



Photo by Janiss Garza

GLAM RECONSIDERED: Former MC cover boys Redd Kross are joining with the Cult's Ian Astbury and WB's Jeff Ayeroff to bring the Breck look back to rock & roll. RK showed off their flowing tresses and glitzed-out sensibilities during a recent rave-up at the Roxy.

BYE BYE LOVE: If you've ever seen the Everly Brothers perform, then you're familiar with their black, custom-made acoustic guitars. You can now see these guitars on display every day, as Don and Phil have agreed to donate the historic axes to the Hard Rock Cafe, which boasts an incredible collection of rock memorabilia, including items from Tom Petty, Elvis Presley, and Bo Diddley. And keep your ears perked for the Everlys' just-released *Born Yesterday* album. It's a beaut!

KARATE ROCK: Rage Music International has just released a complete album from the Ninja Warriors of Rock—the first authentically trained black belt karate performers/recording artists. The band's live stage show combines martial arts and rock music, and with group members standing well over six feet tall, it's unlikely that many people will be walking out on their shows.

RECORD ROUNDUP: The holidays are finally over for the labels—in the last few days alone, we've received pre-release cassettes of the following imminent LPs: Stan Ridgway's *The Big Heat* (I.R.S.), Tommy Keene's *Songs From the Film* (Geffen), *The Blind Leading the Naked* by the Violent Femmes (Slash), and the solo debuts of ex-Stray Cat Brian Setzer (EMI) and former Undertones vocalist Feargal Sharkey (A&M). Accordingly, we've swabbed the heads of the editorial ghetto blaster. Vinyly speaking, be on the lookout for *The Blasting Concept*, SST's latest compilation of previously unreleased cuts; Enigma's B-People rarities anthology; *Our Promise*, a full-length import LP from Alex Gibson's Passionnel; and *Parallel Planes*, the Henry Lewy-produced Lost Pilots album, several tracks from which will appear on the soundtrack of the upcoming film, *Choice Kill*. Will there be anything else, Master?

TIP OF THE HAT: On February 25th, CBSTV will telecast the 28th Annual Grammy Awards Show, during which time Carl Perkins' classic, "Blue Suede Shoes," will be one of five songs inducted into the Hall of Fame. This induction, according to NARAS, is "designed to honor recordings of lasting qualitative or historical significance released prior to the advent of the Grammy Awards." Also being inducted is Ella Fitzgerald's 1938 Decca recording of "A-Tisket, A-Tasket," which was nominated every year since 1973, when the Hall of Fame Awards were created. 'Bout time. Speaking of Ella, her run at the Westwood Playhouse continues through February 4th.

ALL-WORK DEPT.: While the Living Daylights were on hiatus, Rusty Anderson (guitarist/vocalist) spent almost every moment in the studio with friends. To begin with, he's the unsung (i.e., non-singing) guitar star of the new Bangles' album, and he played on upcoming projects by Joe Ely and former Plimsoul Peter Case. Anderson has also spent some time writing new tunes with Island Records artist Danny Wilde (ex-Great Buildings). He's definitely someone to watch.

BOOTS CAMP: LA's Pink Steel are currently in the studio working on their version of the Nancy Sinatra hit "These Boots Are Made for Walking," which hit the Number One spot some 20 years ago. Said group is also looking to add a guitarist and keyboardist for live dates beginning in March. Interested? Call (213) 657-5841.

MAKING HAY: Ever wonder what happened to Men at Work? Well, founding member Colin Hay has been on tour in Japan and Australia, but not with the other Men at Work. Colin plans to record his next album in England, using a teabag producer as well. Look for a summer release date for the album, to be followed by an American tour if anybody buys it.

TODD IS GOD, CONTINUED: Our Todd Rundgren issue of November 25th last (the MC staff's consensus favorite of '85) has generated an explosive—albeit delayed—reaction among Todd-maniacs. A reference to said issue in the latest edition of *The Utopia Times*, the official zine of Nexus, the Rundgren/Utopia fan club, has elicited a still-growing swarm of requests for the Todd special, which is now very close to being sold out. Here's an excerpt from a typical request, this one from Linda Sherman of Baltimore: "I'd be grateful if you could mark 'Please do not bend' on the envelope, lest the Postal Service Visigoths subject that precious piece of mail to the usual 'treatment.' By the way, congratulations on your excellent taste." Numerous Todd lyric quotes accompanied the requests, particularly lines from "Love Is the Answer" and "A Dream Goes on Forever." We told you these people were rabid.

JAMMED JAM: A throng of axecited guitar enthusiasts was shoehorned into a banquet room at Anaheim's Inn at the Park during NAMM weekend for the Seymour Duncan Kramer Guitar Jam; 2000 more bummed aficionados were turned away. Rumors had been reverberating around the convention concerning which legends might or might not show up and smoke for Seymour. As these photos from Diving Duck's Loni Specter make apparent, Duncan has lotsa big-name friends. Like Frintstance, Rick Derringer and Eddie Van Halen, Ted Nugent and Earl Slick, and—flanking Seymour himself—James Burton and Steve Ripley. Yngwie Malmsteen, Steve Vai, and Billy Sheehan, among others, were also on hand with hot licks. (L.A. thrush Breta opened the show.) The only legend within earshot who refrained from entering the fray was the King himself, Jeff Beck, to the disappointment of all present. "Jeff doesn't jam," Beck's manager curtly explained.

CARTOON COMMENTARY: The nimble-fingered Alice Klarke has provided this illustrated bit of covert career advice, which she calls, "it's not just ambition; talent is important, too." Maybe she could sell the concept to Raleigh Hills.



BALLAD OF A THIN MAN: Mick Jones' new apolitical combo, Big Audio Dynamite (mini-profiled on page 23 of this very ish), will attempt to light the sonic fuse in So Cal shortly. B.A.D. will appear at LA's Florentine Gardens on February 13 and 14, UCSD down San Diego way on the 16th, and S.F.'s Fillmore on the 21st. . . . While were on the subject of night life, we should also mention that the fusoid Fents (whose keysman, Adam Holzman, has been playing with Miles Davis of late) will work the Palace Jazz Court on Valentine's night, and the Reverend Johnny Otis will take his legendary act to Wong's West (another innovative booking by the clued-in Tim McGovern) on the 15th. McGovern's latest fave rave, pubescent power trio the Inclined, can be experienced downstairs at Wong's on the 7th. . . . Moving ever closer to now, time-wise, we've received word that L.A. Rocks debuts its new lineup at the Roxy on the evening of February 1st. Consult Club Data for yet more hot tips.

HIGH FLYERS: San Diego-based Aircraft are in the studio with producer John Carter, laying down some demo tracks for A&M Records. Aircraft then returns for another engagement at the Troubadour on February 22nd.



Photos by Loni Specter/The Duck



Photo by Paul Cox

fused, forbidden fruit, long-spoiled by MOR bastardization. The thrill is in their discovery, and that discovery is in the music. Ask the Cult to explain what they do and you're back to the dog sniffing truffles. They don't know why, they just know why. . . .

"We're not revivalists," reiterates long-haired Ian for the umpteenth time. "We just do what we do. What comes out, comes out naturally. We try not to restrict ourselves in the music we make. We say what we feel is right. And I don't think any other band has done that for a hell of a long time. In a sense, the only thing that's happened between the Sixties and now has been punk-rock. And even *that* was contrived."

But certainly the Cult wouldn't exist without the do-it-yourself, iconoclast ethic of the new wave. Ian Astbury was born in Canada, but grew up in the Merseyside community of Birkenhead, outside of East Liverpool. He admits he was asked to join his first band, Southern Death Cult, because of his blatantly untrendy long hair.

"And, since I was the singer, I had to write the words," he recalls. "I didn't even know what I was supposed to do. I stood in a corner at the back of the room with a microphone. I discovered over a period of time that I quite *enjoyed* standing in the corner with the microphone. So much that I wanted to come out of the corner and get on with it."

So, he did. And people started noticing the guy in Southern Death Cult with the long hair and kilts. The band itself enjoyed its 15 minutes of fame before young Ian grew weary of the group's avant-tribal approach. He wanted to sing songs and make music, not experiment. Enter young William Duffy, a Northerner from Manchester who played guitar in the London-based Theatre of Hate. With current bassist Jamie Stewart and a drummer (Nigel Preston, since replaced by Les Warner), Astbury and Duffy began to write together for the band called Death Cult, which, in June '83, released an EP in England. The seeds were sown.

"I was the rock fan in the band," explains Billy. "I got into it in the early Seventies, being exposed to stuff like Alice Cooper, David Bowie, and Roxy Music. From there, I sort of got less interested in the glam side and more interested in the rock side. I grew up on Thin Lizzy, Aerosmith, ZZ Top, Ted Nugent.

"There's been 25 years of music—how can you *not* be influenced—even if you don't *know* you've been influenced—by all those people? I



Vocalist Ian Astbury: bell-bottoms and a lotta lip.

MAINSTREAMING THE CULT: *Can They Sell Sanctuary to the Metal Masses?*

by Roy Trakin

Long hair. It's more controversial than religion. It's broken up more families than war. My father still shakes his head and intones grave warnings like, "A 34-year-old man does not wear his hair in a pony tail," as if it were 1970 or something. Long hair. Thirty-eight-year-old marketing maven Jeff Ayeroff, a senior veep at Warner Bros. Records, has it, and a beard, too. So does 23-year-old Cult lead singer Ian Astbury. On the other hand, his partner, lead guitarist Billy Duffy, sports a spiky blonde flat-top. So go figure. Such is pop fashion in this *apres punk le deluge*, MTV universe. Retro and futuristic styles collide and commingle. One man's classicism is another's sentimental nostalgia. And then along came the Cult. . . .

Oh no, I hear you thinking. Yet another band of limeys out to sell us back our own culture, this time in the form of San Francisco psychedelia. How else do you explain Ian Astbury's predilection for flowing tresses, paisley bell-bottoms, floppy hats, silk shirts, and layers of billowing kerchiefs, fer chrissake? Or an album titled, simply, *Love*, with song titles like "Nirvana," "Rain," "Phoenix," and "Revolution"? Complete with Jim Morrison vocal plaints and Jimi Hendrix wah-wahs? You'd be excused, big chillers, for thinking, "Hey, isn't that where I came in?" or "Hasn't this been done before?" or even "These kids today. . . they shoulda been to Woodstock. . . ."

So, what's all the fuss about? Why is the Cult suddenly everywhere? On the back page of *Billboard*. On *Saturday Night Live*. On those ubiquitous video shows. Blame that renegade hippie Ayeroff. What does he see in the Cult? Why does a company like Warners suddenly decide the Cult are going to happen?

"It's a combination of things," says this 13-year music biz veteran, who moved over to Warners three years ago after a decade-long stint at A&M. "Emotional, musical visual, timing, dynamics. It's like asking why a dog knows to sniff truffles. I don't know why, I just know

why. There are groups that take a long time to nurture, like Los Lobos, and then there are bands that are instant, like A-Ha. The Cult just delivered *everything*. The image was all there; it was just a matter of us taking it to the public. The English critics slag the band, but they all say the group will be huge in America. For once, they're right. The Cult has all the trappings of a large arena-rock band. I see them at the Forum."

Thank god Cult-ists Astbury and Duffy, in the midst of their second Stateside tour, don't feel quite the same way yet. Oh, sure, they're real professional and careerist in that completely guilt-free ambitiousness shared by all today's would-be-if-they-could-be yup-rockers. Still, like their Burbank booster, they haven't completely given up on those long-lost Sixties ideals, even if the wisdom is more received than experienced.

"The thing that's so interesting about the Cult is I really don't think Ian nor Billy know from whence all this Sixties stuff came, if you know what I mean," explains Ayeroff. "This is no retro band. I don't think these kids have a clue."

In fact, Ayeroff himself designed the Cult logo in the form of Robert Indiana's famed "Love Sculpture." The Indian head from the old Jefferson Airplane Fillmore poster, which served as the Cult's stage backdrop, was the band's own idea, though.

"I've had a great time just turning them on to stuff about that era," he enthuses. "Those were my Wheaties years."

All well and good, you say. The Cult appeal to aging hippie record execs. Do the—gulp—kids dig it? Well, wouldn't you if you missed out on the swinging Sixties? Which is the point to remember before getting on the Cult's case: Ian Astbury was just about being born when the Beatles were on the *Ed Sullivan* show. He's discovering rock & roll like a member of Ike's "Silent Generation" might have discovered be-bop—as some spiritually in-

think that's one thing wrong with today's music. People have tried to create new forms and get very technical about what they're doing, but I still believe there was a lot of feeling in music in the Sixties and Seventies, with certain emotions being expressed in a certain way. I see a similarity between us and those people in the fact that our music is what comes out naturally. We've got things inside us—God knows where they come from. And they just come out."

If Mr. Duffy represents the Cult's musical side, then his partner Mr. Astbury is the band's doomed Byronic poet, hoisted on the petard of his own romantic nature.

"I didn't really start to get interested in music until around 1980," he readily confesses. "I was still trying to catch up to punk-rock in 1980. I was way behind. That's why I find it so amusing when people see all these different groups in the Cult. Jimi Hendrix, Led Zeppelin, the Doors, Cream, the Stones, Aerosmith. We're not any of those. We are ourselves. This is the way we were born."

Those who are still paying attention will detect a recurring theme in the Cult story. The word "natural" pops up a lot, as do "instinct," "desire," and "emotion." The trouble comes when you try to plumb the lads' *raison d'être*, their rationale...why they sniff that darn truffle....

After shortening their name to the Cult in early '84, the band performed on British TV and released a debut album called *Dreamtime* in the spring on the independent Beggar's Banquet label. Success was immediate. A single, "Spirit Walker," vaulted into the English indie



Gretsch-basher Billy Duffy

charts and the band undertook a short U.S. tour, with appearances in New York and Los Angeles. They began to negotiate with Seymour Stein's Sire label, home of Talking Heads, Ramones, Madonna, and Aztec Camera, distributed by Warner Bros. Led by Jeff Ayeroff, Warners has long been recognized as the most aggressive company in signing and creatively marketing "difficult" bands such as the Sex Pistols and, more recently, Jesus & Mary Chain and the Replacements. That formidable skill is now working for the Cult.

"You need publicity to draw attention to the band," nods Astbury. "You can't expect people to turn out for you on tour if they don't know anything about the band. At the end of the day, an independent wants to make money just like a major record company."



Stolid bassist Jamie Stewart

Billy points out that the group is still signed to Beggar's Banquet in England and that Warners sought them, rather than vice versa.

"The people here actively pursued us in the face of competition from other labels," he insists. "They understand we're not really like every other band. We have slight peculiarities about us."

Meaning their video for "She Sells Sanctuary" has a vintage Fillmore East oil-paint light show? Or a singer who's known to don Mexican flares? Why isn't the Cult just another matter of (retread) style over (rehashed) substance? Wait a second. I think I smell a rotten truffle....

"I just can't understand the narrow-mindedness of the backlash we're experiencing in England," whines Ian. "I've been wearing clothes like this and growing my hair like this



New drummer Les Warner (ex-Waterboys)

for three years now. It hasn't happened overnight. I've been dressing flamboyantly since I was 16. And all of a sudden, people in Britain are accusing us of contriving a revival. It hurts."

"Cheap-shot journalism," mutters Billy.

And well he might. Professional muso Duffy would rather that we inquisitive types confine our investigation to what the Cult does best—play rock music. Taken on its own terms, the Cult's American debut LP, *Love*, is an astonishingly accomplished introduction. The sound itself has a U2/Big Country/Psychedelic Furs urgency that appeals to enlightened punks as well as the more traditional metal mixions. Billy Duffy's chiming guitar peels borrow freely from Hendrix, Page, Clapton, and Keith Richards, as well as Bernard Albrecht, the Edge, Keith Levene, and Stuart Adamson. In fact, the musical backdrop is quite lucid. It's when you try to decipher Ian Astbury's words and meaning that things turn a little cloudy. Could even get a spot of rain....

Unfortunately, Ian is about as helpful explaining his lyrics as a magician would be revealing how he does his tricks. What *are* the Cult's songs about, then?

"We're not stupid enough to have created a manifesto," sniffs the lanky singer, who resembles a young Steve Tyler. "The lyrics talk about different things. I like people to interpret them in their own way. We refuse to say what the band is about. The Cult is about many things. We're always open and receptive to new sounds and new influences, things like that. There's no one message in the group; it's a melting pot of different things."

"Who said there's a message anyway?"

Continued on next page

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Photo by Andrew McPherson

Continued from previous page

snorts his guitarist partner. "I don't understand your assumption that there is one. Because there isn't. It's just basic communication in its simplest form. There's no great mystery there and we'll use any means we can get to get our music to their ears. And then they can make up their minds as to whether they like it. It's that simple."

Maybe that's the difference between 1967 and 1986. Those classic Sixties bands seemed to mean something above and beyond the music they played; they had social and cultural impact. It mattered which groups you liked and which you didn't. Does it even matter how their fans view the Cult?

"I think our fans basically see us as what we are," says Ian redundantly. "They don't rationalize. They just get off. They feel what we do and that's the most important thing, as opposed to any superficial influences. The music is strong, articulate, and emotional. There's just too much superficial music in the world. We're different. You can't just focus on one thing with our music, because it is so swirly and flamboyant. People can't just latch on to the clothes

or the philosophy: they come for the music and the feeling. We're not just another commercial rock band, an evening out, something to do."

But what about the name of the band? The Cult implies a group of like-minded individuals. And how can they casually toss around loaded buzzwords like "Love," "Peace," and "Revolution"?

"It's not our intention to imply we're underground, independent, alternative revolutionaries," says Ian. "We've never actually talked about 'peace' and 'love' except in a mild, jesting way. We named the album *Love* because we thought it was the most provocative title and a very powerful emotion. It just seemed the statement we wanted to make. I think we tend to throw ourselves in at the deep end more than most bands. We just come up with something that feels right and we'll go all the way with it. I think we take a lot more chances, and that's why we get so much shit in Britain."

"There are a lot of calculating musicians around," echoes Billy. "We just get on with things. I want people here in America to be aware there's a good album out there. And, if they make the effort, it could enrich their daily

Prospective Cult-ists take note: All you need is Love.

existence. That's all. It's still early yet. I don't want to go into great detail about our private lives, because people don't even know the name of the group yet. I think it's wrong to give too much away at this stage."

The reticent Astbury takes the same tack, refusing to delve into the personal side of his work. "She Sells Sanctuary" is "basically a love song...about finding sanctuary in a woman's arms." "Hollow Man" is "about this guy in Israel who just blasted the shit out of some kids."

"We prefer to remain, more or less, apolitical," states Ian. "We are musicians first. Our politics are humanistic, creating emotions between the band and the audience, as opposed to trying to change the universe."

"We want to achieve a certain longevity," adds Billy. "We've always said we intended to be around a long time, ever since we started the Death Cult and sold 10,000 records. Now, it's quite a bit bigger. But we're the same two blokes saying the same thing. We can't help being a classic band. We got together because of our desire to make a similar sort of music. We were all in bands before. This wasn't an acci-

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dent. We got together out of choice and respect for one another. What we wanted to express couldn't be done in other bands. I'm not saying we're so wacky and wonderful that nobody's as good as we are. What I am saying is there are not that many musicians around who have that desire inside them to do it. A lot of people in Britain get into bands by accident and become successful overnight. Totally by chance. Because the country's so small. America's so vast. There are bands out there who have the same level of recognition we do, but have been playing ten years."

Do they believe, as Jeff Ayeroff does, the Cult will be **BIG IN AMERICA?**

"I don't believe it's as simple as that," says Billy. "It's gonna take a lot more hard work than that. I just think the whole kaboodle's gotten too intellectual. You start thinking about things too hard, you get a headache. It's like this clip I saw of a monkey getting shot in a tree. It started pulling out its intestines to find out what was causing the pain, because it could not comprehend that it had been shot. Perhaps that's a good analogy for thinking things out too much. We're not a 'hey, baby, let's jump in the car' rock & roll band. But I don't want to come across like everybody in America is interested in our particular points-of-view. No one's asked us to do a Farm Aid or a Live Aid yet. That's why Ian doesn't want to talk about his lyrics just now. He'd talk about his songs all day if he felt it wouldn't be ostentatious to do so when most people don't even know who he is yet. We've found, in our experience, the band's sound and visuals are quite sufficient to get us established. We like to do things *gradual-*

ly. We don't want to ram things down people's throats."

And, per Ayeroff, neither does Warner Bros. "I don't feel we're hyping them," he says. "We haven't done that much advertising. There is a definite buzz within the industry. People automatically see something that's stylized or different and they react. It's like the Sex Pistols.



Photos by Lesley Campbell

First try: The post-Southern Death Cult/pre-just-plain-Cult get it on at the Music Machine in '84.



Wait until the kids start to buy Cult records and see how many bozos jump on the handwagon.

"Seeing the Cult wound me up like a top. I went around here like a campaigning politician. They got to me. Which is one of the good things about me. I can still get excited about bands. Because I could see how it might work. I had nothing to do with anything other than to get turned on by them, just like any kid would be. They're classic show business. And I'm not talking Bob Hope. I'm talking, 'Let's sell some records and be Led Zeppelin'. That's their attitude."

So, *wot den?* * * * You're still skeptical, right? Let's take Messrs. Astbury, Duffy, and Ayeroff's advice and go back to the record. Strip away the counter-Cult-ural trappings and what you're left with is more Jung than Timothy Leary. Everything is reduced to the most direct visceral experience, from religious transcendence ("Nirvana"), emotions ("Love") and social change ("Revolution"), to destruction ("Phoenix") and the weather ("Rain"). That's why the songs are represented by symbols on the LP cover. Seeing the Cult live and on TV confirms this anti-intellectual innocence. The Cult communicate by selling sanctuary, however temporal, to the masses, promising nothing more, nor less, than cathartic release. This is no trumped-up psychedelic sleight-of-hand, though; these new-age, anti-drug achievers don't want to escape reality. They take full responsibility for their actions, even if sometimes they can't (quite) explain (them). It's like trying to tell your folks why you've still got long hair. Or why a dog sniffs truffles. . . . ■



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BANDS ACROSS THE WATER:

More and More American Groups Are Discovering the Grass Is Greener on the Other Side of the Ocean

by Kenny Kerner

They're frustrated by the barrage of excuses and delaying tactics given them by major record companies, and they're finding significantly greener pastures in terms of increased sales, visibility, and revenue. Unquestionably, more and more local groups are spreading their wings and turning to Europe as a means of securing a record deal or generating career momentum. This rock export business has become a viable alternative to Tinseltown torture.

The idea of an American band going to Europe is by no means a new one. We have only to recall the initial breakthrough of such expatriates as Jimi Hendrix, America, and Chrissie Hynde to realize that a breath of fresh air can sometimes do a world of good. Seems as if the grass is always greener/is always greener/is always greener. . . .

We are not talking exclusively about new bands looking for a shortcut in avoiding the record company merry-go-round. There are numerous seasoned Los Angeles bands, some of them club-level headliners, who have accumulated an inordinate amount of gladhanding but little else in the way of major label follow-through. The most consistent theme echoed by bandmembers and managers alike is that, for the most part, the A&R staffers "just don't want to put their balls on the line. They give you their business card and tell you to keep in touch. But that's all."

Now, picture this: You've been playing around the L.A. club scene for a couple years. You've done everything right. Your press kit is complete and up-to-date, and you're headlining at a few local venues. You've invited every major record label to at least one of your performances and you've even incurred large out-of-pocket expenses in setting up a few private showcases. You've done everything you were asked to do—all by the book—and you *still* can't even get a singles deal! What's a band to do?

At this point, many bands simply call it

quits—throw in the old backstage pass, as it were. It is for this very reason that record companies tend to shy away from signing too many local bands. There's just no *longevity*. The hunger isn't there. When the going gets tough, there's no more band around to get going.

Let's explore this for just a moment. Given that the odds against a band becoming successful are almost insurmountable to begin with, any A&R man would have a much better track record (and certainly a much more secure job) if he passes on just about every band brought to his attention. Thus, there's really nobody in any kind of a hurry to sign a new act.

Brian Leahy, the president of Paristar Records, actively searches for new talent on both sides of the Atlantic; he has these observations about record company signings: "England has always been much more experimental with new talent. There are very few American labels—in fact, A&M and Geffen

are the only ones that come to mind—that are prepared to nurture an act for two or three years until it becomes successful. If a band travels four-or-five-thousand miles across the sea, record companies will take the time to see you. They'll see your drive and determination. Local bands are just too accessible. You're right in their backyard."

Take the case of local rock group Joshua—for years a staple of the Los Angeles club scene, and headliners in their own right. Joshua played some 200 shows in and around L.A. over the past five years, and all they have to show for it, according to manager Leon Perahia, is "a stack of business cards that you just wouldn't believe."

Leon told *Music Connection* the story of why Joshua became one of the many bands to seek success across the water. "We did our first record, *The Hand Is Quicker Than the Eye*, on Enigma and it sold about 4000 copies here and another 4000 copies on SMS Records in Japan. Enigma got it out in



Photo by Dennis Keeley



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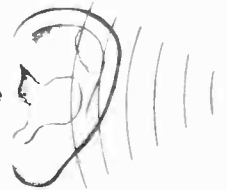


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Japan, but when the promotion stopped, so did the record. There was this competition between who to promote—us or another band. Japan's SMS Records has an American representative living right here in Los Angeles, so we spoke and made a deal for the record."

Though Joshua's latest recorded product, *Surrender*, has yet to make the record company rounds, Leon's total disenchantment with the inner workings of the industry might result in his decision to bypass them completely. "The music business in America is only 50-percent professional," continues Perahia. "I'm completely disillusioned here. Fifty-percent are relatives, coke friends, or amateurs. Josh and I went to Europe ourselves and every record company we called made an appointment with us—most of them on the same day. We went to twelve cities and were offered at least two deals in each city. We signed with Heavy Metal Records in the United Kingdom; Polydor in Holland; Virgin/RIF in France; Belaphone/Scotti Brothers in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland; and we have a three-year deal with SMS in Japan. We'll try and make other territorial deals during the MIDEM convention." After a one-year hiatus, Joshua is back on the scene—more determined than ever.

More recently, another Los Angeles-based group, roots-rockers the Long Ryders also managed to transcend the typical record company stalemate. Spokespersons for Alphabet Management (who represent the band) were eager to tell the band's bizarre story.

"Long Ryders is a Los Angeles-based band who were signed by U.K. people first. We're signed to Island, Ltd./Island Records Worldwide. We did a record called *Native Sons*, which was picked up by Zippo Records, who released it in the U.K. and also backed it up with promotion money. To help promote the record, the band went over to tour, and suddenly everyone was interested. Zippo Records was actually responsible for getting Long Ryders signed by Island U.K."

For the Ryders, the story here on their home soil was a familiar one. "A&R people would come out to our shows," their manager continued, "but they wouldn't say very much. They'd say, 'This is nice,' but that's about all. Nothing more than just showing up."

According to Alphabet Management, the reason for Long Ryders not getting signed here was obvious: "It was almost an over-familiarity factor. The band fraternizes with writers and their peers. Everyone was used to seeing the band in their own backyards, and so they weren't special anymore. We went to England and there were lines around the block waiting to see us. The only way we're going to break here is if we do a tour as a support band to a major act. We play much larger venues in Europe than we do anywhere in the United States. In fact, England wants us back this spring to play a few festivals." Green grass and high tides, indeed.

The names of the bands may change, but it's beginning to look like most of the stories are the same. How does one explain the infatuation that Europeans have for American artists? Why must our bands be forced to



Stryper

travel some 6000 miles to find an outlet and/or audience for their music?

The concept of a worldwide record release (with full promotion) which until a few years ago was approached with great trepidation by most labels, is slowly becoming standard practice due to the success rate of American bands in foreign countries.

From its inception, Enigma Records has always considered the entire world to be its battlefield. Not limiting its product to one country or another, the label has had incredible success in parlaying local bands into international record-sellers.

Enigma Chairman William Hein explains label policy this way: "We work with artists on a worldwide basis. Enigma has licensing agreements in every European territory except Italy, and we're working on that now."

Continued on next page

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St. Elmo's Fire

In Brazil, for example, they're releasing almost every heavy metal act on our label."

Hein has every reason to smile. Enigma's Green On Red has spent several weeks in the top five in the United Kingdom, Norway, Sweden, and Greece. Rain Parade, now with Island Records, has enjoyed several months atop the English indie charts. And Stryper, doing very well in Germany and England, first broke big in Japan well before receiving any American notoriety.

This March, Enigma is scheduling the worldwide release of Poison, and, Hein tells us, "We have already generated enthusiasm and great expectations from the U.K., Germany, and Japan."

Making very strong inroads into the European marketplace is the one-year-old New Renaissance Records, which specializes in compilation albums featuring California metal bands. New Renaissance Managing Director Pat Miller explains that the original concept of the label was to find an outlet for some of the more melodic metal bands that had nowhere else to go. The idea was a good one, and New Renaissance was born. "We deal with our acts one step at a time," explains Miller. "Bands like W.S.I., Hellion, Savage Grace, and others are all featured on our compilation albums, which are usually released in both America and Europe. This gives each act exposure and an opportunity to be heard. Many of these acts are now getting U.S. and European label interest on their own."

Tough Girls Can Be Pretty is the title of Lisa Nemzo's debut album. You can get it almost anywhere—except in the United States. Signed to Christian De Walden's and Michael Holm's Autobahn Production Company, Lisa's services (as a recording artist) were leased to several European labels.

"Every record company here passed on

the album," said Nemzo. "Maybe they didn't like the songs or they didn't have a specific category I could fit into. The first album is out on Metronome Records in Germany and CBS/Sony in Japan. Because this one was so successful, my second LP, *Out of Desire*, will be out in March."

When asked to compare American record companies to those in Europe, Lisa had some very interesting points to make: "The record companies in Europe are made up of the same personality types as those in L.A., but the European A&R people are far more open-minded. They are not looking for copy-type artists—someone who sounds like Pat Benatar. They're much more experimental there. But when my second album comes out, we will be shopping it here in the States."

Sometimes, it turns out that a band's plan of attack is so right-on that everything just seems to fall into place the first time around. Well, almost everything. . . .

Take the case of the L.A.-based Prime Movers, who were forced to change their name to the *Time Movers* because a band out of Boston had already laid claim to their original moniker.

Stuart Love of TLC Management explains how the then Prime Movers were never ever shopped to any American label at all. Love explains: "Our intent was always to only approach Island Records. We felt that Island Records was a label that took chances on new and developing bands. Prime Movers

was signed out of Los Angeles, but they were signed to Island, Ltd./Island Records Worldwide. [A&R man] Ian Matthews [recently laid off in a label-wide cutback] was very instrumental in the signing."

So what we have here is the case of an L.A. band being signed by the London office of the English record company. Their five-song EP, *On the Trail*, is already charted in—where else?—England.

Just recently, I found a copy of a single lying around the office. It was by a local band called St. Elmo's Fire, and I had a thought. My curiosity killing me, I tracked down the band's manager to see if his story sounded familiar, since the record was pressed on the indie Real to Reel label. It was like picking any record at random to see if I'd get lucky. And guess what?

According to Dito Godwin, "During the time that St. Elmo's Fire was playing the club scene, we were approached by about four record companies that, at the time, were interested in either signing the band or developing and grooming the band leading to a signing. Nothing ever happened. So much time passed that either the label's interest faded or the executive interested in the band was fired by his label. We didn't get signed. We're in the process of making a couple of territorial deals in Europe."

St. Elmo's Fire is now another local Los Angeles band with one foot in the water and one foot on the boat. *Bon Voyage!* ■



Dokken (top); Joshua (bottom)

Photo by Mark Weiss

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U.K./European Tour Checklist

Before you grab your guitar and jump on a plane bound for Jolly Olde and points east, there are some essential details to take care of. The following checklist for bands contemplating tours of the U.K. and/or Europe was compiled with the expert help of Angelo Arcuri (Dio's road manager) and Kevin Scott (Dio's agent).

1. Set changes are often necessary to conform with the tastes of European audiences, and should be well rehearsed before departure.
2. Be prepared to scale down a U.S. stage show for the smaller European venues.
3. Bands planning to use their own equipment should carry the necessary transformers needed for the differing European power outlets.
4. Hire any additional equipment and road crew needed well in advance.
5. Contact the AA (Automobile Association), Leicester Square, London W1, regarding any special driving permits which may be required.
6. Purchase good road maps, and plot as much of the route as is possible in advance, to avoid delays. Remember that the English drive on the wrong side of the road!
7. Essentially, carry valid passports with an adequate number of open pages.
8. (a) English bands coming into America to play require H1 visas issued by the immigration department at the American Embassy in London.
(b) American musicians planning to play in the U.K. must deal with the 'Musician's Union' in England: Musician work days in the U.K. are established by bringing a certain number of English musicians to play in America, thus accumulating a reserve of credit days. These credit days are allocated to American musicians wishing to play in England. If a band is short a few days, it is usually possible to deal with agents who hold a surplus.
9. The key to coordinating a tour in Europe is to work with a good agent. He can help arrange: (a) Bookings at the most appropriate venues; and (b) Customs and brokerage. A detailed manifest listing all equipment is required to bring gear in and out of each country. If arrangements with customs officials are not made in advance, equipment could be held by them for up to two weeks!
10. All equipment should be covered by appropriate insurance.

—Mary Anne Hobbs

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THE BRITISH KEEP COMING:

Three Industry Experts Reflect on a Long-Lived Phenomenon

by Mary Anne Hobbs

America, in all its vast and glorious entirety, remains eternally fascinating to the average British citizen. Showbiz in general and Hollywood in particular generate exotic and magical preconceptions of an enchanted land in which dreams really do seem to come true.

In its sheer size, the American music market is incredibly alluring, compared with its modest U.K. ally. Despite this huge difference in scale, the British Isles have produced a lion's share of groundbreaking rock artists over the course of the last 20 years. Since the Beatles and Stones invented modern music and style (with the help of their American antecedents) in the early Sixties, the British Invasion has continually pumped new ideas and images into the American consciousness. The symbiosis of British band and American market is mythic in its accrued resonance.

John Harrington, promoter at the Hollywood Palace, verifies that there is more industry and fan interest surrounding English bands playing in America—although he does suggest that a hit record in the U.S. is the necessary bait required to entice good agents to seek out and place U.K. acts on the road to riches in America. His comments about working with British bands are not entirely favorable, however.

"I'm not crazy about English tour managers," Harrington confesses. "I sometimes can't help but get the feeling that British acts always feel that they're being taken advantage of. I'm not really sure why, but I've definitely gotten that impression over the years."

Angelo Arcuri, Dio's road manager, has no problem with his British counterparts. Having toured extensively with Black Sabbath and currently Dio, Arcuri has noticed one common quirk among visiting British bands: "The English bands that come over here always want to eat curry every night!" he reveals. Aside from their culinary predilections, British bands and their audiences get high marks from the veteran road manager:

"The fans in the U.K. are generally far more loyal. They're there for the music, and they

don't really care too much about anything else. They're headbangers, and once you prove yourself, they'll stay with you forever. Over in America, things change."

Climbing aboard the American charts and touring the United States are—almost without exception—the primary components of every British bandmember's dream. But signing an English act in America brings with it some logistical problems for American A&R people:

"The first problem is sheer proximity—being physically removed," says Jamie Cohen, who runs Arista's West Coast A&R operation. "The major disadvantage [occurs] when you're making a record. It's like getting married when you sign a band, and you really want to be there for their first baby. But with telex, telephones, and express mail, it's really not too difficult to communicate. All you have to do is get up a little earlier." Which, all things considered, could be well worth the inconvenience, according to Cohen.

"Americans are very accepting of English music, and British bands consistently break over here. There's an amazing awareness of English music—it's as much a part of our history as American music. We learned the importance of image from the British, and there is also an endless fascination with the sounds that English acts produce. [At the same time.] I think the English are intrigued by American styles and idioms, and British kids are attracted to modern American music still faithful to a root style."

The English market is much faster than its U.S. counterpart, and the turnover is quicker in Britain. Many smaller bands get their breaks, says the A&R man, "because they only have to fight one radio system. American radio is very diffused, and its mastery is a fine science. In England, there's more of a chance with independent labels of getting heard and selling records—and on that level, American A&R is very interested. English bands do it for themselves. They don't have a lot of money, but they sure as hell make it happen." ■

Mary Anne Hobbs, a London-based journalist now visiting Los Angeles, writes frequently for Sounds, a major English music weekly.

GOD BLESS THE DAMNED

by S.L. Duff

As of this writing, the Damned have yet to score a gold record or a hit single in the U.S. They have, however, made something few other rock groups make: history. The Damned were one of the forefathers of the '77 British punk movement, and are distinguished from the rest of the pack (Pistols, Banshees, Clash, Stranglers, *et al*) by being the first group to release a single ("New Rose" on Stiff Records), an LP (*Damned Damned Damned*), and—certainly most enviable to their punk peers—the first to tour the U.S.

As can be the case with historical figures, the Damned have also been plagued with innumerable setbacks. They broke up after their second LP, *Music for Pleasure*, then reformed with a different lineup, repeating the pattern several more times before the 1979 release of their third LP, *Machine Gun Etiquette*. In fact, over the years, the Damned have had more personnel changes than Spinal Tap, and have been signed or licensed to (as best I can figure) no less than seven record companies—Stiff, Chiswick, NEMS, Bronze, I.R.S., MCA, and Big Beat, and let's not forget their own label, Damned Records, which came into being when they couldn't get a deal. They've also burned through an estimated eleven managers. Actually, only four things have remained consistent with the Damned: great records, tremendous live shows, drummer Rat Scabies, and vocalist Dave Vanian, who jokes, "Our managers don't have names—they have numbers."

Scabies met original Damned bassist-turned-guitarist-turned-solo-artist Captain Sensible on the job; the two of them worked together as toilet cleaners. Guitarist Brian James (now with Lords of the New Church), Vanian (who used to dig graves for a living), Scabies, and Sensible were right there at the beginning of limey punk. Vanian remembers it fondly:

"The pub bands [at the time] were the R&B bands—Brinsley Schwartz, Dr. Feelgood, those people. [Then] the so-called punk thing started, which was a lot of creative, imaginative sort of people, bored kids hanging around. There

Flo & Eddie, Susan, Slash Records, Titta Jara, Str, Christian, Chappell, Valentine Brothers, Walter Fagin, Albert, Lindy, Buckingham, The Knowles Group, Robi Krueger, Leatherwolf, (Knack), Channel Three, & the, Horschheads, John Doe, Ram Parade, Tropical Records, Records, d Astaire, Lonesome Strangers, Lizzy Borden, Bertie, Wente & Jeger, (Knack), Gershal Pictures, Channel Three, & the, Horschheads, John Doe, Ram Parade, Tropical Records, Records, d Astaire, Lonesome Strangers, Lizzy Borden

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IMPORT

was a kind of an atmosphere of people wanting to do something, they weren't quite sure what, but out of that came a half-dozen bands. There were all kinds of people, it wasn't just the groups. People like secondhand clothes people that could see that something was happening. When the first bands started, there wasn't really any gigs to play, so they thought, 'Well, we've got a bit of money, so what we'll do for them is we'll hire a club for the night.' So they'd hire an old strip club or something. For a night it would be a club. These kind of gigs were more like parties. So it just gradually grew out of that."

Around this time, Vanian was introduced to Rat by Sex Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren. They played in a band which also featured Chrissie Hynde on guitar. Rat had also worked in a band with Brian James and Mick Jones (Clash). Rat introduced Vanian to James, brought in the Captain, and soon they were rehearsing in an "old dirty church."

These rehearsals soon led to the gigs that inspired the Damned's slogan: "Anarchy, Chaos, and Destruction." Audience rowdiness was common, to put it very mildly, and the shows often ended with Scabies torching his drum kit. It's hard to imagine too much chaos coming out of Vanian, the interview subject. He's dressed in a velvet vest and high-collar ruffled shirt, with every hair (black or white) perfectly in place. He and current guitarist Roman Jugg (everyone swears that's his real name) are in fact perfect English gentlemen, very polite, and easily the most pleasant "rock star" interviewees I've met in some time. I squeeze out one more early-punk-days question: How did the Damned get to be first in line with records and that U.S. tour?

"I think we just really wanted to do the thing, do everything," recalls Vanian. "I mean, playing onstage, the next logical step is to make a record. We started up right at the beginning—there was no big plan. We didn't rush out and say, 'We've gotta be the first to do this and the first to do that.' It's a case of someone saying, 'Why tour Britain when you can go over and tour America?' We said, 'Yeah, never been out of England before.' Sounded interesting. I think

it was just a case of luck."

Today, in the MCA corporate tower, Jugg and Vanian are tired but very happy about the preceding night's sold-out concert (which featured the band's newest member, bassist Bryan Merrick) at the Santa Monica Civic. The actual tour is in the future; this date was intended primarily to expose the band to all the MCA people, as well as letting L.A. fans know the state of the Damned. The show featured a cross-section of their greatest records, and, of course, some choice helpings from their first-ever major label release, *Phantasmagoria*. Jugg notes that the band's extensive and impressive history will be part of MCA's marketing plan. The label will be issuing a best-of collection featuring selections licensed from the band's former labels sometime this year. Videos such as "Grimly Fiendish" (which has been pretty successful on MTV) and "Shadow of Love" are also part of the plan.

For those of you who feel it's difficult to get a major deal, consider the plight of the Damned—seven years of indie releases to get to the majors. The last label to issue a studio LP by the Damned prior to MCA was Bronze, with *Strawberries* in '82. The three years in-between deals were frustrating for the band, to say the least. What was the damned(s)

problem?

Jugg: "When Captain Sensible was still in the band, there was some interest shown from a couple of major companies. It was great—it was the first time a major company had been interested. Looked like we were going to get signed, and all of a sudden, they pulled out. One of the reasons, we found out afterwards, was the fact of having Captain in the band—he had a solo career on A&M Records. They were sort of reluctant to sign the band because basically it *wasn't* a band! He was doing something else with a different manager and a different record company, although he was still a member. I think probably [the labels] felt they wouldn't have a commitment from our side. And, when he left, the interest resurged, we cut some demos, and we got signed on the strength of them."

Stranglers' drummer Jet Black referred the band to an accountant who could aid them in getting a deal. The accountant worked on spec, confident in the Damned's music, and eventually landed the MCA deal.

Beyond the aforementioned factors, the band's self-release of a twelve-inch single, called "Thanks for the Night," influenced the eventual deal. "We thought we'd put a single out ourselves, prove to people that we're still here," says Vanian. "The record did actually go into the charts... all these things helped."

The single, though, like most of the Damned's records, earned them no money. The band has made most of its cash playing live in Europe. So it's been pretty hard times?

"Yep," says Vanian, quietly.

Is there a light at the end of the tunnel?

"Now, a bit, yeah," he confirms. "What's nice about it is, though, it makes you appreciate things. You don't become so blasé about it all. You could go the opposite way, though, all bitter and twisted like."

Jugg, having been with the band long enough to witness several ups and downs himself, chimes in: "It's strange, though—it's like cycles. First they think you're dead, and they say how great the band was. Then, when they find out you're still a group, they say, 'Why don't they give up?'" ■



Photo by Janiss Garza

Venerable vocalist Vanian



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THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THE WATERBOYS

by Ben Brooks

In the midst of the British techno/romantic/fashion onslaught of 1984 was a curious mini-LP by the Waterboys. While the traditional rock instrumentation emanating from the disc seemed to be out of sync with the times, there was something in the stark emotion of it all that caught the drum-machined ears of some critics.

Two years, two albums, and as many U.S. tours later, guitarist/songwriter Mike Scott and his rich ensemble of *real* horns, violin, bass, drums, and keyboards are reminding a growing audience that lasting, undisposable music comes from the heart and soul rather than being determined by the latest studio wizardry.

At 27, Scott is a rock & roll troubadour/poet in the tradition of Van Morrison and Bob Dylan, two heroes the Scottish singer/songwriter is not too proud to say are his mentors. While the Waterboys' sound can be likened to the Rolling Stones at their raunchy best, there is a deeply personal gospel at work in the words and music of Scott that cuts far deeper than his band's aggressive beat.

"I grew up listening to rock & roll," the slightly built Scotsman says. "I welcomed punk rock when it arrived; I loved the Clash. I used to play really loud guitar in my groups in Scotland, but somewhere along the line, I picked up an affection for brass instruments, and I figured out how to use them."

Over the course of the Waterboys' two subsequent albums, *A Pagan Place* and *This Is the Sea*, Scott has set a musical course that employs the sensitivity and spirit of Van Morrison and the romantic wall-of-sound instrumentation of Springsteen's *Born to Run*. The combination works for the most part, but Scott—like other visionary artists—is already grappling with a new identity.

"With the *This Is the Sea* album, something was completed and finished," he explains. "The kind of music that's based so much on acoustic guitars, relentless rhythms, and two-chords-is-all-you-get is done. The wall-of-sound is created because of my inability to play piano properly: I improvise methods of playing. One of them

is a double-time that really fills the space. I do the same with guitar. It's all rhythm and no rhythm at all. I've got to do something else now." When asked what's next, the wry, fanciful Scott echoes the put-on evasiveness of hero Bob Dylan. "I'd like to work with feedback guitar; maybe try to get some saxophone and feedback guitar duets going. I think that'd be quite interesting."

Scott grew up in Edinburgh and moved to Ayr when he was twelve. His father and mother separated when he was ten, and he has not heard from his father since. "My father bought me a guitar on my tenth birthday," he recalls. "Oddly enough, it must have been the last thing he bought me—a parting shot. A few years later I learned to play some chords. Nothing really happened to me until I heard Bob Dylan's *Blonde on Blonde*. I realized that I could play all those songs really easily. A friend of my mother's gave me a piano when I was twelve or 13, and I taught myself things like 'Just Like a Woman.' I still can't play the piano properly. I play one-finger bass notes and three-finger chords. I've got a better ear than I do fingers."

Scott's love for words came from his mother,



Photo by Leslie Campbell

Scott cut his teeth on *Blonde on Blonde* and a houseful of books.

an English scholar and lecturer with a houseful of books. "I never read very many of them, but I was aware of the value that was placed on them. And my mother would often talk to me about the content." In 1977, Scott started a Scottish fanzine called *Jungleland*, in which he wrote about the Clash and other relevant bands of the time. In 1978, he formed the ill-fated Another Pretty Face, which signed a long-term contract with Virgin Records.

"They had different ideas for us than we did," he explains. "They saw us as being a pop group that could break in America very quickly. We broke up with Virgin and there was a flurry of bad feelings, and suddenly we were back in Scotland with no money and no gigs or prospects of a record deal. I was fucked up for two years."

Scott's "savior" was Nigel Grainge, owner of London-based Ensign Records. Under Grainge's guidance, Scott moved to London and formed the Red & the Black, which evolved into the Waterboys. "I am very fortunate to be with such a man, because he's never pressured me to do anything commercial," Scott says. "He's asked me to do a few things I didn't want to do, and I just didn't do them. It was cool with him. I never tried to do anything commercial in my life." While the Waterboys are on Island Records, Ensign remains the band's subsidiary label.

With a growing legion of loyal fans, the Waterboys are finally winning over skeptics who cite the band's purism and lack of commerciality as limiting. One song on *This Is the Sea*, "The Whole of the Moon," could register as the band's first pop single of any consequence in America. And Scott appears to be a bottomless pit of resource and vision.

"When I was young, I'd listen to records and wish that something would happen that never did," he concludes. "I would wish that Dylan had done this or that. Now that I make records myself, I always try to plug those gaps so that the kid who's listening will get everything that he wants. I don't know how [well] I succeed quite yet, but that's what I try to do." ■

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the strength of the demos that Sabu had produced for the band, and Sabu naturally went on to produce, arrange, engineer, and mix Precious Metal's impressive debut album, *Right Here, Right Now*, for Polygram. Sabu also produced the title track for a wrestling film called *Bad Guys*, which he and Precious Metal reworked and recorded *literally* overnight for Regan, who supervised the music for the film.

While devoting time to Precious Metal's development, Sabu also spent many studio hours during 1984-85 doing engineering and/or mixing for, among others, the Motels ("Shame" on the *Shock* album), Greg Kihn ("Lucky" on the *Citizen Kihn* album), and EMI's Jellybean/Madonna track, "Sidewalk Talk," which is currently doing well on the dance charts. With all the hours he's logged for EMI artists (Sheena Easton, Kim Carnes, Corey Hart, Greg Kihn, and Limahl), Sabu has virtually become the label's "house engineer/mixer," and it makes sense that his first post-Morocco album will appear on EMI/U.K.'s Heavy Metal label. *Heartbreak* was released in July, 1985, in Britain, with the band billed as Sabu to take advantage of his strong audience identification there (due in no small part to the solid cult following his *Hard Rock Zombies* soundtrack has garnered). *Heartbreak* garnered rave reviews and made 1985 critics' favorite lists in heavy metal fanzines such as *Kerrang!*, *Sounds*, and *Metal Force*. The U.S. album will contain two additional cuts and will be released in the first half of '86 under the band's "real" name, Roka.



The producer poses with recent clients *Silent Rage*. Now, he's ready to *Roka*.

The year ahead will also see the release of several other Sabu projects, including LPs by E. Wade (PolyGram), Jimi Barnes and Little America (both on Geffen), L.A. hard-rockers *Silent Rage* (Heavy Metal/America), and a David Bowie greatest-hits compilation (EMI), which Sabu remixed in conjunction with Bowie. Despite the impressive engineering/production credits he's racked up so far, and a recognized talent-development track record, Sabu still considers himself primar-

ily a heavy metal guitarist and singer, viewing the other routes his career has followed mere detours pursued out of necessity. He plans to devote the rest of 1986 to promoting *Heartbreak* and touring the U.S. and Europe with *Roka* (which also includes Rick Bozzo on bass, Charles Esposito on drums, and keyboardists Dan Ellis and Brad Buxer). If past performance is any indication, the road ahead looks quite promising for Sabu and *Roka*. ■

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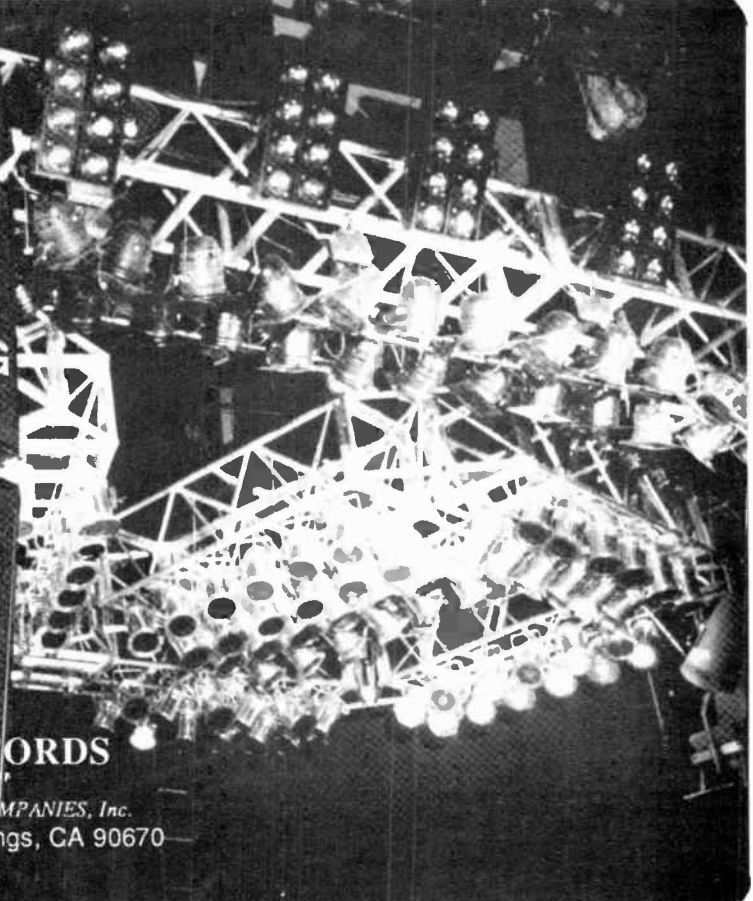


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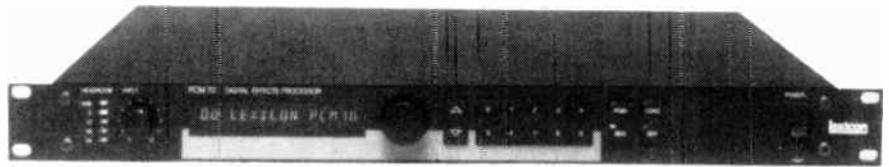
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FIELD TEST

SUBJECT: PCM-70 Digital Effects Processor
MANUFACTURER: Lexicon
TEST SITE: Sounder Recording, Granada Hills, CA
REPORTER: Mark Gordon Creamer



A few weeks ago, I asked Brian Cornfield and Bruce Bell (of Everything Audio) if they had seen any new equipment at the New York AES (Audio Engineering Society) show. They both said that the most startling new piece of gear had to be the PCM-70, Lexicon's new effects processor. Brian was so impressed by the PCM-70 that he ordered a bunch right on the spot. Since the price was right, I ordered one, too.

When the PCM-70 arrived, the first thing I did was scan through the manual. I couldn't believe what I was seeing... but first, let's get through some of the preliminaries.

The rear panel of the PCM-70 has jacks for MIDI In, Out, and Thru; Register Step (a way of foot-pedaling through the programs); Bypass (another footswitch jack); Main Input; and Left and Right Outputs. All of the jacks except MIDI are 1/4" phone. There are also two buttons that select the input and output levels (-20 to +4).

The front panel is deceptively simple because there just don't seem to be enough knobs for the amount of control that the manual touts. The metering is a 6-segment LED that should be obeyed; when it tells you that there is no more headroom, it means just that. To the right of the meter is an Input Level Control that hopefully will not take any time to get used to, and to its right is the Display Window, which is constantly filled with abbreviations that just might take a little more time to understand.

Toward the right of the faceplate of the PCM-70, there are four buttons that are lit with LEDs when pressed, marked: PGM (program), REG (register) LOAD, and BYP (bypass). To the left of these buttons are two Up and Down keys and ten buttons marked 0-9.

All of the Programs, Registers (user-modified and named programs), and Parameters are arranged in groups of rows and columns. After a program is selected, the machine gives the user the option of automatic or manual loading. If the operator wishes to modify the program, the Program button is pressed again and the machine enters Parameter mode. The rows and columns that once contained programs now contain parameters that can be selected and altered with the Soft Knob (which is a company name for what is becoming the standard software increment or decrement knob). After the program has been altered, the operator can rename the program and then store it in any of the approximate

ly 50 Registers (user-memory slots).

The Chorus and Echo programs in Row 0 have six separately adjustable voices (taps) with each voice having separate controls for level, delay time (432 msec max.), feedback, and panning.

The Delay program (Row 1) also has six separate voices with controls for level, delay time (936 msec. max.), high and low frequency filters, and pan for each voice. Voices 1 and 2 have selectable feedback controls, and a master diffusion parameter affects all the voices.

Row 2 contains four Resonant Chord programs. These programs are very strange in that a percussive input will excite chords at its output.

Rows 3, 4, and 5 contain Concert Hall, Chamber, and Plate reverb programs, which include Gated Chamber, Reverse, Chorused, and many other types of reverberation.

Row G is where the PCM-70 separates itself from the rest of the breed with MIDI controls aplenty. There is an echo program in which the portamento switch of a MIDI-equipped synthesizer will control the rhythm of the echoes, and the modulation control adds feedback. With the PCM-70 set to receive MIDI information on an unused channel, you can program a sequencer to change the parameters of this or any other of the MIDI patches.

Row 6 also has some of the resonant chord programs preset to change; in the MIDI Chord Program, for example, the modulation control adds feedback, the portamento switch changes the rhythm, the pitch wheel changes the pitch of two of the voices up and down a whole step, and the last note played changes all the pitches together. That's quite a feat for any digital processor. Also, if your synth doesn't have the appropriate controls, you can edit the patch parameters to utilize what controls you do have. If that isn't enough, there are six other programs that do similar things to other patch parameters.

Some of the other MIDI applications the PCM-70 is capable of are the linking of two or more PCM-70's for automatic simultaneous program and register changes; automatic selection of a program or register when a patch is selected on a synth; real-time control of up to ten PCM-70 parameters at a time from a remote controller or sequencer; and the transfer of the user registers from one 70 to another.

HOW IT SOUNDS:

The PCM-70 is (as far as its programmability and its MIDI capabilities) the most progressive unit that I have seen. There is so much inside that it is a little difficult to learn to use quickly; but with some advanced programming, it proves to be a very powerful tool.

The reverb programs are, as their titles proclaim, "warm," with the concert hall being very realistic. The overall character of the sound is also very warm, and the unit runs very quietly. The programs are very smooth, with little or no chatter (hearing the separate returns that compose reverberation).

The delay settings are also nice but sounded a little darker than I would have liked to hear. Perhaps the reason that the 70 is very quiet is that it sounds, to me, as if some of the upper frequencies are being restricted.

The real power of the PCM-70 is that of MIDI control (and there is plenty of that). A MIDI studio or one that does a great deal of work programming will love the PCM-70. It is possible to nail some effects with MIDI synchronization that would take many trial-and-error attempts in a normal recording environment. The programs are very good, and some are truly startling.

The amazing amount of control that the PCM-70 has, compared to its size, results from most of the control being handled by the "soft knob." This knob is very powerful, but it's also one of the things that I don't like very much, because it takes longer to set parameters. If there were any way to have the power coupled with reduced package size *without* using one of these knobs, I would love it; but it's a very small inconvenience for the control that little boxes can have.

I'm not going to throw away my best digital delays quite yet, nor my best reverb system, but when looking for things like amazing MIDI control, drums that play chords, and plenty of other special effects, with a price tag of only \$2,295, the PCM-70 is worth a listen. ■

If you have, or hear about, something new, write to me: Mark Gordon Creamer, c/o Sounder Recording, 17021 Chatsworth St., Granada Hills, CA 91344.

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by Billy Cioffi

AUDIO UPDATE

24-Track & Up

Skip Saylor: Producers Jon Hug and Skip Saylor are cutting one side on Lydian Tone for Electric Storm Productions. Skip Saylor and Tom McCauley are engineering, with Joe Shay assisting. . . . A&M Records artist Vesta Williams is in tracking and overdubbing with producer Gary Taylor. Saylor is behind the board, with Tom McCauley seconding. . . . Trevor Mitchell is cutting a self-produced LP for Rosam Productions. Tom McCauley is engineering, with Joe Shay and Andy McCarl seconding. . . . Country artist Dick Ames is mixing a new single with producer Mark Ellis for Randu Records. Skip Saylor is at the console, with Joe Shay and Andy McCarl helping out.

Preferred Sound: Producer Duke Davis is cutting basics and overdubs for a video on country artist Bill Erickson for Rockin-Double D Records. Bill Thomas is chief engineer; he's being assisted by Scott Campbell. Featured on the project will be pedal steel wizard J.D. Maness and Banjo great John Hickman. . . . Ace Olfre is cutting the debut single on Rock-a-Lot Records artist Gerie Berling for intended spring release; Bill Thomas and Scott Campbell are handling the engineering chores. . . . Thomas and Mark Ferrick are wearing the producers' hats on Ferrick's new single project, which they intend to shop to the majors when completed.

Downtown Sound: The current Odin project is being tracked at the studio (owned by DJ Management). The control room is a Cook Brothers remote truck. Producer/engineer Robert Margouleff and Don Mack are in the driver's seat.

Sounds & Images of NAMM

At the National Association of Music Merchandisers' annual show in Anaheim, the radically different worlds of music, technology, and commerce intersect, with results that are garish and breathtaking in equal measure. Here are some impressions gleaned from the sensory overload I encountered while wandering through this huge, gleaming maze:

Guitars, guitars, guitars—all shapes, sizes, colors, and configurations. Where do these guys come up with the ideas for these things? Some examples: Johnson guitars wins the award for chutzpah with its Gumby model. That's right, our little green clay pal has been duplicated for six-stringed immortality. Who's gonna wanna pop for this thing? I don't know, but I do have a fantasy of seeing Ted Nugent wailing away on one. Johnson also makes an axe that duplicates the space shuttle and has rockets underneath that the rep claimed are dead accurate up to 1000 yards. Not to be outdone, B.C. Rich introduced a guitar shaped like a tiger (see Local Notes). Rich did have Rick Derringer demonstrating his new Stealth guitar, which is a happening instrument. Tigers, indeed!

Since introduction of MIDI and affordable sampling—not to mention digital and computer-based systems—the byword of the keyboard manufacturers seems to be refinement rather than innovation. The biggest news is that these companies are now obsessed with interfacing guitars into their technology—Kramer's Pitch Rider being an impressive example.

Moving on to unplanned obsolescence, one of the more vivid images of the show was the glass booth within which Leslie West was imprisoned. It was frightening to see this huge, Jabba-like mound of flesh doodling, vacant-eyed, through power chords and riffs. The guitarist was displayed like an aging bull elephant, impotent but still giving off an echo of former danger. Further proof that rock is an industry that eats its young and isn't afraid to show the carcass.

The Seymour Duncan booth became the unofficial meeting ground for six-string legends. James Burton played with Jerry Donahue in front of an awed multi-generational throng. The tension visibly increased when it was whispered through the crowd that Jeff Beck was on his way over. Sure enough, His Royal Delinquency came strutting in, smoking a hand-rolled cigarette (hmm?) and wearing the hippest-looking leather jacket I've ever seen. (He's absolutely brilliant at being Jeff Beck.) They eyed each other like gunslingers. I spotted Burton winking at Beck, but Mr. Cool refused a guitar when offered his choice of weapons. Beck walked away amid clicking cameras and crushing crowd.

If there was no specific item that was revolutionary at this year's exhibit, it was apparent that some items from past shows were here to stay. Tom Scholz's Rockman, for example, was visible—and functional—in nearly every guitar booth. The little black box that has revolutionized guitar recording was mounted and used so the lookees could plug in and crank up to maximum Marshall level without driving people nuts. Scholz's company also introduced several refinements and new wrinkles to its now-industry-standard product; the same can be said of Nady's new wireless products that do away with wires and cable for keyboards.

Once again, the Japanese seem to be getting the jump on American guitar makers, with the likes of ESP and Tokai making excellent copies of traditional American styles that in many cases are better than their born-in-the-U.S.A. originals! I should mention that the American-made Robin guitar did seem to be holding its own with the Japanese. All three of the above-mentioned have strikingly good-looking finishes to go along with the low-cost quality.

VIDEO UPDATE

by Billy Cioffi

"Production and Distribution of Video Cassettes" will be the topic of an all-day symposium sponsored by the Intellectual Property and Unfair Competition Section of the Los Angeles County Bar Association. The event will be held on March 22 at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel from 8:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Scheduled to speak are many home video industry experts, including Stuart Karl of Karl-Lorimar Home Video; Barbara Javitz of Media Home Entertainment; Paul Brindze of the law firm of Zifferen, Brittenham & Branca; David Altshul of Warner Bros. Records; Donald Passman of the law firm of Gang, Tyre & Brown; Ronald Gertz of Clearing House, Ltd.; Lon Sobel, editor of the *Entertainment Law Reporter* and professor of law at Loyola Law School; and Dick Bloeser of the MPAA Film Security Office. The symposium will cover such subjects as production and distribution of videocassettes, the video market as primary market, music videos and music clearance issues, and protection issues and anti-piracy developments. A bound syllabus will be distributed at the symposium and will be available for sale separately. For additional information, contact the L.A. County Bar Association's Meetings Department at (213) 627-2727.

(A/V Editor's note: If you think this is boring stuff, you're right, but this stuff translates into \$\$\$, and that's not boring. Learning these issues can only help writers, musicians, etc., dig out the money that's due them and prevent themselves from being taken advantage of. Knowing about these important issues is part of your business.)

New Kids in Town: After seeing excerpts from the music video prizewinners in the recent "Visions of U.S." home-video competition, we've concluded that the MTV fat cats could use a little of the imagination and creativity shown by these people, all of whom transcended their shoestring budgets.



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S U B S C R I B E

Reviews

CONCERTS



Photo by Lesley Campbell

"Hi, Mom." Pearcy can dish it out, but he can't take it from "disrespectful" fans.

Ratt

*The Forum
Inglewood*

What was billed as a *group* performing at the prestigious L.A. venue (Ratt's first appearance at the Forum) left this reviewer with a conflicting impression. It seemed that this particular evening was a night for solos; five individual Ratts, rather than one unit, vied for the biggest chunk of the cheese.

The band took the stage to the prerecorded strains of the theme from *Mission Impossible* and immediately launched into their opener, "Dangerous but Worth the Risk." Musically, this first tune was probably the highlight of the set. Ratt played this selection tighter as a unit than any other during the show

although the band's repertoire contains far better songs. Unfortunately, they didn't prove much more throughout the set than their ability to play *loudly*—and I don't mind mentioning that the overall sound quality was rather poor from start to finish.

Nonetheless, it was a night of entertainment. Never one to disappoint fashion-watchers, vocalist Pearcy appeared in a just-so-scissored T-shirt that read in big block letters, "EAT ME." His right arm bore the word "Mom" (not a tattoo, but black marker), a salute to his ma in the audience. While Pearcy was in fine fashion form, his vocal chords were not in as good a shape. He elected to sing in a lower range than in past live outings, never seriously attempting to match

his studio voice. This compromise may well have been the result of a year of heavy touring, which can certainly take its toll on any vocalist.

The show was quite heavy on filler. There was an interminable audience-participation (crowd war) segment that prompted me to sit down rather than stand up, and yes, solos that dragged on even longer. Each time Ratt interrupted a song so one member could have a go at a solo, it seemed the audience had forgotten what tune they were originally engaged in by the time the band continued. It was lead guitarist Warren De Martini who was most disappointing: He performed sloppily and relied on his tremolo much more than usual. De Martini simply did not display the qualities that had earlier led me to consider him underrated as a lead guitarist.

And the solos went on and on. Guitarist Robin Crosby took a few minutes to show off his tremolo with little or no melody at all; drummer Bobby Blotzer and bassist Juan Croucier collaborated on a jazzy (but thoroughly out-of-place) duet; and Blotzer banged out a cursory drum solo. Blotzer just plain wore out his welcome. His drawn-out bout of percussive electronics was like spending 20 minutes in Pac-Man purgatory.

Cameo appearances and abrupt removals proved more entertaining than the music itself. The bearded and bespectacled David Lee Roth swaggered onstage to swig a toast to himself and old J.D., which brought, ironically, the biggest audience response of the evening. And let's not forget the biggest nerve of the evening: Pearcy cancelled one concertgoer's ticket when the young "fan" offered the vocalist a middle-finger salute. Said seat was left vacant when Pearcy strongly insisted that Security show the kid the door. As Pearcy said, "Nobody spoils my fuckin' party." With shows like this one, Ratt can spoil it on their own.

—Karen Burch

INXS

*The Palladium
Hollywood*

Los Angeles was the second leg of INXS' world tour, and the Aussies hit the Palladium stage at full stride. The packed ballroom crowd responded noisily as the first chords of "Johnson's Airplane" echoed from Andy Farriss' synth, and the atmosphere remained fever-pitch all evening. Although vocalist Michael Hutchence tended to ape Bono's amplifier-hopping antics to extremes (to the uncritical delight of numerous females in attendance), his singing was piercing and effective. The most effective number was the 1983 dance classic, "Original Sin." I still feel the band could have broken through to American mainstream audiences had the controversial "white boy/black girl" lyrics not spooked so many image-con-

scious Southern radio stations. Subsequent releases, while maintaining high aesthetic standards, have fallen a bit short commercially. Still, the band revealed a deft sense of pop/rock craftsmanship that the majority of KROQian type bands are light years from achieving.

—Scott Kirby

Dio/Rough Cutt

*The Forum
Inglewood*

This was Ronnie Dio night, as he and proteges Rough Cutt took the stage for a night of elaborate staging and heavy metal.

Rough Cutt played a very impressive set, and should soon be headlining arenas themselves if tonight was any indication. Ripping through songs from their self-titled LP, the band displayed a clearcut Dio influence to the delight of the partisan crowd. Impressive solos by drummer David Alford and guitarist Amir Derakh drew the loudest response.

As Dio took the stage amid smoke bombs, I couldn't help but feel a bit intimidated. I mean, here was this legend of heavy metal with a stage show meant for tripping. Opening up with King of Rock & Roll" and following with "Queen of Hearts" and "Don't Talk to Strangers," Dio had every person in the Forum under his spell.

His stage show has to be seen to be believed. Words almost can't describe it, but I'll try: Take a castle motif, put the drums way up high, have a smoke-breathing dragon with red eyes threatening to chow down on the drummer Vinnie Appice, have lasers intersecting the stage lights in time to the music, throw in a laser-swordfight between two knights (worth the ticket price alone), give Vivian Campbell the power to shoot sparks from the stage with his guitar, and (finally) watch Ronnie stab the dragon with his mic stand/sword. Wish you'da been there? I bet you do!

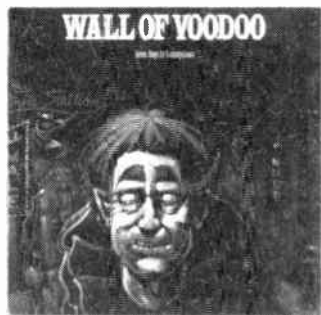
Dio covered a lot of ground, song-wise, ranging from his days with Rainbow and Black Sabbath to his latest solo album, and he compressed a bunch of his best-known hits into medleys (which all coincided with the stage acrobatics). Appice—one of rock's most respected drummers—and Vivian were outstanding. The weak link of the group was keyboardist Claude Schnell, whose playing tended to drag the music down rather than enhance it. Dio has perhaps the strongest voice in the business, and he proved it on the encores of "Rainbow in the Dark" and "We Rock."

I hope Ronnie Dio does a major motion picture someday, complete with soundtrack. With his songwriting ability and his imagination, it'd be one hell of a flick. Maybe it might be even better than this concert was, but then, fantasies only come true once in a great while.

—Lemmy Loud

Reviews

ALBUMS



Wall of Voodoo *Seven Days In Sammystown* I.R.S.

Seven Days In Sammystown marks the end of three years in limbo for Wall of Voodoo, following the departure of lead vocalist Stanard Ridgway and drummer Joe Nanini. The new edition of WOV features pretty-boy Andy Prieboy fronting the outfit with an upper-register drone reminiscent of Ridgway. Beyond that, though, the band's ability to reach the twisted darkness often traversed by the original lineup has diminished. Still prevalent are the inimitable godzilla-meets-Clint Eastwood guitar licks of Marc Moreland, as well as Chas T. Gray's striking synthesizer arrangements, but the rest of the world seems to have caught up with the band in other respects.

Absent here is the unique ability of the original WOV to conjure up panoramas of eeriness and intimacy. This territory was superbly charted on their debut EP (including mindscapes such as "The Passenger" and "Longarm") and to a lesser extent on the two albums that followed.

"Far Side of Crazy," which opens the disc, remains true to the foundation WOV set down six years ago, as does most of the LP. Prieboy has the pipes to effectively deliver the details of those quirky tales, yet the new model WOV has added sweeteners, which tend to soften the impact of the group, relegating them to a Top-40 new wave niche on such tracks as "(Don't Spill My) Courage" and "Business of Love." The sound of the Sixties rears its dayglo head in "Blackboard Sky" as Prieboy sings surrealistic lyrics ("I tumble like a paper cup that's caught in the wind...") over Gray's swiveling synthesizer and Moreland's fuzz guitar, in what resembles a contemporary adaptation of "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds."

"Why don't you meet me anymore in museums full of culture," a line taken from the most memorable composition, "Museums," suggests a viable course correction for this balmier version of WOV. Moreland's clever piece, a fresh entry in the love games category, is propelled

by rhythmic guitar/synth hooks, along with Prieboy's vocals (which reverberate as if he were inside the South Wing of the Norton Simon Museum). WOV has always been considered an "art" band; this cut pokes fun at the refinement of romance and culture in a decidedly less-troubled tone than the shadowy one their reputation was built upon. It demonstrates that the band still has the wherewithal to jump a step ahead of the pack. With this new lineup, perhaps WOV can make up in accessibility what it's lost in atmosphere.

—Ron Coleman



Various Artists *Lost in the Stars: The Music of Kurt Weill* A&M

Where to begin with an album that includes the disparate talents of L.A.'s own Fowler Brothers, Lou Reed, Marianne Faithfull, Carla Bley, Van Dyke Parks, and Charlie Haden? First off, a tip of the hat to producer Hal Willner. *Lost in the Stars* is Willner's third such compilation LP, following provocative, wide-ranging tributes to the music of Nino Rota and Thelonious Monk. In this day of endless lowest-common-denominator musical "products," it is gratifying to find the acid-penned lyrics of Kurt Weill seeing the light of vinyl.

Kurt Weill was born in 1900 in Germany. After a classical music education, he rose to prominence, in part due to his collaborations with playwright Bertolt Brecht. Weill, a poplizer in the best sense of the term, once told an interviewer that he never acknowledged the difference between "serious" and "light" music. Today, 36 years after Weill's death, the veracity of this statement still holds.

My personal favorites on this project include the antiwar paean, "The Cannon Song," by the Fowler Brothers and Stanard Ridgway; the mournful "Youkali Tango," as performed by the Armadillo String Quartet; the zany extravaganzas of John Zorn's "Der Kleine Leutnant des Lieben Gottes" ("The Little Lieutenant of the Loving God"); "September Song," which, under Lou Reed's arrangement, becomes an ironically finger-popping pop ballad; and a faithful rendering of "What Keeps Mankind Alive" by incorrigible raconteur Tom Waits. This is really only the tip of the iceberg; along the way, you'll also get de-

licious dollops of outrageous music from the likes of Phil Woods, Carla Bley, Aaron Neville, Todd Rundgren, and Van Dyke Parks.

No matter what musical camp you might believe yourself to be in, you will do yourself a favor by grabbing this album and giving it a serious listen. With over 60 minutes of goosebump-producing music, ... *Stars* is easily one of the best albums—pop, jazz, classical, or otherwise—to come along in some time.

—David Keller

Adam Ant *Vive le Rock* Epic

Adam Ant's my candidate for most exasperating artist of the decade. At his best, he's a nominee for "living legend." At his worst, he makes those who believe that last sentence want to crawl off and hide. So I'm overjoyed that this album is what becomes a legend most.

Vive le Rock is bursting with an energy that crosses all stylistic boundaries. Let's hope Adam has at last found people he can work with permanently, for the combined power of his back-to-basics threesome makes every track rip. This lineup's been with him since last year's Montreux festival, but the individual players should be familiar to Antpeople. Guitarist Marco, who's played Keith to Adam's Mick for five years, is back officially; bass guitarist Chris "DeNiro" Constantinou and drummer "Count" Bogdan Wiczling date from *Friend or Foe*. Also, one of the wisest moves Adam's made in years is to employ crack producer Tony Visconti.

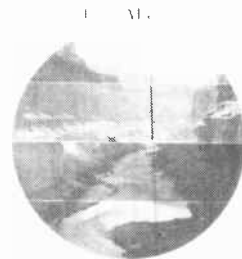
Unfortunately, the sound will probably mean little to the critics—they'll just do their standard throw-darts-at-the-pretty-boy routine. Face it: When even the most objective description will likely conclude you look like a Greek god, you might as well flaunt it. But he flaunted it in the worst sense on '83's *Strip*. You're *least* sexy when you're straining, and *Strip* was unenlightened macho that didn't even have the strength of its own sleazy convictions. (Think "Prince meets Berlin"—then sink lower.) With the current James Dean/Marlon Brando effect—all greased hair and stuffed jeans—he's made the transition to an enlightened Eighties macho that knows it's an act with blunt gay overtones (but to stuff it in a box marked "gay" would be narrow-minded).

Press potshots aside, the string of Stateside Ant hits he's been threatening may finally be here. The title track/current single sets the pace, followed by the properly frantic "Miss Thing" (Adam's song for Little Richard—read any good books lately, Adam?). Adam gets credit for piano, but two notes or so hardly seem worth mentioning. After two fillers, we close with another potential hit, "Scorpio Rising," which the critics will see as narcissistic and Antpeople will see

as honing the legend. Side Two starts with "Apollo 9," a dancefloor song for the astronauts, which did well as an import last year and could take off as a domestic release. The next three point up the ambivalence of Adam's lyrics; there's a properly "offensive" but obscure tone throughout. Characteristically, his lyrics are for effect, not substance, and even the substantial ones depend on in-jokes and obscurities—or maybe we don't *wanna* know. Moral watchdogs will be adding this album to their list and not even know what they're listing. We close with "P.O.E.," an anti-nuclear *Dr. Strangelove* take-off, with Marco playing country licks and Adam turning on a Texas accent (Wee-hah!); then an acappella reprise of "Apollo 9" so we won't get too depressed, right?

Like Boy George, Adam Ant's style depends on how well he combines disparate elements. Adam seems to have his in balance—now we'll see how long he can keep 'em that way.

—Lyn Jensen



Paul Winter *Canyon* Living Music

This is the kind of album that grows on you. After the initial play, you might think that it's merely another pleasant, "new age"-style work, but after repeated listens, you come away thinking that Paul Winter may just be on to some truly timeless sounds.

Recorded at both New York City's Cathedral of St. John the Divine and the Grand Canyon (where four separate recordings and rafting expeditions took place), *Canyon* is a frequently breathtaking outing. On this, his 17th album, soprano saxophonist Winter has surrounded himself with a variety of top-flight musicians, including Paul McCandless on oboe, John Clark on French horn, and Oscar Castro-Neves on guitar. Some five years in the making, *Canyon* is an aural snapshot of rushing waters, majestic rock formations, and the wildlife of the Grand Canyon.

To these ears, Side Two's opener, the quietly elegant "River Run," is the LP's real standout. A warm, flowing piece, the horn and string passages are quite moving and seamless. "Elves Chasm" allows McCandless a pleasant excursion on oboe as he gracefully weaves in and around the sounds of chirping

birds and his own echoing notes. The only clinker on this entire project is "Sockdolager" (Nineteenth Century vernacular for "knockout punch"), which—with its unidentified vocal musings—comes off just a bit too Gregorian. Otherwise, *Canyon* shapes up as another milestone in the colorful career of reedsmen Paul Winter. —David Keller

Big Audio Dynamite This Is Big Audio Dynamite Columbia

In the wake of his messy falling-out with Clash co-leader Joe Strummer, Mick Jones has emerged with an intriguing new band and a scintillating debut album. B.A.D.'s convoluted mixture of rap, scratch, F.X. vocals, booming drums, and aggressive unprocessed guitars is a sheer revelation. While some of the melodies are admittedly little more than chants, the album's surreal sonics keep things wholly mesmerizing. Even the vocals work: Raw harmonies and unison singing add weight to Jones' thin wailing. And though the album is slick in terms of production, its stance is pure rebel.

With B.A.D., Jones has discovered something that has always been a mystery to the Clash—a sense of humor. This newfound quality lends a hopeful resonance to such songs as "The Bottom Line" and "Bad." While Strummer stubbornly refuses to cut the crap, Jones has become a spy for the counterculture by making a record that sounds great on the radio and begs to be a hit. He's doing a far greater service to his art and beliefs than his petulant former partner, who's still ranting in the underground. —Billy Cioffi

Elton John *Ice on Fire* Geffen

As a singer, pianist, and melo-dist, this quintessential Seventies superstar sounds as skilled as ever. Lyricist Bernie Taupin, who's co-written all the songs on *Ice on Fire*, remains Elton's ultimate collaborator. And Gus Dudgeon, who pro-

ELTON JOHN



duced all of John's best records, is once again providing all the right touches. So what's wrong with *Ice on Fire*? Nothing that a "Saturday Night's Alright," "Love Lies Bleeding," and/or "One Horse Town" wouldn't cure. A churning rocker (or three) in the classic mode would not only anchor this collection of pop froth ("Wrap Her Up") and intoxicating ballads ("Cry to Heaven," "Shoot Down the Moon"), it would do a whole lot more for Elton's current credibility problem than a George Michael duet, no matter how well-designed. Inevitably, pop reads as "pap" in the hands of this designer jeans huckster, and sad songs—no matter how affecting—only say so much.

—Bud Scoppa



Haven *Haven* Canon/Erika

This five-man band from Cleveland may have been ready to make the move to Los Angeles, but if this self-produced EP is any indication, Haven isn't yet ready to make the move to vinyl. Unless you want something to entertain a rancid jail cell full of O.D. casualties, *Haven's* most effective use would be as compelling evidence that hard rock has absolutely nothing new to say. Here is a slab of vinyl that succeeds only in managing to jam more metal clichés into five tracks than one could dig out of a jaded head-banger's worst nightmare. Listening to such mundane mediocrities as

"Ready to Rock" and "Turn It Up" might still be tolerable if not for lead screamist Sammy T. Brdar's insistence on straying beyond his real vocal range to tackle such profound lyrics as "Are you rockers ready to roll?" over blatantly stock chord changes. Haven should try to come up with something at least marginally original before they make another stab at recording.

—Stu Simone



The Big G & G: This tape was not sent to me for review; I got it from an associate in music management who forwarded it, knowing my love for things that are out-there. The G, as he calls himself, was not seeking criticism but PR/financial support, and, to make this even more inappropriate for an MC review, there is *no music* on this 60-minute cassette. It is, instead, the philosophical ramblings of the G, a guy who claims to be the Second Coming, and who in fact claims that under his hairpiece are the scars caused by the crown of thorns. The G, like the TV preachers who perchance inspire him, has a penchant for repeating ridiculous ideas over and over for the benefit of those with two-digit IQ's. "Heaven is in the speed of life, key of light" gets repeated numerous times, and after each reading of this theory, the G chuckles to himself—like he does throughout this tape—in a haunting way that indicates an insanity we don't think could be faked. "Invasion of the spirit snatchers—if you're comin' in a coven, cousin, you're dyin' in an oven: Fahrenheit 666." Other possible art-band lyrics abound, and I assure you, if you love hearing the truly bizarre, if you're tired of John Trubee and Zoogz Rift and want to hear someone who is *genuinely* mentally/emotionally disturbed, this tape is for you. It is alternately scary and sad, but always funny. The G was so excited in soliciting my friend's services that he forgot to include his zip code, but if you want to contact him, he claims to be at "A" P.O. Box in San Diego. May heaven help us all.

—S.L. Duff



Words of praise about records of merit

Some unfinished business. Before shoving my year-end record notes into the dead file, I feel compelled to acknowledge some truly superior '85 cuts that hardly anybody noticed. These memorable pieces of music were ignored not only by radio and press, but also—incidentally enough—by the very record labels that released them as album tracks. I'm not talking about failed singles here. Nope, I'm referring to obscure tracks on largely neglected albums that, in a better world, would be all over KIIS-FM and the Hot 100. Here, then, are the ones that got away:

China Crisis: "Black Man Ray" (WB)—This beauty has the oblique lyrics and stylishly restrained sound of vintage Steely Dan, and its architecture resembles that of "Everybody Wants to Rule the World."

Simply Red: "Holding Back the Years" (Elektra)—Everybody I play this cut for concludes that it's the best thing Carly Simon's ever done—and the singer's a guy. I don't like Carly Simon, but I like this. Maybe she should cut it.

Tubes: "Feel It" (Capitol)—Buried near the end of *Love Bomb's* seamless Side Two is this exquisite mid-tempo love song, colored by a Doo-biesque arrangement and powered by Bill Spooner's breathtakingly heartfelt vocal.

Marti Jones: "Lonely Is (As Lonely Does)"—Akron singer Jones sings this lovely Peter Holsapple song with the delicate authority of Fairport's Sandy Denny.

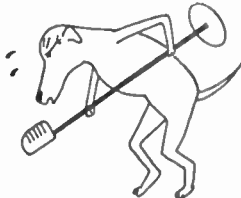
Todd Rundgren: "Pretending to Care" (WB)—Classic pop ballad performed acappella, but big as the sky. Mel Torme should cover it.

Matt Bianco: "More Than I Can Bear" (Atlantic)—Okay, it was released as a single, but nobody noticed. Bianco (a group, not a guy) performs this sultry heartbreak song as if it were a Bacharach/David ballad from the early Sixties—the trumpet accents are perfect.

—Bud Scoppa

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Jeff Berlin

*Hop Singhs
Marina del Rey*

□ **The Players:** Jeff Berlin, bass & vocals; Frank Gambale, guitar; Tris Imboden, drums; Ron Rheinhard, keyboards.

□ **Material:** Jeff Berlin is one of the pioneers in lead bass playing. His material, which emphasizes technique, is jazz-fusion-based, crossing at times into a classical format. His music is very uptempo, highlighted, obviously, by his innovative bass lines. "Pump It" was announced as a new piece, and was perhaps the best song in his set, sounding a little bit like a ZZ Top number in terms of rhythm and beat. "20,000 Prayers" was also good, focusing on the fusion sound, complemented by Berlin's use of double-stop runs. "Subway Train" and Stevie Wonder's "Reggae Woman" were opened up for jamming, "Reggae Woman" featuring a drum solo and a keyboard jam. "What I Know Now," off Jeff's *Champion* album, was a slow song that didn't quite fit in well with the fusion-based set and could've been left out. Novelty numbers of the evening included a version of Cream's "Crossroads," with Jeff doing Clapton's solos on bass, and a medley called "Dixie," with Jeff adorning his neck-sliding solo with references to "Thanks for the Memories" and the theme from *The Andy Griffith Show*.

Topping it off with an encore that included a great bass solo filled with all the runs and hammer-ons you could ask for, the show ended with each bandmember doing a little solo piece and then finishing in unison for a unique ending.

□ **Musicianship:** All of Jeff's backup musicians were good, most notably Tris Imboden on drums. He played well with Berlin, fitting nicely into the stylistic context. The keyboards, a positive addition, helped bring out a variety of sound. Gambale was a good guitarist, but I felt Berlin let him get away with too much, as most of us were there to see Jeff's bass-playing. Berlin is an amazing player and he clearly knows his stuff backwards and forwards. Aside from all the runs and double-tapping, I was impressed by his classical five-finger picking, and his use of hammer-ons to complement it. Berlin's vocal abilities could use some touching up, however; his voice is monotone too much of the time.

□ **Performance:** Berlin is not a flashy showman, nor does he have to be with his talent, and the crowd was happy to just groove along with the band. Berlin kept things loose with his stage raps, which carried a personal tone. For the most part, the rest of the band were content to stay in the background and let Jeff do his thing.

□ **Summary:** Jeff Berlin is a very talented musician, and watching him play, it's easy to see why he's respected in his field. His band works well around his playing, and their music is such that it can appeal to classical, jazz, and rock fans alike. —Lemmy Loud



Jeff Berlin: A "lead bass" innovator.

Linda Tillery

*At My Place
Santa Monica*

□ **The Players:** Linda Tillery, vocals; Ray Obiedo, guitar; Ron Stallings, saxophones; Julie Homi, keyboards; Benny Rietveld, bass; William Kennedy, drums; Annie Stocking, backing vocals/keyboards.

□ **Material:** Tillery and band slide out a stylish and sophisticated blend of jazz, R&B, pop, and soul à la Boz Scaggs and Phoebe Snow. The mostly uptempo, melodic songs, many co-written by guitarist Obiedo, explore the many facets of love—passionate, spiritual, emotional—from breakup and love triangles to deep, enduring love between and amongst people. Tillery's song selection conveys the underlying theme of overcoming life's pressures and problems through human unity and mutual support. The value she places on the importance of strong relationships and bonds is reflected in the warmth, gentleness, and good feelings she transmits onstage.

□ **Musicianship:** The five-piece band provided strong, tight backing, with some fine solos and interludes. The rhythm section of Rietveld and Kennedy punched out a consistent, uptempo groove throughout the show, laying the foundation for the soulful and sophisticated set. Adding textures on the tenor and soprano sax, Stallings churned out his best stuff on "Love and Happiness," but stumbled over a labored and lengthy soprano sax solo on "A Lasting Heart." Obiedo paired up with Stallings for some middling sax/guitar interplay on "Secrets," but chiefly provided rhythmical accompaniment—although he shined through with an impassioned solo on "Breakin' Away." Homi on keyboards traded leads with Stallings and Obiedo and added atmospheric backing, almost capturing a jazz/soul fusion in her piano intro on the danceable "I Suppose." Stallings and Stocking provided the vocal backing, garnishing Tillery's standout lead vocals with lushness and taste.

□ **Performance:** The focal point of the band was Tillery and her dynamic voice. Opening with three rousing numbers to an extremely excited and supportive crowd, Tillery blasted an Aretha-like soul shout that raised the energy

Photo by Kristen A. Dahline / JAI

level a few notches higher. "Secrets," Tillery's current single, was introduced as a song about a love triangle and continued the high spirits, containing a Prince-like "Do ya want me? Cuz I want you" outro that climaxed the high energy opening. Tillery's arrangements build nicely, and the show was well-paced, although it bogged down in the middle on some slower songs, which featured some overlong extended solos and vocal workouts that became repetitive. Nevertheless, the crowd remained attentive and supported the band as it regained its drive and power with "The Chosen Ones," a passionate cry for global unity. "Love and Happiness," a good-time, Gospel-flavored number, summarily finished the set, only to be eclipsed by Tillery's scorching vocal treatment of Peggy Lee's "Fever" for an encore. So hot, so cool, so cool, so hot.

□ **Summary:** Tillery's vocals are tender, strong, passionate, and enticing, and she has a warm, natural, and easy stage presence. She's fully capable of attracting a loyal and devoted following, one that returns the warmth she purveys. This 16-year stage veteran has the opportunity to be a well-recognized singer if she can find the key material. Strangely, "Basin Street," the best song on her latest album, was excluded from the set. Tillery has commercial potential, but more importantly, she has a deeply human sensibility which could carry her far.—*Michael Sinclair*

Jetzons

*Club Lingerie
Hollywood*

□ **The Players:** Bruce Canoll, guitar, vocals; Brad Buxer, keyboards, vocals; Lloyd Moffitt,

bass, Chapman Stick; Craig Romero, drums.

□ **Material:** The Jetzons sound a lot like R.E.M., but with heavy keyboards. Their songs are excellent: pop-flavored, with a danceable beat, intriguing lyrics, and beautiful harmony work between Canoll and Buxer. They covered the Byrds' "Eight Miles High," using the original harmony as a base and adding their own technopop style, and the result far surpassed Roxy Music's comparatively wimpy version.

□ **Musicianship:** Seeing the Jetzons leaves no doubts as to their playing skills. These guys are pros. Moffitt showed proficiency on both bass and Chapman Stick. Newest member Romero kept a driving beat a la early Duran Duran. Canoll's guitar work was tasteful and unpretentious. There is something about the Strat/Jazz Chorus 120 combination that makes my toes curl. Buxer, though, is the superlative musician in the group. It's obvious he's not even thinking about what he's playing, just doing what he does best and loving it.

□ **Performance:** When the Jetzons play, there's so much going on it's hard to keep your eyes in one place. Romero's Simmons set is like a big red monster dominating center-stage. Meanwhile, Moffitt is going back and forth between P-bass, keyboards, and the strikingly effective Chapman Stick; Buxer has one of the hottest setups around. His animated style reminded me of Howard Jones, slapping his Emulator II like a bad child. Canoll is the main visual focus, though. Pale, thin, dressed in black, he looked like Jim Carroll but sang with a romanticism reminiscent of Bryan Ferry.

□ **Summary:** Apparently, the Jetzons are the kings of Phoenix, their hometown. Having opened for the likes of Roxy Music and Greg Kihn, they're no strangers to large venues. Their confidence permeates their material and performance. Not pretension, not over-acting—just confidence.

—*Christopher Clarke*

Planet 10

*Lighthouse Cafe
Hermosa Beach*

□ **The Players:** Ed Prince, lead guitar; Wade Stallings, vocals; Cliff Rehrig, bass; Jelani Jones, keyboards, vocals; Ronnie Rivera, drums.

□ **Material:** Unlike most of today's ska-influenced bands, there's more to Planet 10 than just intense, electrifying rhythms. This techno-ethnic group combines the manic tempo and craziness of the Bonedaddys with some first-class commercial pop music. The band's greatest skill is being able to create so many different moods in their songs without losing the excitement that their music generates onstage. All original, "Gorilla" is a pulsating trip to the land of Africa, while "Terina" is a surprisingly tender ballad. While "Lips" sounds too much like Prince's "Little Red Corvette," "Stop My Horse" is a tasty, Jimmy Cliff-flavored treat about the sexual aggressions of a teenager; this one sent the crowd into an absolute frenzy.

□ **Musicianship:** Bassist Rehrig impressed throughout with crafted and highly complex bass lines, including a devastating display of fine, experimental work in "Biff Riff," reminiscent of Pink Floyd's *Meddle* days. Lead guitarist Prince is also a fine talent, and like Rehrig, shows an



Planet 10: A respectable band with incredible potential.

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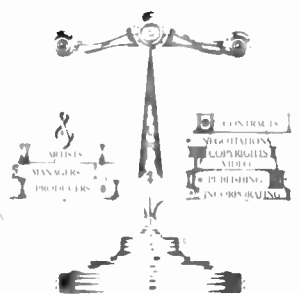
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admirable zest for inventiveness. Except for his gut-wrenching vocals in "Terina," lead singer Stallings gets too few opportunities to rise above the propelling backbeat and reveal his true vocal abilities. Keyboardist Jones and drummer Riviera are both adequate musicians, but lack the individuality needed to make their playing distinguishable.

□ **Performance:** Stallings is an animated showman. Dancing all around to the hypnotic beat, his main interest is getting the crowd on their feet and joining him in the frenzy. However, while singing, Stallings reminds me too much of Billy Idol. Looking and dressing just like him, it's a shame to think he's watching so much MTV. His thrashing up and down with bandmate Jones is too punkish and seemed out of place, but the power of their music keeps the crowd and Stallings in a fervor.

□ **Summary:** Planet 10 is a respectable band with incredible potential. Their clever, original songs mixed in with an intense, pulsating rhythm, makes this band one of the more distinguishable and enjoyable bands on the circuit. If they can keep recreating the frenzy that they emit from their live shows, it's just a matter of time until this unique group captures the masses. Bring a towel.

—Steve Kozak

Vector

Wolfgang's
 San Francisco

□ **The Players:** Steve Griffith,

vocals; Jim Abegg, guitar, vocals; Bruce Spencer, drums.

□ **Material:** In a hot and cool set, Vector turned out synth-infused Europop with songs that swung like a pendulum from good to bad, enticing to formulaic. At best, the trio produced a pulsating, eerie grandeur with sounds that swirled around the senses. At worst, the tunes fell flat and predictable as in (gasp) "I Can't Help Falling in Love." This is new-world, Tears for Fears-type stuff with a stronger rock kick. It's moody, driven, technologically current, and, with the exception of the pop fodder, can lift you to frequent emotional highs.

□ **Musicianship:** Griffith strives successfully for that Bowiesque timelessness in his voice, and although his range isn't wide, his phrasing is good and immediately communicative. Guitarist Abegg has a way with subtle punctuation. A soft harmonic explosion here, a distorted fleeting scream there, rounded out his generally simple but effective glassy guitar riffs. The phrase "Don't work harder: work smarter" could apply to drummer Spencer. Blissfully avoiding sonic overkill, he knew how to mix up his riffs, cymbals, toms, and rolls in a way that danced enjoyably inside the rhythm. The mix, that unsung element, was remarkable, which is as it should be for music like this.

□ **Performance:** All-white attire and a *Blade Runner* air permeated an otherwise by-the-book, here-are-the-songs performance. The members, with their Alarm-ing 'doos, put in a purely energized and honest show as Griffith coaxed and cajoled the songs to life while Abegg, in his medieval pauper-

like garb, stood in stony concentration. Spencer kept a stationary power, glowing like a neutron charge in what was a sweaty, well-paced set that kept the Vector-ettes dancing on the floor.

□ **Summary:** This Sacramento band has some precious ideosyncrasies to exploit, such as Griffith's and Abegg's spooky dual vocals, for example. The commercialized goo is what baffled me. Was it the product of an inner-band compromise? Or was it the persuasion of some outside force? A glimpse of Vector's dream came through via their experimentation, and the glimpse was good. With all their other cards in the right place, Vector should strive to keep breaking new ground, and let the more commercial music fall by the wayside.—Bonnie MacKinnon

Modern Age

Wong's West
 Santa Monica

□ **The Players:** Andy Falk, guitar, vocals; Dale Beene, bass, vocals; Conrad Williams, drums, vocals.

□ **Material:** The strong suit here is some interesting and humorous lyrics. Because they didn't try to come off as a musical extravaganza, or try to astound the intellect with profound statements, they could be entertaining on this front. The songs dealt with trendy stuff like Andy Warhol and Marilyn Monroe, but without any self-consciousness.

□ **Musicianship:** Sketchy here: sometimes the three Floridians were together, but in spots they fell away from any groove they came across. Falk took a lot of chances with solos,



Vector: Synth-infused Europop from the Bay Area.



The Modern Age with some fans.

some of which paid off, as on "Million Dollar Babies," when he leaned unmercifully on his whammy bar. The vocals were good, especially Williams; whose straightforward singing was reminiscent of someone like Billy Joel. His high range also added some dynamics to the mix.

□ **Performance:** Though the band had no strong image, their spontaneous chatter onstage took up some of the slack. Williams stood while he played; this stance, unusual for a drummer, made for a good focal point for the group. The trio all seemed natural onstage, but sometimes their comfort lapsed into what seemed like obnoxious chatter from frat row. Their strengths and flaws both came across during the set: They exuded a certain amount of integrity, and their sound wasn't overburdened with instrumentation, which was nice, but somehow they lacked a certain amount of critical oomph.

□ **Summary:** Though the fact that the band was loose was good, it could also be their downfall. I got the impression that the gig was more like a jam session than a show. Their presence was a bit too chummy, and it felt like they were playing at a party for friends. It's important for them to get a little tighter musically and presence-wise so that they come off somewhat more serious, whether or not they really are.

—Vince Cummings

Van Gogh's Ear

Blue Lagune Saloon
Marina del Rey

□ **The Players:** Eric Potruch, guitars, lead vocals; Dan Potruch, drums, percussion; Steve

Billman, bass; Chris Mahan, lead guitar; Mike Pievac, tuned & other percussion.

□ **Material:** Van Gogh's Ear play an aggressive blend of rhythm-conscious styles that will blow any open mind. Their music is manic, avant-garde, progressive dance fusion. Their approach is eclectic and haunting—almost surrealistic. Musically, rhythmically and lyrically complex, VGE's material makes you think. Reminiscent of early Soft Machine, latter-day King Crimson, Motown, and Mahavishnu, their stylized hyper-funk/jazz/fusion sound may very well be ahead of what the average listening public is ready for. Their songs are each unique, yet each possesses a definitive style. "Circles" is incredibly hypnotic. "Naivete" is a classic lament on confusion and change: "And we watch, reverent, as our temporary sun sheds its temporary light on a life overrun with naivete." "Grounds for Marriage," a humorous love song, contrasts "Virus," a hyperkinetic, frustrated commentary on subjective reality (I think). These adventurous lads actually pulled off an amazing cover of an almost impossible-to-copy work of art—King Crimson's "Larks Tongue in Aspic, Part II." Bravo!! [Part I is even harder, dude.—Ed.]

□ **Musicianship:** Each member is incredibly precise and dynamic. Eric Potruch, on guitar and vocals, has a great sense of rhythm, a strong and unique vocalizing style that is perfect for their material. Dan Potruch, on drums and percussion, has a metronome in his head; complex syncopation and off-beat playing seem to come naturally to him. Billman's

bass playing is wildly precise and melodic. He is the keeper of the groove. Together they are as tight as Sly and Robbie (well, almost). Mahan is a tasteful and ferocious guitarist, funky but a bit reserved. Pievac, on tuned and other percussion, is deliberate and forceful. His work adds real tension and a touch of class. As a band they are aggressive, wild, and not afraid to take chances. They are very solid and feed off each other very well. Never a dull moment.

□ **Performance:** VGE are unique and natural in their presentation. The show sported nothing too fancy, but was involving in its simplicity and intensity. These guys are fully into their music, and not afraid to showcase their sharp, shiny chops and still manage to appear human. They are so wrapped up in their complex material that a lot of their energy is used in concentration. Eric Potruch, the key writer and frontman, has an intellectual charm onstage. The band is there for the music and the message (I don't even think they read *Tiger Beat*), not to prove they can dance. However, their audience did swing, in an interpretive way.

□ **Summary:** Van Gogh's Ear is definitely original, but not without very appropriate and respectable influences. The playing is exceptional, experimental, and exciting. Their songs are inviting but demand more than the average attention level to be fully appreciated. If they can remain progressive, but gear the intellect of their writings down a bit, these wild-boys could have a monster on their hands. Lend them your ear (rumor has it they've lost one).
—N.D. Groov

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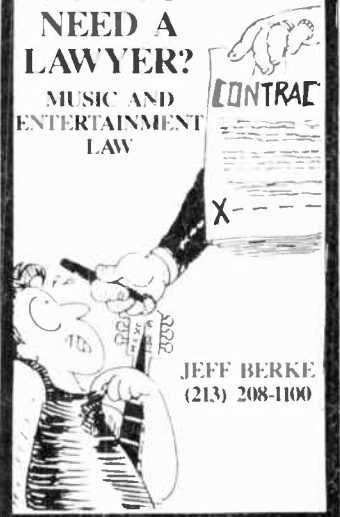
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Club Data

by S. L. Duff



Photo by Kristen A. Dahme/UA

Act of Faith: Will the former Brat pack the Peanut Gallery?

Our leading club news tidbit might ruffle a few feathers. No one wants to completely confirm this for me by deadline, but, the owners of **La Cage Aux Folles** on La Cienega are rumored to be buying the **Whisky-a-Go-Go**. What they plan to do with it is anyone's guess, but the rumor mill favors female impersonator entertainment, similar to the bill o' fare at La Cage.

Two on the Town filmed four hours worth of psychedelic music and merriment at the **Cavern Club** on Saturday, January 18th, which aired on January 22nd. The bands playing that night that were filmed (and hopefully aired, as it was after that evil deadline) were the **Unclaimed** and **SS 20**. Hangin' around were showbiz's hottest new couple, **Stiv Bators** of **Lords of the New Church** and MTV's **Martha Quinn**.

Byrdland Revisited and others will perform in a tribute to the late sax great, **Joe Farrell**, at **Nucleus Nuance** on January 30th.

If you are interested in promoting a concert in Hollywood and need a ballroom that holds 400 people, contact the people at **Black Radio Exclusive** (an L.A.-based trade). They have a ballroom they rent out for \$600 per evening. It comes with extras like a security guard, but no sound system. Saturdays are booked for a while, but Fridays are currently available. Call them at 469-7262.

Reggae has found a local home at **Kingston 12** in Santa Monica, a club that's been going strong since October. They're at 814 Broadway, the same address that once housed **Bullwinkle's** and **All the Way Live**. The club feature reggae and only reggae, Jamaican food, fruit drinks, beer, and wine. For bookings, call Barry or Yvonne O'Brien at 451-4423. Also, look for reggae superstar **Freddie McGregor** during the club's **Bob Marley Weekend**, beginning January 31st.

MC regular **Tom Kidd** filed the following somewhat unusual report the families of **Ricky Intveld** and **Pat Woodward**, who died New Year's Eve with **Ricky Nelson** in the much-publicized and controversial airplane fire:

"On Wednesday, January 15th,

the place to be was the **Lingerie**. The occasion was the memorial tribute for the families of **Ricky Intveld** and **Patrick Woodward**. The line outside at 9:30 stretched almost to the corner, and since the club bouncer was in no hurry to add to the crush inside (fire marshalls, y'know), I went home. Big mistake. 'It was kind of a jam in a way,' Ronnie Mack reported by phone the next day. 'Some groups had their regular bands, but for the most part, everybody just sort of jammed and helped everybody else out.'

"Notables onstage included the aforementioned Mr. Mack, the Blasters with Gene Taylor, the Knitters with James Intveld, Chuck E. Weiss, the Lonesome Strangers, the Wild Cards, the Rockin' Rebels, and Dwight Yoakam. Offstage notables included ex-Blue Cap Johnny Meeks, Peter Case, and Jody (Mrs. Patrick) Woodward. As proved by the crowd in attendance, Intveld and Woodward will be missed by a whole lot of friends. If you wish to make a donation to the families of Intveld or Woodward, please send it to Art Fein in care of Club Lingerie...."

Next up, **P.J. Birosik** of **Vox Talent** recently visited Canada and sent in a report on the club scene there. Here 'tis:

"Smile—you're a tourist attraction" seems to be the motto for the Western Canadian province of Alberta. Its two cultural centers—Edmonton and Calgary—boast more than 20 nightspots each, featuring rock, country, and jazz. I checked out many of them on my recent trip and learned some surprising facts. First, don't expect to see clubs like the **Troubadour** or the **Palomino** in Alberta. Virtually all nightclubs are located in hotels, motels, and inns. Each hotel features two rooms: the "tavern" for rock, and the "showroom" for country, jazz, or variety acts.

"The rock bands are exclusively cover bands; they play five 45-minute sets nightly, and are usually booked from three to seven days at a shot. Bands are 'graded' nightly by bartenders and club-owners on the number of top 40 and golden oldies they perform. Too many 'obscure' songs or originals

and the band is fired, possibly losing its agent, as well. Obviously, this severely limits the exposure an aspiring original band can hope for."

Here's a partial listing of the clubs P.J. visited (all area codes unless noted otherwise are 402):

Kingsway Inn (479-4266)—Tavern and lounge feature rock cover bands, while the Rodeo Room features both original and cover country talent like RCA's **Tracy Lynden**.

Continental Inn (484-7751)—Cattle Room for country, and the tavern features mostly hard-rock cover bands like **Sentinel**.

Rex Motor Inn (466-2155)—Seems to be the most popular club in Edmonton. Allows its hard-rock bands to play some originals and features two bands per night. No cover charge, either. Most popular acts were **Steeler** and **Cannon Anny**.

Rockers (433-9393)—Hottest new nightspot, featuring live bands Thursday through Sunday and open 'til 4 a.m.

Danny Hooper's Stockyard (424-0051)—Features country music.

Capitano Motor Inn (465-3355)—A DJ spins Fifties singles between sets by rockabilly bands.

Beverly Crest Hotel (474-0456)—Features rock dance bands and a Doors tribute by **Wild Child**.

Lists of Canadian country clubs, rock clubs, and agents are available through P.J. Birosik at (213) 656-8845.

Upcoming live sounds: **Act of Faith**, formerly the **Brat**, with **Yolie** (formerly **Yolie Lox & the Bears**) and **Gordon Stevens** at **Jai Studios** February 1st, call 762-6316; **Kid Creole** at the **Palace** Jan. 30th, 31st, and Feb. 1st; **Red Hot Chili Peppers** there on Feb. 5th; **Mardi Gras Party** at **Wong's** with **Armand St. Martin**, **Manila Vanilla**, and **Burning Sensations** on Feb. 8th; **Mardi Gras** at the **Lighthouse** Feb. 4th and 5th with **New Orleans Natives** (featuring **Charles Neville**); **Georgie Auld's 50th Anniversary** in showbiz at **Donte's** on Jan. 31st and Feb. 1st; **NRBQ** at the **Lingerie** Jan. 31st, **Roy Buchanan** there Feb. 1st.

LiveAction Chart

The **Live Action Chart** reports on the three top-drawing acts at various Los Angeles Area clubs. The clubs range from small 100-150 seaters to 1,000 seaters. We rotate the selected clubs each issue in order to give the widest possible range of information. Each club's top three is reported to us by the individual responsible for the bookings.

Reporting Dates
January 7-January 10

Club Lingerie
Hollywood

1. Patrick Woodward-Ricky Intveld Benefit
2. Screamin' Jay Hawkins
3. Doctor Isaiah Ross & Phil Alvin

Nucleus Nuance
Hollywood

1. Jimmy Witherspoon
2. Teddy Edwards
3. Samb'in

Donte's
North Hollywood

1. Maynard Ferguson & Band
2. Harry "Sweets" Edison
3. Frank Gambale & Group

Lighthouse
Hermosa Beach

1. James Harman Band
2. Preston Smith & the Crocodiles
3. Planet 10

Wong's West
Santa Monica

1. Manila Vanilla/Rebel Faction
2. J-Boys/Latest
3. True Confessions/Spectres

Kingston 12
Santa Monica

1. Jamaican Incorporated
2. I'Tal Roots
3. Redemption

At My Place
Santa Monica

1. Michael Ruff
2. Yellowjackets
3. Richard Elliot

CRITIX PIX:

Sado No—Tim McGovern's last outfit, **Burning Sensations**, was doing something pretty unique at the time they were doing it; in fact, it resembled what folks now refer to as **World Beat**. His new band, **Sado No**, is doing something equally off the beaten path. **Sado No** plays power trio music, updated for today's thinking man and groovin' hipster. They are loud, proud, funky, and metallic, all at the same time. If ya like latter-day **Crimson**, or if you ever wondered what **Hendrix** would have sounded like with a guitar synth, then check these dudes out. Look for an in-depth review of the band in our next issue.

Messenger—A modern-day funk/dance/groove band that has taken up residency at **Wong's**, a bit unlikely but it seems to be working. Nothing really new is added to the genre, but they are very slick and professional, all the way down to their stage raps and dance steps. Check 'em out, and look for a Showcase feature on them within the next few issues.

Showcase

by Katherine Turman



Leatherwolf: MC Players Poll winners feature a triple lead guitar threat.

Leatherwolf

Leathercat" didn't quite fit this four-year-old band's "savage metal" image, so since they "all hang out like a pack of wolves," these five Orange County lads chose the name of Leatherwolf. It's now a name known to fans who flock to their often sold-out shows, as well as to alert *MC* readers, who may have noticed that Leatherwolf won the 1985 Pick of the Players Poll.

Though not above "celebrating hard" after a show (and on other occasions), the five members are so dedicated to the ascendance of Leatherwolf that they spend up to twelve hours a day making retail calls for their nine-song, self-titled debut LP on Tropical/Enigma, designing and sewing stage clothing, putting up flyers, or working on songs. The four founding members—Mike Oliveri, lead vocals, guitar; guitarists Carey Howe and Geoff Gayer, and drummer Dean Roberts—recently added ex-Black Sheep bassist Paul Carmen, who played his first gig after only two rehearsals.

While Leatherwolf feels their unique triple-threat guitars, strong songs, and hard, progressive rock have been chiefly responsible for garnering their following, they believe in the positive power of flying.

"We have lawsuits from every city—they send us bills, saying it cost this much to tear down," they say about their zealous efforts. The band and their crew put out about 40,000 flyers per show, from Mission Viejo to Simi Valley, and, claims Gayer, "Each one is properly placed."

Though they say they want to be a super-group—"Why would you settle for anything less?"—they credit manager Robert Berman, who has handled them for about nine months, with giving them a more professional attitude and direction. An important criterion in achieving success, feels Howe, is a "positive drive... 'cause there's somebody out there that wants it equally bad or badder than you do, and if you're slack, there's always someone who won't be." To help keep them on the road to success, Berman gives the boys weekly itineraries, and, says Howe, "Our daily goal as bandmembers is to be the best at our instruments."

At present, the ongoing goal for Leatherwolf is working on their next album. Recently back from a three-month mini-tour that included San Francisco, Seattle, and San Diego, they've set-

tled down to some serious songwriting and arranging. Writing is a give and take group effort, with all tunes revolving around guitar lines. "We all think alike when it comes to music," they claim. Leatherwolf stresses that they're not heavy metal, which is just another almost meaningless term for hard rock, and that's why they've coined the term "savage metal" to describe their approach.

With all the hoopla surrounding rock bands and the PMRC record labeling controversy, how does Leatherwolf feel about the restrictions? "Get it outta here," says Roberts. "Let the people have their choice. If they feel it is offensive, they won't buy it"—that's the band consensus. Do they have any songs that might be considered Satanic or offensive? "Maybe 'Kill and Kill Again,'" they say in all seriousness, "but he reforms in the end." Dean says their songs "tell both sides of the story, but the good side always wins." They couldn't be all *that* offensive, though, because when they were being considered as an opener for Christian metal sensation Stryper, a pastor had to look over their lyrics before they could be added to the bill. They were judged safe for public consumption, and although they didn't play that show, they recently opened for Stryper at the Universal Amphitheatre.

Despite the "G-rated" audience and the "churchlike" backstage scene, Leatherwolf felt it was a strong show, although they cite shows with Seattle's Queensryche at the Palladium and the KLOS Local Music Show at the Palace as highlights of their live career. The band hopes to play Japan soon, as their album has been released there on CBS/Sony, where the record is entitled *Endangered Species*. Meanwhile, for stateside tours, they just purchased a bus. It's presently being customized to include a four-track recorder, space for equipment, and a dressing area.

As for musical inspiration: and heroes, their faves are Judas Priest, Rush, and Al DiMeola. But, says Oliveri, "Most of our inspiration comes from imagination." He also feels their sound is not as commercial as bands that are around. "We're compared to Iron Maiden, but we don't have any monsters running around onstage except us."

Today, sitting on the sofa drinking Dr. Peppers, they look anything but monster-like. Since

they spend every day together, tour on a tight budget, and run the band as a democracy, conflicts are inevitable. Their motto for overcoming strife is "forgive and forget!" Although these self-proclaimed "savage maniacs" once worked as silkscreeners, cooks, wallpaperers, and the like, they are now one of the lucky few L.A.-area bands actually making some money, which frees them to be full-time Leatherwolves. "Music is it," they say. "If it's not music... Gayer chimes in dramatically at this point, "it's death!"

Endorsements: From Rags to Riches

Leatherwolf is one of a mere handful of bands not signed to a major label to have an endorsement deal. They have an exclusive agreement with B.C. Rich Guitars, and are thrilled about their custom-made guitars and basses, and about appearing as B.C. Rich reps at the recent NAMM show.

David Williams, artist relations for B.C. Rich, says his company likes to have a "one-on-one relationship with the artist." He calls B.C. Rich a "dying breed of American manufacturer," where a person's word and handshake will often seal an endorsement deal.

"B.C. Rich believes in Leatherwolf, and the band is loyal to B.C. Rich in return, so it's easy to be loyal to them." Williams says his company likes to "help people when they need it," and Leatherwolf, with a large following but still not on a major label or rolling in money, is a "perfect example."

There are also non-exclusive deals, in which the artists can play other brands onstage, and Williams stressed that endorsement deals are worked out differently for each band. The main criterion, besides talent, says Williams, is "whether the band can be of benefit to B.C. Rich dealers," and thus lead to a "mutually beneficial relationship."

And good news for a lot of bands: Williams feels the "best guitarists don't have record deals." While he and others from B.C. Rich go to clubs to see bands, a tape/record, press kit, and manager can also spark interest that could lead to an endorsement deal.

LOS ANGELES COUNTY

THE SAWMILL

340 S. Lake, Pasadena, CA 91101
Contact: Larry (818) 796-8388
Type of Music: Singles, duos, trios—contemporary music
Club Capacity: 80
Stage Capacity: 4
PA: Yes, partial
Lighting: Limited
Piano: No
Audition: Send tape & bio, or call
Pay: Negotiable

ALLEYCAT BISTRO

3865 Overland Ave., Culver City, CA 90232
Contact: Susan (213) 204-3660
Type of Music: Supper club, cabaret, jazz, standards. Monday Night Variety Showcase 8 p.m. Vocalists.
Club Capacity: 150
Stage Capacity: 2-3
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: Yes
Audition: Showcase every Monday night at 8 p.m., bring music in correct key, photos & resume
Pay: Possible future

ICHABOD CRANE'S

2808 W. Sepulveda, Torrance, CA
Contact: "Hurricane" David (714) 776-4912
Type of Music: Oldies, R&B, Monday—Talent Search Contests, Wednesday—Lip Sync Contests
Club Capacity: 225
Stage Capacity: 6-7
PA: Yes
Lighting System: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Tape and pics
Pay: Negotiable. Showcases/Contests—\$200 weekly

LIMELIGHT

21076 W. Golden Triangle, Saugas, CA 91350
Contact: Scott Sterner (805) 253-9176
Type of Music: New wave, rock, original, Top 40
Club Capacity: 462
Stage Capacity: 8-10
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Call first
Pay: Negotiable/union scale

MUSICIANS & SONGWRITERS

Music Connection's Gig Guide listings are intended as leads for musicians seeking work and are not construed as endorsements of clubs or agencies. Be sure your music is protected and always enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when mailing promotional material you want returned. If you encounter any difficulty with an individual or company listed in our Gig Guide, or if you are confronted by a dishonest or "shady" operation, drop us a line informing us of the details so that we can investigate the situation. No phone calls, please.

ON BROADWAY COMEDY/JAZZ CLUB

814 Broadway, Santa Monica
Contact: Perry Hart (213) 394-1583
Type of Music: Jazz solo singing artists, comedians
Club Capacity: 150
Stage Capacity: 9 pieces
PA: Yes
Lighting Systems: Yes
Piano: Yes
Audition: Call Perry at 394-1583
Pay: Possible paid bookings

THE STAGE WEST

17044 Chatsworth, Granada Hills, CA
Contact: Beau, (818) 360-3310
Type of Music: Rock, originals OK, Top-40
Club Capacity: 350
Stage Capacity: 10-15
PA: Yes, w/operator
Lighting System: Yes, w/operator
Piano: No
Audition: Send complete promo pack or VHS to above address w/SASE
Pay: Negotiable

TIMBERS BALLROOM

1920 E. Alosta, Glendora, CA 91740
Contact: Richard Guerra (818) 335-2673
Type of Music: Heavy metal, rock, new wave, orig OK, national acts.
Club Capacity: 600
Stage Capacity: 7
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Send tape, pic, resume to Richard Guerra at above address.
Pay: Percentage of door/negotiable

VALLEY CLUB

7324 Sepulveda Blvd., Van Nuys, CA
Contact: Louisa (213) 874-0245, (213) 874-0689
Type of Music: R&R, R&B, pop
Club Capacity: 800
Stage Capacity: 15
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Every Sunday
Pay: 50% of door

HENNESSEY'S TAVERN

8 Pier Ave., Hermosa Beach, 313 Manhattan Beach Blvd.
Contact: Helena (213) 376-9833
Type of Music: Solo singing artists, piano players.
Club Capacity: 100
Stage Capacity: 1
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: Yes
Audition: Call for info
Pay: Negotiable

FM STATION

11700 Victory Bl, No. Hollywood
Contact: (818) 769-2221 Jana
Type of Music: Original new music, pop, reggae. No heavy metal
Club Capacity: 500
Stage Capacity: 12-15
PA: Yes. Complete JBL Alan Heat 16-channel console
Lighting System: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Send tape, promo pack, SASE
Pay: Negotiable

ANTICLUB AT HELEN'S PLACE

4658 Melrose Ave., LA, CA 90029
Contact: Jim, Jack or Russell (213) 938-9811
Type of Music: Unusual, Original only
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Send cassette to P.O. Box 291304, LA, CA 90029
Pay: 50% of door

LHASA CLUB

1110 N. Hudson, Hollywood, 90038
Contact: Jean Pierre (213) 461-7284
Type of Music: Acoustic, folk, country, blues, jazz, experimental, solo synth, cabaret, comedy, films, poetry
Club Capacity: 150
Stage Capacity: 10
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: Yes
Audition: Send tape or call
Pay: Negotiable

LOUIE LOUIE'S

777 S. Main, Los Angeles
Contact: Steven Little (714) 547-7020
Type of Music: Rock & new music, all original, no heavy metal
Club Capacity: 250
Stage Capacity: Open
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Call first
Pay: Negotiable

BACK LOT

657 N. Robertson, W. Hollywood, CA 90069
Contact: Lloyd Coleman (213) 663-2616
Type of Music: Pop, orig, variety
Club Capacity: 200
Stage Capacity: 20
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: Yes
Audition: Send tape, call
Pay: Negotiable

CLUB 88

11784 W. Pico, L.A.
Contact: Wayne, (213) 479-1735
Type of Music: All styles of rock and roll, originals only
Club Capacity: 250
Stage Capacity: 20
PA: Yes, w/operator
Lighting System: Limited
Piano: No
Audition: Tape
Pay: Percentage of door

BASEMENT COFFEEHOUSE

1226 N. Alvarado, Los Angeles, CA
Contact: Mark Phillips (213) 413-9111
Type of Music: Acoustic, singles, duos, trios, country jazz, blues, folk
Stage Capacity: 5
PA: Yes
Lighting: Limited
Piano: Yes
Audition: Call Saturday 8-11 p.m.
Pay: Showcase, no pay.

THE STAGE

10540 Magnolia Blvd
 N. Hollywood, CA 91601
Contact: George or Bruce, 11am-10pm, (818) 985-9937
Type of Music: Rock, Top 40, originals, R&B, blues
Club Capacity: 150
Stage Capacity: 8
PA: Yes
Lighting System: Yes, with operator
Piano: No
Audition: Send pics, tape or VHS to above address w/SASE
Pay: Negotiable

LA FIESTA

1917 N. Bronson, Hollywood, CA 90068
Contact: Andy (213) 467-7225
Type of Music: All styles of singers, comedy, self-contained, taped music.
Club Capacity: 300
Stage Capacity: 5
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Call first
Pay: Contest, \$75 first prize, \$25 second prize.

FACES

5520 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90038
Contact: (213) 466-1094
Type of Music: All rock, pop, jazz, no punk
Club Capacity: 300
Stage Capacity: 7
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: By appointment
Pay: Strictly door

COMEBACK INN

1633 W. Washington, Venice, CA 90291
Contact: Will Raabe or Jim Hovey, (213) 396-6469
Type of Music: Vocal jazz groups
Club Capacity: 100
Stage Capacity: Indoors 6, Outdoors 10
PA: Yes
Lighting System: Yes
Piano: Yes
Audition: Send cassette, LP or 1/2" video to above address; live audition Monday nights, 8:30.
Pay: Negotiable & video demos

CENTRAL

8852 W. Sunset Blvd., W. Hollywood, CA 90069
Contact: Becky (213) 650-2395
Type of Music: Rock & roll
Club Capacity: 100
Stage Capacity: 7
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Call first
Pay: Percentage

THE GOLDMINE

732 N. Catalina, Redondo Beach
Contact: Mike (213) 370-0796
Type of Music: New music
Club Capacity: 150
Stage Capacity: 12
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Mike
Pay: Negotiable

ICE HOUSE

24 N. Mentor Ave., Pasadena, CA 91106
Contact: Steve Hibbard (818) 577-1895
Type of Music: Originals, folk, new wave, rock, bluegrass
Club Capacity: 200
Stage Capacity: 10
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: Yes
Audition: Call
Pay: Percentage of ticket sales

TROUBADOUR

9081 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A., CA 90069
Contact: (213) 276-1158
Type of Music: All types
Club Capacity: 300
Stage Capacity: 8
PA: Yes, must bring own mic, stands, & cords (low impedance)
Lighting System: Yes
Piano: Yes
Audition: Tape, bio, picture
Pay: Percentage of door & 50% of discount ticket

DIMPLES

3413 W. Olive, Burbank, CA 91505
Contact: Sal Ferraro (818) 842-2336
Type of Music: Top 40, disco
Club Capacity: 175
Stage Capacity: 6
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: No, soundtracks
Pay: Negotiable

RONNIE'S

1121 Huntington Dr., Monrovia, CA
Contact: Ron Yates (818) 797-2427, (818) 303-1206
Type of Music: Rock, pop
Club Capacity: 200
Stage Capacity: 7-8
PA: Yes, with experienced, friendly engineer
Lighting: Yes, with music program
Audition: Send promo tape, pic, bio, & call
Pay: Negotiable

GOLDEN CHATEAU RESTAURANT

6576 Van Nuys Blvd., Van Nuys, CA 91405
Contact: Bill (818) 985-7625
Type of Music: All types
Club Capacity: 120
Stage Capacity: 10
PA: Yes
Lighting: Limited
Piano: Electric
Auditions: Tape or live, 8 p.m. Thursday
Pay: Monthly winner gets paid performance

MAX'S CABARET

4711 Sunset Blvd., L.A., CA 90027
Contact: Rick Benson (213) 644-5207
Type of Music: All musicians welcome. Wed. night variety showcase 9-1. Comedians, etc.
Club Capacity: 150
Stage Capacity: 10
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Call first
Pay: No charge showcase, no pay.

CARLOS & CHARLIES

8240 Sunset Blvd., W. Hollywood
Contact: Barbara Matteson Cooper (818) 763-6013
Type of Music: For "Showstoppers": Pop, jazz, soft rock, Broadway, vocalists only
Club Capacity: 200
Stage Capacity: 3
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: Yes
Audition: By appt. only, call Tues. & Thurs. 3-5 p.m. only
Pay: Possible pay

BON APPETIT

1061 Broxton Ave., Westwood
Contact: David (213) 208-3830
Type of Music: Singles, jazz trios, quartets, fusion, contemp.
Club Capacity: 100
Stage Capacity: 6
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: Yes
Audition: Call, send tape, bio & picture
Pay: Negotiable

GIO'S RESTAURANT

7574 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, CA
Contact: Sam Silvers, 656-6461
Type of Music: Sun., Mon., Tues., and Wed. Showcases—R&R, R&B, jazz, HM
Club Capacity: 150
PA: Yes
Lighting System: Yes
Piano: Yes
Audition: Call 656-6461 for info
Pay: Half of door

PT. BILLY'S

870 S. Citrus Ave., Covina, CA 91702
Contact: Cliff (213) 254-3349
Type of Music: Orig R&R, Top 40, heavy metal
Club Capacity: 200
Stage Capacity: 6-8
PA: No
Lighting: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Live, or send tape, pics & bio. Call for info.
Pay: Negotiable

LION D'OR

11849 Lakewood Blvd., Downey, CA 90241
Contact: Ron (213) 923-1181
Type of Music: R&R, R&B, original techno/pop
Club Capacity: 200
Stage Capacity: 6
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Send tape or call
Pay: Negotiable

CRAZY BURRO

8082 Adams Ave., Huntington Beach
Contact: Fritz (714) 964-2564, 12-6 p.m.
Type of Music: Top 40 dance, variety, showcase, lookalikes
Club Capacity: 250
Stage Capacity: 5
PA: No
Lighting: No
Piano: No
Audition: Send tape, picture, resume
Pay: Negotiable

BABA'S

1917 N. Bronson, Hollywood, CA 90028
Contact: Barbara Soltani (464-5039 or 462-5890)
Type of Music: Originals
Club Capacity: 250
Stage Capacity: 8
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Send tape
Pay: Percentage of door

SOMETHING'S FISHY

21812 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills, CA 91367
Contact: Michael Arcand (818) 884-3880
Type of Music: Reggae/Brazilian
Club Capacity: 225
Stage Capacity: 6 or 7
PA: No
Lighting: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Send tape & bio
Pay: Door

ORANGE COUNTY**THE BRICKYARD**

1615 E. Lincoln, Orange, CA 92265
Contact: Terri, (714) 974-3030
Type of Music: All styles
Club Capacity: 75
Stage Capacity: 4
PA: No
Lighting System: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Call first
Pay: Negotiable

GOODIES

1641 Placentia Ave., Fullerton, CA 92631
Contact: Aprilie York, (714) 524-7072
Type of Music: All types of new music, originals
Club Capacity: 300
Stage Capacity: 7
PA: Yes
Lighting System: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Yes
Pay: Negotiable

MUGSY MALONE'S

1731 S. Harbor Blvd., Anaheim, CA
Contact: Kathy (714) 947-2051
Type of Music: Rock & roll, new, all types but heavy metal or punk. Originals, Top 40 OK
Club Capacity: 350
Stage Capacity: 15
PA: Yes, with operator
Lighting System: Yes
Piano: No
Audition: Send press kit w/tape, pix & bio to: Sterling Prods, Unltd., PO. Box 1273, Chino, CA 91710
Pay: Negotiable

SPANGLER'S CAFE

3009 W. Ball Rd., Anaheim, CA 92804
Contact: Eloise or Mary (714) 527-5255
 Mon-Fri 1-5 p.m.
Type of Music: Originals
Club Capacity: 50
Stage Capacity: 8
PA: Yes
Lighting: Limited
Piano: No
Audition: Call for info
Pay: Negotiable

RADIO CITY

945 S. Knott, Anaheim, CA 92804
Contact: Mars Black (714) 826-7001 between 1 & 5 p.m.
Type of Music: Heavy metal, speed metal, post punk, rockabilly, R&R
Club Capacity: 315
Stage Capacity: 10
PA: Yes
Lighting: Yes, with operator
Piano: No
Audition: Call
Pay: Negotiable

MISCELLANY

Miscellany ads are free to businesses offering part- or full-time paid employment or internships ONLY. Managers, agents, publishers, producers: Please call for display ad rates.

NEW INDEPENDENT RECORD label and public relations firm seek energetic young interns to work promotion for new band. Some pay. Call Orpheum Records at (213) 850-2365.

EXPERIENCED BENCH TECHNICIAN wanted for repair of amps and synthesizers. Call Glenn at (213) 466-1314.

PARTTIME INTERN sought by promotion and management company. Must be energetic and willing to learn. No immediate pay but great experience for anyone interested in the music business. Call Kelly at (213) 462-1530.

RADIO PROMO HELP needed, no immediate pay. Growing indie label seeks intern-type with positive attitude. Call (213) 466-8776.

RECORD COMPANY SEEKS promotion people. No experience required. Can work anywhere in the world. Must have good communication skills, positive attitude, and desire to make big bucks. We train. Send resume and SASE to: Hot Clam Music Division, 256 S Robertson Blvd., #3785, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

SKYLAR BROS. ENTERTAINMENT Company seeks female with great personality, office experience, some music business knowledge. Salary plus commission. Call (714) 964-7132 between 12 and 4 p.m. Ask for Terry.

WANTED: RESPONSIBLE, PROFESSIONAL telemarketing closers and telemarketing supervisors with proven track record. Unexperienced, committed, creative people welcome. Good voice, high energy, and ambition required for six-hour day. Some positions salaried, some commission only. Call Bo (213) 550-1537.

INTERN WANTED FOR Santa Monica-based indie record company. Excellent opportunity to learn record promotion and to advance within the organization. Call Joe at (213) 829-3922.

LEARN ROCK MUSIC public relations. Intern at celebrity public relations firm. No pay but great opportunity to learn and gain experience. Learn by working with celebrities in the music industry and top public relations professionals. Call Sonia at (213) 276-6400.

KCSN RADIO IS seeking qualified individuals to volunteer as program hosts for its country music format. Send tapes and inquiries to Country Hosts, KCSN, 1811 Nordhoff Street, Northridge, CA 91330.

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