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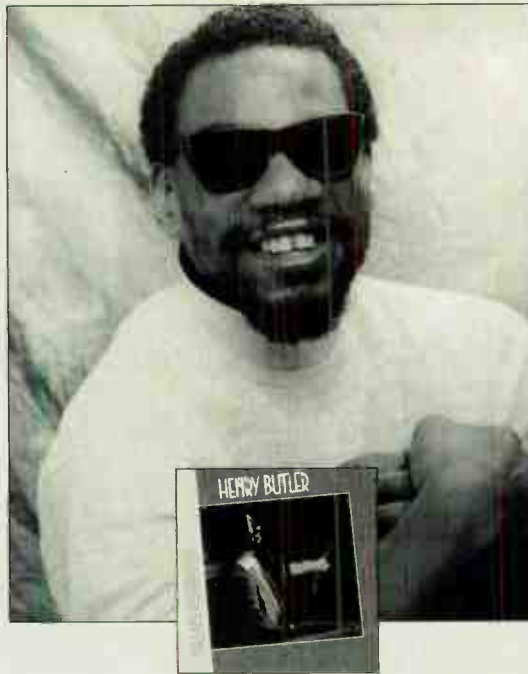


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Phil Collins

In a review of Phil Collins' latest album, . . . But Seriously, J.D. Considine wrote that Phil was more fun when he was frivolous. That's where Phil wanted to start this interview.

So you think I was more fun before, do you? Nothing escapes me, J.D., nothing. I read everything, even when I'm thousands of miles away. You're entitled to your opinion, of course.

Well, how do you feel about that?

My intention was not to try and convince people that suddenly I had been taking these angry-young-man serious pills. It was just another aspect of what I do.

On *No Jacket Required*, there were three songs that were about similar social issues,

but nobody picked up on them because the hits were "One More Night" and "Sussudio" and "Don't Lose My Number." "Take Me Home" was about mental institutions and prisons, "Long, Long Way to Go" was about Northern Ireland, "Doesn't Anybody Stay Together Anymore" was about the breakdown of marriage in our society.

So really, I don't think I've changed that much. As usual, if it's spelled out people think, "Oh, this is dif-

ferent." I do think . . . *But Seriously* is the strongest thing I've done since *Face Value*. But it's still got the fun stuff on it. Things like "Something Happened on the Way to Heaven," "Find a Way to My Heart," are still the Phil Collins other people like or not.

The two *Buster* soundtrack singles were rhythmically lighthearted tracks. And on *No Jacket Required* there was more of a dance approach to the rhythm. That's downplayed on . . . *But Seriously*.

Right. Well, it's nothing conscious. Having come out of the self-analysis of *Face Value* and *Hello, I Must Be Going*, on *No Jacket* I deliberately tried to write some dance songs, because I'd never done that. But "Groovy Kind of Love" and "Two Hearts" were project songs for *Buster*. They fit the movie. I got together with Lamont [Dozier] to write "Two Hearts," a '60s pastiche, because *Buster* was based in the '60s. And that's why we did "Groovy Kind of Love."

But a lot of people thought, "Phil Collins did 'You Can't Hurry Love' and now he's doing 'Groovy Kind of Love.'" Suddenly, I was becoming a little more trivialized than I wanted to be. If Lamont was to read this, I wouldn't want him to think I was in any way ashamed of "Two Hearts." I think we wrote a great pop song.

I think maybe it's not so much a problem in America as in England. But I live in England, and you put your ear down to the ground and you hear what's going on. People are becoming a little bit too middle of the road, maybe

a little bit too Wayne Newton. And although that's going farther into the middle of the road than I would ever dare tread, there's that kind of reaction. I looked back at myself and said, "This isn't really where I'm at, this is where people think I am."

So I sat down after *Buster* and started to write. At the end of a year and a half, I had all this material. We just chose the stuff that I liked the most, and when it came down to the first single, "Another Day in Paradise" was

"THE WORD 'COMMERCIAL' JUST MEANS THAT PEOPLE BUY IT. IT STARTED TO BECOME A WORD FOR SELLING OUT."

chosen because it was a little bit different from what had gone on before. It would bring people back to the starting line of remembering what I'm about. I write "In the Air." I'm quite capable of writing a "Two Hearts" but let's not forget

I'm also doing this kind of stuff.

It's difficult not to be boxed in by the public's notion of you. A lot of people don't want to take Madonna seriously because she's Madonna. Or take R.E.M., whose older fans get angry if they do anything popular.

Well, that's the same with Genesis, isn't it? "Commercial" really just means that people buy it. It started to become a word for selling out. I don't think that's fair criticism, and people do level that criticism at Genesis and Madonna. I think Madonna makes great records, to be quite honest. She's very clever. But people have decided what she is, and she can't do anything about it now.

With Genesis, as you reach more people, the music has developed. We've always written three-minute songs, but they weren't very good. Now we're writing better three- or four-minute songs. So therefore it's reaching more people and therefore becoming commercial, purely because more people are listening to it. We haven't lowered our sights.

I'm sure Genesis has kept some of our old fans, but we've lost an awful lot for various reasons. They grow up, they start listening to different kinds of things, they get mortgages and don't buy albums anymore. I've been very lucky, because I've always moved around. If I turn up on a Madonna album, "Oh, well, it's just that boy mucking about again." If I was to turn up on a Miles Davis album, that would be as acceptable.

What are you looking forward to next? You seem to be one of the busiest guys in show biz.

There's that word. Show biz. [Laughs.] I told you about Wayne Newton, didn't I?

J.D. Considine



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LETTERS



Petty Differences

THANK YOU SO very much for the highly entertaining article on Tom Petty and those wonderful lil' ol' Heartbreakers (April '90). Mike Campbell is my guitar *hero*. If one day, many years from now, I can play a bone-crunching solo as good as he can, I can then die happy. Keep it up, Mike! Love the hair, too!

Elizabeth Steed
Atlanta, GA

I KNEW I WAS in for some real rock 'n' roll that September evening when I entered the concert hall where TP & the HBs had their equipment set up and it included a full-sized grand piano. These guys were serious, and Mr. Tench behind the ivories brought on more than one set of late summer goose bumps. Thanks to Bill Flanagan for wonderful coverage of America's greatest rock 'n' roll band.

Barbara A. Burke
Hilton, NY

I AGREE with Benmont Tench's words that music is a living thing. It certainly is. Music is a five-man band called Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers.

Caroline Miller
York, PA

IF TOM PETTY'S such a stand-up guy (re: putting down the Vince Neil-Lizzy Stradlin punchout), what does he think of Axl Rose's racism? Didn't seem to bother him, since he sang with Guns N' Roses.

Same goes for Don Henley appar-

ently. Hey Tom, Don, what is this, kinder, gentler racism?

Frank Dexter
New York, NY

NOT SINCE Ira Robbins (no relation) reviewed my album (*Indie Shorts*, Mar. '89) have I been so pleasantly surprised! Bill Flanagan's article on Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers was awesome. The band is portrayed in the most accurate light possible and, for that, they come out not smelling like roses, but like five guys in a really cool band.

Darren Robbins
Chicago, IL

THANK YOU for the terrific article on America's number one rock 'n' roll band, the untoppable Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers. I also was happy to see an article on Jerry Douglas, long known to those of us who not only buy country records but read liner credits! The dobro is an instrument long overlooked as a versatile, beautiful alternative to synthesized sound. As a sidelight, Mike Campbell of the above-mentioned Heartbreakers uses the dobro beautifully on their records and stage shows.

Perhaps you would help out with a project I have begun (with the aid of several friends). We have placed Johnny Horton in nomination for placement on the Walkway of Stars in Nashville, Tennessee. I would appreciate your printing this letter, with my name and address, so that anyone who would like to help us make this a reality can write to me.

Peggy E. Davis
Box 195
Troy, MT 59935

Rush Judgments

PRESTO CHANGEDO! Canada's legendary power trio enters the '90s with critics' respect—an astonishing and novel acquisition for the band. While other dinosaur acts have fallen by the wayside, Rush continues to change (and hence stay the same).

Perhaps the time has come to recognize Rush as the most definitive "progressive" rock band in history.

Samuel A. Scott
Lexington, KY

SOMEONE SHOULD explain to Geddy Lee that you must be a good songwriter to get an "odd-time signed" tune across on pop radio. Listen to "All You Need Is Love" by the Beatles or "Money" by Pink Floyd.

As a drummer who has been playing as long as Neil Peart, I find his playing soulless. Only a *true* musician would find expression and enjoyment in even "simple, moronic" drum parts. That's like a great equestrian saying they're bored sitting on a walking horse.

Rick Genovese
Middletown, CT

Organic Chemistry

ORGANIST JIMMY SMITH is undoubtedly *the* technical master of the instrument (April '90). In this respect he is less like the late great Wes Montgomery, I think, and more closely compares to Joe Pass or even Stanley Jordan. I join in Smith's lament about the laziness-inspiring gimmickry in music, and I would suggest that Smith use his reputation and concomitant influence in the jazz community to work more openly for the preservation of purer (if the Hammond B-3 can be called "pure") musical means.

Paul Torrey
Stow, MA

Censorship Redux

THE OPEN LETTER concerning censorship (Apr. '90) is a powerful piece and every word rings true. I have yet to read anything else that spells out the issue more clearly. I only hope that enough record company executives, producers and other music-business people who have a stranglehold on the creativity in the rock music scene read it and

do something before all we have left is Debbie Gibson and New Kids on the Block. Laws like Pennsylvania's Gamble Amendment are frightening; if it is passed it will set a dangerous precedent. Censorship in any form is unacceptable, and in music that is doubly so.

Sara J. Bennett
Moosup, CT

Jazzbooboo

CHIP STERN'S review about Christopher Hollyday's LP (April '90) was correct concerning his playing and influence, but incorrect concerning it being his debut. In 1988 he released an album on RBL entitled *Reverence* produced by Ron Carter. Thanks for all the great coverage you give jazz.

Augie Jordan
Salem, WV

Oil Slick?

THE NEW MIDNIGHT OIL, *Blue Sky Mining* is the best thing to come out in years. Imagine my surprise when I read Ted Drozdowski's review (April '90). Midnight Oil wimped out? I could not believe my eyes. Just because an album is more accessible and gets radio airplay, it does not automatically follow that the band has sold out or that the music is no longer valid. A band is expected to grow, after all. This is hardly the kind of slick pop that advertising agencies use to sell products. *Blue Sky Mining* is tough, intelligent rock 'n' roll. What good is the message if nobody hears it?

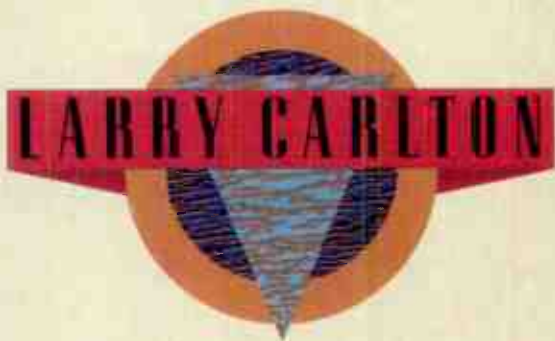
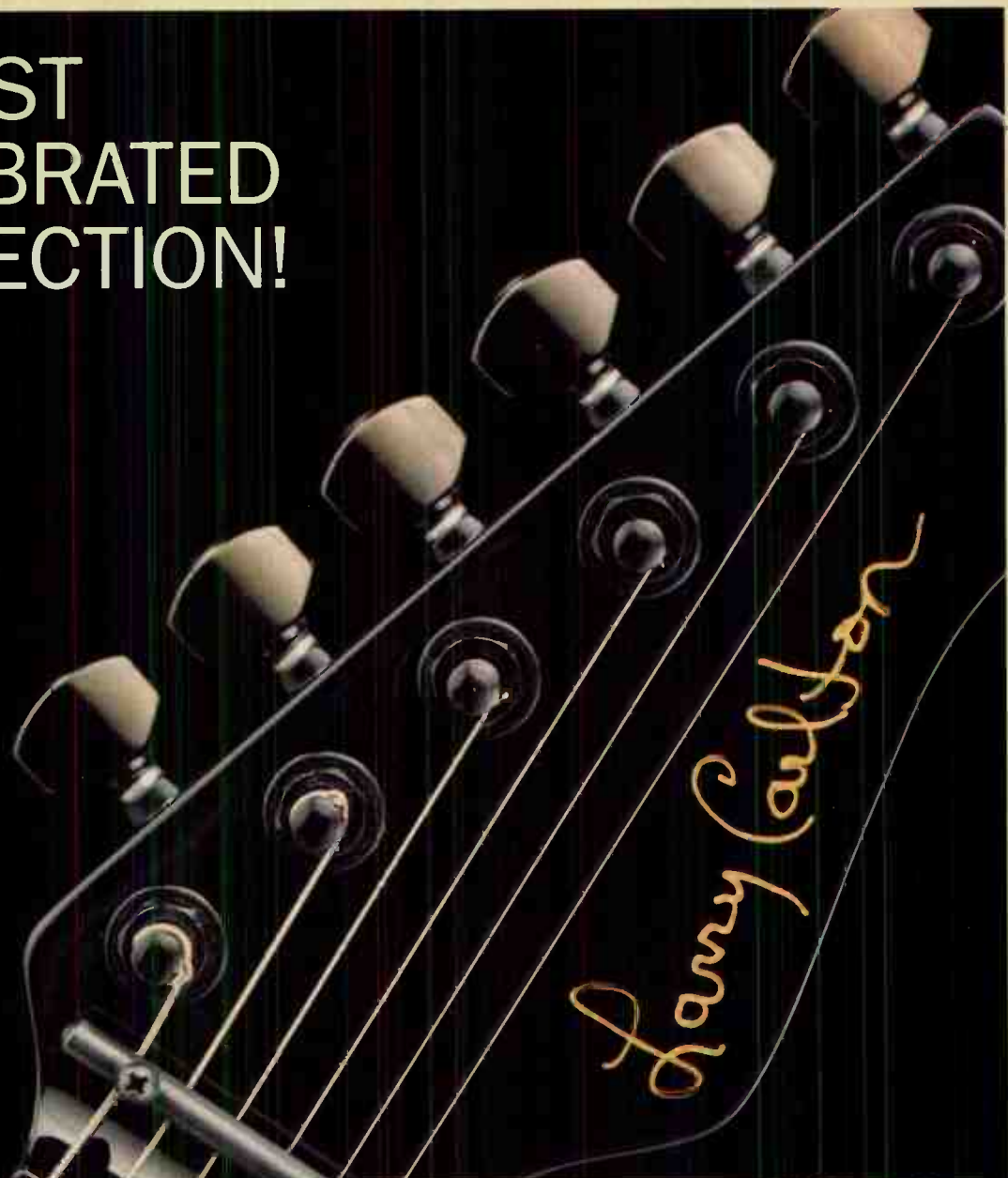
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Errata

The photograph of Nanci Griffith in our Jan. '90 issue should be credited: Randall Wallace.

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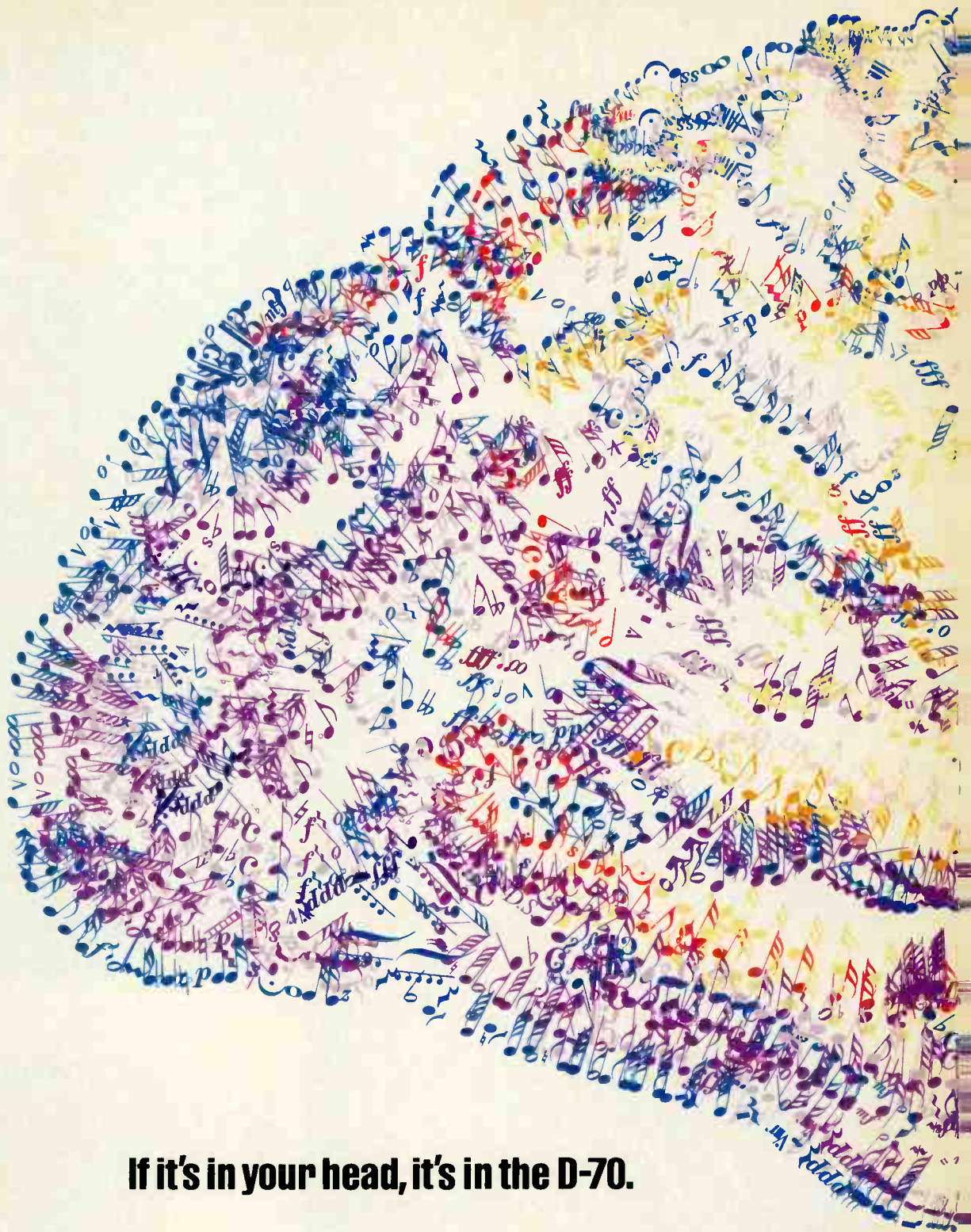


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HOTHOUSE FLOWERS

Home sweet home

LOVE IT when people stop me on the street to talk about our music," grins Hothouse Flowers bassist Peter O'Toole. "I can't pretend I don't." The Irish quintet's new LP should inspire plenty more sidewalk talk. Recorded in bits and pieces from late '88 to early '90, *Home* diversifies the gospel 'n' soul grooves of their hit debut *People*. Along with the volcanic pop that's inspired comparisons to Springsteen, there's a rousing cover of Johnny Nash's "I Can See Clearly Now," a moody jam with Daniel Lanois ("Shut Up and Listen") and a live hoedown ("Dance") reflecting the band's roots in traditional music.

But is *Home* varied or just unfocused? "We were confused and bewildered for a while," admits

singer/pianist Liam O'Maonlai. "It wasn't until we were done recording that we could see how the tracks fit together."

They're less thrilled with the non-musical aspects of the job. "The oldest danger in the rock 'n' roll book is people feeding you drugs and drink," observes O'Maonlai. The Flowers point to Elvis Presley and the Pogues' Shane MacGowan as good negative role models.

There's little chance the soft-spoken frontman will follow suit. 'cause he's "off the jar. I did that kind of rock 'n' roll drinking when I was younger and made mistakes I could have avoided. I broke my hand one night hitting a bin while I was talking. And you fall in love too quickly on tour when you're drinking. I've made enough mistakes under the influence. If I'm going to make others, at least I'd like to have my faculties when I do!"—Jon Young

STEVE WYNN

After Dream Syndicate

WHEN I WAS A KID I used to read the paper and look for the mass-murder articles. I was fascinated by Charles Manson when I was eight years old." Alice Cooper? Ozzy Osbourne? No, we're talking with mild-mannered Steve Wynn, and trying hard to believe that this is the singer/songwriter who piloted L.A.'s late Dream Syndicate through seven years of poll-topping, label-hopping rock 'n' roll.

"You don't expect Laurence Olivier or Paul Newman to be like Hamlet or Hud," says Wynn, "but in rock 'n' roll you always expect the Jim Morrison damage or the Hank Williams damage. I write in character a lot. I used to drink the fifth of whiskey a day to try to justify a character." He laughs. "And it's taken me a while to realize that my duty is only to challenge myself and write good songs." On *Kerosene Man*, his first-ever solo effort, Wynn wraps his usual cast of loners and outsiders in his most articulate, pop-inflected music to date.

The album finds Wynn pushing himself above and beyond the familiar guitar/bass/drums format, employing some of L.A.'s finest on fiddle, mandolin, sax and keyboards. If the idea of doing a solo album with guest artists seems a little out of character, the means are more than justified by the result. "For a long time I felt like if it was someone else's idea it just couldn't be right," Wynn says. "It's okay to have a vision and push people to get there, but if your vision is wrapped up in your ego, that's a mistake."—Peter Cronin



MAHLATHINI & THE MAHOTELLA QUEENS

Mbaqanga hits the ivy league

THE ROAD MANAGER smiles, but his anxiety still shows. Only three shows into Mahlathini & the Mahotella Queens' North American tour, the group is playing like each gig is its last. Some of the Mahotella Queens are grandmothers! Hours before a show at Dartmouth College in New Hampshire, the manager pleads with sax player West Nkosi: "You can't keep this up. Last night you played your hearts out two sets in a row. Tell me you won't play so hard."

Nkosi smiles dreamily. "We will play *harder*," he vows. "And longer all the time."

After almost 30 years together, after breakups, defections and a 10-year slump, Simon "Mahlathini" Nkabinde, his trio of hard-dancing singers and Nkosi's megavolt Mak-gona Tshole Band are in no mood to chill. It's not just that they've got two white-hot new releases, *Paris-Soweto* and *Rhythm and Art*. These are people with a *mission*. Says Nkosi, "Our music is influenced by Amer-

ican music, but America has never been influenced by *our* music, and now we are going to *push out*."

That night Mahlathini's *mbaqanga*, the tuneful, dance-loving form of township jive derived from Zulu wedding music, "pushed out" so hard it punched half the college audience out of their seats. Liling, nimble-fingered lead guitar played off bass lines so emphatic they positively lunged, and all the while the Mahotella Queens, three gourd-shaped women in traditional tribal garb and tennis shoes, shook and swayed. And when 53-year-old pelt-and-claw-clad Mahlathini sang, his trademark roar made the MGM lion sound like a sick kitten.

Remember how it felt when you were home alone and dancing by yourself and you could try out any cockamamie move you liked because it wasn't *looking* good that mattered, it was *feeling* good?

The Queens remember. And shake it like you better not forget.

—Amy Godine



BLUE AEROPLANES

The art of not being stupid

I'M NOT NECESSARILY gonna make the list of the 10 best poets of the twentieth century," admits Gerard Langley, who leads England's Blue Aeroplanes. "But in terms of rock lyricists, I'm definitely in the top five. As far as I can see, I'm the only one around who could possibly bridge the gap between Auden and Dylan."

All modesty aside, the eight-year-old Bristol combo may justify Langley's bravado. Sharing the spotlight with Langley's erudite, sung-spoken lyrics is the guitar tag-team of Angelo Bruschini, Alex Lee and Rodney Allen, who emphasize texture, dynamics and melody over brute force. Add an able rhythm section (bassist Andy McCreeth and Langley's drummer brother John), the onstage gyrations of dancer Wojtek Dmochowski, and some exotic folk instruments, and you've got

one of Britain's most stimulating, if slow-blooming, bands.

Swagger is their first major-label release after five sparsely distributed indie efforts and numerous personnel changes. "I don't see a vast difference between this album and what the band was doing four or five years ago," says newcomer Allen. "It's just that this record's easier to listen to because it was recorded with a proper budget."

Langley credits the group's belated rise to a variety of factors: "One is that this is the first Blue Aeroplanes lineup where everyone is actually committed to being in the band, whereas people in the past were always under parental pressure to go to university or get a proper job. Another is that the mainstream has caught up with us, to the point that what we've been doing all along has finally become commercially acceptable.

"I don't think we are particularly arty; we're just not *stupid*. I think anybody who liked *Led Zeppelin IV* could like *Swagger*."

—Harold DeMuir



RYUICHI SAKAMOTO

Discovering Japan

RYUICHI SAKAMOTO'S album *Beauty* fuses angular hip-hop energies to Japanese and American folk music ("I Dream of Jeannie"), Afro-Brazilian and New York's cutting edge.

"I've always been listening to all genres of music and ethnic music," he says in halting English, "but I didn't really combine them before. Finally, I reached."

Bred on the Beatles and Western classical music, Sakamoto made his presence felt as part of the Yellow Magic Orchestra in the early '80s, and appeared in the films *Merry Christmas*, *Mr. Lawrence* (as David Bowie's foil) and *The Last Emperor*, for which he also shared an Oscar for his contributions to the score. For *Beauty*, Sakamoto drew in such contributors as Robbie Robertson, Brian Wilson, Pino Palladino, Arto Lindsay and Youssou N'Dour.



"I hope that *Beauty* is joyful for listeners. I don't want to make really serious arty music. My music should be interesting and creative, but enjoyable."

Sakamoto sings in English for the first time, and his understated voice and vocal arrangements are anything but in-your-face. He laughs: "Vocals and drums are two of the main dominating [forces] in pop that I hate."—Josef Woodard

"WORLD BEAT STAY HOME"

Sez U.S. Immigration Service

WHILE THE PAN-CULTURAL popular and ethnic musics dubbed World Beat are striving to gain ground commercially in the United States, new U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) regulations are beating back the actual artists who seek to play here.

Recent INS restrictions, which quietly went into effect on February 26, 1990, will make it much more difficult for all foreign performers to obtain the necessary H-1 or H-2 visa forms. To obtain an H-1 visa under the revised rules, foreign musicians must now prove they are commercially popular in the U.S. and not just in their homeland.

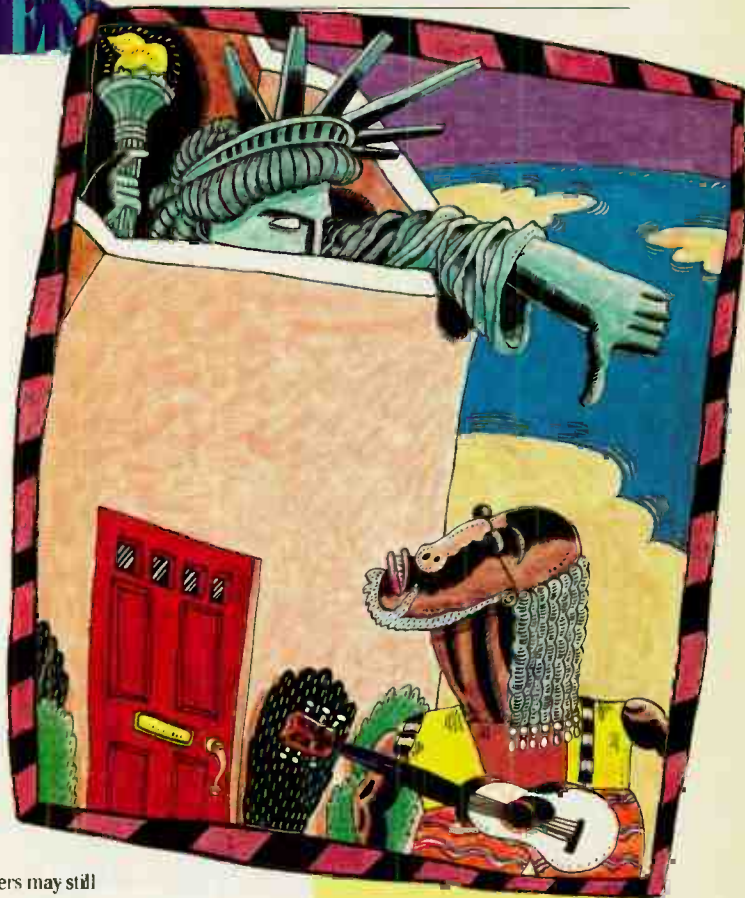
Formerly, the issuance of H-1 visas (customarily filed for by U.S. promoters to gain temporary work permits for booked acts) had primarily been based on the general visibility of entertainers as demonstrated by newspaper and magazine articles or other media coverage. Now, an individual artist or group must prove their U.S. popularity by means of specific documentation, such as music charts demonstrating their sales status, etc. If such documentation is unavailable (or nonexistent) performers may apply for an H-2 visa, which can only be secured if the promoter or venue advertises in trade publications for a similar U.S. artist and is unable to locate one. (Prompting thoughts of such unlikely want ads as: "NEEDED! One American band to ape the Shangaan pop music of South Africa's Obed Ngobeni and the Kurhula Sisters! CALL TODAY!")

Traditional and ethnic entertain-

ers may still apply for H-1 visas under different regulations, but to qualify, their tours must be primarily at educational and non-profit venues, an absurdly narrow loophole. As one snug U.S. Consulate official in Kingston, Jamaica recently stated, "In granting an H-1 visa to an entertainer, the caliber of the performer will now be taken into consideration, as well as if this sort of act was readily available in the U.S."

Under such strictures, Americans might never have witnessed a concert by Bob Marley and the Wailers, let alone shows by son Ziggy and the Melody Makers. And if these racist regulations are allowed to prevail, U.S. audiences might have to content themselves with Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan impersonators, or Zvuki Mu cover bands from the Bronx. Readers should address postcards of protest to: Jerome Ogden, U.S. Department of State Visa Office, 2401 E Street NW, Washington, DC 20522.

—Timothy White



THE \$10,000 TRUMPET TRYOUT

THE THELONIOUS MONK Institute of Jazz will hold its fourth annual instrumental competition on November 17 and 18 at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. The first three contests were in piano (Marcus Roberts won in 1987); this year, the competition is for trumpeters. Judges will include Clark Terry, Wynton Marsalis and Snooky Young. First prize is \$10,000. The Thelonious Monk Institute is establishing the world's first four-year conservatory for jazz, to be located in Durham, North Carolina and affiliated with Duke University. The school will begin construction in 1991 and open its doors in 1992 or 1993.

Interested trumpet players should call 202-895-1610 for information.

THE MUSICIAN CHARTS

Top 100 Albums

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

1 • 87	Sinéad O'Connor <i>I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got</i> /Ensign
2 • 2	Janel Jackson <i>Janel Jackson's Rhythm Nation</i> R&M
3 • 4	Bonnie Raitt <i>Nick of Time</i> /Capitol
4 • 5	Michael Bolton <i>Soul Provider</i> /Columbia
5 • 1	Paula Abdul <i>Forever Your Girl</i> /Virgin
6 • 19	M.C. Hammer <i>Please Hammer Don't Hurt 'Em</i> Capitol
7 • 7	Alannah Myles <i>Alannah Myles</i> /Atlantic
8 • 10	Aerosmith <i>Pump</i> /Geffen
9 • —	Depeche Mode <i>Violator</i> /Sire
10 • 3	Phil Collins <i>... But Seriously</i> /Atlantic
11 • 12	Technotronic <i>Pump Up the Jam—The Album</i> SBK
12 • 27	Lisa Stansfield <i>Affection</i> /Arista
13 • 6	The B-52's <i>Cosmic Thing</i> /Reprise
14 • —	Robert Plant <i>Manic Nirvana</i> /Es Paranza
15 • 9	Linda Ronstadt (Fea. A. Neville) <i>Cry Like a Rainstorm, Howl Like the Wind</i> /Elektra
16 • 13	Quincy Jones <i>Back on the Block</i> /Qwest
17 • 17	Babyface <i>Tender Lover</i> /Solar
18 • 20	Don Henley <i>The End of the Innocence</i> /Geffen
19 • —	Bell Biv DeVoe <i>Poison</i> /MCA
20 • 8	Milli Vanilli <i>Girl You Know It's True</i> /Arista
21 • 32	Midnight Oil <i>Blue Sky Mining</i> /Columbia
22 • 15	Mötley Crüe <i>Dr. Feelgood</i> /Elektra

23 • 23	Basia <i>London Warsaw</i> /New York/Epic
24 • 68	Rod Stewart <i>Downtown Train</i> Selections from Storyteller/Warner Bros.
25 • 11	Billy Joel <i>Storm Front</i> /Warner Bros.
26 • 55	Slaughter <i>Stick It to Ya</i> /Chrysalis
27 • 26	Eric Clapton <i>Journeyman</i> /Duck
28 • 14	Tom Petty <i>Full Moon Fever</i> /MCA
29 • —	Soundtrack <i>Pretty Woman</i> /EMI
30 • 24	Gloria Estefan <i>Cuts Both Ways</i> /Epic
31 • 16	Kenny G <i>Live</i> /Arista
32 • 21	New Kids on the Block <i>Hangin' Tough</i> /Columbia
33 • 28	Taylor Dayne <i>Can't Fight Fate</i> /Arista
34 • —	Heart <i>Brigade</i> /Capitol
35 • 22	Young M.C. <i>Stone Cold Rhymin'</i> /Delicious
36 • 33	Michael Penn <i>March</i> /RCA
37 • 25	Roxette <i>Look Sharp!</i> /EMI
38 • 74	Tommy Page <i>Paintings in My Mind</i> /Sire
39 • 37	Michelle <i>Michelle</i> /Ruthless
40 • 31	Luther Vandross <i>The Best of Luther: The Best of Love</i> /Epic
41 • —	Digital Underground <i>Sex Pockets</i> /Tommy Boy
42 • —	Salt-N-Pepa <i>Black's Magic</i> /Next Plateau
43 • 49	Peter Murphy <i>Deep Beggers</i> /Banquet
44 • 44	Cher <i>Heart of Stone</i> /Geffen
45 • —	Cowboy Junkies <i>The Caution Horses</i> /RCA
46 • 36	Soundtrack <i>Beaches</i> /Atlantic
47 • —	David Bowie <i>Changesbowie</i> /Rykko
48 • 29	Skid Row <i>Skid Row</i> /Atlantic
49 • —	Damn Yankees <i>Damn Yankees</i> /Warner Bros.
50 • 66	Jane Child <i>Jane Child</i> /Warner Bros.
51 • 30	Richard Marx <i>Repeat Offender</i> /EMI
52 • 38	Seduction <i>Nothing Matters Without Love</i> Vendetta
53 • 35	Soul II Soul <i>Keep On Movin'</i> /Virgin
54 • —	The Notting Hillbillies <i>Missing... Presumed Having a Good Time</i> /Warner Bros.
55 • 42	The 2 Live Crew <i>As Nasty as They Wanna Be</i> Skyywalker
56 • 40	Kaoma <i>World Beat</i> /Epic
57 • 34	Whitesnake <i>Slip of the Tongue</i> /Geffen
58 • 39	Elton John <i>Sleeping with the Past</i> /MCA
59 • 48	New Kids on the Block <i>New Kids on the Block</i> /Columbia
60 • 18	Bobby Brown <i>Dance!... Ya Know It!</i> /MCA
61 • 43	The Smithereens <i>Smithereens II</i> /Enigma
62 • —	After 7 <i>After 7</i> /Virgin
63 • —	Kid 'N Play <i>Kid 'N Play's Fun House</i> /Select
64 • —	Soundtrack <i>Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles</i> /SBK
65 • —	Public Enemy <i>Hear ya Black Planet</i> /Def Jam
66 • 52	The Kentucky Headhunters <i>Pickin' on Nashville</i> /Mercury
67 • —	Faster Pussycat <i>Hate Me When It's Over</i> /Elektra
68 • —	Carly Simon <i>My Romance</i> /Arista
69 • 47	Tesla <i>The Great Radio Controversy</i> Geffen
70 • —	Wilson Phillips <i>Wilson Phillips</i> /SBK
71 • 57	Kiss <i>Hot in the Shade</i> /Mercury
72 • 100	Adam Ant <i>Manners & Physique</i> /MCA
73 • —	The Church <i>Gold Afternoon Fx</i> /Arista
74 • 54	Joe Satriani <i>Flying in a Blue Dream</i> /Relativity
75 • 56	Soundtrack <i>The Little Mermaid</i> /Walt Disney
76 • 90	Troop <i>Attitude</i> /Atlantic
77 • 79	Regina Belle <i>Stay with Me</i> /Columbia
78 • —	Fleetwood Mac <i>Behind the Mask</i> /Warner Bros.
79 • 69	Oingo Boingo <i>Dark at the End of the Tunnel</i> MCA
80 • —	Everything but the Girl <i>The Language of Life</i> /Atlantic
81 • 59	3rd Bass <i>The Cactus Album</i> /Def Jam
82 • —	Flood <i>They Might Be Giants</i> /Elektra
83 • 51	Heavy D. & the Boyz <i>Big Byme</i> /Uptown
84 • 45	Bad English <i>Bad English</i> /Epic
85 • 80	Julia Fordham <i>Porcelain</i> /Virgin

86 • —	Howard Hewett <i>Howard Hewett</i> /Elektra
87 • —	Andrew Dice Clay <i>The Day the Laughter Died</i> /Def American
88 • —	Calloway <i>All the Way</i> /Solar
89 • 71	Rob Base <i>The Incredible Base</i> /Profile
90 • 97	The Stone Roses <i>The Stone Roses</i> /Silverstone
91 • 41	Rolling Stones <i>Steel Wheels</i> /Columbia
92 • —	Alan Jackson <i>Here in the Real World</i> /Arista
93 • —	Above the Law <i>Live! Like Hustlers/Ruthless</i>
94 • 89	Dianne Reeves <i>Never Too Far</i> /EMI
95 • —	Travis Tritt <i>Country Club</i> /Warner Bros.
96 • 72	Clint Black <i>Killin' Time</i> /RCA
97 • 62	John Lee Hooker <i>The Healer</i> /Chameleon
98 • —	Alice Cooper <i>Trash</i> /Epic
99 • 95	Willie, Waylon, Johnny & Kris <i>Highwayman 2</i> /Columbia
100 • 64	Lenny Kravitz <i>Let Love Rule</i> /Virgin

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

Top Labels

- 1 Columbia
- 2 Atlantic
- 3 Arista
- 4 Capitol
- 5 Geffen
- 6 MCA
- 7 Warner Bros.
- 8 Epic
- 9 Elektra
- 10 Virgin
- 11 EMI
- 12 Sire
- 13 A&M
- 14 SBK
- 15 RCA
- 16 Ensign
- 17 Reprise
- 18 Solar
- 19 Mercury
- 20 Es Paranza
- 21 Ruthless
- 22 Qwest
- 23 Chrysalis
- 24 Duck

Top Concert Grosses

1	Paul McCartney <i>Joe Robbie Stadium, Miami</i> /April 14-15	\$2,862,300
2	Paul McCartney <i>Sun Devil Stadium, Tempe, AZ, Arizona State University</i> /April 4	\$1,996,380
3	Paul McCartney <i>Texas Stadium, Irving, TX</i> /April 7	\$1,863,453
4	Billy Joel <i>Los Angeles Sports Arena</i> /March 31, April 2-3, 6 & 8	\$1,795,230
5	Paul McCartney <i>Tampa Stadium, Tampa, FL</i> /April 12	\$1,747,230
6	Billy Joel <i>Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum, Oakland, CA</i> /April 9, 13, 17 & 19	\$1,318,995
7	Frank Sinatra, Tom Dreesen <i>Fox Theatre, Detroit, MI</i> /April 19-22	\$876,184
8	Grateful Dead <i>The Omni, Atlanta, GA</i> /April 1-3	\$859,344
9	Eric Clapton <i>Heterans Memorial Arena, Hartford Civic Center, Hartford, CT</i> /April 12-15	\$718,703
10	Janel Jackson, Chuckii Booker <i>Joe Louis Arena, Detroit, MI</i> /April 2-3	\$702,460

MUSICIANS

SPECIAL EDITIONS



SPECIAL EDITIONS

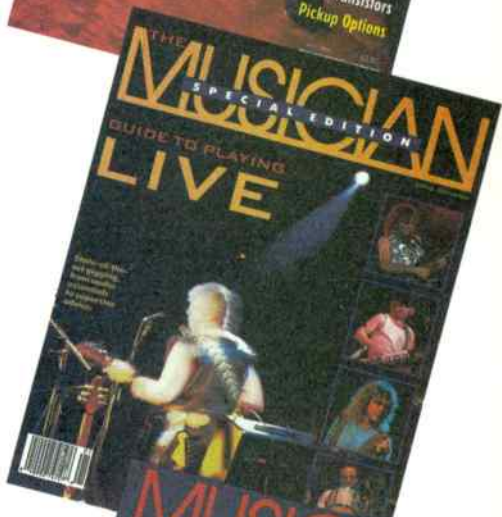
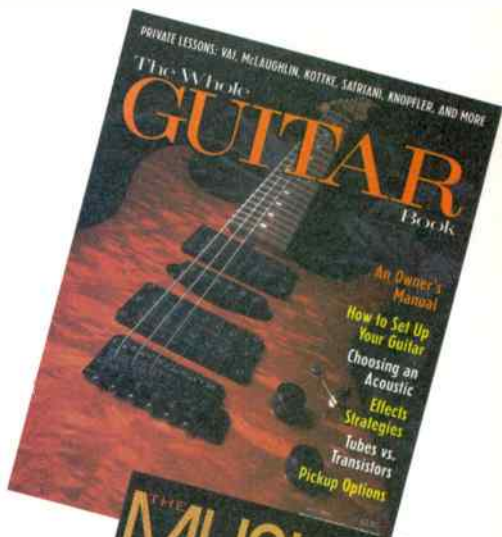
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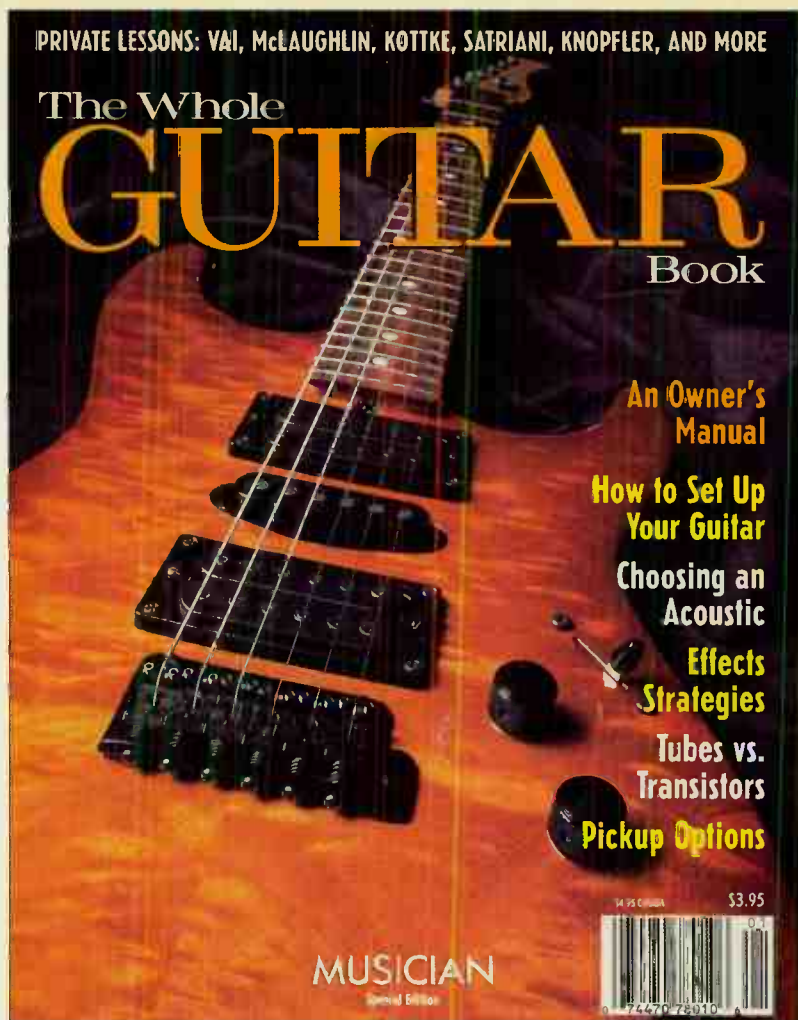
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ALLIES

Eagles Reunite for Concert and Album

Henley, Frey & Schmit
play benefit & plan
new recordings

BY

Ted Drozdowski



Henley (L.) moved back to drums behind Schmit, Kootch and Frey.

IT WAS A CONCERT dedicated to historic preservation. Organized by Don Henley to save Henry David Thoreau's Walden Woods from office and condo developers, this show ended up making a case for the longevity of the '70s singer-songwriter.

The concerts were held on April 24 and 25 at the Centrum in Worcester, Massachusetts. Henley was joined by Arlo Guthrie, Jimmy Buffett, Bonnie Raitt and Bob Seger. But the big news was an Eagles reunion, more or less, with Henley on drums, singer/guitarist Glenn Frey and bassist/vocalist Timothy B. Schmit supported by Henley's crack touring band.

"I wouldn't call what you saw exactly an Eagles reunion," Henley said afterwards, "but it was the three singers. And it didn't feel like 10 years since we sang those songs. Maybe one or two."

Perhaps that's because Henley and Frey began writing songs together again in March. "Then my tour started and things are kind of on hold at the moment. But when I get back around June 24, I'll probably take a week or 10 days off and cool out a little bit, and then we're gonna resume. I'm also working with my partner Danny Kortchmar. We've got about four or five songs started, and we're going to record them. It should take the rest of the summer and fall.

"There's a boxed set coming out," Henley continues, "something that all the record companies are doing—taking some older

might be nice to have a couple of new tunes on there. *The Eagles Greatest Hits Volume II* was really a rip-off. We didn't have enough product to warrant a Volume II, but they [Elektra] did it anyway. And spent about a nickel on the cover. So we're going to write eight or nine songs and cull those down to probably three: one for me to sing, one for Glenn to sing and one for Timothy Schmit to sing."

What was surprising was not seeing Henley and Frey onstage again—they'd parted the Eagles on cordial terms—but how damn good they were. Frey, wearing a flat-top haircut and a baggy white suit that looked borrowed from Don Johnson (one of the event's celebrity co-hosts), strode out after Henley's own set to play slide guitar and sing his hit "Smuggler's Blues."

Swapping his Melody Maker for an acoustic guitar, Frey stepped to the mike to introduce his compadre: "Don Henley has made a bunch of guitar players look good over the years—me, Don Felder, Joe Walsh, Danny Kootch. It's been his voice and his lyrics that have been our bread and butter. Because that's all we are—a bunch of guitar players." ("Is that what he said?" Henley asked later. "I just heard 'Joe Walsh' and 'Don Felder' and I thought, 'Oh my God, he's badmouthing those guys again.'")

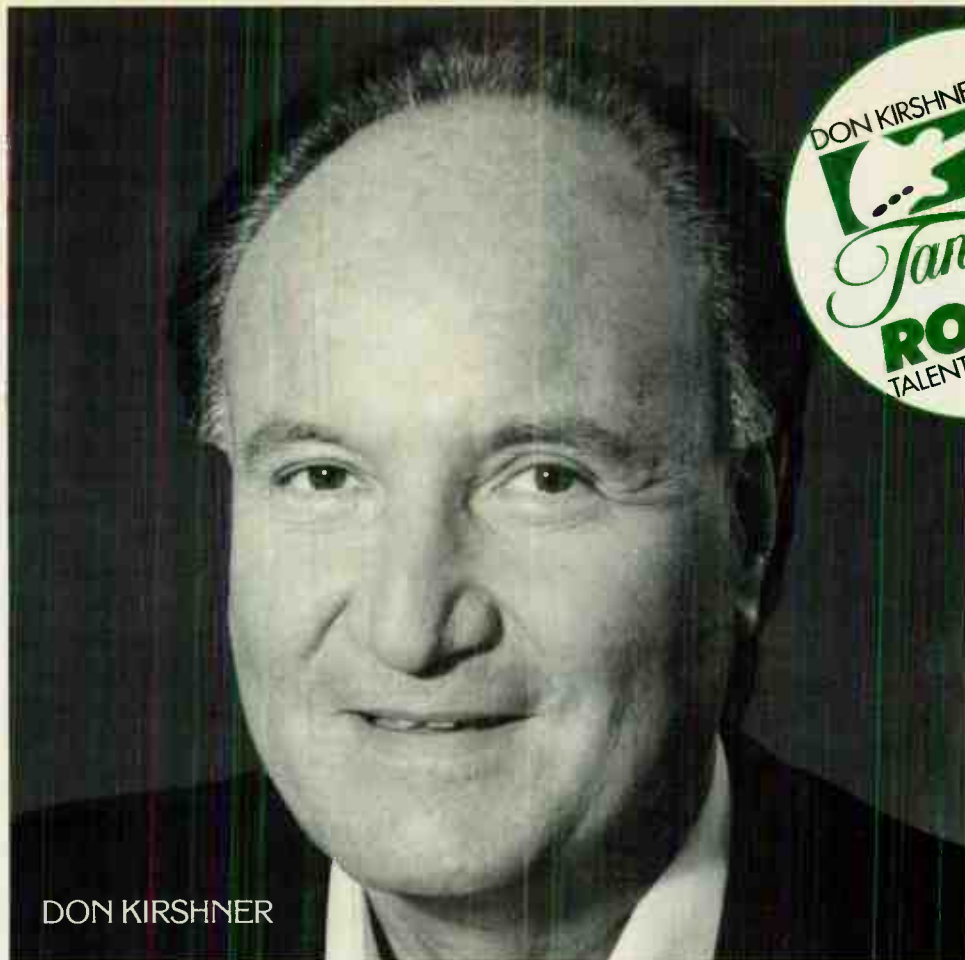
Then Henley, dressed like Robert Mitchum's demented preacher in *Night of the Hunter*, sat behind Ian Wallace's drumkit as Schmit, looking virtually the same as in his Eagles heyday, strode onstage to take the bass.

Immediately they started in on the romantic, desert-dusted repertoire that sparked a million back-seat romances, strumming the chords of "Lyin' Eyes," which rolled into "Take It Easy." With Frey's warm, familiar voice in the lead and Henley keeping a laconic back-beat on snare and rim, it was as if the '80s had never happened, and



stuff and repackaging it on CD. It'll be a combination of *Greatest Hits Volume I* and *II* in a special CD and cassette package. This is a contractual obligation thing; they're going to put this out regardless. So we figured it

11,500 people were happy to stand and yell about it. Schmit got his turn up front to sing "I Can't Tell You Why," the slow-dance hit from 1979's *The Long Run* that yielded his 15 minutes of fame and, like most of that album,



DON KIRSHNER



He can turn your rock into platinum.

You're looking at America's foremost rock impresario. He has launched and guided the careers of many music greats, and created the nation's first prime-time music video series, *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert*. A major force in music publishing, his catalogue of songs has sold more than 500 million copies.

You'd think that after accomplishing all this, he'd want to sit back and rest on his laurels. But not Don. No way. He's always on the lookout to discover that next great group and make them rich and famous.

Well, here's your chance to be discovered.

Just enter the *Tanqueray Rocks Talent Contest*. If you're 21, send in the completed entry form along with a copy of your group's tape and photo. (Read contest rules for details.) If we like what we hear, your group will be invited to compete as Semi-Finalists in either Nashville or Los Angeles. Then, if you're really good, we'll fly you to New York City to perform in the Finals. If you're sensational, our select panel of judges from the music and recording industry will award you the Grand Prize: \$5,000 cash, \$2,500 more towards the production of a studio-quality demo tape, and most importantly, a face-to-face meeting with the legend who creates legends—Don Kirshner.

So enter today. And maybe he'll turn your rock into platinum.

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. All entrants must be U.S. residents and 21 years of age or older as of September 1, 1990. 2. Size of group must be between 1 and 7 members. Non-playing vocalist(s) must be counted in group number. 3. The "Tanqueray Rocks" talent contest is a competition for rock-n-roll bands. 4. Entries must be submitted in audio cassette form no longer than 20 minutes in length, clearly labeled with the leader's name and address. All music and lyrics must be original. A clear photograph depicting all band members must be submitted as well. The same members on the tape must appear with the group if they place in the semi-finals and finals. Proof of age for each group member must be submitted with entry. 5. All artists retain the rights to their music except as provided in paragraph 12. 6. Entries must be postmarked no later than Tuesday, July 31st and must be accompanied by an official entry blank or reasonable facsimile signed by the leader of the group. Only one entry per group is allowed. Tanqueray is not held responsible for lost, late or misdirected mail. 7. Semi-finalists and finalists will be chosen by a panel of independent judges. Judging will be based on musicianship, creativity, technique and sound. The decision of the judges will be final. By entering this contest, each group member acknowledges that Schieffelin & Somerset Co. and its affiliates shall have the right to use each entrant's name or likeness in any promotional activities relating to this contest without further compensation. 8. Tanqueray will use cassettes sent in only for this contest. The cassettes will not be reproduced for any purpose. Cassettes will only be returned if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. 9. Three semi-finalists will be chosen to perform in each semi-final city. Contestants must indicate which semi-final contest they wish to enter. Semi-finalists will be notified no later than August 30th. Semi-finals dates and locations are Nashville—September 12, Los Angeles—October 3. 10. One finalist from each semi-final city will be chosen to compete in the final competition in New York on October 17. 11. If any entrant is unable to appear at either the semi-finals or final, an alternate will be chosen. 12. Each entrant acknowledges that his/her performance may be filmed, videotaped and/or photographed by Schieffelin & Somerset Co. The film, videotape and photographs of this performance may be used for any purpose whatsoever without payment of any compensation to entrant or securing of any additional permission from entrant. The filming, videotaping and/or photographing may in-

clude the final competition in New York and/or the semi-finals in Nashville or Los Angeles. By entering, each entrant warrants and represents that the musical routine performed by each band is original and will not infringe upon or violate the rights of any third party. Each group member by entering this contest agrees to all terms of this competition. 13. Employees and their families of Schieffelin & Somerset Co., its affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and public relations agencies, licensed alcoholic beverage wholesalers and retailers are not eligible to participate. Contest is void wherever prohibited by law. Contest is not open to MS, TX, or UT residents. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. The winner and/or entrants may be required to sign an Affidavit of Eligibility and Release. 14. Federal, state and local taxes on prize money are the sole responsibility of the winners. 15. Semi-finalists are responsible for travel and accommodation arrangements to their chosen semi-final city.

Leader's Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 Zip _____
 Daytime Phone () _____
 I/We wish to enter the semi-finals in (check one):
 Nashville Los Angeles
 I have read the rules and affirm that this entry is in compliance with them.
 Signature of leader _____
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 NEW YORK, NY 10150-5223

Adrian Belew



Young Lions

Solo artist extraordinaire or sideman to the stars? These days Adrian Belew is both. His brand new album, *Young Lions*, has already been hailed as the most accomplished of his career. And you can also catch Adrian as David Bowie's featured guitarist on their current world tour.

The album includes "Pretty Pink Rose," a duet with David Bowie.



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indicated that the individual Eagles were beginning to move in different directions.

Frey turned in a simple, dignified blues solo on the song's tail, but the house ignited moments later as Henley sideman John Corey picked out the intro to the SoCal parable "Hotel California" on his Gibson doubleneck. Smacking out the beat, Henley rose up on his drummer's throne to throw all of his dry, keening voice into the title tune of the 1976 album that sold 15 million copies and made the Eagles rock icons. For a guy who's spent most of his eight-year-old solo career standing at a microphone, Henley's lost none of his drumming chops, and he whalloped his way into the setup of the tune's twin-guitar finale, played note-for-note by Corey and Frank Simes—as it is every night on Henley's current tour.

"Yeah, I can still play," Henley observed afterwards, "but I have a problem because my drummer's left-handed. It's really a nightmare. Everything's backwards, although I do have pedal extensions. I'm always hitting something I'm not supposed to hit. But it's pretty basic, simple stuff. I'm not doing anything fancy."

Frey grabbed a Telecaster to turn "Life in the Fast Lane" into a three-way guitar free-for-all. With just a few days of rehearsal under his belt, he traded ringing leads with the road-practiced hired guns with enough fire to prove that, while he hasn't been sitting in with Guns N' Roses, he ain't been puttin' his feet up.

Seeger, Raitt, Guthrie, Buffett—even Don Johnson—trotted out for a finale of "Heartache Tonight," providing a joy-drunken chorus. (Henley: "We picked that one so everybody could kind of come up and yell on it.") But Henley saved the Eagles' "Best of My Love" for himself, turning the drums back to Wallace and singing from stagefront. The audience, a mix of kids and the thirtysomething crowd, was reverent as Henley and Frey gently brought the song to a call-and-response ending. Then he swung into "Desperado," the last great cowboy ballad, and announced, "You can sing along with me if you like." And people did sing, and did like.

Just three weeks after he'd begun thinking about a Walden Woods benefit, Henley was onstage in Worcester. "I aged considerably in those three weeks, putting these concerts together," he explained. "Luckily I've got good friends and they all came to my rescue." But the real heroes of the event were Henley's band. They'd spent [cont'd on page 113]

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Champion of the Rebellion



Zimbabwe's Thomas Mapfumo keeps the spirit of chimurenga aflame

BY

Tom Cheyney

WHEN THE FIGHTING in Zimbabwe's war of liberation was at its fiercest in the late 1970s, the music of Thomas Mapfumo was the soundtrack for the revolution. Despite the efforts of Rhodesian white-minority leader Ian Smith and his African puppet Abel Muzorewa to discredit or appropriate Mapfumo's deliberately obscure political allegories, the dreadlocked singer remained a hero to the freedom fighters and their supporters, even serving three months in prison for his music. He called his sound *chimurenga*, the Shona term for rebellion.

Although Zimbabwe celebrated 10 years of independence in April, *chimurenga* is still an accurate label for Mapfumo's music. "The music was born out of the struggle, and the

struggle is not over as yet," he says. "We still have a lot of people suffering and the music has a sort of duty to send this message all over the world. It's not only in Zimbabwe where you find people sleeping in the streets and some people have no homes and some people have no jobs—it's all over the world."

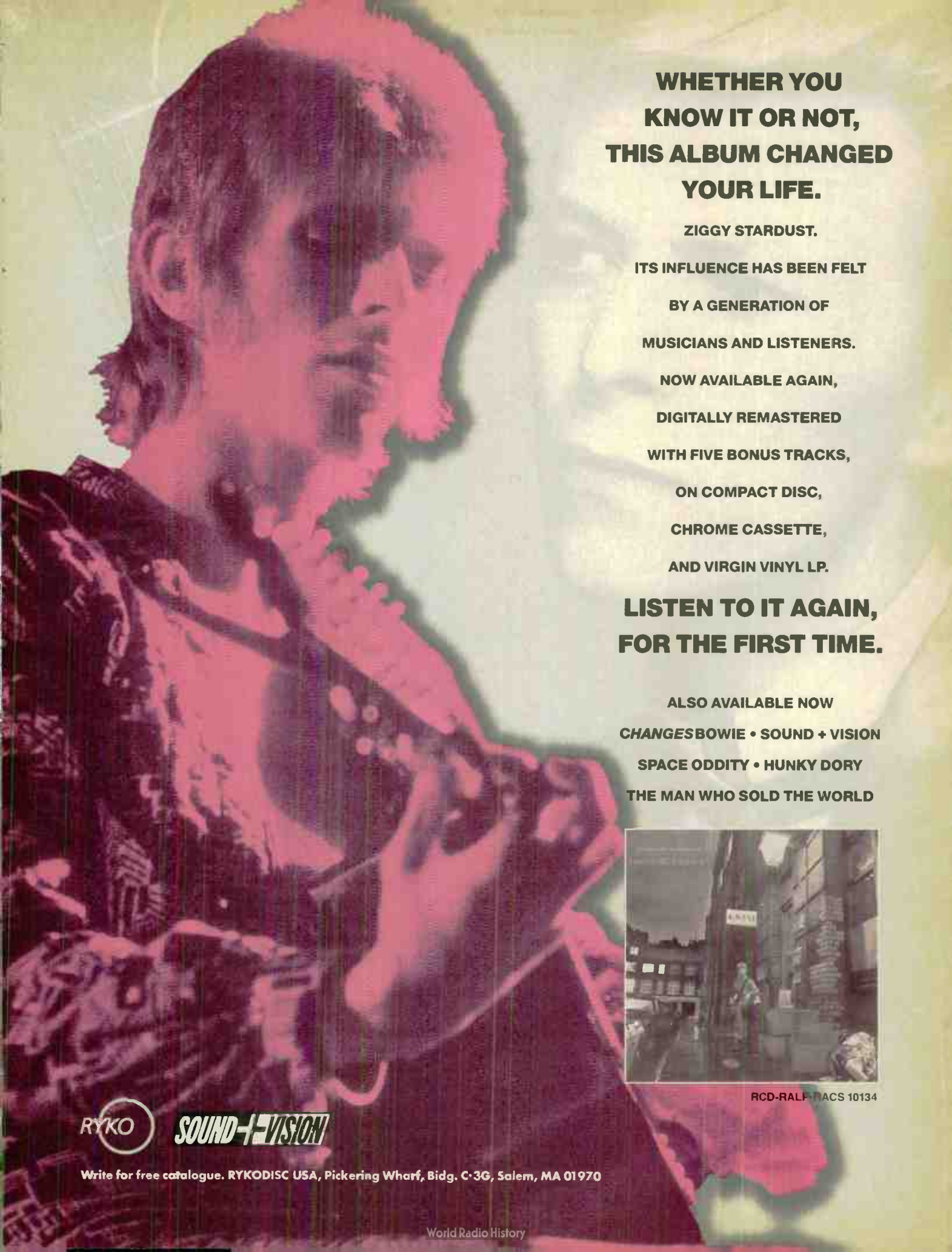
Mapfumo, 45, is the elder statesman of the Zimbabwean music scene. Any local band over the last 10 years that has taken a traditionally rooted approach to pop has been influenced by him, including the Four Brothers and the Bhundu Boys. When he performs, he stalks the front of the stage, rumbling forth in deep bass tones, though never bellowing. A spiritual mystic, he pro-

jects his messages in a relatively hushed voice, punctuating the delivery with yodelled phrases and impromptu scatting. That lack of bombast and attention to subtlety underscores his stature and authority.

The *chimurenga* style is electric Africa at its purest and most elemental. The guitar replicates the lines of the *mbira*, the thumb-piano which is the traditional instrument of the Shona people and an essential part of their religious ceremonies of ancestor worship. The bass drum kicks four to the bar, while the closed hi-hat is struck to imitate the *hosho*, or gourd rattle, which accompanies an *mbira*. Mapfumo has added horns and keyboards (the latter often made to sound like marimbas), but the core is still the guitar, underpinned by the bass's low loping tones and driven forward by the unflinching constancy of the drummer's beat.

You can hear the results on a series of singles Mapfumo made between 1978 and 1980, first commenting on the rebellion in the bush and ultimately celebrating the birth of the new Zimbabwe. Ten of these songs are collected on *The Chimurenga Singles*, soon to be reissued by Shanachie. The tragedies of the war are reflected in "Pfumvu pa Ruzevha" ("Hardships in the Rural Areas"): "Did you know that granny is dead?/Did you know that mummy is dead?/Did you know that your brother is dead?/Did you know that there are no rains?/Did you know that our plot of land was taken?" But every war ends eventually, as he celebrates in "Nyarai": "Congratulations, Comrades and congratulations to all the others who fought the chimurenga war to liberate Zimbabwe/All our ancestral spirits give thanks/The whole nation gives thanks."

Mapfumo was not always a revolutionary, musical or otherwise. His grandparents, with whom he lived for much of his childhood, threw a lot of parties, with all-night drumming sessions not uncommon. He paid his dues in the '60s and '70s singing covers of Elvis Presley, Little Richard, Otis Redding and others. It was during a lucrative stint playing to miners in the town of Mangula in the mid-'70s that he began to create a more original style, which blossomed with the Acid Band (a reference to bitterness, not chemicals) and with his present group, the Blacks Unlimited. His latest album, *Corruption (Mango)*, shows Mapfumo still fighting the good fight, speaking out against injustice, poverty and other social ills while staying close to his musical roots. The title



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track (the sole English-language cut on the LP) is directed at both the dishonest leaders in Zimbabwe who have used public office to enrich themselves as well as at more economically developed countries whose policies have contributed to the crisis in Africa. (Ironically, "Corruption" is also featured on the soundtrack to the Hollywood film *Bad Influence*.)


Another component of Mapfumo's liberationist stance is his championing of indigenous African musics. After a few failed flirtations with Western-style fusions in the mid-'80s, he's become openly critical of African pop groups who have tried to combine homegrown music with Western sounds, like fellow Zimbabweans the Bhundu Boys. "When they came over to tour Europe and America, back at home they were losing their popularity," says the criti-

cal elder. "The reason was simple: They were losing their direction. The people want Zimbabwean music to remain as clean as it was before. We are not objecting that Western music should be played on our radio, but it cannot be our everyday food. We have to think, where we come from, who we are, what is our culture . . .?"

Mapfumo has never forgotten where he came from. He is careful to stay in touch with his leaders in the communal lands. He told them of his plans to make the trip to America before coming here last year, for instance, so they could "talk" to his ancestors and let them know their son was going away. The power of the *mbira* to summon such ancestral spirits in centuries-old religious ceremonies has a corollary in the power of Mapfumo's music, and he sees himself as working within that spiritual world. Even the way

he composes his music is connected to that legacy: "You sometimes come across a tune when you are asleep. You have it when you wake up in the morning, and you try to keep humming it so you won't forget it. After recording the melody, I work on the lyrics and take it to the rest of the Blacks Unlimited. If they are satisfied, we record it."

Some fans claim that Mapfumo reaches *svikiro*, the state one experiences when possessed by ancestral spirits, in his music. The singer says that hasn't happened—yet. "What encourages me to keep on playing is that all the elders are behind this music. The elders say there is a spirit who actually would like to possess me. But I haven't been possessed yet. I'm still looking forward to see if anything can happen with that." 



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World Radio History

LEGALITIES

Rockers Sued for Ear Damage

*Hearing loss is
a hot legal issue*

BY
Stan Soocher



◆
Is there a right to
hear and play loud music?
◆

THE WIDELY PUBLICIZED hearing loss experienced by veteran rockers like Pete Townshend and Ted Nugent has inspired many musicians to wear earplugs when they perform. But some concertgoers now claim that exposure to loud music at particular concerts caused *them* permanent hearing damage. In some instances, these unhappy fans have gone so far as to file lawsuits against such rock icons as Mötley Crüe, David Lee Roth and Neil Young. Yet even with the recent increase in hearing-loss suits, no case has yet been decided by a judge or jury.

Meanwhile, musicians fear that adverse rulings will force lower volume levels at concerts and dilute the music's impact. And the U.S. Supreme Court recently upheld the right of local governments to regulate concert sound levels.

George M. Belfield, a Los Angeles attorney who has defended the Jacksons in a hearing-loss suit, says, "Millions of people attend these types of concerts all the time. The fact that you have so few hearing-damage suits indicates how rare these types of injuries

are. It shows they are accidents."

"We claimed not merely hearing loss, but an incurable ringing in the ears known as tinnitus," replies Los Angeles attorney Michael R. Totaro, plaintiff's counsel for

concertgoer Victor Salas in the suit against Neil Young that was settled out of court in April. "The real question in these suits is whether the sound volume was reasonable."

Hearing-damage suits may allege, among other things, negligence, breach of duty to warn and even battery by the performers, the promoter and others involved in a show. "We name as defendants as many parties as possible who may have influence over the musicians and/or the concert volume levels," explains Totaro. "Aside from the musicians themselves, these may be the owner of a facility, the promoter or the band's agent." For example, Neil Young's backing group, Crazy Horse, and MCA Inc., the owner of the Universal Amphitheatre in Burbank, were named as co-defendants in the Salas suit. The complaint was based on a 1986 concert that the plaintiff alleged led to a loss of hearing in all ranges in his left ear.

The complaint stated the defendants "were familiar with the acoustics of the Premises and knew or should have known that extremely loud sounds and music not properly regulated for the design, size and seating capacity of the Premises would create an unreasonable risk of harm."

"Say you have a facility that holds thousands of people," says Santa Monica, California lawyer Delos E. Brown, defense counsel in the David Lee Roth suit. "The audience is passively consenting to being bombarded by the music. If you have someone in the audience with eggshell hearing and the musicians must turn down the volume for that person, doesn't that impinge on the rights of the other concertgoers to hear loud music as well as on the artistic rights of the musicians to play that music?"

The federal Occupational Safety and Health Administration has issued guidelines for hearing-loss thresholds: Damage will occur to the ear after eight hours of exposure to 95 decibels of sound, 30 minutes to 110 dBs and three minutes to 125 dBs. Some experts believe a threshold shift can occur during an initial blast of loud music that could destroy a concertgoer's ability to know whether his or her hearing is being damaged during a show.

Some fans, of course, demand that sound levels be excessive. Says Mike Viscera, lead singer for the heavy metal band Loudness, "Some kids just stand in front of the speakers and their ears will ring for days after a show and they love it." But heightened health concerns and the fear of lawsuits have

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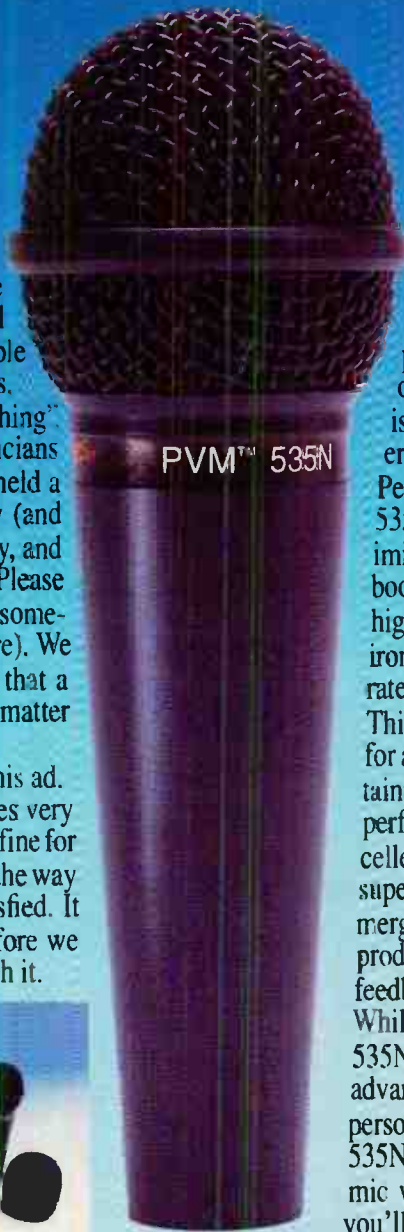
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World Radio History

prompted many promoters to increase the limits on concert sound levels. A specific decibel limit may be written into a performance contract with a band. And more promoters are using acoustic meters to check sound levels during concerts.

Jokes Jani Lane of the hard-rock outfit Warrant, "We used to have a dB meter that we fixed so no matter how loud the music got the meter would read 100 dBs. A promoter would walk over and ask us to turn the music down and our engineer would pull out the rigged meter and show it to him."


Meanwhile local governments are exerting stricter control over concert sound levels. During concerts in Denver, Colorado, city workers roam the neighborhood near the Fiddler's Green to make sure artists keep within strict dB levels. In 1988 the Auditoriums Department of Honolulu was cited by Hawaii's health department for allowing excessive noise levels at the Waikiki Shell. And in 1989 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that New York City has the right to insist its own engineers handle the mixing console at concerts held in Central Park. A

key issue was whether such regulations infringed on a performer's right to freedom of expression under the First Amendment, but the court noted that New York City does require its engineers to defer to the requests of performers when it comes to choosing how instruments and vocals are actually mixed within that sound level.

The best argument musicians facing hearing-loss suits may have is that concertgoers claiming damage to their ears assumed the risk of such injury simply by attending a show. A common disclaimer found on concert tickets states: "Holder of this ticket voluntarily assumes all risk and danger incidental to the event for which this ticket is issued." And some clubs and concert halls have begun posting hearing-loss warnings near venue entrances.

But Los Angeles lawyer Nathan Goldberg, counsel to the plaintiff in the suit against David Lee Roth, argues that you must be able to understand a risk to assume it. "Many concertgoers are young and know little about anatomy," says Goldberg. "The average person would expect to walk in and out of a concert safely, without permanent hearing loss, even if the music is loud. The volume at the David Lee Roth concert was so high the speakers were blown out. That went beyond what was reasonable."

Linda Duke claims she'd never heard Roth's music or even been to a rock concert when a friend invited her to see Roth at the Los Angeles Forum. Duke filed her suit in 1987. The allegations included battery (since dismissed), design defect (aimed at the speaker manufacturer) and negligent infliction of emotional distress. No trial has yet been scheduled. Duke has been treated by a doctor who diagnosed her as suffering from "acoustic trauma," which could lead to vertigo and a loss of hearing.

Another concern for musicians is that fellow performers could file suits against them for onstage noise. What would happen if a band uses a backup musician for one night who ends up filing a suit alleging his or her hearing was damaged during that one show? Attorney Totaro says the complaining musician would have a viable case. But, concludes Jani Lane (who admits to wearing earplugs onstage), "a musician must consider loud noise an occupational hazard. Filing a noise claim against a band you work with is like a bodyguard complaining because he broke his hand trying to defend you. It comes with the territory." 

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NOISEMAKERS

Romance from a Distance

*Sophisticated
singer Julia Fordham
seeks stateside success*

BY

Kristine McKenna



Driven by masochism and an inordinate need to communicate.

MY LOVE SONGS tend to be fairly pessimistic but I don't take a fatalistic view of love," says Julia Fordham, the British chanteuse whose cool, jazz-inflected music casts a rather dark eye on the war of the sexes.

"I'm a romantic and an optimist, although I must admit that having searched high and low for a man of sensitivity and depth, I haven't found him yet. But, to be honest, I haven't had many relationships and have spent most of my time single, so many of the conclusions in my songs are based on observation. And, unfortunately, I expect that being a fairly visible performer is going to make it more difficult to have a relationship. In fact, a man hasn't been near me since my career got rolling!"

Witty and unpretentious, Fordham is considerably more accessible in person than one might imagine from her professional persona. In her videos and on her album covers she comes across as a severe beauty with chiseled cheekbones, a scarlet slash of a mouth and a cap of cropped platinum hair. On the cover of her new disc, *Porcelain*, she's draped in red velvet, striking a dramatic pose against a stark white background. It's a high-style presentation, and Fordham car-

ries it through in her music, which is an elegant blend of exotic percussion, jazz melodies and uptown arrangements. All told, she's a very chic package.

But in conversation on a warm L.A. after-

noon, the 27-year-old performer isn't remotely intimidating. Slurping down a cup of soup, she's earthy and disarmingly self-effacing. "I don't know much about jazz or pop—or any style of music, for that matter," she confesses with a laugh. "I mostly know my own stuff. I'm just not one of those people who know everything about anything."

First appearing on the musical map in 1988 with a self-titled debut album that sold 150,000 copies and yielded two European hit singles, Fordham rode in on the same wave that carried Tracy Chapman, Sinéad O'Connor, Edie Brickell and Melissa Etheridge (among other female artists who debuted that year) into the public eye. A vocal stylist who cites Julie London and Joni Mitchell as central influences, she sees herself as markedly different from her contemporaries, yet feels a kinship with them.

"I don't know why so many female performers debuted in 1988," says Fordham. "Perhaps Suzanne Vega and Sade opened the door for the rest of us—whatever the reason, it's easier for women to pursue a career in music now. I'm not saying the old ways have disappeared altogether because sexism will always lurk behind the scenes to a degree, but men no longer dominate the charts the way they once did and the door is opening. Perhaps the door is opening a bit wider because there's a very high standard of work among this new crop of women artists."

Born in Portsmouth, England the youngest in a family of three children, Fordham had a rural upbringing on Hayling Island (a small island next to the Isle of Wight), where her calling in life announced itself early.

"I wanted to be a singer from the time I was a small child, but my hopes were temporarily dashed when I couldn't get into the school choir," she recalls. "My voice was so low they wouldn't have me! It wasn't until I was 12 and got a guitar and spent endless hours singing in my room that I discovered I had two voices—one high and one low—that I could switch between quite easily.

"By the time I was 14 I'd decided on a career in music, so I left school at 15 and began performing in pubs. I'd take the bus off the island and go into Portsmouth and Hampshire to perform, and in retrospect, it's amazing my parents allowed me to do it! I used to cover '40s songs—things like the Mills Brothers—and did the occasional Joan Armatrading tune, but mostly I was doing my own songs. I don't know why I had such confidence in myself," she laughs. "I seemed



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to completely bypass puberty and didn't do any of the things the other kids at school were doing. The other girls were hanging out with boys, smoking in bike sheds and going to youth clubs, but that stuff just didn't happen for me."

In 1982 Fordham spotted an ad in *Melody Maker* for backup singers for the short-lived pop phenomenon Mari Wilson, and at 19, she became a Wilsation. Her tenure doubled as a crash course in the realities of the pop marketplace.

"I learned a lot from Mari. An intelligent

woman with a great voice, but she let herself be manipulated into selling herself as a pop novelty. She took off in this big, pink bubble that eventually burst, and observing that process I came to understand that if I was gonna be successful in this business, that wasn't how I was gonna do it."


In January of 1987 Fordham decided the time had come to make a go of it as a solo artist, and by May of that year she'd signed to Circa Records, a small British label that's also home to Neneh Cherry. Eight months later her first album was making waves in

Britain. Though the press has focused on Fordham's ethereal beauty and vocal style, she sees herself primarily as a writer—"by far my greatest creative strength."

"I tend to be quite disciplined as a writer, although I'm not the sort who says, 'I've had breakfast, now I'm going to write a song.' I tend to work in bits, while I'm cleaning my teeth or having a shower. I also tend to write better when I'm upset and seem to get inspired when I'm terribly miserable—which happens quite frequently. I feel extremely up a lot too. I'm quite changeable and would love to level out my emotional extremes, even though those are the times when songs seem to fall into my lap."

"I've written songs—"Towerblock" and "Girlfriend" come to mind—that were far too revealing." Fordham sees herself as an autobiographical writer. However, there's a current of social conscience to her music as well. "Happy Ever After" addresses the situation in South Africa, while "Genius" comments on the destruction of the Brazilian rain forest.

"I don't think it's imperative that artists address social issues, but I like it when people use their position to voice things that need to be voiced. Last night I went to a benefit where Jane Fonda spoke, and I was impressed by the way she uses her position to be so powerful and positive."

Fordham finds the public aspect of her work rather unnerving. "I'm not especially comfortable onstage," she admits, "and when I'm up there I always find myself thinking, 'Why am I doing this? This is torture!' There is a point where I get into it and lose that self-consciousness—I wouldn't do it otherwise—but still, I'm baffled by what it is that drives performers to get up in front of people. I think it's a form of masochism on some level; performers have an inordinate need to communicate. Nonetheless, my finest moments are when I'm alone in my bathroom wailing my head off." 

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there is something unique and special about these guys. Their reputation for diligence, schooled musicianship, professional attitude, non ego manner, and brilliant writing, are the foundation



for their position. Will Calhoun fits this description in every way. You don't simply assume stature, it

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NOISEMAKERS

ARE YOU READY for Edinburgh soul? Meet the Chimes, two unlikely Scottish funk musicians who found what they were looking for in one hot singer from North London. "What we're trying to do is mix the general attitude of club music with the concept of having a good song there in the first place," says James Locke, looking less like a

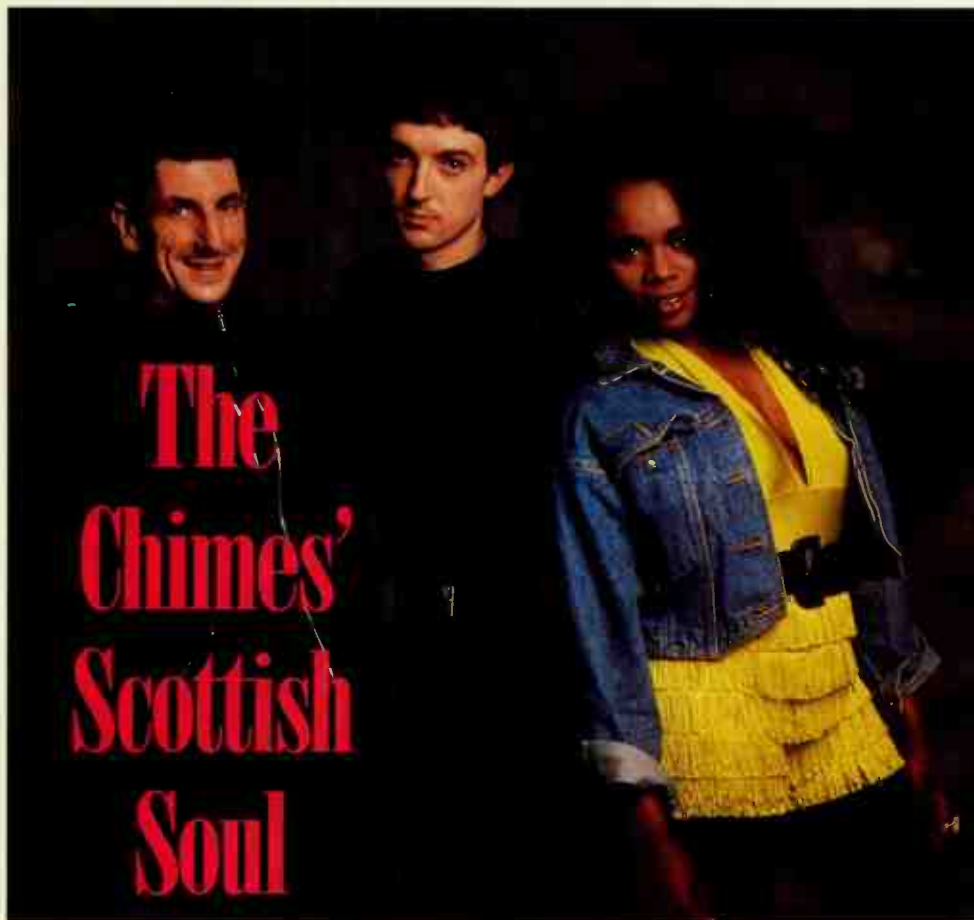
rhythm section worked the pubs up north. All three were absorbed in and frustrated by a burgeoning and fickle club scene that moved from hip-hop to house to acid house quicker than the London-to-Edinburgh air shuttle. On the strength of one phone call, and with far too many fruitless auditions fresh in her mind, a skeptical Henry found herself on that plane.

"We'd flown a lot of people up in our search for the right vocalist," says Locke. "I picked her up at the airport in a truck. I think she was expecting a limousine or something." She may also have anticipated a hotel room, but Henry wound up spending the night on the couch in Locke's apartment/home studio. "I wasn't amused," she states flatly. A couple of shouting matches later, when the trio settled down to work, different sparks began to fly. "It was a real vibe," says Henry. "I decided that something was definitely happening, and then we clinched it with a record deal."

The band was immediately thrown into the studio with Soul II Soul's Jazzie B and Nellee Hooper, whose own fusion of hip-hop music and "funkidread" lifestyle was beginning to turn the British dance club scene upside down. Those initial sessions yielded the Chimes' first hit single and saddled the band with the inevitable Soul II Soul comparisons. "'1-2-3' is really atypical of the album," Locke explains. "The original version

was much less straightforward and more like a '70s Aretha Franklin thing. But when Soul II Soul got hold of it they went straight ahead and house-ified it." The Chimes are not about to look a gift producer in the mouth, but their brand of street soul starts with a good tune and *then* finds a groove.

Locke's Edinburgh flat is still the Chimes' creative laboratory. The two Scotsmen exchange musical ideas via floppy disk. "Initially Mike will come up with a keyboard part and we'll offload from one sequencer to another," Locke explains. "And from that stage we'll muck about with it and just let it develop." Henry's from-the-gut singing ensures that the Chimes' music will never get too sterile, and Peden and Locke work



*Real R&B with
a hip-house sheen*

BY

Peter Cronin

(L-R) James Locke, Mike Peden
and Pauline Henry

funky drummer than a postal clerk. With their first two singles, "1-2-3" and "Heaven," lighting up the dance charts, the Chimes are the first Scottish soul success since the Average White Band.

"I've always loved Stevie Wonder," says singer Pauline Henry, "and lately Marvin Gaye has been like food for me." Her Chaka-like wail and Anita Baker-ish swoops and moans ignite the sparse arrangements provided by Locke and bass player Mike Peden. "But it's still *raw*," she laughs. "As in street: no frills."

A few years ago Henry was knocking around her native North London, getting her singing chops together and working part-time as a hairdresser, while her future

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hard to preserve a rough edge in the face of their ongoing infatuation with digital technology. "Sequencing allows us to fully develop the songs in our house," says Peden. "But we're actually doing a lot less of that than some of these bands." "Love So Tender," the lush ballad that opens their debut album, *The Chimes*, features a lead vocal taken directly from Locke's home studio. "When you do a song for the first time on the demo there's a sound there that you can't get again," says Peden. "You can go all over the place punching in bits and pieces but you just lose the *feel*."

The two Scotsmen learned a lot about feel during a stint with former Parliament/Funkadelic keyboardist Bernie Worrell that bolstered their confidence and solidified their musical direction. "Playing with Bernie was definitely a revelation for me," says Locke. "To play with a keyboard player that actually put it all together like that." With one foot planted firmly on the dance floor, the Chimes are anxious to hit the clubs with pub-rock intensity—instruments in hand. "We *play* live," says Locke. "We're not just DJ-based, and people these days are shocked to see a live band playing music with any element of clubbiness."

On their first album the Chimes manage to invest their club-cultured beats with pure pop energy. "Each of us grew up listening to pop music," Peden says. "As a kid I was a complete Beatles fanatic. But when hip-hop started happening we all became obsessed, and it was dance music from that point onward." 

CHIME TIME

WHEN THE CHIMES hit the stage MIKE PEDEN plays those keyboard bass parts for real on his Wal bass. His amp is a Trace Elliot. JAMES LOCKE plays Pearl drums, and all his percussion toys are by LP. At the heart of Locke's home studio/hotel is an Akai 1212 12-track recorder/mixer. Samplers include a Roland S330 and an Akai S1000, and both musicians own Yamaha QXS FD sequencers. A Yamaha DX11 serves as mother keyboard to several Yamaha TX rack units, and the Chimes love their trusty Roland Juno 1. That steady thumping Locke's upstairs neighbors are always complaining about is provided by Tannoy speakers powered by BGW amps, and "as many old Roland drum machines as possible."



PHOTO: CROUZE 1988; FISHMAN



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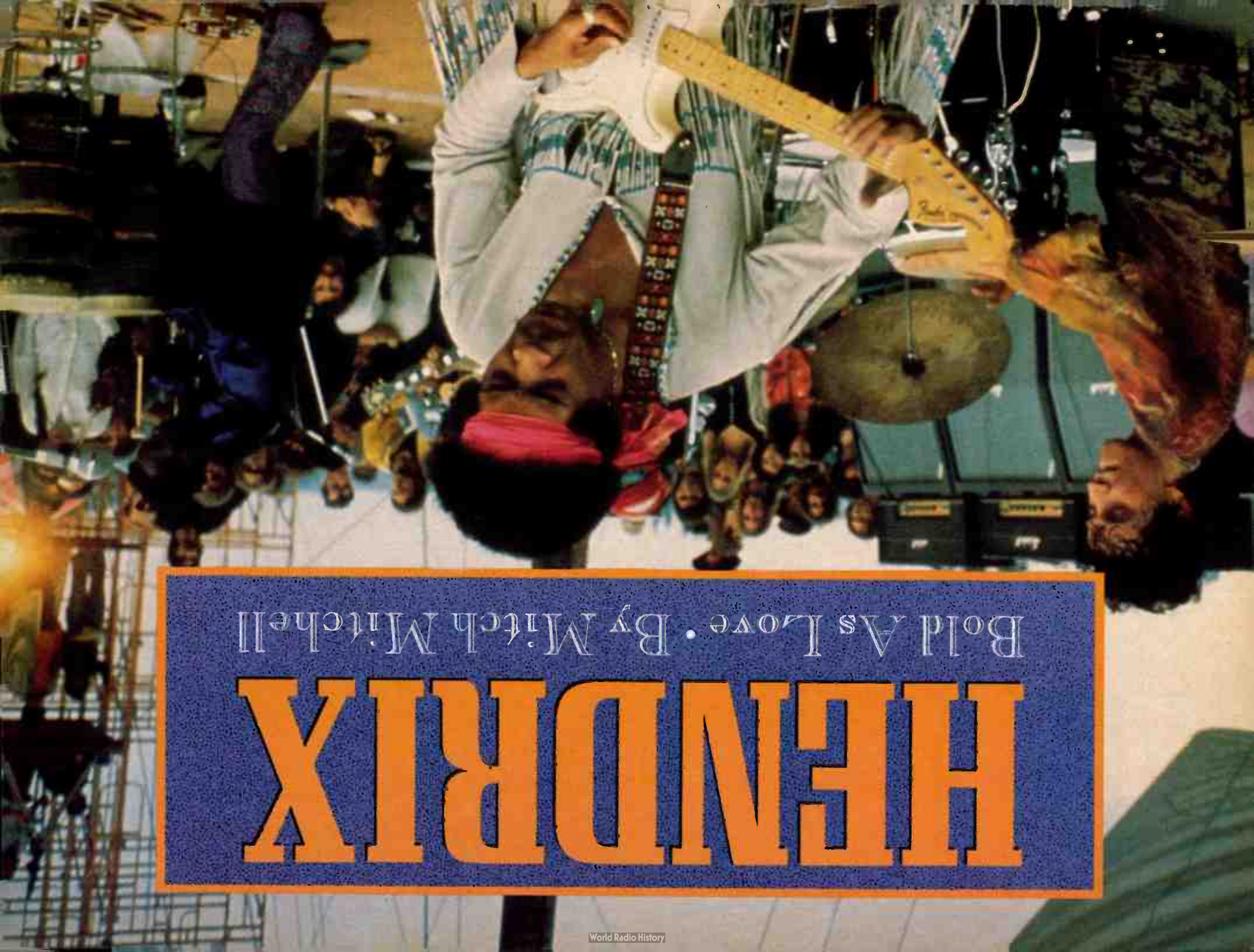
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Bold As Love • By Mitch Mitchell

HENDRIX



In September of 1966 Chas Chandler, bass player with the Animals, discovered Jimi Hendrix playing in a New York nightclub. Chandler brought Hendrix to London and set about assembling a band for him. What emerged was a trio—Hendrix, bassist Noel Redding and drummer Mitch Mitchell. As the Jimi Hendrix Experience they changed popular music forever.

This article is excerpted from Mitch Mitchell's memoir *Jimi Hendrix: Inside the Experience*, which will be published by Harmony Books in September 1990.

I'D BEEN WORKING WITH GEORGE TAME & THE BLUE FLAMES FOR 18 MONTHS EVERY Monday the band went in and got its paycheck, and this particular Monday we all went in and were all fired. I went back home to my folks' place in Ealing, and the next day I got a call from Chas Chandler. He told me he had this artist he'd just brought over from America. Was I interested in having a play? I said, "What does it entail?" He said, "All we've got is two weeks' work in France, opening for Johnny Halliday."

They'd been through at least half a dozen drummers, including John Banks from the Merseybeats, Aynsley Dunbar, who very nearly got the gig—probably Colin Allen from Zoot Money's band. In fact, every drummer in London seemed to have had a crack at it and I was the last one. I met this black guy with very, very wild hair wearing this Burberry raincoat. Looked very straight really, apart from the hair. We were in this tiny basement club, playing with these ridiculously small amps and for about two hours we ran through what we all knew—your Chuck Berry roots, Wilson Pickett, basically R&B stuff that

everyone knows and accepts. Just feeling each other out. I didn't know then that Noel had only just picked up a bass for the first time. Apparently he got the gig because he had the right haircut—but them's the breaks, you know? I remember throwing a few things at Hendrix. Like I really like Curtis Mayfield and the Impressions and I was astounded that he knew that style really fluently. He wasn't really that flash as a guitarist, it was more just going over rhythmic structures.

I had no idea that Jimi wanted a three-piece situation, like Cream. Nor, I think, did the management. The idea was for Hendrix to come over and front not exactly a soul revue, but for them to put together a complete backing unit for him. I was fortunate that he didn't feel that way. In fact, I'm not sure that Jimi knew exactly what he wanted; that didn't come until we rehearsed properly the following week.

The second or third time that we played, things started to stretch out considerably. That's when I started to feel it was a real chance. Mind you, we had no real songs as such. Hendrix and I actually ended up in nose-to-nose confrontation in about the third rehearsal. Hendrix said, "Well, we've got some gigs coming up, let's do . . . 'Midnight Hour.'" I, being a cocky little bastard at the time, said, "Oh fuck! Not this *again*. I've just come from doing 'Midnight Hour' for two years. We've got a new band, can't we do better than this? Please?"

Jimi and Noel had these tiny little amps. Jimi said, "Gotta get rid of this stuff!" He wanted big Marshall amplifiers. For a three-piece band we thought, let's make it powerful. The finance wasn't there at the time, but we were determined to get rid of those amps. We tried everything to break them: They got dropped down flights of stairs, we nearly threw them out the windows. It took about three days, but in the end we managed it.

I don't remember the first gig per se, but we did "Midnight Hour," "Have Mercy," "Land of a Thousand Dances"—you know, the standards—but we were only on for about 15 minutes. We really had to muck in together—you find a lot out about each other under those conditions, very quickly. Prior to that I hadn't known anything about Hendrix and where he came from, musically or otherwise. There'd been the casual reference to playing with Ike Turner, the Isley Brothers or whoever, not name-dropping, but those things gradually came out on the road. He really was a quiet bloke—at least until he got onstage. It was only on the first gig that we saw the whole other person, completely different from anything I'd seen before, even during rehearsals. I knew he played really tasty guitar, had the chops, but I didn't know about the showmanship that went with it. It was like—"Whoosh! This man

really is upfront!" I knew he wasn't that comfortable about singing—in fact he was really quite shy about it and Chas had to push him to some degree.



Hendrix in his "Jimi James" days

On October 23, shortly after returning from France, the band entered Kingsway Studios in London to cut their first single.

"Hey Joe" was the thing we went for. Jimi knew the song—he'd done it in New York and Chas liked it. To the best of my memory we used the first version of "Hey Joe." Once Hendrix had thought up that walking bass part and shown it to Noel at Kingsway, we'd got it down really quickly and any subsequent versions were not as good.

I'm sure we did "The Wind Cries Mary" twice. We did a demo version on a Friday night and it was ragged, to put it mildly. We went off over the weekend, did some gigs, went back the following Tuesday and got it right, but the initial feeling wasn't there. So the original was released, warts and all. Thank goodness—it's one of my favorites.

"Stone Free" was a Hendrix original, of course. I don't know if he brought it over with him. After those initial words we'd had, you know, "Christ almighty, we must have some new material," he started writing really quickly. I think that he brought over a scrapbook with ideas and stuff and some of those got translated into proper songs, or at least sketches for songs that we worked out in the studio. One thing I always found surprising about Hendrix was that he'd not spent much time in the American school system. In fact they'd given him a rough time and by his own admission he didn't enjoy it, which is why he'd chosen to join the army at a young age. Despite that, he was incredibly literate and in possession of a great deal of wisdom. I've really no idea where it came from, but what a gift for words! Apart from anything else, it really came out when he started writing songs.

I always felt completely at home with Jimi and him with me, from the beginning right through to the end. The two of us working together was so easy. I know he always enjoyed my playing, as I did his. Listening back there were times, though, for whatever reasons—my inexperience, overenthusiasm, etc.—that I overplayed. There are several sessions that make me cringe, but you learn by experience. But it was always incredibly easy, I always knew where he was leading me and he was always prepared to be led. He was never frightened about going off in unknown

directions, unlike a lot of otherwise very good players. You try and lead them off and you can feel them pull up, scared to try something new.

Often, what worked best in the studio was Jimi and me laying down the basic drum and guitar parts on our own and then later on adding the bass and other bits. In the early days particularly, we recorded very quickly. "Purple Haze," for example. Hendrix came in and kind of hummed us the riff and showed Noel the chords and the changes.

"It was only 10 months since Jimi had left New York with nothing and there he was back there, a celebrity."



From: Jimi Hendrix: Inside the Experience, by Mitch Mitchell, to be published in September by Harmony Books, a Division of Crown Publishers, Inc. Copyright © 1990 by Mitch Mitchell and John Platt. All rights reserved.

I listened to it and we went, "Okay, let's do it." We got it on the third take, as I recall.

It did take a while to get regular gigs—we didn't even have one on New Year's Eve '66, so Noel said, "Come down to Folkestone, I know this little club." We went down by train and it was *freezing*. The club was Tofts, also known as Stan's, and it was like a youth club—it made the Ricky Tick look like a palace. No one knew how to take us except that they knew Noel as it was his local club. Anyway, Noel's mum Margaret, who Jimi and I both loved, said, "Come back to our place afterwards." So we packed into two minicabs and drove for what seemed like forever. As we crowded in, shivering, Jimi said to Margaret, "Let me stand next to your fire." Margaret believes, and I would back her, that that's where the idea for the song came from. It was a little bungalow on the coast and a good night was had by all. We all kipped down under blankets and overcoats. Jimi, though, and his girlfriend Cathy Etchingham, got one of the beds. It was one of those things that made the band more cohesive. Jimi never complained and was probably amazed at some of the English hospitality he experienced. Most people took to him very well; he was always a complete gentleman.

Noel and I never really understood the pressures an American black person went through until later on, at the start of the Monkees' tour, somewhere in the Deep South. Hendrix wouldn't go into certain restaurants or stores with us. We'd say, "Hey, why not?" and he'd go, "No, I do not want to go in there." Some of it he could treat as a joke. On the Monkees' tour, for instance, where Screen Gems and Columbia were paying for everything in sight, we had a limo driver who was definitely Ku Klux Klan, and Hendrix made a point of sitting up front. He was *his* driver for the afternoon. Noel and I thought it was funny, which it was in itself, but we suddenly realized what was going on. The potential racial

problems were also magnified by people disliking Jimi, not just for being black, but because he was playing with two white boys. So we became aware of racial tensions pretty quickly—I have to say that there was never any problem *ever* within the band, however, contrary to certain statements that have been made in the past.

In the later stages of Jimi's life there was pressure put on him from various sources to work with black musicians and to become more of a spokesman for black people. I think he gave it consideration and tried to do that, but I think he found out that it didn't really work. It was a conflict within himself that he never really resolved. The bottom line, I think, for him was, "I'm an artist, I don't care what your

color is, if we work together well, that's all that matters." He was the first person to say "Fuck you" if people got on his back too much about working for "the cause."

The band was never allowed to play at the Apollo Theater in Harlem, which was a great annoyance to Jimi. Basically, the management didn't want us and supposedly we didn't have a black audience at that time. Actually it turned out later that we did have a black audience, even quite early on. Sadly, we only discovered this later, after Jimi's death, so he never really knew.

Despite the presence of a fair amount of experimentation in the studio, *Are You Experienced* was the live Experience on record. Most of the songs we did live, some only occasionally like "Manic Depression" and "Third Stone from the Sun," but as a whole it became the

basis of the live act for some time to come. There were a few we didn't do live, such as "Remember" and "May This Be Love," because in all honesty they were album fillers, not because we couldn't recreate them onstage.

We really were a *band* at that time. Hendrix would have an idea of chords and structures; he wrote *songs*. When it came to rhythmic structure everything was left up to me and Noel. Noel has complained over the years that he didn't want to be told what to play, but things were actually more flexible than that. Jimi would say to him, "This is the way the song goes, these are the notes that are available, but around that structure you can play anything you want."

There isn't much left over from the first two albums, in terms of outtakes or different versions, purely because of the way we worked. There was an incredible pressure on us—the cost of studio time and the fact that by early 1967 we were touring so much—but there are some things. There are a few songs that I, and apparently Noel as well, had completely forgotten about. Completely surprised me. I only heard them once

a couple of years ago; they sounded rough but I enjoyed them. Hopefully they'll see the light of day. The ones I heard were Hendrix originals, but I know it's rumored that we did a studio version of "Like a Rolling Stone." Now I don't remember it, but it makes sense that we should have recorded it early on. The fact that I'd forgotten these other songs means that things like "Rolling Stone" might exist, but I just don't know. Hendrix was certainly a huge Dylan fan and he turned me on to Dylan.

Olympic was also a great place to experiment. One of the things that attracted Hendrix to working in England was that he'd heard the sound that people like Jeff Beck—whose playing we all loved—were



Mitch, Jimi and Noel, before and after stardom

producing with fuzzboxes and he wanted to work in English studios. In fact I didn't realize for a while how many English players Jimi had heard, including less well-known ones like Peter Green. Green, in fact, gave Hendrix one hell of a run for his money and was one of the few guitarists who wasn't in awe of him. You know, he didn't say, "Oh God, I've seen Hendrix, I'm gonna die!"

Hendrix was always open and receptive and he really learned a lot from English players. He also taught me a lot. In the early days he turned me on to a lot of blues, like Robert Johnson. My blues background had been much more jazz-oriented, people like King Pleasure and Mose Allison. I knew about Muddy Waters and those people, but it took Hendrix to turn me on to other stuff.

IN THE SPRING of 1967 we did a British package tour with the Walker Brothers, Engelbert Humperdinck, Cat Stevens and a couple of opening acts. At the Finsbury Park Astoria in London, Hendrix set fire to his guitar for the first time. Tell you the truth, I didn't know much about it. I saw Jimi mucking around in the dressing room with lighter fluid and there's lots of giggling going on. Anyway we went on and Hendrix has done the act, playing with his teeth and all that. Suddenly—and I don't know how it happened, Your Honor—this can of lighter fluid appeared and suddenly it was squirted everywhere and then this lighter appeared and suddenly things were on fire, Your Honor. All these irate people and fire chiefs appeared, and of course we were told, "You'll never work this theater again." And do you know, I don't think we ever did. Because of the Monterey film the burning guitar became part of the legend, but in fact he hardly ever did it, maybe two or three times.

There wasn't much interaction between the bands. Cat Stevens wouldn't travel on the coach after the first two days, because he thought that we were loonies. God knows why. He eventually came back because he thought he was missing out, he became a real snot, so on the matinee of the last show, when he was doing his hit, "I'm Gonna Get Me a Gun," I placed this mechanical robot onstage. Its chest opened up and all these little machine guns started blazing away. He tried to kick it offstage, but this thing refused to die. He didn't take the joke too well.

In those days our equipment was always packing up. Early on we started using Marshall amps and stuff and in general their gear was more reliable, but you were dealing with a lot more power; Jim Marshall was trying to build 200-watt amplifiers and we were the guinea pigs. I remember the first gig we ever did with those and immediately, within the first 10 seconds, whoosh, everything had gone. Drummers, of course, weren't miked up at all, there was no P.A. as such, just whatever came with the venue, no back line, no

monitors. I could barely hear anything at all, you really had to rely on watching people's hands move and hope you were playing in the same time; very difficult.

One thing that impressed me with Hendrix: No matter where we were in the world, after we'd finished playing, we'd both go out and check out whatever music was going on in town.

Anyway, we were still looking for gigs and at some point Chas received a phone call from Mike Jeffery.* "Listen, guess what I've got for you. I've got this wonderful gig that you can't turn down. The tour of a lifetime . . . the Monkees." We thought he was having us on. "And you leave tomorrow!" We thought, "Here we go again." After the Walker Brothers and Engelbert, we get the Monkees. They were a nice bunch of chaps, even though we thought they couldn't play. We shared the private plane and all that, but God, did their audience hate us. We opened in Jacksonville and as I said before, that tour was our first experience of the South and racism. There were some nice

things about the tour. We did a couple of days on Greyhound buses and we discovered that Peter Tork could play banjo, Mike Nesmith could play guitar; Mickey Dolenz was one hell of a nice guy and we thought the other one was a bit of a creep.

The gigs all in all were okay, but by about the third day Davy Jones really started getting on our nerves. Noel had an amyl nitrate capsule, which we broke under Davy Jones' nose, who passed out on the floor. A sight to behold.

In Miami we were taken out on these boats around the inland waterways. All part of the Monkees touring party. Hendrix is the only person I've ever seen wear a fur coat in 90-degree weather.

Just before leaving on the tour we did our first U.S. recording, at Mayfair, with Gary Kellgren. We cut "Burning of the Midnight Lamp" certainly and probably "The Stars That Play with Laughing Sam's Dice," the B-side.

I remember I got a new drumkit for the tour and the "Midnight Lamp" session was the first time I used them. Mayfair was a tiny studio, just by Times Square, about eight flights up. Tiny, but a great sound and Gary Kellgren was an excellent engineer. He was basically the reason we ended up at the Record Plant, since that was where he moved on to.

Going back to New York was obviously a big deal for Jimi, as it was for all of us. I had no idea what to expect. I was so naive. I phoned up to make a reservation to see Elvin Jones, one of the finest jazz drummers in the world, playing at this little club in the Village. I went down expecting it to be full and there was no one there at all. I couldn't believe it. What was incredible, though, and I think it's



Toward the end, Jimi sought to surround himself with old friends: Band of Gypsies, with Billy Cox and Buddy Miles.

* Jeffery was Chas Chandler's manager, and thus became co-manager of Hendrix & the Experience.

something people overlook, is that it was only 10 months since Jimi had left New York with nothing and he was back there, a celebrity.

Hendrix was really suited to hotel life and night life. Noel and I called him "The Bat." He would get into his room, close the curtains, put colored silk scarves over all the lamps, get the guitars out, and he was completely at home.

By this time we'd started work on our second album. We didn't approach *Axis: Bold as Love* that differently from the first one, although it didn't seem to be as much of a rush. There was a fair amount of material already, but as usual a lot of stuff got tried out in the studio and it either clicked or it didn't. *Experienced* was very much, "Wham, bam, thank you—next track"; *Axis* was like that to a degree, if only because there was pressure on us to produce a good follow-up—but much less so.

From my side I felt happy to be in a studio, particularly Olympic. Working on *Axis* was the first time that it became apparent that Jimi was pretty good working behind the board, as well as playing, and had some pretty positive ideas of how he wanted things recorded. It was the start of whatever conflicts there were between him and Chas in the studio. Chas was fair, though, and realized that Hendrix knew what he was doing and that there were engineers—like Eddie Kramer, among the first to experiment with phasing or flanging sound—who could really improve things. It was about that time that I realized that Hendrix could play something forwards and know exactly how it would sound if it was played back in reverse. An amazing facility.

Where tempers did start to get a bit frayed was over re-takes. Chas was quite happy for layers of overdubs and effects to be put on a track, but he tried to draw the line over simply doing more and more takes of the same thing. All he could see was the budget going up and up all the time. Noel really didn't like spending that much time in the studio, especially doing take after take. Often it got to the point where he would go over the road to the pub. When that happened Jimi and I would often continue without him, which was no big deal really. We would lay down guitar and drums or bass and drums, but usually it meant that Noel could come in later and add his bass part.

Jimi was helped a lot by Roger Mayer, who'd basically invented fuzzboxes and given them to Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page. He started developing equipment specifically for Jimi, to enable him to produce the sounds he wanted. On the first album neither Noel nor I had any say in how we actually sounded. We laid down our tracks and that was it; Chas recorded it and mixed it virtually alone. Even Jimi only had a limited say—he knew the overall sound he wanted but ultimately what Chas said went.

Listening to it now, I think that Chas did an extremely good job with

the equipment and facilities available. But by the second album, Jimi had started to find his own feet and Noel and I wanted some kind of impact with regard to our sound. Chas did his best to put up with us,

which can't have been easy. I think he and Jimi were still sharing a flat together and consequently living in each other's pockets. I think that's going to lead to strain in any relationship.

The strain was certainly showing between the band and Chas by the time we did the track "Bold as Love." I particularly wanted to go for this flanging sound on the drums and finish the album with something quite big and impressive. That took a long, long time to set up in the studio. Chas' patience definitely

started wearing thin, but we were allowed to do it.

It was the first time I actually got to sit at the board and work on my drum sound. It didn't go down too well, but Jimi really stuck by me. Lots of musicians dropped by our recording sessions, one of whom was Brian Jones. Jimi always had a very soft spot for Brian. They'd see each other quite a lot, but musically there was no great interaction; maybe Brian would go back to Jimi's place occasionally or vice versa, strum a few guitars here and there, but onstage, never. No serious recording was ever attempted. Jimi remained friends with Brian right up until Brian's death, which I think hit Jimi really hard.

**"Jimi was a fine
bass player, very
Motown-style.
Maybe that was
the source of the
friction between
Noel and
Hendrix."**



THE FIRST GIGS of 1968 were in Sweden again, another mini-tour that produced the first problems we ever had with Hendrix. There had been a couple of things before that, when maybe Hendrix had inadvertently taken something before playing. There was one time in Germany when he couldn't tune up properly and Noel had to do it. We stumbled through a few numbers and had to cancel the gig. Normally, though, he was a real trouper.

One thing we had noticed was that he never drank very much at all, but that if he drank at all, especially whiskey, it affected him badly. Anyway, we were in Gothenburg, had done the concert and gone back to the hotel. There was the usual thing of people knocking on your door, including, obviously, Hendrix's. For whatever reason he'd been drinking that night and he lost his rag with someone trying to get into his room. We heard this commotion out on the landing and myself, Noel and [road manager] Gerry Stickells appeared to see what was going on and calm things down:

I took Hendrix back into my room—whereupon he started trying to smash things up, which didn't go down too well with me. Somehow we struggled with him and got him out into the corridor again, I think I then threw a very feeble punch at him, which amazed him rather than anything else. We then got him onto the floor and managed to sit on him. Unfortunately, he'd smashed a plate-glass window in my



Jimi and Mitch onstage: "You tell Noel." "No, you tell him."

room and the police were called, who promptly arrested him. In court they fined him and made him pay for the window—no big deal—but they made him stay in Sweden on probation for a week. It was probably just what the guy needed: “Hell, this is going to be really rough for me, a week off in Sweden.” We’d been working solidly without a break for over a year.

A few months later we played in Seattle, Jimi’s home town. I’m not sure how long it had been since he’d last been there or seen his folks—several years, certainly. I know that going back had been on his mind for a while and he was probably a little apprehensive about it. Anyway, they met us at the airport, lovely family, father a charming man. He’d remarried at some point and there were all these really beautiful girls, who were Jimi’s new relatives. I remember him saying, “Oh, you’re my sister? Really?”

Al, Jimi’s dad, was obviously delighted to see his son and genuinely pleased that he’d made good. We all went over to Al’s place in the afternoon and then after the gig Jimi went back to spend the evening with them. He and Al got through a bottle of firewater and, oh dear, was the boy ill next morning.

I think it was the second time in Seattle that Jimi was asked to go back to his old school, Garfield High—from which he’d been more or less thrown out—to speak at the morning assembly. I remember him talking about it the day before and he really didn’t want to do it, although he could see the humor of it. He went through with it, but at nine in the morning, after another night of firewater!

Jimi was a very, very funny man, certainly not the tragic figure certain people have made him out to be. He had a wonderful sense of humor and was one of the best mimics I’ve ever heard. He did a fabulous Nat King Cole doing “Rambling Rose” and a pretty mean Sammy Davis, Jr. as well. He also did really funny drawings.

By this time we were playing 60-minute shows, maybe 75 with encores. We were doing two shows a night, plus the after-hours stuff, plus the traveling. I doubt whether we’d have wanted to do much more. The shows were always formatted to an extent, you had to, with maybe three acts and two complete shows. But it was never the same twice. Some numbers, say “Sgt. Pepper’s,” might be 20 minutes long one night and three the next. We had a large repertoire, so we didn’t have to do the same numbers every night. A lot depended on how we felt and what we got from the audience.

After we finished *Aziz* and before we left for the second U.S. tour, some recording was done at Olympic, including the original four-track versions of “Crosstown Traffic” and Bob Dylan’s “All Along the Watchtower,” transferred to 16-track in New York later on. We also did “Tax Free,” probably the version that came out on one of those posthumous albums.

The bulk of the recording from then on took place at the Record Plant, in New York. We started work on *Electric Ladyland* around the middle of April ’68. We block-booked the studio, usually through the night. Huge amounts of money were spent, not just on studio time, but on stupid things like having limos on call the whole time. The security at the Record Plant wasn’t terribly good and Hendrix would turn up with endless streams of people, so to get any kind of work done was really difficult. Looking back, it was amazing that the

album was finished. In the end the bulk of it got done in about a month, although at the time it seemed to take forever. Not just the album tracks, but there were loads of outtakes that are now surfacing as well. Mostly I did enjoy working on it. Things like “Voodoo Chile,” with Jack Casady on bass plus Stevie Winwood and Chris Wood, were great.

It was a good studio to work in, different from Olympic which was a big cathedral-like space. Record Plant was much smaller, but had an excellent sound. Plus it had a 12-track and later a 16-track facility, as against just four at Olympic, which gave Jimi much more space to work. Things did get chaotic though and Chas got pissed off with the way things were going—partly with Jimi’s attitude, partly with Mike Jeffery’s. Jimi wanted more freedom in the studio and more control, which was fine, but someone should have had overall control. As much as there were good things that came out of the *Electric Ladyland* sessions, there was far too much wasted time and energy. It wasn’t that I didn’t enjoy all the partying; I did, but it was no way to work.

Jimi’s self-indulgence of re-recording endless basic takes, which was what got Chas, would have been okay today—or would have at least cost less. With today’s equipment he could have worked on his own much more and used bits of whatever takes he wanted. Back then, if you didn’t like part of a take you’d have to go on to the next one. Chas couldn’t handle it and neither could Noel.

Along with this was Jimi’s realization that he’d made it in America and he wanted to live permanently in New York. This, of course, was completely alien to Chas and Noel and even to me at that stage. It took me about a year to realize how important New York had become for me. I knew I was having fun there, but I used to knock the place. Then I suddenly realized how much work I was able to do there—I could lift up the phone and go and play with practically anyone I wanted. I realized how much I owed the place. But I can understand Chas and Noel’s attitude.

The other thing that did upset me, as well as Noel, was that we discovered Jimi was going out and buying guitars, drums for friends, in fact loads of stuff for virtually anybody and then charging them to the band’s account. All in all I’m not surprised that Chas finally quit and went home.

One of the problems with the *Electric Ladyland* period was that we hardly played live while we were recording it. Consequently when we did play live we weren’t as sharp as we might have been. I remember we did do the Fillmore East during that time (May 5), with Sly & the Family Stone and, boy, were they hot. I felt comfortable, but the lack of playing gigs did make it that much tougher for all of us. Jimi and I really liked Sly & the Family Stone; Noel didn’t, but then he didn’t like James Brown either.

Through Hendrix I got to play with some great musicians, although he did pull the odd stroke on me, but always with a great sense of fun. Like one night we were in the Record Plant recording *Electric Ladyland* and a call comes in from Joe Tex, asking Jimi to come down and play at Town Hall. Hendrix says, “Okay, but on one condition: I bring my drummer.” Tex agreed and Jimi says to me, “Hey, come on, have a play with Joe Tex.” I’m going, “Yeah, I’ll have

**“As we crowded
in, shivering,
Jimi said to
Noel’s mother,
‘Let me stand
next to your
fire.’”**



some of that!" What he hadn't told me or maybe didn't know was that it was some kind of Black Power benefit—I'm the only white person there out of about 4,000 people. Jimi's chortling away sort of, "Ho ho, got the sucker now." So we get up onstage and there's all of Joe Tex's band up there—about 17 of them—and the drums are set up out front. It was like, "Okay, sonny, let's see what you can do!" I had to deal with it or get the hell out. So I did the best I could and it was okay. I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Just after that we were booked to do some gigs in England and for virtually the first time Jimi pulled a moody and refused to leave New York. In the past, if we were booked we did the gig, although all of us had complained about some of the itineraries.

We played the Miami Pop Festival on May 18, and then a few concerts in Europe. We managed a few days off in Majorca, where Mike Jeffery maintained an apartment. He'd just opened a club called Sgt. Pepper's, financed by us and his other acts. I think we played on the opening night, Noel playing guitar, Jimi on bass, that sort of thing. Jimi was a fine bass player, one of the best, very Motown-style. He was a very busy bass player, which in retrospect was good for me as it stopped me from overplaying. Maybe that was the source of the friction between Noel and Hendrix, Noel being a frustrated guitarist and Jimi knowing exactly what he wanted from the bass.

"All Along the Watchtower" is a classic example of Hendrix's bass playing. Even being left-handed he had no problem picking up a right-handed bass—he just had the touch. I think Noel had got pissed off and was in the pub—but the track didn't suffer.

IN THE SUMMER of 1968 it was decided that the band should spend some time based in Los Angeles so we rented a house in Benedict Canyon. The house came with staff and security dogs and we'd only been there about a week when the dogs got stolen. They were found wandering on Sunset Boulevard, doped out of their minds. The burglars had also nicked guitars and clothes and stuff. This was the first time that we had seen any kind of money at all. Hendrix had a Stingray he'd ordered earlier; this led to us realizing how bad his eyesight was—he should not have been driving.

One Saturday night we went to see Cream and had a party back at the house. The party didn't break up until five and at about seven, when I'd just got off to sleep, I heard this voice, "Guess what, I've just crashed my car." I thought I was dreaming and went back to sleep. Several hours later I discovered that it was true. How the hell Hendrix

survived, I've no idea. He'd completely demolished the car. Luckily he'd turned right and gone into some rocks. If he'd gone left he'd have gone straight over the edge of the canyon, a 500-foot drop.

There were often problems at the house. Some of the Manson Family appeared in our absence, trying to see us. And loonies would climb over the gates and really freak out the staff.

A lot of strange sessions came out of that period at TTG Studios, in L.A.—most of which have never been released. We actually worked very hard while we lived there; it wasn't all hanging out. We did the first tryout of "Izabella" there and "Look Over Yonder," which came out on *Rainbow Bridge*. Jimi and I had a play with Carol Kaye, the bass player who did a lot of sessions for Motown after it moved to L.A.

She was brilliant, scared the shit out of me. Basically, though, the sessions at TTG were a lot of jamming in the studio with various people.

We moved back to New York after the Benedict Canyon period and did a few East Coast gigs, including the Philharmonic Hall in New York. We'd always wanted to play Carnegie Hall, but they wouldn't have us. In lieu of that we were offered the Philharmonic, which was great. Lovely hall, very prestigious, no rock band had ever played there. Only one problem, a member of the band had to play in a symphonic context. Jimi and Noel flatly refused, so I thought, okay, what the hell, *I'll* do it. Would I mind having tea with Leonard Bernstein? Which I did; charming chap. He suggested that I might like to play percussion with the New York Brass Ensemble. It was fine. I went on with them with a collar and tie on. We did some Bach and a little Mozart, great, after which the Experience played.

WE STARTED THE LAST TOUR with Noel in Raleigh, North Carolina on April 11, 1969. The whole tour

now was vast arenas. The sound in most of them was awful. We all preferred the smaller halls, where there was at least some chance of the audience hearing something, although the audience still seemed to enjoy it. However, the majority of them seemed to want more equipment smashing and guitar burnings—it was all starting to wear a little thin, especially for Hendrix.

Noel was getting more involved with his own band, Fat Mattress. He insisted they open for us in Europe and were doing so on this tour as well. I always thought that was strange, and Jimi resented it. Fat Mattress were essentially a pretty lightweight band. Hendrix used to call them Thin Pillow.

On May 2 we were playing the Cobo Hall in Detroit. I don't know



how it was passed, but we received a message, probably from New York. One of the road crew came to us and said, "You're playing Toronto tomorrow and word has got out that you're going to be busted." None of us would have knowingly carried stuff over a border, with or without prior knowledge of a bust. I had a specially made leather suit with no pockets, nothing, no underwear for these occasions. When we got off the plane, it was like, bang, straight into customs and a strip search.

With Hendrix, they found powder . . . heroin, in his bag. If it had been a different substance, then it might possibly have been Hendrix's, but he didn't like heroin. So to my mind he was definitely set up. Contrary to what some people have said, Jimi was *never* a junkie. Also there is no truth in the story that our management ever forced dope down Jimi's throat. Drugs were certainly consumed in those days by bands on the road, mainly the same drugs used by millions of housewives and businessmen. They did become a way of life. Even if you tried to avoid drugs yourself some asshole would come along and spike your drink. It was very hard to get away from.

After he was busted and booked, we had a problem, of course; we had a concert to play that night. We went to the hotel and Hendrix was still out at the airport with the Mounties and it was several hours before they let him out on bail. We did the gig, but as far as I remember we were actually escorted onstage by Mounties. How the hell we played that night I don't know.

It wasn't the first time we'd gone through strange situations in Canada. Once, in Quebec, I think, we heard of this great girl singer in town, called Joni Mitchell. Hendrix and I both had these portable Sony tape recorders, huge things, that we dragged round the world for some reason. So we went to this little folk club, after our gig, with Hendrix's tape machine. We were amazed, she was wonderful.

Turns out, not only is she staying in the same hotel, but she's on the same floor. So we went to Jimi's room, just the three of us, played the tape back, compared notes, that kind of thing. It's two in the morning, but we're keeping things low and we'd been there about an hour and the manager comes up. He went berserk, "You can't have guests in your room." We couldn't believe it. We were all staying on the same floor, for God's sake. So we said, "We can't have any guests in *this* room, right?" "Yes." So we moved everything into my room. We got chased out of there and went on to Joni's. This went on all night. Who knows what it was? Black man, white man and white girl, I don't know.

So the Toronto bust didn't come as a big surprise. When he went back for his trial, they apparently found some acid on Hendrix. So either he was having some kind of mischievous fun with them—which seems unlikely, even for Hendrix—or they were trying to pull something else. Either way that didn't go any further.

After Jimi returned, our next date (June 20) was the Newport Pop Festival outside L.A. God, what a tricky gig. It was the first gig, I think, where we were apparently being paid giant wads of cash. One gig, 45 minutes and the guarantee was well over a hundred grand. We knew this and it was obviously on our minds—not that it was obscene, just a bit odd. We got there about nine o'clock, got on about 11, having spent a couple of hours in the caravan with an even greater-than-

usual number of hangers-on. I think someone spiked Jimi or maybe he'd taken something of his own and then someone had spiked him on top of that. It was a disaster. I kept thinking, this is weird—all this money. It was almost like, how much per minute am I getting?—except that we didn't see any of it, of course. So that, plus Hendrix's state, added up to a terrible performance. Absolutely awful. We were devastated, it was one of the worst gigs we ever played.

On the drive back to L.A., Jimi decided to go back, bless his heart, to play again. Not for any money or anything, just because he felt he wanted to make up for it. I didn't, not sure why, I just didn't want to visit the site again. Anyway Jimi went back on the Sunday and jammed with various people including Buddy Miles. He did the right thing as a musician; I wish I'd done it as well.

Noel only played one more gig with us after Newport Pop, at the Mile High Stadium in Denver, at the end of June. I've read various things suggesting that Noel got very emotional about a reporter who said to him, "What are you doing here? I thought you'd left?" That kind of deal. Maybe so, maybe not.

Anyway, we did the gig, very good crowd. It seems, though, that the powers that be decided to use the place for a tear-gas experiment and an exercise in crowd control. They claimed that the crowd was getting out of control—absolute bull. Okay, so a few people ran up to the front of the stage, but we're not talking serious lunacy here. Suddenly from the surrounding hills they let the tear-gas off and people started to panic. We were ushered offstage through the tear-gas. Gerry Stickells found us a U-Haul Rent-A-Truck, one of those two-ton jobs, with aluminum sides and top. The band got into the back, this huge cavernous space. We only had to drive about a quarter of a mile back to the hotel, but suddenly we were very scared. To avoid the tear-gas, people started climbing onto the roof, which started to cave in, and we thought it was just a matter of moments before we were going to be crushed.

It took us nearly an hour to get back and we all linked arms and shook hands, feeling that if we were going to go, we'd go together. We really still felt like a band, absolutely no animosity. Noel flew back to England the next day and announced that he'd left the band.

I WENT BACK to New York for a few days and then went back to England, to the house I'd recently bought in Sussex. At the beginning of August I got the call to come up to Hendrix's rural retreat near Woodstock. It's odd, because we're not talking Mister Country-boy here. He loved looking at countryside from a car, but didn't ever want to stop off. The management had rented this obscene mansion, a really grim place, and Jimi had installed Billy Cox and his wife and Larry Lee—a guitarist who Jimi had known for years. He was another guy who hadn't seen Jimi for ages and suddenly there is this whole other Hendrix to take in. Larry started putting a scarf round his head because he thought that's what hippies did—looked very strange. A nice man and more than adequate guitar player, but did Hendrix need a rhythm guitarist?

Also around were two conga players: Jerry Valez and Juma Sultan. Both were good players in their own right, but with two or more drummers or percussionists, either it works well or it gets competi-

"Hendrix could play something forwards and know exactly how it would sound played back in reverse."





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tive. It's all right having competition if you can count; if you can't, you're fucked. They couldn't count. The band was a shambles.

Apparently, they'd been working for about 10 days when I got there, but you'd never have known. The band was grim and the house was grim. The only thing that had any humor was when Eric Barrett—who was there to look after Jimi and to try and get people out of bed to work—fired an air pistol at Mike Jeffery's approaching jeep and shattered the windscreen. That was the only funny moment, other than watching Hendrix attempt to ride a horse—definitely a sight to be reckoned with.

We were basically there because Hendrix was contracted to do the Woodstock Festival. I got the feeling during the rehearsals that Jimi realized it wasn't working and just wanted to get the gig over and start again. We rehearsed up at the house for about a week or 10 days.

It was probably the only band I've ever been involved with that simply did not improve over that length of time.

Anyway, we were told that we were due on at the festival at 11 o'clock on the last night. The plan was to leave at about eight and go to the local airfield and get a helicopter. By eight o'clock it was absolutely pissing down rain—no flights. We had to drive, which was a good long way. It's still pissing down and there was a hurricane blowing and of course the roads were jammed.

No one was in a great humor when we finally got there, especially as we stepped out of the car into two feet of mud. The next thing was that the organizers told us that they're running about three hours late—wonderful. They also said that all the caravans were occupied, so we sort of shuffled onstage—in the end they pointed out this cottage we could shelter in—it was about three muddy fields away.

So we squelched over and spent the rest of the night freezing in there. We finally got to play at about six, by which time most of the crowd had gone. We're not talking fun here. People go on about Woodstock almost religiously, but really it was mud, no food, no toilets and exhaustion.

After Woodstock I stayed over for quite some time. I was in my hotel and Jimi still had his little apartment in the Village. We were checking out studios. No gigs, except for this Harlem Street Fair we did on September 5. It was a free gig on the back of a flatbed truck—a

benefit, as I remember, for a free clinic.

Jimi and I drove up through Central Park in the afternoon in his Stingray and parked on the street in Harlem. We'd only got about 20 feet from the car, when this group of 10-year-old kids stole Jimi's guitar, which was on the back seat. It turned out the guys who were putting on the gig were the Allen Twins, also known as the Ghetto Fighters and old friends of Jimi's. Their family "ran" the block. The Allen Twins caught the kids and it was like, "Do you know whose guitar that is?" "Yes" (giggle, giggle). "Well, give the guitar back." I think if it hadn't been one of his favorites he would have probably said, "Oh, let 'em keep it." I think he gave them money anyway.

We did the gig and it was like a big street fair. We played for an hour or something like that and it was fine except that a couple of eggs got thrown. Never knew if they were meant for me, the only whitey

onstage, but they only hit some amplifiers. The Allen Twins caught whoever did it and proceeded to beat the shit out of them. That was the only time I played in Harlem, but I had a great time whenever I went up there.

Jimi definitely wanted to stay in New York, but it was a bit of a difficult time for me. I'd bought the house in England and I'd hardly lived there. Jimi was all over the place, mentally and physically, but he did want to stay in New York, which was definitely encouraged by Mike Jeffery. Jimi had been going through this strange thing, exemplified by the Woodstock band, of being almost fixated with being reunited with people from his past. Billy Cox, fine—good bass player—but Larry Lee? I think he realized that he made a mistake, although he did do some recording with them in the month after



During the *Axis* sessions, Jimi displayed an unexpected knowledge of the mixing board.

Woodstock, but then things got trimmed down.

I went back to England, if only to spend some time in my house, but we stayed in contact by phone. He carried on working with Billy Cox and also Buddy Miles. Why not? It certainly seemed to make sense at the time. I know that Jimi loved Buddy's drumming and singing, until he started working with him. You could tell Billy exactly what you wanted and he'd play it. But Jimi didn't want that again, he wanted someone to come up with their own ideas, which to be honest, Billy didn't. I'm sure Jimi had the best motives, but to pull Billy out of the lounge clubs where he'd been playing to appear at Woodstock was not really fair, he wasn't equipped to do it.

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I was still in England at the end of the month when the Band of Gypsies did their second and final gig at Madison Square Garden. This was the one where something happened to Jimi, when he was spiked or whatever and walked off after a couple of numbers. Anyway, God knows what time it was for me, certainly the middle of the night, Hendrix phoned. He was not happy generally, and certainly not happy with the direction of the band which, because there was no problem, really, with Billy, I took to mean the drumming. The plan was: "Why don't we reform the Experience?"

I'm not sure how Noel got the call, but I don't think he'd even seen Jimi for six months. There was a meeting at the management office in New York with the three of us and then a lengthy interview with *Rolling Stone*, during which we announced the tour.

After the interview Jimi went back to his apartment and I went back to my hotel. Within a few hours I'd got a call from him. "Could we meet up?" The conversation came down to "What do you think?" I knew that he meant Noel. It was very tricky. Jimi and I had great affection for Noel as a player and for his humor, but something didn't feel right.

Anyway I said, "What do you think?" and he shook his head. I threw in Jack Casady as a possibility, but for some reason this wasn't possible. In the end it came out in Billy Cox's favor. There's no doubt Jimi felt that he had to do the tour, because apart from anything else Electric Lady, his projected studio, was eating up huge sums of money. He was up to his arse in debt.

The unfortunate thing was that Noel wasn't told until he came back

to America, expecting to rehearse for the tour. Basically no one had the balls to do it. As I understand it, Noel turned up at the airport, to be met by Bob Levine, who worked for Mike Jeffery, who told Noel, "Hey, I've got a great drummer for you to play with." I certainly didn't know that Noel hadn't been told, but I find it hard to believe that Hendrix, at least, hadn't done it. If something bothered Jimi, he got on the phone and told you right away. I've heard that after he was given the news, Noel phoned my hotel and talked to someone who told him that I was in the studio working with Jimi and Billy, which is possible. We certainly did do some sessions before going out on tour, but it was just bibs and bobs again, a few of which have surfaced, like "Earth Blues," which came out on *Rainbow Bridge*.

WHICH BRINGS US to the "Love and Peace Festival" on the Isle of Fehmarn, West Germany. What an extraordinary gig. I think we flew from Berlin to meet up with all the other bands. We then all took a train to the coast and then on to a ferry to the island. Once there I got a lot of hassle from them about my passport, which I'd had for years. By this time I had long hair and didn't look much like the photo and they weren't going to let me through. It was early in the morning and I wasn't in the best of moods and rumor has it that I actually assaulted one of the guards.

We got to the gig and all the bands were checked into the same hotel, probably the only hotel on the island. The people running the hotel did not know what they had let themselves in for. The bands had completely taken over the place. We got there mid-afternoon and

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were supposedly on at eight. By about six we heard this wind and then it turned into a gale.

We knew by then that there were other problems as well. The usual equipment troubles plus Hell's Angels with guns and various militants. We knew we wouldn't play at eight, but we were told that we might get on by midnight. Well, we'd gone through Woodstock, so what's new? By mid-evening, because of the gale, none of the bands could play at all and they were all back at the hotel.

By nine o'clock the hotel had been drunk dry, fights were breaking out, all substances had been consumed. We're talking about a couple of hundred musicians who were not having any fun. By midnight it was all getting too crazy for me, the bar had been wrecked and it was total lunacy. I didn't want anything to do with it, so I went up to my room. I hadn't been there long when I got a knock at the door and it's Billy, looking completely bewildered. By this time I'd spent nine months with him and he'd always been totally stable and reliable. He said, "You know we're not going to get off this island alive. It's going to be taken over by the Nazis."

He was in my room for three hours and although he was rambling, he made a certain amount of sense and many of his prophecies came true—odd. Jimi and I tried to calm him down. Difficult to say what the problem was. He never took acid, rarely smoked, and although he might have been spiked, I think we would have known; you can tell if someone is tripping. We could have dealt with it better if he had been. We tried to find a doctor, which was impossible, but after several hours he did seem calmer and got some sleep.

Anyway, because of the gale, we were rescheduled for midday on Sunday. We heard that there had been real problems overnight—a lot of violence. We drove out to the site, got out of the car and this plank of wood with six-inch nails in it was thrown from a group of Hell's Angels and hit Gerry Stickells on the head. Fortunately, he got off lightly, but the feeling was, "Let's do the gig and get the hell out." Our actual performance was okay and our adrenalin was pumping as well, but we did do a slightly shorter-than-usual set. We were glad to get out of there.

Some of Billy's prophecies did come true: People were killed and they did seal off the island after we left for a couple of days. Also, one of our roadies, Rocky, was shot right through the leg by a machine gun while taking down our equipment.

When we got back to England Jimi seemed depressed, although he'd been okay with Billy that night on the island. The night we got back, Billy started going again and Jimi and Gerry took him to the doctor. They hadn't seen paranoia like this for a long time, but induced by what, they and we didn't know. Maybe just the pressure of having been thrust into the limelight had built up over the months. He got better, but for a couple of weeks it was frightening. We'd get in a cab and he'd say, "No, no, they're getting at me, it's a frame-up."

In that first week back on the Thursday, Jimi called me and told me he was okay and he was doing some writing, and was looking forward to going back to New York into the new studio. We agreed that a new bass player was an inevitability and I suggested it would be a smart move to conscript a few more musicians for the band and look for a



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producer. We certainly talked about Jack Casady again. Jack Bruce was considered as well, but we figured that with the Cream connotation, he was probably not the right person. We talked about a couple of the old Motown players and even Steve Winwood. Steve would have been wonderful, but he was signed elsewhere so we figured, impossible.

The following Thursday night, the 17th, I had to drive up to London. I called Jimi and he asked me what I was doing. I told him I was just off to visit Ginger Baker and then we were going out to Heathrow to meet Sly Stone, who was flying in. Jimi was really excited about Sly and said, "Is there any chance of a play?"

So I said, "Funny you should say that, yeah, the idea is we're all going down to the Speak-easy for a jam." Jimi was really up for it and agreed to meet us there about midnight. His agreeing was no surprise: Anywhere in the world, Jimi was always up for a play; it took precedence over anything.

Anyway, we met Sly, who was knocked out that Jimi wanted to play, and after checking

him in at the hotel, we went down to the club. We got there and we waited and we waited. By one o'clock people were starting to sort of look at each other and by two they were starting to say it was odd. We all sat there till closing time which was about four. I remember having this odd feeling when I left that was hard to define. If nothing else it was just so out of character for Hendrix not to have appeared, especially as he'd appeared full of beans earlier.

I drove back to my house, about an hour-and-a-half drive. I didn't go to bed and sat up for what seemed like a few hours, but may well have been longer. I'm not sure of the time, but I got a call telling me that Jimi had died. I just couldn't believe it. I couldn't release any emotion at all. I finally got some sleep about six the next night, but waking up later, it was a bit like when Jimi had crashed his car in Benedict Canyon and had come in and told me about it, you know, "Did I dream that?" Again I woke up thinking, "Was that the truth?" and, of course, sadly it was.

The worst thing was the funeral, it was like a circus. I flew out to Seattle with Noel, who

I'd seen a few times in the past few months. He hadn't seen much of Jimi, but he had been to the opening of Electric Lady and there was still a lot of affection between all of us. In Seattle most of us were staying in the same hotel and in all honesty it felt like a gig. There was a knock at the door in the morning and Gerry Stickells stood there and said, "It's time to go now," and I'm sure I said, "What time's the gig?"

I think it started to hit me during the service, especially when we had to walk up the aisle and file past the open coffin. Neither Noel nor I had been through anything like that before. God, it was the most awful thing. Noel and I held hands—that was when it really hit home.

They'd booked the Seattle Coliseum or somewhere for the wake: It was really gauche, but probably not a bad idea in retrospect. People got up and played. Noel and I did play later in the day, but I kept a pretty low profile and got an early flight home. It was one of the worst days of my life. Even after I got home it was hard to accept that he was dead. It still felt as though he was right there.

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One small side event of the day of the funeral happened before we left to go to the church. I'd heard that Buddy Miles was slagging me off as some kind of racist pig who had a thing against blacks. I lost my rag completely. I went to his room and put him up on the wall, there's like eight-and-a-half stone of me. So I held him up there and said, "Don't you fucking dare!" I'd been nothing else but kind to him, as had Jimi, which is more than I can say about some of his attitudes over the years. He started apologizing and said, "Maybe you heard it wrongly." He didn't say that it wasn't true.

In the end all you can say is, "What a fucking waste." He was irreplaceable, both as friend and musician. I miss him as much today as 20 years ago. There was so much more that he was capable of. He was not simply a hard act to follow—more an impossible act to follow.

I DON'T REMEMBER how long after Jimi's funeral it was, but I got a call from Jeffery. He said there were only two people who knew the material, myself and Eddie Kramer. How did I feel about coming over to New York, to go through the tapes? I thought it over and said that I'd go over for a couple of days, give it a try and see how it feels. There had been a very good chance that I wouldn't have been able to deal with it at all, particularly so close to Jimi's death, but it was okay, felt quite warm. I said that I'd do it.

We started to work on the material. Our first problem was that it turned out that Electric Lady only had about half of the existing tapes. Primarily it was stuff that had been done there as demos before its official opening, plus material recorded in various studios in New York over the few months prior to that. Most of the remaining tapes, material going back as far as early '68, if not before, was at Warner Bros. It became obvious that they had material that we wanted, but we weren't allowed near it. There is no doubt in my mind that the album we did put together would have been better and easier to produce if we could have used some of that stuff.

Cry of Love, as the album ended up being called, was a real jigsaw puzzle to put together. You'd find, say, a lead guitar part in one key and then a vocal and rhythm track for the same song in a different key and one had to be speeded up or slowed down to match the other. It was bare-bones stuff. Of course it would have been [cont'd on page 110]

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DAVID
BOWIE
LOOKS
BACK

they were nights to remember. David Bowie, rock's Dada Garbo, fresh from the breakthrough success of his *Hunky Dory* album, had booked his notorious new stage pageant for two shows—August 19, 20, 1972—at London's Rainbow Theater. Both were instant sell-outs. Bowie warned untutored audiences of the coming transformation of most rock into calculated drama: "There are going to be a lot of tragedies, and a lot of clangers dropped over the next few years, when a lot of bands try to become theatrical without knowing their craft."

The former David Robert Jones had slowly risen from failed model, post-Beatles popster, student mime, pitchman for Lyons Maid's "Luv" ice cream and part-time radio/film actor into Britain's hottest rock harlequin. His current artistic outlook was coolly pragmatic: "I wish myself to be a prop, if anything, for my own songs."

The opening night's concert featured a set by Roxy Music, and then the stage was cleared for the main event. Bowie appeared abruptly from out of the shadows, a mascaraed android, his formerly blond hair bristling scarlet. Striding across a carpet of dry-ice

By Timothy White





smoke, he sang "Lady Stardust" as the projected face of Marc Bolan shone on a large screen beside him.

"Hello, I'm Ziggy Stardust and these are the Spiders from Mars."

Spotlights revealed guitarist Mick Ronson, bassist Trevor Bolder and drummer Mick Woodmansey, while Matthew Fisher provided keyboards from backstage. Through a blur of costume changes—each more surreal than the last—the singer leapt from level to level on the tiered and scaffolded scenery. The performance was bizarre, building to a finale in which Bowie joined mime Lindsay Kemp and the Astronettes dance troupe in a sinister burst of choreography.

Rapt in their choice seats were Elton John, Mick Jagger, Alice Cooper and Lou Reed, the last quoted in the press describing the program as "amazing, stupendous, incredible—the greatest thing I've ever seen." Over the next 20 years, the *Ziggy* tour and the album it heralded would emerge as two of rock's most ominous and widely emulated watersheds.

Like so much of David Bowie's finest work, *The Rise and Fall of*

"I didn't feel very substantial. I didn't feel a particular sense of self. It seemed that I had to extract pieces from around me and put them onto myself to create a person."

Ziggy Stardust & the Spiders from Mars seemed to stop the psychic clock of its era and restart it at the stroke of midnight. Appearing during a season of depravity in which George Wallace was shot, Nixon's Watergate burglars were exposed, and terrorists murdered 11 athletes at the Munich Olympics, *Ziggy* was an intuitive indictment of a civilization drunk on its vanity, devouring its conscience. As with all sightings of the truth, no one who's ever experienced the record will ever forget it.

This summer, Bowie fans have an opportunity to enjoy the album as never before, as Rykodisc issues it on CD along with five bonus tracks and copious liner notes. And Bowie and his latest band (guitarist Adrian Belew, drummer Mike Hodges, keyboardist Rick Fox and bassist Erdal Kizilcay) are playing recast versions of *Ziggy* classics on David's retrospective Sound + Vision World Tour 1990, which he threatens will be the last live hurrah for his past repertoire. After a year in which a fully updated *Changesbowie* greatest hits (including a "Fame '90" remix) joins most of Bowie's rarities-enhanced catalog in the CD racks, David vows to unveil a second Tin Machine album and then focus only on the future.

Only a pushover would presume David Bowie, now 43, is showing all his cards, yet there's sound commercial and musical wisdom in his promises. And if his word is good, then his long-confounded public deserves a candid recap of all that's gone before. The man now concedes that obscure pop act Ronald "Vince" Taylor & the Playboys was the initial spark for the *Ziggy* concept (Vince scaled the U.K. Top 15 in 1960 with "I'll Be Your Hero"/"Jet Black Machine"), but it seems high time David divulged the *full* scope of his influences, trials and covert dreams.

This interview took place last January at Magic Ventures Studios, a

recording complex in Manhattan's West 20s. The facility was picked because it was within walking distance of the rehearsal space Bowie had just rented for the Sound + Vision troupe. David arrived without fanfare and in fine fettle. His sole requests were for a brewed pot of his favorite brand of Italian coffee and a comfortable chair in which to pass the afternoon.

BOWIE: [Smiling] Ask me the secret of my success.

MUSICIAN: *Okay, what is the secret—*

BOWIE: —timing!

MUSICIAN: —*of your success?*

BOWIE: Aha, ha, ha!

MUSICIAN: *Very clever. You're gonna do well in this business. We're here to discuss your first quarter-century in rock, so let's begin circa 1963. Didn't you quit one of your first bands, the Kon-Rads, because they didn't want to play R&B?*

BOWIE: Yes, and I know the exact song! It was Marvin Gaye's "Can I Get a Witness." They wouldn't play it!! They said, "We can't do *this*—we do Shadows numbers and Cliff Richard." I said, "No, no, you're stupid! This music is so exciting." We had a fairly bitter fight about it.

MUSICIAN: *What was the very first record you heard that made you want to stick up for R&B?*

BOWIE: Screamin' Jay Hawkins' "I Put a Spell on You," with "Little Demon" on the B-side. Another one that made a big impression was the Alan Freed Rock and Roll Band's

"Right Now, Right Now." I had an allowance of seven shillings and sixpence a week to spend on records, and I would do very little to earn it! [Laughter] I had an incredibly generous father.

He just wanted me to decide what I wanted and stick with it, and he knew that from when I was about nine I wanted to go into music. So he was quite happy I was taking my saxophone lessons. Recalling my sax influences, I tried passionately at that time to believe I liked Eric Dolphy. When in fact I *didn't* until a few years after that. I'd been forcing myself at first to listen to modern jazz, fighting myself to understand what it was I loved about it, but I really didn't know. I couldn't digest it yet.

MUSICIAN: *By 1966, you led Davey Jones & the Lower Third, a would-be R&B band that sounded a lot like the Who.*

BOWIE: Oh, we used to support them, and they were a terrific influence on us. Even as the High Numbers, you could tell they were going to be such an influence. They were just the *best*, a happening band—and we soaked everything up.

MUSICIAN: *How'd you come to write the Lower Third's first single, "Can't Help Thinking About Me"? It's a perfect post-adolescent statement, at a stage when you're lucky if you can dress yourself.*

BOWIE: Yeah! I'd woken up, my clothes were all over the room—and I was still in them! [Laughter] It was because I was a kid, and that's what you write about a lot when you're that age. I was 19; that was a 19-year-old's kind of song.

I went from the King Bees to the Lower Third, with the Mannish Boys somewhere in between. Then the Buzz. Who the *hell* was in the Buzz? The Buzz might have been just remnants of the Lower Third. Then we had Hype, which was a particular favorite of mine. Hype became the Spiders without Tony Visconti on bass, 'cause Trevor

Bolder came in as bassist. Hype was really the embryonic Spiders.

MUSICIAN: *But you also had an interim stint as a folksinger. "Conversation Piece," a 1970 B-side that's now a bonus track on the new Space Oddity reissue, has the defeated line, "I can't see the road for the rain in my eyes."*

BOWIE: That's very weird that you should bring up that line. I just realized that in one of the lyrics for the new Tin Machine album I put in the line, "There's a speck of dust in my eye/But it doesn't matter/I've seen everything anyway." I think the difference in attitude is rather interesting. *[Laughter]*

I'd gone through two or three bands and not been happy with what I was doing. I'd been working very much in mixed-media things around London, and I found myself just basically with a guitar. To get any kind of an audience then, the folk thing seemed to be the area to go. I didn't do much in that area, because I didn't feel I was very good at it. But I did try it for a bit, and I guess that's how those kinds of things got written.

MUSICIAN: *There's another moving line in the same song where you say you feel like you're "invisible" and might not be recalled.*

BOWIE: I felt very ephemeral. I didn't feel substantial. I didn't feel a particular sense of self. It seemed that I had to extract pieces from around me and put them onto myself to create a person.

I was having a real problem. I felt invisible, but not in that malicious fashion where I could watch everybody else and write it down. I just felt *invisible*.

MUSICIAN: *A lovely 1969 folk song on the Sound + Vision collection, "Wild-eyed Boy from Freecloud," has a similar melancholy quality.*

BOWIE: That had a very strong narrative underpinning the thing, which worked very well. It's one of my favorite songs of the period. It was about the disassociated, the ones who feel as though they're left outside, which was how I felt about me. I always felt I was on the edge of events, the fringe of things, and left out. A lot of my characters in those early years seem to revolve around that one feeling. It must have come from my own interior puzzlement at where I was.

MUSICIAN: *"London Bye Ta-Ta," a 1970 bonus track on Sound + Vision, now sounds like it could be the new single by the Cure.*

BOWIE: I wonder if the Cure have about the same expertise on guitar that I had *[laughter]* when I was writing it. It has the kind of chords that you use when you know about seven good ones. You've got E, A and B, but then you learn F-sharp minor, and that's the *magic* chord, because

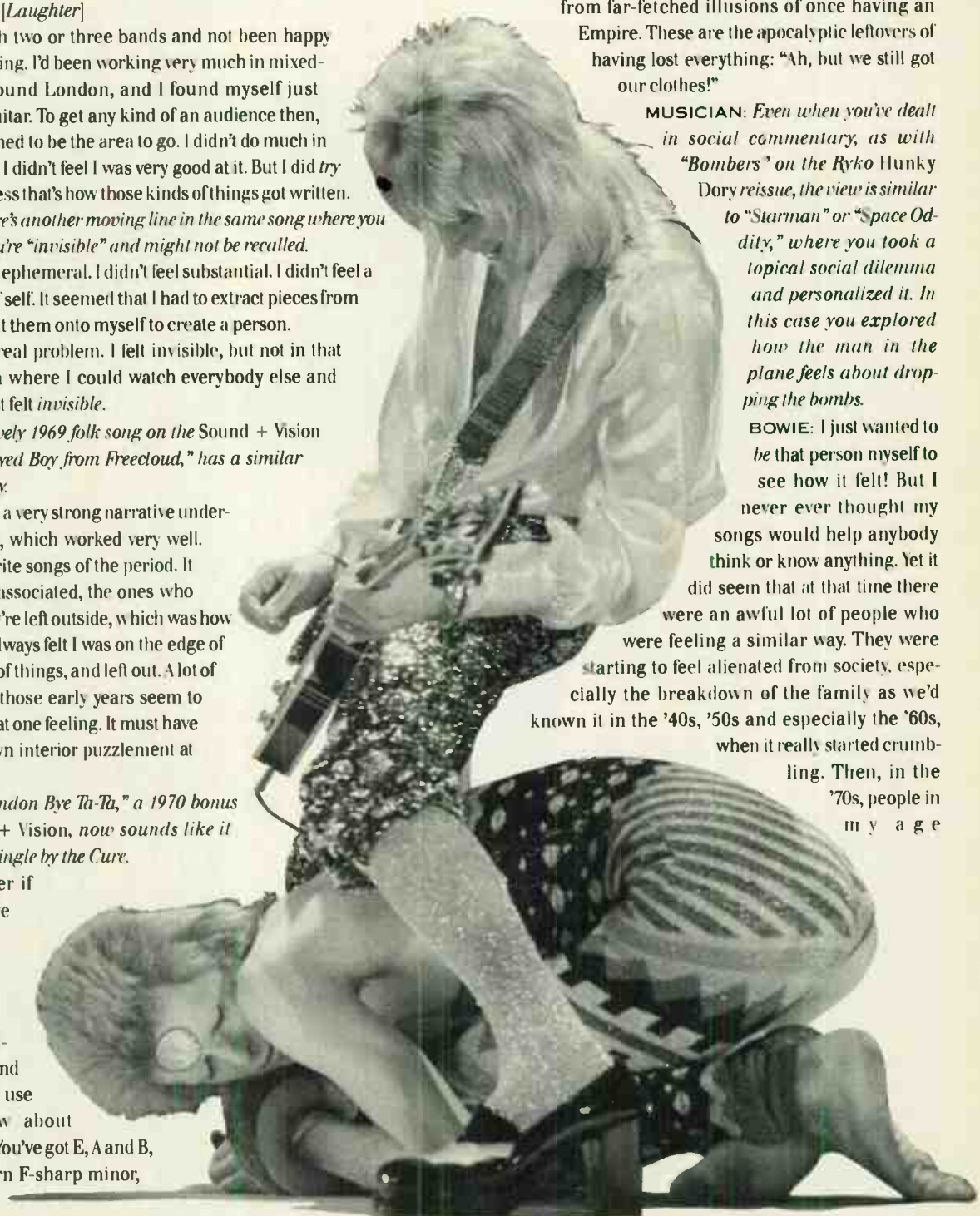
Mick Ronson and the Rats were a Jeff Beck copy band till Bowie made them Spiders from Mars.

you can develop amazing little patterns if you've got an F-sharp minor under your belt.

That song evokes the voguish attitudes of the era, the style-making consciousness, which has got a lot to do with being English. There's something about the English: They don't want to be seen to be normal or average. There's a desperation to getting away from being middle-of-the-road or being taken as representative of the next guy. An English kid will always describe somebody else by the clothes they wear. Not like, "Oh, he's a great guy," but rather, "Aw, he's the kind of guy who wears *corduroys*—you know?" That's always fascinated me. There's a strong streak of dandyism among the English. It stems from far-fetched illusions of once having an Empire. These are the apocalyptic leftovers of having lost everything: "Ah, but we still got our clothes!"

MUSICIAN: *Even when you've dealt in social commentary, as with "Bombers" on the Ryko Hunky Dory reissue, the view is similar to "Starman" or "Space Oddity," where you took a topical social dilemma and personalized it. In this case you explored how the man in the plane feels about dropping the bombs.*

BOWIE: I just wanted to be that person myself to see how it felt! But I never ever thought my songs would help anybody think or know anything. Yet it did seem that at that time there were an awful lot of people who were feeling a similar way. They were starting to feel alienated from society, especially the breakdown of the family as we'd known it in the '40s, '50s and especially the '60s, when it really started crumbling. Then, in the '70s, people in my age



group were disinclined to be a part of society. It was really hard to convince oneself that you *were* part of society.

MUSICIAN: *That was one of the concepts* Hunky Dory's "Changes" encapsulated in 1972. You seemed to be saying that the idea of doing your own thing might be worthwhile, but it seemed illogical to expect society to completely accommodate it.

BOWIE: Yeah! It's like: Okay, you've broken up the family unit, and you say you're trying to get outta your mind and expand yourself and all that. Fine. So now that *you've* left us, what are we left *with*? 'Cause here we are, without our families, totally out of our heads, and we don't know where on earth we are. That was the feeling of the early '70s—nobody knew *where* they were.

MUSICIAN: *"Changes" also had a great phrase that'd make a good title for your memoirs: "Turn and face the strange."*

BOWIE: That was a line obviously left over from the Jim Morrison/Syd Barrett school of writing. Barrett was a huge influence on me, absolutely. I thought Syd could do no wrong. I thought he was a massive talent. He was the first I had ever seen in the middle '60s who could *decorate* a stage. He had this strange mystical look to him, with painted black fingernails and his eyes fully made up. He *waved* around the microphone, and I thought, "This guy is totally entrancing!" He was like some figure out of an Indonesian play or something, and wasn't altogether of this world. It was so demanding, and I thought it was magical. It's so sad that he couldn't continue with the fever he started with.

MUSICIAN: *A lot of people may not realize that you recorded much of* The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars *before you did* Hunky Dory.

BOWIE: [Nodding] A lot of it. I wanted to take my time over it, so *Hunky Dory* was an interim project to get me through the recording contract—which meant that I had to have an album out. So I did *Hunky Dory*—and there were some great songs on *Hunky Dory*—but I did about half the *Ziggy* album before it.

MUSICIAN: *Before you gave them that name, weren't the Spiders known as the Rats?*

BOWIE: Yes, they were! They were a band from the north of England, from a place called Hull. It was Mick Ronson, John Cambridge and Trevor Bolder. Tony Visconti brought Mick in to work on *Hunky Dory*. And Ronson said, "I've got these great guys up in Yorkshire that would be just great for playing with you." I said, "Let's bring them down!" The whole idea of the album came first, and

the Rats became the Spiders to accommodate the album.

MUSICIAN: *Prior to* Ziggy, no one in rock had looked at careerism in such a brutal way. What would have engendered your harsh unsentimentality about the star-making process—even as you were ascending in it?

BOWIE: I think it was the idea of fabrication and how it had snowballed in popular culture. Realism, honesty and all these things that came out of the late '60s had gotten really boring to many jaded people going into the early '70s. I think the band only half-understood what I meant, but I thought it would be such great fun to fabricate something so totally unearthly and unreal, and have it living as an icon. So the story of Ziggy came out of that thinking, really. Even though it was a fabrication, I think any writer imbues his writing with a sense of himself and how he feels about himself at the

I yam what I yam. Young Americans was originally titled The Gauster. A "gauster" being a slick, well-dressed dude.



time. So I think a lot of it came out of my own problems with myself. Going back again to that feeling of being invisible, it was a way of creating myself. I thought, "Let's make him from the floor upwards!"

MUSICIAN: "Suffragette City" and "Rock 'n' Roll Suicide" were two of the last tracks recorded for the album.

BOWIE: Yes, and at that point I had a passion for the idea of the rock star as meteor. And it was the whole idea of the Who's line, "Hope I die before I get old," which was very potent.

At that youthful age you cannot believe that you'll lose the ability to be this enthusiastic and this all-knowing about the world, life and experience—which you supposedly are when you're in your early 20s. You think you've probably discovered all the secrets to life, or you're at least *half* the way to discovering them. So "Rock 'n' Roll Suicide" was a declaration of the end of the effect of being young.

With "Suffragette City," I was interested in the idea of the feminist movement, the beginnings and seeds of that. I was kinda sour in there, but only lightly.

MUSICIAN: Do you remember the day that Sue Fussey, the hairdresser, dyed your hair and gave you the Ziggy cut?

BOWIE: Very well! It went through a number of colors. I know that green was one of the colors that we tried, but red was the one we stuck with. If I remember rightly, that came from the fact that London was all agog over a new young Japanese designer called Kansai Yamamoto. He'd just unleashed all these Kabuki- and Noh-inspired clothes on London, and one of his models had the Kabuki lion's mane on her head, this bright red thing. I said to Sue, "That's just so great! Let's go red." She said, "Oh, sorta like ginger-colored?" And I said, "No! Red!!" So it's all Kansai's fault.

MUSICIAN: Did you hit the street with that haircut immediately?

BOWIE: [Smiling] After much deliberation, yeah. I walked through an area called Tottenham Court Road, which was known as the Tin Pan Alley of London. But the haircut didn't get the kind of response on the street that you'd imagine, because there were quite a few eccentrics—in one way or another—in London at the time. It was only when *this* eccentric person went up onstage and started singing that it started having a riveting effect.

And I got in touch with Kansai, and he made all the original clothes for us for all the early Spider shows. I still have every single one of those outfits, and they're museum pieces, because they're all one-offs, you know. [Laughing] He really couldn't sell them back then for love or money, so it was great having me wear them.

MUSICIAN: You were one of the first people to have dress-alikes come to your concerts in droves.

BOWIE: That was an extraordinary phenomenon. It really was. Especially at the Rainbow concerts.

MUSICIAN: Where Lindsay Kemp was hanging from the rafters...

BOWIE: ... Dressed as a fairy angel! [Explosive laughter] It was a great show, and the last of our real mixed-media shows, because we were using film footage, scaffolding, three or four levels of performance, the Lindsay Kemp Mime Company, and pre-recorded tapes for the equivalent of sampling these ever-repeated phrases.

MUSICIAN: There're several outrageous bonus tracks from that era on the new Ziggy Stardust reissue.

BOWIE: There's one called "Sweet Head," which didn't get on the

original album. It was about oral sex, and it was one that I don't think RCA particularly wanted. These days, it's probably just as bad, and I'll get stickered on it!

MUSICIAN: It's amazing that you found time on the zoo-like U.S. Ziggy tour to do a lot of writing for Aladdin Sane. You recorded tracks like "The Jean Genie" in New York and Nashville. How were you able to squeeze anything in during that chaotic time?

BOWIE: I think when you get caught up in that wave of euphoria that is the original response to becoming well-known, you're quite sure it's only going to last for a limited amount of time. So you cram as

"Here we are, without our families, totally out of our heads, and we don't know where on earth we are. That was the feeling of the early '70s."

much work into it as possible—in case you lose your place in the queue. You feel, "While I've got the chance, I better just write and write and write!" Twenty-four hours a day, I was writing and working up ideas for future shows—before it all suddenly disappeared. The gestation for "Jean Genie" was about a day; that's all it took to put it together. I'd just met Iggy Pop. He was this character out of Detroit, and I was trying to verbalize him in some way. I wanted to respond to the kind of image I had of him—which changed as I got to know him—but that's where that song came from. And the title's play on words was from Jean Genet.

MUSICIAN: Another Aladdin track with a Detroit background was "Panic in Detroit," which you performed in concert in a boxing ring.

BOWIE: How the initial song was written was that there were snipers all over America on tops of buildings, shooting at everybody. That was part of life's rich pattern at the time. [Laughter] I don't

Bowie says Tin Machine is his future. They have a new album ready for release in autumn 1990.



know why I did it live with boxing gloves. I guess if you've got 10,000 people in front of you, you've gotta hit 'em with something. Maybe I was the sniper—but maybe I was the victim. The ropes of the ring tied me up at the end of the performance. A lot of it was associative ideas.

“I was having a very bad fight with cocaine, going through a series of deep depressions in Berlin, and I think it became evident on *Low*.”

I was very much under the influence of William Burroughs' writing techniques, and the idea of discharging all sorts of elements and images into one palette. It seemed such a great way of writing. The idea would be that you'd take three different subject matters, cut them up and put the pieces together. And out of it you get a *fourth* subject matter. You might not use verbatim the stuff that comes out, but it certainly triggers off another idea.

For example: If you write one sentence about a table, and one sentence about a blonde, you might get this table with curvy legs out of it. And that could give you an idea for yet another subject you might

not have thought of before. It's a good instrument for writing.

MUSICIAN: *In 1974, after the Diamond Dogs tour, you took up temporary residence in Philadelphia, staying at the Barclay Hotel while you began the Young Americans album at Sigma Sound.*

BOWIE: I must say, I have very good feelings about Philadelphia. *Young Americans* was the most *social* record I ever made, I think, because every day 10 or 20 kids would be waiting outside and we'd let them in to help out and give ideas. And at night we'd go to clubs with them. We had a big end-of-record party and they came to that and we played the album mixes. It was really neat.

MUSICIAN: *Let's set history straight regarding the post-Philly sessions at New York's*

Record Plant for "Fame." What specifically prompted you, John Lennon and Carlos Alomar to write that song?

BOWIE: My band had been working onstage with an old [1961] single by the Flares called "Foot Stompin'." The riff that Carlos had developed for it I found fascinating. I kept telling him that it was a *waste* to do it on somebody else's song, and that we should use that on something of our own. So we were playing that riff for John Lennon in the studio—he came down for the day—and we said, "What do you make of this, John?" He was playing along with it, just muttering to himself in a corner, saying, "—aim! —aim!" It just all fell into place



when he said, "—Fame!"

We said, "That's great, John! Hey, John helped us write this song called 'Fame!!'" John carried on playing rhythm guitar and we just put the whole backing-track thing together in about 15-20 minutes. It was a real "Hey-let's-do-the-show-right-here" Mickey Rooney thing. Then I took the idea of fame and just ran away and wrote the lyrics for it. The next day, John came down again and said, "Hey, that's real good, that one!"

MUSICIAN: *A lot of people have tried to rip off that groove ever since.*

BOWIE: Well, I don't know, but I understand that James Brown took it into a studio and did a single with it within a couple of weeks of hearing the thing. 'Cause you know Carlos used to work with James Brown. I think that's about the only time in my life that I really feel proud of being that influential on somebody else's record.

MUSICIAN: *Let's talk about your boyhood education and how it helped direct your later creativity.*

BOWIE: What meant more to me than anything else in the world was being told that there was such a thing as art school. In England, after you reach the age of 11, you take an exam called the Eleven-Plus. If you pass the exam you can decide to go into something terribly academic, something less academic that's more aligned to engineering—or art school.

Newly opened around 1957-58 in our area in Bromley was the first art school for 11- and 12-year-olds. It was an experiment in the south of England, and the one who initiated it was a guy called Owen

Frampton, Peter Frampton's father. He thought it would be worthwhile that anybody who showed an artistic inclination should be trained from a younger age than the usual 16- or 17-year old period.

When that happened, I thought, "I can go to art school at 12! I won't have to do *any math!!*" It was just so great, I jumped at it. I spent my days there thinking about whether I was gonna be a rock 'n' roll singer or if I was gonna be John Coltrane. And Owen was great. He knew a lot of us were, typically, into music, and probably would never cut it as painters. So he gave us a lot of leeway and was very fair.

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DAVID BOWIE and band are using the following instrumentation to fuel the retrospective Sound + Vision Tour: BOWIE plays Takamine acoustic guitars and a Gretsch Country Gentleman, as well as a Selmer-Paris alto sax. Vocals are via a Beyer 160 microphone. ADRIAN BELEW wields Fender Stratocasters specially modified for the Roland GR90 guitar synthesizer system. Bassist ERDAL KIZILCAY's axes are the Fender Jazz bass and the Pedulla fretless electric bass, plus a Yamaha BB1000. Drummer MICHAEL HODGES thunders upon Tama drums and Zildjian cymbals, as well as a Roland RB drum machine and a Roland Octapad. RICK FOX's keyboards are the Roland A-80 and the Roland W-30, in addition to the Roland S-SS0 sampler and Yamaha TX802 synth. Programming is through the Current Music Technology Mac 'N' Rak computer.

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MUSICIAN: *What painters excited you at the same point rock 'n' roll was becoming important?*

BOWIE: As an adolescent, I still thought that Salvador Dali was the be-all and end-all. Van Gogh and Dali were the big ones; I thought those two were the bees' knees.

MUSICIAN: *Did you ever write a song with a painter in mind?*

BOWIE: I guess the first time I approached that was with Warhol in the song "Andy Warhol" on *Hunky Dory*. But that was more about him as a manufacturer of atmo-

spheres rather than a painter per se. I never did a "Starry, Starry Night" for Van Gogh, or anything like that.

MUSICIAN: *You were born in 1947, in a post-world war era, when there was a sense that civilization was going to have to find a new order. Rock 'n' roll was part of a trial-and-error search in which a young generation believed it could make a new way.*

BOWIE: In 1947 England was crippled, absolutely crippled. By the time I was eight or nine, we thought we were going to follow the Americans. We just thought that Amer-

ican music was *it*. It was the Teddy Boys' heyday, during Bill Haley, Elvis Presley and all that.

There was an exuberance there, but I was only a kid, still being told my friends and I were stupid little schoolboys. We had every kind of enthusiasm kicked out of us, frankly. That was one thing that was really bad about the school systems when I was growing up.

We never wanted your freedoms and your democracy and all of that. We wanted James Dean, motor bikes, Hell's Angels. What we actually took from America was very different from what America believed it was giving the world.

Blues artists couldn't get any work in America at all. They had to come to England and to Europe to make a living! Same with R&B and jazz. By listening to Little Richard and his lineup of sax players, I found out what it was I loved about saxophones, and about jazz.

But when I got into playing in bands in the mid-'60s, the so-called British invasion was happening, and it was apparent we could take that American music and truly make it our own. In England, transitions in taste were usually tricky. I remember that my dad had liked the big bands, but modern jazz lost him completely.

MUSICIAN: *Describe your dad, Haywood Jones.*

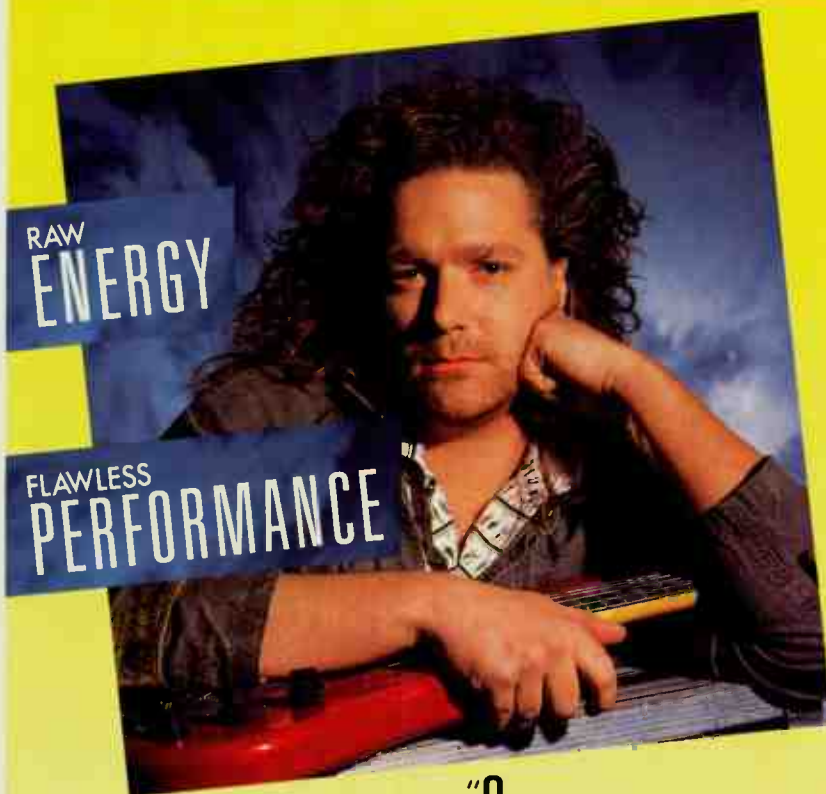
BOWIE: He was a very kind, sensitive man; very sensible. He had a strong commitment to the company that he worked for, which was a children's home—Dr. Barnardo's Children's Home. He'd been through quite a lot in his own life. After the usual Army business for five or six years, he took a theater company around England, which bankrupted him. Then he bought a nightclub in London and tried to run that. And then he decided to commit himself to helping children.

There was a great change of faith there—I'm not exactly sure how or why. We never really talked about it. Unfortunately he died before the point where we were intimate with each other, which was always a great sadness to me. We always got on cordially, very well indeed, but not with a great deal of intimacy. There was always an area where we didn't express ourselves too well with each other. I always regretted we never got to where we could really talk.

MUSICIAN: *What was your mother Margaret like?*

BOWIE: She was fairly authoritarian. We were never particularly close during my

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formative years; we're probably a lot closer now. I was really quiet as a kid, and what was more frustrating for me was that I would never say what was on my mind! I spent an awful lot of time by myself and was very happy in a book—I mean, I could just sit with a book forever, and I still do. I'm an inveterate reader because I love being transported. I loved Joseph Conrad, I thought he was terrific. His book *Victory* was sublime; it was everything I wanted to do, which was to explore these strange new worlds!

MUSICIAN: *A song from the 1975 Station to Station sessions is a surprise bonus on Sound + Vision: Springsteen's "It's Hard to Be a Saint in the City."*

BOWIE: [Laughter] When we recorded that I was crazy! When his *Greetings from Asbury Park* record came out, I thought it was a major album, a wonderful piece of American songwriting. When we did our version of "Hard to Be a Saint" in the studio, a DJ from Philly said, "Oh, I know Bruce, shall I bring him down?" I said, "That will be great!" So he brought him, and we put him in the studio and played it through to him, and the guy went white. [Laughter] Bruce's face just cleared of blood. I thought, "I don't think he likes it very much."

We sat on the floor, and he was very sweet and very sociable. But I was not all that one could expect from good company at the time—I mean, I had no eyebrows then and I was wearing a red beret, and I was out of my gourd! I remember that very clearly. So the song was one thing, but encountering me as well was quite another.

The poor guy was used to hitching rides, and doing his Springsteen things with hubcaps, and we had absolutely nothing in common at all. We stumbled through a conversation before the DJ valiantly said, "Weeelllll Bruce, I'll get you back to your hotel now!" [Laughter] That was my only encounter with Bruce.

MUSICIAN: *What was the period like of writing Low in Berlin in 1976? You'd gone there from Los Angeles after having gotten a little wild in your lifestyle.*

BOWIE: It was traumatic, it really was. Because I was having a very bad fight with cocaine. I was going through a series of very deep depressions in Berlin, and I think it became evident on the *Low* album and then again on bits and pieces of *Heroes*. But you can also hear me coming out of it through the span of those four albums: *Low*, *Heroes*, then *Lodger* and then finally *Scary Monsters*.

Scary Monsters for me has always been some kind of purge. It was me eradicating the feelings within myself that I was uncomfortable with.

MUSICIAN: *Were you saying that very thing in "Ashes to Ashes"?*

BOWIE: Very much so. You have to accommodate your pasts within your persona. You have to understand why you went through them. That's the major thing. You cannot just ignore them or put them out of your mind or pretend they didn't happen, or just say, "Oh, I was different then." It's very important to get

into them and understand them. It helps you reflect on what you are now.

MUSICIAN: *The excesses that creative people can put themselves through are a peculiar form of insecurity. It's almost as if they want to speed their lives up to get to the good parts.*

BOWIE: I think that has an awful lot to do with it. And with cocaine you have the false impression that you're a lot better at what you're doing than you really are. Because if you see a really bad artist paint when he's on cocaine, his paintings are every bit as terri-

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ble as they would be if he wasn't doing it. There's just more of them!

MUSICIAN: *During that Berlin recuperation, you went back to a rather ordinary existence, living over an auto parts shop in a poor Turkish community and riding a bicycle to get around.*

BOWIE: The compensations were exactly those. It was a way of enabling me to associate again with a society I had initially shunned and was starting to feel I had permanently cut myself off from. So it was a way of reestablishing myself as a citizen of some

place.

I had an enormous problem in communicating with people. Through that period it was awfully hard to open up or let others open up to me. I found a great wall there, so it was quite ironic that I chose a city with a wall to live in. But it did force me into confrontations with other people and normalized situations—or as normal as they could have been in Berlin. It was such a taut, anxious city.

MUSICIAN: *You worked with Eno in Berlin. Songs you later wrote for the 1979 Lodger LP*

still stand out. "Yassassin" and "African Night Flight" had an early world beat flavor incorporating Turkish, Armenian and African forms.

BOWIE: I never took what would be called world beat to its fruition, but Brian Eno very much did. I think some of what we wrote together, like "African Night Flight," probably gave him the impetus to get on with things like *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*—which followed pretty fast on *Lodger*. I think he found the idea of combining different ethnic musics against a westernized beat to be fairly stimulating. He wanted to go with a lot of them, and I didn't. But he thought what I was trying to do on those few tracks was pretty exciting, and he experimented very brilliantly and successfully with it himself.

I'd spent a month-and-a-half in Kenya before I wrote "African Night Flight," and once I got there I'd taken not night flights but a number of afternoon flights with a guide called Mrs. Sutherland. She was probably in her late 40s, had a pair of horn-rimmed glasses and a long cigarette holder, and she was continually losing her flight map! It was only a four-seater plane, and we'd go off into Masai territory to find rhino or whatever, and she'd buzz the airstrips where we'd land, swooping down to scatter the rhinos and giraffes. I found all that terribly exciting and it was the impetus for the song.

MUSICIAN: *What's your fondest memory of 1983's Let's Dance?*

BOWIE: Probably the title song, because for me it was just a mundane song, a piece of nothing. It didn't work, it didn't have anything at all. But when Nile Rodgers put his arrangement to it, it just took on life that I never thought it had. Or would ever have.


It was a throwaway for me: "Oh, I've got this other one called 'Let's Dance.' It's kinda corny but it'll do; I suppose we could put it on side two as a piece of padding."

But Nile said, "No, let me have that." And he worked it up into this beast, a disco monster! I never foresaw that happening.

MUSICIAN: *Do you think you'll ever get around to writing your autobiography?*

BOWIE: [Laughs, shrugs] Who knows? But I tell you, I had a rather racy girlfriend once, and she said, "I'm going to write a book about all this; I've even told my mother about it."

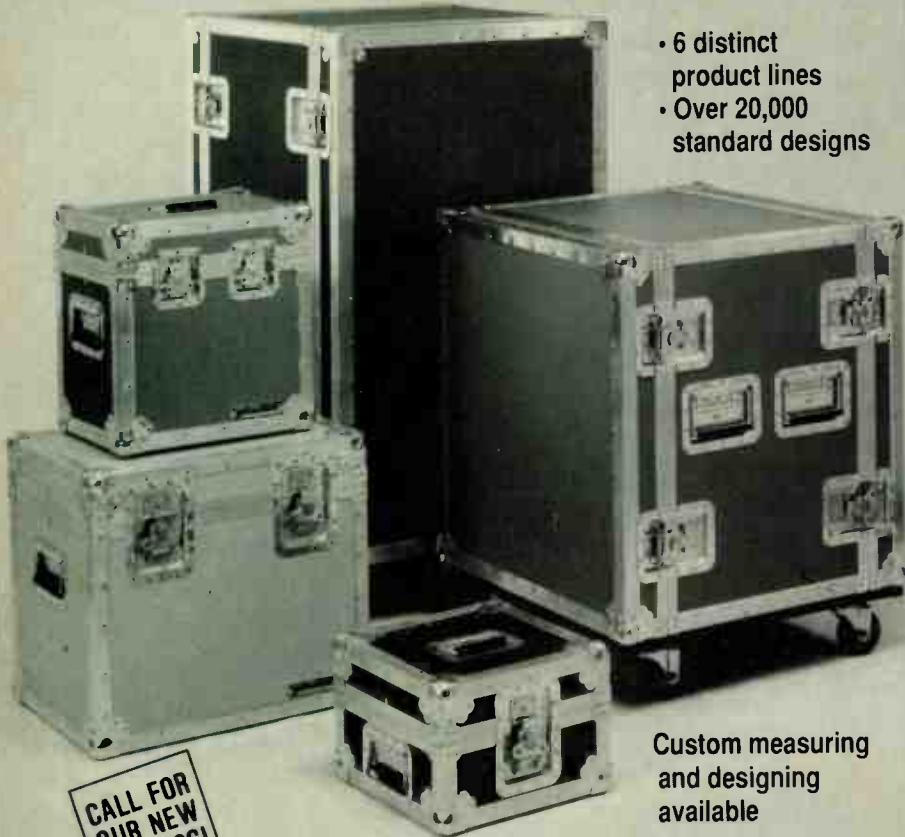
I asked, "Well, what did your mother say?"

She said, "My mother had a title for it! She said to call it *My Nights Under the Stars*." [Winks] She had a very hip mother. 

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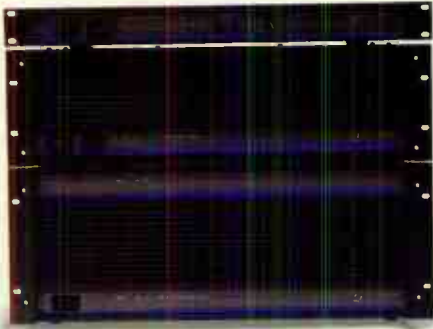
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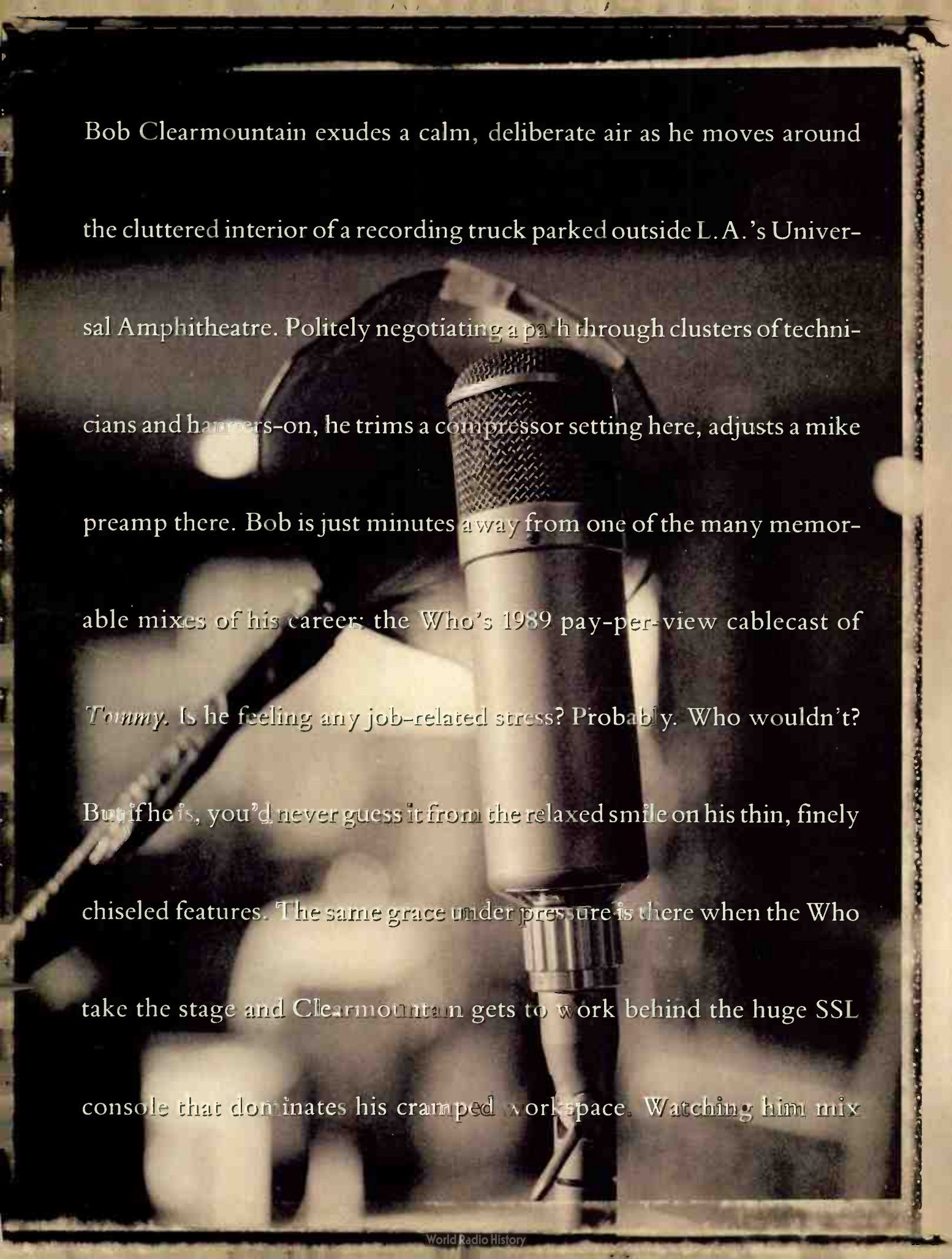


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A vintage, silver-colored microphone with a mesh grille is positioned in the foreground, slightly to the right of center. The background is a dark, out-of-focus recording studio, showing a person in a dark shirt and light-colored pants working at a console. The lighting is dramatic, with a strong light source from the left creating highlights on the microphone and the person's shirt.

Bob Clearmountain exudes a calm, deliberate air as he moves around the cluttered interior of a recording truck parked outside L.A.'s Universal Amphitheatre. Politely negotiating a path through clusters of technicians and hangers-on, he trims a compressor setting here, adjusts a mike preamp there. Bob is just minutes away from one of the many memorable mixes of his career: the Who's 1989 pay-per-view cablecast of *Tommy*. Is he feeling any job-related stress? Probably. Who wouldn't? But if he is, you'd never guess it from the relaxed smile on his thin, finely chiseled features. The same grace under pressure is there when the Who take the stage and Clearmountain gets to work behind the huge SSL console that dominates his cramped workspace. Watching him mix

Bob Clearmountain

Making the hard stuff look easy

By Alan di Perna

Photography by The Douglas Brothers



reminds you of that truism about the great quarterbacks, ballet dancers, actors . . . the really great anything. He makes it look so goddamn easy.

And this isn't even Clearmountain's principal job. He's mainly a record man. Known for his killer mixes of Springsteen, Roxy Music, the Stones, David Bowie, Robbie Robertson, INXS, Crowded House and others; and for his productions and co-productions with the likes of Hall & Oates, the Pretenders, Simple Minds, Bryan Adams, Cindy Bullens and Tina Turner. Now, most studio engineers and producers can't handle the snap-judgment pace of live mixing—especially when a vast TV audience is listening in. But Clearmountain apparently gets off on the challenge. He'll often turn up to mix a guest artist on "Saturday Night Live" or the occasional global rock video event like Live Aid, Amnesty International, the Concert for Nelson Mandela, Bowie's "Serious Moonlight" HBO special or the recent pay-per-view mega-concerts by the Who and the Rolling Stones.

Bob's effortless command of the mixing console comes from years of rock experience. He started playing bass in bar bands in the suburbs of Connecticut. Hendrix's *Electric Ladyland*, with its adventurous stereo effects, was the first record to make him aware of studio craft *per se*.

"That's the first time I realized there was an actual profession there," Clearmountain recalls, speaking from his New York apartment. "It dawned on me that, instead of being a musician, I could be a recording engineer." Bob got a shot at the actual profession a few years later, in 1972, when New York's Media Sound hired him on as a 19-year-old apprentice. Within less than a year, he'd cut the basic tracks on two of Kool & the Gang's groundbreaking funk hits: "Funky Stuff" and "Hollywood Swinging." R&B was a mainstay at Media Sound during the early '70s. Clearmountain started working with acts like Ben E. King, Sister Sledge and the Stylistics. The way he sees it, these sessions had a lasting influence.

"When I started doing rock 'n' roll later on, I would apply a lot of what I knew about R&B. That feel. I was striving for a thicker, fatter sound then. A lot of rock records of the '70s

are very thin-sounding compared with R&B records from the same period."

Bob took his first steps as a producer in 1978, with Tuff Darts' self-titled LP and the Rezillos' debut, *Can't Stand the Rezillos*. By this point, he had become chief recording engineer for the Power Station in New York. The studio had cut a deal to produce albums for Sire Records' growing roster of new-wave artists, and Clearmountain seemed the perfect man for the job. He'd already recorded some demos for Tuff Darts, as well as the Ramones and the Shirts, and was deeply immersed in New York's late-'70s punk scene. It's a little-known fact that he played bass on the Dead Boys' first album, 1977's *Young, Loud and Snotty*. They even offered to make him permanent bassist.

But what about mixing? Clearmountain, after all, was the man who pretty much sired the concept of the "mix specialist." Was he interested in that aspect of studio craft right from the start?

"Not at all. I was very young and naive when I started. And what seemed the most exciting thing to me was when there was a whole group of musicians playing together in the studio and everything was all going down to tape at once. Mixing seemed sort of boring, because I didn't understand it. And it wasn't such a big deal back then anyway. But one day, back at Media Sound, I got to do a mix for somebody—I can't recall who; it may have been a demo or something. And I thought, 'Hey, this is pretty interesting. It's a lot more creative than just putting a guitar or a violin on tape.' I played what I'd done for one of the senior engineers at Media and he said, 'You know, this is actually a good mix!' So I thought, 'Maybe I can make a go of this.'"

By the early '80s, Clearmountain had established himself as the record industry's number one mixer, thanks to projects like *Tattoo You* and *Still Life* from the Rolling Stones and Roxy Music's *Flesh & Blood* and

Avalon. He did much to make mixing a song-shaping activity, rather than a mere passive balancing of sounds. It's an approach that particularly complemented the way the Rolling Stones like to work in the studio.

"The thing with the Stones is that they usually record their songs about two or three times as long as they should be. So there's a lot of cutting down to be done—taking out sections until the track turns into a song. Usually there is a song in there if you take away all the extra stuff. On *Tattoo You*, we did a lot of edits on the multitrack. But after we mixed it, we spent about a week cutting it down some more on two-track [quarter-inch 30 ips, to be precise]. There were 11 songs on the album and it came out to be 52 minutes long, or something thereabouts—way too long for an album in those days before CD. So instead of taking a whole track off, which would have been a lot easier, we just cut little bits out of each song. Some of it was really painful to cut—great stuff. When it was all finished, we did end up putting a few things back. But in the final analysis, all that cutting did make for a better album."

According to Clearmountain, Mick Jagger is the Stone who usually oversees the cutting . . . sort of. "A lot of times it was really funny because he'd say, 'Just cut something out. I'm going to lunch.' I'd start snipping, he'd come back, listen to the edits and ask, 'How much did you get out?' 'Oh, about a minute.' 'Well, take some more out.' And I'm thinking, 'Jesus Christ, doesn't this guy care what I take out?' I guess he just trusted me."

Artists tend to trust Clearmountain. And not just because of his track record. He's great at "reading" an artist and translating what he's read into the right technical moves.

"With Bryan Ferry, I got to be able to tell by the way he moved his shoulders whether I'd got the mix right or not. If he wasn't moving right, and if he wasn't closing his eyes, then it

"I try to examine the
artist's style and
figure out what its
strong points are."

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wasn't happening yet. It's really interesting with him, because he's one of these guys who depends on his instincts—the way something feels. I think he tries really hard not to think about things too much.”

Clearmountain is a great believer in following instincts in the studio. He also says it's essential to have the right sense of humor. “The guys in Roxy Music would always do funny stuff when they came in to approve a mix I'd done. One time, they came in and they were all wearing judge's wigs. They went out to a novelty store and bought these wigs. They all looked very stately standing there rubbing their chins. Another time, they snuck these large pieces of cardboard into the studio and drew big numbers on them. I didn't see them bring them in, but when they finished listening to the mix, they held up these big signs as if they were judging an Olympic competition.”

A few questions before launching into a mix is usually all it takes to get Clearmountain in tune with the artist and material. “The first thing I usually ask people, if it's somebody I haven't worked with before, is ‘What turned you on to me? What record that I mixed did you listen to and decide I was the man for the job?’ That will at least give me a starting point. But usually, if I just listen to the music, and the lyrics in particular, I can get a feel for what the artist is after.”

While Bob's initial discovery of mixing made him feel like he never wanted to record another track, his mixing experiences ultimately led him back into the recording room. He started producing records almost in spite of himself.

“I never even wanted to be a producer. It's so much more work. And it's really emotionally draining to be dealing with a band of egos for months at a time. But the thing was, as much as I loved mixing albums by other

producers, there were always times when it was frustrating. Times when you'd sit there and say, ‘This part is just wrong. It's out of tune or out of time or whatever.’ As a mixer you can try to do edits, and sometimes they work, but other times it's just a case where

“Sometimes Jagger
would say, ‘Just cut
something. I'm
going to lunch.’
I guess he just
trusted me.”

the song should have been arranged or recorded differently in the beginning. And that's what really got me into being a producer. So that I could have some control over that aspect of things.”

Clearmountain's major mainstream breakthrough as a producer came in 1983, when Hall & Oates asked him to co-produce two tracks for their *Rock and Soul Part 1* LP: “Say It Isn't So” and “Adult Education.” He calls the latter “one of my favorite things that I've ever done.” On the strength of these two tunes, Hall & Oates asked Bob to produce their next album, 1984's *Big Bam Boom*. The following year, he teamed up with another legendary producer, Jimmy Iovine, to record Simple Minds' *Once Upon a Time* and, in 1986, the Pretenders' *Get Close*.

Of all the activities that come under the sometimes-nebulous heading of producing a record, Clearmountain says his “favorite part” is pre-production: the process of choosing material and fashioning it into complete and, hopefully, unstoppable arrangements. “Simple Minds in particular,” Bob recalls, “would come in with amazing sections—parts of songs. Like for ‘Alive and Kicking,’ they had a lot of incredible sections, but they didn't fit together very well. It's really exciting to get involved with something like that, to make it work, to say things like, ‘Oh, we don't really have a good bridge here. Go home and write one.’”

Interestingly, Bob says that the engineer-

ing side of the job “just seems to happen by itself with me. I don't really labor over sounds. The only reason I do my own engineering is because it's more convenient. I haven't found anybody who can react fast enough and do what I want. But otherwise, I'd rather not do the engineering.”

Perhaps so, but Bob's generally equal to the challenge when technical emergencies do crop up. Like when he mixed Bruce Springsteen's *Tunnel of Love*. “It was the first time Bruce had ever used a drum machine—a Linn. It took him a while to get used to it. He did the tracks all on his own. For every song, he would record acoustic guitar and a vocal first, laying them down with the drum machine keeping the beat. Only he didn't listen to the drum machine very loud, so he didn't necessarily play in time with it. The next thing he'd do would be to overdub the bass himself. And then he'd listen to the drum machine even quieter, playing mainly to his guitar and voice, which were already slightly out of time. So when it came time to mix, those tracks had a great feel, but they became a bit disjointed when we pushed the drums up. To get the bass and acoustic guitar in time with the drum machine, we had to do a lot of bouncing between two Sony 3324 digital multitracks, doing time offsets on the bass or acoustic guitar tracks. The real challenge was knowing how far to go. Because if we got it too perfect, the songs started to lose something. Luckily, we only had to deal with this on the first four songs Bruce did. We discovered the problem when he brought them in to do rough mixes. Once he understood what the problem was, he got it right together.”

With his blend of confidence and self-effacement Clearmountain has a talent for not imposing his ego on artists. “That's just a matter of style,” he insists. “The type of artists I choose to work with are not people who need a Mutt Lange or somebody to create their sound for them. I have an incredible amount of respect for Mutt, but he's one of those guys who actually ends up singing on the records he produces—putting his stamp on them. What I do is different. I try to get into the artist's style, examine it and figure out what its strong points are. I try to



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get into the artist's train of thought. Then all the ideas come from that point of view, instead of coming from some other, irrelevant place."

Not an easy feat. But over the years, Clearmountain has learned to pace himself, balancing productions, album mixes and the occasional TV/video mix. He's recently finished up his share of the co-production work on Bryan Adams' new album (the fifth they've done together) and is currently producing a disk for Britain's King Swamp.

"I try to limit myself to two productions a year and then spend the rest of the time

mixing. Any more than two productions and I start to lose my mind. Here's the ironic thing, though. I got into producing so I could get some control over the tracks I was mixing. But when you produce an album, it becomes 10 times harder to mix it, because you start to lose objectivity. So I can really understand why an artist would want to get a fresh pair of ears in to mix an album. I've often wanted to get someone in to mix things I've produced. But none of my clients wants to hear that, I guess because of my reputation. Nobody wants to know about somebody else coming in to mix for me." 

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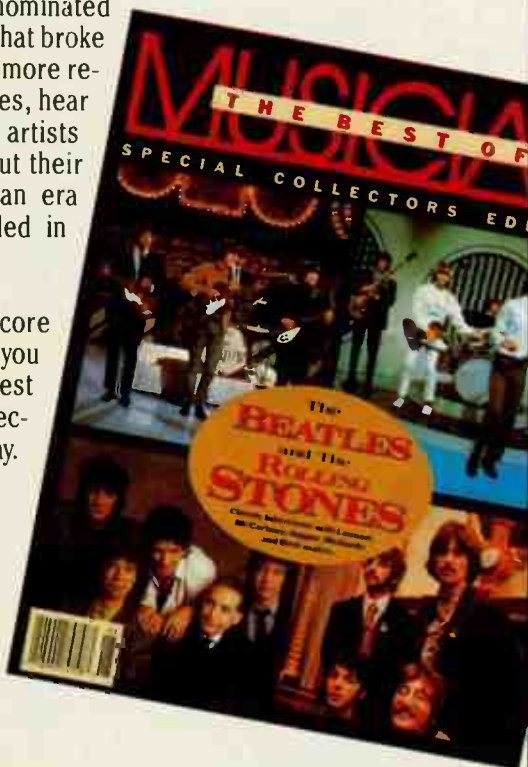
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BOB'S GEAR MOUNTAIN

BOB CLEARMOUNTAIN won't leave home without his personal equipment rack—not if he's en route to make a record, anyway. The rack is a compendium of old and new audio gear. There are some classic Urei LA-3A limiters (specially modified by Ed Evans of the Power Station), a pair of dbx 902s and an Eventide H949 harmonizer. Bob's even got an ancient Ursa Major SST-282 Space Station tucked away in there.

On the digital delay front, there's an AMS 1580S and three Roland SDE-3000s. "Best digital delay ever made," says Bob of the latter. "Of course, Roland stopped making them."

The AMS comes with its own sampling capability; and the SDE-3000s can sample as well, thanks to a device known as the Audio Engineering Services SX303R, three of which are also mounted in Bob's rack. "The rack has something I call a sample buss. I can plug my DAT machine (a Panasonic SV-250) into an input on the patch bay, which I can then route, via a set of switches, to any of the sampling devices: the three SDEs and the two inputs of the AMS. This way, I can switch samples without having to repatch. Because when I'm mixing, I like to be able to go through several different samples until I find the one that really works for a particular track."

Clearmountain's personal library of drum samples is important to him when he's mixing, especially when it comes to making machine drums sound believable. Dynamics, he maintains, are as important as the drum sounds themselves. "So I have a system I've developed with my rack. I use the AMS with a thing called a Spanner, which is actually an autopanner made by a little-known company in England. I put two samples into the AMS—one on each channel, each slightly different. They may both be from the same performance on a snare, for example, but each will be a different hit on the snare. So I'll send the trigger (from the original tape track) to the Spanner, which then distributes the trigger to alternating outputs. In other words, each time a trigger goes through the Spanner, it switches from one sample to the other. So if there's a drum fill, it sounds more natural."

Clearmountain laughs when I suggest that the system sounds a lot like Roger Nichols' Wendel Jr. "Actually, that's where the idea came from. But with this system I can create a sample on the spot rather than record it and send it off to Roger Nichols and have him program a custom car-

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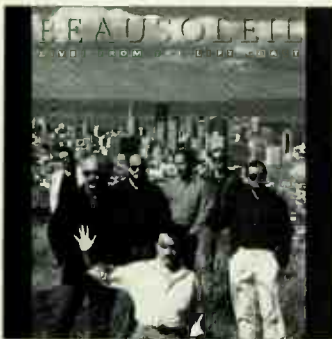
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tridge, which takes a couple of weeks."

Rounding out Bob's rack of tricks are some more archeological artifacts: two MXR Auto Flangers and two Auto Phasers. These are specially modified to work in tandem with Clearmountain's mixing desk of choice: the SSL. He's a fan of the new SSL G-series console and automation computer, but says he prefers the older E-Series EQ modules. "To me, the ideal mixing console would be a G-Series SSL with E-Series equalizers. But I think there's only one that exists on earth, and that's at [Hollywood's] A&M Recording."

Along with the gear in his own rack, there are several other pieces that Clearmountain generally requires in setting up for a mix. "I usually use a Yamaha Rev 7 and a Rev S. One will typically be set to a longish reverb and one will be a short room or something like that. Then I'll have either an AMS or a Rev 7 doing a gated reverb—Program 23 on the Rev 7. And of course the Space Station in my rack is set to a short-decay, ambient room—sort of a dirty basement sound. The AMS is usually set to either an eighth note or dotted eighth note delay, in relation to the track."

A computer program that Bob wrote for his Tandy 200 laptop helps him figure out rhythmic subdivisions for delays. "I can enter either beats-per-minute or, if I don't know the BPM, I can just time six bars and enter that number into the program. It will display all the different possible delay times. I'll go through them and find out which work best. Sometimes I'll have an eighth or quarter-note delay on guitars, but maybe a dotted eighth on the vocals."

(Bob has offered to make a copy of the program available, for a nominal disk-copying charge, to anyone who's interested. You can reach him via E-mail, or else drop *Musician* a note and we'll relay your request.)

Clearmountain usually tries to nail a basic mix on his first pass into the SSL computer by using the SSL's eight VCA groups. This lets him get his hands on virtually all the instruments at once. "I group the channels as much as possible and hopefully get almost the whole mix on the first pass. Usually what I'll do is bring the lead vocal up on Channel 24. Now, the next thing on most boards is Group One. So I'll put the background vocals on Group One. The next thing over will be the drums, then the guitars, keyboards and so forth. Typically, I'll group my delay returns on Group Eight. I'll do a mix like this and then go back on subsequent passes and just fix little things."

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RADIATIN' THE 88s: ROCK PIANO'S ANCESTRY

The Rolling Stones' piano player
pays homage to the old masters

By Chuck Leavell

DETROIT'S DECEMBER wind bit into us as we left the Four Seasons Hotel and loaded into the van to go across town. I had promised to take Lisa, one of the Stones' female singers, out to dinner as a birthday present. Also along were Bill Wyman and a security man called Wolfie. As we drove, Bill kept us entertained with jokes: "A man rushes home and tells his girlfriend, 'I've just won a million dollars in the lottery. Quick! Pack every-

thing!' 'Where are we going?' she asks. 'Nowhere,' he replies. 'Fuck off!'"

It took 40 minutes to get to Charlie's Crab in Troy, Michigan. Upon entering the restaurant, we heard the soothing sound of a solo piano playing standards.

"Could you please tell Mr. Seeley that Mr. Leavell and Mr. Wyman are here," I requested. A couple of minutes passed while we mulled over menus, and then it happened . . . "Holy shit, Bill, there he goes!" The soothing piano had been replaced with the

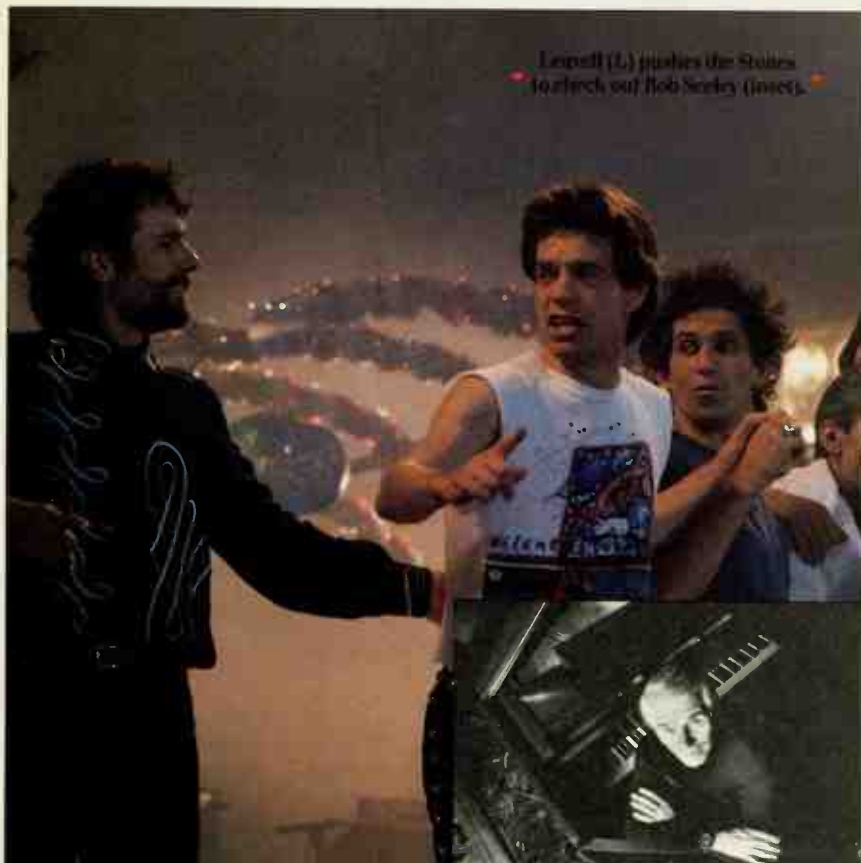
thundering explosion of Bob Seeley's left hand playing a Meade "Lux" Lewis boogie-woogie bass line. The power of that playing shocked the room, and when his right hand joined in, it was as if an H-bomb had gone off.

"What do you think, Bill?" I asked.

"Incredible, mate, incredible!"

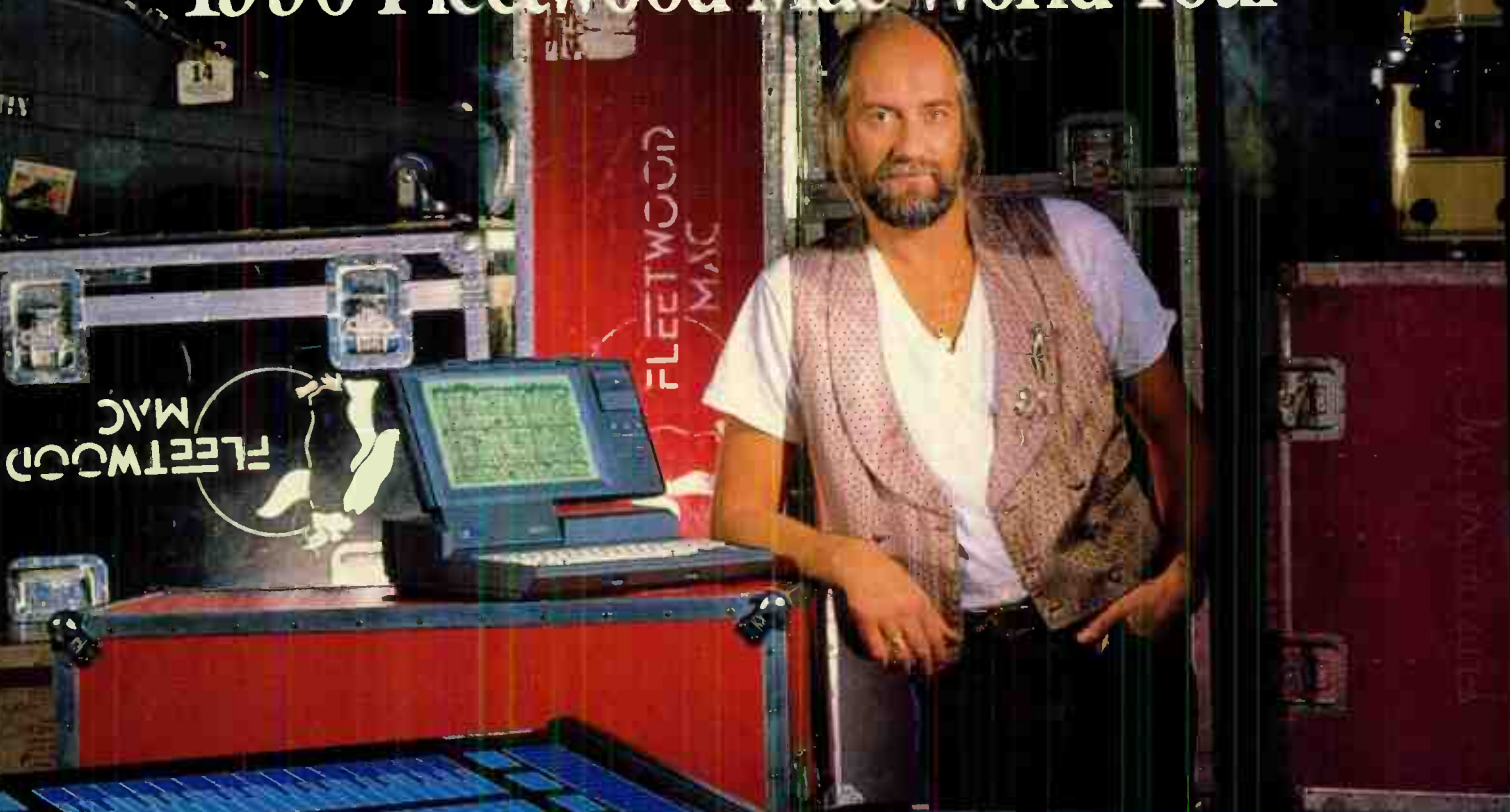
I had heard Bob Seeley play two years earlier when I was in town working with the Fabulous Thunderbirds. I knew about him through the late Ian Stewart, who had educated me about the boogie-woogie greats when we did the 1982 Rolling Stones European tour. Stu was a fanatic for the music, and turned me on to Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson and a host of other boogie greats. Stu said that Bob was one of only a handful of piano players left who really had it down, and he wanted me to know about him.

While we feasted on seafood, Bob danced his way through boogie tunes like Lewis' "Tell Your Story Blues" and Ammons' "The Boogie Rocks," impeccably played, with Bob's own particular touch. After his set we invited him to join us at our table, and a memorable conversation about the history of boogie-woogie ensued. Bill Wyman's an expert historian when it comes to the blues, early rock 'n' roll and R&B. Bob knows boogie-woogie inside and out, and the lines between all these styles cross over from time to time. Some of the great names of the roots of contemporary music rolled off their tongues: Peetie Wheatstraw, Little Brother Montgomery, Cow Cow Davenport, "Cripple" Clarence Lofton, Pine Top Smith, Stump Johnson, Fats Waller, Arthur "Montana" Taylor and many others. What great names these are, names that paint such colorful pictures, so fantastically charismatic! Saying the names, you can almost hear the music playing. We talked about the difference between stride, ragtime and boogie-woogie piano. Stride has "bouncing" left-hand octave figures followed immediately by a chord alternating the beat between chords in the bass and middle registers. Boogie-woogie is known for the hypnotic repetitive bass figure, with the right hand dancing on the melody above. Ragtime is the more sophisticated, melodic form. Ragtime players often shunned stride and boogie-woogie players, thinking those were more *common* styles. For all its heavy syncopation, ragtime drew from the formal/classical tradition. It wasn't pure dance music, as boogie and stride were. Bob told us of a new history of boogie-woogie piano called *A Left Hand Like God*,



Leavell (L) pushes the Stones to check out Bob Seeley (inset).

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FLEETWOOD MAC'S "BEHIND THE MASK" TOUR CONTINUES ON TO EUROPE AND ASIA

written by Peter J. Silvester and published by Da Capo Press. I asked who Bob thought was the best living boogie player (aside from himself). "Axel Zwingenberger from Germany," he replied without hesitation. The night was topped off with espresso and fine liqueurs.

On the way back to the hotel, I thought how much Stu would have liked to have been there. He could certainly have added to the conversation . . . then I imagined he probably *was* there, a big grin floating over that broad Anglo-Saxon chin, blue eyes twinkling, and saying in his heavy British accent, "Lovely night, wasn't it, lads?"

Over the next few days and on to the end of that leg of the tour, I thought a lot about how important that music is, and how American it is. In these days of swirling envelope sweeps and stupendous synth-of-the-gods sounds that appear on almost every new record, it's amazingly refreshing to hear the fluid rhythmic flow of Albert Ammons playing Claude Brown's "Sweet Patootie," or Meade "Lux" Lewis' hypnotic "Honky Tonk Train Blues," or Pete Johnson pounding out "Roll 'Em Pete." I think of Johnnie Johnson, whom I had the honor of working with on the *Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll* Chuck Berry movie with Keith Richards. Johnnie's piano shines through on all those great Chuck Berry records, "sparkling and twinkling like diamond tiaras," as Stu used to say. I considered how lucky I was to have known Stu, who brought that style through the '60s, '70s and early '80s with his signature sound on the Stones' "Brown Sugar," "Tumblin' Dice," "It's Only Rock 'n' Roll" and a host of other classic recordings. Then there are greats like Ray Charles, Fats Domino, Professor Longhair, James Booker, Dr. John (Mac Rebennack) and Leon Russell who we have to thank for their influence on modern rock 'n' roll piano.

The acoustic piano is such an important part of rock 'n' roll history that those of us that appreciate it and play in the rock 'n' roll boogie style need to perpetuate it for the future. It never gets old or outdated. It's a sound that has a constant appeal. Nothing against synthesizers and samplers. I own 'em, I use 'em every night and will continue to do so. The new digital workstations are marvelous, full of incredible sounds and amazing capabilities. Some instruments also give excellent piano reproduction and are more practical to use onstage. They eliminate the feedback problems and give a strong signal to the house [cont'd on page 113]



A WHOLE BARRELFUL OF BASS

Charnett Moffett brings electric youth to the upright bass—and keeps it in the family

By Kevin Whitehead

WHEN CHARNETT MOFFETT'S band plays, the bass at front and center stage is a metaphor for his whole approach. His quintet stands usual procedures on their heads: The bassist takes most of the solos, while saxophonist Barry Lynn Stimley sketches fills. Say what you want about the music—onstage, as many as three synthesizers may drizzle on behind him—but Moffett plays a whole barrelful of upright bass. And

some electric too.

"Most people who play acoustic and electric bass do the opposite of what I do," Moffett says. "They play mostly electric, and a little bit of acoustic. I come from a jazz background, which has given me a lot of strength and knowledge, and the courage to go further. The acoustic bass is a beautiful-sounding instrument. I want to bring that out, and get away from the stigma that the bass has just one voice. Even acoustic bass players who are leaders play in a more



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straightahead style—I want to put the bass out front in a more accessible style of music.” Accessible as in groove-oriented—funky or mellow.

At NYC’s Bottom Line in February, debuting his new quintet, Charnett put his upright bass on top, sailing over the keyboards of Scott Brown and Edward Simon, and sometimes Stimley too. His bass has lots of voices. He can walk a swinging line, as he has behind Tony Williams and Wynton Marsalis. (When he joined Wynton’s quintet, at age 16, he’d already been playing for nine years.) He can pound out killer riffs in locksync with his brother, drummer Codary! “Cody” Moffett—Charnett admires bassists like Ray Brown, “cats who really pull the strings. Lifts you up off the ground, man.” He can make the bass sing low with a bow, or pluck up high in the thumb position—that’s using your thumb as a movable capo when you get halfway up the neck, rock fans.

Most bassists pluck rapid lines with the first two fingers of the right hand; Charnett is as apt to use the first and third. “It seems natural to me—I’ve been doing it since I was seven. The fingers are the same size, so the attack is more even, and feels more comfortable. But I’ll hit the strings with all four

fingers when I want to get the dynamic level up.”

A few other quirks set Moffett apart. “Because I also play electric, I do things on acoustic I never would have thought about otherwise.” Like his trademark sliding harmonics, the kind Percy Jones played with Brand X back in the ’70s: Hit a natural harmonic, and with one motion press the string to the neck and slide up a note or two. Or hit two or even three harmonics at once and slide ’em all up.

“It’s an old electric bass trick. It will work on the upright, though it’s much easier on electric—the scale is shorter, the string pressure is less. Sometimes you can really nail ’em, and they’ll sing out. Sometimes,” he laughs, “you nail it halfway, and it sings a little less. But it sounds so different on acoustic. It creates an identity; my harmonics don’t sound like Jaco’s or Stanley Clarke’s or Ray Brown’s. I want to get my own sound, so when people hear it, they say, ‘That’s Charnett.’”

His other obvious borrowing from electric bass is the regulation funky thwack. “I tried to play the old slap style like Milt Hinton, but I can’t. So since I grew up in the Larry Graham era, I tried it his way on acoustic

bass. It almost comes off like the sound Hinton gets, but a little more modern. I just take my thumb and slap the strings. Close to the bridge, it almost sounds like you’re muting on electric bass; further away, the sound rings out a bit more. These are things people don’t expect to see or hear on acoustic bass.”

True enough. What’s also remarkable is that, live, on the tunes where he plays five-string electric, he doesn’t use slap licks. “Anyone can do that,” Charnett sniffs—too obvious. “I do that stuff on the four-string electric, but I use the five-string to play nice simple melodies. Playing melodic things on the acoustic made me think about doing similar things on electric. People tell me the five-string sounds like Earl Klugh—I hear that all the time.” His five-string work is pretty guitaristic, even if his high fifth string’s tuned to C, not B. On his ballad “Angela”—where all those synths mill around behind him—he plays almost entirely above the twelfth fret, never acknowledging traditional bass function. Live, his break at the end sounded flamenco-inspired.

Unlike most young electric/acoustic doublers, Charnett played upright first. Born in 1967, he took up the bass seven years later so he could join the Moffett Family band. It’s spearheaded by poppa Charles, the drummer on Ornette Coleman’s epic *Live at the “Golden Circle” Stockholm 1965* trio sets for Blue Note. (No less than six [cont’d on page 113])

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To keep his feet busy, he uses Boss octave, digital delay and pitch-shift pedals. “I also have a DigiTech Echoplus digital delay/sampler, so I can play something, sample it, and then solo over the top. That’s another thing no one uses on acoustic bass. I can get different sounds, like make chords that sound like a piano, for an orchestral solo concept—almost like MIDI bass.”

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TAP HAPPY WHAMMY WIZARD

Winger's Reb Beach can't read charts, pulls his wang bar and still gets called for sessions

By Josef Woodard

YOU'VE SEEN THEM on MTV. You've heard their chart-shredding debut album. But, Winger's guitarist Reb Beach would like to know, have you ever heard the *real* Winger? The one with chops to burn, the band with as much musicianship as hair?

Forget for a moment the idea of Winger as strutting teen idols. Beach is also a role model for a new generation of metal guitarists, capable of tapping wizardry, whammy-

bar stunt work and the tasty use of an extended musical vocabulary. Besides Beach's guitar panache, drummer Rod Morgenstein—the driveshaft of the notorious Dixie Dregs—comes with virtuosity attached and bassist/singer Kip Winger, an Alice Cooper alumnus, is no slouch himself.

Through his pre-Winger studio work with Chaka Khan, Howard Jones, Roger Daltrey and others, Beach has exercised his versatility in directions beyond the Winger aesthetic. "I just knew I wanted to be in music," he says

about his early direction. "My dream was to be a rock star and then do the Reb Beach fusion album when I had the money from rock stardom. And basically, that's what I'm doing," he laughs. Beach, along with Morgenstein and bassist Jerry Peek, tapped into the fusion bag at the winter NAMM show in Anaheim, generating a heat source at the Premier booth.

A piano student from age six, Beach's enthusiasm for guitar was fueled by Aerosmith's *Toys in the Attic* and Kiss. The fusion strains of Jean-Luc Ponty, Allan Holdsworth and Larry Carlton led him to the Berklee College of Music, where he spent a frustrating year doing what seemed to be irrelevant studies. "Berklee really helped me to learn all different styles of music," says Beach, "so later on when I became a session dude, I could do the rock and funk stuff and whatever I was called upon to do. I had a working knowledge of a lot of different things.

"To me, it's just not that important to be able to read. I got called to do a session for the Bee Gees. They said, 'There's one thing, Reb, do you know how to read music?' I said, 'Yeah, sure, no problem.' And I can't read a note. They handed me the charts and I said, 'Oh, great, can I hear it once?' They played it and it was a rock song. If you can't play rock 'n' roll after hearing the song a couple of times, then it ain't rock 'n' roll."

Beach hit the New York studio scene when Eddie Van Halen's cameo on "Beat It" had made flash guitar popular with producers.

"I was lucky. I was a big tapper. But I was surprised at how much producers didn't like what Beau [Hill, Winger's producer] calls 'video games'—harmonics and whammy screams. Most producers hear that and say, 'Nah,' and then you do a B.B. King lick and they say, 'Yes, that's what we want.' Most of the stuff I did was blues-influenced. I learned the blues from Joe Perry; I was influenced by guys who were influenced by Clapton.

"In fact, on this new Winger record, I decided not to make every solo full of harmonic screams and real fast wild things. On a couple I got really sad and tried to think of the most horrible things that ever happened to me and then played a blues solo.

"Once I had somebody talk to me while I played a solo. So that I'm having a conversation with them. I find that I play my best solos when my fingers are doing it and not my brain. When you wake up in the morning with a hangover, you always get an amazing solo. The brain isn't working yet, so it gets the



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information from someplace else," he snickers. "Maybe from my dick."

While nodding to the inspiration of Van Halen's two-hand tapping revolution, Beach has developed his own variations. One advantage of right-hand tapping is the added reach for someone who doesn't use his left-hand pinky: Beach picks up his guitar to demonstrate one fluid and fast hand-over-fist scalar run. He hammers four notes on one string, puts his first left finger on the next and plucks with the right ring finger.

Beach often uses whammy bars for special effects. "I don't like playing without whammy bars anymore. It's great for funky noises. I hit the strings between the tuning key and the nut clamp and then yank on the bar to get this Adrian Belew coolness noise. On 'Poison Angel' I put my finger down on the strings between the two pickups, so the string would hit the pickup poles and make a seagull noise. Then I grab the whammy bar and bring it down so it sounds like..." He coaxes digital-delay-like sounds from his guitar with a decelerating delay rate—like a dying seagull.

Like most rock players, Beach usually writes songs from the riff up. "A good lick will make you feel like James Bond," he says. "If it makes you feel like the baddest mother-fucker on the planet, then it's a good rock lick. My theory of songs is that you have to be able to play it on an acoustic on the beach. If you can't, then it's not much of a song."

Winger's first songs were memorable enough to nab a formidable share of the pop-metal crowd. But Beach insists that there's more to the band. "On the first album we wanted to make something that would sell. So we made it a hard, heavy metal thing but still poppy. I hope this new album shows people what we're really made of. These are the best players I've ever played with." 

BEACH BAG

IBANEZ HAS issued the Winger model, which Beach designed as a cross between a Fender Strat and a Gibson Explorer, and the company is about to put out the Reb Beach model. His pickups of choice are EMG, and he doesn't go anywhere without his Floyd Rose vibrato bar. And although he's tried many substitutes, Marshalls are his amp. He has just procured two Vintage pieces replete with fans and banana plugs. "I'm really a Marshall guy," Beach testifies. "You can't beat the wheel."

PERFORMANCE OF THE MONTH

GOOD VIBES

Burton and Metheny reunite at the Blue Note

By Matt Resnicoff

TOYING WITH HIS MALLETS just before the lights dim, Gary Burton turns to no one in particular and proclaims, deadpan mock-announcer-style, "Yes, get ready to hear those dulcet tones." The vibist sets felt to metal and eases into a sonorous new tune called "Will You Say You Will." The band is happening, and he knows it. "It's great to be in New York," he tells the sold-out house. "It's the jazz center of the universe—at least as far as New Yorkers are concerned."


Most of tonight's music is from *Reunion*, the first album in over a decade to team Burton with Pat Metheny, whom he introduces tonight as "the guitarist of our time." The gig is Metheny's best context in years, a far cry from his own band's Brazo/fuzopop, but Burton's own stylistic twists seldom suggest the tradition that usually makes its home in this club. The guitar/vibes feel is supple, even during the set's most intense moments, but when Metheny straps on his guitar synth and delivers that familiar trumpet-patch squall, things are transported to an entirely new plane.

As for Burton, the man's a master, dispatching exotic timbres, monstrous flourishes and, yes... dulcet tones, all purpose and no pap. Metheny, bassist Marc Johnson, pianist Mitch Forman and drummer Peter Erskine play more in reaction than in strict support. Later in the set, Metheny and Burton take the Steve Swallow composition "Falling Grace" as a duet, where vibes state the

theme and guitar comps along warmly. Burton's lines begin sketching the melody, then fall into chords that support Pat. Soon, both are leading and backing one another at once, as though trading ideas and playing the same improvised solo, bar by bar, phrase by phrase. The dialogue advances into a full-fledged Pat solo so intimate the pick can be heard clicking against the strings from halfway across the room.

"One of our better sets," laughs Burton. "You have a rapport with anyone you play with regularly, but occasionally you encounter a musician that's got even more affinity with you. That's happened to me two times, with Chick Corea and Pat. We seem to be able to anticipate what the other is about to do, with an almost uncanny sense. You also feel this extra push to play better; I've probably



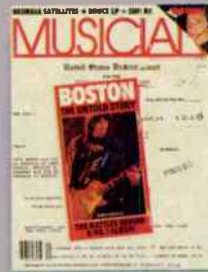
played the best of my career with those two guys. As we get into the set, there's this constant nudging to reach higher, and ideas just keep flooding my mind. It's partly what they do while I'm playing, and partly just psychological excitement. When things are clicking that well, it kind of inspires you to do better." What better place for that than the jazz center of the universe? 



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The Clash
Ronald Shannon Jackson



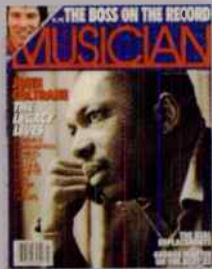
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MIDI & OTHER LIVE WIRES

Many MIA at summer NAMM;
MIDI's demise greatly exaggerated

By Alan di Perna

NEWSPAPERS FROM the musical instrument biz is starting to read like the obituary page. Everybody's talking about how dead the summer NAMM show is going to be, how dead MIDI is. . . . Geez, let's cheer up. But yeah, it does look like that time-honored event, the summer gathering of the National Association of Music Merchants, may really go the way of the poor Norwegian Blue in Monty Python's dead parrot sketch. This summer's Chicago NAMM is going to be a lot like that old joke about roll call at the city morgue: "Murphy?" "Not here." "Golberg?" "Not here." "Roland?" "Not here." "Korg?" "Not here." If anybody is there, though, we'll tell you all about it in the issue after next.

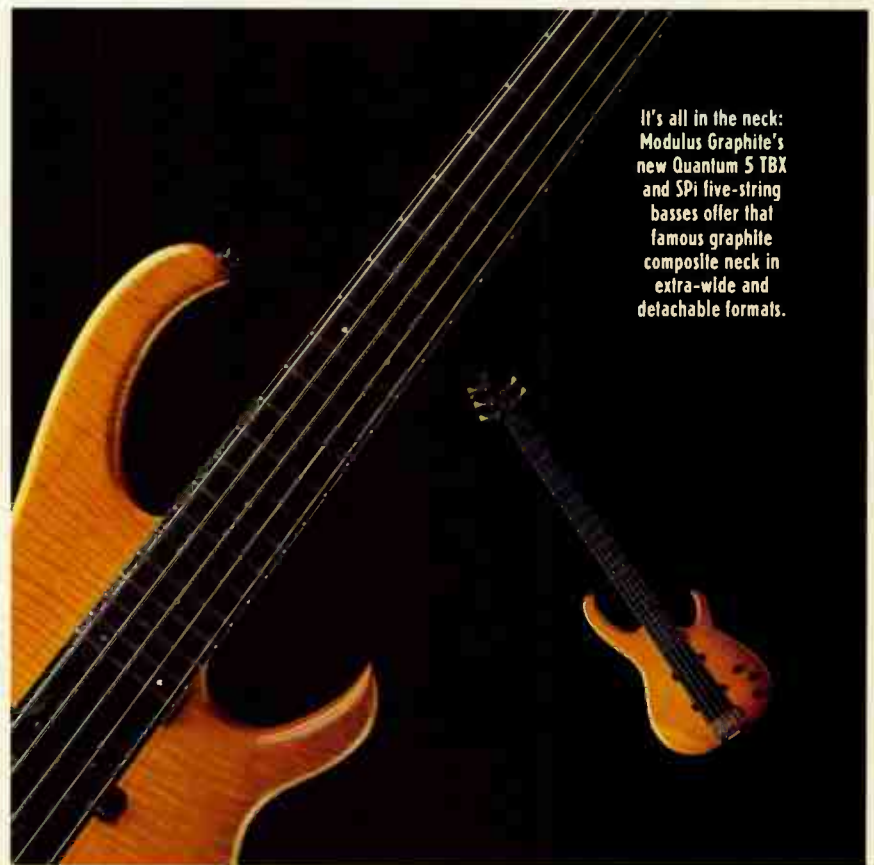
But MIDI? Dead? C'mon, man, how could it be? Don't worry; it isn't. Reports of MIDI's death have been greatly exaggerated. But then again, reports of its miraculous birth were greatly exaggerated too. Think back. Most of the major strides in electronic music, technopop, dance music, fusion/progressive and every other synth-heavy genre were made before MIDI's introduction in 1983. Even if evil aliens invaded our space-time continuum and erased MIDI from human history, we'd still have the major musical statements from Kraftwerk, Peter Gabriel, the Human League, Wendy Carlos, Giorgio Moroder, Vince Clark, Cabaret Voltaire, Chick Corea, OMD, George Clinton, Herbie Hancock . . . the whole tech pantheon. Guitar-based rock would be very much the same. And a few genres, like film music and reggae, would probably be better off. No, MIDI ain't dead. The hype is. MIDI has merely assumed its rightful place among numerous other practical technologies for

modern musicians: somewhere between the Floyd Rose tailpiece and digital audio, between time code and the free drink ticket.

You need proof MIDI's still alive? Look at the products. MIDI gear really is getting cheaper and smarter; and what more can anyone ask of any technology? The Niche ACM (Audio Control Module), distributed by Russ Jones Marketing, is the most painless MIDI automation system we've seen yet—and baby, have we seen 'em! Simple is the operative term here: eight inputs, eight outputs, a set of MIDI jacks and one button

on the front panel. One push of that button is all it takes to dedicate the ACM to any MIDI channel and to assign MIDI controller numbers to each of the eight audio channels. Upscale MIDI connoisseurs—you guys with the cravats and pointy little beards—can make fancier controller assignments via a few simple System Exclusive routines. The ACM's also got a stereo output. Inputs one through four are on the left output, inputs five through eight are on the right. Which means you can use this one-rack-space box as an automated submixer. Level changes are accomplished via a resistor network (no VCAs!). Because the circuit is so simple, the box adds nearly no coloration. And after listening critically through speakers and headphones, closing our eyes, rubbing our chin and all that other shtick, we couldn't detect the slightest trace of zipper noise. Price: \$449. Like we said, painless.

Price! That vulgar little word again. The affordability of MIDI products is going to have a lot to do with whether or not we'll be nailing MIDI to the perch by this time next year. Luckily, MIDI automation isn't the only once-costly, once-cumbersome technology that's gone light and easy in recent months. There's also wireless MIDI. Which brings us to Exhibit B: the Nady MIDI Link System. For



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just under 500 clams you get a transmitter interface, receiver interface and the appropriate cables. The transmitter takes MIDI data and converts it to a signal that any conventional wireless system can send. The receiver turns it back into MIDI at the other end. The transmitter interface even has an extra merged MIDI input. We reckon those Nady guys know what they're doing after all their years in wireless; so this looks like the safest bet in MIDI wireless yet.

always come out on CD. And let's be honest: How many of us have the equipment to transfer sounds from CDs to our samplers entirely in the digital domain? But now Prosonus has put some of their tastiest samples onto 3.5-inch floppy disks that are preformatted for popular samplers like the Akai S900/950 and S-1000 and Ensoniq EPS. Roland S-series disks are on the way, too. Disks will sell from between 50 and 70 smackers, depending on storage capacity.

guitar saddles. They're graphite saddles that actually *secrete* Teflon. The Teflon minimizes string friction, which helps keep strings in tune and keeps them from breaking. And what's more, fried eggs will never stick to your guitar again. The company has been selling String Savers to Peavey for use on their axes. They're also available as replacement saddles for most Strats, Teles and Pauls.

Graphite, graphite everywhere! **Modulus Graphite's** new Quantum 5 TBX and Quantum 5 SPi are two of the foxiest five-string basses we've seen in a while. (Can't believe we actually used that last adjective. This non-MIDI gear really brings out the animal in us.) The TBX has an extra-wide thru-body neck for extra sustain and presence. The SPi has a detachable neck and a streamlined new neck joint which makes it easier to get up into those higher registers. You can get either model in a variety of body woods, with EMG, Bartolini or custom Modulus pickups.

Finally there's the new **Fender J.A.M.** amp. Back at winter NAMM Fender introduced the R.A.D. and the H.O.T.—two small practice amps with built-in effects and *presets*. You hit one button la-

But if we're talking MIDI gear for reasonable money, the biggest recent development has to be the Ensoniq SQ-1. Not to put too fine a point on it, the thing is *almost* a VFX-SD workstation, but it lists for a piddly \$1595. The voice architecture is essentially the same as the VFX. The basic sonic building blocks include a lot of VFX waveforms, plus plenty of new drum sounds and other virgin waveforms. What you lose are some of the fiddly bits, like the VFX's mod mixer shaper and a few options for routing modulation sources to filters—you know, all that stuff that no one knows how to use anyway. The big compromise is that you can only stack up three voices on the SQ-1, as opposed to six voices on the VFX. But then, those six-voice stacks were usually used to provide alternative voicings for the performance/patch select buttons on the VFX. And those buttons have been left off the SQ-1. So let's call it a draw.

The SQ-1 has the same effects chip as the VFX, only it uses different effects algorithms, including some new guitar-style distortion effects. The built-in 9,000-note sequencer has all the extensive capabilities of the VFX sequencer. And there's a \$349 memory expander kit that lets you bump the sequencer's storage capability up to a strapping 58,000 notes. The machine can respond to both poly and channel key afterpressure over MIDI, but the built-in keyboard can generate neither. Hey, a hoity-toity afterpressure keyboard really costs! In all, the SQ-1 seems a clever little distillation of quite a few recent Ensoniq developments.

And now on to this month's software scoops: Prosonus has been the top purveyor of choice, prerecorded sampled sounds for quite a few years now. But their wares have

Easy 'n' cheap, that's how we like our MIDI automation. The Niche ACM gives you eight channels of it for just \$449.

The whole thing is called the Pro-disk DDD series. Why didn't they do it sooner?

Dr. T has been making software sequencers since the dawn of MIDI, but now they've got a Mac program called Beyond that they say is the ultimate (this week anyway). What's so ultimate about it? Well, it's got all the usual Dr. T


editing features, linear and pattern-based sequencing capabilities, all the latest smarty-pants Mac stuff, including multiple movable windows and full Multi-Finder compatibility. And, aw shucks, up to 32 animated sliders can be assigned to any MIDI controller for mix automations, there's a four-part harmonization and the whole thing goes for less than \$520.

But like we said earlier, MIDI gear doesn't have the monopoly on brand-new clever wonderfulness anymore. We've had a lot of neat little non-MIDI goodies cross our desk recently. Like Graph Tech's String Saver

The Ensoniq SQ-1 is a full-on workstation at a working man's price, with a 9,000-note sequencer and voice architecture patterned after Ensoniq's pricier VFX.

belled "crunch," for example, and you get an instant power sound without having to

mess with individual gain levels, effects settings and so forth. The new J.A.M. is built on the same concept, only it's got a little more muscle than its predecessors: 25 watts into a 12-inch Eminence speaker. A practice amp, yeah, but you could probably rattle a smaller venue with it too.

And with that, it's time for us to rattle off. À bientôt. 



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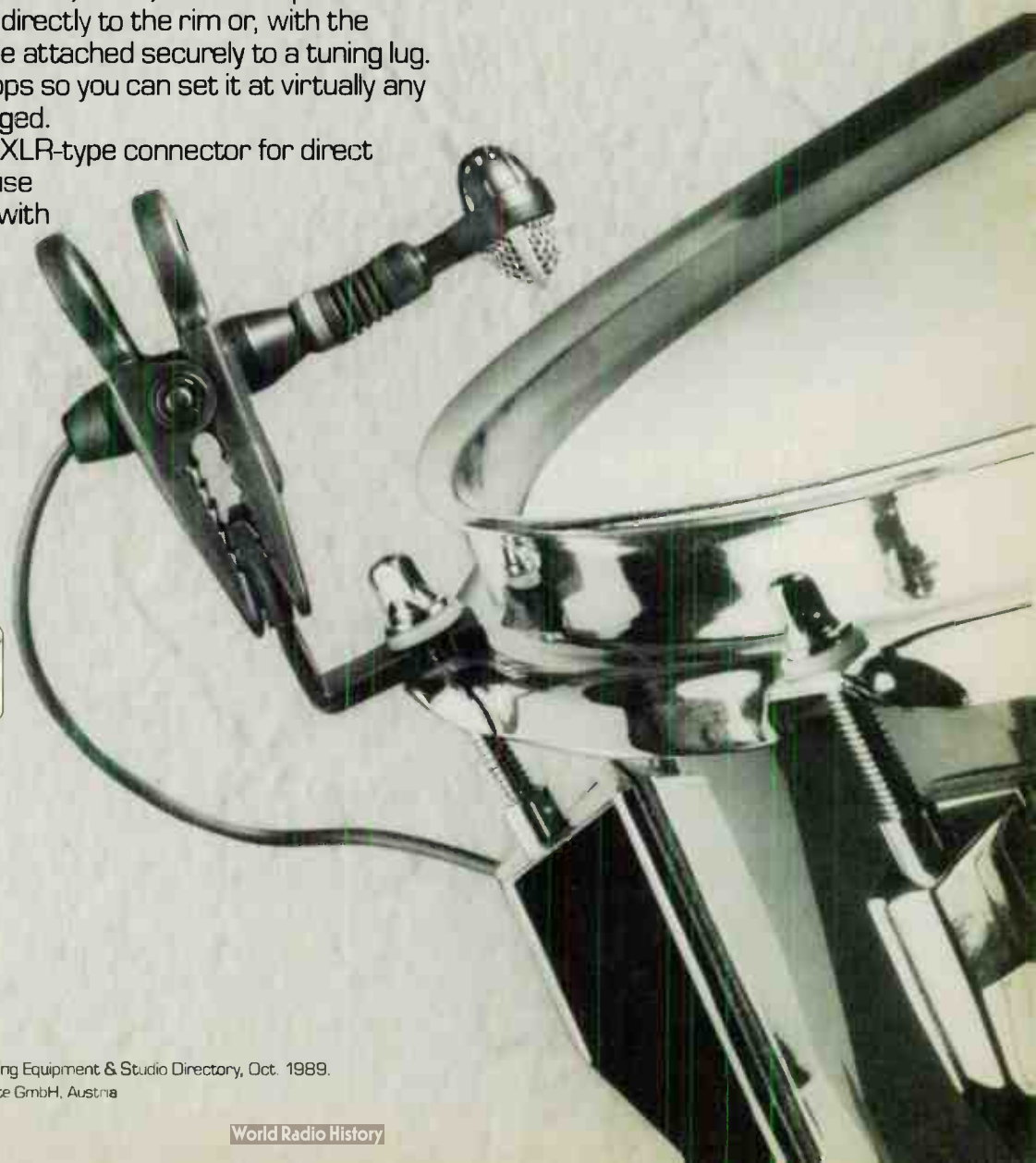
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MUSICIANS AGAINST CENSORSHIP

Sound Off!



WE HAVE MORE INFLUENCE over your children than you do, but we love your children. Most of you love them too, very much. You want what's best for them. Consider them when planning the future. Right? Oh, mother, father, your blindness to our most blessed gift, *nature*, leaves us with the overwhelming task of correcting your utter mess. It also proves that you are no judge of art, nor of beauty. We learn from you how to become ideal adults? There are subjects that you've passed over. Or maybe they are too painful to speak about?

Nature and art—what could be more breathtaking?

I used to wish sometimes that I was a black man. I listened to the way black men spoke when they spoke about freedom, justice and human rights. And in the way they spoke. I was sure they were speaking the truth. At the same time there was a faint buzz spreading to all of us the suggestion that the black man was not to be treated equally. For this I envied the black man because it gave him a passion for his living and a cause to die for.

Would you ever have imagined there would be children swinging in polluted playgrounds?

Do you have children? Do you see yourself in them yet? Do they do whatever you tell them to, or do they question authority? Do you take the time to explain things to them, or do you blame the rest of the world for their mistakes?

I used to wish sometimes that I was a woman. A woman is the most attractive creature nature has to offer a man. Why then is it such a shame to see her unclothed? I feel more shame as a man watching a quick-mart being built. How complimentary a woman is to a man! Their giving of love is fearless. Nature did right in tying the infant to the female. Yet they also carry a sense of sadness. Quite like a premonition of danger they hide but can't shake from their minds.

I understand why they want to protect their children, but for their own good, let me point out that though you may have to explain subjects to your children that you perceive as wrong, it is better to have the freedom to explain it in your own words than be silenced under a government that has the power to squash anyone who opposes their views. It may one day evolve to be your child that stands as opposition. Who opposes the faint buzz that suggests to us all that women are beneath men. Women have cause to live and reasons to die with dignity. This was not always the case.

Try to restrict our freedoms and we will fight even harder to preserve them.

Mothers and fathers, grandmothers and grandfathers, great-grandmothers and fathers, great-great-grandmothers and fathers, you are responsible for more destruction done to this planet in the last one hundred years than in all of mankind's history combined. You've invented weapons capable of destroying every form of wild animal and vegetation. I am not sure what condition the world we are inheriting is really in. I just have a fear of smokestacks, and I don't trust the men who feed their flames.

I have grown to become proud of myself. I have aligned with all those who have been stung by suppression. As heirs to this planet, we must maintain, honor and enjoy the gift of freedom. A cause to validate everyone's life? Indeed.

The world looks at America because we are the beautiful!
Perry Farrell, Jane's Addiction

MUSICIAN

WHERE THE PLAYERS DO THE TALKING

MUSICIAN Magazine continues to invite recording artists to sound off! If you would like to make a statement about music censorship, contact Paul Sacksman at 508-281-3110.

R E C O R D I N G S



Talkin' 'bout a Revolution

Public Enemy
Gets Tough

Fear of a Black Planet
(Def Jam-Columbia)

THIS IS A mess. Take, for example, "Welcome to the Terrordome," the controversial single which preceded this album, and is now its keynote jam. Chuck D. gives you reams of info about what's on his mind, but not as finished product or polished polemic. Rather, he gives you all the twists and turns of thought and mood as he cogitates and rhymes on The Situation. He blusters and backs up, he apologizes (somewhat) and then gets angry all over again, he plays it breezy and then windy, takes a heavy-handed martyr's

Illustration: Marshall Arisman

MUSICIAN

July 1990 • 97

stance, then a more reasonable one of being just misunderstood . . . back and forth, elliptically phrased, disjunctive, coming down finally to the point that Chuck's made on albums one and two too, which is "I go wildin'/But it's on bass and drums and even violins" and "when I get mad/I put it down on a pad," so let's keep some perspective here, geez. It's a tour-de-force, as effective a representation of modernist uncertainty as any avant-garde prose-slinger has come up with, dealt over the patented PE gristly groove as generated by Terminator X (who speaks with his hands).

This shifting ambiguity runs throughout the album and it's not the kind of thing that yields many definitive soundbites—and too bad for Chuck 'cause even the most dimwitted propagandist can excerpt this to present whatever picture of PE they'd like (and they will). My personal non-definitive interpretation is that Chuck's staggering a little from having PE taken so seriously in a way he hadn't intended—thanks due in part to Professor Griff's well-known indiscretions. All this yes-no-and-maybe stuff (sample lyric from "Fight the Power": "People, people we are the same/No we're not the same") may sound like maturity to some, but I think he's just trying to kick ass and cover his own all at the same time. Maybe that *is* maturity.

About Griff: When religionists take their faith and its attendant doctrines seriously they're often held to be at best misguided fools, at worst malicious political reactionaries (cf. Cardinal O'Connor, Robertson & Falwell, a host of others). To suggest that their behavior follows from their religion is pretty much a no-no, however. This comes out of a lingering national folklore which has it that religion is a breeding ground of kind hearts and gentle people. But get it straight: Griff is a Muslim, not a Unitarian. And this may come as a shock to some people (it apparently *did*) but a lot of Muslims don't like Jews any more than they have to, and vice versa (not to single anyone out, 'cause tolerance between religions is becoming an increasingly strained form of hypocrisy). Griff's remarks were ignorant, but they were also his way of being righteous, as a member of a rather provincial and highly politicized wing of the Islamic religion. Now that he's recanted—after viewing Holocaust films for the first time, he sez—it'll be interesting to see how he reconciles irrefutable knowledge with his fundamentalist fantasies.

But you'll have to follow that unfolding

somewhere else, 'cause, though listed as personnel, Griff isn't detectable on this record. Flavor Flav is, still playing The Fool in the venerable tradition of the clown who, by dint of his non-threatening personality, is given special dispensation to make the most direct and piercing criticisms ("911 Is a Joke," "Can't Do Nuttin' for Ya Man" and a buncha ad libs that usually deflate Chuck's worrying deepthink on time). This, and Chuck's going out on a limb about black/white relations between the sexes ("Pollywanacraka," where he sounds both sly and generous; compare this to his newfound feminism on "Revolutionary Generation," clichéd to the max) are the album's uncharacteristic bursts of clarity. For the rest (and I've taken too much space to go into why "Burn Hollywood Burn" flunks out) it's Chuck D., in the best rap tradition of self-as-subject, turning his labyrinthine thought processes into the issue at hand. Will any of this ever get worked out, in his mind if not yours and mine? It's a real cliff-hanger, with an urgent beat; stay tuned.

—Richard C. Walls



Madonna

I'm Breathless
(Sire)

NO MATTER THAT Bessie Smith, Dinah Washington, Millie Jackson and Bette Davis made it acceptable for women to address their own sexuality in explicit terms long before Madonna had her first period. No matter that sexless clone Paula Abdul has co-opted her turf, tapdancing her way into the Top 10 with squeaky-clean variations on the material girl's own themes—playing Ruby Keeler to Madonna's Judy Garland. Madonna's always one step ahead of her imitators because she never stands still long enough to let the competition draw a bead on her. Her notions of stardom extend far beyond the recording studio, so she's willing to take risks and fail. Thus she surprised some people with her

work in "Speed the Plow" (though there wasn't enough cranberry sauce in New England to garnish that turkey "Shanghai Surprise.") And while it's hard to gauge her strange, schizophrenic new album's strengths and pretensions based on one aural sneak preview and without having seen the movie *Dick Tracy*, she's clearly decided to throw her core audience a curve ball, have some fun with her persona and move in more theatrical directions.

Madonna plays the chanteuse throughout *Dick Tracy*. Most of these arrangements attempt to evoke the era of hard-boiled gumshoes and tough, alluring molls through a kind of counterfeit period music, Hollywood style. "He's a Man" and "Something to Remember" are torch-song showcases better suited to someone with the pipes of Kate Bush than to the reedy, chirpy voice of Madonna. She thrives on rhythmic movement and girlish artifice; sustained, ornamented notes are not her forte.

And nobody asked me, but why is it that most Americans born after 1955 seem to equate swing-era jazz music with cartoons? From "Farmer Grey" to "Courageous Cat," all the most gratuitous clichés are on display in *Dick Tracy*. There's the Ricky Ricardo/Carmen Miranda coochie-coochie of "I'm Going Bananas," and the hubba-hubba boogie of "Back in Business," where a macho tenor vies for attention with hoop-boop-de-doop choruses of gooyed goils. On "Now I'm Following You, Parts 1 & 2" Madonna employs sampling like some sort of yuppie John Zorn to create a collage of quick edits. The progression from an old-time shuffle in the modern hip-hop groove (done up as a scratchy 78 disc) is clever, though madame's fascination with the word dick is about as racy as prune danish. And for bad sexual camp, you'd have to go a long way to equal "Hanky Panky," a lame paean to the joys of spanking: "Some girls they like candy/ Others they like to drive. But I'll settle for the back of your hand/Somewhere on my behind." Kinky, but what's her position on a good whipping?

The most fully realized performances on *Dick Tracy* are those *not* stage-managed by Herself. Stephen Sondheim is one of the last great innovators in the American musical theater, and he contributes three wonderful songs, which are notable for their spare, simple arrangements and delightful wordplay. On "Sooner or Later" ("If you insist, babe, the challenge delights me/The

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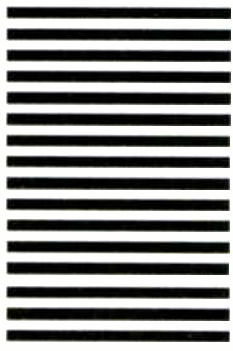
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more you resist, babe, the more it excites me. And no one I've kissed, babe, ever fights me again. If you're on my list it is just a question of when. When I get a yen. Then baby amen. I'm counting to ten. And then") The poetic intensity of each cadence is amplified by Sondheim's shifting harmonic canvas and elusive melodies. And Madonna rises to the challenge: on "More," a humorous showstopper in praise of gold digging, she attacks each verse with gusto. But it's her plaintive lover's duet with Mandy Patinkin on "What Can You Lose" that really rings true, and suggests just how far Madonna might go if she dropped her poses for a moment, came out from behind her sexual defenses and simply played a woman from the heart.

—Chip Stern

The Pretenders

Pucked!
(Warner Bros.)

IT'S BEEN NEARLY FOUR YEARS since rock's premier female artist Chrissie Hynde graced the airwaves with a new batch of

songs, but she's lost none of her edge. Now pushing 40, she still comes on like a gum-cracking street tough with a wicked tongue and a deadly glare that could stop a charging rhino. She's a rocker and proud of it, brandishing her punk roots on four of the 11



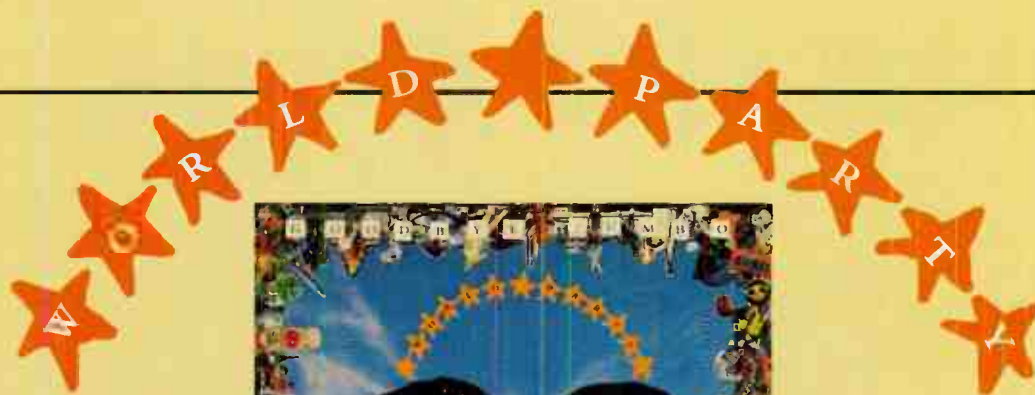
tunes here. No doubt about it, Hynde can crank out a rave-up with the best of them.

However, the thing that makes Hynde so emotionally engaging and widely accessible is that, beneath the leather pants, the perm-pout and the I-don't-give-a-damn mop of hair is a sweet girl from Ohio yearning for all the usual things: world peace, brotherly love and, most of all, a romance that sends her into the stratosphere. As she proudly de-

clares on "When Will I See You," an achingly lovely song she co-wrote with guitar wiz Johnny Marr: "I'll be among the starry eyes, I'll be among the wishful sighs, I'll be among the fools forever fantasizing." A world-class dreamer, Hynde could give Madame Bovary a run for her money, and as charts don't lie, that's the side of her that her fans like best.

Five tunes here fit that description, the best of which, "Sense of Purpose," is one of the most moving songs she's written—and she's written her share of classics. Inarguably one of the most consistent writers currently working in popular music (though it must be said that the first single from this album, "Never Do That," sounds suspiciously like "Back on the Chain Gang"), Hynde has a remarkable ability to breathe new life into standard pop themes. She's one of rock's finest vocalists as well. Her phrasing here is fresh and richly detailed, and with each new album her voice takes on added depth. Her performance on the one cover tune included here, Jimi Hendrix's "May This Be Love," is stunning.

The Pretenders have gone through many



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incarnations over the course of their rocky career, but it's always been Chrissie's band, so there's a strong sense of continuity in their music. Helping her out here are the redoubtable Billy Bremner, Blair Cunningham and keyboardist/producer Mitchell Froom, who wisely refrained from leaving his fingerprints on Hynde's music. This sounds, in short, like a Pretenders record. Who could ask for more?—Kristine McKenna

Howard Hewett

Howard Hewett
(Elektra)

HOWARD HEWETT was the lead singer in the dance/pop trio Shalamar, whose femme fatale, Jody Watley, has since become the much bigger star. It would be easy to attribute her popularity to a better pair of legs, but don't discount pizzazz. Watley's got some; when you think Howard Hewett, not much of anything comes to mind. Perhaps he's too good a singer to be reduced to a could-have-been, but until now his solo records have been forgettable dis-

plays of studio craft. There's a reason why it's called show biz; Hewett has been all biz.

This time it's different. You know how when boys are bar mitzvahed they say today you become a man? Think of this disc as Hewett's bar mitzvah; today he became a personality. For once he's chosen material he can wrap his pliant voice around, but beyond that someone must have told him it's contract



renewal time; Hewett works those songs in the most venerable soul singer tradition, wrenching power and humanity out of material that's often on the cusp of sap. "Show Me," which is getting the most airplay, is naturally sweet, but in Hewett's hands it's also seductive; he coaxes and woos, never grabs or demands. "Let's Get Deeper" in

Keith Sweat's hands would lead only to the Public Health clinic; here it's a proposal. Hewett suggests real gentleness in his delivery, and that strengthens and ultimately transforms "If I Could Only Have This Day Back," a superior song to begin with.

Still, the hard truth must be told: Hewett will probably never be one of the greats. But he might be the best of the also-rans, which can afford pleasures every bit as genuine. It certainly makes this record worth your time, if only to hear what Hewett can do when he gives it all he's got.—Amy Linden

Mick Taylor

Stranger in This Town
(Maze)

IN 1975 MICK TAYLOR left the Rolling Stones for reasons even Taylor doesn't seem to fully understand. Reportedly unhappy over the Jagger/Richards songwriting monopoly and what he felt was an erosion of the band's talents, he decided he could do better alone. He obtained a lucrative deal from Columbia Records and cut a prohibitively expensive,

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self-titled album that flopped.

But Taylor also had left the Stones with several monkeys on his back of which he only recently rid himself. In the interim he has performed ably as a session player, most notably on Bob Dylan's *Infidels*.

Thus *Stranger in This Town* is Mick Taylor's first solo project in over 10 years. Recorded live and culled from several club dates, Taylor's band includes the gifted Max Middleton (Jeff Beck Group) on keyboards and Wilbur Bascomb (Beck's *Wired*) on bass, players with a decidedly jazzy bent. Which is part of the problem with this album: It relies



too much on the virtuosic talents of its principals and not enough on kicking out the jams and turning up the heat. Despite Taylor's fine

playing, one gets the feeling he never breaks a sweat. The kind of palpable excitement one gets on, say, the Allman Brothers' *Live at the Fillmore* is almost entirely absent here. "I Wonder Why," "Laundromat Blues," "Jumpin' Jack Flash" and "Little Red Rooster" are tepid, although technically dynamic, blues workouts.

On the Hendrix chestnut "Red House," however, Taylor finally shows his mettle with lightning-like eloquent runs. Equally tasteful is the fusion-oriented "Goin' South," in which Taylor proves how capable a jazz player he can be. Only on "You Gotta Move" does Taylor really let fly with his best slide playing, but as he is one of the all-time ace slide players, that's worth a lot. One of the most beautiful slide vibratos in the business is heard to great effect.

Although *Stranger in This Town* is a slapdash effort, obviously recorded on the cheap, it's a welcome comeback from a largely unsung guitar hero. With more original material, tighter arrangements and an emotional thrust, Taylor may yet make the album some think he's capable of.—Tom Graves



Scott Henderson & Tribal Tech

Nomad
(Relativity)

John McLaughlin Trio

Live at the Royal Festival Hall
(JMT)

IT WAS MORE than 20 years ago today that John McLaughlin came over from England and gave the guitar world a swift kick in the pants. Like his playing, his discographic path has been unpredictable and non-linear, but his influence still looms large. Scott Henderson, for instance, proudly

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dons the McLaughlin cloak; his latest project is a model of feisty neo-fusion in an era clotted over with pazz-jop pap.

Meanwhile, McLaughlin is going "nude," as Prince would say. After the underrated Mahavishnu Orchestra record of four years back, *Adventures in Radioland* (ironic title, that), the guitarist returns mostly *sans* gizmos, but for sparing bits of guitar synth. *Live* shows off the acoustic McLaughlin, he of finesse and fire, with his rapid-fire plectrum skittering eloquently along nylon strings. His new trio—with percussionist Trilok Gurtu and bassist Kai Eckhardt—picks up where the by-now-classic *My Goal's Beyond* left off, even reprising that album's haunting reading of Miles Davis's "Blue in Green."

Despite Gurtu's Indian pedigree, this band bears little resemblance to Shakti. Rather, suggesting the spirit more than the letter of his Indian heritage, Gurtu demonstrates the virtues of space and polyrhythmic punctuation. Bassist Eckhardt, like Jonas Hellborg without the hellaciousness, is an integral if humbler cog in the machinery.

Back in the electric realm, Scott Henderson's Tribal Tech refines its increasingly

compelling brand of jazz-rock. Falling somewhere between rockin' fusion roughhousing and jazz-literate inventiveness, the band takes its cues from '70s fusion titans but adds forward-leaning embellishments. The witty and infectious title track is virtually a bow in the direction of Jaco-era Weather Report, with Henderson melding guitar flash and intelligent phrasings, and key Tech member Gary Willis—also a fine composer—shaping up as a prime figure in the era of post-Jaco electric bass.

Despite the rumors, fusion isn't dead (or, *vis-à-vis* the WAVE format, brain-dead). It's only sleeping, fitfully, and occasionally waking up with bright new ideas.

—Josef Woodard

Jeff Lynne

Armchair Theatre
(Reprise)

WHO NEEDS THE Traveling Wilburys? Not Jeff Lynne, if "Don't Say Good-bye," the best track here, is any indication. Though fellow Wilburys George Harrison and Tom Petty show up elsewhere,

the song solely features Lynne singing, and *damn* if he doesn't sound like Harrison on one verse and Roy Orbison on the next. Figure that Tom Petty and Bob Dylan aren't



that far apart vocally, and that Lynne does a fairly good knock-off of their average on the song's remainder, and 10-to-1 you've got a surefire megaseller without those pesky royalty problems.

Hey, if Jeff Lynne wants to sound like the Wilburys these days, he's entitled. Anything that's going to juice up a career that started so promisingly and is ending up so murky is okay by me. But the fact that more people will buy this record because Jeff Lynne has produced famous people (Harrison, Orbison, Petty) than because they actually like Jeff Lynne is another story.

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Let's face facts: Lynne, who can be creative and innovative as hell, stopped being so in 1974, when his former band the Electric Light Orchestra peaked with *Eldorado*. That the same man responsible for the many brilliant moments on the Move's *Looking On* and *Message from the Country*; not to mention "Do Ya," would end up basing his entire career on the recycled pop typified by ELO's "Showdown" has been one of rock's great disappointments; that his former collaborator Roy Wood would be relegated to near-complete obscurity while Lynne was hitting arena stages in gigantic mock flying saucers is an even greater tragedy.

But recycling is what *Armchair Theatre* is all about. The only difference between this record and the last four or five by ELO is that, of all things, Jeff Lynne is now deemed cool by association—with artists like Harrison and Petty, whose recent Lynne-produced albums were in many ways hits because they recycled the past. On *Armchair Theatre* Lynne covers "September Song" and "Stormy Weather," and sad to say, they sound like the newest, freshest songs on the album. There's nothing inherently bad on this rec-

ord, just less about Jeff Lynne—and more about career moves—than there ought to be.—Dave DiMartino



Jack DeJohnette

Parallel Realities
(MCA Impulse)

WITH THE GOAL of marrying pop production to the ideals of jazz improvisation, Jack DeJohnette, Pat Metheny and Herbie Hancock have arrived at a flexible and transparent sound that gives new meaning to band "interaction." That's because, in preproduction, DeJohnette and Metheny had used digital synthesis and sequencing to plot a road map—often a

functional bass line, or a particular ensemble phrase that recurred often enough to delineate the form. With this foundation in place, this live trio recording became a game of connect-the-dots, with the preproduction material fostering an exchange of ideas not only among the musicians, but between the musicians and the programmed cues.

So it's a touch cyberpunk. So what? *Parallel Realities* is also about three improvisors grappling with a new form of discourse. Before too much of the bright "Dancing" goes by, DeJohnette trashes the commonly-held notion that such studious production automatically equals a noose around the neck. With subtle variations in his ride-cymbal chopping pattern, he spans and chides the one-dimensional tempo, bringing out the subdivisions that lie beneath its simple mission, summoning an ocean of tension from one single repetition.





Such attention to detail enables all three members to develop contemplative solos from open-ended, quick-sketch song structures. Hancock's sliding key ruminations give "Exotic Isles" an elegant, singing quality that recalls his "Dolphin [cont'd on page 113]

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SHORT TAKES

SO MUCH MUSIC, SO LITTLE TIME

ROCK

By J.D. Considine

Cameo

Real Men Wear Black (Atlanta Artists)

DON'T BE DISTRACTED by the state-of-the-art sound here; what counts isn't what Larry Blackmon knows about synthesizers, but what he knows about funk. Although the songs aren't quite as piquant as "Word Up" or "Single Life," they're every bit as enticing, whether it's the '70s-style pulse of "Close Quarters" or the nuevo latino beat of "Nan Yea." And the singing hasn't sounded this good since "She's Strange."

Heart

Brigade (Capitol)

ROCK PROFESSIONALISM is usually the death of AOR bands. So how is it that Heart, which sounds more like Diane Warren's dream band with each passing album, rocks as well as ever? Not because these five can't tell the difference between Zeppelinesque grunge like "The Night" and chart-oriented schlock like "All I Wanna Do Is Make Love to You"; rather, they play both with enough conviction to make that difference inconsequential.

Damn Yankees

Damn Yankees (Warner Bros.)

ROCK PROFESSIONALISM usually is the death of AOR bands.

Robyn Hitchcock

Eye (Twin/Tone)

DON'T LET THE relative quiet of this album fool you. Behind the placid strum of his acoustic guitar lurks an astonishing amount of venom—generalized misanthropy ("Flesh Cartoons"), historical invective ("Cynthia Mask"), even snide ridicule ("Queen Elvis"). Yet no matter what sets him off—and this being Robyn Hitch-

cock, it's often hard to tell—there's enough melodic edge to these songs to make me wish he'd vent his spleen more often.

The Chimes

The Chimes (Columbia)

MOST DANCE MUSIC acts have a sound, but the Chimes also have a singer—Pauline Henry—and that makes all the difference. Give her a good groove, like the post-Soul II Soul pulse of "1-2-3," and she'll work that sucker to death; give her a strong song, like U2's "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For," and she'll totally transform it. Give this half a chance, and it'll ring your bell.

Fleetwood Mac

Behind the Mask (Warner Bros.)

NO MYSTERY HERE. The question with this album isn't whodunit, but who didn't, for without Lindsey Buckingham on hand to plot the unexpected twists in each arrangement, it's obvious from the start how these songs will finish—dead as doornails.

Kirsty MacColl

Kite (Charisma)

KIRSTY MACCOLL has great taste, a distinctive voice, primo players (Johnny Marr, Pino Palladino, David Gilmour) and a name producer (Steve Lillywhite). So why doesn't *Kite* get off the ground? Because MacColl is the type who won't settle for three-voice harmony if she can work in six, and it weighs these songs down. Next time, save it for glee club practice!

The Winans

Return (Qwest)

CHRISTIAN RAP NUMBERS tend to be like those edited-for-TV "Tom & Jerry" cartoons—the basic form is there, but all the fun is gone. Not "It's Time," however. This street-savvy Teddy Riley collaboration hits so hard and sounds so def it could make a believer out of anyone. Though the rest of this album skews a little more upscale than that, the overall effect is the same.

Pussy Galore

Historia de la Musica Rock (Caroline)

PUSSY GALORE imagines what the Rolling Stones might have sounded like had their rhythm section been modeled on the Velvet Underground instead of Muddy Waters—sort of an *Exile off Main Street*. Amazingly, it works; from the spastic remake of "Little Red Rooster" to the uncooked gumbo of "Crawfish," PG reinvents the blues more completely than the Stones ever dreamed possible.

Lori Carson

Shelter (DGC)

JUST WHAT THE world needed—a sensitive singer-songwriter with a voice so squeakily girlish it makes Michel'le sound like Marianne Faithfull.

Schnell-Fenster

The Sound of Trees (Atlantic)

AFTER SPLIT ENZ broke up, most of us figured that the Finn brothers (Neil and Tim) were the ones responsible for the group's quirky melodicism. But Schnell-Fenster—an oddly-named foursome built around former Enz Philip Judd and Nigel Griggs—argues otherwise. Though the songs don't click as consistently as they do with Crowded House, the best work here ("Whisper," "That's Impossible," "Love-Hate Relationship") is as memorable as it is original.

Joyce

Music Inside (Nerve Forecast)

LIKE ASTRUD GILBERTO, Joyce has a warm, clear voice and uncluttered, conversational phrasing; like Joao Gilberto, she's a master guitarist and authoritative interpreter. And if her Brazilianized version of "Talkin' 'bout a Revolution" doesn't win you over, originals like "Bird of Brazil" surely will.

The London Quireboys

A Bit of What You Fancy
(Qwest)

FALSE FACES.



MUSICIAN Magazine is great. It's the number one magazine that we read. We've read things in it that you can't read anywhere else—like the Jimi Hendrix exposé by Noel Redding or the Brian Wilson comeback article.

We've really learned a lot from MUSICIAN.

—Heretix



MUSICIAN Magazine's A&R Project is amazing! It was the first real concrete evidence we had of who to contact and that many of the people interested in our band had the power to sign. It filled in reliable details where most other sources just clouded things up.

—Materialissue



The Players' Choice



MUSICIAN Magazine is not afraid to do something unusual. It exposes artists who wouldn't get covered elsewhere. It's not just pictures of heavy metal guitarists and tablature. For me, MUSICIAN is the most diverse and interesting of all the music magazines.

—Robben Ford



I find MUSICIAN Magazine an invaluable source of information for me. It goes beyond all the tech magazines and covers the whole music scene.

—Danny Gatton

After reading hundreds of Keith Richards interviews, MUSICIAN Magazine got Keith to open up as a musician. What really hit home was how the Stones have been able to sublimate their personal problems and struggles for the good of the band. We could really relate to that.

—The Subdudes



One of my favorite things in life is kicking back with the latest issue of MUSICIAN Magazine and devouring every page. Once I pick it up, I can't put it down until I'm finished.

—Jim Keltner
The Traveling Wilburys



JAZZ

Various Artists

Real Estate: New Music from New York
(Ear-Rational)

THIS COLLECTION is all over the place, from the careful structuralism of Zeena Parkins' "T-Square," anchored by the industrial angelicism of her electric harp, to the murmuring and strangetalk of Shelley Hirsch and David Weinstein's "Blanche." It's not all the new music in New York, or even a significant part, but if the economy keeps declining, it'll be essential as a document of what a certain group of experimentalists were doing in a certain time and place. (Lunch for Your Ears, 25 Prince St., New York, NY 10012)

—Peter Watrous

Marlon Jordan

For You Only (Columbia)

YET ANOTHER New Orleans trumpeter, yet another New Orleans dynasty. And a great, smartly produced album that, except for "Cherokee," the standard student's macho workout, mines moods. Jordan's adept, which means he has technique, but like a bunch of the younger musicians, he's figuring out that it's hard to get a better technique than Freddie Hubbard. The obvious step is into what the recent past masters overlooked, which is swing-styled melodic playing and carefully worked-out arrangements.

—Peter Watrous

Greg Osby

Season of Renewal (JMT)

OSBY'S PROVED HIMSELF as a member of Jack DeJohnette's and Andrew Hill's bands, to be a brilliant, blowing altoist with a distinct rhythmic conception and his own tone. His albums are made like pop albums and tend towards electronic mood music that's meant to be pretty. But not simple: *Season* is a strange mixture of angular melodies with synthesizer washes that simulate voices, and even a few real voices thrown in as well. Osby slows down on his own dates; the solos feel measured, played as if they were melodies.

—Peter Watrous

Ivo Perelman

Ivo (K2B2)

HERE'S A BRAZILIAN who doesn't sound the least bit mellow. Tenor saxophonist Ivo Perelman has adapted Albert Ayler's milieu in this rethinking of traditional children's songs, with a

big yawping sound and a lyrical approach that never gets too overwrought or sentimental. Flora, Airtio, Peter Erskine and John Patitucci collaborate, but it's ex-Mother of Invention Don Preston's piano and synth work that nearly steals the show. (3112 Barry Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90066)

—Chip Stern

Bill Mays/Ray Drummond

One to One (DMP)

RECORDED WITH DISCRETE Class A Electronics," screams the banner, and perhaps they should amend that to read "Not Just for Tweaks." Translated into plain English, *One to One* captures a pure acoustic dialogue, without all the italicized boom and sizzle so endemic to audiophile recordings. None of which would mean a damn thing if not for the fine rapport between Mays' Evansesque piano stylings, and Drummond's big, limber bass fiddle. Piano bar of the gods. (Digital Music Productions, Park Square Station, Box 15835, Stamford, CT 06901; distributed by Telarc)—Chip Stern

REISSUE

Various Artists

Sun Rockabilly: The Classic Recordings
(Rounder)

JOHNN LENNON ONCE SAID that before Elvis, there was nothing; this is what came after. These 1955–1959 recordings document some of Sam Phillips' later-day efforts to duplicate Presley's success in what annotator Colin Escott calls the "underground" genre of rockabilly. There's some memorable material here, notably Billy Lee Riley's wacked-out classics "Red Hot" and "Flying Saucers Rock and Roll" and Warren Smith's bumptious "Ubangi Stomp" and "Miss Froggie." There are also lean, sly rockers by Edwin Bruce (later a fine Nashville songwriter) and Ray Harris (who founded Hi Records after his rock career went under), as well as lovable marginalia by eight others, including the young Conway Twitty. A listenable sampler from the cauldron of the style.—Chris Morris

Junior Parker, James Cotton, Pat Hare

Mystery Train (Rounder)

LENNON WAS WRONG: Before Elvis there was the blues, which often served as the blueprint for the rockabilly revolt to come. Listen to the arrangements of Parker's "Love My Baby" (covered by Hayden Thompson on the rockabilly package above) or Cotton's "Hold Me in Your Arms"—they prophesy Presley's cover of Parker's

"Mystery Train" by a good year. Not that these numbers aren't worthy beyond their musicological importance: Parker and Cotton, who later created estimable work for Duke and Verve respectively, already had their chops down in Memphis. The real revelation is guitarist Hare, who cut the menacing "I'm Gonna Murder My Baby" a scant eight years before he actually killed his girlfriend (he died in prison in 1980). His savage tone is a veritable model of out-there blues axe styling.

—Chris Morris

Duke Ellington

The Great Paris Concert (Atlantic)

FOR FANS OF the master's pianistic stylings, there's never been anything on record quite as exciting as the piquant trio overture to "Kinda Dukish" which segues into the brassy fireworks of "Rockin' in Rhythm" (making it very clear where Mr. Monk got some of his inspiration). This magnificently recorded 1963 concert is justly famous for its Johnny Hodges and Cootie Williams showpieces and a virtuosic ensemble reading of "Tone Parallel to Harlem"—and with the addition of 10 Ellington chestnuts, you've got no excuse not to replace your tattered LPs.—Chip Stern

Shirley Scott Trio

For Members Only/Great Scott (MCA/Impulse)

THIS REISSUE combines two of organist Scott's early-'60s discs, giving lots of bang for your buck. So do Oliver Nelson's brassy big-band arrangements, which on Ellington's "Blue Piano" manage to sound at once worthy of the Smithsonian and your local roller-skating rink. Philadelphia Scott isn't averse to the odd genre sandwich herself, giving the spiritual "Marchin' to Riverside" a bossa nova twist, covering Henry Mancini show tunes (two from the film *A Shot in the Dark*) along with enough blues to let you know where she finally hangs her hat. A more lyrical player than peers like Jimmy Smith (the period liner notes suggest it's because she's "a girl"), Scott has a sound that still grabs you, at once dated and coolly contemporary. Not to be missed.

—Mark Rowland

Cerrone

The Best of Cerrone (Hot Malligator)

SLEEK SYNTHO-SYMPHONIC disco-drama from late '70s Italy, this set is highlighted by leering annihilations that send crippled Steve Winwood and Eric Burdon classic-rock warhorses toward Conga and Flamenco Heaven. "Love in C Minor" vibrates its way into a 14-minute orgasm-addict group grope; "Supernature"'s apocalyptic Eurotrash reads like "Science Gone Too Far" by the Dictators (1977—same year!) only sillier. The remainder probably qualifies as (love-in-the) elevator music, with melodies borrowed from the

Love Boat theme, plus the occasional sleazy French pick-up line. But to me it tastes like ambrosia.—*Chuck Eddy*

John Coltrane & Don Cherry

The Avant-Garde (Atlantic)

Charles Mingus

The Complete Candid Recordings of Charles Mingus (Mosaic)

BACK IN 1959–60, when Ornette Coleman first hit New York, for every jazzman who slammed him as an okay savant, there were others who saw in his new blues a liberation from the slavish cliché-mongering of post-Bird bebop. Now available on compact disc for the first time, these collections document Coleman's profound influence on two of jazz's established pathfinders. The Trane session matches him with trumpeter Cherry, bassist Percy Heath (and Charlie Haden) and drummer Ed Blackwell in a selection of Cherry, Coleman and Monk originals, and Trane is both bluesier and more lyrical than on the *Giant Steps* Atlantic sessions to come (he also breaks out his soprano for the first time on "The Blessing"). The Mingus session features his telepathic Dolphy-Curson-Richmond group (in quartet and expanded form), plus a splendid cross-generational matching with Roy Eldridge and Jo Jones, and once again, the animating freedom of the blues propels Mingus the soloist (and ensemble straw boss) to heights unmatched in his entire catalog. (35 Melrose Place, Stamford, CT 06902 [203] 327-7111)—*Chip Stern*

BOOKS

The Children of Nuggets

David Walters (Popular Culture, Ink.)

SOMEBODY HAD TO do this book, so here it is: a fully cross-referenced index to nearly 3800 1960s punk and psychedelic recordings as they appear on over 300 mostly 1980s compilation albums. If that sounds derivative, it's a lot more useful than a straight discography of impossible-to-find 45s. Walters lists original record numbers anyway; watch out for errors and look for the reissues instead. A tribute to non-mainstream musical inventiveness and lapsing copyrights. (Box 1839, Ann Arbor, MI 48106)—*Scott Isler*

Small Change: A Life of Tom Waits

Patrick Humphries (Omnibus Press [London])

WAITS IS SUCH a mysterious character that the reader would gladly put up with bad writing in exchange for some fresh biographical facts about him. The bad news is, there is no bio here.

This "Life of" is just a series of essays/reviews of Waits' albums, augmented by quotes from interviews Waits has given to magazines over the years. Weirdly enough, as I was leaving the California book stand where I got this volume, who should I see coming but Tom Waits. I said, "Hey Tom—they're selling your biography over there." Waits looked startled. He said, "Huh? Are they really?" Four more words than the author got out of him. (Distributed in America by Music Sales Corporation, 225 Park Ave. South, New York, NY 10003)

—*Bill Flanagan*

CLASS

John McLaughlin

Concerto for Guitar and Orchestra
(CBS Masterworks)

THERE'S NOTHING FUSOID about McLaughlin's latest, his most felicitous, fully realized recording since *Shakti*. McLaughlin's finally come to terms with the contradictions of employing a pick on a nylon-string classical instrument, in that he isn't a classical guitarist per se, and doesn't take a pianistic approach, but rather favors the breath-like phrasing of a violin or flute. The soft, round attack of McLaughlin's thin-body acoustic melts right into the orchestral textures, and while his concerto is basically a pastiche of Rodrigo, it works more as tribute than parody, while the manner in which McLaughlin flutters through the changes with modern jazz abandon gives this work its individuality. More personal are his duets with soulmate Katia Labèque on (occasionally MIDIed) acoustic piano, enunciating a jazz/classical fusion that is lyrical, intimate and harmonically engaging.—*Chip Stern*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Don Giovanni (Eurodisc/BMG)

IKNOW, I KNOW. Opera gives you hives. It's more ostentatious and bombastic than heavy metal. True, a little bit does go a long way, but it is *total theater*, and if you're going to get your feet wet, the best place to start is here with this moderately priced, immaculately recorded Eurodisc all-digital production of Mozart's masterpiece—one of the most perfect pieces of music in Western history. Unlike some opera recordings, where the singers tend to revel in histrionic ornamentation, the vocal performances here are lyrical and understated (sopranos Julia Varady and Arleen Auger are magnificent), and conductor Rafael Kubelik maintains a perfect orchestral balance throughout. Disc three will more than justify this purchase, when Don Giovanni descends to hell and gets his comeuppance, as the orchestra

literally busts through your speakers—ah, digital.—*Chip Stern*

Glenn Gould

Bach/Goldberg Variations (CBS Masterworks)

AS FATE WOULD have it, Bach's *Goldberg Variations* formed both prologue and epilogue to this eccentric virtuoso's career. Defining himself not in terms of the concert stage but the recording studio, Gould brought a cinematic perspective to the piano. His use of new miking approaches, and (horror of horrors) elaborate editing techniques, scandalized the blueses. However, the idealized sonic clarity of this digital production, and Gould's poetic insights into the underlying rhythmic design of Bach's music, make the pianist's swan song an enduring masterpiece—and validate his singular approach. The weight of his dynamics and elaborately detailed tempos, coupled with his overwhelming technique, elevate Gould's variations beyond the weary notion of classicism and into the realm of vital contemporary art.—*Chip Stern*

Arditti String Quartet

Arditti (Gramavision)

UNLIKE CALIFORNIA'S Kronos, Britain's Arditti String Quartet doesn't choose flashy graphics for its recordings—white-tie, please. Don't judge a string quartet by its covers, though: Led by a serenely unforgiving rendering of Beethoven's late *Grosse Fuge* Op. 133 that comes up with real heart and teeth, *Arditti* includes knottier twentieth-century pieces by a trio of Americans (Conlon Nancarrow, Ruth Crawford-Seeger, Roger Reynolds) and a Romanian (Iannis Xenakis). The playing is top-notch, the group's unified concentrations never fade, and the passion the Arditti brings to its music should be an example to listeners and musicians of virtually any stripe. Listen up.—*James Hunter*

INDIE

Earl King

Sexual Telepathy (Black Top)

EVEN IN THE RICH, creative world of New Orleans R&B, Earl King stands as a strikingly original, inventive songwriter. Best known for penning such classics as "Trick Bag" and "Come On and Let the Good Times Roll," King is also a soulful baritone crooner and charmingly eccentric guitarist. His multiple talents are all in fine form on this collection. The assorted grooves, including melodic New Orleans outings, swamp-

pop blues-ballads and sizzling swing-shuffles, comprise one of the best, most distinctive rhythm & blues albums to appear in years.—*Ben Sandmel*

Smokin' Dave and the Premo Dopes

Too many years in the circus . . . (Stegosaurus)

THE FIRST-TAKE QUALITY of the vocals substantiates the cover claim that this album was recorded and mixed in four days. But Todd Steed's hit-or-miss singing is part of this trio's charm, and they're musically together on a collection of (mostly) boppin' rock songs with a troubled conscience. Steed doesn't save his best lines for the titles, which include "The Last Elvis Song," "Stop and Smoke the Roses" and "John Cougar Visits the Real World." (Box 8190, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800)

—*Scott Isler*

John Fahey

God, Time and Causality (Shanachie)

ONE OF THE GREAT "heavy" album titles, taking its place in the Hall of Fame alongside Oliver Nelson's *Blues and the Abstract Truth*. The music doesn't disappoint, either. Fahey's in excellent form, mainly reinterpreting older material, shining especially on an eclectic medley that features his requiem for Mississippi John Hurt. His one guitar does the job of an orchestra, bringing together influences from all over the globe. That he's been doing it this well for 30 years is astounding; something for the new-agers to think about.—*Mac Randall*

The Chant

Two Car Mirage (Safety Net)

THERE ARE CERTAIN records that bands can only make when the chips are down and the future's uncertain. Like Mott the Hoople's *Brain Capers*. Like the Byrds' *Notorious Byrd Brothers*. *Two Car Mirage* feels like those albums, and whatever the state of the Chant's affairs, judging from the changing lineup and the three years since their last outing, I'm guessing it wasn't an easy birth. All the better, as the pervading gloomy vibe lends weight to the six- and 12-string beatitudes and credence to overtly gothic lyrics like "Coat O' Many Colors." Plus it's all wrapped up in a crystalline John Keane production that makes it sound as accessible as it seems heroic. (Box 8145, Atlanta, GA 30306)—*Thomas Anderson*

Boogie Bill Webb

Drinkin' and Stinkin' (Flying Fish)

THE LOOSEST SENSE of meter in the Western world may belong to Boogie Bill Webb of New Orleans, gamely accompanied here by Radiators bassist Reggie Scanlan and drummer/producer Ben Sandmel. Boogie Bill's sunny disregard for conventional rhythmic structure produces some

hilarious, suspenseful moments—"How're they gonna follow him *this time*?" The guy's as authentic as they come: He learned at the feet of Tommy Johnson ("Canned Heat Blues") in the '30s, cut a handful of sides for the Imperial label in the '50s, plays a Telecaster that spent two weeks underwater after Hurricane Betsy in the '60s, and is a favorite at New Orleans' annual Jazz and Heritage Festival. Spending 13 songs with 66-year-old Boogie Bill is like hanging out with your favorite uncle; his music's full of aural winks, sly asides, lubricious chuckles, and he can make a dirty lyric sound ingenious. Excellent booklet enclosed. by Smithsonian folklorist Nick Spitzer. (1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614)

—*Tony Scherman*

The Residents

The King and Eye (Enigma)

ON THEIR LATEST homage to a musical icon (this one's for Elvis), the Residents walk the thin line between cruel mockery and more meaningful parody and manage to stay on the humane side of things (though just barely). The saving elements are the wistfully philosophical running commentary ("The Baby King") and the fact that they seem to be lampooning those art rockers who think that a few doomy chords can imbue inane lyrics with Modern Significance, as much as they are swift-kicking the fallen King. Good, clean alienated fun, though I wish the guy who plays the "singer" had a few more moves—his drawling angst gets on your nerves after a while (which may be the point, but still . . .)—*Richard C. Walls*

Joe Arroyo

En Accion (Disco Fuentes)

ANYBODY LOOKING FOR "Caribbean" purity and authenticity is going to have to pull out old albums. In Belize, salsa and reggae mix; in Mexico cumbia and norteño mix; in Jamaica hip-hop and dance-hall toasting mix. And in Colombia, cumbia and salsa and zouk and just about everything else end up on Joe Arroyo's records. A brilliant singer and songwriter, Arroyo was Colombia's answer to Puerto Rican salsa for a while, but over the last five years he's diversified and become one of the Caribbean's greatest musical assets. *En Accion* is his newest, and it mixes effectively politics, dance, zouk, salsa and cumbia like few people have done.—*Peter Watrous*

Albert King

Let's Have a Natural Ball (Modern Blues)

BEAUTIFULLY MASTERED, this CD catches King at his best. Recorded in the late 1950s and early 1960s, with a full horn section on a bunch of the tunes, it's easy to hear his mastery of pitch: King grinds notes into the dirt, pulls them out, grinds them in again. Rarely has a guitarist

done so much Afro-American damage with so few European notes; it's clear why an entire generation of British and American white guitarists idolized him. (Box 248, Pearl River, NY 10965)

—*Peter Watrous*

Roy Buchanan

The Early Years (Krazy Kat)

IN THE EARLY '60s Roy Buchanan was a Washington, D.C.-area legend, a drop-dead rhythm guitarist and sideman, who could solo with flurries and riffs no one else had thought of. After his "discovery" later in the decade he was coaxed into the role of a frontman, filling album after album with tiresome fretboard stuntsmanship. The early sides here (1958-1962) add a great deal to Buchanan's legacy, proving that he was one of the first—if not the first—to employ techniques that were to become musical mainstays. Greasy, choppy chords, wild-eyed vibrato and some of the gnarliest distortion you've ever laid ears on had all become Buchanan trademarks by the time these recordings were made. Too bad he was seldom able to improve on them as time went by.

—*Tom Graves*

Dembo Konte, Kausu Kuyateh and the Jali Roll Orchestra

Jali Roll (Rogue)

TAKE TWO MASTERS of the *kora*, back them up with some British rhythm sisters and special guests and you get the *Jali Roll* jam session. Strange, beautiful and often danceable, this globalist fusion mixup turns the tables on the usual musical scavenging and makes the former imperialists follow the Africans' leads. Those comic masters of world beat, the 3 Mustaphas 3, provide egoless drums, bass, guitar and occasional trumpet as Konte (of the Gambia) and Kuyateh (of Senegal) provide the pluck and the pipes on cascading melodies old and new. The going gets weird on the blues-grooved "Lambango" and wonderful on their rad-trad tribute to an English friend, "Sarah 1 and 2." Praise songs with a backbeat, they chip away at the walls between cultures. (Box 337, London N4 1TW, U.K.)

—*Tom Cheyney*

Steve Jordan

El Huracan (Rounder)

MASTER OF THE PROGRESSIVE Tex-Mex accordion, Steve Jordan is a demon improviser and liver-wrenching vocalist. As legendary for his partying energy as for his innovations in *conjunto* music, he is not afraid to mix cumbia, salsa, country, jazz or rock into the border style. The outside of the envelope that Jordan pushes appears as a walking bassline in the instrumental "Oaxaca" or squeezebox echoplex as he goes tropical on "La Cumbia del Facundo." True to his

roots but with a lab tech's penchant for experimentation, Jordan takes Tex-Mex beyond the Jimenez brothers to where no south *Téjano* with an eyepatch has gone before. (One Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140)—*Tom Cheney*

Richard Hell & the Voidoids

Funhunt: Live at CBGBs and Max's 1978 and 1979 (ROIR cassette)

LONG BEFORE he married Scandal's singer, Hell constricted theoretical funkbeats and private therapy into wobbly metalpunk. He whines so you can't make out the words, and there's hooks but you have to work hard for 'em. Here, he gives his cult his own hits ("Love Comes in Spurts," "Blank Generation") and looks for clues in old ones by other people. Give Hell credit for putting Robert Quine's monstrous guitar to use, but as with so many rock pioneers, this ruffian's most important real contribution was his fashion sense.

Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious put *that* to use, and by '78-'79 it was out of date.—*Chuck Eddy*

Stanley Cowell/Frederick Waits/ Buster Williams

We Three (DIW)

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JOHN HIATT STOLEN MOMENTS



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—*TIME Magazine*

Stolen Moments. The new album by John Hiatt.

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HENDRIX

[cont'd from page 57] different if Hendrix had been working on it. I have no doubt that he would have scrapped quite a lot of the stuff that was there and started some things all over again. There again, there were bits I know he could have kept. I tried to think of what he would have done, or what he would have wanted, which was a very difficult thing to do. If something worked I left it, like Buddy Miles' drum part on "Ezy Ryder." It would have been dropped and replaced with one by me, but it was fine so I left it.

At no point did I get a bad feeling working in the studio. Without being cosmic, which I'm not, I did keep getting these incredibly vivid dreams, to the point of visitations and conversations. "What do you think of this mix?" And he'd tell me. Reality? Who knows.


I wish, in retrospect, we'd had more time to work on the record. As I said, I always tried hard to think of what Jimi would have wanted, not just his parts, but what else he would have wanted. On "Drifting" we had two guitar tracks. One had gone through the Univibe Leslie effect and I think we had another one in another key. So we dropped the speed on it, put that through the Leslie, mixed and matched and got some stereo going. I just felt that vibes would be perfect for some background feeling and I know Jimi would have liked it. So I got Buzzy Linhart in for a session on vibes and it worked and I was really pleased with it.

It became apparent fairly quickly when we were going through the tapes that a couple of drum overdubs were essential, especially on "Angel." It was weird. Steven Stills was working in Studio B next door and, of course, he knew Hendrix well. So we had him come in and check my new parts out. They were my drum parts originally, but either they were too scrappy or after the inevitable transfers and speed changes they needed beefing up.

Actually, it's funny about the drumkit I used. Hendrix was always destroying guitars and at Woodstock I said, "I'll have this one before it gets destroyed," meaning the white Stratocaster. He said, "Sure, you've got it." So I'd given him as a bit of a joke a drumkit for Electric Lady—an old Gretsch. Doing the overdubs was the first I'd seen it in a while. It felt strange. "Angel" was the most difficult and jigsaw-like track to put together and yet it became the most covered of Jimi's songs.

In retrospect, I feel proud of *Cry of Love*. I

think we did the best we could using the tapes we had. Clearly, though, *Cry of Love* was not the only album Jimi had been contemplating. The Gil Evans-orchestrated album, with or without Miles Davis, I'm sure would have happened; likewise an acoustic album, probably a blues-based one. We did a lot of recording at home which hasn't been released, but then it wasn't supposed to be. I'm sure he would have gone into the studio at some point to record some of that stuff properly, possibly with someone like Taj Mahal. In fact he did do some informal recording with Taj. I wouldn't mind betting that he would also have done a full-out rock 'n' roll album, mixing covers and original material, but what might have been the most interesting project of all was a collaboration with Quincy Jones. Quincy first met Jimi when we were living in L.A. and he came out to visit us in Benedict Canyon and later on in 1970 he came to see the band at the Forum. I don't think anything definite was planned, but I know Quincy was up for it and Hendrix always had it in the back of his mind. What a shame it never happened.

It's so sad and frustrating that none of these projects—and who knows what else—ever happened. I'm just glad that he produced as much as he did. The existence of any number of later releases of dubious quality can never detract from that. 

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HENLEY/FREY

[cont'd from page 22] three days in L.A. rehearsing with Frey, an afternoon soundcheck with Seger, and then nearly every free minute of the preceding three weeks—on the bus, in the hotel—learning everyone's tunes from tapes. And for both nights, their playing was immaculate. "I love this band," says Henley. "I want to keep them as long as I can. And I'm trying to write with some of them, too. I'd like to see them get something out of all this."

(The toll-free number for making donations to the Walden Woods preservation project is 1-800-543-9911.)

LEAVELL

[cont'd from page 78] and monitor feeds (not to mention the ease of cartage and lack of tuning problems).

But there's nothing in the world like a good set of ivories under the fingertips... nothing like the sound of a piano singing out, ringing off the walls of the hall and rocking the room, making it impossible for listeners to keep their feet still. Any way you look at it, the piano in rock 'n' roll is here to stay. To steal a phrase from my good friend Mac Reben-

nack, "We goin' keep on radiatin' the 88s." Right, Stu?

MOFFETT

[cont'd from page 80] Moffetts play on Charnett's new album *Beauty Within*—and yeah, the bassist's name conflates Charles and Ornette.) Charnett originally played a 1/2-size bass: when he was 11 he switched to a 3/4-size plywood bass his dad bought from Reggie Workman. He still plays a 3/4: "If I can get that big sound without having to carry around a full-size bass, I'll do it."

DEJOHNETTE

[cont'd from page 103] Dance." The alternately swooning and majestic melodies of the title track melt into moments of angered guitar deliberation, as Metheny, employing the trumpets-of-doom patch first heard on "Off-ramp," gropes for a foothold within DeJohnette's polyrhythmic web. As each musician etches his identity into this largely uncharted terrain, there is the feeling that the tools of the trade—the same tools that have rendered most pop-jazz records utterly faceless—are being recombined in profound, newly lyrical ways.—Tom Moon

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The Manchester Spectator Thursday, Januar

BEATLES RECORDED TILL 1979, McCARTNEY SAYS

By Tom Farnsdale
Spectator Arts

LONDON, JAN. 12—The Beatles, the pop combo who ruled the entertainment world during the 1960s, continued recording under various other names long after they officially disbanded in 1970, ex-Beatle guitarist Paul McCartney admitted today in an exclusive Spectator interview. "The whole break-up thing was staged to build a bit of excitement and get a better deal out of EMI," McCartney said at his Piccadilly office, where he was holding court to promote his new LP *Press to Play*. "John and I cooked up the idea of staging a feud along with (manager) Allen Klein," McCartney said. "We had done the 'Paul Is Dead' thing as a laugh, and it really helped the sales of (Beatles album) *Abbey Road*. So we thought, 'If they liked that one so much, let's kill the whole band.'"

While maintaining the public illusion of disharmony, the Beatles continued writing and recording together under a series of pseudonyms, including "Badfinger" and "Klaatu."

"The Badfinger thing enabled us to have hits without paying 90 percent of the money to all the people who had bits of the Beatles," McCartney explained. "We gave EMI our solo albums—which actually weren't so solo—to fulfill our contracts, and we put out Badfinger records on Apple (the Beatles' own label) and raked in the dosh."

McCartney said that at the height of "Badfinger"'s popularity, the Beatles hired four musicians to pose as the mythical band for photos and personal appearances. "That's when things went a bit dodgy," McCartney explained. "After a while the phony Badfinger started threatening to blow the whistle. Allen had some pretty tough meetings with them, and at one point threats were made."

Nervous that their charade would be exposed, the Beatles created another false identity—Klaatu. "That was more of a problem," McCartney said. "Ringo owned this shell company in Canada—a bit of a tax dodge, really—and this company owned a recording studio in Montreal. Ringo insisted we record there so that he could get the write-off, but coming up with work visas without people realizing it was the Beatles turned into a bit of a headache. That's when John started getting moody and talking about just going home and baking bread for five years. He decided

(continued on pg. B7—Beatles)

Monday, June 16, 1990 THE INDIANA JOURNAL/DISPATCH

Rock Singer Rose Was Once Parish Priest

By Joseph Klimeck

The MTV heavy metal singer the world knows as W. Axl Rose was once a parish priest here in Indianapolis, a spokesman for the Roman Catholic archdiocese admitted today.

"One mustn't judge the flock by a single lost sheep," said Father Lionel Kipsey, commenting on persistent rumors that Rose, who sings with the rock group The Guns & Roses, was briefly a curate assigned to the small St. James parish just a half mile from city hall. "We didn't call him Axl then," Fr. Kipsey explained. As a curate in late 1984 and early '85 the future rock star performed baptisms,

heard confessions, and taught catechism. Asked if the young priest displayed any singing ability, Fr. Kipsey said that some parishioners commented on "particularly fervid 'Ave Maria's.'"

Rose, who now lives in Los Angeles, could not be reached for comment. A spokesperson for Geffen Records said that she was aware that Rose had attended a seminary but was not sure he had ever taken final holy orders. "He still goes to mass every Sunday," she said. "He even helps with the collection. I don't think the other parishioners know what he does for a living."

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and was finally recognized only years after his tragic death from inhaling floor wax in the Newark Sanitarium. (See also, **Jazz Alliance Orchestra; Lenny Prescott, Newport in New Orleans concert series.**)

COLTRANE, JOHN. Saxophone, flute, clarinet. (1926-1967)

The most influential saxophone player of the 60s new wave movement and one of the masters of modern jazz, Coltrane was the husband of composer/pianist Alice Coltrane ("Blue Nile") and father of disco singer Chi Coltrane ("Thunder and Lightning"). After apprenticeships with Charlie Parker and Miles Davis, Coltrane gained national recognition as Skitch Henderson's second banana (and occasional substitute bandleader) on Jack Paar's *Tonight Show*. Trane's solos during the fade-ins from commercials became a hipster reference point in the late 50s and early 60s (and an influence on Paul Shaffer's work on *Late Night with David Letterman* 25 years later) and led to several appearances as Maynard G. Krebs' mentor "Pops" on the *Dobie Gillis Show*. When Johnny Carson replaced Paar on the *Tonight Show* in 1964, Coltrane was fired, and moved away from television to focus on his recording career. "My Favorite Things," an album of "swinging" versions of pop songs Coltrane had performed on the *Tonight Show* was a huge hit, and gave him the financial security to move into more experimental music. Later albums included "Meditations," "Expression," and "A Love Supreme," the last originally composed as part of a TV ad campaign for General Motors. At the time of his death Coltrane had just contracted to score the TV series *I Spy*

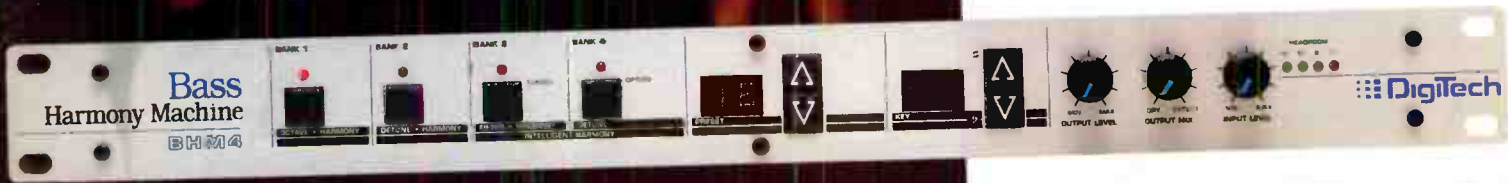
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Will Lee
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