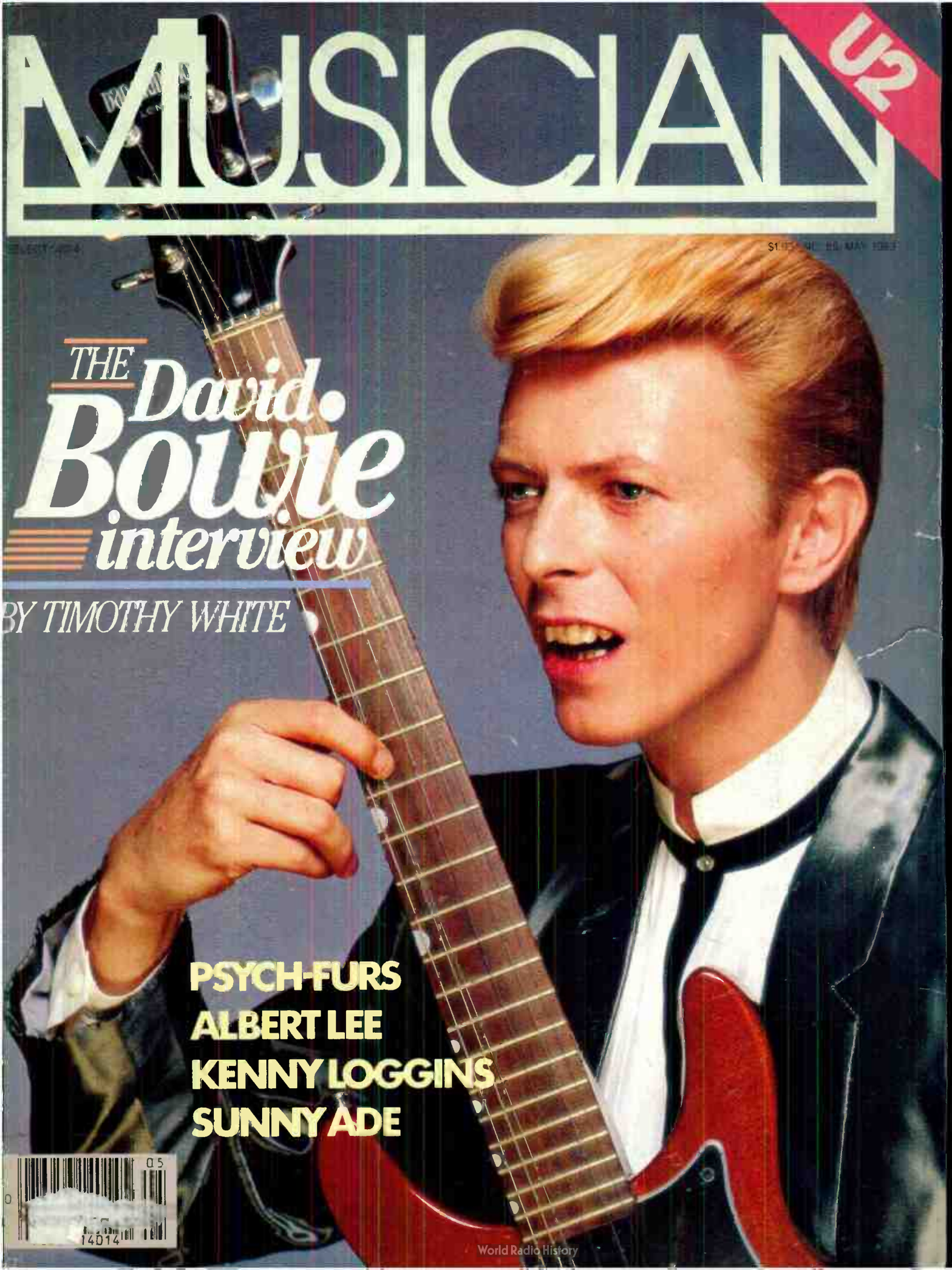
MUSICIAN

U2



THE David Bowie interview

BY TIMOTHY WHITE

PSYCH-FURS
ALBERT LEE
KENNY LOGGINS
SUNNY ADE

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BOSS

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A BILLBOARD PUBLICATION

MUSICIAN

NO. 55, MAY, 1983

The Psychedelic Furs wedded neo-60s acid surreality to punk's angry ardor and consummated the marriage with a steady diet of paradox and invention. As the fire 'n' brimstone of their first records now solidifies into the brave new world of *Forever Now*, Richard Butler and his fellow furriers explore more eloquently than ever the dynamic contradictions of pure rock dreams. Page 38

U2, Ireland's post-punks, have maintained a consistent contemporary contentiousness in their search for musical meaning. Fred Schruers visits the canals and castles of Dublin to capture the emotion and commitment of Bono Vox, The Edge, Adam Clayton and Larry Mullen's sonic struggle.Page 44

David Bowie, a.k.a. Ziggy Stardust, the Thin White Duke and Aladdin Sane, has made a career of startling and shaking people's preconceptions. Timothy White's close encounter in a Manhattan diner takes the ubiquitous Bowie from the oversell of Ziggy to the dark obsessions of L.A. fame, from the musical reawakening of his Berlin years to the brand new brassy boogie of *Let's Dance* Page 52

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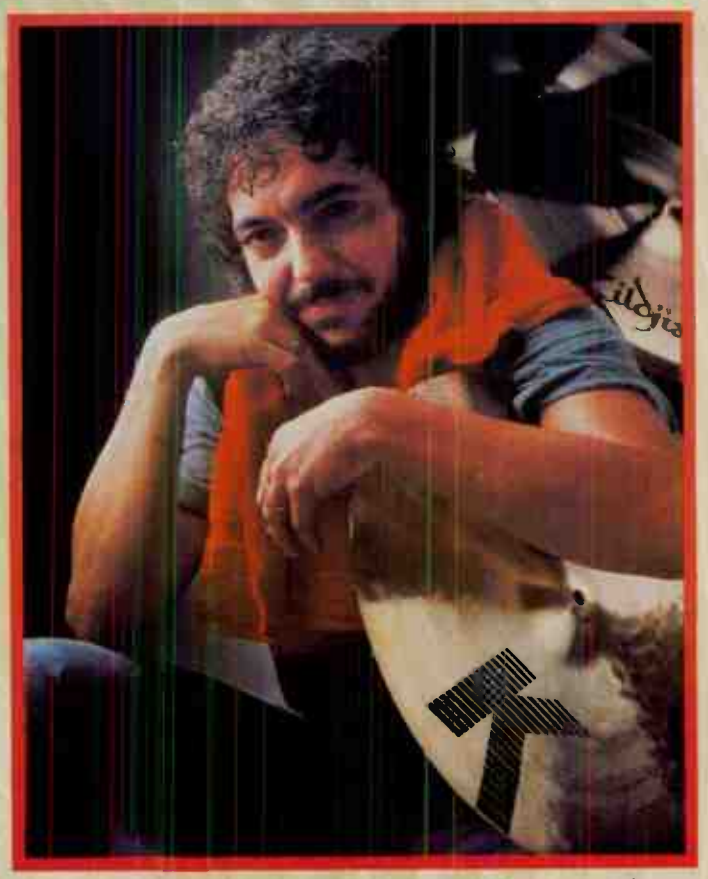
ABC

STEVE GADD. HOT ON ZILDJIAN.

The man is hot! And he should be. No less than Chick Corea put it this way: "Every drummer wants to play like Steve Gadd because he plays great. He plays everything well. He could very well go on to become one of the greatest drummers the world has ever seen."
As you can imagine, between his touring and recording, Steve's not the easiest guy in the world to pin down.
But he did stop for a breather the other day and we got a chance to talk with him.

On Practice. "I've been playing since I was a kid. As long as I keep my muscles loose, I don't have to practice a lot every day. When I do practice, I just sort of let things happen naturally and then later on try to work it into my playing. Like on '50 Ways to Leave Your Lover... I used my left hand on the high hat for the whole section – it was a little thing I'd been practicing and it just worked out."



Steve Gadd, one of the world's most innovative musicians, has paved the way toward new playing techniques for today's drummers.

On Control. "Sometimes I use light, medium and heavy sticks to do the same drills because the sticks affect my muscles in different ways. You have to use your hand and arm muscles differently to control your playing. It's a subtle thing but it helps me tremendously."

On Effects. "After I graduated from Eastman, I played in a rock 'n roll band. It was keyboard, bass, drums and a lot of homemade stuff. I bought 6 big artillery shells, sawed them into different lengths and hung them on a rack that I built. I'd use them for the free sections in the music."

On K's. "Art Blakey gave me my first set of K. Zildjian's a long time ago. I love the feel of them. There's something about the way the stick reacts to the surface...it almost becomes part of the cymbal. They're not cold or edgy. They have a very warm and deep feeling. They've got real character. I use a 20" Ride and an 18" Crash Ride with 14" Hi Hats for recording and live sessions."

On A's. "I love to use A. Zildjian's when I play rock 'n roll. When I want to play louder, I add a 16" Thin Crash and an 18" Crash Ride for a full crash sound. The bells on the A's really project the sound in a clear natural tone."

On Zildjian. "Zildjian to me is the foundation. I play Zildjians because that's what's in my heart. I love the sound, the feel, the history...I love the quality and the status of a Zildjian."

If you're a serious drummer, chances are that you, like Steve, are already playing Zildjians. For 360 years, they have been the overwhelming favorite of drummers worldwide.

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Letters

YOUNG'S PETTYGODGY

Hallelujah! Bless you Charles M. Young for a very enlightening cover story...and someone please thank God for Tom Petty.
Stacy Jackson
Albion, MI

Congratulations for the perfect Tom Petty article. Instead of the usual factual history and cute little anecdotes, Mr. Young took a new road. He decided to figure out what Tom Petty is all about, and was generous enough to let his readers in on his thoughts. Damned if that wasn't the best Tom Petty article I've ever read...and I read 'em all.
C. Miller
Elmira, NY

Theological insights? C'mon already. As an intelligent Catholic and lifelong student of music and literature, I found the metaphor laughable. Poor theology aside, it was a pretentious approach to rock music. I appreciate Tom Petty's music and artistic integrity and I enjoyed the music portions of the article. But Tom Petty, God, Catholics and Protestants? For Chrissakes Charles!
Steve Mikals
Cleveland Heights, OH

We recommend saying three Hail Mary's and reading a chapter of St. Thomas Aquinas' epic Sensa Humma.

REAL CREATIVITY

Your article on the Plastic People of the Universe was very informative in two ways—musically and politically. I felt it gave musicians in North America a perspective that is not as visible to us. Freedom to create is not, indeed, free to a lot of people in this world. They also must create their own gear—something I as a musician would never have even contemplated. Thanks for a great article.
Sue Leon
Yellowknife, Northwest Territories
Canada

JUMP BACK, JACK

Don't you dare apologize for Brian Cullman, you bloody wankers. Don't you realize that his insightful, spiteful-but-delightful writing is the only thing that sets your juvenile rag apart from all the other guitar owner stroke books littering the stands? Keep in mind you're parasitic to rock 'n' roll, an entire art form devoted to adolescent rebellion.
Curtis Fields
Brooklyn, NY

REVIEW REVIEWS

Thank you for the fine review of Kate Bush's album *The Dreaming*. There were only two other albums that thrilled me as much; *Sgt. Pepper's* and Laura Nyro's *New York Tenderberry*. Kate Bush is, put simply, absolutely *incredible*!
Liz Cook
Sacramento, CA

Re: Plasmatics review

If ignorance is indeed bliss, your critic must be in Shangri-la.

Black Sabbath's defunct creativity never provides a cathartic release for their audiences, and, to furthermore encyst the music of B.S. with *Coup D'Etat* is an insipid defamation irrelevant to the superiority of Plasmatic musicology.

The brainwashed do not know they are brainwashed.
Lisa Robertson
Newtown, CT

Since the lyrics to Todd Rundgren's "Bang The Drum All Day" are included with the album (*The Ever Popular Tortured Artist Effect*), I can only assume since it took your reviewer five listenings to understand what was being said, it must have taken him two days to realize the thin package he was holding actually had a record enclosed.
Mike Herron
New York City, NY

Because they have to review albums before the actual release date, Musician's reviewers are usually given tapes, which are not only devoid of lyrics or liner notes, but frequently have the wrong song titles. Pulling lyrics is strictly a labor of love.

MARSH DEFENDED

I was certainly disappointed to see the letters criticizing the excellent piece on Elvis Presley by Dave Marsh. Since the norm is so often to think of music as somehow divorced from the real world, it's a pleasure to read Mr. Marsh for the simple reason that he *does* situate music within the specifics of the lives of those who create it. His refreshing analysis is far from that of a political hack of any stripe, and he has something for each of us to ponder, even if we disagree with him.

An old gospel song, which Charles Keil obviously never had heard when he wrote *Urban Blues*, says that "freedom is a constant struggle." Those who want to avoid the constraints placed on the Plastic People in Czechoslovakia should consider that it wasn't so long ago that American rock 'n' roll had its own struggles against strict radio and television censorship; and today the tyranny of the profit margin is censorship of another kind. Mr. Marsh can help us keep our freedom because he helps us understand the serious implications for our music that the current political situation threatens.
Neal Ullestad
Tucson, AZ

I am responding to the letters from Richard DeLaney and Tony Molledo concerning Dave Marsh's essay on Elvis Presley. Both letters are perfect examples of the musical/political "counter-reformation" that Marsh warned about. I don't always agree with Marsh, but as the two letters demonstrated, this time he was right on the money.

Mr. DeLaney thinks that, unlike Jackie Robinson, "Elvis did nothing for cultural pluralism." He claims that, unlike baseball, which is now integrated, "Elvis' music is still white American music." I don't know what Mr. DeLaney listens to (Styx? Loverboy, perhaps?), but for me, rock 'n' roll is far more diverse than that. Ray Charles, Marvin Gaye, Sly Stone and Donna Summer may be American, but not white. The Beatles, the Stones, the Who, the Clash, the Police and Elvis Costello may be white, but not American. To be sure, the best American music of the past few years has been integrated, if not in content, certainly in personnel. Until Elvis launched his assault on America (in the middle of the Eisenhower-McCarthy years, no less), such far-reaching examples of pluralism were absent from the media. Sure, Elvis' audience was primarily (but not exclusively) white, middle-class Americans, but through him they were introduced to a point of view the media had never dared to show. And blacks listened too, as evidenced by Elvis' influence on everyone from Otis Redding to Prince.

Elvis wasn't the first artist to fight for cultural pluralism, but like Jackie Robinson in sports, he was the first to accomplish any measure of success. While he did not fight alone, he did throw the first punch that made any difference. Hopefully, rock fans are still fighting. People like Mr. DeLaney, Mr. Molledo, Albert Goldman and others continue to berate those who do. If we ever give up fighting, rock will truly be dead, along with the cultural plurality it has achieved so far.
Jim Cavender
Commerce, TX

music industry news

By Jock Baird

Narrowcasting Under Fire

With the final cable hookups of New York and Los Angeles, as well as many more major urban and suburban areas, Warner/Amex's Music Television, or MTV, has come of age after a spunky nineteen months of life. MTV has recently been given the lion's share of credit for the new music explosion of 1982, thanks not only to some convincing statistical correlation between record buying and MTV programming, but also to a brilliantly choreographed press campaign by MTV's publicity staff and programming execs Les Garland and John Sykes.

Such high visibility was a mixed blessing, however, as the persistent charge that MTV excluded black artists swelled into a chorus of some pretty strong voices. Both **Maurice White** of Earth, Wind & Fire and **Rick James** went public with their frustration, sparking a vigorous debate about the philosophy of "narrowcasting" in what is, for the moment, by far the biggest cable music game in the country. Music director **Ronald "Buzz" Brindle** (a long-time associate of AOR wunderkind and head of MTV **Robert Pittman**) talked recently in his Manhattan office about how MTV chooses what videos to show:

"Here's the process: the record companies, record management and publishers submit videos to us on a weekly basis. Every Tuesday morning we have what we call our acquisitions meeting and we review all the new clips, about twenty a week, and those that meet our standards in terms of technical quality, that aren't lewd or obscene, or show excessive violence are accepted and then they're put on the channel.

"The acquisition meeting consists of about ten people. We'll all discuss it; it's not like we vote and say, 'I like that—do *you* like that?' We all provide feedback from our individual areas of expertise as to how this will fit into the format of MTV.

"It doesn't make any difference to us if a hit band makes the video. It's not our job to determine if a song's a hit. It's the audience's determination. That's where we differ from radio: radio will wait to see if it's a hit and then put it on. We'll put it on and play it for a couple of weeks, wait till they're familiar with it, and then we test the reaction through extensive phone research from our own offices and see what they think of it. We try to avoid our own prejudices—it's just smart business to do that, let's face it. That's a big problem that radio got itself into, trying to make those judgmental decisions." Brindle admits, however, one more significant factor is calculated into the decision on whether or not to let a video go into rotation: the *genre*. Brindle explains that MTV's exclusion of R&B is merely a response to strong divisions in the national pop marketplace: "There's a rock music audience and there's an R&B audience and very rarely do the barriers get crossed. There are certain parameters there—they're hazy in some areas but by and large they're pretty well defined.

"Good—and I hate to use this word—marketing means giving your audience what they want. There just seem to be certain genres that are acceptable and certain ones that aren't. Reggae we've had a really hard time with; rap songs, disco, our audience is *definitely* not into, or anything they perceive as disco. Grandmaster Flash's 'The Message' video is very interesting, but is perceived as disco—that didn't go on the air, because it didn't fit our format.

"So based on our experience we do make acquisition decisions based on genre, but we try to be pretty broad-based about that. There has to be some editing decision at some point because MTV is designed for the rock music audience. If they won't accept it, we can't force it down their throats. We *can* experiment with someone like Prince, who does have a rock base. It comes down to genre. That's pretty much what it is."

Despite the criticism, then, MTV will stay the course and continue to narrowcast. But after all, MTV is a twenty-million-dollar operation and can't be expected to singlehandedly go out on the barricades. One can hope, though, that MTV is secure enough in its well-documented role as innovator of 1982 to break as many radio rules as it can in 1983.

RCA Records' vice president **Jack Craigo** abruptly resigned from the company, citing disagreement with label management on "my basic goals of artist and executive development." Craigo was a principal figure in RCA's rock and R&B push, their aggressive signing policy (Kenny Rogers, Diana Ross) and the establishment of autonomous music departments at the label. Little is yet known about the causes of his disaffection.

In addition to producing, playing and writing for **Jim Capaldi**'s solo album, **Steve Winwood** is putting together a new touring band and is writing songs with Chic's **Nile Rodgers** (see p. 64).... Producer **Joe Boyd** has finished **Richard Thompson**'s new LP but its release is being held up because *Shoot Out The Lights* has begun selling again after appearing on so many year's best lists. Thompson is reportedly reconstituting Fairport Convention, including **Dave Mattacks**, **Dave Pegg** and **Simon Nicol**...**Sting** is currently in California writing a symphony on computer synthesizer...Jem is releasing half-speed masters of the entire Atlantic **King Crimson** catalog for only $8.98.... Former Domino **Bobby Whitlock** is suing Derek, a.k.a. **Eric Clapton** and manager Robert Stigwood for unpaid revenues from **Derek & the Dominos**.

Chart Action

The envelope please.... The winner by a clean sweep (LPs, singles, black): Michael Jackson. Best glamor performances: Journey (#2), Duran Duran (#6), Styx (#10), Def Leppard (#9), Christopher Cross (#11) and Earth, Wind & Fire (#13). Toughest hangers-on: Hall & Oates (#3), Bob Seger (#5), Lionel Richie (#7) and Toto (#8). Best record-setting performance by a debut LP: Men at Work (#4) for fifteen weeks at the top. Best chart dives: Foreigner (#10 to #43), Neil Young, Stray Cats and Pat Benatar.

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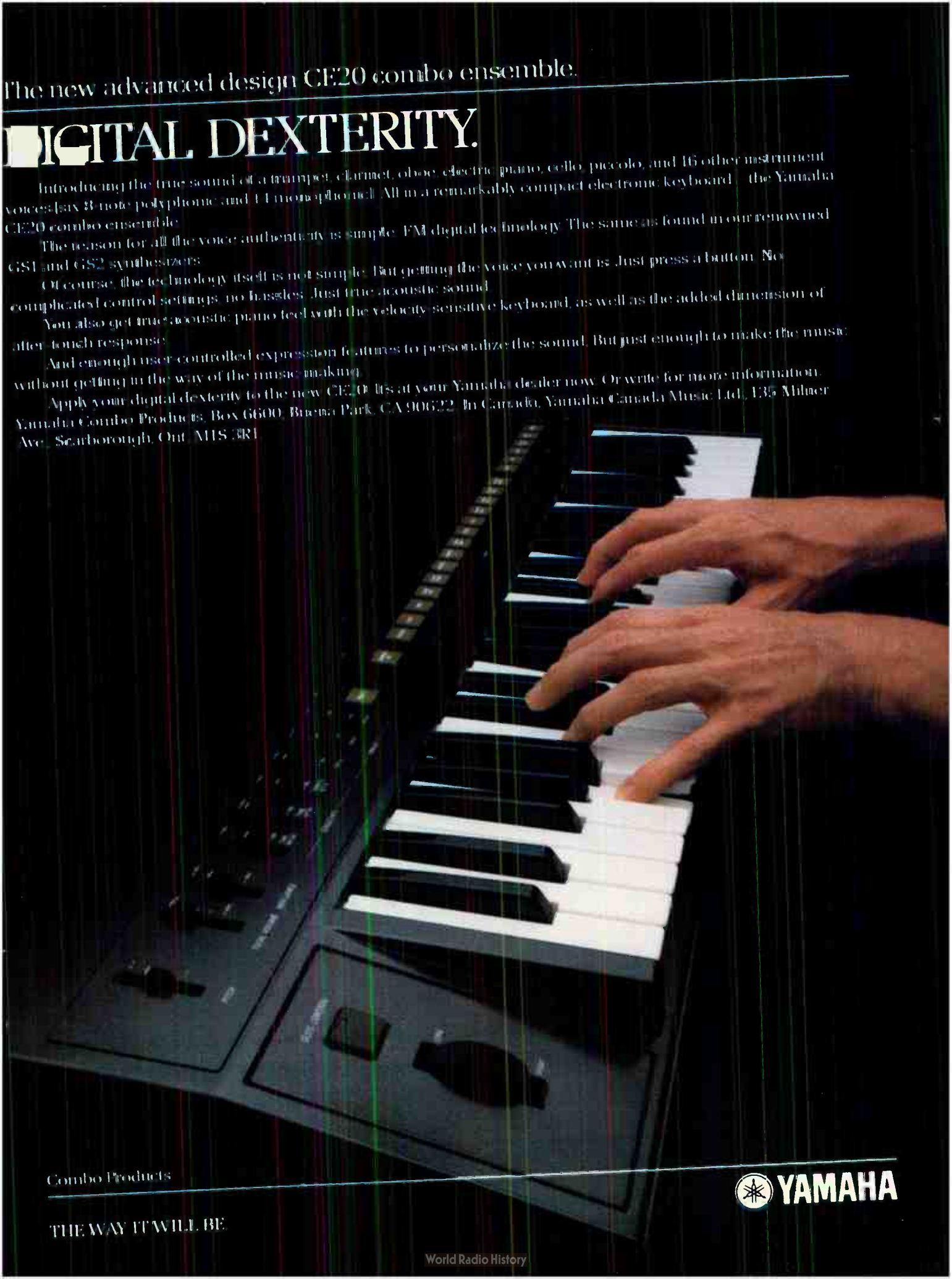

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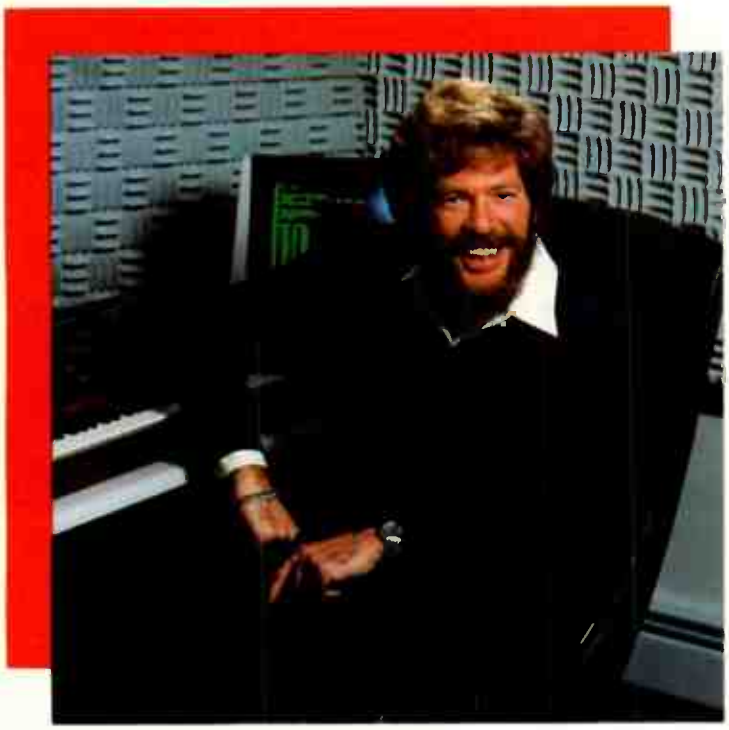


TOM MOODY

Creative Director, Executive Producer, N.B.C. Television, Los Angeles

Well, it's hard to talk about any one aspect of the Synclavier II because everything about this instrument is so unbelievable; but if I had to boast about one area of its capability, it would be its speed and ease of use for composing new ideas. I find my scratch tracks suddenly become finished tracks, right out of the Synclavier II's 16 track digital sequencer to tape. This feature alone has increased my production output at least 300% in the last two years. Plus, the additional ideas you receive from the great number of Synclavier II owners who trade programs and innovative ways to use the system always keep the creative juices flowing.

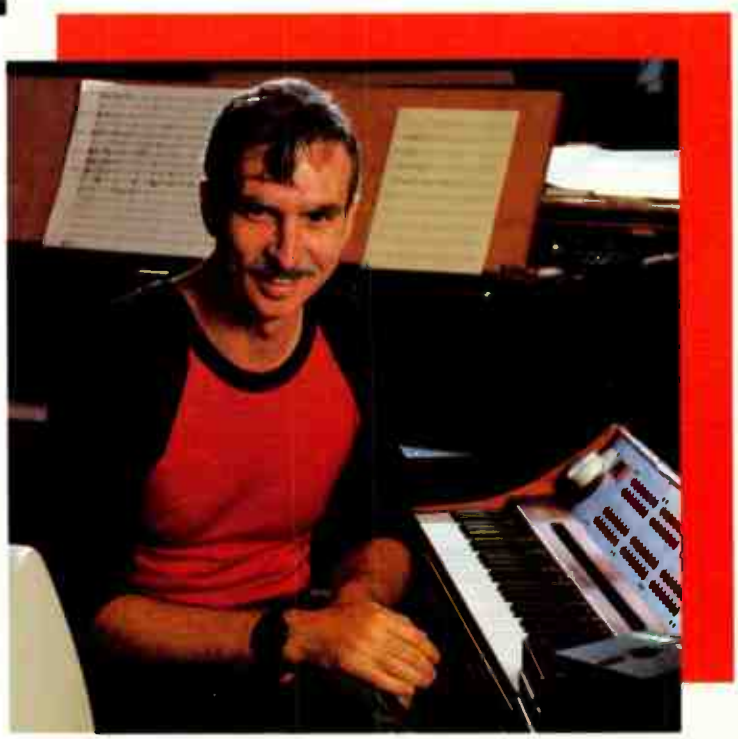
When you combine those musical features with the fact that the instrument, through new software and options, keeps expanding and getting better, what I first thought was a major expense has paid for itself many times over.

PAT GLEESON

Synthesist/Producer, San Francisco

I used to own $85,000 worth of analog synthesizers, but I sold them all to buy one $40,000 Synclavier II which, by the way, paid for itself on my first Synclavier II project. The director of that particular film wanted to hear the music before committing it to tape, so how else could I do that except by using the Synclavier II's 16-track digital recorder.

Even more important is the attitude of the company. Over all of my years in the music business, N.E.D. is the first company that sincerely pays attention to its users. In fact, the great thing about the Synclavier II is that it's better today than when I purchased it, due to user input and software updates. I've heard about people who don't own one saying that in a year the Synclavier II will be half the price. The funny thing is, I've been hearing that for three years now.

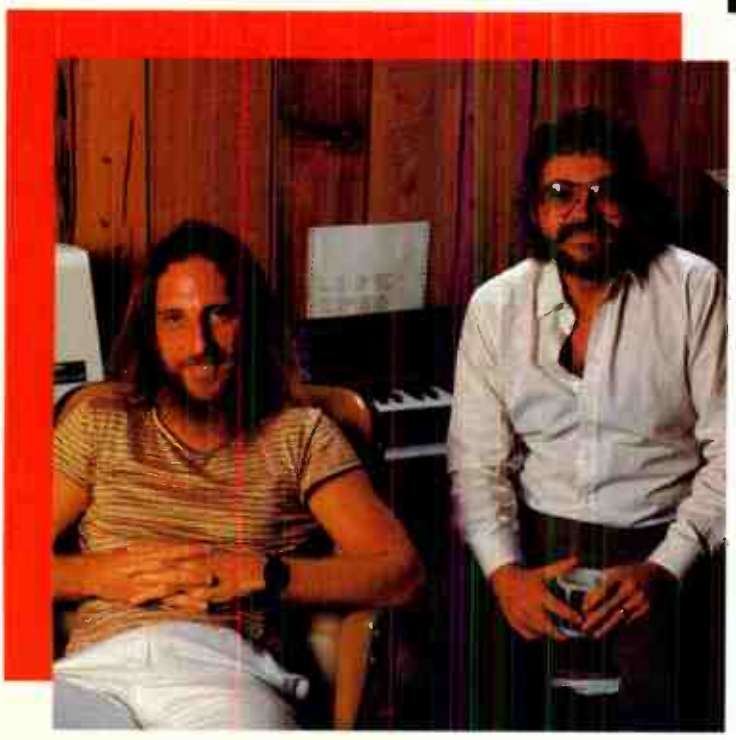


ESITATED AT FIRST, O THESE O.VNERS NOW!

OSCAR PETERSON

Toronto

A renaissance in music is happening right before our eyes and ears; and the Synclavier II is leading the way. This instrument saves many of my spontaneous compositions which before were lost. Then, to be able to automatically print out the music is just short of a godsend for me. What used to take two hours of transcribing music, now takes five minutes. Also, if there is a small feature which you think would improve the useability and musicality of the program, just inform the company and eventually you will have it. The printing feature gets better all the time. It sure is a pleasure to learn one instrument and grow with it. I have been more than satisfied with my investment and convinced it is one that will last as long as my first love, the piano.



ALBHY GALUTEN
KARL RICHARDSON

Karlbhy Productions, Miami (Producer/Engineer for Bee Gees, Barbra Streisand, Dionne Warwick and many others.)

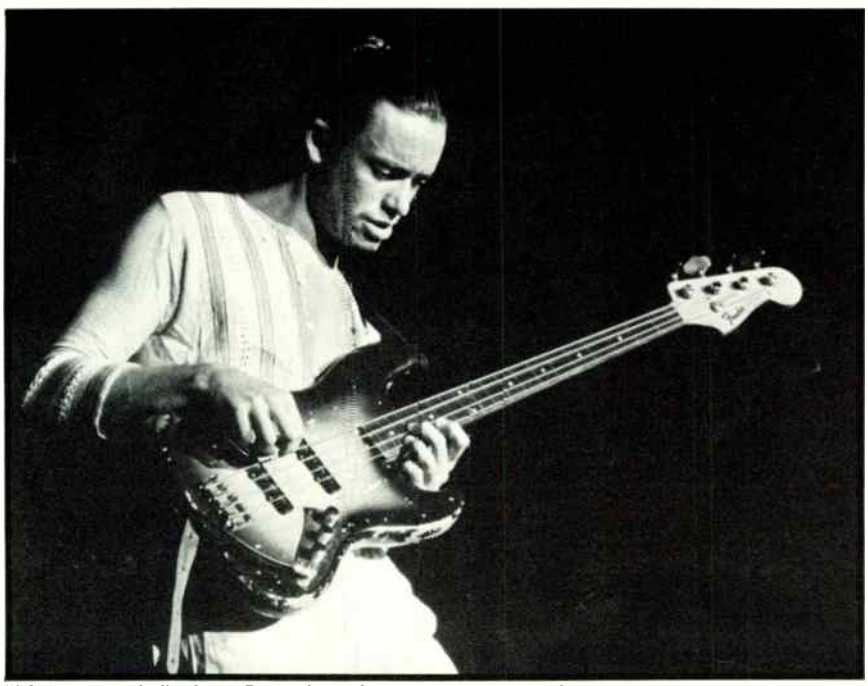
I think we purchased the first or second Synclavier II built back in 1980 and without a doubt, it has been the best investment we've ever made for any computerized musical instrument. Recently we added the Sample-to-Disk™ option to the Synclavier II, which has opened up an immense amount of musical ideas while also saving valuable production time. For example, we were recording an artist and we wanted to change where the person sang and also correct a slight intonation problem. Instead of re-recording or splicing, we just sampled the performance to the Winchester of the Sample-to-Disk™. We then rolled back the tape, and played the phrase where we wanted to and corrected the intonation problem with the Synclavier II's pitch wheel. We also use it to precisely analyze the meter of any music. Of all the choices available to us, we're glad we choose the Synclavier II because we feel it's going to be the standard for every studio.

New England Digital Corporation
Box 546 Dept. 13
White River Junction, Vermont 05001 U.S.A. 802/295-5800

Jaco Pastorius

The Eccentric from the Everglades

ANDY FREEBERG



"I just act weird"; Jaco Pastorius, virtuoso bass revolutionist and maestro of drama.

SPOTTSWOOD ERVING

Musician recently received a number of phone calls from a bass playing friend of ours in Florida. Jaco Pastorius was in a Fort Lauderdale studio mixing tracks from a recent Japanese tour of his band, Word of Mouth, for an upcoming release in that country. Jaco—who goes by his first name in the manner of other singular, more famous musicians (Miles, Joni, Willie, Elvis, Ornette, Jimi)—offered us an unlikely Morse Code of messages: "I'm an Indian," "Tell you why I left Weather Report," "My I.Q. is 191." These cryptic verbal telegrams, provocative if not chimerical, piqued our interest, especially in light of his lack of a new domestic product to consume and the radical unevenness of his recent work.

We'd seen Jaco at the now-defunct Savoy in New York a winter ago and been, with a good share of the audience, underwhelmed. His maleable tone and his technique, with its river of harmonics and warm fluidity, were present, but his taste had diminished. His arrangements for big band were static and long-winded—they had come off better on his hit-and-miss *Word of Mouth* album—and the band was correspondingly stiff. The heroic posturing of his inevitable soliloquy—in which Jaco plays unaccompanied, with myriad effects—was grandly hollow and his solos in general bumptious. He sang, unfortunately, a blues.

Jaco seemed a cool self-caricature that night: full of his renowned phrase-making abilities but bereft of his once-meaningful vocabulary, the new bass language he authored seven years ago had degenerated into a series of self-referential cliches. He seemed to have somehow *fallen*. The drama (and Jaco's work has been above all, dramatic) had drained out of his playing. His last Weather Report disc furthered the uncomfortable feeling that just as Jaco was launching his leader's career, his creative powers (his powers of invention, his inviolable *style*) were in a state of diminuendo.

We know for a fact that musicians as a race are not normal people, nor should they be. Jaco had been busy reinforcing the myth of the "mad" artist: he had become a curmudgeon; he disappeared for protracted periods; he tuned his bass during band member's solos; he wasn't writing; he told the Japanese press he was legally blind; he appeared at a sideman's hotel door in the altogether, and smeared with butter; he was wasting himself royally in the fashion of Charlie Parker and other incandescent, now extinguished musicians. But Jaco had always been something of a wild man. If we care about music, we care about musicians, and here, clearly, is a great one. The revolution he sparked on an immature instrument still rings with sustain.

We called Jaco back at the Fort Lauderdale studio. He spoke in bursts, punctuating the silences with different kinds of laughter and crosstalk with others in the room. Here is some of his end of the conversation:

"Just finished another mix. Want me to play it over the phone? Got your tape recorder on? Solid.

"Well, I left Weather Report and I'm doing my own thing. There were absolutely no personnel changes, in my opinion I'm still a member of Weather Report. I'm still in Weather Report a hundred percent in spirit. It was something that had to happen. Joe and Wayne and I talk to each other at least once a week. We know what's going on. I know what time it is. It's two o'clock, no, hell, it's later than that. Joe's mother died this year and I had twin sons. There were all sorts of factors.

"All the stuff that got written and said about Joe and I pushing Wayne out of the spotlight was totally wrong. We were trying to push him in. He'd come to the

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studio with twenty charts that looked like symphonies and Joe and I would come in with notes on napkins. Wayne came in for the record after *Heavy Weather* and his stuff was not together. Everybody has his private life. Wayne had all this music, but it just wasn't connected. It didn't make that much sense, and I said, 'Wayne, you're Mr. Gone,' and Joe said, 'Yeahhh...that's the name of the record.' We would have Wayne overdub a hundred times and edit all these notes together when they really weren't right. We did it out of total love for the man. Hey, there's no small trees without tall trees.

"Since then, I've been on the road with my own band. I've been on the road working every night since I was age thirteen on drums and age fifteen on bass. It's tough being on the road: I've been divorced and I've got four children that I don't see too much. But I'm just another musician, I'm not the greatest. Nobody is. You just play. People in your hometown get bored with you real quick, so you got to move around, got to poltergeist out.

"That's all my bass students back there carrying on, all my children. Slaves Of Our Wives. Write that down: Slaves Of Our Wives. I don't teach much, I just act weird and people follow my example. The number one thing I care about is having fun, having a good time. If you can't laugh, you ain't shit. That's the whole thing: telling jokes and having a ball. Every time I cross the border I just have fun with those border cats. I start screaming at 'em, I might have half a G of coke in my mouth. You know what I mean, I've never been busted in my life for bullshit. And they'll be taking tires off my bus—for nothing—what are they looking for, hot air? Jesus Christ.

"The Japanese album is alive, but I would rather put out a studio record in America, even though I hate studios. I've got something in the can called *Holiday For Pans*—it's got steel drums, marimbas, vibes, it's got Toots Thielemans. That's the next record I want out as a solo artist, as opposed to an *international* solo artist, because it'll be only my second effort for Warners. I'll do whatever they say though. I'm not gonna fight the system, I got too many scars. My I.Q. is 191, that's why I get in so much trouble. It's not important. When I play, I never think, I just play.

"I go to the Everglades whenever I get in big trouble. I just go out there and sleep under a big cypress, because nobody can bug you out there. Everybody is afraid to go out there. Nobody can take the heat. They start *snapping*. Same as New York, 125th Street or Canal Street on a hot day, people just flip out and it snaps. All them old Jewish chicks can't take the heat. Write that down. Write *all* this down. The world according to Pastorius is this: you are not going to believe this one: what are the only three French words a black person knows? Coupe de Ville. I'm getting real silly; whenever I get to the end of a record, I get silly. You hear about the new Haitian credit card? Don't leave Krome without it. You know, the Krome detention camp for refugees. What can you do? You got to stay funny on the road. I'm happy. I just had twin sons, got to be happy, bro. I got a twelve-year-old daughter and a nine-year-old son, too. His next birthday, I'm taking him out to the Everglades and show him how to wrestle alligators. I've got no problems whatsoever with the alligators, I have problems with white policemen—in Florida and Los Angeles. Fat ones.

"Joni? I really dig Joni but she's not a jazz musician. My personal opinion: she's not a jazz musician. But she's exceptionally talented and a very good person and she can paint her butt off.

"Metheny? We call him Methuselah. Haven't seen him in a while. Pat is totally straight. He won't drink wine. He won't even drink beer. He's too straight, period. Write that down: he's too straight. Very *white*. I love him, still one of my best friends, and he's such a nice guy. I used to fly up to Boston, '73, '74, and play with Pat, make maybe thirty bucks a night just gigging. I'd be up there, in the snow, and I'd wire my first wife, Tracy, I'd wire her flowers on our son's birthday with my only money. One time by mistake we all left the head to this bass amp Pat had borrowed for me, left it out on the street outside a club. We were all straight, we just forgot it. We were driving to Pat's, doing 'three-sixties' in the snow with all the equipment in the car when we remembered it. Pat went and got cash out of the bank the next day to cover for it. But the next night before the gig, this old drunk—which is ironic because Pat is so straight—this old drunk found the top out on the street the night before and brought it back. Isn't that beautiful? This stuff about Pat is funny. We're very good friends.

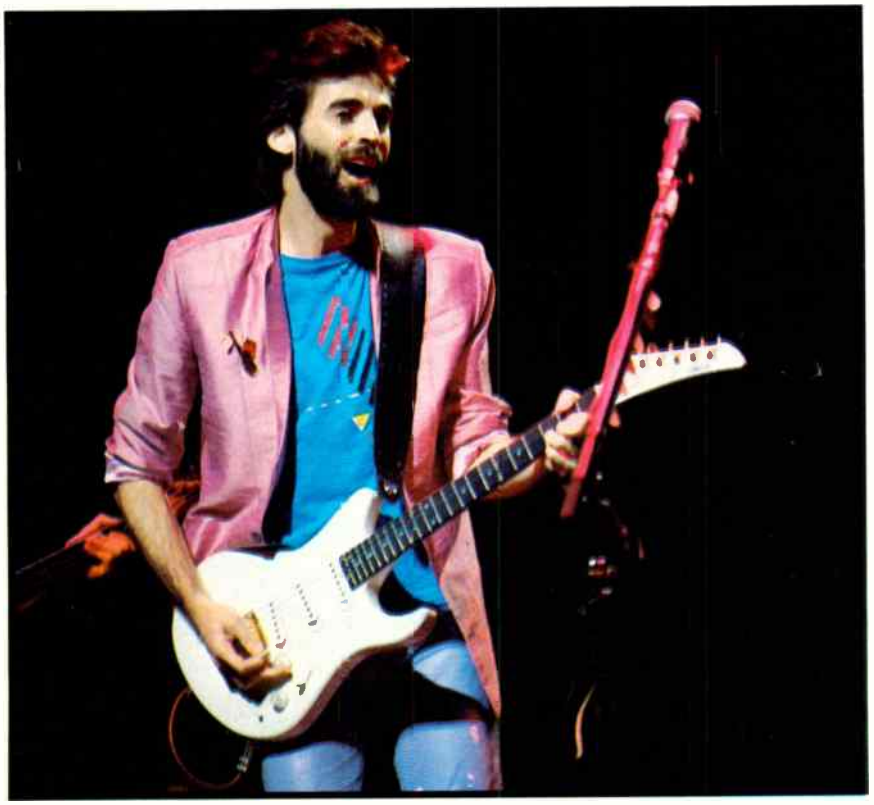
"I wanted a big band because I've written for big bands all my life. Which people don't know, because I'm a bass player. I hide behind my bass playing. That's easy. Last year, December first, I turned thirty. Every year since I've been on the road I get in more and more trouble on my birthday because everyone wants to throw a party. When you're on the road, you're partying all the time. I'm very susceptible. So I says, 'Jaco, what do you really dig?' Well, I like music. So I threw my own big band party in Fort Lauderdale and I got Michael Brecker, Don Alias, Bobby Mintzer, Peter Erskine to come down, all the lightweights. I'm serious all the time, but I'm always joking. You can decipher the facts for yourself.

"I am absolutely not happy with the

continued on page 116

Kenny Loggins

Control & Collaboration



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

"Let's be less cute and rock a little harder"; new model melodist Loggins onstage.

BY JOCK BAIRD

"The thing is, I've always been changing so quickly musically that I've confused a lot of people. Some people have caught up with *Celebrate Me Home*, so instead of a 'country rocker' I'm a 'jazz rocker.' They may have caught up with the Michael McDonald thing, so I'm lumped in the same bag with him. Right now, I'm just trying to do what I enjoy, which is rock 'n' roll. I know my audience. This is probably the most I've ever asked of them. I think 'Don't Fight It' pushed 'em hard, especially the older audience."

Kenny Loggins' synopsis of his current dilemma, delivered in his earnest, slightly nasal California understatement, might send waves of vigorous agreement through many of us upon first hearing "Don't Fight It." Loggins' vocal shoot-out with AOR Journeyman Steve Perry, plopped over a thoroughly disposable three-chord shuffle, seemed completely irreconcilable with the subtle vocal and verbal virtuosity, the harmonic sophistication and the broad range of textures that have been the staple of Kenny's post-Loggins & Messina work. The song fed dark fears about the effect Loggins' two-year layoff on his proven songwriting skills and his ability to resist the inevitable pressures in the 80s rock marketplace to homogenize and arenaize. But beyond the obvious provocations, Loggins was actually in the process of navigating one of the trickiest maneuvers of his remarkably mobile career; despite some inconsistencies, his new LP, *High Adventure*, still has a full ration of lyrical insight, finely honed arrangements and good songs.

There is no better metaphor of Loggins' difficulties in adapting to his new rock 'n' roll demeanor (and new haircut) than the rib-cracking fall he took in total darkness while entering a Salt Lake City stage on the opening night of his new sold-out tour (see box). After a brief but painful hospital sojourn, Loggins climbed back on the horse again and is presently reassuring his audience with a tight new band featuring keyboardist Neil Larsen. Well, after all, why *can't* Loggins play rock 'n' roll if he really wants to?

A dominant theme in Loggins' career has been the dynamic tension in Kenny between his desire to take the helm alone and the obvious benefits of partnerships. Loggins' first taste of stardom came in tandem with guitarist/producer Jim Messina, with Kenny firmly entrenched as the junior partner. "When I came to Jimmy, I was not even a recording artist," he recalls, "I hadn't really *done* anything. The artist-producer relationship means you usually put a lot of faith in your producer; you say, 'Okay, do whatever it is you do—make me a star.' I just went to school for a few years."

The student began to question the teacher more as Loggins & Messina matured. Two platinum and five gold LPs later, with much of Loggins' growing enthusiasm for R&B and fusion going unreflected in L&M's output, Loggins began to wonder if his partner was sittin' in or sittin' on him: "Jimmy was headed in a musical direction that I wasn't knocked out with. He was really fascinated with reggae at the time, but was still trying to understand what it was. I felt that what we were doing was not reggae; it was more like a Jamaican nightmare (laughs). Jimmy was going into a real samba world—and that was, in my opinion, the beat that killed Chicago. I just didn't want to samba."

Loggins' first solo yearnings coin-

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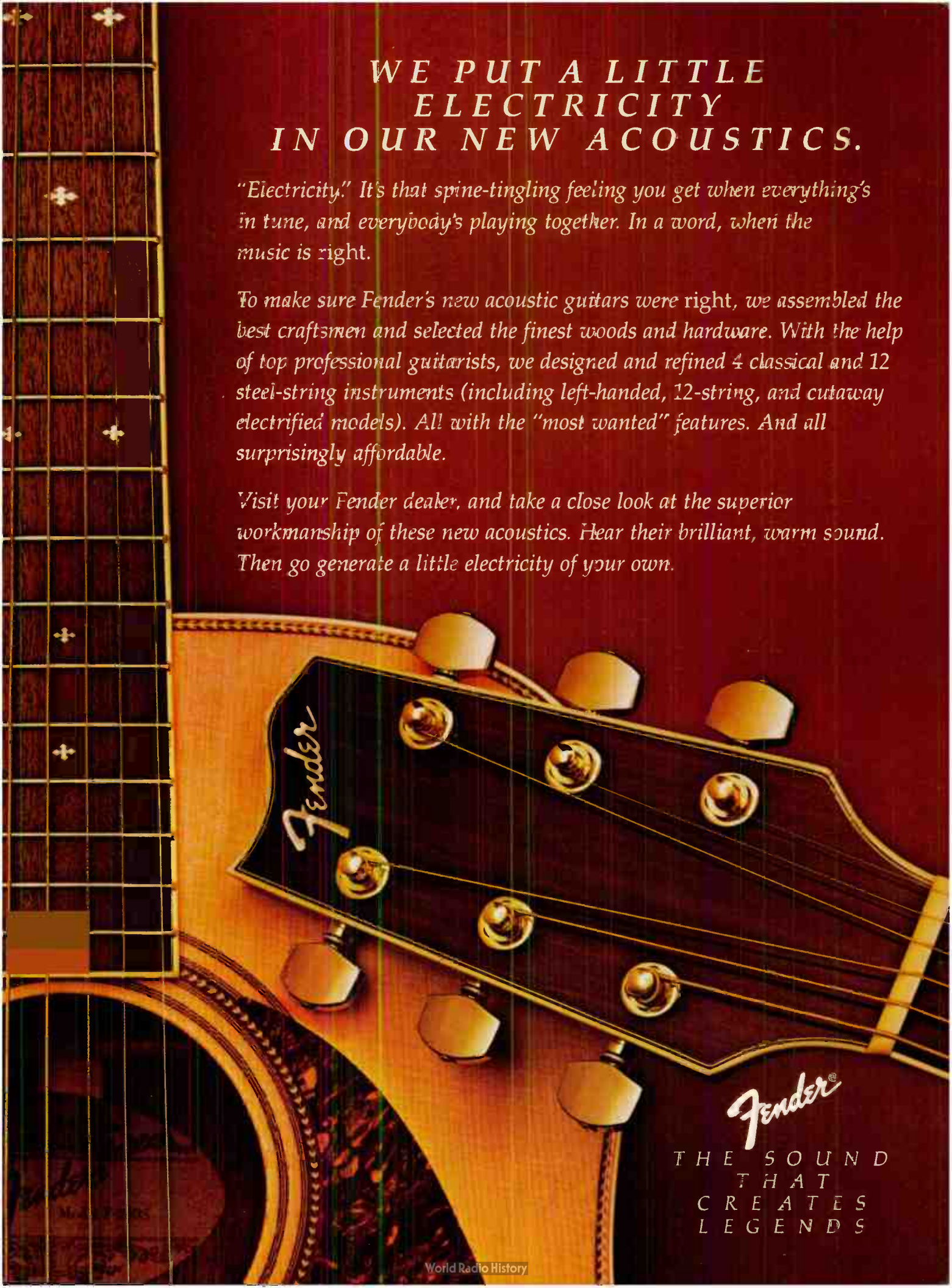

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cided with a little-known offer to be in the Streisand-Kristofferson remake of the film *A Star Is Born* as a member of the Freeway, a speaking part that was eliminated in the final release. While the opportunity seemed a good solo springboard, Loggins declined after some careful consideration: "After talking about it, I understood that a bit part in someone else's movie was *not* going to be a springboard, and I still had commitments to Loggins & Messina, to the record company, to the upcoming tour, that I would have to finish out. I just couldn't jump ship to be in a film." Loggins' decision not to go Hollywood paid off for L&M: "We finished out that tour, and in doing so, we started into another album, because, all of a sudden, Jimmy and I hit another creative period; we had three periods in our career where we were musically side-by-side: *Sittin' In*, *Motherlode* and *Native Son*. I think *Native Son* was the beginning of *Celebrate Me Home* for me."

Few followers of L&M were prepared for the quantum leap of the latter LP, however. Loggins recorded his first solo album late in 1977 with a studio band of hired guns, killers all, produced and arranged by Phil Ramone and Bob James, who co-wrote and played keyboards. *Celebrate Me Home*'s harmonic complexities and R&B flavor melded perfectly with Kenny's command of Tin Pan Alley songsmith skills. When asked about his mid-70s interest in "fuzak," Loggins laughs. "Fuzak.... It's too bad it's evolved into fuzak. At the time, the new music really *was* fusion. To my ear, Stevie Wonder was the first to fuse melodies with jazz attitudes and players. I saw a wide open field there, the idea of taking Bob James' sound and infusing a pop singer into it—and I wanted to be that guy." It should be added that Loggins' vocal variations on the Bob James canon far eclipsed James' own records. James further influenced Loggins by introducing him to Patti Austin; not only was their duet on her "I Got The Melody" the albums most exciting track, but Kenny began to emulate her aggressive, improvisatory airiness ("What a singer! She completely turned my head around!"). With tunes like "I Believe In Love," "If You Be Wise" and the climactic "Set It Free," *Celebrate* was an auspicious debut.

For his first tour after the LP, Loggins and his "main guy, my primary guy," L&M bassist George Hawkins, put together a permanent band. Not only did Loggins cut his sidemen in with a generous profit-sharing program, but he stirred their own musical input into his sound, especially Hawkins' obvious enthusiasm for Jaco Pastorius' ringing, pyrotechnical bass extrapolations. The resulting LP, *Nightwatch*, has a brooding, dark signature swirl, yet covered almost the complete spectrum of pop, from the Fleetwood Mac-influenced "Easy Driver" to the Weather Report ooze of "Nightwatch" and "Angelique." But while Loggins had opened himself up to new influences and had clearly grown immensely, there was an uneasy lack of focus. "Part of the eclectic feeling of *Nightwatch* was because the players were still new to each other and were trying to push me into musical areas that they thought I should go into," Kenny recalls. "Looking back on that now, I should've taken more control instead of giving it away. I myself am at times too eclectic, but when you hand it over to seven different people, you end up with seven different directions and the music gets a little scattered." Even the trademark echo that draped Loggins' vocals was a result of compromise: "I'm not crazy about *Nightwatch*'s sound. The engineer is Joe Jorgenson, and Joe had made very few records with voices on them. I was still too inexperienced to come in and take a hand on that. There was a lot of fighting on that record, because we just couldn't agree where things belonged in the mix."

Loggins' balance of control and collaboration was underscored by the LP's two most successful cuts, "Whenever I Call You Friend" and "What A Fool Believes." "Friend" was originally penned with Melissa Manchester (Kenny did all the music and split the lyrics) but it became Loggins' first solo hit when he sang it with Stevie Nicks. Today, Kenny is honest about his moti-

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vations. "That decision was based on two things, one of which comes to mind first: Stevie Nicks was the biggest female vocalist in the country at that time; I, on the other hand, had had no hit record as Kenny Loggins. So I knew that it definitely wouldn't hurt me to sing a song with her. But the decision was also an artistic one, based on the fact that I felt the song was right for Stevie and I didn't feel comfortable about the idea of doing it with Melissa."

Is Loggins a bit cynical now that his strategy worked so well: "Well, that's the problem. When you do something with Stevie Nicks, you have a tendency to lose the song—people will just eliminate it from their minds. I had just come from a duo situation and wasn't really eager to sink myself back in the shadow of someone else."

Is it easier to make musical concessions when the collaboration is only for one song? "I think so, yeah. It'd be like a one-night stand. You can probably give a little bit more in that situation," Loggins chuckles.

Loggins' other major partnership on *Nightwatch* was ultimately more successful: "What A Fool Believes" was the first rock song in a decade to win a Grammy for Song of the Year (1980). The songwriting collaboration of Loggins and then-Doobie Michael McDonald began "before we'd even met. He was playing unfinished ideas for his sister before I got to his house. As I was walking up to the door, I heard (sings now-familiar verse keyboard riff from "Fool") and then he stopped at the bridge. I was so into the tune that my mind kept going. I knocked on the door, he opened it. It was, 'Hi, Mike.'—'Hey Ken, hi. Do you want a drink?'—'Yeah, I want a drink. Hey, by the way, try *this*—' (sings "she had a place in his life"). He went, 'Hey, I *like* that!' It was like a scene from a movie. At that point, we finished the song a chord at a time."

Their combined talents produced another classic a year later, "This Is It," perhaps Loggins' finest recorded moment. Kenny's new LP, *New Adventure* features three more joint efforts, a windfall bonanza for fans of both who note how the combination of Kenny's soaring fiery melodicism and Michael's keyboard-centered groove intensity seems to bring out the best in the other's music. At present, "Heart To Heart" and "I Got To Try" are warming the airwaves (so far, of their five collaborations, only the syrupy, string-laden "Only A Miracle" is not a hit).

"Collaboration is, above all else, the quickest way to grow," explains Kenny, "because you find out how other people think, how they approach the process of writing what's important to them. That's one of the reasons I love to write with Michael McDonald, because everything's important to him. He never lets anything slide; he won't let a conjunction slide. He's focused all the time. Of course, his strength is also his drawback, because he has a tendency to sound the same, the same, the same. But it's that sameness that gives him his clarity of vision.

"Before we start writing, we'll sit down and talk to each other for an hour about the things that are on our minds; then something emerges that connects. 'Heart To Heart' was about a relationship he'd been going through—we were talking about the feeling of 'oh, yeah, I had a lady I was breaking up with, too, and for the longest time you think you're losing your mind.'

"'I Got To Try' was something we were both feeling. With the birth of my son, I felt suddenly, 'It's time to *do* something. You can't sit around telling everyone else to do it.' Basically the song is about a character who would become the champion of hopeless causes; he's saying, 'I don't care if everybody else says it's impossible, because I've got to try.' He's *not* saying, 'I'm going to win' just, 'I've got to try.' I like the emotion of that character."

The song's upbeat feeling contrasted vividly with the gloom pervading the rest of McDonald's solo LP, *If That's What It Takes*. McDonald sings as if he were roaming the streets alone in desperation, despite the fact that he has been living comfortably with singer Amy Holland for a number of years. Loggins chuckles at the irony, "Well, as my wife Eva said, 'I would hate to be his old lady and have him bring that album home. I'd

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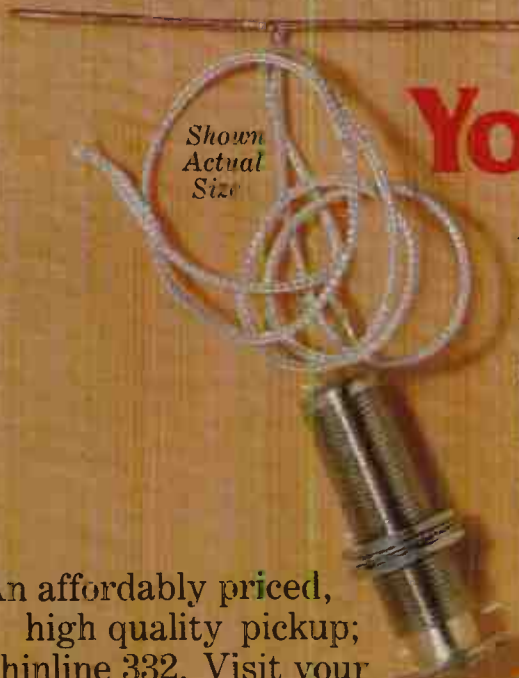

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be out the door!'"

For the crucial follow-up to *Nightwatch*, Loggins decided that while he had learned a great deal from the fusion instincts of his band and producer James, he had gone too far in that direction: "I wanted to move more into a simpler rock direction. The more I was onstage performing, the more I missed doing the straight-ahead stuff. I was starting to grow less enamored of the jazz-rock thing. I no longer wanted the Jaco Pastorius attitude on the simpler melodies. The band became more of a clearing house; ideas can come forward, but if I don't like them, I have to take charge and say, 'No, that's *not* the direction I want to go.' It's no longer a voting situation."

The resulting LP, *Keep The Fire*, was an extraordinary one. The delicate balance of Loggins the compromiser and Loggins the controller was perfectly struck, with fusionesque touches like Mike Hamilton's pyro-guitar intro to "Love Has Come Of Age" or George Hawkins' thunder-thumbs bass bridge in "Junkanoo Holiday" energizing clearer and more tuneful songs. A wonderful collaboration with L.A. studio denizen Richard Page, "Who's Right, Who's Wrong" showed Loggins could write rich, mature R&B medium-tempos while "Mr. Night," with its sax-scat vocal solo tastefully updated the old "Your Mama Don't Dance" bounce.

But despite the striking achievements of *Keep The Fire*, Loggins felt haunted by its weaknesses. When Steve Woods, the former leader of SoCal surf superstars Honk and now keyboardist in Loggins' new band, asked Kenny to produce his solo LP (Loggins did only one song before he decided he preferred "the other side of the glass"), Loggins discovered his standards had changed: "In entertaining the idea of producing someone else, I began to see the rules I would lay on Steve, one of which was that I would not allow him to put any filler material on the album—nothing weak would be included. And then I knew that I'd never really laid down the law with *myself*. I'd always allowed one tune that I considered an "album cut." You don't want to listen to your own record and wish that this moment would go by so you can get to a moment that you're really proud of. You want every moment to work—not for some top forty DJ—but for you."

Asked to give an example of an embarrassing musical moment, Loggins thinks carefully: "Well... right after the bass solo on 'Junkanoo Holiday' there's this 6/8 part that's...that's a Jamaican nightmare, too! (laughs). And the song 'Nightwatch'.... There are moments in 'Nightwatch' that I love, but there are also moments that I *hate*, that I wished to God I hadn't let happen. Basically, what I'm learning is where the strengths are—let's try to make more out of the strengths and leave the weaknesses behind. At the same time, you don't want to stop experimenting; you want to continue to go into places that sound like they'd be fun to go into, which means you're always going into areas of weakness, because your strengths are usually the areas where you have the most expertise, the most experience."

For Loggins, that "weakness" was his desire to do more straight-ahead rock 'n' roll, a move that coincided with touring before younger audiences. The kids had less patience with Kenny's softer numbers, which built gradually and gracefully to the closing crescendos; they wanted to get to the meat early. But Loggins' embrace of rock 'n' roll was no mere marriage of convenience, but a return to his past: "You miss that stuff, the dreams of when I first started going to Who concerts and hearing 'My Generation' and 'Substitute' and thinking, 'God, wouldn't it be great to have one song that kicked that hard.' I still miss it. When I first started writing, it was in a living room with a few friends on acoustic guitar. My goal was to get the room as mellow as possible, to hypnotize. I think my key has always been to get in touch with that little thing that makes the song a dream. But then I went onstage and found a whole other objective: to *move* people's *bodies*. The challenge is, I'm a melodic writer. I don't write well when I just do (sings), 'Jenny, Jenny, Jenny, won't ya come along with me.' I have a tendency to put in a few more notes in

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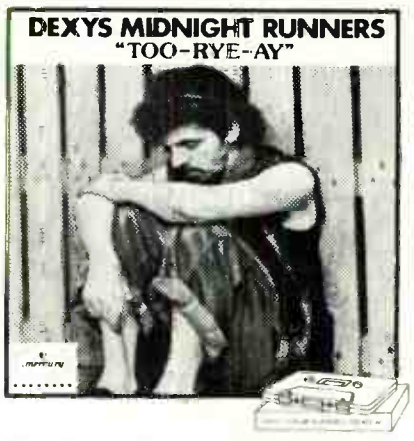

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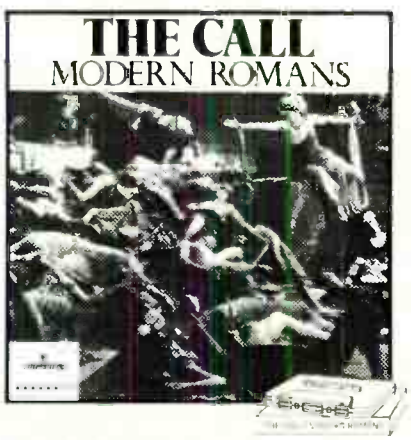

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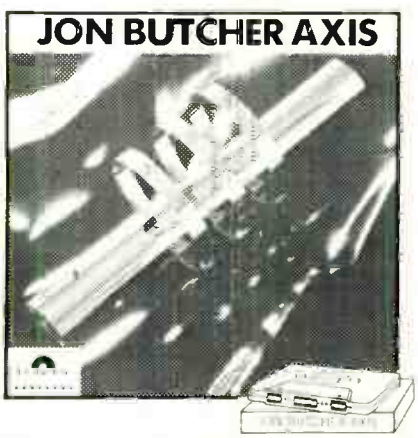

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there, a few more changes. So *my* challenge is to put melody into a kick-ass format. My version of 'I Got To Try' is kind of the Four Tops meet the Knack."

But in the attempt to move butts, the stripping away of Kenny's jazzier influences may have gone too far. The kindest thing that can be said about "Don't Fight It" is that it reflects less of Kenny's careful craftsmanship and more of co-writer Steve Perry's fast-food rock tendencies. Kenny admits the song's weakness, but emphasizes that it was written as a concert encore and not a recorded masterpiece: "'Don't Fight It' was not designed to be a hit record; it was a concert kick-ass but it was so simple and straight-ahead, the company couldn't see past it. And the Steve Perry connection was so obvious. We were up in San Francisco doing the vocals and Steve said, 'You know, I bet the company's going to want to use this as a single,' and I said, 'Are you kidding me?!' As soon as they know you're on it, there won't be another song on my album!' (laughs) So you just accept that. But the next singles will be stronger. 'Don't Fight It' is just not the kind of piece that's going to *endure*," chuckles Kenny philosophically. "It's no big deal; it's just a fun song."

Loggins has more ambitious plans for his rock direction, citing critical golden boys the Police as a strong influence: "When I first heard 'Roxanne,' I thought, 'Now *that* was innovative. That was a turn-on.' When I talk about simplicity, I think of the Police. Tear it down, make it spare; when you hit a groove, hold it. Keep the body swinging. Let's be less cute and rock a little harder. Those are the kind of things I'm thinking about now. Don't you think it's a gamble? Every time you come up with something new, you risk the loss of your old fans who've become comfortable with you. I've been *worried* about this move into rock 'n' roll that we've been talking about. I don't *like* the idea of leaving some of my audience behind, or as one friend put it, leaving my strength behind. You've got to be careful not to move only on into your weakness. But if you just stand still and write the same song over and over again, you might as well retire.

"Now we're making a big deal about Kenny Loggins taking chances, but if you think of all the experimental and chance-oriented groups doing popular music today, I'm not one of them—because I hang so hard on melody. I don't see myself on the cutting edge."

Loggins uses "Swear Your Love" on the new album as a good example of his new sonic urgency. Couched in the 80s eighth-note attack are graceful, melodic subtleties and chord changes (including a terrific bridge) that obviously took considerably more time to construct than "Don't Fight It." For Loggins, this song is a good example of running at his weak-

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ness and succeeding, the more so because he wrote it entirely himself: "I have a tendency to be more critical with myself than positive, but I think I was successful with 'Swear Your Love' in that I took it into a Hollies vocal with the rock rhythm section. On the other hand, I think I really lost 'If It's Not What You're Looking For.' That song should've been a hit record and I just couldn't get the handle on it."

Loggins may indeed be a bit hard on himself; "If It's Not" is still a strong track, despite its hints of Hall & Oates. Was that song influenced by the Philly duo? "I think it probably was. You can't be walking around today without knowing their work. But it all depends on what way—it's not a rip-off."

But the following song on *High Adventure*, "It Must Be Imagination," has a disturbing similarity to "Your Imagination" from *Private Eyes*. Loggins readily admits the resemblance but pleads innocent to borrowing: "I wasn't aware of it at all; it was a total coincidence. The first time I heard their song was after I'd made the record and I saw their video. I was kicking the television—I couldn't *believe* it. I said, 'God*damn* it, I think it's time for me to *write* with this guy."

But for all his efforts to absorb the tight-pants rocker role (including a little macho posturing as he describes "going blow for blow" with Steve Perry and kidding about "I intimidated him a *lot*"), it is still as a balladeer, as a manipulator of our emotions, that Loggins has few peers. For all my reservations about the new album, the Loggins gift ambushed me one afternoon after I had walked out of a particularly heated discussion; as I drove off in a huff, the strains of "The more we try, the more we just get lonely" came over my car's tape player and I discovered Loggins and his wife Eva Ein had exquisitely rendered the mix of frustration and regret. Far from being surprised at this confession, however, Loggins smiled knowingly: "Very much so. It's personal experience that brings any tune to the forefront. There was even, my God, a *Barry Manilow* tune—now I've *never* had ears for Barry Manilow, but when my mom and dad broke up, my dad was very moved by a song called 'The Old Songs'; the idea of the tune was that maybe the old songs will bring back the old times. And all of a sudden, I was *extremely* moved, because I saw it from his point of view. So a song like 'The More We Try,' it'll hit home. And it isn't just a man-woman song. It was originally intended as a father-son song.

"Take a song like 'This Is It.' I got a bad review when it came out: a writer said it was 'your average boy-girl song.' Well, he was *wrong*, and I wished to hell he'd *asked* me what it was about. I'm still

"I'm All Right": Loggins' Equipment

Kenny Loggins: Kenny is using three custom-made Yamaha SC600 electric guitars, one with a shorter neck length, the other two with deeper cutaways to accomodate his new interest in taking onstage guitar solos. Through a new Sony wireless system, he is connected to two different amp systems, one a Marshall JCM series 4104 head with two 15-inch speakers for distortion, the other a Music Man HD130 head through a Mitchell cabinet with two 12-inchers for a clean country sound. His acoustic guitars are a Yamaha L-5 (with beautiful inlay), a Takemine EF-375S, a Takemine EF-400S twelve-string and a Takemine E-90 nylon-string; all acoustics are on a Nady wireless system.

Mike Hamilton: Guitarist Hamilton, one of two holdovers from Loggins' old band, uses a white Strat and a red Gibson 335. He uses the same Marshall setup as Kenny for distortion, but uses a Yamaha 21211 amp for his clean sound. Both Kenny and Mike use a Yamaha E1010 analog delay, an Ibanez Tube Screamer, an MXR sustain and a Paul Rivera-modified amp pedal. Mike's extensive pedalboard also includes a Mutron phaser, a Morley wah and an Ernie Ball volume pedal.

Vernon Reid: Vernon's bass is a red Aria Pro II—he uses both a fretted and a fretless model. He also uses a Roland Synth-Bass and pedal for more metallic songs. He plugs through a Boss Chorus, a new Boss vibrato and a Yamaha E1010 delay into an Alembic pre-amp and a Yamaha P2200 power amp and Yamaha S215 speakers.

Tris Imboden: The other old hand in the Loggins band plays Tama drums and Zildjian cymbals. He favors the rim support system of mounting his toms.

Neil Larsen: Well-known L.A. studio hand and former leader of the Larsen-Feiten Band, Neil plays a Yamaha CP80 electric grand piano, a Prophet 5, a Hammond B-3 (?!) and a Minimoog, all run through a Yamaha P2200 amp and S14115 speakers.

Steve Woods: Steve plays a Fender Rhodes 73-key suitcase piano, an Oberheim OBXa, a Yamaha GS1 FM digital synthesizer and a Yamaha CE20 digital polyphonic keyboard. His rack system also is powered by a Yamaha P2200 and runs through a set of Altec 604s.

Guitar technician Dallas Schoo was the closest eyewitness to Kenny's Salt Lake City fall and gives this account: "It was the first date of the sold-out leg of the tour, and I could tell he was especially anxious to get out there. The band had started the first number, 'Love Has Come Of Age,' and Kenny was supposed to come by me at stage right, pick up his guitar and run on for the first verse. It was completely dark and he somehow missed the hand-off. He kept going right by me and actually crossed the stage behind the amp line. After a minute or two, I felt something was wrong and went looking for him. I found him on the ground; he had fallen off of stage left. No one at the concert actually saw anything happen. He was supposed to stay in the hospital for three weeks, but he just couldn't lie there. He probably came back too soon, but he was so strong at the comeback show at Provo, we knew he was all right."

getting letters today from people who are getting out of hospitals or are in life-or-death situations; they say, 'Thank you for that song. You've been involved in saving my life.' And *that's* what the song is about. The specific incident was when my dad was going into the hospital for major surgery and had pretty much made up his mind that he was going to die. That song was my argument to him, saying, 'You don't have to die, you don't *have* to check out. It's okay to be accepting of death, but don't resign yourself. I was telling him that he had a choice: 'This...is *it*. Don't think about anything else. Everything else right now is bullshit. *This* is the only thing that matters in your life.' And a lot of people in similar situations, who didn't know the story of my father, wrote and said, 'That really hit home.' They heard it, but the critic.... I mean, you can't blame him, because he'd never been in that situation. But the people who have been will *hear* that song, the way you heard that ballad. For what it's worth," he adds, self-effacingly.

Did Loggins worry about the difficulties of coming back from his two-year hiatus, when he did little but help raise his two new sons and refused to answer phone calls from the record company? "Yeah. When you disappear, you take your chances, but I wouldn't have had it any other way. What they try to sell you is the merry-go-round or squirrel-cage theory: you gotta keep running as fast as you can to stay in place. I don't think that's necessarily true anymore. I could run as fast as I could and if I make a rotten album, I don't think I'll stay in one place. I think the people will be the first ones to tell me to take my time. I'll start getting calls from you guys, saying, (journalistically) 'Why did you put your album out so *quickly*? Does it *bother* you that the critics say....' You know...you go, '*Oh*, here we go again....'

"I know that we've spent a lot of this conversation talking about the fears and the feelings, the darker side of certain things as opposed to the positive side, like for example, 'Don't Fight It.' But those things exist; you can dwell on them or you can look at the other side. Like the 'This Is It' situation, where I can either choose to believe that it's a lousy song, a boy-girl song, or the person who said, 'Thank you for writing that song.' Both of those are reviews, only one gets read by a lot more people than the other. So for me, making music has to do with making music *I* can be proud of, and trying out new territories and seeing where I can and can't go; and that means making mistakes. But those mistakes can only be viewed by *me*, from my *own* vantage point. There are some things that might be seen as a mistake, but will cause the next album to be that much better, because I'll have learned something. That's what it's all about."

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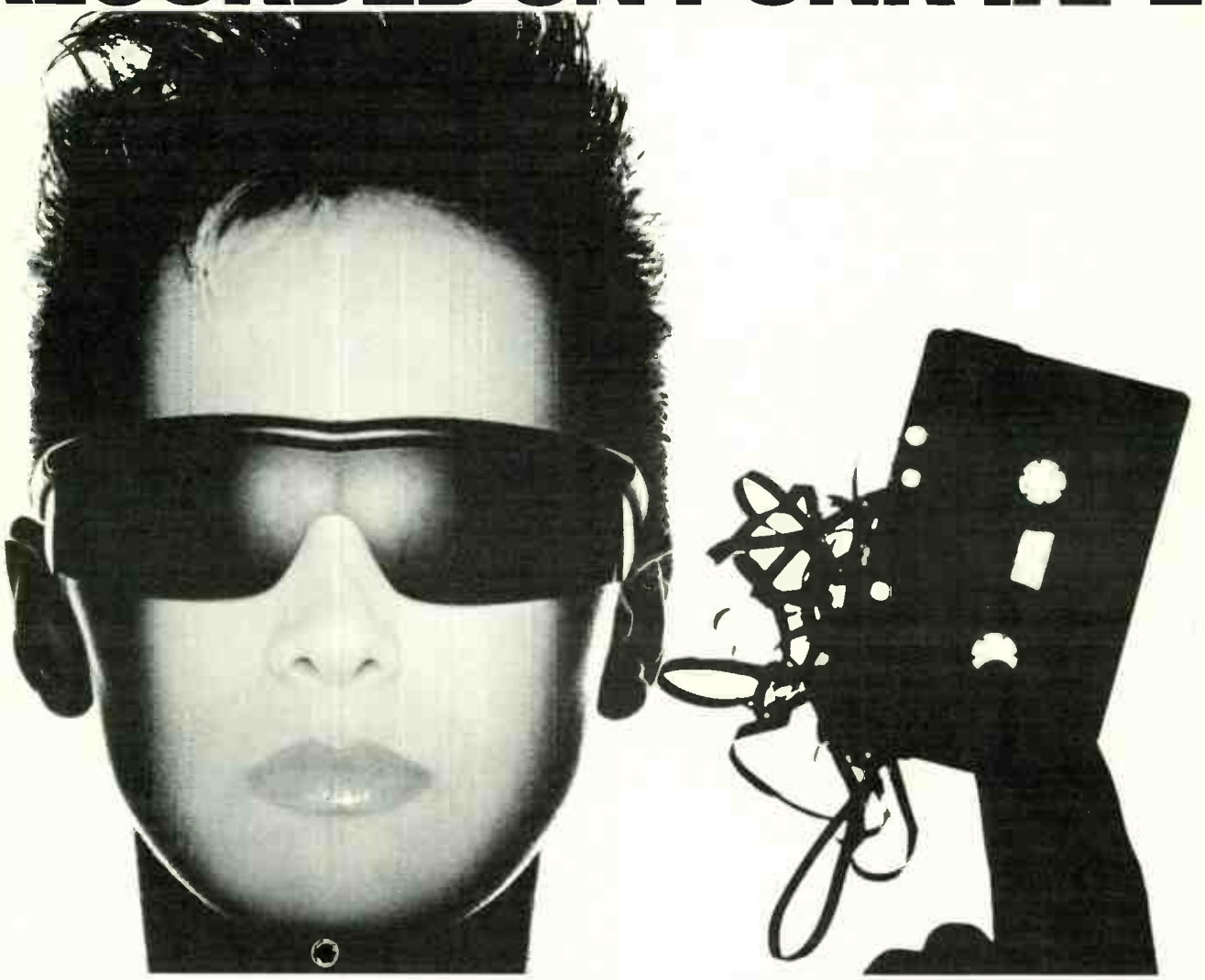

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***Juju* crown prince Sunny ecstatically leads his African Beats through intricate rhythms.**

BY RANDALL F. GRASS

Lagos, Nigeria during the early 70s was wired with a special kind of energy, a heady optimism transmitted like an infectious disease, something like the 60s in the West. The scars of a devastating civil war were being healed by an economic boom fueled by a mushrooming petroleum industry and Lagos was suddenly plugged in to the international grid of instantaneous gratification. For Nigeria, with seventy million people (one out of every five Africans is a Nigerian) and money gushing from the ground, the future looked bright indeed.

Amid the explosion of expressways, electronics, automobiles, fashions and televison, the people of Lagos danced all night, *every* night, to rhythms and sounds of every description—funk, rock, Afrobeat, *juju*, Congo, highlife, reggae and more. The night air reverberated with throbbing electric basses, rumbling drums, blaring horns and whining electric guitars. Sudden affluence created African pop and a teenage lifestyle—African kids wanted to be pop stars. No longer did they have to look to the West for their heroes—Sunny Adé (pronounced "Aday") and Fela Ransome-Kuti were making electric music no one had heard before.

Back then, Fela was grabbing most of the headlines, even though Sunny Adé & His African Beats were packing them in at Lagos clubs, just as consistently. But Sunny was doing it without notoriety, on the strength of his music alone. You'd catch him in a club with his army of African Beats, fifteen-odd young men draped in lace, perhaps, churning out a dangerously hypnotic rhythm known as *juju*. Amid the battery of electric guitars (up to three guitars picked out counter-rhythms behind Sunny's ringing chords and stinging leads, the magic emanated from an eerie interplay between the electric bassist and a corps of percussionists which included a trap drummer, squeeze (or "talking") drummers beating on skins with curved cudgels as they varied the tone by squeezing the drum with their elbow, and miscellaneous gong, *sekere* (gourd) and sticks players. The bassist played high on the neck, getting tantalizing, fleshy sounds that meshed completely with the talking drums, whose throaty swoops and thuds mimicked the human voice and vibrated in the belly.

The African Beats merged African earth tones and natural rhythms from traditional music with the cool, charged sounds of electric instruments played by musicians plugged into urban energy. Sunny stood in front of his orchestra and sang smooth, lyrical melodies cloaked in harmonies that made even the Beach Boys' vocal overlays sound thin. And the people danced endlessly, as the band played for an hour or two, shifting from song to song, the perfect backdrop for infinite partying.

It seemed that Sunny Adé led a charmed life. Amid dozens of *juju* bands (Ebenezer Obey & His Inter-Reformers, Dele Abiodun & His Top Hitters, I.K. Dairo & His Blue Spots, to name only a

few), the African Beats captured the hearts of youth with innovation after innovation. How many artists anywhere could release upwards of forty albums in a little over ten years and sell hundreds of thousands of copies of each? How many artists have hit singles their second time out? Sunny Adé streaked past all the other *juju* bands, past the rock and funk outfits, past the Congo bands, even past Fela & Africa 70 to the international limelight. Now, with *Juju Music*, his magnificent American debut LP and his first American tour, he has become the most important force on the international music scene.

Sunny's story, no rags-to-riches saga, reads like a fairy tale. He grew up as part of the royal family of Ondo, an important Yoruba town in western Nigeria—in short, he was born a prince. But the life of royal offspring in Africa is less spectacular than Westerners would imagine; like any African child, Sunny grew up amid the rhythms generated by day-to-day living in Africa—in the marketplaces, at festivals, in the streets; the sounds of *apala*, *juju*, *sekera* and other traditional musics imprinted a vast repertoire of rhythms and melodies in his mind. Fatefully, he was brought up in the town of Oshogbo, an artistic and religious center of Yorubaland, where musicians (especially the best drummers), dramatists and poets gravitated. Young Sunny used to hang out with the top *juju* musicians in the area after school, learning to play conga drums. One key to his phenomenal success lies in this early training as a percussionist. Then, like so many music-intoxicated American teenagers, he ran away from home to join a band—only he was seduced by *juju* rather than good ol' rock 'n' roll.

"I left school in 1963," he recalled from behind a desk thirty-nine floors above Manhattan's streets shortly after his February arrival in America. He looked like a young executive on the rise with his natty grey suit and business-like bearing. "In fact, I ran away from home to join a group in Lagos. I sent a message back home before they declared me missing but I didn't tell them what I was doing until I came home, showed them the picture of the band and said, 'I'm playing with a big band and they like me very much. Haven't you heard the name Moses Olaiya before?' I tried to convince them it was a good thing but they were not convinced."

Moses Olaiya, along with Tunde Nightengale, I.K. Dairo and Ani Bakary, was a star on the Lagos nightclub scene but Adé was so precocious that he often led the band in Olaiya's absence, and even picked up an acoustic guitar which he taught himself to capo and pick with his thumb like Olaiya. As he hung out with other young musicians on the scene, a germ of an idea developed.

"I called a few of my friends, not from

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the band but from outside it, members of other groups. We were living in nearly the same compound so we got ourselves together, three or four of us, then invited some other boys, too; we made a band of eight members. We started practicing. I thought; 'This kind of I.K. Dairo music is being played by so many different bands but Tunde Nightengale's music...it's only him playing that style.' I could imagine 500 different groups all playing one particular sound and one playing a different one—nobody copies him—and the people love him. What is really pushing so many people away from Nightengale is the voice, because he likes to sing very high notes, his voice is like a woman's and no one can copy that. I said, 'I cannot copy the voice, but let me copy the music.' So we started taking the music on our own."

Fortune smiled almost immediately on Sunny Adé's young band. They got a gig at a major hotel opening for Bakary's band. The owner, who took a fatherly interest in them, helped them weather the audience's initial rejection and soon they were building a reputation. A chance meeting with a representative of the African Songs record label, newly sprung up to challenge the foreign-owned giants Decca and EMI, led to their first single.

"The first single was called 'Alanou Doduwa,' which means 'God is merciful.' We are using that slogan for the band now, as a motto. If we greet each other, we say, 'Hello, how are you, God is merciful.' Well, we were told the record sold twenty-three copies (smiles) but we were very happy we could even record. We recorded in the NBC radio station and we were happy they even played it on the radio; it gave us a long, further step ahead of any other band starting out at the same time."

The second single, the result of another Sunny Adé brainstorm, celebrated a popular football team, and the rest, as they say, is history.

"We had the shock of our lives after that. They said, 'Come, come, how did you do it?' The record within one week climbed 100,000 copies! Before we could release another, it had already climbed 500,000." These are stunning figures for a market where 50,000 copies sold makes a best-seller.

As the stream of records and performances flowed, a string of innovations set Sunny Adé & His African Beats apart from other *juju* bands. Every record brought fresh ideas. They were the first to record whole sides of non-stop music, to approximate the live dance scene, rather than several shorter tracks. They added electronics to 1974's landmark *Synchro System* LP, went to London and commemorated the experience with an LP, added synthesizers for 1977's *Fes-*

tac 77 LP, and began exploring reggae dub effects in the late 70s. All of the refinements culminated in his powerful *juju* classic "The Message," which signaled his intention to communicate with international audiences.

It was a conscious plan to take African music to the world. For years, he and other African musicians had been soaking up sounds from the West; they adapted these sounds and created new African music—now it was time to give something back.

"I used to hear music from Jim Reeves, country/western music (explaining the steel guitar in the African Beats), and people like James Brown. I saw him once and loved the way he used to move onstage (moves he has now adapted to his own act). And I love Brook Benton, Fats Domino, Louis Armstrong. People like George Benson, playing rock out of jazz. I find him so advanced when he is playing the guitar; he can talk what the guitar is saying. That's his own identity. I love those who have their own identity, like the great brother Stevie Wonder. He's so special to me. I used to see a movie of the Jackson Five. People saw these kids doing wonders dancing. All these people inspired African bands. But I don't want to dilute things. I have to make music collectively and make it about seventy percent home and thirty r ent abroad, because all my life I want the Western world to be able to play the traditional music of Africa. The talent has to be going up and down... like people moving from soul to rock to funk and from funk to different kinds."

His opening salvo in the West, the *Juju Music* LP, is a stunning panorama of his music. Its tracks run the gamut of *juju*'s styles from futuristic space to more traditional percussion-and-vocal excursions—there's no gap between the traditional and the experimental for Sunny Adé. "Ja Funmi" opens the LP with an eminently danceable *tour de force* and a new version of "The Message" dominates side two.

Although Sunny Adé's *juju* is only one galaxy in the universe of African music, it illustrates the elements that make African music one of the most important frontiers for Western musicians and listeners, something Sunny is well aware of.

"I saw so many writeups about people like Talking Heads, so many others getting involved with African music. It depends on the angle you want to come in. Some can come in on the rhythms because Africans are the best percussionists in the world. When you start from the rhythm side of it, the percussion side, you can only pick one cowbell, if you get the correct one. If you want to copy African music, you'd better use African instruments—you can have

continued on page 100

FACES

GARY LEONARD

Los Lobos

HOLLY & THE ITALIANS

Under normal circumstances, Holly Beth Vincent would be the perfect punk debutante. Between the seedy elegance of her second-hand black evening dress and the rakish chaos that passes for her hairstyle, her presence on the stage of Washington's Warner Theatre is the epitome of funky chic.

All, that is, except for one detail—her glasses. Instead of the nearly opaque sunglasses favored by punk rockers and French film stars from the 50s, or the ubiquitous Carrerra eyewear so popular in the affluent parts of California, Vincent was peering at us through the sort of lenses most commonly compared to Coke bottles. The effect was completely unnerving, because instead of the easily comprehended new wave deb image, the audience was faced with something that looked like it either danced funny or enjoyed calculus. Definitely not bandleader material, in any case.

Nor did Vincent do much to betray that initial impression. Between songs, she fooled with her guitar, made nervous jokes to the audience or giggled off-mike with her back-up singers, to the point that I began to wonder how she could hold a band together, much less teach it songs or dictate arrangements.

Until she started to play, that is, because in Holly Vincent's music there is enough authority and spunk to counter the effects of even the thickest eyeglasses, and Vincent made that clear early on. Charging through "Honalu," from her latest album, she was confident and coolly effective, giving the song a breathy urgency that never slipped into melodrama, while behind her the band did a stunning job of re-creating the densely-textured drone of the studio version. If this is awkwardness, we should all be so ungainly.

Granted, this edition of the Italians was fairly impressive in its own right. In addition to the two back-up singers, whose rich, soulful harmonies nicely complemented Vincent's dark, alto warble, there was guitarist Jimmy Ripp, bassist Fred Smith and drummer Jay Dee Daughtery, all three apparently on loan from Tom Verlaine. On their own, the five Italians would have been a terrific band, yet it was clear that onstage at the Warner, they were all doing Vincent's bidding. Smith and Daughtery, being about as stolid as a bass and drums team gets fell easily into their roles; although Ripp did a typically spectacular job of pushing his guitar to its limits, even he steadfastly adhered to the architecture of Vincent's songs.

Ripp figured most prominently on material from *Holly Beth Vincent*, thickening the sound and adding the right splotches of color. Despite the fact that "Dangerously" had me wishing a trumpet player would materialize from the wings, the reduction in scale only emphasized the strength and ingenuity of these songs, and the passion with which Vincent infuses them. Because most of the recent attempts at revived psychedelia have been so facile and surface oriented, it was quite a revelation to watch Vincent reignite the spark of unfettered sonic imagination while retaining such a strong sense of form (and fun, lest these high-flown words deceive you).

Perhaps most important from a rock 'n' roll perspective was the way Vincent still managed to slip back into the image her glasses unwittingly projected. Midway through "Tell That Girl To Shut Up," her voice took on such petulance that when she sang, "You better tell that girl to shut up/ Tell that girl I'm gonna beat her up," she sounded so exactly like a jealous ninth grader that I suddenly understood just how rock 'n' roll Coke bottle glasses can be. — *J.D. Considine*

Holly Beth Vincent

ADRIAN PANAMU

LOS LOBOS

The set passes the midway point without incident when a commotion suddenly breaks out in the packed, sweat-drenched crowd on the dance floor. Rival gangs of tattooed *batos* square off as fists fly and blades flash, bleeding bodies slump to the floor, a fusillade of gunfire adds to the carnage ...

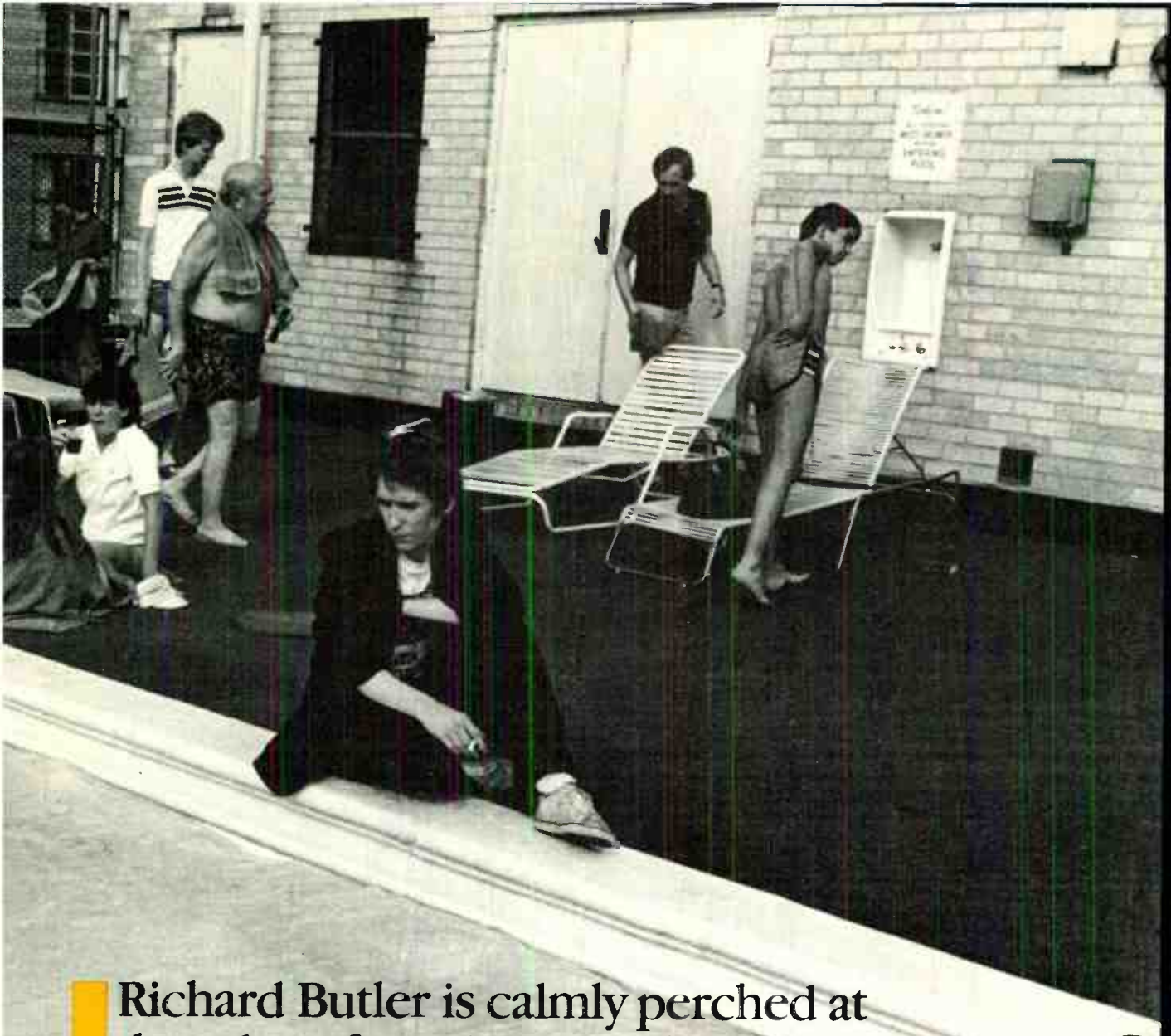
Okay, okay, so it's a bit heavy on the lurid melodrama to bring a low-rider version of "Jungleland" to life in a Hollywood club. But fears of a milder variation of that scenario just might explain why bands from largely Chicano East Los Angeles traditionally encounter serious problems getting booked in L.A.'s major rock clubs. Until the advent of Los Lobos, that is, the unassuming quartet whose energetic updating of the East Side heritage places them firmly in the Blasters/Rank & File camp of revitalized classic styles.

Formed nine years ago as the first young East L.A. band to eschew rock for Mexican folk music, Los Lobos' acoustic odyssey took them from playing weddings and the restaurant circuit to folk clubs and a twenty-minute hail of spittle from the clones of St. Rotten at PiL's 1980 Los Angeles date. Sheer musical boredom prompted a gradual reversion to electricity in '81 and a new repertoire, evenly split between originals and covers of vintage 50s rockers, roadhouse blues and jumped-up *nortenas* (that's Tex-Mex to you).

"We haven't gone back on the basic philosophy of this band, to play cultural music," insists drummer Louis Perez, and Los Lobos' brand of culture cuts far deeper than the cheesy Farfisa pastiche of a Carrasco. Opening several Blasters gigs secured a foothold in the Hollywood club scene but it's the way guitarists David Hidalgo and Cesar Rosas trade off slashing lead lines and authoritative vocals while Perez and bassist Conrad Lozano keep the fire stoked and the dance floor hopping that accounts for the band's growing following there.

All well and good when the songs stay close to familiar, upbeat blues or the songbooks of rock icons Valens, Diddley and Domino, but how does a rock crowd react if the material acquires that tangy, south-of-the-border flavor? Well, when Hidalgo nonchalantly picks up his button accordion and Rosas straps on the *bajo sexto* for *nortenas* numbers sung in Spanish and garnished with country "Yeeee-Haaaas," the crowd responds like they've grown up guzzling Dos Equis at *corridas* and listening to Flaco Jimenez.

Whether Los Lobos' skills and commitment will convince A&R people that its cultural music will be commercially viable and not just a passing ethnic fancy a la Ry Cooder's Chicken Skin Music Revue is another question. Hollywood's celluloid division is already one-up on their vinyl counterparts—Los Lobos tracks have already popped up in the critically acclaimed



Richard Butler is calmly perched at the edge of two irreconcilable worlds, busy breaking down the subject matter of each into its smallest molecular components and reassembling the pieces into new compounds. The high priests of paradox, Chairman Richard and his fellow Furs have no fears of mixing the

LAURA LEVINE

BY BILL ABELSON WITH KHAARYN GOERTZEL

got now, basically, is a couple of guys who are thinking along the same lines."

John's commitment to the present aggregation, however, is unmistakable: "There's still work to be done on the show. I guess we might've pulled it off last year in the same situation by just playing really loud and being really arrogant. Now we know we are crossing over in a way. We're playing more of the larger, polite, sit-down venues, not the hot sweaty clubs, and we want to be good at it. It's not just throwin' yourself around, gettin' lots of feedback and makin' a big noise, it's actually music."

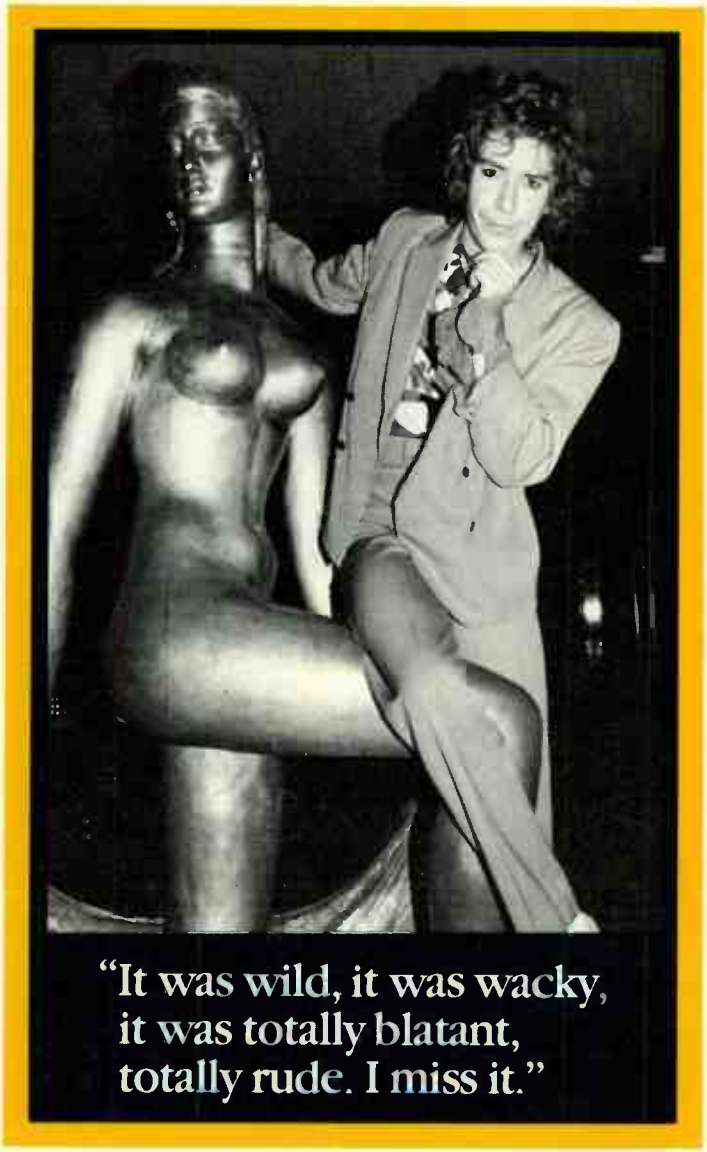
The conversation turns to Anne Sheldon and Gary ("call me 'Sax Giant'") Windo, the former classically trained, the latter a veteran session stimulant whose experience ranges from free-jazz collaborations with the likes of Carla Bley to work with Ian Hunter and Pink Floyd. The cross-breeding has reaped musical stimulation on all sides and aided the Furs' focus and maturation as a band. "Anne's going over to more 'head' music, as it were, " says Ashton. "She's throwing away what she's been trained in for *feel*—which is where we come from. We're a feel band, you know?"

Of the cello, John contends, "There you have a bit of Butler foresight—a keen, shrewd bit of work on Richard and Tim's part. They'd been thinking about getting a cellist in for a long, long time, and they convinced me. She's great, she's got lots of good ideas, she's not like actually working with a session player cellist." Anne, in fact, fits in so well that permanent membership has been discussed: the decision hangs on the success of her current songwriting efforts with the band.

Was working with Todd Rundgren equally cooperative? "Todd didn't really *like* a couple of the songs," John laughs. "He said, 'Aw, it's *punk rock*, y'know.' Which I really fell out with him over. I was really trying to wind Todd up and make him get a bit weird and he wasn't into it. He's mister straight man and I got really pissed off with him at one point, I actually walked out of the studio drunk, shouting, pointing back at the window, because I was so wound up.

"I mean, the guy's brilliant. He's fantastic, I wouldn't have any qualms about working with him again. Like with Richard and Tim, I can get pissed at them and shout and scream and I know if it's really worth anything I'll get a result, and they know they can do that to me.

"It was great, we all learned a hell of a lot. The band as such, a three- or four-piece at the time, was close, *really* close, and the sessions brought us more together than anything."



"It was wild, it was wacky, it was totally blatant, totally rude. I miss it."

I have been invited to attend a Furs' rehearsal session in New York. A female voice over an intercom directs me to the right studio, and I push open the door. There are Phil, John and Tim (Richard is late) at the far end of the rehearsal hall, brightly lit, jamming powerfully, surrounded by plush floor and wall carpentry, three pianos, and yards of amps and other equipment about. There passes a long period of apparently fruitless jamming as John and Tim skitter through riffs and moods and move on quickly. Phil Calvert follows smoothly, though complaining of a lack of inspiration. They don't swing from the heels with rambling, indulgent jamming, and seldom get into extended entropic meditations. The Furs are *pointed*.

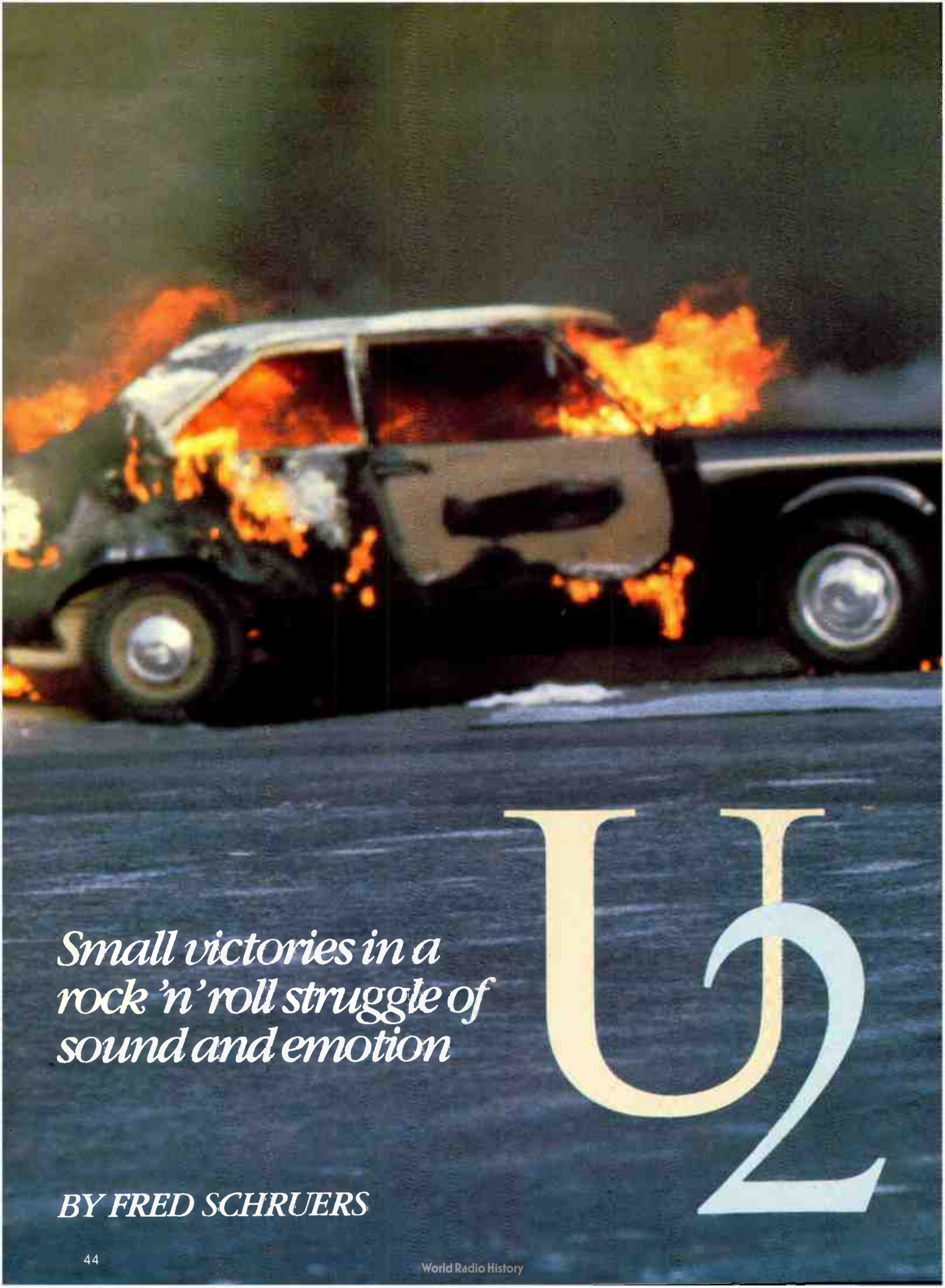
Finally, after perhaps forty minutes, Tim latches onto a chord structure, John a lead, and they work out an effective verse—first skeletally hummed in John's hotel room the night before—capped by two jarringly disjunct high squeals from John—he's capable of the Big Surprise, despite the seeming 60s familiarity of his guitar patterns. So are the Furs. I had begun to accept Ashton's Clapton-Jorma Kaukonen guitar sources as being part not only of the band's roots, but their destiny as well. But even this is to place a box over the Furs, which I suspect they could crack with a few solid chords.

Richard arrives, run-throughs and lulls ensue, and it becomes evident that the group likes to switch instruments, probably a heritage of their I-can't-play-so-I'll-try-this days. These efforts range from the quite serious and practical (John's explorative piano tinkerings and Richard's guitar illustrations) to the playfully enthusiastic (Richard's reasonably adroit drumming) to goofball humor (John's hysterical imitation of an American heavy metal blues screamer and Tim's onstage lip-synching of Richard's vocal mannerisms). "You looked like you wanted to be a lead singer out there tonight," I tell Tim, to which he replies, "I can't sing off-key enough."

Such maneuvers are a delight to observe, powerful evidence of the Furs' looseness, lack of elaborate ego protection, and tacit curiosity in the blurred boundaries of dreams and wakefulness, of surreality and reality, of this world and alternate ones.

Richard stands on a building ledge in his overcoat, arms stretched to the brick behind, face the dry feline observer. Tim's face is in a window just beside; he watches as well, bearing the crescent beginnings of his smile, the cat who just swallowed the canary. But John, John is amid the boiling street masses coalescing somewhere between celebration and chaos. With gunfire and violence swirling, he's sticking out like a spotlight and brandishing a gargantuan cellophane machete high with one hand and copper beer stein high with the other, loony grin beaming a consuming pleasure and madness....

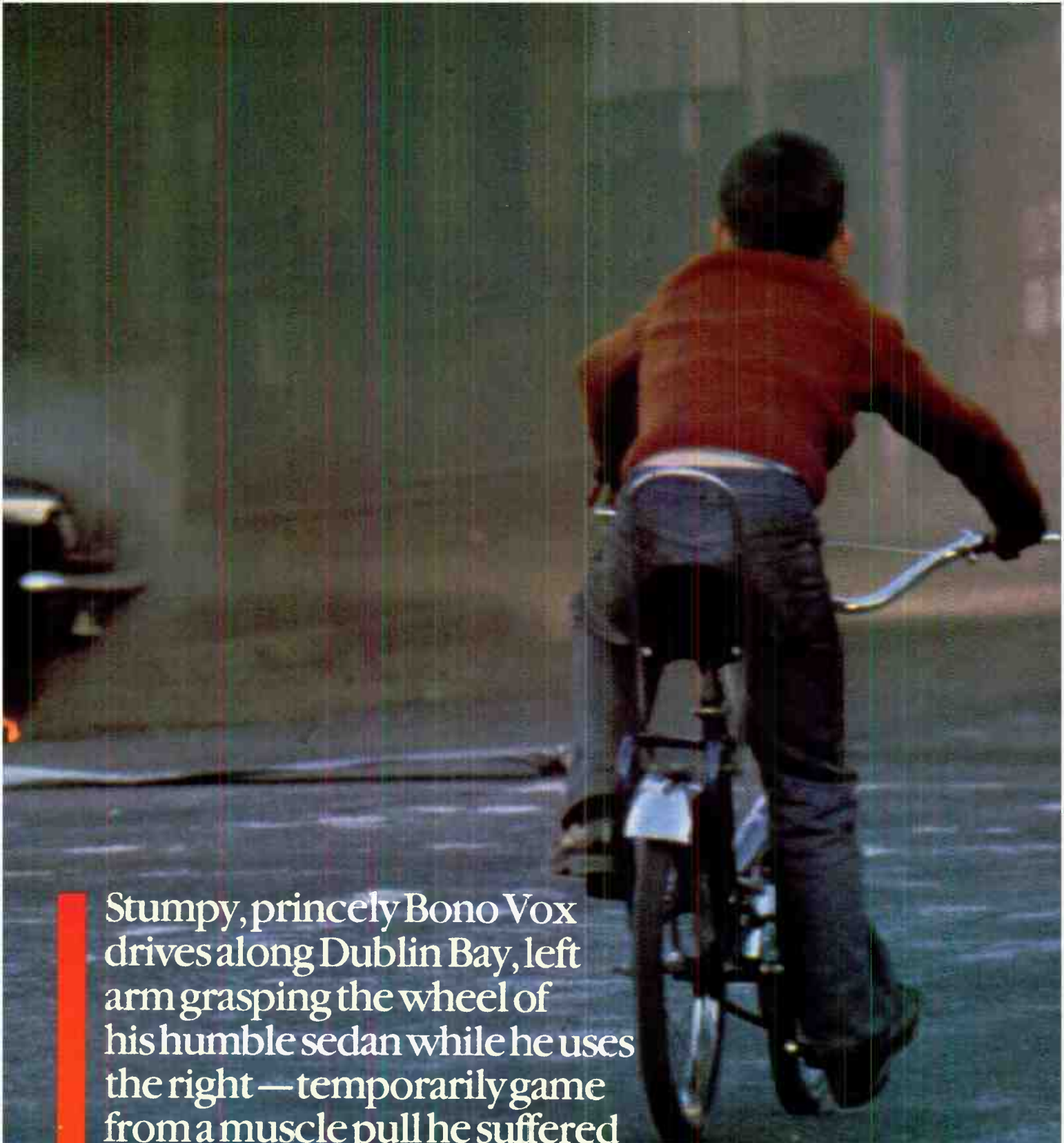
EBET ROBERTS



U2

Small victories in a rock 'n' roll struggle of sound and emotion

BY FRED SCHRUERS



Stumpy, princely Bono Vox drives along Dublin Bay, left arm grasping the wheel of his humble sedan while he uses the right—temporarily game from a muscle pull he suffered pressing the flesh with a frenzied crowd of punters near the close of a show last week—to sketch illustrations in the air. He's describing U2's most perilous day onstage, playing before thousands of boozing poor people at Dublin's Inner City Festival. "This

M. PHILIPPOT/SYGMA

City Festival. "This was in the open air at a place called Sheriff Street, where they don't let the police come around—the kids are on the roofs of these highrise projects with *crossbows*. Our tour manager had told us, 'I'm advising you not to play; I'm advising the crew not to go.' They were dismantling our equipment truck before we stopped it."

U2 and their crew voted, keeping in mind Bono's admonition that canceling, with the crowd already gathered, could mean a hellish riot. They decided to go on, even after an inebriated local woman walked off a rooftop and was carted away. They set to playing, winning hearts and minds by degrees as the locals clambered on and around the stage. Finally, "This guy who looked six feet wide, a docker, just walked onstage and stood in front of me. 'Let's twist again like we did last summer,' he said. 'Play it.'

"The whole crowd quieted—this was the confrontation: were we chicken or not? I must admit, I was chicken. I just stopped the show and started to sing, no accompaniment, 'Let's twist again, like we did last summer....' And I looked at the crowd, and all the kids, the mothers, fathers, the wine and whiskey bottles in their hands, started singing and dancing. And the guy smiled."

This is Bono's favorite kind of tale. He likes the smaller victories. The time the band *wasn't* "bottled" off the stage in Arizona, despite the promoter's warning that the kids there didn't like opening acts. The 1976 showcase gig at the Hope & Anchor pub in London when The Edge went offstage to fix a broken string and the rest of the band, fed up with the record-biz crowd, followed him off and sat down. The overzealous moment in Birmingham when Bono, The Edge and bassist Adam Clayton simultaneously jumped into the crowd, guitar cords popping out of the amps....

Their preferred turf, in Dublin, is the dockside poets' walk known as Lazy Acre. For their "Gloria" video, the band set up on a barge moored in the middle of a dogleg inlet called The Grand Canal, safely across from a cheering crowd of kids and only a stone's throw from home base, Windmill Lane Studios. There, inside of what looks like a drab stone warehouse, is a state-of-the-art audio/video facility. We rattle past the studio, past the Docker's pub where the band often huddles in the "cozy" (refuge for drinking mens' wives in unemancipated days) to pull on jars of creamy Guinness stout.

Winter days tend to be mild here, and even as chilling buffets of wind send the seagulls pinwheeling off course in their glidepaths along the River Liffey, the scattered palm trees rising out of the loamy grass along the roadway give Dublin's center a slightly giddy, tropical air. A typical day here brings nothing more bloody than a rugby match. "No, there's no bombs going off here," says Bono, as we pass the Guinness tankers being pumped full of Liverpool's stout ration at dockside. "But there may be some getting *made* here...."

THE HOME FRONT

The conflict in Northern Ireland is part of what goaded Bono and his bandmates to call their new record *War*, but the concept is not entirely military: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" is not so much about the sabbath-day bloodlettings of 1920 (in Dublin) and 1972 (in Londonderry) as it is about "the trench we build within our hearts"; "New Year's Day" was inspired by Poland's beleaguered Solidarity movement, and the accompanying video uses stock footage of fighting on the Russian front in World War II, but the cut also evokes lovers' separations; "Surrender" deals with suicide in Manhattan. Bono wrote "A Day Without Me" (on *Boy*, their debut) partly in reaction to the news that Joy Division's Ian Curtis had taken his own life. Since then, a school chum of Bono's, having survived electro-convulsive therapy in a Dublin institution (*Boy*'s "The Electric Co.") has "had a go at himself with an electric saw. He told me that there's only two ways out of the place—either over the wall or just to cut his throat." While visiting that friend during his recuperation, Bono was approached by a second acquaintance from his old school, who informed him the world was going to end on April Fool's Day, 1983. "I'm going through the wilderness now," he said, "but I'm coming into my glory soon. I've picked a good day for the end of the world." Bono summons up the barest of grins. "You've got to laugh. But it's disturbing, and I feel like there's a high level of mental illness in this country. And I think there's a link between that and a kind of spiritual unrest."

This spiritual unrest is hardly alien to Bono himself. The Bono who wrote an entire album as an excursion "into the heart of a child" bid goodbye to an emotionally troubled boyhood only to make *October* by virtually speaking in tongues, raging for days on end into the microphone inside an isolation booth hastily erected of corrugated iron. "Having had my notebook stolen in Seattle a few weeks before, I had no lyrics written down. So I just tried to pull out of myself what was really

"Bono sings better when he's a bit desperate. The soul comes through."

going on in the songs. The things you are most deeply concerned about, lying there in your subconscious, may come out in tears, or temper, or an act of violence...."

Or, in Bono's case, in a couple months of raking through his own heart and mind and spilling the results onto tape. Steve Lillywhite, the young producer who's worked on all three U2 albums, cleared a space for the singer; out of twenty-four available tracks, he left eight open for Bono's resinous wail to resound in. "Gloria" was sung partly in a monotone derived from the recordings of Gregorian chants that U2 manager Paul McGuinness had supplied; some lyrics poured out in Latin, and when Bono dashed out of the studio for a Latin dictionary in order to translate his own disgorgings, he ran into a friend who'd studied Latin and hauled him back to translate. The English words are a supplicating howl describing the exact situation Bono found himself in: "I try—to sing this song/ I try to stand up/ But I can't find my feet...."

"William Butler Yeats," says Bono, "said that once there was a period where he had nothing to say. Well, to say that is in itself a statement of truth about your situation, so *say that*. I had this feeling of everything waiting on me, and I was just naked, nothing to offer. So I went through this process of wrenching what was inside myself outside of myself."

The song that now frightens him, Bono says, is "Tomorrow." He'd originally thought that the words, with their images of a black car waiting by the side of the road and a dreaded knock on the door, had to do with the killings in Northern Ireland. A few months ago, he realized the song was about his mother's death, which came when Bono was about thirteen. "I realized that exactly what I was talking about was the morning of her funeral, not wanting to go out to that waiting black car and be a part of it. People sometimes say *October* is a religious record, but I hate to be boxed in that way."

Bono has by now transported us to Malahide Village, a suburb just north of Dublin, where The Edge lives with his family. Edge's real name is David Evans, and his father Garvin moved the family from Wales to Ireland because that was where his engineering business took him. As we pull up, Bono does a fond impression of Garvin singing "If A Picture Paints A

ARNOLD WILLIAMS/RETNA

U2's front line: bassist Adam Clayton, vocalist/hotblood Bono Vox and slash 'n' drone specialist The Edge.

Thousand Words" at the wedding of drummer Larry Mullen's father. Garvin Evans answers the door. "Why have ya still got your suit on, Mr. Edge?" asks Bono, gesturing towards the night sky. Mr. Edge, sharp-featured like his son, momentarily tries to look stern: "Somebody's got to earn the crust."

U2 has by now earned considerable crust, which they would split an even four ways if they didn't insist on pouring most of it back into their own recording (thereby retaining creative control) and touring. Their second American tour campaign supporting *October* was long, hard and costly. But they were determined to find their U.S. audience, and it seemed radio was not ready to help. So they broke one of their rules and took second billing to the J. Geils band (at Peter Wolf's personal request) for the resultant exposure.

Even though they have had virtually no time off from their 1979 signing until Bono's honeymoon last August, the band refuses to complain. They have a mission, and they are decidedly unified in their determination. "When people ask us what our influences are," says Bono, "we always say, 'Each other.'"

CAMPAIGNING

My first look at U2 came in the fall of 1980, just after *Boy*'s release. Island Records' publicist Neil Storey shanghaied me from the arrivals gate at Heathrow Airport directly down to Southampton College, where we walked in on U2 a few minutes before a gig. All four band members were twenty-one or younger: Larry Mullen, who organized the band by posting a notice at Mt. Temple Comprehensive School after being kicked out of the Artane Boys' (marching) Band for wearing long hair; Adam Clayton, who Bono says, "couldn't even dance" at the time he picked up the bass; The Edge, who had quickly gone from acoustic noodler to budding guitar hero through a seemingly innate gift; and Bono Vox, born Paul Hewson, with the slapdash good looks and unselfconscious swagger to match his drive. "It had been a long time," recalls Dublin rock writer Bill Graham of an early U2 gig, "since I'd seen a singer who *went* for an audience that way, all the time watching their eyes."

Their stage show was much too large in scope for that low-ceilinged, underpopulated function room at Southampton College. The Edge's clarion calls on the treble strings, Larry's martial ferocity and Bono's upthrust arm showed an expansive, hotblooded streak that had been developed naturally in what Bono called "a garage band," as they went from being utter novices to playing in open market squares to the soused and skeptical local teenagers, to the kind of reputation that enabled them—before they even had a contract—to fill Ireland's largest concert hall. They stood against the pretensions of the new wave's ideologues, against the "gop" on U.S. radio, against the elitism of fashion bands like Visage.

They went a long way on Bono's tirelessness, his fervor with a mike in his hand. "When you think, 'Oh, screw it, I'm not gonna climb this mountain,'" says Adam, "he's the type of person who'll hit you in the ass and get you going. It doesn't make you a lot of friends, but it's a great ability to have."

Bono gave The Edge his nickname, but he's a bit cryptic about why. When he's asked, he grasps Edge's long, chiseled jaw and turns it in profile. "The Edge." Then, after a pause: "Let's just say he's on the border between something and nothing."

At one point during the endless rounds of touring, Bono thought he had sussed The Edge's guitar style, and attempted to demonstrate as much at a sound check: "I'd been watching. I knew all the settings, knew his machines, the chord shapes, put my fingers where he puts his, had the volume he has it at, struck it the same way—and this *blluuug* came out of the speakers. The road crew just burst out laughing, and the guitar roadie came up and said, 'You know, I've been watching him for the past year and I've tried every day to make it sound like he does. I can't do it."

"Oh, gosh," says The Edge in his disarmingly angelic way when asked how he does it. "I tend to do something with the guitar sound, use certain effects to fatten it, rather than just use it clean—though on *War*, it's cleaner than the previous two

albums. I use the echo in a very concise way—I try to use the repeats in time with the music. Most guitar players would use the full spectrum of the guitar to get across the power and dynamics, but by using the echo I can get away without using the bottom strings so much. I tend to use three-, maybe four-note chords rather than the full six and to use the top strings, the top end, which gives that distance between the bass and the guitar, and gives me a bit more freedom."

"We started out as non-musicians," Bono points out. "We learned to play after the group was formed. I mean, we started to write our own material because we couldn't play other people's. Adam couldn't slap in time when he joined, Edge could play sort of bad acoustic. Larry had his military drumming, and I started singing 'cause I couldn't play guitar."

EBET ROBERTS

Bono Vox, "this horny, emotional guy who also needs Christianity."

Adam Clayton concurs. "In the past, when we went in the studio, we simply didn't know our craft well enough. On *War* you can hear more of the arrangements coming from a bass-and-drum thing; the rhythm section's standing up. That means Edge doesn't have to play as much. On the first two albums, knowingly or not, he was covering up for a rhythm section that wasn't quite mature. We're a much tougher band now." During a playback of *War*'s "Surrender," I catch Adam's eye after hearing a particularly canny bass run. He grins wickedly: "Little something I picked up from Tina Weymouth." Like his bandmates, Adam stoked his adolescent rock fantasies with the likes of Talking Heads, Patti Smith and Television (The Edge clearly carries a few of Tom Verlaine's arrows in his quiver). But Adam's not unmindful of the Stones: "I was just listening to Bill Wyman last week, and he is all over the place with his bass playing, but the one thing he never tampers with is where he doesn't play, and that, I think, is the key to the Stones' sort of sloppy but rhythmic feel."

When U2 first came on the scene, "atmosphere," sooner than rhythm, was their strong point. To fill in colors the three-piece couldn't provide, Bono and The Edge sprinkled the *Boy* tracks with glockenspiel, punctuating "I Will Follow"'s bridge with the sound of breaking bottles and closing the track with a knife jammed into whirring bicycle spokes. For *October*, Edge taught himself piano, supplanting the glockenspiels, and injected searing slide guitar on "Gloria," "I Threw A Brick Through A Window" and elsewhere. (On *War*'s "Surrender" he plays a 1945 Epiphone lap steel guitar he found in Nashville.) For *War*, the band caved in the soaring cathedral they'd created with Lillywhite, stripped down to a kind of "club" sound, and added violin ("Sunday Bloody Sunday" and "Drowning Man") from Stephen Wickham, whom Edge met at a Dublin bus stop. They also imported la-la's from Kid Creole's Coconuts and trumpet from Kenny Fradley. With the abandonment of that big, atmospheric sound came a greater degree of realism in the lyrics, although one cut, "Drowning Man," retains the "wide-screen" feel of the earlier LPs. While his bandmates went on holiday, Edge doctored the song. In a fashion similar to "bowing" a guitar, he set his electric piano at zero volume, struck a chord, then turned it up, for a chiming, modal sound that Bono finds "Gaelic." Adam added a 6/8 bassline, and Larry, for the first time, played with brushes. Something in the song's Celtic feeling set off one of Bono's more forthright spiritual forays, and he allows as to how it may be his notion of God speaking: "You know, 'Take my hand, I'll be here if you can—I don't want these famines to take place, these car accidents, this world of chance, this is not how I intended'—but what comes out is also a love song."

ENTRENCHMENT

This proclamation arrives simultaneously with a hard left across a narrow concrete bridge. "Bono," says Edge with the air of one used to such notifications, "the windshield wipers?" In fact, the wipers have been grinding away uselessly since a shower ended fifteen minutes ago. "This is my road," says Bono, switching them off. "On the left there, that big house belongs to Phil Lynott of Thin Lizzy. And," he says, slowing down a few yards further along to turn into the driveway of a rather grand home, "it would appear on first notice that I have as much money as Phil Lynott. But you'll notice I'm not stopping at this house. Because I live in the stables." We jounce a few more yards to Bono's cottage on the beach, on the north side of a peninsula known as Howth Head. Tidy, with two windows glowing amber, it looks like a hard place to desert in favor of playing Indianapolis. Inside, we're greeted by Bono's wife Alli, an apple-cheeked dark Irish girl whose smile could be put on a tourist poster to typify the wise, surpassing sweetness of the island's inhabitants.

The couple were married last August, and as we head for Sutton Castle to eat dinner, they tell me about the raucous reception they held there, during which, of course, the band commandeered instruments from the hired help, climbed on a table and assisted local folkie-turned-rocker Paul Brady in playing "Tutti Frutti." Bono was carried about on his brother's shoulders and spent his wedding night in the Castle without benefit of electricity (which the band's exertions had snuffed). For U2, it was a celebration of more than ordinary significance—partly because it was their first work break since their Island signing in 1979, and partly because Bono and Adam sealed an unspoken pact. Since the late summer of 1981, when the band came off the road to slam out the *October* album, Adam had grown alienated—become, in his own words, "a cynical, sometimes vicious drunk." His problems stemmed from a feeling of being sealed off from Bono, Edge and Larry as those three grew more and more committed to their heartfelt but rather private brand of Christianity. Bono had been raised in the Church of England, a fairly austere—Episcopalian—flock with little resemblance to the near-charismatic worshippers he began to seek out as he entered his twenties. The Edge had similar beliefs, and Larry—especially after his mother's sudden death in a road accident—likewise became a committed Bible student. "It is what," says Bono emphatically, "gives me the strength to get up every day and put forth a hundred percent of my energy." *October* centered on Christian topics. In the depths of this estrangement—at a time when, as one insider says, "Adam may well have believed he was about to be kicked out of the band"—Bono asked Adam to be his best man at the wedding.

Adam, along with band manager Paul McGuinness, now supplies a hearty balance of sex, drink and rock 'n' roll to the abstemious U2. And although he skipped out on *War*'s last sessions, when Bono was putting "40" (essentially a reading of the Fortieth Psalm) on tape, he's entirely at home with the

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singer's commitment. "It's very easy to be cynical about it, to knock it down. But it exists, for the public, on a heart level you can't intellectualize about, and I think Bono the singer is such an interesting person not because he stands on a street corner with his Christianity but because of the conflict within him between Christianity and the rock 'n' roll—that's what I find fascinating about him."

It was Adam who stuck around in the control booth during Bono's tortuous *October* sessions. "I like to see Bono working under pressure, 'cause he's a great improviser, and I think he sings notes, sings words much better when he's a bit desperate. That's when the soul comes through."

The soul of the twenty-two-year-old Bono Vox is a capacious and contradictory quantity. He'll point out with some reverence that the cover of Van Morrison's *Veedon Fleece* was shot on the steps of Sutton Castle, but he is a post-punk with little reverence for rock's godfathers. He accepts the praises of Townshend, Springsteen and Jackson Browne with none of the usual, false-modest demurrers. He seems to regard the Clash as politically modish carpetbaggers ("How come the Undertones, from the heart of the trouble spot in Derry, write pop songs about their girlfriends, while the Clash, who come from an art school in London, write about Derry?") and he loathes "the whole elitist vibe" of London's fashion bands. "The whole 1976 'punk rock, man' ethic, what happened to it? The anti-star ethic, the breaking down the barrier between stage and floor, it's all out the window. They're actually saying in London, now, 'Love is in *fashion*.' That's really wild."

One reason U2 glories in their trips to America is the openness, the non-trendiness, of the crowds. A quick riffle through press clippings from their last Florida sweep reveals Bono tactfully disarming a noisy kid in Tampa ("Florida does not suck. Who says Florida sucks? Are you from Florida, sir? Oh, you're from New York; I see.") and jumping onstage in a Tallahassee club (after being mauled by overzealous girls at that night's show in the county Civic Center) to sing "Wild Thing" with a local band called the Slutboys. Precious Bono isn't. He didn't hesitate to walk up to future Irish prime minister Garret Fitzgerald in Heathrow Airport and befriend him (resulting in a Bono endorsement that was a front-page picture story in the Dublin papers). But when we pick up a girl hitchhiking to Bellfield College, from which Bono had once been suspended, he can't bring himself to tell her he never went back because he became a rock star.

Bono says a simple grace before we dine at Sutton Castle, but it's clear that the wine does not taste like medicine to him, and before long he is giving his stage-whispered account of the Hewson family in Irish history proceeding backwards through the famine of 1840 and adducing a rather dubious blood tie to the ancient kings. Bono drops Robert Plant's name in the dust as part of an episode in a bar near the Welsh border. Plant was grabbing Adam's coat and ranting about how much he loved U2, while Bono raptly concentrated instead on a document ordering the execution of British monarch Charles I; at its foot, one of the sixteen signatures was the name MacAodha, the original Gaelic of Bono's family name, Hewson.

Bono's wife Alli looks on indulgently as he holds forth; he got his nickname not directly from the Latin for "good voice," but from the brand name of a certain hearing aid sold in the British Isles—such was the force and frequency of his palavering. The arm-swinging, stutter-stepping onstage Bono is replaced in conversation by archings of his eyebrow and sly grins, but the energy always shows through. His marriage, says one friend, made life easier for everyone close to him: "Here is this horny, emotional guy who also needs to live as a Christian."

Bono wrote *Boy*'s "Out Of Control" immediately upon rising from a troubled sleep on his eighteenth birthday: "I said, 'Well, here we are. I'm eighteen, and the two most important things in my life—being born and dying—are completely out of my hands. What's the point?' At that point in my life I had a lot of anger and discontent when I couldn't find answers. It was violent, but mentally violent." Thus *October*'s "I Threw A Brick Through A Window" is a kind of screed against the singer's inability to find meanings in his own life—but a brick is never mentioned except in the song's title.

From the perspective of the recently completed *War*, Bono would seem to now believe that he has been a bit self-indulgent: "On the first record, the lyrics were impressionistic—and adolescent. On the second record, with a lot of travel behind me and a lot of experience going through the brain, I used more images—still refusing to tell the story line but giving more signposts."

ENGAGEMENT

With the band's increasing confidence, their songs, which have always borne the simple publishing credit "U2," become more truly four-sided, and their favorite metaphor of a table stabilized by four legs becomes truer. On "Seconds" (which incorportes a chant from the documentary *Soldier Girls*) Bono and The Edge sing together for the first time on record (and Adam sings his first back-up vocal on "Surrender"). "Two Hearts Beat As One," Bono insists, is his try at writing a song that might get covered by Barbra Streisand or Aretha Franklin.

War's clear single is "New Year's Day." It went straight into England's top ten on release, and was U.S. FM radio's most-added song the week it appeared here. Edge's guitar skitters through the verses with a special urgency, Larry's drums (recorded, to everyone's gross inconvenience, in the stone central stairway at Windmill Lane Studios) refuse to let up, and Bono gives one of his characteristically driven vocal turns. "I think we've reached the point," says Adam, "where we have the skill to direct the playing on each song right towards the feeling that caused the song to be written. We're trying to strip away everything till we get to that cause."

Much more than on the previous two albums, that cause is to be found in a territory far afield of Bono's internal philosophical struggles—tumultuous as they may have been. It's clear he wants to strike a few pacifist blows against war's various engines—but that doesn't mean he's quit doing battle with music he finds dishonest or irrelevant to the times: "*War* is meant to be a slap in the face," says Bono, "a slap in the glossy, made-up-to-be-pretty face which is the music of most of our contemporaries." M

UTOOLS

The Edge uses a Fender Stratocaster or a Gibson Explorer through a vintage Vox AC30 amp with a Memory Man echo "which is a real budget echo, but it works really well; it's functional and uncomplicated." He likes "very heavy" strings, ranging from .011 or .012 gauge up to .056. "My explorer isn't one of the vintage '58s, it's more like a '76, but it's great in that it has a nice top end without that extra raunch and distortion that a lot of players like in a Les Paul; it's like a compromise between a Les Paul and a Strat." He admits to occasionally using a Les Paul in the studio, as well as an Epiphone steel guitar he picked up at Gruhn Guitars in Nashville. "It helps give an 'American' feel to 'Surrender,' on the new album. The Vox amps are like the original Beatle amps, with the original box speakers—little 12-inchers with a very gutsy middle sound." The Edge is partial to Roland's Chorus 120 amps, because of their "tough, clean sound."

Bassist Adam Clayton favors a Fender Jazz bass played through Ampeg amps, while Bono Vox opts for a Shure SM-57 mike for the vocal chores.

Larry Mullen's drum kit is a Yamaha Studio series with Zildjian cymbals. He notes, "For 'Like A Song,' we wanted a pastoral, Celtic feel, so I got hold of a bass drum and some skins and used my hand instead of my foot."

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D A V I D

BY TIMOTHY WHITE

B O W I E

A fifteen-year odyssey of image and imagination...

GREG GORMAN

of art and artifice, of the glamorous and the grotesque, of the alien and the earthy.

FAT

horns, strident and clipped, bray in unison against the dusk, paced by the cool *crack* of metallic percussion. It sounds like the opening salvo of "Choo Choo Ch'Boogie," the 1946 jump blues hit by Louis Jordan, one of the founding fathers of R&B. But the honkers and shouters out jamming on this early winter evening in Manhattan are just victims of traffic gridlock outside of a truckers' diner in a lonely factory district near the Lincoln Tunnel. Behind the beanery's greasy windows, the wizened waitress tugs at her hair net and slaps several more pairs of silverware against formica as the horns subside and the hollering stops.

"I'd like a bowl of that clear soup with the rice in the bottom," says a willowy, blond-haired young man as he angles himself into a snug back booth. His tone is meek, his manner demure. The waitress' mouth wrinkles in a maternal smile. The grin her customer returns is disconcerting, jagged milky teeth flashed with vampire grace. The sight is canceled so quickly one shudders, wondering whether it was ever there at all, an unwelcome glimpse at a secret best left intact. "Oh, *yes*," he adds, gently recapturing the woman's crimped confidence, "and I'll have one of your lovely chicken pot pies—and a glass of milk."

Turn and face the strange: thirty-six-year-old David Bowie, dressed like a librarian in crisp blue shirt, sleeveless argyle sweater and khaki slacks, his bleached hair schoolboy-short. Savoring his lunch, he enthusiastically discusses the aftermath of the Superbowl, and is coddled by the frumpy counter-lady—"Don't let your soup get cold, hon!"

When she drifts off, he blushes a waxy pink and says he's been coming to this diner for almost ten years, dating back to when he had an apartment in the West 20s during his days as Ziggy Stardust. He adds that he had bet on the Miami Dolphins even though he's a Redskins fan, and dropped ten dollars in the process. Such admissions seem suspect. One tries to envision the Magus of Glam-Rock wolfing down homey roadhouse fare, his attention glued to some American football on the tube, but memories of his spectral warpaint and sci-fi drag demeanor make it difficult.

Predictably, it all later checks out: the management of the lunch counter confirms that Bowie is indeed a semi-regular customer of long standing; and the musicians on *Let's Dance*,

Ziggy Stardust, victim of hypersell and unwelcome entourages.

LFI/RETNA

his first all-new LP in almost three years, explain that they got their boss hooked on the playoffs (and attempted to mold him into a Jets fan) while recording this winter at New York's Power Station studios.

It's always been an entertainingly strenuous chore separating the man from the image, and there have been so many versions of the latter over the last decade that his predilection for elaborate reinvention has long since surpassed mere calculation or ritual self-parody. If only by virtue of its crazy-quilt staying power, the *concept* of David Bowie has achieved an integrity all its own. Lon Chaney would have been envious. Kafka might've been inspired to recast *The Metamorphosis* along rock 'n' roll lines. But not really. Art usually celebrates/imitates life, not artifice. Yet David Bowie has brought artifice within striking distance of art.

There was a time when such goals were a good deal more than Bowie, a.k.a. David Robert Jones of Brixton, South London, could have dared hope for.

In the beginning, glitter rock and grotesque grandstanding were not uppermost in his mind. Thinking back to before there was the swishy blunt-cut Beau Brummel on the cover of the 1970 album *The Man Who Sold The World* or the Veronica Lake look-alike of the 1971 *Hunky Dory* LP, recalling an era pre-dating pop messiah-stud Ziggy Stardust, Dada dandy Aladdin Sane and leering Aryan dilettante the Thin White Duke, David Bowie makes a frank admission about the origins of his exhibitionism: "As an adolescent, I was painfully shy, withdrawn. I didn't really have the nerve to sing my songs onstage and nobody else was doing them. I decided to do them in disguise so that I didn't have to actually go through the humiliation of going onstage and being myself. I continued designing characters with their own complete personalities and environments. I put them into interviews with me! Rather than be *me*—which I thought must be incredibly boring to anyone—I'd take Ziggy in, or Aladdin Sane or the Thin White Duke. It was a very strange thing to do."

And it nearly proved to be Bowie's undoing, as he suffered through what was essentially the drugs-assisted unraveling of a "hurt, broken mentality; a fractured person," while living in Los Angeles in the mid-1970s, the period of his greatest commercial success. David says there is a history of mental illness in his family—close relations prone to sudden unexplained disappearances, aunts and cousins who have been hospitalized after being found wandering in the streets. He is still haunted by the tragic passage of his stepbrother, Terry, who when in his early twenties returned from service in the Royal Air Force greatly disturbed. David, who was sixteen years old at the time, watched as the ultra-intelligent brother slowly shut out the world, eventually declining to talk. Vanishing for a few years, Terry turned up in a mental ward and has spent considerable time in institutions since then.

In the aftermath of his own L.A.-aggravated mental traumas, Bowie resettled in Berlin in 1977, renting a spartan apartment over an auto parts shop and collaborating on two raw, highly impressionistic electronic albums (*Low*, *Heroes*) with Brian Eno while he convalesced. "Slowly gaining control over *me* again," as he puts it, he moved on to Switzerland in 1979, where he and Eno completed their trilogy with *Lodger*, a tribute to human restlessness in all its forms. In 1980, Bowie dipped back into his nightmares again with *Scary Monsters(And Super Creeps)*, but this time he appeared to rule the shadow creatures rather than the other way round.

He bowed out of music for a spell in order to act, debuting on Broadway as *The Elephant Man* and on television in Bertolt Brecht's *Baal*. He also landed leading roles in two soon to be released movies. *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence*, directed by Nagisa Oshima (creator of the controversial 1976 erotic film, *In The Realm of the Senses*), is a study of captives and captors in a Japanese P.O.W. camp in Java in 1942, with Bowie cast as a tough-willed Lieutenant-Colonel who refuses to break under torture. *The Hunger* has Bowie playing opposite Catherine

Cinematic sin: Bowie in the title role of *Just A Gigolo*.

CHRISTIAN SIMONPIETRI/SYGMA

SEX *and risk are a strong element in life and I've had a lot of them myself. But I would add relationships to that."*

Deneuve; she is an immortal siren who needs human blood to survive, and he is her lover of nearly three hundred years, who is abruptly—and rapidly—aging.

Now an extended hiatus from recording has been ended with *Let's Dance*, a buoyantly commercial effort that heralds Bowie's signing (for a reported seventeen and a half million) with EMI, a long-term deal that presumably will also allow David to exploit his new company's extensive video and film involvements. In spirit, the new record is a distillation of the R&B craze that swept England in the early 1960s, golden years of exceptional black music that captivated David Jones and his Brixton mates. In content, *Let's Dance*, which was co-produced by Chic's Nile Rodgers, owed a debt to Louis Jordan and a host of other jump blues giants, but the Asbury Jukes horn section and the hard Texas blues riffing of Stevie Ray Vaughn combined with its other components to forge an original party-funk *cum* big bass drum sound greater than the sum of its influences.

"To tell you the truth, I was not very familiar with David's music when he asked me to play on the sessions," admits the twenty-eight-year-old Vaughn, an Austin-based virtuoso whose blues group, Double Trouble, is known as one of the city's best. His 1959 Stratocaster burns with "a passion straight out of T-Bone Walker; Bowie apparently has damn good taste in guitarists," says veteran R&B producer Jerry Wexler, who arranged the Double Trouble gig at the 1981 Montreux Jazz Festival, where Vaughn and Bowie first met.

"David and I talked for hours and hours about *our* music, about funky Texas blues and its roots—I was amazed at how interested he was," says Vaughn (whose brother Jimmy is one of the Fabulous Thunderbirds). "At Montreux, he said something about being in touch and then tracked me down in California, months and months later, calling at 4:30 in the morning. It was get-up-and-make-sense-quick time! That's sort of the way in which the album came together, actually. It was the most fun I've had in my life. David works quickly because he knows exactly what he wants."

And what Bowie wanted was a sleek, stylish record that rocked with a soul swagger; one that rekindled the joy of R&B which had long ago helped pull a timid Brixton boy out of himself. Peter Meaden, the renowned British mod who discovered the Who and defined the natty, R&B-cum-amphetamines lifestyle of the trig London teens of the early 60s, once offered a terse description of the mod's nocturnal mission: "Becoming neat, sharp and cool; an all-white Soho negro of the night." That line fits *Let's Dance* and this year's David Bowie to a 'T.' The title track, "Modern Love," and "Ricochet" are incendiary ballroom raveups, and the new version of Bowie and Giorgio Moroder's "Putting Out The Fire" (from the soundtrack of the 1982 film *Cat People*) is a sensual sizzler.

David Jones and David Bowie have finally merged, organically, admirably. But the old artifice dies hard. As with virtually all interviews Bowie has granted throughout his career, this one lasted exactly one hour—to the minute (he never even had to check his watch).

He flew into the diner with a flourish, whipping off his bulky tan raincoat and offering a hale and hearty handshake. "Let's make this as formless as possible!" he exulted. He lit a cigarette, handling it as if it were a conductor's baton. The wispy smoke and the steam from his piping hot lunch swirled around his pale face, the skin so translucent it seemed you could see the blood coursing underneath. The thin lips and pointy, vaguely vulpine teeth punctuated various jests and pronouncements with their secret smile. He was in jocund spirits; he seemed at ease. And when he'd talked enough, he withdrew with a strategic suddenness that was masterful in its deft execution.

Without a doubt, David Bowie is once again in control.

Even hardy party-er Keith Richards (shown with Tina Turner) was floored by Bowie's ability to stay up for days on end.

MUSICIAN: Let's Dance *has a lot of interesting early R&B shadings, bits of Bill Doggett, Earl Bostic, James Brown and a helping of Louis Jordan.*

BOWIE: Yeah, you can probably say that. What happened was that over the last year or so, as I've been doing filming, going to places like the South Pacific, I took tapes to listen to, not really knowing if there'd be much local radio, or indeed what the music was like over there anyway. I realized that in what I'd picked out, I'd gone back twenty or more years to stuff that meant a lot to me when I first started playing saxophone; there was a lot of Johnny Otis, Red Prysock, that organic rock 'n' roll orchestra sound. So I think there's a degree of those other influences on the new LP. It certainly doesn't sound anything like a revival record.

MUSICIAN: *When you got together with Nile Rodgers, your co-producer, was it casual at first, the two of you just playing records for each other socially?*

BOWIE: That's really what happened, because I had met him a few months ago in a club in New York, just after I'd come back from doing the *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence* movie with Nagisa Oshima. We started talking about old blues and rhythm & blues stuff and found we'd both had the same artists

JOHN BELLISSIMO/RETNA

as strong influences. I guess that triggered me off thinking it might be fun working with him. I admired some of his work in the areas of his bass sounds and drum ideas; he was very instrumental in pulling those sections together on the album. I felt that with the kind of European influences I've had, it might be interesting to see what could result from our working together.

MUSICIAN: *How do you hear the musical textures on the new LP?*

BOWIE: I like the horns—but they're not an overly predominant feature on every track. It's kind of a mixed bag, really. And—not for any elitist reason—(laughter) there are no synthesizers on it. I really wanted that same positive optimistic rock 'n' roll big band sound that was very inspiring for me back when. It's got a hard cut, very high on treble—it *sears* through.

MUSICIAN: *You assembled an entirely new group of musicians for the record. How did you select the personnel?*

BOWIE: The guitarist, Stevie Ray Vaughn, denotes where I was coming from in terms of putting the band together. (drawls) He's from Austin, Texas! Plays in a blues band down thar!

When I saw him a year or so ago at the Montreux Jazz Festival, his trio was the support act for somebody like Muddy Waters. Stevie is just dynamite—he thinks Jimmy Page is a modernist! Stevie's back there with Albert King. He's the wiz kid.

Also, I wanted to have a little relief from the guys that I usually work with. I wanted to try people that I'd *never* worked with before, so that I couldn't predict how they were going to play. They didn't have much idea of how I worked in the studio. And as I hadn't recorded in two years, it seemed perfectly natural 'round about now to try new people. Nile picked up most of the rest of the band for me: Omar Hakim from Weather Report; Carmine Rojas from Nona Hendryx's band. Stevie and Nile played guitars, and that was the nucleus.

MUSICIAN: *Surprisingly, you don't play anything on the album. Not even sax.*

BOWIE: I don't play a damned thing. This was a singer's album.

MUSICIAN: *Since the new music marks a return to your very beginnings in rock 'n' roll, both career-wise and in terms of your earliest exposure to certain acts, let's talk about your background. You were a well-known nightcrawler as a teenager, haunting the West End pubs. Is it true that your father owned a wrestling club?*

BOWIE: Yeah, at one time. It's part of my family mythology. His father died and left him a lot of money, so he put it into a traveling theater troupe, which lost most of the money. What was left he put into a London club for wrestlers in Soho, a nightclub that was gangster and wrestler-oriented. I don't know *how* he got involved in that! Then he went into the army and when he came out he started working as a P.R. man for a charity organization (Dr. Bernados' Children's Home), and stayed there for the rest of his life. He met my mother when she was working as an usherette in a cinema.

MUSICIAN: *Were your parents much in evidence as a kid?*

BOWIE: My father died when I was about twenty years old. He was instrumental throughout all my teenage life; as I got older I got more and more support from him. My father bought me my first saxophone. I was not particularly close to my mother, but I've gotten closer to her over the years. I think the recognition of the frailty of age makes one more sympathetic to the earlier strains of any child-parent relationship. The problems are never ultimately on one side or the other—it's a shared responsibility and you get more mature about it.

MUSICIAN: *Is that your mother in the* Scary Monsters *video?*

BOWIE: (Grinning) No, that's just a mother figure. She's a well-known British actress. That was an inevitable question, and people in London ask her the same thing.

MUSICIAN: *Tell me about adolescence, your early teens.*

BOWIE: I had the usual desire to break ties with home and parents, the general anger of youth. I have a half brother and a half sister, neither of whom I've ever been particularly close to, because they've never lived at home. I was brought up ostensibly as an only child, and they put in these lightweight appearances. I lost contact with my stepsister Annette when I was twelve—that was the last time I saw her. She was quite a lot older than me and went to Egypt to get married. We've none of us heard a word from her since, and we've tried to trace her.

I was living up in Brixton until I was eleven years old, and that was enough to be very affected by it. It left great, strong images in my mind. Because the music that was first happening in my early teens was happening in Brixton, it was the place one continually had a relationship with. All the ska and bluebeat clubs were in Brixton, so one gravitated back there. Also it was one of the few places that played James Brown records, other than two French clubs in town, La Poubelle and Le Kilt. A friend of mine, Jeff McCormack, who ended up as Warren Peace in the Diamond Dogs band, had the big ska record collection, and it just wasn't worth competing with him, so I went straight into buying Chuck Berry, Little Richard and the blues stuff.

MUSICIAN: *Were white teenagers welcome at the "shebeens," as the West Indian clubs in Britain are known?*

BOWIE: At that time it was cool. If you expressed an interest in the music and got off on what was happening in the clubs, it was a lot easier, I guess, than it is these days. Although I don't know; I haven't been to those clubs in years. I've hardly been in London in a social, living way for so long that it's almost an alien city to me now—which is unfortunate in some respects, but you lose some and gain some.

MUSICIAN: *At the start of your career you spent a lot of time around the legendary Marquee Club on Wardour Street in London, which had weekly R&B nights featuring twin bills like Sonny Boy Williamson and the Yardbirds. What was that scene like in the early 1960s?*

BOWIE: I got friendly with the owners; for me there were no rules at the door so I used to creep in and watch what was happening. The Marquee, the Scene, Eel Pie Island in Twickenham, they were all a circuit. At the time—sixteen years old, for me—when I was frequently in those places it was during the era of the first batch of mods. There were two batches of mods in England, the first lot being in 1962-63. The initial crop called themselves modernists, which reduced itself down to the mods. That was excessively peacocky. These weren't the anorak (quilted, gabardine raincoat) mods that turned up later on motor scooters. The scooter thing wasn't quite as big with the early mods at that time; it was still trains.

But the first mods wore very expensive suits; very, very dapper. And makeup was an important part of it: lipstick, blush, eyeshadow and out-and-out pancake powder—not Clearasil. It was very dandified, and they were the James Brown-lovers. Elitist. Pills always played an important part; everything was fast.

You weren't supposed to like bands like the Rolling Stones, and especially the Action, the Who and all that crowd who came along later—these were the anorak boys in the later 60s—because they weren't *real* mods. I did—secretly. But I felt sad the former fashion had died out.

I dressed the archetype: mohair suits, two-tone suits; the shoes were highpointers; Billy Eckstine shirts with big roll collars. You either had a pinned collar or button-down or roll collar.

MUSICIAN: *How would you earn the money to dress up?*

BOWIE: (Snickering, with a wink) You earned the money somehow or other, wheeling and dealing. Also, a popular thing was to go down the back of Carnaby Street late at night and raid the dustbins. Because in those days if anything showed the slightest sign of deterioration, or a button was missing, or there was the least thing wrong with it, they used to throw it out, so you could pick up the most dynamite things down there! This was just as the street was becoming popular. Indeed, there were only about four shops along there that sold clothes of that nature, so it wasn't a tourist thing at that time.

Also, you could get some good suits made in Shepherd's Bush. There were good tailors there that would knock up a suit quickly and inexpensively, out of material (big grin) which you didn't ask how they could get so cheaply. So you'd get dressed, go 'round to the Marquee Club and just get looney and listen to rhythm & blues. Fundamentally it was a rhythm and blues period, which had just hit the underground in a big way.

I wasn't a hundred percent into *performing* music at the time of the mods, but I'd been playing saxophone since about thirteen years old, off and on. The things I'd considered doing once I left school were either to continue being a painter, start working in an advertising agency or be a musician if I could possibly get that good.

Bowie's painful shyness forced him to create separate, complete personalities to carry his message for him.

MOD

was very, very dapper. Makeup and pills played an important part. It was dandified, elitist and fast."

MUSICIAN: *Entrepreneur Kenneth Pitt had seen you at the Marquee Club around the time you were eighteen and led the band called David Jones & the Lower Third. What kind of group was the Lower Third?*

BOWIE: I guess it wanted to be a rhythm & blues band. We did a lot of stuff by John Lee Hooker, and we tried to adapt his stuff to the big beat—never terribly successfully. But that was the thing; everybody was picking a blues artist as their own. Somebody had Muddy Waters, somebody had Sonny Boy Williamson. Ours was Hooker.

It also was the first band where I'd started writing songs. I think the first song I ever wrote—there might be others but this is the only one that sticks out—was called "Can't Help Thinking About Me." (breaks up laughing) That's an illuminating little piece, isn't it? It was about leaving home and moving up to London. "The London Boys" was another one about being a mod. It was an anti-pill song; I wasn't particularly pro the thing—after a bit.

MUSICIAN: *Wasn't there a point in your late teens that you were into Buddhism for a while?*

BOWIE: I've always been a great fan of diversification, eh? At one period I had the whole *lot* going. I was a Buddhist mime songwriter and part-time sax player, or it became like that. I just couldn't see the wood for the trees. I was trying *everything*. I mean, my whole life is made up of experimentation, curiosity and anything that seemed at all appealing.

MUSICIAN: *Was that around the time that you hooked up with Lindsay Kemp's Underground Mime troupe?*

BOWIE: (Nodding as he gulps down chicken pie) Lindsay was the man who I ended up studying with, and working for, and living the most degenerate kind of life with. It was all wonderful, incredible. It's a great experience living with this sort of rancid Cocteau-ish theater group in these bizarre rooms that were decorated and handpainted with elaborate things. The whole thing was so excessively French, with Left Bank existentialism, reading Genet and listening to R&B. The perfect bohemian life.

MUSICIAN: *Pitt got you your first recording contract in 1967, didn't he? You were signed to Decca for an album,* The World Of David Bowie, *in an era when most deals with new artists were for singles.*

BOWIE: I did an album that ended up sounding like a baroque Tony Newley, more than anything else. They were little vignette songs. I guess it was around the time that I was learning to formulate songs out of observed points of view and story lines, trying the bit of standing back and looking on at things. They were very narrative, odd things about child abusers and dykes. That was all Lindsay's influence—that the everyday is not as interesting as the curiosities of life, and that they can eventually bring you back to the everyday again.

MUSICIAN: *Had you read any Isherwood at that point in your life?*

BOWIE: I think I'd read everything by the time I was eighteen or nineteen that I would yet read again, from Kerouac to Isherwood to Kafka to Marcel Duchamp. They had all passed through my life at some time or other. On the second pass I just honed in on a very few of them and sifted and filtered the stuff that was, for me, affectation rather than something that actually meant something. And indeed, that's what I still do.

MUSICIAN: *When "Space Oddity" hit in England in 1969, weren't you suddenly faced with a weird juxtaposition in live performance—something the later Bowie might have conjured up—where you'd be doing Dylanesque shows in front of pissed-off skinheads?*

BOWIE: It was *odd*. I was not prepared for that at all. It was, unfortunately, a very good song that possibly I wrote a bit too early, because I hadn't anything else as substantial at the time. What I was involved in to a lesser or greater extent at that point was what were known in England as the "Arts Labs." The idea was to encourage people locally to congregate at this meeting house in Beckenham and become involved in all aspects of arts in society. To come and watch strange performances by longhaired, strange people. They started out with altruistic aims. We'd all contribute to the funding, but those things were always broke, owing money left, right and center. You'd hire Bunuel films like *Un Chien Andalou* for people to see and not be able to pay for the rental. Then you'd have poets who'd come down from Cumberland in their transit vans to read, and so on.

In the midst of all this, I'd written this little thing about Major Tom and gotten it recorded, and I was told I had a concert tour if I wanted it! I thought, naughtily, "I'll go out and sing my songs!" not knowing what audiences were like in those days. Sure enough, it was the revival of the mod thing which had since turned into skinheads. They couldn't abide me. (laughter) No! No way! The whole spitting, cigarette-flicking abuse thing by audiences started long before the punks of 1977 in my own frame of reference.

MUSICIAN: *During 1969, you also made a little-known film which I've never seen, called* The Virgin Soldiers. *Was that your first?*

BOWIE: Actually I'm in it for about twenty seconds as an extra. I don't know how it developed into a thing I've done as an *actor*. I've never seen *The Virgin Soldiers* either so I'm not sure I'm actually even in it still. I know that I was thrown over a bar in it. That was a film put together by a guy in London named Ned Sherrin who was one of the leading satirists of the time and worked on things like *That Was The Week That Was*.

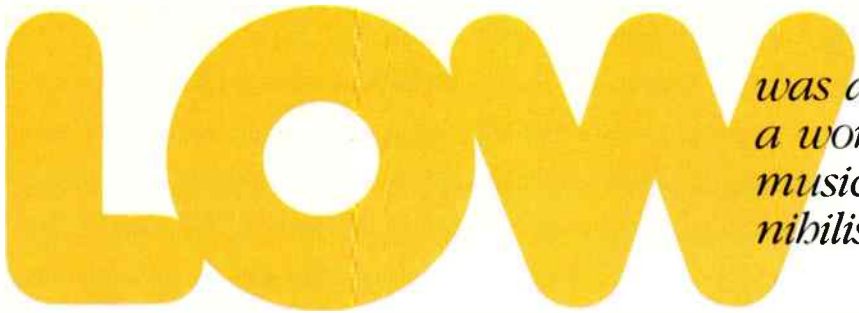
My first true film appearance was years earlier in a movie called *The Image*, an underground black & white avant garde-type thing done by some guy. He wanted to make a film about a painter doing a portrait of a guy in his teens, and the portrait comes to life and, in fact, turns out to be the corpse of some bloke. I can't really remember all the plot, if indeed it had a plot, but it was a fourteen-minute short and it was awful.

MUSICIAN: *What was the first film acting you've done that you felt was worth a damn?*

BOWIE: I suppose *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. I was more than optimistic about it, and then I really thought it was a great movie. I couldn't *but* think that, because everything that Nick Roeg had done up to that point I thought was great. And I think it's even better now than I did then. I think it's surely taken on other qualities over time and is a most intriguing science fiction movie—especially in relation to a lot of the stuff that's out at the moment.

MUSICIAN: *The uncut version is the best.*

BOWIE: Quite definitely. That's the only version we knew about in Europe. I was floored when it came out over here and



was a cleansing for me, a world of relief. My music had become darkly, nihilistically obsessed."

had twenty minutes cut out of it—*hacked* out of it. It brought the thing to its knees; a bad thing to do to Nick's movie. But the best thing about it is that it did achieve critical acclaim at the time. It's still often playing places.

MUSICIAN: *I've always wondered how long it took to apply the slimly body makeup for your role in* The Man.

BOWIE: That was a good four or five hours, much like *The Hunger*, which was another four or five hours. The skin of my character in *The Man Who Fell to Earth* was some concoction, a spermatozoon of an alien nature that was obscene and weird-looking. I think it was put together with the whites of eggs, food coloring and flour. Nick does revolting stuff that creates such challenging vignettes! Nick's love scenes must be some of the most perverse ever filmed. There's a quality to them that is so cruel. There's something about Nick's films which is awfully worrying but I think the magnetism of his movies is the wariness and worry they create.

Incidentally, they kept putting the release of *The Hunger* back because they were trying to get the rating changed. These Hollywood people, they got themselves in trouble with some sex scenes, which they were probably stupid to put in in the first place.

MUSICIAN: *Do you feel, in retrospect, that Tony DeFries and his MainMan organization were helpful in your rapid rise to notoriety as Ziggy Stardust?*

BOWIE: No. I think he oversold me. Looking back on it, I think he did a lot of things far too early and tried to overkill with everything.

MUSICIAN: *I recall the infamously lavish and indulgent 1972 press junket, when hordes were flown over to London from New York to catch the debut of your Ziggy stage show.*

BOWIE: Insane. The most ridiculously crass thing to happen. There was too much happening at once. The attitude of more is better, I quickly learned, is just the wrong thing to do in music. If you think your work matters, and if you want some kind of understanding between the audience and the work, then you can't throw it away like that. All those things came to be the friction between Tony and me near the end. I wanted to approach the thing from a much lower profile than all this hyperkill.

MUSICIAN: *You've said that the Ziggy character overwhelmed your personality for a while, drove you to the brink. Did you feel like you were getting out of touch with your own craft and losing control of your performing identity?*

BOWIE: No. That was the thing! I was getting *more* in touch with it near the end, and that's why I wanted the whole MainMan thing away from me. It was circusy. I was never much of an entourage person—I *hated* all of that. It's a relief for all these years I've not been MainManned to be on my own, and to not have a constant stream of people following me around to the point where, when I sat down, fifteen other people sat down. It was unbearable.

I think Tony saw himself as a Svengali type, but I think I would have done okay anyway. Now, I look back on it with amusement more than anything else. Everybody was always going to get their *teeth* done or something, brand new people appearing in the office, having changed their appearance completely from the day before, and so forth.

MUSICIAN: *When you said in July of 1973 that you had "rocked your roll" and were going to retire, did you actually feel that way?*

BOWIE: Absolutely. (smiling) I do *every* time. Only living *at* that moment and thinking *of* that moment, and being too young to recognize anything else, it never occurred to me that there were periods when you just got tired of what you were doing and possibly took a rest. So for me it was conclusive: "It's all gone wrong; I don't like what I'm doing; I'm bored; therefore, I'll always be bored; therefore, I'll retire now—that's what I'll do! It's gone! The spark's finished!"

Nowadays, if things start getting on top of me, I just step back for a few months. I would never be so foolish again. It's very important to sort out the star trip. The idea of fame was an obsession—until it happened. Since those years, it's been a redefinition of why I wanted to make music in the first place. That's the continual thing I go back to when I'm feeling a little confused about what I'm doing or why I'm doing anything.

MUSICIAN: *Was the stark 1978* Station To Station *album and tour the result of a re-ignited interest in the German Expressionism of the early twentieth century and the output of people like film director Georg Wilhelm Pabst, or was it merely a result of mounting disinterest in theatrical overkill?*

BOWIE: The reasons for doing the show and record were many-faceted. The overriding need for me was to develop more of a European influence, having immersed myself so thoroughly in American culture. As I was personally going through a very bad time, I thought I had to get out of America and get back to Europe. So it came out of that.

MUSICIAN: *You're referring to your notorious wig-out period, after leaving Mainman and making* The Man Who Fell to Earth, *while living in a house in Los Angeles around 1976-77?*

BOWIE: That's right. That was the wipeout period. I was totally washed up emotionally and psychically, completely screwed up. I was fed up hallucinating twenty-four hours a day.

MUSICIAN: *What's the story on that incident Cameron Crowe wrote about in 1976, in which you interrupted your interview with him to pull down a window shade, which had a star and the word "Aum" drawn on it, and light a black candle, claiming you'd just seen a body fall from the sky?*

BOWIE: (Cackling laugh) That used to happen *all the time*. I was one of those guys that you see on the streets who suddenly stops and says, "They're *coming*! They're *coming*!" Every day of my life back then I was capable of staying up indefinitely. My chemistry must have been superhuman. I'd stay up for seven or eight days on the trot!

MUSICIAN: *Keith Richards would blush.*

BOWIE: (Moans) Ohhh, the Stones would be absolutely floored by it. They'd see me a few days later and find out that I hadn't been to bed! It was unreal, absolutely unreal. Of course, every day that you stayed up longer—and there's things that you have to do to stay up that long—the impending tiredness and fatigue produces that hallucinogenic state quite naturally. (chuckle, wink) Well, *half*-naturally. By the end of the week my whole life would be transformed into this bizarre nihilistic fantasy world of oncoming doom, mythological characters and imminent totalitarianism. Quite the worst.

I was living in L.A. with Egyptian decor. It was one of those rent-a-house places but it appealed to me because I had this

GREG GORMAN/SYGMA

more-than-passing interest in Egyptology, mysticism, the cabala, all this stuff that is inherently misleading in life, a hodge-podge whose crux I've forgotten. But at the time it seemed transparently obvious what the answer to life was. So the house occupied a ritualistic position in my life.

MUSICIAN: *It's amazing the things David Bowie can get himself in and out of.*

BOWIE: Pulling myself back out of that was not quick, it was a good two- to three-year process. There was a flashback effect. I must have put myself through the most bizarre physical ordeal, apart from anything else. For the first two or three years afterward, while I was living in Berlin, I would have days where things were moving in the room—and this was when I was totally straight. It took the first two years in Berlin to really cleanse my system. Especially psychically and emotionally. I really had to find myself again.

MUSICIAN: *Did you get any psychiatric counseling?*

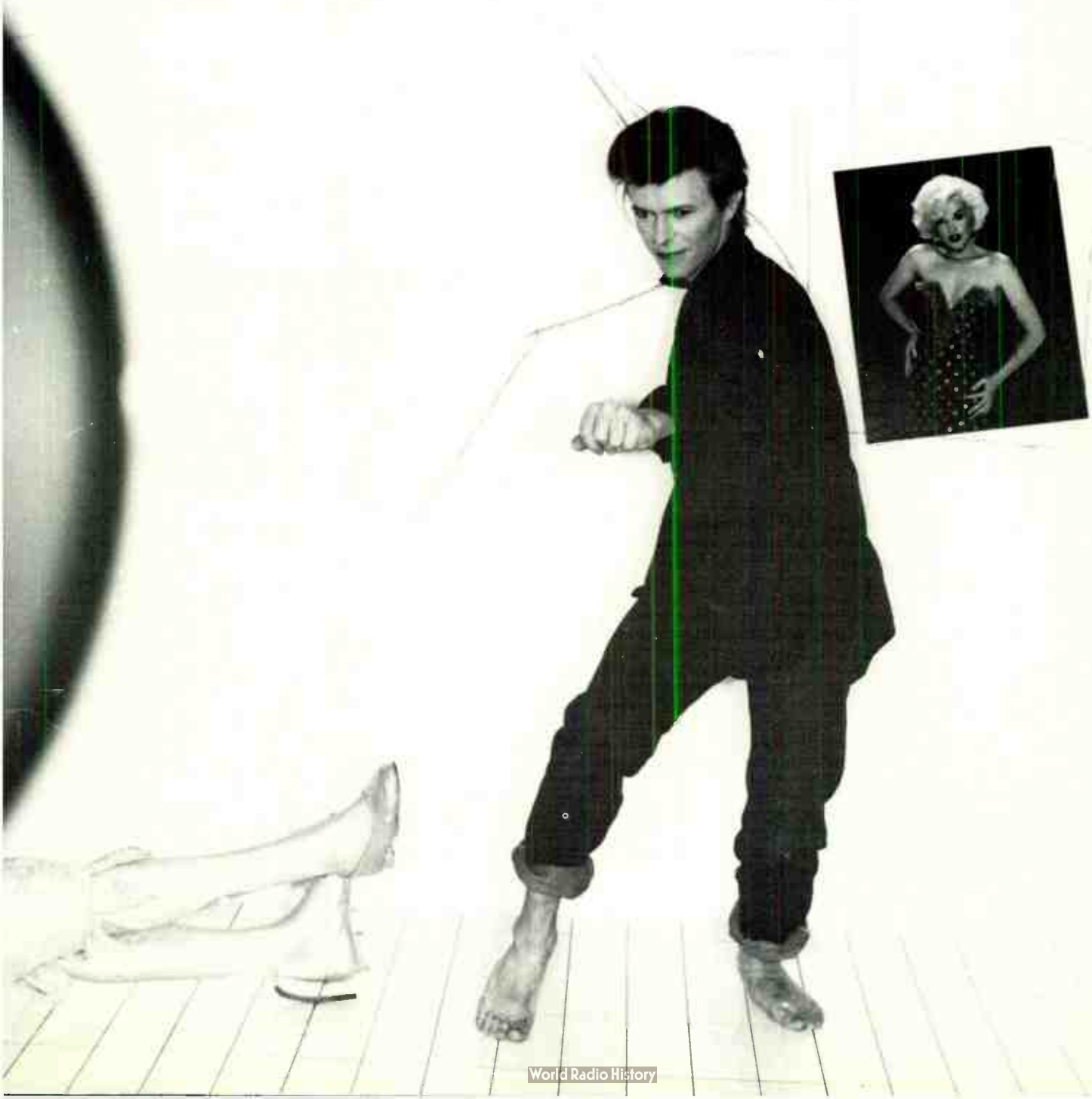
BOWIE: I've always had an immature attitude toward mental health detectors. There was a stigma attached to the whole thing which I felt was inhuman and just didn't want to become involved in. Also, I had a slight impression that I might go to a hospital and not get out again. I felt *that* imbalanced at the time. This was late in 1976. Fortunately, I was able to pull out of it with the help of two or three friends who either came to Berlin with me or were in Berlin. I realized how close I was to either completely screwing myself up or just not being around anymore.

MUSICIAN: *Is there something in your personality that craves change for its own sake, an obsessive side where the performer overtakes the non-performer?*

BOWIE: Well, I think it's more because of the success of the early few years in the 70s. I'd always had the natural instinct to be curious about life in all its forms—the arts, whatever. But I had an increasing tendency not to recognize the future. Everything became more and more just living from day to day. Then this parallel thing happened, where as I came out of that last bad period, I grew more aware of my son's life and the responsibilities I have toward my son.

I guess it's aging, getting older, but I now have a very direct link with the future. My son, just because of his presence,

Bowie's Berlin escape from the trappings of L.A. superstardom also liberated his musical sensitivity.

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keeps telling me there *is* a tomorrow, there is a future, and that there's no point in screwing up today; because every day that you screw up is going to have an effect, karma-wise, on the future. One just adjusts.

Without reservation, I think it's very important for youth to have anger and an awareness of *now*-ness. I think all those things are part and parcel of being young. But I think that's just a passing grace, and then you shift to another viewpoint in life that's tempered by experiences, and the future becomes very important. But you *need* all the rest, that vortex of mess and misbehavior, to then straighten up and see where the future can go.

MUSICIAN: *How old is Zowie now?*

BOWIE: He's eleven years old. He lives with me. I have complete responsibility for him. I'm a single parent with a son, and more than anything else over the last five years, that fact has honed my outlook generally, and will continue to change my approach to music and whatever else I do.

MUSICIAN: *How did your loosely collaborative relationship with Brian Eno on the* Low, Heroes *and* Lodger *records evolve?*

BOWIE: Well, it's 1977, and we're now in Berlin, my first year there. I'm throwing away everything in terms of what I'd done before in music, and I don't give a hang if I never make another record that has any appeal to it whatsoever.

I phone up Brian, who's somebody I've long been excited by in terms of his approach to music, little areas of which I'd touched on in terms of William Burroughs-inspired cut-ups—and disorienting ways of putting instruments and things together. I knew that Eno had a different approach to the studio than I'd ever had before, and I felt that this was the time to work with him—especially if I was going to start *examining* what I want to do and if I ever wanted to go back to America or England again. I thought: let's see *why* I like his music.

Brian recognized my own desperation for wanting to understand if I should go any further with music or not. It's wonderfully easy to produce a workshop atmosphere when there's nothing to lose, and nothing to gain by resting on your laurels. I didn't care if RCA sued me; just didn't care. And, indeed, they were very dissatisfied with what we produced for those three albums.

MUSICIAN: *Let's speak of* Low, *for instance.*

BOWIE: Terribly important album for me personally. And the position we adopted on *Low* colored what was to happen in English music for some time. What Eno and I achieved was something that would be filled out and fleshed out over the years that followed in terms of ambience and drum sounds. That "smash" drum sound, that depressive, gorilla effect set down the studio drum fever fad for the next few years. It was something I wish we'd never created, having had to live through four years of it with other English bands, until it started changing into the "clap" sound we've got now.

Dancing with Nile Rodgers

BY NELSON GEORGE

CHUCK PULIN

"Because of the nature of the business, people are not that keen on intermingling between blacks and whites. They don't expect that a black producer can go in and do an artist of the caliber of a David Bowie."

Nile Rodgers, exceptional guitarist, co-producer of the influential funk-disco minimalist band Chic, brand new solo artist with *Adventures In The Land Of The Good Groove* album just released and aficionado of Thai cuisine, is talking with considerable enthusiasm about producing (of all people) David Bowie. "David could have had any producer—white or black—he wanted. He could have gone with Quincy Jones and a more sure-fire chance at a hit. But he called me up, and for that I feel very honored."

The musical marriage of the chameleonlike Bowie and funk-master Rodgers on *Let's Dance* is one of the more unexpected collaborations of recent years and also one of the fastest. From the late December night that Bowie telephoned Rodgers and later met in Rodgers' Manhattan apartment, to the album's final mix, the entire project took all of five weeks, only three of which were spent actually cutting and mixing the record at New York's Power Station.

"This is the fastest I've ever worked in my life," says Rodgers in an amazed tone. "We went in from about ten a.m. to the early evening for six days a week and worked. Before recording here we spent three days cutting demos of his songs, so when we actually got into the studio, we knew exactly what we wanted.

"Bowie said he likes to work this way and I plan to do the same for the rest of my career," enthuses Nile. "It's just the most energetic way to make records. The musicians were really pumped up because of the fast pace, and as a result we got some great performances."

Rodgers was well equipped to arrange *Let's Dance*'s 50s R&B bounce, flush with big, brassy horns: "It was through jazz and arranging that I originally got into music. I studied orchestration books, big bands, harmony...I mean, I've got a library on orchestration at home that's up to the ceiling. That's what I really love. I wrote the arrangements based on the demos. When they were played against the tracks, David and I would make some alterations, but nothing very radical. We really heard the music the same way and didn't have a major disagreement over any musical point, as happened when we produced Diana Ross."

Austin-based white bluesman Stevie Ray Vaughn ("He's got that bluesy Buddy Guy guitar thing down cold") was signed by Bowie even before Rodgers was contacted. Rodgers selected the rest of the musicians, trying for a mix of young blood and New York studio veterans. Weather Report drummer Omar Hakim plays on the bulk of the album with Chic's Tony Thompson appearing on three songs. Carmine Rojas, bassist for Nona Hendryx's Propaganda, handles all the bottom-end chores except one cut where Chic's Bernard Edwards sits in. Percussionist Sammy Figueroa and keyboardist Rob Sabito, both Chic regulars, round out the rhythm section. Rodgers' horn charts were performed by members of Chic's regular section as well as members of the Asbury Jukes.

Rodgers was quite impressed with Bowie's musical knowledge. "Unlike some of the groups I've worked with in the past, where Bernard and I had to be in charge in the studio, David has a deep understanding of music. He knows a lot more than he gets credit for. We spent time discussing chords, notes and different approaches to music. At one point David was so enthusiastic about capturing that rock 'n' roll flavor that he wanted to cut everything live—rhythm, horns and vocals. That's how open he was to doing the unusual."

Nile has two personal favorites, "Modern Love" and the title cut. "'Modern Love' is an old-fashioned barrelhouse rocker with a real pounding Little Richard-type piano, while on top it has a very sophisticated jazz horn sound." He feels "everybody is gonna think I wrote 'Let's Dance' because it has that Chic feel with Bernard playing a real walking bass; the bass line is, in fact, very much like the one in 'Good Times.' But what is unique about the song, and about David's music in general, is that he doesn't feel he has to be harnessed by any boundaries, so the horns are soloing all over the place and doing John Coltrane-type runs.

"I remember David and I had a talk about our philosophies of making music and he said he was never afraid to change, because he never liked to limit himself to appealing to a certain class or audience. David says he has always felt the freedom to be flexible and to do as he wished, even if it didn't sell. I think this album reflects that freedom."

MUSICAL INSIGHT

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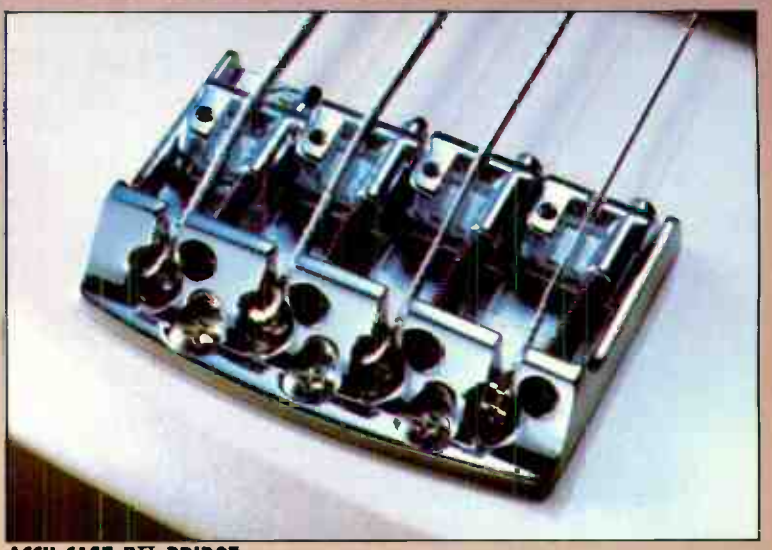

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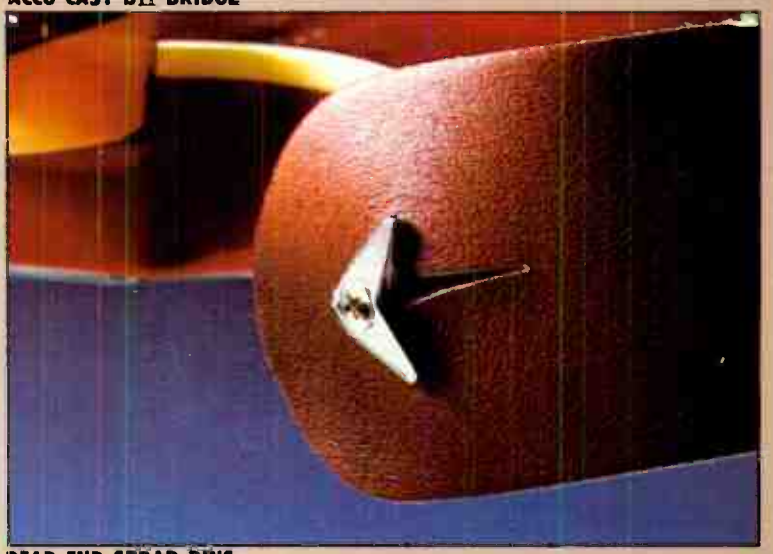

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You see, there was no longer an interest by myself, and certainly not with Brian, in writing anything that had anything to do with narrative, other than in setting up atmosphere completely for atmosphere's sake. That music can be *used* as atmosphere, and listened to in many different contexts.

MUSICIAN: *What sort of an atmosphere were you attempting to create aurally, musically?*

BOWIE: For me, a world of relief, a world that I would like to be in. It glowed with a pure spirituality that hadn't been present in my music for some time. Mine had in fact almost become darkly obsessed. There was a degree of the Lower Elements that it occurred to me had been in recent previous songs and in the structures of the music.

There was a cleansing for me in *Low*. I find it has a *clean* feeling as an album. That album, more than any of the others we did, was responsible for my cleaning up musically, and my driving for more positive turns of phrase, if you will, in my music. Except for a slight relapse in *Scary Monsters*.

MUSICIAN: *On* Heroes, *songs like the title track and "Joe The Lion" sounded like fierce, flush-the-pipes music. Yet the free-form* Low *sound had now been codified into more comprehensible song structures.*

BOWIE: The content of the album, which was the looking at the street life in Berlin, had a lot to do with the feeling of "Joe The Lion" and "Heroes." It's like the street life in New York but without the emphasis on consumerism. Politically, it's a lot more radical in its expression; everybody has a very definite political view, either far right or far left. That kind of friction produces a wonderful...they say *zeitgeist*. There is a *zeitgeist* of the future, there is a feeling of social responsibility that's overpowering. There's not the kind of lush, decadent thing that's thrown about concerning Berlin—that's entirely wrong. There's a young population there and the middle-aged and the family people have moved out into West Germany because there's no industry left.

So the people who are in Berlin are older stoics who have no intention of ever moving; or students, because there's still a great emphasis on education in Berlin. Because of that, there's a serious quality to the people, a resistance to silliness. They want change to come about positively for the *people*.

MUSICIAN: *Observers sometimes tend to interpret the German people too directly through their art and music. They see the harshness and rigidity of some of their celebrated painters, for instance, and believe that's how those artists see the world, rather than recognizing that, in fact, these are anticipatory images, ones the artists are creating to alert people to impending realities that can be warded off.*

BOWIE: Yes, there's very little nihilism in German art. The Expressionists cared. Even the later Expressionists like Otto Dix and George Grosz, the satirists; they possibly didn't have the same tender feelings toward life, but they damned well knew what was going on in Germany and they tried to point it out with the very aggressive little portraits they did of the worst sides of Berlin life, which was a *small* life. That worst side occupied the *Kurfurstendamm* and that was it.

Undivided Berlin was eight times bigger than Paris, and people here talk about one or two streets that took on national prominence in the late 1930s, as if Berlin were the seat of some great decadent cabaret life. That's absolutely not true.

These days most Berliners are people who want good, strong family ties and a good strong social fabric where people care for each other. That's why I was drawn to that city after Los Angeles, which is the antithesis of that. Berlin was my clinic; it brought me back in touch with people. It got me back on the streets; not the streets where everything's cold and there're drugs, but streets where there were young, intelligent people trying to get along, and who were interested in more than how much money they were going to make a week on salary. Berliners are interested in how art means something on the streets, not just in the galleries. They wonder how a painting can help them in their lives.

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PERFORMER 500 SERIES

The DOD Performer 500 Series employs the latest technology and brings together many innovative and previously unavailable features.

Our constant research allows us to incorporate new ideas, materials and techniques in producing the best performance and finest products available.

Each Performer has a solid die cast metal case, modular design with plug-in circuit card, AC adapter included (USA models), heavy duty power connector, active switching, exceptionally long battery life and newly designed circuitry.

All Performer 500 Series effects are backed with a three-year limited factory warranty.

PHASOR 595

The DOD 595 Phasor is a six stage regeneration phase unit with up to 1080° degrees of phase shift. The DOD 595 produces all the classic phase shift effects, along with a broad spectrum of regeneration phase shifting. Three controls are provided on the DOD 595 Phasor allowing a wide range of colorful sounds.

WAH FILTER 545

The DOD Wah Filter 545 is a bandpass filter that can be swept across a portion of the audio range. The peak frequency of the 545 is determined by the level of the input, the stronger or louder the signal, the higher the wah effect. By varying playing techniques the 545 will act as a touch controlled wah—wah adding expression to all types of instruments.

DISTORTION 555

The DOD Distortion 555 delivers a wide range of useful effects from a warm tube type overdrive effect to a hard driving distortion or fuzz sound with a long sustain. The 555 can give the presence of a powerful sound without loud volumes, making the 555 a useful effect for all types of performances.

DELAY 585

The DOD Delay 585 uses the latest bucket brigade technology to electronically simulate echo and reverberation. The Delay 585 is completely electronic and requires no mechanical or moving parts, making it totally maintenance free. The Delay 585 provides continuous delay times from 60 to 300 ms (milliseconds) with a dynamic range greater than 90 db.

DOD ELECTRONICS CORPORATION
2953 South 300 West
Salt Lake City, Utah 84115
Telephone (801) 485-8534

STEREO CHORUS 565

The DOD Stereo Chorus 565 is a time delay effect. The chorus effect of the 565 is accomplished by mixing the original voice with a delayed voice whose pitch varies slightly from the original. The DOD 565 also includes a synthesized stereo output allowing the use of two amplifiers to produce a realistic stereo presence. Because of the tonal characteristics produced by the 565, its applications are many.

FLANGER 575

The DOD Flanger 575 produces its comb filter type of effects through the use of time delay circuitry. Using short delay times, the 575 can produce a wide range of effects from regeneration flanging and chorus to quivering vibrato, and many melodic effects in between. The 575 has a dynamic range greater than 90 db with a very wide frequency response, making the 575 a natural for studio or stage.

COMPRESSOR LIMITER 525

The DOD 525 Compressor Limiter makes all signals which pass through it have the same average output level, regardless of the original input level. In other words the 525 squeezes a wide dynamic range into a much smaller one. This gives an instrument more sustain by increasing the gain as a note decays, adding a more even, unbroken professional sound.

DOD

SDE-2000

Digital Delay

The SDE-2000 gives you the features and performance you demand in a digital delay, plus the quality and innovation you'd expect from Roland. Roland developed the SDE-2000 to satisfy the high signal quality standards of sound engineers, and also offer unique operating features for dramatically enhanced performance.

Delay times can be set at will from 0 to 640 mS, selected by two switches which automatically vary the delay times either up or down in 1 mS increments. A X2 switch enables any selected delay time to be doubled (up to 640 mS) for quick access.

The SDE-2000 contains a large capacity memory system (16k byte RAM) and a high resolution (12 bit) A/D converter to provide both low noise operation and high fidelity sound with full bandwidth.

A unique Modulation section on the SDE-2000 provides two waveforms where other digital delays only have one. The standard sine-wave is used for doubling and flanging effects while the triangle wave is used for the popular chorus effect. Other operating features include a highly variable input sensitivity, Feedback section with a single repeat mode, mixed and Direct signal outputs and remote jacks for control of Delay, Single Delay, Modulation and Repeat Hold.

Roland

Incomparable Specifications

SDE-2000 Digital Delay Specifications	
Input Level	+4 dBm (+29 dBm max) −20 dBm (+5 dBm max)
Input Impedance	56 kΩ
Output Level	+4 dBm (+18 dBm max)/600Ω load −20 dBm (−8 dBm max)/10kΩ load
Output Impedance	100Ω/+4 dBm position 650Ω/−20 dBm position Mixed 550Ω/−20 dBm position Delay
Delay Time	0 to 640 mS in 1 mS steps
Delay Accuracy	+0.5%
Frequency Response	10 Hz to 100 kHz (Direct) 10 Hz to 16 kHz (Delay 0 to 320 mS) 10 Hz to 7.2 kHz (Delay 0 to 640 mS)
Signal to Noise Ratio (IHFA)	90 dB (Direct) 80 dB (Delay)
Dynamic Range (IHFA)	Greater than 12 dB (Direct) Greater than 90 dB (Delay)
Harmonic Distortion	Less than 0.05% (Direct) Less than 0.2% (Delay)
Dimensions	19" (W) X 1.8" (H) X 14" (D)
Price	$1150.00

Incomparable Quality

THE MUSICIAN

WORKING

The Instruments, The People, The Process

It happens all the time. Some well-meaning rock fan comes up to guitarist Albert Lee and starts telling him he's a great player. "And man, just loved your old band, Ten Years After. Still playing 'Going Home'?" An awkward silence from Lee follows — then the ever-polite Englishman gentle corrects the misinformed fellow. "I just have to say, 'Sorry, wrong one.'" But inside, Albert Lee will be hurting. "It got to be a real drag at one point, 'cause it was happening a *lot*," he admits.

Albert Lee has good reason to be bothered. Many consider him to be a far superior guitarist to *Alvin* Lee, the man he is often confused with, and point to his meticulous playing behind Emmylou Harris and, for the past three years, Eric Clapton, as evidence of his incredible chops.

During Eric Clapton's recent tour of America, it was Lee, not Clapton, who seemed to epitomize the spirit of rock 'n' roll, as he bounced around the stage, smiling and laughing, rocking out on guitar for one song, piano the next, and generally carrying on like a man truly in love with his vocation. Clapton, though he played and sang well, was somber and reserved, delivering none of Lee's high energy mania. In fact, a high moment of the night came when Clapton announced, "We'd like to feature little Albert now. He's got a song called 'Sweet Little Lisa.'" Then Lee, who stands about five-feet-five and has a head of long, curly brown hair and an impish grin that seems permanently stamped on his face, ran up to the microphone and lit into the rockabilly raveup with the intensity of Fourth of July fireworks.

Though he's currently working out on blues and rock numbers as a member of Clapton's band, Lee is one of the premier country-rock pickers of the 80s. Rock classicist Dave Edmunds called on Lee to play the breathtaking country licks that ricochet through Edmunds' own version of "Sweet Little Lisa." And no less an authority on the guitar than Jeff Beck has called Lee, "my favorite country picker of all."

The forty-year-old guitarist earned that kind of notoriety during a three-year stint (beginning in 1976) as guitarist/mandolinist in Emmylou Harris' Hot Band. It was Lee who played the solo that gave *Luxury Liner*'s title track much of its fire; Lee who spun a solo sweet as a piece of homemade apple pie through "I Ain't Living Long Like This" on Harris' *Quarter Moon In A Ten Cent Town*.

This transplanted Englishman, who has made his home in Los Angeles since 1974, is more than just a stellar sideman. He's recorded two albums of his own: *Hiding* (A&M) and the recent *Albert Lee* (Polydor). Produced by Rodney Crowell, the new album shows off Lee's talents as player and singer. Rather than the guitar showcases one might expect from a lick-crazy guitarist, both of Lee's albums focus on songs, not solos. "I tend to want good *songs*," says Lee, worn jeans and a blue sweatshirt clashing with the plush Victorian decor of his room at the Clift Hotel in San Francisco. "And maybe it's not such a good idea. Obviously a lot of people expect me to do a guitar album. But I didn't approach them as guitar albums. I like good songs, interesting songs."

This emphasis on songs makes perfect sense, actually, for Lee is the kind of guitarist who bases his licks on the melody of the song he's playing. He has a knack for coming up with both solos and fills that become integral to the basic structure of the song. The diminutive guitarist says his magic licks are a combination of expert technique and inspiration. "Well, I tend to play off the top of my head. I just usually charge straight ahead and see what happens. I really get the feel of what I want to play when I listen to the rest of the band. I'm a real fanatic for locking into drums and bass. I really get off on what they're playing and my style is dictated by that. I'll tend to do lead and rhythm things that lock around what they're doing.

"I've always been attracted to rhythmic playing, I was a big fan of Buddy Holly's playing. And when I really got into country-rock, that seemed like a natural way to play, kind of a rhythm/lead like Jerry Reed does. But not until I actually play the solo do I have any idea of what I'm going to do and what is going to feel comfortable.

"I suppose I have a technique that tends to run away with itself," he continues. "I can get around pretty well on the guitar and maybe I tend not to structure things as well as I should. The technique will take over. I try to keep a balance between the two, to make it sound musical and constructed and still utilize my technique. But sometimes the technique will just take over. And that can be good. It will lift something out of the ordinary, the kind of thing like my solo on 'Luxury Liner.' That song wasn't planned as a guitar vehicle. We went in and recorded it and on one of the takes we just did a long guitar playout and said, 'Well boy, that's great, let's leave that in.'"

Lee has an enviable collection of guitars, over twenty of them. But he only uses a few with any regularity. Onstage, he alternates between a copy of a vintage Telecaster custom made by Santa Barbara-based guitar maker Phil Kubicki (a Tele which has three pickups, allowing Lee to get a Strat sound when he wants it), and a brand new Vintage Series Fender Telecaster. "I've been playing a Tele since '63 and I really like the way it feels. I like the way the Tele sits on your chest when you play. And a Strat doesn't do that. If you go to a Strat, it kind of slopes away." What does Lee think of the new Fender Telecaster? "I had my apprehensions," he says, echoing the fears of many a guitarist. "But it's turned out really well. I think it's remarkable guitar. It's a lot like the old guitars."

Lee also has two original Telecasters, a '52 and a '53. He keeps one in England and one in the U.S. and uses them exclusively for session work. "I really do like the old Teles," he says. "Both of these have been knocked about and probably need refretting. But I just love the sound." He uses Ernie Ball strings, usually regular gauge Slinkies (a .042 or .046 on the bottom to a .010 on top). For the old Telecasters ("the frets are down to nothing") he uses light gauge Slinkies (.038 on the bottom to an .008 on top).

Most intriguing, perhaps, are three Telecaster copies which feature Parsons/White B-Benders. The B-Bender, invented by former Byrds Gene Parsons and the late Clarence White, does what the name indicates: it raises the B string so that one can play chords and get steel guitar effects at the same time. One can hear Lee put the B-Bender to good use on the spectacular solo that is the highlight of Dave Edmunds' version of "Sweet Little Lisa," and on Emmylou Harris' "(You Never Can Tell) C'est La Vie." "On 'Sweet Little Lisa' playing chords while you bend a note would be impossible without it," says Lee.

Though he collects Everly Brothers acoustic guitars, Lee usually plays a fourteen-year-old Martin 00028 strung with a light gauge set of Ernie Ball Earthwood strings in the studio. His mandolin work, which is all over the Emmylou Harris records he played on, was performed on a Gibson F-2 belonging to Harris' husband/producer Brian Ahern. Albert himself owns a Gibson electric mandolin from the 50s as well as a Fender 4-string.

As for amps, he puts his Telecasters through two Music Man 130 heads with two cabinets, each containing two Electro-Voice twelves. The only special effect Lee has used regularly is an Ibanez 405 unit featuring chorus and delay, but by the time you read this he will have switched to a Lexicon 42 digital delay. "I just want a real quality delay that will play back up to two seconds. You hit the note and it will come back two seconds later. I was doing that on an Echoplex, set the timing and then play along with it. The Echoplex was really good for that and was easy to set. But unfortunately they are incredibly noisy, because it's tape. Incredible snowstorm

there—sounds like a fish and chips shop."

On "Country Boy," which appears on *Hiding*, one can hear just what Albert Lee can do with a little delay. "The delay effect that I use is pretty complicated and tricky to do. You set the repeat to play back at a beat and a half later. When you play a run, you play four beats to the bar and twice as many notes will come back: the notes you're playing and the repeat. And the repeat will fall *between* the notes that you're actually playing. You can play really intricate runs like that. But it's a whole different mind trip, and physically it's hard to do. To be able to concentrate on just playing those four beats to the bar and hear eight coming back at you. You have to set the repeat mechanism to the tempo of the band. You can't do it before you start the song because the band might speed up or slow down and then it's a mess. So right before you get into your solo you set the delay so it comes back in time as close as you can get it, then go into your solo. A lot of really good players have listened to things I've done and said, 'How the hell are you playing that?' They didn't understand that I was playing it with a repeat. Like the solo at the end of 'Country Boy,' for instance. People think I'm actually picking all that, but I'm not. When you get really good at it, you can play double-stopping—play two notes at once—and you'll have a whole Les Paul section coming back at you. I've done that on 'Sister's Coming Home' (on Harris *Blue Kentucky Girl* LP). That has a real neat effect, a cascading sound, but it's in time."

Born in Herefordshire in 1943, Lee and his family moved to London following the war. It was the American rock 'n' roll that he heard on the radio and at local youth clubs, where kids would bring American 78s that determined the course his life would take. "Buddy Holly, Gene Vincent, Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis—I was just blown away by these records. They just had such a dramatic effect on me," he says enthusiastically. "Things like Jerry Lee's 'Breathless' and Little Richard's 'Ready Teddy'—I still get excited by them now. And for guitar playing, 'Race With The Devil' by Gene Vincent. Listen to that now and it just blows you out of your seat."

Though he took classical piano lessons as a kid, he never practiced, spending his time pounding out crude versions of Jerry Lee Lewis and Little Richard tunes. Then the skiffle craze hit England, and Lee, like just about every other teenager in Britain, *had* to play the guitar. His passion for that instrument eventually led to gigs at local bars. "I never thought about a career in music," he says. "I just got caught up in playing. I never even thought about it professionally. That's probably why I've never gone off on that tangent. I've always wanted to play, put the music first, and never, ever thought about forming a supergroup and becoming a star. I just went from band to band thinking this band would be good to play in."

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Albert Lee

A stellar rock/country/blues guitar sideman steps into the light.

BY MICHAEL GOLDBERG

P L A Y E R S

ALLEN TOUSSAINT'S STYLISH SIMPLICITY

The Gentleman King of Gumbo Soul

BY DAVID FRICKE

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

Toussaint's pivotal piano position in studio bands led to his superb production skills.

Allen Toussaint settles back into a cushy swivel chair behind the mixing desk at Sea-Saint Studios in New Orleans like a king on his rightful throne. He is dressed in a sharp, immaculately pressed dark blue suit with a massive jeweled gold pendant hanging around his neck conveying a kind of hip majesty, the glassy stone in this super-Olympic-sized medal radiant even in the studio's shadowy mood lighting. A thick, perfectly manicured black mustache curls over the corners of his engaging smile as he speaks in a slow, deliberate, almost embarrassed whisper. Taking a short break during a recording session to accomodate a visiting inteviewer, Allen Toussaint looks and acts like the successful gentleman producer—until you look down at his feet. He's wearing sandals.

That combination of stylish pride and earthy simplicity in his dress also accurately describes Toussaint's music, not to mention that of his home town. As a songwriter, arranger, producer, and infrequently recorded solo artist, forty-five-year-old Allen Toussaint has created, refined and disseminated a sound that epitomizes the gaudy energy of deep New Orleans soul; Toussaint fortifies and reasserts the native snap of the Delta blues, Dixieland jump and the "second line" parades while draping his songs and singers in a subtle gloss that heightens the hooks without compromising their heart. The list of hometown talent he put on the charts—Ernie K-Doe, Jessie Hill, Irma Thomas, Lee Dorsey, the Meters, Dr. John, to name a few—is almost equalled by the outsiders who have come knocking on his door for their share of the medicine—Labelle, Joe Cocker, Paul McCartney, the Band and Boz Scaggs.

But for the most part, the secrets of his success have stayed that way. The Allen Toussaint story is big enough to fill a book, from his apprenticeship as a session man and arranger in Cosimo Matassa's funky French Quarter studio in the late 50s and early 60s through his early Minit hits, the top forty impact of Labelle's "Lady Marmalade" in 1974 and the persistent accusations that he and business partner Marshall Sehorn got rich at the expense of the local artists they recorded (the "rip-off" is a familiar New Orleans music scenario). Indeed, Toussaint's career up to the opening of Sea-Saint Studios in 1973 already takes up a good chunk of Englishman John Broven's indispensable history of Crescent City soul, *Rhythm and Blues in New Orleans* (Pelican Publishing, Gretna, Louisiana).

Toussaint, however, is a very private man, although gracious and eloquent when finally cornered with a tape recorder. And when you ask him how a self-taught piano player with no formal musical education became the king of a music scene already packed with royal talent, he answers as if it were the easiest thing in the world....

The Sessions

"In growing up, I tried to learn *every* song I ever heard, any kind," Toussaint recalls, "I thought all musicians knew all the songs they heard, that they learned them all. If someone wanted to hear something in a club, you'd better play it. And this was before I got into clubs—I was only eight or nine years old.

"So I wouldn't learn just the piano part. I'd learn everybody's part of the record, plus the words, even when they breathed during a vocal. Ray Charles had a way of breathing that was so good. If you did the tune, you had to make the breath just where he did. So I copied everything I heard, exactly as it was. In fact, I got some of my early gigs because if they needed someone to play like Fats Domino, they'd call me."

In memorizing the licks off of records, Toussaint—who actually started out on trumpet and trombone in high school but became, as he once said, "married to the piano"—developed an interest, or rather a passion, for musical structure that eventually became instinct. His best records are models of pointillist melody and economical arrangement, like Ernie K-Doe's 1961 number one smash "Mother-In-Law" with its simple whiney barroom chorus, Benny Spellman's classic baritone echo and spare but sassy horn interjections. Toussaint's earliest solo recording, a 1958 piano album on RCA called *The Wild Sound Of New Orleans By Tousan,* not only displays his debt to the gumbo keyboard cookin' of Professor Longhair but also shows his knack for incorporating the nimble syncopation and hearty flourishes of New Orleans boogie piano into snappy, propulsive performances. As the crucial pianist on many vintage New Orleans sessions, he brought that same knack into the studio and turned it into producing.

"In the early days, the way the session went was the singer came over to the piano player and sang the song while the piano man played the changes. Then the horn men came over and got the changes, went back and played their standard licks. Then the bass player got the changes and so on. Being a pianist, I

was doing that early on, basically directing the session, although it wasn't called being a producer then. I was just the piano player on the session.

"Pre-production? As far as we were concerned as writers and musicians, we rehearsed at home. I'd write songs in the living room. Lee Dorsey, Ernie K-Doe, Aaron Neville and Irma Thomas would be there. I'd write a song for Irma, teach it to her, then she'd go into another room and work on it. Meanwhile, I'd write another one for Lee and Aaron. When Irma came back to go over her song again, she'd sing it and whoever else was around would do background vocals.

"Then we'd go into the studio and the mikes would be set up and we'd have our thing all worked out. That would also be the first time I saw the musicians. There were no scores—I might just have a few changes written out. Actually, for a while I was called Daddy Few Notes. Like the horn part in 'Mother-In-Law' was only half a dozen notes."

In Broven's book, Mac Rebennack (a New Orleans studio fixture known to the rock world as Dr. John) describes a typical session at Cosimo's studio, outlining what could euphemistically be called "The Cosimo Sound": "Strong drums, heavy bass, light piano, heavy guitar and light horn sound and strong vocal lead." The controls were set and usually stayed that way until the end of the session. And Rebennack adds, "If the piano were mixed too low at the beginning it would stay mixed low until the end of the session, unless the producer came and changed it."

"That's a pretty accurate description—roughly," Toussaint concurs. "Of course, it was according to who was singing for everything else to be in that order. However, the bass being upright, it wasn't always as loud as it should have been. If it was a piano date, if the pianist was the star, the producer would turn up the piano and it would stay there. There wasn't a lot of juggling around.

"As I became more of a producer, I lost my freedom as a pianist. I used to have a great time playing the piano because it was someone else's job to sit back and critique things. I still play on everything. But there was a time when my sessions were *about* the piano. But it's not about the piano now. It's about other things."

The Sound

Telling the stories behind some of his biggest hits, Allen Toussaint sometimes acts as if he merely pulled his best arrangements and hottest rhythms right out of thin air. Indeed, in the case of Labelle's "Lady Marmalade," a marvel of 70s urban R&B glitz stoked by classic

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P R O D U C I N G

THE DUROCS' WALL OF MUD

Breakthroughs from the Super Garage

BY MICHAEL GOLDBERG

CHESTER SIMPSON

Swinging swine Ron Nagle and Scott Mathews relentlessly searching for boss new sounds to overlay.

Clang! Clang! It is after midnight and in the Pen, a San Francisco recording studio, Scott Mathews is using a carpenter's hammer to smash out a rhythm on a rented set of vibes. Tape is rolling to capture the sound of denting metal. Obviously, this is not your typical approach to playing vibes, or to making a record, but then things are never normal when Mathews or his partner in sonic sabotage, Ron Nagle, are involved. In this instance, the two record producers need a dissonant, metallic percussive effect to emphasize the emotional breakdown of a love affair as described in a song they're working on, "Zero House," which will appear on John Hiatt's next album.

"This is boss," gloats Nagle, a balding but dapper fellow, as Mathews enters the control booth to hear the playback. "Where else can we use this combo?"

"More major breakthroughs," laughs Mathews, peering through dark glasses.

This lighthearted and creative attitude to recording is definitely Nagle and Mathews' style. Earlier in the evening, Mathews had been pounding an old Yamaha synthesizer—the battered Durophone, they call it—as if it were a set of bongos, to add some "Afro-clap" to the track.

Then there are the dog stories. When this dynamic duo were working on the soundtrack to the film *Cat People*, they wanted certain sound effects, and, well... "It was a hot afternoon and we needed a hot breath sound," explains Mathews, twenty-eight, who is wearing an Abbey Road Studios sweatshirt. "A quick hot breath sound and my dog, Ray Charles, was available so we took her out and put her in the car, rolled up the windows...."

"Now this isn't for the S.P.C.A.," Nagle interrupts, "but I have to say, I believe that one of us *was* in the car. So it wasn't like the dog was going through this alone."

"Wasn't she preheated for about ten minutes?" asks Mathews.

"Maybe there was a preheat," admits Nagle, forty-four. "We just took our cassette recorder and stuck it in front of her and got her breathing, panting, and then put it through a harmonizer about twenty-four times. Frontwards, backwards... We got a great track. We use our animals a lot. We call it pet rock."

Nagle and Mathews, who have a thing

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BY DAVID LEVINE

Cymbalic

A comprehensive guide to choosing the right cymbals.

From straight ahead to straight eighths, cymbals are so much a part of drumming, it's hard to imagine keeping time on anything else. In recent years they've become just as important in adding color to music as they are in sustaining the time and feel. The fact is that a drummer's style and sound are so dependent on cymbals that even if he or she plays a gig on someone else's drums he or she is likely to take along his own set of cymbals.

Today there are cymbals to fit any musical situation and bank account. While Camber, NuVader and CB lean toward the economy market and Ufip, Avanti and Tosco offer interesting alternatives, most drummers prefer to play on their Zildjians, Paistes or Sabians. But the explosion of cymbals and sounds available may have temporarily caught the drummer between beats. As one industry source put it, "There are more cymbals on the market than you can throw a stick at!"

As music and the drummer's situation change, the cymbal makers translate the drummer's needs and their own know-how into the appropriate technical specifications and, ultimately, a variety of cymbal sounds. One of the most basic differences between the top-of-the-line cymbal producers is the way they accomplish this.

Zildjian and Sabian (which was recently formed due to business disagreements within the Zildjian family) share a common heritage, making their formulas and philosophies quite similar. Both believe that since every cymbal is a hand-made musical instrument, no two will ever be exactly alike, although the cymbals all come from the same ingredients. "The Zildjian alloy is ideal for cymbals because it can be shaped and tempered to produce a limitless number of cymbal sounds," says Lennie Di Muzio, of the Zildjian Company. In Zildjian and Sabian cymbals, variation of sound is created by the inherent versatility of the metal.

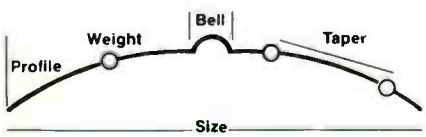
Paiste, on the other hand, has found that alteration in the metal formula, along with fine tuning by hammering, controls sound variation. Paiste cymbals are consistent and predictable. Therefore, while a Zildjian or Sabian 22-inch medium ride will differ from cymbal to cymbal, a Paiste 22-inch medium ride bought in New York will sound almost identical to one purchased in Los Angeles. Both approaches, though diametrically opposed, are equally valid in contemporary drumming.

In selecting cymbals, the most obvious suggestion is also the most overlooked. "In order to successfully select a cymbal, you must have some idea of the type of cymbal sound you're looking for," wrote jazz drummer Roy Burns in his 1963 book, *Selection, Use and Care of Cymbals* (Henry Adler-Belwin Mills). Do some listening and some research *before* visiting the drum shop and don't be afraid to ask for help once you get there. Know what you're looking for.

Find a store that has a good assortment of cymbals and will accomodate your cymbal-testing style. Take your own sticks (type and weight do have an effect on cymbal sound), take your old cymbals (as a point of reference) and take a friend (so you can listen to the cymbals from out front).

Cymbal Components

And their effect on sound and performance



NOTE: ***all terms are relative; everything being equal, a smaller cymbal will be higher in pitch than a larger one.***

	Size		Weight		Profile		Bell		Taper	
	small	*large*	*thin*	*thick*	*thin*	*thick*	*small*	*large*	*even*	*gradual*
Pitch	high	low	low	high	low	high				
Volume	soft	loud	soft	loud			soft	loud		
Durability	less	more	less	more					more	less
Response/Decay	short	long	quick	slow			slow	fast	slow	fast
Ring/Clarity			ringy	dry			dry	wet	clean	explosive
Tone			dark	bright	dark	bright	lessOT	moreOT		

Terms—

Size—*overall diameter*
Weight—*thickness*
OT—*overtones*
Profile—*shape*
Bell—*center cup*
Taper—*change in thickness from center to edge*

ANDY FREEBERG

"Use your imagination to hear what the cymbal will sound like with the band," advises Paiste's Steve Ettleson. "Know the type of music and the type of places you'll be playing. A medium-thick 18-inch crash because of its overtones and volume might not sound as good as a thin 18-incher in the store but it may work better with the band. Make sure that the cymbal has enough sound to project with all the noise going on around it. A cymbal with fewer overtones isn't going to get past your bass drum."

Try the cymbals out on a set of drums, period. That's how you'll be using them. How does the crash cymbal sound with the kick drum? Does the backbeat on the snare make it through the high-hats? Does straight four on the bass drum wash out the ride cymbal? Remember, too, that stands (especially high-hat stands)—can greatly affect a cymbal's sound. Use your own or similar ones whenever possible.

Felt washers and rubber sleeves are small but important parts. Use them. Also use wing-screws to keep the cymbals on the stands but don't choke the cymbal by overtightening them. The Cymbal Spring, made by Aquarian Accessories, is recommended.

In addition to using your own sticks, use others, too. You never know when, for whatever reason, you're going to switch sticks. Play the cymbal in different areas at different volumes to hear how consistent and responsive it is. A soft, yarn- or cord-wrapped mallet can also be useful. Hit the cymbal just once at the edge with a soft stick to hear the "undertone" and play an even roll towards the middle to bring out the "overtones." That will give your ears a lot more information than just crashing cymbal after cymbal.

How much to spend on cymbals is another decision to be made. Bill Zildjian of Sabian, Ltd., offers this advice: "Ever since I was young I've heard that you should get the best cymbals you can and stick with them. Of course, in the old days a drummer wouldn't wear out his cymbals and then have to replace them. Still, a better quality cymbal should sound better and last longer under any playing conditions."

Picking the right *set* of cymbals may be one of the biggest challenges a drummer will ever face. The cymbals must not only sound good individually and collectively, but they must balance with the drums. The set should contain enough unity to support the character of the music yet enough variety to reflect the creativity of the drummer. The ride and high-hats should complement each other, whether providing changing colors within a rock tune or locking together to define the time in a jazz setting. Crashes and special effects cymbals should continue the tonal and color ranges of the rest of the set but still have enough contrast to stand out.

The Paiste cymbal catalog suggests, "In general, do not select cymbals that are too close to each other in character and sound. Select a set that contains contrasting sounds. This makes for a more interesting cymbal set."

"I think your cymbals should be different but compatible," explains Ettleson. "Obviously you don't want one cymbal that will make another one sound bad; they must all sound good together. But different situations within a song come up, let's say a change of key or a change of instrument, and you want to have a different color that will work with that. You don't want a set of cymbals that all sound the same. I'd look for a contrast."

DiMuzio agrees: "You don't want all your cymbals to sound in the same pitch range. There should be a variety of pitches that cover the entire spectrum, but a good blend of sounds is important in a cymbal set-up and drummers should keep this in mind when shopping." Simply put, your cymbals shouldn't all sound the same, but they should all sound good together.

A major consideration in choosing cymbals is the style of music you'll be playing. Rock, which is highly amplified, requires larger and heavier cymbals because they are louder and more durable. Jazz, which is generally acoustic, calls for smaller, thinner cymbals that are darker and quieter. The context of the music should be the determining factor in the color, tonality and strength of the cymbal set.

"There's a lot of marketing going on

that says this is a 'rock' cymbal and this is a 'jazz' cymbal," Bill Zildjian says, "but I don't think that there's a rock cymbal *sound* versus a jazz cymbal *sound*. Keep in mind the volume of the band in relation to the drum set. If you're playing in a softer band, small, thinner cymbals are good. In a moderate setting, get the cymbals you like the best. For louder groups, you'll have to get bigger, heavier cymbals."

Some drummers have a variety of cymbals to choose from; others have just one good-sounding, all-around set. Some players find the cymbals they like and then stick with them; others constantly look for new sounds. Whatever the case, cymbals are a very personal, almost spiritual part of a drummer's kit.

"It all comes back to the player," Lennie DiMuzio declares. "The cymbal itself can only do so much. If you take another player and put him on Jo Jones' or Steve Gadd's cymbals, he still won't sound like Jo Jones or Steve Gadd. It's the nature of cymbals to allow a drummer to use his imagination, creativity and skill to express his individuality. Cymbals should be matched to the music you want to play, but beyond that, it's a very personal decision."

Ride Cymbals

Ride cymbals characteristically have a clear, dry, cutting sound. "A good ride cymbal never reaches its full vibration when played with the tip of the stick," according to Roy Burns' book. To achieve this effect, ride cymbals have a well-defined bell, a low profile, very even (untapered) thickness and are medium to heavy in weight. Rides range in size from sixteen to twenty-four inches.

In choosing a ride cymbal, play the bell, face and edge with the tip and shoulder of the drum stick. Play single strokes as well as sixteenths and a fast jazz pattern. Keep in mind the directional quality of cymbals; the reason that jazz drummers used to keep their ride cymbals very high and tilted was so that they could get a drier, pingier sound out of their thinner K. Zildjians. (K.'s are a thinner, darker, more authentically Turkish sounding relative of the Avedis Zildjian cymbals, presently being produced by A. Zildjian Company.)

The ride cymbal that Peter Erskine used for his work with Weather Report was a distinctive sounding 22-inch A. Zildjian deep ride. "That cymbal really did stick out," Peter said recently. "What I was looking for was a low-pitched cymbal that would give me more of a jazz quality but still be able to cut through the electronics. At the same time I was looking for a cymbal that would define the time really well." Peter is currently riding on a 20-inch K. Zildjian. Here are some other well-known drummers' rides:

Louie Bellson — 20-inch A. Zildjian ping, 18-inch A. Zildjian ping with three rivets
Phil Collins — 22-inch Sabian sizzle, 22-inch Sabian ping
Stewart Copeland — 22-inch Paiste rude
Mick Fleetwood — 22-inch Paiste 2002
Steve Gadd — 18-inch K. Zildjian
Kenney Jones — two 18-inch Sabian medium
Jeff Porcaro — 20-inch Paiste 602
Larry Tolfree (Joe Jackson band) — 20-inch Sabian HH heavy
Tony Williams — 18-inch, 20-inch K. Zildjian (also used as crashes)

High-hats

The most important cymbal is the one you'll be keeping time on. For most drummers that's the ride cymbal. Drummers who play a lot of rock may put more emphasis on their high-hats. Earth, Wind & Fire's Fred White is one of those drummers who does most of his time-keeping on the high-hats. Constantly using his foot, hands or both, Fred likes a bright, clean, high-pitched sound. "For the playing I've done with Earth, Wind & Fire, I used a 14-inch A. Zildjian brilliant heavy on the bottom and a medium to thin old K. Zildjian on top (similar in sound to Zildjian New Beats). The heavy bottom cymbal has a heavy sound that's real hip for keeping time with the foot. The thinner, but darker top cymbal balances out the sound and gives me a nice feel when played with sticks," he says.

High-hats are a combination of a medium to heavy bottom cymbal and a medium thin to medium top, usually thirteen to fifteen inches in diameter. "High-hats," as defined in the Zildjian Cymbal Glossary, "are matched on the basis of the blend of tone they make together, not necessarily by exact diameters or weights."

"Since high-hat matching is an art in itself, I've found that it's best to go with the factory matching," comments Steve Ettleson.

In order to get a clean "chick" sound when played with the foot, there should be a greater difference between the weights of the two cymbals. For an even sound when played with sticks, however, the cymbals can be closer in weight. High-hats must have a good bite to them with both stick and foot playing.

When trying out high-hats, play the cymbals with the foot to hear the "chick" and use sticks to play jazz, disco and funk patterns. Play with the cymbals closed, half open and while opening and closing them.

Stewart Copeland — 13-inch Paiste 602
Steve Gadd — 13-inch K. Zildjian
Jo Jones — 15-inch A. Zildjian light
Kenney Jones — 14-inch Sabian flat
Russ Kunkel — 15-inch Paiste 2002 sound edge, 14-inch Paiste rude (second set)
Simon Phillips — 14-inch A. Zildjian quick beat
Jeff Porcaro — 14-inch Paiste 602 heavy with four pair of rivets in bottom
Jerry Speiser (Men at Work) — 14-inch Sabian AA
Larry Tolfree — 14-inch Sabian regular

Crash Cymbals

Crash cymbals come in almost any size from ten to twenty-four inches and they run from paper-thin to medium-heavy in weight. Crash cymbals are noted for their explosive accentuation in all types of music. To select a crash, strike it with a glancing blow at the edge with the shoulder of a drum stick.

"Today, drummers are getting more proficient, more sensitive to the music, so we're seeing a trend toward smaller, lighter cymbals," says Zildjian's DiMuzio. "Along with that, miking technology is getting better in live situations so that drummers don't need the volume of big cymbals. Also, now that studio recording is more important than ever, drummers are seeking the fast response and quick decay that lighter cymbals give them."

Jeff Porcaro's crash cymbals are a 16-inch Paiste 602 thin and an 18-inch Paiste 602 medium in the studio, and 19-inch, 20-inch and 21-inch Paiste 2002s for Toto's concerts. "I prefer a long-sounding cymbal with a full sustain," he says. "Since I use my recording cymbals in a lot of different situations, I try to find a magic cymbal with a lot of different characteristics in it. I don't like anything that's too clanky or clashy. My 18-inch has a mellowness when I crash it softly and a brightness when I really hit it going into a chorus."

Carmine Appice — 18-inch, 20-inch Zildjian Amir
Stewart Copeland — 12-inch Paiste 602 paper-thin, 14-inch Paiste rude, 16-inch Paiste 602 thin
Steve Gadd — 16-inch K. Zildjian
Dave Garabaldi — 20-inch Paiste sound creation short crash, 18-inch Paiste 2002, 18-inch Paiste rude
Kenney Jones — 16-inch, 17-inch Sabian rock
Buddy Rich — 18-inch A. Zildjian thin, 18-inch A. Zildjian medium-thin
Steve Smith — 17-inch, 19-inch A. Zildjian rock, 17-inch A. Zildjian medium
Jerry Speiser — 16-inch Sabian HH, 16-inch, 17-inch, 18-inch Sabian AA
Larry Tolfree — 16-inch, 18-inch Sabian HH

Special Effects

By altering one or more of the components, a "special effects" cymbal is created. Each alteration has a pronounced effect on the cymbal's sound.

A crash ride has an exaggerated taper. Flat-top rides have a very low profile, no taper and no bell. Dark and deep rides are heavy with high profiles, large

continued on page 82

Four leading drummers, four different styles. Four more reasons for playing Yamaha System Drums.

Because I've always been very concerned with the quality of sound in a drum, I use the Recording Custom Series drums, with these beautiful all-birch shells and a black piano finish. They give me a very controlled resonance with a lot of tone. They let me relax with the music, so I can adjust my touch to any volume requirements. Yamaha drums are very sensitive, and there's always a reserve of sound.

I've always tended to go for simple equipment like the Tour Series snare drum with eight lugs, because it's easier for me to get the sound. Same thing goes for my hardware, which is why I like the 7 Series hardware. I don't require really heavy leg bracing so the lightweight stands are just fine; very quiet, too.

With some drums, there isn't too much you can do to alter the sound. Some will give you a real deep thud, and others are real bright. With Yamaha, I can get both sounds, they're just very versatile. Mostly I like a deep round sound with tight definition, since my concept is that a drum is a melodic instrument like anything else. I can hear drum pitches, and Yamaha lets me achieve that without a lot of constant re-tuning.

As far as their hardware, the snare drum stand and boom stands are very well thought-out. They feel like they were designed by a drummer, and they're not limited at all. The 9 Series snare drum stand's ball tilter is fantastic; you can get the perfect angle for your playing posture. And the boom stand tilter can double as two stands because it doesn't have a long handle. So the boom slides right inside the rest of the stand if you don't need it. All in all, Yamaha is the perfect set of drums for tone quality, sound, and ease of set-up.

I'd been playing the same set of drums for ten years when I met up with the Yamaha people during a tour of Japan with Rainbow. I told them that if they could come up with a kit that was stronger, louder and more playable than what I had, I'd play it. So they came up with this incredible heavy rock kit with eight ply birch shells, heavy-duty machined hoops and a pair of 26" bass drums that are like bloody cannons. And since I'm a very heavy player who needs a lot of volume, Yamahas are perfect for me. And the sound just takes off—the projection is fantastic so I can get a lot of volume without straining.

There isn't an electric guitarist in the world who can intimidate me, and I've played with the *loudest*. Yamaha drums just cut through better, like a good stiletto. They have the fattest, warmest, most powerful sound of any kit I've played and they can really take it. For my style, Yamaha is the perfect all-around rock kit.

Yamaha makes professional equipment with the professional player in mind. They're just amazing-sounding drums, and the fact that their shells are perfectly in-round has a lot to do with it. The head-to-hoop alignment is consistent; the nylon bushing inside the lugs are quiet and stable so Yamahas tune real easy and stay in tune, too. I have a 5½" snare and it's good as anything out there. It speaks fast, with a really brilliant sound and a lot of power. When you hit it hard, the drum just *pops*. And the throw-off mechanism is quick and agile, with good snare adjustment—it's a basic design that works.

And Yamaha hardware is really ingenious, every bit as good as the drums. I like the 7 Series hardware because it's light and strong, especially the bass drum pedal, which has a fast, natural feel. What can I say? Everything in the Yamaha drums system is so well designed, you want for nothing. Once you hook up with them, you'll stay with them.

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YAMAHA

P L A Y E R S

RAY MANZAREK & PHILIP GLASS

An Electronic Update of "Carmina Burana"

BY STAN SOOCHER

ROBIN HOLLAND

Dynamic duo: classical troublemaker Philip Glass and pop-punk catalyst (and ex-Door) Ray Manzarek.

"Philip Glass and I have come to the same point from different directions," declares Ray Manzarek, his eyes smoldering with calm but unmistakable determination behind his trademark glasses, during a break in recording sessions at Greene Street Studios in Manhattan's artsy SoHo section. "He's trying to make serious music more accessible to the public. I'm trying to make popular music more serious. What I did with the Doors was the Doors. What I'm doing with X is X. But you don't know Ray Manzarek—and that's what you're going to find out."

Shame on you if you don't know Manzarek as the keyboard player with the group that refuses to die, the Doors; his mixture of chamber jazz subtlety and Jerry Lee Lewis passion was the perfect foil for Jim Morrison's boogie shaman vocal presence. You should also know Philip Glass as the young 60s firebrand who shook up the serious music world with his potent fusion of short repetitive melodies with the kaleidoscopic contrapuntal rhythms of Indian music. Manzarek studied classical music as a child and Glass has since produced two albums by art-punk hopefuls Polyrock as well as recorded the epic futurist opera *Einstein On The Beach*. But not even a close listening to these crossover efforts would present any clues that Manzarek and Glass would join forces to tackle German composer Carf Orff's neo-archaic early 30s cantata, *Carmina Burana*.

"Over the last twelve years, Kurt and I have developed our own style of overdubbing," explains Glass, referring to Kurt Munkasci, engineer and co-producer for *Carmina Burana*. "We overdub part upon part to create a big orchestral sound, which is just the opposite of the standard approach to classical music recording, in which the orchestra records almost everything at once.

"When we recorded *Einstein On The Beach*, for example, the players were never in the room together at the same time. I wrote *Glassworks*, my return to lyricism, to be recorded piece by piece so that no one involved in the sessions knew what the work sounded like until they heard the final mix. Here, we've taken the techniques we used on those records and applied them to what Ray wanted to do with Orff's music."

Manzarek insists he's recorded a faithful rendition of Orff's original text. Still, his basic piano tracks were cut with the rock-heavy bass and drums of Doug Hodges and Larry Anderson from the Los Angeles band the Fents. The electric guitar of Ted Hall and electronic keyboards like the ARP 2600, Fender Rhodes and Prophet 5 commandeered by Glass conductor Michael Reisman and Adam Holzman, son of Elektra Records founder Jac Holzman, were added later. Moreover, Manzarek and Glass have provided new arrangements for *Carmina*'s numerous sections.

Manzarek first met Glass after a demo tape of Manzarek's interpretation of *Carmina Burana* landed on the desk of Nancy Jeffries in RCA's pop division. Jeffries turned the tape over to her husband Munkasci, who then played it for Glass. When Glass and Munkasci went to Los Angeles to work on the soundtrack to the film *Koyaanisqatsi*, they decided to pay Manzarek a visit.

"They came over and we talked about God and existence, life and death and Carl Orff and *Carmina Burana*," Manzarek recalls. "Philip and Kurt said they'd like to produce the album and we shook hands on it. Then an item about us appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* and I got a call from David Anderle, the head of A&R at A&M Records. He had produced the original demo I did and he and A&M president Jerry Moss offered us a deal to do the album."

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Tape Machine courtesy of OTARI

Manzarek then worked out rough arrangements at home on his blond Sauter baby grand piano. The lyrics to *Carmina Burana* are bawdy chants in Latin about love, drinking and religion. "They were written by renegade Bavarian monks in the thirteenth century," Ray notes. "Orff was intrigued by the words and he set them to music for a chorus and a symphony orchestra. But the piece is nearly one hour-long. So we had to edit it down due to the dynamic range of rock instrumentation which shortens the length of time that can be utilized on a vinyl disc."

The basic tracks were recorded in Los Angeles at A&M Studios which, like Green Street Studios, sports a 24-track Trident console and MCI tape machines. Manzarek played a nine-foot Steinway placed in its own booth with the top open and a pair of Neumann SM69 microphones angled overhead. Hodges' Fender bass was recorded both direct and through an amplifier also placed in a booth while Anderson's Gretsch drums, Ludwig snare and Zildjian cymbals were set up in a large live room. At Ray's request, a separate mono piano track was recorded because, he claims, "You sometimes lose the left hand on a stereo piano and get only the right hand. But here the stereo piano came out great—big, fat and full."

Most of the vocals were recorded at Greene Street Studios with ten singers gathered in a semi-circle. The men stood on one side and the women on the other. Each side was taped through a Neumann SM69 microphone and all the singers recorded their parts twice.

The heavy technological studio input occurred during the mix, however, when the music was run through small Yamaha NS-10 speakers rather than studio monitors. Neve stereo limiters were applied to the tracks as were Lexicon 224X and EMT 251 digital reverb units. Then the tracks were automatically panned from left to right with an Audio Design pan scan triggered by a built-in oscillator or even a snare drum.

The recording techniques used in this new version of *Carmina Burana* may seem a bit daring for the traditionally pristine world of classical music, but, Manzarek declares, "I don't see classical music as a hermetic school of thought anymore. That's what Philip Glass is all about. He's spent the last seventeen years breaking down those barriers."

"When I began to amplify my music in the 60s," Glass replies, "I had to go to the Fillmore East to hear how big a band could sound. That's where I learned about electronics because no one on my side of the street knew anything about it." M

D E V E L O P M E N T S

THE DRUMULATOR

A Digital Drummer Does It All

BY J.C. COSTA

The remarkable Drumulator: high-tech flexibility, realism and variety for under a grand.

The Drumulator, a sophisticated new digital drum computer with the accent on "enhanced programmability" with affordability ($995.00 suggested retail list price in the U.S.), hasn't even hit the music stores as of this writing but it's already creating a legitimate ripple of excitement among musicians and industry insiders. E-Mu Systems Inc., the company that gave you the Emulator (an ultra-high-tech digital synthesizer capable of re-creating virtually any sound from a violin to selected barnyard fowl), now offers real drum sounds recorded digitally with seemingly limitless control over every musical parameter that goes into the creation of a rhythm track.

To start with, you get *real* drum (bass drum, snare, rim, high-tom, mid-tom and low-tom) and percussion (claves, cowbell, claps, open and closed high-hat and ride cymbal) sounds recorded by drummers Chris Peterson and Bill Gibson—the latter plays with Huey Lewis & the News—during an intensive developmental period of digital recording that lasted a month and a half. From here, the Drumulator's rather unique programmable mixing capability allows the user to store and recall a totally different mix of elements for each rhythm track. This even extends into the area of "programmable dynamics" wherein normal and accented versions of every sound offered by the Drumulator are independently programmable for drums, cymbals, etc., *within* each rhythm track.

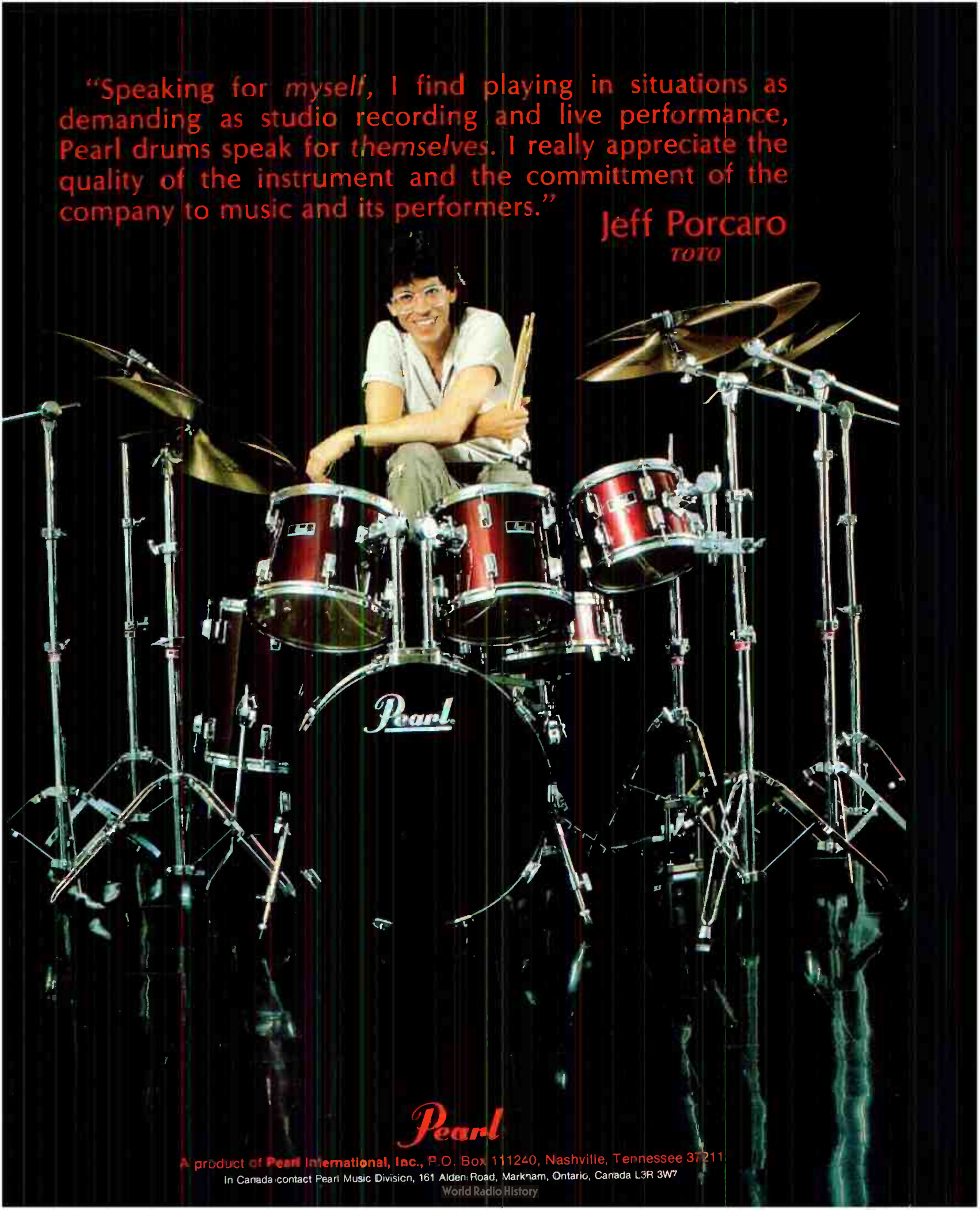
So what does all of this technical palaver mean to you? It means some scarifyingly authentic drum tracks that you can create to use as accompaniment for rehearsal or practicing, songwriting, reference demos, jamming and live performance. In fact, the Drumulator offers added flexibility for concert situations by letting the musician isolate or "identify" specific sections within a song to be repeated until cued otherwise by pressing a footswitch, which in turn allows for varying the length of songs, solo sections or repeating choruses depending on the nature of the individual performance. If you want to try more exotic rhythm concoctions, the Drumulator can also be hooked up to external drum synthesizer pads, taped tracks or sequencers.

Of course, E-Mu Systems would be the last ones to claim that their Drumulator was ever intended to replace a real-life, "blood, sweat and beers" drummer. Although company spokesman Marco Alpert acknowledges the increasing popularity of digital drum devices like the Drumulator and the industry pioneer LinnDrum machine for live performance (especially with techno-pop whiz kids from both sides of the big puddle), he still describes his company's drum computer as a "tool to assist musicians who don't play drums." Addressing the inevitable comparison of the Drumulator to the more expensive LinnDrum unit (approximately $2,995), Alpert puts the issue in perspective: "We really haven't cheapened the Linn. We just set out to accomplish similar objectives in a very different way." By that, Alpert is referring to the fact that the Linn machine is a more hardware-oriented device while the Drumulator is "software-intensive." Having learned valuable lessons from Roger Linn's trail-blazing efforts, E-Mu Systems put more emphasis on sophisticated software during the developmental stages so that they could keep the costs to the consumer down.

And as far as the buzz going around the music industry is concerned, a leading New York retailer has already called the Drumulator "the best value in the music industry today" and one ace session drummer who heard it being demoed on 48th Street's Music Row said that "It was so good, it scared the hell out of me." M

"Speaking for *myself*, I find playing in situations as demanding as studio recording and live performance, Pearl drums speak for *themselves*. I really appreciate the quality of the instrument and the committment of the company to music and its performers."

Jeff Porcaro
TOTO



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Cymbals from pg. 76

bells and extra hammering. Earth and rude cymbals are extra heavy and unfinished. Swishes, pangs and China-types have distinctive bells and profiles. Splash cymbals are very small and thin.

Test a special effects cymbal as you would test a ride or a crash, depending on the cymbal and its intended usage. The swish cymbal that Billy Cobham used with the Mahavishnu Orchestra created quite a stir in cymbal circles. It was an A. Zildjian 22-inch medium-thin swish without rivets, which he used upside-down for better projection. To this day, his trademark is the upside-down swish cymbal (or Chinese cymbal), which he uses for rides and crashes because of their explosive sound. He is currently deploying 18-inch and 20-inch A. Zildjian high China boys.

Terry Bozzio — 18-inch, 20-inch Paiste sound creation dark China type with a 14-inch Paiste 404 top high-hat in each
Phil Collins — 22-inch, 24-inch Sabian flat Chinese
Stewart Copeland — two 8-inch Paiste 2002 splashes
Peter Erskine — 16-inch A. Zildjian swish
Mel Lewis — 22-inch A. Zildjian swish knocker
Jerry Speiser — 10-inch Sabian HH splash

Albert Lee from pg. 71

Lee's first professional break came as one of 60s English R&B belter Chris Farlowe's Thunderbirds, playing gritty blues-rock in the Animals-Stones vein. But he really found his groove in a straight British country band called Country Fever, a logical extension of his original love for Buck Owens records. "They were close to country-rock," he explains. "It was that Fender sound. Owens kind of took it in that direction." (James Burton was also a major influence.)

Country Fever, however, never found an audience, nor did Lee's next band, Head Hands & Feet, a sorely underrated country-rock pub unit along the lines of Brinsley Schwarz. Since then, Lee has been playing sessions full-time. In addition to his better-known work with Clapton, Harris and Edmunds, Lee has appeared on records behind singers and players as diverse as Jackson Browne, Herbie Mann, Shirley Bassey, Richard Harris, Don Everly and Willie Nelson. And as one might expect, the sessions he plays are not all to his liking.

"I do get calls from people who just want a guitar player. They go down the list and say, 'Oh, Albert Lee, he's a good player. Let's use him.' They don't really know what I do. I'd rather do a session where people want some Albert Lee licks, rather than get me in there and say, 'Have you got a slide? Can you do some George Harrison....' Well, it's not really what I'm good at."

Still, once he's in the studio, he gives it all he's got. "If you're there, you can't say, 'Sorry, I'm going.' It's a challenge. I like to think of myself as a professional. It isn't always the best of situations, though. I'd rather have a good old country-rock session where I can really do what I do best."

One of Lee's most memorable studio dates was with a 1973 London superstar session band backing Jerry Lee Lewis. "He'd walk into the studio and it was like the King was walking in. It was like *Elvis* was walking in. Everyone was in total awe of him. He sings and plays and it was a one-man band. And you fall in as best you can. It wasn't really arranged that much. It was a rock 'n' roll session. He'd learn a song and we'd run through it twice. If we had to do it three times it was really hard work. He didn't like to do any more than two takes."

In 1973, Lee came to Los Angeles to work with the rejuvenated Crickets and soon understood that America was where he belonged. "I started hanging out in L.A. and grew to love it over here. Because of the music, really. I do love England, but for me, the atmosphere there has never been conducive to playing rock 'n' roll and country music. I just love America for that reason. It just breathes music. And it *is* American music."

With his two solo albums, as well as moments in the spotlight playing solos and singing when he tours with Clapton, Albert Lee's profile is considerably higher now. He seems to think the days of being confused with that other Lee are just about over. "I did some research, actually. I'm not sure about Peggy Lee, but most of the other Lees in this business have changed their name from something else. And my *real name* is Albert Lee. Arthur Lee and Brenda Lee changed their names from something else. And Alvin, of course, did. That got to be a drag, getting confused with someone and it wasn't even his *real name*!" ☑

Toussaint from pg. 73

New Orleans soul fire, he claims that's exactly where the arrangement came from.

"'Lady Marmalade' to me is 'go in style,'" he says, humming the saucy rhythm that captured the red-light romance of the French Quarter's sexual commerce. "That's all there is. And anything else is sweetening and spice. The chorus, that horn flourish at the end, *that* is there because it's supposed to be. Patti (Labelle) and the girls were so dynamic the musicians played that way. I arranged the song for the same reason. Some things come so automatic."

Toussaint unwittingly hits on an accurate description of his own talent as a producer and arranger when he pays

continued on page 118

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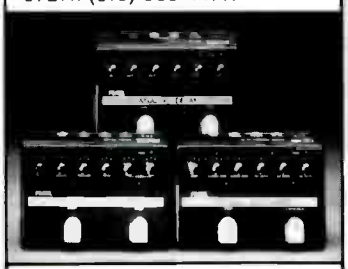
Pearl has introduced the Sound Choice series consisting of a Chorus Ensemble, Analog Delay and Phaser. The Chorus Ensemble (CE-22) features dual-programmability with stereo output, user-variable chorus rates and delayed vibrato. This delayed vibrato may be varied in rate, depth and delay time. The Analog Delay (AD-33) is a complete electronic delay device providing stereo output, a wide range of time variation effects such as delay, echo, reverberation and voice doubling. The Phaser (PH-44) provides maximum control of phasing effects from peak to dip locations. Slow and fast phasing and rotating speaker effects are featured by the PH-44. Pearl Intl., P.O. Box 111240, 408 Harding Industrial Dr., Nashville, TN 37211. (615) 833-4477.



The **Ibanez** Roadstar II series combines simplicity of design with the features and detailed craftsmanship found on today's best custom guitars and basses. The "vintage feel" was obtained with the preferred scale length and neck design along with the lightweight, great-sustaining alder wood construction. The series also features state-of-the-art hardware including advanced machine heads and string guides, "Dead End" strap posts, "Sure-Grip II" control knobs and the revolutionary "Hard Rocker-Pro" vibrato bridge system. Hoshino (USA) Inc., P.O. Box 886, Bensalem, PA 19020. (215) 638-8670.

Yamaha Tour Series drums feature shells of birch laminated with Philippine mahogany. Designed to meet all performance requirements from the road to the recording studio, Tour Series drums are available in a variety of kit configurations with four finish options: black, white, red and natural wood, and are for drummers in all styles of music. Yamaha, Box 7271, Grand Rapids, MI 49510. (616) 942-9223.

Fender unveils the Studio Lead and Stage Lead guitar amplifiers, adding significant new capabilities to the world's best-selling amplifier line. Designed with a new 3-band active equalizer for the lead channel that can produce a whole new range of sounds, the Studio Lead and Stage Lead also feature separate volume, gain and master controls for the lead channel preamp. This allows anything from a clean sound to outrageous gain and sustain, regardless of playing level. Other features include foot-switchable reverb which is active on both channels, preamp out and power amp in jacks for effects patching and front panel LEDs to indicate which channel is active.

The Studio Lead offers 50 watts and a single 12-inch heavy-duty speaker for $449.00 (suggested retail). The identically-sized Stage Lead develops 100 watts for $449.00, and is also available with two 12-inch speakers in a slightly larger cabinet at a suggested price of $549.00. Fender, 1300 East Valencia Drive, Fullerton, CA 92634. (714) 879-8080.

Ovation's new Elite model brings much of the Adamas technology within the reach of many more players with a truly innovative instrument. With a solid spruce top reinforced with birch veneer in the upper bout for added brilliance in the highs, the Elite utilizes an Adamas-derived brace pattern known as Quintad II and the unique and distinctive Adamas sound hole configuration. Wood bindings and purflings are used throughout and a combination of woods in the epaulets continues the theme. Elite has a five-piece neck (two mahogany and three maple layers) and a 22-fret fingerboard made from black walnut impregnated with a resin which increases strength by almost fifty percent, and features inlayed wooden position markers. Machine keys are 24K gold-plated Ovation Schallers. Ovation, Box 4, Bloomfield, CT 06002. (203) 243-1711.

Loft introduces a new concept, "personal test equipment." The Loftech TS-1 Audio Test Set combines a low distortion oscillator, a frequency counter and a dB meter in a self-contained unit. The frequency counter auto-matically ranges between Hz and kHz and the dB meter will read from -50 to +24 dB without ranging. Instrument interconnections are made internally via normalling jacks to reduce the number of cables required and simplify making measurements.

This combination of three test instruments in one unit is not only done at an economical price ($299.00) but also provides ease of use for making accurate, reliable measurements. An 87-page book is supplied with the TS-1 that describes basic audio measurement and troubleshooting techniques. Loft, 91 Elm Street, Manchester, CT 06040. (203) 649-1199.

Korg breaks the Poly-61, the first fully-programmable polyphonic synthesizer priced under $1,500 to offer the full sound of two oscillators per voice. Poly-61's two DCO oscillators per voice (12 DCO oscillators total) can be programmed for detuning to produce fat, natural chorusing effects, and for parallel intervals, which allows the user to create up to 12-note chords. Other features include: 64 program memory with full edit and program move capabilities; high-speed tape interface with inter-active display; versatile arpeggiator with memory latch mode.

The digital access control system (DAC) has large easy-to-read 6-digit digital display and the user can quickly and accurately view and update parameters, permanently store changes or restore them to earlier values. The Poly-61's Chord Memory/Unison and Hold key assign modes provide exciting parallel harmonies and powerful monophonic bass and soloing sounds as well as full 6-note polyphonic playing. Korg, 89 Frost Street, Westbury, NY 11590. (516) 333-9100.

Altec Lansing announced recently the introduction of six new high performance loudspeakers for the professional musician. The new pro sound entries consist of two distinct loudspeaker families—the extended range (ER) series musical instrument loudspeakers and the 3000 series sound reinforcement line, designed to meet or exceed standards for high power handling, sound quality and near-indestructible mechanical construction.

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RECORD REVIEWS

David Bowie
Let's Dance (EMI-America)

Let's Dance is David Bowie's nod to his musical fathers, and a wink to all of his musical progeny including those costumed denizens of the nightworld who have carried forth his prophetic vision of sexual ambiguity, androgyny and dramatic self-caricature onto the dancefloors of the 1980s. But he speaks to them, not so much as a fellow traveler, but as a middle-aged survivor who relates the perspective of one who has come through all the distortion into the daylight of identity. Journeying amidst the carnal, opium-scented, red-light districts of "Criminal World" (the album's moody centerpiece, penned by Peter Godwin, Duncan Browne and Sean Lyons), Bowie intones avuncular counsel in his groggy tenor; in a criminal world, where "the boys are like baby-faced girls" (and vice versa), he proposes to "hold a candle to your high-life disguise," confiding, knowingly, "I guess I recognize your destination/ I think I see beneath your makeup/ What you want is a sort of separation." Bowie's alternative is a cosmopolitan realism, tempered by the darkness of modern times; animated by dreams that refuse to fade; finding expression and release when you "put on your red shoes and dance the blues...under this serious moonlight."

In teaming with co-producer/guitarist Nile Rodgers (of Chic) and his crack regiment of urban electric commandos, Bowie is seeking to pull off the oft-attempted synthesis of black roots and white fruits (no pun intended); to break down the artificial barriers between American pop musics; to acknowledge the common thread of inspiration running through American dance music from the big bands of the 30s and 40s, the R&B and rock of the 50s and 60s and the electric haze of the 70s and 80s (like the way the title tune leapfrogs from the Beatles' "Twist And Shout" Ah-Ahhh-AAHHHHs, to a polyurethaned "Good Times" riff, through some World Saxophone Quartet-like free sax blowing, to echoes of spinning ballroom lights, B.B. King dirt-floor get-downs, synthesizer shrapnel and Third-World percussive assaults). And unlike the insufferably pretentious, jaded Chris Stein (those whom the gods would seek to destroy, they first give number one singles) and his Revlon Howdy Doody Debbie Harry (who together made *Koo Koo* sound like ten slick rhythm tracks in search of a personality), Bowie brings something to the party, acting as a catalyst to elicit some different strokes from Rodgers (who was beginning to sound a tad freeze-dried on the last two Chic outings, but here contributes mightily to the clear, open, shimmering sound). In a sense, Bowie, the chameleon, is both soul thief and soul champion, but in filtering borrowed and new through his personal imagery, he stamps it as his own, while offering a smile and a pat on the head to the Talking Heads, the Cars and the synth-pop new romantics, as if to say "Cute, but remember kids, I invented this stuff."

All of which would be useless to EMI-America (at $17.5 million for his new contract) if he didn't sell some records, but like McCartney on *Tug of War*, Bowie has marshalled his broadest, punchiest pop vision in years. "Modern Love," "Shake It" and "Let's Dance" comprise the dance tracks, the former sounding for all the world like Little Stevie & the Disciples of Soul, with Bowie feverish and ambivalent over a modified Motown beat, with a clever hook that renounces the surface charm and complacency of modern love ("Get Me To The Church On Time"). "Without You" and "China Girl" are the standout ballads, the latter a husky, tongue-in-cheek, Suzy Wong travelogue penned with Iggy Pop ("I feel a tragic like I'm Marlon Brando"), to whom the vocal is clearly indebted, the former an oriental-flavored kiss, spiced with trailing keyboard blips and keening doo wop falsetto accents (thanks to the Simms brothers and David Spinner). And for the wild cards we have the menacing "Cat People" and the equally ominous "Ricochet," the "Heroes" of *Let's Dance*, a tale of urban breakdown and despair, where "in the secret, fearful places, they see their lives unraveling before them...and who can bear to be forgotten." Still even as violence ricochets around us, Bowie assures us that "it's not the end of the world," as the band churns away over Rodger's adaptation of Coltrane's "My Favorite Things" (you heard right), amidst a hail of horns and tasty guitar leads.

That Bowie is able to translate all of this offbeat, arcane information through the power of his ambition and outreach into images that reach out (not look down) to the average listener, while creating a sparkling new sonic fabric, is testament to his genius. *Let's Dance* is totally engrossing, and may just be the future of pop music. Let's hope so, anyway. — *Chip Stern*

Lou Reed
Legendary Hearts (RCA)

The Velvet Underground is long gone, but no matter: here's another Lou Reed solo album, and I can already hear the critics honing their raves from coast to reverent coast. Uncle Lou, you see, having done so very much right at the outset of his quirky career, can never do wrong in the eyes of his claque. Unfortunately, this critical fawning has had the reverse of the desired effect on Reed's admittedly difficult artistic situation. On his own, he's never made an album as purely winning as, say, *Loaded*, and everybody knows it. So when the usual cries of "Lou's masterpiece" greeted the release of last year's *The Blue Mask*, real record buyers yawned—they'd been burned one time too many by the master's coterie.

I hope that *Legendary Hearts* escapes this fate, but I'm not about to bet on it. *Hearts* is a warmer and more seductive album, but at this point in time, I can't quite see where it fits into the commercial scheme of things. Its insights are casual, seemingly off-the-

cuff, and its tunes are executed with what any self-respecting Velvets fan must consider unnecessary restraint. The band tracks lack fire and abandon—and believe me, guitarist Robert Quine, bassist Fernando Saunders and drummer Fred Maher could be a wild and fiery band.

The songs themselves, though, are striking, and—given Reed's rehabilitated latter-day image as a lawn-loving suburbanite—often rather disturbing. Has anyone ever penned a more chillingly muted description of domestic disarray than: "The last shot sure killed me/ Pour another drink/ Let's drink to the last shot/ And the blood on the dishes in the sink"? In "Bottoming Out," blurred visions of "my child bride" crowd his head as he drunkenly cracks up his motorcycle; and in "Home Of The Brave," the album's most remarkable track, he seems sunk in a bittersweet despair that's reminiscent of (but much deeper than) the *Loaded* classic, "Oh! Sweet Nuthin'":

Here's to Frankie in some bar in picturesque Brooklyn Heights
In picturesque Brooklyn Heights
And here's to a friend who jumped in front of a train
At seven o'clock one night
And another friend who thinks that he lacks worth
Has disappeared from sight
Somewhere in the Home of the Brave

Reed's lyrical artistry—so simple, so deceptively complex—demands careful and sympathetic attention from a listener; but with few exceptions (the emphatic whomp of "Don't Talk To Me About Work," for instance), the low-key musical format of *Legendary Hearts* is likely to set the uninitiated mind wandering. To say that Uncle Lou deserves a lot better is to restate, once again, the obvious. Next time out he really should crank it up—and, who knows, maybe cash in at long last. — *Kurt Loder*

New Order

1981-1982 EP (Factory)
"Blue Monday"/"The Beach" 12-inch (Factory)
Power Corruption And Lies (Factory)

With all due respect to their late singer Ian Curtis, the worst thing that ever happened to New Order was Joy Division. The brutally honest, physically liberating kick inside of Joy Division's introspective punk-thump romanticism graduated prematurely into smokey myth with Curtis' tragic suicide in 1979, a myth blown so out of proportion to Joy Division's original ambitions

Revenge of the Synth People

By J.D. Considine

These days, synthesizer bands are no longer news. Following the chart success of the Human League, Yaz, Devo, the Soul Sonic Force and others, the average pop fan no longer associates blips and bleeps with paranoid androids or a sudden fear that the radio has gone on the fritz. No, synthesizers are an accepted part of pop culture, considered every bit as American as video games, personal computers and the little voice that tells you your headlights are still on.

But even though the technology has been absorbed, don't jump to the conclusion that synthesizer bands can turn one hit into a career. Just ask Gary Numan. As we enter phase two of the Great Techno-Pop Invasion, a lot of groups are learning that when it's sink-or-swim, synthesizers aren't much known for their buoyancy.

One obvious solution to this dilemma is to devise a second line of gimmickry to maintain interest when the electronics become old hat. For **Soft Cell**, that means favoring Marc Almond's endearingly effete yelp over David Bell's clankingly mechanical instrumentals. As a tactical move, this makes sense—it was, after all, Almond's pathetic pleading that made "Tainted Love" a winner. Unfortunately, *The Art Of Falling Apart* (Sire) makes a strategic blunder in assuming that Almond and Bell are capable of writing an album's worth of winning material. They're not, and *The Art of Falling Apart* does.

A far more durable ploy, since it calls for less imagination and appeals to the lowest common denominator, is to sex it up. That's exactly what the Los Angeles trio **Berlin** have done on their debut, *Pleasure Victim* (Geffen). Musically, Berlin is just rehashed Euro-disco, but when it comes to cheap titillation, songs like "Sex (I'm a . . .)" are hard to top. Singer Terri Nunn, an obliging sex object in the mold of Madleen Kane, breathes her come-ons and begs for satisfaction with such aplomb you almost want to believe her. Perfect for those lonely nights in the Jacuzzi. . .

The smart electro-rockers, however, understand that there's nothing better than a good song. **Ultravox**, who were synth-happy before it was fashionable, have always turned out complex, impressively melodic albums but were considered much too somber for general consumption. *Quartet* (Chrysalis), on the other hand, is wonderfully catchy without betraying the spirit of the group, and ought to do especially well with progressive rock fans. **Heaven 17** are progressives of a different sort, and make their leftist leanings clear through such politically charged material as "(We Don't Need This) Fascist Groove Thang." But thanks to deft arrangements, spirited funk guitar licks and superb singing from Glenn Gregory, *Heaven 17* (Arista) never lets the party line get in the way of party time.

Thomas Dolby demonstrated that he was the most musical of the techno-poppers on *The Golden Age Of Wireless*; now, with *Blinded By Science* (Harvest EP), he proves that he also has the best head for hooks. "She Blinded Me With Science" is one of the most infectious singles of this or any other year, while "One Of Our Submarines" illustrates what the soft sell can do for a gentle melody. **Falco**, an Austrian singer fronting a German band, is no slouch with melody, either. "Der Kommissar" (A&M 12") is a dance number so engrossing that even those of us who can't understand a word of German will try to rap along. *Einzelhaft*, (A&M Import), the album from which this song sprang, is equally irresistible, so tuneful it's easy to overlook the language barrier. Let's hope A&M eventually does, and releases this over here.

Perhaps the most encouraging sign in synth-pop's growth is that it has gone in enough directions to blur some of yesterday's more convenient labels. When the **Thompson Twins** first popped up on this side of the Atlantic, they were deemed dance-rock despite their electronics. Now that they've completely dispensed with guitars, that still holds. But as *Side Kicks* (Arista) sadly shows, their songwriting hasn't held up, and though the grooves are good, the final product isn't. Could have been worse, though—the Thompsons could have ended up like **Blancmange**. This British duo (plus studio extras) were moderately entertaining on their British singles, but at album length as on *Happy Families* (Island), their debt to Talking Heads' sophistofunk is too overwhelming, and the music sinks under the weight of too many obvious comparisons. Cute kittens on the cover, though.

that it still dogs the three members surviving as New Order.

That myth may never go away (then again, neither will the magnificent "Love Will Tear Us Apart," surely Joy Division's finest moment). But this triptych of new releases should go a long way in establishing New Order as more than just an extension of Curtis' long dark shadow. The *1981-1982* EP—which collects scattered singles and extended club mixes—and the "Blue Monday" 12-inch certainly confirm the underground contention that New Order are England's most musically eloquent, heroically urgent post-punk dance band. Compare the candy corn of new teen dreams Duran Duran and A Flock of Seagulls with the harsh propulsion of "Everything's Gone Green" and "Temptation"'s Gothic disco on *1981-1982*, the icy abstract ping of synthesizers and electronic percussion interlocking with the severely compressed, locomotive clap of Steve Morris' drums.

"Blue Monday" and its long dub inversion "The Beach" consolidate the experimental gestures of the EP into one monster track, the cathedral echoes of Joy Division deftly integrated with hard funk reality. Peter Hook's heavily flanged bass maneuvers with almost gaseous ease through the intricate maze of vigorous overlapping rhythms, artfully deployed electronic percussion accenting the double-team drive of Morris' synth-drum programming and real kit crack. The singing (most likely by guitarist Bernard Albrecht) has a nervous meditative quality only slightly removed from Ian Curtis' declamatory passion, like a prayer on the verge of scream, braced by the dramatic keyboard atmospheres of Gillian Gilbert (the band's only non-JD member).

On the companion album *Power Corruption And Lies*, New Order expand that rhythmic animation with a confidence and epic longing missing from last year's hesitant *Movement*. Not as instrumentally dense as "Blue Monday," both "Age Of Consent" and "The Village" radiate celebratory energy in their uncluttered gallop while the neo-Oriental scratch guitar of "Ultraviolence" heightens its black tribal pump. Even "We All Stand," a slow gray, rather jazzy reverie, packs an emphatic percussive kick, Hook's dominant bass and Morris' impatient drum crashes flanked by echoey guitar interjections and wistful piano flourishes.

New Order still rely on the instrumental language of Joy Division but have learned to say a lot more with it. These records prove they are now very much their own band. The news that they have just cut new tracks with "Planet Rock" producers Arthur Baker and John Robie indicates New Order have a long new life ahead of them. — *David Fricke*

Weather Report
Procession (Columbia)

This sounds just like a Weather Report album. It's nice, but I hesitate to praise it (though I think I hear real growth) or damn it (even if they seem to be rope-a-doping) because it's such an Oriental snack... *aural sushi*, that while it delights the palate, it leaves one strangely hungry. This in spite of a new, improved rhythm section, great production values (a sound quality that begins to excuse the brevity of playing time on each side) and new wrinkles in the Zawinul/Shorter dialogue.

The rhythm section of drummer Omar Hakim, bassist Victor Bailey and percussionist Jose Rossy is considerably funkier and more attentive than the virtuosic flamethrowers they replaced. I certainly prefer Hakim's more colorful speed-bag work to Erskine's dry, big band chopsmanship, and while retaining great love in my heart of hearts for the demented innovator Pastorius (after *Brite Size Life* and his first solo album, I'm pretty tolerant), Bailey's meaty, gut-string-like sound encourages interaction rather than precluding it. Zawinul's "Two Lines" is a particularly satisfying example of the new Weather Report. Zawinul seems to have left his Fender Rhodes at home, and the absence of electric piano leaves a big sonic hole, which forces Shorter to sketch out the chords in more detail on his tenor. Scampering over an

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a-go-go inflected swing-funk, Zawinul's synthesizer responses to Shorter are less orchestral, more to the point, and the metrically free (well freer), vocal-inflected unison-counterpoint they conjur as an out theme hints at a new kind of melodic interplay.

Elsewhere, "The Well" is a lovely successor to the folklorish spatial electronic balladry of "Mysterious Traveller," and Zawinul's use of Yamaha touch (and velocity) sensitive synthesizers (GS1 and CE20) encourages a new leanness and melodic directness on his part (more like Japanese rice-paper paintings than his cast-of-thousands sonic murals); on "Where The Moon Goes" the Manhattan Transfer add a nice vocal touch to a nondescript tale of globetrotting mysticism; and Hakim shows good composing chop on his own "Molasses Pan" with its counter-punching beat (Weather Report usually hears their rhythm section as little more than a straight blur of sound), Rossy's wily accents, a reticent Zawinul solo and a plangent Shorter one. The opening "Procession" and "Plaza Real," though pretty, tend to meander to no particular purpose, though Zawinul's synthesizers are notable for their humanity.

In short, I have no problem listening to this album. I also have no problem *not listening*. Live, Weather Report's music demands involvement, but on vinyl it wavers between foreground and background, so I'm still waiting for that great recorded statement. Oh, well, pass the soy sauce. — *Chip Stern*

Nick Lowe

The Abominable Showman (Columbia)

The Abominable Showman is the most lifeless album that Nick Lowe has ever made. I mean, when you toss off a tune called "We Want Action," it really ought to motorvate a bit, not just roll off your turntable and go to sleep on the living room floor. With one exception, the material here is limp, aimless and unfocused, and the production gooey enough to send your ears into insulin shock.

What's gone wrong with everybody's favorite loon-rock lad? "Raging Eyes" promises at least a moderate rockabilly thrill, but it just dribbles away. "Wish You Were Here" is faceless radio pop—imagine! "Man Of A Fool" is bad pop-gospel, straight out of the late 60s, and "Cool Reaction" is yet another pseudo-reggae wheeze on the already overstocked market. The appalling drippiness of "How Do You Talk To An Angel" defies description, and even "Saint Beneath The Paint," which starts out as a classic, Rockpile-style raver, never comes close to taking off. (And while we're at it, enough with the puns already: "Time Wounds All Heels" might be good for a chuckle were the song it adorns not so witless and flabby. First things first, Nicko.)

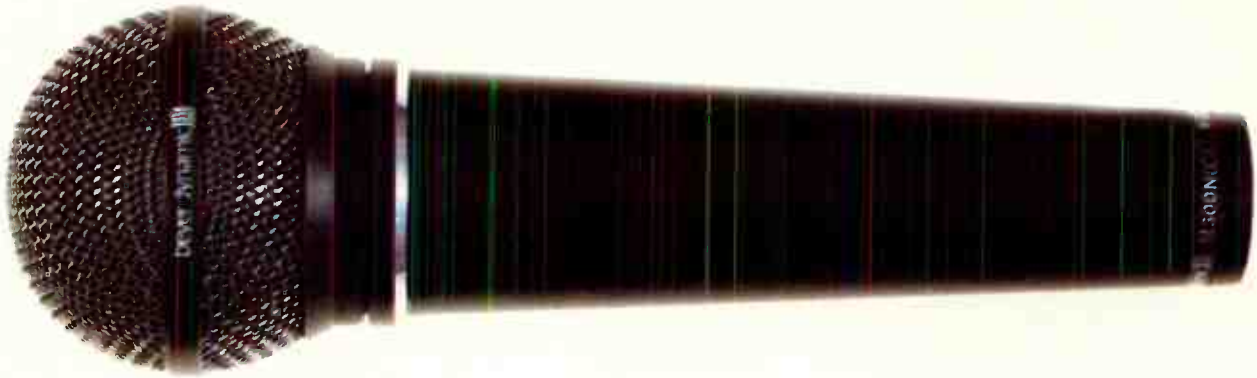
One can only hope that this total lack of inspiration (even abetted by the likes of Martin Belmont and Paul Carrack) is only temporary. The one track that bolsters that hope is "Tanque-Rae," a delightful and blistering-hot jungle-drum blowout that puts everything else on the album deep in the shade. It'd make a great single—but what a cruel joke to play on those who, hearing it and being seduced by its singular spirit, made the mistake of actually buying the otherwise enervated album of which it is the sole redeeming feature. — *Kurt Loder*

Dewey Redman

The Struggle Continues (ECM)

Redman's latest is a microcosm of the saxophonist/composer's musical world in that every tune radiates a distinct element in his vast stylistic spectrum. Investigating the most readily apparent spectral band on

Why the Beyer M 300 could be a better choice than the vocal mic you were going to buy.



What criteria qualify a microphone as an industry "tradition"?*

Microphones like the Shure SM58 have been described as industry "traditions"* based on a variety of reasons including durability and a practical ball-end design. But now there are new vocal mics offering many of these standard features in addition to updated design approaches with certain advantages implicit in the newer technology.

The new Beyer M 300 is designed to deliver consistent performance under the most adverse road conditions. And because it represents new criteria in microphone design, you may notice that the M 300 can also give you increased sensitivity and a crisp, articulate sound that can enhance your voice's distinctive personality.

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How can a vocal mic claim to have the "today" sound?

With today's constantly evolving technology, we don't doubt that newer entries into the vocal mic market such as the Electro-Voice PL80 represent updated thinking in design and manufacturing. But when someone claims to have designed a microphone based on the "complex frequency components of the human voice's waveforms,"* we must ask: Whose human voice? And when someone tells you their mic has the "today" sound, we must also ask: What is the "today" sound?

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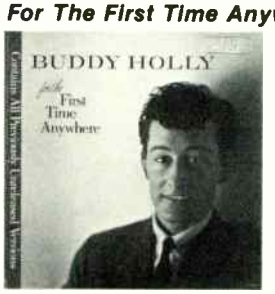
the opening number, "Thren," Redman quickly dispenses with the abstract blues of his Ornette Coleman nexus to allow other musical spectres of his conception to float free. Coltrane permeates the lush ballad "Life Is," while the tough tenor tradition scorches "Turn Over Baby" like the blazing Texas sun Redman grew up under. Essentially a reworking of a myriad of standards, "Joie De Vivre" finds Redman romping through a conspicuously traditional medium groove, only to grind gears on the boisterous "Combinations." Although Joe Henderson's might seem like one of the more difficult tenor styles to assimilate, Redman's uptempo whirlwinds and upper register vocalizations could have been grafted from Henderson's classic album *Tetragon*. No saxophonist's circle of influences is complete without Bird, and Redman's appropriately chosen vehicle is "Dewey Square."

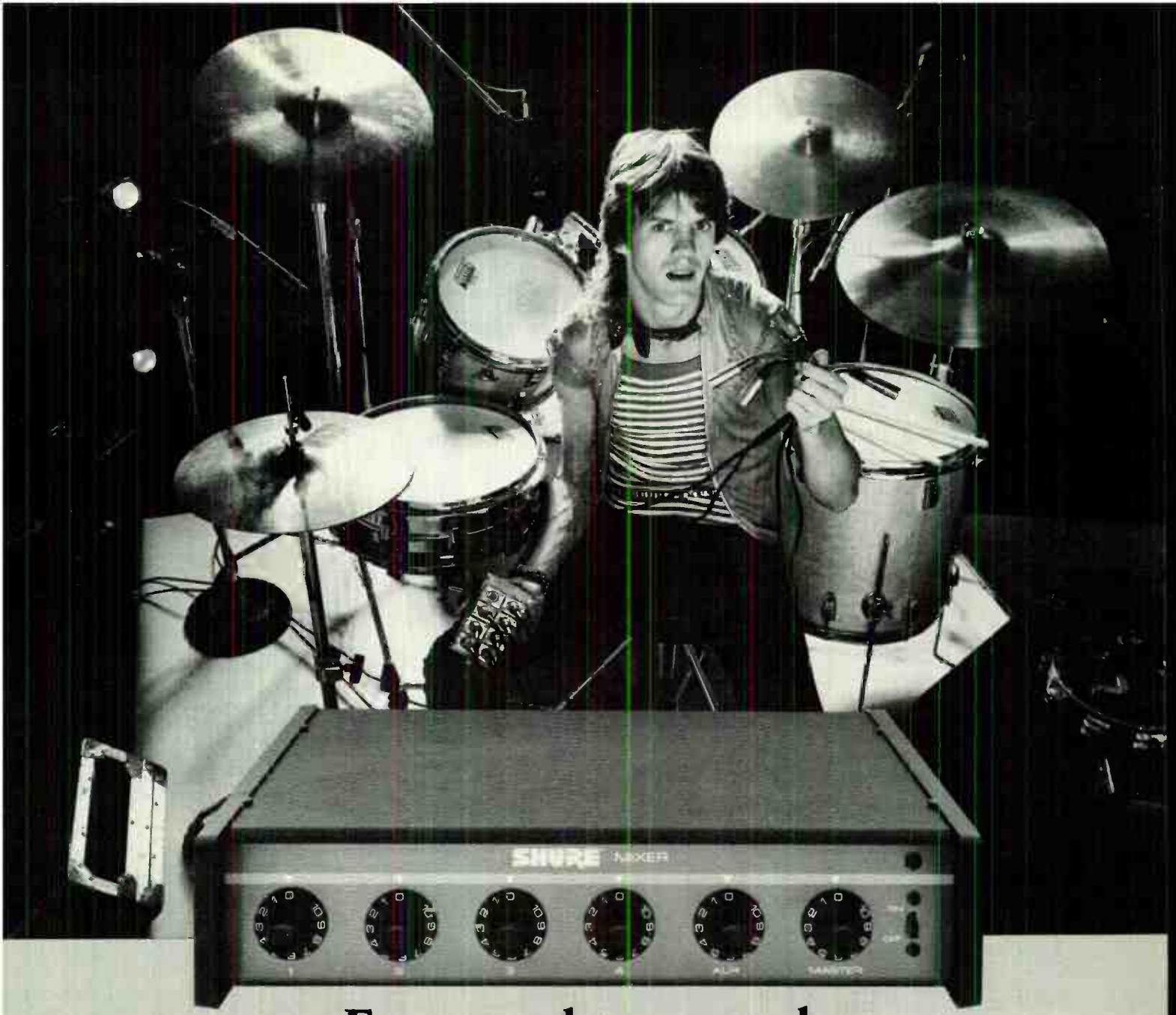
This is the kind of *tour de force* album tenor players used to demonstrate their breadth of stylistic wisdom in the mid-60s... ECM's first Blue Note release? One of the finest, most experienced, yet frequently overlooked tenorists, Redman handles the challenge admirably. While his own playing isn't as inspired as it's been with Coleman and with Old and New Dreams, it's a step above his recent efforts for Galaxy. And pianist Charles Eubanks, the young and exceptionally promising bassist Mark Helias, and Mr. Master Drummer Ed Blackwell are delightful throughout. *The Struggle Continues* isn't the kind of revolutionary art that's going to change your life, but it is the kind of thoroughly sincere and masterful music that makes life easier. — *Cliff Tinder*

Buddy Holly
For The First Time Anywhere (MCA)



Nine of these ten tunes were recorded by Buddy Holly at Norman Petty's Clovis, New Mexico studio in 1956 as demos in an attempt to garner a new record deal after his commercial demise with Decca Records. Holly himself produced with Petty engineering and the Crickets backing him up. The sound was sparse, unornamented and spontaneous—a complete about-face from the Nashville sessions for his first record, where Buddy was more or less forced into the mold of a conventional country crooner.

While in New Mexico, Holly recorded a tune called "That'll Be The Day," and the rest is history. But the irony is that the bulk of material cut at the same time went unreleased until after Buddy's death, when Petty took the masters and



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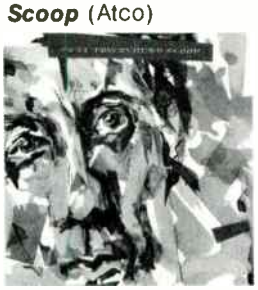
PATENT PENDING

sweetened them with overdubbed steel guitars.

Comparing the unadulterated takes on *For The First Time Anywhere* with the doctored Petty versions, which can be found on MCA's 6-record *The Complete Buddy Holly*, one can hear the subtle difference between rockabilly and country. The former is looser, with a more ragged instrumentation. All the spaces aren't filled with sound, either. So even though Buddy Holly's performance doesn't change, the new versions come across fresher, more vibrant, more real. The one completely brand-new track, "That's My Desire," recorded at New York's Bell Sound Studios, is a quavering, if conventional, ballad. Still, it's a kick to hear Buddy Holly skiffling to Chuck Berry's "Brown Eyed Handsome Man" or "Bo Diddley" with a hiccupping pace that is as up-to-date as the latest stray cat strut. Thanks to Steve Hoffman, who unearthed these rare masters, a whole new generation can now bop to Buddy Holly's pioneering genius. — *Roy Trakin*

Pete Townshend
Scoop (Atco)

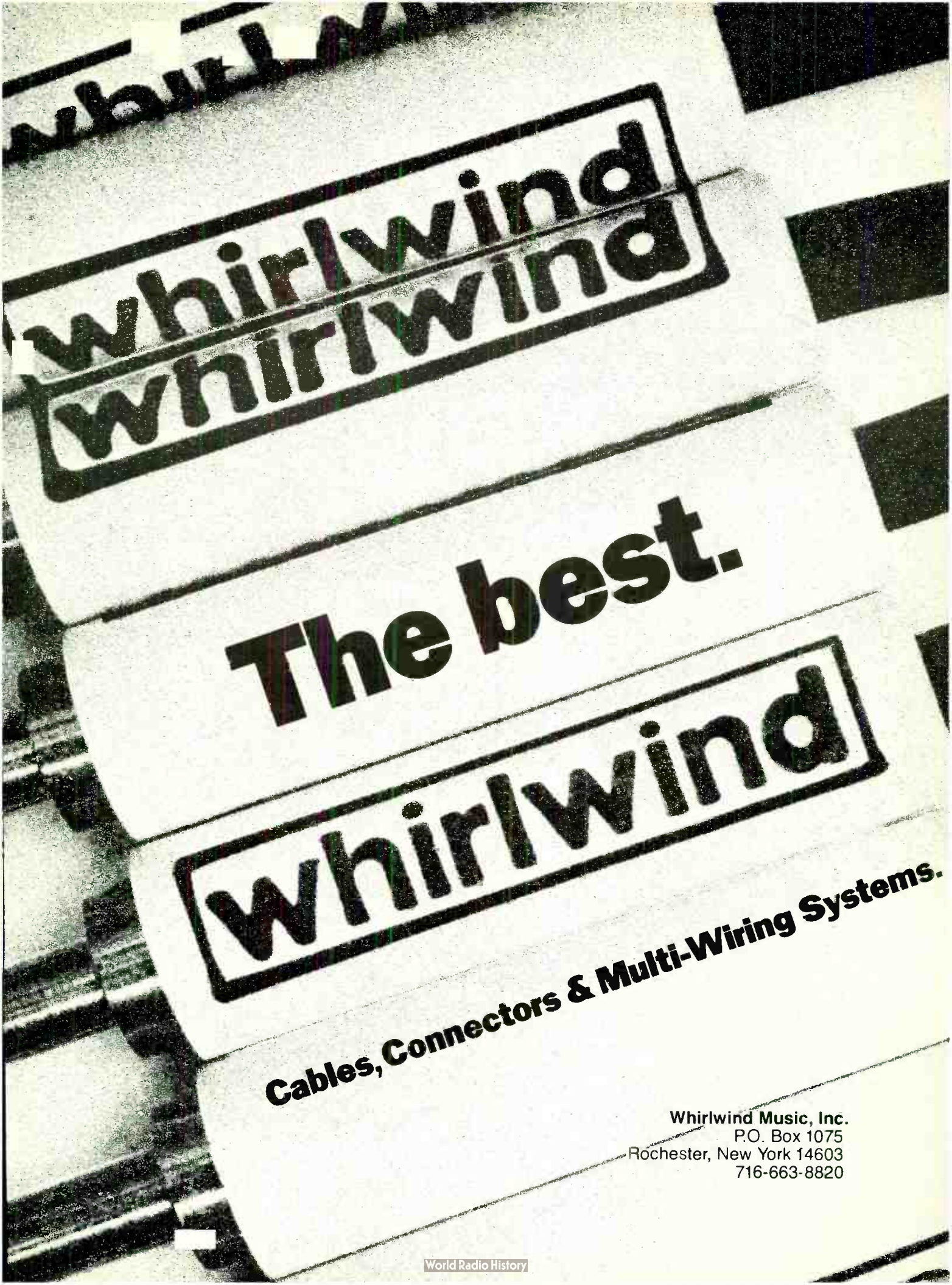


Scoop is quite a promising title for a double album's worth of demos, particularly when the demos in question represent the work of Pete Townshend for the Who. It's like seeing the Workings of History Unveiled, or somesuch, and nobody knows this better than Townshend himself. "Uh, this is a valuable Pete Townshend recording," the artist himself states at the beginning of the album, adding, "with traffic noises in the back. It's a collector's item, so it must be treasured." Because of the traffic noises, perhaps? Whatever the reason, it is a touching, perhaps too earnest acoustic treatment of "So Sad About Us," which probably would be treasured had not Townshend interrupted it two thirds of the way through with a flashy, happily shallow instrumental called "Brrr." History's one thing, lads, he seems to say, but let's not get too maudlin, shall we?

As it turns out, this first edition of Pete Townshend's musical diaries is as coy as anything he's ever released or written. In his liner notes (which, by the way, are almost worth the cost of the albums themselves), Townshend says flatly, "I have hundreds of such demos, this isn't meant to be a definitive collection, just a scoop." In other words, he knows what the title implies, but he'll be damned if he's going to paint himself into that corner completely. So by his own excuse, he gets a chance to offer the general public an opportunity to mull over the pre-Who version of such classics as "Behind Blue Eyes," "Magic Bus," "Bargain," "Squeeze Box" and "Love Reign O'er Me," as well as an assortment of experiments and songs that didn't seem to fit elsewhere.

Yet even then, Townshend manages to be revealing, despite not being entirely open about himself and his work. The demos of the famous songs, for example, make clear just how much the Who relied upon Townshend's original arrangements, and in so doing show that Keith Moon was essentially the only band member whose input was truly distinctive. If that suggests something about the current Who lineup, check out "Cache Cache," and note how Townshend deftly shifts gears between the double-timed verse and slow chorus, neatly avoiding an awkward start/stop treatment of the *It's Hard* version. Keeping that in mind, then read through his liner notes on the song. And for a final bit of myth-mashing, see if the lyrics to "Popular" remind you of any recent Who album title cut. As Townshend writes, "I later removed the 'Popular' chorus, replaced it with 'It's Hard,' and managed to sell another song!" Considering that the original chorus went, "I don't really care who you are/ I just want to be popular," it's not hard to grasp Townshend's view of the Who's current artistic function.

If *Scoop* seems jaundiced in its presentations of Pete Townshend, Who Songsmith, it, at the same time, offers a refreshing perspective on Pete Townshend, Individual. One of the reasons many of these songs had remained unreleased was that they lacked suitable context—they didn't work as Who



songs, or as Pete Townshend solo projects, or whatever. But by providing this excuse for himself, Townshend has moved a step closer to realizing just how the various roles he has been locked into have restricted his musical identity. While their demo status exempts them from the responsibility of turning into hits, the fact that "Goin' Fishin'," "Dirty Water," "Circles" and "You're So Clever" stand up to their better-known brethren ought to encourage Townshend to strike out in those directions some more. And when he does, that's when we'll likely get the real scoop. — *J.D. Considine*

The Ramones
Subterranean Jungle
(Sire/Warner Bros.)

After seven years and a like number of albums, you'd think people would have understood the Ramones aren't just a novelty act. Forest Hills' Finest may celebrate the transient pleasures of the trash esthetic, but they're more than a one-joke band. *Subterranean Jungle* offers further proof of what many of us have known all along—*dese bruddas* are part of a timeless tradition in Noo Yawk pop that reaches back past the street-wise Velvets to Spector's innocent girlgroups, Dion's proud ethnicity and the doo-wop gangs snapping their fingers and harmonizing on street corners.

Today, finger-popping's been replaced by martial drums and the pitched vocals have become a wall of buzzsaw guitars, but Joey Ramone's nasal plaint gives the Ramones away as incurable ramontics. Bubble-gum producer Ritchie (Joan Jett) Cordell and co-producer/engineer Glen Kolotking have organized the group's monolithic sound into a whip-crackling series of non-stop hooks—not only on sure-fire covers like "Little Bit O' Soul" and "Time Has Come Today," but on Dee Dee's yoooth anthems, "Outsider" and "Somebody Like Me," as well as Joey's love laments, "My-My Kind Of A Girl" and "What'd Ya Do?" After that, it doesn't even matter whether Johnny Ramone was responsible for the irresistible guitar runs which always seem to break through at exactly the right time.

Subterranean Jungle is the missing link between heavy metal and "Sugar Sugar." With lyrics you can shout in the shower like "I'm just a guy who likes to get drunk/ I'm just a guy who likes to dress punk," the Ramones have grown up. They've graduated from lobotomy to psychotherapy. If the world had progressed at the same rate, we'd all be a lot better off. — *Roy Trakin*

The graphics on Myron's drums are his initials in Japanese. Design by Jeff J Chonin, artwork by Patrick Foley, L.A.

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PICK HITS

DAVID FRICKE Hot: **Pete Townshend** — *Scoop* (Atco), **the Morells** — *Shake And Push* (Borrowed), **New Order** — "Blue Monday" (Factory 12-inch single), **Can** — *Delay 1968* (Spoon, German import), **the Rain Parade** — "What She's Done To Your Mind" (Llama 45); Cold: **Art in America** — *Art In America* (Pavilion); Live: **Dream Syndicate**, Folk City, New York City.

VIC GARBARINI Hot: *Yo!* (Soundtrack) — (Warner Bros.), **the Dream Syndicate** — *Days Of Wine And Roses* (Ruby/Slash), **Kevin Rowland & the Dexys** — "Come On Eileen" (PolyGram 45), **Scandal** — "Goodbye To You" (Columbia 45), **David Salminen** — *From The Silence* (D.S.P.); Cold: **Art in America** — *Art In America* (Pavilion); Live: **NRBQ/14 Karat Soul**, the Bottom Line, New York City.

TIMOTHY WHITE Hot: **David Bowie** — *Let's Dance* (EMI-America), **Marianne Faithfull** — *A Child's Adventure* (Island), **Kate & Anna McGarrigle** — *Love Over And Over* (PolyGram), **Randy Newman** — *Trouble In Paradise* (Warner Bros.), **the Chieftains** — *Cotton-Eyed Joe* (Shanachie); Cold: **Ric Ocasek** — *Beatitude* (Geffen).

FRANCIS DAVIS Hot: **Betty Carter** — *Whatever Happend To Love?* (BetCar), **Count Basie** — *For The Second Time* (Pablo), **Misha Mengelberg** — *Japan Japon* (FCP), **Earl Parker** — *Graffiti* (Sahara), **Sonny Rollins** — *Worktime* (Prestige); Cold: **Chick Corea** — *Again And Again* (Elektra/Musician); Live: **Amina Claudine Myers**, Haverford College, Pennsylvania.

NELSON GEORGE Hot: **DeBarge** — *All This Love* (Gordy), **the Whispers** — *Love For Love* (Solar), **Z.Z. Hill** — *Down Home* (Malaco), **the System** — "You Are In My System" (Mirage 45), **Tyrone Davis** — "Are You Serious" (High Rise 45); Live: *Say Amen, Somebody* (United Artists Classics, distributor) 68th Street Playhouse, New York City.

King Sunny from pg. 35

modern technology that can sound like African drums and use it the same. You can't just jump into it. In the African percussion, when you are playing a sound on one tempo, it is for the African to put in anything. That's why, when we sit down toward evening, when there is a moon, cracking jokes, if anyone makes any rhythm, it might be by word of mouth alone, they make another rhythm. If someone dies, and the only way we can pay tribute is to sing a sorrowful song and praise what he has done, or what we feel, if one song is sung, another one can sing another song in a different language without you understanding what he is saying. All you have to do is tap something, play bottles, play any metal, take a stick, just knock like that. I think

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the soul of Africa is the rhythm itself. There are some musicians like Oniba Kuta. He used to play only different kinds of rocks and some three or four *calabashes* (gourds), playing different rock to rocks and have a sound coming out of it and a rhythm. When you tell someone, 'I have someone playing rocks,' they will be wondering, 'Is he mad or not?' This is the area where Western musicians can come in. Whatever they put on top, whatever melodies, whatever lyrics they want, they have to remember the tempo; the rhythmic foundation has to be there."

Rhythmically unsophisticated Westerners have missed the sophistication of African music because they judged it by the wrong standards. At a soundcheck in New York, the complexity of Sunny's African Beats was laid bare. The eighteen musicians onstage patiently followed the instructions of Sunny Adé, who strolled around the stage, conducting as much by dips of the shoulder and head and sudden chords or musical accents as by voice. The discipline of the group is impressive—the music ebbs and flows, starts, stops, changing tunes with almost no verbal command from Sunny. They do a song for the television news crews, Sunny launching it with a single *a cappella* vocal phrase. They finish with a well-rehearsed flourish but Sunny wants them to try it again. This time they retard the music as the final vocal phrase slows, Sunny controlling the speed and mood by moving his finger in a slow, circular motion in the air. Later they fall into a boppish jazz vamp, a lark which doesn't surface in the show. He's a patient but relentless leader, putting the band through its paces for a long, long soundcheck. Even after they've finished, he remains onstage, tuning his guitar with the rhythm guitarist. He's the last to leave the stage.

Nothing could prepare one for the incredible show that night. It begins with one of the singers stepping out onstage and singing a brief invocation, proclaiming the arrival of King Sunny Adé. The group answers in chorus offstage and the crowd is pulled to its feet. Sunny, in black waistcoat embroidered with gold, hits the stage like a rock performer, taut and energized. He stalks around the stage like a shaman, exhorting, conjuring, hitting chords with showy flourishes but always among the group, never staying in the spotlight for long. The opening tunes are short, chopped-off, dramatic, as Sunny does a slinky African-style Chuck Berry duckwalk with his guitar. His singers separate, spin, dance and regroup, breaking down instrumental passages with exuberant dance contests.

The band is cooking, squeeze drums sounding like pounding basses and the whole complex kaleidoscope of rhythm-riffing churning away underneath vocals so pure and airy, you'd think you were in some forest village. Sunny is content to pick little riffs or slash chords at dramatic moments, leaving the soloing to the drummers or the steel player who sends stratospheric cascades of vibrato

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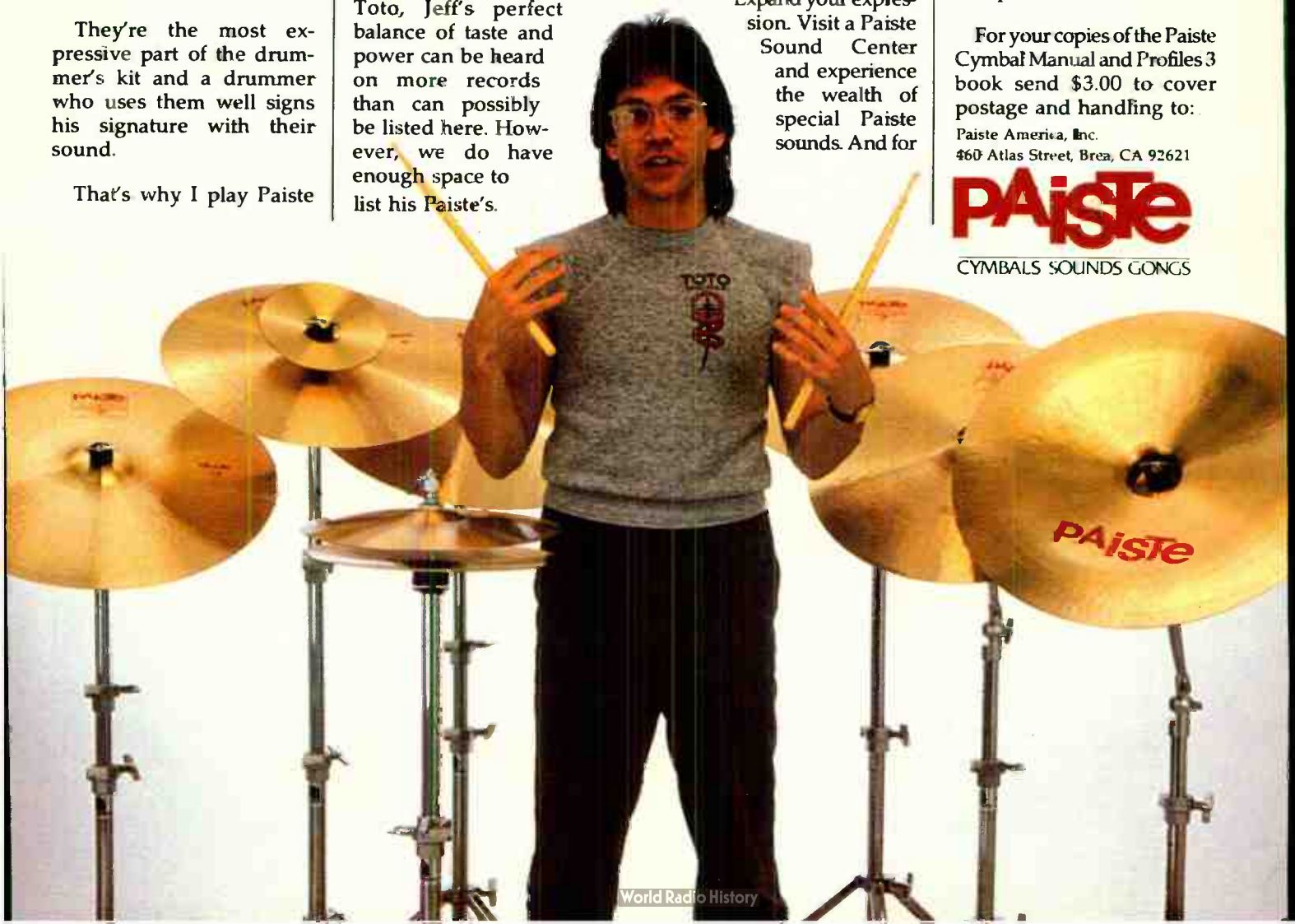

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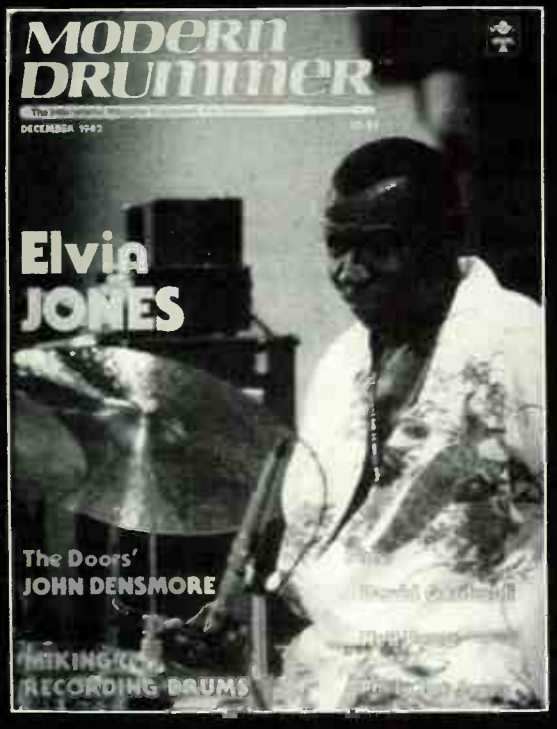

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sound at climactic points. Sunny goes over to the drummers and conducts them through a long, intricate phrase, punctuating the final thud with a little jump, landing on his feet as the thud hits. His singers spin and hop their little ballet.

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He grins and rips off a ringing solo—his first of the night—as the polyglot crowd dances in the aisles and roars its approval. Now they know why in Africa the party always goes till dawn. Ⓜ

ROCK

SHORT TAKES

By J.D. Considine

Kate & Anna McGarrigle

Michael Schenker

Chris Stamey

Joan Armatrading

Kate & Anna McGarrigle — *Love Over And Over* (Polydor). Sweet vocal harmony and wry lyrics have long been staples of the McGarrigle sisters' sound, but they seem to be having more fun with both this time around. Perhaps it's because they've discovered how much fun the studio can be (as on the electronically enhanced intro to "Move Over Moon"), or maybe it's just residual giddiness from the genre jokes they're playing (like the off-kilter spiritual "Jesus Lifeline" or the French version of Bob Seger's "You'll Accompany Me"). Whatever the reason, *Love Over And Over* is the sort of record that should be played that way—over and over.

The Michael Schenker Group — *Assault Attack* (Chrysalis). Schenker is probably the last of the heavy metal classicists, pushing the music over the top through muscular, chops-conscious riffs instead of relying on blunt power and a jack-hammer beat. *Assault Attack* isn't quite as incendiary as '81's *MSG*, but makes up in songwriting what it lacks in firepower, and even then, that's not much to make up. A classy way to make your ears bleed.

Chris Stamey — *It's A Wonderful Life* (DB). Not quite the hookarama you'd expect from the dB's, but not far off, either. *It's A Wonderful Life* emphasizes Stamey's experimental side, so the pop content arrives almost as a by-product (not unlike the dB's "Soul Kill"). Stamey's voice has never sounded better, sticking close to the melody and brightening each phrase with a subtle fullness, and for all his playing around with song structure, his melodic sense has never been sharper. In short, a smart album your ears will appreciate, too. (DB Records, 432 Moreland Ave., N.E., Atlanta, GA 30307)

Joan Armatrading — *The Key* (A&M). More of Joan Armatrading, Electrofolkie, except with added pop in the songs and extra sparkle in the production. The sparkle can be explained simply by pointing out that Val Garay joins Steve Lillywhite in the production duties. But the pop? My guess is that it's half melodic streamlining, as on the wonderfully bouncy "Key To Your Heart," and half shifting the perspective, so that she's no longer mired in first person confessional. Whatever the case, if this doesn't make her a star over here, nothing short of outright bribery will.

The Orchestra of the Eighth Day — *Music For The End* (Flying Fish). New music from Poland? Forget the moron jokes—this is the most inventive fusion of folk, jazz and space-rock I've heard since David Allen first dropped acid. Not that there's any hint of psychedelia here; rather, there's a sense of fluid development that takes the best from jazz and the European Romantic tradition. Most impressive of all is the way that these two musicians can generate a sound that truly deserves the orchestral moniker.

Greg Kihn — *Kihntinued* (Berserkley). The way Kihn turns out catchy melodies and easy-going grooves, he could easily turn into the Steve Miller of the 80s. Not that I'm complaining—if insta-pop is going to continue to prosper, it might as well come from somebody whose taste I respect.

Virgin Prunes — *...If I Die, I Die* (Rough Trade). It's a stupid name, I know, and the pictures on the cover make them look like real art-school jerks. But for art-school jerks they've got a damned fine musical sensibility, one which builds grooves from the melody on down and not the other way around. Haunting, hypnotic and not entirely without bluster, this is not unlike what U2 could sound like if they end up as pretentious old rascals. (Rough Trade, 326 Sixth Street, San Francisco, CA 94104)

Dire Straits — *Twisting By The Pool* (Warner Brothers EP). According to the cover, this is a dance EP, but that's only if you dance the way they did twenty years ago. Dire Straits rock it with more verve than I would have expected, but somehow it all seems like an inside joke, as if Dire Straits adopted this pose more to make fun than to have fun. Don't throw away your Rockpile albums just yet.

The System — *Sweat* (Atlantic). This isn't a synth band with a lot of soul so much as it is a soul band with a lot of synths. David Frank's electronics always keep the machinery out of sight while putting the groove front and center, so the instrumental tracks remain on the one. But it's Mic Murphy's vocals that walk away with the album—he's a singer with so much presence, you almost forget that there's a band behind him.

Personal Effects — *Personal Effects* (Cachalot). Despite it's raucous audacity, garage rock is as prone to formula as anything this side of heavy metal. Not as practiced by Personal Effects, though. Peggi Fournier's vocals manage to make a lack of polish sound like innocence rather than incompetence, and her confident sax work is an unexpected bonus. But the real kick is in the way Personal Effects play choppy riffs like the chorus to "So Hard" and make them sound smooth. (Cachalot, 611 Broadway, Suite 214, New York City, NY 10012)

20/20 — *Sex Trap* (Mainway). Despite the bargain-basement production—or perhaps because of it—this is 20/20's

continued on page 110

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JAZZ

By Francis Davis

SHORT TAKES

Philly Joe Jones & Dameronia — *To Tadd with Love* (Uptown). The first album by this octet whose laudable intention it is to restore to currency the writing of Tadd Dameron, the most rapturous and wistful of the bop composer/arrangers, is not the unqualified success I hoped for. The ensembles rarely soar, in part because Donald Sickler and John Oddo's literal transcriptions are too frequently literal-minded as well, and the solos of saxophonists Charles Davis and Cecil Payne seem discursive and uninspired. Yet the album's pleasures are numerous (they include the crisp, on-the-ball drumming of the leader, the elegant alto leads of Frank Wess, the rumbling piano lines of Walter Davis, and—unsurprisingly—the bright trumpet solos of Johnny Coles, whose modesty and melodic compression allow him to sidestep the inevitable comparisons with Navarro and Brown gracefully). The concept remains a noble one which hopefully will be better realized on subsequent LPs. Dameron's own recordings insure him an eternal hereafter, but since jazz is an art of the moment, it's reassuring to know his music is still being played here and now.

Derek Bailey — *Aida* (Incus). **Company** — *Fables* (Incus). **Misha Mengelberg** — *Japan Japon* (ICP). (All available from Kazunori Sugiyama, 214 E. 11th Street, New York City, NY 10003.) I might never have heard these provocative imports had British guitarist Bailey not shipped them to me out of the blue, so I'm very grateful to him. The quiet, single-minded intensity of Bailey's hacking and strumming, together with his odd-fellow humor and his innate sense of form, make his newest solo LP one of the most cohesive and emotionally affecting I've heard by any of the European *tabula rasa* improvisors. Company is the rubric for Bailey and whoever is playing with him at the moment, in this case trombonist George Lewis, saxophonist Evan Parker and bassist Dave Holland. Starting from scratch, these players create a motile music distinguished by its wide range of textures and dynamics and governed by a group discipline one rarely hears even in more conventionally "structured" improvised music. But the real delight in Bailey's surprise package was the LP by Mengelberg, a Dutch pianist best known in the U.S. for his Monkish digging behind Eric Dolphy on *Last Date*. Here he leads a ten-piece international orchestra which somehow manages to weave free solos around tangos, boleros, doowackadoo big band harmonies, compapa marches, and man-on-the-flying-trapeze fanfares —the kind of thing we Americans like to describe as "Carla Bley-ish," but Europeans probably just hear as "European." Whatever you call it, it's exhilarating stuff, with a rugged sense of play Bley's own band has not been able to capture lately.

Fred Frith, Bob Ostertag & Phil Minton — *Voice of America* (Rift). Some comparison of Frith to his countryman Bailey might seem in order, but this is less an improvisation than a collage, and the actualities from Chile and El Salvador, from *Let's Make A Deal* and the Super Bowl, in addition to coming across as shallow and condescending, impose a polemical specificity on Frith's guitar hammerings, Minton's mouth sounds, and Ostertag's live electronics, thereby robbing them of their primacy and, therefore, their ambiguity. (From New Music Distribution Service, 500 Broadway, New York City, NY 10012.)

Errol Parker — *Graffiti* (Sahara). Parker's is surely among the most monotonous music I've ever heard, intractable in its repetition and lack of shading. Yet his infectious bitonal piano, his hypnotic overdubbed drumming, and the ingenious manner in which he gets two horns improvising simultaneously without risking chaos all combine to place it among the most arresting I've heard lately. This French Algerian has challenging theories as well as practical Third World experience to offer jazz; he's enlisted smooth accomplices in Jimmy Owens, Monty Waters, and Byard Lancaster; and if he makes more records as good as this one, he will not be a secret much longer. (509 E. 72nd Street, New York City, NY 10021.)

Count Basie — *For The Second Time* (Pablo). Speaking of secrets, when the roll of great Basie soloists is called, Basie himself is usually omitted. But these are great times we live in, whatever else is wrong, because Basie the pianist is finally claiming the limelight, after much prodding by Pablo's Norman Granz. This trio date (with Ray Brown and Louis Bellson) offers still more evidence of Basie's sustained vigor, his telling wit, his deceptive simplicity.

Ron Carter — *Etudes* (Elektra/Musician). One of the preening bassist's least overbearing dates and, not surprisingly, also one of his best, with Art Farmer as lyrical as always but more inventive than has lately been the case, Bill Evans making a more lasting impression on tenor than he has with Miles on soprano, and Tony Williams keeping a firm yet sensitive finger on the pulse.

Charles Lloyd — *Montreux 82* (Elektra/Musician). Closer to the old spirit than any of his earlier comeback attempts, this even includes a new "Forest Flower" and generally finds the first Coltrane popularizer in fine enough form to remind us that popularizers have their place in the larger scheme of things, too.

Zoot Sims & Joe Pass — *Blues For 2* (Pablo). Sims is not just a great soloist, he's one of those musicians whose enthusiasm and consistent excellence challenges others to give it all they've got themselves, and here he works his magic on Pass, a sometimes fussy technician who's rarely swung harder than he does on these ingratiating duets.

Bill Evans — *Paris Concert Edition One* (Elektra/Musician). Bassist Marc Johnson and drummer Joe LaBarbara are present on only about half of this 1979 recital, which nonetheless confirms reports that the pianist's last working trio was among the most graceful and seamlessly integrated he ever led. But since only the more contemplative side of Evans' nature is highlighted, confirmation that he was approaching music with renewed vigor in the final months of his life awaits Volume 2.

Kevin Eubanks — *Guitarist* (Elektra/Musician). Yet another talented brood from Philadelphia, cradle of the Bryants, the Barrons, the Breckers and the Heaths. Present in addition to the slithery Montgomery-influenced guitarist are pianist Charles, bassist David and trombonist/arranger Robin, whose burly solos and thoughtful writing prove the highlights of this album of enterprising, low-key hard bop.

Tony Rice — *Backwaters* (Rounder). Alliances of jazz and country are nothing

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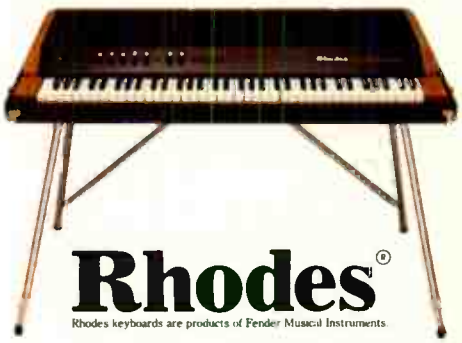

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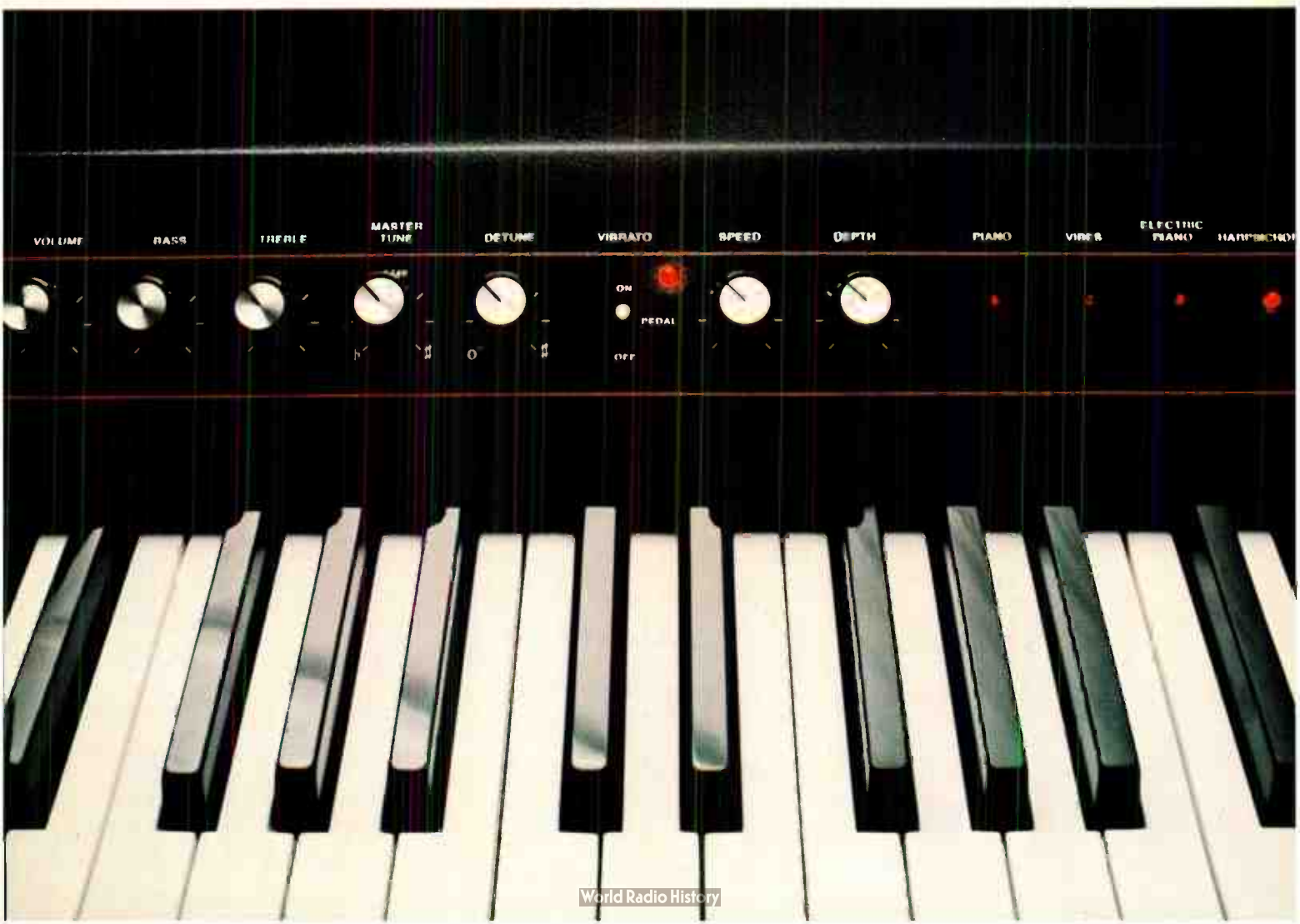


new, but what makes Rice's music so refreshing is the emotional allegiance it pays both the modal melodrama of post-Coltrane jazz and the cockeyed optimism one expects from a music made with fiddles and mandolins. Lightweight perhaps, but utterly unpretentious and absolutely gimmick-free.

I'll Trade You Four Carl Furillos For An Elmo Hope... Fantasy has just reissued forty Prestiges and Riversides from the late 50s and early-60s in their original jackets, including five by **Thelonious Monk**; four by **Miles Davis** (but not the fabulous Don Martin-drawn *With Horns!*); three by **Sonny Rollins**; two each by **John Coltrane, Eric Dolphy, Bill Evans, Wes Montgomery, Gene Ammons**, and **Cannonball Adderley**; and one apiece by **Milt Jackson, Sonny Stitt, Clifford Brown, Wynton Kelly, Art Farmer & Donald Byrd, Gerry Mulligan, Kenny Burrell, Coleman Hawkins, Kenny Dorham, Art Blakey, Billy Taylor, Pepper Adams, Stan Getz, George Shearing & the Montgomery Brothers, the Modern Jazz Quartet**, and the anthology *Blues For Tomorrow*. Only the covers will be new to younger listeners—the music, which includes some of the touchstones of modern jazz, has long been available on Prestige and Milestone twofers, with a few exceptions. ☑

Rock Shorts from pg. 106

best album, the one which finally explains their reputation. The songs are tight, hookish and immediately appealing, capturing at once the sparkle of power pop and the grittiness of garage band rock. And though the vocal harmony is basically just functional, that tends to add to the charm. (Distributed by Thunderbolt Records, P.O. Box 419, Redondo Beach, CA 90277)

Paul Barrere — *On My Own Two Feet* (Mirage). Sounds like somebody else's Feat to me, if you get my drift. Barrere is pretty good at working out a palatable rehash of Little Feat's sophisto-boogie, but without Lowell George's sense of humor (or smooth vocals), it might as well be two *left* feet.

Allen Ginsberg — *First Blues* (John Hammond). Ginsberg isn't much of a singer, but with lyrics and a sense of rhythm like this, who's complaining? The musical format is folk/blues with light jazz overtones, so the accompaniment is spry and rhythmically fluid, perfect for Ginsberg's wacky asides and more-or-less pro forma melodies. Nice to see ol' Bobby Zimmerman among the sidemen, too. But if you only know Ginsberg as a name, keep in mind that this should be taken as literature first, and folk/blues second.

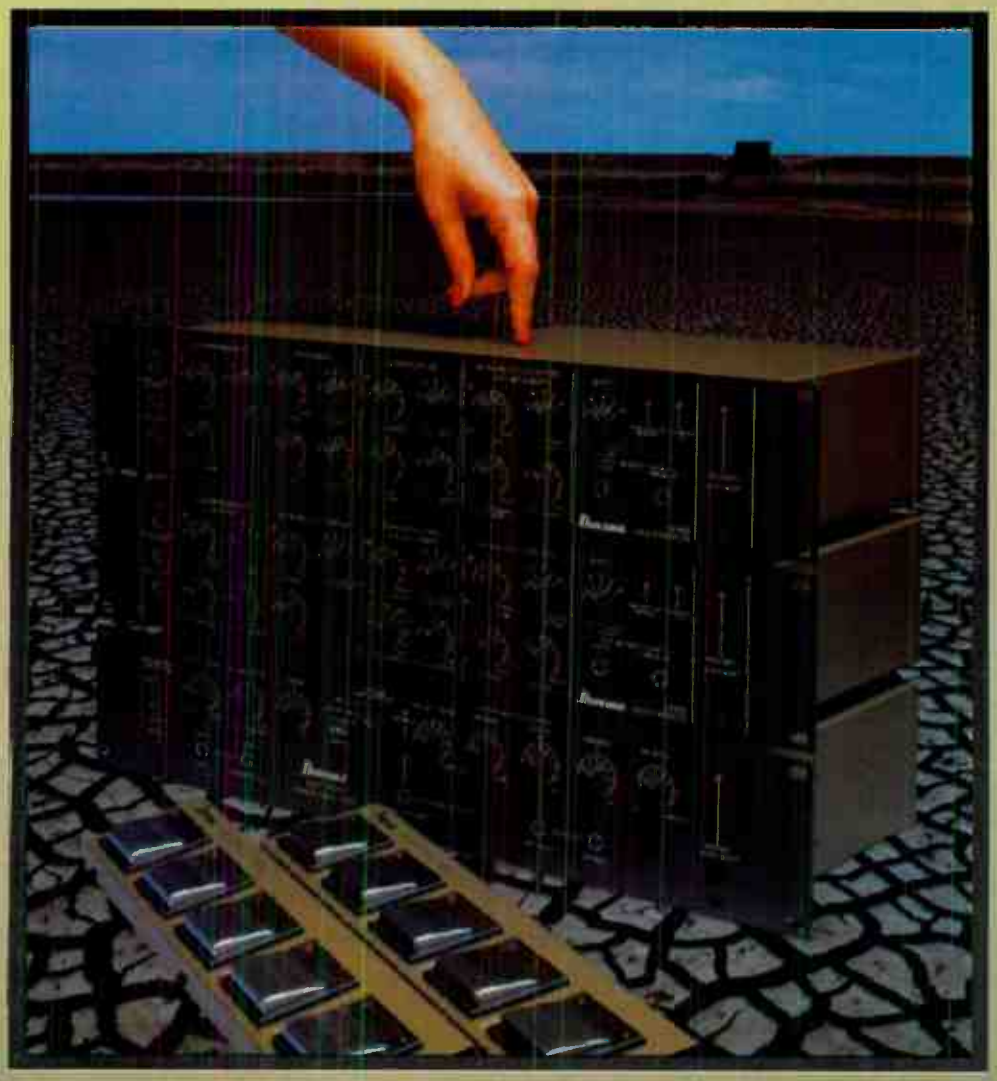
Smokey Robinson — *Touch The Sky* (Tamla). Robinson's voice is as achingly beautiful as ever, and he soars effortlessly through these ballads and mid-tempo groovers. Perhaps a little *too* effortlessly, even; between Robinson's easy-listening melodies and Sonny Burke's air-brushed backing tracks, this album spends a lot more time in Christopher Cross country than it should. Used to be where there was Smoke, there was *some* fire.

Durocs from pg. 73

about swine, named their productions Proud Pork; their logo is the hind legs and rear of a pig. Within the music business, these guys are notorious for their eccentricities—and for updating the "Wall of Sound" that Phil Spector pioneered in the early 60s. In addition to producing, they are clever songwriters whose material has been covered by Barbra Streisand, the Jefferson Starship, the Tubes, Pablo Cruise, Sammy Hagar and others. As recording artists, they call themselves the Durocs, which they define as "a breed of large vigorous red American hogs noted for superior intelligence and exceptionally large ears and genitals," and have had one critically acclaimed album—*Durocs*—released. That record is a prime example of what they call their "Wall of Mud" sound.

"We're coming from a particular school of production," explains Nagle, who notes that the Proud Pork motto is, 'We shall overdub.' We're in San Fran-

ULTIMATELY



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cisco where everybody was just, 'Put a mike in front of me and let me get it on.' And that's *not* our tradition. The tradition we come from is kind of a Spector-Brian Wilson combo sound of stacking instruments. There's a magic in that. There's some kind of audible, and I hate to use that word—Michael Jackson, I'm sorry—but I mean there is a certain magic there that's because of the nature of the sound. I mean, listen to *Pet Sounds* or the Ronettes' records. Wow. What the hell was going on? And a lot of the quality of that sound is in the layering, the instruments slightly out of tune and the combination of many elements."

Of course, when Phil Spector created his "little symphonies for the kids," 16-track recorders didn't exist and thus overdubbing was difficult. Spector brought the entire orchestra, whole armies of acoustic guitarists and piano players and singers into the studio and recorded everything at once. "So by virtue of the fact that you had an upright piano, a grand piano and a Wurlitzer and whatever else, you're going to get notes that are slightly out," says Nagle.

By contrast, Nagle and Mathews create their sound by overdubbing or, as they refer to it, "stacking." For instance, to get a "south of the border" feel on a John Hiatt tune called "The Way We Make A Broken Heart," Mathews overdubbed three separate vibes parts, two using rubber mallets and one using wooden mallets. "Often times in our stacking, we're VSOing at the same time," says Mathews. "We'll stack a couple of out-of-tunes, a couple of in-tunes."

"Scott knows to what degree it's sharp or flat to the track," notes Nagle. "There's a fine line between sounding dissonant and pleasing."

Nagle has been in the music business since the mid-60s when he played organ and sang in a San Francisco band called the Mystery Trend. When the Summer of Love was over, he emerged with an excellent solo album, *Bad Rice*, released on Warner Bros. He worked on the soundtrack for *The Exorcist*. Then in 1974, he met Scott Mathews, an eighteen-year-old from Sacramento. As Nagle soon discovered, Mathews was a musical whiz kid—a one-man session band—facile at playing any and all manner of instruments: guitar, bass, drums, horns, keyboards, you name it. Mathews has since made a name for himself playing sessions for the Beach Boys, Barbra Streisand, Glen Campbell, Bobby Womack and others. But his partnership with Nagle comes first, and they have worked together for nearly a decade.

Though they continue to record their own material—a second Durocs album will be released in Australia on the Rivet label—the focus has been on production, as well as making demos of their

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songs, since the completion of the Pen two and a half years ago. They are currently producing Paul Kantner's solo album, in addition to John Hiatt's record.

It took them five years to build the Pen. "We have a song on our album called 'Don't Let The Dream Die,' and we're sitting in it," says Nagle. "This is it. It works. Just holding on. There's something to be said for stubbornness and tenacity. God, talk about patience. Beyond Job."

From the street, the Pen looks like a rundown shack that hasn't been painted in twenty years. But inside, this cottage where Nagle once lived has been completely remodeled to Nagle and Mathews' specifications. Small and intimate with no clock on the wall, the Pen reminds one of a 50s basement rec-room where it's easy to get loose and subsequently turn in an inspired performance. Musicians find it a relief from some of Los Angeles' large, impersonal studios. The control booth is an 8-by-13-foot room with a 4-by-7-foot bathroom to the rear where they've recorded timbales and acoustic guitars. The studio proper is a 12-by-23-foot room with a 6-by-8-foot drum booth in the middle. "We went for a completely live sound," Nagle declares.

Nagle and Mathews do all their mixing at the Automatt, relying on the studio's Eventide 949 harmonizer and Lexicon 224 digital reverb for many of their effects. But nearly all their actual recording is done at the Pen. The control booth includes a Quantum QM168 8-track board, a one-inch TEAC 85-16 tape machine and an MXR digital delay. Mathews also has a Scamp rack of noise gates and compressors in the Pen that he takes with him to the Automatt for mixing sessions.

While he notes that they rented a harmonizer for the panting dog effect on the *Cat People* soundtrack, Mathews insists there is no need for him and Nagle to bring in any more outboard gear into their studio. "The character of the room itself determines the sound." But they also have a few instrumental tricks up their four sleeves. The deep resonant snap of their drum sound is probably due to their use of a marching band snare drum as opposed to a regular kit snare. A CS80 Yamaha synthesizer is good not only for string parts but unusual percussion effects and what Mathews calls "fairy dust," shimmering top end sweetening.

Their guitar armory is no small wonder. In addition to a '54 Telecaster, '57 Stratocaster and a 1952 Gretsch Western Roundup with Western Roundup amp to match, they get a lot of use out of Mathews' three cheapo Silvertone guitar-amp combo models (the ones with the amplifier mounted in the guitar case). Add to that an ESP copy of a 1950s Fender Precision bass and an old Gretsch bass with a hollow tree neck that delivers both electric and stand-up acoustic sounds. And be sure to listen on the Paul Kantner LP for the sound of a window sash weight being hit with the metal leg of a bass drum.

"Probably a lot of guys out there would like to know, do we dbx or do we not dbx?" Nagle says, with a hint of mild sarcasm, fielding a question of sound quality at the Pen. Nagle looks over at Mathews conspiratorially. "Should we tell them, Scott?" He pauses dramatically. "We'll come out and say it. We never use that. It just completely neuters the sound. So we don't do that, even if we stack tons of tracks. We would go for hiss and distortion before we would go for using that."

"It's more than noise reduction," says Mathews. "It's sound reduction."

continued next page

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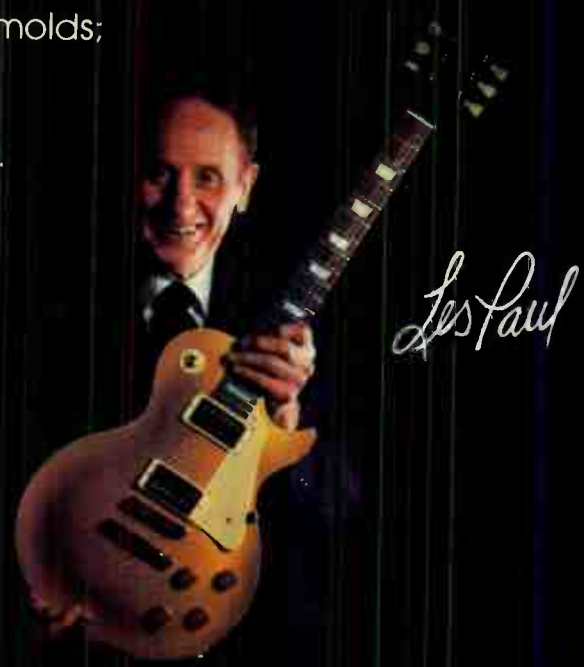

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Toussaint from pg. 82

tribute to Art Neville, champion New Orleans keyboard player with Toussaint's late 60s-early 70s house band, the Meters, and now with the city's First Family of R&B, the Neville Brothers Band. "He's the most important organist I've heard and he plays the most perfect because he plays exactly what's needed. You could write a thousand parts for the organ and the one you'd miss would be the one Art would naturally come up with. *The* right one, according to logic, according to rhythm, according to what fits in the pocket. The perfect place."

You can say much the same thing about Toussaint. It's worth noting that Toussaint's favorite album is *Highlife,* the 1974 album he produced for Scots belter Frankie Miller. An unlikely marriage of root soul feeling and a foreigner's individual style (not to mention rabid enthusiasm), *Highlife* is a marvelous example of those bright choral horns and Miller's expressive (but not excessive) growl locking in with the strident rhythm section shuffle, everything not just in the appropriate place but the right place. That is also what *In The Right Place* and *Desitively Bonnaroo,* the 1973 and '74 albums Toussaint produced for Dr. John, are all about.

"Zig Modeliste (Meters' drummer) is ultra-important on that first Dr. John album. He came through with the 'untameness' of where the snap (he snaps his fingers hard) had to be. When we were doing the Dr. John album, I particularly wanted some standard snap. I never took for granted that the world knew where that 'one' is in the New Orleans rhythm. We know where it is; it comes from the 'second line' parade rhythm. But on Dr. John's thing, I wanted to get that snap up front, to regiment that rhythm without taming it.

"One tune we didn't concern ourselves with on the snap was 'Same Old Same Old.' It just felt good, it didn't matter if people couldn't follow the rhythm. And the bass player was not to play a pattern. He was to play a note sometime in the middle, then just land somewhere else because that was the correct way to do the song. I can't imagine anyone covering that song. And if they did and put a bass pattern on it, it would be all wrong."

The Studio

Sea-Saint Studios are located in a surprisingly anonymous, rather squat-looking building on a residential stretch of Clematis Avenue, a short cab ride from the hub of the French Quarter. Record covers representing the artists recorded at Sea-Saint and produced by Toussaint dominate one wall of the reception area while gold records line the walls leading to the building's single

studio and control room. (Sea-Saint "has another recording room in the making," according to Toussaint. "But it's been in the making for so long, I don't mention it any more.")

Inside the control room, Toussaint runs down the studio's main recording artillery—a 32-track console custom built by David Harrison; two 24-track MCI 2424 tape machines (only using one at a time); the "wall of tricks" to the left of the console featuring an ADR vocal stresser, Lexicon 224 digital delay, Lexicon Prime Time PT93, Eventide 910 and 949 Harmonizers, Orban parametric equalizers, an Eventide phaser and EMT echoplate.

"I primarily use this," he says, patting the LinnDrum machine sitting next to the mixing desk, "to make demos, although it's also good for timing commercials." He points to a Prophet 10 visible on the other side of the studio window, noting that he uses it both for "sweetening" and for making demos with the LinnDrum and a piano. Other keyboards include a Fender Rhodes 88, a Yamaha Electric Grand, a Roland Vocorder, a Hammond B-3 organ, an RMI clavinet, and an Oberheim synthesizer.

Sea-Saint engineers use an assortment of Neumann, Sennheiser, Shure and Electro-Voice microphones and do their listening on two modified bi-amped JBL 4320 speakers augmented by two small Auratone reference speakers. And there's the nine-foot Baldwin concert grand piano. "I can't survive without a piano," Toussaint insists. "Whether a track needs a piano or not, I'll slip one on."

Yet for all of Sea-Saint's modern facilities—a far cry from the monomania back at Cosimo's—the records coming out of the studio usually move with a natural poise and sly sensual bent no computer can duplicate. "Most of the recordings we are noted for here," Toussaint points out, "have been fairly naked, as opposed to where the world at large has gone electronically. We've stayed closer to the naked source than anyone else. I think we kept the upright bass here years after everyone else had gone to the electric bass.

"We have the new gadgets here, but we use them sparingly. The perfection you should always be striving for—this stuff enables you to reach it. Still, there was a good feeling, a certain kind of soul about recording before the new gadgets came along. Then, the recording machine just eavesdropped on what you were playing. I remember at Cosimo's studio, if we wanted to fade out, we'd just play softer and softer until we faded out.

"Yes," he sighs nostalgically, "there was something really heartwarming about fading out." ☑

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BOWIE: I'm tempted in terms of my own ego and self-flattery, because I've just seen the new exhibitions in Berlin of the new young artists, and I've suddenly become aware of how close what I started painting in Los Angeles is to their work. I was in tune! I don't know if there's any real substance in my painting, but certainly from a form standpoint I was excited to see how close I was to what's been happening in Dusseldorf and Munich, and with the new Italian Expressionists. I've seen it in New York, too, with David Salle.

That's kind of scary (nervous chuckle), because look what happened to the world the last time people felt the need to work in this kind of form, with the feeling of: "Let's strip everything away, 'cause we've got no time to muck around with decorative art, and there's just-about-enough-time-to-paint-*this*!" But any fool can see the two going hand-in-hand: the advent of nuclear destructiveness and that kind of art.

MUSICIAN: *How did the "Fame" session with John Lennon for the 1975* Young Americans *LP come about? I'm asking not for the sake of nostalgia in the aftermath of tragedy but because it was such an intensely solid collaboration, an amazing song.*

BOWIE: After meeting in some New York club, we'd spent quite a few nights talking and getting to know each other before we'd even gotten into the studio. That period in my life is none too clear, a lot of it is really blurry, but we spent endless hours talking about fame, and what it's like not having a life of your own any more. How much you want to be known before you are, and then when you are, how much you want the reverse: "I don't want to do these interviews! I don't want to have these photographs taken!" We wondered how that slow change takes place, and why it isn't everything it *should* have been.

I guess it was inevitable that the subject matter of the song would be about the subject matter of those conversations. God, that session was fast. That was an evening's work! While John and Carlos Alomar were sketching out the guitar stuff in the studio, I was starting to work out the lyric in the control room. I was so excited about John, and he loved working with my band because they were playing old soul tracks and Stax things. John was so *up*, had so much energy; it must have been so exciting to always be around him.

MUSICIAN: *Funny that such an urgent record as "Fame" would be so danceable too, but maybe, at the root of it, that's all of a piece.*

BOWIE: (Nodding vigorously) Look at the blues! I mean, you keep having to go back to that. In our music, rock 'n' roll, the blues are our mentor, our godfather, everything. We'll never lose that, however diversified and modernistic and cliché-ridden with synthesizers it becomes. We'll never, ever be able to renounce the initial heritage.

MUSICIAN: *Keith Richards has said that rock 'n' roll is about two things: sex and risk.*

BOWIE: They're a foundation of it. *Life* is about sex and risk but that doesn't mean that's all that life is. I think he's quite right that they will always be a strong element of it, but they're merely a starting point. (chuckling) I think it can expand its horizons a little more than that—but I think that a life of sex and risk can be very satisfying as well. I've had a lot of it myself. But I would add *relationships* to that.

MUSICIAN: *Humanistic glue.*

BOWIE: Yes, indeed! Humanistic glue. (Wistful smile) That reminds me of something. You know, John Lennon had such an incisive point of view and a way of capturing just what was going on around him or anybody else with five or ten words or one sharp line that was a précis that didn't need to be fleshed out. I once asked him, "What do you think of what I do? What do you think of glam-rock?" He said (imitating Lennon), "Aww now, it's great you know, but it's just rock 'n' roll with lipstick on."

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Bowie's Saxophone Struggle

BY STEVE WEITZMAN

David Bowie has always seemed a most unlikely saxophone player. His style is one of quintessential elegance and the vision of him honking away on a cumbersome tenor sax is a startling one. But then, any vision of Bowie is usually that.

When he entered the ranks of London's working musicians in the late 60s, he did it as a progressive rock violinist and sax player. "For me the saxophone always embodied the West Coast beat generation, as I was very enhanced by that period of Americana. It became sort of a token, a symbol of freedom; a way of getting out of London that would lead me to America, which was an ambition at that time. I picked up originally on people like Eric Dolphy, Ornette Coleman. Somebody who really riveted me was Earl Bostic, just for the tonal quality.

"Then when I started working with it," he adds, fidgeting with a cigarette, "I found I didn't have a very good relationship with the sax and that's lasted right the way through. We're sort of pretty embittered with each other. It lies there waiting for me to touch it. It *defies* me to (laughs). I really have to go through traumas to get anything out of it that has anything to do with what I want it to say. So it's not a steady relationship; it's not a good one. It really is a love/hate relationship."

"Space Oddity," recorded in 1969, had Bowie credited with playing a stylophone which he explains "is a tiny computer that produced that kind of ee*nhh* sound. They came out years ago and only lasted a short while. I used one on a number of things but "Space Oddity" was the one it got featured on."

On *Hunky Dory*, "Space Oddity"'s follow-up, Bowie's soft end-solo on "Changes" was somewhat reminiscent of David Sanborn, whom he would later work with. "That's when I was still going through ideas of doing melodic saxophone," he notes. *The Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars* saw his playing develop a bit more verve.

"I like to do my own line-ups," he offers, "and I would play baritone, tenor and alto and form a thick wedge of sound very much based on Little Richard's sax line-up patterns—the typical R&B sax line-up. And I would compress them very tightly."

How comfortable at that time did he feel playing sax? "I've always felt grossly *uncomfortable* playing it. I want it to do one thing and it wants to do something else, and between us, we get something that comes and sounds peculiarly like my style of playing."

Ironically, rock fan music polls perennially have him garner "Best Sax" kudos, and in one national rock magazine recently, he came in first once again. That bit of information nearly put him in hysterics. "That's glorious!" he roared. "Well, I'll stand by myself and say I don't think you have to love something to be able to produce something which is creative out of it. I have the same relationship with paint. It's a struggle and we hate each other, but it doesn't mean you can't eventually get something onto a canvas that has a lot of spikiness to it."

On 1973's *Pin Ups*, Bowie's playing style abruptly changed. On "Here Comes The Night" and "I Can't Explain" he fills the breaks with riveting barrelhouse sax lines. "That was a combination of rock 'n' roll and Earl Bostic," he states. "Some of my favorite stuff is on "Neukoln" (*Heroes*). I remember being very pleased with that."

On "Neukoln" his playing seems markedly humorous in contrast to what else is going on musically. "I'll give you some background. Neukoln is an area of Berlin which is primarily Turkish and I had to work out a way of putting a Turkish modal thing into it. It was very hard for me to use that scale against the background, so that probably produced the humorous aspect." The squawking sax as opposed to the very ethereal basic track...? "Yes, and whole notes where one would take a half note, it goes into whole notes on the Turkish scale. So it was really difficult to keep it going. Yeah (laughs). There's kind of a lot of Ornette Coleman at the end of it."

He puts out his cigarette and continues. "There's another nice piece, I think, at the end of 'TVC15.' Again, it takes up an Eastern scale. I quite enjoy playing around the Eastern scale with saxophone."

With David Bowie's diversity of talents, he's probably the only actor who's an accomplished sax player. Did he ever imagine himself doing Robert De Niro's sax player role in *New York, New York*?

He grinned broadly. "That would have been a cookie. I'd love to have done that. Yeah." He shakes his head and laughs. "But I could have *never* gotten that New York thing down."

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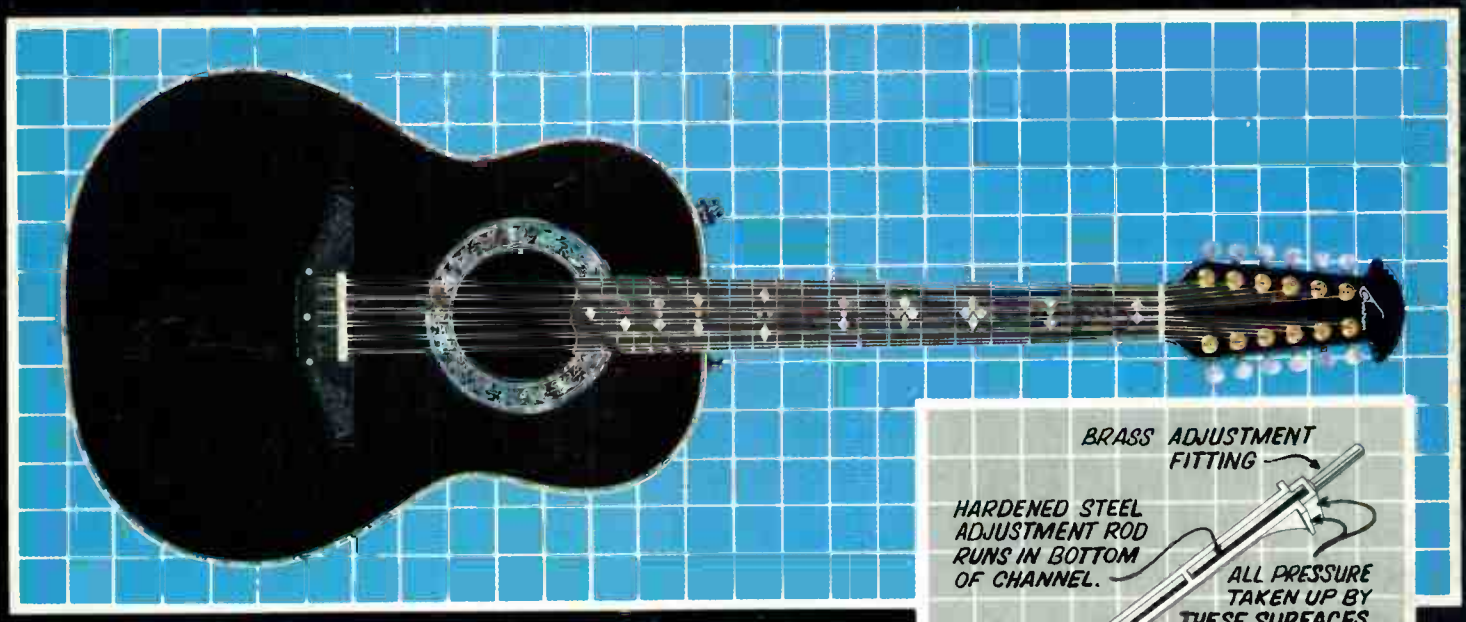

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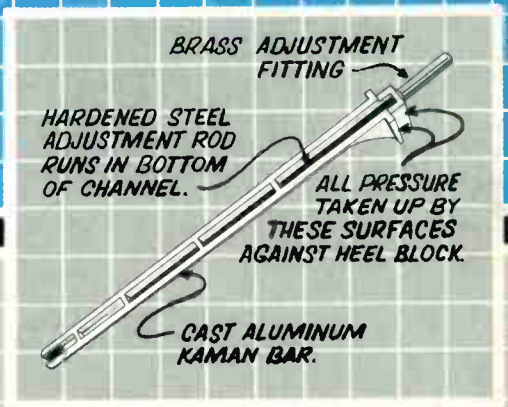

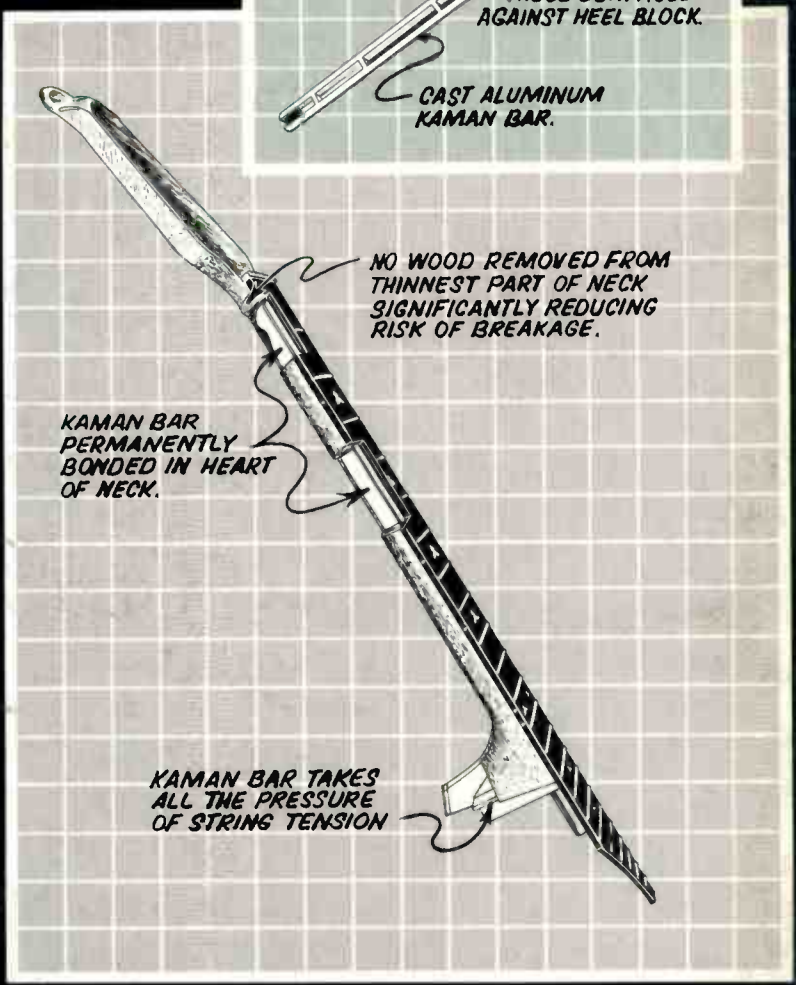

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