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STEVE WINWOOD: FROM LOW SPARK TO HIGH LIFE

MUSICIA

PETER GABRIEL

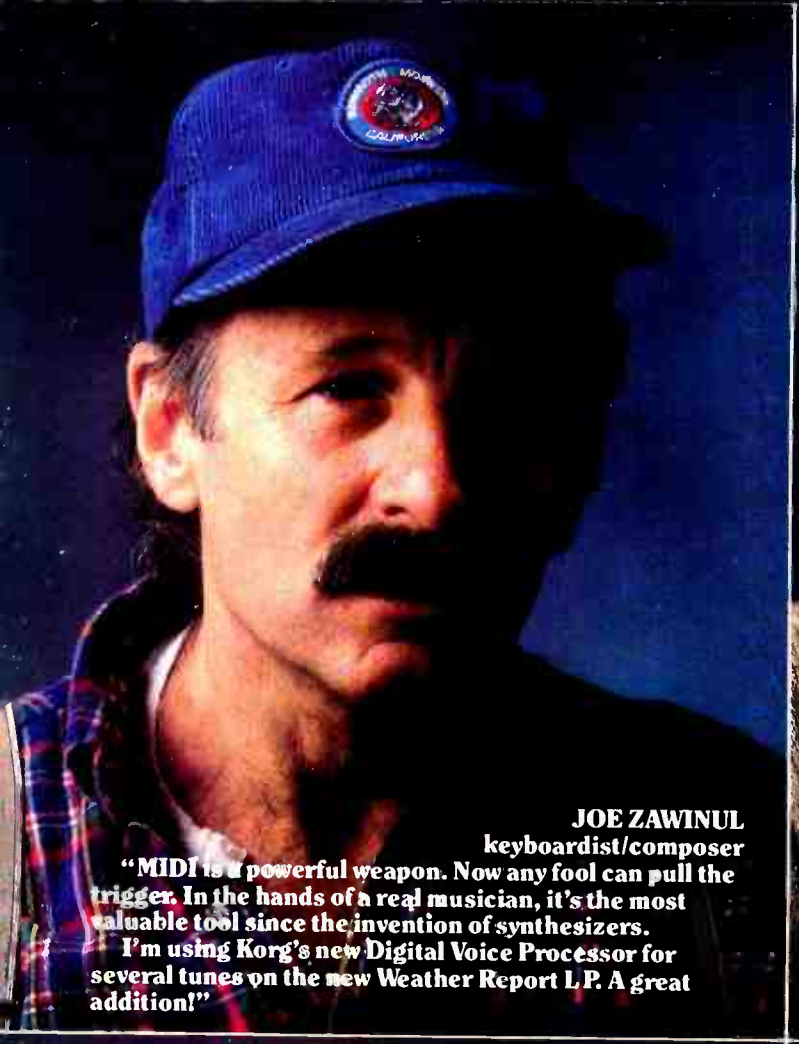
The elusive musician hangs up his masks and discusses Genesis, techno-tribesmen, Fairlights and hammering his way to the big time.

By John Hutchinson

REED REVEALS HIS SOURCES

IP BAILEY WITH PHIL COLLINS

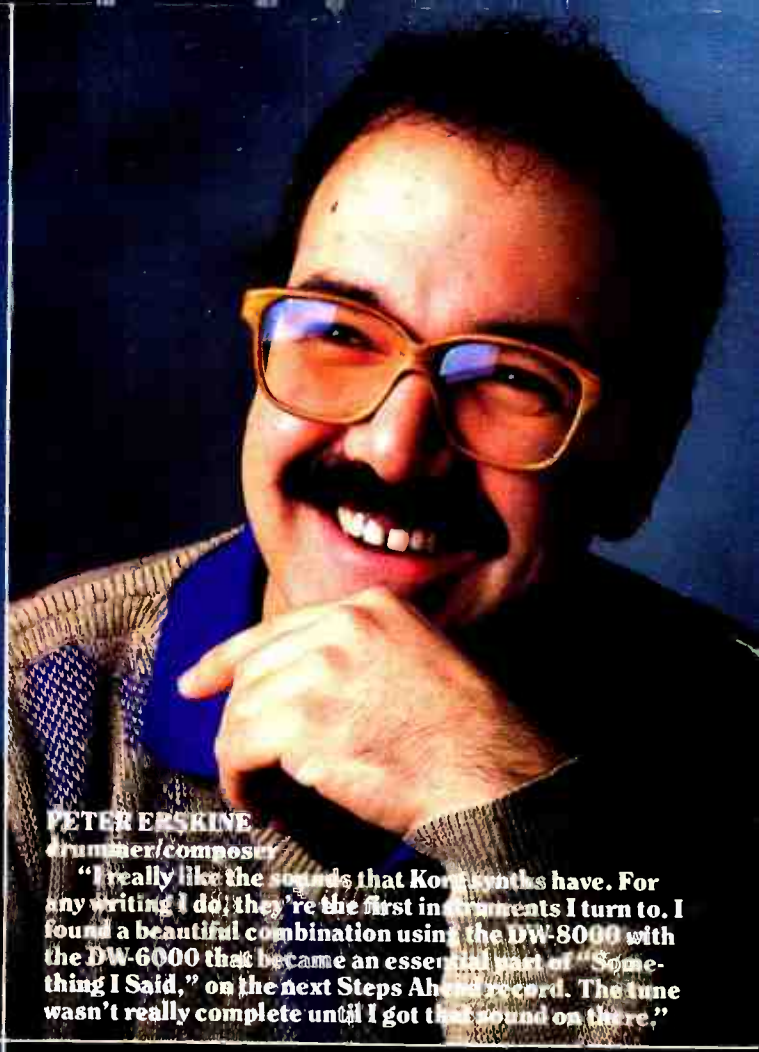
AND NILE RODGERS



JOE ZAWINUL
keyboardist/composer

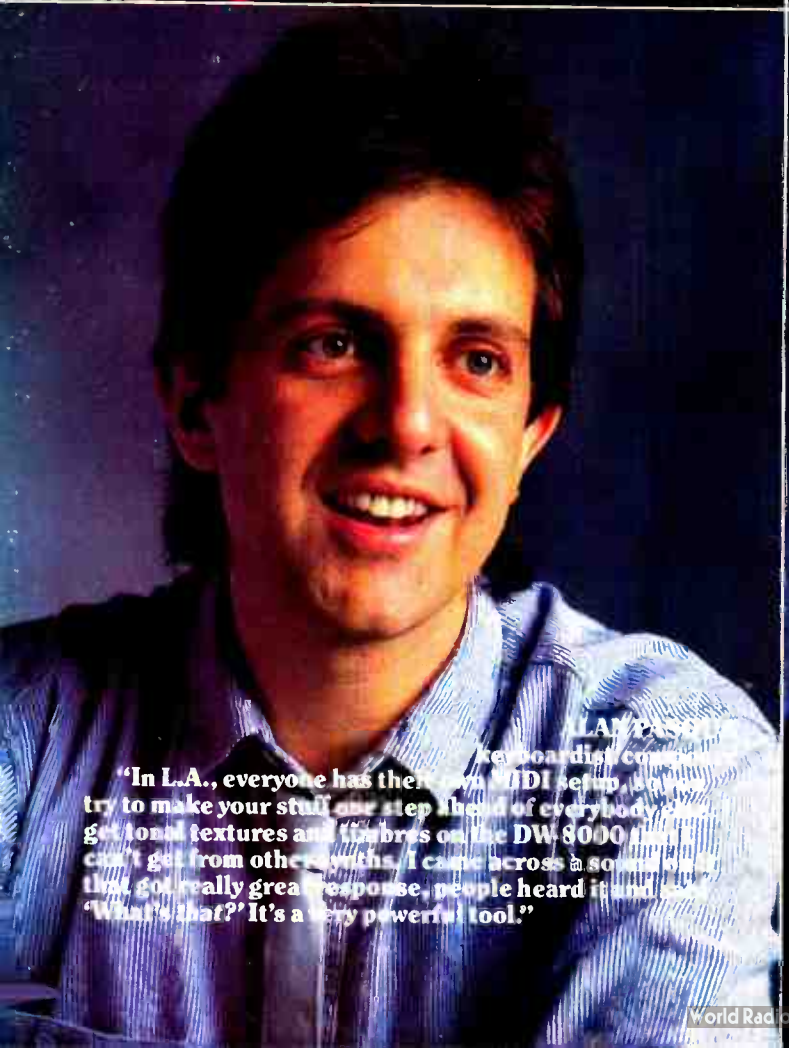
"MIDI is a powerful weapon. Now any fool can pull the trigger. In the hands of a real musician, it's the most valuable tool since the invention of synthesizers.

I'm using Korg's new Digital Voice Processor for several tunes on the new Weather Report L.P. A great addition!"



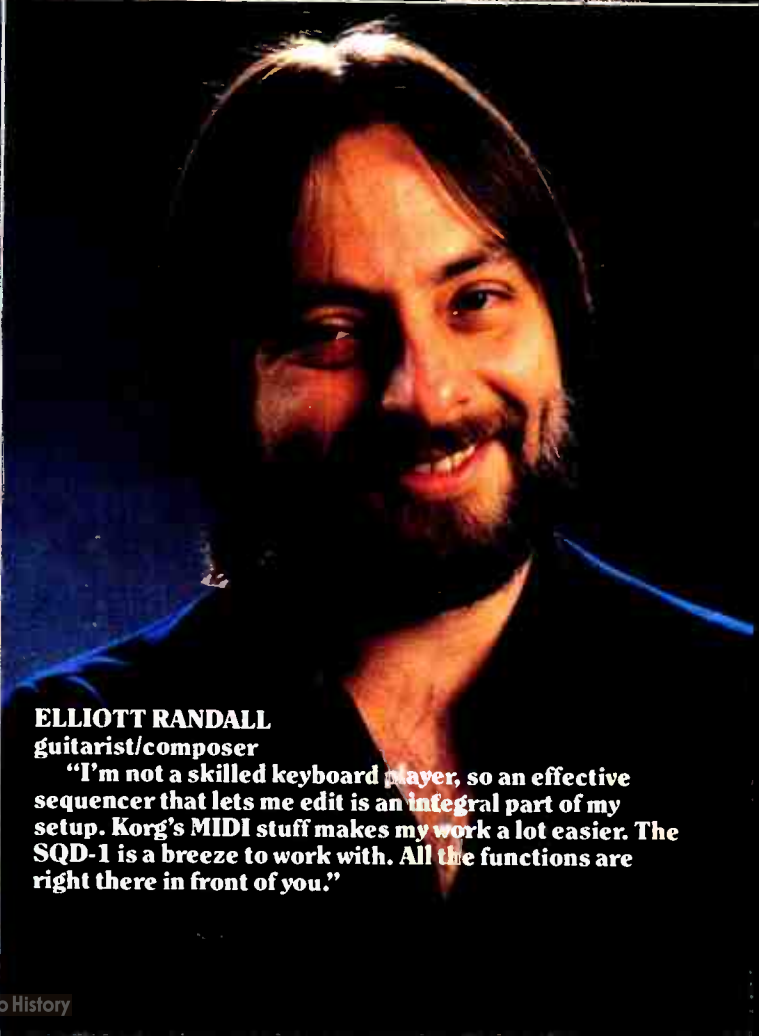
PETER ERSKINE
drummer/composer

"I really like the sounds that Korg synths have. For any writing I do, they're the first instruments I turn to. I found a beautiful combination using the DW-8000 with the DW-6000 that became an essential part of "Something I Said," on the next Steps Ahead record. The tune wasn't really complete until I got that sound on there."



ALAN [illegible]
keyboardist/composer

"In L.A., everyone has their own MIDI setup, and you try to make your stuff one step ahead of everybody's. I get tonal textures and timbres on the DW-8000 that I can't get from other synths. I came across a sound that got really great response, people heard it and said, "What's that?" It's a very powerful tool."



ELLIOTT RANDALL
guitarist/composer

"I'm not a skilled keyboard player, so an effective sequencer that lets me edit is an integral part of my setup. Korg's MIDI stuff makes my work a lot easier. The SQD-1 is a breeze to work with. All the functions are right there in front of you."

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Roland

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JULY 1986 NO. 93

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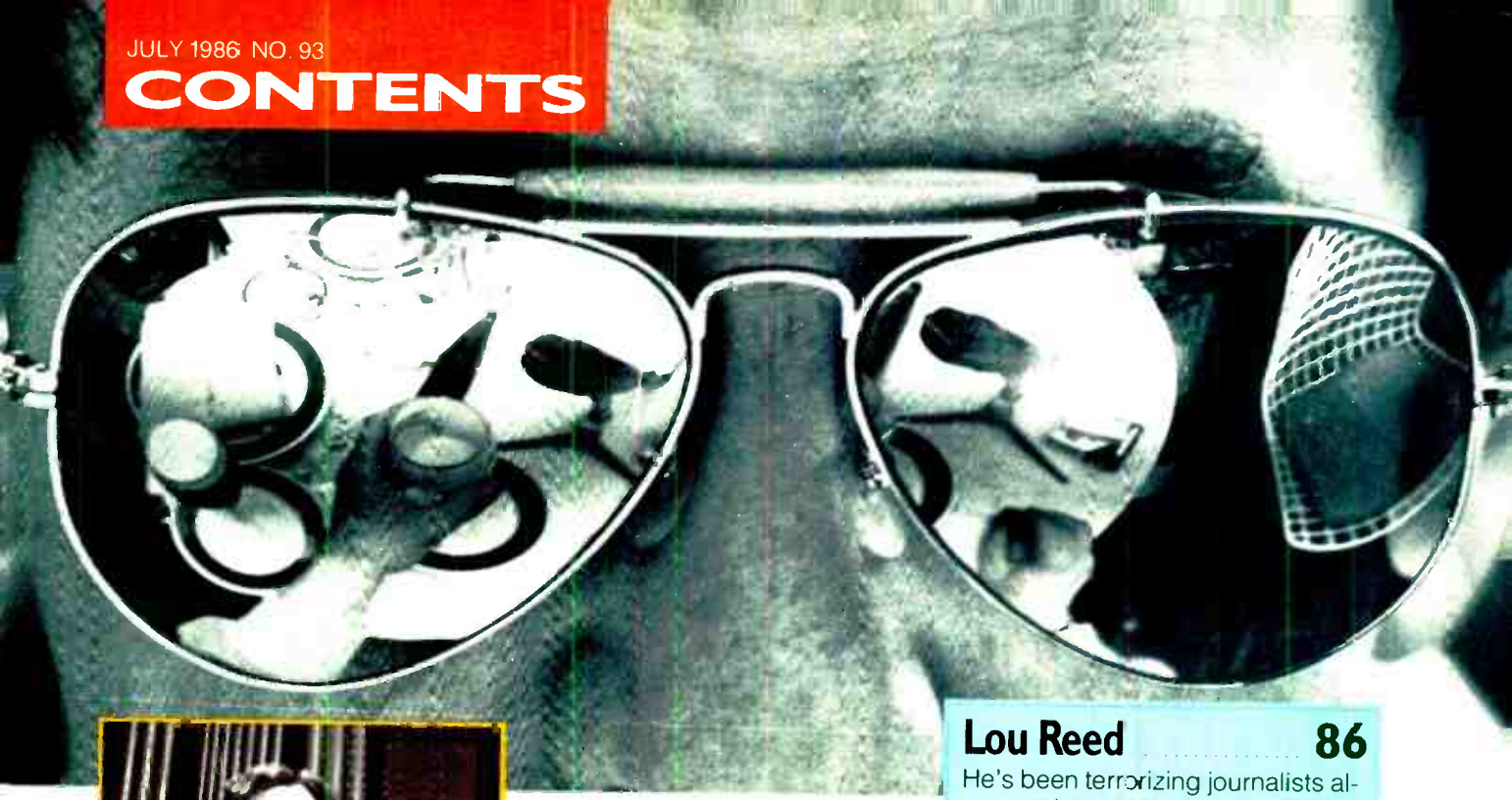

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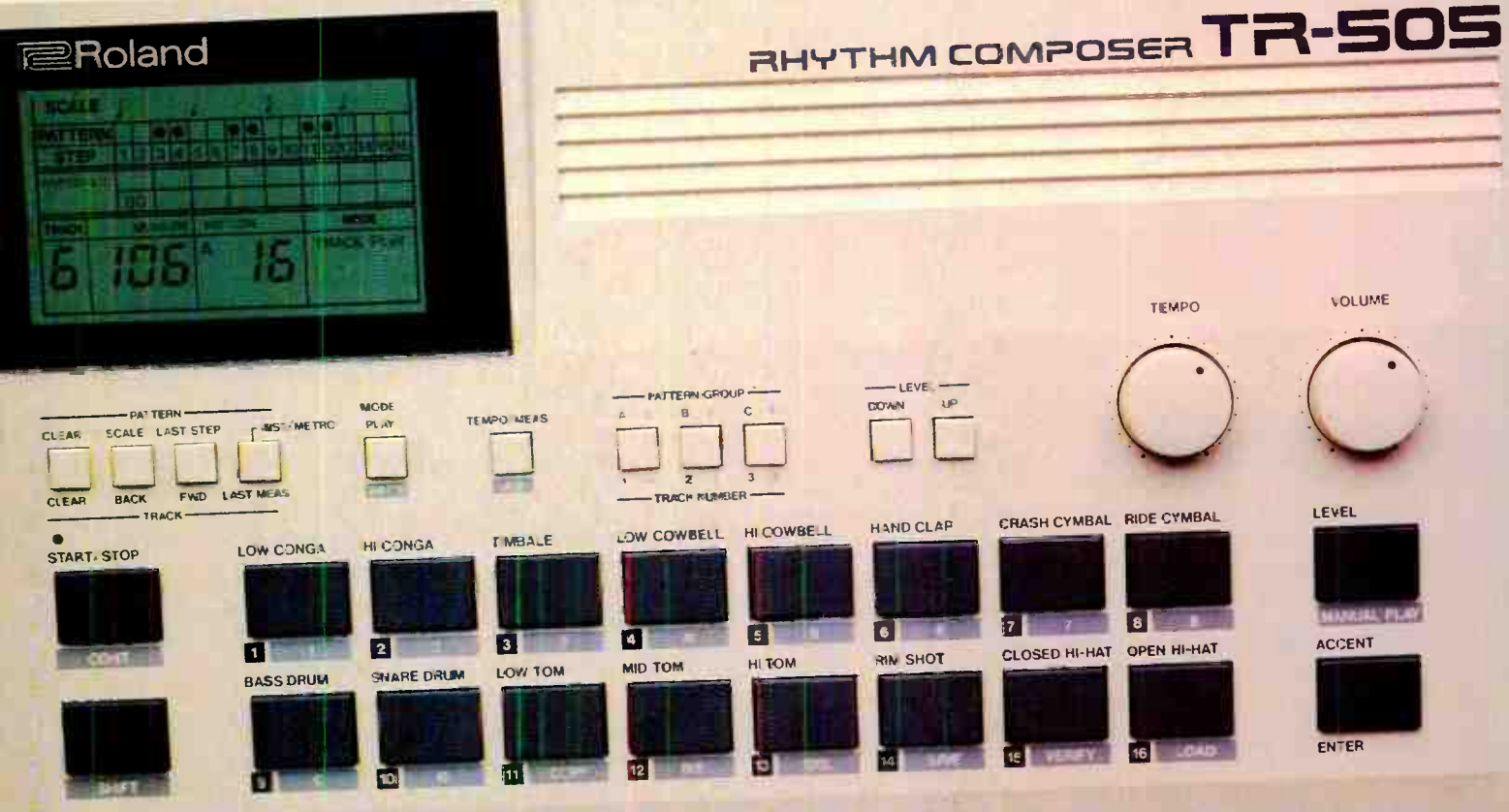

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Weighing in at only 950 grams (that's 2 lbs. 2 oz. to us), Roland's spunky new TR-505 Rhythm Composer sports a winning combination of traditional drum-kit and Latin Percussion instruments. But don't let its small size and modest price fool you—the TR-505 boasts heavy-weight digital PCM samples of kick, snare, toms, handclaps, high hats, cymbals, timbales, congas and cowbells—16 voices in all to give your rhythm tracks, rehearsals or live performances a punchy professional drum sound and feel. Behind all this brawn is a sophisticated computer brain with more than enough smarts and memory to make this drum machine your ally in the fight against boring drum programming. Program 48 of your own drum patterns (in real-time or step-time) or take advantage of 48 useful preprogrammed patterns—either way you're off and drumming right away. The large LCD display helps you keep track of every beat and performance parameter. But that's not all, our new champ still has a few moves you haven't seen. The TR-505 is a thoroughly modern MIDI instrument loaded with MIDI features and controls including an ability to respond to dynamic drum parts. Battery or AC powered, the versatile TR-505 scores an easy Technical Knock-Out over the competition. But don't say we didn't warn you—this little powerhouse will knock your socks off!

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LETTERS

He's Bad! That's Good!

I was still in the "twinkle-in-my-father's-eye" stage when James Brown was inventing funk. And what would have become of me had I been allowed to listen to "Sex Machine" when I was four? The PMRC tells me I'd now be a drug-addicted pervert with AIDS who was dead!

So, in my youthful ignorance, I went to an older and wiser friend and said, "Why is my favorite magazine printing an article about an old, screwed-up version of David Lee Roth, with stupid hair? And why do they interview his hairdresser?"

Well, he sat me down and gently counseled me as to the error of my ways. I immediately went to the courthouse and had my age changed to twenty years older, and made an appointment to get a six-hour, gray-streaked bouffant.

Jon Gillespie
Wheaton, IL

JAMES!

Kudos for your cover story on James Brown. However, regarding the Sly and Robbie ganja quote, I was referring to a Jamaican guitarist, not Sly or Robbie. They are known for never smoking herb in session or out.

Please run this in your next issue as I don't want Robbie to brain me.

Paul Wexler
New York, NY

Tim White replies: Indeed, I mistook a wry quip from Wexler about Sly and Robbie's ganja restraint to be literal. Not every smokin' reggae rhythm section smokes.

I was glad to see James Brown in your April issue, and on the cover at that! I consider myself to be JB's biggest fan: I have over 80 albums, 120 singles, I've seen Mr. Brown over 40 times live. What passes for soul or dance music today is nothing more than a watered-down version of the classic James Brown sound. Prince, Michael Jackson, Rick James and the rest watch out, because the Godfather is definitely, unequivocably, permanently *back*!

Paul D'Avanzo
Stamford, CT

LinnDrummed

As a musician with an interest in technology I greatly appreciate the efforts of your magazine to keep us all updated on the latest. However, I take great exception to an article, "Hero Takes A Fall," that appeared on page 80 in the May issue. As a Linn 9000 owner I can think of a few words to describe Roger Linn and "hero" is definitely not one of them.

First, I must clear up a few inaccuracies. The machine's performance was not just hampered by software bugs but by severe hardware design flaws. A glance under the hood, which 9000 owners have to do constantly, shows numerous "mods," jury-rigs and kluges (just look for the solder burns). The CPU burns too hot to touch and I'm still wondering what happened to the extra memory card. I tried calling the store where I bought my unit to get the new "free" software. I was told that they didn't have it and weren't going to get it. 9000 owners can get this new "free software" from Hitech Musical Services, 2800 S. Washington Blvd., Marina Del Rey, CA 90292 (213-822-1983). It costs $100.00. For consultation and software installation contact Brad Cox (as former Linn service manager he stayed very busy).

Finally, I wonder about the way the company shut down. All of a sudden one morning the phones were turned off without any notice. I'm seriously disappointed by the way Roger Linn left us all holding the bag.

Chris Halaby
Menlo Park, CA

Hazin' the Glaze Craze

As a Deadhead for the past seventeen years, I'm used to being ridiculed for smiling my way through life when I'm supposed to be uptight and miserable in this cruel, cruel world. So I am not at all surprised at the current backlash against Windham Hill's "mellow, good vibes" music. The cynicism is reaching new peaks in the music criticism community, with accusations that the music is wallpaper and that many of the people who enjoy it do so for the "wrong" reason—because it relaxes them, because it's pleasant, etc.

I've been an avid and vocal supporter of Will Ackerman precisely because he has helped bring to the fore a generation of creative instrumentalists who make music that soothes my soul and reinforces my own positive outlook on the world. Those who skeptically view the genre as "mush music" are just defeated souls who can't sit still long enough to turn off their minds, relax and float downstream.

And though this has nothing at all to do with the music on Windham Hill, I'd like to add that Will Ackerman is one of the nicest and best-intentioned people I've met in the music business. You see, "nice" still counts to Deadheads.

Blair Jackson,
Managing Editor
Mix *magazine*

Michael Hedges' "All Along The Watchtower" isn't Jimi, but it's not Julio by a long shot. So before you knock it as Muzak, sit and *really* listen; some of it almost swings, and all of it is more challenging to listen to than most "soft rock."

W.C. Tucker
Ludlow, KY

Petty Fan

Bill Flanagan's interview really caught Tom Petty's spirit and soul. He's ignored, misunderstood, a bit insecure, never content and always on the edge. Petty takes chances, catches you by surprise, deals with all the chaos, yet holds on to his basics and remains unique.

Stacy Jackson
Albion, MI

Gaeilge Go Brágh

How arrogant of J.D. Considine to say "the Gaelic is a bit off-putting" on the new Clannad release! You can't tell me that the feeling is better expressed in English—it loses part of its soul. There are at least six other beautiful Clannad albums out there. Be the first on your block to collect them all! Clannad go brágh!

Marcia L. Clarke
Anaheim, CA

A Sterile Wolf?

Thanks for introducing us to the other Peter Wolf, the man responsible for some of the most sterile radio fodder in some time.

Steven Scott C.
Millbrook, NY

Too Many Chiefs...

A few corrections for Robert Santelli. The Navajo do not live in pueblos—they have always been nomadic. The Taos pueblo does have electricity—although recent. (Hell of a lot of generators otherwise.) The adobe ovens, "hornos," are for baking bread. The chief is called the cacique—a respected elder. With seven years' experience working concert security in Albuquerque, I can assure you that Indian youths are quite familiar with rock music. We do have cable TV in New Mexico.

M.J. Swanson
Albuquerque, NM

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JOHN PRINE

BY JOHN KRUTH

DRIVING ALL NIGHT WITH BEER AND CAMERA

Wanna go to Kentucky you owl-faced bitch?" John Prine calls to a fat teenage girl standing in the Kwik-Sac parking lot. She looks the other way, taking a long drag on her cigarette, waiting for one car out of the constant flow of traffic to stop and rescue her from this blue-jeaned hooligan. It's Friday night in Nashville. The Grand Ole Opry is pouring out of every radio in town. Bill Monroe, the Father of Bluegrass, wails "Blue Moon Of Kentucky" between ads for Goo Goo candy bars and B.C. headache powder. Prine returns in an instant with a brown paper bag full of beer, cigarettes and a couple rolls of antacids. He climbs behind the wheel of his cherry red 1951 Ford-omatic and fires up the engine. "Hey!" some bystander shouts, "what year is that?"

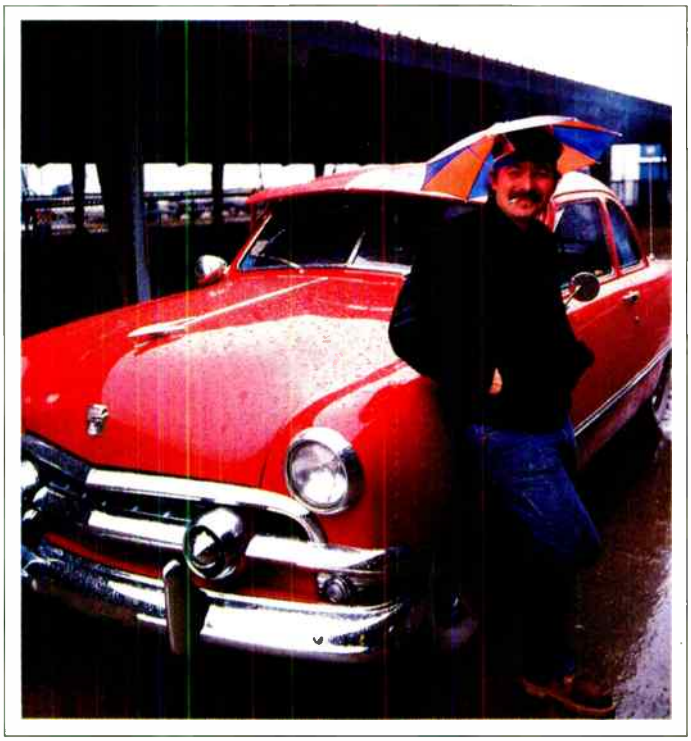
Jim Rooney, Prine's record producer and back-up guitarist, sits in the front seat crooning a few bars of "If Drinkin' Don't Kill Me—Her Memory Will" as we stop to pick up photographer Jim McGuire. We're all on our way to Muhlenberg County, to see what's become of Paradise and shoot some pictures for Prine's new album, *German Afternoons*. Prine slips in a cassette of the sessions and sings along with a bare bones country waltz called "Bad Boy." Rooney passes out the beer, McGuire cracks the seal on the bottle of whiskey, and Prine howls, "All the trouble I'm in, makes me a bad boy again" as we zoom through the night with a broken speedometer.

Beside John, on the front seat, lies a book called *What About Germany?* with a black swastika embossed on its cover. Inside I find a chapter titled "Hitler's Headaches" with a photo of der Führer listening to Wagner.

"There's just total trash on my mind these days," Prine says with a raspy laugh. "I'm really not embarrassed by it at all." Before I can nail him with a serious question, Hank Snow the "Singing Ranger" comes on the radio. They all joke about his clothes. "You couldn't miss him if you tried!" Prine cracks. "I like any singer named Hank," Rooney offers. "What a good guitarist, 'Spanish Fireball'—now just listen to that!"

As we cross into Kentucky, I ask John about his relatives living in the Bluegrass State. "One cousin fell off a smokestack," he says, taking a swig of beer. "Some of 'em became preachers. They all have somethin' to say."

John grew up in Chicago but each summer (as his song "Paradise" recalls) his "family would travel to western Kentucky" where his parents were born.



Record exec with four-wheel ticket to Paradise.

They would visit their kin in the backwards old town of Paradise and "dance around the gas pumps at the Phillips 66 station" at weekend square dances.

Prine began playing guitar when he was fourteen. His older brother Dave turned him on to the likes of John Hurt, Hank Williams and Ramblin' Jack Elliott. As soon as young John learned a few chords, he began to write. Songs like "Sour Grapes" and "The Fryin' Pan" were written by a shy teenager with "a real cheap electric guitar." "The songs were so outside and strange, I never played 'em for anybody but my girlfriends. I was always surprised when people liked my songs. I wasn't writing them to be off the wall. It was just the way I felt about stuff. Then I found out that other people felt the same way, only they didn't say it like me. I've actually been doin' this for a livin' for fifteen years," he smiles. "That's incredible!"

In 1966, Prine was drafted into the army and stationed in Germany. His memories of working as a mechanic in the motor pool rival Joseph Heller's *Catch 22* and have inspired tunes like "Fish And Whistle":

I was in the army but I never dug a trench

Used to bust my knuckles on a monkey wrench

I'd go to town and drink, give the girls a pinch

But I don't think they ever even noticed me.

Upon returning to the States, Corporal Prine, armed with a guitar, went to visit his relatives in Kentucky, only to find that Paradise, the town of his childhood's fondest memories, was gone. In its place stood the ominous towers of the Paradise Power Plant.

"It was a Walt Disney kind of town which hadn't progressed since the 30s," John says, shaking his head. "The Tennessee Valley Authority tore it down and started strip mining there around '65. A lot of people were glad to sell their land for any amount they were offered and go buy a brick house somewhere."

"Paradise" was written for his father and raised more than a couple of eyebrows when a story about the song ran in *Time* magazine. The TVA insisted on telling their side of the story. The spokesman who demanded that they hadn't "tortured the timber" as John claimed, turned out to be his cousin. The song appeared on Prine's first album. Released in 1971, *John Prine* sold over 400,000 copies and like all nine of his albums is still in print. He re-recorded "Paradise" on the new *German Afternoons*.

Prine began his public career late, when he got up at a Chicago hoot night on a drunken dare in 1969. He quickly became a favorite on the local folk scene, and began a close friendship with favorite son Steve Goodman, the

JIM McGUIRE

man who wrote "City Of New Orleans." Goodman and Prine were discovered the same night—by the unlikely team of Paul Anka and Kris Kristofferson. The two big stars got the two newcomers to New York City, where Goodman signed with Buddha Records and Prine with Atlantic. Prine and Goodman continued to write songs together, perform together and record together until Goodman died of leukemia in the fall of 1984.

Prine's alliance with Atlantic lasted four albums. In 1977 he jumped to Asylum and recorded the acclaimed, Goodman-produced *Bruised Orange*. That was a gentle, often humorous LP with a bright acoustic sound. Asylum was pleased. But Prine, whose perverse attitude toward commercialism rivals Neil Young's, followed it with his rowdiest rock 'n' roll record, *Pink Cadillac*. Asylum was confused.

"Nobody thought it was a pleasant record," he recalls with a mischievous grin. "Everybody either thought it was great or they fuckin' hated it. One of the vice presidents said, 'I don't think what you got here is what you want.' I said, 'No, that's exactly what I want! I worked four months to get all that noise.'" The noise which John is referring to was created by a rather ragged rockabilly band headed by guitarist Johnny Burns (son of jazz mandolin wizard Jethro Burns). Sam Phillips and his sons Knox and Jerry produced the sessions in Memphis. The songs were cut in a studio "filled with antiquated equipment." According to Prine, Sam Phillips and sons "hadn't done a record in a long time but they understood what I wanted to do. We'd play eight, ten hours a night and record it all. We cut twenty-one songs and used ten for the album."

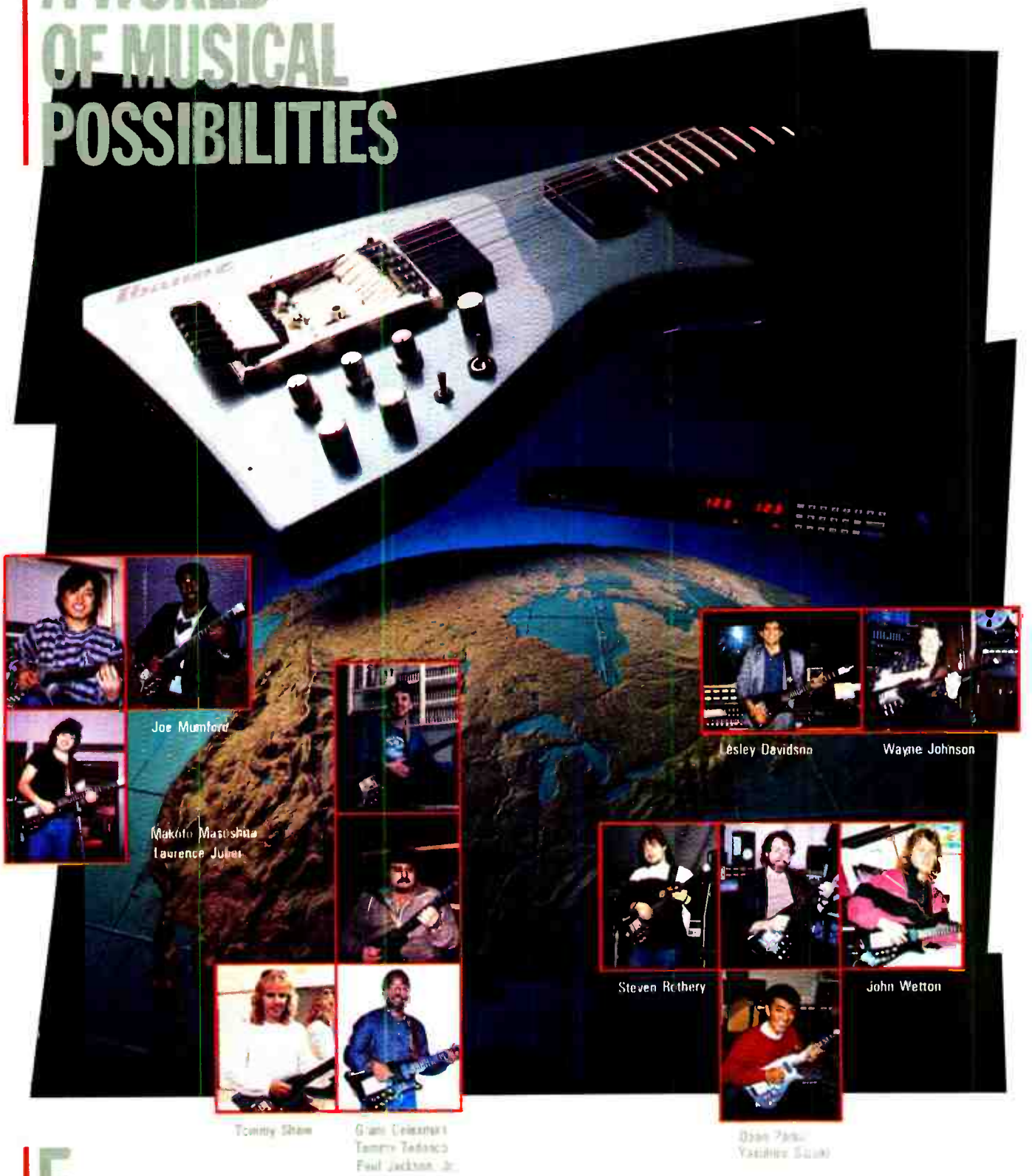
Prine's next LP, 1980's *Storm Windows*, was dominated by melancholy love songs, partly inspired by his divorce. That was the end of his tenure at Asylum, and the beginning of a five-year silence. Prine is unrepentant about his stylistic idiosyncrasies. "If I had a hit record," he admits, "country or rock 'n' roll or whatever, the first thing I'd probably do is turn around and put out a record of German music or something. I know I wouldn't be a good boy and give 'em what they were expectin'. I've consciously changed my writing to keep it from getting stale. The first couple of albums were story songs. I changed 'cause I was gettin' too good at them. People would ask, 'Why don't you write another "Hello In There"?' and I'd say, 'What for? There wasn't anything wrong with the first one!'"

After Prine was cut loose from Asylum small independent labels made him offers. Sugar Hill suggested a bluegrass album. But John saw that his pal Goodman had done okay turning out records on his own Red Pajamas label, and decided to have a go at self-promotion. "I just went out in the desert and put my hand on a rock and said, 'I am a record company!'" he says with a husky laugh and sparkling eyes. He tugs on his moustache like Charlie Chan making a deduction. "It's real simple, you make a good record and find a market for it."

John launched Oh Boy! Records with the release of a red 45 of "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus" just in time for Christmas '81. His first independently produced album *Aimless Love* sold over thirty thousand copies and was critically acclaimed as one of '85's finest. "Unwed Fathers," an emotionally probing song about teenage pregnancy, has been covered by country singers Tammy Wynette, Gail Davies and Johnny Cash. The record also included the hilarious "Bottomless Lake," a whimsical tale about a family outing in which Dad runs the car off the road and the family winds up "looking at fish out the window." With the gospel-flavored "People Puttin' People Down" (produced by Goodman) and the title cut, Prine proved once again that he is one of America's finest songsmiths.

He claims that he's a lousy businessman yet *Aimless Love* sold nearly fifteen thousand copies through the mail. "I'm lucky if I get my pants on right in the morning," he admits. "I was invited to be on the panel at this seminar last spring in Nashville, not as a songwriter but as a record company exec. So I bought this

A WORLD OF MUSICAL POSSIBILITIES



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yellow and white seersucker suit and had a ball! Songwriters were askin' questions like: 'Should they cut their own records? Should they send demos to record companies?' At one point this kid stands up and says, 'Mr. Prine, how do you go about sellin' records?' I reached down to the floor where I had a copy of *Aimless Love* and picked up the record and said, 'Do you wanna buy a record?' The guy walks up and says, 'How much?' I say, 'Nine bucks.' So I took his money, gave him the record and turned to the audience and said, 'That's how you sell records!' There's not a whole lot of mystery involved. With major labels you gotta sell a lot of records to make anything. I still owe Asylum money. But now I know how to make a record for $20,000."

One way John has managed to keep his costs down is by mostly recording live in the studio. On *German Afternoons* Prine and his pickers (bassist/harmony singer/wife Rachel Peer-Prine, mandolinist Sam Bush, guitarist Phillip Donnelly and drummer Kenny Malone) laid down five songs in two hours. "We just breezed through it," John says with a grin. "We also cut six rock 'n' roll songs which I'll probably put out as an EP this fall.

"If it picks up with each record, I don't see why I would record with anybody else. Havin' my own record company, gettin' the record directly to the people who want it enough to send their money to me, is a lot more gratifyin'. It's not just a bunch of paperwork on someone's desk and hearin' 'em say, 'We sold so many albums, pretty soon you won't owe us any money.' What kind of position is that to be in? I'm enjoyin' it more than ever, and for me to put out an album a year, that's movin' fast!"

Included on the record is a ghostly country number he penned with Steve Goodman called "If She Were You." "I never did much co-writin' before coming to Nashville except with Steve. He sang a song to me about a week before he went into a coma. He wrote the song in the hospital, in Seattle. He had all these tubes and wires comin' out of him and the guitar right there in between all that stuff. The song was called 'Coffee Makes Me Sleepy, Too.' I think he put it on tape. I'm gonna ask his wife if she has any of his unfinished songs lyin' around."

Since moving to Nashville six years ago, John has been co-writing with all sorts of people, including Shel Silverstein, Bobby Whitlock and Bobby Braddock. But Prine's first number one hit came with Don Williams' cover of "Love Is On A Roll," which John co-wrote with English singer/songwriter Roger Cook. "We started to write that song one morning," Prine recalls, "and of course we

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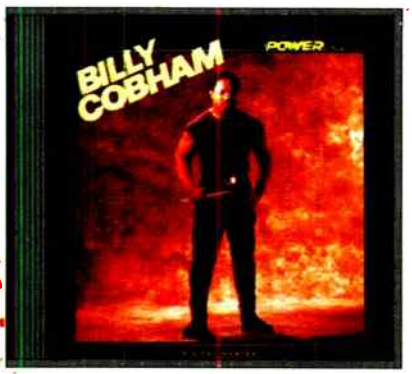

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gave up on it right away. I could be writing the best song I've ever written and somebody could call me up to go have a hot dog and I'd put my guitar down and go. Sometimes I won't walk through the room where my guitar sits if I haven't written for a while. I can feel that guitar just starin' me down."

As for inspiration, John ventures, "All I can do is guess. Most of the time when I'm writin', I don't know where it comes from. After I write a song like 'Linda Goes To Mars' I start thinkin' what kind of excuse am I gonna make for writin' this? Where did it come from? Why did it come from me?"

We finally pull into Central City in the dead of night. After signing in at the Rambler Rose Motel, we light out for Paradise. We drive through fields of frozen mud, withered corn stalks and bare trees to our destination. Prine points out the "World's Largest Shovel" and the enormous pile of coal where his Aunt Franny's house once stood. John gets out his guitar and begins to strum while McGuire's flash starts popping. It's a strange scene. I half expect Rod Serling to step out of the shadows and mumble something about a folk singer and the lost town of Paradise. Instead we hear sirens. A couple of security guards appear and ask us what we're doing. "We heard you was takin' some pictures out here," one of them says. McGuire looks quizzically at his camera and says, "I better get my shutter fixed." "Hey!" the other one asks, checking out the car. "What year is that?" Then they offer an escort off the TVA's property.

It was inevitable that I ask John what he meant by a "German afternoon"? Rooney wasn't thrilled with it as the album's title. "When I was stationed in Germany," Prine explained, in a tired drawl, "I'd drive through the villages during the daytime and these guys would be workin' on scaffolds or billboards and they'd have a beer in one hand and a paintbrush in the other. Truck drivers would go by in these Mercedes trucks with beer in their hands. I always thought it was pretty neat. I even tried to write a song with the name. It went: 'When the unexpected relative arrives one day too soon, I can turn the usual Tuesday mornin' into a German afternoon.' Most likely it will end up on another album." Ⓜ

FORDOMATIC SPARES

John Prine plays a 1946 Gibson Super 400 arch-top acoustic with F-holes. But on the road he carries a 1969 Martin D-28. He also plays a 1960 Silvertone acoustic with F-holes that's been refinished with blue metallic paint, and a Russell Young oval-hole acoustic built in California.

BASS DESIRES

BY PETER WATROUS

BASSIST MARC JOHNSON BUILDS HIS DREAM BAND

Bass Desires seems so cleverly constructed that cynics could accuse it of being a media invention. Fronted by rising young jazzstar guitarists John Scofield and Bill Frisell (clever, no?), and pumped along by the percussive exhortations of Weather Report alumnus Peter Erskine (clever, no?), the band performs like an amiably pretty mixture of post-Ornette free playing and rock textured airey-fairy ECM music (clever, no?). But a look behind the scenes reveals a considerably less crafty conspiracy: Bassist Marc Johnson had landed a gig in New York during the winter of '84, needed players to fill it, and wisely chose two guitarists and a drummer that he liked and who happend to sound good together. That's hardly unusual, of course. But Bass Desires has since emerged as a jazz ensemble with a distinct sound, a record with major label distribution, enough word-of-mouth rep to sell out their shows, and an excellent chance to become one of the most popular as well as creative jazz bands of the eighties. *That* is unusual.

Those reading carefully will notice that I didn't mention Marc Johnson while handing out the glowing credits in the last paragraph. That's because Johnson's relatively unknown. Extremely respected by his peers, however, he's worked and/or recorded with Stan Getz, Philly Joe Jones, John Lewis and most notably Bill Evans during the last two, unduly ignored years of Evans' life. He's a prime example of a particular stream—white, music school educated—that's increasingly become a part of a contemporary, improvisational music scene that fits under the rubric jazz.

Marc Johnson grew up in Denton, Texas, son of a jazz and classical piano player. While matriculating at North Texas State University, the southwestern version of Berklee College of Music (where Frisell and Scofield emanated), he played in the One O'Clock band with Pat Metheny's keyboardist Lyle Mays. In 1977, Johnson went on the road with Woody Herman; the next year he joined Bill Evans. "All I ever wanted to do since I first heard his trio was play with Bill," Marc enthuses. "I was completely flipped out, I thought, 'Wow, if I could ever do that, I'd be completely happy.' I geared my whole musical conception around trio playing; I wanted to be the reincarnation of Scott La Faro. When I heard there was an opening on the gig it became my fantasy that I'd play with him, and when I got the job, it was a dream come true.

"What attracted me to Bill's playing is tied up with my love and respect for my father," Johnson continues. "I didn't appreciate Bill when I first heard him; frankly, I thought he was boring. The album my father gave me was *Alone*, and that's an acquired taste, especially for an adolescent used to hearing beat music. But I came into it; my parents divorced about the same time I started to listen to Bill, and the music's so melancholy and personal, it was perfect music to be swept up by at that time in my life. I was just in love with Bill's approach, the sound he made, and his depth of feeling."

Johnson's immersion in La Faro, and his understanding of Bill Evans' personal, introspective playing, is Bass Desires' secret, and probably crucial ingredient. The group is a more obvious showcase for two divergent guitar perspectives: Scofield as the note-slinging, long-lined sharpshooter playing off the introverted, more chordal, and sonically textural pastels of Bill Frisell. But the combination connects through the technical facility and emotional honesty of Johnson's bass playing, which anchors his axemen's billows of sound. What could have been a guitar bloodbath is turned into music; Johnson's rich-toned acoustic bass links the music to its jazz past, and lends it sensuousness the band might otherwise lack.

"He does things I've never heard anyone do on the bass," waxes Bill Frisell. "Some rhythmic things he does are amazing, and his harmonic knowledge is huge. Sometimes he'll play these unaccompanied solos that are just out of this world."

Scofield remembers when "I heard him regularly with Bill Evans and I thought 'God, this guy's great!' He's one of the most fluid, melodic bass players I've ever heard. Very loose. It's unpredictable and open when you play with him, which is refreshing."

Johnson, in turn, decided to form a guitar-heavy band "because I wanted a complete change in [my] musical setting. I had an idea for music that had structure but also would leave those boundary lines behind. And Frisell's so distinctive because of the colors he pulls out of his guitar. I like surprises, and Bill's got more per minute than any musician I can think of. In another time, his vocabulary wouldn't have been accessible, but people's ears have been bent an awful lot in the last couple of years. He straddles these musical worlds—the free scene, the downtown New York experimenters, jazz. I'm just becoming aware of Bill's musical life in other dimensions. his playing with John Zorn and Tim Berne, for instance. He brings a whole new vocabulary to our tunes from his free playing. To me, he

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adds substance and depth."

Johnson met Scofield through drummer Joe La Barbara, who'd also played in Evans' last trio. "John appeals to me because his playing is really direct emotionally," Marc explains. "I was familiar with his trio and I kind of dug the fact that I couldn't get into some of his tunes on first listening—but that the more I heard the stuff, the more I liked it. I didn't know why I chose two *guitar* players for a front line, but I wanted these two guys, and I wanted something different from the keyboard and guitar hook-up."

Johnson made the right choice; Frisell's and Scofield's styles mesh with pizzazz—the Chinese food and beer of guitar jazz. On record and live, the band sounds loose and supple, which immediately derails suspicions of dressed-up fusion. At New York's Fat Tuesdays before a full house of supplicants, the band ran through an impressive range of tunes—Coltane's tag from "A Love Supreme," Johnson's funky "Mojo Highway," Peter Erskine's polyrhythmic, furiously swinging "Bass Desires"—from their recently released *Bass Desires* (ECM). Frisell elevated clouds of sound surprisingly like a rock guitarist's, while Scofield ripped through his solos, a duel at once anchored and propelled by Johnson's earthy bass and Erskine's aggressive, persistent drumming. Far less tame than on the record, the group sounded tough and snarling. Their musical compatibility also suggested years of playing together.

Surprise. "No rehearsals, no nothing," Johnson laughs. "The whole gig has been sort of fly-by-night ever since I formed the band. We've played maybe one band's worth [of shows] but it's worked out incredibly well." Guess so. "We've hardly rehearsed at all," Frisell concurs. "It's just show up at the gig and try to do *something*; It's sort of embarrassing; I'd like to rehearse, but everybody has so many things going on." "This has been the most spontaneous group I've ever been in," says Scofield. "It just arranges itself."

Finding a record contract in jazz is about as easy as finding a Republican with soul, but Johnson snagged one the way he got his arrangements—gracefully, and with little fuss. "We got a record contract because I had the foresight to record both nights of the first gig," he reveals. "We didn't really know what we were even going to play! I edited the tape and sent it to ECM. We sent the tape only to ECM, because I really dug the sound of the label."

Marc doesn't seem fazed that his first effort as a band leader is attracting such attention. "Well, I'm growing up," he says with mock resignation. "The little boy in me is still there, and the adult part of me is trying to bring him up to age thirty-two. It means that I'm having my eyes opened about business, about keeping the ball rolling. I'm working with musicians who've had experience in leadership roles, which helps. But I have a strong idea of what I want out of the group, which also helps. I want every performance to be as forceful as possible. People looking at the record might think it's predominantly a bass player's album, but I don't want bass soloing to overshadow the overall musical statement. I certainly want to leave the door open for Bill and John to go at it. I want them to stretch, to open up. I want a modern day blowing band." M

BASER DESIRES

John Scofield plays an Ibanez AS200 guitar, which he heartily endorses, plugs into various Ibanez effects and finally into a Sundown amp, which he also endorses. He'll also use an occasional Roland JC-120 in a pinch.

Bill Frisell plays a '62 Gibson SG-type Les Paul Junior and a Fender reissue '57 Strat Robert Quine turned him on to; his effects are an Ibanez delay, a TC compressor, MXR and Electro-Harmonix distortions and an Armand volume pedal. His amps are a pair of Music Men. Frisell also deploys a Roland GR-300 guitar synth, and at home nurtures a GR-700.

Peter Erskine plays an ancient German upright bass; his reinforcement system is a custom preamp and a pair of Bose 901s.

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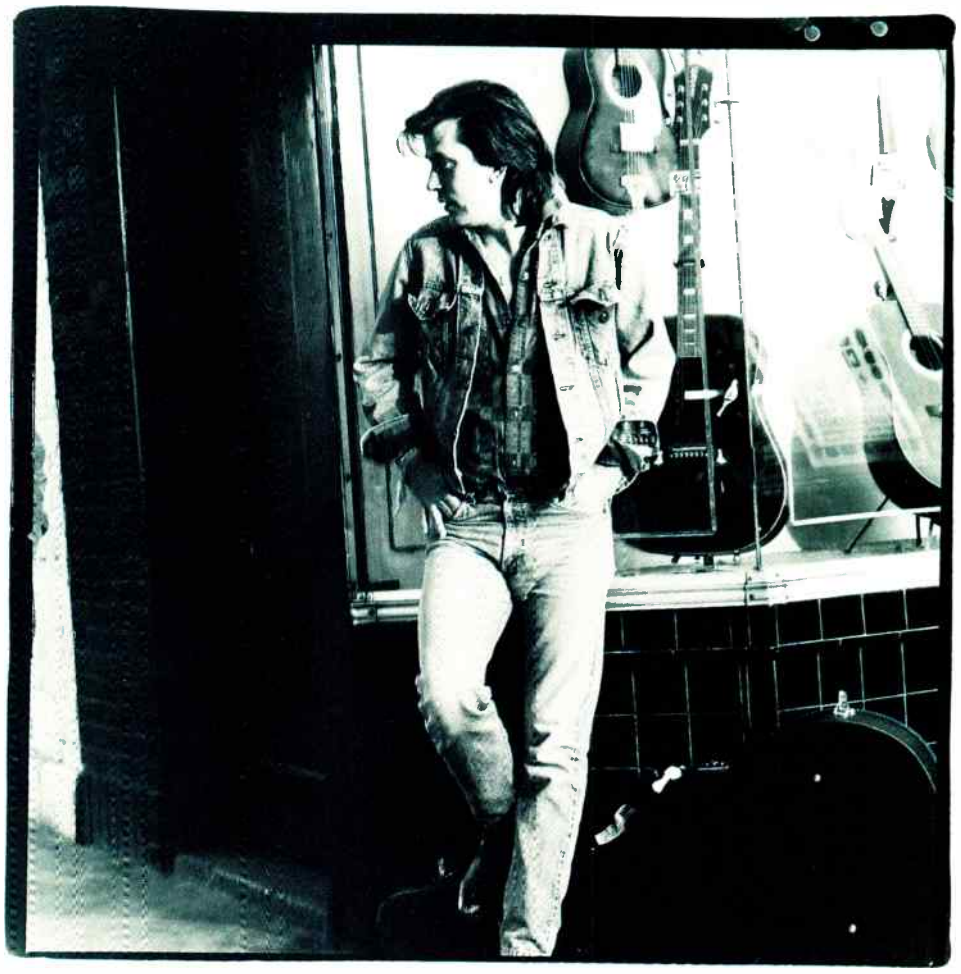


PAM L. LEWIS

FACES

Somebody classified me with George Strait and Dwight Yoakam recently," observes up-and-coming country star Steve Earle. "Actually, I think we belong in three different categories. George is a state-of-the-art Texas dance hall singer, doing that Ray Price shuffle. Dwight is a damn good hillbilly singer."

And Earle? *Guitar Town*, his debut LP, is harder to pinpoint. Fusing honky-tonk, rockabilly, folk and other roots influences, songs like "Hillbilly Highway" and "Good Ol' Boy (Gettin' Tough)" address classic country-music concerns with an unaffected directness Hank Williams himself would appreciate.

At thirty-one, Earle has been waiting in the wings a long time. Hailing from the San Antonio area, he left the Texas folk-club scene in 1974 to play bass in Nashville for Guy Clark. Although he subsequently saw his material recorded by the likes of Waylon Jennings, Carl Perkins and Johnny Lee, Earle never fit comfortably into the Music City system. "I felt I was pretty good at the kind of songs I wrote, so I was willing to compromise very little," he says. Earle was reluctant to compose the "uptempo and positive" tunes that would earn big Nashville bucks. "The only solution was to record my songs myself."

He almost hit the jackpot anyway when producer Felton Jarvis selected his "Mustang Wine" for a 1976 Elvis Presley session. "Elvis was going to record in Nashville for the first time in years, and my song was scheduled to be cut first. But he never came to the studio and never recorded again. That was a real heartbreaker—the sales of an Elvis album are so ridiculous that you don't even need to have your song on a single to make a lot of money. I know a guy who bought a house with the royalties from an Elvis album cut!"

Signing with Epic in 1983, Earle released four rockabilly-oriented singles that went nowhere. Now on MCA, he's happier with the less stylized approach of *Guitar Town*. "I'm not a revivalist," he explains. "I don't go along with the idea that you can't use things like synthesizers and electronic drums. But I'm a traditionalist in that I think the emotions in country music shouldn't change. I never forget that I'm writing and singing for working people. That's my constituency." – *Jon Young*

JON CRISPIN

Jane Siberry

Music Videos R.I.P.?

Admit it: You never thought you'd see the day when music video clips lost their promo clout. Well, that day isn't here just yet, but there are some interesting straws in the video wind.

Journey and Van Halen—two bands who haven't been camera-shy in the past—have released new albums without the usually obligatory videos. Journey's manager claimed in *Billboard* that the clips "aren't as meaningful or important to us as they are to others." Van Halen's Sammy Hagar says his band "didn't have time" to make a video. (Both groups are on tour.) Executives at three major record companies say there will be fewer of the costly clips this year. Longtime MTV-phobe Joe Jackson continued his video boycott with his current *Big World* album.

Coincidentally or not, this backlash follows a reported decrease in music-video violence. According to a paper presented in April at the sixteenth annual Popular Culture Convention, in 1985 violent acts in videos in regular MTV rotation were down five-eighths from the year before.

MTV, which is about to celebrate its fifth anniversary, doesn't seem too concerned about a video drought: According to a spokesperson, "We have more than we've ever had!"

JANE SIBERRY

Fresh Air From Canada

"The best thing for me is to control everything, musically. Whatever it is I do well, learn to do it better." So says a self-possessed Jane Siberry on the eve of her second full-scale American tour.

Her last album, *No Borders Here*, earned widespread critical acclaim and unlikely pop stardom in her native Canada. But the title seemed like wishful thinking when Windham Hill sold only 22,000 units south of the 49th parallel.

To remedy that, A&M Records, Windham Hill's distributor, is promoting Siberry's new album with considerable muscle. *The Speckless Sky* has already gone gold in Canada and spawned two top forty singles. One of those, "One More Color," has a new video (directed by Devo's Jerry Casale) for the U.S. market. Its budget is more than Siberry's combined expenses on all her previous videos. And, as of press time, the singer/songwriter was on the verge of a worldwide (outside North America) distribution deal with Warner Bros.

Her time may have come, but Siberry's work flies in the face of commercial convention. Her phrasing is quirky, her harmonies complex, her rhythms off-kilter. She talks her lyrics, avoids verse/chorus structure, and writes about such stuff as grouper fish and very large hats.

Though she plays piano, guitar and French horn, and has toured with a folk trio, Siberry now composes almost exclusively on the Fairlight CMI. "I find it less limiting," she says. "I can provide more of my own input. There's a lot of synthesizer 'pads' on *Speckless*. That's not so good, but it seemed required in all the songs where I used it.

"I tried to balance the Fairlight with a lot of loose playing. I wanted a mixture of sloppiness and rigidness, so some tracks were deliberately left unarranged."

Siberry is invariably described as shy, soft-spoken and delicate. But below that surface is a calm, deliberate self-assurance that ought to guarantee Canada's most improbable pop star more than a flash in the pan.

"There's always pressure," she admits. "But I'm learning as I go along."

– Howard Druckman

LATIN RASCALS

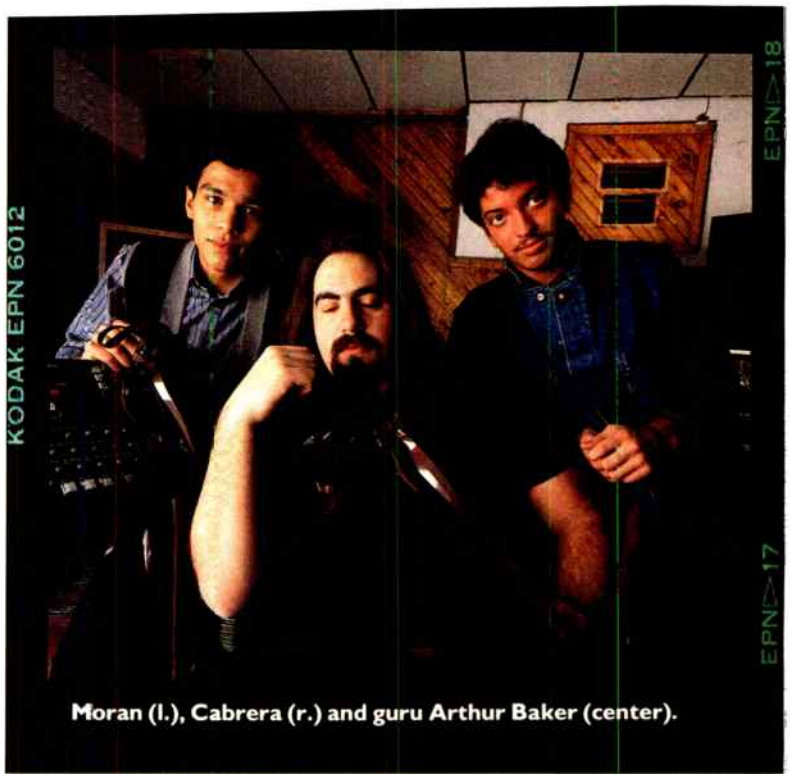
The Art of a Thousand Cuts

You may not recognize the Latin Rascals by that name—or even as **Tony Moran** and **Albert Cabrera**—but you've probably recognized the perfect beats they've constructed for dozens of popular artists, including Bruce Springsteen, Cyndi Lauper and Diana Ross.

"We made it so everything could revolve around edits," Moran says of the Rascals' method. The duo performed their first chop job three years ago. They were under the wing of master mixer Arthur Baker, who began working with them after hearing their mixes on New York's WKTU-FM (now WXRK). The Rascals met at Downtown Records, where both worked. Cabrera and Moran would tape their own mixes and play them over the store's sound system.

One day Carlos De Jesus, then program director of WKTU, visited Downtown, flipped over a Cabrera mix and decided to put it on his playlist. Moran and Cabrera began working together; their three-hour radio shows became the talk of hip New York. They soon moved to top-ranking WRKS-FM, where they integrated more rap into their airtime. "There were at least a thousand edits in each of those shows," Moran claims. "And each took at least two weeks of dedicated work to pull off."

In keeping with their ever-higher profile, these twenty-one-year-olds have branched out a bit: They just produced the Fat Boys' "Breakdown," and an LP of hippified classical music under their own name is now in the racks. However, their reputation rides on their mastery of the remix, a process that begins by carefully reviewing yards of out-takes and in-mixes. "Not everything we try works," Cabrera says. But when it does, Moran gets a "surge of happiness 'cause it comes out so good. When we finish I try to figure out how we made all those pieces fit together. It's real strange. What we do is magic!" *– Havelock Nelson*



STEVE MARSEL

Moran (l.), Cabrera (r.) and guru Arthur Baker (center).

DAVID THOMAS

What Music Should Be

"I do everything wrong. My life is just one series of wrong commercial decisions," confesses David Thomas. "If I had any brains I'd just do one thing and I'd stop doing all this stuff, because it's just ruining my life commercially."

But deeply *enriching* the lives of those who like their music slightly twisted, sister: shot through with lurching rhythms, unhinged melodies and odd textures—touchstones of Thomas' work fronting avant-garde band Pere Ubu and his solo projects. Stuff that makes his "commercial" comments seem on the wry side.

LAURA LEVINE

The dark-haired warbler explains that he originally conceived his new album, *Monster Walks The Winter Lake*, as "a vocal record, mainly just voice and poetry." But it became something quite different—an enchanting soundscape that Thomas says addresses marriage—as musicians like Ubu alumni Allen Ravenstine (synthesizer) and Tony Maimone (bass) asked to help build the *Monster*. Thomas and the band, dubbed the Wooden Birds, recorded two-track live digital (*à la* Joe Jackson's new LP), a low/high-tech process which took three days and was a revelation to the singer.

The thirty-three-year-old Thomas, who moved from Cleveland to London nearly two years ago, continues to seek out assorted musicians and line-ups. Last December he toured Europe with folk accordionist John Kirkpatrick and ace drummer Chris Cutler; in late summer he begins a "rock project" with those players joined by Maimone and Ravenstine.

Sounds like more "wrong commercial decisions." But then this enormously gifted oddball has never cared much about such music biz conventions as chart success. He *does* care passionately about what he thinks music should be:

"Music should be warm and human, it should be about love and kindness and intimacy, it should be about people enjoying themselves in an uplifting way, feeling good at the end of the evening—not drunk-and-bombed-out-of-their-mind good, but warmed that they've shared something with somebody else. So why is this so strange? Why am *I* considered the weirdo?"

– Duncan Strauss

Roll Over, Beethoven

"I don't put myself in the class of rock 'n' roll. I have lots of other intentions in the music industry. I write a lot of classical music, and I do all sorts of theme music."

– Julian Lennon, quoted in *Billboard*

SUBURBS

New Esthetic, New Label

"I had a dream," keyboardist/vocalist **Chan Poling** says, "that Elton John offered our band the opening spot on his tour for fifty bucks a night." He shivers. "I woke up screaming."

Poling and his cohorts in the Suburbs have shunned anything smacking of mass appeal since their 1978 inception in Minneapolis. The band's stylized, rather menacing punk/jazz/funk attack was first captured on vinyl by Minneapolis indie Twin/Tone, and cultivated them a regional rep in the early 80s as fearless purveyors of arty avant-pop.

By 1983 the Suburbs had caught the fancy of Mercury Records. Their big-league debut LP *Love Is The Law* was a gem, but lack of label support sank it before it left the dock. Now the 'Burbs are back with a new label (A&M) and a new album, produced by Prince's drummer Bobby Z(Robert Brent)—a symbolic joining of Minneapolis' two major music camps. *Suburbs* is less quirky than its predecessors, though still light years from the usual top forty pablum. Poling even harmonizes with vocalist/guitarist Blaine John "Beej" Chaney, much to his amazement; "it wasn't as hard as I thought;" he laughs.

Are the Suburbs finally playing to the groundlings? Not really, Poling says. "New wave, when it started out." he observes, "was about who could alienate the most people and get a few laughs out of it. We were probably as guilty of that as anybody. Now it's a lot more fun to write music people can identify with." – *Moira McCormick*

Weather Report Cancelled

It's the end of an era for fusion buffs: After fifteen years, Weather Report is no more. The band—actually a shifting ensemble behind saxophonist Wayne Shorter and keyboard player Joe Zawinul—wound up its Columbia Records contract with an album recorded late last year. Shorter says that "almost two years ago" he and Zawinul agreed to dissolve the group. Shorter released a solo album last year; Zawinul followed suit soon after.

Shorter just recorded another solo album, and is touring with his own band. Zawinul's new outfit is appropriately called Weather Update; he's also touring solo—and, thanks to MIDI, it really is solo. Shorter comments that the Weather Report name eventually became "like a billboard in front of us. Now we're in front of it."

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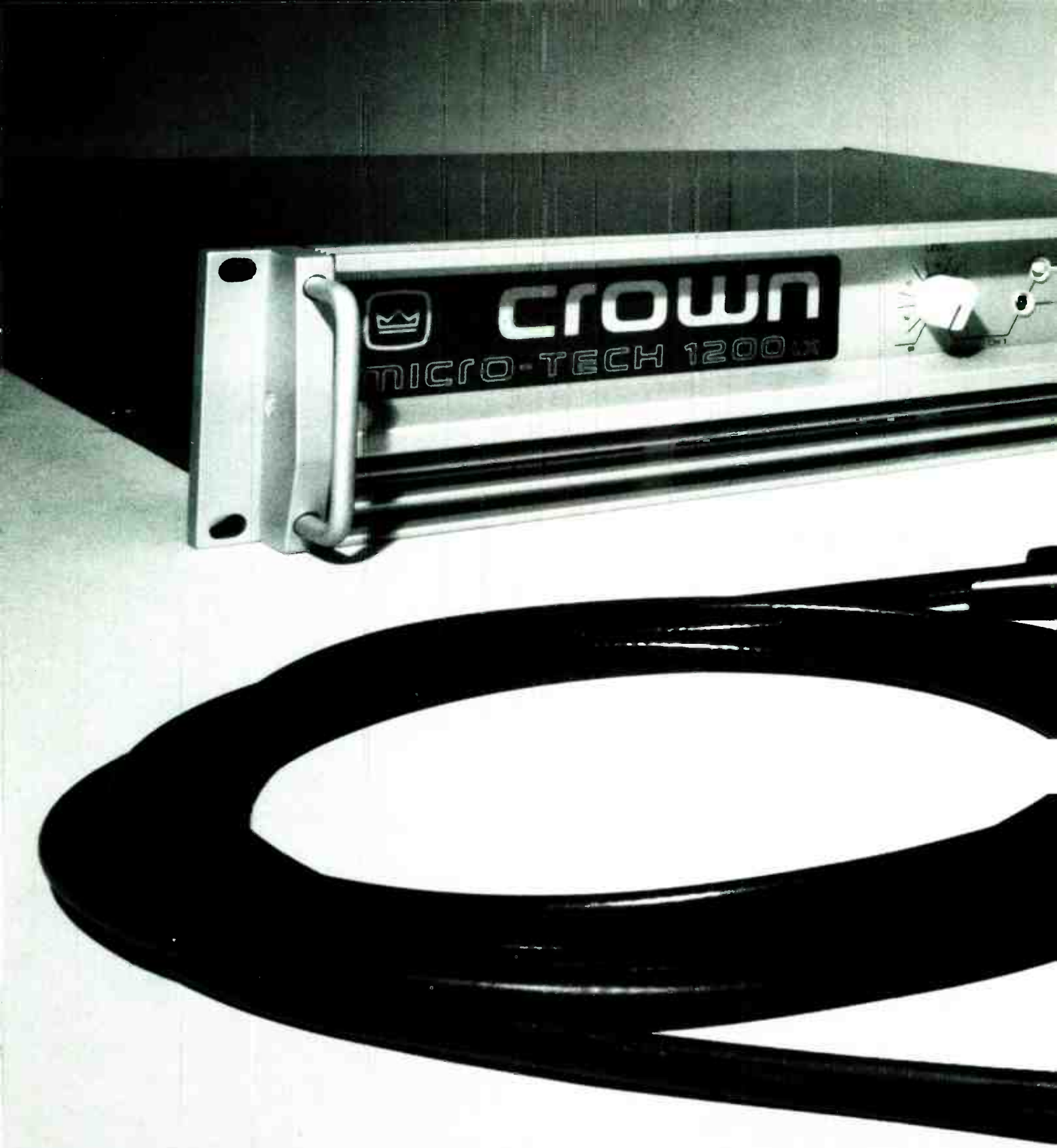

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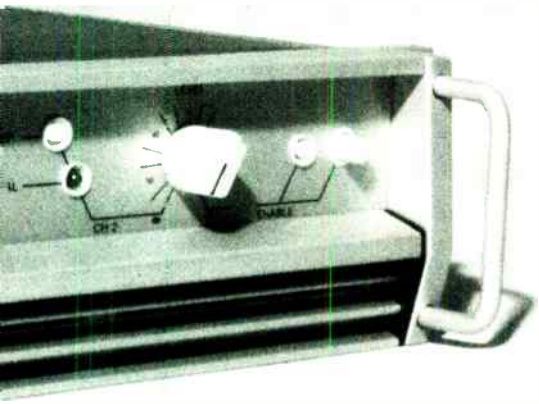

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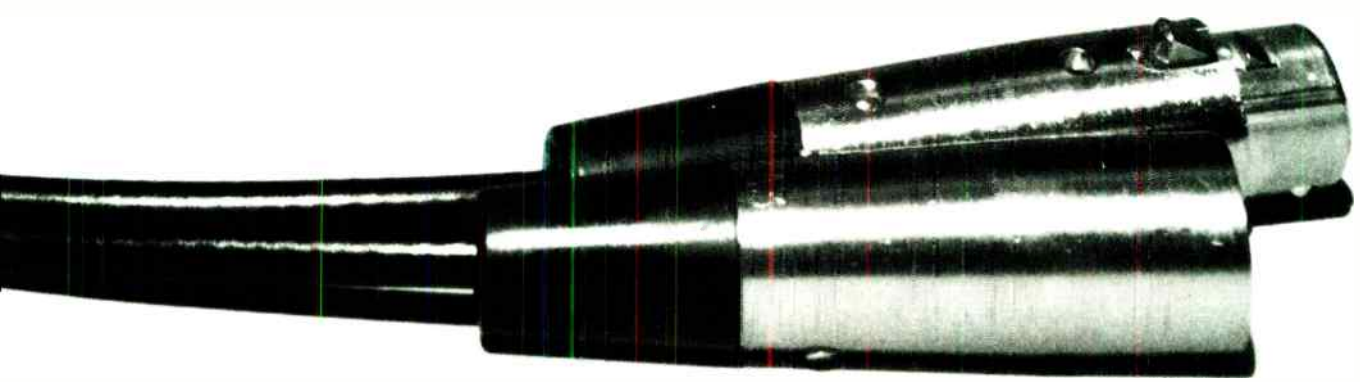

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BY TIMOTHY WHITE

Do I drink the wine and then take my best shot, or do I take my shot and then drink?" The slight, suave gentleman in the crisp slacks, starched shirt and soft leather walking shoes stands on the impeccable bowling green, his thin arm cocked in the idle swing of a croquet mallet, and ponders this age-old rock 'n' roll question. Probation before libation? Refreshment before achievement? "I think," shouts quick-witted singer Patti Austin from the veranda, "that you should party and *then* party!"

And so commences another thoroughly civilized summer afternoon in the life of Steve Winwood, rock's gentle aristocrat, as he sips Chablis and takes a turn around the lawn wickets with equally refined noted arranger Arif Mardin. They and the rest of the guests (which include actors Griffin Dunne and Ellen Barkin) have been called together to celebrate the forty-first birthday of producer Russ Titelman and the start of Steve's fourth solo album.

The actual birthday (August 16) falls on the following day, as does the formal start of sessions at Right Track Studios in Manhattan, so the gracious affair at Carol and Russ Titelman's sprawling country home in Connecticut is an occasion for open self-assessment or discreet last-minute stock-taking.

"He was like an exposed nerve that day," Titelman reflects some nine months later; he is sitting in the den of his home, barely two weeks after mastering the finished tapes of what will surely be considered a new career peak for both men, *Back In The High Life*. "After two weeks in June 1985 spent in England in Steve's home studio in Gloucestershire, going over his songs and editing his demos, and then another organizational meeting after that, he was so primed and attuned to the project.

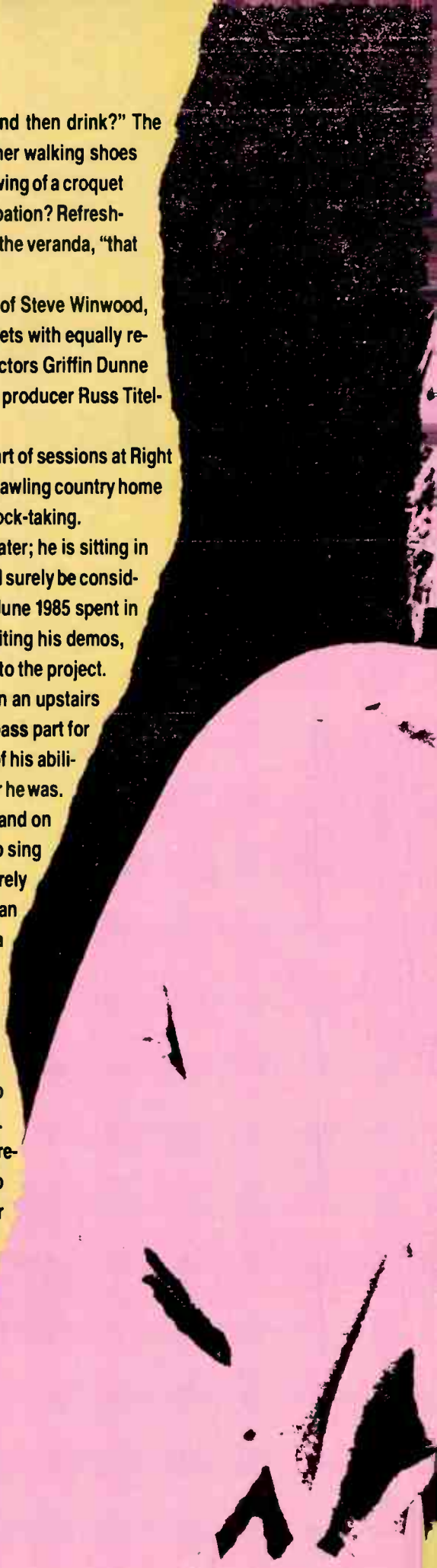
"During those weeks in New York," says Titelman, "Steve stayed at my house in an upstairs room we set up for him with a rented Emulator, and he'd tinker away, writing the bass part for both 'Higher Love' and 'Wake Me Up On Judgment Day.' I had always been aware of his abilities in the studio but it steadily dawned on me what a remarkably intuitive composer he was.

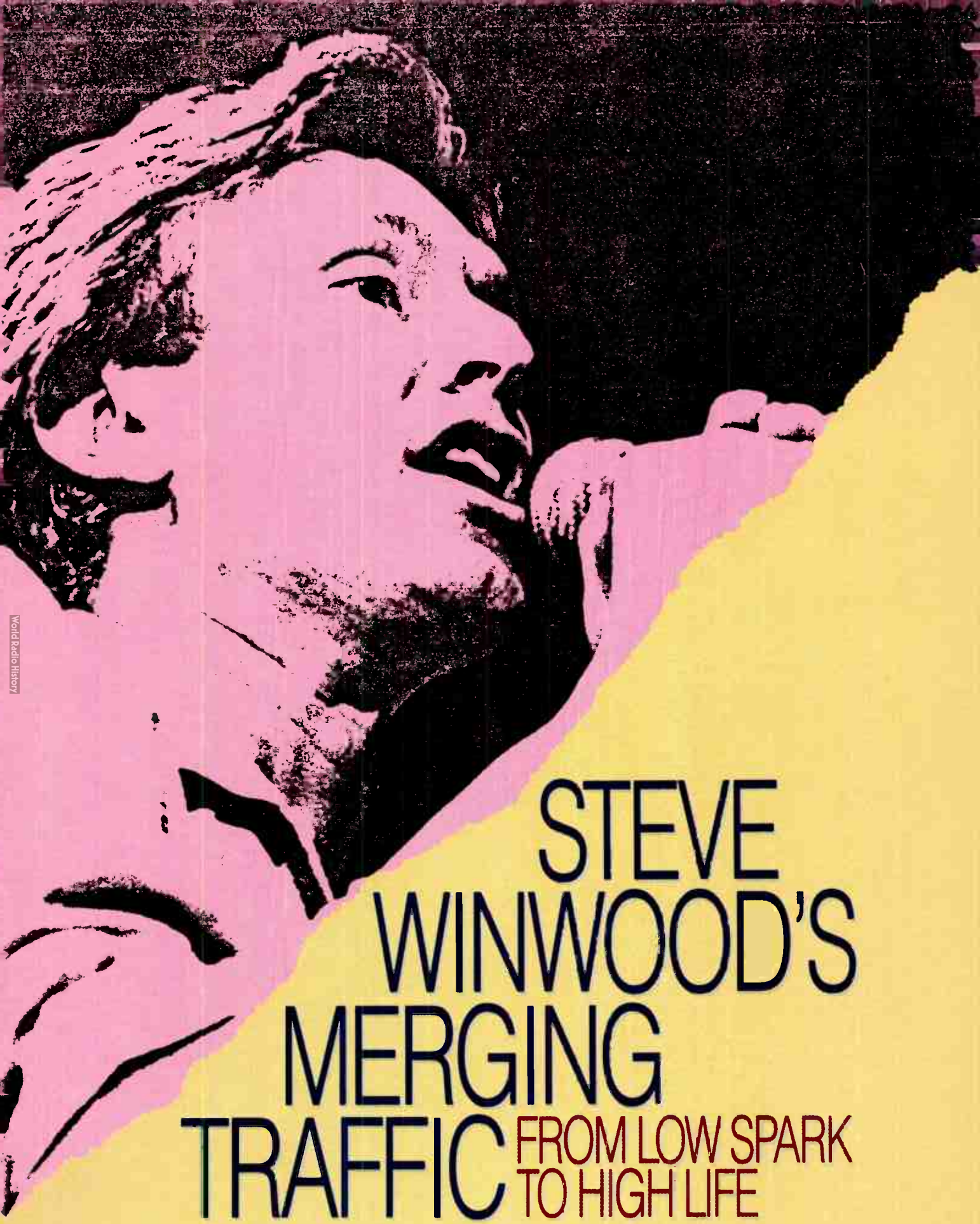
"It was my job to take the basic elements he had collected so skillfully and expand on that solid framework. I used some intuition of my own on the people I brought in to sing and play, asking James Taylor and Chaka Khan to contribute vocals, but not entirely recalling at first what a warm dinner *all* of us had once had together in Manhattan around 1983 or so! Steve had a gleam in his eye after James walked into Unique, a guitar over his shoulder, and did a flawless job on 'Back In The High Life.'

"Both of us were ecstatic after Chaka did her fireworks on 'Higher Love' but the real capper there came when her drummer, John Robinson, sat down and began to add the acoustic drums to that track and several of the others. John's phenomenal sticking and timbale-style tom-tom playing at the close of 'Higher Love' were so hot, we decided to take that portion of the track and move it up to *begin* the record.

"An equally significant sort of decision we made during the course of the final recording was to add strategic extra choruses or segments to certain of the songs, to help enhance and heighten that indescribable sense of power and majesty you hear on the best of the Traffic material. Steve wanted the *playing* on the album to have a presence all its own, and you get that quality from things like the third chorus and synth solo he gave to 'The Finer Things.'

"The last track we completed was 'My Love's Leavin',' on which Arif Mardin did a terrifically subtle arrangement for Rob Mounsey's synthesizer strings, and it was a bittersweet ending. [Winwood is presently going through a divorce from longtime wife Nicole.] After that, he returned home to attend to personal business, and I was left to kind of reflect on what an





STEVE WINWOOD'S MERGING TRAFFIC

FROM LOW SPARK TO HIGH LIFE

"Frequently you never know what you're developing from your own roots until it's fully blossomed."

experience and an outpouring of emotional creativity the record was. Every time I hear Steve's guitar solo on 'Take It As It Comes' it sounds like B.B. King, and every time I hear 'My Love's Leavin'' it grabs me inside like the best of Sam Cooke. This record will be close to my heart for a long, long time."

And the same clearly goes for Winwood himself. "I wanted to locate places in my capability I didn't previously know about," he says on the sunny mid-May morning he arrives alone at the quaint Basil Street Hotel in central London. "I think I did that, and then some." Neat and natty in a dark blazer, contrasting slacks and expensive brown brogues, a just-perused copy of the *Times* under his arm, he looks, at thirty-eight, like a precocious young Oxford professor who's just come in from the country to celebrate his gaining tenure.

The interview unfolds in a private drawing room overlooking Harrod's that had been reserved for the occasion. As Winwood kills a large pot of tea, he jokes and chats with such effervescence that he seems almost too high-spirited to calm down for contemplative conversation. But after twenty minutes of bonhomie we begin, his brisk thoughts punctuated by allusions to and expansions on points he made during a 1982 all-afternoon interview in his garden and estate house in Gloucestershire. "I don't think I ever got so into a talk and reminiscence as we did on that day!" he says. "Good Lord, it may have been something in our orange juice. Yes, let's see if we can build on that. I'm game."

MUSICIAN: *"Back In The High Life" is a rather confident title for a song, let alone an album, especially for someone who's been off in often moody and brooding creative seclusion for so long. Is it an expression of how you're feeling these days?*
WINWOOD: Yes, exactly. I couldn't have put it better. And it's a bit Traffic-y, isn't it? The song was originally written around 1983 or so with a highlife/calypso beat, and then shelved for a long time because I didn't really like it much in that vein. After letting the demo cassette I'd sung and played it onto sit around, I dug it up, treated it differently and it really came alive. It was one of the last things to be cut after we'd been in the studios for months.

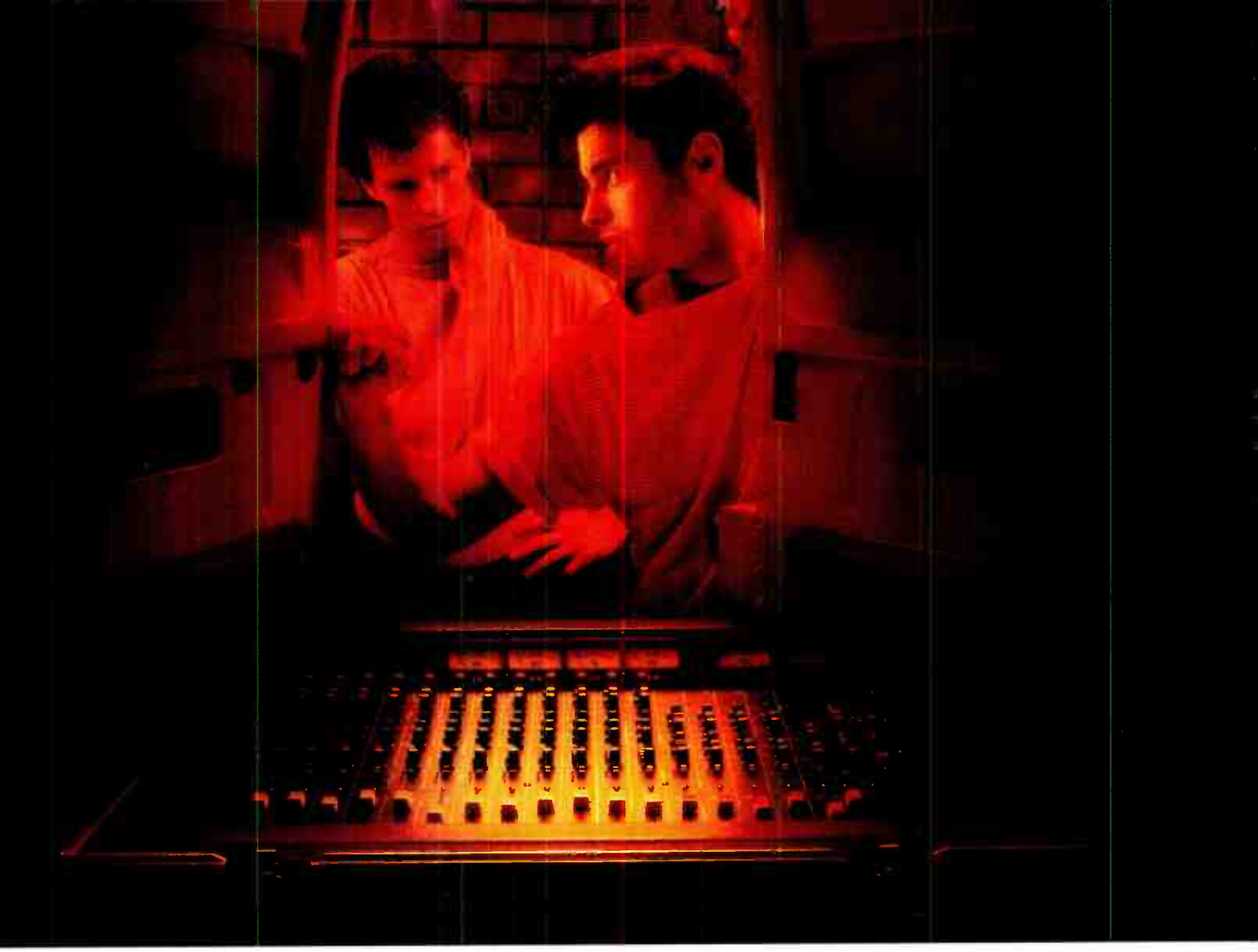
What happened was I was messing around with the song on the synth and we had successfully changed the beat structure of the song from this ethnic, Ghanian thing to something more measured. Then I flew back from New York to England for about two days to tie up some business, and there were no instruments in my house in Gloucestershire because I'd been away for such a long time. The *only* instrument there was a mandolin, and I started playing "Back In The High Life" on it and thought [*huge grin*] "*Weelll* yes!" So that's the way that came about, and it certainly added something to the track, a beautiful flavoring, a shading.
MUSICIAN: *As does your harmony vocal on the song with James Taylor. What was it like recording with him?*
WINWOOD: I would have liked to have done much more with him, because he was very quick, very concise, did his work so brilliantly so that one had to do the absolute minimum of producing, since he seemed to produce himself in order to make the most appropriate contribution to the material. When he heard "High Life" he instinctively knew the kind of harmony blend I was aiming for, the nature of the song itself, and I much appreciated the way he enhanced it so well.
MUSICIAN: *That song creates a pretty effective, bucolic, Church-of-England evocation of a simpler time—yet with a modern groove.*
WINWOOD: A lot of my musical education was in the Anglican Church, a lot of my influences. I think it only takes the slightest lyrical hint, combined with that Anglican musical flavor, to present that religious idea—it'll cut right through. I sang in the choir as a boy and have played organ in churches as part of performing a community service. Playing in the churches of Gloucestershire has proven to be fantastic practice for my recording and composing for some reason, and I enjoy it.
MUSICIAN: *It's been increasingly easy to chart your personal moods through the last three solo albums. You went from contemplating solitude on* Arc Of A Diver *to offering assertive social commentary on* Talking Back To The Night, *to announcing the new you the last two experiences help create on this LP.*
WINWOOD: Quite true. Most of my records are autobiographical. While that's not always consciously so, there's no doubt about it. I try to give them a perhaps fictitious theme, but the direct parallels to my life are always there.

In the case of *Talking Back To The Night* the theme was anti-drugs, due to the various losses that I've had, such as Chris Wood in 1983, Reebop Kwaku Baah—I mean the list goes on: Hendrix, Graham Bond. A lot of people I've played with have not survived. So the last album was an anti-drug album, a journey through the places you can get trapped in along the road in this business, but it also tended to be autobiographical. I'm deeply pleased to be alive and thriving in the here-and-now, to be doing my best work. Which is why I likewise am thrilled to be seeing someone like James Taylor now in peak form and going from strength to strength. It's not easy to look back at those who weren't able to hang on, like Hendrix.
MUSICIAN: *You played with Hendrix, for example, doing the organ part on "Voodoo Child." Talk about that session.*
WINWOOD: That was at Electric Ladyland Studios in Greenwich Village, naturally. 1968. I remember there were a lot of musicians waiting to get the gig, it seemed. Not specifically the keyboard players, but bass players, guitar players. One person I did know there at the time was Larry Coryell.

I don't know how I got the gig, but we used to run into Jimi a lot when we'd play gigs and I'd jammed with him a few times before. He just called down and it was very much a one-run/one-take kind of song, which is the way he used to work.

He himself was wonderful, a great host. He always went out of his way to make people feel comfortable when I was with him. He may have been slightly distant in certain respects, a bit of a dreamer, but he was very friendly and accommodating. And happy. Oddly, he always seemed very happy.
MUSICIAN: *I'm continually intrigued to discover how widespread is the lingering misconception that your days of illness around 1974 were drug-related, not due to the critical stomach problems you, in truth, were suffering with.*
WINWOOD: Especially since I had played with the psychedelic era, let's say, it was thought of, understandably, that I was involved in serious drug-taking. That was a misconception, but to be fair there was something there: a dabbling in psychedelics in the late-1960s, the smoking of pot and hash, but I can't say there was anything more for me personally. Of course, many of the people that I worked with were seriously involved in a lot of drugs, and that also was probably a contributing factor to that idea.

By 1972 Traffic was going through many changes, and the original members were developing their personalities, shall we say, in various directions. In retrospect, I as the leader of



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"The 'loner' thing was taken to its conclusion by the last two albums. Where can you go after that but sit in a cave somewhere?"

the band was probably not mature enough to incorporate all that into the band, which is obviously what should have gone on. But hindsight is a wonderful thing.

Chris Wood was thinking about doing his own projects. Jim Capaldi wanted to sing his own songs and do what became his *Oh! How We Danced* album in Muscle Shoals, Alabama, and so we brought different musicians in to augment the band. As a result I got a chance to play with the Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section, who were a joy to work with.

Most of us toured, making the music for what would prove to be the live 1974 *On The Road* LP, but the ability to run things or handle all of the transitions going on was severely weakened by my stomach problems.

MUSICIAN: *Meaning your peritonitis.*

WINWOOD: Yes. It's a disease that comes from an underlying disease, which in my case was undiagnosed appendicitis. I went to every doctor, but it went undetected, and the cumulative effect was the gradual poisoning of my system, toxins building up in the peritoneum, which is between the diaphragm and the abdomen. It killed Houdini, from a punch in the stomach. In fact, it's only since the discovery of certain antibiotics that it's possible to cure it, and you don't have too much time to do that, either.

Prophet 5 goes to church: Winwood plays for the locals.

I guess I did go through a bit of a change when that happened to me; you just suddenly have a different view of everything. Capaldi and I used to get this concept of how unpleasant the life of a rock 'n' roller can be. [*big grin*] We used to try and conjure this idea sometimes that it was in many ways a *miserable* existence. "The Low Spark Of High-Heeled Boys," "Memories Of A Rock 'n' Rolla" on the *When The Eagle Flies* record and quite a few other songs that we wrote together touched on that kind of theme.

We had no right to express that, because things always went well for us, but there *are* certain things about the rock 'n' roll life that are very depressing, [*slow-building laughter*] and for some reason we used to get it into our heads that this would be *entertaining* to certain people!

MUSICIAN: *Early Traffic evoked the mood and spirit of the psychedelic era, but the band was most important because it combined rock 'n' roll and British folk music in a rural esthetic.*

WINWOOD: And that was a very conscious effort from the beginning. We sat down and discussed this as a game plan for forming the band. And it has had a great bearing on the songs I'm writing now and the record I'm making. The treatment of *Back In The High Life* reflects that sound in a brand new fashion I wasn't even conscious of until I heard it in completed form. Frequently you never know what you're developing from your own roots until it's fully blossomed.

MUSICIAN: *There's always such curious hybrid invention in your music. Strange interweavings of gospel, R&B or African textures that somehow wind up working.*

WINWOOD: A lot of the stuff I do tends to be on the eclectic side. I think of the crazy work I've done with Stomu Yamashta and Go, for example, as a wonderful experience and a great influence on me for the way we wrapped electronic music around jazz and rock and who knows what else.

I'm not a traveled person for a band musician at all; there's many parts of the world I haven't been to, so my eclectic susceptibility can't stem from that. It must be derived from some input initially from a big mix of early records but also from working with different players, which I made a conscious effort at doing at one stage of my life—even delving into very traditional areas with traditional kinds of players.

That was around 1974, when I was in my mid-twenties. An absolutely pivotal time. And it started off as just a casual inquisitiveness. After Traffic broke up I wasn't exactly looking for something to immediately jump straight into, because I wanted to see what else there was to life besides being in a rock 'n' roll band, touring around and then making the next record. I'd done all that since I was fifteen!

Obviously, if only because the music community in England is so compact and competitive and constantly shifting, it was easy for me to get involved afterward with other people. I'm almost ashamed to admit it, but I basically sat around at first and waited for the phone to ring rather than consciously go out and find something. But then I did *choose* what I went and did with a particular care–things I thought could stimulate me and I was more curious about, like the Fania All-Stars when they rang me. Rather than say their music wasn't the kind of thing I do, I said, "Yes! I'll do *that*!"

By 1976 I was doing the Royal Albert Hall with Stomu, Klaus Schulze and Mike Shrieve, the test that led to the *Go* record. Only afterward did I finally get 'round to the *Steve Winwood* solo start with Capaldi, Reebop, Willie Weeks and everybody helping out.

MUSICIAN: *That was in 1977. From roughly 1979 until the present you have been leading a distinctly solitary studio existence. Was that a result of your post-Traffic investigations?*

WINWOOD: It wasn't because I thought that I'd played with all these people and now I didn't *need* to play with them anymore. It was a continuation of what might be described [*chuckle*] as the same idle curiosity. I wondered what it might be like to play with no one. It was against a lot of odds that I did it, as well as a lot of advice, but I had the feeling I could do something worthwhile.

I did make those two records, *Arc* and *Back To The Night*,

ADRIAN BOOT

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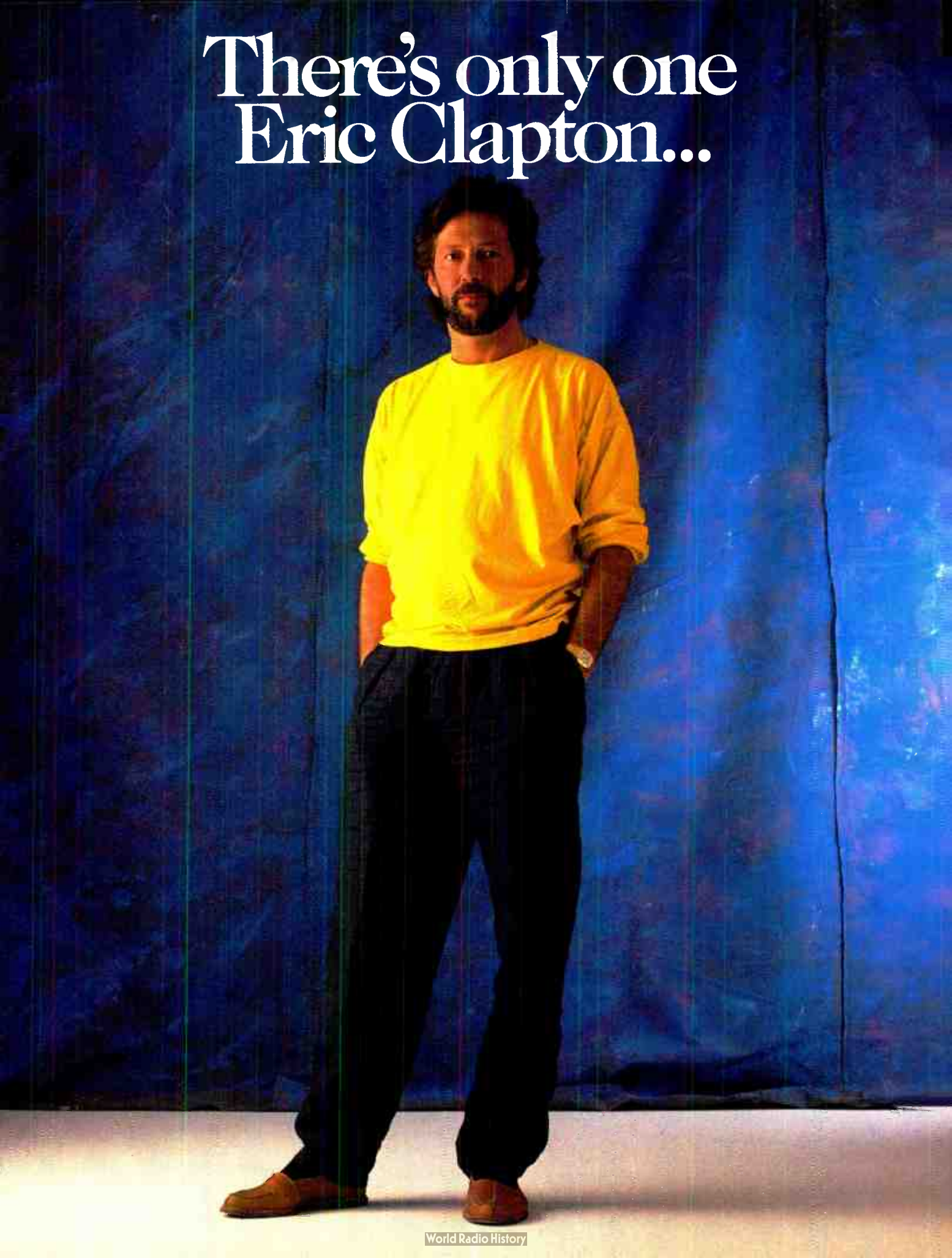

"I've been surprised from messing around on piano with my old Traffic material at how good some of those songs are."

completely alone. It was very educational and fulfilling in many ways, and it was in some ways self-indulgent. I could probably have gotten some other players to do some of the things I was doing, and a little bit better too. But then again, it would have been a little different. So I felt the experiment was justified. It made it possible for me to play instruments and parts I might never have attempted had I been working with other individuals.

MUSICIAN: *You've told me that the keyboard intro to "While You See A Chance" resulted from the inadvertent erasure of the rest of the tracks. Were there any such happy studio accidents on the new album?*

WINWOOD: Happy accidents—that's a wonderful way to put it. Both my engineer, Tom Lord Alge, and I have a keen eye for them in the studio, disasters that can be used for the good. He started out as a road engineer, mixing live shows for various acts, so he has a good sense of spontaneity. Well, the solo section in "Split Decision" where I begin to answer on synthesizer the guitar solo that Joe Walsh was playing. That was as planned, I suppose, as anything improvised could be planned. He had laid that guitar down sooner, and although I'd heard Joe's part before, I didn't know it inside-out, so when it was rolled for me during my performance I could freshly react. And in that respect it was all one big accident.

Most of the solos of any kind on this record were totally performed—a Walsh proclivity. I first met Joe when he was with the James Gang. Then years later he phoned me out of the blue, said we should keep in touch and I suggested we get together in late '85 in New York and try and write a couple of songs. "Split Decision" took an evening—a full *night*, I should say—and a few beers, at a Manhattan apartment I was then staying in. [*Laughing*] It was good beer, good lager—always, and the song reflects that.

Later, in the studio, John Robinson did a monster job on "Split Decision," coupled, I must point out, with Jimmy Bralower's drum machine programming and Tom Lord Alge's fantastic drum sounds. The drum sounds were recorded in a room in New York's Unique Sound, which wasn't previously considered to have a good drum room, as the Power Station in New York is believed to have.

MUSICIAN: *A lot of people don't realize how much of rock 'n' roll's drumming heritage is beginning to be recycled on the drum sampling being used these days.*

WINWOOD: Indeed, it happens—although not in this album—that some studio personnel who have access to the multitrack tapes of very good players are doing a lot to recycle certain drum sounds. Samples seem to work best for drum and percussion sounds, which are short and patchable, although other, more musical forms of samples can now be tuned on a keyboard. [*Sheepishly*] I once used the [sampled] footstomps on the beginning of the Supremes' "Baby Love" although where it was used would be telling—you'd have to figure that out for yourself.

MUSICIAN: *Greg Hawkes, the keyboard player for the Cars, says that the familiar "bow-bow-bow" sound on "Let's Go," which he developed on a Prophet 5 and has since become incorporated as the "Cars sync" setting on the Jupiter 8 synth, is now a programmed feature he uses quite happily in concert.*

WINWOOD: [*Smiling broadly*] I will be pleased to receive royalties from some synthesizer factory that used my patch from "While You See A Chance" or "The Finer Things." In fact a lot of time, particularly with the Prophet, what I actually used was the filter pedal, which I was moving all of the time, which probably gave it its unique quality. That movement can't be stored on a computer chip, so already you're into the realms of *playing* music again and not patching. I'm a great believer that computers are only really an aid to music and in no way a substitute for playing.

MUSICIAN: *Or for singing, either. Daryl Hall has remarked that he heard a bit of Marvin Gaye in your vocals, yet it was plain you were stretching out on your own. Really enjoying the sound of your voice.*

WINWOOD: [*Smiling*] Really it's necessary sometimes! But I've found that singing in some strange way improves with the less attention I give to it. To work on the voice can detract from a spontaneity which I think is important in the making of records. As for my vocal heroes, Little Richard was a great one; Elvis, I suppose, to a certain extent; Sam and Dave; Jackie Wilson very much so; Sam Cooke; George Jones. But also I think saxophone players have influenced the way I sing—obviously Junior Walker *must* apply in both areas.

And speaking of my musical education, there was also a wealth of rich underground influences from Jamaica. I performed in my early teens with Rico, the great Jamaican trombonist with the Skatalites, when he came through. The early Spencer Davis hits were written by Jamaican singer Jackie Edwards, "Somebody Help Me" and "Keep On Running," and I wrote a song with Edwards as well, "When I Come Home."

MUSICIAN: *You've also had a classical music education—was that more in conflict or in harmony with your life in rock?*

WINWOOD: While I was still at Great Barr Comprehensive School I was also sent part-time two years early to music college, and the now-gone Birmingham and Midland Institute of Music, and was taught there by the deputy headmaster. We worked on a one-to-one basis and he used to ask me to choose music to play. I'd pick a piano fugue by Paul Hindemith, the modern German composer, and my teacher would come back and say, "Why on *earth* did you choose *that*?" because I guess it didn't comply with what he thought was suit-

LIVING THE HIGH LIFE

Steve Winwood and Russ Titelman's work rounds took them to Right Track, the Power Station, Giant Sound and Steve's Gloucestershire studio, but most of the final LP was cut at Bobby Nathan's Unique Sound (home of "MIDI City"). According to second engineer Tom Lord Alge (the first was Winwood's Man Friday Nobby Clark), the desk used was an SSL Series 500 piped into a pair of Otari MTR-90s strapped together—tape was Ampex 456. Crown-powered monitors included Fourier Model 8s, JBL Century 100s and Yamaha NS10s (with Kleenex over the tweeter).

Favorite outboard toys were the Pultec equalizers, Sony DRE-2000, Yamaha REV-1 and Lexicon 224X and 224 XL digital reverbs, and AMS DDL. Steve, James and Chaka's vocal mike was an AKG 414; a Neumann U-87 and a Sennheiser 421 captured the organ; a Shure SM57 and a Neumann U-87 got the guitar; while the drums were handled by an Electro-Voice RE-20 (for kick), a Shure SM57 (for snare) and a Sennheiser 421 (for toms and overheads).

Steve's keyboards included a Hammond B-3, a Yamaha DX7 and TX816 modules, a Minimoog, a Yamaha grand piano with Forte MIDI mod and LinnDrum and Linn 9000 drum computers. Steve also blasts away on an Ibanez Artist Series guitar that Joe Walsh gave him. That fateful mandolin is an Ibanez.

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able, such as a Mozart trio.

Anyway, one day I said, "Incidentally, I do play a bit of guitar and I'm doing some jazz and rock 'n' roll with a few people." Well, that went down like a ton of bricks, and he said, [*bitterly*] "Either you do *this*—or you do that." So I got thrown out of college! Fortunately my parents were very broadminded.

MUSICIAN: *So you were kicked out of not one but two schools for playing rock 'n' roll, because you'd told me previously about being sacked from Great Barr Comprehensive.*

WINWOOD: Right, but I don't think I made it clear enough that they were out to make a bloody example of me at Great Barr. You see, I started to get writeups in the local papers for the Spencer Davis Group and teachers at the school began to notice this, so after a discussion with the headmaster I was hauled up before the whole school! If it wasn't to make an example of me they wouldn't have done it so publicly; it would have been more intimate, if a sacking can be intimate.

Perhaps all of this unpleasant stuff was why, as I've told you before, I enjoyed the Boy Scouts so much as a lad. The scouts had all the fun of school without the pressures, and the scout masters and all those people connected with the 236th Perry Barr Troop were great. And maybe it instilled in me a love of being in the country, which I still have. Plus [*laughing*] that feeling of: Be Prepared!

MUSICIAN: *Yet are you a joiner by nature or just the slightly reformed loner many still see you as being?*

WINWOOD: Well that thing about being a loner was taken to its conclusion by the last two albums. Where else can you go after that but to go sit in a cave somewhere? I've had to change direction. I've been playing rock 'n' roll twenty-one years and it does give you a certain authority in the subject, which is good. I'm not a great historian but I am interested in musicology, in different phases of different styles of music. And casually and with friends I've even started to play my *own* old songs. From being in America so much recently I've come to realize how strongly many people feel about them. For myself, I've almost been surprised from messing around on piano with that material at how good some of them are, like "Who Knows What Tomorrow May Bring," "Pearly Queen," "No Face, No Name, No Number." It was Billy Joel who urged I re-explore them.

What I don't do too often is go back and listen to the records themselves, but that's something I've never really done. Recording agrees with me and I *think* I agree with it. Yet as much as I love working in the studio and I love recording itself as a medium of expression, I've always tried to go further than the back catalog that gets built up.

Now I look forward to taking this album on the road. "Higher Love" will be a treat in concert, but "Wake Me Up On Judgment Day" also has something special for me. I'm more keen than ever to do live work, and I want to add that I've got no desire or plans to do a one-man show!

MUSICIAN: *For virtually all twenty-one of your years in rock, you've been extremely famous, a star by anyone's estimation. Has that been a burden?*

WINWOOD: To tell you frankly, I think that the *later* success comes to you, the more badly behaved people get. If it happens when you're thirty-five, for example, it can have some strange effects. I look around these days at some very obvious people who shall remain nameless, and their vanity astounds. [*Laughter*] Ahhh, it's tough at the top! Yes, it's a hard old station!

MUSICIAN: *And when Steve Winwood is woken up on Judgment Day, what will the final ruling be?*

WINWOOD: [*Quietly*] Well, if they say that he was a musician that people enjoyed listening to, that will suit me fine. [*Winking*] But you'd better not ask me. Who knows, when the day comes, I might well just go back to sleep. M

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The Everlys: Brothers in Arms

By Scott Isler

Jeez, I've been singing since I was five. I feel I'm better at writing and playing and singing now than I ever was. You don't peak out at eighteen or twenty—not at something that really is creative."

When Don Everly smiles, the years roll away. The pale blue eyes twinkle, the jaw again assumes the lantern shape familiar from early publicity shots and album covers, and the ghost of a younger, less jaded performer emerges from its fleshier confines.

It's a low-key epiphany, but moving nonetheless. At age forty-nine, Don Everly hovers in mid-life, his cool, lean youth long behind him. The pop music business is notorious for eating its young and not looking back. The Everly Brothers, Don and Phil (two years younger), were simply the top rock 'n' roll duo of the late 50s and early 60s. Their seamless Southern vocal harmonies were a distinctive pop soundtrack, and they scored fifteen *Billboard* top ten hits in just over five years. "In those days," Don Everly now remembers, "you could be a star one day, then the next day you were literally off the charts. If you were off the charts you were forgotten, like the lights went out. 'Who's he?'"

Don and Phil have always harmonized beautifully—onstage.

Illustration by Tim Gabor

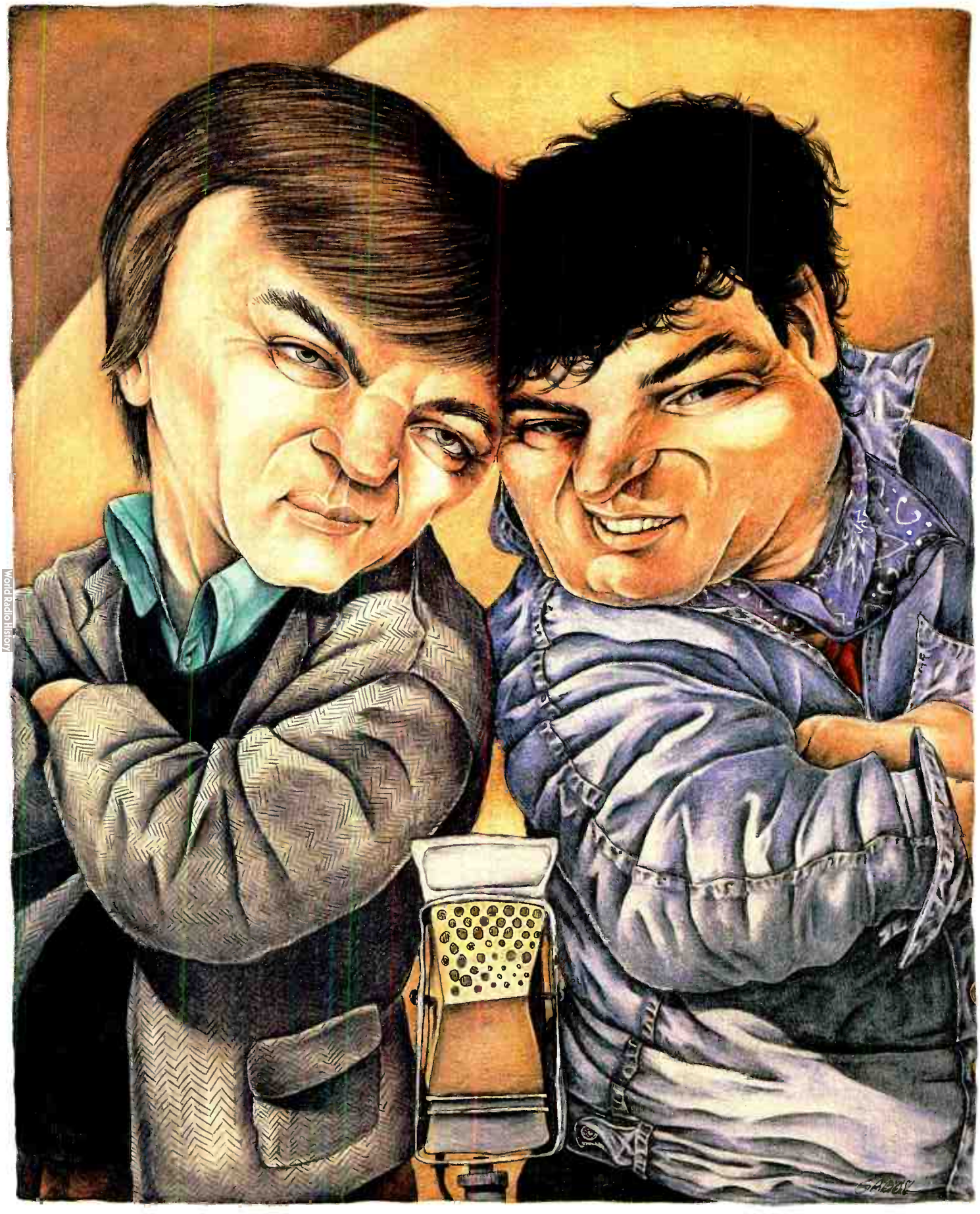
The Everlys' lights went out after signing an unprecedented ten-year, six-figure record contract. They persevered through that decade, until a stormy onstage split in 1973. It would be yet another decade before a dramatic reunion concert in London's Royal Albert Hall.

They are in New York to be honored at the first annual Rock and Roll Hall of Fame Foundation induction dinner. The black-tie event at the Waldorf-Astoria might seem ironic, but the Everlys aren't fazed. "I'm just gonna wear what I wear onstage," Don says; "I've been wearin' tuxes for twenty-five years." This afternoon before the dinner, though, he's more casual in an open-necked black shirt, black cords, lace-up shoes and a houndstooth check jacket with a pin depicting Irish bagpipes. He enters the room wearing tinted shades, his black curly hair combed back. As he talks he removes the shades; his hair falls forward, imparting a cherubic appearance.

Phil, the brown-haired, slimmer Everly, is not here—a reminder that, although the brothers are back together onstage, they are mostly separate off. (Don lives in Nashville, Phil in Los Angeles.) Their relationship may be more professional than fraternal, but the vocal alchemy is still there. The latest evidence is *Born Yesterday*, the Everlys' second "new" studio album. Lead singer Don expresses no regret at giving up a non-happening solo career to revert back to Everly Brotherhood.

"You get over those things," he says calmly. "I did think, jeez, being an Everly Brother for the rest of my life is just like being put in a bag when you're nineteen years old—that's the end of it. But then you get the chance to do something on your own, see what the world's like out there by yourself, and it's not so bad. Being an Everly Brother doesn't bother me at all now, in fact I'm very proud of it. We had time to reconcile our differences, spend some time on our own, which I think is very necessary."

For most of their lives the Everly Brothers have been Siamese twins joined at the microphone. Music runs deep in Everly blood: Don and Phil's Kentucky grandparents played, though not professionally. ("Up in Kentucky everybody had to play," Don says, "'cause there was no radio, no nothin'.") The first set of Everly Brothers was a trio, including Isaac "Ike" Everly. But Ike set off on his own, got married and traveled around—to the extent that his first son, Donald, was born in Kentucky, while his second, Philip, was born in Chicago. The family then relocated to Iowa. Ike, who already had considerable radio experience, and his wife Margaret hosted a breakfast show. They didn't wait too long before incorporating their progeny: By 1945 Don and Phil had made the program a family af-



fair, though Phil wasn't yet singing. The new generation of Everly Brothers didn't get together until ten years later. By that time the family had moved to Tennessee. Upon graduating high school, Don went to Nashville and looked up an influential family friend: Chet Atkins. "I had some songs," Don recalls, "and Chet said he'd be my publisher for whatever'd get recorded." Atkins did place a Don Everly composition, "Thou Shalt Not Steal," with Kitty Wells. But Don must have thought that performing, not songwriting, was a more promising career. With Phil in Nashville as well, the teenage Everlys joined forces as a guitars/vocals team.

These were not the best of times. In 1956 they joined the Grand Ole Opry, but otherwise weren't going very far or very fast. Their sole record release from this time, a Columbia single, consists of two cloying, three-quarter-time songs further burdened by unpolished production and a lugubrious fiddle. (Two other tunes, cut at the same late-1955 session, are hardly any better—and to their discredit, all four songs are Everly originals.)

Then they auditioned for Wesley Rose. Besides heading his father's Acuff-Rose music publishing company, Rose was starting a country division for the New York-based Cadence

Phil (left) and Don at the historic Albert Hall reunion, 1983.

label. Cadence had already rejected the Everlys—most record companies had—but Rose heard something. He had them cut new demos, which convinced Cadence head Archie Bleyer to take a chance. Rose also hooked them up with Acuff-Rose writers Boudleaux and Felice Bryant. And he became their manager.

Boudleaux Bryant probably deserves an article all to himself. A violin-playing prodigy, he sat in for a season with the Atlanta Philharmonic while still a teenager. He switched immediately to country fiddle, then western swing with Hank Penny. After marrying Felice Scaduto, he turned his sights to songwriting, usually with his wife's help. As Acuff-Rose writers, the Bryants pitched country material to Little Jimmy Dickens ("Country Boy") and Carl Smith; the latter's "Hey Joe!" in 1953 became one of the Bryants' earliest pop hits after Frankie Laine covered it.

In 1957 the Bryants had a song, "Bye Bye Love," that had been turned down by a breathtaking number of acts—"Thank God," Don Everly now sighs. He and Phil cut the tune in a lightly swinging arrangement (with Atkins on guitar) whose sparse instrumentation emphasized their intertwined voices.

"Phil and I were in Nashville," Don remembers. "We'd cut 'Bye Bye Love.' I called up Archie Bleyer because Webb Pierce had just covered us. I was with Mel Tillis on the road down there, and [Webb Pierce had] covered Mel Tillis' last five hits, burying him every time. I said, 'Y'mean, Webb Pierce has covered "Bye Bye Love"?!' [Mel Tillis] said, 'That's the end of that fella Archie Bleyer.' I said, 'Arch, I got some bad news. Webb Pierce has covered the record.' He said, 'Who's Webb Pierce?'" Everly laughs at the memory. "He wasn't from

The Everly Brothers sounded like nothing else on the record charts. Don and Phil's Kentucky twang and pungent singing could turn maudlin lyrics into high tragedy.

Nashville. He said, 'Forget it. [Cleveland DJ] Bill Randle is playing it as a pop record anyway.' All of a sudden we found ourselves up in Cleveland with Bill Randle, doing all these sock hops. You'd go out to promote your record: Pay your way up there, lip-sync to a record, a thousand kids at a couple of bucks apiece, and a guy would take the money. That's where we got off the ground."

Since their Columbia single had been totally ignored by the human race, "Bye Bye Love" was a virtual first-time hit. And what a hit: The record not only went to the top of *Billboard*'s country chart, but sailed up to second place on the pop chart (denied number one only by Pat Boone's "Love Letters In The Sand") and even went top five on the rhythm & blues chart. It sold a million copies.

"Bye Bye Love"'s appeal could have been that it sounded like nothing else on the charts. Don and Phil modeled their plaintive harmonies after their father's Everly Brothers act; the Kentucky twang and pungent thirds raised a maudlin lyric to the level of high tragedy. The Everlys' next single, four months after "Bye Bye Love," was another Bryants composition, "Wake Up Little Susie." Wesley Rose recalls that Archie Bleyer didn't want the Everlys to record the lighthearted ditty about a young couple that (maybe) fell asleep in a movie theater until four a.m.: "He didn't like it. I think he thought it was a dirty song."

Rose and Bleyer rarely saw eye to eye on anything, according to Don Everly—although both tried to tone down their rocking young hitmakers. "Wesley Rose couldn't stand anything rock 'n' roll," Don says, "and Archie was trying to get us to cut things like, 'Standing on the corner watching all the girls go by'!"

Fortunately for Cadence and the Everlys, Bleyer relented on "Wake Up Little Susie." The song went to the top of the country and pop charts (number two rhythm & blues), and sold another million copies. The Everly Brothers had arrived, and for a comfortable stay. In 1958 they had three more million-sellers, only one of which stalled one place short of number one on the pop charts. In 1959 they earned yet another two gold records, the second with Don's own "('Til) I Kissed You"—the first Everlys hit not written by the Bryants.

Don and Phil entered the 1960s riding high. In early 1960 they left Cadence for Warner Bros. Records. The closest Warner Bros. had previously come to rock 'n' roll was actor Edd Byrnes jive-talking "Kookie, Kookie (Lend Me Your Comb)," and the label made the Everlys an offer they couldn't refuse. Their first single after the switch, the self-penned "Cathy's Clown," was the biggest of their career.

But all was not well beneath the surface. Manager Rose decided the Everlys' next move would be from vinyl to celluloid. "I had a movie all set for them," says Rose, who still refers to the Everlys as "the kids." "I sent them out to L.A. to learn how

EBET ROBERTS

to act." He was less than pleased when their acting teacher decided the brothers should be seen and not heard—singing, anyway. But Don, at least, had already made up his mind: "I decided I didn't want to be no actor." The Everlys joined the Marines in 1961.

An even more serious career rupture came that same year. Rose was against the release of a single, "Temptation." The Everlys disagreed, and prevailed upon Warner Bros. to issue it. (It was not a major hit.) Rose left—and, according to Boudleaux Bryant, took the successful songwriting team with him.

"Don called me," Bryant says, "and said, 'We'd like to have some material.' I was going to send about four or five songs to them, and Wesley Rose came in and said, 'What are you doing?' I said, 'I'm getting material to send to the Everlys.' He said, 'Wait a minute. You can't do that.' 'What do you mean, I can't do that? I'm in the process of doing it right now!' He said, 'No, they can't use your material.' They had a big feud going. I said, 'To hell with that'; under those circumstances he was definitely interfering with *my* livelihood. I was under contract to [Rose], but he was exceeding the limits of the contract when he said something like that. I said, 'I'm sending it anyway.' He said, 'Well, I won't license it.' Until a song has been recorded or published, the copyright owner can refuse to license. That effectively squelched it." The Bryants left Acuff-Rose at the end of their term, and got their copyrights back.

"I never told Boudleaux that," Rose counters. "I just told him that they no longer will be cut here by us. They are going to the west coast, there will no longer be any contract. Then I believe he asked me, 'Are you gonna send them any songs?' I said, 'No use in sending anything.' I never got a letter of any kind by either one of the kids saying they wanted Boudleaux Bryant's songs. I would think if they wanted songs they'd send me a letter! Without a letter you're talking about pie in the sky."

While the Beatles, among many others, emulated the Everlys' harmonies, the originals spent the 60s rehashing their own and others' hits–even recording British Invasion tunes.

Whatever happened, the Everlys—whose previous album was almost half Bryant songs (including "Love Hurts")—started cutting pre-rock material like "Grandfather's Clock" and "Autumn Leaves." They still had hit singles—"Walk Right Back," "Crying In The Rain" and "That's Old Fashioned (That's The Way Love Should Be)"—but not with the clockwork precision of a few years earlier.

The pressure was building up. On tour in Britain in 1962, Don (a) had a nervous breakdown; (b) attempted suicide; (c) took an overdose of sleeping pills; (d) all of the above. And *then* the Beatles came to the U.S. "I think when the English thing happened," Don says, "that was the end of it for American artists for a while—for Phil and I especially. There was no way to compete. Just as well. The American music industry, I thought, at that particular point was a little more fascinated with the Italian-stallion pretty-boy. When the Beatles came along"—he snaps his fingers—"pow! It was wonderful for the industry."

Still, it couldn't have been too wonderful for the Everly Brothers. The Beatles were only the most prominent of many groups, British and American, to emulate Don and Phil's harmonies. But the originals spent most of the 60s churning out rehashes of their own and others' hits—even an album of British Invasion tunes. (The ignominy!) A very rare occasional appearance on the top forty chart only underscored their irrelevance.

In retrospect, the Everlys had plenty to give: Their 1968

Don (Everly) and John (Fogerty) Brother to Brother

Unlike many others, John Fogerty can't claim to be influenced by the Everly Brothers in his singing style. But Fogerty, who was twelve years old when the Everlys began their chart reign, is as big a fan as anyone else—and when he came to New York for the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame induction dinner, he was thrilled to meet Don Everly that afternoon. One trait Fogerty does have in common with Everly is a jagged musical/personal relationship with a brother: John and Tom Fogerty, together in Creedence Clearwater Revival, currently aren't speaking to each other. John made an eager audience for Don's tales from the not-so-halcyon age of rock.

FOGERTY: One of the songs we did ["Leave My Woman Alone," on *John Fogerty's All Stars*, a Showtime cable TV special last year] I first fell in love with from an EP that said "Don't fight, girls—there's two!" on the back.

EVERLY: The strangest thing about that was when Phil and I started, girls didn't relate to two guys onstage. It just didn't connect! You had to be one person. Until the Beatles, they were right. It hindered us quite a bit because they'd have all these "Who's your favorite star?" [contests.] They had a contest at some station: Who's your favorite king of song, queen of song, prince of song, princess of song? Phil and I came in first, so they had to change it to "kings" of song. Later they said, "Who's your favorite Everly Brother?"

FOGERTY: That's when the trouble started.

EVERLY: Phil and I got through all that now.

FOGERTY: That's good! My poor mom's gotta be [*makes despairing face*].

EVERLY: My father couldn't work with his brothers, so he expected Phil and I to. [*laughs*] He told Phil, "If you guys can just stick together"—he'd pick up two sticks: "One stick breaks really easy. Put two sticks together; see how much more difficult it is to break?" That's one of those things you do in the South.

EVERLY: You have a copy of all your records?

FOGERTY: I'm lucky, I know just where to go to find mine. We made seven original albums and there's now twenty-five. They put 'em in a closet, turn on the light, play a little soft music, somehow vitalize the reproductive organs.

continued on next page

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album, *Roots*, is now considered a harbinger of the country-rock movement. After moving from Warner Bros. to RCA Records, they had no trouble recruiting a slew of younger-generation "names" to help out. But years of enforced brotherly camaraderie, divorces and dubious medication had taken their toll.

"When you grow up together," Don reflects, "working together, day in and day out—very small children, actually—you don't know any other way, no other life. You tend to blame each other for all the things that go wrong in your personal life—divorces, whatever—and you gotta get away from it." In 1971 Don released a solo album. They had separate managers and, on the road, separate living quarters. The day before a July, 1973 three-show engagement near Los Angeles, Don announced that the stint would be the duo's last: "I'm tired of being an Everly Brother."

They didn't make it through the three sets. An upset Phil walked offstage during the second show; Don was reportedly drunk, off-key and off-beat. The elder Everly remained and played the third show by himself, announcing: "The Everly Brothers died ten years ago." "You had to be there," Phil said a year after the stormy break. "You could have filmed it and it would have played very well on the screen but it would have been a B picture."

The Everlys pursued solo careers. For the public, though, the parts of the brothers were decidedly less than the sum of the whole. By 1976 the two had each released three solo albums to little or no acclaim. Phil continued to write and record sporadically. But the duo's break-up, compounded by their father's death in 1975, plunged Don into a depression; he limited his musical activity to a few sessions as backing vocalist and annual appearances at a British country music festival. Indeed, Don didn't perform live in his own country for almost five years. Whe he reemerged in 1980, he was playing a Nashville club once a week with a group called the Dead Cowboys.

"The Dead Cowboys will always be alive," Don smiles. The disparate group included British drummer Tony Newman and female bassist Rachel Peer. They attracted a coterie of fans (known as the Dead Buckeroos, natch) and got Don back on the track. "We took old Everly Brothers stuff," Don recalls, "twisted 'em, turned 'em upside down; did some Blondie stuff;

THE BROTHERS' GEAR

I've got about a dozen or so guitars that all mean something to me," **Don Everly** says. Currently his offstage favorite is an acoustic Tropicbird (named after his song publishing company) handmade by Portland, Oregon guitarsmith Robert Steinegger. Everly says it's based on a 1920s Martin; Steinegger describes it as having a rosewood body with a natural-finish spruce top, and a special "tropicbird" inlay. Everly uses Martin or Gibson medium-gauge strings. Onstage he plays a 1982 Steinegger version of the famous Gibson Everly Brothers acoustic guitar: similar to the original, but with a deeper body (like a Martin dreadnought), maple sides and back, and solid-saddle (non-adjustable) bridge. Everly uses a Fender medium pick onstage, his fingers when offstage. In 1953 Don's father bought him a Gibson Southern Jumbo—"it's like a feather"—which he played on the Everlys' Cadence recordings, usually in a G tuning with a capo. In the 60s Everly wrote on a Martin steel-string classical model. He also has a Gibson Everly Brothers. On the electric side, there's a Gretsch that Chet Atkins gave him in the 50s and a Music Man he used in the Dead Cowboys. The latter was a present from Albert Lee; Everly gave *him* a black-and-white Gibson Everly Brothers prototype. "Guitars need to be played," Everly says. "They can't just sit there."

Phil Everly also plays a Steinegger Everly Brothers; Steinegger, Phil's "find," has built some thirteen guitars for the younger brother. (Phil's given two to George Harrison and Terry Slater.) On tour last year Phil used John Pearce strings, but technician John Earl says Everly prefers a heavier gauge. Phil's pick for picks is a medium-weight Moshay.

Don & John from previous page

EVERLY: Now it's time to go on to the next album. Next! Nothing's in progress; we'll see what happens to this one.

FOGERTY: It sounds like you're having fun, though.

EVERLY: Yeah, it's all right not bad at all. I have more fun now. I didn't like the 50s much of it working—it was hard, a lot harder than it is now.

FOGERTY: Probably at that age you felt you weren't in control of anything.

EVERLY: We weren't! We weren't in control of nothing, except the studio. Music cats have just two tracks, there's not much they could do to ya. You just go in and cut what you wanted to. Go in three times and it was done.

We played on all of the TV shows in the 50s. They used to announce to the cast, "We don't like this kind of music! We gotta have you here, though, for the kids!" *Arthur Murray Dance Party*, he was the worst...I hated it up here in New York. Going on shows was so nerve-wracking. They'd make you get up at seven in the morning and be there at eight o'clock—nothing to do. But then the Everly Brothers would march out in this rehearsal hall in front of all these people who hated everything you did. You'd sing your song—dead silence—then you'd go sit down.

FOGERTY: In the time you're talking about, they didn't know rock 'n' roll was paying all the bills.

EVERLY: The first person to treat us like human beings was Perry Como: a star who'd come over and say, "You guys are okay!" Everybody else looks 'cause the star said hello to ya. Ed Sullivan, of course, didn't know what was going on. The other thing that happened was when kids in the audience screamed, all the adults would hold their hands over their ears. So all you'd get at the end of the songs was twenty girls screaming out of a group of about one hundred people. It worked against you.

FOGERTY: Did you consider yourself rock 'n' roll right at the beginning?

EVERLY: Yeah! Once I found my audience, that's who I want to sing to!

FOGERTY: What I mean is, you didn't consider yourself hillbilly or western—

EVERLY: Well, we were on the Grand Ole Opry. We could play the Grand Ole Opry one night, play the New York Paramount the next. Country people loved what we did. Grand Ole Opry let Phil and me use drums. We used Buddy Harman on snare and trap. They had him behind a big bass fiddle, so nobody would see him. 'Course I wanted to follow Hank Williams, but Hank Williams wasn't country to me. Country to me was Roy Acuff.

FOGERTY: Hank Williams had a lot of drums in his stuff.

EVERLY: He had clip rhythms, which I'd already played behind my father. On "Bye Bye Love" my guitar is tuned to G. I loved Bo Diddley; I told Chet Atkins, "That's what I want my guitar to sound like." I said, "Chet, have you heard Bo Diddley?" He said yeah. "What's he doin'?" He said, "Well, he's got an amplifier, but he's also got a tuned guitar." The intro to "Bye Bye Love" was inspired by Bo Diddley.

FOGERTY: No kidding! Then you *were* rock 'n' roll.

EVERLY: Buddy Holly said, "I heard the intro. I just pulled the car over." I said, "Well, we gotta do that kind of stuff again." You couldn't do the same thing twice, so I got another intro for "Wake Up Little Susie." Buddy Holly was a big fan of Bo Diddley too. He and I used to sit around and kick that stuff around.

I used to worry about that "Philadelphia sound." That's the reason I'm glad the Beatles came along: I felt the whole thing was going to shift to Philadelphia and Fabian.

FOGERTY: I called them "the Bobbies." In fact, that's kind of where rock 'n' roll is right now.

EARLY REFLECTIONS

Engineers talk about their new discovery: the Ibanez SDR1000 Stereo Digital Reverb

Jeff Hendrickson: Jeff has occupied the engineer's chair on both coasts for the Power Station. Jeff's recent credits range from Sammy Hagar's "VOA" album and Aerosmith's "Done With Mirrors" to Lyle Mays' "Lyle Mays" LP. Jeff's work on David Lee Roth's "Crazy From The Heat" LP was nominated for a Grammy in 1985. Says Jeff about the SDR1000:

"I really like using the SDR1000's plate reverb and gated reverb sounds for my vocal and snare sounds."

Ian Eales: Ian has served as technical audio consultant and as engineer for numerous rooms on the west coast. Ian's work includes David Foster's "Best Of Me" LP and Sheena Easton's "Kept Secret". Ian has worked extensively with Al Jarreau, including his latest album "High Crime".

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old country stuff; whatever we could think of doing. And it wound up being lots of fun. Changed my life. Sort of got me thinking, 'Well, wait a minute. Maybe I shouldn't give up.'"

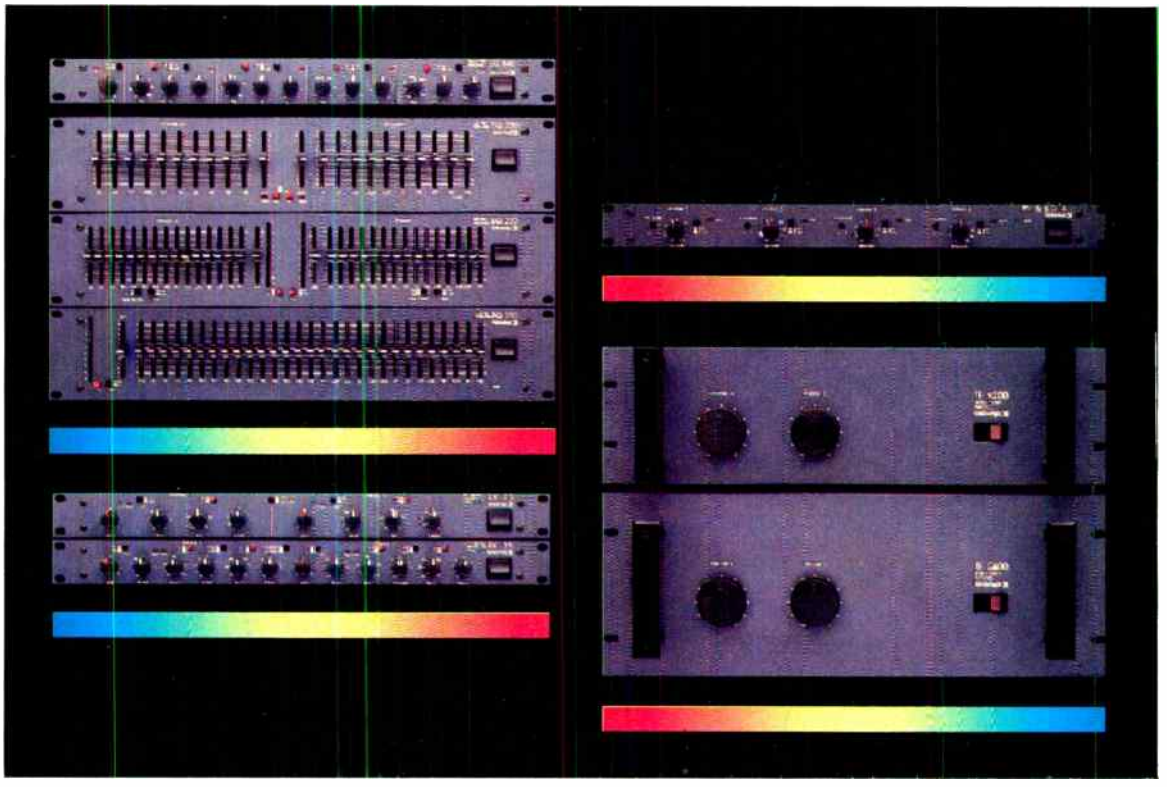
Don and Phil hadn't seen or even spoken to each other since their father's funeral. In 1982, however, Everly-watchers could detect signs of a thaw. "We had friends that would talk back and forth," Don says. "Our kids want it resolved," Phil commented at the time; he had just recorded a duet with Cliff Richard. "But until Donald and I speak it won't go down."

"I did make a phone call, I'm the oldest," Don jokes, describing the diplomatic breakthrough. "'Hello, let's do it. Let's get back together. Let's have lunch!'" By the end of 1982 the British press was reporting an Everlys reunion concert to be held in London's Royal Albert Hall. Unlike their native land, in Britain the brothers had enjoyed charting singles throughout the 60s. They also had a sentimental attachment to Albert Hall, the scene of their last British concert, when their father received a rousing ovation for a cameo appearance.

The concert came about with the help of Terry Slater, who played with the Everlys through the 60s and early 70s, and now manages A-ha. "When they broke up," Slater says of the Everlys, "a lot of people used to say to me, 'Oh, this is terrible.' I'd say, 'Hang on, wait a minute.' These kids started singing when they were six and eight years old...It's like you and I locking ourselves in a room for twenty-five years. You go crazy!" Their decade apart, he adds, "gave them the *first* opportunity to really find themselves individually, instead of always being described as the Brothers."

The concert, held in September, 1983, was a virtual love fest. The Everlys had no trouble filling two hours with their trademark songs. But they intended to be more than an oldies act. The Albert Hall reunion was prelude to the Everlys' first new studio recording in eleven years: *EB 84* sported a power-packed line-up, from producer Dave Edmunds to an ace back-up band including guitarists Edmunds and Albert Lee, keyboard player Pete Wingfield and drummer Terry Williams. (Lee and Wingfield also played the reunion show.) With its opening cut and lead-off single commissioned from Paul McCartney, no less, *EB 84* worked hard to justify the Everlys-are-back hoopla. The brothers even toured the U.S.

If *EB 84* signalled the Everly Brothers' return to the front ranks of pop, the current *Born Yesterday* album shows them digging in for a stay. Edmunds returned as producer; McCartney sat this one out, but contributing songwriters include Mark Knopfler (who wrote "Why



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Worry," from *Brothers In Arms*, with the brothers Everly in mind) and Bob Dylan.

Don's own songs—three on *EB 84*, and the title cut of *Born Yesterday*—have been the most searingly personal of the Everlys' post-reunion output. He can match emotional scenarios with wistful or dramatic music, as the lyrics demand. And on these two albums his lyrics are thoroughly depressing. "I know it!" he eagerly acknowledges, adding that "I've written some happy songs. I write sometimes out of melancholy. They say there's a melancholy streak in the country side of songwriting. I don't try to be so downbeat; it just comes out that way. I've had my ups and downs in relationships, too, so maybe that's something to do with it."

He doesn't find it easy to write. "I feel compelled to do it but I can't get it finished. One song, 'Asleep' [on *EB 84*], I started writing for Phil about the time we broke up. I said, 'There's only one way that song will ever be done: with Phil and me.' We finally got back together, it sort of fell in place. That's maybe my favorite song I've ever written for us."

Phil writes too—"When Will I Be Loved" and the verses of "Cathy's Clown" are his, among other credits. But he has nothing on either *EB 84* or *Born Yesterday*. The younger brother's submissions for the new album were reportedly vetoed, which would explain Phil's apparent lack of enthusiasm for the *Born Yesterday* media campaign. Producer Edmunds says the songs were chosen "between Don, Phil and myself," and "if [Phil] had any he wanted to record, I'm sure we would have given it a go."

Don is refreshingly candid about a record he's purportedly promoting. He laughs self-deprecatingly when talking about "Born Yesterday": "I guess I thought I should have spent more time on the arrangement. It was a little bit of a rush job." (The album was originally scheduled for release last fall.) Don feels that Edmunds "was rushed too. He had too many projects going, I felt, at the time." As for the bonus track, on tape and CD only, of Sam Cooke's "You Send Me": "I didn't want it out at all. I didn't think it was as good a version as we've been doing onstage lately. We'd been doing it different every night—see if I can sneak away from Phil with a different melody. He follows it, he goes here, I go over there, meet at the corner, y'know?"

The playful metaphor is what you'd expect from an older brother, especially one who sings lead. Phil can be more outgoing and outspoken than Don, but Don says he enjoys touring more than Phil: "Phil's a homebody. He's got his children, and he's real involved with his family, and I'm not." Don is proud of his own children, though: "My son Eden is going to be a musician, that's for *sure*. He's a great guitar player." Add singer/guitarist Jason Everly—one of Phil's sons—and you've got a third generation of Everly Nephews. But don't write off Don and Phil just yet. The former, once "tired of being an Everly Brother," is now "perfectly happy":

"I don't have that burning desire to go out and be Don Everly, or whatever. My ambition is, I want Phil and I now to have a really quality album. I want us to write more of it, I want it to be more personal...something that pins the Everly Brothers down to the 80s. I want to tour, I don't want to quit. It would feel silly now if I couldn't continue to work. Jesus, what do you do, grow old and you quit something you've done all your life? The point is, you begin to say 'you don't *have* to' when you *want* to. What do you do, give up rock 'n' roll forever? You mean I can't sing 'Good Golly Miss Molly' anymore? That's the part that bothers me.

"I've got a few more years. In country music you can cook right on up till you're sixty-five, seventy years old if you want to, if you've got your chops up. We can always go back to that. Now everybody says, 'It's okay to be forty.'" Don laughs. "I remember I said, 'I'll be glad

continued on page 104

TRUTH... OR CONSEQUENCES.

If you haven't heard JBL's new generation of Studio Monitors, you haven't heard the "truth" about your sound.

TRUTH: A lot of monitors "color" their sound. They don't deliver truly flat response. Their technology is full of compromises. Their components are from a variety of sources, and not designed to precisely integrate with each other.
CONSEQUENCES: Bad mixes. Re-mixes. Having to "trash" an entire session. Or worst of all, no mixes because clients simply don't come back.

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CONSEQUENCES: "Universal" monitors, those not specifically designed for a precise application or environment, invariably compromise technology, with inferior sound the result.

TRUTH: JBL's 4400 Series Studio Monitors achieve a new "truth" in sound with an extended high frequency response that remains effortlessly smooth through the critical 3,000 to 20,000 Hz range. And even extends beyond audibility to 27 kHz, reducing phase shift within the audible band for a more open and natural sound. The 4400 Series' incomparable high end clarity is the result of JBL's use of pure titanium for its unique ribbed-dome tweeter and diamond surround, capable of withstanding forces surpassing a phenomenal 1000 G's.
CONSEQUENCES: When pushed hard, most tweeters simply fail. Transient detail blurs, and the material itself deforms and breaks down. Other materials can't take the stress, and crack under pressure.

TRUTH: The Frequency Dividing Network in each 4400 Series monitor allows optimum transitions between drivers in both amplitude and phase. The precisely calibrated reference controls let you adjust for personal preferences, room variations, and specific equalization.
CONSEQUENCES: When the interaction between drivers is not carefully orchestrated, the results can be edgy, indistinctive, or simply "false" sound.

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CONSEQUENCES: Conventional magnetic structures utilize non-symmetrical magnetic fields, which add significantly to distortion due to a nonlinear pull on the voice coil.

TRUTH: 4400 Series monitors also feature special low diffraction grill frame designs, which reduce time delay distortion. Extra-large voice coils and ultra-rigid cast frames result in both mechanical and thermal stability under heavy professional use.
CONSEQUENCES: For reasons of economics, monitors will often use stamped rather than cast frames, resulting in both mechanical distortion and power compression.

TRUTH: The JBL 4400 Studio Monitor Series captures the full dynamic range, extended high frequency, and precise character of your sound as no other monitors in the business. Experience the 4400 Series Studio Monitors at your JBL dealer's today.
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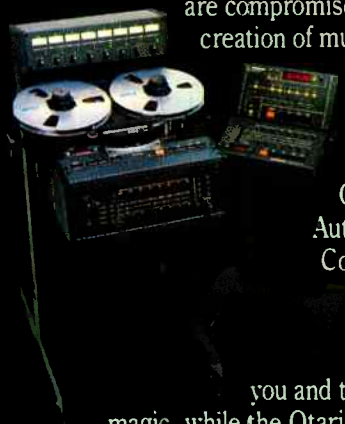

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How to Use MIDI to Get More Out of Tape—a Lot More!

RECORDING

By Craig Anderton

VIRTUAL TRACKS: HOT RODDING YOUR DECK

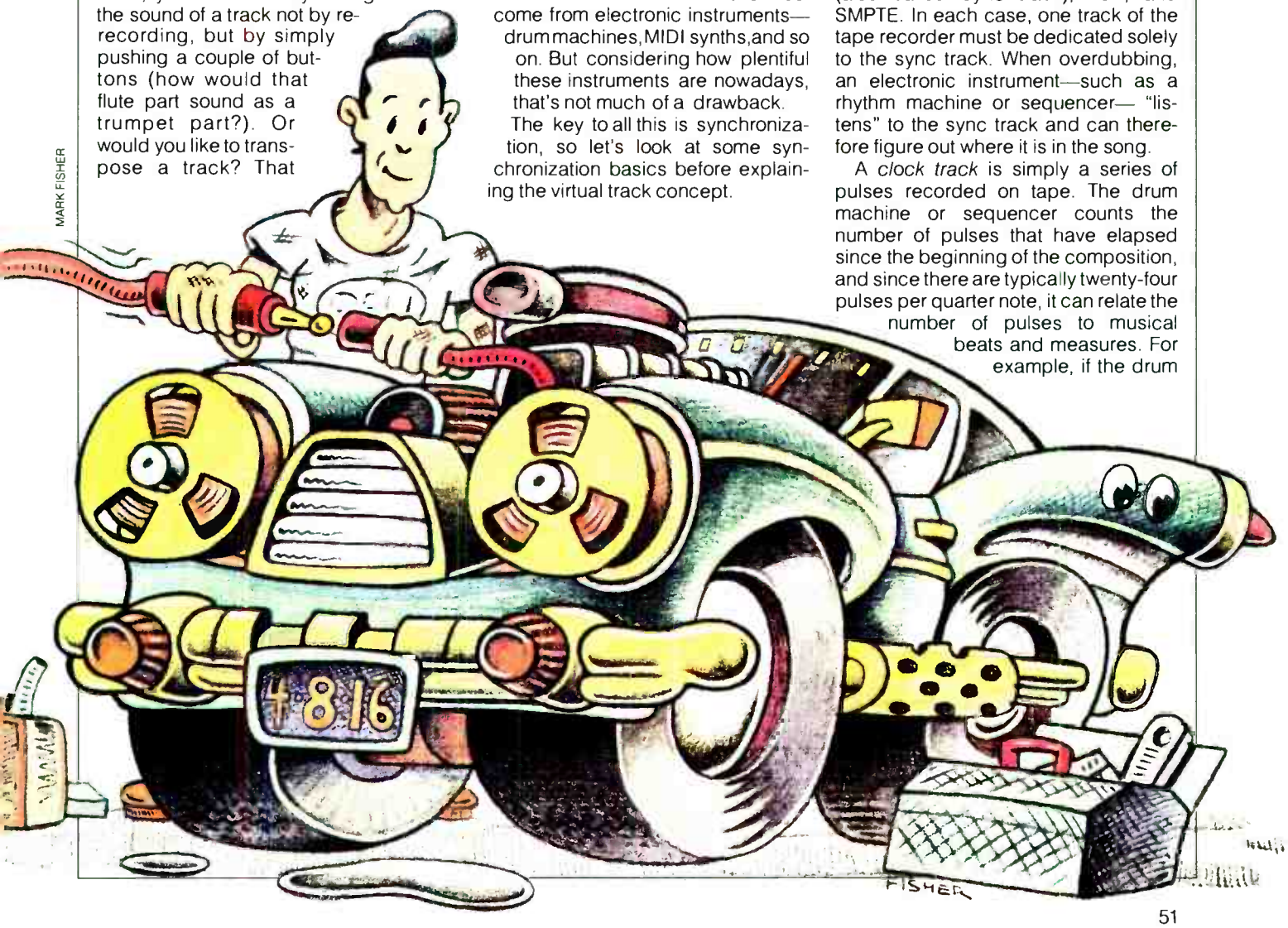
Is there a four-track owner alive who hasn't wished for eight tracks? An eight-track owner who hasn't wanted sixteen? Now there's good news for those of us who want more tracks. Yes, you *can* have it all now...and you won't have to modify the tape recorder, invest in tape with a new format, or even sell your old recorder.

That's not all. The added tracks will not need noise reduction, because they will produce first-generation fidelity. There will be no noise or distortion added to these tracks as they're recorded. You might even be able to do pseudo-automated mixdown. What's more, you can instantly change the sound of a track not by re-recording, but by simply pushing a couple of buttons (how would that flute part sound as a trumpet part?). Or would you like to transpose a track? That might be possible too. In fact, you'll be able to edit these new tracks with a precision that you've never experienced before.

Although increasing your track count used to necessitate getting a new multitrack (which usually implied wider tape, a new splicing block, and so on), now there is a way to easily and economically gain more tracks using the *virtual track* concept...which is the subject of this article.

Fortunately, this technique is not as expensive as you might fear. In fact, you may already have much of what you need in your existing studio. The only catch is that these new tracks must come from electronic instruments—drum machines, MIDI synths, and so on. But considering how plentiful these instruments are nowadays, that's not much of a drawback.

The key to all this is synchronization, so let's look at some synchronization basics before explaining the virtual track concept.



MARK FISHER

Synchronization

Synchronization is what makes multitrack recording possible. As you record an overdub, you can listen to a reference track (drums, rhythm guitar, etc.) and know exactly where you are in the song. Your overdub is thus *synchronized* to the basic track.

Electronic instruments aren't as smart as people, but they too can synchronize to tape. They can't just "listen to the drums," though, they need their own special synchronization track that tells them where they are in a song. There are three popular sync protocols: Clock (also called Sync track), FSK, and SMPTE. In each case, one track of the tape recorder must be dedicated solely to the sync track. When overdubbing, an electronic instrument—such as a rhythm machine or sequencer— "listens" to the sync track and can therefore figure out where it is in the song.

A *clock track* is simply a series of pulses recorded on tape. The drum machine or sequencer counts the number of pulses that have elapsed since the beginning of the composition, and since there are typically twenty-four pulses per quarter note, it can relate the number of pulses to musical beats and measures. For example, if the drum

machine has counted 384 pulses, it knows it is 384/24 or sixteen quarter notes (four measures of 4/4 music) into the song. Humans have an advantage over dumb machines; when humans synchronize to a song, they can listen for certain aural cues (the vocalist stops singing, the drums do a fill, etc.) to know specifically where they are in the song. Unfortunately, since every pulse is like every other pulse, an electronic instrument can't pick up a clock track in the middle of a tape and know where it is. *It must always start at the beginning and start counting with the very first clock pulse.* This type of sync protocol is the way most inexpensive MIDI systems sync to tape.

FSK (frequency shift keying) prints alternating frequency tones on tape instead of clocks. Tape is happier recording tones than clock pulses, which usually leads to more reliable synchronization. *SMPTE* (Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers) time code, the deluxe sync protocol, actually identifies each 1/30th of a second of tape with a unique time code. Unlike clock and FSK methods, where the electronic device must start counting from the beginning of the song in order to maintain synchronization, a SMPTE-coded tape can be started at any point and a SMPTE-reading instrument will know precisely where it is on the tape to within at least 1/30th of a second. Also, SMPTE-to-MIDI converters are available so that MIDI sequencers that include song pointer (a MIDI message that identifies where a sequence is in relationship to a song) can locate themselves to specific points on tape.

This is merely an overview; for more information on synchronization, check out my "Synchronicity" article in the November 1985 issue of *Musician*.

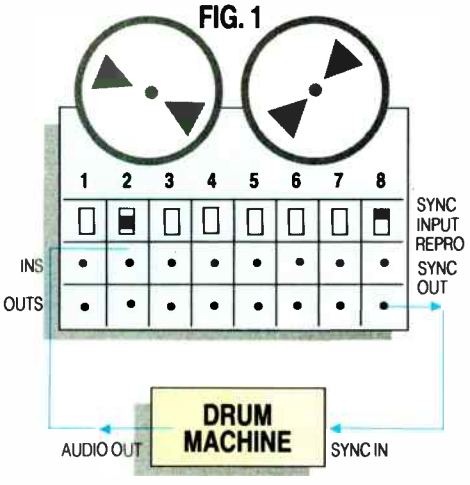
Meet the Virtual Track

A virtual track sounds like a tape track, plays along with your other tape tracks, and feeds into your console like a tape track...but it's not recorded on tape. Instead, digital data describing the performance of that track (usually in the form of MIDI data) is recorded in a sequencer's (or drum machine's) memory. As the tape plays back the audio sound of instruments, the sequencer plays back MIDI data that, when fed into MIDI instruments, causes these instruments to play along in sync with the audio tracks. The only requirement is that the sequencer must be able to synchronize reliably to tape.

Probably the most common example of the virtual track involves drum machines. If your drum machine has provisions for sync to tape, there is no need to record the drum sound itself on tape; try a virtual track instead. Here's how you would proceed.

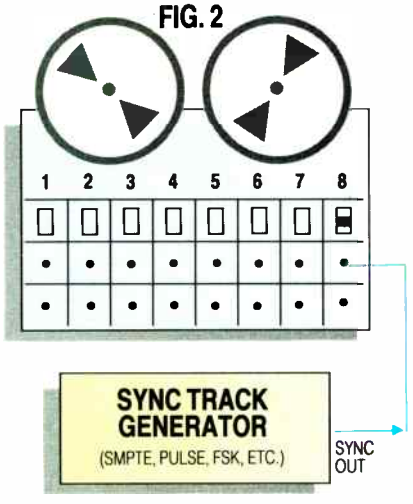
1. Before recording any parts, lay down a sync track on one of the recorder's outside tracks (see Fig. 1). Unless you are using SMPTE, you will probably have to commit yourself to a tempo at this point and record the sync track at the proper tempo. Do not use noise reduction or any other signal processing when recording the clock, FSK, or SMPTE track on tape.

FIG. 1



2. Monitor the clock track in the recorder's *sync* mode and feed it into the drum machine sync input. To save time while overdubbing, record a drum machine guide track on one of the other tracks (see Fig. 2). Although we could just sync the drums to the clock track every time we ran through the song, unless we have a sophisticated sync setup it would be necessary to always

FIG. 2



start the song from the beginning to maintain synchronization. This can be a hassle when you're doing a few spot overdubs towards the end of a song, so having a guide track makes sense.

Caution: When monitoring a sync track from the record head, leakage from adjacent tracks can mess up the sync. This is another reason why, as you do overdubs, you want to follow a guide drum track rather than sync the drums to the clock track. When playing back from the playback heads (as you would during mixdown), leakage is not as much of a problem, but for best results *avoid recording high-energy, high frequency tracks next to the sync track.* You can record the guide drum track next to the sync track providing that you record it at a *very* low level (it doesn't matter if the guide track is hissy, since it will be erased later on). With some new recorders, there is no playback head and you will always be in the recorder's sync mode. In this case virtual tracking is possible but all parameters—level-setting, leakage potential from adjacent tracks, etc., become more critical.

3. Overdub the rest of the parts as you listen to the guide drum track.

4. Now you can erase the guide track and do your final overdub, assuming that you don't need to follow the drums to do this last overdub. If you need to follow along with the drums, proceed to the next step, which describes how to set up the drums as a virtual track. You can then monitor the virtual track as you record a new part over the guide track.

5. Okay, it's mixdown time, and time to play the virtual drum track. Rewind the tape back to the beginning, feed the sync signal into the drums, and set the other channels for playback (see Fig. 3). Place the drums in "external clock" mode so that they follow the sync track and not their internal clock. As the tracks play back, the drums will play right along in sync with them; however, since we're feeding the direct drum sound into the mixer as opposed to a drum sound recorded on tape, the sound is clean, clear, and full of punch.

And now for a word of warning. There might be times when you lose sync, which is a real problem. This can happen if the tape gets damaged and you lose a sync pulse or two. Actually, losing a couple of sync pulses is not too tremendous a disaster, but any more than that can mess up your timing. However, in my own experience I've found that most sync problems occur when you first try virtual tracking. After you've worked with this technique for a while and found the optimum sync track record and playback levels, sync loss problems tend to go away. Over the past nine years that I've recorded with virtual tracks, there have only been three cases of catastrophic sync loss. Of course, once is too much—but I can live with those kinds of percentages, and after I adopted SMPTE as a master timing reference two years ago I haven't had any sync loss problems at all.

So we've given up one track to a sync track, but gained a high-fidelity drum track in the process...now let's examine how to expand eight tracks to fifteen.

Sequencing

Most sequencers include sync-to-tape, a feature I consider mandatory. If you're using a computer/sequencer combination, make sure the computer interface has provisions to accept a clock or SMPTE input.

By synchronizing an 8-track MIDI sequencer to a sync track, we now gain seven extra tracks (remember, we gave up one track on the multitrack for the sync track). The sequencer can drive up to eight different MIDI instruments, or multiple voices from a mono mode synthesizer (for more information on mono mode instruments and MIDI sequencing, see my book *MIDI For Musicians*). Of course, synchronizing a 16-track sequencer will add even more tracks to your setup.

Other techniques

Even if you don't use virtual tracks during mixdown, but would prefer to commit *everything* to tape, the virtual track concept has its uses.

Suppose you want to add four stereo overdubs with four different MIDI keyboards. That would require eight tracks (two tracks times four instruments), right? Not necessarily. Sequence the four keyboard parts in a sequencer, sync the sequencer to tape, and premix the parts down into two tracks on your multitrack. Not only will you compact the number of tracks, but instead of having the noise contributed by eight tape tracks, you will only two tracks' worth of noise.

What if it rolls around to mixdown time and you find out you didn't get the levels quite right? Simple. Re-sync the sequencer to tape and re-record the keyboard parts back into the two tracks until you get it right.

Here's another tip. If you work by yourself a lot, you know the main problem of mixing multiple tracks—you run out of hands very fast. But there's a way around this problem. Sequence as many tracks as you can, sync the sequencer to tape, then transfer the individual parts over to tape. Make your mixing moves for each track *while the transfer is taking place* rather than waiting until mixdown. For example, I really like to ride the gain on rhythm machines during mixdown to add dynamics, but paying constant attention to the drums means that other tracks are neglected. Now I add all the drum dynamics as the part gets recorded on to tape, and when mixdown time rolls around, the drums are ready to go without further attention. And if I didn't get the drum dynamics quite right, I just sync 'em up and try again.

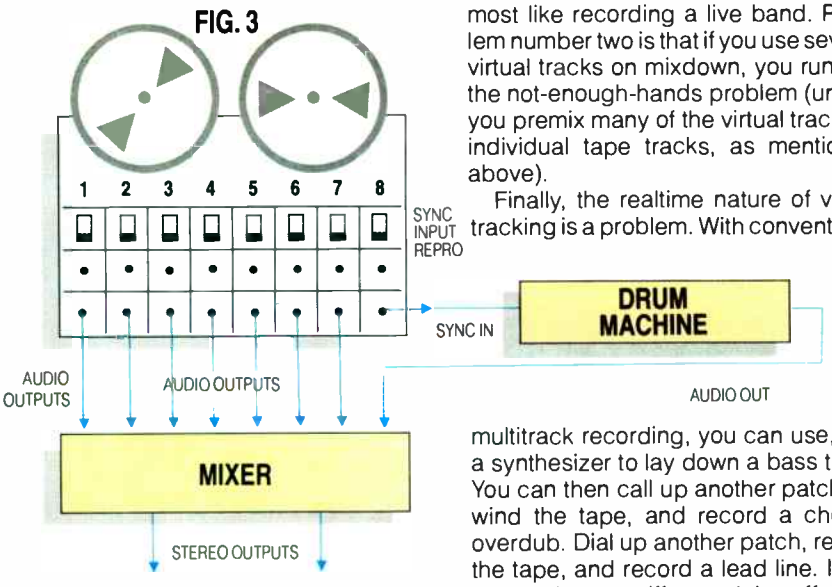
Virtual tracking can give new life to a four-track recorder if you have a MIDI sequencer. Program your entire rhythm section, and mix it down to two tracks on the recorder. You still have two tracks left for lead parts and vocals.

Going bananas

To give you an idea of how extreme one can get about this whole operation, consider the setup in Fig. 4. Here we use SMPTE for the sync track, which drives the SMPL System, an Emulator II, and an SP-12 drum machine. Also, SMPL generates a 24, 48 or 96 pulses-per-quarter note clock track which is synchronized to SMPTE—just the thing for driving older sequencers (Oberheim DSX, for example) and drum machines.

The Emulator II contains a SMPTE-reading 8-track MIDI sequencer, which can sequence a whole bunch of MIDI instruments and lock them to SMPTE. Now before you say "Whoa, that's megabucks," all I can say is yes...and no. Granted, this setup is more than most individuals can afford, but there are more and more MIDI studios starting to spring up around the country.

FIG. 3



Being familiar with the principle of operation of these studios can help you get the most out of them. The basic idea of a MIDI studio is that you can work out your parts at home on an inexpensive MIDI sequencer, then go into the studio and drive all that expensive MIDI gear from your pre-produced sequence.

Now back to our example. The DSX has control voltage and gate outputs, which can drive VCAs hooked up to provide automated mixdown (there's no law that says control voltages have to drive oscillators; they can also drive VCAs). The DSX syncs easily to the SMPL system. Meanwhile, the Emulator II can play back some of its own sounds on two channels, use five MIDI channels to drive five mono mode voices in an Oberheim Xpander (the sixth voice could be set to one of the other channels to provide two-note at a time playing) and send the remaining track to any other MIDI synth (in this example, an OB-8 retrofitted for MIDI). The Drumulator, set to receive 96 pulses-per-quarter note, is also driven by the SMPL system.

So now we have seven tracks of analog tape recorder, two tracks of sampled sounds from the Emulator, two virtual drum tracks, thirteen synthesized voices (eight from the OB-8 and five from the Xpander), and eight tracks of control voltages for automated mixdown. Not bad for an "eight track" studio!!

Every silver lining has a cloud....

So have we reached recording nirvana? Well, virtual track techniques do present some drawbacks, most of which can be solved (the good news) via judicious applications of money (the bad news). Problem number one is that you need a huge number of mixer inputs to accommodate all these real-time sounds—it's almost like recording a live band. Problem number two is that if you use several virtual tracks on mixdown, you run into the not-enough-hands problem (unless you premix many of the virtual tracks to individual tape tracks, as mentioned above).

Finally, the realtime nature of virtual tracking is a problem. With conventional multitrack recording, you can use, say, a synthesizer to lay down a bass track. You can then call up another patch, rewind the tape, and record a chordal overdub. Dial up another patch, rewind the tape, and record a lead line. If you want to have a different delay effect for each track, no problem—just call up the desired patch on your single DDL as you record.

If you want to play multiple virtual tracks at once, though, you need multiple sound generators—either lots of different synths, or multi-timbral synths. And if you want a different delay setting on each track, then you're going to need a separate DDL for each track.

So, it's doubtful (unless you're independently wealthy) that you can really take virtual tracking to its logical, and expensive, conclusion. But no law says all tracks must be virtual tracks. Virtual tracking is simply another tool to add to our arsenal of options, and you'll probably use some combination of recorded, virtual, and premixed virtual tracks recorded on to tape.

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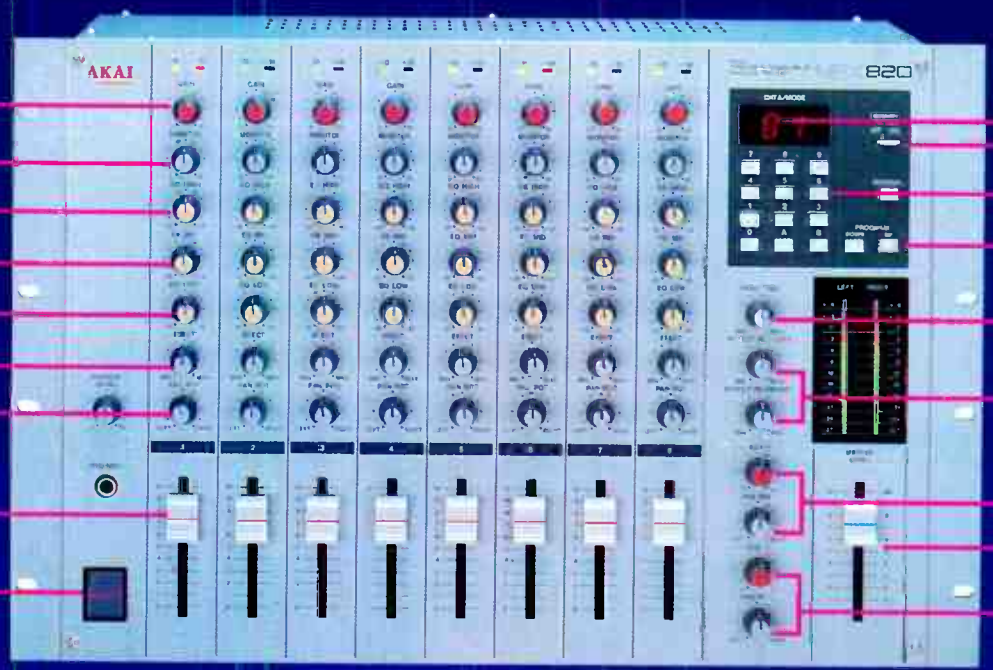

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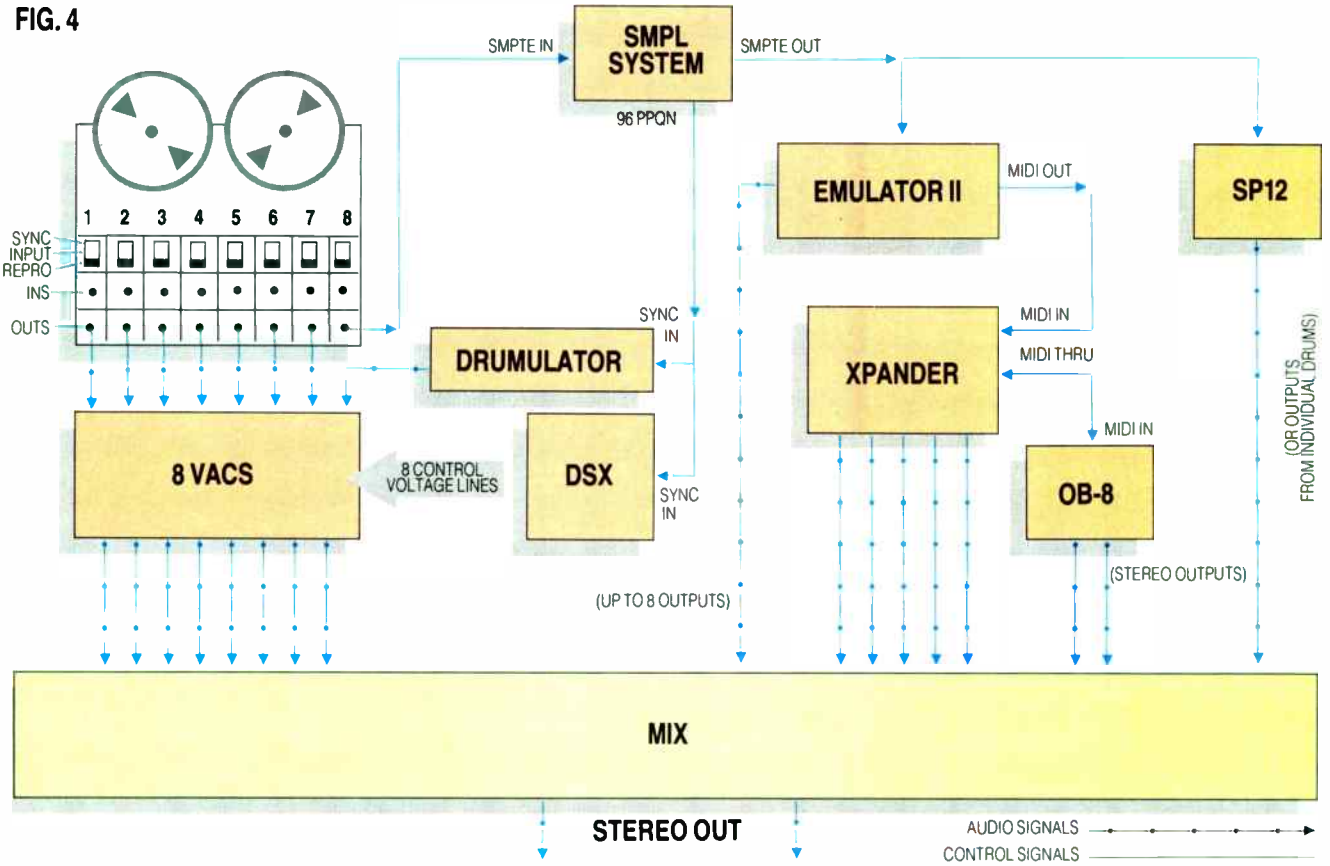
Yes, it really does work!

One might be skeptical about all this, but let me allay your fears. Recently I've been doing the electronic production for pianist Spencer Brewer's latest album for Narada Records. Part of my function is to figure out the proper recording method, and I decided that the most cost-effective route would be to sequence as many parts as possible during rehearsal into the Emulator II. Then, we could book a minimal amount of time at a big-bucks 24-track studio and, rather than spend time recording the actuals parts while the studio clock is running, simply stripe the 24-track master with SMPTE and transfer the perfected Emulator parts a track at a time. Although we have run into some glitches, all of them were surmountable (and we solved all our problems during pre-production to minimize studio time costs). Yes, virtual tracks do work, and they save time and money.

Even the smallest studios can benefit from virtual tracking, so give this technique a try...it may permanently alter the way you record music. Ⓜ

FIG. 4



That old syncing feeling

What to do when there's no place for the timecode? Get sneaky! A case in point: on a track from my *Moving Heaven* album, I went ahead and recorded on all eight tracks of my 8-track tape. This was a big mistake, because after reflection the track clearly needed more (*lots more*) and there wasn't any place to put it.

Bummer. I seemed to have only three options. 1) Go to an outside studio, bounce "Trolltalk," up to 16-track, and finish it there. *Expensive.* 2) Erase either track 1 or track 8, print timecode in one of them, and re-create the lost material in the sequencer. *But both were eccentric, unrepeatable acoustic tracks; once lost they'd be lost forever, along with their magic.* 3) Give up. *Like hell!*

Danny Caccavo, boy mixing engineer, to the rescue: far more experienced at these matters than I, Danny pointed out that in the dim past of recording, before there was sync code, folks Did It By Hand...and that by modifying a 1956 approach to take advantage of 1986 software, we could yet prevail.

First step was to splice some *very precise* lead-in beats to the front of the 8-track master; without them, sync by hand would be virtually impossible. Next we recorded a rough mix of the march (including lead-in) to the *left* channel of the 2-track. Lastly, we fired up the computer and printed FSK timecode on the 2-track's *right* channel. The result was a tape that would drive Sequencer Plus and simultaneously provide accurate musical reference; anything played in time with it would also be in time with the 8-track original.

Many sequencer tracks later we were ready to mix. The 1986 component of the session came from me: managing the computer, resetting the software, running around the room changing panning assignments on instrument outputs, and so on. The 1956 component was Danny's job: handstarting the 8-track and the 2-track in sync with each other by matching the lead-in beats, keeping that sync tight for three-and-a-half minutes by tweaking the varispeed controls (as needed), and—oh yeah—simultaneously mixing a fiendishly complicated track.

I have seen few finer juggling acts.

Of course, it took a few tries to get the machines to start together tightly. I won't claim it isn't tricky (listening over earphones that have the 2-track in one ear and the 8-track in the other helps). And our effort was complicated by the fact that in between recording the reference and trying to mix from it the 2-track had broken down and the repair had ever-so-slightly changed the motor speed, making it harder to hold sync...

....but it worked! And mixing the 50s with the 80s can buy extra trackspace for you, too. Just press a second tape deck of some kind (even a cassette deck, if your 2-track is what you mix to) into service as Keeper Of The BEAT. – **Freff**

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Has The Inventor of the Stick Been Overlooked in the Stanley Jordan Parade?

PLAYERS

By Josef Woodard

EMMETT CHAPMAN, TWO-HANDED PIONEER

Emmett Chapman, inventor and manufacturer of the Chapman Stick, recalls his own night of reckoning if it were last week. It was August, 1969 his in Laurel Canyon home. Chapman was quite literally poking around on the fretboard when it happened: Hammering down with his right hand perpendicular to the frets, he began weaving independent lines with either hand, and a brave new contrapuntal world opened up.

Eureka. In that small epiphanic instant was conceived the Stick. What if, Chapman supposed, the guitar was stripped to its bare essentials, given a broader range of strings and register, and played not in the pizzicato manner but by tapping on the fingerboard, *à la* piano? The answer came in the form of a bizarre-looking instrument—something like an enlarged ten-string fretboard *sans* body.

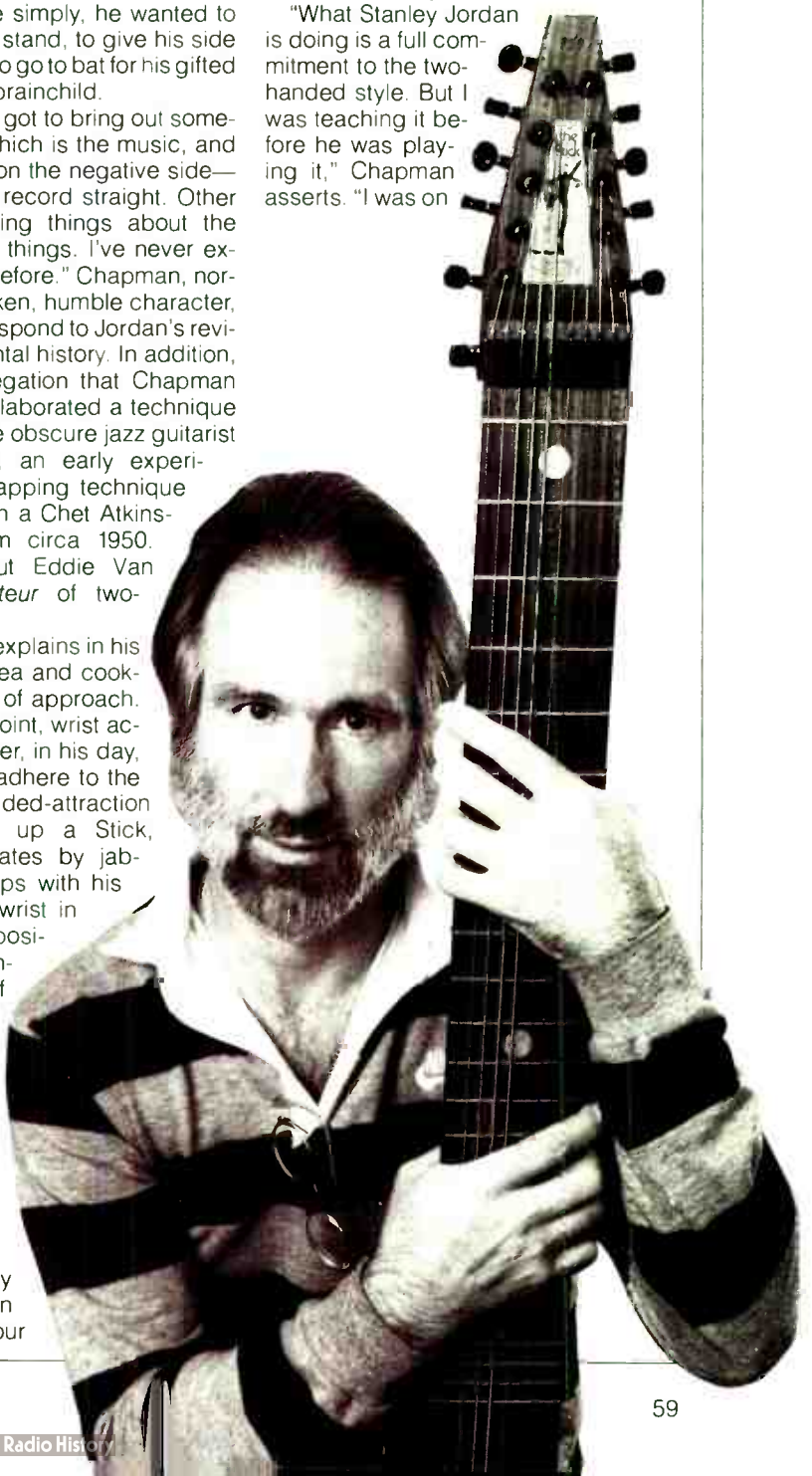
Time has validated Chapman's prescient ingenuity. At the ripe old age of twelve years, the Chapman Stick is an established and viable musical tool with an expanding family of players Chapman puts at nearly 2,000. Joe Zawinul, ever the hawk for new music machinery, bought one of Chapman's first six-instrument run after hearing the inventor playing it in a New York club. The liberating possibilities of the Stick gained public exposure via Alphonso Johnson, Pino Palladino, Kajagoogoo, Peter Gifford of Midnight Oil, Kitty Hawks, and Bruce Cockburn, among other Stick disciples. More importantly, Tony Levin has laid down some of the more signature Stick work in the progressive dominion of King Crimson (his loopy intro to "Elephant Talk" is something of a Stick étude by now). Meanwhile, Chapman himself has recently released the independently produced LP *Parallel Galaxies*, showcasing the Stick in folk- and jazz-flavored settings.

Then suddenly last summer, Chapman's noble cottage industry got a rude awakening. A certain prodigious jazzer named Stanley Jordan was wowing press and public with his pyrotechnical (if musically conservative) two-handed guitar style—remarkably similar to the Chapman tack but minus four strings. In the heat of the attention over Jordan's fiery fret dancing, Chapman's pivotal role in the two-handed story was overlooked. It was in this atmosphere of unjust neglect that Chapman met with us last winter. Quite simply, he wanted to take the witness stand, to give his side of the story, and to go to bat for his gifted but social misfit brainchild.

"I feel that I've got to bring out something positive, which is the music, and also something on the negative side—to try to set the record straight. Other people are saying things about the Stick—not good things. I've never experienced that before." Chapman, normally a soft-spoken, humble character, feels driven to respond to Jordan's revision of instrumental history. In addition, there is the allegation that Chapman himself merely elaborated a technique pioneered by the obscure jazz guitarist Jimmy Webster, an early experimenter whose tapping technique can be heard on a Chet Atkins-produced album circa 1950. And what about Eddie Van Halen, *provocateur* of two-fisted fury?

As Chapman explains in his workshop over tea and cookies, it's a matter of approach. Or more to the point, wrist action. Both Webster, in his day, and Van Halen adhere to the right-hand-as-added-attraction school. Picking up a Stick, Chapman illustrates by jabbing double stops with his right hand, the wrist in normal picking position. "The tendency with that sort of two-handed playing is to pile on the gimmicks, the embellishments. Eddie Van Halen has carried it a lot further than that; he plays these high energy melody lines. But as soon as you line your hands up like this," he swivels his right hand up over the fretboard, "it all opens up. The fingers lock into sequence and you get a technique that allows you to play full four-fingered scales and lines.

"What Stanley Jordan is doing is a full commitment to the two-handed style. But I was teaching it before he was playing it," Chapman asserts. "I was on



television [Chapman appeared on *What's My Line*] before he was doing it. I don't know how he came about it, but he was certainly inspired along the way by the Stick." Chapman's wife and business manager, Jutta, steps in to show a letter of appreciation written by Jordan after the release of his first, independent album a few years back. "He was calling us about once a year," Emmett goes on. "I just think now he must feel pressure from the people around him to avoid the Stick and focus on the guitar. I was the first one to come up with this fully-committed two-handed technique. I'd be glad to know if there were someone else. I'd want to know."

The Stick's history stems from Chapman's first, disgruntled encounter with the guitar, which he didn't pick up until age twenty-four. While studying political science at UCLA, Chapman had the idea of picking up extra change playing rudimentary pop songs, using the few barre chords he learned from his mother. Always the self-determinist, he immediately began manipulating his instruments, looking for a bigger, more flexible tool. "My first guitar was a National electric six-string," he says. "I added a string and put a little child's building block to extend the fretboard. So I was already looking for wider and longer with my first guitar." He added and removed strings freely, up to nine at one point, one suspended from a banjo tuning peg in the middle of the tuning head.

Though this would seem the tale of an inveterate inventor, Chapman insists that his tinkering basically sprang from a purely musical motive. An admirer of Jimi Hendrix, John Coltrane and jazz pianists, he wanted the best of a few stylistic worlds. "I was getting more into expression, so here I was trying to play orchestrally—like a piano player, with moving parts—and listening to Hendrix, getting my strings looser, using paper picks, sliding, glissing to get melodic expression. Those are like two opposites—orchestral structure and melodic expression. You could almost say one is classical and the other romantic."

After making his cathartic discovery in '69, the gears started fitting into place. "At first it was a freakout—excitement. After a few months, I started to get control of it, get it more organized." Deciding on a ten-string format, Chapman set out to create a utilitarian instrument of "simple means that you could do a lot on." Hence the streamlined design and name. Also a crusader for more efficient tunings, he aligned the string intervals at even fourths and fifths. "If you want to get out of the language of non-neutral tuning," he says of the switch, "you have a whole lot of memorization, which puts you back into clichés. As soon as you tune your instrument in even intervals, you've got a clean graph."

Hearing Chapman put his Stick through a series of musical case studies is persuasive argument for its merit. He has developed not only a technical fluidity—alternating left-hand bass runs and chords with separate right-hand phrases—but an elaborate maze of accessories to enhance the sonic menus. A couple of years ago, he designed a box he calls Patch of Shades—"a looping device that allows smooth transition between different effects." Equipped with stereo outputs—one each for the bottom and top five strings—Chapman sends the higher strings through a Pitchrider and a delay, eventually MIDIing the signal through a DX7. The result is a roomful of sound and a full palette of self-contained music.

Just recently, Chapman has unveiled a new model of the Stick, made of polycarbonite resin. "The idea was there for years—to make an instrument out of high-tech material, with the possibility that it might sound better. And it does: a little more sustain, more resonant highs and bass. The big advantage—which is a surprise—is how it feels. It's smoother than the other Stick. The Steinberger has resin and polycarbonite in it too, but it's a different ap-

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The Causes and Effects of an Educational Jazz Confrontation

By Jock Baird

THE LATE, GREAT BERKLEE STRIKE

Picket lines, unions, all-night negotiating sessions and strikes are not usually part of musical higher education—at least not since the 60s—but they became part of the curriculum at Boston's Berklee College of Music for two dramatic weeks in April. In a climax to nearly three years of contract confrontation with the college administration, over ninety percent of the faculty of two hundred walked out, cheered on by hundreds of students. No, this wasn't that old Bay Area radical hotbed campus, this was the flagship of American jazz education, with 2,300 students the largest accredited private non-profit music college in the nation. Bebop heaven, the fountain of fusion.... It can't happen *here*...but it did.

Reduced to its basic elements, the Berklee strike was about professional parity. As union president and sax/flute player/teacher Mike Scott puts it: "We were among the lowest ranked faculty salaries among private colleges in Massachusetts. The magazine *Academe* ranked Berklee eighty-third out of eighty-six, with an average salary of $18,500. That's *absurd*! The average for the music profession is $24,500. And most of us had to teach thirty contact hours—that's hours in the classroom—which is just unheard of in the profession. Most colleges are around twelve. And that thirty hours doesn't include class preparation, grading papers, office hours...."

The dispute first formally surfaced in 1982 and '83 in the Faculty Senate, which Scott chaired. "The Faculty Senate felt it had reached an impasse with the administration in terms of necessary change," recalls Scott. In search of help, the faculty's first flirtation was with the American Association of University Professors, and they paid dues through most of 1984. But after a year, Scott and company felt they weren't getting enough muscle for their money. "AAUP has a union aspect, but they're not very strong" he explains. "So we went AFT: the American Federation of Teachers. That's when it really caught fire. We were able to get 86% of the faculty to sign cards supporting a union election. The vote itself was less—82%—but that was still pretty resounding, especially since management was trying hard to get their people out to vote."

MARK MORELLI

What can a poor boy do? Militant music teachers man the picket line.

Did Scott feel the administration went out of its way to oppose the establishment of the union at Berklee? "They didn't want a union here," he shrugs. "They would like to have beaten it, and they didn't. They tried to beat it all the way down the line and they didn't."

Indeed, in early negotiations the Berklee administration, led by president Lee Berk, was making a vigorous defense. They complained it was unfair to compare Berklee salaries to conventional private colleges, since their tuition was substantially lower than most (tuition is currently $4990 for two terms). The college also ran a summer term and hired some of its faculty for twelve months (the average pay for *these* teachers was $24,000); Berk and his staff claimed this 9-month/12-month system was too complex for a standardized union salary structure. Furthermore Berk feels the college had gone out of its way to keep more teachers as permanent staff, instead of on a part-time, hourly basis.

But as the faculty prepared to unionize, the administration decided to bring in some help—a new dean of faculty, Warrick Carter, was hired as, in his own words, "the firefighter." Carter, once a professional drummer, had spent the last eight years as chairman of a division of the Fine Arts department of Governors State University, a small school in Illinois which also had an AFT chapter. "I never expected to get immersed this much in labor law," laughs Carter, but he quickly and skillfully made up for lost time in formal negotiations with the union.

One advantage had already fallen to the faculty: since Berklee is a non-profit institution, its IRS return was publicly available, and it showed Berklee was not exactly running a deficit: "Those returns showed four million dollars a year in net excess for the last ten years," charges Mike Scott. "When you don't pay your faculty, you've got some money left over. And I will tell you this: during negotiations, three or four times as we were bargaining about money, we said, 'Well, if you can't afford it, just *tell* us. Let

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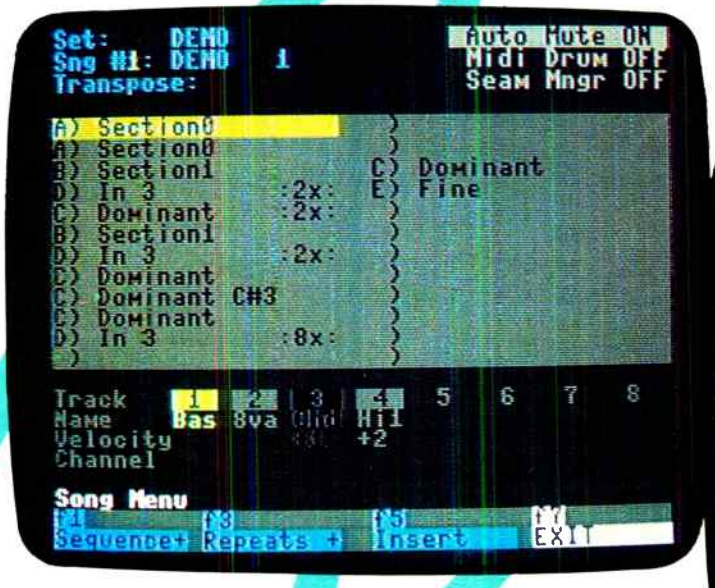

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A Reverberant Two-fer, Some Drum Price Relief and Some Software News

PRODUCTS

By Jock Baird

DEVELOPMENTS

Of all the special deals, bargain days or holiday sales that we're regularly buffeted by, few get our attention like the old two-for-one. Since excellent digital reverbs are now creeping below the thousand-dollar mark, **Ibanez** decided they had to do more than just release a pro-quality, versatile, MIDI-controllable reverb for $900. So they threw in another one. Now if *that* two-for-one doesn't get you, you're immune to any sale yet devised by modern merchants.

The unit is called the SDR1000, and the S is for stereo. Ibanez gives you two reverbs by making each side independent of the other if desired, with a different mono patch in each channel. The SDR1000 uses a proprietary 16-bit linear parallel digital processing system, and uses eight "modes" as the basis for its sounds; the eight include Large Hall, Small Room, Gate, Reverse, Auto Panning in stereo, Dual Reverb and Dual Delay (for multi-tap delay effects). You can then fool with hang time, predelay, early reflection time and level, room or hall sizes, gate time feedback and, yes, four bands of eq. There are thirty factory presets that were developed by some all-star recording engineers, and seventy more patch positions you can program yourself. The units sound very warm and full, and do a lot of things well, from electric piano gloss to a locker room screaming guitar to a heavily gated snare. The SDR1000 could be the steal of the summer.

Ibanez SDR1000 digital reverb

CASIO RZ-1

It's brinksmanship time in the drum machine wars again. We've already seen good Roland and Yamaha units dropping below the $300 mark, and now Casio's new RZ-1 drum machine is heating up the around-$500 sweepstakes hitherto dominated by the TR-707 and the RX11. So what does the RZ-1 have for $600 that'll beat that? Onboard sampling for four of its sixteen voices, buckaroos, and you better believe it's worth a listen.

Let's get right to the good part. Each sample is only a fifth of a second, and under 10kHz of bandwidth, so we're not exactly talking Fairlight, but for drums it sounds pretty darn good. You can either put two together or all four together to get .4 and .8 second sample times, which you'll need for electric drums and cymbals. It's also long enough for spoken phrases (we did an amusing rhythm off different vocal samples of people saying "fukkit"), screams, guitars, thuds and god knows what else. Definitely a lot of fun in this unit.

Otherwise, it's a full-service drum machine. The twelve PCM voices are better than acceptable but less than overwhelming. There are separate mixing controls and line outs for the snare, bass and three toms, and two voices per fader and line output for the other ten. This means you can do exotic signal processing to any individual drum. The sampled voices also share two tone pots. One disappointment was the inability to tune any of the PCM voices, but hey, that's why the sampling's there.

The programming system is very easy to pick up, but it's still sophisticated enough to do things like auto-correct different voices to different time values in the same pattern. I was, however, unable to make it store tempos in RAM and had to reset the values for each program. The song memory holds 20 chains of up to 99 patterns each, almost enough for a gig. It'll do odd time signatures (but only with denominators of 2, 4, 8 and 16), take velocity info through a MIDI keyboard and dump/load to a cassette deck. The sample data takes about a minute and forty seconds to run, though, so keep a copy of *Musician* around to fight boredom.

All in all, the RZ-1 is a terrific buy for the bucks. I wish there were four *more* sampled voices, so I could replace the kick and snare and still have some gimmicks left, but who's complaining? Say, maybe if I had two....

Simmons has decided it wants it all, and is bringing out an under-$1,000 5-piece drum kit to go along with its $1,850 SDS9 and its top-of-the-line SDS7. It's called the SDS1000 (say, one letter different and this could be the last product we mentioned) and it takes advantage of a lot of features of its big sibling kits. For one, it's a hybrid, with digital kick and snare samples joining analog toms. It's also got the "second skin" control, which lets you have a single or double-headed tom, and the latest generation of their "floating head" pad design. You get five factory presets, and five user-programmable ones, with the brain taking a minute amount of rack space. Simmons has more surprises in store, as we'll see next month.

In addition to a good five-cent cigar, what this country really needs is a kick drum mike that won't kick you in the wallet. That's why **AKG** took a look at their famed $295 large-diaphragm dynamic

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AKG D-112 kick mike

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FROM BRIDESHEAD TO SHRUNKEN HEADS

BY JOHN HUTCHINSON

Peter and I were at school together—at Charterhouse, an expensive private school in Surrey, of the variety the British perversely insist on calling "public." We were the same age, but in different "houses"—in other words, we lived in separate parts of the school—and we studied different subjects. Although we met occasionally, we didn't have much contact. Charterhouse was the sort of school where the older boys had privileges like being able to walk around with jackets undone, while their juniors had to keep theirs buttoned up; where, if you were a member of the cricket or soccer first eleven, you were allowed to walk down the main set of steps in a straight line (everyone else had to descend them diagonally). On arrival, at the age of thirteen, we had to learn school customs and slang by heart, and if you then failed what was called "The New Hops' Test" after the first fortnight, you had to stand on a table and sing songs to the house prefects while they tossed bread and buns at you. When you passed, you had to wake them in the morning, wait at table during breakfast, run their errands, and even warm their lavatory seats if required to do so. If you broke the rules, you could be caned.

This, remember, was not in the nineteenth century. It was in the mid-60s, just when the

ARMANDO GALLO

PETER GABRIEL

Beatles were conquering the world in a parody of British imperialism. Some of us took to pop music as an escape from the crazy society where we had been sent to be educated; rock 'n' roll was a refuge, a fantasy of freedom, a demonstration of the will to survive. Pop music wasn't exactly encouraged at Charterhouse, but it wasn't repressed either, so a few unruly spirits formed groups, teaching themselves how to play the guitar and drums. Peter joined one such band, which eventually became Genesis, and I occasionally watched them play, sometimes taking photographs. One snapshot showed a tubby Peter Gabriel onstage in the drafty wood-paneled school hall, wearing a top hat and singing to an audience of six hundred boys.

After almost twenty years we meet again in the kitchen of his rambling eighteenth-century house in Bath. Peter doesn't seem to have changed much. He's lost weight, obviously aged a bit, but he's still quiet, reserved, with his customary gentle grin. He still doesn't look like a pop star, despite a new London haircut, trendy black baggy pants, and a multi-colored sweater. Over a bowl of pasta and pesto, we trade reminiscences and talk about old times. Peter learned to play the flute and piano at school, but in his own words, he was "an unexceptional music student." How, then, did he discover that he wanted to take up a musical career? He chuckles. "It was the passion and commitment I felt in being able to create some of the magic potion that's known as rock 'n' roll."

Did his parents object to his choice of career? Peter nods, pouring himself some grape juice. "They were disappointed that I didn't go to university, and then that I didn't go to film school, which I rejected so I could work with Genesis. The film school seemed marginally preferable to them because their prime concern was not really that my life-style was rebellious—although we had traditional arguments about length of hair and so forth—but that I wouldn't be able to get a job later on and make a living. That worried all our parents at that time. I remember John Mayhew, who was the drummer with the band after Charterhouse, left the group because of parental pressure, and went off to university in the States."

But Gabriel didn't waver: "I didn't feel that I belonged to the world in which I was brought up. Rock 'n' roll was something I could feel involved in, and a way that I could get some attention, which I craved as a teenager." That performing instinct, he believes, is still the driving force behind his career. "But it's tempered a little now, and there are other values that I've acquired as well. Underlying all that is simple work motivation, which amounts to the need to know that you're doing something well. I want to make music that's respected by my peers—so it's a matter of trying to come up with music that is satisfying to me, worthy of respect, and which ideally would appeal to a wide audience."

Despite the fact that Genesis, after a faltering start, went on to reach astral heights, it wasn't always easy for a band of ex-public-schoolboys to win acceptance in the rough and tumble of the English rock world. "In England particularly, to have come from a background of affluence and public school education meant that you had to deal with a lot of resentment. If you make any sort of social comment it's going to be seen as hypocritical if you're living a comfortable existence, as I do. But I made a decision a few years ago that if I wanted to say something I would just get on with it and let people make up their minds. In every other country except England no one gives a toss about your background."

His first two solo outings were tentative: determined and strained efforts to shake off the pomp that had begun to dim the vitality of Genesis, which he unexpectedly abandoned in 1975. That isn't to say that the LPs were negligible. The first, a high-energy affair produced by Bob Ezrin, contained "Solsbury Hill," a haunting valediction to his old band; the second, steered towards hazy experimentation by Robert Fripp, harbored Gabriel classics such as "DIY" and "On The Air."

But it was unquestionably on his third eponymous record that Gabriel finally kicked into gear, bringing his rhythms forward in the mix and honing his songwriting skills to unnerving sharpness. The album's angry thrust, symbolized by the terrifying "No Self Control," finally lifted him away from art-rock pretensions and post-Genesis self-doubt.

"Biko" concerned the murdered black South African activist. As well as delivering a heartfelt burst of social criticism, the song introduced his method of developing songs from a basis of non-Western rhythms—a process that eventually gave rise to the rich complexities of *Security*, his fourth studio record about four years ago.

The more introspective *Security*—*Gabriel 4* in Britain—consolidated its predecessor's achievement. *Security* added Fairlight texturing to the non-Western rhythms, and yielded several minor masterpieces, among them "San Jacinto," "Rhythm Of The Heat," and the disco hit "Shock The Monkey." 1982 also saw the release of *Music And Rhythm*, a benefit double LP for WOMAD, a festival that took place near Gabriel's home, intended to focus public attention on the traditional and contemporary arts of non-Western cultures. It was a project close to his heart. Since then, though, Gabriel has kept a low profile. His only post-'82 projects were a double live album and the soundtrack to Alan Parker's movie, *Birdy*, which drew substantially from pre-existing material.

Until now. With the muscular and infectious "Sledgehammer" nudging into the charts, the stage is set for *So*, Gabriel's new LP, to give Phil Collins (Peter's Genesis stand-in) a run for his money. Upstairs in his study, surrounded by video equipment and booklined shelves, interrupted by a constantly-ringing phone, Peter awaits the inevitable question.

MUSICIAN: *The word is out that your new single,* "Sledgehammer," *is the first step of a concerted effort to rival Phil Collins' recent success. Is that true?*

GABRIEL: No, it isn't deliberate! I knew that by using any brass at all I would invite comparisons with Phil, but ever since I was at school, Atlantic soul and Stax have been a pivotal influence on me, and I've always wanted to emulate them. In fact, I've been considering doing an R&B/soul album—it's still possible, and it's sitting on the shelf as a project. On "Sledgehammer" I had the opportunity to work like that. I consider my approach to be very similar to 60s soul, whereas I think Phil's style is more contemporary. In any case, I was definitely trying borrow the style of that period, and it is no coincidence that the man leading the brass section is Wayne Jackson, who is one of the Memphis Horns. I remember sneaking out from school to see them at the Ram Jam Club in Brixton. It was probably the best concert I've ever been to. With regard to Phil—I respect his music and I would like my own to reach as large an audience as possible, but I would strongly refute the suggestion that I'm just trying to copy him. That pisses me off, because about the time of my third album there were considerable stylistic changes in Phil's music, and I feel that my influence on him hasn't been fairly acknowledged.

MUSICIAN: *What happened to the theatricality you were so interested in when you were with Genesis?*

GABRIEL: When I left Genesis I wanted to leave most of the stylistic associations of my past behind me, and obviously the theatrical stuff was part of it. But I think that there's been a disproportionate evaluation of who did what in Genesis. This worked to my favor when I was with the band, because people assumed that as I was the front man I had written everything, whereas most of the songs were largely co-written; we more or less had equal shots in terms of songwriting. But when I left Genesis and the band sounded much the same to many ears, everybody decided that I had written nothing. What was then left of my role was the theatricality. Actually

when I left I wanted out of the business altogether for a while, and when I decided to come back and start doing things again, I thought I should build my career up on music alone.

MUSICIAN: *You're very interested in myth and ritual. Has that taken the place of the theatricality?*

GABRIEL: In some ways that may be true. I do have an interest in ritual, but less in myth than when I was with Genesis. I'm interested in myths inasmuch as some mythology occupies a place in dreams, and I believe dreams have a bearing on our lives. But I see my music more in terms of developing pictures that have a strong mood. I've always given pictures more importance than words.

MUSICIAN: *Do you consider your music "art rock"?*

GABRIEL: I would question what that tag means. There's a positive side to the notion of "art rock," which to me is having a visual sensibility that is applied to the music and the way it's presented, but the negative association is that it takes itself very seriously and is pretentious. I do take some of my work seriously, but I try to avoid pretensions, and I still see it as entertainment more than anything else.

MUSICIAN: *Are you interested in so-called "avant-garde" music? Do you listen to Philip Glass and Steve Reich?*

GABRIEL: Yes, I still listen to Philip Glass, but personally I'm more inclined towards Steve Reich's music, because I think it swings. It's looser, freer, and blacker than Glass', which has some very nice textures, but not such interesting grooves. I know that grooves aren't part of his aims, but I find that they're the way I "enter" music.

MUSICIAN: *Let me present you with two criticisms that are sometimes leveled at your work. The first is that you're too earnest and liberal, and the second is that you're superficially eclectic, dependent on other people's music for inspiration.*

GABRIEL: Let's deal with the first. You mean the "white man's burden" or "middle-class guilt" hang-ups? They could be factors, perhaps, because they may be part of me, but I still think I can come up with material that is expressive of some aspect of my personality, and I don't feel that I'm forever flagellating myself. The second criticism makes me angry. I believe that it's the responsibility of any artist to work with everything that excites him, and not to do so is absurd. There are a lot of things I can say about this. One of the reasons why I became interested in non-Western music is because of my en-

thusiasm for what I heard in its grooves, which was wonderful, and I began to suspect that conventional rock rhythms would lead to conventional rock writing. Secondly, when I first conceived of the idea of an event that combined third world music and rock it was from the point of view of a fan convinced that there were many more people like me who would find non-Western music as exciting as I do. Besides, there were an increasing number of rock musicians like me who had had their ideas changed by what they'd heard in Africa and elsewhere. And partly through helping to get the WOMAD event going, I feel I was redirecting some of the attention and money back to the source. You have to remember that most of these non-Western musicians would like to make a reasonable living from their music, just like everyone else.

Another point: I'm not trying to deliver African pastiches; I'm using the influences as tools to take me to somewhere else within my own music. There are plenty of precedents for that process; for instance, in his painting "Les Desmoiselles d'Avignon" Picasso took the African mask and totally transformed his own style of painting. From that incident grew a whole realm of new work. Strictly speaking the idea was "stolen," but it was a justifiable action. Similarly, for musicians to "steal" material from whatever inspires us is fundamentally important, and music as a whole is much healthier for it. In a small way I feel that I've contributed to that process, because while there's now a much greater awareness of the possibilities of semi-tuned percussion in rock, this wasn't always so. At the time I worked with marimbas on the third album, that appreciation was very rare. I'd stolen that influence from Steve Reich, who in turn had taken it from Africa. Theft, if you like, is the lifeblood of all art.

Anyway, I think that I've done my part in trying to promote the music of the countries I've borrowed from, so I feel completely comfortable with what I'm doing. The other important issue to consider is the fact that the process isn't one-way—there are plenty of musicians in third world countries taking from our styles. Although I don't particularly like it, I can hear the influence of Genesis in some French African bands. Admittedly it's a lot easier to discern the impact of James Brown and Stevie Wonder, but there are broader Western influences in the way African bands approach recording techniques.

MUSICIAN: *I find that the content of your work is characterized by a tension between intellect and emotion, rationality and intuition. Would you agree?*

GABRIEL: Yes. That tension is something which is important in my own life and decision-making. Someone once said to me that they thought a good part of my appeal was due to the struggle taking place between the things you mention, and also between the introvert and extrovert parts of my personality. Although that tension is perhaps more pronounced in me than in other people, it can still be of interest to the observer. And as you know yourself, the background of a boy who went through an English public school education is full of what my American musician friends would call "tight-assed repression"—which is why I'm attracted to places like Italy and Africa.

MUSICIAN: *The new album is certainly more commercial in its orientation than* Security.

GABRIEL: Yes it is, and I think that it has a chance of doing better than the last one. When I completed the *Birdy* soundtrack I wanted my focus to shift to *songs* rather than to remain on rhythm and texture, which were dominant on *Security*. Having done a complete album of textures and sound with *Birdy*, I'd got that out of my system.

MUSICIAN: *Which was the first track you recorded?*

GABRIEL: "Milgrim's 37" has been around since early last year. It's what I would call a "dark corner," and perhaps it's the only track that rests on texture and atmosphere as its key elements. Most of the others are songs that you could strum along with on a guitar.

MUSICIAN: *I gather that you reworked two of the songs.*

GABRIEL: I rewrote the verses in "Mercy Street"; the B-side of the single, "Don't Break That Rhythm," is the original version of that song. The other one was "In Your Eyes," which originally had different lyrics too. The current words belonged to another song which didn't make the album.

MUSICIAN: *"Mercy Street" is one of my favorite tracks.*

I'm not trying to deliver African pastiches; I'm using the influences as tools to take me somewhere within my own music. For musicians to "steal" from whatever inspires us is fundamentally important. The process isn't one-way—there are plenty of third-world musicians taking from our styles.

GABRIEL: Really? I'm glad you said that, because no one else has, although I like it a lot. In a way I did more of a traditional "Gabriel texture job" on that.

MUSICIAN: *Could you explain how you set about working on the song?*

GABRIEL: It was one of the tracks whose rhythms I'd recorded in Rio with the Brazilian percussionist Djalma Correia. The rhythm, incidentally, is called "forro," which I understand the Brazilians developed at parties which were held many years ago by British and Irish railway workers. They would invite the Brazilians to gatherings "for all," and this became corrupted to "forro," which came to mean party-time at the British and Irish place. When I got back here I began to improvise with the triangle pattern, and once the original song was written around it—which, as I said, was "Don't Break That Rhythm"—I became dissatisfied with it. I had an idea that I could use an English folk melody that I'd been developing, and the new lyrics were based on the work of Anne Sexton, the writer. I'd intended to use them for another song. Once I'd got the folk melody locked in, I then strapped the "Mercy Street" lyrics onto it, and I tentatively added some great piano playing by Richard Tee, but that made the song too complex in terms of arrangement. There was a period when I was left on my own in the studio, and I started going at it again with the Fairlight. The percussion was put in then. I began with Fairlight "Page R," but I ended up doing it manually, because the inaccuracies and mistakes were giving the music more of a human, home-made touch, which I felt suited the song better.

MUSICIAN: *The Fairlight textures aren't so prominent on the album this time.*

GABRIEL: They're not featured as much, but the Fairlight is still there. I used it more as an arranger's tool, whereas in the past my work on the Fairlight tended to originate the songs. For example, "Rhythm Of The Heat" wouldn't work nearly as

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well without the accompanying sounds. I don't think that's the case now.

MUSICIAN: *Tell me about your duet with Kate Bush on "Don't Give Up."*

GABRIEL: I started off on that song singing both parts myself, but I thought it would work better with a man and a woman singing, so I changed the lyrics around. At one point I tried to work it up in a gospel/country style, and there are still echoes of that approach in Richard Tee's piano-playing.

MUSICIAN: *As in many of the songs on the album, the lyrics can be interpreted either personally or more abstractly. Was that deliberate?*

GABRIEL: Yes, it was conscious. I was trying to put a personal slant against another backdrop. In "Don't Give Up" the lyrics were inspired by two things: one was a TV program on how unemployment has affected family life, and the other was a photograph taken by Dorothea Lange during the Dust Bowl Depression. The basic idea is that handling failure is one of the hardest things we have to learn to do.

MUSICIAN: *Why did you ask Daniel Lanois to produce the album?*

GABRIEL: Well, I didn't know anything about him until I came to do the *Birdy* soundtrack, when one of my friends and musicians, David Rhodes, strongly recommended Danny for his work on the Harold Budd record. He thought Danny would be very good for the atmospheric pieces—as indeed he was. We got on well, and he has good instinctive reactions to my music. I'd actually been thinking of other people for this

High priest Pete leads Palladium paganisms.

album, such as Nile Rodgers and Bill Laswell, but as everything was working out so well with *Birdy*, we carried on. Besides, he likes to create an environment where live performances can happen, and he makes sure they don't get lost once they're recorded. He and David Rhodes were my other ears during these sessions.

MUSICIAN: *You wouldn't have preferred to work with Brian Eno, who has a similar approach to Daniel's?*

GABRIEL: I have a lot of respect for Eno's work; *Remain In Light* and *Bush Of Ghosts* are two of my all-time favorite records. I like some of the Ambient stuff too, but there are obvious major stylistic differences between that kind of music and my own. Anyway, I wanted to work with someone comparatively new: I'm quite dogmatic and obtuse about my own views.

MUSICIAN: *Most of your solo work has shown a marked distaste for individual virtuosity. David Byrne used to talk about Talking Heads' "non-hierarchical" structure being based on African music—did you have similar notions in mind?*

GABRIEL: I'm not sure that Talking Heads ever did do that, actually. No, in my case, if that's so, it's just personal taste. I've never been greatly interested in long solos or anything like that, although I suppose Robert Fripp's contribution on "White Shadow" would be an exception.

MUSICIAN: *You're including the song you co-wrote with Laurie Anderson on the cassette and CD. She called it "Excellent Birds" on* Mister Heartbreak, *and you've named it "This Is The Picture." Why the change?*

GABRIEL: I'll tell you the story about that. Some time ago I was hustling her for a video project, because I was interested in setting up a video company—which never materialized. Later the video artist Nam June Paik approached both of us for a contribution to a show he was doing on television. We were being pushed to combine forces, so we wrote and recorded the video and song in three days, which may be a record. We quite liked the song, so we agreed that we could both use it on our separate albums. Hers came out ahead of mine. The TV version is closer to Laurie's recording; mine is based on the groove, while hers is more fragmented.

MUSICIAN: *Was it Laurie Anderson who reawakened your interest in multi-media work?*

GABRIEL: She was an inspiration in part, but obviously *The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway* and all the rest of it was something I really enjoyed doing. I've avoided it until now largely

SO WATTS

When **Peter Gabriel** plops himself down at the 88s he's not just tickling ivory; he's emoting on a Fairlight CMI Series 2x, an Emulator II, a Prophet 5 Rev. 5, and Rev. 3.2, Yamaha CP80 and CP70 Electric Grand Pianos, a Hammond B3 (with Leslie 122) a Yamaha CS80, and—for those hard to get at rhythms,—a Linn LMI, LM2 and 9000.

You can imagine that guitarist **David Rhodes** was pretty impressed by all Pete's technology! Why there Dave sat with nothing but a Fender Jazzmaster, a Strat, an Ovation 12-string, and a couple of Steinberger 6-strings. He probably sat on his Boogie, Marshall and Roland amps, taking solace in his Boss effects.

That's about when **Tony Levin** walked in, playing a Musicman bass, a Steinberger, and needless to say, a Chapman Stick. He was using Boss and Ibanez effects. **Larry Klein**? He got by with just a Yamaha bass—but it had five strings.

When Gabriel went to sing those monkey-shocking tunes he was warbling into a Neumann U47 Valve mike—except when he chose to instead spread his saliva on other assorted Neumanns, Sennheisers, and Shures.

The mighty desk behind which **Daniel Lanois** sat? Why it was an SSL 4048E (we counted) no fewer than 48 inputs. What sort of tape machines? Two Studer A80 24-tracks, one Mitsubishi X800 32-track digital recorder, an Ampex ATR 100 ½-inch mastering machine, a Sony F1 digital, a Studer A80 ½-inch mastering machine, and we couldn't go swimming without those Adams-Smith (no relation to the proto-capitalist) 2600 Synchronizers.

What was in the outboard? The lifejackets! Only kidding, techheads. That set-up included six AMS RMX-16 Digital reverbs, an AMS 15-80S Stereo 14-second digital delay, an AMS 15-80S stereo 1.6 second digital delay, an AMS 15-80 Mono harmoniser/digital delay, a Quantec Room simulator, a window recorder digital sampler, two DeltaLab DL2 Acoustic Couplers, three Roland Dimension Ds, an Eventide harmonizer, an Audio and Design Vocal Stresser, a Korg SDD3000 digital delay, a Roland SDE3000 digital delay, a Robis parametric equalizer, a dbx 160S compressor/limiter, a nice Brooke Siren DPR 402 compressor/limiter and a SRC Friend Chip SMPTE Reader.

Do drummers count as musicians, too? To PG they do. **Manu Katche** played Yamaha drums and assorted African and Brazilian percussion. **Jerry Marotta** played Yamaha, too. **Stewart Copeland**—he was pounding the pagan skins for Tama, while 31st century man **Chris Hughes** beat it out with Linn LM2 programming.

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because of that history. But yes, she's a great example of someone who uses visual media as well as sound.

MUSICIAN: *You could have trouble sustaining credibility in all this, particularly in the art world. I know several artists who feel that Laurie Anderson has lost much of her intimacy and strength since her crossover to rock music.*

GABRIEL: Isn't that always the case with anyone who achieves success? I've had long talks with Laurie, trying to convince her to popularize her music more. I feel that rock could do with far more people with her intelligence, skills and sensitivity, and it is certainly enriched by the involvement of artists like Laurie. It's part of the elitism of the avant-garde to argue otherwise. I'm much more interested in an amusement park than an art gallery as a starting point because I'll be cutting out a lot of bullshit. I like art that is generated without much consciousness of critics, other artists, fashion and commercial value.

My current preoccupation, besides music, is the planning of an amusement park.

MUSICIAN: *What?!*

GABRIEL: Yes, a kind of real world alternative to Disneyland. It's long been a fantasy of mine, but there's an architect in Australia with a two-acre site in Sydney who heard about my idea, and he's asked me to put forward a proposal. The ideology and aesthetics of the amusement park were established in the 1940s and 50s, and I strongly believe that the creative minds of today could come up with much more interesting experiences than has usually been the case. And with contemporary interactive technology, you could have events and experiences that would respond to the visitor, so it would be a truly participatory process. I'm sure it's going to happen, and that there are many people in the arts today who will, for the want of a better word, become "experience designers." I want to be involved with it. At the moment my plan is, I suppose, still a fantasy, but there is a two-acre reality in Sydney, and my proposal is being examined by the Ministry of Works in Australia, along with five others. Should we be lucky enough to get through to the next round, we'd be yet closer to reality. I've been meeting up with several artists to talk about the scheme, and I've just spent an evening discussing it with R.D. Laing, the psychiatrist.

MUSICIAN: *What would your role be?*

GABRIEL: I'd be a producer, trying to put together creative collaborations on the basis of my ideas about "ludic art"—the art of games.

MUSICIAN: *Does the music we used to listen to at school have any bearing on what you're doing now?*

GABRIEL: As you know, what I used to listen to at school was John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, soul, Otis Redding, Stax/Atlantic, and English beat music—which would obviously include groups like the Beatles, the Kinks and the Yardbirds. Now I usually return to black music, but there's a Byrds influence on "That Voice Again." I'd rejected twelve-string after Genesis, but I felt that ten years was long enough, so I explored the sound again. The innovation of the chorus pedal has made the effect very familiar, but it still doesn't compare with two live tracks of sound reacting with each other.

MUSICIAN: *Do you think that the average listener would notice the difference?*

GABRIEL: Only if he were played the two side by side and asked to say which was the more attractive. You'd choose the one with the living activity of beating notes.

MUSICIAN: *Does the same limitation not apply to drum machines?*

GABRIEL: Yes. When I hear so many bands basing their music on programmed sequencers and drum machines I long to hear some human imperfections. On this album I still use a drum machine as one of my vital writing instruments, but where it was possible to introduce or add the personality of a live performance I tried to do so. In that respect I've been extremely lucky to have worked with some of the best musicians around. For instance, I worked with a French African drummer called Manu Katché, who is a stunning player, and I had some incredible contributions from Jerry Marotta and Stewart Copeland.

MUSICIAN: *You've taken a long time making this record. Why is that?*

The idea of "talent" is incredibly overrated. A need to survive is much more important. If you went up to someone on the street with a gun and said, "In twelve months' time you'll be shot unless you produce a great work of art," he would suddenly find the motivation to do so.

LUCIANO VITI RETNA

Make-up: "Shock The Monkey"; hands: Laurie Anderson.

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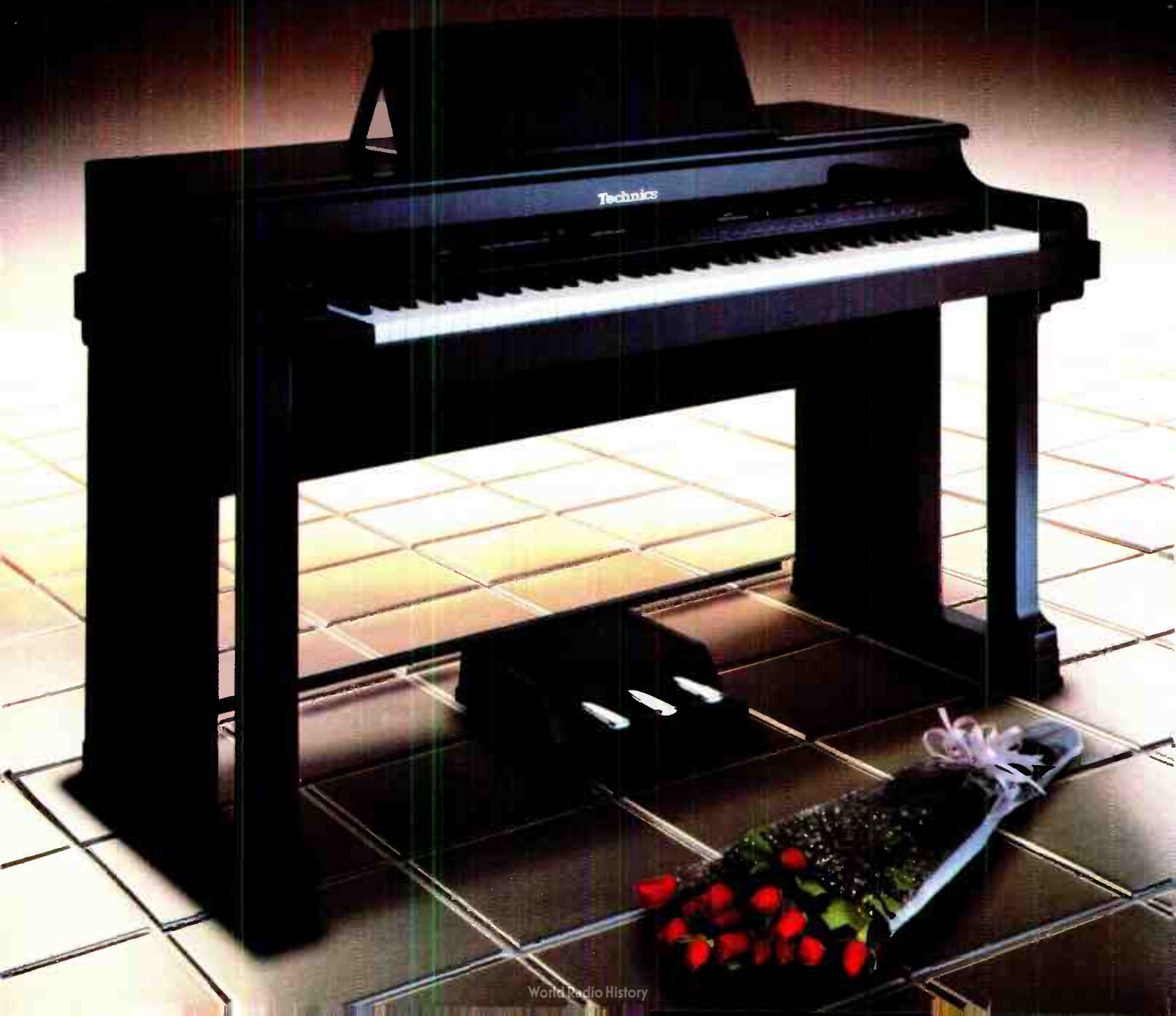


GABRIEL: It's strange—someone can write a book in seven days or seven years, and no one grumbles. But when you're making records people complain and ask you what you were doing if you're not part of the album/tour circuit. This album was begun in February 1985 and we had mixes done by the following Christmas, so it wasn't much more than twelve months until it was finished, although there was some writing done before that. It's slow compared with most people, but it's all done here, so I'm not paying vast sums for studio time. My advances from royalties go towards the studio equipment, and it gives me the opportunity to experiment and make the record the way I choose. It also means that if I want to do other non-commercial projects, it's not prohibitively expensive.

MUSICIAN: *Are you under pressure from the record company?*

GABRIEL: Not a whole lot. The problem is that the bigger you become the more pressure you get, because the company does its yearly cash-flow calculations and tries to plan its album releases so that it can balance its income. Artists, of course, can't work to rote, so I think it's a pretty dumb thing for a company to try to do. If a particular album sells "x" copies, its follow-up may sell either four times or a quarter as much.

MUSICIAN: *Did Genesis make you rich?*

GABRIEL: When I left we still hadn't made any money, even though everyone assumed we were millionaires. We'd accumulated huge debts, which was one of the reasons why I had a lot of pressure to stay in the band at that point. But now I'm definitely making money, which I'm investing in a new studio. The last time I toured was the first time I went into profit—until then I'd always made a loss on tours.

MUSICIAN: *Do you enjoy the touring?*

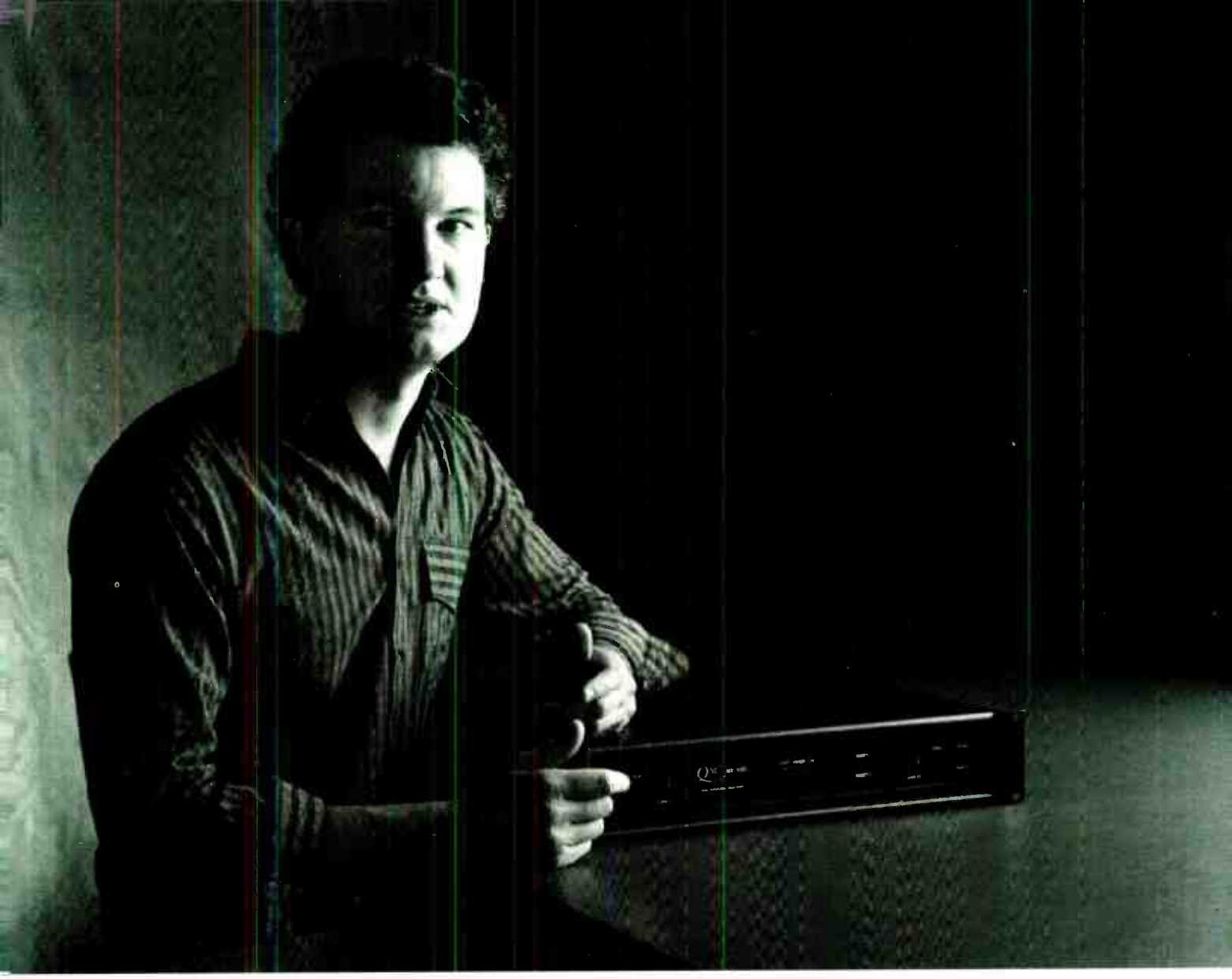
GABRIEL: Yes, I do; but I wouldn't want to do it nine months a year. Three to six months every two or three years is enough. I enjoy it because the relationship you have with an artist when you really like their live performance is a lot closer than listening to records or watching videos; that makes the experience satisfying both for the performer and the audience.

MUSICIAN: *After all those years with Genesis, what remains with you?*

GABRIEL: Among the musical elements that are still present in my work would be the exploration of chord sequences and progressions that are not rock 'n' roll standards. We may have taken that too far in Genesis, because we would never go near something like a "C, Am, F, G" sequence—which, oddly enough, was the basis of "Solsbury Hill"—but it was sometimes very interesting. I've also retained a little bit of our folk and hymn influences. I now see Genesis as a lot of fun and a healthy part of my growing up. Certain periods of my time with the band were great—the Italian tours, for instance, are a fond memory. They were chaotic, crazy, but really exciting.

MUSICIAN: *This is all a long way from the schoolboy band at Charterhouse. Does it surprise you how far you've come since then? Did you realize then that you had such a talent?*

GABRIEL: Actually I think that the idea of "talent" is incredibly overrated. A need to survive is much more important: if it becomes critical to your psyche that you do well in a particular area, then you'll acquire the means to achieve it. An example of this that I like to give is that of the Wolf Children, who managed to learn to run on all fours and to develop a fine sense of smell, which would normally be seen as extra-human talents. I'm convinced that if you went up to someone on the street with a gun and said, "In twelve months' time you'll be shot unless you produce a great work of art," he would suddenly find the motivation to do so. I'd just like to add to that, though, that among the same group of people starting at the same point with the same survival need to acquire a talent, some would advance much further than others. But I do think that we're all potentially multi-talented beings. Ⓜ



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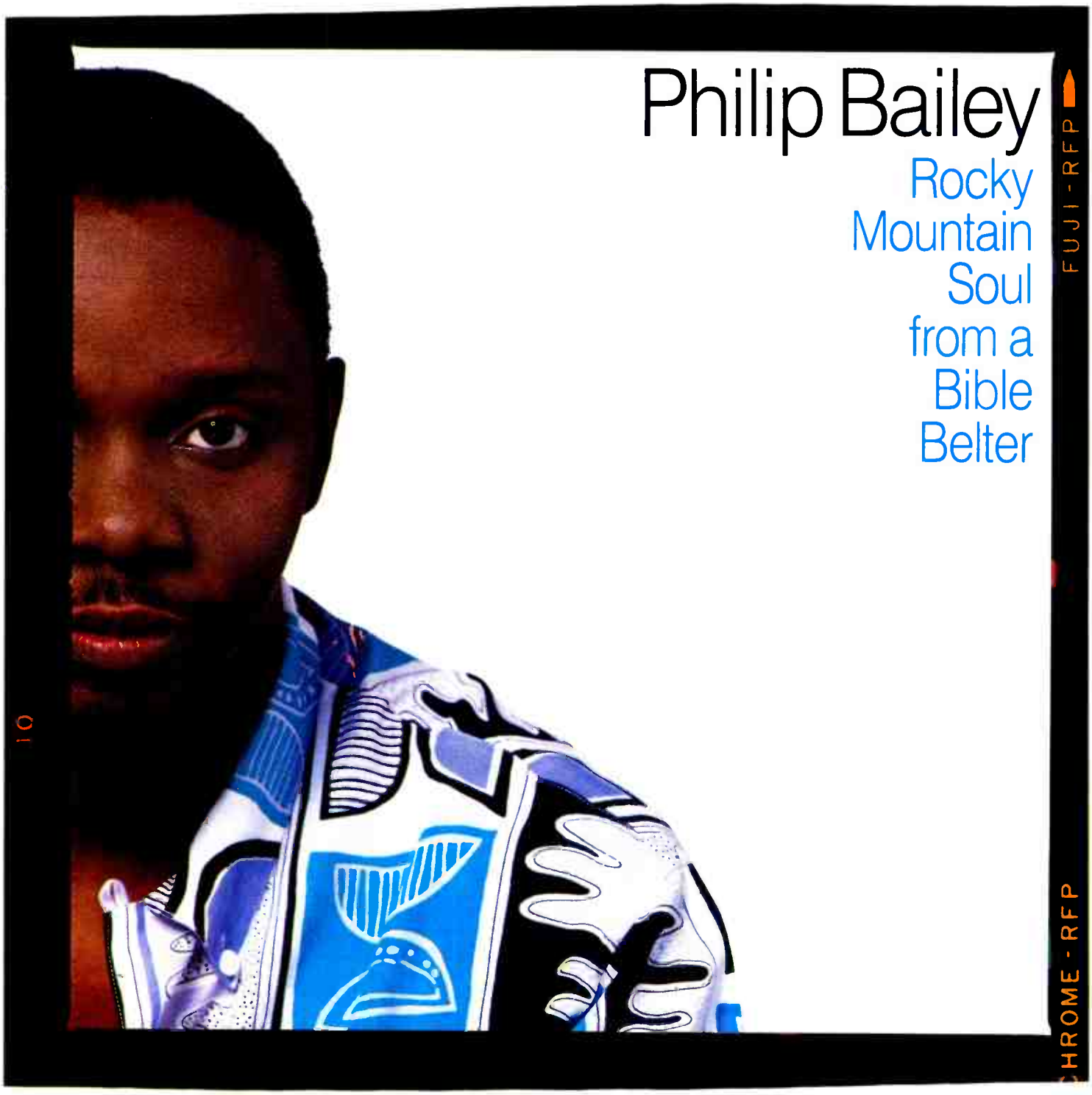


Philip Bailey

Rocky Mountain Soul from a Bible Belter

Flute and harp add sweetness to a song; better than either, a sweet voice. (Ecclesiasticus 40:21)

PHILIP BAILEY AND NILE RODGERS were in the homey control room of Skyline Studios in Manhattan, just a few blocks south of Times Square. As the hottest producer of the last few years, Rodgers had guided hits with David Bowie, Diana Ross and Madonna, and a certain wisdom about coaxing vocals had come with all that platinum. "You have to figure out what an artist can execute best," Rodgers says, "or what they *can't* execute best, because sometimes that's hip, the fact that they can't quite get to the note." Hoping to find a note Bailey couldn't get to, Rodgers customized "Don't Leave Me Baby," a gorgeous ballad inspired by choral rounds he remembered hearing in a Baptist church.

Bailey walked out to the studio and stood in front of a microphone, thinking about how it feels to be on the lonely side of a one-way door. The tape rolled; in a modest, silken falsetto, Bailey began rubbing against a descending bass line. As that well-known manual of soul singing, the Bible, counsels, "A wise man will keep quiet until the right moment." "I can't go on my own all alone," Bailey cooed in his downy tone, and you knew he couldn't. But as he imagined









By Rob Tannenbaum

Photographs by Chris Cuffaro/Village

high-heeled footsteps growing fainter, he knew the time for manly composure had passed. He swooped down to a baritone and pleaded, ad libbing his entreaties against the beat. Not only did he get to every note, he uncovered a few the producer hadn't put there. Even the coldest heart would have melted. Rodgers felt the studio light up.

The indoor fireworks over, Bailey walked back into the control room. "Is that what you wanted?" he asked Rodgers simply. The latter could only smile and nod. Later, reflecting on that performance, Rodgers laughed and shook his boxy Afro. "I had no idea Philip was that good. I've never worked with anyone like him before. He's the greatest singer ever."

Philip Bailey has been mastering demanding material since the age of twenty-one, when he became Maurice White's vocal foil in Earth, Wind & Fire. Throughout the 70s, EW&F were arguably the best and most influential pop band in the world. Their encyclopedic R&B corralled street-corner harmonies, Latin and African rhythms, post-Hendrix guitar and big-band horn syncopations with a joy and masterful grace that never risked academicism. Even those put off by

the band's signature insistence that peace and happiness are just a positive thought away couldn't deny EW&F's dazzling melodicism; between 1974 and 1979 the group placed fourteen songs in the top forty. And while Maurice White routinely gets most of the credit for the band's success, that tally would have been substantially lower without contributions from arranger Charles Stepney, bassist Verdine White, keyboardist Larry Dunn, guitarist Al McKay—and Bailey, who played percussion, co-wrote several of the biggest hits, and interpreted such classic prom anthems as "Reasons," "That's The Way Of The World," "Fantasy" and "After The Love Is Gone."

The breadth of his voice immediately suggests the EW&F catalog, but Bailey's solo work has carefully avoided repetition. A gospel record earned a Grammy nomination in 1984, the same year his Phil Collins-produced *Chinese Wall* became a huge hit on the strength of the chart-topping "Easy Lover." Maurice White's own solo debut a year later flopped louder than Phil Collins' snare. Recently, White produced three tracks for Neil Diamond's *Headed For The Future*; if you have to ask how those compare to Bailey's Rodgers-produced *Inside Out*, it's time to start starching your socks. Without taking anything away from White's accomplishments, it's clear which member of Earth, Wind & Fire has done the best work during their sabbatical. While Rodgers' christening Bailey "the greatest singer ever" may be a bit premature, Bailey has proven his ambition equal to his voice.

Mork and Mindy, Alexis and Blake. These are the funkiest images most of us have of Denver, Colorado, where Philip Bailey was born thirty-five years ago. But after moving to Los Angeles to Make It Big, he returned to Denver a few years ago with his wife Janet and children Sir, Trini, Creed and little Philip. He glows when he talks about Colorado. "You get up so high, and the air's so thin that it's hard to breathe. You see colors that you never noticed before." Bailey shakes his head. "How can you describe the mountains? They're God's wonders."

Bailey's awe may testify to his beliefs as a born-again Christian, or it could just reflect the fact that he spent a rainy spring day ricocheting around New York City to talk about his new album. He's a lithe man, but with puffs of baby fat clinging to his cheekbones that suggest youthfulness. Bailey's falsetto links him to such soul men as Eddie Kendricks, Eugene Record and Russell Tompkins; the religious and carnal ecstacies that inspire him to raise his voice suggest the flesh-and-spirit dualities of Al Green, Solomon Burke and Sam Cooke. He may be a devout man, but Bailey has a voice that could make a convent sweat.

From grade school through the University of Colorado, Bailey studied percussion and singing, gaining experience in a youth choir and local bands. He says his falsetto was partly a by-product of Denver's thin, mile-high air, and not deliberately modeled after Kendricks or Record. "My real influences were female vocalists: Dionne Warwick was the first, then Sarah Vaughan, Aretha Franklin, Mahalia Jackson. When I was singing in clubs, of course, those Chi-Lites and Temptations songs were hits, but after singing Aretha's "Don't Let Me Lose This Dream," those songs were easy for me."

He and keyboardist Larry Dunn played in a Denver group called Friends in Love, which opened for Earth, Wind & Fire in 1970. A year later Bailey moved to Los Angeles with his wife and first child. He was musical director and percussionist for the Stoval Sisters, a pop-gospel group. For a long time the family lived in a friend's spare bedroom. When the Stovals broke up, "there wasn't any ducats." Bailey sent his family back to Colorado. He was about to be evicted from his apartment when Maurice White asked him and Dunn to join Earth, Wind & Fire.

Bailey says he and White "hit it off in terms of ideals and beliefs. But you know what sold me? I wasn't looking for financial security as much as a good musical entity that I could feel a part of. When I started, Maurice for sure was like our teacher. We'd never recorded any records before, or written any songs that had been recorded, so he was the master and we were the followers." In a *Musician* interview last fall, White denied "being a general in the studio" and insisted, "The only way you can really bring about creativity is by allowing people to create, to contribute to what you're doing."

At first the young Bailey only played percussion and sang a few ballads. On the new group's first album, *Last Days And Time*, Bailey was featured on Pete Seeger's "Where Have All The Flowers Gone" and Bread's "Make It With You." A black band singing wimpy white ballads in 1972 was an anomaly. In the era of Funkadelic's *America Eats Its Young*, Marvin Gaye's *What's Going On*, the Temptations' "Ball Of Confusion," Edwin Starr's "War" and Sly Stone's *There's A Riot Goin' On*, Earth, Wind & Fire seemed more attuned to Norman Vincent Peale. "We never followed trends," Bailey replies proudly. "We were trend*setters*."

After *Last Days And Time* came *Head To The Sky*, with Louisiana-born Al McKay adding chicken-scratch guitar. Although Bailey says *Head* "was a huge album for us," the following *Open Our Eyes* contained the band's first chart hits: "Mighty Mighty" and "Devotion" (the latter co-written by Bailey and featuring his vocals) creased the top forty and drove the LP into the top fifteen. The next year "Shining Star" went to number one and EW&F began a chart streak that defines 70s pop: "Sing A Song," "Getaway," "Serpentine Fire," "Fantasy," "Got To Get You Into My Life," "September."

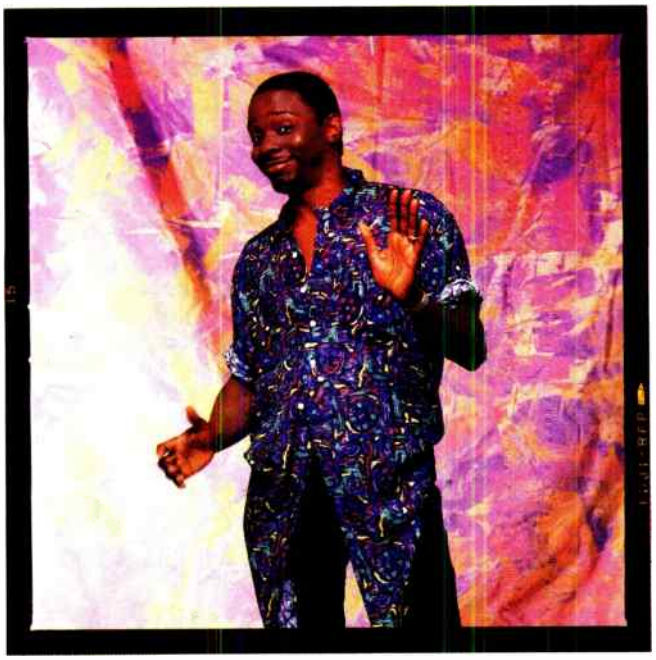
"You can't talk about 'Reasons,' 'That's The Way' and many other songs without saying [arranger and co-producer] Charles Stepney," Bailey declares respectfully. "Because many of those melodies and chord changes came straight out of his basement, on a four-track." Stepney sketched the vocal melody to "Reasons " on a Mini-Moog, Bailey recalls. "The rhythm, the pulse—it'd just be there on the demos. He and Maurice collaborated so well. Charles was just a musical genius, he really was." Stepney died in 1976, before the release of *Spirit*. On the next album, *All 'N' All*, Verdine White and Larry Dunn became production assistants; Bailey added vocal collaborations and co-wrote three songs. Since the Temptations, Chi-Lites and Stylistics had fallen off the charts, Bailey's spiralling falsetto helped sustain a gospel/soul tradition that would otherwise have been left to the Bee Gees.

But although the band members shared White's head-to-the-sky optimism, they didn't necessarily take up his other mystic beliefs. With White getting all the publicity, people assumed the others were "involved in Egyptology, pyramids, and all the rest of it," Bailey says, smiling grimly. "That became a problem. You felt imposed upon as to who you were. You'd read something and you didn't feel as if it was talking about you." As that well-known primer on career management, the Bible, counsels, "In all that you do be the master, and do not spoil the honor that is yours." Bailey started thinking solo.

"It was a gradual thing, like a child that begins to rebel against his parents. You want to get recognition for what you did. And you want to have a more vocal part in decision-making about what's being done with your life. Every tub must stand on its bottom, as my mother used to say. It always gets mixed up in interviews as me putting Maurice down," Bailey protests. In fact, he's said some unmistakably unkind things which liken White's production philosophy to a vise. "If I did half the things right that he did, I would consider myself extremely successful. Maurice was caught between a rock and a hard place: in continuing to move on and not repeat himself, and in satisfying the band and their desire to make their own contributions."

Continued chart success might have quelled dissent within

the band. But after 1979's David Foster-produced *I Am* yielded two top ten singles ("Boogie Wonderland" and "After The Love Has Gone"), the hits stopped coming. Al McKay left, and other members, notably Bailey, pressed White for more group participation. "It had to be a challenge to him," Bailey notes, "in terms of people doubting his abilities." Instead, Bailey's vocal contributions dropped off to a song or two per album. He says the band was reduced to "more or less session guys," and has admitted that "the last few EW&F sessions were just business for me." Through four 80s albums their only hit was "Let's Groove," a reflexive disco number. Earth, Wind & Fire were no longer the world's premier R&B band. After *Electric Universe* became their first new LP in over ten years to sell under 500,000 copies, White put Earth, Wind & Fire on hold.



"That's what Maurice had to do," Bailey says. "And I understand that now. Whether the manner in which he did it was right or wrong, that's past tense." Although he acknowledges White as his "mentor," Bailey couldn't contain his animosity. "Of course there was resentment. There's no easy way to say goodbye."

Michael Jackson and Paul McCartney

Stevie Wonder and Paul McCartney. Michael Jackson and Eddie Van Halen. These ebony-and-ivory collaborations inspired the crackling duet by Philip Bailey and Phil Collins on "Easy Lover," the number-one hit from Bailey's *Chinese Wall*. "I'm not a pioneer," Collins says, "and I haven't got a real beef about it, but the music business in this country compartmentalizes people. If you're black, you're over there and there's no way you're going to be allowed over here. 'Easy Lover' got Phil on MTV, to a white audience. And it got me to a black audience—'Sussudio' was a huge black hit because the kids had heard my name. I'm not trying to preach, but if it can be done, taking people out of the boxes, well and good."

Although his 70s drum work with Genesis was as unfunky as, well, Colorado, Collins was a longtime Earth, Wind & Fire fan. He saw them play in England in 1978, but was less than blown away by his future partner: "The thing I liked about the band was not the area that Phil had anything to do with. The horn arrangements, the way they'd punctuate with the drums, was extraordinary. In fact, the part I liked the least when I saw them live was Phil's falsetto, because it was like the Stylistics, and I didn't like that kind of singing."

When Collins recorded a solo album in 1981, he enlisted EW&F's Phenix Horns for the hit single "I Missed Again." They later appeared on Genesis' "Paperlate," and Collins called them again while producing Frida's *Something's Going On* in Sweden. The two Phils met during that last session, and then backstage in New York after an EW&F show—but Collins suspects Bailey "didn't know who I was."

"I never had a Genesis record or a Phil Collins record," Bailey admits. But when Collins took a band on tour, Bailey came to see him in Los Angeles. "Seeing him sing those songs and deliver them, I was in love with the music. I said, 'Man, this cat is happening. Let's get together.'"

Bailey was about to begin his first solo album with George Duke as producer. Since Collins had tour obligations, Philip and Phil decided to postpone their collaboration but stay in touch. Bailey's *Continuation* was released in 1983, the same year as EW&F's stillborn *Electric Universe*. Neither record sounded good or sold well. "After that I said, 'Okay, fine, I'm getting out of Los Angeles.' And I moved home to Denver."

Bailey remembered his talks with Collins. As that well-known treatise on soul purism, the Bible, warns, "Unclean roots only find hard rock." This time Philip Bailey didn't pay attention, partly out of ignorance of Collins' art-rock rep; "If I had known Phil, I probably wouldn't have asked him to work with me."

"There were a few hiccups," Collins says. "Philip had been getting quite a lot of flak from black radio: 'I hear you're going to England to make an album. Make sure it's a black album or we ain't gonna play it.' So he had a little bit of anxiety about which musicians to use. He wanted me, presumably, because of the sound I was getting, so I decided to do it with English musicians rather than American musicians. I said, 'Either you want to do it this way or you don't.' And he said, 'Can we compromise?'" Thus American bassist Nathan East and keyboardist Lessette Wilson offset Collins and guitarist Daryl Stuermer.

The Anglo-American tension proved fruitful on the album's hit single. Bailey and Collins co-wrote a song during pre-production and discarded it, but they wanted to include a collaboration on the LP. Collins: "Nathan and Phil were playing around with a riff on the piano, but it was very L.A.—slick, smooth changes. So I went up to Daryl and said [*winking*], 'Whatever you do, put a fuzz box on it.' I was going around singing 'Choosy Lover' over the piano chords. After working on it all day, we put a rough version of it down on tape. The next day we said, 'Let's check it out so we can go in and record it.' When we heard it, we realized there was nothing wrong with it. We tried doing it again, but we kept the original."

While Bailey was recording some vocals, Collins changed the chorus to "Easy Lover" and finished the lyrics. "Then Phil said, 'You've written the words, you may as well sing some.' I said [*hesitates*], 'Okay.' So we worked it out as a duet. Then after we'd sung it, he said, 'We've got to do a video.' I said, 'Ehh, yeah, okay'—a little bit reluctantly, because I'd just done some singing with Clapton and Atlantic Records was saying, 'Don't sing any more or people are going to get fed up with your voice.' Needless to say, I didn't listen."

The video was directed by Jim Yukich, who'd handled several clips for Genesis and Collins' solo albums, including the winning "Don't Lose My Number." Says Collins, "He said, 'Phil's got this concept where you're always in the back of his mind.' I said, 'This has very strong homosexual tones, I don't think it's very good for any of us. Why don't we just have a performance of the song?' Jim said, 'Why don't we do it like *A Hard Day's Night*, the filming of the filming and all the things that go on behind it."

The clip came out right about the time MTV was taking heat for avoiding black artists; Collins' presence and Stuermer's fuzzed hard-rock guitar made "Easy Lover" a natural for heavy rotation. But if the song brought Philip Bailey to MTV

CHRIS CUFFARO

and AOR, it also caused his gospel album *The Wonders Of His Love* to be yanked off several stations. "People started suggesting shit about the lyrics that's not even there," Bailey says, getting frustrated at the memory. "They said [*in a snickety voice*], 'We won't play any records by a guy who talks about an easy lover.' Then you ask, 'Did you listen to the lyrics?' It's almost a parallel to Proverbs, chapters six and seven, and how the man goeth after the woman as an ox goes to slaughter. When I read the lyrics, I reflected back to those passages. But it seems like some of these Christian folks got nothing else to do but sit at home and pick."

Being blacklisted by religious groups was oddly ironic for Bailey, who is an outspoken critic of black pop music. "Black artists are not forced to study the art of song structure from a lyrical standpoint. They just know that a certain subject is selling. 'All you got to do is find you a song talking about sex.' 'Okay, I'm gonna do me this song called "Do Me Baby."' There's a lot of whorish music on black radio. And it perpetuates the idea some people have about black people."

So although Bailey believes censorship should be dictated by artists' consciences, he worries about what his children are exposed to. But he believes the solution is in education, not censorship. "Just because I don't let Prince in my house, doesn't mean my kids ain't gonna be influenced by his music. They'll go over to their friends' if they want to. There's no way you're gonna shelter your kids from every form of pollution. When you get right down to it, the church ain't that durn clean. So the heat's turned up, now it's time to have a talk with little Johnny. If you don't know how to talk to him, it's your fault. Not Prince's."

David Bowie and Diana Ross impressed a lot of listeners when each worked with Nile Rodgers. So did Sister Sledge and Madonna. But Philip Bailey was not particularly impressed with any of this work. "You have to understand that when Chic was really happening, Earth, Wind & Fire was happening too. I admired them, but besides the fact that they made hit records, Chic wasn't out of the ordinary to me. Because Al McKay played fantastic rhythm guitar. Them licks that was on those Chic records, Al McKay was playing seriously." Eventually Bailey got turned on to Rodgers—but not by a Chic record or a Ross record or even a Madonna record. Duran Duran's "Wild Boys" convinced him.

"It was like the record jumped out of the radio. It was a perfect fusion; you could feel it and dance to it, but it was pop all the way. It was like rock 'n' roll funk. I said, 'Okay, I can know that.'" Bailey asked Collins to produce again, but the ubiquitous drummer had to decline. So Bailey called Rodgers, who was friends with Verdine White and a self-confessed "serious Al McKay fan." In their lean days, Chic regularly covered "Getaway" in their shows. "And we could play it *right*," Rodgers says proudly. Thus he was familiar with Bailey's voice. Nonetheless, Rodgers subjected Bailey to the same rigorous test he applies to all potential clients: "We went to eat," the producer says, munching on a cheeseburger while taking a break from mixing the new Al Jarreau album at Skyline Studios. "After we fed our faces, we felt like we liked each other, and that was good enough. We'll deal with the music after that. The next time, we went to eat again. I'm big on eating. And then the puzzle started to fit together."

Inspired by "Easy Lover," Bailey wanted to hear more guitars on his next solo LP. Memories of "Make It With You" aside, Bailey claims his catholic listening habits "gave me the ability to distinguish good rock 'n' roll music from a bunch of loud crap." Before starting with Rodgers, Bailey gathered a million-dollar band in London for one weekend: Phil Collins, Nathan East, George Duke, Ray Parker and Jeff Beck.

"Everybody was trying but nothing was right," Collins says. "A lot of chiefs and no Indians. It happened spontaneously on 'Easy Lover,' and here we were trying to *do* that kind of thing. Once you're thinking about it, it becomes even harder.

"I learned a lot from doing Brian Eno's *Another Green World* and *Before And After Science*. If you establish a strong mood, other people will pick up on it. I write like that a lot. So I started this drum machine pattern and Nathan looked up from the control room. And we started picking up on it." Parker added a sharp, chunky riff over Collins' hard backbeat; Duke and East slid underneath with a firm motif; and "Back It Up" was finished. But the credits mention all the London musicians except for Jeff Beck. "I like Jeff a lot," Collins says, "but there were too many people without enough ideas. Ray had taken the best bits of what Jeff played and used it in his own part. So the second day, Jeff didn't turn up. He rang up and said he didn't think he was contributing anything, and that we could do it without him." The ice was broken; on that second day the band weaved the graceful backing of "Because Of You."

Those two songs are among the best on the album, and Sting's *Blue Turtle* rhythm section of Omar Hakim and Darryl Jones play on two others (including "The Day Will Come," a ballad Rodgers considers the album's best song). Bailey says he wanted to do more with a live band but it was too expensive. Again he worked out a compromise with his producer: "I'm more into live drums, but Nile is used to using [drum programmer] Jimmy Bralower. I wasn't going to neglect Nile. I hired the guy, so I wasn't going to say, 'I don't want you to do it the way you want to do it.'"

"I really, really like the ultratechnology," Rodgers says. "It had to do with the feel of the songs we chose. If we had played a ballad like 'Long Distance Love' with a band, it would have sounded like the Unifics. 'State Of The Heart' wouldn't have had the same feel with a band. There's an edgy quality to a lot of the sampling that we used that made an interesting blend with Philip Bailey's voice."

Although it's too early to brandish superlatives, *Inside Out* will almost certainly stand as one of the best-sung albums of the year. Rodgers left Bailey a substantial amount of room to maneuver. While there are doses of soprano splendor to make Patti Labelle tremble, Bailey spends almost half the album in a baritone he's rarely revealed before. "Artists always want to change," Rodgers says. "When we were in Chic, we had a hard time digging up another way to play I-IV. Philip contributed more than most of the people I've worked with. A lot of people who are solo artists don't think in terms of instrumentation. Madonna gives a lot of suggestions as far as parts are concerned, but if the thing is happening right, she's cool about it. She doesn't say, 'Maybe we should bring in horns to go "buh-buh-buh."' Bowie thinks like that—it was a complete collaboration, like me working with Bernard Edwards: 'What do you think?' 'Okay, now what do *you* think?' It's really very simple to me: 'How does the song go? What do you want me to play? What do I want you to sing? Do you like it? Great, let's go home.'"

Philip Bailey and Maurice White

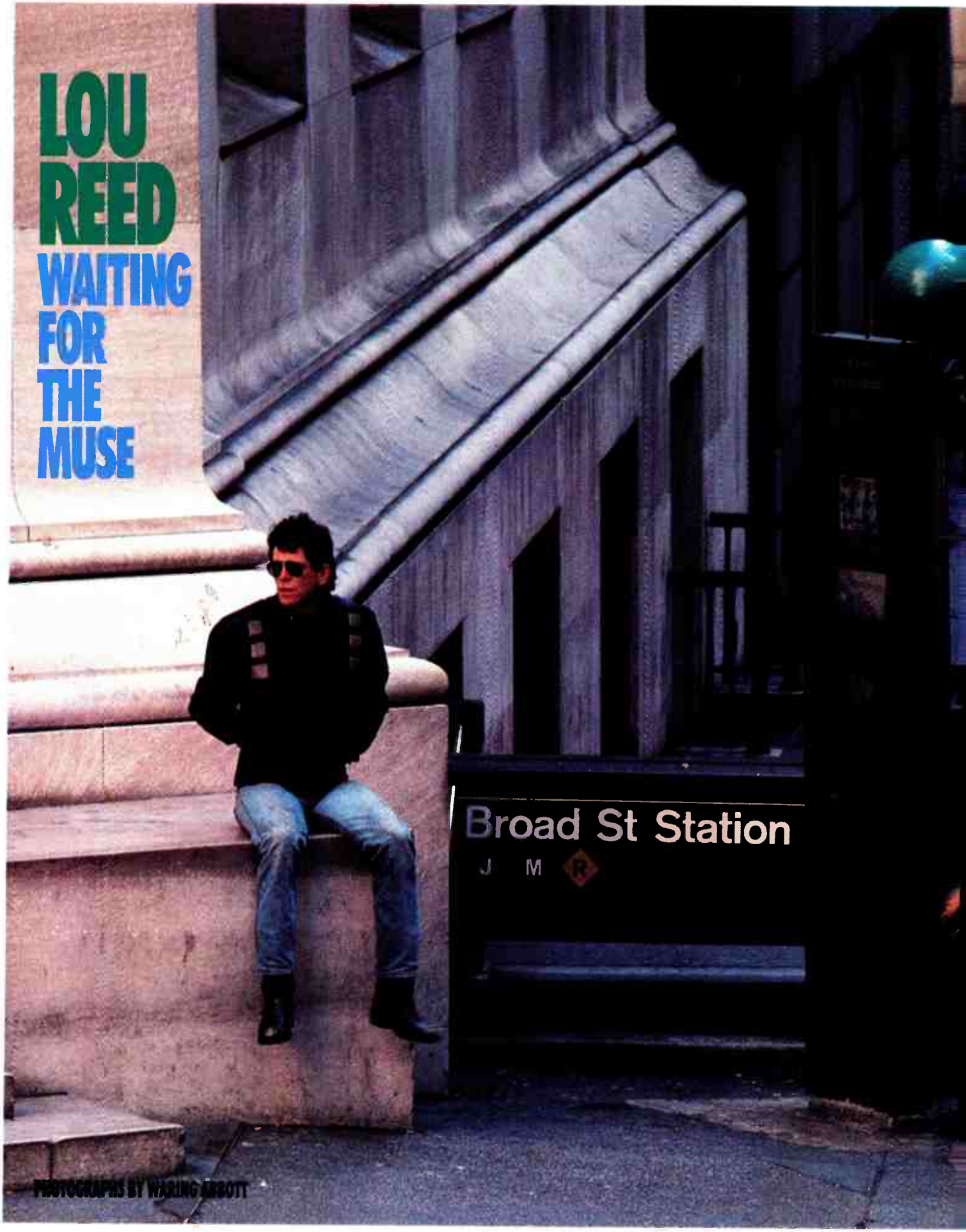
got together recently and agreed to make another Earth, Wind & Fire album. Verdine White and Larry Dunn will be on it, and Al McKay may return to play guitar. But Maurice White will not be the producer. Bailey claims that "Maurice and I are too close to sit down and say, 'Okay, here's the deal.'" But Bailey's solo success clearly demonstrates that the seventeenth Earth, Wind & Fire record could be vivified by his increased input.

Unfortunately, the next EW&F album may delay Bailey's first substantial solo tour. He was welcoming the chance to sing—and possibly revise—such favorites as "Fantasy," "After The Love Is Gone" and "Reasons."

"I always cringe when I hear 'Reasons' because I think I could have done a better performance on it." It wasn't until later on in Earth, Wind & Fire's career that I really started to hear myself as being on target. From record to record, I can hear improvement. That's what you strive for, to hear yourself getting closer and closer. To what, I don't know. But I guess that's what keeps it going." Ⓜ

LOU REED

WAITING FOR THE MUSE



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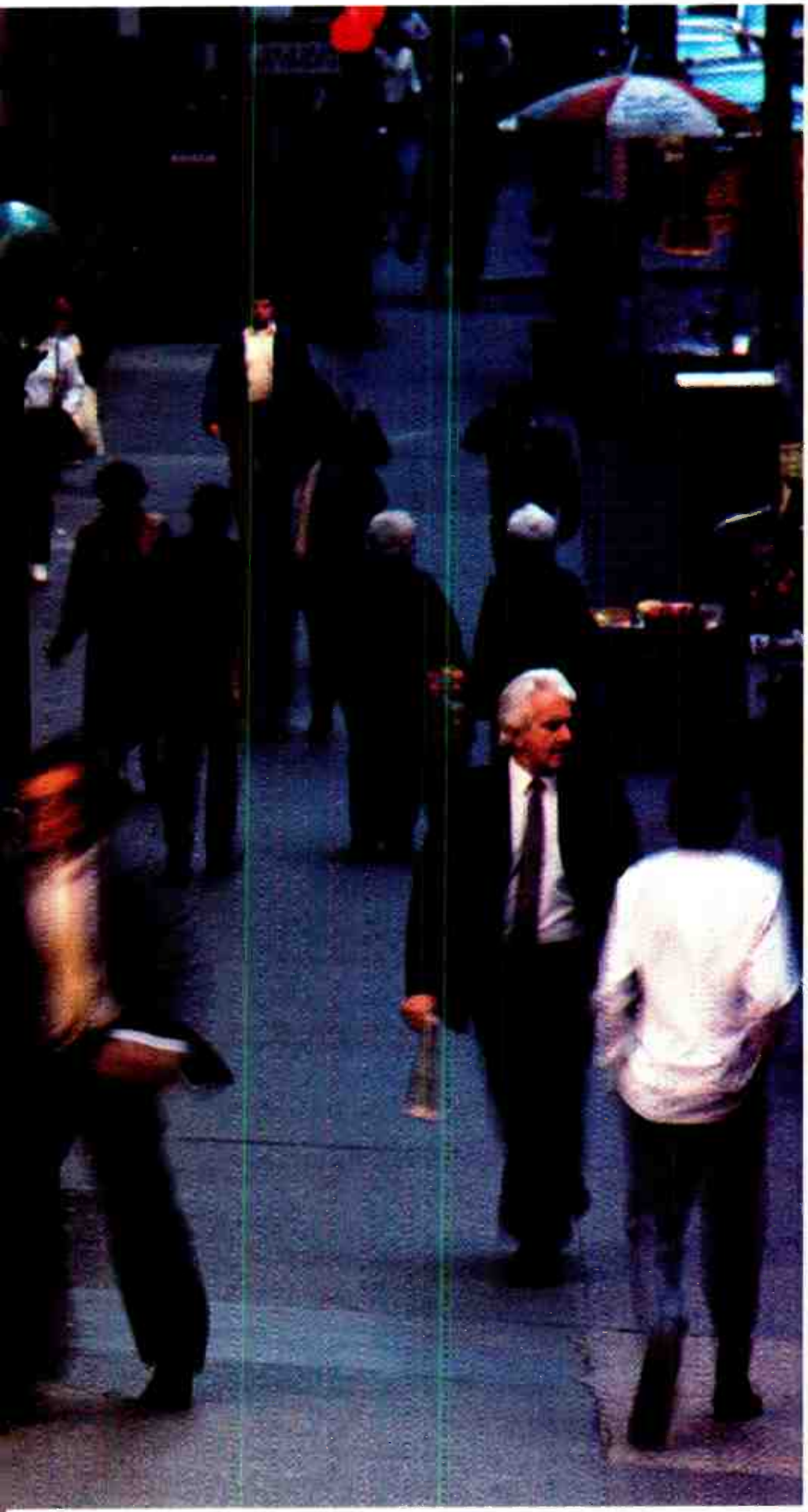

I have a confession to make: I never did like the Velvet Underground. Now, we're talking World Class Rock Crit Heresy here, I know. Not like the Velvets? Not appreciate the band that broke through the dark underside of rock 'n' roll, whose brutal, tangled imagery and abrasive playing brought us face to face with the parts of ourselves that kept rock's utopian vision from fully manifesting? You bet. Not that I didn't appreciate that something significant was going on with this Lou Reed character. It's just that my attitude was, "Maybe he's absolutely right, but I got too much of this in my life already, *and I really can't have this coming at me out of my stereo*!" No sirreebob.

Heroin? S&M? Raging Paranoia? What was the point of wallowing in all this psychic garbage? Not groovy. I had enough angst to deal with without having to digest this muck. Never occurred to me that there might be something *cathartic* in all this. That perhaps these brutal visions related to denied and damaged fragments that had become little monsters precisely because they had been repressed and shoved into the unconscious. And that by *symbolically* confronting this detritus through art and music this stuff just might be purified and redeemed. Sorry, no way. Wasn't ready to consider that. Did go out and buy Lou's *Rock And Roll Animal*, though to be honest it was mostly Dick Wagner and Steve Hunter's soaring, majestic guitar duels that caught my attention. But it was *Street Hassle*, and later '81's *The Blue Mask*—Reed's first project featuring Bob Quine's delicately fractured guitar ruminations and bassist Fernando Saunders tasteful Jacoisims—that finally brought the message home. So I began to wonder what it must be like for Lou Reed to be a receiver for all this

BY VIC GARBARINI

cathartic imagery. What kind of responsibility did he—could he—assume for his work. There's a tradition in certain parts of the Middle East that claims that Judas was really Christ's most loyal disciple, who consciously pretended to play the bad guy so that the prophecies could be fulfilled. Could this tradition represent a kind of psychological truth? Could the Mets and the Yankees wind up in a subway series this year? Anyway, when the New Lou album landed on my desk bearing the intriguing title *Mistrial*, I figured it was time to check all this out first hand. For my own sake, as well as his.

MUSICIAN: *By calling the album* Mistrial, *I got the feeling you were looking back at a lot of things in your life that you've let go of or transcended—negative things, in some cases—and saying "Okay, I've grown beyond that, but I'm not apologizing or feeling guilty about them, because maybe they were necessary for some reason." Does that make any sense?*
REED: Yeah, that makes sense. What's interesting is that after I wrote the song "Mistrial" someone asked in an interview, "Lou, do you feel guilty?" And I realized I'm going to have a problem with this "Mistrial" thing. It's just that when I write these things I don't find out what they really mean until way later, say, three or four years. But with "Mistrial," the thing I really liked was, "You can call me mister, you can call me sir, but don't you point your finger at me." That would go along with what you said perfectly.
MUSICIAN: *Any idea what made you key into that line?*
REED: When I write a song, if I get a title and a guitar riff I'm happy, because I know everything will flow from there. So I was listening to a tape of the album over at my parents' house and my mother said, "What song is that?", and I said, "It's called 'Mistrial.'" And later she had some friends over and she came out and said something I consider interesting. She said, "Would you play that song about 'Don't you point your finger at me?'" She didn't say "Mistrial." And that's what I figured the song must really be about, 'cause that's what both mom and I keyed into. At the end there's just that Aretha Franklin riff from "Respect," just spelling out the word, which I thought was really funny, and not easy, by the way. It kept coming out "Mis*trail*," when I did it. Which, if I wanted to go to an analyst and really get deep into this thing, you know, what does *that* mean?

IF I GET A TITLE AND GUITAR RIFF, I'M HAPPY. EVERYTHING WILL FLOW FROM THERE.

MUSICIAN: *Obviously you've seen that some of this imagery comes from somewhere deeper than the conscious mind, and often resonates on a deeper level in the people hearing it.*
REED: That's what I love about it. As a lyricist I'm very aware that there are key phrases that will *key things off* in people, whether they want it to or not. Now, of course, I've keyed off some things in people that they would have preferred not to have disturbed—a funny bone not to be tickled.
MUSICIAN: *Do you ever wind up unintentionally tickling your own psychic funnybone—setting off something in yourself you didn't expect?*
REED: As time wears on, I do. But I always find writing songs astonishing because of the things that come out that aren't conscious. I suddenly find songs going off in directions with a life of their own. It has its own real character and backbone to it, I mean, it doesn't *want* to go over here. You might say, "Well, I'd just as soon not get into *that*," and you try to move it somewhere else, but it does what it wants nonetheless. If you don't want it to go there you have to drop the whole thing, and I find that really difficult to do. Once I have the song going I really fall in love with it. I wrote a song called "The Blue Mask" which is so fraught with overt symbolism, including the ending which really shook me when I first became aware of it.

I knew what it meant...it was a castration symbolism, which I wasn't thrilled to see—the really basic fear in there. But I have a lot of fun finding out all these things. I didn't set out consciously to write about that. I was just writing about a mask, and then the mask got deeper and deeper, masking different fears, different thoughts. I thought about whether or not to even release it, but I felt it deserved its place in the sun, too. I really find the working of the mind interesting, the way things go from the obvious to the subjective, and then past that literally into primitive basic fear, like being a child.

For some reason, I seem to have a direct hook-up into what you might call the unconscious. If I worried about anything in the past, it was that I would lose it. And it's been around long enough now that it's been proven to me that it's not going anywhere. So when I get on the tail of something I like, I just follow it. When it's done, I can look back and consciously edit, or see if I can find a word that'll get it there more precisely. That's all. Basically, it just goes on its own. Sometimes the whole song comes to me that way. It's weird. I'm not thinking about it—it's like I'm on hold—and all I could do is mess it up if I got in the way of it. You see, before I was in the Velvet Underground I was a staff songwriter for Pickwick International, where we churned out songs in the style of whatever was popular at the time, and then recorded them and put 'em out on these 99¢ albums that sold in Woolworths. Meanwhile, I was writing my own stuff for myself where I'd just follow it, because I was a great fan of Delmore Schwartz and Raymond Chandler; I was really interested in what they could do with the vernacular. Chandler was a sophisticated fellow, but he managed these similes like, "She was as attractive as a split lip." I've *never* forgotten what that image does to you—you get it immediately. And so I thought, I'm a rock 'n' roll fan—imagine if there's a drum and a guitar behind that...you could have that music going but with those vivid images that words give you, and then you could go a step past that and say, "What if the words don't make sense on a linear level?" Then you could have a song really working on people on a whole bunch of different levels.
MUSICIAN: *Do you ever find yourself getting in the way of your own inspiration?*
REED: I used to carry notebooks and cassettes with me because I thought it would go away. What I didn't understand was that *that* one might go away, but there'd always be another one. I didn't know that at the time, so I was always trying feverishly to get these things down. And sometimes I would interrupt them in my eagerness and say to it, "Oh, could you do that line again?" But you can't do that, 'cause if you go back and ask him to do that it's gone, and you'll never get the rest of that thing. So I don't ask him....
MUSICIAN: *Him...?*
REED: Him...me...it. Just for clarity sake I sometimes call it "him," it's only a way in my head of talking about another part of myself where all this comes from. So I never ask him to repeat it, I just leave it blank and keep going. Then later I'll go back and, if it's still in the mood, it'll fill it in again. Or I'll have to fill it in for him.
MUSICIAN: *The new single, "No Money Down," seems to be about trust....*
REED: What it's about, which is very obvious to me, is a tight relationship where you're doing something you can't talk to

them about because it hasn't been accomplished yet or you can't tell them just then for various reasons. And it looks like you're not handling the situation very well, but in fact you're being very proper and methodical about the thing, and it'll all work out okay, but the other person doesn't know this. So you say to them, "You're paying a price when there's no price to pay/Love is trust." What I meant by that is that terrible phrase, "trust me." As in, how do you say "fuck you" in L.A. [*laughter*].

MUSICIAN: *I had a hard time with the Velvets. I didn't realize it at the time, but that imagery hit too close to something in myself I didn't know how to deal with, or wasn't able or ready to look at. Hearing the darker, still confused parts of myself with a backbeat was something I wasn't ready for.*

REED: I understand that feeling now more than I did then. Some people did not psychologically want to hear about all that right then, thank you very much, and I can understand that. I thought some of it was like exorcism—working through things not only for yourself, but for whoever was listening to it. So that it would have a cathartic effect and exercise some things out. But I paid a price for that, as though I was the cause of it. Now, a lot of the things I wrote about did apply to me, but a lot of things didn't.

MUSICIAN: *Which brings us back to the idea of "Mistrial." Instead of people realizing you were bringing this material up to help free ourselves from it, some people probably thought you were advocating or glorifying this stuff.*

REED: I have had people come up and say, "I shot up heroin because of you. My best friend died because of you."

MUSICIAN: *I hope you didn't believe that.*

REED: Thank you. I know that's not true. I was at a press conference in England and this young girl, like eighteen or nineteen stands up right next to me and she says, "You... you...how can you glamorize drugs and violence? You're the most horrible person on earth!" And I said, "Have you read *The Brothers Karamazov*? I don't mean to be glib, but what you're really talking about is censorship." It's like the Moonie newspaper they had in New York: only happy news. I understand what it means to say, "I don't want to hear that." But see, she meant much worse than that.. much, much worse than that.

It's like, an artist sets something off in one person; makes him feel better. Set it off in another person, it scares him. So then they bring in this thing of, "Is the author a good guy or a bad guy?" That has nothing to do with it. That's like people who ask, "Is this song true, or not?" Or, "Did you really do that, or not?" If you say no, they're disappointed. But if you say yes, they condemn you. You can't win for trying. But the thing is, it's as true as the performance of it was true. And yet we're faced with, "Does he really mean well, or is he...the devil?" It really gets laughable when it gets to that level. It is just a song. But those images are like poetry with a drum, and that starts pounding at you...by the way, this is a great explanation of what *Mistrial* is about. I hadn't meant to get into it that deeply, but you set something off, and it turns out it's true.

MUSICIAN: *But you're using basic images that touch universals in people—fear, trauma and repressed experiences—different pieces of your own subconscious.*

REED: We all have parts in us that we can amplify. We all have a violent part of ourselves, but we keep it under control. But in a song I can just let that part run free. Like, you're reading about a mass murderer or somebody offed and you wonder, "How did that happen?" Up to a point, you can find the answer in yourself.

MUSICIAN: *I wonder if you realize how unusual it is to have a door directly into that part of yourself? I asked Jagger about it and he just shrank from the whole question. Keith, on the other hand, said, "Yeah, I think there's a note sounding at any moment in a culture, and our job is to pick up on it."*

PEOPLE ASK, 'IS THIS SONG TRUE OR NOT?' IF YOU SAY NO, THEY'RE DISAPPOINTED. IF YOU SAY YES, THEY CONDEMN YOU.

REED: I've not been particularly good at having my note be what the world's note was at the time. With the Velvets the world's note was "Flower Power," and mine was the opposite.

MUSICIAN: *Or maybe another, hidden aspect of the note that no one could see or bring to the surface. Jung felt that if repressed material wasn't brought up, it would control or harm you from behind the scenes.*

REED: You see, I didn't intend to take responsibility for it, I was just writing about it. I couldn't do anything about that, because, like I said, I tried to be really faithful to the character or mood of the song. All my songs are about one, maybe two emotions, and the whole song is geared to make that emotion happen in you. Now, the thing with the Velvets that was kind of interesting is that if the song was about a scary subject, we made the music scary. And if the song was sad, we made the music sad. Generally speaking today, a song's lyrics may be about something sad, but the music is up. But in the Velvets we were very aware of having the music be down. For a long time we had a rule: no blues licks. At the time I was very aware of black music, which is what I really liked. But I felt I couldn't play it well, so I decided I'd go off in my own direction. I wasn't trying to be a blues guitar player and play funky licks.

MUSICIAN: *You used to put yourself down a bit as a guitarist, and say you were just providing the flash, and other people did the work. Then you linked up with Bob Quine for a while, and now lately you've been doing all your own guitar playing. What happened?*

REED: Well, Quine got me playing guitar again. I quit playing guitar with bands I was in because I couldn't get along with the other musicians. Quine was really encouraging about my playing, saying "You've got to play lead." Now, that's my kind of guy! He understood it wasn't just an ego thing. It's really a very specific thing I do, but I will not and can not do it with people who don't appreciate it, starting with the band. If the band appreciates it, then the people out there may have some respect for it. But if the guys in the band are just standing there saying "Aw, one of *those* solos," then I won't bother. I was someone who really liked rock 'n' roll, but I was also into Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor. After coming out of those jazz clubs I'd think, "If I could get on a guitar the kind of atonality Ornette got, electrified, wouldn't that be something?" That's when I got into atonality and feedback, and it was perfect in a rock 'n' roll solo vein. Like, pick one chord. Ornette played rock 'n' roll for that matter—"Ramblin'" is a perfect example. The new album is all about electric guitar. It's an album made by somebody who's in love with the sound of a wood guitar going through a tube amp. After the Velvets, it was not fun to play with people who had a mediocre, static approach to playing guitar. And when I got Quine, I wanted a two guitar/bass/drums situation, because I wanted to get things straight with me and the guitar.

THE VELVETS HAD A RULE: NO BLUES LICKS. I COULDN'T PLAY BLACK MUSIC SO I WENT OFF IN MY OWN DIRECTION.

MUSICIAN: *So did Bob talk himself out of a job?*

REED: No, no. We played together for about three years, and now he has his own life to lead, his own albums to do. I've been practicing and practicing, and I knew exactly what I wanted to do in the studio. I didn't need a translator. For the longest time after the *Rock And Roll Animal* album I would set foot onstage and all I would hear was, "Where's Dick and Steve?" Well, if I go out now no one's going to ask me where Dick and Steve are, but it took a long time to get past that image—the dual guitar heroics kind of thing.

MUSICIAN: *Speaking of encouraging musicians, the one guy who keeps coming into my consciousness on the last few albums is Fernando Saunders. What a bass player....*

REED: When I first heard Fernando play I went over to him and said, "You are the best bass player I've ever heard." And I don't say things like that, generally speaking. Most musicians I run into have lots of technique, they can play scales and their solos sound like that. It doesn't mean anything. You can get a real buzz out of it the first listen, maybe even the second, but not after that. And I'm in it for the long run. That's why I work with Fernando, who co-produced the new album with me.

MUSICIAN: *Who else has impressed you lately?*

REED: There was something by the Waterboys I liked, "Whole Of The Moon," I think it was called. Just liked the way it sounded. There's also a song by Richard Thompson, "Shoot Out The Lights." I thought the guitar on that was really, *really* good. I was absolutely stunned when I heard it. I didn't believe anyone could do that anymore. Or bothered. And then, there it was. I said, "My God, listen to that."

MUSICIAN: *Those early Velvet recordings were pretty primitive, and yet they really convey something. Have you come to grips with the new technology available now, and what are the pluses and minutes involved?*

REED: Well, the Velvet Undergound albums—and some of my older solo records—they're like old blues recordings: they're badly recorded, nonetheless they're really there, and are like priceless renditions of that time. But some of the production that's going on today is really exciting. That's why on this record we did direct to metal mastering, and it's incredible. It's very close to a CD in quality. We recorded analog but we mixed digital, and that gave us what they call a large stereo spread, and then we direct to metal mastered it, and the sound of it is a dream come true for me. The guitars sound exactly the way they did when I was out in my place in the country writing it.

MUSICIAN: *What about vocals? Do you worry that the high-tech stuff might mask that special resonance in your voice?*

REED: On this last record, particularly, I wanted to make sure the voice sounded right. Everybody these days is into really

METAL MACHINES

Fernando Saunders sports a custom made bass by John Suhr of Rudy's Music in New York, featuring a graphite Modulus neck and EMG pickups. His strings are D'Addario Medium Guage, and he usually goes direct into the board. Effects are limited to an MXR Harmonizer. Ampwise, a Cerwin Vega top is matched with a Guild Hartke 4 x 10 bottom. Fernando also samples and programs on a Emulator SP-12 drum machine. **Lou** is a Schecter guitar aficionado, in his case also customized by John Surh. Similarly, his pickups are EMG and strings by D'Addario. He uses a Jim Kelly Prototype amp with a Mesa Boogie 1 x 12 bottom. Like Saunders, he often goes direct into the board, an SSL-4000E 24-track analog, with effects added later, before they mix down on a Sony PCM-1630 Digital 2-track at the Power Station. Outboard goodies include an AMS Digital Delay, Eventide Harmonizer, Lexicon Digital Reverb Unit and a Pan-Scan for automatic panning. (Check out the guitars on "No Money Down" on headphones) Lou's vocals resonate characteristically through a Neumann FET-47 and Shure SM57, with a Sennheiser 409 on the guitars. **J.T. Lewis** plays Ludwig drums augmented by a Simmons kit. Fernando Saunders would like to formally credit the Power Station's hallways and elevator for natural echo and reverb on *Mistrial*.

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bright sounding records that'll sound better on the radio. My voice is deep, and I'm careful to say, "Don't brighten my voice up so I sound like a fourteen-year-old. There's character in this voice that took me years to get—don't filter it out with a harmonizer." I want a record with body. That starts with the voice, because the voice is going to contain the thing that makes the lyrics seem true.

MUSICIAN: *How difficult is it to project yourself into somebody else's song, like "September Song" on the Kurt Weill project.*

REED: Not my number one thing to do, because I might not agree with someone else's words. But I put that in limbo for Hal Willner, who said "I hear you like Brecht and Weill," which I do. I mean, "The Seven Deadly Sins," a song for every sin, what a great idea! So I sat down and arranged it and realized I could do a number on those words; they're perfect for somebody like me. A lot of people say, "That's a really truncated version, you stepped on the melody, no respect for this and that...." I thought what we did was great; we updated it and made those lyrics work again. And I'm reasonably close to the melody. I didn't want to put any of those weird suspension chords in 'cause it would break it. Originally there was this little spoken intro, but they decided to take it out 'cause it sounded too "New Yorky." Hal said that when he played it in L.A. they laughed at how I sounded.

MUSICIAN: *That's okay, we laugh at them all the time. But seriously, in all these years you've never given in to the temptation to get overly complex musically. Just those same few chords.*

REED: I love that stuff. It's at the bottom of all my songs. "Video Violence" on the new album is only one chord, in fact. I really mean it when I say that any kid out there should be able to pick up a guitar and in a week be able to play almost any song on the album. There's something in those three or four chords that appeals to me. There's a perfection to the form, like Tai Chi. It's like anybody can and take a swing at the three or four chord ball with his bat, and let's see what he does with it.

MUSICIAN: *There's something powerfully elemental about a song like "No Money Down" or "I Love You Suzanne"; they could go on forever....*

REED: "I Remember You" is like that, I used to call them circle songs; they don't change, they just go on and on and on, the same old three chords. I get a real kick out of them, and on an album I use them as a little relief because when I listen I don't want to get pounded every single track. But yeah, it does have power. I read this thing John Fogerty once said, that he'd read someplace that the reason we like drums and rhythm so much is because it goes right back to the first sound we heard—the heartbeat. So, of course, in my case, sometimes people were listening to what they thought was a nice easy-going rock 'n' roll song, and it turned out to be this other thing that got to them before they had a chance to take it off.

MUSICIAN: *But as we've said, you're a channel for this stuff that can help us understand ourselves and clear the repressed crap out of our unconscious, if we're ready for it. You've probably been performing a great service to a lot of people. So the verdict's "Not guilty."*

REED: I'll tell you something kind of interesting to close this out. First of all, rock 'n' roll to me always represented freedom. I thought that from the first day I ever heard it on the radio when Alan Freed was banging on a telephone book. That was it for me. Over and out. There was a whole other world out there, and whatever that world was, I really liked it. That was freedom to me. The other thing that you might really find interesting was that on the first Velvet Underground album, right near the song "Heroin," was a song called "I'll Be Your Mirror." It goes, "I'll be your mirror / reflect what you are, in case you don't know / I'll be the wind, the rain and the sunset / the light on your door to show that you're home / When you think the night has seen your mind, and that inside you're twisted and unkind / Let me stand and show that you are blind / Please put down your hands. 'Cause I see you." I knew right then. That wasn't a disclaimer. That was a salute.

HIGH POINTS FOR FORM, BUT WHERE'S THE BEEF?

GEORGE CLINTON

R&B Skeletons In The Closet
(Capitol)

For the better part of a decade, George Clinton was on the cutting edge of black pop. Starting with "Get Up For The Down Stroke," a stunning bit of stone funk from the former harmony group Parliament, through his own "Atomic Dog," Clinton churned out a series of hits that made their mark on many levels, providing not only an exemplary set of grooves but also a widely copied vocabulary of catch phrases. And though he couched each new project in carefully conceptualized albums, his hits mattered most as singles, putting him in the best black pop tradition.

Since his latest LP is, among other things, an attack on black crossover acts, it's also worth noting that George Clinton understands the mechanics of crossing over perfectly. Appropriately, *R&B Skeletons* is consistent enough to stand up as an *album*, as opposed to the usual black pop format of singles surrounded by filler. Moreover, its sound is a careful homogenization of Clinton's previous projects, relying heavily on familiar mannerisms (Fred Wesley's horn lines, Bootsy Collins' "baby-bubba" routine) and other standard musical devices. Similarly, the lyrics are peppered with pre-tested stock phrases, ranging from the ironically camp ("The natives are restless tonight") to the utterly threadbare ("You look *mah*-velous!"). In fact, this is such a perfect presentation of crossover form that it seems almost nitpicking to complain that Clinton forgot about content.

That's not to say that the record's seven songs are awful; it's actually one of Clinton's more impressive musical efforts. But nothing here sounds much like a hit, and hits are still the bottom line for crossover success. (Unless there's really something to be gained in having an entirely new audience not buy your records). "Mix-Master Suite," for instance, uses a looped rhythm bed combining drum machine and scratch mixing for a slightly skewed version of a hip-hop club mix. But rather than push the package into the electrobeat future, as everyone else does, Clinton instead flirts with stride piano and a band arrangement that could as easily have fit into a production of *The Music Man*. Elsewhere the closest Clinton comes to a solid single is "Do Fries Go With That Shake!?", a salacious send-up of the fast-food mindset which unfortunately pays more attention to lines like "He called me Legs McMuffin" than to the groove behind them.

The center of the album seems altogether too soggy. Much of the material makes the point that What Goes Around, Comes Around; in addition to the "Mix-Master Suite," there's "Cool Joe," a James Brown cop seemingly designed to remind the listener of just how many JB alumni Clinton employs, and "Hey Good Lookin'," which actually quotes Hank Williams. But there's nothing within them to convince us of Clinton's conclusions beyond his own cleverness. It's nice that George Clinton is so fond of the skeletons in his own closet. But next time, let's see some meat on those bones. – **J.D. Considine**

LYLE MAYS

Lyle Mays
(Geffen)

JOHN ABERCROMBIE

Current Events
(ECM)

Pat Metheny's relationship with ECM seemed akin to Stevie Wonder's with Motown; upon these artful populists did Manfred Eicher and and Berry Gordy erect their fortresses. Now that Metheny has launched his own sub-label with a voyage into heartland harmolodics, one has to ask: Whither the "ECM sound," that robustly lyrical folk-jazz hybrid?

Two recent releases suggest the saga beyond Metheny's ECM era. Keyboardist Lyle Mays has taken his first

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WARNER REPRISE VIDEO

step away from the Metheny fold to produce a bright, handsome moodpiece, while guitarist John Abercrombie's latest is his most harmonically palatable, thornless session in years.

Curiosity about Mays' actual role in the Metheny equation is answered in part by the unabashed romanticism and ethereality of his work here. The piano solo of "Mirror Of The Heart" pays Mays' debt to Bill Evans/Vince Guaraldi delicacy; while elsewhere he speckles his tones with a contralto-like melodic synth timbre and a rich string patch. Mays likes to make music with oblique dramatic overtones—sonic landscapes rather than portraits. Thus, he uses his band largely to textural ends. Alejandro Acuna kicks in some eloquent drum rumble at key apexes, saxist Billy Drewes solos with poise and guitarist Bill Frisell slips in wondrously weasel-like phrasing at the majestic tail end of "Ascent." Mays' own determination to simmer rather than burn sometimes places his music in the realm of the decorative. But when the emotional pistons are fully engaged, as on the sporting "Slink," it's a lot more potent; that tune's intricate skeins of contrapuntal lines, its combination of momentum and pristine design bode well for life after (and during) Metheny.

Current Events is a logical deck-clearing for Abercrombie, a jazz player who can be stinging or cryptic or both. With his languid approach to the beat and Mr. Reverb tonality, Abercrombie roughly recalls a jazz Jerry Garcia, another plectrist of the tilted bearing. But Abercrombie sculpts solos in deceptively rubbery turns and dodges, with an inward logic beknownst only to the moment. It's what makes him a player steadfastly to the left of the jazz archetype, no matter how melodic his material.

Abercrombie takes two separate, contrasting routes to this trio outing, grappling with the hip contours of his new Roland synth guitar, only to rediscover the crystalline beauty of the acoustic. Apart from the jaunty energy of "Clint" (Mayor Eastwood, perhaps?), the album sounds low-key and bittersweet. Pedal point musings are the order of the hour. "Killing Time," a lanky, loose-jointed interplay with drummer Peter Erskine and bassist Marc Johnson (two welcome new recruits to the ECM gentleman's club) reaches a fever pitch with dignity intact. Beneath the deceptively placid surface of Abercrombie's music, there are appealing undercurrents for the attentive listener.

This is music by which to observe the crack of dawn after a sad all-nighter. Abercrombie may look through a glass more darkly than Metheny ever did, but he also has the potential to step into the aesthetic gap vacated by the Missouri boy wonder. Can the spoils of a broader audience be far behind?

– Josef Woodard

PETER GABRIEL

So
(Geffen)

Although sometimes seen in the company of brainy folks like Robert Fripp and Laurie Anderson, Peter Gabriel's most compelling work has a more gutsy immediacy. However carefully crafted, "Solsbury Hill," "Biko," "Shock The Monkey," et al. packed emotional punches without flaunting their smarts. In that same vein, *So* is typically fine Gabriel, with powerful passges interrupted only when the head overrides the heart.

To his credit, Gabriel usually gets right to the point. "In Your Eyes" unfolds elegant expressions of tenderness, while the haunting "Mercy Street" yearns for a long lost state of grace. Not that he ever takes a straight line from A to B. Like the dreams which frequently inform his music, Gabriel's tunes weave ambiguous strands of meaning that defy literal interpretation. The ominous "Red Rain" might be pure fantasy, a speculation on the aftermath of nuclear disaster, or an elaborate metaphor for achieving intimacy, or all three, or none. No matter: the sizzle comes from the husky vocal, a mixture of fear and bravado that makes the scalp tingle. He's rarely sounded better.

At the same time, the "bad," pretentious Peter constantly tries to harness *So*'s energy by making it more like Art. The arrangements cry out for pruning, particularly the relentless percussion parts; most tracks could stand to lose a minute of length. The clash between Gabriel's conflicting impulses are illustrated dramatically by "Don't Give Up," a heart-rending ballad that counterpoints his simple, moving performance with an absurdly mannered display by guest Kate Bush.

Fortunately, such moments are relatively rare. *So* even gets down on the swaggering "Sledgehammer," a blend

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of "Fame" and "In The Midnight Hour" that initally seems simply a goofy salute to Stax/Volt. Then our boy shouts out some nonsense about shedding skin, and we're back to mind games—old habits do die hard. Regardless, *So* shows that, in his eccentric way, Peter Gabriel is one funky dude. For an egghead. – **Jon Young**

SUBURBS

Suburbs
(A&M)

Despite its modest title, *Suburbs* is the fourth album in six years from the Minneapolis band that *doesn't* make the cover of *Rolling Stone*. It also marks the group's third record company affiliation. Well, modesty is a virtue.

Whatever the reason for the Suburbs' rocky career path, it isn't technical. On *Suburbs* the quintet—established 1978, original personnel intact—effects a near-seamless blend of guitar and keyboard textures over steady drums and bass. There's nothing here as immediately catchy as the title track from the preceding *Love Is The Law* album two and a half years ago. On the other hand, *Suburbs*' mere eight songs hang together without the occasionally jarring quirks of the past.

But if the music is resolutely MTV-mainstream, the lyrics, by singer Beej Chaney and keyboardist Chan Poling, are just as uniformly unsettling. The narrators are invariably dislocated, either psychically ("Superlove," "Every Night's A Friday Night") or physically ("Heart Of Gold")—sometimes both ("Never Stop"). They're also, needless to add, horny and frustrated ("#9," "Want That Girl"). The more objective viewpoint of "America Sings The Blues" could make you wish for a lyric sheet, a luxury the band apparently no longer rates. Only those familiar with the Suburbs will realize that these sentiments, like the music, are comparatively sociable. Blame it on the accommodating 80s.

"Commercial"? Nah. The Suburbs remain sardonic, not less for sugarcoating their bleak attitudes. Let's thank

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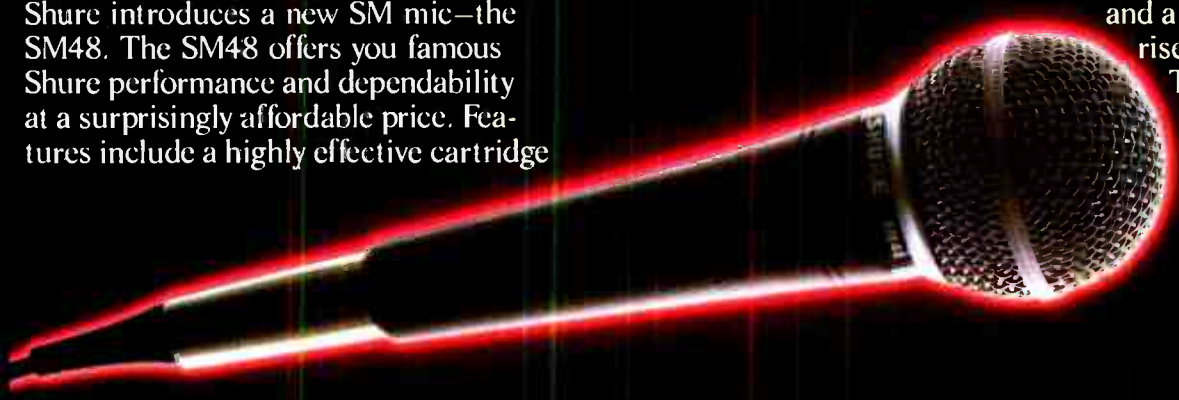

A&M Records for a vote of confidence, and hope the band sticks around this time. – **Scott Isler**

PATTI LABELLE

Winner In You
(MCA)

Everyone knows this is supposed to be Patti Labelle's year. Along with comeback queens Tina and Aretha, Patti commands respect because year in and year out she's delivered heart, sweat and soul. Her just reward has been a long time coming, though; her awesome-but-freakish voice and sometimes bizarre *shticks* made appropriate material hard to find and mass appeal seemingly inaccessible. For several years she propelled her career by detonating sentimental monoliths like "Over The Rainbow" and "You'll Never Walk Alone": but elsewhere Labelle's campy glitter-rock rarely provided much foundation for her pyrotechnics. And let's face it, Patti too often lapsed into siren-like wailing as an end unto itself.

But lately Labelle seems to be hitting her stride; better material and a series of scene-stealing performances (on the Motown special and Live-Aid, and via "New Attitude" from the *Beverly Hills Cop* film) more clearly suggest her cachet as one of pop music's greatest divas.

"Winner In You" should strengthen that niche, though its reported million-plus cost and lengthy gestation has not resulted in a milestone LP. It is cannily crafted, hits all the right radio formats, sports hot dance grooves, but offers only one great song: Ashford and Simpson's title track, a believable, moving ballad that builds to triumphant climax. "On My Own" (a duet with Michael McDonald) succeeds as video soundtrack which conveys a genuinely wistful mood, while Patti pushes the unpretentious ballad "Finally We're Back Together" into the stratosphere. The rest of the record stumbles on awkward, banal lyics or over-calculated production (occasionally enlivened by some hot conga playing) wrought by nine different producers.

Don't get me wrong; Labelle sings up a storm, wringing guts out of greeting-card-sentimentality and injecting virtuoso phrasing (multi-octave leaps, multi-beat syllabification) into the mush. You *can* get off on those many small triumphs, and "Winner In You" certainly suggests blockbuster product. But to that end *Winner* also sacrifices the earthy spontaneity of its singer and the hummability of its songs. Patti Labelle deserves better.– **Randall F. Grass**

PETER GORDON

Innocent
(CBS)

What we have here is Good News/Bad News. The Good News is that CBS Records has signed Peter Gordon, perhaps the most rigorously eclectic composer in lower Manhattan, to the same sort of honored-composer deal Philip Glass got. The Bad News is that, judging from the sound of this album, the record company also sees Gordon's work as intellectually respectable cocktail music.

If that conjures images of George Winston improvising on Bartók, relax: Much of *Innocent* is quite good, showing Gordon to be both a charming melodicist and an engaging arranger. But Gordon is also a formidable theorist, able to manipulate complex harmonic and rhythmic structures with facility and wit, and that's the side of his work missing here.

Innocent's lack of intellectual rigor isn't without compensations. "Romance," for example, plays a sly game with its deceptive simplicity, as Gordon underlays clanking electronics and Elliot Easton feedback guitar beneath the smooth contours of the melodic line. "That Hat" uses Arthur Russell's mumbled vocals to excellent effect, making the melody seem almost scat-sung without undercutting its unassuming pop appeal.

Gordon's saving grace is his unstinting taste in sound and sidemen. It's one thing to send up gospel songs the way

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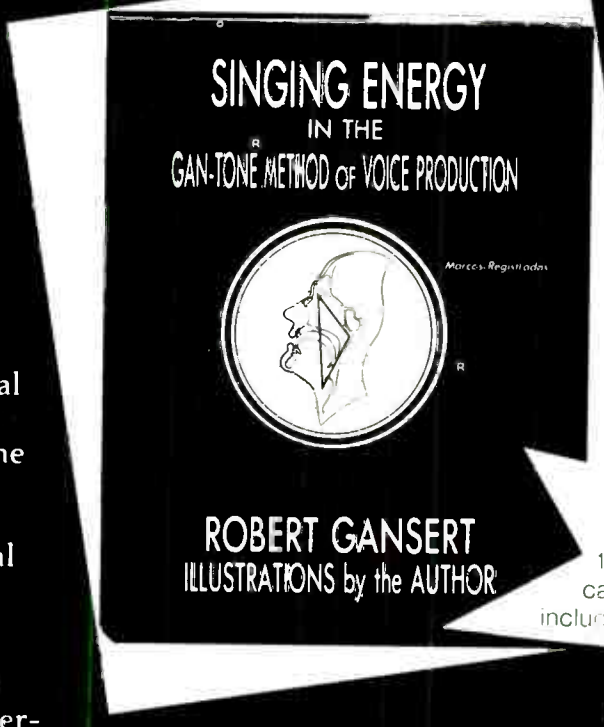

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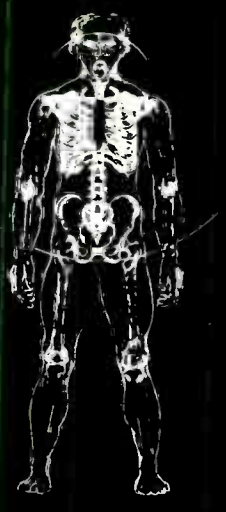

About the Author:
Robert Gansert has been a performing vocalist for over twenty years, and has been featured in numerous concerts and recordings. His work has been internationally acclaimed. He is currently a noted instructor at the Carnegie Hall studios.

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Laurie Anderson does in her lyrics to "The Day The Devil Comes To Getcha"; it's quite another to fit the Five Blind Boys of Alabama into the equation, as Gordon does to wonderful effect. If he turns out to be listenable in the process, well...having an audience isn't that much of a hardship. – **J.D. Considine**

CHARLIE BURTON & THE HICCUPS

I Heard That!
(Wild)

Roots rock is a hot trend these days, but little of what's popular actually hails from the heartland. Out in Lincoln, Nebraska, though, Charlie Burton & The Hiccups create memorably demented originals with an earthy, roadhouse flavor. Burton's melodic influences range from Johnny Cash to Bo Diddley, by way of the Trashmen, while his lyrics recall Warren Zevon and Loudon Wainwright III. *I Heard That!*, Burton's third album, showcases this strange blend of sick humor and candid vulnerability.

Burton's songwriting ranges from clumsy to clever. On "Another Vietnam" he wails that "I hate you—you hate me / the nursery is our DMZ...Sure a guy develops doubt, if all he hears is 'please pull out.'" The album's strangest cut, "Bum Ticker," recounts the death of Burton's father: "One more year with family folk / Then, as Beaver'd say, he croaked / And there he lies in his basket of wicker / Daddy had a bum, bum ticker."

The Hiccups frame Burton's weird worldview with primal, garage-band intensity. Guitarist Phil Shoemaker draws on soloists from John Fogerty to Luther Perkins, with occasional bursts of pure mayhem. Burton's passionate singing recalls the Blasters' Phil Alvin, with a strong dose of Costello-esque sarcasm. Reference points aside, Burton & the Hiccups stand solidly on their own. Though hardly perfect, this LP is at once eccentric, street-wise, and alienated, full of fun and honest insights. (Box 80222, Lincoln, NE 68501)

—**Ben Sandmel**

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4. Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown – *Pressure Cooker* (Alligator)
5. Ladysmith Black Mambazo – *Ulwandel Oluncgwele* (Shanachie)

– Peter Cronin

Everlys from page 48

when Mick Jagger turns forty.'"

He protests too much. One listen to the 1986 model Everly Brothers is proof enough that they're aging more like fine wine than an open can of Coke. "Phil and I enjoy singing together now," Don says. "I know we do 'cause it sounds better. There's more maturity and there's more working together. We cover each other when one of us is feeling bad. It doesn't bother me at all now. And being the only duet in this Hall of Fame is really...it sort of makes ya feel good." He laughs. "Maybe we *did* do something after all!" M

Chapman from page 60

proach," he says. "These use injection-molding, molded to a truss material inside. Resin makes it very rigid and the polycarbonite makes it bulletproof. If you drop it from high places, they just bounce. Each instrument will be more uniform and they'll be cheaper than the wood model."

Chapman is worried that perhaps the Jordan phenomenon will encourage prospective touch guitarists to look no further than their existing axes. His invention may not be the answer to every guitarist's prayer, but he wants a fair jury. As he explains, "There are other guitarists who are interested in taking up the Stick. But a person who has established a career on the guitar might be feeling the pressure to continue what they're doing and not be inclined to experiment on a new instrument.

"Touch guitar is a sensational development. It's a huge thing. From my standpoint, I want to be able to say, 'That's great, but look what you can do on a Stick.'" M

Developments from page 64

mike, the D-12E, and decided to make a version that was cheaper ($185) and especially optimized for kick drum. It's dubbed the D-112. This means its mids and highs are already rolled off and the thing takes the sound pressures of a subway tunnel without flinching.

The software carousel goes round and round, and a new major player has climbed on. Formed by some renegade **Syntech** people, the company is called **Sonus**, and their first release is a $276 sequencer for the new Commodore 128, which has all of the features of the best computer sequencers, and throws in several other bonuses. One is a built-in librarian to take the system exclusive MIDI data off your synth or drum box and store it to disk with the composition. Another feature allows you to record new volume levels on a part using a mod wheel. Still another is a time base transfer ability, to record at either 24, 48, or 96 ppqn, and then play it back at any other value—which could pick up your 32nd-note passages. Sonus has two other programs waiting in the wings, a DX/TX Librarian and an editing package for Super Sequencer mysteriously named MIDI Processor.

One last bit of errata. We erred in declaring **Sight & Sound**'s MIDI Ensemble program for IBM-PC dead and gone. There has been some legal confusion slowing its production, but there are copies for sale even now. Check it out. M

Berklee strike from page 62

us see the books and go over them and we'll be happy to lower our figures.' And they said, 'We didn't say we *couldn't* pay you. We just said we *won't*.' So that makes you feel good...."

But Berklee was already adjusting its defense to make this advantage moot. The issue became not *whether* there would be a pay raise and an hours reduction—but only how much. Carter soon adopted the faculty's opening gambit—comparative salaries in the field—to keep from going having to go higher: "Whether the college has four million or ten million a year excess is not the issue. It's what's fair in the marketplace. Suppose a plumber does work at your house, stays a half an hour and then tells you his bill is two thousand dollars. You say, 'I don't think that's what the job is worth,' and he says, 'But can you pay it?' You say, 'Sure, but the *work* isn't *worth* it.' So we were negotiating over how competitive our faculty salaries were in the field, not whether we've got two million or a hundred million in assets."

For much of the negotiations, it was two on two, with Warrick Carter and the Berklee attorney facing Mike Scott and an AFT negotiator. By November of 1985, though, a new member was added at the union's request: a federal mediator, Jim Foss, of the Federal Mediation Board. "We called him in because we felt management was dragging its heels," says Scott. "We could see that this was going nowhere."

Although the administration had not

felt this step necessary, Lee Berk notes, "I was really surprised at the quality of the mediator, and his dedication and commitment." By the spring of 1986, much of the new three-year contract had been hammered out, but enough differences remained for the union to set April 7 as a final strike deadline. An all-night negotiating marathon brought the sides nearer, but not near enough.

At 7:00 a.m. that Monday morning, the union—with instruments—began picketing in strength. They were joined by several hundred students who held a sympathy rally. A petition supporting the strikers with 1,100 signatures was submitted to Lee Berk. Inside, department heads and about a dozen line-crossers held doubled-and tripled-up theory and ear training classes, but no one claimed it was business as usual. Scott feels, "We pretty much shut 'em down." There was national TV news coverage and film at eleven. The Berklee Strike was big time.

But was a strike really necessary? Most of the incendiary issues had been resolved by April 7, including money and hours. Mike Scott admits agreement had been reached on first-year raises of about ten percent and between sixteen and twenty hours a week of workload, depending on how much of it was private lessons. Only three substantial sticking points were left. Most important was the amount of the second and third-year raises. Mike Scott calls the two sides' pre-strike positions on this "miles apart," but the distance wasn't that great: for example, Berklee offered an 8% raise for 9-month teachers; the final contract was 9%.

The second sticking point was how much weekly non-class (office hours, curriculum commitees, etc.) time—euphemistically called "service to the college." The administration wanted six, the union wanted around four. The final settlement split the difference. A third point was "collective bargaining issues," and the union's desire to have more of a voice in curriculum changes.

That doesn't seem like much. Could it be that all that sound and fury came down to a percentage-point raise, a simple renaming of two hours, and some post-strike protection of gains won? Could Jane Fonda or Sally Field make a movie out of this?

But these negotiating differences, small in comparison to the prior gulf, were charged with symbolism for many in the union. The strike was the culmination of three years of organizing. To have come this far and not to have a galvanizing public event would be to surrender the initiative. Warrick Carter thinks the real reason for the strike was the faculty's need to demonstrate

continued on page 113

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SHORT Rock TAKES

Dumptruck
Positively Dumptruck (Big Time)

Like so many practitioners of the New American Pop, these four Bostonians are big on the sort of guitar-based drones and moody atmospherics associated with R.E.M.'s early work. The difference with Dumptruck is that it's a means, not an end; from the melancholy vocal lines adorning "Nine People" to the searing fuzz-box guitar that seals "Back Where I Belong," their emphasis is always on melodic. No wonder *Positively Dumptruck* is positively addictive. (6410 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A., CA 90038)

Chuck Berry
Rock 'n' Roll Rarities (Chess)

"Rare" is a relative term, and some of the items here—the stereo remix of "Promised Land," for instance—mean more to hard-core collectors than the average fans. But other tracks, like the demo to "Reelin' & Rockin'" or the alternate take of "Johnny B. Goode," offer invaluable insight into how Berry's musical mind worked. It's an album every serious rock 'n' roll fan should own.

Journey
Raised On Radio (Columbia)

Okay, so this isn't the most innovative album released this year—you were expecting the Journey & Mary Chain? If anything, scaling the line-up down to Perry, Schon and Cain has only increased Journey's fondness for formula. But their predictability is an asset here, as each echo actively recalls the original's appeal. And Perry manages to enliven even the most wooden clichés (a big help here) through some surprisingly soulful singing.

John Martyn
Piece By Piece (Island)

Martyn conveys soulful anguish better than Michael McDonald, warm-hearted concern better than James Taylor and affable affection better than Phil Collins. He also writes better than any of them, addressing adult concerns with an admirable combination of intelligence and melodic sense. Which helps explain why he holds no appeal for teen-beat cretins—but why should that stop you?

The Woodentops
Well Well Well...The Woodentops (Upside)

Young, British and trendy, the Woodentops are, perforce, given to gratuitous noise and the occasional dirge. But by putting songs before sound, they've also channeled their formalist alienation into a surprisingly winning rock style. Now add in the band's ability to layer odd bits of retro-rock into each arrangement for an allusive, utterly contemporary sheen, and this debut lives up to the hype. (Suite 1109, 225 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012)

Pet Shop Boys
Please (EMI/America)

Considering that at his funkiest Neil Tennent sounds like someone hypnotized Al Stewart into thinking he was Donna Summer, this probably could have been worse.

Original Soundtrack
Absolute Beginners (EMI/America)

Finally, a rock musical that actually *sounds* like a musical, from its brassy, big-band arrangements to its jivey, self-parodic sentiments. Granted, it's all just playing dress-up, but at least it's a lot cooler (not to mention more listenable) than *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

Steve Earle
Guitar Town (MCA)

Earle isn't a country rocker, he's a rocker who sings country, and that's an important distinction. It explains the underlying toughness to his lyrics, which at their best make J.C. Mellencamp's Americana seem both simplistic and overly sentimental. Mostly, though, Earle's rock roots allow room to maneuver around the often pro forma poignancy of C&W while reaping the same emotional benefits. A name to watch.

Tramaine
The Search Is Over (A&M)

Though many soul singers have infused gospel fervor into the more secular realm of soul (e.g. Patti LaBelle) the Lord's music still doesn't quite cut it on the pop charts (vide Amy Grant). Tramaine Hawkins ought to be the exception. While her songs praise the glories of heaven, her delivery is definitely on the earthy side. And the rhythm tracks are hot as...well, *that* place.

Glass Eye
Huge (Wrestler)

Here's a band that knows how to turn less into more, for few groups make as much of the space between notes as these four Austinites. Not that they're minimalists; it's mostly a matter of each player knowing his or her part, and sticking to it. That keeps the grooves lean, mean and insistent, and the melodies stick like glue. (6520 Selma, Los Angeles, CA 90028).

Siouxsie & The Banshees
Tinderbox (Geffen)

As doom-obsessed as Siouxsie Sioux's songs sometimes seem, there's something about the Banshees' general din that instills unmistakable glamor in her images of anxiety and decay. Maybe it's the quiet sparkle of J.V. Carruthers' guitar, or the lithe snap of the rhythm section; perhaps it's the ease with which Sioux's voice slips into a mid-phrase yodel. In any case, the result is as fascinating and disquieting as a Helmut Newton photograph.

Katrina & the Waves
Waves (Capitol)

This band doesn't lean on tradition, it ransacks it, allowing familiarity to do the work of inspiration. Given the gusto with which they deliver these clichés, they're still entertaining, but some of us still like a little meat with our potatoes.

Smithereens
Especially For You (Enigma)

As a band begging to be described as "Beatlesque," the Smithereens are often too craft-obsessed for their own good. That's not to say that their mid-tempo ballads wouldn't be wonderful without the resemblance—"Cigarette" in particular—just that the Smithereens deserve to be more than the sum of their shards. (1750 E. Holly Ave., Box 2428, El Segundo, CA 90245).

BY J.D. CONSIDINE

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SHORT JAZZ TAKES

Terence Blanchard/Donald Harrison
Discernment (Concord)

I've always written these guys off as more cobwebbed young neo-cons from New Orleans, content to lick their copies of *E.S.P.* bare for inspiration. Wrong. Not only is this a departure from the standard Davis/Shorter dreck passed off as innovation—listen to Harrison's reworking of "When The Saints," for an original, luxuriantly ominous sound—but they actually rip it up, kicking sixtiesisms into a semblance of life. Very heartening this record, not in the least due to Harrison's increasingly personal conceptions.

John Carter
Castles Of Ghana (Gramavision)

This album-long composition, performed by an octet, suggests the scope of Ellington's suites. When Carter hits his stride, he can be magnificent—*Castles* has everything from hellraising big band polyphony to murmuring drums. Warmer, less academic and more swinging than most of his work, it's a catalog of musical moods—another Ellingtonian trademark.

Alvin "Red" Tyler
Heritage (Rounder)

Had he been in the right place etc., Tyler probably would have made classic Blue Notes. Instead he was part of the mostly overlooked New Orleans group of modernists which included Ed Blackwell, Alvin Baptiste and Ellis Marsalis. His playing and writing reveal the controlled, pastel quality of Wayne Shorter's work, informed by New Orleans' rhythmic pragmatism and Tyler's obvious interest in new harmonies and structures. An album this strong makes you wonder how many other fully formed personalities lurk out there, waiting to be recorded.

Semantics
Semantics (Rift/N.M.D.S.)

Elliot Sharp, Ned Rothenberg and Samm Bennett cover a lot of ground, from gamelan-influenced, overdriven guitar workouts to early electric Miles jams. Lots of circular breathing and ostinatos for good, harsh grooves; it's dance music for Mensa. (500 Broadway, New York, NY 10012)

Bill Barron/Booker Ervin
The Hot Line (Savoy Jazz)

What makes this reissue of an obscure 1965 date important also makes it flawed: Barron wrote tunes so complex structurally that the blowing occasionally sounds constricted. But his compositional gambits—bass vamps and tradition-minded melodies, like Mingus', take on new meaning in light of subsequent innovations by Murray, Threadgill, et al.

Smiley Lewis
No No (Imperial Import/Tower)

Lewis' open-throated, Joe Turnerish hollering isn't the only attraction on this record; his band, led by Dave Bartholomew, blisters through archetypal New Orleans jump tunes as well.

Puseletso Seema & Tau Ea Linare
He O Oe Oel Music From Lesotho
(GlobeStyle Import/Tower)
Dele Abiodun
Adawa Super Sound (Shanachie)

Any record from a series called "Accordions That Shook The World" has to be okay. Puseletso Seema, a rural-sounding Lesotho singer, hooks up with heavy, thumping bass, chunking drums, skittering guitar and wheezing accordion to kick up a fuss, while a dancefloor mix pushes the bass into your lap. Dele Abiodun, who lives a long walk north in Nigeria, is part of the next generation of juju musicians after Sunny Ade and Ebenezer Obey. *Adawa Super Sound* (Shanachie) doesn't sound like it's from the same planet, much less continent, as the first disc; unguent and flowing instead of sharp and brittle, it mixes Fela's Afro beat with juju and highlife. Heavy on the talking drums, there's even a dub remix for your happy feet. (Tower Records, 1-800 648-4844)

The new batch of Fantasy's OJCs is chock-full of rare goodies. Two of the better ones are Benny Golson's *Groovin' With Golson*, in which the tenorist parades melodic, Lucky Thompson-inspired playing, and *Meet Oliver Nelson*, which once more stamps that saxophonist as an original and features some no-fooling Kenny Dorham. In a more, let's say, exciting vein, *Party Time* by Arnett Cobb rocks till the check arrives, while Jack McDuff's *The Honeydripper*, flashing one of the all-time great covers, is a classic, oily organ combo date. The considerably less oily *Stratusphunk*, George Russell's first record on Riverside, still sounds modern today, mostly due to Russell's arrangements. Zoot Sims' *Zoot* has a less than swinging rhythm section, but beautifully Lesterian tenor playing, and bouncing tunes by George Handy. *Rollins Plays For Bird* has a medley of Parker-associated songs which never made any two-fers, while Philly Joe Jones' famous *Blues For Dracula* features his whacko Bela Lugosi imitation, along with an intricate Johnny Griffin.

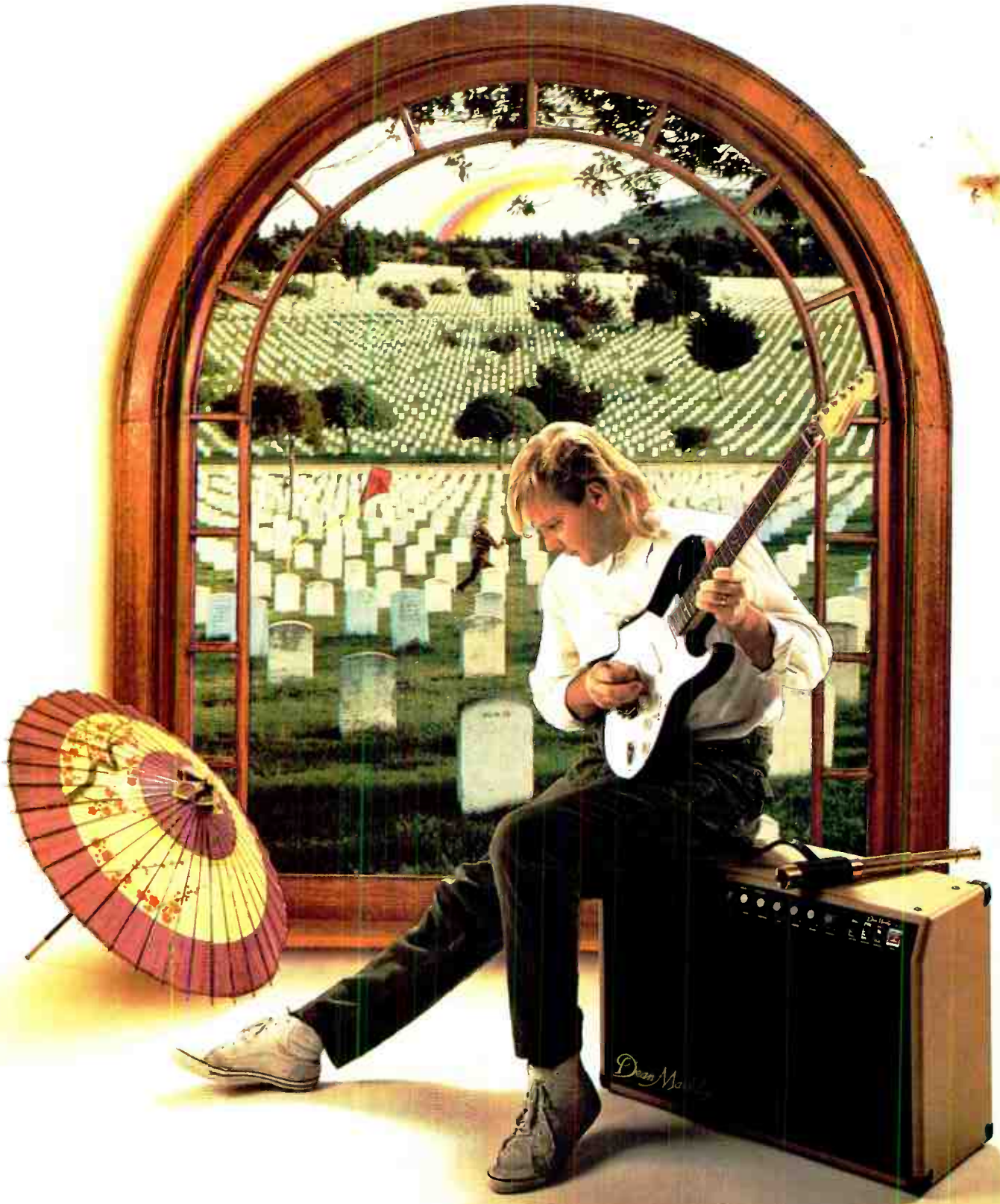
Robert Previte
Bump The Renaissance
(Sound Aspects/PSI)

An impressive, original debut by the lower east side's most requested drummer. The compositions sound John Lewisish—had Lewis taken his cues from Steve Reich, that is—with vamps and repeated figures kicking tenor and french horn lines into the air. The mixture of meticulously worked out, slightly ascetic backgrounds and jump-for-joy blowing makes this record exciting, tense: You want to know what the hell's going to happen next.

Sphere
Sphere On Tour (Red/PSI)

Sphere exudes so much grace and urbanity that if they ever played in Sioux City, it wouldn't be the sticks. Saxophonist Charlie Rouse's fearless wistfulness never fails to make me gasp. He's a jazz original, and as Sphere stretches their boundaries—only one Monk tune here—they're proving to be one of jazz's best groups.

BY PETER WATROUS



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Berklee strike from page 106

power. "There were individuals on Mike's bargaining committee who for a long time been wanting a strike, and were determined to have one. As the process developed momentum, nothing at the table could've averted a strike."

Carter charges that much of the membership did not have the college's final offer in front of them when they went on strike. He claims that at midnight the night before the walkout, union negotiators told him that if the final session yielded no agreement, they would call a strike. The two sides negotiated until dawn, with the administration giving ground on several points, "just so if the strike became a protracted one, we wouldn't feel bad because we'd made our best offers." Only the next day did Carter learn that the strike had been called at seven the evening before, "so in actuality, it made no difference what we did that evening. I'm very sure that when the entire faculty went out on strike, they were not aware of the final offer we'd put forth."

Scott cautions against confusing what the union settled for with what they wanted when they struck, especially the pay raises: "We were able to get closer to our figure in the final settlement, but we didn't get everything we wanted. They didn't either—that's the way it works." Carter, for his part, was quoted in the Boston *Globe* as saying that although the two sides were close on hours and wages, they were "quite a distance apart" on collective bargaining and service to the college issues, a distance he now tends to minimize.

However Scott and Carter now disagree on what separated them, it was the weight of what they'd already agreed on that kept the strike from becoming bitter or prolonged: despite the rhetoric, faculty and college pulled virtually all their punches. Mediator Foss promptly declared a ten-day cooling off period, and once negotiations reopened, they proceeded very smoothly. "Both sides really wanted to get it done," notes Scott. "Otherwise, from our point of view, we couldn't have completed the semester if we didn't come off strike when we did." For the administration's part, Carter states flatly that "the college did not want a new faculty." Berklee did, however, outline a contingency plan "to replace faculty that were not back in a reasonable time—I don't know what that would've been and fortunately I didn't have to find out."

One result of the new contract with post-strike implications is a conventional union ranking system, putting the teachers into pay categories of instructor, assistant professor, associate professor and professor. Since Carter's Dean of Faculty office will be doing the ranking, there are some fears that strike leaders will see retaliation in the form of lower ranks, but a fairly complex review committee can be appealed to if a teacher feels he's been unfairly treated.

What did it come to? At the end of three years of raises, the average nine-month Berklee faculty salary will be $24,500, right on the national average nose. Some teachers will earn well into the thirties. No matter how complicated it all became, the ultimate legacy of the Berklee strike was a ringing declaration that jazz is not a second-class subject, and shouldn't be paid that way. Forget the old line about taking less because you're doing something you love. Has Mike Scott heard that a lot? "Oh sure. I think that's why we've been in the position we were in for so many years, and I think that's one of the reasons that it took so long to get change to happen for us. Collective action is a strange concept for music teachers."

Warrick Carter warns against applying lessons of the Berklee experience too broadly, but within the Berklee community he does see a perceptible growth in professionalism: "When you're trying to make it and are not sure you will, you'll put up with a little of anything to finally get to that goal. I think the faculty began to see exactly where they stood with the college in the future—and vice versa. But the important thing is that both now have a future together."

Does Mike Scott see across-the-board gains for jazz teachers in his own college's experience? "I don't know. We're certainly the first. You may see more. I know our friends at the New England Conservatory watched this with great interest—and sent coffee up a couple of days.

"I think that what you saw here was that we think we're professionals, we think we're doing the job, and we think we're not easily replaceable. And we also think we proved all of that." M

The Best For Last

If there is any truth in advertising, the bands you see before you are the best unsigned bands in America. Now we know that's quite the statement, and if given the chance perhaps we'd say it differently. But after 3,000 entries and a case of batteries for the Walkman, it is the decision of this publication and our illustrious industry panel that Dexter, Visions, OHO, Girls Night Out and the Pat Sheedy Project deserve to be heard. And that's exactly what they will be with the $6,500 worth of JBL sound equipment that was awarded to each group. In fact, the judging got so close at the end, that as opposed to the four originally advertised prize packages, we asked JBL for more equipment just so we wouldn't have to stiff any of these qualified musicians. JBL agreed and then there were five. As grand prize winner, Dexter will be flown to Chicago for this summer's N.A.M.M. Expo where they will open for Adrian Belew's new band, the Bears, and receive a 24-track recording session at the Chicago Recording Co. Okay, so it's not as glamorous as *Starsearch*, but would you buy a record endorsed by Ed McMahon? Our congratulations to the winners and thanks to all the bands who sent us their music.

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Dexter

Based in Orange County, California, Mark Mancina, Barry Hovis and Doug Smith have been playing together for about three years. Separately and collectively they have appeared on the *American Bandstand*, *Mike Douglas* and *Merv Griffin* shows. Their song "With A Passion" was featured in the CBS TV special *Tough Love* and they have had earlier records produced by Supertramp guitarist Carl Verheyen. They are currently managed and produced by Steve McClintock of Headway Studios, Westminster, CA. 714-891-0868.

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