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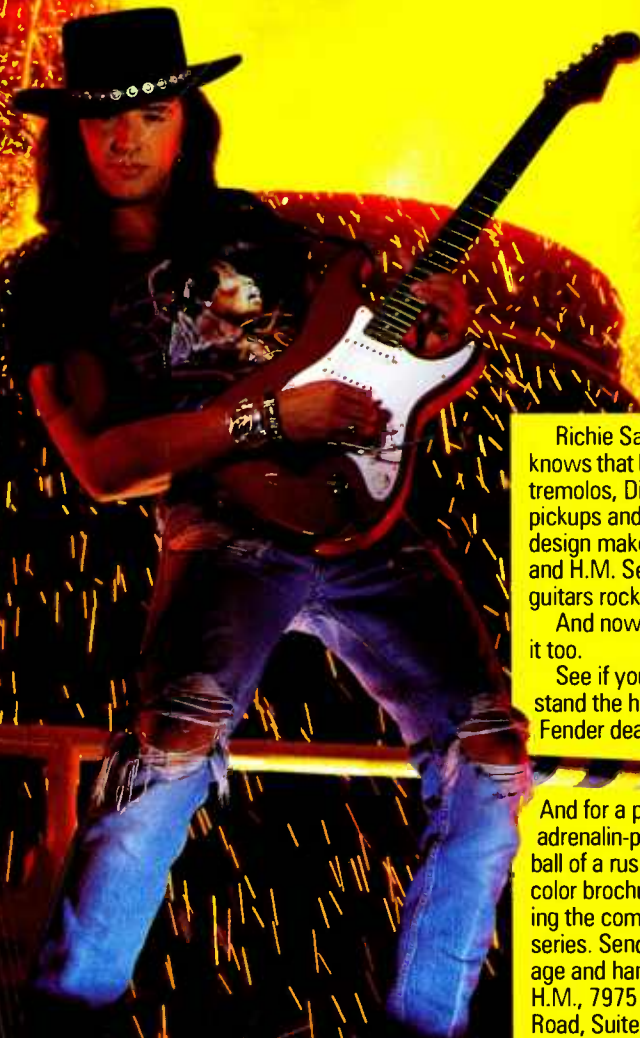
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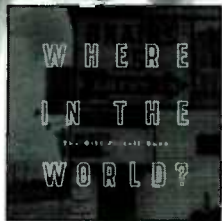


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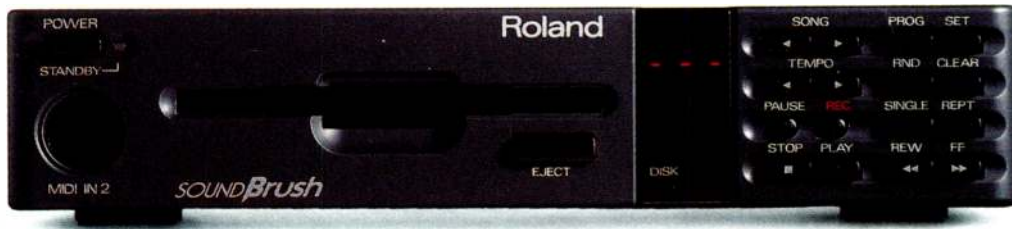
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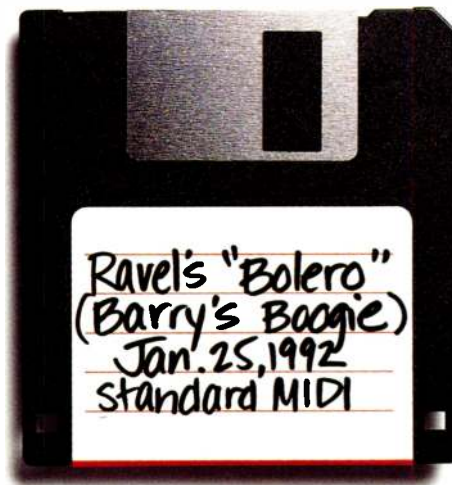
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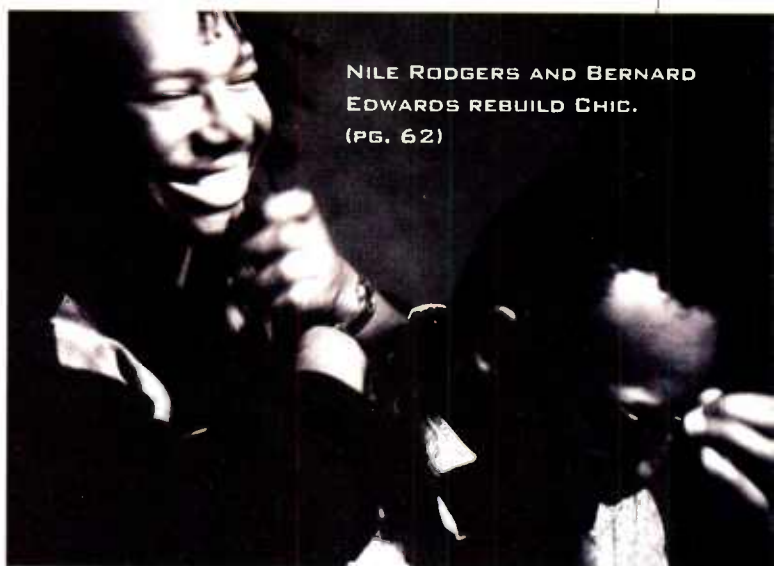
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COVER

Def Leppard photographed by Michael Lewellyn, Los Angeles, California, January, 1992.



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DAVID BYRNE

Your new album *Uh-Oh* incorporates several of your earlier directions, from *Talking Heads* to salsa. Was that by accident or design?

I think it was an accident. But looking back on the writing process, I realized that I'd been trying for a number of years not to do anything that sounded like *Talking Heads*, denying that part of myself. Now there's kind of a mixture.

Why did you deny it?

I haven't figured that out yet. But I guess part of it is, if you want to move on, for a certain time you have to throw all your past in the dumpster. Once I was mentally or psychologically free, I could allow it back in.

*Were you surprised by the controversy surrounding Rei Momo and your *Brazil and Cuba Classics* records series, such as accusations of cultural imperialism?*

Well, I wasn't born yesterday. I know some of that stuff is going to get thrown at me. But there's so many things tied into that. Was Chris Blackwell exploiting reggae? Not to hold him up as an example, but... you're helping to bring this stuff to other people's ears. And then if it gets very successful and makes tons of money, it becomes another thing, even though nothing has changed about the process. Of course we've never sold millions of Tom Ze records or anything like that—not that we don't want to. But that's the economic end of it.

Musically, you can't really ask musicians to sit still and not try to work with music that they enjoy. Most of the time, I work with the people, I'm friends with them. It's not like I just hear something on a record and go, oh, I'll cop that. But I don't see the press jumping all over Rod Stewart 'cause he stole Jorge Ben's song for "Da

Ya Think I'm Sexy?"

*Was there also a political point to be made by releasing the music of *Cuba Classics*?*

Yeah, it was kind of saying, "Let's open some avenues of dialogue." No matter how you feel about Castro and his policies, without some dialogue no progress will ever get made.

There's people who claim that the word "salsa" was coined to avoid calling it Afro-Cuban

into patterns sometimes. Like, if a verse tells a story the chorus has to put it in another context, take a step forward or sideways. That's not always true but there's these little rules of thumb.

If I'm writing songs I lock myself away for a while. If there's activity around, I know I won't get anything done.

*On *The Forest* you commented that while we've moved away from the industrial age we still think in some of the ways that age inspired. What did you mean, specifically?*

That our thinking about lots of areas tends to be mechanistic. That the brain is often thought of as a complex computer. That bigger is better—greater crop yields and bigger tomatoes. While it's becoming kind of obvious that tomatoes don't have any taste anymore—they taste like red styrofoam. Just because GM closes a couple of plants, you know, it doesn't mean that the mind-set that fueled those plants is going away.

Do you have a sense of your audience?

For the most part it's not adolescents. I was shooting a video last week and these kids were saying, "Who's the singer?" Well, it's me. "Well, who are you?" [laughs]

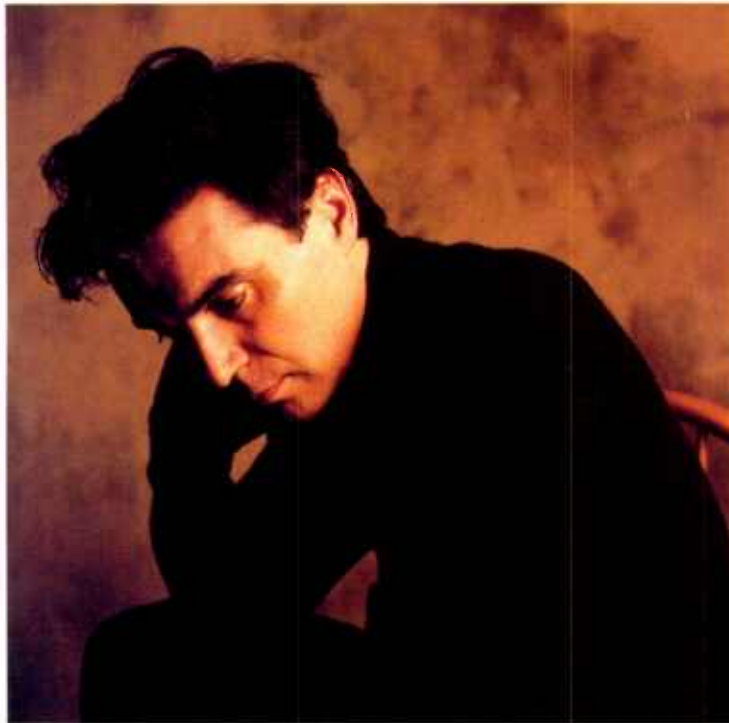
I know there's a sizable body of *Talking Heads* fans

who were disappointed or pissed off that I didn't continue that longer. And will probably never forgive me. But I can't turn back the clock.

*Can you foresee any *Talking Heads* music in the future?*

It's possible, but it's such a small possibility it's not even worth talking about. I just don't want to rule it out. Of course, too much bad blood gets spilled, it makes it harder to do anything.

—Mark Rowland



*"A sizable body of *Talking Heads* fans were disappointed...and will probably never forgive me."*

music. That was its lineage, before it became politically unpopular to admit it. I don't know if that's true, but it makes a good story.

Your own music is not overtly political, though.

I don't deal with specific issues very often. I'd rather deal with that in an essay or a pamphlet or a poster. All of which I've done. But on *Uh-Oh* you could say that each song is about something. In the past it could be pretty hard to even pin down what the song is about.

Do you have a work regimen?

I've been writing songs long enough that I fall

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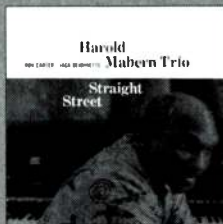
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LETTERS

Seems like every time I read a music article lately somebody's just signed a multi-million-dollar record deal (Jan. '92). Michael Jackson, the Rolling Stones and Janet Jackson are all apparently rolling in cash. The record companies that shell out the *big* money believe that consumers will be so excited by this that they'll race out to buy the artist's latest release. You know, in a sort of "touch the hem of the garment" reaction.

Most major record companies are based on the principles of the late, great P.T. Barnum. "There's a sucker born every minute" was P.T.'s credo, and the movers and shakers of today's entertainment industry look upon him as a founding father. Well, Ronald Reagan and George Bush became President of the United States because of their belief in P.T.'s credo. Why shouldn't it work for Mick Jagger?

Let's face it—at this point, there's really not a whole lot of difference between George Bush and the Rolling Stones. They're both extremely well-marketed figureheads that have absolutely nothing to do with what they represent. This is the age of advertising. Form is what's important here, not content.

When an artist is given that much money to make a record, the future of an entire corporation depends on the results. That kind of pressure hasn't proven to be a strong incentive for creativity. In fact, it tends to drive people crazy. Take a look at Michael Jackson.

Of course, that's really not the record company's concern. To quote one executive about a recent big release, "Who cares if it's a good record? What's important here is that it's *selling*." Unfortunately, that executive was fired later that week when the Japanese bought out his company. Although the record stayed in the

charts long after he lost his job, he told me he felt like a real loser.

As far as I can tell, the only real winner here is the product, and it doesn't really matter what the product is as long as it's "marketable." George Bush became extremely "marketable" the day he said, "Read my lips, no new taxes." It didn't matter that everybody, including him, knew that he was lying.

Unfortunately, George Bush's rating in the opinion polls seems to be dropping at the same rate as the sales figures on the latest "big" record releases. In both cases, the public is buying less and less these days. Maybe they're tired of being conned, or maybe they're just broke.

If P.T. Barnum were alive today, I'm sure he'd embrace the people who have followed in his footsteps. He'd probably have one arm around M.C. Hammer and the other around Dan Quayle. P.T. was right when he said, "There's a sucker born every minute." I just don't think he realized he was talking about himself.

Glenn Phillips
Atlanta, GA

Look for Glenn Phillips' *Echoes* (1975-85) on *ESD Records*, due out in the spring.—Ed.

As a keyboard and guitar player I enjoyed many hours as a performer, yet chose another endeavor to earn a living. I know the pressures of the music business, and I have given up being a public advocate for an artist, instrument or publication by way of any form of merchandising, which in reality is free advertising. Though I love my '58 Stratocaster I'll be damned if I'd ever wear a jacket with the Fender logo on it.

Arnold Rosenstock, D.D.S.
Brooklyn, NY

Tony Scherman's "When Things Go Wrong: Dubious Super Deals" piece in the January issue was great and informative. However, I just want to add my two cents. I might be wrong, but when David Geffen wooed Donna Summer to launch his eponymous record label in 1980, didn't the media hail Summer the \$25 million woman? Was that a mistaken quote and the actual sum \$15 million, as Scherman reports? Also, Geffen only released four albums by Summer, not five.

Somehow, Scherman implies that he doesn't believe the label's response that they lured big stars just to get credibility and not big profit margins. I agree with him.

Bill Carpenter
Mitchellville, MD

According to Summer's lawyer at the time, Don Engel, the original deal was for five albums at \$3 million per. But you're right, label and singer parted ways after four albums.—Ed.

Your January '92 issue contains some great insights into the nasty business of music. The only thing that really disturbed me was your cover concept. Is the picture of Mr. Neil (who looks like a total asshole) supposed to be an incentive to aspiring musicians who seek a record deal to expose their thoughts through their music? I'm not sure if it ever crossed your minds, but while Mr. Big Shot burns money and shows all of his gold, there are a large number of talented artists all over America who must starve for a day or two in order to buy a pack of guitar strings.

Marinho Nobre
Astoria, NY

Scamming isn't new. I know some evangelists that make Mötley Crüe look like pikers. The *real* problem is having to look at Vince Neil's mug for a whole month.

Joseph Fossett
Chicago, IL

TEEN SPIRIT

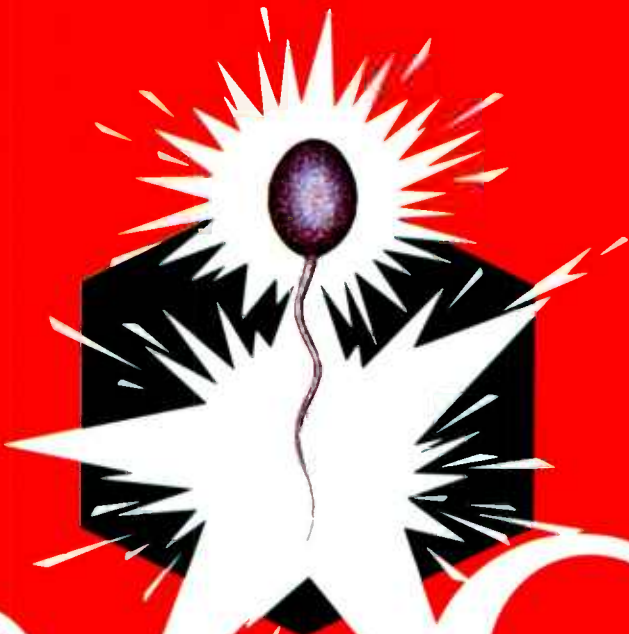
Nirvana's music (Jan. '92) is an explosion of excitement! Unfortunately, for me, you would never catch me at a Nirvana show standing side by side with sweaty juvenile headbangers—I would rather stand in an area infested with alligators.

I think I'll wait for MTV to swallow them up and turn them into snotty, ungrateful, monstrous assholes; then I can watch their overly exposed videos and watch their music career and personal lives become a circus for the media.

Trisha Val
Rosemont, IL

With his accusation that Pearl Jam are closet glam-rock fans, Nirvana's Kurt Cobain is apparently taking a page out of the Black Crowes' stylebook by insulting other bands just as their 15 minutes of fame approach. While Cobain thinks he is pulling a fast one on the American public by singing, "Here we are now, entertain us," Nirvana's shit-in-mouth vocals leave half of America hearing and later mumbling, "Here we are now, hesitaters." A true anthem. Just as censorship warning stickers increase sales of talentless crap, the "a" word does the same. Perhaps Cobain needs to hide behind his "alternative" flag because he fears others will recognize his "underground" sound for the poor vocals, feedback excess and weakly executed live shows that the band really is about.

Simeon Kessler
Austin, TX



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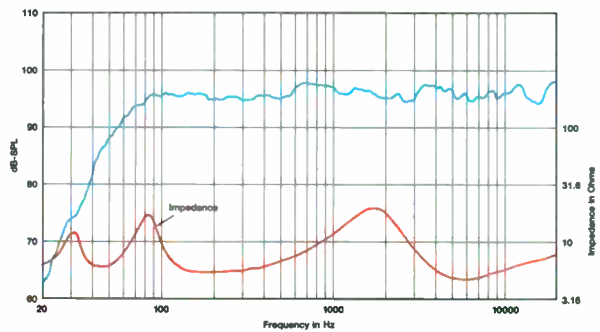
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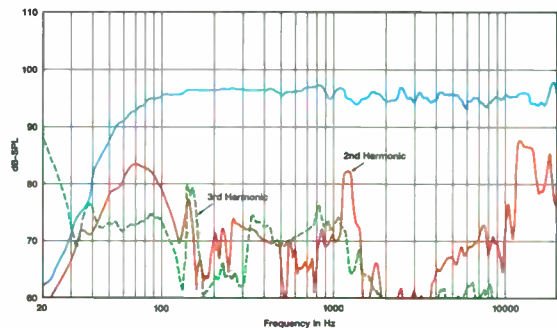
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4200 Series: console top monitors designed in the studio, for the studio, with sonic performance rivaling much more expensive monitors. 4200 Series: the shape, and sound, of things to come. Available at your local authorized JBL Professional dealer.



Frequency Response (Model 4206): 96 dB at 1 m, typical console listening levels



Distortion vs. Frequency (Model 4208) 96 dB at 1 m, typical console listening levels (distortion raised 20 dB)



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

FACES

WILLIE DIXON

1915 - 1992

WILLIE DIXON DIED IN CALIFORNIA on the morning of January 29th. He was 76 years old and was one of the four or five most important figures in the development of electric blues and rock 'n' roll. Born in Mississippi, Dixon had already been a boxer, prison inmate, locally published poet, and singer when he landed in Chicago in the late 1930s. He recorded with several Mills Brothers-style vocal groups. For extra money Dixon worked as a session bassist around Chicago; that's how he hooked up with the fledgling Chess Records. At Chess, Dixon made records of his own and played sessions with Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley and other giants of that remarkable transition period when rural blues was becoming electrified and turned into rock. In the early

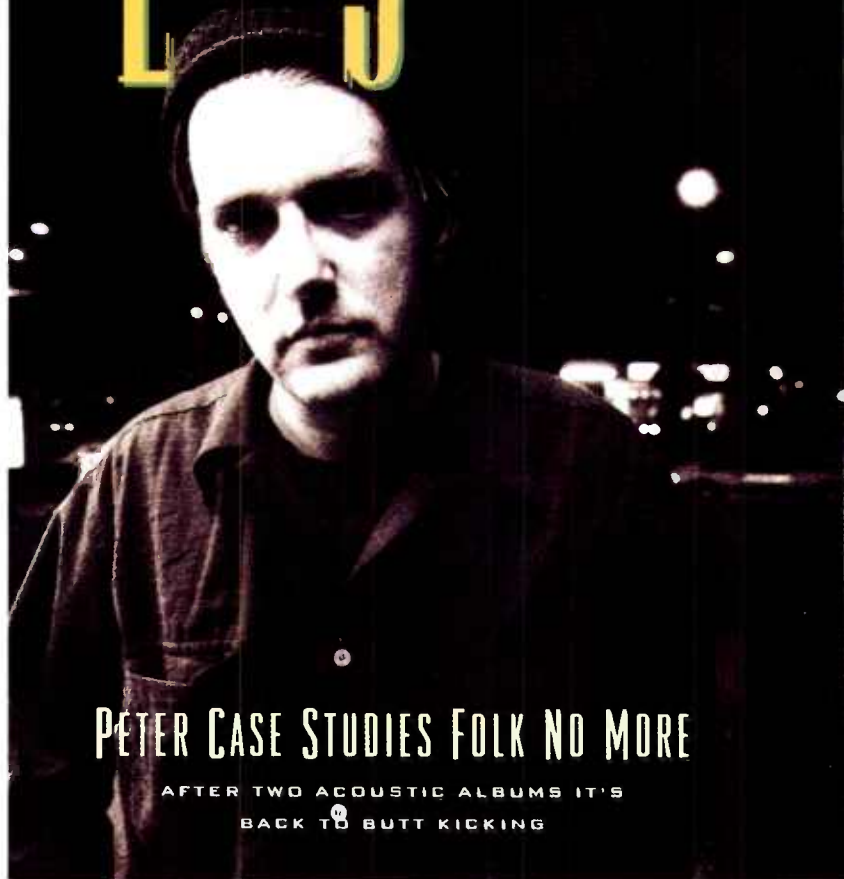


'60s Dixon helped assemble the American Folk Blues Festivals, tours that brought the Chicago sound to England. The impact of those tours—and of Dixon himself—on young British R&B musicians was incalculable.

But Willie Dixon's greatest influence was as a songwriter. Sam Cooke sang Dixon's "Bring It On Home to Me," Van Morrison recorded Dixon's "I Just Want to Make Love to You," Muddy Waters cut "I'm Ready," Howlin' Wolf did "I Ain't Superstitious," the Rolling Stones recorded "Little Red Rooster," Bo Diddley had a hit with "You Can't Judge a Book by Its Cover," the Doors did "Back Door Man," Led Zeppelin recorded "You Shook Me" and based "Whole Lotta Love" on Dixon's "You Need Love." There are hundreds more, from Presley to Hendrix. On February 5th Chicago gave Dixon a full-blown New Orleans funeral. His coffin was pulled through the streets on a horse-drawn hearse, followed by bluesmen, fans and a marching band.

Willie Dixon was a charming, funny man, but he exuded an easy-going authority and did not hesitate to remind people of the injustices blacks suffered and the ingratitude with which most musicians still regarded the blues. In the '80s Dixon helped start the Blues Heaven Foundation, which does charitable work for blues and R&B artists and works to promote the music. Donations to the foundation can be sent to Blues Heaven Number 590, 249 North Brand Boulevard, Glendale, CA 91203.

BILL FLANAGAN



PETER CASE STUDIES FOLK NO MORE

AFTER TWO ACOUSTIC ALBUMS IT'S BACK TO BUTT KICKING



When Peter Case put out his first solo album in 1986, most expected a hard-driving disc in the style of his old band the Plimsouls; instead, the singer/guitarist, strumming an acoustic,

delivered a subdued folk-rock album. Now, with everyone from Aerosmith to L.L. Cool J unplugging their amps for the MTV generation, Case is once again turning up the volume with his third album, *Six Pack of Love*.

"I had put on an old live tape of the Plimsouls and there was this feeling on it that I was about to leap off the stage and throttle people," says Case. "It was really intense. Then it hit me: I wanted to do that again."

Actually, Case feels he never really strayed that far from his rock roots. His two solo albums, recorded with an array of musicians from John Hiatt to David Hidalgo, contain a number of tracks with rock underpinnings. (What has changed is Case's personal life: After a divorce from singer/songwriter Victoria Williams, he remarried in 1990 and has a new baby daughter.)

Case's first two albums, he says, were born partly out of his need to establish a closer bond with his audience, partly out of Case's frustration that fans at Plimsouls shows had seemed more intent on partying than really listening to his songs. But today Case is far less concerned about audience reaction.

"I was confused back then. It can be just as bad when people are just sitting there listening. It can drive you crazy. So it can go either way. It's not really the business of the performer what the people do. Your job is to dig deep and move the place. Yeah, rock 'n' roll is that kind of music."

JON MATSUMOTO

PHOTOGRAPHS (DIXON) PETER SHERMAN / MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES (CASE) DENNIS KELLY

FACES



PHOTOGRAPH BY DENISE MILLIORD

JIM LAUDERDALE

Desert Music and Country Songs

W

hen I was 20 years old, I thought, 'Well, I'm gonna get a record deal in a few months,'" says Jim Lauderdale, "and it's 14 years later that I'm finally releasing an album." The result sounds from here like time well spent. Lauderdale's *Planet of Love* (Reprise) is a solid pleasure that readily evokes thoughts of Lyle Lovett's braininess and co-producer Rodney Crowell's



314 511 780-2/4

This highly original South African group has been spreading their unabashed brand of get-up-and-dance fun since 1964. Growling male vocals, female harmonies, guitars, saxophones, penny-whistle and layered percussion add up to one big PARTY!



314 510 805-2/4

MANY VOICES.

© 1992 Verve World/
PolyGram Records, Inc.

own rocked-up country, but should go down just fine with lovers of George Jones and Buck Owens. Lauderdale, with a strong assist from co-writer/co-producer John Leventhal, is a still-growing hybrid who's just as exciting for his promise as for this most accomplished debut. Its theme is true to its title, but there's a heartfelt edge to mid-tempo twangers like "I Wasn't Fooling Around." "A woman knows, knows what she loves but/Those are the things that nobody tries," the worldly-wise Lauderdale sings amidst the slow-locomotive sound of "What You Don't Know," but he clearly has a clue when he dulcetly croons, "...I felt your happy tears" on "My Last Request."

In some demand as a banjo and guitar picker and harmonizer (to great effect with Lucinda Williams on her "Dark Side of Life"), Lauderdale early on made a bluegrass album with Roland White, brother of Byrds legend Clarence, that never saw release. More recently, Pete Anderson produced him, but CBS didn't hear a single. Crowell heard that and

more, and took him into the studio. The moment Lauderdale mentioned collaborator Leventhal might be useful, "Rodney said, 'Great idea, call him right now.'" Something clicked—Leventhal's now engaged in producing not only Crowell's next album but one by Rodney's ex, Rosanne Cash.

Lauderdale is out of North Carolina, son of a Presbyterian cleric dad and a choir director mom, saw many lean years in road shows like "Diamond Studs" (playing Shawn Colvin's husband), and shuttles between Nashville and that town south of Bakersfield known as L.A. His current muse is Howlin' Wolf, preferably heard in the car out by Joshua Tree, where he wrote a George Jones/Gram Parsons tribute called "King of Broken Hearts." "I've been going out to the desert," he says over beers in an L.A. bar, "I might go out there later tonight. When the moon's full out there you can see your shadow." If his marvelous eclecticism gets the hearing it deserves, Lauderdale's shadow should be a nice long one.

RED SCHRUERS

FLAMING LIPS

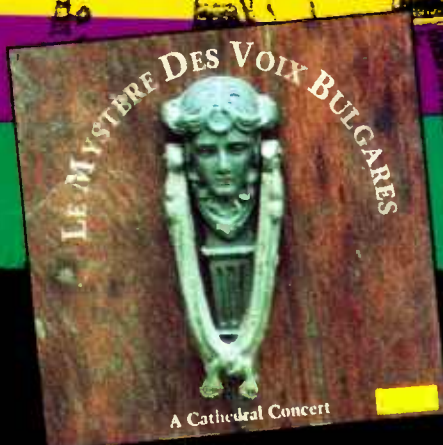
Full of intriguing ironies both jarring and gentle, the Flaming Lips' music invites you to bask in a warm psychedelic haze, then douses you in an acid bath of post-punk neurosis. Creating that sound has kept the band cloistered in the studio for most of their seven-year career. "I was always under the impression that bands made records: wrote songs and recorded them," explains frontman Wayne Coyne. "The fact that you have to play live just seemed to be an afterthought, a self-promotion thing." After Restless, the Lips' label, crumbled, Warners stepped in to grab the band, whose latest effort *Rev the Smilin' Deathporn Machine* remains stubbornly true to idiosyncratic form in spite of interjections from a 28-piece orchestra, some kinder, gentler pop gestures and major-label backing. "Money doesn't mean quality. Professional sound doesn't actually mean quality," Coyne says. "Sometimes the shittiest-sounding records have the most quality about them."

SANDY MASUO



Hailed as the undisputed master of the flamenco guitar, Paco De Lucia returns on *Lyryab*, with his exciting mix of classical and contemporary forms of Spanish-influenced music.

Joining Paco on the title track is his very special guest Chick Corea.



314 510 794-2/4

The first-ever recorded live concert by the world-renowned Bulgarian State Radio and Television choir! "Magical, mysterious singing, haunting, eerily beautifully, other-worldly, with just the right mix of eroticism and gorgeous romantic harmonies," raved the Los Angeles Herald Examiner!

ONE WORLD.

World Radio History



FACES



PHOTOGRAPH: ALDO MIVURO

the Vermont quartet's drawn a faithful tie-dyed crowd ever since its formation in 1983, but its music can't be pigeonholed. It's an eclectic mix of styles served up with chops galore and a dollop of goofy humor.

Phish (named after Fishman; "the 'ph' sounded like an airplane taking off," says Anastasio) was your average two-guitar college rock band until the second guitarist got religion and left. The group picked up keyboardist Page McConnell and, over six years and two albums, gathered a big cult following. Last year, they signed with Elektra. Their major-label debut, *A Picture of Nectar*, shows off their funky side and dabbles in jazz—McConnell's "Magilla" sounds like a lost number from the Monk book.

Though Phish jams a lot, much of its material is thoroughly composed. Anastasio, a former music major, often charts out his tunes before presenting them to the others. "I'm a pencil-and-paper guy; pencil's important 'cause you've gotta erase a lot," he explains.

This ambitious, resolutely non-commercial music found listeners despite the odds, and the majors came running: an encouraging story. But why the trampolines? "I was actually the one who bought them," admits McConnell, "though I don't bounce onstage. It's a great visual thing, and the audience gets involved. We do it in two songs; the crowd knows they're the trampoline songs." Is "Bouncing Around the Room" one of them? "No," McConnell chuckles. Leave it to these guys not to do the obvious.

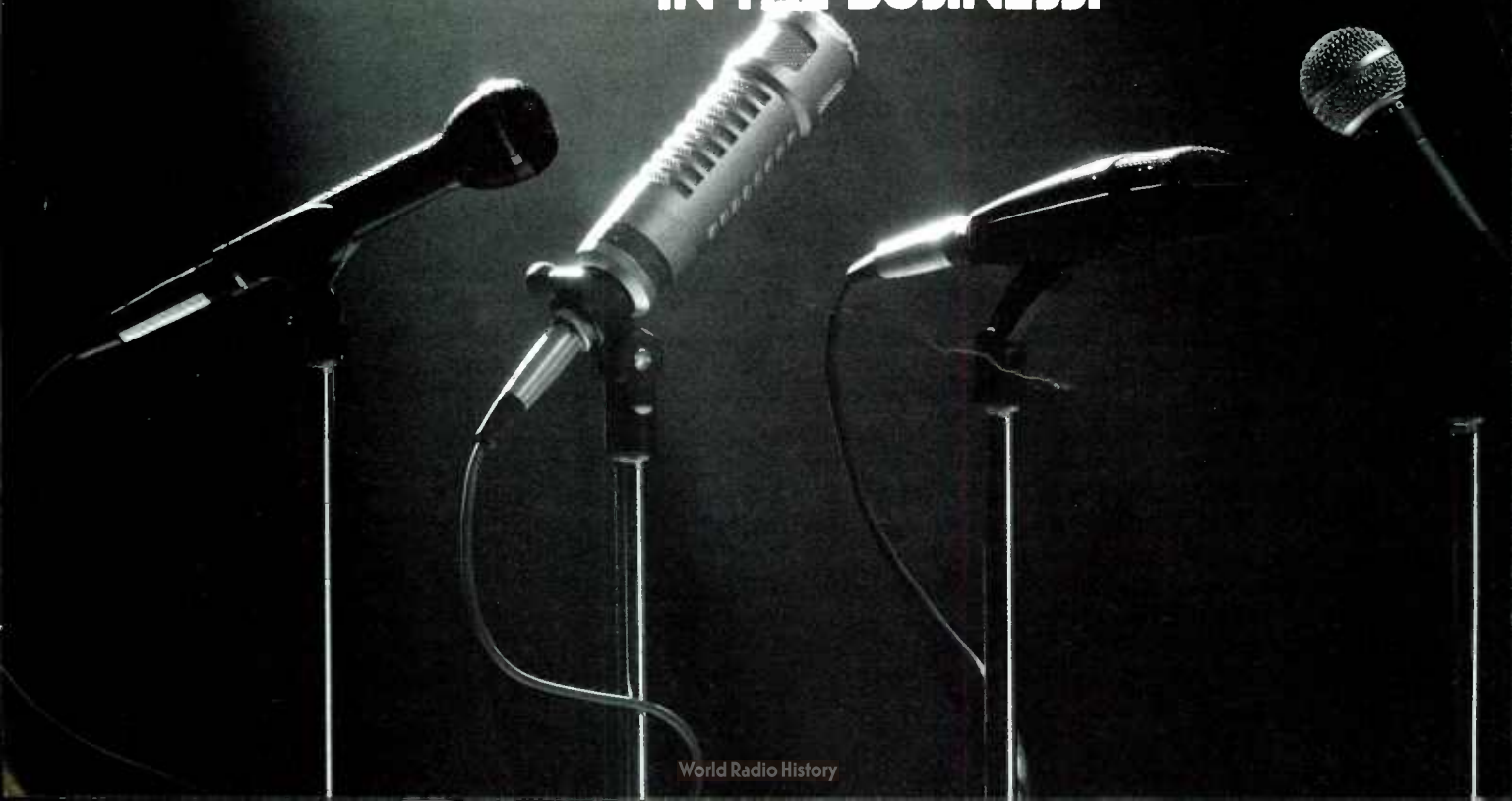
MAC RANDALL

PHISH PHACE



ou may have heard wild rumors about Phish. Some are true; guitarist Trey Anastasio and bassist Mike Gordon really do bounce on trampolines while playing live, and drummer Jonathan Fishman actually does a vacuum cleaner solo. But if you heard they were a Deadhead band, you heard wrong. Sure,

WE WORK WITH SOME OF THE BIGGEST NAMES IN THE BUSINESS.



FACES

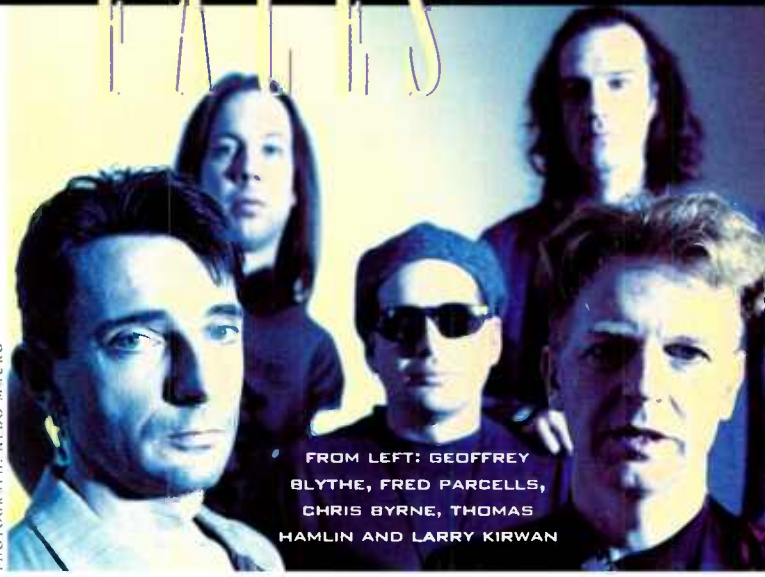
BLACK 47

Irish Rock with a World Beat

RED-FACED DECLAMATION, Celtic growls, ring-around-the-collar rhythms and a real nuts-'n'-bolts horn section (pennywhistle, soprano sax, trombone and uilleann pipes)—Black 47 create a distinct sound from the get-go. Outside of Paddy Reilly's, a Manhattan alehouse where the band has whooped it up for the last year or so, a fan describes them as "kind of like the Pogues." Larry Kirwan, who writes and sings all the Black 47 tunes, cites a difference. "They came from a folk background, our roots are in rock. We put the beat down first and the Irish music must accommodate itself to that."

And the beats that they toss around make the bar go nuts. Such exuberance is just as crucial to Black 47's demeanor as catchy chord changes (which they've got), because much of their music houses a fierce political stance. "Free Joe Now," "James Connolly"—tributes to the martyrs and heroes of the Irish immigrant community—go hand in hand with songs of working-class dignity. "We decided to skip CBGBs and hit the Irish bar scene," Kirwan explains. "There the songs have to stand up quick or else you're dead; they want Springsteen stuff. There should be a moratorium on the old two guitar, bass and drums kind of band," Kirwan says.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALDO MAURO



FROM LEFT: GEOFFREY BLYTHE, FRED PARCELLS, CHRIS BYRNE, THOMAS HAMLIN AND LARRY KIRWAN

"There's just too fucking many! The only originality I hear these days is coming from the African guys." No wonder one song is called "Paddy's Got a Brand New Reel." Black 47 CDs and cassettes are available from Paddy Reilly's pub (495 Second Ave., New York, NY 10016), where they play every Wednesday and Saturday night. **JIM MACNIE**

We know who you are. Maybe not your name, but we do have something in common. We both know the importance of having the best possible mics and mixers working for you. And, having already invested in the kind of big-name professional mics that do real justice to your sound, you've been looking to procure a big-name professional recorder/mixer that'll work with you and your mics, without breaking the bank. An affordable four-track like the new TASCAM 464 Portastudio. It comes with four low-impedance XLR balanced mic inputs, standard. Which means no mic adaptors to deal with. And 3-band

sweep midrange EQ circuits on all four mic inputs is also standard.

But, wait. There's more. Like all the added versatility and sophistication you get with the 464. Including a dual-point autolocator, plus return-to-zero. Auto re-hearse. Auto punch-in/out. And two additional stereo inputs, each with its own 2-band shelving EQ. Plus dual effects sends. Two stereo effects returns. And a two-speed transport with all solenoid-type controls for quick and reliable response. All for only \$899, suggested retail.

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The \$19 (And It's



Nineteen dollars?!? For that kind of money, it would have to be the best tape in the world.

It is.

Ask *Audio* magazine. After subjecting 88 different audio cassettes to every test imaginable, they found that the TDK MA-XG is not only the best of any metal tape. But the best of *any* tape.

Period.

We were happy, but not surprised. A few years ago, we gave our engineers a clean sheet of paper and a mission: to create the world's best tape, with money as no object.

They came to us with a tape so advanced, we had to give it a manufacturer's suggested retail price of \$19.

If you took the TDK MA-XG apart (you'd need some patience for this: it's held together by enough screws to open a hardware store), you'd see why.

It's not just a tape. It's a tank.

The shell is an unprecedented super-rigid five-piece

Cassette. (Blank.)

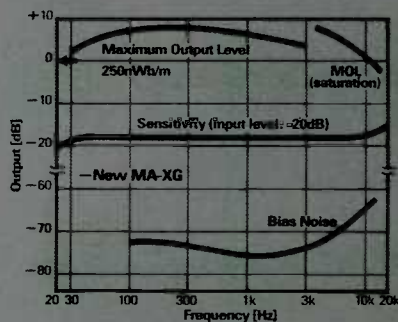
mechanism with an inner layer of fiberglass-reinforced plastic for strength, and a non-rigid plastic outer layer to reduce resonance. A precisely balanced system of internal sound stabilizer weights serves to reduce modulation noise even further.

All this technology surrounds a unique dual-layer metal tape that provides the highest output and lowest noise of any tape in TDK's history.

In other words, the ultimate digital-ready tape.

If you still can't bring yourself to spend the better part of your paycheck on the MA-XG, we have good news.

Everything we've learned from making the best tape



More music. Less noise. Audio magazine rates the MA-XG the best tape in the world.

in the world has gone into our less outrageously priced tapes. Which may explain why *Audio* magazine's tests also revealed TDK not only has the best normal bias tape, but the best high bias tape (in lowest noise and widest dynamic range) in the world.

If, after hearing all this, you're still not using TDK, we have just one question.

How many times do you have to be told before you listen?

TDK
As Serious As You Can Get.

Top 100 Albums

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

1 • 2	Garth Brooks <i>Ropin' the Wind/Capitol</i>
2 • 4	Nirvana <i>Nevermind/DGC</i>
3 • 1	Michael Jackson <i>Dangerous/Epic</i>
4 • 3	Hammer <i>Too Legit to Quit/Capitol</i>
5 • 14	Garth Brooks <i>No Fences/Capitol</i>
6 • 5	U2 <i>Achtung Baby/Island</i>
7 • 7	Boyz II Men <i>Coollyghbgharmony/Motown</i>
8 • 6	Michael Bolton <i>Time, Love and Tenderness/Columbia</i>
9 • 9	Metallica <i>Metallica/Elektra</i>
10 • 11	Mariah Carey <i>Emotions/Columbia</i>
11 • 17	Color Me Badd <i>C.M.B./Giant</i>
12 • 20	Prince <i>Diamonds and Pearls/Paisley Park</i>
13 • 12	Guns N' Roses <i>Use Your Illusion II/Geffen</i>
14 • 10	Guns N' Roses <i>Use Your Illusion III/Geffen</i>
15 • 16	Bonnie Raitt <i>Luck of the Draw/Capitol</i>
16 • 8	Natalie Cole <i>Unforgettable/Elektra</i>
17 • 13	Genesis <i>We Can't Dance/Atlantic</i>
18 • 18	Bryan Adams <i>Waking Up the Neighbours/A&M</i>
19 • 23	Various Artists <i>Two Rooms: Songs of E. Jobn & B. Tainpi/Polydor</i>
20 • 15	Paula Abdul <i>Spellbound/Capitol</i>
21 • 37	Garth Brooks <i>Garth Brooks/Capitol</i>
22 • 31	Jodeci <i>Forever My Lady/MCA</i>
23 • 25	Marky Mark & the Funky Bunch <i>Music for the People/Interscope</i>
24 • 19	Amy Grant <i>Heart in Motion/A&M</i>

25 • 26	Keith Sweat <i>Keep It Comin'/Elektra</i>
26 • 40	Enya <i>Shepherd Moons/Reprise</i>
27 • 30	Soundtrack <i>Beauty & the Beast/Walt Disney</i>
28 • 32	Ozzy Osbourne <i>No More Tears/Epic Associated</i>
29 • 27	Reba McEntire <i>For My Broken Heart/MCA</i>
30 • 22	Harry Connick, Jr. <i>Blue Light, Red Light/Columbia</i>
31 • 21	Mötley Crüe <i>Decade of Decadence/Elektra</i>
32 • 38	Travis Tritt <i>It's All About to Change Warner Bros.</i>
33 • 35	Naughty by Nature <i>Naughty by Nature/Tommy Boy</i>
34 • 34	Public Enemy <i>Apocalypse 91... The Enemy Strikes Black/Def Jam</i>
35 • 36	C&C Music Factory <i>Gonna Make You Sweat/Columbia</i>
36 • 29	Ice Cube <i>Death Certificate/Priority</i>
37 • 33	R.E.M. <i>Out of Time/Warner Bros.</i>
38 • —	Soundtrack <i>Juice/Soul</i>
39 • 28	Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble <i>The Sky Is Crying/Epic</i>
40 • 45	John Mellencamp <i>Whenever We Wanted/Mercury</i>
41 • 42	Vince Gill <i>Pocket Full of Gold/MCA</i>
42 • 39	Van Halen <i>For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge Warner Bros.</i>
43 • 43	Rod Stewart <i>Vagabond Heart/Warner Bros.</i>
44 • 48	Red Hot Chili Peppers <i>Blood Sugar Sex Magik/Warner Bros.</i>
45 • 54	D.J. Jazzy Jeff & the Fresh Prince <i>Homebase/Jive</i>
46 • 24	Bette Midler <i>Music from "For the Boys"/Atlantic</i>
47 • 59	P.M. Dawn <i>Of the Heart, Of the Soul & Of the Cross/Gee Street/Island</i>
48 • 78	Ievan Campbell <i>T.E.V.I.N./Qwest</i>
49 • 76	Lisa Stansfield <i>Real Love/Arista</i>

50 • 52	Queensryche <i>Empire/EMI</i>
51 • 56	Alan Jackson <i>Don't Rock the Jukebox/Arista</i>
52 • 41	Firehouse <i>Firehouse/Epic</i>
53 • —	Soundtrack <i>Rush/Reprise</i>
54 • 71	Trisha Yearwood <i>Trisha Yearwood/MCA</i>
55 • 62	The Geto Boys <i>We Can't Be Stopped/Rap-A-Lot</i>
56 • —	George Strait <i>Ten Strait Hits/MCA</i>
57 • 66	Mariah Carey <i>Mariah Carey/Columbia</i>
58 • 90	Tanya Tucker <i>What Do I Do with Me/Capitol</i>
59 • —	Collin Raye <i>All I Can Be/Epic</i>
60 • —	Soundgarden <i>Badmotorfinger/A&M</i>
61 • 47	Extreme <i>Extreme II Pornograffiti/A&M</i>
62 • —	Cypress Hill <i>Cypress Hill/Ruffhouse</i>
63 • 64	Rush <i>Roll the Bones/Atlantic</i>
64 • —	Pearl Jam <i>Ten/Epic Associated</i>
65 • 70	The Black Crowes <i>Shake Your Money Maker Def American</i>
66 • 51	Richard Marx <i>Rush Street/Capitol</i>
67 • 44	James Taylor <i>New Moon Shine/Columbia</i>
68 • —	A Tribe Called Quest <i>Low End Theory/Jive</i>
69 • —	Mr. Big <i>Lean Into It/Jive</i>
70 • 53	Dire Straits <i>On Every Street/Warner Bros.</i>
71 • 46	Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band <i>The Fire Inside/Capitol</i>
72 • 55	Luther Vandross <i>Power of Love/Epic</i>
73 • 49	Original London Cast <i>Phantom of the Opera Highlights Polydor</i>
74 • 74	Madonna <i>The Immaculate Collection/Sire</i>
75 • 67	Michael Crawford <i>Performs Andrew Lloyd Webber Atlantic</i>
76 • 58	Michael Bolton <i>Soul Provider/Columbia</i>
77 • 82	D.J. Magic Mike & M.C. Madness <i>Ain't No Doubt About It/Cheetah</i>
78 • —	Gerald Levert <i>Private Line/Atco East West</i>
79 • 84	Ricky Van Shelton <i>Backroads/Columbia</i>
80 • 63	The Judds <i>Greatest Hits Vol. Two/Curb</i>
81 • 94	Heavy D. & the Boyz <i>Peaceful Journey/MCA</i>
82 • —	Blacksheep <i>A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing/Mercury</i>
83 • 57	Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers <i>Into the Great Wide Open/MCA</i>
84 • 93	The 2 Live Crew <i>Sports Weekend/Luke</i>
85 • 83	Salt-N-Pepa <i>Black's Magic/Next Plateau</i>
86 • 85	Skid Row <i>Slave to the Grind/Atlantic</i>

87 • 65	Cliff Black <i>Put Yourself in My Shoes/RCA</i>
88 • 79	Gloria Estefan <i>Into the Light/Epic</i>
89 • 69	Bell Biv DeVoe <i>WBBD—Bootcity! The Remix Album/MCA</i>
90 • —	Tracy Lawrence <i>Sticks & Stones/Atlantic</i>
91 • 61	Soundtrack <i>The Commitments/MCA</i>
92 • 95	Alabama <i>Greatest Hits, Vol. 2/RCA</i>
93 • 88	Scorpions <i>Crazy World/Mercury</i>
94 • 91	Digital Underground <i>Sons of the P/Tommy Boy</i>
95 • —	Live <i>Mental Jewelry/Radioactive</i>
96 • 72	Soundtrack <i>Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves Morgan Creek</i>
97 • 99	Bonnie Raitt <i>Nick of Time/Capitol</i>
98 • —	Vanessa Williams <i>The Comfort Zone/Capitol</i>
99 • —	Tesla <i>Psychotic Supper/Geffen</i>
100 • —	2nd II None <i>2nd II None/Profile</i>

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 January. The concert chart is based on Amusement Business Box Score reports for January 1992. All charts are copyright 1992 by BPI Communications.

Greenbacks & Blues, Blacks & Whites

Robert Johnson must be turning in his grave. For 29 songs cut at two of the greatest recording sessions ever, Johnson was paid probably about \$10 per song, flat fee, no royalties; the estimate comes from blues historian Gayle Dean Wardlow. A hundred fifty bucks a session—nice piece of change in Depression-era Mississippi, but not much more than a temporary stake, a sum to fuel a bluesman's ramblings for a little while. So it might be interesting to look at the kind of money those songs are earning in Johnson's reincarnation as a bestselling pop star.

According to the data-gathering firm Soundscan, Johnson's Complete Recordings sold 175,000 copies in the USA from January 1, 1991 to January 2, 1992—not counting, that is, the first three months of the album's release, when Robert's ghost shocked the record biz by hopping into *Billboard's* Top 100 and shipping (not selling) some quarter-million units (nor does that include foreign sales). Throughout 1991 the album sold at a weekly clip of 3300 units; in mid-February '92, 18 months after release, it is still moving 1600 units a week.

So, using a royalty figure of 14 percent of gross at a list price of \$9.98, the posthumous 1991 income, from U.S. record sales, of a penniless street musician, a semi-outlaw fitting through the shadow world of prewar block Mississippi, comes to \$244,370.

Who is (or isn't) getting Robert Johnson's royalties is beyond the scope of a four-paragraph column. The point here is this: When we write an article or a book about Johnson, or shoot a movie based on his life, or cut one of his songs, or even buy his album, we're not simply honoring a vanished genius. We're participating in a far less glorious tradition: the hundreds of ways the wealthy and white have profited from the creativity of the poor and black. Remember—ten bucks a song.

—TS

Top Concert Grosses

1	Liza Minnelli <i>Meadowlands Arena, East Rutherford, NJ/January 24–25, January 28–February 1</i>	\$1,544,496
2	New Kids on the Block <i>Palacio De Los Deportes, Mexico City, Mexico/January 15–17</i>	\$1,408,081
3	Rod Stewart <i>Madison Square Garden, New York, NY/January 27–28</i>	\$1,033,760
4	Metallica <i>Great Western Forum, Inglewood, CA/January 6–8</i>	\$1,031,310
5	John Mellencamp <i>Rosemont Horizon, Rosemont, IL/January 30–31</i>	\$728,878
6	John Mellencamp <i>Meadowlands Arena, East Rutherford, NJ/January 16–17</i>	\$673,185
7	John Mellencamp <i>Palace of Auburn Hills, Auburn Hills, MI/January 24–25</i>	\$654,573
8	Rod Stewart, Glass Tiger <i>SkyDome, Toronto, Ontario/January 22</i>	\$623,377
9	Guns N' Roses, Soundgarden <i>San Diego Sports Arena, San Diego, CA/January 27–28</i>	\$614,993
10	Guns N' Roses, Soundgarden <i>The Summit, Houston, TX/January 9–10</i>	\$602,900

A photograph of Paula Abdul on stage. She has long, dark hair and is wearing a dark, possibly sequined, outfit. She is holding a microphone in her right hand and a single red rose in her left hand, which she is offering to a fan's hand reaching up from the bottom right. The background is dark with some purple and blue stage lighting.

GUESS WHICH WIRELESS PAULA'S USING.

With 11 trucks, 9 buses, 9 musicians, 8 dancers, 2 stilt walkers and hundreds of support personnel on the road for her spectacular "Under My Spell" tour, Paula Abdul is using only one kind of wireless. Samson UHF.

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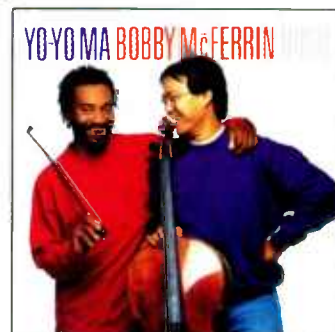
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World Radio History

YOKO IN RETRO



IT'S QUITE LIKELY THAT HAVING JOHN LENNON FALL IN LOVE WITH HER WAS the worst thing that could have happened to Yoko Ono's career as an artist." So writes Robert Palmer in his liner notes for *Onobox*, Rykodisc's six-CD anthology of Ono's musical career. It's a theory that elicits a chuckle from Lennon's widow on this rainy afternoon at the Dakota—and a clarification.

"In a truly artistic sense, I think John and I both gained from working together," says Ono, reaching across her living-room sofa for a second or third cigarette. "I think we reached a point in our experiments together that neither of us had reached before we met. But there were some fans who dropped him because of our union. And yes, I probably lost my career, in a way."

By the time Rykodisc approached her about putting together a boxed set, in fact, Ono had turned down similar offers from "people who turned out to be most interested in, you know, John's guitar playing or whatever. I thought that presenting my music from that angle would be misusing his name."

The late Beatle's presence on *Onobox* is, nonetheless, as forceful as it is inevitable. The collection features Mr. and Mrs. Lennon collaborating with George, Ringo, Eric Clapton, the "people's band" Elephant's Memory and others; it also includes Ono's recordings from the *Double Fantasy* and *Milk and Honey* sessions. One doesn't approach a project like this expecting *Rubber Soul*, of course.

BY ELYSA GARDNER

Yet Palmer raises the point that in a pop environment in which "artful noise enthusiasts" sell records for major labels, Ono's expressionistic singing and often unconventional textures may prove more accessible to the uninitiated than they did 20 years ago. He refers specifically to Public Enemy and Sonic Youth; Ono admits, somewhat apologetically, that she hasn't listened enough to the latter band to appreciate the analogy. She claims to have had a keen interest in rap, though, since the time of its inception. "I'm not sure about some of the directions it's taken since then," but she hastens to add. "We have to be gentle and patient with artists, and not criticize them for trying different things."

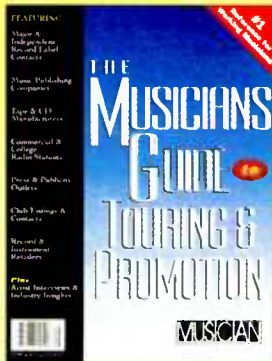
Ono acknowledges that her own penchant for trying different things owes something to the environment in which she grew up. "In Japan, there was this very strong Oriental culture, and yet there was a lot of Western influence." Her father taught her about Western classical music, while her mother passed on forms of traditional Japanese singing. Ono also developed a fascination for Indian and Tibetan styles, and for the vocal techniques used in Alban Berg's atonal operas.

Ono cites as a particular favorite an even earlier icon of the avant-garde than herself: Lotte Lenya, the German chanteuse who was married to composer Kurt Weill. Ono is especially fond of Lenya's interpretations of the songs that Weill collaborated on with the highly political playwright Bertolt Brecht. "An ambition of mine was to combine that sort of musical reality with the incredible energy of a rock beat—which is like the heartbeat."

Ono says she is pleased with the way that popular artists like U2 and Sting have upheld the tradition that she and Lennon practiced of calling for social reform through rock songs. "It's a great age for rock in that sense. I think these artists are really getting their messages across. Of course, there are still wars going on, and it's not like the political system is getting cleaned up."

Ono is somewhat more satisfied with the progress that feminist issues, a pervading theme in her songs from the early '70s, have seen in recent years. The woman who once remarked in an interview that "woman is the nigger of the world"—and later wrote a song saying as much—feels that today's young women are better equipped to combat discrimination than her generation had been. "When I look at women that are my son Sean's age or younger, they seem pretty strong and aware. You know, when John and I were into the peace move- [cont'd on page 31]

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TELLER LIKE IT IS



IT IS A LATE MORNING AFTER A DARK NIGHT AND AL TELLER IS IN A REFLECTIVE mood. The chairman of the MCA Music Entertainment Group was out well past one a.m. the previous evening at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame induction dinner.

"For any of us in this business, it does give a sense of perspective and history," says Teller. "You look around the room and you see people you've done battle with, artists you've known from the beginning. I love the diversity of characters this business has."

Teller, a bearded Harvard MBA who once studied to be an engineer, has himself emerged as a major character in the music industry over the course of two decades, with tenure at the top of two major labels. Landing a job out of school in 1969 as assistant to then-Columbia Records president Clive Davis, this Bronx, New York native wound up as head of that label in 1981 and president of CBS Records in 1985.

Ousted from CBS in 1988, Teller became president of MCA Records that year and chairman of the parent MCA group in 1989. Since then, Teller has overseen MCA's acquisition of GRP and Geffen Records, new ventures in Germany, Japan and other markets to strengthen MCA's international presence under its new Japanese owners, Matsushita—and suffered the defection of Motown Records to PolyGram Group Distribution.

On this morning in the New York office of his West Coast-based company, the outspoken 47-

BY THOM DUFFY

year-old executive offers his perspective on the state of the record business, from the impact of the recession to the still-intense competition to sign, promote and break new artists.

Business for the MCA Group in 1991 wasn't all that bad. In *Billboard's* year-end tally, MCA Records topped the label rankings in the R&B and country fields, although it lagged on the pop chart. MCA's sales arm has been flexing its muscle lately with the firestorm success of Nirvana on DGC Records, for which it handles distribution.

Teller has been around long enough to know what that band's breakthrough will mean for the broader artist-development picture.

"There will be tens of millions of dollars spent—and lost—by record companies trying to find the next Nirvana," he notes. "But the rapid success of Nirvana should be a great wake-up call to the various mechanisms of the music industry. The most exciting aspect of it is that it shows there is a huge audience for new music."

But new music still must find its audience in

*MCA Music's
chairman surveys
the scene*

tried-and-true fashion, says Teller. "Alternative music really reflects the good old-fashioned way of developing an artist—a band gets together, builds a following in clubs, builds a local buzz—all independent of the record company.

"I'm not focusing on guitar bands as opposed to sampling," continues Teller. "Even in the world of rap and hip-hop—no matter how important the role of technology and the producer in the studio—the lasting impact has to be through an artist—onstage. 'I've always believed that any definition of superstar has to include the ability to affect thousands of people who see you do it live, to transport people as a performer,'" says Teller, leaving unnamed the current hitmakers who don't take their shows on the road.

This is not an academic issue for Teller's MCA Group. MCA's concert division is one of the nation's largest developers and operators of amphitheatres, which now dominate the concert business, and it ultimately will rely on the ability of new stars to sell tickets. Touring has been hit hard by the recession. But as cash-strapped fans face the choice of entertainment or paying the bills, every aspect of the music business faces tough times.



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"It dictates that you start to cut back in every area of expense, including your investment in artists," says Teller. "I think every record company is looking very carefully at its artist roster so they can focus resources that are scarcer now than they were a couple of years ago." (Indeed, the EMI Records Group North America—SBK, Chrysalis and EMI Records—recently cut its roster by a third.)

What does Teller think of the costly mega-deals struck in the past year by his competitors—including those for Aerosmith and Michael Jackson by Sony Music, his former

corporate home?

"Understand the spirit in which I'm going to respond," he begins diplomatically. "I don't want to sound like I'm simply taking a shot because, ultimately, each of us has to deal with our own set of realities. But my guess is that different people evaluating those situations perhaps would have reached different conclusions."

Translation? "Those deals looked awfully expensive," says Teller. "And you have to be careful you're not putting in place a precedent that's going to, say, fundamentally alter the economic equation of how the business is operated." Or, at least, set a

precedent for other acts on the same roster.

"My recollection of Bruce Springsteen's arrangement at [Sony] is that he is coming awfully close to the end of his deal. I imagine that the Springsteen camp can't be unhappy, from their perspective, with some of the deals that have been cut."

A Columbia Records spokeswoman says that Teller's assumptions about Springsteen's status with Columbia are incorrect, noting Springsteen recently announced the release of two new Columbia albums this spring.

MCA has considered bidding for some of the top-name acts on the block in the past year or so, says Teller. "But by and large, my instincts are to build from within. When I look at the kind of financial commitment that's involved in a particular act, I say to myself, 'We could invest it in a dozen acts and end up with a better result at the end of the day.'"

Still, there are other areas of artist development where competition has been driving up costs, most notably radio promotion, where labels such as SBK Records have aggressively upped the ante. Teller won't comment on any one competitor's strategy, saying only, "Many people have tried to spend their way to success in our business. It doesn't work."


But he acknowledges that one area of label spending—the use of independent promoters—has returned industry-wide.

"The independents are being used, by and large, by everybody," he says. "But it's a much more balanced situation than it was at the time things came to an abrupt end some years ago."

The abandonment of indie promoters by major labels in 1986 was spurred by federal investigations into payola and mob ties to some of those promoters. No convictions resulted, however.

"The cost structure to utilize the independents is more reasonable than it used to be," says Teller. "That's what I mean by a sense of balance. The role of your own promotion staff is more important than it used to be. Nobody wants to let the situation get out of hand the way it had gotten out of hand [in the 1980s] with extraordinary amounts of money having to be spent to get your record a chance on the radio."

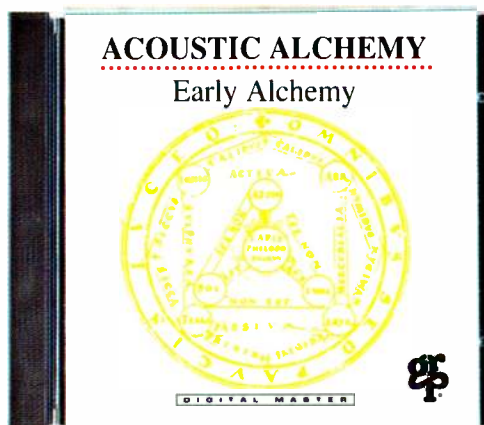
"I'm not faulting the role of the independents. A lot of radio stations rely on [a person who], in their judgment, is more 'independent' than a record company promotion person is. So they'll always have a role."

"But I think it's the responsibility of the record companies to be at the forefront of the promotion and marketing of their product, and not to abdicate that responsibility to a third party." 

ACOUSTIC ALCHEMY

Early Alchemy

Acoustic Alchemy in a retrospective of the band's earliest efforts. Guitarist Nick Webb traces the origins of the duo offering remixed and remastered recordings never before released.



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ONO

[cont'd from page 25] ment, I had hoped that one day things would be so peaceful that we wouldn't need a word like peace, that it wouldn't be an issue. Maybe there will be a time like that for feminism, too... Anyway, things aren't *that* great; women still have concerns."

Among Ono's personal concerns these days are allegations that Paul McCartney has made, that she turned down his offer to split the \$20 million cost of buying back the copyrights to the Beatles' songs from British entertainment tycoon Lew Grade, thus enabling Michael Jackson—who had allegedly been hanging out with Ono—to step in and purchase the rights himself, for \$50 million. Ono says that there is presently "a lot of talk going on" between McCartney and herself, though she is reluctant to give details. "Paul probably suspects that there was some sort of alliance between Michael and me, but there wasn't. I *do* think it's good that Michael bought the catalog, because he's an artist rather than an ordinary businessman. I understand that Paul is not happy, but I have no control over the situation."

Moreover, Ono claims she is perplexed by McCartney's protests against Jackson's decision to license the Beatles' "Revolution" to Nike for a sneaker commercial. "Paul's office had called me and said that they had no problem with it; and I thought that if they didn't, I wouldn't either. The only stipulation I had, really, was that the song shouldn't be cut up or edited in any way. I still think it's a good thing that John's song could be used in that way, so that a younger audience who hadn't heard it could."

When asked to describe her own audience, or to suggest who might pick up a copy of *Onobox*, Ono confesses, laughing, "I have no idea. I think of myself as a musician that some people might like to listen to, and maybe they'll get some sort of inspiration from it. I don't mind just having a certain group who are interested in my work, as opposed to a wider public. I don't," she smiles, "have a desire to be Michael Jackson."

YOKO ONO uses the Performer program on Macintosh to sequence her compositions, and the Akai S-1000 for sampling. For additional sampled sounds, the Korg M1R and Yamaha DX7 are used, with a Kurzweil K-1000. Ono's preferred microphone is a Neumann U-87 with a dbx 902 De-Esser.

Ry Cooder, John Hiatt, Jim Keltner & Nick Lowe are

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JOE HENDERSON'S LUSH LINES



JOE HENDERSON THOUGHT HE WAS JUST GETTING A RIDE HOME FROM THE studio. It had been a long day—he and a trio led by the 22-year-old pianist Stephen Scott were working on the music of Billy Strayhorn, preparing to record *Lush Life*, the saxophonist's Verve debut. When Henderson climbed into Scott's car, he didn't expect to hear music at all, much less music that would force him to confront his past. But there, in the deck, was a tape of a vintage Kenny Dorham album, one of the many Henderson had made as a contract player for Blue Note in the '60s.

It took him back.

"A lot of that music I haven't heard in a long time," Henderson explains, sitting in his room at Manhattan's Paramount Hotel, pulling together visa documents and related paperwork for an upcoming Japanese tour. "I got so much pleasure on that 15-minute ride, just hearing [drummer Billy] Higgins play, the way that group of musicians interacted. I mean this with all humility—that music was happening. It is still happening after all this time. There's been nothing else to come that's strong enough to move it off."

If Henderson gets a measure of satisfaction knowing that young hotshots are excited about

BY TOM MOON

records he made in 1965, well, he's earned it. For three decades he's been responsible for broadening the horizons of hard bop, for fathering an angular tenor style that claims acolytes like Michael Brecker and Branford Marsalis, for offering an edgy alternative to the bebop of reigning god Sonny Rollins.

But the lean, bearded saxophonist, who was born in 1937 in Lima, Ohio and bought his first horn with the money from a paper route, has never commanded Rollins-style press attention. His name on the marquee doesn't automatically signify a jackpot at the box office. His audience remains the hardcore jazzheads, who have followed Henderson from the Horace Silver band through the Lee Morgan sides through the revelatory Afro-centrism of *Black Narcissus* and *Power to the People*.

Given that the record business rarely caters to hardcore jazzheads, *Lush Life* is something of an event. In addition to being his first studio album as a leader in 12 years, it returns Hender-

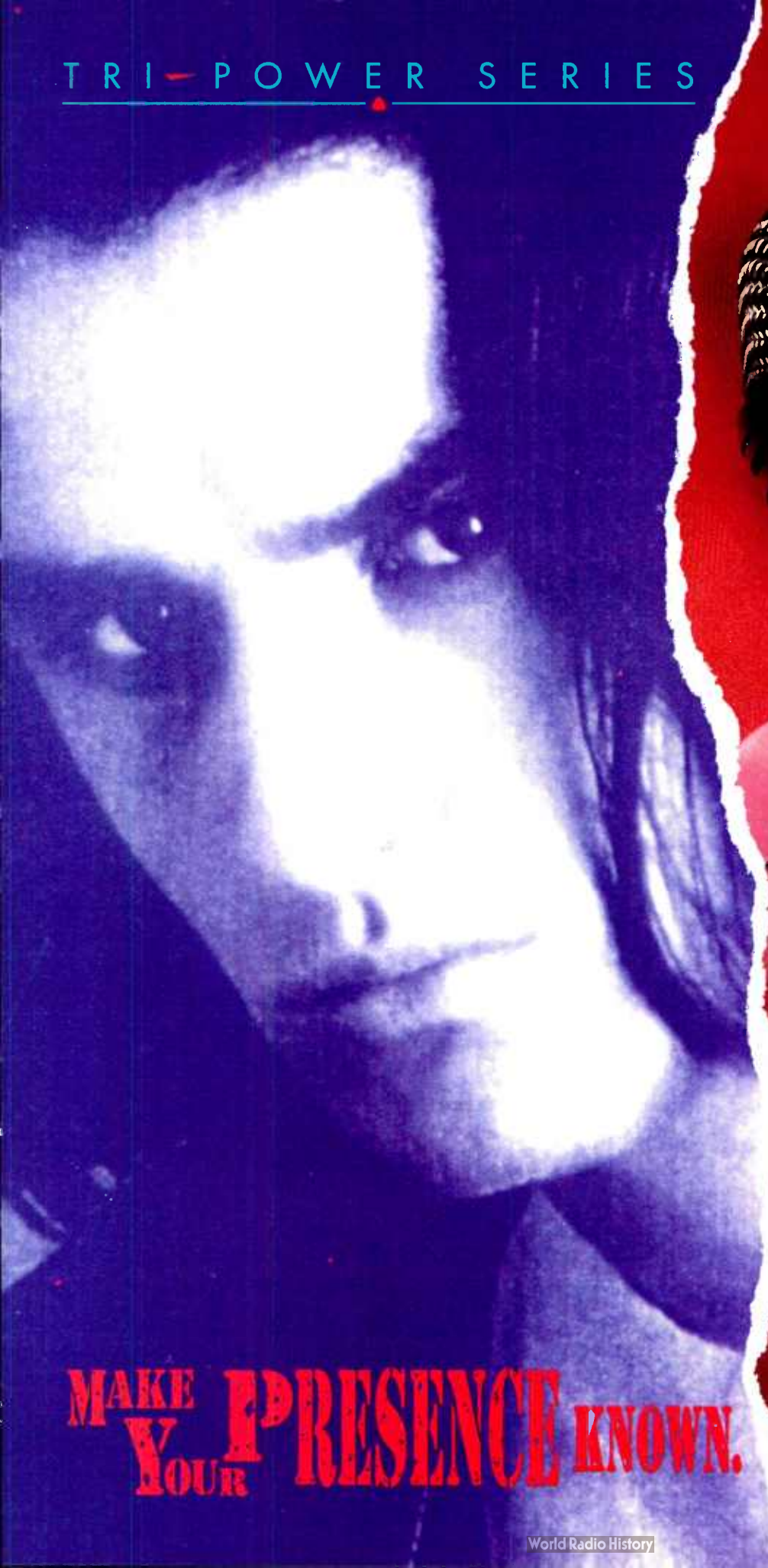
*The great
jazzman talks about
heroes, blue notes—
and ripoffs*

son to the Rudy Van Gelder studios, and to the young-bloods-meet-old-master ethic of vintage Blue Note. It is also his most commercially viable offering ever, a record cooked to order for neo-trad jazz radio. More significantly, it marks the first time in Henderson's career that he's devoted an entire album to the work of one composer. Even on his composition-oriented Blue Note records, he says, he always included at least one standard "to keep people guessing."

But Strayhorn's music—thick with texture and unusual harmony—had been a source of inspiration for years, since Henderson heard the Ellington band as a teenager. "I've been admiring Stray's music since before I knew it was his music. 'Lush Life' has got to be among the top five songs ever written, and some of these others are so ripe for interpretation, it was easy to breathe new life into them.... When I play 'Lush Life' I'm visualizing all the images in the lyrics. Do you believe Strayhorn wrote them in his teens? I've known some 10-year-olds with what people call grandfatherly wit, but this person had an incredible understanding of the human condition at a young age."

Henderson evokes that knowing quality by performing "Lush Life" solo, using his saxo-

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phone to establish its statuesque melodic statement and tricky harmonic underpinnings. Without following the elegiac line verbatim, he translates the lyrics into magnificent saxophone-speak, his mournful, writhing tone etching the melancholy of those missing words. Along the way, he manages to slip in a few vintage Hendersonisms. His phrases have a spring-loaded tension, yet he slides through tricky intervals with the assurance of a downhill skier in the home-stretch. He hears phrases that are wholly improbable, and transposes them to the most challenging crannies of the instrument, careening between keys like an out-of-control bumper car.

And he accomplishes this wholesale revision without obliterating the atmosphere of Strayhorn's elongated ballad form. Henderson loves ballads, says he wants to be the best ballad player in the world. He doesn't care about playing fast, he cares about "using the facility I've been able to put together through the years to come upon some genuine music."

To do that, he returned to the old Blue Note formula, assembling a group of young musicians who have stormed the New York scene in the last year—pianist Scott, bassist Christian McBride, drummer Gregory Hutchinson. (Wynton Marsalis, who is now either the oldest of the new wave or the newest of the old, also appears on three tracks.) Then he worked to establish the sort of camaraderie that prevailed during the Blue Note era. "More than any other record I've done, this one was like the Lamaze method—I was with it all the way from idea until birth. For the actual recording, we tried to make it as relaxed as possible. We recorded over a period of four days, and tried a bunch of different duo and trio combinations."

As jazz historians have observed, Blue Note in its heyday was not just a place for stars. It maintained a talent pool of widely divergent backgrounds. Instrumentalists were expected to fill both sideman and leader roles, and executed every assignment with finesse. The young guys learned from the old guys.

Henderson's way of thinking about music was shaped by that experience, which began shortly after his release from the military in 1962. "I've always tried to play to the situation, and I think those different settings taught me that," he says. "I was always trying to interpret Andrew Hill, say, better than he could have written it out. Rather than force-feed the same character on everything I play, I try to find and produce the tone that fits the need. At Blue Note, you did that constantly. You could never get burned out on yourself, because there were so many different players, every record required something differ-

ent from you. I went back and listened to Grant Green's *Idle Moments*; there's a ballad that's something like 14 minutes long, and it was so smooth, like burning on a low flame. And you can hear Ben Webster running through my brain that day. This was a different Joe Henderson than on something like 'Inner Urge.'

As he talks about his "imitations" of the great saxophonists—"when I get a certain kind of soft reed on there, I can make you think you're hearing Prez"—it's clear that Henderson, who spends part of the year teaching at his home in San Francisco, understands the importance of absorbing the greats. He's certainly become accustomed to having his improbable galloping runs transcribed and dissected by scores of aspiring saxophonists curious about his ability to blend traditional bebop with a highly individual harmonic scheme.

But he also sees a line between imitation and theft, and he believes Michael Brecker, a former student, has crossed it. For years, Henderson says, musicians who play with both him and Brecker have mentioned it. Brecker didn't borrow just anything, Henderson maintains. He claims he's heard Brecker play some of the "armor-piercing ideas"—of four- and eight-bar duration—Henderson knows he spent time working out in the practice room.

"I'm listening to the radio at about 3 a.m., and there was a thing on the Claus Ogerman record, eight bars of this stuff I know when and where I worked it out. This wasn't just a lick—this stuff was consumed by me, became one with me. Then I'm watching TV in Zurich, and they had a tape of Miles in Montreux on. So I kick back, and Herbie [Hancock] comes on, then Michael comes out to play with Herbie. And I heard myself, phrase after phrase. I think I know what I do, and somehow I think that's dishonest.

"It's one thing to be influenced by someone, and hear the essence of the influence in the work. It's another thing to have your shit burglarized. Most players live with the music of their influences and at some point arrive at something that is their own. That didn't happen here."


Told of Henderson's charges, Brecker responded, "He's most definitely an influence, along with John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins. I've been listening to Joe since I was 14 years old. He was important, particularly when I was learning how to play."

But Brecker bristled at the notion that he stole Henderson's licks: "That's absurd."

As Henderson talks about the theft of his ideas, his tone suggests he's even more disturbed about what it says about the jazz process, the exchange of information between peers. For

years he's adhered to an admirable work ethic, proceeding with his performing and writing as selflessly as possible. He hasn't "crossed over," or resorted to gimmicks; though many saw his all-female band as a ploy, he defends it as one of the most surprising bands he's ever had. Throughout the lean '80s, when the only new Joe Henderson records were live albums, his sound illuminated works by Marsalis (*Thick in the South*), McCoy Tyner (*New York Reunion*) and even Rickie Lee Jones (*Pure Pop*). (Recently, his profile went up a notch when Marsalis booked him for a March Lincoln Center concert devoted to big band

music Henderson and Dorham had written for a rehearsal band in the '60s.)

"I used to think of it as a holy word, jazz," Henderson muses. "The concept meant something to me. It was a way of life. Now you go to a George Wein festival and you see the term stretched all out of proportion. Used to be, you heard a jazz musician, you knew right away that he was playing from his conviction. Now these people get a goodly amount of air time, TV time, modeling time as jazz musicians. And they forget that what brought them attention in the first place was the music." 

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KD LANG

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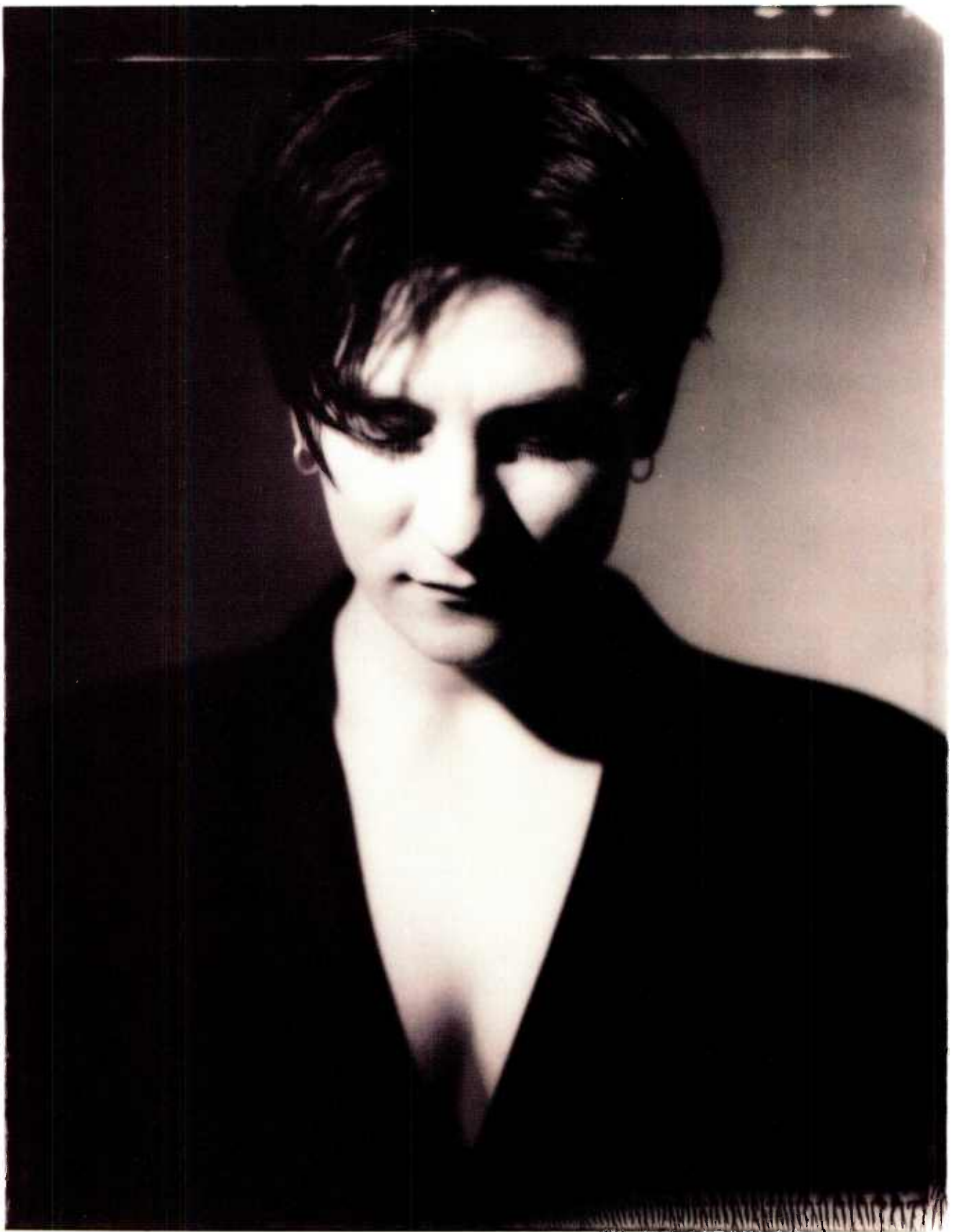
THE STAIRS LEADING TO K.D. LANG'S L.A. RESIDENCE WIND up a hill unevenly, with abrupt twists and turns. The tranquility of this peaceful Hollywood Heights enclave is offset by slightly frantic, eerily melodic Middle Eastern music filtering out from her modest little shack (with a spectacular view of the Los Angeles basin). ❧

The sound, it turns out, is traditional belly-dancing music. "I bought it because I liked the picture on the cover," says lang, cradling the CD case. "But I really like the music." The photo is of a voluptuous belly dancer, decked out in elaborate harem garb, an outfit that might catch the eye of a woman whose onstage attire has ranged from the outrageous to the garish. ❧ k.d.'s bound to go for a much more understated look when she tours to support her newest album *Ingenué*, the follow up to 1989's acclaimed *Absolute Torch and Twang*. *Ingenué* is all torch and no twang. ❧ "This isn't a country record," she confirms. "This was complete emancipation for me. I wrote it for myself." While Patsy Cline served as the catalyst for lang's country music infatuation, it's Cole Porter who's set the standard for *Ingenué*. lang



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY MARK HANAUER

by Sheila Rogers



recorded Porter's "So in Love" for *Red Hot + Blue*, the tribute album released in 1990 to raise money for AIDS research. "The *Red Hot + Blue* track was a real key, a cornerstone to this album," says Ben Mink, lang's longtime songwriting partner and musical collaborator. When Mink and lang set out to write *Ingenue* they knew that it was time to move away from country. "I have to clean house once in a while," she explains. "I have to totally switch directions and even philosophies. I went through a catharsis with this album. A total metamorphosis. This album is very introspective. Very from the inside." Part of that shift included saying goodbye to her longtime band, the Reclines. "The Reclines had developed a certain sound, it

the intense sentimentality of country music and its quirkiness with her own performance-art-inspired campy stage persona. lang was able to pull it off because of her voice, whose depth, range and intensity can soothe even the most rankled country enthusiast.

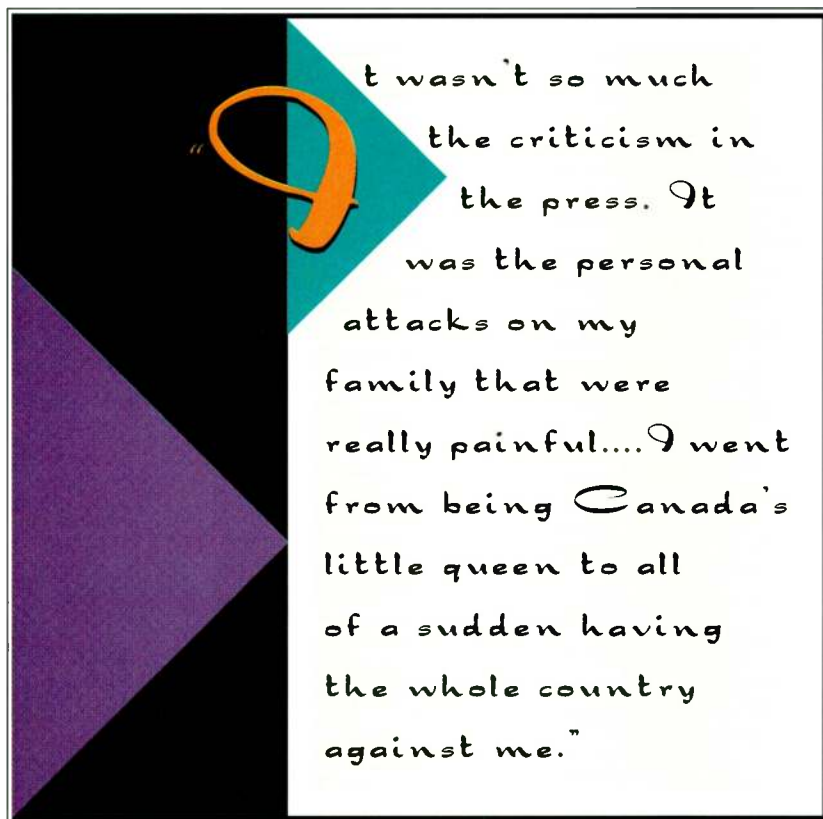
And though she may have idolized Patsy Cline, she hardly had the fragile, demure demeanor of her mentor. Still, lang insists that her short, spikey hair, her sawed-off cowboy boots, her absurd drag queen takeoffs on traditional country swing dresses and her boyish manner were not intended to mock the medium.

"I'm androgynous," she says, matter-of-factly. (With *Ingenue*, however, lang says she's tapped into her more feminine side.)

Androgyny, which she says is "synonymous with k.d. lang," is, according to k.d., "a polite way of having people speculate. Country music is very old-school, male-dominated, Christian-oriented. It's probably everything that I'm not on a lot of different levels."

Born in 1961, Kathy Dawn Lang grew up in the Canadian farming community of Consort, Alberta. (She adopted the lower-case initials out of a fondness for the way it looked, but that's as far as the e.e. cummings connection goes.) Her mom, a grade school teacher, was determined to expose her four children to cultural pursuits. She religiously carted Kathy and her older siblings off to their classical piano lessons at a convent 60 miles away. There they studied with Sister Xavier, whose idea of discipline involved knuckle rappings with a ruler. "She was really neat though," says k.d. "She was the one who got me into singing." lang's older brother John turned out to be a prodigy at the piano. "He was on the genius level," says lang.

k.d. began competing in vocal recitals when she was about five. She eventually quit piano and took up guitar. "I was more comfortable with the guitar," she says. "It was more accessible for the



was a country sound and I just wanted to change."

According to lang, her country era is ended. "I don't want to be bitter about the country music scene," she says. "I did it with respect and with humor. But it's like a love affair. It's over. It's time to move on."

Ironically, both she and Lyle Lovett, another black sheep in the Nashville family, have veered away from country at a time when it's finally begun to dominate the pop charts (see Brooks, Garth). "I think we're both just following our natural creative paths," says lang. Mink hints that lang chose that path because of the limitations and constraints of the country scene. "It was the politics of country music that was the problem," he says. "You've got to fit. k.d. was too daring. She was too country for pop and too hip for country."

"In the beginning," says lang, "I thought I was going to change country music." Her approach was unlike any other. She combined

voice."

She and her sister grew up listening to Delaney and Bonnie Bramlett, Maria Muldaur and Joe Cocker. Country music wasn't a very big part of their record collection. lang was, however, somewhat of an Anne Murray enthusiast. "When I was nine, I wrote her a song. I think it was called 'Let's Try It Together.' It was a 'We Are the World'-type song." lang sent the song off to Murray with the postscript, "You have permission to write music to these lyrics." No reply arrived.

Despite her musical talents, lang says that her first ambition was to be a roller derby queen. "It was exciting," she explains. "It was the only thing that came on TV on Saturday that was worth watching, other than 'The Beverly Hillbillies.'" lang also rode a motorbike and was a school jock. "I played absolutely every sport," she says.

Somewhere along the way she abandoned her roller derby ambi-



tions and majored in music at Red Deer College in Alberta. She was also an active member of an avant-garde performance art troupe. It was during her college days that she began to discover country music. In one local theater production, she played the part of a country singer modeled after Patsy Cline. That was her introduction to her future musical inspiration. Part of the connection lang felt with country was the "small town" aspect. "Bake sales in the church basement, that sort of thing."

"I love country music," says lang. "But

the feeling from the Nashville community wasn't entirely mutual. It's a real funny market. The pendulum has swung back to traditionalism and there's no place for someone like me. There have always been these outlaws, left-of-center country artists like Rank and File and before that Rosanne Cash and before that Johnny Cash and Waylon and Willie." Despite her gorgeous voice, lang probably didn't endear herself to the country conservatives with her wild stage presence. Her decidedly unfeminine manner undoubtedly alienated those who adhered to country

music's gender-rigid boundaries. Many saw her approach as mocking or sarcastic. There was an outcry when she won a Grammy in the "Best Country Collaboration" category for her duet of "Cryin'" with the late Roy Orbison. "That upset a few people in Nashville," remembers Mink.

The breaking point with the conservative country mindset was lang's 1990 "Meat Stinks" campaign for the animal rights organization PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals).

"If you knew how meat was made," said lang in a series of frequently aired TV spots, "you'd lose your lunch." It caused an uproar in the beef belt.

"Radio stations that never played me in the first place were banning me," she says, shaking her head. "I didn't care so much that they weren't playing my records." What disturbed her most was the effect that the backlash had in Consort. "The vortex of the controversy was in my hometown," she says. "It wasn't so much the criticism in the press. It was the personal attacks on my family that were really painful. Alberta is a small place. Everyone treats you like you're their own. They're your best fans but they're also your worst critics. It can be very double-sided." lang says that her family, who've been supportive of nearly everything she's done, asked her to be a little less outspoken on certain issues. "I don't know if I can do that," she admits. "I'm the kind of person who tends to blurt out what I shouldn't blurt out." She still hasn't fully recovered from the brouhaha. "I went

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Making *Ingenué*, k.d. lang and Ben Mink used two old Washburn guitars from 1910 and 1915, a mid-'50s Gibson and an Epiphone PR-715 12-string. Their one electric guitar was a 1956 National with an out-of-phase pickup, through a 1958 Fender Concert amp. When in a less Luddite mood (and when they wanted to go direct) they traded the vintage gear for a Takamine FP 5826 or a new Yamaha with stereo transducers. Their strings were D'Addario mediums. Their bass was another Yamaha. Their mandola was custom-made by William Laskin. They used a Roland R-8 drum machine with lots of exotic samples, and their workhorse microphone—for most of the vocals and violins and some of the guitars—was an AKG 414.

from being Canada's little queen to all of a sudden having the whole country against me. It's a little scary to feel that wave shift."

lang's outspokenness and confrontational style are misleading. "I die when people criticize me," she says. "I totally fall apart." She rarely reads about herself in the press (a friend serves as her censor). For that matter, lang says that she hardly reads, period. "I read three things," she says, "graffiti, the phone book and the dictionary. If you spend two hours reading your book, I'll spend two hours reading the way a bug will crawl up a leaf. I really spend more time in nature than anywhere else. I learn from nature." Throughout the conversation, she's been looking out the window at her newly refilled birdfeeder, which is a big success.

As dusk settles in, lang lights incense and candles—which for the moment serve as the only light source. Her house, which she says belongs to a friend ("I'm a squatter here when I'm in town"), takes on the air of a log cabin in the middle of nowhere. Except when you catch a glimpse of the spectacular view of the Los Angeles basin. lang is saying something

rarely heard from a recording artist these days. "I love my record company," she says, sincerely. "I'm sure I'm one of the few artists that can say that."

After releasing her first album, *A Truly Western Experience*, on an independent Canadian label, lang signed with Seymour Stein's Sire Records. She went with Sire "mostly because of Seymour. I mean, look who he's signed." The roster includes the Talking Heads, the Pretenders and Madonna. "It's a very eclectic label and it has longevity."

Her Sire debut, 1987's *Angel with a Lariat*, was produced by Dave Edmunds, whose rockabilly background (he produced the Stray Cats) weighs heavily on the album. While considered an auspicious debut, the album still sounded forced and uneven. It certainly didn't live up to the expectations of those who'd seen lang's live performances. lang admits that she wasn't happy with it. "It was so stressful," she says. "Part of it was that [Edmunds] didn't understand what I was doing and I was just so hyper and enthusiastic and overly emotional. I fought every-

thing he said, whether it was right or wrong. I just wanted to get my record out and I wanted to be a big star right away." lang, who's putting together a song list for an upcoming tour, said that she recently listened to *Lariat* for the first time in a while. "I've started to like it again," she says. "It's kind of peppy."

Lariat didn't make her a big star. That came with her second Sire album, *Shadowland*, which she recorded with Nashville legend, and longtime Cline producer, Owen Bradley.

"Through my love for Patsy Cline, I sought after Owen, who produced every record she ever made, along with Loretta Lynn, Red Foley, Ernest Tubb and Brenda Lee."

As the story goes, lang had been courting Bradley through a mutual friend. He finally came around after catching lang's performance of the Cline tearjerker "Three Cigarettes in an Ashtray" on the "Tonight Show."

"Finally he said yeah," she remembers. "It was magical." It was also a pretty ambitious

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move for someone at her stage in her career. "People thought I was crazy," she admits. But the outcome was a stunning collection of country standards climaxing with the "Honky Tonk Angels Medley," featuring guest appearances by Brenda Lee, Loretta Lynn and Kitty Wells.

It wasn't lang's first encounter with a legend. She'd teamed with Roy Orbison in 1987 to record "Cryin'" for the soundtrack of the forgettable Jon Cryer film *Hiding Out*.

lang says that she was at first reluctant to make the record. "They wanted it to be a

duet and I said it should be either Roy singing or me singing. It shouldn't be a duet." She then came to her senses. "I started to wake up and go, 'It's Roy Orbison that you'll be singing with, you goon.'" The performance was a pivotal experience for lang. "His involvement in my life, however short, was so multifaceted and so golden I'm still feeling the benefits of it," she says. "Cryin'" led to lang's participation in the "Black and White Night" Cinemax special featuring Orbison, Bruce Springsteen, Elvis Costello, Tom Waits and Bonnie Raitt, among others.

After Orbison's sudden death in December of 1988, lang inherited the song, which she performed at the 1989 Songwriter's Hall of Fame dinner at the request of Orbison's widow Barbara.

"To have the right to go ahead and sing a standard like that is a wonderful thing," says lang. "I always think of Roy when I sing it." She says that she found Orbison to be "peaceful and quiet and strong, like a tree." While recording their duet, they shared a mike and his cheek brushed against hers. "His cheek was softer than mine," she says.

After 1989's *Absolute Torch and Twang*, lang took time out from the public eye (save for the "Meat Stinks" outburst) to make a movie with Percy Adlon, the director of *Baghdad Cafe*, who'd directed lang in her *Red Hot + Blue* video. The film, entitled *Salmonberries*, is sure to offend someone. lang's character is "a half-breed Eskimo tomboy. It's a story of a relationship between these two women. It borders on a love story but it never really consummates," she says. It was while working on *Salmonberries*, which was filmed in Alaska and Berlin, that she began to write the songs for *Ingenue*.

lang came up with the title first. As explanation, she offers the dictionary's definition. "It means unworldly, naive, artless. An unworldly artless woman played by an actress." She says that this is her most personal album to date. Thematically, she was liberated from the country metaphors ("pulling at the reins," "trail of broken hearts") that were so prevalent in her earlier songwriting.

"This album is emotional puberty for me," she says. The songs focus, she says, on "unrequited love...the worst kind. But I think that it has a positive overtone." Later in the conversation, she explains that the unrequited aspect of the love is from the perspective of someone who's met her soul mate, but the realities of their lives don't allow them to be together. "There's only one subject to ever talk about really," she says wistfully. "It's certainly the only thing to really write about."

The album's opening track sets the thematic tone. The song, called "Save Me," is about yearning and longing and pain.

"Pain creates great art," says lang, sounding like an ingenue. "There's nothing like a good heartbreak to get a good song." The second track, "Mind of Love," is equally unsettling. "I never really considered that a song," says lang. "I considered that a conver-

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sation with God. I wrote it in this very room, on that little typewriter that my friend bought on the street in New York for \$10."

While writing the album, lang stopped listening to country music and focused on singers. "I love Karen Carpenter, she's one of the greatest vocalists ever. And Nat King Cole, I worship the ground he walks on." Other influences she names include Joni Mitchell, Carmen McCrae, Peggy Lee, Julie London and Yma Sumac. Musically, both she and Mink credit the Bacharach/David songs and the music of Kurt Weill as primary inspirations.

Mink describes their collaborative writing process as "very intuitive, very primitive. We lock ourselves in a room like two monkeys and we set up a trapeze of instruments. We intellectualize much later," he says.

Country music served as the "template" for their previous collaborations, says Mink. This album had no such thing. Making it much more difficult. "Not a lot varies in country except a singer's voice," he explains. "You're not encouraged to break form." This album is sprinkled with traces of Eastern musical influences. Mink, who comes from a Hasidic Jew-

ish family, says that he grew up around this kind of music and that lang had become intrigued by it as well.

The greatest difficulty in making the album was when lang, Mink and co-producer Greg Penny went into the recording studio. The album was recorded in Vancouver, near lang's permanent residence, a farm with goats, a pig, three horses, four dogs and a Harley Davidson.

"This was the easiest and the hardest record I've ever made," she says. "Tracking was a dream come true." The trauma came when it was time to sing. "The hardest thing in the world was to get these vocals," she says.


"She's brutally honest when she sings," notes Mink. "She sings into a mirror. She had to find a new voice—not the 'yahoo k.d.'—to learn to sing her own songs."

Writing such honest emotional lyrics was painful enough. "When I started to do the vocals," says lang, "I was still singing from the writer's perspective." She compares the experience to going to a therapist. "If you had the choice, do you really want to sit there and cry for a couple of hours?" While she felt

drained with each take, her vocals still sounded flat.

"I thought I'd lost it," she says. "I thought that my voice was taken away from me." There was, however, a physiological explanation for what was happening. lang's pitch was off because she needed a root canal. Fortunately she was scheduled to interrupt the recording sessions for a few weeks to promote *Salmonberries* in Europe. She had the dental work on the day she left. In Europe, she spent most of her time alone. "I practiced for hours, while walking through Paris, Berlin, Stockholm and Zurich. I discovered that I'd been singing from the wrong place. When I came home, I got it."

Mink says that on her first day back from Europe, they did vocals for four tracks. "It was like learning another language," he says. "Finally the words and phrases began to make sense."

The finished product is an album that lang's more excited about than anything she's done before. "There's a quiet kind of thing going on with this record and it makes me really happy. Everyone wants to work on this record. I've never had that before." 

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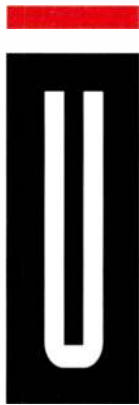
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nder an Arctic air mass that has plunged Lancaster, Pennsylvania off the wind chill factor and into the Siberian Gulag scale, a couple hundred kids shiver and loudly demand entrance to the Chameleon Club. The sight of their breath steaming above them like smoke over a steel mill inhibits an actual riot from breaking out. One kid loses his temper and curses in the presence of a cop, who doesn't like that sort of language in Lancaster, and that's about as rough as it gets. In this weather, just standing in line makes the ultimate statement of wanting to rock 'n' roll. ■ Inside the Chameleon, it has been an even longer afternoon. Video shoots notoriously generate boredom unless you have some abiding interest in film lighting, and this one—with seven cameras to arrange—reaches Olympic levels of tedium. All this extra equipment on overloaded circuits has created buzz in the amps, buzz that must be found and terminated. Buzz takes no account of shooting schedules. ■ “I just liked their attitude. They were



LIVE ALLIIVE

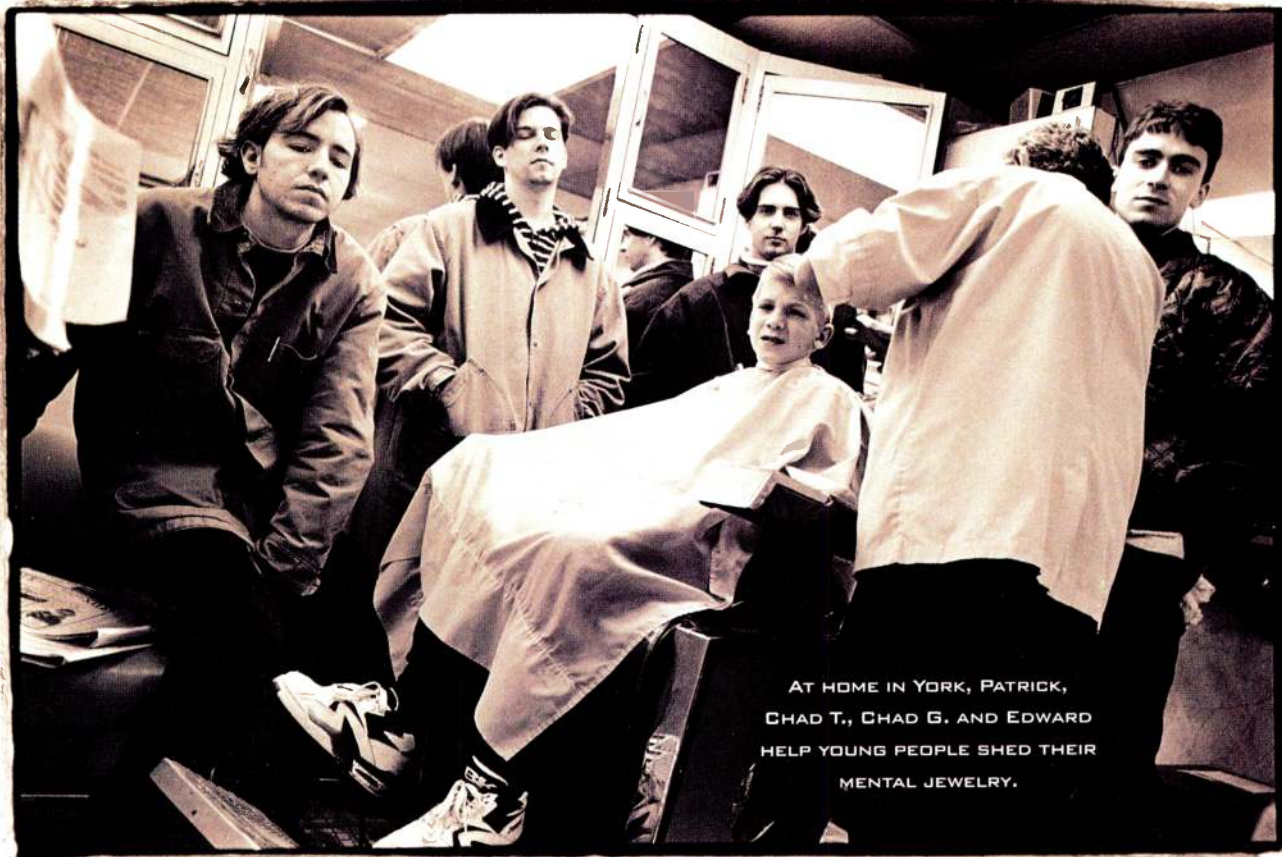
playing for real, not trying to sound like somebody else,” says club owner Rich Ruoff of the band Live, who await the stage. Then called Public Affection, Live drew less than 20 people at their first show here two years ago, and Ruoff couldn't afford to pay them except with an invitation to return. They did, they built a following, and their major-label debut *Mental Jewelry* has just jumped 101 places on the *Billboard* chart, from 200 to 99. Not bad for unknowns in their second week. MTV has given them prominent display in the Buzz Bin. Could we be talking phenomenon here? Like a baseball pitcher going into the ninth inning with a no-hitter, no one wants to say it out loud. ■ About two hours after it gets dark, the crowd rushes inside, the cameras roll and Live takes the stage to ecstatic response. Kids leap from the balcony, pogo frantically and are passed hand-to-hand overhead—not all of which quite fits the music. Nothing quite



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photographs by Jennifer Bishop



AT HOME IN YORK, PATRICK, CHAD T., CHAD G. AND EDWARD HELP YOUNG PEOPLE SHED THEIR MENTAL JEWELRY.

fits the music. Live really doesn't sound like anyone else. Maybe R.E.M. over a jazz fusion rhythm section, maybe U2 with greater metaphysical distress, come closest as analogies. The singer and occasional acoustic guitar player Edward Kowalczyk emotes like Eddie Cochran locked in a steel-cage death match with Immanuel Kant. He doesn't dance much, but has sweeping command of the grand gesture. Guitarist Chad Taylor mostly sets the groove, Edge-like, with hypnotic elbow action on his Stratocaster. Drummer Chad Gracey (yes, that's *two* Chads in one band) operates in some other cosmos than the usual 2/4 boom-chukka in rock 'n' roll. He doesn't sound like Charlie Watts, or John Bonham, or Keith Moon...maybe early Buddy Rich? And then there's the bass player, Patrick Dahlheimer, likely destined to rise to the pantheon of Low-End Superstars with the likes of John Entwistle, Stanley Clarke and Flea. The guy can slap and snap. He looks

like Droopy Dog. His shoulders slump. His eyes gaze perpetually downward, as if to look upward would invite God to smite him with a plague of boils. So, all in all, a strange visual presence: three neatly coiffed Eagle Scouts and a guy who you figure the police will have to talk off the ledge before the night's through.

"I don't really listen to other bass players," says Dahlheimer backstage, and a comfortable backstage it is: big mirrors in the dressing room, enough space to sit, a convenient area to store your equipment, easy access to the street—concepts unheard of in New York. "I listen to bands. Individually, I think we're okay as players, but together, something jells with us. Together we play really different. We're a band."

Surely John Entwistle was one of your influences?

"I hate the Who. A lot of people compare us but I never listened to him."

Well, whose lines did you learn when

you were starting out?

"In York I had a teacher named Don Carn who taught me how to use my thumb. When I was 14 I learned every Duran Duran bassline, and I don't think I've improved since then. I don't even remember the guy's name. Just some poor excuse for a white guy trying to be funky."

Duran Duran the main influence on the next great bass virtuoso—call it irony, or call it generations passing in the night. The oldest Live member was born in 1970. All four were graduated from William Penn Senior High School in York, PA, in 1989. They've been playing together since the eighth grade talent show. They're smart enough to grab college students who dig what Robert Plant likes to call "the deep and meaningless." They play well enough to entice technical-prowess worshipers. They're young enough and pretty enough to grab a high percentage of pubescent girls who think Marky Mark should leave it in his pants. They have plenty of hooks and

melodies for radio junkies who like to hum. Who can argue with demographics like that? And they haven't even written a song about sex yet.

Live's songs have strange titles like "Operation Spirit (The Tyranny of Tradition)" and "Mother Earth Is a Vicious Crowd." Ostensibly solipsistic titles like "Mirror Song" and "Tired of 'Me.'" Hippie anachronism titles like "10,000 Years (Peace Is Now)" and "Brothers Unaware." Strange lyrics that plead with varying degrees of directness for everyone to shed their "mental jewelry," the bogus accoutrements of identity that culture burns into our hides at birth, leaving us zombies in thrall to the nation-state.

"The weird thing is, we're selling out in record stores in Lincoln, Nebraska," says Phil Schuster, who does A&R for Radioactive, a young label whose first big act was London Beat. He'd had the job four months when he picked Live out of the slush pile. "Live hasn't done a real tour yet. You listen to so many bad tapes and see so many bad showcases that it gets discouraging after a while. I listened to the first two songs on the tape and I knew they had something unique. With a band like that, you just know. I saw them play several times and they always performed with the same intensity, whether it was to a full club or 15 people. They just love to play. The only thing I can't figure out is why no one else signed them first."

"I firmly believe that cream rises to the top, but in some cases, an act can take so long to break that the act breaks first," says Gary Kurfirst, head of Radioactive and manager of such bands as Talking Heads, Ramones and B.A.D. "With Live it's happening so fast it's almost scary. I've always believed in managing for long-term careers and not going for the quick kill. I don't believe in hits, just best songs. We haven't even put out the single, and it's working. I still can't get over how young they are. In Los Angeles recently they happened to run into ZZ Top in the hotel and Chad [Taylor] said to them, in complete sincerity, 'You're my father's favorite band.'"

"Unlike most demo tapes, theirs had real melodies," says Jerry Harrison, keyboardist for Talking Heads and producer of Live. "Ed can sing in the classical sense, but it doesn't cut down on the fervor. He has honesty and intense beliefs. I think that

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M U S I C I A N

APRIL 1992 47

living in York out of the mainstream has made them less derivative, more indigenous. When I made suggestions, they weren't looking over their shoulders at what some other band was doing."

"You can put this in your article," says Edward Kowalezyk late at night in a Philadelphia hotel room. "We stole phone numbers out of Jerry's book."

"I took the Edge's phone number," says Chad Taylor. "Tried to call him."

"I got Susan Sarandon's phone number," says Chad Gracey.

"We got Fab Five Freddy's," says Ed. "Tons of famous people. Pat was the sneaky one. He looked first, and he saw Robbie Robertson and Brian Eno. Next day I looked and I flipped. Yeah, the Edge. I got his address too."

"Lou Reed. Iggy Pop," says Chad G.

"And none of them worked," says Ed.

"We're pretty sure the Edge's worked," says Chad T. "But he wasn't at home, 'cause he just left his wife. Jerry's gonna kill us when he finds out."

Born and raised in York, PA, a town of 50,000 people who work for Caterpillar and Harley Davidson and have no local rock club to attend, the members of Live look about 15 years old up close. In tortoise-shell yuppie glasses, Ed plays a stunning Dr. Jekyll when compared to his onstage Mr. Hyde. Chad Taylor wears a Pittsburgh Steelers cap and has a look in his eye that assistant principals have probably wanted to slap out of him for years. Chad Gracey

mostly defers to his bandmates. And Patrick Dahlheimer has opted out of the interview.

"We were bound for college and decided not to do it," says Ed.

"That was the serious turning point, deciding not to go to college," says Chad T.

"You couldn't tell our teachers that, or our parents," says Chad G. "They all said we were nuts. They're more supportive now, but..."

"The parents were always supportive," says Chad T., "but before, they thought the band was a mistake."

"We applied to the dumbest colleges we could find," says Chad G.

"Yeah, we found the girl-to-guy ratios, and if it was eight-to-one, we applied," says Chad T.

"I was going," says Ed, with a shudder.

"He was an honor-roll kind of guy," says Chad T.

"I was going to American University or Gettysburg or the University of Delaware. I was into the whole scene, getting my grades up, getting good SAT scores."

What were they?

"I had a 1080 or 1100," says Ed. "Couldn't get over 500 in math."

"Mine were about one hundred," says Chad T. "We were playing a private school the night of the test, and we were recording our independent album *Death of a Dictionary*, and I couldn't concentrate. I just filled in the answers."

Was there a moment when you guys knew you had jelled as a band? "There were a bunch of moments," says Ed. "Mostly it was

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when the songs started to happen, and it built from there. The first time I felt there was something original was when we wrote that song 'Good Pain.' That was a pretty long time ago, our junior year in high school. I *knew* we had something. I remember being in the garage, I remember what I was wearing, I remember what I was feeling. And I fell over the kerosene heater, and Matt Gracey [cousin of Chad G.] grabbed me; I was spinning around, going berserk. We started to sing that chorus, and I *knew*. After that, we had a definite sound and a definite way of bringing the songs about that was unique to us."

Besides having unique songs and a unique style of playing them, Live distinguishes itself from other bands by uttering an extremely high percentage of speech fragments per paragraph of conversation. This is not because they are inarticulate or messed up—they have no interest in drugs and minimal interest in beer—it is because they think about deep stuff, grope for answers and aver glibness. Like a lot of self-educated people, Ed has let his interests run where they will, which has given his lyrics perspective. Much of that perspective originates in the writings of J. Krishnamurti, the Indian non-guru who recommended that people not have gurus, work stuff out for themselves, not identify themselves with nations or religions and love everyone equally and no one individual romantically. He wrote many books, gave thousands of lectures which still show up on odd cable channels and lived to a ripe old age. He also failed at his ideals—he had followers who gave him big piles of money and he had affairs with

his non-initiates.

"Whatever he might have done, I just quoted him," says Ed. "That doesn't mean I'm his follower."

He didn't want any followers.

"Right."

But he had them.

"I couldn't care less. The truth of a statement like 'You Are the World' [both a Krishnamurti book and a Live song], no matter who said it or what the personality behind it...it has the ring of truth that...any bigger mind that said anything revolutionary, it...some kind of like...it has that ending quality to it...like, you can go the way you're going, and unless you stop in the present and see clearly what is actually happening inside you and the world around you...so it wouldn't really, wouldn't matter what phrases he carried..."

"The thing is, we don't give advice to read Krishnamurti," says Chad T. "I don't like his writing style myself."

"I don't care about his life, or his soap opera," says Ed. "To me, there's something there, if you look at it seriously. And it makes sense. And it's completely real. And I have no desire to increase his book sales. I'm just saying there's something, and I saw it. The point is, you can always find a way to feel justified about some movement or country, but when does the cycle of violence stop? Who is going to say, no matter what Saddam Husseins come into being in the next hundred years, no more war? We've always tried to solve problems with war and conflict...maybe it didn't start that way. It started with someone saying, 'I'm an American. I feel chills when the

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national anthem is played, when soldiers march down the street.' It started with 'I'm a Christian,' or 'I'm a Muslim,' or 'I'm a Jew'..."

It started with human beings wearing that "mental jewelry."

"Right. Exactly. You can't have world peace when people believe they are one thing and not another. We're victims of conditioning, of nationalism and ideology."

What would you do if the Gulf War had stretched out and you were drafted tomorrow?

"I wouldn't go," says Chad T. "I wouldn't kill. If the government said that meant I had to go to jail, then fine. I'd die in jail. Just so I don't cross that line, so I don't commit that violence."

Do you define yourselves in terms of religion? Agnostic? Atheist? Deist?


"None of the above," says Ed. "If you really see the futility of believing in God, you also see the futility of believing in atheism. The belief system is the problem. I think it's just an easy way to explain yourself to people. Christianity has a lot of

answers, but the truth is, I have no idea what's going to happen to me when I die. Absolutely none. I don't even know what's going to happen in the next minute. We're all clueless. But I think there's power in admitting that."

Is it true that "Mirror Song" was inspired by Dustin Hoffman on "Phil Donahue"?

"Yeah. Well, it was a specific example of the global problem of each individual caring about himself and himself only. Dustin Hoffman was trying to raise money to help this girl with a rare form of leukemia. He said, 'I don't know why people don't give.' I wish I had been there, because I wanted to say, 'People are worried about their bank accounts, and they've been that way since they were born.'"

Every day I walk by homeless, hungry people in New York and don't give them anything. Sometimes I do, but it seems like another form of taxation. The government ought to be doing something, we as a community ought to be doing something. Instead, the rich keep stealing.

"I understand what you're saying," says Ed. "It's not my responsibility, it's not your responsibility, it's *our* responsibility to feed people. The world could feed itself if the world wasn't divided between rich and poor. That's it: You see these people, and you get that feeling of 'I have but I don't give. Why?' Why can't we solve that problem? In ourselves. Us. That's what drives me. That paradox. And it's like hitting a brick wall." 

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DREAMING

DEEF

Keppard



o,” asked the cab driver as we throttled along the narrow streets of Dublin. “Have you seen *The Commitments*?”

It was the third time someone had asked me about that movie since my arrival from Los Angeles 20 hours earlier. Dublin may be the capital city of the grand emerald isle, but it is also a homey place that revels in its insularity. A film that purports to represent even a sliver of its culture is no trifling event.

“I thought it was great!” the cabbie boomed, in a way that left small room for counterpoint. “The kids could sing, couldn’t they? Though the town looked a little drab,” he noted defensively. “But I guess that’s what the movie wanted.”

A few minutes later we arrived at the address of a converted warehouse called The Factory. It was a gray, damp afternoon, and the surrounding area looked, well, a little drab. I began to sense déjà vu. Up a couple of flights of stairs—and there they

were, another Dublin band paying their “commitments” to some classic sounds that had once set souls afire. There stood the young, intent keyboard player, the three good-looking backup singers, the wild-eyed drummer, the star singer who’d had a few drops too many the night before...

There was only one catch. They were playing the music of Slade.

“Momma, Momma we’re all crazy now....”

The reverberation in the room of the sweet-singing chorale and those perfect rock chords created a happy din. Joe Elliot, his blond tresses flowing over the top of a well-worn Ziggy Stardust T-shirt, directed the arrangement and chopped out the rhythm on an old Guild electric, not too badly either. His voice was shot, however—“I can’t even get up to the low notes,” he admitted good-naturedly. The previous night, he’d been up celebrating the completion of his contributions to the

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new record by his other band, Def Leppard. The Leppard album, as usual, had taken four years.

"Momma, Momma we're all crazy now...."

This band, by contrast, had been together approximately two weeks. Their first and only show, headlining an annual charity concert at Dublin's Olympia Theatre to benefit the local children's hospital, would take place in about 48 hours. Joe had come up with the name—"Glam Slam"—and the repertoire—Slade, Mott the Hoople, Ziggy-era David Bowie, Gary Glitter, the Sweet, T-Rex. It was the stuff he'd loved as a kid, the songs he'd often knock out on piano at the end of Def Leppard rehearsals—a sure signal to everyone else that it was time to go home.

But fellow Lepp Rick Savage was game to sit in on bass and help Joe put together his dream gig, which otherwise comprised players from local groups (including singer Maria Doyle, who really was in *The Commitments*). One-off or no, some of Def Leppard's compulsive perfectionism was beginning to seep into their rehearsals. The band sounded tight, and Elliot was already getting worried about his lungs.

"I guess I'll have to rest 'em the next couple of days," he said. "I know it's just a gig to have fun, but I can't help it. This voice, it's a little bit like [football quarterback] Jim MacMahon's arm," he added dryly. "It can still do the job. But if I was 19, you might not want to give it that chance."

Elliot was younger than that when he and Rick Savage and drummer Rick Allen and guitarists Steve Clark and Pete Willis embarked on the unlikely success story of Def Leppard. They'd grown up in Sheffield, England, a working-class city of musical unrenown. Their first album, released in the flush of England's punk/new wave explosion, was either panned or ignored by the press. But the followup, *High 'n' Dry*, sold over two million copies in the U.S., and 1983's *Pyromania* was a huge hit, eclipsed that year only by the mega-event of Michael Jackson's *Thriller*.

Still the group's identity remained elusive. Their music suggested an ingenious pop/metal hybrid, but without the visual gimmickry of metal bands or the cult of personality that surrounded video pop icons. Def Leppard's hooks were really hooks—tuneful vocal harmonies, well-crafted song structures, crunchy guitar riffs. Mostly, it was music that made you feel good. Casual fans might not even have noticed when, following the release of *Pyromania*, but before that tour, guitarist Phil Collen replaced Pete Willis, whose alleged problems with alcohol forced his departure from the band. It would be a harbinger of troubles to come.

On New Year's Eve, 1984, drummer Rick Allen smashed up his car and nearly lost his life; his left arm was amputated. His career seemed over, but Allen had other ideas. With encouragement from his band-

mates, he developed a style of drumming to compensate for his physical misfortune. His metamorphosis was one delay among many that resulted in a four-year wait between records, but the result, 1987's *Hysteria*, sold 14 million and catapulted the band into a triumphant world tour that lasted nearly two years.

Within weeks after that tour's end, Def Leppard was back in the studio working on a new record. Then, in January 1991, Savage, Collen, Elliot and Allen received the phone call each had been dreading for years; Steve Clark was dead, a victim of chronic alcoholism. It took another year to complete the record, but that was the least of it. For better or ill, the band whose music reveled in the joys of being "deep and meaningful," as Joe Elliot put it, had been forced to confront the considerably deeper realities of their lives.



"I'D STILL RATHER APPEAL TO THE MINDLESS IDIOT THAN THE BANK MANAGER WITH A GOLD CREDIT CARD."

Leaving The Factory in the twilight of late afternoon, Rick Savage appeared refreshed. "I've not had this much fun in months," he declared. "Reminds me why I got into this business." With his amiable good looks and thick shock of blond hair, Savage was the guy in the band who really looked like a rock star. He's the one you'd figure would feel at home on a stage, which is true to a point; making records for years on end, he explained while navigating the city's knots of rush-hour traffic, was never his idea of a good time. He expressed admiration that sounded like envy for bands like Guns N' Roses or Nirvana, who still let it hang every night.

"The great thing about that stuff is that it has the energy you can only get at a certain age," he said. "We were doing it in our own little way 10 years ago. But if we tried to

do stuff like that now it would just be contrived. I mean, it might sound good," he allowed. "But it wouldn't be Guns N' Roses."

The city fell away into the greenery and stone fences of rural Ireland. We arrived at Joe Elliot's house, a modern affair on a hill with a widescreen view of the countryside, and entered the adjoining home studio, where the band had done most of their recording.

It was a comfortable place, with a 32-track board, modern gear and leather-cushioned couches. A small kitchen and loo around the corner were more boy's club, with a red felt marker by the toilet stall for graffiti. The doggerel was mildly vulgar, much of it regarding Australians. A photo of the band, circa 1988, had been ornamented by the marker in ways unflattering to everyone in the picture—all except Steve Clark, adorned simply by a fragile halo.

Savage put on a tape of the new album, *Adrenalize*—"the mixes are still rough," he cautioned, and commented on the songs as they came up. The leadoff track, a Bart Simpson-inspired raver called "Let's Get Rocked," had been written more or less on deadline, which meant it had been worked on for "only" three months. Other songs went back further—the

LAST WORDS FROM STEVE CLARK

After finishing *Hysteria* and before beginning work on *Adrenalize*, Def Leppard's guitarist talked with **Matt Resnicoff** about his view of the band's past and his hopes for the future.

What made Def Leppard explode with Pyromania, after so many years of struggling on a local and cult scale?

We had a great album, probably the best-produced, best-recorded album at the time. There was no filler. And the group sort of looked fresh, had a good attitude and really worked hard. The market was right, something was lacking that we filled.

How was recording Hysteria different from Pyromania?

When we started recording we decided that we didn't want to make it like *Pyromania* at all, that we wanted a different approach. We didn't use any keyboards, and *Pyromania* had a lot of keyboards on it. We went out of our way to write keyboard parts we could play on guitars and to orchestrate it a lot more. And we wrote in a different way. In the old days we used to come up with a riff and then try and put the vocal on top of it. On *Hysteria* we came up with the vocal lines and real simple chord sequences and then put little riffs in the gaps between the vocals. It was a different approach altogether.

There's virtually no time when Phil [Collen] and I are playing the same chord; we're always playing different parts that don't really mean anything on their own, but when you put them together, it all gells. So musically, I think it's an improvement.

Phil says you have equal share in writing, but it must move around.

On the older records I came up with virtually all the music, but on *Hysteria* it was all split four ways with the exception of Rick, because he was trying to get his new drumkit together.

How did losing his arm affect rehearsals and recording?

It didn't really affect things too much. Not that it was a good thing to happen, but once we were in the studio, we went straight back in to work while he was trying to get his new kit going, so we worked to a LinnDrum. The drums were one of the last things to go down. So if anything, it bought a lot of time for Rick to experiment a little. He didn't hold things up too much but, you know, it wasn't the best thing that could have happened. It threw everybody for a little while.

Since Phil replaced Pete Willis on guitar, it would seem like the success the band achieved after Pyromania could have been partly due to the change in the lineup. Why did Pete leave?

Uh...well he...one, he had a drinking problem. But it wasn't because of that. A spark had gone. It wasn't good for him anymore and it wasn't good for us. It was like a mutual agreement that he probably shouldn't

play anymore.

You and Phil were old friends. Did that make a difference?

Yeah, it would have made a lot of difference if we didn't get on. That would have been really tough and hard work, and half of the thing with Def Leppard is that it has to be natural and fun. But Phil brought a little more energy to the group, more enthusiasm. Pete started grinding things to a halt on occasion and he was a bit tough, but Phil's enthusiasm and attitude made everybody sort of pick up and pound through it.

Do you work closely with Phil on riffs, or do you both come into the studio with your own ideas?

Yeah, we always work really close together, even to working out solos together; we'll suggest things to each other. We're actually sitting in with each other when we do solos and things like that, and he'll say, "That sounds weird," or "I don't like that," and I do the same for Phil. So it's a very close relationship. Neither of us is scared to admit something is great or something's terrible. [laughs] It works really good together. We're very different.

Phil goes for playing fast [laughs] and I try for something with a bit more melody, or orchestrate it a bit more. The two together really complement each other. I don't think about it too much, to be quite honest. [laughs]

Who influenced your playing?

Mainly Led Zeppelin and Jimmy Page. I like Jimmy Page not just for the guitar playing, but he wrote most of the material, he produced it, played his solos, and live, he was a good showman. So the whole package really influenced me a lot, rather than just to sit down on a stool and play faster than somebody else. I mean, I'm aware of Steve Vai and things like that, I've heard them. I really don't care for what they do. I don't really enjoy guitarists who just show how great they are. I appreciate what they do, but it don't put me out.

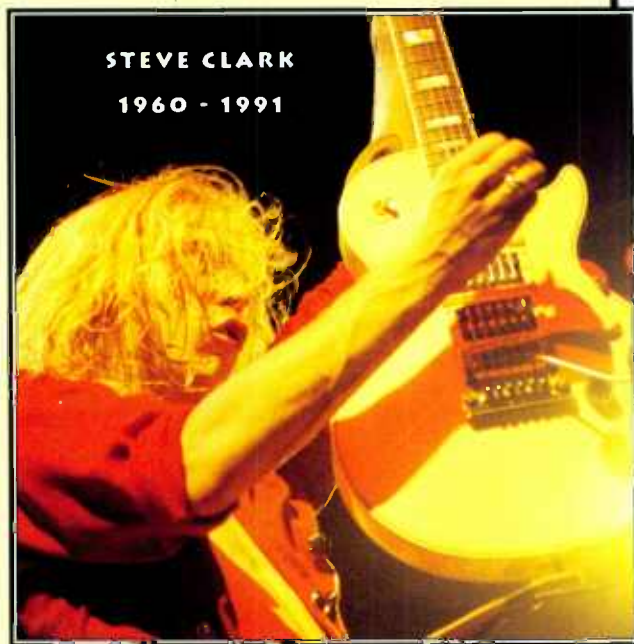
As heavy pop bands like Bon Jovi brought metal styles into the foreground, the guitar has sort of taken a back seat. On Hysteria the solos are pretty short. Is that a problem for you as musicians?

No. Even on some of the early albums the solos were always cut down to a minimum; there were never any sort of self-indulgent parts. We prefer it that way. We don't want long drawn-out solos. Everything is for the good of the song and the solo has to complement it.

We never write a song to find an excuse to solo. It all has to work together.

Do you listen to any hot soloists?

Not really. I prefer to listen to the Police or Prince or Led Zeppelin when I feel like rocking out, rather than other bands I'm competing with. We've never let the market influence what we do. We always thought we were going to stretch it a little bit with *Pyromania* and things like that. A lot of groups really ripped off



Pyromania and they made *Pyromania* too horrid, [laughs] so we thought we'd do something slightly different. We've always set the standards rather than follow them. With *Hysteria* we just looked for something to try to stay one step ahead. But in the future we'll probably change again. I don't know really what kind of direction we'll take, I don't know if it'll be heavier or poppier. It'll be just what feels right next time we make an album.

We've already started working on songs for the next one. We were a bit naive after *Pyromania*: We were obviously aware that we had to make another album, but we never faced up to it until the last minute: "Oh, shit, we're gonna make another one." We're very conscious not to let that happen ever again. So this time, even when *Hysteria* was being mixed, Phil and myself were still working on some songs. We've got about four ideas on board. Whether they'll be on the next album or not, I don't know, but at least it's healthy that we're thinking about it beforehand.

Will Mutt Lange produce it?

We don't know yet. I'd love it if he could, but we've learned the best thing is just to see what happens at the time, [laughs] like everything with this group.

group had been tinkering with the romantic plaint "Tonight," for instance, since 1984.

"You get the idea that McCartney and Lennon sat down in a room and half an hour later they had 'Yesterday' or something," Savage said. "Well, for us mere mortals it takes a lot more work. We tend to do our best work on our own, but nobody comes in with something that turns out to be finished. You build it bit by bit.

"We always have to multi-track the vocals 'cause that's where we get our sound. Whenever we thought we didn't need so many tracks, it never sounded quite right. Other people think 'cause you've moved on you've progressed, but I don't think it's a question of getting better in the 'art' sense of the word. You do learn more, but how you adapt to what you've learned is what's important. You can start to think you *are* Lennon and McCartney, you know, and you're not really—you're still the same person who wrote some really awful songs on that first album," he laughed. "So it's best to keep that in mind."

Such humility from rock stars is best observed with one eyebrow raised, but with Def Leppard the sentiments feel genuine. One could argue that, in the absence of genius, their work ethic—"we're slaves to the song," as Savage put it—has been the crucial element to their success.

Ironically, most of the songs on *Adrenalize* were so tightly crafted they felt effortless. Where *Hysteria* had presented an often complicated mesh of bridges and choruses—AOR rock structures with a keyboard-heavy pop sound—*Adrenalize* was tuneful, crisp and immediate—pop structures with a more crackling guitar sound.

The record, produced by Mike Shipley, was the first Leppard album in over a decade that hadn't been produced by the band's co-songwriter and mentor, Mutt Lange. Over the years Lange's meticulous approach to record-making had rubbed off on them, Savage figured; at the same time, his absence was one more psychological hurdle.

"We always want to have that commercial aspect that's pleasing on the ear, while 17-year-olds can still get off on the power of it," he went on. "It's a fine line. They say the younger fan is fickle, but I still get a bigger buzz entertaining someone who's 16 than one who's 32—because that's when I was really a fan." He smiled. "I guess I'd still rather appeal to the mindless idiot than the bank manager with a gold credit card."

There were some sonic surprises on the record, like "Personal Property"—whose chunky rhythm, Savage said, had been inspired by the B-52's' "Love Shack"—but the overall sound was decidedly upbeat, romantic rock 'n' roll. That is, until the final track "White Lightning," a guitar-frenzied rush whose lyrics about suicidal pain suggested a dark commentary on the life and death of Steve Clark. After all that sonic sugar, the effect was not unlike a sock to the jaw.

"Well, people can read into it what they want," Savage began cautiously. "We don't want to give people the wrong idea...but there were certain things in there that mirrored his life. That deep down, he was a lonely guy. And it had nothing to do with not having friends or anything. It was that inside himself he was never happy. That's the angle we tried to get in there. Only anyone that's lived with an alcoholic in their family can begin to understand what it's like to be in that situation. Because no matter what you do to help, it does not in the end make any difference."

Because it's a symptom as well as disease?

"That's right. It's some craving for something not being satisfied. And to see it in someone you've known and loved for years..." he paused for a

moment. "The whole aspect is so confusing in a sense, because you think, this guy is so talented in his way, it seems such a shame and a waste. We sat down with him many times, initially out of pure concern. Then we said, 'Steve, you're kind of letting us down,' you know, tried that angle. We talked to counselors and went to see him in clinics—nothing seemed to make a difference. He was in one clinic for three weeks, and the first thing he did when he came out was go straight to a pub. What do you do?"

Was it hard to continue as a band after his death?

"We spoke about it. But it would have been a shame to just knock it on the head and call it quits. We're still gonna go out live and play songs he co-wrote, and that's the best tribute we could do for him. So he'll be remembered that way, rather than people talking about the end of the band. We're still here to tell his story.

"But the bottom line is, we wanted to carry on. We're happy with the

record. And it's taken us a long time to be happy."

Two weeks before Christmas there was a holiday spirit on the streets, along with the more desperate air of deadline shopping, as Phil Collen strolled over to his favorite Dublin restaurant, a vegetarian cafe. With his wiry physique and easy laugh, Collen seemed almost elfin in appearance, a man without pretense, especially considering his stature as guitarist in what is perhaps the world's best-selling guitar band. As he entered the cafe, a waitress began chiding him for forgetting the name of a local band she'd been pressing him to check out. "I'll get you a napkin," she said, as we bought our food, then wrote the name of the group on it.

"There's something like 1200 bands in Dublin," Collen explained as he settled in at one counter. "But it's still like a small town here. Everyone knows each other."

He said it in a pleasant way, but for Collen the effect could be claustrophobic. Over the last several years he'd put considerable distance, physical and psychological, between himself and his roots, not to mention the legacies of Def Leppard's other guitarists. He'd become a vegetarian and a



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teetotaler. Two years ago he got married and moved to Southern California; now he's the proud papa of a son, Rory.

"It's so much more work to live in Europe," he said. "Just things you take for granted in the States, like 24-hour supermarkets or the size of the roads. I'm really happy out there, I love the weather. I loved getting married, it really changed my life in a positive way. Rory will be two in January and I just miss him terribly when I'm away. Well," he figured, "it's incentive to work harder and get back on the plane."

Collen grew up in London's East End, another glam rock fan and admirer of Queen's "overproduction—our whole vocal style is based on them, you know"—though his early moment of truth came at a Deep Purple show when he "reached out and touched" Ritchie Blackmore. A self-taught player who modeled his style on jazz fusioners like Al Di Meola along with the usual rock gods, Collen first drew attention in a punk-era glam band called Girl ("we got spit on and all that") but found his natural niche in Def Leppard.

"The punk thing happened because rock bands became dinosaurs, they stopped caring. We felt that way too, but we didn't want to conform to punk, 'cause we could already play our instruments."

Once in the band, his style was further influenced by Steve Clark and by the Lepps' "invisible" sixth member, Mutt Lange. "Steve had classical training and his stuff was very delicate and involved, so I learned a lot from that. And Mutt totally changed the way I play by making me listen to the other instruments and hear how important it was to make the vocal stand out; to not get in its way. Stuff like timing, grooves, feel. He'd hum things in his head that you physically couldn't play. He'd be very demanding but also a great guy, so it never felt like a chore."

With Clark's death, and Lange unavailable to produce, Collen took an assertive role on *Adrenalize*, a more guitar-oriented record than its predecessors. "But if Steve had been around it would have been the same way," he said. "On the intro to 'Personal Property,' for instance, I couldn't believe how much like Steve it sounded. It gave me goosebumps. It's kind of a conscious effort though, because that's the sound of the band. It's a nice thing, too."

Back in the hotel lobby, Collen was joined by Rick Allen, another California emigrant, who'd just flown in to put on some final drum parts. Unlike most bands, who begin with bass and drum tracks and finish with guitars and vocals, Def Leppard takes the opposite tack, in part because their songs are inevitably rewritten during their epic recording process, in part to protect the primacy of the vocals. The result is that members can go for months without seeing the inside of a recording studio, and then return, as Allen has, to very different arrangements.

So what did he think?

"It seems like a happier-sounding record," Allen said. "Which might

seem strange after all we've been through. But comparing it with *Hysteria*, which I do a lot, it seems more in your face. You don't need to sit there and ponder over it. *Hysteria*, I wasn't sure I even liked some of the songs at first. I think a lot of those sounds were 'fixed in the mix,' to tell you the truth. Here things are hitting you where they should."

Like Collen, Allen had refined his style within the band, learning the virtues of playing less-is-more; though in Allen's case, the impetus was considerably more dramatic. "When I had two arms everyone would say I played too busy. Now I can't help but play it simple," he said dryly. "So it gives you more room to expand on that, to make it interesting, I've always been a mid-tempo drummer anyway. That's what makes me feel good."

Allen's face still looks boyish, befitting the band's youngest member, but when he talks you can feel the weight of his character. One suspects that the courage and resourcefulness he displayed since losing his arm seven years ago, and the inspirational model he's become for others, has even surprised himself.

After the accident, Collen recalled, "Rick was the most positive person I've ever seen. Steve and I went to see him in the hospital and he was bandaged up like a mummy. Our bud had nearly died, he'd had an arm lopped off, and we thought, will this be horrible? Will we even be able to talk? And Rick was like, 'Hi guys, I'm gonna play with this foot instead of this arm!' He'd already begun practicing on the edge of the bed. We thought, 'This guy's hallucinating.' But he followed that route."

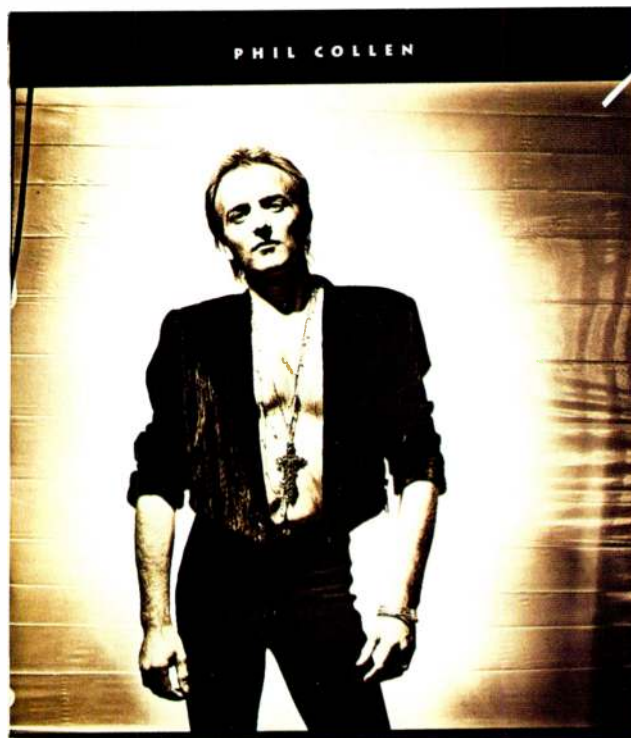
"On the last tour [handicapped] kids came out in droves," Allen recalled, "and it was quite

upsetting to see them because some were in a lot worse shape than me. But at the same time, I felt a real sense of satisfaction that I could say, 'You know, I have to go home too.' Try to give a sense that I'm a normal guy trying to get on with my life in other ways. Try to make it a bit more real.

"I think you get to a certain stage of life where you choose your direction. And I've been close enough myself to see how easy it is to be on the negative side. But I have changed, the way I look at myself, my thinking—being able to get to like myself. Which is really the tough one."

Allen and Collen mulled the pros and cons of adding a guitar player for the band's next tour. On the one hand, twin guitars were part of the Lepps' signature. On the other, so much had happened to their musical family in the last few years—births, deaths, marriages and the estrangement that sometimes resulted from taking years to make a record with people who lived on separate continents—that it seemed difficult to fathom how a stranger could find a way to fit in.

"Of course we make jokes about it ourselves," Collen said. "Only three and three-quarters of us left, you know. But if anyone else says anything..."



"WE MAKE JOKES ABOUT IT OURSELVES. ONLY THREE AND THREE QUARTERS OF US LEFT."

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World Radio History

"Whatever happens, I think the next tour will bring us together like we haven't really been together in a while," Allen said hopefully. "Because I don't think I've ever seen one sad face at a concert of ours. There's never really a dark side to our shows. We see little kids with these big old Def Leppard T-shirts, and standing next to them are their moms and dads, in their Def Leppard T-shirts. We were actually starting to call it family rock." Allen flashed a grin. "You know, I was also thinking of getting a prosthetic arm. So on the next tour, I could really screw around with people when they

come up to ask about the accident. I'll be standing there with gloves on with a cigarette in my left hand. And I'll say to 'em, 'What accident?'"

Back at the studio, Joe Elliot had returned from a round of soccer with his mates and had heated up some chili in the microwave, garnished with rice, salad and a mug of tea. Even in a band of "normal guys," as Joe likes to describe Def Leppard, Elliot remains the archetypal rock 'n' roll Everyman. A die-hard fan with an encyclopedic knowledge of rock history (he's even appeared on Irish quiz shows), he became a singer

"because I couldn't play anything"; walking home from work one day because he'd missed the bus, he ran into Pete Willis, who was getting a band together and looking for a vocalist. "I was tall with long hair and I just said, 'I'll do it.' We were naive enough to think we would be big, which happens to one band in a million. And here I am," he laughed. "We're that band."


In some respects, fortune hasn't changed him much. When Elliot was 11 he'd watched T-Rex's Marc Bolan on "Top of the Pops," banging on his Les Paul guitar in women's shoes, a feather boa and a top hat, and thought, wow. "It was like, yeah, I want to be that man!" Now he's the guy who worries about servicing the fan club, who spends most of his free time on tour resting or nurturing his voice so he can give the crowd his all. Collen, Savage and Allen help provide Def Leppard's musical muscle, but Elliot personifies the dream.

"I've learned a lot over the years," he said. "I've learned what I can't do. You know your weaknesses and you learn to cover for them. Michael Bolton or Paul Rodgers can just stand there on a stage because their voices are brilliant, while Mick Jagger, who's not the best singer in the world, has to play the clown. But I know who I'd rather listen to. Because Jagger had the bollocks to do what he's done."

Elliot recalled seeing the premiere of *Spinal Tap* in a London movie theater. "Everyone in the row in front would laugh," he said. "Then they'd turn around and look at me." He can joke

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DEF JAMS

P **HIL COLLEN** plays Jackson and Paul Reed Smith guitars, along with a '70 Fender Strat. Also a Tom Anderson guitar, GHS strings ("I used to use the steel strings but the nickel sound better") and Randall combo amps. On *Adrenalize*, he recorded many of his parts through a Scholz Rockman Ace ("We couldn't believe the sound we got with it") and a Palmer speaker simulator. Phil also just copped a new MESA/Boogie Dual Rectifier Solo Head amp at the recent NAMM show.

RICK SAVAGE plays Hamer guitars, bass and five-string bass, GHS strings and Jim Dunlop picks, Trace Elliot bass preamps and BGW power amps. **RICK ALLEN's** Drum Workshop setup comprises both programmed and acoustic drums, including a kickdrum, five Acupads, three electronic trigger pedals and kick pedal; cymbals by Zildjian. **JOE ELLIOT** sings through a Sony Ariel microphone.

about it, but it rankles that the Lepps, whose records are so precisely arranged and always in tune, whose attitude toward women is downright gentlemanly, whose musical "message" is pleasing the kids, will always be viewed by some as just another pack of heavy-metal nihilists.

"Rock has always been sort of the joke of the industry," Elliot observed, "otherwise *Spinal Tap* would have been made about Thomas Dolby. But you just try to turn the negative into the positive and make the best of what you've got. I've always been a positive person. If we were losing 4-1 in football I'd be the one on the side going, 'All we gotta do is score three more goals and we're in it!' And I do it now. It would have been very easy for us to get all Leonard Cohen-ish because of what happened to Steve or Rick. It's a tough thing, you know, but life goes on. If everybody quit when somebody died, nobody'd be doing anything."

Much of what attracted Elliot to Dublin, he thought, had to do with the warmth and community feeling of the place. His wife Karla is Irish as well, "but even if we weren't married I think I'd be here. I just love the earthiness. I love the fact that you can go down to Whelan's bar and watch a band called Big Geraniums, whose backup vocalist is nine months pregnant, and all she does is stand there barefoot playing a triangle. Or we're sitting home one day and the doorbell rings and it's [U2 bassist] Adam Clayton come round for a cup of tea. That's great! Doesn't happen every day... But it wouldn't have happened at all if I was still in London."

Elliot laughed. "Or this Glam Slam show. Anywhere else you couldn't have got them together, they would have been wanting contracts signed, money, or, 'Sorry, I'm too busy, I've got parties to go to.' Here I can't get it done quick enough. We were supposed to be at rehearsal at noon today and Maria Doyle was down there scowling 'cause we didn't show up till half past one—like, 'Where the fuck have you been?' Here, everybody gets treated the same. I love that. It's just like *The Commitments!* That movie just about sums it up. The only thing about it, they make Dublin look like a drab and dreary place. It's not, you know."

The following night, the Olympia Theatre was filled to capacity for the Children's Hospital show. The program, featuring more than a dozen acts, moved along without noticeable glitches, but as the hours rolled by you could feel the energy in the hall begin to wane. It was a Sunday night, after all; people had to work the next morning.


Finally, close to midnight, Glam Slam commandeered the stage to the blistering riffs of

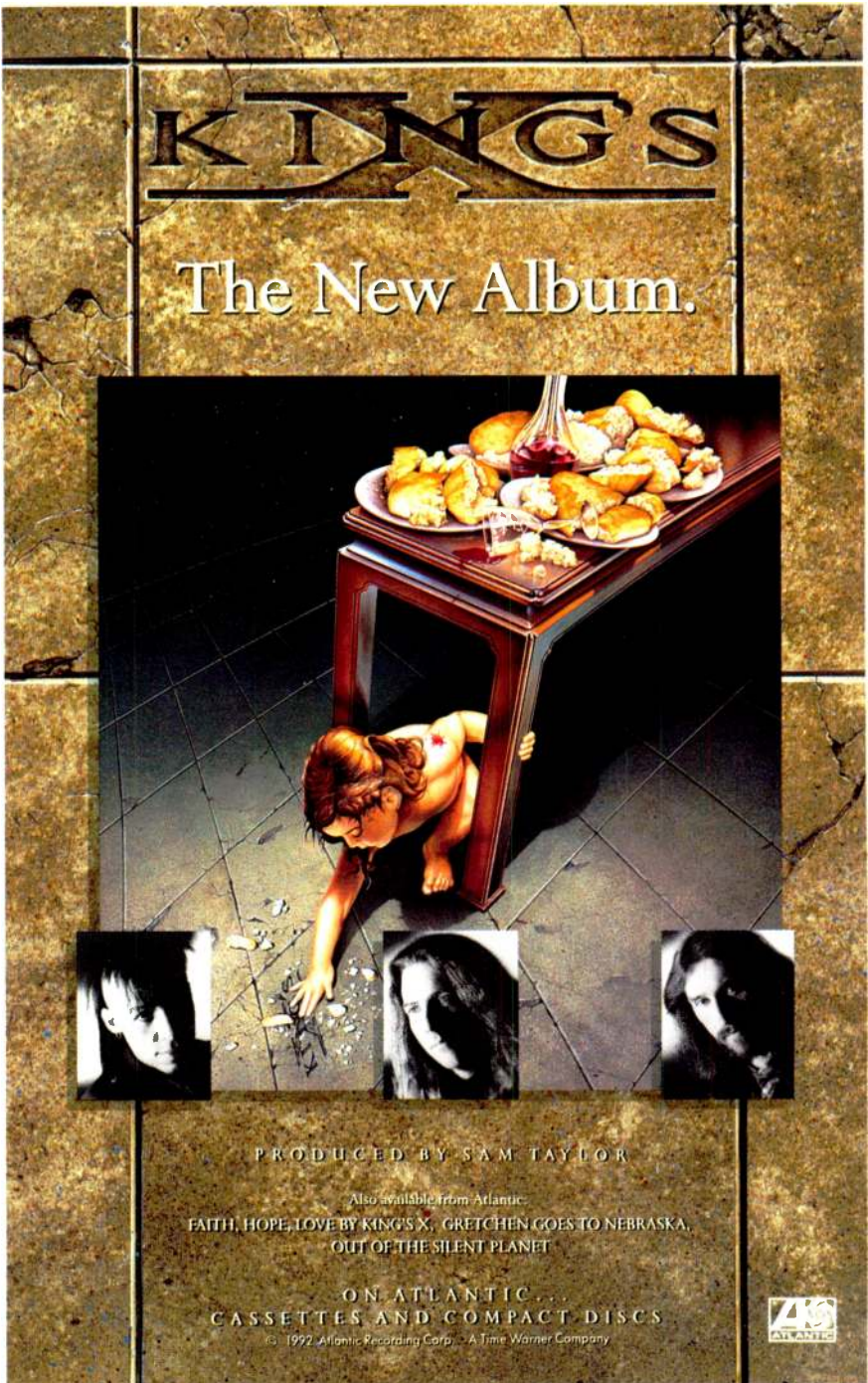
Gary Glitter's "Rock and Roll Pts. 1 and 2." Joe Elliot hadn't worn flared trousers, but the rest of his outfit—including a crimson scarf, razor-slashed jeans, gold boa and a top hat—qualified as a sight. Savage had a red scarf on as well, while the backup singers wore garish wigs. As one infectious hit followed another—"Ballroom Blitz," "Twentieth Century Boy," "All the Young Dudes," "Suffragette City"—the music roused the crowd to their feet, then into the aisles for some anything-but-serious glam dancing. The years seemed to fall away, and it was 1972, and you could see how the singer on

the stage was once a boy watching "Top of the Pops" on a TV in a no-place town and how that startling vision had set him on this still unfolding journey.

In the dressing room after the show, Elliot was exultant. "If someone wants to take us on a tour of Ireland over the holidays, we're ready!" he declared.

"Joe," one of the band members cautioned, "I think you're starting to take this too seriously."

Elliot smiled. "You know all those years I've spent playing with Def Leppard?" he said. "I've been trying to get to this." 



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BY
JOCK BAIRD

*photographs by
deborah feingold*

HOLY H.G. WELLS, BATMAN!


After 10 years of recorded silence, Chic has released a new album that sounds straight out of the latter days of disco. Entitled *Chicism*, it's a terrific record, a rubbery, 12-song groove-fest that's more than enough to remind you that Chic was one of the only disco bands worth a damn. But why Chic again? Why now?

"Somebody said to me the other day, 'Man, your new album has that classic dance sound,'" says Nile Rodgers from under a mass of dreadlocks. "And I thought, 'Hey, "classic dance..." I like that.' We just had to get used to the fact

TURNING THE OTHER

that we didn't have a new techno sound; we had a classic dance sound, and it took a long time for us to get comfortable with that."

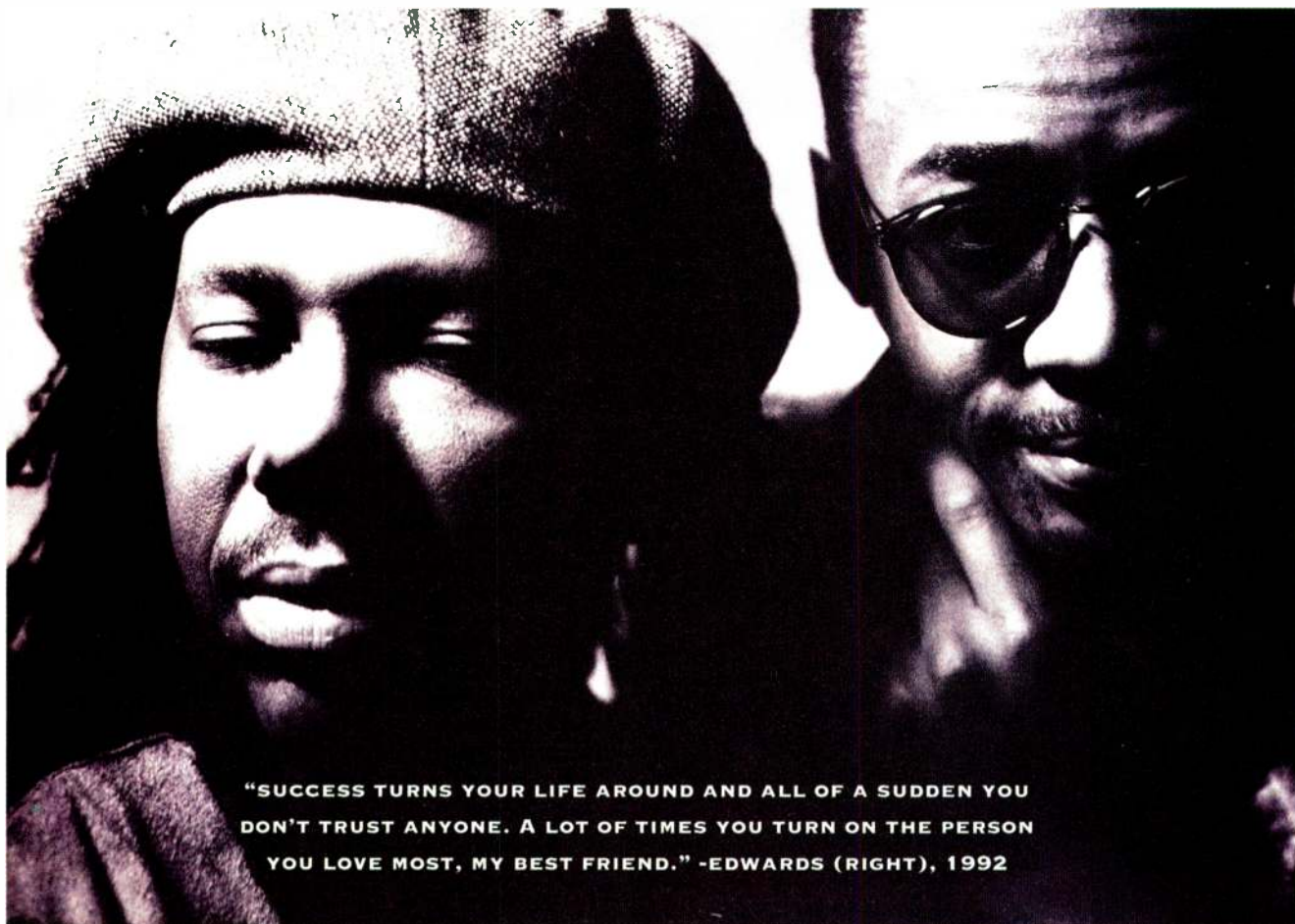
"When we started on this album, we were doing what we told ourselves we should be doing," adds his once and future partner Bernard Edwards, looking more like a college professor than an R&B kingpin. "We were trying to be what everybody else was, listening to the radio and trying to figure out where to place ourselves. And we didn't want to fail. We must have done nine rap songs, with samples. And we finally came to the realization that we had all the equipment that we wanted, but we didn't feel comfortable doing it. It didn't sound like Chic. We thought we'd be happy: 'Now I'm going to make Chic what it *could* be!' But what we discovered is that Chic should be what it was."

Of course, there is some rapping on *Chicism*, but there are also strings, a trademark of the disco era. The old Chic applied strings liberally, and even toured with string players. "Strings always represented class to me," says Edwards, a self-described poor kid from Borough Park, Brooklyn. "All of a sudden you have enough money to put strings in there. And I can remember the album when we took the strings off." 



Cherise

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"SUCCESS TURNS YOUR LIFE AROUND AND ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU DON'T TRUST ANYONE. A LOT OF TIMES YOU TURN ON THE PERSON YOU LOVE MOST, MY BEST FRIEND." -EDWARDS (RIGHT), 1992

"Oh man, do you remember that?" Rodgers groans. "It was the album before the last, *Take It Off*, and we said, 'Take 'em off!' When we toured the last time, we took two horns instead of strings. It was a disaster. Ever since I've had people young and old walk up to me and say, 'Make sure you put the strings back on!'"

But through all the strings, the two new female singers, that smashing backbeat, the real meaning of the reunion of Chic can be clearly heard in the delightful interplay between Rodgers' guitar and Edwards' bass. It's a constant dialogue, with funny asides and punchlines and deft commentary, just like listening to the two of them being interviewed at their home base, NYC's Power Station. But it's not a friendship that has gone on interrupted—they essentially parted company in 1983, each to achieve platinum status as a producer on his own.

"We just grew apart," explains Edwards. "The success took its toll. We were always working—if we weren't in the studio, we were on the road. The drinking, the personalities, the partying, people getting involved in 'he said this,' and 'she said this.' And we were guilty of some childish things. It eventually wore us down and we split."

That's the real subtext of *Chicism*: two old friends who have forgiven and forgotten, and have rediscovered a guitar-bass interplay that is unique in pop music. "When we got back together," says Rodgers, "it was obvious that although we had both become very successful, the vibe we share playing together is different than anyone I've ever played with. It's *really* different. And it just makes me happy. We just jam, and the songs always develop from that. And jamming's sort of a lost art. In R&B and dance music right now, very few people are actually playing the instruments. It's not a band concept."

"From the '80s on into the '90s, it was the Me Decade," smiles

Edwards. "You could walk into the studio some nights when a record was being made and there was one person with a synthesizer making it. I love that feeling of walking in and talkin' to the guys, laughing, smokin' and jokin' and then making music. Stax, Motown, all the great rhythm sections—it was *people*."

Rodgers and Edwards freely admit that by the strict rules of R&B, they overplay. "We learned how to play as a bar band, a small, four-piece unit," says Rodgers, "and we had to cover every part that was on a pop record. We had to learn to incorporate those horn lines, all the sweetening, into our style. There's all this stuff going on at the same time, upbeat against downbeats. It's part of that working musician's vibe, go out and play anywhere, with anyone, for \$25 or less."

"Much less," grunts Edwards.

The two met as teenagers around 1970, when Nile's girlfriend's mother mentioned him to Bernard. "I always liked guitar players that put motion within a chord, and he had the knowledge and the ability," says Edwards. "So every time I'd get a job I'd call him, or he'd get a job and call me." Among their first club bands were Cal Douglas' Doctor's Orders and New York City.

Rodgers had some classical guitar training and Edwards had played sax in the Brooklyn All-Borough orchestra, but both fell prey to R&B. Edwards insists their early interests in rock were discouraged. "When we started playing there was Hendrix and Buddy Miles and Sly Stone—I grew up in Brooklyn listening to the Beatles and Stones and Nile grew up in the Village. So we tried to do an R&B rock 'n' roll kind of thing, with a lot of energy, called the Big Apple Band, and no record company could understand it. Like, 'They're all black and they sure can play, but I don't hear the R&B single.'"

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Edwards and Rodgers took the hint and went into dance, an arena that Nile had a particular affinity for. They made a demo at the studio of a friend, Robert Drake, and shopped it unsuccessfully for most of 1976. By '77, it was all or nothing: "We knew we had to break into the market somehow," says Edwards. "It was all calculated. 'Dance, Dance, Dance' was written to be a hit. We only had money to do one song, that was it. We were living and dying on this damn record! I mean, we're in the studio with the engineer who's looking at the girl's behind—he was laughing at us. And we're looking over his shoulder, making sure everything got done."

The track, with its now-familiar "Yowsuh, yowsuh yowsuh!" aside, was cut with Nile and Bernard's New York music biz cronies, and included Luther Vandross and guitarist Eddie Martinez. Atlantic picked up the demo and released it with a quick remix by Bob Clearmountain ("thank God," says Nile). Now they needed front people. "We always wanted to soften the look and sound with ladies," says Bernard. "We thought that was classier. Because me and Nile couldn't sing! And we were always changing people in the studio—a lot of times the ladies we took onstage didn't sing as well as the studio women did." Vocalist Norma Jean Wright was featured on that first album, *Chic*, and she did some early tours with the band—Edwards and Rodgers also produced her first solo album. But, as Edwards says, "We had some minor disagreements that snowballed as her popularity rose, and she felt it was time to go on her own." Fonzie Gordon, Michelle Cobb, Alfa Anderson and Luci Martin all served stints as Chic's rotating studio singing group.

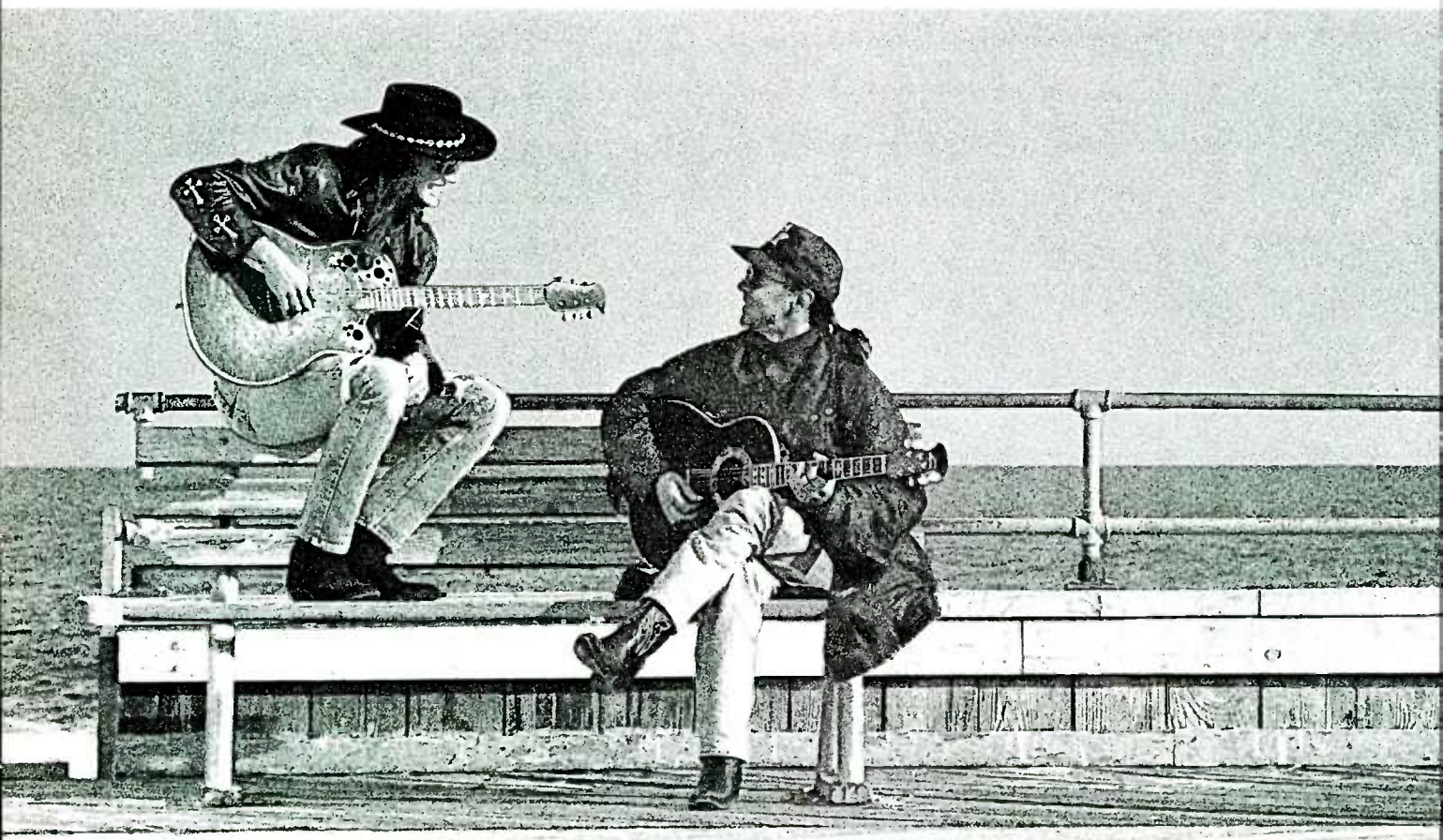
A key member added at the time was drummer Tony Thompson, a former Labelle sideman who Nile and Bernard had met the year before. "He

locked everything in," says Edwards. "He was tight and very inventive with his grooves." Thompson was the only hired member of Chic who remained throughout the band's existence, and his inventiveness and raw power were important components in getting Chic away from the monotony of disco's "four-on-the-floor" backbeat. (Thompson was unable to participate in the reunion album because he is now a member of another band and couldn't tour. His chair was filled by former Earth, Wind & Fire sideman Sonny Emory.)

With "Dance, Dance, Dance" a hit, and with "Everybody Dance" a decent follow-up single, Edwards and Rodgers came back in '78 with a stripped-down jam called "Le Freak," but discovered their bosses at Atlantic hated the record. "It was a crowded conference room, all the department heads were there," recalls Rodgers. "By the time the song was finished playing, everybody had left, because they couldn't figure out what to say to us. It was just Bernard and me sitting there saying, 'Wow, what happened?' And then Ahmet Ertegun walks in and says, 'You guys got anything else on the record?' And we went, 'What?!' We felt so insulted."

"Le Freak" was released as it was. It went on to sell eight million copies, still the best-selling single in WEA's history. Chic had gone big-time, but the lesson to Edwards was clear: "No matter how important you think you are, how many records you sell, there's always someone you've got to get past to get it released. We hated laying our insides out on a table and having someone go, 'Ha ha. Anything else?' But it only made us more committed about what we wanted to do."

Chic followed their platinum second album *C'est Chic* with *Risque*, spawning the hit "Good Times" (later appropriated by Queen: "John



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Deacon told me he loved the bassline," laughs Bernard), but the band still felt a gnawing lack of respect from the press and even their own label. "We felt Atlantic was almost embarrassed by our success—we were their biggest R&B and pop act, with a novelty song, a disco song," says Rodgers. "It made us feel like we'd done something wrong. Bernard and I would be walking down the hall and see posters on the wall: Led Zeppelin, the Rolling Stones and...Chic!" Rodgers laughs heartily. "I mean, what's the difference between us and Led Zeppelin? I play guitar, Jimmy Page plays guitar, we write songs, he writes songs, he sells one million, we sell six million. What's the *problem*?"

"Don't think we don't understand the difference between 'Stairway to Heaven' and 'Le Freak,'" adds Edwards through the laughter. "Really, we understand. But it *was* a hit."

"Hey, they're both in A minor," pipes up Rodgers. "Jimmy plays in A, I play in A!"

"There's something I learned a long time ago," says Edwards, "which is that I don't understand a lot of what I'm doing. Nile likes to break things down, to know exactly what makes a sound. To me it just feels good."

"Bernard will play something because he hears it that way, and then I'll sit down and say, 'You're putting that B against my B flat minor,' and he'd say 'Yeah.' And then I'd say, 'Oh, you've got the flat nine in the bass...okay, cool. Maybe I can think of it as the B is the root...'"

"When the last thing on my mind is flating a nine," laughs Edwards. "Nile would stay there the rest of the night analyzing it and call me the next day and give me the same answer why it worked that I'd given him the night before: 'The shit really feels good, man!'"

Buoyed by the success of 1979's "I Want Your Love," Rodgers and Edwards were also having hits producing other acts. Their work with Sister Sledge yielded "We Are Family," while the 1980 album they did for Diana Ross, *Diana*, remains her best-selling L.P. ever. Among their other clients were Debbie Harry (*Koo Koo*), Sheila and B Devotion and even Carly Simon ("Why"). They did a soundtrack for *Soup for One*. Their riff from "Good Times" was lifted for the Sugar Hill Gang's rap classic "Rapper's Delight" (and their writer's credit was later acknowledged).

Things began changing for the band in 1980. On their fourth studio album, *Risque*, the lyrical themes began to turn from disco escapism into what Edwards calls "rebel type songs, about drugs and politics." The change won them no plaudits from the disco-hating press, and served only to alienate their fans. Says Rodgers, "I remember walking into a store and a girl saying to me, 'I don't understand why you stopped writing songs about dancing and making love.' It was as if I'd betrayed her. Now I see it vividly: Only certain people are allowed to change sound and image. You love to see De Niro shoot and kill, you don't want to see him play a sweet part. Chic belonged to people, and Bernard and I didn't pay attention to it. We were too busy dealing with our own lives."

Another subtle enemy was predictability. That spontaneous guitar-bass interplay had become something of a schtick: "In the end it was, 'Here they come, I know what they're going to do,'" says Edwards. "I hated to walk into a room and do what's expected of us." And more importantly, that delicate balance of responsibilities was getting blurred. "In the beginning I wrote all the lyrics," says Edwards. "Nile would always come up with the choruses, the hooks. I liked the verses. Then, as it evolved, we were both

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doing everything, and that's when the arguments would start. We got in each other's way, and began to annoy each other. It's like a wife: 'What do you have to do *that* for?' It was petty at times.

"People don't realize what success does," Edwards continues. "It takes your life and just turns it around and all of a sudden you don't know or trust anyone. And a lot of times you end up turning on the person you love the most, my best friend. By the time you realize it, it's too late. We had already begun to bicker. We didn't have a good time in the studio, and the music just died. And you could hear it on the

records [*Tongue in Chic* and *Believer*]. It was a sad, dark time for me, a stupid, idiotic time. When we broke up, I was very depressed. I didn't want to continue making music."

Rodgers, ever the workaholic, began working as a solo producer and lit up the scoreboard in 1983 with David Bowie's *Let's Dance* and in 1984 with Madonna's *Like a Virgin*, his searing guitar rhythms serving as launching pads for rock's new dance explosion. For a year or two afterwards he was the hottest producer in pop, attracting high-profile clients like Duran Duran, INXS, Mick Jagger and the Thompson Twins.

But a funny thing happened around 1985: The big hits stopped coming. Part of this was a result of Rodgers' ongoing hunger for credibility.

"You start having all these hits," he says, "and after a while people take you for granted. Then I started working with Peter Gabriel and Laurie Anderson, and you start doing records to get that kind of respect, to do more important stuff. I'm always going to do that. Last year I did Ric Ocasek, a record I loved doing, but it was here and gone. It didn't even chart. I also did a Stray Cats record which didn't even come out!"

So Rodgers' goals on projects like those is *not* to sell records? "You want it to be a hit," he insists. "Believe me, that's the reason. You're never doing it to sell. What you're trying to do is take things that don't have a high probability of doing well on the charts and somehow make artists that have respectability have pop success too." Among Rodgers' hundreds of productions are Jeff Beck's *Flash*, the Vaughan Brothers' *Family Style*, "Moonlighting" for Al Jarreau and the platinum *Notorious* for Duran Duran. In recent years Rodgers has gotten hot again, with the B-52's and dance newcomer Cathy Dennis.

Meanwhile, Edwards' fortunes seemed the exact opposite of his ex-partner's. In the mid-'80s, while Rodgers was red hot, Edwards sat on the sidelines for over a year, issuing an aptly named solo LP, *Glad to Be Here*. Then he got his feet wet producing a Diana Ross track, and was

CHIC TECHNIC

BERNARD EDWARDS, who considers James Jamerson "the greatest bass player ever," plays a bass with EMG pickups. He also uses a Spector. All the Chic hits were done on a Music Man. Strings are Roto-Sounds, which he rarely changes. He uses a Gallien-Krueger as a mini-amp, and a Trace Elliot onstage. Recording, he runs direct, but adds an amp in the room for "size and a little dirt." He gets that "Addicted to Love" guitar sound with Marshalls and "a lot of room mikes."

NILE RODGERS is a Fender Strat man in the studio, although he's been using Tokai Strat copies and an ESP Tele copy. Nowadays he's using different guitars on his recordings, which he first picked up from doing the Beck album. His clear plastic Guitar Man electric gets a hot tone, and he's also got a Gibson ES-335. Amps are Soldanos and Fender Bassmans. Nile owns a Synclavier, though he no longer uses the guitar input; he uses it for things like recording a group of Hare Krishna chanters for the new B-52's album. Hare Krishna chanters?

introduced by Tony Thompson to Andy and John Taylor of Duran Duran. The result was the 1985 smash *Power Station*, whose salutary effect on the fortunes of singer Robert Palmer was compounded later that year by the Edwards-produced *Riptide* album, with its monster hit "Addicted to Love." Now it was Bernard's turn to shine, surprisingly as a producer of white rock. He did do a dance record for ABC and helped Jody Watley launch her solo career (and win a Grammy) with *Don't You Want Me*, but his next success was Rod Stewart's 1988 *Out of Order* LP. "I always felt that with people like Robert Palmer and Rod Stewart, the best thing to do is what you do best and what everyone loves you for. The most difficult thing was convincing Rod and the people around him that as a producer you have to be a diplomat and a psychologist. You've got to motivate them."

As Edwards' fortunes soared and Rodgers' came back to earth, the two compared notes. "In this industry you're only as hot as your last record, unfortunately," says Edwards. "We'd get on the phone with each other and say, 'Oh god, I hope I have another hit.' And the scariest time is when you have a number one record, because you wonder, what are you going to *follow* it with?"

Almost three years ago, the two played together for the first time in six years, in a pickup band with Paul Shaffer and Anton Fig at NYC's China Club, to celebrate Nile's birthday. The old singers came back, the band cranked out "Le Freak" and "Good Times," and pandemonium broke loose. "Everybody was screaming, people were crying and we were having a ball," reports Edwards. "We looked at each other and said, 'We've got to do this again!'"


Once they got down to cutting tracks, the pair took a year to record what became *Chicism*. As they discarded their nine rap songs and sample loops, Edwards' advice to other artists hit home: "Do what everybody loves you for." After over a hundred auditions, they chose two new singers from the D.C. area, Sylver Logan Sharp and Jenn Thomas. With at least four killer tracks—"In It to Win It," "High," "MMTTC!" and "Something You Can Feel"—and with the kicky trademark single "Chic Mystique" to start the ball rolling, *Chicism* seems like a sure hit. That's no accident. "We knew what we had to do," says Edwards. "We'd had big records, we'd come back, and we didn't want to fall on our faces. The pride thing has never left us. We've always wanted people to respect us, and it took a while to get to that point."

It's that same old craving for credibility, a jones Rodgers and Edwards seem to have shak-

en. Most of the time... "A good friend of mine said something that disturbed me," Nile says. "He was watching that Nike ad on TV, where they use the Beatles' 'Revolution,' and he said, 'That's disgusting, that they would use such an important song to sell shoes.' Then two days later, the California Raisins come on doing 'I Heard It Through the Grapevine' and he says, 'That's my favorite commercial!'"

"I said, 'Let me get this straight. It's cool to use R&B, but there's something different about using the Beatles. Explain that.' And he said, 'Oh man, you're right.' And I said, 'Bingo. That's

what we're fighting against.' Even to certain musicians there's a class structure—rock 'n' roll is considered more important than dance. Well, sometimes you can say things are thrown together and they're corny, but Bernard and I wrote songs the same way the Beatles wrote songs, the same way any musicians write songs. You start jamming, and one thing leads to another."

"We just want the respect from people that we're good musicians and we didn't have to compromise our musicianship to make a hit record," adds Edwards. "Because the thing is, you've got to have a hit record." 



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Guitar

Days of Quine N' Roses

Music Appreciation 101 ❖ By MATT RESNICOFF

EVERY TIME THE PHONE RINGS for a session, Bob Quine claps his hands together in atheistic prayer and gives thanks in advance for being able to pull it off. "I did a session with John Zorn recently," he remembers, "and I took a Mickey and Sylvia approach: I left breaks where I was going to do flashy licks, and I was feeling pretty confident because I'd made a New Year's resolution to play every day. It helps, amazingly enough; usually I get a call and say, 'Omigod, I haven't been practicing at all,' and I've always come through, but I come home and say, 'Wow, thank you...next time I'll practice.'"

Not hard to believe, because the Quine young rock fans know through deviant soloing on Matthew Sweet's *Girlfriend* does play with the passionate abandon of a man barely getting by. The Quine logic is emotionally charged: Conversation about sincere playing turns into theories why Guns N' Roses are charlatans; assessing certain avant gardists, he coins Jewish-gramma truisms ("Anyone with a brain knows these people are no good—everyone else, let them enjoy"); recalling 90 days wasted at music school, he winds up exalting texture, drones and psychosis, all mainstays in what he calls his quote-career. By texture Quine means surface and depth—the fulsome use of beats in Miles' *On the Corner*, former employer Lou Reed's depiction of fear through sound, or Quine's own sped-up, layered improvisations on a 1984 solo record called *Basic*.

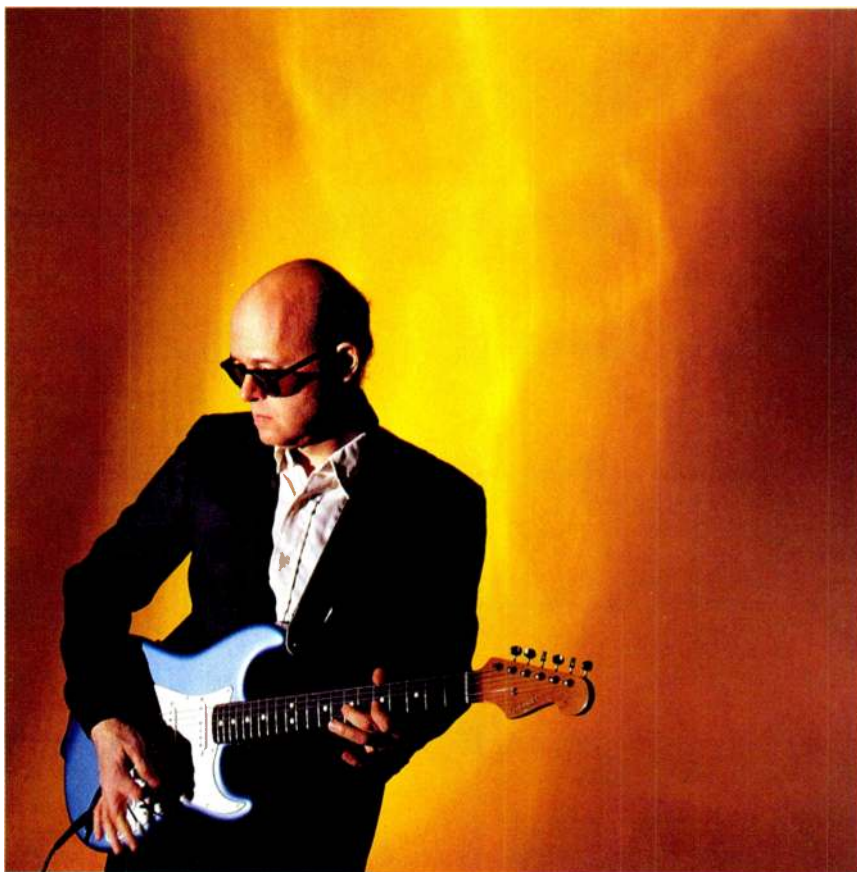
Then there's the texture of his Manhattan existence, where a day may begin with the deposit of the dollar-fifty annual worldwide royalty check for that album, then continue with a jaunt through guitar shops while droning on psychotically about the criminal retail market. What makes his acute opinionation hit home—apart from the fact that

he's usually *right*—is its statement about the death of interplay in music today. You could argue that he gets passed over for gigs because he doesn't practice, but Quine practices *listening*, and he's gotten good enough, selective enough, to know what to turn down. And when to turn up.

"What I like to do is interpret the song without destroying the artist's concept. Lou Reed's *The Blue Mask* was a turning point for me: I'd established what little reputation I have with the 'wild, psychotic guitar solos,' but what I enjoy most is adding the chord that will shade things

differently. One of the few traits I pride myself on—I can't read music, by many people's standards I can *barely* play at all—is I listen to the lyrics, out of respect for the artist and as a guideline. On 'The Day John Kennedy Died,' I have a simple role, but you can hear the approach change as the lyrics change through the song."

1988 was no banner year among Quine's 34 as a guitarist. He turned down demo after unappealing demo, stepping forward only for Matthew Sweet's second record and some Japanese cartoon soundtracks with Zorn. Fol-



lowing sessions with songwriter Suzanne Rhatigan, Quine confessed to producer Fred Maher that he'd finally grasped his own adaptability as a sideman. "It's something I would have flatly turned down four years ago. But we played live, which is rare, and I influenced the direction of the record. One reason I didn't think I fit was because the songs modulate, with bridges in different keys—it goes against my grain, about drones. No matter how I may improve as a player, it's down to open chords. I used to say capos are a crutch, but if it sounds better on the record, I do it. Part of the drone thing is if I get the capo


in the right place I can have the first and the sixth strings droning, hopefully in the right key, and play chords in between, sliding around."

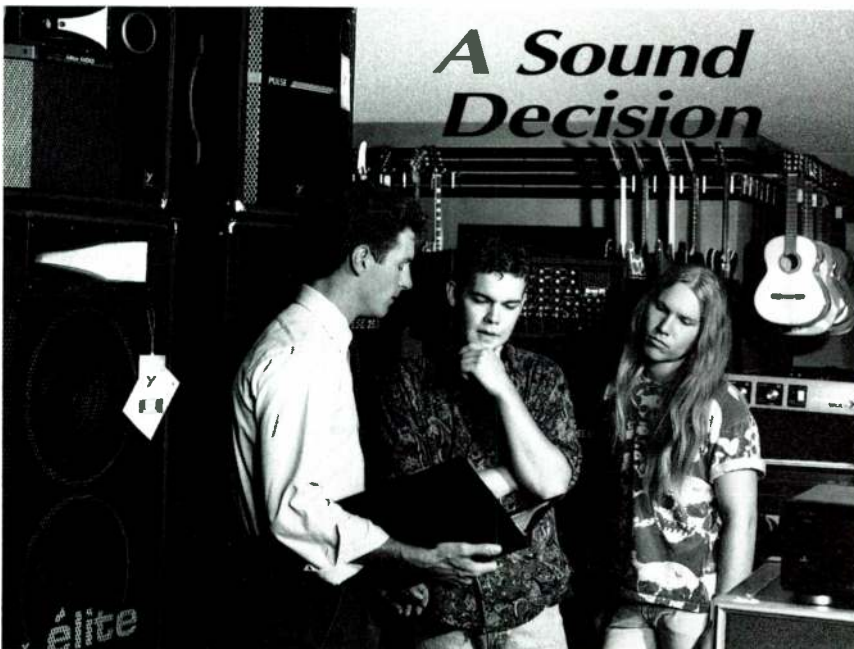
Dylan and Lightnin' Hopkins rhythms compelled Quine to structure ringing chord ideas that satisfy his sense of embellishment. (For a taste, try droning on the low E while sliding a C major shape up from the first to the seventh fret.) Alongside Reed, who seldom strayed from first-position D chording, Bob tuned down a step and played around E chord forms, giving the recordings a deep luster. Over one of Rhatigan's I-IV-V-IV songs in E, Quine voiced the B

chord with an A in the bass and the open high E string ringing over E flat (on the B string), B (on the G) and F# (on the D), remaining on the B chord when the rest of the band returned to A on each cycle. Bernie Worrell, also on the date, tried to accommodate by suggesting changes in his piano chords. Quine appreciated the kindness of the gesture, if not the intent. "I assume the person calling me doesn't want me to play so exactly, but to color things. In the beginning with Lou Reed, he'd say, 'I'm playing this chord; you're *meaning* to play *that* one, aren't you?' I'd say yeah, and he'd let it go. It still happens."

Though he's no jazzman, Quine keeps his listening muscles in shape by working with players like Zorn and Bill Frisell. He's fascinated by the keenness of their ability to interact, to smash academic notions. In 1972 he took some lessons with Jimmy Raney. "I read something recently that enraged me, that 'If every guitarist between Charlie Christian and Wes Montgomery had been killed at birth, it would've been no big deal in the history of jazz.' That's ludicrous. Jimmy Raney—just his concept, forget *guitar*, chording, whatever. I never learned to play jazz properly, but in *attempting* to, I slowed his solos to 16 rpm. The more you slowed them down, the more amazing his choice of notes was—notes that shouldn't work.

"I'm trying to keep working, and it's a strain. To an extent I think in terms of favorite things that happened 20 years ago. They're not stale; maybe they're *fresh* ideas that have been neglected, and if I can put that into a record, whether I like the music or not, I'm happy. One problem I have is if I go to Tower Records, I have to walk by the new releases. I don't want to know about the new Paula Abdul album. It's tragic if I'm on record doing my bad imitation of Harvey Mandel and I can't name a record he's been on lately.

"I'm very much off the scene, and that's the way I like it. The only time I'm exposed to it is when I'm in the studio with people 20 years younger than I am and they turn on MTV. Nothing will get me in a worse mood quicker than being exposed to that trash. It comes off negative, but the fact is, music is the only thing that keeps me going. One thing Raney said really affected me. He said, 'What I play is like classical music. I don't mean like Beethoven, I mean it's from a period which is gone, and I know that. This is what I do, this is what I do best, and I don't care.'" 



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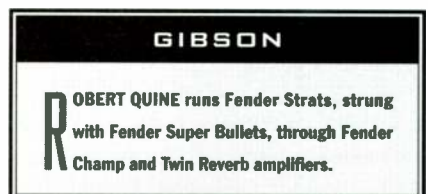
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Fluttering 101

Marc Johnson gives a bassic lesson ❖ By RICK MATTINGLY

RECENTLY, HEARING THAT I planned to go see the John Scofield Quartet, drummer Peter Erskine offered some advice: "Try to get together with Marc Johnson and have him show you this 'fluttering' thing he's been doing. It's like opening a harmonic trap door."

A few nights later, standing in a storeroom backstage, Johnson obligingly agrees to show the technique. "It's a combination of two things," he says, tuning his acoustic bass: "a double finger-stroke with the right hand and sort of a hammer-on with the left." He proceeds to play a repetitive three-note riff consisting of an open string played twice with the second and then the first right-hand fingers, followed by a hammered-on higher note. "I can also use pull-offs," he says, playing two quick held notes and pulling off to get the open note.

"I use open strings a lot," Johnson shouts out over the insistent thrumming of the bass as he

tears into a fast passage of straight 16ths, evoking a drummer playing double strokes around several tom-toms. Usually Marc plays two open notes followed by two held, but he occasionally syncopates the rhythm so the second note, not the first, falls on the beat. Sometimes he plays the same note with the double right-hand finger stroke; sometimes the note changes.

"It's very pattern-oriented," Johnson confirms. "It all started one day when I was practicing and hit on this ostinato drone. I found it to be very meditative, reminding me of some of that African tribal music where they'll hang with an idea for ages."

If you want to experiment with the technique, Johnson recommends limiting the number of notes at first. "The study of pentatonics would be interesting with this technique—you don't have to deal with as much information. The fewer notes the better, because this is more of a rhythmic thing. You don't want to have to

worry about all the notes in a scale."

For starters, Marc suggests a five-note pattern: "Play an open D with the second finger of the right hand, followed by an open G with the first. Then do the same thing closing the E and A on the same two strings." Johnson demonstrates the lick with fast 16th notes, playing D G E A several times. The right-hand fingering is 2 1 2 1 throughout.

"Once you're comfortable with that, you can add the open A. The first four notes are the same pattern as before, but for the next four, do this," Johnson says, playing D G D A, all on open strings. "The fingering has to change a little bit," he points out. "I tend to rake the strings with my first finger as I'm going down to the low A." He demonstrates the pattern again, playing the last three notes all with the first finger, making the right-hand fingering for the entire pattern 2 1 2 1, 2 1 1 1.

Johnson plays the pattern faster and faster, suddenly stopping. "I should say something here about staying loose, because the arm can get really cramped trying to keep an ostinato like this going. There is a kind of whip motion going on with the elbow and wrist, and it stays more flexible that way. And the fingers just articulate lightly. I'm not pulling real hard."

Johnson plays a fast ostinato again, and his arm does, indeed, seem to be bouncing around a little bit. Were his wrist aimed in a different direction, he could be dribbling a basketball. And his fingers glide over the strings as if to caress rather than pluck. But the notes have an articulate, staccato quality nonetheless, primarily because of the speed with which Marc is changing them with his left hand.

Johnson's frequent use of open notes, which gives his left hand time to change positions while maintaining a quick tempo, would seem to preclude the use of certain keys. "Yeah," he agrees, "either that or you have to be real clever with how you negotiate things. I'm not completely restricted to using open strings, but it becomes kind of boxy in the left hand, playing pretty much in positions across the strings and staying fourth- or fifth-oriented.

"Another good way to develop this technique is to pick a tune like [cont'd on page 97]



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 World Radio History



Piano

A Consultation with Dr. John

Examining New Orleans styles ❖ By ALAN DI PERNA

NOW, I DON'T KNOW IF THIS is true or not..." Mac Rebennack's swamp-croak voice modulates up a tone as he launches into one of his many stories. "...But I've heard that Fats Domino used to pay Professor Longhair to show him licks. Professor would play the lick for him once, then split. It was like, 'Better catch it fast.'"

I feel the same way myself as the man they call Dr. John sits down at my trashed old upright piano, draping that embalmed rattlesnake he uses for a cane over the side of the instrument. His big stubby fingers try the keyboard, rolling dense bluesy chords up and down. The topic is New Orleans piano styles, and the Doctor is open for consultation—especially since he's just completed a new album, *Goin' Back to New Orleans*, that reprises some 120 years of Crescent City musical history. Piano is the first instrument Rebennack learned

as a kid. But when he began playing sessions around town in the '50s, it was on guitar.

"Strangely enough, that's when I really learned a lot about piano," he says. "When I first started doing sessions with guys like Huey 'Piano' Smith, Allen Toussaint and James Booker, I had a great excuse to stand behind the piano stool and watch them—I had to catch the changes."

Rebennack might've stuck with guitar as his main instrument if a bullet he caught down in Florida hadn't damaged the fourth finger of his left hand. "That's the finger you use to bend strings on a guitar," he says. "Mine can't do much of anything. I can use it a little on piano, but a lot of times it just gets in the way. They sewed it back on so it wouldn't look so bad, but it doesn't work. To this day, I don't know if they did me a solid or not."

Mac's damaged digit doesn't prevent him from executing some deft left-hand rolls he

learned peering over Professor Longhair's shoulder during his tenure as Fess' guitarist. He recreates the Professor's stride-paced version of "Rum and Coca Cola" in D, with frequent chromatic rolls up to the tonic or the dominant *froZm* a fourth below—for example, rolling from A up to D, using each finger in succession, bringing his second finger up over the thumb to jump from there up to D.

"That little thing goes back to Little Brother Montgomery," he says of the move. "The Forty-Four blues stuff. Longhair's two influence guys were Little Brother Montgomery and Champion Jack Dupree. But Longhair syncopated it."

Roisterous chromaticism is one thing that sets New Orleans piano apart from other blues-based styles—Chicago blues, for instance—which are much more tied to pentatonic scales. As further illustration, Mac goes through the slow intro that Huey "Piano" Smith played on Smiley Lewis' 1956 recording of "I Hear You Knockin'." The intro, in E flat, resolves to an augmented V chord: D, G flat, A flat and B flat over a B flat bass.

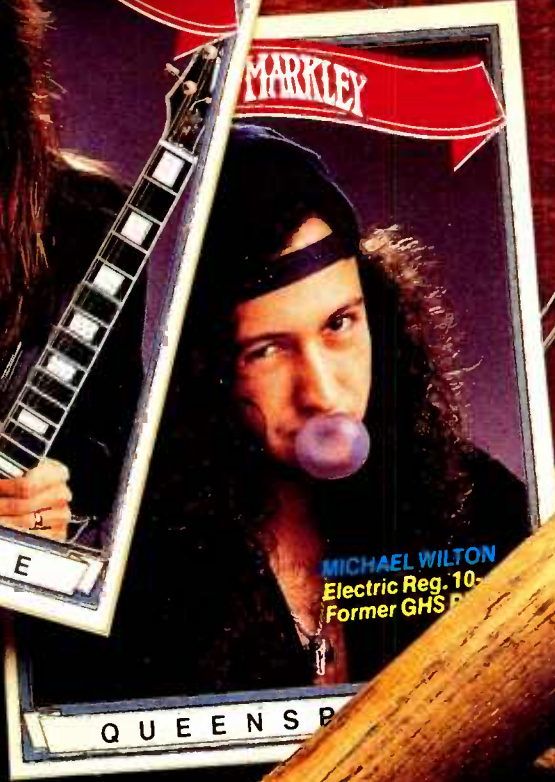
"Now this was in 1956!" the Doctor emphasizes. "It's just a whole-tone thing. But on an R&B record? Huey did lots of great, unexpected things like that."

If chromatic movement is one big hallmark of New Orleans piano, another one is rhythm: the magical way those old records seem to pull back against the beat while driving it forward at the same time. "There was a big change in the music between, say, '55, '56 and '57," Mac recalls: "taking those old walking basslines [he plays one] into this." He changes to a more syncopated pattern using just the root and the fifth.

Part of it's down to the mix of Caribbean and regional mainland styles that all met up in the Crescent City around that time: "Cuban guys had a real pride thing—'we play dead on the beat.' And jazz cats used to play ahead of the beat. That's one way of adding movement, but then if you put some tension on a beat and pull it another way, it makes a circular kind of music, rather than a square type of music."

Definitely not square is Rebennack's arrangement of the standard "Since I Fell for You" on *Goin' Back to New* [cont'd on page 97]





TRADE UP.

Dean Markley
S T R I N G S



Getting Heavy Hands

A ton of tips from Zach Danziger ❖ By TONY SCHERMAN

WHEN ZACH DANZIGER was a kid, as opposed to a wizened 21-year-old, his hands were already making him money. “I was a hand model. I used to act in TV commercials, where they’d say, ‘Okay, we need a pair of eight-year-old’s hands for Bluebonnet.’ You had to reach on-camera and cut a pat of butter just right, and at a difficult angle, or they’d get crazy and sick.”

It was a fact—the kid had good hands, good enough to make him a teenage drum prodigy and an up-and-coming jazz/fusion star by 20 (some recent and current employers: guitarists Leni Stern, Chuck Loeb and Wayne Krantz; pianist Michel Camilo). The machine-gun single-stroke rolls Zach can unleash underneath a soloist may be a gift, but he also spent the better part of his teens in the practice room; a good chunk of that time was devoted to building up his hands. One recent afternoon, rushing between a practice pad

and a kit in Manhattan’s Drummer’s Collective, the big redhead outlined the regimen of hand exercises he still tries to follow, and recommends.

“It’s tough—I’ve been moving around a lot. When I’m in my thing, I like to do an hour a day on the pad or snare drum.” The two-part routine takes about an hour-and-a-quarter. “If you can’t do it daily, try for at least every other day.”

Part One is a warmup that also builds speed, control and stamina; Zach got it from his former teacher Kim Plainfield. With a metronome, Zach starts at 72 beats per minute and goes by increments of four up to 100. He plays 16th-note single strokes first with his right hand, then his left, for 100 clicks—four strokes, that is, to a click. Then, two-handed, he plays 32nd notes: eight beats per click. When all the counting got tedious, Zach made himself a tape—100 clicks, pause, next tempo; now he can put his brain on hold. If Zach feels like it, he’ll go past 100 bpm—the fastest he can speed through 100

clicks with either hand is about 120. If he has still more time, he’ll start at 60. “Playing slow, you should be mostly using your wrist. By 120 it should be mostly fingers, with your hand more or less stationary. There’s a gray area—maybe 80 to 92—where you can use wrist or fingers, though everyone has different switching points.”

Part One takes Zach about 45 minutes. “By then, the blood’s really flowing through my hands. It’s great for before a gig: When you count off your first tune semi-fast, you won’t start locking up.”

Part Two also builds speed and control, but for more complex figures. “Take certain rudiments—paradiddles (including inversions), paradiddle diddles, double-stroke rolls, flam accent, flam taps—and a few that aren’t rudiments, say, R-LLL, or maybe a six-stroke roll, and do up to 15 of them for one or two minutes each. A half-hour’s worth.

“When I started doing this I chose a tempo that was as fast as I could play each rudiment cleanly and comfortably. Let’s say I found that for paradiddles, 16th notes at 196 bpm was close to my peak. I marked it down and went through the rest, with the tempo close to the peak. Every time I did it I’d increase the metronome by one or two beats, to where my hands wouldn’t know it was any faster. Going gradually like that, I must have increased my speed for each rudiment by 30 or 40, instead of saying, ‘Okay, I can do 196, I’m gonna try 240 off the bat,’ which is impossible. And though at some point there’s a speed that’s just too great, I always seem to get it a little faster.

“If you don’t use a metronome or write your tempos down, you won’t know if you’re making progress. A lot of times I’ve felt, ‘Boy, my chops are sluggish.’ In fact, I was getting faster. I’ve got notebooks dating back to ‘85, with all my tempos for maybe 20 different exercises.” And for all Zach’s chops, “I’m using a metronome more and more these days. It just gives you more confidence for when it’s *not* on.”

He doesn’t practice all the rudiments—“the triple ratamacue is a nice little rudiment, but I can’t remember any time I might use it on a gig, except maybe halftime at the Cotton Bowl. It’s



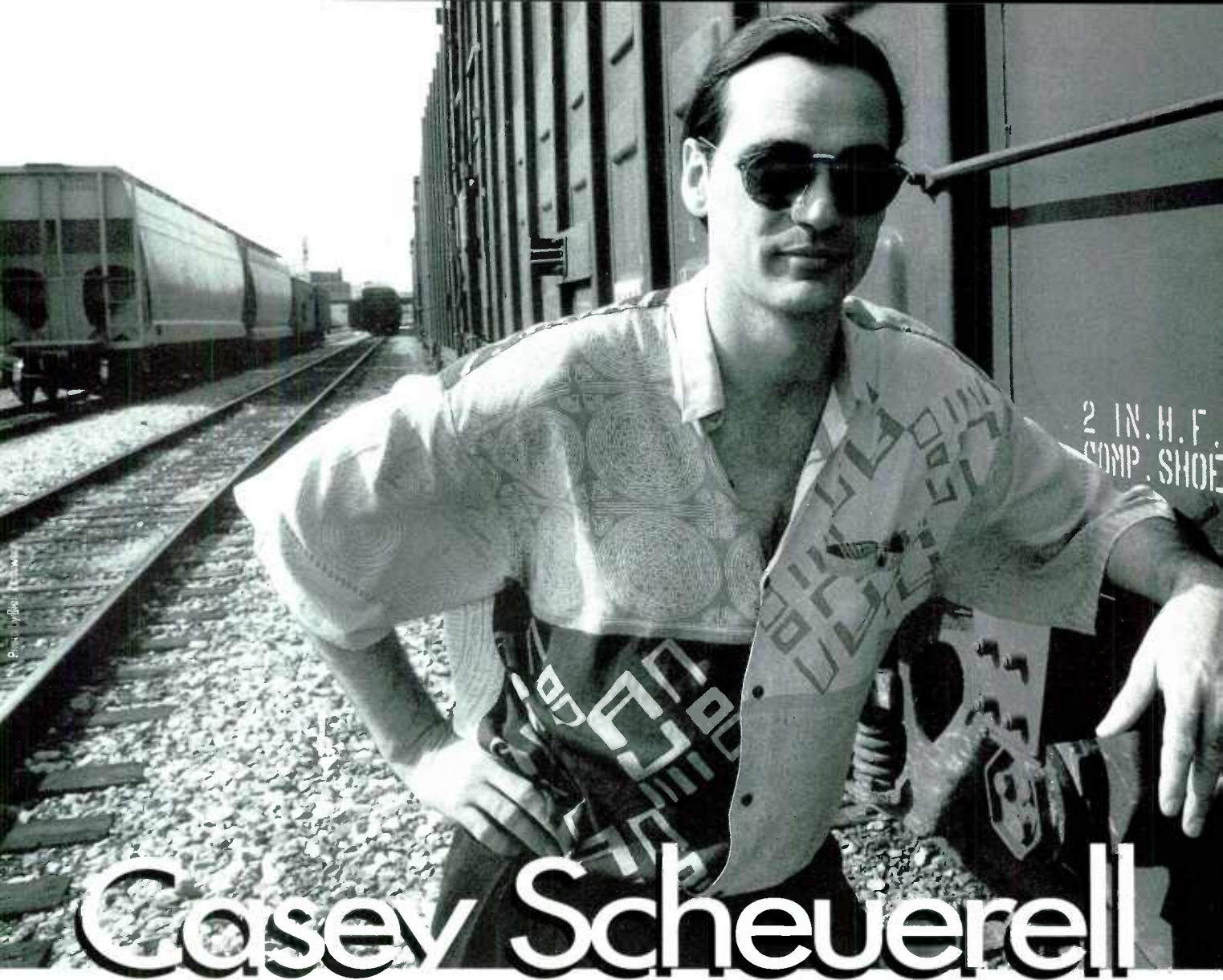


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Casey Scheuerell



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not like there's 26 distinctly different feels in the hands. People don't realize that almost everything in drumming reduces to a single stroke, a double stroke, a flam or a drag. I teach students how one of Steve Gadd's signature licks is really just a 6-stroke roll. Maybe Steve doesn't look at it that way, but really, that's what he's doing.

"Don't reach your goal too quickly: Stay at one tempo for a couple of days, a week, to get the feel of it. And try bringing some of the figures *down* in speed. Fast is good, but a lot of drummers will tell you it's harder to play certain things slow—say, a slow paradiddle groove in a funk setting, snapping off the accents.

"You can do these exercises on either a pad or a snare drum. Or on the set—I'll orchestrate paradiddles around the drums or on the cymbals. I don't know if I totally believe in the practice pad; a snare drum has a totally different feel. Ultimately it would be great if you could practice on the snare drum, if only it weren't so loud!"

Grips? "For jazz, I'm more comfortable with the traditional grip. For speed around the toms, or single-stroke rolls, I like matched. When I'm playing hi-hat and snare in a funk or Latin setting, traditional feels better—your sticks don't hit each other—but if I want to really slap the backbeat, I'll switch to matched. Really, I switch grips without thinking. I personally think you should be able to play with both. Whichever one you use, there should be some symmetry. For that, a mirror is more helpful than you'd think. Are your hands level? If you play matched, do your hands really match? Not if one hand is weaker. If your left hand's weak, start slowly and use a mirror to match it to your right.

"And that's a pretty good little set of hand exercises, short of getting obsessive. If anything I'm the opposite: I hate practicing. But I love playing a gig, and it's frustrating when things come to mind that I can't play, and I know I could if I'd practiced. I practice so I can play what I hear in my mind." 

HAND JIVE

ZACH DANZIGER's Yamaha Recording Series kit (14- by 22-inch bass, 10- by 8-inch and 12- by 8-inch mounted toms, 14- by 10-inch floor tom, 6 1/2- by 14-inch brass snare; a mix of K. and A. Zildjian cymbals; Remo heads) is in his closet; he just got back to New York from California. He uses 5B Zildjian sticks. He's got a dozen practice pads, "not that I collect them, I just always think I'm gonna find one that's good."

Performance

Robyn Hitchcock & the Egyptians

By BILL FLANAGAN

Robyn Hitchcock, Andy Metcalfe and Morris Windsor were escorted into their dressing room at New York's Ritz and shown the accoutrements: "Here's the cooler of drinks, there's the deli platter, and here's the toilet." The stage manager pushed open the toilet door and there, seated on the throne, was a giggling blonde woman. He slammed the door. "She's not on the rider," he said.

Robyn Hitchcock made 11 albums in 10 years. His latest, *Perspex Island*, was his best, a contender for best album of 1991. The trouble was that now it was 1992 and *Perspex Island* had not sold much better than Hitchcock's standard—less than 100,000 copies. The first single, "So You Think You're in Love," got to number one on the college charts but did not cross over to the mainstream as A&M Records expected. This tour had been delayed in anticipation of a triumphant return to the States; instead the Egyptians were coming back amid confusion about what the second single should be and whether there was still a chance to save the album.

On *Perspex Island* the Egyptians used click tracks and ringing, open production to give rockers such as "Ocean-side" and "Ultra Unbelievable Love" the relaxed authority of anthems. On stage the songs were a bit faster and more ramshackle—less like U2 and more like the Kinks. Hitchcock's hilarious stream-of-consciousness monologues between songs delighted the hipsters, but broke the momentum that would have built if the band had allowed one great tune to lead straight into another. That he refuses to iron out his eccentricities to fit MTV-shaped expectations may be a mark of Hitchcock's artistic integrity, but it also makes it easier for those who decide which music gets pushed to the public to label him an *alternative artist* and stick him back on the shelf.

During an acoustic set-within-the-set Hitchcock's brilliant songwriting was given display. "Madonna of the Wasps" and "One Long Pair of Eyes" were stripped down and sung beautifully. No one with ears could miss that these songs were born of an extraordinary talent. For the acoustic set Metcalfe traded his Squier Precision for a Martin B40 acoustic bass while Windsor played brushes on a snare drum and rapped on a Roland D8 Octapad. (On the electric numbers Windsor used the Octapad to fill out the trio's sound by adding organ chords to choruses, or chiming accents.) Metcalfe also played keyboards on a Roland A90. For a while in the late '80s Metcalfe was playing bass in the Egyptians at the same time that he was playing keyboards with Squeeze. He said he learned during that time that it's better to make less money as a full band member than more as a salaried sideman. Such dedication is what makes a band a band.

"We've been playing now as long as The Band had when they broke up at *The Last Waltz*," Hitchcock said backstage. "Our humor used to mask the fact that we're actually pretty good musicians. And as a songwriter I'm as good as Chrissie Hynde or Lloyd Cole or any of those people that you would take seriously. But our image subverted us. And maybe underneath we were scared of being taken seriously. I never understood why people had to be taken so seriously. Why did James Taylor and Van Morrison look so miserable? Was it because they were rich and lived in California and had everything they wanted? So we were always pretty flippant and people took it the wrong way. Fans and detractors alike got the wrong idea. We're musicians. That's what we do. That's what we value."

After more than a decade, Robyn Hitchcock and the Egyptians continue to grow as players, performers and recording artists. The New York show was a good reminder of something that gets overshadowed in the media's fever to jump on what's new and novel: Time makes good bands better.



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THE BIG TREND AT NAMM '92? AFFORDABILITY.

It was the best of NAMMs, it was the worst of NAMMs.... Sorry, always wanted to begin a story like that. Actually it was a pretty middling NAMM. Lurking in everyone's psyches at the Anaheim Convention Center was the R-word. Yes, recession. Much like the video spectacle of Bush losing his cookies in Nippon, recession awareness was hard to miss at the National Association of Music Merchandisers' January 17-19 convocation. Manufacturers were low-balling it this year: focusing on the affordable lower ends of their product lines. Which is good news for musicians. It's a buyers' market out there! Anybody got any dough to spare on instruments? On to the notable trends and prophetic products....

The Big Buzz: This year's attention-grabber was unquestionably the Parker guitar, which has been picked up for distribution by Korg. The brainchild of Connecticut luthier Ken Parker, it's a ridiculously slim-bodied axe: a wood-core body and neck surrounded by an exoskeleton of rigid space-age stuff. There's the ultra-svelte Fly model (about four pounds) and the downright anorexic Super Fly, which tips the scales at just 2½ pounds. The neck joint feels about as thin as a pencil. But when you plug this axe in...whammo! A bridge-mounted piezo pickup provides great Ovation-style electro-acoustic timbres: that super-thin body behaves much like the top of an acoustic guitar. And the guitar's specially made DiMarzio humbuckers put out quite a creditable roar. A real natural—particularly for guitarists who need to double acoustic and electric sounds onstage—priced around \$1500.

Trend 1—Curvy Knob Arrays: For some reason, lean times always seem to have style. Art Deco rose up during the last Big Slump of the '30s. And now somebody's decided it's time to retire that cold, squared-off look for high-tech gear. Buck Rogers-style soft contours are the new thing. For details, just check out Zoom's newest miniature guitar effects processor, the 9000. The practical reason for that Martian shaver shape is so the unit can be wedged under the handle of a combo amp. But it sure looks cool—and the 9000 sounds pretty good too.

Then there's the Yamaha RY10 Rhythm Programmer, with its soft-curve underbelly and 250 sounds you would've killed your favorite auntie for three years ago—but now you just gotta pay a few hundred bucks. The RY10's a real recession-buster. As is Yamaha's EMP700 digital effects processor. No retro sci-fi contours here, but plenty of good, editable effects, including hard-edged distortions and creamy smooth reverbs in one rack space.

Historians of musical instrument design will no doubt trace the origins of the curvy line thing to Roland's JV-800, introduced at last year's NAMM. This year, the company introduced a mid-priced synth (\$1895 list), the JV-80. It's got some JV-800

waves, some D-770 samples, eight-part multitimbral capabilities and a groovy user-interface with eight data sliders and large display. Roland also introduced the JV-30, essentially a Sound Canvas tone module with a keyboard and 128 extra user-programmable tones, and the JW-30, which is basically a JV-30 with a built-in 16-track/4900-note sequencer. And yes, an onboard disk drive is perched atop the control panel at a raffishly oblique angle.

Trend 2—Affordable Acoustics: Geez, there was a ton of 'em. Among the more notable was the Takamine G-Series, surprisingly sound for Taiwan-made guitars selling around the \$400 mark. A notch up from there were the new Ovation Celebrity Deluxe electro-acoustics: Korean-made for around 900 bucks, looking and sounding quite sharp with Ovation Elite-style soundholes. Washburn came in with a \$699 range of D-series electro-acoustic cutaways. And Charvel has its own new line of electro-acoustic guitars and basses in the \$500-\$650 neighborhood. But let's move on to a new category....



ZOOM'S SECOND GENERATION MINI-GUITAR PROCESSOR (TOP), AND ROLAND'S LATEST WORKSTATION

Guitar Hero Gear: The Fender Stevie Ray Vaughan Strat (unveiled at a special ceremony attended by Albert Collins, Buddy Guy, Jimmie Vaughan, Danny Gatton and others), the Jackson Randy Rhoads model, the Washburn Nuno Bertencourt model (with Nuno's unique five-bolt neck joint) the Peavey 5150 Eddie Van Halen amp—big bottom indeed!

So Obvious It's Brilliant: This honor must go to the Demeter Silent Speaker Chamber. Other manufacturers fiddle with speaker emulators and similar electronic contraptions to help apartment dwellers get a roaring guitar sound without disturbing the neighbors. But Demeter has taken a much more literal approach, adapted from an idea by Allan Holdsworth: They've built a soundproof box and mounted a speaker and microphone inside. Kind of like an inside-out speaker cabi-



THE BUZZ OF NAMM? PARKER/KORG'S NEW FLY GUITARS.

net. A mono Silent Speaker Chamber goes for \$299 (without the speaker and mike). The stereo version (room for two speakers and two mikes) goes for \$399.

ALAN DI PERNA

HOME RECORDING AT NAMM: HIGH TECH TRICKLES DOWN

This year's report from Anaheim starts with a few questions. First off, what's with all the bimbos-for-hire? Presumably, the sexist companies who put these "naked ladies" on display do it to bring in customers, but what they attract is a lot of gawkers. Does this really help business? Second, if the NAMM powers-that-be force great musicians to do their stuff in steamy, airless booths, why on earth do all these godawful karaoke singers get to do it out in the open? And how come they all sound like Alfalfa?

Down to business. If you were looking for the kind of techno-splash made by products like the DX7 or last year's sneak preview of the Alesis ADAT, you were in for a disappointment. But the astute observer could hear, above the Van Halen licks and bass drum kicks, the steady drip drip drip of technology trickling down to where the average home-studio Joe can finally take advantage of innovations that until now were way out there price-wise. Fostex, in cahoots with Atari, C-Lab, Steinberg/Jones, Dr. T's and Opcode, has started delivering on its promise to bring the fun stuff down to the musician's level, adding MIDI machine control to the R8, G-16 and G-24S tape machines. This "thread it and forget it" package allows the musician to control all tape transport functions from his computer keyboard. Not only is this way cool, the package is surprisingly inexpensive.

Not to be outdone, Tascam introduced the MMC100 interface unit, which translates MIDI machine control messages to and from their 238, 644, 688, TSR-8, MSR-16 and MSR-24 machines. MIDIman is one company that continues to serve up inexpensive tools for the synched-up musician, and its new MacMan is no exception. This 1-in/3-out Macintosh interface has a serial thru switch so

you can bypass MIDI without unplugging your modem or printer, and it costs under \$100.

Between visits from heads of state, the Peaveys found time to unveil the new Spectrum module series, including a Bass Tone Module that'll put 100 layered preset bass sounds in your rack for under 300 bucks. If those classic, beefy analog sounds are your thang, you should check out the Spectrum Synth Tone Module. This 12-voice polyphonic, single-rack-space unit is a great way to expand your keyboard setup for around \$400.

If, like most of us, your home rig is built around a Portastudio, you're more than likely dying for more mixer channels. Tascam's MM100 and MM200 might be just what you need. They call them "keyboard mixers," but with eight stereo input channels and four effect sends (and a low list price of \$600 and \$700 respectively) these babies pack a lot of neat features into three rack spaces. The MM200 also offers BBE exciter circuitry and a MIDI patching system.

Relative newcomers Mackie flexed their mixer muscle with the new MicroSeries 1202, offering 20 inputs in a one-square-foot package and sonic performance to rival the big boys—all for a mere \$399. DOD have taken their 800 series mixer back to the drawing board and added nifty stuff like three bands of EQ and stereo effects sends—a lot of features for \$429.95.

These are just a few examples of what could be a healthy trend. The lack of big-ticket techno-toys at this year's show may have some writers crying about the MIDI doldrums, but don't you believe it. Having pushed the MIDI envelope as far as they can, MI companies are beginning to turn around and concentrate on improving user interfaces and lowering prices. And for the home recordist on a budget (aren't we all?) that's real good news.

PETER CRONIN



MACKIE'S 1202 (TOP), TASCAM'S MM200 (BOTTOM)

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DEVELOPMENTS

GUITAR GEAR SHAPES UP AT NAMM

Traditional guitar shapes are coming back, based on evidence at this year's NAMM. A good example is Paul Chandler's new Austin Special. Designed by Texan Ted Newman-Jones and powered by three of Chandler's lipstick-tube pickups, the guitar's contours seem dictated as much by the company's nuevo-California attitude as by Austin's music scene. It's also available in a Keith Richards-influenced five-string model. On the acoustic front, Martin introduced their large sound-hole guitar. It seems that a now-deceased bluegrass/rocker played his old Martin D28 so hard that he wore the wood away and made the soundhole slightly bigger, giving the guitar better volume. Several other companies have capitalized on that famous picker's name with their versions of the instrument, but this is the first one that sounds like a Martin.

The old under-the-saddle acoustic pickup is undergoing a mini-revolution as well. Both EMG and Fishman have new pickup designs that replace the traditional (and problematic) ceramic crystals. EMG is using an electrically active piezo film, whereas Larry Fishman's new pickup is based on an alternative, highly sensitive polymer. Like EMG's, it's available in two different configurations.

If you're gigging in clubs with your acoustic, you ought to take a look at Rane's new MAP 33, a MIDI-programmable acoustic music processor. The unit has a two-channel approach to miking the guitar, allowing a musician to give separate EQ treatment to a microphone and a piezo pickup. There's also a

vocal mike input and monitor outputs (each with separate programmable EQ), stereo line ins for tape or drum machine, effects loop, you name it.

Elsewhere on the processor front, Hughes and Kettner's quest for the perfect crunch manifested itself this year with an updated version of their Access MIDI-programmable stereo guitar amp system with new sounds and a new low price of \$1999. ART introduced a line of affordable combo amps called the Attack Modules, with lightweight carbon fiber enclosures. There's a choice of tube or solid-state amps: The design includes stereo effects loops, direct and headphone outs, chorus and ART's new Quad S spatial surround effect. The SGX T2 is ART's new flagship rackmount guitar effects processor and successor to the SGX 2000. It retains many of the 2000's most popular sounds, adding new reverb and chorus algorithms at a lower price than the 2000.

BBE introduced three new preamps, for electric guitar, bass and acoustic guitar. All are one rack-space high and all include BBE's sonic-enhancement process. All are fairly full-featured, with bi-amp capabilities on the bass unit, for instance, and separate EQ facilities for the clean and distortion channels on the guitar preamp.

The newest from MESA/Boogie is a 100W dual rectifier guitar head. Two separate rectifiers—one tube and one solid-state—provide different gain structures that can be used in many combinations. There's an effects loop and a gaggle of 6L6s around the back.

ALESIS TO ENTER SYNTH MARKET

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RECORDINGS



AFTER THE REVOLUTION

MICHELLE SHOCKED
ARKANSAS TRAVELER
(MERCURY)

TRACY CHAPMAN
MATTERS OF THE HEART
(ELEKTRA)

K.D. LANG
INGENUER
(SIRE / WARNER BROS.)

Back in '88, folks marveled that a new wave of women, such as Tracy Chapman and Sinéad O'Connor, dared to create strong music without acting cute. The really amazing part, of course, was that big labels would touch the stuff, although subsequent chart-toppers from Chapman and O'Connor put this enlightened outlook into context. Now the best news: It wasn't a fad. Sisters are continuing to speak up, making records that range from fantastic to dull, from platinum to flop, *just like guys!*

They don't come more gifted than k.d. lang, whose drop-dead voice has yet to realize its potential in the studio. On the coyly titled *Ingenuer*, this croonin' Canadian chooses absolute torch and skips the twang in a cozy set of smoldering love ballads. Not since the lounge-lizard zenith of Bryan Ferry has someone been so consumed by amour. In her sultriest tones, she promises to "grant you control of my body and soul" ("So It Shall Be"), begs "spoil me with you" ("Save Me") and generally seems bewitched. But you could

feel the sweaty desperation behind Ferry's grand facade; lang rests lazily on the surface, content to spin a seductive mood. While hardcore easy-listening causes chills when handled properly—see her breathtaking version of Cole Porter's "So in Love" for *Red Hot + Blue*—it's stupefying in large doses, however accomplished.

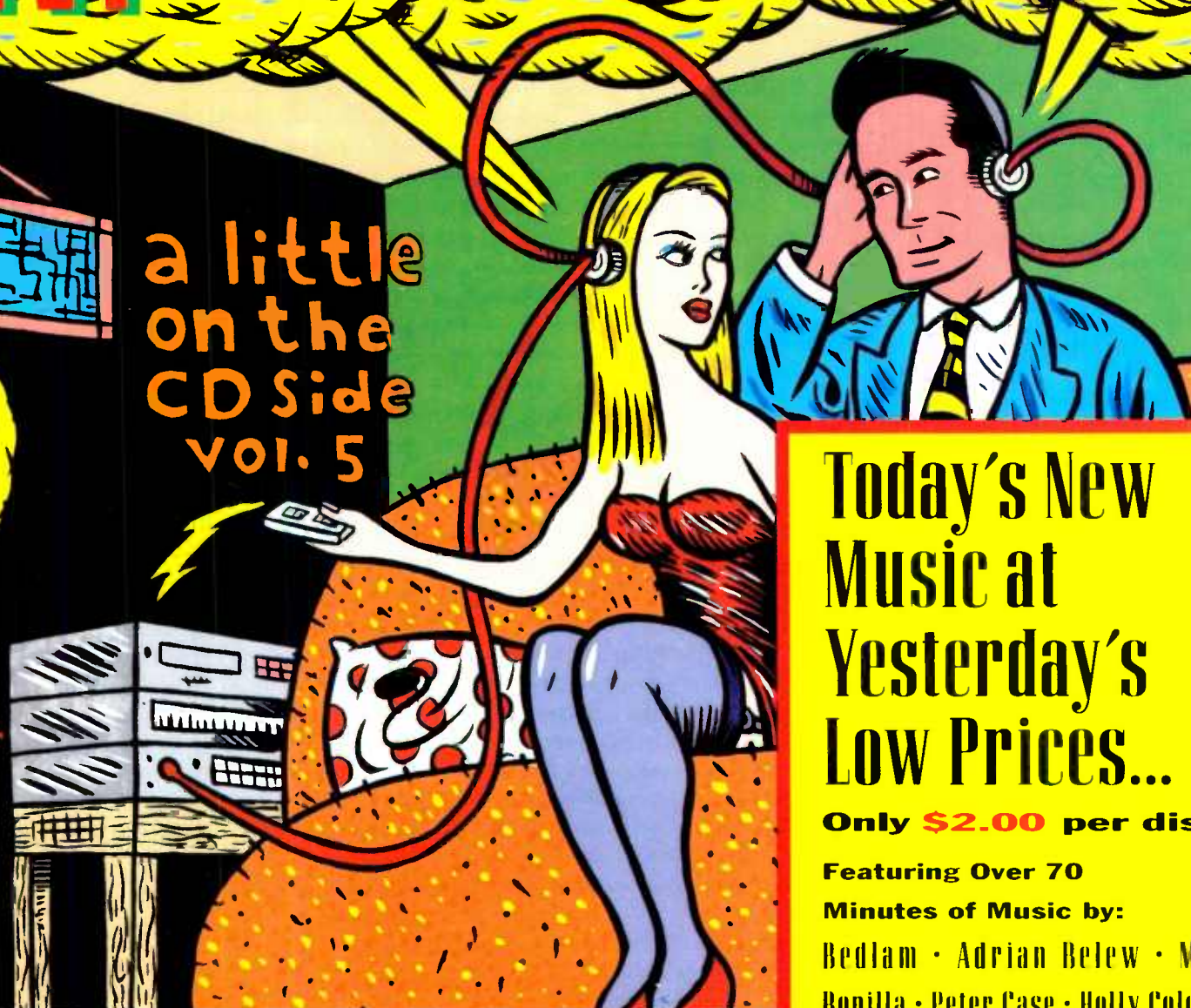
Having once declined a hefty record-company advance in the name of integrity, Michelle Shocked makes up for such principled frugality this time. In one of the most creative uses of expense accounts ever,



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World Radio History

she cut each of the 14 tracks on *Arkansas Traveler* at a different site, visiting Ireland, Australia and spots around the USA in search of... what? Shocked intended to comment on the white mainstream's debt to black culture, but she's too wide-ranging, figuratively as well as literally, to forge a coherent statement. No matter, 'cause this is one swell time, filled with joyous noises that betray a genuine affection for roots music and her fellow musicians. Backed by Pops Staples, she plays R&B shouter on "33 RPM Soul," belts a pop anthem on "Come a Long Way," teams with Levon Helm to spout homespun wisdom on "Secret to a Long Life," and so forth. Besides radiating good vibes, Shocked provides generous space for her cohorts, among them Hothouse Flowers, Paul Kelly's Messengers and, especially, a host of superb bluegrass 'n' country cats. Feels mighty fine.

Then there's Tracy Chapman, who sounds like a terminal downer after the giddiness of *Arkansas Traveler*. *Matters of the Heart* won't surprise anyone familiar with her husky vocals and dignified bearing, which isn't a shortcoming when you're this eloquent. Pondering life and death in typically blunt fashion, Chapman despises the privileged ("So") and defends the despised ("Bang Bang Bang"), though she's equally fiery off-duty. The mesmerizing seven-minute title track, in particular, dispels the notion she's only a frowning social conscience. "I won't call it love/But it feels good to have passion in my life," she murmurs, suggesting a tenderness best explored behind closed doors. Despite the presence of killer players, including Roy Bittan, Mike Campbell, Vernon Reid and Bobby Womack, they're almost irrelevant, 'cause her quiet charisma alone generates ample heat. No fun? Instead, call Tracy Chapman intense, stirring, painfully honest—just the sort of person we always need more of, I think.

—Jon Young



MINIATURE

I Can't Put My Finger On It
(POLYGRAM/JMT)

THERE ARE RIFFS IN THIS MUSIC THAT might, on paper, suggest the Count Basie

band. There are moments of chicken-scratch funk and ironic jabs at the stripper's blues. There are sprawling Bartokesque themes that make mincemeat of the grant-funded abstractions that too often pass for modern composition. There are glorious slow-motion collisions of sound that would probably please Ellington. But with *Miniature*, things are never quite what they seem, and isolating the individual characteristics of this trio's through-composed music separates them from their context. Dissect it to death, but their sonic assault strives for—and achieves—one big blunt impression.

On *Miniature's I Can't Put My Finger On It*, fragmented motifs become broadsides against the numbing neutrality of the too-much-information society. Coupled with the jumbled, ransom-note-style liner notes—which chronicle incidents of doublespeak such as "Cameroon calls censorship 'administrative control'"—these pieces can be taken as a loud commentary from '90s guys on the pervasive rigidity that has infected the music-making process. Composing in shards rather than themes, drummer Joey Baron, saxophonist Tim Berne (whose slap-tongued baritone figures prominently) and cellist Hank Roberts advocate a type of redesign-oriented experimentation that's only been attempted in recent times by Frank Zappa. And through intuitive (but rarely unruly) outbursts that build upon the peak written moments, they ridicule the head-solo-head conventions of jazz improvisation. *Miniature* thinking mirrors the pulse of the times, and like similarly spirited endeavors by Berne as a soloist, the Bill Frisell Band and Arcado String Trio, these diatribes are part of a still-emerging direction; boldly imagined scripts and intrusive assaults that might not always make sense, but remain as inescapable as the wind that shoots down city streets.

This collaboration is very, ahem, urban. The galloping African 6/8 pulse that defines "Jersey Devil" might have originated in a tribal ritual, or a Paris subway station; the blues that finishes off "Combat" has enough camp in it to suggest a Hollywood B-movie. These references amount to a sidewalk survey of simulated folklore, yet none of the material is borrowed outright—the idiosyncratic, virtuoso-for-the-hell-of-it themes are forever twisting to make even the familiar stuff seem dense and provocative and disarmingly beautiful.

Naturally, *Miniature* doesn't even *sound* like a trio. In addition to the multi-tracked saxophone and string parts, a chorus of spooky bleats haunts the background, and an ever-changing array of colors (some from Baron's

"shacktronics," a low-rent electronic rig that includes primitive keyboard sounds) lurks around the fringes. Berne's death-scene squawks and leaps into the altissimo are not mere effects—they're part of intricate melodic constructions that are rarely declarative in the traditional sense. Roberts uses the cello in equally unorthodox ways—sometimes he plucks or strums it like a guitar, while in other moments his bowed chords create a menacing, enveloping sound that, like much of this work, utterly rejects category. I can't put my finger on it, either.

—Tom Moon



THE VULGAR BOATMEN

Please Panic
(SAFE HOUSE/CAROLINE)

THIS DELIGHTFUL ALBUM ACHIEVES more in its modesty than most rock does in its ambition. The Vulgar Boatmen play airy rock 'n' roll with great warmth and honesty and almost no posturing. The group came to some attention a couple of years ago through their relationship with the Silos, and like the Silos they sing without dramatics of the simple pains and pleasures of adult life. But unlike the Silos—or any other recording artists I can think of—the Vulgar Boatmen's ability to communicate with the listener is not impeded by any apparent *ambition*. You get the sense that this record was not made to change the world or to win a major label deal or to get gigs or get on the radio. Rather this album seems to exist because the songs came into the heads of the band, and they had good melodies and were fun to play and sing, and someone else thought they were worth recording. I don't want to burden such pure, uplifting music with a lot of critical baggage, but I think that what makes *Please Panic* sound so fresh is that the music feels unmediated, like cassettes made in living rooms and passed among friends. Except that these friends sing like Nils Lofgren harmonizing with Phil Everly and write songs that sound like "True Love Ways" crossed with "Peaceful Easy Feeling" crossed with "You Are the Everything."

Uh-oh—comparisons. The critic's crutch. I'm tempted to tell you that this is the album Marshall Crenshaw and Nick Lowe were always shooting for, but that while those guys wrote ironic lyrics the Vulgar Boatmen are as straightforward as early Jackson Browne. But if I told you that you might think the album was retro or folkie and it's neither. I could try to give you a taste of it by saying it's the album Jonathan Richman would have made if he had been stripped of his eccentricities. But then you might say, "What would that leave?" So at the risk of sounding like a real paraquat casualty let me put it this way: *Please Panic* is the album you want to hear coming out of the house on a summer night when you're out back looking at the stars. It's rock 'n' roll with all the windows opened. (Available from Safe House Communications, P.O. Box 349, W. Lebanon, NH 03784, or from Caroline Records, 114 W. 26th St., New York, NY 10001)

—Bill Flanagan



VARIOUS ARTISTS

Ska Bonanza: The Studio One Ska Years
(HEARTBEAT/ROUNDER)

WHILE THE U.S. AND SOVIET UNION were racing to put men in space in the early '60s, Jamaican ska was going ballistic. *Ska Bonanza's* 41 tracks chart the progress of this danceable tropical jazz, from the homegrown R&B licks of the late '50s to its full bloom in 1962–64. Like all the archival Jamaican recordings released by Heartbeat, these tunes were taken directly from the original studio masters, and the enhanced sound quality is better than the original 7-inch singles. The studios were Federal Records and the legendary Studio One, and the producer/mastermind was Clement "Coxsone" Dodd, a name synonymous not only with the birth of ska but with its rock steady and reggae offsprings.

Instrumentals were the heart of ska, and no group was as influential as the Skatalites. Bassist Lloyd Brevett and drummer Lloyd Knibbs laid down a groove whose interplay would foreshadow and influence such later rhythmic duos

as Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare. Talented, jazz-minded brass brethren like the tormented trombonist Don Drummond, saxophonist Roland Alphonso and trumpeter Dizzy Johnny Moore blew fanfarelike charts and then stretched out, creating wordless statements that evoked melancholy and joy, anger and serenity, sexual buildup and climax.

Vocalists had their moments in the ska sun, foreshadowing their heyday in the rock steady scene of the mid-'60s. Defining moments here include Ken Boothe and Stranger Cole's blown-gasket, two-barreled passion on "Arte Bella" and the cautionary rude-boy anthem "Simmer Down," featuring young Bob Marley fronting the Wailers, attacking the higher-register phrases with rough-hewn zeal. A specific New Orleans R&B strain as well as the power of the church show up in the Professor Longhair-like piano pumping behind Clancy Eccles on the gospel nugget "River Jordan." But despite these obvious debts to its northern cousins, ska was anything but mimicry.

The music lives on, with neo-ska scenes thriving in North America, Europe and Japan, while four members of the original Skatalites still play to clubs full of awestruck youth shouting out requests for "Spred Satin" and "Phoenix City" to their aging heroes. Before the revivals, though, was the real deal, and *Ska Bonanza* is the best compilation yet of Jamaica's first world music.

—Tom Cheyney



MOE TUCKER

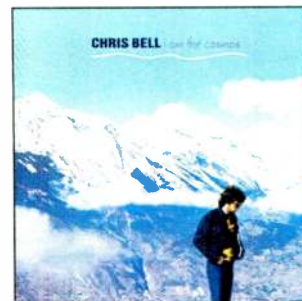
I Spent a Week There the Other Night
(NEW ROBE)

READY FOR SOME HISTORY? ON THIS Rumble indie import, former Velvet Underground drummer Moe (née Maureen, but you knew that) Tucker has reunited the four original Velvets for their first studio collaboration since 1968's *White Light/White Heat*. That's right—Lou Reed and Sterling Morrison lend guitar fire-power to two and three tracks respectively, while John Cale checks in with viola and synthesizer on three songs, including

Moe's cover of "(And) Then He Kissed Me" (and who but Cale could evoke the Crystals on viola?). Plus, they all join forces on "I'm Not"—a six-minute guitar-noise epic which sounds like the Velvets picking up where they left off, just like you hoped it would. Unavoidably overshadowed is some fine work on bass and drums by Violent Femmes Brian Ritchie and Victor DeLorenzo.

All that said, the star of the show is ultimately Moe. Beyond the stellar cast of players, this album's success is due to the newfound assurance of her vocals (they've improved ten-fold since her last record), the walls-of-guitars production and, mostly, the plain-spoken honesty of her songs like "Stayin' Put" and "That's B.A.D." Throughout *I Spent a Week There...* Tucker holds her own with the most celebrated of 'Drella's kids, and proves once and for all that yes, she's a genuine contender. Here she comes now. (25 Rue du General Leclerc, 94270 Le Kremlin Bicetre, France)

—Thomas Anderson



CHRIS BELL
I Am the Cosmos
(RYKODISC)

BIG STAR
Live Third
(RYKODISC)

RYKO HAS SERVED UP A FEAST FOR BIG Star-gazers, in the form of a long-murmured-about but never officially released album by original member Chris Bell, along with a much-bootlegged Big Star radio gig and the most comprehensive issue yet of *Third*, Alex Chilton's morbid Big Star swan song. But Bell's album is the big news. In fact, news is seldom bigger—*I Am the Cosmos*, recorded with sundry Memphis colleagues, is a pop masterpiece.

The title cut here exemplifies Bell's approach: a viscous approach to Beatlemania, all wafting melodies, clipped Harrisonian guitar breaks and, on the up-tempo numbers, sheer Liverpoolian drive. But Bell, who died in a 1978 car

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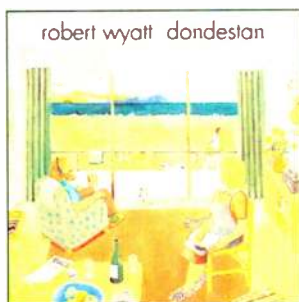
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crash, was no mere copyist. One may argue whether the Beatles ever recorded songs as pained as "I Am the Cosmos" and "You and Your Sister." Muted psychodramas like "Speed of Sound" and "Though I Know She Lies" nestle against burning rockers about fractured love like "I Got Kinda Lost" and "Fight at the Table." The darkest numbers literally reach to Heaven for salvation—"Better Save Yourself," "Look Up," "There Was a Light." Harrowing liner notes by Bell's brother David illuminate the dark angst heard in each note of this remarkable record.

Live, cut at Long Island's WLIR with Chilton, bassist John Lightman and drummer Jody Stephens, is wan compared to Big Star's studio work; while the group rocks hard enough on selections from *No. 1 Record* and its successor *Radio City*, the trio sounds thin and pinched. But the highlight, a four-song Chilton acoustic run-through of "The Ballad of El Goodo," "Thirteen," "I'm in Love with a Girl" and Loudon Wainwright III's bitter "Motel Blues," will bring a warm glow to hardcore fans.

Third, aka *Sister Lovers*, is the third issue of Chilton's curdled, disorienting *cri de coeur*. This version adds two tracks—a curiously affecting cover of Nat King Cole's hit "Nature Boy" and a febrile stomp through the Kinks' "Till the End of the Day"—to the 17-song set released in 1985. Chilton worshipers already have most of this record, but anyone who's never experienced "Kizza Me," "Jesus Christ," "You Can't Have Me" and "Holocaust" should snare this still-shocking opus.

—Chris Morris



ROBERT WYATT

Dondestan
(GRAMAVISION)

EVENTUALLY ROBERT WYATT'S GOING to put out a record consisting of one note with occasional mumbling. It's the logical conclusion, judging by the way his music's evolved over the last 25 years. As drummer/vocalist for

the Soft Machine and Matching Mole, Wyatt wrote material that was multi-segmented, jazz-inflected, but with a playful, childlike quality. Then a 1973 fall from a third-story window left him confined to a wheelchair for life and unable to play a regular drumkit. Subsequently, he's been stripping away those early complexities. The result: stark mood pieces, employing few instruments, shrugging off chord progressions and moving at a glacial pace.

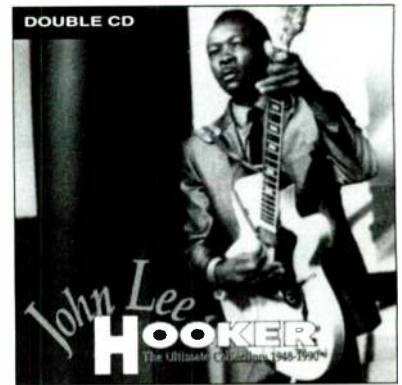
Dondestan, his first release in six years, is another minimalist production. The sound is pared to the bone—just keyboards and some percussion, all probably played by Wyatt (no credits, so you can't be sure). The record's first half comprises settings for impressionistic poems by Wyatt's longtime companion Alfreda Bengé, whose visions are just as bleak and stripped-down as the music. "The Sight of the Wind" is the album's main image of garbage dancing in the air, while the "lovingly painted saint" of "Catholic Architecture" is surrounded by broken glass which "dares the outsider, or the stray cat, to intrude." There are no melodies to speak of, just random lines that let Wyatt's voice run free over the keyboard wash.

And what a voice, among the more distinctive and arguably more beautiful in popular music: thin, reedy, nearly weightless, capable of sounding like a wide-eyed child or an irritable old man. And always so sad, even when the tune's happy. The way Wyatt delicately phrases Bengé's lines on "The Sight of the Wind" or adds a quiet majesty to the description of a sunset on "Costa" can't be easily described; it's got to be heard.

After Bengé's mysterious imagery, it's a shock to hear the more typical Wyatt concerns of *Dondestan*'s second half: the Communist Party, Amnesty International, privatization, deportees, etc. Happily, his vocals are no less sublime. "N.I.O. (New Information Order)" is the album's peak, its melody full of long drawn-out lines delivered with devastating precision. That song's closing chord segues into the title track, a bouncy number about people without a homeland. A catchy one-finger piano line is repeated several times over a swinging snare beat, with an occasional atonal bass note superimposed. Then the beat stops, and we're left with a static synth drone and Wyatt, just barely audible, humming in the background for a minute and a half before fading out. By the end, you know he's getting close to making that one-note album. If *Dondestan*'s anything to go by, you can expect the one note will be perfect.

—Mac Randall

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SHORT TAKES



ROCK

BY J. D. CONSIDINE

ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE
SOUNDTRACK

Juice [Soul]

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Pimps, Players & Private Eyes [Sire]

Here's an interesting indicator of how much our notions of style have changed in the last two decades. With *Juice*, toughness is spelled out through gruff, aggressive raps like "Nuff Respect" by Big Daddy Kane, "Shoot 'Em Up" by Cypress Hill and Too Short's "So You Wanna Be a Gangster." *Pimps, Players & Private Eyes* conveys its sense of cool through smooth, soulful numbers like Marvin Gaye's "Trouble Man," Bobby Womack's "Across 110th Street" and Curtis Mayfield's "Pusherman." So does that mean it's cool to be hard, and that only the old-fashioned have soul? No, because *Juice* also includes Aaron Hall's insinuating "Don't Be Afraid," as well as the Brand New Heavies' "People Get Ready" (not a cover). Besides, which would you rather hear, Salt-N-Pepa's "He's Gamin' on Ya" (*Juice*), or Millie Jackson's "Love Doctor" (*Pimps*)?

THE CHURCH

Priest = Aura [Arista]

Haunting, hypnotic and insidiously catchy, this album finds the Church conveying a sense of mood so lush and vivid that the best songs envelop the listener like a mist. That's as true of the dark, dreamlike "Aura" as the waltz-like, whimsical "Witch Hunt."

CRACKER

Cracker [Virgin]

Given the familiarity of David Lowery's drawling delivery and deadpan wit, you might think Cracker merely

updates his last band, Camper Van Beethoven. Not so, for in place of the Campers' warped eclecticism, this band goes for the rangy, honkytonk-tinged punk you'd expect from a bunch of Crackers—"Cracker Soul," Lowery calls it. It's a great sound, and perfectly suited for "(Can I Take My) Gun to Heaven," "Mr. Wrong" and everybody's favorite post-hippie singalong, "Don't fuck me up with peace and love."

LIVE

Mental Jewelry [Radioactive]

As glib as this quartet occasionally gets, it's hard to argue with the basics of its sound: muscular rhythm work, a comforting buzz of guitar and strong, soulful vocals. And if the songs sometimes rely more on aural appeal than melodic ingenuity, remember there are worse things a band could be than fun to listen to.

YO-YO MA

BOBBY MCFERRIN

Hush [Sony Masterworks]

For all its middlebrow predictability—"Flight of the Bumblebee," "Ave Maria," Rachmaninoff's "Vocalise"—the chemistry between this duo adds enough spark to the performances to keep these pop and classical pieces from ever seeming merely "pretty." In fact, the best moments are heartwarming.

DIED PRETTY

Doughboy Hollow [Beggars Banquet]

These Australians sure know their Americana, from the swirling, R.E.M. rhythm guitar to the Tom Petty twang that creeps into Ronald S. Peno's voice on "Godbless." But the Pretties balance that with a hard-kicking rhythm section and a classic Brit-rock melodicism, making the likes of "Doused" and "Stop Myself" distinctive and well worth hearing.

JOE PUBLIC

Joe Public [Columbia]

Like Boys II Men, Bell Biv DeVoe and Jodeci, Joe Public blends old-style R&B harmonies with new jack beats—admittedly not the most original approach a group could take these days. So why bother? In part because the songs are solid and the singing is appealing, but mainly because these Joe's back that up with a genuine, band-based funk groove that adds an edge to these songs no sample can match.

COL. BRUCE HAMPTON & THE
AQUARIUM RESCUE UNIT

Col. Bruce Hampton & the Aquarium Rescue Unit

[Capricorn]

As any officer worth his commission will attest, it takes more than vision to be a good leader; you need to inspire your troops, to bring the best out in them. Which is precisely what Col. Hampton does here, pulling a performance from his jazz-blues-n-boogie band that's as unpredictable as Captain Beefheart, as virtuosic as the Dixie Dregs and more soulful than either.

THE CHIEFTAINS

An Irish Evening [RCA Victor]

If "Behind Blue Eyes" doesn't exactly strike you as traditional Irish fare, that's only because you haven't heard Roger Daltrey sing it with the Chieftains, who manage to crystallize the song's melancholy without compromising its drive. That's one of the highlights of this concert recording, which also includes cameos by Nanci Griffith and one of the few Irish dance exhibitions ever to make sense on album.



JAZZ

BY CHIP STERN

DON BYRON

Tuskegee Experiment [Elektra Nonesuch]

From the grave folkish splendor of "In Memoriam: Uncle Dan," the dancing turns of "Next Love" and the swinging, elliptical twists of "Tuskegee Strutter's Ball," you suspect Byron never met a musical style he didn't like. With a tart, distinctive tone and imaginative turns of phrase, he avoids the clarinet's more obvious tonal precedents, as his cubist reading of Ellington's "Mainstem" demonstrates (although, in the Klezmer incarnations of his Mickey Katz tributes, he does justice to the Sephardic traditions of the licorice

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stick). His choice of sidemen (including Bill Frisell, Ralph Peterson and Reggie Workman) is provocative, and his synthesis of poetry, jazz, classical, ethnic and new music sources indicates that Byron has some original things in mind.

LEEANN LEDGERWOOD

You Wish [Triloka]

An excellent young virtuoso, clearly influenced by Miles Davis' constellation of pianists, with an interesting program of jazz, Latin, classical and modern texts—heavy on the balladry, hold the onions—who walks the line between straight ahead, contemporary fusion and sweet, almost new age moods. She has a beautiful touch (“I Want to Talk about You”), an expansive, graceful way of devel-

oping her line, a tough, focused rhythmic propulsion when the arrangement demands it, and a way of goosing along the entire band without getting in anyone's way. Particularly striking is the rapport she shares with flutist Jeremy Steig, a master player too often overlooked, which gives *You Wish* an added dimension of lyric serenity.

ELLIS MARSALIS

Heart of Gold [Columbia]

The grand patriarch of the Marsalis clan has checked in with a superb trio session, aged in wood, and frequently aided and abetted here by the estimable Billy Higgins and bassist Ray Brown. Marsalis plays the rhythm section, they never play him, and his lyric calm is contagious,

which is what makes a slow tempo like “Sweet Georgia Brown” so alluring. For all his considerable techniques, Marsalis' music is only intermittently animated by the grand rhythmic flourishes that mark so much of modern jazz. A terse, understated melodic stylist, he's always paring away at the canvas, his punctilious lines richly colored by supple harmonic inversions (like the beautiful tolling chords that wrap up *Heart of Gold's* concluding ballad “A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square”). Bonus: Ellis' youngest son, drummer Jason, acquits himself beautifully on “This Can't Be Love.”

KENNY KIRKLAND

Kenny Kirkland [GRP]

A rare dip into the pools of mainstream jazz from the label that created the market unto themselves for contemporary jazz-hyphen. Pianist Kirkland is more than equal to the task, swinging from a clever Latin arrangement of Bud Powell's “Celia” (with master percussionist Don Alias, who sounds for all the world like an acoustic beat box) to no-holds-barred modern jazz originals and standards (a fulminating Jeff Watts providing most of the rhythmic damage). Most striking is the way Kirkland has matured out of his Herbie Hancock bag into that of a modernist with expansive harmonic gifts and a sure lyrical touch.

ELVIN JONES

In Europe [Enja]

It shouldn't be particularly surprising for drum legend Elvin Jones and his Jazz Machine to release such a satisfying live set. Nor that we should be surprised by the mature performance of reedman Ravi Coltrane (yes, that Coltrane), except that his father still casts a giant shadow, which he manages to sidestep with some lyrical devices of his own. Or that Elvin has discovered a fresh original stylist in pianist Willie Pickens. Or that bassist Chip Jackson and reed veteran Sonny Fortune give the band sinew and stability on three extended improvisations. The only surprise is that it's been cons since any label with domestic distribution deemed Elvin worthy of a shot. Solid swinging modern jazz by the man who wrote the book on contemporary rhythm.

THE EARL KLUGH TRIO

The Earl Klugh Trio [Warner Bros.]

With *Solo Guitar* and this latest recording, Klugh makes it clear he's looking to stretch his wings a bit, expand on his core audience and fulfill his vision of jazz guitar. Setting the tone for this entire program of standards, *The Earl Klugh Trio* begins with a pleasingly corny rendition of that television chestnut “Bewitched,” which to these ears suggests those equally corny sessions by the Poll Winners (Barney Kessell, Ray Brown and Shelly Manne) on Contemporary—that is, the familiar, the easy to love, rendered in a swinging, straight-ahead manner. Ralphie Armstrong and drummer Gene Dunlap comprise a supple, gently pulsating rhythm section, who keep the pot simmering without ever boiling over, and on the lovely melody “Love Theme from ‘Spartacus’” (originally nailed by Yusef Lateef), their group rapport is damn near perfect.

CHAD WACKERMAN

Forty Reasons [CMP]

Techno-jazz rock has always been a drag to me, because it emphasizes the aerobic aspects of music at the expense of a

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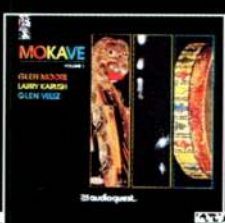
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group dynamic, everyone flailing about and bragging on their musical Johnson, so to speak. Zappa drummer Chad Wackerman certainly doesn't spare the hot sauce in this quartet recording, with its galloping tempos and equestrian rhythm changes, but for some reason (perhaps the suggestion of Master Frank's better big band works like *The Grand Wazoo* and *Uncle Meat*), *Forty Reasons* has a more thoughtful, organic feel. It's simply a more musical approach to the genre; the keyboard parts aren't moronic, while Chad provides a wonderful setting for Allan Holdsworth to unleash his high-octane, horn-like electric guitar lines, thus sparing us the acres of bad art-rock mannerisms that mar Holdsworth's own recordings.

GEORGE WINSTON

Summer [Windham Hill]

I know it's common critical practice to dismiss George Winston as an off-brand Keith Jarrett—it's easy, it's fun, you can do it at home. But it's dangerous to dis someone simply because they're popular, and on this, the most translucent and upbeat of Winston's four recorded seasonals, his charm and appeal as a solo pianist rings through with quiet grace. As for comparisons with Jarrett, where Keith's work reflects his interest in classical music and the modern harmonies of people like Paul Bley, Bill Evans and (in earlier incarnations) Cecil Taylor, George's playing has more of a sing-song quality; where Jarrett's left hand oftentimes tends towards gospel, Winston's glides in the striding thump-a-dump manner of James Booker, Professor Longhair and Vince "You're a Good Man Charlie Brown" Guaraldi. All of which is subsumed in a folk music-like approach to incantatory drones and tone poems; as befits the season, there's more major and less minor to these moods. *Summer* is pretty, and that's meant as a compliment.



TOM CORA

Gumption in Limbo [Sound Aspects]

Extended bowing techniques and fruitful manipulation of electronics have confirmed the resourcefulness of Cora's music in the past, but it's the steady flow of melodic motifs which draws you to the meat of the playing here. Having deliberated on the solo recital's parameters, his conclusion is simple: Toss out the verbose and buddy up with the pithy. But the music, erupting with enthusiastic notions, seldom sounds abridged. (Box 1150 D-7150, Backnang, W. Germany)—*Jim Macnie*

MIRANDA WARNING

Your Life Is Excellent Now [Presto]

This Boston trio comes from the same school of guitar pop that produced bands like Hüsker Dü, the Replacements and R.E.M., but, unlike these bands, seems less willing to explore its idiosyncrasies. The dozen songs that make up their second album are short (the entire album

clocks in at less than 40 minutes), mostly sweet and unswervingly to the point. As a result, the more intriguing moments occur when they loosen up the tightly woven fabric of their music and allow themselves to digress: "Hell Bent for Viola" is a meandering instrumental that gradually grows out of quietly pulsing harmonics; "Our Hero" is a pensive ballad in which Adam Boc constructs an animated dialogue between vocals and guitar. (Box 1081, Lowell, MA 08153)—*Sandy Masuo*

ELLIOTT SHARP AND CARBON

Datacide [Enemy]

No one has ever accused Elliott Sharp of succumbing to the various romantic traditions of the guitar. *Datacide*

consists of 18 lacerating tracks, in which Sharp's anti-heroic guitar, Samm Bennett's percussion and sample battery and Zeena Parkins' harp, keys and "slab" are set into grooving motion by the piston-pounding energy of David Linton Bennett's drums. "Just Another Day's Work" is the "hit single," with quotes from "Helter Skelter" and stuttering spoken phrases. All in all, it's a friendly racket, full of uncertain tonalities, ear-bending timbres, stowaway blues riffs and other ideas dispatched from the primal-industrial complex. But this incarnation of Carbon—Sharp's mutating, decade-old combo—also has the splanetic spunk of a rock 'n' roll band from another planet. (11-36 31st Ave., Long Island City, NY 11106)

—*Josef Woodard*

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JOHNSON

[cont'd from page 74] 'Nardis' and just pedal. From there, you can take a standard tune. The Scofield Quartet, for example, does a tune called 'Wabash,' based on 'Wabash Cannonball.' Johnson plays the melody, filling in harmony notes whenever there is a space in the melodic line. At times, you could almost swear there are two bassists playing, one doing melody, one harmony. Although there's no tapping involved, Stanley Jordan comes to mind.

"In order to follow the form," says Johnson, "you have to be willing to travel over the bar lines a little bit with the harmony, because every change isn't coming down right on the downbeat. It's often a matter of elongating some changes and playing towards the general sounds of the harmony through signposts, rather than stating each individual chord change. And you can really create the sense of accompanying yourself through dynamics.

"It helps to be really comfortable with 8-bar lengths," he adds. "I'm still feeling the 2 and 4 of each bar, but I try to liberate myself from actual bar lines and create different rhythmic shapes within four or eight measures. With dynamics and different phrase lengths you really can create different shapes. That's what this is really about,

geometric shapes.

"It's still a little unwieldy. I haven't perfected it; it's just an idea I've been playing around with for the past couple of years. Let's face it, the bass is a big instrument. It's hard to move around on it fast and say anything. So I'm just trying to find an alternative to playing straight melody or harmony."

THE BASSMENT

JOHNSON plays a Camilli acoustic bass, made in Italy in 1739, equipped with Thomastik's Veich-model strings. His Fishman BT-100 pickup is plugged into one of various SWR amps: a Baby Blue model (for quiet acoustic settings), a Redhead or a 400 model with a Gallien-Krueger cabinet.

DR. JOHN

[cont'd from page 76] Orleans. It's based on a '40s recording of the tune by vocalist Annie Laurie, whom Mac admits to having a big crush on when he was nine or 10. "To me, seeing her sing was kinda like when some cats look at the Venus or the Mona Lisa."

Mac eschews the drippy modulations of Lenny Welch's hit version of the song, putting earthier, bluesier changes beneath the melody: E flat, C# min/fla 9, Baug, B flat sus 4, A (passing chord), A flat, G flat 13, F (flat 9), B/fla sus 4, E flat. And then there's that punchy, dramatic bridge: A flat 13, A flat min, E7 (flat 9), E flat/B flat, B flat aug, E flat, A flat 13, A flat minor, E7 (flat nine), G half diminished, C aug (flat 9), B9 (flat 5), B flat aug.

"...Real traditional style," Mac growls contentedly, perhaps lost for a moment in memories of Annie Laurie.

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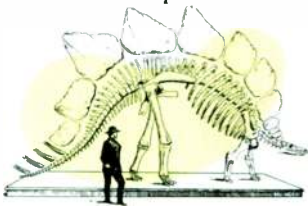
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