12 3/4" with Remo plastic heads, Jag From Boston talking drums, Jag Drum talking djembe, Indian tablas. Cymbals: Zildjian A Custom 15" crash, Zildjian China Boy 20" swish, Zildjian China Boy 12" splash. Hand Percussion: two basket shakers, Latin Percussion fisheye tambourine, two metal shakers (medium & high), medium & high African log drums, extensive Latin Percussion gear, including wind chimes, rackmounted fisheye tambourine, rackmounted triple cowbell, salsa cowbell, plastic rackmounted woodblocks, jingle stick, red bead shakeree & table. Rhythm Tech agogo bells, Strand goat hoof shaker.

Liz Berlin. Sunnyland washboard w/ two spoons & one bottle opener, two pennywhistles, Latin Percussion cowbell, bamboo shaker, guiro, talking drum, custom agogo bells, True Colors tambourine, shakeree, two tiny gourds.

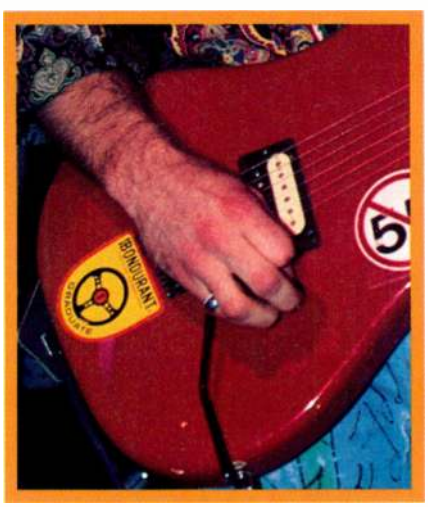
dweezil zappa



Jay Blakesberg

As Dweezil Zappa prepares to tour in support of *Music for Pets* (Zappa Records)—the second album from he and his brother Ahmet's band Z—he's discovering that the sounds he wants are frequently being produced by his feet. After Z's 1993 debut, *Shampoohorn*, Dweezil played live with an army of guitars and a fairly elaborate MIDI system, but these days he's finding greater satisfaction with a few axes and a plethora of pedal effects.

"My rack's smaller but my pedalboard's twice as large," he chuckles. "I used to use a lot more MIDI, but now I've just got one controller and a lot of stompboxes. It's still a little tricky stepping down in the right place at the right time, but I feel more in control of my sounds. I used to have a lot of funny, non-functional guitar noises."



With his "two rigs in one" system—a chain of effects units that splits into two discreet signal paths to separate additional effects and separate amps—Zappa sometimes uses a slight delay on one side of the rig to produce the coveted "backward sucked-out sound." And though Z's newest tunes are shorter and slightly less complex than the batch that appeared on *Shampoohorn*, during shows Dweezil still has a few moments of extended improvisation to play with. "That's where I get to step on the most buttons. But I try to start with a cleaner sound and give the guitar a chance to breathe before getting into the goofier sounds."

Dweezil's setup has one family heirloom. "I've got one effect from my dad's old rack. He told me it was an Oberheim, and it's called a Sample and Hold. It's a little white stompbox, basically a voltage-controlled filter. It creates its own rhythms with your sound, and it seems to bubble and squeak randomly. Using that at the right moment is always a pleasure."

Z's most unpredictable sound generator, however, is still brother Ahmet. "He's a loose cannon," sighs Dweezil. "He still talks about his anus on stage whenever he can. And it's still my job to try to quiet him down when he gets too repulsive."

—*Chuck Crisafulli*

DWEEZIL ZAPPA

Guitar: Ibanez Iceman, two custom-built Hamer Explorer-style guitars, Fender Telecaster, all with P-100 pickups. Strings: Ernie Ball Light Top Heavy Bottom, .010-.046. Effects: DigiTech Whammy, Dunlop wah, Boss volume, Boss Octave, Mu-Tron 3, Octavia, MXR Phase 30, Arion chorus. Amplification: signal split into two paths, with channel one through Stack in a Box, Oberheim Sample and Hold, & Chandler delay into Peavey Classic 100-watt amp & Peavey 4x12 cabinet; channel two through ADA TFX4, Oberheim Sample and Hold, Tone Bender and MXR Blue Box, Electro-Harmonix Electric Mistress, Metal Zone, and Zoom Choir into 1x15 Peavey Delta Blues amp.

Mike Keneally. Guitars: Eric Clapton-signature Fender Strat with 2-TEK bridge & EMG pickups, Fender '52 reissue Telecaster. Strings: Fender Nickel Plated Steels, .010-046. Effects: Boss PV-300L volume, CryBaby wah, Sabine ST-1600 tuner, Korg PME Modular Effects Unit (chorus, flanger, EQ, compressor); additional effects setting control with Rivera & Fender footswitches. Amplification: left output from Korg runs to Fender Blues Deluxe amp; right output to Rivera Hundred Duo 12.

Bryan Beller. Basses: Fender five-string Jazz Deluxe, customized Fender four-string '51 reissue P-bass. Strings: Fender Nickel Plated Steels, .045-.105. Effects: Boss TV-12H tuner, Ernie Ball volume pedal, DOD Octoplus, Tech 21 SansAmp. Amplification: SWR SM-400 & Peavey DPC 1000 power amps, each through SWR Goliath 4x10 cabinet.

Joe Travers. Drums: Drum Workshop kit, with 16"x22" kick & DW 5000 accelerator double kick pedal, 8"x10" & 10"x12" rack toms, 14"x16" floor tom, 6.5"x14" vintage brass snare. Heads: Remo Ambassador. Cymbals: platinum-finished Zildjians, with 14" rock hi-hats, 16" medium thin crash, 17" medium thin crash, 19" rock crash, 20" China Boy high, 20" ride, and ping ride. Sticks: Vic Firth, with nylon tips.

brooklyn funk essentials

When New York's Brooklyn Funk Essentials hit a stage, audiences are treated to a mighty spectacle of groove. The supremely fat musical foundation laid down by the band's rhythm section is topped by swirling keyboards, a pumping horn section, a scratching DJ and a shifting cast of singers, rappers and poets. So it's a little odd to learn that the band's grand funk began life as a one-man studio project.

"A few years ago I decided I'd only work in the studio," says bassist/bandleader Lati Kronlund. "I didn't want to worry about touring and carrying things around and making phone calls for rehearsals. Now I'm on stage with 13 people. Yeah, it's weird. But this is the music I always dreamed of making. Every time we soundcheck, we explode into some kind of jam that has us all saying, 'Wow. This all right.'"

Kronlund began piecing that music together in 1993 during down time at Arthur Baker's studio, where he was working as an arranger and programmer on an Al Green album. He played almost everything himself on early demos, but as he called in friends to contribute to his work, a band vibe began to blossom. By early '94, BFE's sizable lineup had become a major draw on the NY club scene. Signed by RCA, their debut album was released last August.

Though the record makes extensive and creative use of samples, every sound they make in concert is 100 percent live. "This is a band of good listeners," says Kronlund. "And the interplay between us is probably the best part of our show. Machines are not good listeners, and it would be restraining to let one be in charge on stage."

He does reluctantly count on a touch of high-tech to achieve the classic funk keyboard sounds—Clavinet, Fender Rhodes, Hammond B-3—that are often the meat of the tunes. "I'm not totally happy that our Rhodes sound comes from a Korg M1, but we just can't carry everything we want with us," he explains. "Our backs couldn't handle it."—*Chuck Crisafulli*

BROOKLYN FUNK ESSENTIALS

Lati Kronlund. Bass: Fender Jazz. Effects: Novation Bass Station.

Etienne Stadwijk. Keyboards & sound modules: Roland JV-80, Korg M1, Korg X5, Kurzweil Micro Piano, Roland Sound Canvas. Effects: DOD FX-17 wah/volume, Dunlop Crybaby wah. Amplification: Mackie 1202 mixer, Roland JC-120 stage amp.

Yancy Drew. Drums: vintage Ludwig five-piece kit, with 22" kick & DW 5000 footpedal, 6"x14" snare, 12" rack tom & two 13" rack toms on Gibraltar rack system, 14" floor tom. Cymbals: Zildjian. Sticks: Vic Firth 5Bs.

E. J. Rodriguez. Percussion: 11" quinto conga, 13" tumba conga, LP bongos, LP brass timbales (12" & 13"), toys tree. Sticks: Vic Firth Conquistador red timbale sticks.

Paul Shapiro. Tenor sax: Selmer. Soprano sax: Yanagifawa. Flute: vintage 1942 Selmer.

Joshua Roseman. Trombone: Bach 42B with 5G Megatone mouthpiece.

Bob Brockman. Trumpet: Bach-Stradivarius. Flugelhorn: Couisnon. Keyboards: Korg M1-EX.

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fast forwa

1 prs carlos santana

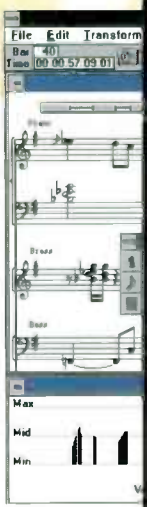
Carlos Santana's been playing a Paul Reed Smith for years, and now, at long last, his model is available to all (for $6000). A 24-fret mahogany neck with rosewood fingerboard, maple top and mahogany back are responsible for the warm tone, while the rippled abalone bird inlays and OM symbol on the truss rod cover ensure that it doesn't look half bad either. It only comes in Santana yellow, but what other color would you really want?

2 supra simple internet

These days, more and more people are itching to investigate the mysteries of the 'Net, including musicians. (We assume they're people too.) Supra makes the going easier for all with Supra Simple Internet, a complete kit for both Macintosh and PC that gives you all you should need to get on. A V.34 28,800 bps faxmodem, Supra Mosaic Internet software and a CD-ROM tutorial are the main, but not the only, inclusions. Price ranges from $179 to $210 (internal and external modem prices vary).

3 musicator audio software

Musicator's Audio software ($399) combines digital audio recording, MIDI sequencing and music scoring in a single Windows program. 16 audio tracks are instantly available; vocals and live instruments can be recorded directly to disk and synchronized to MIDI tracks. Musicator Audio's sequencer allows for easy editing of both MIDI data and notation, while its printed output will make any copyist look twice.



4 ADA flanger

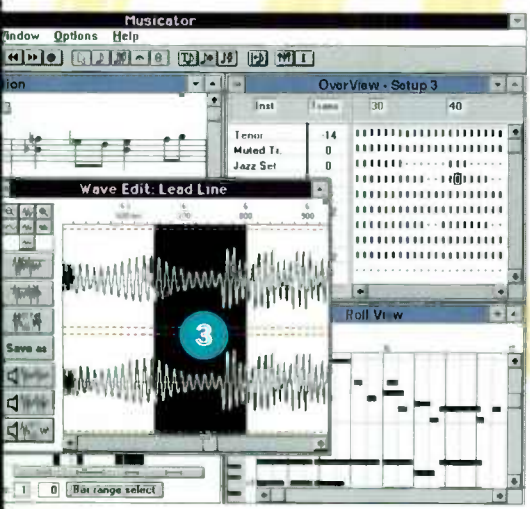
Not much to say about this one; it's simply a classic. ADA first brought out its flanger in 1978, and the new reissue ($249.95) is still a wonder to audition. If you're looking for bizarre metallic effects, chilling vibrato, or glorious sonic reproductions of passing jets, your search is herewith completed.

5 yamaha QS300

Yamaha bills its new QS300 ($1895) as a "music production synthesizer," an appropriate term considering the very big productions you can devise with it. A 932-voice tone generator with 22 drum kits, three digital stereo effects sections, and an 86,000-note sequencer are notable in themselves. But the most intriguing feature of the QS300 is a memory bank of 100 musical styles and 3093 phrases that can be called up and altered at will, perfect for songwriters who like to experiment.

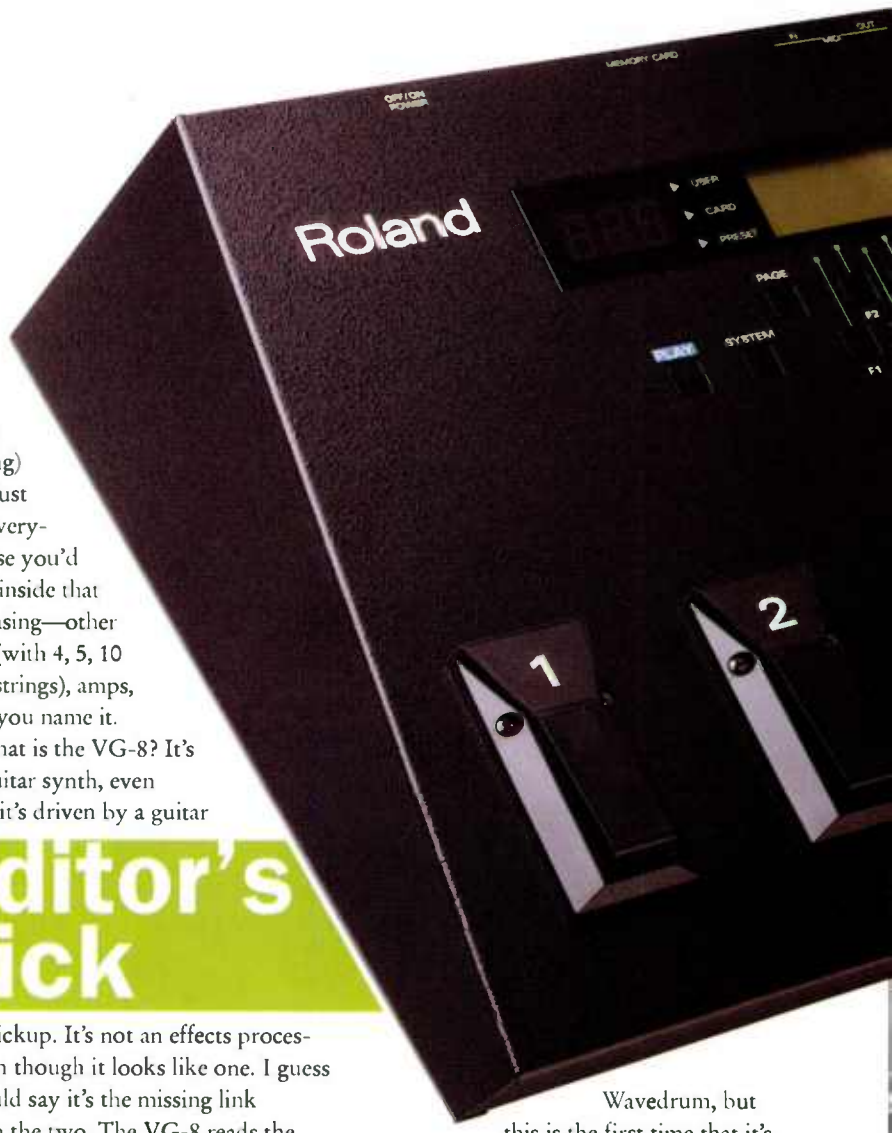
6 cad megamix M1600

Having trouble getting that final mix of your demo just right? Consider the CAD MegaMix M1600, a disk-based 16-track automation system for Macintosh. The hardware component of the M1600 is a box of 16 voltage control amplifiers (VCAs), one for each track, that connects to both your mixing console and your Mac. The MegaMix software allows you to program and change mutes and fader moves independently, merge tracks, and combine sections of different mixes. All that control (and a transparent signal too) can be yours for $995.



Six-String Superbox

by mac randall



editor's pick

One of my most prized possessions is a 1963 Gibson Melody Maker electric 12-string. The store I bought it in ten years ago picked it up in rough shape, so they did some work on it, giving it a new black paint job and chrome pickguard. It's still got the same SG body, though, and the same thin neck. And what a tone: perfect for engaging the overdrive and kicking into an old Zeppelin tune. I don't think I could ever bear to part with it.

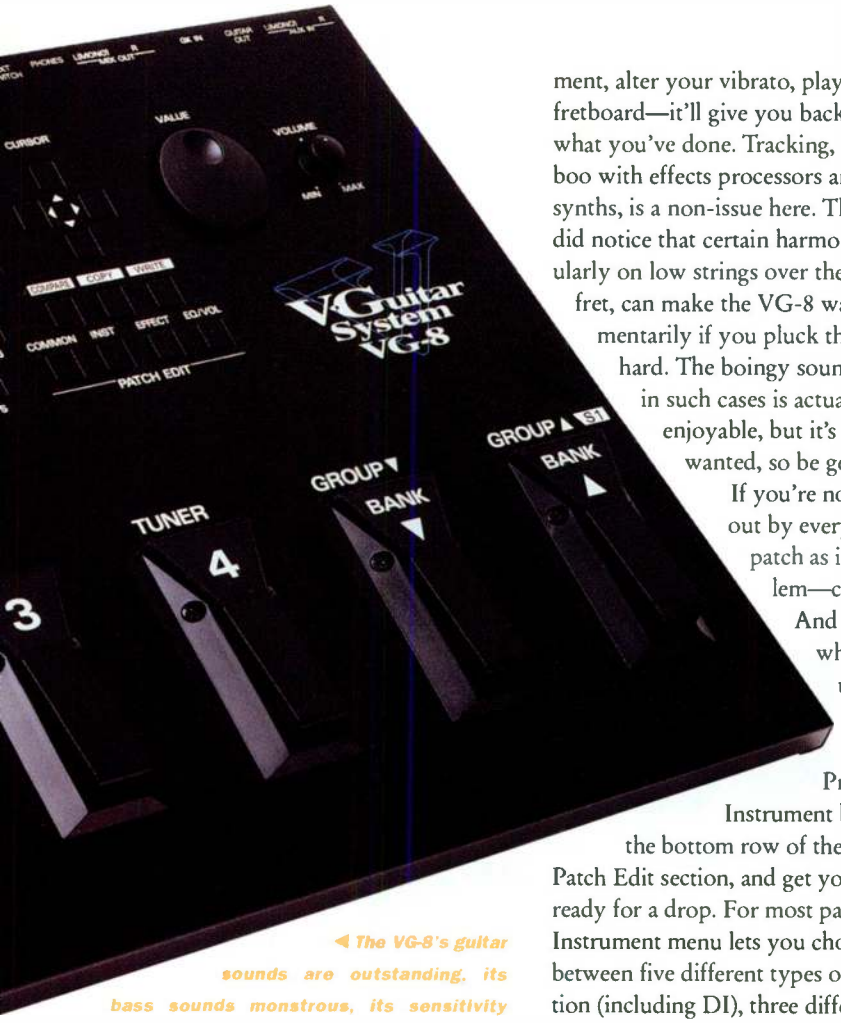
Correction. I didn't think so until I tried out the new Roland VG-8 guitar system. Now I'm thinking twice. You see, one of the first things I did when I plugged my Strat into the VG-8 was dial up a preset meant to duplicate the sound of a Les Paul going through a Marshall stack. The tone was crunchy and thick, with a suitably heavy bottom end. But I wasn't satisfied. I kept thinking: What if that sound had 12 strings instead of 6? So I simply pressed two buttons, turned one dial two notches to the right, and started strumming "Achilles Last Stand." And there was my Melody Maker, recreated in such amazing detail that for several seconds I questioned whether I really needed that old axe anymore.

Plenty of guitarsts may ask themselves similar questions upon experiencing the VG-8. Don't get me wrong; I'm not suggesting a big black box can take the place of your favorite instrument. But if you'd rather not haul that instrument around and expose it to the world's dangers, this particular box can come in handy. If you've got the VG-8, you only need one (electric six-string) guitar. Just about everything else you'd want is inside that metal casing—other guitars (with 4, 5, 10 and 12 strings), amps, effects, you name it.

So what is the VG-8? It's not a guitar synth, even though it's driven by a guitar synth pickup. It's not an effects processor, even though it looks like one. I guess you could say it's the missing link between the two. The VG-8 reads the vibrations of guitar strings and turns them into sounds derived from computer models of instrument characteristics. The process Roland uses is called COSM, or Composite Object Sound Modeling, and it simulates the sonic qualities of everything from transistors to speakers, transformers, even the kind of finish on a given guitar; it can also fiddle with the vibrating strings' harmonics to produce weird new synth sounds. The same type of technology has been employed by Yamaha's VL synthesizers and Korg's Wavedrum, but this is the first time that it's been applied to the guitar. And the result is stunning.

For proof, check out nearly any one of the 128 available patches. (The 64 in the Preset bank can't be erased or permanently changed, while the other 64 can; both banks are subdivided into two groups of 32, labeled respectively A and B.) From an open-D-tuned swamp tone to a bright Rickenbacker 12-string, the realism of the guitar sounds is outstanding. The bass sounds, including simulations of Chris Squire, Stanley Clarke, Jack Bruce and oth

The Roland VG-8 isn't a gu



◀ *The VG-8's guitar sounds are outstanding, its bass sounds monstrous, its sensitivity remarkable, its editing power jaw-dropping. And those screen icons are the cutest.*

ers, are monstrous. And the synth patches, largely futuristic interpretations of wind instruments, are loads of fun. Particularly cool are the hybrid patches, like that strange cross between a Strat and a Hammond B-3; it had me laughing derisively at first, but I kept coming back to it.

ar synth. It's way better.

Two modified 12-strings similarly caught my fancy. Both double the bottom two strings with notes an octave below; the first doubles the top four with notes a fifth above, while the second doubles them with notes a thirteenth above. I believe "shimmering" is the appropriate word.

In every case, the VG-8's sensitivity is remarkable. Pick anywhere on the instrument, alter your vibrato, play above the fretboard—it'll give you back exactly what you've done. Tracking, such a bugaboo with effects processors and guitar synths, is a non-issue here. That said, I did notice that certain harmonics, particularly on low strings over the 5th or 7th fret, can make the VG-8 wack out momentarily if you pluck them real hard. The boingy sound it creates in such cases is actually quite enjoyable, but it's not always wanted, so be gentle.

If you're not knocked out by every single patch as is, no problem—change 'em. And here's where this unit's power really shows. Press the Instrument button on the bottom row of the VG-8's Patch Edit section, and get your jaw ready for a drop. For most patches, the Instrument menu lets you choose between five different types of amplification (including DI), three different speakers, three mike types and positions, and four pickup types. One of those four pickup settings can be custom designed: Select single-coils, humbuckers or piezos, move them anywhere from the bridge to the 12th fret, put them in or out of phase, and angle them as you wish (you could conceivably have the first magnet at the bridge and the sixth on the fretboard). There's also a pitch shifter, which allows you to program alternate tunings (that's how I turned a Les Paul into a 12-string).

The next button over puts you into the Effects menu, where you can select and alter the settings of modulation (chorus, flange, phase, tremolo), delay or reverb effects. The VG-8 presets often have effects programmed in and sometimes overdo it, but you can fix that fast. The nicest part of these menus are the simple icons displayed on the LCD screen; I found the "Amp" one especially cute.

Once you've got your sound the way you want it, you can save it using any one of the 64 User patch slots. But remember, saving a new sound will erase the one that's in that slot now, so either be sure you can't stand the old one or buy a Roland memory card. (You can also dump the data to a MIDI library or sequencer.) With a couple extra footswitches, you can set the VG-8 up for editing with your feet—nice for live work.

My use of these editing features has taken me down some ugly paths, but the VG-8 has come through nearly every time. I didn't think it could turn a normal Strat sound into a complete wall of sludge and still allow me to play recognizable minor-9th chords; it did. I didn't believe moving two out-of-phase humbuckers right next to each other would sound much different from their normal position; it did. The VG-8 has disappointed in only two ways. First, my search for the perfect Robert Fripp lead sound has been fruitless; one patch got me the basic tone and sustain, but bending up to high notes brought in shortwave radio-style frequencies. Second, several patches feature a thin layer of unpleasant distortion; you can get rid of it, but finding an ultra-clean sound is tough. (In this respect, of course, the VG-8's no different than most guitar amps. Plugged into my Dean Markley tube combo, it sounded perfectly normal.) However, I get the feeling that with time and further knob-twiddling, these dilemmas may be resolved.

If you want to use the VG-8, you'll also need the Roland GK-2A pickup (an extra $275 over the VG-8's $2695 list price). Fender, Godin and Ovation all make guitars with the GK-2A built in, but you can install it on any 6-string. Strats are easiest, Les Pauls will require a few of the provided pickup spacers, archtops are tougher and may have to be modified. Screwing the pickup in requires drilling holes in your instrument. If, like me, you shrink at the [*cont'd on page 81*]

Bill Milne

Hot, New and Hi-Tech

From AES '95, the gear you'll want in your studio in '96.

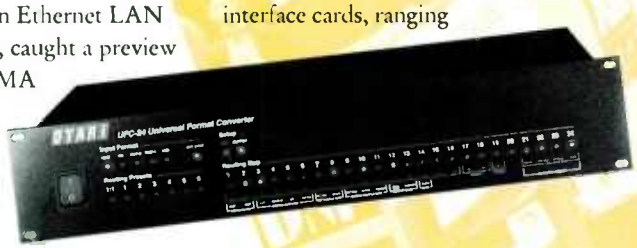
by howard massey

The message of the 1995 Audio Engineering Society convention in New York was clear: The convergence of the audio, computer and communications industries is inevitable. As yet, there's still no clear idea how to pull off this grand merger. But so far, home project studios have been the main catalyst in merging the creative world of music making with the largely technical worlds of audio engineering and multimedia production. Pro audio and software manufacturers are now targeting home recordists as never before. If this keeps up, a revolution in the production and distribution of music could be just around the bend.

The hottest topics at the AES workshop and technical paper sessions were, in rough order, multimedia, networking, and multimedia networking. In the "Professional Audio in an Interactive World" workshop, representatives from companies like Apple, Microsoft, and Electronic Arts debated the state of audio in multimedia (consensus: it sucks) and speculated on future developments (which presumably won't suck) while trying not to leak proprietary information to their competitors. Attendees at the "Multimedia and Networking" session found out what new audio features have been added to Windows '95 (not a lot), got information on how to route MIDI messages over an Ethernet LAN (Local Area Network), caught a preview of the new proposed IMA (Interactive Multimedia Association) 4:1 audio compression standard (which has the dual advantage of not sounding bad and requiring no hardware for decompression), and heard the MIDI Manufacturers Association's proposal for a "Multivoice Digital Audio Engine" standard merging MIDI and digital audio workstation technologies.

As usual, though, the heaviest action was on the exhibit floor. Judging from the long lines at the demo room, Buzz of the Show award goes to ***Yamaha*** for their 02R mixer, which should be available at the beginning of '96. This product could have enormous impact on home project studios—maybe as big as that of digital multitrack tape recorders like the Alesis ADAT and Tascam DA-88. The 02R is a completely digital, completely automated 40-input, 8-bus mixer with a list price of $8699. (Previously, all-digital multibus mixers ranged from $200,000 on up.) Up to four optional interface cards, ranging from $299 to $359 each, can be added, each of which allows eight tracks of digital audio to be input to and output from the console in all popular formats. Thus, a single 02R could bring in 32 tracks from a variety of tape-based or hard disk recorders. What's more, optional cards allow multiple 02Rs to be cascaded or interfaced with analog multitracks. Unlike its smaller cousin, the ProMix 01, this is a mixer built for recording, with many high-level pro features: motorized faders, channel EQ and dynamics, eight aux sends, word clock and time code input/output for synching with other devices, and a large-screen LCD display. In short, this puppy can do a lot of what the big boys do, at a fraction of the cost—the same reasoning that sold so many ADATs and DA-88s.

Speaking of ADAT, ***Alesis*** proved that they aren't resting on their laurels with the debut of their ADAT-XT. This is essentially a hot-rodded ADAT, with improved transport controls (including much faster rewind/fast forward shuttling), built-in synchronous functions (many of which were previously available to ADAT owners only with the addition of the BRC controller), enhanced display, and heavier casing. Best of all, the ADAT-XT is completely compatible with the existing ADAT, so it can be used to play back or overdub onto older ADAT tapes. List price of the ADAT-XT is $3459 (just



From top: Alesis' ADAT-XT, Yamaha's 02R digital mixer, Otari's UFC-24 universal format converter

$500 more than the original ADAT), and it should be in stores now.

Digital multitrack recorders like the ADAT have created such a large profit base that other manufacturers are quickly leaping into the fray. Alesis's previously announced alliance with ***Fostex*** resulted in the RD-8 ADAT-compatible recorder; at AES, Fostex unveiled the second-generation CX-8, which retains compatibility and adds many of the features provided by the Alesis ADAT-XT. The plot thickened further with the announcement at the show of the impending release of the ***Panasonic*** MDA-1 ADAT-compatible. The ***Tascam*** DA-88, which enjoys more popularity in the video post-production world than in the home project studio, is no longer the only player in its arena either; it now receives competition from ***Sony***'s DA-88–compatible PCM-800, first unleashed at the '94 AES show.

Eight-track, tape-based digital recording may be winning the popularity contest, but hard-disk recording is by no means dead. In fact, many industry leaders forecast a shift in this direction in the months ahead, particularly as prices of storage devices continue to plummet. Which brings us to ***Akai***'s new DR16. The DR16 is significant not only because it provides 16 tracks of hard disk recording (as compared with the eight tracks provided by tape-based systems) but because it does so at a list price of $4995, including a built-in mixer but excluding a hard drive. Another new entry in this field is the Fostex DMT-8, which offers eight tracks of hard disk recording, including mixer and 540Mb internal hard drive, at a list price of $2795. And Yamaha's CBX-D3, which requires a hard drive and a Mac or Windows computer plus appropriate software, provides four tracks of hard disk recording for an almost unbelievable $995.

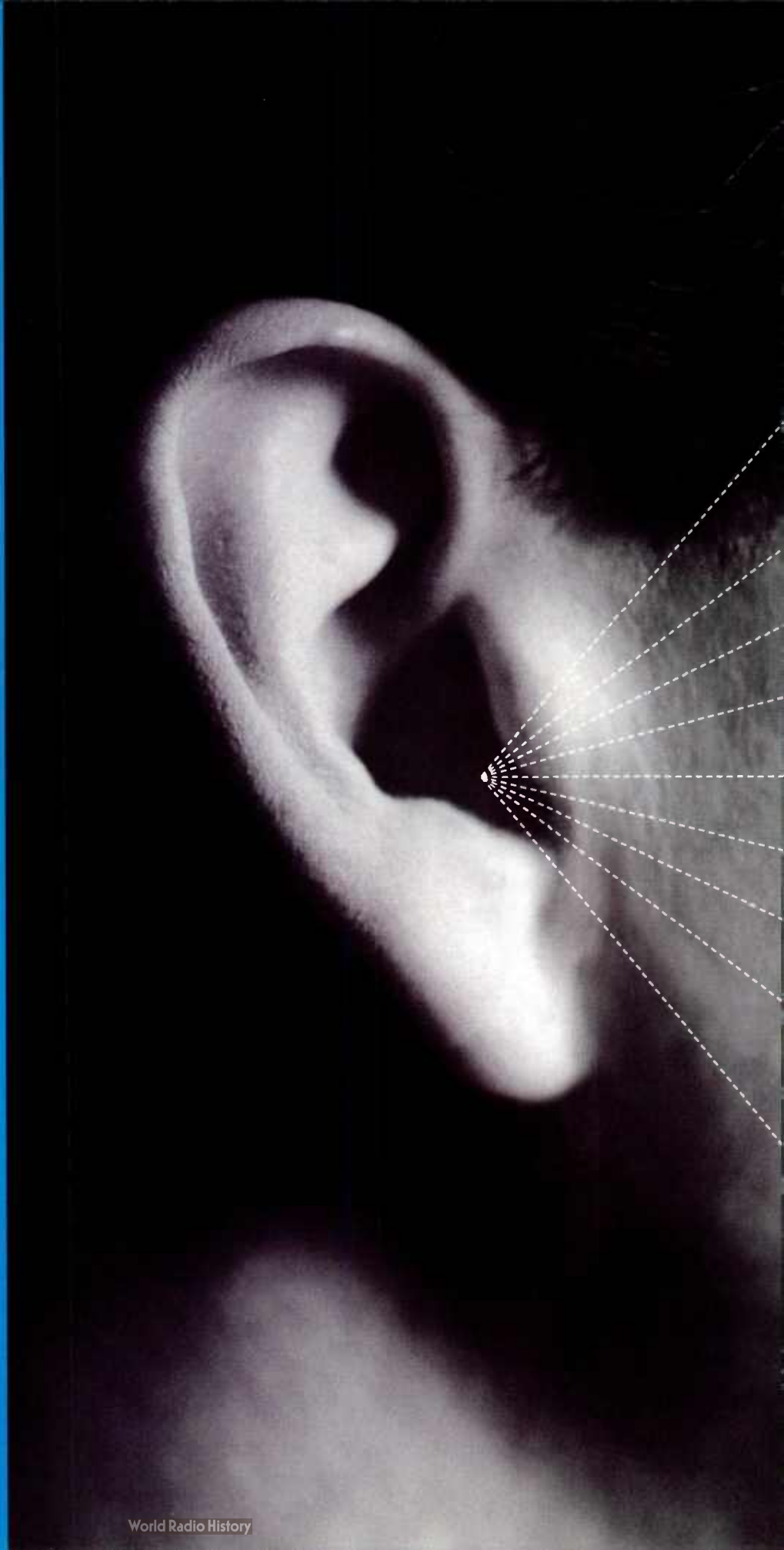
The current leader in hard disk recording, ***Digidesign***, had lots of new announcements, including the anticipated word that future Pro Tools III hardware will be PCI-based. Their current hardware connects into Apple's now-extinct NuBus slots; in order to soften the blow to existing Pro Tools owners, the company has announced an exchange program. Digidesign also showed their soon-to-be-released ProControl mixer (or "tactile control surface," as the jargonmeisters would have it), as well as a slew of new software "plug-ins" for Pro Tools, including a ***t.c. electronics*** reverb module, a ***Focusrite*** RED2 EQ module, and the ***Antares*** Spectral Shaping Tool, which not only can measure and calibrate your speakers but can also adjust their frequency response to emulate different listening environments, such as a car radio or TV speaker.

Of course, if engineers have anything to say about it, the sound you hear will most likely pass through one or more signal processors first, and there were quite a few new ones at the show. The ***Behringer*** Ultra-Curve provides 31-band digital graphic EQ, with built-in real time analyzer, limiter and noise gate, all under MIDI control, with a list price of just $899. The ***DigiTech*** Studio Quad combines four independent mono multi-effects processors (configurable to two stereo processors) in a single rack space for just $499. In a similar vein, the ***dbx*** 1046 provides four channels of compression at a list price of $549.

On the software beat, ***Opcode***'s Studio Vision 3.0 stood out among new AES releases. Besides doing audio-to-MIDI and MIDI-to-audio conversion (yes, you read that right), this baby adds many features normally found only in digital audio editors, such as time compression/expansion, pitch shift, and audio tempo adjustment. Also attracting attention was ***SIA***'s Smaart software, which enables a full range of acoustical measurements to be taken with just a Windows computer and soundcard.

Plenty of hip new products at AES fell into the "miscellaneous" category. These included ***Mackie***'s long-awaited Ultramix automation system, which adds up to 32 channels of automation to any mixer with channel inserts; the ***Samson*** MixPad9, a 9-channel mixer that literally fits into the palm of your hand; ***Peavey***'s Big MAQ/Little MAQ power amps with built-in graphic equalizer and feedback locating circuitry; the ***Fender*** PX-22160 powered mixer (a compact unit that folds up into its own flight case); ***Roland***'s DIF-800 digital interface, which enables their DM-800 digital audio workstation to hook up to ADAT- [*cont'd on page 84*]

Gregg Rubin, Engineer
After several platinum and gold CDs, and an Emmy, he has an ear for sound.



He listens. Half the year in the studio. The other half on the road as a live sound mixer. For Gregg Rubin the challenge is to capture the immediacy of music. After hundreds of live performances and countless hours in the studio, he knows what music really sounds like. What goes in his ear is what gets laid down on Sony Digital Audio Recording Media.

"It doesn't matter if a performance is great if the tape you're recording it on, isn't. That's why I trust Sony DAT tape for my live and 2-track masters. In the studio, I prefer Sony DASH tape. It's so precise, and I can punch as many times as I want without compromising the quality of the recording. And for live multitrack recording, I've discovered the DARS series for 8mm MDMS — it's performed flawlessly. The bottom line is that I know everything I'm putting down is safe — so the sound I hear the day of the recording is exactly the sound I hear the day of the mix."

Whether you're working in the control room, on location or in your basement, make the most of every note. Sony Digital Audio. After all, sound that inspires is not a luxury, it's a necessity. For a brochure call 1-800-955-SONY.

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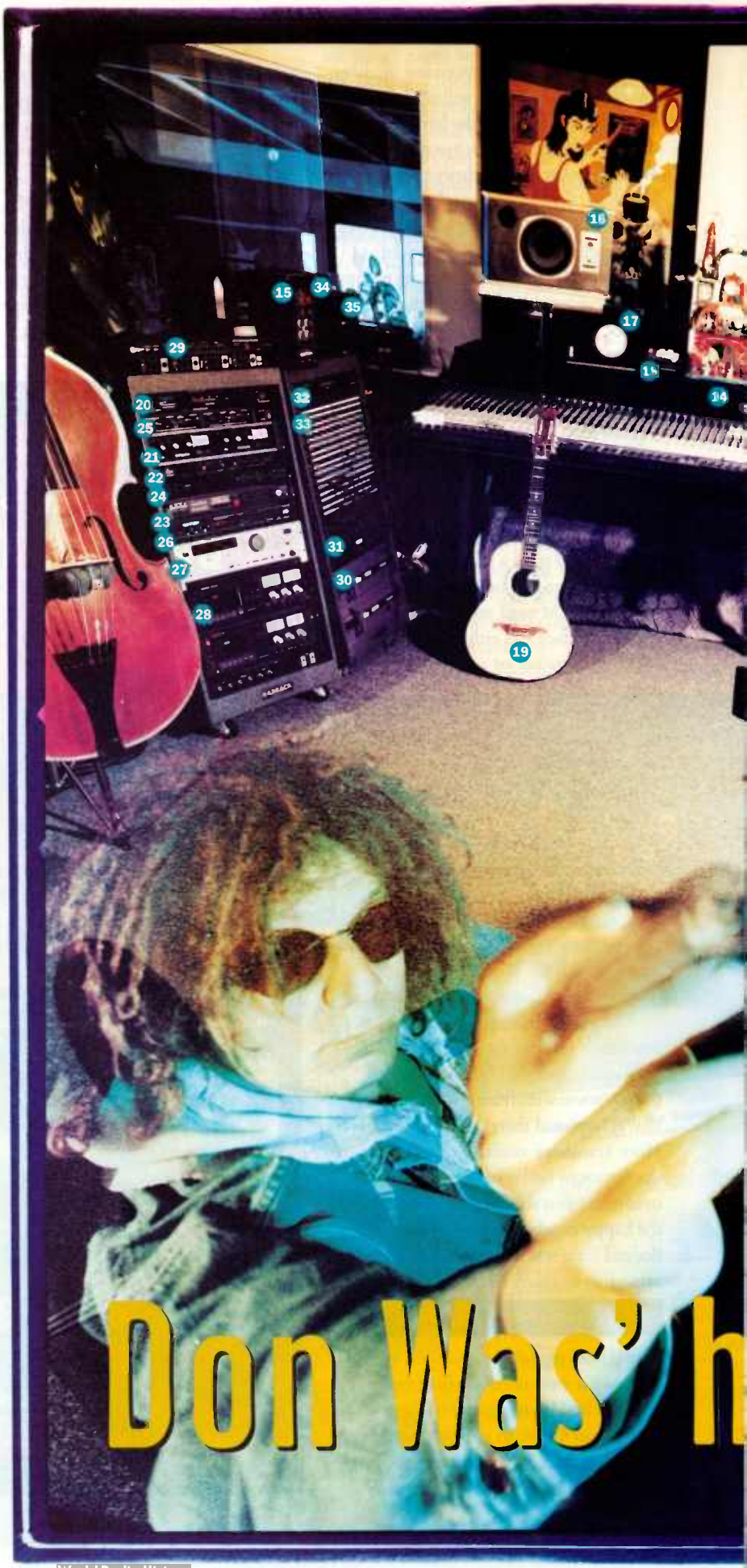
TO CALL producer deity Don Was' personal recording facility a home studio would be selling it considerably short. Was doesn't merely have a studio in his home; his studio *is* a home. Previously the domicile of soft-porn auteur Russ Meyer, the ranch-style house was purchased by Was shortly after his family's home was built on the adjacent lot. "I bought the house mainly to prevent anyone from tearing it down and building a house next door to mine," says Was.

While Was initially had no intention of converting the house into a studio, a nudge from Bonnie Raitt during the sessions for Raitt's album *Longing In Their Hearts* prompted a radical rethink. "When we were recording Bonnie's album over at Ocean Way in Hollywood, she started to become uncomfortable with people hanging in the hallways, eavesdropping on the sessions," says Was in between puffs on a superfine Cuban stogie. "She suggested that we just grab some equipment and go to my house, which is really how this studio got started. We didn't acoustically treat it in any way. I just put a window in and knocked out a two-way mirror that Meyer had installed between two bedrooms."

Was' sprawling complex, nestled deep in the Hollywood Hills, gives the producer and his clientele—an eye-popping roll call of music legends that includes Raitt, Bob Dylan, the Rolling Stones and Brian Wilson—the privacy and sanctuary they need to conjure up the proper vibe. "Except for the flight path from Burbank Airport, you're really in Nowheresville over here," says the Was (Not Was) alumnus. "I mean, I've had some pretty famous people running around this joint and no one knows they're here. Everyone's really relaxed and loose when they work here. You don't really feel like you're in L.A. and yet you're two minutes away from the supermarket."

Although the studio has the capacity to turn out the kind of slickly crafted, impeccably arranged albums that are Was' trademark, he prefers to use it mostly for vocal overdubs and mixing sessions: "For rhythm tracks, I haven't found better rooms than the ones at Ocean Way." Was describes his studio setup, which was designed by longtime assistant engineer Dan Bosworth, as "not too high-tech. We tried to keep it as simple as possible." An idiosyncratic blend of vintage and cutting-edge gear, it's certainly a far cry from Ocean Way (which Was uses so fre-



PHOTOGRAPH BY SUSAN WERNER

quently they have a tape vault named after him), but it's hardly your garden-variety four-track rec room jobbie, either. For basic demo tracks, Was primarily uses a **Hammond XB2** keyboard ❶ ("I use it to simulate Leslie organ sounds") and a creaky **Morat** drum machine ❷. "This machine was invented by two engineers that used to work for Roger Linn," says Was. "But they put it out two years before it was ready, and it bankrupted Linn's company. There are more sophisticated machines, but this one just has the right feel. I actually made a whole album with Sweet Pea Atkinson using this machine."

Other keyboards in Was' arsenal include an **Oberheim OB-8** synthesizer ❸ and no less than three **Roland** products: **JD-800** ❹ and **PG-800** ❺ synthesizers and an **RD-1000** digital piano ❻, the latter a gift from Elton John. "I was admiring his piano one day, and the very next morning he sent me one," says Was.

For sampling, Was relies on the **Roland S-550** digital sampler ❼ (connected to a **Tandy** computer screen ❽ for navigation through the parameters), an **E-mu Proteus 3 World Module** ❾, which gives him unusual ethnic drum sounds, and, for a fat bottom, a **Peavey MidiBass** module ❿. It's all funneled though an **Ensoniq KMX-16** patch bay ⓫ with a **Furman PL-8** power conditioner ⓬. "The S-550 is the main sampler I use," says Was. "It's primitive but funky. I've got 16 tracks of Power Tools sitting in my garage, but who has the time to learn that stuff? I could've either figured that out or made a Stones record; I chose to make the record."

Was lays down all of his vocal and instrumental tracks in what was formerly the house's living room. He relies almost exclusively on **Shure SM58** microphones ⓭ for his vocals. Was runs everything through a **Peavey 2400** console ⓮, which has 24 busses, but can accommodate as many as 84 separate tracks; the console is then filtered through a **Neve** equalizer/preamp ⓯. "As long as you have the Neve," Don gushes, "you've got the best console in the world." Was has recently mixed tracks on the Peavey for Paula Abdul, Ringo Starr and his own forthcoming solo album. His custom-made **Manley** monitors

BY MARC WEINGARTEN

16 are supplemented by a smaller pair of **Yamaha NS-10Ms** 17. Next to the left one is a **Studio City** vocal splicer 18 for comparing different vocal tracks—"my best friend in the studio." Leaning against the console is an **Ovation** 12-string 19 that Keith Richards used during the sessions for *Voodoo Lounge*. "He said, 'I need a 12-string with an action that's impossible,' so we got this guitar," says Was. "I bought it from him for $300. I should've had him sign it, though."

The two racks to the left of Was' console feature some of his favorite gear. In the first one, below another **Furman PL-8** power conditioner 20, is a **dbx 160A** compressor/limiter 21 that Was claims is "the single greatest piece of equipment ever designed by man. I would run everything through it if I could. It adds a grain that makes everything sound wonderful. It's the Sonny Liston of compressors." Stacked with the 160A are a **dbx 160X** compressor 22, a **Zoom Advantage 9200** effects processor 23, a **Yamaha SPX90** 24, a **BBE Sonic Maximizer** 25, a **Peavey Ultraverb II** 26, a **Panasonic SV-3700** DAT player 27 ("I don't like it too much. Too many mechanical problems") and a pair of **Tascam 112MKII** tape decks 28. A **Sabine RT-1601** rackmount tuner 29 rests on top of the rack in case of harmonic uncertainty.

Was' power cabinet, which includes two **Hafler** 250-watt amps 30, a **Carver PM 175** power amp 31, yet another **Furman** power conditioner 32 and a custom-made patch bay 33, also features a **Sony TCD-D10** tape machine 34 and a pair of **Denon DCD 815** CD players 35. "I've discovered that there's a great difference between the CDs you get from the mastering lab and the CDs you get from the manufacturing plant," says Was. "There's a thing called jitter that creates these wild discrepancies, so I have to really A-B everything I do."

Although Was is clearly enamored with his studio goodies, he cautions against the dangers of audio fetishism. "I've always felt that technology in its place is a great thing," says Was, whose next project is a reggae album with Willie Nelson(!). "It's only when you use technology for its own sake that you get into trouble."

AES REPORT

[*cont'd from page 75*] or DA-88-compatible recorders; the **Neumann** M-149 tube microphone (the first tube mike introduced by this venerable company in over 30 years); and, for those of you planning to bounce lots of tracks between different format recorders, the **Otari** UFC-24 Universal Digital Audio Format Converter, which can convert up to 24 channels of audio at one time and simultaneously output up to five different formats.

One last notable trend was the large number of AES exhibitors announcing their presence on the World Wide Web area of the Internet. Checking into these sites regularly (call the manufacturer for the Web address) is a good way of getting up-to-date information about equipment and interfacing with other musicians—maybe not as fun as attending an AES show but, given New York prices, certainly a lot cheaper.

HENDRIX

[*cont'd from page 52*] com. She came back again. Jimi put her off this time. By then he seemed quite uptight. I knew Jimi, so I knew what he was feeling. She came back again. He got angry because she wouldn't leave him for long enough. In fact, she was bugging him. . . . He asked Stella again to put her off. Stella was rude to her, and the chick asked to speak to Jimi. Well, when he finally got to the intercom, he mumbled something, and then without saying anything, just got into the lift and split. That was around 3 a.m."

Hendrix, either apprehensive or relieved to see Dannemann, was retrieved and taken back to the Samarkand. There, she has alleged on several occasions, she made him a tunafish sandwich after he asked for something to eat. Significantly, in a manuscript written with Richard C. Levy before publication of *The Inner World of Jimi Hendrix*, she recalls that "after eating the snack" he launched into a weighty conversation about "magic, miracles, and his message of Love, Peace and Freedom."

No More In This World

In these last hours, time is critical. Questions even of minutes take on significance as medical experts, police investigators, friends and family probe for the truth. Perhaps the simplest way of deciphering these conflicting testimonies is to arrange them along a timeline.

4 a.m. Apparently wide awake, Hendrix expresses an interest in taking some of Monika's Vesparax sleeping tablets, but she dissuades him, makes him a tuna sandwich (of which, she notes in her book, "he had only a bite"), and "carries on discussing life after death"—so says Dannemann in her book. At the same time, after waiting for Hendrix to arrive at a jam session he had been invited to at the Speakeasy, Mitch Mitchell decides to head back home to East Sussex.

5:30 a.m. Possible time of Hendrix's death, as estimated in 1992 by Dr. Rufus Crompton, director of forensic medicine at St. George's Medical School in London. Crompton based his conclusion on the results of Hendrix's autopsy, which turned up whole grains of rice. Given the time needed to digest rice, especially after the ingestion of alcohol and certain drugs, he could not have eaten it much later than 2:30 that morning, at the party with Devon Wilson. The autopsy turned up none of the tunafish or the snack Dannemann says he ate sometime after 3 a.m.

6 a.m. According to an interview of Dannemann by Harry Shapiro, she and Hendrix stop talking and get into bed. Dannemann, in her unpublished manuscript, takes a sleeping tablet. And in East Sussex, Mitch Mitchell comes home and decides to stay up and wait for his baby daughter Aysha to awaken.

6:30 a.m. Around this time, Judy Wong, a houseguest of Eric Burdon's girlfriend Alvenia Bridges, is awakened by a phone call. Wong later tells Tony Brown that it was Monika, desperately asking to speak to her friend Alvenia. Wong admonishes Dannemann for calling so early but tells her that Alvenia is at the Russell Hotel, spending the night with Eric Burdon. According to Burdon's autobiography, *I Used to Be an Animal, But Now I'm Alright*, he too receives a call from Dannemann "at crack of dawn," with the "first light of day coming through the window." He reinforces the point in a recent interview with the fanzine *Straight Ahead*, telling reporter Steven Roby, "It was still dark." Dannemann, distraught, says that Hendrix is unconscious and that she's unable to revive him. "I told her to get an ambulance," Burdon recalls to Roby. "She argued about it, saying that there was incriminating things in the flat, which I guess she took care of."

7 a.m. As noted in her deposition of September 14, 1991, Dannemann takes a sleeping pill at the Samarkand and goes to sleep. Hendrix, she says, is still awake.

8-9 a.m. According to research and interviews by Harry Shapiro, Gerry Stickells, Hendrix's road manager, receives a call from Terry Slater, a former roadie for the [*cont'd on page 94*]

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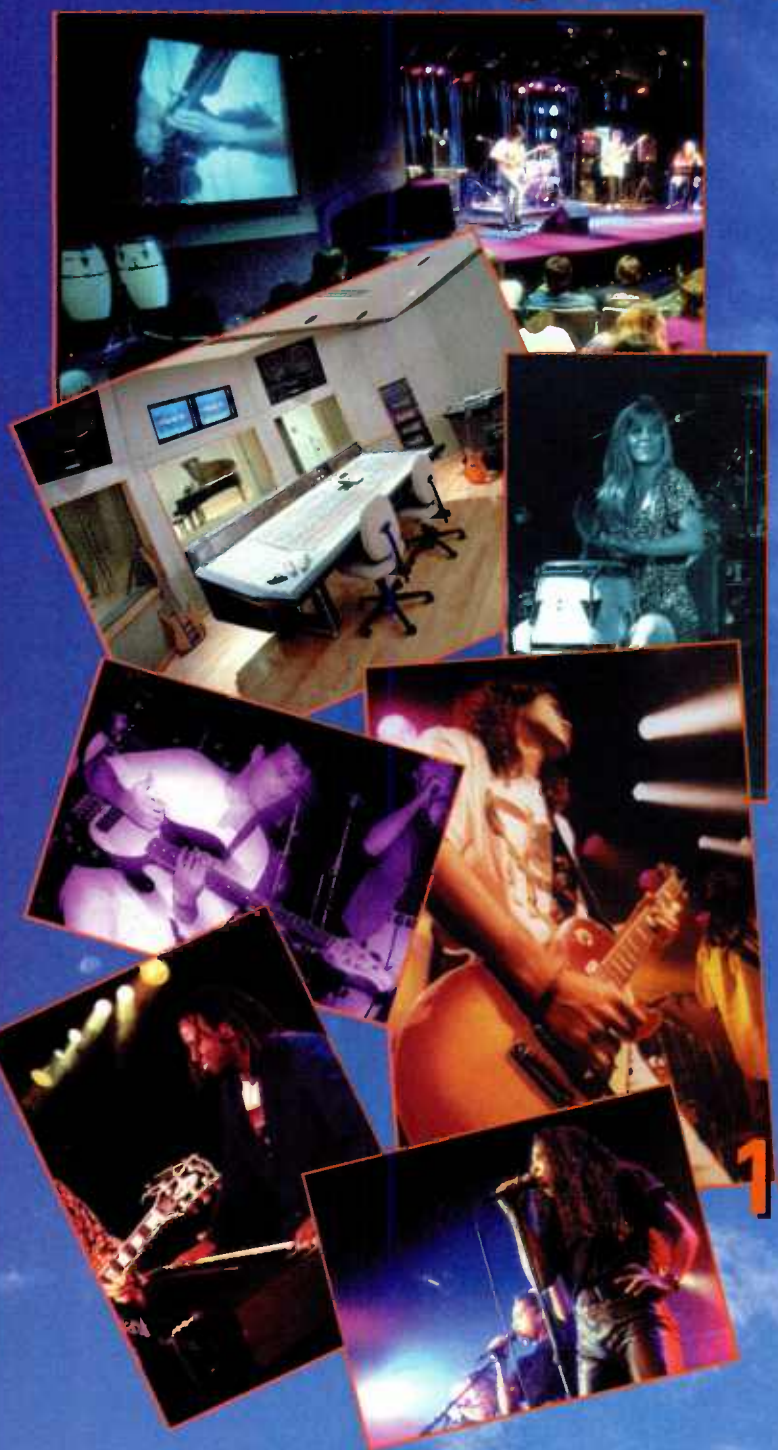

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Okie from New Jersey

Bruce Springsteen

The Ghost of Tom Joad (Columbia)

Of the adjectives to describe Bruce Springsteen and his music, one clearly leads the pack: American. The other two leading pop icons of his generation, Michael Jackson and Madonna, belong to the world. Their chameleonic images transcend national and cultural boundaries. But Bruce, like Tennessee Williams or Jimmy Hoffa, is undeniably ours.

Moreover, Springsteen stakes a claim to being one of us. His songs have articulated the hopes and fears of this country's working class with such eloquence that, 20 years after he became the Boss, fans still look to him for empathic insights into populist concerns. Which might explain in part why 1984's *Born In the U.S.A.* sold more copies than 1987's *Tunnel of Love*, Springsteen's most introspective album. Or why 1992's companion albums *Human Touch* and *Lucky Town* were criticized as self-indulgent, when they really represented Springsteen's honest (if artistically choppy) attempts to address problems that affect rock stars as well as coal miners.

With his first studio effort since then, *The Ghost of Tom Joad*, Springsteen takes what could be viewed as a professionally savvy shift of focus back to the underbelly of the American beast. On *Tom Joad* he spins more tales of blue-collar sex and violence and despair, with characters who lead dead-end lives, make all the wrong choices, struggle to keep their faith, and date girls named Jenny and Mary. So, Springsteen doesn't exactly break new ground here. But he does reaffirm his stature as a perceptive social critic and, more significantly, one of pop's greatest storytellers.

This hardly has the earmarks of a smash hit, however. Bleak and brooding throughout, with sparse, grainy acoustic arrangements—six of the eleven tracks, which were co-produced with a rugged elegance by Springsteen and Chuck Plotkin, feature only the singer accompanying himself on guitar and sometimes keyboards—the album alludes more closely to 1982's *Nebraska*, Springsteen's most subtle, least ingratiating album, than any of his big commercial gestures.

But, as on *Nebraska*, there are songs that remain awe-inspiring in their grim beauty and grace. On the title track, Springsteen wields a harmonica and a familiar highway-to-nowhere metaphor, setting a chilling account of dispossession against a warm, wistful melody. "Youngs-

Pamela Springsteen

town" is a tale of economic entrapment with strains of violin so dark and bittersweet you can almost hear the singer "sinkin' down" in them. It's one of several vivid plots centered on broken men whose only means of escape are dreams and death. Characteristically, Springsteen paints them as victims of both circumstance and their own flaws, so that the wayward ex-con on "Straight Time" and the trusting, doomed migrant worker on the softly glowing "Sitalda Cowboys" are equally credible and equally sympathetic.

And as always, his songs convey the possibility, if not the realization, of salvation through love. What drives his cast of luckless losers, and lends spirit to even his most depressing lyrics, is the need to belong to someone, be it God, family, or that girl down at the local bar. In this respect, Springsteen's American landscape is one that the whole world can relate to. We'll take credit for him, anyway.—*Elysa Gardner*

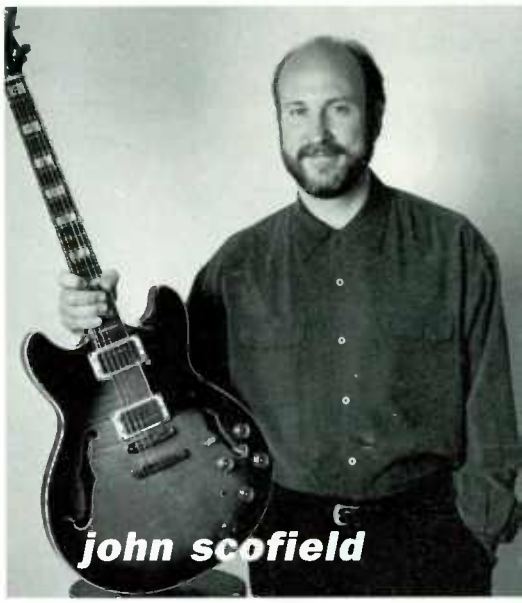
John Scofield

Groove Elation
(Blue Note)

Wayne Krantz

Long to be Loose
(Enja)
2 Drink Minimum
(Enja)

Among the top echelon of contemporary jazz guitarists, John Scofield reveals the deepest connection with blues, bebop and post-Wayne Shorter harmony. On *Groove Elation*, featuring New Orleans drummer Idris Muhammad, the progressive Hammond organ stylings of Larry Goldings, the robust big-band bass of Dennis Irwin, and an ace horn section, Scofield has produced a retro nouveau hybrid of funk, spirituals, blues and soul jazz worthy of James Brown and His Famous Flames.



On several tracks he's stripped away all that yummy stereo chorus (the easier to play lines with, my dear) to reveal a stark hollering timbre in the best Chicago blues tradition, as on the nasty shuffle "Let the Cat Out," with its oblique horn harmonies. He also makes excellent use of acoustic guitar, pours hot grease all over his Sunday school lunch on "Carlos," and paraphrases a Charlie Parker line in the funkiest manner possible on the title tune.

Wayne Krantz has been operating in a more oblique personal zone, searching for innovative structures on which to construct rhythmically elaborate, harmonically complex trio excursions. On these dates with bassist Lincoln Goines and drummer Zach Danzinger, he treats his Stratocaster like a classical guitar, as if Chet Atkins were on some Owsley blotter. The studio recording *Long to be Loose* is the more refined outing, while *2 Drink Minimum*, the live record, is a rawer presentation, with more emphasis on rhythmic intricacy and heavy electric funk modulations.

On the studio side, Krantz's "Although One Began" employs vinegary harmonies, evocative chord melody work, dancing leads and a skanky in-between pickup sound to create a shifting, keyboard-like density. His jaunty lines on "From a Little Croaking Sound" transcend the hackneyed pentatonic cadences most fusion players lean on—a truly modern vision of orchestral guitar. On the live date, the interplay is more incendiary, as if Frank Zappa had woken up one morning and realized he could play his long lines and sophisticated rhythm changes over more than one chord at a time . . . wotta concept!

Guitarists looking for a dab of old-time Tabasco should check out *Groove Elation*. Those seeking to escape the labyrinth of techno-snore cliches, and who have a taste for truly modern chord voicings, should jump on Krantz.—*Chip Stern*

Clarence Fountain on how the Blind Boys of Alabama brought him back live

CONCERT RECORDINGS ARE A staple for other gospel groups, but before *I Brought Him with Me*, the Blind Boys of Alabama had done all their recording in the studio. As frontman Clarence Fountain explains, "When you're cutting live, you can't back up. Stay in the studio, and do it better, you know?" What made Fountain and the Blind Boys change their minds? Their label, House of Blues, wanted a live album from L.A.'s House of Blues. "I was talked into this," Fountain laughs. "I didn't really want to do it."

For one thing, he was worried about playing to a "mixed" audience, which in his case means the sinners and the saved. "Where you can get the most out of things, gospel-wise, is in church. Because you're singing to an audience that knows how to handle the music."

Most of the material on *I Brought Him with Me* does consist of traditional gospel tunes like "Walk in Jerusalem" and "Lord Will Make a Way." But Fountain included modern fare like "No Dope" in the House of Blues set. "I put that on there specially, because I think it will be all right for who's listening," he says. "'No Dope' is a message tune that tells you, 'You don't need dope, because you've got hope. And who is your hope? Your hope is Jesus.'"

Overall, Fountain is pleased with his group's performance. But he still would rather have stayed in the studio. "It's just not a good thing to do, to cut live," he says. "You can do it, but what you need to do is go into a town where you know the crowd loves you. Like Montreal, Canada. That was a place to cut if you want a live album, because they had 40,000 people out there, and they just came to see the Blind Boys. Only. And they were live, and they know what they came for, and we gave it to them, and they reacted to it. And that makes the difference, see?"
—**J.D. Considine**

Alice In Chains

Grind

(Columbia Records)

Though Alice in Chains' churning din of death imagery and contorted textures implies ominous power, their sparse alterna-metal is permeated with an unsettling frailty. Rather than flex their muscles (as would most metalheads), here the players barely shadow the groove, as if no one wants to expend unnecessary energy. Instead of a mushrooming explosion, Alice's web of skin-rotting guitars and languorous drumming leaves you feeling nauseous and nasty.

That fatigue with life, and a stoner's approach to playing metal, endeared Alice's 1994 EP *Jar of Flies* to a multi-platinum audience. Fueled by rumors of the group's heroin addiction and breakup, many expected the band to give up the ghost. But the group's resilience lies in its seeming confusion. On *Grind*, Layne Staley's double-tracked vocals never veer far from a lethargic drawl, sucking in the listener with odd, layered melodicism. Around Staley the band raises a weird well of turmoil, as on "Brush Away," where squirming guitars imitate wailing hellhounds. Other songs provide slinky funk beats and Johnny Watson-ish guitar solos, adding further to the strangeness. Then "Heaven Beside You" breezes in, an acoustic blues covered in scabrous thoughts and cliched rock guitar, and with a pretty chorus that Hank Williams could've written.

Alice in Chains' sullen music is like stomach acid climbing up your throat. But once *Grind* satisfies your senses in its queasy way, another listen feels all but inevitable.—***Ken Micallef***

Michael Hurley

Wolfways

(Koch)

He's as pro-pot as the Cypress Hill crew, 'cept his blunt is a corn-cob pipe filled with homegrown. He's an advocate of antiquity, meaning 8-tracks and scratchy fiddles are de rigueur. He's a philosopher, too, but aging, sub-rosa folkster Michael Hurley pontificates in a wrinkled flannel 'n' corduroy manner that allows room for plenty of cosmic drift. To some, these pregnant pauses are the reason his tunes have such a comfy feel. Hurley, a guy who'd likely saunter out of a burning building, doesn't rush anything. *Wolfways* is a prime example of his largely seductive, sadly undervalued 30-year-old oeuvre, where digression and leeway beget a charming atmosphere of casual existentialism.

Evocative descriptions spark most of the tunes on this 13-track collection. The doomful minor-key picking and banshee warble of his signature song, "The Werewolf," are as vivid as the fleeting snapshots of Marilyn Monroe stepping out of a pool or of Smokey the Bear assessing a burned forest in "Eyes, Eyes." With an ache that underscores his reverence for Appalachian mountain music, Hurley gets to the heart of his oft-sad matters sooner than more formal folkies. And when the woe gets too much, he grabs a fiddle and saws out a lighthearted riffsong like "The Mayor of Alburg," or lets whimsy rule with a John Hurt cop like "Ditty Boy Twang." Or goes dada in a life-'n'-death novelty like "Hog of the Forsaken," whose protagonist owns a boogie-blues bar and sings for "these and those times, as well as the times to go." That sounds a lot like Hurley himself. *Wolfways* is a fine entry into his world for the uninitiated; once someone saves his Raccoon masterpieces from oblivion, all of folkdom will be a more enticing place.—***Jim Macnie***

Henry Mancini

The Days of Wine and Roses

(RCA)

He was a most genteel revolutionary. The lasting impression of Henry Mancini is that of a calm, unflappable conductor, but his lasting impact is the way he blazed a trail for jazz composers in Hollywood with the *Peter Gunn* soundtrack in 1959. That was just one color on his musical palette. This three-CD collection includes marches, a samba, a Baroque piece, a Western hoedown, an homage to the big bands, and a suitcase full of songs with French, Irish, Italian, Russian, African and Hawaiian accents.

Though he was a talented arranger and conductor, Mancini's greatest gift was for composing gorgeous, timeless melodies. His best songs, including the melancholy "Days of Wine and Roses" and the bittersweet "Two for the Road," seem to capture in music the yearnings of the human heart. "Moon River," Mancini's most famous composition, combines the elegance of a waltz with the simplicity of a folk song. Like movie classics such as "Over the Rainbow" and "As Time Goes By," it proves that songs can be simple and universal without sacrificing depth. Elsewhere, his sense of playfulness comes across on the impish "Baby Elephant Walk" and the mischievous cat-and-mouse game of "The Pink Panther Theme." His sole weakness was a fondness for syrupy vocal choirs, which often undermined the power of his material.

This set runs through 1977, when Mancini left RCA, and leaves the impression that his career ran out of gas after that. In fact, he went on to have several other successes which RCA was unable or unwilling to license. Boxed sets carry the aura of being complete and definitive. It's a shame to have such gaps and omissions in a posthumous boxed set on a composer of Mancini's stature.—***Paul Grein***

Various Artists

Big Band Renaissance:

The Evolution of the Jazz Orchestra

(Smithsonian)

While big-band jazz never really prospered after the Swing Era, it certainly proliferated. From the opening horn shouts of Jay McShann's "Swingmatism" (1940), with its boppish solo by Charlie Parker, to the harmonic freedom of Muhal Richard Abrams' "Hearinga" (1989), producer Bill Kirchner has compiled and annotated six hours of music infused with blues and Bartók, that swings in 4/4 or rushes in 13/8, with saxes seductive or zany, phrasing that originated in black churches as well as in Japan, wordless vocals and Jon Hendricks' rap on the joys of New York City.

This five-disc boxed set includes 75 selections by 60 ensembles divided into road, part-time, studio and avant-garde bands. If there's a trend evident over 50 years, it's the movement of the mainstream away from swinging, improvisatory music based on simple charts that could be modified in the midst of performance (the Basie band) toward orchestrations that leave room for individual soloists. The one constant is the absorption of new sounds, whether Cuban rhythms or Mexican folksongs, made by flutes, electronic keyboards, or the advances of jazz itself from bebop to the avant garde.

You could quibble about individual selections or the inclusion of smaller eight- and nine-piece bands. But a careful listening might inspire a new appreciation for groups led by figures as diverse as Buddy Rich or Sun Ra, Don Ellis or the Elgart Brothers. As with its predecessor, *Big Band Jazz*, the sound quality is high, and the 88-page booklet is informative and profusely illustrated.—***Dave Helland***

Rock Schenk

Count Bass D.

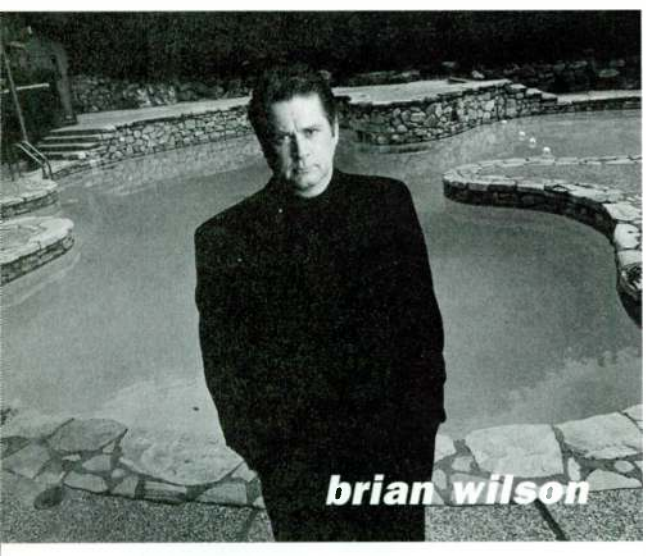
Pre-Life Crisis

(Hoppoh/Work/Columbia)

You'd expect a hip-hopper from Nashville to possess either a peculiar outlook on life or serious musical chops. Count Bass D. has both. The combination of wit and craft make *Pre-Life Crisis* about as close to pure hip-hop fun as you're going to get; listening to it is like being tickled in your sleep. Just being Count Bass D. seems to be a non-stop giggle (I mean, rapping about lip balm?), and here he's letting everybody in on the fun.

Verbally, D. (Dwight Farrell) delivers some memorable lines. To be sure, he sometimes overdoses on hip-hop similes, but he scores more often than not ("fucking up like Chris Webber" and "dumber than Dan Quayle" should earn him a trash-talk MVP). "Agriculture"'s central metaphor—women as plants waiting to be "fertilized" (har, har)—is pretty stupid, but other raps are enhanced by a refreshingly honest perspective and a wickedly sly delivery. He bares his checkbook on "Broke Thursday" ("If you hang with nine broke friends, you're bound to be the tenth one"), recounts his chance meeting with a TLC front woman on "T-Boz Tried to Talk to Me," and affirms his religious roots on "Sunday School," which comes across as heartfelt rather than pandering.

D.'s multi-instrumental skills are just as solid. His bass drums and keyboards wind through smooth jazz-styled soulscapes; a little funk here, some bossa nova and gospel there. Nothing mind-bending, just enough to keep you engaged through this funky, funny ride.—***Tony Green***



Brian Wilson and Van Dyke Parks

Orange Crate Art

(Warner Bros.)

The most stirring moment in Don Was' recent Brian Wilson documentary *I Just Wasn't Made For These Times* features this album's title track. Toward the end of the film, Wilson sits at the piano next to Van Dyke Parks, his collaborator on the unfinished 1967 Beach Boys album *Smile*. Nearly 30 years have passed since those startlingly innovative songs were written; Wilson has spent most of them in a haze of drugs, depression and dubious psychiatric care. But as Parks bangs out the tricky chords of "Orange Crate Art" and Wilson sings its old-timey, hints-of-Stephen Foster melody, it's hard not to feel some hope. Sure, decades have been lost, but couldn't the magic return?

It hasn't happened here. Though the album's certainly easy on the ears, it lacks the timeless resonance of the *Smile* songs, even as it occasionally refers to them with strategic uses of instruments like slide guitar and harmonica. The problem isn't the writing, which is generally high-quality, and nearly all by Van Dyke; Brian's contributions are primarily vocal. The title track remains a standout, while "Palm Tree and Moon" approaches the harmonic complexity of old. Hearing Wilson sing now can be disconcerting at first, but once you realize that *Pet Sounds* voice is gone forever, his frogginess grows on you. He's still great at putting lush overdubbed harmonies together, and his lead singing is much more relaxed than on his 1988 solo album.

No, *Orange Crate Art*'s main flaw is its sound—too high-gloss, with too many shiny happy synth parts. Nothing against joyful music, of course; God only knows Brian deserves some happiness. But a big smiley rendition doesn't jibe with the wistful tone of most of these songs. And it seems false to not acknowledge the last quarter century's wreckage in some way. In the end, one keeps returning to the simple piano version of "Orange Crate Art" in Was' film. It shows there's still life in this old partnership, and it hints at depths this pleasant album doesn't reach.—***Mac Randall***

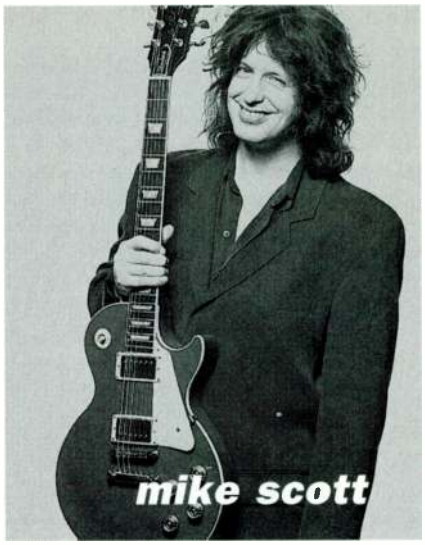
Mike Scott

Bring 'Em All In

(Chrysalis)

When inspiration dwindles and careers fade, some musicians attempt to reinvent their music. Others, searching for a rejuvenated soul and spirit, look to reinvent themselves. With *Bring 'Em All In*, former Waterboy Mike Scott has taken the latter tack, producing an intimate, sincere album of personal revelations. Reflecting a year spent in the quasi-religious Findhorn Community, his new songs embrace life, God and love. The Waterboys' "Big Music" alluded to these grand subjects, but stripped of rock pretense and any ties with his past, the nomadic Scott emerges here to tackle the big questions.

And in novel settings. On the resounding title track, for instance, he marshals simple elements—galloping acoustic guitars and a luminous vocal choir—to frame a whispered vocal delivery. In fact, each song here is a rare study in economy, in eliciting tension and intensity through stripped-down instrumentation. With the emphasis on Scott's voice and little else, these songs send shivers. Stinging harmonica and purring organ underscore "What Do You Want Me To Do?," a plea for guidance that will resonate with anyone who has wrestled with faith. The Dylan-ish "Wonderful Disguise" humorously examines the mask people present to the world, and how the soul can starve while the body appears healthy. Scott confronts romantic love in "She Is So



Jill Furmanovsky

Beautiful," describing both its joy and crippling devastation with elegance.

Spirituality, of the sort which forces you to rectify your place in the world, is so un-PC these days as to be laughable to many. Mike Scott has followed this unfashionable path, and in the process he's tapped into a bracing well of emotions and insights. As he sings, "Those who have ears to hear, let them hear."—***Ken Micallef***

The Grateful Dead/ John Oswald

Grayfolded

(Swell/Artifact)

Various Artists

The Music Never Stopped: Roots of the Grateful Dead

(Shanachie)

Even those who believe that the average Deadhead is about one bong hit shy of a cosmic revelation should be able to get behind these two unusual projects. *Grayfolded* is the mind-boggler of the two. Assembled by Canadian composer-musician-tape manipulator John Oswald, the two-CD set is Oswald's most daring utilization of his "plunderphonics" techniques to date. Over 50 performances of the titanic live set-piece "Dark Star," spanning the years 1968 to 1993, were scrambled into a single one-hour-and-45-minute mega-version, using Oswald's customary slice-and-dice editing, superimpositions (or "folding," hence the punny title), and radical varispeeding. The resultant epic makes for head-rending, sensuous listening; especially intoxicating (and, given Jerry Garcia's recent demise, moving) are the folded passages on "Transitive Axis," in which what sounds like a dozen Garcia solos are sublimely overlapped. By synthesizing the multiplicity of dynamics in this concert warhorse, producer Oswald manages to isolate what was truly marvelous and pathfinding in the Dead's much-vaunted jamming.

The Music Never Stopped has a humbler objective. The 17-track disc pokes through the Dead's record library, exposing the eclecticism of the band's sources in rock, folk, country and blues works by Merle

Haggard, Bob Dylan, Jimmy Reed and Howlin' Wolf, among others; such obscuros as old-time banjoist Obray Ramsey, Canadian folkie Bonnie Dobson and songster Henry "Ragtime Texas" Thomas were also appropriated over the years. The originals are delicious listening, and Dead expert Blair Jackson's notes explicate how the Dead adapted the tunes to their own purposes. Fanatics will derive much from both of these albums, and listeners who have long been immune to the Dead's charms may find them an invaluable road into the band's rich, resourceful music.—*Chris Morris*

Various Artists

Def Jam: The First 10 Years: Vol. 1–4

(Def Jam)

Hip-hop's unapologetically capitalist leanings helped propel it into the public eye before most of America knew what to make of it. And Def Jam's courtship of major label muscle (Columbia and later Polygram) helped create a pop-culture juggernaut, one that shredded conventions on television rather than on the indie circuit. The label's four-volume retrospective not only captures the highlights of rap's premier label, but shows how hip-hop grew up before our eyes.

Def Jam's output over the past decade wasn't definitive, merely essential. No discussion of maggotronic hip-hop/funk would be complete without the ever-reliable EPMD, just as rap's lyrical line would be poorer without L.L. Cool J's "I'm Bad" or Slick Rick's "Children's Story." And Public Enemy's pointed cultural critiques like "Shut 'Em Down" and "Fight the Power," counterbalanced by fiascoes like the Professor Griff episode, became one of pop culture's more riveting spectacles. Stalwarts like the Beastie Boys (who bolted to Capitol near the end of the '80s), 3rd Bass and Nice N' Smooth are represented here too.

Def Jam had its share of busts, and endured a serious dry spell in the early '90s, but has consistently shown an ability to keep up with hip-hop's dizzying trend turnover. When the times called for harder-than-hard rocks, Def Jam upped the ante with Onyx ("Slam," "Throw Ya Gunz"). When heads started nodding toward West Coast boom, out came G-Funk Lords Warren G ("Regulate") and Domino ("Sweet Potatoe Pie"). Currently, the label boasts a piece of the Wu-Tang rock (Method Man) as well as rapper/crooner Montell Jordan. Def Jam hasn't stopped to contemplate its past here—it's just keeping an eye in the rear view mirror.—*Tony Green*

Chavez

Gone Glimmering

(Matador)

Could this be the last gasp of rock 'n' roll? *Gone Glimmering* is the unnerving noise of an endlessly resilient style ground down to almost nothing, lacking the comforts of melody and steady rhythms, and drained of desire, excepting the desire to hurl oneself into the abyss. Featuring alumni of such East Coast outfits as Live Skull and Bullet LaVolta, Chavez recasts the standard guitar band as pitiless machine. Apparently disgusted by the limitations of the instrument, Clay Tarver and Matt Sweeney wield their axes brusquely, avoiding guitar solos like the plague, while dazzling drummer James Lo supplies tonal variety. Chavez' thrilling dead end makes Helmet seem timid, Sonic Youth excessively sentimental and Metallica just plain old.

Chavez does play pop tunes, albeit bent, mutilated ones. Amid the stabbing riffs and sputtering tempos, "Break Up the Band" and "Pentagram Ring" give the impression of being real songs; "Peeled Out Too Late" might have devolved from R.E.M., and "Wakeman's Air" carries a faint whiff of Black Sabbath, providing a quaint resonance in bleak surroundings. Often rendered unintelligible by the turmoil, Sweeney's pained bleat of a voice gives away little beyond nervous anxiety. He wails, "What was the cause?" in "Nailed to the Blank Spot," striking an appropriately bewildered stance; "Relaxed Fit" finds him repeatedly chanting, "I don't like that style," perhaps eager to comment on jeans fashions. Elsewhere, Sweeney could be singing about moonbeams and daisies for all the sense he makes. But don't bet on it.

In the terminally self-conscious manner of so many hipster groups, Chavez pose a greater threat to themselves than to others. There's no hint of spontaneity in these nine tunes, which they handily dispatch in a half-hour flat. A masterpiece in its own dispiriting way, *Gone Glimmering* is just the ticket for masochists who think catharsis equals sellout. Party down, dudes! —*Jon Young*

Reeves Gabrels

The Sacred Squall of Now

(Upstart)

Like the best solo efforts by flashy sideman guitarists—Adrian Belew's *Lone Rhino* and Phil Manzanera's *Diamond Head* come to mind—this debut by Bowie/Tin Machine vet Gabrels succeeds by providing real songs along with interstellar fretwork. Gabrels proves here that he not only creates a dazzling universe of sound with his axe, as on the aptly-titled "Fire-Dome," but that he can also write some darned catchy hooks, as on the remake of his and Bowie's "You've Been Around." His dry sense of humor helps immensely; so does a supporting cast that includes Bowie, Frank Black and Charlie Sexton. —*Thomas Anderson*

Gerry Mulligan Quartet

Dragonfly

(Telarc Jazz)

Baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan has never gotten his props as a composer or arranger, but this album—which benefits greatly from special guests Grover Washington Jr., John Scofield and Dave Grusin, and also features a cushiony cool-jazz brass ensemble—should change that, at least partially. When Mulligan sets up a mood that's out of the ordinary, such as the gospelly "Anthem" or the placid, major-chord sweetness of "Little Glory," he arrives at thoughtful tunes that challenge his cohorts and beg for further elaboration. Only one problem: Those compositions only comprise about a third of *Dragonfly*. When forced to flesh out the record with perfunctory ballads or blues (see the particularly hackneyed "Brother Blues"), Mulligan offers mundane material, and not even the efforts of his all-star guests can rescue it.—*Mark Rowland*

Billy Pierce

Epistrophy

(Evidence Music)

Epistrophy finds the impressive Boston-based tenor saxophonist in the company of fellow Jazz Messenger Donald Brown, bassist Christian McBride and drummer Billy Drummond. The album, an homage to Thelonious Monk and Sonny Rollins, was recorded three years ago, and the rhythm section often sounds less than crisp or emphatic. Having chosen a daunting repertoire, Pierce bests it in a performance defined by long lines that are engagingly knotty *and* lyrical. His reading of "Strode Rode" is so exuberant the tune seems too short, and "Bye-Ya" and "Criss Cross" are especially bracing. Pierce's sureness and his full sound paradoxically underscore and redeem his band's weaknesses.—*Karen Bennett*

Various Artists

Help

(Go! Discs/London)

Inspired by John Lennon's "Instant Karma," the songs for this benefit CD (for the Brian Eno-founded Bosnian relief charity War Child) were recorded in a single day and put on sale a week later. Featuring the cream of current British popular music (Charlatans, Boo

Radleys, Blur, Orbital, Oasis, Portishead, Stone Roses, loads more . . .), it's surprisingly solid, despite a number of cover songs. Radiohead and Stereo MCs score highest on original contributions, while Paul Weller is joined by Noel Gallagher of Oasis and Paul McCartney for a version of "Come Together." Good cause, good music.

—Dev Sherlock

HENDRIX

[*cont'd from page 84*] Animals and a friend of both Eric Burdon's and Hendrix's, during this hour. Stickells remembers Slater saying that there was "a problem with Jimi at the hotel." He dashes off to the Cumberland, not knowing that Hendrix had been staying with Dannemann at the Samarkand.

9 a.m. In a 1975 interview with Caesar Glebbeek, Shapiro's collaborator on *Electric Gypsy*, Dannemann remembers waking up at this time.

9:30 a.m. As noted in documents filed by Special Operations One at Scotland Yard, Slater reports arriving at the Russell Hotel, where he finds Eric Burdon on the phone with Dannemann, telling her to call an ambulance. (Note: In his book, Burdon admits to possibly falling asleep after taking the initial call from Dannemann, then suddenly waking up when the realization that something serious may be going on jars him from his dreams.) Meanwhile, Margaret Redding, Noel's mother, insists in an interview with *Musician* that she definitely heard of Jimi's death from her son at this time, then passed the news along to Mitch Mitchell.

10 a.m. In her unpublished manuscript, Dannemann remembers waking up at this time. "Jimi was still sleeping soundly. I got out of bed, put on some clothes, and ran across the street to fetch some cigarettes."

10:20 a.m. According to her deposition in '91, Dannemann "woke up. He was sleeping normally. I went 'round the corner to get cigarettes."

11 a.m. At this time, Dannemann told police on the day Hendrix died, "I woke up and saw that Jimi's face was covered in vomit. I tried to wake him but could not." (In her October '94 deposition in Seattle, she retracts this testimony.)

11:18 a.m. Phone records indicate a call for an ambulance from the Samarkand Hotel.

11:27 a.m. The ambulance arrives at the Samarkand. Dannemann tells Shapiro that she watches as the two crewmembers "checked his heart, his pulse, his breathing, and said it's all right, it's fine, nothing to worry about. . . . They were not worried one bit. They said this afternoon, you will walk out of the hospital with him."

But that's not how Reg Jones and John Suau, the ambulance crew, remember it. In interviews recorded by Dolores Cullen, a.k.a. Dee Mitchell, they remember finding the front door wide open, with nobody inside except for Hendrix, who was lying on the bed. Jones said, "It was horrific. . . . He was covered in vomit. There was tons of it all over the pillow—black and brown it was. His airway was completely blocked all the way down. His tongue had fallen back. . . . John ran up and radioed for the police. He got the aspirator too. We felt his pulse between his shoulders, pinched his ear lobe and nose, shone a light in his eyes. But there was no response at all. I knew he was dead as soon as I walked in the room." Suau concurred: "I knew it was hopeless. There was no pulse, no respiration. We knew he was gone. . . . But we are not doctors. It's our job to keep trying until we get him to the hospital. As soon as the police arrived, we were off." Suau also recalls that Hendrix's vomit was dry, suggesting that he had been dead for more than a little while.

11:30 a.m. Two policemen, Ian Smith and Tom Keene, arrive at the Samarkand. Dannemann, in her book, quotes Smith as saying that "he was at the flat but never saw Jimi dead." Yet Smith apparently disagrees. In a 1990 interview with the *Bucks Advertiser*, the newspaper in his home town of Aylesbury, he remembers being greeted by Monika at the Samarkand. "Hendrix was on the floor, lumped out. The ambulance people were already there, and as far as they were concerned he was dead." And in a taped interview with Dolores Cullen, Smith repeats, "Jimi was dead. It wasn't very pleasant. They [the ambulance crew] had taken some of the bedding from around him. He was dressed, but there was a lot of mess, so they just wrapped it around his body and took him off."

In a conversation with Tony Brown, Smith joins Reg Jones and John Suau in challenging Dannemann's claim that she was even in the flat at all. "We closed up the flat, as there was no one about. If she'd been in the flat, they would never have called us to come, because they could have just taken him as normal. But because no one was there, he was dead, and circumstances were a little odd, they radioed their control to get us in." (After being visited by Dennis Care, a private investigator working for Al Hendrix, Suau reportedly changed his story slightly, indicating that someone may have let him into the Samarkand flat.)

11:45 p.m. With Hendrix inside, the ambulance, having left the Samarkand, arrives at St. Mary Abbots Hospital. In many different interviews, Dannemann

short takes

by j.d. considine

Rolling Stones
Stripped
(Virgin)

That these oldies seem as fresh as they did a quarter century ago is impressive enough; that there's also a note-perfect "Like a Rolling Stone" suggests the band really is sharper than ever, or else did cut that deal with the devil. I favor the former, both because the rhythm lock is awesome (has "Let It Bleed" ever sounded so together?) and because ol' Lucifer never liked the kind of clarity Don Was brings to this production.

Tha Dogg Pound
Dogg Food
(Death Row/Interscope)

As usual, the talk about profanities and bad attitudes missed the point. What matters about Tha Dogg Pound aren't the words but the music—phat, bass-driven rhythm tracks that evoke classic P-Funk without actively imitating it. And because those grooves are played, not sampled, there's reason to believe that Tha Dogg Pound's Daz may be the brightest auteur in gangsta since Warren G. Chew on that, Time Warner.

Passengers
Original Soundtracks 1
(Island)

Whereas Eno's knack for turning texture into an extra level of hook was the icing atop *Achtung Baby* and *Zooropa*, with this album it's pretty much the whole cake. Not that the lads from U2 are unequal Passengers, exactly, for no matter how much Eno may fiddle with these sounds, the source remains recognizable. But by shifting the focus away from the supergroup, this collection allows non-melodic fare like "United Colours" or "Ito Okashi" to be given as much weight as broad-stroke pop like the snarky "Elvis Ate America" or the Pavarotti-augmented "Miss Sarajevo." These exercises hardly rank as major work, but they're still fun to hear.

Coolio
Gangsta's Paradise
(Tommy Boy)

Coolio is old-school in the best sense: He favors chorus-strength hooks, isn't afraid of playing off a well-known tune, and loves all kinds of vocal interplay. But it isn't the choral arrangement or even the Stevie Wonder sample that makes *Gangsta's Paradise* so powerful, it's that Coolio ties his music to a message that's as deep as the groove. That's as true of party tunes like "Cruisin'" as social statements like "The Revolution."

Super Junky Monkey
Screw Up
(Tristar)

These four Japanese seem equally fond of PiL, Metallica and the Beasties; what makes *Screw Up* such a kick is the way the band brings those influences together. "Paka patsuka," for instance, has no trouble matching funk drumming, droning punk guitar and dancehall toasting (in Japanese, no less), while "Popobar" offers a palatable blend of King Crimson skronk and Chili Pepper rap. Add in a surprisingly accurate gloss on the Balinese Monkey Chant, and there's reason to become a Junky Monkey junkie yourself.

insists that she rode with Suau and Jones. Hendrix, she says, was seated upright in a chair between the two, with his head occasionally falling forward onto his chest. She also tells Shapiro that they drove with the siren off. But according to Jones and Suau, the siren was blaring, the lights were flashing, and Hendrix was lying flat. "There's a standard procedure, especially for someone who's unconscious," Suau told Martin Shankleman for the Radio One show *Wink of an Eye*. "All the equipment is at his head, if you need to do resuscitation." So it was with Hendrix, Suau says, who adds that Dannemann was not in the ambulance; the only passengers, he insists, were "me and the casualty, and Reg the driver. Nobody else."

This point was underscored in January '92, when the London Ambulance Service, after conducting its own investigation of Dannemann's allegations, issued a statement: "In the light of our extensive enquiries, it is apparent that the ambulancemen acted in a proper and professional manner. There was no one else, except the deceased, at the flat . . . when they arrived; nor did anyone else accompany them in the ambulance to St. Mary Abbots Hospital."

12 noon. The ambulance arrives [*cont'd on page 98*]

JOHN HIATT

[*cont'd from page 14*] Gibson, which is what I write all my songs on, this old 1947 LG2, I bought down at Gruhn's Guitars about eight years ago, from a fellow who works there named Dan Green. His personal guitar! Not expensive, about three or four hundred bucks. There's something about these small old box Gibsons, I just like the way they sound—not too plump, not too tinny. Just real woody. I knew as soon as I hit a chord that it had many a song in it.

I write on piano about once every five years. "Friend of Mine" is about a good buddy I'd lost. I had no intention of writing a song about it. We were in Sacramento, and my tour manager at that time had a remarkable ability to get perks out of hotels. Somehow, for a regular room rate, he got me the Presidential Suite at the Hyatt. I put my key in, opened the door—there's a grand fucking piano in my room. I sat down, and the next thing you know it's evening, and I'm kind of sad and blue, and my friend had been dead for six months, and it just came out. So that might not have happened if I hadn't had the Presidential Suite. Talk about a snake in the woodpile.

Record-making collaborations are fun, but for songwriting, for me, the verdict is still out. I got nothing against it, but it's a different beast you build. I mainly do it with friends and it's like a boys' outing: Verse and chorus and then we can have lunch. Of course it's all the rage here in Nashville. It's gotten to the point of, let's not even write them, you know—let's just draw them out of a hat. But I like songs that have the stance of a particular view and that are peculiar to that individual. I like the quirks. When you collaborate, you tend to shave those off rather than encourage them. I prefer them art songs to them craft songs.

I think I get closer to the pure essence of the reason to write now, which is just the music itself—the inspiration. Having the opportunity to dance or pal up to the inspiration, to touch it, conduct it—it's a terrific feeling. I've not always had that. I've had all kinds of other baggage attached. It's like the French and their sauces—you keep reducing down, and it gets more intense and flavorful.

I've used songwriting for therapy, God knows, many times for many years. And still it's that too, in a way. It's about getting something up and out. If you look at trials and tribulations as useful, that's the only time they make any sense. If pain had no point to it, then you have to figure that God or whoever it was that designed it is kind of a shithead. You know? Or just a little too mean. So you gotta figure, you get good stuff out of being down.

GERALD LEVERT

[*cont'd from page 15*] the single drops off the charts and never returns. To say that you're angry is an understatement, but what can you do?

This is the scenario that many new artists face everyday. By the time they realize that they have been hoodwinked or bamboozled, it's too late. They're stuck in a six-album-or-more deal. It can be terminated, but by the time you go through all of that, you're worse off than before. Then let's say your album is a hit and you are a mega-star—the only thing is you have no money.

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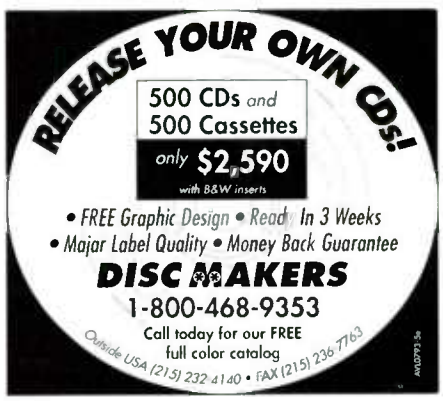

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[cont'd on page 95]

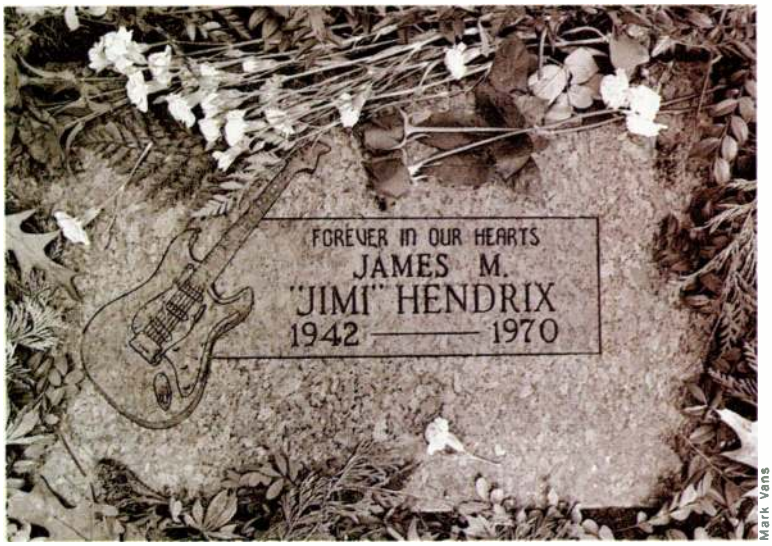
[*cont'd from page 95*] at St. Mary Abbots. Dannemann says that just before they pulled in, Suau and Jones quickly whipped an oxygen mask onto Hendrix; at this point, she says, she knew something was going wrong. Dr. John Bannister, the surgical registrar, observes Hendrix and, as he noted in a letter to Shapiro and Caesar Glebbeek, "on his admission, he was obviously dead. He had no pulse, no heartbeat, and the attempt to resuscitate him was merely a formality, an attempt we would perform on any patient in such condition. . . . The very striking memory of this event in my mind was the considerable amount of alcohol in his pharynx and larynx, despite suction, and it was obvious that he had drowned in his own gastric contents. . . . I recall vividly the very large amounts of red wine that oozed from his stomach and his lungs, and in my opinion there was no question that Jimi Hendrix had drowned, if not at home then certainly on the way to hospital."

Bannister's view is confirmed by Dr. Martin Seifert, who spent some time trying to revive Hendrix at St. Mary Abbots. Dannemann quotes, but does not document, statements allegedly made by Seifert that he had forgotten the details of that day and that he was called to work on Hendrix a full five to ten minutes after his admission. She has also posed the question of why Seifert would spend up to half an hour trying to revive Hendrix if the patient was obviously dead. This year, in Martin Shankleman's broadcast, Seifert gives his explanation: "We must have thought at the time that there was a possibility that we could try and resuscitate him. Unfortunately . . . it was obvious that we weren't able to. I have always assumed that Jimi Hendrix was brought in dead." In interviews with Harry Shapiro, Seifert elaborates: "Jimi was rushed into the resuscitation room. He was put on a monitor, but it was flat. I pounded his heart a couple of times, but there was no point. He was dead. . . . We didn't work on him anything like an hour—just a few minutes."

In interviews and in her book, Dannemann argues repeatedly that Hendrix was alive on delivery to the emergency room and that it was medical incompetence that did him in. "It makes me uncomfortable to think that this doctor [Bannister] had Jimi's life in his hands," she writes, adding that "Dr. Bannister had been struck off the medical register." The implication is clear that Bannister was a bumbling Major Burns type. In fact, he was disciplined in Australia, though for what an article in the *London Times* describes as "an accounting error." No one other than Dannemann has publicly criticized his performance as a doctor.

Even while contradicting the police, ambulance crew, and doctors at the hospital, Dannemann contradicts herself. In her book, she writes that after Hendrix died, "a nurse allowed me to go and see him. I was still weeping, but the moment I entered the room and saw Jimi lying on some kind of stretcher I couldn't cry any more. . . . The room was filled with an atmosphere of complete peace. Jimi looked like he was just sleeping, with a faint smile on his face, as if he was having a beautiful dream. For a long time I just looked at him, caressing his face."

This tender scene, according to Seifert, could not have happened. "No one would have been allowed to look at him or stand over him," he told Dolores Cullen. "That would never have been done." Not only that: Dannemann herself has said she never saw Hendrix in the casualty room. When Tony Brown asked her who identified Hendrix's body, she replied, "As far as I know, Gerry Stickells, because I didn't want to see him. *They asked me, but I just couldn't* [italics added]."



Mark Vans

Then there's the question of the coroner's report. Dannemann quotes the coroner as stating "clearly at the inquest that [Hendrix] died at the hospital." But the official report of the Kensington coroner lists 12:45 p.m. on September 18 as the time when "the deceased died *or was found dying or dead* [italics added]." This was recorded only after efforts to revive the patient were stopped and Stickells had identified the body to officials as Jimi Hendrix.

. . . Nothing Can Harm Me At All

If Hendrix died in the hospital, then the blame arguably lies with a handful of Keystone Koppish attendants and doctors. But if he died at the Samarkand, it was quite likely due to that tragic and familiar interplay of booze and drugs—specifically, sleeping pills.

It was Vesparax that Hendrix took—nine tablets of this German brand-name sleeping pill. They belonged to Dannemann; she gave them to him or directed him to where they were. Or perhaps he already knew and found them himself. The label was in German, which Hendrix couldn't read. Each tablet contains 200 milligrams of barbiturates—three parts Quinolbarbitone sodium, one part Brallobarbitone calcium—and 30 milligrams of Hydroxyethyl hydroxyzine dimolente. The recommended dosage, as noted by the post-mortem examination, dated Sept. 21, 1970, is one-half a tablet. Hendrix, then, took 18 times the normal amount.

In a letter to Harry Shapiro, dated Feb. 28, 1992, Dr. Rufus Crompton writes, "Vesparax is indeed as strong as a 200-milligram barbiturate capsule. Hendrix may not have realized this. [He] may have realized that he was too high on amphetamine and looked for a barbiturate to bring him down. Not being familiar with Vesparax, he could have taken too much, seriously inhibiting his normal cough reflex, so that when he drank some wine it went down the wrong way and was not coughed up. In favour of this is the fact that though he smelled of wine and it was on his face and hair, his blood alcohol was low."

Ultimately, one has to hold Hendrix himself responsible for actions that brought his life to an end. Many of those who act out this tragic drama around him are peripheral players, drawn by the flame of his music and, perhaps, driven back into the darkness for fear of being burned. Hendrix will survive in sound; the position his story will take in history is, however, the responsibility of those who war with each other in his name.

Thanks to the artists, officials, and friends of Hendrix who cooperated with Musician. *Angie Burdon and Devon Wilson are both deceased. Eric Burdon, contacted on our behalf by Noel Redding, declined to be interviewed. In our attempt to speak with members of the Hendrix family, we contacted Jimi's sister Janie, who referred us to her publicist, who was unable to arrange an interview before our deadline. Alvenia Bridges, who was with Burdon when Monika Dannemann called on the morning of Hendrix's death, told us—twice— "I have nothing to say." On Oct. 30, 1995, we spoke with Dannemann, who agreed to receive 20 questions from us via fax; just before press time, she declined via fax to address these questions, noting, "I can see no reason why I should have to defend myself before persons who question the veracity of my words."*

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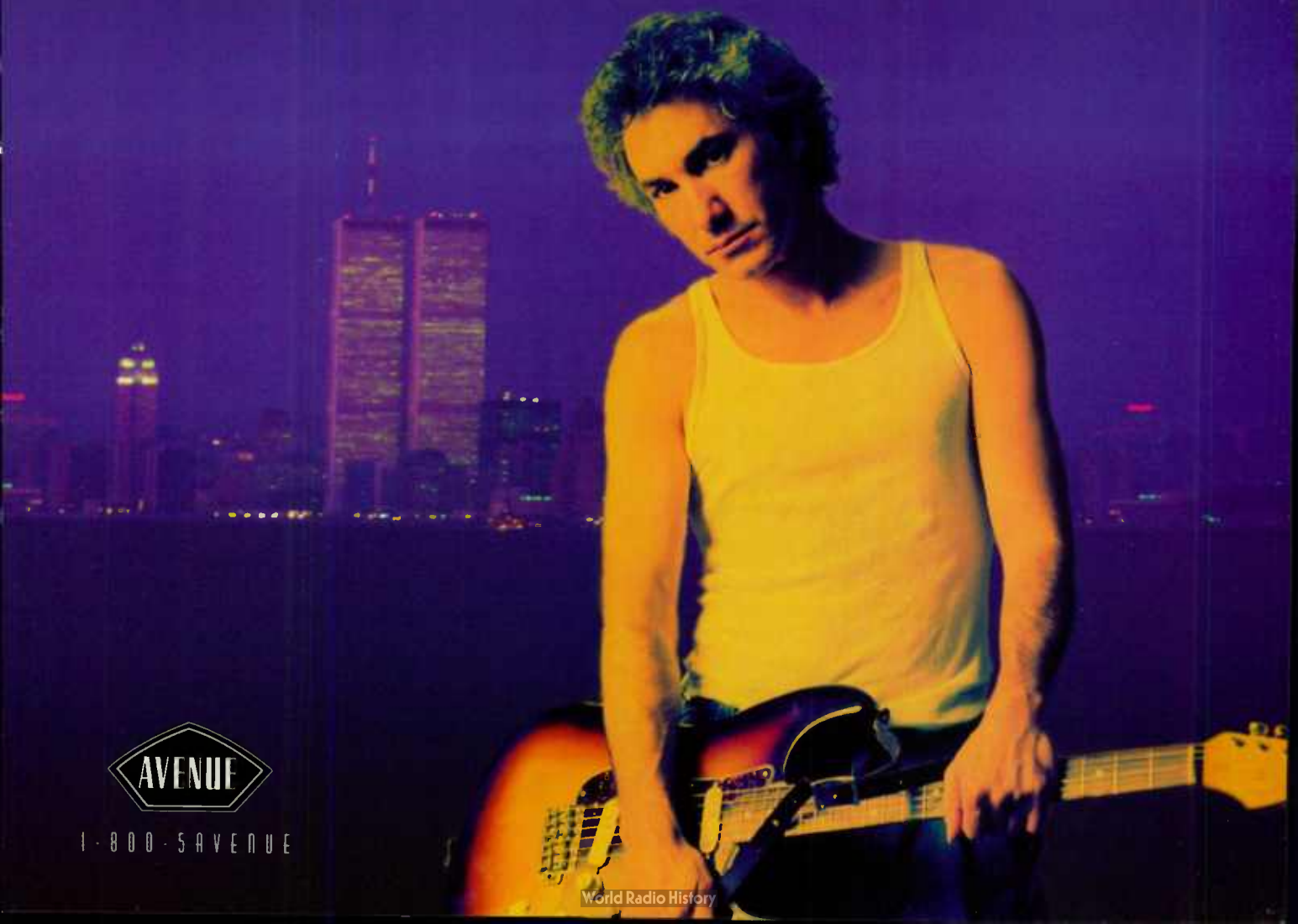

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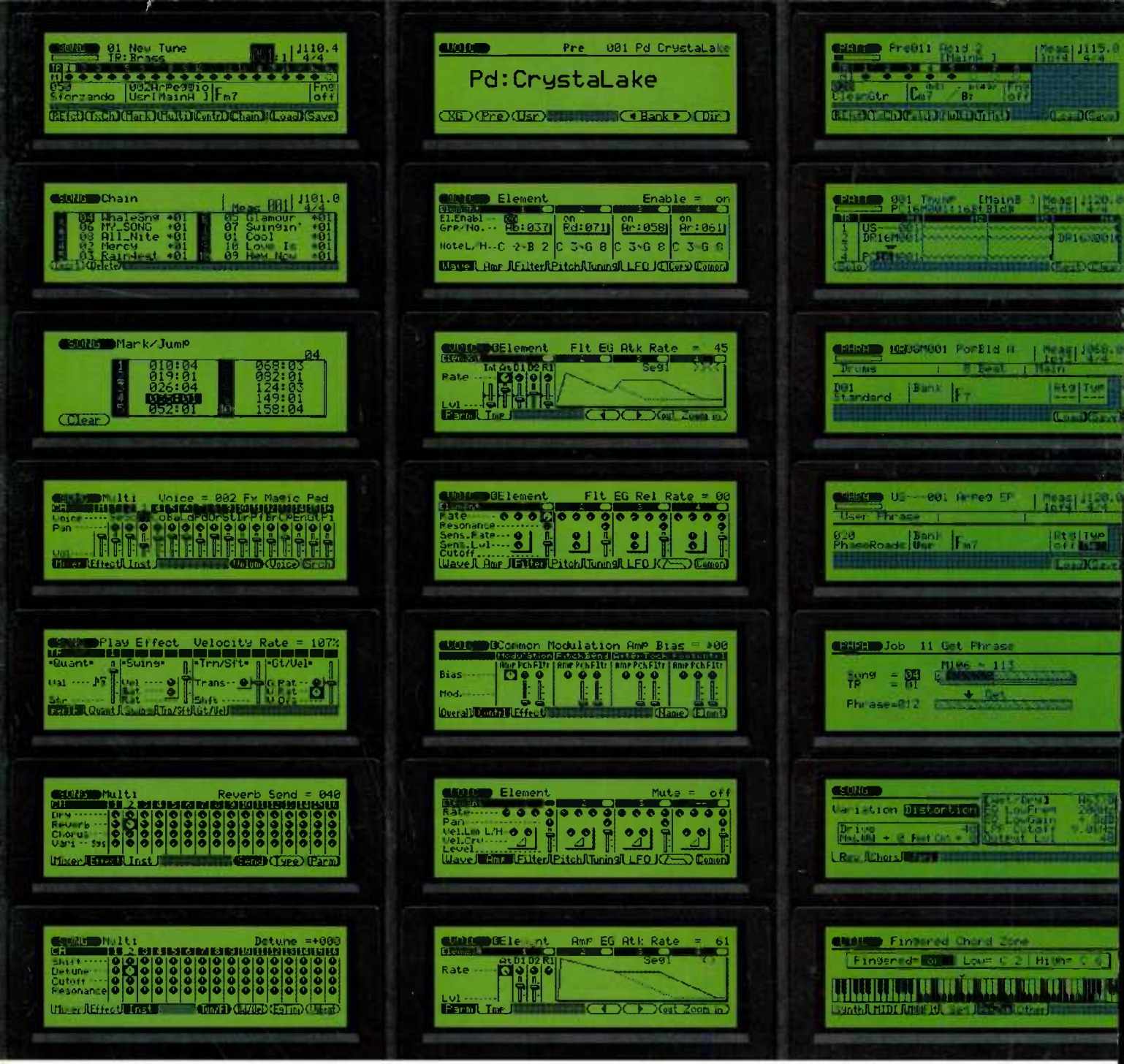

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