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LET DOWN

SPECIAL GUEST
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FRAMPTON**

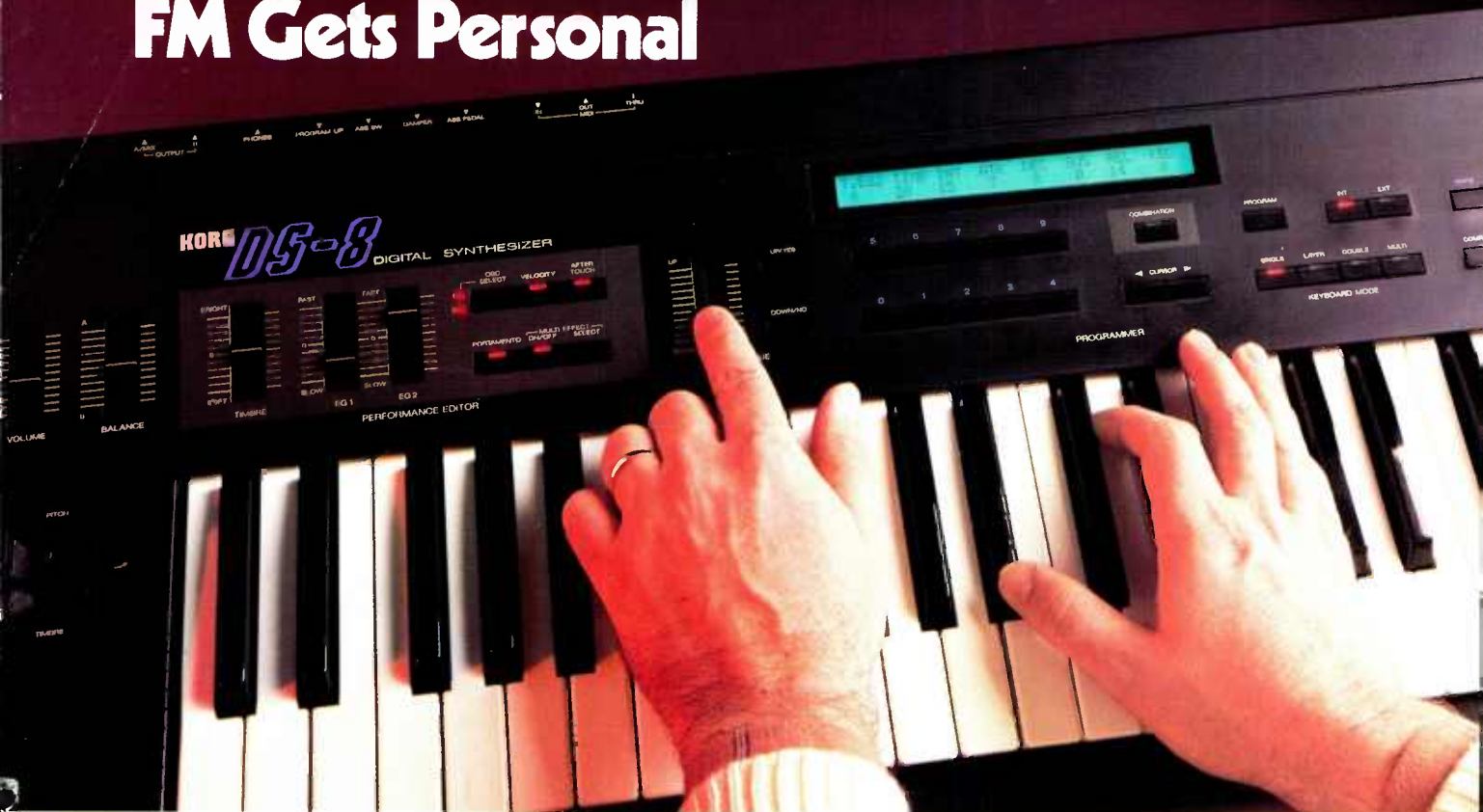
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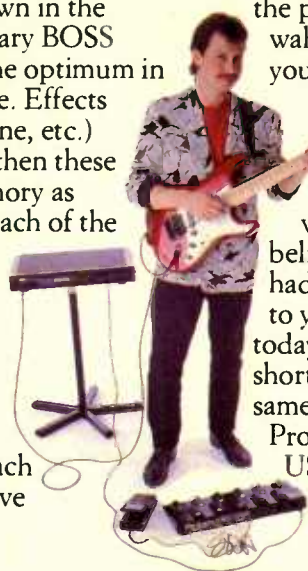


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A BILLBOARD PUBLICATION AUGUST 1987

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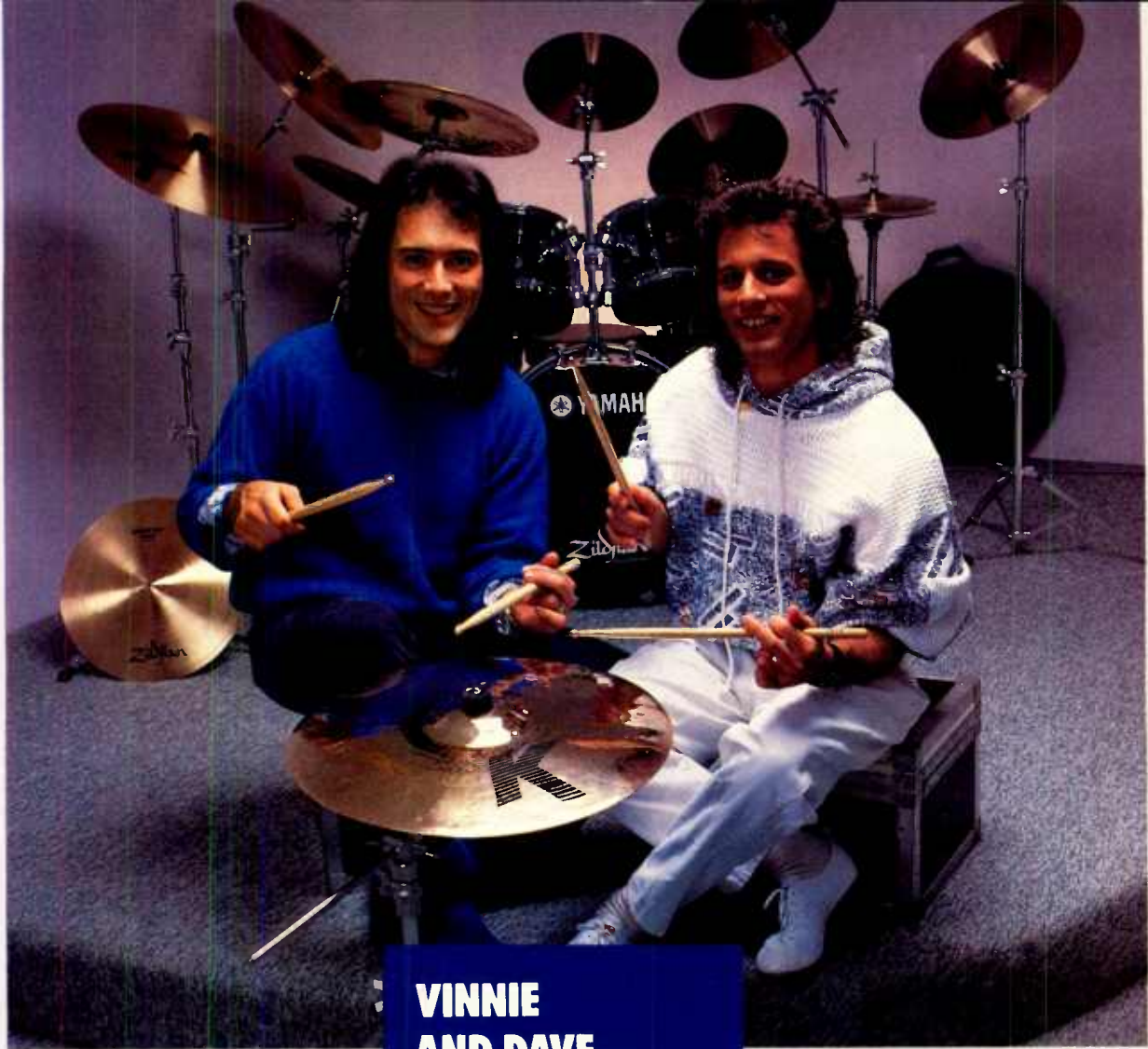
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Dave Weckl, currently with Chick Corea, explains. "I told Zildjian I wanted the perfect ride cymbal for all occasions. One that had just the right amounts of brilliance and attack, but not too pingy. Sort of a dry definition that would allow me to carry out the emotion of the music."

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LETTERS

U2's Generation

For years I've been calling U2 (May '87) "the new Who." There are many similarities: a charismatic and sexually magnetic singer, powerful and textural bass and drum rhythms, scorching and emotional guitars, a resident brooding genius-in-training, and beautiful, relevant, personal lyrics. It's nice to hear



Bono say he can ring Pete Townshend up anytime; I'm sure these two have a lot to talk about!

Although I rarely disagree with St. Pete, his comments about U2 leaving social work to the "older people" is off the mark. What Bono and U2 are doing and saying is necessary and important, and is representative of how a lot of us young-ish folk feel. U2 is talking about *my* generation.

*Karen Thompson
Wantagh, NY*

U2 "folk"?! (*Records*, Apr. '87) Well, folk you too!

There is nothing "embarrassing" about these guys' politics or spirituality, and folk music has no monopoly on intelligence (though it is refreshing to see some in rock 'n' roll again).

And, hey, Bono plays one hell, uh, *heaven* of a harmonica!
*Eric Taylor
Fort Bragg, CA*

If U2 can help double Amnesty International's membership, can't they establish

a ticket lottery so *everyone* has a chance to experience this extraordinary music *live*?

*Sarah Battaglia
Brooklyn, NY*

Big Sound, Few Tracks

In explaining his big guitar sound on Run-D.M.C.'s "Rock Box," Eddie Martinez (May '87) says there were "close to ten guitar tracks on there." Actually there were *two* guitar tracks. The big sound was a result of the recording and mixing used by the assistant producer and our chief engineer Rod Hui, who recorded the first two Run-D.M.C. LPs.

*Steve Loeb
Greene Street Recording
New York, NY*

No Backwater Bay

In her Chris Isaak article (May '87), Gina Arnold casually claims that San Francisco's rock 'n' roll reputation "rests on ancient history." Citing Huey Lewis & the News, one of the most popular bands in the country, as "unhip," Arnold undoubtedly has the same disdain for John Fogerty, Journey, the Jefferson Starship and other Bay Area bands.

Had Arnold been paying attention, she would have been aware of the many creative and committed underground bands that live and play here. Record companies have not been so negligent. In the past few months, Bonnie Hayes, the Looters and the Freaky Executives have all been signed by major labels.

San Francisco has been blessed with a unique community of musicians and music lovers since the big-band era. Rather than inflating their "massive musical egos," the crowds that regularly pack Chris Isaak's shows are guilty only of wanting to

enjoy themselves.

*Paul Keister
San Francisco, CA*

Jann Guccione's Fab Four

The ignorance Jann Guccione displayed in his review of the first four Beatles CDs (May '87) was appalling. The early Beatles represented a celebration of youth, contagious in its ebullience and affecting in its charm—and yes, Mr. Guccione, that's with underdeveloped songs, amateurishness and off-key singing.

If creativity were measured purely on technical proficiency, rock 'n' roll wouldn't have been invented until sometime around Steely Dan.

*Eddie James
Norcross, GA*

I am as disappointed with the recording quality of the newly released Beatles CDs as Jann Guccione apparently is, but how can she find fault with the songs themselves? I'm glad she thinks the Beatles had "a flair for songwriting"—but "phase out the tired 'oldies'"? The author of that review must be either too old or too young to appreciate or be aware of the incredible impact that the Beatles and those "undeveloped," "surprisingly amateurish," "brief tunes" had on the music world and all other facets of society. Who cares if John Lennon or Paul McCartney went off-key in a song or two? It's like criticizing Albert Einstein for writing with an unsharpened pencil.

*Don Siegel
Philadelphia, PA*

I am extremely upset with your treatment of Jann Guccione's hard-hitting, investigative review of the Beatles' records. Jann displayed extraordinary tenacity by wading into the music industry jungle and coming up with the

goods like he/she did, and yet you relegate this journalistic gem to the ninety-third page. What a laugh.

He obviously has superior ears and knowledge to be able to point out the off-key singing and the little-known fact that Dave Brubeck is a percussionist, not a pianist. So why was this brilliant exposé not the cover story? Are you too timid to print the facts?

I am repulsed by the thought of the butchery that must have occurred to Jann's piece to make it fit the meager space allotted for it. *MUSICIAN* could have easily dispensed with the silly interviews cluttering this rag in favor of Guccione's solid and insightful prose. Who cares about what some foolish musicians have to say when a writer of Guccione's caliber is gracing your pages?

Why did you even bother to run the article at all? I'll tell you why: Because Jann would have taken her story and crack research team to another magazine.

In the review, he concludes: "Capitol has done this band such a disservice." Well, let me tell you that you have done Jann such a disservice that I would not be surprised to see her writing for someone else in the near future. With a name like Guccione, she would be much better off at that other publication. What is it called, *Twirl* or something? At any rate, it is obvious that Jann is a writer of great magnitude whose explosive abilities cannot be contained on your pages.

MUSICIAN should take a long, hard look at itself and suspend publication until it gets its act together.

*Michael Bergman
Indianapolis, IN*

Jann Guccione (a he, not a she) is not amused. — Ed.

THE REPLACEMENTS

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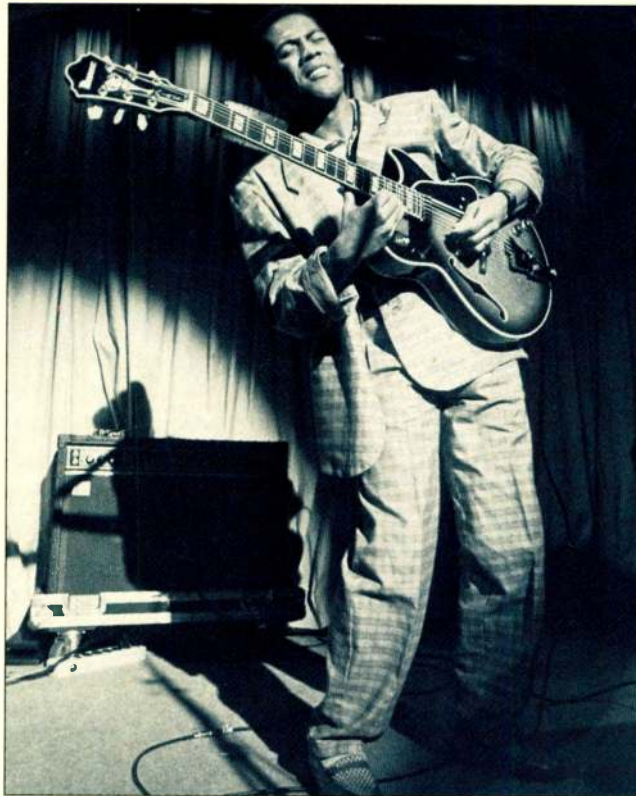
World Radio History

JONATHAN BUTLER

Multi-Talented and Homeless

Last year's virtually all-instrumental *Introducing Jonathan Butler* proved beyond a reasonable doubt that he is a massively gifted soloist. *Jonathan Butler*, its follow-up, shows his vocal lines are as smooth and flowing as his guitar work. And there's more: Since moving to London from South Africa a little over two years ago, Butler, twenty-five, has written (with partner lyricist Jolyon Skinner) for Billy Ocean, Millie Jackson, George Benson and Al Jarreau. He has the respect of others in the music business—Whitney Houston, for one, who wants him on her next tour. But what he accomplished before making the acquaintance of these folks is even more astonishing.

At eight Butler was visiting Libya, Zaire and Zimbabwe as part of a traveling road show. The two men who would later create Jive, his current label, signed him to



their South African record company; covering golden oldies, Butler became a pop idol in his homeland. When puberty caused his voice to change, he left success behind to devote more time to musical study.

"I was playing guitar from the age of seven," Butler says, "but before that de-

pressing experience I wasn't really serious." Between 1977 and 1980 he got serious. With a guitar his father made out of "scraps," and a collection of LPs by Wes Montgomery, George Benson and Earl Klugh, Butler locked himself away and practiced. That's when the teen star became a guitarist extraordinary.

His writing style evolved less amazingly. It came from listening to the radio. "Back home," he says, "our stations played eighty to ninety percent outside [pop] music." His favorite influences? "George Benson and especially Stevie Wonder. Stevie," he explains, "is the artist who first inspired me to write what's inside of me."

Despite a hatred for his country's apartheid, Butler's songs deal with love—found, lost and reclaimed. "I never tried to write a political song," he says, "although I may one day." Still, Butler articulates his roots. On instrumentals like "Going Home," he incorporates township blues: Its musical parts mimic the voicings of South African a capella groups.

"I love Africa," Butler smiles, "even though growing up I hated the struggle I had to go through just to make music. I was a victim—not being able to play clubs without a permit. There are so many musicians still there filled to the brim with music. They have gifts, but they're not heard. I feel blessed to have received recognition for my music. They need me to show them it can be done."

— Havelock Nelson

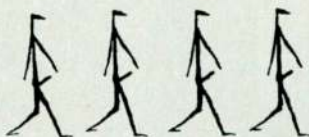
Not-So-Limp Parody

The tambourine, gong and bass line sound familiar, but definitely not the vocal: "He keeps a *Penthouse* in his desk/ He's got big muscles in his wrist." That's just the opening couplet from "Walk With An Erection," a ribald parody of the Bangles' "Walk Like An Egyptian" by the Boston-based Swinging Erudites. "We brought a cassette around to a few [radio] stations, expecting nothing," says guitarist and

chief Erudite Johnny Angel (John Carmen), "and people went berserk."

Other people went berserk too, though in not so complimentary a fashion. Kathy Spanberger, vice-president at Peer-Southern, the original song's publisher, was outraged. She sent cease-and-desist letters to stations airing the parody, which was not licensed by Peer-Southern.

That didn't stop Airwave Records in Los Angeles from issuing the version on vinyl.



The label applied to the Federal Copyright Office in Washington, D.C. and got a compulsory mechanical license. Airwave head Terry Brown calls Spanberger's cease-and-desist letter "a worthless fright-note." Last year a federal appeals court ruled that a song parody is fair use of copyright. The Erudites' version credits "Egyptian" composer Liam

Sternberg, and pays full royalties to Peer-Southern.

Radio is more likely to shun "Erection" for its risqué subject matter than for any legal entanglements. Meanwhile, the Swinging Erudites are aiming their parody sights at songs by Bon Jovi ("Living On My Hair") and ELP ("Yuppie Man"), and basking in publicity that money can't buy. "I've been in the underground Boston music scene for ten years," Angel says, "and I'm tired of it."

DAVID SYLVIAN

The Sound of Things Falling Apart

David Sylvian is a subversive romantic. He's enough of a soft touch to write lyrical, passionate love songs, but he frames them with sharp edges. You're just as likely to find dissonant chords and skewed arrangements in his romantic paeans as you are to find soothing lilt in his tales of emotional struggle. "It's a balance, isn't it?" he notes. "When I'm writing a piece, I'm trying to pin down very abstract things. A state of mind is never pure. If the music didn't have that tension, that conflict, it wouldn't give you the stress of personal relationships. No matter how ideal they may be, there is that feeling that it could all fall apart at any moment. That's the feeling I try to put across."

If this sounds a bit philosophical, well, Sylvian

does lean that way. Two pieces on his half-vocal, half-instrumental album, *Gone To Earth*, even include voice snippets from J. G. Bennett (a pupil of Goethe) and German artist Joseph Beuys. This is a far cry from the glam-pop of Japan, Sylvian's late-70s cult band. Tired of contrivance, he is now intent on sketching emotional truths—ones that are accessible, even if sometimes oddly structured.

"Music must be involved in the individual's life," Sylvian maintains, "otherwise it remains external and kind of lectures at a distance, if you like. A song should take on the meaning of the interpreter. For example, if I write a lyric about a certain situation I've experienced, the listener doesn't really have to understand what I've been through. It should be easy for them, the way I write my lyrics, to adapt that to their own lives and situations, so it becomes personal to them in some way. The most honest translation of inner abstract thoughts and emotions—that's what I'm after."

— Robin J. Schwartz



THE NEIGHBORHOODS

Girls, Girls, Politics and Girls

When I heard of the Neighborhoods, I thought, 'That's a stupid name. They're probably a bunch of assholes.' I pictured these fat guys from East Boston. Then I saw them and

the band to break up."

Minehan and drummer Mike Quaglia holed up with a 4-track, writing songs. A short-lived version of the trio emerged in 1982. "I went to their first show when they came back," Harrington says. "When Dave came on in bare feet with a goatee, I said, 'What the hell's going on?' It was more of a political thing, where before it had been girls, girls and, for a change of pace, a song about girls."

True to their black-leather



they bowled me over." So **Lee Harrington** became a Neighborhoods fan. Later, he became their bassist.

When Harrington joined in 1983, the band was struggling to regain its identity. In their infancy, the 'Hoods were the pride of Boston's club scene, winning the annual Rock 'N' Roll Rumble in 1979 and releasing a single, "Prettiest Girl," that sold 10,000 copies.

Major labels came courting. "One A&R guy nurtured a relationship with us for months," says guitarist **Dave Minehan**. "But I was there when he met with his seniors in New York. This vice president came in, sat down for a minute, listened and said 'Nah,' and just walked off. A couple years of that caused

hearts, the Neighborhoods are writing about girls again—and friendship, loneliness and lizards. The new *Reptile Men* reconnects the band to its roots without scrimping on hooks or melodies—not bad for a ten-day recording marathon. "It was brutal," Minehan says, "but we're very happy with it."

"Every year's been a little better," Harrington says. "You learn that waiting to grab the brass ring is futile. We want to be good at what we do more than anything. But recognition makes a difference. You can tell your parents: 'Mom, Dad, I got reviewed in *Billboard*.' And it's like, 'I'm proud of you, son; I'm glad you dropped out of school.'" — Ted Drozdowski

NEWS STORIES BY SCOTT ISLER



WEBB WILDER

Speaking Softly with a Big Shtick

You've gotta market yourself in a certain way these days, which isn't fair," Webb Wilder complains matter-of-factly; his soft, deep voice suggests a young Johnny Cash. "The Beatles played country music and no one called 'em country, yet if you're American, wear a vaguely western hat and do one country song out of ninety, you're considered country."

The guy's got a point. As leader of Webb Wilder & the Beatnecks, he sings some of the hottest roots-rock around. The group's album, *It Came From Nashville*, is a foot-stomping festival of boogie, pop and whatever else fits their rough 'n' ready approach. But they are based in Music City and *do* play a Hank Williams tune when the mood strikes. And that's when the trouble starts.

"You start making up all these terms to describe yourself, like modabilly, swamp-adelic or uneasy listening," he laughs, "and then people say, 'What's that?'"

Mixing styles is nothing new to Wilder, who played everything from Stax soul to

psychedelia while growing up in Hattiesburg, Mississippi during the late 60s. By the early 80s the long and winding trail had carried him to Nashville, where the current Beatnecks began coming together in 1984. Choosing their name to reflect equal parts of the Beatles and redneck culture, Webb 'n' the boys debuted on the indie Landslide label earlier this year.

Wilder wields his shtick like a veteran, calling himself "the last of the full-grown men" in a bid to bill himself as an old-fashioned, down-to-earth fella. Of course, he also insists he's a practicing parapsychic and has visited the Cactus Planet, "a distant sphere in an uncharted galaxy," suggesting he doesn't take image-mongering all that seriously.

Should the Beatnecks' chooglin' music capture a mainstream audience, Wilder's ready for the attention: He already enjoys celebrity status around the southeast club circuit. "People have asked me to do amazing things. I had to kiss a guy's baby recently, then I autographed his shirt, our record, and the bag it came in." Smiling, he adds, "I'm an electrifying artist, you know."

— Jon Young

SCRUFFY THE CAT

Landing on Their Feats

We have yet to get a really bad slam anywhere," muses **Charlie Chesterman**, singer/guitarist/chief songwriter (by a slim 60/40 ratio) of Scuffy the Cat. He hits the turf. "Knock on grass."

Bassist MacPaul Stanfield lounges nearby in San Francisco's sunny Aquatic Park, recounting the just-completed fourteen-hour drive down Pacific Coast Highway that cost the Boston-bred band a local radio interview. "A drive through hell," Chesterman calmly explains, displaying the same good nature and refusal to take things

ken studio to create eleven tracks for the debut LP, *Tiny Days*. Despite Stanfield's contention that "the insides of our cases still smell like a dry cleaners," Chesterman calls the results "a good representation of our capabilities in the studio. Now that we don't have the fifth member, it's pretty much down to straight bang-zoom live."

The question of multi-instrumentalist Stona Fitch's unexpected departure brings a cloudy demurral. "We realized that it just wasn't happening anymore and so we parted ways," Chesterman says. "Pretty generic answer, huh?" A replacement is considered a non-imperative option.

Anyway, it will have to wait until this first national tour is completed. Low-budget at best—in San Francisco they hadn't yet found friends to crash with and wouldn't get a



seriously that mark Scuffy's musical charms.

The Iowa-born Chesterman calls their sound "straight three-chord Chuck Berry," but a touch of country blooz, quirky lyrics and modern pop melodicism give Scuffy the Cat a broader appeal. They appeared on three compilation LPs before Relativity Records released a six-song demo as an EP in 1985. The then-quintet and producer Chris (ex-Waitresses) Butler endured last winter in a small, chilly Hobo-

sound check—it's had moments. Like their date at a Pittsburgh club the night after Bon Jovi put in a surprise appearance there. "It was packed," Stanfield says. "Maybe ten people were there to see us." He smiles. "But we got the door."

— Marianne Meyer



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JOHN HIATT

BY DAVE DIMARTINO

REAL LIFE FINDS THE FAMILY MAN

John Hiatt thinks he's been pretty lucky to be able to make records for almost half his life—"what a *marvelous* career," he says. He's made them for lots of labels, too: He was on the second record by White Duck, on Uni; made two albums for Epic; two more for MCA; three for Geffen; and now he records for A&M.

"Okay, John," I say, "what happened to you at Geffen, and what were you doing before this A&M deal?"

"Let's see now," Hiatt says, tired, being polite, trying to answer every question with the utmost accuracy. "I got sober. My first wife killed herself."

"Oh. Before or after you got sober?"

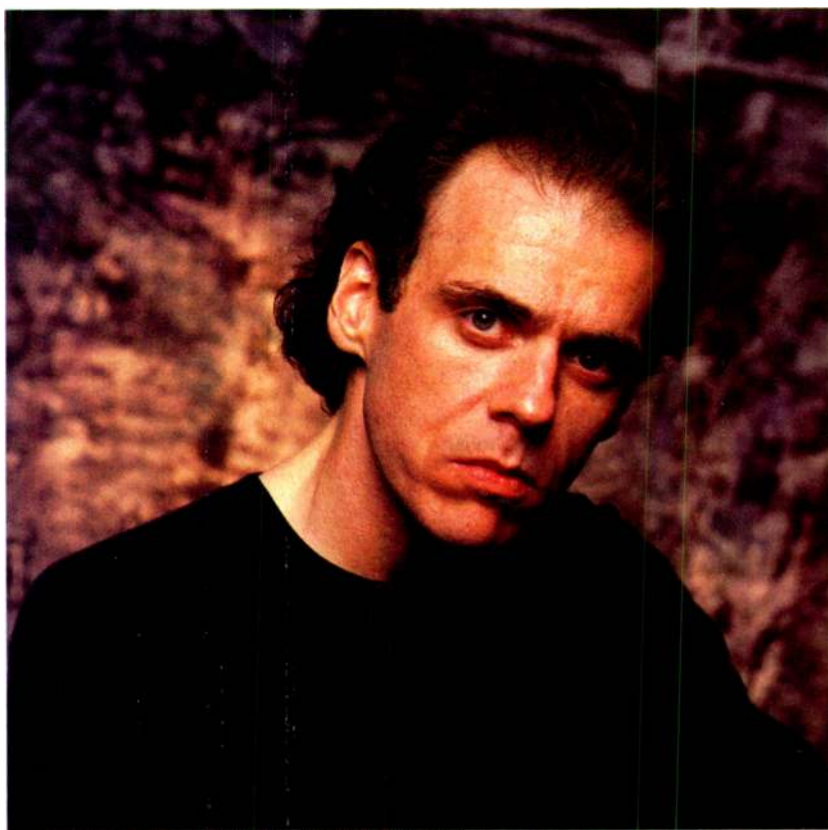
"Before. She had a daughter, I got sober before she killed herself, I moved to Nashville with my daughter, I got remarried last June, and I got dumped from Geffen."

"You got dumped?"

"Yeah. Last fall."

Sit back and give John Hiatt's new A&M album, *Bring The Family*, a good listening. Consider that it can be enjoyed on many levels. For one, you won't hear a finer *band* this year; Ry Cooder, Jim Keltner and Nick Lowe back up Hiatt's voice and guitar in ways heretofore disallowed by The Just God. Heck, check out the party-down lyrics of "Memphis In The Meantime," just ripe for kickass FM airplay: "Sure I like country music/ I like mandolins/ But right now I need a Telecaster/ Through a Vibrolux turned up to ten." Like, *yee-hah*, good buddy, right? Ry Cooder, hero of Beefheart's *Safe As Milk*, captured playing *sitar* on "Your Dad Did"! Music that cooks, for *now people!*

Yeah. Then listen to John Hiatt's voice shift up that sweet octave when he sings "the tip of my tongue," last chorus, song of the same name. Check out "Alone In The Dark," a self-loathing ditty, cousin



Just a guy who wants to go waterskiing.

to "Waves Of Fear" off *The Blue Mask*. "I cringe at my terror/ I hate my own smell," sang Lou Reed in '82; "It's a lonely picture/ Of an empty glass/ It's a still life study/ Of a drunken ass," sings Hiatt in '87. "Since the night you left/ I just couldn't stand myself anyway."

Not my idea of a party to bring Lou Reed up in any conversation, tell you the truth, but he fits, and here's why. The reason *The Blue Mask* was Lou Reed's last great album is the same reason *Bring The Family* is Hiatt's best: Every so often the facade of the pro songwriter cracks, and a bit of the real, thinking-feeling schmoe behind it is revealed. They'll deny it, they won't want to talk about it; Van Morrison'll get a divorce and write a song called "Snow In San Anselmo" about insomnia and it snowing someplace for the first time in thirty years, and if you're looking for it, you'll catch it. It's real, it's felt, and for better or worse, it's being expressed on vinyl.

John Hiatt calls his new album *Bring The Family*, and dedicates it to his own family. For kicks, since all the LP's lyrics are in the first person, let's assume *John Hiatt himself* is each song's protagonist,

even though we both know they're "only songs" and Hiatt writes a million of 'em.

"Alone In The Dark," a song about a guy whose wife's "left" him: "My head is spinning baby what went wrong/ I swear to God I tried," the singer yelps, drunken ass howling at the moon.

"Your Dad Did," with sitar and all, the album's poppiest track, is about a man who's "a chip off the old block" who tells himself, "You've seen the old man's ghost/ Come back as creamed chipped beef on toast/ Now if you don't get your slice of the roast/ You're gonna flip your lid/ Just like your dad did."

There are other songs, like "Learning How To Love You," with its thirty-four-year-old protagonist, written when Hiatt himself was thirty-four; "Stood Up," about an alcoholic that's gone sober—but you already get the point. Hiatt has bared more of himself on *Bring The Family* than he ever has before. And it's his best album ever.

In his California hotel room, Hiatt acknowledges the shift in subject matter on his new album. "A lot of the songs on this have more to do with what I've been up to lately," he says. "I've maintained all

along that I write fiction, you know? And I still believe that. But it's like John Cheever or somebody said: The best fiction reflects real life." And Hiatt's real life has been no bestseller.

In 1985, *Warming Up To The Ice Age*, John Hiatt's final Geffen LP, was the best album he'd made. It had focus, it had sympathetic production by Norbert Putnam; it showed an evolution in Hiatt's singing and songwriting that suggested he was becoming less a craftsman and more a long-term artist/performer. It had a great single—a duet of Thom Bell

and Linda Creed's "Living A Little, Laughing A Little" with Elvis Costello—that went absolutely nowhere. And his record company noticed.

"They were trying a new quarter-inch trim—much like Kroger's and their steaks—and I was part of the fat that hit the butcher's floor," he recalls. "After the initial blow to the old ego came the phone call home: 'Chipped beef on toast might be coming up in the diet a little more regularly, dear.'"

Chipped beef on toast. Great song lyric, no?

So Hiatt took a good look at his career.

He considered the possibilities. He had his attorney in L.A. circulate a few demos. "He played them to two or three friends, probably at record companies, and he came back to me and said, 'They pass.' And I said, 'Okay, that's fine.' So I didn't know what I wanted to do."

He thought of calling Andrew Lauder at England's Demon Records, a longtime fan and friend. "It reminded me of that Jack Lemmon movie with Anne Bancroft [*Prisoner of Second Avenue*], where he's fired," Hiatt says. "They have an apartment in New York and it's hot as hell, and he's losing his mind. She has to go back to work because he loses his job. He makes the call—'Well, you always told me you wanted a man like me, if I could just get out of that other job'—and the guy puts him off." But call Lauder he did, and put off he wasn't. "Andrew said, 'Yeah, sing in the shower or whatever. We'd love to put out a record.'"

"So that was good—I needed to hear that. From somebody. But then I didn't know what kind of record to make."

While he was considering releasing an album of demos, Hiatt recalls, larger concerns loomed—such as putting food on the table for his new wife Nancy, his new eight-year-old stepson and his daughter. "I was mainly going out and playing solo," he says. "That's how I was feeding my family." Responsibilities grew. Hiatt wanted to buy a house. He couldn't afford the down payment. He decided to put his song copyrights—his own bread and butter—on the auction block for a split publishing deal. But the Bug Music Group, who administer Hiatt's publishing, intervened. "Bug said, 'We'll front you the down payment to keep you—you don't have to sell your copyrights,'" he says. "So they did that, fully expecting to get it back, and they will—*are*, as we speak. It was a really cool thing for them to do. It got me back off the streets."

Meanwhile, Hiatt tried to get an appropriate small label to release the upcoming Demon LP domestically. A planned venture with singer John Stewart—a new label that would feature Hiatt, Stewart and Jesse Winchester—"fell through, and I kind of went off it even before it fell through," Hiatt says. "Then I just put the whole record thing on hold. I didn't know what I wanted to do. And that was okay, not to know—I didn't have to know. Nobody was pressing me, and other than a few fans, nobody was dying for the next record."

One fan who cared very much about John Hiatt's next record was John Chelew. Chelew books McCabe's, the

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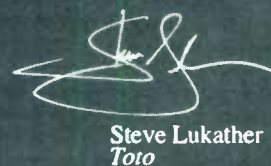
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Santa Monica club where Hiatt had been performing since 1977.

"John would come and play at McCabe's every six or seven months, four or five times in a row," says Chelew. "He came in and played these shows just accompanying himself on guitar, some piano and harmonica. And all his stuff would sound so hard-edged and forthright and uncompromising. He was truly affecting people in the room emotionally. And when I put on one of his records, I never would get that feeling."

Chelew felt Hiatt had yet to make a great record, and told him so. Hiatt

agreed. "We were thinking he could just accompany himself on guitar and piano, and do it solo," says Chelew. "But then we sort of wondered if there'd be a way to preserve the intensity and the cutting-edge effect of the solo performance, but not simply make a solo record. Then we started thinking about who we'd have."

Two names came up—Ry Cooder and Jim Keltner. Guitarist Cooder was Hiatt's friend and former employer: his *Borderline* and *The Slide Area* albums featured not only Keltner, but Hiatt's guitar, vocals and "The Way We Mend A Broken Heart" as well. Hiatt had since

asked Cooder to return the favor on his own albums, but Cooder, says Chelew, "was too busy."

A bassist? Hiatt and Chelew offered suggestions to each other, but couldn't agree. Eventually they went through a stack of albums, listened to Nick Lowe's *Labour Of Lust*, heard "Switchboard Susan," and made up their minds.

"I was real cavalier about it," remembers Hiatt. "I said, 'Yeah, it sounds like a swell idea. I'll tell you what—you get those guys together and give me a call.' Two days later he called. 'Well,' he said, 'I got 'em!'"

"You couldn't imagine being there," says producer Chelew of the recording sessions. "It was just really amazing, the telepathy between these four people. They were like kids—a whole lot of adult shit just got left behind."

"I didn't have enough time to fuck it up," explains Hiatt. "That's it, basically. I love the record, I'm a fan of the record, because beyond my contribution there's so much stuff I can sit around and groove to. I listen to the stuff that Keltner does, and it just makes me laugh."

Good ol' sardonic John Hiatt. He laughs. Go ahead: Listen to *Bring The Family*. Listen to it again. Life, death, drunk, sober: If it makes you laugh, fine.

That night in Santa Monica, when I knocked on the door, Hiatt was just finishing a phone conversation with his wife. When I left, Hiatt told me, "I'm just a guy who wants to buy a boat and go waterskiing, pal. With my family."

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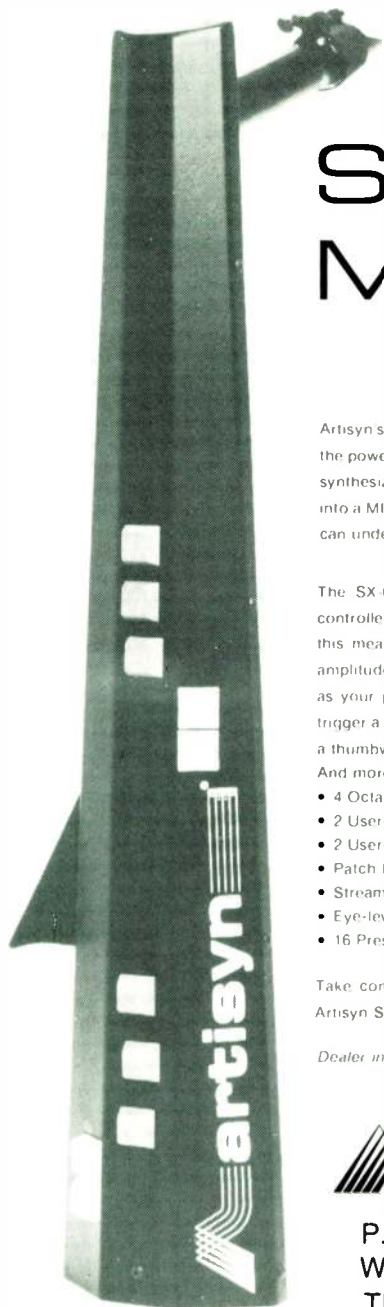
"FAMILY" TIES

Nobody's too precious about their instruments in this lineup," says **John Hiatt**, who used a Yamaha acoustic guitar "with a pickup and a microphone stuck in it" for *Bring The Family*.

Nick Lowe, who took a cab directly to the recording studio when he arrived in L.A., played a rented Fender Precision bass. "He doesn't give a shit what he plays," says Hiatt. "And it's great!"

Producer John Chelew picked up "an old Gibson tube amp from the 50s—I don't remember the name of it. I just picked it up because it looked kind of interesting. **Ry Cooder** discovered it, fell in love with it and used it. That hot sound he got on 'Lipstick Sunset' comes from that—you can hear the tube heat. Solid state isn't everything." Cooder played a Danelectro Cowhorn guitar throughout the session, adding a Coral electric sitar for the nifty psychedelic overdub on "Your Dad Did."

Steadfast **Jim Keltner** used Drum Workshop drums.



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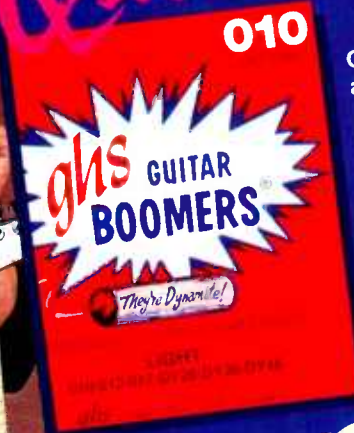
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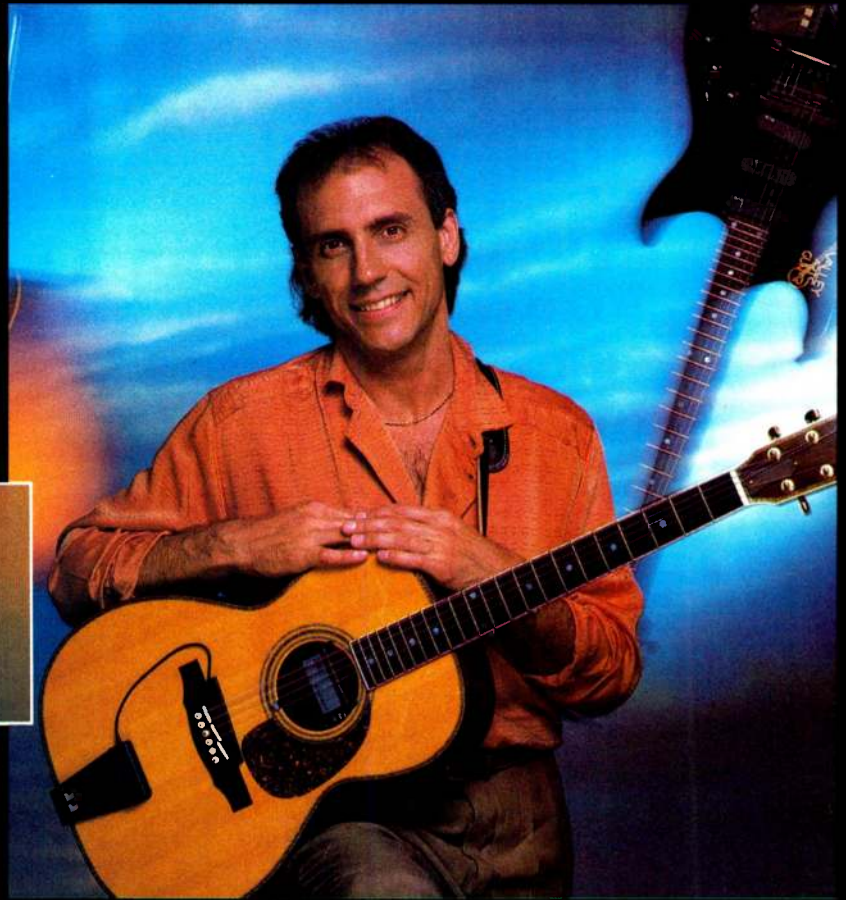
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MY TALK WITH TIPPER

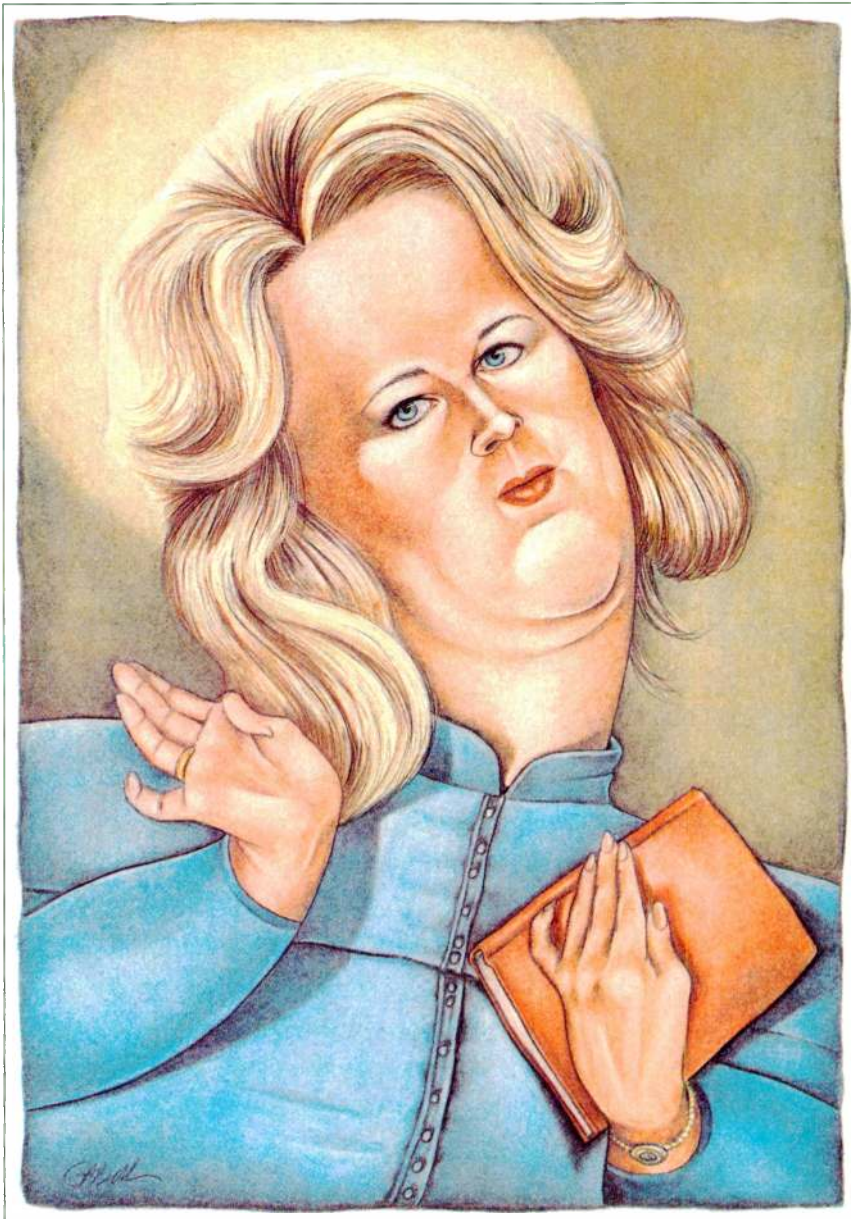
BY CHARLES M. YOUNG

SHE'S NOT A CENSOR. REALLY. NO, REALLY.

When I was in kindergarten, my teacher was a sweet old grandmother for whom I made every effort to be a good boy at all times, a behavior pattern still deeply embedded in my synapses. She did her job well. She also had a habit of wearing no underwear and spreading her legs during storytime. It seems like only yesterday—she in her chair, the class on the floor, the boys positioned front and center for optimum sightlines. To use a term favored by Tipper Gore, the view was “explicit.” If it had occurred to me to tell my parents at the time, my mom would likely have taken me to a child psychologist to repair the damage to my budding personality. But I didn’t, and she didn’t, and now I must live with the permanent wound of having my innocence robbed: Every time I hear *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*, I think of Mrs. Tork’s vagina.

As far as I’m concerned, America should make every effort to spare future generations my torment. Yet I am troubled by the question of where, in a free society, do we draw the line between Mrs. Tork’s right to have a vagina and my right not to be traumatized by it? Seeking wisdom, I recently read *Raising PG Kids in an X-Rated Society* by Tipper Gore, whose husband Albert, a Senator from Tennessee, is running for President, and whose Parents’ Music Resource Center (PMRC) is responsible for many headaches in the entertainment business, including the 1985 Senate hearing on rock lyrics.

The PMRC originally sounded like a fine idea to me. Why not provide parents with some music resources? I’ve spent much of my career hanging out with kids and I’m still astonished at how little adults care to know about the world of teenagers. When Mrs. Gore discovered “porn rock” and other aspects of youth culture through her own four children,



she was even more astonished. “People of all political persuasions—conservatives, moderates and liberals alike—need to dedicate themselves once again to preserving the moral foundation of our society,” she writes in her introduction. As a fellow expert on youth, I’m happy to share her agenda.

That said, I am pained to confess that I find *PG Kids* a disappointment. However sincere her outrage that her children have been exposed to offensive songs, Gore reveals a serious addiction to having it both ways, the heroin of politicians. Gore employs the both-ways device most fruitfully when convoluting about censorship. She states repeatedly that she is not advocating censorship and then advocates censorship on the

grounds that if you call it something else, it is something else. “It is important to note that there is a difference between wanting to restrain and control and wanting to suppress and censor,” she writes. “It’s the difference between saying ‘Put the horse back in the barn’ and ‘Burn down the barn.’”

The possibility of letting the horse do what he wants is not discussed, but we get a strong implication of catastrophe two sentences later, along with a spectacular shift of metaphor: “Theirs [the silent majority’s] is a protest against the ugly underbelly of society trying to force itself into the mainstream and thereby change our self-image.”

Somehow my self-image can’t get jazzed at the prospect of an ugly under-

belly dog-paddling uninvited into the mainstream. But the thought process here is, I think, revealing of the central problem. In Jungian terms, an ugly underbelly is the shadow; that is, the aspects of one's personality that the self-image (persona) has rejected. Through a long and painful process, the mature person confronts his shadow and realizes his own capacity for evil. The immature person projects his shadow and sees his own evil in others. In dreams and mythology, the shadow shows up as Satan and other demonic figures. In society, it shows up as racism and scapegoating. In individuals, it appears as any behavior about which one is tempted to say, "The devil made me do it." Without plunging too deeply into the depths of psychohistory, I think it reasonable to assume that Mrs. Tork's unresolved shadow had entirely appropriated her sexuality. Tipper Gore's shadow seems to be rebellious, lustful, extremely angry, and fond of mind-altering drugs, not unlike Mötley Crüe.

Gore's rage to restrain the ugly underbelly lest it harm "self-image" also provides an odd echo of another psychiatrist, Dr. M. Scott Peck, in *People of the Lie*: "Strangely enough, evil people are often destructive because they are attempting to destroy evil. The problem is they displace the locus of evil. Instead of destroying others they should be destroying the sickness in themselves. As life often threatens their self-image of perfection, they are often busily engaged in hating and destroying that life—usually in the name of righteousness."

Rock 'n' roll has always been music of the ugly underbelly, and it has always been opposed by people who would rather see the ugly underbelly drowned by the mainstream (love that metaphor) than incorporate its truths into their self-image. Gore's central theory of psychology and aesthetics is precisely the opposite: If a song is about despair, it causes despair. In Chapter Five, "Merchants of Death: Touting Teen Suicide," she makes her case by quoting death metal lyrics at great length and noting with approval that families of suicide victims have sued rock stars for singing about killing yourself (classic underbelly avoidance). Secure in her self-image, she blithely utilizes the factoids presented by the PMRC researchers whether they are relevant to her thesis or not. "A recent *Who's Who* survey of high school students found that thirty-one percent of high achievers had contemplated suicide, and four percent had tried it." This is truly an amazing statis-

tic. A third of the best students in America—hardly the heavy metal demographic—wonder if death is preferable to high school. Could this be a comment on our system of education? Gore quotes the National Education Association to the contrary: "Many... teen suicides are linked to depression fueled by fatalistic music and lyrics." If I were a top high school student being taught by someone who didn't know the definition of 'fatalistic', I'd kill myself, too. And I'm sure the NEA would blame Ozzie Osbourne.

Gore takes this line of reasoning through teen sex, the breakdown of the family, violence and drug abuse. Every chapter has a List A of terrible things that are wrong with America and a List B of grotesque things rock stars do. Without actually claiming cause-and-effect, she strongly implies that List B causes List A and then calls for "restraint" on the part of the Federal Communications Commission and record companies, which is, of course, not censorship.

Another thing that is not censorship is labeling. "We did not advocate a ban of even the most offensive albums or tapes," Gore writes of the PMRC. "We simply urged that the consumer be forewarned through the use of warning labels and/or printed lyrics visible on the outside packaging of music products." Gore has repeated this sentiment many times, in television and print interviews, offering ringing endorsement of the artistic right to say it.

Right now in the state of California, the Dead Kennedys are under indictment for distributing obscene material to a minor. The trial is scheduled for August 11, and the obscene material is an H.R. Giger poster of twelve putrefying penises being inserted in twelve putrefying vaginas. In the context of the Dead Kennedys' *Frankenchrist* album, in which the poster was distributed, the poster was clearly a political comment. Just as clearly, California law prohibits showing pictures of genitals to minors, and this poster ended up under the Christmas tree for some eleven-year-old, much to the horror of his mother. Yet the album had a sticker clearly warning that it contained a poster that people might find "shocking, repulsive or offensive." (On my repulsiveness scale, the poster gets an eight, Mrs. Tork a five.) This seemed like an excellent test case of Gore's commitment "not to ban even the most offensive albums or tapes" as long as the consumer is forewarned. So I called her up and asked

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her about it. I enjoyed arguing with her, even though her presence on the public scene makes the case that people of all political persuasions—conservatives, moderates and liberals alike—need to dedicate themselves once again to preserving the moral foundation of rock 'n' roll.

Since you support the artist's right of free expression, and Frankenchrist had a warning sticker according to the wishes of the PMRC, does that mean you would support the Dead Kennedys against the state of California?

I don't want to comment. It's a legal problem coming up for trial. I don't have anything to do with the action being taken against the Dead Kennedys, much as some people would like to believe that.

I'm not saying you do. But government policy in these matters is relevant, since your husband is running for President.

That's a state issue. My general feeling is community standards are going to vary. And that's legitimate. I do not see government intervention in the community. I've stated that all along.

So the government should or should not prosecute somebody for having an obscene

poster in his album?

I don't want to comment on that specifically. The Dead Kennedys is such an extreme case that I don't know the particulars of that.

It's in your book.

I know. But in terms of legal ramifications I don't feel comfortable commenting. What I want to say is, if people are given information about explicit and violent products, that is the way to deal with it in our free society. That is a mechanism for choice. Now a second question is, what do I feel about violence and explicit sex? Do I think it's okay? Personally, I don't. I would like to see it reduced. You get into varying degrees on radio and television and movies and videos, but I would like to keep it general and broad.

I don't understand why you can't comment. You're not in the White House yet.

I know. It's not that. In general, I can be sued.

For what?

I don't know. But there are lots of suits for which there is no rhyme or reason. It might not be logical or rational. It might be political.

How about Prince? If he puts a warning sticker on his record, you would support his right to sell it in any store?

Yeah.

If that's your position, you would have to support the Dead Kennedys, because they had a warning sticker on their record.

[long silence] Again, I don't want to comment on a case coming up for trial. I think it's different when you include a poster that a lot of people would think is obscene. You're going to get into an argument about what's obscene and what isn't, and I really don't want to.

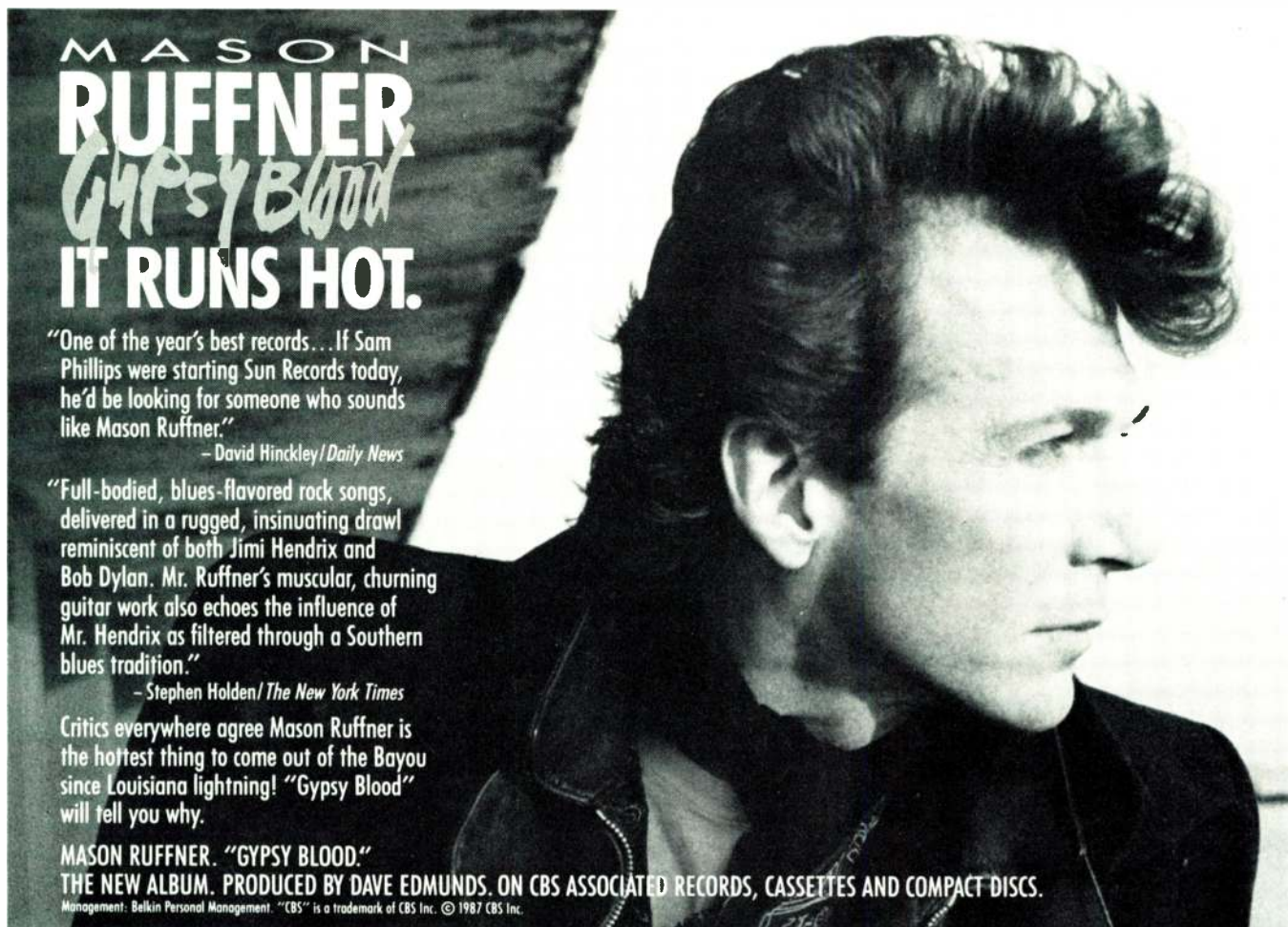
That's the whole essence of this. Your definition of what's obscene is different from my definition. If the government is incompetent to decide what prayers we should read, how can the government decide what's obscene and what isn't?

Well, they decided they would decide it by community standards, and that's what's happening in this particular case.

You've been to Los Angeles. You think community standards there are so high that poster is a threat to them?

I have no idea. All I advocate is more information.

And not government intervention?



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Not government intervention.
Suppose a district attorney in Tennessee decided to indict Prince...

No, no, no. Just generally.

Just generally you're against government intervention? That's going to do a lot of good for Prince or the Dead Kennedys if they go to jail.

I'm not going to defend or attack the Dead Kennedys.

In the Senate hearings, the PMRC tried to paint the entire music business with bands like the Mentors, who sing exclusively about sodomy. A major label would never market the Mentors. No one had ever heard of them before the hearing. Yet their lyrics are now in the Congressional Record.

Sheena Easton's "Sugar Walls" was also read and that was a top forty hit. We made the point that the Mentors were an

obscure band that probably didn't get radio airplay, but it was available for sale in record stores to kids.

One of the psychologists in your book (Edward I. Donnerstein) says that except for violent pornography, for which there is some lingering effect on behavior, merely sexually explicit images do no damage. What's wrong with a song like "Sugar Walls"? All it does is depict a woman in a high state of sexual arousal.

Which you think is perfectly fine. And many people think it is perfectly fine. What about all those other people who think, "Wow, that's going a little bit too far in the public domain." And we all own a little bit of the public domain.

Those people can turn off the radio and not buy the record.

But those people also care about our culture and they have to live in it.

Listen, Tipper, there are no credentials for what I do. If the PTA and the PMRC want to warn parents that a band like Venom, whose lyrics are all about Satan worship, stinks, that's fine with me. I just don't want the government or the FCC telling anyone what they can buy.

Well, I don't want to do that to records either. But I think we have to have some mechanism for feedback from the consumers who feel strongly about these issues, as strongly as you do, and I feel we aren't that far apart on many of them.

This is a democracy. They can write letters. They can vote with their money. If I write a book and it's offensive to you, don't buy it.

Yeah, but it's not necessarily going to be to the advantage of the public airwaves. See the difference? Is that clear?

continued on page 56

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A Rare Visit with ECM's Visionary Producer/ President

In 1969, a twenty-seven-year-old German classical bassist named Manfred Eicher, who had once played with the Berlin Philharmonic, borrowed 16,000 marks (about \$4000) and started a jazz label. He'd had a brainstorm: Why not record jazz the way classical music was recorded, with artists given total freedom and painstaking attention paid to every detail of production? Pianist Mal Waldron was recorded in a local studio, and an initial pressing of 500 copies of *Free At Last* quickly sold out. Its appeal inspired Eicher to continue a diverse catalog which today has some 350 titles, from Keith Jarrett's seminal *Facing You* and *Belonging* to the delightful duets of Gary Burton and Chick Corea on *Crystal Silence*, from Paul Bley's haunting *Open To Love* to the blazing power trio of John Abercrombie's *Gateway*, and Pat Metheny's rolling *80/81*. Perhaps more importantly, Eicher's vision, intellectual rigor and uncompromised ideals begot a label that, like Blue Note before it, eventually became synonymous with a specific look and sound, and a beacon for like-minded musicians with a commitment to excellence.

ECM—three letters that conjure a scintillating world of swirling mists and melting snow; hushed piano overtones, aching guitars, pensive contrabasses.... "The most beautiful sound next to silence," to quote the label's modest motto, has echoed its way into the collective consciousness for nearly two decades, and its diaphanous musics have had an incredible impact on jazz and improvisation—hell, on most music. ECM—the letters actually

Photograph by Robert Kramer

By Jerome
Reese

stand for Editions of Contemporary Music—has set far-reaching standards for production and changed common conceptions of the ways music should be recorded, packaged and marketed. And there's little question the entire "new age" movement has, for better or worse, luxuriated in the musical fields first plowed by Eicher.

To this day most of the musicians who record for Manfred Eicher's label do not have—or ask for—a contract. Says Gary Burton, one of ECM's mainstays: "That I would become good friends with my record company president and/or producer is something I would never have expected to be possible in life.



"Control freak" or an "inability to say no"?

But Manfred was a musician first, he operates from a love for the music and he has a well-developed sense of quality."

At first recording a variety of jazz styles, Eicher quickly set the company's main course: musicians, mostly white (and many European), improvising in styles heavily influenced by romantic and impressionistic classical music. The gentle modal lyricism of Miles Davis' *Kind Of Blue* and the complex explorations of pianist Bill Evans were Eicher's sextants, along with an almost religious intensity in the very *sound*.

To this day Eicher supervises every step of production, from recording to mastering. An almost maniacal stickler for perfection, he is constantly on airplanes, moving from recording to mixing studios. Besides the Coreas, Jarretts and Methenys, Eicher has produced numerous records by unknown musicians; he started a sister label, JAPO, currently offering forty records of European avant-garde experiments. And Eicher's role in the studio is most atypical; as Metheny once admitted, "When Eicher and I have arguments, it's because he wants to make the music *less* commercial."

With recognition and fame came dissent, however. ECM had been tagged "smug, suburban jazz" long before yuppies existed. As one wag put it, maybe ECM stood for Excessively Cerebral Musings. Part of the problem was that famed ECM sound, which seemed to emanate from some germ-free environment, accentuated by an almost painfully resonant mix. Many early enthusiasts of the label became bored with the increasingly meditative nature of its releases; a ten-record set

of solo piano by Jarrett (*The Sun Bear Concerts*) was a nadir for many. Metheny's pop turns aside, none of these people seemed to party or even relax. And why were feverish talents like Brazilian multi-instrumentalists Egberto Gismonti and Nana Vasconcelos recorded in cold spots like Oslo, for chrissakes? Eicher's acerbic response: "Cold is relative. Maybe Oslo is a much warmer place than anywhere else."

Possibly to blunt this sort of criticism, Eicher did bring on more black, rock-influenced artists by the end of the 70s. He also released groundbreaking albums by composers Steve Reich and Meredith Monk, the seeds of his current focus on classical and contemporary repertoire. Three years ago, Eicher started a fresh series of classical releases entitled "New Series," citing his meeting with composer Arvo Part as a turning point. Eicher is currently working with celebrated violinist Gidon Kremer, recording and releasing music from the famed annual Lockenhaus Chamber Festival.

And ECM's reputation for trendsetting jazz? To this writer, ECM albums don't have the aura they once generated. There are exceptions, such as Jarrett's breathtakingly beautiful series of *Standards*, Lester Bowie's humorous *Avant Pop*, and rock-inspired sets by Marc Johnson's *Bass Desires*, David Torn and Steve Tibbets. But the stormy departure of Metheny and Lyle Mays, along with the rise of "new age" bailiwicks like Windham Hill have clearly eroded Eicher's cachet.

Nor is all rosy within the company. "ECM is like a dictatorship," says Thomas Stowsand, Eicher's right-hand man for thirteen years before he left the label, and now one of the leading jazz booking agents in Europe. "You have to follow Manfred's rules. Sometimes it has to be that way, in order to grow. We worked so hard in the early years! As Manfred became more successful he became more intellectual, though, and now he has become totally paranoid. Success changed him, like it changed Jarrett. You put a wall around you; it's hard to be successful. And Manfred takes bad reviews personally. He wasted a lot of energy reading all the reviews and sending letters to journalists when he felt they were wrong. There are so few good journalists, he shouldn't worry about it! Part of the reason for... the 'sameness' of some of the records is Manfred's inability to say no. When he likes a person, he gives in." Two other long-time associates, Hans Wendl and Robert Hurwitz, now work for excellent labels in the States, Wendl at Blackhawk, and Hurwitz at Nonesuch; Hurwitz, in fact, seems to be turning Nonesuch into a hipper version of ECM for American tastes.

Perhaps all this spurred Eicher to grant his first major interview in several years. We met at ECM headquarters in a cozy suburb of Munich, situated in an audio warehouse overlooking a parking lot and a ten-lane autobahn. The offices are white, spare; artwork resembling ECM covers are on the walls. With his longish hair and mysterious, liquid blue eyes, Eicher looked much like early photographs. He was a charming host, impassioned and witty, but his aggressive humor belies a certain melancholy. A divorced father of two, he is a very secretive and solitary man who dislikes small talk, ever attuned to pitch the conversation toward loftier topics. In many ways he is exactly what one would expect ECM's boss to be like—intense, intellectual, consumed by his life's work: By the door to his office, there's a copy of a print by Edvard Munch, entitled "Melancholy." (The Munch museum in Oslo stands across the street from ECM's old studio.)

Eicher approached our interview with the same obsessive attention to detail he brings to his productions, confirming an oft-repeated comment about him made by ECM musicians: "He's a control freak." And it was quite an experience listening

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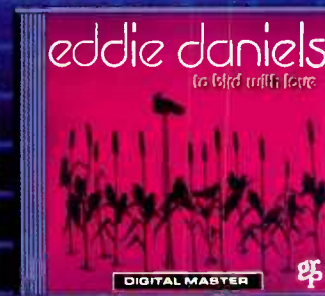
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World Radio History

“Don’t overestimate my part. I’m not in there with a candle. The *music* is the atmosphere.”

to his latest test pressings together—Manfred’s eyes closed, a look of bliss on his face, as the music soared at almost deafening volume through the office. You can’t help but admire his fervor. Though it is easy to criticize the middlebrow meanderings of some ECM output, upcoming releases by John McLaughlin (with Indian masters Chaurasia and Zakir Hussain), Jarrett (on clavichord), Arvo Part and Bass Desires also suggest a reassuring constancy that bodes well for the future. As Eicher puts it, ECM is an “offering,” to musicians and listeners alike.

MUSICIAN: *Why have you waited so long to agree to do an interview?*

EICHER: I just wonder if it makes sense to talk at all about music, or other things, in public. Anyone who wants to find out about ECM can hear it in the music, or not. If you follow that line sensitively, I think you can get a better picture than whatever I could tell you.

MUSICIAN: *Could we talk a bit about your musical background?*

EICHER: Well, when I was six I was given a violin and started to take lessons. At fourteen I heard some improvised music, and got a bass. Since then jazz became a stronger influence.

MUSICIAN: *You went on to play bass with the Berlin Philharmonic for a year. How did you combine the two musics?*

EICHER: As a bass player, improvised music was more challenging and I knew I would not stay with an orchestra for too long. It is a minor point in my biography. I felt it was something I had to do when I finished my bass class, keeping in mind that I would change rather quickly.

MUSICIAN: *You’ve mentioned before that four albums were very important in your musical development: Kind Of Blue by Miles Davis, Explorations and Sunday At The Village Vanguard by Bill Evans, and Change Of The Century by Ornette Coleman.*

EICHER: It’s true, these albums were a big influence. Especially *Kind Of Blue*, such a complete statement for this genre. Also *Footloose* by Paul Bley. And I will never forget seeing the Bill Evans trio with Scott LaFaro and Paul Motian at the Vanguard. The experience was so intense, so complete—it became an archetype. I found it very interesting that jazz musicians used the harmonics of composers like Chopin and Debussy and gave it a different dimension.

MUSICIAN: *You asked me to read the essay on the painter Cy Twombly by Roland Barthes for this interview. There’s an interesting parallel between the descriptions of Twombly’s technique and your productions: gestures standing out against a pale background—the strokes standing out the way the music does on ECM albums. Did you consciously follow that idea?*

EICHER: That phenomenon, as described by Barthes, had a resonating inspiration for me. Quite often I’ve seen parallel movements in other art forms. In the seventeen years at ECM, a program has been formulated, which has become an aesthetic one—often criticized, often accepted. But most important is to follow consistently a direction which becomes your center. This is the only way I can work.

Back to Twombly: His movements became so musical, his intensity so quiet and silent—and all the signs and symbols which speak, and make you open up; his sense of space, which you can see and feel...like you hear a pause in music. But it’s

dangerous to make analogies. To quote Barthes: “We are not asked to view, think or savor, but rather to review, to identify, and, one would even like to hazard, ‘to play’ the movement that has taken place there, in precisely that space... Everything flows, and tumbles, showers like a fine rain or falls like grass—erasures made in indolence as though it were a question of giving a visibility to time, to the very tremor of time.”

Films too inspire me: films by Godard, Bresson, early Bergman, Tarkovsky. Tarkovsky really is a magician, the way he uses music—listen to the choir in *Nostalgia*, and the way he visualizes tones and shadows of sounds. Very often film inspires me more to think about music and producing it than music itself. You become open to new things you haven’t been getting out through music, but then find it there again when you look back.

MUSICIAN: *You’ve been doing this now for seventeen years. Are you tired of it?*

EICHER: Maybe something else, more than tired... To get more than just the ears sensitive, I’m thinking of making a short film in the north of Norway, just filming the night and waiting for some light. There might be some music and maybe poems by the late Paul Celan. Images and sounds. I have a need for solitude. Sometimes I wish I could be somewhere else than in the music business. It’s absorbing and very difficult. [long pause] So many demands from everybody all the time, and there is hardly ever the feeling of relief. I feel my energy going out to deal with all these ego-concepts.

MUSICIAN: *A producer you admire, Teo Macero, has said that people are brainwashed from too many dryly recorded jazz LPs, that echo is necessary.*

EICHER: It’s quite typical for the music business that someone like Macero, who brought so many ideas into music production, is just kicked out of the scene. I try to keep distance to maintain our independence. We have made mistakes and I made a few records which I should not have said yes to. And I regret it. These things happen when everything gets a little too big. You lose contact with your intentions.

MUSICIAN: *It sounds like you’re talking about Pat Metheny. Some of his LPs seem quite separate from the ECM process.*

EICHER: I wasn’t thinking of Pat at all. But if you bring it up, I think of him as an excellent musician. The beginning of our working relationship felt very promising to me. That was in 1975, when we recorded *Bright Size Life*. Before, I had heard him and worked with him around Gary Burton’s group. After a few years we went in different directions because we didn’t communicate enough. I have no bad feelings and wish him good luck with his own projects. There have been arguments. Maybe I should say there have to be arguments during a production process, but if you have an underlying common understanding, it can be very productive eventually.

MUSICIAN: *But were you happy with Metheny’s more pop-oriented records, like American Garage?*

EICHER: Well, for that kind of music it’s a good statement. It’s a matter of taste, after all. But there were some very good recordings, like *80/81*, *Offramp*, etc. There were other things we didn’t feel so strongly about. Quite natural, if you make so many records together.

MUSICIAN: *It’s rather strange how the graphics of the recent*

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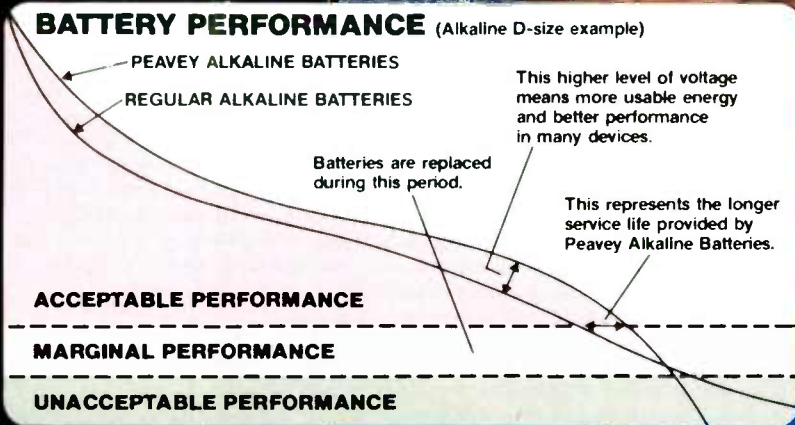


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**AMERICAN
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“We’ve made mistakes, and a few records I shouldn’t have said yes to. And I regret it.”

Metheny and Lyle Mays albums for another label are a direct reference to ECM; and they worked with one of your engineers, Jan Erik Kongshaug.

EICHER: I find it strange that someone should want to change record companies after so many years—and we weren’t just a record company, we developed a basis together—and continues with more or less an aesthetic duplication of just these ideas. I was surprised that there was not more reflection on it. I’m talking only of the visual aspect and the sound aspect.

MUSICIAN: *Why have you made so many guitar records? You’re a lover of bass and piano especially, so it’s surprising.*

EICHER: It’s a versatile and flexible instrument. It is the feeling of the strings; I don’t necessarily think of instruments, but of strings that can create such rich fields of overtones, whether you hear them on a violin or a guitar or in a piano. Also, there is something about the touch. Pianists and guitarists have always been important to me. Just listen to the sound—or the differences in their sounds—of Gould, Michelangeli, Pollini, or Jarrett, Corea or Hancock.

MUSICIAN: *Here comes the dreaded question concerning the famed ECM “echo.” It’s an integral part of your records, and a controversial one. Could you talk about it?*

EICHER: Nothing is added to the record; we use reverb to make the instruments sustain. And there are so many different ways of doing it. It depends on the music, doesn’t it? Sometimes reverb is only used as the reverb of the reverb, or the echo of a reverb in a panorama—you might spread it out to draw your final landscape in a mix. Is it artificial to create sounds with an instrument with magic possibilities? Often, what critics define as “echo” is just sustaining strings in the piano, or the pedal held. For instance, Lester Bowie loves to play trumpet into an open piano—with the strings resonating. Terje Rypdal jumps into the fjord with the mountains resonating. Or Jan Garbarek stands on the cliffs with his saxophones, without playing, and the waves resonate. Should we talk about the windharp as well? A “natural” recording just doesn’t exist. If sounds and music go through microphones and wires, something travels. And there might be something mysterious every once in a while. After all, you create a landscape of sounds.

Now every good band has a good reverb system onstage. And you get effects which we use musically, I hope. You hear the reverb because the natural reverb in a studio is not enough to make the sustain that the musicians need. On classical recordings there is very little reverb. And you don’t record Bach the way you record Debussy. The music we record is also based on pauses and sound, things other than bebop. We do what we do because that’s what we hear. I don’t *feel* bebop—I can enjoy listening to it, but I don’t want to produce it.

MUSICIAN: *You’ve said that you’ve tried to bring the atmosphere of classical recordings into your productions.*

EICHER: That’s right, because in classical music I hear more dynamics. The interaction between chamber musicians—the aspect of listening—is very important. They don’t need amplification. If you hear amplification in concerts, that already is artificial, but no one complains. If you hear reverb on a record—which helps to make all the details audible—it is criticized as “cold” and “over-aesthetic.” To urge for a clear

sound on record, to transfer the idea of a score as clear and transparent as possible, is what’s normal to me: doing it as perfectly as possible and being able to hear and feel dynamics, even the fluctuation of overtones. I thought it was an offering. I know how influential some of these recordings have become.

MUSICIAN: *I just wonder if perfection—that gloss on your productions—is always so important.*

EICHER: Perfection? Gloss? There are a lot of mistakes on our records. Sometimes the “mistakes” speak. Keith Jarrett is a master of allowing a so-called “mistake” when he thinks he has captured the momentum he was looking for.

MUSICIAN: *You’ve recorded Jarrett on so many occasions. Don’t you sometimes feel there’s too much? Too many records by the same people?*

EICHER: What should I say to that? Does a publisher tell a writer to write less? To me, Jarrett is one of the most important improvisers of the last twenty years. I’m so glad I’ve been in so many situations with him over fifteen years. We’ve never had a contract—you can’t find this in the world too often.

MUSICIAN: *You seem to be moving away from jazz towards classical music now. Are you tired of jazz?*

EICHER: Not much is going on. But in other fields of music, things are slowly taking shape. Arvo Part’s music, for instance. Meeting him was a turning point for me. It is like a summary of the ideas and forms I wished I would have had as a composer. He formulated a lot of things which are personal to me. Recording should be a slow, organic process, instead of hectic or for market hopes. And there are more important things to come: a very inspiring album by Keith playing the clavichord, two Shostakovich string quartets, or the Hindemith sonatas... And Meredith Monk, and Jan Garbarek, etc.

MUSICIAN: *How do you record?*

EICHER: We set up the mikes, check the sound, let the machines run, record in two days and mix in one day. That’s it. If we need more time, we take it. What’s so special about it?

MUSICIAN: *From the very start you’ve worked that way. Was it chance at first, or how you always heard the music?*

EICHER: A question of hearing. The instinct to place the mikes in an unusual and right place. However, we are talking too much about the technical aspects. What could we have recorded without these musicians? The music sets the tone, not the mikes.

MUSICIAN: *Couldn’t you talk a bit about the equipment you use?*

EICHER: No, why? The only equipment we can talk about is ears, the only one...I have...[wearily] I like Schoeps mikes. Each studio has its own equipment. I have a Mitsubishi 32-track in Oslo, for example. Some are Sony, a 3M digital 32-track as well—though often we record in just two tracks. To record saxophone, I like to have two mikes for a panorama, for an option in the mix. As long as the equipment is good and up to date, it saves us. We don’t need anything fancy.

MUSICIAN: *Why did you begin recording in Oslo, of all places, as of the early 70s?*

EICHER: Jan Garbarek comes from Oslo. I met him in Italy in 1968 and told him I would work with him. A year later we met in Oslo to record *African Pepperbird*. I also met Jan Erik Kongshaug there, who was almost a beginner then, like myself. These Munich–Oslo trips took time—twenty-four

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hours by train. But I liked the atmosphere. So we did our first piano projects with Chick Corea, Keith Jarrett and Paul Bley on the wonderful Steinway at the Bendiksen studio. The atmosphere became like a home to me, a quasi-mythical center.

MUSICIAN: *You once said that you can't "fabricate" an aesthetic. Yet it seems you try to do just that with ECM.*

EICHER: No. You can create an atmosphere that ends up being an aesthetic.

MUSICIAN: *And you've always said how important atmosphere was in the studio.*

EICHER: Don't overestimate my part. I'm not in there with a candle, by candlelight. The music is the atmosphere and it varies every time by the choice of music, by the personalities of the musicians. It is or it isn't.

MUSICIAN: *There has been criticism of your lack of black musicians in the catalog. Is this why you've added more to your roster in recent years?*

EICHER: We shouldn't think that every step we take is based on critics' reactions. We recorded Mal Waldron at the beginning. Then followed Marion Brown, Sam Rivers, Anthony Braxton, Jack DeJohnette and many others. Our decisions are based on the music.

MUSICIAN: *The rise of the compact disc has been very beneficial for ECM...*

EICHER: It didn't change ECM, but we realized how important our catalog seems to be. Finally, our slogan "the most beautiful sound next to silence" could be realized technically. We've always kept the company small and we had to do a lot to maintain this. Our good association with Deutsche Grammophon helped us to transfer already 180 albums to CD, with more to come. That is quite a lot for a small company.

MUSICIAN: *You're releasing fewer LPs now. And you've released some decidedly uncommercial records over the years, knowing they would sell next to nothing.*

EICHER: Yes, nothing. There are always musicians who should be heard. Corea's *Return To Forever* and Jarrett's *Bremen/Lausanne* and *Köln Concert* sold so surprisingly well that we could afford to record a lot of unknown musicians. This was at the beginning of the 70s. Many things have changed since then, but not our intentions.

MUSICIAN: *Are you upset at how Windham Hill—to name just one label obviously very influenced by ECM—has developed?*

EICHER: I'm not upset. I was surprised it was possible to be that vulgar. Those people who try to imitate do not understand what we do; they did not really hear the music—yet.

MUSICIAN: *You don't think Windham Hill is a sincere American grass-roots movement?*

EICHER: Whether they are sincere or not, I don't want to discriminate their intentions, but I feel that there isn't much substance on an artistic level.

MUSICIAN: *Pardon me, but I feel it's too bad in a sense that you don't record something entirely different on ECM, say a Chicago electric blues band, for example.*

EICHER: Why should we? It seems like the wrong thing for us. After a while you live and think in a certain way, and there aren't too many alternatives anymore. I'm looking around, but I hope I've found a center which is somehow real. My interests don't reflect on too many outside ideas which would not be somehow in context with my past.

MUSICIAN: *Is this why you have a specific concept for your record covers, imposed on the musicians?*

EICHER: In no cases is a cover imposed. Either we discuss it *continued on page 98*

Acclaimed Excellence

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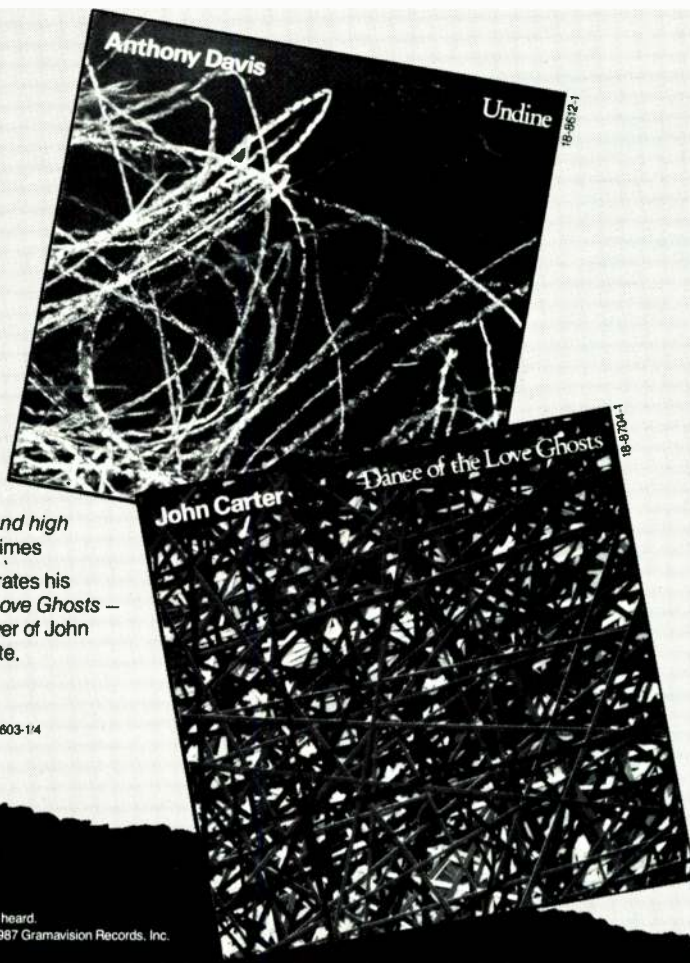
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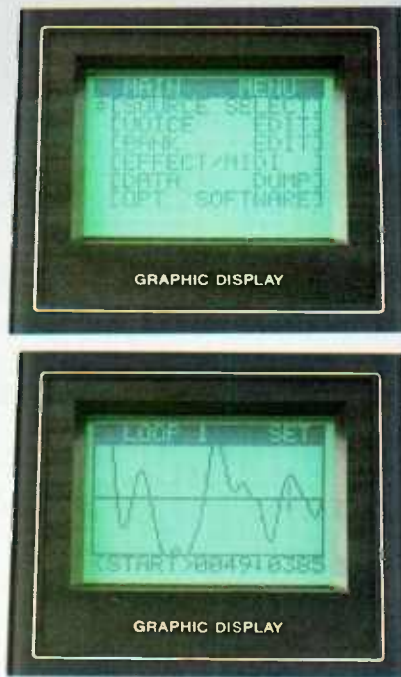
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Once they come into the funk, the fans will have to come into the reggae, because that's where we're going to take them."

Sly & Robbie: Can the Riddim Twins Rock the Mainstream?

By Alan di Perna

AS SUPPORTING PLAYERS, THEY'VE become as recognizable and popular as comic book superheroes. Is there anyone who *isn't* familiar with Sly Dunbar's brightly-colored tams and gap-toothed grin, which generally emanates from the center of a huge electronic drum kit? Or Robbie Shakespeare, beefy bard of the bass, whose tastes run to floor-length leather trench coats and who tends to dwarf whichever axe he picks up? Need some help vanquishing the charts? Send for the Riddim Twins! Mick Jagger, Bob Dylan, Cyndi Lauper and Mark Knopfler have all benefitted from the Riddim Treatment. Back on their home turf in Jamaica, Sly & Robbie have backed nearly *everyone*: from the Abyssinians to Yabby You, from Peter Tosh to Bunny Wailer. They run their own Jamaican label, Taxi Records. And as producers, they've made their mark as mentors and de facto members of Black Uhuru—the first reggae act to win a Grammy.

But the one thing Sly & Robbie *haven't* had yet is a hit under their own collective name. Sly—born Noel Dunbar—makes

no bones about it. He'd like to see the duo's new album, *Rhythm Killers*, supply that. The disc is eminently equipped to do the trick, with its six sizzling funk tracks all linked by a non-stop groove. *Rhythm Killers* isn't Sly & Robbie's first solo departure from reggae into the more marketable Land of Funk—they made that move on their 1985 solo LP, *Language Barrier*. But where *Language Barrier's* emphasis was on Afro jazz-flavored instrumentals—with contributions from Herbie Hancock, Manu Dibango and even Miles—*Rhythm Killers* puts vocals up in front of the mix. Providing the pipes is a multinational cast that includes Bootsy Collins, Sly Fox member and long-time Bootsy associate Gary Cooper, and Jamaican toaster Shinehead, whose rap-influenced *Rough & Rugged* album has won favorable attention in the reggae world.

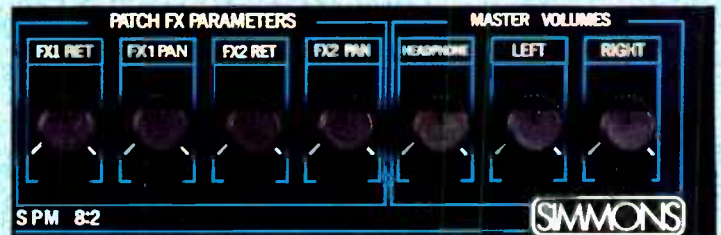
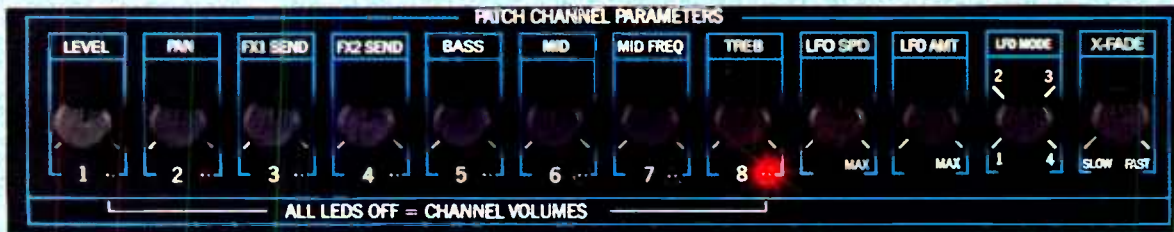
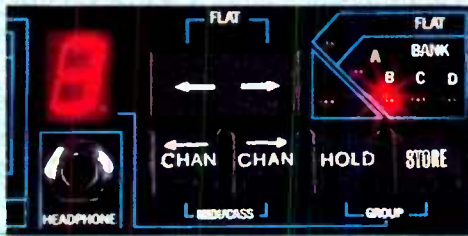
"It's just a change of lead instrument really," says Sly. "Instrumentals are a little hard to sell sometimes. So this time we made a vocal album and it's going over much better. We already have a

tune on the charts in England, 'Boops (Here To Go).'"

The album was cut in New York over a period of just three months. "That's a *long* time for us," laughs Robbie Shakespeare in rhythmic patois cadences that are just slightly more pronounced than Sly's. "The reason is we went into the studio without any music at all. Originally we had all these tracks that we wanted to do. But [Island Records chief] Chris Blackwell just said, 'No, Sly & Robbie are going into the studio without music; when they come out, they'll come with good music.' So we had to scrap all our demos and go in fresh."

"We've been working like this ever since we started playing in Jamaica," Sly adds. "We'd cut like twenty songs a day. For each song, Robbie had to come up with a different bass line and I had to come up with a different drum pattern. And we had to do it *fast*. Chris knows us for that. So that's why he said, 'Just go in and cut.'"

Rapid-fire, one-take creativity has always been a Sly & Robbie trademark.



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Unlike other reggae and funk bass players, Shakespeare never repeats a riff mechanically, or with just a few predictable substitutions. He approaches it much as a jazz soloist would a familiar melody, producing infinite and subtle variations that transform, but never obscure, the riff.

"The inspiration comes from God," Robbie says. "Sometimes endless ideas just keep coming to me. Sometimes I'll change the drum pattern to a bass line and Sly will play the bass line on the drums. Even talking to you now, I could get a bass line from that. There's so

many things in the air."

On *Rhythm Killers*, though, Sly & Robbie took their collective creative process apart and put it back together again, piece by piece. To lay the foundation for each song, Dunbar went into the studio alone and cut a drum part—all without any preconceived ideas as to what melodic material would go over it. "I just played what I felt, working from a sense of 'now I'll do 103 beats per minute.' And Robbie would come in the next night and lay a bass part."

During these early stages, all energies were devoted to establishing absolutely

murderous grooves. Many of the actual drum sounds on tape were later used to trigger sampled drum sounds from a Fairlight CMI. "Everything depends on the pattern you're playing and the style," Sly explains. "As long as you have that, you can work. The way things are in the music industry now, you can retrigger anything with anything you want."

"I feel if you're a musician and you know *your* sound," adds Robbie, "you can get that sound anywhere—even in a bathroom."

The duo give producer Bill Laswell a great deal of credit for helping shape the layers that went on top of their funkified rhythms. "When Bill does something, it comes clicking right in," says Sly. "Like on the song 'Fire' [the cover of the Ohio Players' tune which opens *Rhythm Killers*], Bill had an idea to use strings to play the horn line from the original. Many producers would just want to use the original horns, but I think strings worked great. Things like that made the album sound a bit fresh: different from everything else that's happening."

Laswell had worked with Sly & Robbie on numerous projects, including Herbie Hancock's *Rockit* and Jagger's *She's The Boss*, before collaborating with them on *Language Barrier* and *Rhythm Killers*. The Riddim Twins and their producer, besides sharing a boundless musical eclecticism, exhibit similar organizational traits. Not only is Laswell a bassist and former member of his own two-man production/player team (Material), he also likes to operate from the same kind of broad-based setup as Sly & Robbie. When the duo set up their Taxi label in 1974, they took Motown as their model. Since then, Taxi has become a sort of nucleus around which revolve some of Jamaica's most highly charged particles. These include reggae stars such as Half-Pint, Yellowman and Ini Kamoze, and ace sidemen like Robbie Lyn, "Bubbler" Waul and Willie Lindo. The newest addition to the Sly & Robbie cast is Shinehead, who adds some i-tal spice to "Boops" and "Rhythm Killers." These tracks gave Sly & Robbie a chance to blend the Caribbean and non-Caribbean musical traditions they've always pursued with equal fervor. True, they made their initial marks as reggae players: Sly at sixteen on Dave and Ansell Collins' *Double Barrel*, and Robbie with groups like the Aggrovators and Black Disciples. But, as Sly says, "growing up, we listened to R&B, rock 'n' roll, reggae, ska...country & western also. Robbie is really a country & western fan."

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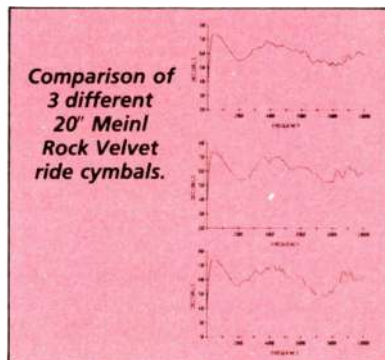


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with a lot of styles early on. "Sly and I used to play in what we called road bands at the time," Robbie recounts. "You'd go and play from club to club. And you'd have to play the top forty songs."

Sly & Robbie's stylistic adaptiveness has served them well throughout their membership in the Compass Point All-Stars, the resident studio supergroup at Island's Club Med-style recording facility in Nassau, and in their capacity as sidemen of the rich and famous. But Sly & Robbie never turned their backs on reggae. And the duo have released a string of reggae solo albums. The most recent are *The Sting*, a collection of fairly disposable techno-roots film themes, and *Electro Reggae*, which shares four cuts with *The Sting*.

continued on page 113

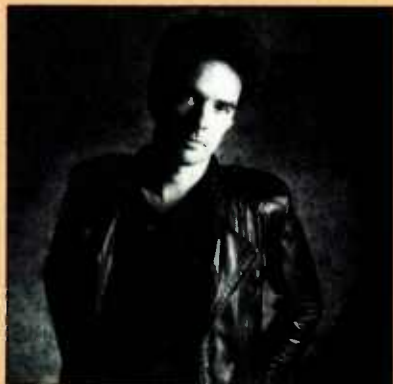
RHYTHM WEAPONS

Robbie Shakespeare has been using a Steinberger bass on tour for the past few years. But he cites his Fender Jazz bass as the main axe he uses. "After I got it, I went inside and moved some wires around," he says with an air of mystery, "so it sounds a little different from other Fenders." Robbie prefers medium gauge, flat-wound Dean Markley strings, adding that he used La Bella strings during his salad days as a Hofner man. He runs his bass direct, onstage and in the studio. But for onstage monitoring, he uses two Ampeg heads which drive three 6x10 Ampeg cabinets. On the *Electro-Reggae/Sting* sessions, Mr. Shakespeare used the Roland G-77 bass controller and GR 77B bass synth to play bass and melody lines.

Sly Dunbar plays a Simmons SDS-5 electronic drum kit with four toms. He substitutes a ddrum electronic kick drum for the Simmons kick, however. Augmenting this core kit is a 6-inch Ludwig snare with Duraline heads, and Zildjian high-hat, crash and ride cymbals. Hardware is a mixture of Tama and Pearl pieces. Sly uses Duraline sticks. His kit also incorporates a Roland PAD-8 Octapad. Via MIDI, the Octapad triggers percussion voices—timpani, claps, congas, etc.—from Sly's battery of drum machines. The latter includes an E-mu SP-12, Oberheim DMX, and a Roland TR-808 and TR-707. When he records demos at home on his Akai 12-track recorder/mixer, Sly will program patterns on one or more of his drum machines. On record, though, every drum beat you hear, he maintains, is played by his own two hands.

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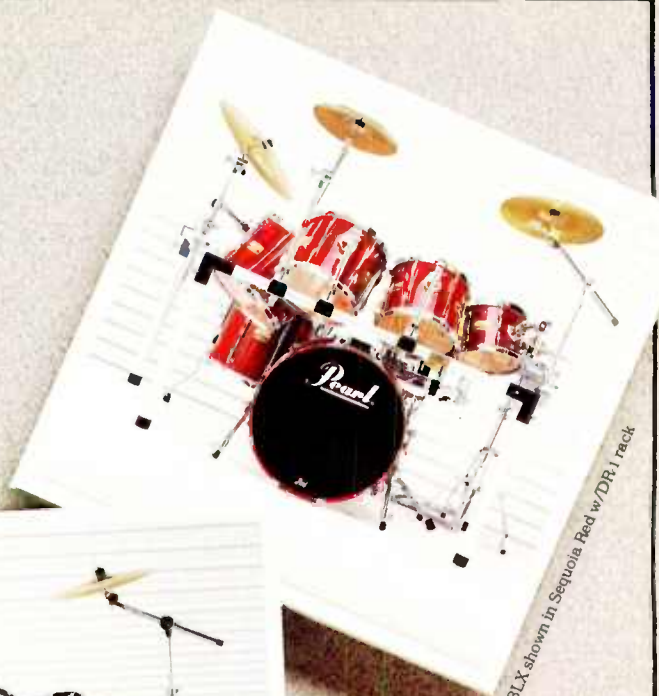
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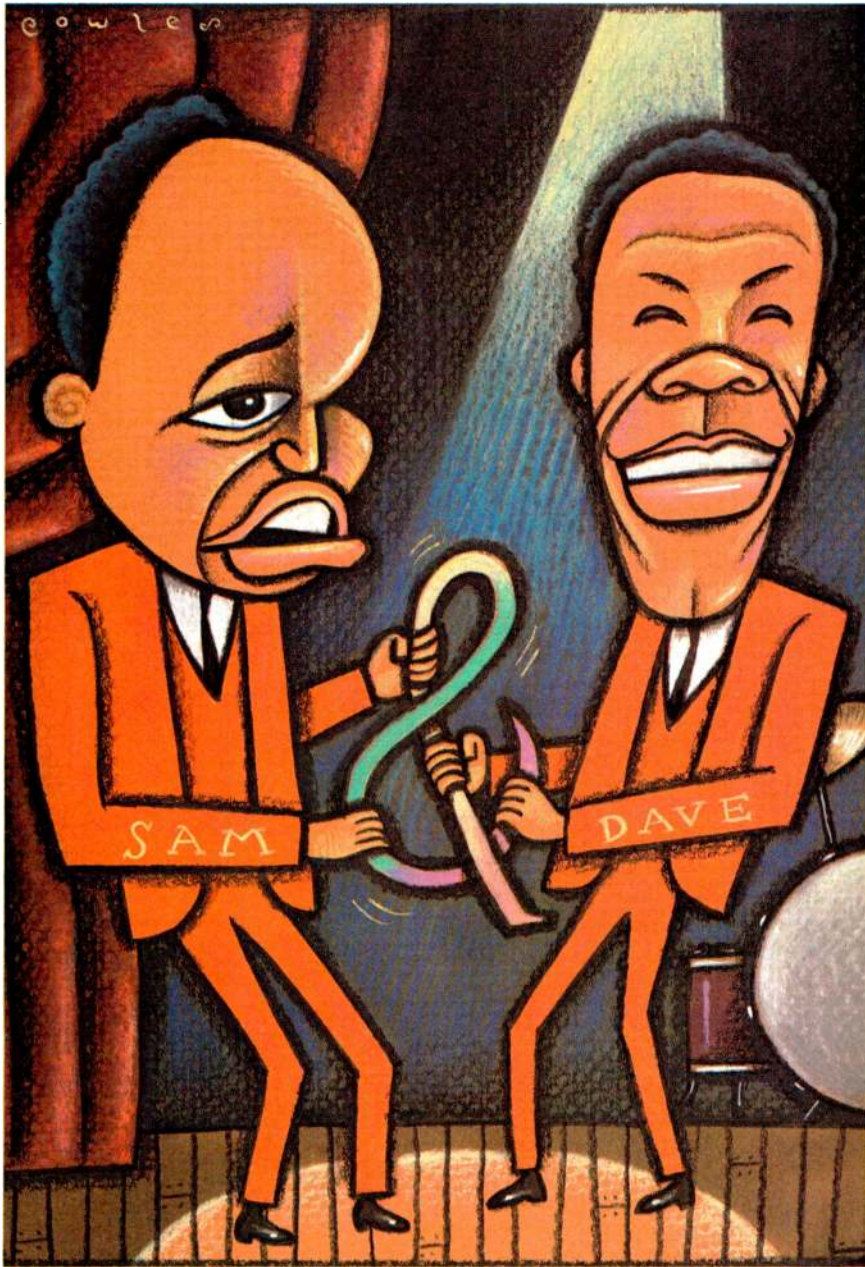
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The tragicomic case of Sam & Dave sheds new light on an old fight.

By Stan Soocher

bers Sam, a style that was the result of Sam feeding Dave the words to a Jackie Wilson song. "Then my foot got entangled in the microphone cord and I dropped the mike. When I went down on my knees to scoop it up, the audience went wild, believing that was part of the act. The owner of the club came up to us and said, 'I'd like to manage you guys. You'll perform as Sam and Dave.'"

No, that's not the way it happened at all, according to Dave Prater. It was a Sam Cooke tune, he certainly knew the words, and Sam Moore wasn't working as an emcee, he was just one of the contestants! Sam and Dave don't agree about much of anything these days, and especially not who owns the moniker Sam & Dave. Their on-again, off-again professional relationship ended New Year's Eve 1981. In 1985, Sam Moore filed a five-million-dollar suit against Dave and his new performing partner Sam Daniels to limit the use of the name "Sam and Dave." Moore says that Prater and Daniels continue to perform in contempt of an injunction issued by a California court. Prater and Daniels have filed a motion to have the injunction vacated on the ground that Sam Moore was the first to use "Sam and Dave" following their breakup. Meanwhile, in a separate suit filed by Moore against Atlantic Records, a settlement is being negotiated that would require the record company to state in a disclaimer that Sam Moore does not appear on product recorded by the new Sam and Dave.

Disputes over the ownership of band names have plagued the music business all too frequently, producing protracted legal battles that cut former band members' bonds and can keep them from resolving their differences for years. They've dampened the careers of a wide range of popular acts, from the Platters and the Drifters to Deep Purple and Pink Floyd. Some other notable examples:

Protecting Band Names: a Legal Survival Guide

"A NAME IS THE KEY TO THE FUTURE of any band," says veteran musicbiz attorney Jay Cooper of the Beverly Hills firm of Cooper, Epstein & Hurewitz. "It's what sells the tickets, records, T-shirts and posters. It's more important than who owns the lights, the sound equipment or the condos. A name is a band's most important asset."

Determining who owns the rights to a

name is anything but easy. Sometimes an artist doesn't own a name even when it's his *own*. A case in point:

Soul man Sam Moore was working as an emcee at a Miami, Florida nightclub in the early 60s when he got up onstage with Dave Prater to sing a song in an amateur night contest. "Dave and I began performing in what turned out to be a call-and-response style," remem-

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- Genesis titled their debut album *From Genesis To Revelation*, but avoided using the name of the band anywhere else on the 1969 album pending the outcome of a dispute with an American band already using the name.

- In 1985 the Firm, a group honchoed by former Led Zeppelin lead-guitarist Jimmy Page, was forced to purchase the right to use that name from four Omaha, Nebraska attorneys who had been billing themselves as the Firm at weekend rock performances dating back to 1979.

- In 1980 a New York federal court awarded \$250,000 to a little-known

performer who owned rights in the name The Rubberband in a suit against Bootsie Collins and Warner Bros. over their use of the name Bootsy's Rubber Band.

What determines who owns the right to use a band's name? There are two primary factors: first, the history of the use of the name, and second, the legal structure of the group.

Surprisingly, the first band to use a name may not have superior rights. Instead, the band that establishes *secondary meaning* in the name by being associated with it by the public will have greater rights. Secondary meaning is

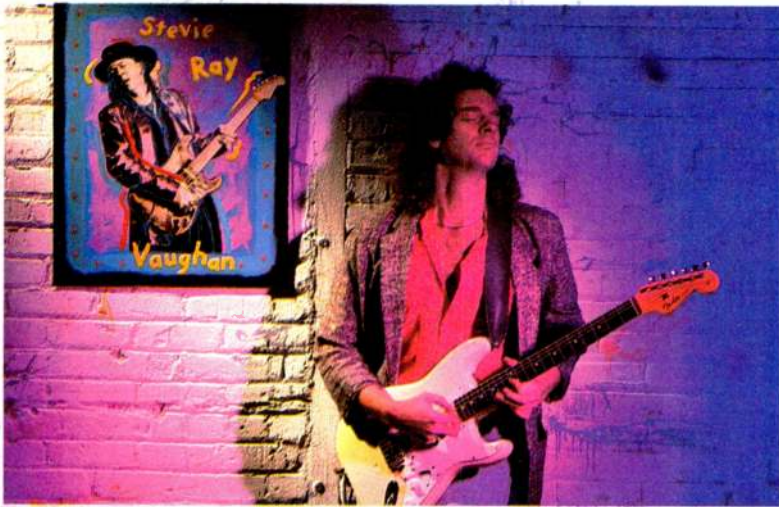
determined by the geographic region in which a band works, the duration of the use of the name, the drawing power of the band and the extent of its advertising, among other things. In addition, a band member that leaves a group before secondary meaning attaches may have no rights to the name. For example, in 1983 a federal court in New York issued an injunction against the former lead singer of 60s party-rockers the Kingstmen, who had left the group before the song "Louie, Louie" became a hit.

Commonly, two bands will establish secondary meaning in the same name in different geographic regions. "In a situation like that, where there's no federal registration of the name by one of the groups as a trademark, neither group will have the right to knock out the other, short of persuasion or purchase of the rights in the competing band's name," attorney Cooper explains. "The best thing to do once your band becomes known in a particular area is to make sure you work across state lines, in interstate commerce. Then file for federal registration with the Patent and Trademark Office in Washington, D.C. This creates *prima facie* evidence of use and gives you a greater chance of winning any lawsuits that may arise over the name."

However, federal registration can be expensive. A fee of \$200 is required for each class in which a name is registered. For example, a \$200 fee must be paid to register a name for use in services, such as concerts and recordings. Another \$200 must be paid to use the name on clothing, such as T-shirts and hats. Fees attorneys charge for handling the complicated federal filing procedure typically range from \$300 to \$600. Companies that conduct searches to find out which names already are in use for purposes of trademark registration charge about \$200 per search.

In the absence of fraud, federal registration of a name can be challenged for only five years after filing. Still, a band that has established secondary meaning and registered its name for trademark protection under state law can continue to use the name in that state, despite federal registration by another group. The band holding the federal registration then would be in the awkward position of having superior rights to the name in all but one state.

"Registration of the name of a band under state law is as simple as filing a copyright registration for a song under federal law," says Edward Pierson, a Denver-based music attorney who specializes in trademark work. "But



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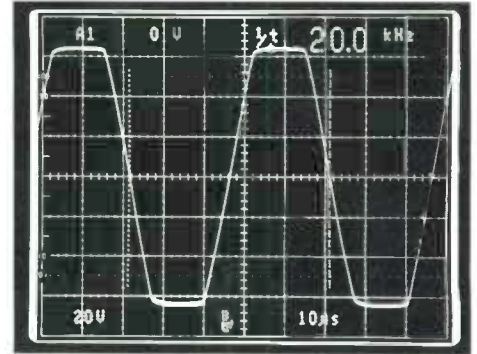
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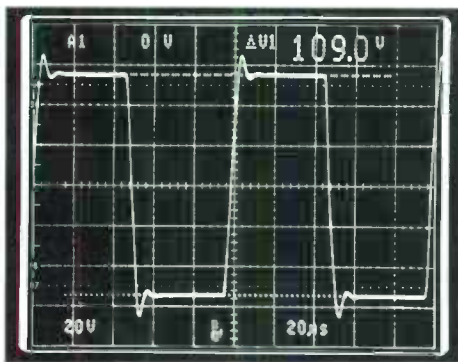


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state courts have not been as effective as federal courts in protecting rights in band names. In any case, a band can conduct its own local name search by looking through regional music papers to see what groups are playing live to determine whether anyone has acquired secondary meaning in a name."

A band that breaks up may lose its right to a group name by demonstrating an intent to abandon use. However, the fact that a band has stopped performing publicly may not, in itself, constitute abandonment. In 1977 a federal court in Illinois ruled in a dispute over the name of the 60s pop-group the Buckingham that continued sales of the band's products and timely objection to use of the name by others could defeat a claim of abandonment.

A band that has contractually assigned its manager its interest in the group

name may nevertheless retain the right to the name under the secondary meaning test. The same principle would apply to a recording contract that requires a band to assign the right to use its group name to a record company; a record company, though, may own rights to the name of a group it created, as in the case of the Monkees.

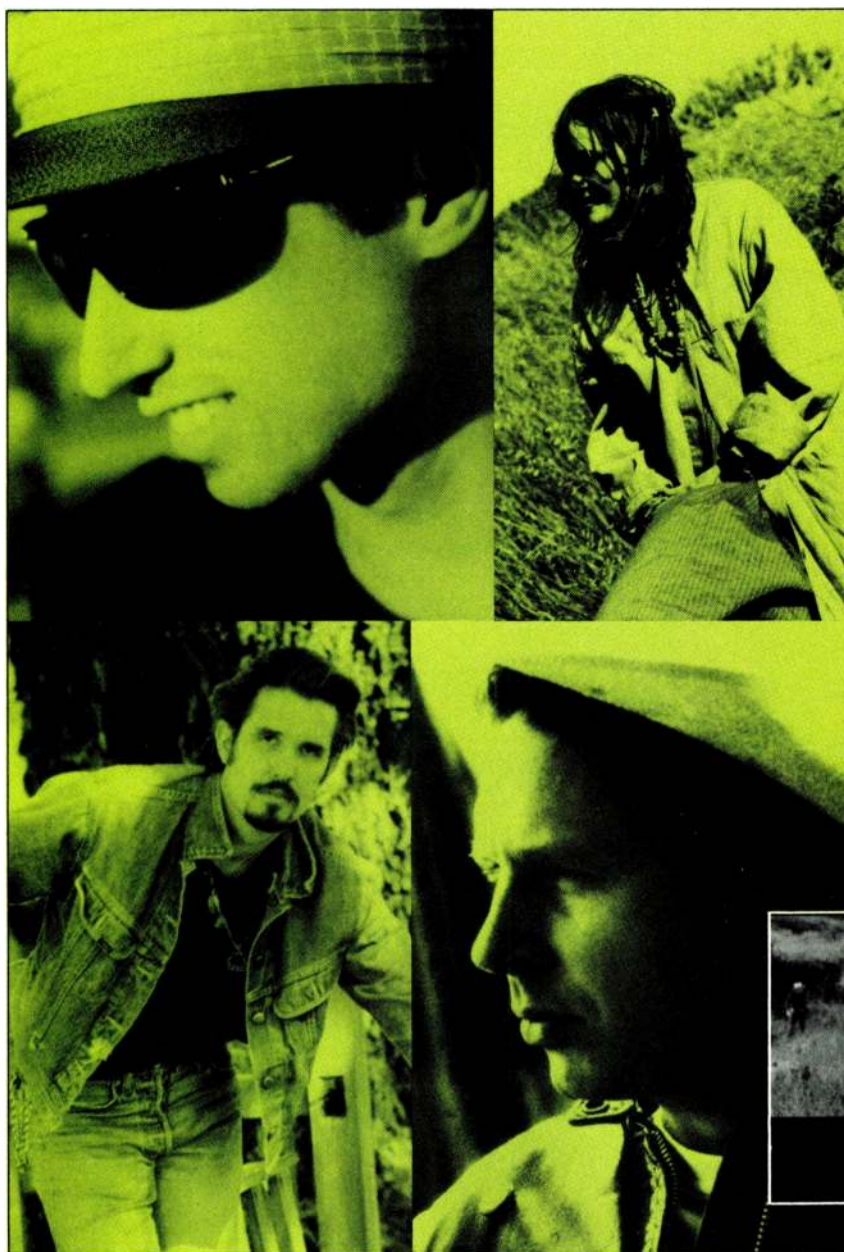
Record executive Maurice Starr claimed that, by contract, Streetwise Records owned the right to the name New Edition. Starr discovered the group at a talent show he sponsored at a Boston club. He then wrote, mixed, arranged and played all the instruments on the demo tape of the group's first hit, "Candy Girl." The style of the demo was based on Starr's concept of updating the style of the Jackson Five through electronic instrumentation and rap lyrics.

Last summer a federal court in Boston

issued an injunction barring Streetwise from releasing any new recordings using the name New Edition, which now records for MCA Records. The court reasoned that although Streetwise had filed for federal registration of the name, the label had also made simultaneous use of the name in Massachusetts, where the members of the band had already publicly performed as New Edition on at least twenty occasions. This meant that although the band achieved national renown using Streetwise's concept, it was not simply a concept group, as Starr argued, because it had been a real band before that.

One reason the members of New Edition got into trouble was that each had signed separate contracts with Streetwise. A much more secure and clear-cut method for resolving name

continued on page 54



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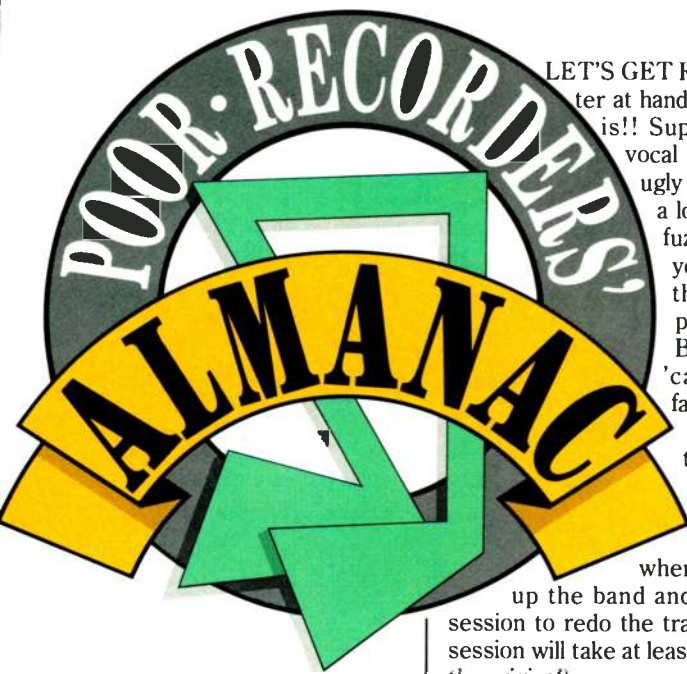
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Applied Magic



Spot Erasing By Hand

By Bob Buontempo

LET'S GET RIGHT TO THE MAT-
ter at hand; spot erasing by it, that
is!! Suppose that you have a
vocal track with a noticeably
ugly sound, say a vocal with
a loud throat clearing or a
fuzzy guitar glitch. Sure,
you say, you could erase
the unwanted part by
punching in and out.
But that's a little risky,
'cause no matter how
fast you are at punching
in and out, or no mat-
ter how accurate your
number counter is,
chances are you will
make a mistake some-
where and then it's calling
up the band and arranging for a free
session to redo the track (and of course that
session will take at least three times as long as
the original).

No problem, you come back, you'll just gate
them out. All well and good, except sometimes
a gate will get "fooled" into thinking that the
unwanted sound is part of the wanted signal
when the dynamic range between the signal
and the noise is not considerable. So what, you
counter, you'll shut off or mute the track until
the proper time. Trouble with that is it gives
you an extra cue to remember during mix-
down, and if you have several cues and blow
the last one five seconds before the end of the
song, you've got to do the whole mix again. I
know, I know. All you owners of Neve with
Necam and SSL boards say, "Hey! That's what
my computerized console is for!," but I don't
mean you, or even those with a MIDI auto-
mated system.

Well, how about trying this until your
computer comes in? Do the punch in and out by
hand. Try this procedure. Record only a snare
drum and bass drum (real drums with mikes,
just for this example), one on each track with
the snare playing on two and four, and the bass
drum playing one and three. No gates, nothing.
Now, solo only the snare track (or mute the
bass drum) and listen to where the bass drum
leaks onto the snare.

If you have a three-head machine, put it into
the sync mode (although this is not absolutely
necessary, it will make it easier for me to
explain); if you have a two-head machine,
you're set. If you have a cassette machine,
you'll have to sit this one out—there *are* ways
of hand erasing with cassettes, but it's more
difficult because of head access. Now, *every*
machine ever made (that I know of) has the
following order for the heads: erase, record,
play for three-headed machines; erase, record/
playback combination for two-headed ma-
chines. If you have a machine that has *more*
than three heads, the extra head(s) is (are)
usually an extra playback head for a different
format, for auto-reverse or for a sync tone or

SMPTE code to lock up to film or tape.
Anyway, find whatever head plays back in your
sync mode. This will normally be the record
head for three-head machines, and the record/
playback combo for two-head machines.

While the machine is in the STOP mode,
slowly "rock" the reels (with one hand on each
reel, move them back and forth) so the tape
moves over the head doing the playback. You
will be able to hear the envelope of the snare
begin and end, and the lower level of leakage
from the bass drum. The faster you move the
tape, the more up-to-pitch the drum will be.
The slower you move the tape, the more exact
the location of the envelope of the snare drum
becomes. Now with a white or yellow grease
(yuk!) pencil or china marker (available in any
local hardware store), mark the back of the
tape *exactly before* the beginning of the snare
beat. You will find this by "rocking" the tape
back and forth over the head doing the
playback. When you find the *exact* beginning of
the snare, it will be in the *center* of the head
doing the playback. Make a mark *microns*
before the center of this head.

Now "rock" the tape backwards until you
find the end of the envelope of the snare beat
before. Don't be fooled by the bass drum
leakage; learn to hear and differentiate be-
tween the two. When you are *positive* you have
the end of the previous snare envelope over
the center of the head playing back, again mark
it microns away. Now "rock" the tape back and
forth a few times while observing your marks
passing over the head. Once you *know* it is
correctly marked, with nothing but the bass
drum leakage between the two marks, *care-
fully* (with *clean* hands) take the tape out from
between the capstan and the pinch roller.

If you were to hit the play button, the tape
(hopefully) would not move. This is because
the tape should now be outside of the tape path
that runs between the capstan motor shaft and
rubber pinch roller. The tape may end up
resting on the back of the capstan, which is
okay, provided it doesn't stay there too long.

If your machine is of the capstanless-
constant-tape-tension type, you must achieve
this mode in an alternate way. Usually an
"edit," "dump" or similar button will exist that
will allow you to emulate this condition.

Align the first mark you made (the beginning
of the snare beat) with the erase head. Now
move the tape *backwards* by *hand*, moving the
reels until you come to your next mark (the end
of the beat before). Of course, you could do
this forwards, as well, by marking the correct
spots, but it usually works better backwards,
depending on the machine you have and the
width of the tape.

Practice this a few times until you feel
comfortable and confident with the procedure.
When you are sure you've got it down, do the
same thing, only put the snare track into record
(making sure that nothing is assigned to the

continued on page 106



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The 16-bit
Emulator III:
What price
perfection?
Around \$10,000.

Developments: New Adventures in Sampling

By Jock Baird

YOU'RE SIXTEEN, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL and *I wish* you were mine. Sixteen bit, that is. Yes, as digital sampling continues its inexorable march to world domination, last year's 12-bit sensations are this year's old hat. Of course to some this may all be subtitled "What Price Perfection?," since what we're really talking here is finer resolution, or more numerical subdivisions available for making a digital picture of a waveform. That'll certainly help round off some sharp edges, but whether 16-bit samplers sound *that* much better will be one of the more active issues debated at summer NAMM in Chicago. After all, Ray Kurzweil didn't do too badly with that first 8-bit piano patch, did he? How much better can 16-bit be? A heck of a lot better, exclaims **E-mu**, raising the curtain on its Emulator III.

The E-III combines CD-standard (44.1 kHz) sampling capability with brute force memory. For the Emulator III, that means a standard two megabytes of RAM—you can expand to eight meg if needed—and a forty-meg onboard hard disk. Other relevant specs include 94.8 seconds of mono sample time at 44.1 kHz, and admirable noise, distortion and headroom traits. The E-III also does true stereo sampling, which cuts your sampling time in half, and works at 31 kHz to extend time (so far, 44.1 and 31 kHz are the only two sampling frequencies). The central processing computer is a 32-bit hot-rod, the onboard sequencer is 16-track with full-service editing—with SMPTE cue-list mode, thank you—and it supports SMPTE and the new MIDI Time Code (another hot NAMM topic). There's also access to brand new E-mu options, including a CD-ROM

system, a 16-voice expander and an enhanced Sound Designer package, all through its RS-422 and SCSI ports (the latter becoming charmingly known in the trade as a "scuzzy port"). NAMM will tell if the E-III will succeed in retaking the sampling high ground for E-mu.

The other ongoing MI trend is the plunge in mega-memory prices and disk-loading time, and these fuel new versions of **E-mu's** SP-12 sampling percussion system and the mid-priced E-Max sampler. The latter will now pack a 20-meg hard disk, while the former, newly numbered the SP-1200, doubles the RAM memory of the SP-12 Turbo, updates the sequencer and has a new disk drive that much improves its onstage behavior.

Interestingly, if the more-bits-is-better mentality holds in the percussion sampling arena, the 12-bit SP-12 could be vulnerable to a 16-bit flank attack. At least that's what **Forat Electronics** is thinking. Forat is best known as the California company that took over the support and servicing of the late, sometimes not-so-great **Linn** 9000. After working with those for two years, Forat has applied some of the lessons learned to its new F-16 rack-mounted percussion sampler. This is actually a 16-voice sampler only, with no onboard sequencer or pads, but as a pure sampler it shines, with six seconds of sampling at 50 kHz—that's 500 kilobytes of memory to you, bub—on each voice. The basic F-16 figures to cost around \$2500. Could be interesting.

Speaking of **Roger Linn**, he's caught on at **Akai** and is part of a big 26-product blitz the Japanese firm is promising in the next eight months. Linn's contribution

consists of—surprise!—a drum machine and a hardware sequencer, but sources differ on whether they'll be ready to show in Chicago. Akai will definitely be announcing it's taken over **Nile Steiner's** woodwind synth the Steinerphone, now called the Electronic Wind Instrument or EWI. The EWI carries its own synth—MIDI is not mentioned, but it'll probably be in there, given Akai's track record.

Other NAMM facts and rumors: **Yamaha** is said to be showing a less ambitious version of its DX7II, selling in the \$1500 range. Called the DX7S, it will be close to its big brother in architecture, but will have a single set of tone generators, only mono output and no splits or layers, man. Also rumored is a new \$800 6-channel/4-track cassette recorder/mixer called the MT2X... **Roland** has two new drum machines cooking, with one reportedly replacing the widely used TR-707.... If you don't have \$7000 for a **Stepp** DG-1 digital guitar, **Suzuki** thinks \$300 may be more to your liking. Their XG1 (or MIDI'd XG1m) looks a lot like the Stepp in conception, down to its two sets of strings. Somehow, though, this one seems a bit too good to be true.

Errata time: In my June item on acoustic drum innovations, I offered a misleading description of **PureCussion's** RIMS system. I implied the drum head is disconnected from the drum shell, but actually it's a method of mounting toms on your kit from the head itself, thereby not dampening the natural resonance of the shell as do conventional shell-based mounting schemes. If you're still confused, unmount your favorite tom, pick it up by the head and hit it. Then hit me with a rolled-up magazine. If the first hit sounds better, call 800-328-0263.



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*Actual N/D357 user comments are kept on file at the Electro-Voice Corporate headquarters in Buchanan, Michigan.

World Radio History

NAMES

from page 48

disputes that may arise among members of a band is to incorporate. Under this arrangement, the corporation would own the band name; the band members would have stock in the corporation and work as employees of the group by contract. A band member that leaves and sells his or her interest in the group would clearly give up all rights in the name, although that member may be given the right to be later identified in public billings as a former member of the band. A band member that stops performing with the group but retains an interest in the band would still have rights in the name. A musician that performs with the group but has no stock in the corporation would be asked to sign a contract disclaiming any rights.

Many bands function as formal or informal partnerships. Corporations provide more stability for rights to a name, since partnerships can be more easily dissolved. Rights to the group name will stay with the partnership if a member leaves, although a member fired without just cause may have the right to form a competing band with the

same name.

"Suits to protect band names under federal law can be filed under the Lanham Act, whether or not the name is registered," notes Jay Cooper. The Lanham Act is a relatively recent federal law which protects holders of trademarks from unfair competition.

"To prevail on a Lanham Act claim," continues Cooper, "the plaintiff must show that the defendant has created a false designation or description by using the name in identifying the source of goods or services. The use of the name by the defendant must have been in interstate commerce or substantially affected the plaintiff's interstate activities. In addition, the use of the name by the defendant must have caused a likelihood of confusion by the public. (This test is met by having secondary meaning in the name.) Any party that knowingly participates in the infringing use of a group name, such as a booking agent or club, can be made a defendant to a Lanham Act suit."

The remedies available under the Lanham Act include both an injunction to bar the defendant's continued use of the name and the destruction of any infring-

ing materials the defendant may possess. Monetary awards can include the profits earned by the defendant, the damages suffered by the plaintiff and the costs of bringing suit.

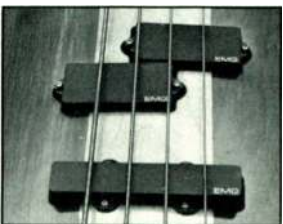
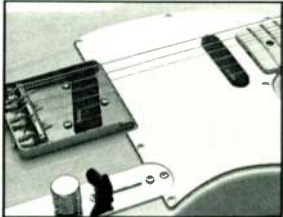
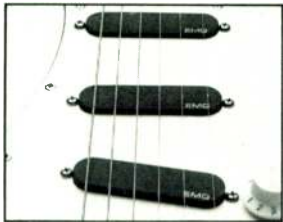
A claim under the Lanham Act can be brought simultaneously with state statutory and common law claims. Virtually all states recognize a claim for violation of the right of publicity for misappropriation of a band's name, although the elements of cause for such a claim vary from state to state. In most states, a suit for right of publicity requires a showing of use of the plaintiff's name for commercial purposes without consent. Additional state causes of action may range from violation of anti-dilution and trademark statutes to claims of unfair competition and deceptive acts or practices.

Where does this leave the dispute between Sam Moore and Dave Prater? The case mixes the comic with the tragic. No absolute right exists to use one's own name. So during one breakup in the 70s, Sam Moore appeared as Sam, No Dave. Sam's middle name is Dave and he once toured Japan with a drummer named Dave Prater. The two Sams (Moore and Daniels) attended the same high school in Miami and were even in the same choral group.

The name Sam & Dave has not been federally registered, but has acquired secondary meaning in the United States. Moore claims he bought the name when he paid Prater \$9,000 in 1968 for all rights to a corporation the two had formed named Greckenheimer Inc. Joyce McRae, Moore's manager, says she is unable to obtain a copy of the document specifying the sale of the name as an asset of the corporation; she adds that the document, which was in the hands of an accountant who was murdered in his office in Florida several years ago, has since been impounded by police.

The simplest solution would be to require Sam Daniels to include his last name in any billing with Prater. Rosemary Prater, Dave's wife and manager, claims the clubs have been responsible for any confusion in billing the new duo as the legendary Sam and Dave. The two sides to the dispute have tried to work out a settlement, without result.

Despite the wrenching personal conflicts, manager McRae concludes that the question of musical integrity lies at the heart of the dispute. "The fans suffer the most in a situation like this," she says. "Improper use of a group name defrauds the public. It's nothing less than a manipulation of musical history." ❏



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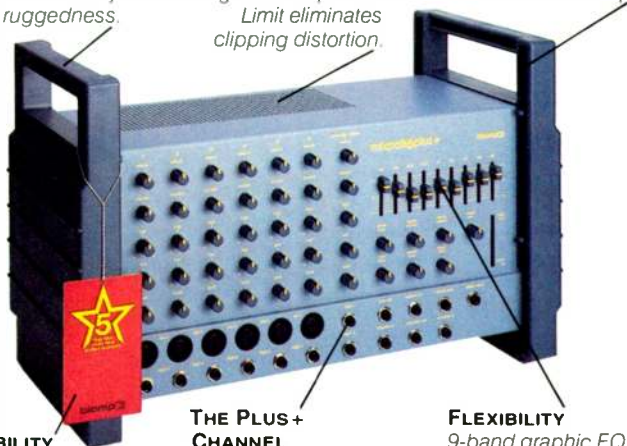
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TIPPER from page 26

Yeah, it's called censorship. That's what the FCC does.

We don't want the government to get into censorship. My point is that people have the obligation and the responsibility to join in the debate about what are the limits of the public airwaves. If our society decides, okay, we're going to open the floodgates and we'll have pornography and obscenity and sexual violence, free for all, everywhere, on the radio and television, then fine. We have defined our society. What you hear right now is a tidal wave heading in that direction, and people who feel strongly against it are saying, "Whoah, let's wait. Let's talk about this. Let's debate the ways we can make choices and respect each other's place." I think there are extremes on both sides of this issue.

The First Amendment is designed to protect extreme opinion.

Exactly.

Well, what's okay to sing about and what isn't?

That's it right there. That's the difference. You can be Ted Nugent and sing about sadistic sex, but inform people beforehand. Now that is where it is twisted time after time. He has a right to sing about sadistic sex if he wants to. Even if I don't like it, and I think it's unhealthy for our society. I'll defend his right to sing that, because that's the First Amendment. I'm not for censorship.

Even on the radio?

Radio? Now you're into programming decisions, what the station manager thinks the community will bear. That's where we get community standards.

If the station manager wants to play Ted Nugent, that's okay?

I think if he hears a lot of complaints from his audience, he ought to rethink that decision.

You're recommending in your book that people should bring pressure on the FCC if they don't like a particular radio station.

They should send copies of their letters to the station manager to the FCC. You don't write the FCC. You write the station manager and send copies to the FCC. I want people to understand how the system works.

Then the FCC contacts the radio station, and the radio station has to obey, or the FCC will yank its license.

Of course.

That's censorship.

I would not agree with that.

The definition of censorship is the continued on page 113



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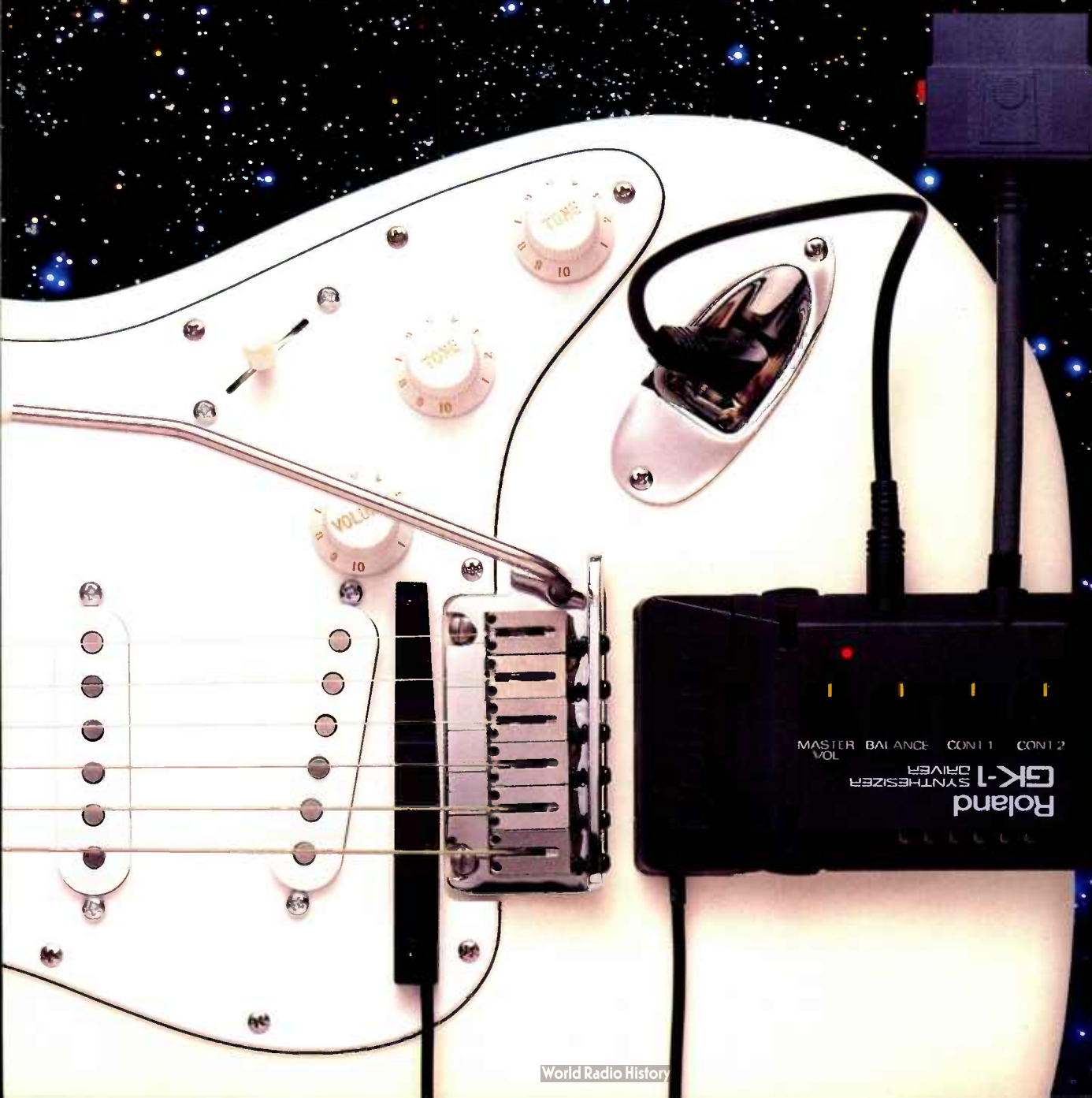
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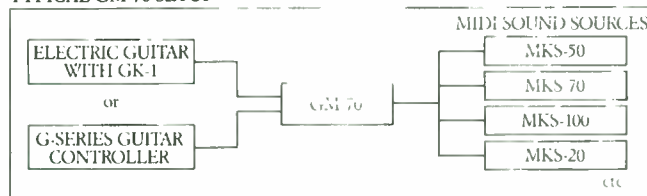
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DAVID BOWIE

OPENS UP—A LITTLE

The 1980s have not been kind to many long-reigning stars of British rock. The decade has seen the break-up of the Who, the Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin and Pink Floyd. And then there was John Lennon.

But one English singer/songwriter has experienced greater success in the 80s than ever before in a career stretching back to the 1960s. David Bowie's massively popular *Let's Dance* album in 1983 followed immediately upon a commercial lull. He hadn't sold even half a million copies of any new-material albums in seven years; *Let's Dance*, with two top ten singles, did nearly two million.

The comeback was one more turn in a peripatetic journey. For better or worse, Bowie has never played the music-biz game by the usual rules. Thus he's worshipped by a cult that occasionally flares into a general public: in 1973 with "Space Oddity" (a U.K. hit in 1969, and again in 1975), in 1975 with "Fame" and "Golden Years," in 1983 with "Let's Dance" and "China Girl," in 1984 with "Blue Jean." Between hits he's indulged in defiantly uncommercial styles, or abandoned music for acting roles that show a decided bent for the grotesque: on Broadway as *The Elephant Man*, on British television in Bertolt Brecht's *Baal*, onscreen as an extraterrestrial (*The Man Who Fell To Earth*), vampire (*The*

Hunger) and goblin king (*Labyrinth*).

Bowie's fitful moves reflect a sensibility that could be called "artistic," but he's unpretentiously pretentious. He raves about painter Eric Fischl, whose outrageous images are on the same brain-wavelength as his own crisis-laden lyrics. Indeed, the rise of neo-expressionism in the arts corresponds with Bowie's greatest popularity to date. He was indulging himself before it was trendy (e.g. the Egon Schiele pose on the cover of the 1977 "*Heroes*"). You can't accuse him of being false to his school: the art division of Bromley Tech.

You also can't accuse him of spontaneity. Despite the Dionysian nature of his chosen musical field, Bowie always seems to have his plans laid well in advance. Even the New York press conference in March at which he announced his current world tour—and surprised onlookers by playing two songs live with his touring band—was part of a well-planned "press tour" covering almost a dozen cities. There was an occasional edgy question about Pepsi-Cola's tour tie-in (Levi Strauss sponsored Bowie's 1983 U.K. tour—*before* he released "Blue Jean"), but for the most part the press ate out of his hand.

And why not? In an age with too few stars in any media, Bowie continues to exude a glittery aura. His appearance, his British accent (to yokel Americans), his apparent confidence all project a self-love



that draws others into its force field. If turning forty this year has had any effect, it's probably only made him turn up the luminance even more.

Fortunately for interviewers, Bowie's been on his best behavior for a few years now. Unfortunately for interviewers, good manners don't always yield good copy. An old pro at manipulating media, Bowie uses his considerable charm to disarm. He invariably agrees with opinions. Like James Dean, one of his idols, Bowie prefers to mirror an interviewer rather than open a window to his own personality. He's elusive on detail, and eager to shift the spotlight to his longtime friend Iggy Pop (Jim Osterberg), "a great American songwriter" and just about Bowie's polar opposite in temperament.

Most of the following conversation took place in Los Angeles, where Bowie was shooting a typically controversial video for the single "Day-In Day-Out." He appeared in a hotel room dressed *Rock Star Casual*: open-neck patterned shirt with long sleeves rolled up, studded black pants, brown leather belt, pointy-toed brogues with draped chains. Around his neck was a small crucifix, which he's said he wears for superstitious, not religious, reasons. Smiling and affable, he was rarely without a cigarette, a cup of coffee or both at once. Incipient crow's feet is virtually the only sign of his age.

Two months later, Bowie spoke from New York, where he was in the middle of tour rehearsals: ten till eight o'clock at night, six days a week for eight weeks. For what he claims is his most "overtly theatrical" tour ever, the only problems Bowie would admit to were "lots of bruises!"

Never Let Me Down, Bowie's twenty-fourth or so album, got off to a bumpy start. The initial single, "Day-In Day-Out," stalled short of the top twenty, but Bowie says the song's purpose was "more of a statement of energy than going for the single." With that in mind, he must hope his just-arrived U.S. tour—his first in four years—will buoy the album. Nor would it hurt if his record company, EMI-America, pushed the tuneful title track, one of Bowie's lovelier efforts.

Whether or not Never Let Me Down repeats the phenomenal success of Let's Dance, Bowie's place in pop history is assured. Too many music stars got that way by finding a niche and digging in for dear life; Bowie's protean creativity isn't the kind to stay in one place for too long. He may seem haughty, but never condescending. Love him or leave him; chances are many of his fans have done both, more than once.

MUSICIAN: When did you write the songs on Never Let Me Down?

BOWIE: Throughout last year. Writing and recording was all I did last year. Jim [Osterberg] and I started in the mountains. He and his wife come over a lot, we go skiing together. So we thought it'd be a good idea to occupy our time in the evenings. I took up a 4-track and some guitars, a drum machine, and we started writing up in the mountains. It just worked really well. I wrote all through last ski season, January, February, up there.

"Never Let Me Down" is a pivotal track for me. It's probably the most personal thing I've written for... albums. I don't know if I've written anything quite that emotive of how I feel about somebody. Other tracks I think are too schematic to... a lot of them are allegorical and I just wanted something sort of right on the nose.

There's a lot of reflection on the album. The whole reflective thing about it was totally unconscious. I realized how much it drew from the 60s and early 70s when I'd finished. It gives it an overall atmosphere that I hadn't intended, but it's quite nice. It doesn't seem to be a bitter look back; it seems to be quite

energetic and up.

MUSICIAN: What did Carlos Alomar contribute to the song "Never Let Me Down"?

BOWIE: The chord changes are very much his thing. I had a basic chord change I wanted to use, but it sounded ponderous and funereal. I gave it to Carlos, and he did something with it.

MUSICIAN: The same thing with "Too Dizzy," co-written with Erdal Kizilcay?

BOWIE: That was just sort of a mess. We sat down at the piano and worked it out together in one session. I tend to work like that with Erdal, whereas with Carlos I tend to hand something over. It's usually rhythmic with Carlos. He'll bring in changes incorporating a rhythm other than I would have used.

MUSICIAN: Both of the songs you co-wrote seemed the most cohesive structurally on the album.

BOWIE: Yes, they do. When I'm writing on my own the songs tend to fly off in all directions. They're sort of scatterbrained. Erdal and Carlos are so much more musical than I am [laughs]; I don't see music in quite the same way. They're both trained musicians, so they know what chords are supposed to follow other chords! [laughs] I'll do an F-sharp, "How about following it with an A-flat minor?" "Yeah, man, but, uh, you should really follow it with an E, y'know?" "Well, all right."

MUSICIAN: Those two songs you co-wrote are also very direct lyrically. The album's other tracks tend to say different things within each song.

BOWIE: That was the intention. The album is a reflection of all the styles of writing I've used over the last few years. I had a lot more material than I used. I could have presented a whole surreal album, one with a sort of scrambled-eggs theme, or one that was very direct, with each song being very personal; it all sounded like overload on one particular thematic device. I wanted an overall feeling of how I'm writing these days, and it seems to be in all those areas. It's quite stimulating to go from one very personalized interior kind of song, and become more expansive and objective and a little more surreal on another. I'm not much good at cohesiveness! [laughs] Something always breaks down somewhere. In this particular album the breakdown is that there is no continuity of style. I guess that reflects my musical tastes. I like all kinds of music.

MUSICIAN: What have you been listening to recently?

BOWIE: Well! The band this week—I've only just discovered them, so they're my pet—is the Screaming Blue Messiahs. They're the best band I've heard out of England in a long time. I tried the Jesus and Mary Chain but I just couldn't believe it [laughs]; it's awful! It was so sophomoric—like the Velvet Underground without Lou. I just know that they're kids from Croydon [laughs]; I just can't buy it. I used to like the Fall, but now it's ending up like fourth-form poetry. I like the Beastie Boys single. They're like Gary Glitter meets the Coasters doing rap!

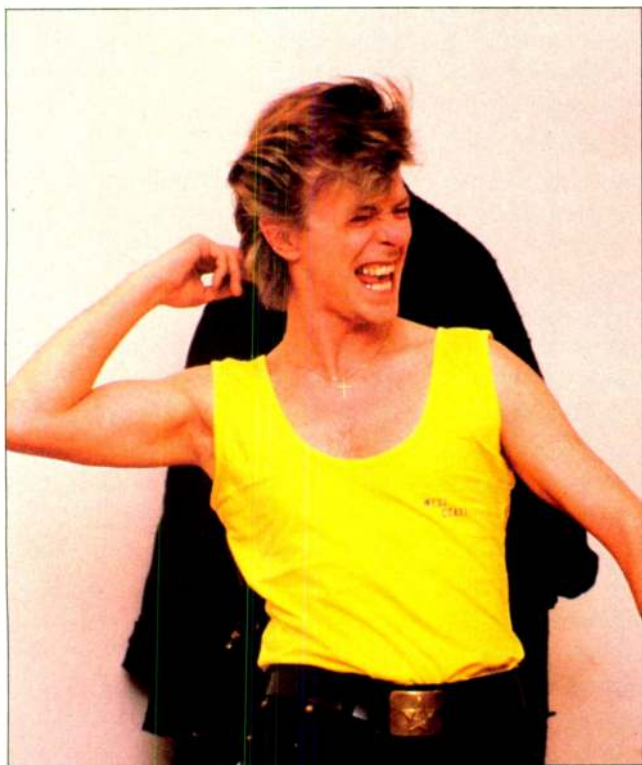
MUSICIAN: You use different voices on the album. Are these more of your characterizations—different voices for different songs?

BOWIE: I tried "Shining Star (Makin' My Love)" with another voice, and it just sounded wrong; it needed a high, little voice, a bit Smokey Robinson. That never bothered me, changing voices to suit a song. I don't think it's character-changing so much. You can fool about with it.

MUSICIAN: What about the John Lennon quality of your vocal on the title track?

BOWIE: Of course. That owes an awful lot to John. "Time Will Crawl" owes a lot to Neil Young. Everything owes a lot to everybody. There's a whole lot of recognition of people that have influenced me. I'm terribly eclectic in that way.

MUSICIAN: The song "Zeroes"—I don't want to get too deeply



"I'm not really a John Denver kind of person."

into "meanings," it's pretty degrading for you to have to explain a song...

BOWIE: No, help me out! You must know by now that a lot of this stuff doesn't exactly come from a cerebral point. There's a lot of free association.

MUSICIAN: A lot of people will inevitably think about a band like the Spiders, especially with the introduction and screaming girls. Was "Zeroes" a nostalgia trip?

BOWIE: I think it had to do with the realization that all things that are supposed to come from superstardom let you down, and the real thing you've got to live with is yourself. That's why the "little red Corvette" is driven by, all that really naive... Also I wanted to put in every 60s cliché I could think of! [laughs] "Stopping and preaching and letting love in," all those things. I hope there's a humorous undertone to it. But the subtext is definitely that the trappings of rock are not what they're made out to be. It's been said over and over, but it's a different way of saying the same thing. There's nothing very deep there.

MUSICIAN: Instrumentally, it's charming: the "Eight Days A Week" opening...

BOWIE: I really threw it in there! [laughs] Peter plays a sitar guitar. He said, "David, don't ask me to bring that Vox out!" I wasn't going to lay that on him! The chord changes at the end are real derivative. I wanted to get as close as I dare but not make it overly silly.

MUSICIAN: Again, your voice on that is the Ziggy voice.

BOWIE: The strangest thing is how high I'm singing these days! I've retained both ends of the scale, so I'm quite happy. But I don't know if I can manage that onstage, frankly. It's okay in the studio, but doing that nightly for three-hour shows is pretty hard. Maybe I should do all the falsetto things in the front of the show.

MUSICIAN: Is "Glass Spider" based on a Chinese folktale?

BOWIE: I was fascinated by the fact that the black widow spider does lay out its victims' skeletons on a web. I found that out a few months ago; it came up in some documentary on television. I just took it from there. I have this thing about spiders representing motherhood—play around with that one! I always saw spiders as being a maternal thing, and I wanted to have an all-encompassing motherhood song: How one is released from the mother and then left on one's own, and you have to get by on your instincts. I wanted to develop the fable of the black widow spider, transform it. The reference to glass is obviously fitted. Putting the two things together, "glass spider" reminds me of castles and something almost Chinese. Imagine this layer of webs like a castle; it moved from room to room and had a kind of altar at the top. It's fabricating a mock mythology. The subtext for that one was motherhood: being abandoned by one's mother, which is inevitable.

MUSICIAN: Is this a personal song?

BOWIE: Everything comes from a personal source, but then one screws it up, bends the edges and exaggerates it. Every song on the new album had a personal root to it for me; from there I expanded and made it a little more abstract or surreal and then implanted or juxtaposed things that were irrelevant to the song to give it a more real nature, like life is—full of the unexpected all the time.

MUSICIAN: You seem to be attracted to extreme situations to write about in your songs, extreme roles to portray both onstage and on screen. Is this flair for the melodramatic something you're consciously aware of?

BOWIE: It has a lot to do with what I listen to as well. I'm not really a John Denver kind of person. I don't particularly glorify the simple joys of life very much. That's never really interested me as a writer, anyway. It was always more the recesses or outside situations of life that interested me as a writer. In terms of roles—obviously because of the kind of work I've done, you get a certain amount of stereotyping. So the roles I've been offered have been people pretty well fucked up, either physically or mentally! [laughs] Which generally I find quite interesting to play anyway.

MUSICIAN: Do you ever worry about being typecast?

BOWIE: No, because it's far too general an area that I deal with. But it's certainly not in the area of the simpler things in life. It's often the more awkward or more obscure or more unfathomable areas that I'm interested in.

MUSICIAN: Do you find it easier to write about extreme situations than a simple love song?

BOWIE: Not now, not anymore. I'm finding the idea of working within love-song situations not quite as claustrophobic as I would have once. A couple of things like that turn up on the new album. But yes, I still dally with more extreme things. I just find it always invigorating. I like dream states, I like writing [about] dream-like states and where they become almost tranquil, surreal through to nightmarish situations. The dream state for a writer is always a rejuvenating thing.

MUSICIAN: You used to cut up fragments of lyrics. Is there less relying on your subconscious now?

BOWIE: I can still do that. But now I'm able to fit it into a more realistic concept rather than, well, if I put a whole bunch of stuff in there, something will come out of it that's really interesting. Now I know what's going to be interesting with the bits I put in, and I know which bits aren't and are unnecessary and flippant or just unimportant. So I'm not wasting as much time just doing rubbish. Now when I put a phrase in, I know it counts; before, I'd wonder if it counts. That's the difference.

“Everything comes from a personal source, but then I screw it up, bend the edges and exaggerate it.”

MUSICIAN: *Your previous album, Tonight, seemed like it was rushed out to capitalize on the success of Let's Dance.*

BOWIE: It was rushed. The process wasn't rushed; we actually took our time recording the thing; *Let's Dance* was done in three weeks, *Tonight* took five weeks or something, which for me is a really long time. I like to work fast in the studio. There wasn't much of my writing on it 'cause I can't write on tour and I hadn't assembled anything to put out. But I thought it kind of a violent effort at a kind of *Pin-Ups* [laughs]. It didn't have any concept behind it, it was just a collection of songs. But having played it recently, it sounds much better now than when I did it; some of the stuff I like quite a lot. Things like “Don't Look Down” I think are great now; I'm gonna be doing that on the tour. “Alien” sounds great.

MUSICIAN: *Were you happy with the album at the time?*

BOWIE: No. It sort of sounded jumbled; it didn't hold together well at all. I think that's because there was no real idea why I was in the studio. “Yeah, I better put something together,” and I put some good songs together and we did them well, but it didn't gel at all. It was a terrible uneven feeling—though if you take a song out of context and play it, it sounds pretty good. But it you play it as an album it doesn't work, and that was unfortunate. It stopped me from rushing out with another one, 'cause I could see the disjointedness in it, and I wanted not to put something out till I was completely satisfied.

MUSICIAN: *Are there any songs you've recorded that you feel haven't held up?*

BOWIE: There's a disastrous recording of [Iggy Pop's] “Neighborhood Threat.” That's one I wish I'd never touched, or at least touched it differently. It went totally wrong. It sounded so tight and compromised, and it was such a gas doing it. It was the wrong band to do it with—wonderful band, but it wasn't quite right for that song. I had this huge bunch of people and it just made the whole thing claustrophobic, tightened the whole thing up and it sounds squeaky.

There's a track on *Let's Dance*, “Ricochet,” which I adored, I thought was a great song, and the beat wasn't quite right. It didn't roll the way it should have, the syncopation was wrong. It had an ungainly gait; it should have flowed. I want to do that on the tour, but playing the beat the right way. [*Let's Dance* coproducer] Nile [Rodgers] did his own thing to it, but it wasn't quite what I'd had in mind when I wrote the thing.

MUSICIAN: *There's a thick “wall of sound” approach to the band on Never Let Me Down.*

BOWIE: That came out of working with Jim—Iggy—on his album. I enjoyed working that way so much that I worked exactly the same way for my album. That's the nature of the studio I was working in, Mountain Studios, and Dave Richards, who was engineering for me and co-producing. He'd worked a lot with Queen before, so he was used to getting that vast, gigantic kind of thing. I tempered it more for what we wanted to do, but there are still remnants of that.

The nucleus of the album is a Turkish guy I've been working with quite a long time now called Erdal Kizilcay. He's written a few things with me. He wrote the Tina Turner track “Girls”; another one for a British movie called *When The Wind Blows*. He went to the equivalent of Juilliard in Turkey, where they require them to play adequately every instrument in the orchestra. He can switch from violin to trumpet to French horn, vibes, percussion, whatever. His knowledge of rock music begins and stops with the Beatles [laughs]. His background is really jazz. He moved to Switzerland to play with a pickup band there, and try to carve a niche for himself. I met him at a club. I heard him playing and was amazed; he kept switching instruments all night long [laughs] and he was great on everything he touched! So I asked him if he wanted to start working with me. Carlos Alomar, of course, is on rhythm guitar, Peter Frampton on lead guitar—he's playing really good.

MUSICIAN: *Have you and Peter always kept in touch?*

BOWIE: There were long periods where we didn't acknowledge each other, 'cause we're in different spheres of the world, but every like five years we'd make contact. The last time I saw him was when I was doing *The Elephant Man* and he was living in New York. I always thought it'd be good to work with him—'cause I was so impressed with him as a guitarist at school! I thought it might be a nice way to start working with a lead guitarist; I couldn't think of anybody else off the top of my head that I wanted to work with that I also liked as a person.

MUSICIAN: *What do you play on this album?*

BOWIE: I do a lot of keyboard things, little synthesizer parts, some rhythm guitar and I play lead guitar on a couple of tracks: “New York's In Love” and “'87 And Cry.”



Applying graffiti to the wall of sound.

MUSICIAN: *On those songs you wanted to have a go at it yourself?*

BOWIE: I'd done it on the demo. Peter laid down a couple of solos in the middle, and it wasn't quite what I wanted. So I thought, maybe I should put down what I did and see if it works the way it did on the demo. No disregard for Peter's playing; it just wasn't the kind of guitar I wanted. Peter's too controlled. Mine is a lot of effects and ambience, just trying to get an atmosphere rather than play. I don't know about “playing.”

MUSICIAN: *Was it difficult assembling the band on Never Let Me Down?*

BOWIE: Physically, no, because Erdal and I put down such a lot of work before anything really started. I'd prepared everything

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PETER FRAMPTON: PLAY, DON'T WORRY

What's a nice boy like Peter Frampton doing with David Bowie? The same thing he was doing twenty-five years ago: playing guitar. Anyone surprised by the pairing on the *Never Let Me Down* album and subsequent tour probably isn't aware that the two go back to Bromley Technical High School, where Frampton's father was Bowie's art master.

"It was very difficult for me to be at the same school as my father," Frampton recalls—"coming to school and calling him 'sir,' as was the custom in English schools." It also didn't help that Owen Frampton was one of Bromley Tech's more popular teachers. "A few kids—shall we say the one-half percent who didn't get on too well with my father—made my life rather like living hell." After a year, Peter switched out.

While he was there, however, twelve-year-old Frampton made the acquaintance of fifteen-year-old David Jones, already expressing himself musically via the saxophone. "We used to hang out," Frampton says, "because I was probably the only twelve-year-old playing guitar; I was the only twelve-year-old that brought a guitar to school. Instead of hanging out with kids my age during lunchtime, playing soccer in the field, I would hang out with [Bowie] and George Underwood in the art block playing Buddy Holly numbers." (Underwood went on to do artwork for Bowie's *Hunky Dory* album. His best claim to fame is punching the teenage Bowie in the eye—a punch that resulted in the singer's compellingly mismatched peepers.)

Frampton and Bowie each had their own bands, but the former enjoyed the acceptance by his elders. "I used to sit

in occasionally," Frampton chuckles. "There was a bond between us because I was ahead of my time, as far as playing guitar very young." Bowie also introduced Frampton—then listening to Cliff Richard & the Shadows—to the eternal verities of Presley, Holly and Eddie Cochran.

The next time their paths crossed, it was on a professional basis. In 1969 Frampton—as a member of Humble Pie—headlined a British package tour that also featured a solo, acoustic-guitar-strumming David Bowie (he'd changed his name by now). Bowie had just scored his first hit with the British release of "Space Oddity."

In the 70s, both Frampton and Bowie became household names. Bowie enjoyed considerable notoriety with his Ziggy Stardust persona, then really hit it big in 1975 with his number-one song "Fame." Frampton left Humble Pie and plugged away at a solo career. His payoff eclipsed even Bowie's: The 1976 *Frampton Comes Alive!* was the first mega-million-selling album of the rock era.

But Frampton's dream come true turned into a nightmare as he saw his career barrel out of control. "People forgot about me, the guitarist," he now says; his image became that of a singer/personality. It wasn't until last year's *Premonition* album that Frampton again felt comfortable with his music.

On the road supporting Stevie Nicks last year, Frampton got a phone call from Bowie. "He said, 'I really like what you're playing on your new album, and would you like to play on my new record?'" Last fall Frampton went to Switzerland for the *Never Let Me Down* sessions; while recording, Bowie asked him on the tour as well. Frampton had planned to spend the summer recording his own album. "I had a pow-wow with all the people I'm involved with, and we thought it would be a terrific idea to do this."

He warns that he's already used to people asking him how it feels for a best-selling artist to play back-up for someone else. No controversy here: "This is a wonderful opportunity to play with a great band and be there for David, who's a terrific artist.... I'm enjoying immensely being able to concentrate on playing." Not even one chorus of "Show Me The Way" among all that Bowie material? "My job is purely to be David's lead guitarist, and I'm very happy doing that."

Frampton will have competition for that lead-guitar spot from Carlos Alomar, Bowie's faithful six-stringer who solos on "Fashion" and "Scary Monsters." Frampton isn't used to sharing the stage with any guitarist, lead or otherwise. "But I think we're incredibly compatible, two completely different styles." It also helps that Richard Cottle, one of Bowie's keyboardists, played on Frampton's *Premonition* and toured with him last year; and bassist Carmine Rojas worked with Frampton on some unreleased songs from the *Premonition* sessions.

As for the big B himself, Frampton admits, "We've never been this close before." But he's "exactly the same" as the fifteen-year-old that Frampton knew back at Bromley Tech: "I find us very similar in many ways. We come from the same town, we almost sound alike when we talk—talking to him on the phone is like talking to myself. [He's] just a very easy-going guy who knows what he wants."

Does that include returning the favor by appearing on Frampton's next album—which the guitarist will be "streaking into the studio" to cut as soon as the tour is over? "Wouldn't that be nice!" Frampton smiles. — Scott Isler

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"I had a very fixed idea of how it should be."

pretty well on the demo at my house. I'd done all the head arrangements, I knew exactly how I wanted it to sound, so Erdal and I spent the first two weeks putting down everything as a backbone. Then Carlos came in, then Peter. It was really that simple. I had a very fixed idea of how it should be. The longest time was just putting my vocals down.

There's a sense of excitement you can lose by not writing in the studio. But I think you can hone things brighter when you work on them at home. I've enjoyed the process; I've been doing that now for some time.

They were all daytime sessions, which is the way I've been working for years now: ten o'clock in the morning till about six. Evenings we reflect on what we've done during the day. It's a different kind of energy than working through the night, which I used to do. I think it's better for me, anyway.

MUSICIAN: *You said you found "Never Let Me Down" a breakthrough in terms of your writing. Is this something you'll be doing more of?*

BOWIE: I would only do those particular things if they were truly heartfelt. I couldn't sit down and write love songs as, "Let's use this as a new genre." These kind of love songs pop out, that's great, but it's not really a genre that I'm interested in writing in. I think I'd always stick to my own particular area.

I must admit that one thing that was going through my mind the entire time I was recording was that I'm really excited about doing something onstage that's going to be different, very important—at least to me—and I think that comes through on the album. A lot of it was consciously written with performance in mind: "What kind of songs do I want to do night after night that I can really enjoy playing?" That brought the energy up on everything. It stopped it getting too reflective and too "a man in his room." There's a lot of stage sensibility behind the songs, especially "87 And Cry," "New York's In Love"—those are just great jams.

MUSICIAN: *The arrangements and echo on the album do sound like arena-rock.*

BOWIE: It has a great, forceful sound to it—that's [mixer Bob] Clearmountain. I just drop out of all that. I can't mix for the life of me. It's fascinating watching him work; he's like a painter.

I've only got one catalog of songs to dip into for the stage, so it'll be this album plus the ones I enjoy playing from the past. I loved doing "Golden Years" on the last tour. I enjoy a lot of old stuff now onstage.

MUSICIAN: *Some artists feel trapped by their past.*

BOWIE: No, not at all. Fortunately, the times I have toured, the recent material at that time has been very enjoyable for me, so it's always been tempered. And I've always tried to pull out only the songs I enjoy doing onstage. There's nothing worse than getting five weeks into a tour and finding you hate half the material, that you're bored stiff with it.

MUSICIAN: *Has that happened with you?*

BOWIE: I think maybe on the last tour I was really pushing it, trying to do all those Ziggy things at the end. It was fine for the first few weeks; then I thought, god, I wish I'd dipped into more stuff from *Lodger* and maybe some of the "*Heroes*" things—*Low* even. "I'm not doing 'Star' again." That was quite hard. I don't think I'm doing much Ziggy material on this tour! [laughs] Probably use a lot of that mid-70s material, but not the more ponderous things like "Warszawa." I tried that, and that was a bit yawn-making. I want to resurrect "Joe The Lion." There was one I was humming to myself the other day: [sings] "Baby, baby, I'll never let you down"—oh lord, what's that one? Jesus, I can't remember it. I think it's off "*Heroes*." Something like "Space Oddity" is a constant. I can't even foresee the day when I stop doing it; it just has to be in there somewhere. But all the new avenues like—"Sons Of The Silent Age"! [snaps fingers] Ah! That's right! Thank god I could remember it! So that for me now is a new song. I've never done that one onstage. So I've got these ten from the new album, plus another twenty scattered throughout the past, but choosing them is quite exciting.

MUSICIAN: *Any mixed feelings about the Pepsi tour tie-in?*

BOWIE: None whatsoever. For me it's strictly a business device which enables me to put on a better show than I would have been able to do otherwise.

MUSICIAN: *You couldn't tour without Pepsi?*

BOWIE: I could, but it would have been compromised tremendously. You're gonna get corporate situations everywhere. Soon as you sign to a major label you become corporate. Any of us could have stuck with an independent label and still sold records—maybe not as many.

I'm not really sure if anybody takes [corporate tie-ins] seriously. It's become so assimilated into culture now that I don't think it affects the music whatsoever. It's certainly not changing my style of songwriting or performing. It just becomes another device by which you can reach a larger area of the population and put on something more spectacular than you did before.

MUSICIAN: *How big a tour is this?*

BOWIE: It's a world tour. I guess it'll go on six months or so. I'm *very* excited about it. It's a return to theater in a way that I've never done before—quite ambitious. I've done my just-singing-the-songs-straight; I needed to get it established that I was a songwriter first and foremost, and everything else was embellishment. Now I feel I can be a little more adventurous.

MUSICIAN: *Will you still be playing large places?*

BOWIE: Yeah, but this is theater for large places. It's almost agit-prop-surreal!

MUSICIAN: *I wasn't sure you were the kind of person who enjoyed long tours.*

BOWIE: I don't when it's just singing. Fortunately there was such a morale boost from the band on the "Serious Moonlight" tour that *they* got me through the tour more than anything else. There was an intrinsic harmony—this sounds really pat, doesn't it?—but it really was great, from day one to the day we broke up at the end. Everybody got on great, from the road crew right on through to the band. There's nothing worse than going out with a bunch of stiffs, guys who are really nasty or

SOME OF THE WORLD'S TOP MUSICIANS ARE SHAMELESS NAME DROPPERS.



Dean Markley

moody or sulky. It's so demoralizing. You just can't face each night; you think, "I have to go on with those pricks again," it's really horrible. Now I'm doing something which is going to keep my attention even more [laughs] every night—at least I'll have to think throughout the evening. You can kinda throw out thinking on a tour, and just sing the songs. But now there's a lot of stage directions.

MUSICIAN: *Your Diamond Dogs tour was highly theatrical and you got fed up with it.*

BOWIE: I was in a bad state of mind to have attempted that. It was pretty exciting, but I was so blocked [laughs], so stoned during the entire thing that I'm amazed I lasted with it even that one trip across America before I ditched it.

MUSICIAN: *I just saw the BBC-TV documentary of that tour, Cracked Actor.*

"GLASS SPIDER"'S CLASS ACT

On David Bowie's "Glass Spider" tour, **Peter Frampton** is playing two Pensa-Suhr Strat types, hand-made by New York-based John Suhr. "The one I'm using most," the guitarist says, "is a natural-finish maple body." They have Seymour Duncan humbucker pickups in the neck and bridge, and an "almost Strat" pickup in the middle. His strings are Ovation Kamans, .009" to .042". He also has a Fender Telecaster and, for "Zeroes," a Coral electric sitar with Danelectro-type pickups. The then-owner of Electric Lady Studios gave the sitar to Frampton in the late 70s; it was formerly owned by Jimi Hendrix. Other strings used are by D'Addario, GHS and Ernie Ball. His guitar straps are by Earth III; Frampton makes his picks himself from a die based on an old Hofner design: very stiff, small and thick. A custom computer switching system by Bob Bradshaw controls Frampton's effects, each of which can be MIDI'd. On his rack are an Eventide 969 harmonizer, t.c. electronic 2290 digital effects and 1210 spatial expander, two Yamaha D1500 DDLs and an SPX90 digital effects, Lexicon PCM70 digital signal processor, Roland SRV2000 reverb and SDD320 Dimension D, two Rocktron Hush IIC noise reduction units, a Mutron octave divider, Foxx fuzztone, Urei 1176LN limiter and Boss Turbo overdrive pedal. For a clean sound, Frampton uses a Rane PE15 equalizer with the Urei limiter. For "rhythm crunch," he plays through a MESA/Boogie Mk. III-C and Marshall Lead 12 amp. His main lead sound is a modified Marshall 100-watt amp. Other overdrive amps are a modified Marshall 100-watt bass and MESA/Boogie Mk. III Coliseum 300. All his effects go through two Rane stereo SM26 mixers and two new MESA/Boogie tube stereo Strategy 400s. It all comes out of two Marshall 4x12 cabinets enclosing Celestion Vintage 30 speakers. Connectors are Switchcrafts and Neutriks, cables by Connectronics, Monster Cable, Belden and Mogami. In addition, Frampton has two wireless units: a Nady 701 for his guitars, and a Yamaha for the Coral sitar.

Carlos Alomar, on the other hand, is using six Kramer American series guitars and one custom Alembic, with GHS strings. He likes collecting Boss effects: the DD-3, CE-3, OD-3, GE-7, HMD and PSM-5. He also has three (count 'em) racks. Rack I holds a Photon MIDI converter (K-Muse); Yamaha MJC-8, MEP4 and two TX81-2s; Prophet VS; Roland Super JX MKS-70 and Super Jupiter MKS-80; Akai S900; and Quark Long Range MIDI 2. Rack II has a spare Photon MIDI converter; Yamaha MEP4, EQ-2031, two MV802s and two SPX90s; dbx 166; Roland DEP5; t.c. electronic 2290; Rocktron distortion; and two spare Quark Long Range MIDI 2s. Over in rack III, we've got a Southworth Jambox; Apple Macintosh Plus; Hyperdrive FX20; and software by Southworth (MIDI Paint) and Digidesign (Softsynth and S900). All three racks have a Furman PL-8 Plus. Alomar has a Yamaha wireless system, and plays through two Roland JC-120s with Electro-Voice Pro Lines.

BOWIE: Oh my god! Oh no! It's quite a casualty case, isn't it. I'm amazed I came out of that period, honest. When I see that now I cannot believe I survived it. I was so close to really throwing myself away physically, completely.

MUSICIAN: *Around that time you recorded a couple of Bruce Springsteen songs.*

BOWIE: "Saint In The City" and "Growing Up." I did "Growing Up" in London in 1973, '74 with Ronnie Wood on lead guitar; it sounds great. "Saint In The City" is from the [1974] Philadelphia sessions [that resulted in the *Young Americans* album]. Bruce came down to the studio, I vaguely remember [laughs], and I remember chickening out of playing—I didn't want to play it to him 'cause I wasn't happy with it anyway.

I used to go and see him. I hated him as a solo artist, when he came on and did this Bob Dylan thing. It was awful, so

Now multi-instrumentalist **Erdal Kizilcay** really has a lot of stuff. A Man-Frotto keyboard stand holds his Yamaha DX7 (top) and Emax (bottom). On the left side are a Korg SGI and Yamaha CS70. The DX7 is the main keyboard, plugged into a Casio MIDI Controller. Kizilcay's key rack holds a Furman Plus Light, Ibanez Reverb, Hill 8 channel mixer with two-power supply, and a Crown 1200XL power amp. He also has an Akai S900 sampler. The two speaker cabinets are Electro-Voice three-way 315s. On the guitar front, Kizilcay straps on a Tokai Stratocaster, Yamaha GS1000 bass or Pedulla fretless bass. Strings are Dean Markley, .009" light-gauge, GHS Boomers (.045" light-gauge), and Long Scale round-wounds. Fender makes those white picks. Bass and guitar go through the same rack, with a Furman Plus Light, Ibanez Multi-effect with remote foot switch, and two Seymour Duncan 400x2 power amps. Speaker cabinets are Electro-Voice BK15s. Not to forget a set of Latin Percussion timbales and white congas, an LP cowbell, six-inch and eight-inch Zildjian splash cymbals, and Promark drum sticks. And a Simmons SDS-9. And a cornet. And a seventeenth-century Italian viola.

Keyboard player **Richard Cottle** won't leave home without two Prophet 5s; an Oberheim; Yamaha DX7, DX7-IID and KX5 remote; a PPG 2.3 Plus Wave Term; and a Roland MSQ-700 sequencer and Yamaha RX11 drum machine. For effects he's got a Yamaha REV7 and SPX90; Drawmer dual gate and dual compressor/limiter; and t.c. electronic 1210 expander, chorus and flanger. He plays through a Soundcraft 2006 16x422 mixer, Yamaha P-2200 amp and two cabinets, each with one fifteen-inch woofer and a one-inch horn. He also has a Selmer alto saxophone.

Bassist **Carmine Rojas** uses two Spectors—one tuned down to D with a Kahler tremolo—and an ESP Surveyor with active pickups and eq. His strings are Rotosound standards and heavy-gauge; picks are Sadowski heavies. He has two Nady 701 wireless systems. Effects: Ibanez VE405 multi and HD1000 harmonizer. Preamp is a Yamaha PB-1, amps are two Crown Microtech 1200LX's. Speakers are custom-built 2x15 JBL E140s, and a Carvin 4x12 300-watt Electro-Voice.

Alan Childs beats on Tama Artstar II drums with a Pure Cussion/Rims mounting system, Tama '87 Titan hardware and Tama Power Tower rack system. His cymbals are Zildjian large Chinas: eighteen-inch crashes and eight-, ten- and twelve-inch splashes; and two sets of K-top, Z-bottom high-hats. One set is closed for use with Tama Double Camco chain pedals. Latin Percussion makes his bell chimes and mambo cowbell. Drum sticks are custom-made from Manny's Music in New York, and Pro-Mark 737SG wood-tips. On the electronic front, Childs has an Akai S-900 sampler for triggered sounds; a Marc MX-1; Yamaha PML-1 MIDI converter, MV-802 mixer and REV7 digital reverb for the kick-drum; an Ibanez SDR-1000 for the other drums; J.L. Cooper Expression Plus for level control; and Furman PL-8 power monitor and light unit. Custom-modified Shure SM-57 microphones are inside his snares; Marc XT Sensor Detonators in the tom-toms; and a Marc Black Knight Magnetic in the kick-drum.



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cringe-making. He'd sit there with his guitar and be folky, have these slow philosophical raps in between the songs. As soon as the band came on, it was like a different performer and he was just marvelous. A Philadelphia DJ who was quite a supporter of mine said, "You're doing these Springsteen numbers, do you want me to get Bruce down?" He brought Bruce down, and I was out of my wig. I just couldn't relate to him at all. It was a bad time for us to have met. I could see that he was thinking, "Who is this weird guy?" And I was thinking, "What do I say to normal people?" There was a real impasse. But I still think he was one of the better American songwriters around those early days. I like the *Asbury Park* material; my favorite period of Springsteen is the early stuff.

MUSICIAN: *Do you have a sense of who your audience is?*

BOWIE: Absolutely none. I lost that completely around the time of *Aladdin Sane*. I've never known who my audience are or why they even—[laughs] I've got to be careful there—uh, why they, how they, uh [laughs], why they're always there, why they bother! I can't assess my audience at all. When I look out, it's so disparate: There's people my age, and it goes right back to kids. On the last tour there were thirteen, fourteen-year-olds; it was really strange. Before, I *guess* it was kind of student-y. That's broadened out so widely now. I guess that comes with stadium work or radio play: It attracts people because of one song. Some of them bother to get into it a bit more and suddenly you've got people listening to what you're doing that would never have even thought of buying one of your albums or singles before. For me at the moment, I've no idea who they are. I'm very pleased that they're coming to see me.

MUSICIAN: *Did the magnitude of the Let's Dance success take*

you by surprise?

BOWIE: Yeah, it knocked me for six. I'd always had an audience, but it was kind of a large cult. I was quite happy; I never really saw it doing anything other than that. I'm always exceedingly grateful that I have an audience, but it doesn't bother me if they get smaller. I've always just wanted to do interesting things. The sequence of *Low*, "Heroes," *Lodger* was really important for me. I guess the sales stunk on those, but it was important for me to get that work done, and no doubt I'll return.

I wouldn't know how to pick a single if it hit me in the face. I had absolutely no idea that "Fame" would do well; they just stuck it out there, and it gave me a whole new lease on life. On the other hand, I never hold it against an artist for being successful. It's wonderful that somebody like Prince should be accepted on such a vast scale. He's really important, and his music's dynamite. I don't necessarily think smaller is purer—as one can see from the Jesus and Mary Chain!

But I don't think you should compromise one's writing, or what one wants to do, and I certainly won't. I might have been flustered a little bit back there on *Let's Dance*: "Christ, what do I do now? Do I try to do what *that* kind of audience want?" I touched on that around *Tonight*. It worried me a bit; I felt really uneasy about getting involved with that, so I'm so happy I've gone back to the kind of recording and material I feel more comfortable with. That's important—and the next album I'm really excited about!

I'm writing in a different way: structured. I'm writing from a completely different perspective these last ten years. It's a lot more disciplined. I'm more comfortable with the tools I use for



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writing than I was before. It was fine to be experimental, but because of my lack of discipline or control over the elements I was writing with, a lot of it missed the mark completely. Maybe it's taken all those years to feel more comfortable with being more adequate at what one does. Then you can really use it to one's advantage as an artist. That's what I'm looking forward to in the future.

MUSICIAN: *Do you think the music scene has changed since your last album, in 1984?*

BOWIE: It's starting to become exciting again. Everyone was video crazy in '83, '84. People saw that as the salvation of rock 'n' roll. But interaction with an audience is becoming important again. There's a new awareness of audience/artist participation; rap music has done a lot for that. Some exciting new acts should emerge from this, with more irreverence for video and what it is now: a sham. We can forget video for now; that's over. It's established, it's just...there.

MUSICIAN: *Didn't you just make one?*

BOWIE: Yeah, I hope this is a video that maybe nobody will play, with a bit of luck [*laughs*]. It's one that Julien Temple and I have devised. It has a much sharper cutting edge to it than a lot of videos that I've seen. It's not going to sell the song at all. It's going to try to make use of video, to be a good five minutes for the sake of making a video. I don't want to sell shit on video. I couldn't care less. I've done some great videos in the past, and I don't want to start selling stuff on video now.

MUSICIAN: *Does music mean the same to you now as it used to?*

BOWIE: It means the same to me now as it did probably in '73, '74. It's gotten exciting to me again.

MUSICIAN: *You've branched out so much: acting...*

BOWIE: I still don't take that seriously. I'm quite happy to be accepting little things. John Landis' *Into The Night* was a gas; it's nice to do cameos. My priority is still music. I was wobbly about that in the early 80s, but I've come back to that again.

MUSICIAN: *You used to say that acting for you was a stepping-stone to directing.*

BOWIE: I harbor a strong penchant for directing. I guess I'm fulfilling that need to a small extent with the videos. But it is such a quantum leap from a four- or five-minute video to a ninety-minute piece. I worked so much in conjunction with Julien on the "Blue Jean" piece and saw so many errors in it. I had such misgivings afterwards that I wouldn't try to develop a twenty-minute piece again without—but it was quite successful. I could do a better one than that.

MUSICIAN: *Did you have any thoughts on turning forty?*

BOWIE: Do you know, I just skimmed over it. Fifty for me seems like a milestone. There are so many people doing great things at forty that it wouldn't occur to me to think anything. It was no different than being thirty-nine.

MUSICIAN: *What are you proudest of?*

BOWIE: I'm not sure that I'm proud of anything particularly—maybe bringing theatricality into rock to a certain extent that hadn't been done before. I always found that invigorating and I thought that, to the extent I did it, it was fairly successful. I quite liked drawing that line of finding a character in rock. Other than that, on the writing side of it, it's always an endeavor that—there's nothing that truly satisfies me as a piece of writing, something I can relax with that I've done. I'm always looking to do something in a better way or approach it in a different way. ▣



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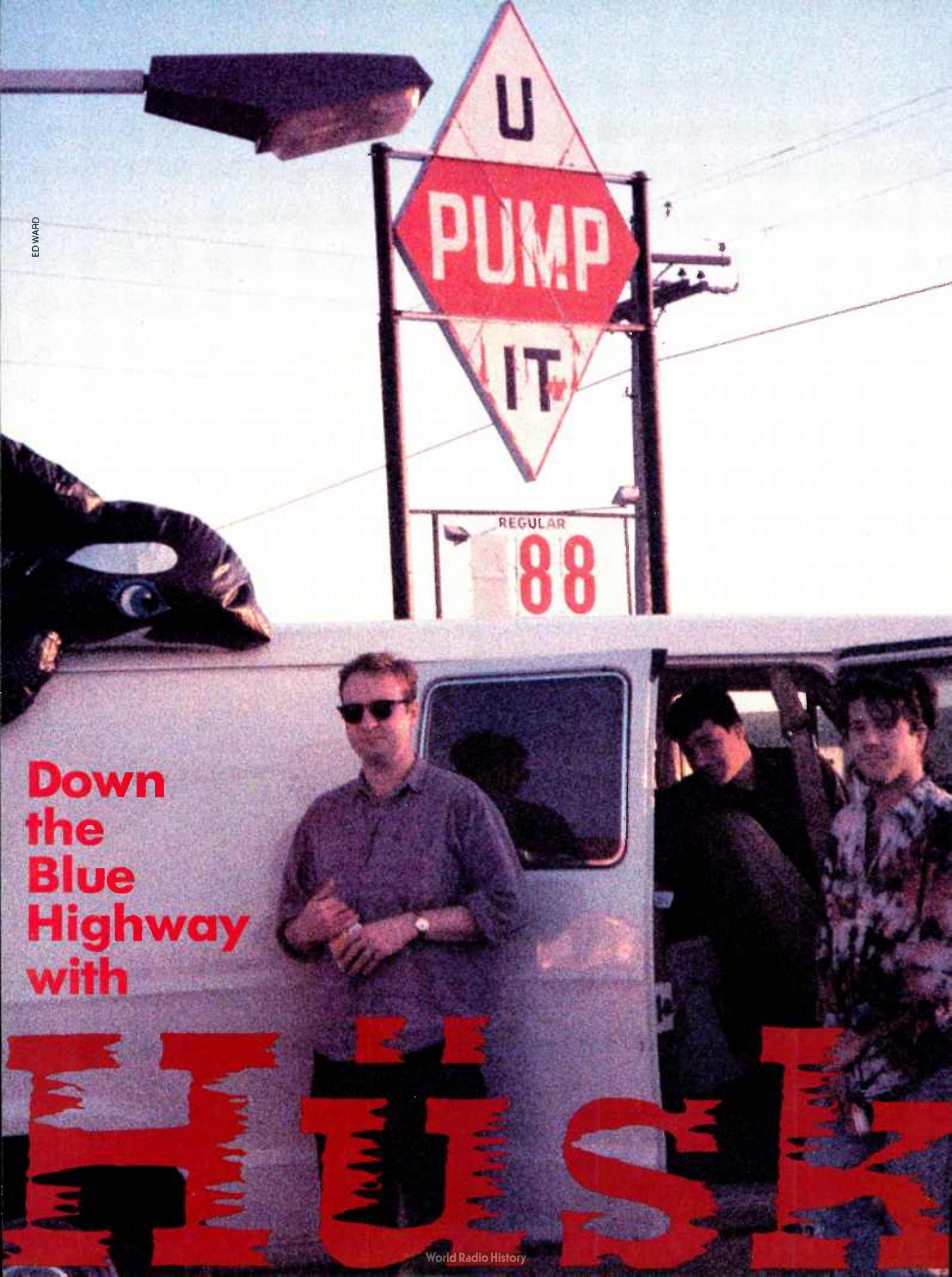
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EDWARD



Down
the
Blue
Highway
with

THE
HIS
S

Where the kids can outsmart the adults

By Ed Ward

That's Joan Rivers all right, and she's got the new album in her hand. "Joining us right now is one of the most prolific rock groups in the country," she says. "This is their latest album, *Warehouse: Stories And Songs*. Here, to sing 'Could You Be The One,' is Hüsker Dü!" And there, on a set replicating the brilliantly-colored vegetation on the album cover, is Hüsker Dü all right. Bob Mould looks like he's been waiting for this moment all his life as he rips into the song, taking great liberties with the vocal and bobbing around, and Grant Hart, looking impish, flails with great precision at the drums. The camera-work catches the live performance perfectly, and when the song is over, Bob sets his Flying V down and shoots over to the set where Rivers awaits him. Bassist Greg Norton follows, and then, straggling behind Grant bounds onto the set, grabs Joan for a big hug, and plops into his seat.

After the obligatory question about the name (it means "Do you remember?" in Danish, was the title of a popular board game in the late 60s and early 70s, and, although nobody mentions it, became the band's name one day when they were parodying the Talking Heads' "Psycho Killer" and singing the French verse with various foreign phrases) and Grant admitting that nobody in the band is "Danish in the least," Joan decides to impress us. "I've been doing my homework," she says, "and you used to be a more underground group, more radical." Grant, master of unfinished sentences, says, "We used to be seventeen and eighteen years old, too, but the band has evolved over the course of."

"Are you getting any knocks for this? 'Cause you've signed with Warner Bros., and that's a very big label." "That's sometimes an excuse not to do anything, is to knock people who are." Grant says, filing another incomplete. "But do you find yourselves playing different music?" Joan persists. "Have you changed?" "Anything you do, any craft or art, as you get older your emotional spectrum gets a little more involved," Mould says, "a little wider, and it's not just screaming about how messed up the government is and how you hate



“We thought we were damn good when we started out. People hated our guts.”

your parents any more. It's..." "Playing to a better medley," Joan says, cold-cocking him into stunned silence with the malapropism. Finally, she asks the teen-mag question of which is the calming influence, which is the wild one, and Bob cops to the former, Greg admits to being in between, and Grant rolls his eyes. "We'll be back with the eighty-five-year-old marathon winner and actor David McCallum, okay?" Joan concludes. Okay, Joan.

A week later, Hüsker Dü is in Denver. All is not swell in the Mile-High City: A lack of advance sales has caused the promoter to move the gig from a beautifully restored downtown theater to Norman's Place, way the hell out in the suburb of Aurora. In fact, it looks like he's been keeping it a complete secret. The band goes to an in-store appearance at Wax Trax, a funky, comfortable record store in a collegiate-looking area. It looks like there are only six non-band, non-employee types in the whole store. Over the next hour, several more people drift in, but most don't recognize the band or know what they're doing behind the counter. The guys are taking it in stride, though, chatting affably with the fans, signing album covers, posters and 12x12s, and surprising me with their encyclopedic knowledge of America's underground bands. Of course, they've played on bills with many of them. Bob Mould scores a stack of fanzines to read.

"So how many songs have you guys released, anyway?" a fan asks, and Mould jots some figures down in a long string, going back to the top to pull out subtotals and comes up with an answer. One hundred thirty. More or less. How many unreleased? "Not many. We tend to use what we record right away. Maybe two or three songs. Hundreds on cassettes and in notebooks, though." "Hey," the fan says, looking at the sheet of numbers. "I recognize that: card-counting." Mould's eyes light up. "Did you do any playing when you guys played Vegas?" And they're off into a conversation about that.

It gets to be 4:30, and with soundcheck not until six, the question of finding something to eat looms large. The issue of food is complicated: Bob and Grant are strict teetotaling vegetarians, a hard regime to hold to on the road. We wind up in a Greek Mexican place and head off to the gig via the hotel.

Greg Norton, as navigator, knows where everything is everywhere in America. He has maps, for one thing, but he also has a hell of a lot in his head. I guess after six years of cross-country travel that's not too surprising. Tonight's gig is in a shopping center, close by a Gold's Gym and a Fuddrucker's. Norman's Place is a teen club serving no alcohol, and even at this early hour the parking-lot is swarming with rent-a-cops. In the dressing room we find music writer Gil Asakawa with an older man he introduces as George Beck, owner of the toy company that made Hüsker Dü. Gil has talked Beck into coming along to meet the band and give them a new copy of the game. Beck is friendly enough, although the sound coming through the closed door is frighteningly loud for him. "Where the Child Can Outwit the Adult!" it says on the Hüsker Dü box. According to *New Times*, the game has a scandal in its history: An overzealous ad agency inserted the subliminal message "GET IT" in a Canadian Hüsker Dü TV ad, and Beck and his company were denounced in Parliament.

The band is really happy to see Beck and they trade Hüsker Dü lore for a while. "Hüsker Dü is a Norwegian television show similar to Lawrence Welk, too, you know, and when we played Norway the government asked us to stop using the name," Mould reveals. So did you? "Naw." Then the four of them settle down for a game which, considering Mould's methodical mind, I am surprised that Greg Norton wins.

The show begins early, and although the sound leaves a bit to be desired, there is fire coming off that stage tonight. Playing for a small but devoted group of fans, suburban punk-by-numbers kids and curiosity-seekers, they let it rip. I wonder if the regulars here realize what kind of show they're getting tonight, how seeing the light at the end of the tour-tunnel is making the band cut loose.

I also think about how difficult this band seemed for me at first. *Metal Circus* was a roar from one end to the other, but with a little bit of melodicism peeking out to let me know this wasn't your average hardcore band. Subsequent albums made that clearer until the magnificent single "Makes No Sense At All" proved that this band could write hit songs, or at least songs that were hits with me. But there has always been an angularity to Hüsker Dü—particularly Mould's numbers, which seem to have very irregular meters (but only seem to) and emotionally opaque lyrics that make surrendering to the music just a little more work than it is with most bands. The hooks only sink in after three or four listenings. After that, the floodgates open and I remember how I had the same trouble with the early Who. True, Grant's not the flashy drummer Keith Moon was, but Greg's bass fills in more rhythmically than Entwistle's. The Mould/Townshend comparison works (and I'm not talking about their noses, either), except that Bob doesn't leap around. Where the Hüskers have it over the Who is that they have two prolific songwriters and a third who's getting back into it.

When I ask Grant about the differences between his songs and Bob's, he says, "The fact that we're two different people might have something to do with it. I mean, Bob and I aren't each half of Paul Westerberg."

"We started in the same place," Bob elaborates, "and developed differently, separated quite a bit, and I think now are getting more the same."

The next morning we prepare to leave for Kansas City. Warners publicist Les Schwartz has rented a car and the band have a van. Yeah, van; no Silver Eagle tour bus for these guys.

The tour is almost over: Only Kansas City and a gig the next night in Decorah, Iowa remain. It hasn't been an easy one so far. The band had been off the road for a while and was enjoying it after virtually living in the van for five years. It was hard getting back, if even for six weeks. Two weeks before the tour was to start, their manager, David Savoy, killed himself, plunging the band's affairs into Bob Mould's competent but overworked hands for the first time since Savoy had taken over in August '85. The band elected to hold off finding new management until after the tour, so Bob's toting an extra briefcase and making more phone calls every day.

Since the band doesn't have to play until tomorrow night,



Playing to a better medley? "I don't know. Money hasn't changed the way we do it."

they're going to take their time. First stop is Federal Express, where Bob has some stuff to mail off to the *Today* show, which is going to broadcast a week from the Twin Cities and wants Hüsker Dü as guests. After that, it's decided we'll find something to eat, and I get an idea of Greg's road-sense. We drive along the interstate until an exit with several franchises appears. Greg exits and bypasses the pancake houses and burger joints for several blocks until we find Hai's Vietnamese Restaurant. Tah-dah! Good food that even veg-heads can eat, even if the vegetarian aspect of the menu isn't immediately obvious ("Oh, no!" Bob exclaims after a quick perusal, "They kill everything here!"). The food is wonderful, but the big hit at Hai's is the rich espresso dripped into a glass and poured over ice. Considering that it's almost three and the drive east has yet to begin, this goes over very well with Greg, who also has a couple of Cokes.

Grant, Greg and soundman Lou Giordano head off to the K-Mart to buy electrical supplies to rewire part of the van's interior. Bob and I head to an Oriental market, where even more kinds of coffee are gleefully purchased. We emerge to find the rest of the guys fussing around the van, discovering they're not going to be able to do the work on the spot because the dashboard padding has to be removed. Grant has found a huge inflatable killer whale which he's trying to blow up. Greg, getting wired from the multiple caffeine hits, gives us directions, and at four, we're off.

Grant, Greg and Lou get the van. Bob and I climb into Les' rental car. Bob's been mentioning that if we get to Kansas in time, he might visit "Bill," who lives in Lawrence. "Is this

some friend of yours?" I ask. "Bill Burroughs," Bob explains. "We've known him for a while. Actually, *Naked Lunch* was my huge revelation in college. I'm originally from Malone, New York, which is way upstate. My parents own a, literally, mom-and-pop store. I mean, you have to walk between the refrigerator and the stove to serve the customers. Anyway, I got this complete scholarship to Macalester College in St. Paul, I guess because they had need of a few smart poor kids, and I had this boring job where I could read a lot. One night I got ahold of a copy of *Naked Lunch* and read it all at one sitting. I was pretty green then, and I guess it showed me some stuff.

"College is where we got the band together. I met Grant one day when I was going to the grocery store. There was this guy wearing a leather jacket, crankin' the Ramones through this PA in the middle of Grand Avenue, this proper middle-class neighborhood. We found we had similar tastes in music—we were buying a lot of the American independent stuff, a lot of the British stuff that was coming out in '77 and '78. We were just kidding one day and he said, 'Do you play an instrument?' I said, 'Yeah, I play guitar,' and Grant said, 'Oh, I play drums.' So we called each other's bluff and it turned out we could play."

Bob was working in a record store called Cheapo Records whose owner had another store where Greg worked (and where Grant had been pestering the management for a job for some time). Eventually the three hooked up, playing "a lot of wild noise" in Greg's basement.

"We had our own theory on how to change the world," Bob continues, "and I guess one way was—you have to bear in mind that we were all seventeen, eighteen years old when this

“We’re Hüsker Dü, not Bob Mould or Grant Hart and two unlisted sidemen.”

was going on—through our common interest in music. We ended up writing what we thought were real catchy songs, but they were real abrasive and real fast. Faster than bands had ever thought of playing before. In hindsight, you can go back and look at some of the early stuff the Beatles did and you can see how fast they played when all they did was drink and take speed. Not that we patterned ourselves after the early Beatles, but... We were influenced by a lot of things. I was listening to a lot of punk rock and a lot of, not so much free jazz, but weird fringe music. Grant came from much more of a pop background, and Greg was from a more jazzy end. We just did what we did. It was pretty natural. We didn’t sit down and have a world domination plan. We thought we were awfully damn good when we started out. People hated our guts.”



Careful Bob, they kill everything here.

The early Hüsker Dü not only played an unpopular kind of music—although the Twin Cities was a more receptive place for punk than many—but they were from St. Paul, which enjoys the same sort of “second city” status that Brooklyn does to Manhattan, or Oakland to San Francisco: Nothing cool can come from a place like that. So they took what gigs they could get. “We’ve done our share of 3.2 bars (pouring low-alcohol beer for eighteen- to twenty-one-year-olds) and old folks’ honky-tonk polka clubs and other wacky gigs,” Mould recalls, “but we did demo tapes before we played out, 4-track stuff that we thought was the greatest stuff in the world. After we’d been together a year, a year and a half, we decided to put out a single. We did three songs at Blackberry Way with Steve Fjelstad in August 1980. We had people documenting live shows for us even back then, and we took ‘Statues,’ which was

a studio song, and ‘Amusement,’ a live track, got a loan, and put that out as a single. We pressed up 2500 of them, printed the sleeves ourselves, stuffed them all into plastic bags and sat there and looked at them for a couple of months.

“In March of ’81 we decided to go down to Chicago, just for the hell of it, to level the entire city. We met the SST people there at one of the hell gigs, the one with the blue paint. Oh, that gig... We got psychotic one night when we played this club, bouncing off the walls, picking up hammers between songs and smashing everything in sight. There were two lights in the whole place and we had them focused on the mike stands so all people could see was silhouettes and these bright lights staring them in the face. And at the end of the set, we just went nuts. There were no dressing rooms, just a storage closet behind the stage, and one of us went back there and found this big thing of blue latex paint. I was out of my fuckin’ mind, so I just picked it up and pitched it over the drum kit and it landed on the floor. The top flew off and blue paint went all over the place. This girl, who was the club-owner’s roommate, dressed head to toe in leather, decided she was going to scoop up the paint with what was left of Grant’s cymbals and pour it over his drum kit. She had a cymbal-full of blue paint, and just as she got to the kit, Grant came out, picked her up, power-slammed her into the blue paint so she was covered, her whole backside, and people decided they were going to pick her up by her elbows and bounce her off the walls, leaving these blue butt-prints all around the club. Needless to say, we didn’t get paid, although I think we sold some records. This was before what I consider hardcore was even hardcore. We pretty much... it was the Who.”

Well, now. Imagine that.

In May, as soon as school let out, the band rented a van and spent the next three and a half months on the West Coast, where “we did a lot of gigs for twelve bucks, twenty bucks. If we could play a gig for twenty bucks and have a place to stay, we’d do that. A lot of generic beer, a lot of sandwiches, a lot of days without eating. But we discovered that, lo and behold, there were other bands doing somewhat the same thing we were doing.” And the rest, as they say, is discography; first *Land Speed Record* came out on New Alliance, then the first SST record, the *Metal Circus* EP. Suddenly the trio from (ugh) St. Paul was one of America’s leading avant-garde bands. From there, they set up the cycle of tour, record, tour, record, tour some more and record some more, that they only broke with the six-month hiatus that led up to *Warehouse: Songs And Stories*. Even—or maybe especially—America’s leading avant-garde bands stand a good chance of turning into crispy critters if they don’t watch it.

You leave the hills behind in Colorado. It’s amazing how you can start the day with snow-capped peaks looming overhead and within a matter of a couple of hours the whole countryside flattens out and becomes, well, Kansas. The aggravation of the road is taking its toll on the homesick Hüskers. When we cross into the Central time zone they let out a big sigh of relief—almost home. Bob quotes his lyric from “Celebrated Summer”: “Somewhere in April time they add another hour.”

GUITAR GREATNESS TIMES TWO.



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World Radio History

“The underground community is more a series of tunnels than a hole.”

After we gas up, Bob takes Grant's place in the van and Grant jumps in with Les and me. I take over the wheel and point the car east. The van overtakes us and stays just barely visible ahead on the plains. Van driver Greg is in a hurry.

Now in direct contrast to card-counting Bob Mould and straightforward, mechanically-inclined Greg Norton, Grantzberg Vernon Hart (sorry, man, I had to tell 'em) is not the most, shall we say, linear member of Hüsker Dü. It can be maddening, the way he never finishes sentences, *his mind having rushed on to something else leaving you to... But you can usually get his...* On the other hand, he tends to be very epigrammatic. He talks about playing the couch circuit in the band's early days and I say the sort of underground community that supported so many bands was wonderful. Says Grant: “The underground is more a series of tunnels than a hole.” After four hours of rigorous conversation with Bob, Grant's playfulness and general good humor give me the clue to the other side of the band's appeal. At a Hüsker Dü gig in Austin, a Dutch fan approached me and asked, “Zo, are you a Bob Mould fan or a Grant Hart fan?” and I then spent the intervening weeks developing a theory that one was a more hard-rock writer and the other more of the pop guy. Grant dismisses it with a short, “That's a bunch of bullshit.” (About half of the “pop” stuff I like is by Mould, and the other half by Hart.) On the other hand, he freely admits that the songs he writes on keys are differently structured than those he writes on guitar.

But it's also clear that this end of the tour has left Grant pretty exhausted, so mostly we just trade general observations or drive along having conversations like this:

Grant: “I've never been in the same mood twice.”

Ed: “That's an interesting thought. You really think that?”

G: “Yeah.”

E: (stalling, trying to figure that one out) “That's good. You're very lucky.”

G: “I've probably got six or seven categories of moods.”

E: (increasingly puzzled) “But you don't slide into them the same way or experience them the same way?”

G: “I'm sure.”

Or Grant Hart tells a joke: “There was this guy who woke up one day and all he heard was drums. Everywhere he went, drums pounding, pounding in his head. Nobody else could hear them. So he got very worried and told a friend what was going on. The friend gave him the name of a doctor. So the guy went downtown, the drums pounding, pounding in his head. And the doctor listened to his story and said, ‘You got here just in time.’ So the doctor pulls out a needle and gives the guy a shot, and the drums disappear. Then the bass solo starts...”

We've lost the sun, and even though the moon's not up yet we can still see the horizon as we drive along. Reconnoitering at a rest-stop, we notice that we're not quite halfway across Kansas, and it's decided that the next stop will be someplace to eat. Grilled cheese again. Convinced that the van will catch up with us, we leave without talking to Bob and Greg.

That turns out to be a big mistake. We set out with Grant at the wheel, revved up and doing around ninety. Suddenly the van comes up behind us, and Greg, mad that we left without him, passes us and disappears down the road. So much for our

navigator. About three hours later we approach Kansas City and realize that although we're headed to another Holiday Inn, we have no idea where it is. Over the next two hours the vision of the Holiday Inn we passed on our way into the city dances in my head. We should have stopped there just to use their computer to find out which one we were staying at and get directions. But we didn't.

To keep from falling asleep, we've turned on the radio, which at 3:30 on a Friday morning in Kansas City, isn't much. But a song comes on the oldies station: “Aquarius” by the 5th Dimension. “Awright!” Grant yells, and turns it way up. He starts pounding everything in sight, driving faster and faster. “I learned to play drums to this song. My brother, who played drums and gave me my first set, said it'd be a good one to practice to; it had a couple of different beats in it.”

Finally we find the suburb we're supposed to be in. There's a Holiday Inn. We're ecstatic. It's the wrong Holiday Inn. We're pre-psychotic. The place we're supposed to be is two freeway exits back. All the way there, Grant is trying to figure out whether it would be more sadistic to leave a 6:30 or a 7:30 wakeup call for Greg Norton.

The next day starts late. The hotel is a Holidome, with most of the rooms arranged around an indoor pool. Mould has decided there won't be time to visit William Burroughs. Instead he takes the modem out and starts doing business in his room. Grant takes the inflatable whale he bought in Denver and decides to donate it to the swimmers in the pool. He gets up to the second floor and throws it in, to the delight of a bunch of kids. Throughout the day he checks in to see who's on the whale, and at one point there's a guy who must be seventy, all alone, riding it up and down the pool. Not much of a motel-vandalism story. Like I said, he's no Keith Moon.

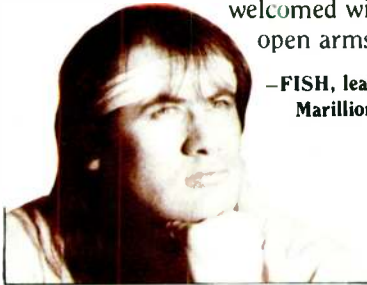
At four, the band shows up in my room. I ask why they still drive themselves around. “Well,” Greg, who does most of the driving, says, “*you* like to drive.” True enough, and there have been times when I've pushed myself to do a lot of it in a day, but I don't think a six-week tour... “Driving ourselves on the road is something we've always done,” he says. “I guess it would be nice to have somebody that that's all they do, is drive.” “It's part of our way of being independent from the situation as well,” Bob adds. “You're not tied to the equipment, not tied to the crew, not tied to the Interstate. Like yesterday, we can trail off and do something for an hour, or goof off in the afternoon. Other bands have to be on the bus at a certain time or else fly to the next gig and pay out of your wallet to do it. We're real hands-on as far as the booking and routing of our tours is concerned. Nobody's telling us we have to do this schedule. This is the schedule we've picked.”

Then there's the question of the lyrics. In the interviews I've read, the band downplays their importance, which is fine with me because I rarely listen to lyrics. But if they're not important, why are they there? “To have a title!” Grant states the obvious. “The lyrics are real important,” Bob says. “But it's like, the two ground-breaking bands of the 80s people constantly refer to are us and R.E.M., and we've both got this problem. There are so many levels you can take this band on. You can say, ‘They're a great live band, but I don't like their

MARILLION



We've never been a fashionable band, but in the pubs we'd be welcomed with open arms."
 —FISH, lead singer, Marillion



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In 1984, Marillion released their second album *Fugazi*. It too went top ten in England.

In 1985, Marillion released their third lp, *Misplaced Childhood*.



Things have never been the same since.

★ It was the chart topping single "Kayleigh" from this album, which took the band onto superstar status in Europe and opened radio's ears in America, where the single climbed to #5 on the album radio charts. Following their sell-out European tour, the band toured extensively in the U.S. to wildly positive audiences. They loved them so much that when they played the



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records much' or 'I like their records, but they're noisy live,' and the lyrics are just a portion of it. People tend to focus on them as being some kind of biblical... godsend or something. 'Here come some more words of wisdom from God.' Those are just our thoughts, and what people want to take them as is up to them. We're in a band that people like and look up to, but you don't have to take this as the way you have to live your life. It's like, this is what we are. You can take a look at it and make what you like out of it. But don't do what we do just because of what we are. That's what I mean by not taking it too seriously: They're serious, thought-provoking lyrics, but *to us*." "It's what you're thinking about when you're playing," adds Grant.

How about having three songwriters in the group, does that make it harder to put an album together? "Not really," says Greg. "It's because we're Hüsker Dü, not Grant Hart and two unlisted sidemen or Bob Mould and two unlisted sidemen. There are a lot of songs the three of us have written that aren't suited to the group." "When you get ready to make a record, you have to look at what everybody has," Bob amplifies. "One thing that was nice about this record was just the amount of jamming we were doing to find out what the common vocabulary of the instruments was. And from that you can whittle down what songs are going to work and which are better just left in the notebooks. Now there were real separate styles on *Candy Apple Grey*; it was real fragmented. It was so damned depressing, bleak. *Candy Apple Grey* was the result of four-and-a-half years of not stopping to take a look. We were due for a real bleak album, and that was it." "Yeah," adds Grant, "we get all these dark-circled faces coming up saying, 'I really liked that album.'"

That's another nice thing about Hüsker Dü: They're accessible to their fans, be they dark-circled or apple-cheeked. "It's hard to share with somebody," Grant says, aware that he's framing another epigram, "if you don't let them at the table." "We don't think of ourselves as famous," Bob adds, "and so we don't have any right to do that. By being very public with people, I expect them not to be very private with me. We're accessible at one level and untouchable at another."

But the fame is growing. What about the possibility that you may find yourselves with a hit on your hands? "I think every song we write is a hit," Bob says, dead serious. "Maybe not compared to Bon Jovi, but I think we write a lot better songs than ninety-nine percent of the bands that are going right now. To be honest, there are a couple of songs on each album that we pay extra attention to, some songs that are just begging to sound a certain way. Like on *Flip Your Wig*, 'Makes No Sense At All' and 'Green Eyes' were the two songs we spent a lot of time on, to make sure they were impeccable by our standards." And they have finally reached the point where their songs are getting covered: To my utter surprise, the band says that Robert Palmer encores with a version of ZZ Top's "Legs" that segues into that masterpiece of controlled chaos "New Day Rising." I'd like to hear that, although I guess I'm not prepared to sit through an entire Robert Palmer show to do so.

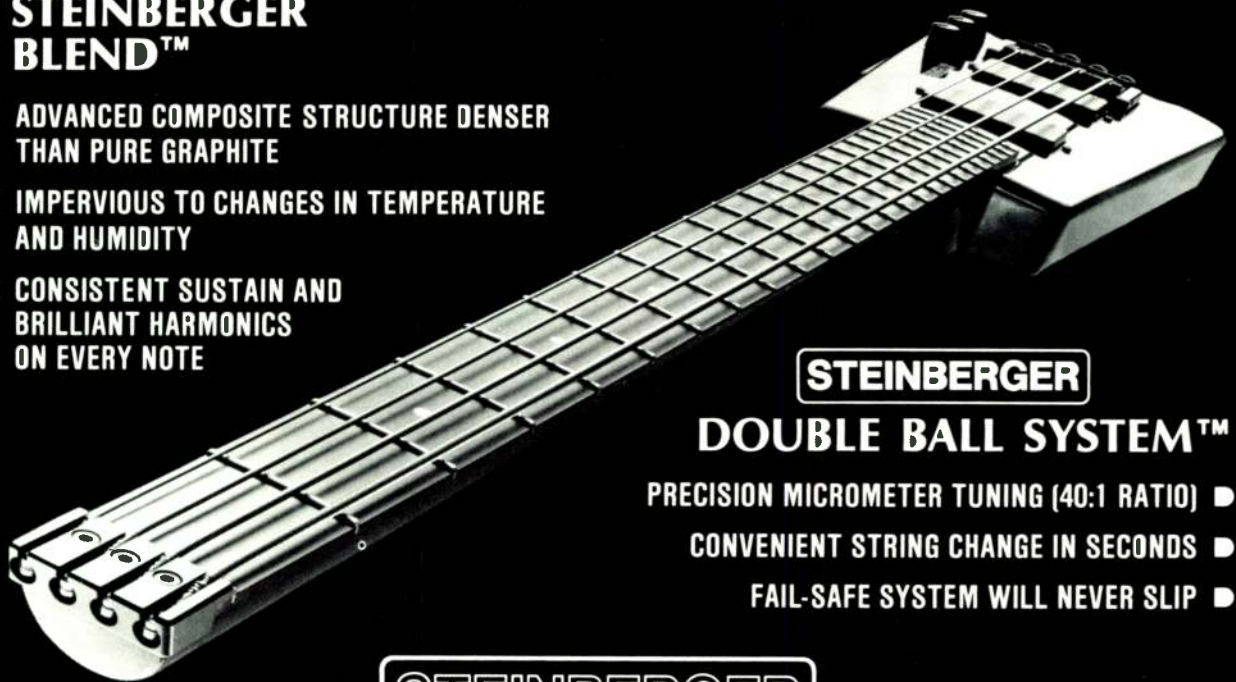
"I don't know," Bob muses as soundcheck draws near. "Money hasn't changed the way we do it. We stuck through the lean years and went through the things that kill other bands." Does it get easier as you go along? "No. Your time changes. You're a little more pressed. You spend more time answering mail or administering the business end of it. We had

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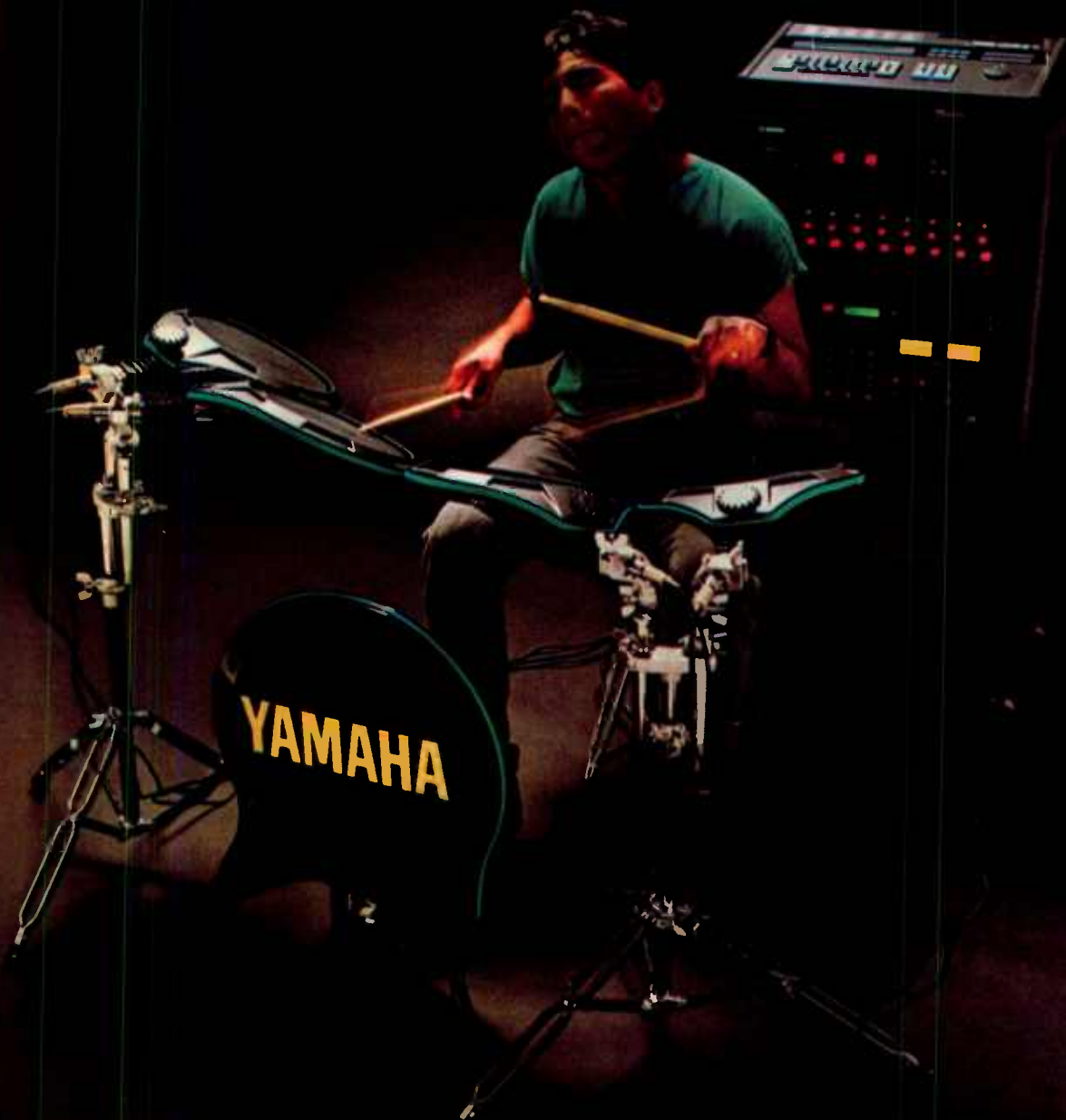
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our own label for a while, Reflex, and had a lot of bands we worked with and helped out financially. We don't have time to do that anymore, and it would hurt the other bands to pretend that we could, so instead we'll produce their records or give them information about booking tours and stuff. We're all pretty busy outside the band. Outside the band? I mean the couple of hours each day when it's *not* the band. Hey, we didn't get together to get rich and famous. Now we're"—"obscure and middle-class," Grant interjects—"self-supporting and well-known," Bob picks up. "I guess one thing I'm proud of is that we've never bounced a check and don't owe anybody any money. That's a lot more than most people can get out of life."

"And while doing that," Grant sums up, "we've maintained a great relationship with our art."

Which is just what they manage to do that night at the Uptown Theatre, a giddily rococo joint that has seen the cream of Kansas City jazz, from Andy Kirk to Jay McShann to Charlie Parker, under its roof. The older, drinking-age crowd is downstairs, while the youngsters fill the balcony, and this leads to a very weird incident at the show's end. Everybody's pooped so the post-gig socializing is held to a minimum, although fans are accommodated. Grant and I are walking around as the room empties, and I see that the T-shirts are only twelve dollars. "I'm going to get one of these," I say, but Grant dissuades me, saying he'll get me one. "You sure? I can buy one," I say. As we stand there, I fail to notice the mob that's held back by the security. For some reason the kiddies have to be kept upstairs for a while (until the liquor is put away?), and as Grant and I turn to go back inside the hall, somebody yells "Okay!" and the mob swarms down the stairs, catching us up

in the flood of bodies. They're lining up to buy T-shirts, while almost trampling one of the guys in the band that has, presumably, excited them into this consumer frenzy. What, I wonder, is *their* relationship to this art? What does Hüsker Dü mean to them, other than an excuse to wear their Discharge T-shirts and goop up their hair? Makes no sense at all. ▣

DÜ-DADS

Bob Mould: "I have a number of mid-70s Ibanez Flying Vs, actually the Rocket Roll Flying V is what it's called. I use GHS Boomer Extra-Light strings and Jim Dunlop light picks. I also use a Washburn acoustic electric, and I've got a Yamaha twelve-string acoustic. As far as amps, Yamaha G-100 heads running 4x12s, a Marshall and a Sonic, both with Celestion speakers, and I slave those into Fender Concerts with stock JBLs. For effects, I have a Distortion Plus and a Roland SDE-1000 digital delay. That's just live. The studio is, uh, other things."

Greg Norton: "I play an Ibanez Roadstar Series II RB 940 bass guitar with a full-scale three-octave neck, and use GHS Boomer medium gauge strings. I've got a Peavey Megabass digital bass head which is used with the Urei L-2 (DLA 48) and those both go into an SVT cabinet that's got eight 10s in it and a custom-built Batson cabinet that's got two 15s."

Grant Hart: "I have Joe Calato Regal Tip 7A sticks, a variety of Chinese and Turkish cymbals, Yamaha cymbal stands, a Ludwig Speed King foot-pedal, a 7x14 solid rock maple bentwood snare, a 9x13 rack-mounted tom, using a Galou rim and a 16x16 floor tom, and a 24x14 bass drum, and a Yamaha throne and that's about it."

Epilogue: This is important to the guys: It's pronounced Hoosker Doo. Or, as Grant says, "This isn't a band of husks."

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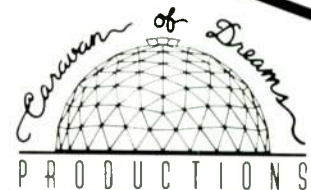
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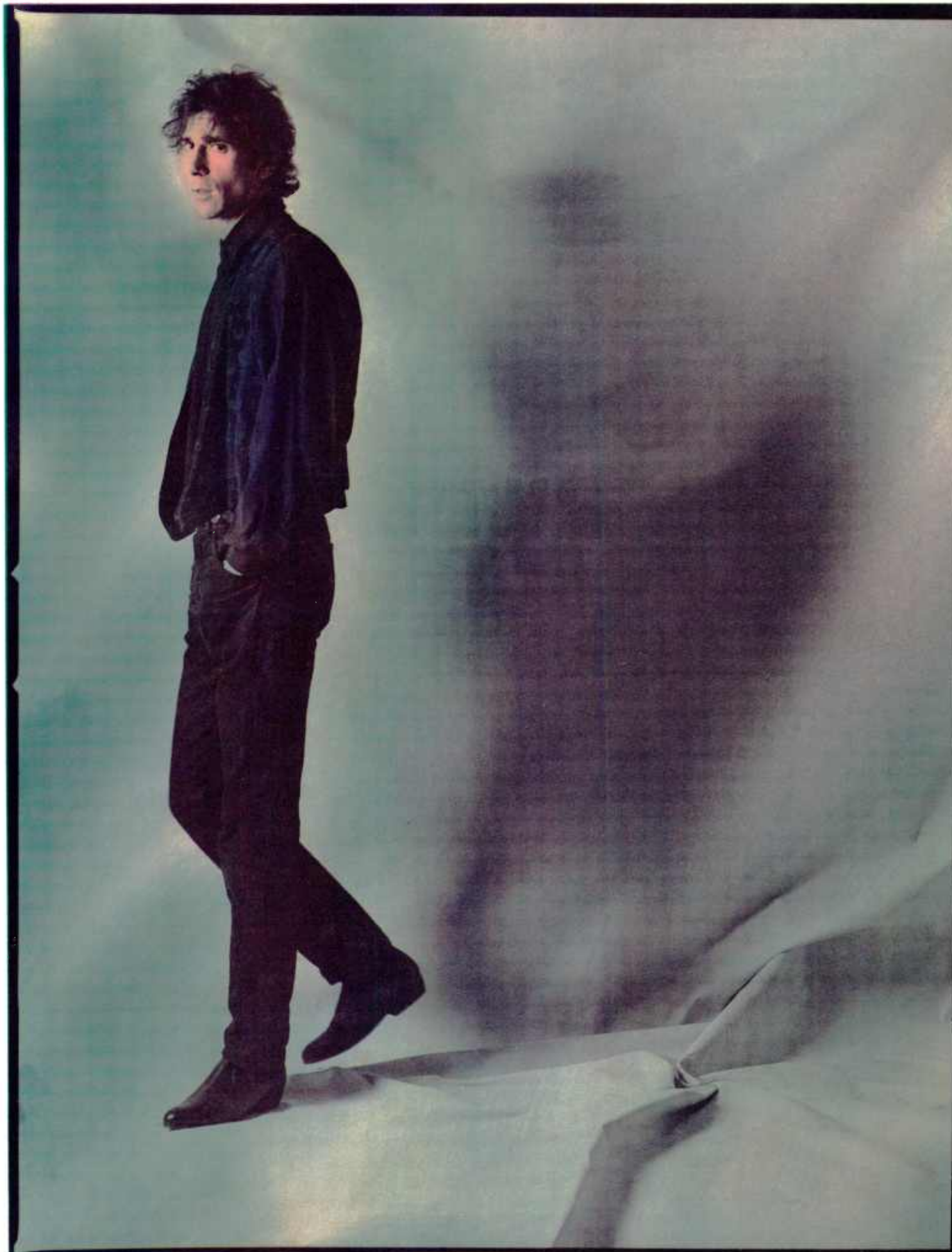
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LONE WOLF

EDDIE WATSON LIVES. So it is etched in graffiti outside Watson's practice space in an aging Boston office building. Peter Wolf is waiting his turn out in the hall while another singer wraps up his vocal workout. "Eddie's really an incredible guy," says Wolf. "What a great arranger and accompanist. During the Tin Pan Alley era he was one of the guys you'd call if you were a singer coming to town for a week at a club and needed some players." Nowadays Watson, a congenial man in his mid-seventies, supports himself with lounge gigs and music lessons. And Peter Wolf is his most illustrious—if unlikely—student.

While he waits, Wolf shuffles through photocopies of sheet music in preparation for the songs he'll be singing today: "Moon River," "Fly Me To The Moon," "This Is All I Ask." Surprise selections for his upcoming tour? Uh, no. "Eddie helps me work on phrasing, breath points, some of the finer points of singing. He also helps me understand composition better—just from the standpoint of song construction."

Self-refinement would probably be the last thing on the mind of most artists in Wolf's position. On this sunny Saturday in May, he's caught in a maelstrom of activity. Yesterday he was in New York to confirm the opening dates for his first concert tour since splitting with the J. Geils Band in 1983. Prior to that, he was in California for the editing of his video for "Can't Get Started," the second single from his new *Come As You Are* LP. And tomorrow he'll be flying back to New York to handle more tour arrangements. Tuesday the band will start daily rehearsals in Boston. And so on.

The pressures of promoting his second solo LP and getting the tour rolling are aggravated by the fact that Wolf is acting as his own business manager. "Not by choice," he emphasizes. "I just haven't found anybody to say to me, 'Hey, I deserve a percentage of your career, because I'm going to contribute *this* to it.' I could get one of these big-time managers, but they're just gonna turn me over to some young lieutenants who are on salary. They'd have no real interest in helping me.

"I have more control this way, but you can get smacked around like a ping-pong ball, too. Fortunately it's gone well so far, but it's very draining. And what's in front of me now is

Photograph by John Curtis



Peter
Wolf
Blasts
Out
The
Past
By Steve Perry

putting together a tour that will be comfortable and will give off all those qualities and textures I worked to put into the record.

"As it stands, I don't use a PR firm or anything like that, so I find myself getting involved in the whole language of parallel ones and parallel twos and airplay and add-ons and take-offs and bullets...." He falls silent for a moment, dispirited by the mumbo-jumbo of radio demographers. But Wolf is *the* consummate rock storyteller, with a repertoire that would make Scheherazade jealous, and soon he turns the conversation to his 1,001 tales of rock 'n' roll nights. This time it's an anecdote about being chased through a studio by a bullwhip-brandishing Sly Stone (they got into a philosophical argument standing at a urinal).

Back in his apartment later, the subject turns to country music, and Wolf—whose enthusiasm for American music encompasses blues, country, folk, jazz and Tin Pan Alley as well as rock 'n' roll—jumps up and starts to throw on sides. First he plays selections from the Japanese boxed set of the complete works of Hank Williams, then the Louvin Brothers' "Kentucky," and the Everly Brothers' version of the same song. "Big debt there," he points out. "Big debt." Then, without a pause, he pulls out a Jazz Messengers album and tells about running into Art Blakey the day before on the New York-Boston Pan Am shuttle. When the conversation gets around to singing, Wolf lavishes praise on Prince's "Adore." Then he plays Johnny Mathis' "Chances Are," stopping the record several times to replay difficult vocal maneuvers.

After a couple of hours of this, the sun begins to descend and I am feeling much edified and a little worried. We haven't even begun to talk about *Come As You Are*; I have visions of leaving Boston with several blank tapes and a list of the records Peter Wolf played for me. For his own part, Wolf is gracious but a little circumspect. The great raconteur is not eager to sit down and talk about himself. Finally we begin, but after a while he starts to pace around the spacious living room. "To be perfectly frank, this is hard for me," he admits. "If somebody had told me twenty-four hours ago that I'd be sitting here talking in depth about my background and this record, I'd have said no way. I really don't enjoy this. I mean, I used to. Talking, for me, used to be performance. *Yeah, man, jivin'!* But I find that I've become very self-conscious about it. I enjoy questions that I can answer, boom, and so on. But questions that get at, like, 'What does this record mean to you?' are really difficult.

"These are things that I'm just delving into myself. And maybe it's too soon for me to talk about it. If I start, it just sounds too pretentious. Maybe I gotta think about it some more. It was definitely a labor of love, and it's something I'm very proud of. Know what I'm saying? I'm proud of accomplishing it and getting it done and moving on to the next thing."

That sense of dynamism has driven Wolf since he was a kid growing up in a three-room apartment in the Bronx. "The entire apartment was about the size of this room," he says, gesturing toward his living room. "Kitchen, bedroom—my parents slept on a couch in the living room. We had my mother, my father, my sister and me, two cats, a dog and a parakeet. You ever see those cartoons in the *New Yorker* with the naked light bulbs? That's sorta what I grew up in."

Wolf likens the family apartment to the set of *The Honymooners*, but any resemblance to 50s sit-coms ends there; his family was not of the *Father Knows Best* demographic profile. Both his parents were free spirits. "My dad is a self-educated man—very distinguished," says Wolf. "When he was fourteen, he took off and joined the Shuberts. He was a singer

in *The Student Prince*, *The Merry Widow*...." Wolf leaves the room and returns with a framed handbill. "There," he says, pointing to the cast, "that's my dad. Allen Blankfield. The name Wolf came later, when I was living with my grandmother while my sister was very ill."

Family responsibilities and the onset of the Depression kept Allen Blankfield from pursuing his dream of studying opera in Europe, so he ended up working at a series of musical odd jobs through the years. "He was a song plugger for a while," remembers Wolf. "In music stores they'd have sheet music and singers, and people like my father would do demonstration performances of the songs. He also worked in record stores. And he had his own radio show on 'QXR-AM for a while, where for fifteen minutes he'd sing songs of Tin Pan Alley.

"His brother, who was a champion dancer at a place called Roseland in New York, was one of the original Sunshine Boys—always carried a *Variety* under his arm and smoked a big cigar and looked sorta like Jimmy Durante. He wore a fedora, and he used to come home and take it off and throw it on the bedpost in one sweep and light up a cigarette, kick off his shoes. He was crazy. He managed The World's Strongest Man, a champion baton twirler, a gorilla he'd bring to parties and stuff, and my father."

Wolf's mother, Pinky, was an equally striking personality, but where her husband's consuming passions were musical, hers were political. "She's an intense woman with a capital 'I.' She smoked—still does—about four packs of Chesterfields a day, and yells at the TV. The only reason we ever *got* a TV was the McCarthy hearings. We never had one before that. She had to sit in front of the TV and 'watch that dirty dog GO!'

"She believed in the whole left of the 30s. Basically she felt that America was built on the melting pot and the working man, and that there was a controlling aristocracy that was taking too much and giving back too little. She didn't believe in pie-in-the-sky; she believed it wasn't God that was gonna make things better, but that it was man who had control of his own destiny, if he chose to."

Her involvement in progressive political causes didn't escape the attention of authorities in the red-baiting 1950s. "All the apartments in those days had screen doors," recalls Wolf, "and they'd all be open in the summertime, so you could hear everything. Noises in the alley, people having dinner. And one day there was this knock on the door"—Wolf raps ominously on the tabletop—"and these guys said, '*Is your mother home? We're the FBI!*'" Wolf still cringes a little at the rekindled embarrassment. "But you know," he adds, "as the smoke clears, I admire her for the beliefs she had. This was before Martin Luther King, and before the marches on Washington."

Wolf's entire family had a hand in shaping his musical interests. He never shared his father's love of opera, but he absorbed his reverence for music generally. Through his mother he was exposed to the songs of the Spanish Civil War and to such leftist *causes célèbres* as the Almanac Singers, Woody Guthrie and Leadbelly. But it was probably Wolf's sister who had the greatest impact: She was a dancer in Alan Freed's rock 'n' roll package shows of the early 50s, featuring such luminaries as Chuck Berry, the Drifters, Clyde McPhatter, Gene Vincent, and Frankie Lyman & the Teenagers. And nine-year-old Peter frequently tagged along with her to the shows, where he got his first shot of rhythm & blues, with a little rock 'n' roll on the side.

But as much as he loved it, Wolf harbored no thoughts of a career in music. "I was very into painting from the time I was three years old," he says. "I filled all the books in my parents'

“This [interview] is hard for me. I really don’t enjoy this. I used to. Talking, for me, used to be performance.”



house with scribbles. Anything that was paper, I drew on.” Like his father before him, Wolf left home at fourteen. He enrolled in the High School of Music and Art (not to be confused with the High School for the Performing Arts of *Fame* fame) to study painting, and moved into a studio apartment on Manhattan’s 89th Street with two friends.

In most cases, such an early exodus from one’s father’s house spells a troubled parting, but for Wolf it seemed natural. “I was just a very independent kid,” he shrugs. “By the time I was eleven, I was going downtown by myself to the Times Square record store. And my parents were very bohemian, so I never had things like a curfew. I just never had that kind of ‘did you do your homework, son?’ upbringing. If I did it, I did it. If I didn’t, I didn’t. That gave me a very strong will.”

By the time he was fifteen, Wolf was already chafing in his new school. Faced with the prospect of a summer term, he decided to hit the road instead, and took off hitchhiking for points west. He landed first in Madison, Wisconsin, where he fell in with characters from the local folk music scene and got his introduction to Doc Watson, Carolyn Hester, Koerner, Ray & Glover, Dave Van Ronk and a newcomer named Bob Dylan. But Wolf was still a painter, and after supporting himself for a while as the janitor at the Junior Achievement building, he hitched down to Chicago. While he was there, someone told him about the Museum School of Fine Arts in Boston.

“I heard they were offering scholarships, so I threw some paintings in a friend’s trunk and got a ride to Boston,” says Wolf. “We drove up to the school and I went in and told ‘em, ‘Yeah, I’d like to join up and get a scholarship.’ They said there was a ten-dollar application fee, so I went out to the car and borrowed that from my friend. Two weeks later I was back in Chicago and I got a call from my mother saying I was accepted. So I went back to Boston. The first night, I slept out by the Charles River. The second night, I stayed at the Y. The third night, I was looking at a wall that had all these roommate-wanted signs, and this guy comes up to me and asks if I’m looking for a roommate. He says, ‘My name’s David Lynch.’”

Was it tough to sleep under the same roof as the man who went on to direct *Eraserhead* and *Blue Velvet*? “Actually, David Lynch was quite a sweet, charming guy. I think the main problem we had was that he liked the Four Seasons, and I liked Thelonious Monk at that time. We were a little like oil and water. Matter of fact, the guy who shot the ‘Come As You Are’ video was the cinematographer for *Blue Velvet*, and I asked him if he’d seen David. He said he was going to see him that night, so I told him to say hello. He came back the next day and said, ‘He fondly remembers you, and he wants me to remind you that you still owe him money for rent.’”

At the Museum School, Wolf plunged deeper into his painting. Influenced primarily by the great German expressionists of the early twentieth century, he painted moody, evocative canvases with an emphasis on purity of emotional expression. (One of them, a haunting portrait of himself with angular features, a beard, and huge, blank pools of eyes—rendered at the age of fourteen—still hangs in his apartment.) But his life was about to take an abrupt turn. “I stayed around Boston at the school,” he says, “and started drinking. One night I went to a party, and there was a band playing, and the singer forgot the words to this song called ‘There’s A Man Down There, Might Be Your Man, I Don’t Know,’ and I got up. I was drunk, and I had this little harmonica that I carried with me in those days, and I started playing. From that day on, I just stopped painting. I dropped out of school.”

Wolf began working with the band, soon dubbed the

“I wanted to regain the attitude and personality of really *playing*, rather than a clean, layered, perfect-time kind of thing.”

Hallucinations, every day. Endowed with ruffled shirts and a considerable R&B repertoire, they became a main attraction on the local circuit. But while Wolf had given up painting to devote all his time to music, the rest of the band consisted of painters who still put art first. That created a strain, and then “some of the guys started getting into Zen,” Wolf recalls ruefully. “I didn’t know what the hell was going on. They were going out to California to study inner peace. I said, ‘What about the band?’ They said not to worry, we’d pick it up when they got back. That didn’t sit well with me.

“So I ended up meeting another guy who was working in this club. He already had a group. I said, ‘Listen, man, maybe we could put something together.’ I brought over a drummer—that was Stephen [Bladd]—and we started rehearsing. But the band’s manager was real nervous at me coming in and him having nothing to do with it, so he said, ‘Okay, I don’t mind if you guys play. But you gotta keep the name the J. Geils Band.’ I said fine, I didn’t care.”

On this particular weekend, Boston hotels are crawling with high school prom refugees and families in town for graduation ceremonies at several local colleges. Consequently, even at 3:00 Saturday morning, this lobby is a pretty busy place. As he sits talking off in a corner, Peter Wolf is approached by a pack of well-wishers and autograph seekers, whom he obliges with a weary graciousness. “Hee-ey, Peter!” says one finally. “Any chance of gettin’ back with Geils?” Wolf doesn’t say anything for a moment, then manages a wan smile. “Only time will tell.”

Four years after he was asked to leave the band, Wolf is still proud of his seventeen-year tenure with J. Geils. “We left a lot of blood on the stage,” he says quietly. “Literal blood, from knees, drumsticks...and Seth would be constantly bandaging his arms because he hit the keys so hard. It was physically real intense onstage. It was a moment of truth. I don’t think we felt we were stellar players, but we compensated for it with our performances. We had a real traditional sense about that, in the style of the great R&B artists. You *never* messed around onstage; it was a holy place.” One measure of its holiness for Wolf is that he remembers in painful detail each of the shows from those seventeen years in which he knows he didn’t give his all. Total number? “Three or four,” he grimaces.

Preparing for the *Come As You Are* tour presented Wolf with a question: Would he include Geils material in his set, or make it a complete break with the past? “I didn’t know for quite a while,” he admits. “I know certain artists refuse to do their early stuff. But my feeling about it is, when I go to see somebody I’m interested in what songs the person does from their past, their early songs. The Geils stuff is something I spent a good part of my life being part of and helping to create. It would be awkward to deny it. Plus it’ll be interesting to see how it all gels, to see how those songs hold up.”

The Geils Band gigged around Boston and the East for several years before getting a record deal. During part of that time, the manic Wolf also spent a year as late-night deejay at Boston’s WBCN. “A lot of times I’d go on after a gig with the Geils Band, and I’d have to rush back from the club,” he laughs. “It was basically the all-night movin’ & groovin’ show—total open format, from James Brown to Bob Dylan to Sir Douglas

Quintet to Amos Milburn.” Wolf’s show also offered spontaneous on-the-air interviews with friends who stopped by the station—friends like Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Jeff Beck and Wolf’s neighbor Van Morrison. Wolf’s jock days were over by the time Geils cut its first Atlantic album in 1970. In the years that followed, the group released a series of albums that ran from inspired R&B raunch (*The J. Geils Band*, *The Morning After*) and pop adventurism (*Ladies Invited*) to middle-of-the-road boogie workouts (*Hotline*). But the records rarely broke through, and Geils survived primarily as a live band, touring incessantly (“We were so deep in debt that we *had* to be on the road constantly,” avers Wolf) and building a huge following in major cities.

“Every band has a marriage, shall we say,” reflects Wolf, “unless you got like a Who, where Townshend does the songs and passes them along. But usually you’ve got Jimmy Page and Robert Plant: Led Zeppelin. Mick Jagger and Keith Richards: the Rolling Stones. Lennon and McCartney: the Beatles. Glenn Frey and Don Henley: the Eagles. Edge, Bono: U2. With the J. Geils Band, it was Seth Justman and Peter Wolf.”

From *Monkey Island* (1977) onward, however, the marriage started to change. Wolf and Justman had always complemented each other, with Justman’s formal grasp of musicianship counterbalancing Wolf’s intuitive feel for a groove. But now the band started to devote more time and attention to making records, a process that eventually paid off with big hits in *Love Stinks* (1980) and *Freeze Frame* (1981). Justman became more absorbed in production and studio craft, while Wolf remained detached. “Seth was into the technical end,” allows Wolf. “I never was. Why sit around when they were going to spend three or four hours getting the snare sound, or miking the drums? I might come in for the last twenty minutes and let them tinker around the rest of the time.”

Wolf still approaches the details of the breakup with a discretion born of equal parts tact and pain, but it’s clear that egos flared over just who was responsible for the band’s newfound success—“territorial” disputes, Wolf calls them. They were heightened when *Showtime*, a live set that was Wolf’s pet project, stiffed commercially right after the band had hit the top with *Freeze Frame*. “The friction got so great that Seth decided it might be best for us not to continue as a songwriting team. Since we were having problems, he just felt the solution for him would be to work on his own. And he said, ‘If you want to work with other people, fine, I just don’t think we should proceed as a team anymore.’ That’s when I started working on my own, and with people like Don Covay and Michael Jonzun. I was just trying to get some songs. And I presented them to the band just before... Well, they seemed not in the quote-unquote ‘vision’ of where the band was going, and then it was advised that maybe I go my way and they would go theirs. That was basically it.

“That period for me was devastating. I thought if I was ever gonna do the James Stewart jump off the bridge from *It’s A Wonderful Life*, it was then. I really had no idea whether I would prevail. To be sitting here doing my second story for *Musician* magazine was out of the question. That I would even be doing a second album was not conceivable then. It was literally day-by-day. I was like somebody in a car crash who



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On leaving the J. Geils Band: “That period was devastating. I thought if I was ever gonna jump off the bridge, it was then.”

gets rushed to the hospital. Slowly the body readjusts and gets healthier, and you find yourself able to get out of bed, then lift, and then walk, and finally you're back. But it was a total rehab.

“It was a very powerful thing for me, and ultimately, I think it had to be for the other five guys. I haven't heard from them, so I really don't know what they're up to, or how they're thinking. But I know that to shed those hostilities...when I heard all this stuff with David Lee Roth and Van Halen, I thought, ‘I just want to take these two parties and smack the shit out of 'em.’ Listen, the marriage is on the rocks; it didn't happen. But for Van Halen to say that David Lee Roth was never a good singer after all those years was totally unde-



“You never messed around onstage; it was a holy place.”

served. And for David Lee Roth to say the things he said, it really disturbed me, because I know about group psychoses, and I knew the two of them were in this combative competition. It takes enough energy to stay afloat in the music industry without that.

“When you're thrown in the water, first there's this panic of finding out whether you can swim. That was *Lights Out* for me. And then once you realize you're gonna stay afloat, and you start to enjoy getting in the water, it's a whole different sensation. I think I'm at that place right now.”

Track for track, *Come As You Are* is *right there*: sinewy guitars driven forward by an urgent rhythmic attack, singing that embodies previously untold confidence and warmth—all melded to impeccably crafted rock 'n' roll songs. In its range of

musical and emotional textures, it's some of the most fully realized music Peter Wolf has ever made. “*Come As You Are*” captures both the buoyant energy of Sly Stone and the coiled tension of the Rolling Stones. Three of the best songs—the title track, “*Wind Me Up*” and “*Can't Get Started*”—are such joyous, propulsive rock 'n' roll that it's easy at first to overlook the fear of paralysis running through each of them.

Dark as some of its textures are, though, the album is ultimately a celebration; it's simply too vibrant and immediate to be taken any other way. The emphasis on emotional immediacy no doubt owes something to Wolf's love of the old German expressionist painters. “They were great craftsmen,” he explains, “but they weren't into painting pretty pictures. They were into emotional expression in a way that...” Wolf pauses, casting around for examples. “When Jimi Hendrix played ‘*The Star Spangled Banner*,’ that was like German expressionist painting to me. That *was* ‘*The Star Spangled Banner*.’ There was something really savage about it. It's a savage fucking song, after all—*The bombs bursting in air*.’ Whew. That's why the expressionists always appealed to me, and that's why rock 'n' roll and R&B always appealed to me. It was just the expressive nature.”

As he talks, his excitement is palpable. “You know that version of ‘*Unchained Melody*’ Elvis did on his last record?” he asks at one point. Before I can respond, he's off rifling through one of the shelves of albums that line two full walls of the living room. “Man, it's unbelievable.”

After he plays it, Wolf sits back down and continues in the same vein. “When Wilson Pickett sang ‘*I found a love/ Love that I need*,’ I *believed* it. When Elvis sang ‘*Blue Moon*,’ there was such a beauty there that it had total credibility. What was it we loved about *Exile On Main Street*? Here were these guys who got together in this house in the south of France, and they were just throwing passion all over the place. That's what Muddy's essence was when he was really doing it. And Otis Redding. That line in ‘*Dock Of The Bay*’—‘*This loneliness won't leave me alone*.’ That line, all by itself, just...stands.”

To get the feel he wanted for *Come As You Are*, Wolf decided he needed a band, and not just a collection of session players.

WOLF TRAPS

On the *Come As You Are* sessions, guitarist **Jeff Golub** played an ESP Stratocaster with EMG pickups and a Floyd Rose tremolo for rhythm parts; for solos, he used an ESP Mirage, also with a Floyd Rose tremolo, and a '56 Fender Telecaster “for the more raucous parts.”

Skip McDonald played a Fender Stratocaster. At home, **Peter Wolf** avails himself of a little of everything; “I got me a (Fender) Twin Reverb tube, circa 1964, and I got me one of them real early Fender guys—I forget the name. A couple of acoustic guitars—a Gibson, circa 1954, and a Silvertone—and an electric Gibson Melody Maker. I have a Melody Chord spinet piano. Oh, and a humidifier, two black guitar stands, a couple of funky old Hohner Marine Band harmonicas. An old Rhythm Ace to get that lounge groove. And No. 2 pencils, real sharp.” How does he hook the humidifier into it all? “With a MIDI.”

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He missed the camaraderie he'd known with the Geils Band, not to mention the sense of limits: "You live in a barracks," he recalls, "and you don't get away with too much. When I got into music, what really attracted me was the discipline of learning the song and working within the confines of other people. That exerted some control, and it gave me some feedback."

Wolf was also looking to create a musical situation that would sustain the sense of regeneration he'd felt in working with Michael Jonzun's House of Hits crew on his first solo album, *Lights Out*. "These cats were totally uninhibited, very spontaneous and funky and street-oriented. To be around them was very refreshing, down to the whole construction of the drum machines, the basses, the Emulators. Just seeing these fourteen- and fifteen-year-old guys coming over and trading beats all day was incredibly exciting to me. There were such great characters around there: Fast Eddie, Johnny Two Heads. And me and Michael, we'd write like five tunes a day."

"After that whole cataclysmic Geils situation, here were these incredibly talented guys I could rest my wounded wings with. I really got into my music in a non-critical, non-self-conscious way. It was therapeutic. The scene was total music around there. When they weren't playing it, they were arguing about it. Plus, I really liked the immediacy of hip-hop. By the end of the day you could have bass, drums, guitar, voice—you could have a whole record pretty well constructed without having to go in the studio and have everybody sit down in little rooms. It was really quite revolutionary."

"The difference between *Lights Out* and *Come As You Are* was that *Lights Out* was a more structured affair, and *Come As You Are* was more capturing an attitude and a performance—

going through twenty-five or thirty songs and picking out the ones that seemed to relate to everybody, and getting that decisive moment in the studio. I wanted to regain the attitude and personality of really *playing*, rather than a clean, layered, over-produced, perfect-time thing." To illustrate the point, Wolf sings a few bars of "Come As You Are" as if syncopated to a click track, then booms out the same lines while pounding out a surging percussion line on the table.

In other words, Wolf abandoned his quest for the perfect beat in search of the perfect rock 'n' roll *attitude*—one of those words, like "passion," "expressiveness" and "personality," that is never far from his tongue when he talks about music. One key was finding a producer sympathetic to his motives. "I talked to Narada [Michael Walden], who I met through the Aretha thing, Keith Diamond, Alex Sadkin, a whole bunch of people. Most just wanted to do a track or two, which didn't interest me. Also, when I went up to San Francisco and met Narada, he had these studio cats who were really good players, but it was frightening. You felt like if you didn't get what you wanted in the next hour, the players would be off on their next gig. I was looking for some guys who would dedicate themselves to what I was trying to do, and add their own personalities to it."

One day Wolf told his troubles to filmmaker Jonathan Demme, describing his disinterest in the technical details of recording and his frustration in finding the right chemistry with a producer. Demme recommended that he get in touch with Eric "E.T." Thorgren, once the house engineer at Sugar Hill Records (where he worked on the early Grandmaster Flash rap tracks) and a veteran of albums with Talking Heads, the



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Eurythmics and Tom Waits. "Eric Thorngren was a club player at one time," says Wolf. "Played with this group called Bulldog. When I met him, we both had this honest, immediate sense of right-in-your-face rock 'n' roll. We both wanted to make the same kind of record.

"I knew a lot about how I wanted the record before I got to Eric. His great value was in helping to capture the attitude, because he was so into engineering. But not in a techie sense. He was like Sgt. Fury—cigar in one hand, bottle of gin in the other. 'You want a drum sound?' *Blam!* There it was. It was old-style, like country musicians say when you ask if they read music: 'Yeah, but not enough to hurt my playing.' Eric knew technical stuff, but not enough to hurt his engineering."

Wolf's m.o. for assembling the band he wanted was simple enough. "We went around New York and Boston and found guys who were good enough to be session guys, but didn't allow themselves to become victims of that kind of assembly line. A lot of guys, every hour they're not working, they're thinking of how much money they're losing. We obviously didn't want that." Instead, he chased after the less tangible quality of personality. And he got it. "I remember at one point I wanted to take this reggae approach to 'Run Silent Run Deep,'" says Wolf, "and [drummer] Bobby Chouinard just said, 'Hey, don't do it; everybody's got a reggae thing.' So we went off in some other direction, and later he told me he appreciated that, because he couldn't play reggae. Of course he *could*, but it wasn't his wheelhouse, and he wanted to keep his playing honest. I really respected that."

The chosen few gathered in Boston and moved into a hotel together, just a couple of blocks from the Syncro Sound studio

where they recorded. They quickly fell into a routine that eventually produced the album. "We'd walk over from the hotel to the studio together every day," muses Wolf. "We'd all have twelve cups of coffee and pump ourselves up and go in and start rehearsing. And it was great. We had this little Blue Star Lounge routine we'd do every day, where we'd turn the studio into a little jamming club, and different guests would stop by. We ended up having our own little repertoire. We might start the day with 'Chicken Shack' or 'San Jose,' then we'd do five or six more, complete with lounge moves: 'All right, ladies and gentlemen, now we'd like to do a number....' After that we'd take a break and have some coffee and say, 'What do we want to work on today?' And we'd just get into it, then take a break, change some things and go back to it again. Then everybody got into their places and we cut it."

What kind of bandleader was Wolf? "Pete's a real gentleman," says Jeff Golub, one of the band's two guitarists. "He's very, very considerate of everyone's musical contributions, and he's not a guy who will tell you, okay, play that flat seven and maybe a minor third on top—he doesn't know that kind of stuff to tell you. He'll just give you a vibe, an emotion. Like on 'Thick As Thieves,' I have a pretty maniacal solo, and his only instruction was 'Just play a hellacious solo, and don't worry about melody. Go nuts.' He definitely knows what he wants to hear, but he doesn't draw out exactly what you have to do."

The band rehearsed a total of twenty-five new songs, as if preparing to play them live, and Wolf chose eleven to cut for the album. Most are first or second takes, live in the studio except for some overdubbed vocal parts necessitated by lyric changes. During the recording, part of the *Come As You Are*

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David Lee Roth Band

regimen consisted of specific records Wolf played for the band to evoke the spirit he was striving for. "I brought down a lot of stuff, like the Ohio Players and 'Family Affair' by Sly. There was some Eddie Cochran. '17 Days' by Prince. We just tried to get everybody into the same common denominator. We listened to 'There Was A Time' by James Brown when we were doing 'Thick As Thieves.'

In writing the songs, Wolf tried to get at a greater intimacy than he felt his songs had conveyed in the past. By intimacy, though, he did *not* mean heart-on-your-sleeve, singer/songwriter fare. "I don't think it's a great personal revelation record," he declares. "It's more a matter of, well, a lot of artists write good songs, but you don't connect the song with the personality. And I really admire the records that connect with the personality. I was always attracted to the more intimate songs, but it was a range I had trouble reaching. So I tended to shy away from it. But I found it appealing. I mean, what is it about Hank Williams we find so meaningful? There's a credibility there, a sense of lifestyle he captures. The same with Otis Redding. And though Elvis basically didn't write one word of his songs, he brought it to the songs he chose."

Wolf has five solo writing credits on *Come As You Are*, marking the first time he's written without a collaborator. Most of the remaining tracks were written with friend Tim Mayer, a writer with his roots in theater. "Tim has a great knowledge of the traditional American song of the 20s and 30s, and the English-American song tradition dating back to Gilbert and Sullivan. I gained a lot of discipline by working with him, just by virtue of his great sense of song construction—internals and rhyme. We would get together in the afternoon and get all coffee'd up and talk and think and play records. Sorta like we're doing now," says Wolf, "only we'd be trying to write a song. By the end of the day, we always got to an interesting place. Then we'd quit and do some serious drinking, and get up and do the same thing the next day."

A self-deprecating air creeps into Wolf's voice when he's pushed to discuss the particulars of his own work. Time and again, he explains his goals and values in terms of values learned from his heroes, but he's quick to point out, "I tend not to include myself on anything like the level I view these guys. Even mentioning my work in the same breath as Hank Williams or Muddy Waters is a very hard thing to do." You get the feeling Wolf is sensing the brass ring within reach for the first time. And doesn't know quite what to make of that.

"The road that's in front of me is interesting. Just sitting in the office the other day with the person that helps me book the tour and talking about dates and venues and the number of people involved, I realized that I have no idea what 'Peter Wolf' means. People knew J. Geils, but Peter Wolf is a different equation. One of the things I'm still defining for myself is the power and greatness of rock 'n' roll, and just how profound it is. And as the commercial stakes in rock 'n' roll get higher, it gets harder—as we've seen with Prince and a lot of other people—to maintain that edge, that sense that you're dealing with something that can't be bought and sold.

"When you start thinking in terms of 'platinum' and 'demographics,' you can end up not unlike the corporate guy, sitting up in the first-class cabin and going through his *Wall Street Journals* and *Billboards*. A lot of performers get entrapped by that. Then there are the performers who have enough passion to do it without getting entrapped. It's just very hard, because obviously you *do* want your work to have an impact; there's a lot of time and energy and thought behind it. *Come As You Are*, for me, is a beginning to find more of a sense of myself as a solo artist. That means figuring out what

that self was and what that contribution meant previously, and figuring out what I have to do to continue and to grow. I think that's what Eddie Watson is about, and a lot of the records you see around here."

It is no accident that *Come As You Are* happens to be the record Peter Wolf dedicated to his father, an exuberant (if ultimately stifled) musician in his own right. "I remember being around my dad when he was out of work," says Wolf. "I was hooking school a lot in those days, and my mother was going back to school to become a teacher. She became a teacher at one of the 600 schools—very tough places, a lot of really hyped-up kids from emotionally disturbed backgrounds were there. It was the step before prison.

"So she was out of the house. And me, I'd get up and go to school, and sometimes my dad and I would meet back at the house a little later." He laughs. "One time he got this job to do a television show. Merv Griffin was the host, and it was called *Play Your Hunch*. It was sort of a *To Tell The Truth*; there were three people, and two were imposters and one was the real thing. The bit he was doing was the singing waiter. And so there was a singing waiter, a guy who was an insurance salesman, and my dad. I remember being backstage and watching him fussing and getting ready to go on. The first guy went out, sang and talked. The second guy went out and sang 'O Solo Mio,' and did his bit. My father went out, and it was like—I knew the singing was very important to him, because he was a singer, after all. And he got so carried away with it that he mis-set the entire table, and it was real obvious that they knew he wasn't the waiter.

"There was just something about it that was...there was a sadness there. I didn't enjoy seeing him in that situation, knowing how important music was to him. I think when I felt *Come As You Are* to be a real—I mean, *Lights Out* was a response to having to make an album, but this was an album I made at my pace, on my terms, in my time. It was an *achievement* in that way. And somehow I think it was his joy in music—which he was never able to follow through on for economic reasons—that allowed me to achieve it." ❧

EICHER from page 36

with the musicians or we present it to them, sometimes in its finished state, though. Of course, this is a concept which has room for alterations. If a musician insists on a cover based on his ideas, he will get it.

MUSICIAN: *Last question. Solitude is a word that often comes up in your comments. The influence of the North, early Bergman movies. Why is it so important to you?*

EICHER: Yes. Last question, last answer: Since my childhood I felt good being alone. I grew up in a little village at a lake and water was like a magnet. Water and the sound of water have always been a very intense inspiration. I have a real affinity for the north: the north of the north. It's solitude, but not cold.

Night had fallen when we finished talking. The glare from the autobahn outside the windows gave off a pale light in his office. As I turned off the tape recorder Eicher turned to a bookshelf, saying he wanted to read one of his favorite poems, "The Snow Man" by Wallace Stevens, to me:

*Which is the sound of the land
Full of the same wind
That is blowing in the same bare place
For the listener, who listens in the snow,
And, nothing himself, beholds
Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is*

❧



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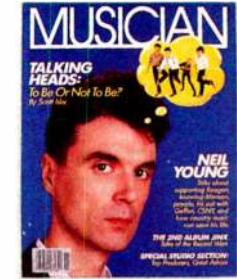
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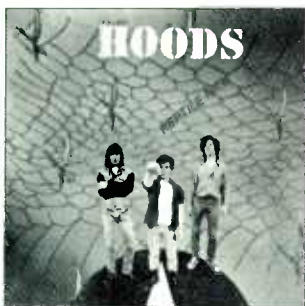
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Reptile Men
(Emergo)

Boston is probably the best city in the country for supporting local bands, and possibly the worst at providing a launch pad for more than regional success. You suspect the elements which make the city so nurturing to aspiring rockers—the enormous college population, its mix of Brahmin sensibilities and hard Townie loyalties, a veneer of sophistication around a core of insularity—are the same factors which help doom their futures. In any event it's telling that a scene as fertile as New York's or L.A.'s can boast but one band of sizable national following over the last ten years (the

Cars), while the superstar ensemble that took Boston's name for its own never played a club there.

Most of the best bands that came of age during Boston's punk/new wave renaissance have by now either quit (Mission of Burma), blown their shot (Nervous Eaters), couldn't sustain one (Robin Lane & the Chartbusters) or never got one (dozens). I'd figured a similar fate for the Neighbors. But *Reptile Men*, a recent release for Emergo Records, doesn't sound like a last gasp; actually, it's more like the rock 'n' roll record of the year.

Led by guitarist and songwriter David Minehan and anchored by drummer Mike Quaglia, the 'Hoods have always sounded raucous and uncompromising, but nine years' experience together—bassist Lee Harrington joined about four years ago—has sharpened their collective vision without softening their punch. Like the Replacements, the Neighbors can give the impression of a power trio about to career off a cliff, but at their center are songs of melodic invention and angry, dark humor, a world view held together as much by Minehan's impassioned singing and slashing guitar as by clipped, deft imagery. True rockers, the Neighbors cast their lot with outsiders and social pariahs; their LP opens with a dreamy romantic snapshot ("Pure And Easy") that's an ironic prelude for the hardscrabble vignettes which follow—notably "Reptile Man" (an Iggy homage) and "Tommy," Harrington's

sentimental eulogy to a bum. The side closes with "Dangerous," an outlaw's credo disguised as a love song and hooked to a Stones-like riff every bit as tough-minded.

Side two, where the seams on most rock albums begin to split, proves only slightly less inspired. On "She Tempts Me" Minehan's siren metaphor suggests broader cultural connotations, while his guitar solo and the thundering bottom of his mates makes a mockery of Van Halen's shallow pyrotechnics. Sometimes his message comes down like a hammer (on "The Man," the line "the man who dies every day" is an unsettling mantra). But just when you think the band can't drive without a pedal to the metal, the 'Hoods construct a strangely moving ballad, in which all the "clichés" in the book are employed for an effect that says something fresh about love.

Coproduced and engineered by Phil Greene, *Reptile Men* is as aurally exhilarating as the sound of your favorite bar, though it doesn't take much to imagine this music rocking an arena (major labels take note). Whether these Neighbors ever do make it out of their own is still open to conjecture, of course. But this feisty, smart, pissed-off, glorious record does encapsulate the raw feeling and character of their city as well or better than any album since X's *Los Angeles*. Put this one on at halftime in the Garden, and believe me, the Celtics would never lose.

— Mark Rowland

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SUN RA ARKESTRA

Reflections In Blue
(Black Saint/PSI)

While Reagan gives us reasons to start throwing rent parties again, this new studio session by Sun Ra and his band give us reasons to welcome them. Call it social music or swing or simply "straight-ahead," but when Ra and the Arkestra reach to the past (as they have for ten years now), their patented verve makes for quite a revival. *Reflections* suggests that they no longer want to be on the avant-garde looking in—this is mainstream jazz with personality to spare, and proof that a groove and Ra are far from incongruous.

Reflections does house a few surprises, the best being superb sound quality. Ra's El Saturn label has often put out great music, but you have to transcend the skunky recording and surface noise to hear it. Not anymore: The leader's DX7 opens "State Street Chicago" with a decidedly crisp stride piano line, and even before the slurpy, four-note riff that punctuates its head drops in, you know this record's got its mix together.

This is also the album that's going to convert those Ra nay-sayers who carp about the Arkestra's sloppiness. Over the years, band cohesion has varied with personnel; it's been a forum as much for under-polished gaffers as for fluent technicians. But the collective execution here ranks with any ace big band's. You can hear it on Pat Patrick's "Nothin' From Nothin'," the album's centerpiece and its most frolicksome ass-kick. A hip chart at once festive and precise, it's equal parts holy roller praise, Crescent City parade blast and roadhouse shout. And on the mellow side of the ledger, get a load of Ra's ersatz crooning on Jerome Kern's "I Dream Too Much." Hey, if Wynton can ape 60s Miles, while Out of the Blue approximates 50s Lee Morgan,

why shouldn't Ra play 40s Ra? The moldy figs are going to be mad again; now he's showing them up on their own turf. — Jim Macnie



THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS

Hot Number
(CBS Associated)
MASON RUFFNER
Gypsy Blood
(CBS Associated)

Dave Edmunds' credentials as a solid producer of roots-conscious rock 'n' roll are in pretty fair order, so the mixed results audible in his current work with the Fabulous Thunderbirds and Mason Ruffner—blues- and R&B-derived players from Austin and New Orleans, respectively—are perplexing. Edmunds put the T-Birds over the top last year with *Tuff Enuff*; that album's title track became the rockin' blues combo's first top forty hit. *Hot Number* is an overly fussy follow-up that ignores the band's bedrock virtues as a live act—frontman Kim Wilson's smoky harmonica work and Jimmie Vaughan's laser-like guitar playing. The instrumental flashpoints on the LP are few and far between, Vaughan's striking, *ba-wanging* solo on the title cut the only notable explosion.

When the T-Birds stay close to their home turf, as they do on the Willie Mabon-like "Love In Common" and the Slim Harpo-styled "Big Man To Cry," the results are evocative. When they try to clone "Tuff Enuff" on the half-hearted and frankly cynical "How Do You Spell Love," or when they misguidedly attempt Southern soul tunes overburdened by Memphis Horns charts, the Fabs are wading into musically troubled waters. Edmunds helps not an iota by turning "It Comes To Me Naturally" and "Don't Bother (Tryin' To Steal Her Love Away)" into carbons of his own work. Hopefully, the sequel to *Hot Number* will

find the Thunderbirds moving back into the alley, where they belong.

Mason Ruffner fares better in Edmunds' hands; *Gypsy Blood* has a virility largely absent from Ruffner's well-played but cautious debut. Edmunds understands that the quickest route to listeners' hearts is through Ruffner's Stratocaster, and the album's battery of saber-toothed solos aren't even dampened by the strings which frequently sweeten the mix. As a singer/writer, Ruffner combines some of the most appealing attributes of Bob Dylan, Mark Knopfler, Tom Petty and Graham Parker. He's still developing his composing skills: the snapping title tune and the snarling "Baby, I Don't Care No More" stand out from the pack. But the kudos (particularly the applause for his guitar work) are deserved—the kid's a comer.

So rack up a .500 average for Edmunds behind the board this season. The vets have struck out swinging, but his neophyte slugger has hit a line shot.

— Chris Morris



L.L. COOL J
Bigger And Deffer
(Def Jam)

The inevitable challenge of a great debut: what to do for an encore. For James Todd Smith—a.k.a. Cool J—that dilemma is intensified. Since the release of *Radio* in late '85, his aggressive, hectoring rap style has been appropriated by a number of rap pretenders, from Eric B to Kool Moe Dee to some clown who actually took Def Jam to court, claiming to be the real L.L. Cool J (the case was thrown out). No wonder Cool J's ".357 Break It On Down" sneers, without naming names, "Imitator of who?! If I imitated someone, it wouldn't be you."

Nonetheless, Smith knows that, this time around, simply being L.L. Cool J won't be enough—hence the claim,

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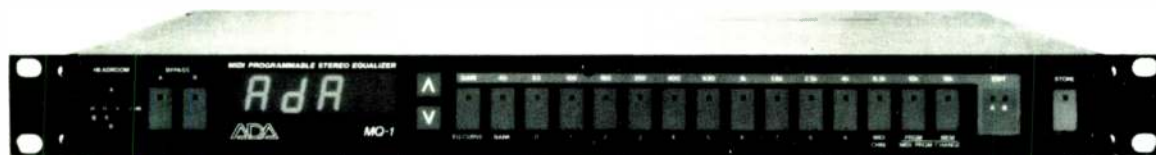
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Bigger And Deffer. That title isn't just braggadocio; his quick wit, brash wordplay and natural musical instincts have once again raised the ante in rap.

As a wordsmith, Cool J has few rap peers. As the long version of "Rock The Bells" showed last year, he isn't one to let his erudition show, and *Bigger And Deffer* comes across as both literate and street-smart (an unfortunately uncommon combination). *Bigger And Deffer* also finds Cool J furthering his reputation as a smooth talker, pulling back his usual snarl to murmur a rap ballad, "I Need Love." *Bigger And Deffer* is a remarkably grown-up bit of work for a nineteen-year-old, from its generally uncondescending view of women to its clear-eyed laugh at the trappings of stardom.

What really makes *Bigger And Deffer* live up to its claim is the way Cool J and his L.A. posse back the tough talk up with equally daring music. It's one thing to preface "I'm Bad" with a snatch of the predictably suspenseful "Theme From S.W.A.T.," quite another to build the chorus of "Kanday" around an artfully scratched bit of James Brown's "I Feel Good." Rap has always depended upon the serendipity of found art—found song, if you like—but Cool J and his DJ, Cut Creator, take that one step beyond, from the Chuck Berry-meets-heavy metal crush of "Go Cut Creator Go" to the dense, multi-layered "Get Down."

None of which guarantees that *Bigger And Deffer* will outsell its predecessor. To a certain extent, Cool J's artistic step forward is almost a step backwards commercially, for in going after the hardcore audience, he automatically excludes himself from "Walk This Way"-style crossover. But so what? *Bigger And Deffer* is just that, and anybody who doesn't like it can go listen to Billy Ocean. — J.D. Considine

THE CURE

Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me
(Elektra)

Cure frontman Robert Smith isn't the most self-conscious fop in British pop—Julian Cope and Morrissey of the Smiths have shared that title for a while. But Smith gives them a run for the money with this portentous and overblown double LP. *Kiss Me* could've been edited to one merely mediocre disc, but every band is entitled to its *Heaven's Gate*, and this is surely the Cure's.

Singing like a petulant Little Lord



Fauntleroy whining for a teacake, Smith takes us on a journey through a gothic nightmare of love worthy of Ken Russell. The titles tell a lot: "Torture," "The Snake Pit," "If Only We Could Sleep." Smith is obviously having a few problems in the realm of the senses. He converts those problems into purple prose so laughably lurid even Jim Morrison would've thrown them away. Desperate lovers metamorphose into vampire bats while screeching at their significant other, "You're a slug, an animal, kiss me, kiss me, I wish you were dead." Come on, Bob, get a grip on yourself!

A lugubrious record staggering under the weight of foggy production and psychedelic effects, *Kiss Me* is riddled with pilferings from home and abroad. There's Chic's trademark riff holding "Hot, Hot, Hot" together, the formulaic movie soundtrack classicism of "A Thousand Hours," and what sounds like a Psychedelic Furs outtake, "All I Want." The group even rips itself off with "Icing Sugar," which is essentially a speeded-up retreat of the Cure's hit, "Let's Go To Bed." These four songs—and every other cut on the record—provide Smith with opportunities to roam through the silky veils of ardor, sniffing with self-pity every step of the way. Apparently Smith sees the pursuit of "the perfect girl" (the title of a particularly unctuous track) as some kind of noble mission fraught with peril, and he makes sure we know he's dancing with danger by swamping every song with gloomy, doomy, boomy bass. In the words of PeeWee Herman, "Ooohh, scary!" — Kristine McKenna

WARREN ZEVON

Sentimental Hygiene
(Virgin)

Warren Zevon sounds like he's just fought a war on *Sentimental Hygiene*. The husky-voiced Lost Angelino always went to harrowing extremes in his tales,

of course, but while previous LPs hinted at impending disaster, this one suggests he's survived it, and with sanity intact. Not his most daring effort, it may still be Zevon's toughest, smartest, most compelling album since *Excitable Boy*, which is saying something.

Despite a five-year layoff, Zevon sings with his usual rugged authority, whether seeking emotional rescue in the weary title track or celebrating the manly sport of boxing with a martial salute to "Boom Boom Mancini." Ostensibly a macho essay, the song attains greater resonance when he emphatically proclaims, "If you can't take the punches, it don't mean a thing." In the Ring of Life, you'd best believe Warren's absorbed a few rough shots himself.

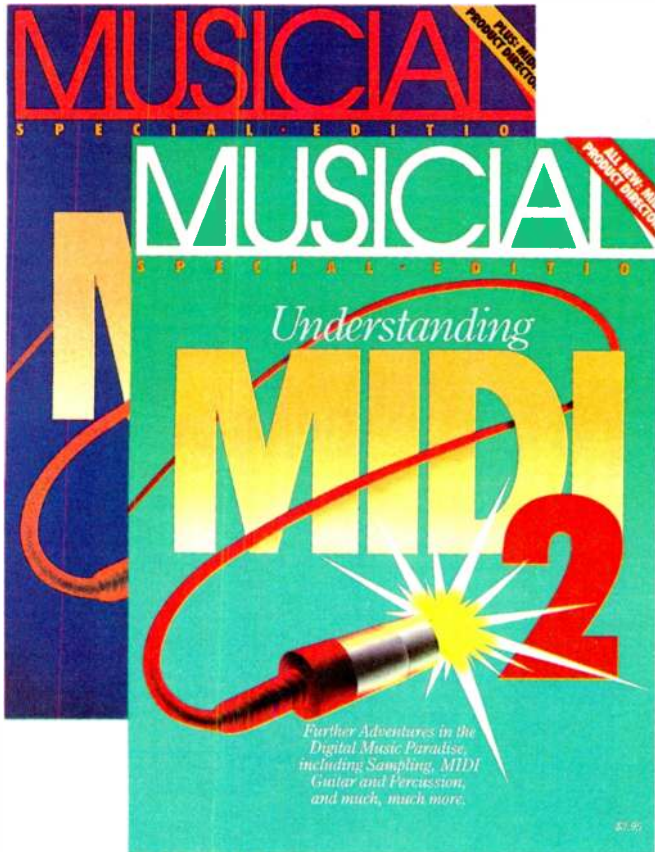
Fortunately, plenty of black humor leavens the trek through hell. "Trouble



Waiting To Happen" and "Bad Karma," complete with amusing dashes of sitar and bowed saz, offer woeful uptempo jokes, continuing the self-mocking tradition "Poor Poor Pitiful Me" began way back on his debut LP. Turning the firepower on others, the boogified "Even A Dog Can Shake Hands" mocks show-biz weasels, while "Detox Mansion" takes sardonic jabs at rehab clinics of the rich and famous. As David Lindley sizzles on lap steel, Zevon reports, "I've been rakin' leaves with Liza/ Me and Liz clean up the yard." If only kicking bad habits was really so groovy.

Speaking of celebs, *Sentimental Hygiene* has a heap: from Bob Dylan and George Clinton to Brian Setzer and Neil Young (supplying a striking guitar fill), and for the kids, Peter Buck, Mike Mills and Bill Berry of R.E.M. All these pals play just fine—Berry has a field day pretending he's Charlie Watts—but there's no upstaging the star. His brooding presence gives even derivative tracks like "Leave My Monkey Alone" (shades of Gabriel) and "The Factory" (Springsteen) a sharp edge.

Although a broad streak of brutality runs through his work, Zevon's just as much a softie as buddy Jackson Browne



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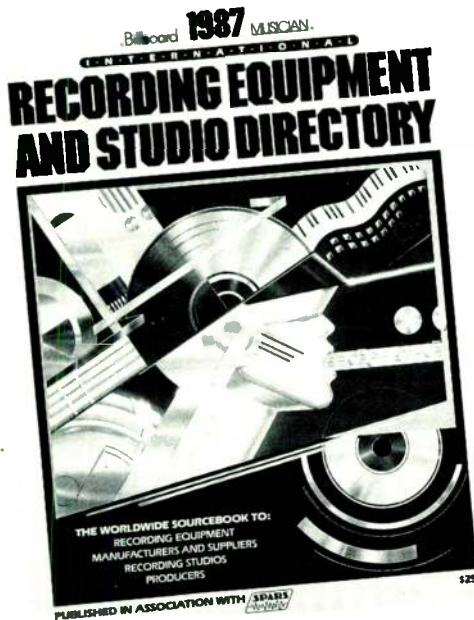
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underneath the growl. The two “sensitive” tunes, “Reconsider Me” and “The Heartache,” provide clear evidence of an old-fashioned romanticism implicit in the harder songs. Nasty or nice, *Sentimental Hygiene* is the fascinating sound of one man spilling his guts. — **Jon Young**



MARSHALL CRENSHAW

Mary Jean & 9 Others
(Warner Bros.)

Marshall Crenshaw's self-titled debut lived in my car and on my turntable for months. I still listen to it, and though Crenshaw has made two mediocre records since that stunning album, with the fervor of a true believer I keep thinking he'll get it together again. It could happen. But not here.

Or maybe if I liked *Marshall Crenshaw* a little less, I'd have more patience with *Mary Jean & 9 Others*. For it's not that the songs on *Mary Jean* are bad; they're just lifeless. In days gone by, Marshall's music wasn't merely tasteful, it was hot—just try to drive the speed limit with “Rockin' Around In NYC” blaring on your tape deck. That's one problem; his new songs don't send much blood racing to the feet. “This Is Easy” opens the record with deceptively soothing sentiments and a sensible tempo to please your grandmother. Crenshaw's retro-rock, no-frills songwriting style is above reproach, of course, but a little fire wouldn't hurt. As incendiary pop, “Mary Jean” is no “Mary Anne.”

Don't blame the band. Still a trio, it revolves around Crenshaw's Hollyesque vocals and guitar playing, brother Robert's metronomic snare popping and new bassist Graham Maby (a refugee from Joe Jackson's band). Producer Don Dixon and Mitch Easter give the guitars more texture, while Marti Jones and Tom Teeley add weight on vocals. But the formula's no substitute for first-rate

melodies, once Crenshaw's ace. He titles one song “Wild Abandon,” but, like the guy in *Diner*, never gets around to proving the point.

It's telling that the record's best moment is a cover of Peter Case's “Steel Strings,” a wistful tale of stardom past its peak. At first the song's arrangement is subdued, paralleling the tension in the verse; then it coils around an extended guitar solo that suggests Crenshaw's about to snap a string or two himself. But after that the storm recedes, as if his effort was too exhausting to sustain. It seems like sacrilege to say so in this era of “Just Say No,” but a little speed—any kind—would give *Mary Jean* some needed life. — **Sharon Liveten**



ROGER WATERS

Radio K.A.O.S.
(Columbia)

Every few years a special kind of album emerges. An album fueled by fundamental wrong-headedness, colossal ineptitude and a perversely fascinating inability to communicate even the simplest idea without wrapping it in pretension. An album you can't even snicker at, mainly because it is so painful to hear. *Radio K.A.O.S.*, Roger Waters' second concept album since leaving Pink Floyd, is such an album.

Radio K.A.O.S. is the story of Benny, a Welsh coal miner who loves his ham radio, and his twin brother Billy, who is a vegetable. For reasons too complicated and random to encapsulate, Billy disembowels telephones and Benny gets shipped off to America (and oh yeah, Benny and Billy's great-uncle David feels guilty because he invented the atom bomb). Benny befriends an obnoxious Los Angeles disk jockey and Billy saves the world from nuclear destruction. The album ends.

I am relating the story because there

is no music to write about. In Pink Floyd's later albums, Waters' relatively straightforward individual songs helped carry his convoluted storylines. But *Radio K.A.O.S.* offers sound effects instead of arrangements and jarring increases in volume to cloak an inability to convey either emotions or melodies. Individual songs are incomprehensible without the lengthy libretto, and their lyrics are heavy-handed (“How'd you make a have out of a have-not?”), muddled (“They like fear and loathing/ They like sheep's clothing”), or received (“Forgive me father for I have sinned/ It was either me or him”). Worst of all is Waters' voice, so burned out from years of screaming that you can almost smell the ashes.

Radio K.A.O.S. is what happens when an aging pop performer deludes himself into thinking that his ideas are so grand they transcend pop-song form. It should be treated as a joke—and a warning. — **Jimmy Guterman**

RECORDERS' from page 50

track) and hit the record and play buttons at the same time to record silence between the two marks. *Carefully* stop the erasure by hitting the stop button; thread the tape back between the capstan and pinch roller, and play the track. You should hear two snare beats with absolutely nothing in between.

Caveat!! Some machines will “pop” in and out of record. If this is so in your case, you cannot use this technique. However, most newer and better machines won't do this. Also some engineers will thread the tape “backwards” around the capstan/pinch roller so the tape winds and records backwards. I don't recommend this because you are still dependent upon the mechanics of the machine (brakes, start-up tension, etc.) to control the erasure, and if they are the slightest bit off, you can “clip” the beginning or end of the snare envelope.

It may take you a while, but just think, no more unwanted mouth noises, breaths or headphone feedback squeals on vocal tracks; no more buzzy, hummy guitars; no more splashy high-hat leakage on the snare; no more noises at the beginning or end of a tune; no more nothin' you don't want!!

P.S.—In the second and third paragraphs of my last column, the term “compressor” was incorrectly substituted for “noise reduction.” The way it read suggested that a compressor, instead of noise reduction, will “envelope a sound in silence.” The exact opposite is true; if anything, a compressor will add a hiss. ☐

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(PolyGram)

This is the sort of collection that makes you get down on your knees and pray. PolyGram has pulled the junk from the obese Keynote box, boiled down what's left, added a few unissued tracks and put it on fourteen CDs. Everything works: Not only were the original recordings well made, but they're in pristine condition so they transfer well. Oh, yeah, the music—Teddy Wilson, Lester Young, four CDs of Coleman Hawkins, Red Norvo, Nat King Cole, Lennie Tristano, Roy Eldridge, incredible Earl Hines, Benny Carter, early white bebop, and a slew of Ellingtonians.

Michele Rosewoman

Quintessence (Enja)

Quintessence sounds fresh—hell, even exciting. That's partly due to Rosewoman's compositions. Though occasionally overwritten, they eschew clichés. She'll use huge interval skips and trills, mix up rhythms and avoid banal voicings. She's also tied into a group of the most exciting young players to arrive since David Murray. Saxophonists Greg Osby and Steve Coleman, and drummer Terri Lynne Carrington, who play together in different cooperative bands, do some burning.

Joanne Brackeen

Fi-Fi Goes To Heaven (Concord)

Like Rosewoman, Brackeen's hired some young burners—Terence Blanchard and Branford Marsalis—to do the frontlining. The play works, with Marsalis spewing out rhythmically persistent solos. But there's a difference: *Fi-Fi* sounds like a hardened version of Jazz. A fine player and composer, Brackeen hasn't addressed the problem of making an individual sound out of the elements

she uses. Not to dish the record too much, it's solid, but with all that talent and imagination, you expect more than more of the same.

Steve Turre

Viewpoint (Stash)

Using Jon Faddis on trumpet, Akua Dixon on cello, Mulgrew Miller, Peter Washington, and Idris Muhammed in the rhythm section, Turre has made a record that breathes intelligence. Part of that is due to an acute sense for small group arranging—his versions of J.J. Johnson's "Lament" and "In A Sentimental Mood" are textbook examples of what to do with familiar material. He's also produced a record that sounds as if the musicians are playing comfortably from *within* a style (though he does a historical number on us, the language is bebop), making alterations out of knowledge, not ignorance. This record reawakens the idea that something good can come out of an old language.

Hilton Ruiz

Something Grand (RCA)

Ruiz's first solo album sings praises to early 60s Blue Note: It's funky, with intelligent, occasionally dissonant horn charts. They're played by Sam Rivers, Steve Turre and Lew Soloff, who unleash tough solos. Chattering percussion and Ruiz's own precise and percussive soloing keep the record exciting; lots of nods to Ruiz's Puerto Rican background tie the date to one of the many streams that feed the jazz tradition.

Wayne Horvitz

The President (Dossier/N.M.D.S.)

The downtown improv scene—Elliott Sharp, Bill Frisell, Bobby Previte, Doug Wieselman—show their roots in... Little Feat! Not a bad idea though; Horvitz has

combined a minimalist/soundtrack sensibility with a Meters/Little Feat groove. The music's pretty, and effective, considering it doesn't stray far from its sources, and posits a slightly disinfected view of funky. (500 Broadway, New York, NY 10012)

Arnold Dreyblatt & the Orchestra of Excited Strings

Propellers In Love
(Kunstlerhaus/N.M.D.S.)

Sort of like a Rhys Chatham/Glenn Branca overtone fest. But the acoustic instruments make the music sound folksy, less like a production than people coming together to make music one winter afternoon. Minimalist pulse music, it makes me want to go to Soho, untune my guitar and be a composer.

Billie Holiday

In Rehearsal (Mobile Fidelity CD)

Recorded in 1954, this session with Jimmy Rowles on piano and Artie Shapiro on bass was originally released in a limited edition of 1000. A voyeur's dream, Holiday tells stories—about Charlie Shavers getting drunk and closing down a recording date for Holiday when she really needed the money, for instance. In between are songs—"Just Friends," "Prelude To A Kiss"—plus arranging comments. Some of the pieces are excruciatingly bad, others better than functional.

Masqualero

Bande A Part (ECM)

Moody, post-Miles playing and writing by a Scandinavian quintet including Arild Andersen on bass and Jon Christensen on drums. Northern, chilly emotionalism, Bergmanesque except for the occasional eruptions of the horn players. For sensualists who have good stereos.

BY PETER WATROUS



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Professor Longhair

House Party New Orleans Style (Rounder)

The title says it all. These newly found, previously unreleased tapes of the Crescent City's piano patriarch kick your shakin' butt. Subtitled "The Lost Sessions, 1971-1972," the tracks were made after a long stretch of non-recording by Fess, but the raucous grace that Longhair displays throughout makes it sound like he'd been pounding his upright non-stop. Ensemble cohesion isn't always the greatest, but what you're listening for here is the master's keyboard prowess (available at every turn), his bodacious pseudo-yodel (ditto) and (on about half the cuts) Ziggy Modeliste's skeletal snare crack. (1 Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140)

— Jim Macnie

Cal Tjader

Cal Tjader Plays Harold Arlen (Fantasy OJC)

Vibraphonist Tjader knows the value of economy and the natural economy of a strong melody; along with Gershwin and Harry Warren, Harold Arlen was arguably the finest pure songwriter of a time when melodies were paramount. One side of this reissue features a quartet (including Willie Bobo and the understated pianist Buddy Mottson) effervescent cocktail jazz, the other includes ambitious and occasionally intrusive string arrangements. But each approach allows an architectural appreciation for classics like "Come Rain Or Come Shine," "Ill Wind" and "Over The Rainbow." Mix yourself a highball, and enjoy. (10th and Parker Sts., Berkeley, CA 94710) — Mark Rowland

Robert Fripp

Robert Fripp & The League Of Crafty Guitarists (Editions EG)

Fripp's ensemble is rigorously linear, sort of like post-modernist minimalist Elizabethan. Fripp's symmetrical use of fifteen acoustic guitars refracts the chamber-like grace his Frippertronic tape loop solos always gravitated to-

ward, and suggests common ground for progressive (rock?) schools and modernist composition. (JEM Records, Box 362, 3619 Kennedy Road, S. Plainfield, NJ 07080) — Chip Stern

Duke Robillard

Swing (Rounder)

Roomful of Blues founder Duke Robillard's earned a reputation as New England's premier blues guitarist; with this record, he's emerged as a formidable jazz talent. Teamed with Providence, Rhode Island boyhood pal Scott Hamilton's quintet, Robillard rips through vintage tunes by Sid Catlett, Jay McShann and Tiny Grimes as well as a handful of salty originals with reverence and hot-dogging panache. (Roomful, which he left in 1979, was originally patterned after Buddy Johnson's Orchestra.) His enthusiasm's enough to coax even formalist Hamilton into loosening his collar and letting his tenor wail. — Ted Drozdowski

The Jimi Hendrix Experience

Live At Winterland (Rykodisc)

If the Beatles CDs didn't make you run out and buy a compact disc player, this one probably will. A CD-only release, *Live At Winterland* offers seventy-two previously unreleased minutes drawn from a three-night stint in late 1968. The sound is way better than you'd expect. The performances, less joyous than enthusiastic, include the usual greatest hits and then some—like Cream's "Sunshine Of Your Love." This is what it was like. (Pickering Wharf, Building C-3G, Salem, MA 01970) — Scott Isler

Crazy Backwards Alphabet

Crazy Backwards Alphabet (SST)

Imagine Captain Beefheart writing for Little Feat and you'll nearly have a handle on Crazy Backwards Alphabet. Avant-guitar eccentric Henry Kaiser and company (including ex-Dregs bassist Andy West) merrily careen from accessibility to extremism, singing about crustaceans and tattoos while mixing pop,

blues and improvisation. Highlights are Kaiser's lacerating slide and dizzy dissonance; the band's giddy melodicism and hairpin rhythmic turns; free jam freakouts "The Welfare Elite," "Dropped D" and "Ghosts"; and a killer cover of "La Grange," bellowed Khrushchev-style. (P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260) — Ted Drozdowski

Various Artists

The 20th Anniversary Of The Summer Of Love (Shimmy Disc)

Don't take the title wrong: This isn't another psychedelic compilation, just a large palmful of the lesser-known downtown Manhattan bands (and kindabands) getting a chance to holler about '67 for a couple of minutes, whether they remember those superfine days or not. Project's guided by Kramer, ex-Shockabilly key-man, and because he keeps the lengths short on these twenty-three cuts, this thing covers mucho ground (like Elliot Sharp's *State Of The Union* did). Half Japanese flirts with "normality" (emote, Jad, emote!), Krackhouse goes through the Beatles' drawers better than Nike does, and Fish and Roses eschew yelling for smarts. But beware: Ginsberg's "center of the flesh" quotes aren't even cool enough to melt candles by. (Box 1187, New York, NY 10116) — Jim Macnie

Bola Sete And His

New Brazilian Trio

Autentico! (Fantasy OJC)

Put the chromatic agility of Django in the service of a liquid bossa nova beat and you begin to get a fix on Bola Sete, a giant talent who passed away last year. Several of his 60s OJC's have just been re-released, of which this, his first outing with a sympathetic Brazilian trio, is the best. Sete absorbs and transforms sources from mainstream jazz to classical to folk without breaking a sweat, the effect of enormous technique and natural rhythmic grace. Like Wes Montgomery's, Sete's guitar solos are suitable for "easy listening," but their subtle pleasures expand with each listen. On red vinyl. — Mark Rowland

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SLY & ROBBIE from page 42

"We have so many reggae solo albums out that people probably don't know about, because they were only released in Jamaica," says Sly. "We made funk albums for other people, like Grace and Gwen Guthrie. And we said to ourselves, 'These people are getting played on popular radio, which reggae is not. Let's make an album like that and see if it works.' It did. We're trying to get new fans. Once they come into the funk, they're going to have to come into the reggae, because that's where we're going to take them. We're not going to stop playing reggae."

The duo plans to spend a little less time on the road this year and more time in the studio. They recently produced tracks for England's Curiosity Killed the Cat and are preparing to go into the studio with reggae artist Maxi Priest. But one reggae act that they *won't* be

producing in the near future is Black Uhuru. Since winning that Grammy in '85 the group has gone through a tumultuous series of changes. Lead singer Michael Rose quit, to be replaced by Junior Reid, and the group left Island for the comparatively tiny, independent RAS label.

"What happened with Michael is he let the pat on the back get to his head," says Robbie of Rose's departure. "A lot of people used to tell him, 'Yes, you are good, you are hard.'"

Black Uhuru is hardly the only Jamaican group to leave Island in recent years. Chris Blackwell and his label have become highly unpopular in certain reggae camps. In interviews, Peter Tosh has been known to make deprecating remarks about "Mr. Whiteworst." And on his vituperative 1985 single "Judgment In A Babylon (Chris Blackwell Is A Vampire)," Lee "Scratch" Perry accuses the label chief of every-

thing from plotting Bob Marley's death to shortchanging his reggae acts in order to better promote his white groups. Sly & Robbie, however, don't see it that way and have stuck with Island.

"Me and Sly were in the same situation, the same environment as [Tosh and Perry]," Robbie contends. "We were all with Island and around Chris. And we don't really see none of what they say. To me, Chris is no thief. And he's no vampire, as Scratch says. To us, Chris is like a father. We call him daddy sometimes."

"Chris has done for us what I don't think any other record company would have done," adds Sly. "He took us up when barely anybody in America knew Robbie and Sly, and he put us behind Grace Jones. We can't thank him enough for that. Nobody else put us behind any of their main acts."

Now Blackwell is joining the Riddim Twins in the gamble *they'll* be the main act. Is it a good bet? "Everything takes time," philosophizes Sly. "It's better when an artist grows and has a stock of past records. You have to say to yourself, 'I wonder if the world is ready for Sly & Robbie? Sly & Robbie think they're ready for the world, but maybe the whole world isn't ready for them.'"

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TIPPER from page 56

government's power to restrict expression. So the FCC is empowered to restrict expression. That's censorship.

No, I don't agree that that's censorship. In the first place, whatever action the FCC would take has to be legitimate legal action, which is not censorship. You're going at this from what I would like to suggest is a very narrow perspective, trying to prove that I want to censor, and I do not. If the FCC has the responsibility to provide the oversight function to the broadcast industry, we should encourage them to do it in the public interest. That's legitimate.

If your husband is elected President, what sort of people would you want him to appoint to the FCC? Would you want them to enforce the previous standard of not allowing the seven dirty words? Or would you want them to stay with the new standard ["language or material that depicts or describes, in terms patently offensive as measured by contemporary community standards for the broadcast medium, sexual or excretory activities or organs" which has made life hell for radical radio stations]?

That's a tough question. Because I don't think it's up to me to say who I

continued on next page

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would want on the FCC. I have a strong view that the FCC is mandated to serve the public interest. I have been concerned about violence and explicit language and obscenity for over ten years now. What are these images teaching our children?

Would your husband appoint you to the FCC?

Of course not.

Would he ask your advice?

I would not feel it proper for me to try to influence who he appointed to the FCC. That's not a proper role for me.

One of the videos you complain about in your book is "Hot For Teacher" by Van Halen. Your six-year-old son asked, "Mom, why is the teacher taking off her clothes?" and you became very upset. What was the big deal? There wasn't anything revealed that you wouldn't see in a Sunday Times Magazine lingerie ad, of which there are about 150 every week.

Let me take you through that video. In the first place, there are only boys in the audience, it was in a classroom, and it was a teacher who throws off her trenchcoat, and she's wearing a string bikini, and she jumps on top of the desk...

You don't think there are string bikinis in the New York Times?

Not moving around, and not being ogled by young boys who look like they're twelve or thirteen.

You don't think young boys should have sexual fantasies about their teachers?

You said what's the difference, and I'm telling you.

And I'm telling you that video is harmless. And if you think it's harmful, you can tell your kid not to watch it anymore.

I did. And it's not that I think it's so harmful that it's going to bring democracy down. I'm just saying my children may pick up on the sexuality in there. And I'm perfectly willing as a parent to discuss sexuality with them if they want to. I'm very open with my children. My point is, many people might not expect images that explicit for younger kids on MTV. It's a new development.

I had sexual fantasies about my teachers as early as kindergarten. If I'd seen that video when I was six, it would have alleviated a lot of my guilt and validated my masculinity.

That's because you're a man. A lot of the discussion on this is gender-related. And I find it much harder to have men understand that women are somewhat more distressed about the exploitation of female sexuality. Even my two girls began to pick up on it, and we did have some interesting discussions about it.

And I bet you set them straight.

That's right. I did.

So they weren't harmed by that video, were they?

But they could be in the future, in the sense of if they can't get equal pay for equal work when they're twenty-one. Maybe they could be harmed then. Who are we to say?

As I say, I enjoyed arguing with Gore. She is difficult to dislike on a personal level. But there is something eerie about her, as there is with almost everyone connected with national government. She might as well have been on Mars during the 60s, when America's underbelly gave a well-deserved dose of gastroenteritis to the body politic. When I asked about this, she said she recalled the 60s as a time when there was more music "that parents and children could enjoy together," that even the protest songs then had a message of "love, peace and hope," whereas now you have bands recommending "why don't you kill your parents." I pointed out that after *Sgt. Pepper*, the most influential record during the Summer of Love was the Doors' first album, which had a twelve-minute song about killing your parents. The Fugs, on a national label, were singing "I feel like home-made shit." The most famous line of the MC5, supporters of the White Panthers in Detroit, was "kick out the jams, motherfuckers." Most of the best music was clearly acid influenced.

"You really think that?" she asked.

I pointed out that even a bonehead like William Safire, the *New York Times* columnist who wrote Spiro Agnew's speeches denouncing rock 'n' roll in 1970, would agree with that. I asked if she thought the FCC should ban those songs now.

"They're not going to ban songs in our country," she said. "That's not going to happen, for Pete's sake."

It was news to her that the FCC had indeed tried to ban twenty-two "drug-oriented" songs in 1971, but had withdrawn the list only after much protest by civil libertarians. That's why *Musician* recommends that rock 'n' roll fans let all the Presidential candidates know it's not okay to make social conservatives happy by destroying radio. *Musician* also recommends sending money to help pay for the Dead Kennedys' lawsuit to: No More Censorship Defense Fund, P.O. Box 11458, San Francisco, CA 94101.

Please see Ad Index & Reader Service on page 19



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Throughout the entire line, a superior acoustic damping system makes use of a mesh screen and photo-silkscreen technology. The benefits are extraordinary long-term stability and absolute uniformity. This uniformity can be especially important when matching pairs of mics for stereo.

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To reduce handling noise, all MZ mics have a unique three-point floating suspension system. And a special windscreen with three times the impact resistance of conventional types. So you know it can take a pounding.

We even use gold-plated audio connectors.

But when you listen to Yamaha MZ mics, you hear more than the result of advanced technology. You hear a one-hundred-year tradition of making music.

For complete information, write Yamaha International Corporation, Professional Audio Division, P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622.



YAMAHA
Engineering Imagination



Gold-plated Connectors

Three-point Suspension System

Acoustic Resistor

Protective Grill

Beryllium Diaphragm ("Be" models)