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INSIDE MUSICIAN

A Billboard Publication *No. 139 • May 1990*

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Cover photograph: Guido Harari

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World Radio History

Mark Knopfler

Acting Sheriff of Notting Hill • By Matt Resnicoff

You've been scoring arcane films, working with Randy Newman, playing rhythm with Clapton. Now you've recorded a quirky retro album with childhood buddies, the Notting Hillbillies' Missing . . . Presumed Having a Good Time. *That's a pretty ironic title for someone who's supposed to be out selling millions of records.*

Well, this is all an accident. Steve Phillips, who I've played with off and on for 20 years, asked me to produce an album for him and Brendan Croker. It was initially to be a solo album, done in my little home studio, Notting Hill, in London. As soon as the guys turned up to play, I had some suggestions and started playing. Guy Fletcher, who plays keyboards with Dire Straits, began building the tracks, and it just became a band. Paul Franklin added some brilliant pedal-steel guitar. And we had so much fun that we decided to go out and tour.

How were four guys from Leeds able to plug so sympathetically into the American country blues condition?

When I was growing up in Newcastle, all us 16-year-old guitarists were mostly trying to be like the Chicago electric blues players. It was only when I got to Leeds and got to know Steve that I started working backwards into Blind Willie McTell, Blind Blake, early jug-band music, ragtime and Western swing. I got a National steel guitar eventually, and we became a duo. Steve's house was kind of a little university—the studying wasn't serious, but we were in love with it.

Steve and Brendan have been singing "Weapon of Prayer" for quite a while, being the perverse people that they are. "Railroad Work Song" to me is as relevant now as a statement of dignity about self and work and employment as *ever* before, maybe more so. It's sort of "Take This Job and Shove It."

Did you run the risk of diluting the music you were recreating either by taking too contemporary an approach, or perhaps worse, by taking authenticity to the border of hokiness?

Because of the depth and beauty of the material, that was never a problem. But some songs do resist being messed with. From a purist's point of view, we've all advanced out of that and just used anything that comes to mind: an African-style bass part in a hillbilly record, fine. Actually, it's not a hillbilly band at all, although if hillbilly is, as the dictionary says, partly a derogatory term, then it certainly applies! [*Laughter*]

If nothing else, this little career detour does a nice job in contextualizing all the work you've done with Chet Atkins.

Well, even though I was playing a lot of different music, it was always Chet Atkins, out there on the horizon. When we're just sitting playing together, it's great because I always learn one or two things. That's essential nutrition for a musician. Just new licks alone, that little aspect of music, keeps you fed, gets you excited.

Is there a similar fulfillment in writing music for film?

Well, you have to distinguish between film themes and the nauseating, grief-inducing, brain-damaging agony of action sequences and incidental stuff. The themes are fun—melodic tunes that we can all hum along to. The other stuff is where it gets a bit complicated; you're just stuck with this job where you need a lot of stamina to get through. You lurch from one crisis to the next until it's done.

Onstage with Clapton's band, you seemed happy to lay back and play guitar, but a bit reluctant to sing "Money for Nothing." Are you really that put off by the industrial glare that seems to surround your work?

I never think about it as an industry, really, unless I'm telling somebody to go and see a lawyer or something [*laughs*]. I'm not really the man to ask about the charts or house music or that stuff. I haven't danced for a while.

What are your feelings about the fate of a record like this, and the scant attention this material would get, were you not at the center of its promotion?

It would probably end up on a small, independent roots-music label, and that would be that. But I was pretty convinced that that was how it was going to be when we started, and I suppose starting to stick your own songs in somewhat changes the focus of interest.

Has this project in any way altered your conception of the next Dire Straits record?

After working with Paul on pedal-steel, I'm trying to get him into Dire Straits. That's how I'd like to proceed. It'll probably be about 20 people, because once you start taking something out live, you're thinking about percussion, about backing vocals and stuff. Who knows? And man, I love string bass. But John [Illsley] doesn't play it, so I don't suppose we'll use it.

Do you feel you now have an obligation to streamline your role as a conduit for all the influences you've synthesized so successfully?

Well, it's not a crusade, but I think it'll be excellent news if more than a few people realize the depth of some of the thousands of old songs you've just never heard. I'd never heard "Feel Like Going Home" until a maid of mine sent me a cassette of obscure rockabilly songs; at the end was Charlie Rich demoing it on beautiful piano and just *beautiful* singing. Somehow we missed it, and it got found. It would be *great* if it was successful for Charlie Rich, wouldn't it?

Yes, it would. You're quite fortunate to be in the position to help that happen, and to put a bit of yourself in as well.

Yes, you put yourself into music. It's as simple as that. It's just something that resonates inside you, and what resonates inside me resonates inside a lot of other people. Ⓜ

Photograph: Beth Baptiste

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MUSICIAN (USPS 431-910), 33 Commercial St., Gloucester, MA 01930 (508) 281-3110, is published monthly by BPI, Inc., One Astor Place, 1515 Broadway, New York NY 10036. Billboard Publications, Inc. is a subsidiary of Affiliated Publications, 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 R. Feely, Rosalee Lovett, Lee Zhito.

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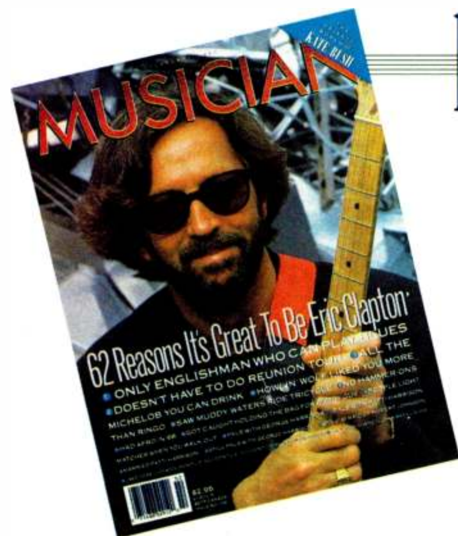

62 Ways to Leave . . .

ALTHOUGH I FOUND your "62 Reasons" (Feb. '90) cover idea hilarious and admirable, I must object: First, you only listed 19 reasons; I'd like to see the other 43. Second, reason #1, "Only Englishman Who Can Play Blues," is completely ludicrous. I assert that James Patrick Page, another English guitarist who has graced your cover, can not only play the blues but turn them inside out. For proof please refer to his recording of "Since I've Been Loving You."

Bucks Burnett
Denton, TX

I CAN THINK of at least 1001 reasons it's great to be Eric Clapton. Why did you stop at 62?

Robert T. Rujack
Peekskill, NY

ONLY ENGLISHMAN who can play blues"? Ever heard of Jimmy Page or Jeff Beck?

Christine Tavolilla
Tuckhoe, NY

ERIC CLAPTON thinks the blues is a "dying art," huh? I suggest he check out *any* new release from Alligator, Blind Pig, Rounder, Black Top, Antone's, Flying Fish, Delmark, Ichiban and other indie labels. There are tons of new blues artists on the scene today—most with original tunes (not covers, which Clapton is so adept at). It's time you took the dollar signs out of your eyes . . . if you're truly the blues lover you claim to be.

Johanna "Jomama" Ashenbrucker
KMUD-FM
Garberville, CA

I'M BORED WITH hearing Eric Clapton pledge obscene allegiance to "the blues" after releasing yet another spectacularly disposable package of mediocre Michelob-music. When I think of more talented guitar players like Richard Thompson and Tom Verlaine and the paltry attention they receive, I have to reach for the harder stuff. No, Eric, you are neither a jazz nor a blues musician, just a corporate one.

Matthew Caruso
Montreal, Que.

Extreme...Extremis

YOU HAVE TO BE a reasonable woman when it comes to dealing with sexism in rock if you dig a band like Aerosmith for their music *and* lyrics. However, Jim Macnie's description of two girls listening to Soundgarden (Feb. '90) rubbed me the wrong way (pun intended). Can't women groove to live music without being written up for "pulling sexy stunts . . . slightly smiling as if being fondled." Come on, man! We have ears, we have brains, we do not want to fuck *anything* that plays or owns a musical instrument. To quote Nigel Tufnel: "Sexy . . . sexist. There's a fine line between stupid and clever."

Lori Lynner
Salt Lake City, UT

I WANT TO read about musicians who speak through their instruments, not about idiots who like to make a lot of noise.

Ken MacAlister
Philadelphia, PA

I WAS GOING TO tell you that "in extremis" means, not "extreme," but "at the point of death," but then I heard *Louder Than Love*, and I realized you already knew that.

Jim Nanoggi
Hamtramck, MI

SOUNDGARDEN in extremis? No no no. Judging from *Journeyman*, I'd say Clapton's the one near death.

Peter Schnuphase
Dearborn, MI

FIRST YOU SAY that Darling Cruel is "in extremis," then you tell us that Soundgarden is near death, too. I hope these guys have life insurance.

Dan Schroedersecker
Birmingham, MI

Man from U.N.C.L.E.?

THE MEN FROM A.H.M.E.T." (Feb. '90) showed me what happens when record companies start waving big money in front of desperate musicians. Backstabbing, arena-rock gestures, and let's-let-the-A&R-guys-mix-the-album sound to me like musicians with no strong ideas about their music to begin with. Maybe Don Kirshner can get these guys their own weekly TV series.

Brad Harvey
Moline, IL

My Buddy Gene

KUDOS TO Vince Diaz for an excellent article on "Mr. Drums," Buddy Rich (Feb. '90). I have to disagree with his comparison of Buddy with Gene Krupa, though. Gene was *the* technical master, having studied not only drums, but a variety of percussion instruments. I remember Buddy saying that all you get from practicing is tired wrists. Ask anybody about drums, and the first person they remember is Gene Krupa.

Jerome Abraham
Atwater, CA

Da Poco

POCO DID NOT disband in 1983, contrary to what your Feb. '90 article states. I saw Paul Cotton, Rusty Young and company play in 1982.

The Poco "reunion" and the story about it do a disservice to the group Cotton co-led years after Richie Furay (who *was* Poco) and Messina and Meisner (who never really were) said goodbye. I'd like to know what happened to *that* Poco, which maintained the band's legacy from its founding members.

Gary Abramson
Goshen, NY

Damn

NOT ONLY is Chris Spedding the best guitarist in the roots-rock/rock-abilly genre ("Backside," Feb. '90), but he writes with wit and intelligence. And how could he help but be an authority on Elvis after working with Robert Gordon? The egg is on *your* face for leaving Mr. "I-Wish-I'd-Been-Born-20-Years-Sooner" Gordon off of Mr. Spedding's list of credentials.

Karla Damm
Westbury, NY

Talmy You Love Me

I'VE BEEN a Kinks fan for many years, and it was a pleasure reading the Shel Talmy article (Feb. '90). Now that the Kinks have been inducted into the Hall of Fame I think it's time all die-hard Kinks fans come out of the closet.

Scott L. Arnold
Geneva, IL

Errattas

In his review of the Mission U.K.'s Carved in Sand *("Short Takes," March '90), J.D. Considine hinted at his desire to slap vocalist Andrew Eldritch. In fact, it was Wayne Hussey that J.D. wanted to slap; the former Sister of Mercy has replaced Eldritch in the Mission. We apologize. Two photographs were miscredited on page 46 of our Eric Clapton feature. The credits should read:* Robert Johnson photograph ©1986 Stephen C. LaVere *and* Howlin' Wolf photograph ©1989 Stephen C. LaVere. *Peter Watrous' byline was left off Jazz Short Takes in our March issue.*

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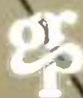

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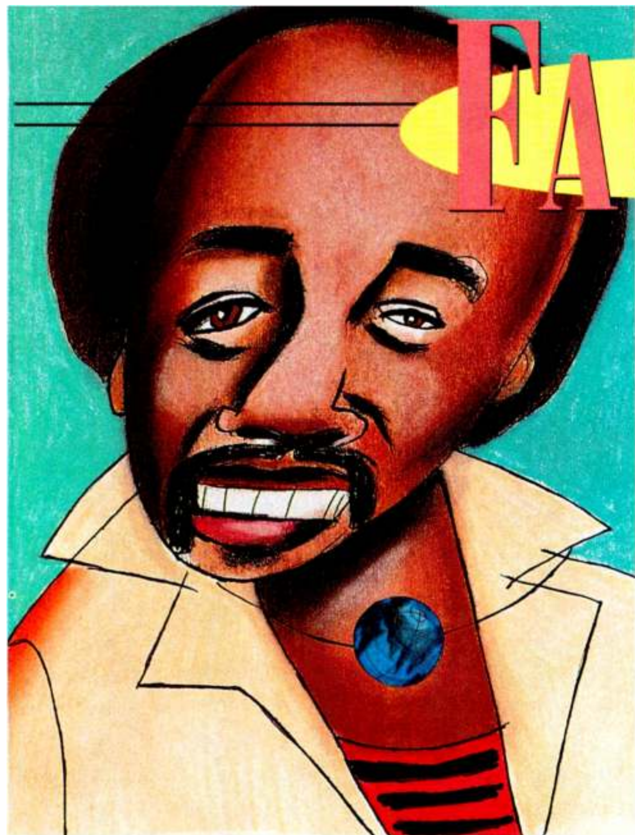


Earth, Wind & Fire

One mo' time

When Maurice White revived Earth, Wind & Fire in the fall of 1986 after a four-year hiatus, the 48-year-old veteran promised to lighten his own load, which included running a studio complex, a record label and producing other acts. On the band's comeback *Touch the World* LP, he willingly shared the spotlight with old partners like Philip Bailey and bassist Verdine White (his brother). On *Heritage*, EW&F's latest, he's taken the approach one step further, tapping outside talent like the Boys (on the rappin' title track), Oakland hip-hopper M.C. Hammer and the legendary Sly Stone (featured on "Good Time") to both probe the past and glimpse the future.

"We started out as a street band and we remain one to this day," insists Maurice. "We always tried to mirror society; we're just living in today's times, using today's technology. The record pays tribute to the great music of the past and tries to create something that will live into the '90s."

Reflecting on his own unsuccessful 1985 solo album, Maurice agrees he took on a little bit more than he could chew back then. "I've found my place and it's a comfortable one. Earth, Wind & Fire allows all of us to do exactly what we want. I get to work in the studio with different artists and perform with the band.

"When you've built a following like Earth, Wind & Fire has, it doesn't just go away," he observes. "We don't have to be at the top of the charts to sell out Madison Square Garden, like we did on our last tour. Just because we're not number one doesn't mean our fans have forgotten us. We still put on a great show, and they'll come out to see us again."

—Roy Trakin

Loey Nelson

Plumbing the soul

True story.

Loey Nelson is playing solo between bands at an NYC Irish watering hole popular among Japanese tourists and homesick cowpokes. A patron who has been listening intently to her set calls her over. He tells her that her music, with its mix of urban grit and pure-as-the-deep-blue-sky hopefulness, has lifted him out of a severe suicidal funk, and asks why doesn't she have a record out.

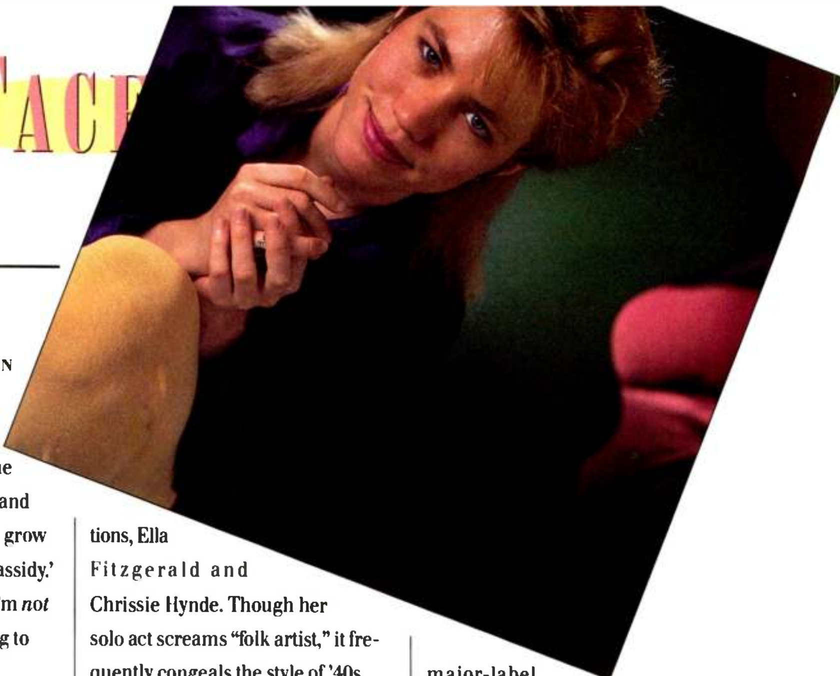
To make a long story short, Mr. Beresford Tipton hands Loey a check to cover the cost of a demo. Loey high-tails it to Milwaukee, one of her many former hometowns, and begins recording, with the help of good friends Semi-Twang. Big-label honchos hear said tape and fall instantly in love with Loey's crystal-line voice. Loey does one showcase at an NYC bar popular among skinheads and drag queens, and the result is the lovely, mysterious, familiar and yet unique *Venus Kissed the Moon*. As Loey sees it, her entire leap to the brink of so-called fame "has had a very fated quality to it. I had no clue as to what I was doing; all I knew was what was in my heart." It reads like a Wim Wenders screenplay: a lot of moving around, a true romantic's craving for travel, a spate of weird jobs, most notably a stint as a Beverly Hills hair stylist (fave celeb client? "Peter Falk, 'cause, well, he's Columbo!"), but always returning to her music.

"I feel like I'm a mixture of all these different elements," Loey smiles. "There's country, there's punk rock. The music is very soulful, very high-spirited." In the same breath, she cites Cat Stevens and Paul Rodgers as influences and wistfully yearns for the glory days of '70s rock 'n' roll—and somehow it all makes sense. This being her first interview, she hasn't quite learned how to talk that talk, and is a bit tentative about the big changes looming in her future.

"Reality right now for me is that I've got five roommates in this loft in Brooklyn." Yeah, but isn't she dying to chuck them all out once the checks start sliding under her door? "I don't think that you get the money for a while," she laughs. "I'll call my Uncle Earl; he's a plumber and he's really smart, and I'll let him take care of it."*—Amy Linden*

Illustration: Mark Ulriksen; Photograph: Mark Abrahams

World Radio History



House of Love

Seeking an honest guy

HOUSE OF LOVE'S guitarist Guy Chadwick has been in America all of eight days, but he seems right at home at the Ivy, a trendy Beverly Hills power lunch spot, ogling the likes of Joan Collins, Ed Bradley and the Corinthian leather man himself: "Give me $300 and I'll walk on my knees to Ricardo Montalban and go, 'Boss, de plane, de plane!'" he laughs.

The U.S. could be Guy's own fantasy island very soon, should his group's self-titled LP duplicate its success in Europe. There House of Love has been dubbed the best U.K. guitar band since the Smiths. They formed in 1986 with guitarist Terry Bickers, bassist Chris Groothuizen and drummer Peter Evans. Their sound evokes the Velvets, the Doors and punk group the Only Ones. And while songs like "Beatles and Stones" look back to the '60s, they know rock can never replicate that cultural clout because those groups "sucked the marrow out of the bone.

"I may come across as extremely confident, but I'm insecure," Guy admits. "I can't understand rock stars telling people how to vote. I've got opinions, but I don't have to inflict them on everybody. We won't say we're anything we're not."

And with that Guy is off to check out Joan Collins.—*Roy Trakin*

Sara Hickman

Scary is as scary does

WHEN SARA HICKMAN was eight, she had a dream. "I was walking home from school with these girls, and they were saying, 'Oh, when I grow up I'm gonna marry David Cassidy.' And I said, 'When I grow up I'm *not* getting married and I'm going to live with George Burns.'"

Sara didn't know this, but 18 years later she would be sitting in a room serenading her idol with "Simply"—a catchy, courtly love song from her debut disc *Equal Scary People*—and trading fours with George on "Ain't Misbehavin'" for good measure. "I started crying, I was so overwhelmed. I told him, 'This is dedicated to all the joy you and Gracie [Allen] brought everyone.' I feel a great affinity with Gracie."

When Hickman talks onstage, her thoughts cascading along without pretense or sequence, you can hear the resemblance. When she picks up a guitar and sings, however, she brings to mind two other inspirations, Ella Fitzgerald and Chrissie Hynde. Though her solo act screams "folk artist," it frequently congeals the style of '40s swing with the emotions of confessional pop.

"These days most people are either just screaming the words or doing speaky-talky stuff. I really try to utilize my vocals with the words," she says. "When I wrote 'Why Don't You' I was really mad at the pop industry, like 'whatever happened to lyrics and songs melding and uplifting one another, like a marriage?'"

Hickman, 26, grew up in Houston, sang her way through art school, found her niche in a small but lively Dallas scene alongside bands like Edie Brickell & New Bohemians. She put out *Equal Scary People* hoping to recoup its costs and maybe attract major-label interest. It did both, selling 5000 copies locally and nailing a contract for Hickman with Elektra, which has just re-released the record nationally.

A confident live performer, Hickman sets up her songs with rambling/amusing vignettes. "I learned that even if I wasn't always coherent, people liked it. So in the last couple of years these stories have developed about the songs. And sometimes I'll get so crazed and the audience is laughing and it's this really great energy going through you..."

Say goodnight, Sara.

—*Mark Rowland*

"Negativity" Won't Pull Ya Through: Rock Rating Report

IN PENNSYLVANIA, the stew over rock lyrics is reaching the boiling point. Already well-known is the Gamble bill, a labeling legislation that was "piggybacked" onto anti-drug legislation and is currently languishing in the Rules Committee of the Senate. If it passes there, the bill would require a new warning sticker affixed directly onto the printed covers of material the state deemed offensive. Meanwhile one citizen is taking the debate into his own hands—chiding Technotronic for its failure to educate, faulting Tom Petty for his "depressing" philosophy, and penalizing Cher for the "grossly suggestive presentation" of her backside in the video "If I Could Turn Back Time." Welcome *Rock Rating Report*—the monthly newsletter designed to "identify negative influences in popular music." According to 28-year-old creator Thomas Marchione, an engineering consultant to the defense industry, the *Report*'s rating system is an alternative to labeling. It illustrates the level of a song's or video's "negativity" according to 10 criteria: Sex, Violence, Drugs, Language, Appearance, Philosophy, Entertainment, Education, Musical and Literary. The introductory issue deducts half of a point from Elvis Costello's "Veronica" in the Musical category. Eric Clapton's "Pretending" is graded harshly in Philosophy and Education.

Marchione claims to have developed the newsletter after talking with concerned parents. "A lot of [the ratings are] subjective," he maintains, "but if my subjectivity coincides with their subjectivity, we can communicate. I'm trying to avoid vast generalizations about records that you hear all the time in this debate."

Like, "Everyone's entitled to his own opinion."—*Tom Moon*

Photographs: (top) Larry Ford; Steve Double/Retna

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THE MUSICIAN CHARTS

Top 100 Albums

The first number indicates the position of the album this month, the second its position last month.

Position	Artist / Album / Label
1 • 1	**Paula Abdul** *Forever Your Girl*/Virgin
2 • 4	**Janet Jackson** *Janet Jackson's Rhythm Nation* A&M
3 • 3	**Milli Vanilli** *Girl You Know It's True*/Arista
4 • 2	**Phil Collins** *... But Seriously*/Atlantic
5 • 6	**The B-52's** *Cosmic Thing*/Reprise
6 • 5	**Billy Joel** *Storm Front*/Columbia
7 • 7	**Aerosmith** *Pump*/Geffen
8 • 8	**Tom Petty** *Full Moon Fever*/MCA
9 • 10	**Bobby Brown** *Dance!... Ya Know It!*/MCA
10 • 17	**Michael Bolton** *Soul Provider*/Columbia
11 • 12	**Quincy Jones** *Back on the Block*/Qwest
12 • 13	**Linda Ronstadt (Fea. A. Neville)** *Cry Like a Rainstorm, Howl Like the Wind*/Elektra
13 • 15	**Skid Row** *Skid Row*/Atlantic
14 • 9	**Young M.C.** *Stone Cold Rhymin'*/Delicious
15 • 11	**New Kids on the Block** *Hangin' Tough*/Columbia
16 • 21	**Babyface** *Tender Lover*/Solar
17 • 25	**Technotronic** *Pump Up the Jam—the Album*/SBK
18 • 14	**Mötley Crüe** *Dr. Feelgood*/Elektra
19 • 24	**Kenny G** *Live*/Arista
20 • 16	**Eric Clapton** *Journeyman*/Duck
21 • 34	**Gloria Estefan** *Cuts Both Ways*/Epic
22 • 70	**Alannah Myles** *Alannah Myles*/Atlantic
23 • 20	**Soul II Soul** *Keep On Movin'*/Virgin
24 • 32	**Roxette** *Look Sharp!*/EMI
25 • 18	**Richard Marx** *Repeat Offender*/EMI
26 • 22	**Whitesnake** *Slip of the Tongue*/Geffen
27 • 26	**Luther Vandross** *The Best of Luther: The Best of Love*/Epic
28 • 19	**Rolling Stones** *Steel Wheels*/Columbia
29 • 30	**Bad English** *Bad English*/Epic
30 • 41	**Taylor Dayne** *Can't Fight Fate*/Arista
31 • 31	**Jive Bunny & the Mastermixers** *Jive Bunny—The Album* Music Factory
32 • 42	**Soundtrack** *The Little Mermaid*/Walt Disney
33 • 27	**Don Henley** *The End of the Innocence*/Geffen
34 • 39	**Tesla** *The Great Radio Controversy* Geffen
35 • 23	**Cher** *Heart of Stone*/Geffen
36 • 29	**The 2 Live Crew** *As Nasty as They Wanna Be* Skyywalker
37 • 71	**Bonnie Raitt** *Nick of Time*/Capitol
38 • 95	**Joan Jett** *The Hit List*/Blackheart
39 • 47	**Seduction** *Nothing Matters Without Love* Vendetta
40 • 90	**Soundtrack** *Born on the Fourth of July*/MCA
41 • 35	**Joe Satriani** *Flying in a Blue Dream*/Relativity
42 • 33	**New Kids on the Block** *New Kids on the Block* Columbia
43 • 73	**Michael Penn** *March*/RCA
44 • 40	**Chicago** *Greatest Hits 1982-1989*/Reprise
45 • 48	**Warrant** *Dirty Rotten Filthy Stinking Rich*/Columbia
46 • 57	**The Smithereens** *Smithereens 11*/Enigma
47 • 36	**Alice Cooper** *Trash*/Epic
48 • 38	**Tears for Fears** *The Seeds of Love*/Fontana
49 • 28	**Rush** *Presto*/Atlantic
50 • 51	**Heavy D. & the Boyz** *Big Tyme*/MCA
51 • 87	**Michel'le** *Michel'le*/Ruthless
52 • 68	**Elton John** *Sleeping with the Past*/MCA
53 • 62	**Harry Connick, Jr.** *Music from "When Harry Met Sally"*/Columbia
54 • 43	**Scorpions** *Greatest Hits—Best of Rockers n' Ballads*/Mercury
55 • —	**Kaoma** *World Beat*/Epic
56 • —	**Ricky Van Shelton** *RVS III*/Columbia
57 • 63	**3rd Bass** *The Cactus Album*/Columbia
58 • 50	**Rob Base** *The Incredible Base*/Profile
59 • —	**Peter Murphy** *Deep*/Beggars Banquet
60 • 75	**The Kentucky Headhunters** *Pickin' on Nashville*/Mercury
61 • 45	**Madonna** *Like a Prayer*/Sire
62 • 46	**Neil Young** *Freedom*/Reprise
63 • 58	**Fine Young Cannibals** *The Raw & The Cooked*/I.R.S.
64 • 54	**Joe Cocker** *One Night of Sin*/Capitol
65 • 65	**Lenny Kravitz** *Let Love Rule*/Virgin
66 • 49	**Kate Bush** *The Sensual World*/Columbia
67 • 55	**Eddie Money** *Greatest Hits... Sound of Money* Columbia
68 • 37	**Tracy Chapman** *Crossroads*/Elektra
69 • 96	**Paul McCartney** *Flowers in the Dirt*/Capitol
70 • 81	**Clint Black** *Killin' Time*/RCA
71 • 80	**UB40** *Labour of Love II*/Virgin
72 • 64	**Rod Stewart** *Storyteller/Complete Anthology* Warner Bros.
73 • 56	**Melissa Etheridge** *Brave and Crazy*/Island
74 • 79	**Kiss** *Hot in the Shade*/Mercury
75 • 61	**Red Hot Chili Peppers** *Mother's Milk*/EMI
76 • 44	**Bonham** *The Disregard of Timekeeping* WTG
77 • —	**Biz Markie** *The Biz Never Sleeps*/Cold Chillin'
78 • 66	**Bobby Brown** *Don't Be Cruel*/MCA
79 • 93	**Soundtrack** *Beaches*/Atlantic
80 • 77	**Randy Travis** *No Holdin' Back*/Warner Bros.
81 • —	**Earth, Wind & Fire** *Heritage*/Columbia
82 • —	**They Might Be Giants** *Flood*/Elektra
83 • 67	**Belinda Carlisle** *Runaway Horses*/MCA
84 • 52	**Eurythmics** *We Too Are One*/Arista
85 • 53	**Barbra Streisand** *A Collection: Greatest Hits... and More*/Columbia
86 • —	**D-Mob** *A Little Bit of This, A Little Bit of That*/FFRR
87 • 91	**Regina Belle** *Stay with Me*/Columbia
88 • —	**Hank Williams, Jr.** *Lone Wolf*/Warner/Curb
89 • 59	**Poco** *Legacy*/RCA
90 • —	**Lou Gramm** *Long Hard Look*/Atlantic
91 • —	**John Lee Hooker** *The Healer*/Chameleon
92 • —	**Basia** *London Warsaw New York*/Epic
93 • 84	**Sir Mix-A-Lot** *Seminar*/Nasty Mix
94 • 83	**Expose** *What You Don't Know*/Arista
95 • —	**Slaughter** *Stick It To Ya*/Chrysalis
96 • —	**The Stone Roses** *The Stone Roses*/Silvertone
97 • 98	**Britny Fox** *Boys in Heat*/Columbia
98 • —	**Enuff Z'Nuff** *Enuff Z'Nuff*/Atco
99 • 72	**Duran Duran** *Decade*/Capitol
100 • 85	**The Charlie Daniels Band** *Simple Man*/Epic

The Musician *album chart is produced by the* Billboard *chart department for* Musician, *and reflects the combined points for all album reports gathered by the* Billboard *computers in the month of February. The record company chart is based on the top 200 albums. The concert chart is based on* Amusement Business Box Score *reports for February 1990. All charts are copyright 1990 by BPI Incorporated.*

Top Concert Grosses

	Artist / Venue	Gross
1	**Billy Joel** *Carrier Dome, Syracuse University*/Feb. 2-3	$1,613,228
2	**Paul McCartney** *Palace of Auburn Hills, MI*/Feb. 1-2	$1,005,879
3	**Paul McCartney** *The Omni, Atlanta, GA*/Feb. 18-19	$848,844
4	**Paul McCartney** *Civic Arena, Pittsburgh, PA*/Feb. 4-5	$836,903
5	**Billy Joel** *Rosemont (IL) Horizon*/Feb. 12-13	$796,883
6	**Paul McCartney** *Worcester (MA) Centrum*/Feb. 8-9	$728,545
7	**Diana Ross, Rhonda Hansome** *Fox Theatre, Detroit, MI*/Feb. 9-11	$711,440
8	**Jonathan Brandmeier & the Leisure Suits** *Rosemont (IL) Horizon*/Feb. 2-3	$461,353
9	**Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme, Phyllis Diller** *Sunrise (FL) Music Theatre*/Feb. 14-18	$452,262
10	**New Kids on the Block, Cover Girls, Bobby Ross Avila** *Mid South Coliseum, Memphis, TN*/Feb. 14-15	$451,874

Top Labels

1. Columbia
2. MCA
3. Atlantic
4. Epic
5. Geffen
6. Arista
7. Elektra
8. Virgin
9. Capitol
10. Mercury
11. RCA
12. Reprise
13. EMI
14. Warner Bros.
15. Sire
16. Ruthless
17. A&M
18. Enigma
19. Chrysalis
20. I.R.S.
21. SBK
22. Island

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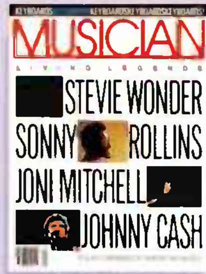
33
The Clash
Ronald Shannon Jackson



115
Stevie Wonder
Sonny Rollins, Joni Mitchell, Johnny Cash

99
Boston
Kinks, Year in Rock '86

84
John Cougar Mellencamp
Bryan Ferry, Maurice White

105
John Coltrane
Springsteen, Replacements

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

37... **Reggae,** The Rolling Stones, Rickie Lee Jones
45... **Willie Nelson,** John McLaughlin, 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, Spinal Tap
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, Hall & Oates
93... **Peter Gabriel,** Steve Winwood, Lou Reed
98... **The Pretenders,** the Clash, Mick Jones
99... **Boston,** Kinks, Year in Rock '86
101... **Psychedelic Furs,** Elton John, Miles Davis
102... **Robert Cray,** Los Lobos, Simply Red
104... **Springsteen,** Progressive Percussion
106... **David Bowie,** Peter Wolf, Hüsker Dü
107... **Robbie Robertson,** Tom Petty, Big Guitar Special
108... **U2,** Tom Waits, Squeeze
109... **George Harrison,** Mick Jagger, Crazy Horse
112... **McCartney,** Bass 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

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

129... **The Who,** The Cure, Ziggy Marley
130... **10,000 Maniacs,** John Cougar Mellencamp, Jackson Browne
131... **Jeff Beck,** Laura Nyro, Billy Sheehan
132... **Don Henley,** Rolling Stones, Bob Marley
133... **The '80s,** Studio Special
134... **The Grateful Dead,** Stevie Ray Vaughan, Paul Kelly
135... **Aerosmith,** Acoustic Guitar Special
136... **Eric Clapton,** Kate Bush, Soundgarden
137... **George Harrison,** Kinks, Abdullah Ibrahim
138... **Tom Petty,** Lenny Kravitz, Rush

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World Radio History

From Bauhaus to Your House

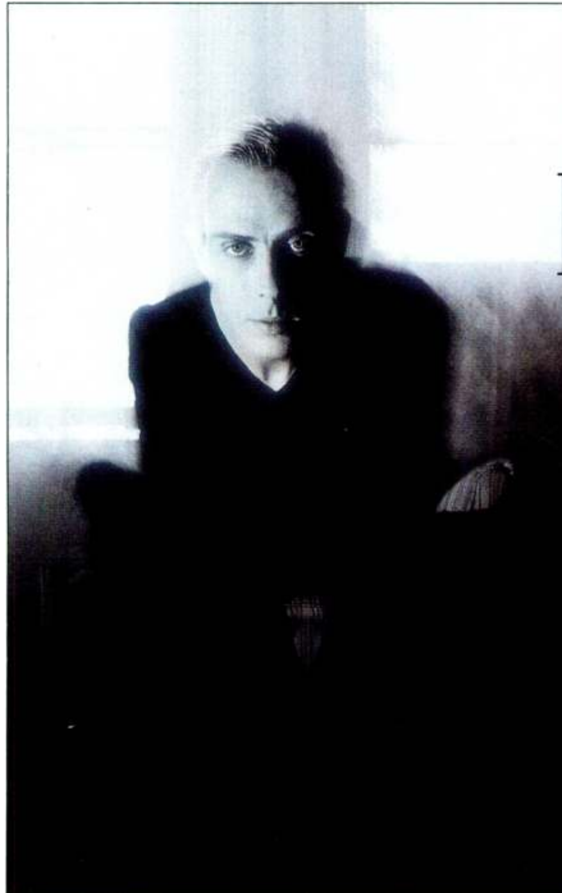
Peter Murphy gets in deep on his own

BY

Jon Young

A GOOD ARTIST doesn't always equal an awkward, fucked-up person," laughs Peter Murphy. "Hopefully, I can prove that." Fans who loved this charismatic Englishman in his early-'80s tenure with doom-merchants Bauhaus may recoil at such a sensible sentiment. Those who recently discovered him via the morose beauty of the alternative-radio hit "Cuts You Up" may prefer a more tragic figure. Murphy understands, even if he's unwilling to play along. "People have stock categorizations of what a rock star should be, which I don't really fit into. But I am perfectly fitting, actually."

He certainly looks the part. In his early 30s, Peter Murphy carries on the venerable tradition of too-thin limey pop idols, accentuating his almost-spectral appearance with bleached-blond hair and a self-effacing demeanor. The man's music has plenty of presence, too. On *Deep*, his third and most compelling solo album, Murphy croons atmospheric rockers and ballads with a somber grace that's prompted comparisons to Bowie. *Deep* dredges up heavy matters: considering the transient pleasures of the flesh, reflecting on the transcendence of true love and yearning for a higher plane of consciousness. "Don't get caught/With the world/And its thoughts," he cautions in the skittish "Shy," going on to confess, "For I am nothing/But my sin," to the brooding melody of "Crystal Wrists."



While cringing at the suggestion of religious leanings, Murphy admits, "Those lyrics do speak quite clearly. There are references to escape from attachment and striving for perfection in real life—not in an escapist notion of spirituality. I love being in music because you can have one foot in life and one foot out of life. I think music's the greatest communicator at the moment. But this is a delicate area," he adds, suddenly wary of propounding Big Ideas. "I don't consider myself to be any sort of spokesman or teacher. The only thing I'm responsible for is myself, although my lyrics may reflect something or raise a question in somebody's mind. They're not meant to be a treatise on anything. Ultimately they're just words to songs that will be trashed in a year's time."

Peter Murphy hasn't always pondered the cosmos. The product of a "very bland" childhood, he grew up the youngest of seven kids in Wellingborough, a "rural outback" near the industrial city of Northampton. Murphy says he was a "good boy" throughout his days at Catholic school, even in the early '70s when the teenager teamed up with guitar-playing classmate Danny Ash to dabble in music inspired by the likes of Roxy Music, Lou Reed and (of course) David Bowie.

Nothing came of the alliance however. "I knew I could sing better than most of the local bands, but I didn't have the confidence to express myself in public," he recalls. "I preferred to do it at home alone," where at age 16 young Peter began experimenting with makeup and tailored suits, all in the name of "being quite eccentric and theatrical." The persona was complete a few years later when Ash suggested they try again. Says Murphy, "We wrote songs together for a weekend and my life was changed. I knew everything was right, and within a week I was onstage for the first time, before 800 people. It was the most exciting, stimulating, all-consuming experience I'd ever had. Everything since has been a repetition of that experience."

"Music is the greatest communicator at the moment."

Photograph: Caroline Greyshock

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Debuting with *In the Flat Field* in 1980, Bauhaus quickly became one of the most prominent bands on the British scene. The bleak music and flamboyant presentation, incorporating elements of everything from *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* to "Ziggy Stardust" (which they later covered), earned the quartet plenty of press attention and tags like "Gothic rock." Notes Murphy, "In the early days we used a lot of imagery that was reminiscent of surrealist films like *Caligari*. It wasn't exactly Gothic: That was more of a media animal, a myth that took over. Bauhaus was very playful in the sense that we weren't too precious. A song like 'St. Vitus Dance' was meant to be British ironic humor in the spirit of Monty Python. And 'Bela Lugosi's Dead' was the most hilarious song you'd ever imagine! An 11-minute soliloquy about Bela Lugosi! We did it seriously and that was hilarious too. I'd affect a vampire onstage and frighten people. It was incredibly funny."

After a handful of albums and a growing mystique, Bauhaus fell apart in August 1983 "for a thousand reasons. It was simply that we'd burned out and recognized the fact before we could repeat ourselves." Murphy also notes the others wanted to head in different directions. Ash, bassist David J and drummer Kevin Haskins later reunited to form the more accessible Love & Rockets, an enterprise that paid off in 1989 with the hit single "So Alive." Murphy went on to Dali's Car, a one-year alliance with Japan alumnus Mick Karn, then embarked on a solo career that has produced *If the World Should Fail to Fall Apart, Love Hysteria* and now *Deep*.

For all his recent success Murphy remains intensely proud of his work with Bauhaus, eagerly answering queries about the weird old days. "I don't mind talking about it at all. I'm not just a salesman who wants to sell this week's artifact, this week's piece of product. If I were an artist, wouldn't I want to have my early work hung in a gallery?" His ex-mates have tended to dismiss their previous efforts, which disturbs Murphy somewhat. "Maybe they think that justifies their music now, but I find it sad. Not sad, but . . . I don't think any of us can talk about Bauhaus in objective terms. It was a very personal experience. We were arrogant in that we had a strong sense of ourselves. We felt we were a charismatic band and that has an effect on your psyche. You feed off it. At the height of Bauhaus' fame Danny and I were pretty fucked up. I don't mean substances; that's a classic misconception about us. I'm referring to the way you can go to any length to attract attention onstage. There's a lot of power to be got from being in this business—not financial, but egotistical. And people get off on that, get stuck in it. You have to reject that or you're gonna self-destruct. You have to retreat to the fence and acquire some objectivity. Otherwise you carry on with the rock 'n' roll lifestyle and die inside after five years. You might never take a drug and live till you're 90, but you'll still turn into a monster."

There's little chance anyone would mistake the unfailingly polite Murphy for a demon these days. Even the anguished songs on *Deep* have a cool polish that suggests an underlying calm light years from the helter-skelter of Bauhaus. "There *is* a sense of being removed from the situation," he acknowledges. "It may also have to do with being on my own. Alone I tend to be quiet and contemplative rather than active. Once you've gotten over the power tripping you can arrive at a new kind of optimism. Now I can do a song that's as powerful and passionate as Bauhaus, but [cont'd on page 95]

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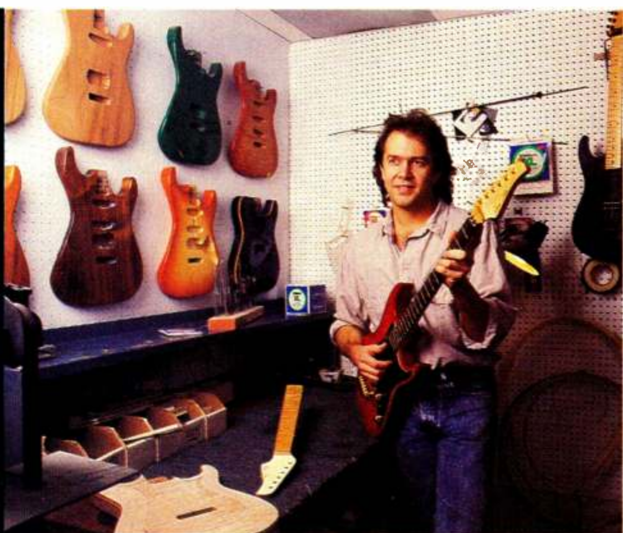

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PET PROJECTS

Georgia Invades America

Kevn Kinney tours with R.E.M.'s Peter Buck

BY

Scott Isler

KEVN KINNEY must be used to seeing his first name misspelled. Even his own record company slips up sometimes. He says he shortened it "a long time ago just for the fun of it. I got sick of dotting both i's when I signed my name." Still, it's probably just as well Kinney wasn't aware that advance newspaper ads for a New York gig in February managed to garble both his names in three ways. (The next week it was back to just one.)

Such are the hazards when an individual musician steps out from behind a sheltering band. Kinney's reputation till now has rested upon his leadership of Drivin' n' Cryin', one of the best rock groups to insist on spelling its name all lowercase. His singing, guitar playing and—especially—songwriting have attracted a swelling cult for the Atlanta-based quartet. Critics are fond of taking the band's name literally, dividing Drivin' n' Cryin' 's repertoire into up-tempo oilburners and quieter, countryish reflections. The band's third album, last year's *Mystery Road*, showed them fusing the two approaches into a truly original whole.

The normal next move would be to build on the growing momentum. What Kinney did was make a nearly all-acoustic solo album. "It was kinda bold," he admits, "and I hope it wasn't too arrogant of me: 'I want to make a solo record.' It's not like I'm Rod Stewart."

No one's likely to mistake him for Rod, though Kinney's teeth are bad enough to qualify as British. Lean and longhaired, the 29-year-old wispy-voiced Milwaukee native has a reserved demeanor but seems to know what he wants. For his solo album he wanted to work with R.E.M.'s guitarist Peter Buck. He not only got Buck to produce and play on *Macdougal Blues*, but also to join him on a whirlwind two-man tour to promote the album.

The day of their New York show, Buck and Kinney are seated next to each other at a Mexican restaurant, downing margaritas for breakfast. Their relationship goes back five years. They first met when Buck checked out Drivin' n' Cryin' on a friend's recommendation. "I blew 'em off, like twice," Buck remembers. When he finally saw them he liked what he heard, and invited the group, then a trio, to stay at his place in Athens, Georgia. (Buck, like Kinney, is a Northern transplant.)

A couple of years later, before their second album came out, Drivin' n' Cryin' embarked upon a Midwestern mini-tour. "When we used to play the Midwest," Kinney says, "every other gig would get canceled." St. Louis was no exception, so the band took advantage of the free night to see R.E.M., also in town. It was a fateful evening. They met R.E.M. guitar tech Buren Fowler, who ended up joining Drivin' n' Cryin' as guitarist. And Kinney previewed his new album to Buck.

"I don't know if he liked it so much," Kinney laughs, recalling Buck's reaction: "'Yeah, that's good. Now your *next* record. . . .'" Buck talked himself into working on the demos for *Mystery Road* before its predecessor was even released. "It came out really good," Kinney says of the demos. To which Buck adds, "It's better than the record."

Kinney doesn't disagree. His band helped co-produce, "which isn't always a good idea." After *Mystery Road*'s release Drivin' n' Cryin' toured as opening act for R.E.M. Further bonding ensued, and Buck and Kinney got serious about a solo project.

"I'd been talking about doing an acoustic record anyway," Kinney says, "because Drivin' n' Cryin' 's a rock band now, basically. It's over for the country stuff. 'Cause it's gotta sell, you know."

Buck amplifies: "Producers and record companies always go, 'You know, those are good songs but gosh, they have one song that sounds like Neil Young and a couple of songs that sound like AC/DC and the rest are kinda rockers. It doesn't make sense.' They always cut off the quieter ones and the harder-rocking ones."

Indeed, Buck feels that recordings don't do Drivin' n' Cryin' justice. "When they do something that should be an acoustic guitar song, it's like, 'We'll put a pedal-steel and violin player and hire Bernie Worrell to do keyboards.' Acoustic songs become mid-

Photograph: Merri Cyr

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tempo pop songs. Then they always go, 'Oh no, you can't do rockers.' So then you get a mid-tempo kind-of-rock record. The feeling was that the next Drivin' n' Cryin' record should be a motherfucker rock 'n' roll record: loud, tough."

"It's schizophrenic," Kinney adds. "Every interview I do, I spend an hour just talking about, 'Well, why do you play country? Why do you write two kinds of songs?' C'mon! It's 1990. Paul McCartney grew up listening to Elvis. That's pretty simple, y'know? I grew up listening to Elvis and Jimi Hendrix and everything."

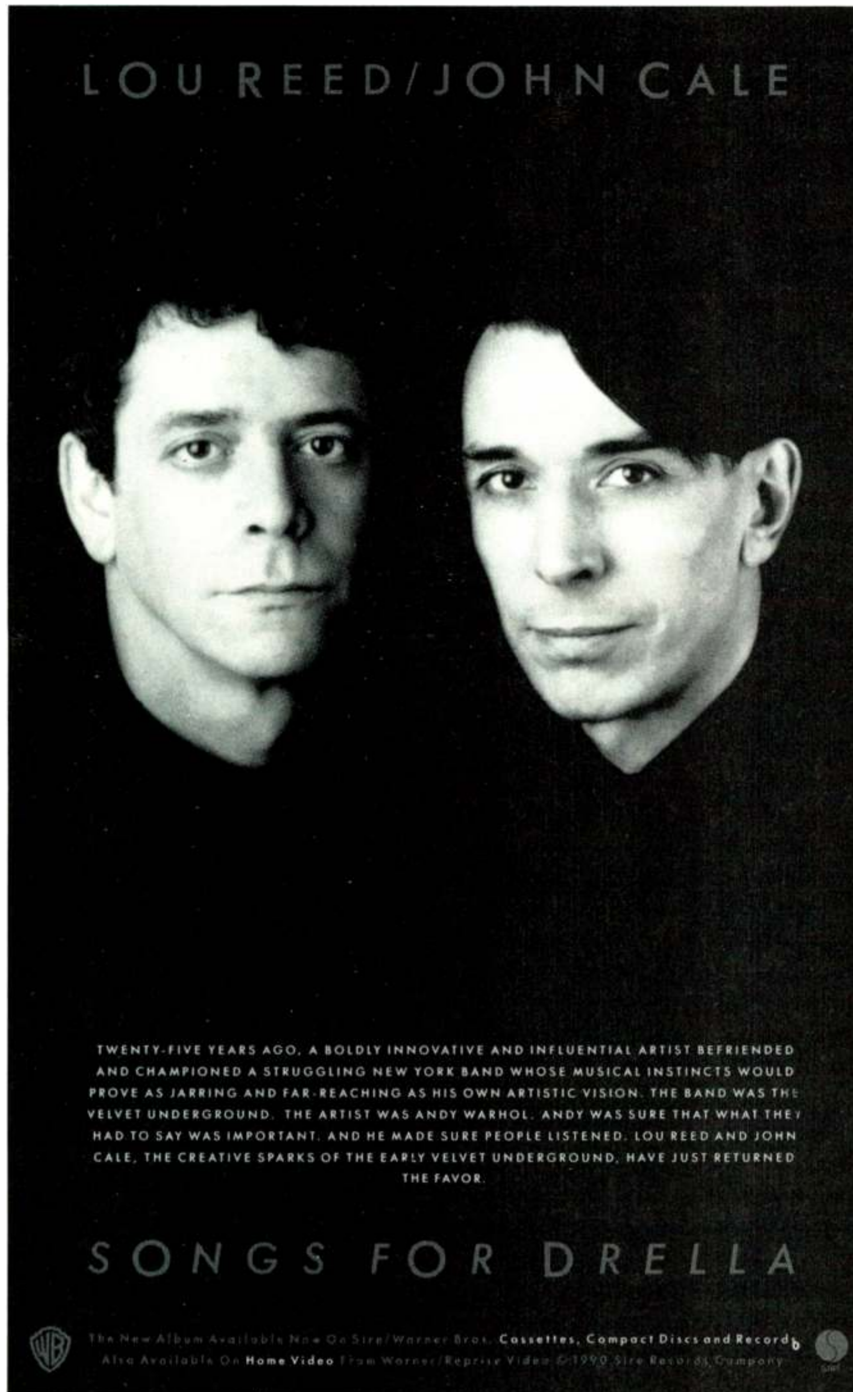
The result of this dialectic is that Kinney got to put out a sparsely arranged solo album before Drivin' n' Cryin' makes its presumably commercial assault on the pop charts. The prolific Kinney already had a surplus of songs. The album's sound, he says, is the result of a year on the road "reading books about Bob Dylan and stuff like that. Not that I had a Bob Dylan fixation but I had a fixation about the way people were making records back then. Nowadays it's like Bonham, or whatever those bands are, go in and spend two million dollars on the drums and synthesizers—all that shit. Me and Peter went in a studio and made something that's listenable, enjoyable—it's like a conversation, a collection of fictional stories with factual soul—for nothin'!"

In this case, "nothin'" amounted to total recording costs of $12,000—a minuscule amount by today's standards. Buck and Kinney recorded at John Keane Studios, a 24-track facility in a house a block away from Buck's home. "Basically it's me and my guitar getting a good take," Kinney explains, "and then Peter adding something to it."

Three of *Macdougal Blues'* 10 or 11 songs are Drivin' n' Cryin' demo out-takes from *Mystery Road*. On the rest, Buck tried to keep the proceedings as low-key as possible. "I told Kevn, 'No professional musicians!'" Buck declares, and he pretty much stuck to it—hiring a cellist from the University of Georgia in Athens, for example. If an occasional vocal flub remains on the finished product, it's intentional.

"I wanted the record to feel like someone had come over to our house while we were piddling," Buck says—adding hastily, "on an exceptionally good day, mind you—a loose, relaxed feeling. It's not a Phil Collins record."

Buck whittled down the song selection from about twice as many Kinney demos. The result is a cohesive collection depicting a variety of life's losers. "But they're always optimistic at the end," Kinney objects. "They're not spiteful people. [cont'd on page 70]



Two for the Road

ON THEIR DECIDEDLY low-tech tour together, KEVN KINNEY strummed a spiffy white Gibson J-200 acoustic, with Martin medium-gauge strings. PETER BUCK's comparative arsenal included a Gibson Flatiron mandolin, Black Mountain electric six-string dulcimer, Jerry Jones "fake Danelectro" six-string electric bass, and of course his regular black Rickenbacker, "the best guitar ever made," Buck declares. "Now I should get a discount." He can't remember what make of strings he uses on the Rick—"I haven't changed my strings in so long"—but they're very heavy-gauge: .014 on the high E going down to .058 on the low E. He plugged into a Vox AC30 amplifier. "And no tapping!" Kinney adds forcefully. "Yeah," Buck agrees, "I hardly ever tap." It was a very quiet tour.

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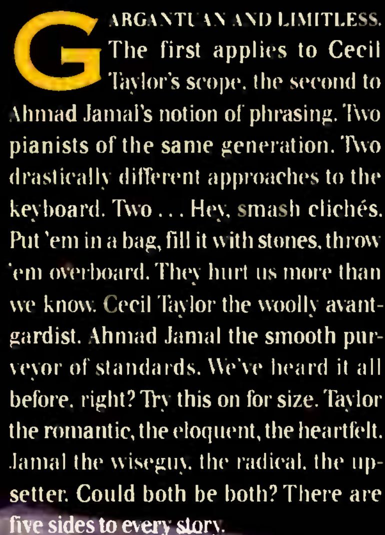


aestro & The Matador

CECIL TAYLOR MEETS AHMAD JAMAL • BY JIM MACNIE

GARGANTUAN AND LIMITLESS. The first applies to Cecil Taylor's scope, the second to Ahmad Jamal's notion of phrasing. Two pianists of the same generation. Two drastically different approaches to the keyboard. Two . . . Hey, smash clichés. Put 'em in a bag, fill it with stones, throw 'em overboard. They hurt us more than we know. Cecil Taylor the woolly avant-gardist. Ahmad Jamal the smooth purveyor of standards. We've heard it all before, right? Try this on for size. Taylor the romantic, the eloquent, the heartfelt. Jamal the wiseguy, the radical, the upsetter. Could both be both? There are five sides to every story.

At Condon's in NYC, Ahmad Jamal put the surface lilt of *Pittsburgh* (Atlantic), his latest record, on hold, and became relentless, almost obsessive with his recasting of melody. Operating in his usual trio setting, he used the tunes of his tunes to invent a consistently evolving set of phrases which were startling in their use of dynamics. His "Wave" had curls and crashes; his "Stolen Moments" a million secret whispers. Throughout the set, the 60-year-old pianist realigned the way these "songs" could be heard. Though Jamal gets dissed as a commercial player whose realm is cocktail music, he brings with him a thorough confluence of styles and a dead serious sense of purpose. Color him simple at your own risk. The drama emanating from the piano at Condon's spoke of his cunning.

Taylor, the most physical pianist we have, remains as potent and arcane as ever. He has taken it on the chin for his monolithic methodology. He's been called a foregone conclusion, his concerts deemed "borefests." But the power of his work is undeniable. He doesn't play "How High the Moon" or "How Deep Is the Ocean?" He plays the moon and ocean. Dense, flowing, magnificent, Cecil hears music in both stone and water. Recreating the elemental power of those sounds is what he does best. You can hear the process concentrated on

Photograph: Karen Kuehn/Matrix

World Radio History

the new *In Florescence* (A&M), his first domestic release in over a decade, and a date that invites you to sample his vulnerability. You can hear it in all its gate-crashing beauty on the new *Cecil Taylor in Berlin '88* (FMP), a live, 11-CD boxed set that pairs the maestro with a score of German improvisers. Both recordings show the devastating power of Taylor's specifics. The notes may fly by, but they aren't blurred. As each year goes by, Taylor's prowess grows. His radical attack, which ostracized him from much of the jazz community over the three-and-a-half decades he's been in action, now contains as much fragility as bombast. Virtuosity means having the ability to tell many stories.

Musician decided to get these two together, to see where, after several decades of relentless action, they thought they were. Where they literally were was Times Square, where avenues cross and headaches abound. Both claimed a disturbing lack of sleep. Taylor's language can be as ornate as his keyboard style. Jamal is direct, pragmatic. There was talk about retirement from the road (Ahmad), about the troubles of playing the club scene (both), about improvisation as dialogue (Taylor). We ate homemade banana bread and mixed historical recollections with opinions on culture and the exacting process of music-making as a lifestyle. Though not close friends, the two pianists displayed the camaraderie that comes from a shared sense of purpose.

MUSICIAN: *I wanted to start off with...*

JAMAL: Don't use any information from Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz*. He's one of the worst authorities in the world. I don't know why people use it as a source. He's got me born in 1920, that makes me 70 years old, not that I'm afraid of age. I was born in '30. That's 10 years' difference right there, Cecil.

TAYLOR: Leonard got pissed at me, so I refused to have anything to do with it. He and Ira Gitler.

MUSICIAN: *Did they wield as much power as history indicates?*

JAMAL: There's no man living that has power. Some of us have been given gifts and we do the wrong thing with them. Some people are blessed with opportunities they don't take advantage of and they're the losers. But as far as power is concerned, there's no power. If you had power, you could stay here forever. But your ass will go in the grave eventually. People think they have power.

AHMAD JAMAL

MUSICIAN: *What was the cultural mood of the day when you guys were making your first records?*

JAMAL: My career started in the early '40s, at 11 years old, which was much too young, because you're too vulnerable. Therein lies the reason why we lose so many of our great artists. At that age you're too impressionable. We had a historic place called Local 471, and that was a workshop for musicians. We don't have that these days, a place where you have all these great artists coming in and out of town and performing until six or seven in the morning. Sessions like that are virtually obsolete. A lot of camaraderie is missing now. What has happened since my inception is that we have managed to sophisticate a very unsophisticated word: jazz. The word jazz is very ill-defined. [*Taylor laughs.*] I don't like the word. None of us call ourselves jazz musicians. Never have. Now they're looking at me as a crazy man. I called it American classical music.

TAYLOR: Getting back to your other question, when you use the word culture, I was fortunate to have a mother who showed me Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton. Her mother was Cherokee. She began for me the whole conception that I came to discover about Robert Hayden, Langston Hughes. I mean I saw Katherine Dunham onstage. Oh, that leg! I saw Bojangles. She made very clear the specific areas of black, Indian culture. But she also said, 'You are here, you must avail yourself to all that is happening.' She died when I was 12. My father worked in agriculture in North Carolina and migrated to New York and loved Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith and Judy Garland. I said to him, 'Dad, can I go to see Billie Holiday?' This is at 12. I got there and the doorman said, 'Young man, where are you going?' 'I'm going to see Billie.' He laughed and laughed. He took me to the bar and said, 'Give this gentleman a soda.' And there it came, with a live

Photograph: David Redfern/Retna
World Radio History

flower in its hair, every movement was grace, and what could I do? So I started getting it together. I remember when Erroll Garner opened a club on 52nd Street. Charlie Parker was playing there, too. Erroll was playing his set, and Bird was on the street talking. I stood in the doorway and Erroll began this beautiful piece. Also I saw Woody Herman's band when Dizzy was a soloist, a marvelous image.

MUSICIAN: *Was the musician respected? Did these kinds of encounters prompt you to be a professional?*

TAYLOR: My mother said you're going to be one of three things: a dentist, lawyer or doctor. And she put her hand on the piano. Made me put my hand on the keys. I was five when I first sat down.

JAMAL: When you start at three years old, your role is just about dictated. A foregone conclusion. But keep in mind that environment is a major aspect for a young musician. A setting like Pittsburgh is, to say the least, important, very influential. When you have an Erroll Garner performing in your school. When you have a Savoy Ballroom. I stood there not tall enough to reach the stage to see Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, Art Tatum. These are things that are priceless in one's development. You know you're going to be a musician, it's just that the logistics have to be worked out. So my environment was a tremendous role. I was fortunate enough to have a teacher, Cecil, who constructed the only Afro-American opera company. Mary Codwell Dawson. She was instrumental in putting Afro-Americans in the Met. Very important to me and other musicians and what they should aspire to. Pittsburgh is almost a flawless setting for me.

MUSICIAN: *So it was the late '40s/early '50s. Bop was being played. What was it that attracted you to the music?*

JAMAL: I was attracted to everything that sounded good to me. But certainly one of the most provocative experiences is when I got a record on Guild called *Salt Peanuts*, Diz and Bird. Provocative experience. And also a record Tatum made with Tiny Grimes and Slam Stewart, which to me should be a prerequisite for every student of the music, and that's "Flying Home." Unbelievable. And Nat King Cole things. And John Kirby.

TAYLOR: Among the most fantastic creators of American music were Lionel Hampton and Teddy Wilson. As the years went by, they loomed larger and larger and larger. At the same time I was taken to the Apollo and saw Cab Calloway and Blanche Calloway. I was there when Louis Jordan played the Paramount for the first time.

Then, of course, Ellington. The continual sweep of a cultural strain was passing through all of the major cities. I didn't have a choice of becoming what I am. For me, as I grow older, I'm having more fun than ever. You spoke about power before. Without identifying it specifically, the continuum of this specific music, because the native Americans have a culture here, the African ancestors have a cultural attitude about making music, so that if you hear the Mbuti and the quality of their voices, you will understand the uniqueness and the genius of the Louis Armstrong conception of sound. I heard the Japanese treasure Bun Ra Coo sing; the quality of his voice sounds very similar to Louis.

MUSICIAN: *Was swing's physical pleasure part of the attraction?*

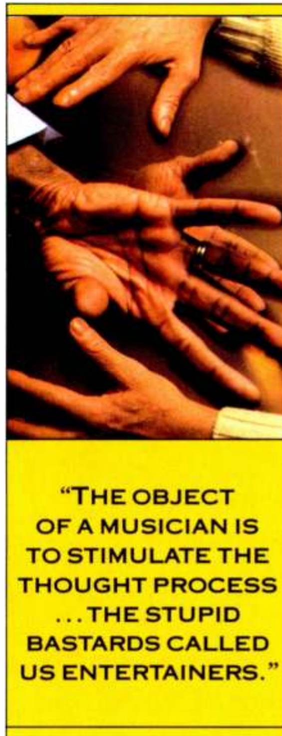
JAMAL: That's an interesting question.

TAYLOR: Boy, you have to define what you mean by swing.

MUSICIAN: *Well, bop hits you in the body just as much as the mind.*

TAYLOR: There you go. Hahahaha.

JAMAL: The term swing is a superficial term. I think all masters of this great music had in mind a term called pulse. Am I right, Cecil?



"THE OBJECT OF A MUSICIAN IS TO STIMULATE THE THOUGHT PROCESS ...THE STUPID BASTARDS CALLED US ENTERTAINERS."

TAYLOR: Of course you're right. Speak, speak.

JAMAL: Pulse. We would never refer to any of our music as swing. It's ill-defined. The by-product of the term pulse is a very weak term called swing.

TAYLOR: Here's an idea for you. The spiritual essence of the music causes the major creators to take the American language and take a word that amplifies the passing phenomenon of the music. So we gave the word swing—you swing on the swing—a definition. Benny Goodman was the king of swing, Paul Whiteman was the king of jazz. So. Fine. It seems what we must now do is examine the metaphysical essence of the act of making the music. So you say rhythm, we're talking about the same thing.

MUSICIAN: *Motion.*

TAYLOR: Motion. This planet is rotating, and the sea is also moving in a measured gait. The idea of rhythm is the most natural attitude, it results in birth. When the West Africans cut a tree down, there is a ceremony, because part of that tree is going to be made into a drum. The Europeans did not get into the drum until maybe the twelfth century. Now there is a difference between the delineation of time—conducting—and the living involvement of measuring time as a thrust of the passage of music. Swing could be interpreted as the beating measurement of the passing of time in form of waves. All activities that become magical in the African continuum recognize the special divisions and rotation of this earth. The great orderers of the Egyptian cosmological concept said that the universe exists in rhythm. So what swing means is a confirmation of the very existence of life. And that was the genius that will, it seems to me, outlast all theories written by the people who think they are, quote, *power.*

MUSICIAN: *What I'm trying to establish is what information you guys brought with you when you made your first record dates.*

JAMAL: First of all it's compositional information, as Cecil knows. Which is one of the really important aspects of a musician's career. Then you have your interpretive skills, because you have the composition, be it yours or someone else's, and ability to interpret it. So many great artists have taken these standards and given them interpretation beyond what the writer anticipated. Interpretive talents are the reason a record company signs you. Then you have technical skills, and then, most importantly, your stylistic skills. Because a stylist is very rare. This is what everyone aspires to be, the person that is identifiable immediately. In those days, you had reached a certain level in your career before you entered a recording

World Radio History

Sound Off!

MUSICIANS AGAINST CENSORSHIP

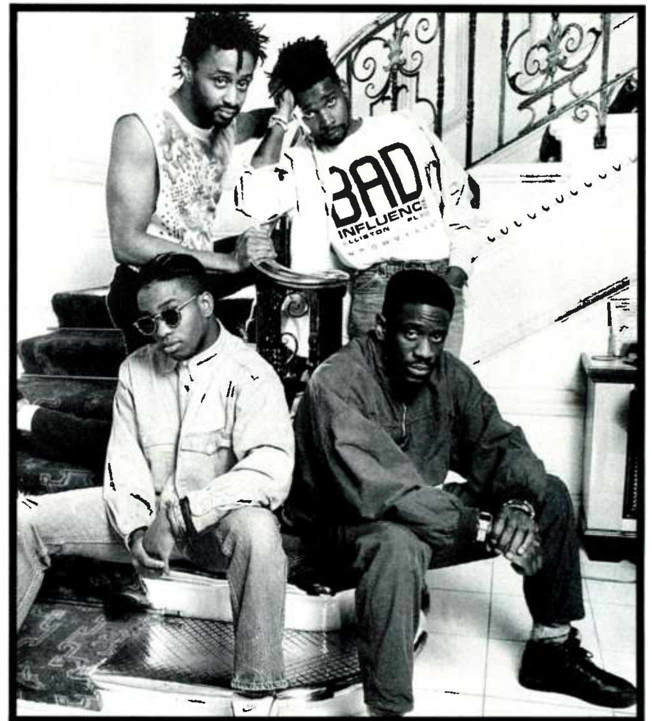
We're outraged at the current movement to place warning stickers on recorded music and to restrict the sale of stickered music to minors. As of mid-March, 1990, eighteen state legislatures have active or pending legislation that prohibits the sale of unstickered music with "objectionable" lyrics.

For example, the bill pending in the Missouri state legislature prohibits the sale of any recording "which contains lyrics descriptive of, advocating or encouraging sodomy, incest, bestiality, sadomasochism, adultery or any form of sexual conduct in a violent context, nudity, satanism, murder, morbid violence or the use of illegal drugs or alcohol" without a parental warning sticker on the front cover of the recording.

The bill also restricts the display of any such recording and provides a civil action for "a person who is injured by another person who acted as a direct result of motivation derived from listening to" recordings which contain the lyrics described in the bill. The bill also prohibits minors from attending concerts where such "offensive" lyrics may be heard.

The other states which have passed similar bills are Arizona, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island. The states in which such legislation is pending are Alaska, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Tennessee and West Virginia.

Although our records have not been stickered, it is our belief that this legislation has no place in the world of music, rock 'n' roll or otherwise. We feel that every artist has a right to express him- or herself, no matter how offensive their art may be to others. This legislation restricts this right as well as the freedom of the public to hear music and ideas. These laws attempt to make decisions regarding what music we should listen to, a role that belongs to parents, not politicians.



Legislation like this is part of a wider attempt by our government to shape culture and social discourse in this country. What's at stake is the future of creativity in America and how that creativity is disseminated. What's also at stake is the future of American thought because this legislation is specifically aimed at the kind of ideas that young people are exposed to. It presupposes the inability of parents to have dialogue with their children on a wide variety of subjects. It also presupposes the inability of sophisticated, media-educated young people to determine for themselves what ideas they can accept or reject.

In order to reverse this tide of censorship it is vital that fans and musicians unite to fight. We must write our state and federal legislators and tell them to vote against these bills and to uphold our constitutionally guaranteed freedom to hear and be heard.

Don't be complacent; act now.

Living Colour

Corey Glover Vernon Reid
Muzz Skullings William Calhoun

World Radio History

Sound Off!

We the undersigned oppose all legislation that requires any record, cassette or compact disc to be stickered or censored. We will not transfer to the state our right to choose the music we listen to, nor take away the artists' freedom to create it. Neither will we allow ourselves to be unfairly regulated by those who would take away our freedom under the pretext of protecting us.

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MUSICIAN

WHERE THE PLAYERS DO THE TALKING.

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studio. Nowadays your career begins in a recording studio, which is not necessarily good.

TAYLOR: When you were talking, Ahmad, I immediately thought about when Charlie Parker recorded "Embraceable You." European composers have used folk melodies as ground themes. What Parker created had never been created before. He used the framework of Gershwin as his ground theme to enact the structure. Power said, "Charlie Parker, that piece is George Gershwin." Once one understands the attempt to obfuscate other genius... As I grew older, I laughed. Having a feeling about the destruction brought on by that. The English are the most civilized people in the world, for 500 years the sun never set on them. *[Laughter]*

JAMAL: I never went into the studio to rehearse. I knew exactly what I was going to do. I lived with songs, Nat Cole lived with songs for months before he recorded. Development goes on from the cradle to the grave. My approach now is more mature, more confident. But the elements of what I wanted were there from the start. My recording career dates back to '51 with Okeh Records. And still I do very few recordings compared to my peers. Most have 150 recordings, all I have is 45, 50. I don't go in to make hit records; I go in to make good records. And if a record is good, that's a hit for me, whether it sells one or 100,000, because what you can't live with out there is a document you can't retract. So I've been very careful, almost to a fault. It's very difficult to be a perfectionist in an imperfect world. There's an expression that the guys who care the least are the winners and sometimes I find that to be true. I've always been ultra-sensitive. I've never just ground out a record. I've also been very fortunate. There are very few of us instrumentalists that have been able to sell records. You can count them on one hand. Herbie Hancock, me, Chuck Mangione, Chick Corea.

"WE HAVE ALWAYS HAD AN ACADEMY ... NOURISHED AND FED AND STIMULATED BY US."

MUSICIAN: *Why did* Live at the Pershing *speak to so many people?*

JAMAL: It's a perfect record.

TAYLOR: Hahaha, it's refreshing to meet an honest man these days.

JAMAL: It's about as perfect as I have ever witnessed in my career. Let's face it. I had one of the most outstanding bands, a group that had the legendary Israel Crosby, c'mon, that alone tells you something. One of the best drummers in the world: Vernel Fournier. There's no such thing as *I did it all.* There was a combination of things. One of the mistakes I've made is that I didn't put any of my own compositions on there. That album resurrected the concept of doing a remote recording. Not live, all recordings are live, but remote—away from the studio. Spontaneous rather than the surgical rendering of tape in a studio.

MUSICIAN: *How did you pick the songs?*

JAMAL: Now I do nothing but my own compositions, as Horace Silver has done, as Cecil has wisely done over the years. But there's also many of us who did tunes written by others. Bird went beyond with his ability to read all these compositions, to the extent that he could make you cry. "If I Should Lose You," and all those wonderful things. There's no such thing as old music, it's either good or bad. A young Japanese journalist asked Hank Jones, "Are you going to do any old music?" which is the most stupid question. Because there are 6000 kids within the perimeter of where we were, trying to learn Mozart. There are another 6000 kids within the radius of Berklee trying to learn Duke Ellington. I select what I think is good music, whether it's Ravel's "Bolero" or Diz's "Night in Tunisia" or one of Monk's tunes. Anything that's good is presentable year after year.

TAYLOR: When certain people from West Africa sit, they're not resting, they are actively utilizing what the West considers as time. It's perhaps a conceit to measure it by saying it's old or new. It's a continuum. What became the definitive conception of ordering musical language is through the communal relationship of "Hey, that sounds good." It is a magical speaking to one's inner being, talking to oneself. The community recognizes the law.

JAMAL: We have a tendency to do [familiar songs] so people might accept us more readily than they perhaps would by exposing them to something completely foreign to them. Something compositionally foreign as well as name foreign. We *may* do this, I don't know. I have always perished that thought. I did what I enjoyed, and if the result is sensational, so be it.

MUSICIAN: *So tell me how you know on the bandstand, or as a record maker, when the result is sensational. You two made drastically different choices throughout your careers.*

JAMAL: That has to do with what performing level you choose to operate on. Optimum level, minimum level or in between?

MUSICIAN: *Most would choose the optimum level.*

JAMAL: True, but that doesn't always happen; there are very few artists in the world that can operate on optimum level, because this means complete dedication to your work without allowing any distractions. As Duke said, "Music is my mistress." The ones that make that dedication don't get gored too often in the bullring. Everyone wants the position to operate under. And everyone wants a monster onstage. A technical monster. There's a great concentration these days on technical mastery. That's how it's changed. Now they have brains enough to put this wonderful music in the so-called institutions of higher learning. The idiots have finally got a bit of common sense and have Max Roach, or Hale Smith or Jackie McLean as professors. But what dictates the optimum is whether or not you're willing to give it all you've got, whether you're a journalist, physician, Jonas Salk or Cecil Taylor. If you are, and don't allow distractions, which is difficult, you'll get a commensurate result.

MUSICIAN: *When you say bullring, do you mean the marketplace?*

JAMAL: They said to Beverly Sills, "Why are you retiring?" She said, "I'm tired of being a matador in a bullring." Ask her what she meant: wonderful career, best conditions, big money. Analyze that. This is not a plaything, it's serious business. Life and death. You must remember. The degree of your success lies with you being in tune with all the creative forces.

TAYLOR: Unhhhhhhh. I'm enjoying this.

JAMAL: That's what dictates the level of your production. It's serious. So serious that great artists have to take necessary leaves of absence. The demands are too great.

MUSICIAN: *What Ahmad was saying about the bullring...*

Photograph: Veryl Oakland/Retna

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TAYLOR: You interpreted his metaphor as marketplace, I find that very interesting.

MUSICIAN: *You don't think so?*

TAYLOR: I'm just saying it's interesting. Meanwhile the rhythm in that rather imposing jaw of yours . . .

MUSICIAN: *We're talking about the artist divorcing himself from outside ideas in order to concentrate. The reaction to Cecil's music was so ardent. Ahmad, were you aware of his music in the late '50s?*

JAMAL: I'm familiar with everyone. That's a necessary part of the job. I've known Cecil's work for years. One has to know about the Cecils and the McCoy Tyners and the Andrew Hills. See, we have a journal, a grapevine. We may not see each other, but we still know.

TAYLOR: Look, the idea of power, the mechanics of sound production. Once you understand the artificiality of it, then you slowly understand what makes the reproduction of sound less than the human spirit calling. And it takes time, because for me, the building, the learning, teaches you how to deal with where you live.

MUSICIAN: *What kind of stamina did it take to hear your music trounced by critics, other musicians and the marketplace? Ahmad is saying that trueness to yourself is work.*

JAMAL: Success is no accident. There are two elements that will not live under the same roof: folly and success. You can have both, but not at the same time. Success is hard work.

MUSICIAN: *Should artists think in terms of the marketplace?*

JAMAL: They always do. Even the most callous of us think about it. When an artist does a painting, whether it's Van Gogh or some of the more recent people, he suspects that maybe one person might look at it outside himself. Now, what you're talking about is how much concern do you have. A man writes a book for maybe a million people, maybe 100,000. And most of the bastards hope for a million. First of all I have concern for myself. If you don't have that, you can't be concerned with others. [*Cecil laughs.*] If I have done the right thing myself, I'm never going to worry about it. As long as I know I'm doing my craft at optimum level, I'm going to get acceptance, period. Because I'm presenting something that I know is pure and good, and somebody's going to understand. And if they don't, I couldn't care less. Because I'm satisfied knowing that I did everything possible. And there's some other soul who's going to form a kinship with me. Guaranteed.

TAYLOR: To superimpose on what Ahmad is saying. I talked about what happened to me when I saw Billie Holiday. I remember so clearly. When that constellation began to radiate, it was larger than my life. That was the bearer of the most ancient ordering of the life force, from the astral to the air to the atmosphere. The continuum, repository, of the human experience not being separated from the rivers, mountains. The essence of breath. Nature. It all depends on whether you objectify it or genuflect to it.

CECIL TAYLOR

MUSICIAN: *Why did people consider your forms so mysterious?*

TAYLOR: [*Southern sheriff voice*] Well, Ah've no way ah knowin'.

MUSICIAN: *Ahmad, when you first heard of his music through the grapevine . . .*

JAMAL: Well, he's documented and recorded.

TAYLOR: When you said grapevine were you thinking of Gladys Knight or Marvin Gaye?

MUSICIAN: *Did it excite you?*

JAMAL: It's not a question of being excited, it's a question of going and hearing one of my peers. The object here is to stimulate the thought process. That's the object of a musician. There was a time when the stupid bastards called us entertainers. [*Cecil laughs.*] You don't call Van Cliburn or Horowitz an entertainer—he'll have a stroke. And I raise hell with any son of a bitch who calls me that. The most I can do is stimulate the thought process. So when you hear Cecil or me, it's not a question of excitement. I always want to hear my peers and it's exciting to hear somebody besides myself. You have to be broad and open.

MUSICIAN: *Well, that's a great mindset, but not everybody has it and that's why the world's fucked up. What I'm trying to find out is what kind of resiliency you called on to maintain during that time.*

TAYLOR: When you play the tape back you'll find the answer. You're using terms that I understand, but what I'm suggesting to you is that language in America is used to describe an existence that predates the powers, with their history of destroying and renaming cultures. What finally

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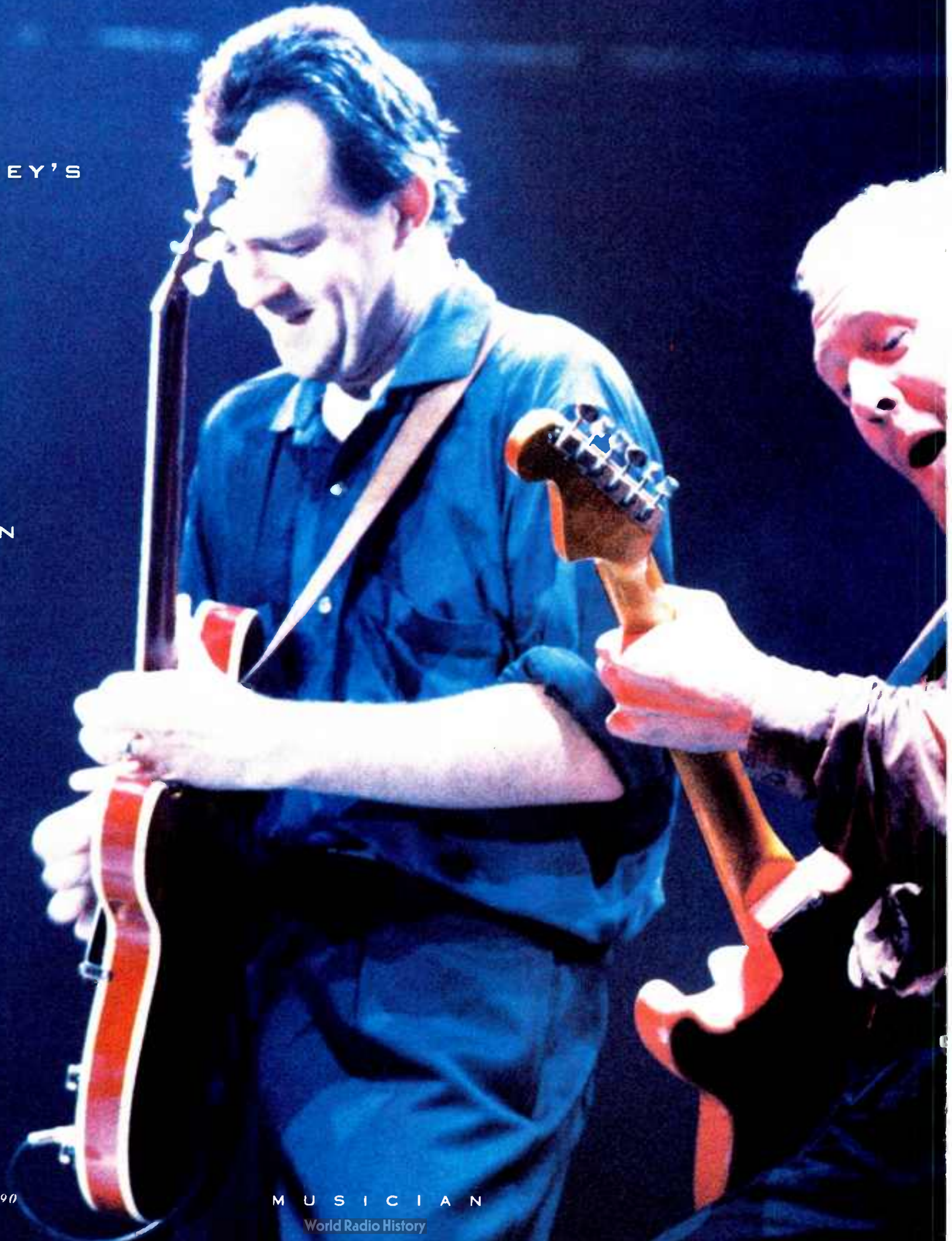
BOY, YOU'RE GONNA

PAUL McCARTNEY'S 1990 TOUR

BY BILL FLANAGAN



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CARRY THAT WEIGHT

"SOMEONE SUGGESTED that part of the reason for me coming out on tour was that now I've brought my kids up to a point where they can start to look after themselves," Paul McCartney says. "I hadn't thought of that. It was just a musical reason—I found a band. I wasn't looking for a band, particularly. I started doing some jamming 'cause I fancied playing live rather than just recording all the time. Even if it was just in a room with a bunch of guys. Just the fun of the teamwork. I think people perceive a group as a strong thing. It's people who've bonded. Even if it's a group of horses or a tribe in the jungle. I think when it gets to musicians it adds something. Paul McCartney solo, just sitting there, is interesting, but I think with a group... Certainly with the Beatles we became more than the sum of our parts. We became a four-headed monster. Then if you dress a bit alike or you have a sense of humor alike, it does become a strong thing. You find a kind of sanctuary in the group."

McCartney smiles, as he often does when he catches himself getting too serious. "This is presuming it's not hell on wheels and everyone isn't at each other's throats. But when groups are going nicely there is a great strength to it."

McCartney's new group—Hamish Stuart, Robbie McIntosh, Linda McCartney, "Wix" Wickens, Chris Whitten—has just finished playing "Wooly Bully" and the old Wings song "C Moon" to an empty Madison Square Garden. It's Christmastime in New York, and McCartney is a few months into a tour that will leapfrog around the world, hitting America at regular intervals, until at least next summer.

The band was assembled toward the end of the lengthy recording sessions that produced McCartney's last album, *Flowers in the Dirt*. Although

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everyone in the group except keyboard wiz Wix appeared on that album, they were scattered among an army of players McCartney used over many months of recording. Paul now says that he can't wait to take this pared-down group into the studio and make a proper band album. Hamish—who scored a few hits of his own in his days fronting the Average White Band—is hoping to contribute to the songwriting, and Linda says she has the perfect name for the group: NOW. Twenty years after the Beatles ended, 10 years after the breakup of Wings, it's another new decade and Paul McCartney is going back to the egg again.

Finding an empty room backstage, McCartney plants himself on a couch and picks at a plate of carrot sticks and celery. "Somebody said the other day at the press conference, 'What's the difference between this band and your others?' I said, 'Well, they're all good musicians.' Not trying to say that the other bands weren't—

'cause the Beatles certainly were, and Wings were good too. But I think the major difference really—and it's actually not a good thing normally—is they're real easy to get along with. We haven't really had any arguments within the group, touch wood. Which is a bit strange for me. I expect groups to argue all the time.

"So this is rather interesting. We go back, we have a drink or two together. I don't totally get out of it, 'cause I've got to wake up and face two hours tomorrow night. So it's very handy that nobody insists on doing it all night. Maybe just 'cause we're older and wiser. Robbie's got a wife and two kids, Hamish has got a wife and two young kids, me—I've got millions of kids. And Wix and Chris, the two single guys, are very level-headed, very real people. I like them and I like to be around them. It makes you think, 'God, I wonder if there's any potential?' Rather than thinking, 'God, when I get off this tour I'll get rid of this lot.'

"I can't wait for the next album, I'll get Hamish singing. He came in a little late on *Flowers in the Dirt*, when I'd already written most of the songs with Elvis Costello and stuff. And that material wasn't quite Hamishy, he's into more soul music. It'll be interesting for the next album, to get them all playing."

One musician in the new band who's been out of the spotlight for a while is Linda McCartney, who spent most of the '80s playing only for her own amusement, and even sneaking in lessons while Paul was at work and their kids were at school. "I've been playing a long time now," Linda says. "I've come a long way. In Wings I played all the keyboards, all the string parts in 'Live and Let Die' on a Mellotron that was always out of tune. I'm still not a trained musician, but I know what a 12-bar is, and maybe I can get in there and do something a trained musician wouldn't do. I started way back in the '50s, listening to rhythm and blues. When I met Paul I was still innocent and still loved rough-edged music. When we started Wings I got thrown a lot of crap, which I don't mind, but after a while you start getting less innocent. So when Wings broke up I backed off. This is Paul's tour, and I'm staying in the back. But as it's gone along I've gotten into it again. I've been saying to Paul, 'God, let's get back into it like we were! Not innocence, not even "Fuck the lot of 'em," but let's get into *music* again. *You* play guitar, let's write songs, let's do it! Rather than half do it.'"

Linda's rekindled optimism is brought up short, and she adds, "But if it gets uptight and trying again I'll quietly back off. They won't notice. 'Cause if it's not fun, there's no point. I am 48 years old. My dream was to not go to my deathbed saying, 'I wish I had.' I wanted to do it while I was young."

The sense of having gotten past childish illusions about stardom runs through the band. They are all pros, all used to the spotlight. McIntosh was a Pretender, Wix was in the The and Whitten was a Waterboy. That's lucky. The sort of exposure that comes with McCartney's level of celebrity can destroy a musician who is not ready to handle it. Paul and Linda were nearly murdered by knife-wielding thieves while recording *Band on the Run* in 1973, and half of the Beatles' inner circle ended up dead. Original bassist Stu Sutcliffe died of a brain hemorrhage, apparently caused by a beating, in 1962. Manager Brian Epstein died of a drug overdose in 1967. Road manager Mal Evans—the fifth man in the van from the Cavern Club to the last days of Apple—was shot to death by L.A. cops during a domestic dispute in 1976. John Lennon was murdered. Okay, some of that is just terrible coincidence. Some of those people would have died anyway. But McCartney has had the experience of conferring celebrity on musicians who just weren't ready for it. He made the Apple band Badfinger stars by giving them a tape of a new McCartney song, "Come and Get It" and telling them to copy it as closely as they could. They did, it was a smash—but two members of Badfinger ended up suicides. Wings guitarist Jimmy McCulloch died of chemical abuse. So much experience with the fragility of musicians under the pressure of celebrity helps explain why McCartney is now choosing players who have already had success of their own.

"I gave Badfinger their first hit," McCartney says carefully. He's considering this idea of the perils of *conferring stardom*. "Jimmy McCulloch had had stardom with Thunderclap Newman and Townshend. Jimmy's thing wasn't to do with conferring stardom. Jimmy's thing was to do with the fact that he was from a hard-drinking, poor Glasgow family, where to be a man you just had to drink hard. To Jimmy, you just had to be out of it. And preferably with a lot of whiskey so that you were absolutely incapable and then you couldn't play the solo but you *felt great*. Or something like that. I felt very sorry for Jim in that respect, really. I saw his folks once, his uncle and his dad showed up. And it was a binge. It wasn't just meeting his uncle and dad—it was, 'Get the bottle out!' I guess he just grew up in that kind of thing." McCartney's voice drifts off and then he says, "It isn't easy for some people to cope with that. It's a funny thing. When we did *Band on the Run* we had this nice guy who was a roadie with

"SOMETIMES ACCOMPLISHED MUSICIANS ARE JUST TOO DAMN GOOD FOR THEIR OWN GOOD. THERE'S SOMETHING VERY STRONG IN THE PRIMITIVE. I ALWAYS REMIND PEOPLE THAT THE BEATLES NEVER KNEW ANYTHING!"

Photograph: (right) Tom Sheehan/LFI

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Elvis Costello on McCartney/MacManus

PAUL McCARTNEY SPENT more than two years on the different recording sessions that eventually evolved into *Flowers in the Dirt*. He worked with different producers at different times, recording and stockpiling songs. The most publicized collaboration was with Elvis Costello. Over the course of a year the two Liverpudlians wrote an album's worth of songs and then went into the studio to let Costello try his hand at producing McCartney. "It was very interesting," says Hamish Stuart, who joined the sessions during that period. "Elvis and Paul started off producing together. Certain things happened that eventually benefited the project, but I don't think the co-production worked out as a whole. Elvis' thinking might have been just a little too radical. Once Elvis said, 'Let's double-track this background vocal, then we'll bounce it down a couple of times to lose some quality.' And he was serious! The whole studio fell apart when he said it. Everybody jumped on it. That became sort of a running joke. I don't think it stopped Elvis' ideas, though. But certain things Elvis said and certain things they did together remained there in the end product. And I think even Elvis' thinking changed when he did his own record [*Spike*], 'cause it's so much more *sonically* happening. He usually goes for a garage thing."

"In the studio," Costello says, "Paul has a clever way of sidestepping confrontation by making jokes like, 'Well, you can never trust anything he says 'cause he hates effects!' So rather than disagreeing with you, your argument's devalued before it's started. After a while that made the production kind of redundant."

The McCartney sessions done with Costello survived on *Flowers in the Dirt* to some degree, though in the months after Costello left the project the tapes were overdubbed and added to by McCartney and the next producer at bat, Mitchell Froom. Finally, when McCartney decided it was time to get the album finished, he brought in super producer Neil Dorfsman (Dire Straits, Sting) to get the whole thing organized. "Neil pulled everything together," Stuart says. "There had been so many producers, so many people working on the record, that they needed one person to mix it. Neil was the guy."

Costello's influence is still apparent, though, particularly in "That Day Is Done," the song from which the album draws its title. That tune takes the album's maturity to its logical conclusion—the grave. In the tradition of country songs like "Long Black Veil," "That Day Is Done" is sung by a ghost to the young woman crying over his resting place as "she sprinkles flowers in the dirt." "I must give Elvis a lot of credit for 'That Day Is Done,'" McCartney says. "His grandmother was dying in Ireland and a lot of this 'Long Black Coat'-ness came from that fact. We wrote it together, but I must give him a lot of credit for that. I'm well into it, I really enjoyed making the record. My elderly housekeeper Rose, who wouldn't like me to tell her age, heard it and she said to Linda, 'Is that him, Lin? No! Is that him?' She was totally into it. For hours she wouldn't believe it was me!"

OPPOSITES ATTRACT—AND REPEL—IN A DREAM SONGWRITING COLLABORATION

We spoke to Costello in Ireland, where he was unpacking belongings in his new home. He had just found an autograph book from his childhood. Costello's father, Ross MacManus, a well-known British band singer, performed on a bill with the Beatles in 1963. Ross brought home the Beatles' autographs for his son that night. Twenty-six years later, Elvis had just found them again.

MUSICIAN: *You suggested McCartney play the Beatles bass part on "My Brave Face"?*

COSTELLO: In the studio he had this five-string bass, which you can get some great lines on—but I was trying all along to say that having a very recognizable, unique style of playing is not something to be sniffed at. No other bass player would approach the parts quite the same way. I think sometimes when you're very close to things, you're aware of them as mannerisms. I know that I have it with my voice and even to some extent with the very limited guitar that I play; I'm sometimes reluctant to put the bit in because it sounds too much like *me*. Maybe Paul sometimes shies away from doing things that come naturally. I couldn't take credit for the figure [in "My Brave Face"]. I just said, "A cross figure in the 'Taxman'/'Paperback Writer' vein would be a good thing."

It's as much a signature as the sound of his voice. I think it's a hard thing to work out a signature part like that. He's obviously a very fluent musician, he could work out any number of parts in many different styles. The important thing was to get the one that sounded like him. It's very difficult. I remember after the pictures on my first record, people would say to me, "Go on, do the funny legs!" It's like going up to Woody Allen and saying, "Go on, be funny." Once you say it to somebody they can't do it. It can get a bit insulting if you keep cajoling people, 'cause it starts to suggest that everything they do is a cliché. That was certainly not my intention. It would be really worthwhile putting in the record.

I started writing the bridge of "My Brave Face," that Beatle-y descending "Ever since you've been away . . ." We were doing a vocal rehearsal in the kitchen and he sang the line, "Take me to that place." I hit the low harmony on "place" and he went, "Oh no, no. This is getting to be too much. That's exactly like 'There's a Place' or 'I'll Get You.'" As my voice is harsher than his and in a lower register, it does do that same thing. Those comparisons can be a drag, but they're so sweet on the ear you can't help slipping into them. And I notice he kept it on the record!

MUSICIAN: *Paul gave you a lot of credit for "That Day Is Done."*

COSTELLO: I remember one review said, "It's very hard to imagine any Paul McCartney song opening, 'I feel such sorrow, I feel such shame.'" Obviously the lyrical root of that song started with me. But it would have been a very plain, probably not very memorable gospel song if there hadn't been a strong chorus on it, which is what Paul said immediately: "It's got to have a chorus!" I was quite happy for it to have the detail of the verses and pay it off with just the title line, but he said, "No, you've got to develop that title line and repeat it musically. Then you end up with a song of more substance." [*cont'd on page 60*]

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us. I gave him one part on the bass drum, in a song called 'Mamunia.' All he had to do was BOOMP... BOOMP... BOOMP all the time. We used to joke that for days after that he wouldn't lift anything! 'Get me my plectrum!' You had to carry his bags! It certainly went to his head in a major way. And yeah, it's true, sometimes you get guys like that in bands. It is something you have to consider. Luckily with this band, I haven't had to think about it."

Let's call on another expert. George Harrison says that one group who lost something as a band when they became stars were the Beatles. "I think we had some good tunes," Harrison says in Los Angeles. "And we could have been a really good band if we hadn't got famous. Musically, I'm talking. We had a lot of potential. Not to say that we didn't do good things on our records, but I think the adulation of the crowds forced us into a little box. A room really. We still came up with good stuff, but the actual thing of being fluent with our instruments was lost."

"I FOUND A BAND": (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP) HAMISH STUART, "WIX" WICKENS, PAUL, ROBBIE MCINTOSH, CHRIS WHITTEN AND CENTERPIECE LINDA: BELOW, TWO STONES CRASH A 1964 BLACK-TIE BEATLES RECEPTION.

This is brought back to McCartney who says, "The *part* became more important than the technique. Yeah, I think that's possibly true. I don't necessarily think that's a bad thing actually. But I think it's an interesting point. Some of the best Beatles solos were written. 'And Your Bird Can Sing,' which I think is a real nice little solo, was written, harmonized and parts learned. I mean we didn't take days—we wrote it at the session and learned it on the spot—but it was thought out. George learned it, then I learned the harmony to it, then we sat and played it. 'Taxman' just happens to be me. I'm not trying to put George down, it's probably the only thing that I ever did, but that was a wailing thing that was just discovering electric guitar feedback. I think there's merit in both ways. It's nice to have an open mind.

"In the beginning of Wings I told our guitar player, Henry McCullough, to do a guitar solo that I'd thought up. It was a good solo. He said, 'We don't *do* that now, man.' Or words to that effect. 'That time is gone, we're now post-Hendrix, we just sort of *wail*.' I must admit that like an idiot I listened. And for years I thought the only kind of solo worth having was something that hadn't been written, that just came from your soul. I now don't agree with that. Thankfully I'm back to the idea that you can do it any bloody way you want.

"I think George is right in a way. I'm not a great believer in technique, funnily enough. I think technique can become a bit of a trap. There are greats. You either totally make it to the top with that route or you don't make it at all. There's no in-between if you go the technique route; you've got to be Clapton in that, you've got to be B.B. King. Hendrix was another. These guys were *inspirational* guitar players—it was like it was part of them and they were just stroking it. It wasn't like they were playing it; it was like they were stroking their cat and it was purring back. That's all it was, man. And there's a magic with that. But if you're not quite that good, then I think it does help to write some. I think it's quite a good idea. If you're going to do a solo you've got the song, you know you've got 12 bars or whatever. These days you probably have eight and no more; the fashion is not as much as it was for three-hour guitar solos. Solos now are short and to the point, and in that case it probably is very helpful to actually just sing along with the thing and go [*he hums a guitar solo*]. 'Okay, find that.' Then once you've found that, put your technique in. And you can pretty much get a thing that sounds like you just made it up. And that's cool. If you can do that, that's a good method. It's good to not knock out any method really.

"In the early Beatles John and I used to *steal*, man. You know that quote: A bad artist borrows from others, a good artist steals. We used to call it nicking. 'I Saw Her Standing There' is 'Talking About You' by Chuck Berry. 'Come Together' is a complete nick of Chuck Berry, slowed down. John paid the price for that. 'My Sweet Lord' is a nick George really paid the price for.

"I like guitar players. I'm spoiled with guitar players. I knew Hendrix. I saw Jimi live a lot. Probably some of his first dates in London, back at Bag O' Nails, where Linda and I met, and at a place called Blazes. You were in a room this size, little stage down that end, and him with his Marshalls wound up to 11. I'm spoiled. I've seen Eric when he was with Cream, I've seen him develop. So you can't show me very many good guitarists. I think there's only about 20 in the world. I think Van Halen's real good, Gilmour's real good. They have very different styles, but there's some people who can hold a guitar and just play it and it looks like it's part of them. I admire that so much. I think Robbie's of that school. He's a guitarist, forget anything else. He plays a little piano, he goofs around, but he's a guitar player's guitarist. He's really good, but he goes towards the rough-edge,

primitive thing that I like.

"Much as I love really accomplished musicians, sometimes they get on my tit. Sometimes people are overaccomplished. I could think of a few guitar players who I really don't like because they know too much. They're just too damn good for their own good. And particularly pianists, 'cause they're actually trained in classics! Linda has a sort of primitiveness which I would say a few people have got. Chrissie Hynde, I would think, is more of a primitive. David Byrne is a bit of a primitive musically, 'cause he's really trained as an artist. Dylan's a primitive, and I love that, there's something very strong in that. So I asked Linda if she'd be into being in the group. And we had to think, oh shit, we're probably going to have to fight this war all over

Photographs: Linda McCartney; (bottom) S.I.
Illustration: (right) Steve Brodner

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Macca, Jacko & Yoko: The $1,000,000 Triangle

REGULAR *MUSICIAN* readers know the story of how Paul McCartney's young pal Michael Jackson managed to buy the Lennon/McCartney song-publishing catalog in the mid-'80s. Lennon and McCartney had sold their copyrights to a publisher named Dick James when they were naive boys. James' Northern Songs made millions off the copyrights. In 1967, while the Beatles were on vacation with the Maharishi, James sold Northern Songs to a British show-biz big shot named Sir Lew Grade. Lennon and McCartney realized then, for the first time, that someone else owned their most precious possessions. This stuck in McCartney's craw for years, and in the early '80s McCartney advised his occasional recording partner Jackson ("Say Say Say," "The Girl Is Mine") to invest in music publishing. Jackson then managed to acquire the Lennon/McCartney publishing. Paul made no secret of how angry he was with Jackson for what he felt was a betrayal.

But there's always been a big chunk of the story that didn't make sense. As Timothy White suggested to McCartney in the February '88 issue of *Musician*, Paul could have bid against Jackson for the songs. McCartney's answer was provocative: "I could have bought it, but in actual fact there were complications with Yoko which prevented me getting it." Curious stuff. In a story on the booming John Lennon industry in the April 1988 issue of *Musician*, it was revealed that Sean Lennon, John and Yoko's young son, had spent the previous summer with ... Michael Jackson. Obviously there were no hard feelings between Yoko and Jacko. In fact, when a number of Beatles fans—and McCartney, Harrison and Starr—protested Jackson's licensing the Beatles' "Revolution" to a Nike sneaker commercial, Yoko defended Jackson.

If that's not enough to stoke a conspiracy theory, consider this: In the U.S., song copyrights are issued and extended in two terms of 28 years each. However, when the law was revised in 1978, a provision was added to take care of the composer's heirs. It's a complex law, but experts understand it to mean that if a composer dies during the first 28-year term of a copyright, the heirs can claim the second 28-year term—regardless of any other publishing deals. Put that in your pipe and smoke it. It means that starting this year the Lennon half of all Lennon/McCartney songs in the United States starts reverting to Yoko, Sean and Julian Lennon. That leaves Michael Jackson owning just McCartney's half. And you thought Paul was mad before! When we put our detective work in front of him, McCartney sighed, covered his eyes with his hands and then began to *really* talk.

> "THIS IS A BIT OF A GAME WE'VE GOT GOING HERE. A 20-YEAR-OLD GAME."

MUSICIAN: *When Northern was up for sale, did Yoko and Michael cut a separate deal to cut you out?*

McCARTNEY: Umm, they've got a new deal. And in fact, I think she's selling it back to him. Not what I'd do, I must say. I'm going the other way. I'm trying to get a better deal for me. What happened was, I had an opportunity to buy the Northern Songs catalog. I knew the guy who'd bought it from the original publisher, Dick James. Dick James sold it while we were in Rishikesh, naughty thing to do. He waited till we were out of the way and he sold it. He'd told us it was our own company. When we got back we said, "We thought it was our own company!" He said, "Sorry, it wasn't." So it was sold. We had nothing to do with it. Then it was to be re-sold because Lew Grade, Lord Grade in England, was having trouble with his film company. He did *Raise the Titanic* and it sunk him. I knew him so I went to see him and I said, "Look, this bit of it ought to rightfully come my way. I've got a bit of money." Not *that* much, as it happens. You know, people do overrate anyone's earnings. He said, "Great!" And he told me a price. He said, "Twenty million." I swallowed a little bit. And I thought, "I wrote 'em for nothing, 20 million. Great, terrific, here we go."

But a couple of days after that I suddenly thought, "Oh God, I can't just go in and pay 20 million and suddenly I'm the new owner of Northern Songs! What about John? What about Yoko? What about the 'Lennon' aspect of it?" I felt too bad about it. So I rang her up and I said, "What do you think—10 to you, 10 to me, and we'll own it jointly. You'll have John's bit." That was the way I was thinking. To get some sort of justice into the situation. I figured, "What the hell, we wrote the friggin' things! Wouldn't it be right in people's minds and financially and everything if we ended up owning them?"

She said, "I think that's too high a price. I think we can get 'em for five." So it was very difficult. She's since *denied* that. I don't want to have friction with anyone. Particularly not John's widow. I loved John. If John loved her, I'd like to love her. That's the way I'd *like* it to go. But that is the truth as far as I can see. If she wants to deny it, fine. I'm not trying to tell the world. I know in my mind what happened. I might have been having a hallucination, it's true. I don't personally believe I was, but I'll leave it with the benefit of the doubt.

What happened then was, Michael bought the overall company for 50 million. I just met with him in L.A. I hadn't really spoken to him, there'd been a bit of bad feeling from my side. I felt a little bit hard done by him, 'cause I'd actually been his mate and he hadn't told me anything about it. But I spoke to him recently and I put it to him this way: When we signed our deal, John and I didn't even know what publishing was. We thought songs were in the sky and everyone owned them. These days even kids know better than that. We didn't know. Last year "Yesterday" passed the five million plays mark in America, which no other song's ever done. Not even "White Christ- [*cont'd on page 58*]

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again about, 'What's *she* doing there?' Unless you've passed a million exams of one form or another or been in certain groups and got your degrees, there are some people who think that you're just not worth anything. I always remind people that the Beatles never knew anything. I mean, Ringo was certainly a primitive! John was."

It's 14 years after punk, Paul. I suggest to him that no one thinks the Beatles would have been a better band if Ringo had been replaced with Bernard Purdie and you, John and George with Stanley Clarke, Larry Coryell and John McLaughlin.

"Exactly," he says. "That's great if that's where you want to go and that's where your feelings lie. But I'm very interested in," McCartney starts singing, "'Wooly Bully.' That's the kind of music I like, and that kind of singing. I remember an early rock 'n' roll record John and I listened to, I think it was by Chuck Berry, and there was a mistake on it. It was John's favorite bit on the record, and he would not accept that it was a mistake! His mind. He said, 'It's not a mistake, man, it's a fuckin' great bit!' I knew what he meant and I had to agree with him. Once you get older and more sophisticated you can say, 'Oh well, look: The guy was obviously in A, he was playing a lick and it slipped.' But that's where you get to a very interesting area. It's like blues players always slipping in that extra bar or two. I love 'em for it! I couldn't do it! I know what eight bars is! I can count! I'm not making fun of these guys, they can count, too. But they sometimes feel the need to 'Go for a little longer, *then* we'll change.' So they might do nine bars then change the chord. All that kind of stuff to me is magic."

One of the best things about the McCartney concert is that it really is a band playing—tapes are used on only one song ("Coming Up") and while some horn and string sounds are sampled, Wix and Linda actually *play* them on the keyboards rather than just hit a button. It's sad, but that sort of self-reliance is becoming rare in big rock shows. This is the age of miming with technology. So it's almost a shock when McCartney's band speeds up a little during "Get Back," but it sounds great. Linda McCartney, across the hall getting made up for a recording 'Yesterday.' George Martin is classically trained. He always used to say to us, 'You can't double a third!' 'What do you mean?' 'Well, you see, there's C, E and a G. That E is the third. You can't, in an orchestration, put that up at the top as well.' We'd say, 'Who says, George? *On whose authority?* George? *Put it in there, man!*' Anything George said you can't do, the rebels in us said, 'Get it in there, man, and quick!' I love the sound of 'You can't do it.' Come on, man, says who? Says some guy a long time ago probably. I mean, okay, okay—I understand maybe it's not the coolest thing. But when they say you *can't* do it I immediately go, 'Right, that's something I have to do.' Like pop that seventh in 'Yesterday.' Everything else is voiced like a string quartet might voice. And then when it goes, 'Why she had to go I don't know,' the strings play little sevenths. George said, 'Uh, Paul? You know that's sevenths. They wouldn't have done that.' I said, 'I love the *sound* of it though, George.'

"We used to have a lot of that early on. A lesser man than George would have said, 'Look, guys, I'm not going to put my career on the line here and write ropey arrangements.' But he saw what we were doing. On the end of 'She Loves You' he said, 'It's a sixth chord!' We said, 'Yeah, sounds great though, doesn't it?' He said, 'But where I'm from that's corny!' We said, 'But it sounds good!' And in the end he gave in, he always gave in. That was very cool of George. Other people would have just stood there and said, 'Nope, I'm not lending my name to this!' George was, for an older guy, very amenable to what we wanted to do.

"George was writing out 'Hard Day's Night,' 'cause he was going to do an orchestral version or somebody wanted it in sheet music, which we of course never required. The Beatles just read each other; we didn't even have little Nashville signs—chord I, chord II, chord III—we just learned a song and if we couldn't remember it, it wasn't any good, we junked it. So when George was scoring 'Hard Day's Night,' he said, 'What is that note, John? It's been a hard day's night and I've been work-*innnnn?* Is it the seventh? Work-*innngggggg?*'

"I EXPECT GROUPS TO ARGUE ALL THE TIME, BUT WE DON'T. IT MAKES YOU THINK, 'I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY POTENTIAL?' RATHER THAN 'WHEN I GET OFF THE TOUR, I'LL GET RID OF THIS LOT!'"

photo shoot, says, "We went to Prince's show and I love Prince's music, but we thought, 'Fuck! It's all tapes!' We thought about it and said, 'No, we're going to play.'"

"I was real happy that Linda would be in, to sort of take the professional edge off the group," Paul says. "'Cause these are professionals. Not me so much, 'cause I can't read music. But Wix, the keyboard player, is almost what I was talking about on the classical side, except he got turned on in school by some guy who was totally into blues. For me it's not really how many degrees you've got in music, 'cause blues would have never happened if that's what it was. From the mouths of bluesmen comes the most philosophical shit ever.

"The great thing about 'mistakes' is, you mustn't notice it. Then it's good, it's genuine. If you notice it then you're sort of doing it for effect. I do a lot of stuff like that, I like to kick over the traces. I remember

"John said, 'Oh no, it's not that.'

"'Well, is it work-*innnggg?*'" He sings the sixth.

"John said, 'No.'

"George said, 'Well, it must be somewhere in between then!'

"John said, 'Yeah, man, write *that* down.' And that's what I love! That's what I find interesting about music! I think it really would be boring if it wasn't for that stuff."

YOU MAY THINK you know dressing rooms, you may think you know guest lists, you may think you know the decadent art of celebrity hanging, but when you are on a Paul McCartney tour, you will see a level of famous gate-crashers, gladhanders and groupies that dwarfs the normal rock-star entourage. It's not just that McCartney is probably the most famous musician in the world, it's that for 25 years

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he has been one of the most famous entertainers, hell, one of the most famous *people* in the world. So it's not just rock folks like Billy Joel and Christie Brinkley stopping by to say hey; it's stars of the magnitude of Telly Savalas sweeping down the hall to dazzle the security guards with pure Kojak aura.

A hand-made sign on a door at Telly's back says, "This is our crew room. It is not a public toilet for V.I.P.s, liggers, posers, local promoters etc.!!" As one moves down the corridors, passing through security section after higher security section, one ominous question always hangs in the air: "Are you veggie yet?" Grown men shiver at this. Most answer, "Working on it" or "Not quite totally." Linda McCartney sniffs. You're not fooling her. The McCartneys are dedicated environmentalists and staunch vegetarians. Tell Linda that quitting meat is a wise health decision and she'll quickly remind you that it's a moral decision, too. Rock rumor mills being what they are, stories came from European promoters before the McCartney tour even got to America that the Macs were so devoted to animal rights that any member of the crew caught so much as having bacon with breakfast would be fired at once. And if you wore fur or leather? Forget it. I duck into the band's dressing room a half hour before showtime and there's Hamish and Robbie, hiding out from the celebrity cavalcade. Chris Whitten is rifling through his road case. Hamish's kids play on the floor. Asked about the anti-meat penalties, the musicians scoff and say the rumors are a load of nonsense. "They can eat what they like," Robbie says of the crew. "It's just the crew meal which is supplied. I'm sure they all do eat bacon for breakfast." That's a relief. How about you, Robbie? Are you a vegetarian? He gets the accused man glaze and says, "Actually, I'm not totally. I don't actually eat a *lot* of meat." We better talk about music.

"ARE YOU VEGGIE YET?" TOURING TWOSOMES THEN AND NOW—RICHARD STARKEY AND MCCARTNEY ON A '64 CHARTER FLIGHT, AND LINDA MCCARTNEY AND HAMISH STUART ON A 1990 CURTAIN CALL.

"We pretty much know the score as far as gigging," Robbie says, "but this is a step up as far as the exposure goes. The whole media thing..." A publicist comes in to tell Robbie that Steve Jordan is outside asking for him. "Tell him I'll be out in five or 10 minutes," he says. Hamish says, "If you just did a couple of rehearsals a week to learn the songs you'd feel like a hired hand. But we played a lot, fooled around, jammed a lot. When we rehearsed, 25 percent was working the songs out and 75 percent was just jamming."

Robbie adds, "Getting used to playing with each other."

The musicians also have to consider how far they want to venture from the Beatles' arrangements. Hamish says, "On some things I play Paul's bass parts. On the *Abbey Road* medley it's just necessary to do that."

"I think the guitar solos in 'Can't Buy Me Love' and 'Back in the USSR' are integral parts of the songs," Robbie adds. "They're sort of sacred. You've got to do the song justice and treat it with a bit of respect. Whereas on other songs, like 'Let It Be,' you can just go for it."

A runner comes in to say Les Paul is outside asking for Robbie.

"There's a lot of structure and a lot of open places as well," Hamish says. "I never play 'Long and Winding Road' the same way twice."

A gopher comes in to tell Hamish that Hall & Oates are asking for him. One suspects that until they hooked up with McCartney, these guys didn't know how many friends they had.

Our conversation is interrupted by a female staffer entering the room holding at arm's length what looks like a dead possum scraped from the side of some highway. She displays her catch to the band. It's a man's fur hat. "This hat was about to go into Paul and Linda's dressing room." Gasps all around. "Not a good idea, eh? It belongs to T-Bone Wolk. Woopsy!" Everybody agrees that that chapeau was plucked just in time. T-Bone might be sensitive about his hairline, but at least he'll get to keep his head.

Some of the tour staff seem to walk on eggshells around Paul and Linda. Not so surprising really, considering that they are not only the bosses but legends. But it does create a social schizophrenia. When one of the McCartneys is in the room the employees are all smiles and laughter. The minute the Maccas leave, the staffers switch back to looking strained and acting crabby. Paul said last summer, during a break in rehearsals, that often when he was doing interviews he felt as if the journalist was looking at his watch the whole time, rushing through the questions without ever really listening to him. After watching this operation for a while, you understand why; by the time some newspaper reporter or TV crew is ushered in for a quick 15 minutes with Paul they have been so lectured, hyped, prepared and warned by the palace guard that they are practically shaking.

Luckily, some of us are too thick to worry. The next night, before the concert, I'm talking with Linda and McCartney aide-de-camp Jeff Baker when she goes into a tear about critics. "Jaded critics! They hate me. I said to a guy from *Q* magazine, 'Why is every review just picking, picking?' They intellectualize it to the point of [*she mimes falling asleep*]. I see Rex Reed on TV still criticizing movies after all these years. Can he even *see* them anymore? Critics and *people* are such

 Photograph: (above) S.I.

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different things!"

"Hey, Linda!" I say. "At least wait till I leave the room."

"We're not talking about you, Bill. You're not a critic. You're a *writer*." Oh... okay. Yeah. Now I can't fit my head out the door. Paul, on the move, deflates it with one offhand line: "Hey, you! Get a haircut!" Imagine being told that by a Beatle.

"Paul shouldn't ever have to explain himself," Linda sighs. "Stuff the lot of 'em! The critics with their Lennon/McCartney thing. Why do you have to pick? What is this—'You're my best friend, so I don't like my other friend'? Like both of them! They're both so great! John Lennon was a bloody romantic. He was beautiful, and as insecure as anyone else. Paul is a nice guy, but by the way, he wrote 'Helter Skelter' and 'Birthday.' Paul can bloody well rock. Paul was as much a rocker as John, and John was as romantic as Paul. It's all bullshit."

voice] 'That was Paul, not me.' Paul is an amazing guitar player and I never knew it, I never knew till I met him that he played on 'Little Help from My Friends' and all that stuff. So I was well turned on! And I try to keep him down there."

It's sometimes been a rough ride. The breakup of the Beatles followed John's and Paul's marriages in early 1969, and corresponded with both of them turning their attention to beginning families. It's often forgotten that both Lennon and McCartney were expectant fathers the year that the Beatles unraveled. Yoko miscarried, and the Lennons spent the summer after the end of the *Let It Be* and "Ballad of John & Yoko" sessions in seclusion. Paul, his own first child pending, reassembled the tense and tired Beatles for the album that would be their swan song, *Abbey Road*. Now, watching McCartney play the *Abbey Road* material onstage for the first time, one thinks of Lennon closing the first side

LINDA MCCARTNEY LOOKS OUT FOR PAUL. HER WILLINGNESS TO BE TOUGH ALLOWS HIM THE FREEDOM TO BE EASY-GOING: HEY, I'D LOVE TO STAY AND HANG WITH YOU FELLAS BUT THE WIFE WANTS TO LEAVE.

The more one sees Paul and Linda McCartney together, the more clear it is that she looks out for him. Her willingness to be tough allows Paul the freedom to be easy-going. It's an old game: *Hey, I'd love to stay and hang with you fellas but the wife wants to leave.* At tour rehearsals last summer Paul would ham it up, fool around, and Linda would push him to keep practicing the set. As long as he was working along, she was unobtrusive. But when Paul started leading the band through silly songs, Linda would play a song that needed work, or suggest he switch instruments (Paul divides his onstage attentions between electric and acoustic guitars, bass and piano). Paul, wearing his bass, called for "Sgt. Pepper" and Linda, behind her keyboard, insisted, "No, Paul. *You* play guitar on this. You play the solo. Think Neil Young, 'Like a Hurricane.'"

So Paul put on a Les Paul and Hamish picked up a bass and they played "Sgt. Pepper," the two versions from the Beatles album bound into one long song with a McCartney guitar solo across the middle. Coming out of the break Paul sang, "We're Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, we hope you will..." Oops, that's the first verse. Linda leaned into her mike and sang the right words loudly, "We hope you *have enjoyed* the show." Paul caught himself and started singing the right lyric. *"We're sorry but it's time to go."* He rolled his eyes at Hamish and made a face that said, *What are ya gonna do, eh?*

"I'm always trying to sway the music toward things I love," Linda says. "I don't always get it there but I'm gonna try. I was a Hendrix freak and hung around him as a photographer so much that I've seen things happen to guitars that nobody else will ever do. And I used to take pictures of Buffalo Springfield, so I knew Neil Young way back. He's a brilliant guitar player. When I came to England and met Paul I had no idea what an incredible guitar player he was. He played most of the guitar on *Sgt. Pepper*, he played the guitar on 'Taxman.' A friend of mine went up to George Harrison once and said, 'Hey, man, I really love the guitar on "Taxman"' and George said, [*Linda affects a mopey*

of the album howling, "She's so heavy!" over and over, and Paul echoing it on side two with his chant, "Boy, you're gonna carry that weight a long time." No premonition was ever more accurate. The individual Beatles have been carrying the weight of the band's accomplishments ever since.

In the fall of '69, with *Abbey Road* done, John announced to the other Beatles that he was quitting the group. They all agreed to keep quiet about it until they had signed a lucrative new contract with Capitol Records. Paul, finally sick of struggling to hold the band together, took off for his farm in Scotland with his new wife Linda, her daughter Heather and their newborn baby, Mary. It is always written that the end of the Beatles was announced to the public by Paul in the spring of 1970, when he came down from the farm with his first solo album. John took that as Paul stealing his thunder and the public feuding began. And certainly that is when the Beatles breakup hit the papers. That's when it became official. Weirdly enough, though, Paul tried announcing the end of the Beatles months earlier. In the autumn of 1969 *Abbey Road* was selling like hotcakes and a weird "Paul is dead" rumor was sweeping the world. *Life* magazine sent a reporter and photographer to Scotland to prove that Paul was alive. The journalists showed up at the McCartneys' farmhouse, and after initially chasing them off, Paul agreed to some photos and a very quick interview to put the silly rumor to rest. *Life* ran the shots on the cover of the November 7, 1969 issue with the headline "Paul Is Still with Us." Inside was a story on the "Paul is dead" fad that included the text of their brief interview. Buried in that text, given no special attention by *Life*, was Paul's announcement that the Beatles were through: "... The Beatle thing is over. It has been exploded, partly by what we have done and partly by other people. We are individuals, all different. John married Yoko, I married Linda. We didn't marry the same girl. The people who are making up these rumors... should worry about themselves instead of worrying if I am dead or not." *Life*, looking for a fluffy story on a superstar hoax, went with the "Paul Is

Photograph: David Modell

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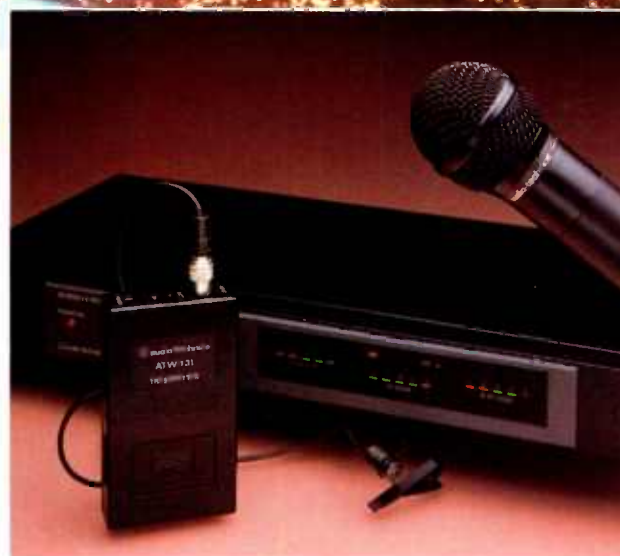

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Alive" angle and didn't even notice that the biggest pop music scoop of the decade had been dropped in their laps. No one else picked up on it either. Five months later, when Paul announced the Beatles' split a second time, he was accused of exploiting the breakup to promote his album. He's been carrying that weight ever since, too.

"I just thought, God..." he says now. "I mean, obviously it was such a shock —being in what I would consider the best band in the world and then *not* being in the best band in the world. It's quite a difference from Tuesday to Wednesday. You want to try that sometime." McCartney shudders. "Or rather, you *don't*. I don't want to wish that on anyone. Really, it's tough. It's like having been an astronaut and then getting a desk job. Only worse."

SO MUCH LARGER THAN LIFE: A McCARTNEY BILLBOARD IS PREASSEMBLED AT WEMBLEY; BELOW, PAUL SURPRISES HIS NATTILY DRESSED TRAVEL AGENT WITH A BIRTHDAY PRESENT: AN OXFAM UNIFORM.

Adulthood—and its tough lessons—is a big theme in McCartney's newest songs. "Put It There" is sung by a father to a son, "We Got Married" is a fairly unsentimental recounting of Paul and Linda's first 20 years together, and "This One" finds the singer asking, "What opportunities did we allow to flow by, feeling like the timing wasn't quite right? What kind of magic might have worked if we had stayed calm? Couldn't I have given you a better life?" Paul McCartney is writing from a grownup perspective.

"That's true," McCartney says. "That is a slight difference about this album. I'll tell you what it was. A couple of years ago a couple of friends of mine—Lorne Michaels, the 'Saturday Night Live' producer, and Paul Simon—were sitting around. We generally hook up in the summers and hang out together a bit. This was before *Graceland*, and Lorne was encouraging Paul to not look for things to write about elsewhere, but to write about his life. For instance, Paul's got a son who's been onstage with the Dead Kennedys, he's a punk kid growing up. What's it like to be his father? Lorne was saying, 'You should write about that stuff, it's really important to you, you know about it, and it's interesting.' I overheard this. I think Paul took the conversation to heart. It's not as if Lorne was saying anything we haven't heard before, but it just sparked it off. And I thought, 'Well, I haven't got a son who's in a punk group, but I'm *married*.' And you never talk about stuff like that. You kind of go, 'Well, we're in show biz, guys! We don't mention stuff like *home*.' It's tradition or something. So I thought, 'Well, it's about time,' you know? It's time someone wrote a song that kind of celebrates marriage. No regrets and 'We were glad we got married.' I figure there's a lot of us out there, a whole big bunch of people who got married. Like it or not, it's what happened to them. When you're 18 someone says 'marriage' and you don't even want to hear about it. But from our perspective it's definitely an interesting subject—whichever way it goes. For better or worse."

For the '60s generation Paul and Linda started their family quite young. As a result they are now in their 40s with kids aged 26, 20, 18 and 12. "A lot of my contemporaries are having babies *now*," McCartney says. "It's really weird, it gets us brooding." He smirks: "But we had four—and I found out what was causing it! I put a stop to it. No problems!" Ah, that's McCartney. Always a quip to keep things from getting too serious. It's like the way Paul's jaunty melody obscures how complex a song "We Got Married" really is. Family life may have come off as a bowl of cherries back in the days of *McCartney* and *Ram*, but with 20 years of hindsight McCartney portrays it as a shaky refuge from a hard world: "Working hard for the dream, scoring goals for the other team. Times were bad, we were glad we got married."

Elvis Costello worked with McCartney on the *Flowers in the Dirt* album, as well as several tracks on his own *Spike*. They co-wrote a number of songs, including their respective hits, "Veronica" and "My Brave Face." A Beatles fan since the start and a sharp student of rock 'n' roll, Costello is articulate on the subject of

Paul McCartney. "There's no denying that he has a way of sort of defending himself by being charming and smiling and thumbs up and all the bit," Costello says. "I said once that I thought he should try to step from behind that, at least insofar as the music was concerned. We actually had a heart-to-heart about whether it was possible to have a personality in *songs*, regardless of what you need to get you through the day when you have to go and meet people and things are expected of you.

"Most people in show business develop some way of fending off unwelcome intrusions. It can be by making yourself enigmatic and elusive, like Dylan. Or you do like McCartney does and come head-on at people and almost shock them by how personable you are. In a smaller, confined space where that defense is not necessary, it can become an obstacle. But I never felt when we were writing that it was there. The minute the two of us were in a room together it disappeared completely. His professional face would return sometimes when he was bored. I think that's just a question of the unbelievable

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trip that he's been on. And I don't think that's a harsh criticism at all. As I have my own sort of armor of that nature, I'd be throwing stones at a glass house if I were to say there's something the matter with that. But there was never any distance when we were writing."

One odd turn the McCartney/Costello songwriting collaborations took was that Elvis had to push Paul to use composing techniques made popular by the Beatles. "It got sort of comical," Costello says. "It was 'Here we go again.' Once we got over the initial surprise that writing together worked so easily, the thing was not to go down clichéd roads. A lot of the descending lines which people hear and say, 'Oh, that's a Beatles thing' were actually mine. I learned guitar by learning Beatles songs, and working with him brought it out. Working with Paul, when you've actually got him there singing harmony, those little turns are almost irresistible. Like in the bridge of 'My Brave Face' or in the structure of 'You Want Her Too.' There was a point where he might have thought, 'Hang on, this is getting a bit parodyish.' But what I thought I could add—it's not like he needs a lot of help to write songs—was the little friction that is creative, and to get him to refer to the musical vocabulary that is second nature to *me* from Beatle music. You'd think it would be even more second nature to him. After all, he thought it up to begin with! But in Wings it was never referred to.

"LIKE HAVING BEEN AN ASTRONAUT AND THEN GETTING A DESK JOB": McCARTNEY'S LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AS A BEATLE, THE CLOSING SCENES OF *LET IT BE*; BELOW, 20 YEARS LATER, HE'S STILL UP THERE.

"After the first solo album, *McCartney*, he never referred to any Beatles language. It's quite amazing, it's quite unique really. The only parallel I can think of in pop music is Richard Rodgers. He had two distinct styles, one with Hart and one with Hammerstein. It isn't just that the lyrics changed, the melodies changed as well. And McCartney did it without a partner! Quite an amazing thing. That's not to say that all of the songs he wrote with Wings were as good as the best of the Beatles, but it's quite an achievement to dispense with a whole musical vocabulary and come up with another one. A musicologist would give you credit for that."

"Elvis was very good for me in that respect," McCartney agrees. "I think I probably would have kept a little more of the Beatles' musical vocabulary—'cause I was certainly interested in it—but a number of people said, 'Oh, he'll churn all the Beatles shit out!' So I purposely dug my heels in and said, 'Oh will I? We'll see about that!'

"But after all that time it was good to have someone like Elvis say, 'Yeah, but you know, you're alright. You've proved you can do the other, and it's cool. We could do *this*. It was *nice* when you did that.' He got me to get the old Hofner bass out. Elvis is very that way, he doesn't care if things are a tiny bit out of tune and stuff. Like me. Again, the Beatles had that primitive innocence. In the Beatles, whenever we heard anything out of tune we'd say, 'Ooo, it sounds like a fairground—it sounds great!' 'Ooo, honky-tonk piano out of tune!' In fact I picked up a guitar the other day and it was wildly out of tune, but I was in an angry mood, and you know, guitar's a very therapeutic instrument. You can go off in a room and kind of cry with your guitar. I've written a lot of songs that way. I happened to pick up this guitar that was totally out of tune and, man, I was really into it, I loved it! I was too angry to tune it." McCartney mimes thrashing the guitar and shouting, "'Fuck! Yeah! Sure! One more fucking time!' I was just screaming. Now I *know* it's out of tune. That's the only difference. But at least I don't reject it.

"Elvis' point is interesting. I suppose that after the Beatles you couldn't just go and become the Heatles. The thing with Wings was, I certainly couldn't just go out and become a pale copy of the Beatles. Our stuff was too strong for that. Anyway there were millions of 'new Beatles.' Everyone was being that anyway. So it was down to, well, let's just go back to the beginning again, let's just go back to the little tour with the van, go back to our roots, we'll get 'Lucille' out of the packing case again. Write a couple of things that were relevant at the time, like 'Give Ireland Back to the Irish.' It was good. A change in our style and all that was good fun. I'm not likening myself to him, but Picasso became known as a cubist, then he threw that over, became known for his blue period, junked that, then became known for so-and-so and then gave that up. He was always very, very daring, right up to his last years. It's like Willem de Kooning, who I know through Linda's dad, who's his lawyer. He's been painting a certain kind of picture for years, and now that he's 80 he's started putting all this white in them. The first time I saw it I said, 'God, that's really brave.' To know you can get a million per canvas if

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you just keep going that route; if you do something different you may get 2p per canvas. I do like that. I hope to try and do that all the time."

IN FEBRUARY, at the Worcester Centrum in Massachusetts, the second leg of McCartney's U.S. tour is under way. This swing zigzags from the Midwest to New England to the near South. Then Paul vanishes from America till April, when he will play stadiums in the Sun Belt, where it will be warm enough for outdoor shows. Although no summer shows have been announced yet, the tour will probably hit northern stadiums by June. At the entrance to Worcester's backstage, gray-haired security men are fending off an odd assortment of frustrated local journalists, frustrated middle-aged Beatlemaniacs and one or two kooks who look like they jumped the funny farm fence to be here. A smart-looking middle-aged woman with teenagers comes through and says she's Paul McCartney's sister-in-law. Turns out she is, and 10 minutes later she and her company are ushered into Linda's dressing room for a family reunion. The atmosphere backstage is a hundred times looser than the walkie-talkie paranoia that buzzed around Madison Square Garden two months earlier, and when the band takes the stage they display an easy confidence that makes the show tremendous fun. Although McCartney's nursing a sore throat that will cause him to cancel one show next week, his performance is rambunctious and the slight rawness in his singing adds a bit of edge to those famous melodies.

"ELVIS GOT ME TO USE MORE OF THE BEATLES' MUSICAL VOCABULARY. HE EVEN GOT ME TO GET THE OLD HOFNER BASS OUT." MCCARTNEY GETTING OLDER, LOSING HIS HAIR AND ROCKING WITH HAMISH STUART.

The arena is called "the Centrum" because it's situated more or less equidistant from Boston, Hartford and Providence. The McCartneys and their troupe have been staying in Boston all week, and driving the hour out to Worcester. Six times during the show Paul tells the crowd it's great to be in Boston. Finally Linda leans into her microphone and yells, "Worcester!" She's always looking out for him.

And the crowd doesn't care. The crowd loves him, they're pandemonious. And why shouldn't they be? Paul McCartney's up there singing his heart out for them. He's doing "I Saw Her Standing There," "Things We Said Today," "Hey Jude," "Get Back" and "The End." He's doing those songs very well, which is almost a bonus. Because—at the risk of sounding sentimental or starstruck—this man built the foundation that post-'60s rock culture stands on. He didn't do it alone, and of course he didn't repeat the trick. But he's earned his ovation before he plays his first song. As Clapton said of Little Walter in this magazine three months ago, "You're lucky to have this guy here. You're lucky he's alive and that he condescends to play for you." That McCartney works his tail off and does his songs so well is frosting on the cake.

"Hard to believe," he tells the crowd, "but it was 26 years ago tonight we were on the 'Ed Sullivan Show'!" You can imagine the ovation. Then Paul says, "Happy birthday!" and sings "Fool on the Hill": "Well on the way, his head in a cloud, the man of a thousand voices talking perfectly loud."

George Harrison says this about being a Beatle: "I think being in them, it's even more difficult to figure them out than being a casual observer, really. Somehow I can't separate any of it. For me, it goes back to being a schoolboy. That's when I met John and Paul, when I was in school. And then it goes through all those crazy days—Germany and the recording and the mania. And all the history since, with everybody trying to dissect them or understand them or talk about them.

"And all the generations coming up keep discovering them. Somebody told me last night that their four-year-old boy is into the Beatles. Nobody played it for him, he just somehow found out. So . . . I don't understand it. We went through some great times and then we went through some horrible times. Once there's so much distance, you tend to remember the good stuff."

Paul McCartney says this: "It's nice to still be discovering things in music. I remember in the days of acid I'd sit around and *talk* to my guitar, really. Just with the music, no words; just in notes, between my brain and my fingers and what notes came back. There was a conversation.

"I remember feeling it was very magical, something to be very highly treasured. It's like talking to trees, I suppose. Actually it is! It's talking to a bit of a tree." McCartney has switched to the present tense, but his mind is still in the '60s. "People say, 'How do you write your stuff? Who does the words? John? And Paul writes the music?' We say, 'No, man! The minute we discover a formula we're gonna junk it.' 'Cause the last thing you need is to be trapped inside a formula of your own making. It's not only bad to be trapped, but you wove the trap." Ⓜ

Photograph: (above) Albert Ferreira/DMI

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MACCA, JACKO & YOKO

[*cont'd from page 45*] mas" or any of the greats. The next nearest is three million, which I think is another Lennon/McCartney. But nobody's ever come to me and said, [*adopts a jivey American accent*] "Hey man! I really think you need a bonus, babe! You done great for this company!" I woke up and said, "What the fuck is going on? You mean I'm just going to be content for the rest of my life to be on this deal I signed when I was a fresh-faced 20-year-old? I've done a lot for this company!"

So I told this to Michael. I said, "We've got to sit down and you've got to say to me, 'Look, I bought this company,' and I've got to say, 'But I'm doing *great* for your company!'" I want him to recognize in the deal that I'm a big writer for this company that he now owns. I have no question of him owning it, it was perfectly for sale, fair and square, all above board.

He pointed out to me that he didn't want to hurt anyone and I pointed out to him that I knew that. And he's a genuine bloke, Mike. I don't think he wanted to hurt anyone at all. But it's got into a bit of a mess. So I'm feeling very optimistic about it, I think we're going to be able to really sort out something on that one aspect—of bringing my deal a bit up to date. It's like going to your record company and saying, "Come on, guys! We've had a couple of number ones now! Don't you normally give the guy a Christmas hamper or something?" So I'd like a good deal for the future.

I said to him, "We've got to talk about that, and the other thing I want to talk about is the commercialization." Even though I've got Buddy Holly's stuff and I allow it sometimes to be used in commercials. Buddy did commercials himself and his family, who now get the money, really want his stuff to be used for commercials. They're very happy. I think Buddy would have been happy.

But we set up this huge precedent with the Beatles. Coca Cola offered us millions then, which is zillions now, to do massive ads and we always turned it down. We said, "No man, it won't be good for the songs. We're writing songs people are actually going to feel something for. We're not gonna commercialize them." I don't like the idea that Michael is the only guy in the world who gets to sit in judgment as to which Beatles songs can be used as commercials. He's drawn up a list! I don't really think he should have that power. I think the Beatles did something different. It's not just your average writers. It's a little bit of history, I think.

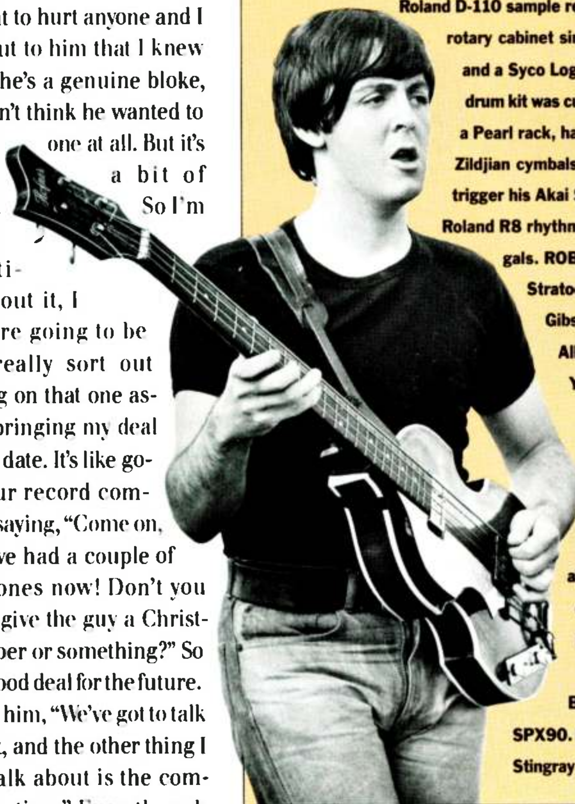
So I'm going to try to get him to back off on that mainly by pointing out to him that the reason we didn't do it isn't 'cause we didn't want the dosh. We wanted the money same as anyone else. But we felt it would endanger the integrity of the songs. I think that's already what's happened. With "Revolution" becoming a sneakers ad, it's lost a little of that edge that it had for us in the '60s. I understand "All You Need Is Love" is now an ad for National Panasonic. Somebody just told me that the other day. I don't think that's cool. I wish it to remain an anthem from the '60s about peace and love. I don't want it to get associated with a friggin' loudspeaker system! And I also don't want "Good Day Sunshine" to become an Oreo cookie, which I understand is done. I think that's real cheesy. I don't think Michael needs the money, I don't, and I don't think Yoko does either. So Michael and I met in L.A., we're good friends, and we're gonna set up some meetings and hopefully solve all that. But in the meantime I understand Yoko, Sean and Julian have been to Northern and I think they're selling John's rights back to Northern—just for a deal!

MUSICIAN: *Well, could you not then call her and say, "Let me buy them instead"?*

McCARTNEY: No. [*Smirking and rolling eyes*] Do you think she'd let me do that? Pull the other one, it's got bells on it! No, that's not how it is. I'm sure she wouldn't sell it anyway. I'd be the last person she'd sell it to. This is a bit of a game we've got going here. A 20-year-old game. We only just solved it this year, so it doesn't all vanish like that. But there's room for a lot of movement and hopefully we can get it back to the music, where it's supposed to be.

MY FAVE BASS

PAUL McCARTNEY gets a big hand when he introduces his old Hofner violin bass—last publicly played on the Apple roof for *Let It Be*. He also plays a Wal five-string bass and the customized Rickenbacker 4001 from *Magical Mystery Tour*—which is now being marketed as the Paul McCartney bass. Macca sends that bottom through a MESA/Boogie Bass 400 linked to a Strategy 400 driving two bass cabinets. On this tour McCartney's electric guitars are a 1957 Les Paul gold top, a 1960 Les Paul split cherry flame top and the '64 Epiphone Casino he used on "Taxman." Those guitars run through a MESA/Boogie Studio preamp into a Stereo 295 Simul-Class amp driving a 4x12 cabinet. Paul's jazzing up his guitar sound with a Roland GP-8 guitar effects processor. His acoustics are a Takamine EN25 and his old Martin D-28. On "Fool on the Hill" and several other oldies, Paul plays a Knight K15 upright piano. LINDA McCARTNEY's keyboards include two Rolands—a D-50 and an A-50—a Wurlitzer and a Mini-Moog. WIX plays a Roland D-550, a Roland A-50 with an Akai MX76 MIDI controller, and sneaks in an Akai sampler and a Korg M1R workstation. He relies on a Roland P330 Digital Piano Module; his MIDI pedals were made by Fast Forward Designs. He has a Roland D-110 sample replay machine, a Dynacord CLS222 rotary cabinet simulator, two Yamaha DMP7 mixers and a Syco Logic MIDI matrix. CHRIS WHITTEN's drum kit was custom-built by Noble & Cooley. It has a Pearl rack, hardware and piccolo snare. He plays Zildjian cymbals. Chris whaps a Roland Octapad to trigger his Akai S-1000 sampler. He also relies on a Roland R8 rhythm machine. His sticks are Calato Regals. ROBBIE McINTOSH plays a '69 Fender Stratocaster, a '53 Fender Esquire, a '62 Gibson ES-335 and a Gibson Chet Atkins. All that antique guitar glory is fed into a Yamaha SPX1000 and a MESA/Boogie Stereo Simul-Class 295. Robbie gives himself a little extra presence with a Roland SDE 3000 echo unit, and Boss compressor, chorus and volume pedals. HAMISH STUART plays a '75 Fender Strat, a Gretsch White Falcon, an Epiphone Casino and a Rickenbacker 12-string. His amp setup is a MESA/Boogie head hooked to a Yamaha SPX90. Hamish also plays either a MusicMan Stingray or a Fender Jazz bass.



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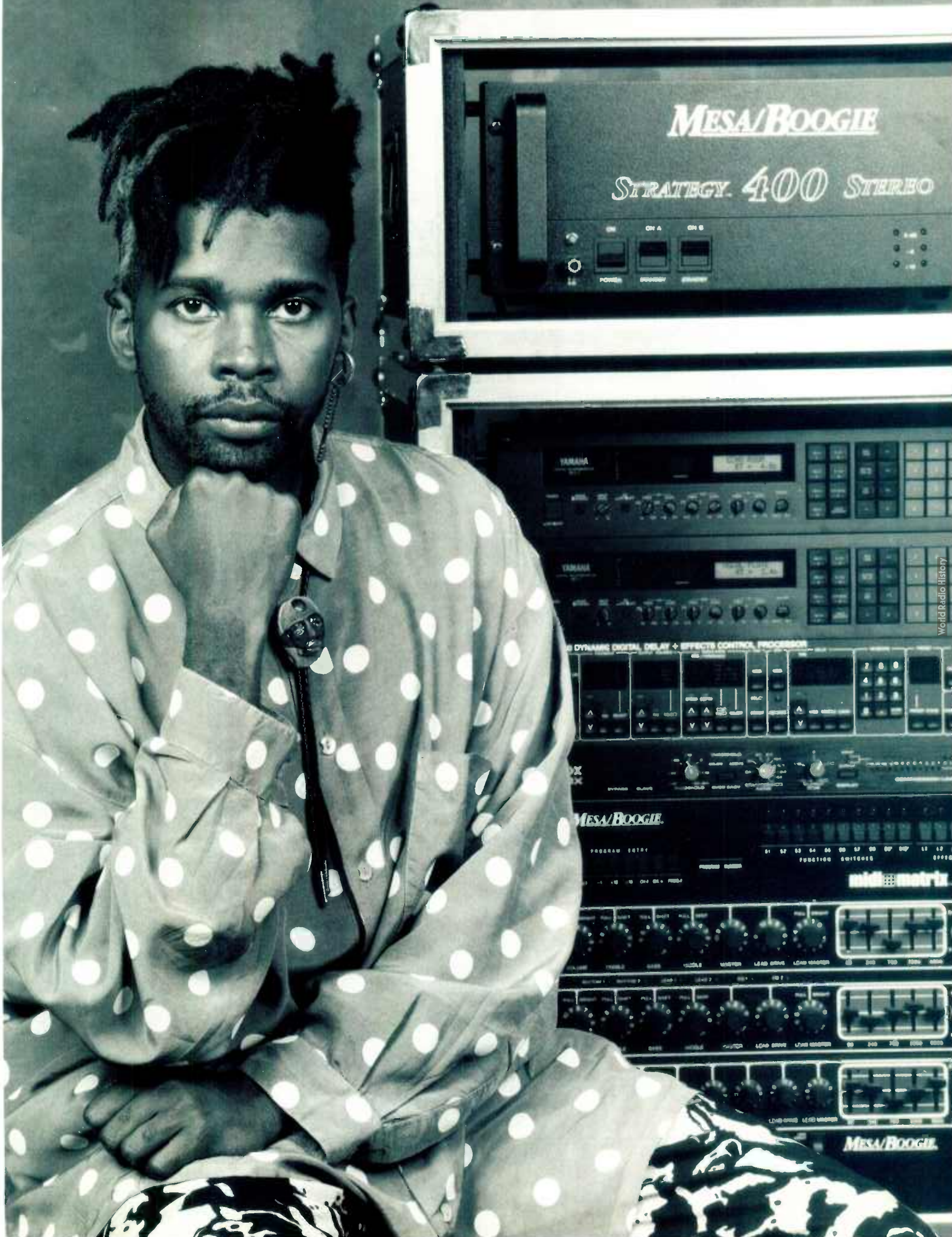

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COSTELLO

[cont'd from page 43] Before that it would have followed much more of a stock blueprint. Which I've done sometimes. On many songs on *King of America* I was writing after the patterns of a gospel or blues or country song. And it would only be the lyrics that would be unique to me. The melodies would be almost *found*. He doesn't do that. He would start with that and then add a melodic invention on top of it. Which is what the chorus of "That Day Is Done" is.

"That Day Is Done" was quite a personal story to me. I think that was a real test of whether we could really write together. Heaven knows we both know enough about songwriting that if we couldn't write a couple of things as good as "My Brave Face" and "Veronica" there'd really be something the matter. The real test was to write something with real feeling. That wasn't just plucked out of the air as an exercise in "What kind of tempo shall we work on today?" or "Should we go for a lot of shifts between major and minor?" I had a very strong idea about what the song should say, but I hadn't all the words. I just had the very opening of the song. Everything else was developed together and yet it remained true to the sentiment of a personal story about my not being able to attend a funeral. Whether it means something different to Paul when he sings it is the test of whether it's a good song. It should be possible to sing it with an entirely different emphasis and meaning and still make it work.

> "CERTAIN THINGS HAPPENED THAT EVENTUALLY BENEFITED THE WHOLE PROJECT. BUT ELVIS' THINKING MIGHT HAVE BEEN A LITTLE TOO RADICAL."

I had the story but I hadn't articulated it. So Paul and I sat and wrote down certain words that seemed to fit the mood of the song. Which is not a very regular way of writing lyrics. There were certain words that seemed to resonate within that song. I think it's something Robbie Robertson did early on. There were certain words that you could not imagine existing in his songs. It was almost as if he had a deliberately edited vocabulary. Not in the sense of being inarticulate, but in a sense of his trying to define a certain way of speaking to make it sound like it was coming from another time. That was an influence on the way we approached "That Day Is Done." We said, "It's got to be in this slightly arcane language." That's the way the rest of the lyric developed. I wanted it to have something of a Louvin Brothers Appalachian ballad about it. Slightly mystical songs with very dark imagery.

So I knew roughly what I wanted the song to say but it took two people to get it out. It was a very personal topic and it actually helped having another person to articulate it. People hear that lyric and say,

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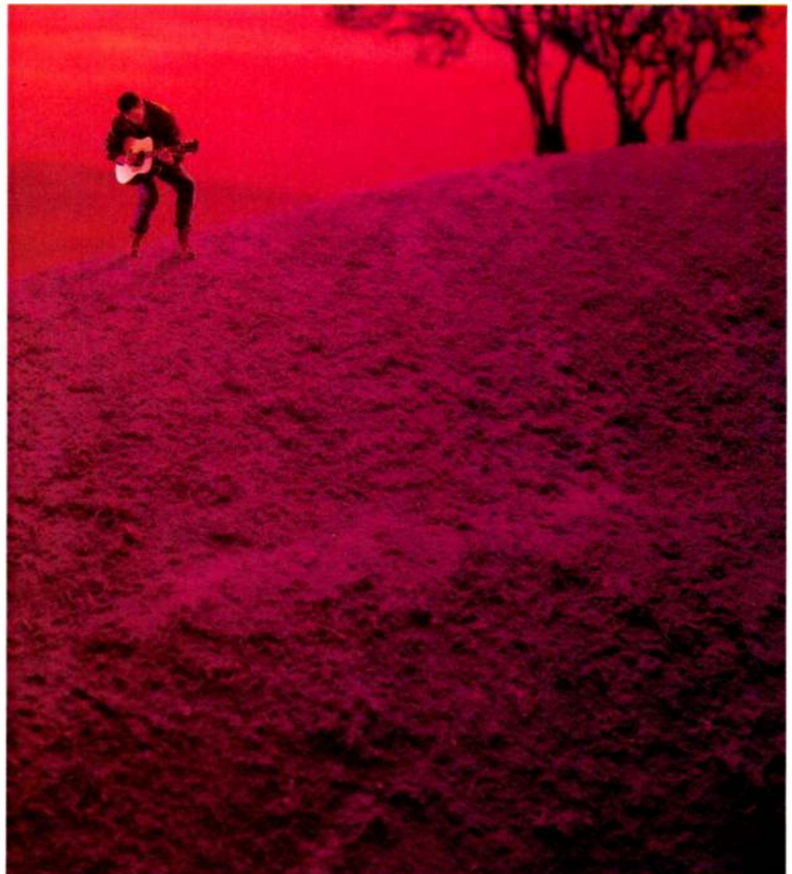

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"Oh, that comes from Costello," 'cause in the last few years I've written more songs of a mysterious nature than Paul has. But I don't know what hand he had in "Baby's in Black," but that song to me has always been on a par with [Jesse Winchester's] "Black Dog." It's one of those songs that makes my skin creep a little bit, like a good thriller does. My favorite Band songs, "Tears of Rage," "Unfaithful Servant," have a similar quality. Those songs seem to be about something going on around the corner that you can't quite see. Something behind a locked door.

MUSICIAN: *Well, McCartney's done that. "Eleanor Rigby" had that spookiness, "Let It Be" is about his mother's ghost coming in the night.*

COSTELLO: Well, this is all sounding a little bit pretentious as we talk about it, but here's the comical side: I arrived at the studio with the gospel development of the verse melody of "That Day Is Done." It could have kept going around on three or four notes as far as I was concerned 'cause it only had to tell the story. Paul said, "That's fine but it just sounds like a million songs. What you need is this." And he sang, "That day is done, that day is done, that day is done." I said, "Oh, you mean like, 'Let it be, let it be, let it be'?" But he was right, it needs that kind of statement to make the song pay off. Otherwise it would be just a long series of images leading perhaps to some payoff, but with no release, no motion. All story and no emphasis.

MUSICIAN: *McCartney puts more thought into lyrics than people realize.*

COSTELLO: I'm supposed to be a lyricist, but he'd say, "No, that's just not logical. You're making too much assumption that the audience will follow that little jump there."

I think it's probably because the music he would have heard immediately before starting writing would have been written by trained songwriters. People say, "Oh, he was listening to rock 'n' roll!" But early rock 'n' roll songs weren't all written by hillbillies. A lot of them were really crafted. All the Leiber & Stoller things rhyme really well; they never accommodate a three-syllable word rhyming with a two-syllable word. They never add extra bars or extra beats. Everything's exact in them. And that was true for the whole tradition of songwriting from the '30s, except where it was done obviously for effect, like in Cole Porter.

Look at the standards McCartney throws into his repertoire from time to time, they're very disciplined songs. In the course of Lennon and McCartney developing as writers there was obviously some sort of revelation they had that you could do these little things. Suddenly these bars of 2/4 started creeping in. As early as *Beatles for Sale*, but really took over around *Rubber Soul*. That was the stuff that influenced me when I was learning. It was uneven structure, and after that the rulebook went out the window. *Revolver* is the textbook on how to write really melodic pop songs that don't obey any of the normal rules. "And Your Bird Can Sing" and things like that. And then occasionally they're really formal—like "Here, There and Everywhere," which has the little opening: "To lead a better life I need my love to be here." You can see the guy singing that coming through the French windows into the rose garden. It's a real Broadway show introduction. And I mean that in a good way. Ⓜ

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Working Musician

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THEY COME OUT ONSTAGE, THE FOUR OF THEM, LOOKING LIKE THEY MIGHT BE GETTING READY TO SIT DOWN AND DISCUSS POST-STRUCTURALIST DECONSTRUCTIONALISM IN SOME BERKELEY COFFEE SHOP UNTIL THE OWNER THROWS THEM OUT. EXCEPT THEY HAVE THESE INSTRUMENTS. THE LEAN, PALE INTELLEC-

By Joe Goldberg

World Radio History

Photograph by Michael Llewellyn

World Radio History

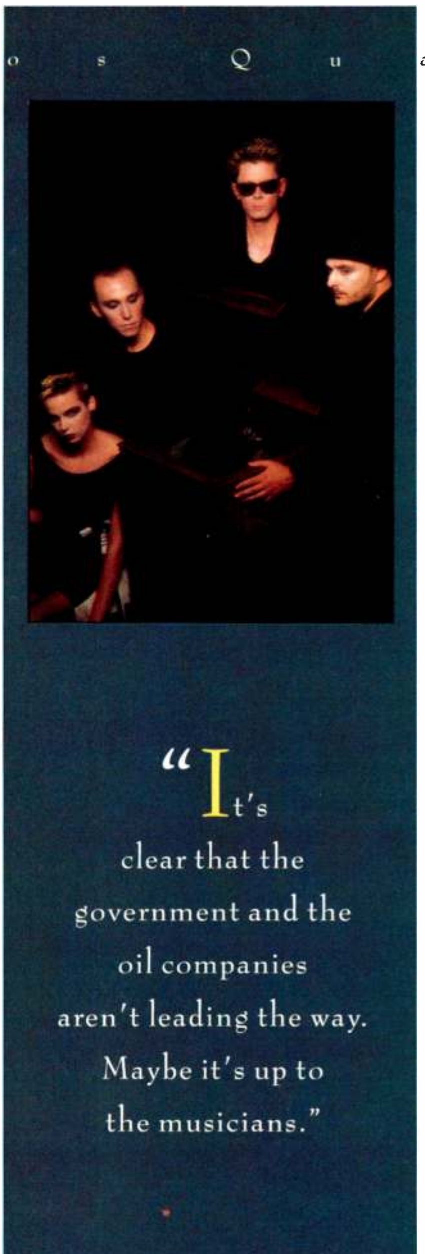
tual might be wearing shades. The striking young woman might have her spiky hair colored silver that night. The stocky, bearded one might have on his sleeveless leather vest, with a leather band around his bicep. The blond man looks like the angel Cégeste in Jean Cocteau's film *Orphée*.

Already some members of the audience are getting nervous, the ones who are religious about chamber music and know that God said string quartets are supposed to wear formal evening clothes and conduct themselves with decorum. The other half of the audience, the ones dressed pretty much like the people onstage, is delighted. Kronos, the hottest and most unusual string quartet in the business, has already polarized their audience, and they haven't even played a note.

You've probably never heard the piece they're going to play. The group plays only music of twentieth-century composers, and a lot of it can be hummed by no one, composer included. (Increasingly, what Kronos plays has been written or arranged specifically for them.) It might sound to you like the sounds the cats made when their guts were removed to make the strings on the instruments, but the people next to you are rapt, as if they'd received the Word Made Music, and there's no question but that Kronos is serious. They watch each other's eyes constantly, like basketball players. The commitment is palpable, the concentration absolute. They are completely, as jazz musicians say, in the moment. They are completely of *this* moment.

Kronos is the idea of its quietly intense, 39-year-old founder, first violinist and spokesperson, David Harrington. The group—which also includes violinist John Sherba, Hank Dutt on viola and cellist Joan Jeanrenaud—arrived at its present personnel 11 years ago, after other manifestations that Harrington regards as not really being Kronos, and therefore unworthy of discussion. Jeanrenaud, 33, a no-nonsense Southern charmer from Memphis, says, "I think that once the four of us got together, things really clicked. David was able to perceive his goals clearly through this group of people, but that was always his focus."

Most people who have written about Kronos seem to be trying to find a way of saying this is not really a string quartet. A great deal has been written about their clothes, haircuts, shades, promotional slogans. Nor does the group truly discourage



this form of attention. Pasted over a recent concert poster, for instance, was this quote attributed to Harrington: "A great work of art is a very dangerous thing. . . ." Kronos has in abundance what we have come to call Attitude, and used to call chutzpah.

"I think they are naturally and instinctively colorful," counters Orrin Keepnews, the respected jazz producer who has recorded with Kronos albums of music by Bill Evans and Thelonious Monk. "I don't happen to think there's anything the slightest bit bullshit about their costuming, the hairstyles. This is the way these people are. That turns out to work very well for them. You don't say, 'This is who I am, take it or leave it' in public unless you overwhelmingly believe in yourself."

When David Harrington says that things over the years have been more difficult than he thought they would be, it takes a moment to realize that he is also saying that he never considered the possibility that Kronos would not become the success it is. One reason for that must be that the members of Kronos all joined when they were in their early 20s, and have never had any other job.

John Sherba enjoys playing in Kronos because he is not what he would be in a standard quartet: second fiddle. He might have the solo, or, as happens in Arvo Pärt's *Fratres*, play one extended note throughout the entire piece. "My role is constantly changing," he says. "I love that." Sherba recalls each of the members rehearsing their parts in a John Cage quartet individually, "and then we played it together as a group at the concert." They played the piece standing up. "Cage wanted that. He didn't want us to relate to each other at all."

Here are some other things Kronos has done: It has performed the work of the Polish composer Krzysztof Penderecki in San Quentin prison. It has performed as a quintet with jazz drummer Max Roach. It has played the national anthem before a San Francisco Giants baseball game while wearing the Giants colors, orange and black. It has played a quartet by Morton Feldman which lasts four hours and is nearly inaudible for most of that time. It has performed a selection of the music of James Brown while sharing the stage with an eight-foot ambulatory robot.

Their global appetite stems from, and results in, a pan-musicality that is something new in the concert hall, though not on radio. Years ago, Studs Terkel had a late-night radio show in Chicago on which he would play, for instance, a Bill Broonzy blues, followed by a Bartók string quartet, followed by a Charlie Parker jazz piece. Judith Sherman was music director for WBAI in New York, which features the same kind of programming. She is now Kronos' record producer. Another on whom that kind of radio made an impact was Bob Hurwitz, senior vice president of Elektra/Nonesuch, the company Kronos records for.

"When I was a student in Berkeley," Hurwitz says, "KSAN would play John Coltrane followed by Indian music followed by the Grateful Dead followed by Miles Davis. Those days were very influential to a lot of people, and what I think is that they were ultimately influential to the creative musician."

Until the '60s, concert music after World War II was dominated by academic compos-

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ers who seemed to be writing for each other, and looked for their models to the so-called Second Viennese School from just before World War I—the serial composers Schoenberg, Berg and Webern.

Steve Reich, who has written for Kronos, has remarked that there's no point in trying to write like Schoenberg when you're surrounded by Chuck Berry and McDonald's hamburgers. "He's absolutely right," Hurwitz says. "We're not living in Vienna in 1911 anymore."

"The center of quartets in the eighteenth century and the nineteenth century was definitely Vienna," David Harrington agrees. "What I wanted to do was make the center more universal than one particular place; maybe not have a center to it. Just have this form available for people who were thinking in intimate musical ways."

This leaves Harrington in the position of a kid locked in a toy store after closing. In the last several months the quartet has been given new works by Terry Riley, Steve Reich, Kevin Volans, John Zorn, Henryk Mikolaj Gorecki and Kaija Saariaho. As Orrin Keepnews says, "The overwhelming majority of people writing string quartet music today think that having Kronos perform your material is a damned interesting idea."

The Kronos Quartet was formed in 1973 in Harrington's hometown of Seattle, Washington. The group's name comes from the god of time. Father Time carries a sickle because Chronos castrated his father and swallowed his sons, to protect himself from being usurped, after which he married his sister. Harrington says he "admires the energy" of the actions.

Kronos became quartet-in-residence at the State University of New York at Geneseo. Hank Dutt, 36, the blond, soft-spoken violist, joined in 1977. Then, in 1978, with the residency gone and not much work coming in, the second violinist and the cellist, who were married to each other, left (Dutt believes to save their marriage). Dutt suggested Jeanrenaud, with whom he had played in a quartet at Indiana University. She was in Geneva, studying with the cellist Pierre Fournier, but flew to San Francisco at her own expense to audition, a move that impressed Harrington. John Sherba joined at about the same time.

Kronos was given a residency at Mills College, which enabled the group to begin receiving grants from the school while applying for others. In the beginning, the proposals were written by Jeanrenaud (and budgeted by Dutt), and there are those who would say that applying for government arts money is at least as difficult a skill to master as playing the cello.

The effort has literally paid off; Kronos has become "a small business," according to Janet Cowperthwaite, who runs it. The Kronos Performing Arts Association has a board of directors which consists of the members of the quartet and several philanthropically inclined people in the Bay Area; Cowperthwaite, whose title is managing director, has been with the firm for eight years. "We're set up more like a symphony orchestra might be than a quartet," she says. "We have an annual budget and we're all employees."

Kronos hires people to write grant applications, which are sent to foundations, the National Endowment for the Arts, and similar organizations. Letters and phone calls go to universities and private individuals. The money pays for commissioning works, and underwrites the broadcasts the quartet does on American Public Radio, which serve as a forum for music the group has not recorded.

KAMAN

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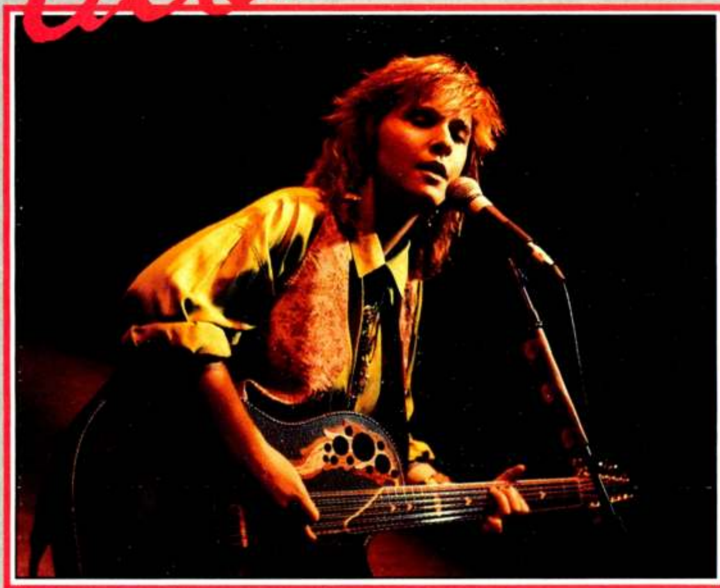

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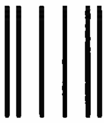

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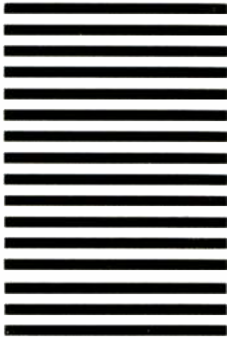

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There was a time when a $5,000 grant meant that Kronos would perform in your home, but now it would be difficult to find an available date. The great majority of the group's concerts are played on college campuses, where the group's fee is often subsidized by student activity fees, regardless of tickets sold. In any event, Kronos has come a long way from its beginning, when, as Jeanrenaud recalls, they made "hardly any money at all. But we were all young enough that our love for chamber music was far greater than financial concerns. It took us about six or seven years before we were earning as much as an orchestra member in a professional symphony. We even played weddings at one point. They weren't your traditional wedding music hits," she adds.

For all its success, Kronos has its detractors, many of whom simply don't like the group's attitude. Judith Sherman is married to a member of a more traditional string quartet, the New World, and she often finds herself at parties where people, not knowing who she is, amuse themselves by running down Kronos. "What angers me most is when people are condescending about what Kronos does, as though punk is what they are about."

Joan Jeanrenaud is largely responsible for the group's attire. "We all came to the conclusion that it wasn't necessary for us to wear the same things that everybody wore," she says, "and I think that's just an outgrowth of our music. We're not approaching things the same way anyone else is." Hank Dutt thinks their look is simply a matter of "being with the times." John Sherba is especially incensed when he reads that he has a punk haircut: "I get my hair cut on Market Street for five dollars by an elderly Hungarian woman. She's about 70. So really my haircut is probably a 1930s Hungarian proletarian cut. It's only five dollars and you get to hear her whole life story."

Some critics, like Jonathan Cosman of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, feel that Kronos is "technically and artistically not up to mainstream quartets," though Cosman admits that in much of the music Kronos premieres it is impossible to tell without a score whether they are playing accurately or not. But in tonal and more familiar music, he finds them inferior to England's Arditti Quartet, which also specializes in contemporary music. Others prefer the LaSalle Quartet, which premiered, or had written for them, such staples of Kronos' literature as quartets by Ligeti, Lutoslawski and Penderecki. But there is also this from Andrew Porter, the rigorous music critic of the *New Yorker*: "The players have found a way of drawing people, young and old, to concerts of uncompromisingly serious contemporary music. They play so much of it that it's hard to believe that they play it all well. But they do. I've not heard a Kronos performance that did not sound technically brilliant, thoroughly rehearsed, and emotionally cogent."

Kronos adheres to these standards even in the absence of a paying audience. A few years ago they were quartet-in-residence at the California Institute of the Arts, where the head of the composition faculty is Mel Powell, who in his teens played piano in the Benny Goodman band. Powell recalls that when Kronos performed the works of student composers, they did not sight-read them, as most such groups would do, but came to the sessions fully prepared, with no condescension, open-minded, as if they were performing any new work.

For this approach Harrington credits Terry Riley, composer of the seminal minimalist

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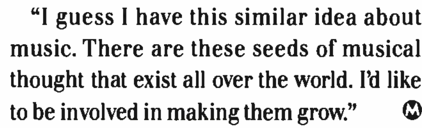
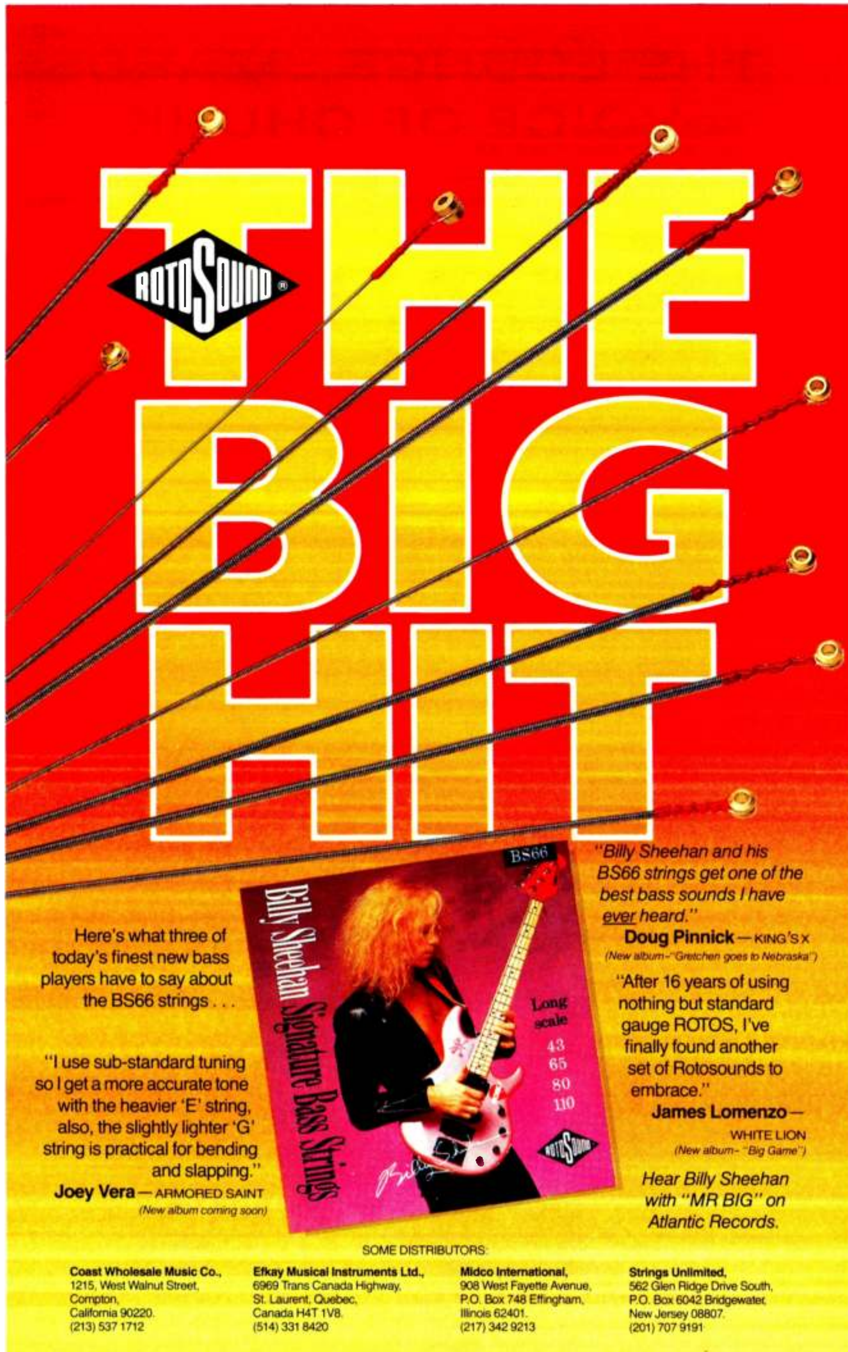
themselves to a rock group," adds Orrin Keepnews. "If you got in on Kronos early, you were in a position where you would consider it almost your personal property. There was an audience for something hip and iconoclastic and nontraditional."

As might be expected, David Harrington sees it somewhat differently. "When I was very young," he says, "I was fortunate that my grandmother was involved in a specialized form of gardening. She grew lilies from seeds; most people grow them from bulbs. The difference is immense in terms of the quality and purity of the outcome. She was collecting seeds from all over the world. And I remember her stamp collection! She'd have lilies from Africa and Australia and Borneo and Java. I had the impression that there was this incredible world out there where the seeds of lilies could be gotten.

"I guess I have this similar idea about music. There are these seeds of musical thought that exist all over the world. I'd like to be involved in making them grow."





KINNEY

[cont'd from page 26] I take offense at the word 'losers,'" he laughs. He might be identifying with his characters. Kinney confesses he relates to the starry-eyed narrator of *Macdougal Blues'* title cut who visits Greenwich Village expecting to find a '60s time warp: "I was like that when punk-rock happened. I told my friends, 'Yeah, I'm gonna go to New York and play CBGB, man.'

"I'm not singing about the political world or anything. I'm doing it 'cause I've always done it. I could care less whether it's trendy or not."

One advantage of thinking small is that *Macdougal Blues* recouped its production costs in pre-release orders alone. The same philosophy guides the Kinney-Buck tour.

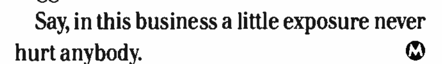
"I've been really lucky," Buck says. "I've been in this really good band, and we're really successful. I've played for 30,000 people, and it's great. But I still have that romantic attachment to renting the van and doing a guerrilla tour."

Which is exactly what Kinney, Buck and a guitar tech are doing. Meanwhile, Kinney awaits the day when Drivin' n' Cryin' gets its own just rewards.

"If you see us live," he states proudly, "it's a barrage of song after song. We think Soundgarden is good. A lot of those bands—Jane's Addiction is good. But I'll tell you, on a good night Drivin' n' Cryin' can blow any one of those bands away. That's not an arrogant statement. That's just the truth. We've got the next record written and demoed and it's letter-perfect. It's a good rock band. Not many people know that. Because nobody comes down South to figure it out. Everybody sits in L.A. and New York. We sell out 10,000-seat basketball arenas in Tuscaloosa and Auburn and Asheville and Atlanta, and I couldn't get arrested in New York City."

"Just go out and expose yourself," Buck suggests.

Say, in this business a little exposure never hurt anybody.



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(continued next page...)

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Note: Recorded cassettes in Burge's ***Perfect Pitch® Super-Course*** *contain private ear-training lessons with David; actual listening is done on your own live instrument.*

You'd think Burge would be ecstatic to add this new support to that of thousands who have already taken his **Perfect Pitch® SuperCourse**. But to our amazement, he was mildly amused.

"Three successes out of five is not good enough," Burge asserts. "But it's *very good* considering how inadequately the testing was conducted." He notes several critical flaws.[b]

Burge says that because Rush was testing participants on *piano*, only *pianists* should have been used as subjects.

Why? "Because at first you begin to recognize pitches on your own instrument," he explains. "If you're a flutist, you can quickly learn tones on flute, but your ear might not catch pitches on piano or other instruments. At this stage it would be absurd to test you on piano when your pitch skills are on flute."[c]

Can you have Perfect Pitch on other instruments as well?

"Yes," Burge continues. "Once you've mastered the tones on your familiar instrument, your ear opens further. You gain the ability to recognize pitches on *any* instrument, including environmental tones (bells, sirens, birds, etc.). But first *you must establish a foundation on your primary instrument.*"[d]

Irrespective of their instrument, Rush tested all subjects on *piano*, a painful flaw. Although the experimental results proved exceedingly positive, they still obviously can not do justice to Burge's method with this breach of his instructions.

To add further confusion, Rush used a *tape recording* of piano to test all participants.[e] Burge disallows musicians to use a tape recorder at first because "recordings change the sound in various ways." He advises that "again, you will hear best if you start with your own live instrument."[f]

We asked Burge:

Why is it easier to recognize tones on your own instrument at first?

"Because you are most familiar with its *sound*. You have already played it for countless hours, and your ear is completely saturated with that particular quality [timbre]. So without even trying, you have *already prepared* your ear to recognize pitches on your instrument."

"The true proof is when you start to hear with Perfect Pitch *yourself*," says Burge, who shrugs off the impressive research findings on his method.

Also: "When you practice your instrument, your ear *immediately* incorporates the benefits it has just gained in your ear-training session. This makes your ear very sharp, and makes gaining Perfect Pitch easy."[g]

We hear what Burge is saying.

Yet there's an interesting twist in the OSU Perfect Pitch study: Although all subjects used piano to train and test their ears, the top pitch performer was *not* a pianist. He was a *French horn* player.

"True," says Burge, "and I am very proud of that student. But he might have had even faster results with French horn. Also, he had studied piano as his *first* instrument."[h]

"Besides," Burge continues, "just because someone gets excellent results the hard way, you should not be tempted to follow suit. To be safe, stick with your primary instrument until you learn to hear the tones. Then anything is possible."

Sound advice. If Rush had followed it, he wouldn't be puzzled that one of his participants actually scored *worse* on the posttest.[i]

It's no mystery. She was a trumpet player[j], and of course, was tested on piano.

Burge also notes that "Rush was rushing the participants."

He refers to the fact that Rush set a "predetermined training goal"[k] which subjects "pledged themselves"[l] to accomplish by Rush's cut-off date. To provide incentive, Rush offered *prize money*[m] to be split by the winners. "Not in good taste," says Burge.

"A budding rose can only unfold so much in a day, no matter how much sun or water you give it. Your ear is

World Radio History

like that rose. You don't want to rush it or you'll spoil it."

Burge advises musicians to listen just 15-20 minutes in a sitting—and then forget about it. "We never force or rush in any way. And we don't go to the next drill until we've mastered the one we're on. It's so simple."[n]

Burge says it is clear by their scores that Rush's best listeners could have done even better without their race to the finish line.

Conclusion:

It's evident that Rush did not attempt to follow Burge's specifications with any great precision.

But the point is: we don't think it really matters.

The results were phenomenal *anyway.* Rush reports that his statistics "clearly indicate dramatic improvement as a result of training,"[o] and were "significant for all measures of absolute pitch ability."[p]

Even with the trumpet player's score, the skills of the group as a whole were "vastly improved compared to their pretest responses."[q]

Not a bad finale for what Burge has termed "slipshod research."

So what is Perfect Pitch like?

Rush's top performer says, "What's really strange is listening to the radio and naming the pitch...This has been especially helpful in sight-reading."[r]

Others claim: "I can now tell when someone is playing the same piece in a different key...I can tell when the tape is playing a little faster or slower than 'right'"[s]; "I [hear] things much clearer and sharper. Pitches [are] much more definite and focused."[t]

A sax player says "it is easier to detect what I need to do to play in tune."[u]

A pianist finds that "it sharpened my ability to listen, hear inner tones and express the overall music...I derive more pleasure from practicing..."[v]

One star performer, a vocalist, envisions an entire vocal ensemble whose members have taken Burge's course: "Imagine the perfect intonation and not having to give starting pitches. Thanks!"[w]

All of which, we think, are fine feathers in Burge's cap.

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---

[a] Rush, Mark A. (1989). *"An experimental investigation of the effectiveness of training on absolute pitch in adult musicians,"* p. 212; [e]pp. 144-6; [h]p. 138; [i]pp. 203-4; [j]p. 138; [k]p. 147; [l]p. 193; [m]$1,250 to be exact, p. 147; [o, p]p. 196; [q]p. 198; [r]p. 400; [s]p. 400; [t]p. 397; [u]p. 400; [v, w]p. 399;

[b] For more detailed information on the study with Burge's further comments, please send $10 and request our special report, entitled "Perfect Pitch and Fine Tuning a Major Research Project."

[c, f, g, n] Fully explained in Burge's **Perfect Pitch® SuperCourse** audiocassette series.

[d] Burge advises vocalists to choose their most familiar accompaniment instrument: piano, guitar, etc. Organists and synthesizer players may pick any commonly used practice sound.

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BLOWIN' YOUR HOUSE IN

Playing "Pop Goes the Metal" with studio Giant Dann Huff

By Josef Woodard

IN THE EARLY '80S, Dann Huff took a fast train out of his hometown of Nashville to L.A. He had virtuosity and versatility on his side, as well as Southern hospitality and an eager eye on the session life. Within a couple of months, Huff was on his way to becoming a first-call studio guitarist—which he remained for most of the '80s.

"I almost felt guilty, because lots of people had been out here for years," Huff remembers. "I just played the right things at the right time. I had the right connections. My head was spinning."

Huff was spinning many another head, too, as he kept popping up at the better sessions in town. Names on the order of Michael Jackson, David Bowie, Madonna, Whitesnake, Bob Seger and countless others crowd his resumé. Huff was in the eye of the studio hurricane.

Then he became stricken with a kind of rock 'n' roll seven-year itch: Ya-yas had to be gotten out, and studio burnout was encroaching. Out of those impulses, Giant was born. Six years back, Huff had met keyboardist Alan Pasqua—fellow veteran of the studio wars, and a jazzer who played with Tony Williams' mid-'70s New Lifetime. The two worked on putting a band together for several years, finally arriving at the current Giant lineup, with Huff's brother David on drums and old pal Mike Brignardello on bass. "It was melodic, heavy rock 'n' roll," says Huff. "It wasn't metal, but it definitely wasn't pop music, either."

Giant released its debut LP *Last of the Runaways* on A&M last summer and has been making a slow, steady crossover climb ever since. Theirs is a big sound, something in the vein of a Bad Company with post–Van Halen, state-of-the-art fretboard fireworks. Huff is capable of fast and fanciful stuff—intricate two-handed tapping and inside-out phrasing—but keeps taste foremost, avoiding the finger-wiggling presently afflicting the metal guitar world.

Giant affords Huff his first real chance to stretch as a player, but in explaining the melodic logic of his playing, he points to another factor: becoming the band's lead singer by default. "It's something that I always wanted to do," he admits. "The voice is the perfect instrument. You're not blowing into anything. It's breath, it's all the phrasing, it's everything I've tried to achieve in my guitar playing—the nature of the human voice and those kinds of nuances.

"Once you get into your instrument," he continues, "you can fall into bad habits. It's funny—I find out more things about my guitar playing through my singing. I've kind of had a backward metamorphosis."

Huff was born in Akron, Ohio, but moved to Nashville for his wonder years. Young Huff had his ears tuned to R&B music, *Blow by Blow*–vintage Jeff Beck and Robert Palmer's *Some People Can Do What They Like*. Formal guitar education consisted of picking riffs off of records. In high school, he spent free periods copping licks, worked as a janitor at a studio and did demo dates at night. By 20 Huff had played on his first hit record, Greg Guidry's "Goin' Down." Toto bassist and Nashville emigré David Hungate encouraged him to make the Hollywood migration. For a few months before settling, Huff was a Nashville-L.A. commuter, sometimes playing a California session and catching a red-eye to a date in Nashville the next morning.

When Giant came along seven years later, Huff had to rediscover himself as a guitarist

Photograph: Nicola Dill/Visages

World Radio History

rather than as a studio "call boy." Help came from Giant's producer Terry Thomas (of Bad Company). "He has what I call that 'English thing,'" says Huff. "He would always ridicule me for overplaying: 'Cut that California glam stuff. Play something. *Mean* something. Play a melody.' When I improvise, I try to make it sound composed. There's something logical in music that I tend to gravitate to."

Thoroughbred that he is, Huff has no fear of speed, but feels that blues and melodic orientation are lacking in some of the metal whiz-kids. "Playing fast is a part of the repertoire everyone should have," he advises. "I always feel myself disliking people who equate taste and slow playing just because they can't play fast. A real test with some of the flame-throwing players [cont'd on page 77]

BASSIC TRAINING

No Mr. Sensitive, upright maven Rob Wasserman formfits his licks and cashes in on musical dialog

By Tom Moon

IT IS A RARE moment when an appearance on television can teach a musician something about his craft. That's what happened to Rob Wasserman when he and Grateful Dead guitarist Bob Weir taped a segment of the syndicated "Night Music" program in late January. "We usually do a short bass-solo intro to the song 'Victim or the Crime,'" Wasserman says. "But for this, I thought I would play with the bow, do some drone-type playing and then use the bow to tap on top of that. I didn't realize until we mixed it, but tapping brings out all kinds of qualities: It sets off these incredible overtones, really celestial-sounding stuff. I was thinking, 'No one is going to connect this with a bass.' It didn't sound like bass at all."

An opportunity to watch as well as listen to his work over and over jarred the usually humble Wasserman. The combination of thronging drones and tapping "made it into a percussive instrument, yet very melodic," Wasserman explains. "I'm just starting to scratch the surface of what the bass can do."

There are those who would argue that Wasserman, 37, has already gone a little deeper than the surface most bass players shuffle over. Lou Reed might testify about Wasserman's ability to rock. Rickie Lee Jones could tell you about the way he milks a phrase. Jerry Garcia and Edie Brickell know about Wasserman's ability to pull unorthodox structures from simple pop melodies. Through his album *Duets* and his work with Reed, Weir and others, Wasserman has elevated the bassist's pack-horse role to the threshold of creative collaboration and has become a great sideman in the process. In his hands the bass can be a band.

Still weary from the mix, Wasserman is not exactly convinced he has conquered the world. In fact, the small breakthrough on "Victim or the Crime" has led him deeper into his mission. He describes his shows with Weir, where he supplies the drums, bass and main solos, as a rich artistic outlet; he's not into it solely for the thrill of being part of an acoustic duo charged with the task of entertaining 20,000 of Jerry's Kids, but because, he says, it gives him the chance to "bring out the qualities of Weir's voice, which is full of character and unique. He's never been shown off that way before."

That's Wasserman. If you're looking for that shot-out-of-a-cannon style of bass playing in which every phrase is a virtuoso event, skip him. He gets his licks in, but does it as part of the flow of the music. How in the root-and-fifth world does he manage *that?* An ear for space helps, along with a willingness to develop a para-musical understanding with his cohorts. Then there's his ability to be an animal on the instrument—doing things just because they feel right. An example: his recent embrace of Kansas City chink-chink rhythm guitar as an accompaniment device. "I've just recently gotten into this thing where I put my thumb up on the strings and use my thumbnail as a pick. That really sounds like a guitar."

Photograph: Christine Alicino

World Radio History

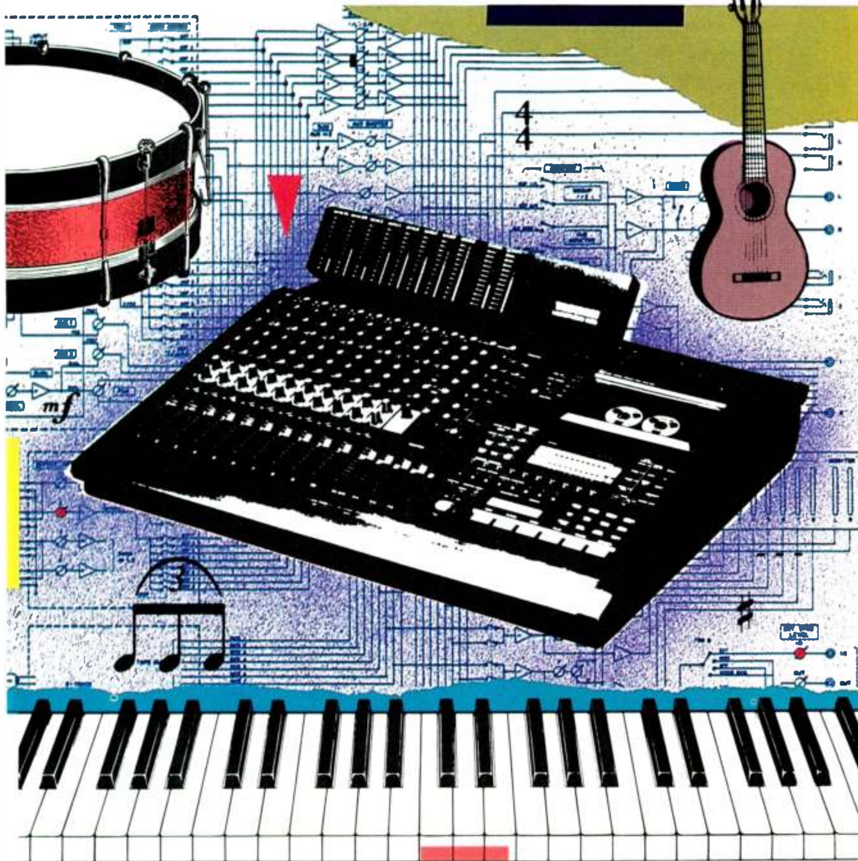
The Full-Service MIDI Portastudio

Tascam's 688 delivers MIDI automation and sync, scads of inputs and eight tracks

By Alan di Perna

OKAY, SO I WAS a little skeptical in first approaching the new Tascam 688 Midistudio. Who doesn't feel a twinge of anxiety whenever software functions take over a job that was once handled by good, old-fashioned knobs and switches? And that's exactly what Tascam has done with the 688. They've taken away the traditional, physical switches for doing things like selecting inputs and routing them to tape tracks; instead there's an LCD display, much like you'd find on a synthesizer. "Oh goody," I groaned. "Pages and sub-pages... multi-function buttons.... Swell."

But there was no cause for alarm. Software-based routing actually works *better* in a mixer/recorder setup than it does in a synthesizer. Everything you need to do can be accomplished on just three LCD pages. Compared to the 50 or 60 pages you have to grapple with on some synths, this is a lark in the park. And because 99 of these electronic routing schemes can be stored in memory, the 688's software-based switching greatly enhances what would be a pretty potent self-contained recording system anyway.



But let's back up a bit. The Tascam 688 is actually three products in one: a 20-input mixer, an eight-track cassette recorder and a MIDI-to-FSK converter for synchronizing a sequencer to the tape tracks. A number of design features make the 688 instantly appealing. First off, most of the audio connectors are located on the top surface of the board, where you can get at them quickly. They're positioned just behind the meter bridge, which can be pivoted at almost any angle. (Another nice design touch.)

The 688's mixer section has 10 mike-level XLR jacks and 10 line-level quarter-inch connectors, making a grand total of 20 inputs. These can be routed, in any combination, to the 688's 10-channel main mixer or the 10-channel "dual" mixer section. (More on this in a bit.) The main channel modules are fairly complete. Along with the usual trim and pan pots, each one has an insert jack, which is handy for applying effects to individual inputs, or patching in a VCA fader automation system. There's a three-band EQ on each channel, with sweepable mid and shelving high and low bands. While they won't make George Massenburg turn green with envy, the 688's channel EQs are functional enough.

Each main channel strip has two aux sends, mated with four effect returns, which means you can set up two mono-send/stereo-return effects loops. But that's only part of the effects story. To understand the other part, though, we must first come to terms with the dual mixer section. Tascam calls it dual because it has two functions. One is to act as 10 extra, "bare bones" input modules, each with its own level and pan control. The other role of the dual inputs is to act as an extra pair of effect sends. So you can set up four mono-send/mono-return effects loops, as long as you don't need the dual inputs for sound sources.

The main and dual inputs and the effects returns can be routed, in any combination, to eight group busses. Groups one through eight are dedicated to tracks one through eight. The eight groups can also be sent out the 688's eight group output jacks. Completely separate from all this is an eight-channel monitor section, with level and pan controls for each channel. You can monitor the eight tape tracks, groups one and two,

Illustration: Bob Hambly

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Producer Bob Clearmountain at King Swamp session, Manor Studios, Oxfordshire, England, March 1990.

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and/or the aux and dual sends.

In brief, the 688's mixer is a solid, sophisticated item that can walk tall next to any comparable stand-alone board. But how do signals get sent to and from different sections of this mixer? That's where the aforementioned electronic routing system comes into the picture. There are, as we said, a total of three pages that can be called up on the 688's large LCD. On the Input page, you select whether each channel of the main and dual mixers is going to get its signal from a mike input, a line input or from tape. As a fourth option, any dual channel can also have the post-fader signal from a main channel as its input, which is useful when using a dual channel as an effects send.

The actual procedure for making these assignments is as simple as a Whitesnake fan. (Only joking, dude.) Two keystrokes are all it takes: one to select the input source, and another to select the appropriate channel for that source. My only criticism is that the channel-select keys are located right above the track record-enable buttons, and they look exactly the same. In the heat of a heavy punch-in, it's easy to hit a channel-select instead of a record-enable (or vice versa) and get yourself into big trouble.

The Assign Main page—where you route the main mixer channels to the busses—is just as straightforward as the Input page. Ditto for the Assign Effects page, where the four effects returns get routed to any of the eight groups.

Tascam designed the system so that all these routing assignments can be memorized as scenes (up to 99 of them). But the three LCD pages are also simple enough to allow for real-time spontaneity in re-routing things as the creative urge strikes during a session. Which is especially reassuring when using the Mute feature. Engage a master Mute key and the 688's 10 channel-select buttons now become channel-mute buttons.

But the real beauty of the setup is that mutes and scene changes can be automated and synchronized to tape. The great advantage of the 688's electronic routing system is that it's directly linked to the 688's MIDI ports. So is the on-board, MIDI-FSK converter. The converter reads MIDI clocks from your sequencer and automatically stripes tape track eight with FSK sync code. On playback, the FSK is reconverted to MIDI timing data and sent back to your sequencer via the 688's MIDI Out port.

But what if you use some other sync code—like SMPTE, for instance? No problem. The 688's also got a pair of external sync jacks on the back. They get your code in and out of the machine, untouched by the built-in dbx noise reduction or any of the top panel controls. The only thing I noticed is that the eight-track cassette format is very unforgiving when it comes to SMPTE, much more so than four-track cassette. The code will hiccup if there's the slightest imperfection in the tape, or if the teensiest electrical glitch takes place while you're printing code. Other sync options? Oh yes, there's even an RS232C port for connecting a synchronizer, such as the Tascam MIDIizer, and slaving the 688's tape transport to an external tape machine.

Anyway, once you've synchronized a sequencer to the 688's tape deck, you can now record mute moves and/or scene changes into the sequencer for automated mix action. The Tascam guys weren't exaggerating in calling the 688 a Midistudio. It really can function as an organic part of a MIDI-based recording rig.

This leaves us with just the tape and trans-

World Radio History

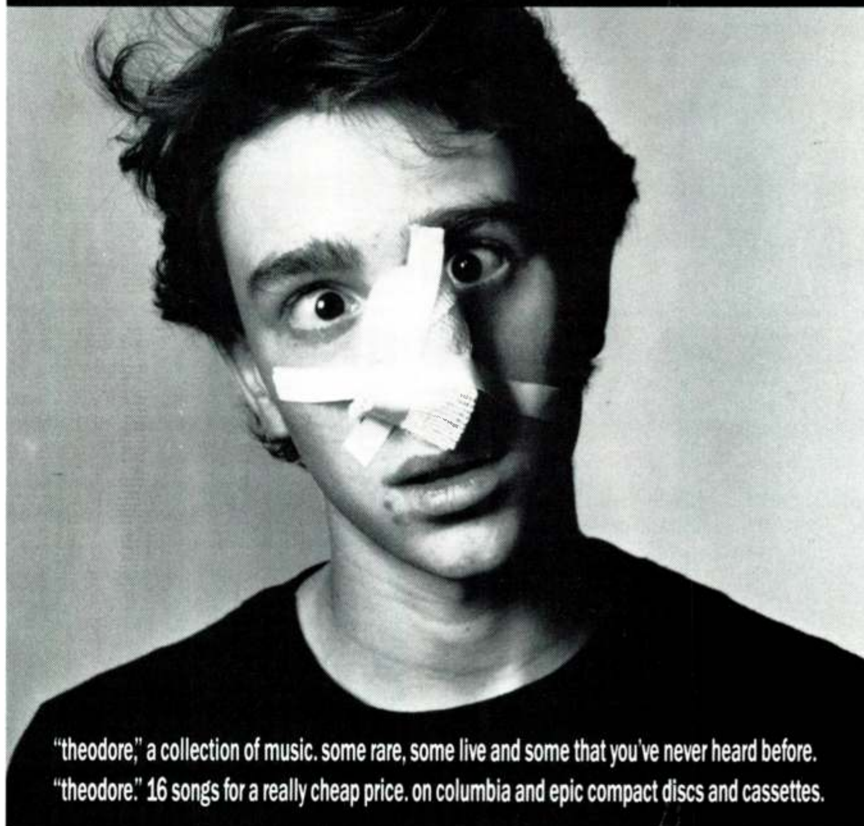
FAST PRODUCT

A PAUL REED SMITH guitar for under 800 bucks? Who ever thought we'd see the day? But that's precisely the deal on the new PRS EG series. Is there a catch? Well, the necks are bolt-on rather than thru-body and the tops are less elaborately carved. Essentially, though, these Strat-style cuties look and play like the genuine PRS article. There are two models: one with three single-coil pickups and another with two single-coils and a humbucker. The single-coils are a new design, but the humbuckers are the same PRS Vintage pickups found on higher-end Paul Reed Smith axes.

Ah, prestige brands for plebeian prices. Is this the next big trend? HARTKE is now making affordable versions of its status-symbol bass enclosures. They're called Transporter cabinets and they're ticketed about $300 under the regular Hartke line. You still get the famous Hartke aluminum speaker cones. But the magnets are a bit smaller, the grille a tad lighter, the wood a quarter-inch thinner and the handles a shade less gorilla-proof. The three Transporter models correspond exactly to the original three Hartke cabinets. There's a 2x10 for $499, a 15" for $599 and a 4x10 for $699. If you want the Hartke sound and can live with a little less heavy armor, this looks like a buy.

But what about the rest of the band? Well, RAMSA's new 500 series speaker cabinets are good for keyboards and general P.A. purposes, especially if you're playing out. They're nice and small, and since they're made out of space-age injection-molded resin stuff they're light and tough too. There are two models, a $1300 mid-/high-frequency cabinet, the WS-A500, that is loaded with a ported 12" and a tweeter, and an identically sized low-frequency enclosure, the WS-A550, that has one 12" and goes for $680.

The latest studio-quality microphone technology to trickle down to the rock 'n' roll/home-recording market comes from AKG. They've got a new electret mike called the C 1000S that's nicely priced at $325 and another, the C 525S, that's very nicely priced at $195. Both mikes can be run from phantom power or an internal 9V battery, which opens up the joys of better miking to all us home-studio lowlifes who don't have phantom power. The C 1000S is even more useful. It comes with a polar pattern converter that will change its cardioid pickup pattern to a hypercardioid response—sort of like having two mikes in one.



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Indigo Girls
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Shawn Colvin
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Social Distortion
3rd Bass
O-Positive
Big Dipper
Toad The Wet Sprocket
Prong

Columbia Epic

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port facilities to consider. Can you really put eight tracks on a cassette? YES! The sound is fully comparable to Tascam's four-track cassette decks. And the dbx noise reduction keeps things pretty durn quiet.

The auto-transport functions are quite slick too. There's return-to-zero plus two more autolocate points. You can set up a repeating loop between the two points. There are separate controls for setting up an automated punch-in/-out, with rehearsal. You even get a shuttle control for "scrubbing" the tape over the heads at any speed, which is useful for locating points on tape with absolute precision.

The final verdict? The 688 Midistudio can probably dispel your skepticism about eight-track cassette and the whole idea of software-based signal routing. It's a lot of machine for $3299.

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE

For big-game music hunter David Lewiston, the world is one big remote recording studio

By Scott Isler

HE'S BREATHED the thin air of the Himalayas. He's simmered in the tropical humidity of Bali. He's survived a stay in Ayacucho, now the stronghold of Peruvian revolutionaries. But New York City in August is too much for David Lewiston. As he sits mopping his brow in the offices of Nonesuch Records, the casually dressed Lewiston looks out of his element. But what is his element? Sixty years old and nominally British, he lives in Hawaii when not roaming the globe for musical trophies.

Life wasn't always this glamorous. In the 1960s Lewiston was an editor at an NYC banking journal. "I always wanted to travel," he recollects, "so I took off." In 1966 he arranged for a leave of absence and headed for southeast Asia.

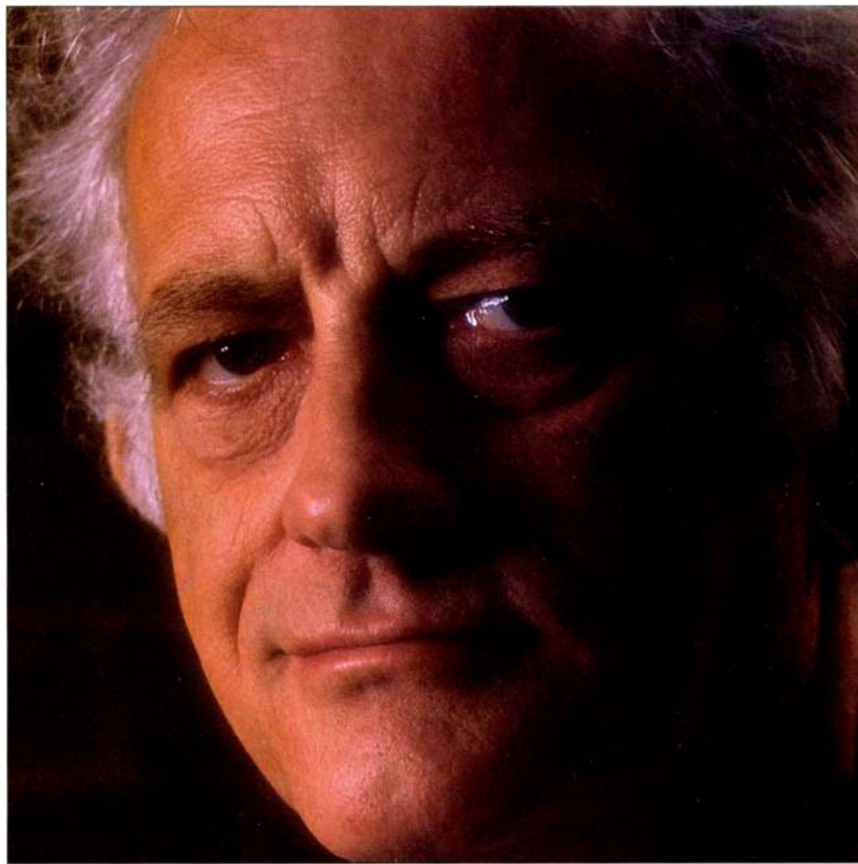
He always had musical interests. Lewiston attended Trinity College of Music in London, and studied with Thomas de Hartmann, the pianist/composer affiliated with mystic Georges Gurdjieff. De Hartmann introduced Lewiston to central Asian music—"my first intimation," Lewiston says, "that there was something outside the mainstream of Western culture." Folkways Records albums of Turkish music further whetted his appetite. In Singapore he picked up a battery-operated, stereo tape recorder, and his career as documentarist was under way.

In less than three weeks in Bali and Java, Lewiston recorded three albums' worth of material. The first of these, *Music from the Morning of the World*, remains a captivating cornerstone of Nonesuch's globetrotting Explorer series. Lewiston eventually provided Nonesuch with 27 albums of music from the Himalayas, India and Pakistan, Iran, the far east and Central and South America—almost all recorded on location.

But Lewiston's favorite foreign cultures were—and are—the Balinese and Tibetan Buddhist. In 1987 he returned to Bali—this time with digital equipment—to record more of that country's enchanting music, especially the gamelan orchestras with their chiming metallophones, resounding gongs and swirling rhythms.

"I was really nervous during each session," Lewiston recalls, "'cause I never knew what was going to work. The [Sony] F-1 had broken down. I had intermittent dropouts on one channel. Then I found that a hearty slap on the case would bring it back up!"

That common-sense approach goes with Lewiston's engaging manner, both personally and musicologically. He prefers not to get bogged down in minutiae, and he disparages earlier field recordings from the far east that "treated material more in an ethnomusicological manner than just music to be listened to." Thus Lewiston prefers issuing complete performances—regardless of length—to excerpts yanked out of context. "If you have a drib [cont'd on page 97]



Photograph: Aldo Mauro

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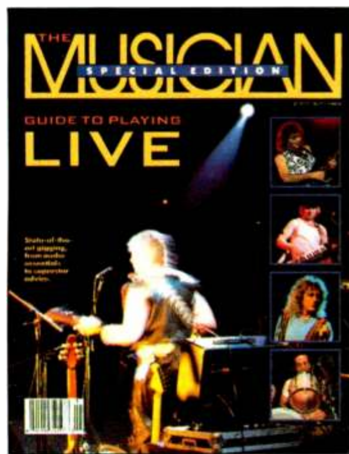

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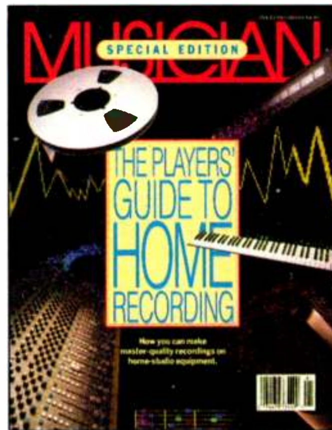

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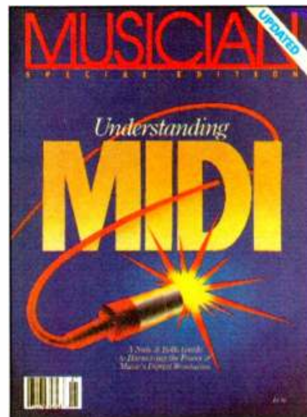

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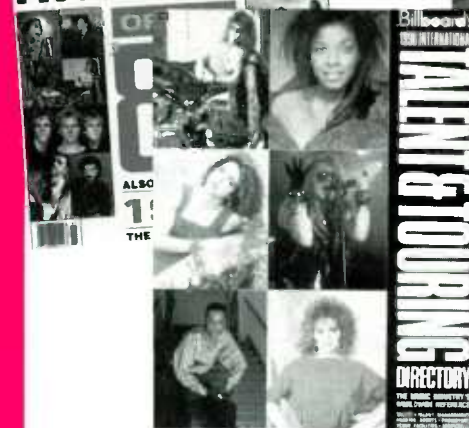

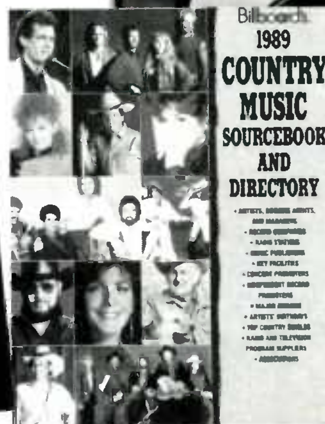

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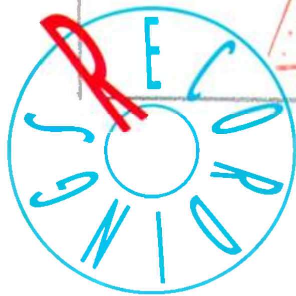

Forty-five Minutes of Fame

Reed and Cale Build Warhol a Velvet Coffin

C ONTENTS

LOU REED/JOHN CALE

THE CRAMPS
STAY SICK
We are the weird

LITTLE RICHARD
THE SPECIALTY SESSIONS
We are the wild

THAT PETROL EMOTION
CHEMICRAZY
We are the wacky

JOHNNY CLEGG & SAVUKA
CRUEL, CRAZY, BEAUTIFUL WORLD
We are the worldbeat

THE ANGELS FROM ANGEL CITY
BEYOND SALVATION
We are the whammy bar

WENDY MAHARRY
WENDY MAHARRY
We are the Wendy

Songs for Drella
(Warner Bros.)

LOU REED and John Cale have reunited to create a bittersweet song cycle remembrance of their one-time mentor, the late Andy Warhol. Their method is simple. The duo are the only players, their guitars and keyboards combining in a familiar manner guaranteed to make aging hipsters purr with nostalgia. Reed takes the greater share of the vocals though Cale makes the most of his spots, and it's always nice to hear the former's wobbly New Yawk homeliness, the latter's doomy Welsh theatricality.

The problem is that Warhol, that towering pale shade of mid-century emotional paralysis, doesn't quite meet the requirements of a poignant song-cycle hero. And so, in the context of a not-always-convincing narrative of small-town dreams, big-city aspirations, great success and then tragic fall, our composers have recreated Warhol as a rather stock anti-establishment outsider/populist, a recognizable '60s-type good guy. In this light, Warhol's excruciatingly non-judgmental art films become gritty documentarian blows on behalf of the "real" folk while his Pop Art canvases, which impart meaning in direct proportion to the viewer's familiarity with a hundred years or more of trends and countertrends and clashing theories in what is known as the Art World, are seen as a refutation of pointy-headed obscurantism.

One discerns Reed's hand in most of this and it makes sense that he would interpret Warhol's intentions in terms of his own values. Besides, there's much here which seems more to the point of what Warhol was all about, which was (among

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other things) a retreat from the genuine hazards of feeling while indulging in the undeniable pleasures of expression. "Faces and Names" links Warhol's creepily robotic esthetic to a desire to escape childhood hurt. "Images" touches on how the creation of Warhol's art was as much the focus of meaning as were the final artifacts. "It Wasn't Me" attempts to give Warhol's justification for seeming to exploit desperately sick people (his passive acceptance of other people's suffering makes him seem a Reagan-era prototype). "A Dream"'s fictional approximation of one of the famous diary entries has Cale's melodramatic style substituting for the small deadpan voice Warhol offered on the printed page, and manages to come up with an effective metaphor for an artist's awareness that his time of greatest impact is slipping away.

In the Reed/Cale version of things, Warhol's wounding by the gun-toting Valerie Solanis becomes both the prelude to and the implied cause of his subsequent de-evolution into yet another pointlessly annoying celebrity. In fact, Warhol successfully pushed art's conceptual envelope for a rather longish moment and shooting or no, the follow-up was bound to be anti-climactic. In lieu of an upbeat ending Reed gives us "Hello It's Me," an unabashedly maudlin missive to the dead Andy. One has come to expect the occasional outburst of embarrassing emotionalism from Reed—real fans even know how to savor it—but aimed as it is at the past master of the defensive strategies of camp, it seems weirder than usual. At any rate, it's a fitting end for this sometime insightful, sometime deluded objet d'art.

—Richard C. Walls

The Cramps

Stay Sick
(Enigma)

ACCORDING TO this article I was reading in the *New York Times*, sexual perversions are no longer perversions. They are paraphilias, established in the brain in early childhood when lust is linked with whatever comes along as the kid is awakening to his or her body. So my guess about the Cramps is that when Lux Interior and Poison Ivy were about three, they went out in the woods to play doctor and discovered a ripe cadaver, dead about 10 days, half-eaten by raccoons. They didn't tell anybody. Ever since, they have associated pleasure with horror and guilt and bad smells.

Horror and guilt and bad smells are, of course, the essential twentieth-century experiences, if not everyone's cup of paraphilia. The most olfactory of rock bands, the Cramps insist that we are attached to bodies that occasionally feel good and will eventually feel nothing because they will be dead. So you might as well dance. Lux Interior's vocals make me think of Edgar Allan Poe—a renegade aristocrat drifting out of his absinthe haze every few weeks to have a nervous breakdown when confronted with real life. Poison Ivy's guitar convulses through 12-bar seizures with massive tremolo, massive twang, massive reverb and massively rudimentary solos. Their rhythm section is a model of massive minimalism. Call it deathabilly.

All of the above has been true of the Cramps since 1978. On *Stay Sick* they sound more like the Cramps than ever. If you have the essential experiences of the twentieth century nailed, why change? Anyone inspired by horror, guilt and bad smells need never suffer from creative blocks. This time around the production is shit hot, which hasn't always been the case, and their song titles are their best ever: "All Women Are Bad," "Daisys Up Your Butterfly," "The Creature from the Black Leather Lagoon," "Saddle Up a Buzz Buzz" and the indispensable CD-only bonus track "Her Love Rubbed Off." In keeping with Cramp tradition since their ultimately demented cover of "Surfin' Bird," Interior saves his most lunatic vocalizing for the two covers: "Shortnin' Bread" and *the* most uncoverable great song of early rock, "Muleskinner Blues." It saddles my buzz buzz every time.—Charles M. Young

Little Richard

The Specialty Sessions
(Specialty)

LITTLE RICHARD has recorded for several labels over the course of his 35-year career, but it was at Specialty Records during the '50s that he laid down the law according to Penniman. This is the body of work his legendary reputation rests on, and in this five-LP (3-CD) set we hear the birthing wails of the art form that came to be known as rock 'n' roll. All the hits are here as well as some surprising novelty numbers, demos, outtakes, false starts and a commercial for hair pomade. Supplemented with a 32-page booklet, it's a thorough package indeed. A little too thorough in spots; in numerous cases the set features virtually

identical takes of the same song. This sort of obsessiveness is for die-hard fanatics only, and it occasionally lends *The Specialty Sessions* the feeling of a tedious history lesson. However, the high points—and there are many—are well worth a listen.

Chronicling Richard's 1955 debut work at Art Rupe's L.A.-based label to his final session there in 1964, *The Specialty Sessions* reveals that Penniman had a bit of help with the string of fiendishly inspired singles he unleashed on the world. His uncharacteristically tame and polite debut session in May of 1955 wasn't particularly distinguished; it wasn't until December of that same year, when he had the good fortune to fall in with the brilliant musicians hanging around Cosimo Matassa's New Orleans studio (drummer Earl Palmer and saxophonist Lee Allen among them), that the Little Richard sound successfully ignited.

Once the match was lit, there was no stopping Penniman's rocket. "Richard had a tremendous desire to be the Queen of the May, the fairest of them all," recalls Matassa, and by all accounts, he was a tornado in the studio, pushing himself and the musicians who backed him to ever greater extremes. Physically a tremendously powerful man (early on his nightclub act included lifting a table with his teeth), Penniman's strength is reflected in the scorched-earth policy he brought to music. Blending gospel, soul and a mystery ingredient (unbridled insanity) all his own, his music erupted with the frenzied, manic quality that courses through all great

World Radio History

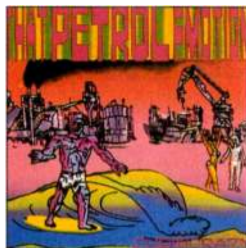
rock.

Technically far from a perfect musician, Little Richard will never be accused of having perfect pitch. Moreover, Huey "Piano" Smith was but one of many piano players who found his brutal approach to the keyboard appalling. What he lacked in chops, however, he made up for in courage, joy and audaciousness. A guy who wore makeup in 1951, as he did, truly had a hard time fitting in, so Little Richard invented a place—rock 'n' roll—where a guy determined to do things his own way could feel at home. Misfits and mayhem makers everywhere will be ever in his debt.—Kristine McKenna

That Petrol Emotion

Chemicrazy
(Virgin)

MAYBE OLD-FASHIONED guitar bands will follow dinosaurs and vinyl into extinction one of these days. In the meantime, give thanks for That Petrol Emotion, who've done their level best to keep the tradition healthy since the mid-'80s. Forever chasing the ultimate pop thrill, they've come damn close to hitting the jackpot with *Chemicrazy*. This blazing parade of (count 'em) 12 crackling tunes boasts boss melodies, rousing vocals by Steve Mack and, most of all, truckloads of manic guitar from



Reámann O'Gormain and Undertones alumnus Damian O'Neill. Going bonkers within the confines of four-minute songs, these frisky lads show pronounced symptoms of the axe obsession that's gripped rock dudes from George Harrison to Steve Stevens throughout the ages.

Under the supervision of ace producer Scott Litt (R.E.M. et al.), the spotlight rarely strays from those ripping six-strings. While Mack is a lively, likable singer, he's no real competition. "Blue to Black," for example, pits whispering vocals against slashing chords, suggesting a duel between Abba and ZZ Top. No points for guessing the winner. Mack wails nicely on "Sensitize," but the dreamy "Compulsion" finds him upstaged by liquid fills in a Dickey Betts groove.

Mainly *Chemicrazy* conjures up visions of O'Gormain and O'Neill flogging their guitars full-tilt, delighted grins on their faces as they weave spacey textures ("Mess of Words") and spit out hot licks ("Abandon"). Of course, unabashed fun has its limitations: The jumpy "Gnaw Mark" fails to capture the pissed-off edge it intends, and there's no way "Scum Surfin'" can generate an electric epiphany in a few rollicking bars. Such cavils assume the boys aspire to meaning, however. They don't. As a sweet, silly symphony with no significance beyond itself, *Chemicrazy* is real, real gone.—Jon Young

Johnny Clegg & Savuka

Cruel, Crazy, Beautiful World
(Capitol)

SOUTH AFRICAN musical interracialist Johnny Clegg has been trying to fuse Western pop sounds with the beat of his country's homegrown styles for years, first with Juluka and now with Savuka. His

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compositions mixed scholarly inquisitiveness with the peripatetic presentation of a rebellious rocker; not surprising as he once taught sociology at a South African university, is proficient in Zulu dance and music and has had several songs banned by the Pretoria regime. But much of his past material was frustrating, as hep jive-rock verses often became mired in overwrought choruses—though some tunes, like the anthemic "Asimbononga (Mandela)," hinted at an inspirational Southern-Northern fusion.

With *Cruel, Crazy, Beautiful World* Clegg has finally achieved the synthesis he's been searching for. The iron-throated singer is at

his most vocally uninhibited here, approaching the frenetic quality of his concerts and setting his emotional protest lyrics in a variety of dance grooves. The hip-hop-influenced "One (Hu)'Man, One Vote" is dedicated to Dr. David Webster, a human rights activist and friend of Clegg's who was murdered by a South African army death squad. "Bombs Away" is a funk-*mbaqanga* raver about someone caught between the violence of both sides in the Struggle. The gentler "Woman Be My Country" suggests the refuge that can be taken in a loving partner when one's country is in turmoil. Clegg's long-time producer Hilton Rosenthal keeps Savuka's biracial juices flowing, building and polishing their sound without taking the edge off the band's enormous energy and sublime choral harmonies.

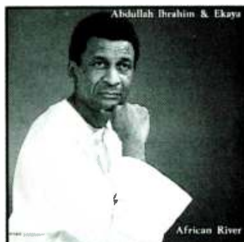
Just as the political situation in South Africa has matured, so has Clegg's musical vision. It's world-pop that seems to get better as Clegg moves closer to home.

—Tom Cheyney

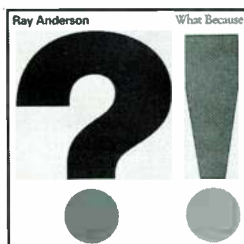
Sound Sculptures FOR THE 90'S

GRANT GEISSMAN
TAKE ANOTHER LOOK (BLUEMOON 79152)
Composed and centered around the nylon six-string guitar, this is the finest title to date from the talented jazz guitarist **Grant Geissman.** Supported by saxophonist Sam Riney, bassist Jimmy Johnson, and on the title track pianist David Benoit, "Take Another Look" runs the gamut from romantic ballads, to the upbeat and funky.

EXCHANGE
BETWEEN PLACES (MESA 79019)
Eleven new tracks, and a special appearance from Roger Whittaker make this much anticipated title a breath of fresh air and puts Exchange back at the top of the list of today's finest instrumental groups.



ABDULLAH IBRAHIM & EKAYA
AFRICAN RIVER (ENJA 79617)
South African Composer/Pianist **Abdullah Ibrahim** presents his latest collection of melodic improvisation featuring a very individualistic folk inspired jazz and the talents of Robin Eubanks, John Stubblefield, Horace Alexander Young, and Howard Johnson.



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DAVID BECKER TRIBUNE
THIRD TIME AROUND (BLUEMOON 79155)
This talented guitarist has the versatility and chops to explore the most interesting avenues of jazz and contemporary music. A rewarding mix of studio technology and incredible guitar work result in a stirring Bluemoon debut and one of the hottest guitar trio albums in some time.

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The Angels from Angel City

Beyond Salvation
(Chrysalis)
Liveline
(Mushroom Import)

By RIGHTS, the Angels ought to be a global sensation, the kind of band that sells out arenas from Brisbane to Boston and moves albums by the million. The band certainly has the sound for it, churning out tough, tuneful rockers that blend the melodic grace of the Saints with the sheer sonic wallop of AC/DC, and its live show, as represented on *Liveline*, is nothing short of epic, managing both the heroic sweep of U2 and the playful intimacy of Thin Lizzy.

So why hasn't anybody in this country ever heard of them?

Some of it might have to do with the band's name, which for legal reasons was initially changed for American consumption to Angel City (the current, slightly sneaky "Angels

World Radio History

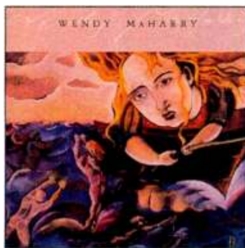
from Angel City" seems to be somebody's idea of a compromise). Nor has it helped that the Angels have been bounced through three U.S. deals in the last decade before finally landing at Chrysalis.

Whatever the reason, though, the Angels are taking no chances this time out. *Beyond Salvation* is the sort of album that could make a believer out of anybody. Not only is the material first-rate (which, considering that it compiles the best of the Angels' early output, comes as no surprise), but the playing is endearingly energetic, making as much of the band's instrumental muscle as of Doc Neeson's vocal charisma.

Just how much this band can pack into a song can be heard by comparing the versions of "Am I Ever Gonna See Your Face Again" on *Liveline* and *Beyond Salvation.* In concert, the band seems all adrenalin and sentiment, pushing the melody along with breathless urgency. In the studio, however, a whole new set of resonances crop up, giving the song the same emotional range as a *Born to Run*–era Springsteen song—even though the arrangement remains essentially unchanged between the two versions.

Being able to pull that much from a single song is impressive enough, but the Angels make it seem just another day's work, one more solid rocker to drop between the punkish rave-up of "I Ain't the One" and the swaggering, Stones-derived groove of "Rhythm Rude Girl." And frankly, it's that wonderfully off-hand confidence that ultimately makes this band seem ready for stateside domination. Let's just hope that, this time, America is ready for them.

—J.D. Considine



Wendy MaHarry

Wendy MaHarry
(A&M)

Wendy MaHarry makes pop/rock with the sensibility of a classicist, one who mates the moodiness of Chopin with the gothic density of Pink Floyd. Underneath her brilliant interweaving of texture, timbre and tone, however, an ominous innocence prevails. Her debut record doesn't really "sound like a record" so much as an evocation of the spirit from where music-making comes.

If MaHarry's 14 songs share a common theme, it is that of a hypersensitive soul scrabbling to get a grip on a very wobbly world, an approach underscored with unusual delicacy by producer Dwight Marcus. Final chords are left hanging without resolution; wiry pianos are intentionally distempered; soloists appear, then disappear, as if swallowed up by a void. In "Happy Holidays," a purposely ill-defined bass line pushes frantic sixteenth-notes into a hysterical gallop. In "Counting Lines," the most sorrowful cello imaginable hugs the backside of MaHarry's voice as she contemplates the face of a jaded L.A. sophisticate. In "Men," inspired by the Chieftains, a cheeky Revolutionary War march propelled by dry, hollow drums bemoans the loss of the male's "gentle beast."

Despite the album's many [cont'd on page 95]

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SHORT TAKES

SO MUCH MUSIC, SO LITTLE TIME

ROCK

By J.D. Considine

Lisa Stansfield

Affection (Arista)

THESE ARE GREAT beats, conveying both the upscale sophistication of Sade and the bass-heavy groove of Soul II Soul. The writing, too, is first-rate, with sturdy, accessible melodies and lyrics that elevate these sagas of love lost and desired above the usual dance-floor clichés. Still, it's the singing that truly makes this album so addictive, for Stansfield is the genuine article, a vocalist of such undeniable ability that she leaves every other English soul singer seeming an utter pretender.

Oingo Boingo

Dark at the End of the Tunnel (MCA)

HOW IS IT that Danny Elfman seems like Mr. Versatile on his soundtrack projects, effortlessly evoking all sorts of textures and moods, yet comes across as Johnny One-Note with Oingo Boingo? Though the titles are new and the packaging different, this is essentially the same album this band has been remaking since 1982.

Thin White Rope

Sack Full of Silver (Frontier/RCA)

THOUGH THE LINER NOTES describe this as a road album, what it offers is not travelogue in the sense of watching the world go by, but rather the world as seen by those forever passing through. Perfect material, really, for Guy Kyser's moody, malevolent vocals, as the band's dark, insinuating drone vividly evokes its itchy impermanence and ongoing alienation.

Cowboy Junkies

The Caution Horses (RCA)

FOR ALL ITS effortless atmospherics, it isn't the band's haunting quiet that lends these songs their dreamlike aura, but the spectral reserve of Margo Timmins' singing. Beneath the breathy intimacy of her murmuring vocals lies a curious lack of presence, as if, ghost-like, she simply passes through the things she tries to touch. Though that might give an ominous resonance to a song as fraught with portent as Neil Young's "Powderfinger," anything less seems as fleeting and insubstantial as a whisper on the wind.

Ryuichi Sakamoto

Beauty (Virgin)

SAKAMOTO USES LYRICS in three languages (English, Japanese and Wolof) and musicians from four continents, covers both Stephen Foster and Jagger/Richards and relies on everything from digital electronics to centuries-old string and percussion instruments. Yet through it all, he maintains a sound that is as universal as it is distinctive. Is this what they mean by Japanese ingenuity?

Caterwaul

Portent Hue (I.R.S.)

AT ITS BEST, Caterwaul's sound is all edges—feedback guitar, dull-thudding drums, throat-rending yowl. Yet those edges are precisely what makes this album so alluring, adding menace to the petulant cadences of "Alex' Aphrodisiac" and filling "Stumped" with a dizzying anxiety. In all, a deliciously bruising experience.

The Sundays

Reading, Writing and Arithmetic (Geffen)

INTRODUCING the Adrian Mole of English rock, a group so sold on its own pretense and profundity that it hasn't a clue how unwittingly laughable it seems. No wonder they're the most beloved new band to hit Britain since the Smiths.

Rubén Blades y Son del Solar

... Live! (Elektra)

ADMITTEDLY, THE TITLE pretty much says it all—no new ground broken here, just a spirited run through the back catalog—though given the additional fire with which these songs are performed, it's also unduly modest. But then, *More Live Than You'll Ever Be*, though more accurate, would have seemed like boasting.

The Black Crowes

Shake Your Money Maker (Def American)

LEAN, MEAN and with an unstoppable sense of swing, this is classic retro-rock in the Stones/Faces tradition—meaning that if you find the band's heedless recapitulation of '70s hard rock verities tiresome and redundant, you've probably missed the point.

Everything but the Girl

Language of Life (Atlantic)

BASICALLY, THE PROBLEM here isn't that Tracey Thorn and Ben Watt have abandoned the rough-hewn honesty of their earlier efforts, it's that the up-market sophistication they've pursued saps all the life out of their songs. If it's shallow, well-manicured jazz-pop you want, Sade is a much better buy.

Corey Hart

Bang! (EMI)

GIVEN THE ARTY production, the self-conscious literary allusions and the overall sound of his voice, Hart seems to be turning into a less jazzy, more pop-oriented version of Sting—Sting Lite, if you will. Except that Hart is too much the melodicist to ever let a mere concept take over one of his songs. As a result, his big ideas inevitably play second fiddle to his big hooks . . . which, frankly, is an idea the real Sting should look into.

JAZZ

By Peter Watrous

Marcus Roberts

Deep in the Shed (RCA)

ALREADY, A GREAT ALBUM for the 1990s, mixing the sort of calm intensity (and surreptitious blues) of *Coltrane Plays the Blues*

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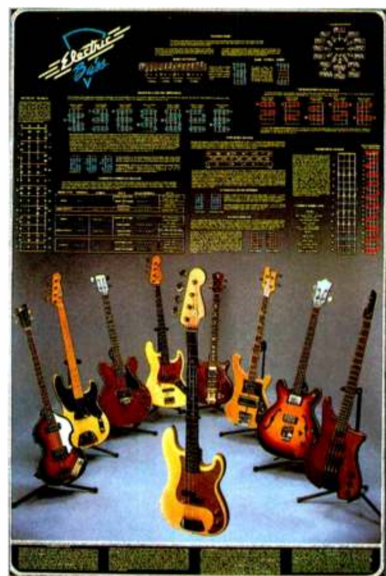

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with small-group arrangements that at times invoke Ellington and pre-Bird jazz. That's a neat ploy: The ramifications of both jar and shudder when jammed together, and a listener is all of a sudden confronted with the new. As a composer, Roberts has put together melodies that linger wistfully. Not a pastiche or an homage to the dead, it's music loaded with details that make the original sources seem minimalist by comparison.

Art Tatum

Decca Presents Art Tatum (MCA)
The Complete Capitol Recordings Volumes One and Two (Capitol Jazz)

MOSTLY SOLO recordings, and what solos: These things sound like orchestras, with Tatum riffing away wildly, threading rambunctious lines with his right hand and a rocking stride with his left. That wild image is standard for most of us when we think of Tatum: He *was* overwrought and energetic. But these CDs show something else, a Tatum most at ease in mid-tempos playing standards like "Don't Blame Me" or "Sweet Lorraine." They're unbelievably graceful and swinging, as Tatum's solo improvisations pave the way for the expressionists of the 1960s. Tatum was radical enough to influence all of jazz through Charlie Parker—who spent three months washing dishes at a joint where Tatum was playing—and from Monk to Hawkins, to name just three admirers.

Coleman Hawkins

Hollywood Stampede (Capitol Jazz)

ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL, these sides, recorded in 1945 and 1947, show how American culture, and the music that goes along with it, were changing. Hawkins' verbose, articulate solos stand in contrast to Howard McGhee's linear, just-pre-bebop trumpet lines. The group, including Sir Charles Thompson (an important figure too often overlooked in history books), Allan Reuss on guitar, Oscar Pettiford on bass and Denzil Best on drums, flows like a sleek river as Hawkins, completely assured, dives in and out of riffs. Brilliant and effusive music, it welcomes the listener into a world of intellectual virtuosity.

Johnny Adams

Walking on a Tightrope: The Songs of Percy Mayfield (Rounder)

STUDIOUSLY AVOIDING cliché, one of the great singers in American pop puts himself somewhere in the morass of '50s and '60s black music. With a jazz singer's sensibility and knowledge, he sings blues written by Percy Mayfield, improvising with gospel intensity and gospel techniques. Falsettos, declarations and asides fill up the tunes. The arrangements stagger and strut and sound so perfect and imagined that you can't help being suspicious. Produced as immaculately as Adams' white suit, the result is a gorgeous album that in no way seems like the reclaiming of the mythical good old days: They're here now, and if you miss them it's your fault.

Stan Getz

Anniversary (Emarcy)

RECORDED THREE YEARS ago in Copenhagen, this set is filled with Getz's precise pitch and rhythm manipulations. He acts like a minimalist, slow and casual, playing a note or two where others might play a handful. But it's illusionary because of the sophistication he uses with those few notes, placing them all over the beat, permutating them until, with a flurry or a line, he'll end the investigation and head off into other territory. Backed by one of the great rhythm sections of the 1980s, Kenny Barron, Rufus Reid and Victor Lewis, Getz works through a set of standards—"Stella by Starlight," "What Is This Thing Called Love"—exhibiting the grace and individuality of a great jazz musician, which he is.

And the winner is...uh...

We are besieged with B.U.B.s. Please bear with us as the judging continues. The Semi-Finalists will be announced in the June issue. Really.

MUSICIAN

World Radio History

Various Artists

An Der Schönen Blauen Donau (GTO/N.M.D.S.)

YEAH, IT'S a stupid idea. So what? These tracks of variations on "The Blue Danube" are funny, and I guess if you were in the mood you could make an art-world case for the appropriation of junk, etc. But sounds of water, motor boats, weird organ textures, sampling of all sorts of stuff, new-age versions of the waltz and more, if you need them, are so different from each other that the album is a series of surprises. The record comes with a nice paper fish you can hang up on your door, which is more than I can say about the most recent Warrant album. (500 Broadway, New York, NY 10003)

Tubby Hayes with Clark Terry

The New York Sessions (Columbia)

THIS IS the sort of disc only Tubby Hayes could get right on a blindfold test. An obscure English saxophonist, he came to New York in 1961 and played a date at the Half Note club, recording this set of tunes with Horace Parlan, George Duvivier and Dave Bailey, along with Clark Terry and vibraphonist/pianist Eddie Costa on some tracks. It's hard bop, idiomatically played—which shows how hard people were listening to American jazz, and how available it was overseas—in the style of, say, a Blue Note record by Hank Mobley. Relaxed and sinewy, it swings hard. Detractors might say it's mere genre music, but it's a pretty good genre.

INDIE

Miranda Warning

It's All Part of Growing Up (Presto!)

LIKE ABOUT A million other bands around, these guys have a lot of R.E.M. in their vocal arrangements and a lot of Hüsker Dü in their guitars. But like about zero other bands around, their songwriting evokes remarkably well the early Jam. First noticeable on the gorgeous ballad "Tracey I Agree," with its beatific guitars and searching lyrics (the kind of thing that would sink a lot of college rad bands in a sea of mawkishness), the connection becomes explicit on "Ivan's New Girl," where singer Adam Boc spits out the lyric a la Weller while riding a chord progression right out of Swinging London. The R.E.M./Hüskers touches sound pretty good too. (Presto!, P.O. Box 1081, Lowell, MA 01853)—*Thomas Anderson*

Negativland

Helter Stupid (SST)

RIDICULOUSLY INGROWN—or just plain ridiculous? *Helter Stupid*'s title track concerns the media frenzy Negativland unwittingly started with a put-on press release linking a previous album track with a (real-life) teenaged mass murderer. The rest of the album is a singularly jaundiced look at the music biz, commercialism and whatever else ya got. These longform aural collages are not for dancing but make for entertaining—if not downright didactic—listening. (Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260)—*Scott Isler*

D.O. Misiani and Shirati Jazz

Piny Ose Mer (The World Upside Down) (GlobeStyle)

BENGA IS DEFINED in the Luo language of western Kenya as "soft and beautiful." It is also the term for a stripped-down, earthy dance groove. Style originator Daniel Owine Misiani's electric finger-picking provides a modern parallel to the *orutu*, or Luo one-string violin. The link between traditional and pop instrumentation also

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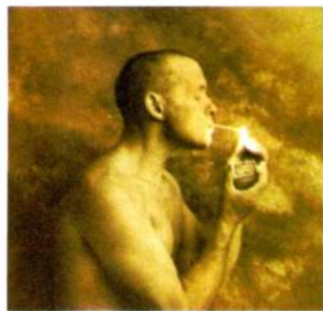

WELCOME TO THE BEAUTIFUL SOUTH

As members of the Housemartins, P.d. Heaton and Dave Hemingway scored an alternative hit in America with their single "Happy Hour."

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shows up in the way the rhythm and bass guitars mirror the notes of the *nyatiti*, or eight-string lyre. Misiani's often socially conscious lyrics focus on the individual, praising common folks as well as the elders and other "important" people. The singers deliver his messages, the bassline falls in step with the choral response and the guitars sit out until their next clean, frenetic burst of energy. This is definitely one of the Mother Continent's sweetest guitar musics. (48-50 Steele Rd., London SW10 7AS, UK)—*Tom Cheyney*

Pure Joy

Carnivore (LP) (PopLlama)

PURE JOY stomps all over most so-called college/alternative pop, and makes it A-okay to embrace rampant '70s radio nostalgia. They rock as hard and funny (lots of trippy cartoon sound effects) as say, T. Rex's "Jeepster," borrowing its vampire references and making them new in the glam-rock-meets-Brit-invasion tunefulness of "Louis." They make you sing along like you prob'ly do (if you'll admit to it) whenever the Raspberries' "Go All the Way" or McCartney and Wings' "Hi Hi Hi" comes on the radio. Dinosaur Jr. and SubPop band fans (be prepared—this is just like loud guitar heaven) will be at an advantage when it comes to *Carnivore*: You *already* own headphones or else have been evicted to another apartment with understanding folks around you. (PopLlama Products, Box 95364, Seattle, WA 98145)

—*Jill Blardinelli*

Various Artists

Like a Girl, I Want You to Keep Coming (Giorno Poetry Systems)

THIS LATEST ANTHOLOGY from Giorno Poetry Systems continues the trend of their last few releases by being more accessible yet still retaining some of the seamy weirdness of old. Debbie Harry covers a Haitian voodoo chant and David Byrne sings for the trees. New Order rolls through the Velvets' "Sister Ray," William S. Burroughs grumbles about drug testing and the John Giorno Band offers sound advice for the '90s with "It's a Mistake to Think You're Special." Loud guitars, poetry, more black humor than you can shake a stick at—and it's a lot cheaper than college.

—*Thomas Anderson*

Gilberto Gil

Ao Vivo Em Toquio/Live in Tokyo (Braziloid)

MALCOLM McLAREN FANS should note that it was this Brazilian samba-master's great "Aquele Abraco" that provided the syncopative sixth-sense for Bow Wow Wow's "Hello Daddy (I'll Sacrifice You)": The rendition here charges lots harder than the ones on *Soy Loco Por Ti America* and *Personalidade*, and though I could live without the drum solo, I'll take as many versions as I can get. The ska-band horns get corny in some other songs, but Gil knows how to rock the Buddha. Since his vocals are so full of glottal scats and Esperanto exclamations, so full of "Ha Ha!"s and "Yeah Yeah!"s and "Wooo!"s, who cares if you don't speak his language? When he finally gets around to trying out his English, Gil proves he's not prone to Caetano Veloso art-poetry by delivering the saddest, saintliest "No Woman No Cry" ever. Damn does he sing pretty.—*Chuck Eddy*

REISSUE

The dB's

Stands for deciBels (I.R.S.)
Repercussion (I.R.S.)

THOUGH TECHNICALLY these aren't reissues, inasmuch as neither album was ever released in this country, the music itself—brittle, melodic, unabashedly emotional art-pop—seems so locked in time that it's impossible to think of these albums as anything but classic early-'80s new wave. Not only does the writing hold up well enough to leave several of these sounding like hits-that-never-were, but the neo-Beatleisms of *Stands for deciBels* still seem as astonishing as they did a decade ago.—*J.D. Considine*

The Lovin' Spoonful

Anthology (Rhino)

WHEN THE SUBJECT of great American bands comes up, the Spoonful are rarely at the top of the list, maybe because they were so good fans figured they were more like personal friends. Well, that's one definition of great, and if you need 26 others, pick up this collection, where classic B-sides like "Coconut Grove" frequently outshine the hits. And what hits! Credit John Sebastian's uncanny sense of melody, Zally's engaging boho guitar, Butler and Boone's unfettered sense of what rocks and what swings and the best command of ersatz instrumentation this side of the Beatles: Just don't forget the intangibles. Pure '60s, the Spoonful asked if you believed in magic with a sound that only allowed for one answer. Now it's the '90s, and damned if the sound—that is, the answer—doesn't hold up.—*Mark Rowland*

Paul Anka

30th Anniversary Collection (Rhino)

SEIZED BY RAGING hormones, young Paul Anka was a perfect master of the teen pop epic, writing and singing awesome late-'50s hits like "Diana" and "Put Your Head on My Shoulder." By the time the talented Canadian hit his 20s, however, callow charm was fast giving way to slick

World Radio History

"adult" professionalism, as documented by this typically thorough Rhino retrospective. The light years between the innocent passion of 1960's "Puppy Love" and the offensive machismo of 1974's "(You're) Having My Baby" raise suspicions Anka was replaced by the Vegas-bred evil twin responsible for the noxious "My Way." At least we've got memories to comfort us.—*Jon Young*

David Bowie

Hunky Dory (Rykodisc)

OF THE DAVID BOWIE albums so far reissued by Rykodisc, *Hunky Dory's* triple whammy—Nick Drakeish string arrangements, a backing band featuring Rick Wakeman and the soon-to-be Spiders From Mars, Bowie's sophisticated pop songs—benefit most from the digital remastering. The orchestrations on "Changes" and "Life on Mars" seem to have more depth, so that one appreciates anew Wakeman's elegant pianistics and Mick Ronson's occasional Les Paul outbursts. New bonus tracks include the alternate acoustic take of *The Man Who Sold the World's* "Supermen," and a demo version of "Quicksand" with a noticeable Neil Young whine in Mr. B's voice. Classy stuff.—*Thomas Anderson*

MURPHY

[*cont'd from page 22*] not be affected by it. There's a detachment."

That feeling of distance runs through his current work. For all the heartfelt poetry and dramatic singing it's practically impossible to get a fix on the man behind "Deep Ocean Vast Sea" or "A Strange Kind of Love." Murphy agrees hesitantly: "To be honest I suppose I do conceal a lot in imagery, try to filter a lot of personal matters through a theme. My work *is* very personal."

The elusiveness extends to his surprisingly unsurprising private life. Though he'll admit to being a family man, Murphy would rather keep the names of his loved ones to himself. His wife of three years is a choreographer who also directed the "Cuts You Up" video. The subject of their two-year-old daughter gets as big a rise out of him as memories of Bauhaus however: "Looking after a child is very demanding; I take it quite seriously. I spend a great deal of time with her because my wife works a lot. It's a real test in serving somebody. You learn selflessness and see a lot of your own faults. It's scary because I feel very, very protective. I'm not sure how my career is going to affect her," he says, adding that one side-effect has already surfaced. "My daughter has made me really bored with *Deep* because she wants to hear it all the time. It's her favorite record! When I'm at home out of the limelight I'm fine. When I'm touring I fight the images of me that other people have. It's all very complimentary, but I try to hold onto myself." Ⓜ

RECORDINGS

[*cont'd from page 89*] country-styled fiddles and pedal-steel guitars, MaHarry seems more French than American. Like her spiritual brother Erik Satie, she crafts melodies that are simple, but transcendentally so, intuiting the subtle curves of emotions and reveling in the luscious space between notes. Perhaps that's why her most powerful performances here are the sparsest, just voice and piano. On the finale, "Don't Stop," a deceptively ingenuous love chant based on mirrored-back fifths, she surrenders her voice to a devastating vulnerability that suggests she's found the strength to stay fragile. As Marianne Faithfull has shown before her, that kind of uncalculated clarity can't be faked.—**Pamela Bloom**

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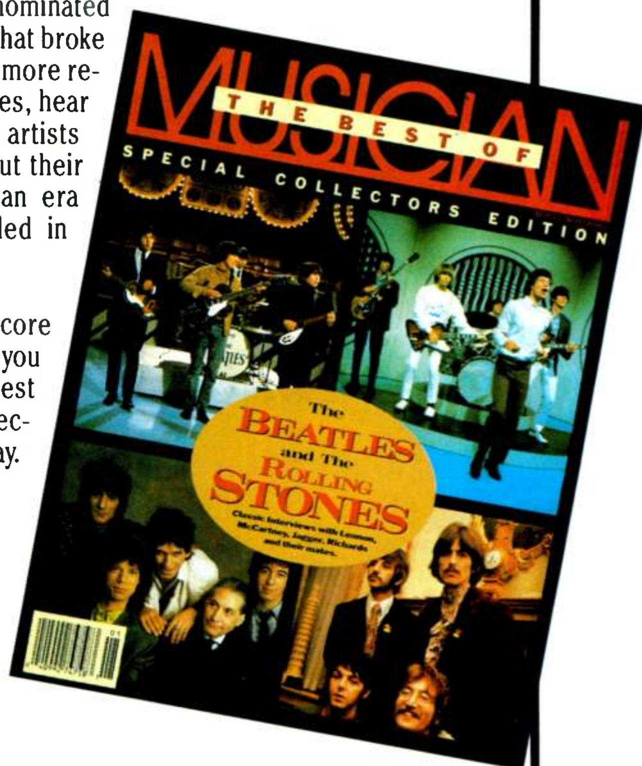

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LEWISTON

[cont'd from page 82] of this and a drab of that, it's not compelling. I would like very much that more people realize how exceptional this material is. Until one is actually willing to risk a little time and listen to it, that won't happen.

"In '72, after I'd recorded the Gyutö [Tibetan] monks, I was playing some of the tapes for my Western friends in Delhi. I played one 20-minute tape, and another, and another. After an hour and a half I switched the recorder off—and people would look up and say, 'Oh, is that all you have?' That was three-quarters of the people. The other quarter, after 10 seconds they say, 'That's very interesting. What else do you have?'"

Enthusiasm for Lewiston's methods is growing. In 1988 Nonesuch released a compact-disc compilation of Lewiston's Tibetan chants, as well as CDs of his South American recordings and *Music from the Morning of the World*. "It holds up astonishingly well," Lewiston says, "although when I hear it today I wish I'd known more about where to put the mikes and how to set up a gamelan for recording."

He got his second chance with *Bali*, which Nonesuch released last year. Lewiston and technical associate Cliff De Arment reconfigured the gamelan orchestra to yield a better stereo perspective. Instead of multi-miking—anathema to Lewiston, with its unnatural sound and phase distortion—he stuck with two Electro-Voice RE50 mikes: "Despite the fact that they fall off sharply below 80 and above 13 thou, nobody has commented that the recordings are lacking anything."

Far from it. On *Bali* the metallophones are virtually palpable, and the absence of analog tape hiss makes the ambient background noise of crickets and frogs that much more dramatic. Other noises weren't as welcome.

"When I tried to record a very excellent woman singer," Lewiston says, "the howling dogs were so noisy that they just drowned out her singing. There are packs of stray dogs all over the island, and they're really noisy. Also motorbikes."

Nevertheless, he emerged with well over an hour of material on *Bali*. Bridge Records will issue a separate album of a complete *kecak* (monkey chant) performance and digital recordings of "absolutely major" Tibetan Buddhist music—"things which have not been heard in the West before"—that Lewiston recorded in South India during the same trip.

He says he's waiting only to replenish his savings before going back and recording some more. "There's so much more to be done—lots more gorgeous music I haven't even touched." But don't ask Lewiston for explanations. "I'm very chary of rationalizing anything," he says slowly. "As a former journalist I know it helps if you can fabricate things." Like romantic xenophilia? "I think it's much simpler than that. If we hear music we enjoy, we're going to listen to it, aren't we?"

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World Radio History

BACKSIDE

FULL METAL RACKET

WHEN PANAMANIAN dictator Manuel Noriega was holed up with the Papal Nuncio last Christmas, seeking asylum from U.S. troops, the U.S. Southern Command dispatched a PSYOPS task force to bring in a mobile sound system to serenade him. PSYOPS, or Psychological Operations, is a branch of the military responsible for psychological warfare and other covert activities. What was broadcast were rock songs requested by GIs on military radio. Allegedly, no one except PSYOPS knew that Noriega would be hearing them. The former dictator is a reported opera buff who hates pop music. Here is a "representative list" of the PSYOPS set list, supplied by Lt. Col. Gaylord, commander of the SCN (Southern Command Network), to A.F. Capt. Rocky Willett of the Southcom public affairs office in Panama.

1. "We're Not Gonna Take It"—Twisted Sister
2. "The Party's Over"—Styx
3. "Voodoo Chile"—Jimi Hendrix
4. "I Fought the Law"—The Bobby Fuller Four
5. "Nowhere to Run"—Martha & the Vandellas
6. "Little Fighter"—White Lion
7. "Patience"—Guns N' Roses
8. "Run Like Hell"—Pink Floyd
9. "Wanted: Dead or Alive"—Bon Jovi
10. "Paranoid"—Black Sabbath
11. "Screaming for Vengeance"—Judas Priest
12. "Prisoner of Rock 'n' Roll"—Neil Young
13. "Rock and a Hard Place"—Rolling Stones
14. "Naughty, Naughty"—John Parr
15. "Give It Up"—K.C. & the Sunshine Band
16. "Danger Zone"—Kenny Loggins
17. "Hangin' Tough"—New Kids on the Block
18. "Who Will You Run To"—Heart
19. "Your Time Is Gonna Come"—Led Zeppelin
20. "War Pigs"—Black Sabbath
21. "God Bless the U.S.A."—Lee Greenwood
22. "Takin' It to the Streets"—Doobie Brothers
23. "Hang 'em High"—Van Halen
24. "No Alibis"—Eric Clapton

WHAT WAS BEING broadcast over the P.A. was actually normal SCN radio programming," says Capt. Willett. "The songs were actually just requests called in by soldiers, so it's not like they were strategically picked to convey any kind of message to General Noriega." Uh-huh. —Joseph Spiegel

Illustration: Mark Marek

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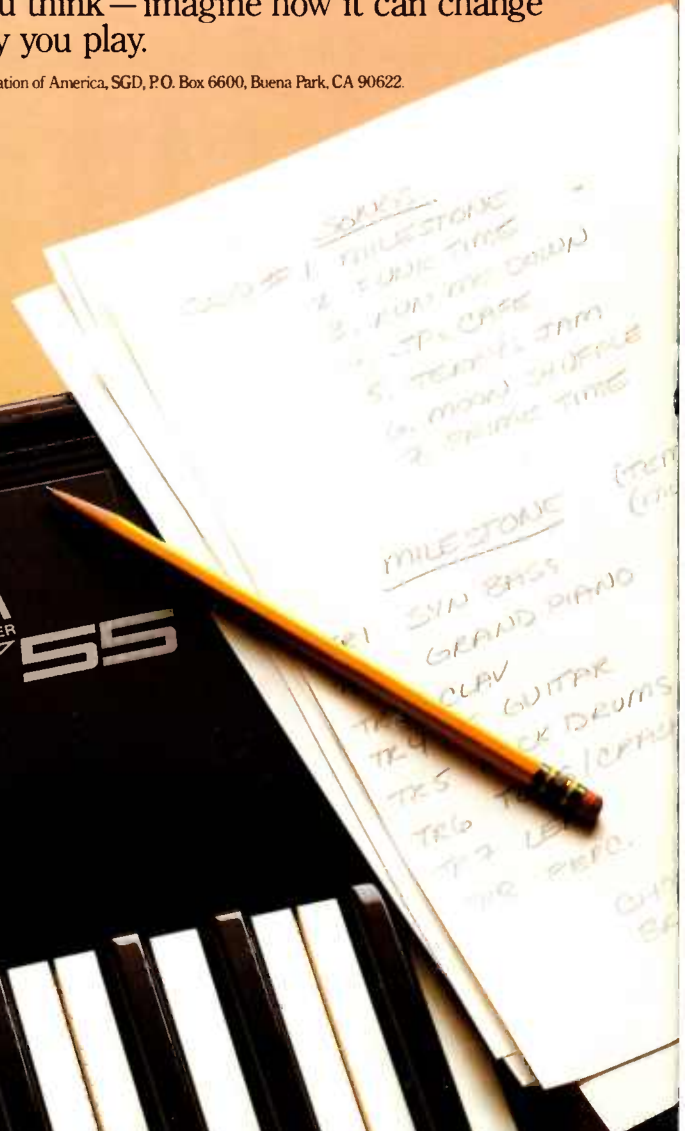

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