FLOOD: PRODUCING DEPECHE MODE, U2, AND NINE INCH NAILS

MUSICIAN

MAY 1993

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN

HIS UNTOLD STORY

INSIDE PJ HARVEY
CHANGING THE RULES OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

WHAT? ME A GENIUS?
THE WONDER OF
WORLD PARTY

0 71486 02912 0 05

£2.25 UK $3.75 CANADA ISSUE No 175

FOREVER MAN

< Psychic Penetration >

LIVING COLOUR STAIN

ONCE IT SINKS IN, IT'S PERMANENT.

Featuring "Leave It Alone"

Produced by Ron Saint Germain and Living Colour. Management: Seriously Inc.

Living Colour

epic

ART INTRODUCES THE FIRST BREAKTHROUGH IN GUITAR AMP TECHNOLOGY IN 25 YEARS!!!

THE MIRACLE OF CARBON FIBER COMPOSITE TECHNOLOGY!!!

The World's First Carbon Fiber Guitar Amplifiers!

The secret to the incredible output capacity of the ATTACK MODULE guitar amplifiers lies in the space-age Carbon Fiber cabinets. This is the same material used in the wings of jet fighter aircraft for its incredible strength and rigidity. It is many times the density of wood, but only a fraction of the weight. Because it is one of the stiffest and most non-resonant materials on earth, it can be used for speaker enclosures that are practically vibration free. With nearly all of the Attack Modules' 100 watts being converted to acoustic energy, the sheer volume can blow away full sized stack systems. But the world's most advanced speaker enclosure is not the only technical breakthrough in the ATTACK MODULES.....

100 HEARTSHAKING WATTS IN STEREO!!!!!
Sound pressure levels like you've never heard in your life!

The best enclosure in the world can only sound as good as its' source. The preamplification section of the ATTACK MODULES utilizes a genuine glowing, tuned 12 AX7 circuit coupled with vintage pre and de-emphasis. The range of sounds is stunning. It can growl like the best vintage tweeds. It can shred a metal sound that utterly screams. . With the power of one hundred deafening watts of stereo amplification, the results are incredible!

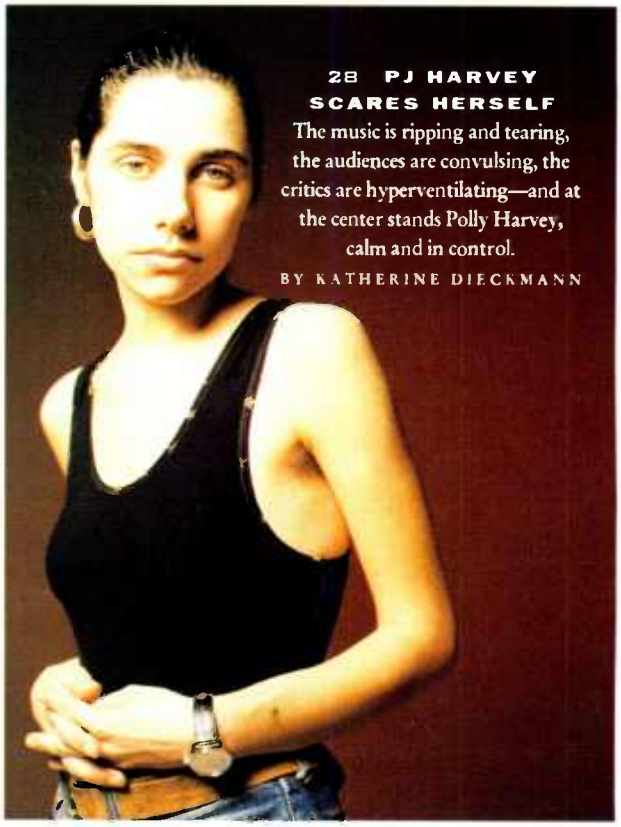
QUAD-S SONIC STEREO SPATIAL SURROUND!!
The first guitar amps that surround the player!

Quad-S (Sonic Stereo Spatial-Surround) is a breathtaking new Spatial Surround effect that makes your instrument sound like it's coming from multiple locations. Using Quad-S with the rich, on-board chorus and reverb in the ATTACK MODULES is a lush, surrounding, room filling experience! The concept is simple, but the technology involved is monumental. The results are beautiful. Once you've heard it, you'll never want to play without it.

APPLIED RESEARCH AND TECHNOLOGY 215 TREMONT ST. ROCHESTER N.Y. 14608 716-436-2720 FAX 716-436-3942

CONTENTS

MUSICIAN MAGAZINE
MAY 1993 • ISSUE NO. 175



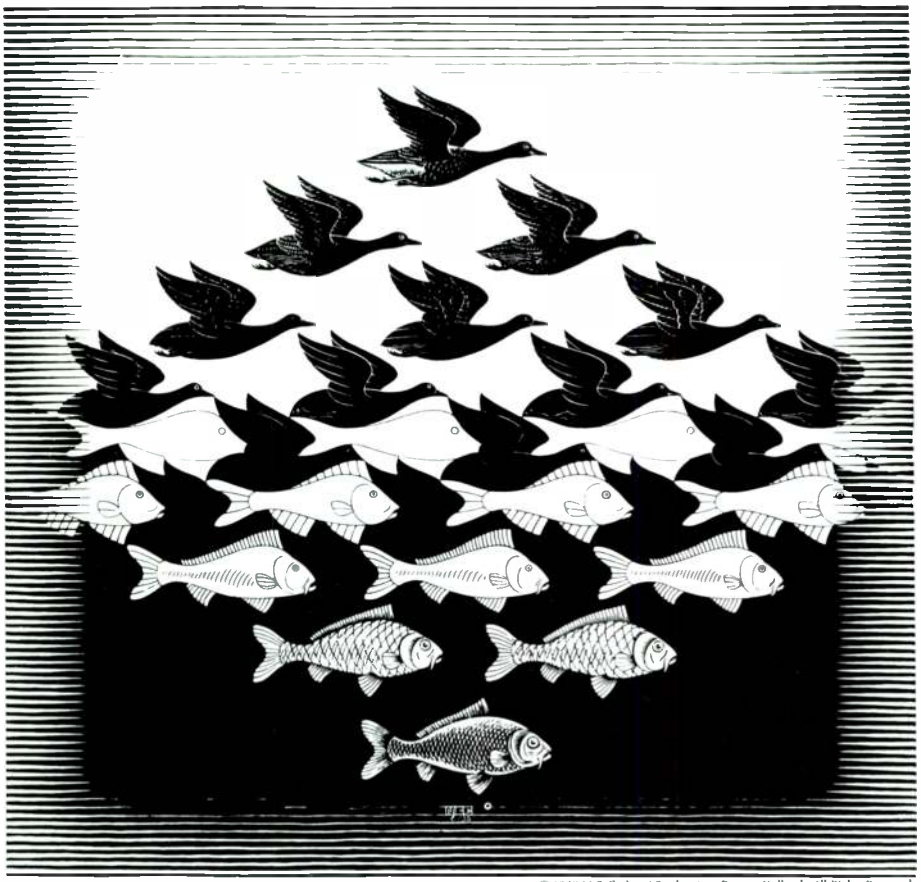
WORKING MUSICIAN

DEPARTMENTS

COVER
Karl Wallinger by Kevin Westenberg; Stevie Ray Vaughan by Ebet Roberts.

PHOTOGRAPH (TOP) DEBORAH FEINGOLD

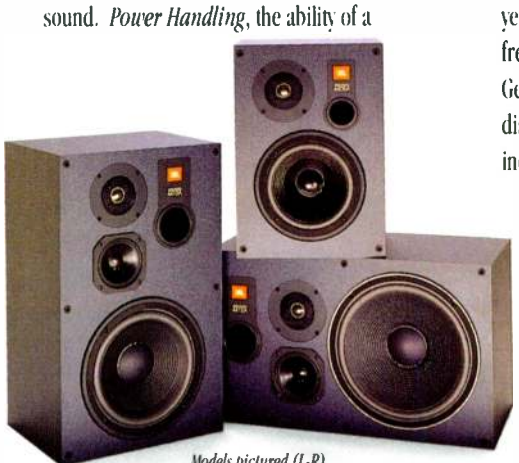
If you think only your eyes can play tricks on you...



Study the illustration. Are the geese becoming fish, the fish becoming geese, or perhaps both? Seasoned recording engineers will agree that your eyes *and* your ears can play tricks on you. In the studio, sometimes what you think you hear isn't there. Other times, things you don't hear at all end up on tape. And the longer you spend listening, the more likely these aural illusions will occur.

The most critical listening devices in your studio are your own ears. They evaluate the sounds that are the basis of your work, your art. If your ears are deceived, your work may fall short of its full potential. You must hear everything, and often must listen for hours on end. If your studio monitors alter sound, even slightly, you won't get an accurate representation of your work and the potential for listener fatigue is greatly increased.

This is exactly why our engineers strive to produce studio monitors that deliver sound with unfailing accuracy. And, why they create components designed to work in perfect harmony with each other. In the laboratory, they work with quantifiable parameters that do have a definite impact on what you may or may not hear. *Distortion*, which effects clarity, articulation, imaging and, most importantly, listener fatigue. *Frequency Response*, which measures a loudspeaker's ability to uniformly reproduce sound. *Power Handling*, the ability of a loudspeaker system to handle the wide dynamic range typical of the digital domain. And, finally, *Dispersion*, which determines how the system's energy balance changes as your listening position moves off axis.



Models pictured (L-R)
3-Way 10" 4410A, 2-Way 8" 4408A and 3-Way 12" 4412A

The original 4400 Series monitors have played a major role in recording and broadcast studios for years. Today, 4400 Series "A" models rely on low frequency transducers with Symmetrical Field Geometry (SFG™) magnet structures and large diameter edgewound ribbon voice coils. They incorporate new titanium dome tweeters, oriented to create "Left" and "Right" mirror-imaged pairs. Refined crossover networks use conjugate circuit topology and tight tolerance components to give 4400A Series monitors absolutely smooth transition between transducers for perfect imaging and unparalleled power response.

If you're looking for a new pair of studio monitors, look into the 4400A Series. We think you'll find them to be a sight for sore ears.

JBL

JBL PROFESSIONAL, 8500 BALBOA BOULEVARD, NORTHRIDGE, CA 91329, PHONE (818)893-8411, FOR FAX INFORMATION, CALL (818)895-8190

H A Harman International Company

TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY

FRONT MAN

You told me a story once about singing in church as a child and being gathered up in the arms of all these large-breasted church women—and deciding music was for you.

Yes. That was certainly the original impetus. But even staying with that example for a minute, I always had this feeling, even as a child, that it was amazing how much repressed sexuality was poured into the worship of Christ. And how, when some of these women would get happy—as we called it then—Jesus was more than their savior. He was their father figure, their lover. That's something a lot of people don't want to touch on, 'cause it sounds blasphemous. How much of that influenced me, I don't know. I can say it wasn't just a matter of being hugged to their bosoms. There was a power there.

But above and beyond the material rewards and the attention and the soothing effect it can have on your psyche, ultimately I still believe in the healing power of rock 'n' roll. Artists are really lucky: We get to interpret God's voice.

Was it more a blessing or a curse to sell so many records the first time out?

It was kind of a curse artistically. 'Cause unfortunately, particularly in our culture, once you've had success, that's where people want you to crystallize and remain. But it was a first record. It's kind of ridiculous for people to assume I'd want to stay right there. As for my evolution as a person, it was a blessing. 'Cause it shook me up a bit. And ultimately, I believe one of the reasons we have friction and pain is otherwise we don't tend to shake ourselves up. No matter how strong we are as people, man isn't known for his penchant for voluntary change. We need situations that come and slap us.

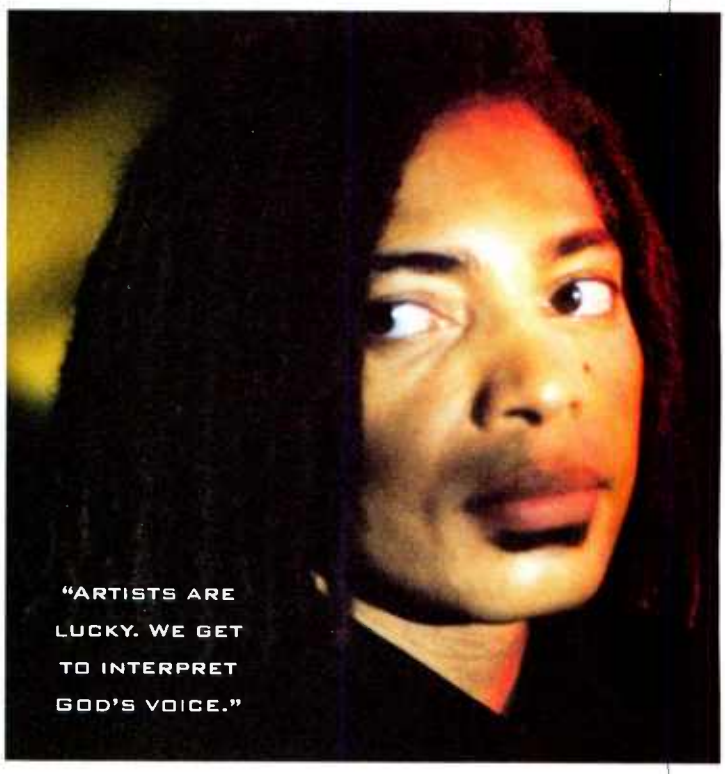
I just think the first album put me on a big, powerful river. The current had to change. I hate to think what would have happened if the second record had been as large or larger than the first. I wouldn't say I'd have been a monster, 'cause that's not my nature. I just don't know where I'd be as opposed to where I think I am now, on the right road toward understanding more about the world I live in and the world that lives in me.

What kind of impact did the commercial failure of Neither Fish nor Flesh *have on you?*

In retrospect, what happened with the second album is the best thing that could have happened to me. At the end of the day, I can be grateful and proud that it's an album I'll always want my name attached to. If you've got to take a fall, you're better off to take a fall with something you can stand by. People don't realize there's no school that prepares you for this. Everything happened so fast, and I didn't really have an identity within myself. I didn't really know who I was. I may not know that for another 20 years. But I'm closer now than I was.

What were the illusions you had shattered when the second record fell through the floor?

I guess I had a false sense of security. You get into taking a lot of things for granted 'cause you don't know any better. Your own sense of importance gets inflated; it's extremely intoxicating and extremely distracting to have that kind of success happen to you unless you're either a tremendously stable person or you've worked long and hard for it. I didn't; it just came too easy.



You then moved from England to L.A.

I thought that with the right conditions, my work could become whatever it was supposed to become. And England wasn't the right place for that to happen. Leaving there gave me a chance to isolate myself from all the prying eyes and refocus again on what I wanted to do.

I'm quite reclusive and isolationist by nature. The irony, I guess, is that for all the things I was credited with saying, a lot of that was just to help hype the record—which I kinda did too well. I've never really been in an environment to hear what my peers really thought of what I did. Certainly London isn't that type of place.

It was really when I came to L.A. that I heard good things for the first time. It really helped my self-esteem. People kind of assume that you know, but you don't. Particularly when you're playing everything pretty much by instinct, you need other people to verify those feelings.

I think I turned the page in a lot of ways, some of which are ineffable to me. In a lot of ways, "Turn the Page" is the crucial element of the new record for me. I'm not necessarily saying it's the best song. It just moves me; it's the crucible of the record.

What's the theme of your new album, Symphony or Damn*?*

On a basic level, it's about relationships and how through them I've come to understand more about myself and about life. On another level, at least half the songs use that setting to explore more spiritual concerns. I wish I could say it was about the state of the world in general; I'd be lying. Ultimately, the first thing one has to change is oneself. STEVE PERRY

PHOTOGRAPH: MATT FREEMAN

MUSICIAN

BILL FLANAGAN
editor

CHRIS HOWLAND
art director

CHARLES M. YOUNG
executive editor

MATT RESNICOFF
senior editor

MARK ROWLAND
(213) 525-2298
west coast editor

KEITH POWERS
managing editor

PETER CRONIN
developments editor

RUTH MAASSEN
typesetter

MAC RANDALL
assistant editor

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

GORDON BAIRD
publisher

GARY KRASNER
executive publisher

PAUL SACKSMAN
associate publisher

ANDY MYERS
national advertising manager

JOHN R. GOODWIN
creative services director

SANDY MASUO
promotion coordinator

PHILIP E. HOPKINS
DEVLIN SHERLOCK
sales/promotion

JEFF SERRETTE
(800) 223-7524
classified

HYACINTH AMERO
assistant to the publisher

NATHAN BRACKETT
NICHOLE BURKE · MARK PELOSI
administration

JOAN MASELLA
circulation director

ALLIS RUNCO
assistant circulation manager

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

1515 BROADWAY 11TH FL.
NEW YORK, NY 10036 (212) 536-5208
advertising/editorial

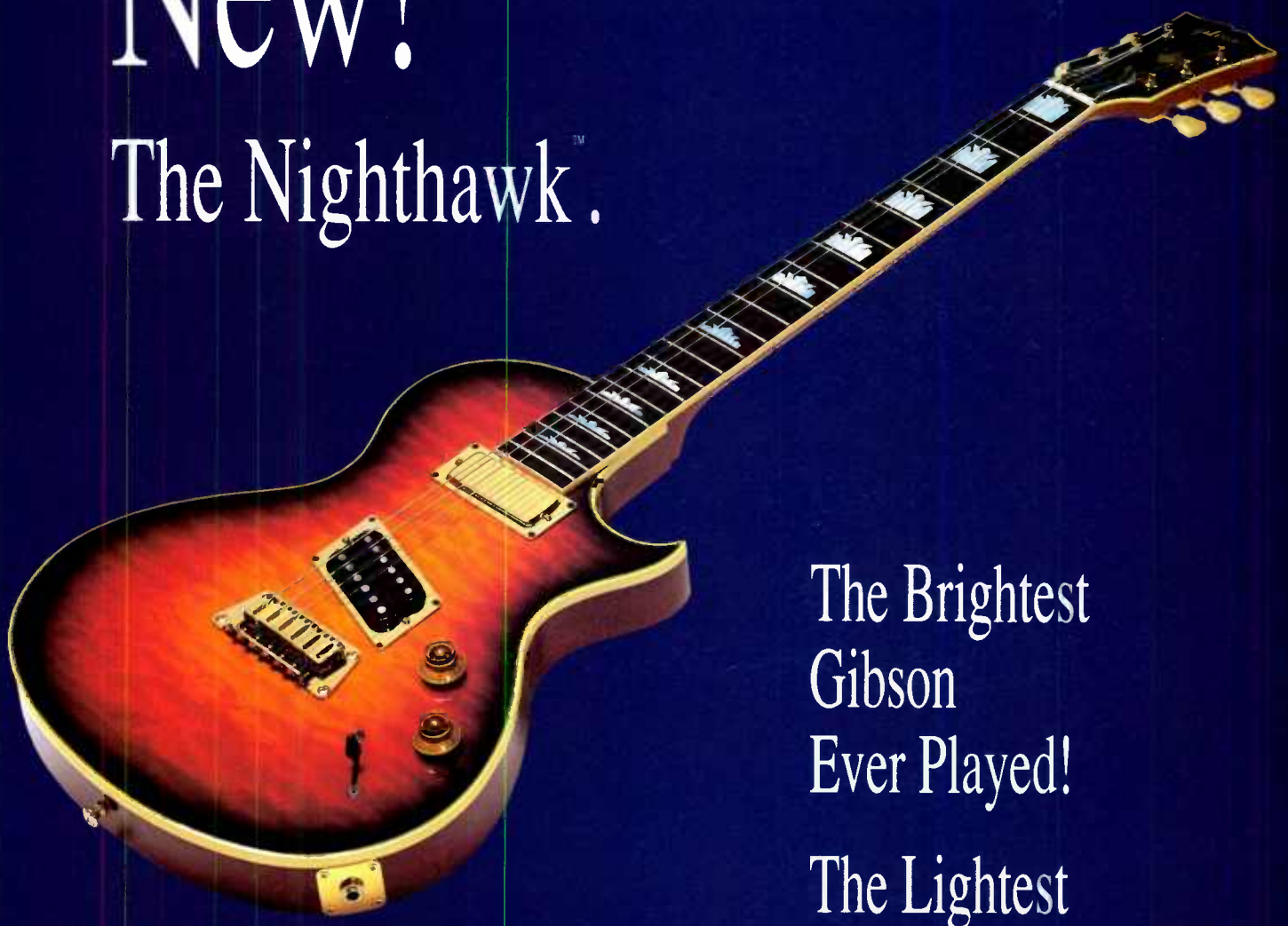
GORDON BAIRD
SAM HOLDSWORTH
founders

MUSICIAN (USPS 431-910), 33 Commercial St., Gloucester, MA 01930 (508) 281-3110, is published monthly by BPI Communications, 1515 Broadway, New York, NY 10036. © 1993 by BPI Communications, all rights reserved. Second class postage paid at Gloucester, MA 01930 and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions $19.97 per year, $34.97 for two years, $52.97 for three years. Canada and elsewhere, add $12 per year, U.S. funds only. Subscription address: MUSICIAN, Box 1923, Marion, OH 43305. Send address changes to above address. CALL 1-800-347-6969 FOR SUBSCRIPTION IN THE CONT. US AND 614-382-3322 ELSEWHERE. Current and back issues are available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. BPI Communications President and Chief Executive Officer: Gerald S. Hobbs; Vice Chairman & Chief Operating Officer: Arthur F. Kingsbury; Executive Vice Presidents: John Babcock Jr., Martin R. Feely; Senior Vice Presidents: Paul Curran, Robert J. Dowling, Ann Haire, Howard Lander, Rosalee Lovett; Vice Presidents: Georgina Challis, Glenn Heffernan.

MEMBER: AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

New!

The Nighthawk™.



The Brightest
Gibson
Ever Played!

The Lightest
Gibson Ever Made!

Only a Gibson is Good Enough.

After years of extensive research and development, Gibson introduces the Nighthawk. With exclusive Nighthawk pickups and the flip of a switch, *only* the Nighthawk delivers 10 killer sounds - from red hot rock to slowhand blues to chicken-pickin' country! And with its thin, contoured body, the Nighthawk is the lightest Gibson solid-body made. Catch a Nighthawk at your Gibson dealer today and receive a FREE Gibson poster!

Gibson® USA

(800) 4-GIBSON • 641 Massman Drive • Nashville, TN 37210-3781

LETTERS

100 GUITARISTS

Yes, you do want to fight about it. Hundreds of letters were received about our "100 Greatest Guitarists" feature (Feb. '93); most writers suggested their own "Greatest."

Some made lists—long lists (1. Steve Howe 2. Adrian Belew...110. Anson Funderburgh). Some loved our list ("What a great idea"). Some hated our list ("Cheetah Chrome? Are you nuts?") and made suggestions; some loved our list and *still* made suggestions. Some were more diplomatic than others: "Fripp! What the hell happened to Fripp?" "Yeah right, no David Gilmour." "No Les Paul? Are you crazy?" "Who the hell is Ross Garnick and why would he displace Skunk Baxter?" "Next time do the 100 Worst Music Critics."

Almost 250 guitarists were mentioned for "101st Greatest Guitarist," or "Most-Maligned Non-Listee," or whatever you want to call the winner. Robert Fripp got the most votes. But all the votes were tabulated—look for the complete low-down in our big Guitar Special this summer.

NAME GAME

Your mailbag is probably so full of vitriol directed at your "100 Greatest Guitarists" that there may not be room for a simple correction of an otherwise pleasant article from the same issue ("Trademarking Your Band's Name"). The long-surviving and highly erratic UK Subs were *always* the UK Subs; the "UK" was not a latter appendage, done to satisfy legal concerns, as it was with the Charlatans UK. Your writer has most likely been confused by the extremely brief career of a punk-era Scottish band called the Subs, who released a 45 on Stiff in the late '70s, and who had *nothing at all* to do with the London-based UK Subs. For the sake of continuing this trivial discussion to its logical conclusion, I'll mention that the Scottish Subs contributed a rhythm section to the Simple Minds, who were at that time doing business under the name Johnny and the Self Abusers; teenagers Jim Kerr and Charlie Burchill even released a 45 under this name, before wisely deciding on the more austere moniker under which they would achieve fame.

Tim Sommer
Los Angeles, CA

REVIEWED

In his superficial dismissal of Bob Dylan's *Good As I Been to You* (Feb. '93), Dave DiMartino displays what is wrong with much of what passes for music criticism. That he is mistaken about the album being "disposable" is too obvious a point to belabor. At the core of DiMartino's critical myopia lies his preoccupation with packaging and appearances: Who cares what the cover shot of the artist looks like; isn't it the musical performances that are important? I suppose in this age of music videos the answer may not always be as clear as it once was.

Yes, Dylan used to write exceptional liner notes for his albums. But DiMartino's wish that "Dylan would've penned a liner note or two about what these songs meant to him" again reveals a desire to see and not to hear.

Mark Withrow
Chicago, IL

HEADMAN SHABALALA

The account of Paul Simon's outrage over Headman Shabalala's murder (Feb. '93), and the racist leniency granted his killer by South African courts, wasn't critical enough of Simon.

Shabalala was a musician too, pertinent to your readers' interests in his own right. Why is his victimization reported as a feature about Paul Simon's anguish? *Musician* should confront this journalistic deficiency, and Simon must confront the fact that he has been collusive in black South Africa's ongoing travail. Simon's early-'92 South African tour gave a very influential seal of approval to an apartheid that had been lifted in name only.

Simon isn't as "helpless" against de facto apartheid as he suggests in this article. He can build on the responsible criticism of the current system that he has begun in this interview, by speaking out ever more widely and publicly. He can announce a ban on further appearances in South Africa until it is truly free. He can grow up politically, recognize injustice wherever it persists and pledge never again to take the pressure off in a precipitous and self-indulgent fashion.

Adam McGovern
Madison, NJ

MIDI MASTERPIECE

Let me compliment you on your fine magazine. It's the best! If you want fashion, read *Rolling Stone*. Your article on MIDI ("MIDI Primer for the '90s," Feb. '93), written by Peter Mengaziol, was excellent. The topic was presented in a non-threatening, non-techno-babble, accessible manner. As a bass player, I appreciate that.

I would like to see more of Mengaziol's work in *Musician*.

Paul Mahoney
New York, NY

Just ran across the photo of Allan Holdsworth and the Synth-Axe ("MIDI Primer for the '90s," Feb. '93) (or was that Dr. Kevorkian's latest creation?). After all these years of guitar-synths, here's a radical thought—learn to play a keyboard! Naw...too crazy.

Jerry Bucci

DEAR EDDIE

I've bought my last Van Halen album but not my last Pepsi. Hope it was worth it.

David P. Drumel
Milwaukee, WI

GEORGICS

I completely disagree with Hal Ward and Byron Philbrick, who wrote letters (Jan. '93) in response to your George Harrison interview. I thought the interview was great, and balanced the U2 cover story. While the excellent U2 article was a ball of energy, cynicism and insecurity, the reflections of Harrison were strikingly serene. It is reassuring to see that some actually do survive the havoc, not just physically, but spiritually as well. The fact that the remaining Beatles have aged gracefully makes many in our "culture of youth" uncomfortable.

Tom Gorman
Bowling Green, OH

As far as George Harrison's "contributing less than a handful of memorable songs to the Beatles" and the notion Elvis Costello would have been a better Fab, consider this: Harrison played his Beatles role to perfection. He wasn't *supposed* to write tons of tunes—that job belonged to John and Paul. The dozen or so Harrison songs were wonderful bonuses. Sorry, Costello, you couldn't have done it any better.

Timothy A. Smith
Livonia, MI

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

Double Take

As if they weren't already an unbeatable team, the DPM® SP/DPM® SX combination now has twice the punch with the introduction of the new DPM® SX II Stereo Sampling Expander Module from Peavey.

There are many reasons why the Peavey DPM SP has become the most popular sample playback instrument in the industry; affordability, expandability, sonic quality, and ease-of-use, just to name a few. Now there is another reason -- the DPM SXII.

The SXII Sampling Expander is designed specifically to complement the SP. It offers stereo inputs which accomodate quarter inch or XLR connectors for true stereo sampling. New features include: real-time sample transfer over SCSI, so it samples directly into the SP's memory, eliminating the need to expand memory in the SXII; a stereo audio output allows monitoring and auditioning samples as they are recorded; a MIDI input allows samples to be played directly out of the SXII from a MIDI keyboard or trigger device; and yes, the SXII comes with SCSI as a standard feature.

Now there is no doubt, the DPM SP teamed up with the DPM SXII is absolutely the most flexible and affordable 16-bit stereo sampling system available.

PEAVEY HAS JOINED FORCES WITH THE TOP NAMES IN THE INDUSTRY TO OFFER AN EXTENSIVE LIBRARY OF SOUNDS AND SOFTWARE FOR THE DPM SP AND DPM SXII. LOOK FOR THESE SUPPORT PRODUCTS AT YOUR LOCAL PEAVEY DEALER:

SP Remote — Front Panel Editing Program for the DPM SP and Macintosh® Computers. Created for Peavey by Interval Music Systems.

Denny Jaeger Master Violin Library — Available on a series of three CD ROM disks for the DPM SP. Created for Peavey by Denny Jaeger.

DPM SP Sample Disk Library — A complete library of sample disks for the DPM SP. Created for Peavey by Northstar, Stratus Sounds, Prosanus, and others.

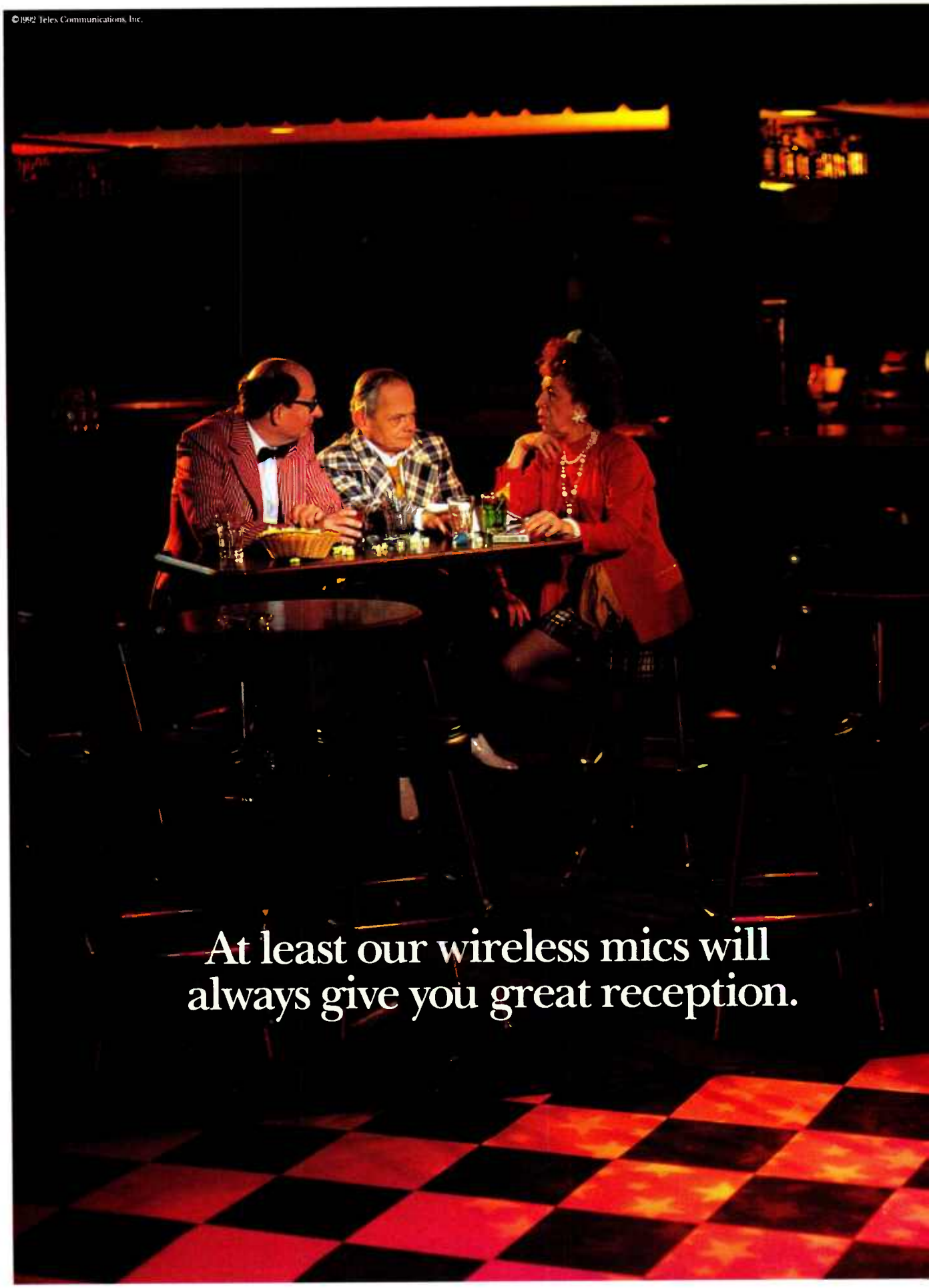
RECEIVE A FREE "SAMPLE THIS" T-SHIRT WITH THE PURCHASE OF EITHER THE DPM SP OR DPM SXII. SEE YOUR PEAVEY DEALER FOR DETAILS!

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

The Monitor Magazine by Peavey is a publication filled with the latest information that musicians want to know. To receive 4 issues for only $5 (price good in U.S.A. only) send check or money order to Monitor Magazine, Peavey Electronics, 711 A Street, Meridian, MS 39301-2898

PEAVEY®

PEAVEY ELECTRONICS CORPORATION • 711 A STREET
MERIDIAN MS 39301 • 601-483-5365 • FAX 601-484-4278



At least our wireless mics will always give you great reception.

Let's face it: some gigs are more fun than others. A lot more. But unless you're working for a kind-hearted bar owner (some say they actually exist), the night isn't over until it's over. And you still have to perform as if the house was packed.

That's why we developed the ProStar handheld wireless: a tough, high performance system designed and built for working vocalists who don't have money to burn. It's a true diversity wireless that offers better range, frequency response, selectivity and sensitivity than anything else in its class.

And we back it up with a no-B.S. warranty that's three times longer than the warranties our competitors offer on their comparably priced products. So you can depend on it night after night, no matter how wild the gig is. Or isn't.

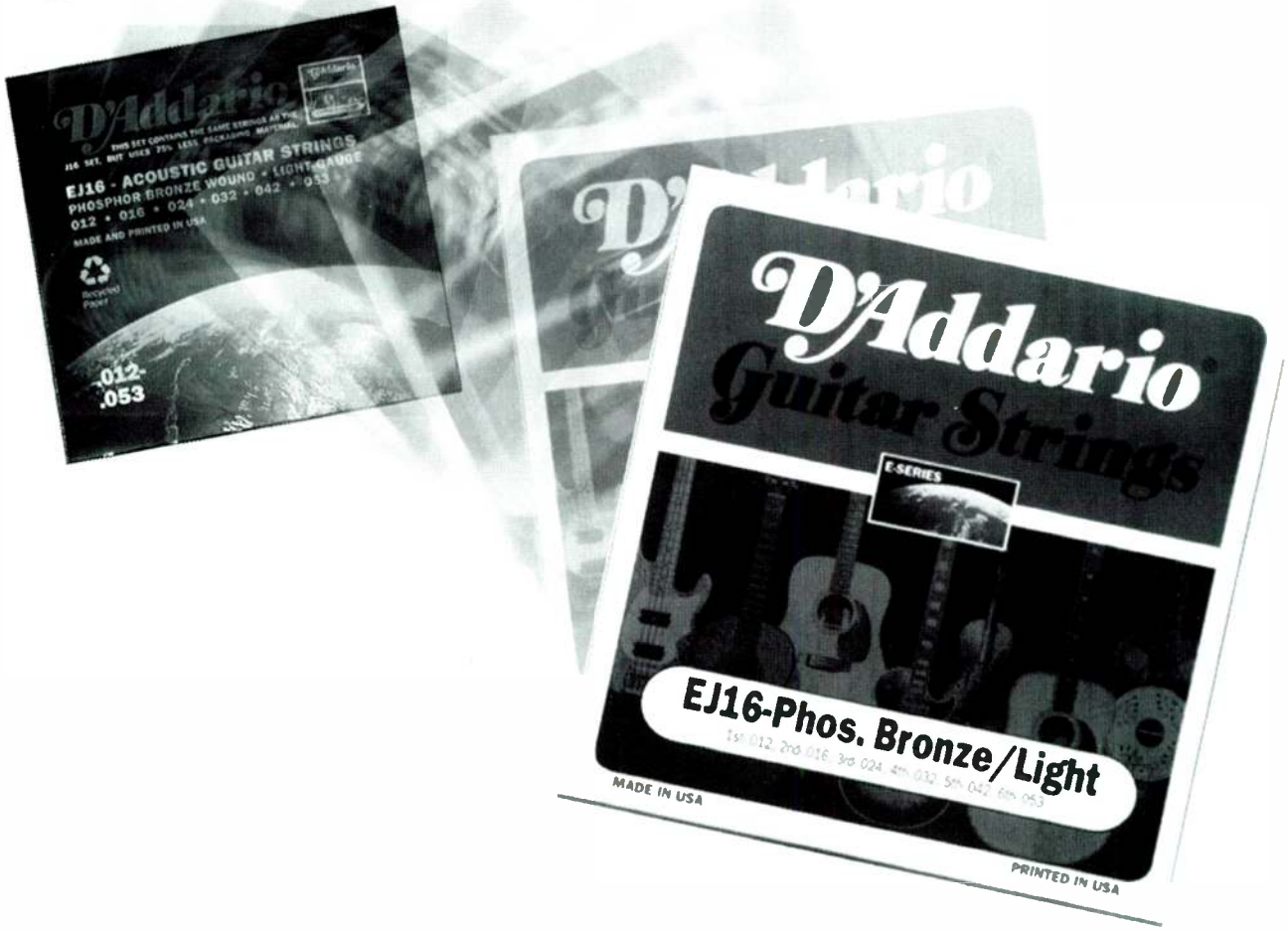
Ask your dealer for details on our complete line of wireless equipment, including our guitar belt-pack transmitter. Or call Telex at (612) 887-5550.

ProStar. Because even on those nights when the crowd's cold, you still have to sound hot.

The ProStar R-10 receiver, G-10 guitar transmitter and H-10 handheld mic transmitter.

TELEX®

THE NEXT GENERATION.



Introducing the next generation of guitar string packaging exclusive to D'Addario, the E-Series package. Our original earth graphic design signaled a change to the buying public. Now that the idea has caught fire, we're bringing consistency back to the line in order to continue adding more of our product line into the E-Series.

Select sets packaged in the environmental format will be distinguished with an E-Series logo. Look for it on sets of XL, Phosphor Bronze and 80/20 Bronze strings. Call your D'Addario Account Executive at 1-800-323-2746 and find out just how fast these strings are moving.

Providing today's guitar players with tomorrow's alternatives...

D'Addario®

E. Farmingdale, NY 11735 USA

CARON WHEELER

Soul Survivor

With her sweet-not-syrupy voice and Afrocentric style, Caron Wheeler took the world by storm in the summer of '89 as the lead singer and visual centerpiece of the neo-soul band Soul II Soul. But Wheeler's pipes were nowhere to be found in the mix on the London-based band's sophomore album.

"I left to save my soul," she says about her unexpected exodus. "I definitely would have been better off financially if I stayed. But Soul II Soul was full of big egos and too many bandwagon 'hanger-ons.'"

Life after Soul II Soul, however, has been most enriching for this singer/songwriter. Solo efforts began in 1990 with her autobiographical *UK Blak*, where she sang and wrote about the sorrows and triumphs of London-born immigrant blacks (like herself) and their struggles for civil rights and identity in the Queen's hinterland. Still, that album—with its lush grooves and intricate lyrics—wasn't really, she says, all *true* Caron.

On *Beach of the War Goddess*—so titled because "we're living in a racist, sexist war zone"—Wheeler sings over a melodious melange of funk, folk and '70s soul as she did on *UK Blak*, but also explores Middle Eastern harmonies and North African chanting. Most important, her subject matter is broader and closer to her heart.

Her image, however, hasn't changed a bit. "I've accepted my big lips, wide nose and African backside," she explains. "I've grown into my spiritual nature. But most black women are still battling a war of self-acceptance. I believe all of us have a goddess within, a light within. That's what I want to enlighten my listeners about."

GORDON CHAMBERS

UNHAPPY END

Happy Mondays have split, and it's not over the usual artistic differences. Singer Shaun Ryder walked out of a meeting with EMI A&R director Clive Black at which a $2.5 million dollar deal was to be finalized. As they were discussing who would produce the next album, Ryder said he was hungry, would return from Kentucky Fried Chicken in 20 minutes, and never came back. Black decided he might find a more reliable band for his money, and Monday manager Nathan McGough quit a day later. At a band meeting, the rest of the musicians split.

Ryder was recently convicted of drunk driving, fined $1000 and had his license revoked for 18 months. Pleading poverty, he asked to pay off the fine in installments.

THE CANDYSKINS

ALL ABOARD FOR FUN TIME

"We try to convince ourselves we're not a pop band," laughs Candyskins lead guitarist Nick Burton. "We want to be a heavy-riffing group, and we still end up singing three-part harmonies."

Nothing wrong with that, of course, when you're as adept as this spiffy British quintet. Playing forlorn love songs marked by what Burton calls "a twisted sense of humor," the Oxford-based quintet made a moderate splash in '91 with *Space I'm In*. However, their latest opus, *Fun?*, puts that callow debut to shame. "There's a thin line between drawing on influences and being plagiaristic. I think we were slightly plagiaristic on the first album," says Burton, admitting that his fondness for the Beatles has led critics to accuse him of living in the '60s.

***Fun?* updates the mix. The tasty melodies and wry lyrics remain, but the 'Skins play harder and louder. Why? "It comes from hearing other guitar bands," explains lead singer Nick Cope. "Nirvana proved you could turn up the amps and still get on the radio."**

Touring the States in '92 also encouraged them to be bolder, notes Burton. "When we went to America, people actually came to the gigs and liked us. It was a big boost to our egos."

L TO R: MARK COPE, CARL SHALE, NICK COPE, NICK BURTON, JOHN HALLIDAY

"There's still an infinite number of ways to play four chords and sound good," he adds. "We've based our whole career on that principle, so it better work!"

JON YOUNG

RENÉ MCLEAN

From Jazz to Johannesburg

Only René McLean knew what to expect when he convened his musicians in Johannesburg to record *In African Eyes*. A cab driver told producer K.D. Kagel that his hotel was nice, except that blacks often stayed there; a ride back from one session was interrupted by two men carrying machine guns being chased by two others; then René's longtime pianist hit the breaking point trying to communicate with some of the other African musicians and disappeared.

Just one day was lost. With the budget reconfigured to feature unplanned contributions by hordes of local vocalists, the flugelhorn of Hugh Masekela and Papa Kouyate's West African drumming style, the music became a spontaneous cultural statement which underscored the lifting of the South African boycott. "K.D. was like, 'Can we *do* this?'" the saxist remembers. "I said, 'See the guy playing bass? He's the president of the South African musicians' alliance. And the piano player is the vice-president.' Everything was cool.

"It took on another character, because I couldn't find everything I needed in one particular group. I don't think there are any elements of African music that don't fit into jazz; the music on the date is a marriage of two cultures which are essentially the same. Music there is not a luxury or a way to make a living, it's their survival, their breath."

The sound is contemporary, but there's depth in the sincerity of the performances, and in McLean's tenor, honed through early years stopping to visit Sonny Rollins on the way home from school, and studying under his dad, legendary altoist Jackie, with whom René recorded the excellent *Dynasty* and *Rites of Passage*. René divides his time between that group here and his wife and children in South Africa. "It's been tough," he says, "but I've been blessed enough to be able to do it. You marry with all the problems and realities of the individuals' lives. I mean, at first, you couldn't have paid me to go to Johannesburg. But you make sacrifices for the things you believe in." MATT RESNICOFF

EBET ROBERTS

D GENERATION

On any given night at the Continental Club just off St. Mark's Place, you'll likely find the members of D Generation—Jesse Malin, Howie Pyro, Danny Sage, Michael Wildwood and Richard Bacchus (sometimes known as "The Atomic Elf")—standing next to the bar sucking down free drinks as a parade of local color comments on their clothes, hair or last performance. They've also drawn the interest of several major labels with the release of their first single "No Way Out," produced by Daniel Rey and Andy Shernoff (of Dictators fame) on Dutch East India, and appear poised to crash the '90s with their version of New York City street rock 'n' roll. "It's a gang, an attitude, a way of life," says Malin, the frontman.

"It's our religion," says Sage, the guitarist.

D Generation officially formed in August of 1991, but all the members grew up in the New York area and have known each other since childhood. And each has musical roots going back to the heyday of punk in the late '70s, having performed in bands like Heart Attack, the Blessed and Hope. They view themselves as holdouts, standing alone (along with their huge local following) against a tide of corporate sludge.

"We want to make rock 'n' roll sick again," explains Malin. "Put back the punk and sleaze and sexuality."

L TO R: HOWIE PYRO, JESSE MALIN, RICK BACCHUS, DANNY SAGE, MICHAEL WILDWOOD

MARTI WILKERSON

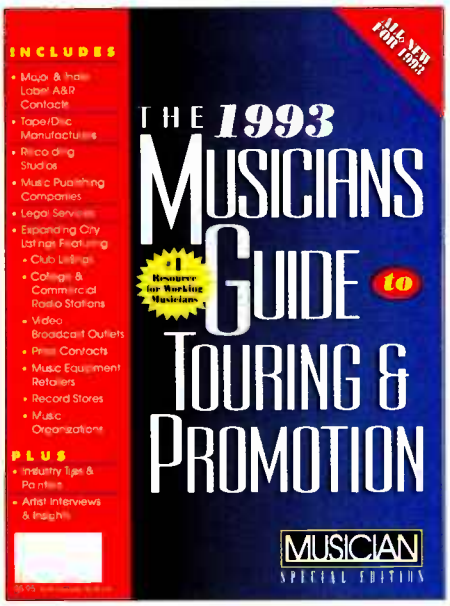
D Generation recently played a "Rock for Choice" benefit staged by Joey Ramone at the Ritz in New York City. During the fourth song, as Malin hopped up and down on the piano yelling about Joan Jett's manager, the sound system was shut off, the band escorted offstage and then thrown out the back door. "Those guys are troublemakers, and that's great," said Ramone afterwards. "When you're real, things happen for you."

D Generation all dress alike in their neo-'70s black punk rock garb. "It's not a uniform, it's who we are," says Sage. "We've dressed this way since we were kids."

"We're just disgusted with what rock 'n' roll has become," says bassist Pyro. "It's just so college. We aren't college."

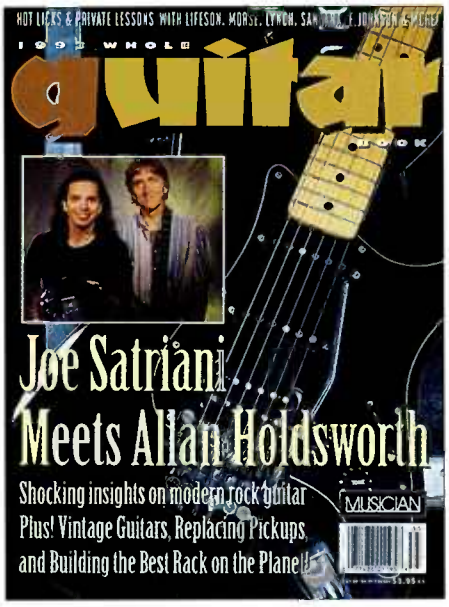
GEORGE TABB

MUSICIAN SPECIAL EDITIONS



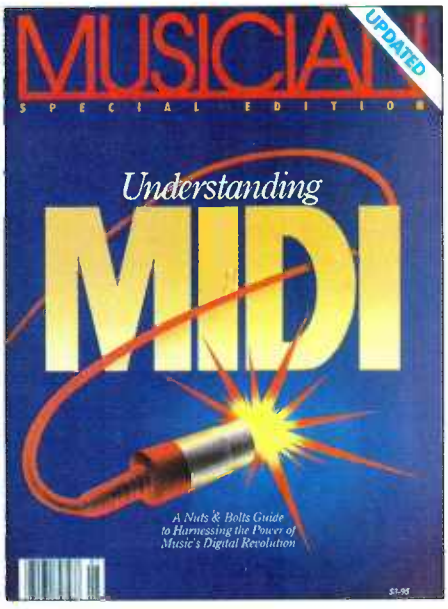
ALL NEW! 1993 MUSICIANS TOURING GUIDE

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



ALL NEW! 1993 WHOLE GUITAR BOOK

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



UNDERSTANDING MIDI

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

SPECIAL EDITIONS ORDER FORM

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

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

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

ORDER BOTH $4.95 SPECIALS FOR JUST $8.90

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED $_____

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

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

15	12/78	**Chick Corea,** New Freedom Swing
21	11/79	**Brian Eno,** Talking Heads, Weather Report
34	7/81	**Tom Petty,** Dave Edmunds, Wayne Shorter
45	7/82	**Willie Nelson,** John McLaughlin, the Motels
64	2/84	**Stevie Wonder,** X, Was (Not Was), Ornette
70	8/84	**Peter Wolf,** King Crimson, Sly + Robbie
71	9/84	**Heavy Metal,** Dream Syndicate, Tina Turner
102	4/87	**Robert Cray,** Los Lobos, Simply Red
104	6/87	**Springsteen,** The Blasters, Keith Jarrett
111	1/88	**R.E.M.,** Year in Rock, 10,000 Maniacs
112	2/88	**McCartney,** Stanley Clarke, Buster Poindexter
113	3/88	**Robert Plant,** INXS, Wynton Marsalis
115	5/88	**Stevie Wonder, Sonny Rollins, Joni Mitchell, Johnny Cash**
116	6/88	**Sinéad O'Connor,** Neil Young, Tracy Chapman
117	7/88	**Jimmy Page,** Leonard Cohen, Lloyd Cole
118	8/88	**Pink Floyd,** New Order, Smithereens
119	9/88	**Billy Gibbons,** Santana/Shorter, Vernon Reid
120	10/88	**Keith Richards,** Depeche Mode, Steve Forbert
121	11/88	**Prince,** Steve Winwood, Randy Newman
122	12/88	**Guns N' Roses,** Midnight Oil, Glyn Johns
123	1/89	**Year in Music '88,** Metallica, Jack Bruce, Fishbone
124	2/89	**Replacements,** Fleetwood Mac, Lyle Lovett
125	3/89	**Elvis Costello,** Jeff Healey, Sonic Youth
126	4/89	**Lou Reed,** John Cale, Joe Satriani
127	5/89	**Miles Davis,** Fine Young Cannibals, XTC
128	6/89	**Peter Gabriel,** Charles Mingus, Hüsker Dü
129	7/89	**The Who,** The Cure, Ziggy Marley
130	8/89	**10,000 Maniacs,** Mellencamp, Brown/Raitt
131	9/89	**Jeff Beck,** Laura Nyro, Billy Sheehan
132	10/89	**Dan Henley,** Rolling Stones, Bob Marley
133	11/89	**The '80s,** Daniel Lanois, Syd Straw
135	1/90	**Aerosmith,** NRBQ, Richard Thompson, Max Q
137	3/90	**George Harrison,** The Kinks, Abdullah Ibrahim
138	4/90	**Tom Petty,** Lenny Kravitz, Rush, The Silos
139	5/90	**Paul McCartney,** Cecil Taylor, Kronos Quartet
140	6/90	**Robert Plant,** Suzanne Vega, Soul II Soul, Drums
141	7/90	**Jimi Hendrix,** David Bowie, Bob Clearmountain
142	8/90	**Sinéad O'Connor,** John Hiatt, World Party
143	9/90	**Steve Vai,** Michael Stipe, Malmsteen/McLaughlin
144	10/90	**INXS,** Neville Bros., Lou Reed/Vaclav Havel
146	12/90	**Slash,** Replacements, Waterboys, Pixies
147	1/91	**Robert Johnson,** Bruce Hornsby, Soul Asylum
148	2/91	**Pink Floyd,** Neil Young, Art Blakey, Black Crowes
149	3/91	**Jerry Garcia/Elvis Costello,** NWA, Pink Floyd
150	4/91	**R.E.M.,** AC/DC, Top Managers, Jim Morrison
151	5/91	**Eddie Van Halen,** Fishbone, Byrds, Chris Isaak
152	6/91	**Stevie Ray Vaughan,** Morrissey, Drum Special
153	7/91	**Bonnie Raitt,** Tim Buckley, Sonny Rollins
154	8/91	**Sting,** Stevie Wonder, 15th Anniversary Issue
155	9/91	**Paul McCartney,** Axl Rose, David Bowie
156	10/91	**Dire Straits,** Jesus Jones, Paul McCartney
157	11/91	**Jimi Hendrix,** Frank Zappa, Primus, Eddy/Fogerty
158	12/91	**Miles Davis,** Robbie Robertson, Massive Attack
159	1/92	**Super Deals!,** Nirvana, Earl Palmer
160	2/92	**Fear of Rap,** Eric Clapton
162	4/92	**Def Leppard,** k. d. lang, Live
163	5/92	**Drugs & Creativity,** Lovett, Mike Special
164	6/92	**Guns N' Roses,** Metallica, Genesis
165	7/92	**Led Zeppelin,** Faith No More, Burnett/Phillips
166	8/92	**David Gilmour,** Robert Wyatt/Bill Nelson
167	9/92	**U2,** Big Guitar Special, George Harrison
168	10/92	**Elvis,** Horace Silver, Producers Special
169	11/92	**Bruce Springsteen,** Arrested Development
170	12/92	**Roger Waters,** Prince, Bob Weir
171	1/93	**Best of '92:** Extreme, Brown, Carey . . .
172	2/93	**100 Great Guitorists,** Paul Simon, Robben Ford
173	3/93	**Mick Jagger,** Hothouse Flowers, Annie Lennox
SP1		**Best of the Beatles and Rolling Stones**
SP2		**Masters of Metal,** Metallica, Def Leppard, more

CLASSIC HITS
MUSICIAN BACK ISSUES

167
U2

153
Bonnie Raitt

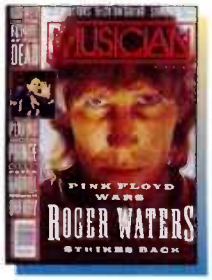
168
Elvis

120
Keith Richards

134
Grateful Dead

157
Jimi Hendrix

126
Lou Reed



170
Roger Waters

146
Slash

171
Best of 1992

142
Sinéad O'Connor

SP1
Beatles & Stones

SP2
Masters of Metal

BACK ISSUES ORDER FORM

15 21 34 45 64 70 71 93 101 102 104 108 111 112 113 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126
127 128 129 130 131 132 133 135 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154
155 156 157 158 159 160 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 SP1 SP2

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

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

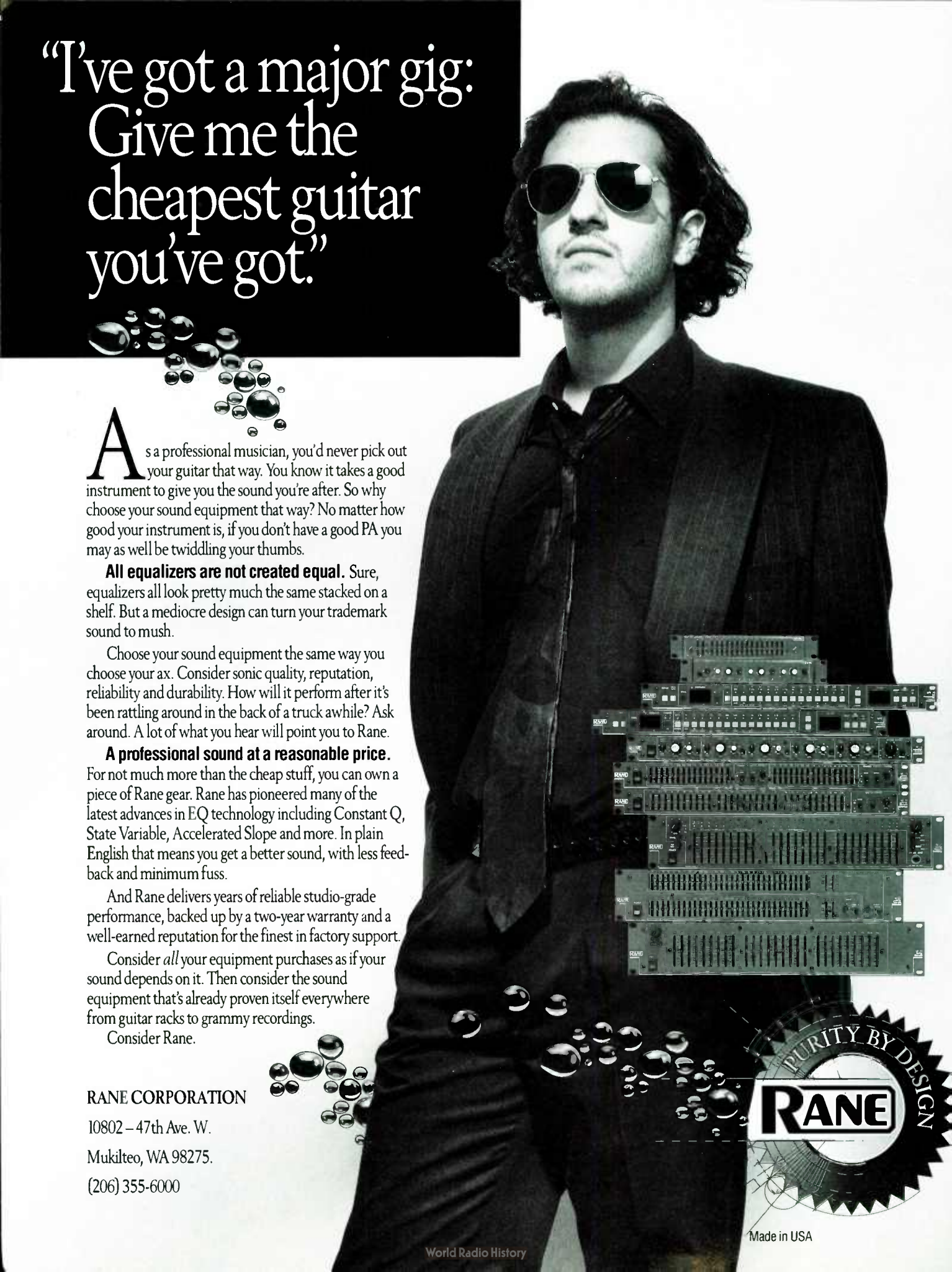
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

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

"I've got a major gig: Give me the cheapest guitar you've got."



As a professional musician, you'd never pick out your guitar that way. You know it takes a good instrument to give you the sound you're after. So why choose your sound equipment that way? No matter how good your instrument is, if you don't have a good PA you may as well be twiddling your thumbs.

All equalizers are not created equal. Sure, equalizers all look pretty much the same stacked on a shelf. But a mediocre design can turn your trademark sound to mush.

Choose your sound equipment the same way you choose your ax. Consider sonic quality, reputation, reliability and durability. How will it perform after it's been rattling around in the back of a truck awhile? Ask around. A lot of what you hear will point you to Rane.

A professional sound at a reasonable price. For not much more than the cheap stuff, you can own a piece of Rane gear. Rane has pioneered many of the latest advances in EQ technology including Constant Q, State Variable, Accelerated Slope and more. In plain English that means you get a better sound, with less feedback and minimum fuss.

And Rane delivers years of reliable studio-grade performance, backed up by a two-year warranty and a well-earned reputation for the finest in factory support.

Consider *all* your equipment purchases as if your sound depends on it. Then consider the sound equipment that's already proven itself everywhere from guitar racks to grammy recordings.

Consider Rane.

RANE CORPORATION
10802 – 47th Ave. W.
Mukilteo, WA 98275.
(206) 355-6000

PURITY BY DESIGN

RANE

Made in USA

THE JOSHUA REED

JOSHUA REDMAN LOOKS LIKE CENTRAL CASTING'S IDEA OF A YOUNG lion. He's a bright-eyed, well-dressed 23-year-old tenor player with an impressive resume and energy to burn. The son of underappreciated saxophonist Dewey Redman, he grew up with his mother in the Bay Area and only recently has begun playing with his father, with whom he never talks shop. In 1991, he graduated summa cum laude from Harvard's Urban Studies program. That fall, he won the Thelonious Monk International Jazz Saxophone competition, and was signed to Warner Brothers on the spot. He's played with everybody in New York since then, and even the most jaded members of the jazz community speak of him with awe.

That's where the typical young-lion-makes-good story ends.

Most young saxophonists announce themselves with a brash, edgy sound; Redman's dark, burnished tone could have been transplanted directly from a smoke-filled 1940s lounge. Most budding improvisers aim to impress with flawless strings of preconceived patterns; Redman admits he has never practiced much, as the time demands of academia were too great. In fact he's proud of the fact that he didn't go to music school, having observed that too much dogma can be an obstacle to genuine music-making. He lives by a simple credo: Be generous with the music.

"My concept is not having a concept," Redman said one recent evening at Sweet Basil's, as he assembled his horn and prepared to play in a band led by Don Grolnick. "It's making music with people and learning *right then* how to interact. Each time you do that it enriches you; you learn something in an emotional way. All of our idols were concerned with making music and expressing themselves, communicating. They weren't worried about their 'concept.' When you give everything a name and a category, you can de-naturalize your own musicmaking and prevent what you want to do—which is capture in yourself what they captured in themselves."

Dewey Redman's son plays with wisdom beyond his years

So expect more soul than scales from Joshua Redman. When he picks up the tenor, he looks like a bear wrapping his hands around prey. Too young to be casual about anything, he's a big, gangly presence blessed with the ability to make an ordinary declaration sound bold. Like his father, whose influence he gauges as "no more or less" than that of other masters such as Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane, Redman is an idea man. He'll issue a simple statement, then toy with it until a motif bubbles to the surface. Rather than work that idea to mathematical exhaustion, he will expand it a few notes at a time, until he's concocted a spiraling, asymmetrical series totally inconceivable seconds earlier. These developments, while not always smooth or predictable, are conceived with a clarity and logic that few improvisers possess. Because he is willing to put so much of his mental process on display, every phrase acquires an edge-of-the-seat urgency.

But Redman, whose self-titled debut album contains gently caressed ballads, haywire bebop, Coltrane-style modality and even a James Brown cover, says he doesn't want his playing judged just on its degree of innovation, or by any other abstract measure. He is neither standard-bearer nor

BY TOM MOON

PHOTOGRAPH: SYLVIA PLACHY

revolutionary, or perhaps he's both at once. "We basically need a new discourse," he sighs, addressing a theme that also crops up in his self-penned liner notes. "What makes something valid isn't how much it advances on something else—it's how it makes you feel, how expressive it is, how honest. Terms such as innovation and tradition are played out and used up. It's natural to want to tell a historical story that's clean and polished: Dixie begat swing, and so forth. But you can only tell that story to a certain point. Much of the music people are playing today can't be viewed as an advancement over something else, which puts a hole in the story, and critics take it out on the musicians, saying there's something wrong with the music because it doesn't fit into a nice orderly tale. Well, maybe that's good—when you judge music based on some analytic standard you're bound to miss the true meaning of it."

Redman mentions Charlie Parker. "Bird is one of the great innovators in the history of music. He's unparalleled in that sense. But we shouldn't say Bird was great because he was an innovator—Bird was great because he found a direct route to his soul and expressed it in a beautiful way."

It is this type of wisdom that has the father admiring the son.

"It's kind of strange to see your son standing next to you on the bandstand, playing his ass off, really making musical sense," Dewey Redman remarks, without disguising his wonder. Dewey is quick to credit Joshua's mother, the dancer Renee Shedroff, for raising their son in an artistic environment, while conceding that some of Joshua's musical tendencies are similar to his own. "He has a lot of confidence—he scares me to death that way—and he knows a lot of old tunes. He's 23, but he plays like he's 43."

If the younger Redman has matured quickly, credit his willingness to throw himself into different settings that no amount of book learning could have prepared him for. He's worked with Pat Metheny, Jack DeJohnette, Charlie Haden, Paul Motian, the Mingus Dynasty band and others, and has already turned up as a sideman on scores of records, including Elvin Jones' *Youngblood* and his father's rousing *Choices*. Metheny, who will appear on Redman's next solo album, recalls the first time he heard Joshua: "I was so instantly taken with him. Within two or three notes, he was one of my favorite musicians of the last 15 years."

With each effort, Redman is trying to prove something he discovered early during his studies at Harvard: That an instinctual, generous approach to music can be more rewarding than the pattern-crushing favored by other, uh, young lions. "I felt like I was leading dual lives sometimes," Redman says, recalling that while he was hitting the books, his friends at Berklee were spending hours in the practice room. "Writing papers and reading books and exercising my intellect were so foreign to what I was doing when I was playing my instrument. It made me realize that music employs the intellect on an almost elementary level—it has practically nothing to do with *making music*. I was able to intellectualize the notion of music as a non-intellectual thing."

Now that he's been out in the real world for a few minutes, Redman says he's become interested in developing a more disciplined practice regimen. He talks about working on ear training, and applying himself more diligently to composition. But he doesn't expect his philosophy to change radically: "I feel like I have good access to my musical soul. That's my strength, more than technique or harmonic knowledge. A guy could have a good ear, and it might not sound like anything because he's not giving himself up to the music. He's worried about his solo and all the stuff he practiced and showing everybody what he's accomplished.

"That," Redman says with an impatient smile, "is definitely not it."

5 Short Stories

MUSIC BY
JOHN ZORN
SOFIA GUBAIDULINA
WILLIE DIXON
JOHN OSWALD
ELLIOTT SHARP
PANDIT PRAN NATH
AND OTHERS

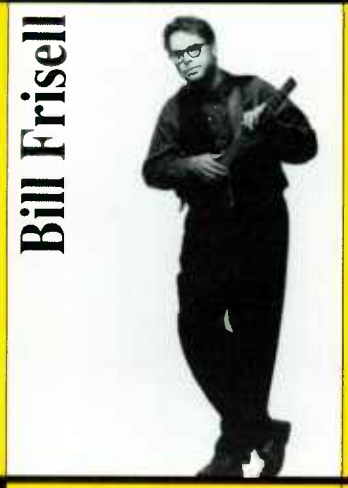
Symphony No. 3

"An hour of grace and emotion you will find hard to forget."
CD CLASSICS (UK)

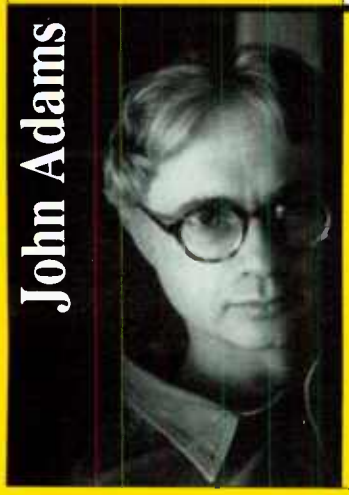
A top ten pop album in the UK, and the #1 classical album in the U.S., this haunting work has been called "one of the greatest and most mysterious works of our time."
TIME

MUSIC BY
AARON COPLAND
MUDDY WATERS
BOB DYLAN
JOHN HIATT
MADONNA
AND OTHERS

"The culmination of his work to date...at once contemporary and hugely evocative of the American past...must be heard to be believed."
TIME OUT (UK)



HAVE A LITTLE FAITH

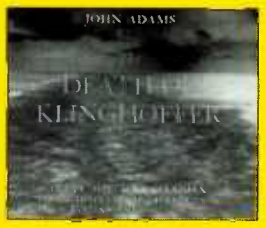


A new opera from the composer of the Grammy-winning *Nixon in China*, based on the 1985 hijacking of the Achille Lauro.

"A compelling musical, dramatic, poetic and political experience for anyone with open ears and an open mind."
THE NEW YORK TIMES

"...a work that fires the heart."
NEWSWEEK

THE DEATH OF KLINGHOFFER



on Elektra Nonesuch

For credit card orders call 800-888-8574

ELEKTRA CHANGES THE OLD RULES

DARST, HENKE AND JONES, WITH DAVID BITHER LOOKING OVER THEIR SHOULDERS, AND NATALIE MERCHANT LOOKING OVER HIS

BY SCOTT ISLER

"ANY RECORD COMPANY IS ITS ARTISTS," DAVID BITHER SAYS. "WE ARE here to service them and try to provide a platform to make them visible."

A sensible statement from Elektra Entertainment's general manager and senior vice-president, right? But Bither is at the center of music-business speculation over Elektra's revamped marketing division. The former head of Elektra marketing himself, Bither made some unconventional personnel choices for the restructured department. New senior vice-president of marketing and product development Ellen Darst was director of Principle Management's U.S. office; for the last 10 years she was synonymous with U2. Vice-president of product development James Henke's association with *Rolling Stone* magazine dates back even longer; when he went to Elektra he was vice-president and editorial director of *Stone*'s music projects division, after years as the magazine's music editor. Only new vice-president of marketing Jeff Jones hasn't switched careers; he held the same title at PolyGram.

"I'm not trying to suggest I needed three people to replace me," Bither says, explaining his creative hiring. "I was doing one-third of a job. The traditional ways of exposing an artist to the world were becoming more and more difficult, more and more expensive and more and more competitive, and needed some fresh ideas."

Bither compares what a marketing department does to the joke about blind men and an elephant. "Different companies organize it different ways. On the most fundamental level, marketing means exposing, making the public aware of something. [At Elektra] marketing has been composed of a creative services function—visual presentation of an artist, which includes packaging and videos—and advertising and merchandising. 'Merchandising' means in-store displays and posters, among other things." Generally, a record company's promotion department goes after radio exposure while its marketing department concentrates on retail.

Fresh takes on music marketing

"Elektra's artists tend to require a marketing focus more than radio focus," Bither says. "Some people called after we started making some of these [new hiring] announcements and said, 'So Elektra doesn't care about radio anymore?' You can't be out of the radio business." But Elektra has cut its promotional field staff by "probably 40 percent. We now have regional people talking to radio instead of an individual on a local basis in every major market." On the other hand, the field marketing department has doubled from six people; this group will reinforce Elektra's touring acts, working with local promoters and venues, and be in contact with retail.

Technological developments have encouraged Elektra's changes. In the past, "a marketing department was concerned with how well it was persuading retail that this was an important record—more so, perhaps, than it was interest-

PHOTOGRAPH: LINDA COVELLO

We caught up with Stu Hamm and his new Total Hartke bass system at the China Club in New York. After taking us on an amazing journey through the expanded bass tone spectrum, Stu talked about the system.

Total Hartke

I have to function as a bass player, but I also need a lot of distinction between each tone for chordal and lead things. This Total Hartke setup works great because the amp matches the speakers so well. The system is real compatible and it's easy to dial in a lot of different tones.

Model 7000 Amp

With the tube and solid state sections, I get all the different sounds I need from the 7000—and mixing the two is really nice. There's more than enough power. I haven't cranked it past nine o'clock yet!

405XL High Frequency Array

The Hartke high frequency array with the four 5″ drivers give me lots of presence in the top end without too much bite. It's a smooth sound, not harsh at all.

410XL

You'd think with those four 10s right at ear level, it would blow your head off. But the sound of the Hartke 410 is really smooth.

215XL

I get phenomenal low end with the 215 XL. Real clarity of tone and true bottom with lots of punch.

It's A Rap

Thanks Stu, we couldn't have said it any better ourselves. Now it's time for *you* to explore the expanded sound of Total Hartke at a Hartke dealer near you.

Hartke Systems
Transient Attack »»

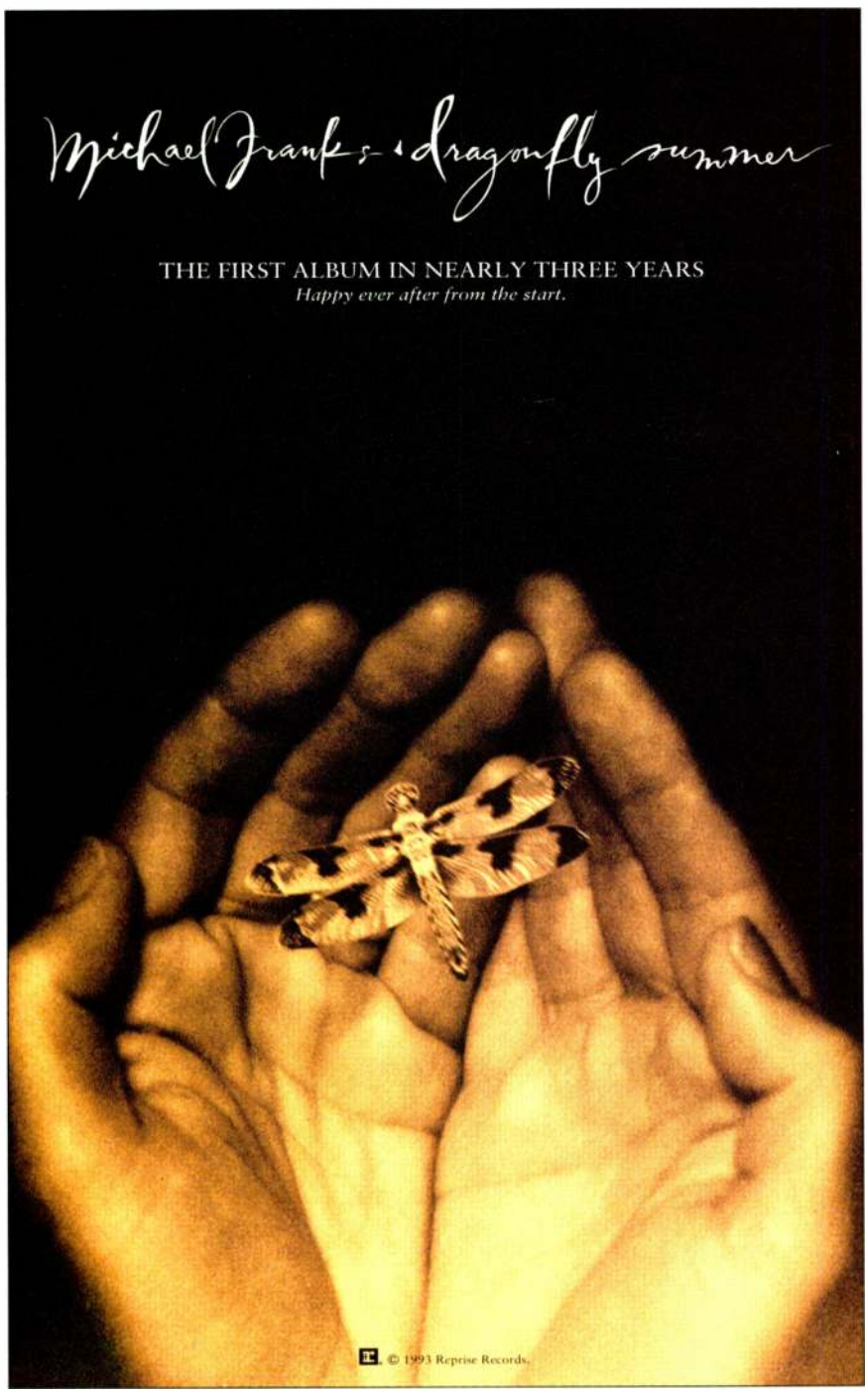
Hartke Systems distributed exclusively worldwide by: Samson Technologies Corp.
P.O. Box 9068, Hicksville, NY 11802-9068 Tel: (516) 932-3810 Fax: (516) 932-3815 ©1993 Samson

ed in persuading consumers. You were not going to the ultimate target." With SoundScan now electronically reporting record sales, the emphasis has shifted to "your ultimate end user, the audience.

"Very few record stores are putting up posters anymore. Television commercials were once so expensive that it was impossible to conceive of a television campaign for a record. Now with cable and local access you can buy ads for literally $15 or $20 in certain markets. 'Infomercials' work for Thighmaster; will they work for Michael Bolton?"

These are a few of the marketing challenges for record companies in the '90s. Bither picked his eclectic marketing team exactly because of their varied background. He knew Darst as the manager of an Elektra act, Merchants of Venus; she had also worked in distribution and artist development prior to getting involved in management. Henke's journalism career is more straightforward but appealed to Bither's think-tank approach to assembling the new department. Jones had worked with Darst on U2. (PolyGram distributes Island, U2's label.)

Bither cites Phish as a test case for the new marketing team. The band's first Elektra album last year sold over 125,000 copies, a respectable figure. But Phish's strong grass-roots following left Bither unsure how much Elektra and distributor WEA had contributed to the success. There was no single from the album, and therefore no video. Phish's new album is still videoless but includes a track Elektra feels is radio-friendly. "We're still going to base this around their existing fan base," Bither notes. "But how do we extend that? How do we get to 250,000 people? That's the goal for this record. It'll be a real good test of this department over the next six to nine months if we can achieve those figures."



As head of the new department, Darst was the first of Bither's choices in place. She says she was already looking "for a new challenge" when Bither contacted her last spring. (Commitments with U2 forced her to delay starting the job until this January.) She describes her contribution to the department as a "management-focused" viewpoint:

"Sometimes the obvious line from A to B is a straight line. But as a manager, lots of times you see that's not really the case. A fast arrival at B may cost you a lot in terms of imaging and credibility and long-term goals. We're trying to build a roster here of artists we hope will be making records at this company a long time from now. We have to be more sensitive to management-type considerations."

Having crossed over from journalism, Henke misses "the concrete thing of putting out an issue every two weeks and seeing the results of your work being so immediate and so gratifying. This is much more nebulous. There's a lot of talking and coming up with ideas, trying to put those into play. I'll come home sometimes and think, 'Now, what did I *really* do today?' "

On the other hand, Henke relishes being behind former enemy lines. "Sure, at *Rolling Stone* I could do a story, but that only goes so far—obviously it does a lot—but being able to work with the artists and their managers and other people here in trying to get the music out to people is an exciting challenge."

"This business has been going through some serious changes in the last couple of years," Bither says. "You have to address that, like any other business has to address changing times. I'm not saying we have a magic solution. But we think we know the direction things are going in to reach the consumer directly. We're trying to bring some new thinking to bear on this question. Hopefully that thinking will produce some interesting answers. If it doesn't," he laughs, "we'll all be fired."

BUDDY GUY FEELS LIKE PAIN

An album like they used to make
by an artist who's making it now.

11 tunes of Classic Blues,
R&B News and Rock & Roll Shoes.

Featuring John Mayall,
Paul Rodgers, Travis Tritt.

Includes "Some Kind of Wonderful"
Featuring Paul Rodgers

Produced by John Porter

Blues Power

The electrifying new album
from the founder of the blues/rock movement.

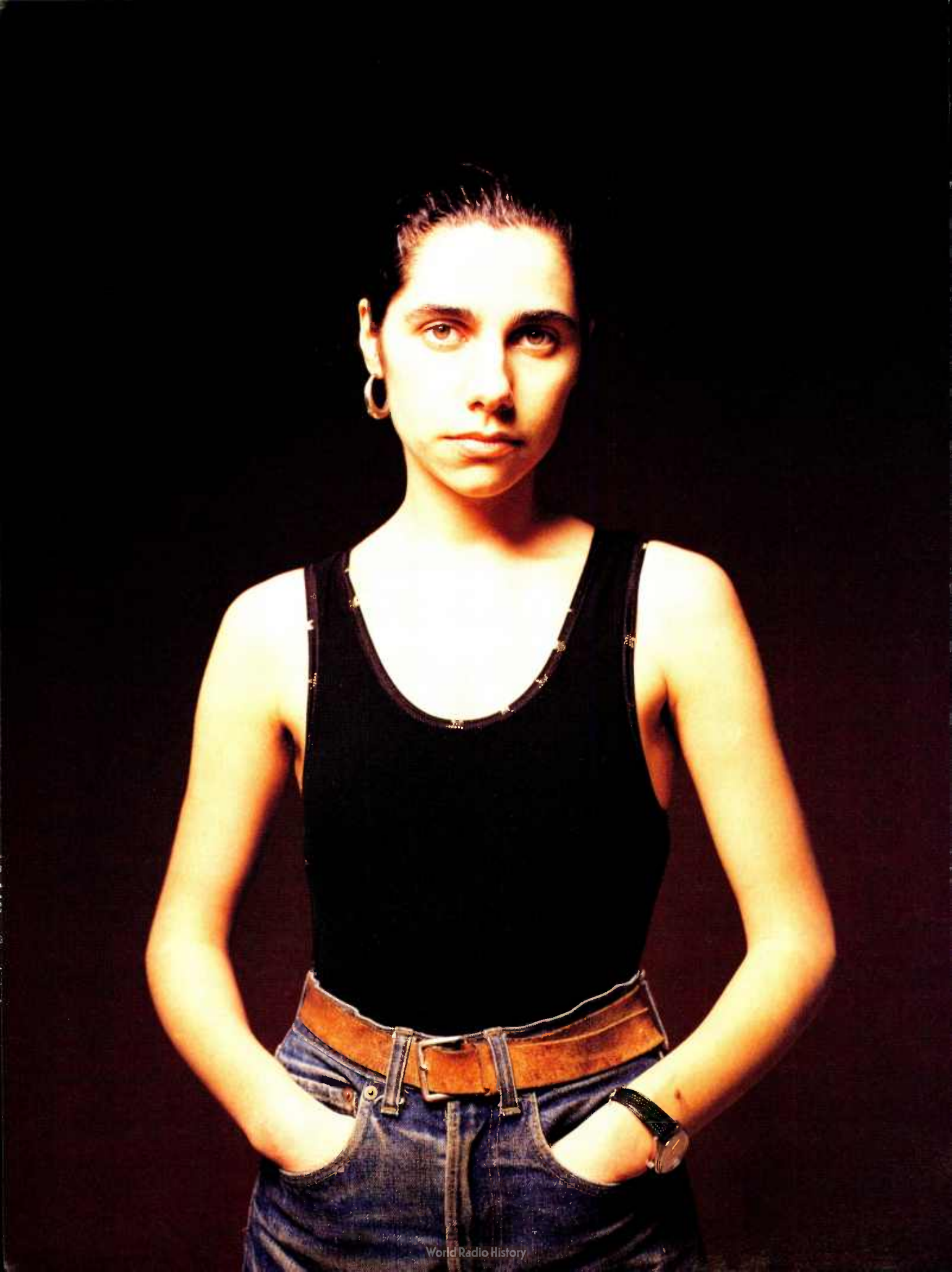
Featuring The Bluesbreakers
Coco Montoya, Rick Cortes, Joe Yuele

With Special Guests Buddy Guy,
Mavis Staples, and Mick Taylor

Produced by R.S. Field and Dave [illegible]

JOHN MAYALL wake up call

Both albums available now on SILVERTONE RECORDS



PJ HARVEY MAKES HER OWN HISTORY

ON A SWELTERING NIGHT IN NEW YORK'S FAMED CBGB'S CLUB LAST AUGUST, A BUNCH OF MUSIC-BIZ heavies were jammed into the tiny, dank room when a demure young woman took the stage—dark hair pulled back tight, big eyes and lips seemingly as broad as her slight thighs, her slender upper arm rivaling her guitar neck for thickness. She began to scratch her deep red guitar, as though trying to quell some unsatisfiable itch, and sing in a conspiratorial moan: "I beg you, my darling/Don't leave me/I'm hurting," and "I'll tie your legs/Keep you against my chest," and "I'll make you lick my injuries."

Suddenly, with a supernova roar, the male bassist and drummer kicked in, and the song split wide open in a carefully modulated furor. The singer was howling now, pledging to keep up her seductions till her tormentor buckles: "Don't you/Don't you/Wish you/Never/Never met her." The thick air broke and the room was collectively thrown back an inch or two. There was that rare sense among those present that they were privy to something incredibly exciting and, even, well, new. PJ Harvey had arrived.

Six months and a slew of Best of '92 citations for her debut album *Dry* later, Polly Harvey is explaining why that song represented a catalytic change for her, so much so that she decided to bestow its title upon her sophomore effort: *Rid of Me*, produced by Pixies wiz Steve Albini and due out in May.

"I definitely shifted a gear in my writing with 'Rid of Me,'" Harvey explains, sitting in Limbo, a nouveau-boho cafe on New York's Lower East Side. Curious eavesdroppers, who clearly recognize the persona in their midst, nonchalantly sip cappuccinos at the far end of a long, "Jetsons"-like sofa, much to an unfazed Harvey's bemusement. "I wrote that a year ago January, and it affected everything I've written over the past year. I think it condenses into one song everything we're doing as a band."

Harvey doesn't elaborate on this last point. Discussions of her work are precise, polite and studiously restricted. But one could safely enumerate the following traits: a teasing shift from hushed restraint to explosive passion, a penchant for unexpected, lurching rhythms and the idiosyncratic combination of Harvey's sensual, dusky lead vocals with the imploring

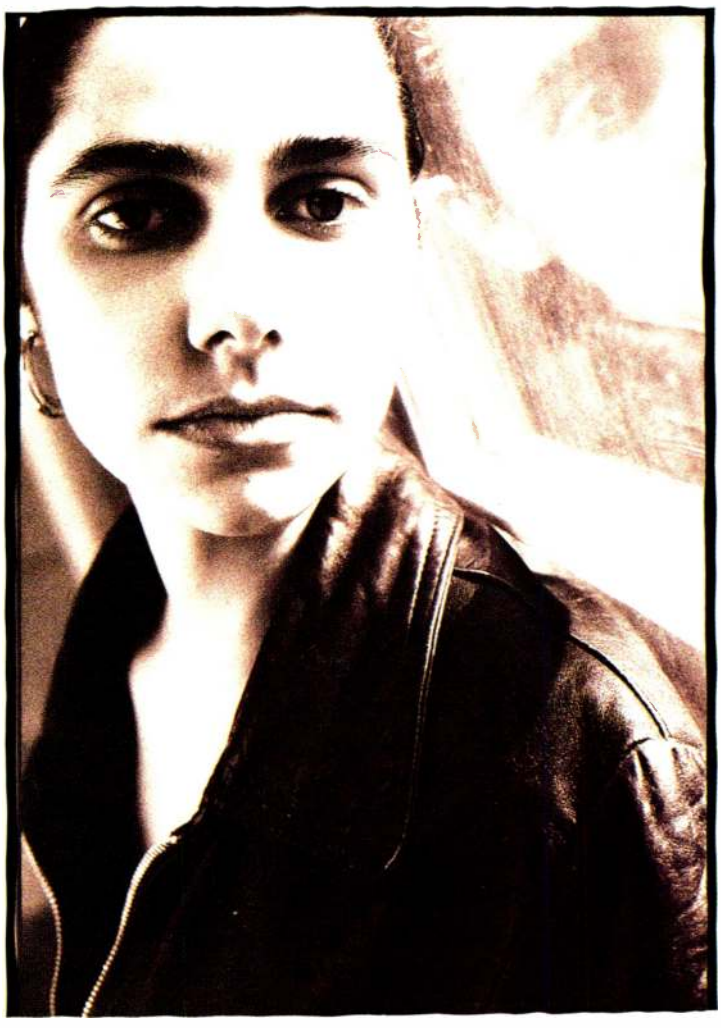
BY KATHERINE DIECKMANN

PHOTOS BY DEBORAH FEINGOLD

"Words are crap. Ultimately I'd like to put it all across in music and not have any words at all."

falsetto of Robert Ellis, PJ Harvey's drummer. Ellis closes out "Rid of Me" with the haunting a cappella plea, "Lick my legs/I'm on fire/Lick my legs/Of desire," stitching a button of male hysteria on Harvey's garment fashioned from female wrath.

It's hard to imagine terrain more ferocious and confrontational than that of *Dry*, which dealt with the pressure of appeasing men with feminine wiles ("Dress"), waiting for and getting your menstrual period ("Happy and Bleeding"), Delilah's transgressive haircutting ("Hair"), and invoked a Celtic figurehead who's simultaneously pulling open her vagina and laughing wildly ("Sheela-Na-Gig"), among other things. But with *Rid of Me*, which boasts a range of enflamed female voices and pledges like "I might as well be dead/But I could kill you instead" and high-pitched tirades like "You bend over/Casanova/No sweat/I'm clean/Nothing can touch me," Harvey has uncovered an even darker space in the troubled realm of lust and love.



Forever reluctant to explain herself in terms of content, Harvey demurs when questioned about the shifts in *Rid of Me*. Then she says, "I think it was about discovering how exciting it is to shock yourself. I remember thinking, 'Hmmm, yeah, this is nice. I like scaring myself.'" She lets loose a giggle, or a Polly Harvey approximation of one, which is closer to a quiet chuckle. "Then I thought, 'Let's do this a bit more.'"

Talking with the preternaturally serene Harvey—tidy and low-key in jeans, black-and-white plaid wool jacket, single silver hoop earring and knapsack—it's tough to remember that the singer/songwriter is just 23. Even more unbelievable is that her stalwart trio (with Stephen Vaughan on bass) formed just a year and a half ago in Harvey's native Yeovil, a tiny farming community of 600 people in rural southern England. Working with a local engineer from Harvey's homemade demos (on which she played not just guitar but cello and violin as well), the threesome self-produced *Dry* for a mere $5000, an accomplishment all the more impressive considering the record's sonic sophistication.

The album drew raves that were over-the-top even by the usual hyperbolic standards of the British music press, with American journalists following suit once *Dry* broke here. Harvey's been caught up in the spin of sudden success ever since, a fact she seems to find more baffling and distracting than anything else: "I thought it was music that I enjoyed but I couldn't expect other people to enjoy it as well," is how she describes *Dry*. She adds that audience appreciation was never what she was after anyway. "If people are getting some level of enjoyment, or even some level of feeling, whether it's just feeling uncomfortable, or hating it," she offers, "that's a good achievement in my eyes."

Accompanying the sharp glare of attention came an effort to contextualize and pinpoint influences in Harvey's work, which is something she quite protectively shuns. Comparisons to Patti Smith, early Pretenders and Sinéad O'Connor abound. "There's nothing I can do to change that, so I don't get annoyed by it," she says in an even voice, adding that only recently has she begun to catch up on contemporary rock 'n' roll.

Harvey swears that her sources are far older and more eccentric, like the Captain Beefheart records her parents played when she was growing up, or the classic blues singers she continues to listen to regularly, always on vinyl if possible: "I still prefer to buy something that's 12 inches square where you've got a nice bit of artwork, and I like to hear the crackles and scratches." Howlin' Wolf was a major inspiration in writing *Rid of Me*, Harvey adds, remarking that "some of the lyrics are so horrible and so sinister, yet you don't realize that when you listen to it the first time. That had a big effect on me."

By now well-used to having her upbringing poked and probed for clues to her present work, Harvey dutifully offers up examples of early creativity. There were the home puppet shows, the school plays, the reading lessons in church. There was the taking up of instruments, encouraged by her musically inclined parents, particularly her mother, who would import bands down from London to play in Yeovil's village hall. A pre–PJ Harvey Polly also toured Poland, East Germany and Spain with a band from Bristol called Automatic Dlamini, in which she played guitar, saxophone, and provided backing vocals. She never considered singing leads, she explains with typical directness, because "I just saw it as a learning experience, that band. I was beginning to write my own stuff then, but the songs weren't good enough to be played in public yet."

For such an accomplished lyricist (the *Rolling Stone* Critics' Poll anointed her Best Songwriter of 1992), Harvey has a healthy mistrust of language. "Words are crap," she says bluntly. "They're restricting and they don't say anything, which is why ultimately I'd like to put it all across in music and not have any words at all. Which is why I hate doing interviews—" she laughs. "Because I can never put into words what I mean, and never will be able to." It comes as no surprise, then, that Harvey was studying sculpture at college in London just before PJ Harvey hit, a practice she describes with a modicum of self-deprecation as "more like assembling objects than sculpting."

Harvey considers her visual work, which she plans to return to once she tires of the music business ("when I'm old"), an aesthetic process of paring down entirely parallel to her songwriting. Both are "about starting off with a lot of information and then getting rid of the shit I don't want."

But try as one might to define Harvey's music and process, it—and she—are surrounded by stubborn contradictions that frustrate the usual attempts at analysis. Which is, no doubt, precisely how she wants it. For instance, it's difficult to reconcile the shy, well-mannered Harvey with her obvious penchant for extremity, and not just in her music-making. The day we meet, she's already been to a gallery to see the latest show by Andres Serrano, one of her favorite photographers (whose controversial "Piss Christ" caused a major NEA stir several years back). The exhibition, titled "The Morgue: Cause of Death," features chilly, pristine close-up Cibachromes of anonymous corpses. That night, Harvey has plans to see Quentin Tarrantino's indie bloodfest, *Reservoir Dogs*. And she's just finished reading William Burroughs' red classic *Naked Lunch*, with plans to move on to Georges Bataille's study of warped erotica, *Story of the Eye*.

Far more surprising is Harvey's strong opposition to being dubbed a feminist (or postfeminist), despite her womancentric subjects and foregrounding of all manner of noxious male behavior. She eschews that label with a tart "I steer clear of feminism most of the time, I find I get along just fine without it. My philosophy has always been just to get on and do for yourself what you've got to do, and you'll cover a lot of ground that way." She pauses. "I'd just feel like I was wasting a lot of time if I sat around reading books and teaching myself about that history when I can make my own.

"I've spent my whole life surrounded by men," she continues, "much more so than women." She explains that there were no girls her age when she was growing up in

Yeovil, so she hung out with her older brother and his cohorts. "My band members are my best friends and we can talk about anything. I feel that we completely connect on most levels. My own experience with men is that they're very similar to me. Or," she smiles, "that I'm similar to them." The lyrics to Harvey's mock-bellowed "Man-Sized" on *Rid of Me* immediately suggest themselves, with their inside-out take on male posturing: "I'm coming up man-sized/Skinned alive/Handsome/Got my leather boots on."

That willingness to riff on role-playing, flirting with but never quite assuming a fully "female" stance, is part of Harvey's fervent commitment to multifacetedness. For instance, she bristles almost imperceptibly when the word "rage" is applied to her songs. "I wouldn't call it that," she states. "I wouldn't say I'm raging. A lot of what's coming out of me is a joy as well, an enjoyment, amongst things like rage." She adds, "No matter how fierce a lyric may seem to me, it's always completely balanced by a sense of humor." Asked whether she thinks people misperceive that balance, she responds, "I'm sure that's true, and that's not their fault. It's probably my fault as a writer. I haven't perfected the art of combining the two elements yet, which is what I'm always working towards. I don't know that I'll ever get there, either."

Dubious. If one thing marks Polly Harvey, it is her perfectionism, a relentless drive to push and improve herself. Between *Dry* and *Rid of Me* she has done extensive work on her voice, practicing singing vowels and learning breathing techniques. The effort pays off on songs like "Legs" and "Ecstasy"—in the latter Harvey achieves a startling new register of timbre and control, drawing out the title word in a deep, polysyllabic moan. As for the songwriting itself, the process is equally focused and intensive.

"I spend months on songs," Harvey says, knitting her brow ever so slightly. "It's very rare that one comes together in five or 10 minutes—that does happen occasionally, but usually it's really, really hard. I tend to work on three or four songs at a time, and just work them to death. I'm always very hard on myself when I'm doing it, too. I mean, I generally think I'm useless the whole time, or at least not very good." She pauses, sipping from her coffee cup. "I don't think I've ever worked on a song and thought, 'Yeah, this is great' while I'm doing it. Actually, I've never felt like that. I always think, 'This is so bad, but I've got to finish it because I'll learn so much from doing it.' So." She smiles. "I'm never happy."

What, then, allows her to finally commit a song and let it go?

"I'll just say to myself that I've taken these ideas as far as I can with this particular song, and I'll take what I've learnt and try to make a better one next time. Unfortunately, it doesn't work like that. They don't get better the more you do. I seem to go in peaks and troughs of writing a good batch and then a bad batch."

Always eager to expand herself, particularly through fruitful collaboration, Harvey cites producer Steve Albini's work on *Rid of Me* as essential to her rapid development since *Dry*. Harvey explains that Albini's methods, closer to an engineer than a producer, instantly appealed to her and put her at ease. "It wasn't about someone coming in and telling me how to restructure a song or what I should be doing where. Instead, he'd

make suggestions, especially when we felt stuck or at a dead end, like 'Why don't you try singing it this way?'

"The way we recorded my voice really helped as well," she continues. "We basically had three different rooms set up that I could use as I felt like it, or even walk between rooms as we were recording if I wanted to. So we had a claustrophobic, close sound, and a very ambient sound, and a really over-the-top, huge room sound." Harvey calls the overall effect of *Rid of Me* "very open" as opposed to *Dry*'s quality of being "suffocated" and "drawn-in."

Rid of Me features any number of techniques that expand on Harvey's already formidable roster of moans, shrieks, keenings, clenched mutters and quasi-strangulations. Many of the vocals are in some way manipulated or distorted. On "Legs," which crosses Led Zeppelin's "D'yer Mak'er" with a thudding dirge, Albini deployed what he's dubbed a "danglaphone," where the song's original signal is fed back through a speaker in a room and picked up by a microphone hung from the ceiling and swinging in a circle, to achieve that "swirling effect," as Harvey calls it. On other songs, such as "Man-Sized" (which also appears on *Rid of Me* in a dissonant string version called "Man-Sized Sextet"), Harvey used a stereophonic mike, moving her head slightly from side to side to send her vocal out from opposite speakers as she sang, which makes for Walkman ear candy.

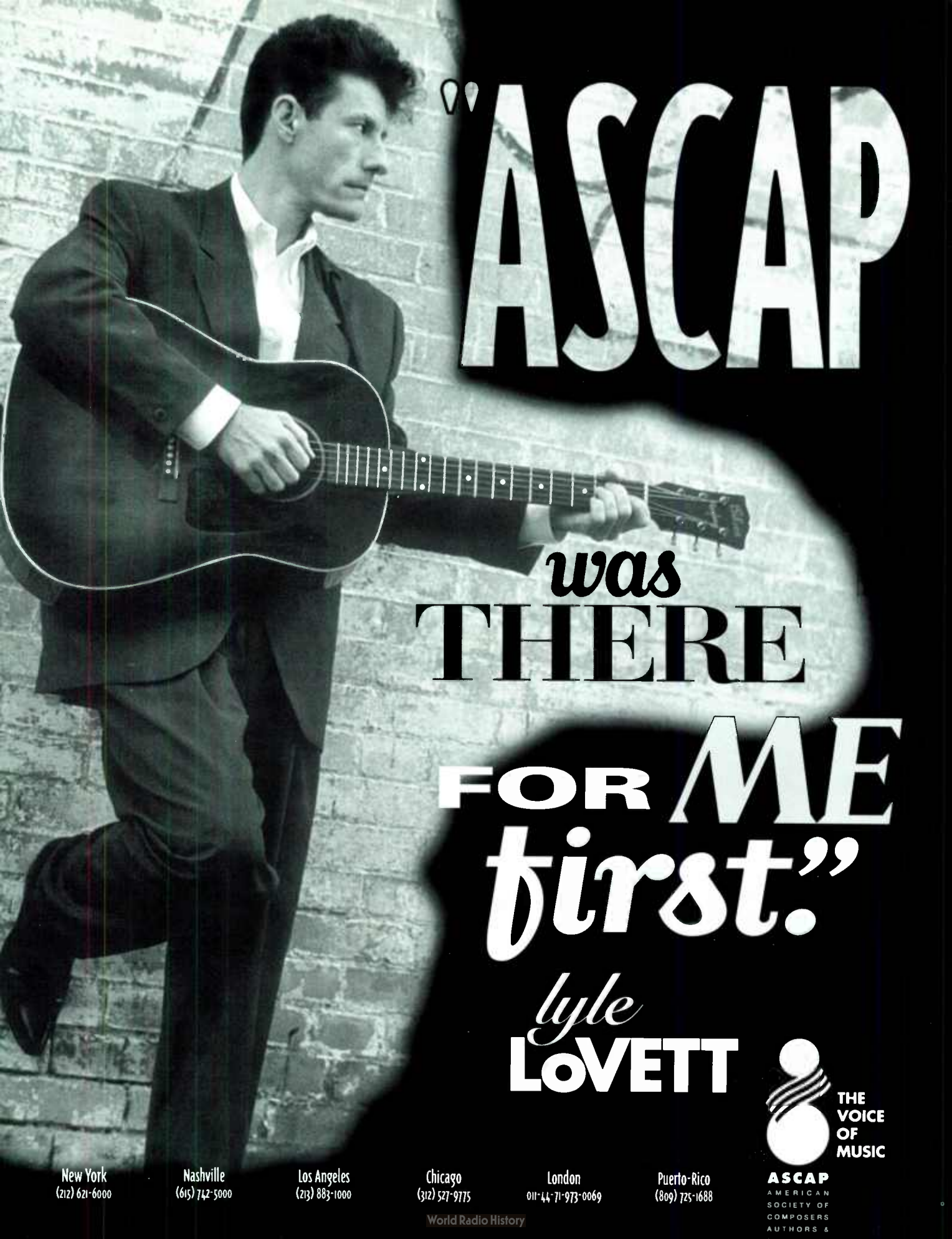
As much as Harvey has impressively expanded her aural lexicon with *Rid of Me*, she is already thinking ahead to other projects that will test her further. She has plans to assemble a post–PJ Harvey group, a notion that in no way upsets her two current bandmates, she says, who have their own independent projects and have been quite content to stay out of the PJ Harvey spotlight and let Polly do the frontwoman duty. Although she stresses she has no plans to break up her present line-up any time soon, since "we're just now gelling as a band, and the music is starting to sound like a unit instead of three separate pieces." Harvey also intends to buy a farm just outside Yeovil and build a studio there, inviting outside collaborators in, as she's increasingly intrigued by recording and engineering.

One senses that Polly Harvey's rapid evolution is already hurtling her towards new, untested musical waters. She explains that *Rid of Me* allowed her to "hit a place I didn't know I had, and once I'd hit it I couldn't leave it alone." Like a little sore to be worried over? Harvey laughs: "Yeah, picking it, picking it off again. But I think I've just about exhausted it by now.

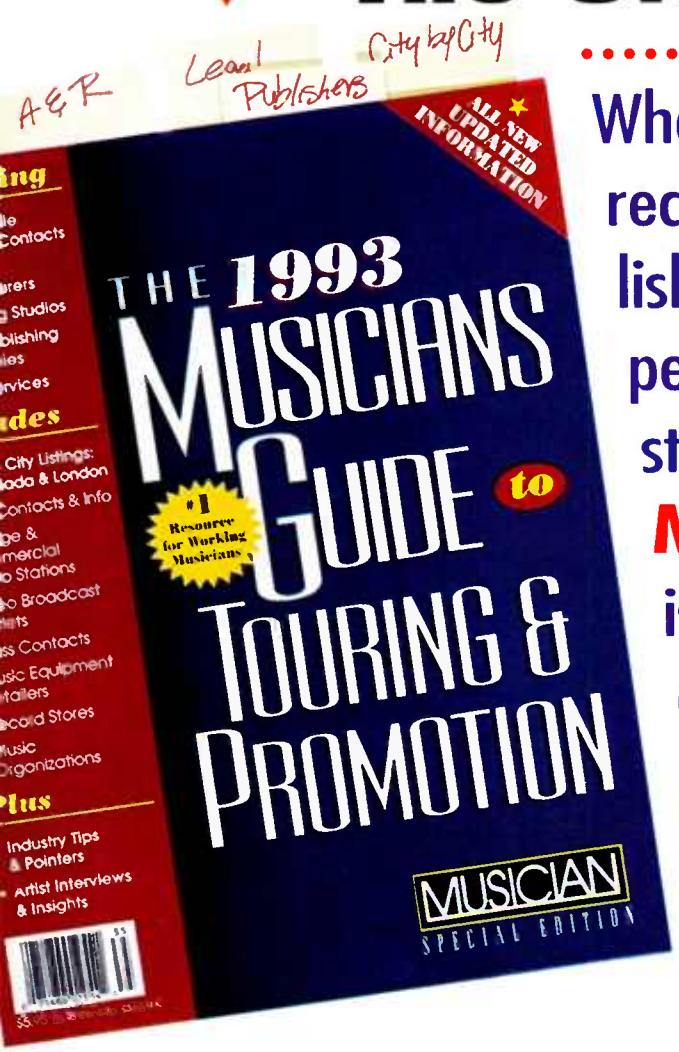
"So," she says, "I've got to find a new scab to pick." Then she smiles. "And I'm sure I will find one."

SHEELA-NA-GIG BAG

POLLY HARVEY's instruments include a Gretsch Broadkaster, a Boss distortion pedal and a Marshall JLM 900 head in conjunction with a Fender Twin. Drummer ROBERT ELLIS uses a Yamaha Maple Custom kit. STEPHEN VAUGHAN plays a fretless Music Man bass with a Trace Elliot 12-band graphic head and 4x12 cab.



The Ultimate Guide For



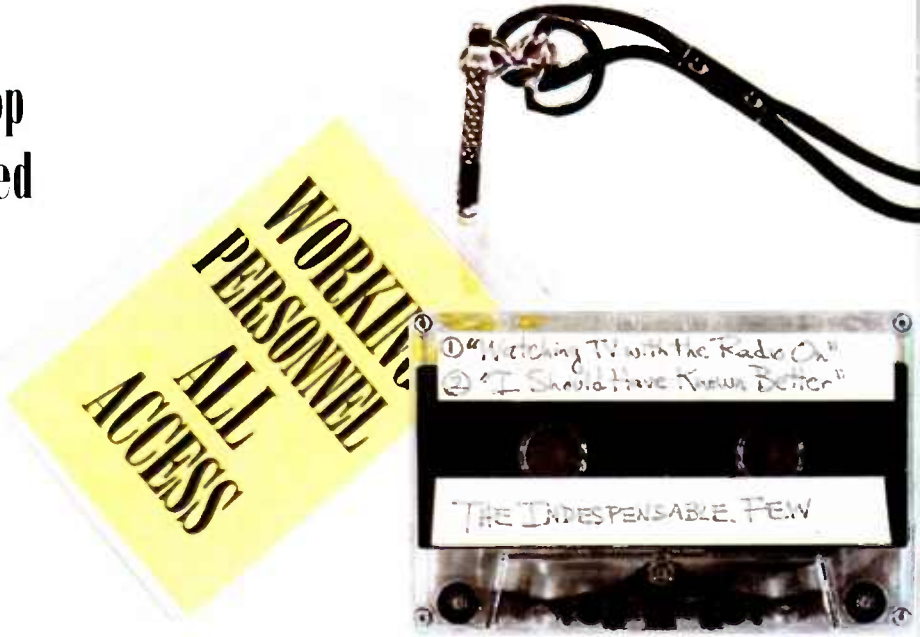
Whether you want to record your music, publish it, promote it or perform it live on stage, **The 1993 Musicians Guide** is the only publication qualified for working bands and independent artists.

"We just got signed to Sub Pop and the Musicians Guide helped us get there"

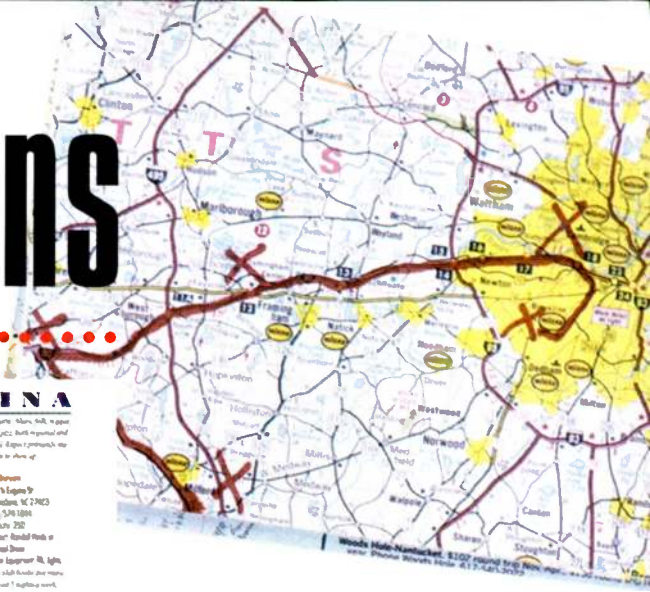
JIM SPELLMAN,
VELOCITY GIRL, WASHINGTON DC

"The Guide is our ticket for touring"

EDDIE BUSH, THE EDDIE BUSH GROUP,
S. CAROLINA



Working Musicians



"Required reading for anyone in a band"
LEO MAGAZINE, LOUISVILLE KY

"A handy business road map for the working musician"
BILLBOARD MAGAZINE

"A book of must-have information for independent musician"
ILLINOIS ENTERTAINER, CHICAGO

FEATURING:

- Over 500 A&R contacts
- Music publishers
- Attorneys
- Tape/CD manufacturers
- National press directory
- Artist insights and industry tips
- Over 125 city listings that include clubs, radio, local press, record stores, equipment retail, and music video outlets across North America, plus London

I NEED THE MUSICIANS GUIDE!

Please send me _____ copies of **THE 1993 MUSICIANS GUIDE** at $6.95 each, includes postage & handling. ($7.95 outside U.S.)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

Mail this coupon or your name & address, with your check/money order to:

THE 1993 MUSICIANS GUIDE,
33 Commercial St., Gloucester MA 01930.

The Coming of Stevie R

...y Vaughan

The Early Days of the Texas Guitar Legend

For a Dallas kid bound and determined to play guitar for a living in 1972, moving to Austin was better than dying and going to heaven. The whole town was full of people like Stevie Vaughan. In Austin, he could practice playing his instrument all day, gig in clubs all night, make time with good-looking chicks who actually wanted to talk to him, get higher than a Georgia pine whenever he pleased, crash on the nearest sofa when sleep finally caught up with him, only to start all over when he woke up. No parents nagging at him, no principals, teachers or coaches leaning on him about rules or responsibility, no assholes lurking in the shadows waiting to beat the crap out of him just because he was different. Music, dope and pussy—that's what 17-year-old Steve Vaughan wanted and that's what Austin had to offer.

"It was like a circus," Stevie said. "I couldn't believe it. There were real, full-blown hippies. I was trying to figure out, hey, what's happening here? How are these people getting away with all this?"

Stevie quickly established himself as one of the more talented young guitarists in Austin, even though he wasn't legally old enough to buy a drink at the bar. Playing through Marshall amps cranked up to 10, his brute, muscular approach defined a hard-edged tone. Stevie always liked to play with the heaviest strings he could find. "They were like fucking telephone wires," Stevie's pal Cutter Brandenburg remembered. "Just a little bit bigger piece a wood and you'd have a fucking piano.

"Stevie never got better than he was then," Cutter claimed. "He just got more intense."

With 30 or 40 dollars in his pocket after playing a gig, Stevie had no problem finding drugs, a party and a place to crash. Pot was $10 a lid and rents were $75 a month—real cheap when it was split three or four ways. Stevie didn't own much besides his guitar and made do living on the couch circuit. Finally, he thought, he'd found a place where he had a chance to do his own thing. And he still had the best role model in the world to follow. His brother Jimmie Vaughan, his number-one

By Joe Nick Patoski & Bill Crawford

guitar idol in the whole wide world, had moved to Austin the year before, along with a whole crowd of music-playing reprobates from Dallas. Jimmie Vaughan had no bigger fan than his little brother. Stevie went to see Jimmie perform every chance he could. He stood up on chairs and hollered at the end of each song, and pestered Jimmie between sets to teach him new guitar tricks.

"It didn't seem like he was doing it to get out there and make money," observed Stevie. "It has more to do with what he really liked and what he really cared about, and that to me meant listening to your heart."

Jimmie thought Stevie was a pain in the ass, but he couldn't ignore his sibling if he tried. If he saw Stevie in the crowd and found the opportunity, he called him up to sit in, a courtesy he rarely extended to other guitarists.

"Stevie, who's the better guitar player, you or Jimmie?" Shirley Rattiseau, an older blues aficionado, would frequently tease whenever she saw Stevie show up to jam with his brother.

"Jimmie," he replied without hesitation. "He's the greatest."

"Stevie idolized his brother, he worshipped him," remembered Christian Plicque, the singer in Stevie's band, Blackbird. "It almost made me sick."

Jimmie returned the compliment begrudgingly. Whenever he went to hear Blackbird, his standard comment was "You guys ain't no fucking good." Stevie's bandmates thought Jimmie treated their lead guitarist like shit. Still, he couldn't help but be impressed with the progress his little brother had made since he moved to Austin. "I already knew he was serious, but he was *really* serious." Jimmie even relented and played a double bill with Stevie at the South Door club in 1972. Anyone who came to the show anticipating a Vaughan cutting contest left disappointed. The boys were ruthless with other musicians, but they avoided slicing each other up onstage.

***Stevie Vaughan, seated, at his first session, with the Cast of Thousands, was heard in 1971 on the local compilation album* New Hi.**

To Stevie, nothing else mattered except guitars. When he was onstage, his head bowed, working his way through a tight, improvisational passage, he was as close to heaven as he could get in the material world. Offstage, he scrounged around music stores and pawn shops, looking at the new arrivals and testing out the merchandise. Even when he was on the couch circuit, he always made sure to bring along his axe, his portable stereo and his favorite records so he could sit and practice playing along with Albert King, Muddy Waters, B.B. King, Eric Clapton and even Jimi Hendrix. He couldn't watch TV without a guitar in his hands. Even when a guitar wasn't in his hands his fingers were always moving, working the strings and frets of his air guitar as he waited in line at a 7-Eleven or a Mexican restaurant. When Stevie and his girlfriend Glenda Maples were sharing a house with Christian Plicque, the couple got into a particularly nasty knock-down drag-out that climaxed with Glenda splitting the premises. A few minutes later, Christian peeked in to see how his partner was handling it. Stevie was in bed fast asleep, clutching his guitar.

Blackbird fell apart less than a year after the band moved to Austin. Christian was singing like a wimp as far as Stevie was concerned. If he couldn't be heard when Stevie turned up the guitar volume, that was his problem. A young black guy prancing around stage like a pansy didn't fit in with a blues band, even if he had the right skin color. "You'll never be black," he told Christian.

Stevie jumped out of Blackbird and into the unknown.

Marc Benno was a curly-haired waif of a songwriter, guitarist and pianist from East Dallas who had hit it big in Hollywood after falling in with Leon Russell. As the Asylum Choir, they had two mildly successful albums shortly before Russell took off as a solo act in 1970.

Benno wasn't comfortable with the privileged and handsomely underwritten life of a rock star. He swore to himself that his next album had to be a Texas album. He convinced the kind and groovy executives who held the purse strings at A&M Records to finance his dream. In the late fall of 1972, Benno aimed his Porsche to Austin to create his fourth album.

Benno tracked down Jimmie Vaughan, whose "high-powered, high-volume" sound had impressed him ever since the days when he'd drop in to watch the Chessmen at the Studio Club back in Dallas. "I remember thinking his stuff was better than Hendrix, better than Clapton," he mused. Now Jimmie was doing exactly what Benno wished he could be doing—blues with no compromise—which was exactly the sound he was looking to get on his next album. But Jimmie made it plain he was not interested, no matter how much money was in the deal.

"No, I can't do it," he told him. "I'm into the blues only. I'm not gonna play any of that other stuff. But my brother, man, you oughta hear him. He can do it."

Stevie was thrilled and a little intimidated when Jimmie introduced him to Benno. Jimmie told him Benno was the real thing, no shit. "This guy's going to Hollywood. He's got a happening deal," he said.

"You think I oughta go with him?" Stevie asked his brother.

"You oughta go," nodded Jimmie.

Just when Stevie needed a break, a change of scenery, salvation arrived in the form of this gnome in a Porsche. Then it got even better. Benno approached Doyle Bramhall, the man he thought was "the best white singer in the whole world," and a tough drummer too, and Doyle said yes! So did Billy Etheridge, another Chessmen vet, and another Dallas refugee, Bruce Miller, agreed to play bass.

It was easy for Stevie to buy in. Shit, just working with Doyle was an accomplishment. These cats were his brother's equals. And now they were his equals, too. Suitably jacked up and in tune, the band, dubbed Marc Benno & the Nightcrawlers, did the recording trip first-class. With A&M's cash and stroke, they went on the road for a handful of arena concert dates opening for Humble Pie and the J. Geils

OPENING PAGE EBET ROBERTS • THIS PAGE COURTESY JOE DISHNER

Band. Benno and the band were then flown to Hollywood and housed at the Sunset Marquis while producer David Anderle blocked out most of April at Sunset Sound. Through it all, Stevie kept practicing.

He felt blessed. Just because he could play guitar, people were dropping gifts on him. He was residing in the lap of luxury with a swimming pool and maid service and someone to drive him around wherever he needed to go. "Man, I'm standing here on the corner in L.A. and there goes Chuck Berry," Stevie screamed over a pay phone to a friend. "God! I can't believe it."

Anderle recorded eight tracks by the Nightcrawlers. Benno was a fair picker himself, but just as he let Doyle do most of the singing, he wisely deferred to Stevie when it came to the guitar parts.

A&M President Jerry Moss hated the record. "Marc," he said, after listening to the reference tape that Benno brought him. "This doesn't sound *anything* like you. This is not what I'm looking for."

Benno was dumbfounded. He told Moss he respected Doyle's singing so much, he thought he should do the vocals.

"I've already got Joe Cocker," Moss replied. "What do you want me to do with this?" A&M rejected the album.

Stevie was shocked when Benno broke the news to him. All of a sudden, the dreams vanished. It couldn't be true. Benno promised. Even Jimmie said it was going to happen. Fucking bullshit liars. He didn't know who to blame—the suits at the record company, Benno, the band or all of them.

1972, Krackerjack, with Stevie at far right. Note Tommy Shannon, future Johnny Winter and Double Trouble bassist, third from left, flanked by Uncle John Turner, Bruce Bowland and Mike Kindred.

Stevie was pissed off, all right. The rock 'n' roll star trip was over. Suddenly, he was back in Austin, broke and broken.

Stevie, Doyle and Billy Etheridge decided to keep the Nightcrawlers together. If anything, the new, improved Nightcrawlers were even more depraved than their previous incarnation. Doyle Bramhall's elder brother Ronnie moved down from Irving to Austin and plugged his white Hammond B-3 organ into the funk of the Nightcrawlers, knowing full well that he was nowhere near the musician that Stevie was. "I would be listening to Stevie playing lead and he would play something so original, so incredible, it was like going into a maze," Ronnie remembered. "And I'd think, 'God! There's no way out!' and he would come right back to where he was supposed to be and be there when it came down. I'd be watching him, and I'd realize that I wouldn't even be playing. I'd just stopped. And I'd look back at Doyle and he'd be just shaking his head going 'whew.'"

Despite his considerable talent and growing confidence, when Stevie was around Jimmie, he was still the stupid little shrimp of a brother all over again. Whenever he'd ask Jimmie about his playing, Jimmie would lay down law. "Don't be up here doin' this shit if you don't know what you're doin' and don't start something if you can't finish it." There was never any excuse for ending a lead break with a pathetic dink dink.

One evening Stevie went with Ronnie and Doyle Bramhall to see Jimmie's band the Storm perform. After the gig, Stevie sidled up to Jimmie. "Hey, how did you play that part, you know where you went..."

Jimmie cut him short with a sharp punch in the chest, knocking him to the ground.

"I showed you how to do that once, dammit," he scowled. "I'm not going to show you how to do it again."

Without Marc Benno, the Nightcrawlers still showed enough promise to attract the interest of Bill Ham, who carried considerable clout in rock 'n' roll circles as the manager of ZZ Top. Ham was a larger-than-life figure with a physical resemblance to country-pop crooner Kenny Rogers and a spiritual affinity to Colonel Tom Parker. He had been impressed with Stevie Vaughan the first time he'd heard him and dreamed aloud how he'd like to put Jimmie and Stevie together in the same band. Jimmie showed little interest in the proposition. Stevie, on the other hand, was open to hearing Ham out, with or without Jimmie's participation. Ham proceeded to woo the Nightcrawlers. He rounded up some of ZZ Top's practice amps and a U-Haul truck and fronted the band studio time. If Ham could score a deal with the demos, he told them, he'd personally guide their career.

Bill Ham liked to test a band's mettle by putting them out on the road for several weeks. It was the method he'd used to whip ZZ Top into shape before they emerged as the biggest rock 'n' roll band in Texas. If the Nightcrawlers could survive this version of boot camp, they'd prove their worth to Ham. As it turned out, they proved to themselves that they were chumps for letting Ham talk them into what amounted to a tour through Hell, stopping in every tank town in the South big enough to support a Greyhound bus terminal and a club with a six-inch riser with an electrical outlet.

Half the gigs had been canceled by the time the band drove into town. The other half had an average attendance under an even dozen. Cynical minds mused whether or not Ham really wanted the band to emerge from the experience in one piece. Stevie was not the only guitarist that Ham had under contract. Two other guitar wizards from Austin, Van Wilks and Eric Johnson, were part of Ham's Lone Wolf Productions stable; so was the band Point Blank, a Dallas group fronted by guitarists Rusty Burns and Kim Davis, who'd played with Stevie in Blackbird. Ham also had Rocky Hill, the brother of ZZ Top's Dusty Hill, who happened to be one of the finest white blues axemen in the state, as well as one of the most uncooperative, unpredictable, messed-up musicians on God's green earth. Whether or not it was intentional—Ham emphatically denies it—keeping all those flashy blues guitarists in his stable was an effective means of ensuring that ZZ Top had no viable competition in the immediate vicinity.

The second version of the Nightcrawlers disintegrated somewhere in Mississippi. The rest of the band got off easy. Their women came to fetch them. Bassist Keith Ferguson and Stevie were the only ones left to drive the truck back to Texas. Keith was so pissed off at the way things turned out, he decided to take it out on Stevie and make the little fart drive all the way home. Stevie was so frustrated he put his fist

through the wall, cursing Ham's name.

Stevie was on the skids again. He was approaching his twentieth birthday, but already he felt like a used-up has-been. Benno's deal had completely fucked up. Ham was a control freak. How could Stevie play guitar on the moon if all these assholes were always screwing things up? He'd rather hang with the people he knew sincerely appreciated him just the way he was.

RAY HENNIG RAN Heart of Texas Music, where Stevie Vaughan became a regular window shopper, dropping in to check out the rows of new and used guitars. One day he came in and spotted what Hennig described as "an old rag, trashed-out Stratocaster," a 1959 model that Hennig had put on display in the back. "He grabbed that thing and started feeling around with it, then he'd take it and look at it, turn it over, then he'd set down and do another little old number on it, just picking out chords. I thought, 'Now that would be just about the kind of thing he'd pick out.' So all of a sudden he comes walking up, whispering, 'Hey, Ray? I've been listening to this thing.'"

"Stevie, what do you want with that old raggedy thing?"

"I don't know. It feels good, man. It feels just exactly what I'm looking for."

Hennig observed that the longer Stevie played, the bigger the smile on his face got.

"I love this old thing," Stevie said. "This feels like what I've been looking for all these years. This neck and everything."

"Yeah, but it looks like shit," Hennig replied.

"I don't care what it looks like. It sounds and feels like this is it."

Stevie proposed trading in a newer Strat he owned and returning a Les Paul Hennig had loaned him if Hennig would let him keep the old Strat. He was sure Stevie would bring back the raggedy old Strat in a day or two. Stevie never did.

"He lived for that guitar," Hennig said. "It just became part of him. He told me it was the only guitar he ever had that said what he wanted it to say. Isn't that weird? It was like it was alive. That's what he thought. That guitar actually helped him play. That's how much confidence he had in it."

Antone's, the home of the blues in Austin, would be the place where Stevie Ray Vaughan would do his post-graduate work and develop the confidence and polish that enabled him to be a star.

The opening of Antone's on July 15, 1975 practically saved the Fabulous Thunderbirds, the new band that Jimmie Vaughan had started up with harmonica player Kim Wilson. Antone's was the Thunderbirds' home base, office, rehearsal hall and favorite hangout. It all paid off in spades when Muddy Waters arrived to play a weekend. Muddy spread the word about the Thunderbirds and Antone's wherever he went. The effect was immediate. Almost overnight, Jimmie was getting calls at the club from all around the country.

Stevie Vaughan got plenty of chances to raise hell with all the old cats who appeared at Antone's. But of all the veterans he rubbed shoulders and traded licks with, none was quite so intimidating as Albert King. Ever since he was a 10-year-old staring at record covers, Stevie had been mesmerized by King's Flying V guitar. Before King took the stage on his first night, Antone broke rank and asked a favor. He wanted Albert to let Stevie sit in.

"I wouldn't ask you if I didn't think he was good," he told him. "You're his hero, man. He tunes his strings like you do and everything." If he called him up to the bandstand, hinted Antone, Stevie could hold his own. King grudgingly grumbled his approval. "All right, let him up here."

When King paused in the middle of his set and started talking about bringing up a special guest, Stevie's face turned red but he did not hesitate. He practically ran to the stage and started strapping on his guitar. King was the kind of ruthless performer who could wreck a young player's career by shutting him down on the bandstand on a whim. But he was downright jovial when he welcomed the boy to plug in, managing even a trace of smile. He'd taken Antone's word. Now he'd find out who was bullshitting who.

The Vaughan boy held his own. King had heard dozens of white boys try to do his style. He'd played with the Doors in 1971. He'd seen Clapton and all the rock stars from England try to do his stuff. But no one ever got his tone down cold until this little fellow. Stevie worked the strings with such raw power and utter confidence, it took King aback. It was like the young boy had just twisted the cap off a bottle and every bit of guitar knowledge that had been bottled inside came pouring out. When he finished King nodded for him to continue. One song segued into another. Then another. He even sang "Texas Flood," but not before apologizing to the audience for his vocal shortcomings. Stevie Vaughan could keep up with Albert King, all right. He kept up with him for the rest of the night.

On many mornings, the staff at Antone's would open the doors to serve sandwiches to the lunch crowd, only to find Stevie Vaughan standing there with a guitar in hand and a goofy grin on his face. He needed to work through some chops, he'd tell them. There really wasn't anywhere else to go. He was 22 years old and ready to make some serious moves. It was time to get his shit together. It was time to

"Stevie worshipped his older brother so much," says Blackbird vocalist Christian Plicque (seated), shown here at Austin's Waterloo Social Club in 1972, "it almost made me sick." Vaughan is at bottom right.

COURTESY CUTTER BRANDENBURG

put together a band of his own.

Stevie buttonholed every other competent musician that he knew in Austin, jamming with them to see if they generated any sparks. Finally, Stevie nailed down a group of players that he felt would really kick ass. W.C. Clark, one of the few blacks on the blues scene, signed on to play bass. Pianist Mike Kindred was an old running buddy from Oak Cliff who carried around a book of more than 300 original compositions. For drums, Stevie recruited Fredde Pharoah, the rail-thin Dallas Cellar veteran who'd popped the snare for Jimmie's old band, the Storm.

The crowning touch was Lou Ann Barton. Stevie had heard her sitting in with Robert Ealey's band at the New Blue Bird Nite Club in Fort Worth and during her brief stint with the Thunderbirds. She had pouty lips, a gift for teasing men, onstage and off, and a wickedly assertive voice. When she was on, she could wrap her pipes around a Brenda Lee, Patsy Cline and Wanda Jackson country song or wallow in the emasculating grit of dusky shouters like Koko Taylor, Big Mama Thornton and Miss Lavelle White.

After the Nightcrawlers broke up, Stevie slithered into the Cobras, a crowd-pleasing dance band. Sitting center on the bar, he had a growing reputation for musicianship and unreliability.

The microphone was a prop she manipulated with seductive skill and passion, alternately caressing it, hanging on to it for dear life and berating it like a scorned lover. When Stevie took a lead, she'd step back, hands on her hips, eyebrows arched in a challenging expression that said, "Prove it to me, big boy." If the boys in the other bands couldn't handle her, then it was all the more reason to try. Lou Ann was a soulmate, a bitch who put as much muscle into her music as he put into his.

The band actually rehearsed before making their debut on August 8, 1976 at Soap Creek Saloon. They settled on the name Triple Threat Revue, a handle that suggested a supergroup in the making, one that had too much talent to focus on any one individual.

One aspiring guitar picker Stevie got to know was Diamond Joe Siddons. His real interest wasn't just in the uncut shit that Siddons lined out for him with a knife. Stevie had it bad for Siddons' girlfriend, Lenny Bailey. A strong-willed, independent party princess with a creamy dark olive complexion, Lenny was fascinated by the spiritual, the supernatural and musicians. She was just Stevie's type. Lenny was just as unpredictable and wild as Stevie could ever hope to be.

He was love-struck. "I think this is it," he declared. Everyone nodded. They'd heard that line before. But this time he really was serious. Lenny decided to make a move after running into Stevie in a Mexican restaurant following a particularly unpleasant blow-up with Joe. Siddons, who actually fantasized that he had the guitar chops to keep up with Stevie, was so bitter about losing Lenny to the guy he considered a rival he hung a picture of Stevie on the wall and threw darts at it.

Lenny thought she knew what she was getting into with Stevie, but she soon discovered otherwise. "He was so insecure," she explained. "He never wanted to be alone."

Stevie didn't particularly dig the fact that Lenny had to support them both. That was his role, if only he could ever start making some decent wages. Strangely enough, they were old-fashioned in the sense they demanded fidelity from each other, even though they cheated with astounding regularity.

"Lenny liked to run the show," explained their friend Pammy Kay. "She got Stevie into psychic stuff, like throwing stones. She had this friend who used to give Stevie business advice. She'd look at his palm and read his horoscope and tell him when was the right time to sign a contract and stuff."

Stevie had a weakness for the spiritual realm. His own life hadn't been shaped by material concerns or rational decisions, but by the strange and wonderful gift he possessed, a gift whose origin he could never fully comprehend. The ordinary world of nine-to-five jobs, family and responsibility was foreign to him. His world was determined by whatever direction his guitar took him. Lenny couldn't come along for that ride, no one, not even his bandmates, could do that. But offstage, she was an extraordinary sidekick. Not for nothing had she been a dealer's girlfriend. Now she decided to get into a little part-time sales herself. That way, she figured, she could keep Stevie happy, avoid a day job and pay the bills at the same time.

At times, too much of a good thing worked to undermine Stevie's performance. There was the time he and Fredde Pharoah scored some exceptionally clean crystal meth and went for a drive, careening around the Texas countryside. They knew they had to be in Lubbock the next day to begin a three-day gig, but they figured they had plenty of time to get there. Unfortunately, the whacked-out, jabbering duo headed east instead of west and wound up somewhere north of Houston before they noticed their mistake. As they drove across the length of Texas the next day, Stevie phoned ahead to explain why they had missed the first night of the gig. "Uh, we ran into some car trouble," he mumbled lamely.

His erratic behavior prompted his fellow band members to confront him. He needed to watch himself or he was going to get hurt, they warned. Stevie responded with a letter that neither admitted culpability nor denied it: "If band members are so dissatisfied with my leadership of the band, they should go on their own. I will be then able to carry on with my career, recording, working gigs, and on a much higher level. I do understand some of the complaints concerning my health, actions, etc., but also understand all circumstances involved are evolving because of me."

In the spring of 1978, Triple Threat cut back a notch and became Double Trouble, with only Lou Ann, Fredde and Stevie sticking

around. For 30 minutes of each set, the spotlight belonged to Lou Ann, who would come out onstage to sing her selections, then split. When Lou Ann was gone, Stevie would sing his signature "Texas Flood," his old favorite "Thunderbird," as well as Otis Rush's "All Your Lovin'" and Albert King's "Crosscut Saw." Otherwise, it was mostly instrumentals in the vein of Albert Collins' "Frosty" and Freddie King's "Hide Away."

The real struggle was keeping the act together. Fredde Pharoah got so strung out on speed, he quit the band and headed back to Dallas. But there was another drummer waiting in the wings, one who'd been angling to hook up with Stevie for the past three years. Stevie knew Chris Layton as a fireplug of a rhythm man who had come to Austin in 1975 from Corpus Christi. Chris first heard Stevie with the Cobras shortly after he arrived in Austin and was taken aback with what he called this "human diamond" whose unremitting concentration and power were so thorough and complete once the strap went over his shoulder, "it was like he *was* the music."

The infusion of fresh talent and Stevie's seemingly unlimited potential did not end the whispers about Stevie's drinking and drugging. It was just that Lou Ann was worse. The big difference between Lou Ann and Stevie was that he was never too high to play.

"Stevie was shooting up speed and drinking a bottle of Chivas Regal before he'd show up at the club," said Nick Ferrari, a Lubbock guitar player and telephone company employee who recorded Double Trouble dates at Stubb's Barbecue and Fat Dawg's. "He'd be an hour-and-a-half late, out of his fuckin' mind. But I tell you what, when the guy picked up the guitar, he was better than ever. He may not have been able to walk or anything, but he still played fuckin' perfect."

"I didn't know he was that bad in drinking," admitted Lubbock club owner C.B. Stubblefield. "I knew Lou Ann was bad. She was bad news for him. Muddy Waters said, 'Stevie could perhaps be the greatest guitar player that ever lived, but he won't live to get 40 years old if he doesn't leave that white powder alone. You just don't get over that.' Many times I told him, 'Man, I told you what Muddy Waters said.'"

Each Vaughan was headed for the big time. Anyone who heard them knew it. The big bone of contention was who would be first to break on through. Jimmie Vaughan had a decided edge, being older and having rightfully earned his reputation as the toughest no-compromise blues guitar player in Austin, and perhaps the entire cosmos.

The older members of the Rome Inn crowd who were familiar with the sources of the Thunderbirds' and Triple Threat's material tended to agree that Jimmie was the better guitarist. He had perfected a spare, understated signature that was the perfect counterpoint to Kim Wilson's vocals and harmonica leads, and an anti-hero's Seen It/Done It/Didn't Need It attitude to go with it.

Early days of Double Trouble, 1979: vocalist Lou Ann Barton, drummer Chris "Whipper" Layton, Vaughan, Johnny Reno and Smilin' Jack Newhouse.

Jimmie's crowd knew that Stevie was good, but they were put off by his flamboyant guitar style. It was over the top, too much to be good. Stevie's loyalists saw it differently. To them, it didn't matter how authentic, deep or direct the blues he played were. All they knew was that he put his ass on the line every time he unleashed a solo. So what if he overplayed? Hendrix did. So did Clapton and half the players who were working sold-out shows in basketball arenas, even if they weren't one-tenth as talented as Stevie. Jimmie's blues may have been high-concept as period pieces, but Stevie was on the fast track to guitar-god status.

The most telling distinction between the Vaughans was how each moved their respective audience. The Fab T-Birds were the penultimate bar band, best appreciated in a pressure-cooker, asshole-to-elbow atmosphere where the music practically forced butts to commence to wiggle. Theirs was a fast and cool crowd of hipsters and scenemakers. Double Trouble drew more of a blue-collar, mainstream-rock audience, including a sizeable contingent of air guitarists.

The advantage was Stevie's when it came to his hands and his single-mindedness. His paws were so big and bony, so strong and sinewy, that he could contort his fingers across the fretboard to bend notes into blues progressions others, not even Jimmie, could not physically duplicate. The index finger on his left hand had become permanently crooked from playing so much on the '59 Strat and the red Rickenbacker with the heavy-gauged strings. On many nights, Stevie played to blood. One evening between sets at Fat Dawg's in Lubbock, he rushed into the office where manager Bruce Jaggers was counting change.

"Man, you got any Superglue?" Stevie asked.

"Yeah. What do you want it for?" replied Jaggers.

"Ah, I pulled this callus loose here on my finger all the way down to the quick."

Jaggers rifled through his desk and tossed him the tube. His jaw dropped as he watched Stevie squeeze the glue onto his bloody finger, reattach the callus and hold it down.

"Hey, you don't have to do that," Jaggers protested. "Two sets are enough. The crowd will understand."

"Nah," Stevie said, motioning him away. "I've got to do this. I need this." He tossed the tube back to Jaggers and walked back out into the club.

About the only ones in Austin who didn't acknowledge the Vaughan rivalry were the Vaughan boys themselves. "People always wanted to make something out of it," Jimmie told writer Ed Ward. "He was playing lead and I was playing lead and there wasn't room for both of us. It was, we always used to joke about it, like having two organ players."

On many nights after last call and the chairs were stacked atop the tables, Stevie would keep bassist Jackie Newhouse and Chris onstage

KRIS CUMMINGS

to run through new material, particularly at the Rome Inn, where C-Boy Parks let the band store their equipment. About three o'clock one morning, a familiar straggler shuffled in to watch the band run through their paces. For the next 10 minutes an extremely wasted Jimmie Vaughan heckled his little brother relentlessly.

"You can't play shit," he slurred drunkenly with a cocky half-grin, propping his body against the wall. "Your whole band sucks." Stevie ignored the epithets and focused on his guitar, but the razzing didn't let up.

"You sound like fuckin' Robin Trower!"

That did it. Pushed to the brink, Stevie quietly laid down his axe, jumped down from the bandstand and walked over to his brother. Without a word, he balled his right hand into a fist, reared back, punched his brother in the face and sent him sprawling to the ground. He paused a moment to open and close his hand with a wince, then helped Jimmie up.

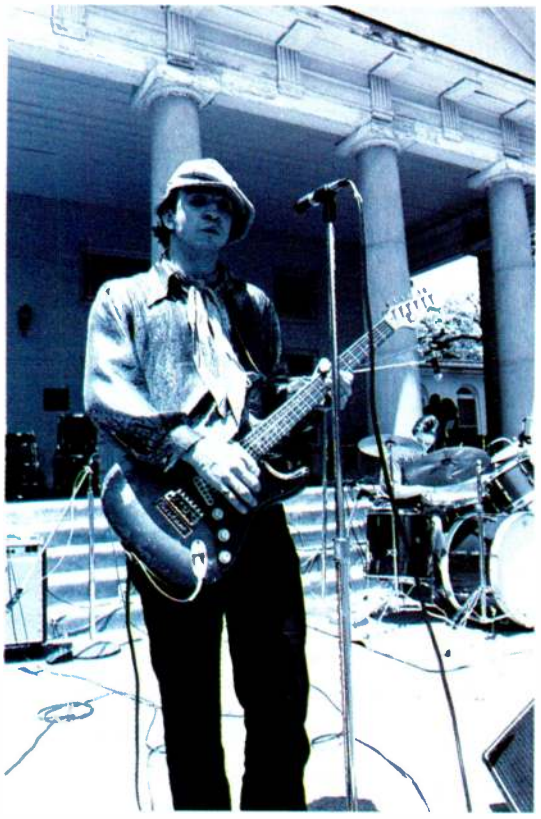
"You've had too much to drink, man. Go home," he said, his voice quivering. What had he done? He climbed back on the bandstand and gamely resumed his rehearsal, tears silently streaking down his cheeks.

A FAILED ATTEMPT to land a record deal aggravated the love-hate relationship between Lou Ann and Stevie. Booking agent Joe Priestnitz was getting calls every night from the road, never quite sure if the band had made it through another gig. They dragged their way through Jacksonville, Atlanta and Charlotte. They pulled off two impressive performances at the Lone Star Cafe in New York City, earning their $100 nightly fee and the praise of songwriter and producer Doc Pomus, who thought Lou Ann was a real diamond in the rough. Following the second night at the Lone Star, the tension boiled over. Lou Ann had drunk herself into a rage, throwing glasses and bottles and screaming at the waitresses.

The band staggered into Lupo's Heartbreak Hotel in Providence, where much to everyone's relief, Lou Ann announced she would henceforth be appearing with Roomful of Blues. There was no one left to fight with for the spotlight, the attention and the glory. Twenty-five-year-old Stevie Vaughan finally had his own band.

The new, improved Double Trouble was now a three-piece in the tradition of Buddy Holly's first band, Johnny Winter's group and the chart-topping ZZ Top. The boys hit the highway after less than a week's rest to open a show for Muddy Waters at the Palace in Houston, followed by three nights in Lubbock. For Stevie, the chance to play with Muddy Waters was like cobilling with the Pope. When Double Trouble finished their set, Stevie went to his dressing room to change. Lenny was there changing with him. The two were the same size and often swapped clothes. As they stripped down, they snorted up a long line of coke in honor of doing a show with Muddy. An off-duty police officer working security happened to look through an open window of the dressing room and saw what they were celebrating with. The guard busted them and hauled them off to jail. "The last time Stevie saw Muddy Waters," recalled Lenny, "he was looking out the back of a police car."

It had been an extremely rough period, and his insecurity could still get the best of him. He needed a rudder, some sort of stability to get him through the long nights of music, drugs and couch-flopping and the days of hanging around, listening to records, getting something to eat. He asked an old girlfriend named Lindi to come back to him. She refused. On a beer run to the 7-Eleven he asked his friend Mary Beth Greenwood to marry him. She refused. On December 23, 1979 Double Trouble was booked to play the Rome Inn. Lenny's parents were coming into town, and the two were nervous about having to testify about their drug bust in court. A few nights before the gig, Stevie had a dream. In his dream he went to a party. There was a bandstand at the party and above the bandstand hung a banner, "Good Luck Jimi Hendrix." When Stevie looked onstage, he saw Howlin' Wolf, with Lenny sitting in his lap. "You're as mean as Howlin' Wolf," Stevie told Lenny. "I want to marry you."



Freddie King benefit, Lee Park, Dallas 1980, with beloved Strat purchased four days earlier.

A few days later, he repeated the line. Why not take the leap? They'd tie the knot between sets. Stevie extended last-minute invitations via telephone. The preacher was summoned from the Yellow Pages. It was a happy occasion in a sordid setting. The couple looked like they had not had a lot of sleep over the past week. The bride wore a silk blouse borrowed from the wedding photographer. The groom was attired in work clothes—a wide-brimmed fedora, loud shirt with flyaway collar, vest and jacket. The wedding rings were fashioned from two pieces of wire, found on the floor and poetically tied into knots. Once they were pronounced man and wife, Stevie and Lenny kissed and embraced before Stevie led the crowd back to the bar and raced up onto the bandstand in a shower of rice. Shaking his head at the spectacle, Lenny's dad leaned over to W.C. Clark. "They better pick up that rice," he said only half-jokingly. "That's probably going to be the only thing they have to eat."

"We were a couple of kids pretending to be married," Lenny explained. "I can't believe we did it."

There was one last piece of the puzzle that had to fall into place in order for the picture to be complete. That piece showed up one night at Fitzgerald's in Houston in the person of bass player Tommy Shannon. When he saw Tommy at the gig, Stevie did not hesitate to invite him up onstage. With Tommy working the bottom of the sound, something clicked. Cutter saw it that night at Fitz's.

KIRBY WARNOCK

"Tommy really laid the foundation and made Chris come to life and all of a sudden Stevie went double clutch," he said. "He had a life force behind him."

Stevie and Tommy immediately became best buddies, often to the detriment of their other relationships. "Stevie really should have married Tommy," Lenny remembered. "They were that close."

With Tommy, Chris, a manager, a wife and a steady salary, Stevie could focus entirely on his music. What had been a remarkably gifted, virtuoso guitarist backed by a bass player and a drummer evolved into a ferocious power trio. The guitar man was still very much the center of attention. Precious few in his line of work could match his raw speed. Fewer still—brother Jimmie excepted—could produce a full-blown ensemble sound by playing rhythm and lead at the same time, working out the melody with his pick held fat side out, and strumming out chords with his bare fingers.

Stevie Rave On: An early promo shot

Stevie's evolving sense of couture reflected his newfound self-assurance. He trashed the floppy caps, pimp suits and vintage waif-up-from-poverty look that recalled a Thunderbird in hand-me-downs in favor of silk scarves, wide-brim hats, white boots, colorful, loose-fitting shirts and kimonos that provided a peek of the tattoo on his chest. Stevie was beginning to look and feel like a star. He was Stevie Ray Vaughan. Stevie Rave On.

He could almost taste it now. He was so close to getting it, all he had to do was stay on track. His support team would do the rest. It was all a matter of time. Meanwhile, he was doing just fine, living the life. He was packing out the Continental and Steamboat in Austin and doing decent business at Antone's, and drawing big crowds at Fitzgerald's and just about everywhere he worked in Dallas, where the Texas Music Association bestowed the 1981 Buddy Music Award on Double Trouble.

The band's expanding rep won them an invitation to play on a blues night at Switzerland's Montreux Jazz Festival. Their July 17, 1982 performance at the Montreux Casino marked the first time an unsigned band had appeared at the prestigious event. The Europeans, accustomed to a quieter, folk blues style, cringed at the sheer volume emitted by the Texas trio. A few bars into "Texas Flood," some of the crowd began booing and heckling. Halfway through the song, others in the audience began cheering Stevie on, drowning out the nonbelievers by the end of the 11-minute jam. For the remainder of the set, Stevie performed like he was having an out-of-body experience. He played guitar behind his back and with his teeth, pulled out the slide for a rendition of Lightnin' Hopkins' exotically funky "Gimme Back My Wig" and left the audience as physically drained as the band was. They knew that Stevie was really something, they just couldn't quite figure out what.

David Bowie introduced himself to Stevie Ray. He told him he had watched the Casino show backstage on a video monitor and was mightily impressed. Jackson Browne told Stevie Ray that the band was welcome to use his studio in Los Angeles free of charge if they ever got the inclination to make a record.

In the fall of 1982, Stevie decided to take Jackson Browne's studio offer. When Stevie called Browne, the L.A. scene maker seemed to hedge on the deal a little bit. The best he could offer him was three 24-hour blocks of time around Thanksgiving. Sure, Stevie said. A three-day deal was better than no time at all.

Down Town Sound was not what the band had envisioned. Stevie spent the first day, November 13, trying to get the attention of Greg Ladanyi, Browne's engineer. He finally confronted him. "You're watching TV. This is our career." Ladanyi stepped aside to let Stevie Ray's engineer Richard Mullen tweak the knobs. In the remaining two days, the band taped 10 songs—six originals and four covers—the final tune, "Texas Flood," in a single take before the clock ran out. If the session sounded like a live performance, that's because it practically was. There were two overdubs, both covering mistakes made when Stevie broke his strings. While the band was in the studio, Stevie got a phone call from another Montreux acquaintance. It was David Bowie. He was preparing to record another album in New York in January. Would Stevie Ray be interested in playing on it?

"Sure," he replied.

Stevie wasn't exactly a big fan of the Thin White Duke. He'd heard the *Ziggy Stardust & the Spiders from Mars* album just enough to hate it real bad. "Uncle John Turner used to play it all the time and rave about it," he said. "It didn't just make me not like it, it made me mad. The way it sounded made me mad and when I saw a picture of Bowie on that tour it made me mad."

But Stevie Ray accepted the invitation, which pissed off half the studio guitar pros in Manhattan. Who the hell was this primitive nobody? Bowie actually bragged that his discovery was so retro that he "considers Jimmy Page something of a modernist. The lad seems to have stopped at Albert Collins."

Running through an album's worth of material in three days at Jackson Browne's was one thing. Working with a perfectionist like David Bowie was another. By the time Stevie entered the picture, most of the album's instrumental tracks were complete. Stevie watched carefully from the sidelines as Bowie went into the studio, cut his vocals and polished the song's rough edges for another hour or two. Only then did he bring Stevie into the process, commanding Stevie to "plug that blues guitar in." Stevie obeyed, using Albert King as his guide. He required but a couple of takes to complete each track. Though Nile Rodgers from the dance band Chic was officially the producer, it was Bowie who was calling the shots.

Stevie played on a total of six selections, needing only two-and-a-half hours of studio time over a three-day period. The sessions gave him a chance to measure his worth against the top studio men in the business. On one cut, "Cat People," Stevie later said, "He wanted real slow, Brian Jones kind of parts. I wanted to rip and roar. We tried it and I thought we'd dumped it. The next time I heard the song it was there." For "China Girl" Stevie evoked the steamy sexuality of an exotic lover

LIVE! IN CONCERT

★ THE ALLIGATOR RECORDS ★

KOKO TAYLOR
& HER BLUES MACHINE

★ ★ AND ★ ★

LONNIE BROOKS
— BLUES BAND —

★ ★ ★ ★

ELVIN BISHOP

★ ★ ★ ★

KATIE WEBSTER

★ ★ PLUS ★ ★

LIL' ED
& THE BLUES IMPERIALS

★ 20TH ANNIVERSARY TOUR ★

CHICAGO • FEBRUARY 29 ■ TORONTO • MARCH 2 ■ MONTREAL • MARCH 3
PORTLAND • MARCH 5 ■ BOSTON • MARCH 6 – PHILADELPHIA • MARCH 12
NEW YORK • MARCH 13 ■ WASHINGTON • MARCH 15-16

TWO CDs. TWO CASSETTES. ONE LOW PRICE.
ONE HELL OF A GOOD TIME.

ON ALLIGATOR CDs and CASSETTES

Available at fine record stores everywhere.
Or to order now with VISA/Mastercard call 1-800-344-5609

with his sensual guitar work. On "Let's Dance," the cut that became the first single off the album, Stevie copped Albert King's licks so closely that King later accused him half jokingly of "doin' all my shit on there."

"Bowie liked what I played," Stevie said in an interview in the Dallas *Times-Herald*. "When I started listening to the cuts, I had no idea at all what to play, even though he'd already shown me on the rehearsal tape what he wanted. So what I did was go in there and get the best tone I could out of the amp without blowing it up, which I did do to the first one, I killed it. But I finally realized just to go in there and play like I play and it would fit. I'd never played on anything like that before but it worked."

Still, the Texas kid wasn't exactly awestruck. "I wouldn't necessarily go buy it. But I like what I've heard."

The album *Let's Dance*, Bowie's self-described "commercial debut," was an unprecedented smash, spinning off three hit singles and eventually selling more than 5 million copies, more than three times the number of records of *Ziggy Stardust*, Bowie's previous best seller. Bowie realized that a key ingredient of his unprecedented success was Stevie Ray Vaughan's guitar. He asked him to join his Serious Moonlight World Tour, which would last a year minimum.

Stevie was flattered by the invitation but torn. He was ferociously loyal to Chris and Tommy, but Bowie's invite held out the promise of propelling him into the rock 'n' roll big time, a world which Stevie claimed he despised while craving it deep in his soul. What would he do: Stick with the blues and work the clubs or tour the world with David Bowie? There was only one choice. When rehearsals for the Bowie tour began on a soundstage at the Los Colinas studios near Dallas in March of 1983, Stevie Ray Vaughan was there.

While Stevie's naive artistry was a plus in making the album *Let's Dance*, it turned the rehearsals into a nightmare. Before His Ladyship, as Bowie was referred to behind his back, even arrived, Stevie got crossways with Carlos Alomar, the tour's musical director. Alomar was a lead guitarist, too, and keenly aware that he was going to have to compete with Stevie for playing time during the shows. To add to the tension, Stevie couldn't read music like the other hired hands, making it difficult for him to figure out the parts he was charted to play. Alomar could deal with the musical shortcomings. What he couldn't deal with was Lenny.

Lenny was starstruck. She wanted to hang out at the rehearsals. Stevie wanted her with him. He liked her company, the coke she brought with her and the relief of not worrying where she was or who she was with when she wasn't around. When Bowie arrived after 10 days of preliminary rehearsals, Alomar complained about the drugs and the wife. Bowie immediately banished Lenny from the premises, which pissed Stevie off. Amends were made at a birthday party for Bowie, when the star came over to tell Stevie how nice it would be if Double Trouble could open some shows on the tour.

It was the solution to the problem that had been nagging Stevie ever since he agreed to go on tour with Bowie. He wanted to have a taste of the big time, but it bummed him out putting Chris and Tommy on hold, especially when Double Trouble had an album in the

can. The possibility of his boys tagging along seemed like the ideal solution.

Chesley Millikin, Stevie's manager, immediately got on the phone to take advantage of Bowie's offer. With Double Trouble out on the road with Bowie, selling the album would be a piece of cake. During two days of downtime for the Bowie tour, he lined up a gig for Double Trouble on "Musicladen," an influential German TV program. When Bowie caught wind of the side action, he hesitated. He couldn't have one of his support musicians advancing his career in the midst of his own tour. Bowie sent word that Millikin would have to relinquish management of Stevie Ray Vaughan for the duration of the tour.

Chesley hit the roof. Stevie quit the tour.

For several weeks, it was the talk of the music business. This unknown guitar player was blowing off David Bowie. Was he crazy?

"I couldn't gear everything on something I didn't really care a whole lot about," Stevie told a reporter from the *Dallas Morning News*. "It was kind of risky, but I really didn't need all the headaches. We really thought we had something going with our album." Stevie Ray Vaughan, the world would learn, didn't take no shit.

As a businessman, Chesley knew that he had taken a risk by pulling Stevie off the Bowie tour. As a believer in his client, he knew in his guts that what he had done was right.

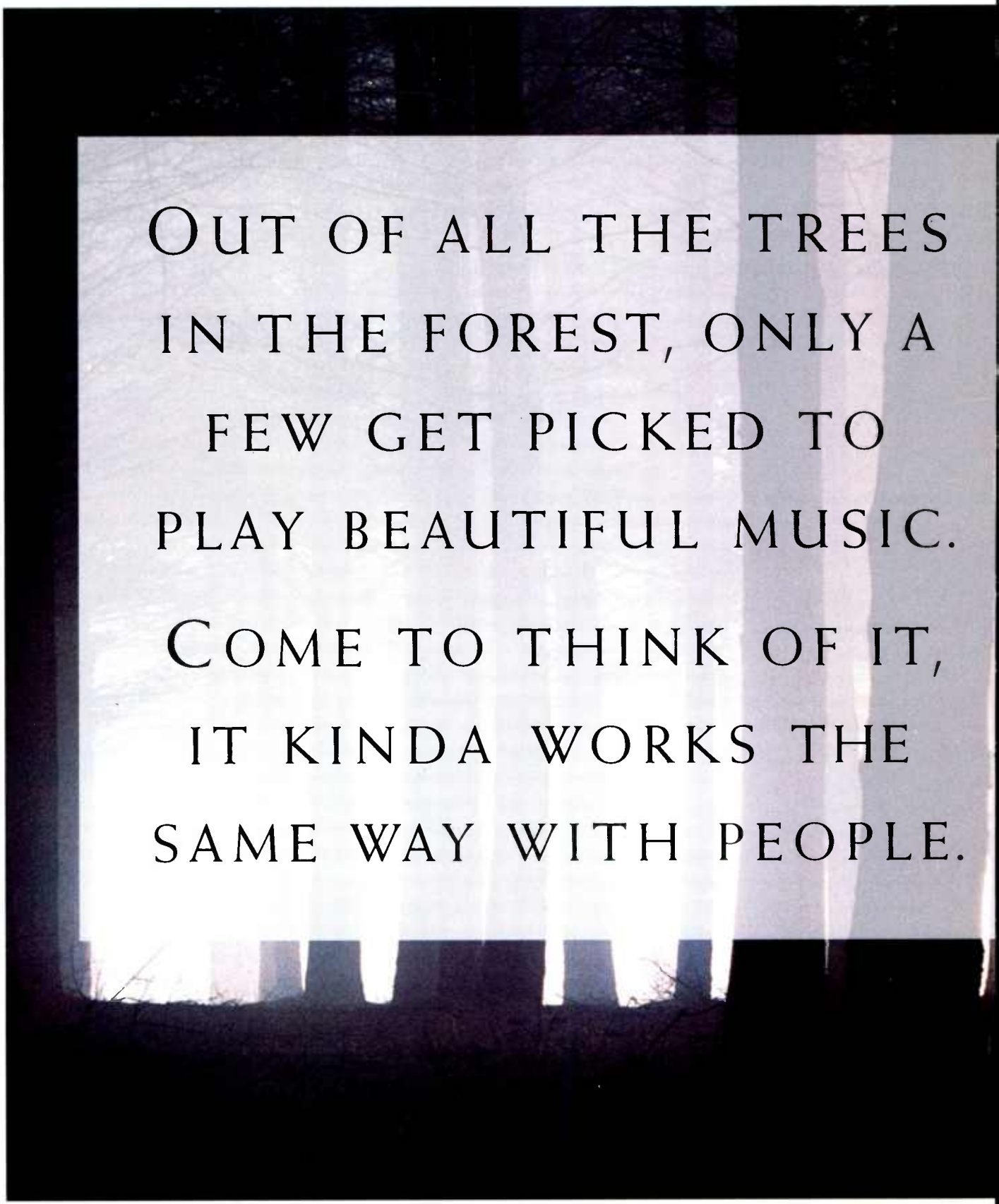
"Telling Bowie to fuck off was the greatest factor for establishing Stevie Ray Vaughan as the working-class guitar hero," he later said.

Perhaps the single most important factor that gave Stevie the courage to jump off the Bowie dream machine was an elderly gentleman with a flattop haircut and a set of teeth big enough for a horse. John Hammond was a promoter, a writer, a lifelong civil rights advocate who served for many years on the board of the NAACP. He was also a record producer, the consummate tastemaker who discovered Billie Holiday, Aretha Franklin, Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen. Hammond revolutionized the electric guitar's role in popular music when he forced his brother-in-law Benny Goodman to audition a young black Oklahoman named Charlie Christian. If anybody could appreciate Stevie Ray's virtuosity, it was Hammond. And he most certainly did.

Millikin had been working on the producer for two years, sending him tapes and updates on the band's progress. Hammond's interest turned into aggressive pursuit after his son brought back a tape from Montreux. Stevie's performance brought back memories of the evening in 1936 when Hammond took Benny Goodman to hear T-Bone Walker perform in Dallas. "Everyone was crazy about him," Hammond recalled, thinking back to T-Bone's show-stopping style. "He was a musician's musician. But Stevie is simply better."

When Hammond heard the rough mixes of Double Trouble's recording sessions at Jackson Browne's studio, he knew he had a great album. From the opening twangs of "Love Struck Baby" to the final plinks of the soulful instrumental "Lenny," written at the foot of his wife's bed, the album had the same heartfelt straightforwardness that drew Hammond to the songs of Dylan and Springsteen. Hammond was convinced that he had come across another find. "He brought back a style that had died, and he brought it back at exactly the right time," he said. "The young ears hadn't heard anything with this kind of sound."

John Hammond was bound and determined to release Stevie [*cont'd on page 52*]



There are trees. And then, there are trees. There are guitars. And then, there are Taylor guitars. It's that simple. And th

fficult. Write us at 1940 Gillespie Way, El Cajon, CA 92020 to find out the difference.

Ray Vaughan's first album, come hell or high water. Unable to put it out on his own HME custom label at CBS, Hammond passed Stevie's tapes on to Gregg Geller, the vice-president of A&R at Epic, who offered a $65,000 advance. It was a pittance for a major label, but a good deal for the band, which had invested very little in the tapes since Jackson Browne had donated studio time and tape.

It still had to be proved to the record company that the prodigy could pull off live what he'd done in the studio. Stevie had no doubt he could impress CBS executives. Hell, he had been impressing folks for 15 years. Chesley lined up a booking at the Bottom Line in New York City in May of 1983 opening two shows for rocker Bryan Adams, who was celebrating his birthday with a record release party in front of a house full of industry heavies.

Stevie's band and crew had a rough go from the moment they loaded in their equipment. Their sound man couldn't get any respect from Adams' rude crew. John Hammond showed up to hear Stevie's soundcheck, but Adams was so late, Stevie never

PRIDE & JOY

A perfect world for Stevie meant a world filled with guitars. So what if he didn't have a car or a refrigerator? Dallas dealer Charlie Wirz had been scrounging up guitars for Stevie for years. Now strangers were bringing him their own finds that Stevie passed on to Charlie to customize. There was "First Wife," the beat-up 1959 SRV Strat, which he bought from Ray Hennig in 1974. Wirz installed microphonic pickups that were so sensitive you could hear a fingernail click on the plastic pickguard, giving it an exceptionally clear tone. Wirz replaced the stock neck with a copy of a Fender maple neck given to Stevie by Billy Gibbons.

There was Lenny, the '64 Strat that tech Byron Barr had found in an Oak Cliff pawn shop. Lenny Vaughan gave the guitar to Stevie for his birthday, with the understanding she would repay Barr after taking up a collection from friends. But part of the debt lingered until Barr confronted Stevie: "He offered me a bicycle. I think I ended up with a little bit of cash and a real cool jacket."

There was the yellow '59 Strat that had been hollowed out by the previous owner, the guitarist from Vanilla Fudge. Charlie rigged it with a stock treble Fender pickup to give it the sharp, ringing tone heard on the lead of "Tell Me" on *Texas Flood*. There was a '61 white Strat that Wirz wired with Danelectro pickups in a configuration only he had the blueprint for, and a very slick-looking orange 1960 Strat.

There was also the '59 335 with a wide dot-neck, the '48 Airline with three pickups, a prototype Rickenbacker and an alleged '28 National Steel. Gibbons also gave Stevie a custom Lurktamer built by James Hamilton with Stevie's name spelled out in inlaid pearl script along the neck, designed by Austin artist Bill Narum. The Lurktamer was shaped like a Strat, with a thicker body and an ebony fretboard.

Wirz and Rene Martinez souped up almost all of Stevie's guitars with bass frets to punch up his sound and reduce the wear his telephone wire–sized strings wreaked on the metal bars. Barr and his father stamped some heavy-duty wang bars on a metal press specifically for Stevie and installed them on the bass side of the bridge. By switching on the middle pickup and turning the tone knob down, grabbing the wang bar and shaking the guitar on the floor, he could coax a threatening rumble out of the instrument. Otherwise, he limited his use of effects to the Vox wah-wah and an Ibanez Tube Screamer to warm up the sound.

got a chance to check his levels. "That's all right," Hammond reassured a flustered Stevie. "You'll do fine."

This was it, goddammit. He was determined to show Adams and everybody else just what he was made of. It was going to be his show. "We always huddled together before a show," Cutter recalled. "But Stevie was in control that night and it was different. I can't explain it, except Stevie was talking, saying how relaxed he felt. And he said, 'I'll pull no punches.'"

Stevie led the band out onto the stage and squeezed himself into position, jammed up in front of Adams' gear. He looked over at Cutter, who was running the lights. "Stevie had on a gold fucking metal shirt," Cutter said. "I hit the switch and when the white lights hit the mother it blew the crowd's mind. I think Stevie played every lick as loud and as hard and with as much intensity as I've ever heard him. It was ungodly." John Hammond, Billy Gibbons, Johnny Winter, Mick Jagger, the CBS brass, even the paying customers in the audience were all knocked out. So was New York *Post* critic Martin Porter:

"Fortunately, Bryan Adams, the Canadian rocker who is opening arena dates for Journey, doesn't headline too often," Porter wrote. "As a result, he doesn't have to endure being blown off the stage by his opening act the way it happened at the Bottom Line the other night. By the time that Texas blues guitarist Stevie Ray Vaughan and his rhythm section were finished, the stage had been rendered to cinders by the most explosively original showmanship to grace the New York stage in some time."

"Stevie was relentless," said Chesley Millikin, chuckling over the review. "That's what I loved about him."

As Adams prepared to do an encore at the end of the first show, he cornered Mick Jagger, who was conferring with Stevie in his dressing room. "Come on, Mick," Adams said. "Do one with us."

"Do your own show, man," ragged Jagger.

Stevie Ray Vaughan in concert was a no-bullshit affair. He hardly acknowledged his audiences, much less Shannon and Layton, who kept their eyes riveted on their leader lest he swerve off into uncharted territory. He didn't need smoke pots, light shows, exploding stage effects or friendly chatter to connect with the audience.

All he had to do was grasp the plastic pick, fat end out, between his fingers and thumb, and let fly, boiling down the essence to a man and his guitar. He treated his battered Strat like a love-hate object, delicately handling it like it was some ethereal, lighter-than-air confection, then mangling it like it was a tool possessed that needed to be exorcised of its evil demons. He seduced it, fondled it, fought it, tangled with it and beat full chords out of it by banging the strings with his fist until he coaxed out an electronic cry of mercy. He was a contortionist, working the strings while he held the instrument behind his back, balanced on his shoulder like a violin, and stood on it, one hand on the neck, the other jerking up on the vibrato bar like he was trying to pry it out of the guitar.

A sweat-drenched grimace slapped on his face, brown-stained teeth flashing anger and loathing at the wood and metal, he acted like he'd been nailed and hung from a guitar crucifix. If the artist had to suffer to create, then he was holding up his end of the bargain. Other than an occasional "Thank you very much," there was nothing to say. He let his guitar do the talking. For once in his life, that was enough.

It's No Illusion.

What you hear is very real — the searing live sound of Guns N' Roses. And Shure Beta microphones help create it. Shure Beta wireless gives Axl the clarity, sensitivity, and outstanding gain-before-feedback he needs to project his vocals into the clear. Which is right where he wants them to be. So take a cue from Axl. Visit your Shure dealer and try a Shure Beta vocal or instrumental microphone today. Or call today for more information at 1-800-25-SHURE. The Sound Of The Professionals®...Worldwide. **SHURE BETA**

THE MAN CALLED FLOOD

Producing Depeche Mode, Nine Inch Nails, Curve and Achtung Baby

"We call it the Peanut Gallery," says the British producer/engineer who goes by the name of Flood. He's referring to the room that houses Depeche Mode's labyrinthine array of modular synthesizers during recording sessions: "You can spend days getting a sound on one of those modular things. But anyone who goes into the Peanut Gallery is given a strict time limit. If they don't come up with what the others consider a usable sound within the time limit, they're forcibly ejected and we move on to something else."

The Peanut Gallery is a typical Floodian "situation," to use one of the producer's favorite terms; it's a ploy that forces a fresh approach to some creative problem. Helping established artists reinvent themselves is one of Flood's specialties. He can zero in on the essence of a great band and strip away what has become tedious or limiting. He helped Depeche Mode outgrow their all-synthesizer format on the multi-platinum *Violator* LP and the brand-new *Songs of Faith and Devotion*. He helped U2 shed their arena-rock pomp and arrive at the chopped-down futurism of *Achtung Baby*. But there's more to Flood than mid-career crisis intervention. He's also co-produced dazzling, pace-setting albums with relative newcomers such as Curve and Nine Inch Nails.

"I give artists the confidence to try out different things" is the self-effacing Londoner's simple summary of his "producer-as-

BY ALAN DI PERNA

catalyst" approach. The big surprise in meeting a lot of hip, "England's Newest Hitmaker" producers is that there's often nothing even remotely stylish or "rock 'n' roll" about their appearance. Flood is no exception. His round, boyish face lurks behind a full beard and nerdy '70s-style wire-rimmed specs. He could readily pass for an industrial biochemist—the profession for which he was groomed at school, back when he was still plain old Mark Ellis. The punk explosion is what deflected his career plans. After stabs at being a guitarist and DJ, young Mark read a magazine article that said working in a recording studio was a horrible dead-end job. So of course he went right out and got hired as a runner at Morgon Studios in London.

By the mid-'80s, he was engineering records for cutting-edge acts like Cabaret Voltaire, Nick Cave, Soft Cell, Gavin Friday, Erasure and Nitzer Ebb. As many of these acts are on the adventurous British indie Mute Records, Flood got friendly with Mute chief Daniel Miller, a synthesist and producer whom Flood cites as one of his main influences. When the need arose for someone new to work with Mute's star act, Depeche Mode, Flood's name was first on the list: "They were getting ready to do *Violator* and they wanted somebody who was okay with synths but coming from a slightly different angle than what they were used to."

The haunted tremolo guitar and bluesy slide work on tracks like "Personal Jesus" and "Sweetest Perfection" were a big sonic departure for the Modes, and undoubtedly a factor in breaking the band to a wider audience than they'd reached previously. But by that point, Flood had already gained some experience with another big populist guitar band.

"Around 1986," he recalls, "I was doing a lot of freelance work at Trident [Studios] and I started getting these strange, vague phone messages like 'Someone from Dublin is trying to get hold of you.' Then one day I was sitting in a bar and a friend of mine came in and said, 'Something weird just happened. Bono from U2 just phoned my mother trying to find you.' It was around April Fools time so I figured the whole thing was just an elaborate scam. The next day I was sitting in the studio and the phone rang. The receptionist said, 'It's Bono for you.' I figured, 'Yeah, right.' But I picked up the phone and there he was. It turns out he'd really liked some of the stuff I'd done with Nick Cave and with Gavin Friday, who is one of his best friends. So I was invited to an audio audition, in effect. The band was set up in a house. There was no producer around. They basically said, 'Here's what we're after, here's a week, let's see what you can come up with.' About two months later I was asked to record *The Joshua Tree*."

Going in to record *Achtung Baby* some two years later, Flood had an even tougher assignment: "To break the myth of U2. For a start, we had to decide what the myth of U2 is before we could break it. There were a few conscious decisions right from the outset, like 'Big rock drums are not necessarily what we want.' So I'd say half the cuts on that album were done on a little Sonor jazz kit with a piccolo snare and three or four mikes on it. I rediscovered mono drums on that record."

Another engineering epiphany was the grainy guitar-like distortion on Bono's voice for songs like "Zoo Station." This stark vocal texture was mainly created on a Yamaha SPX1000 multieffects unit. "Bono heard that on his voice and he was like a child with a new toy," the producer recalls. "He always says that reverb is his only drug. I was the Cecil B. De Mille of the effects world when it came to processing his voice on that album."

The end result is a kind of finely crafted roughness that belies the usual hackneyed distinctions between "slick" vs. "raw" production values. This sense of polished cacophony is a hallmark of many of Flood's best recordings, like Curve's *Doppelgänger* and "Head Like a Hole" from Nine Inch Nails. He creates his own unique sonic space—the Flood Zone. It's not a conventional rock 'n' roll sound, or a conventional techno sound, although it has elements of both. The Flood Zone's finest hour yet may well be *Songs of Faith and Devotion*, where it became the sonic meeting ground for Depeche Mode's synths and samplers and the more traditional rock 'n' roll instruments they were determined to use in even larger amounts than on *Violator*.

"A lot of people sample other artists' records. Why not sample yourself?"

"The problem," Flood explains, "is that if you record real drums and then try to put a synth alongside them, sometimes the two things seem at odds aurally." In many cases, the answer to this dilemma lay in Flood's extreme approach to signal processing. The result is the aural equivalent of those Dali paintings where sheep serve as end tables and contorted limbs make up a human face: conventional rock instruments in unconventional roles.

"Why *can't* you have wah-wah drums?" Flood justly demands. "A lot of times, I would send the drums into a Zoom 9010 as well. That and the Eventide H3000 are my umbilical cords. Shove something unexpected down a Zoom and you're bound to get a few lucky flukes. Or I might process a bass synth through a massive bass [guitar] amp to move it closer to the sound of real drums. By the same token, I also love processing real instruments through [modular] synthesizers."

Lengthy sampled loops of studio performances proved another useful tool in bridging the gap between "techno" and "traditional" on *Songs of Faith and Devotion*. "A lot of times we'd have a click track or some other rhythmic foundation on the computer [sequencer]," Flood explains. "And then perhaps I'd send Alan Wilder into the studio to do real drums. We'd run through the whole song trying out different drum ideas. Out of that, we might take eight bars from one spot and four bars from another, sample it all into an Akai S1000 or S1100 and loop it. So we might have a whole drum track made of loops. We did the same for bass and even some of the guitars, although other things are full performances all the way through. We found the loops to be quite a flexible way of working. A lot of people will sample other artists' records and use that as a starting point. But why not sample yourself?"

It sounds painfully like rocket science, but Flood is never one to let studio gadgetry ruin the creative vibe. Although Alan Wilder is a confirmed technoid, the other members of Depeche Mode are somewhat less patient around computers. "So from time to time, Alan and I would have to have this thing called a 'Screwdriver Alert,'" Flood explains, "which is when you're refining things. Like maybe a sequence is a little bit sloppy and you want to redo the timing. So I tell the oth-

Cheers subside.
Anticipated silence.
Fingers tense.
Lips to mike. All at stake.
But in control.
With the biggest name in rock'n roll.
45 years of tried and true.
Performance art.
For this one moment.
The moment of truth.
Fender Pro Audio.

ers, 'We're on a Screwdriver Alert. Go off and have a cup of tea 'cause Alan and I will be here for a bit.'"

The quest for a conducive vibe is what also led Flood and Depeche Mode to Hamburg and Madrid to record parts of *Songs of Faith and Devotion*. In Spain, the group rented a villa and brought in recording equipment rather than going to a commercial studio. Flood finds that domestic recording sites often yield the best results.

"With Bono, I've even set up situations where, any time of the night or day, he could just pick up a mike, unflick a mute button and we'd be ready to record. He's a very impulsive type of singer. It's no good when you have to tell him, 'Just hold on a second while I patch in this EQ.'"

Flood isn't troubled if the equipment in these domestic recording situations is a bit makeshift. "I think a competent engineer should be able to get something on tape that he can refine later on. I prefer not being swamped with every piece of gear you could possibly have. That can make you over-fussy and lazy. You call for new pieces of equipment instead of finding creative ways of chaining up what you've got."

At times Flood's ideas echo those of another producer he cites as a big influence, Brian Eno. Working with Eno on U2's *The Joshua Tree* and *Achtung Baby* was "an eye-opener," Flood says. "No matter how adventurous you think you are, he can be more adventurous. You'd be tinkering with an effect program that seemed pretty radical to you; then Brian Eno would walk in the studio and gang up 15 more effects into one massive chain and turn the whole thing around.

"Another time, I was at the board and I soloed something in a song. Eno said, 'Stop! Don't *ever* solo anything on this track while I'm in the room.' And I thought, 'Well, that's peculiar.' But he later explained that when you listen to the component tracks of a song, one will be a bit out of tune, another will be a little sloppy—all of them will have their faults. But when you listen to the song as a whole it works. So why analyze the individual components if they're not necessarily contributing to the downfall of the whole? Working with Eno made me reappraise everything."

But Flood's no mere Eno acolyte. He's a much more song-oriented producer, for one. Beneath all his radical textures, there's a tenacious devotion to melody. "That's the problem with a lot of the techno stuff coming out now," he says. "While a lot of it is really good, techno bypasses whatever you class as a song. I think it will wander through various fashions until it comes around to more of a song orientation, which will give it more of a concrete basis. This may sound a bit old-fashioned, but I think something has a bit more longevity if it's based around a few melodies."

FLOOD CONTROL

The essential components in FLOOD's personal equipment rack include an Eventide H3000 harmonizer, Akai S1000 sampler, Zoom 9010 and 9002, and Summit tube preamps. He runs Cubase sequencing software by Steinberg Jones on an Atari ST. He generally brings a few of his vintage ('30s and '40s) Neumann mikes to a session, but also says he's had excellent results using a Shure Beta 58 on both Bono and David Gahan.

A Classic piece can often change A Minor into A Major.

Whichever LXP you choose, you'll be making a wise investment in a classic piece of professional signal processing equipment. That's because every Lexicon processor offers a world-renowned and superbly musical way to transpose your studio from A minor to A major.

Transform your recording room into a serious studio with our renowned LXP-1, the ONLY studio-quality reverb in its price class with 16 Presets, 128 Registers and 4,000 effects combinations. You'll likely want to add our companion LXP-5, a dedicated multi-effects processor with 3 octave Pitch Shift, loads of Delays, Choruses, a versatile Ambience/Reverb algorithm—and more.

The ubiquitous LXP-15 is our most flexible LXP Series multi-effects DSP machine—128 Presets, 128 User Registers and a menu-driven interface that's engineer and musician-friendly. It also features external inputs for foot pedals and MIDI controllers.

Then there's the MRC (MIDI Remote Controller). With the MRC at your fingertips, you can explore an awesome range of special effects we've built into the entire LXP Series. Because the MRC is a universal MIDI Controller, you'll also have unprecedented control over virtually all MIDI devices.

The MRC (MIDI Remote Controller). Access the full power and extended capabilities of any MIDI-controllable effects device in your rack—as well as all three LXP Series Processors.

A pro knows there's only ONE way to get that classic, super-clean studio sound; the full, warm reverbs, shimmering multi-chorusing, subtle-to-obvious delays and the totally unique multi-effect combinations. With the LXP Series Processors, you have four very affordable and elegant ways to get that distinctive, professional, "Lexicon Sound" and control in your rack—Now.

Check 'em all out today.

Remember, you'll only find Lexicon products at the best pro audio and music dealers.

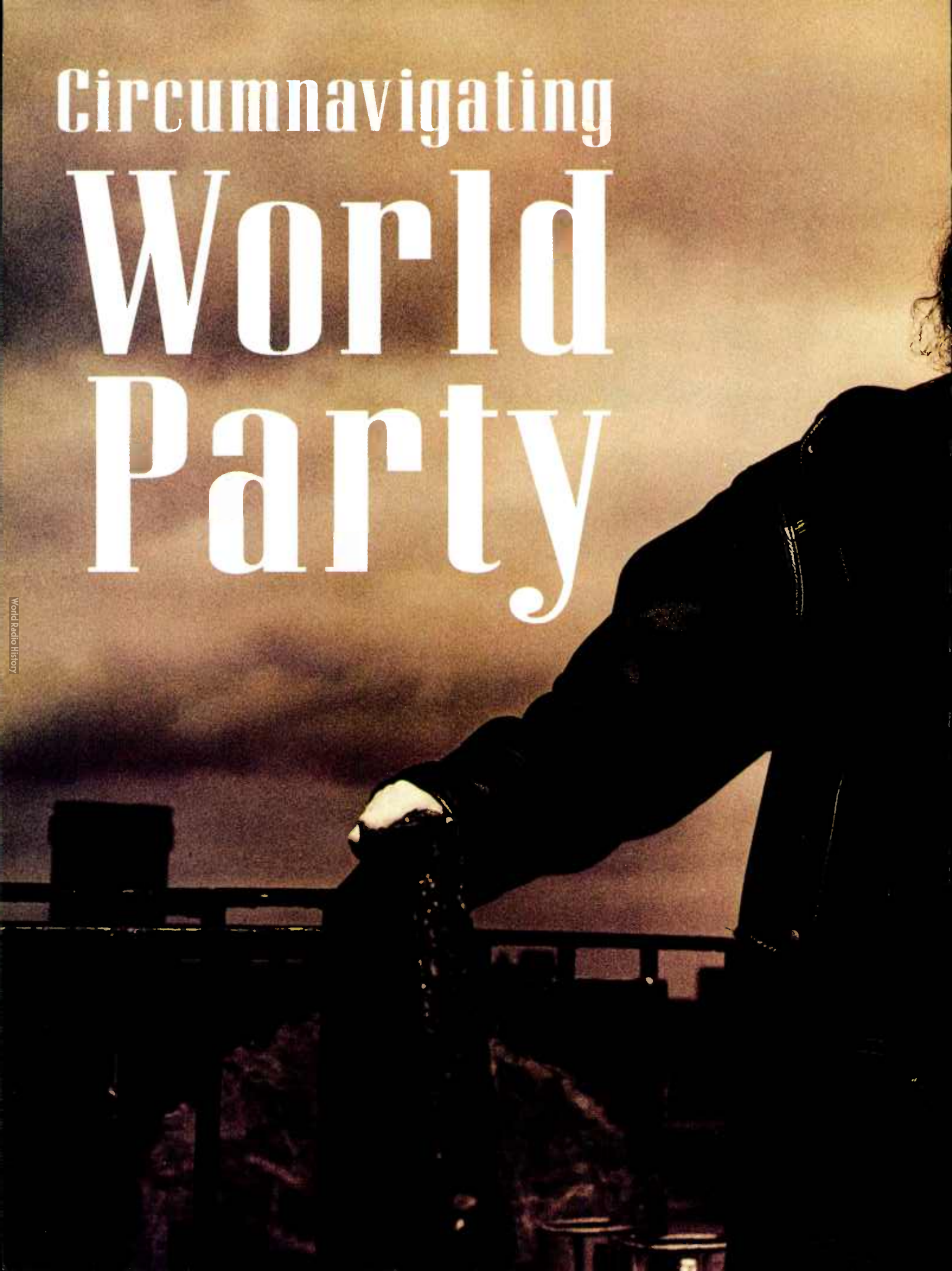
Studio photo courtesy of: Recording Arts, Nashville, TN.

lexicon

HEARD IN ALL THE RIGHT PLACES

LEXICON, INC., 100 BEAVER STREET, WALTHAM, MA 02154 TEL: (617) 736-0300 FAX: (617) 891-0340

Circumnavigating World Party



Karl Wallinger's White Album

...So anyway, Lenny Kravitz, who's almost a superstar in England, checks in at the North London rabbit-warren of recording studios Karl Wallinger occasionally (but not often) leaves. Wallinger is known to have made a few positive, open-minded critiques of Kravitz's music—"my worst fucking nightmare"—stuff like that. As Wallinger recalls, the first thing Kravitz does when he sees him is to come sauntering up and say (Wallinger drops his brittle, civilized voice to a mumble of aggrieved cool): "Hey, why don't you like my music?" (Wallinger's eyebrows, amazing eyebrows, like Groucho's slabs of greasepaint, shoot upwards, the top halves of two thick black circles.) "I didn't know what to say! I might've said something like 'It's your lyrics, Lenny.' I think I felt a bit sorry for him, so I asked, 'Well, what brings you here, Lenny?' He said, 'I'm working with *Mick*.'" As if on cue, Mick Jagger strolls by. On a lark, Wallinger invites the strange pair to try out his studio. Accepted. Next day, one of Jagger's minions arrives, hours before Mick, with the great man's gear. Helping to set up, Wallinger plugs in a sampler containing God-knows-what precious Mick sounds, and turns around to see little wisps of white smoke rising from Jagger's box—oh *shit*, he'd forgotten all about American current, and the roadie stands there, frozen in horror...

It's a typical Wallinger reminiscence, in which our many-sided protagonist reveals a complex image containing (at least): (A) suppressed fury (that a dope like Lenny Kravitz could be more popular than him); (B) anti-authoritarianism (blowing up a multimillionaire rock icon's gear); and (C) self-ridicule (Wallinger the screw-up, guaranteed, if left to his own devices, to cause explosions and other disasters). There's more: (C)'s subcomponent (D), The Avenging Nerd, the subversive who defeats the mighty precisely *by* screwing up. You remember, of course, Woody Allen sneezing into the cocaine...

Complicated chap, Wallinger. Welcome to his world.

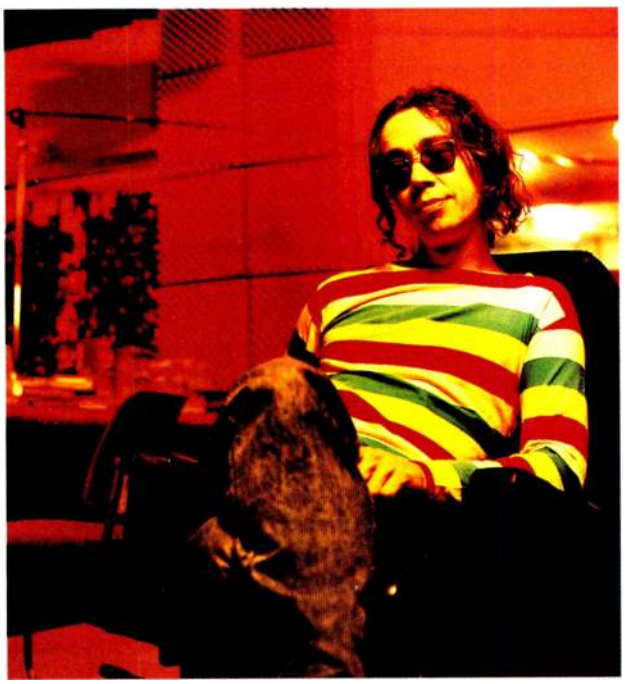
EVERY THREE YEARS an album by something calling itself "World Party" is tossed into the world like a Frisbee. Watch closely and you'll see the hand that flings it; sneeze and you won't. In 1987 we received *Private Revolution*, whose single, "Ship of Fools," was dumped by British radio because of the Zeebrugge Ferry disaster; luckily, the Yanks loved it and the album hit the U.S. Top 40. Silence... until *Goodbye Jumbo*, easily one of 1990's best records. A little more

By Tony Scherman

Photos by Kevin Westenberg

"I'd never realized how serious life could be. It's not all putting a message in a box and driving it round the world."

of a group effort than *Private Revolution*, *Jumbo* was nonetheless written, engineered, produced and mostly sung and played by one bloke, a skinny, oddly ethnic-looking Welsh-born Londoner, a wizard of Oz who hides behind a dual curtain: a group name and the privacy of a London recording studio. That he gives his records a band name signifies his *desire* for a band as much as it denotes an actual group. The trouble is, he's so good by himself, dreaming up songs with more hooks than a bait shop, polishing them into four-minute gems that disguise their own complexity. *Private Revolution* and *Jumbo* had their detractors: "Beatles rip-off," they grumbled, "eco-musician," "'60s retread." But *Goodbye Jumbo* proved what *Private Revolution* had suggested—this fellow was a major pop-music tunesmith. With that, Karl Wallinger vanished again...



Only to re-emerge this spring. *Goodbye Jumbo*'s rainbows and bright new days, its cherubs-blowing-trumpets aura, are gone. The new album, *Bang!*, is richer, a welter of guitars, keyboards, layered rhythm tracks. Wallinger's supple voice and choirs and choirs of harmony vocals. It's blacker—funkier, that is, but it's also darker. Half the songs wrestle with some degree of pain. "Give It All Away" and "Radio Days," the album's real departures, go further; mangled swirls of sampled noise, they don't just address confusion, they embody it. "I don't know when, don't know how, don't know who, don't know what, don't know which, don't know why," drones Wallinger on "Radio Days," his complaint building to a scream: "YOU JUST DON'T KNOW!" "Those two songs," he says, "are confused and angry and *destructive*. Everyone told me to leave 'Radio Days' off. They didn't hear it as a proper song, it's so cut up. But I wanted it on there."

At the record label they're nervous. *Karl is so great, we have to break World Party wide open this time, as big as, as...* Lenny Kravitz! But *Bang!*'s got them worried. *Goodbye Jumbo* had a bright-eyed prodigy's optimism, *Bang!* is the music of a man facing personal troubles and a screwed-up world. *Goodbye Jumbo* "was very sort of eco-vibe," says Wallinger; "well, here's the eco-song on *this* album," and he gleefully recites all 12 words of "And God Said": "And God said, 'Look after the planet'/But man said, 'FUCK YOU!!'" So much for political optimism. And some sort of personal trauma seems to lurk beneath these songs. Grudgingly, Wallinger acknowledges as much. "I was taking on a few more things that life was throwing at me. Personal things. They're not things I'd like to talk about. When I made *Jumbo*, I was living a lot less complicated a life, so I was able to concentrate on third-person things. Things that are outside of my clothes. On *Bang!*, I haven't got any clothes on.

"There's a point where you question things so much, it leads to auto-destruct. That's what the album's about: bang!—like an earthquake in your head. Originally I wanted no title on the cover, just a picture of an explosion.

"These songs are much more personal, and I like that personal voice. I am finally getting to where you should be to write songs, rather than writing songs on a model. *Jumbo* was about abstractions like 'idealism' and 'love,' I was trying to write a soundtrack for being idealistic. I'd never realized how serious life could be; it's not all putting a message in a box and driving it 'round the world.

"But I feel happier than when I finished *Jumbo*. I feel older and more at ease with the fact that I do what I do. Before, I was still worrying about having given up my day job. I'm comfortable now being someone who writes and creates for a living."

He's sitting on the floor in one of the smaller of the five or so rambling workrooms he rents. Nothing is less visible from here than a major body of water—for Wallinger, a splendid reason to name it "Seaview Studios." Wallinger seems young for 35, young to have six- and four-year-old kids. His fingers are long, expressive and nicotine-stained. Physically, he is a changeling: homely one moment, handsome the next; one moment a skinny shrimp, the next, almost strapping.

Two rooms over, a brand-new World Party rehearses for the road (two members, bassist/guitarist Dave Catlin-Birch and drummer Chris Sharrock, were on the *Goodbye Jumbo* tour; they also made *Bang!* the most collaborative of the three records). Seaview is no longer the rat's nest of 1990. "It *was* a bit of a dump," says Wallinger. "It was starting to get to me. *I* made the tea and Hoovered up, *I* pulled modules out and squirted them with cleaner, *I* answered the door, *and* the phone, and occasionally it got just a bit much, you'd like someone to answer the door." An efficient and incredibly good-natured Liverpudlian named Mick Winder signed on in 1990 as guitar tech/head roadie/general homemaker, and everything runs more smoothly.

"I'd like to set this place up," Wallinger says, "as a place where people can be relaxed. It's our own little Brill Building. Or it can be. Who knows where we'll be three years from now? I think there'll be some

kind of video arm. I'm definitely keen on computer animation, visual things. Right where you're sitting's a perfect place for an editing table and some monitors.

"I am not a wizard financially, but I've actually done a very shrewd thing, which is to enable myself to take time to make my product. Which has let me live like a real person. I don't have to leave the world for three horrible months. I've actually obtained the luxury of reporting musically when I feel like it. And I haven't gone out clubbing and doing my head in, I've come here and been into doing music.

"This studio is cheaper for three years than some albums made in three months. There's a weekly rent, which comes out of the album budget while I'm making an album; after I've made the record, I can stand the rent myself." So his budget, instead of going into a $1500-per-day studio, goes into humble Seaview, plus loads of gear. "The first thing I did was to give the label a list of stuff I needed. And they've gone along with that, because I make something that's usable for them. It's a contract, they're not a fucking charity.

"This studio *is* the album costs. It's the cumulative gear of touring support and album costs. And it's all mine!" He stands up, brandishing a guitar by the neck, arms outstretched to take in his roomfuls of gear. "And I'm bleedin' lumbered with it, mate! I'm hardly free-wheelin' Bob Dylan. That's one of the downsides, that you're not just a man and his music and an acoustic guitar anymore. You're a fuckin' load of baggage."

Wallinger's only got time for two songs. Ensign Records is throwing a party for him tonight at AIR Studio's new site, an enormous northwest London church, gutted and rebuilt into a honeycomb of jewel-like studios. At the party the dance floor is empty, though two dour, shaven-headed DJs spin disco records at a volume that permits conversation only in screams.

The guest of honor circulates happily, bending his ear to various screamed congratulations. He leaps onto the DJs' bandstand to make an announcement, but the microphone is broken. Wallinger starts to wave his arms, apparently intending to make his speech via semaphore, but succeeds only in pouring most of his forgotten beer on his head. He stops to wonder where all this liquid's coming from, looks down at the empty bottle in his left hand and yells, "I've gone and drenched meself!"

Ensign Records' co-founder, Nigel Grainge, watches Wallinger avuncularly. Grainge remembers aloud the first, mid-'80s days of World Party. Keyboardist for Mike Scott's Waterboys (also on Ensign then), Wallinger had come around with some demos, including "Ship of Fools," that had knocked Grainge's ears off. "I could see he was already a fully-realized artist," says Grainge. "Karl could have gone solo much earlier."

"Why didn't he?"

"Self-confidence, really. He had no self-confidence."

"I'VE ALWAYS BEEN in love with the studio," says Wallinger the next day. "The sound, the mystique of the sound, was always totally enthralling. Way before I was 10, I took over the family tape recorder. I'm still accused of breaking it—'Didn't you break the tape recorder in 1961?' 'Yeah, but I was three years old!' Then we had a little cassette radio which I even recorded on, I bought a mike and put it in the side, sounded terrible but what the hell, it was the only thing I had. And I had a little two-track thing which could overdub in mono, like a Revox, only smaller. I used to do 10 tracks of all hiss and a bit of music somewhere in the background, I'd layered it so much. When the four-track cassette things came out, I'd hire one of those. Then it was eight-track, and then I went 16, which was 'round about when I mixed 'Spirit' on *This Is the Sea* [by the Waterboys]. I mixed that in my old flat in London. Then I went out to the country with the 16 and did *Private Revolution* and that enabled me to get a 24-track and then this desk arrived as a complete fluke and here we are. So, no, I didn't start getting interested in studios in 1988 and get a brochure. It's been as much of a journey as anything else."

He was born in 1957 in Prestatyn, on the northeast coast of Wales. "We weren't wealthy by any stretch. We were what I think of as lower-middle class. My father was a Labor government architect."

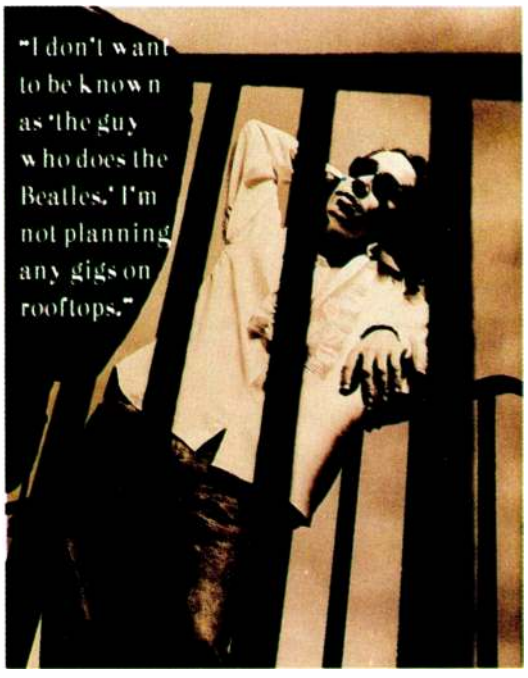
He sang in choirs and was taught piano from nine to 19. When he

Party by number: (1) Karl Wallinger, (2) Chris Sharrock, (3) Dave Catlin-Birch, (4) Ken Campbell, (5) Steve McKewan

LORENZO AGIUS

was 10 he started on oboe, taking it further than piano, playing in front of orchestras: concertos, Mozart oboe concertos.

"I was the most frustrating pupil in the world. My oboe teacher would say, 'You should practice more, you play so beautifully and emotionally.' I haven't practiced my scales on any instrument I ever played. I was taught singing; I've sung oratorios, I used to sing Italian arias, which is why I was able to do the brilliant operatic voice on 'And God Said.' I would lie on the floor with piles of books on my chest and make them go up and down with my diaphragm. Musically, I've deconstructed ever since."



Most of his formal musical education was at what he calls "just a private school." In fact, it was Charterhouse, the hallowed Surrey academy whose 300 years of alumni run from Joseph Addison to William Thackeray to Peter Gabriel. Wallinger, who had a full music scholarship, still seems to suffer from class-traitor guilt, or is it anxiety that such a pedigree casts doubt on one's ability to rock and roll? "I'm a lot less bothered than I used to be," he says, looking pretty uneasy. "If they want to think I'm some sort of chinless wonder snob, that's their problem. It's not my fucking problem anymore, and it feels good to be rid of it. Anyway, demographically we weren't the typical family at all. I was only able to go there because I was a music scholar."

Expected to go to college, he didn't. "I didn't want to teach oboe, I didn't want to join an orchestra and I didn't want to form my own wind quintet. I wanted to rock!" England has no tradition of higher education for non-classical musicians, no Berklee Colleges of Music, "and that's a damn good thing as well. This music should be made by amateurs. Not in the sense of an incompetent, but in the sense of not having a diploma. *My* professionalism is dependent on knowing the guitar part to 'Julia' and learning how they rock 'n' rolled and how to funk it. If you go to a school to learn that, you end up with music like you get in America. What a strange idea, going to college to learn guitar! I'd be deeply suspicious of that. It just seems so wanky... 'Well, I've got this guitar solo down'—that's a wanky thing! There is a long tradition in England of inspired amateurs. Being an amateur, I think, assures you of a more personal touch. Dylan was an amateur. I consider the Beatles amateurs."

Wallinger's college may have been London's late-'70s rock scene; his real schooling came earlier. If the Beatles exploded worldwide, Prestatyn, 50 or so miles from Liverpool, was dangerously near the epicenter. "My older sisters saw the Beatles at the Cavern Club, before real Beatlemania. My sister Karen would come home and say, 'I'm sure John Lennon looked at me.' Bands like that played North Wales regularly, which gives me a sort of mists-of-time vibe, like maybe one day I was standing on the corner and they went past in a van. It could quite easily have happened."

Scraps of Liverpool bob up in Wallinger's life too often to be accidents: the two Liverpudlians in World Party, Chris Sharrock and Mick Winder; Dave Catlin-Birch's seven years as Paul McCartney in *The Bootleg Beatles*, Britain's version of *Beatlemania* ("It's not something Dave is dead upfront about," confides Wallinger); Wallinger's own come-and-go Liverpool accent: as much, you feel, a token of avid fandom as a result of growing up in northeast Wales. Nor does he make the slightest effort to downplay the Beatles' impact on him. "The thing I like doing, and have always done, and will always do, is spew out stuff from my mental attic, and sorry if it's a bit like things you've heard already."

But at your best, you digest those things into your own language.

"Can't be at my best all the time."

What troubles me is the thought you may be doing it as a sort of sales hook.

"What! I hate that sales angle! That's like Roxette! They'd do anything to sell records!"

But sometimes you quote so obviously—

"You mean the 'woo-woos' in 'Way Down Now'? Here you are slagging me for aping the Beatles, and you come at me with the Rolling Stones!"

Actually, I meant the panting in "Sunshine" on *Bang!* What's that sound like to you?

"Um, the middle bit of 'A Day in the Life.'"

Was that conscious?

"No, not really. Yes, I thought about it. I had a little tweak. But I'm not going to purge my music of all signs of the Beatles, just to allay some critic's suspicions. Personally I don't give a shit. I don't want to *not* feel at liberty to make any sound I like. So everyone else can fuck off. Anyway, it's me who has to face the music. If people say, 'D'you think that bit of World Party sounds a little like this or that?,' I'm guilty. But it's certainly not some sort of sales angle. I don't want to be known as 'the guy who does the Beatles.' I'm not planning any gigs on rooftops. I just want people to hear 'Is It Like Today' and like it as a song and that's it, and I hope I'm as good for them to listen to as the things I've really felt were good for me. The older I get, the memories of that music, and the feelings I got from listening to that music, are more and more important to me. And I base more than just my musical tastes on that era.

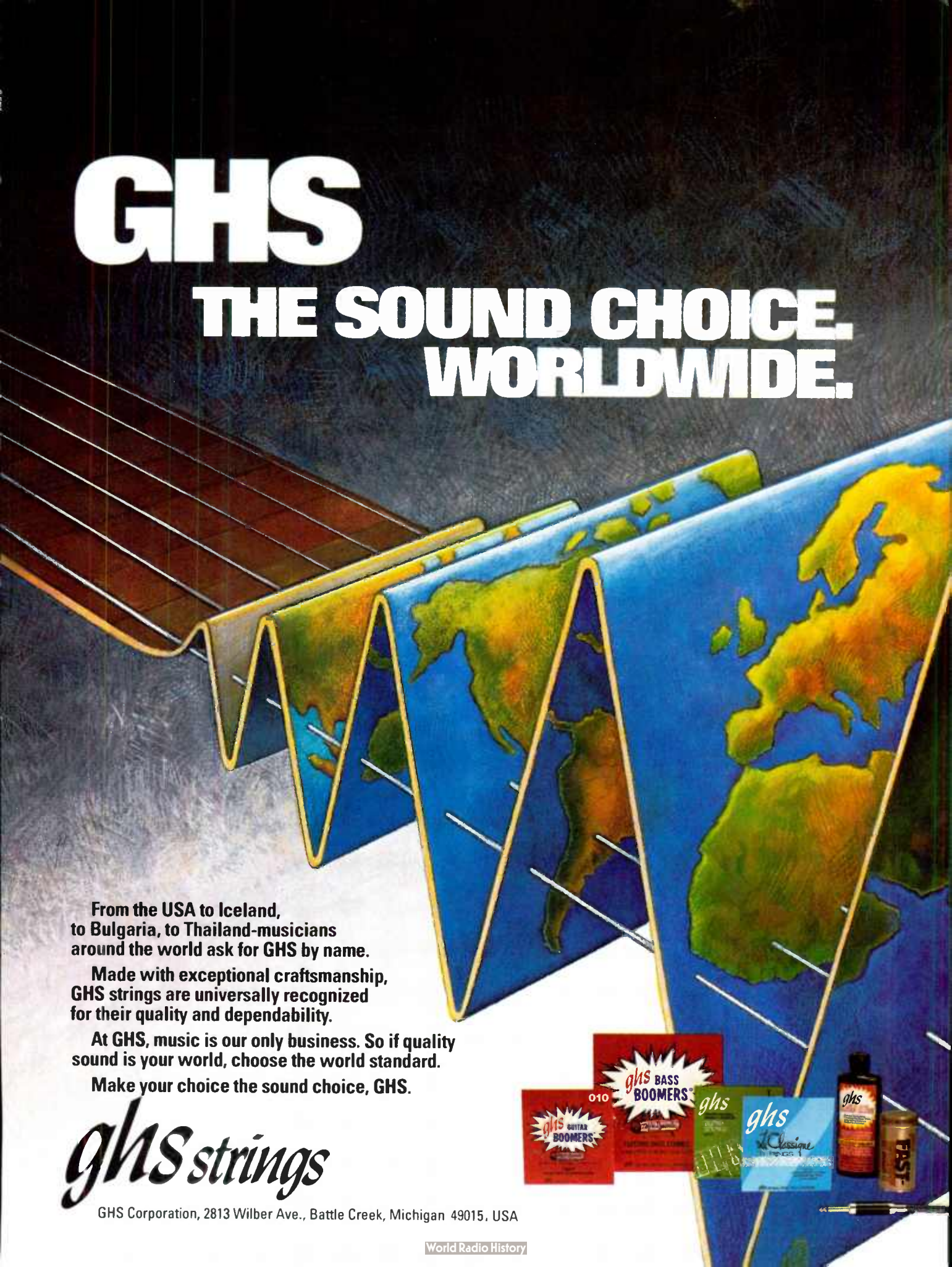
"The difference between then and now is that your Michael Boltons or whoever are excellent at what they do, but there is such a subservience to the commercial idea. Whereas what Phil Spector was doing was totally insane, totally idiosyncratic, but he loved doing it so much that he managed to make something that other people loved. That's the kind of thing that informs the way we want to behave here.

"If World Party has a studio philosophy, it lies somewhere in the Beach Boys sessions, the Phil Spector sessions and the Beatles sessions, as we imagine them. Except that we're *so* less disciplined than those people." Wallinger has pored over Mark Lewisohn's Beatles sessionography and stockpiled a nice bunch of bootleg Beatle sessions (Chris Sharrock collects Beach Boys sessions); he's even made a project of re-recording Beatles and Beach Boys songs, track by painstaking track (one of the remakes, "Happiness Is a Warm Gun," is on World Party's 1991 EP, *Thank You World*).

"There's a sense of wonder about how people did something that's really good. By duplicating it, you learn how to do it yourself. We've

GHS

THE SOUND CHOICE. WORLDWIDE.



From the USA to Iceland, to Bulgaria, to Thailand-musicians around the world ask for GHS by name.

Made with exceptional craftsmanship, GHS strings are universally recognized for their quality and dependability.

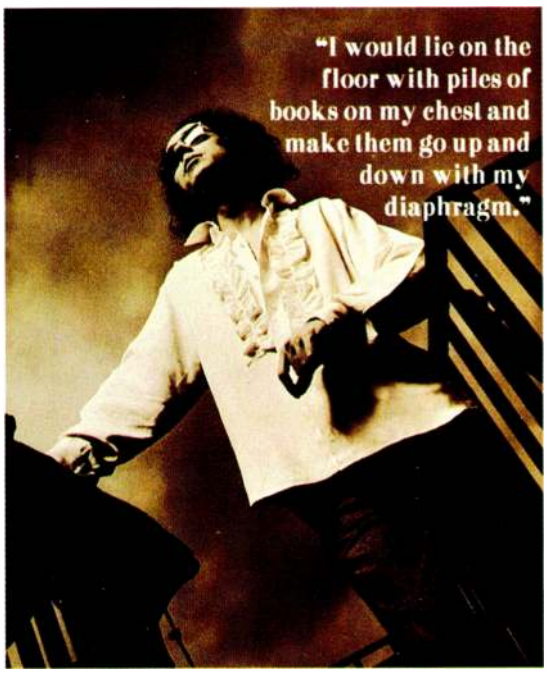
At GHS, music is our only business. So if quality sound is your world, choose the world standard.

Make your choice the sound choice, GHS.

ghs strings

GHS Corporation, 2813 Wilber Ave., Battle Creek, Michigan 49015, USA

got Beatles tapes that are just a drum sound, and that's interesting. Or vocal sounds: With the Beatles, it's an in-your-face compression thing. A dryness. You get it with compression on the vocal mike. In the way you sing, too: how far away you stand, how hard you sing, how soft. One thing about the Beatles, they rarely sang really hard. 'Helter Skelter' is unusual, or 'Oh! Darling.' The norm is



quite quiet singing, in a sort of normalish little voice. Almost talking, very musical as it comes onto tape. 'As I write this letter'—almost a whisper. 'Let me take you down'—conversational. 'She's not a girl who misses much...', or the beginning of 'Julia.' You learn to experiment with distance, to move away from the mike: 'Oh, that's how they got that sound!' And I love all their different voices. I love Bowie for that reason, especially *Ziggy, Diamond Dogs*."

There's lots of sampling on *Bang!*, but Wallinger's inspiration isn't hip-hop, it's "Revolution 9." "I'm one of the few people who listen to 'Revolution 9' for pleasure, though it took me 20 years.

"I feel like an exponent of Strawberry Fields–Land. When the Beatles went studio-ified: That's where I feel like I am. A different guy in a different time, but an exponent of that kind of creativity. Of the way 'I Am the Walrus' was made. It's wanting to incorporate orchestral sounds, and all sorts of rhythms, and found sounds and samples, and whatever, into a focused song. Soundscapey, but grounded in rock 'n' roll. 'Strawberry Fields' and all that music was still informed by Eddie Cochran and Buddy Holly and Elvis. That's the formula for the Beatles: Eddie Cochran plus drugs.

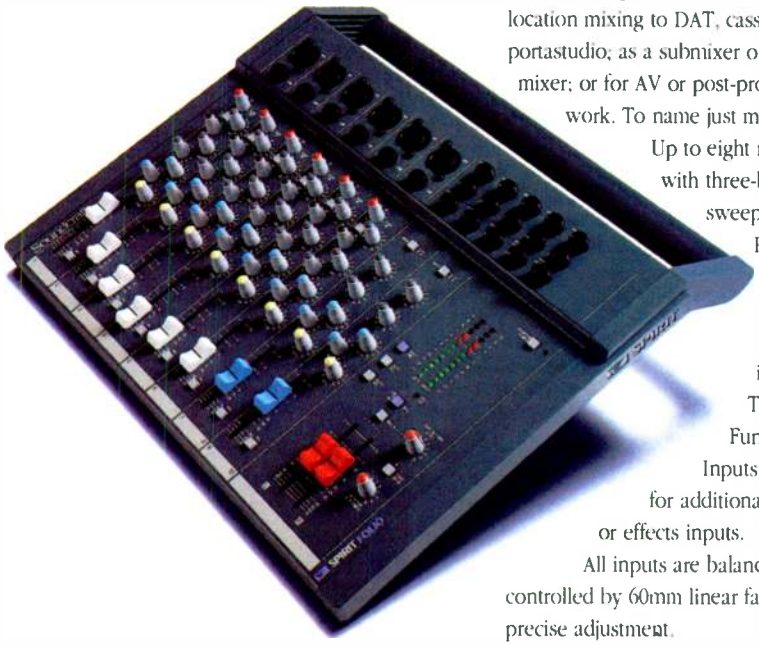
"I had a half-hour meeting with George Martin once. He's a director of the company I'm signed to, so I managed to get in there and have a little chat with this guy. He went on the piano and said, 'Mmmyes, the trouble with today's songs, mmm, is that they're all just rotating chord sequences. Four simple chords and the vocal's just dropped over the top when the vocalist wants. And that's meant to be a song! Whatever happened to the melody dictating the harmonies?' As he well knows, that went out with the Beatles. They were one of its last exponents.

"I mean, Philip Glass is absolute codswallop, as far as I'm concerned. Who is this charlatan guy? It's the emperor's new fucking clothes and nobody's saying it! Are we really going to let him monotonize harmony and melody to such a great degree? It's happening in all other forms of life, why do we want to let it happen to music? What's happened to lyrical melody? Are we so self-conscious that we cannot write a melody anymore? Fuck off, Philip! Fuck off back to your posey club of New York self-congratulatory dickheads. There, I've said it. And I think Steve Reich's probably a bit better, but I'm just not much into him either. Who the hell is Philip Glass? I can play all that three-finger shit on the piano too, mate!"

"KINGDOM COME," THE song that opens *Bang!*, is a good example of how, inspired by the past, Wallinger crafts something new. "I was intrigued by one of the things Brian Wilson used to do. You just stop a song, and hard-edit a completely different piece onto it; then, after however many bars, you do another edit back into the first song. 'Good Vibrations' is made entirely from unrelated, separately recorded pieces, and they just cut them together. That's why 'Kingdom Come' has two totally different sections, a fast country and western–type groove and a half-time section I'd recorded earlier, with sampled strings. It was total luck that the slow section sounds like a bridge, a total fluke. It's great, really enjoyable—get a razor blade, chop the tape up and it's like, 'Hey, we're being creative!'

Here it is. The mix set free. Spirit Folio may be small, and light enough to carry with ease; but it's no lightweight when it comes to big professional features - it's simply packed with them. And it gives you quality that's even better than DAT.

You can use Spirit Folio anywhere - for PA mixing in small venues; home or location mixing to DAT, cassette or portastudio; as a submixer or keyboard mixer; or for AV or post-production work. To name just many.



Up to eight mono inputs with three-band mid-sweep EQ, High Pass Filter and two Auxiliary sends are included. Two Full Function Stereo Inputs are perfect for additional keyboard or effects inputs.

All inputs are balanced and are controlled by 60mm linear faders for precise adjustment.

A separate Stereo Effects Return doubles as a Two Track Return for monitoring in recording applications. Spirit Folio comes in 3 frame configurations: 10/2, 12/2 and 12/2 rackmount.

And here's the real beauty of Folio. It's totally affordable – starting at under $500.

Folio will set your spirit free.

Soundcraft/JBL Professional,
P.O. Box 2200, 8500 Balboa Boulevard,
Northridge, CA 91329, U.S.A.
Tel: 818-893 4351. Fax: 818-893 0358.

SPIRIT FOLIO

A Harman International Company

"The way I work, I don't really get to know the songs until the band starts to rehearse. I only play them once or twice before they're recorded. Actually, they're being written *as* they're being recorded, and they come together mainly in bits. So during rehearsals I'm like, 'I dunno how this one goes, guys, I'll just go have a listen to the multitrack and see what I'm meant to be doing.'

"They're all recorded, really, in the same way. You could call it 'the X-song.' I don't iron out things, organize them, cut a demo and then do the real thing. The demo *is* the real thing, whether I'm on my own or with Chris or Dave."

Let's watch the pieces come together into a song. On "Is It Like Today," *Bang!*'s first single, Wallinger started with a little five-note phrase (the one that begins the vocal) he'd been playing on guitar and humming. "It seemed to need a home. I rang up Dave: 'Fancy coming over to do a bit of playing?' I put a beat on the drum machine, quite a sort of idiosyncratic little beat, and Dave and I played. Just this little chord sequence, going 'round and 'round, me on acoustic and Dave on bass. When we got tired of playing the same groove, we went up to the fourth and that's how the bridge came along. We blew the thing onto tape, one take. Then off the top of my head I sort of sang these verses about different times in history. That's how a lot of my vocals have started to happen: You just sing, straight out of your head, without writing anything on paper at all. I usually end up keeping at least some of it.

"The same day, I overdubbed piano, just straightaway, do it. I thought, 'I'll stick on a bit of drums as well,' so I went out to the drum kit, Dave stayed in the control room and I waved at him when I was ready to play. Then I went back in, picked up an electric guitar, put some of that on. Dave split off somewhere, and I sang the background choruses. I've been doing a lot of oohing and ahhing in my time, so that part's very pleasurable—nothing better. The other thing I love most is doing overdubs, just weaving away with electric guitar or piano, playing little *things*. That's what makes me happiest. It's also the most difficult to achieve live—each part is so aware of what the other's going to do, because one person did both of them.

"That was one, really long, day. The whole thing was done right in the control room, except the drumming. I've got two desks, and one is always hooked up to drum kit, grand piano, Hammond organ, so you can just go to an instrument and record.

"The song stayed like that for a while; it was, like, 'Hmm, this is a nice one, I'll get back to it later.' Eventually I corrected some of the

PARTY FAVORS

KARL WALLINGER plays a Gretsch Chet Atkins, a Les Paul Custom, a Tele, two Strats, two Ricks (6- and 12-strings), a Hofner bass, a Martin D18 12-string and a Gibson J-50. He uses Dean Markley strings and runs through a Fender Champ. His keys and samplers are a Yamaha grand and an SY77, a Hammond C3 organ, two Akai S1000s and an S1100. He's got two Atari computers.

DAVE CATLIN-BIRCH also uses a Hofner bass through a Vox AC30 and three Seymour Duncan speakers, with TruBass strings; he strings his Tele and Rick with Dean Markleys. STEVE McKEWAN plays a Gibson J-200 and a 335 through a vintage Twin. KEN CAMPBELL likes a Yamaha DX5 and a SY66, with lots of S100s and hard drives linked up. CHRIS SHARROCK pounds Ludwigs with Pearl hardware and Shaw sticks.

vocals, rewrote a few of the lyrics, dropped those in, put a 12-string on and added some snare [using the tiny toy drum he also plays on "Rescue Me"] to every snare beat. And that was it until mixing." His breeziness here is a little misleading: When he was done "correcting some of the vocals" and adding to them, "Is It Like Today" had a whopping 23 tracks of vocals—a whole reel of tape—which he mixed down to a pair, "cascade left" and "cascade right," for the 24-track master.

"Some of the songs are five- or six-reelers. 'What Is Love All About' had loads and loads of overdubs. I had 11 different tracks of keyboard bass, none of which I ended up using; I finally used bass guitar. This place is full of reels of tape that didn't make it onto the album. I haven't really counted how many; probably on the order of a hundred."

For the first time, another pair of ears was involved in a World Party record's final sound. Wondering, after two years, if his objectivity was starting to fade, Wallinger invited heavy-hitting mixer-producer Steve Lillywhite in for a listen.

"I needed some reassuring. I was getting a bit of red-light nervous tension. I don't exactly know of another 48-track studio being operated by one person. Why should I work on my own all the time, barring any input from anybody else? Especially when I was trying to do things I hadn't been capable of doing on *Jumbo*. I knew Steve liked World Party's music. So when it came up I just said, 'Yeah, why not?' And certain things that had bugged me, that had sapped my energy, were suddenly not a problem, because there were two of us. It all became a pleasure again."

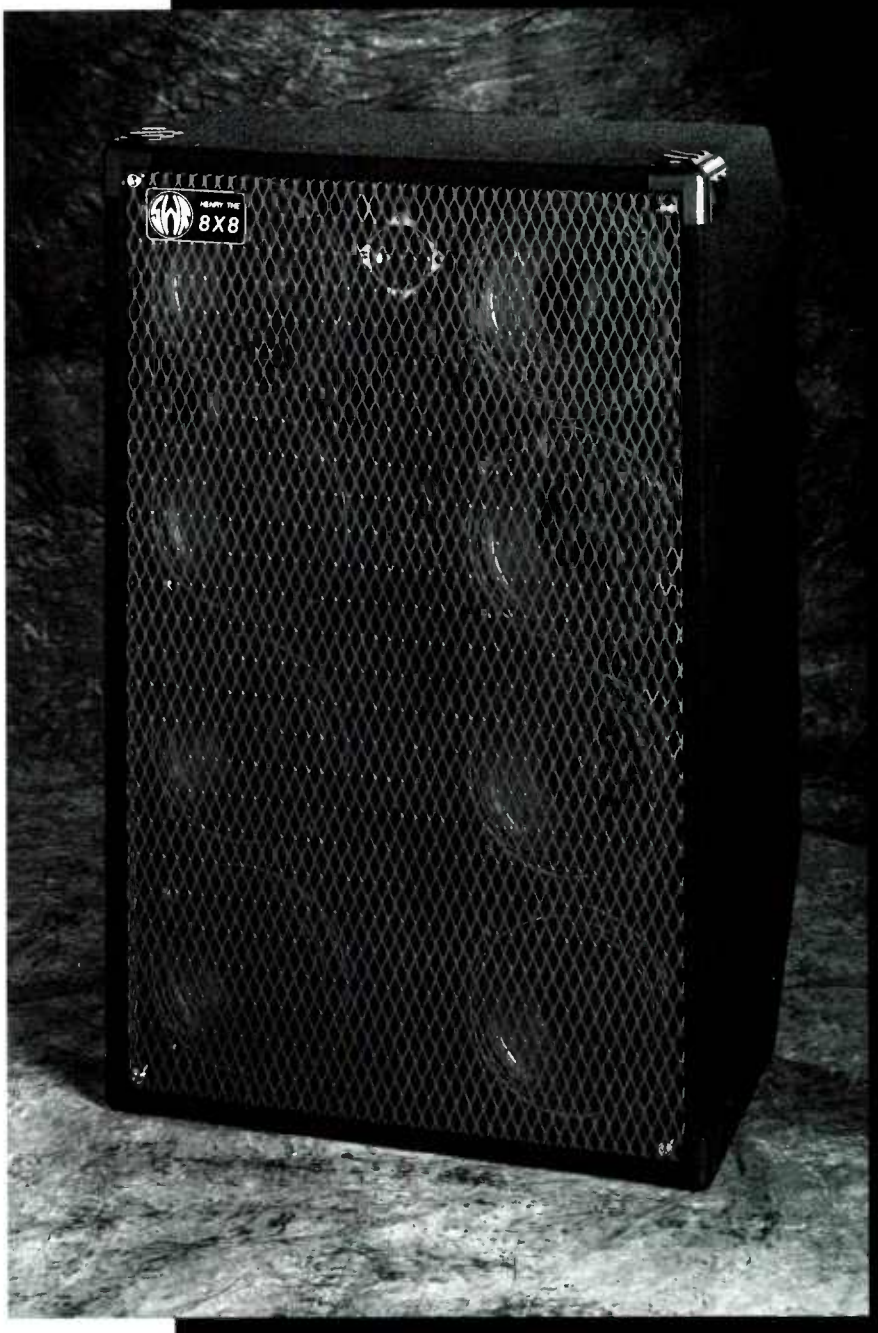
Lillywhite wound up mixing five songs, and "Is It Like Today" was the first. Wallinger put the mix up the way he'd been listening to it, "went and made us both a cup of tea, and Steve sat there, probably thinking, 'What a strange desk.' What I've found about people who know what they're doing is the simplicity of what they do. Even though it's...*enigmatic* how it occurs to them. I might think to myself, 'That section needs beefing up,' but not know what to do. Whereas Steve would say, 'Why don't you put a bit of distorted guitar on it, but very quiet, and in the right-hand side?' And the bit that needed beefing up would now have this extra little 'grrrrr': the exact solution, and so simple."

It took eight or nine days to mix "Is It Like Today," "mostly diddling the drum kit, a few other things. That was the longest we spent on a song, which is funny; it's the simplest song. We did a lot of talking. I've been shy of collaborating. I can only make music when I feel relaxed. That's why I've made a lot of music on my own, because I don't feel comfortable talking people into following the outpourings of my ego. But Steve was great. He didn't come in and say, 'I'm Steve Lillywhite, get out of the way! This track needs *fixing*, kid, just come back in two days.' I felt quite relaxed. And he definitely improved on a few things. He's got a great sense of ambience, the sound instruments make in the air; he took tracks that are quite dense and gave them a feeling of space. He also got an insight into someone's way of working that must be a bit like coming across an isolated people in the Arkansas Mountains who've developed this really bonkers, idiosyncratic way of working that's nonetheless a feasible way to make records. So he got a little anthropology off me as well."

FORTY HOURS LATER, Wallinger is in a black mood. He'd spent the entire previous day in a London hotel giving interviews to European newspapers, the first, eastward push in the *Bang!* publicity campaign. "It was horrible." Wallinger can't spit the word out with enough disgust. "*Horrible.*" It's worse than disgust; he's pained. "They all asked the same questions. I might as well have printed some bullshit up, handed it to 'em at the door and said, 'There you have it, mate, now bugger off.' The articles would come out the same, I'm sure."

His days are speeding up now, filling with video shoots and meetings. The only fun part is working the band into shape. "It really looks as if live excitement is quite obtainable. I mean, I enjoy gigs. Firstly, because I'm amazed that anybody's turned up. And if they enjoy it, it's like, cor, blimey! It's *because* I haven't come up through performance that we come out of the studio and hit the stage and I think, 'What are we doing here?' Then it's, 'Okay, we'll have a good time then.' I'm not trying to be a one-foot-on-the-monitor rock star, I just want to have fun. I don't want to freak people out, I don't want to blow people away—well, I do want to blow them away—not violently, but musically. Just make them sort of go, 'Ahhhh!' It's going to be more like World Party this time, more like a *band*." And it's touching to watch him rehearse, singing his old songs—"Put the Message in the Box," "Way Down Now"—with a surplus of feeling. Somewhere behind his closed eyes I'd bet there lurks the primal image, whether faint or clear, buried or conscious, of the Beatles playing on the rooftop.

BILL MAY BE THE NEW PRESIDENT, BUT HENRY IS THE NEW KING.



HENRY THE 8 X 8

THE WEIGHT IS OVER

Height: 3'

Weight: 95 lbs.

Power Handling: 500 watts

For more information on Henry The 8 x 8:
SWR Engineering, Inc.
12823 Foothill Blvd, Unit B
Sylmar, CA 91342
818/ 898-3355 Fax 818/ 898-3365
Photo by Michael Friel

SWR ENGINEERING, INC.

The Finest Bass Systems In The World

Talking Bass

Armand Sabal-Lecco's African rhythm method

by ALAN DI PERNA

"We don't really count rhythms in Africa," says Cameroonian bassist Armand Sabal-Lecco, "we *feel* them. African languages have a time signature. By hearing people speak, you learn the rhythms." Sabal-Lecco can play a 9/8 groove and make it seem as natural as breathing in and out. He's an ultra-flash bassist, but his playing somehow never comes across as contrived or self-involved. A likable guy with an infectious laugh, Armand is perhaps the only man on earth who could get away with climbing onstage at a Paris nightclub to challenge Jaco Pastorius to a bass showdown on Jaco's own "Come On, Come Over" riff. Anybody else probably would've got his ass booted off the stage. Armand ended up playing duet gigs with Jaco around Paris.

That was when he was still a teenager. Since then Stanley Clarke and John Patitucci have taken to Sabal-Lecco, inviting him to play and compose music for their new albums. He's also recorded with Vanessa Williams, the Brecker Brothers, Ray Charles, Herbie Hancock, Garland Jeffries, Don Grusin and Ladysmith Black Mambazo. But Armand Sabal-Lecco has probably been most widely heard on Paul Simon's *Rhythm of the Saints* and as part of the 18-member touring band captured on the songwriter's *Live in the Park*. Armand's knack for blending Western and African influences can be heard in the fleet-footed bass riff he developed for Simon's live rendition of "Kodachrome."

"That riff is an interpretation of *asiko*," he explains, "which is a style of music from Douala in Cameroon. It has a fast tempo, and musicians play the rhythm on a bottle. Paul's song had that same kind of fast tempo. So the song 'asked' me to play a line like that."

Taking up a battered Alembic four-string (a gift from Stanley), Armand runs through the riff. It's built on a simple E major scale, with 16th-note embellishments on the high string that give it something like a bluegrass feel. Even Armand's picking technique for the part is closer to fingerstyle guitar than conventional bass playing. He uses his thumb, index and middle fingers in rapid succession on the two highest strings.

"I use that technique a lot. I get more of a rhythmic feel that way. Whenever I think of a bassline, I hear a whole arrangement around it. So by playing like this, I can give the pulse of the percussion instruments, even if they're not there."

Armand wasn't always that interested in African music. The son of a high-ranking Cameroonian government official, he grew up on jazz and funk from America and Europe: "In Cameroon, it's hipper to play that than African music. Just like here in the States, it's not very hip to play square dance music."

All that changed when Sabal-Lecco was still in his teens and got sent off to school in Paris. After playing in a few Afro-funk bands together, the bassist and his drummer brother Felix were drafted by Cameroonian sax player Manu Dibango. Armand spent four years with the "Soul Makossa" man before leaving to accept his gig with Paul Simon in '90. "Playing with Manu Dibango reawakened me to how important and rich African music is," he says. "It [*cont'd on page 75*]

PHOTOGRAPH: DANIELA VON RITTER

Wham Bam Thank You NAMM

New-age drummers and their corporate counterparts

by ANDY DOERSCHUK

(TOP) DRUM WORKSHOP'S "NON-INVASIVE" TOM HOLDERS; (L) LATIN PERCUSSION'S WHEELCHAIR-ACCESSIBLE EASY ACCESS RACK; (R) REMO BOMBOS, ARGENTINIAN BASS DRUMS WITH MALLET.

The feeding frenzy known as winter NAMM ended on a positive note for the drum trade. Though plenty of interesting kits made their debut, the real buzz had less to do with rimshots and more to do with MIDI cables and shaman priests. Industries are often driven by lifestyle and consumer demands, yet a dichotomy has emerged for percussion companies. While electronic products are pulling the technology into the future, low-tech hand drum manufacturers are reviving ancient crafts. These divergent trends were hardly predictable. Years ago the electronic percussion industry was pronounced dead in the water; who foresaw the emergence of the new-age drumming movement? Probably a lot of people who don't usually turn up at NAMM shows.

Between the two camps sit the companies catering to kit players, the cornerstone of the market. DW showed up with an unusual snare with a shell of brass and wood—the Brass/Wood snare, of all names—which combines the best qualities of both materials: brightness and warmth. The news at Ludwig was the Rocker Ltd. set, one of their first in some time for under $1000. Thin was the word at Pearl, where they displayed maple MMX Masters Custom and birch MBX Masters Studio sets with mere five-millimeter four-ply shells reinforced with five-millimeter four-ply glue rings.

You have to hand it to Sonor for hamming it up with the most extravagant promotion. Limited to a run of 50 sets, each Signature Series Limited Edition drum will be constructed of a 12-ply lacquer-finished maple shell made to the buyer's specifications, fitted with gold-plated hardware (including a personalized name plate), and carry a 10-year limited warranty. However, the pièce de resistance is that Sonor will fly the buyer to their factory in Germany to collect the drums. The price of a Signature Series Limited Edition set? Just call Sonor for your seat reservations.

There was the usual plethora of cymbal alternatives this year, most resulting from subtle variations of traditional practices like smelting, hammering and lathing. Paiste unveiled two new lines, the Bronze 502 and 302; targeted at the entry-level player, the most expensive retails at $125. To commemorate its 370th anniversary, the Avedis Zildjian Company presented a limited edition of the A. Zildjian Medium ride, imprinted with Zildjian's 370th anniversary logo. Zildjian's new China Trash cymbals sound authentic and mount easier on a stand because of their less-squared bell.

Proudly displayed on Sabian's cymbal trees was the Ed Thigpen Crystal Ride, a hand-hammered variation of a flat ride. For a different effect they created the 10" Bell Disc, a small, curved instrument of solid bronze which can be mounted on a cymbal stand or layered on top of another cymbal.

Demonstrating the significance of digital percussion technology, Sabian debuted their own cymbal sample library. The two compact discs contain more than 150 digitally sampled

Steve Ferrone

A Musicians' Musician.

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

Pearl®

The best reason to play drums.

cymbals, gongs and effects played by such drummers as Carmine Appice, Chester Thompson and Richie Hayward.

Otherwise, companies who built reputations on acoustic drum triggering expanded their catalog to include pads. Others who made pads hawked new trigger pedals, or pads with additional triggering zones, or fancier mounting hardware. Once-maverick companies such as S&S, Trigger Perfect, Sapphire Percussions and Techtonics refined their lines and become aggressive. Prices dropped. Quality improved. Something exciting is finally happening here.

If there was a single electronic percussion trend at NAMM, it was the advent of the trigger cymbal. While MIDI Cyms continued to market its line, companies like Acupad, Visulite and Canada's Sherpa claimed their new cymbal pads felt and looked more "real" than the others. But that's only the beginning, because Boom Theory produced the World Stage Series (part of their Spacemuffins line), trigger pads that actually *are* acoustic drums, with standard-size shells, heads and hardware.

KAT proved the most prolific electronic percussion manufacturer this year by introducing a new 10-pad controller (dk 10), a tube-shaped trigger pad with a two-zone playing surface (poleKAT), acoustic triggers that lock onto the rim of the drum (KDT 200), a lightweight foot trigger that allows drummers to use their own pedals, and three new electronic percussion kits, in addition to the release of version 2.0 for the drumKAT EZ.

At the Remo booth, drummers like Ed Thigpen and Arthur Hull grooved on Remo's vast collection of hand drums. With the Drum Table, the company revealed its commitment to therapeutic drumming: It's a frame topped with a single giant PTS (pre-tuned) head high enough off the ground to fit wheelchairs underneath. LP also premiered a new product for drummers in wheelchairs: the Easy Access Rack, which will hold a variety of instruments.

LP, long associated with Latin percussion, made a commitment to recreational hand drumming with its exotic World Beat catalog. Kaman enhanced their Toca percussion line with new chrome-plated and white powder–coated agogo bells, a cabasa, wood blocks, shakers, triangles, tambourines, sleigh bells, finger cymbals and rosewood claves. Pearl unloaded the biggest bombshell in the hand drumming sector when they announced their recently inked distribution deal with Holland's well-established Afro Percussion.

Now that big companies are taking notice of the cottage industry of drum craftspeople, a gnawing question poses itself: Is this like the '60s, when they started selling peace symbols at Sears? When Gary Gauger invented the RIMS mounting system 10 years ago it was universally hailed as an important advance in drum suspension. Some companies used RIMS as a standard feature. PureCussion bought the patent from Gauger and continued to market the product.

But at NAMM, representatives from several manufacturers explained the advantages of their new suspension mounting systems to interested dealers. DW's "non-invasive" bass-drum-mounted tom-tom holders and tom mounts feature a holder attached to the shell using existing lug screws. Yamaha's Enhanced Sustain System mounts, developed for the Maple Custom line, are fastened to two points on the drum. And Premier's Signia tom and floor mounts are connected to isolating plates mounted on the drum's tube lugs.

It's a fair bet that PureCussion is not exactly thrilled with the onslaught of competition. In fact, the plot has thickened. After NAMM, Pearl decided to forego installing *their* new version—the FSS (Floating Suspension System)—on their classic kits, and opted for RIMS mounts instead. What's it all mean? It's just NAMM again, that's what.

[*cont'd from page 71*] was always inside me, but now it came to the forefront more."

A lot of Sabal-Lecco's own compositions draw on *bikoutsi*, a jaunty 12/8 style from the south of Cameroon where he grew up, in the capital city of Yaounde. "*Bikoutsi* literally means 'we shake the earth,'" he explains, a reference to the foot-stomping dance step that anchors the music and that is usually carried by the bass drum when *bikoutsi* is played on a Western drum kit. An example of the rhythm can be heard on "Wakaria," the song Armand contributed to last year's *Return of the Brecker Brothers* LP. Armand calls the song's jovial walking bassline in F "a pretty simple way to play *bikoutsi*. It's a new style of music for the West, so you can't introduce it in a very complicated way. There are many different styles of *bikoutsi*. Travel 10 miles in southern Cameroon and you'll find the language and the music are completely different."

For John Patitucci's new album, Armand composed a song called "The Griot" which combines musical influences from Ghana with a Cameroonian style called *mangambe*. "*Mangambe* uses a lot of parallel fourths," he explains, as he lays out the song's three bass parts: a muted foundation groove in C, a slapped rhythm part and a piccolo bass melody. One reason why Sabal-Lecco can do so much work with other bassists like Patitucci, Armand says, "is because I don't just think of the bass as a bass. The bass can play many different roles in my music: a piano, a percussion instrument or a whole orchestra."

Armand's penchant for building "implied" percussion parts into Paul Simon's "She Moves On" gives just a small taste of what he can do in this mode. Like a lot of funk bassists, he uses his right-hand thumb to whack the low E string and the side of his index finger to rebound on the high G. But he can add dizzying syncopations to that, using the tips of all five fingers to "rake" muted strings. As part of the pattern, he'll even reach up and use his right thumb to nail notes on the second or third fret of the E string. "I get a different tone that way," he explains, "like hitting a different part of a drum head." Watching this technique makes you feel like a spectator at a ping-pong grudge match.

For all his dexterity, Sabal-Lecco has little interest in tapping: "I did it for a while in '82; now it's been spoiled by a lot of younger players." And while he plays some mean five-string, he finds basses with six or more strings a little silly: "They look like harps!" But then again, a guy who can effortlessly stretch from E on the D string to F on the A string can get a lot of tonal combinations that other players couldn't do without a six-string.

"Sometimes I wake up in the morning and I have a new technique," grins the bassist, who claims to have never practiced in his life, save for a two-month period of woodshedding in 1982. It's frightening to think what would happen if he were ever to put in another two months.

POLYRHYTHMIC POLYGAMY

I haven't yet found the bass that will keep me from going to other basses," says ARMAND SABAL-LECCO with a sigh of Gallic amorousness. In the meantime, he divides his affections among 12 different axes, including Alembic Standard Series I and II basses, a Sadowsky five-string and fretless four-string, a JD four-string and two Fender Jazz Basses ('62 and '74). He uses Dean Markley strings, SWR amplification and a dbx 160 compressor.

Breaking into Broadway Pit Bands

Finding success under the stage

by SCOTT ISLER

Playing in an orchestra in the pit of a Broadway show," according to bassist John Miller, "is no different than being on a bus going through I-95 in a snowstorm and the bus breaks down and you all have to go to a local fleabag motel and spend the night in a room together. You don't want to have one sonofabitch in that room with you." Miller, 48, speaks with the wisdom of experience. Besides being a prolific studio musician—not to mention composer and actor—he has served time underneath the best stages. (He'll soon have better visibility in the band on Robin Leach's new talk show.) Simultaneously he's evolved into one of New York's busiest music coordinators: In the last Broadway season alone Miller assembled orchestras for *Jelly's Last Jam*, *The Will Rogers Follies* and *The Secret Garden*. This spring his musical choices will be heard in another three Broadway shows, including *Tommy* (based on a merchandising idea by Pete Townshend). How does an aspiring pro get on Miller's A list?

"There seems to be a myth," Miller explains, "that I, as a bass player, bought into for many years: If I meet the arranger, the producer, the music director, the conductor—someone in an in-charge position—they will be able to get me the job. I don't believe it ever really happened that way. We are each other's contractors. Most of the work I have gotten has been because someone called up a drummer they knew and said, 'Can you recommend a bass player you like to play with?' Actors have agents; we are each other's agents."

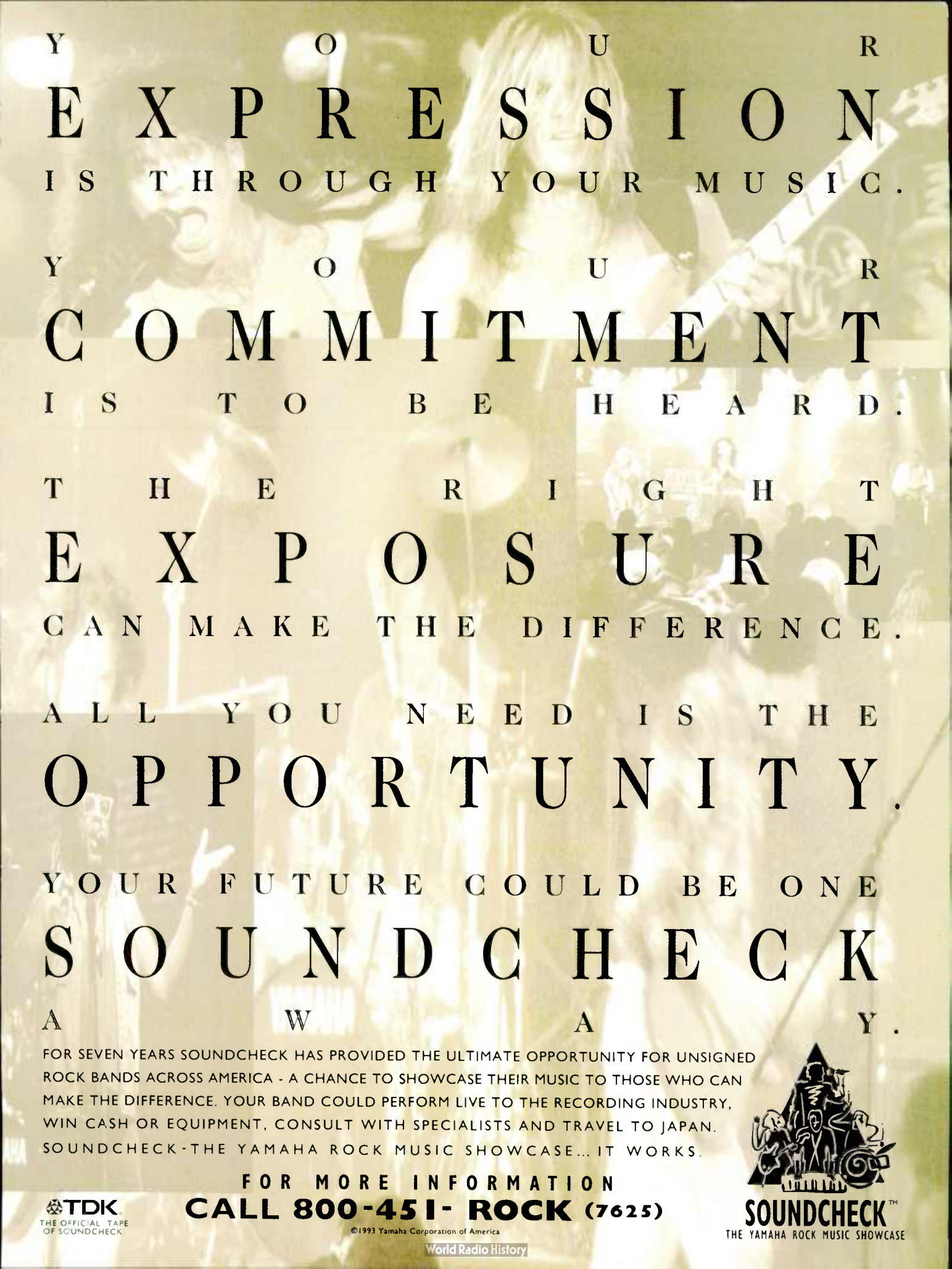
Provided the show doesn't close on opening night, a Broadway gig can be lucrative work. The basic union wage is $908.00 for an eight-show week. A performance rarely runs over two-and-a-half hours; unlike actors, musicians don't even have to be present a half-hour before the opening curtain. Although Miller doubts "anyone gets out of music school and their goal is to play a Broadway show," the theater offers a source of income that shouldn't be overlooked.

In New York, the key to breaking into the system is that each selected pit musician must supply the conductor with names of at least five substitutes. After a substitute's first appearance the conductor decides whether that musician deserves to be welcomed back. If you're on the outside of this process, Miller suggests strolling by a theater when the show gets out and picking up a disposed *Playbill*. Scan the orchestra credits for the instrument of your choice, contact the lucky musician via the American Federation of Musicians and ask to sit in just as an observer. "Step one," Miller says, "is: Look at the book. If someone turns people off just having sat there, you better find that out quick."

The next step is to study the music on your own, usually by taping the part, and play a performance on approval (but with pay). "Then you're in the same boat as every other sub. The conductor says thumbs up or down. Unfortunately, if it's thumbs down the conductor doesn't have time to give you a second chance." Try to find out where you erred and "correct your position as opposed to protect your position."

Miller stresses that new players at this game are unlikely to land in a Broadway pit right away. "But don't throw in the towel. Look to who is putting together ensembles ***who you know***: piano players, conductors of smaller musical situations. Music directors off-Broadway will probably, through natural attrition, become music directors [*cont'd on page 80*]

 ILLUSTRATION: RICHARD THOMPSON



WORKING MUSICIAN

Salvaging the Synclavier Company

NED users help themselves

by DAN DALEY

The abrupt demise of New England Digital last June 26 surprised the legion of the company's product users as much as the 75 remaining NED employees who woke up to pink slips that day. The company, manufacturer of the Synclavier, the seminal digital audio workstation, as well as the Post Pro editing system and related software, had defaulted on a $6 million loan from BayBank of Boston. While some upper-echelon management people at NED saw the crash coming, most of the hundreds of users around the world got their first indications of a problem when they called the company's New Hampshire headquarters for technical support and got a disconnect recording instead.

But the users were not without resources or leadership, and a self-preservation movement quickly gained momentum in July. By the following month, three interlocking users organizations had developed. Bruce Nazarian, a former New York producer relocated to Los Angeles, heads the West Coast Synclavier Users Consortium (310-478-8060) jointly with Martin Royer, a former NED rep and now an independent Synclavier programmer. On the East Coast, the consortium is run by record producer Mike Thorne (212-924-2675); programmer Geof Benson heads the Midwestern Consortium out of Chicago, covering everything in between. Both the East and West Coast organizations have over 50 members each; the Midwest consortium, which also covers Canada and Mexico, has over 40 users aligned with it. And, Nazarian said, efforts are under way to establish active links with NED users in Europe and Asia as well.

Nazarian says the fall of NED precipitated the networking of U.S. NED equipment users into a formal dialogue through the three consortia. "All of us had been so busy using this equipment that we had no conduit for common issues other than NED itself," he explains. "Their fall made that fact quite plain. We needed to provide for the security of our businesses in terms of support and maintenance." The issues Nazarian alludes to include continued tweaking of the NED platforms, as well as the chronic nemesis of digital workstations—compatibility between different manufacturers.

Underscoring the reliance users had come to place on their machines, Thorne, who used his Synclavier on Soft Cell's "Tainted Love" and records by Bronski Beat, 'Til Tuesday and the Communards, says, "It became my right arm, artistically, and I also had a six-figure investment in it, which is not at all atypical; some users have multiple installations."

The consortia allow users to pool spare parts and exchange information. In addition, several former technicians employed by NED have made themselves available to the consortia on an independent contractor basis, and each consortium has struck relationships with one or more in its region. The computer basis of the NED equipment means that many parts are available via computer supply houses and others can continually be repaired.

The creation of the consortia has proven to be a lifesaver for many members. Gary Zacuto, a Santa Monica Post Pro owner and charter member of the Western regional consortium, has more than once borrowed a memory card from a fellow member to stay up and running for sessions. "There is something unique about these groups, as there is about the Synclavier itself and the people who've bought them," he says. "It might not have happened like this for another manufacturer's product. That the NED products didn't become dinosaurs when the company went out of business also attests to the products' resiliency. They're still state of the art, and will be for a few years to come."

Meanwhile, longer-range goals are being planned in terms of acquiring the hard and soft assets of NED, according to Thorne, "to create a leaner, meaner NED, one which better

ILLUSTRATION: ROLLIN MCGRAIL

Does *your* ear need a TUNE-UP?

"May I send you some free information?"

FREE info by mail!

The better you hear, the better you play. It's that simple.

Don't be afraid to get a little dirty. Every musician can use a good tune-up. All you need are the right tools for the job.

For 12 years now, successful musicians have turned to unique ear-training methods developed by David L. Burge. It's the fun way to overhaul your ear for peak performance:

FREE LESSON

❑ **The Perfect Pitch® SuperCourse**

(The #1 ear-opening best-seller by David L. Burge)
Request your **FREE** written Lesson #1 by mail. You'll find out how you can easily develop YOUR OWN talent for Perfect Pitch!

FREE REPORT

❑ **The Relative Pitch Ear-Training Course** (by David L. Burge)
Get your **FREE** Relative Pitch Report and learn how you can gain *speed recognition* of all chords and intervals—*by ear!*

JUST $3

❑ **90-minute cassette:**
—just three bucks (a $14.95 value!)
Listen as David demonstrates the differences between Perfect Pitch and Relative Pitch. Hear for yourself what you can achieve with the power of YOUR OWN EAR.

You and your ear. It's the start of a very beautiful relationship...

For a 15" X 21" poster version of this ad (minus the coupon and most of the text), send $8.95 to the address below, or call and charge your credit card. *Cool!* Money back if not delighted!

For fastest delivery, call 24 hours:

(515) 472-3100

FAX (515) 472-2108

✓ **Rush me the folldwing info:**

❑ **FREE Perfect Pitch written Lesson #1**

❑ **FREE Relative Pitch Report**

(Check one, two, or all three boxes!)

❑ **90-minute cassette on Perfect Pitch and Relative Pitch: only $3** (a $14.95 value)

Please print

Name

Address

City State Zip

If ordering tape: ❑ Check or money order enclosed ❑ Charge my Visa/MasterCard:

Card # Exp Date

Mail to: **American Educational Music Publications, Inc.**
Music Resources Building, Dept. R50
1106 East Burlington Avenue, Fairfield, IA 52556

Foreign orders outside USA and Canada: Send $4 US for written materials and/or $6 US for audio cassette.

recognizes and utilizes the vast resources of knowledge and expertise in the user base, something that NED didn't do as well."

After the default, BayBank of Boston held NED's assets. Several inquiries were reported, at least one by a major Japanese music technology manufacturer interested in NED's intellectual properties. However, Thorne says, the users' consortia leaders, along with former NED employee Griff McRee, have been the only serious contenders in recent months.

McRee, NED's former vice president of administration, was invited by the consortium heads to steer their efforts to acquire the remains of NED. Working under the name of Synclavier Owners Consortium, Inc., McRee negotiated with BayBank to purchase all patents, trademarks and other intellectual properties of NED, as well as some hard assets. He would not divulge the amount of the consortium's bid, but said BayBank accepted it as a "more sensible" offer than others that were made.

McRee said that a new lease on the NED building in Lebanon, New Hampshire, was close to being completed, and that approximately 20 former employees were being contacted about being rehired. "That's a far cry from when it employed 160 people, and it reflects the new realities of the company," McRee said, noting that debt financing and high expenditures were responsible for the demise of the 16-year-old manufacturer.

A revamped and considerably downsized version of New England Digital could be up and running again by spring to maintain service to systems owners and manufacture new equipment. Furthermore, joint ventures with other manufacturers of related technology are on the agenda.

PIT BANDS

[*cont'd from page 76*] on Broadway. Look at the bigger time frame."

You'll increase your odds if you can double on other instruments and/or are familiar with the latest technological developments. But other factors unique to the theater also come into play.

"If you've just been playing in a studio, the rules are different. You've gotta be able to play that show eight times a week as though it's opening night. A recording studio is not like living with someone. I'm in for an hour, you won't have to like me; you have to like the way I play bass. I'm sitting next to you under a stage—a small locker-room area—you're not gonna want to go to work if you don't like me.

"Often you can't see anyone except the conductor, and sometimes you can see the conductor only on a TV monitor. You better be able to go in there every night and be a good team player. If you're not, that reputation spreads faster than anything. You've gotta understand what I refer to as 'Zen and the Art of Eight-a-Week.' Some people can't. Some people go stir-crazy. I wouldn't hire them. When you ask about people's recommendations, it's who do they like to sit next to?"

Miller's own hiring policies begin with him staring at a blank pad and relying on his stream of consciousness. "When I think of the music of *Tommy*, what drummers come to mind? I'll carry this pad around, and it starts filling up.

"Most of the musicians I know personally are industrial-strength players. We can play anything: classical, jazz, reggae. However, within all those styles lies a music that someone really resonates with."

So the magic combination appears to be a high-octane blend of stunning chops, winning (or at least pleasant) personality and that extra spark that transcends rote playing, no matter how accomplished. If that seems like a tall order—well, the hip-hooray and ballyhoo of the lullaby of Broadway never came cheap.

MASTER MUSICIANS INC.

YOUR MUSIC AUTHORITY

GUITARS · DRUMS · PRO SOUND
KEYBOARDS · ACCESSORIES
NEW · USED · VINTAGE
TOO MANY TOP NAMED BRANDS TO LIST

MASTER MUSICIANS . . . .
THE MUSIC STORE RUN BY MUSICIANS FOR MUSICIANS
IS EXPANDING THEIR MAIL ORDER SERVICE WORLDWIDE!
WE WILL COMPETE WITH ANY RETAIL PRICE IN THE COUNTRY.
CALL AND COMPARE! WE WON'T BE UNDERSOLD!!

VINTAGE DRUMS

AS ONE OF THE WORLDS LARGEST VINTAGE DRUM DEALERS
OUR INVENTORY ATTRACTS MUSICIANS LIKE:

CHARLIE WATTS *OF THE STONES*
RITCHIE HAYWARD *OF LITTLE FEAT*
BUN E. CARLOS *OF CHEAP TRICK*
WILLY CALHOUN *OF LIVING COLOUR*
FRED YOUNG *OF THE KENTUCKY HEADHUNTERS*
TOMMY TAYLOR *THE ERIC JOHNSON BAND*
CLEM BURKE *OF DRAMARAMA*
DAVE MATTACKS *OF XTC*

AND MANY MORE. CALL US FOR YOUR VINTAGE DRUM NEEDS!

410-766-7668

FAX: 410-766-0549

WE ACCEPT VISA • MASTERCARD • AMERICAN EXPRESS • DISCOVER

6710 RITCHIE HIGHWAY GLEN BURNIE, MARYLAND 21061

MASTER MUSICIANS...*ON TOP OF THE ROCK!*

STACK-IN-THE-BOX

HUGHES & KETTNER TUBEMAN

For years, guitarists labored under the misconception that to get a big sound, you need a big amp. Okay, it's only half of a misconception—there's nothing that can beat the onstage impact of stacks of amps with speakers driven to levels somewhere between sweating and exploding. But some of the biggest sounds on disc have come from equipment that can be lifted with one hand and fit into the trunk of a Honda Civic. Jimmy Page and Eric Clapton made their seminal recordings on some wee amps, and Tom Scholz changed the world with his Rockman, the guitar preamp equivalent of Sony's Walkman. In the studio, illusion is everything, and if you plug your guitar through something small—or without speakers—to get the wall-of-doom sound, who cares?

Hughes & Kettner's Tubeman falls into the preamp category, having no power amp section or speakers. Therefore, it's very compact (8 1/2"×5 3/8"×2 1/2"). It also offers something that many guitarists crave: tube sound. Lurking inside is an ECC 83 tube (a European tube similar to the American 12AX7 or 7025), which gives the Tubeman its tone and its guts.

H&K describes its operation as four-channel. It's really just four different voicings—labeled jazz, funk, blues and rock. As you might expect, the jazz setting has the least distortion, and the rock setting the most. In any case, the descriptions are a bit better than something like "Distortion 1," "Distortion 2," etc.

The controls are simple and very amp-like. The gain sets the input level and the overdrive amount, while the master governs the final output. In between are standard bass, mid and treble knobs that are all well-behaved. An extremely cool extra is the mid boost switch, which lets you add body to a sound, and in the case of heavy overdrive it adds the "thump" characteristic of hard rock and heavy metal. It's especially useful when you're pounding home a rhythm guitar part that's thick with fifths and octaves.

The three outputs have completely different sounds. The one to the power amp is the brightest, while the ones designed for patching to a mixer and guitar amp are darker and full of the tone you might expect from a miked speaker. A speaker emulator circuit feeds the "to mixer" output, while a "match filter" goes to the guitar amp (it's tuned so that it doesn't sound sterile, but it doesn't have the processing necessary to create a miked speaker tone—[*cont'd on page 94*]

REGULAR JOE

IBANEZ JS-6

"This guitar is identical to the one I use," Satriani said to me recently as he pointed to this JS-6, adding with a straight face, "except for the neck, pickups and wood type." Turned out to be a joke, of course, and because this instrument came out of the box measuring up to pro standards I held onto it so long that Ibanez had to send Joe another one.

The unique finish and cut of this guitar are huge factors in its playability—simply, it is smooth, solid, woody and acoustically powerful. In what appears to be an innovative breakthrough (meaning I don't know of other companies doing it), the neck joint is angled downward, making the treble end of the high register shallow enough to actually be comfortable for standard-issue hands; there was occasionally slippage in the joint, though it never resulted in tuning problems. A 22-fret rosewood-topped one-piece maple fingerboard complements the rounded, thin mahogany body. DiMarzio provides the chrome-mounted stock PAF Pro humbucker found in the bridge position and the Joe-sanctioned Fred at the neck, with all its attendant mid and harmonic accents suitably intact; a conventional three-way toggle and a black tone and volume knob (chrome on mine) round out the top.

Strangely enough, a Satch acolyte may not be as attracted to this guitar as those with more routine playing habits. The non-vibrato Gotoh bridge must account for such solid tuning reliability, and for the infrequent string breakage I experienced during my very necessarily extended testing period. The Dunlop frets are fat, making even hammered legato passages very distinct, especially through compression. Through a '70s Twin the guitar was very present—not quite as rich and warm as it might be with Strat wiring—but still so sensitive that I had to lower the Fred to keep the low E from sticking magnetically to the polepieces under the coaxing weight of my palm. Through any kind of overdrive patch on a Zoom box, the JS-6 was a wild, sustaining beast, unscrupulous and uncluttered, no obstacles. Staked on quality elements and directness, it offers everything a production-line instrument can to be state-of-the-art.

MATT RESNICOFF

TOTAL CONTROL

SWR 900

One of the regularly occurring horrible moments of playing small clubs is when you plug into a borrowed bass amp, the tone is crap and the guy who owns it is trying to pick up women at the bar and has no interest in telling you how to dial up something usable with all those controls. Even when it's your amp, your usual settings often sound all wrong in a different environment, and the guitarists are too busy dialing up their tone to help, and your sole roadie is frantically repairing the kick drum pedal, so you think, "Screw it, the bass just rumbles under the band anyway, so I'll go with what I got."

That's what they always told me in journalism school at deadline time: You go with what you got. But in bass playing, what you got can drive you right out of music, unless you get something better. So I recently got an SWR 900, which falls slightly short of my dream of an intuitively obvious (to a techno-dunce like myself) amp with great tone. You need the manual, and if you let somebody borrow it in a club, you have a moral obligation to show him what the knobs do before you disappear. Or at least hand him the manual and open it to page 11 where it shows you where to set the controls for just about any tone you could want. The versatility is amazing. For example, dial up "Acoustic 360" and it really

sounds like an Acoustic 360, an amp I used to own.

The reason the 900 has a lot of knobs is that it has two channels with separate EQ, so you can set one channel for thumping with the drums and one for soloing, and footswitch between them. Unless you're an old-school bassist who just looks sullen and stands in the back, this is a cool expansion of your repertoire of moves. The 900 is also built for convenience: It has an input for your tuner so you don't have to unplug to tune up. And it's named for convenience: 900 refers to its number of watts, which is more than enough for most clubs without [*cont'd on page 94*]

SOUNDBITES

Mmmm, leftovers. We flew out of Anaheim with a full plate this year, and we're still picking at the musical scraps. While the Rolands, Korgs and Yamahas had their usual rooms full of gear, innovative products could be found at little booths all over the NAMM floor. The STRUM ROSE guitar pick, priced under three bucks, surely rates as one of the most cost-effective. Based on the technique of folding a matchcover and using it for a pick, the Strum Rose is actually seven picks (ascending to a peak, so one pick sticks out at the top) embedded in a chunk of black plastic less than a half inch wide. The grip takes a little getting used to, but it adds a whole new dimension to playing chords; to wit, it makes a six-string sound almost like a 12-string. There are probably some cool lead techniques buried in there too. From Nashville's THIRD COAST LABS comes the Toolbox DI. Billed as the "ultimate rack organizer," this one-rack-space unit provides spike protection, six-output power supply, digital metronome, two active direct boxes, chromatic tuner and front and rear rack lights. IN-PERFECT SOUND, a Flushing, New York–based company, offered two oddball yet innovative products. The Power Chord is a battery-powered, quarter-inch cable with active circuitry designed to compensate for electronic deficiencies that occur in complex rack setups. The result is a noticeably cleaner, hotter signal coming from your instrument. Also from In-Perfect is the refreshingly low-tech Balls Box. Although recording guitar direct has its advantages (like happier neighbors), what's generally missing is the coloration that only a microphone placed in front of a speaker can provide. The Balls Box is essentially two teensy, movable speakers mounted on a rail. Although they're capable of handling up to 150 watts, the level coming through the speakers is very low. Dramatic changes in sound can be achieved by moving the speakers or the mike just a few inches. A new company called TRANSPERFORMANCE was showing a motor-driven tuning computer that's convinced Jimmy Page to rout out his Les Paul with a hole nearly as big as the guitar itself. The player punches up a tuning that reads out on an LCD on the top edge of his guitar, then numbers and letters start flitting across the display as the computer checks the new tuning against the guitar's standard tuning. During a song, tunings can be changed via a footswitch, and the guitar can slide into new configurations for different passages. The computer can store up to 200 open chords. This is pedal-steel for the 21st century.

NOW PLAYING

MUSICIAN MAGAZINE'S NEW MUSIC SAMPLER

A LITTLE ON THE CD SIDE • VOLUME 9

Featuring the Following Artists...

• Michael Penn • Brian May • The Indians

• The Rembrandts • D. D. Wood • The Tragically Hip

• Robben Ford & The Blue Line • Steve Laury

• Rosanne Cash • Half Way Home • Goo Goo Dolls

• Hothouse Flowers • Big Head Todd & The Monsters

• Michael Mantler with Jack Bruce • Inclined

• Arild Andersen/Ralph Towner/Nana Vasconcelos

• Deep Jimi and the Zep Creams

Don't wait for radio to pick up these artists. Tune in now for only $3.00 per sampler. Or, better yet, become a CD Side Subscriber and guarantee yourself the next six Musician Magazine New Music Samplers (a new volume every three months). To order yours today, just fill out the coupon below.

Send me ___ copies of **A LITTLE ON THE CD SIDE VOLUME 9**.
Enclosed is $3.00 per disc, P. & H. included ($4.00 for foreign orders)

❑ Sign me up as a **CD SIDE subscriber**. Enclosed is $15.00 for six CD Side Samplers.
Start my subscription with: ❑ Volume 7 (double disc, counts as 2) ❑ Volume 8 ❑ Volume 9
*If the volume you requested is sold out, your subscription will begin with the next available sampler.

Send your check/money order to: **"CD SIDE,"** 33 Commercial Street, Gloucester, MA 01930

NAME TELEPHONE #

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP ALLOW 4 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

Also available:

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

Volume 8, featuring Paul Weller, Jeff Healey, Julian Cope, Maceo Parker, Brian Eno, Praise, Thelonious Monster, Television and 6 more.
Send me ___ copies of **CD SIDE VOLUME 8**. Only $3.00 per disc, P. & H. included. ($4.00 for foreign orders.)

ICE-T
HOME INVASION
(RHYME SYNDICATE/
PRIORITY)

MONIE LOVE
IN A WORD OR 2
(WARNER BROS.)

REAL POWER GENERATION

Ice-T's new rap album—his first since the ludicrous flap over his Body Count metal number "Cop Killer" blew up last year—plays less like an album than three different EPs crammed onto one 19-track package. EP No. 1 details Ice's wrangles with the police, the press and Time Warner (whose label Sire/Warner Bros. was originally set to release *Home Invasion*, but parted company with the rapper in January). This material—tunes like "It's On" (tacked onto the album after Ice's jump to the indie side), "Ice M.F. T" and, to a certain degree, "Home Invasion"—is gauntlet-tossing

PHOTOGRAPH: AARON RAPOPORT

braggadocio, a dispatch from the music-industry front. Considering the amount of unjustifiable abuse Ice waded through last year, this stuff is to be expected. But it isn't exactly revelatory.

EP No. 2 is a mash-up of traditional gangsta fare. Some of it—"G Style," "Watch the Ice Break," "I Ain't New Ta This"—is accusatory I'm-livin'-large-and-you-ain't-punk matter; "Shit I Hit the Fan" is soft-core fantasizing. But other tracks remind us of Ice's formidable narrative and interpretive skills: "Addicted to Danger," a cops-n-Crips tale much in the style of O.G.'s "Midnight"; the tense, prophetic "Race War"; and "Gotta Lotta Love," a celebration of last summer's post-riot gang truce in L.A. On EP No. 3, Ice turns over the driver's seat to a succession of rap colleagues—his DJ Evil E, Marquis of 2 Live Crew (for the album's nadir, the bitch-thrashing "99 Problems"), toaster Daddy Nitro and 14-year-old rap debutante Grip (on the rat-a-tat-tatting "Funky Gripsta"). Call it *The Ice-T Revue*.

As Ice and his posse range all over the map, you'll find yourself heading for your CD player's programmable function, locating for yourself the def beats (there are plenty of them) and the style that suits you best to pull together your own EP. Considering the loony year that the man had in '92, it isn't surprising that *Home Invasion*, recorded while he was still in the eye of the hurricane, is such an uneven piece of work. Perhaps now that the brouhaha has blown over and he's liberated from the oppressive bondage of major-label politics, Ice-T can rebound with a more focused opus that's the equal of his rap classic *O.G.*

The bio for Monie Love's *In a Word or 2* makes mention of a track called "Bullets Carry No Name," co-authored by Ice-T; oddly, the pre-release cassette doesn't include the tune. (Uh...Hello, Time Warner?)

No biggie—Ms. Love generally does just fine on her own, rapping on male-female relations with an admirable quotient of sass and a 9mm delivery. Top tracks like "Wheel of Fortune," "I'm a Believer" and "Let a Woman Be a Woman" come on loud 'n' proud. But the album sags at midpoint when Prince steps in to lend a hand—the title track and "Born to B.R.E.E.D." (sheesh!) water down Monie's natural funk with radio-friendly mush.

For the most part, Love is sharp enough to make an impression; denaturing her approach with tepid quiet-storm backing effectively torpedoes both her music and her credibility. Out of the way, bud, and let the lady rock the house! **—Chris Morris**

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Roots n' Blues: The Retrospective 1925–1950
(COLUMBIA/LEGACY)
Chess Blues
(MCA/CHESS)
Blues Masters Volumes 1–10
(RHINO)

THE DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF the blues is a regular media event, particularly after *Robert Johnson—The Complete Recordings* (Legacy) racked up numbers that could not be ignored (inspiring one regional branch manager to look at his sales printout and inquire whether Johnson would be available for in-store appearances, or so the story goes). Thus do we report on the latest batch of elegantly appareled four-CD blues collections from Columbia/Legacy and MCA/Chess that view cultural history through the prism of their own evolution, while an ongoing Rhino series distills said history into desert island–sized tidbits, with 10 individual volumes so far, and a batch more ready to boogie down the chute.

Culling the arcania of Columbia, Okeh, Vocalion and other associated labels, *The Retrospective* gives a nod (and often a wink) towards many of the unknown soldiers of early blues, gospel, string bands, jug bands, hillbilly, boogie-woogie, western swing and what have you (i.e., the roots of R&B and rock 'n' roll). Not all of it is a revelation, but it accurately portrays the musical spirit of territorial America, back when we entertained ourselves. Among the treats (particularly on Volume 1) are Blues Birdhead, a wild harmonica player; Hersal Thomas, a splendid 15-year-old pianist (Sippie Wallace's brother); an obscure Ozark guitar virtuoso by the name of Sherman Tedder; and the chilling vocal harmonies of Reverend J.M. Gates and his company of slumming angels (sounding for all the world like Robert Johnson's slide guitar).

Chess Blues delineates the community of spirit which gestated on Chicago's South Side from roughly 1947 to 1967, mixing the obscure with the familiar in a superb anthology which presents a forthright case for Chess preeminence in what came to be known as Chicago blues. The Chess Brothers' early Aristocrat sides are pretty much in the jump vein of post-war R&B. But with the arrival of pianist Sunnyland Slim and his friends Muddy Waters and Big Crawford, the visionary songwriter, producer and bass fiddle man Willie Dixon, and such mainstays as Little Walter, Sonny Boy Williamson and Howlin' Wolf, they created the Cadillac of blues labels—a sound that conveyed the experiences of Highway 61 to descendants of the great Northern diaspora. Again, it's the mix of the familiar with the relatively obscure (like the underrated Robert Nighthawk), the consistency of vision, that makes *Chess Blues* so compelling.

During my only visit to L.A., I remember driving along and hearing a phenomenal mix of Bach, Blind Willie Johnson, Chuck Berry and jazz on the box and thinking, boy, *that's* radio. (It turned out to be selections from a Gold Disc fired off into deep space with the Voyager during the Carter administration.) Anyway, that's the kind of buzz I get from Rhino's fantastic *Blues Masters* collections, musical depictions of some ideal universe. The annotators and producers of this series have created drive-time masterpieces by licensing multiple-label masters and crafting little musical theme parks. Each volume traces the evolution of specific styles, be it the jazz/R&B classics of *Jump Blues* (Volume 5), the chicken-fried propulsion of *Texas Blues* (Volume 3), the down-home drama of *Mississippi Delta Blues* (Volume 8) or the middle passages of Africa and the deep South that comprise *Blues Roots* (Volume 10). All feature some of the best segues since man first walked erect. **—Chip Stern**

BASEHEAD

Not in Kansas Anymore
(IMAGO)

WEEN

Pure Guava
(ELEKTRA)

THROUGHOUT THE MID-'80S THE ONLY place to come across wacky home recording duos and one-man studio projects was in the

multitude of alternative magazines, from *Factsheet Five* to *Option*. Ordering the tapes entered you into a world of mostly questionable musical talent but sure-fire lunacy: the audio equivalent of public-access TV. Nowadays, it's reached the major labels, where—unlike public-access networks—there are, ahem, *standards*.

Not in Kansas Anymore, Basehead's sophomore effort, follows in the spirit of the debut, *Plays with Toys*—plenty of low-key hip-hop beats and Michael Ivey's distracted, even lower-key singing, as he delivers sermons on the power of positive drinking and the plight of the young black man cleverly leavened with humor and idiosyncracy. He replaces the righteous tone and bluster of the average rapper with a soulful, mellifluous concoction.

With 19 cuts whipping at you in 41 minutes, Ivey hits target on a number of issues: old-fashioned attitudes ("Not in Kansas"), escapist drugging ("I Need a Joint"), gentrification ("Greener Pastures"), groupies ("Hoes on Tour"). And like the Southern belle who can tell you to go to hell so nicely that you wouldn't mind going there, Ivey uses his half-dazed, stoned delivery to bring home truths: "I don't really want some old house on the hill/But I don't wanna worry about my child being killed."

Gene and Dean Ween, on the other hand, being a white and suburban duo, have no struggle with *their* place in the world, but freely feed off rock 'n' roll junk culture. Recorded at home studio the Pod, Ween's third release and major-label debut *Pure Guava* issues forth 19 songs in an hour that range from Pere Ubu parody "Little Birdy" to Ziggy Stardust take-off "Don't Get 2 Close (2 My Fantasy)," with healthy approximations of Frank Zappa's and DIY godfather R. Stevie Moore's sound collage techniques rounding off the mix. Ween's technical proficiency allows them to jumpcut in style without loss of quality or focus. Only when they overplay their childish banality do they seem forced (e.g. "Touch My Tooter"), and even then, due to the songs' here-today/gone-today approach, irritation has little time to set in.

Like Basehead, Ween believes variety is the spice of life. Both albums suggest that there's quite a spicy underground to unearth. Start digging.

—Rob O'Connor

American Music Club

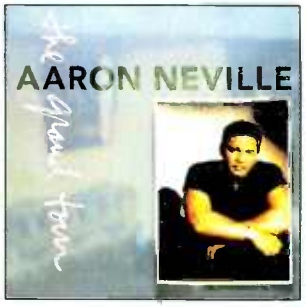
Mercury
(Reprise)

American Music Club has been around for a productive decade, though it wasn't until '91's indie release *Everclear* that they won the mixed blessing of critical approval. Now, with their first major-label effort and a celebrity producer (Mitchell Froom), they're on the verge of, if not popular success, then at least the opportunity to be heard by people who don't equate browsing at a record store with combing an archeological dig.

The San Francisco–based quintet is dominated by lead singer and sole songwriter Mark Eitzel, a gloomy sort who writes about perilous and lost love, his gaze less fixed on the elusive Other than on that shrinking sense of being that maintains at life's icy core. His discontent doesn't sound fake but neither do his songs depress; Eitzel's brain is too abuzz with elliptical metaphors and sly evasions for him to lapse into mere despair, his voice too expressive to disguise the complicated pleasures of unburdening one's mind and heart. The greater part of Eitzel's alienation manifests itself in his unwillingness to untangle his poetic conceits—at their most lucid his lyrics offer aphoristic gems among the secretive wordplay, as on songs like "I've Been a Mess" (which begins: "Lazarus wasn't grateful for his second wind/Another chance to watch his chances fade...") and "Hollywood 1-5-92" ("What happens to the rat that stops running the maze/The doctors think it's dumb when it's just disappointed"). At their murkiest, the thicket of impressionistic imagery offers little hope of trespass ("Gratitude Walks," "Over and Done"), leaving the listener outside the song to draw on his own secret store of experience and what meaning can be gleaned from Eitzel's usually impassioned delivery.

The music which accompanies is relentlessly modest, its low-keyed draping a supportive backdrop, its ontological discomfort announced only by the faint dissonance which flavors the disc like a sour motif. But it rises to the challenge of a song like "Johnny Mathis' Feet," supplying Eitzel with a push of mock grandeur as he ponders his ambivalence about performing: "A true showman knows how to disappear in the spotlight." Eitzel half agrees, one suspects, but he's too obsessive to quit now. American Music Club may forever be an acquired taste, but with a little luck you'll plug into this sad, driven vibe.

—Richard C. Walls



Aaron Neville

The Grand Tour
(A&M)

The Neville Brothers have knocked 'em dead onstage for ages, while Aaron

conjures up a little bit of heaven every time he opens his mouth. However, capturing all that ability on record has proven difficult over the years, resulting in plenty of ordinary music from good people.

Aaron and benefactor/co-producer Linda Ronstadt tackled a different challenge on his 1991 solo album *Warm Your Heart*. Intending to introduce that angelic voice to a larger audience, not create great art, they turned out another middling opus—but for once it sold. No fool, Neville sustains this market-friendly strategy on *The Grand Tour*, jumping from one style to another in a bid to maximize likability. If you don't dig Chuck Berry's rollicking "You Never Can Tell," try savoring the elegance of "These Foolish Things," or get schmaltzy with "Don't Take Away My Heaven," penned by the Antichrist, Diane Warren. Though the pieces don't fit together, Neville always sounds swell.

The Grand Tour isn't entirely unfocused. Prompted by his hit cover of "Everybody Plays the Fool," Neville revisits that late-'60s–early-'70s soul groove, imitating the Stylistics on "Betcha by Golly Wow" and evoking Marvin Gaye's sleek melancholy for "My Brother, My Brother." Throw in goodies from Aretha ("Ain't No Way") and the Originals ("The Bells"), and you're talking smooth mood music—too smooth. Neville doesn't break a sweat when he skims the surfaces of these tender classics.

Less obvious material works better, including Bob Dylan's gospel-tinged "Don't Fall Apart on Me Tonight," where Neville testifies in earnest. On the title track, he reaches thrilling dramatic heights with George Jones' absurdly tragic tale of loss, caressed by weeping steel and faux Billy Sherrill strings. Aaron Neville can make sweet, reassuring records till the rivers run dry, but more such daring might pay off handsomely. **—Jon Young**

WES MONTGOMERY

The Complete Riverside Recordings

(RIVERSIDE)

FOR EVERY MUSICIAN WHO LOOKED—and looks—to the improvisations of Wes Montgomery for practical insights into their own work, there is a soberly admiring Jim Hall or Nat Adderley or John Scofield, who thought Wes so much the archetype as to be the very last word on the subject, no codas necessary. How anyone chooses to interpret the master's announcement to Hall that he never practiced but would "just open the case and throw in a piece of meat" depends on how smoothly one believes the torch of jazz impulse is passed to its sense of logic; Wes often complained of mental discomfort experienced through his stressful concentration on playing parallel octaves or on fanning his unassisted right thumb to the demanding rhythms of bebop. If his music is any indication, Montgomery packed in a lot of headaches between 1959 and his death nearly eight years later.

So Wes, *the* guitarist of his time and an honorably late starter—pushing 37 at the first of the sessions here—is collected not by "eras," since four short years at Riverside threw off 12 records, but by the workings of his evolution from the organ trio format which became a template for harmonically challenged guitar players. This set is therefore organized in loose aesthetic terms as Wes with vibes (Bags, brother Buddy), Wes with rapturous tenor (Johnny Griffin, the often underappreciated Harold Land), Wes with Adderley family, Wes with happy family (Buddy, electric bass pioneer Monk), Wes with strings and Wes the unearthed, in the form of nearly a dozen previously vaulted takes. The annotations are comprehensive, the reminiscences ranging from Orrin Keepnews' insightfully detailed production notes to the musicians' sometimes vague and mystical accounts of a simple man with a gift almost too enormous to assess even with the benefit of 30 intervening years.

What remains obvious is that Wes swung relentlessly, but knew well how to burn *without* swinging, by laying back and letting a great rhythm section carry even a listless phrase. And that despite the appearance of one bent note over 14 hours of music (on the ballad "Too Late Now"), the blues that seemed to escape a contented family and career man, a legend given the rare joy of deferential treatment in his own lifetime, was indispensably propulsive to his work. It's hard enough to fathom the way he spins the head of "Born to Be Blue" into a flurry of notes that still contains a logical and clear statement of the melody amid many, many others, but somewhere along the four-and-a-half minutes of uninterrupted godhead that follows, you fall in danger of leaving your body. When he falters but once, you hear what intimacy means.

—Matt Resnicoff

THE KENTUCKY HEADHUNTERS

Rave On

(POLYGRAM)

LYNYRD SKYNYRD

The Last Rebel

(ATLANTIC)

ALL THAT COMES OUT OF NASHVILLE these days is not weeping steel guitars and crying in your beer. Two recent offerings are much more in the Southern rock vein, but with the present broadening of country music's audience, might pick up a few listeners in cowboy hats.

After two albums, the departure of brothers Doug and Ricky Lee Phelps, who handled bass and lead vocal duties, respectively, placed the future of the Kentucky Headhunters in doubt. With *Rave On*, they put those doubts to rest. Vocalist Mark S. Orr and bassist Anthony Kenney mark less of a replacement than a return, as both musicians were part of the band's previous incarnation, Itchy Brother. The Headhunters' signature, however, remains in the expert hands of lead guitarist Greg Martin, who is in fine form. The band opts for more of a boogie/hoe-down approach here, and unfortunately abandons some of the progressive leanings evident on earlier recordings. But they still have a knack for interesting covers; check out Carl Perkins' "Dixiefried" and Bill Monroe's "Blue Moon of Kentucky." These boys haven't gone Hollywood yet.

Lynyrd Skynyrd serve notice that they have indeed returned, and with a vengeance. *The Last Rebel* is an impressive mix of Southern boogie and hard-edged rock that makes no apologies for the genre, tempered by Barry Beckett's sure production hand. The toughness is still there, as evidenced by the title cut and "Best Things in Life." And there's more familiar stuff: "Can't Take That Away" revives the us-against-them mentality and regional pride of Skynyrds past. Ed King and Gary Rossington's intertwining guitars on "Love Don't Always Come Easy" are simply beautiful, while Billy Powell's piano, supported by a hot trio of guitars, highlights "Born to Run," a tribute to singer Johnny Van Zant's truck-driving father. Skynyrd may not have the commercial clout of yesteryear, but these songs are honestly written and expertly delivered. —Ray Waddell

AD INDEX

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

NEW RELEASES

ROCK

BY J.D. CONSIDINE

CHRIS ISAAK
San Francisco Days
(REPRISE)

ISAAK'S ASCENT MAY have been fueled by a combination of retro-cool and sleepy-eyed sensuality, but what carries this album is the music, pure and simple. That's not to say he's above a little dim-the-lights romanticism—check the dreamy guitar and whispered backing vocals behind "Can't Do a Thing to Stop Me"—just that he doesn't build his whole album around it. How else could he get away with the soulful, funky-organ groove of "Lonely with a Broken Heart"—much less an unironic cover of "Solitary Man"?

JEFF BECK
Crazy Legs
(EPIC)

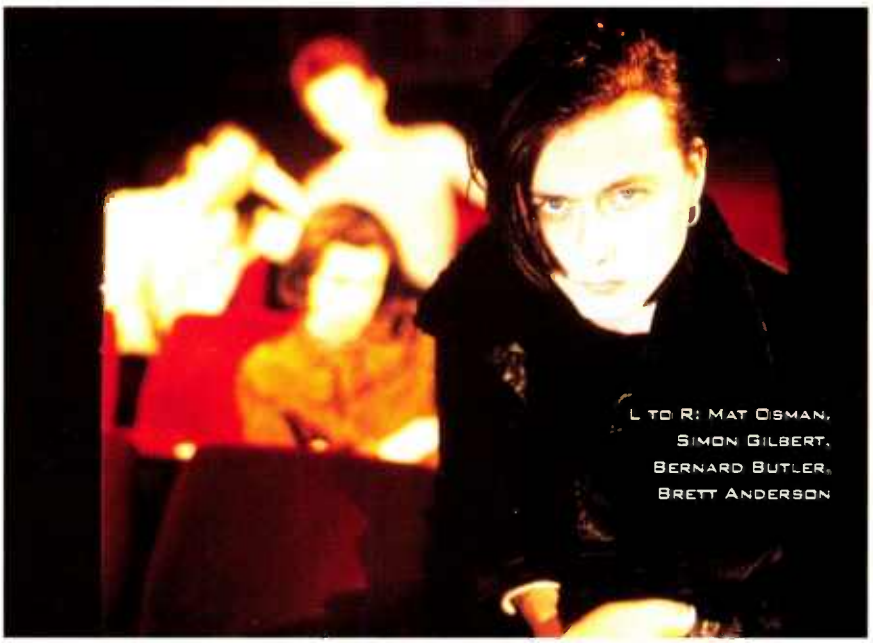
MOST PEOPLE THINK that the best thing about Gene Vincent's stuff was the singing, but Jeff Beck reckons it was the guitar playing. That's what got him into the music, and that's the debt repaid here as he painstakingly reiterates every note of Blue Caps guitarist Cliff Gallup's greatest solos. As an act of homage, it's admirably selfless; as a listening experience, it's mostly pointless.

BRUCE HORNSBY
Harbor Lights
(RCA)

HORNSBY PUTS THE emphasis on the writing this time around, casting each arrangement in terms of what the song needs, not what the players want. So why is this his jazziest effort yet? It's not just that the sidemen—Pat Metheny, Branford Marsalis, Jerry Garcia—are a jazzy bunch to begin with; it's because the playing follows the spirit of the music, tunefully direct on "Tide Will Rise," free-ranging for "Long Tall Cool One."

BRYAN FERRY
Taxi
(REPRISE)

FOR ALMOST ANYONE else, an album of covers, no matter how stylish and imaginative, would be a disappointment. Yet somehow Ferry pulls it off, imbuing these chestnuts with such arch sophistication that even his take on "Amazing Grace" seems refreshingly soulful. Could it be that artistic myopia has its advantages?



L TO R: MAT OSMAN, SIMON GILBERT, BERNARD BUTLER, BRETT ANDERSON

SUEDE, SUEDE (COLUMBIA)

ANYONE USED TO *the way U.K. music papers shower praise on the undeserving probably assumed that the early buzz on Suede—quickly crowned the Best Band in Britain—was meaningless music-biz hype. Guess again. Even if Brett Anderson's campily theatrical vocals (think Ziggy Stardust, then exaggerate) are something of an acquired taste, there's no denying the material. Suede's best are models of melodic ingenuity, blending coy lyrics with unambiguous sing-along refrains, and capping each chorus with enough tuneful guitar to keep any listener happy. In other words, Suede does more in 11 songs than the Smiths did in two albums—and if that isn't worth a little breathless hyperbole, what is?*

BLACK 47
Fire of Freedom
(SBK)

DESPITE THE GIDDY good fun of "Funky Ceili," there's something basically unconvincing about Black 47's Irish-in-America shtick. It's one thing to make a career of being professional Irishmen (hello, Pogues!), quite another to do so with a sound that owes less to the Clancy Brothers than to the Boomtown Rats.

CRASH VEGAS
Stone
(LONDON)

HOW IS IT Canadian bands can take from roots music without sounding so clichéd? Maybe it's because writers like Michelle McAdorey don't let stylistic tics get in the way of a good melody and solid lyric. Or perhaps it's that bands like Crash Vegas rock as hard on twangy tunes like "Keep It to Myself" as on grungy numbers like "Nothing Ever Happened." Either way, *Stone* is a stunner, an album so incisive and appealing it's almost addictive.

DEPECHE MODE
Songs of Faith and Devotion
(SIRE)

THIS BEING DM'S "guitar album," you might think the band would loosen up a little, ditching its usual mopey, mechanical sound for something a little more human. Sorry. Despite its unexpectedly soulful influences—gospel on "Condemnation," blues on "I Feel You," funk on "Mercy in You"—

PHOTOGRAPH: PAT POPE

ALL NEW

PHOTOGRAPH MIKE RYAN

MUSICIAN WEAR

	S,M,L,XL	Black or White	Quantity	Price Each	Total
T-Shirt 100% Cotton				$10.00	
Sweatshirt 50/50				$16.00	
Sweatpants 50/50 (Not Shown)				$16.00	
Baseball Cap				$9.00	
Varsity Jacket (L & XL Only)		Black Only		$95.00	
w/Leather Sleeves (L & XL Only)		Black Only		$150.00	

Add $3.00 postage and handling for all orders. Outside U.S. add $8.00. *U.S. funds only. Please allow 6–8 weeks for delivery.*

Name

Address City State Zip

Send check or money order to: MUSICIAN WEAR, DEPT 15, P.O. BOX 12591, PENSACOLA, FL 32574-2591

the music is robotic, from the well-programmed synths to Dave Gahan's lifeless vocals.

PAPA'S CULTURE
Papa's Culture But...
(ELEKTRA)

BEING HIGH-CONCEPT SMART ALECKS, the guys in Papa's Culture go for unusual combinations—Dixieland jamming over a reggae groove (as in "Swim"), Indian-style psychedelia over Caribbean percussion (like with "Sometimes"). But because they also genuinely like the music they poke fun at, being clever is never an end in itself, and the best material here is as catchy as it is smart.

JAZZ

BY JIM MACNIE

CASSANDRA WILSON
Dance to the Drums Again
(DIW/COLUMBIA)

IF THESE CHANT-TUNES are so melodically sketchy, how come I can't get them out of my head? Probably because Wilson's got a talent for making her smoky voice signify the most casual (some might say sensuous) phrasing technique to come along in ages. If only her funk aspirations (some might say fantasies) could get a bit of Marly Marl know-how behind them, you might see more pop ears turning her jazzy way. Don't fret too much over the lyrics, they're no less hazy than those of, say, Natalie Merchant.

LELLO MOLINARI
No More Mr. Nice Guy
(ACCURATE)

GEORGE GARZONE IS one of the country's brawniest and brainiest tenor players—conjuring Brötzmann one second, Newk the next—and his ranging solos are at the epicenter of this sometimes quaking, sometimes sublime first date by bassist/composer Molinari. There's nothing haphazard about this session. Molinari lets his dynamics jump, and his references fly, but not without thinking it through first.

LOUNGE LIZARDS
Lounge Lizards Live in Berlin 1991 Volume 1
(INITIATION)

A NEW ADMINISTRATION in D.C. and a new lineup for John Lurie to preside over—reasons to be cheerful, because both governments have opened up their respective cabinets to reflect life's diversity. The Lizards' faux cool stance took it on the chin for years, so the boss investigated elsewhere. Paydirt: A fascination with North African strains begets a trove of unique mantra-tunes. Cosmopolitan drama marks this date, and though it's not meanderless, the interplay always has a goal in mind. Now ditch the intro-spiel jam and cross your fingers for part two.

MARK COPELAND
At Night
(SUNNYSIDE)

SO MANY PIANISTS try to approximate the real McCoy these days that it's instantly distinguishing to just pay the Bill. Evans, that is. Without copping a doppelganger stance, Copeland lets us know he's an acolyte of finesse, and this trio—with Gary Peacock and Billy Hart—steps lightly through impressionistic terrains. But there's plenty of investigation, too. The pianist isn't content to rest on feel-good pastels, so a taut exchange policy between the ensemble winds up tying all the delicacies in tiny knots. Unique.

JERRY GRANELLI
A Song I Thought I Heard Buddy Sing
(ITMP)

THIS BUTTON-DOWN BLUES valentine to virtuoso Bolden is missing all the sweat and spit that marked that trumpeter's expressionistic fervor. Yet its polish might mark the commencement of the most thoughtful fusion inquiry in ages. Frisell and Ford on guitars, stimulating wrinkles in the melodies, cool grooves during the bountiful N'awlins nods. The shiny demeanor of the electric instruments doesn't block out the naturally luscious Kenny Garrett/Julian Priester horn section, so that seasoned feeling of jazz—kinda lived-in, kinda inventive—sticks up for itself. By the end, a galloping version of Ornette's "Blues Connotation"—an undeniable panache—claims victory.

SARAH VAUGHAN
Swingin' Easy
(EMARCY/POLYGRAM)

FROM THE FIRST notes of "Shulie A Bop," where Sassy makes jumpy abstractions seem like the most logical speculation possible, to the wise reading of the lyrics in "Polka Dots and Moonbeams," this trio date from the mid-'50s flits along with a simplicity that hides its true sophistication. Here intimacy breeds a sublime disclosure of Vaughan's impeccable timbre. Her negotiation of the melodies is as fierce as it is fleet, and if we're not privy to the math of her judiciousness, it's probably because it's hidden in her style.

JEAN TOUSSAINT
What Goes Around
(CRISS CROSS)

AN HOUR FLIPS by as this bristling disc, led by the tenor-toting ex-Messenger, avoids the obvious while scouring the familiar. It's contempo hard bop, and due to loads of unusual tension/release ploys, greatly distances itself from similar dates. Toussaint recognizes jazz as body music—bumpy and fun—but still succumbs to swing's manifest equilibrium. That's one reason why his Monk pieces (an itchy "Trinkle, Tinkle" and a secretive "Ruby My Dear") are so convincing. Or is it because his horn's tone simultaneously offers elegance and bite?

MAX ROACH
Percussion Bittersweet
(IMPULSE/GRP)

GRP HAS BEEN wearing its Impulse reissues as a badge of good taste, and few of their discs can beat the substance of this historic session. Every Max flam is a blow against cultural subservience, each Dolphy squeal a taunt at repressive power structures. But assertive social indictment is only part of the attraction. The date could be called Percussion Bitter Suite; the way that the drummer's compositions coalesce is as striking as his politics are palpable. This great mid-sized group is as charged as the finest Mingus conglom, yet they swap turbulence for cohesion. One of Roach's masterworks.

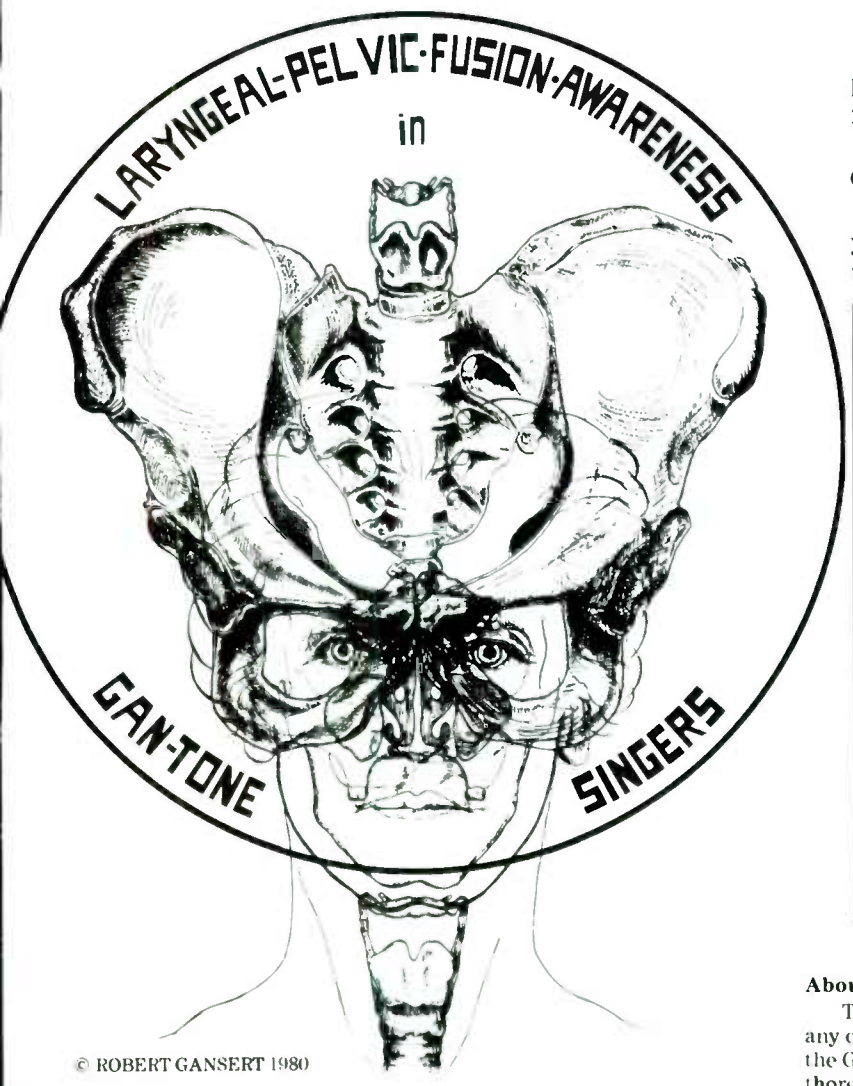
JAMES BOOKER
Junco Partner
(HANNIBAL)

A WHOPPING MASTERY for boogie-woogie filigree, a self-conscious desire to show off his extraordinary chops, and a massive dose of whatever gene controls hedonistic impulses made Booker one of the most resourceful and unpredictable pianists to bump around New Orleans this century. The stylistic pluralism displayed on this solo studio date from '76 is secondary to the ball-the-wall attitude that propels each piece. With dead-on stylistic authority, Booker hooks up Chopin and Leadbelly, Tin Pan Alley and the conservatory. If you're looking for an apt metaphor regarding the diversity, check the grooming: He sports a slick-assed conk on the inside booklet, an Afro on the cover shot. No wonder he references "the black side of Europe" in his liner salutations.

ROB BROWN/WHIT DICKEY/JOE MORRIS
Youniverse
(RITI)

THIS ALTO/TRAPS/GUITAR ENSEMBLE doesn't sound like any other at work right now, intrepidly pecking their way through personal abstractions whose conversant agitation would be more pleasurable if they consolidated it a bit. Brown's pieces are as dry as his alto tone, which is why sparks abound but the fire seldom roars. I can respect it, but only intermittently does it get me off.

ANNOUNCING THE GREATEST IDEA IN THE ART OF SINGING



© ROBERT GANSERT 1980

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

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

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

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

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

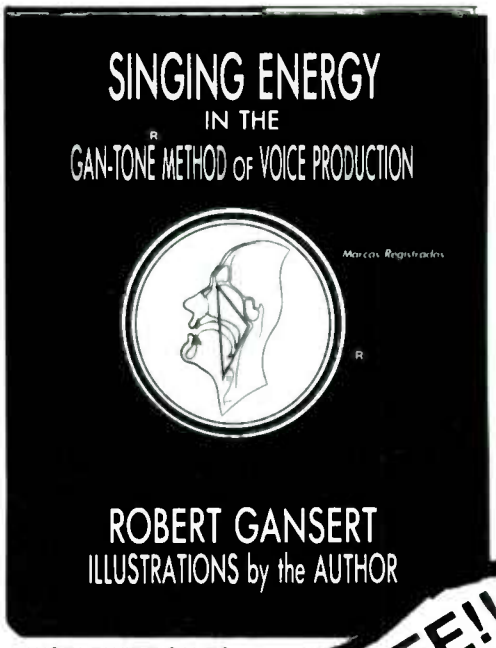
Involvement of the entire body in projecting the singing voice results in:

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

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

Develop a beautiful singing voice for ROCK or OPERA!

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



ISBN
0-939458-00-4

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

• WORLDWIDE SALES

About the Author:

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

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

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

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

MAIL ORDER FORM 5/93

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

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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

GAN-TONE PUBLISHING CO.

CLASSICAL

RINDE ECKERT
Finding My Way Home
(DIW)

BALD OF HEAD and big of voice, Rinde Eckert walks a fine line between music and theater. A classically trained singer with an extravagant range, he creates a kind of performance art song with roots in jazz, rock, folk, gospel and opera—an unusually eclectic shooting match. For his new album he comes equipped with a mobile four-piece rhythm section, guitarist Bill Frisell (who co-wrote the jewel-like "One of Those Mysteries") and drummer Jerry Granelli, who add splashes of color and quirky ambience. Eckert gets weird and gothic with his Americana, unraveling Howlin' Wolf's "Sitting on Top of the World" to find there a funky dirge. He eerily alters "Amazing Grace," putting it through some quasi-medieval paces. *Finding My Way Home* is a squirrely thing in search of home, but happily lost in the stylistic cosmos.—*Josef Woodard*

JEAN-YVES THIBAUDET
Ravel: Complete Works for Solo Piano
(LONDON)

RAVEL (1875–1937) BEGAN writing his piano pieces like the shimmering "Sonatine" when a nineteenth-century contentment prevailed. But before he knew it, Ravel found himself something of a French exquisite on the cusp of European modernism, with all its emphasis on difficulty and rigor. So he began splitting the difference between beauty and gnarliness, arriving in the process at finely calibrated music that still flowed. Twenty-five years ago, the classical party line often sniffed at this. But today many composers champion Ravel as a balancer of seriousness and sensation—think of "Bolero"—par excellence. Here, Thibaudet provides alive, if fairly official, Ravel. He's not the guy for idiosyncratic fire, but he has no trouble with the taxing "Gaspard de la nuit," and he makes the exciting waltzes exciting.—*James Hunter*

LEIF OVE ANDSNES
Chopin: The Piano Sonatas
(VIRGIN CLASSICS)

FOR ALL THE technique usually lavished on these pieces, what makes the Chopin sonatas worth hearing is their heart, the intoxicating blend of structural ingenuity and emotional abandon that makes even the most familiar moments maintain a sense of drama and surprise. Few pianists today play them as passionately—much less as adroitly—as Andsnes does here.—*J.D. Considine*

JOHN ADAMS
The Death of Klinghoffer
(ELEKTRA NONESUCH)

ADAMS' OPERA *NIXON in China*, pre-heard, suggested a bad joke; *Klinghoffer* evokes the possibility of bad taste. But like *Nixon*, with its impressionistic libretto by Alice Goodman and Adams' expanded post-minimalist music, *Klinghoffer* fools first expectations: Despite the source material it's far from sensationalistic. The libretto, again by Goodman, alternates poetic choral sections with a somewhat naturalistic acting out of the central drama. That the Palestinian terrorists tend to speak a sort of heroic/leftist cant while the Klinghoffers offer a type of suburban kvetch doesn't suggest side-taking; the terrorists are forever wounded and desperate, while the Klinghoffers' "small" concerns amidst the unfolding tragedy are immensely moving. Adams' music has become more melodic, saving the minimalist riffing for dramatic emphasis. The second-act centerpiece—a bittersweet Satie-like interlude called "The Area of the Falling Body (Gymnopedie)"—delineates the title atrocity with musical and verbal sidelong glances, acceding it the proper respect and horror. Neither agitprop nor objet d'art, *Klinghoffer* is an admirably measured and affecting piece.—*Richard C. Walls*

INDIES

EARTH
Earth 2
(SUB POP)

ONE FRIEND THOUGHT I was running a vacuum cleaner, another asked how long it took an airplane to fly overhead. A more enlightened observer described it as "Brian Eno meets the Melvins." I think it's comparable to putting your ear into an air-conditioner duct. No matter, it's 73 minutes of mindnumbing drone (mockingly divided into three "songs"), perfect for drowning out the neighborhood when you want to read or sleep. Slight variations in the bassline provide the "hooks." Who knows, if you play it loud enough, maybe it'll make you shit.—*Rob O'Connor*

JERRY DONAHUE
Neck of the Wood
(CROSS THREE RECORDS)

A VETERAN "MASTER of the Telecaster" whose impressive musical resume includes stints with Sandy Denny's Fotheringay and Britain's movable feast Fairport Convention. Donahue's *Neck of the Wood* is a powerhouse recording that burns with styles ranging from Celtic musings and Shadows–Ventures rock 'n' roll to flat-out country picking à la Clarence White. "Orange Blossom Special" features some chicken pickin' that would make even Albert Lee blush, but Donahue can also crank out some blistering rock 'n' roll, as evidenced on "Went on a Twelve Bar Bender (In My Home Town)." It's easy to hear why Danny Gatton calls Donahue "the string-bending king of the planet." If you're into guitars, check it out. (950 Second St., Suite 101, Santa Monica, CA 90403, 310-451-0064)—*Rick Petreycik*

TUBEMAN

[*cont'd from page 82*] which it's assumed your amp will provide).

You can use the "wrong" output without harming your equipment, especially if you like the effect. However, note that the footswitch acts upon them in different ways. When the switch is on (the LED glows), the Tubeman's circuitry feeds all three outputs. When it's switched off (the LED is extinguished), the outputs to a power amp and mixer are muted, while the straight guitar sound is routed to the guitar amp output. H&K's engineers were on the ball when they decided to use a "hardwire" bypass. That is, when the straight signal goes from the input to the output, it's never touched by the circuitry. The result is as clean as you can get.

Complaints? Just two. The "wall-wart" AC adapter is just another thing to lose or break (their cords are great onstage tripwires). In fact, given that the Tubeman is so roadworthy, the adapter is a sort of Achilles' heel. My other complaint is the tremendous gain differences from one channel setting to the next. Whenever you change from rock to blues to funk to jazz, you also have to twiddle the master volume control—sometimes pretty radically—to keep the output even remotely constant. Maybe a second or third master volume would be a good addition.

In all, though, I like the Tubeman. It's rugged, built for the long haul. It can be a good onstage preamp, as long as you use primarily one sound. Of course, if you plug it into a guitar amp that only has one channel, you can set a rhythm sound on the amp and employ the Tubeman as a second—overdrive—channel. But for my money, it shines brightest as a tool for the studio, where you can take the time to fine-tune levels and tweak tones. It has a very low noise level, records very well and gives you the big sound that just might make your listeners think you spent days slaving over several hot stacks of amps. TOM MULHERN

SWR 900

[*cont'd from page 83*] going through the PA.

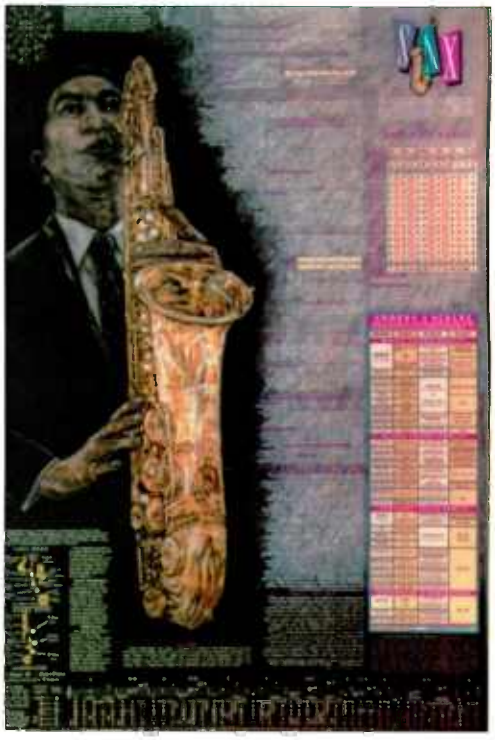
A caveat: Use the effects loop, because if you run a preamped effects box into the low gain, you can burn the thing out, which I did. Got it fixed in a couple of days and now I'm back to learning those controls. Like scales, you got to live with them for a while before they make sense. But as they do, I keep concluding this is the best amp I ever plugged into.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

THE SAX POSTER™

NEW

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

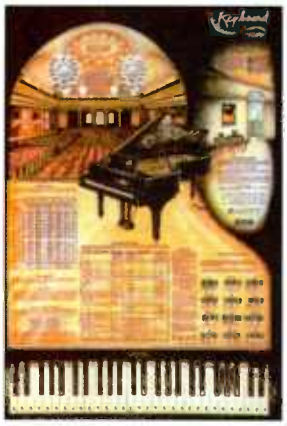


Over the years these big, beautiful art prints have become a valued part of millions of homes, libraries, schools and studios. The most comprehensive music resources available in *any* format, they have become true classics, and are world renowned for showing musicians how to understand and apply the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

GUITAR POSTER™

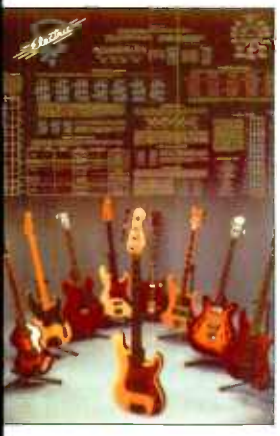
This poster has been answering guitarists' questions for more than a decade and is ***still the most complete guide to the guitar ever made!*** It contains a wealth of information for all guitar players, no matter what their style or their level of musical accomplishment. • MOVABLE CHORD & SCALE ORMS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

KEYBOARD POSTER™



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

LECTRIC BASS POSTER™



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

MIDI POSTER™

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

ROCK GUITAR POSTER™

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

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

MUSIC NOTES™

URABLE, PORTABLE REFERENCE CARDS

MUSIC THEORY *FOR ALL INSTRUMENTS!*

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

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

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

GIVE THE GIFT OF MUSIC! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

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

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

Enclosed is $ _____ VISA/MC #: _____

FREE POSTAGE SPECIALS!

A. *5 posters* --------- $35

B. *4 posters* --------- $30

C. *3 laminated posters* $45

Add foreign air or UPS if desired.

Exp.___|___|___Sig._____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY/STATE/ZIP_____

MUSICIAN MAGAZINE Box 701, Gloucester, MA 01930

C L A S S I F I E D

MUSICIAN CLASSIFIED HOTLINE TOLL FREE

800-223-7524

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

HOW TO ORDER AN AD

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

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

BOLD FACE CAPS: First line, additional $20.

MUSICIAN BOX NUMBER: Add $4 per insertion for handling.

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

DEADLINE: Two months prior to date of publication.

ALL AD CANCELLATIONS MUST BE IN WRITING AND MAILED TO THE MUSICIAN CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT.

FAX YOUR AD TODAY (212) 536-5055

COUPON

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

Your Name
Company
Address
City State Zip
Telephone

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

❑ American Express ❑ Visa ❑ MasterCard
Credit Card #
Exp. Date Bank #
Your Signature

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

ACCESSORIES

REMOVE LEAD VOCALS from music—Tanco Voice Decoder—guaranteed to work as well/better than any other device. Not an equalizer. $79.95 (check/money order) plus $3 shipping/handling. Ninety-day warranty. Includes wires/manual. Prerecorded demo—(813) 847-9319. TANCO, POB 1184—Station M493, Port Richey FL 34673. COD's/information—(813) 841-0214.

DRUMTRAX/CLIKTRAX—Great Grooves!!! Digitally recorded on cassette. Perfect for songwriting, practicing, jamming. $1.50/brochure: P.O.B. 2857, Hunt. Sta. NY 11746.

BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

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

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

EVERYTHING YOU NEED to know about MIDI before you buy. Detailed publication. Write for more information or send $13.95 (check/MO) to: Midiwise, Box 962, Truro MA 02666.

REFERENCE MANUAL FOR THE BLUES IDIOM, for the Guitar, Bass, Piano. Incorporates all the key scales of the blues, rock and metal. Easy to use for all levels, all keys listed alphabetically using tablature and notation. Send $14.95 plus $2.50 s&h to LYNDON CO., BOX 33724, SEATTLE, WA 98133-0724.

BOOKS, VIDEOS+TAPES

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

MIX BOOKSHELF

☆ SONGWRITERS & ARTISTS ☆

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

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

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

PRO-SING ALONG KARAOKE
Equipment & LD/CD/CDG
Dealer Direct Program - Guaranteed Lowest Prices on Pioneer, DKK, Peavey, Sony, JVC
FREE CATALOG 1-800-568-2000
Dealer Direct: 7401 W. 100th Pl., #1106
Bridgeview, IL 60455

EMPLOYMENT

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

INSTRUCTION

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

INSTRUMENTS

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

MUSICIANS

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

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

MUSICIANS—Get your demo to top music industry managers—over 100 names, addresses, numbers, plus WHO they manage AND pre-printed mailing labels! $15.00 check or money order to: MB Productions, P.O. Box 135, Georgetown CT 06829.

DISC MAKERS

Cassette & CD Manufacturing

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

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

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

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

RECORDS & TAPES

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

SERVICES

NEED A HIGH-QUALITY DEMO?

Help us introduce our newest product, *Music in Your Mailbox*, and we'll reward you with an incredible demo of your song—uniquely packaged to attract the attention your material deserves. Best of all—you never drive further than the post office!

The introductory rate is surprisingly low but won't last long. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope for info: A New Approach Recording, P.O. Box 86145, Phoenix AZ 85080-6145.

A NEW APPROACH RECORDING ADVENTURES IN AUDIO EXCELLENCE!

SERVICES

THE BEST CD MASTERING...
Custom-designed hardware and software by Chief Engineer Bob Katz. 128x Oversampling 20-Bit A to D. Unique Digital Processors. Hard Disk Editing, Tube and Solid State Analog Recorders.
CD Mastering is an art. Levels, fades, equalization, spacing... everything is important to you and to us.

CD REPLICATION...
1000 CD's at $1.55 ea. w/Jewel &Shrink. 2500 at $1.50 ea. Glass Master Free with 2500+ CD's.

CD BOOKLET PRINTING...
1000 4-Panel Booklets at $.23 ea. Full-Color Outside, B&W Inside. Full-Color Tray Card.
Let our Graphic Artist give your presentation the same attention you give your music.

...COSTS LESS!

Digital Domain™ **Audio for the Golden Ear... New York, NY (212)369-2932**

CDs in 1 Week

1-10 CDs for as low as $100 ea.
transferred
from almost any 2 track source

WINDMARK RECORDING

Call: (804) 464-4924
Write: 4924 Shell Rd, Virginia Beach, VA 23455

REAL TIME CASSETTE PRODUCTION

Digital Audio Services

- Chrome Tape Cut to Suit
- On Shell or Laser Printed Labels
- Full Color or B/W Inserts
- All Master Formats Accommodated
- DAT Resequencing and Editing
- Personalized Friendly Service
- On Time Delivery

412 HOMANS AVE. CLOSTER, N.J. 07624
201-784-8905

COMPLETE CD AND CASSETTE PRODUCTION

DIGITAL HOUSE
212-333-5950

MASTERING REPLICATION
PRINTING TOTAL PACKAGING
POSTERS GRAPHIC DESIGN STUDIO
PERSONALIZED EXPERT SERVICE

330 WEST 58TH ST. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019
"FOR THOSE WHO HEAR THE DIFFERENCE"

RECORD PROMOTION

EXPERIENCE! EXCELLENCE! 25 YRS.!
Working All Leading National Charts
"One Of The Foremost Names in Music Promotion"
RCI Records Inc., 1-800-737-9752
4815 Trousdale Dr., Nashville, TN 37220
615-833-2052 • FAX 615-833-2101

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

SERVICES

FOR COMPLETE CASSETTE, C.D. RECORD MANUFACTURING & PACKAGING SERVICES CALL:

QCA (513) 681-8400
2832 SPRING GROVE AVENUE • CINCINNATI, OHIO 45225

COMPACT DISC MANUFACTURING & HIGH QUALITY CASSETTE DUPLICATION

We offer the most professional, friendly service in the industry for independent labels or individuals.

Complete services include:
DIGITAL MASTERING • TYPESETTING
GRAPHIC DESIGN • PRINTING
PACKAGING • SHIP ORDER FULFILLMENT

Our prices, quality product and super service cannot be beat. All work guaranteed.

WMG, INC.
WORLD MEDIA GROUP

8472 Brookville Road Indianapolis, Indiana 46239
phone: (317) 353-1113 fax: (317) 353-0750

ARE YOU TALENTED?
WANT TO FIND OUT
HOW TO GET THAT
RECORD DEAL?
LET OUR EXPERTISE
DIRECT YOUR TALENT
TO MUSIC SUCCESS!
CALL NOW
1-900-933-4499
($2.25 per minute)
VIVANTE PRODUCTION CO.
FARMINGTON, MICHIGAN

SONGWRITERS

WE ARE LOOKING FOR
SONGWRITERS
Just write us a card or a letter to order our Information Package which will be forwarded free of charge.
JOEL PRODUCTIONS
859 E. Jeffery Street, II, App. 807, BOCA RATON, Florida 33487

BEGINNING SONGWRITERS—HOW and where to submit material. $3.00 plus long SASE. The New Songwriter, P.O. Box 43461, Richmond Hts OH 44143.

TALENT

RECORD COMPANY NATIONAL TALENT SEARCH
Send Demo Tapes/CD's Press Kits etc.
MONUMENT RECORDS
P.O. BOX 9599
DENVER CO 80209-0599

TALENT

UK OPPORTUNITIES
IN THE BANDIT A & R NEWSLETTER
BANDIT is your guide to UK labels, managements, publishers, etc., which are looking for new artists/songs. Join our worldwide subscribers. Send a $10 bill and self-addressed envelope for a sample copy and subscription rates to:
BANDIT A & R NEWSLETTER
PO Box 22, Newport, IW, PO30 1LZ, England

WANTED TO BUY

WANTED TO BUY/SELL: GUITARS, BANJOS, Mandolins: Gibson, C F Martin, Gretsch, D'Angelico, D'Aquisto, Stromberg, Dobro, National, older Fender, Rickenbacker, Gibson, B&D, Epiphone, Paramount, Vega, Fairbanks, Stewart. MANDOLIN BROS., 629 FOREST, #MU, STATEN ISLAND, NY 10310. FREE CATALOG. 718-981-3226.

MISCELLANEOUS

SKYNYRD & ROSSINGTON fans! Radio Tokyo (Band of Rossington co-guitarist Jay Johnson) T-shirts, cool logo—$15.00, bumper stickers—$1.50. $2 P&H. Radio, c/o P.O. Box 2409, Muscle Shoals AL 35662.

SKELETON KEY

FITS MOST LOCKS
(boltlocks, doorlocks, & some padlocks)
Amaze Your Friends
With A Lock Picking Demonstration
You get 3 sized tension keys, the slide pick & precise instructions. Note, this device is to be used for demonstration purposes only!
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Full Refund. 2wk delivery. Send only $9.75 to
Safe Marketing • 90 W. Montgomery Av Ste 366 N • Rockville Md 20850

FREE
(Advice)

HOW DO YOU MAKE YOUR CLASSIFIED AD PAY?

By running it consistently—consecutive months—for impact!! Rarely does a prospective customer reply to an ad the very first time it appears. Therefore, make sure you are in the right place when that customer is ready to buy. Remember, the very month he or she is ready, your advertisement should be in POSITION. Stay ALIVE and SATISFIED with an ACTIVE CLASSIFIED!!

TOLL FREE
1-800-223-7524
or
212-536-5174
FAX 212-536-5055

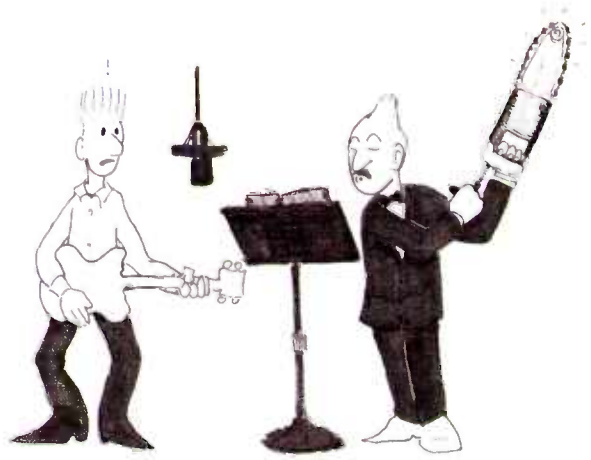
WORKING MUSICIAN SPECIAL

TOOLS OF THE TRADE

Relentless chronicler of *Musician*'s musicians' eating habits a couple issues ago, Mike Mettler, otherwise the managing editor of *Car Stereo Review*, has struck again. Why, he wants to know, do we put so much emphasis on the same old guitars, basses, keyboards and drums? Musicians play lots of other instruments, and some play very strange instruments in this Age of Industrial. Who is the Jimi Hendrix of the air conditioning duct? The Eric Clapton of the chainsaw? The Jaco Pastorius of smashed cinder blocks?

To the first question, we said: "Because companies who make real musical instruments advertise in this magazine, and companies who make cinder blocks don't."

To the second, third and fourth questions, we said, "Who cares?" Then Bill Flanagan said, "Okay, who's got an idea for the Backside this month?" Here's what Mettler found.



JACKYL

"Sweden is known for two things: blondes and chainsaws," drawls Jackyl's Jesse Dupree. "And what's a more definitive instrument for rock 'n' roll than a chainsaw? Nothing else achieves that level of intensity."

Perhaps best known for his rip-'em-up style in the video for "The Lumberjack," Dupree, an Atlanta native who's nabbed an endorsement deal with Sweden's turbo-charged Jonsered Chainsaw, woodshreds with three different models: a 455, "equivalent to a '59 Les Paul"; a 2036, which "sounds like a Telecaster"; and a 535, "a hybrid that's somewhere in between the other two."

For the recording of *Jackyl*, Dupree's saws, miked with a Shure SM57, were all tuned to A. "You have to remove the pickups—I mean, the muffler, like you'd remove the cover to a stock pickup, to get a really tense, loud sound," he explains.

Before shows, Dupree's personal chainsaw tech, Jerry Prater, makes sure the Jonsereds' blades have the right amount of tension and that each saw's engine contains the right mixture of unleaded gasoline and two-in-one oil. Dupree was once asked to chop through the national anthem before an MTV charity baseball game, but a sponsor nixed the idea because "they thought it was in poor taste."

PHISH

"My entire existence as a drummer onstage is just an excuse for me to show off my talents as a vacuum-cleaner player," reveals Phish's Jon Fishman. "My parents always wanted me to develop the ability to play something unique, to have something to fall back on later in life. Drumming is secondary."

Fishman aspires to learn more notes than his keyboardist, Page McConnell, can play: "I also want to go a few octaves higher," he says. Currently he can emit a full G-major scale on his 1967 Electrolux, which boasts "a quality engine and a very solid hose." And live, he quite literally sucks it up during his showcase tune, "If I Only Had a Brain."

Fishman passes along the following tip for aspiring vacuum blowers: "Don't hold it too much for too long in one place without moving your lips, or you'll bleed."

MR. BIG

"There's a drill song for every occasion," claims Mr. Big guitarist Paul Gilbert, who, along with Big bassist Billy Sheehan, has an endorsement deal with Makita, a leading power-drill manufacturer. Gilbert's cordless model doesn't have a clutch, so "I get the full zing of it; it's like it has sustain." Both he and Sheehan attach thin picks to the ends of their drill bits. Sheehan uses a triangular pick while Gilbert screws and glues three picks to the end of a wooden dowel, lending his drill "a propeller-on-an-airplane look." The drillin' duo attack their axes on songs like *Lean Into It*'s "Daddy, Brother, Lover, Little Boy," which is highlighted by Sheehan's bass electric drill solo and Gilbert's speed-of-light run of drilled (not tapped) descending fourths. Gilbert says drill practice occurs while he watches TV, "usually during those cheesy commercials for piano instrumentals like 'Chariots of Fire,' 'The William Tell Overture' and 'Sukiyaki.'"

MINISTRY

"How do you achieve color in a sound?" muses Wax Trax producer and Ministry bassist Paul Barker. "We've experimented with picnic baskets, clothes hampers, the sounds of dumpsters outside our studio, you name it. You try to capture something that's really dramatic and poetic, but you never know what you'll get."

Barker, a captain of the industrial scene, once fiddled with a music stand for a percussive track on the Revolting Cocks classic, "Stainless Steel Providers." Surprisingly, though, he eschews the use of tools as a general rule. "We tried to use the sound of smashing cinder blocks on Ministry's 'Corrosion,' but it never made it," he recounts. "It just didn't work. Besides, what's more important—the sound itself, or the act of achieving that sound? Ninety percent of the time you wind up with something that's unusable."

Good grief—is Barker, a noted studio experimentalist, mellowing? "Oh, no," he wails. "You mean creaky old Barker, becoming the voice of wisdom? Maybe you should call what's-his-name from 'This Old House.'"

TSR-24: THE POWER OF S-DISC™

The New DigiTech TSR-24 True Stereo Reverb and Multi-Effects Processor features proprietary S-DISC technology which literally redefines digital processing.

The S-DISC engine has a revolutionary new operating system that allows the user to create in any combination and in any order custom effects arrays, breaking away from the limitations of conventional algorithms.

The Dynamic Instruction Set Computer (S-DISC) provides unmatched memory and processing power, surpassing products costing many times the TSR-24's price.

S-DISC™

Increased capabilities may also be obtained by adding the optional PPC-200 expansion card which delivers 256k of additional dynamic RAM.

The PPC-200 unlocks the door to the TSR-24's most sophisticated operational possibilities by doubling the memory and processing power.

Experience the power of S-DISC technology with DigiTech's TSR-24 True Stereo Reverb and Multi-Effects Processor.

5639 South Riley Lane
Salt Lake City, Utah 84107
Tel (801) 268-8400 • Fax (801) 262-4966
International Inquiries: Fax (603) 672-4246

DigiTech

A Harman International Company

LYRICS WHISPER TO THE HEART.
BASS SPEAKS DIRECTLY TO PARTS OF THE BODY WE CAN'T MENTION HERE.

As you strike the E string, an invisible shockwave traveling at Mach 1 starts spreading in every direction until, finally, it impacts its intended target: Your helpless audience.

Boom. (We really enjoy moments like this because they usually involve a Yamaha bass.)

Perhaps the one shown here, the TRB-6P. It's the six-string member of our premiere series. Like every TRB, it is the product of exceptionally high aspirations. Only the finest materials are used in its construction. Only the best

woods and most responsive electronics. Go to your favorite bass dealer and tell them you would like to see the bass John Patitucci plays. They will hand you a TRB.

While you're there, ask to see the BB Series basses. These are true Yamaha classics, refined with the input of artists like Nathan East, our BB series guru. They have deep cutaways, high performance pickups, and precision-machined hardware. They're uncommonly comfortable to play. They just plain fit.

We heard that Billy Sheehan had spent twenty years customizing his bass until, at last, he felt it had what he wanted. So we asked him to help us build a bass he'd like even better. We did and he did. Then, with his help, we built a whole series of them. The Attitude Series—inspired by the demands of Mr. Sheehan, but with features any player can appreciate. In English: They kick butt.

Imagine a world without bass. Some people can.

We'd like to take this moment to make a brief tribute to modern Rock and Roll. We call it the RBX Series. These are basses specifically designed for today's player. Light, balanced bodies, deep contoured cutaways, chainsaw-sharp tones. Not for the meek.

Go to the phone and dial 1-800-879-1131, ext. 600. Another shockwave will go out urging us to send you information on every four, five and six-string bass we make.

Now, a word about those parts of the body we couldn't mention in the headline. Oh sorry, we're out of space.

YAMAHA®

Electric Basses