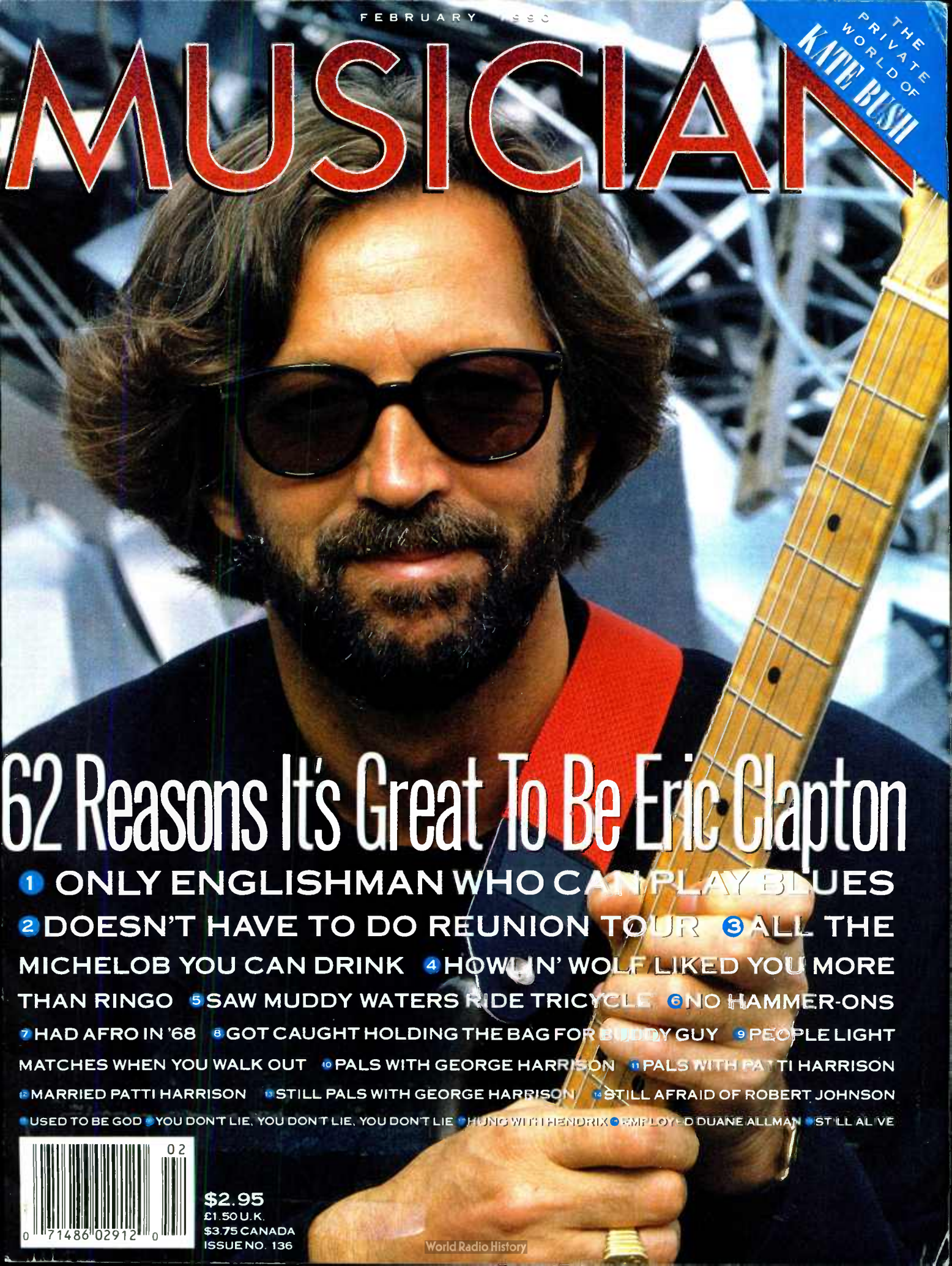
FEBRUARY 1990

# MUSICIAN

THE PRIVATE WORLD OF KATE BUSH



## 62 Reasons It's Great To Be Eric Clapton

1 ONLY ENGLISHMAN WHO CAN PLAY BLUES
2 DOESN'T HAVE TO DO REUNION TOUR 3 ALL THE MICHELOB YOU CAN DRINK 4 HOWLIN' WOLF LIKED YOU MORE THAN RINGO 5 SAW MUDDY WATERS RIDE TRICYCLE 6 NO HAMMER-ONS 7 HAD AFRO IN '68 8 GOT CAUGHT HOLDING THE BAG FOR BUDDY GUY 9 PEOPLE LIGHT MATCHES WHEN YOU WALK OUT 10 PALS WITH GEORGE HARRISON 11 PALS WITH PATTI HARRISON 12 MARRIED PATTI HARRISON 13 STILL PALS WITH GEORGE HARRISON 14 STILL AFRAID OF ROBERT JOHNSON
• USED TO BE GOD • YOU DON'T LIE, YOU DON'T LIE, YOU DON'T LIE • HUNG WITH HENDRIX • EMPLOYED DUANE ALLMAN • STILL ALIVE

0 71486 02912 0 02

$2.95
£1.50 U.K.
$3.75 CANADA
ISSUE NO. 136

# Introducing the music production studio without walls.

## The Korg T Series Music Workstation Plus.

The T Series Music Workstations open the door to new frontiers in music-making. With more sounds and features than any instruments of their kind in the world. They bring all the resources of a fully equipped MIDI studio into a single keyboard.

Each of the T Series workstations begins with an inexhaustible 8 megabytes of sounds. All with the same 16 bit quality and the same AI Synthesis technology used in our world-renowned M1. Then we added a new sound bank of acoustic instruments (including drums and percussion), synth waveforms, attack transients and more. Independently programmable stereo multi-effects make previous workstation technology obsolete.

The T Series has 56,000 notes of sequencing power, both PCM and program card slots, and internal disk drives for program, combination, sequence and MIDI data. The T1's 1 megabyte of RAM memory (optional on T2 and T3) allows you to load and play back samples from disk or MIDI. And the new large graphics LCD can serve as your only monitor.

But the T Series are much more than powerful keyboards. They may also be the most sophisticated MIDI master controllers available today. With innovative control functions that will change your expectations about what your main keyboard should do. In fact, the only feature these keyboards don't come with is a room to put them in.

So try one out at your local Korg dealer. And prepare to be floored.

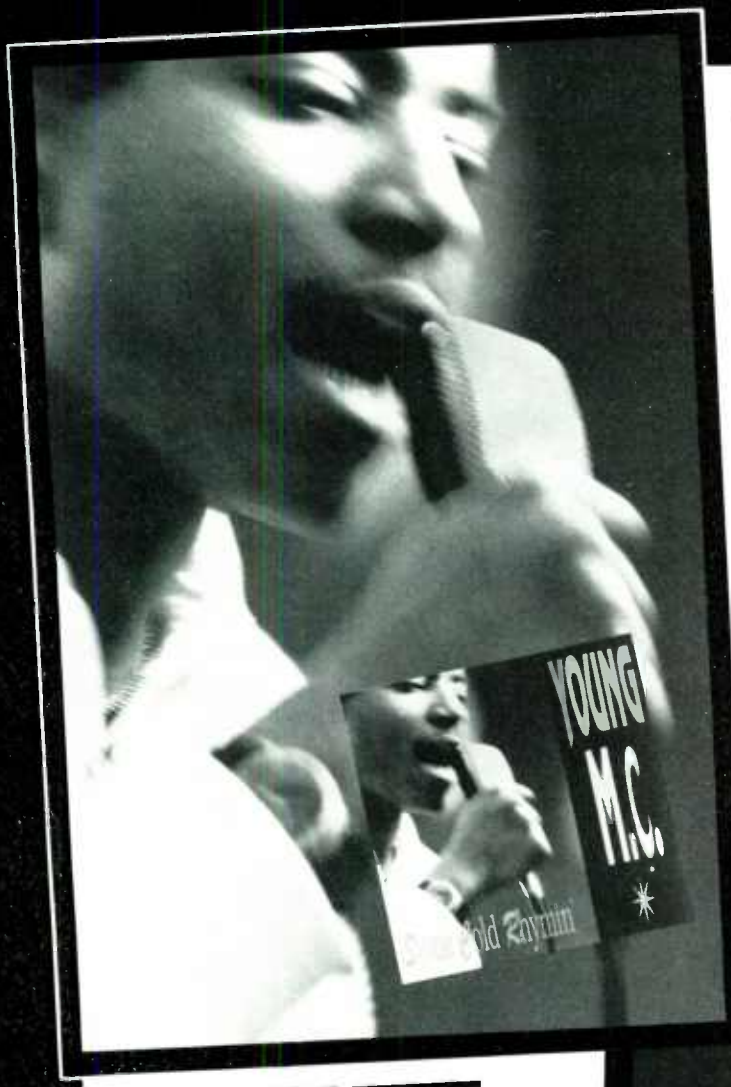
*The T1 – 88-keys, weighted action*
*The T2 – 76-keys, unweighted*
*The T3 – 61-keys, unweighted*

**KORG**
**T SERIES**
**MUSIC POWER**



For a free catalog of Korg products, send your name and address, plus $1.00 for postage and handling, to: Korg USA, 89 Frost St., Westbury, NY 11590

# DROPPIN' RHYMES AND BUSTIN' MOVES

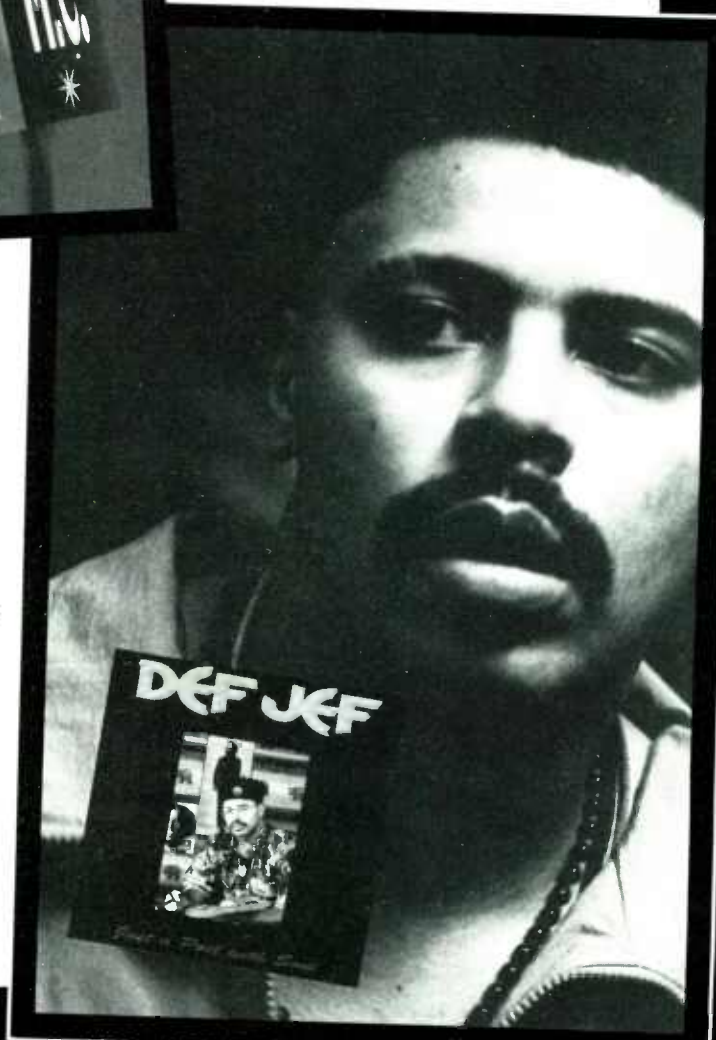



## YOUNG MC

STONE COLD RHYMIN'
*featuring:* **'Principal's Office,' 'Bust A Move,' 'I Come Off'**

## DEF JEF

JUST A POET WITH SOUL
*featuring:* **'Droppin' Rhymes on Drums'**
with
ETTA JAMES




Delicious Vinyl

ISLAND

Available on Delicious Vinyl compact discs, cassettes and records

# No other guitar effects processor lets you PLAY up to twelve effects simultaneously.


How many times have you said to yourself, "What I need is a rack-mounted unit that'll give me compression, distortion, picking filter, phaser, parametric EQ, noise suppression, short delay, chorus, auto pan-pot, tap delay, reverb, and lineout filter all at once?"

Probably never. But that's only because you never imagined something like the GP-16 was even possible.

It's a rack-mounted effects processor that not only allows you to play up to 12 effects at a time, it's also equipped with the most advanced digital signal processing technology available.

And, since delayed chorus sounds different from chorused delay, we made it so you could define the order of most of the effects.

We even gave it a memory that's so extensive, it can handle 128 different patches—remembering not only the on/off and parameter settings, but also the effect routing order.

So what exactly can you do with an effects processor like the GP-16? There's only one way to find out.

Roland®

RolandCorp US, 7200 Dominion Circle, Los Angeles, CA 90040-3647 (213) 685-5141

# INSIDE MUSICIAN

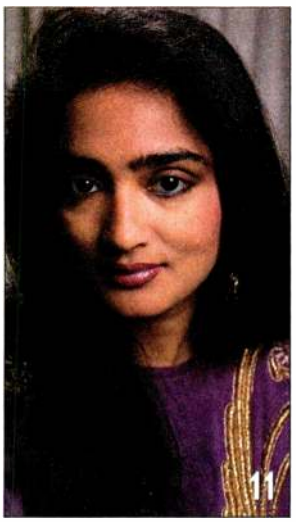
*A Billboard Publication* *No. 136 • February 1990*


## Features



## Departments





## Columns



## Working Musician



*Cover: Terry O'Neil; Contents (clockwise from top): Larry Ford; David Redfern/ Retna; Aldo Mauro*

# MUSICIAN

GORDON BAIRD
PUBLISHER

GARY KRASNER
EXECUTIVE PUBLISHER

PAUL SACKSMAN
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER

ROSS GARNICK
ADVERTISING MANAGER

R. BRADFORD LEE
DEALER SALES DIRECTOR

BOB BRADFORD • PETER CRONIN
TOM FISHER • JUNE HAYES
STEVE IGO • SHEILA JOSEPH
SANDY MASUO • BOB SASSONE
JEFF SERRETTE (CLASSIFIED)
PETER B. WOSTREL
SALES/PROMOTION

HYACINTH AMERO
ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER

FINELLA TAORMINA • LORI MAGGIORE
ADMINISTRATION

JOCK BAIRD
EDITOR

BILL FLANAGAN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

SCOTT ISLER
SENIOR EDITOR

MARK ROWLAND
(213) 273-7040
PACIFIC EDITOR

ALAN DI PERNA
MUSIC PROJECTS EDITOR

KEITH POWERS
PRODUCTION EDITOR

J.D. CONSIDINE • TED DROZDOWSKI
VIC GARBARINI • PETER GURALNICK
JIM MACNIE • STEVE PERRY
LEONARD PITTS, JR. • STAN SOOCHER
CHIP STERN • ROB TANNENBAUM
PETER WATROUS • TIMOTHY WHITE
JOSEF WOODARD • CHARLES M. YOUNG
JON YOUNG
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

MAC RANDALL
PROOFREADER

JUNE HAYES
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

PATRICK MITCHELL
ART DIRECTOR

CLAIRE MACMASTER
PRODUCTION MANAGER

LISA PUCCIO
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

RUTH MAASSEN • SHEILA TAPLIN
TYPOGRAPHY

FINELLA TAORMINA
PHOTO ASSOCIATE

MAIN OFFICE PRODUCTION/RETAIL SALES
33 COMMERCIAL ST.
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930
(508) 281-3110

NEW YORK ADVERTISING/EDITORIAL
MUSICIAN, 1515 BROADWAY, 39TH FL.,
NEW YORK, NY 10036 (212) 536-5208

JIMMY HALL
CIRCULATION MANAGER

THOMAS KRAEMER
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR

TERESA CONNORS
CIRCULATION ASSISTANT

GORDON BAIRD • SAM HOLDSWORTH
FOUNDERS

MUSICIAN (USPS 451-910) is published monthly by Amordian Press, Inc., 33 Commercial St., Gloucester, MA 01930 (508) 281-3110. Amordian Press, Inc. is a wholly owned subsidiary of Billboard Publications, Inc., One Astor Place, 1515 Broadway, New York, NY 10036. Billboard Publications, Inc. is a subsidiary of Affiliated Publications, Inc. MUSICIAN is a trademark of Amordian Press, Inc. © 1990 by MUSICIAN, all rights reserved. Second class postage paid at Gloucester, MA 01930 and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions $17 per year, $32 for two years, $49 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. Billboard Publications, Inc. President and Chief Executive Officer: Gerald S. Hobbs; Executive Vice President: Samuel S. Holdsworth; Senior Vice President: Ann Haire; Vice Presidents: John B. Babcock, Paul Curran, Martin B. Feely, Rosalee Lovett, Lee Zhito.

MEMBER: AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

# The 84-40 Tube.™

At Seymour Duncan Research, our goal was to provide guitarists with an affordable, all-tube amp that sounded GREAT! We're proud to present the 84-40 Tube Guitar Amplifier.

Based on classic principles of tube guitar amplifier design, the 84-40 Tube Amp features an all-tube pre-amp driving a quartet of EL-84 power tubes, for the sweetest, most musical tone possible. The EL-84 type tube was chosen specifically for its superior tone quality, especially when pushed to distortion. This tube is famous for its use in the Vox-AC-30, an amp used on many early Beatles, Stones and Yardbirds records, and still highly sought after today. The EL-84 has a wonderful character—it sings, it growls, and it has great dynamic response. The harder you play, the more it distorts and sustains. Back off on your attack and it "idles," cleaning up the sound. In short, EL-84's are a ton of fun!

The features and operation of the 84-40 Tube Amp are simple and straightforward, designed with the working musician in mind. You won't spend hours trying to dial in the sound. The tone is there from the moment you plug in. It's the perfect amp for recording, rehearsal or small club work.

Two footswitchable channels provide instant access to clean and distorted sounds. The clean channel is bright, punchy and responsive, while the highly flexible overdrive channel delivers everything from a vintage blues tone to a wailing, liquid, "modern" solo voice. Passive tone controls set desired amounts of treble, mid and bass response, with push-pull pots operating two different gain boosts and a bright switch, for added EQ flexibility. Long spring reverb adds smooth ambience to both channels, and a buffered effects loop places signal processing after the pre-amp for quietest operation.

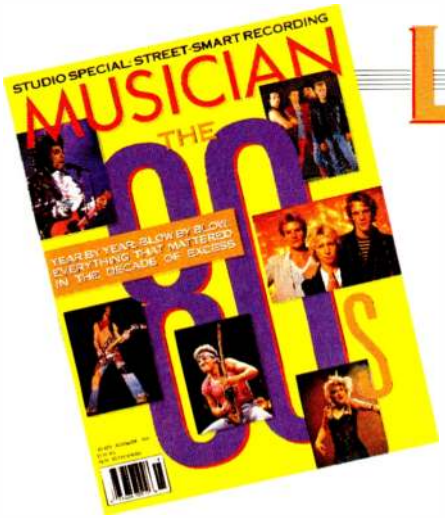
With 40 conservatively-rated watts driving a heavy duty 12" speaker, the 84-40 Tube Amp is amazingly loud for its size. For players who prefer a vintage tone with a tighter low end response, a 2x10 speaker configuration is also available.

Designed with simplicity, affordability and great tone in mind, the 84-40 Tube is destined to be a future classic.

Send $2 for our brochure and nearest dealer information.


DUNCAN
SEYMOUR DUNCAN RESEARCH

# LETTERS




## '80s: Other Voices

I FOUND YOUR November '89 issue to be a tremendous bore. Who cares about the decade in music? We've all been Madonna'ed and U2'ed to death. The mass-marketing of rock 'n' roll in this particularly dismal decade just about removed any spontaneity from the music.

Get back on track bringing the latest news on new and challenging artists, not the ones with good p.r. departments.

***Roger Wrobel***
Los Osos, CA

TO CLAIM your '80s issue covers "everything that mattered" is hilarious. Everything that went platinum is more like it. To ignore King Crimson, Todd Rundgren, Brian Eno, Laurie Anderson, the Roches and particularly XTC, who released eight excellent albums in the '80s, is unbelievable. Why didn't you just reprint *Billboard*'s Top 10 albums for each year?

***Curtis Martens***
Wichita, KS

AS USUAL we have a token black representation on the cover of the November issue. I just wonder why Michael Jackson wasn't chosen instead. I guess he didn't use enough bleach.

***Eugene Flowers***
Altus, OK

IN THE 1980s Canadian power trio Rush sold about 10 million albums in the U.S. They released eight LPs (nine before next year), all of which went gold and six platinum. Based on sales alone, this prolific group was certainly a prominent figure of the '80s. So why the sweeping omission?

***Samuel Scott***
Lexington, KY

## The Hits Keep Comin'

BILL FLANAGAN'S excellent, thoughtful recapitulation of the '80s ("The Age of Excess," Nov. '89) hit the nail on the proverbial head, but the accompanying sidebar on one-hit wonders was way off the mark. Naked Eyes had three Top 40 hits subsequent to the one mentioned, Pet Shop Boys followed the chart-topping success of "West End Girls" with a Top 10 hit ("Opportunities") three months later, a-Ha hit number 20 the following year, Survivor had six Top 20s in the '80s and Kim Carnes had six Top 40s.

A few candidates for the '80s: Laid Back ("White Horse," 1984), Aldo Nova ("Fantasy," 1982), Peter Schilling ("Major Tom," 1983) and the Vapors ("Turning Japanese," 1980).

***Ira Robbins***
New York, NY

MUCH AS WE might want to forget, Tiffany had *another* number one hit three months later with "Could've Been," and two more Top 10 hits the following year.

I realize this list was probably included as a tongue-in-cheek afterthought to complement Bill Flanagan's article, but it would have been all the more entertaining if it were based on truth.

***Alan Kennedy***
New York, NY

HOW CAN a group (Berlin) follow its "one hit" with a number one single? Who researched your list anyway?

***Kevin Crossman***
Palo Alto, CA

## Madonna Complex

I SINCERELY HOPE that as the 1980s draw to a close we see the backside not only of Madonna but of the ambivalent writing with which Mark Rowland closed out your 1980s issue (*Backside*, Nov. '89).

Too much journalism in the 1980s has been of the sort Rowland gives us in that article: writing which stands for nothing, falls for anything and ultimately does little more than show us how hip the writer is.

Writers such as Rowland are afraid to show that they have any standards or beliefs in music which they bring to their evaluation. They don't really like Madonna, but they make it clear they're savvy enough to "get" her.

Perhaps sincerity could become a trend for the '90s instead of poses and ironic detachment.

***Robert Hargadon***
Montreal, Canada

THAT WAS the most accurate and the most well-deserved article that I have read on Madonna. Ever.

***Antonio Sirna***
Rock Island, IL

WHAT IN THE HELL was that article on Madonna all about?

***Marty Revels***
Smyrna, SC

I NOTICED that Mark Rowland was careful not to use the term "artist of the decade."

***Joseph Kusner***
Drexel Hill, PA

## All That Jazz

I FOUND Scott Isler's comment concerning Kenny Aronoff not having a "jazz background" (*Faces*, Nov. '89) rather off base.

When I first saw him in Bloomington over 10 years ago, playing with Terry Cook, he was ripping through versions of "Mister P.C." and "Straight, No Chaser." Back then he didn't listen to pop music, much less play it. This might be surprising to people who know him only as a rock drummer, but he has talked about it in interviews. A little research would have avoided the printing of erroneous information.

***Jerome Deupree***
Somerville, MA

## Spinning Wheels

YOUR RECORD REVIEWS are usually right on the mark. Not so with Kristine McKenna's review of the Rolling Stones' *Steel Wheels* (Nov. '89). Mick Jagger's voice is in top form, as is the rest of the band. So it's no *Exile on Main Street*. The Stones obviously aren't living in the past.

***James Sauvé III***
Mesa, AZ

GIVING *STEEL WHEELS* a lukewarm review while praising Janet Jackson's *Rhythm Nation* and Madonna may be appropriate in magazines that make a business of venerating pop culture. But in a magazine that calls itself *Musician* we should certainly expect better.

It seems to me that the biggest difference between the '70s and the '80s is that during the '70s we recognized disco for what it was.

***Ron Wilkerson***
Beverly Hills, CA

## Invisible Ink

*Due to an editing error, the D.J. Jazzy Jeff & the Fresh Prince and Shotgun Messiah album reviews were conflated in our Jan. '90 issue. A correct version of each review appears on page 122. Jock Baird's byline was left off his article "A&R Project" in the December '89 issue. And we mentioned Stevie Ray Vaughan's string gauges (Dec. '89), but not what kind he uses. Why, GHS Nickel Rockers, of course.*

PLEASE SEND LETTERS TO: *MUSICIAN*, 1515 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NY 10036.

# Only Sony could add this principle to a portable CD player.

### Introducing the first CD player with Digital Signal Processing.

The next movement of the digital audio revolution is upon us. It's called Digital Signal Processing (DSP). Simply put, DSP is the biggest breakthrough since the digital Compact Disc itself. So who else but Sony, the inventor of the Compact Disc, could bring it to you first. In the new D-555 Discman® portable CD player.

DSP is such an important step forward because it allows you to digitally enhance CD sound reproduction by utilizing several different functions, without adding undesirable noise, distortion or phase shift.

Just contemplate the possibilities. Add digital bass boost below 80 Hz, for optimizing headphone bass response. Adjust digital dynamic range compression, for listening to CD's in the high ambient noise environment of the car. There's also digital surround and digital graphic equalization at five frequency positions.

The D-555 is also accompanied by an 8X oversampling filter with noise shaping, plus dual D/A converters, for the finest music reproduction available from a portable CD player today.


And for the finale, the D-555 even features an optical output port, for direct interface with other digital components of the future.

The Sony D-555 Discman. It's the only digital CD player that lets you fine tune your music...digitally.

**SONY.**

THE LEADER IN DIGITAL AUDIO™


# THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS
# FLOOD

**A BOAT FULL OF SONGS FROM TWO GUYS NAMED JOHN.**

**NINETEEN NEW TRACKS DIRECT FROM BROOKLYN. MAJOR MUSIC FOR THEIR MAJOR LABEL DEBUT.**

**FEATURING "BIRDHOUSE IN YOUR SOUL," "ISTANBUL (NOT CONSTANTINOPLE)" AND "SOMEONE KEEPS MOVING MY CHAIR."**

PRODUCED BY THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS
(WITH 4 TRACKS PRODUCED BY
CLIVE LANGER AND ALAN WINSTANLEY)

Elektra

**GET YOUR FEET WET....ON ELEKTRA CASSETTES, COMPACT DISCS AND RECORDS.**

# FACES

## NAJMA

### Between labels

THE POSTERS at New York's Town Hall for Najma's debut U.S. concert announced an evening of "ethno-jazz." Ethno-jazz?!

"I told them not to put 'ethno-jazz' on it," Najma says a few days later, "but then I thought, how to describe my music?"

How indeed. Call it ethno-jazz if you must; just one intriguing aspect of what Najma Akhtar does is her music's insidious ability to escape any confining labels. The 25-year-old singer composes melodies for ghazals, the popular (in India) form of Urdu love poetry. On her *Qareeb* ("Nearness") album, though, the music teeters enticingly between east and west, employing electric bass, keyboards, saxophone and overdubbed vocals as well as tabla, santūr and violin.

Najma herself (she doesn't use her surname professionally) is a living example of cultural fusion. Born and raised in England, her British accent is redolent more of fish and chips than vindaloo. The first time she went to India she was hospitalized for six months with jaundice and malaria. But she professes little knowledge of British pop music, thanks to a strict upbringing: "As soon as we got home from school we'd change into Indian clothes."

Interested in music, she began singing lessons in 1984. Her voice teacher persuaded her parents to enter her in that year's Birmingham (England) Asian Song Contest, and Najma walked away with first prize. Despite that auspicious beginning, she claims she didn't get serious about singing until 1988 "when I thought, 'God, I must practice here!'"

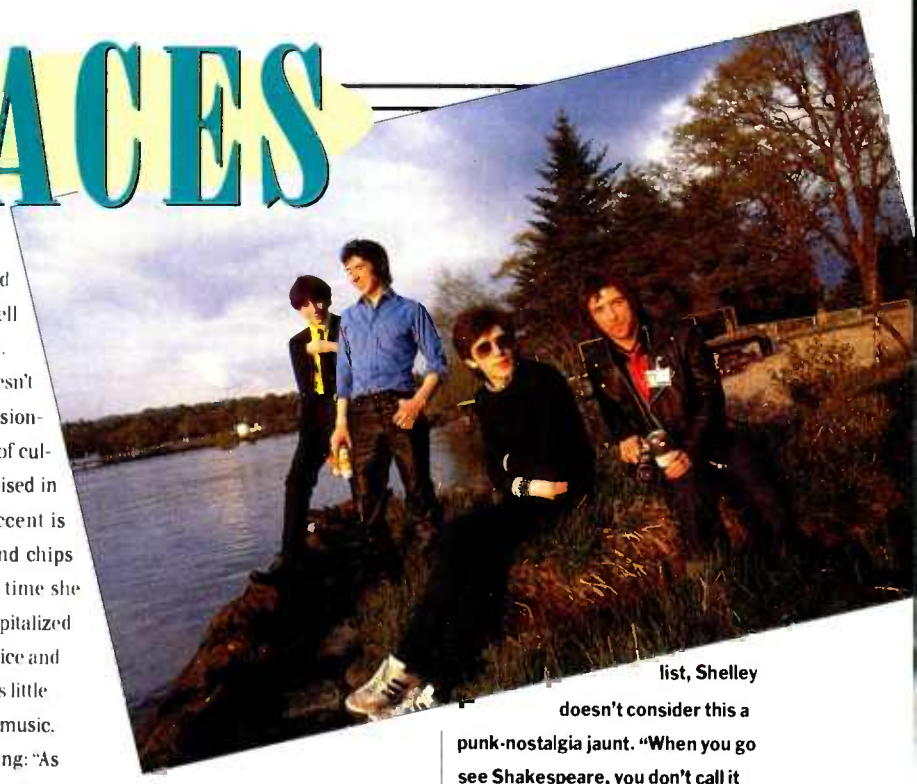
By then she'd already released two albums, the first a "very traditional" affair recorded in Bombay with "a lot of sitar and flute, and all that kind of thing." After returning to England she met Iain Scott of London-based Triple Earth Records who, Najma says, "had the idea of pushing ghazal out to a European market." *Qareeb* was the result. (Shanachie has issued the album in the U.S.)

Puzzled at first by the enthusiasm of non-Urdu-speaking audiences, Najma has gone even further on *Atish* ("Fire"), *Qareeb*'s follow-up, recording J.D. Souther's "Faithless Love"—her first English-language vocal. "They wanted me to write one, but all the lyrics I came out with my producer said were corny."

The woman obviously has thick skin to go with her sunny disposition. She was less nervous during her New York show than "angry with myself for getting a cold! I was just annoyed that my nose kept running!"

Najma and her music—whatever it's called—should run for a while.

*—Scott Isler*



## BUZZCOCKS

### Just like Shakespeare

**WHEN STEVE DIGGLE changed the name of his band from Flag of Convenience to Buzzcocks F.O.C. last spring, inevitable rumors claimed the mighty pop-punk Buzzcocks had gotten back together. But what happened next was less inevitable. They got back together.**

**"Promoters started inquiring about doing tours just to see what the interest would be," singer/guitarist Pete Shelley says. When Ian Copeland of FBI made a firm offer, Shelley assembled the almost-original lineup (minus early defector Howard Devoto), raced through two weeks of rehearsals, and bam: Off to America for 20 dates.**

**Though the band, which split in 1981, plays from an all-oldies set list, Shelley doesn't consider this a punk-nostalgia jaunt. "When you go see Shakespeare, you don't call it nostalgia, d'you?" he remarks. "'Cause you can see it translated into life as it is."**

**"Playing's not the same," Diggle breaks in. "There's not as much thrashing about, though it's still pretty fast."**

**In concert, they're both right. There's something knowing in Shelley's crystalline delivery that adds humor to his lovesick-teen laments, and the guitar attack is crisp.**

**And by coincidence there's a new Buzzcocks release . . . sort of. In December Restless shipped a three-CD/cassette boxed set called *Product* that contains all the Buzzcocks' studio LPs; one unreleased track, "I Look Alone"; and a live tape from a 1978 gig at London's Lyceum.**

**"But we don't have a record coming out," Shelley says. "Any talk of *that* is premature." For now.**

***—Kathi Whalen***

*Photographs: (top) Adrian Boot/LFI; Aldo Mauro*

## "SAUCER"'S APPRENTICE DIES

**THE CURRENTLY debated topic of record sampling was ancient history to Dickie Goodman, who died November 6. In 1956 Goodman and partner Bill Buchanan released "The Flying Saucer," a 45 r.p.m. "news" report of an alien invasion. The record's humorous punchlines were taped from rock 'n' roll singles. "The Flying Saucer" was an instant hit, especially with attorneys; Buchanan and Goodman faced over a dozen lawsuits from the "sampled" record companies. (They settled out of court.)**

**With that auspicious beginning, Goodman—Buchanan soon dropped out—launched a singular career of making similar records lampooning TV shows, movies and even politics. Goodman, 55, shot himself.**

***—Scott Isler***

## CLINT BLACK

### It's trad, pard

CLINT BLACK, country music star, is not about to bite the hand that feeds him. "Country radio has beeen beddy beddy goood to me," he says with a nervous laugh when commenting on that medium's largely soft-rock-with-a-twang format. And Black, the newest of the new trad C&W singers, has been real good for country radio.

Only two years ago he was playing solo in local bars around his home town of Houston, Texas, listening to the radio and finding his own voice. "I've mimicked everybody," Black admits. "Merle, Lefty, Webb Pierce—just experimenting, wondering if it can be incorporated into my music."

After meeting his lead guitarist/co-writer Hayden Nicholas in a pickup band at a country club, Black's star began to rise rapidly. "We kind of hit it off together," Nicholas says, "and we made arrangements for him to come over and check out my little home studio."

The pair were soon collaborating on songs and inviting local players over to record their demos. Those same players became Black's full-time band and helped him turn those demos into the richly detailed songs of workaday people that lifted *Clint Black*, his first record, to the top of last year's country charts.

While his Haggardesque drawl is a welcome relief on the dial, Black sees the positive side of sharing air space with the Milsaps and the Alabamas. "There *is* a lot of stuff that leans more towards the Beatles than Lefty Frizzell," he says, "but I think it's good for us. Rock radio has a huge variety of styles, and if we do the same with country we have a better chance of drawing more people in."

*—Pete Cronin*

## PYLON

### Still "Crazy"...

THEY ONCE STOOD head to head with the B-52's as the coolest dance-rock band around. They've been revered by R.E.M. (who recorded their "Crazy" a while back). Their moody, angular rock had them on the threshold of the big leagues when they broke up five years ago. Now the legendary Pylon is back.

Formed by art students in Athens, Georgia in 1979, Pylon had played a handful of gigs when they started getting raves in the press. Next came loads of touring and two acclaimed albums. Then it fell apart.

"It was not really a child of our making," drummer Curtis Crowe says. "It was an art project for us to go into rock 'n' roll, and we could either go pro or get out. So we got out."

But after working odd jobs, starting families and finishing college, they realized how much they loved lugging around amps and sleeping in buses. "At one time we believed the band was keeping us from our artistic fulfillment," Crowe explains. "It just came around, doin' the real world thing, that that's a perfect marriage: art life and hand life."

But have five years of evolving popular trends changed Pylon's musical bearing? "A lot of people are asking who we were versus who we are," Crowe says, "and that's not a valid distinction. There's only one thing we can do and that's what we do. Except for that time slot, nothing's changed."

As singer Vanessa Briscoe-Hay sums up, "We got back on the train about the same place we got off."

*—Thomas Anderson*

*Photographs: (top) Beth Gwinn/Retna; (bottom) Terri Bloom; Illustration: Mark Marek*

## THE GAP BAND

### No soup, less nuts

ASKED WHY the new Gap Band album, *Round Trip*, lacks some of the speedball lunacy of Gap hits from five and ten years ago, Ronnie Wilson paraphrases the Good Book. "When I was a child," he says, "I did childish things. But you become a man. You mature. This time we didn't try to create. We just tried to get in the groove."

Actually, that sort of sums up the Gap: not creating, just getting in the groove. They weren't the world's boldest innovators when they blew in like a breath of funky air back in the late '70s. The Gap laid down the law with hard-bitten funk burners like "Oops Upside Your Head," "You Dropped a Bomb on Me" and "Early in the Morning," but they never pretended to be blazing trails.

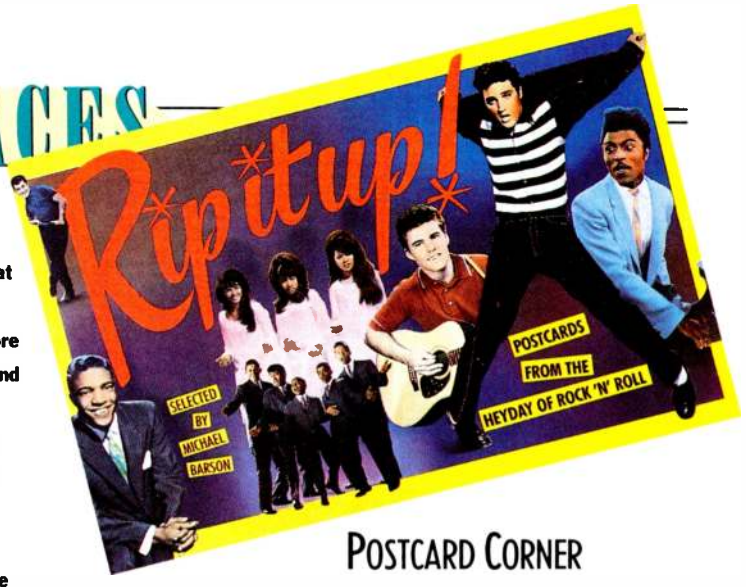
Wilson freely acknowledges that George Clinton, among others, pioneered this territory long before Ronnie and his brothers Charlie and Robert got there. "George was a great influence on the group," he says. "Most groups now feel like they can take the credit for their success. But you can't listen to music that's before you and not be influenced in some way."

It's worth noting at this juncture that, though Clinton did it first, few people ever did it better than the Gap. Which is why their silence of the last few years (years spent largely in litigation with a former record label) has been so frustrating. And now, more frustration. Because even though the Gap has returned, longtime fans might find *Round Trip* a faintly tepid affair.

Wilson offers no apologies. When you're young, he says, "you're wild. You just go for it." Meaning that the Gap's not so young anymore. Not so wild. And it finds itself attempting the delicate balancing act of appealing not only to longtime fans but also to kids who haven't the faintest notion what a Gap Band is. It's a challenge Wilson appears to relish, and there's even a little impatience in the way he brushes aside rhapsodic remembrances of jams past.

"We have to be careful," he says, "that we don't give the people warmed-over soup."

—*Leonard Pitts, Jr.*




## POSTCARD CORNER

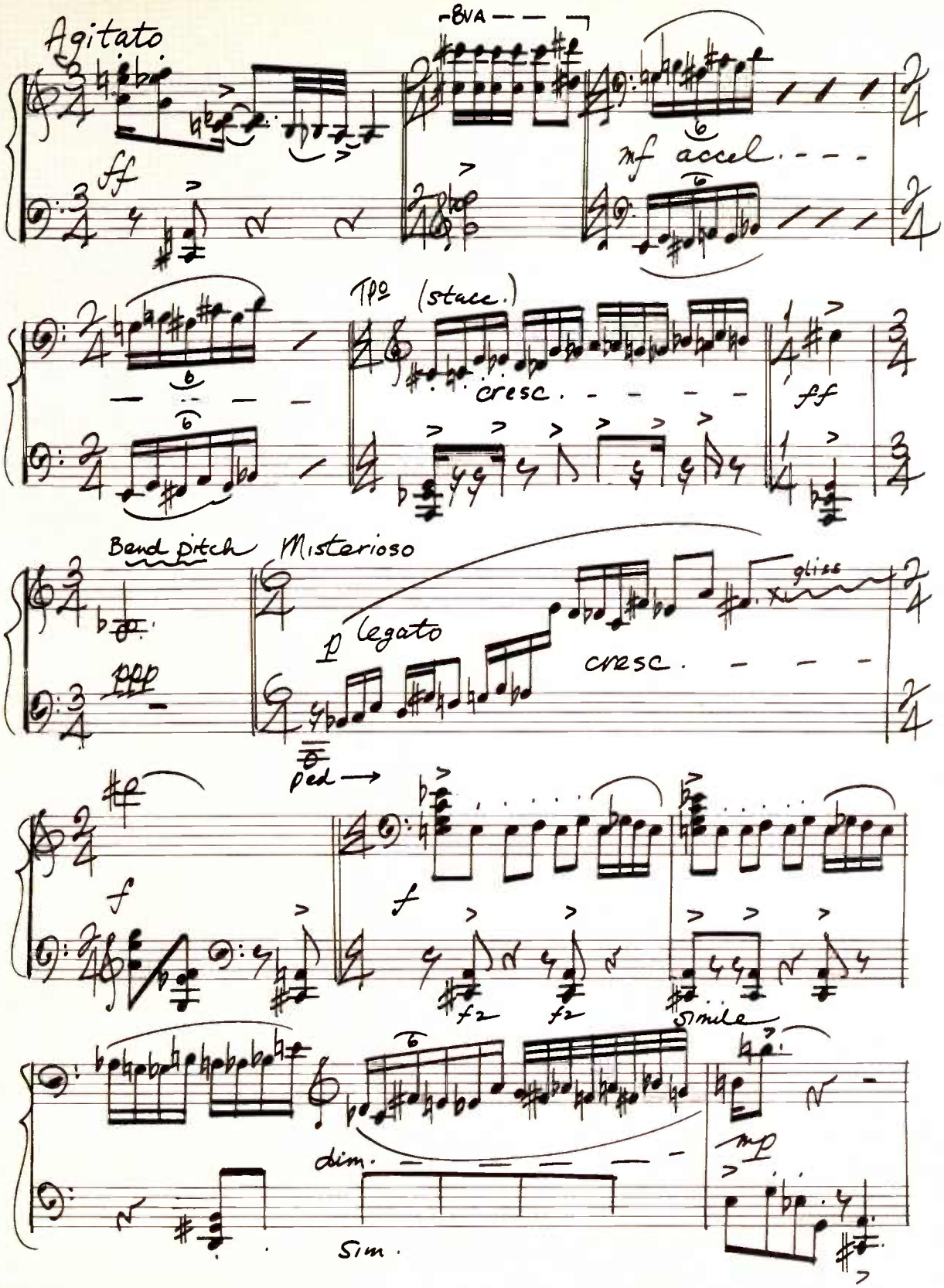
THIS MONTH'S book of detachable postcards (no, this is not a regular column) is *Rip It Up! Postcards from the Heyday of Rock 'n' Roll* (Pantheon). The oversize cards reproduce movie posters, record and magazine covers and other ephemera from the late '40s through early '60s. Each card carries a few lines of smart-ass commentary from Michael Barson; the rest is up to you, though you probably won't want to part with some of these awe-inspiring items (e.g. the publication *Tommy Sands vs. Belafonte and Elvis*). Maybe you'll have to buy two copies. Maybe that's the idea.—*Scott Isler*

## ROCK ON IN CLEVELAND

THERE WERE SIGHS OF RELIEF in Cleveland the night of November 15, as that city's projected Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum squeaked past a financial deadline. Officials claimed victory at meeting the fund-raising terms imposed by the New York-based Rock and Roll Hall of Fame Foundation (*Faces*, Nov. '89)—despite being turned down for a $7 million federal Urban Development Action Grant. Public funding accounts for about $28 million of the $40.24 million raised so far toward the $48 million institution. *Forbes* magazine contributed over $10,000. (Alright, Malc!) The hall has a spring, 1992 scheduled opening, with admission planned for around $10. Tickets are not yet on sale.

—*Scott Isler*

# The better you read this page, the more you'll appreciate our new keyboard.

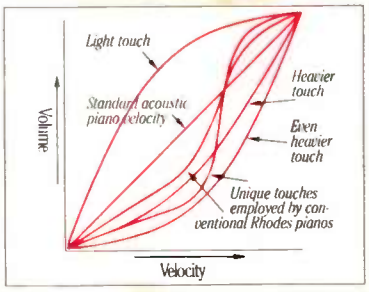


# Ditto.

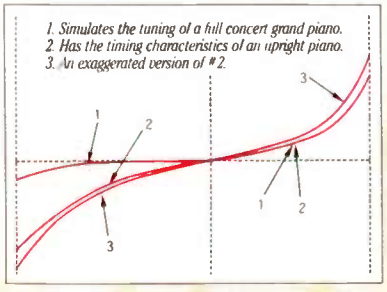
If you want to read the other side first, go right ahead. You're exactly the kind of person we're looking for, so we're more than happy to wait for you.

Now that you're back, get ready to find out all about the new Rhodes MK-80. Or as we like to think of it, your next keyboard.

What makes us so confident that you're going to want this keyboard? Two things, really. The fact that our ingenious stretch tuning method accurately duplicates the inharmonicity of an acoustical piano. And the equally remarkable fact that our Advanced Structured Adaptive synthesis actually allows you to modify the harmonic content of your sounds.




*It's one thing for a keyboard to have a nice feel. It's quite another for a keyboard to have six, all of which can be stored as parameters in the user memory.*




*These are the stretched tuning curves that give the new Rhodes its unique sound. If you want to find out how they work, read the ad.*

Either one of those is quite a technological breakthrough. Together, they're only slightly less impressive than cold-fusion.

The MK-80 comes standard with perfected digital versions of the sounds Harold Rhodes himself pursued as "ideal": The classic tone, with its thick sustain and sharp attack; a modified sound with a higher harmonic content; a blended sound that's a combination of the first two; and a contemporary sound with bell-like qualities of synthesizer-based Rhodes sounds. Add to those four other extraordinary sounds — concert grand piano, electric grand piano, clavi, and vibraphone — and you've got an instrument that's ideal for performing.

As extraordinary as these sounds are, however, you may only want to use them as starting points. Which is fine. The MK-80 is equipped with tremolo, chorus, EQ, and phaser, as well as a three-band equalizer with parametric mid-range for advanced tonal adjustments. You can even edit the harmonics of the tones using a Macro Edit function on the ASA Operator level. And an Auto-Bend parameter allows you to apply a velocity-sensitive pitch envelope to your sounds.

What this means is that you can create all the legendary Rhodes sounds of the past 20 years, as well as new sounds you never imagined possible.

Then, once you've sculpted the sound you want, you can save it, along with 55 of its comrades, in the user memory. With variations on everything from Macro Edit, parameter settings and effects on/off switching to MIDI messages.

As if that weren't enough, the MK-80 is also a formidable MIDI controller.

There's plenty more. For example, we didn't even begin to tell you about the smaller, yet equally impressive, MK-60. (Just to whet your appetite: We packed many of the same features into a 64-note keyboard that uses an octave shift to play the complete 88-note range.)

But since you've read this far, it's fair to assume that you're interested in seeing the new Rhodes firsthand. In fact, you're no doubt already wondering who in their right mind is going to take your old keyboard off your hands.

Probably someone who wasn't lucky enough to read this ad.

Or good enough.

**Rhodes®**

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

TRANSITIONS

# The Del Fuegos Get Serious

*Crawling from the wreckage with some help from J. Geils*

BY

***Bill Stephen***

THE PAST TWO YEARS have been cathartic for the Del Fuegos, the Boston-based band that rose to national prominence on Miller Beer commercials and four-on-the-floor rock 'n' roll. Jettisoning their record company, their longtime producer Mitchell Froom and two members of the band, one a brother, co-founders Dan Zanes and Tom Lloyd wrestled with the ghost of lost success before rising into the daylight with *Smoking in the Fields*, a new record that boasts J. Geils veterans Seth Justman and Magic Dick Salwitz.

Between *Stand Up*, their third and least accomplished effort, and this album the Fuegos rode a rollercoaster of turmoil. The band had lost sight of who they were and what they were out to do. "We thought that no matter what we did," remembers singer/songwriter Zanes, "people were going to love it, so we took it easy and didn't give much out." After the success of their second record, *Boston, Mass.*, the letdown of *Stand Up* shook their confidence. Communication among the members fractured, and the Fuegos' demise was imminent. Lloyd left the band after the last tour, although neither he nor Zanes performed last rites. The Del Fuegos called a hiatus due to lack of interest.

The problems that drove them further from their music remain personal, but when

• Nuevos Fuegos onstage: Roth, Zanes, Donnelly and Lloyd •

the smoke cleared guitarist Warren Zanes and drummer Woody Giessmann were gone. Zanes and Lloyd eventually gravitated back together, although now they were a duo looking for sidemen, the antithesis of what they wanted to be 10 years earlier: a band.

"They've had a tough road," comments Justman, whose Hammond B-3 throughout *Smoking* conjures memories of J. Geils. "They've made a strong effort with this album and they need to continue on a path that reflects their desires in rock 'n' roll, what they feel they want to say musically. The music then has to reverberate their intentions. That will provide them with a strong foundation and when people hear it they'll get a sense of who they are and what they're trying to say. For the Fuegos, it's a matter of doing what they believe in, doing it hard and trying to grow. The new members [Adam Roth on guitars and Joe Donnelly on drums] take them up a few notches and they're taking their music seriously."

A lot of that evolution comes through in Zanes' songwriting. Lyrically, he's looking into corners, exploring and revealing emotions once too difficult to unravel. "I don't feel there's much connection between what we were doing before and what we're doing now," says Zanes. "To me it feels like a new project even though I'm still writing most of the songs and Tom's playing bass and singing most of the harmonies. The last two years have resulted in a big difference in my songwriting. I'm proud of this record because of what I've gone through—the pain, if you will," he laughs, "of everything that's happened. I went into writing these songs believing I had to be more vulnerable, get down a couple of levels into emotions I'd never exposed before. I had to make it like it was going to be my last album.

"In this record I'm not trying to be clever. I love Elvis Costello but I don't have his ability to turn a phrase and I've always tried in the past to do that kind of thing at the expense of emotion. Now, I'm realizing who I am as a songwriter and I do my own thing for better or worse."

On *Smoking in the Fields* Zanes has rolled up his sleeves. The album's smooth, almost elegant at times. It fluctuates between influences, from Tom Petty–like ballads to Rolling Stones rockers. Unlike their previous productions, which often tempered the band's musical ideas, new producer/engineer Dave Thoener (J. Geils,

Photograph: Larry Busacca/Retna

# More Experts Agree.

## Introducing the Hartke XL Series


For Tom, Will, Stuart and Jack, their sound is everything. Whether it's Tom's amazing career with Aerosmith, Will's Late Night funk, Stuart's radical playing with Joe Satriani, or Jack's groundbreaking work with Cream, these extraordinary musicians have the credentials to be called bass *experts*. Artists such as these can choose any bass system in the world, but time and time again their choice is Hartke.

The new Hartke XL Series represents an impressive new development in Hartke aluminum driver design. The XL Series redefines the famous Hartke tone; it's deeper, warmer, faster, *punchier*. The new XL Series is available in 4-10, 2-10 and 1-15 configurations, to suit every bass player's needs.

Stop by an authorized Hartke dealer and find out what the experts already know; the new Hartke XL Series bass cabinets can take *your* sound to a new level of expression.

**Hartke Systems**
*Transient Attack* »»

Hartke Systems distributed exclusively worldwide by;

**SAMSON®**
**Samson Technologies Corp.**
**485-19 South Broadway, Hicksville N.Y. 11801**
**(516) 932-3810 FAX- (516)932-3815**

John Mellencamp, Rosanne Cash) used their ideas to develop the arrangements with strings, horns, keyboards and the punctuating harp of Magic Dick; all without sacrificing rock 'n' roll muscle. On "Headlights" Magic Dick sets the tone with screeching, near-diabolical city street sounds, only to come back on a song like "Lost Weekend" with a lyrical harmonica passage. Justman delivers sparse keyboard sounds, accompaniments rather than solos.

For Seth Justman and Magic Dick, who came in after most of the album was recorded, the Fuegos brought home the past. They were flattered to be part of this new groove, and at the same time they heard a lot of J. Geils in the Fuegos, something that may have caused them to overwork their contributions. Brought in to flesh out the songs, their first efforts seemed overwhelming. "Seth and Magic Dick came in with these arrangements that were all over the songs," explains Tom. "We said no, and Dan, me and Thoener would cut it down. We'd sing things we were feeling in the song so they could interpret it. On 'Dreams of You,' though, their original arrangements stood."

While the J. Geils alumni played a key role, *Smoking in the Fields* is really the result of the new, sophisticated Del Fuegos. "Finally, we have a group where everyone is at the same musical level," comments Lloyd, which indicates his previous frustrations. "The fact that Woody and Warren left was a natural progression. When we discovered Joe and Adam it was a breath of fresh air."

The new Fuegos find Donnelly providing a solid anchor, a journeyman whose big, out-front drumming pushes Zanes' vocals while tightening up the overall sound. "Joe and I worked for months on establishing the groove," says Lloyd. "So when we made the record we were able to allow the guitars to be loose around a very solid bass and drum." Donnelly, a 12-year veteran of the Boston music scene, recalls, "When I got the call I canceled a month's worth of gigs with six bands. I was doing everything from weddings to bars, but I'd always been a fan of the band and this was a dream come true."

Roth, long a fixture on the New York circuit, is not a fast-lick guitarist. He tends toward blues-based licks, accented with power chords. From the plaintive to the crunching, his solos uncannily echo Zanes' lyrics, weaving in and out of the arrangement with tasteful bites, à la Stevie Ray Vaughan or Buddy Guy. Roth enjoys the idea of being a contributor and not a sideman. "The moment I joined I stopped being a gun for hire. I didn't want to join the band on that level." The enthusiasm helps Dan and Tom look excitedly toward the future. They keep a healthy grip on reality, though, while climbing back up the ladder. "As a general rule," Zanes says, "young people don't handle success very well. It's been strange, these last two years. Everyone thought we'd broken up. It was as if the Fuegos had never existed. After all, if you're not recognized on a daily basis you think it's all over," he laughs.

Lloyd concurs. "It wasn't fun anymore, but since then Dan and I have worked on communication, which is something we really lacked before."

For the Del Fuegos, this is a second chance. There's a new label (RCA), new players and a new attitude. "Joe and Adam have helped us grow a lot and communicate better onstage," explains Lloyd, "and that's what our music is all about. The ethic of the band is to work hard and say what you mean, and do it how you mean it. They've put us in a harder-working frame of mind."

The J. Geils boys know a bit about what the Fuegos are wrestling with. "We had early notoriety, too," says Justman, "and it became a rollercoaster ride throughout our whole career. We didn't break out into the mega-level until our eleventh to twelfth record."

Magic Dick agrees that the road was long for J. Geils, but that they made a concerted effort to stay true to their music, eschewing endorsements and continually improving their craft. "I don't subscribe to rock 'n' roll as a commercial vehicle," he says. "It was one of the reasons it took us so long to break through. We were approached by all kinds of companies, but you have to be true to yourself."

It takes stamina to travel the high road. The Del Fuegos now have to deal with lost opportunity, the hurt and divisiveness of fractured dreams and relationships. But the energy of Joe Donnelly is infectious and Adam Roth leaves little doubt he's in for the haul.

"We have a plan of action," said Zanes. "We're back, and this time we're out to please ourselves. It's just like being on the road and fortunately we've made it to better scenery. We feel good about things, but in every way the band has a long way to go." Zanes smiles. "And that's kind of exciting."

## O'HARA

[*cont'd from page 22*] Does she feel vindicated? "Only if I get to make another one," O'Hara responds quickly, "produce it with a good engineer and finish it myself. Then I'll feel vindicated."

Still, she admits, "I do feel great that *Miss America* can be heard. That's what I held out for: to be dropped or for it to be let out. As long as you don't care about being dropped, you can hold on."

Mary Margaret O'Hara is living proof of the power of pig-headed determination. "People always say you've got to know what you want, but mine was a negative thing. I just didn't want to budge."

## SMOKING STICKS

**MAKING THE RECORD I used whatever was lying around that sounded right for the song," DAN ZANES says. "I played Adam's Strat with a Seymour Duncan Firebird pickup through a Mesa-Boogie head and Marshall cabinet on a lot of tunes. I also have a '58 reissue Telecaster. For acoustics I use a Martin D-38 on everything. Live I play an Eric Clapton Strat through an ADA rack with an Alesis QuadraVerb and Mesa-Boogie cabinet."**

**ADAM ROTH has four main axes: a Gibson Explorer reissue, a mongrel Strat with a Tele neck, ESP body and Seymour Duncan pickups, a '66 SG Custom, and an '85 Rickenbacker 12-string, with D'Angelico .010 heavy concept strings. For amps he uses an Ampeg Rocket Reverb, ADA 200S power amp, Mesa-Boogie 60-watt guitar head, and Boogie cabinet with EV Black Shadow speakers. His rack includes an Alesis QuadraVerb and an ADA MIDI-programmable tube amp; he likes Samson wireless units and D'Andrea guitar picks.**

**JOE DONNELLY smashes Ludwig drums, crashes Zildjian cymbals and bashes Vic Firth sticks. TOM LLOYD's '62 Reissue Fender Jazz sets the bass pace through two Mesa-Boogie D-180 heads, two SVT 8x10 cabinets and an Ampeg B15. Effects include a dbx 160-X compressor/limiter. He also has two Robin custom basses, and a Guerson cello made for the Comic Opera Company of Paris waaaay back in 1762. And it's still ticking.**

# Ovation® *ELITE*

## *Evolution in Soundhole Design!*

A guitar top is a finely tuned vibrating membrane. Ovation's Elite models have a thinner, more responsive solid spruce top with a unique soundhole design trimmed with four different types of exotic woods. The sound is bigger, more even, and loaded with overtones.

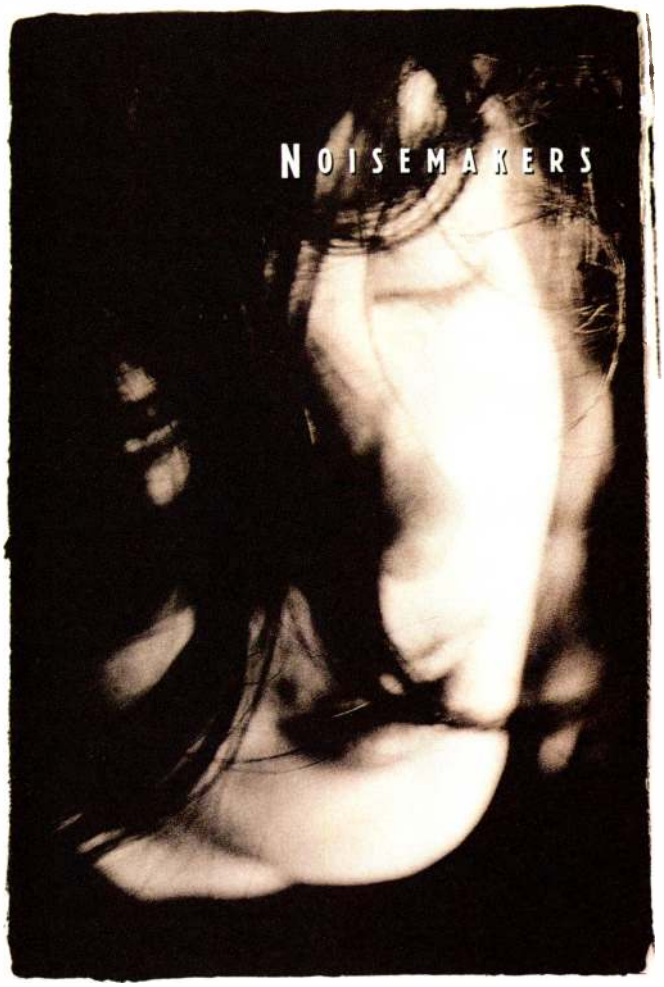
That's because the braces on the Elite all run *parallel* to the grain. Guitars with a traditional soundhole need strong braces which run *across* the grain. Cross bracing stiffens the top, keeps the soundboard rigid, and mutes the sound!

Ovation Elite is simply a better guitar design. Play one today at an Ovation Professional Showroom.

*The Ovation Elite is available in 6 string, 12 string and cutaway models. Colors include the featured white, natural, black and sunburst.*

Kaman Music Corporation, P.O. Box 507, Bloomfield, CT 06002

**KAMAN**




# Don't Mess with This Singer

*Mary Margaret O'Hara hangs tough and wins—five years later*

BY

***Jon Young***

"I'VE NEVER WORRIED about what others thought," smiles Mary Margaret O'Hara sweetly. "In daily life I wonder how I affect people, but in music I don't see anyone around me. I must be unbalanced. But I don't mind. It doesn't stop me from doing what I do."

*Au contraire*, that stubborn concentration is what enabled the soft-spoken Toronto native to make her debut album her way. In the 1984 sessions for *Miss America*, O'Hara imposed her will on a band of more experienced musicians. When the record company balked at the results, she refused to compromise, leading to a stand-off that lasted years. And after Virgin Records finally let her mix the tapes, she had to muzzle a co-producer who thought *he* could mess with the music.

Steely resolve isn't the first thing you'd expect after hearing *Miss America*. A quietly intense collection of folky pop, it ranges from accessible tunes like the catchy "Anew Day" to rambling, less conventional works that carry O'Hara beyond the fringe. "Year in Song," "Not Be Alright" et al. gather a demented momentum as she jumbles lyrics, lapsing into tongues with an unsettling simulation of delirium. "When a song gets into a rant," O'Hara explains, "it seems to have more meaning—not meaning, perhaps, but feeling."

Reaching the point where voice and instruments take unexpected turns, where the buzz of the sound creates its own logic, isn't simply a matter of plugging in and acting goofy however. Creating inspired chaos requires planning. When O'Hara, newly signed to Virgin UK, entered Rockfield Studios in Wales in '84, she had never led a band. Although she'd previously sung with the Toronto group Go Deo Chorus and had enlisted some of its members for the sessions, this was to be a whole new approach.

"I had a sound in my head I wanted to get out," she recalls. "I love it when a song sounds like one thing—not a voice over music. It's almost like everyone's soloing at the same time." But she notes, "The only way to get that feeling is to set up structures that seem very strict at first. Then once it feels right you can improvise, move all kinds of places within the structure."

If that sounds vague on paper, imagine the mild-mannered O'Hara, who doesn't write music, trying to dictate to a room full of anxious players—singing the bass part, telling the drummer where to strike the beat and so forth. Admitting the first few days were "pretty scary," she notes, "I spent a lot of time saying, 'Don't worry, just play the song for a while.' I wanted them to be like machines until it came together."

Guitarist Rusty McCarthy had no problem going with the flow. "You had to be in a wait mode while everyone searched around for parts," he says. "She'd give you the shell of an idea and you'd do your thing with it. Then you could play around and experiment, the way she does with her singing. I found it relatively easy, although I'm sure others felt there had to be a faster way."

"People can only take so much sometimes," O'Hara laughs. "I'd keep saying 'Don't worry,' then realize they'd all gone catatonic on me."

Eventually everything came together. Although O'Hara concedes some of the band initially hated her guts for "shoving things down their throats," they eventually adapted to her language, cutting 14 tracks in three months. Came time to mix, though, and Virgin abruptly put the project on hold.

"When I first signed, they said, 'Just do what you want. We trust you,'" O'Hara remembers. "So I produced it myself, which they weren't really aware of. Then they got the rough tape and called it off before I could explain what was on there and tell them my plans for overdubbing and mixing."

Denying she was angry, O'Hara insists, "I just felt I wasn't making myself clear. I was very strong about what I wanted to do. Not in a heavy way, but I would phone the company on my own. I learned that people don't like to talk to the artist directly." Rejecting company suggestions of outside input, O'Hara

"They said, 'Do what you want.'" She did.

*Photograph: The Douglas Brothers*

did permit Kevin Killen to remix one track, she says, "because in my contract it says you have to be cooperative."

She gained a supporter when Opal Records artist Michael Brook saw her perform in a Toronto club. Learning of the impasse, the guitarist went to Virgin and offered to mix *Miss America* with O'Hara, rescuing the album from limbo.

However, she ended up butting heads with this newfound ally. "I don't want to get negative, but . . . He asked for a producer credit, which was fine, because he talked Virgin into believing in the record again. But most of the time it was a matter of me saying to him, '*This* is how it should be mixed.'

"There was confusion, because he came in thinking he had to make everything sound different. But it didn't end up that way. It doesn't sound different. I think we're both happy with it now," she adds cheerfully. In any case, Virgin gave the thumbs-up.

Brook did add overdubs to four of the seven surviving tracks from the original sessions and co-produced four others. "It wasn't an inspirational thing, but we did the best we could together. By the end we had a nice relationship," O'Hara says without much conviction. "But I wouldn't say he produced the album."

Now in her early 30s, O'Hara grew up in a "musical and funny" family, where she and seven brothers and sisters were encouraged to "do lots of things." Younger sister Catherine went on to a career as a gifted comedic actress in the "SCTV" series and the feature film *Beetlejuice*, among other projects. Though Mary Margaret apprenticed briefly in a Second City touring company and played bit parts on "SCTV," her heart belongs to music—and graphic arts.

"I still consider drawing the first thing I do," she says, noting that she devoted much of the last few years to visuals, including posters, pen-and-ink sketches (some of which adorn *Miss America*) and the like. "Actually, when you reach a certain level and things are flowing, music and art seem the same to me."

Whatever her preference, music remains on O'Hara's agenda for the immediate future. *Miss America*, which she calls "just a joke name," became a cult favorite upon its U.K. unveiling in late '88, prompting the enthusiastic British press to draw comparisons to Rickie Lee Jones, Throwing Muses and other offbeat luminaries. (Understandably, fewer spotted such influences as Sarah Vaughan and Captain Beefheart.) While the American release almost a year later didn't set the charts on fire, just having it in the stores constitutes a victory. [*cont'd on page 19*]



## MISS AMERICAN PIE

**FOR THE RECORDING of *Miss America*, guitarist RUSTY McCARTHY used a Fender Strat loaded with EMG pickups. DON ROOKE played a Rickenbacker seven-string lap steel guitar, a Supro lap steel and a Takamine acoustic guitar. Bassist DAVID PILTCH opted for an Elias five-string electric upright and a Yamaha electric. HENDRIK RIIK, who split bass duties with Piltch, preferred a Fender with a Seymour Duncan P.J. setup and B.C. Rich Eagle (the same bass, he notes, that Derek Smalls uses in *This Is Spinal Tap*). HUGH MARSH played Barcus-Berry violins. Drummer MICHAEL SLOSKI bashed a Yamaha Recording Series kit with "old beat-up cymbals" of indeterminate origin. MARY MARGARET O'HARA's microphone of choice was and is a Shure SM58.**

# POWERFUL SUPPORT


The Crown 3+3 No-Fault Extended Warranty.™ Powerful support for all Crown amplifier dealers. Allowing you to provide your value-conscious customers with an additional three years of Crown's Full No-Fault Warranty protection. For a very modest price.

For more than 20 years, Crown's Full Three-Year Warranty has led the industry in warranty coverage. Now, our powerful extended warranty program further increases customer satisfaction. And lets you step your customers up to the longest, most comprehensive amplifier warranty available.

In-depth product literature and attention-getting point of purchase support Crown quality and the 3+3 No-Fault Extended Warranty on the sales floor. And to encourage your customers to see you about 3+3, Crown will send response-generating direct mail to past amplifier customers who qualify.

For details about powerful support from the amplifier manufacturer that leads the industry in performance, call your Crown sales representative.

crown®



P.O. Box 1000 • Elkhart, Indiana 46515-1000 • 219/294-8200

"Man, what a night. I think it's the best we've ever played. The show was great, the sound was great, and everybody was talking about the new kit. I mean everybody. Even Matt, and nothing impresses Matt. I knew they sounded great when I bought 'em, but I never expected this. Ya' know, that slogan is starting to make a lot of sense. The best reason to play drums huh...I guess that's what I'm feeling right now, and feeling like this makes it all worth it."

Pearl®
The best reason to play drums.

# "Look at my fingers! Two weeks!"

## *A sideman's-eye view of Buddy Rich*

BY

***Vince Diaz***

IT WAS CLOSE to midnight in the darkened Seattle motel room. The glow of the television set illuminated our faces as the two of us watched Buddy Rich being interviewed by Johnny Carson. Johnny had a playful look on his face as he asked, "Are you really the greatest drummer in the world?" Quick as a flash Buddy answered, "Do you know anybody who plays better?"

In the room, Buddy watched the show without a visible reaction. It was clear that he would not appreciate distractions, so I remained silent during the interview. But as they broke for a commercial I couldn't resist asking him the same question: "Hey Buddy, no shit, are you really the greatest?"

Buddy acted slightly disgusted, as if I had asked an especially dumb question. "Look, man, you take anybody in the world who can move his hands and I'll cut his dick off, okay?"

HIS HANDS were so fast they would literally become a blur, like a hummingbird's wings, as he executed that unbelievable single-stroke roll at the end of "*West Side Story* Medley." Gene Krupa was a beautiful drummer, may he rest in peace, but whenever he and Buddy met in one of those hoked-up "Battles of the Drums" in the '40s and '50s it was no contest: Buddy would eat him alive. Trouble was, Krupa was much more well-known in those days and he always got the loudest applause, especially after his famous tom-tom solo from Benny Goodman's "Sing Sing Sing." At the Metropole Cafe in New York City, Krupa would always finish big with that long tom-tom thing, his shiny black hair thrashing about as he bobbed up and down over the drums in a great show of frenzy. A real crowd pleaser.

Then Buddy would come on for his set, with that smart-ass smirk on his face, and play Krupa's tom-tom solo *with one hand*, reaching down with the other hand, pretending to fix his bass drum pedal. He would do this with a supremely arrogant air of boredom, warming up, so to speak, while the rest of the group took their places on the bandstand. Then he would kick off the first number, shouting signals like a pint-sized quarterback, and the customers at the long bar around the edge of the bandstand would blink uncomprehendingly as Buddy's group began tracing the cruel, atonal convolutions of a bebop tune. Only the musicians in the audience knew the difference between Rich and Krupa, and perhaps it was only the drummers among them who really knew. But Krupa knew. Whenever they met backstage it was only Gene's ingratiating affection and respect that could coax a friendly smile from Buddy's imperious I-cut-you demeanor.

Buddy was like that. He demanded homage, adoration, not only from other drummers but from everybody around him. He had always been like that, from the very beginning, ever since he got that toy drum for Christmas and started marching around rat-a-tat-tat backstage while his mother and father and sisters ran through a tired family act. It was 1919, and in the middle of the excitement of the postwar years and the vaudeville boom times, someone noticed that the three-year-old kid was keeping perfect time to the music. It was uncanny. The kid was playing cadences, paradiddles, rimshots! In no time at all they had him onstage dressed in a sailor suit accompanying a recording of John Philip Sousa's band playing "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean."

Onstage, a king; offstage, a lost soul.

*Photograph: David Redfern/Retna*

The statistics are listed somewhere in *The Guinness Book of World Records*: Traps the Drum Wonder, second highest-paid child star behind Shirley Temple. There was no reason for the family to work any longer; it became everyone's job to look after the familial gold mine. By age four Buddy was signing autographs and his every utterance was lauded to the skies. If Buddy complained about the lighting onstage or a stagehand's failure to acknowledge his presence with the properly subservient attitude, there was damn well something done about it, and quickly. Early on Buddy learned to expect everyone around him to fawn and jump to his commands: hotel clerks, maids, orchestra conductors, other performers. If his tutors complained about verbal abuse they were simply replaced.

Then he got to be 10 or 12 years old and the stage act wasn't cute anymore. The bookings dropped off and Buddy had to start taking his lumps in the New York City public schools along with all the other kids. While he was learning to be polite he began to pick up on the latest rage: jazz! By the time he was 16 he was playing with the best bands in town, which in New York City meant the best in the country. At 18 there wasn't a drummer around who Buddy couldn't carve to pieces with his dazzling technique. But it wasn't only those incredible hands, it was his feel, his time. (Buddy could swing a band to death.) His energy and rhythmic ideas seemed to flow without end.

The first time I saw Buddy play I was a high-school trombone player catching a different band every week at the Hollywood Palladium. He looked extraordinarily loose on the bandstand compared to the rest of the guys, with their eyes glued to their music stands. Even Harry James looked stiff and nervous compared to Buddy. He would scan the crowd around the apron of the stage, flashing that toothy smile, his hands floating over the cymbals and drums like magic. It wasn't until I joined his band years later that I found out why Buddy always looked so cool on a bandstand: He couldn't read music. He had never learned how, there had never been a need. Buddy had one of those electronic ears that captured everything instantly, and on all those records from Artie Shaw and Tommy Dorsey to Charlie Parker he had made up his own drum parts.

This fact may not cut much ice with the rock musicians of today, most of whom don't read music, but it should be remembered that in bands that numbered up to 20 musicians, all those complicated tempo changes, ensemble fills and solo breaks had to be perfectly coordinated—on paper. One beat in the wrong place and the whole band could wind up ass over teakettle. But Buddy had this photographic ear. Twenty-five years later, rehearsing new music with his own band, he would sit out front without his drums and pop his hands while the rest of the rhythm section and the horns ran the new stuff down, once. Then Buddy would get behind the drums and kick it off again, making all the time changes, setting up the ensemble licks, the solo cadenzas and the last chord like he was reading a part.

Thereafter everything had to be letter perfect. The soloists had to be fleet Trojans, pouncing on the time with the swingingest, cuttingest ooobladee of the day or face Buddy's wrath:

"Two weeks!" he would shout from behind his drums, onstage, in the middle of a performance, holding up two fingers and pointing at the offending sideman. And the two weeks' notice wasn't the worst that could happen.


...With soul, imagination, and a power that makes other keyboards back down. The new Peavey DPM™ 3 has a sound that's gutsy and pure, and a responsiveness that puts the music back in *your* hands. And it's totally software-based, making obsolescence obsolete. But best of all, it's American made—by Peavey. Need we say more? See your Peavey dealer for an amazing demonstration.

***If You're Serious About Playing... You're Ready For The DPM™ 3.***

PEAVEY®

**PEAVEY ELECTRONICS CORPORATION** / 711 A Street / Meridian, MS 39302-2898 / U.S.A.

The poor guy who cuffed a note or barged in at the wrong place faced the most vitriolic browbeating ever heard on a bandstand. Sometimes Buddy would fire an entire section in full view of the audience: "You buncha amateurs! Whatsa matter, can't you guys count? One-two-three-four! Can you count up to two? Look at my fingers. Two weeks!"

The band suffered a higher personnel turnover than a kamikaze squadron. Young music-school graduate beboppers passed through the band in phalanxes, 12 abreast. They were either fired or they fled in terror, like Ritchie Cole, who later developed into one of the better jazz saxophonists in the country. (Buddy once chased Ritchie through a crowd waving his fist after a bad scene backstage.) Rick Stepton, one of our short-lived road managers, once spent days on the telephone scouring the country for a lead trumpet player. He finally found Pat Houston in the San Francisco bay area. Houston, a superb player, traveled all the way to Reno only to quit after five minutes of his first rehearsal under Buddy's whip. A month or two later Pat was quoted in *downbeat*: "If I wanted to work for a drill sergeant I would've joined the Army!"

The survivors would pass the time on the bus analyzing that *thing*, that deep rage. It couldn't have been easy being raised like an emperor and then turned loose in a place like New York City where nobody knew about your divinity. It must have been frustrating, all those years, hearing the biggest accolades go to a drummer whose solos you could play with one hand, one finger. And when you had finally regained something resembling your rightful throne as the star of Tommy Dorsey's band, some skinny punk singer from New Jersey came along and eclipsed you! Buddy told me the story:

"I gave Frank shit unmercifully from the first day he joined the band. 'Hey wop! You sound like you got a ravioli caught in your throat!' I'd make fun of his toothpick legs in the dressing room and he would just look at me. Finally one day at the Palace Theater we were walking down the hallway and I started in and all of a sudden he turned around and hit me about 20 times. Wiped me out!"

They became friends after that. When Buddy formed his own band after the war, Sinatra sent him a check for $50,000.

Frank popped up a lot in Buddy's conversations. I would catch Buddy in his hotel room without his toupee and he would bend down to show me his tiny bald spot. "The hell of it is, I got hair, see? Frank, he hasn't got hair!" I got the impression Buddy wore a toupee to look more like Frank. It had the same cut, the same color. Buddy seemed to emulate Sinatra's attitudes and mannerisms, but maybe it was just a coincidence. After all, they were both about the same age, with a similar New York music background. Still, Sinatra seemed so often a point of reference. Once the band was invited to play in Hugh Hefner's living room in Chicago, and when we talked about it afterwards Buddy couldn't help making a comparison: "You know, Frank lives great, but Hefner lives *grand*."

Off the stand, in hotel lobbies and airports, Buddy sometimes looked like a lost soul. We heard rumors that his marriage was in turmoil. The happiest we ever saw Buddy was when his daughter Cathy was around. She was a cute pug-nosed teenager and Buddy called her "Face." Cathy looked like she was scared to death when she watched her father play. She told some of the guys that she couldn't stand to look because he had already had two heart attacks. After that we all wondered too, as Buddy tore into the

drums night after night.

During the last 20 years of his life Buddy literally faced death every time he played. After those two heart attacks his doctor told him to quit playing or risk paralysis. He continued to throw himself into every performance as if it were his last. Listen to the records, it's there. Even when he was filling up every possible space in the band with licks it still wasn't enough. You can hear him seething and chomping at the bit to get to his solos, those blessed spells of relief when he could be totally free, unfettered by meter or arrangements or the ordinary restraints of life. He would attack the drums like a human buzz saw, crashing and booming and rolling thunderous rimshots against the very gates of heaven, demanding that he be allowed to assume his proper place in the order of the universe: *Kill me, you big sonofabitch, kill me if you dare!* When it was over, the guys would file off the bandstand pointing to the huge puddles of sweat under his drum stool.

Don Menza, the superb Hollywood saxophonist and arranger, once told me that Buddy was "a master hot big-band drummer." It doesn't sound like much on the face of it, not compared to "World's Greatest Drummer," the blurb on the concert posters. But it was the way Don looked at me when he said it. I got the feeling that everything that Buddy was—the insane blowups, the weird paradoxes, all of it—was just an extension of his playing, something to keep the music going, to keep it breathing, as if the violence in the music was a reflection of the real world, and Buddy carried it all around inside himself.

All those stories about drugged-out rock musicians destroying hotel rooms? Buddy used to reach those energy levels naturally. I was around him every day for 15 months and I never saw him take a pill or sniff anything. He never even drank. A little grass after the gig to invite the muse. He faced huge jazz festival audiences on nothing more than a breakfast of steak and eggs. Downers and booze to get up your courage were bullshit. Cocaine was for pedestrian souls who wanted to play pretend. Buddy preferred to live on the edge of the undrugged gut-wrenching reality.

Buddy looked mean most of the time, but when he was feeling good he could light up the whole bandstand with a smile. He liked to play cutting games with some of the guys while we were playing. There was this passage in a chart called "Ruth" where the trombone section accompanied one of Buddy's drum solos with short gliss licks. Buddy tried to screw us up every night for months by playing out-of-time, off-the-wall licks. He would have this evil grin on his face looking down at us hanging stubbornly on to the time. After about six months he finally threw us off and he looked radiant, like a mischievous kid who had gotten away with something. It took a hell of a player to mix it up with Buddy and get away with it. Don Menza and guitarist Walt Mahlzan deliberately tried to "burn Buddy out" for weeks on a high-tempo chart we used to play, blowing chorus after chorus, testing Buddy's endurance. Buddy faltered only once, during an especially long night at the Riverboat in New York City, and Don and Walt crowed triumphantly afterwards, as if they had hit a Koufax fastball out of the park.

# Small Monitor. Big Difference.

In the recording business, little things can often make big differences. Studio monitors, highly sophisticated critical listening devices, are certainly no exception. Our Control Series™ compact personal monitoring systems each provide the performance characteristics demanded in today's recording environments.

Take our Control 5™ for example. You get power handling capacity of 175 watts, outstanding dynamic range, smooth frequency response and excellent clarity and imaging. This high power, low distortion system is housed in a non-resonant polypropylene structural foam enclosure.

Today you can find Control 1's in home studios and midi workstations; Control 5's in major recording and teleproduction facilities; Control 10's in foreground and background systems, corporate boardrooms and teleconferencing facilities. And the two-way horn loaded Control 12SR, a logical extension of the technology, in sound reinforcement applications from supper clubs and discotheques to small tour sound systems. Control Series meets such diverse applications because they are, above all else, powerfully honest.

*Control Series. Compact high performance monitors designed to meet a broad range of fixed and mobile applications.*

**Versatility, the Other Advantage.**

Designed to accommodate a wide variety of specialized mounting brackets, Control Series monitors can go virtually anywhere. On the console, on the wall, on the ceiling, in a rack, on a tripod, keyboard or mic stand. Control 10's and 12SR's even come with a built-in handle so they travel like a seasoned professional.

Next time you're looking for a super compact high performance loudspeaker system, remember Control Series then go see your JBL dealer. Look at the specs, then listen to the big difference.

JBL

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

Buddy was full of paradoxes. As strict and demanding as he was about the music, the uniforms, no booze on the stand, etc., he would sometimes put up with some really outrageous scenes. Like the time a junkie lead trumpet player joined the band. At his first rehearsal Buddy spotted this guy's milky pallor and started putting him on. "Welcome to the fold! Did you score anything for the rest of the guys?"

The junkie was a problem right from the beginning, running up advances on two months' salary, borrowing from everybody in the band, knocking on our hotel room doors at six in the morning begging and crying until one of the guys would break down and hand a 20 out the door. He was sick a lot, and when he was sick he couldn't cover the lead book and the whole band would suffer. Buddy never said a word. He carried him on the band for months until the junkie was finally busted in Reno. The rest of us could only surmise that Buddy felt magnanimous being so patient and kind to a junkie, as if it were a really hip thing to do.

There will always be layers and nuances missing from any portrait of Buddy. The street-tough aggressiveness and comic-opera pomposity that people sometimes saw didn't tell the whole story. His personality was labyrinthine, and if you expected to find a snorting Minotaur at the center you might be surprised to find instead a small boy holding a trained ogre on a leash, a beast who he occasionally turned loose to play the drums or keep unwanted intruders at bay.

We used to hang out sometimes, Buddy and I, watching TV after an early concert gig. One time as I was leaving he asked me to bring him some candy and a soda from the vending machines in the lobby. As a joke I brought back about seven different candy bars. I stood over him, holding out the candy like a poker hand as he lay under the covers. "Take your pick," I said. He reached up and snatched them out of my hand. "I'll take 'em all!" he said, and for an instant I saw in his eyes what it was like to be Traps the Drum Wonder, the Rotten Kid, spoiled beyond all hope of redemption, who held the key to a magic music box. Ⓜ

I HAD BEEN TOLD by a friend that I should check out Soundgarden because they were something else. I'd seen them once before and didn't really care, but remembered thinking that the drummer had a really good voice. I walked into the club and was immediately transfixed. It was one of these things where the guy onstage looked like he would have grown up on some miracle mile, a mall kid who, when he's not working out to get on the football team, is spending his time smoking dust in some automobile cruising down some white trash strip. And it was a sight to behold: There were about 30 people there witnessing this outrageous music, and it wasn't like they were thrashing along, it was like they were watching a movie. It was wild."—Jonathan Poneman, Sub Pop Records

*"Let the amps do the talking."—Matt Cameron, Soundgarden drummer*

Okay, I know you're going to think I'm exaggerating. Not exaggerating, really, but lying. I'm not. I'm not lying. I'm not lying when I say the records in the CBGB Canteen are jumping up in the racks at least an eighth of an inch as Soundgarden—a four-man team from Seattle, Washington—do a half-hour-long set. The My Dad Is Dead records are jumping, the Killdozer records are jumping, the Les Thugs records are jumping and the Fugazi records are jumping. Hey, even the new Butthole Surfers album is wiggling a little bit.

# Soundgarden's Full Punk Power Slide

So if those discs are quaking, you know that the humans are shaking. The band has set up in the middle of the joint, and because it's an afternoon promo deal, they boast a laissez-faire demeanor. Still, the crisp deployment of their sludge-filled blast is making two girls stage left pull some sexy stunts. The pair have their eyes closed, and with every crotch thrust they shake their heads slowly, draping their hair in front of their face, slightly smiling as if being fondled. The reaction makes sense, because Soundgarden is stroking them. Staying very low on the strings, guitarists Kim Thayil and Chris Cornell are thumb-rubbing a heavy, heavy riff. Cornell, with twice the hair of either girl, is singing, and although you can't hear all that much of what his ballsetto voice is saying, the slow-moving sonic wave is very easy to get lost in.

The songs they are playing are from *Louder than Love*, Soundgarden's first major-label effort and a record that just might have caused the final fissure in the San Andreas fault. Cornell sings like he has a leopard-skin tongue and fuzzy-

**By Jim Macnie**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FORD

dice testicles. After a bit, the walloping riffs permutate into something everyone knows, "American Woman," and then dissipate into free-form feedback. With their equipment offering a massive, droning soliloquy, the foursome jump down and mingle with the 50 or so fans who had come for a taste of the old pound pound. The College Music Journal Convention is in full swing, and it seems most everybody inside the place is in the know about the band's prior indie outings on the Sub Pop and SST labels. As Soundgarden signs record covers, the hum floats away. The only record left rattling in the racks is Lou Reed's *Metal Machine Music.*

"Soundgarden are somewhere in between, but off to the side as well."—Jonathan Poneman

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST has long been a birthing place of fuzz-drenched rockers from Hendrix to Heart. Seattle has also been a place where a glut of metal, heavy or otherwise, has sprung forth. The foremost proponent of the currently teeming Seattle music scene, and a band aware down to its toenails of a power chord's effect on personal liberation, Soundgarden is the apotheosis of the hard-rock sound that's sprouted up in the city over the last seven years.

Currently documented quite well by the Sub Pop label, this gargantuan blast has been called many things: heavy muddle, shit rock, proto metal and plain old grunge. It's left-of-the-dial music, but it's found a way to stomp with as deep a footprint as any dinosaur. Like their pals and contemporaries in Nirvana, Mudhoney, Tad and Mother Love Bone, Soundgarden is informed by a multitude of vocabularies; they have just as much to do with the transcendent dissonance of Sonic Youth and Glenn Branca as with the trudging goop of now-ancient tribes such as Budgie, Blue Cheer and Black Sabbath. They know all about hardcore's social rhetoric and speed-thrash's respect for vacuous spizz. It's cheap, grimy stuff, and, when done correctly, can cut you in half. Vocal histrionics, excess of volume and a retooling of metal's grandiose imagery are factored into Soundgarden's stance.

Rarely have punk and metal gone to bed together, but in Soundgarden—for the last five years honing its mind-raking blur—the two are absolutely involved in some heavy petting. And the panting can be heard for miles. Major labels roam the country scarfing up hirsute masters of thud as disparate as White Zombie and Raging Slab, and though glam bands are still a proliferating species—gaudy shags and poorly executed hammer-ons will always have a place in rock—the thudpuckers are being taken more seriously by the music industry. Cite their unadulterated power as a selling point. While what currently passes for heavy metal has lots of bet-hedging tinges of pop, Soundgarden and many contemporaries take their cues from the steely side of rock's persona: relentless, severe, somewhat intimidating. While this too may be a posture, it is in any case a refreshingly blunt posture.

The night of the CBGB in-store, Soundgarden plays a full set at NYU's student center. College cops block the door—too many people inside, they declare—but that doesn't deter those on the outside from enjoying the show. One flight down and through three walls you can hear Soundgarden just fine. At the peak of some tune, a brick falls off of the building's facade. Inside Cornell is yelping, "I want something to explode/I've been deaf/Now I want noise."

"Yeah, I agree, Ozzy was always a dork."—Kim Thayil

A FEW DAYS LATER Chris and Kim participate in convention discussion panels, Chris sitting with Ace Frehley and Kim talking about how the majors are digging for metal underground. Kim says afterward, "We owe a bit of thanks to the alternative press and radio." "Yeah," seconds Cornell, "it's a good investment for a major to sign proven indies. Take Geffen and Sonic Youth: They know they're going to sell a certain amount of records no matter what. That beats making a deal with somebody like the Unforgiven, some group with long coats and cowboy hats who look like Clint Eastwood; they probably sold less records than Sonic Youth did on SST. I don't know where the majors come up with some of these bands. We're the other side of that coin: We'll sell more records than a band like that *and* cost them less to sign. We had a guaranteed audience and we were true to them on *Louder than Love.*"

Kim says, "It's wild when a band relies totally on the marketing. I don't expect to find an ounce of personality in a band like Poison."

"Thayil will be like Steve Vai one of these days," drummer Matt Cameron laughs. "He'll go from band to band, selling his services for hundreds of thousands of dollars."

"I'm not saying that Poison is vapid or uncharismatic," Kim says.

"WHEN THINGS GO BADLY, WE TURN UP AND GO WILDER. THEY'VE GOT TO LOVE YOU OR HATE YOU. OKAY IS THE WORST WAY TO COME OFF STAGE."

Cameron: "Their visual image, stage look and video is more important than their music."

Cornell: "I saw a shot of the singer at home, pumping insulin into his arm, saying 'I want everyone to see what I go through every day.'"

Cameron: "Right into his tattoo."

Cornell: "Now all the girls that are into him will cry and be real sensitive. They'll love him even more because he's vulnerable."

It's unusually warm the next day, 70 degrees in New England on a late October afternoon. Soundgarden are on their way up Route 95; they've got a gig tonight at the Living Room in Providence. A friend theorizes that the closer the band gets to the state line, the higher the mercury will rise. Intensity is their companion. After arriving,

sound-checking and wolfing some homemade food, the guys—Thayil, Cornell, Cameron and bassist Jason Everman—are ready to sit down on the bus and explain the wild position that they find themselves in: addressing the MTV audiences of both the allegedly alternative mindset of "120 Minutes" and the monolithic metal hell of "Headbanger's Ball." Let's start with something that, for all of their contrasts, both camps have in common.

"The guitar is a tool to say *fuck you* with," says Thayil flatly. "I learned that a long time ago. I did feel weird being up on the heavy-metal panel, and when questions were fielded to me about 'Headbanger's Ball' I said I didn't think there is anything on there that warrants the title headbanger. That actually got a huge round of applause from both skinheads and longhairs. The guys on the panel, the record company types, think it's the hardest rock going. It's not, it's stupid."

"We've been getting a lot of people who tie the whole '70s sound around our necks," Cornell chimes in, "like Led Zeppelin and Sabbath are our only influences. That's nonsense written by people who have never heard of the Misfits or Discharge. I didn't even like Led Zep when they were around; their lyrics were always kind of mystical and silly, and they said 'baby' in every goddamn song."

"People keep on comparing us to them because of the long hair and Chris' voice," says Kim. "When it first happened I didn't even know that much about them; I maybe had one of their records that my father's friend gave to me when I was in high school. It was *LZ II*; my girlfriend had *Houses of the Holy*. I rejected all that back then; it was this big, stupid, sexist, racist thing that just didn't rock. It was the epitome of everything that was wrong with the world. They weren't rebellious, they were just feeding the machine.

"First, we've got to tell you that we have trouble when writers try to reference the metal thing," continues Thayil. "Sometimes they think we have something to do with the L.A. goings-on because of the support that we've gotten from Axl Rose and the Cult."

"Being on a metal panel isn't going to change the way I write a song for the next album," says Cornell, "and it's not going to change Kim's guitar sound. I like the way our records sound, and if someone who likes Kiss likes our records too, well, that's cool."

"If a BTO fan can get into us, no problem here," says Kim, "as long as we're doing what we want. The fact that Voivod likes us makes us feel like we're on the right track."

This is good. Two minutes into our conversation and specifics are being ironed out. You can tell they're punks—rock stars speak in cloudy passages so they don't offend their friends or future business contacts. Soundgarden couldn't give two shits.

"I'm not in jeopardy of becoming Robert Plant and he's not in jeopardy of becoming Ace Frehley," continues Chris. "Our lifestyles and attitudes are completely different from theirs. We don't have the point of view that we're going to pick an audience who we think are good enough to like us. We wouldn't be on a major label if that were our attitude, we'd be on an indie and cater to certain fanzines."

"For the longest time, Seattle was considered a backwater town."
—Jonathan Poneman

THAT WAS THE CASE five years ago, when Soundgarden bumped into each other on the streets of Seattle. Thayil was in from Chicago; the rest of the guys were homies with a bit of experience in bands and plenty of frustrations. "There was a lot of jangle and imitating U.K. bands," recalls Cornell, "but there were a few aberrations like Malfunkshun, the Melvins and Green River."

"It was typical," says Thayil, "a band would play and the audience consisted of members of five or six other groups. We'd all rotate, check out ideas." "Basically it was hardcore and post-hardcore stuff," says Poneman. "A lot of journalists call it pig-fuck music. To us it was regarded as an indigenous sound, a bastardization of the '70s revisionist guitar thing, with a healthy dose of punk-rock aesthetic. It wasn't orthodox metal, and it wasn't a bunch of people moshing in the pit either."

"The hardcore thing was getting old and we began to draw on other influences," says Kim. "The Melvins were the fastest band in town and then all of a sudden they became the slowest. When it happened, it was like whooooooooh, what's going on? That's around when we were forming."

Cornell: "When it started to get heavier, people began to whisper, 'The '70s sound,' but we didn't know much about those groups."

Thayil: "We realized that when everyone is playing fast, and you come out playing slow, like the Melvins did, you have a new way to get people's attention. We were doing something a bit different, a bit more arty. Getting into Killing Joke, Bauhaus—there was a whole style of music being ignored in Seattle. People just wanted to rock, and we were more into examining the mood a song could create. Not the effeminate, wimpy Smiths thing, but more like Wire's *154*."

Cornell: "From a musical standpoint, slow became hypnotic. We still play fast, but slow really draws you in."

Poneman: "When I first heard them, they didn't really speak to me, they just pretty much bowled me over. That's an important distinction.

They had an impact: There's something very cerebral about their music, yet something very primal as well."

Kim: "People thought we were a heavy art band, kind of punk, but with twisted melody things. Chris was playing drums back then, and he'd play something in 10, I'd do a guitar riff in 3, and our old bass player would be playing in 5. We would wind around each other, meeting up at every 15 or 30. It was cool, but people thought we were weird."

Like-minded bands began to sprout, and it was then that Poneman persuaded Bruce Pavitt to document Soundgarden on his fledgling Sub Pop label. The result was *Screaming Life*, a six-song EP which met with an immediate reaction. But not in Seattle. "The local press was confused," says Chris. "We would get written about in British magazines and the *Village Voice*, but at home they wouldn't even bother with us."

Sub Pop felt the strong response, though, and began recording other grunge brothers. "On the success of *Screaming Life* Bruce and I decided to take more of a chance," Poneman says, "which led to this becoming a full-time operation." *Screaming Life* had hooks, riffs and speed. But it was messy as well, and the seething anxiety of Cornell's vocals combined with the powerhouse band set the tone for the way the scene developed. "There was a time in Seattle when everybody was listening to Scratch Acid and Big Black," recalls Poneman, "and the scene was so insular, those ideas just got spread around naturally."

"FROM A MUSICAL STANDPOINT, SLOW BECAME HYPNOTIC. WE STILL PLAY FAST BUT SLOW REALLY DRAWS YOU IN." —CHRIS CORNELL

"We kept amazing each other with cool records," adds Cornell, "and it was more camaraderie than competition. Everyone had a different edge to their sound, from Mudhoney to the Screaming Trees to Tad to Nirvana."

"I don't think there was any stylistic plagiarism either," concurs Poneman. "It was more like a school, a détente if you will."

The resulting records all had a common thread: They pulverized the traditional elements of hard rock, casting them adrift in a typhooned sea of feedback. It was as if a bloody coup were taking place, obstinate noise fighting for its right to sit up there next to Ole King Melody. A local college disc jockey sent a compilation tape to A&M, and Soundgarden's "Nothing to Say" generated some interest. "We didn't even know she'd sent it," laughs Cornell, "so when they called up, we said, 'What?!' That's when everything started rolling. Luckily we get star-struck, because we're all pessimists. We figured that if anything could go wrong it would."

"How many R.E.M.s can you sign before you want something else?"
—Chris Cornell

A&R PEOPLE started skulking around the streets of Seattle, and Soundgarden had a few business conversations with A&M Records. But they decided to stick with indie labels for a while. Many of their heroes had been on the SST label, and in '88, *Ultramega OK*, a slightly cleaned-up, absolutely tight, definitely full-throttle kerrang was released to a round of underground hurrahs. It was white male music reflecting nights on foul mattresses, dinners of Spam and ketchup, and lots of rainy days. Cornell's vocals were even more elastic, and the comparisons to Plant resumed. "When we started, the biggest thing we could have hoped for was to sign with SST," says Chris. "When we finally did, it was just a one-shot, kind of anticlimactic. We knew that we'd be with A&M pretty soon." Sooner than they thought. At one point in '88, Soundgarden had the distinction of being contracted to three different labels. In typical industry fashion, Seattle was deemed a hotbed of hard-rock talent and labels started taking longhairs to lunch.

"We were a bit of a catalyst for a lot of the subsequent interest," Thayil says. "After we got in, the labels really hit town. But a lot of the A&R people missed the whole point; they didn't check out the Sub Pop scene. They thought it was about Fifth Angel and Sanctuary—metal groups from Bellevue, across the water from Seattle. They never had anything to do with the Seattle sound. We were saying to ourselves, 'Hey guys, that isn't it. It's the noise you want, it's over here.'"

Cameron adds, "Yeah, they were saying, 'Mudhoney what? Green River who?'"

"The metal bands didn't know about us," Thayil explains. "Then they heard we were getting signed and got into us."

"We got compliments from Queensryche and Metal Church," Chris says.

Kim: "But that's not a part of the tradition we come out of at all. Bellevue is a big house with a yard large enough to have a kegger in it, with cars parked all over the lawn. Seattle is eight people living in one apartment, away from their parents."

"Seattle people have a $40 guitar playing through a $40 amp," Chris smiles. "Bellevue has stacks and wirelesses and P.A.s you got for your birthday and a van to drive it all in."

*Louder than Love* doesn't sound like it's being played on $40 equipment. It's *Screaming Life* with a couple more years of know-how and a nothing-to-lose attitude. It's the post-conquest revolutionaries trying their hand at utilizing the power of the old guard. Produced by the band and Terry Date, it's a massive slab of declamation—angst on steroids. It's not hard to understand why the eyebrows

of unrepentant headbangers coast to coast are suddenly being raised by a bunch of punk-rock outsiders.

"The sound on the new record is closer to what we've always wanted," boasts Chris. "Lessons that we learned in the past saved us time here." "We didn't want things to get too slick though," says Kim, "but if you don't try too hard, it won't be clean. To be clean you have to tune your guitar every time you touch it, change the strings for every take. No way."

"You'd have to play to a click track," echoes Cameron. "We didn't; Terry found some natural surges when he checked my drums later, but they pretty much fit the music." And what about the bugaboo of major-label quality ticking off the fans who supported the alternative sound? "Why worry about that?" asks Cameron. "There are always going to be people who whine when you move ahead."

"Playing live is different because you're not communicating with just one person."—Chris Cornell

THROUGHOUT THE CONVERSATION in the bus, we can hear the opening bands cranking out their sonic wares. Medicine Ball, up-and-comers from Providence, wail très rad; Screaming Trees, another Seattle band and pals of the 'Garden, blow out some neodelic psychochoogle. If not directly stepped upon, the '70s sound is certainly being traversed all night long. Cameron excuses himself; he has to go see how the Trees have reacted to his pranks. He loosened a good portion of the drum set before his pals took the stage. "They shot us with silly string a few nights ago," he says. "It's only fair." Inside the bar, the results of the marketing strategy are working. Guys with White Zombie T-shirts ("Make Them Die Slowly") are standing next to guys with Metallica T-shirts ("Kill 'Em All"). Judging from the reaction, Soundgarden is able to placate both mindsets. Their set runs through passages of dramatic moping and hyperkinetic thrash. "Big Dumb Sex," a completely ironic anthem with the chorus that goes, "I want to fuck fuck fuck fuck you," gets the stiff-armed, chant-along treatment from a small portion of the crowd who don't know it's making fun of that very action. You can't blame them; it's got one of the most blatant hooks of the night.

"That's our pop song," Cornell laughs. "It's standard except for the chorus. Some college DJ is supposed to have edited it so that the 'fucks' are backwards. We counted 'em: 35 backward fucks." But what if listeners—like those waving the fists—only hear the surface sentiment? "That does happen," he snaps, "but it's ridiculous to make judgments on a song based on two of the words in the chorus. I find record reviewers and journalists more prone to it than fans. Like on 'Hands All Over' when they hear the phrase 'kill your mother' and they think I'm suggesting that. Read the lyrics and you'll find out the context."

Okay, what's this one that seems to be about a kid having sex with his friend's mom? "That one's about a kid having sex with his friend's mom," replies Chris with a smile. "It really happened." "Full On Kevin's Mom" is prime Soundgarden, a hardcore remnant that speeds ahead till it crashes. Onstage it sticks out because of its fleet


# Carry-on Luggage

One of the biggest headaches you endure as a performer is setting up and tearing down your sound system. Is there enough space for it on stage? Or in the truck? Is it easy to transport?

The S-200 eliminates the numerous size and weight problems you've encountered with other systems. That's because it's the smallest, most powerful speaker in its class.

Size doesn't limit the S-200's versatility, however.

Whether you use it for vocal mains, floor monitors, keyboard monitors or sidefills, *this* speaker literally fits the bill.

Best of all, it sounds BIG.

The S-200 is rated at 300 watts long term . . . with 1200-watt peaks.

Its constant-directivity horn, driven by a Super-Dome™ high-frequency driver, makes efficient use of acoustic power, resulting in crisp, clean highs.

The room-filling low end is delivered by a 300-watt Pro Line woofer. Additional low-frequency output down to 40 Hz can be achieved in conjunction with the S-200 active EQ.

Plus, it's a snap to mount either vertically or horizontally utilizing the optional 100BK speaker stand.

The S-200's components are housed in a virtually indestructible Roto Mold cabinet that weighs only 36 pounds. And they're backed by a five-year warranty.

See your local EV dealer for a hands-on demonstration. Or write us for a competitive breakdown.

Why handle more baggage than you have to?

Electro-Voice®
EV®
a MARK IV company

600 Cecil Street, Buchanan, MI 49107, 616-695-6831. In Canada: P.O. Box 520, Gananoque, Ontario K7G2V1

rhythms. "Loud Love," the record's first single, sticks out too, because of its deceptive manipulation of traditional seduction techniques.

"We have hooks," says Thayil, "but they're in different places. Guitar layering perhaps. Perhaps you don't remember a particular melody line, but you recall the way it moved, how it took up space, what happened when it exploded." "We approach that kind of thing a lot differently than a radio format band would approach it," says Matt. "A lot of bands tend to forget dynamics or textures as a way to make hooks," concludes Kim.

"For years, I hated the lyrics I wrote," confesses Cornell. "I also hated the music I wrote. It obviously takes a while to get things right. But the immediate rewards of rock 'n' roll are so cool that you get hungry and put in the effort to do well. I mean, every songwriter at one time or another probably wasn't into their own stuff. Playing for other people helps, especially if they tell you it's good." "Ace says he picks up the pen and it comes zooming right out," deadpans Thayil. Jason: "Rock soldiers come . . . rock soldiers go . . ." Kim: "Shock me, make me feel better. Shock me, put on your black leather." "Now, if I could write lyrics like that . . ." laughs Cornell. "You could go on 'Oprah' and talk about your sex life with groupies," finishes Matt.

Actually, Cornell does live up to the sexy frontman image that has been following him for a while now. ("I knew the shirt was coming off," says one perceptive man in the crowd as the singer flings his top away.) My mind drifts back to Cameron's assessment of the frontman's functions. "When Chris' face is in a magazine, it's our face as well, so that's good. But I'd rather hear about his voice than his face: ultimately that's irrelevant." Cornell is having a meltdown, hair everywhere, voice careening off the roof of the place. "Once I realized I could sing, after puberty," he says, "I just figured 'go for it.' But when we go onstage, it's to go wild. It might be prompted by insecurity or embarrassment, or anxiousness toward the situation, but all of those give you enough balls to let it all out. Last night we played the hairdo rock capital of Brooklyn, a Bon[*cont'd on page 56*]

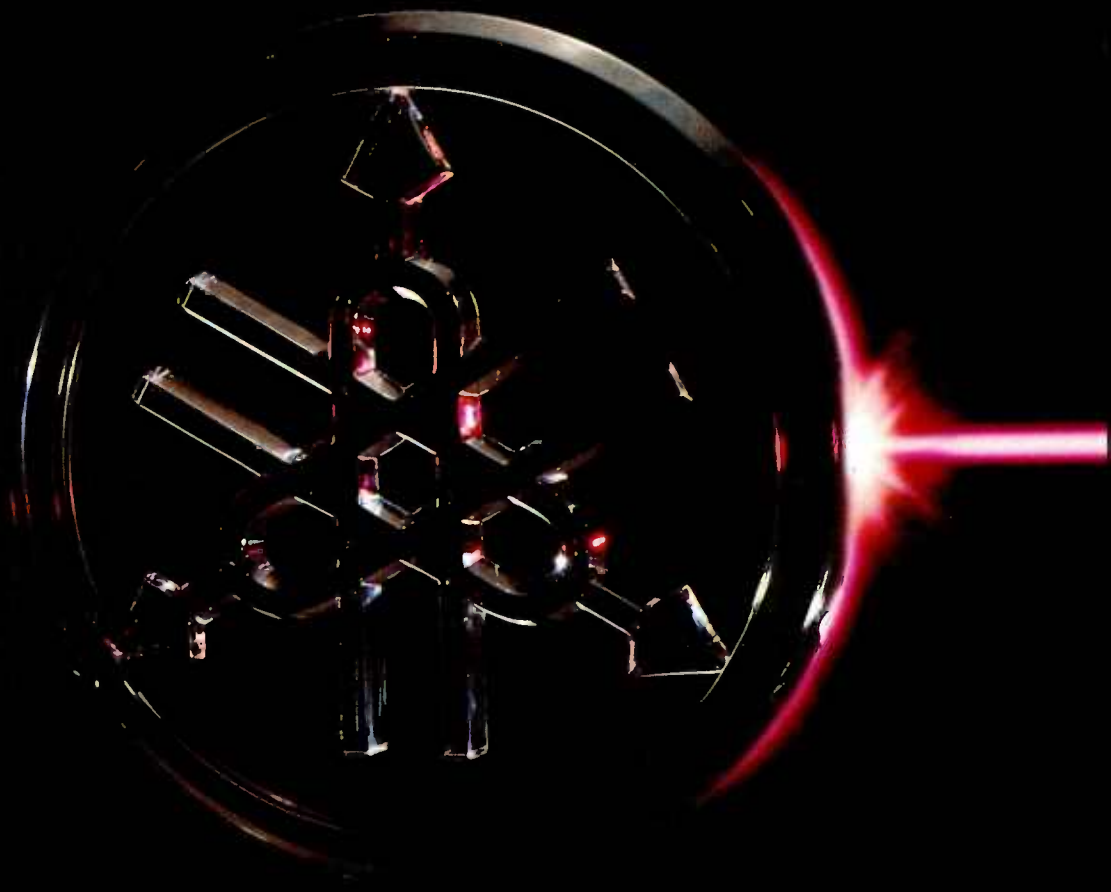
## SOUND GARDENING TOOLS

**I THOUGHT *Musician* magazine would want to know about the stuff we use," says guitarist KIM THAYIL as I almost leave without asking him. "I've got a Guild S1 and a Les Paul, low-cal, Custom Light. It's Music Man with Marshall cabinets lined with Peaveys.**

**"CHRIS CORNELL has got a Les Paul Custom and plays through a Mesa-Boogie amp. He and I both use Ernie Ball Slinkies, .009s."**

**JASON EVERMAN gets a low guitar effect because his bass is a five-string Warmoth made by Mike Lull. Sometimes he uses a Fender Precision instead. His amp is a Gallien-Krueger GK-400, with a 218 Energy cabinet.**

**MATT CAMERON is a Remo man, with a yen for Sabian cymbals. His snare is a Keplinger, custom-made in Seattle. He wants you to know that he uses a Dupont shag carpet to keep his set from sliding around. It's Samson wireless systems that let the band roam around, and an Ibanez SDR 1000 reverb/delay vocal processor, as well as Synetics S22 compressor, that help make both the vocal and instrumental sections volcanic.**

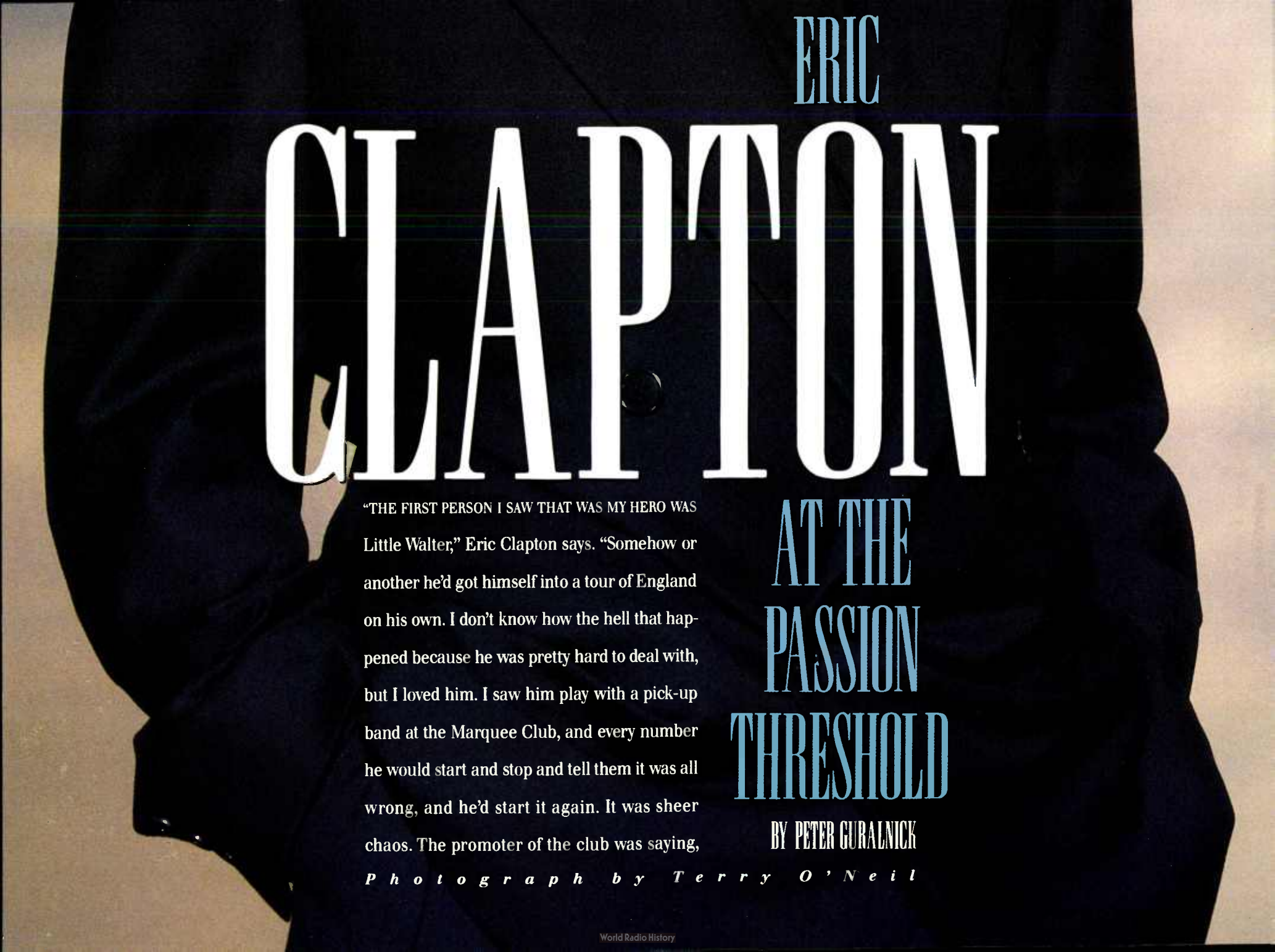


Think Again.

# We Did.



Synthesizer, Guitar and Drum Division
6600 Orangethorpe Ave., Buena Park, CA 90620



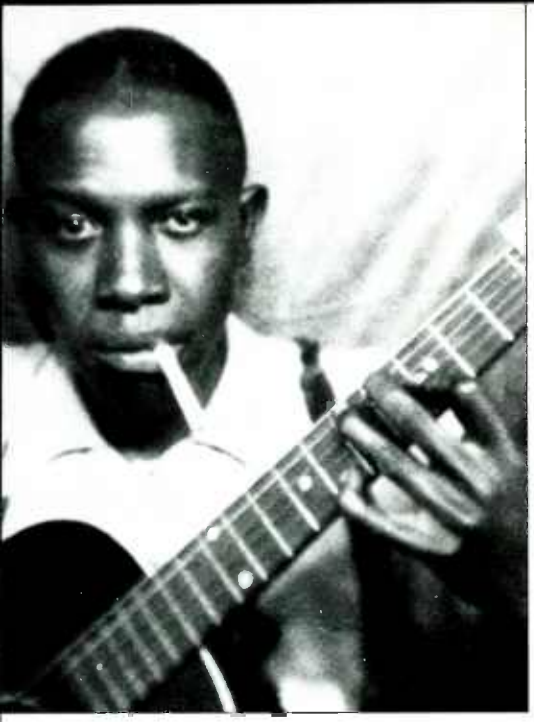
# ERIC CLAPTON

## AT THE PASSION THRESHOLD

BY PETER GURALNICK

"THE FIRST PERSON I SAW THAT WAS MY HERO WAS Little Walter," Eric Clapton says. "Somehow or another he'd got himself into a tour of England on his own. I don't know how the hell that happened because he was pretty hard to deal with, but I loved him. I saw him play with a pick-up band at the Marquee Club, and every number he would start and stop and tell them it was all wrong, and he'd start it again. It was sheer chaos. The promoter of the club was saying,

*Photograph by Terry O'Neil*



• Role models: "Powerful" Robert Johnson. •

'Ahhhh, what did I get involved in here? This guy is drunk. He's drinking two bottles of rum a day . . .' To me it was pure magic, just the sound that came out—I mean, he could not *not* play. You know what I mean? He was very reticent to get into anything for very long, but whenever it happened, even if it was just for 30 seconds that he'd blow, it was heaven for me. And I just thought, 'Well, these guys don't understand. This is what it is, you take the rough with the smooth. You're lucky to have this guy here. You're lucky he's alive and that he condescends to play for you.' No way I could complain about that. No way. I thought it was magic."

I don't think I've ever interviewed anyone like Eric Clapton before. Not because of his celebrity, and not because of his sales figures, but because, after many years of writing about heroes of an older generation like Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf, here I found myself interviewing someone with the same heroes and much the same experience: It consisted of getting lost in the blues.

Clapton was 15 when he first heard Robert Johnson, the legendary Mississippi bluesman whose first album on Columbia, *King of the Delta Blues Singers*, came out in 1962, roughly a quarter century after his death. The blues exerted a hold not just on Clapton but on a generation—including Bob Dylan, Van Morrison, Keith Richards and Jimi Hendrix—that was as far removed from blues roots in one sense as you could imagine, as close as you could get in another. What is the fascination that Johnson's songs continue to exert for Clapton, whose first recorded vocal, "Ramblin' on My Mind," was a Robert Johnson song and whose signature piece, "Crossroads," represents one of the pinnacles of Johnson's recorded achievement? We spoke of Johnson's disciple Muddy Waters, a regal, almost unapproachable figure to the young Eric Clapton, who in turn became a kind of mentor after Clapton confronted the painful process that anyone must undergo when trading a myth for the complex reality of a man.

What it all means (the cause, the reason for this obsessive fascination with the blues) is pretty much of an imponderable, but the description, I think, should ring true, not just for Eric Clapton but as a reflection of the pervasive influence that the African-American aesthetic has had on our world. It can no longer be dismissed, as it once was in widely separated circles, as little more than white middle-class guilt (Clapton would take exception to that anyway; he was strictly working-class, he would insist); the blues has proved itself to be far more than a fad and has exerted an influence beyond the confines of form or language. Clapton talks about that a little, and about his struggle to find a voice of his own, to match the voices that he heard speaking to him.

Eric Clapton comes across as a pleasant, self-effacing, almost evasive sort of man, very aware both of his image and of who he really is, and sometimes (more and more frequently of late) approving of both. He speaks frankly, but wryly, of his own hard-won growth, and his various musical excursions in search of an identity. He has a sense of himself as an artisan almost, of a man simply doing his job, as well as of an artist seeking self-expression. He is a man self-confident to the point of impatience with critics who don't understand the exigencies of real life, and self-doubting enough to be acutely aware of every whisper of criticism. He is easily bruised, but remains undeterred from steadfastly pursuing his own goals. He is fully aware of his status as a "star," and both discounts its importance and falls back on it at times, almost as if it constituted membership in an exclusive brotherhood of souls. Will there be members of future generations who look upon him as he once looked upon Muddy Waters? "Ohhh . . . that would be nice if they did," he says with genuine doubt, but pleasure at the prospect. We met in New York in October. Clapton was in town to finish up details of his new album, *Journeyman*.

• "Magic": Little Walter. •

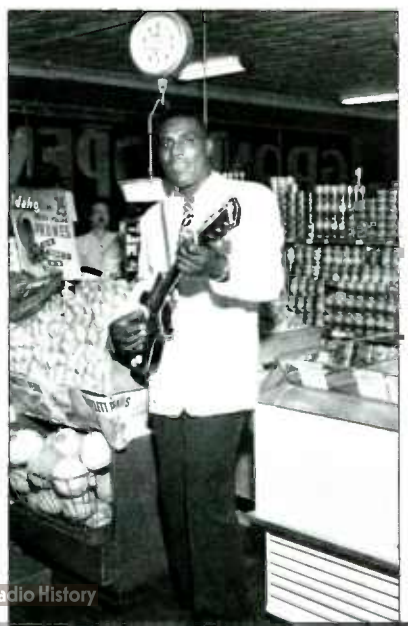
**MUSICIAN**: *Do you remember the first time you heard Robert Johnson?*

**CLAPTON**: I don't think I'd even heard of Robert Johnson when I found the record; it was probably just fresh out. I was around 15 or 16, and it was a real shock that there was something that powerful. I played it, and it really shook me up, because it didn't seem to be concerned with appeal at all. All the music I'd heard up until that time seemed to be structured in a way for recording. What struck me about Robert Johnson's record was it seemed as if he wasn't playing for an audience. It didn't obey the rules of time or harmony or anything. It all led me to believe that here was a guy who really didn't want to play for people at all, that his thing was so unbearable for him to have to live with that he was almost ashamed of it. This was an image that I was very, very keen to hang on to.

**MUSICIAN**: *What was it that drew you in? Was it the lyrics, the music . . . ?*

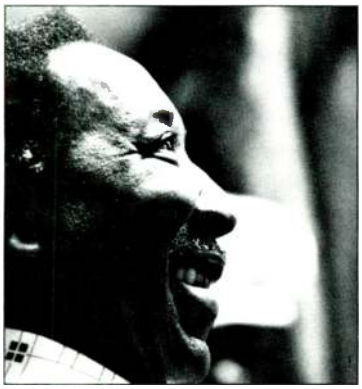
**CLAPTON**: You know, it seemed to me it was almost as if he had a collection of English poetry at home or something. Like, "She's got an Elgin movement from her head down to her toes." Unbelievable! Almost Byronesque in a way. Just his turn of phrase was so classical. It was almost like I'd been prepared each step of the way to receive him. Like a religious experience that started out by hearing Chuck Berry, and then at each stage I was going further and further back, and deeper and deeper into the source of the music, until I was ready for Robert Johnson. And even then I wasn't quite ready. It was still

• Howlin' Wolf & prunes, 1950 •



*Photographs this page:*
*Stephen C. LaVere Collection; (bottom) E.C. Withers; (right) Ray Flerlage*

very, very powerful for me. I don't know what it was. I really don't like to analyze it too much. I was very much of a working-class kid when that record was around. But it was as if there was some kind of radar. . . . It's far too magical to be put down as pure chance somehow. Why would it mean so much to me, or for someone like Keith Richards, to hear that in England, of all places? Why didn't we grow up listening to European music or English music? Why did black American blues get through to me? I don't know . . .



• Muddy Waters said, "Be proud." •

**MUSICIAN**: *How about when you started playing? How did you approach the problem of interpretation?*

**CLAPTON**: It was always the question of finding something that would have a riff or a form that could be interpreted fairly easily into a band format. In "Crossroads" you had a very definite riff. In actual fact, the riff for that came more or less from "Terraplane" in a way. It's quite similar. There are certain songs on the album *King of the Delta Blues* that I wouldn't touch. So I'd have to look for ones I didn't have so much respect for. This has changed for me over the years. Now, probably, I wouldn't touch *any* of them. But because I had less inhibition then, I would single out the ones that seemed to me accessible. Through being more sort of standard. A lot of them I would be too much in awe of, or scared of, to attempt to interpret. It was just too deep for me to be able to deal with. I recognized that. It would have been an insult to the song, to the memory of Robert, to attack it in any lesser way. But things like "Crossroads," "From Four Till Late," were easier, they seemed to me fairly off-the-cuff.

"A LOT OF ROBERT JOHNSON'S SONGS WERE JUST TOO DEEP FOR ME TO BE ABLE TO DEAL WITH."

**MUSICIAN**: *How about when you were alone? Would you sit and play along with the record?*

**CLAPTON**: No, no. It would take too much of a sacrifice on every level to really come up with that. For me Robert was more than that. There are a lot of people who could study . . . or take a scholarly approach to the style of playing and get it down note for note—but then what are they going to do about the singing? What made more sense to me was to approach his more accessible songs and make them accessible to today's market. So that they would like it, in a sense, on a very shallow level, and then ask questions afterwards. Because to mimic Robert, even vocally and musically with the guitar, wouldn't make it accessible to people that were listening now. It would just leave it where it was and not even as good as what it was.

**MUSICIAN**: *What about the technical aspect? Did things like tunings interest you?*

**CLAPTON**: I couldn't . . . I tried to work out, I think I still do now and then try to work out how he did play in tunings—but it still doesn't make sense to me. And I don't think anyone will have the answer. Because you can take an open tuning and just move one string, and you've got a whole other story. Take a straight Spanish tuning and move the fifth string up to normal. I don't think anyone can ever really claim to be totally right about the way Robert would have played.

**MUSICIAN**: *Doesn't Ry Cooder come close?*

**CLAPTON**: He's just as much a mystery. He won't tell you what he's doing. You'd have to sneak up—I know one guy who did it, snuck up on one of his guitars while Ry wasn't around and just couldn't make head nor tail of it. It didn't fit any textbook tuning. He's allowed that, surely. I mean, that's his secret.

**MUSICIAN**: *Do you see the spirit of Robert Johnson surviving today?*

**CLAPTON**: One of the few people that inherited that kind of wildness and passion was Buddy Guy. He has a lot of whatever that spirit was. It's like this tormented . . . when he opens his mouth and sings, it's just cold chills every time. That's what I imagine Robert to have been like. If he had kind of come through. That's probably why my adoration transferred to Buddy and still is there. He is still the man that can turn it on every, every time, without an ounce of polish. It's just brutal playing, brutal singing, and right to the point, passionate. And that's what I think came through. Maybe he's reincarnated.

**MUSICIAN**: *Tell me about the first time you met the blues.*

**CLAPTON**: I think it was Sonny Boy Williamson at this blues festival they had once a year in England, around '63. Or Memphis Slim. The first guy I saw play that way live was Matt "Guitar" Murphy when he was with Memphis Slim. I ventured to talk to him after the show. This was at the Marquee Club. And he disappointed me, because he said that he didn't care about the blues, he was just doing this for the bread. He really considered himself a jazz musician. What a kind of wake-up that was! But, you see, I'd already selected my heroes at that point, and the guys that were coming over weren't necessarily my heroes. My heroes were Muddy and Little Walter.

After Little Walter, the next one of my heroes to come over was Buddy Guy. He toured on his own. And he was doing all the tricks that Jimi later did. He bounced it on the floor and he was playing it with his teeth, between his legs, behind his head, everything. I saw *him* at the Marquee. He was on "Ready, Steady, Go!" because he had a single they were trying to push. It was called "Let Me Love You, Baby." And the presenter of the show said, "And here from the States we have Chubby Checker." I was just watching coincidentally, and there's Buddy Guy in this shiny sharkskin suit, with a Strat, playing "Let Me Love You, Baby" live. It was phenomenal. And after he finished, the presenter came on and said, "Sorry, I was wrong. It wasn't Chubby Checker, it was Chuck Berry." So the mass of people watching never knew who it was. Unbelievable. The whole thing was such . . . a fantastic romance. The embodiment of all my dreams, really, just the wildness of it all.

• EC (right) in the short-lived Blind Faith, 1969. •

I was a student in Kingston, which is just on the outskirts of London, so I would go into London and bum around a lot when I was

*Photographs: (top) John Rockwood; (bottom right) Star File/Pictorial Press*

in my late teens. There was Alexis Korner and Cyril Davies and, of course, later the Stones. I found it very, very exciting. Except that Alexis was a little jazz-oriented; he was into a Cannonball Adderley kind of thing now and then instrumentally, and he wasn't a great singer, but he would do great material. You see, the thing to me was, the simplicity of the blues was almost impossible for anyone to master. So even if they were playing a blues, they would lean towards the jazz side of things to give it some respectability. The only person on the scene then who was playing blues fairly straight, and even then with a little jazz, was John Mayall. Which is what attracted me to John, you know. He was strictly a bluesman.

"Aggressive" Sonny Boy

**MUSICIAN:** *What about yourself? As you started playing professionally, did you have any doubts about the authenticity of your own playing, about your own ability to play the music?*

**CLAPTON:** Not at all. In fact, because of the isolationist point of view of it being in England, I was actually very dogmatic, and I considered myself a kind of bearer of the flame, you know. I was very proud of what I was doing. I didn't have any self-doubts at all.

**MUSICIAN:** *What about the racial issue?*

**CLAPTON:** I . . . I think my ego made me regard it as being all right in my case, but not all right in anybody else's. Do you know what I mean? So that I didn't really like any other white guy's playing. Except for mine. For some reason I believed that I had the kind of hidden key.

**MUSICIAN:** *And you had no hesitation about playing a song by Otis Rush, say, one of your idols?*

**CLAPTON:** No, I would just play it. We were playing "All Your Loving" then. What I was doing, even at that stage, was taking the bare bones of what Otis Rush was doing, or Buddy Guy was doing, or B.B. King or Freddie King was doing, and then playing my way. For instance, "Hideaway" isn't anything like Freddie King's version, really. I had the confidence to play my version even then, and when I did, and when I got a reaction, I knew I was doing the right thing.

"I'M VERY LIMITED IN MY TECHNIQUE, SO WHAT MATTERS IN MY PLAYING IS THE SIMPLICITY."

"Wildness and passion": Buddy Guy.

**MUSICIAN:** *Was this challenged at all when you played with guys like Sonny Boy Williamson?*

**CLAPTON:** Of course. I mean, then you had to kind of own up. *Especially* with Sonny Boy. I was with the Yardbirds, and we were becoming more of a pop band at the time that he came along. And you could see that he didn't think much of us at all. He made us very aware of our shortcomings.

**MUSICIAN:** *How did you respond to that?*

**CLAPTON:** I did my best and tried to play the way that I thought he would like. And on certain occasions he did seem to approve, begrudgingly. I found out later that he wasn't really one to give encouragement. He got the best out of you by being pretty aggressive.

**MUSICIAN:** *Did this at all challenge your romance with the blues?*

**CLAPTON:** Not at all. No. Because I considered him to be right. And us wrong. You see, I knew his songs, I had *heard* them, but at that point in time it hadn't occurred to me that to know a song was different to being familiar with it. I thought it would be in a key, and it would have a tempo, I didn't realize that the detail was important. It didn't occur to me that there would be strict adherence to a guitar line, to an intro, to a solo. And that's what I learned very quickly with him. Because he didn't just want to count it off. That's what really shook me up—I thought we could get away with just busking it, and he wasn't at all happy with that. I mean, we would rehearse, but still, even then, we were nowhere near getting it right to his satisfaction. And it was a little bit panic-making, but at the end of the day, when we got onstage, it was different. . . . In rehearsals he'd be really mean, and no matter what you did, you could never please him. But onstage he would forget, because he was dealing with the audience and he wouldn't be so concerned with what you were playing. . . . Given the situation that I was in—a band of musicians who were less well equipped to deal with it—I felt that it was my responsibility to bridge the gap between him and the band. Because we did tour quite extensively in England. And it had to be dealt with. I was the liaison. And what it did in a way was to strengthen my belief that that's where my root was. Which happened later with Muddy and all the other great bluesmen I played along with. They kindled the fire.

**MUSICIAN:** *It was an education in the blues.*

**CLAPTON:** Very rapid. The one other time that really shook me up was playing with Howlin' Wolf. But I could see that I was better equipped than anyone else, in that sense again. And it gave me a sense of pride in myself, and in my knowledge of the genre, that I could deal with it better than, say, Ringo, who decided on the first night he was never going back in the studio with anybody *like* Howlin' Wolf. Because Howlin' Wolf on the first night was just so miserable and so scathing to everyone—because we were going to approach it from a fairly ad lib point of view. His attitude was the same as Sonny Boy's. You know, "We're going to do 'Little Red Rooster,' and it goes like *this*. And it doesn't go like anything *you* think it goes like." He was tough, and very aggressive, and a certain amount of the guys in the studio were just too shook up to come back the next day. And I was pretty shook up, too. It scared me. You see, I was already going along a different path. I was a rock musician. And it's not that I'd left my blues roots behind, it's just that I'd forgotten a lot of the ways things went. And to get it all back in the space of an evening is no easy job. But I spoke to the producer from Chicago [Norman Dayron], and he said, "Well, come back again tomorrow, it'll be all right." And I did, and it was better. But Ringo didn't come back. He didn't see the point.



*Photographs: John Rockwood*


Early Cream TV date

It wasn't that much of an issue for him. But I wanted to get it right. I really did. You see, it introduced me to the reality of playing. Because up until then it had always been a bit of a fantasy: listening to the records and harboring a sense of belonging to it. Which no one could really shake until I met the real guys, and then I felt a bit of a stranger. But it fortified my urge to get it right. Because once you got the reward, it made you realize that there was something there. That I did have something there. That I could make these guys smile.

**MUSICIAN**: *Did you have a sense of anything else going on? That there were others like you out there?*

**CLAPTON**: I had the first Butterfield album right after it came out. It was just by word of mouth, I can't remember how I found out about it. But I thought it was great. Especially Butterfield's playing. I thought Bloomfield played too much. It wasn't until I met him that I realized that was his character. He couldn't hold himself in rein. He was just one of those ebullient characters. But I loved it all the same.

**MUSICIAN**: *Did you see that as offering you . . .*

**CLAPTON**: A chance? Yeah. 'Cause they came to England, and they came looking for John Mayall, and we hung out and played together, and I realized then that if I wanted to go to America and play that it was going to be acceptable.

**MUSICIAN**: *Did this help resolve the whole issue of actually* singing *the blues? You really hadn't sung much up till then.*

**CLAPTON**: Yeah, I thought Butterfield was the first one that I heard who could come anywhere near it. John Hammond I thought too much *characterized* it. It didn't seem like it was coming from him. More that he was . . . imitating. I wasn't convinced as much as I was with Butterfield. My singing even today doesn't stand up to the test, 'cause I'm not a singer. I don't consider myself a singer. I still consider myself a guitar player, and I always did.

**MUSICIAN**: *Was it a huge leap for you to do your first vocal [on the Robert Johnson song, "Ramblin' on My Mind"] with John Mayall?*

The Yardbirds: blues "shortcomings."

**CLAPTON**: Well, I'd been singing and playing that—in that style—for so long it was really just a question of turning the tape machines on. The leap came in accepting that this thing was going to go onto plastic and would be recorded. Accepting that took a lot of convincing from John, who really kept having to tell me that it was worth it.

**MUSICIAN**: *You said that Muddy Waters acted as a kind of mentor to you, that he served almost as a kind of salvation. Personally?*

**CLAPTON**: When we worked together [on a 1979 tour], yeah, he was doing a lot of character building for me. 'Cause I was losing my identity at the time. I didn't know where I was going. I'd been lured . . . I lured myself off the path of being a blues player and was trying to . . . I even got into country music. I was very heavily influenced by J.J. Cale in those days and wanted to find a different way to play. We talked about that a lot, and Muddy would say, in a very simple way, "Well, I love listening to your band, but my favorite song you do is 'Worried Life Blues.' That's really where you're at, and you should realize that. You should realize it and be proud of it." And he helped to instill that feeling in me again. Because at the end of the day I got something out of his company, and his music, that I could get from no one else. And it was only by getting back with Muddy and then occasionally seeing Buddy Guy and people like that, that knocked on the door again. The knock that reminded me where I was really from.

**MUSICIAN**: *Did you ever talk with Muddy about Robert Johnson?*

**CLAPTON**: A couple of times. When we were touring together. But it was not something I cared to go into too much. Because I always felt with Muddy that to talk about other musicians that had influenced him was stepping outside of what I was, I felt like I was becoming someone else . . . becoming a scholar, or a journalist even, to take on that role. And so, I would almost talk about Robert Johnson as if I'd known him, so it was a shared experience. You know what I mean? And he would say whatever he was going to say. I think he was under pressure a lot. I think when he was touring in the later years of his life, it took a great deal of generosity of spirit for him to accept the way things were. He still excelled, and he was very generous about everyone, but, you know, without wanting to give too much away.

"Strictly blues": John Mayall.

**MUSICIAN**: *But you obviously felt as if you got past the barriers?*

**CLAPTON**: Yeah, I think he let me in. I think the only thing that would ever keep me from feeling like I was a member of his family was just that original thing of him being a fantasy at first. And it was very hard for me to get over that; there was a lot of reticence to get over. Because it's almost more comfortable to keep your heroes at a distance and preserve your fantasy about them than to get to know the real person. I was almost forced into getting to know him. We went to parties at his house and barbecues, and he'd be riding around on his tricycle, and it was like, "This blues singer is behaving like a clown." Really a jolly guy. And it kind of clashed and jarred with the kind of moody, soulful person. He was just a regular guy at home. With an eye for the women and everything else.

**MUSICIAN**: *What about Buddy Guy? He was another hero. Do you feel any self-consciousness playing with him today?*

**CLAPTON**: No, I feel I've established enough of a repertoire, or a playing style of my own, that I don't need to mimic him. I mean, there's no way you can go along with what he's doing, 'cause you don't know what he's going to come up with. You just let it be and play the way you play. And he wouldn't have it any other way himself.

**MUSICIAN**: *You've said you were drawn to his playing because he plays so close to the edge. It's always struck me that your playing is more controlled . . .*

**CLAPTON**: Much more civilized.

**MUSICIAN**: *Does he ever pull you over the edge?*

**CLAPTON**: He can do, yeah. He will . . . yeah, he *can* do. He'll put you on the spot, too. There was one night I was playing at the

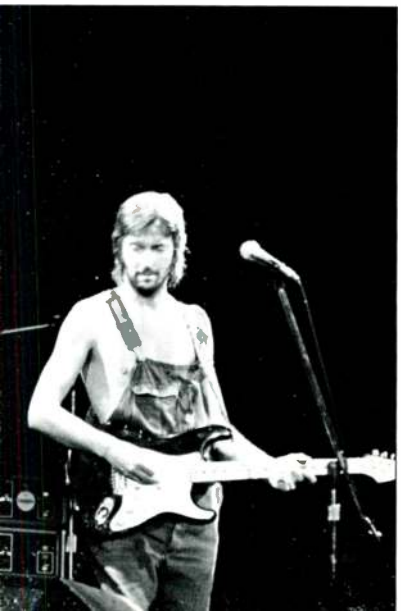
*Photographs: (top) Star File/Pictorial Press; (bottom) Star File; (right) Lynn Goldsmith/LGI*

Checkerboard, and we'd done a gig out of town. We flew in and drove down there, and it was about 12 o'clock at night and Buddy was playing, and we told him we were coming. And we got up and started to play. It was just me, I think. I had my band in the audience, and I'm playing away, and at some point someone walked up to the front of the stage and got Buddy's attention and whispered in his ear, and he just said, "Carry on," and left the stage. And I had to kind of lead the band for another 10 or 15 minutes, just playing instrumentally. I didn't know what the hell was going on, and the next thing I knew, the police broke in. That was what the guy had whispered to Buddy, that it was going to be raided. And Buddy just shot off out of the place. And the lights went up, and the cops came in, and we were all lined up, and they wanted to see everyone's ID. And that was it. We were left holding the baby. *That's* over the edge.

**MUSICIAN:** *If Muddy says "Worried Life Blues" is really you, the soul of Eric Clapton, and in a way you agree, why not just do a blues tour? I don't mean for the rest of your life necessarily . . .*

**CLAPTON:** I'm still working my way around to it. I've made this concession. I'm doing some shows at the Albert Hall in January, and I've broken it up into four parts. I'm going to do two sets of what I would regard as my standard material. Which is rock 'n' roll verging on blues with a bit of pop. And that will be one set with a 10-piece band, one set with a quartet. And then there'll be three nights with an orchestra, where I've commissioned Mike Kamen to write a concerto for the guitar, and three nights with a blues band—and that will be Johnnie Johnson on piano, myself, Buddy Guy, Robert Cray and Buddy Guy's bass player and Jamie Oldaere, who used to be with me years ago, as the drummer and maybe a harp player. I'm just taking it bit by bit. And the next album will be a blues album, which we've already kind of started making plans for.

A lot of that is political. I still have to make records, I feel, for a record-buying public who have got used to the kind of things that I've done in the past, like "Layla," or "Cocaine," or "I Shot the Sheriff." I understand that, and I *like* playing that kind of stuff. And I don't know if I can be honest and play straight blues all the time. I'm too fragmented now. I've had too many other likes in other areas, that I'm not ashamed of, that I really do like. I like playing rock 'n' roll. Sometimes I like playing country. Sometimes I like playing reggae. But when it comes down to fundamental lead playing, I still play the way I always did. In that scale, with that emotional content.



◆ Up against it every night. ◆

**MUSICIAN:** *Is there any conflict between the satisfaction you can get from playing in private, for yourself, and playing out in public?*

**CLAPTON:** I never play alone. I very rarely play alone at home, or in a hotel room, or anywhere. I very rarely travel with a guitar. I tend to keep all of that bottled up, until there's an audience to play to. I think music is a shared experience . . . it gains value according to certain circumstances.

◆ With Buddy Guy: "He'll put you on the spot." ◆

**MUSICIAN:** *With a mass audience, though, can you really expose your innermost musical feelings?*

**CLAPTON:** Yeah, I think you do get a true picture. It's not necessarily what the whole audience is feeling, but for a fact there's a core of them out there that will recognize true emotion, will recognize the reality of honesty, of honest music when it's being played. If it touches them deep down, they can't help but react. On top of what I was saying about the music having a value when it's shared, I mean also with the musicians in the band, because before you're playing to the audience, you're playing for them. If you do your best to play with musicians of the highest caliber, spiritually and musically, then you're really putting yourself up against it every night. You know, you're taking a framework and trying to reinvent it every time. You've got to come up with the goods, 'cause otherwise they're let down. And then the audience comes after.

"I VERY RARELY PLAY ALONE AT HOME, OR ANYWHERE. I KEEP ALL OF THAT BOTTLED UP."

**MUSICIAN:** *How much freedom is there in that? Can you surprise the band the way Buddy Guy can surprise you?*

**CLAPTON:** Yeah, yeah. I wouldn't necessarily do it quite so much. I wouldn't be very popular—because in this day and age, technologically the way it is, a lot of the stuff is pre-programmed. For instance, in between each number the keyboard player's got to punch a lot of buttons to get the sound that he wants for the song that is coming next. And if I turn around and say, 'We're not going to do that one, we're going to do this,' he is fucked. And that's not a pleasant prospect for a synthesizer player. It's not. And I understand that, so it doesn't really benefit anyone to play the fool, which is what I consider that. It's all well and good to have freedom up to a point, but then to abuse that, which is what it would be, is going to make things difficult for everyone else. I mean, it would be great in a way for me to be that free, but I'm stepping on other people's toes. If I'm hiring a band, I want them to be happy doing what they're doing. I don't want it to be difficult for them.

**MUSICIAN:** *You sound, from the way you talk about this band, as if there's a real feeling of closeness, of almost kinship there. But you've said in the past that, after Cream, you had a fear of opening yourself up, of exposing your own vulnerability in this way . . .*

**CLAPTON:** I can retract that now. I've found a few friends that I play with that have transcended that, and I can put myself in a trusting position again with the musicians I have now. Those guys up there are my best friends, really. I spend more time with them than anyone else. When I'm at home, I very rarely communicate with other people. I'm a bit of a loner. So my social life really is the road.

**MUSICIAN:** *But wouldn't that connection primarily be onstage?*

**CLAPTON:** No, it's an offstage thing, too. I started using again in

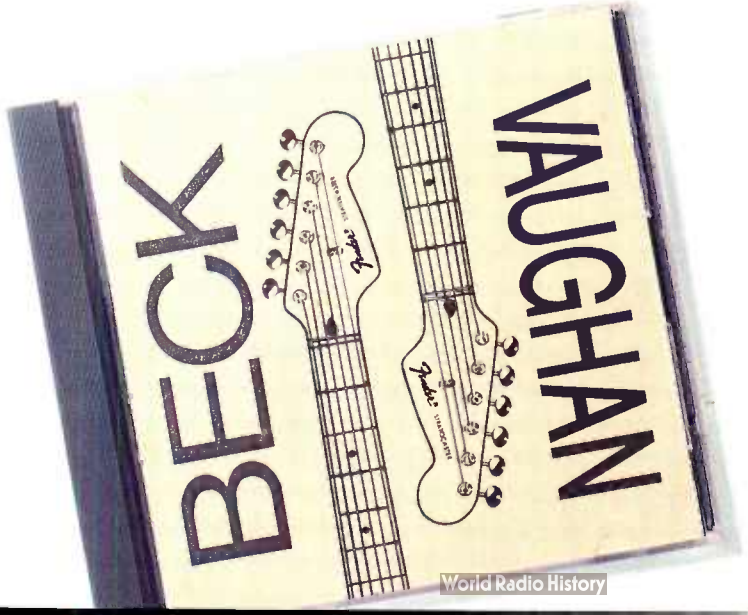


*Photographs: (top) Linda Matlow/Pix Int'l; (bottom) John Rockwood*

Go to your Fender dealer and try out a Strat® Plus or a Vintage Series Stratocaster.® Then fill out a proof-of-demo coupon and we'll send you this Limited Edition CD with sixteen of the best tracks ever recorded by these Fender greats. Simple as that!

But hurry. This is a limited time offer. Good only while supply lasts.

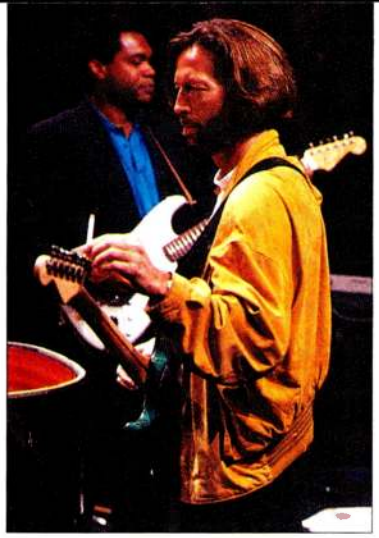
# Nobody plays it better. Nothing says it better.




Jeff Beck and Stevie Ray Vaughan appear courtesy of Epic Records.

Fender®

We Make History



• With Robert Cray, "a perfect collaboration." •

about '84, and drinking a lot, and the first people to be upset and notice it were my band. They were highly instrumental in getting me back to sobriety. If you spoke to the drummer, Steve Ferrone, and [bassist] Nathan East, they could tell you stories about walking me around Tokyo, trying to get me away from my hotel room to keep me sober for the gig that night. They realized, and I realized, it was because they loved me, too. It wasn't just the gig they were worried about, it was me as a human being. And that's when I started to put my trust and faith back into the people I was playing with. And when they found that, too, it all came around. I got sober again because I loved them and respected them. That's where all the transactions begin. And that shines through onstage, the trust. It's very deep now.

**MUSICIAN:** *One of the things that struck me as unusual about your career is the extent to which you've continued to set up others as role models, as heroes, really, even after achieving great success. And then inevitably have been disillusioned at some point down the line, perhaps only by your own expectations. It's almost as if you mistrusted yourself, or your own success . . .*

**CLAPTON:** I've suffered a lot from that. Because of the identity crisis of having to like what you do as much as what you've liked in other people, your role models or your heroes, having to put it in the marketplace alongside what they've done. One of the things I remember Tom Dowd or Ahmet Ertegun saying to me: "Don't forget, when you sell a record, you're selling alongside Frank Sinatra and B.B. King and Quincy Jones, people of that stature. And you've got to think of yourself as one of them. And when you do, when you can make that comparison and be comfortable with it, you'll have got somewhere." That's the way I'm starting to think. It's taken me a long time. I'm a slow learner, and a very slow developer. And no doubt drink and drugs were instrumental in keeping me from that growth. But it's taken place now. Maybe too late—*not* too late, I don't think. But late for sure. But I've come to terms with my identity a lot better.

**MUSICIAN:** *Along those lines, not too long ago you were talking about the songwriter Jerry Williams, whose songs you've recorded extensively in recent years, and you said here was someone whose demos were better than the finished product. Other times you've spoken about your own desire to drop the whole facade not just of stardom but of "produced" music, go back to the basics. Well, why* not *just drop the facade? Why not put out demos, or a less finished product, if that's what you're drawn to?*

**CLAPTON:** Well, I don't make demos . . . and I still think it's important for the records to be as good as you can make them. You know? When I've written songs and made them into demos—for instance, on the *August* album I had one demo which we did clean up and polish a lot. Which I could never play in concert because it never reached the level of the demo. And another one that's called "Tearing Us Apart," which I do do in concert and which is exactly the same as the demo. It varies according to how much of myself has come through. "Tearing Us Apart"—that is purely me. There's no facade in that. But I don't write that much to really qualify me being that upfront about it. So, for instance, in Jerry Williams' case, I tend to think that his material is so malleable, it's so easily adjusted, that I can put myself into that and be really me, singing his words with his chord changes. I don't feel that I'm hiding behind him in any way. It's just that certain songs that he writes are the kind of things that I would like to write but I don't get around to.

**MUSICIAN:** *I guess what I meant was, you've always surrounded yourself with all these uncompromising people, from Ben Palmer to Delaney or Jerry Williams . . . it almost seems as if they were idealized images of a submerged self or fears of . . .*

**CLAPTON:** That's a very accurate way of putting it. And in a sense, I tend to think—not in a malicious way—that I used those people to convey what I was feeling without me having to do the leg work. Because of my lack of belief in myself. I think I was aware of it, but my excuse was that I was taking something from them, yes, but I was giving them the ability to be known, the possibility for the audience to know them. The reason, for instance, why I joined Delaney's band was because I was in total awe of him, and I thought everyone *else* should see this. I knew that I had the drawing power, even then. I could make the public aware of them just by putting my name on the bill. And I still use that a lot.

**MUSICIAN:** *So it's a kind of insecurity on top of . . .*

**CLAPTON:** I think it's a combination of things that have gone back to when I was first adulated, where I was put in a position of pressure that whatever I would write or play wouldn't be as good as I would like it to be. That has been something I've had to bear with over all these years. Something that has taken a long time to come to terms with. To the point now, to give you an example, I walked onstage with Elton John on Saturday night without one reservation. Now two years ago, or even a year ago, it would have been a lot harder to deal with. And I would have said yes at the outset, and then sat in the audience and just thought about that moment when I was going to have to walk onstage. Now I sat and enjoyed the show, and at the time when I was supposed to get up, someone came and told me, and I walked up and played, and it was just like water off a duck's back. I really enjoyed it, and I had no idea what I was going to play, I just knew I was going to be me. And whatever came out would be me. Didn't know the song. Didn't know the changes. But felt no fear whatsoever. And that to me is a miracle. I've got to that point now, and it can only get better—I hope. I read in Laurence Olivier's autobiography where he got stage fright at the age of 57. And for a year suffered from the fact that he couldn't remember lines. Every night. So that

"MY PERSONAL LIFE SUFFERS FROM AN INABILITY TO DEAL WITH RELATIONSHIPS."

• Soaking up the blues. •

*Photographs: (top) J. Bellissimo/LGI; (bottom) Carl Studna*

can always happen. But at this moment in time I'm pretty comfortable with what I can do. I know my limitations, really. And try to push them—but I stay within them, too.

**MUSICIAN**: *On this album it seems as if you had the contemporary composers playing on almost all their own songs . . .*

**CLAPTON**: Yeah, I wanted to get Jerry in, for instance, and the Womacks, because I thought it would be interesting to see how we would marry in the studio. If it would work. It was just an experiment, really, and with the Womacks it worked incredibly well. With Jerry it worked, but we had to confine Jerry, really, to keep him to a rhythm part, because he's a wild man. This goes back to what I was saying earlier. Two years ago I would have been completely submerged by him. My personality up until quite recently would have quite happily stepped aside and let him take the lead role. This time it didn't happen. I was very firm in making sure that this record was for me, that I was going to be singing it and that you were going to be accompanying me if you were in the studio. And with someone as strong as Jerry's personality, that's no mean feat.

**MUSICIAN**: *Tell me about your collaboration with Robert Cray.*

**CLAPTON**: We played "Hound Dog" because Russ [Titelman, the producer] thought it would be a good vehicle for me. And I was like, "Oh, I don't really know about that, but I'll do it because you think it's a good idea." And then I thought, "Well, let's do 'Before You Accuse Me,'" because I'd always liked the Bo Diddley version. So we tried to do it like that. But "Old Love," well, that I wrote with Robert. We'd done these two things, and we had a week of time together. And it was like, "We've got to do *something.*" So I started playing the first part of the progression, which is A minor to F to G suspended to G, and then Robert started playing along with me. This was one of those intervals in the studio where no one's doing anything, everyone's kind of lost the thread, and we just started playing this. Robert came up with the turn-around at the end, and then I started writing the words. He wrote 50 percent of the words, and we just did it. It was a perfect collaboration. He took 50 percent of the guitar playing, I took 50 percent. The only thing we didn't share was the singing. I wanted to keep that for me. I thought that was one of the best marriages on record that I've done. I think the feeling after we'd done it was, "Well, we've got it. We've got what we came in here for."

**MUSICIAN**: *Do you have any sense of where the blues is going?*

**CLAPTON**: Outside of Robert, no, I don't. I'm not really aware of what is happening. Stevie Ray is doing as much, if not more, than Robert to play on that threshold . . . the passion threshold . . . of the blues. I tend to think that it's a dying art, that there are just a handful of people left who are interested or are playing it. And I don't know what will happen to it after we're gone. I have no idea. But I think we're all doing our bit. You can't force it down people's throats, you've got to keep slipping it in there. That's what I try to do—to lean that way every now and then. A lot of people have said to me that their favorite track on this new album of mine is "Hard Times." That really shook me, because I didn't think they would like that. I thought that was almost too *ancient* in a way, in its approach, for anyone to like it. But there are people out there that want that. And it's very encourag-

ing for me to know that I can make an album in six months' time, or maybe more, that will be composed of entirely that kind of thing.

MUSICIAN: *Well, that brings us back to your interpretation, the way you've always approached what could be regarded as classic blues.*

CLAPTON: The way that I've always looked upon any interpretation of a great blues musician's material was to take the most obvious things and simplify them. Like my way of doing "Crossroads" was to take that one musical figure and make that the point, the focal point. Just really trying to focus in on what the essence of the song was. I mean, keeping it simple.

MUSICIAN: *You mean you simplify to reach a broader audience?*

CLAPTON: No, no, just to make it . . . playable for me. I am very limited in my technique, really, so what matters in my playing is the simplicity of it and that it gets to the point. Rather than playing

## FLOATING BRIDGEWORK

AS OF THE END of 1989, Eric was using this gear for his live shows: For guitars, three Fender Eric Clapton model Stratocasters with Lace Sensors (two gray and one green, if you care); a Gibson Chet Atkins electric gutstring guitar and—occasionally—a 1960 Gibson Les Paul of the Cherry Sunburst flavor. Eric's electric guitar strings are Ernie Ball Slinkies (usually E/.010, B/.013, G/.017, D/.026w, A/.036 and E/.046—sometimes a little heavier for slide work). For acoustic strings he switches between Ernie Ball, Guild and D'Angelicos, depending on the guitar or dobro. The Chet Atkins is gutstrung with Augustine and La Bella 900Bs. At his recent shows Clapton's amps were two Soldano 100s. In the studio he supplemented those with two Fender Twins (a '57 and an '89), a Music Man 2x10, Fender Champs, Gibson Rangers and good old Marshalls.

Eric has a new switching system and pedal board built by Pete Cornish that he's using live and in the studio. The effects hooked into that include a Samson wireless system, a Drawmer Vac/Tube compressor, a Yamaha SPX90, a Tri Stereo Chorus 618, a t.c. 22.90 digital delay, a Dynacord CLS 222, a Yamaha GEP60, a Roland SDE-3000 and a t.c. 1210 Spatial Expander. Underfoot is an Ernie Ball volume pedal customized to run through Eric's Jim Dunlop Gold wah-wah. In concert Eric also uses the SDE-3000 for "a dash of delay." All Slowhand's picks and straps are by Ernie Ball.

Drummer STEVE FERRONE uses Pearl drums and fittings and "a mixture" of cymbals. Bass star NATHAN EAST plays Ernie Ball Main Man and Yamaha basses and a Clevinger five-string upright. Nathan picks his strings to fit the bass, and among the strings he picks are Elite, Smith, Yamaha, D'Addario and the ubiquitous E. Ball. In live performances Nathan's been going back and forth between a Yamaha Bass Power amp and pre-amp and Yamaha's "Nathan East Bass Set-Up." Nathan's also watching the mailbox for his new Trace Elliot setup. Eric's current guitar sidekick is PHIL PALMER, who plays a Custom Chandler Strat with locking tremolo, a Paul Reed Smith with humbucking pickups, a Guild Songbird acoustic and one Eric Clapton Signature Series Strat. Phil plays through Mesa-Boogie Quad pre-amps and power amps (two 2x12 Boogie Cabinets) and uses Boss chorus and delay pedals. His strings are by—you guessed it—Ernie Ball.

around everything.

**MUSICIAN**: *But very few of the bluesmen are virtuosos.*

**CLAPTON**: No, nor am I. That's how I identified with them. It's not what is said but how it's said. Not how much is said, but the way it's said. And that's what I would try to draw out of anything that was a great influence on me, trying to draw out of Robert [Johnson] what was the spirit of what was being said as much as the way, or the form, or the technique.

**MUSICIAN**: *Where would you draw that spirit from?*

**CLAPTON**: From what I heard.

**MUSICIAN**: *When you started out you tried to envision the car the person was driving, the smell of the car, the specific locale or milieu . . .*

**CLAPTON**: Yeah, the outward sensations that would echo what was going on inside.

**MUSICIAN**: *Was it almost like method acting? Was it a specific discipline you put yourself through to try to get to the core of the thing?*

**CLAPTON**: Yeah, it would be. It would be a discipline that you would introduce to make that possible. On the surface of things, the sound of the music kind of overwhelms you, you know. And then all these pictures come into your head. And then when you want to—I mean, if I want to put myself into this frame of mind now . . . say if I've got a gig tonight with Buddy, I've really got to kind of call up all of this stuff that's inside that goes right back to when, like you said, you first heard Robert Johnson, or when I first heard Little Walter live. They're all in there. All of this stuff is inside me, it's just a matter of tapping it.

**MUSICIAN**: *Do you tap on your own reserve of emotional experience, memories of your grandparents, your mother . . .*

**CLAPTON**: That's all I've got to refer to. That's all I've got to refer to. It isn't labeled. It's a bag of emotions that have been untapped by—I mean, even when I was in psychotherapy for a while, I would reserve. . . . Even in deep psychotherapy there was a certain place that no one . . . that I wouldn't let him go. Because that is meant to be used for my music.

**MUSICIAN**: *That's what maintains your spontaneity? You mean, otherwise it would become formulaic for you?*

**CLAPTON**: Yeah, I think so. It's always fresh. And that kind of leads me to a troubled life, in a way. My personal life really suffers from that. Suffers from a lot of . . . kind of inability to deal with relationships, things like that. Because, you know, I keep a lot of this stuff inside.

**MUSICIAN**: *It disallows total unburdening?*

**CLAPTON**: Total intimacy with other people. Yeah.

**MUSICIAN**: *Do you feel this is true for all artists?*

**CLAPTON**: I think so. To a greater or lesser degree. There's a place that—no, you won't let anyone else go . . . because they are dreadfully ashamed or dreadfully scared. I don't think it's a question of being frightened of losing their creativity or anything like that. It's deeper than that.

**MUSICIAN**: *So everyone retains the bourgeois dream of the ideal relationship? Even artists, to whom it's not likely to be vouchsafed?*

**CLAPTON**: Well, we're all lonely people. When it comes down to it, you know, we'd all like to be normal. I can accept now that I probably never will be, but I'd still like to have that part of my life resolved and

comfortable.

**MUSICIAN**: *Have you ever thought of doing a project with Buddy Guy, say, like Keith Richards did with Chuck Berry?*

**CLAPTON**: Well, I did produce an album with Buddy Guy and Junior Wells in 1970. But I don't know if I've got the patience to do that. I'm too selfish, basically, to give up that much time to someone else's . . . You know, every time Buddy and me get together, the managers tend to converge, his manager more than my manager. They come up with this idea of putting an album together, with me on one track and Carlos Santana on the next, and it tends to drive me away. Because I get the most amount of enjoyment out of being with people like Buddy and Robert when we just play. When someone tries to nail it down into a business proposition or a project, I tend to run. I think that's the musician's normal inclination: Let us just be. You see, the problem with me is because of my ability to draw and the exposure that I can give to someone, the temptation would be very strong for them to make a commercial record. That kind of temptation is almost impossible to resist. I've seen it happen so many times. I don't know what the answer is, but to leave it alone seems to be the best way.

**MUSICIAN**: *There's been talk of various musical reunions. With all the other reunions that have taken place this year, would you ever think about doing something like this?*

**CLAPTON**: No, I don't think so. My time schedule won't allow it. Because I've strictly allowed myself—I do that kind of thing by the bucketload, usually. But I'm promoting this new album as much as I can, and I'm very loath to cut into that. I've got to look after this project of mine first and foremost. From now until December I'll be promoting the album. Then I go into rehearsals for the Albert Hall, then I go to Europe and America. The blues album will be either the end of 1990, or the beginning of the year after.

**MUSICIAN**: *That's pretty long-range planning.*

**CLAPTON**: We have to, yeah.

**MUSICIAN**: *Do you ever think about just running away? Leaving it all behind?*

**CLAPTON**: No. Where would I go? I mean, this is my life. I like it.

## SOUNDGARDEN

[*cont'd from page 40*] Jovi Warrant kind of place."

"Yeah," interrupts Matt, "there was a girl standing right in front of the stage with her fingers in her ears going, 'These guys suck.'"

"It's definitely good when people run away with their tails between their legs," continues Cornell with a decidedly punk rakishness. "When things aren't going good, we turn up and go wilder. They've got to love you or hate you. Okay is the worst way to come off stage."

By the end of their truly manic set, Soundgarden has recast metal's gothic trappings, turning them into fodder for its own engrossing din. "Pretentious," sniffs a woman with longstanding insights into the indie rock scene. "I thought they'd do Zep," exhales a kid on his way out the door. "They didn't. It was better than Zep, though. My nuts were wracking at one point." The kid rubs his soaked armpits with a new Soundgarden T-shirt.

"What makes something heavy is not that it's loud," says Thayil. "It has to be wild, insane. Dangerous is heavy. I liked Kiss when I was a kid; I wanted to make a guitar sound like that. But then I heard the Stooges and the MC5. Right then I realized there are other ways of doing things. All these GIT guitar students out there, there's nothing insane about what they do. It's not rebellious, it's schooled. I didn't get invited to parties because they knew I'd bring my Voidoids and Ramones LPs. I'm against anything tame or paint-by-numbers."

## POCO REUNION

[*cont'd from page 98*] don't think I'd want a Loggins and Messina reunion right now," Messina insists. "Kenny has gotten into collaborations that have diluted his skills to the point where technology has taken over. I liked his music when it was less complicated."

Eventually even Furay became dissatisfied with Poco's lack of sales. Especially when the group's sound was adopted by the best-selling Eagles, which Meisner had helped found after leaving Poco. Poco's influence on the early Eagles was no surprise to Furay, who remembers, "Glenn Frey used to come over to my house when Poco was rehearsing and sit in the corner and listen—day in, day out."

Furay says *A Good Feeling to Know* is his favorite Poco album "for its diversity. 'Sweet Lovin' ' said a lot for me because I'd just gone through the first of what would be two separations from my wife."

When the album failed to generate the commercial interest expected, Furay decided to call it quits. "I had poured my heart and soul into the band. I was looking for greener pastures."

So when the group finished *Crazy Eyes*, its album tribute to Gram Parsons, Furay jumped ship for Souther, Hillman and Furay, put together by record mogul David Geffen. Recalls Furay, "David said, 'If you get together with J.D. and Chris, you guys will be big stars.' But we were very disoriented, too individualized."

While recording the second SHF album, group guitarist Al Perkins suggested Furay consider Christianity as an alternative lifestyle. Then on his solo albums Furay began stretching out musically, playing some lead guitar, doing more arranging, but the records failed to find widespread acceptance.

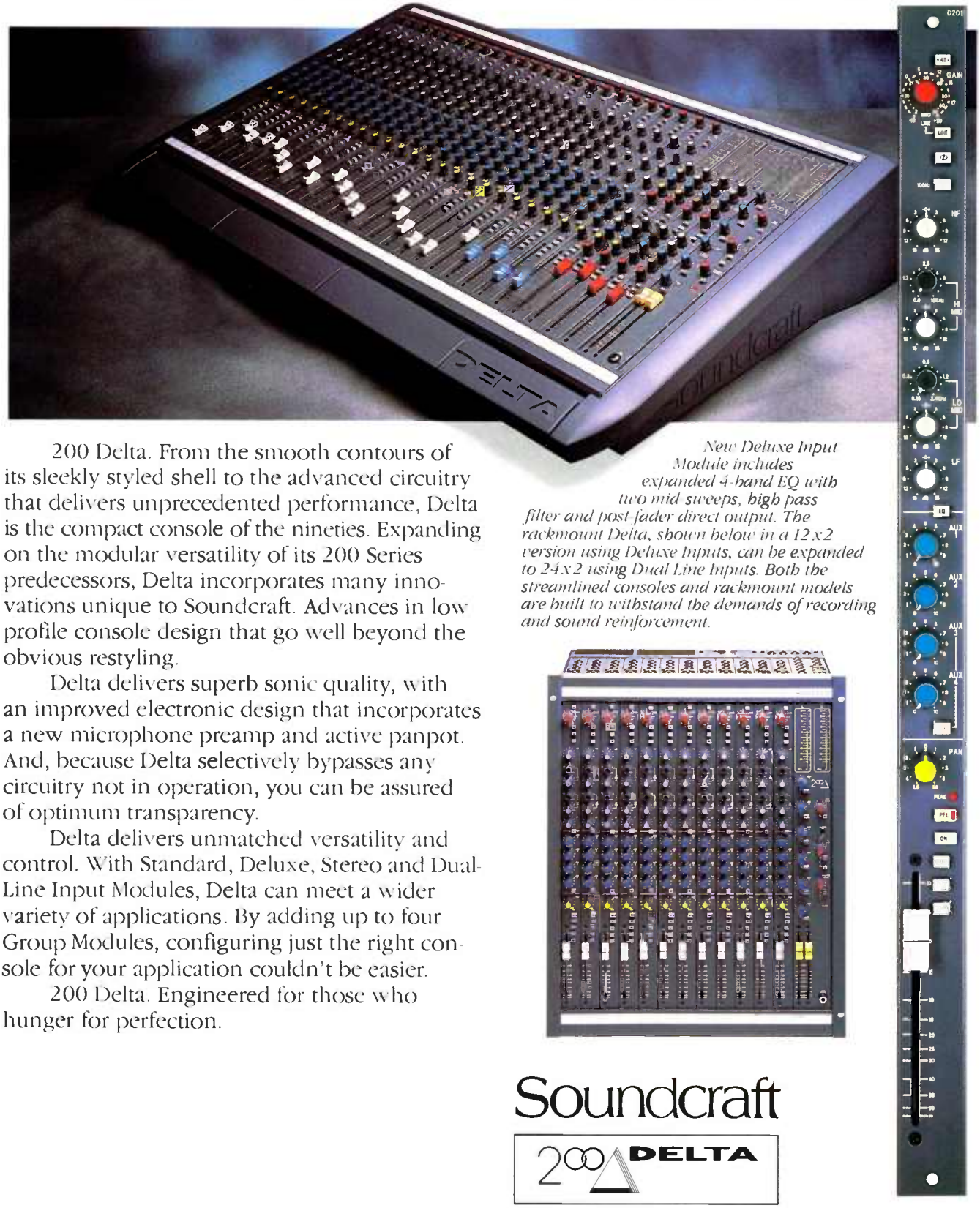
Rusty Young firmly denies the reformation of Poco was an attempt to cash in on the current reunion mania: "There wasn't much of this reunion stuff happening when I started working on the Poco project two years ago. I put the reunion together because I'm probably the one guy who's kept in touch with everybody through the years."

Poco tentatively plans to begin touring in the spring or summer of 1990, though it's still uncertain to what extent Furay will participate. But it was Furay's frenetic shaking onstage that often served as the focal point of Poco's high-paced concerts.

"Probably I touched something that shocked me," Furay grins widely in his Boulder office. "Neil would sometimes have an epileptic seizure onstage. It never failed that he'd make sure he didn't go down with his guitar. He'd hand it to me and it would always be out of ground with mine. A jolt of electricity would go right through me!

"But Poco's music was invigorating and charged up," he concludes. "That's what Poco is all about, making people feel good."

# Engineered For Those With A Passion For Performance.




200 Delta. From the smooth contours of its sleekly styled shell to the advanced circuitry that delivers unprecedented performance, Delta is the compact console of the nineties. Expanding on the modular versatility of its 200 Series predecessors, Delta incorporates many innovations unique to Soundcraft. Advances in low profile console design that go well beyond the obvious restyling.

Delta delivers superb sonic quality, with an improved electronic design that incorporates a new microphone preamp and active panpot. And, because Delta selectively bypasses any circuitry not in operation, you can be assured of optimum transparency.

Delta delivers unmatched versatility and control. With Standard, Deluxe, Stereo and Dual-Line Input Modules, Delta can meet a wider variety of applications. By adding up to four Group Modules, configuring just the right console for your application couldn't be easier.

200 Delta. Engineered for those who hunger for perfection.

*New Deluxe Input Module includes expanded 4-band EQ with two mid sweeps, high pass filter and post-fader direct output. The rackmount Delta, shown below in a 12x2 version using Deluxe Inputs, can be expanded to 24x2 using Dual Line Inputs. Both the streamlined consoles and rackmount models are built to withstand the demands of recording and sound reinforcement.*



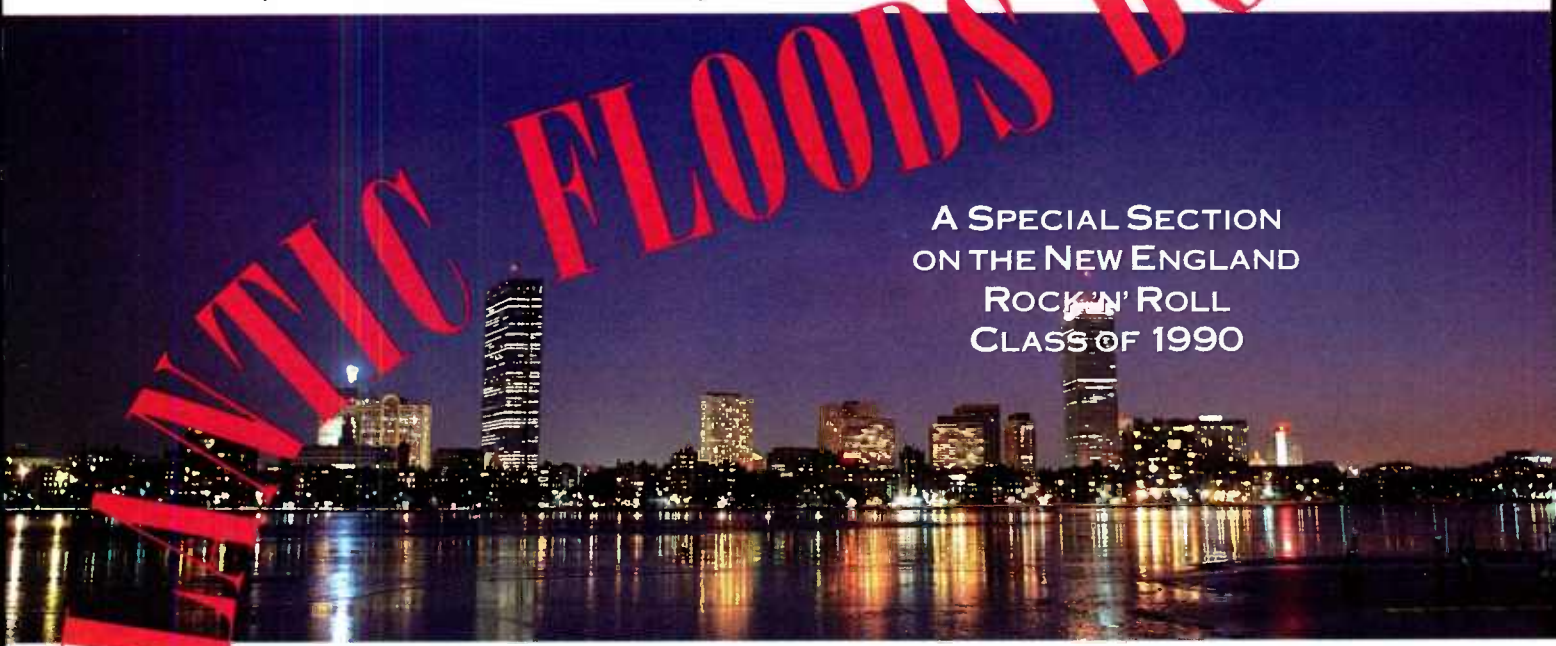
Soundcraft

200 DELTA

Soundcraft USA / JBL Professional
8500 Balboa Boulevard, Northridge, CA 91329

H A Harman International Company

# ATLANTIC FLOODS BOSTON!



## A SPECIAL SECTION ON THE NEW ENGLAND ROCK 'N' ROLL CLASS OF 1990

MEET FOUR NEW bands with a lot in common. The Joneses, the Raindogs, the Walkers and Young Neal & the Vipers are all based in and around Boston. They were all signed to Atlantic Records (or in the Raindogs' case to Atco, Atlantic's sister label) in 1989 and will release their first albums in early 1990. The musicians are mostly in their 30s; they've worked hard to get to this point. Now they are in the strange limbo between getting signed and getting heard. This is the moment when a musician does not know if he has reached the high point of his career—if his record flops he will have to go home a failure—or the last moment of obscurity before stardom.

The Joneses are a hard rock band who hark back to Free, the first Jeff Beck Group and Joe Cocker's Grease Band. The Raindogs are "Celtic R&B," the Waterboys eating a Beggar's Banquet on Highway 61. The Walkers, the youngest group here, are progressive folkies from the 10,000 Maniacs/Indigo Girls wing. Young Neal & the Vipers play electric blues à la the Thunderbirds and Stevie Ray Vaughan. There's a fifth band hidden in this picture, too: Push Push was a terrific Boston rock 'n' roll quartet who sounded a little like John Mellencamp, but whose record deal never materialized. When the Walkers needed a lead guitarist they stole Push Push's Adam Steinberg, and when Atlantic told Young Neal his band needed a new front man, the Vipers picked up Push Push's singer/songwriter Dennis Brennan.

As different as these bands look to us, they are all white rock 'n' roll groups with grit in their grooves. That shows a change at Atlantic Records, which in the '80s favored slick corporate rock (Genesis, Rush), funk and disco, and the teen pop of Debbie Gibson. Now Atlantic chief Ahmet Ertegun is investing in rock 'n' roll again.

So this is a story about five bands, four contracts, three A&R offices, two record labels, one recording company and one American city. We can all watch together to see the way it ends; here's how it starts.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS CARROLL

Raindogs Hill (29), Reilly (32), Cutler (31), Torrey (35) & Cunningham (30) signed to Atco for $200,000, plus a publishing advance to songwriter Cutler.

# THE MOMENT BETWEEN THE THUNDER AND THE LIGHTNING

# THE RAINDOGS

BY TIMOTHY WHITE

"IT ALL BEGAN WITH A SUDDEN BOLT WE GOT ONE NIGHT IN BOSTON," says Raindogs bassist Darren Hill, seated amid his Guinness-sipping cohorts in an Irish tavern in Harvard Square. "Jimmy and I had been discussing this strange idea of putting together a funky New England Cajun band with Celtic influences," Hill details, referring to Irish drummer Jimmy Reilly, a fellow refugee from CBS' bygone Red Rockers (*Good as Gold*, 1983; *Schizophrenic Circus*, 1984), who were an opening band on U2's Unforgettable Fire tour in the spring of 1985.

"In short," says Hill, "we were starting over, and we'd just moved into this Boston loft on Batterymarch Street, which is named for British troops that used it in the 1700s. Jimmy had also played with Stiff Little Fingers, the Belfast punk band, so it seemed right that our place should be strategically located between an old British stronghold and five Irish pubs." A communal burst of laughter.

"So one night we were upstairs in our apartment when we heard this brilliant *ayre* come blazing from across the street, out of this pub called Limerick's. It was the most beautiful music we'd ever heard, and when we ran down to check it out, there was Johnny Cunningham, full of fire and drink, tearing into his fiddle."

"They caught me at a strange time, right between the end and the beginning," says the bearded, ebullient Cunningham, picking up the tale. "I had just finished my last tour with Silly Wizard [Scotland's top folk group], my car had gotten broken into in New York City, and I lost everything from my years with Wizard and a Celtic group called Relativity—every fuckin' tape and photograph. It was like I was starting a whole new existence! So next I meet this drummer and bassist who want to start some crazy new band—but they've got no singer or songwriter!!"

More shared cackles as another round of stout arrives. "Well, yeah, I guess we started things out backwards," Hill concedes sheepishly. But the half-formed band's gaps were soon filled during a reconnaissance mission to Providence, Rhode Island to catch local star Mark Cutler at a saloon called the Backstreet Bar & Grill. Cutler, leader of the Schemers, Rhode Island's top unsigned rock act, was performing an acoustic set with Schemers' guitarist Emerson Torrey. "And as we walked in," says Hill, "Mark was doing a tune about a buddy of his who'd jumped off a bridge. As soon as I heard that song, I thought, '*This* is the guy for us.'"

"The song was called 'Walter Jumped,'" says the pensive Cutler, nodding in remembrance, "and it was about a boyhood friend who killed himself by



*Photograph previous page: John Soares*

leaping off the Newport Bridge. Naturally, that news was a jolt. Tragedy really affects me, and I'm also not a big fan of change. Next thing I know, these musicians from Boston have me cornered and are talking me into leaving the Schemers. Amazingly, in the space of the next four months, I left that group, got married, moved to Boston and started with the new band."

"And we also stole Emerson for good measure," adds Cunningham, his ruddy Scottish face flushed with mischief. "We had a strong idea of who we wanted, even if we didn't know what the hell to do next!"

Indeed, the band took its name from the casual term given stray canines picked up by the Manhattan animal pound. "When it rains," Cutler explains, "they lose their way home because they can't find the scent. The people who work at the pound call them rain dogs . . . lost puppies."

"WE WERE SURPRISED NO ONE ELSE HAD SIGNED THIS BAND."

—STEVE GETT, ATCO

The most obvious item on the forlorn new Raindogs agenda was the creation of material. In between day gigs as housepainters, evening club jams with such associates as R.E.M., and assorted eviction notices and child support wrangles, Cutler managed to dig in and write more than enough songs to attract the attention of Atco Records, resulting in their first album, *Lost Souls*. The record is a vibrant debut: The mix of lusty rock, doleful ballads and songs that somehow combine both elements culminates in a sound that could be dubbed Celtic R&B.

"That's exactly it," says Cunningham. "My fiddle goes for rhythm *and* melody, rather than some novelty flavoring, and we've got a bit of zydeco and New Orleans feel from Darren's Louisiana background. Then Jimmy, Emerson and Mark contribute the rock 'n' roll to Mark's bluesy songs, and you end up with this unique feeling that includes us all."

Cutler also makes it clear that each of *Lost Souls*' tracks was written expressly for the LP. "They're all a result of the recent realizations we've come to as individuals and as friends," he confides. "'This Is the Place' is about my new home in Boston and what it means to me, and 'Too Many Stars' goes right to the core of our belief in ourselves. Other songs are about having hope when the odds seem against you. All of us have our own stories to tell about troubles we've known. There are sad things in my life, like my architect father dying in a car crash 10 days before I was born. Had he lived, we would have been wealthy from contracts he had just signed to build major projects. I'm sure that had an effect on my outlook.

"I wrote 'Stars' about a year ago during a point when I had a part-time job as a stagehand with the Boston Opera House. A fella I worked with there was always giving the lamest excuses for why he wasn't getting on with his life, and I was determined not to be like him. I went home one evening and tried to build a lyric around the silliest reason anyone could ever give for not reaching out and grasping their dreams. So it's a song about the ultimate cockeyed excuse: 'Too many stars, not enough sky.'"

Hearing this story, each of the Raindogs seated around the tavern booth offers his personal insights into the darkness and the light. Johnny Cunningham asserts that his dad aspired to a musical career and "loves to sing, but his voice sounds like coal being shoveled under a door. Me mother's banned him from singing in the house, so now he has a part-time job singing at funerals—where nobody dares complain!"

Jimmy Reilly wryly asserts that his old man was a "vampire, in the most positive sense. He worked for the busiest blood bank in Europe—located in the heart of Belfast." Darren Hill tells of mystical experiences during the three years that his father's aluminum firm compelled the family's relocation to Tema, Ghana. "I was 12 at the time, and got exposed to West African juju music long before it hit America, which I'm sure influenced me. I also saw some of the juju [sorcery] the music takes its name from. This one juju doctor used to sacrifice animals, drink their blood, and then get the headless carcasses to stand up and walk around on command. It was pretty wild, unforgettable stuff."

All parties marvel at how the spookiness and exhilaration of their backgrounds has seeped into their music, but as the band calls for a last round of drinks, Mark Cutler believes he's got the quintessential Raindogs anecdote.

"Do you guys remember the time we were all riding down to New York to begin making our record?" Everybody shudders and grins. "What happened," Cutler explains, "was that we had piled into one car to make the trip, and as we rode along the weather kept getting more and more freaky. It was pouring rain in huge sheets as we were heading through Connecticut and I suddenly remembered that the day's date—March 20th—was the exact one my father had died on. To the best of my knowledge, he'd died at exactly 3:20 p.m., which was the time showing on his wristwatch when it was stopped by the impact of his crash. That very time was approaching as the rain was increasing, and I got so nervous I told the rest of the band what was on my mind, and asked that we pull off the road and wait until that time had passed."

So what happened?

"Nothing at all. The moment passed, we got back on the road, drove to Manhattan without any trouble and began *Lost Souls*. It wasn't until a little later that I learned I had the time of my dad's death wrong by about six hours."

"*Unbelievable*, Cutler!!!" Johnny Cunningham rules. "All the while, we were scared half out of our heads!!

"Ahhh but you're damned right," Johnny concludes, lifting his final pint to his lips, "that is a typical Raindogs tale if I've ever heard one."

## DOG SHOW

**MARK CUTLER plays a Fender Stratocaster with GHS Boomer strings through a Fender Dual Showman head, an Effectron delay, Boss compressor and chorus, and a Chandler tube overdrive. He also uses a Takamine acoustic with Martin strings. EMERSON TORREY plays a Schecter Telecaster with GHS Boomers into a Fender Super Reverb amp with Boss compressor and overdrive. DARREN HILL's main bass is a Hamer, which he plugs into an Ampeg SVT. JOHNNY CUNNINGHAM fiddles on a Zeta five-string violin through a Traynor amp, and plays a Washburn mandolin through a Roland amp. JIMMY REILLY has "mutant drums": Yamaha drums with Remo heads on Sonor stands, a Pearl foot pedal, and both Sabian and (from Germany) Minke cymbals. Says Reilly, "It's the U.N. of drum kits."**

Joneses Finnerty (36), Loosigian (34), Hallen (32) & Sands (31) landed $200,000 from Atlantic and were recording their first album within a week of signing.

# THE JONESES

## "ONE LAST SHOT" HITS THE BULL'S-EYE

BY TED DROZDOWSKI

THE JONESES' STORY SOUNDS LIKE THE PLOT FOR A FRANK CAPRA FILM. It starts in the mid-1970s. Two regular guys from Boston, David Finnerty and Billy Loosigian, have rock 'n' roll dreams. Finnerty joins the Road Apples and writes and sings "Let's Live Together," a single that becomes a national hit. Still, legal wrangles keep the band from cutting an album, and the Road Apples miss their shot. Loosigian becomes part of beat-punk poet Willie "Loco" Alexander's Boom-Boom Band, which in turn goes bust after two MCA albums.

Cut to 1981. Loosigian and Finnerty are still at it. They meet in a band called the Jackals. The group slugs it out for seven years. At first they're hot, but after a while they're not. Gigs get thin. Loosigian starts playing with the Nervous Eaters, the Souls, Robin Lane, Hubert Sumlin—anyone. Finnerty plays in a cover band, the Wrecking Crew, to make ends meet.

Cut to 1988. They feel like shit. It's been 15 years of playing the same joints with nothing but experience to show for it. Loosigian's about to hang up his Les Paul when he approaches Finnerty with a proposition: They form one last band, give it their all for one year—and if it doesn't fly they quit forever. They recruit ex-Ministry bassist Brad Hallen (whom Loosigian met in the Nervous Eaters) and lift drummer John Sands from ex-Asbury Juke Joel Gramolini's band. They rehearse in Loosigian's parents' garage, they grill hot dogs, they name themselves the Joneses.

Finally they get lucky. The Joneses hook up with Boston-based R&B producer Michael Jonzun and demo a funky tune called "Don't You Know." There's some interest in the demo from Atlantic, but there's a cruel plot twist. When Jonzun goes to see the Joneses in a club and finds out that most of their material sounds more like Free than Sly, he's out the door. ("He literally walked out on our set," Loosigian recalls.) Daunted but still determined, the Joneses make a four-song EP, *Everything Changes*, and get working on more demos.

Cut to New York City, where lawyer/manager David Sonenberg hears a tape and asks the Joneses to play for him in a Manhattan rehearsal studio. He signs them in May '89, then gets a new demo to Aziz Goksel, the Atlantic A&R man who'd shown interest in the Jonzun-produced tape. Without seeing the band, Goksel offers the Joneses a deal. They sign with Atlantic on June 28; a day later the Joneses are in the Power Station making their first album. Hey, it *is* a wonderful life!

"I think what helped us get signed was that we finally got focused about what we should do," [*cont'd on page 66*]

BY JIM MACNIE

# THE WALKERS

## DOWN EASTERS BASKING IN SIMPLE EARNESTNESS

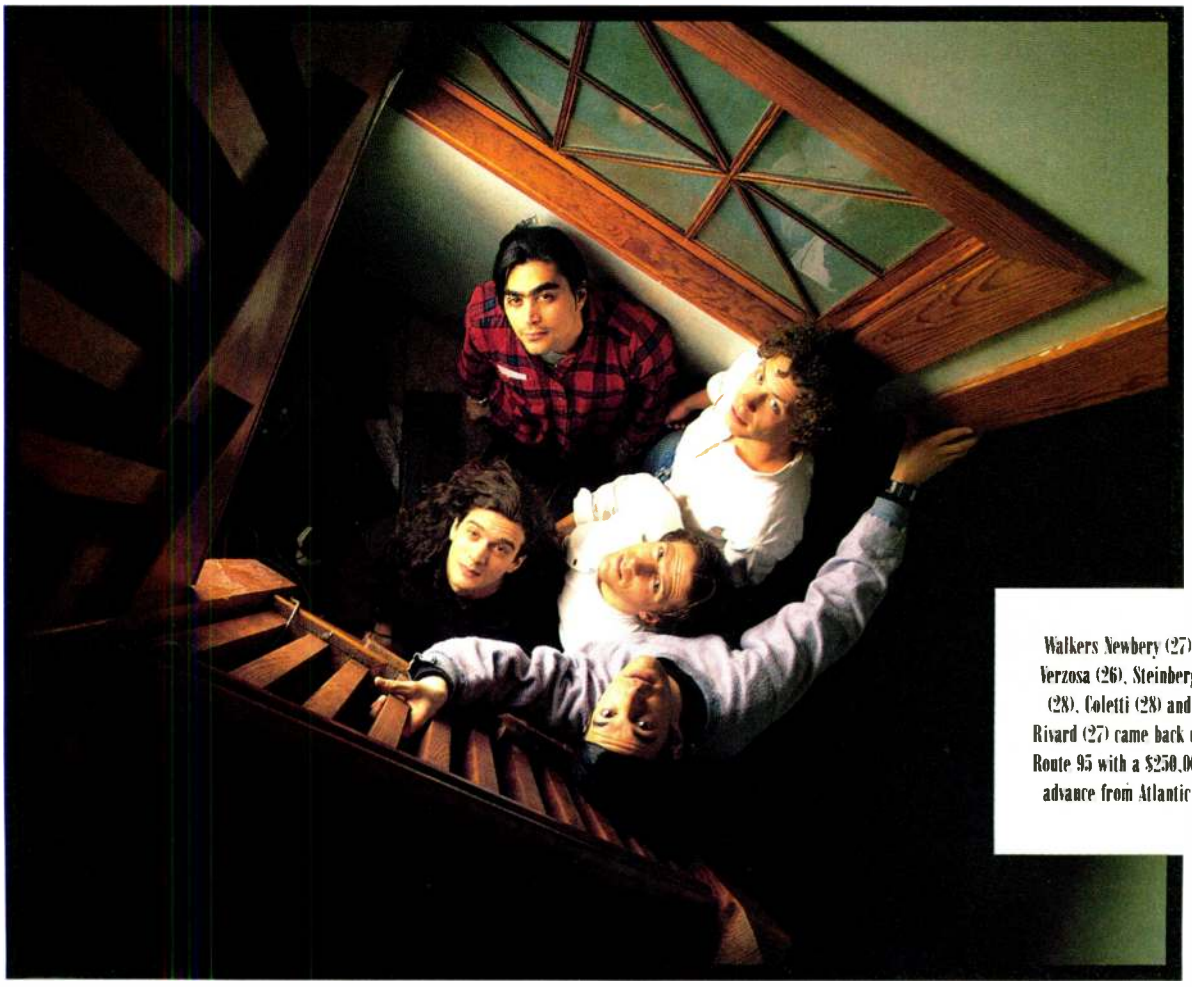
"THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT we're not on the cutting edge," muses Patrick Newbery, guitarist for the Walkers. Listening to the demo tape that secured the Boston quintet's two-record deal with Atlantic, it's easy to agree. Their sound is based around the bald, inviting logic of '70s-style acoustic rock: Webster's definition of pretty and free-flowing. "I have always been behind the times musically," Newbery continues. "I discovered the Clash four years after they became popular; it's more fun just playing what you want rather than keeping up with the times."

That kind of attitude is what will probably get you nowhere in a trend-conscious marketplace, but it honestly doesn't seem to bother Newbery and his songwriting partner (and voice of the Walkers) Manny Verzosa. Both are chitting the chat in Atlantic's New York offices on a freezing winter afternoon, explaining how two non-go-getters from the out-of-orbit environs of Portland, Maine got hold of a major label recording contract without *really* having a band to sign. First, you must go to the mecca . . . or in this case, the mini-mecca.

"We drove down to Boston to simply document some of the songs that we had written back home," explains the effervescent Verzosa. "We didn't have any idea everything was about to get serious." The duo had been given a massive pep talk by Tom Dube, Beantown producer and soundman for easy-going bluesters Treat Her Right. "He heard us open for them and was attracted by the fact that we were trying to do something beyond just acoustic guitar and voice," says Newbery. Summoning their courage, they took Manny's Dodge Dart down the Maine turnpike and, for the most part, never went home.

How could they? Boston was heaven. They instantly found themselves in the middle of a scene which used Q Division, an indie Boston recording studio, as a hub. Dube and pal Mike Deneen blew a whistle, and players of all stripes came over to flesh out the Walkers' sparse tunes. "We were blown away at the level of musicianship," says Newbery. "It was like being inventors and having different ideas for toys," continues Verzosa, "and some manufacturer says, 'Alright, we're going to make each and every one of these, right down to your specs. Some will work, some won't, but at least you'll be able to see them in action.'"

Q Division's revolving door—as many as 20 local players sat in during the sessions—created an 11-song demo tape of above-average sound quality. With the addition of Dube, Deneen, bassist Michael Rivard, drummer Carl Coletti and Push Push guitar- [*cont'd on page 69*]



Walkers Newbery (27), Verzosa (26), Steinberg (28), Coletti (28) and Rivard (27) came back up Route 95 with a $250,000 advance from Atlantic.

Young Neal & the Vipers DeQuattro (41), Bigelow (31), Vitullo (28) & Brennan (37) are saving the $150,000 Atlantic gave them to record, and living off their gigs.

## STRIPPED DOWN AND REBUILT TO LAST

# YOUNG NEAL & THE VIPERS

BY TED DROZDOWSKI

YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE A GOOD REASON TO WAKE UP ATLANTIC RECORDS czar Ahmet Ertegun in the middle of the night. For A&R man Peter Koepke, the reason was Neal Vitullo, a 28-year-old blues guitar slinger from the little town of Warren, Rhode Island.

Koepke had gone to New York City's Lone Star Roadhouse to see Vitullo's band, Young Neal & the Vipers, on the recommendation of the guitarist's managers, Mark Krantz and Mort Cooperman. "I thought I'd just have a burger and relax, but Neal was terrific," Koepke says. He called Ertegun and asked if the band could play a third set after the club's clientele went home—which was no problem, since Krantz is the Lone Star's music director and Cooperman owns the place.

"We played a set for Ahmet and maybe 10 other people," says Vitullo. "I didn't even know who I was meeting at the time, but afterwards he came up to me and said, 'Young man, you've taken the pill, you've got soul. I want to work with you.'"

After four years of playing every bar-room between Boston and New York, things were happening fast. Vitullo had just signed his management deal with Krantz and Cooperman. Now negotiations with Atlantic began, and they yielded a contract that hit the desk of the band's lawyer in December 1988. It sat there for five long months.

The problem was that Vitullo was stuck between his buddies and a hard place. "You make friends, but it's a business," he says, sitting on a chair in the dressing room of the Clubhouse, a Bristol, Rhode Island rock joint. He and his band are circled by busted furniture, rubble and wires that dangle from the ceiling like eavesdropping pythons—the usual surroundings of working-class players.

"It's been a goal not to be a bar band," Vitullo continues, "and you've gotta do what you've gotta do to get to that level."

What Vitullo decided he had to do was replace drummer Bob Christina and singer Dave Howard. He wasn't alone. "Elektra had shown some interest in the band before Atlantic," says manager Krantz, "but they wanted to change the band. Atlantic wanted to change the band too, but they would initially take it as is. Elektra wouldn't. We had just signed Neal ourselves at the time, and my feeling is that you don't sign a band and then break it up. We told the people in the band that they got the first shot, but that we were going to have a very high standard musically, and that some people might not make it all the way to the end."

Christina, the brother of Fabulous Thunderbirds drummer Fran Christina, was cut first. His replacement was veteran blues sideman [cont'd on page 68]

BY SCOTT ISLER

# THE MEN FROM A.H.M.E.T.*

## HOW THE ATLANTIC & ATCO A&R STAFFS RAIDED BOSTON

"BASICALLY, RECORD COMPANIES don't want a new artist," Peter Koepke admits straightforwardly—and as assistant to the president of Atlantic Records, he should know. "A new artist means a new file, means you have to convince radio. So as an A&R person, if you sign an artist you better realize that you're going to go through meeting after meeting after meeting where you have to convince people that this person or band is great."

Initial enthusiasm among a record company's A&R (artists and repertoire) department is one of the common denominators between the signings of Young Neal & the Vipers, the Walkers, the Joneses and the Raindogs. The first two of these groups dealt with Peter Koepke. The Walkers came to his attention through A&R representative Sofia Ames-Leak. Just after she started at Atlantic, Ames-Leak remembers, a friend played her a Walkers demo tape. She was impressed, especially with the song "Fall from Grace": "It's an amazing song. After one hearing I could remember it." Koepke seconded her emotion about the tape, and suggested seeing the Walkers at CBGB.

"There were some A&R people there," Koepke says. "I talked to the band afterwards, and I thought we should go for it. The next week they played again, and there were A&R people wall to wall. I said, 'Look, Sofia, let's not fuck around.' If I'd waited another week, there would have been no chance in hell" of Atlantic signing the band.

The "band" consisted of singer Manny Verzosa and guitarist Patrick Newbery, the Walkers' creative force. Atlantic started negotiating with the two simultaneously with a couple of other major companies. "After three or four weeks of 'We *want* this,'" Koepke says, "we eventually got the deal." He credits Ames-Leak's determination in convincing the Walkers that Atlantic was the best label.

Koepke first heard of Young Neal through Mark Krantz of New York's Lone Star Roadhouse. Koepke was impressed with Young Neal—"a genuine talent, like somebody who can juggle 15 balls at a time"—but "I wasn't totally thrilled about the singer." He even considered "stealing" Neal for Paul Rodgers' band. Legendary Atlantic chairman Ahmet Ertegun went to a show—and practically signed Neal on the spot. Koepke says, "Ahmet is still very much the owner of this joint."

After signing to Atlantic, Young Neal & the Vipers recorded some tunes "just to see how they would feel," Koepke says. The results showed even more obviously than the live show the need for a more compatible singer. Koepke spoke to the band's management about retaining the singer, "an excellent harp player," while adding a new lead vocalist. The band itself realized its vocal shortcomings, added former Push Push singer/songwriter Dennis Brennan and "liked him so much more as a musician that a rift was created," Koepke says, forcing the original singer to leave. "We never said, 'You've gotta take this guy,'" Koepke adds. "I don't think you can do it with people like that. You can do it with Milli Vanilli, but that's a different ballgame."

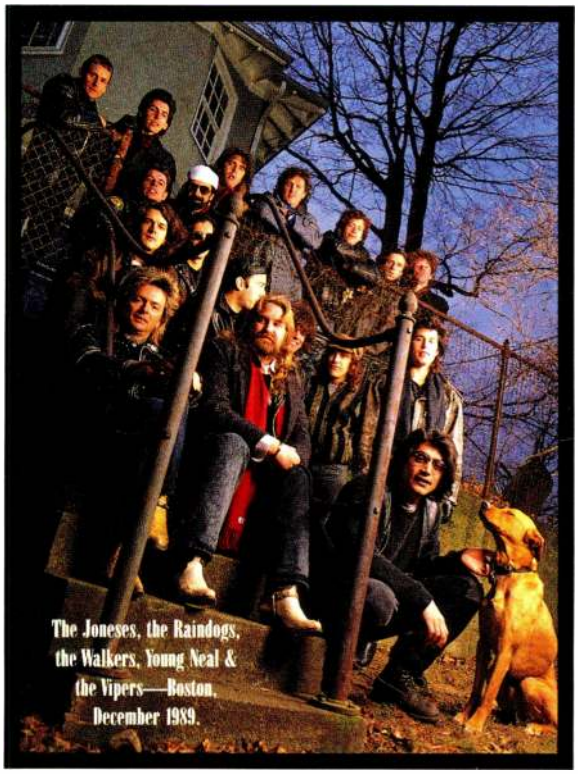
The point is that artists have to find out for themselves. "If I think you're a complete idiot," Koepke says, "and I have to tell you these things, why would I want to make a deal with you? If people are on the right track they're gonna come to the right solution. You've just gotta find a way of showing it to them."

By comparison, the Joneses signing seems like simplicity itself. Atlantic A&R representative Aziz Goksel heard a "fantastic demo" of the band through a lawyer who was working for the group. "I kept hounding him about it," Goksel says, "and he sent me the tape. We played it at an A&R meeting and everyone fell over. It wasn't like pulling teeth."

Recording the Joneses was apparently as easy as signing them: "We get bands sometimes that are talented but not very seasoned," Goksel continues. "These guys had done all their woodshedding. They had their songs, they knew how to play . . . It wasn't a very difficult project. The whole thing was to sign them before other labels got wind of them.

"I wish every project that I did went as smoothly as this one has."

Koepke denies that Atlantic looks for musical types to fill specific categories. "It's very dangerous to see these slots before these guys have made records or before they have found their room. Would you have thought that AC [adult contemporary, or quasi-"easy listening"] radio is the first place that plays Tracy Chapman? You have to make a record with the best songs a group has at this time, that features the best vocals you can get, that sounds like the real thing—and you make it a little bit *nicer* than what they are, in order for people to be able to digest it."



The Joneses, the Raindogs, the Walkers, Young Neal & the Vipers—Boston, December 1989.

Only seven floors separate Atlantic from its recently rejuvenated subsidiary label Atco. But employees at both companies stoutly maintain their autonomy. "It's competition, no doubt," Koepke says. "They're running an independent label up there. The only difference is Ahmet is the boss of both."

Up there, Atco president Derek Shulman agrees. Atlantic has "scooped me on a couple of things," Shulman says, "and I scooped them on a few things. Competition on signing bands—that's the easiest part. Breaking the bands is the hardest part."

The Raindogs emerged from a

*Atlantic (Atco) Hears Musical Excitement There

pile of demo tapes Atco A&R director Steve Gett was going through. He gave the tape to Shulman, who was aware of the band; their manager had worked for Bon Jovi, a Shulman signing at PolyGram Records. Following a showcase performance last February the principals involved went out and shook hands on a deal. "The demos were unbelievably polished," Gett says. "We wanted to make sure they could deliver live. We were surprised no one else had signed this band."

By June the Raindogs were in New York's Power Station studio with Neil Dorfsman, chosen from a list of desirable producers. "There seemed like there was good chemistry to start off with," Gett says. "Unfortunately what seemed good in principle didn't work out in reality. They were coming from two different viewpoints." After a week at the Power Station the band canceled its remaining time. "We realized the Raindogs should be themselves," Gett says, "and they realized we were not prepared to just slap them in the studio and take what came out."

Gett remembered Peter Henderson as a "lowkey" producer, hooked him up with the band, and proceeded to check out Boston studios to resume recording. Then someone suggested using the Stoughton, Massachusetts studio where the Raindogs had cut their demos. "I was very hesitant about telling Derek this," Gett says, "'cause I knew it was basically a run-down shack!" He also doubted the studio's owner would believe a major label was interested in using the place. Henderson, though, sensed the familiar surroundings would revive the band's spirit. Extensive rewiring and outboard equipment imported from New York temporarily turned Stoughton into an outpost of the recording industry.

Shulman, the leader of '70s band Gentle Giant, got involved after the recording was over. "It was mixed in a different way than I expected," he says. "I threw a shit fit and got them back to mix. It was way, way too dry. They were painting themselves into a total 'alternative' corner." The final remix has "more ambience to it." Did the band object? "A little bit."

These experiences show that A&R duties continue at every stage of a recording project. Shulman says the hardest part of his job is "to keep an objective viewpoint and not get immersed in the trenches. You can lose sight of what you did it for—certainly what *I* did it for—in the first place.

"I'd rather fall on my face and fuck it up entirely than not go for it. There's no point in just doing okay."

## THE JONESES

*[cont'd from page 62]* says Finnerty. "With other bands we'd come close, but we were bogged down worrying about what was commercial. This time we decided to stay true to what we like, and we hoped that with a little luck its quality would sell it."

"After about two weeks in Billy's garage we hit a plateau where we had a real sound; a real heavy blues-rock thing came together," recounts Hallen. "It was different from the other bands I'd been in around here, because we were always off whoring around with other things to pay the bills. This time we decided to stay focused on one thing and really give this our best."

"The sound that we got is the sound I grew up with," Loosigian offers. "I was playing basic heavy blues in high school. I never really changed the way I played. It's just that the bands I've been in have been different. When we started this band, I'd seen groups like the Cult and thought, 'They're still learning. They haven't gotten it yet because they haven't listened to the real blues.' I figured, 'Shit, if these younger guys are trying to sound like Free and Jeff Beck and Led Zeppelin, I can do it better, because I came up on it.'"

### THE JONESES' JONESES

**ON RECORD BILLY LOOSIGIAN uses a '59 Les Paul. Live it's a reissue run through a cranked Vox AC-30 top boosted with a Boss chorus and a Vox wah-wah. For big gigs, he'll roll out a Marshall 4x12 with a '68 plexiglass head. DAVID FINNERTY sings through a Shure SM58, plays a Les Paul Jr. and uses a little Ampeg amp that's due for replacing. BRAD HALLEN pounds a '68 Fender Precision, run direct through an old SVT. JOHN SANDS plays Yamaha drums with a blend of Zildjian and Sabian cymbals.**

"We've gotten a lot of flack around Boston," Finnerty continues. "We hear retro this and retro that, 'Bad Company.' But to me there's a big difference between copying stuff and coming from the same place."

Now the Joneses need to find out where they're going—and when. It's just before Thanksgiving: Gathered 'round a table in an Irish alehouse in Boston's Allston section, Loosigian, Finnerty and Hallen mention they're unsure if their band's LP, which was finished in late September, will be released in January, February or March. So they don't know when they'll be going on tour, or if they'll be paired with a bigger band when they do. And their advance money's running out.

Atlantic's Goksel has a clearer picture of their future: "The record's tentatively scheduled for release in February, but we want to do it right. I want to make sure the Joneses' record won't come out in a month when there's a lot of releases in the same format, which would be worked by the same promotion people. I want to avoid any in-house competition.

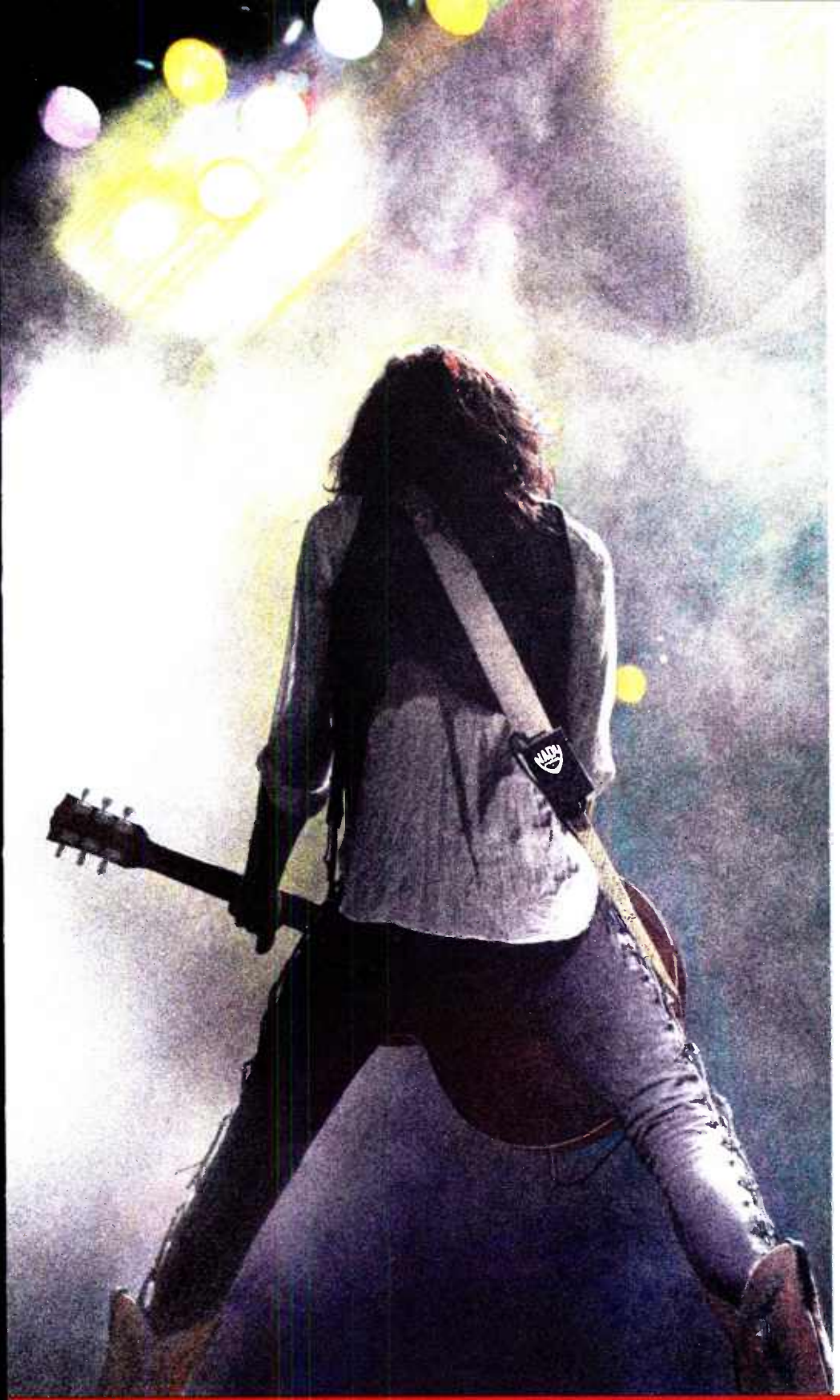
"I consider myself very lucky to have signed the Joneses," he continues. "As soon as I got their tape, I played it for the powers that be, and I didn't have to persuade anybody. They all agreed that we had to sign this band very fast.

"The Joneses are playing a type of music that many other musicians are attempting, but don't have the musical maturity to pull off. I felt that I could leave them alone in the studio for weeks at a time and have every bit of confidence that everything was going fine. They're the kind of band that can take care of itself; well-seasoned, cool, professional. They're not like a very young band; their hearts aren't going pitter-pat now that they're signed.

"They're a unique band with a very identifiable sound. First, the heavy-rock aficionados will pick up on it, then the general public. But I think they have great potential."

So, apparently, does Atlantic chief Ahmet Ertegun, who met all of manager Sonenberg's bargaining points at the time the Joneses' contract—good for three two-album options—was negotiated. "When David went in, Ahmet just seemed determined to have the Joneses on his label, so David played it up a little," Finnerty explains. "He said, 'PolyGram's really hot on the band.' And they had expressed some interest. But Ahmet said, 'David, the Joneses belong on Atlantic.' He was really buying it. So David said, 'You know, I don't know if they're right for Atlantic. These guys aren't spring chickens.' And Ahmet said, 'I don't care if they look like shit, the music's great. . . . They don't look like shit, do they?'"

Meanwhile, the Joneses are working out their arena chops on the



You name the group—chances are they're running several channels of Nady Wireless on stage. These are the guys who can afford any wireless they want. Fact is, they insist on Nady.

So should you. For the same reasons. In a side-by-side comparison, no other wireless is as quiet (we're 20 dB below the competition), or sounds as good. Thanks to our patented noise-reduction circuitry.

And the Nady transmission link is the most dependable you can get. We have more experience with working bands than all of our competitors combined. Nine out of ten superstars rely on Nady Wireless—this was true a decade ago, and it's true today. Our cutting edge technology and unrivaled quality keep Nady customers loyal.

Choose Nady, just as the greats do.

Because the road to the top is a little smoother with Nady Wireless behind you.

Go for a hands on demo at your Nady Dealer. Or write us for more information. Nady Systems, Inc., 1145 65th St., Oakland, CA 94608.


*Choose a Nady 650 VHF for super features in a mid-priced Diversity Wireless System. Hand-held Transmitter available with most popular elements.*

*The Nady Instrument Transmitter is a familiar sight on stage.*

# Nady. The Wireless behind the greats.

NADY SYSTEMS

stages of Boston clubs, squeezing into velvet pants they haven't worn since the '70s, learning the value of broad gestures like holding feedbacked guitars aloft and raising fists to emphasize a lyric. But Finnerty still can't help grinning self-consciously when he spins his mike stand over his head. "We're really just feeling that kind of thing out," he says, "because getting this record deal has made us think along the lines of playing in front of larger audiences. We're trying to get better at the things that are part of doing that. You should have seen the first few gigs. I was grinning a lot back then."

## YOUNG NEAL & THE VIPERS

[*cont'd from page 64*] Tom DeQuattro, who started full time on January 1, 1989, but had already been subbing on Tuesdays while Christina took night classes in architecture. "You've just got to be one or the other," says Vitullo. "You can't be a drummer and an architect. Without a steady timekeeper, when it comes down to making records, you're in the shit. I couldn't picture working with a click track."

Replacing Howard was a harder call. He and Vitullo had started the band together; they were songwriting partners. A two-album contract was finally signed in May, but "the vocals were holding things up," says Vitullo. Demos just weren't yielding the kind of results Atlantic wanted. "They didn't feel we had someone strong enough to make the transition from being a bar band to radio or arena style. Instead of making a record that would go straight into the cutout bins, we had to make the change."

Howard was offered a spot as harp player and second guitarist, but decided to return to his job with the Warwick, Rhode Island sanitation department, where he'd accumulated well over a decade's worth of benefits. He's also got points on the album, is still writing with Vitullo, and has started a new group that plays on weekends.

Veteran Boston musician Dennis Brennan was brought in to replace Howard in late October. His power-pop outfit Push Push had broken up early in '89 when guitarist Adam Steinberg left to join the Walkers, another recent Atlantic signing. Brennan was about to move to Nashville to hang out his songwriter's shingle when he was recommended for an audition with Young Neal & the Vipers.

At the Clubhouse gig, just six weeks after he joined the band, it's obvious that Brennan is everything Howard was not: stylishly dressed, comfortable with major keys and vocal melodies, a real presence onstage. He's a spirited foil for Vitullo, who's lost in his world of open-mouthed gyrations and stunt playing (over the shoulder,

### VIPER PIPES

**NEAL VITULLO plays Stratocasters—a '58 and a '57 reissue—and a '58 Gibson 125 for slide through a pre-CBS Fender Super Reverb and a 30-watt Marshall head with channel switching and reverb that drives two 4x10 cabs. His strings are D'Addario, gauges .011 to .052. DENNIS BRENNAN blows a Marine Band harp through a Statik mike and plays a Fernandes Strat and Takamine acoustic through a Fender Vibrolux amp. STEVE BIGELOW plays Fender basses—a '70s P-bass, a '57 reissue P, and a fretless Jazz—into a Fender B-300 head and Ampeg SVT cabinets. And TOM DeQUATTRO slaps a custom kit by Drew Drums of Woonsocket, Rhode Island. It's held by Tama hardware, dressed with Zildjian cymbals, and paddled with Zildjian sticks.**

behind the back, with his teeth) from the first chord. Meanwhile, DeQuattro and bassist Steve Bigelow keep the band's bottom in a hammerlock. It all bodes well for their recording sessions, which are scheduled to begin in January. Ertegun himself has offered to produce some tracks, and the band's kicking around names like ex-Blaster Dave Alvin.

Koepke also seems satisfied: "Neal is an animal on the guitar. He has no other way of expressing himself. Dennis will make sense of what the band does. A guitar player can't do that well alone. Look at Jeff Beck. But if you find a guitar player and a voice that work together, it's great. There's a history of successes going back to Page and Plant."

Though the record deal's already earned Vitullo a chance to jam with the likes of Paul Rodgers and Kenny Jones, and led the band to perform at the inaugural bash for the Delta Blues Museum, Young Neal & the Vipers are miles away from Easy Street. Christina has sued, rejecting an offer of a point on the record, and the group's still working the same circuit, six nights a week. "We haven't touched a penny of our advance money," Vitullo says, "so when we go into the studio we'll have money to live on. Meanwhile, we're real proud that we can make a living just from people coming to see us play." Ⓜ

## THE WALKERS

[*cont'd from page 63*] ist Adam Steinberg, the Walkers started to crawl. Gigs proved Verzosa to be a bubbly frontman with a voice that could soar.

The songs on the tape—which retain more than a hint of folksy preciousness—tout clarity, not clank. "There were definite ground rules," says Manny. "I told Tom, 'No synths.' And I wanted a standup bass—I'm a big fan of *Astral Weeks*; Richard Davis' bass planted those songs in a very emotional way. I didn't want anything bombastic."

They didn't get any. The Walkers' songs wear their heart on their sleeve and bask in earnestness. ("New Age Folk," read one headline.) Ballads pick up speed and lilt into the clouds. No matter what's going on in the background—Steinberg's exacting filigree work or Rivard's swooping bass lines—it's Newbery's clean strumming and the grandeur of Verzosa's voice that make the songs what they are.

Given that Verzosa and Newbery spent plenty of nights onstage in Portland performing as a duo, it's not surprising that their sound harkens back to Batdorf & Rodney/Aztec Two-Step days. Though they are Meat Puppets fans who once played in a punk unit called Pulltoy, the Walkers are more interested in a lustrous, sometimes dark sound, fueled by simplicity.

"You really have to be judicious about where you orchestrate yourself," cautions Verzosa. "Songs should be to the point. Neil Young's got four chords, but he sure uses them well."

"Musically, it's much more fun when the song itself has something to it," says Newbery. "You can't stand on effects when you're playing

## WALKING STICKS

**WALKERS GUITARIST PATRICK NEWBERY strums Guild F-30 and Martin HD-28 guitars. His more electric comrade ADAM STEINBERG plays a Fender reissue Strat and 1967 Telecaster, and a Gibson Les Paul—"nothing old enough to be really cool." Strings are GHS, amp is a Fender Twin and extension cabinet with Celestion speakers. Steinberg uses a Chandler Tube Driver for distortion, not to mention "a bunch of delays and stuff." Bassist MICHAEL RIVARD plugs a Wal fretless or Ken Smith five-string into a Yamaha pre-amp, Ashly power amp and SWR cabinet. MANNY VERZOSA sings into AKG C-12 and Neumann U-67 and U-47 microphones, going into a Hardy pre-amp. He also uses a Blonder Tongue Audio Baton, "a colorful old German EQ device."**

acoustic guitar; when you start with a basic instrument it allows you more variation on the final product: 'What does this speak to me about? What do I hear?'"

The Walkers have spent the last two months making those decisions. They just came out of the studio—with U2/Elvis Costello vet Kevin Killen producing—and have the itch to do some live gigs. "Play the same riff over and over and it can drive you crazy," says Patrick. "Back onstage we can let it all flow out. Manny's performance approach is a bit emotional; it gets us going." "Sometimes I get overwrought," says Verzosa, "but I'm learning."

Back home in Maine they are the local celebs who scored a major-label contract. "People attach a lot of significance to a record deal," Newbery says. "They see that successful musicians have records, so they make the connection that if you have a record you're going to be successful. It doesn't necessarily follow." "A year ago I thought I was going to have to open up a bar," agrees Verzosa, "but we got our shot. All we can do is do what we do. If it goes alright . . . well, great. If it doesn't . . . "

"At least we don't have to pay for sex anymore," Newbery laughs. "Hey, be cool man, my girlfriend reads these magazines," his pal bursts in. "C'mon," Newbery laughs, "she stopped charging you, right?"

## CHADBOURNE

[*cont'd from page 98*] down on the ground again, and he stands up, mumbles a bit and shuffles toward The Cadaver. Through a tiny practice amp, he addresses the operating theater.

"Tonight we're going to perform an autopsy on this rather large Cadaver which was found this morning right outside the club on Houston Street. Could be a street person, we don't know. The purpose of the autopsy is to determine the corpse's sex, 'cause we don't know that either, and to remove its boots. First, the boots."

With a horrendous whine and buzz, Chadbourne lifts a whirring power drill from behind the body and sets to work. The table vibrates, he knocks the practice amp to the floor (three times) and the stink of friction-burned leather lifts from the stage. Every clatter and twist comes ratcheting through the P.A. More weak-stomached patrons leave as he lifts pieces from around the boot—leather, bits of sheet, hunks of plastic and steel—and flings them into the front rows. "These boots have apparently not been taken off for many years. I have to call a specialist from Florida," he leers as he hacks and tugs.

"Look, a blood blister," he announces as he struggles with what looks like a hunk of inflated latex protruding from a pants leg. He turns his back to The Cadaver to show his prize, and a boot falls off. Inspired, he returns to probe for his scrap-being's sex, wedging a rude two fingers up its crotch. The contraption jangles and groans with each poke.

Realizing it's a futile effort, he grabs the drill again and begins boring at the last boot. The table makes sputtering sounds as he hits wood. The P.A. is awash in rattle and whine. And finally, the boot falls. Dr. Chadbourne pronounces the procedure a success and leaves the stage, and the remaining members of the audience—down by nearly a third from the set's beginning—head for the street, content that the mantle of modern medical science rests in such capable hands.

# Revolutionary Price. Legendary Reliability.

Until now, buying a low price amplifier meant sacrificing quality and reliability, or power. We are about to change that.

Introducing the new MX 700. Legendary QSC quality, reliability, and power at a revolutionary price. Get it at your QSC Dealer and join the revolution.


QSC AUDIO

QSC Audio Products, Inc.
1926 Placentia Ave., Costa Mesa, CA 92627
714-645-2540

KATE BUSH'S

# THEATER OF THE SENSES

WHEN PEOPLE LISTEN TO YOUR RECORD, THAT'S AN AUDIO experience; you don't necessarily want to see things," says Kate Bush. "Like when you write a song, the person singing the song is a character. Although it might be you vocally, it's not yourself you are singing about, but that character. It's someone who is in a situation, so you treat it like a film. That's how I see songs. They are just like a little story: you are in a situation, you are this character. This is what happens. End. That's what human beings want desperately. We all love being read stories. And none of us get it anymore. 'Cause there's a television now instead."

Kate Bush creates that elusive theater of the mind, a mood and atmosphere populated by actors from subconscious Central Casting, moving through audio stage settings that could be inspired by Charles Dickens or Werner Herzog. Perhaps that's why her self-produced videos have been so successful. You won't find Bush up there lip-synching her songs in lingerie with jump-cuts and smoke-bombs. Instead, we're treated to intricate

BY JOHN DILIBERTO

morality plays starring Donald Sutherland on "Cloudbusting," the sword-wielding temptress of "Babooshka," the surreal aboriginal-alien landscapes of "The Dreaming," and Bush emerging from a clear plastic womb into the polluted world of "Breathing."

It's also why Bush doesn't tour. Her last excursion in 1979 was an elaborate affair full of costume changes, dancers and even magicians. She can't get worked up to do it again and doesn't see the validity of, as she said in 1987, just being "up there onstage being me."

"What I was trying to say," she now explains, "was that if you give a show, I feel it should have visual elements."

But coming from a folk tradition with two older brothers who play Celtic music, it would seem Bush might appreciate simple storytelling, with nothing but words and movements: no props, costumes or lights.

"Oh, I disagree completely," she says dismissively. "Folk is storytellers telling stories. And in the past, storytellers would certainly act things out. It was not unusual for a poet to be brought into a person's house and treated like how we treat the television now. Performers are performers, not just themselves, and they show you an exaggerated side. They want to move you. They are being what they feel you want them to be. That's why they are performers and larger than life. They create an illusion that people enjoy."

*"It's a very intimate process I make records in now. This album is definitely more personal on every level."*

Bush sweeps into Abbey Road Studios followed closely by her boyfriend/engineer/bassist Del Palmer. Dressed entirely in black, with loose sweater, jeans and high-heeled boots, Bush is less the erotic exotic and more hip bohemian. Settling into a black leather studio chair in a control room, surrounded by the ghosts of Billy Shears and Eleanor Rigby, Bush is at once revealing and concealing about the nature of her music. In many ways she works in an enclosed world, with the doors carefully guarded and only the appointed few managing to get inside. Since *The Dreaming* in 1982, she's composed her music almost exclusively on her own, demoing tracks with her Fairlight CMI and often playing many of the final parts that way. *The Sensual World*, her first album since 1985's *The Hounds of Love*, was mostly recorded in her home studio in Kent where she works and lives with Palmer. For many, that's a prescription for insularity and self-indulgence. For Kate Bush, it's resulted in her most direct and personal album to date.

"There are personal elements in the other albums, but yes, this is definitely personal, on every level, the process and everything," she avers. "It's a very intimate process I make records in now. We don't have tape operators. I'm producing. So most of the time it's just the two of us and Del knows the kind of sounds I like. So the communication is very good and most of the time it's just beating my head against the wall for ideas and things. But all the recording is done very quickly."

Ever since she took over production on the 1980 album *Never For Ever*, Bush's music has grown increasingly textured and complex, full of eddies and rivulets of sound. She layers line upon line of synthesizer orchestrations with flourishes provided by a small coterie of musicians like Palmer, drummers Charlie Morgan and Stuart Elliott, and her brother Paddy Bush. Kevin Killen, whom she met on Peter Gabriel's *So* sessions and who has mixed for Elvis Costello and U2, is one of the few to gain entry to Bush's inner circle.

But Bush will have to make some changes following the death of long-time guitarist Alan Murphy. He had played with Long John Baldry, Level 42 and Go West. His textures provided the dark undercurrent and pointed punctuation on so many Bush songs since 1979. He died shortly after *The Sensual World* was completed. "He was a guitarist who I felt used his instrument like a voice," says Bush solemnly. "But also like a chameleon, I guess. He could just change it into anything. 'Al, I want you to be a racing car.' Fine, he'd become a racing car. 'Al, could you be this big panther creeping through the jungle?' You could throw any imagery at him and he would never balk, he would just be with you, you know. Making albums will never be the same again for me without Alan. I'll miss him terribly. I already do, as a person as well as a musician."

Her brother Paddy keeps her abreast of world music sounds, from Celtic music to the aborigines. Her acute sense of orchestration has found ways to interpolate digeridus, bouzoukis, uillean pipes and fiddles along with Celtic harpist Alan Stivell, German jazz bassist Eberhard Weber, string quartets arranged by minimalist composer Michael Nyman, and on her new album the haunting, ecstatic vocals of the Trio Bulgarka.

She approaches this sound palette without the self-consciousness of world-music chic. Instead it's all blended through her dramatic sense of studio space and Fairlight and synthesizer orchestrations. She never loses her own sense of self in a delicate balancing act of assimilation, one that she approaches with deference.



*Photograph (previous page): Guido Harari; (this page): Kevin Cummins/Retna*

# A Passion for Performance.


Whether it's brash, soulful, or jazzy–every note, every word, every breath comes through. Sennheiser's MD 518 microphone gives you the power of studio-quality sound. Don't let anything stand in the way of your passion–or your performance.

Sennheiser's MD 518, The affordable Sennheiser.
Insist on a demonstration! Ask your Sennheiser Dealer.

SENNHEISER®

SENNHEISER ELECTRONIC CORPORATION
6 Vista Drive, P.O. Box 987, Old Lyme, CT 06371
(203) 434-9190

She speaks in awe of all the musicians who support her, but none more so than the Trio Bulgarka, whom she feels are working on a higher plane of creation. "We are talking big music here," she admits. "We are talking real music that goes back so far. I can't imagine who would have put music like this together. Way beyond me.

"I suppose the main thing was getting up the courage to actually approach the Trio," she reveals. "'Cause I wanted to work with them so badly. But I was also very scared that I wouldn't do them justice. Particularly in the context of contemporary music. I really didn't want them to be belittled into pop music. The kind of music that they are working with was in touch with something that I think we've lost touch with. And it's very rarely now that you are affected that powerfully by music like that. Contemporary music occasionally hits you in the heart and very, very rarely reaches your soul. But music like that is so old, intense, powerful and spiritual, instinctive music almost. You know I'd like to see anyone who could stand in the room with those three women singing for more than 20 minutes and not cry."

Smiling behind her wide brown almond eyes, Bush is too modest to concede that there are many who would say the same for her music. Songs like "Houdini," "Under Ice" and "Suspended in Gaffa" plumb a psychological, emotional range that's rarely heard in modern music. It can be frightening in its cathartic nakedness on "Get Out of My House," and poignant in its insights on "The Fog" from *The Sensual World.*

Both emotionally and sonically, the Trio fits deftly into Bush's multi-tracked choral vocals. On "Deeper Understanding" they are the spiritual countervoice in a song about emotional disconnection, where the protagonist finds love in a computer program.

• Bush and mentor David Gilmour •

*"You have to use the equipment to do what you want; otherwise it drags you along behind if you're not careful."*

"Yes, it is emotional disconnection but then it's very much connection," says Bush, "but in a way that you would never expect. And that kind of emotion should really come from the very human instinctive force and in this particular case it's coming from a computer. I really liked the idea of playing with the whole imagery of computers being so cold, so unfeeling. But actually what is happening in this song is this person conjures up this program that is almost like a visitation of angels. They are suddenly given so much love by this computer, it's like, you know, just love.

"There was no other choice. Who else could embody the visitation of angels but the Trio Bulgarka?" she laughs.

Yet she also finds an emotional fury in those same voices. On "Rocket's Tail" she launches Pink Floyd's David Gilmour on a screaming feedback guitar coda intertwined with the Trio. "Well I'm sure that secretly Dave has always wanted to be Bulgarian," she laughs. "Electric guitar for me has always had that suggestion of a human voice."

Gilmour and Bush's association goes back 15 years, when Gilmour discovered her, produced her initial demo tapes and shopped them around. "It was such a buzz for me to work with him," she exclaims, "because obviously I've known him for a long time and he's done little things before, like backing vocals. But I've never really had a song where he could just let rip on a guitar and it was great."

"Rocket's Tail" is one of those beguiling Bush songs that has a simple story on the surface, about an eccentric strapping a rocket to his back, but you want to know just where it comes from. "I'm not sure if it's meant to be figured out," says Bush, offering little help. "If you want to figure it out, great, but again songs should just be there and should exist in their own space. And if they are a curious item then that's very nice. Some people are, aren't they?"

"The Sensual World" continues Bush's flirtation with a certain kind of innocent eroticism, with lines sung in a sultry voice: "Then I'd taken the seedcake back from his mouth/Going deep South, go down, mmh, yes." Bush has said that *The Sensual World* is an album that brings out her more feminine side, although it seems like the feminine side was where she was always writing from anyway.

"I just felt that I was exploring my female energy more musically," she insists. "In the past I had wanted to emanate the kind of power that I've heard in male music. And I just felt maybe somewhere there is this female energy that's powerful. It's a subtle difference, male or female energy in art, but I think there is a difference, little things like using the Trio and possibly some of the attitudes to my lyric writing on this album. I would say it was more accepting of being a female somehow."

There's an almost motherly quality to some of these songs written by the 31-year-old singer. "This Woman's Work," written for the John Hughes film *She's Having A Baby,* looks at the plight of a man left on the outside



*Photograph: Dave Hogan/LGI*

# HE'LL BE BACK.


**THE DREAM MAKER SERIES.**

The 1990 Model K-150, with 100 watts of MOS FET power, features the Special Dean Markley Drive Voicing Module™. The unique eight switch module allows you to choose from 256 possible Overdrive tone variations, giving you the ability to program the tone of your Overdrive channel to your exact sound.

**OTHER FEATURES:** Silent footswitchable channel switching with Tube Style Overdrive, custom designed heavy duty 12" speaker with that *Special Vintage British Rock Tone*, in and out effects loop and a headphone jack for silent practicing.

DEAN MARKLEY ELECTRONICS, INC., 3350 SCOTT BLVD. #45, SANTA CLARA, CA 95054 800-538-8330
(408) 988-2456 (408) 988-0441 FAX. 9103382046 MARKLEY SNTA TELEX COPYRIGHT AUGUST 1989 DEAN MARKLEY INC.

during childbirth. The schism between male and female has been a constant theme in Bush's music and professional life. She was initially marketed as a somewhat quirky chanteuse who cavorted in revealing clothes, singing with that high, panting voice. It's an image she's fought to overcome while never giving up the sensual, erotic images she employs in her videos. Given her desire to be taken seriously, and the obvious control she now exerts over her own career, it has always seemed curious that a woman identified as Kate Bush did a nude spread in *Penthouse International* magazine (not released in U.S.) in the 1970s, samples of which have subsequently appeared as Bush bootleg covers.

"No, I didn't," she says, suddenly drawing up her defenses.

"Well, what was it then?" I ask.

"It was someone who looks like me," she says. "I have never done anything like that. All I know is there is a look-a-like who's done spreads in magazines, and I presume this is what you're talking about because I have never taken my clothes off publicly for anyone. I am offended that you should think it's me," she adds with a tinge of anger lingering in her voice. "I would not do that."

There was little on her first records, *The Kick Inside* or *Lionheart*, to suggest that Bush was anything more than a hit-making vehicle (in the U.K., at least), shaped by image-makers and handlers. Peter Gabriel helped change that. When Bush sang back-up vocals on *Peter Gabriel (III)*, she borrowed the idea of the cymbal-free rhythm section and the Fairlight CMI. Just as Gabriel's music took a more personal and adventurous shift after he got the Fairlight, the instrument seemed to free Bush to create, independently of other musicians or producers, soundstages for her stories. *The Dreaming* and *The Hounds of Love* are rife with orchestral textures and hallucinatory effects. In many ways they are Bush's *Sgt. Pepper*, filled with giddy experimentation brimming with the joy of seemingly unlimited possiblities.

And like *Sgt. Pepper*, along with the timeless brilliance, comes some dated ideas and effects that connect it to a certain moment in history. The dating came from some of the Fairlight's sampling capabilities, in particular the sounds of smashing glass and the infamous Orch. 5, the orchestral hit that was heard on every rap and techno-pop record of the early 1980s.

"That was terribly unfortunate," nods Bush. "Something I try to do whenever we are working with sounds is to try and make stuff original. I mean, when we were using Orch. 5, that was back in 1980, you know, and

## KATE'S CRATES

**IN 1984 KATE BUSH built her own studio in Kent, which is used exclusively by her and Del Palmer. Her dominant piece of equipment is the Fairlight Series III, but she also uses the Yamaha DX7 extensively. It's centered around a Solid State Logic 48-channel console with automated mixing and two 24-track decks that are slaved together. She takes pains to note that they have a "lot of outboard gear, that's really important."**

**They use Pultec valve equalizers. Reverbs and delays include the AMS, the Quantec, the Lexicon 224 and 224XL. They also use an AMS Harmonizer and the Eventide 3000 Ultraharmonizer. Monitors are AR18s.**


# POWER PACK

If you're putting together or expanding a rack system, turn to Kawai to pack tons of performance power into a very compact space. Kawai offers rack versions of our most popular synths (including the hot new K4) as well as mixers and MIDI patch devices with specs to suit the most professional demands.

**K4r**

16 Bit, 16 Voice Digital Synth Module, 256 DC and PCM Waves, Multi-Sampled, Multi-Timbral, Multi-Layering, Resonant Filter, Digital Drums, 6 Individual Outputs plus Stereo, Wide Range of Sounds: Analog, Acoustic and Digital, $995.00.

**K1r**

16 Voice Digital Synth Module, 8 Instrument Multi-Timbral, Multi-Layering, Great Sounds of the K1, $595.00.

**EQ-8**

8 Channel Parametric Equalizer, 8 Inputs/Outputs, 0.5 – 15kHz Eq. Range, Equalizer Channel Controls: Q, Freq. Range, Level, $299.00.

**MX-8SR**

16 Input/8 Channel Stereo Mixer, Channel Controls: Pan, Attenuation, Level and Effects. 2 Effects Sends, 4 Returns, ¼" Phone Jack Inputs and Outputs, XLR Outputs, $595.00.

**MX-8BR**

8 Input/8 Channel Stereo Mixer, 2 Effects Sends, 4 Returns, ¼" Phone Jack Inputs and Outputs, $425.00.

**MAV-8**

4 Input/8 Output MIDI Patch Bay, Sliders Visually Indicate Patch Configuration, $140.00.

For more information on any product write or call: Kawai Digital Products Group, 2055 E. University Drive, Compton, CA 90224 (213) 631-1771. Kawai Canada Music Ltd. 6400 Shawson Dr., Unit #1, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada L5T1L8. Prices shown are suggested retail.

KAWAI
DIGITAL

*Ingenious!*

we had no idea that people were going to be using Fairlights or that sound like they were in the times to come. So that was just unfortunate. We happened to pick a sound that is now very recognizable and dated."

Bush also thinks that synthesizers caused her to de-emphasize the voice in her music, although you wouldn't know it from the elaborate vocal arrangements of *The Dreaming*, with its tribal, Aussie-slang beat; the backing choirs, all by Kate Bush, on "The Big Sky"; or the distorted demons of "Waking the Witch." True, she doesn't sing in the high-pitched girl-child's voice anymore, although she and Paddy do a good approximation of a children's chorus on "Love and Anger." "Ah, well, Paddy wore some very tight trousers and I stood in a bucket," she laughs mischievously.

"Initially I put a tremendous amount of emphasis on the vocals because that was my instrumentation apart from playing the piano," she continues. "That was all I had, was my voice. So the piano and voice were pushed into lots of areas to try to get something interesting. Once I started working with synths and the Fairlight, I could take the emphasis off that voice again and off the piano and put it into instrumentation. Besides the fact that the Fairlight suddenly gave me instruments to play with instead of my voice and took quite a nice, new attitude into some of the songs. Because by not writing on the piano anymore, that changed a lot of things. But now I'm actually coming back to the piano again. A little less with the Fairlight. It's still very much there. And the same with voices. I've kind of come full circle but I now have a different approach."

What marks *The Sensual World* is the way the electronics and synthesizers are organically integrated into Bush's songs. "When I started to write this album, I was in a situation where we had updated our studio," she says. "We had a new desk and generally just more equipment. The high-tech quality level of our studio had gone right up. And I found it quite difficult to write because I felt overwhelmed by the amount of equipment around me. It was quite stifling and I made a conscious effort to move away from that and treat the song as a song. I wanted to write songs and then just use the equipment to do what I wanted. Because otherwise it drags you along behind it if you're not careful."

Bush wrote many of the songs on her Bechstein acoustic upright piano, and it remains in the final songs like "This Woman's Work." That might also explain why *The Sensual World* is a song cycle, rather than a concept piece like the "Ninth Wave" side of *The Hounds of Love*. "Yes, that's very true," she agrees, returning to the common theme of all her music: stories. "It's not conceptual at all. For me they are like short stories where each song is conjuring up a different mood, hopefully. Although there are definitely feelings that go throughout this album. With this album I really wanted to write 10 songs. I didn't want it to be a big elaborate thing. I just wanted to explore what I felt was my technique of songwriting. And that's what I always try to do."

Still, change seems to be constant with Bush, perhaps best evoked by the song "Reaching Out," which seems to be about a child leaving the nest. "That's kind of about how you can't hold on to anything," says Bush, "because everything is always changing and we all have such a terrible need to hold onto stuff and to keep [cont'd on page 110]

## Introducing the new ATM25 High-SPL Dynamic Microphone

# Power Tool!


Now, a microphone that sounds better, the closer it gets to the toughest instruments. With full dynamics, no splatter, and response that captures the entire spectrum! Proof? Put the ATM25 in a kick drum, down the bell of a horn, or inside a piano. Then listen critically.

Instead of just a dull thud, you'll hear *all* the power and rich harmonics of the kick drum, even the crisp "thwack" of the beater. Horns sound clean and full, and the piano is full-bodied yet accurate. Even DJs are using the ATM25 when they want to sound up-close and very personal.

The tight hypercardioid pattern of the ATM25 assures excellent isolation to keep leak-through at a minimum. The pattern is also very uniform with frequency, giving you superb control to focus on just the sound you want.

Response extends down to 30 Hz and on up to 15,000 Hz, with added bass emphasis as you move closer. Output is clean, even at very high SPLs, although you'll likely need plenty of in-line attenuation ahead of your electronics to handle the wide dynamic range of the ATM25.

Words can't fully express the feeling of discovery when you add the ATM25 to your arsenal of microphones for stage and studio. Discover new power at your nearby Audio-Technica sound specialist today.

audio-technica®

1221 Commerce St. • Stow, OH 44224
(216) 686-2600

# HOWE TO SUCCEED: REALLY TRY

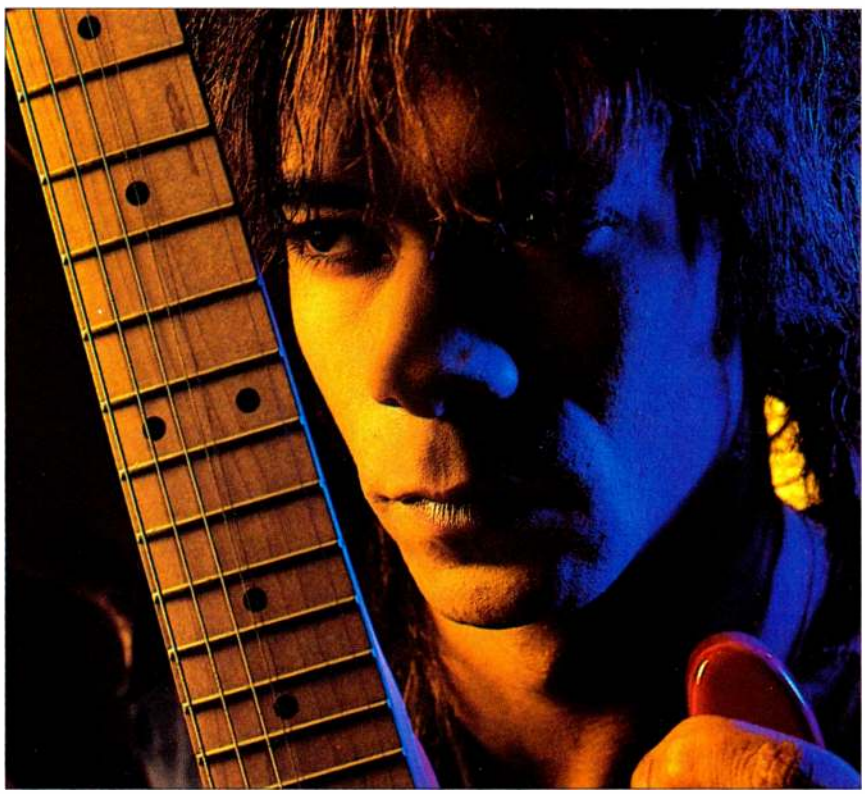
## Greg Howe's more than the Philly Flash—he's a metalman with a vicious virtuosity

*By* Tom Moon

GREG HOWE has been having this argument with his girlfriend. Seems she likes Skid Row, but she doesn't like Warrant. Now Howe is in roughly the same business these bands are in, but he can't tell the difference between them. He rolls his piercing eyes, allowing a brief twinkle to escape. He is puzzled about the gourmet distinctions he's apparently missing.

"We go through this all the time. She really likes some of the new bands, and I generally don't. They all sound too much like each other. I say, 'How can you not like them both?' It's hilarious to me. They're each saying they represent the truly new sound. I'm not about to say I enjoy the new bands just because it shows I'm a nice guy, or it's politically correct. I *don't* enjoy them. Do they really believe what they say? Does this guy know he's ripping off everybody I've ever seen?"

Could it be that the still-unknown Howe, one of the most undeniably vicious guitarists to emerge from heavy metal in some time, is simply engaging in the time-honored tradition of competition bashing? Could he be just trying to push the band he co-leads with his younger brother Al, called Howe II?



Could be, but it could be Howe's natural brashness. As one of the songs on *High Gear* says, better call this one ferocious. Sitting in a bar near Philadelphia's South Street, Howe is dissing and dealing and enjoying the verbal volleyball. Name a guitarist, Howe's got an opinion. He is within spitting distance of the hallowed ground once owned by George Thorogood & the Delaware Destroyers, and reminding him of it only provides more ammo: "There are a lot of guitar players who are considered great who in my opinion aren't that great. I enjoy George Thorogood, but there's nothing to what he does other than tune into what feels good. Nothing that requires a whole bunch of technique and talent, for example."

This is coming from a guitar player who says that by age 15 he could play everything Jimmy Page played on Led Zeppelin records. No, really. "Jimmy Page was like a god when I was in school, but I found that everything he played was pretty easy to understand once you knew pentatonic scales."

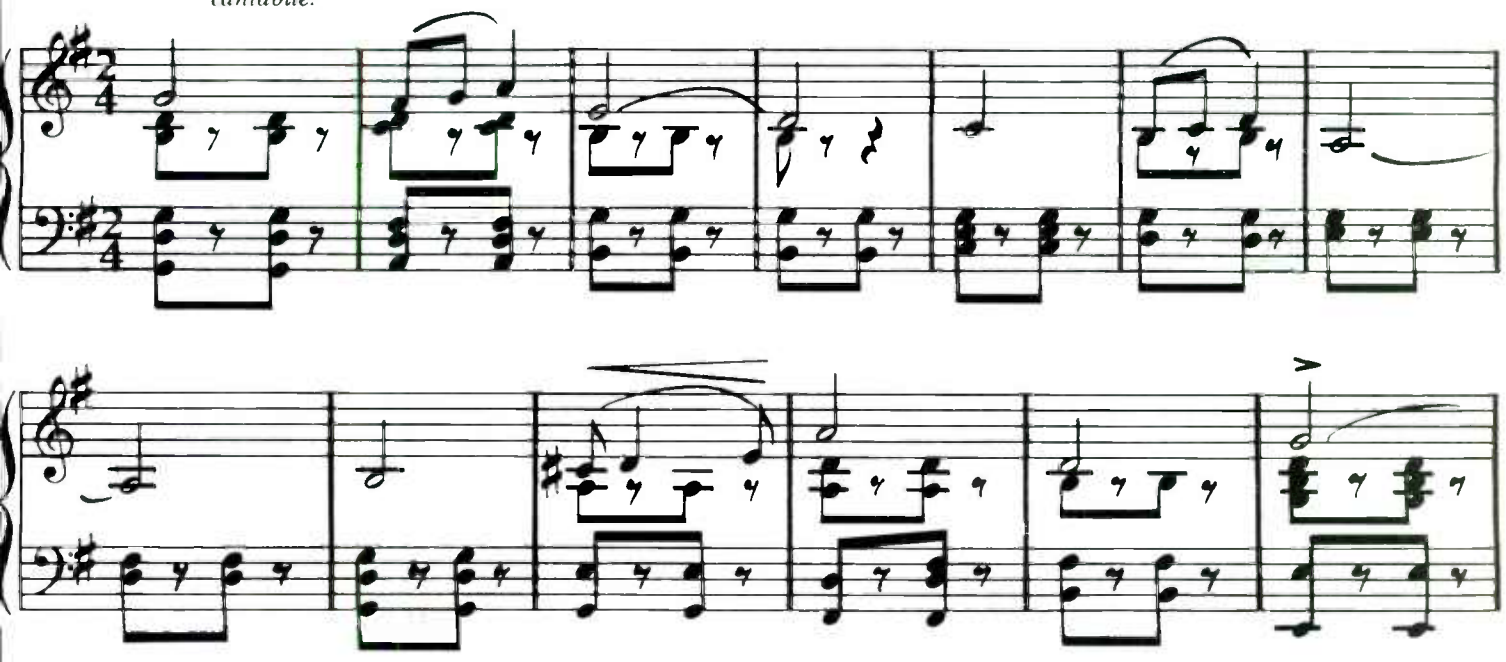
The only one to stump the Howe panel: Eddie Van Halen. "When I heard him, I said, 'That's not humanly possible.' And that was the beginning of the 12-hour days of practicing, and the end of the three-hour days."

Greg Howe is not merely gunning for the Most Opinionated Newcomer award. He most certainly can play the instrument—as the Howe II LP *High Gear* and its instrumental-rock precursor, *Greg Howe*, prove without question. Howe's mission is beyond that; he wants to expand upon a few of the conveniently held heavy-metal stereotypes. There have been hard-rock showmen whose orientation is kindly described as crash-and-burn, and obsessed genius types intent on making Bach inventions sound scrumptious when backed with power chords, but there have been few whose aim was out-and-out virtuosity, and all that the term implies. Not just as a commanding soloist—but as part of a slapping, intelligently functioning whole.

"The most important thing is finding something that feels good," Howe says, sipping Scotch and soda. "And at the same time is aligned within itself. We're not doing something esoteric. The key is to come up with something that is familiar enough to the mass ear but also has something for us in it. So it's different—particularly in terms of the rhythm—but not strange different."

Greg Howe's current inspirations: Larry Carlton, Allan Holdsworth, Albert Collins—

*Photograph: Rex Miller*




# IF SOME OF YOUR FAVORITE READING DOESN'T HAVE WORDS, WE'D LIKE TO HEAR YOU.

Can you read the music on this page? If you can, you may be qualified to take advantage of one of America's unique musical

opportunities. You may be qualified to perform as an Army Band Member.

Few performing opportunities offer as much variety. An Army Band is a concert band, a dance band, a parade band, and various combos and ensembles.

Army band members also play for all kinds of audiences: military audiences, high school audiences, concert audiences, sporting-event audiences, you name it.

The benefits are right in tune, too. If you can read music, and you qualify, you'll enter the Army at an advanced pay grade, attend the School of Music and have a chance to perform with a first-line professional quality instrument.

Other benefits include a chance to travel and to earn up to 30 days paid vacation each year.

Which is a great way to catch up on your reading. For more information, call 1-800-USA-ARMY. Or write: Army Opportunities, P.O. Box 7715, Clifton, NJ 07015.

**ARMY.**
**BE ALL YOU CAN BE.®**

"If I listen to Albert Collins all day one day, you can hear it in my playing the next," he says. Howe's motto: If it sounds even remotely conventional, we trash it.

"Oftentimes I wonder, 'Why does this Earth, Wind & Fire tune sound so much badder than this thrash-metal tune?' It's because the groove is so locked in. No matter what music we play, we've got to have that."

Which means that nobody is going to confuse the deep-pocket music of Howe II with the skitterish Skid Row. This is certainly a point of pride, but maybe not so good for business. Howe recognizes it's a "got the hair? Here's the contract" marketplace. He's *got* the hair, yet still refuses to spend any time in the myth-making lab where the gimmicks behind the latter-day pop-metal icons are hatched. Sooner or later, he believes, the utter derivation that accounts for the success of some of his girlfriend's fave bands will become obvious, as this audience broadens its horizons. Only then will there be demand for the kind of rocking hard rock that is Howe II's speciality.

"It would be one thing if I were sacrificing my beliefs to do something that was accessible to the public. But I *like* commercial music. I want to get across to more than just guitar fans. I want people to enjoy the music just on a song level."

Indeed, while *High Gear* is filled with crackling solos and juicy, stepwise guitar counterpoints sure to make fans of the first Boston album drool, it succeeds on the strength of direct, grabby choruses, songs with tight vocal harmonies that bite into the consciousness. The themes are not much different from those of Warrant or Skid Row, in fact: bad-girl songs and party songs and macho-metal songs. But there's also the slow strut "Don't Let the Sloe Gin (Order the Wine)," that craftily advocates moderation, and an us-against-them song, "Carry the Torch." On top of it all, the band has been waiting to pay back all those doubters who once stood in their path and now claim long-abiding friendship. "Standing on Line" sends a curt "thanks-but-no-thanks" back to those new-found friends, and is one of the best fuck-you songs rock has produced.

Howe says that's one of his favorites, because it's something they've really experienced: "People used to give us nothing but grief. Now all of a sudden we're having a little taste of success, and those same people are suddenly our friends. So we saved 'em a place—standing on line."

# WARRANT WANTS MAXIMUM GAIN BEFORE FEEDBACK.

# WARRANT USES SHURE BETA MICROPHONES.

WARRANT is one of today's hottest rock groups because of their great performances and sound. And Shure Beta microphones help Warrant deliver both.

The key is in the true supercardioid polar patterns provided by Beta 58 vocal microphones and Beta 57 instrument microphones. Unlike many mics that claim "supercardioid" polar patterns, Shure Beta models actually maintain these patterns throughout the entire frequency spectrum. That means unprecedented monitor gain-before-feedback and better performances—on stage, where it counts. And Beta microphones' neodymium magnets give you the extra-hot output many performers demand.

If you want to take your career to another level, give yourself the edge Warrant enjoys—the extraordinary sound and performance of Shure Beta. For the name of an Authorized Shure Beta Dealer near you, call 1-800-257-4873. Shure Brothers Inc., 222 Hartrey Avenue, Evanston, IL 60202-3696.


SHURE® BETA

THE SOUND OF THE PROFESSIONALS®...WORLDWIDE.

The impending stardom and the increased attention haven't changed the band's work habits. Lead vocalist Al Howe comes up with an idea; Greg brainstorms riffs and arrangement ideas that help the songs develop. The band has been working like this for four years, but only completely clicked when drummer Joe Nevolo (formerly of Mahogany Rush) joined up just before the *High Gear* sessions in 1988.

"We had no time to rehearse," Howe recalls. "We found him and went into the studio the next week. He was the missing link. When we heard him play these tunes, with the fills and everything right on the money, we knew it was going to be a good ride."

*High Gear*, which was produced by Shrapnel head (and guest guitarist) Mike Varney, required 180 hours of studio time from the first sounds to the final mix—compared with 500 for Varney's last project. Howe says in order to at least approximate a live feel, Varney had the band play along each time he tracked individual instruments. In addition to getting big sounds (Howe's especially proud of the deep snare drum sound), Varney helped refine some of the songs, particularly "Disorderly Conduct."

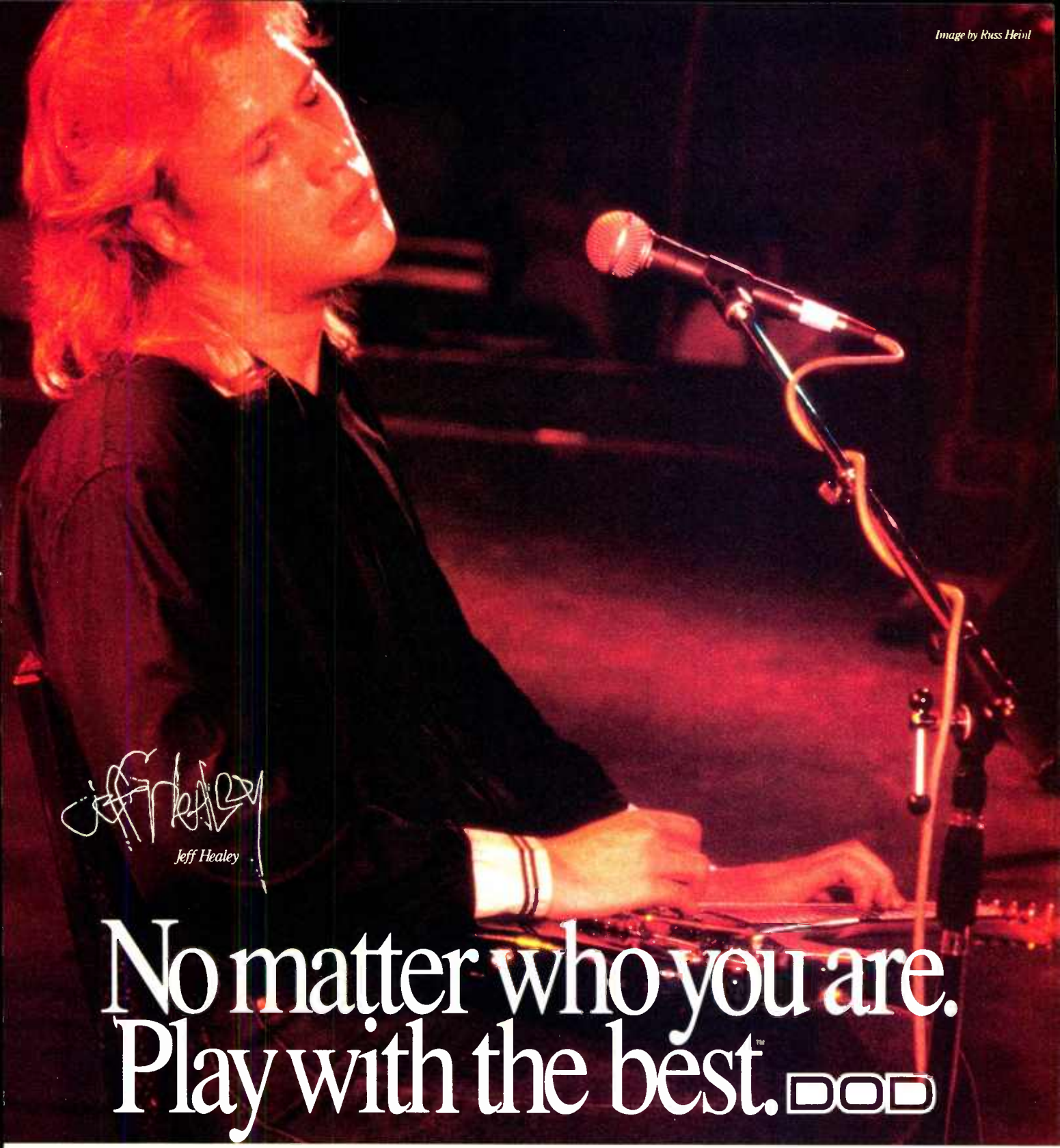
Calling Howe one of the quickest, most efficient artists he's ever worked with, Varney says his job was fairly simple. "I wanted to integrate great songs with great playing. A lot of times, one element or the other is ho-hum, and we had both here. It was important to me that Greg's personality as a player came through, so if you heard it once you'd know it was Greg Howe."

At 25, Howe is a guitar player still on the upside of his learning curve, unafraid to experiment with jagged rhythm guitar parts or blues-inflected solos, willing to take the kind of chances that can't be programmed into a computerized light show. Though his precise, ultra-clean finger technique might suggest otherwise, Howe is self-taught. He began playing guitar at age 10, and shortly afterward started taking lessons at a music store. This proved disastrous: "It hurt me because I had a good ear. I would remember the melodies—like to 'Twinkle Twinkle Little Star'—and pretend like I was reading them. To this day I don't know how to sight-read. But my parents had lots of records—Creedence, stuff like that. And I eventually learned about open chords out of a book."

## HOWE NOT II

**ONE OF GREG HOWE'S pet peeves is endorsement-savvy guitarists who list every little piece of equipment in their interviews. Howe uses an HM Series Stratocaster, Fender 250L, Dynamax strings and Fender's Dual Showman stacks. He doesn't own a rack. Or effects. Period. "People seem to go on and on about the stuff they use in their racks, and I don't think the tone is that dramatically different. Sometimes I'll use an overdrive box with all the settings on 'Off.' When I'm soloing, I'll sometimes hit it and it feels like I get a little more gain. But it does nothing to the sound. I have a feeling just a guitar and amplifier is the way it was originally supposed to be."**

**Bassist VERN PARSONS plays a Fender PowerJazz Special bass, and uses a Fender BXR 400-watt amp. Drummer JOE NEVOLO plays Tama drums and Zildjian cymbals.**




# No matter who you are. Play with the best.™ DOD


*Manufactured in the U.S.A.*
*with an exclusive 3-year limited warranty.*
*© 1989 DOD Electronics Corp.*

But ear development played the key role. Howe says he ruined four turntables when he was growing up: "I learned how to slow records down and keep them at a steady lower pitch by putting my thumb on the tonearm. I could keep it at one pitch and take off all sorts of things. I would get up at nine a.m. and proceed to ruin a turntable learning Van Halen licks until nine p.m."

Howe's big break came through an informal, slightly exasperating talent search. "I had just finished doing a bunch of these classical guitar–fused-with-heavy-metal records, and it occurred to me that there was a real lack of the blues in the approach," Shrapnel's Mike Varney recalls. "So I put the word out I was looking for a high-tech blues guitarist. Someone who had the feel of the blues, but who could also tear it up. I had first heard Greg in a band called Duke in 1986, and it was obvious the guy could play, but I didn't think the material was there."

A year later, in late summer '87, Howe sent Varney a new tape. "It was more R&B and blues than anything he'd done; it showed he had the ability to do the flash thing, but he had the blues in him, too. We saw eye-to-eye on direction right away." Howe's eponymous debut, the instrumental trio album featuring Billy Sheehan on bass, was recorded in late '87 and released to critical acclaim in '88.

Since signing with Shrapnel, Howe says his practice regimen has changed. Where once he would concentrate on developing his improvised solos all day, now he practices patterns, scales, classical études.

"I used to think that nothing was cool unless it was difficult to play. Now I know there are tons of things that aren't difficult to play, but sound great anyway. You'll see more of that from me in the future. The next album will be totally conservative—people have heard enough guitar pyrotechnics. I just want to concentrate on exactly what sounds best."

Right now, what sounds best to Greg Howe is the fact he is a few steps closer to the rock 'n' roll dream. "I can go get cigarettes and afford them these days," he laughs.

Howe is confident his band will prevail, though he won't proclaim 1990 as the year of the Howe II breakthrough. "We're persistent, we work hard. We all have the same dream: We can't imagine anything more exciting than packing out arenas, doing shows and seeing people in the audience anticipate certain originals. That will be the thrill of a lifetime."

*Photograph: Michael Garland*

# SHEL TALMY'S CLASSIC CRUNCH

## Fast deals and feedback squeals with the Kinks, the Who and other British invaders

*By* Alan di Perna

WHAT'S IT LIKE to witness rock history? Imagine you're a young American record producer named Shel Talmy. It's 1964. You've been in England for about two years now, and you've had a few modest hits. One day, a kid named Ray Davies plays you a demo of the Kinks performing "You Really Got Me." How would you react? Shel Talmy was instantly floored.

"I only had to hear four bars and I knew it was a hit. At that point Ray Davies wasn't sure about it. He's an incredibly prolific songwriter and he'd bring in handfuls of songs. We'd pick the ones that were really great and discard the others. 'You Really Got Me' was one of the great ones. I instantly loved the riff. It lent itself to my style of doing things. I wanted something heavy and raunchy. And


# ARM YOURSELF.

**The new TG-X. More than high output, high performance.**

Step up to TG-X. Grab the power. Hear the incredibly big, natural sound. Feel the solid precision engineering. Then get ready to dominate any stage with a mic that was born to rock.

TG-X mics were created to put you out front at the highest volume levels. With the most advanced technology available in a road mic.

So you get a sound that's aggressive, but extremely clear with more detail. A sound that is distinctively Beyer. Give TG-X a sound check at your local Beyer TourGroup dealer and hear the difference.

The TG-X Series from Beyer. When you need more than just volume.



**TourGroup**

**beyerdynamic**

**United States:** beyerdynamic U.S. 5-05 Burns Avenue, Hicksville, NY 11801 Tel. (516) 935-8000 Fax: (516) 935-8018

**Great Britain:** beyerdynamic Ltd. Unit 14, Cliffe Industrial Estate, Lewes, Sussex BN86JL Tel. 0273 479411 Fax: 0273 471825

**Canada:** ELNOVA 325 Rue Clement, Ouest LASALLE, Quebec, Canada H8R 4B4 Tel. (514) 364-2118 Fax: (514) 364-0791

**Germany:** beyerdynamic Theresienstrasse 8, Postfach 1320, D-7100 Heilbronn Tel. (07131) 617-0 Telex 02728771 Fax: (07131) 60459

that riff was perfect."

In Ray Davies, Talmy had what was still a brand-new phenomenon in the early '60s: an artist who was first and foremost a songwriter. Only gradually did he learn to become a singer, according to the producer. "Ray was the shy, retiring type in the beginning. His voice today is much more powerful than it was then. He was very wimpy in the beginning—little whispers. I'd say, 'C'mon, Ray, start singing!' I especially remember the bridge in 'Tired of Waiting,' the part that goes, 'It's your life, and you can do what you want. . . .' I practically had to have Ray swallowing the mike to sing that, because he was so quiet. We wanted an intimate sound anyway, so it really came off well."

Lightning struck a second time for Talmy in 1964. Through a friend of his wife, he met another young band. Recording as the High Numbers, they'd already put out one single ("I'm the Face" b/w "Zoot Suit"). But they'd decided to go back to an earlier name they had used: the Who. "I saw the band—they were rehearsing at a church hall—and fell in love with them. They were unlike any other English band I'd seen at that point. They sounded very American."

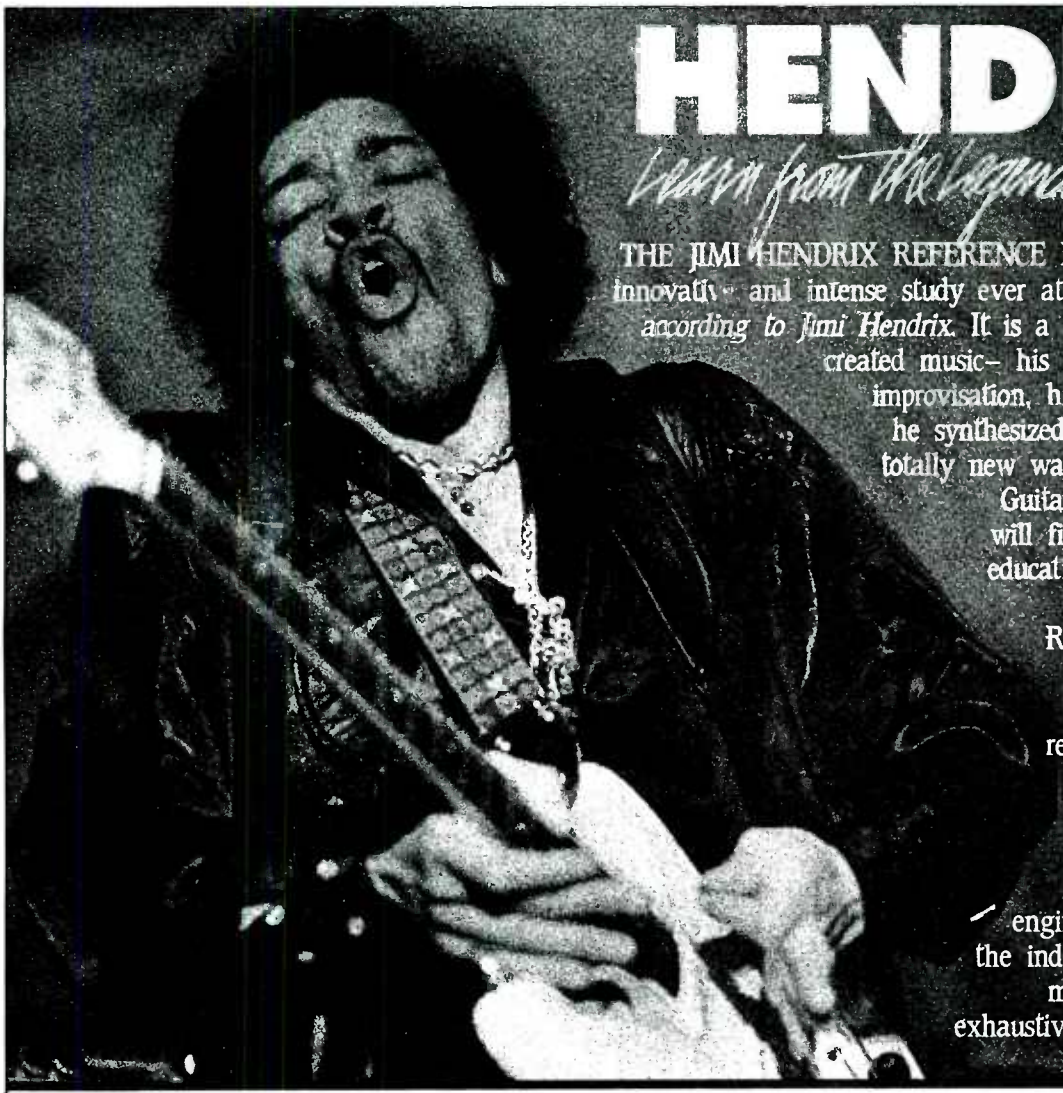
"I Can't Explain" was Talmy's first single with the Who. And yes, its assertive power-chord opening and belligerent attitude *do* seem to echo "You Really Got Me."

"Pete Townshend has said on several occasions that 'I Can't Explain' was written specifically to sound like 'You Really Got Me,'" Talmy nods. "So if the two records are similar, it's both our faults. When I first got 'I Can't Explain,' it was a minute-and-20-second demo. I loved what Pete had done with it. Obviously, we had to rearrange it to make it a little longer. At the time, too, they weren't singing backgrounds really well, although they later went on to do so brilliantly. So I got the Ivy League [a Beach Boys–influenced British vocal group] in to do the background singing for them on 'I Can't Explain.' Perry Ford played piano on that one too. And yes, it did sound a bit like 'You Really Got Me.' And probably intentionally. What the hell? Why screw up a good formula? If it ain't broke, why fix it?"

Just a guy in the right place at the right time? Maybe, but Shel Talmy has also produced hits for Manfred Mann, the Easybeats, and Chad & Jeremy. And he's among the first people to have recorded David Bowie. Illinois-born, though he moved to Los Angeles after finishing high school, Talmy didn't even start out with the idea of becoming a record producer. His original ambition was to direct films. But a chronic eyesight disorder forced him to go into Hollywood's other big industry: the record business. There, he began working with British emigré engineer Phil Yend, who opened what is now one of L.A.'s top studios, Conway Recorders.

Yend's transcontinental success story inspired Talmy to try the same thing in England—only with a bit of American hucksterism added to the scenario. See, in establishing himself on the British recording scene, Talmy got a little help from Nick Venet—a Capitol A&R man for whom Shel had engineered some dates in Hollywood. Venet had produced some acetates (demo recordings with Lou Rawls and the Beach Boys) that he gave to Talmy, allowing Shel to say *he* had produced them.

"I eventually played them for Dick Rowe at Decca in England and told them they were mine," Talmy recounts. "Poor old Dick—he's the man who is famous for turning down the Beatles. He was very pro-American. He really liked what was going down in



# HENDRIX

*Learn from the Legend Himself!*

THE JIMI HENDRIX REFERENCE LIBRARY is the most innovative and intense study ever attempted, of *the guitar according to Jimi Hendrix*. It is a study of how Hendrix created music– his style, his concepts, his improvisation, his execution– the way he synthesized his experience into a totally new way of musical thinking. Guitarists and all musicians will find this collection both educational and inspirational. THE JIMI HENDRIX REFERENCE LIBRARY is the result of thousands of hours of research in the Hendrix recording archives by some of the most experienced and respected musicians, engineers and producers in the industry. No other artist's music warrants such an exhaustive and thorough study.

## JIMI HENDRIX REFERENCE LIBRARY

### RECORDINGS

Each recording in THE JIMI HENDRIX REFERENCE LIBRARY is available on compact disc and audio cassette and features an 8-page booklet that includes a thoroughly detailed narrative of each track on each recording. Many recordings have never before been released.


VARIATIONS ON A THEME "RED HOUSE" Cassette $14.95/CD $19.95

FUZZ, FEEDBACK AND WAH-WAH Cassette $14.95/CD $19.95

WHAMMY BAR AND FINGER GREASE Cassette $14.95/CD $19.95

### BOOKS – NOTE-FOR-NOTE TRANSCRIPTIONS

Each book features the complete authoritative transcriptions for guitar, bass and drums with performance notes and rare photographs for each composition.


JIMI HENDRIX – AXIS BOLD AS LOVE $19.95

JIMI HENDRIX – ARE YOU EXPERIENCED? $19.95

JIMI HENDRIX – ELECTRIC LADYLAND $22.95

*Order Today!*

Mail coupon to:

**MUSIC DISPATCH**
P.O. Box 13920 Milwaukee, WI 53213

ORDER TOLL FREE **1-800-637-2852** In WI 414-774-4567
M-F 9-5 C.S.T.

YES! I WANT TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE GUITAR ACCORDING TO JIMI HENDRIX! PLEASE RUSH ME:

| | |
|---|---|
| | Fuzz, Feedback and Wah-Wah |
| | 00660035 Cassette $14.95 |
| | 00660036 CD $19.95 |
| | Whammy Bar and Finger Grease |
| | 00660037 Cassette $14.95 |
| | 00660038 CD $19.95 |
| | Variations On A Theme:Red House |
| | 00660039 Cassette $14.95 |
| | 00660040 CD $19.95 |
| | Axis:Bold As Love |
| | 00692931 Book $19.95 |
| | Are You Experienced? |
| | 00692930 Book $19.95 |
| | Electric Ladyland |
| | 00692932 Book $22.95 |
| | SHIPPING AND HANDLING (Add $2.00 for each item) |
| | TAX (WI residents add 5%, MN residents add 6%) |
| | TOTAL |

Check/Money Order Enclosed for $ ____

Charge my: ___Visa ___Mastercard ___AmerExpress

Acct # ____

Sig. ____ Exp.Date ___

SHIP TO:

Name ____

Address ____

City ____ State ____ Zip ____

MUS2

America, which was fine with me. He said, 'Okay, you start next week.' Suddenly I was a producer with a job."

Fortunately, by the time Talmy's "little white lie" was discovered, he had already proven himself as a producer. His first record, a cover of "Lollipops and Roses" by Doug Sheldon, made it onto the charts. And he had a British hit with his next single, "Charmaine," by the Bachelors, an Irish trio who would later make the American Top 10 with a song called "Dianne."

While drawing a salary from the label, Talmy also set himself up as an independent producer and began developing new talent. Among the acts he presented to Decca were Manfred Mann and Georgie Fame. Decca—exhibiting the same wisdom it had shown with the Beatles—passed on both.

"That was when I realized I needed another outlet," the producer remembers. "So I walked into Pye Records, which seemed the next best thing to Decca, and they went for a deal. Basically, because of my track record, Pye would go for anyone I wanted to bring in."

The first group he brought in was the Kinks. He worked with them steadily from 1963 through 1967. The first massive hit they had was "You Really Got Me." Legends quickly grew up around the record, to the point where people *still* speculate as to who really played on it. Talmy confirms that, contrary to popular mythology, Jimmy Page did *not* play the guitar solo on "You Really Got Me." (Although he did play rhythm elsewhere on the Kinks debut album, cut shortly afterward.) Nor is the Kinks' longtime drummer, Mick Avory, on the track. "I used Bobby Graham on drums," says Talmy, "because the Kinks didn't have a drummer at the time."

Talmy has been criticized for his reliance on hired-gun musicians. And while he did build up a coterie of session players that included Jimmy Page as well as guitarist Big Jim Sullivan (Page's predecessor and mentor on the British session scene), Talmy insists that the intention was always to augment, rather than replace, band personnel.

"I got Jimmy Page in to play rhythm guitar on the first Kinks album because Ray didn't feel comfortable playing rhythm and singing. I think Jon Lord [later of Deep Purple] played organ for some tracks and Perry Ford played piano, because there was no pianist in the band. Later on, I brought Nicky Hopkins in—I used him for the Who as well, because they didn't have a pianist either."

Other personnel on early Kinks records came from less professional circumstances. "I had Ray's then-wife [Rasa Davies] thrust upon me as a backup singer. Which wasn't too bad, actually. If you go back and listen to some of those records, they sound like there's a girl's voice on there. And there is."

While working with the Kinks, Talmy was also producing a host of other groups for other labels. Some—like Chad & Jeremy and the Easybeats—had international hits. Others—like the Lancastrians and Goldie & the Gingerbreads—barely merit a footnote in British Invasion history books. Interestingly enough, one of Shel's less successful acts was Davy Jones, a good-looking young Mod who emerged during the next decade as David Bowie.

"He was 17, he was cheeky, he was brash and he was extremely bright. I liked him enormously. My first wife is probably the only person in the world who's ever had David Bowie play for her birthday. We were all young, needless to say; she was having her twenty-first birthday and I threw a party for her at the Mayfair Hotel. David volunteered to be the band."

When Talmy discovered him, Jones/Bowie had already released one single, as frontman for the King Bees. With Shel, he cut two more singles in 1965: "I Pity the Fool" b/w "Take My Tip" as part of the Mannish Boys and "You've Got a Habit of Leaving" b/w "Baby Loves That Way" as Davy Jones & the Lower Third. Both failed to have much impact on the charts. Talmy had better luck with another Mod act, the Who, and "I Can't Explain."

Talmy was working in a lot of styles during the mid-'60s. Just compare the bluesy, brass-orchestrated Bowie sides, for instance, with Chad & Jeremy's soft-edged, proto-folkie hits. But Shel's name has become synonymous with tough, concise guitar pop records like the Easybeats' "Friday on My Mind" and the first singles from the Who and Kinks. In both Pete Townshend and Dave Davies, Talmy found distinctive guitar stylists whose sounds defined the character of their records. Thanks to the training he received from Phil Yend back in Hollywood, Talmy was able to capture the brand new, overdriven guitar timbres.

"What I think I brought to England at the time were microphone techniques that I had


# Some day, they'll make a digital rack processor small enough to wear on your strap.

**They did.** Those incredible engineers at Zoom have created an amazingly powerful, compact digital multi-effects processor and personal headphone studio that makes everything else obsolete.

The tiny but powerful ZOOM 9002 is crammed with an arsenal of guitar effects: Compression, Tube-Type Analog Distortion, EQ, Pitch Shift, Phaser, Flanger, Chorus, two Digital Delays and two Digital Reverbs. And each one has the 16 bit CD-quality sound you'd only expect from a digital rack processor at least three times bigger and more expensive.

Unlike other Walkman-type devices, the 9002 is built with total mechanical integrity. Its oversized memory holds 40 preset programs and 24 customized user programs. You can play up to six effects at once. And the 9002's guitar remote controller lets you step through programs on stage without stepping on anything.

The 9002 easily fastens to belt, strap and other body parts. You can play along with a cassette or use it as a tuner/metronome.

Yes, they really thought of everything. The only question is whether the rest of the world is ready to Zoom forward with the 9002.

Catch us if you can.

ZOOM 9002

100 Marine Parkway, Suite 435, Redwood City, CA 94065.

helped Phil evolve at Conway in L.A. The British were very primitive in their mike techniques. There was no such thing as close miking. And there was certainly no such thing, really, as using baffles to control microphone leakage. But with Phil, I'd really gotten into isolating the various instruments and things like kick drums. Everything went through a mixer and went down to a three-track recorder. We were sending all the instruments to one track of the three because we had to have the other two for vocals and/or overdubs."

Talmy's power guitar sound was based on a three-microphone setup: close and distant mikes on the amp cabinet, plus a third mike on the strings to catch the percussive sound of the guitar pick. But the producer recalls having to use as many as three room mikes to capture the guitar feed- [*cont'd on page 120*]

# THE POCO REUNION

## Old wounds and new recordings illustrate the potential perils of rockstar reunions

*By* Stan Soocher with Bob Bilboa

RICHIE FURAY usually devotes his time at the Rocky Mountain Christian Fellowship to his chores as pastor of the congregation of 100 that he has led for the last eight years. But today the born-again Furay is at his Boulder, Colorado office doing something he hasn't done since 1973: talking as a working member of Poco.

This is Furay's first interview since the recording sessions for *Legacy*—featuring all five original members of Poco—were finished in Los Angeles the week before. It is also Furay's first secular rock project since the last of his three solo albums was recorded in 1979.

The Poco reunion demonstrates how old wounds must be dealt with anew when a band decides to reunite. The songs on the resulting *Legacy* album often seem dominated more by individual personalities than a group effort. But *Legacy* also represents a return to the bright melodies, sweet harmonies and boisterous country instrumentation that characterized the outfit Furay helped found in 1968.

A veteran also of the legendary but volatile Buffalo Springfield, Furay has made no secret of his disdain for the rock-star life and what he perceives as its conflict with his religious beliefs. And Furay's last try at a reunion, with the Springfield two years ago, soured when Neil Young failed to show up for a session at Stephen Stills' home in Los Angeles. But at the urging of pedal steel guitarist Rusty Young—the only member of Poco to have appeared on all the band's albums until its dissolution in 1983—Furay decided to give the rock world one more try. He's harbored some doubts, though.

"Rusty went around and made contact with everyone to see if we were willing to commit the time to get the project off the ground," says a trim-looking Furay, sporting a "Solid Rock of Christ" T-shirt. "Then we all got together with Allen Kovac [of Left Bank Management] in L.A."

The first session took place in May last year at guitarist Jim Messina's Gateway Recording Studio near his home in Santa Barbara, with original members George Grantham on drums and Randy Meisner on bass. Several years before Grantham had put his musical career on hold. Messina found chart success in the '70s with Loggins & Messina, Meisner with the Eagles.

At Gateway the band jammed on some old Poco riffs and Furay's Springfield ballad "Kind Woman" but concentrated largely on new songs each of the members had written. When they were able to learn five new songs in three days, it was agreed the time was right to record a new Poco album. They inked a deal with RCA in January, and rehearsed for two weeks in March. Recording sessions were completed by the end of May.

Because Furay had to return frequently to Boulder for Bible studies and Sunday morning services, Messina and Rusty Young handled most of the guitar work. Due to what band members refer to only as "personal problems," Grantham was replaced on

# Styles vary.

No two musicians are alike. Which is why we make more than one Super 60 amplifier.

Take our Super 60 Combo. It's a compact, powerful, fully-integrated package with a single twelve inch Eminence speaker.

Our Super 60 Head is the perfect mate for our Fender cabinets (available with 4-10"s, 1-12", 2-12"s, and 4-12"s).

And our Super 60 Rack allows you to put the inimitable Fender tube sound right in the heart of the most sophisticated set-ups.

Best of all, each Super 60 has 60 watts of the hottest tube sound you'll ever hear — from "Fender" clean to downright nasty.

No matter what or where you play, the Super 60 has the sounds you want in the configuration you need.

So see your Fender dealer and find out which one suits *your* style.

Fender®

We Make History

For more information, send $2 to cover postage and handling to Fender, 1130 Columbia St., Brea CA 92621. In Canada, write to TMI, P.O. Box 279, Port Coquitlam, B.C. V3C 3W7. © 1989 FMIC

drums by Gary Mallaber of Steve Miller fame. However, all five original members contributed vocals to *Legacy*.

But two stumbling blocks stood in the way of the project being completed. First was the choice of songs that would appear on the album—especially ones dealing with sex. Furay says, "All the way through the project there were songs that were submitted where I had to say no, a couple of which were actually recorded. I didn't get into this to hold a microscope up to everyone's life, to come off as some self-righteous Christian. But I couldn't say those kinds of things and with any integrity go back to my church on Sunday and preach against them."

The battle over the songs also manifested itself as a power struggle within the group. Each member had been guaranteed that a minimum of one of his original songs would be used on the album. Final say rested with manager Kovac and album producer David Cole, who also guides the career of Richard Marx, the current chart darling of southern California rock.

Of the three songs Furay initially submitted, "If It Wasn't for You," a lament for the homeless, made the final round. Furay also wrote the lyrics to "When It All Began," an exuberant retrospective of the history of Poco. None of Meisner's songs appears on *Legacy*, though he does sing lead vocals on three selections. Instead the group relied on songs from outside sources.

However, three of Messina's songs were used, and Rusty Young also placed three he wrote or co-wrote. Young wrote and sang Poco's biggest chart success, "Crazy Love," in 1979, and he'd made the initial contact with Kovac. Kovac's star client Richard Marx got a song on Poco's album too, "Nothin' to Hide," a 3/4 rocker likely to garner comparison with the Eagles' "Take It to the Limit."

Rusty admits, "There's no getting around that there's a bit of a payback there. Randy helped out on Richard's first hit 'Don't Mean Nothin',' as did [former Eagle] Joe Walsh and [former Eagle and Poco member] Tim Schmit. The Marx connection probably helped us get signed to RCA and it was important to the record company that Marx be on the album."

Marx's credentials as a pop craftsman can hardly be called into question, but his work has been criticized as post-Eagles country rock with training wheels. Messina was worried. "I walked into the studio sniffing because I didn't want this to be a Richard Marx album. But I discovered after working with David Cole that you could give him anybody to work with, that he's open to different instrumentation and styles."

Poco purists would probably have preferred more input from Furay. But he's made no secret of his top priority: his congregation in Boulder, and a life with Nancy, his wife of 22 years, and their four daughters. His reticence may in part be due to the other major stumbling block that shadowed the Poco reunion project: the long-time personality conflict between Furay and Messina. It was Messina with whom Furay often tangled over *Legacy*'s lyrics.

"Richie and I have the strongest polarity differences in the band," admits Messina. "The love was always there but there was resistance to it. I think the conflict actually helped break it down and bring us together."

Notes Rusty, "It's like fighting with your wife. You don't have the same angry moments with someone you don't care about. Richie and Jimmy are a lot closer than they even know."

Furay had migrated to New York City from Yellow Springs, Ohio in the mid-'60s to pursue a career as a folk singer. There he met guitarist Stephen Stills, who was working in a band with soon-to-be-Monkee Peter Tork. Furay and Stills formed the Au Go-Go Singers, recorded an album for Roulette and even appeared in "On Broadway with Rudy Vallee." Eventually Stills and Furay headed to L.A. to pursue their dream.

Then the now-legendary meeting occurred on Sunset Boulevard when Furay and Stills saw Neil Young and Bruce Palmer riding in a hearse they had driven from Ontario. Furay and Stills had met Young back in New York, and the Buffalo Springfield was formed with Dewey Martin on drums.

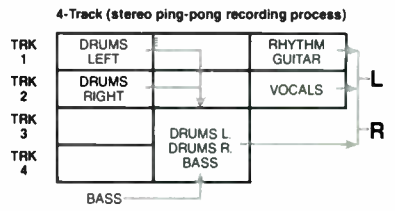
Furay and Messina met when a teenaged Messina, working as an engineer at L.A.'s Sunset Sound, replaced bassist Palmer in the Buffalo Springfield. It was during a Springfield tour in 1968 that the pair made plans to start Poco. "Richie and I were riding in a cab in Nashville," Messina recalls. "We talked about forming a new band that would be an extension of what we'd been doing with the Springfield, but more country and rock than folk and rock."

Rusty Young had come to California from Denver to play pedal steel on the Springfield's "Kind Woman." He had been in the Denver band B.C. with George Grantham and also knew Nebraskan Meisner, a

# Before you play ping-pong with a multi-track, read this...

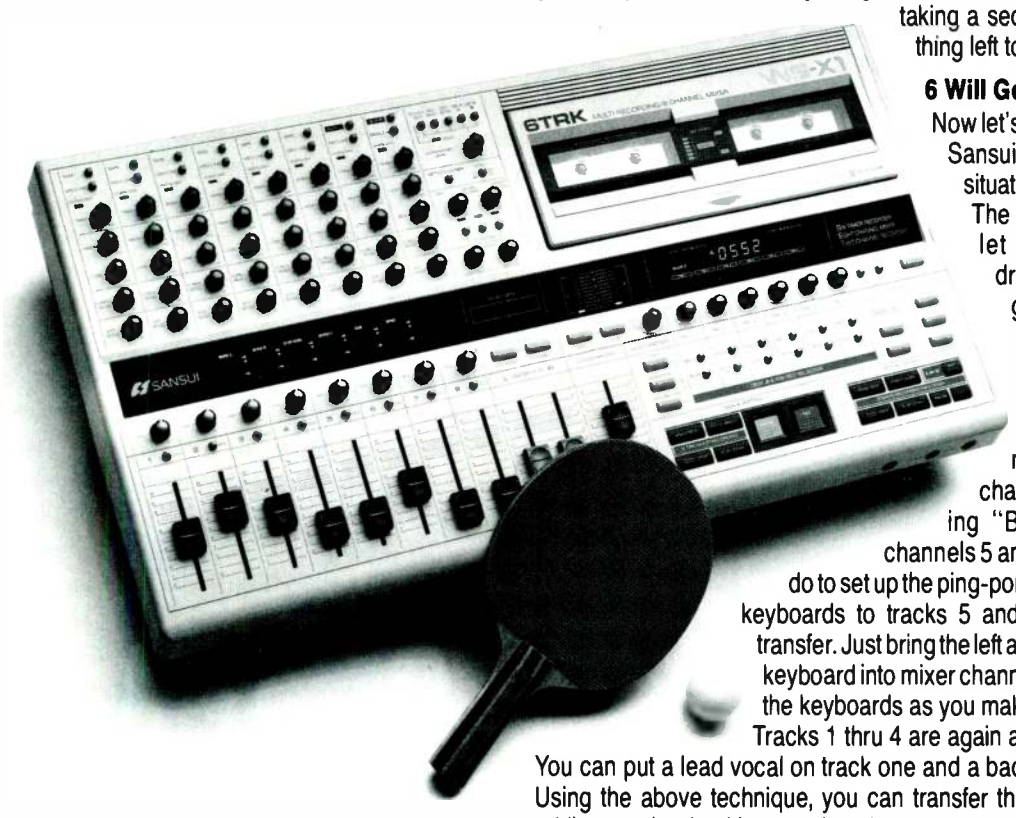
The main weakness of four track recorders is their inability to adequately ping-pong tracks in stereo. If you want to record more than five instruments in stereo, you're going to need more than four tracks.

The Sansui WS-X1 has six tracks that can play back and record simultaneously. This means you can maintain a true stereo mix of up to 10 instruments in just two tape generations.




## 6 vs. 4 in the Real World

Here's a real-world example of six versus four tracks. The four track story is pretty short. Use tracks 1 and 2 to record a stereo drum mix, then ping-pong those over to 3 and 4 adding bass as you go. Now you can record rhythm guitar on 1 and a vocal on 2. Without taking a second bounce, the only thing left to do is the final mix.



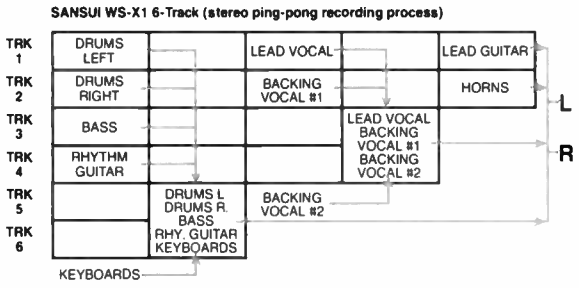

## 6 Will Get You 10

Now let's take a look at how the Sansui WS-X1 handles the situation.

The WS-X1's extra tracks let you record stereo drums, bass and rhythm guitar on tracks 1 thru 4 before you have to think about the first ping-pong. Selecting "Tape" on channels 1 thru 4 of the 8 channel mixer and choosing "Buss" on multi-track channels 5 and 6 are all you need to do to set up the ping-pong. You can add stereo keyboards to tracks 5 and 6 as you make the transfer. Just bring the left and right outputs of your keyboard into mixer channels 7 and 8 and record the keyboards as you make the mix.

Tracks 1 thru 4 are again available for recording. You can put a lead vocal on track one and a backing vocal on track 2. Using the above technique, you can transfer these tracks to 3 and 4 adding another backing vocal on the way.

Now you've got a stereo rhythm track mix on 5 and 6, and a stereo vocal mix on 3 and 4. You can now go ahead and record lead guitar and horns on tracks 1 and 2. You now have 10 distinct takes in easy to manage sub mixes.




## That's Not All, Folks

With its extra tracks, full featured mixer and on-board mixdown deck, the WS-X1 has everything you need to make professional sounding recordings in one easy to use package. See your authorized Sansui dealer today for a complete demo.

SANSUI

For a full color brochure send $2.00 for postage and handling to:
KDS Technologies, P.O. Box 507, Bloomfield, CT 06002, 203-286-0498

member of Rick Nelson's Stone Canyon Band, from the Denver music scene. Though Poco (originally named after the comic strip "Pogo") stuck with this lineup, they did audition a keyboard player named Gregg Allman, and flirted with the idea of adding Byrd Gram Parsons.

Coming after Dylan's *John Wesley Harding*, the Band's *Music from Big Pink* and the Byrds' *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*, Poco's 1969 debut album *Pickin' Up the Pieces* reflected a turning point in the development of rock. The blazing guitars and progressive technological tricks of the psychedelic era had reached a peak. The Poco album was reactionary; they relied on traditional country instrumentation like mandolins, dobros and steel guitars.

Yet Rusty Young claims *Pickin' Up the Pieces* failed to capture the true spirit of the group. "I had unfulfilled expectations with the first album," says Young. "It sounded a lot stiffer and more structured than we actually were. Plus Randy left the group during the sessions and people in the band had to start switching vocal parts."

"The first album was a nightmare," adds Messina, who's listed as producer. "Because of collective bargaining rules, I wasn't allowed to touch the mixing console and the console engineer wasn't allowed to touch the tape machine. I was never satisfied with the album. It sounded flat, had no depth."

By *Poco*, the band's second album, Rusty Young had begun running his pedal steel through a Leslie speaker to achieve an organ-like effect. He was also experimenting with wah-wah pedals and fuzztones. Timothy B. Schmit had also replaced Meisner on bass. But Messina was becoming disenchanted with the group.

"I wanted to work as a producer and touring was tiring me out," Messina recalls. "I had just gotten married and couldn't support my wife on the $125 a week I was getting paid. And I wasn't getting a lot of support from Richie in my writing and singing."

So in 1970 Messina began rooming with guitarist/vocalist Paul Cotton, from the Illinois Speed Press, for about six months, prepping Cotton to be his replacement. Then, Messina says, "Richie decided at a show at the Fillmore West on Halloween that that would be my last night. That was Paul's first night onstage. I left for home."

Messina would find commercial success with the series of albums he recorded with Kenny Loggins until 1976. "I [cont'd on page 57]

## PERFORMANCE OF THE MONTH

# DR. FEELBAD OPERATES

### Eugene Chadbourne at the Knitting Factory

*By* Ted Drozdowski

IT'S SATURDAY night at the Knitting Factory, and Dr. Eugene Chadbourne is in the operating theater. The occasion: an autopsy, the final performance of the club's annual Handmade Instrument Festival.

It's been a week of odd recitals, even for this Soho-rooted haven, which has worked hard at its reputation for presenting weird and dangerous music. Downtowner Zeena Parkins dropped by to pluck one of her electrified mini-harps with whammy bars; her neighbor, guitarist/composer Elliott Sharp, stopped in with yet another of the Frankensteins he builds from wood, metal, pickups and strings. Even as Chadbourne scrubs down on December 2 for the operation he'll perform in the club's upstairs performance space, Christian Marclay is raising a nasty ruckus in the Knot Room below by skranking abused records over the top of a homemade turntable, an ugly-but-loud little unit he's fashioned from rusty metal and leftover parts.

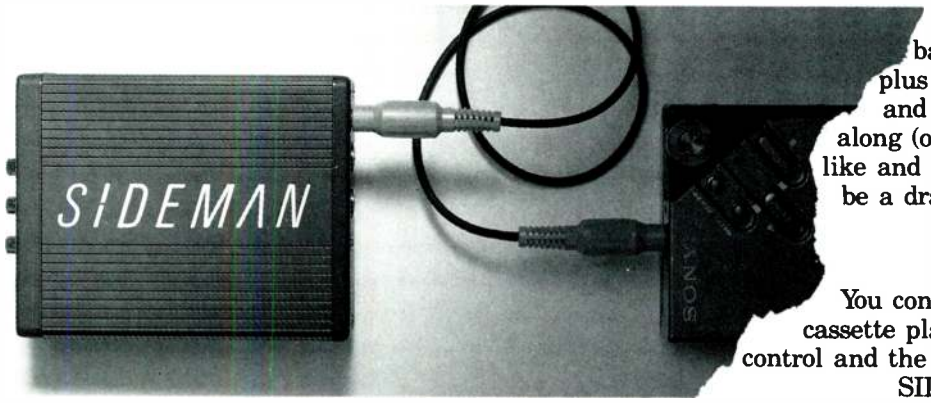
In his nearly floor-length lab coat and electro-frizz hair, the bespectacled Chadbourne looks every bit the mad physician as he takes the stage. Behind him, on the operating table, lying swaddled in hospital sheets, rests The Cadaver, a pillow-headed pile of junk metal jammed into pants, a shirt and a pair of boots. Pickups have been strategically inserted in the stiff, and the audience has been warned: This is a work so horrific, so bone-chilling, so drenched in gore that it's normally performed only when trained medical personnel are present. Tonight, however, Eugene's flying solo.

But first, a few tunes to alleviate the tension. Chadbourne grabs a road-weary Vox and plugs into a fuzzbox, umbilically attached to a borrowed Roland JC-120 amp. He's in troubadour mode, sitting and playing like Phil Ochs with a case of the drunken giggles. He strums out songs railing against the Klan, George Bush and other scourges. Then he switches to a battered electrified acoustic, and that's when the real trouble starts. He launches into "I'm Your Neighbor" from his *Corpses of Foreign Wars* LP, a ditty about the busy-body rat-fink next door. Chadbourne's funnybone becomes increasingly inflamed, and when the song's solo break rolls around he's just got to scratch it. He stops strumming and licks his finger, rubbing it against his flat-top's finish in a screech similar to fingernails on a chalkboard. He stomps on the fuzz and tosses off runs like a speedy slob, his left hand dancing—more like stumbling—inarticulately up and down his guitar's neck while his right hand navigates uncommonly deft, high-velocity picking.

Time for a break. Chadbourne drops his guitar, literally, and hefts a glass of soda to the microphone. He zealously slurps it to the bone through a straw, then tosses a few ice cubes in his trap and chomps them over the P.A. By now one in six paying customers have left. Eugene does another song, a ditty inspired by a real incident from his North Carolina home base in which a man was stabbed in the brain at a church picnic in a case of mistaken identity. The tune climaxes in a feedback fest, his guitar face [cont'd on page 70]

*Photograph: Paul Robicheau*

# Sit in on sessions with the all-time greats for just $59.95!*




Play a cassette of your favorite band, plug the headphone output plus your input(s) into SIDEMAN™, and you'll be playing along, singing along (or both) to music that you really like and want to learn. So practice won't be a drag anymore. And the better you practice the better you'll be. Ask any successful musician.

You control the mix of signals from the cassette player with its headphone volume control and the instrument(s) you're using with SIDEMAN'S independent controls:

## Practice, Perform, Record.. all for just $59.95!*

That's right. If SIDEMAN were available through typical music store distribution the list price would be double — $120.00. So order your SIDEMAN today. It's the most cost-effective investment you will ever make in your music and your musical future.


Walkman is a registered trademark of Sony Corporation.

- 2-position Overdrive Selector for either edge distortion or full distortion.
- Independent Overdrive and Instrument Level controls allow you to set just the right mix for the sound you want.
- Independent vocal or second instrument) level control.
- Headphone volume control is the overall output level control.
- 2-position Effect Selector for either chorus or flange.
- Independent effect assignment for instrument and vocal inputs.
- Stereo input (where a Walkman™ type headphone output is plugged).
- Main Headphone output also turns SIDEMAN on and off.
- AC Adaptor plug — also runs on its own standard 9 volt battery inside.
- Standard 1/4" phone plug inputs for instrument and vocal (or second instrument).
- Line Output can be used to drive a second set of headphones or you can plug right into a mixer input and you're ready to perform or record with your unique SIDEMAN sound.


**SIDEMAN**

**Not Available at Retail Stores.**

## OTHER 'I.S.I. BUYS' SAVE YOU $$$!

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| SIDEMAN Headphones with Boom Mic. | | $69.95 RETAIL | ONLY $30.00* DIRECT |
| PE-30 | 4-Band Parametric Equalizer with Q Controls | $495.00 RETAIL | ONLY $199.00* DIRECT |

*Plus sales tax for California residents.

## ORDER TOLL FREE:

# 1-800-537-5199

## In CA: 213-921-2341

**Hours: 8 am - 5 pm Pacific Coast Time**

INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH INDUSTRIES™

# SYNTHS REVISE AND REVAMP

## Let's get convoluted: Sneak previews of Yamaha's SY77, E-mu's Emax II, Ensoniq's VFX-SD and Roland's U-220

*By* Alan di Perna

FORGET MADONNA and Warren Beatty, Bill Wyman and Mandy, Cher and Richie Sambora.... Here on the tech pages, the headline-making couple of '89 was Synthesis and Sampling. The MIDI scene reached a point this past year where no keyboard or tone module felt complete unless it had both synthesized and sampled sound sources that could be stacked together. But what's going to happen in the '90s to top that ultra-hip pairing? How about real-time interaction between synthesis and sampling? Up till now, we've just had passive layering of the two—the happy couple standing stiffly side by side like the bride and groom on a wedding cake. Wouldn't it sound great if they could get all intertwined? If samples and synth timbres could actually modulate, modify and interpolate one another until they'd blurred into some great new sound of tomorrow?

This is exactly the premise behind the new Yamaha SY77. Imagine a revamped, revitalized version of FM synthesis getting up close and personal with sampled sound sources. What's more, E-mu has taken a similar tack with their new Emax II. They've drastically improved the sampling sound quality of the original Emax and made their SE (Synthesis Enhanced) technology an integral part of the package. (With the old Emax, SE was an add-on option.) Meanwhile, two of '89's best sample/synth combo machines are sporting stunning new shapes for the '90s. The Ensoniq VFX has grown into a full-blown workstation called the VFX-SD, while Roland's U-20 has slimmed down to a lean, mean rack module: the U-220. What's the inside scoop on these new developments? Inquiring minds want to know....


So let's begin our inquiry with the SY77. First off, it's the successor to Yamaha's short-lived V80, a machine that let you layer samples and FM sounds in the passive way we've described. When market research made it clear that FM was getting a bit old for the public, Yamaha pulled the V80 and sat down for a major rethink. The result is a synthesis scheme called Realtime Convolution and Modulation (RCM). One of its features is the SY77's new version of FM: Advanced Frequency Modulation (AFM). It's still a six-op system. But where the old FM provided just one input and one feedback loop for each operator, AFM gives you two inputs and three feedback loops. Right away, you can see where things start getting much more rich and complex than before. To begin with, operators can now be combined in more ways. So on the SY77, there are 45 different six-operator algorithms. (The highest amount on any previous Yamaha machine was 32.) And best of all, some of these algorithms are user-definable. Yes kiddies, you too can make up your own FM algorithms at home.

There are also more options when it comes to the waveforms those operators can generate. Once upon a time, a simple sine wave was all you got. Some operators, as you may recall, were carriers; their sine waves were made into complex sounds by interacting with other sine-wave-bearing operators called modulators. Then came the Yamaha TX81Z, whose operators could put out eight different waveforms—not just sines. That was pretty exciting, but now the SY77's operators can generate a big 16 waveforms. These include the eight found on the TX81Z plus eight new ones. And you can also use noise as a modulation source. But all of this is mere foreplay. The big news is that you can use *sampled* waveforms as modulators. And according to sources deep inside Yamaha's think tank, it's even possible to trick those

# This computer was made for music


## ... Introducing the Atari Stacy™ Portable Computer

ATARI® COMPUTER

*For more information please call or write:*

Atari Corporation, Music Division, P.O. Box 61657, Sunnyvale, CA 94088

**408-745-2367**

sampled waveforms into acting as carriers.

Now, using sampled sounds to do FM really *is* something new. Why? Because even the simplest sample is dramatically more complex than plain old sine, square or sawtooth waves. So once you get a few of those boys kicking around an algorithm, there's no telling what sonic marvels might be achieved.

The sampled waveforms come from the "other side" of the SY77's tone-generating facilities: something Yamaha calls Advanced Wave Memory 2 (AWM2). There are 112 16-bit wavesamples in memory, sampled at either 32 or 48kHz and including a few de rigueur drum kits. Internal processing resolution, by the way, is 24-bit. And the digital-to-analog converters at the output stage are 22-bit, which is a long way of saying that the sound quality on the SY77 is quite good. In fact, it is arguably the best-sounding Yamaha machine yet.

The SY77 lets you combine AFM and AWM2 (i.e., FM synthesis and samples) in a number of ways. The voice architecture works like this. Four things called *elements* make up a *voice*. An element can be a straight AWM2 sample, a straight FM sound or, as we've seen, a sonic cocktail that mixes AWM2 elements into an AFM algorithm. But now for even more fun. Each element can have two filters all its own. Not just any old filters, mind you, but *realtime digital convolution filters*.

Pay careful attention to the term convolution. It's going to be a major buzzword in the coming months. From what we can discern from the people who talk in equations instead of sentences, convolution is an intense form of microprocessor number crunching. Translation: It allows digital filters to be more like analog filters—dynamic and instantly responsive to modulation . . . all the things analog aficionados swear by.

To recap, then, you can have two of these convolution filter jobbies per element. Each filter can be modulated by any number of sources, including some new six-stage envelope generators, or the SY77's assignable third modulation wheel. And once you're finished combining, filtering and modulating elements to create a voice, you can route those voices through any of four onboard effects processors. There are two reverb processors and two more in a chorus/flanging style.

The next level of organization, up from a voice, is a *multi*. Here's where you assemble your usual multitimbral presets, assigning voices to separate MIDI channels for control by an external sequencer or the SY77's internal sequencer. The latter is a fairly substantial, 16-track/16,000-note critter, similar to Yamaha's QX3 hardware sequencer. Voices can be assigned to any of four outputs. Sequences and voices can be stored using a built-in 3.5-inch floppy disk drive. The sequencer makes an attractive bonus. Even without it, the A-1 sound quality and programming power of the SY77 would make it a solid investment at $3000.

The SY77 illustrates one way to take winning technology and improve on it. E-mu's Emax II represents another. In a sense, it's the ideal way to do an upgrade. The Emax II is no harder to operate than the original Emax. It just sounds better. E-mu has kept the original Emax user interface virtually the same, while replacing the old 12-bit sound with all new 16-bit sound-producing and filtering chips. The hero of this story is the company's G-Chip: the same one that's in the Proteus. Used in tandem with 18-bit digital-to-analog converters, it yields sound quality that's more like the high-end Emulator III than the old, cheap 'n' cheerful Emax.

The Emax II is a 16-voice machine. But the voices are stereo, which means there are actually 32 "sound channels." As an alternative to the stereo voices, you can also have 16 mono voices with stereo chorusing. Chorusing, though, is just about the only effect onboard; there's no reverb chip. What you *do* get are 32 groovy, new, real-time digital lowpass filters (two per voice). They're responsive, they sound like analog filters, they have programmable Q. . . . Gee, looks like the synth manufacturers are on a filter binge again.

**PAY CAREFUL ATTENTION TO THE TERM CONVOLUTION. IT'S GOING TO BE A MAJOR BUZZWORD IN THE COMING MONTHS.**

The 16 voices can be dynamically assigned to any MIDI channel for all kinds of multitimbral action. Voices can be sent out of any of eight outputs, which are configured as four stereo pairs. But now we come to a truly inspired idea. The Emax II has actual effects loops. Six of its eight outputs have tip/ring jacks, each of which provides a send and a return. So selected voices can be sent out of the machine, tarted up with an external effects processor and then returned—all wet and effected—back into the Emax II. Which means, of course, that it helps ease the never-ending demand for inputs on your mixing board. The effects returns on the Emax II can even be used to bring in the audio outputs from other synths. So it can act, in effect, as a submixer. Cool, eh? What'll they think of next?

◆ Roland's U-220, a grab bag of great synth and sample sounds ◆

But what about synthesis capabilities? We thought you'd *never* ask. Sampled sounds can be used as raw material for two different synthesis routines that reside in the Emax II's digital processor module. One is called


## Introducing the Brother MDI-30 Disk Composer™

"The compact, easy-to-use, MDI-30 lets you get more out of your music—without taking more out of your wallet.

The MDI-30 has 32K RAM with 7000 note capacity, 53,000 note/30 song disk capacity (standard 3.5" diskettes), LED display, variable tempo, forward/reverse search, 2 track recording with limitless merge—even punch in/out capabilities for easy editing.

The MDI-30 is more than just a sequencer. It gives you a full range of high-end MIDI features like full MIDI compatibility, 16 addressable MIDI channels, SYSEX data, MIDI In/Out, MIDI clock, echo back and more.

Sure, MIDI sequencer/disk drives used to be expensive and complicated... but that's not true anymore."

We're at your side.

# brother®

**Brother International Corporation,** 8 Corporate Place, Piscataway, NJ 08854

**Brother Industries, Ltd.** Nagoya, Japan

Spectrum Interpolation: E-mu's E-Z form of additive synthesis known and loved by those who are already familiar with the old Emax's Synthesis Enhanced option. The other synthesis thing you can do is called Transform Multiplication, a miracle made possible by . . . you got it . . . convolution! To cut the techno doubletalk, transform multiplication is a form of sonic crossbreeding. It takes any two samples, synthesized waveforms or whatever, analyzes their frequency contents over time and then combines the results to create a hybrid sound.

What else do you get? Well, there is what the company describes as a sketchpad sequencer, like the one on the original Emax. One of its intended uses is to store songs created on an external sequencer, so you can leave the sequencer at home when you take the Emax II out on a gig. And to speed up the download process, there's something called Super Mode, that allows the Emax II's sequencer to receive data on all 16 MIDI channels at once.

What's it all go for? Not chicken feed. Pricing starts at $3,500, for which you get an Emax II with one megabyte of internal RAM. But if you like 'em big and smart when it comes to data storage facilities, you may find yourself compelled to fork over $6500 for the "Turbo" version of the Emax II, with four megabytes of internal RAM and a 40-megabyte internal hard disk.

Improvements and upgrades—they're popping up everywhere! When Ensoniq developed the VFX, which was introduced last year, their philosophy was to concentrate on making a great-sounding synth based on sampled waveforms in ROM. In other words, to hell with the workstation idea—the built-in sequencers and all that. It had gotten all blown out of proportion anyway. But now that the VFX has established itself as a superior-sounding machine, wouldn't it be nice if those who are so inclined could get a workstation version of it? Voilà! Mesdames et messieurs, let's have a warm round of applause for the new VFX-SD. That's right: a VFX with a built-in sequencer and 3.5-inch floppy disk drive.

Soundwise, the SD gives you virtually everything that's onboard the regular old VFX, plus everything from Ensoniq's first alternative sound cartridge for the VFX. They've also added 41 new drum kit wavesamples, in keeping with the all-in-one, workstation spirit of the SD. There are two more outputs than on the VFX—"dry" outs that bypass the internal effects processor. And speaking of the processor, it has been given some new effects programs as well.

But the biggest feature that distinguishes the SD from the normal VFX is the on-board sequencer. No mere sketchpad thingie, it's got a 25,000-note memory capacity and 96 ppq clock resolution. (All previous Ensoniq sequencers were 48 ppq.) And the editing facilities, as we'll see, are the genuine article. It's quite nicely laid out too—very transparent, even for someone who's used to software sequencers. Not surprisingly, it's a pattern-based system. You build up individual sequences and then chain them together to make songs.

Each sequence can have up to 12 tracks. And when you assemble the sequences into a song, you can record 12 additional song tracks. These are entirely unrelated to the


# CASIO DAT.

AVAILABLE NOW AT AUTHORIZED CASIO PROFESSIONAL MUSIC DEALERS.

SIMPLE AS THAT.

**CASIO®**

**Where miracles never cease**

Casio, Inc. Professional Musical Products Division 570 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Dover, NJ 07801

sequence tracks. They can have separate sounds, separate MIDI channels, separate everything. Which means that the sequencer is, in essence, a 24-track beast.

Recording is done in real time. There are three different overdub modes: one where your new recording erases what you'd done previously, one where you can add new material to the previously recorded stuff on the first pass only, and one where you can add new material each time the pattern loops around—as on a drum machine. You can set up one auto punch, either by entering bar/beat/tick numbers or marking the spot "on the fly," in real time. Whenever you do an overdub, a punch, an edit—or make just about any move, for that matter—you get to audition the new stuff you've done and compare it with the old stuff before committing it to sequencer memory. [*cont'd on page 110*]

# NAMM COUNTDOWN

## Gearing up for an equipment blow-out: A preview of coming Anaheim attractions

*By* **Jock Baird**

THE MUSIC INSTRUMENT industry is revving up for this January's Winter NAMM show at Anaheim with even more fervor than usual. It's now been all but officially designated The Real NAMM show (followed closely by the European version, the Frankfurt Musik Messe) and more and more equipment manufacturers are planning their new product releases accordingly. Even the summer show's most diehard defender, NAMM itself, has put out feelers about downscaling it significantly; it's now openly speculated whether there'll even be a summer NAMM show. Which essentially means all the stops are out for this one. Those thousands of music dealers, reps, manufacturers, demo musicians, rock stars and slavering journalists will have to cram a year's worth of rubber-necking, button twirling, jawboning and serious partying into three short days. And we don't even get combat pay.

Realizing we'd never squeeze it all in, we decided to hit the fall Audio Engineering Society show, usually the best place this side of the Tokyo Fair to see what was coming down the chute, and boy did we get an eyeful. How about the ultimate portastudio from Yamaha, an integrated cassette mixer-recorder unit that combines an eight-track DAT deck, a 24-track mixer, signal processing, a SMPTE sync box and mixing automation system into one simple, convenient package numbered the DMR8X. Convenient if you can handle a price tag of $35,000, that is. No, it's unabashedly targeted at rock stars who are tired of being told their great home demos can't be used on their albums. Don Henley, call your office.

The Yamaha DMR8X takes the analog input, converts it to digital and then mixes, processes and records it without ever converting it back again. Everything else you'd need is in there. EQ? Each input channel includes three bands of parametric EQ (with variable Q) with switchable peaking and shelving on the high and low ends. Processing? How about three built-in multi-effects (each equivalent to an SPX1000) to provide reverb, compression, delays and whatnot. Repatching? A configuration memory saves you the trouble, switching your connections internally. In addition to its eight audio tracks, the DMR8X's stationary-head tape recorder section has a track dedicated to SMPTE code and another which saves fader moves as MIDI sequencer data (à la the DMP7). It's also possible to automate the internal effects, to gang together groups of faders and change the degree of fader change. And on punch-ins the DMR8X will do a crossfade between the new and old parts and let you program how long it should last. It inputs all major digital audio formats and reads and generates MIDI Time Code. In short, it's the MI equivalent of the audio workstation, an Opus for the pre-production set. Okay, you and I may not be able to afford a Yamaha DMR8X soon, but as a benchmark and bellwether this unit will be getting a lot of ink and scrutiny at Anaheim.

Man, do they have a lot of boards at these AES shows! Reinforcement consoles are starting to get as fancy as studio models now, and nice new models from Ramsa and ATI were a big draw, as were some serious automated post-production mixers from Brits DDA. But in the home studio arena the biggest splash was Tascam's new M-3500 24- and 32-channel mixers, which put an impressive amount of punch into a $7500 unit (oh, and $8500 for the 32-channel version). Each input has six sends and four returns, with four-band parametric EQ. The monitor section has a number of slick moves, including the ability to provide extra

• Yamaha DMR8X •

# MORE SOUND PER POUND

## The Bose® 302 Series II Acoustimass® Bass System.

This compact bass system, designed and optimized for use with Bose 802™ Series II speakers, delivers *more bass and purer sound* than most larger components. From nightclubs to stadium concerts, the 302-II bass system delivers clean, powerful performance that's easy to move and easy to connect.

The key to large-system performance in a small package is the patented Acoustimass system with the Electro-Magnetic Braking (MB-12) woofer. Rather than producing sound by a cone surface vibrating directly into a room, Bose uses the MB-12 woofer to energize the Acoustimass system, which actually launches sound into the room using two precisely controlled air masses. The Acoustimass system also acts as an acoustic filter, removing unwanted distortion where no electronic filter can


—after sound is produced but before it reaches the audience. The result—the 302-II system gives you more bass output with less cone motion and lower distortion than any conventional bass bin its size.

Listen and judge for yourself. Compare the 302-II system to any other bass system. Then *you* decide how well we stack up (and how easily). The 302 Series II Acoustimass bass system . . . just one of the reasons Bose is becoming the professional system of choice. For the name of your nearest authorized dealer, write Bose Corporation, Professional Products, Department MUS, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168 or call us at 1-508-879-7330.



BOSE
*Better sound through research.*

channels on mixdown using a "flip" function that doubles the total available inputs. The M-3500 also has a great solo-in-place feature that solos the instrument along with its processing. And besides all these features and quiet specs, it looks and feels like a winner. Tascam is not shy about recommending that you hook this mixer up to its $14,000 one-inch 24-track recorder, the MSR-24, a combo that significantly lowers the entry fee for pro 24-track recording.

Great necro-feel: Roscoe's Dr. Death

Of course, how could you view the unveiling of the new Soundcraft 3200 console at the JBL booth and not lust after it? Wouldn't you love to fondle the classic split configurations, 36 inputs with 32 busses, especially when the additional EQ facilities on the buss channels mean they can be used as inputs, giving you a rollicking 68 channels? And who wouldn't love super-fast noise gates on each channel, up to 20 aux sends, full status illumination of all switches and logic switches linked to the tape machine's record/ready switches? Hey, if this is what the big boys eat, I'm ready.

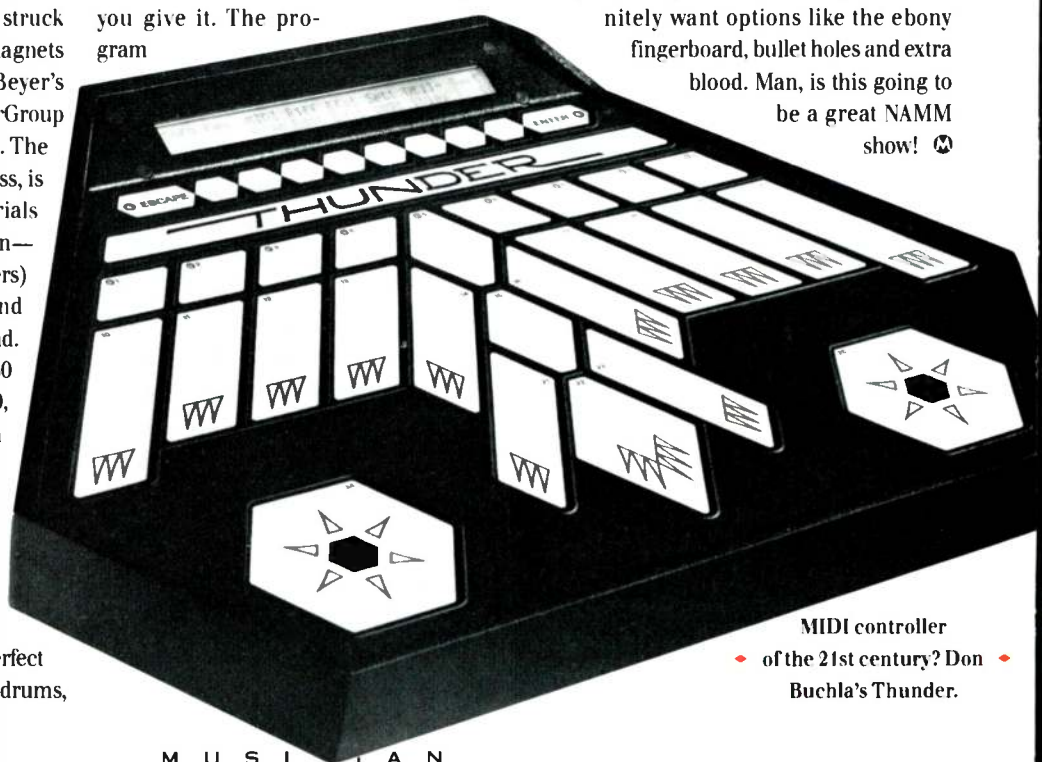
Add Beyer to the list of mike companies (Electro-Voice and Shure) who've struck gold with neodymium rare earth magnets that pep up microphone output. Beyer's entry is part of its well-respected TourGroup series, and is dubbed the TG-X line. The biggest draw, aside from raw loudness, is the use of lighter diaphragm materials (called Macrolon and Hostaphan—sound like obscure Biblical characters) to speed up the attack transients and thus give a cleaner, punchier high end. Four TG-X mikes are offered. The 180 is an entry-level model, while the 280, using the Hostaphan material, has a wider frequency response. The more expensive 480 and 580 are large-diaphragm versions.

Speaking of large diaphragms (and being out of Kate Smith jokes), Audio-technica has a new dynamic model called the ATM25, perfect for alarmingly high SPLs from kick drums, basses and the like. The ATM25's hypercardioid pickup pattern also helps with isolation. An excellent buy at $234. And Sennheiser is out with a pair of vocal mikes, one a $219 dynamic model called the MD518, the other a truly sweet-sounding supercardioid condenser, the MKE 4032, that retails for $595. Anyone who thinks the mike boom has peaked hasn't been watching the aisles of NAMM.

Other big noise from AES included two new MIDI-programmable equalizers from Rane, the stereo 14-band MPE 14 ($800) and the mono 28-band MPE 28 ($750). These are top-grade EQs, with pro balanced XLR connections and Rane's Constant Q interpolating filter technology, and the MIDI implementation lets you change the curves in real time using MIDI continuous controllers, a programmable EQ first. And Bose left its wave cannons at home and showed up with a software program for the Mac that predicts and simulates acoustic behavior in whatever space you give it. The program is called Modeler Design, goes for $900 and may become required buying for major-league sound system designers. Bose also showed a graphics program that creates pictures of speaker arrays ($500) and a nifty RackMaker layout program.

A lot of NAMM attendees will be talking about E-mu's deal with Japanese giant Matsushita, and inevitably some idiot will say, "Didja hear Technics bought E-mu?" In fact E-mu licensed certain proprietary sampling technologies to the company for use in the home/P&O market under the Technics nameplate, an area which E-mu has no interest in exploring on its own. No equity changed hands; the deal was strictly a licensing one. E-mu also will let Technics sell a home keyboard they've been working on for some time. And another, less publicized Japanese licensing of U.S. tech finds Yamaha using Aphex's Aural Exciter process for a new stomp box and for its SPX1000.

Somewhere, maybe in a suite, pundits will gather to view synth pioneer Don Buchla's highly original MIDI touch controller, Thunder. On first perusal it seems to be a more evolved version of the Hotz MIDI controller we saw last year. With some creative mapping, these new inventions can really help out keyboard klutzes like myself. But I know the first booth I'll be hitting at Anaheim will be Roscoe Guitars. Ever since I saw the shots of their SK-2000 Dr. Death guitar, I knew it was for me. Love that graphite reinforced 24-fret neck and solid mahogany body with maple reinforcement, and I definitely want options like the ebony fingerboard, bullet holes and extra blood. Man, is this going to be a great NAMM show!




MIDI controller of the 21st century? Don Buchla's Thunder.


# AKG's C1000S. Put The Power In Your Hands.

Condenser microphones sound great, but they're not usually first choice on stage, until now. The new C1000 from AKG brings studio quality to the stage and makes it work. Great sound, durability, looks, convenience — everything you need is there.

The advanced backplate transducer technology of the C1000 gives it remarkable response and freedom from handling noise. Its rugged,attractively-styled housing (complete with fatigue-free balancing and an on/off switch that can't be accidentally moved) is perfect for a live performance.

On sound and looks alone, the C1000 is the brand new standard for miking live vocals, woodwinds, brass, guitars, and drum overheads.

But there's one more thing. The C1000 is also the only music mic that can operate off either phantom power *or* a built-in, standard 9-volt battery (not included) providing substantial advantages over lower voltage batteries.

Isn't it time you put AKG power in your hands?



AKG acoustics

**Focusing on new technology.**

77 Selleck St. Stamford, CT 06902
(203) 348-2121

## BUSH

[cont'd from page 80] it exactly how it is, because this is nice and we don't want it to change. But sometimes even if things aren't nice, people don't want them to change. And things do. Just look at the natural balance of things, how if you reach out for something, chances are it will pull away. And when things reach out for you, the chances are you will pull away. You know everything ebbs and flows and you know the moon is full and then it's gone; it's just the balance of things."

Bush suddenly catches herself at the crest of this philosophical wave. "Absolute rubbish," she pshaws, laughing. "Just tell them to go buy the record and see if they like it."

## SYNTHS

[cont'd from page 106] Did somebody mention editing? In this department, the SD provides all the features one expects from a serious sequencer. Tracks can be merged, appended, truncated, quantized, copied, transposed, deleted and all of that. You can slip individual tracks forward and backward in time. You can do range-dependent editing: i.e., have a particular edit affect only certain specified notes or certain measures within a track. There's a very good event list as well, which lets you determine which types of MIDI events you want to view and edit. You step through the list, listening to the track as you step, and change what needs to be edited.

The 12 sequencer tracks double as templates for multi-timbral setups as well. You can store 60 of these setups in memory. It doesn't matter whether you're using them as sequencer track assignments or as multitimbral voices/MIDI channel assignments. And you can always store 60 of them, even after you've used up the sequencer's 25,000-note capacity. And since we're talking about memory, let's not forget that sequences and sounds can of course be stored to floppy disk via the SD's built-in 3.5-inch drive. From there, they can be loaded up fairly quickly, even in a live situation. In short, adding a sequencer, drum sounds and a disk drive to the VFX was a good idea. For $2600, you really do get everything you need to inflict serious musical damage.

But now let's go the other way again. Let's leave sequencers and keyboards behind and look at a stripped-down module that's concerned with one thing only: maximal sounds for minimal bucks—$1000, to be precise. That's the idea behind Roland's U-220. It's the rack-mount version of the U-20 keyboard that Roland introduced at June NAMM. As with all the machines we've been considering, sampled sound is at the heart of the matter—although the actual sound you hear coming out of the U-220 is something called Resampled PCM. It works like this. Real instruments are sampled over at Roland HQ and then analyzed on a mainframe computer they call Sally. Dear Sally then resamples, or encodes, the sounds into the U-220's ROM using a technique called *spectral interpolation*. According to Roland, it's a technique that squeezes extra sonic mileage out of the U-220's 12-bit data format.

So you have these basic, resampled sounds, called *tones*. The U-220 packs a good picnic buffet of them, including drums, guitars, basses, brass, strings and sampled patches from Roland synths old and new. (More tones are available via ROM cards.) Add parameters like level, pitch and vibrato to a tone and you've got what's called a *timbre* on the U-220. Timbres get combined to make up a *part*. And parts are the basic currency of multi-timbral commerce inside the U-220. It operates on a six-part multitimbral economy, with a seventh drum part thrown in to curb inflation.

Parts can be assigned to any MIDI channel. You can, if you like, route individual parts through the U-220's two effects processors. There's one reverb/delay processor and one chorus/flanger guy. Effected voices are routed out of the U-220's two "mix" outputs, which can be configured as a stereo pair or two individual mono outs. Uneffected voices can go out any of four "dry" outputs, which is two more than you get on the U-20. Again, the "dry" outputs can be configured as individual mono outs or two stereo pairs. The built-in effects and extra assignable outs make this little rack especially attractive for the home recording/virtual tracking zealot. But anyone who makes music should find the U-220 a rich source of sample and synth sounds.

Our prediction for the '90s? When Madonna's moved on to her next film actor, when Cher's gone off in quest of fresh metal meat, the synth/sampling affair will still be going strong. Will it outlast Bill and Mandy? Hey, we're not Jeanne Dixon, you know!


# #1 PHONES!

## TEN YEARS IN A ROW!

**The Album Network publishes the music and media industry's best selling (and best loved) sourcebooks, The Yellow Pages Of Rock and Jr!**

**The desktop master volume is packed with over 350 pages of names, addresses, numbers and fax, ready for action!**

*And your Yellow Pages subscription comes complete with your own personal roadie!*

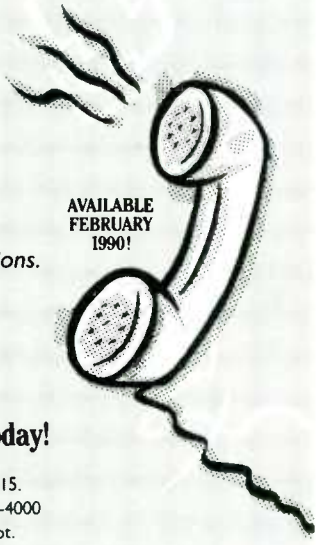
**MOST REQUESTED BY:**

- Rock Radio
- Classic Rock Radio
- Hit Radio
- Urban Radio
- College Radio
- Networks
- Consultants
- Record Labels
- Music Retailers
- Independents
- Artist Management
- Entertainment Lawyers
- Talent Buyers & Agents
- Press & Public Relations
- Music Publishers
- Recording Studios
- Music Television
- Facilities

THE JUNIOR COMPANION INCLUDES:

- Airlines
- Ground Transport
- Travel Services
- Hotels
- Restaurants
- Local Media
- Club & Concert Halls
- Nightlife
- Emergency

*In North America's 35 most popular business travel destinations.*




Concise, comprehensive and complete. . .
that's why The Yellow Pages Of Rock and Jr!
are in heavy rotation worldwide!

**Order your 1990 Yellow Pages Of Rock and Jr! set today!**

The list price of The Yellow Pages Package is $90. Detach coupon below and save $15. Or call Album Network Toll Free (800) 222-4382 (outside California). Or (818) 955-4000 (inside California/International). Your order will be shipped within 24 hours of receipt. Offer expires October 31, 1990.

# THE 1990 YELLOW PAGES OF ROCK & JR!

**YES! Please rush me The Yellow Pages Of Rock & Jr!**

_____ Number Of Yellow Pages/Jr! Sets ($75/set)

_____ Number Of Additional Jr! Books ($15/set)

☐ My check for $75 is enclosed. (U.S. funds only; California residents add $4.87 sales tax; International orders add $35 postage and handling)

☐ Bill my Credit Card: ☐ AMEX ☐ MC ☐ VISA

Card No. _____

Exp. Date _____ Signature _____

Name _____

Company _____

Nature Of Business _____

Address _____

(Billing Address For Credit Card Purchases)

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Business Phone _____

**Detach coupon and mail to Album Network, 120 North Victory Boulevard, Burbank, California 91502. Offer Expires October 31, 1990. ©1990, The Album Network, Inc. MUS**


CONTENTS

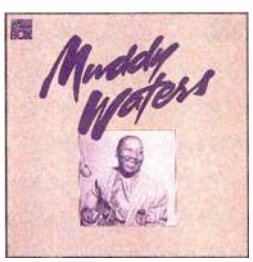


# Deep in the Big Muddy

## The Master Bluesman Gets His Due

*The Chess Box*
(MCA)

THERE ARE PLENTY of good reasons for considering Muddy Waters' Chess recordings the very apex of American musical expression," critic Robert Palmer writes in his typically astute annotation to this mammoth compilation. "To put it country simple, this stuff is as good as it gets."




No argument here. As more than one commentator has pointed out over the years, the blues that Muddy Waters cut for Chicago's Chess label between 1948 and 1975 were an almost perfect mating of feeling and form. Muddy's virile singing and fluid slide guitar work; the almost supernaturally sympathetic accompaniment of such bandmates as Little Walter Jacobs, Otis Spann, Jimmy Rogers, James Cotton and Pat Hare; the modern traditionalism of Muddy's and Willie Dixon's songwriting and the oft-experimental production of Leonard Chess all cast the definitive mold for the post-war Chicago blues.

*The Chess Box*, compiled by MCA's Andy McKaie and L.A.-based blues authority Mary Katherine Aldin, is not the first retrospective to attempt an overview of Muddy's career. Blues fans with deep pockets may already own the immense twelve-LP set produced in Japan a few years ago. But this edition, available on six LPs or three CDs and cassettes, is a more user-friendly collection that still affords a deep view of the bluesman's achievements. Unlike the Japanese package, *The Chess Box* samples Muddy's work through the '70s, and it contains some album cuts and alternate takes unavailable on its pricier predecessor. Never defeated by a neurotic comprehensiveness, the Waters compilation always makes for damn fine listening.



*Illustration: Douglas Andelin*


***"THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO CAN HEAR IT COMING."***

Rykodisc presents the first three individual titles in **SOUND + VISION**, the chronological series of re-releases of the David Bowie catalogue: **SPACE ODDITY, THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD,** and **HUNKY DORY.**

Released on Compact Disc and CD-Quality Cassette and LP, these albums are available for the first time with the following features: digitally remastered audio, four rare bonus tracks, and a deluxe package including restored original covers, rare photos from Mr. Bowie's archive, and printed lyrics.

SPACE ODDITY
RCD 10131/RALP/RACS

THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD
RDC 10132/RALP/RACS

HUNKY DORY
RCD 10133/RALP/RACS

Catch up with this music which remains as far ahead of its time now as when it originally appeared.

RYKO

Write For Free Catalogue. RYKODISC USA, Pickering Wharf, Bldg. C-3G, Salem, MA 01970 RYKODISC Hotline: (617) 492-RYKO

To be sure, the hits that established Muddy's career are here. "Rolling Stone," "Louisiana Blues," "Long Distance Call," "Honey Bee," "She Moves Me" and the rest shine in their ardent, Delta-derived glory. (There is one inadvertent surprise: An alternate take of "Hoochie Coochie Man," mistakenly labeled as the master.) Also included are a number of superb singles and obscurities, many of them never before available on an American release, to provide a fuller picture of the developing Waters sound. "Mean Red Spider" and "Flood," striking masterpieces from 1948 and 1952 respectively, positively set the hair on end.

As *The Chess Box* moseys through the '50s, the listener gets the opportunity to taste a number of lesser-known tracks that are as brilliantly conceived and played as Muddy's most familiar hits: "Don't Go No Farther," "I Love the Life I Live, I Live the Life I Love," "She's Nineteen Years Old," "Walkin' Thru the Park." Covers of John Lee Hooker's "Blues Before Sunrise" and St. Louis Jimmy's "Take the Bitter with the Sweet" come complete with studio chatter; the latter contains a funny exchange between Muddy and Leonard Chess about the intensity of the performance. ("Make like I'm your baby," Chess says. "It's not some broad you can *bullshit* for two hours; it's only two and a half *minutes*.")

In his notes, Palmer makes a case for the power of Muddy's '60s recordings for Chess, and the set bears out that case: "Twenty-Four Hours," "My Home Is in the Delta," covers of Jimmy Reed's "You Don't Have to Go" and Guitar Slim's "Things That I Used to Do." The most delightful number from this epoch may be 1964's "Short Dress Woman," which is dressed up with a dizzying but not incongruous Dixieland clarinet line by J.T. Brown.

*The Chess Box* closes out with selections from the late '60s and early '70s, by which time Muddy had become the venerated Father of the Chicago Blues. He still brought his trademark vigor and ferocity to tracks recorded with Chicago disciples Paul Butterfield and Mike Bloomfield (two *Fathers and Sons* alternates are included) and similarly idolatrous English sidemen (heard in a number from *The London Muddy Waters Sessions*). The title cut from his penultimate Chess studio album *Can't Get No Grindin'*, cut in 1973, finds Muddy essaying the tune with the same salacious wit that characterized his records of two decades before.

*The Chess Box* is a treasure house that will satisfy both the neophyte blues explorer and the demanding collector. The breadth of Muddy Waters' career is here in all its glory, and compilers McKaie and Aldin have done right by his looming legacy.—Chris Morris


## Gavin Friday & the Man Seezer

*Each Man Kills the Thing He Loves*
(Island)

For those of you who missed them, the Virgin Prunes were Irish punks/performance artists whose stage MO involved wearing dresses and pelting their audiences with raw meat. Gavin Friday, one of the naughty perpetrators of the Prunes, obviously had more up his sleeve than a slab of uncooked beef, however. This, the debut LP by Friday and his current collaborator, classical pianist Maurice Roycroft (who goes by the name the Man Seezer), is a sophisticated, exquisite blend of early Bowie, Oscar Wilde and Jacques Brel.

The album charts its emotional terrain with the title track, a passage by Friday's hero Oscar Wilde set to music. This is essentially neo-German cabaret music à la Kurt Weill, and as such it's awash in a piquant blend of unrelenting pessimism, gallows humor and bittersweet tenderness. Florid and occasionally a bit camp, nakedly sentimental one minute, cruel the next, *Each Man* is admirably ambitious in its attempt to grapple with the fundamental philosophical quandaries that imprison the human spirit.

Like all great cabaret singers from Edith Piaf to Liza Minnelli, Friday gives his material a shamelessly theatrical reading. His textured voice evocative of a hybrid of Rod Stewart and fellow Dubliner Bono (a good pal who played a central role in lining up this duo's record deal), he spins tales of alienation, revenge and redemption with a mournful desperation so dramatic it's almost laughable. Imagine Bowie fronting a woozy, almost out-of-key Salvation Army band and

AEROSMITH, VAN HALEN, ROBERT PLANT, BILLY SHEEHAN, POISON, L.A. G...

# MUSICIAN

## METAL

IN YOUR FACE NOW!!!


## GUNS N' ROSES

# MASTERS OF METAL

PLUS: KING'S X, VOIVOD, FASTER PUSSYCAT, SKID ROW, WINGER, WHITE LION, GREAT WHITE, SOUNDGARDEN, WARRANT, WOLFSBANE...





01
40992 74767 5

$3.95 U.S.
$4.95 CANADA

you'll have a good idea of his wrenching interpretation of the latter-day Dylan classic "Death Is Not the End."

Produced by Hal Willner (who honed his German lieder chops producing the Kurt Weill tribute album *Lost in the Stars*), *Each Man* is a rich tapestry of imaginative musical flourishes that allude to a wide range of influences; Friday salutes the street songs of '30s Germany as well as the magnificent orchestral punk of Howard Devoto's Magazine. Featuring a crack band that includes Michael Blair, Bill Frisell, Fernando Saunders and Marc Ribot, this record should have no trouble finding an audience. Fans of Bowie, the Smiths, Tom Waits, Oscar Wilde and early Joel Grey will love it.

—**Kristine McKenna**


## Caetano Veloso

*Estrangeiro*
(Elektra/Musician)

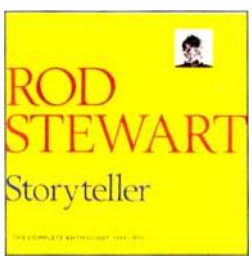
CAETANO VELOSO wasn't always the world's most complexly populist artist, but only because Andy Warhol wasn't always dead. One foot planted in the traditions of Brazil's high modernism (academics cite his lyrics as a major moment in the history of Brazilian poetry), Veloso splashes the other around in the big pop puddle, dabbling in forms he picks up off local and international airwaves, keeping himself in the public eye, wangling a well-deserved rep as a master of Brazilian popular music without so much as a gold record to his name. He's a highbrow artiste without the highbrow attitude.

Wherein lies the beauty of his latest choice of collaborators, New Yorkers Arto Lindsay and Peter Scherer. A.k.a. Ambitious Lovers, Lindsay and Scherer have parlayed their avant-garde roots into a career tiptoeing the line between the artsy and the mersh. Flavoring their work with the sounds of Lindsay's childhood in Brazil, they've made a pair of cool and brilliant art-pop records that sold like hot chocolate in July. Never before has the production of a Caetano Veloso album been in such appropriate hands.

It shows, too. *Estrangeiro* is Veloso's strongest record in years. His tricky, seductive melodies and floating vocals work to match the dexterity and vigor of the Lovers' arrangements. The Lovers in turn keep a careful eye on the songs, bringing in avant-mafiosi (Bill Frisell, Marc Ribot) or top Brazilian percussionists (Nana Vasconcelos, Carlinhos Brown) to beef up Scherer's moody keyboards and Lindsay's guitar bombs on epic constructions like "O Estrangeiro" and "Os Outros Romanticos," but stepping quietly into the background on bossa novas like "Branquinha" and "Etc." Unlike many a Brazilian producer, they get Veloso's sensibility just right.

Best of all, this project has given Veloso's poetic muse a kick in the pants. His lyrics can be deftly colloquial or they can be pretentious as hell, but they're best when they're both, and on most of this record he pulls that combination off. Lindsay's translations render Veloso's often baroque lyricism as well as any translation can. But even a Martian could hear the craft in the original Portuguese, where the play of consonants, internal rhymes and conversational rhythms create a music of their own. Caetano Veloso's a great poet all right. That might even matter if *Estrangeiro* weren't such great pop.

—**Julian Dibbell**




## Rod Stewart

*Storyteller: The Complete Anthology 1964–1990*
(Warner Bros.)

LET'S ASSUME we all agree that Rod Stewart was blessed with a great talent, made superb records for a little while, then settled into years of pleasant but insubstantial mediocrity. Is that any reason to get mad with him *personally?* For years I imagined that Stewart could still be great if he wanted, but was making dull records out of laziness. Listening to this thoughtfully assembled overview of his long career I have to admit to a more likely, and far more frightening, notion: Sometimes talent just goes away.

The four CDs (the album has been issued only on CD and cassette—vinyl, the end is near) are divided into the four eras of Rod. CD one covers the pre-star days, 1964 till early '71. There are some primitive demos and obscurities before the revelation of the Jeff Beck Group and Stewart's first two solo albums. This was when Stewart was finding his creative feet, a little shaky on technique but strong on spirit. Disc two covers the glory days from "Maggie May" through the mid-'70s breakup of the Faces; this is what they'll play at his funeral. Disc three documents the plunge. He starts out slicker but still strong with "Sailing" and "Tonight's the Night," then skids into self-parody ("Hot Legs," "Da Ya Think I'm Sexy"), schmaltz ("You're in My Heart") and finally stupidity ("Passion," "Tonight I'm Yours"). The fourth disc covers the '80s, and documents a climb back towards professionalism. "Young Turks," "Baby Jane" and "Some Guys Have All the Luck" may be slight, MTV-era Top 40, but they show a steady craftsmanship that is perhaps the only honorable thing for a working musician to fall back on when inspiration has fled. If Rod's late-'70s drop was worse than you remembered, his '80s work has been a bit better than you'd think.

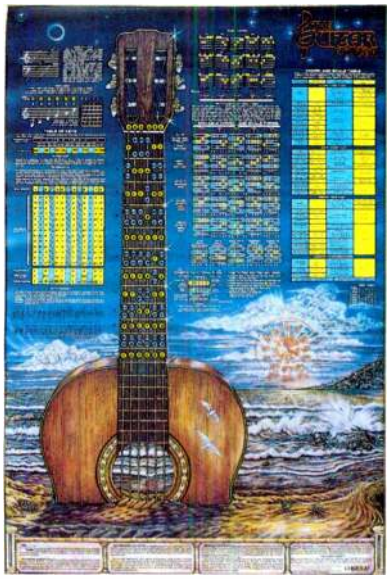
Of the three new tracks, two are remakes of old Stewart records (if Stewart had any dignity left you'd say this was beneath it); the third is a version of Tom Waits' "Downtown Train." It's a worthy hit and a nice idea; Waits often hits the same sort of gravel-voiced broken romantic bullseye that Rod used to go for. (It would be fun to hear Stewart tackle songs by younger writers working his old beat; Paul Westerberg and Paul Kelly have written some great Rod Stewart songs.) Stewart's own liner notes are frustrating (if not surprising) in his lack of self-awareness. He doesn't even remember recording some of the songs. At the same time, those notes demonstrate a self-deprecating sense of humor that's charming. That willingness to puncture his own balloon used to inform Stewart's music—when he sang a mushy song he gave you a little wink, when he rocked he laughed out loud. The liner notes suggest it's still part of Rod's personality. He's just stopped putting the most likable part of himself into his songs.

Maybe that's the trouble with Stewart's later music: There's not enough of *him* in it.

# MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR TALENT

## GUITAR POSTER

- COMPLETE REFERENCE SYSTEM
- NOTES OF THE NECK
- BASIC CHORDS
- THE MOVABLE CHORD AND SCALE FORMS
- TUNING GUIDE
- OPEN TUNINGS
- CIRCLE OF FIFTHS
- TREBLE KEY SIGNATURES
- TABLE OF KEYS (for transposing scales and chord progressions)
- CHORD AND SCALE TABLE (shows how they work together)



**24"X 36" Guitar Poster: $6.95**
**aminated... $14.95. Mounted, laminated, framed... $49.95.**

Over the years these big, beautiful art prints have become an important part of hundreds of thousands of homes, libraries, and schools, and are world renowned for helping millions of musicians understand and apply the principles of harmony to their music.

**GUITAR POSTER.** Still the most complete guide to the guitar ever made, this poster contains a wealth of information for all guitar players, no matter what their style or level of musical accomplishment.

**KEYBOARD POSTER.** This beautiful work of educational art makes visualizing and applying the principles of harmony as easy as DO RE MI. The system applies to every keyboard instrument and is a must for all synthesizer players.

**ROCK GUITAR POSTER.** This totally radical poster shows how to play hard rock and heavy metal lead and rhythm guitar. It explores rock styles in great detail, explaining the chords, scales, and guitar techniques used in today's rock.

**ELECTRIC BASS POSTER.** Featuring a collection of important vintage instruments, this classic poster shows how to play hot bass and how to hold down the rhythm section in any band playing today's music.

**AVAILABLE IN FINE MUSIC STORES *EVERYWHERE***

*Handy Portable*
**REFERENCE CARDS**
These 81/2" X 11" heavy duty laminated cards let you take the answers with you. The **Table of Keys** and the **Chord and Scale Table** are the definitive music charting, transposing and theory tools for all teachers, bandleaders, and songwriters----**$6.95/set**

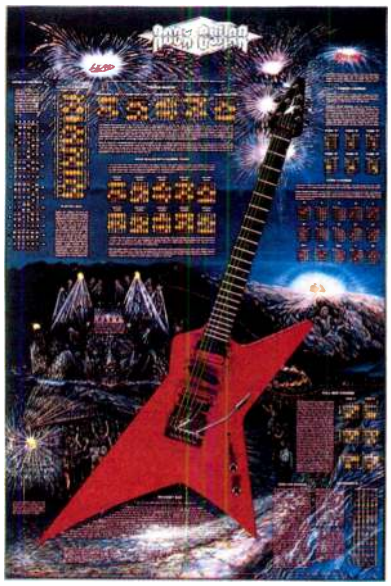
## KEYBOARD POSTER

- FOUR OCTAVE LIFESIZE KEYBOARD
- CIRCLE OF FIFTHS
- GREAT STAFF
- BASS AND TREBLE KEY SIGNATURES
- THE TWELVE MAJOR SCALES
- TABLE OF KEYS (for transposing scales and chord progressions)
- CHORD AND SCALE TABLE (shows how they work together)
- A COMPLETE REFERENCE SYSTEM

**24"X 36" Keyboard Poster: $6.95**
**Laminated... $14.95. Mounted, laminated, framed... $49.95.**

## ROCK GUITAR

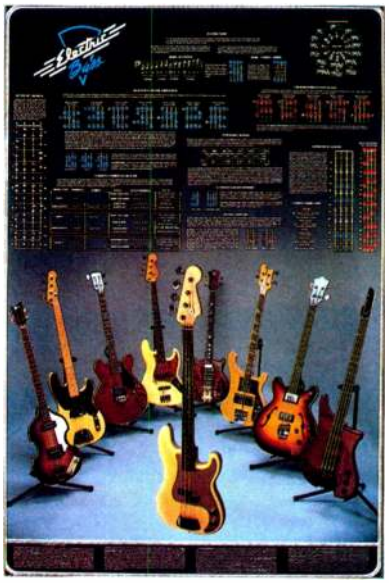
- MOVABLE ROCK SCALE FORMS
- MOVABLE POWER CHORDS
- NOTES OF THE NECK
- PASSING TONES
- ROCK HARMONICS
- WHAMMY BAR
- TWO HAND TAPPING
- OPEN TUNINGS
- OPEN CHORDS
- TONE & SUSTAIN
- ROCK TIPS & TECHNIQUES



**24"X 36" Rock Guitar Poster: $6.95**
**aminated... $14.95. Mounted, laminated, framed... $49.95.**

## ELECTRIC BASS

- NOTES OF THE NECK
- TUNING GUIDE
- MAJOR SCALES
- ARPEGGIOS
- CIRCLE OF FIFTHS
- BASS KEY SIGNATURES
- COMMON CHORDS AND SCALES
- BASS HARMONICS
- INTERLOCKING MINOR PENTATONIC SCALE FORMS
- COMMON BASS LINES
- HOW TO BUILD A BASS LINE



**24"X 36" Electric Bass Poster: $6.95**
**Laminated... $14.95. Mounted, laminated, framed... $49.95.**

## CIRCLE OF FIFTHS

This beautiful key signature mini-poster is a blow up of the the sunset area of the original GUITAR POSTER. The circle of fifths is traditionally the most widely used graphic tool in music education, so this educational art print will be used and appreciated by musicians and teachers of all instruments.

**18"X 25" Circle of Fifths:..$4.95**
**(not avail.laminated or framed)**

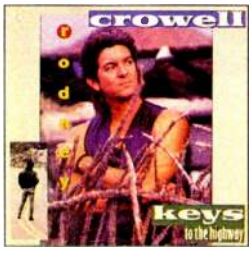
**PLEASE SEND ME:** ___GUITAR, ___ROCK GUITAR, ___ELECTRIC BASS, ___KEYBOARD posters (at $6.95 ea) (laminated at $14.95 ea), ___CIRCLE OF FIFTHS (at **$4.95 ea**) and ___**card sets** (at $6.95/set) [Postage & handling: add $2.50 for the first and $ 1.00 for each add. poster. Cards: add $1.00 for first and $.50 for ea. add. set.] Mounted, laminated and framed posters only $49.95 (plus $10 p&h). CA add 6%. **Allow 6 weeks *RUSH*** add $3. **Foreign air add $5.**

**Enclosed is $ _____.___.**

**Free Freight SPECIALS!**
A. 5 posters----------$35
B. 4 posters----------$28
C. 3 laminated posters-$45
D. 2 L-M-F posters shipped via UPS (US only)------$99!

**VISA/MC #:** _____
**Exp.**___|___|___**Sig.**_____
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY/STATE/ZIP_____
**MUSICIAN MAGAZINE P.O. Box 701 Gloucester MA 01930**

Maybe as he learned to become a competent craftsman, Stewart lost the need to rifle his own heart for material. If we're not childish, we sympathize with that. What grown man wants to spill his guts in public for the amusement of an audience? Especially if that audience will accept "Da Ya Think I'm Sexy" just as happily as they accepted "True Blue"? As adults we should appreciate the great records Stewart gave us, and wish him good luck and a happy life as he settles into comfortable middle age. But the childish part of us is selfish. Listening to "Handbags and Gladrags," "Every Picture Tells a Story" and the Faces, I say, "I wish there could be more of this someday."—**Bill Flanagan**




## Rodney Crowell

*Keys to the Highway*
(CBS)

WITH THE RELEASE of his sixth album, Rodney Crowell seems to have finally found a middle ground between artistic substance and country chart action. It's been a long haul. When Crowell left Emmylou Harris' Hot Band in 1978 he'd hoped to emerge as a hit-making front man. With a soulful, bittersweet voice and striking, original material, his chances looked good indeed. Equally gifted as a songwriter and producer, Crowell evolved instead into a behind-the-scenes cult hero. He worked wonders with other artists' careers, most notably that of wife Rosanne Cash, while his own more adventurous albums failed commercially. He was too creative for mainstream country, but too countrified for mainstream rock.

Last year, though, Crowell hit it big with *Diamonds and Dirt*, and as a result he now rides high as a major "new" country star. His breakthrough album was high-spirited, danceable and fun; Crowell sang far better than ever before, and was ably matched by his fine road band, the Dixie Pearls. But the graphic articulation of such Crowell classics as "Leavin' Louisiana in the Broad Daylight" and "Shame on the Moon" was conspicuously absent on generic-sounding, simplistic hits like "After All This Time" and "I Couldn't Leave You If I Tried." For a writer of Crowell's proven stature, his success formula seemed sadly watered down.

*Keys to the Highway* features several songs in this same pleasant but less than memorable vein. They are precisely the ones—"Many a Long and Lonesome Highway," "You Been on My Mind," "Don't Let Your Feet Slow You Down"—that will probably be hit singles. But this time such material is effectively balanced by some of Crowell's finest performances ever. With the poignant candor of "Things I Wish I'd Said," the spiritual awakening described in "The Faith Is Mine," the country eloquence of "If Looks Could Kill," and the blues, rock and raunch of "My Past Is Present" and "We Gotta Go On Meeting Like This," Crowell shines as a vibrant, eclectic master of modern American roots music. His diversity has never been so consistently effective, and *Keys to the Highway* may well win Crowell his broadest audience yet.—**Ben Sandmel**


## Various Artists

*Steel Bands of Trinidad and Tobago*
*Trinidad Carnival*
*Jazz 'N' Steel*
(Delos International)

## Andy Narell

*Little Secrets*
(Windham Hill Jazz)

THE STEEL BANDS of Trinidad and Tobago are at once one of the music world's great spectacles and great secrets. Spectacles because the sight and sound of these bands, numbering anywhere between 20 and 100 players, knocking out rocking calypso tunes with melodic élan and perfectly synchronized arrangements, is the closest thing to rhythmic ecstasy this side of you know what. Secrets because you have to go to Trinidad to hear them. Yeah, there are steel bands in the U.S., but once you've heard the masters play, it's like hearing bar bands covering the Beatles. And there are recordings, none of which captures the harmonic resonance, dynamics and sheer verve of these elephantine ensembles in a way that might suggest the impact of their live performances.

A couple of new CDs recorded in Trinidad during recent Carnival seasons come the closest, however. *Trinidad Carnival* is the better collection, featuring extended arrangements of calypso hits "Somebody" and "Fire Down Below" by the Amoco Renegades and Phase II Pan Groove steel bands, respectively. A couple of ingratiating pop covers, "You Can Call Me Al" and "La Bamba," are performed by a "pan around the neck" group, ironically a more traditionalist variant of the steel-band genre.

Of course most steel bands are as likely to perform an American pop hit or an orchestral theme as a homegrown calypso, though the calypsos always sound better; that tendency makes *Steel Bands of Trinidad and Tobago* a wildly uneven affair. So skip the Stevie Wonder and Disney soundtrack covers and zone in on the intense, extended performances of two calypso classics—Kitchener's "Pan in A Minor" and David Rudder's "The Hammer" (both versions curiously uncredited, though the former is almost certainly by the Renegades, the latter possibly the Desperados). Each is nearly 10 minutes in length. They're the best steel band recordings I've yet heard, which makes this CD a good introduction to the genre.

*Jazz 'N' Steel* features standards like "Body and Soul" and "Now's the Time" performed in cocktail jazz fashion, mostly by pannist Rudy Smith's trio. Also included is "Carnival in '72," a fine Kitchener tune, played by the Annise Hadeed Quartet, whose muted, soulful interpretation makes this the highlight of the disc. (Available from Delos International Inc., 1032 N. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, CA 90038.)

Andy Narell, an American, is a more adept pan soloist than Smith or Hadeed, but his fifth solo outing for Windham Hill, *Little Secrets*, offers fusion-lite arrangements and a laid-back rhythmic pulse that makes most of the material here seem pallid by comparison. Only on the title track and "Chamcha's Cha Cha" does Narell's fluid style mesh with the kind of spiraling groove that makes the best calypsos such steely confections. Though the overall effect is eminently listen-


33
**The Clash**
Ronald Shonnon Jackson


115
**Stevie Wonder**
Sonny Rollins, Joni Mitchell, Johnny Cash


99
**Boston**
Kinks, Yeor in Rock '86


84
**John Cougar Mellencamp**
Bryan Ferry, Mourice White


105
**John Coltrane**
Springsteen, Replocements


104
**Springsteen**
Progressive Percussion


109
**George Harrison**
Mick Jagger, Crazy Horse


71
**Heavy Metal**
Dream Syndicate, George Duke


118
**Pink Floyd**
New Order, Smithereens

# BACK ISSUES

18... **Pat Metheny,** Dire Straits, Brian Eno
37... **Reggae,** The Rolling Stones, Rickie Lee Jones
45... **Willie Nelson,** John McLoughlin, the Motels
48... **Steve Winwood,** Steve Miller, Tom Scholz, Brian Eno
64... **Stevie Wonder,** Reggae 1984, Ornette Coleman
65... **The Pretenders,** Linda Ronstadt, Paul Simon, ABC
66... **Laurie Anderson,** Charlie Haden, Spinol Top
67... **Thomas Dolby,** Chet Baker, Alarm, Marcus Miller
70... **Peter Wolf,** King Crimson, Bass/Drum Special
71... **Heavy Metal,** Dream Syndicate, George Duke
76... **Paul McCartney,** Rickie Lee Jones, Toto, Big Country
77... **John Fogerty,** Marsalis/Hancock, Los Lobos
80... **Phil Collins,** Joan Armatrading, Josef Zawinul
86... **Joni Mitchell,** Simple Minds, Holl & Oates
92... **Joe Jackson,** Bob Seger, John Lyndon, Chick Corea
93... **Peter Gabriel,** Steve Winwood, Lou Reed
98... **The Pretenders,** the Clash, Mick Jones
99... **Boston,** Kinks, Yeor in Rock '86
101... **Psychedelic Furs,** Eltan John, Miles Davis
102... **Robert Cray,** Los Lobos, Simply Red
104... **Springsteen,** Progressive Percussian
106... **David Bowie,** Peter Wolf, Hüsker Dü
107... **Robbie Robertson,** Tom Petty, Big Guitor Special
108... **U2,** Tom Waits, Squeeze
109... **George Harrison,** Mick Jagger, Crazy Horse
112... **McCartney,** Boss Special, Buster Poindexter
113... **Robert Plant,** INXS, Wynton Marsalis
114... **John Lennon,** James Taylor, Robyn Hitchcock
115... **Stevie Wonder, Sonny Rollins, Joni Mitchell, Johnny Cash**
116... **Sinéad O'Connor,** Neil Young, Tracy Chapman
117... **Jimmy Page,** Leonard Cohen, Lloyd Cole
118... **Pink Floyd,** New Order, Smithereens
119... **Billy Gibbons,** Santana/Shorter, Vernon Reid
120... **Keith Richards,** Steve Forbert, Crowded House
121... **Prince,** Steve Winwood, Randy Newman
122... **Guns N' Roses,** Midnight Oil, Glyn Johns
123... **The Year in Music,** Metallica, Jack Bruce
124... **Replacements,** Fleetwood Mac, Lyle Lovett
125... **Elvis Costello,** Bobby Brown, Jeff Healey
126... **Lou Reed,** John Cale, Joe Satriani
127... **Miles Davis,** Fine Young Cannibals, XTC
128... **Peter Gabriel,** Charles Mingus, Drum Special
129... **The Who,** The Cure, Ziggy Marley
130... **10,000 Maniacs,** John Cougar Mellencamp, Jackson Browne
131... **Jeff Beck,** Lauro Nyro, Billy Sheehan
133... **The '80s,** Studio Special
134... **The Grateful Dead,** Stevie Ray Vaughan, Paul Kelly
135... **Aerosmith,** Acoustic Guitar Special


117
**Jimmy Page**
Leonard Cohen, Lloyd Cole


112
**McCartney**
Bass Special, Buster Poindexter


86
**Joni Mitchell**
Simple Minds, Hall & Oates


114
**John Lennon**
James Taylor, Robyn Hitchcock


116
**Sinéad O'Connor**
Neil Young, Tracy Chapman

I have marked the issues I'd like to have. Please send me _____ magazines at $4.00 each ($5.00 outside the U.S.).
**Please Allow 4-6 Weeks Delivery.** Send check/money order, U.S. funds only.

**Name** _____

**Street** _____

**City** _____

**State** _____ **Zip** _____

MUSICIAN, 33 Commercial St., Gloucester, MA 01930

**Alternates** – in case of sell-outs, please list an alternate choice below. Issue # 1)____ 2)____ 3)____

18 37 45 48
64 65 66 67
70 71 76 77
80 86 92 93
98 99 101 102
104 106 107 108
109 112 113 114
115 116 117 118
119 120 121 122
123 124 125 126
127 128 129 130
131 133 134 135

able, the radiant emotions stoked by the steel bands of Trinidad are among the "little secrets" this disc manages mostly to conceal.—**Mark Rowland**


## Quincy Jones

*Back on the Block*
(Qwest)

THEY'RE HOLDING an all-star salute to the legendary Quincy Jones, and you're invited! Anyway, that's how *Back on the Block* starts, with Kool Moe Dee, Ice-T and other rappers offering lavish tributes to the superproducer who calls himself the Dude. However, Q and crew soon get down to the real business, namely an ambitious effort to bridge generations and traverse musical boundaries. Boasting an awesome army of talent, *Block* may be the product of honorable intentions, but it's also an unsatisfying mishmash of half-baked ideas.

No doubt Jones' participation in "We Are the World" alerted him to the possibilities of cross-pollination. Lord knows he's got an unbeatable store of experiences to draw on: In 40-plus years of boss sounds, he's worked with everyone from Duke Ellington to Ann-Margret to Little Richard, not to mention cutting monster hits for the likes of Lesley Gore and Michael Jackson. Compiling disparate elements is one thing and achieving a genuine synthesis is another, unfortunately. "Jazz Corner of the Word" epitomizes *Block*'s problem: For all the novelty of Big Daddy Kane introducing Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie and other greats, the track fails to define a common ground, simply offering a series of unrelated cameos. In theory, a duet between Ray Charles and Chaka Khan on the Brothers Johnson's sexy "I'll Be Good to You" seems exciting; in reality, the chunky funk rhythms clash with Brother Ray's warm gospel inflections.

A sharper focus gets better results. With irrepressible Bobby McFerrin in the lead, the a cappella "Wee B. Dooinit" yields a collage of vocal delights, featuring Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan and the sublime Take 6, who also sparkle on the dreamy "Setembro (Brazilian Wedding Song)." The silly seduction ballad "The Secret Garden" at least draws a smarmy integrity from the masculine crooning of El DeBarge, James Ingram, Al B. Sure! and (have mercy) Barry White. Curiously, the attempts at pop soul à la *Thriller* are shrill and unconvincing, thanks in part to strident chanteuse Siedah Garrett.

Others contributing to the nonstop clutter include (in alphabetical order) George Benson, Andrae Crouch, Sheila E., Herbie Hancock, Al Jarreau, James Moody, Luther Vandross, Dionne Warwick and Joe Zawinul. If you want lots of big names, *Back on the Block* can't be beat. Otherwise, score one dud for the Dude.—**Jon Young**


## Joe Satriani

*Flying in a Blue Dream*
(Relativity)

LIKE THE COMIC BOOK hero on its cover, Joe Satriani's *Surfing with the Alien* came careening out of nowhere to strike a blow for the liberty of all guitarists. For snot-nosed '80s hotdogs and staid traditionalists, it was proof that two-handed tapping, aerobic whammy dives and Airedale-pitched feedback need not sound like scrap metal. It was melodic, risky, and memorable, the first all-instrumental LP to stick to the ribs—and charts—since Jeff Beck's *Wired* and *Blow by Blow*.

It would have been nearly impossible for Satriani to come up with such an arresting assortment of tunes and sounds again, so it's no surprise that he hasn't. Instead he's steered *Flying in a Blue Dream* into deeper thickets of melody and opened his yap to sing.

Satriani's not a bad chirp (he's sung backup as a sideman for years, most notably on Crowded House's "Don't Dream It's Over"), and his vocals here are serviceable. He even applies *Surfing's* anything-goes doctrine to his tonsils, huffing through his harmonica to lend a prehistoric grunt to "Headless," and singing "The Phone Call" through a telephone mike—a move odd enough to be cool in the tune's boogie framework.

So the trouble is not that he's singing, it's what he's singing: as a lyricist, Joe's a great guitar player. F'instance, do we really need another paean ("Ride") to the joy of motorcycle riding? The radio cut "Big Bad Moon" is no great hip-shake either, while "I Believe" plays like it was penned by L. Ron Hubbard. On the other hand, "The Phone Call" gives an ex-lover a few funny twists of the knife. "Strange" has a sort of giggly surrealism, and "Can't Slow Down" is an appropriately breakneck mating of words and power chords—though it sounds like something the Scorpions might have written 10 years ago.

The real sin in all this singing is that it gives Satriani less space to play, and *Flying in a Blue Dream* does contain his most beautiful musicianship. "Day at the Beach" is an elegant, new age-y hammering exercise that sends Eddie V.'s "Eruption" solo skittering back to noiseland. On the two-part "The Bells of Lal," Satch starts with a sweet melody, then proceeds to disembowel his Ibanez axes one-by-one while bassist Stu Hamm holds 'em down. "The Mystical Potato Head Groove Thing" charges from a metaloid clip-clop to near-Eastern scales, to the prettiest two-handed melodies this side of Fred Frith. Lest you fear this git-wiz is wimping out, there's also "Back to Shalla-Bal" and "One Big Rush," squealing slap-leather zip. It's the kind of playing that makes you forget Satriani's no Dylan (no Edie Brickell, even) and keeps *Flying in a Blue Dream* plastered to your turntable, refusing to get off until you do.—**Ted Drozdowski**

## TALMY

[*cont'd from page 94*] back on the Who's next single, "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere."

"The combination of the three was the only way to get the sound. We had to do a lot of experimenting to get the mikes the right distance from the amp."

Talmy prides himself on his rhythm sections as well. While working on the Who's early singles, he got friendly with Keith Moon. Most people think of Moon as a drummer who relied more on inspired lunacy than solid technique, but Talmy disagrees:

"Onstage, I know, Keith was all over the place, throwing sticks in the air and stuff. But in the studio, he was absolutely a profes-

sional. Wherever I wanted to place a mike—and I used a lot of them on the drums—was no problem. He'd always manage to miss the mikes. And unlike some drummers, he had no problem hitting the drums in the same place each time, so you got a very consistent, solid sound from him."

But of course there was much more to those early Kinks and Who records than sounds. Talmy was fostering the first major declarations from two of rock's most inventive songwriters. "Ray Davies was, as I quickly realized, the great social commentator of the recording '60s. Followed not too far behind by Pete Townshend. They commented in different ways, of course. Pete was much more subjectively involved with teenage angst and social problems than Ray. Ray impressed me as being a lot more objective, and perhaps a lot more cynical because of it. Whereas songs like 'My Generation' and 'Substitute' are really very subjective."

The Who were just one of many groups Talmy was producing at the time. He proved adept at weathering the transition from the mid-'60s beat scene to late-'60s hippiedom. He took up with his old protégé Manfred Mann once again, producing a series of singles that culminated in the 1968 hit, "The Mighty Quinn." He had solid European successes with Creation and Amen Corner. And he produced the first three albums by the groundbreaking British folk supergroup, Pentangle.

As the '60s gave way to the '70s, however, Talmy found himself increasingly uncomfortable with the way the music industry was changing. His contempt for the era is fairly well known. Consequently, Talmy began to phase himself out of record production during the '70s, turning to areas like film and book publishing instead. In 1979, he moved back to L.A. He returned to the studio in the early '80s, though, when the new-wave boom helped reinvigorate the industry and revive interest in classic pop forms. The records he produced with the Sorrows and Jon & the Nightriders netted modest critical approval, if not commercial success.

This year, Talmy was coaxed into the studio once again—to produce the RCA/Beggars Banquet debut from the Fuzztones. The result is *In Heat*, an album of textbook-perfect but passionately rendered garage rock that sits somewhere on the cusp between the Raiders and the Strawberry Alarm Clock. Talmy went into the project thinking it would be a one-off lark. But he says he had so much fun making the record that he's currently entertaining several other production offers.

"The thing about the Fuzztones is that they'd really thought about what they wanted to do in the studio. They had very good concepts, which I find to be the case with all the bands today. Much more so than back in the '60s. They have a much better idea of what recording is all about, what the equipment can do. They know how to get down and really arrange a song. They have really studied, as opposed to doing it by instinct."

Which means, one might conclude, that the kids are still alright. Ⓜ

# SHORT TAKES

## SO MUCH MUSIC, SO LITTLE TIME

# ROCK

By J.D. Considine

### Jungle Brothers

*Done by the Forces of Nature* (Warner Bros.)

MOST RAP ACTS, with their fresh beats and new-jack attitudes, make a point of sounding like they were born yesterday. Not so the Jungle Brothers; these guys are hip-hop classicists, whose sense of the present is built squarely on the soul (and R&B and rap) of the past. Which not only adds resonance to the Brothers' Afrocentric lyrics, but provides them with a musical presence of unprecedented depth. A landmark recording.

### Make a Difference Foundation

*Stairway to Heaven, Highway to Hell* (Mercury)

DEAD ROCK STARS and heavy-metal heroes—what combination could be more enticing to the American teen? Better yet, this all-star (Scorpions, Bon Jovi, Skid Row, Mötley Crüe) tribute album is for a good cause: combating drug and alcohol abuse, and keeping mega-manager Doc McGhee out of jail. So let's be charitable, and not point out that most of these covers, from Gorky Park's Tchaikovskian "My Generation" to Ozzy Osbourne's leaden "Purple Haze," merely reduce the originals to the loudest common denominator.

### Indigo Girls

*Strange Fire* (Epic)

FOR WHITE GIRLS who have considered suicide (when an acoustic guitar is enuf).

### Lil Louis & the World

*From the Mind of Lil Louis* (Epic)

AS THE RELENTLESS, entrancing original version of "French Kiss" made plain, Lil Louis knows how to suggest a world of melodic possibilities in a simple house beat. Granted, the oversexed, overstated "French Kiss" presented here doesn't measure up, but the coy tease of "Tuch Me" and the itchy carnality of "Nyce & Slo" more than make up.

### Raging Slab

*Raging Slab* (RCA)

THINK OF THIS as the South Revised Again; no matter how much its sound might resurrect the swagger of the old South (Molly Hatchet, Grinderswitch), this retro-boogie outfit assiduously avoids reprising that redneck sensibility. Though such diffidence will doubtless prevent the Slab from ever producing a single as unrepentantly rowdy as "Sweet Home Alabama," there's grit aplenty in the band's tight, twin-guitar leads and all-but-irresistible hooks.

### Paul Carrack

*Groove Approved* (Chrysalis)

CARRACK IS STRICTLY of the blue-eyed soul school; like Daryl Hall, he's a master of melisma and falsetto flourish, and like Steve Winwood, he's quite at home with drum machines. His greatest strength, however, is the sheer opulence of his voice; as it arcs, twists and flutters through each verse and chorus, it's easy to forget how trivial his songs are.

### Def Jef

*Just a Poet with Soul* (Delicious Vinyl)

DROPPIN' RHYMES ON DRUMS" is an obvious rap title, but with Def Jef the effect is unexpectedly spectacular: a rumbling, bass-driven groove, i npossibly rapid rhymes and period asides from the soulful Etta James (!). Though little else here is as outright audacious as that album-opener ("God Made Me Funky" comes close), Def Jef seems blessed with more than his fair share of wit, wisdom and style.

### Ministry

*The Mind Is a Terrible Thing to Taste* (Sire)

LIKE A BAD TOOTHACHE, Ministry's relentless roar commands attention. Part new beat, part hardcore and all adrenalized aggression, this music is almost gleefully abrasive, as if any concession to listenability is somehow akin to sellout. While that makes much of this album about as pleasant as a mugging, there are moments—"Burning Inside," the brooding "So What"—when it's as bracing as a cold shower on a hot morning.

### Britny Fox

*Boys in Heat* (Columbia)

HE MAY SOUND like a cross between Bon Scott and Alvin Chipmunk, but there's no denying "Dizzy" Dean Davidson knows how to write. Whether building off the jackhammer hook to "She's So Lonely" or cranking out the tuneful, turbo-charged Beatle-isms of "Angel in My Heart," Davidson's songs are as catchy as they are direct, making Britny Fox one of the canniest bands on the hard-rock circuit today.

### Vanessa Bell Armstrong

*Wonderful One* (Jive)

IMAGINE IF Aretha Franklin, born about two decades late, hadn't given up gospel; that's Vanessa Bell Armstrong, whose husky melismas and full-throated shouts sound uncannily like those of the Queen of Soul. Except that with Franklin, the music's power came from playing off the weaknesses of the flesh. Armstrong, her eyes locked on heaven, seems so distanced from such mortal concerns her material ends up seeming bloodless and unaffecting.

### D.J. Jazzy Jeff & the Fresh Prince

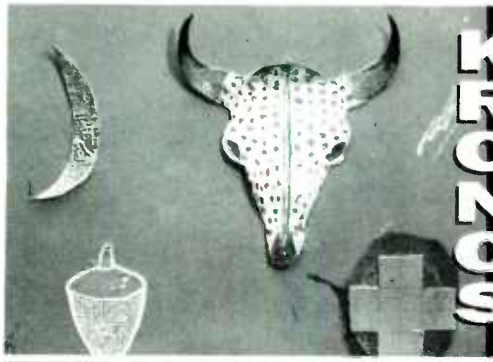
*And in This Corner...* (Jive)

IF CHUCK D sees Public Enemy as the black CNN, then D.J. Jazzy Jeff & the Fresh Prince must be rap's Nickelodeon. "I Think I Can Beat Mike Tyson" is "The Honeymooners" crammed into a five-minute pop song, "Who Stole My Car?" is pure "Car 54, Where Are You?," and "Twilight Zone" is . . . well, you figure it out. A clever, cartoonish goof that's as entertaining as it is empty.

### Shotgun Messiah

*Shotgun Messiah* (Relativity)

GUITARIST HARRY K. CODY is quite a find—a fast, fluid soloist with a good sense of melodic structure and astonishing control over his




## Kronos Quartet plays Terry Riley

*Salome Dances for Peace*

Complete on two discs

An epic work from the composer of the groundbreaking *In C*, inspired by a millenial myth, it achieves a sweeping fusion of Western and Eastern musics.

79217

## John Adams

***The Wound-Dresser* • Fearful Symmetries***

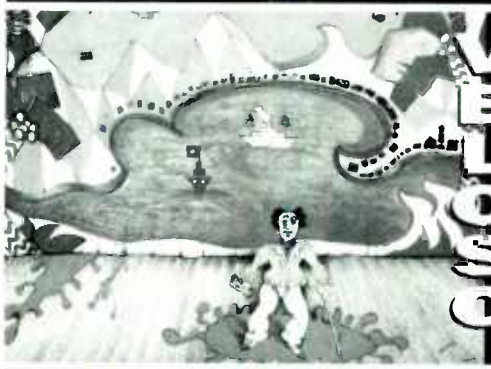
Orchestra of St. Luke's

John Adams, conductor • Sanford Sylvan, baritone

* "Only very rarely does a new piece quite so powerfully assault its listener's imagination on first hearing and lay instant claim to repertory status." *The Independent* (UK)

"★★★★—a work to stand alongside such undisputed masterworks as Barber's *Knoxville*." *St. Paul Pioneer Press*

79218


## Caetano Veloso

*Estrangeiro*

Best of the Year –*The New York Times*

"I listen to this record every morning. I'm jealous of Caetano's lyrics. This is the music and poetry of the future."

*David Byrne*

60898

## Georgian Voices

*The Rustavi Choir*

A thousand-year-old singing tradition makes its American label debut—*a capella* male choral music from Soviet Georgia with a power and mystique that has been called "a polyphonic wonder."

**U.S. TOUR JAN. 29-APRIL 27**

79224

GEORGIAN VOICES

IMAGINARY LANDSCAPES

## New Electronic Music

70 minutes of music by Maryanne Amacher, Christian Marclay, Ron Kuivila, and eleven others.

79235†

Elektra Nonesuch

**on Elektra Nonesuch Compact Discs, Albums and Chrome Cassettes**



†unavailable on LP

instrument's harmonics. But if these guys really want to become the next Van Halen, someone ought to tell them there's more to songwriting than wrapping a few rhymes around a riff.

# JAZZ

By Jim Macnie

## Bobby Hutcherson

*Ambos Mundos* (Landmark)

ON HIS LAST few records the vibist has been showing how elemental finesse is to mainstream jazz. With this percussion-heavy nonet, however, the goal is to integrate Afro-Cuban rhythms and improvisation. Hutcherson, whose keen sense of melody has always had a bold rhythmic base, has chosen a surprisingly lite veneer: Vibes, flute and guitar make up the front line. That doesn't mean the music's trivial, however. The leader has hit upon some kind of nexus; this scintillating web of sound works as both social pleasantry and intense art music.

## Ivo Papasov & His Bulgarian Wedding Band

*Orpheus Ascending* (Hannibal)

REGARDLESS of its charm, I'd had it up to here with the umpteenth wave of Bulgarian music. Then, along comes this thing, carrying a hammer, banging out a place for itself. Papasov's two-reed/accordion/guitar/bass/drum/vocal ensemble sounds like the Middle Eastern version of *The Inner Mounting Flame*. Stambolovo music it's called—a visceral, jazz-influenced antidote to the ethereal weave of the celebrated Bulgarian voices. Solo clarinet passages specify lyricism while the ensemble sections confound with speed and insane time signatures. Stuff's joyous, serious and, given the "I do" context, functional. Reason enough to tie the knot.

## Robin Holcomb

*Larks, They Crazy* (Sound Aspects)

THERE IS A VAST amount of drama in keyboardist/composer Holcomb's miniatures, and something quite natural about the way this ensemble (Horvitz, Hofstra, Wieselman, Ehrlich, Previte) interprets her somewhat formal musings. The composer, who in the past year fled the NYC grime for the Pacific Northwest's more pristine environment, is sure-footed in depicting a scad of musical feelings. Austere delicacy is just as crucial to her sound as her wholly American skittishness. Between the allusions to études, gospel and show tunes (with a tad of poetry thrown in) the program has a serial quality—like Debussy teaming up with Faulkner.

## Owl

*Good As Gold* (Homestead)

THIS MAKES two improvisational winners in a row for Zeena Parkins, harpist and sound sculptress. She's one of NYC's most versatile improvisers, and, with the ceaseless work she takes on, one of its most experienced. The fruits of such activity fuel this duet with percussionist David Linton, which, though void of subtleties, is rife in detail. Both players manipulate their instruments, loading textural ideas atop each other. It's easy to connect with—and therefore enjoy—their noxious, swirling morass because Linton approximates the formidable pounding of rock 'n' roll, and Parkins revels in the exuberance of volume and grunge.

## Sonny Boy Williamson & Big Joe Williams

*Throw a Boogie Woogie* (RCA)

DAUNTING, ESSENTIAL stuff. When these two kingpins of the blues met up, the result was about as bare-bones as it gets. These 16 tracks—hauled out of the vaults and cleaned up by Billy Altman, RCA Heritage Series boss—sound lascivious, jubilant, cranky and dignified. As far as propulsion goes, a guy hitting a stringed box and a guy tooting along on harmonica (aided by an extremely young Robert Nighthawk on second guitar) have all they need to sound like a band. Don't want to see anybody not dancing when the title cut comes on. And as far as classic moments go, when Joe says, "You've got me way down here" in "Baby, Please Don't Go," there's little question about how far down. All the way.

## Kaiser & Kuriokhin

*Popular Science* (Rykodisc)

IT WOULD HAVE been easy for this to have been some kind of tenuous free improv outing, but Henry and Sergei gave us more. Humor has a bit to do with why a CD featuring two guys with Synclaviers doesn't get stale halfway through, but melody is even more important; each track has a beginning and an end. Even the digressions serve a purpose. The mood tunes cover a lot of aural ground—*Sea Hunt* 1990, parades, Hindustan circuses, ersatz Rachmaninoff—proving that in the right hands, technology can be musically creative rather than just sonically stimulating.

## Carlos Paredes

*Guitarra Portuguesa* (Elektra/Musician)

EXPRESSING THE FORLORN, even while articulately tempering it with an escapist sense of whimsy, is the forte of Paredes, a virtuoso of Portuguese fado music. This Explorer Series release was recorded in 1970, and shows what Paredes knows about how grace can cushion sorrow. Fado is a folk music (the guitar looks like it was sired by the Moby Dick of mandolins), and in its dramatic street vernacular, lives can either blossom or get crushed. Paredes depicts each scenario with convincing conviction.

# REISSUE

## Johnny Mercer

*The Capitol Collector's Series* (Capitol CD)

FILM SCORER, talent scout, producer, pop singer, and lyricist and songwriter extraordinaire, Johnny Mercer (1909–1976) didn't miss a thing. For proof of the last three items, listen to this crack presentation of Mercer's hits, recorded at the company he helped found. From the burlesque complexities of 1942's "Strip Polka" ("She's a peach when she's dressed") to 1949's "Baby It's Cold Outside," a cool duet with Margaret Whiting, these 20 songs sizzle with jazz and feel the blues, but they triumph on the easygoing passion of Mercer's singing and the literate humor of his writing. "Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate the Positive," included here, was Mercer's first number one, and that's what he kept doing, without ever sounding dense or smug.—*James Hunter*

## Various Artists

*Get Hot or Go Home—Vintage RCA Rockabilly* (Country Music Foundation)

THIS EXCELLENTLY-ANNOTATED double album is a reissue of obscure gems from the vaults of RCA. While the label's best-known rockabilly artist (initials E.P.) is not included, plenty of great stuff is: an early Roy Orbison classic, the gutsy baritone singing of Martha Carson, the twangy tenor of Janis Martin, Dave Rich's ominous, bluesy moans. But the set's tour de force is a complete side by singer Joe Clay, who virtually defines rockabilly's frantic urgency, with appropriately abandoned guitar work by Mickey Baker. (4 Music Square East, Nashville, TN 37203)

—*Ben Sandmel*

## Ella Johnson

*Swing Me* (Mercury)

WITH A VOICE creamier than Little Esther's and a sense of rhythm every bit as suggestive, Johnson was one of the great dance/R&B divas of the '50s. To this day she remains virtually anonymous; this reissue stitches together big-band numbers led by her brother, pianist Buddy Johnson, and more succinct dance combos featuring the likes of Mickey Baker and Panama Francis. Still it's Ella's show. Listen to her swing "That's What You Gotta Do" and you'll swing too; hear her croon Buddy's slow grinder "It's About to Break My Heart in Two" and it will.—*Mark Rowland*

# Does your ear need a tune-up?

## If you're like most musicians, your ear is running a little rough. It needs a precision tuning—*fast!*

### Take this test:
**Do any of these apply to you?**

- ☐ I get nervous when I play in front of people.
- ☐ People say I sing and/or play out of tune.
- ☐ I try to steal "licks" from records, but the tones flash by too quickly.
- ☐ I can't figure out chord progressions without having my instrument with me.
- ☐ I have all these incredible musical ideas "in my head," but I can't seem to play them without a lot of bad notes.
- ☐ It's embarrassing when I get "lost" and can't find my place.
- ☐ It takes me longer than I like to learn and memorize a new tune.
- ☐ I have difficulty singing harmony.
- ☐ It's hard for me to transpose songs to new keys.
- ☐ I improvise poorly because I can't envision what I'm about to play.
- ☐ My friends seem to enjoy music more than me because they have a better ear.
- ☐ My playing is caught in a rut that I can't seem to climb out of.

You *know* the problems.

But do you know how easily they can disappear with just a *simple ear tune-up?*

Relative Pitch is *essential* to tune up your ear, and is a *completely separate* ability from Perfect Pitch. Learn more about both on your FREE Introductory Tape* available through this offer.


You've got a lot of talent hidden inside you. But you'll never fully tap into it until you *tune up your ear!*

Why? Because music is a HEARING art. Even with the best high-tech equipment, the bottom line in music is this: *how well you play depends on how well you hear.*

A tuned ear is a sleek performer. It gives you skill and control—the kind you need to handle the curves and rough spots with confidence.

An untuned ear is a hassle. It's like driving in a fog. It cramps your creativity and drags down your natural talent.

Most musicians already know the value of a great ear, but don't do anything about it. Their loss is your gain.

You can join the smart players who have discovered David L. Burge's new hearing system. They've found that the difference between being tuned or untuned is *only a matter of listening!*

### How to own a laser-sharp ear:

According to David L. Burge, you can tune your ear with *Relative Pitch*, your ability to judge *relationships* between tones and chords.

How important is Relative Pitch?

It's absolutely essential! Relative Pitch is what organizes the tones you hear into your own personal experience of music. Relative Pitch tells you if a chord is major, or minor, or "dominant seventh sharp five." Relative Pitch tells you if you're playing sharper or flatter than the others in your band. Relative Pitch gives you the skill to envision what you want to play. The simple truth is: Relative Pitch allows you to understand and appreciate all music.

You already have some degree of Relative Pitch. Otherwise, your ear would have stalled out long ago.

But a complete Relative Pitch tune-up is another story. How do you get it?

Just get the **Relative Pitch Ear-Training Course,™** by David L. Burge. It's loaded with precise ear-opening drills, with the answers right there on tape for you. *It's easy!* All you do is put on a cassette—*and listen!*

You'll learn to hear and recognize a complete "catalog" of chords and countless other musical sounds. David will show you the *easy* way—and the *only* way to really do it right. The more you hear, the more your abilities will multiply. Finally, you'll have the ear you've always needed to unlock your full creative potential!

Whether you are already a good listener, or the newest beginner, the **Relative Pitch Ear-Training Course™** has all the drills you need to perfectly tune your ear from ground zero. *No music reading necessary!*

### Test-drive a tape—FREE!

Want a sample tape? If you'll cover shipping, we'll send your first tape *absolutely FREE (a $14.95 value)!*

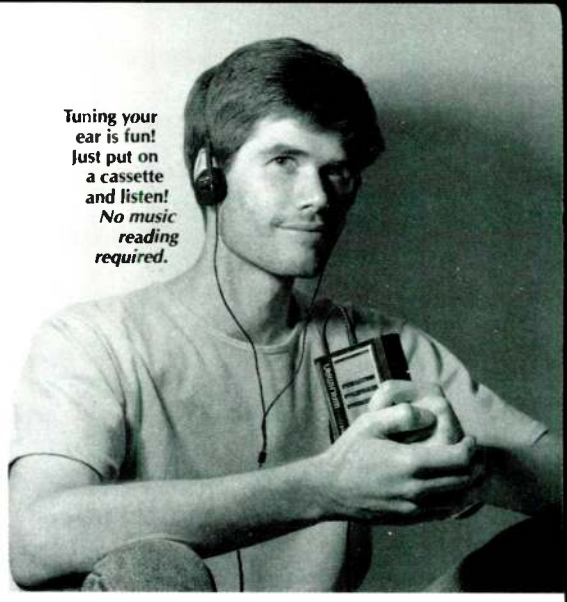
Or save extra shipping charges and start with more lessons—all covered by our **90-Day Money Back Guarantee**: Enjoy each tape at your own relaxed pace, one at a time. You'll gain a lightening fast ear with each lesson or simply return all unopened tapes within 90 days for a FULL REFUND! There's no risk—*you keep only the tapes you actually use!*

Remember: *A great ear is worth more to your music than the most expensive equipment you could ever buy!*

Don't waste your ear! Order your **Relative Pitch Ear-Training Course™**—and tune up for life!

*Do it NOW!*

(See review of this Course in *Guitar Player* Magazine, March '88, p. 149. For all musicians/instruments.)



Tuning your ear is fun! Just put on a cassette and listen! *No music reading required.*

**THE RELATIVE PITCH EAR-TRAINING COURSE™ by David L. Burge.**
Complete course is composed of twenty 90-minute cassettes plus FREE Introductory tape. Guaranteed to repair all major and minor ear problems.

**Tune your ear *for life!***
**Order your tapes *NOW!***
*Call 24 hours and charge your Visa/MasterCard:*

## (515) 472-3100

### ☑ FREE TAPE
90-Minute Introductory Tape with Lesson 1 (FREE; include $4 *for shipping* if ordered alone) A $14.95 value!

☐ Yes, I want a total ear tune-up!
Send me the following **Relative Pitch Ear-Training Course™** tapes with the full **90-Day Money Back Guarantee** described in this ad:
IMPORTANT: You will be tuning your ear with special Relative Pitch listening techniques. So whether you are beginning or advanced, you must *start with Level 1* and hear each Lesson in its *proper sequence* to gain the laser-sharp listening skills we've promised you.

**8 Lessons/Four 90-minute audio cassettes per Level**

☐ **Level 1 Tapes $45** ☐ **Level 4 Tapes $45**
☐ **Level 2 Tapes $45** ☐ **Level 5 Tapes $45**
☐ **Level 3 Tapes $45**

☐ **COMPLETE COURSE**
**All 5 tape Levels *only* $198***
* That's less than $5/Lesson for personal ear-training instruction from David L. Burge!

☐ ***FREE BONUS** (for a limited time)!*
I'm ordering two or more tape levels. Please send me David's **Relative Pitch "Help Me" Tape™** at *no extra charge!*

Add $4 shipping **Total Enclosed:** $ _____
Make check or money order payable to: **American Educational Music.**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Please allow 3-5 weeks for delivery. For 1 week delivery from our studio, add $2 and write *"RUSH!"* on your envelope. Canadians may remit bank or postal money order in U.S. dollars. Shipping for foreign orders except Canada: $10/Level or $35 for Complete Course. Iowa residents add 4% tax.

☐ I'd prefer to charge my Visa/MasterCard:

CARD # _____

EXP. DATE _____ SIGNATURE _____

Send to: **American Educational Music**
Music Resources Building, Dept. R25
1106 E. Burlington, Fairfield, IA 52556

# INDIE

## The Song Dogs

*Live Without a Leash* (Obscure)

IN A TOWN best known for jazz and R&B, the Song Dogs reflect New Orleans' equally rich home-grown rock scene. With passionate fiddle playing, a pair of sizzling guitarists and a succession of accomplished singers, this spirited LP invites favorable quick-reference comparisons to early Jefferson Airplane, Fairport Convention and Fleetwood Mac. Watch for them. (Box 8712, New Orleans, LA 70182)—*Ben Sandmel*

## Galaxie 500

*On Fire* (Rough Trade)

THEY STICK TO a virtually rigid format: stately tempos, echoey high-pitched vocals with falsetto punctuation, songs that rarely deviate from two-chord oscillations. But Galaxie 500 weaves a haunting spell, and an occasional noisy guitar solo adds bracing chiaroscuro. The result appeals to both mind and gut. (326 Sixth St., San Francisco, CA 94103)—*Scott Isler*

## Frank Tovey

*Tyranny and the Hired Hand* (Restless)

THIS IS THE ALBUM you always hoped Joe Strummer would make, only it's better. As evidenced by his proletarian poster art on the disc's cover, Frank Tovey's populist politics harkens to the I.W.W. and Depression breadlines, a working-class vision that's looking increasingly pertinent today. Tovey proves it by tying together classics like "John Henry" and Woody Guthrie's "Pastures of Plenty" through Merle Travis' miner odes ("Dark as a Dungeon," "Sixteen Tons") and Uncle Dave Macon to Bob Dylan, Lou Reed and Tovey's own "Midwife Song." His acoustic ensemble arrangements mesh the instrumentation and forlorn feeling of the Appalachian string bands with a more frenetic, punkish pulse. Tovey's isn't a great voice, but like the working heroes he sings of, it gets the job done, mostly by sheer force of will and a tell-tale heart.—*Mark Rowland*



# BOOKS

## Donald Clarke, ed.

*The Penguin Encyclopedia of Popular Music* (Viking)

PUTTING TOGETHER a one-volume overview of popular music around the world is a daunting task at best, but this nearly 1,400-page tome generally makes the grade. Its 3,000 entries, penned by 15 writers, are up to date through 1988, and serve up quick, deft and generally precise capsules of important artists, writers, producers, labels and musical styles. While a vague pro-British bias intrudes itself at times (the book was originally published in the U.K.) and a few teeth-grinding factual errors can be found, the book ultimately serves as the most useful and historically sound musical reference available to either casual listener or beleaguered professional.

—*Chris Morris*

## Peter Guralnick

*Searching for Robert Johnson* (Obelisk/Dutton)

GURALNICK'S BOOK-LENGTH essay, first published in *Living Blues* magazine in 1982, pulls off an unusual feat: It simultaneously demystifies the "king of the Delta blues singers" and preserves Johnson's looming legend. The book offers both little-known biographical details (courtesy of researcher Mack McCormick's still unpublished book) and a hitherto unseen portrait shot of the elusive bluesman, but in the end

Guralnick's work resonates with the mythos surrounding Johnson's anguished, beautiful music.—*Chris Morris*

### Miles Davis

***Miles: The Autobiography*** (Simon and Schuster)

FASCINATING, INFURIATING, oblique, obscene, evocative, self-serving, riveting and repetitious, *Miles: The Autobiography* is precisely the mass of contradictions Miles: The Trumpet Player has always been. There are problems: Co-author Quincy Troupe could have done more than merely make sure the tape was running (ever consider *editing*, Quince?), and Davis does spend more time on sex-and-dope stories than explaining his music. Then again, anybody expecting forthright revelation from Miles obviously hasn't followed his career long.—*J.D. Considine*

# CLASS

### Stephen Hough

***Schumann: Davidsbündler-Tanze***
(Virgin Classics)

LIKE MOST of the romantics, Schumann has always been an attractive forum for piano virtuosos, granting them ample room for all sorts of dramatic showmanship. Yet no matter how much Stephen Hough struts his stuff—and given his prodigious technique, fluency and astonishing control over dynamics, there's plenty to strut—he always maintains his sense of scale; shading instead of coloring, understating instead of overselling. All of which makes this carefully nuanced performance an absolute joy.

—*J.D. Considine*

### The Tallis Scholars

***John Sheppard: Media Vita***
(Gimell Harmonia Mundi USA)

SHEPPARD IS a well-regarded yet still somewhat shadowy sixteenth-century composer whose work, judging from this music sung by England's hearty and proficient Tallis Scholars, brought an explosive personal style to familiar occasions. That's clear with *Media Vita*, a long piece intended for the feast days observed before Passion Sunday and written, like the other masses and hymns here, in six vocal parts. This is its first recording, and as Tessa Bonner's treble voice steers the choir out of steady unisons and into spacious harmonies, you know why Tallis director Peter Phillips calls it Sheppard's masterpiece. For music about all the big stuff—life, death, redemption, eternity—delivered with deep reserve, it's pretty staggering.—*James Hunter*

### Paavo Berglund, Royal Danish Orchestra

***Nielsen: Symphony No. 2, "The Four Temperaments"; Symphony No. 5*** (RCA Red Seal)

AS THE SYMPHONIES of Carl Nielsen slowly attain the élan of Mahler and Bruckner, Finnish conductor Paavo Berglund appears to be the true giant among Nielsen interpreters. His vision of Nielsen's second is stately and majestic, illuminating the subtext without seeming didactic. But it's with the Fifth that Berglund really shines. Richly evocative, fiercely passionate, its sustained drama is a wonder to behold, and guaranteed to make a believer out of even the most skeptical listener.—*J.D. Considine*

### David Zinman, Baltimore Symphony Orchestra

***Christopher Rouse: Symphony No. 1; Phantasmata*** (Nonesuch)

INSTEAD OF ALLUSIONS to Bruckner and Shostakovich (which I make in my symphony), here the references are to Led Zeppelin and Canned Heat!" says composer Rouse of "Bump," from his *Phantasmata*. Though the Zep quotes aren't as obvious as, say, "Tall Cool One"—Rouse's harmonic sensibility is a little more advanced—these warmly romantic, sonically glorious pieces still seem accessible in a way contemporary classical music rarely manages.—*J.D. Considine*

# C L A S S I F I E D

## MUSICIAN CLASSIFIED HOTLINE TOLL FREE 800-223-7524

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

### HOW TO ORDER AN AD

**REGULAR CLASSIFIED** (ads without borders): 20 word minimum. $2.90 per word, minimum $59 per insertion.
**CLASSIFIED DISPLAY** (all adds with borders): 1x/1" $163 per, 6x/1" $152 per, 12x/1" $142 per.
**BOLD FACE CAPS:** First line, additional $20.
**Musician Box Number:** Add $4.00 per insertion for handling.
**PAYMENT MUST BE ENCLOSED** with your ad copy. Send to Musician Classified, Attn: Jeff Serrette, 1515 Broadway, New York, NY 10036.
**DEADLINE:** Two months prior to date of publication.
**ALL AD CANCELLATIONS MUST BE IN WRITING AND MAILED TO THE MUSICIAN CLASSIFIED DEPT.**

COUPON

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

Your Name
Company
Address
City State Zip
Telephone

*Please fill in the information below if you want to charge the cost of your classified advertising*
☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐ Visa ☐ Master Charge
Credit Card #.
Exp Date Bank #
Your Signature

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

## EMPLOYMENT

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

## FOR SALE

RECORDS, CASSETTES, COMPACT DISCS! NEW FREE DISCOUNT CATALOG with over 10,000 titles. Bluegrass, folk, blues, jazz, old time country, and much more, listed by category of music and by artist. ELDERLY INSTRUMENTS, 1100 N. Washington, POB 14210-BG5, Lansing MI 48901. (517) 372-7890.

## INSTRUCTION

BE A RECORDING ENGINEER. Train at home for High Paying Exciting Careers. FREE information. AUDIO INSTITUTE, 2174 Union ST., Suite 22H, San Francisco, CA 94123.

FREE CATALOG: INSTITUTE of Audio-Video Engineering 1831 Hyperion (MU), Hollywood, CA 90027. Recording School. (800) 551-8877 or (213) 666-2380. Approved for International Students. Financial aid available.

**STAGE FRIGHT?**
**MEMORY SLIPS? POOR SIGHT READING?**
**LACK OF CONFIDENCE? BUTTERFLIES?**
YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!!
Let the modern science of PROFESSIONAL HYPNOSIS help you conquer these problems. Send $17.95 for Audio Cassette Hypnosis Tape to POSITIVE DYNAMICS, Dept. M, P.O. Box 1636, Seaford, NY 11783.

## INSTRUMENTS

REPAIR GUITARS? FREE 96-page catalog packed with tools and hard-to-find parts for guitars, banjos and mandolins. Stewart-MacDonald, Box 900Z, Athens OH 45701. (800) 848-2273.

## MUSICIANS

MUSICIANS EXCHANGE! BANDS/musicians: Your serious referral service for working musicians. Make the right connections. P.O. Box 742681, Dallas, TX 75374 (214) 243-8015. Grand opening of Chicago office (312) 427-7487.

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

MUSIC OPPORTUNITY/RECORD CONTRACT We will present your demo tape to major record executives. Service FREE if not accepted. 25 years experience in industry. For details, S.A.S.E. MILESTONE MEDIA, Dept. MM, P.O. Box 869, Venice CA 90291.

RECORD DEAL OPPORTUNITY!!! Get your tape heard by MAJOR RECORD EXECUTIVES. Our private mailing list has the years of connections you need. Over 400 hard to get addresses. Includes very important, hard-to-reach, "TOP" MUSIC INDUSTRY PROFESSIONALS. These people can hear your tape and sign you today! Even includes personal phone numbers for immediate feed-back! This list is available to the general public for a limited time only. Don't miss this opportunity! Rush $19.95 to: HIDDEN TALENT MANAGEMENT, 12220 Beechnut, Dept. M, Suite 211, Houston TX 77072.

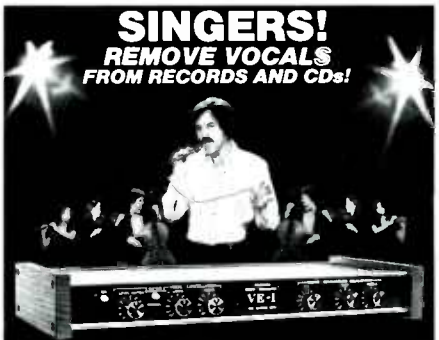

100% refund if not satisfied

STEP BY STEP TRAINING MANUAL & CASSETTE TEACH YOU TO SING WITH *POWER & CONFIDENCE!*
- *Guaranteed to Increase strength, range & stamina.*
- *Course graduates on Geffen, Island, MTV...*

Send $39.95 to:
John Ford School of Voice
135 Townsend Street
San Francisco, CA 94107

## MISCELLANEOUS

**SINGERS!**
***REMOVE VOCALS FROM RECORDS AND CDs!***

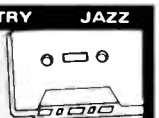


***SING WITH THE WORLD'S BEST BANDS!***
An Unlimited supply of Backgrounds from standard stereo records! Record with your voice or perform live with the backgrounds. Used in Professional Performance yet connects easily to a home component stereo. This unique product is manufactured and sold Exclusively by LT Sound - Not sold through dealers. Call or write for a Free Brochure and Demo Record.
**LT Sound,** Dept. MU-7, 7980 LT Parkway
Lithonia, GA 30058 (404) 482-4724
**Manufactured and Sold Exclusively by LT Sound**
***24 HOUR PHONE DEMO LINE: (404) 482-2485***

## RECORDS & TAPES

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

POP ROCK COUNTRY JAZZ
***BACKGROUND TRACKS*** FOR SINGERS
Also a full line of Singer's Machines



**THE SINGING SOURCE** 23530 Platina Dr., Valencia, CA 91355-2247
INFO. & CA RESIDENTS (805) 254-5602
ORDER LINE (OUTSIDE CA) 1(800) 262 HITS
BLUES CLASSICAL GOSPEL

## SERVICES

**WMG, Inc.**
Compact Disc Manufacturing and High Quality Cassette Duplication. Affordable Pricing for the small independent labels or individuals. Complete services from digital mastering, graphics, pressing, duplication, packaging, and fulfillment. Complete record pressing from mastering to packaging. All work guaranteed. Call 317-353-1113 or write to 8472 Brookville Rd., Indianapolis, In. 46239.

## SONGWRITERS

LEARN SONGWRITING & COMPOSE MUSIC. Professional instruction by mail. For course description: AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE, Box 31021-F, Cleveland, OH 44131

## WANTED TO BUY

WANTED: 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.

**DEALERS! SELL MUSICIAN IN YOUR STORE 1-800 999-9988**

## ELVIS & DINO

[*cont'd from page 130*] of matinee idols: He made hugely successful pop records; starred (with partner Jerry Lewis) in a series of low-budget/high-yield light-comedy movies; could and did write his own ticket on the lucrative Las Vegas circuit; *and* (importantly for Elvis) had mucho sex appeal! Martin was a genuine heartthrob, and with his self-mocking approach to sexuality demonstrated to Elvis how to cash in on this most marketable of commodities with the brazenness of a male Mae West!

Granted, Dean Martin was and remains a comparative musical lightweight, but Elvis is not alone in music history in being able to combine incongruous influences into something world-shattering. More widely accepted parallels would be the influence Anthony Newley had on the emergent David Bowie, and the effect Woody Guthrie and Ramblin' Jack Elliott had on Bob Dylan.

There *were* no rock 'n' roll stars for Elvis to emulate—he was, after all, the first! And he was to go on to eclipse his chosen mentor in every way. I'm going to leave it at that for now—no sense in spoiling my case by overstating it! I am aware that I will now be considered a dangerous heretic by certain stalwarts of the true religion. But it's now up to those worthies to redress the balance, if they haven't already got too much egg on their faces. The worst that could come out of all of this would be for Dean Martin to put out his own version of "Hound Dog."

*Chris Spedding has played guitar with Bryan Ferry, Paul McCartney, Elton John and others. His solo LP* Life Says *will be out this year.*

## A D I N D E X

The following companies ore more thon willing to fill you in on their products. Coll or write them, ond tell 'em you sow it in MUSICIAN.

# Elvis & Dino

*Was the king of rock 'n' roll a copy cat?*

BY CHRIS SPEDDING

THE ELVIS PRESLEY legend has been growing since his first impact 35 years ago—the same time that rock 'n' roll made *its* first impact. Successive generations of well-intentioned but misguided myth-makers have been dismayed that their supposedly infallible icon Elvis and rock 'n' roll parted company at some point. They don't have a satisfactory explanation for it.

Oh, they write reams of scholarly theses defining the music and fight dearly to keep their precious flame burning, yet become oddly discomfited and evasive at the prospect of their own anointed king holding court at that graveyard of rock credibility, Las Vegas—and worse still, appearing in silly, lightweight Hollywood movies. These muddled courtiers can commit no more lèse majesté than to mumble that maybe their apostate king had "sold out."

There *is* an explanation for all of this, however. It occurs in one of the more palatable of the Presley bios, Jerry Hopkins' *Elvis*, and the fact Hopkins himself didn't jump on it instead of giving it a mere passing reference shows how brainwashed these writers were by their own propaganda.

The reason it was left in the manuscript at all was probably because it represents one of the few accredited quotes from the one person most sources agree can legitimately lay claim to having "discovered" Elvis, the office manager of Sam Phillips' Sun Records studio in Memphis, Marion Keisker, who tells of a not entirely successful first audition Presley had with Phillips. According to Marion, Sam asked Elvis to run through some of his repertoire, which seemed to lean so heavily on *Dean Martin* stuff, she thought Elvis had decided "... if he was going to sound like anybody, it was going to be Dean Martin." Horror of horrors! Now this is just not *cool*, fellows, I hear the myth-makers say. Hopkins himself leaves this extraordinary snippet unexplored and other writers have given it a very wide berth.

It takes only the most casual research of this lead to unearth evidence on a par (for the world of rock at least) with the Dead Sea scrolls. All the more remarkable since the evidence has been there all along for anybody with eyes to see and ears to hear.

Around 1955, Dean Martin had a big hit, "Memories Are Made of This." Do yourself a favor and check it out if you can find it. Then take another listen to the song Elvis always said was *his* favorite cut, "Don't Be Cruel," a hit in the summer of the following year. Now, apart from the fact that Elvis borrowed that descending-bass-run-followed-by-guitar-chord ending from Martin's arrangement, other common elements are that sexy, wobbly, almost hiccuping baritone vocal—not yet identifiably "rock" until Elvis made it so—and Martin's novel use of a four-piece gospel-type vocal group which we may now assume inspired Elvis to introduce the Jordanaires on *his* cut, effectively integrating them into a unique blend with his own lead vocal, thus establishing another rock archetype. Another obvious nod in Martin's direction, released when Elvis was well established as a rock mega-star in the summer of 1959, was Elvis' "My Wish Came True," which had an opening phrase identical to Martin's "Return to Me," released in April 1958. Even the key is the same.

NOW, IF IT'S so cool to cite a black artist like Arthur Crudup, whose "That's All Right, Mama" Elvis recorded, as a bona fide influence, then why not this obvious bit of stylistic plundering? Dare I suggest that the specter of such an artist as Martin so influencing their precious new savior was not to be countenanced by the rock religion's new priesthood?

If we re-evaluate Presley's early career in this new light we can see how many of those actions previously dismissed (or considered perverse when they could not be ignored) now fall into place quite neatly. You see, Elvis was naturally fair-haired. He *dyed* his hair black. (He appears as a "dirty" blond in some early shots, his natural hair-tone already darkening through liberal applications of "Nu-Nile.") Filmed later in Technicolor, Elvis' obsidian do had that same almost blue-black sheen you can see in Dean Martin's movies. And Martin at the time of which we speak was *the* most bankable [cont'd on page 129]



*Illustration: Regan Dunnick*


# 21 guitar effects. Ten at a time.

The versatile GSP-21 from DigiTech is the last word in guitar signal processors.

It's the only one that gives you a choice of 21 different effects.

And you can play up to *ten* of those effects at the same time using the full function foot controller included with the unit.

| *Menu of Effects* | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Pitch detune* | *Slap back* | *Comb filter* |
| *Compression* | *Digital mixer* | *Noise gate* |
| *Metal distortion* | *Chorus* | *Limiter* |
| *Tube distortion* | *Lg/sm room reverb* | *Speaker simulator* |
| *Over-drive distortion* | *Gated reverb* | *Graphic EQ* |
| *Stereo delay* | *Reverse reverb* | *Parametric EQ* |
| *Ping-pong delay* | *Ultimate reverb* | *Stereo imaging* |
| *Multi-tap delay* | *Flanging* | *and more* |
| *The Foot Controller* | | |
| *Random program access* | *Large VFD display* | *Effects bypass* |
| *Instant patch access* | *2-mode operation* | *LED indicators* |
| *Specifications* | | |
| *128 memory slots* | *Stereo outputs* | *Dynamic MIDI operation* |
| *20-bit VLSI processor* | *Fully programmable* | *90 db S/N ratio* |
| *20 Hz-18 kHz bandwidth* | *MIDI mapping* | |

The controller is designed with individual LED indicators and a large, readable VFD display. It allows total access to all programs, patches and parameters.

## Real-time control at your feet.

The GSP-21 is the only processor that comes with a full function, random access foot controller. Which lets you switch effects without leaving your position or taking your hands off the instrument.

## Get some hands-off experience.

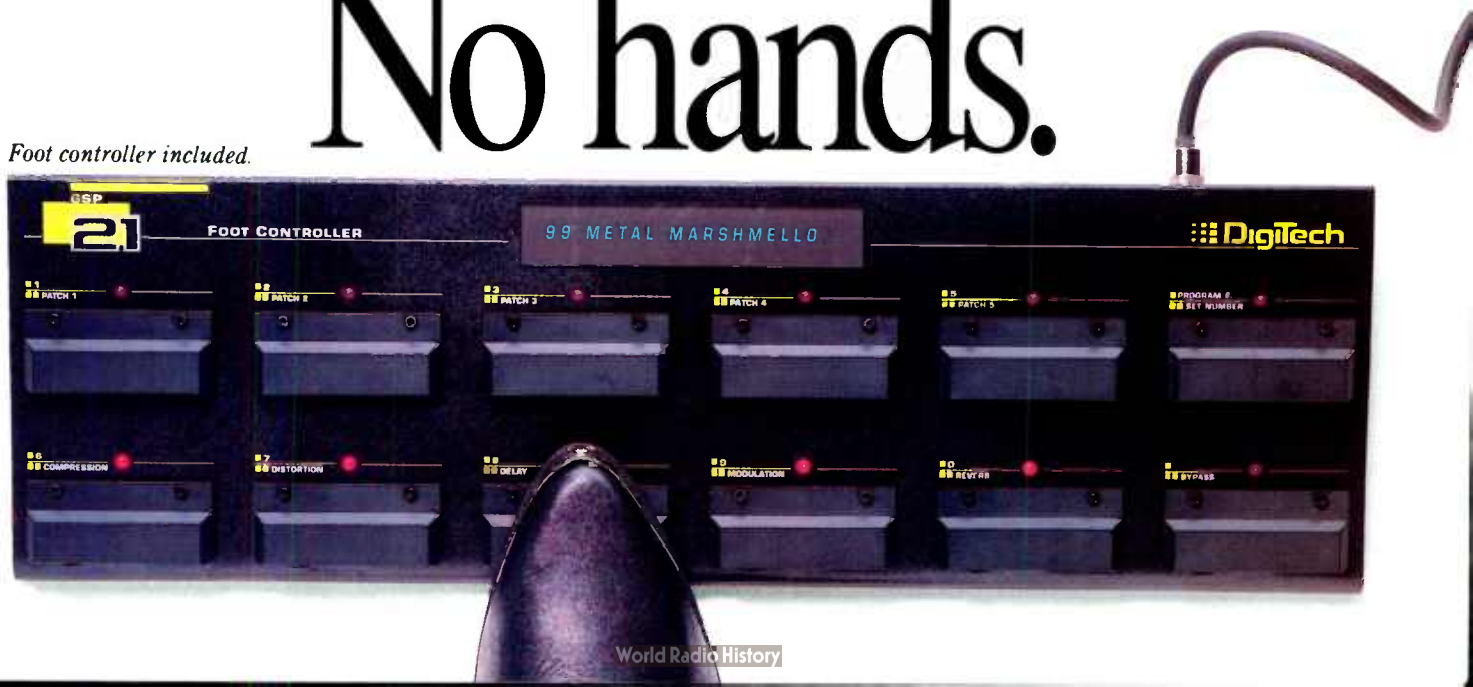
Stop by any DigiTech dealer and try your best chops on the world's most advanced guitar signal processor. The GSP-21. The instant you plug in, you'll be floored.



DigiTech®
*Start at the top*

# No hands.

*Foot controller included.*



Guitar players are now free to enjoy one of life's most basic pleasures:

Absolute power.

With the Yamaha® G10 Guitar MIDI Controller,

*The G10C MIDI Guitar Converter. Different playing styles at the touch of a button.*

along with the rack-mount G10C Guitar MIDI Converter, you can easily control just about any MIDI device you choose. Be it a synthesizer, sampler, tone generator or drum machine.

But even more important, the G10 system recognizes you for what you really are. A guitarist.

In fact, it lets you use every expressive trick of the trade.

There's no frustrating delay. You can bend notes. Damp them. Even play pull-off and hammer-on notes.

You can change styles in an instant, too. Because each of the 64 internal memories (and 64 cartridge memories) in the G10C contains a full set of performance parameters such as individual string volume, capo position, tuning and controller assignments. Any one of which can be called up at the touch of a button.

But you've waited long enough for a MIDI guitar that really works. So stop all this reading. Call 800-333-4442 for an authorized Yamaha Digital Musical Instruments dealer and go play the G10 system. Without delay.

**YAMAHA.**

Yamaha Music Corporation, USA, Digital Musical Instrument Division, P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622. In Canada: Yamaha Canada Music Ltd., 135 Milner Avenue, Scarborough, Ontario M1S3R1.

# Now guitarists can control the world.