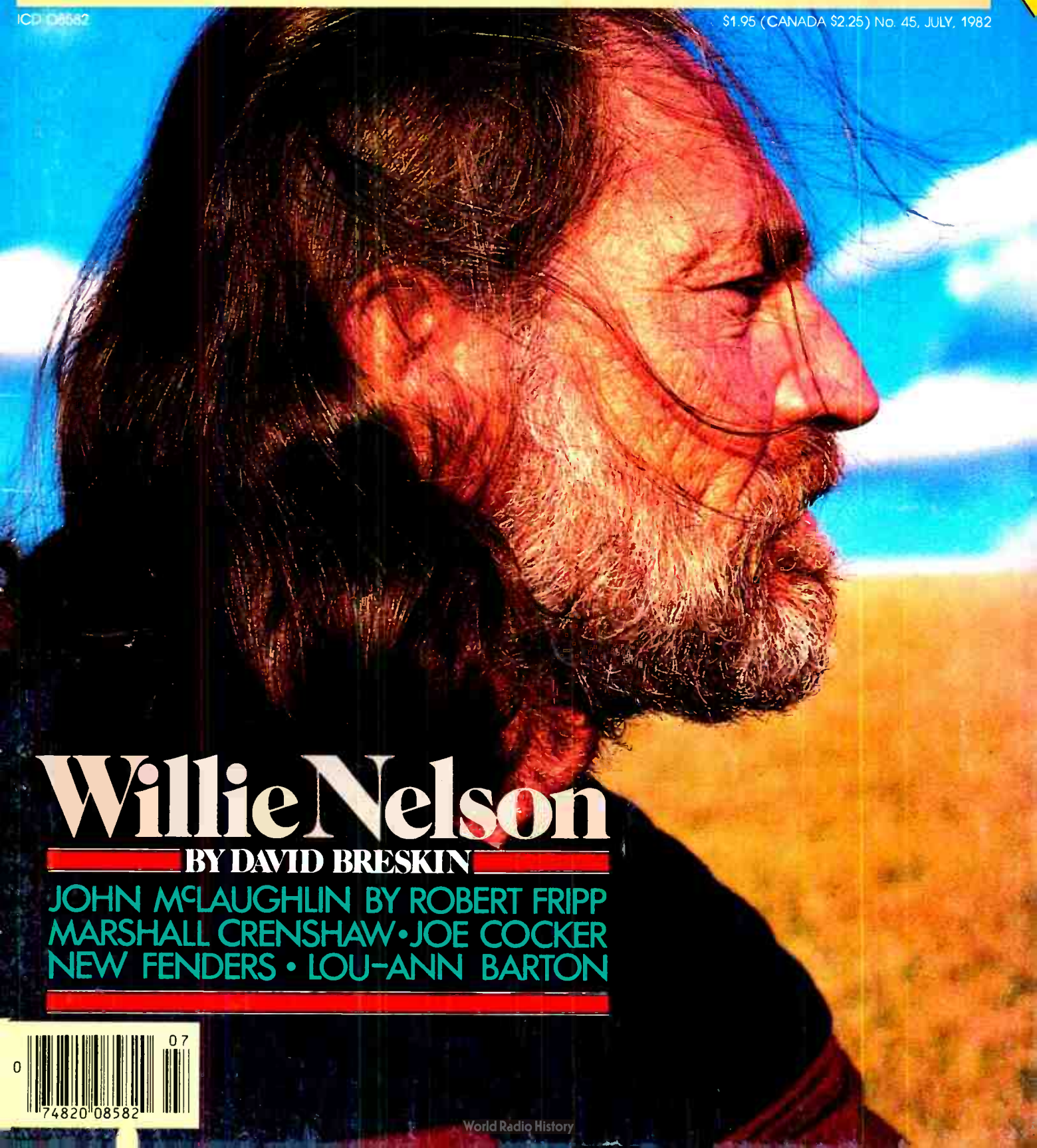
# MUSICIAN

THE MOTELS

ICD 08582

$1.95 (CANADA $2.25) No. 45, JULY, 1982



# Willie Nelson

BY DAVID BRESKIN

JOHN McLAUGHLIN BY ROBERT FRIPP
MARSHALL CRENSHAW • JOE COCKER
NEW FENDERS • LOU-ANN BARTON

0 74820 08582 07

**"If someone developed a low-cost, computerized Monophonic Synthesizer with the fattest sounds around and polyphonic capabilities too, they'd really have a monopoly."**

## Introducing Korg's Mono/Poly

It's the monophonic that has leapfrogged the competition with features like:

**4 VCOs** (Each with separate Octave, Waveform and Level Controls)–for fat 4-oscillator


soloing sounds, as well as 4-note polyphonic capabilities.

**3 Keyboard Assign Modes**–Microcomputer controlled keyboard provides effortless


shifting between unison and polyphonic playing...or a combination of the two. Also includes Hold and Chord Memory functions.

**Full Featured Arpeggiator**–Automatically creates sequences of notes in one of 3 patterns, at any speed, covering 1 or 2 octaves or the full keyboard. Latch mode instantly memorizes and continuously arpeggiates chords as they are played.


**"One-Touch" Presettable Effects Section with Sync and Cross-Mod**–Activate, via single pushbutton, 2 different modes of Sync or X-Mod, or

a combination, for the most dynamic sounds. **Exclusive with Mono/Poly!**

When you add to all this Polyphonic Portamento, assignable Pitchbend and Mod Wheels, a full 44-note Keyboard plus extensive Interfacing capabilities, you'll see why the features, sound, ease of operation and price of the new Mono/Poly truly make it "the only game in town." Play it at your Korg dealer today. For name of nearest Korg dealer call toll free: (800) 645 3188. In N.Y. (516) 333-9100.


**KORG**

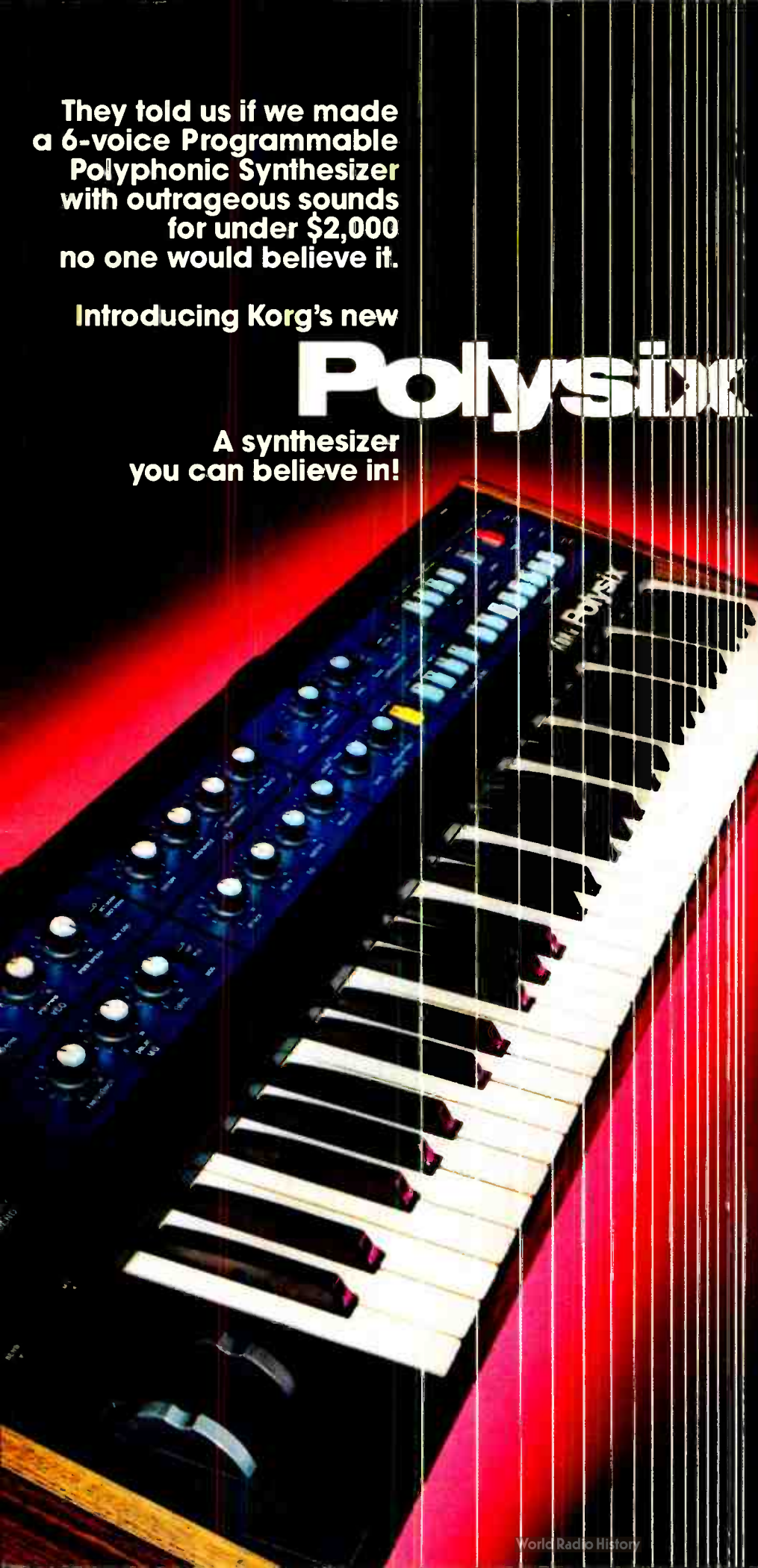
...we put it all together

Exclusively distributed by Unicord, Westbury, N.Y. 11590

# They told us if we made a 6-voice Programmable Polyphonic Synthesizer with outrageous sounds for under $2,000 no one would believe it.

## Introducing Korg's new Polysix

**A synthesizer you can believe in!**



The new Polysix is, admittedly, very low priced. But it's also incredibly high featured, with fat sounds and advanced programming functions. At half the cost of comparable synthesizers.

**Six-Voice Polyphonic and Unison Playing Modes**–Select either full 6-voice polyphonic or incredibly fat 6-voice soloing playing modes via LED pushbutton switching. Also includes Hold and Chord Memory functions which can create exciting parallel harmonies.


**32 Program Memory with Edit**–All synthesizer control settings can be stored in computer memory for instant recall of up to 32 different programmed sounds. Full edit capability allows instant temporary or permanent changes to any program during performance and moving of programs from one location to another.


**8-Second Cassette Interface with Verify**–Allows stored programs to be rapidly transferred to any tape recorder to form an unlimited number of instantly retrievable program libraries. Verify mode ensures accurate recording.

**Full Featured Arpeggiator**–Creates exciting note sequences in one of 3 patterns, at any speed, covering 1 or 2 octaves or the entire keyboard by simply playing chords. Latch mode memorizes successive chord patterns for automatic hands-off playing.


**Programmable Chorus/Phase/Ensemble Effects**–Creates everything from subtle ambiance to spectacular orchestral effects.


Then consider this full 5-octave keyboard weighs only 26 lbs. includes Pitch and Mod Wheels, Pulse Width Modulation, Sub Octaves and a host of other features all for under $2,000. It's enough to make a believer out of anyone. Call toll-free today for the name of the Korg dealer nearest you. (800) 645-3188. In N.Y. (516) 333-9100.

**KORG** ...we put it all together

Exclusively distributed by Unicord.
Westbury, N.Y. 11590

# J U N O 6


## AROUSE THE MUSICIAN IN YOU

Expand, animate, enliven, bring out all you've got with the new Roland Juno-6. Tactile responsiveness, aural excitation, sleek good looks, the Juno-6 is a six-voice polyphonic synthesizer unlike anything that came before it. Get your hands on the Juno-6 and you'll understand. At $1295.00 it's an investment in your talent you can't afford to be without.

# MUSICIAN

NO. 45, JULY, 1982

**The Motels**, sparked by Martha Davis' solid songwriting and sultry theatrics and honed by Marty Jourard's sax/keyboard craft, have expanded their cult following by making an accessible passionately genuine third album "All Four One." A view of the dark side of the Southern California Dream. Page 36

**Willie Nelson**. America's favorite outlaw brought a whole new audience to country music by following his instincts, his conscience and his immeasurable talent. Known in one decade as the country Cole Porter and in another as a superstar singer/guitarist, Willie is accompanied on the road by David Breskin. Page 48

**John McLaughlin**, the father of guitar fusion in the Mahavishnu Orchestra, is also one of Robert Fripp's favorite guitarists, so MUSICIAN dispatched Fripp to Paris with tape recorder in hand. McLaughlin, a gracious host, not only offered Robert coffee and Basque chocolates, but gave an insightful and honest interview. Page 52

## Table of Contents

### Columns & Departments



### Features



### Studios



Cover Photos: David Breskin

# MUSICIAN

**Co-Publisher/Editor**
Sam Holdsworth
**Co-Publisher/Ad Director**
Gordon Baird
**Assoc. Publisher/Advertising**
Gary Krasner
**Art Director**
David Olin
**Managing Editor/N.Y.**
Vic Garbarini
**Promotion Director**
Paul Sacksman
**Staff Photographer**
Deborah Feingold
**Associate Editors**
Jock Baird Rafi Zabor
David Fricke
**Contributing Editors**
David Breskin Robert Fripp
J.C. Costa Brian Cullman
Dave Marsh Dan Forte
**Sales/Promotion**
Scott Southard Richard Ellis
Geoffrey Davis
**Advertising Sales**
Ross Garnick
**Production Manager**
Jane Winsor
**Production**
Laurel Ives
Hartley Ferguson
**Typography**
Don Russell
**Administration**
Hyacinth Amero Michelle Nicastro
Mary Ellen Cataneo Thom Darcy
**Main Office/Production**
31 Commercial St., P.O. Box 701
Gloucester, MA 01930
**New York Advertising/Editorial**
MUSICIAN, 1515 Broadway, 39 fl.
N.Y., N.Y. 10036 (212) 764-7400
**Contributors**
Crispin Cioe, J. D. Considine, Chris Doering, Bill Flanagan, David Fricke, Peter Giron, Geoffrey Himes, Kristine McKenna, Jon Pareles, Ebet Roberts.

**Chairman And President:** W.D Littleford **Executive Vice Presidents:** Gerald S. Hobbs, Jules Perel **Senior Vice President:** Patrick Keleher, Art & Design Group. **Vice Presidents:** William H. Evans Jr., Treasurer, Lee Zhito, Billboard Operations. John B. Babcock, Product Development; Mary C. McGoldrick, Personnel Ann Haire, Circulation **Secretary:** Ernest Lorch **Corporate Manager:** Robert Lewis, General Manager of Publishers Graphics.

Musician (USPS 431-910) is published monthly by Amordian Press, Inc., P.O. Box 701, 31 Commercial St., Gloucester, MA 01930 (617) 281-3110 Amordian Press, Inc is a wholly owned subsidiary of Billboard Publications, Inc., One Astor Place, 1515 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036 Musician is a trademark of Amordian Press, Inc © 1982 by Musician, all rights reserved. Second class postage paid at Gloucester, MA 01930 and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions $18 per year, $34 for two years, $48 for three years. Canada and elsewhere, add $6 per year, U.S. funds only. Subscription address: Musician, Box 1923, Marion OH 43305 Postmaster send form 3579 to above address.

Manuscripts and artwork are welcome, however, we assume no responsibility for their return, although all due care will be exercised

The new advanced-design CP35 and CP25 electronic pianos.

# THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE.

Get ready for a new wave of electronic piano excitement — Yamaha's CP35 and CP25. Not just variations on a theme, but a whole new symphony of sounds and playability.

Both feature an innovative tone generator system, with each channel offering variable pitch, decay, and waveform to give the CP35 and CP25 their unique and versatile sound. The wave selector offers a choice of four basic waveforms, for a range of tonal variations unavailable with other electronic pianos.

And both models have velocity-sensitive keyboards, so you can control the dynamics of individual notes.

Other features common to both include four filter selectors, 5th 8th transpose switches, balance control, built-in flanger and tremolo.

The CP35 has 73 keys, dual tone generators and pre-programmed electronic piano voices.

The CP25 has 61 keys and a unique single dual mode switch which allows you to get a full dual channel sound.

Get your hands on the wave of the future and start making some waves of your own. The CP35 and CP25 — at your Yamaha dealer now. For more information, write: Yamaha, Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622. In Canada, 135 Milner Avenue, Scarborough, Ont. M1S 3R1.


Combo Products

THE WAY IT WILL BE.

YAMAHA

# LETTERS

### DON'T ROCK THE ROLL

Gentlemanly nods, gracious, boardroom-like smiles, slaps of the vernacular "five" (more me) to all responsible for putting out top-drawer stuff to the musically oriented public. *Musician* is a mucho welcomed addition to the select group of publications that I read regularly. Special compliments to Bill Flanagan for his fine touches on the Hall & Oates feature. Excellent interview. *Musician* is definitely on a roll; stay with it.

George Clark
American News Bureau & Features Syndicate
New York, NY

### DISCO DEPOLITICIZED

I think Daryl Hall and John Oates should be careful of the stones they throw when they say that all disco-haters are racists. All my life I've believed, and acted on the belief, that skin color makes no difference. At the same time, I'm not so insecure that I'm going to buy *any* record just because somebody says, "If you don't, you're a racist."

In my opinion, disco is a reactionary noise to numb the minds and bodies of the listeners. That's what it was in 1976, when the media shoved it down people's throats, implying that anybody who didn't like thump-thump-boogie-boogie was a square, and that's what it is now. Isn't it understandable why people felt they had to blow up records and demonstrate their right *not* to have it shoved in their ears?

I hate disco because it's fake, unfeeling, uncultured and a poor excuse for music, *not* because someone, somewhere decided it had to do with one race or the other.

Lyn Jensen
Anaheim, CA

### ZAPPA NOT BIZARRO?!

I thought the Dan Forte interview of the infamous Frank Zappa was excellent! It's amazing the amount of material F.Z. churns out; he's like a bottomless pit brimming with material. I could hardly believe the amount of wax he's turned out just in the past two years.

The interview justly reinforces the fact that Frank is a veritable genius, who, in my opinion, is not as bizzaro as he would like people to believe. In this world of Nouveau-Waveau, Pseudo-Rocko, Punkeau Junqueau Trash that gets slung into the airwaves, it's nice to know that there is a person like Frank who refuses to be Rick Springfielded and REOed to death, and who keeps a subtle grip on his own eccentric style of music.

Terry Richhart
Versailles, OH

### JES' PLAIN FOLKS

Thank you, thank you. The Robbie Robertson/Band interview was like a breath of fresh air, a sigh of relief in a poly-plastic world. It was about time someone took the time to enjoy Robbie's personality(ies). The Band can teach today's "music" the meaning of working together, something that is lost in the superstar untouchable attitudes people have about musicians (and some artists have about themselves). The Band were common people, telling us a lot about real feelings. Thank you for teaching us something about a timeless bit of music.

Thomas Hill
Wilmington, DE

### HOMEWORK HELPS

I would like to compliment Joshua Baer on his fine interview of Robbie Robertson. It is encouraging to know that there are writers out there who take the time to research a subject in great detail, so that they are able to go beyond the typical superficial interview questions.

Robbie Robertson certainly has an amazing range of ability—it isn't often that well-known people are able to make career transitions as successfully as he has done. *Carny* was wonderful; hopefully Robertson's next two movies will give him a chance to further explore his acting abilities.

Sarah Graves
Cambridge, MA

### NICE GUY FINALLY FIRST

A hearty pat on the back for covering the man behind the manic melody, Mr. Adrian Belew. Having seen Mr. Belew work in the context of Gaga, T-Heads and now Crimson, I can assure you that nothing short of nuclear war will deter him from his self-appointed duties. Having also been fortunate enough to talk briefly with Mr. Belew on a few occasions, I can't help but second the impression Mr. Doering's article left me with: that Adrian Belew is a hell of a nice guy. After all, anybody who literally loosens Robert Fripp's tie onstage has to be okay.

Bryan Helm
Blacklick, OH

### B-52's NOT A BOMB

Had I listened only to the Warner Bros. pressing of the B-52's *Mesopotamia*, I would reluctantly have to agree with Roy Trakin's bittersweet review. However, readers should note that the import version of this album on the Island label (London) is quite different from the lackluster American release. Extended percussion solos, different vocal mixes, the sound of the horns on side two and other seasonings too numerous to list make the Brit version *an entirely different record*. It's embarrassing that the country responsible for inventing the long-playing record cannot provide the high-fidelity stuff. The Island version of *Mesopotamia* is certainly a case in point.

Steve Pond (not from *Rolling Stone*)
*Huntington, NY*

### MORE GUITAR PIONEERS

I dug your article on "Rock Guitar Pioneers" a whole lot. Nearly every important R 'n' R guitarist from the 50s was acknowledged, except for a couple that I can think of:

1) **Tommy Allsup**—joined Buddy Holly & the Crickets in late 1958 and played *great* solos on "It's So Easy," "Heartbeat" and a few others.

2) **Roland Janes**—the Sun Records session man who played solos on hits by Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Mann, etc.

3) **Frank Virtue**—had only one hit record, "Guitar Boogie Shuffle" (by the Virtues), but this record was tremendously influential.

Also I must mention one of my favorites, **Joe Bennett**. His group, the Sparkletones, had only one big hit, ("Black Slacks") and a couple of lesser hits, but their stuff is well-known among collectors. Nearly every side recorded by this group contains *phenomenal* guitar playing.

I did notice one important factual error: the sax player on Duane Eddy's hits was Steve Douglas, not Jim Horn. Horn did not join Eddy until well after "Rebel Rouser," "Forty Miles Of Bad Road," etc.

Anyway, I really liked the article and the magazine in general.

Jerome Jerome
New York, NY

### S, M & Z

Frank Zappa, this so-called artist, is nothing but obnoxious. His comment on the producing of his albums ("I'm the only one who knows what's going on"—never end a sentence with a preposition, Franky boy) could well apply to his outlook on life in general. Devoid of humanity, this ultimate poseur outgrew his usefulness to music the day he whipped his first note into submission. He's the closest thing to Adolph Hitler, folks!

Okay, that said, how 'bout a piece on John Hiatt, the underdog of the 80s?

Daniel Deranleau
Cle Elum, WA

### ERRATUM CITY

Credit Where Credit Is Due Dept.:

Albert King's custom-made Flying V, with his name inlaid on the neck, was not made by Gibson, but by Dan Erlewine (319 S. Michigan Ave., Big Rapids, MI 49307). Please print this, as Dan gets little enough credit for the instruments he has made and modified. Thanks.

Al Valusek
Ann Arbor, MI

# Omni Magazine called this keyboard

# "the Philharmonic of the future."

In its April 1982 issue, Omni Magazine wrote that Synergy is "a compact but powerful digital synthesizer, a computer controlled music maker of a thousand voices... capable of producing uncanny duplications of acoustical instruments, down to the scratch of a bow and the pluck of a string... lets a player modulate the volume of the music as a pianist does when he adds texture by either gently depressing or slamming down on the keyboard... play anywhere from 8 to 16 notes at the same time using four different voices... offers access to textures, timbres and colors that Beethoven couldn't even fantasize about".

And, there's even more to the musical universe Synergy puts at your finger tips. Experience it for yourself. At only $5295, Synergy turns science fiction into fact.

digital keyboards inc

# SYNERGY

For the 16 pg. Digital Keyboard News and full color Synergy literature, send $3 to Digital Keyboards, Inc., 105 Fifth Ave., Garden City Park, NY 11040.

# music industry news

**Tommy Tutone**'s hit "867-5309/Jenny" has Ma Bell pulling its hair out. Seems people can't restrain themselves from dialing that number and asking for Jenny, resulting in massive requests for number changes. Somewhere, somehow, one of these weirdo callers will succeed, however, since the name and number really *was* found on a men's room wall.

**Captain Beefheart** (known on this plane as Don Van Vliet) has astonished the industry by refusing some very classy dates, including Carnegie Hall with **Ornette** opening for him. The Captain says he wants to write material for his new LP, *Ice Cream For Crow* and begged off the Carnegie date by claiming, "I broke my sax reed because of Watt's third generation lumber." Says Van Vliet of the Secretary of the Interior's boss, "A bad actor...he saddle soaps his hair and tosses jellybeans through rope tricks." Now there's a man who knows how to use the language.

Talk about responding to the market: it took only a month for reggae giants **The Mighty Diamonds** to replace their Jamaica hit "Pass The Cutchie" (ho, ho, ho...) with "Pass The Knowledge." The former single was branded by acting Prime Minister Hugh Shearer as part of the "Cutchie Mentality" responsible for indiscipline among the Jamaican youth.

**The Clash** has finished their new LP, *Combat Rock* (a single one this time) and are launching a big summer tour of the U.S., beginning in Asbury Park, N.J.... **The Go-Go's**' new *Vacation* will be out by mid-July...The Eagles are going on a solo LP binge; **Don Henley**, **Glenn Frey** and **Joe Walsh** have all begun production... **Jackson Browne** is taking long-time James Taylor stalwarts **Danny Kortchmar** and **Russ Kunkel** on the road with him on a new tour, since old pal **David Lindley**, polishing a new album, can't make it.

**The Temptations** got back together to do a *Reunion* LP and will soon take the act on a fifty-city tour. Original greats **David Ruffin** and **Eddie Kendricks**, who last sang with the Temps in '68 and '71 respectively, are prominently featured on the album, which leads with a **Rick James**-penned-and-produced number, "Standing On The Top." In other Motown action, **Stevie Wonder** just re-signed, but neither he nor chief **Berry Gordy** would disclose a price or length or service. Stevie last renewed for five years at thirteen million. With his long-awaited double-LP *Original Musaquarium* just out, the new sum could only have been larger.

New York's fine showcase club, the Savoy, will close; it seems the club was victimized by its eclectic booking practices, since it could never get a consistent audience to show up or stay around after the featured act finished up. Another Times Square "music renaissance" club, Bond's, has never reopened after fire marshalls closed it down for overselling the Clash shows last year.

Island Records, who had pulled out of the Warner's distribution system two months ago (apparently due to some ill will over the "One-Plus-One" cassette series which provided an empty side for home taping), surprised everyone by chucking its deal with independent distributors and going back to Warners by way of Atlantic. This will certainly affect the success of the first releases for Atlantic, albums by **Adrian Belew** and **Joe Cocker**. Mango and Antilles, Island specialty labels, will remain indie-distributed.

If you own a store bigger than 620 square feet, and you play music, either from the radio or in a house system, you gotta pay up. Thus says a new circuit court decision in a suit brought by performance right society, ASCAP against The Gap. But heck, it's only a hundred bucks a year.

**Al Jarreau** has been in court to restrain the release of some performances from the early 60s demo tape while still a University of Iowa student....The writers of the Rivingtons' "Papa-Oom-Mow-Mow" want a piece of the Oak Ridge Boys' "Elvira." How about the writers of the Coasters' "Searchin'"?

## Chart Action

For most of the month, Vangelis' soundtrack to the Oscar-winning film *Chariots of Fire* reigned supreme on the album charts, no doubt a stiff-upper-lip tribute to Her Majesty's expedition to the Falklands. But tiring of all that running, the public pounced on the critically lambasted *Asia* and elevated it to #1. Eat your hearts out, snobs of America! The Go-Go's stayed right in the chase, as did Rick Springfield, J. Geils and black-hearted Joan Jett, but there was much nervousness over Van Halen's *Diver Down*; after debuting at #24 last week, they went right to #7. A more smashing debut was evidenced by Paul McCartney's *Tug Of War* at #15 and no one is seriously trying to keep it down. The big question is whether next month's losses will be as heavy as those suffered this month by Olivia Newton-John (#9 to #44), Simon & Garfunkle (#6 to #32), Quincy Jones (#10 to #67), *Hooked On Classics* (#14 to #75), Hall & Oates (#22 to #104) and the Cars (#16 to #92). Healthy new chart-blood includes cover-boy Willie Nelson (#9 and #1 on the country single charts), Vancouver's tight-pants rockers Loverboy, the heavy metal Scorpions and Raydio leader Ray Parker, Jr. Elton John's new *Jump Up* did exactly that, entering at #83 and going to #31.

Singles action was also volatile, as Joan Jett's ode to rock 'n' roll hung tough for three weeks before giving way first to "Chariots Of Fire" for a week and then Paulie and Stevie's "Ebony And Ivory." Rick Springfield's "Don't Talk To Strangers" and Tommy Trutone's "867-5309/Jenny" are also running hot, as are Ray Parker's scorching "The Other Woman" and Hall & Oates *third* top ten single from *Private Eyes*, "Did It In A Minute." The Motels' "Only The Lonely" came up thirty places in three weeks to #60.

On the soul charts, there's been three different LPs at the top, from the Whispers' *Love Is Where You Find It* to Shalamar's *Friends* to Atlantic Starr's *Brilliant*. Richard "Dimples" Fields, who had the #1 single for most of the month with "If It Ain't One Thing, It's Another" hung in with his LP *Mr. Look So Good* while DeNiece Williams, whose remake of "It's Gonna Take A Miracle" went to #1 this week, pushed her LP *Niecy* up thirty places to #5. Keyboard wiz-kid Patrice Rushen is doing well converting to pop while the Temptations' *Reunion* debuted at #37 last week and went to #2 with no effort.


# TELECASTER:
## THE REVOLUTION THAT BECAME A LEGEND

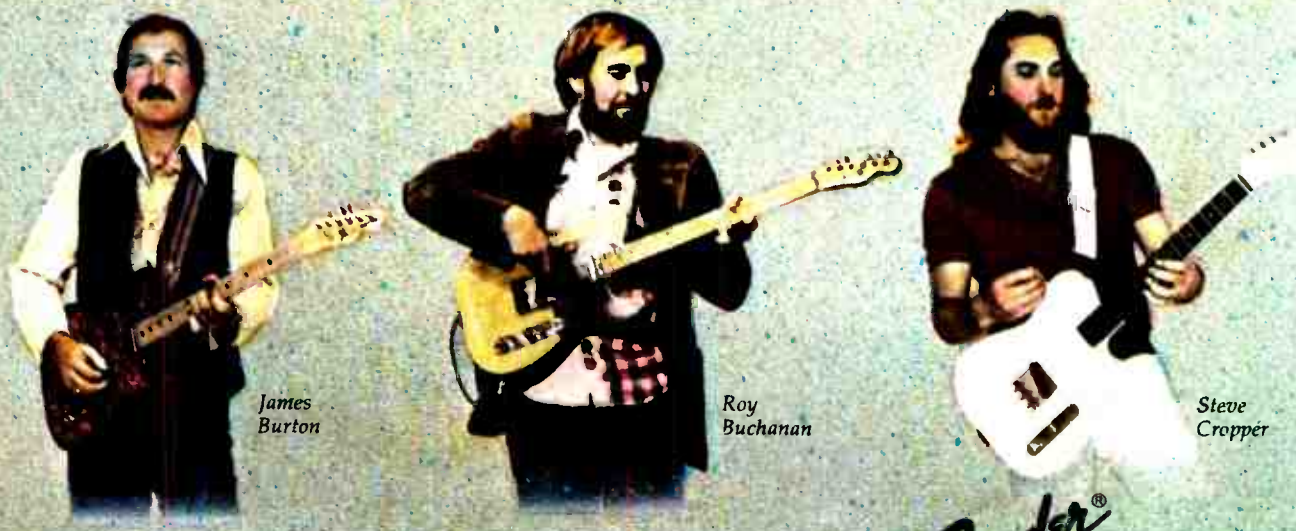
Photographed on Sunset Blvd.

*The Vintage Telecaster. It's identical to the legendary guitar that changed modern music forever: the early '50's Fender Telecasters.*

*Today, the shape and sound are familiar. But back then, they were nothing short of revolutionary. And the revolution this guitar started goes on today.*

*This special edition Vintage Telecaster is available in limited quantities now—complete with the necessary parts to update it to 1982 standards if you wish to.*

*Choose the Vintage Telecaster, or today's Telecaster and start a revolution of your own.*



James Burton

Roy Buchanan

Steve Cropper

Fender®

THE SOUND THAT CREATES LEGENDS

# LOU ANN BARTON'S TEXAS STRUT

A new discovery by R&B queen-maker Jerry Wexler has shown she's old enough, sassy enough and soulful enough to be taken seriously.

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

**Despite Lou Ann's stylish 40s look, her sound is roadhouse funky and down home blue.**

Whether she is onstage belting out the blues, posing for a photo session, or conducting an interview, Lou Ann Barton is a natural-born performer, and a bit of an exhibitionist. "It comes easy for me," she admits. "I've always been outgoing, very confident. In high school they called it being a rebel. To me, it was just being normal. I mean, if you can't be real in this world, forget it. Like when I'm onstage. I'm just natural. I don't do anything 'planned' onstage; there's nothing fake, there's nothing put-on. I just get up and sing."

At 28, Lou Ann has been getting up on stages and singing for a living for twelve years, first with a succession of bar bands in and around her hometown of Fort Worth, Texas, including the first incarnation of the Fabulous Thunderbirds. With her panhandle accent and pouting, 40s-ish good looks, it's easy to forget that Barton is talking about 1975, not 1955, when she relates an anecdote: "I was singing with Robert E. Lee & the Five Careless Lovers," she drawls; "that was me and Mike Buck and Freddy Cincineros, who later became Little Junior One-Hand, of the Blasting Caps. And we went over to Dallas to see the Storm, Jimmie Vaughan's old band, and I got up and sang. And Jimmie just walked up and said, 'You're the best thing I've seen since Ann Peebles; I want you in my new band.' And we started the Thunderbirds."

Two years ago, famed R&B producer Jerry Wexler happened to see Barton onstage at the Bottom Line in New York City, and his reaction was not unlike guitarist Jimmie Vaughan's initial response down in Dallas. After leaving the Austin-based Double Trouble (led by Jimmie's younger brother, guitarist Stevie Ray Vaughan), Lou Ann was fronting Rhode Island's formidable Roomful of Blues. "Jerry came backstage and said, 'Hello, I'm Jerry Wexler,'" Barton recalls with a gasp. "He said, 'You're the best thing I've seen since Aretha Franklin. I'd like to talk to you about some recording.' I said, 'You've got it!'"

Wexler became Lou Ann's surrogate manager, subsidizing her woodshedding for two years, getting her signed to Asylum Records, and co-producing (with former Eagle Glenn Frey) her debut album. *Old Enough* was recorded at Muscle Shoals Sound Studios, making full use of Wexler's Alabama soul brothers, the rhythm section of Barry Beckett, Jimmy Johnson, Roger Hawkins and David Hood. It isn't every day that the godfather of rhythm & blues, the man who produced records by the likes of Ray Charles, the Drifters, Big Joe Turner, Lavern Baker, Wilson Pickett and Aretha Franklin, invests that sort of time and energy in a virtual unknown; in fact, this is the first time Wexler has taken on any managerial duties, even temporarily. Why?

"She just blew me away," he exclaims, "her talent... hearing her sing, and seeing her project onstage. The voice, clearly, is one in a million. *I've* never heard a voice like that. Bonnie Bramlett, maybe, but she has a higher and thinner voice. People talk about Bonnie Raitt, but I don't see the similarity. It's just Lou Ann. Her roots are so eclectic, in black and rockabilly and straight country."

*Old Enough* is one of the most mature, fully realized debut albums in recent memory. The sound is straightforward and funky, and if Wexler & Co. employed any production tricks, they don't show. Though Barton claims she was "scared to death" during the sessions, what comes across is the same swagger and strut that she brings to the stage. From Marshall Crenshaw's catchy "Brand New Lover" to the humorous reading of Hank Ballard's "Finger Poppin' Time" to the gut-wrenching rendition of the Chantels' "Maybe," the album is a *tour de force* of soulful singing.

When asked what female singers have influenced her style, Lou Ann responds with a flat, "Nobody. My mama

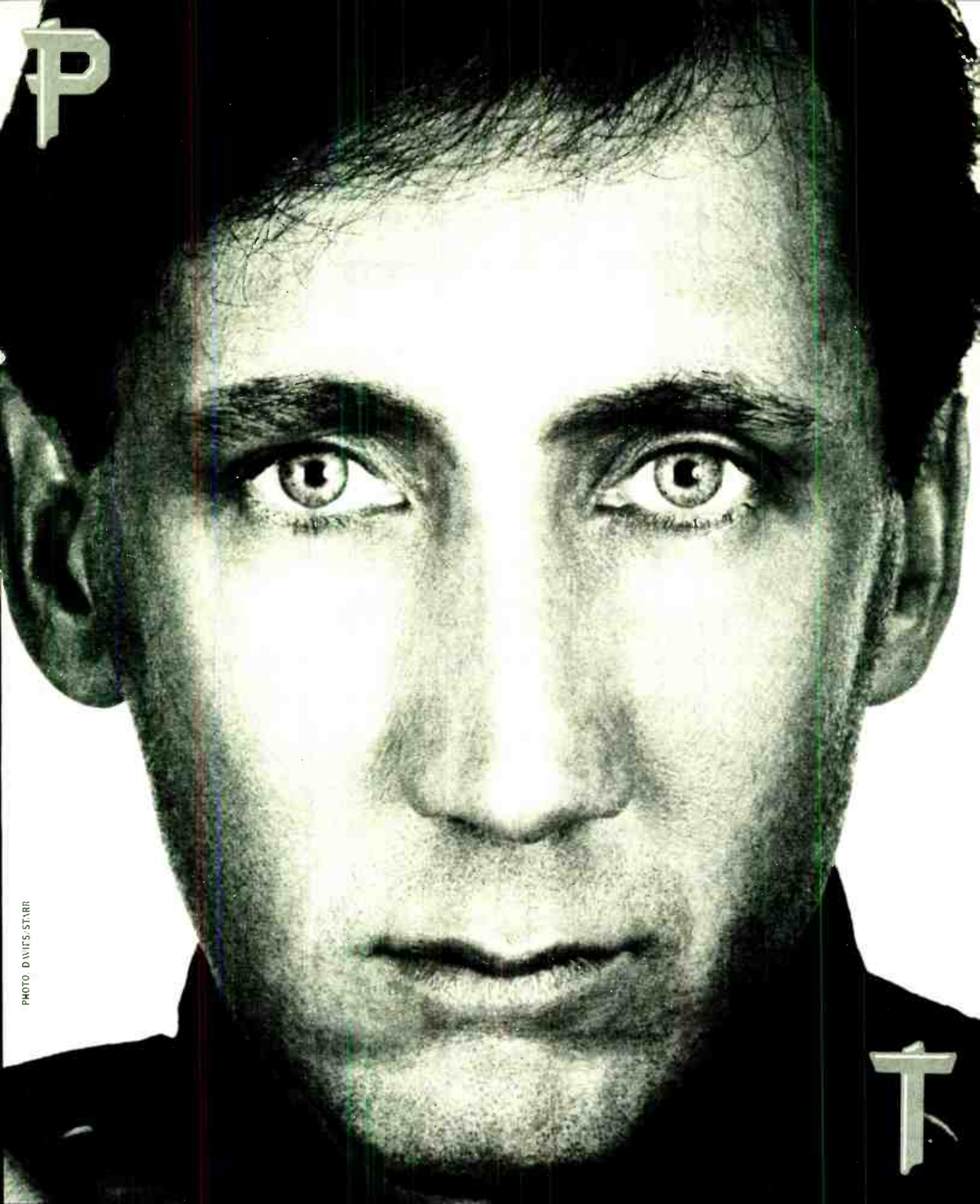


PHOTO: DAVIES/STARR

'ETE TOWNSHEND "ALL THE BEST COWBOYS HAVE CHINESE EYES"

HIS NEW ALBUM ON ATCO RECORDS AND CASSETTES

PRODUCED BY CHRIS THOMAS

ATCO A DIVISION OF ATLANTIC RECORDING CORP.

started me singing in church at three. It's just a gift from God. I can't explain it."

Wexler adds, "When it comes to white girls singing blues, there's only one. There's not a white girl singing blues outside of Lou Ann that I'll give house room to. I'm talking about singing *blues*! I mean the way Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf sang the blues. I don't mean San Francisco folk blues, sitting on the floor in a dirndl with your legs crossed. Lou Ann's not singing some white pop group's version of 'The Midnight Special,' she's singing *real* blues, Muddy Waters blues."

Barton honed her blues chops in Texas roadhouses with local bands and bluesmen passing through the South, Muddy Waters included. "I was into the R&B thing, and nobody understood me," she declares. "That's why I got together with Freddy Cincineros and Mike Buck [one-time drummer with the T-Birds], and started hanging out at the Bluebird Club. I was singing in a band that was me, a teenager, and two fifty-year-old black men. The audience was like older black people, and me and Mike and Freddy—just a few white kids who liked blues. When I met Jimmie Vaughan, it was like, 'Gee, there's more people who do it, too?'"

After Wexler and Lou Ann's first meeting, they kept in constant touch by telephone, and he financed a demo session with Asylum. "The demo she did in Austin," according to Wexler, "could be the thing to put out the fourth or fifth album down the line, after she's established, because it's such a killer."

For the Austin sessions, Lou Ann surrounded herself with a band of Texas all-stars culled from the Thunderbirds, the Cobras and Asleep at the Wheel. And Wexler isn't kidding when he says the demo could be released as is. Whether the demo or the Asylum LP is better is a matter of taste, certainly not playing or singing ability.

"She had a great sense of herself," continues Wexler, "what the backing should be, what players to get. When I got the demo I had a lot of thinking to do, and a lot of discussing with Lou Ann. 'Is this the direction we go in, or what do we do?' We decided no, because we didn't want to come up with another bar-band blues. We wanted to have a format."

The format Wexler and Barton came up with serves to enhance Lou Ann's strengths rather than alter them. "Obviously, there's a lot of Lou Ann in that record," the producer points out. "A lot of people would think that I changed and started doing a few different things just because of the record," says Lou Ann, "or because somebody asked me to get a little more hip. But when I heard the Marshall Crenshaw song, I wanted it; same with the Frankie Miller songs on the album—because 'The Doodle Song' was like an Otis Redding song, and 'Old

# Listen to Jay Graydon, Steve Lukather and Dean Parks and You're Listening to Ibanez.

**UE400**
**MULTI-EFFECTS**
19" rack mount
Compressor
Phaser
Overdrive
Stereo Chorus Flanger
External Effects Loop
Insta-Patch patching matrix
Remote FET footswitch panel

**UE405**
**MULTI-EFFECTS**
19" rack mount
Compressor Limiter
Stereo Chorus
Parametric EQ
Analog Delay
External Effects Loop
Insta-Patch patching matrix
Remote FET footswitch panel

**AD202**
**ANALOG DELAY**
19" rack mount
Delay, Doubling, Stereo Chorus and Flanging modes
Headroom indicator
Complete delay modulation controls
Separate dry and delay outputs

LUKATHER

DEAN PARKS

Just listen to the playing of studio greats Jay Graydon, Steve Lukather and Dean Parks and chances are you're listening to the sound of Ibanez effects.

Each of these guitar monsters uses the Ibanez UE400 and UE405 Multi Effects Units and the Ibanez AD202 Analog Delay in his bag of studio tricks. Why? Because they're clean, quiet, versatile and most of all, they sound great.

Wherever you play–live or in the studio–use the next generation in effects–Ibanez.

Ibanez

## The Studio Effects Connection

For a full-color catalog send $2.00 to: IBANEZ Dept. M
P.O. Box 469, Bensalem, Pa. 19020 327 Broadway, Idaho Falls, ID. 83401
In Canada-6355 Park Ave., Montreal P.Q. H2V4H5

Enough' was like a Rolling Stones, old rock 'n' roll, Chuck Berry type thing. During the year I waited to start making the record, and even before that, I got tired of doing the same old stuff, the same old blues. You never hear me sing a straight twelve-bar blues; I sing ballads instead. I don't want to be any one thing. Just before I made the record, I had a little band called Lou Ann & the Fliptops, which is now the LeRoy Brothers, and I was doing rockabilly, country, a little rock 'n' roll. See, for years I was in a blues time warp. I wouldn't listen to anything but old obscure blues records. But I finally got bored with it. I don't want to get stuck in a rut; I want to do it all."

"You know what changes it?" poses Wexler, "The material that you do. If Lou Ann does a Percy Sledge ballad, that's not blues anymore. You cannot call anybody a blues singer if they have the ability to sing a 32-bar song. A straight blues singer is not comfortable when they get away from twelve-bar blues into those different chord changes. But the feeling of blues can be applied in the other music."

"On my album," Barton points out, "I don't sing any rockabilly or country, but it comes out just because of my roots, I guess. My accent for one thing—like on 'Maybe': 'Hold my *hayand*, and I will under*stayand*.'"

So far the response to *Old Enough* has been overwhelmingly favorable, and Lou Ann has lately been fielding offers to tour with major acts and has even been reading a couple of movie scripts. Her first priority, though, is to whip her new band into shape and hit the stage. "I've said this before and I'll say it again," she boasts. "The Muscle Shoals band is almost as good as my band. It's a Texas band. See, we play on the *back* of the beat—that's a Texas thing. It's not like hitting the beat; it's like sliding in from the side of the beat.

"It's a real family band," she goes on. "There's probably about twenty of us in that Thunderbirds circuit. We all go back about ten years—the Texas blues clique—and we're dear friends. I've got Jimmie Vaughan's old drummer from junior high, Doyle Braughmal; he and Jimmie were in the Chessmen. He's the best drummer in the South. On guitars I have Denny Freeman from the Cobras and David Murray, who was playing with Angela Stralie. Then I've got Joe Sublett from the Cobras and Johnny Reno from the Juke Jumpers on saxophones. And I'm trying out two bass players—they both play upright, and they're both out of the Roomful of Blues circuit. I think it's the cream of the Texas crop. I'm getting to work with my pick. If there was one person in the world that I couldn't get it'd be Jimmie Vaughan.

"But it's gonna be hot," she promises. "The record ain't nothin' compared to what you're gonna get live. It's gonna be *kickin'*." Ⓜ

Dean Markley

Strings

DEAN MARKLEY STRINGS, INC. 3350 SCOTT BLVD., #29, SANTA CLARA, CA 95051 (408) 988-2456

TELEX/TWX 910 338 2046 MARKLEY SNTA

# JOE COCKER'S ISLAND RENAISSANCE

Beset by personal demons and occasionally down (but never out), Joe is readying a lean new album with a little help from Island's Chris Blackwell.

EBET ROBERTS

**Cocker holds nothing back from his throaty, vibrant roar of a voice.**

BY FRED SCHRUERS

The noonday sun has come and gone over the town of Nassau, the Bahamas, and Joe Cocker's afternoon boating party, which left port as proper Englishmen, has come back more like mad dogs—the result of Schlitzes and screwdrivers served on the four-hour cruise. Mike Lang, who helped organize the Woodstock Festival and now manages Joe, is steering our crammed rental car through a traffic jam. Alex Sadkin, who's been producing Cocker's *Sheffield Steel* album with Chris Blackwell at Compass Point Studios, is sitting up front. Guitarist and solo artist Barry Reynolds has been shanghaied off to a bar by Marianne Faithfull. And Cocker, parched from an interview, swigs from a beer, looking over a pair of American-grown, long-haired retro-hippies weaving through the traffic on foot. "Up in the morning," Joe has been muttering, "Out on the job. . ."

Suddenly, with a gravelly, thunderous roar that sets every ear in the car pinging, Joe lets rip: "Work lah-h-gh-hk a dog fo' mah pa-ay!" It snaps the hippies' heads around, sure enough, if that's what Joe intended. It's not one of those anthems, like "Feelin' Alright" or "With A Little Help From My Friends," that Cocker borrowed and sent echoing through the turn of a decade, but it is unmistakably the raspy, abandoned Cocker style, blowing through the vanilla dust on a Nassau side street and disappearing as abruptly as it erupted.

Everybody grins, but quickly, tightly. It's a thing to be celebrated and cherished, this battered trumpet of a voice. But the immediate echo is a question—how did Joe Cocker let his various demons lead him so far off the trail? He's lived the familiar post-60s story—drugs, booze, management fights, the painful obscurity of living as a former legend—and nobody has worked harder at patching things up than the two guys in the front seat.

"What we're doing is featuring Joe," Alex Sadkin has told me the day before in the quiet half-light of Compass Point Studio A, "letting everybody really hear his voice, with all that gravel and whines and scars. With interesting instrumental tracks, yes, but without any female backing vocals. It would have been easy, it's such a comfortable thing to have these girls sing along on every chorus. But Chris (Blackwell, hands-on executive producer for the album) wanted something fresh. It's risky. But it's Joe."

"Chris woke me up to new ideas," says Cocker, "At the same time, I was saying to him, 'Hold back—I do love my black girls, you know?' Maybe it's a little too bare."

The record is more lean than bare. On "Shocked," as Joe growls a tale of lost love, Barry Reynolds scratches out a crisply etched pattern of well-fuzzed notes, with an echo reminiscent of Duane Eddy. Wally Badarou's synthesizer underscores the refrain with an oscillating beep that seems to come out of some video game, almost mocking the singer's forlorness. It's interesting to hear the Compass Point All Stars trying to enliven the often-sludgy tempos of the LP's ballads. For all of his gifts as a

# Why Premier? In a word... Quality.

## Carl Palmer

"The quality of the materials, the quality of the fittings, the quality of the hardware and plating . . with Premier it's always first class."

In a band like Asia, there's no room for second best. That's why the legendary Carl Palmer chose Premier to build his custom metal shell set. And even though the set is a custom, the workmanship and the hardware are the same as on the Premier set you can buy.

When looking for a set, remember the word quality. Your choice is . . in a word . . . Premier.

For complete information send $1.00 to: Premier, 105 Fifth Ave., Garden City Park, NY 11040

PREMIER PERCUSSION

drummer, Sly Dunbar is still learning the graces of ballad work; his tendency is to simply bat the snare every few beats, leaving detail work to percussionist Sticky's cheese graters and wood blocks.

"Chris petrified with his first in-vite," recalls Joe. "He said he could hear me singing country and western with these guys. Robbie Shakespeare is an amazin' bass player. When we first went in and were doin' this Jim Webb song—'Just Like Always'—Wally took me aside and said, 'Joe, I adore these guys but I don't know if they can deal with this tune.' But we got them introduced to the slower stuff and they were great. I mean Robbie, it's not like a G7th means much to him but he would—whoomp—just slide up there and find it."

A little after midnight one evening at Compass Point, Blackwell and Sadkin were sitting behind Studio A's big console, almost holding their breath while Wally caressed a synthesizer to get the kind of wind effect they wanted under Cocker's version of "Many Rivers To Cross." The effect went from sounding like something out of a wind tunnel to a muted, distant whisper that finally drew a tentative nod of satisfaction from Blackwell.

Blackwell qualifies as an expert on Cocker. He was there, as manager, in the glory days of 1968, '69 and '70. He introduced him to Dee Anthony, passing him along to Anthony as a management client. Things did not go swimmingly thenceforth. But it would have been hard to keep up the pace at which Cocker burst forth from his early days in the industrial city of Sheffield, England, where he worked as a gas-fitter days and played drums in a band called the Cavaliers at night.

Cocker had heard Ray Charles' "What'd I Say" one day on the radio and gotten "a sort of cosmic buzz." He bought Charles' *Yes Indeed!* album, which became the prime influence on a band, Vance Arnold & the Avengers, that got a Decca contract based on Cocker's singing. A cover of the Beatles' "I'll Cry Instead" and a subsequent tour of U.S. military bases in France netted little support, and the band broke up. Joe hid out for two years. Then, in 1967, he teamed up with fellow Sheffielder Chris Stainton. Their demo tapes impressed Denny Cordell, producer of the Move and Procol Harum, who helped them cut a second Beatles cover, "With A Little Help From My Friends."

The song hit, first in England, then in the States. Cocker named his first album—cut with help from Stevie Winwood, Jimmy Page and Jimmy Wilson, as well as Stainton's Grease Band—after the single. Cocker's U.S. debut was on *The Ed Sullivan Show* in 1968. The show's producer, unenamored of Joe's onstage gyrations, buried him in dancers. The impact, though, was immediate, and the next year found Cocker featured at Woodstock. There he met Leon Russell, who helped him cut a second LP, *Joe Cocker!* with its big single "Delta Lady," and Russell then invited him out to California for some rest after the Grease Band split up.

The Mad Dogs and Englishmen tour was just around the corner. "Those were amazing times," says Joe, "We all stayed up at Leon's house in L.A. and ran around naked all day, with these girls from Oklahoma lookin' after us." Joe had a tour booked, but no band. Cordell and Russell set to work: "They were a lot hipper than me to California life—but in the space of a day, literally, they just whispered it all together."

There was probably never a rock 'n' roll circus to equal the Mad Dogs tour—a hip gospel tribe of over twenty musicians and singers. Amidst all the superstar grandeur were the roots of Joe's near-destruction. "It wasn't a drug outing, particularly—Leon had that religious element, organizing meals everyone would attend, and singing "Will The Circle Be Unbroken"—I'm not as cynical as I was. Everyone says he was a bully towards me, but it was all part of the music. There were a lot of fights—I kept well out of it. I went down to about 130 pounds, tryin' to prove a human being could live on fresh air alone."

Mad Dogs and Englishmen "finished

# "NOT JUST ANOTHER RECORD LABEL" PRESENTS THE SUMMER OF '82!

*WE'RE DEEPLY gratified by the hundreds of enthusiastic letters received in response to our initial release in February. Our diverse musical direction, insistence on fine graphic art and presentation from the Musician's viewpoint seem to be qualities that make a meaningful difference to you.*

*Let's continue our dialogue in the Summer of '82 with our second release of eight new editions. I believe that each has a musical message that can transport you beyond the heat, the recession . . . and even the "old ennui!" To prove our point, we are once again offering a special album MUSICIANS GUIDE VOLUME 2 that features a complete selection from each of our summer releases at a very low price.*

*Please drop us a line over your summer vacation. Your input makes our difference! Remember . . . we're not just another record label. We write back.*

*Musically,*
***Bruce Lundvall***

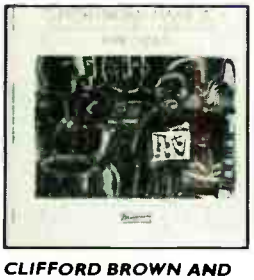
*Elektra/Musician 665 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10022* Musician

***BILLY COBHAM'S GLASS MENAGERIE/ Observations &***
*Billy Cobham's new high energy electric band features Dean Brown-guitar, Gil Goldstein-Keyboards and Tim Landers-bass and features "Jail Bait," and Earth, Wind & Fire's "Take It To The Sky."*

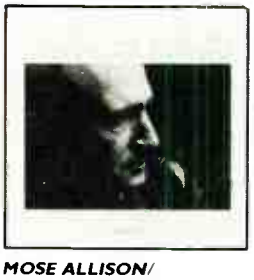
***DEXTER GORDON/ American Classic***
*On our debut album by Jazz giant Dexter Gordon, L.T.D. pairs off for the first time ever with special guest stars Grover Washington, Jr. and Shirley Scott on organ. Featuring "For Soul Sister," "Skylark."*

***WOODY SHAW/ Master Of The Art***
*The consummate artistry of master player Woody Shaw in a cooking live performance that features Steve Turre on trombone and special guest star Bobby Hutcherson on vibes. A brilliant reading on Monk's "Misterioso," "Diane," "400 Years Ago Tomorrow" and more.*

***BOBBY McFERRIN***
*The debut album of the unique new singing star who's been breaking it up in festivals and concerts across the country. Bobby sings originals like "Feline" "Moondance" and a wonderful duet with Phoebe Snow on "You've Really Got A Hold On Me."*

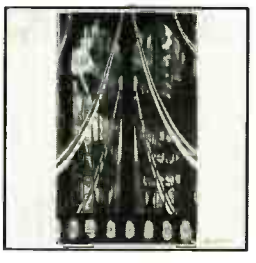


***CLIFFORD BROWN AND MAX ROACH/Pure Genius***
*Never before released performances by one of the most important groups in Jazz history. Features "52nd Street Theme," and "Daahoud." Historic!*



***MOSE ALLISON/ Middle Class White Boy***
*Mose is a national musical treasure and this is his first album in eight years. Featuring classic new songs like "Middle Class White Boy," "Back Down South," "How Does It Feel? (To Be Good Looking.)" Phil Upchurch on guitar and Joe Farrell on tenor sax.*

***BUD POWELL/Inner Fires***
*The genius of modern jazz piano at the peak of his powers in a never before released 1953 performance in Washington. With Charles Mingus on bass, and Roy Haynes on drums. "Little Willie Leaps," "Conception," and includes a rare recorded interview with Bud.*



***DAVID SANCIOUS/ The Bridge***
*A very special album of spontaneous original compositions by one of the most brilliant young musicians in contemporary music. David plays acoustic piano, synthesizers and guitar in a stunning solo recital.*


***MUSICIANS GUIDE/Vol II***
*We've received so many enthusiastic letters about our first Musicians Guide Sampler that we've created Volume 2 of "The year's best value." Contains one complete selection from each of our new releases for May 1982 at a very special low price.*

## *OUR FEBRUARY '82 RELEASE*


***MUSICIANS GUIDE/Vol. 1***

***ERIC GALE/Blue Horizon***


***MATERIAL/Memory Serves***

***LEE RITENOUR/Rio***


***THE GRIFFITH PARK COLLECTION***

***CHARLIE PARKER WITH THE ORCHESTRA/ One Night In Washington***

***JOHN McLAUGHLIN/ My Goals Beyond***

***FREDDIE HUBBARD/ Ride Like The Wind***

***RED RODNEY & IRA SULLIVAN/ The Spirit Within***



ELEKTRA Musician™

in a heap." Shortly after, the movie of the tour came out. "I'd been offered 85 percent of the gross and I felt fantastic. I didn't know I had to pay all the costs. The movie company still claims I owe 'em money." Broke, disillusioned and burned out, Joe went home and submerged. He broke up with his childhood sweetheart, and took to the bottle and the occasional snort. Joe stayed with his folks, quietly, while a 1972 album of leftover material came out and stiffed.

In 1973, Mad Dogs veteran Jim Price found Joe in England. "He hit me with this Billy Preston tune, 'You Are So Beautiful' and his own song, 'I Can Stand A Little Rain'—and says, 'You ready to make an album, Joe?'" The Preston song would be a hit, but Joe stumbled through tours in 1974 and 1975; that year's *Jamaica Say You Will*, followed by the diffuse *Stingray*, with its jazz allstars (basically Stuff), resulted in a break from A&M Records.

*Stingray*, Joe says, was his poor man's version of Ray Charles' *Genius After Hours*. "I ain't no genius, but it was after hours stuff. I said to (A&M Records head) Jerry Moss, 'Sometimes you ever like to pass out to a record, Jerry, late at night?'" The next album, ironically titled *Luxury You Can Afford*, left Joe many thousands of dollars in debt to Elektra Records. That LP, made in 1978, was his last recording until the Compass Point sessions. Joe spent the intervening time under Mike Lang's careful stewardship, often jamming with Stuff at New York jazz clubs like Mikell's, regrooving his stage manner. Cocker's recent performance of "I'm So Happy To Be Standing Here Today" with the Crusaders during the Grammys was stately and almost eerily powerful amidst the show's industry shilling.

So Joe can sit, as he did during our talk, sipping beer under a palm tree on a Caribbean beach, knowing that he's recorded a convincing comeback. He's been "Talking Back To The Night," to lift the title of a Stevie Winwood/Will Jennings song on *Sheffield Steel*, for a good many years now. He bears little resemblance to the flopping howler that John Belushi liked to parody. "I'm a blues singer, basically. That's all we were concerned about back in the pub days, the singin'. And we would make, like, four dollars. Of course," he says with a final tip of his can, "a beer then was twenty cents." Ⓜ

# FACES

LAURA LEVINE

The Bongos

## RICKIE LEE JONES

Three years ago the public, the critics and even her record company were amazed by the force of Rickie Lee Jones' sudden appearance, success and ascension to stardom. In 1981, *Pirates* demonstrated that the singer, so gifted lyrically, was also willing to take risks with her composition and subvert commercial ideas of song structures as easily as her new tunes changed rhythms.

Now Jones' first ever extended tour ("entended" in the case of this rarely seen performer being less than two months) has demonstrated that Rickie Lee is an interpretive vocalist of style and power. The concerts opened with saxophonist Jerry Jumanville performing solo variations on "Harlem Nocturne," and included RLJ's all-out productions of Peggy Lee's "I Won't Dance" and the Coasters' "Shoppin' For Clothes." She sang "Lush Life" with a theatrical flair that made one wish Joseph Papp would put Jones in a rock star version of *West Side Story*, but the singer's real torch triumph was a witty, endearing and terribly moving version of "My Funny Valentine." Jones' phrasing and timing were remarkable, bringing laughter from the audience when she asked, with a world-weary "sheesh" in her voice, "Is your figure less than Greek?" And audibly slapping her forehead when singing, "Your looks are laughable." But Jones turned that smile over in the instant it took to jump to her poignant little girl falsetto for "not if you care for me," before finishing the song with a burst of passion that was flat-out riveting. Though her swooping vocal descents acknowledged a debt to Sarah Vaughan, the intelligence of the performance was pure and original.

Even more than the antiquities, the 27-year-old Jones relied on hits of her high school years to extend her vision of street-smart romance. At New York's Savoy the singer made no eye contact with the crowd during her first three (original) songs, but became a ball of fire when launching her band into the Jackson Five's "The Love You Save." At Boston's Orpheum Theatre she surprised even the other musicians by beginning the Sylistics' "You Are Everything." Catching on, the players fell in on harmonies to make that song a gorgeous *a cappella*. Jones' version of "There Ain't Nothin' You Can Do" (and, at the Savoy, "Take Your Hand Out Of My Pocket") seemed to owe more to Van Morrison's 1973 live version than to the blues original, but none of this prepared the audience for the high point, a reading of Marvin Gaye's "Trouble Man" that matched the original (no mean feat).

Rickie Lee Jones

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

Jones' band was top-notch, and with a bassist as hot as Reggie MacBride they probably could have given drummer Tony Braunagal and percussionist Arno Lucas a coffee break without hurting the rhythm. The basic group was completed by keyboard player Michael Ruff, guitarist Ron Roshotte, and utility man Sal Bernardi playing acoustic and electric guitars, vibes, harmonica, singing lead on "Traces Of The Western Slopes" (which he cowrote), and even recording a tape of his songs that played before the show began. Trumpet player Steve Madiao and saxophonist Jumanville supplemented the lineup.

Good as the musicians were, one can't help wishing that Rickie Lee would keep them playing together on the road for six more months so that the group could jell into the great *band* they might be. Tricky pieces like "Pirates" and "We Belong Together" felt a bit stiff, as if each guy were so conscious of playing his part perfectly that the songs couldn't breathe. They compensated on the less-difficult tunes by emphasizing a good-natured looseness, with players calling out to each other and horns beginning solos off microphone, wandering the stage. These musicians can already follow anywhere Jones leads, but aren't yet at the magic point where all react with one mind.

Rickie Lee herself eschewed the guitar of her early appearances for piano. She has developed a sensitive touch on keyboards and it was there that she performed her most personal songs ("Skeletons," "Night Train," "On Saturday Afternoons In 1963") unaccompanied. Heartbreaking in this context was a slow, sad version of "Don't Walk Away Renee." When Rickie Lee finished that song in Boston, tears were running down her face, and I guess I have to admit I was misty-eyed myself.

Wiping her eyes and smiling apologetically, the singer picked up snatches of whispered conversation from the front rows. "You guys think I can't hear ya whisperin' when I'm singing," Jones sighed. Then she quoted the voices in the shadows: "'Is she fucked up?' 'Look at her eyes, I think she's high!'" The crowd laughed and Jones shook her head. "Seriously," she shrugged, "could someone sit on this stage and do this for two hours if she were high?"

No, Rickie Lee. She sure couldn't.—*Bill Flanagan*

## THE BONGOS

It seems a noble enough gesture. In the last year, New York's sleeping AOR giant WNEW-FM has nicked into the needletime usually devoted to Journey, REO, J. Geils, dead Zeppelin and all things Springsteen with periodic airings of independent singles and demos by "prisoners of rock 'n' roll," mostly name or up-and-coming area bands without major label affiliation. On top of that, the station recently initiated a monthly series of shows at the city's main record company showcase venue, the Bottom Line, starring more popular "prisoners" like nuevo wavo-Ventures the Raybeats, downtown comers the Individuals and tonight's attraction, Hoboken, N.J. pop champs, the Bongos.

That, of course, is more public rock 'n' roll service than most stations log between license renewals. But ghettoizing these groups into their own quaint airwave jail only proves they are really prisoners of bad radio, products of a new underground that the old underground does not yet recognize as its legitimate heir. You're either off the bus or in the back of it.

The Bongos are an embarrassing case in point. Formed in 1979 as a trio, they released two singles and an EP (featuring their cheery rendition of T. Rex's "Mambo Sun") for the Fetish label in Britain before WNEW dubbed them "Breakout Artists of the Week" this past January for their song, "The Bulrushes," a haunting folk-rock rush of oblique Biblical imagery, hearty schoolboy vocal harmonies and acoustic guitar showers punctuated by drummer Frank Giannini's strident, punky thunder and the lightning of singer/guitarist Richard Barone's dirty electric solo. *Drums Along The Hudson*, the band's U.S. debut on PVC/Jem, collects the singles with tracks cut last year in England (fifteen tunes in all), a vibrant modern pop manifesto of bristling guitars and upbeat melodic resourcefulness rooted in 60s garage-rock thrash and

classic AM bop variations but fired up by the recent punk upheaval.

At the Bottom Line, the Bongos play the songs from *Drums* and half a dozen new ones like they were in a battle of the bands to the death. Bearing down hard on his six-string Rickenbacker and singing with a boyish yelp, Richard Barone—a stocky lad with a jet-black Beatle-ish fringe hanging over his forehead—bounces across the stage with kinetic, bright-eyed abandon, caught up in the heat of Frank Giannini and bassist Rob Norris' ruff 'n' tumble beat. New rhythm guitar addition James Mastro alternates between acoustic and a snazzy vintage hexagon-shaped electric guitar, fortifying brash singalong outbursts like "In The Congo" and "Glow In The Dark" (a tasty chip off Blondie's *Parallel Lines*-style block) with his energetic strum.

Yet all this excess energy heightens the native tension in Barone's short, lyrically telegraphic songs. The crystal resonance of the guitars and the group harmonies in "Zebra Cut" contrast starkly with Barone's smokey oreo vision of New Wave Clubland. One new song, "Sweet Blue Cage," builds from a neo-psychedelic acoustic base—with Giannini switching to, what else, bongos—into a dual sitar-like shriek by Barone and Mastro using E-bow guitars while the instrumental "Burning Bush," which *does* feature a sitar on the LP, turns into a full-blast Yardbirdsian rave-up.

The ironic thing about radio's condescending attitude toward a band like the Bongos is that Barone and the boys are so much truer to the progressive spirit of post-Beatles pop than the radio stations who swear they uphold it. Like many of their fellow "prisoners," the Bongos are a tribute to American Garageland past, present and future, proof that our greatest rock 'n' roll resource is still those inspired amateurs with something to say and who bucks all the odds to say it. Stations who still only swear by the superstars are the real prisoners. — *David Fricke*

## DAMERONIA

When drummer Philly Joe Jones assembled an all-star band—Dameronia—for a four-night celebration of composer Tadd Dameron's music at New York's Lush Life, he must have known it would be a landmark event. Most jazz composers rarely receive proper acclaim; the aesthetic of improvisation lends itself to riff, jump and blues tunes and melodic variations on well-conceived pop songs, discouraging musicians from formalizing the newest musical techniques.

Tadd Dameron is the often forgotten composer of notable bop standards such as "Ladybird," "Our Delight" and "Hot House." He was the first composer to utilize the techniques developed by the beboppers within an orchestral context: the use of tonal and orchestral coloration and instrumental interplay imbued bebop's free rhythmic accents; orderly contrast of terse rhythmic phrases with long, flowing melodic lines; eloquent juxtaposition of the simple and the complex, and furious rhythms with a brooding idyllic beauty.

**Tadd Dameron**

Dameronia was true to this spirit. The ensemble horns often echoed the soloist or, while restating the theme, played variations on the melody. Dameron's tunes usually don't swing in a raucous manner. The rhythms, marked by a post-Basie, pre-Cool lightness, are like the even ripples of water under a gentle breeze. Although encountering some roughness, Dameronia swang, joyously and refreshingly.

The band—reed magician Frank Wess, tenor saxophonist Charles Davis, trombonist Britt Woodman, baritone saxophonist Cecil Payne, trumpeter Johnny Coles, bassist Larry Ridley, pianist Walter Davis Jr. and arranger/trumpeter Don Sickler—brought a mature sense of structure and improvisation to the compositions. It seemed that those members of the band who played with Dameron some thirty years ago have learned not only what to play but what *not* to play. Nothing was over-blown for emotional effect, yet the music was utterly expressive.

Walter Davis' broad piano chords were rhythmically steady, providing a solid foundation over which the horns worked tricky turnarounds. The horn phrases, which were at some times snappy and at others fluid, would slip and slide into unison passages. Philly Joe Jones skillfully ticked off the time with whispers and crashes of his cymbals, marches, rolls and primal stomps surging almost to a sinner's celebratory shuffle. Frank Wess' feather-edged sax tone and flowing logical improvisations showed him to be a serious, tender, romantic player. Cecil Payne added charming sardonic wit as he lanced his Parkeresque lines with boastful R&B honks. Johnny Coles' tight, strangled trumpet solos brought an anguished lyrical quality which created a sense of urgency in the midst of a floating, seemingly timeless, ensemble counterpoint.

Like the improvisational composers who preceded him, Dameron understood that *sound* is one of the primeval forces of creation and essential to homemade music. Fortunately, Philly Joe Jones and the band members also understood this and performed four nights of music that was extravagant but, because of its clarity and logic, never effusive. — *Don Palmer*

## PEABO BRYSON

The place to begin any account of Peabo Bryson, young, mercurial balladeer from Atlanta, is his *voice*; if there is a more thrilling tenor in pop music, a clearer, stronger and more virtuoso vocal instrument being recorded today, it has yet to make its presence known. Somewhat similar to the late Donny Hathaway's (and the prototype for George Benson's), Bryson's singing doesn't employ gravel or inarticulate screams and grunts to seduce his avid followers, but rather employs the same clean-cut, impeccable elegance that characterizes Peabo's appearance. This is surely an artist for what amateur sociologists call "upwardly mobile" blacks: powerful enough to save them from Lionel Richie's creampuff extravagances, sophisticated enough not to insult their musical intelligence, and still close enough to Southern gospel roots to be a genuine "soul" singer. In fact, the audience for Peabo's appearance at Boston's Berklee Performance Center could've been neighbors of *The Jeffersons*, dressed to the hilt and altogether well-behaved.

This is not to imply they were not demonstrative; the level of sheer excitement at times approached that of a Beatles concert, and any attempt to convince the young lovelies rushing the stage that Peabo is not a superstar would've been not only in vain, but hazardous to one's health. Peabo's use of a sensational eleven-piece horn band dressed in tuxes also didn't hurt his cause; in an age where touring costs are shrinking the size of stage bands, Bryson's certainly gave more bang for the buck. The show's pacing, the wonderful subtlety of Peabo's arrangements (a craft he learned at the feet of veteran Johnny Pate) and the breathtaking use of dynamics, with sudden lurches from near silence to shimmering crescendos, all reinforced the singer's natural charisma.

Peabo's unabashed odes to pure love amply employ what one critic has called "the new male vulnerability," using the folly of male pride ("one of the number one killers of relationships all over the world") as a major thematic device. In an extended stint at the piano, Peabo amplified this in an amazing spoken account of a terminal argument with a live-in lover followed by his attempts to call her a few days later without giving away his feelings ("Now it's too early in the conversation for the man to get into an argument, because, I mean, he doesn't want to have to call again...."). In another impromptu solo piano rap, Peabo did an apparently rambling exposition of the let-he-who-is-without-sin parable which ended with the chilling realization that he was talking about Teddy Pendergrass' accident the day before.

Peabo teased his critics who claim he isn't "funky enough" by launching into a smoking "Love Is On The Rise," but his fans shouted they loved him just as he was, a silky balladeer. He rewarded them by finishing with three straight ballads, including his two big hits, "I'm So Into You" and the stirring "Let The Feeling Flow." At the conclusion, the crowd cheered wildly but left without demanding an encore; satisfaction given, the act of devotion consummated, nothing more was required. — *Jock Baird*

**Peabo Bryson**

RITA RIFF

# "Lexicon's PCM 41 digital delay

gives a crisp sound that I can't get with my regular tape echo." "The chorus effect alone makes it worth sharing on stage." "PCM 41 and Model 224 Digital Reverb enhance the sounds I can obtain from my instrument as well as providing a multitude of special effects on stage and in studios." "They've become an integral part of my sound."
Thanks Lexicon!

**Steve Morse**
**songwriter, producer, artist**
**"The Dregs"**

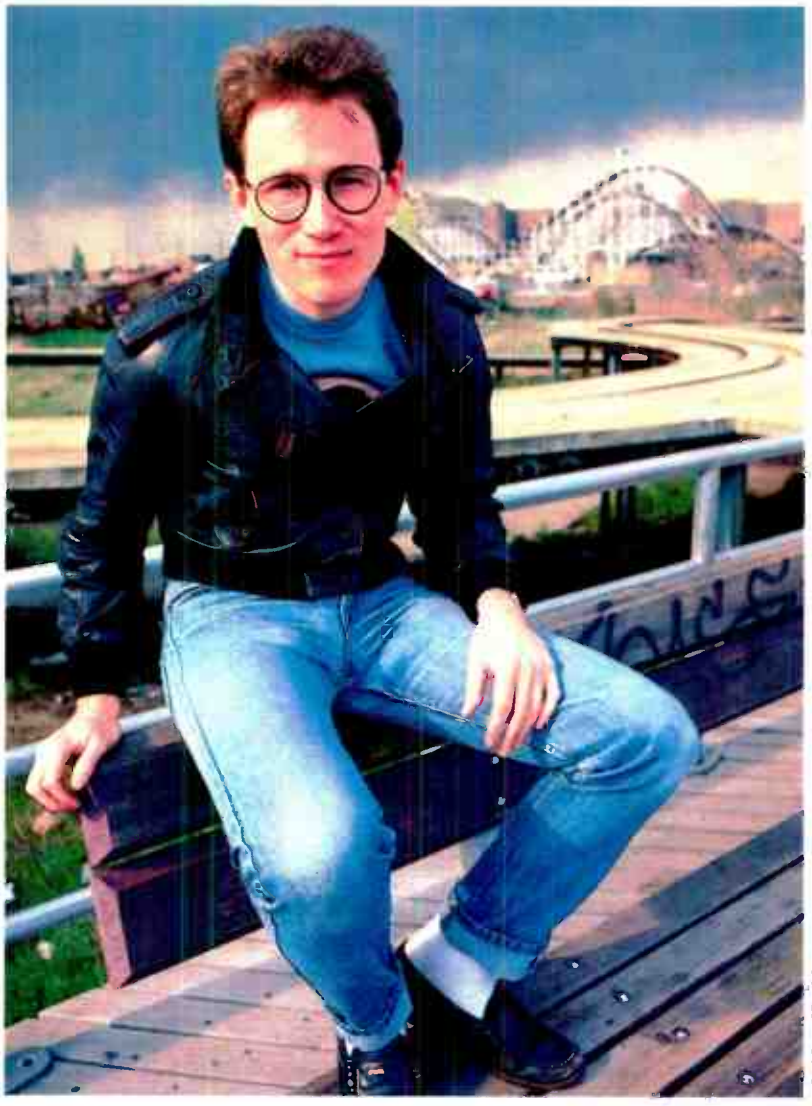



If you'd like to learn more about Lexicon digital delay products for all musicians contact Lexicon, 60 Turner Street, Waltham, MA 02154 (617) 891-6790 TELEX 923468

**Lexicon**

# MARSHALL CRENSHAW

## The Sophisticated Innocent



DEBORAH FEINGOLD

BY LEO SACKS

Seeing Marshall Crenshaw for the first time isn't exactly like watching the Beatles on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, or getting your first blast of "Anarchy In The U.K." As he takes the stage of a New York club, cradling a weathered Fender sunburst guitar, he strikes a knock-kneed pose in his grey tweed jacket and wool pants; the black wire-rim glasses on his boyish Wonder Bread face and his scrub-brush haircut suggest the look of Buddy Holly in graduate school.

But as soon as Crenshaw and drummer/brother Robert and the bassist Chris Donato step into "Someday, Someway" or "She Can't Dance," just two of a suitcase full of Crenshaw compositions, you know this is *something else*. From out of that choirboy face comes a voice so joyous yet vulnerable, so packed with emotion, that it cuts through the smokey club like a knife. His guitar playing has the rhythmic punch, the bright, melodic spark and ringing pop resonance of a six-string orchestra. Chris Donato, dark and handsome in a gold lame jacket, executes a perfectly-timed spin at the mike stand, his coif blowing in a mild stage breeze. Robert Crenshaw is the madcap, grinning wildly, driving the band to the brink of the beat. You can't help wondering how

only three guys can make such a grand, joyful noise.

The music is simple, honest, direct—a vision born of the innocence and bounce of the Beatles, the passion and lilt of Buddy Holly, the buoyance of the Everly Brothers. "Rockin' Around In N.Y.C." is no idle threat as Chris and Robert get rhythm-punchy; Marshall issues an open invitation to get crazy with the sunny optimism of the Beatles' "I'm Happy Just To Dance With You." That same joyous jump ignites "Someday, Someway," a successful single for Robert Gordon—although its customized Hollyesque jingle could have been anyone's hit. There's the rolling thunder of "There She Goes Again," in which the singer, like the beat, rebounds from a broken love; the effervescent "Girls...," sung in a fluid, sweeping round; or the saucy R&B thrust of "Brand New Lover," which Lou Ann Barton borrowed for her recent debut album.

Crenshaw openly advertises his roots with his four-star selection of cover tunes. There is the Parliaments' "Look What I Almost Missed," a stone R&B hit from his native Detroit, which he tells the crowd he learned earlier that afternoon. For Cliff Richards' "Move It," he reels off machine-gun bursts of hot, rocking guitar. The neatly-trimmed vocal harmonies of Robert and Chris frame his own expressive singing on Gene Pitney's "Love My Life Away." But the local dancers doing the pony to Edwin Starr's "(S.O.S.) Stop Her On Sight" hardly miss the featured female vocalists and infectious baritone sax of the original; Crenshaw has a knack for making cover tunes sound like he could've written them.

*Marshall Crenshaw*, his first album for Warner Bros., is one of those rare debuts that translates an exhilarating live experience onto vinyl. The tunes lose none of their freshness or native exuberance. The sound, as co-produced by Crenshaw and Richard Gottehrer, is full of texture; Crenshaw's voice is distinct. The harmonies are polished, rich, delicate—an antidote to boring, humorless pop.

"The important thing to me about rock 'n' roll is immediacy," says the 28-year-old Crenshaw, feet propped up against a kitchen wall in the ground floor apartment he shares with his wife Ione on Manhattan's Upper East Side. "That's what I try for. I like records that arouse your curiosity, draw you in in some way. All of my favorite records are short, the kind that when they're over, you wished they weren't. If they were any longer, though, it would spoil the effect."

The best songs on the record also communicate Crenshaw's salty sense of humor. He expresses a little of himself in the wry "Cynical Girl": "Well I'm going out/I'm going out looking for a cynical girl/Who'll have no use for me in the world." The music is thick, guitars tracked eight times to approximate the sound of bees buzzing furiously in their hive. Percussive sleigh bells move in counterpoint. "Well, I'll know right away by the look in her eyes/She harbors no illusions and she's worldly wise/Well, I know when I give her a listen/She's what I've been missing."

"I was just walking along the street and the idea popped into my head," he says of the song. "I thought, 'Should I say it, should I be silly about this?' I'd rather leave the songs open to interpretation. But I always like the opportunity to have fun."

Crenshaw blanches at the suggestion that he is a true pop craftsman, "It's such a serious-sounding word. Maybe that's just my false modesty; I guess it *is* work. I know that everything I write is conceived as a potential single. I'm always looking for the best way to make a punchy, three-minute statement."


EBET ROBERTS

**Crenshaw live: Buddy Holly meets the Beatles and goes to songwriting college.**

Robert Gordon was an early believer in what Marshall Crenshaw had to say. Last year he recorded three of Crenshaw's songs on his album, *Are You Gonna Be The One*, including "Someday, Someway," which earned a good amount of airplay. It paved the way for Crenshaw's fabulous double-sided single, "Something's Gonna Happen" and "She Can't Dance," for Shake Records.

"Someday, Someway" was on the back of a cassette Crenshaw was circulating in 1979, soon after he left the cast of *Beatlemania*. The tape consisted of tunes he composed and recorded in his living room on a four-track machine, experiments in sound, layers of lead and background vocals and acoustic and electric guitars. Richard Gottehrer, who was managing and producing Robert Gordon at the time, was looking for new material when he came upon the cassette. "I was wrapped up in Robert's career," the producer says. "Had I been more conscious, I probably would have been interested in working with Marshall as an artist." Instead, Crenshaw contributed three songs and co-wrote a fourth with Gordon for an album the singer would ultimately shelve before parting ways with Gottehrer.

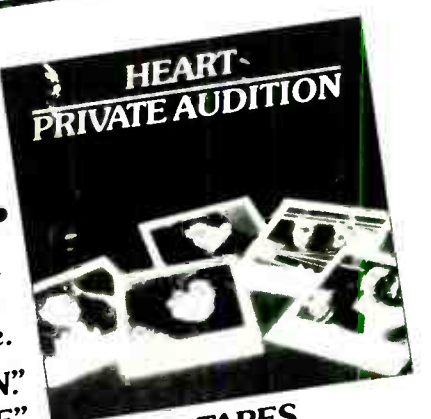
"The fact that Robert called to suggest that he cover one of the songs was a totally new idea to me, that somebody could be interested in just the songs," says Crenshaw. "That was something I never conceived of at all. But I figured it would be an important song and that it would be good for both of us.

"Working with Robert was an important breakthrough for me, he was the first guy who had an honest appreciation for my stuff and was genuinely enthusiastic. I hadn't been writing songs for very long, not that many people had heard my stuff, and I wasn't sure that anybody was going to understand what it was, if any of my feelings would transfer to somebody else. I felt that he was really sincere about music."

He went temporarily "nuts" the first few times he heard "Someday, Someway" on the radio. "Sometimes I get real excited, almost uncontrollably, when I hear particular things on the radio," he says. "I listen to it the way people watch TV." Crenshaw was more controlled, since he was in public when he first heard Lou Ann Barton perform his "Brand New Lover." "I was standing in line at the bank when I heard it bleed through a guy's Walkman headset. I thought the buzz of the s's and t's was pretty neat."

Crenshaw was signed to Warner Bros. last September by Karin Berg, the label's East Coast director of artistic relations. He won the right to produce his debut, but discovered as the sessions progressed that he wasn't enjoying himself: "It didn't feel comfortable. That surprised me. I wanted the chance to do it, and I was really happy that I got it. But after awhile it was easy to see that it wasn't working. I realized later that it wasn't the same type of work situation I was used to. Robert had played some drums and percussion, but mostly I had been working by myself in my living room, putting down overdubs with cheap mikes at four o'clock in the morning. It gave the music an interesting sound, fighting and overcoming the disadvantages of poor equipment, and there's a rawness to the sound that makes the songs happen. But in the studio I found that I couldn't do it all by myself. I needed somebody there to bounce ideas off of, somebody who had made a lot of records and understood the process, somebody to say, 'Bang! bang! bang!—this is how to do it.' Richard

# Discover Heart all over again.




"Private Audition." Heart the way you like it.
An all-new album of everything that Heart
does better than anyone else.

HEART. "PRIVATE AUDITION."
INCLUDING THE SMASH HIT, "THIS MAN IS MINE."
THIS ONE'S FOR YOU. ON EPIC RECORDS AND TAPES.

Produced by Connie and Howie. Management: Ken Kinnear. "Epic" is a trademark of CBS Inc. 

# Why buy two ordinary mixers when you can have one exceptional Ramsa?

The Ramsa WR-8112 is a 12x4x2x1* mixer that embodies a whole new concept from Ramsa: one mixer that is not only a high-performance, multitrack recording mixer, but also a high-performance sound reinforcement mixer.

This virtually unheard of versatility is possible because of innovative Ramsa engineering. One set of circuits actually performs as two. Functions like stereo tape monitoring are switchable to become stereo effects sends for PA. PA monitor sends can be switched to effects sends for recording or mixdown. And that's just for starters.

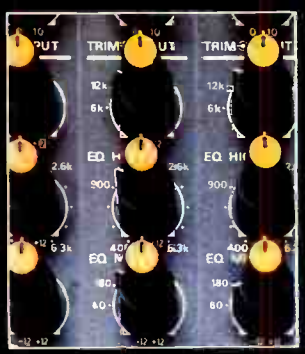
The Ramsa WR-8112 gives you the flexibility of switchable turnover


*PA or Recording Sends*

*12 input x 4 group output x 2 master output x 1 mono output.

RAMSA

frequencies for high and low EQ as well as continuously variable frequency for the midrange.



*Flexible Equalization*

The metering is flexible and accurate with four 12-point peak-reading LED meters. There are selectors for group outs 1 to 4, Left and Right master outs, mono master outs, monitor send and solo metering for any channel.

The group output levels can be internally connected for either −10 db or +4 db (nominal) to interface with either semiprofessional or professional equipment.

*Versatile LED Metering*

But perhaps the most remarkable thing about the WR-8112 is that it offers the same clean, transparent sound quality as our larger, fully modular mixers, at a more affordable price.

And if your needs are strictly recording, we recommend the highly affordable Ramsa WR-8210.

So whether you are recording, gigging, doing A/V production or anything in between, why get two ordinary mixers when you can get one exceptional Ramsa. The WR-8112.

For more information, call (201) 348-7470.


**Panasonic**
*PROFESSIONAL AUDIO DIVISION*

(Gottehrer) already had a vision of what I was doing and when his name was suggested as a co-producer, a light bulb went on in my head immediately."

Expectations were high. "The hardest ones to come up to are your own. The songs were in my head before anyone else imagined the way they would sound. Plus, it was a first record. Not that I'm a perfectionist—it conjures a sterility I won't stand for. I wanted...*rightness*. I had always recorded my stuff in mono, so it was kind of rough getting used to doubling parts for stereo. But it was also cool because we came up with some interesting effects that way. When you start doubling guitars, it brings out the imperfections in the way they sound. You start double-tracking and it sets up these harmonics that aren't supposed to be there. That's when it gets intriguing, when accidents start happening."

Gottehrer recognized the trickiness of translating Crenshaw's vision: "Marshall likes the record now, but it's a lot different from the way the demos sounded. We arrived at what was best for the songs while we were recording them. It didn't seem like it at the time, but now there's a unity, a sound to the record. It wasn't always like that."

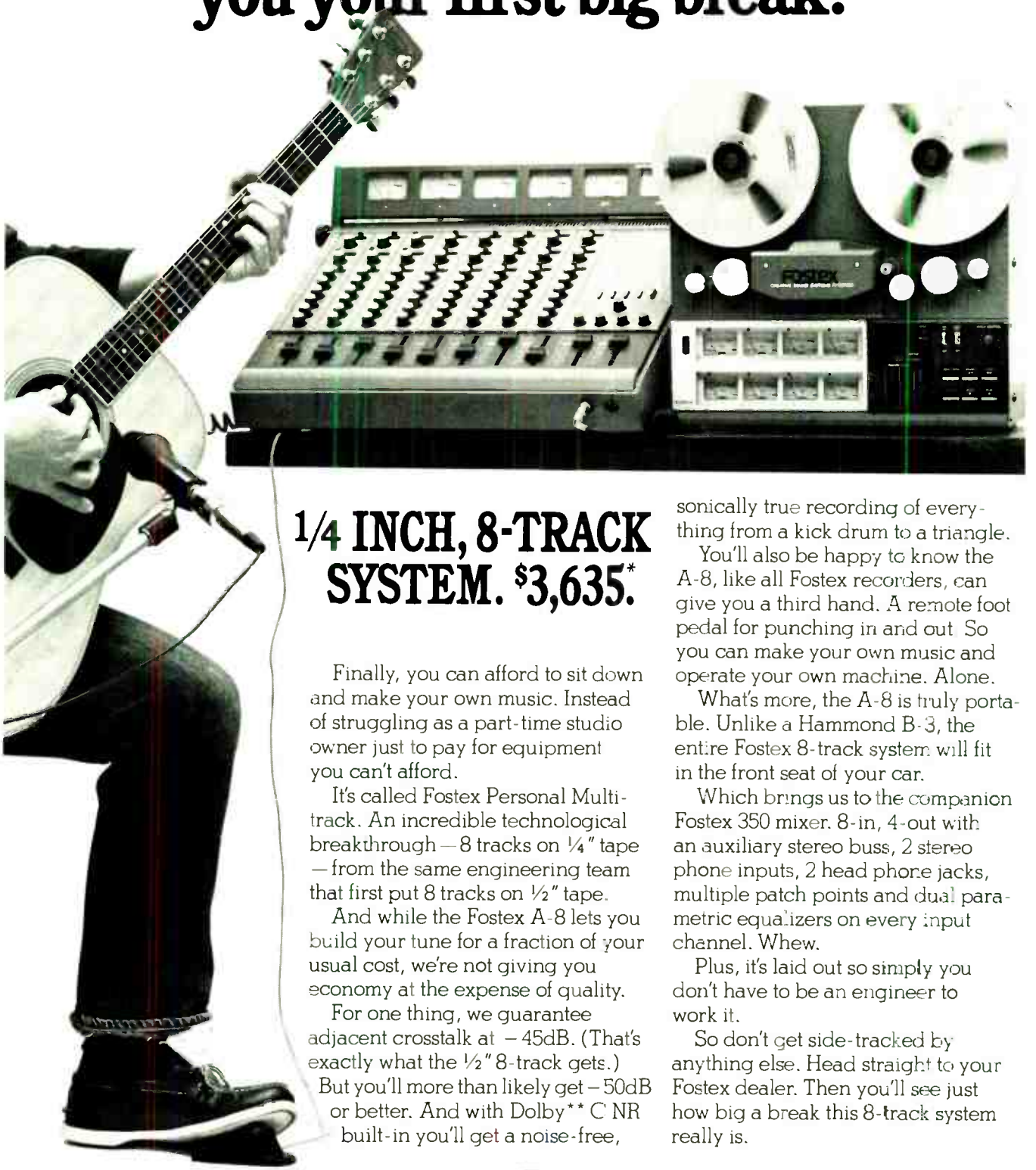
Warners' Karin Berg found the combination a happy development: "Some artists can produce themselves because of the way they record or because of the kind of artists they are. Marshall doesn't work in that framework. He thought he could, but it was a negative work situation. He found some of the freshness was leaving. And Richard was totally willing to give him room as a co-producer. As a rule, I don't respect artists who can be pushed around, molded. I like them to say, 'This is me or it isn't.'"

"There's no reason to be arbitrary," says Gottehrer, who also produced the number one *Beauty And The Beat* LP for the Go-Go's. "Artists live and breathe their material. You have to give them latitude—the sounds are in their head. I gave Marshall the benefit of my experience, but the songs are his. He knows his audience. It would have been foolish for me not to listen."

Long before the Gordon sessions, Crenshaw knew of Gottehrer as a member of the Strangeloves, who recorded "I Want Candy" and "Nighttime" for the Bang label in 1965. "Marshall has a great sense of musical history," says Gottehrer. "Name a song and he can sing or play it. He has a wealth of information at his command. All the great ones do. Springsteen has it. It's a valuable frame of reference to have so that you're not in a vacuum."

"I got interested in rock 'n' roll when I was this big," Crenshaw recalls, parting his hands slightly. "I was responding to pop before I knew what was going on." The eldest son of a hospital administrator and a public high school English teacher grew up in the Detroit suburb of

# We broke the rules to give you your first big break.



## 1/4 INCH, 8-TRACK SYSTEM. $3,635.*

Finally, you can afford to sit down and make your own music. Instead of struggling as a part-time studio owner just to pay for equipment you can't afford.

It's called Fostex Personal Multitrack. An incredible technological breakthrough — 8 tracks on ¼" tape — from the same engineering team that first put 8 tracks on ½" tape.

And while the Fostex A-8 lets you build your tune for a fraction of your usual cost, we're not giving you economy at the expense of quality.

For one thing, we guarantee adjacent crosstalk at −45dB. (That's exactly what the ½" 8-track gets.) But you'll more than likely get −50dB or better. And with Dolby** C NR built-in you'll get a noise-free, sonically true recording of everything from a kick drum to a triangle.

You'll also be happy to know the A-8, like all Fostex recorders, can give you a third hand. A remote foot pedal for punching in and out. So you can make your own music and operate your own machine. Alone.

What's more, the A-8 is truly portable. Unlike a Hammond B-3, the entire Fostex 8-track system will fit in the front seat of your car.

Which brings us to the companion Fostex 350 mixer. 8-in, 4-out with an auxiliary stereo buss, 2 stereo phone inputs, 2 head phone jacks, multiple patch points and dual parametric equalizers on every input channel. Whew.

Plus, it's laid out so simply you don't have to be an engineer to work it.

So don't get side-tracked by anything else. Head straight to your Fostex dealer. Then you'll see just how big a break this 8-track system really is.

**FOSTEX®**

**Personal Multitrack**

*Suggested list prices: A-8, $2500. 350 Mixer and Meter Bridge, $1125. Foot pedal, $15. **Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

moog



# THE ULTIMATE SOUND OF MOOG.

The sound of the Minimoog is a polyphonic programmable instrument.
The Memorymoog, from Moog.

3 oscillators per voice through the patented Moog filter, 75 programs with 20 program chains, programmable foot pedals, return-to-zero or unconditional contours and extensive voice modulation options give the Memorymoog more sound and musical expressiveness than any instrument of its kind.

Only Moog engineering could create this instrument; only Moog manufacturing could produce it at such an affordable price.

The Memorymoog. From Moog.

***The people who started it all.*** **memorymoog**

Moog Music Inc., 2500 Walden Avenue, Buffalo, NY 14225
Moog Music, Waalhaven Z.Z. 48, Rotterdam 3088 H.J., Holland - The Netherlands

Berkley on a street where all the houses looked the same. "When I think of what my life was like the last few years I was there, I think of being up at three o'clock in the morning, stopping at White Castle, going home and watching an Eddie Constantine movie," Crenshaw laughs. "That's pretty much what life is, driving up and down Woodward, a real cruising kind of street that runs through the city, through the suburbs, halfway up the state. There's never anybody on it at night. You just drive up and down, listening to the radio. It's the only place to go if you want to be alone, away from your parents, which everyone does.

"The cool thing about Detroit radio was that the pop stations were always big on R&B when I was growing up. I listened to WKNR, which naturally played things like 'Agent Double-O Soul,' J.J. Bonds, Andre Williams' 'Jail-bait.' Ever hear Denise LaSalle's 'Trapped By A Thing Called Love'? It's one of the best songs ever made, a great R&B thing. But it was a number one pop hit in Detroit, and that's the kind of thing that would happen, a chemistry between black and white music that made listening to the radio special. All the musicians in bands got their licks from James Brown records and later from the Yardbirds, and that mixture of R&B and English rock is what made the place."

His parents always encouraged Crenshaw's interest in music. His father would take him to see rock shows (Blind Faith, Cream, Iggy Pop, Jimi Hendrix) when he was too young to go by himself. Later, when Crenshaw played with younger brother Robert in Denny & the Robots, a local oldies group, Dad would come to the gigs. Other times he would take the rest of the family to see big-time wrestling at Cobo Hall with Bo Bo Brazil, Flying Fred Curry, the Sheik and his manager, the Weasel, and Killer Kowalski. [With heroes like these, maybe this boy's not so normal...]

Buddy Holly was the first artist to reach Crenshaw. "He was a ray of sunshine in my life. He made me wake up. When he died my folks tried to hide it from me. I was four and it was my first contact with death. I think I cried for a week. They were afraid it might have a traumatic effect, which it didn't. But his importance to my life was tremendous."

He was six when he picked up the guitar and at age ten he was playing Everly Brothers songs with his cousin while helping Robert to keep the beat on his snare drum. "We used to play in the house a lot as kids," Robert remembers. "I always had a room to bang in. We'd do Trini Lopez stuff for relatives, things like 'Mary Lou.'" The Beatles, he explains, helped to shape his taste for two-part harmony. "I like the space you can get, hearing that human element. It's much better than piling the vocals on. They aren't the *raison d'etre*, but they certainly contribute to our total sound. I always liked the 'baby-baby'-type things the Supremes used to do, the harmonies on the Beatles first album, punctuations like that."

Crenshaw played in a succession of teen bands until his graduation from high school in 1971. He doesn't like to talk about it, but he spent the next few years performing in a cover band known as Astigafa. "Original material was tough to do when I was coming up. The scene evolved around cover bands, the Stooges and the MC-5. But as far as I'm concerned, those are two of the most important rock acts of all time. That first Stooge album seems like such a large part of what rock became, songs about boredom and detachment."

He left Detroit for Los Angeles in 1976, ostensibly to peddle a demo tape; he wound up playing guitar in a country & western band before returning home.

It was a near-perfect reading of Lennon and McCartney's "I Should Have Known Better" that led to his casting in *Beatlemania* in 1976. Crenshaw came upon an advertisement in Berkley seeking musicians to play/act in touring companies of the production. The tape, with Robert on drums, was cut in their parents' basement...and for the next eighteen months Crenshaw was John Lennon, singing "She Loves You" in a mop top and "Strawberry Fields Forever" in a shoulder-length wig. It was more restricting than the bar-band scene, but it got him out of Detroit.

"My background is middle American but I've traveled all around the country and that's the best education you can get," he says. "It's had a very important

*continued on page 86*

# THE MOTELS

BY MARK ROWLAND

# BENEATH THE ENDLESS SUMMER, CINEMATIC SCENES OF JEALOUSY & TRAGEDY, OF SWEETNESS & DREAD

HENRY DILTZ

L.A., L.A., you pretty town, your sunny skies, your palm fronds swaying in the smoggy breeze. City of dreams and dreams deferred, Sunset Strip and Luna Park, Bikini Beach and Chinatown, *Gidget* and *Dragnet*, the Roxy and the Hard Rock Cafe. L.A., El-lay; Ronnie Reagan and Raymond Chandler, Farrah Fawcett-Hairdo and Cathy Evelyn Smith. Home for Beach Boys, Eagles, Go-Go's— and Motels.

Confronted with treachery, heartbreak, or indeed any stray emotion that smacks of bad vibes, Angelenos recognize three options: indulge it, ignore it, or turn it into a movie. The Motels is the first important L.A. band since the Doors to embark upon this last course, but it has taken awhile for listeners beyond Tinseltown to tune in. Their debut LP, *Motels* (Capitol, 1979), had the misfortune to be released at the same time every other label was busy disgorging a surplus of California power-pop clones, and invariably got lost in the programming shuffle. Still, you didn't need Dumbo's ears to glean the difference; while decidedly rock, the Motels' attack was fueled by a throbbing R&B pulse, lean sonic textures and the jarring atmospheric effects of a 40s-era *film noir*. A fitting bas-relief for Martha Davis' chiaroscuro vignettes; for "Celia," struggling to escape the talons of a sadist; for the restless midnight stirrings at L.A.'s punky "Atomic Cafe"; for the singer's own futile grab at "Total Control." Here, finally was that other Los Angeles, laid out for inspection in all its deliciously squalid ambience. And, best of all, with not a whiff of irony.

The Motels have since changed guitarists, reversed field from lean to baroque, released *Careful* (1980), an album that, like its predecessor, sold well abroad but fizzled in the states, toured a bunch, switched producers, recorded an album Capitol deemed seriously deficient in the hit department, wrote new songs, changed guitarists again, rearranged everything to more closely ally with the dynamics of yer car radio, and titled the result *All Four One*; but hey, that's just showbiz. What's impressive is that they've managed to refine, retool and otherwise commercialize their original model without ever forsaking musical integrity or that austere cinematic essence.

To most audiences, of course, essence is just

another word for Martha Davis, Motels founder, resident songwriter and a striking vocalist who frames her rueful sentiment with the dusky alto of a *femme fatale*. And in live performance, still the Motels' strongest suit, her dark physical beauty and relentless theatricality do not simply grab hold of one's attention but go on to pillage it. She is an inexhaustible source of energy and invention, stalking the stage like a lioness and miming every nuance of her tear-stained marchens, here tugging at her mane in wanton disarray, there kneeling before Marty Jourard's saxophone in phallic embrace. She projects her elastic countenance with all the aplomb of a Shakespearean actress—when Martha winks her lash, fans in the second balcony wink back. And if her penchant for melodrama tends to obscure the Motels' purely musical virtues, she also adds charisma, and a bracing "let's try it on" *esprit* that the Motels vinyl can only suggest.

"Well, I'm real old-fashioned in terms of entertainment," Martha explains. "It's all very sacred stuff to me. I realize that some people take it too far, to Vegas and all that, but I don't think that's as bad as not doing anything. It's an honor to be up

KIRK WEST/PHOTO RESERVE

**Motels live: new guitarist Guy Perry, Martha Davis and drummer Brian Glascock.**

there, and an obligation, especially now that the price of a concert ticket is enough to feed a family for at least fifteen seconds. It doesn't matter *how* you go about doing it, I mean *Eraserhead* was terribly entertaining but it's hard to say how. We work out a few bits in advance, like with the saxophone, but mostly what I do onstage is spontaneous, and I try not to think about it. Performance is a kind of release for me, and I *do* get my aggressions out. I mean, singing 'Celia, he's gonna fuck up your pretty face'—that kind of thing can keep me going for weeks!"

Offstage, Martha Davis could not be further removed from her exotic Motels persona. Her manner is low-key, friendly and exceedingly down to earth. She's happily ensconced in the San Fernando Valley, L.A.'s sprawling suburbia, where she shares a comfortably furnished tract house with her two teenage daughters and an assortment of pets. She grew up in Berkeley, where her formative influences were Motown, show tunes and the revolution, not necessarily in that order, "Actually I began by writing political songs. But after awhile it seemed more effective to get people's attention by appealing to their emotions—jealousy, rage, fear—and make your point more subtly. Now my big goal in life—apart from maybe doing a movie soundtrack someday—is to write a musical that's not hokey. I love the idea of combining song and dance. *West Side Story* changed my life—that's why my daughter's name is Maria.

"Part of the reason I liked R&B was through Motown, that mix of great melodies and strong production," she continues. "Smokey, the Four Tops...to be honest, at the time I thought rock basically stank. But then Bowie and Roxy Music came along and incorporated music and theater and I became interested again."

Martha first made her mark in Los Angeles during the mid-70s as part of the Warfield Foxes, a hard-rock band which also featured Code Blue's Dean Chamberlain. At some point the group changed their name to Motels, though comparisons to the current group end there. The band did cause something of a local stir, however, and Capitol staff producer John Carter expressed interest in signing them. At that point the band promptly splintered over musical differences, yet another harbinger of things to come.

In 1977 she joined forces with guitarist Jeff Jourard, and the pair spent six months writing and arranging new material, much of which would appear on the *Motels* LP. With musical direction firmly set, they called on Jeff's brother Marty. "I knew I wanted a saxophone for that cold, wet-street-at-night sound," Martha notes. "And I wanted a synthesizer, too. I'd already bought a PolyMoog, but I'd started playing guitar myself and it turned out Marty could play a lot of things." He settled in on keyboards and saxophone; bassist Michael Goodroe and drummer Brian Glascock filled out the quintet.

By the time the Motels jumped back into the club scene, L.A. was experiencing a modest pop renaissance. But unlike some other adventurous bands that came of age during that time, notably X, the Motels did not go begging for major label support. Capitol was still very interested, and Carter went on to produce *Motels*, an album fraught with haunting melodies, whipcord rhythms and instrumental dynamics that cleverly see-sawed back and forth from a whisper to a scream. Still, the real hook was the singer. Martha's sheer lung power and range of expression were clearly the equal of any new wave chanteuse, though she never evinced the detached, nacreous quality one hears in singers as otherwise disparate as Deborah Harry and Chrissie Hynde. Her tone remained warm, bruised but tender and unabashedly dramatic. Indeed, she often seemed a throwback to the sultry divas of stage and cabaret, caught between an allegiance to "giving people what they want" and a fierce desire to bare her soul.

"But actually," she modestly avers, "I never thought of myself as a vocalist so much as a storyteller or a picture-painter. When I first started singing, like most people when they start something, I wasn't very good. And I've never had any real training. I did learn a lot during the making of this last album, but I'm still not the greatest singer in the world. Playing live you can get away with murder—and I love to!—because it's so visual nobody minds if you're not as studied or precise. But overall I always figured, hey, if Dylan can do it so can I—phrasing is still ninety percent of the battle." Despite their initial promise, the Motels subsequent career will remind no one of the story of the Osmond family. Jeff Jourard and Martha soon became embroiled in a fight over creative control, resulting in Jeff's replacement on guitar by Martha's boyfriend, ex-Pop guitarist Tim McGovern. No less forceful a personality, McGovern steered the band toward a thicker, more jagged rock sound, and encouraged more layers of harmonizers and synthesizer effects. The result of this experiment was *Careful*, an occasionally brilliant, highly individual but wildly inconsistent work that, as Marty Jourard put it, "sounded empty and full at once," and did nothing to broaden the Motels' appeal. Capitol, whose sizable investment in the band was predicated on their commercial potential, began to get a little concerned. For their next shot at the brass ring, they decided to shop around for another commercially-minded producer.

"It was like one of those computer dates," recalls Martha sardonically. "We met all these famous guys, Gerhold Mack from Queen, and Thomas Baker or Baker Thomas, whatever. And finally Capitol said, 'There's this other guy we'd like you to meet.' And we said, 'Well what has he done?' 'Just meet him.' This, you understand, is before the Kim Carnes record had come out, so all we knew about Val Garay was that he'd engineered for Peter Asher for fifteen years. Which is all to his credit but still, when you're a Motel, you think maybe this is not a match made in heaven."

At first Garay kept a low profile, "figuring," says Martha, "that we knew more about our own sound. It was all pretty new to him, so he listened to Tim, who tends to rock 'n' roll it more." The result, according to Marty, was an album even more idiosyncratic than *Careful*, "very spacey, with some weird but neat songs. It was probably too adventurous for radio, but at least it was a very pure statement of where we were at."

Which was, of course, the problem. After hearing the finished product, Capitol politely but firmly inquired if maybe the Motels shouldn't like to come back to the studio and, uh, try some of it again?

"I was really ready to throw in the towel at that point," Martha concedes. "We'd been working for years and years and every time we turned a corner it was 'Now what?!' Making an album is like having a baby—you laugh and cry and you've done it and then you suffer from post-album depression—and here we hadn't even gotten into a good depression before we were going to get morning sickness again. Plus, Tim and I were in the process of breaking up. We'd always agreed that our personal relationship would never interfere with our commitment to the band," Martha declares. "But, wellll... it *just* didn't work that way. We all went back to the studio, but the tension around there began to get *very* thick." Shortly thereafter, McGovern left the band.

"Whenever you have two artists and writers in the band, unless there's a very close relationship, you're bound to have competition," Marty observes in retrospect. "Tim was more of a natural all-around musician, as was Jeff when we first started. But they could both be very domineering, telling you what voicings and phrases to use. Any musician wants to exercise their own ideas. You want to be given the benefit of the doubt. I guess the key word is teamwork."

The second go-round in the *All Four One* saga was certainly that. Garay, for one, began to exert more influence on the shape of each musical track. "The new arrangements are more sympathetic to Martha's voice," Marty observes. "'Only The Lonely,' for instance, was originally much more hard-edged, not heavy metal exactly, but rougher, and I was kind of beating the hell out of it on piano. But Val heard a hit single in there. He convinced us to tone it down, raise the key from G to G# to lighten Martha's vocals and then complement the sound with my Prophet (synthesizer) instead of the piano."

Another development was the addition of several studio musicians—one of whom, Guy Perry, has since joined the group permanently on guitar. "Of course it was tough on our egos having other guys come in to play *our* songs," Marty admits. "But what we learned to do was to worship the song above all. As a result, I think we're more on top of the music now, we've gotten smarter about what to put in and what to leave out. Maybe every song doesn't need a sax solo, you know? And of course one goal was to have a hit album. It's pointless to just put out one cult record after another and starve to death."

"We were basically going for a perfection of sound," declares Martha, "so that every quarter or sixteenth note was where it should be. Tim had put harmonizers over everything, which was his style, but was also masking certain inadequacies of the band. We tried to clean up that sound, and I think we're a better group for it."

Whether *All Four One* turns out to be the vehicle which propels the Motels from cult to popstar status still remains to be seen, though initial reaction from radio programmers and critics has generally been favorable. The overall tone *is* more streamlined, and certainly more assured than ever before, while instrumental textures are crisp and to the point. But *All Four One* is not really a conservative record either; in terms of style, for example, the Motels' horizons have here broadened considerably, from the Ventures-era vibrato pop of "Tragic Surf" to the jazzy ballad "Change My Mind" (a melody, incidentally more than casually suggestive of "Goodby Pork Pie Hat"), from "Apocalypso"'s spiky Latin groove to a cover of Goffin-King's "He Hit Me (And It Felt Like A Kiss)"—an old Crystals single that was never released in this country because the lyrics were considered too risqué. And the album's capper, an exuberant Motown shuffle called "Forever Mine" features the first upbeat romantic lyric Martha has ever written. "Well, I'm in love again, and the band's morale has never been better. I know, it sounds corny, but that's just how I feel these days."

At their core, however, these Motels remain as wonderfully forbidding as ever, as Martha Davis evokes the City of Angels' devilish underside with knowing rasp and tremulous quaver.

"Generally speaking, you write about where you are," she points out. "When I first moved to L.A., it was difficult for me to adjust. But you can either turn off something because you think it's disgusting, or you can explore it more. I've always found the sleazy, tacky aspects of the city intriguing, all the heartache of people struggling to make it. You know, the girl who jumps off a building, and the tension lurking behind all the gold chains and Porsches and swimming pools. This can be a very deadly place, but it's exciting. I find that every time we go on the road, I can't wait to get back. I guess it's home." M

HENRY DILTZ

MICHAEL ABRAMSON

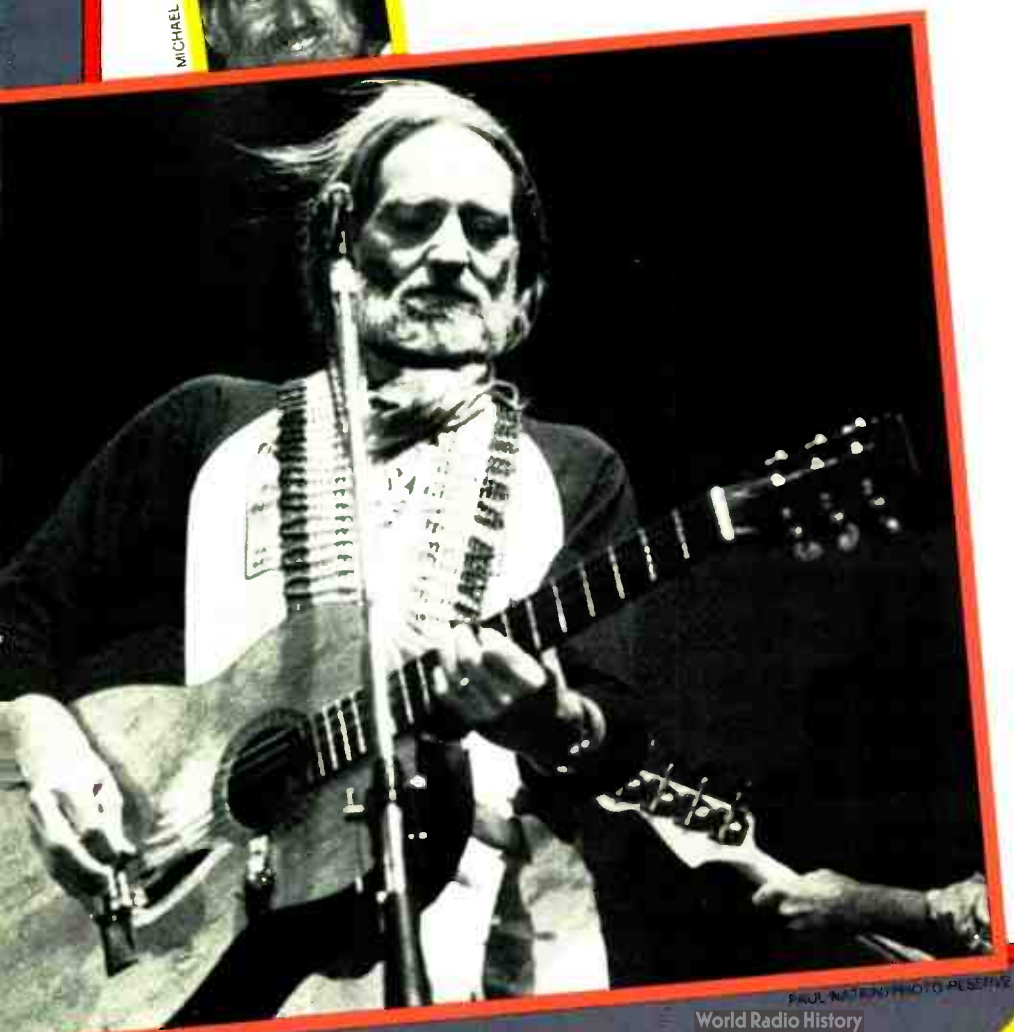
# WILLIE

Squat but substantial, Willie Nelson looks like a caved-in monument. His craggly, crinkly, pigtailed country head is fit for a hippie Mt. Rushmore (Michael Sagrow, L.A. *Herald Examiner*). There he is...looking like a blend of Frank Shorter, Gabby Hayes and Cochise, with a little pirate-pimp thrown in (diamond stud in one ear) and farmer-swami (deeply rooted aura) thrown in; highly miscellaneous yet calmly focused, like his songs (Roy Blount, Jr., *Esquire*). With long, moldy pigtails, sweat-soaked Indian bandanas

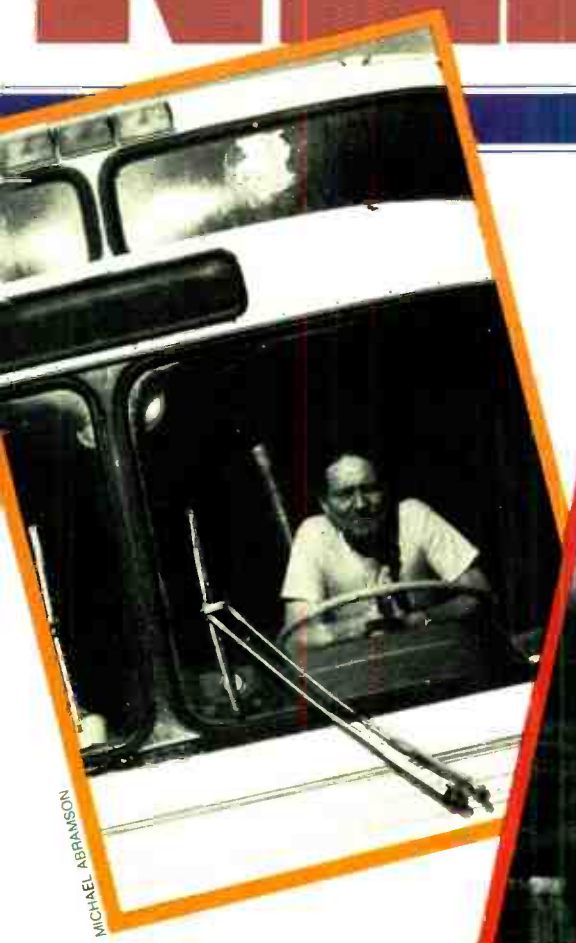
## By David Breskin

on his unwashed balding head, and earrings, he has the appeal of a dead possum (Rex Reed, syndicated). The deep lines around Willie's surprisingly gentle brown eyes bear witness to a lot of hard days and even harder nights (No one, *Time*). When he smiles, the long creases down his face don't multiply into smile-lines—he gets horizontal age-lines about his cheekbones which make the smile seem continuous with his private experience (Veronica Geng, *SoHo News*). Hyper-alert with huge, haunting brown eyes and a face the color and texture of a peach pit...he has the proud profile of a Buffalo nickel: from the front he suggests a hippie Santa Claus (Stephen Holden, *High Fidelity*). On screen, Willie projects the same earthy sex-appeal and relaxed masculinity that give his live performances tension. His face is as brown and creased as a walnut, the reddish hair and beard dusted with grey (Cheryl McCall, *People*).

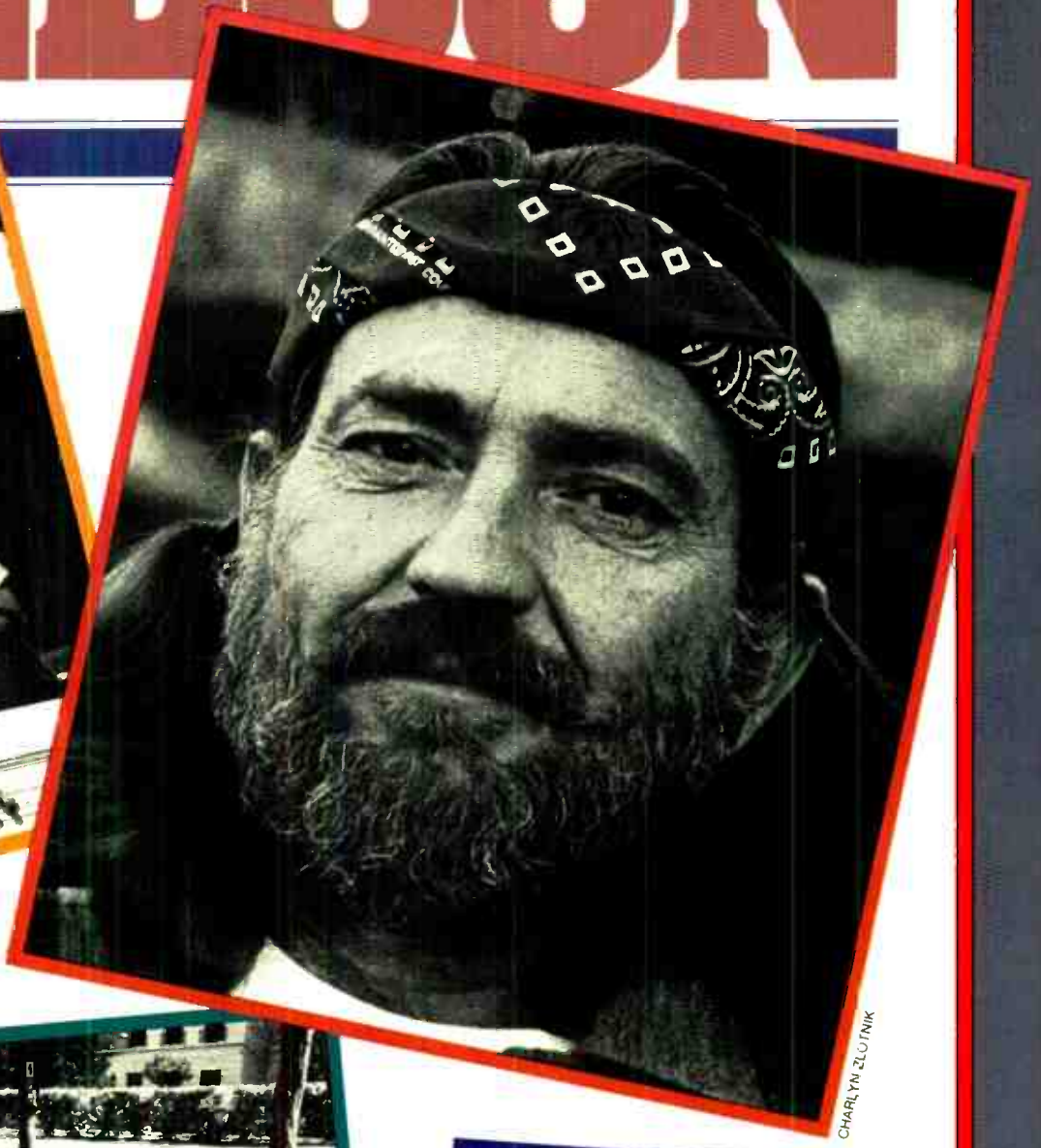
As you may have figured by now, we're not merely talking about a genuine Phenomenon here, we're talking peach pits and walnuts. We're talking Mt. Rushmore and St. Nick. Willie Nelson is this and Willie Nelson is that. Willie's remarkably _____ voice and consistently _____ approach to his material have won him a _____ audience—from pot-smoking _____ to beer-guzzling _____—who regularly throng to



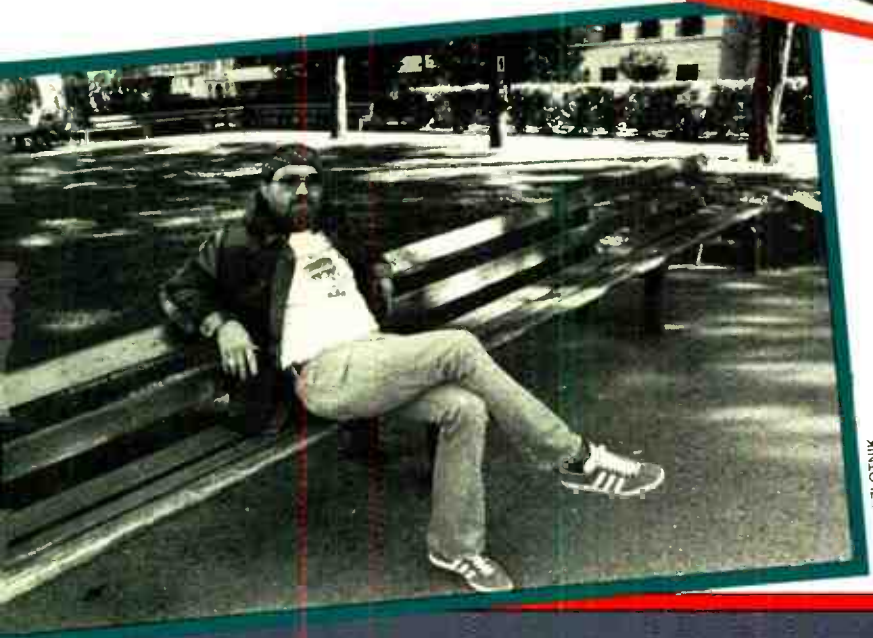
# NELSON



MICHAEL ABRAMSON



CHARLYN ZLOTNIK



CHARLYN ZLOTNIK

MICHAEL ABRAMSON

I knew if a guy let his hair grow it didn't make him Charles Manson, and if he smoked a joint it didn't make him a drug addict. So I decided to join them. I decided I had gone as far as I could with my redneck friends.

hear him whenever he's on the _____ and help turn his concerts into almost _____ events. Every other music or feature journalist in America has already had his or her shot at the preceding sentence, why shouldn't you? And tagging along on a Willie Nelson tour—as I quite happily have just done—has turned into the journalistic equivalent of what-I-did-on-my-summer-vacation. For example: *After tonight's sold-out concert, Willie spent five hours signing autographs in the parking lot, all the while wearing his famous, beatific smile, until good ole B.C. (that's Billy Cooper to all those outside Willie's self-styled "family") pulled him away from the swarm of fans and up onto his luxury bus. Soon, Willie kicked back with a bottle of tequila and took out his battered old Martin guitar and began picking, working out the chords to some lyrics he'd thought of while jogging earlier in the day, written down on the back of an old traffic ticket. As the bus rolled on into the deep American night, towards the next town, the next concert, Willie lit up his tenth joint of the trip, turned to this reporter, and said, "Yeah, sure is good to be on the road again...."* Etcetera, etcetera.

Likewise, Willie's weather-beaten satchel of anecdotes—his *vade mecum*—has been broken into and fenced so many times, to consumers of everything from *Penthouse* to *Phil Donahue*, that the man has become something on the order of a media myth, a modern Tall Tale: Willie Nelson playing behind chicken-wire to stop the stageward bound beer bottles; Willie Nelson in drunken deep sleep getting sewn up in his bed sheets and broom-beaten by the Cherokee wife; Willie dashing through the flames of his Nashville home—after recording "What Can You Do To Me Now"—to save the precious stash of weed; Willie refusing to see the barber; Willie picnicking in Texas, film-moguling in Hollywood; Willie sucking down brewskies on the roof of the White House in our nation's (*his* nation's) capital. And beyond all the stories, what we've got at the nexus of image and reality is a sociologist's dream: an "outlaw" with four homes and millions of dollars. A "cowboy" with the name Chief Singing Eagle, recently voted Indian Of The Year by a federation of American tribes. A "religious" man with a personal and public history knee-deep in vice. A "patriotic" flag-waver with a strong and soon-to-be-public interest in the No Nukes movement. A "macho" buck with a delicate, vulnerable heart. Indeed, if I could point some future generation of historians to only two contemporary artist/entertainers as a means for understanding modern American values and culture, I'd point them toward Richard Pryor and Willie Nelson. So.

So all this may explain why Willie can look out over his audience and see senior citizens and Romper Roomers, jocks and farm boys, whiskeyed cynics and romantic teenagers, polyester and denim and designer, rednecks and red men, nine to five suburbanites and country-chic city dwellers, toking divorcees and white kids on Sprite, but it don't mean chicken-feed, I repeat, it don't mean chicken-feed when it comes right down to understanding why I, or maybe you, care so much for his music. There seems to be some kind of goddamn national consensus on Willie Nelson's music—which makes the fact that the bi-coastal sophisti-crits haven't reactionarily trashed him all the more astonishing—but everyone, it seems, has their own reasons for liking it. At this point, I should tell you I always loved Willie's music and thought he was unfairly neglected all those years, but that would be a lie.

Fact is, like many other hypnagogic Americans and ostensibly a good share of Willie's present urban audience, I grew up with a strong prejudice against country music, hell, probably against the country. First, there was *Hee-Haw* and all those right-wing rhinestone folk God blessing Amerika all during the Vietnam scuffle. Then there was the culturally-coded assumption that to like country & western you had to have a pickup, a shotgun, a fly reel and a German shepherd named King or Queenie. And then, there was all that twangy, whiney treacle over the radio that sounded like vacuum-packed muzak with an Appalachian or Confederate accent. Compared to the R&B and rock I grew up on, and the jazz I grew to love, country was rhythmically either overly literal or just plain lame. The lyrics were simple, but that didn't make them true, and they complained and complained and complained without either the existential spirit or self-effacing humor of the blues: they were 1001 ways to say Woe is Me backed by steel gee-tar. It all sounded alike.

Folk music? Well that was different; it was Pepperidge Farm whole wheat to corporate Nashville's Wonder Bread. Bluegrass music? Damn, that was practically Third World, a bright recipe for a type of living I didn't know anything about. Western swing? Now that was fun to dance to even though I'd previously thought western swing meant Count Basie. Of course, I was a gosling and a Goth, and if my discovery of Willie Nelson's *Stardust* was a polite slap in the face (polite because he was doing popular standards that had long been superior vehicles for jazz improvisation and not country tunes) then my retrieval of 1975's *Red Headed Stranger*—Nelson's starkly stroked Old West opera—was a swift kick down the stairs of my own ignorance.

Here was a "country" artist, who, like Billie Holiday and only a few others, could elevate two-penny lyrics into emotionally subtle and often ambiguous art; who could get mileage out of a tired phrase by manipulating the beat and backscratching the melody. Here was a vocalist at his absolute best at the slowest of tempos, where most other popular singers dare not tread, or disintegrate into dramatic overstatement if they do; whose songs were about ideas as much as feelings; whose guitar playing was thankfully acoustic and about space and soul as much as structure. And there was nothing you could do when listening—especially in the nighttime hours—to get away from that voice, sad even in its uplifting moments—also like Holiday's. Nelson's reedy baritone can cover you like a blanket or call you like a coyote depending on the tune and the tuner in you, and he uses it to give you more than the facts.

When I finally caught Nelson live on a December night in 1980 at New York's Palladium, I was surprised and heartened to hear how smoothly he and his crack touring band moved from country to gospel to blues to honky-tonk to swing to rock to all those other things that shouldn't have names lest we think music ain't just music. Nelson, completely at ease, a lovable mutt with a commanding presence, was not ensconced in anything, not even himself. It was—and still is, each night on tour—unpretentious, emotionally honest, open, connected, pluralistic, fun, passionate, simple, indigenous and conservative in the best sense: it is what all those pretenders, big city and otherwise, are looking for in their cowboy hats and cowboy boots, trying to steal a real feeling with style rather than earn it, as Willie has, with substance.

The following interview took place in the middle of April in Iowa and Minnesota and was pleasantly framed by fine hours in Kansas and Illinois.

**MUSICIAN:** *Let's start where you did—Abbott, Texas. What was it like growing up there?*

**NELSON:** Well, first of all Abbott was and is a small town. *Was* a dry town: just recently the citizens voted it wet, which still depresses me when I think about it, because I thought Abbott would be the last place in the world to fall. I seriously considered going down there and voting against it. It's still a small farming community, three hundred or less people, and when I grew up there it had no pool halls. They were illegal. There

were several domino tables however: some at the cotton gin, some at Polk's grocery and some over at Kibilinger's store. That was the pastime: dominoes, pinochle and poker. The recreation was sports and fighting bumblebees. During the week the farmers would come into town and report where they had run across bumblebee nests. We'd make ourselves paddles, me and some of the guys, and we'd go out on a Sunday afternoon and fight and I'd come home with my eyes swollen shut. We had a helluva time. That was Abbott.

**MUSICIAN:** *In the South, black folk and white folk often lived closer together—and still do—than in the North. Was this the case in Abbott, and what did it have to do with your musical background?*

**NELSON:** We had black, white, Mexican. All three. Mexicans and blacks would come through during the harvest season, picking and chopping cotton. But we had permanent residents, too, that were Mexican and black. I lived right across the street from two Mexican families, so I heard all kinds of Mexican music while I was growing up—and even today when I'm down there I listen to Mexican stations. Also, I worked in the cotton fields as a child with both Mexicans and blacks—and I heard a lot of black blues in the fields growing up. I was influenced by that a lot.

**MUSICIAN:** *What about the music of the church?*

**NELSON:** By the time I got in my teens I was playing some small nightclubs in West—which was a little wet town six miles away—on Saturday nights, and I'd go to church in Abbott on Sunday morning and find myself playing to the same crowds (laughs). I didn't tell the priest where they were the night before, and they didn't tell him where I was.

**MUSICIAN:** *Your first gig was in a polka band?*

**NELSON:** John Ray Check's Polka Band. John Ray was a blacksmith in Abbott, and he had 21 kids and a polka band. There were a lot of Bohemian and Czechoslovakian people down there and they loved to dance to the polkas and the waltzes. When I was eight or nine, John asked me to play rhythm guitar. And playing with no amplification, with all those tubas and trombones and drums, there was no way anyone could really hear me, so I could make my mistakes young, without being noticed.

It wasn't too long after that that I started working in a band led by my brother-in-law. He was married to sister Bobbie; they were in high school and I was a few grades below them. He played the stand-up bass, very badly. In fact, he started out playing a broom handle stuck down into a tub with some twine on it. Sometimes he would actually hit a note. But anyway, he booked the jobs, he was the salesman. My football coach played trombone, my dad would drive down from Fort Worth on weekends to play fiddle, and we played the honky-tonks until I went into the Air Force and my brother-in-law died. After that, I organized my own band.

**MUSICIAN:** *When did you know music would be your life?*

**NELSON:** I knew very early, 'cause I was writing poems even before I was playing the guitar, at four. I was always listening to the radio—we didn't have the big acts coming through our way—listened to the "Grand Ole Opry" and the stations outa New Orleans playing the blues and the jazz. Freddie Slack, Ella Mae Morriss, people of that era. I could hear something in all of it that I liked, and I don't think there was ever a time I didn't know I could do it. I started putting chords to the poems I'd written and I didn't think anything about it. I was sure that if it was that easy there must be a lot of people doing the same thing. My family never told me to stop, so I kept on.

**MUSICIAN:** *In your early material there's a dominant religious tone and feeling, the idea of singer-as-preacher....*

**NELSON:** Well, I had considered being a preacher earlier in

**On the road with the Nelson gang; outlaws, Indians and red-headed strangers.**

MICHAEL ABRAMSON

life. I decided it was too hard a work and not enough money. So I figured the next best thing was to write the songs—with a message. Maybe they don't all have a message but I don't want to waste three minutes of somebody's time. There must be something in there. A song has a better chance of being heard by people who truly need a message than a sermon preached at some obscure church at the edge of town. The guy who really needs to hear that sermon is probably drunk in a bar several miles away. Now, that guy needs to hear an encouraging word, just as much as, if not more than, those people who have dressed up and gone to church to show off their new clothes.

**MUSICIAN:** *Do you have any method for developing your songs?*

**NELSON:** I think the idea for the words will come first. A line, a phrase you'll hear someone say, or something will stand out in a book or a movie: "Wait," you think, "that could be a good song." You might not write it down but days, maybe weeks later, maybe driving down the highway, it will come together. Each song is different. I've never found a system. I might have a melody going through my mind for a long time and at some moment—automatically—a lyric will follow.... "On The Road Again" I wrote in an airplane in about five minutes. I was flying with Syd Pollack and Jerry Schatzberg in a private plane and they were telling me the story of *Honeysuckle Rose*, and they needed a theme for the movie. They said they wanted the theme to be about being back out on the road again. So I said, okay, you mean something like this—and I just wrote it out on the back of something. I was really just showing off. I said, "Is this what you mean?" And they said, "Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, that'll do." Now, I didn't give any thought to the melody until months later, the day before I was going into the studio to cut it. I saw no reason to put a melody to something I wasn't ready to record. I knew I wanted something uptempo, to sound like a bus going down the highway, and I didn't think I'd have any problems finding the melody. And I didn't.

**MUSICIAN:** *They don't all come that quickly. Since you started to happen—as record industry people say—in the mid-70s, you haven't done much writing at all. After such an explosion of songs in the 60s and early 70s—something like over a thousand—I imagine it becomes hard not to repeat yourself.*

**NELSON:** Yeah, that's true. And also there has to be a *need* for the song: either I'm hungry, I need to pay the rent, or else somebody says, "Hey, I need you to write a song for this." Or else there's an idea that comes to mind and I know it must be a song, it's too good to throw away. But if I don't have that need, I see no reason to write one. I don't like to get up in the morning and say, "Willie, I'm gonna write nine songs today." I could do it, but why? I've got songs, still, that I've written but haven't recorded. I'm glad I don't have to write any more to produce income. It can be very unpleasant, depressing, mind-boggling. It may bring up, depending on the material, unpleasant thoughts or remembrances. Painful. Now when I was in desperate need of money, I would just manufacture ideas.

**MUSICIAN:** *Which you often did in Nashville. You went there in '59. Was there ever a thought that maybe you could "make it" by staying in Texas, that you didn't have to go to Nashville?*

**NELSON:** I felt like Nashville was where the store was and if I had anything to sell I'd better take it to the store. Chet Atkins was not in Abbott, Texas or even in Waco. But even when I was living in Nashville and living on my songwriting royalties, I had to go down to Texas and play the circuit, 'cause I wasn't much in demand in the rest of the country.

**MUSICIAN:** *In Nashville, there was a cleavage between your supposed talents as a songwriter and your supposed non-talents as a singer. A lot has been made of that. Did you ever feel you might have to change your style to accommodate the establishment?*

**NELSON:** No, I didn't consciously try to change anything. I enjoyed playing with the phrasing, but it made my sound a little non-commercial to all those Nashville ears who were listening for da-da-da-da-da-da-da (Willie, with each "da," chops one hand down onto his other palm as if sectioning off inches on a ruler or bars on a staff). You know, right down the line. It was difficult for them to know what to do with me. I wasn't country—like Hank Williams was country—and they had no desire to sell anything there but country.

**MUSICIAN:** *And you were produced as if you couldn't sing. Buried in an avalanche of strings, horns and voices, even the presence of your voice on those records is dim and distant.*

**NELSON:** Yeah, they were trying to cover up the fact that I couldn't sing. They hoped the songs would be strong enough to sell the records. It's still fashionable to find a good songwriter and sign him up—for his songs. Which ain't no bad deal for a guy who only wants to be a songwriter, but I had ambitions to be a singer. The people selling my product wouldn't promote like they did for other singers. They thought, "We better get him on record and tie his songs up," because they had twenty artists here and there looking for good songs. Give the songwriter a contract, four, eight years, make him happy but tie him up: "When we need a good song we'll go over and pick one off his latest album, which didn't sell."


MICHAEL ABRAMSON

**Write your own caption: Squinting in the late afternoon Utah sun, Willie sipped his Coors looked at the 18-wheeler and said, "What a life!"**

But I couldn't complain 'bout my success as a writer. Right when I got to Nashville, I signed with Pamper Music for fifty dollars a week, and in my first year I had hit after hit. Faron Young did "Hello Walls," Billy Walker did "Funny How Time Slips Away," Patsy Cline did "Crazy."

**MUSICIAN:** *When Kris Kristofferson got to town, he was thrilled to just meet someone who knew you. But personally, was it a struggle, a pretty desperate time...?*

**NELSON:** I was having so much domestic trouble I didn't have the time to care about my career. I was going through a divorce and that lasted and lasted and lasted, cost and cost and cost. The money I was making off my songwriting either went for booze or lawyers. There was a several-year period that was just a blur. I musta been miserable because everybody said I was.

**MUSICIAN:** *You ended up lying down in the street outside Tootsie's Bar....*

**NELSON:** Hoping someone would run me over. True.

**MUSICIAN:** *Your first gig in Nashville was playing bass with Ray Price & His Cherokee Cowboys...?*

**NELSON:** Right. Ray was out on the road and Johnny Paycheck—he was Donny Young then—was playing bass and he left. Ray called the office of Pamper Music and asked about bass players, and I said, "Here's one," even though I'd never played bass. Figured it couldn't be that difficult, and I knew Ray's songs well enough to fake it until I learned how to

A song has a better chance of being heard by people who truly need a message than a sermon preached at some church at the edge of town. The guy who really needs to hear that sermon is probably drunk in a bar several miles away.

play...which was exactly what I did.

**MUSICIAN:** *The Cherokee Cowboys were the band Charlie Parker was rumored to have sat in with....*

**NELSON:** Which would have been before my time with them... which is too bad, 'cause I sure would have liked to hear *that.*

**MUSICIAN:** *Your rebel or outlaw image seems to have been generated only after you left Nashville, though you certainly did some unusual things for back then, like kissing Charlie Pride on the mouth onstage once.*

**NELSON:** Yeah, but I don't think I was any crazier than most of the people up there at the time. Roger Miller, Harlan Howard, Hank Cochran, Mel Tillis, Wayne Walker—and Kris came to town—we were all pretty bizarre people back then....

**MUSICIAN:** *Sort of like the "Rat Pack" of Nashville....*

**NELSON:** Yeah, everyone was an outlaw. I didn't see anybody who wasn't. Most of the executives were, 'cause most of them had come up through the ranks themselves. Chet Atkins was just as bad as the rest of us. Even the hierarchy was as weird as us. The only difference between the outlaws and the inlaws was that the inlaws were in power. And it's still that way. When I left Nashville, left the "Grand Ole Opry," said no to a few people, *then* I became a rebel. I was just as much a rebel before as I am now, but it was when I made that cut, that split from the establishment, that made me a big "outlaw." You just didn't do that, you just didn't leave the store.

**MUSICIAN:** *What would have happened had your house not burned down? Would you still have moved to Texas?*

**NELSON:** I'd have probably burned it down. I would have left for another reason. I wanted to start living and playing in a smaller circle. I'd been touring all over the world—I was in desperate need of dates to pay bills. I was a slave to a booking agent. I needed them more than they needed me. So I went back to Texas and booked my own jobs. I got on the phone: "Hey, this is Willie, I'm looking for a gig and I'll play for the door." And that's what I'm still doing, playing for the door; I figure a guy is only worth the number of people he brings in. I was working for myself, got plenty of jobs, paid my bills.

**MUSICIAN:** *What happened in Texas in those years, the early to mid-70s, seems to me as much cultural and social as musical, with the music bringing the diverse elements together. Did it surprise you—the sudden growth of your audience—or was there more than a bit of calculation on your part, as in, "Well, let's just see what happens if Willie lets his hair grow...?"*

**NELSON:** Well, I don't want to sound smart or anything, but I really did know there was an audience not being tapped. The young people with the long hair, the beards, the dissenters, the draft dodgers, all the kids who didn't want that war, had not been a welcome part of the "country" audience. There was a division between them and their parents, who thought they were long-haired, dope-smoking hippies. I knew better. I knew if a guy let his hair grow it didn't make him Charles Manson, and if he smoked a joint it didn't make him a drug addict. Having that knowledge, we'd play a place like Big G's in Round Rock, Texas—which was a notorious redneck hang—and I'd notice some long-hairs sprinkled throughout the crowd, and I knew that to come there to hear country music, they had taken their lives in their own hands. Likewise, at a place like Armadillo World Headquarters, where the long-hairs were congregating for rock 'n' roll, there were rednecks beginning to show up. So I decided to join them. I decided I had gone as far as I could with my redneck friends. I had certain followers by then and I was curious to see if they'd follow me to the Armadillo Club, and if they did, would the long-hairs and young people come out and all join together and listen to the same thing? Would they give it a try?

Now the year before was the First Annual Dripping Springs Reunion. It was a festival that lasted three days, had forty to fifty country acts and lost hundreds of thousands of dollars. I was one of the acts, and I did see scattered around a few hippies and cowboys sitting next to each other, sharing a brew or whatever. Once I saw that, I was sure it would work. And then I just bowled on through. That was 1972, and my first get-together was in '73. I figured I'd have it on the Fourth of July and call it a picnic, not a festival—which had become a bad word after Woodstock and Altamont. What American could complain about a picnic? Now, by having it on the Fourth, I could insure people would be coming for the music and not for trouble because it'd be too hot to fight. Just lay back and listen, and that's what happened. My biggest thrill in music was when Leon Russell and I and several hundred friends gathered the night before. Had a little party, drank some beer, ate some barbecue, and sat down and picked until daylight. Leon and I went onstage right at sunrise, turned on the sound system, and started playing together, and we could see thousands of people streaming into the setting. That was the greatest morning of my life. I knew then something good was going on, and it hasn't stopped since.

**MUSICIAN:** *Those picnics launched a very productive time for you. Did you feel that once you had gotten your audience, it was yours, no record company got it for you—that you could do whatever you wanted to do: if you wanted to play a blues, fine, you could play a blues; same with standards, same with gospel, or swing, or rock....*

**NELSON:** That's true, that's exactly right. And the audience hasn't walked out yet. And now we see kids coming with their parents and their grandparents. Kids will bring their parents, or vice versa, as if one generation is trying to show the other: "See, we can agree on something. We can be together."

**MUSICIAN:** *To play the devil's advocate, there is the feeling—probably critical—that anything which reaches so many and such a wide range of people has to be watered-down, must not be that good, must be some sort of bastardization of The Real Thing, whatever that may be.*

**NELSON:** Yeah, I know. Well, I don't know if I'm that good or not, but I don't think I'm watered-down. I'm very sincere. I may not play as good jazz as Miles Davis, or as good a blues as B.B. King, I may not sing as good a country as pick-a-name....

**MUSICIAN:** *He's good, that old Pick A. Name....*

**NELSON:** (laughs) Right...but I enjoy what I do. Watered-down is not the word. It's a mixture. Any listeners completely under the sway of one type of music are going to be disappointed in what they hear from me, 'cause I come from a lot of different places.

**MUSICIAN:** *Are you comfortable with the label "progressive country" and do you think it defines anything?*

**NELSON:** I may have come up with that term myself. I had at one time tried to describe what I was doing and maybe come up with a name for my band—like the Jazzbillies. Progressive country means two things to me: first, it means country music played by excellent musicians who can play anything they want to play, but out of *choice* have decided to play country. Excellent musicians make it progressive: you can hear the influence of blues, of jazz. And being from Texas makes it aggressive; we throw it right at you. There's an aggressive, cutting edge to all music native to Texas—jazz, blues, R&B, country, rock, what have you. Second, it means that the audience itself is progressively minded. That's where the young people came in; they already had their blues background, and their rock 'n' roll—which is no more than the blues with a heavy beat. But they also accepted country on its own terms, which in my mind made them a progressive audience.

**MUSICIAN:** *What about "regressive country?" Why do the*

The only difference between the outlaws and the inlaws in Nashville was that the inlaws were in power. When I left, said no to a few people, *then* I became a rebel. You just didn't do that, you just didn't leave the store.

*countrypolitan people or the corporate Nashville people think layer after layer of sweet stuff—strings, voices, shlock—is going to be so appealing?*

**NELSON:** They think it will be more commercial, and their idea of commercial is what has sold in the past. Just because strings and voices sold to a wide range of people in the past, doesn't mean they'll necessarily work today. But it causes producers to say, "Hey, let's go get me some voices and strings, that's the way to cross over, to reach the multitude." Also, it made the recording costs so high that a lot more money was made in the studio. Not only by more musicians being hired, but more money for the studio and the *producer*, 'cause so much more time was involved. Once that level of recording was reached, no one wanted to leave it, 'cause it meant more bucks in their hip pockets. It was self-perpetuating, and it's still there today: there's a bigger pie to be sliced up if you use forty musicians and three months than if you walk in with six guys and cut the album in two days. Now the reasoning, the rationalization for all the strings and voices is: "We have a shot at a crossover," which means nothing.

**MUSICIAN:** *The generals are always fighting the last war* this *time....*

**NELSON:** And they use that as an excuse to go into battle the same way. *Red Headed Stranger* cost at the most fourteen thousand dollars, did it in two, three days, spent a few more hours on the mix.

**MUSICIAN:** *And it went platinum. In addition to the standard operating bullshit about recording, you've also managed to shatter a few stereotypes along the way. One is that country music is for redneck (bleep)-kickers, and that country songs sung by men are supposed to be either rough and tough on the ladies or helplessly idealized odes to Woman. Now here comes Willie with* Phases And Stages, *which devotes an entire side to presenting the woman's perspective on the relationship that album portrays.*

**NELSON:** I'm sure there were some people that this created a problem for. But most people seek to give in, to understand the other side, be it male or female. And once they admit to themselves that there are two sides to every story, it may be easier for them.

**MUSICIAN:** *Even from early on in your songwriting, you displayed sadness, vulnerability, weakness, need, a sense of loss—all the things that the American male has traditionally had trouble owning up to. You've been sensitive to these things and I'm wondering where that comes from.*

**NELSON:** I don't really know. I do know I'm not perfect by any means. I still have a tendency to be as macho as any man, except that I know I have feelings, I laugh and I cry, just like a woman. I'm not any tougher—in fact, sometimes I think the woman is much, much tougher than the man. A man tries to hide his feelings a lot more. They are not willing to admit that they cry, or they care, but they do. I have those feelings, yet I consider myself as much of a man as anybody I've ever met.

I also know by working nightclubs where the toughest cowboys in the world come to cry in their beer. They come up, and request "Release Me, Let Me Go" or "Your Cheatin' Heart." They sit and they listen and their emotions are very visible. They may not admit their feelings to their girlfriends or wives, but they will pay money and come out and hear these songs, and shove quarters in the jukebox all night long to hear the same songs the women are listening to and sympathizing with. Women hear the same songs, have the same emotions.

**MUSICIAN:** *As the years have gone by, your voice seems to have acquired an added* presence—*an intimacy with the ear of the listener, an almost touchable, sensuous quality....*

**NELSON:** That is completely natural. I think my voice may be changing a bit in that direction as I get older. My voice is more mature now. It is also stronger than it's ever been, and that may have something to do with the fact that I'm taking better care of myself. My lungs are stronger, even though I had one collapse.

**MUSICIAN:** *You were swimming in Hawaii and POOF!*

**NELSON:** Yeah, I'd been running for an hour, and I was hot, and I jumped right into the ocean, and it was cold, and that sudden change, combined with what may have been a weak spot on my lung, just punctured it. My kids were out there and my wife Connie, on the beach, which looked like a long way away. And my left side just caved in. While I was in the hospital I got three bicycle pumps sent to me.

**MUSICIAN:** *I suppose the Chairman of the Board was warning you about something.*

**NELSON:** Right, it was Mother Nature's way of telling me to pull up. I'd been working very hard, doing one, two shows a night for month after month after month. Not resting, smoking too much. I was probably a whole lot more productive before I started smoking. I think I started smoking to forget, rather than to remember. It definitely does that to you. There's been a lot of talk about marijuana being harmless, but I think it's a lot more harmful to the lungs than people realize. Especially the strong marijuana that's around these days—each year it seems to get a little stronger. I quit smoking cigarettes about four years ago, because my lungs started hurting. And when I quit, I doubled up on joints. When I'd want a cigarette, I'd light a joint and so instead of smoking two packs of cigarettes a day I was smoking between twenty and forty joints a day. Over a four- to five-year period, I guess that took its toll.

**MUSICIAN:** *Earth to Willie, Earth to Willie....*

**NELSON:** Come in, Willie. So I figure now, maybe I'll take a few tokes on my birthday, which is a few weeks off. I want to give my lungs a chance from now on.

**MUSICIAN:** *I'd like you to talk, healthy lungs and all, about your phrasing, your willingness, sometimes eagerness, to phrase ahead of or behind the beat. Did you develop this intuitively or were some conscious decisions made along the way?*

**NELSON:** I started doing that, *consciously* changing the phrasing of any given song, when I was working clubs before I went to Nashville, every night eight-to-midnight, or nine-to-one. Now when you're working the same club night after night, month after month after month, you have the same people coming in all the time and you're singing the same songs every night. Well, I got tired of singing them the same way each night, right on the beat. It was easy for me to jump ahead with a phrase or linger back and catch up later because I have a pretty good knowledge of rhythm and tempo. I probably also did it a lot to show off and prove that I could. I had heard other people do it, all those blues people and then, too, Sinatra was a phraser—they phrased differently than country singers *per se*. Hank Williams was right on the beat. I could do something else and so I did. It made it more enjoyable for me—and still does—than to try to sing it the way it was written, or the way I heard it on record, or the way people *expected* to hear it. I could change it around to suit myself and as long as I didn't break meter, the dancers never knew it (laughs). As long as they could hear the drums out there, they'd be all right.

**MUSICIAN:** *And the guitar playing in that way mimics the singing.*

**NELSON:** Yes, it's very very similar.

**MUSICIAN:** *You also work a great deal vocally with dynamics, not only within the course of a song but within a phrase or even a single word.*

**NELSON:** And usually the way I'll sing a word or a phrase is much like the way I'd play it on the guitar.

**MUSICIAN:** *Where did Django Reinhardt come into the picture*

*for you?*

**NELSON:** He's always been quite evident in my guitar playing, because I've listened to him ever since I can remember. Not only him, but players who were influenced by him. All the guitar players and the fiddlers in the world were influenced by him and Stephane Grappelli, whether they know it or not....

**MUSICIAN:** *Your guitar playing tends to be very open, almost spare, the way you let the melody play and the other instruments filter through—especially in concert, where you have more space to develop your lines.*

**NELSON:** It just falls into place. I find myself repeating lines too close to the way I did them the night before, and I think, I don't want to *hear* myself play those same old licks again. So I'll start in a different place—rhythmically—a few beats further here or there, and come back around. Oftentimes, it's not so much what you play as what you don't play. It's definitely a *feel.* And you have to have confidence in yourself to be able to allow yourself to play with this kind of freedom. To be able to wait, to hang back, to have some patience—not to jump on it immediately and see how many notes you can play between point A and point B.

**MUSICIAN:** *What's the key to selecting and interpreting other people's material?*

**NELSON:** Finding a song I like is sometimes the hardest thing. I never go back to the original recording because I wouldn't want to be influenced by what I heard. If I do it my own way from the start, I can change it tomorrow night, phrase it differently or whatever, without it crossing my mind: is this right or is this wrong?

**MUSICIAN:** *How did Booker T. Jones (of Booker T. & the MG's fame) become involved in producing* Stardust?

**NELSON:** Booker T. was married to Rita Coolidge's sister, and Connie and I spent a lot of time with Kris and Rita when they were married in California. They lived out in Malibu and we were thinking 'bout getting us a place on the beach too, so we moved into these apartments—it turned out right under Booker T. and his wife. We started hanging out together, and when I found out just how much *music*, how much knowledge Booker has, I decided, "Well, this is the guy to help me arrange and produce my *Stardust* album." Up till then, even though I wanted to do the record, I knew those songs, those standards, required a man with more musical ability and knowledge than I had. They needed the right chords, the right arrangements, needed some strings—and up till then I didn't know anyone I could trust with the job. I knew I could trust Booker.

**MUSICIAN:** *When you gave* Stardust *to CBS, what did they think?*

**NELSON:** (laughs) Probably the same things as when I gave them *Red Headed Stranger*....

**MUSICIAN:** *Which they thought was shamelessly underproduced, amateurish, naked, bald and just maybe....*

**NELSON:** Maybe it was a pretty good demo tape is what they thought. They thought I had gone crazy...again. But with the success of *Stranger* they had to give me a shot. There was always this *possibility* that I could be right. Maybe in the back of their minds they were hoping to prove me wrong once (laughs). *Red Headed Stranger* had been my first shot at having total artistic control over my own music, and with the success of that, they couldn't give me any arguments from then on that I would listen to.

**MUSICIAN:** *Tell me a little about how* Red Headed Stranger *developed. As I understand it, you had all the songs selected before there was any idea that, "Hey, if we sequence these right, they make a good story."*

**NELSON:** I had just signed with CBS, and they had said, "Okay, smart-ass, if you want to do your own deal—then come

**"Pretty bizarre people"; Kris Kristofferson, who had long admired Willie, fit right in with the Nashville "Rat Pack."**

I can be as macho as any man, except that I know I have feelings—I laugh and I cry, just like a woman.

up with something." So, I had no idea what I was gonna do: now that I had all this freedom, I didn't know what to do with it. Connie and I had been skiing up in Steamboat Springs, and we were driving back to Austin. Riding back in the car, I was asking her to help me with some ideas. She knew how much I loved that song, "The Red Headed Stranger." Back when I was a disc jockey at KCNC in Fort Worth in the early 50s, Arthur "Guitar Boogie" Smith had put out that song and I played it every day. And I sang it to my kids as a bed-time song. To me, it was one of the great Western stories. So Connie suggested taking it, and building a concept record around it.

Right. So I said, "Okay, I'll write what I thought happened up till that song and then what happened after the song." So I started writing the theme, "It was the time of the preacher in the year of '01." And then I looked for existing songs to fit into the slots to tell the story. "Blue Eyes Cryin' In The Rain" came up. And by the time we got to Denver, I was writing exactly what was going on—"The bright lights of Denver were shinin' like diamonds/ Like ten thousand jewels in the sky." They really were. I was driving and writing. And so by the time we got to Austin, I had the whole thing in my mind, and I sat down with my guitar and tape recorder and I just sang it all the way through, from beginning to end. Then I took that into the studio and the band had no idea, they hadn't heard any of this before. So I'd teach 'em one song and we'd do that, then I'd teach 'em another.


DAVID BRESKIN

And my next concept album was done the same way. It'll be called *Tougher Than Leather*, and it's the story of a reincarnated cowboy. Connie and I put that one together driving from Nashville to Austin last year.

**MUSICIAN:** *All of which speaks well for the road. Most artists seem to be scared silly of doing a "concept" or "theme" record these days; is your attraction to this form caused by your love of narrative, the story-telling tradition?*

**NELSON:** I just know that people *will* listen to the whole album, especially at night, all the way through. And if one song follows another and continues a story, a lot of people will pick up on that. I had never heard of a country concept album before my own, first *Yesterday's Wine*, then *Phases And Stages*, *Red Headed Stranger* and so on. See, I didn't know that this sort of thing wasn't supposed to work. I didn't know everybody was saying, "Concepts are out" or "There's no way to sell 'em."

**MUSICIAN:** *Speaking of concepts, or maybe lack of concepts, let's move over to the film industry and your second career. After five film roles, where do you go from here?*

**NELSON:** I don't know. I do know one thing: you do a lot of talking about a movie before you make a movie. It takes a long time and there's no security in it. I like making music, playing concerts. Ever since I saw the *Singing Cowboy* movies as a kid, I wanted to do 'em, but if one more don't come up, I'm not gonna cry about it.

**MUSICIAN:** *What does the future hold for you musically? Your own* Always On My Mind *is already a success by any measure, and by the time this runs, your duet with Roger Miller will be out.*

**NELSON:** Well, after that by a few months will be a duet LP with Webb Pierce, called *In The Jailhouse Now*. A few months after that there will be a duet record with Merle Haggard, called *Poncho And Lefty*. Then there will be an album with me and Waylon Jennings, and then my own, *Tougher Than Leather*. I'll also have another record of Django-type music with the *Over The Rainbow* band—Freddie Powers, Johnny Gimble, Paul Buskirk and all them. All these records are already in the can, cut-and-dried.

**MUSICIAN:** *Have you ever considered doing a solo record, just you and the guitar? I'd like to cast one small vote in that direction.*

**NELSON:** Yeah, I've thought about that. I just ran into Chet Atkins on a golf course in Houston and he asked me that question too. I'll probably do it, listen to it and see how it turns out. You talk about nerve, it'll take nerve to do that.

**MUSICIAN:** *Or how about a record with someone such as B.B. King?*

**NELSON:** This has been talked about, this has been talked about. Also, I've talked to Ray Charles, and he's interested in doing something. We need to get together and talk for awhile. Also, Bob Dylan, we've talked about that too. Those three people, in the future. And I've also thought of doing another *Stardust*-type album of standards with Booker T....*Son Of Stardust, Stardust Junior.* I can't even imagine stopping now. I can't imagine me ever retiring.

**MUSICIAN:** *Alberta Hunter is singing strong at 87 and Eubie Blake is massaging ivory at 99.*

**NELSON:** See, I'm just getting started.

**MUSICIAN:** *But have you figured out yet what you mean to people?*

**NELSON:** No, I haven't. It's still a mystery to me. I'm still amazed to see all those people come out hollerin' and screamin' for what I'm doing. 'Cause there were so many years that went by that they just sat rather politely (mimes clapping priggishly, as one might at the opera) and didn't get excited. Now I throw it out to them, and they throw it right back.

**MUSICIAN:** *Even with the patience of a saint and the wisdom of Buddha, it must slightly annoy you when some good ole boy starts screamin' or whoopin' in the middle of a ballad or during a delicate moment in a song....*

**NELSON:** Funny, it doesn't disturb me, I guess 'cause there were all those years when I didn't get *any* response out there. I was glad to get any positive response from the audience, whether it be throwing a hat or yelling or crying or stomping feet. At least I knew they were enjoying it.

**MUSICIAN:** *It's been recounted many times that you used to sell Bibles, encyclopedias, vacuum cleaners and God-knows-*

*continued on page 84*

# Necessity or Accessory?

All too often guitar and bass guitar strings are bought and sold almost as an "afterthought" or accessory item. Think about it! You've spent a lot of time and money for an electric guitar or bass which complements your technique and musical style. If you equip your "pride and joy" with strings that lose their life after a few hours of playing or break due to poor manufacturing methods - then you are not getting the most from your instrument!

At Peavey, we have developed a series of strings for guitar and bass guitar which are manufactured to exacting tolerances with specially tailored response characteristics - one for rock styles and one for country styles.

Our Peavey Gliders® for country offer the electric guitarist and bassist added "high-end" response for that extra "edge" and a superb "tensile" strength for contemporary "double-string" bending techniques and smooth, even response. Our Country Gliders® are available in four different gauges for guitar and two for bass guitar.

The Gliders® for rock styles are formulated from specially "compounded" materials for the rock player who insists on strings which aid in reproducing the "punch" and high end/mid range tonalities so important to rock, jazz/rock, and other "crossover" styles. Peavey Rock Gliders® are available in four popular gauges for guitar and three for bass guitar.

Regardless of which style you play, you owe it to yourself to play on the best strings made - Peavey Gliders®!


"After years of finding dead strings in new sets of bass strings, I switched to Peavey Gliders®. I've been using Gliders® for over two years (approximately eighty sets) and have not found one bad string. Gliders® retain that "live" sound much longer and, due to their tonal quality, are easier to tune."

**PAUL GODDARD**
of the "Atlanta Rhythm Section"

© 82

## GLIDER® SETS

### ROCK STYLES: BASS

**45's**
.045, .065, .075, .095

**47's**
.047, .068, .080, .103

**50's**
.050, .070, .085, .105

### COUNTRY STYLES: BASS

**47's**
.047, .068, .080, .103

**50's**
.050, .070, .085, .105

### ROCK STYLES: GUITAR

**8's**
.008, .010, .015, .022, .032, .042

**9's**
.009, .011, .016, .024, .032, .042

**10's**
.010, .013, .017, .026, .036, .046

**11's**
.011, .014, .018, .028, .038, .049

### COUNTRY STYLES: GUITAR

**8's**
.008, .010, .015, .022, .032, .042

**9's**
.009, .011, .016, .024, .034, .044

**10's**
.010, .013, .018, .028, .038, .048

**11's**
.011, .014, .018,* .028, .038, .049

*Package contains wound and unwound .018

Gliders® Rock and Country strings are available in prepackaged gauged sets or as individual replacement strings from your authorized Peavey dealer.

PEAVEY®

PEAVEY ELECTRONICS CORP. / 711 A Street / Meridian, MS 39301, U.S.A.
Specifications and features subject to change without notice

# SOUND IN ACTION

## The action of EV Microphones

The action of EV mikes begins with your action. Whether you're in concert, in the recording studio or on a club date, EV has you covered.

Take our PL-Series. It is the choice of top entertainers everywhere in the world, including leading vocalists like Crystal Gayle, Rod Stewart, as well as groups like Journey, Kansas, and The Marshall Tucker Band. In short, name your action—whether it's Pop, Rock, Country, Classical, Rhythm or Blues—EV has your mike.

And all EV microphones are products of EV's state-of-the-art technology. Technology that includes breakthroughs like Acoustalloy® diaphragms—so shockproof that the U.S Government put EV mikes into the new M60 tanks, and so rugged that they can take just about any kind of treatment a performer can dish out.

How much more action could you ask for? Just ask EV.

## The action of EV Electronics

The action of EVelectronics is to handle all the action you can hand them, whether you're working "live" on location or recording anything on two tracks to 44 tracks. And EV electronics is designed to both "go" with you and to "grow" with you.

From portable powered mixers to expandable systems complete with signal processing gear, you'll find examples of EV genius in action, including the EV/Tapco mixing system format that you can get into with as little as 6 channels, and grow to 44.

There's also a line-up of heavy-duty power amps in the EV/Tapco family, with outputs ranging from 61 to 355 watts/channel to put high energy into any action.

EV Electronics: They mix technology with genius to give you all the action you need for all your sound.

## The action of EV Speaker Systems

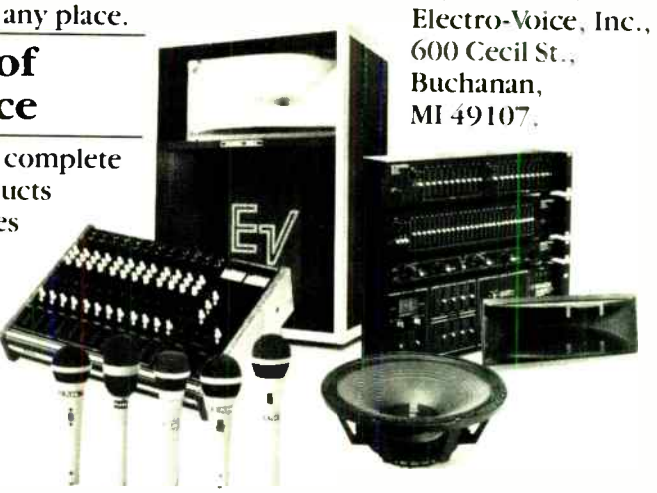
The action of EV Speaker Systems is to make your audience *feel* your action every moment you're "on," and to put out your sound, your message, your voice, loud and clear, with unflagging clarity and energy.

EV fills the bill every time with systems that range from our SH15-2 that's twice as efficient as most other systems of its size, to our HR TL Series of Professional Sound Systems that lets you and your audience hear notes that they have never heard before. And our EVM drivers are the preferred choice in top-of-the-line instrument amp systems. True wide-range response, coupled with EV's patented Constant Directivity™ horn design are just two of the reasons why EV high-performance systems have been used in such diverse locations as Yankee Stadium, the Las Vegas Convention Center, the Montreaux Jazz Festival, Brigham Young University Concert Hall, and at the Universities of Texas and Michigan Centers for the Performing Arts.

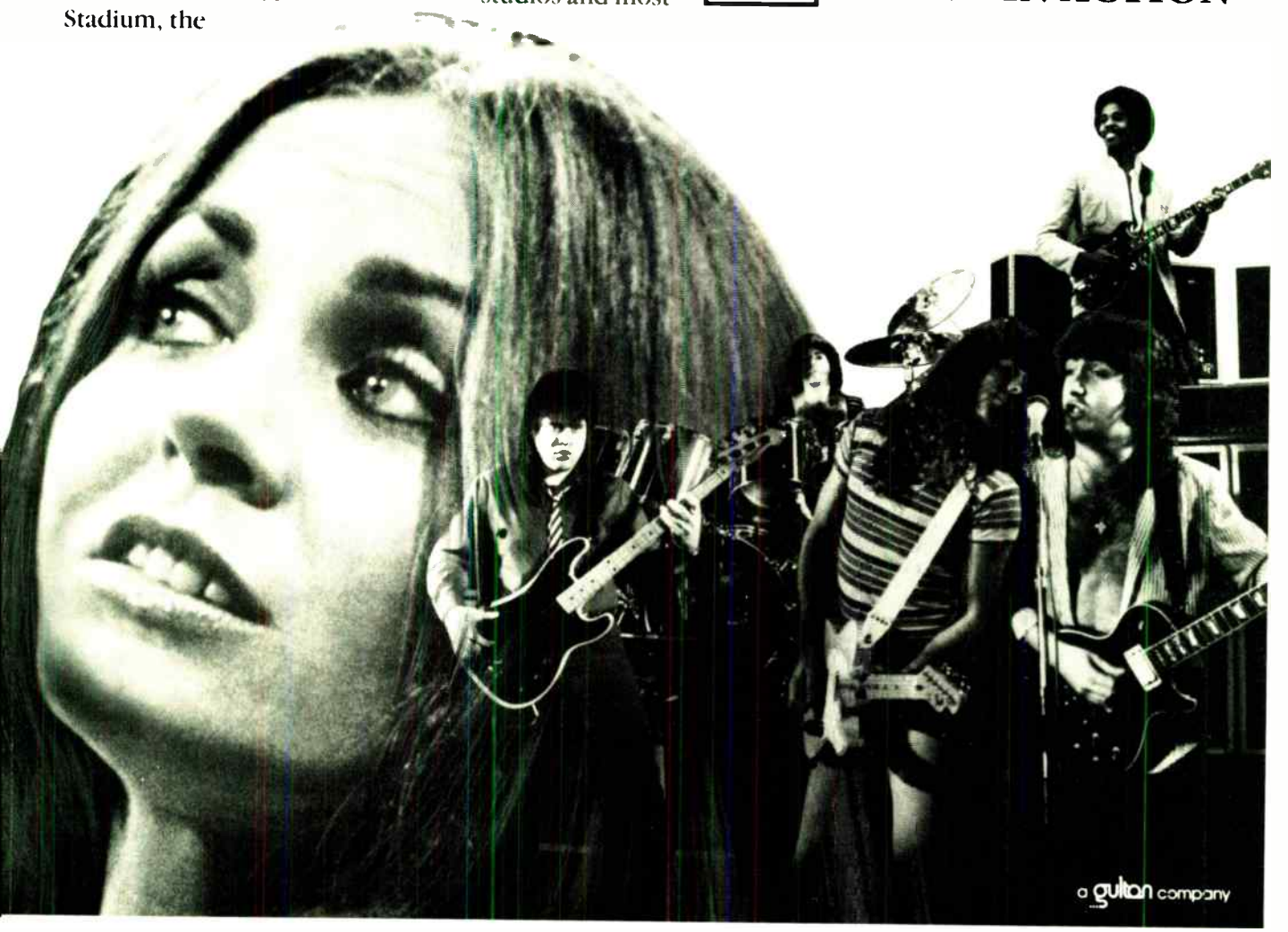
So perform your art. EV Speaker Systems will put your sound in action anytime, in any place.

## The action of Electro-Voice

The action of EV's complete line of sound products never stops. Besides PA's in clubs and concert halls, you'll find them all, ranging from microphones, signal processors, amplifiers and speaker systems to equalizers, drivers and monitors in virtually all U.S. recording studios and most radio and TV stations. You'll also find EV products in churches, schools, businesses, sports arenas, even aboard Skylab. In short, nearly anywhere there's sound in action, EV is in action. If you'd like more information, write: Bob Pabst, President, Electro-Voice, Inc., 600 Cecil St., Buchanan, MI 49107.




EV Electro-Voice®
SOUND IN ACTION



BY ROBERT FRIPP

# COFFEE & CHOCOLATES FOR TWO GUITARS

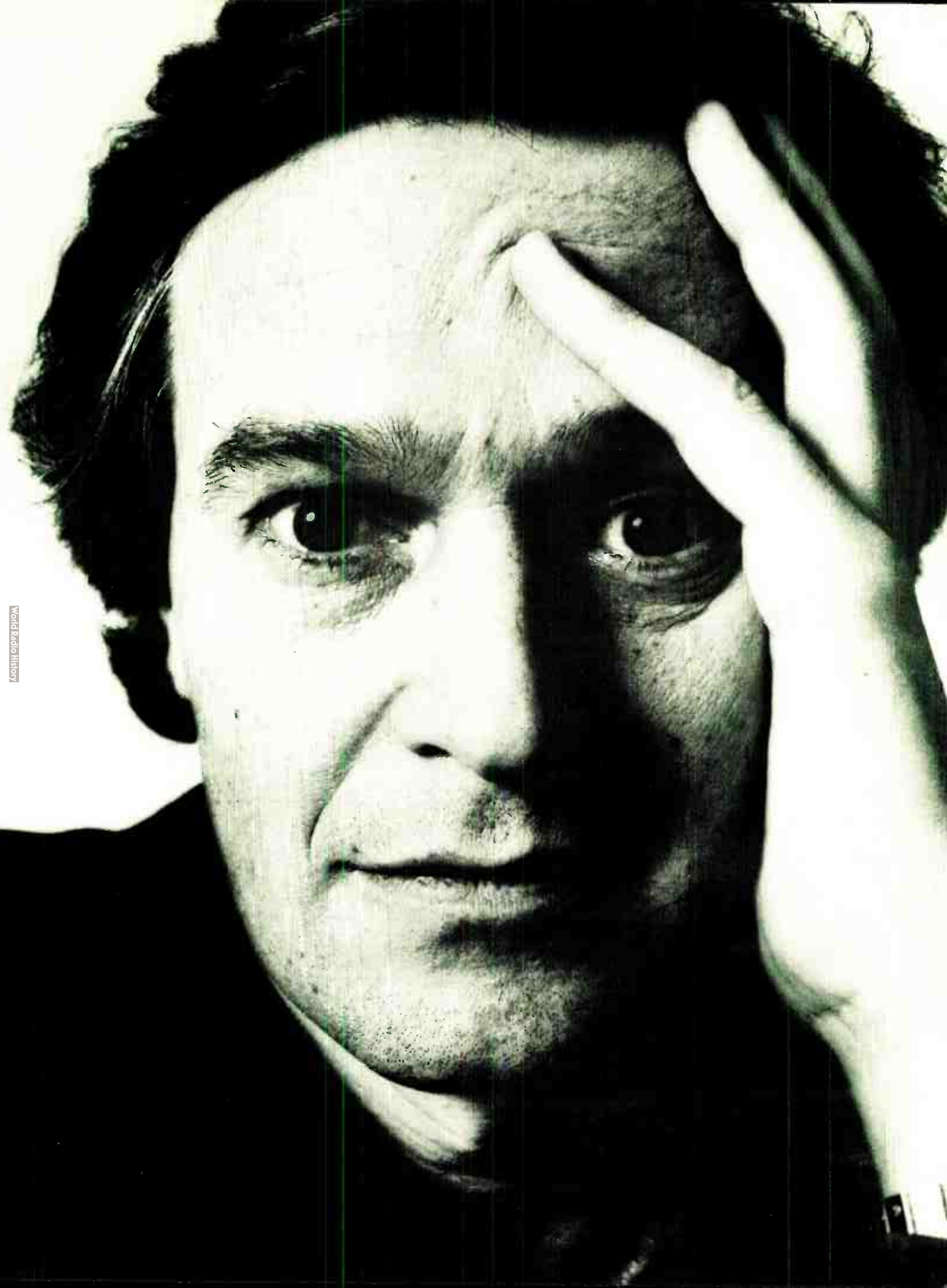
# John McLaughlin with Robert Fripp

Weather shut England and delayed the jammed flight to Paris by three hours, so I landed at 1:30 p.m. A mad taxi driver helped to make up the lost time by driving like a mad taxi driver (the only madder ones than Paris' are in Milan). This guy only hit one car but we *nearly* collected a second—a young *Parisien* jumped the light so we took it kinda personal, sped up and aimed. He backed down when he sized the opposition. Then we drove through the No Entry sign to John's street; his number was inconveniently at the wrong end. I got out at the front door of the quintessentially French apartment building, in what looked suspiciously like a pedestrian zone, a small back lane of one of my two most favorite cities in the world.

John McLaughlin should need no introduction, but I suppose editorial etiquette necessitates an exposition of the highlights of his extraordinary career. John probably would be equally admired had there been no Mahavishnu Orchestra—his turn-of-the-decade work with Tony Williams Lifetime and his contributions to Miles Davis' epochal *Bitches Brew* (known forever as the first fusion album) and *Jack Johnson* would've ensured that—but it is unquestionably the Mahavishnu Orchestra, with its jagged explosions of cosmic fire and odd-metered funkiness that remains McLaughlin's best loved and most celebrated band. The Orchestra's cheerful acceptance of rock 'n' roll and other non-jazz idioms never diluted the pyrotechnical excellence of its musicians, Billy Cobham, Jan Hammer, Jerry Goodman and Rick Laird.

Both before and after Mahavishnu, McLaughlin quietly established his jazz credentials as a band leader in a more subdued but more personally expressive medium with such brilliant albums as *Extrapolation, My Goals Beyond* (recently rereleased), the underrated *Johnny McLaughlin—Electric Guitarist*, his collaboration-meditation with Carlos Santana *Love Devotion Surrender* and his latest, *Belo Horizonte*. McLaughlin is one of the very few guitarists who have consistently held my respect. Not all his music is my bag of bananas, but I've learned from all of it. And he's still moving. The traditional arguments about technique—no feel, no music—don't work with this man. My hunch is that the streams of notes don't even come close to the tearing, ripping spray of what is trying to get out. Except sometimes.

I am warmly greeted by John and his attractive roommate (and the



Jimi Hendrix was a very, very sweet person. He single-handedly shifted the whole course of guitar playing. There are a lot of variations on him now, but he did it with such grace and finesse, and with real passion. I can't ask for more than that.

keyboard player on *Belo Horizonte*), Katia LaBeque. Katia and her sister are a classical music duo with a four-hands piano rendition of Gershwin's *Rhapsody In Blue* selling modestly in Europe. John is a dapper dresser, choosing classics; today he's in grey: flannels and pullover, shirt and tie not quite matching and just out enough so that either you knew that he knew, or maybe he knew that you didn't. This subtlety of stressing the discontinuities, some exquisite Basque confectionery placed between us, the charm of the apartment—in mellowed pink, the ceiling veeing into the roof, spiral stairs—hinted at an intermezzo between the acts of flying. John is straightforward, friendly and a gentleman. He speaks softly in a curious mix of Scottish, Indian and French accents. We discussed the several occasions we had previously met for a time, and then I assumed a more journalistic role.

**FRIPP:** *Why do you think you became a musician?*
**McLAUGHLIN:** Happily, my mother was an amateur musician; she was a violinist and there was always music going on in the house. We got a gramophone one day, and someone had Beethoven's Ninth, and on the last record, which is at the end of the symphony, there's a vocal quartet in which the writing is so extraordinary...the voices and the harmonies. I must have been about six or seven when I distinctly remember *hearing* it for the first time. I suppose that's when I started to listen. Because when you're young, you're not paying attention. What do you know when you're a kid? It was *unbelievable*, what it was doing to me was tremendous. I began to listen consciously to music and I started to take piano lessons when I was nine and went on to guitar at eleven....
**FRIPP:** *Did anything trigger the guitar in particular?*
**McLAUGHLIN:** Yeah, it was the D major chord. My brother showed it to me on the guitar, and I had this feeling of the guitar against my whole body....
**FRIPP:** *Did you have the F# on the bottom string?*
**McLAUGHLIN:** No, no. I was playing full-note chords. Eleven years old...what are you going to do? You have a small hand and, you know.... What about you? Did you have a similar experience?
**FRIPP:** *I was ten. Definitely no sense of rhythm, and I spent a long time wondering why it was that such an unlikely candidate would become a professional musician. But I knew right away that I was going to earn a living from it. Thinking about it over the years, I think music has such a desire to be heard, such a kind of compulsion to be heard that it picks on unlikely candidates to give it voice.*
**McLAUGHLIN:** Yeah, I think that it basically comes from love. I mean, the kind of attraction that you have when you listen to it when you're young. It's inexplicable in a way.
**FRIPP:** *It's a direct vocabulary....*
**McLAUGHLIN:** Exactly. Perhaps what you say is truth insofar as the music itself chooses, but it's not a one-way street from music's point of view. In a sense, you know, we fall in love with the muse and the muse falls in love with its prospective voices.
**FRIPP:** *The sentence I would add is that music needed me to give it a voice, but in a feeble way. I needed music more, far more than music needed me.*
**McLAUGHLIN:** The most difficult thing, I think, in being a musician is to get out of the way.
**FRIPP:** *How do you get out of the way? Do you have specific techniques or regimens that you use? Can you just get yourself out of the way without thinking about it?*
**McLAUGHLIN:** If I'm thinking about it, I'm in the way. You have to forget, to forget everything. The minute we forget everything is when we're finally found.
**FRIPP:** *How do you forget everything?*
**McLAUGHLIN:** Oh, it's so hard...it's so hard because you're always looking for colors, for new scales, new chords, new ways to say what you feel. But to be able to say "I want to say what I feel" comes from a selfish point of view. Idealistically, the music should take what it wants and so we should bear it open and allow it to be. That's difficult because it's a paradox, Robert. You have to know everything, then you have to forget it all. And forgetting is the most difficult part. Learning is relatively easy. It's difficult to recommend *how* to get out of the way (laughs). That's what I'm learning how to do myself.
**FRIPP:** *For a number of years, you worked with Sri Chinmoy. How did that help you?*
**McLAUGHLIN:** It helped me in many ways...because I felt a long time ago that music and being are aspects of the same mystery. I felt I was very ignorant, in fact, about me, ingnorant about what is a human being.
**FRIPP:** *Was there a time when you kind of woke up one day and thought, "I see things in a different way!" or was it a gradual thing?*
**McLAUGHLIN:** I think it was gradual. It started when I was about nineteen or twenty. I had had no religious education whatsoever. I was taught religious instruction at school, which was completely meaningless. Christ, God...it didn't *mean* anything to me. And, in fact, it was my association with Graham Bond that really triggered a desire to know. This must have been around 1962. You know, we were smoking dope and this and that and I remember having a few acid trips, and that itself is a very profound psychic influence, I think. Psychological, too. And Graham Bond was, by this time, involved in the Tarot, but, how shall I say, not just the cards, but from a philosophical point of view, from the esoteric point of view. He had this book he showed me one day, which I found fascinating. He was talking about what's possible...which seemed *science fiction*...what kind of powers we're capable of.

I bought the book and traced through the author, discovering through his index that he was a disciple of Romana Maharshi, who was a great Indian saint. So that was my first contact with Indian culture in general and philosophy in particular, and I joined the Theosophical Society in London, since my appetite was whetted. The best thing about the place was the library. They had *incredible* books in this library by people you don't find in the local library around the corner. And it was really through reading that I came in contact with the Indian philosophy.

I felt I was walking into a new world. It's a wonderful feeling to suddenly discover after all these years that the world was not how you thought it was. In fact, everything was possible...to discover that everything's magical, nothing's ordinary. I've been digressing, What was the original question?
**FRIPP:** *How did you get to Sri Chinmoy?*
**McLAUGHLIN:** By the time I was 27, I'd already started doing Hatha Yoga and doing mind and breathing exercises. I felt more capable mentally, but I had this feeling I was being tuned up but not being played very well, which relates to what we were talking about a little while ago. I felt the need to learn from somebody who really knows. I arrived one evening at a meditation featuring Sri Chinmoy and he invited questions. I thought, "Great, this is the first time anyone ever invited questions," so I said, "What's the relationship between music and spirituality?" and he said, "Well, it's not really a question of what you do. It's what you are or how you are that's important because you can be making the most beautiful music sweeping the road, if you're doing it in a harmonious way, in a beautiful way." It sounds so simple, of course, but it was everything I wanted to hear and I felt I should stay with him, which I did for five years.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

**McLaughlin's playing has never let his ripping, space-bop speed obscure his warmth and eloquence.**

Meditation itself is a very subtle and complex process. I have to say that in the first two years, the only thing that happened in meditation was that my subconscious regurgitated everything, all its obsessions and fears and desires ...which I think is normal when you try to still the conscious mind. It doesn't like it. It likes to vibrate and think and hook into different emotions, good or bad, so when you *force* this process and you stay still for thirty minutes, an hour, two hours, what happens is that the punch starts to manifest itself, and this is sometimes horrifying and sometimes wonderful, but always good, I think, because you start to learn about yourself and you accept the good with the bad.

**FRIPP:** *How did your discipline work within the Mahavishnu Orchestra? Was that your band, was it cooperative...?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** It was my band in the beginning and it became more and more democratic...but the whole relationship I had with Sri Chinmoy was a cause of acrimony.

**FRIPP:** *I wondered how the other musicians dealt with the ideas....*

**McLAUGHLIN:** They rejected them *outright*. For me, I can still say that music is God, music is the face of God. That's everybody, that's the hearts of men. And that's important to me. But that's not the way everybody sees it. And, of course, what happened in interviews, especially in collective interviews, was that people would ask me questions and I would talk about development and ideals, about which I already have talked too much this afternoon, and these questions would be posed to the other musicians and they would say, "We don't feel that way at all, we're not into that."

**FRIPP:** *Everybody is always asked a perennial question that they wish not to be asked again. For me, it was always why did we break up King Crimson? For Bill Bruford, it was "why did you leave Yes?" What would yours be?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Probably, "why did the Mahavishnu Orchestra break up?" or why did *I* break it up. Because that...that was a group that people enjoyed. It was loved by a lot of people, in fact, and it's kind of sad to see that happen. I mean, it's like when the Beatles broke up. I was very *shaken*. This is the kind of thing... you just don't think is going to happen.

I must say, though, that I tried to put it together, for one concert, a few years ago, just to show that...that...all bullshit aside, we loved to play. Everybody but Jan (Hammer) wanted to do it. Jan...I...I still can't figure it out. He's a very enigmatic person. He's such a great musician and he's a big, big lover of rock 'n' roll. But perhaps still, there's a certain...I wonder ...maybe he still feels bad about something in that band. I can't figure it out. But it was enough for him to say no.

**FRIPP:** *As we're talking through these heavy things, I'm munching without any guilt at all through my favorite French confection.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Can I get you more coffee?

**FRIPP:** *I should love some more coffee. Where do these chocolates come from?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** They come from the Basque coast, where we go a lot of the time. Maybe one day you can come and visit.

**FRIPP:** *I should love to do that. I use French confection as an analogy sometimes. People say, "What's the difference between earning a living, or having a go so it's more than just a mundane process?" and I say it's the difference between Hershey bars and French confectionery. You have to know French confection to understand what a Hershey bar is.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Did you ever see *The French Connection II*? There's a scene where Gene Hackman is in France and although there's all this Swiss chocolate around, he only wants a Hershey bar.... (laughs)

**FRIPP:** *I never did drugs, you see, so I was only told about the connection. It seems to me that details such as chocolate or clothing give insight to the person....*

**McLAUGHLIN:** It's the small things, how a person walks, how a person talks, what they say, how they say it. We learn from that. I learn, surely.

**FRIPP:** *Do you dress in a certain kind of way to say anything deliberately...?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Well, let's look at it in music. I'll tell you what I'm looking for. I'm looking for *eloquence*, *accuracy* and *elegance*—among other things such as profundity, pathos, joy—but I think these three qualities, which are written on the back of *Love Supreme* by John Coltrane; reading those liner notes had a great effect on me. It's a way of life, a way of being. I don't think one can strive for elegance and elocuence and purity in music and not in life.

**FRIPP:** *Your playing has always struck me as very similar to Coltrane, but I don't hear a guitarist with mere technique, which you obviously have...it isn't so much a geezer going through scales, it's just* ripping out...

**McLAUGHLIN:** Looking for the way, just going through everything he knows to find out what he doesn't know, and that's what we're all trying to do. I mean improvisation. I think

it's safe to say that you're really happiest when you've gone through what you know and....

**FRIPP:** *You discover something you didn't know before.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Yeah, and suddenly the doors open and you see this incredible avenue with all kinds of tributaries going off...it's the most *incredible* feeling that can happen in music.

**FRIPP:** *How do you increase the conditions under which it's more likely to happen? What specific work do you do, what practice or exercises?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Well, we can include working, playing. If you're on a tour, you increase the possibility of being in the right place at the right time, rather than being home and practicing. But I also reflect. I don't meditate or fast or anything, but I *reflect* on the ramifications of what I do. For example, there's a relationship between two chords that you've known, that I've known, for a long time, and only recently do I begin to discover this more intimate relationship, what it *means*. Even though I've looked at these chords from every possible viewpoint, I'm looking for a way that maybe exists up there, but I don't know where it is. Then, a little while ago, I discovered it, it just arrived. So the work that we do, I don't think we benefit from it until later. But once we have colors and palette, the richer the palette is, the richer the music can be.

**FRIPP:** *That D major chord which changed you from a pianist to a guitarist, what color would that be for you?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** What color...? (pause) I think it could be green.

**FRIPP:** *Exactly what I would've said....*

**McLAUGHLIN:** It's got to be yellow and some blue.

**FRIPP:** *A major for me is yellow and A minor inclines toward white, which is my C major. Graham Bond said it was red.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** C major, red? No, E major, I would say, is red.

**FRIPP:** *E major for me is very blue, a kind of royal blue, and when you get to E minor it becomes more of a night blue, with kind of stars....*

**McLAUGHLIN:** That's very interesting....

**FRIPP:** *G is very greenish, but not quite.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** I thought about this color aspect of music but I never literally tried to make an analogy. What I *have* done, and what I still find today very interesting, stems from the Tarot, because they assign twelve astrological signs to the twelve tones of the chromatic scale. Since I know what my own different signs are, I could find out what kind of harmony is, in fact, going on between my astrological signs, or between the signs of other people I'm playing with. There was a time when I was writing solos for people on the basis of their astrological key.

**FRIPP:** *How did the musicians feel about solos given to them because of their zodiac sign?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** It wasn't very significant to them. A lot of people, they don't consider these things.

**FRIPP:** *When did you first come to Paris?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Well, I've been coming here more and more for the last four or five years. I've been....

**FRIPP:** *More French confection, please.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** I've been coming here since 1977.

**FRIPP:** *Do you find any similarity between Paris and New York?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Yeah, I do. New York's more dynamic, more vital, more energetic. It's more violent, too. I consider myself European, culturally speaking, even though the music that I play is enormously influenced by American music, so I'm a kind of mid-transatlantic person. But I've always loved France since the very first time I came here. I love the food. I love the language, the culture, the architecture. So I feel happy to be here. Although I must say, I love to visit New York. I really get a *kick*, I just feel *great*, just...whew, I love it. It personifies everything American, from best to worst.

**FRIPP:** *What's the work climate for you here in Paris?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** I play here once or twice a year. We did this television show, and there's another one coming up. So to be here gives me the possibility to participate more than I can do in New York (laughs), because, you know, the media in America, in relation to music, is much more precisely defined than here. In Europe it's much more possible for *me* to appear on television—simply because I don't play a very popular kind of music. Here there's less emphasis on what is sellable. And that, I think, is very important. At least, important to *me* (laughs).

**FRIPP:** *At this point, I should* love *another coffee. What I like about America is, because it's a commercial culture, it's very malleable, if you learn that particular vocabulary to do with making money. But you have all these traps. Gurdjieff said, "Make money with your left foot." That's about as much of yourself as you should have in there.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** But that's tricky. Just to keep your left foot in there and not let the other foot get dragged in....

**FRIPP:** *Meditation in the marketplace, meditation on your feet, in a way. I did it for awhile, I could hold it together for awhile but...*boy, *it's very difficult. How did you get on with touring? Actually long periods of being on the road. How did you handle it?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** How did I, how *do* I handle it? It's my life, Robert. It's your life too, in a sense.

**FRIPP:** *John Williams (classical guitarist) will only tour for six weeks a year.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Well, I need to play more than he does, maybe I need to play out for people, and to create the possibility we talked about before, of things accidentally happening. Because only in playing, when you're playing every night, do you increase the possibility of this happening.

**FRIPP:** *But after five weeks and three days, something changes and I think musicians go crazy. We've just done three months and it did me a lot of damage.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** I don't think it's so bad. Were you playing the same music every night?

**FRIPP:** *Yes. But I mean in the sense that improvisation is a long line from one end to the other. It was the same but at the same time it was completely different.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Two guitars, more or less the same program every night....you have to be careful because you can even get trapped in improvisation, *n'est pas*?

**FRIPP:** *Yes, or should I say* oui.

**McLAUGHLIN:** But to have one of those nights that we were talking about, where we fly like an eagle....

**FRIPP:** *We had four in New York—two shows for two nights, one after the other and* all *of them were out of this world. Then we had one show in Los Angeles. Boy, that turned me around. It really did.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Do you take sugar in your coffee?

**FRIPP:** *No, only in French confection. I'm surprised that after living in Paris and New York, you still drink tea. By the way, I'm terribly embarrassed about these wonderful Basque chocolates... I've ravaged the box! You've worked with my favorite drummer, I think: Tony Williams. I mean, you've worked with two of the most important drummers of the 70s, Tony Williams and Billy Cobham. Tony was* my *man....with no disrespect to Billy....*

**McLAUGHLIN:** No, I understand *perfectly*. Tony's an artist.

**FRIPP:** *That* Emergency *album was really a burner....*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Yeah, it was an incredible little band.

**FRIPP:** *How long did it take to make?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Oh, very little time....judging from the sound (laughs). Doesn't it sound like it was done in one afternoon?

**FRIPP:** *Although I've read interviews with Tony, I never got much sense of anything....*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Tony's a difficult person to know...but I have such enormous respect for him as a musician, as an artist ....what he does with the drums. I don't know who hasn't been influenced by Tony Williams. That itself is....is the mark of immortality, in a sense.

**FRIPP:** *What was it like to play with him?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** It was...very difficult, but *really* an incredible pleasure. Because he too is, was my favorite drummer. So to go and work with your favorite drummer...for a jazz musician is one of the greatest kicks you can get. Tony plays with the

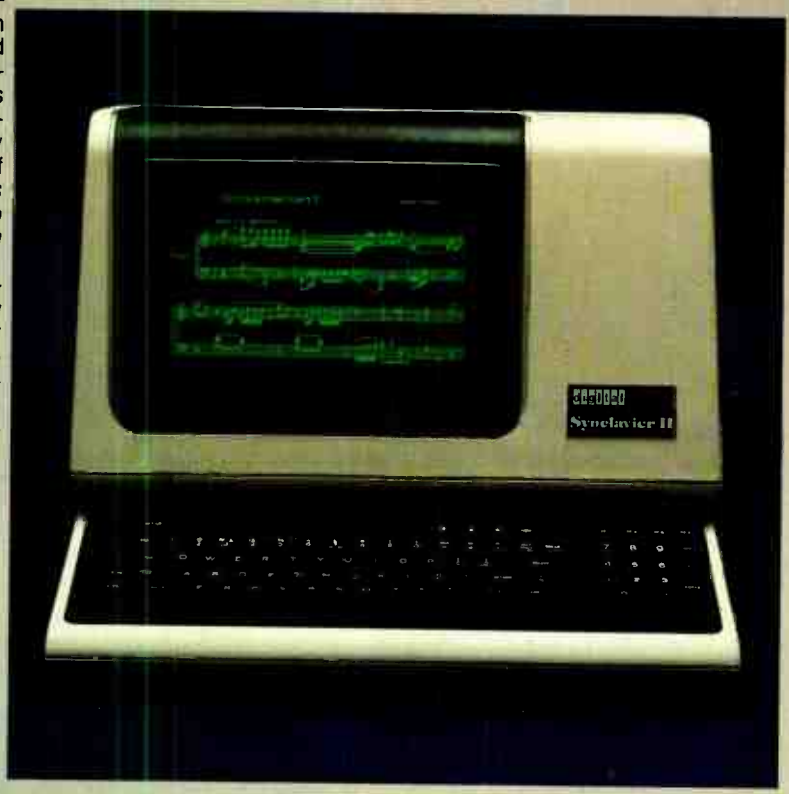
# Synclavier® II

## *Digital Synthesis · Music Printing · Real Instruments*

The world's most advanced digital synthesis system has just become the world's most advanced Music Printing and Sampling System.

Now, with Synclavier® II's Music Printing Option, performances played on Synclavier® II's keyboard can be transferred and printed out automatically in standard musical notation. This amazing new Option provides a quick, high quality computerized printing of *complete orchestral scores* or *individual parts*, *piano music*, and *lead sheets with lyrics*.

Using the new Sample-to-Disk™ Option, you can now record **real instruments** or **whole sections of instruments** into the Synclavier® II and then play them on its keyboard. New England Digital's technological wizardry has made it possible to record or *sample* any analog signal onto a Winchester Disk using a microphone or line-level source. You can record at a sampling rate of **50KHz.** for a minimum of **100 seconds** up to a maximum of **54 minutes.** After recording, sophisticated software techniques provided by New England Digital allow you to analyze the recorded signal, digitally filter out noise or harmonics, and edit different signals together for unique sounds. Once satisfied with your sampled sound, you can easily transfer it to the Synclavier® II's keyboard for real time performance.




The Music Printing and Sample-to-Disk™ Options, advanced as they are, are only part of the incredible Synclavier® II Digital Music System. Since its introduction two years ago, many of the world's most influential musicians, producers and studios have seen and now own a Synclavier® II system themselves.

We invite you to see and hear what they already know, that the future of music is available today from New England Digital.

Synclavier® II digital music systems start at $13,750.00.

Don't forget to inquire about our line of business software for your studio and personal use.

**Synclavier® II Instruction Manual and Demo Record.**
A complete and descriptive Instruction Manual is now available for $50.00 (USA & Canada) or $60.00 (elsewhere) postpaid.
30 minute, long-playing demo records are also available for $2.50 (USA & Canada) and $6.00 (elsewhere).

For more information, a personal demonstration, or the name of your nearest representative, please call or write to:

New England Digital Corporation
Department 26, Box 546
White River Jct., VT 05001
802-295-5800

new england digital

The Mahavishnu Orchestra was a group that was loved by a lot of people, and it was sad to see it break up. It's like when the Beatles broke up. I was *shaken*. You just don't think this kind of thing can happen.

time like I've never heard anybody play with the time. You have to learn to think like he does, you have to learn his conception of time. It's impeccable (laughs). That's all I can say. Impeccable...mmm...and really...very *stimulating*. Because one of the things I learned from Tony was about breathing, breathing in time. And Miles is a *master* of that way of playing.

**FRIPP:** *With the new Miles band, the guitarist (Mike Stern) has been criticized for playing loud rock 'n' roll licks. But when he was asked about that in an interview, he said, "Miles came over, turned my amplifier up to ten and said, 'Play rock 'n' roll.'"*

**McLAUGHLIN:** (laughs) Yeah...that's Miles, that's Miles. Oh yeah. Whatever Miles wants.... To work with Miles, in itself, is an experience, unforgettable. And very, very positive. You learn...enormously.

**FRIPP:** *Could you say what you learned in a sentence or two?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** (pause) I learned how to *direct*...how to shape. And, in a sense, how to *get* from the other musicians what the music needs, while at the same time, allowing the musicians to be themselves. He's...he's consummate....

**FRIPP:** *I think you...that you were the only guitarist for me who could hold in with Miles or Tony....*

**McLAUGHLIN:** (embarrassed) I don't know...oh....

**FRIPP:** *(quietly but firmly) Yeah.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Maybe...I've heard...I like Miles' new guitar player, I like what he's doing. It reminds me a little of the *Jack Johnson* era. It's not, I guess, a new conception, a new *way*, but I enjoy the guitar player. But I have...well, two things: one, I don't care what Miles does *now*, he's already done so much; to me he can never lose the stature that he has, in me; two, he hasn't played for...a long time. And knowing the kind of person he is, as long as he continues to play, to work, he's going to do some wonderful things. That I feel for sure.

**FRIPP:** *We were talking about touring and so on. I have a lot of difficulty, when I play a show, with cameras and recording machines. Because, at the very least, they seem to steal the innocence available in the present moment. If there were an audience of eleven hundred people at the Savoy, all of whom could listen without any expectation or demands, without bothering about bootlegging on little machines like this (points to cassette deck) or taking pictures...boy, I think you could make the world spin backwards.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** That's true, but let's look at it from another point of view. I remember a couple of years ago, I was at the Village Vanguard to see Bill Evans play. He was playing with Philly Joe Jones, and Chuck Israels was sitting in for the night. I've heard Bill play a lot of times, but he was just...*transfigured*. It was *so* good, so great. It was so intelligent, so beautiful, so elegant, so eloquent, all those words and all those...so inspired! He was playing like an angel. And believe me I *regretted* not having a tape machine, I regretted it. To want to be able to hear that again is a perfectly natural thing.

**FRIPP:** *Well, yes sure*, but....

**McLAUGHLIN:** I mean, don't you...do you listen to records?

**FRIPP:** *Very rarely, very rarely.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** *Anyone*? You rarely listen to music of *any kind*?

**FRIPP:** *I mean, you're not going to listen to Balinese Gamelan unless you have the Explorer Nonesuch series and so on, but otherwise I'd prefer to go and see a live show. As Blake once said, "He who doth bend himself in joy, doth the winged life destroy." Now if you* know *that your experience of that will* only *be in this moment, with no before or after...you're* there, *you have to be there. If you knew you were going to go home and listen to it afterwards....*

**McLAUGHLIN:** By listening to the music...I wasn't thinking about a tape recorder at the time. I was just...I mean...Dave Liebman was there and I was jumping *up* and *down* on my seat I was so excited...because it didn't stop coming...just like a fountain, and I was there with my mouth open, just drinking it in. I didn't think about the tape recorder until *after*, but....

**FRIPP:** *Some of the most amazing gigs I've known weren't* musically *very good. Just listening to tapes afterward...I mean, there's a real* turkey *happening. It wasn't down to notes, it was down to an energy in the room, between the band and the people and the music.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Hmm...not in this case. No. Because I've heard Bill play a lot, so many times I've lost count, and I listen to his records. And it was *that night*...and it was only that set, because the second set was totally different. It was no longer this *magic*. And in other cases, I think it's directly the inspiration of the musician that creates a magical environment. This happens to me in rehearsal, too, when there's no audience, some of the best things I've ever played....

**FRIPP:** *The quality present making love with someone, I mean, do you stick it on a videotape to play it back?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Maybe (laughs). If that's what you like. I mean, everybody's got their tastes. I don't think we can really criticize, we can't impose our judgment on anyone else. If they're going to do it...I mean, why not?

**FRIPP:** *No...well, what I say is this: I find it distracting to work to photographers and cassette machines. And I feel* violated, *when having said that, suddenly, there you have it....*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Of course. I've gotten really angry with some photographers who just come in and, without one word, they're like, "Can I take your picture?" It just makes me snap. From anger. But there's only so much control we have and...also...I have to be able to *accept* and not be disturbed. I don't think it's good for the music. I *need* to be...self-contained and not dependent upon any exterior environment. And I can't...I don't want to get in the way of the development of what technology we have because it's so...it's part of human nature. I *understand* it.

**FRIPP:** *When you were in Reading in 1975, you were using a guitar synthesizer. Have you taken any interest in the new Roland guitar synthesizer? It's coming on the market soon ...it's phenomenal. The guitar side of it is sensational.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** No...I know more or less what's happening with synthesizer guitar. Do you know the Synclavier people? They have a system, in fact, there's one I ordered that will arrive later this week. It's a digital synthesizer....

**FRIPP:** *Is it polyphonic?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Oh, yes, it's quite an extraordinary machine, because it involves the use of a floppy disc computer, with this CRT terminal. In fact, it has sixteen-track digital memory inside, so you can record digitally, directly, what you play. There'll be a program for the guitar, a software program that will allow all the hardware to be used by a guitar. You'll have access to all the wave forms, which in fact you can create on the CRT screen, because you can show it up visually, or you can show it up mathematically. It's not...how do they say?...subtractive synthesis; it's *additive* synthesis. That means you're not governed by any fixed parameters. It's *really* an extraordinary instrument. Also, they'll have this transcription program available which means, of course, that what's recorded can be thrown up on the screen in musical notation....

**FRIPP:** *WOW! And these people are American?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** American—New England Digital. I think for the first time there will be a real possibility of the guitar synthesizer. Because up until now what has been put on the market has been, I think, very ineffective.

**FRIPP:** *One thing that I didn't ask you earlier when we were*

*talking about Tony and Miles and so on: what was it like to play with Jimi Hendrix? I heard a tape of a jam....*

**McLAUGHLIN:** If it's anything that I heard...this is what I refused them permission to put out, because what I heard was about three or four minutes of some playing that was really not happening, it was just....

**FRIPP:** *I'm inclined to agree....*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Right, and I said, "It's not possible. You can't just put this out with the names and rip people off. You can't do it!" Anyway, that aside, Jimi was...a very, very sweet person. And a really revolutionary guitar player in the sounds that he got out of the guitar. I mean, he shifted the whole course of guitar playing, single-handedly, in my opinion. Of course, there are now a lot of variations on that, but he did it with such grace, and with finesse, and with *real passion*. I can't ask for any more than that.

**FRIPP:** *Do you find that listening to a lot of other musicians*

DAVID REDFERN/RETNA LTD

**Mahavishnu: the huge, double-time funk of Billy Cobham (shown above with Rick Laird) helped define fusion.**

*confuses your own work? If I listen to someone whom I like very much, indeed, so much that I think I could confuse what I'm doing, I stop listening to them. For example, I very much enjoy* Extrapolation. *Did you record that in a day?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Oh, no. Two or three afternoons, I think.

**FRIPP:** *And when Mahavishnu began, I* deliberately *didn't listen to it, because I would've followed it and I...I was so attracted to it, I thought, "No, this will seduce me." You know what I mean?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Yeah, I understand that. But I like to listen to people who I like. I like to, I want to let them influence me. Because I think I learn *always*. And I'm never going to sound like them anyway.

**FRIPP:** *No, but if you were 21 or 22....*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Ah, well, when I was 21, 22, unfortunately for me, there were no guitar players that were up to the caliber of Coltrane or Miles or Bill Evans or Red Garner. In fact, I was more influenced by the horn players and piano players.

**FRIPP:** *You were the first guitar player for me that had the chops to meet these people on the same terms. I could hear jazz guitarists kind of taking the easy way, simply because they couldn't go for what the horn player could get.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Yeah, yeah. I think it's a curse and a blessing. The same thing with piano. It's so difficult to move around on a guitar in the harmonic way one can do on a keyboard. I mean, it requires...it can't be done...*except* (snaps fingers) *Ted Greene*! (whistles) This guy is really unbelievable. He's the only guitar player who accomplishes this pianistic thing that really turns me on.

**FRIPP:** *If you listened to the people who you would like to influence you, who would they be?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Mmm...I think still my perennial favorites, my perennial heroes: Coltrane, Miles, Cannonball Adderley. Have you heard the live album, newly released? Miles in 1959, with Coltrane, Cannonball and Bill Evans. Cannonball, Coltrane ....whooo, there's two monsters. I love the interplay, the kind of intimacy they have together. It's the same instrument, and they've worked a lot in similar environments. I think that's one of the things I like about playing with Paco (DeLucia) and Al Dimeola, because they're playing *my* instrument, and it's intimate, another guitar. *You* know what it's like playing with another guitar.

**FRIPP:** *Adrian is the first other guitar player I've ever worked with. I've never liked guitar players, basically.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Hmm, yeah (laughs), I know the feeling. I just listened to some King Crimson. The new one, *Discipline*.

**FRIPP:** *We had been together for six weeks when we did that.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** That's not you singing, is it?

**FRIPP:** *No, that's Adrian. We've come quite a way since that album.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Umm-hmm. It's funny, there were times when I even heard some...allusions to the Mahavishnu Orchestra, in an odd kind of way.

**FRIPP:** *Hmm. That wasn't...deliberate, because, as I said, when I heard the Mahavishnu Orchestra, I deliberately didn't listen to it, because it...it would've seduced me, it would've been too close. But certainly, Mahavishnu and Billy Cobham were a big influence on Bill (Bruford).*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Ah-hah. Yeah, he's playing very strong.

**FRIPP:** *I wouldn't have thought it was a band which would have interested* you *particularly. I wouldn't have thought rock music....*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Well, I'm interested in...I mean, you've just gone through enormous *trouble* to come and speak to *me*, and that means a great deal, it says a lot to me, and I wanted to know more about *you*.

**FRIPP:** *I think, if you wanted to listen to some of my work which I think* you *might like, it would be....*

**McLAUGHLIN:** Well, I don't think you should prejudice it in that way.

**FRIPP:** *All right, but the expectation's there, because it's all improvised, I mean, it's purely improvised. It's an album I did with Brian Eno,* No Pussyfooting. *Side one is...I had just met the fellow and had gone and spent the evening with him with a glass of wine and coffee, this was in 1972, and he had a system of recording with two Revoxes (tape machines), and he didn't explain it to me and I didn't know what it would sound like, but I plugged in and played. It was simply, there you are—do it. I had never heard the guitar quite sound like this, yet it provided me with the technical facility for getting a sound which I had been* hearing *on the inside for about five years, but had never managed to get.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** That's very good; very helpful, too. So suddenly, you felt liberated....

**FRIPP:** *Liberated is the word. I had a lot of difficulty working with other musicians, because I'm not a forceful player, and I have a lot of difficulty with enthusiastic drummers thundering around. So, just to be able to develop at my own speed, without any useful suggestions...really was liberating.*

**McLAUGHLIN:** I would like to hear it. You send me a cassette and I'll send you a cassette of *Epiphany*.

**FRIPP:** *Done. A cliché, if you would do it for me: what advice would you give to a young player?*

**McLAUGHLIN:** He has to learn his instrument. He has to learn harmony, rhythm and melody, the three predominant aspects. I think he should familiarize himself with the various musical cultures that exist in the world, because they are *all* enriching. I think, also, we come back to this paradox, Robert...he has to learn everything possible, and then be able to forget it at the drop of a hat. That's the most tricky thing of all (laughs).

But there's got...there's always more to know. Advice? Work. A four-letter word. Capital W.

That's the only thing we have finally, isn't it? We have time, and what do we do with the time?

**FRIPP:** *(pause) Good. That's wonderful. That's very good.*

# Fender REINVENTS ITSELF

BY J.C. COSTA

**A sleeping giant of rock 'n' roll technology goes back to what it does best: building simple, affordable, adaptable and musically unforgettable instruments, beginning with a fine remake of the '52 Telecaster.**

First it sings. Then it sobs. And then, without warning, it cuts through the dense fog of cigarette smoke and barroom chatter like a police siren, a riveting metallic shriek in which the glistening rounded tones of these sweet 'n' salty blues runs are briefly transformed into an orchestra's worth of rich compound harmonics and stinging feedback sustain. On any Saturday night in the late 50s or early 60s, usually in a down and dirty Washington, D.C. bar, guitarist Roy Buchanan is making his battered Fender Telecaster speak in tongues.

Flash to December 1, 1957 and the *Ed Sullivan Show* where hot Texas beat group the Crickets are making their debut television appearance. A combination of magical songhooks, primal rock 'n' roll drive, and the crisp country-inflected twang of an electric guitar, more wiry and whiney in the solos than the Telecaster with a bright resonant jangly strum, has already put the group in the charts with "That'll Be The Day," "Peggy Sue" and "Oh Boy." Singer/songwriter Buddy Holly is shown on camera cradling a Fender Stratocaster.

Gelatinous globules of technicolor light flicker on and off the screen, raging waves of exploding chords, screaming feedback, and soaring mutant solos crash against the stage—this could be Monterey, either of Bill Graham's Fillmores, your local late-60s psychedelic club—and black guitar devil Jimi Hendrix is doing everything but cradling his Fender Stratocaster. Bending the strings with violent erotic might, piling on the harmonics, transforming the guitar's natural sound with sheer volume and whammy bar whacking, Hendrix is making the Strat speak in *alien* tongues.

Come 1982, a new breed of young rockers takes the stage of a new wave music club, ready to tear down some more walls, only they come on with mostly cheap Japanese look-alikes of big guitar names like Fender. In these inflated times, only the richest kids on the block can afford to buy the real thing, the "original vintage" Les Pauls and Strats the pros rave about. Having created rock 'n' roll history with its most famous models, Fender finds itself on the dawn of its fourth decade fighting for economic survival with its own legacy.

But Fender has one thing the Japanese copy manufacturers like Tokai and Fernandes do not—*the* sound. Hendrix, Holly and Buchanan were great innovators, geniuses who found their expression through the guitar. But the distinctive sound of Fender guitars was their inspiration, from the assertive trebly ring of the Telecaster to the hot-rod wail of the Stratocaster and its snazzy cousin, the Jaguar. You can even pinpoint periods in American pop by the sound of Fender guitars—the rockabilly clip of 50s innovators like James Burton or Paul Burlison of the Rock & Roll Trio; the early 60s surf music craze with Dick Dale and the Ventures inspiring countless would-be beach boys to pick up guitars with their shimmering Strat and Jaguar licks; Steve Cropper's Memphis R&B sting in his Telecaster fills on "Green Onions"; and Eric Clapton's 70s pop-blues inventions starting with "Layla." In the hands of a great guitarist, a Fender was and still is a formidable weapon.

That realization is at the heart of Fender's reissue or "replication" of its most treasured models like the '52 Telecaster, '57 and '62 Stratocasters, '57 and '62 Precision basses, and the '62 Jazz bass. It is, more than anything else, a tribute to the genius of Leo Fender, the most famous radio repairman in history. In 1948, in Fullerton, California (near Anaheim), Fender invented the first commercially successful electric guitar, the Broadcaster, better known by its later handle, the Telecaster. This instrument, the Model T of electric guitars, incorporated many revolutionary features that are still fundamentals of good guitar design, so fundamental in fact, that they are the backbone of the whole reissue program.

Beyond the obvious breakthrough of using the hardwood solid body to eliminate feedback and enhance sustain, the Broadcaster employed separate bridge sections for each string, allowing fine tuning of playing action and intonation; a bolted-on neck which eliminated the heel on a traditional guitar, allowing for much better access to the upper registers; a detachable hardwood neck, far more rigid than any acoustic guitar neck, with an adjustable truss rod to correct warp; and single-coil pickups, derived from a "cut and try" process that traded off fatness with high-end resolution.

Somehow, though, the Broadcaster/Telecaster and its stepchildren, the Stratocaster, Jazzmaster and Jaguar, were all greater than the sum of their parts, and it is these accidental intersections of millimeters and alloy percentages that were, until recently, underappreciated by CBS, the folks who bought out Leo Fender and colleagues George Fullerton, Freddie Tavares and Don Randall in the mid-60s.

The new Fender owners were blessed with an apparently insatiable demand for electric guitars from the baby-boom generation and responded by changing the old individual hand craftsmanship assembly process into more efficient mass-production systems. Mutterings about declining quality were heard throughout the industry, giving rise to designation (no doubt galling to the new owners), "pre-CBS." As more and more musicians drifted away from new Fenders and searched out those brilliant accidents of fate, the vintage classics, the Japanese jumped into the act, cloning these classics and even taking them a step or two further. But the slippage of the 70s was dramatically arrested when two Fender executives, president Bill Schultz and v.p. Roger Balmer decided enough was enough. If anyone was going to "knock off" Fender classics, it had better damn well be Fender, because they could do it better than anyone else. They brought Dan Smith over from Yamaha (Smith had worked on the SG-2000 and SA-2000 guitars, which were giving American guitarmakers nightmares) as head of the guitar division. Smith had caught wind of the word in the studios of the republic: the originals are still the greatest; he directed an aggressive new program to bring back Fender's hegemony in the instrument firmament. Some of the original Fender whiz-kids, such as designer Freddie Tavares, pickup winder Gail Paz and final assembly inspector Gloria Fuentes (all with over twenty years experience) were brought back aboard as well as amplifier specialist Paul Rivera, formerly with Yamaha (G-100 series) and Pignose. On the basis of early returns, it seems that the studios are impressed, to say the least.

Steve Cropper, who lent his legend to Fender for the promotional brochure, also offered them some recommendations about the replica of the '52 Telecaster, and is very enthusiastic about the result: "It's fantastic, it's a really good guitar. It's really the *feel*, for some reason, it just feels great. See, I play real *hard*, it's just how I learned, and I've had trouble with a lot of Teles 'cause the neck'll move around on me. This new one doesn't bend nearly as much; I can play it *hard* and it'll stand up.

**Small amps; tube sound, updated features.**

"It seems as if they finally said, 'Look, we're hearing more and more complaints about our newer guitars; it's time to get back in touch with the musicians.' They asked me what I had to say and I told them I thought the fretboards were too wide up high on the neck, the edges of the neck were too sharp, it was too limber. I really don't think they knew all that; I think they were making a real effort to go out and find out what people really thought.

"I'm a Telecaster man. A lot of my biggest records were done with an old 50s Esquire (a Tele with only one pickup) that "Duck" Dunn gave me. That's a great guitar, but the new one sounds as good to me. I've got a big collection of Telecasters; I wouldn't play anything that wasn't old. To me they went downhill in the 70s—I heard that from a lot of guys. But I'll tell you, that Esquire isn't retired yet, but it's been left in its case for awhile since I got this new one. I'll be using the replica for my next album, *Night After Night*. It's a great guitar."

Lest you disbelieve Cropper because he was given the guitar and is part of the "program," take the word of post-punk guitar stylist Robert Quine, who went out and *bought* his (list price for the new '52 Tele is $875). Quine, who is a Strat man and even uses Japanese copy Strats, thought "It's the best Fender I've seen in a long time. I looked at all three new Tele models and all the necks were straight as an arrow. For the first time, the frets don't come off the side of the neck. The guitar was completely set up properly; I didn't have to readjust the bridge or anything else. The pickups didn't sound as clanky or as trebly as the ones in the recent models.

"One of the pickups sounds as though it's been soaked in wax; it doesn't really squeal at high volume unless you crank it up to an almost excruciating level. But they didn't do that to the rhythm pickup, close to the bridge, so it does do a squeal. The workmanship is really something—they've got flat-head screws instead of the round-head Phillips ones. A certificate of authenticity came with it, and as far as I can see, as a copy it's absolutely *flawless*."

We availed ourselves of an offer to try out the '52 Telecaster first-hand, and our observations mirror Cropper and Quine's. Comparing the guitar with an original vintage axe showed all the little details matching perfectly, from the rounded "dome" control knobs and the brass bridge sections to the round string retainer on the headstock and the original Fender decal logo. The bass pickup is exactly that; an unusually large capacitor creates a deep muffled sound that, with amplifier compensation, could be used as a warm jazzy setting. The middle pickup position is not both pickups combined, but a more complex bass sound with added midrange and detail. The lead pickup produces the same bright, cutting sound with rich harmonic overtones that we've come to call the "Fender sound." This is easily the most manageable Telecaster we've encountered in quite a while. The electronics are also vintage; the shielding, less than perfect, can be updated easily, and Fender includes a retro-fit kit for modernizing other electronic details. All in all, a heart-warming surprise of a guitar.

The other major elements of the reissue program are two Strat models, the '57 (maple fingerboard, sunburst finish, single-ply pickguard) and the '62 (rosewood fingerboard, three-ply pickguard, sexier colors), and a bass series with the groundbreaking '57 Precision, the '62 Precision and the '62 Jazz bass. all reproduced with the same "meticulous study of old blueprints and the searching out of suppliers of original materials to ensure precise replication." In addition, Fender has "standard" models for all their reissue versions, with non-vintage but nice options like gold-plating, more flexible switching, a hotter lead pickup and some elegant woods.

The campaign to gather all the best of

*continued on page 97*

# ROBERT QUINE

## Post-Punk Guitar Fury

BY DAVID FRICKE

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

**Quine's jagged shriekback edge permeates Lou Reed's new *The Blue Mask*.**

In rock 'n' roll today, real guitar heroes are very hard to find. Cheap heroics are not. Six-string smartasses, drunk on volume, excessive effects, and Hendrix/Meadows moves diligently practiced in the bedroom mirror, are not. With English synth-bop all the rage and those portable battery-powered Casiotones turning potential Johnny B. Goodes into one-man Kraftwerks, the guitar is not even cool anymore.

But if genuine guitar heroes—the kind whose impact has more to do with imagination and style than media trumpeting—are hard to find, then Robert Quine is even harder to find than most. Since his coming out with seminal punk posse Richard Hell & the Voidoids in 1976, Quine has appeared on only four albums and a handful of scattered singles and EPs. He toured the States and England with the Voidoids in the late 70s, yet his last live band, a 1980 offshoot of Material called Deadline, lasted only three gigs.

Bending over a burger and fries at a Bowery eatery down the street from CBGB's in New York, Quine hardly looks like the axe murderer whose jagged noise blocks, strangled Fender riffing, and shriekback solo electrified Hell's new wave national anthem "Blank Generation" or whose spontaneous guitar counterpoint heightens Lou Reed's true confessions on *The Blue Mask*. The contrast of his balding dome and quiet, almost reclusive manner with his dark sunglasses (on a snowy February afternoon) and fast, acerbic straight talk make the 39-year-old Quine, a fully qualified lawyer, seem like a punky Mr. Peepers. And if you ask him how it feels to be one of new rock's most influential players, he denies everything.

"I went over to a friend of mine's house and I played him a tape of the stuff made the day before by a guitar I knew," relates Quine in the rubbery Midwestern drawl of his native Ohio. "And the guy said to me, 'This solo, it's totally influenced by you.' I couldn't hear it. I went home and the guitar player called me and said, 'I just realized, this solo I did on that tape was influenced by you.' I listened back to it and *still* couldn't hear it. Obviously something is there. But I don't know what it is."

He doth protest a little too much. It's hard not to hear hundred-proof Quine in the staccato dissonance and ransacked Hendrixisms of Gang of Four's Andy Gill and his many post-punk brethren. Quine's radical, often accidental harmonic inversions predate the advances since credited to Keith Levene of Public Image Ltd. He was already bouncing his mutant Ventures Stratocaster twang off the wall on the Voidoids *Blank Generation* album when the B-52's were still matriculating at the University of Georgia and the Raybeats were just a twinkle in guitarist Jody Harris' eye (Harris later cut an LP, *Escape*, with Quine).

More important, though, Robert Quine is a dedicated student of guitar tradition. Where young bucks like Levene, Gill, and The Edge of U2 believe they are the rootless (and therefore truly *new*) product of punk's spontaneous generation, Quine is old and wise enough to see his place in the continuum of rock-jazz-blues guitar history. Levene, Gill, and company may walk trails first blazed by Quine, but Quine blazed them with tools handed down to him by Hendrix, Charlie Christian and Jimmy Reed.

Quine swears his technical expertise is nil. "I do my own chords. What they are I can't tell you." A terminal eclectic, Quine did his electric blues apprenticeship, took what he needed from the jangly Rickenbacker sound of the Byrds, and even took lessons from bebop guitar great Jimmy Raney. Yet by the time he met Richard Hell while working in a New York bookstore in 1974 and made his professional debut with the Voidoids at CBGB's two years later, he had put all those influences and stolen ideas into a maniac music blender that now produces nothing but outrageous, uncompromising Quine.

"People tell me I have a particular guitar style, but I don't have a hold on it. I *can* dissect a particular solo of mine and say, 'I got this from Harvey Mandel, I got this from Lou Reed, this from Chuck Berry.' I really believe in taking as much as you can from records because guitar playing is a lot like handwriting. Everybody's taught to write the same, yet everybody has different handwriting. Have you ever heard anyone play 'Johnny B. Goode' the same way?"

Case in point is Quine's stirring, dramatically appropriate playing on the pointed psycho-lyrical Lou Reed LP *The Blue Mask*, recorded last year with a core studio trio of Quine, bassist Fernando Saunders and drummer Doane Perry. When Reed asked Quine to play on the album, he did it on the basis of seeing and hearing him with the Voidoids. He probably never realized that in the late 60s Quine had spent long hours absorbing his alien freak-out solo on the Velvet Underground's "I Heard Her Call My Name" and during a three-week Velvets residence in San Francisco had hung out with the band.

"By 1971," Quine admits, "I had totally absorbed many of Lou's musical ideas. Ten years later, on this album, I was feeding those ideas back to him. But it did not come out as a parroting of what he did. Those ideas had been festering in my brain those ten years, changing into something else."

"Something else" is about as close as you can get to describing Quine's frantic spastic scratching and jittery hyper-siren wail at the end of "Waves Of Fear," the nuclear fuzz 'n' feedback overload of "The Blue Mask," or his poignant offbeat fills on Reed's quieter, more conversational tracks. Some of the effect, Quine concedes, was due to gear. On "The Blue Mask," he put a Fernandes guitar (a Fender Strat copy) through a compressor set on ten, through an envelope filter which in turn went through a fuzz box and an analog delay with some chorus on it. Distortion on the amp (a Peavey Bandit) was cranked to the max. "You can't imagine how loud it was. It sounds amazingly clean on the record. But it was unbearably loud. I was wearing earplugs."

Reed brought out the best in him, however, simply by trusting Quine's secret weapon—his instinct. "There were no rehearsals. A couple of days before we

did the album, Lou gave everybody a cassette of him strumming an acoustic guitar singing the songs. We had never even played together before we did the first song, 'My House.' There were no overdubs (except for Lou's lead on that song and most of his vocals) and Lou never told me one thing to play. On the end of 'The Day John Kennedy Died,' he said, 'Don't play the last chord.' That was all he said." Quine puts on a smile of mock resignation. "He may have spoiled me forever."

As a bandleader, Richard Hell's trick was to drive Quine to distraction. During the 1977 sessions for the now-classic *Blank Generation* LP, the Voidoids—then Hell on bass and vocals, Quine, rhythm guitarist Ivan Julian, and future Ramone Marc Bell on drums—had cut a cool rakish ballad called "Betrayal Takes Two." Quine liked the song as it was. Hell told him, in Quine's words, "to make noise all through it, this fuzz drone like the Velvet Underground might do." Quine was so angry that Hell was ruining a perfectly good song that he did better than a fuzz drone, mortally wounding the song with rapacious metallic scraping and bursts of inside-out blues.

"It was one of the best things I ever did," he grins. "That's my solo, but it was his goading that did it." Ditto the cataclysmic break on "Blank Generation." "That solo made it because it was pure frustration. He forced me to do so many takes until I was so mad that I was just bashing the guitar on the take we used."

But Robert Quine's guitar playing is not just about bashing. Nor is it only a matter of instinct and living room technology. In fact, Quine is very particular about the equipment he uses—always a Fender Stratocaster (or a good copy like the Fernandes), Peavey amps ("People are turned off by Peavey because they cost half as much as other amps so people figure something's wrong with them"), Electroharmonix deluxe Memory Man ("It has a built-in chorus so you can go totally out of control like I did on 'Waves Of Fear'"), and certain special effects like the small armory he used on "The Blue Mask" to get "that Pete Cosey sound, the great obnoxious sound he gets on those Miles Davis albums *Agharta* and *Pangea*."

There's more to come. Prepare yourself for massive banshee overdubs on the forthcoming Richard Hell album *Destiny Street*, particularly on the cover of Them's "I Can Only Give You Everything" and a reworking of Hell's 1980 single "Don't Die." Quine also promises a solo LP, although what it will be he couldn't tell you.

"The next record I do could be just one album of a two-chord riff. It could be a Cole Porter song. The form does not matter. It's the performance." M



# VIDEO DEMOS

## How To Beat the Audition Treadmill

BY CHRIS DOERING

GEORGE PEDERSEN

**Mary Ellen Pederson and author Doering refine their show biz moves on camera.**

It all started with a letter from DC Productions, the New Jersey agency that books my band, a five-piece top forty lounge group called Johanna. A few months ago, Vic Danzi and Joe Carroll (Mr. D and Mr. C) decided they could sell their lounge bands more effectively on video tape than with expensive, chancy live auditions. Their first step was to send a politely coercive missive to all their bands requesting a ten-to-fifteen minute video demo to be taped by DC. The letter ended with a not-so-subtle P.S.: "If I don't hear from you on this matter, I'll assume that you're not interested in pushing the band any further."

In these days of videodiscs and cable TV, working musicians cannot afford to not think video. Just as promotional videos have become an essential marketing tool for record companies, video demos—even at their crudest—are the coming rage for ambitious bands. As early as 1976, the U.K. pop group the Babys snared a Chrysalis Record deal on the strength of a professional four-song demo. Today, you even need a video demo to get the right gigs on the wedding and banquet circuit.

So I called Vic Danzi to set up the taping session at the rehearsal studio owned by the agency, which also had its own JVC portable video camera and VHS recorder. The idea was for the band to bring in a cassette mixdown of a four-track demo and lip-sync it for the camera. Furthermore, we had to compress seven tunes into a ten-minute tape, playing the first minute and a half of each, to avoid straining the attention span of your average club owner.

There were two reasons for doing lip-sync. First, by bringing in an edited tape we could rip through the video taping in an hour or so without worrying about retakes. Second, the finished product would sound better. The microphones on most video cameras are fine for home movies, but try to record a band with one and you're going to end up with toy drums, no bass, and pinched vocals.

Mike Gutilla, our keyboard player, has a TEAC 3340 and mixer in his basement, so we agreed to do the audio part first. To "showcase the versatility of the group" (in the words of the DC letter), we chose songs ranging from Al Jarreau's "We're In This Love Together," a favorite of our lead singer Mary Ellen Pederson, and "The Rose" by Bette Midler (the only ballad we know that hit the charts after 1963) to the Cars' "Shake It Up," and "Start Me Up" for our bassist Peter Gir-

on's Mick Jagger imitation.

In order to spend as little time as possible on the recording, we used three tracks of the TEAC for the band and the fourth for the vocals. Because bass and drums are very hard to pre-mix, they each got a separate track, with the guitar and keyboards on the third. The bass was recorded from the line level output of a Polytone Mini-Brute III, while the drums were miked with a Shure SM-58 on the kick, a Shure PE-565 on the snare and high-hat, and an AKG CM2000 overhead, mixed through a TAPCO 6000R mixer. Hey, we're not talking low budget here, we're talking *no* budget. We even used some old practice tape that was lying around.

Keyboards and guitar went direct from the stage amps, a Randall SC-80 for the guitar and a TAPCO 6200RB for the Rhodes and Arp Omni. Thanks to a judicious use of effects like MXR's Stereo Chorus and Analog Delay, an Ashley SC40 parametric equalizer and an A/DA flanger, the overall result wasn't bad at all. By ignoring lots of minor imperfections in sound and performance, we were able to complete the rhythm tracks in three hours, averaging two takes per tune.

The vocals were mixed through the TAPCO 6200RB, using the AKG for leads and two Beyers, an M500 and an M69, for backups. Including a pause to change the monitoring system from an Electro-Voice S-15-3 cabinet to Radio Shack headphones, and some rehearsal time on the new songs, the vocals took four hours to record. Even though we did three takes per song, we still left in some pitch and balance errors.

After seven hours of recording and an hour of mixing, we were ready for the videotape. The plan was to play the cassette on a compact portable machine into the P.A. board, which would feed the stage monitors and the VCR simultaneously. During a couple of practice run-throughs, we found out that lip-synching can be fun, as long as you don't forget the words. Actually singing and playing helps the performance look real, but since you know what you're going to hear, there is no fear of failure. I even enjoyed learning my ad-libbed guitar introduction to "The Rose" so the camera could zoom in on the guitar as it played on the tape.

After half an hour, we were ready. Vic Danzi, a novice video producer, walked back and forth with the camera, moving from close-ups of whoever was singing to wide-angles of the band, and fourteen minutes later we had a video demo.

Well, almost. The first version of the videotape looked fine, but the sound was horrible, distorted and muddy. After half an hour of trying to sync the audio and video tapes by hand, and another hour of fooling around in the studio, we tried another tape, and the distortion disappeared. The first cassette had been recorded and erased too many times. Next we had to get rid of a loud hum on the tape, another time-consuming problem that had a simple solution, in this case turning off two spotlights that were controlled by a dimmer. By the time we had an acceptable finished product, four hours had passed.

One benefit of all the retakes was that we could see ourselves on tape and adapt to the medium. Mike the keyboard player thought his first performance of Hall & Oates' "Private Eyes" was a little too animated, perhaps as a result of overexposure to cable TV. Mary Ellen, on the other hand, found that some of the cliché "show biz" moves she normally detests, like smiling at the camera and using hand gestures to illustrate lyrics, looked better on the small screen.

The cost of our demo was literally zero since all the equipment belonged either to the band or the agency. For record company purposes, a band with three or four original songs could easily spend eighteen hours recording and mixing the music. At twelve dollars an hour for four-track studio time, that totals over two hundred dollars although the final tape would undoubtedly be better than our basement job.

But first consider these cost-cutting tips. Chromatic Communications in New York suggests scouting out a studio that is empty on weekends and cutting a "spec deal" in which the band pays discount rates for the production, with the studio getting full boat if the tape results in a record contract. Linda Carhart, director of video works at Chrysalis Records, adds that the video department of your local film school might turn up a student looking for a break as a producer who could do the job at cost.

The cheapest route, of course, is to rent a camera and a portable VCR and have a friend point at the stage of a local bar while you play live. You won't come off like a Bowie, but you can let an A&R man hear and see your act without leaving his office. Goodness knows how much he will appreciate that. M

R A D I O

# BEATLES BBC TAPES

## The Long-Lost Blast From The Distant Past

BY DAVID FRICKE

SKR/RETNA

In pop music as in everything else, history really does repeat itself. In 1961, it took an 18-year-old record hunter named Raymond Jones, on the prowl for an obscure German release called "My Bonnie," to inspire Liverpool music store manager Brian Epstein to find, sign, and manage a local band called the Beatles. A few months ago, it took a 33-year-old Beatles collector from London named John Walker to remind the British Broadcasting Corporation that this past March 8 marked the twentieth anniversary of the Beatles' first broadcast recordings for BBC radio.

To commemorate the occasion and probably cover their embarrassment, the BBC collected 39 commercially unreleased Beatles radio performances recorded between 1962 and '65 for a two-hour radio special called *The Beatles at the Beeb* aired in Britain March 7 and in the States (where it was expanded to three hours) over Memorial Day weekend. Unearthing these rare rock 'n' roll gems—which range from inspired covers like Ray Charles' "I Got A Woman" and the poignant "Soldier Of Love" to studio rave-ups of their biggest chartbusters—was certainly no piece of cake, according to the program's pro-

*continued on page 70*


# SM85

# a studio quality condenser microphone that's not "studio bound"

This new high technology Shure microphone will change the way people think of condenser microphones. The SM85 is designed especially for on-stage, hand-held use. Its sound is unique—far more tailored to the special needs of the vocalist: sizzling highs and a shaped mid-range for superb vocal reproduction, and a gentle bass rolloff that minimizes handling noise and "boominess" associated with close-up use. Ultra-low distortion electronics make the SM85 highly immune to stray hum fields. An integral, dual-density foam windscreen provides built-in pop protection.

What's more, the SM85 Condenser Microphone must pass the same ruggedness and dependability tests required of Shure dynamic microphones. As a result, the SM85 sets a new standard of reliability for hand-held condenser microphones.

The SM85 is *extremely* lightweight, beautifully balanced—it feels good, looks good on-stage, on-camera, on-tour. Ask your dealer for a demonstration of the new SM85, or write us (ask for AL664) for full details.

## SM85

**Cardioid Condenser Hand-Held Professional Microphone**

**The Sound of the Professionals.**

SHURE

Shure Brothers Inc., 222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, IL 60204
In Canada: A. C. Simmonds & Sons Limited
Manufacturers of high fidelity components, microphones, sound systems and related circuitry

# THOM PANUNZIO

## Platinum Drum Sound and Other Production Essentials

BY MARC SILAG

HOWARD ROSENBERG

**From Lennon to Springsteen to Go-Go's, Panunzio builds state-of-the-art pop.**

In recent years, more and more successful producers are engineers who have easily made the transition into production. It's not so unusual these days to find one individual switching from the producer to the engineer's jacket, or to even wear both at the same time. A good example of this evolving species is Thom Panunzio, a seasoned studio arbiter whose credits begin with John Lennon and carry him through Springsteen, the Stones, Patti Smith, Willie Nile, Iggy Pop and Mink DeVille to his current project, working with Richard Gottehrer at Richard Perry's Studio 55 in California on the Go-Go's followup to their platinum debut *Beauty And The Beat*.

Thom does not see much difference between the producer and engineer: "There are very few projects where I function solely as a producer. Most engineers these days are creative consultants as well as technicians; their input goes beyond mike placement and working the console. When I'm brought in on a project, most people are familiar with what I've done in the past and don't necessarily label me as a technoid. I get involved with pre-production whether my credit will read producer or engineer."

Like many others of his calling, Panunzio began his foray into the music scene as a player, a session guitarist in New York. "When I played guitar on sessions, I was naturally fascinated by the guy behind the window and what it was that he did, but I didn't pursue the studio thing immediately. I did road sound for awhile because somebody told me that was the best place to get your ears together, or," he adds with a well-timed pause, "the best way to lose them!"

Panunzio found himself looking for work while attending college classes in New Jersey. As he pondered the next move, he got wind of a job opportunity at the Record Plant in New York. "This job lead came right in the middle of midterms, though, and when I called Record Plant they told me to call back the next day at five o'clock and talk to Roy Cicala. Unfortunately, I had an exam that began at four and my instructor didn't want to hear about a phone call that I *had* to make. He told me if I left the exam, I'd fail the course." Thom left the exam, failed the course and got the job.

Panunzio started working in the tape copy room at the Record Plant. Roy Cicala came in one day and introduced him to John Lennon, told him he was tied up with other things around the studio and that Thom would have to assist Jimmy Iovine, who, up to that point, had been working under Roy on the Lennon project. The album was *Walls And Bridges*. "It's interesting that one of the first things I had to deal with was John's preference for a vocal microphone. He had this thing for an old beat-up Shure SM57 that had a cracked case, and somehow had its own sound. I had switched the mike, thinking that it would be better to have one that wasn't quite as beat up, but John knew the sound of that mike and that was the one he wanted."

Panunzio began to learn the ins and outs of the studio and to think more in terms of the control room. "To this day I'm most comfortable working in Record Plant Studio A or B because that's where I trained. When I need a different sound, like a heavily orchestrated piece, I'll use the PowerStation or one of the big rooms at CBS, but the Record Plant has great monitors that Westlake Audio put together. I prefer them to any others.

"Pre-production is really important. It gives everyone a chance to digest the material, to work the tunes out and make changes before you start spending two hundred dollars an hour in the studio. The work we've been doing with the Go-Go's has been like that; we work with the band in the rehearsal hall and it makes the sessions go more smoothly. But it depends on the artist involved. When I engineered the *Me, Myself And I* album, Joan (Armatrading) wouldn't even allow the players on the sessions to see the charts before they got to the studio! But in that case everybody was a first-call session player and they could pull off the material with the spontaneity she was looking for.

"Musicians get bored and let's face it, a lot of work that has to be done in the studio is boring! It takes a lot of time to get the sounds I want, to eq everything and place the mikes for a particular track, so I try to get everything together before the band shows up. We'll hire someone to come in and tune the drums and bang on them until I get the sound I want. Good drum sounds are vital to any recording gig and the best way to get a good sound is to have a professional tune them. Considering the Go-Go's project right now, Gina Schock is a great drummer and she knows the difference between a tuned and an untuned drum, but I've still used someone else for the tuning and the banging because it's better to have Gina fresh for the tracks. Besides, you can compensate for boomy or floppy sounding drums with eq and effects. A good set, properly tuned and combined with good mike placement is really the only way to do it.

"I never use a drum booth. I set up the drums in the middle of the room usually, on top of plywood that's been painted a glossy black. I go for live drum sound and a drum booth would kill that aim. Besides close-miking the drums, I use a lot of room mikes as well—specifically for the drum sound. I'll put a couple of Crown PZMs (pressure zone microphones) on the wall behind the kit, and a couple on the floor really help to fill out the sound." Since he uses a standard Shure SM57 on the snare, the floor PZMs contribute greatly to the resounding snare sound Thom is noted for. He generally uses about six mikes for the room sound of the drums. Another benefit to utilizing this ambient technique is that although he assigns the

# Get A Sound Education


## Full Sail Recording Workshop

**A creative . . .** learning opportunity for persons interested in RECORDING, ENGINEERING, PRODUCTION, and other related professions.

**The results are in . . .**
Over two hundred and fifty Full Sail graduates have landed jobs in music recording, a dozen new studios have been started by Full Sail graduates. We rest our case!


**Hi, I'm Larry Boden . . .**
"I have been active in the recording industry for 15 years and a guest at over 20 sessions of the Full Sail recording workshop. I'm convinced that this is an exceptional way to get your foot in the door of this industry.

During the 4 weeks at Full Sail, you'll get practical experience in state-of-the-art equipment and instruction from engineers and special guests who are tops in their fields.

Full Sail offers remarkable quality in its course and in a day of rising educational costs, a real value for the money." **Chief Engineer, JVC Cutting Center, Hollywood, CA**

**Additional Workshops . . .**
Full Sail also offers these additional workshops:
- ☐ Advanced Recording
- ☐ Sound Reinforcement and Remote Recording
- ☐ Studio Maintenance

**Call or write . . .** today for our brochure and workshop schedules.
John Phelps, Director
(305) 788-2450
Full Sail Recording Workshop
660 Douglas Road
Altamonte Springs (Orlando), FL 32701

Exceptional accommodations at reasonable rates.

Licensed by the Florida State Board of Independent Postsecondary Vocational, Technical, Trade and Business Schools, License No. 414.

FULL SAIL

We Take Your Dreams Seriously

high-hat to a separate track with a Neumann U-87, he rarely uses it. The result is a crisp, lush high-hat sound. Thom equates drum sound to the foundation of a house; a recording rests on the drum (and the bass) sound. "The drummer is important. A good example is Max Weinberg of Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band. When we did the *Darkness On The Edge Of Town* album at the Record Plant, we did a lot of experimenting with the drums. We set them up in different parts of the studio and Max, who's known as Mighty Max, plays with such power and technique that the drums almost always sound good. He doesn't just play hard, he plays well and gets the most out of the sticks as they hit the skins. On one track, we wanted an echo effect on the entire kit, so we set up the drums in the hallway at Record Plant and, using the same mike setup I explained before, we got terrific-sounding drums. But I think that's more because of Max than any other reason."

On the question of close as opposed to distant mike placement, Panunzio says he usually goes with a Shure SM57 or a Sennheiser 441 for a guitar amp, depending on the artist and the kind of sound the amp is pumping out. The close mike is placed on axis to the speaker. The distant goes a few feet away with a Neumann U-87 helping to pick up the full amp sound. "By combining the two separate track assignments, I get a full guitar sound that has the bite from the speaker, too." That is the same principle commonly used in recording bass today, taking the bass direct into the board as well as miking the amp simultaneously for added punch while still giving the bass lines a full, rounded sound.

Panunzio uses a Sennheiser 421 and the Neumann U-87 for acoustic piano, but adds that he prefers to overdub piano tracks to insure complete isolation. "The soundboard of the piano reverberates the sound of anything else that might bleed into it, so it's best to treat it as a separate entity." A PZM, he adds, is often useful for picking up reflective ambience from the soundboard. One of his tricks is to attach a pressure zone mike to the underside of an open piano lid.

Having shared his most secret techniques, Panunzio got up to rejoin the Go-Go's at Studio 55, where they were about to start cutting basic tracks for the new LP. Clearly, he looks good in either jacket—producer or engineer's. M

P E R C U S S I O N

# YOGI HORTON

## Cooking and Cutting the Funk in Perfect Time

BY MICHAEL SHORE

ANDY FREEBERG

**Stars like Diana, Aretha, Chaka and Chic call on Yogi's sturdy backbeat.**

With its solid funk grounding, striking futurist guitar and keyboard lines, and evocative polyrhythmic swirl, Talking Head David Byrne's score for choreographer Twyla Tharp's 1981 sensation, *The Catherine Wheel*, is truly danceable art music. And the big beat secret of its success is drummer Yogi Horton. In fact, the first sound you hear on *The Catherine Wheel* album is Horton's irresistible, syncopated snake-hips groove sucking you right in to the hyper-Heads drive of "His Wife Refused."

"When David called me into the studio," laughs the muscularly compact, outgoing rhythm ace, "I asked him, 'What do you want me to play?' He just said, 'You're the drummer—play what got you the gig!' So I just cut the funk."

Indeed. Yogi Horton has been cutting the funk in the studio for Luther Vandross, Diana Ross, Chaka Khan, Chic and Ashford & Simpson for years—a veritable *Who's Who* of contemporary R&B. Now he is branching out into avant-rock with his work on *The Catherine Wheel*, another Talking Head solo project in Jerry Harrison's *The Red And The Black*, and the Byrne-produced *Mesopotamia* mini-LP by the B-52's. And that does not include his work on popular commercial jingles for McDonald's, Mrs. Butterworth's syrup and Pepsi ("Catch That Pepsi Feeling"). At 28, Yogi (his real given name) is one of New York's top session funkmeisters, constantly in demand for top-ranking shake-your-moneymakers.

"In terms of what I play, there really is no difference," says Horton of his diverse, demanding workload. "For me, it's a lucky thing. I've gotten to the point where people know my name, they call me for that 'Yogi Horton groove.' The difference is that with Aretha, I know it will be a more traditional session, that we'll be doing *songs*. With David Byrne, it was a lot more open and experimental. We'd do a lot more takes of the same tune, experiment with this and that."

Whether he's playing songs or structures, the Yogi Horton groove is anchored in perfect time. "My job as a drummer is to keep time, *perfect time*, because if the time speeds up a little bit or slows down a little bit, there is no groove. A lot of drum teachers say stuff like, 'Don't worry about speed, get your chops together and the speed'll come.' I say, get your time together and the chops and everything else'll come."

And how do you keep perfect time?

"By wanting to *be* perfect time. Working at it. Practicing a long time."

And if you're playing and you feel your time getting too fast or slow....

"It doesn't. Really! I tell people all over the city to time it with a metronome if they want. And they do. And it's perfect."

Horton keeps his time with a Slingerland kit that is a little unusual in that it includes no floor toms. Since he concentrates on bass, snare and high-hat for funk grooves, he has set up his toms around that part of the kit. "Besides, by the time I got through a fill from the high toms to the low toms, it *feels* like a floor tom." His bass drum checks in at 22 inches, the chrome snare at 14 x 5½ for studio work and 14 x 6½ for concerts. "I like a crisp snare myself, like that Motown sound. But producers take snare sounds personally, so however they want to do it is okay by me." His single-headed toms range from six to fourteen inches, the cymbals are Zildjian ("I play hard and they take it"), and he hits everything with Regal Quantum 3000 sticks which are very thick wood-tips with minimal taper and a small, round bead.

Seeing the house band drummer at the Apollo in New York had changed the

# A Child Is Born

## ...and he's one tough little S.O.B.™


*INTRODUCING:*
*THE SON*
*OF THE*
*ORIGINAL*
*MESA/BOOGIE*™

Over 50 Watts of
Hot Boogie Rock Juice
for $500
Two Week Delivery
Available Direct

Refinements have been made in the classic Boogie 3 volume control overdrive system which enable The Son™ to adjust from your guitar for crisp, solid rhythm or **blistering** lead sustain!

**Also includes:**

- Dual cascaded input channels
- Treble, Bass, Middle, & Presence controls
- Outstanding Hand Built all tube amplifier circuitry
- MESA/Black Shadow 150 Watt 12 inch speaker
- Unsurpassed MESA/Boogie quality and service
- Also available with EVM 12L and in other cabinet styles

The S.O.B. does not attempt to offer the sophistication, versatility, or footswitchability of the Mark II-B series MESA/Boogie™...

**But look out world!**
**"He's only a young Son,**
**But he was Born to Rock!"**
**AND ROCK HE DOES!!**

Incredible Performance that only MESA/Boogie could bring you.

MESA ENGINEERING

1317 Ross Street
Petaluma CA 94952
(707) 778-6565

Come visit our sales showroom when you're in the S.F. area—
Call first for appointment.



Send $1.00 for information on the S.O.B. & the full MESA/Boogie line.

Name Street City State Zip MP

young Yogi's life. Yogi and some friends formed a band, the Deltas, which won the amateur hour at the Apollo four weeks running and took first prize at a New Jersey talent show emceed by Sammy Davis, Jr. They later got a recording deal with Ed Townsend (who penned Marvin Gaye's "Let's Get It On") and worked the national club circuit through the late 60s on a regular diet of top forty soul covers and occasional originals. Horton was touring Europe with the Moments when he turned eighteen. On his return, he became the house timekeeper at Sylvia Robinson's All-Platinum Studios (Robinson now runs top rap label Sugarhill), playing on, among other tracks, Sylvia's million—seller "Pillow Talk."

"I'm the guy who helps lay the foundation for the stars, helping the star be a star," says Horton of the rewards of the session game. "If I'm backing someone onstage in front of 50,000 screaming fans, it's okay that they aren't screaming for me personally, 'cause I know the star'll turn around at some point and wink at me and say, 'Yeah, Yogi!' It's between me and him, but that's enough.

"All I ever wanted to be was the drummer, providing the pulse to help make the music happen. Let everyone else be the food—I'm the pot, the kettle and the fire. You wanna cook? You gotta cook with *me*."

### Yogi's Tips to Drummakers

(1) "Why haven't they come up with something that, once you've tuned your snare up the way you want, you can clamp something over the rim to lock it in tune? Snares are the drums that you hit hardest—though I guess I could use one on the bass drum, too—and they're the ones you always have to stop and retune every few takes. I mean, they can send a man to the moon, right ?

(2) "They should eliminate this string garbage they use to tie the snares to the snare-holder. The *only* thing I've seen that'll hold 'em without ever breaking is this heavy-duty fiber packing tape. When I got my snare 'gorilla-proofed' at the Professional Percussion Center in New York, they put that tape on the snares. Believe it or not, I have had snares fall off during a session. It's one thing when you break a drum-head; *that* people understand. But when your snares fall onto the floor, your heart's down there with 'em.

(3) "There should be a bass drum pedal made so that you can really stomp it with your heel. As it is, you can only play heel-down or, if you wanna get *down* and *kick*, heel-up. But when you just sit and tap your foot, then stomp your heel, you can feel the difference. There should be a way to get that on a bass pedal. Maybe if they made one really wide, so you could angle your foot and stomp at it with your heel...." Ⓜ

H O M E

# FOSTEX A-8

## 8 Tracks on ¼-inch

BY PAUL D. LEHRMAN


The term "semi-pro" was coined to a great extent to honor the TEAC/TASCAM 80-8, one of the first eight-track tape decks to use half-inch tape. Now that company's leadership in the field is being strongly challenged by a new Japanese name, Fostex. Besides going head to head with TEAC on four-track open-reel decks and four-track cassette decks with built-in mixers, Fostex has gone even further with the A-8.

The A-8 is the first machine that allows eight-track recording on quarter-inch tape. Selling for about $2400, it is aimed squarely at the "domestic" market, as a tool for musicians who would like to be able to work out their composing and arranging ideas at home without using up expensive studio time on pre-production.

The 29-pound machine uses 7-inch reels, and runs only at 15 ips. There is a wide-range variable-speed control, which is useful for tuning and allows the musician, when he turns it way down, to pull off fast licks he might not otherwise be capable of. Signal-to-noise ratio is kept at healthy levels by (defeatable) Dolby C noise reduction, which also keeps crosstalk, certainly a major concern with such small tracks, within reasonable bounds. There is a fairly accurate zero-return function, an optional transport remote control, and provision for foot-switch operation of punch-in and out, all mighty convenient for the solo recording musician. Synchronization problems don't exist, as one head serves for record and play.

There are some compromises in the design: inputs and outputs are unbalanced (there are no mike inputs), and horizontal mounting of the machine requires a hole to be cut in the mounting surface to allow cables to reach the jacks. There are no user-accessible level controls (a wise move), but alignment is a fairly straightforward procedure. The edge tracks of the tape have a little trouble with consistent high-end response, so cymbals, acoustic guitars, etc. are best kept on the inner tracks.

Although the A-8 should probably not be called upon to make master tapes or live remote recordings (only four channels can be recorded at a time, and the plastic case doesn't look like it's up to the rigors of the rock road) it is, in what it *can* do, a valuable addition to the arsenal of weapons the working musician can use to crack the charts. Ⓜ

**BBC** *cont. from pg. 64*

ducer Jeff Griffin.

Over the years, the BBC dealt with their constant tape storage problem by destroying selected, supposedly dispensable tapes, some vintage Beatles programs among them. So whatever the BBC had not already transferred to transcription discs, Griffin and co-producer Kevin Howlett had to track down in the private collections of BBC producers and Beatles fans. At least one number, the only known group rendition of "I'll Be On My Way" (written by Lennon and McCartney for Billy J. Kramer), had to be rescued off a poorly recorded cassette.

Then there was the matter of the original recording quality. "In those days," explains Griffin, who produced BBC sessions for Cream and Jimi Hendrix, "all BBC studio recording was done straight onto quarter-inch tape. We had two mono machines, the EMI BTR2 and the smaller EMI TR90. First the instrumental backing track was recorded. Then as the backing tape played, the vocals were recorded and the engineer would record the mix on another quarter-inch tape. There was very little in equalization, although most of the producers had their own 'weird little boxes' plugged in to give presence to one take or another."

BBC producer Peter Pilbeam, who handled the Beatles' first-ever radio appearance on the March 8, 1962 edition of "Teenager's Turn" (the pop band slot of the show *Here We Go*), did not even have the benefit of overdubbing. His program was recorded live at an old music hall in Manchester in front of an invited audience on an old Marconi-

*continued on page 86*

# THE UNLIMITED EDITION


"Don't let the instrument limit your expression." That's the entire design philosophy behind the new Ibanez LR10. Rather than look for performance from fads, gizmos and space-age materials, the LR10 gets its soulful character from select materials, careful craftsmanship and the guiding hand of Lee Ritenour. Here's what Rit has to say about his LR10. "My Ibanez is the most expressive guitar I've ever played. We've hit on a combination of materials and techniques that result in a semi-acoustic that's miles ahead of anything in its class. Play an Ibanez LR10 and unlimit yourself."

Ibanez®

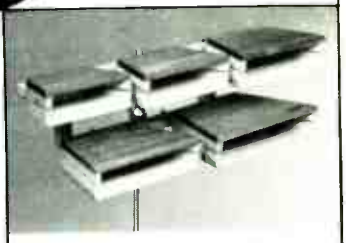
TOMORROW'S NAME IN GUITARS

For a full color catalog send $2.00 to: IBANEZ Dept. M P.O. Box 886, Bensalem, Pa. 19020-0886 327 Broadway, Idaho Falls ID 83401-0309 17421 East Gale Ave., City of Industry, Ca 91748 In Canada: 6355 Park Ave., Montreal, PQ H2V 4H5

# Best buys

Recent advancements in production techniques have enabled **Moog Music** to produce a more cost-effective Opus-3. Component selection, insertion and board testing are now computer controlled. This has led to the quality of Opus-3 going up and the price coming down to become one of the few polyphonic synthesizers retailing for under $1,000. Including strings, organ and brass, as well as a variable polyphonic synthesizer, Opus-3 can combine voices to produce lush layered tone colors. An articulation mode even allows independent attack and decay contours for strings and brass. Stereo outputs allow placement of the voices. Moog, 2500 Walden Ave., Buffalo, NY 14225, (716) 681-7200.

The new **Melobar Guitar** Power-Slide Series was recently introduced in response to the demand of slide and steel players for dramatic onstage appearance and mobility. Features include: exclusive tilt-neck design for playing slide in sitting or standing position with precision control, even including abrupt muffling of any or all strings as desired; two nationally known pickups with 3-way switch control; Grover tuning machines; 6, 8 or 10 strings with tuning charts showing tunings used by stage and recording players. Standard—$995, custom—$1,295. Melobar, Box 707, Weiser, ID 83672, (208) 549-0769.

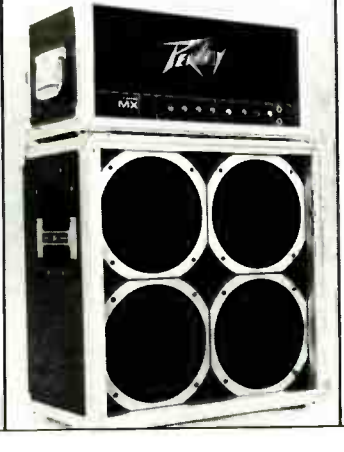


A unique Bell Block system comprised of five maximum tone chambers, the Quintet by **Camber** boasts the increased volume and multiple tonality that today's music demands. Conceived and created for the professional percussionist, each block is precision-made of choice mahogany, oak and maple and hand-rubbed to a lustrous oil finish. The Quintet is ready to be played since it fits any conventional accessory or cymbal stand. Camber U.S.A., P.O. Box 807, Lynbrook, NY 11563, (516) 887-3434.


Hailed by **Mesa** as a "second coming," the Son of Boogie or S.O.B. is a reissue of the famous original Mark I Boogie design. The Son is a 50-watt combo featuring two cascaded input channels and the highly regarded Black Shadow 150-watt 12" speaker. Refinements have been made in the classic Boogie three-volume control overdrive system which enables the Son to adjust from your guitar for crisp, solid rhythm or blistering lead sustain. Recommended especially for rock 'n' roll, the S.O.B. sells for $500, and is available direct from Mesa Engineering, 1317 Ross St., Petaluma, CA 94952, (707) 778-6565.

**Mattel Electronics** introduces Synsonics Drums, featuring four drum pads arranged like a real drum set—a snare, tom tom, cymbal and floor tom. Play the drums by pressing individual control buttons—three controls for each drum—or strike the pressure-sensitive pads with your hands, fingertips or drumsticks; the harder you strike, the louder the sound. Synsonics has full recording and playback functions, with three separate 16-beat memories that you can program yourself. In record mode, drum patterns can be layered indefinitely, and memories can be played back individually or blended in sequence: over 4,000 different patterns are possible, plus accenting and octave tuning. Mattel Electronics, 5150 Rosecrans Ave., Hawthorne, CA 90250, (213) 978-5150.

**Peavey** introduces the MXFC "Top Box" musical instrument amp and 412 FC enclosure. The MXFC features 130 watts RMS in a tube-type configuration, a saturation and thick circuit (to create virtually *any* overload/distortion texture), 3-band passive eq, active presence control, pre and post gain controls, high and low gain inputs, reverb, high power/low power switch and forced-air fan cooling. The MXFC is housed in a rugged 3/4" flight case with roadworthy aluminum extrusions, comfortable handles and removable front and rear panels. A perfect match for the MXFC is Peavey's 412 FC loudspeaker enclosure featuring four 12" Scorpion speakers in a rugged case of infinite-baffle design for extended low-end response. Peavey, 711 A St., Meridian, MS 39301, (601) 483-5365.




**Ibanez** has just introduced the new MC150 Musician solid body electric guitar, featuring a 24-fret maple neck which runs the entire length of the guitar, sandwiched in the solid mahogany body. A new contoured body cutaway provides easy access to the highest frets. The two Super 58 pickups on the MC150 have been specially designed for humbucking or single coil performance utilizing an Ibanez innovation—Duo-Sound push pots. The push on/push off pots enable switching from the humbucking to the single coil mode by simply pressing the knob. The MC150 features an Ibanez Gibraltar locking bridge and slotted tailpiece. Hoshino U.S.A. Inc., P.O. Box 469, 1716 Winchester Rd., Bensalem, PA 19020, (215) 638-8670.

**TASCAM** has just introduced a new Portastudio, the Model 244. Delivering improved performance and even greater versatility than its highly successful predecessor, its built-in dbx tape noise reduction virtually eliminates tape hiss and simultaneously lowers distortion. The new unit has 4-track simultaneous recording capability, 2-band parametric type sweep equalizer, mike/line-tape switches with a third "off" (mute) position, and, to aid in setting the levels "just right," there are peak overload LEDs on each input and on the left and right mixing busses. The auxiliary mix is now stereo (4 in x 2 out), with pre/post/off switching, so it can be used as an echo/effects send or for an additional cue feed, and the tape cue output also has been upgraded to stereo. For hands-free inserts and overdubs, a remote punch-in/out jack accepts the optional RC30p foot switch. TASCAM, 7733 Telegraph Rd., Montebello, CA 90640, (213) 726-0303.

# Try our hand-held money machine!

## The Model AT814 Dynamic Vocal Microphone. Your best capital investment!

Music may be mostly art. And sound may be based on engineering. But together they're a business. The music business. And the AT814 is a tool. A *music business* microphone.

We also call it a *vocal* microphone. Not because it can't be used for anything else, but because every detail of design is based on helping your voice to sell. On stage. In front of the paying customers.

The AT814 response is smooth, but it isn't flat. Rather, it's tailored to help you punch through instrumental backing and noise without screaming or forcing. You sound natural. And great.

The AT814 is also designed to work best very close up. The way you want to work. But without spitting, popping, or overload problems. And with a controlled proximity effect which builds bass without booming. Or complements an equalizer to control feedback if you prefer.

Even our cables are special. With a conductive coating on both interior wires to make them some of the lowest-noise cables in the industry. And built to take repeated flexing without failure.

And the AT814 is STRONG. In capital letters because it's so important. Our windscreen is three structural layers of mesh, soldered (not glued) and backed up by foam. In every respect, the AT814 is built to deliver. Night after night. Town after town. Because you can't afford a reputation for bad sound anymore than we can.

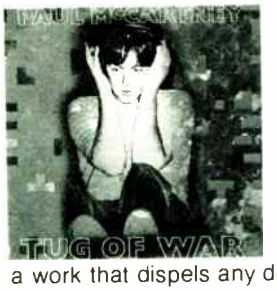
We can't promise the AT814 will make more people like your singing. But we can promise they'll hear you at your best. And once you've tried the AT814, we think you'll sing its praises too. At leading music stores everywhere. Try one today! AUDIO-TECHNICA U.S., INC., 1221 Commerce Drive, Stow, Ohio 44224.
In Canada: Audio Specialists, Inc., Montreal, P.Q.

**audio-technica**

*Great sound right from the start!*

# RECORD REVIEWS

## Paul McCartney
***Tug Of War*** (Columbia)




We won't have Paul McCartney to kick around anymore, not after this. *Tug Of War* is more than McCartney's best album to date; it's a work that dispels any doubt about his abilities or potential as a solo artist. The music is not merely good but frequently great, and its depth and range reveal a level of ambition few artists achieve.

In short, this is hot stuff. It does everything you'd expect *plus* quite a lot of which you'd never have thought McCartney capable. For instance, there are the two collaborations with Stevie Wonder. "Ebony And Ivory," with its lilting refrain and facile imagery, is exactly the sort of racial harmony anthem you'd expect from two of the nicest guys in pop music. In fact, that's almost a problem; the song's central image is so numbingly simple and the melody so ingratiating that its sentiments seem like so much cotton candy.

Not so "What's That You're Doing?," however. With a keyboard figure that kicks like a turbo-charged "Superstition" and a dead-on-the-one pulse, it's so danceably insistent that it sounds as if it wandered onto the album by mistake. Even more amazing is the fact that the undeniably funky drum and bass patterns were provided by McCartney, who has never even hinted that he could get down so completely.

That ability to turn expectations on their heads is *Tug Of War*'s central trick. Certainly McCartney has dabbled in a variety of musical styles before, but never with such confidence or ease. Remember how awkward and strained *London Town*'s "Boyfriend" sounded, particularly after Quincy Jones refitted it for Michael Jackson on *Off The Wall*? Then take note of how much "Dress Me Up Like A Robber" finds McCartney at home in that same slick groove, with a smoothly accurate falsetto, modal changes that would make Red Temperton nod and an acoustic guitar solo as fitting as anything on Earl Klugh's last three albums. You wanna rock? Cue up "Ballroom Dancing" and marvel at how well McCartney serves up the sort of roots-rock Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe have become famous for, yet without the stiffness that made *Back To The Egg* so disappointing. Or check out "Get It," and see if you can figure out how McCartney, all by himself, could put together a backing track so absolutely right that it makes the song the best thing collaborator Carl Perkins has out since leaving Sun.

That last point may be the most ironic of all, because as tempting as it is to suggest that what sharpened McCartney's writing and playing this time around was the quality of company he kept, it's important to remember that on the most impressive collaborations, "What's That You're Doing?" with Wonder and "Get It" with Perkins, it's just Paulie and guest. In other words, this is no mere super-session—this is simply Paul McCartney demonstrating his respect by playing better than he has since leaving the Beatles.

Perhaps the most telling example of this is "Here Today," McCartney's farewell to John Lennon. In a very real sense, this too is a collaboration, because McCartney's lyric seems tempered by Lennon's wit and disdain for cheap sentiment. The lyric is built around the would-be thought, "if you were here today"; rather than squander the song, McCartney twists the lyric just as it verges on the maudlin, and answers his opening verse with: "Well, knowing you, you'd probably laugh / And say that we were worlds apart."

But touches like that leave me thinking just the opposite, that perhaps Lennon and McCartney were not such well-defined opposites. Certainly *Double Fantasy* was a truer celebration of home and family than McCartney's home life has produced, and tracks like "Get It" and "Ballroom Dancing" are far closer to the Beatles' roots than Lennon's *Rock And Roll* ever got. So maybe we were wrong in hoping Lennon and McCartney would get back together; maybe all we needed was for them to stop trying to be so far apart. — *J.D. Considine*

## Marshall Crenshaw
***Marshall Crenshaw*** (Warner Bros.)


And they spoke of him, saying: Some claim thou art the new Buddy Holly, some say the Brothers Everly, others that you are the Prophet John come back.... Jeez, give the kid a break. Sure we're all starved for somebody or something that can put some heart back into rock 'n' roll, but fatuous comparisons are a disservice to both the artist and the audience: hype kills, and all that. There's just one problem with that line of reasoning: the little sumbitch *is* that good—or damn close, anyway. In fact, Marshall Crenshaw is one of the half-dozen naturals who come along in a generation to give the music a swift kick in its platinum *derriere* just when it needs it most.

*Marshall Crenshaw* is the work of a sophisticated innocent—a dozen adolescent epiphanies bursting with irresistible pop melodies, ringing guitars and choir boy harmonies, all fueled by unfettered rock 'n' roll drive. Unlike archivists like Robert Gordon (who, significantly, had his first major chart success with Marshall's "Someday, Someway") Crenshaw's tunes are evocative, *not* derivative, of the old masters; he doesn't so much refer to tradition as he becomes an extension of it. Tunes like "Cynical Girl," (on which Marshall literally plays guitar like a-ringing-a-bell) with its chiming chords tumbling through dazzling, mellifluous changes, owes no more or less to Holly or Chuck Berry than say, *Beatles '65*. Just when you think you may have a handle on where he's headed (hmmm, mid-period Holly meets the Byrds, Watson), he kicks into overdrive and deals out a completely new set of changes in mid-song that effortlessly pirouette and segue back into the the original melody. Like Springsteen and Lennon-McCartney before him, Crenshaw crafts songs that appear to be models of simplicity, even when they are, in fact, structurally quite complex.

Part of the credit for the effectiveness

of their impact and delivery must go to the uncannily empathic support offered by drummer Robert Crenshaw and bassist Chris Donato. Together they comprise one of the most perfectly integrated trios in rock history. Brother Bob provides unstoppable forward momentum as he comes down on the one, like some deliriously happy sentient muscle, while Donato's adventurous bass weaves through the mix, providing both rhythmic support and melodic counterpoint. (Check out the exquisite tension created by his syncopated counter-rhythms on "Brand New Lover.") Make no mistake, ladies and gents, these guys are a rock 'n' roll band, not a bunch of power-pop wimps. Listen to Robert pound out the manic intro to "Rockin' Around In N.Y.C." as Marshall telegraphs the jangling guitar figure, then launches into an ecstatic tilt-a-whirl chorus guaranteed to inspire all of your molecules to spontaneously have sex with each other, and finally exits with some skittering, sugar-cured Chuck Berry riffs. Hot stuff! Although *Marshall Crenshaw* falls short of capturing the adrenalin kick of his live show, producer Richard Gottehrer (early Blondie, the Go-Go's) earns kudos for crafting a bright, resonant (if a bit distanced) soundscape with sharply etched contours that highlight the pop without seriously dissipating the punch.

Crenshaw's efforts share with early Beatles material the near miraculous sense of being complete aesthetic entities in themselves, not mere vehicles to demonstrate vocal or instrumental prowess. In reality, nobody *writes* songs as good as "Someday, Someway," "I'll Do Anything," or "Cynical Girl." Actually they're found floating in reed baskets among the bulrushes, and grow up to lead their people out of bondage. Seriously, folks, gems like these come from a place a bit farther upstream from the usual genre pool. Contacting that place requires a degree of unselfconsciousness increasingly rare in today's jaded market. This is music whose very nature radiates sincerity, joy and wonder, and inspires the same. — *Vic Garbarini*

### Miles Davis
***We Want Miles*** (Columbia)

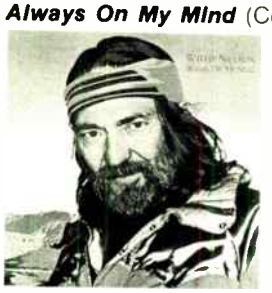
How does 80s Miles stack up against the Miles of the 70s? You could say he's less adventurous, less avant - garde, also less harsh and less explosive. The textures are thinner, the instrumentation is simpler, the devices are fewer. Yet somehow the difference goes further. Miles seems to have gotten back to certain basics, not of bebop, but of music; the rudiments, the elements of musical structure: sound and pulse. This is something which Ornette has been doing for a while now, reappraising the very syntax of the music and coming up with a group (Prime Time) which will not make either rhythm or melody subordinate. Ornette's presentation by comparison is very busy, even cluttered, whereas this is sparse, laid back, and very much Miles. That much hasn't changed—the understatement and the sweetness, the color and the contrast are all characteristic.

What we have here is basic the way folk music is basic, and just as true to form. We get the ritual without grinding repetition, the statement without artifice. Each musician is given his own space to work in and speaks directly to you. The statements stand free, they don't run together, and we know where we are all the time. Very important to this record is this feeling of space which permits each voice to clarify itself and to develop its own theme, like the spaces between Miles' phrases, which always were as significant as the ideas themselves.

The first track, "Jean Pierre," is a folk motif which sets the tone for the album: extreme simplicity. Even the Gershwin tune, "My Man's Gone Now," accommodates itself to this vision of unelaborated truth. The pulse is primal and the melody lines are sparse. Solos are played in succession, never simultaneously, and are often shorter than you'd expect on a double album. Miles shows us his chops, but keeps disappearing into the group. The group feeling is strong, and as with Prime Time, it's hard to always know what to call a solo.

The last Miles record, *The Man With The Horn* (Columbia), took tentative steps in this direction, but the guiding concept just wasn't there—sounds became noises, repetitions did grind, thoughts lacked clarity and development. Assuming that was an experiment, we now have some results that work. I can't say if this is the future Miles, or just a pause he's taking to hear himself think, but it's something that should be heard. — *Joe Blum*

### Willie Nelson
***Always On My Mind*** (Columbia)

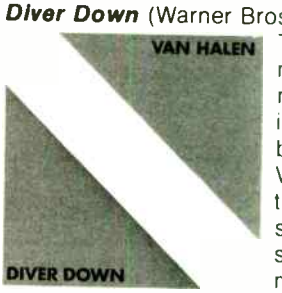


Just when you thought you couldn't bear one more version of Paul Simon's "Bridge Over Troubled Water," Willie Nelson comes by and makes the song sound brand-new. On the best known versions, Art Garfunkel and Aretha Franklin elaborate the religious romance with lung-bursting embellishments. Nelson takes the exact opposite approach. He strips the song of everything that isn't absolutely necessary. He carves out empty spaces that make his husky understatement all the more stark and affecting. He sustains the tension by accenting beats other than those the song calls for. His measured confidentiality brings a new sense of privacy to the overly familiar lyrics.

Nelson writes few songs anymore (only two of the ten on this album), but has concentrated instead on improving as an interpretive singer. The work has paid off, and *Always On My Mind* contains his best singing ever. If you want to understand why Miles Davis admires Nelson so much that he named a song for him, listen to Nelson sing the title song. The Texas hillbilly elongates the phrase, "You were always on my mind," till it fills up with regret and irony. He repeats the line three more times—now sad, now bitter, now hopeful—his breathy drawl curling like smoke. Sound like a muted trumpet solo or what?

Nelson also tackles Aretha's "Do Right Woman" (written by his producer, Chips Moman). Nelson has neither Franklin's raw talent nor sudden intuitions; instead he relies on smarts and phrasing. His alternating hoarse whispers and deep-throated yodels create the perfect, polar counterpart to Franklin's. Two other fine Moman compositions also bridge the gap between soul and country. No one since Ray Charles has strolled that bridge as confidently as Willie Nelson does now. — *Geoffrey Himes*

### Van Halen
***Diver Down*** (Warner Bros.)




The mistake most critics make in dealing with metaboogie maulers Van Halen is that they assume because singer and macho clown David Lee Roth has the band's biggest mouth, he always has the last word. Wrong 'em, boyo. For my heavy metal moolah, there is no way Roth, for all his entertaining bluster, can ever shout down the brawling thunder of his bandmates, bassist Michael Anthony, guitarist Edward and drummer Alex Van Halen. Together, this unholy trinity raises the concept of white rock noise to stadium concert art, genuinely atomic punk (per the song title on their 1978 debut LP) that, even as it celebrates HM's most hedonistic extremes, boomerangs back at you with stripped-down no-nonsense force.

*Diver Down*, Van Halen's fifth album, is no different from the others in that Edward Van Halen again steals the show. Against Anthony and brother Van Halen's rhythm barrage in the speeding "Hang 'Em High," he dashes from rum-

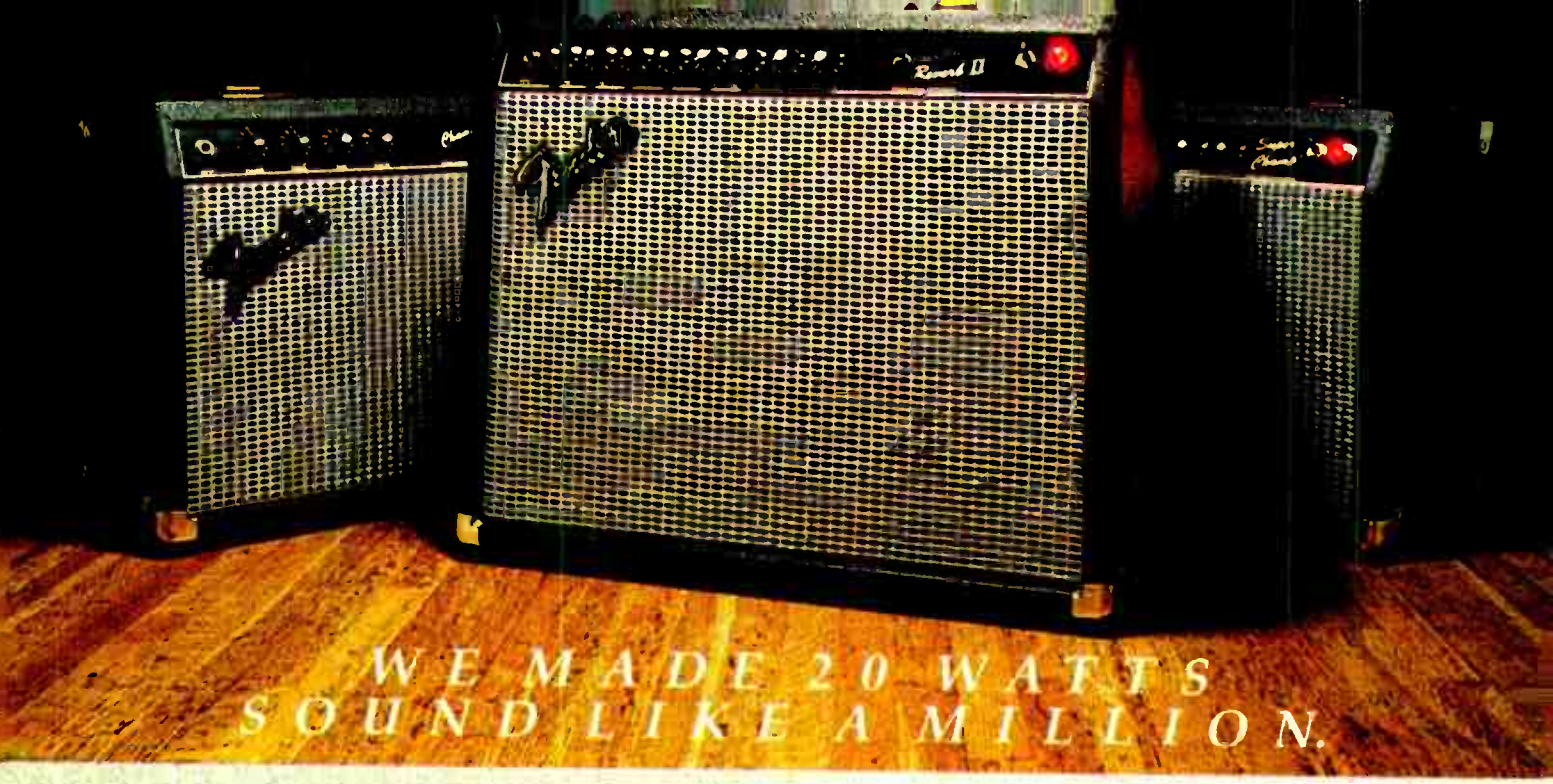
bling riff to slamdunk chord to screaming banshee fill without flubbing a lick. And where most of the guitar's heavy metalworkers satisfy themselves with a Black Sab-like fortified drone, Eddie Van Halen uses volume and feedback to fill all that instrumental space in the VH sound, his solos (like the core arpeggio in the band's randy cover of Roy Orbison's "(Oh) Pretty Woman") constantly exploding in icepick shards of harmonics. Underneath, Anthony beats hamfisted bass the way John Bonham used to pound out "Moby Dick" with his bare paws while Alex Van Halen—who uses *four* bass drums onstage—displays a muscular agility uncommon to his breed.

Where *Diver Down* takes a serious fall is in the paucity of championship originals to match all that crack instrumental raving. Never terribly prolific writers, they cover up the bad patch that started with last year's *Fair Warning* with five cover versions, including a slice of superfluous Dixieland called "Big Bad Bill (Is Sweet William Now)," and three guitar micro-instrumental fillers. But what originals there are show surprising ingenuity, particularly "Little Guitars" with its offbeat rhythmic lilt, Eddie Van Halen's snipping guitar line, and those stainless-steel group harmonies. Besides, Van Halen don't just cover songs, in this case, "Dancing In The Streets" and the Kinks' "Where Have All The Good Times Gone"; they completely rewire them, Edward extrapolating on the signature tunes with feedback fireworks over Michael and Alex's emphatic boom.

David Lee Roth, even with his raving coyote howl and comic cock-strut antics, has to fight to be heard over the band's inspired din. But just as they overwhelm him, so does the whole group overwhelm their audience, not with bludgeoning riffs and Promethean bawling like most heavy metal bands but with toil, sweat and laughs, because Van Halen are nothing more or less than a dynamite bar band become larger than life. That's not everybody's cup of mocha. But the next time you need relief from a plague of Joy Division clones or indigestion from too much jazz-rock virtuosity, slap yourself upside the head and remember, "Wow, I could have had a VH!" — *David Fricke*

**Laurie Anderson**
***Big Science*** (Warner Bros.)


This is the avant - garde art music album for folks who generally hate the stuff. Anderson captures the rarely realized potential of modern art music and avoids its commonly commited sins. A lot of experimental chamber performances held in lofts are even more boring than old-fashioned




*Introducing the Princeton Reverb II. Descended from the all-time great studio amp, but with more power and lots of extra features. Like mid boost, presence control, switchable lead sound, 12" speaker, lock-joint pine cabinet, and more.*

*We rate it at 20 watts, but we think it sounds more like 50.*

*Before you buy any amp in this power range, hear what the world's most experienced builder of tube amps can do for less than $400 (suggested retail). The new Champ II and Super Champ are almost as powerful and even more affordable. All three are built to survive years and years of grueling road use.*


Fender®

THE SOUND THAT CREATES LEGENDS

chamber recitals held in mansion parlors. Most of this "new music" has no content other than its own cleverness. But Anderson's songs are actually about something: manipulative parents, dangerous airplanes, new shopping centers, ex-boyfriends and boyfriends-to-be. Moreover, she has a dynamite sense of humor that consistently deflates the pomposity so endemic to this genre. Hey, to me she sounds a lot more like Lou "Screw-you-if-you-can't-take-a-joke" Reed than Steve "Pulse-pulse-pulse" Reich.

Actually, recent avant-garde art music has come up with some neat inventions: moving synthesizers, voices, strings and horns in and out of an identical common timbre; exaggerating the detached, automatic sounds of machines to the point of satire; recycling computerized mantric drones; resolving unlikely, uncomfortable tones into ever-expanding harmonies; crossing rhythms with cold, mathematical precision; using elliptical association to leap ahead through verbal and musical progressions. Anderson, though, is one of the few artists to use these inventions not as ends in themselves but as a means to something else.

That something else is an utterly unsentimental look at human relationships and the way we deflect each other with catch-phrases. "O Superman," for all its puns, is the scariest, truest look at emotional fascism since Elvis Costello's "Two Little Hitlers." Though her lyrics are full of funny, biting satire, her vocals and keyboards impart the stubborn sense that honesty is possible, even necessary. As she breaks down speech into repeating breaths and odd phrase fragments, she breaks down the familiar deceptive patterns but never loses the credibility of ordinary talk. Her Farfisa organ and OBXa synthesizer create hypnotic pulsing patterns that absorb all attention.

This is Anderson's debut album, though she has contibuted to poetry records and art magazines and first attracted attention with her single, "O Superman," an underground favorite here and an overground hit in England. "O Superman" is on the album (though its funny flipside, "Walk The Dog" is not) and is still her best work yet. Several other songs come close, though. The title cut contrasts mountain yodels and wolf calls with a glittering tour of new shopping malls in the "golden cities" where it's "every man for himself."

Her cut-up poetry and synthesizer drone is transformed on "Walking & Falling" into an affecting two-minute love song. "Born, Never Asked" has few words, but Anderson's violin climb through surprising changes establishes her as a musician as well as a wordsmith. "Example #22" is the one lapse into avant-garde self-indulgence. The album ends with a medley of "Let X=X"

and "It Tango." Held together by deliberate party handclaps and bridged by George Lewis' trombone solos, the songs mirror the way men and women talk past each other. First it's funny. Then too close to home.—*Geoffrey Himes*

### The Pat Metheny Group
***Offramp*** (ECM)


With the phenomenal success and influence the Pat Metheny Group has enjoyed, it's hard to believe that this is only their third album. Metheny himself has kept his fingers (and his fans) occupied with various solo, ensemble, and duo recordings (*New Chautauqua, 80/81, As Falls Wichita*), but the Group projects have been reserved for the material he has been playing on the road with Lyle Mays, Danny Gottlieb, Steve Rodby, and, lately, Nana Vasconcelos. As such, much of *Offramp* will already be familiar to Metheny concertgoers, which is not to say that the material here is bland or old-hat. Quite the contrary.

The biggest change on *Offramp* is the sound of the respective instruments, with Lyle Mays' acoustic piano being replaced as often as not for an arsenal of synthesizers, and Pat's trusty combination of Gibson hollow-body guitar and digital delay being all but discarded in favor of the Roland and Synclavier guitar synths.

The album is centered around three extended compositions, each illustrating a different element of Metheny's recent musical expeditions. "James" (long referred to in concert as "our James Taylor-ish kind of tune") is the LP's most memorable and melodic piece, the sort of thing that could be slipped unobtrusively into the *Pat Metheny Group* album. This is the type of tune you can walk away humming after one listening. Not so with the title tune, inspired by another of Pat's faves, Ornette Coleman. This high-pressure synthesizer skirmish is further removed from Metheny's Midwest background (in more ways than one) than anything he's recorded thus far. This avant-garde counterpart to Pat's rock-tinged *Garage* features some of his best, most visceral playing. Do not attempt to hum this one. The light, Latin-flavored "Are You Going With Me?" features beautiful "trumpet" and "melodica" solos, assumedly from Pat and Lyle. The key modulations add tension to an otherwise harmless set of chords, making this one of the group's most captivating tunes.

The remaining four selections seem a little weak, at least in comparison to the three above. "Barcarole" and "Eighteen" were both co-composed by Vasconcelos and Metheny-Mays, and seem a bit bottom-heavy as a result. "The Bat (Part II)" is just the opposite—nice and fluffy, with all the nutrition of cotton candy. The appropriately titled "Au Lait" could substitute as soundtrack music for a French film—the kind where some guy in a turtleneck and beret is trying to pick up some reed-thin model smoking a cigarette at a sidewalk cafe. Had these tunes been developed more fully, or been replaced altogether (say with Mays' "Mars," one of their strongest live numbers), *Offramp* could have been one of Metheny's best and most far-reaching LPs. As it is, however, *Offramp* is still a worthy addition to the splendid Metheny catalog. — *Dan Forte*

### Richard & Linda Thompson
***Shoot Out The Lights*** (Hannibal)

After two well-intentioned attempts at devising a more "contemporary" ensemble framework for their beautiful, disquieting songs, Richard and Linda Thompson have stripped away those concessions to restore the haunting, primordial atmosphere of their best records, *I Want To See The Bright Lights Tonight* ('72) and *Pour Down Like Silver* ('76).

Like those albums, *Shoot Out The*

*Lights* employs a leaner balance of acoustic and electric instrumentation to bring Richard Thompson's often austerely modal melodic sense and precise but timeless imagery into sharper focus. In contrast to the duo's last album, *Sunnyvista*, (1980, U.K. only), which toyed with R&B syncopations and denser rhythm arrangements, the new songs again adhere to the compact scale and stark aesthetics of Richard's mid-70s arrangements. Like them, these performances suggest a personal style steeped equally in the narrative tradition of the ballad and the electromechanical language of Leo Fender.

The new record isn't an outright retrenchment, particularly with respect to Richard's guitar work, which showcases some of the most passionate, unbridled Stratocaster excursions he's ever recorded. Recent experiments with signal-processing and synthesizers survive in subtle but effective revisions in timbre, as in the liquid, shape-shifting tone he brings to moody fills and the alternately coiled and luminous solos on the set's best ballads, "Walking On A Wire" and "Did She Jump Or Was She Pushed?"

Still, the choice of producer (Joe Boyd, who helmed sessions for Thompson with Fairport Convention) and players (Fairport's Dave Mattacks, Dave Pegg and Simon Nicol, along with empathic allies as Any Trouble's Clive Gregson and the Watersons on backing vocals) enables these tracks to fit much more snugly into the thematic and musical canon the Thompsons refined before their efforts at commercial conciliation. The songs include the edgy vignettes, devotional hymns and caustic broadsides that have been constants throughout the duo's recordings.

There are highlights—the galloping, urgent rockabilly of "Don't Renege On Our Love" and the menacing, slow march of the title song, spattered by tense and saw-toothed bursts of guitar—but it's really the unity of vision that matters here, one driven by emotional and moral force and given dark beauty by the Thompsons' intelligence and skill. — *Sam Sutherland*

### Tom Verlaine

***Words From The Front*** (Warner Bros.)


"I used to crack a lot of safes," warbles Tom Verlaine in a tortured yodel in "Clear It Away," a song from his third solo LP, *Words From The Front*, "now here I am dealing scrap." True, his two late 70s albums with Television, *Marquee Moon* and *Adventure*, and last year's *Dreamtime* stand as arresting, nerve-shredding examples of singer/

THE OBERHEIM SYNTHESIZER PERFORMANCE SYSTEM consists of either the Oberheim OB-Xa or the OB-SX Polyphonic Synthesizer, plus the DSX Digital Polyphonic Sequencer and the DMX Programmable Digital Drum Machine. You can record notes, patches and drum beats, then play them on stage or in the studio in a dazzling performance that would take a dozen musicians or a dozen tracks to pull off conventionally. THE OBERHEIM SYNTHESIZER PERFORMANCE SYSTEM makes getting your ideas down faster and easier than ever before.

Program the multi-track DSX directly from the Synthesizer keyboard—record different sections and then Merge them together to make the song as long as you want. The DSX can store up to 6000 notes plus patch changes, splits, tempos and transpositions in any of 10 different sequences; each with 10 tracks. In addition to driving all of the voices in the Synthesizer, the DSX also has eight external CV and Gate outputs, which can be used with other synthesizers for up to sixteen voice polyphony.

The DSX also syncs up with the DMX for sound you wouldn't believe could come out of a box. Program your drum beats, combine the individual parts into a complete song, then let the whole SYSTEM loose with the touch of a single button! THE SYSTEM has cassette interface and battery backup too, so you don't lose your recordings when you lose power.

The Oberheim Performance System: products that work together to expand your creativity as never before.

**The OB-Xa Polyphonic Synthesizer**
4, 6 or 8 Voice Synthesizer
120 Patch Programs
5 Octave Programmable Split/Double Keyboard
Stereo/Mono Outputs

**The OB-SX Polyphonic Synthesizer**
4, 5 or 6 Voice Synthesizer
56 Patch Programs
4 Octave Keyboard

**The DSX Digital Polyphonic Sequencer**
6000 Note Capacity
16 Voice Polyphony
10 Sequences, each with 10 tracks
10 Merges
Loop and Transpose

**The DMX Programmable Digital Drum Machine**
Real Sounds Recorded Digitally
2000 Event Capacity
24 Drums
100 Sequences
50 Songs

# THE SYSTEM


Some Things Are Better Than Others.

OBERHEIM ELECTRONICS, INC.
2250 So. Barrington Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90064

writer/guitarist Verlaine's almost psychic ability to break our deepest emotional codes with his own confessional lyrics, nervously dramatic singing and evocative guitar-speak. But he sells himself critically short by suggesting *Words From The Front* is any lesser achievement.

In fact, all is anything but quiet on the Verlaine front. From the death march pace and Pork Chop Hill imagery of the title track to the stoic lovers' adieu in "Postcard From Waterloo," this album is about confrontation, as combative in guitar rage 'n' rhythm as it is in rhyme. "No strings attached," he says of the love in "Present Arrived," "but the rope is heavy." Well, so is the funk, cut with bullish muscle by drummer Tommy Price and bassist Joe Vasta (who appear on five of the seven tracks and are usually on a Mink DeVille salary) while Verlaine fills in his own swarthy riff with steely slices of lead guitar over Jimmy Ripp's rhythm fills.

"Postcard From Waterloo" and "True Story" make curious opposites. In the former, the lovers' handshake instead of a kiss is contrasted by the teary tremolo of Verlaine's Duane Eddy-like core guitar line, the romantically cascading piano and the metallic moan of his lead. "True Story" finds him coming back, apology in hand, but with a battalion of guitars stabbing at his back, led by two psycho-leads combining the rubbery, harmonic bounce of Quicksilver's John Cipollina with the tensile strength of a Jeff Beck or Buck Dharma. On the horror-show reggae crawl "Clear It Away," a blatant snipe at the animal public's bad taste in art ("The ruins are the big attraction here/And there you are in search of novelty"), Verlaine practically spits out his leads like flashes of John McLaughlin in *Bitches Brew* dub.

The shelling stops and the clouds finally clear in "Days On The Mountain," the lengthy exercise concluding the album. The first part is a kind of ghost dance marked by jazzy musings on guitar that later breaks into passages of massed orchestral guitars (with the occasional treated keyboard) that sound like Tubular Television, before concluding with fading wind-chime guitars, colliding harmonics that sound like, as Verlaine says in the song, "walking around in the ring of a bell." Actually, the whole album sounds like that. And when you hear it once, it won't stop ringing. — *David Fricke*

**Air**

***80 Below '82*** (Antilles)


It might seem that Air is locked in a holding pattern on their first LP for Antilles —their eighth in all. The three originals by Henry Threadgill, the band's saxophonist and its best writer, are less speculative, more straight-ahead than the material he has contributed in the past. With Threadgill playing only alto and tenor (no baritone, no flutes, no hubcaps), bassist Fred Hopkins plucking but not bowing and drummer Steve McCall limiting himself to the traps, the group's colors and textures are perhaps less varied than before. And Threadgill's reclamation of Jelly Roll Morton's "Chicago Breakdown" inevitably lacks the element of surprise which made a whole album of Morton and Joplin such a topic of conversation in 1979.

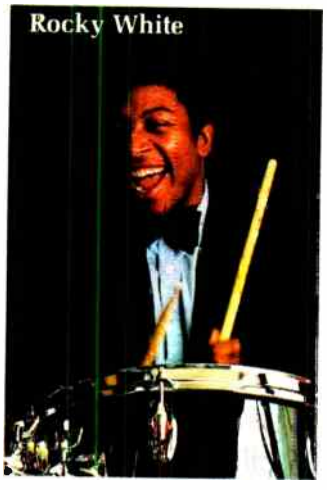
Yet this streamlining, this mood of self-recension, may be all to the good. Air has rarely sounded so smart, so clean, so concise, so exciting. The Morton piece is played with an élan and a confident attention to detail which make the justly praised (but alas, already out of print) *Air Lore* seem almost dour and tentative by comparison. There is similar concern for structural nuance in the Threadgill originals—the savory blues "Do Tell"; the swaying, triple-metered "The Traveller"; and the happy-go-lucky, riff-itchy title piece—and concentrated power in the solos they engender. This is Air's most consistently satisfying record to date, and the first to fully justify the comparison of Air to the Modern Jazz Quartet.

If Threadgill is Air's John Lewis, the formal thinker, he is also its Milt Jackson, the free-wheeling soloist. While Air owes a great deal to Hopkins and McCall, the tightest, most probing rhythm team since Hayden and Blackwell, Threadgill is here thrust front and center on his own material and his unusual prominence is what gives this record its edge over Air's earlier LPs. — *Francis Davis*

# 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.

Yamaha Musical Products • A Division of Yamaha International Corporation • Box 7271, Grand Rapids, MI 49510

YAMAHA

**Willie** *from pg. 48*

what-else door-to-door. Now, despite being such a media-blessed and wealthy man, you're still very much everyday people...and you communicate that to the audience, so it works as both myth and reality.

**NELSON:** I simply have the desire to be that way, that's all it takes. Which doesn't mean I also don't travel by private Lear. Mickey Raphael and I are working on a song called "Life Don't Owe Me A Living, But A Lear And A Limo Will Do." But I do not want to be separated from the people I'm trying to communicate with. I think it has a lot to do with the way I dress. [Willie was recently voted one of America's Five Worst Dressed Men by *Us* magazine, which he takes as an honor.] I don't outdress my audience. I don't want to show up wearing anything that might make them feel inferior in any way. I enjoy being one of the guys. Those people out there are all friends of mine at the moment, and if I stayed in Ames, Iowa last night, that crowd and I could have gotten along famously for years and years and years. Same thing in Minneapolis tonight: there will be thousands of people in the audience I could hang out with without feeling at all uncomfortable.

**MUSICIAN:** *Do you sometimes still see yourself as a door-to-door salesman, only now the door opens up into a*

*slightly larger living room, say with fourteen thousand people in it?*

**NELSON:** Exactly, exactly. The first thing I have to do when I walk on the stage is the first thing I have to do when I knock on someone's door: I have to sell myself. They have to like you personally before they're gonna buy anything from you, whether it's a Bible or a song or an encyclopedia.

**MUSICIAN:** *How were you at selling door-to-door?*

**NELSON:** (laughs) I was fantastic. I was real, real good. Ⓜ

**Five from the Heart: Willie's Selected Discography**

***Yesterday's Wine***, RCA, 1971: Willie's first concept album, tracing the journey of Imperfect Man (him) from birth not-to-but-through death. A long look at Nelson's spiritual side, the LP opens with a chit-chat about God and astrology and contains "Family Bible," the first song he ever sold. Also included, the wonderfully universal fantasy of observing your own funeral, "Goin' Home"; Willie's classic riff on the Odysseus myth gone country outlaw, "Me And Paul"; and perhaps his two most beautifully intelligent, damn near philosophical ballads, "Summer Of Roses" and "December Day." The record is a straight arrow from an earthbound body and soul launched, hopefully, towards the heavens.

***Phases And Stages***, Atlantic, 1974: A spirited busted-love tale told from perspectives of both leather and lace, yin and yang, tearful loss and rowdy regeneration. Produced by Jerry Wexler and recorded at Muscle Shoals in deep country colors (fiddle, pedal steel, banjo, etc.). All Nelson originals, with any number of single lines about blue jeans, dishes, fireflies, airplanes and whatnot that sum up the world, throw it in your face and say: take that.

***Red Headed Stranger***, CBS, 1975: The spiritual geography of the West, the melodic superiority of mountain and plain, the simple man-and-horse story trembling with remembrance and history, the instrumentally killing conclusion: not just a record, but a piece of Americana.

***Stardust***, CBS, 1978: Double-platinum and well deserving. It's a dreamy, toasty, honey-toned realization—champagne and moonlight on record—a sure nighttime catalyst, tremendous make-out music, and yet it's not nostalgic or saccharine. Willie arcs through Booker T.'s arrangement of "Georgia" with such ardor you'd think Georgia was a woman, and "Unchained Melody" is unequivocally a masterpiece. The standards are not treated like museum pieces (to be coddled and glass-cased) but rather as living, breathing entities, to be wrestled with and personalized. Is it sentimental? Of course it's sentimental.

***Somewhere Over The Rainbow***, CBS, 1981: Other folks' music and some shared vocals with a superlative swing band of fiddles, mandolins, double-basses, guitars and no drummer, thank you. Texas Gypsy passion with an exceedingly light touch and some childlike tunes that nonetheless are not childish. Willie phrases you right down his yellow hick road and we must remember that Dorothy had pigtails too.

**Crenshaw** *from pg. 35*

effect on me, experiencing a cross-section of attitudes, people with different needs. I think being aware of how diverse it is out there has helped me to concentrate on what I do best, on what interests me."

Robert was already living in Manhattan, attending audio engineering school, when Crenshaw moved to suburban Pelham in 1978. It was a prolific period. "I found that I had this great hunger to pump things out, to get stuff down on tape. I bought a tape deck and we started rolling from there." He did some writing at the kitchen table when wife Ione was at work. Other tunes were written in hotel rooms when he traveled ("That's really my favorite place") or in the car, just driving along. He finds it better to work alone. "It's a lot faster, although sometimes there isn't as much motivation as there might be with someone else there to push you."

Chris Donato was one of about forty bass players that Crenshaw auditioned through an ad in the *Village Voice* in the summer of 1980. "I had been to a few that day, and this was the last one," Donato recollects. "Marshall asked me if I could sing, what I wanted to play. I said, 'Midnight Hour,' which I love, and he flipped. Later he told me that I was in the band from that moment on." Crenshaw: "When you hold auditions like that, you can tell the right guy as soon as he walks in. We dug him immediately."

The bassist took Crenshaw's tape home. "I thought, 'Wow. This is it! This is what I've been looking for.' I'm a harmony freak from way back, I've always loved to sing, and his songs were the perfect vehicle for me. The idea of a three-piece pop group thrilled me."

Crenshaw's move to Manhattan was no accident. "I love New York City," he says, noting the energy he draws from his neighborhood and his proximity to the Thalia Theatre, a revival house where he goes to see Dave Fleisher (Betty Boop, Koko the Klown) cartoons. "I have a real passion for cartoons. It's a field of study." He's also a voracious short story reader—Mark Twain, Dorothy Parker, James Thurber are among his favorite fiction writers.

Coming up through the New York club scene has helped keep his sound fresh: "The idea of live entertainment is something that really appeals to me, seeing an audience, being with an audience. When I first started I had never performed as a front man before, doing my own music, something that was important to me, and for a long time I had a hard time dealing with the idea of, 'Well, here I am.' You feel kind of weird, you don't know how to stand, what you want to convey. Only recently have I felt more comfortable playing live, that we're the group people have come to see. But it took a while to get there.

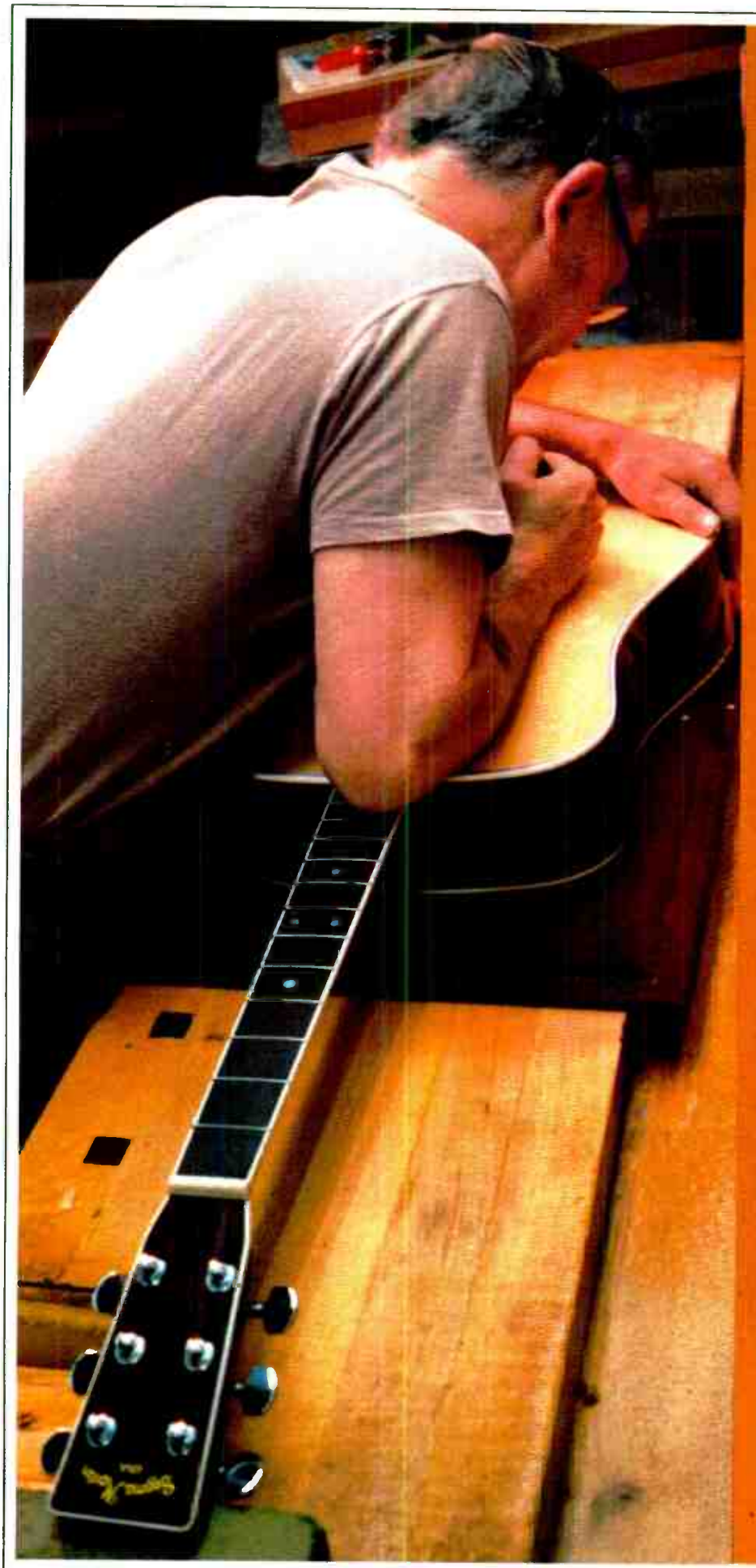
"Every artist, every performer is convinced that what he's doing is the most important thing," he concludes, on the way out the door for a carob brownie and a copy of *Time*. "And I am, too. But at the same time, it's kind of cliched. I'd love airplay on black radio. But if you preplan something and it doesn't happen, does that invalidate it? I'm curious and excited to see what happens to my stuff once it's out. But I'm determined that the effects occur by themselves." M



**BBC** *from pg. 70*

designed mono tape machine. "We worked with the lead guitar and rhythm guitar amps slightly angled toward each other in a V-shape with screening to give some separation," remembers Pilbeam. "We then balanced those two so we could mike them with one microphone. The trouble was, like all guitarists, John and Paul tended to beef up all the time. With one mike and one of them turns up, you could isolate the problem."

Besides, electric rock amplification was still in relative infancy at the time and for the BBC engineers, used to the calm of acoustic jazz and pop dates, the Beatles' recordings were only a mild headache compared to what was just around the corner. "I remember the first time I brought Cream into the studio," laughs Griffin. "My engineer usually did light jazz. When they started playing, they nearly blew him out of the studio." M



# Sigma Martin USA

CF Martin craftsmen, known worldwide for producing the Martin guitar, apply their experience to construct Sigma-Martin USA instruments. Using imported components Martin craftsmen skillfully guide each guitar through the final stages of the Martin manufacturing process.

From the precise fitting and adjustment of the neck to the careful installation of the bridge, traditional Martin methods assure a high level of quality. All Sigma-Martin USA guitars are individually hand-sprayed and hand-sanded three different times during the finishing application. In addition, throughout finishing, final assembly, and final inspection each instrument receives the same number of quality control checks as the handcrafted CF Martin guitar.

Because CF Martin has integrated the Sigma-Martin USA guitar into the Nazareth factory, a full five year warranty accompanies each instrument. See the Sigma-Martin USA dreadnoughts with shaded, stained or natural solid spruce tops at your local authorized Martin or Sigma dealer. For further information and a free 1833 Shop catalogue please write: The CF Martin Organisation, 510 Sycamore St., Nazareth, PA 18064

**Martin guitars, Sigma guitars, and Martin strings are the official guitars and strings of Opryland USA.**

1833 1983

A CENTURY AND A HALF OF FINE GUITAR MAKING

# ROCK SHORT TAKES

By J.D. Considine

John Hiatt


Ray Parker Jr.

Karla Bonoff


Cash/Lewis/Perkins


**John Hiatt** — *All Of A Sudden* (Geffen) Because John Hiatt likes his rock loud and brash—blaring organs, raucous rhymes and jangly guitars are among his favorite effects—pulling a good record from the din is a task few producers measure up to. Tony Visconti meets the challenge head on, turning *everything* up and forcing Hiatt over the edge. When it works, which is about eighty percent of the time, it's wonderful, giving Hiatt the manic intensity needed to bring his obsessive characters and deadpan narration to life. Once you get used to the blare you'll find Hiatt a far more engaging scenarist than Elvis Costello ever could be.

**Deniece Williams** — *Niecy* (ARC Columbia) If you're wearing down your old Spinners albums wondering why they don't make them like that anymore, cheer up. Deniece Williams' second collaboration with Thom Bell (the first was last year's *My Melody*) finds her immersed in the same combination of melody and groove that earned the Spinners their greatest hits. Nor is this all Bell's doing; Williams, like the Spinners' Philippe Wynne, has the uncanny ability to pull the most out of a tune while maintaining a distinctive vocal personality. Philly Soul lives!

**Ray Parker, Jr.** — *The Other Woman* (Arista) The difference between Raydio and Ray Parker on his own is that where Raydio got down, Ray Parker rocks out. With its beefy guitars and sinuous dance beat, the title track is more fun to play loud than either Foreigner or Rick James and hipper than both put together. The rest is as appealing but not quite as audacious, and consequently not as exciting. Still, half a thrill is better than none.

**Karla Bonoff** — *Wild Heart Of The Young* (Columbia) It's great to hear that Bonoff has finally gotten off the Heartbreak Express, and I thought the cover of Jackie Moore's "Personally" was a great idea. But why is it that every time a sensitive singer/songwriter tries to get soulful, he or she ends up sounding like just another member of the mellow mafia?

**Trouble Funk** — *Drop The Bomb* (Sugarhill) D.C.'s best-kept secret isn't how Reaganomics helps the poor, it's this seven-piece funk mob specializing in post-rap throwdowns like "Pump Me Up" and the current hit, "Hey Fellas." The Trouble Funk *modus operandi* is an unlikely mix of group improv, hard-core funk, Latin percussion and call-and-response rapping that sounds like War meets the Furious Five to do the greatest hits of James Brown. As the Godfather himself would say, "People, it's *baad!*"

**Johnny Cash/Jerry Lee Lewis/Carl Perkins** — *The Survivors* (Columbia) This is an impromptu reunion by the surviving three members of Sun Records' legendary "Million Dollar Quartet," caught onstage in Germany last April. Despite the inclusion of such rockabilly hits as Cash's "Get Rhythm," Perkins' "Matchbox" and Lewis' "Whole Lotta Shakin' Going' On," the group's best moments come on songs like "I Saw The Light" and "Will The Circle Be Unbroken"—which makes sense, since that's what the original M$4 were about in the first place.

**The Fun Boy Three** — *(Chrysalis)* Recorded in "gorgeous stereo Funboyscope" this collection of pointedly political chants and jolly diatribes isn't likely to go over big with those of you who believe in the Laffer Curve or would like to see Al Haig in command at the White House. But for the rest of us, songs like "The Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum" and "Best Of Luck, Mate" have built-in sing-a-long appeal, thanks to the clunky beer-hall charm the Fun Boys have substituted for the Specials' dancefloor smarts.

**Steve Tibbetts** — *Northern Song* (ECM) Until I heard Tibbetts do it, I never knew that a guitar could hum like my refrigerator. Of course, with the benefit of Manfred Eicher's production know-how, it hums more prettily than my old GE No-Frost, but I'm doubtful if that's enough to make me play the album again. Maybe if they showed me where the ice-maker was....

**Junior** — *Ji* (Mercury) If you must listen to Brit-funk, at least go for the real thing. Junior Giscombe is the young Englishman responsible for "Mama Used To Say," a blisteringly funky tribute to Motherly Wisdom that was one of the hottest twelve-inch singles on black radio earlier this year. Sad to say the album doesn't add much to that impressive debut, being mostly given over to stuff that's funkier than Gino Vanelli, but not by much. What's a mother to do?

**Cat People Original Soundtrack** (Backstreet) The draw here isn't Georgio Moroder's sleek synthesized mood music, which fills most of the album, but a collaboration with David Bowie called "Cat People ('Putting Out The Fire')." It's okay if you like your Bowie sonorously melodramatic, but if you're going to buy a whole album for one David Bowie track, get *Queen's Greatest Hits.*

**Mike Oldfield** — *Five Miles Out* (Virgin/Epic) For the most part, these aren't songs—they're little bits of melody artifi-

*continued on page 97*


# The 6th Annual Roland Synthesizer/Tape Contest

**Whatever your level, be it amateur or professional, Roland invites you to enter its 6th Synthesizer/Tape Contest. Anyone with a creative interest and proficiency in synthesized sound is welcome.**

**Acting judges for this contest are the notable synthesists: Isao Tomita, Norihiko Wada, Shigenori Kamiya, Frank Becker, Makoto Moroi, Robert A. Moog, Oscar Peterson and Ralph Dyck. Judging of acceptable submitted materials will take place on December 2, 1982 in Tokyo, Japan. Winners will be notified soon after screening is completed.**

## Please examine the following conditions before completing our application form.

**Class A**
To qualify, you must be a Professional Synthesist or other Professional Recording Artist (Musician, Recording Engineer, etc.).

First Prize
3 winners will receive a Roland SDE-2000 Digital Delay, TEAC HP-200 Pro Headphones, 2 Scotch 10" open reel tapes, and 4 Maxell 7" open reel tapes.

**Class B**
To qualify, you must be a First Prize winner in one of the previous Roland Synthesizer/Tape Contests, or you must have substantial experience in synthesis or multi-track recording.

First Prize
5 winners will receive 2 Roland PX-6 Speaker Systems, TEAC HP-200 Pro Headphones, 2 Scotch 10" open reel tapes, and 4 Maxell 7" open reel tapes.

**Class C**
To qualify, you must be a beginner with a little experience in the synthesizer or multi-track recording.

First Prize
5 winners will receive 2 Roland PX-6 Speaker Systems, TEAC HP-200 Pro Headphones, 10 Scotch cassette tapes, and 10 Maxell cassette tapes.

**Grand Prix**
Out of all the entries submitted, this prize will be given to an extraordinarily good piece of music. The one person selected will receive, in addition to other prizes, a TEAC Model 244 Portastudio, and an exciting new Roland product coming out this year.

All winners in each Class of Entry will receive a Certificate of Merit, a Trophy, a BOSS FV-200 Keyboard Volume Pedal, and 10 TDK cassette tapes.

Anyone who enters the contest will receive a small gift from Roland.

**Contest Specifications**
1/Each contestant can enter only one tape, and it should be a premier piece that has never been presented elsewhere.

2/The entry tape should be limited to 3 minutes in length. Any tape longer than 3 minutes will be disqualified.

3/The contest is limited to synthesizer pieces recorded in the multi-track method. Live performances, pieces recorded without multi-tracking, or pieces using mainly acoustic instruments or voice will be disqualified.

4/No piece entered in this contest should be entered in any other contest until the winners have been announced.

5/Copyrighted material used for radio, TV, movies or records will be excluded.

6/Copyright of the winning piece will belong to the Roland Corporation.

7/Entries will not be returned.

**Application Procedure**
Fill in all the information on the preliminary application form below. Send it to:

RolandCorp US
Synthesizer/Tape Contest
2401 Saybrook Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90040

You will then receive a formal Roland Contest Application, which when completed must accompany your tape. Send no tapes with the application below. This Preliminary Application must be received no later than August 31, 1982.

If you would like to receive a cassette tape of the winning pieces from last year's contest, enclose a check for $5.00 made out to Roland Corporation.

---

**Preliminary Application**

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

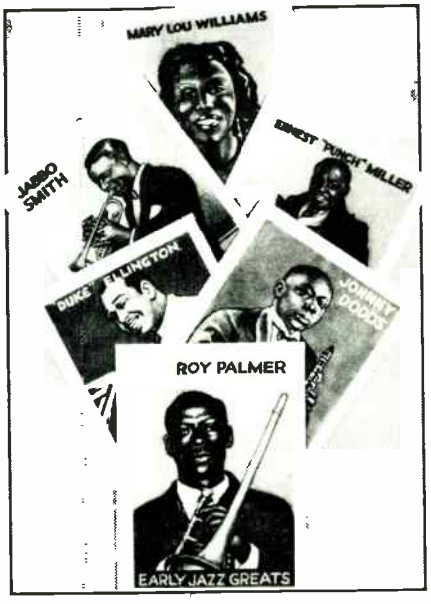
# JAZZ

## SHORT TAKES

By Rafi Zabor

So here we are back in Short Takes, where one relaxes on the axis of the wheel of life to get the feel of life from jazz and cocktails. Only the first record up isn't jazz at all. **Philip Glass**' old customers don't always like his new stuff, more felt and less mechanistic than his old, but I think it's a big step forward, as if he's spent years building a house but has only now decided to actually live in it. *Glassworks* (CBS Masterworks) is, I think, a plumb wonderful record, beginning with a warmly Schubertian piano segment before taking up Sibelius' "Thor's Hammer" theme from his Fifth Symphony and whirling it overhead in wheels within wheels of electric organ, French horn, saxophone, voice. Glass' ensemble pieces, with their multiplied and layered motifs, now suggest not driven, manic, mathematical vitality but the natural fruitfulness of the world. Other segments let you know what *Satyagraha* is like; one of them even courts conventional movie-music wist; the last section convincingly recapitulates the whole.

*Fathers And Sons* (Columbia/Turgenev) degaps the **Marsalis** and **Freeman** generations. Seems like a dumb, made-up idea in which actual music is secondary, but in practice it works pretty well. This is not the time of the assassins. Folks get along. Ellie Marsalis is a good post-hard-bop pianist who writes and plays well in a mid-60s vein but is not the kind of technician his sons Wynton and Branford are. I continue to find both brothers coldly excellent on record; live, they're another, far better story. I like the Freeman side of the record more. I've been put off in the past by **Von Freeman**'s blustering, half-savage tone, but good Lord, the massive authority of his work here is enough to blow the cobwebs off anyone's ears, possibly even mine. He also seems to have given son Chico a shot in the arm, you should pardon the expression. The rhythm section of the increasingly brilliant Kenny Barron, Cecil McBee and Jack DeJohnette plays superlatively well, but Von Freeman sounds colossal. Meanwhile, **Chico Freeman** on his own continues to demonstrate how intelligent a maker of albums he is with *Destiny's Dance* (Contemporary), which balances the tenorist's compositional gift with improv-




isations from a number of bands, including Wynton Marsalis (stretching a bit, and very exciting; this is the place to hear him this month), the excellent Bobby Hutcherson, pianist Dennis Moorman and the fine new drummer Ronnie Burrage. There are echoes, here and there, of *Out To Lunch*, but it's essentially a straight-ahead date individuated by challenging tunes, alert soloists and savvy pacing. Very recommendable, and completely without ruts.

Also up for honors this month is altoist **Tim Berne**, whose fourth album on his own Empire label (via NMDS, 500 Broadway, N.Y.C., NY 10012) is likely his best. *Songs And Rituals In Real Time* is a live double set by a quartet that also includes tenorist Mack Goldsbury and an especially fine rhythm section of Ed Schuller (Gunther's son) and Paul Motian, who is brilliant here, imparting length and breadth to the best with drum and cymbal beats that never lapse into the habitual contemporary automatisms. Berne's albums in the past have been dominated by his tart, intelligent writing, but the balance is altered by live performance: the compositions sound that much better for being performed more freely and at greater length, and Berne himself has never played with this kind of abandon on his studio dates.

Baritonist **Hamiet Bluiett** has got a new one out on Soul Note, *Dangerously Suite*, probably his best since his last Black Saint. The writing for this one is richly coherent, and Bluiett's text as usual is the blues. He is a rugged player with great heart, whose steady strength is sometimes limited by his too-regular bite-the-reed catharses. His best playing here, on alto clarinet on "Blues For Atlanta Ga.," adds appreciably to the clarinet literature of contemporary jazz—a great solo, really, and blues all the way down. Bob Neloms, once Motown house pianist, distinguishes himself throughout, as does the subtle, prescient Billy Hart, and it's nice to hear percussionist Chief Bay again. A solid album. Violinist **Billy Bang** continues to carve out new chunks of territory for himself. *Rainbow Gladiator* (Soul Note) is, like Bluiett's, a tuneful album which gives us not only Bang but the woefully undersung reedman Charles Tyler (check out the staggering *Saga Of The Outlaws*, on Nessa), pianist Michele Rosewoman and a genial, springy rhythm team of Wilber Morris and a Blakeyish, propulsive Dennis Charles. The album's easy to love, but I still haven't gotten over Bang's steely duos with John Lindberg (Anima, see last month), which may lack *Gladiator*'s emotional range but is still spooky at a distance.

Now let's see if this here machine will type something that is not a record review. Yazoo Records (245 Waverly Pl., N.Y.C., NY 10014) has put out a set of 36 **R. Crumb** picture cards called *Early Jazz Greats* to go with their earlier blues set. It's fun, sells for about the price of an album, and fortunately Crumb has purged his work of most of its earlier racist overtones. Not all the pictures are equally good, however, but I'll meetcha on the corner and flipya for Armstrong.

Speaking of correctives, the folks at Aunt Tillie's finally got a disc of **Ornette Coleman**'s *Of Human Feelings* to me, and it's a lot better than I thought it was when I only had the tape to review. The digital sound is fun but the big improvement is in how it lets you hear what a democratic band this is in practice as well as theory: everyone solos, all the time, with a life-giving messiness Weather Report, for instance, never even attempted.

*continued on next page*

# KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL

Come and listen to the most famous names in jazz. Some time this year, somewhere near you, they'll be playing and singing their unforgettable sounds. Don't miss them.

**There's only one way to play it.**


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

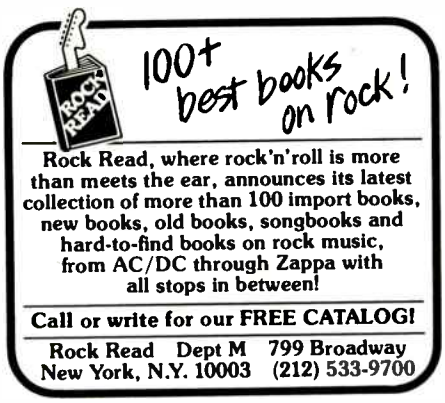
# Classified

### BOOKINGS

OVER 1,000 GIGS AVAILABLE NATIONWIDE. Stamped self-addressed business envelope brings details: NATURAL ACTS UNLIMITED, Box 162-I, Skippack, PA 19474.

### BOOKS & MAGAZINES

ROCK MUSIC BOOKS AT DISCOUNT PRICES. Van Halen I & II $10.95. Van Halen's Fair Warning $9.95. Zeppelin Complete Guitar $9.95. AC/DC Back in Black $7.95. AC/DC High Energy Hits $7.95. AC/DC For Those About To Rock $7.95. Pat Benatar Precious Time $8.95. Black Sabbath Shattering Sounds $7.95. Hendrix Note For Note $5.95. Who Anthology $10.95. Rush Anthology $12.95. Yes Complete Deluxe $16.95. Quarterflash $7.95. Triumph Allied Forces $7.95. Send check or money order. 50¢ for catalog. DISCOUNT MUSIC WAREHOUSE, P.O. Box 212M, Lindenhurst, NJ 11757.




NEW ORLEANS MUSIC MAGAZINE. Wavelength. 12 issues a year from the home of the blues. Send $10 to WL, Box 15667, New Orleans, LA 70175 (Foreign $20.00) Send $2.00 for sample copy.

**DISC-JOCKEY, NEWSCASTER, SPORTS** announcer. Radio guide-book explains how you can enter the world of radio broadcasting. Your FCC License guaranteed or your money refunded. Send $10.00. No Risk. EAGLESON PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 6421, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33310.

CHUCK BERRY. A 228-page biography and discography. Limited edition, rare photos. $8.95. HORIZON BOOKS, P.O. Box 3083, Fremont CA 94539.

BEATLES & BEACH BOYS BOOKS you won't find in bookstores. We've published seven, available only by mail. Send for free catalog: B&BBB, Box 1808, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

SONGWRITER'S WORLD MAGAZINE. Going Strong! Subscription $9.25 (Or Sample $1.25) Information for stamp. S.W.M., 2035 Summit Blvd., Pensacola, FL 32503.

### INSTRUCTIONS

YOUR DRUMMING CAN SOUND BETTER within six weeks through my drum set study course on cassettes. Improve your Time, Swing, relaxation, concentration, memory, hearing. Better than the local teacher or College of Music. Not for beginners. How can you qualify? For a one hour lesson cassette, a 20-minute recording with proof of success, 24-page discussion, send $10 to Stanley Spector School of Drumming, 200 West 58th St., Dept ML-10, New York, NY 10019.

OPENING-UP VOCALLY CASSETTE TAPE. First Class guided relaxation/singing session using imagery, affirmations, breathing and YOUR creativity. $12.50, VOICETAPES, Box 10689-M, Chicago, IL 60610.

PLAY HOT LEAD GUITAR in one week guaranteed!! Without reading music! Booklet includes over 70 rock licks, plus tricks, scales, theory, techniques, more. Send $4.95 to HOTLICKS, Box 270C, San Geronimo, CA 94963.

SEVEN STEP SUCCESS FORMULA for professional songwriting career: $1.00 plus FREE SONG EVALUATION. Send to: EXPRESSION MUSIC GROUP, 652 Hilary Dr., Tiburon, CA 94920.

NOTATION GUIDE. Theory Outlines, Music History Charts enhance your understanding of music and its performance. For more information, send $1.00 to: JFO ENTERPRISES, P.O. Box 818, Palm Springs, CA 92263.

### INSTRUMENTS

DRUMMERS! Drum Recovering Kits are available! Over 30 choices for Pearls, Sparkles, Flames and Woodgrains.Send $1.00 for full info and samples (refundable on first purchase). Precision Drum Company, 151 California Rd., Yorktown Heights, NY 10598.

ELECTRONIC KEYBOARDS. Write for a price on your choice! New Equipment! DICK SHORT MUSIC, 1503 Cedar, South Bend, IN 46617.

**LEFT-HAND GUITAR SHOP.** New, Used and Vintage; complete access. Write 6615 Backlick Rd., Springfield, VA 22150. (703) 451-0752.

STRINGS, PICKS, PICKUPS at Discount Prices! We carry only high quality name brand merchandise. FREE price list. Mail America, P.O. Box 8939, Baltimore, MD 21222.

FANTASTIC DISCOUNT ON STRINGS, reeds, etc....for free catalog write: RITCHIE'S MUSIC, 50 West Main St., Rockaway, NJ 07866.

### MISCELLANEOUS

SATIN PANTS, etc. for entertainers, etc.Write/call for catalog; enclose $1.00; refundable with order. SATIN SALES; Dept. 34; 7 South 5th Street, Minneapolis, MN 55402. (612) 333-5045.

SIMPLY STRINGS and all name brand guitar strings. Send for our free complete catalog. PO Box 86, Bradley, IL 60915.

SNAP-ON GUITAR ATTACHMENT lets you play any song immediately. FREE information. GUITAR PLAYER, Box 4365M, Tallahassee, FL 32303.

CANNABIS WINE recently developed recipe enables you to make and enjoy the world's most refreshing wine. Send $3 for complete instruction pamphlet to: M.O. ENTERPRISES, General Delivery, Bluewells WV 24701.

### MUSICIANS

MUSICIANS — GET WITH IT! Why wait for the right group or right musicians to find you? You can find them! Call us—the music industry's largest nationwide referral and GET THINGS ROLLING NOW. Professional Musicians' Referral, Toll Free 800-328-8660. Or East Coast Ofc. (609) 547-7096. Or West Coast Ofc. (714) 527-5611.

THE MUSICIANS REFERRAL CENTER OF Houston has helped thousands of bands and individual musicians get together since 1977. Looking? (713) 660-7500, 5301 Bissonnet, Belaire TX 77401.

SINGERS, WRITERS, GROUPS. MusiCable is a television program that plays demos on an L.A. pay TV channel. If accepted your tape can be heard by hundreds of producers, publishers and labels. Send cassette or call: (714) 639-0331. TAKE TWO PRODUCTIONS, 421 North Tustin, Orange, CA 92667.

### PHOTOS & POSTERS

**FOTO-ROCK**

DIRECT FROM ENGLAND!!
Vast range of colour Rock Photos covering all major Pop, Heavy Metal and Punk bands.
Send $1 today for a full colour catalogue and poster, a free sample photo, and exciting new fan mail information! Please name your fave artist too!
FOTO-ROCK
P.O. Box 4000N Dept.MU4
Berkeley, California 94704

**FRONT ROW & OFFSTAGE**
**COLOR PHOTOS**

AC/DC, Ants, Benatar, Ozzy, Cars, F. Mac, Dead, Jimi, Journey, Led Zep, Loverboy, Petty, Police, REO, Springfield, Stones, Jett, Van Halen, Who, & 400 other Rock, Heavy Metal, and Progressive bands. Longest in the photo business, largest selection, highest quality by far. Send $1 for Sample/Catalog. Indicate favorite band(s) for sample photo.

**PINES/ELLIOTT PHOTOS, LTD., DEPT. MPL**
**P.O. BOX 1122 MADISON SQ. STA. NEW YORK CITY 10159**

ROCK/COUNTRY COLOR PHOTOS! 3x5s/8x10s. 150 performers. Send $1.00 for beautiful illustrated catalog. Mention favorite. "SMILE", Box 15293-M, Chesapeake, VA 23320-0293.

ORIGINAL ROCK CONCERT POSTERS: Doors, Jefferson Airplane, Hendrix, Rolling Stones, Who, Joplin, Avalon Ballroom, Fillmore Auditorium. $2.00 for listing. L'IMAGERIE, 15030½ Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks, CA 91403. (213) 995-8488.

### SERVICES

**ARE YOU A MUSICIAN, SONGWRITER OR MAIL-ORDER ADVERTISER?**

Do you have a music-related product or service, or classic instrument for sale or trade? Place your classified advertising in MUSICIAN. $1.25 per word, $25.00 minimum. Display $100.00 per column inch. Enclose payment, street address and phone number and, where possible, a sample of your product, to Cindy, MUSICIAN Classifieds, Box 701, Gloucester, MA 01930. (617) 281-3110

### T-SHIRTS

DRUMMERS/PERCUSSIONISTS! "I've Got Rhythm" T-shirts. 50% cotton/50% polyester. Specify sizes: S-M-L-XL. $8.50 (includes postage). DRUM HEADQUARTERS, 1416-A South Big Bend, St. Louis, MO 63117.

**T-SHIRTS.** The following are available for $7.50 ppd.: Doug & Bob McKenzie; Quarterflash; Moody Blues; Queen; Tubes; Iron Maiden-Killers; Ozzy Osbourne-Blizzard & Diary; Rush-Exit Stage Left, Moving Pictures & Logo; Rainbow; Black Sabbath-World Tour, Mob Rule, & Hand Cross; Hendrix; Aerosmith; Tull; Skynyrd; Yes; Nugent; B.O.C.; Journey-Departure, Escape, Captured; Who; Stones-Tongue, Group; Schenker; Benatar; Def Leppard; Pretenders. The following double-sided shirts are available for $8.50 ppd. Jerseys $12.50 ppd.: Iron Maiden-Killers, Maiden Japan, Number of the Beast; Judas Priest-Point of Entry; Van Zandt-Round Two; Molly Hatchet; Outlaws-Ghost Riders; Pat Travers-Radioactive; Krokus; Grand Funk; Riot; Tygers of Pan Tang; Saxon. We also have Pretenders $10.00; Adam & Ants $9.50; Van Halen 78, 79, 80, 81-$9.00; Motorhead $9.00; Stones '81 Tour Jerseys-Jet or Dragon $12.50. We have a full line of jerseys, posters, baseball caps, tour programs, and many more T-shirts. Catalog 50¢. ROCK TOPS, Dept. M-7, New Hampton, NY 10958.


**MUSICIAN T-shirts & Sweatshirts**
Musician logo on black T, sweatshirts are maroon or gray, Small, Medium, Large, X-Large. T's $6.70, sweatshirts, $13.95. Send $$ to MUSICIAN. P.O. Box 701, Gloucester, Mass. 01930

### RECORDS & TAPES

**MOBY MUSIC**
**RECORDS ★ TAPES ★ IMPORTS**

Send for your complete Import & Domestic NEW 48-page Moby Music Catalog—$1.00 (Refundable on first order). We offer an extensive selection of European and Japanese imports, domestic records, tapes and up-to-date new releases at super discount prices. Fast efficient mail and phone order service. If you're serious about records, send for your catalog now.
***14410-M Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks, CA 91423***

**IMPORTED ROCK ALBUMS**—LOWEST PRICES & BEST SELECTION of superstar releases anywhere! English, Japanese, German and Canadian albums our specialty. We also feature domestic, audiophile & cutout LPs at super-discount prices. For our free catalog, write: WORLD WIDE MUSIC, Box 264, Dept. M-4, Hasbrouk Heights, NJ 07604.

RECORD COLLECTORS BEWARE!! Buying records elsewhere means paying more! 450+ pages of LPs and tapes. Send for free info! SQUARE DEAL RECORDS, Box 1002, Dept. B, San Luis Obispo, CA 93460.

GREAT GUITAR BLUES — Lonnie Johnson, Barbeque Bob, Mississippi Sheiks. Free catalog from Mamlish Records, Cathedral Station, Box 417, NYC, NY 10025.

**MORE ADS ON NEXT PAGE!**


You are looking at the quiet beauty of the Morris MD520 (Tobacco Sun burst), a guitar reminiscent of the age of cobble stone streets, clanging trolleys and softly lit Tiffany lamps. It was also a time of uncompromised quality and craftmanship.

The "520" features a solid spruce top with selected obankol back and sides, pearloid ring inlays around the sound hole. At the top of the rosewood fingerboard we have completed the basic appointments with genuine die-cast Gotoh machine heads.

In the same tradition Morris has created a complete line of such guitars as well as banjos, and mandolins — all at prices you can afford.

Visit your local Morris dealer. Feel the easy action. Hear the resonant bass, and the chime-like highs that only pride can produce.

**Morris** a division of
**MORIDAIRA USA**
Moridaira Music Distribution, Inc.

**150 Industrial Way, Benicia, CA 94510. (800) 358-9995, In California (707) 746-5636.**

**Dealer Inquiries Invited.**

**RARE BEATLES INTERVIEW** — Beatles "Talk Downunder" LP. Interviews from 1964 Australian Tour. $8. Send for free illustrated Beatles catalog. LSR Records, Inc., Box 542M, North Bellmore, NY 11710.

RARE 60s-80s ROCK RECORDS. Send requests and for catalog to: ADLIBITUM RECORDS, P.O. Box 103, Tappan, NY 10983.

RARE & IMPORTED RECORDS, Books, Posters, Unique collectibles. World's best selection. Gigantic 40-page illustrated catalog. $1.00. ROCKAWAY, Box 1508M, Woodbridge, VA 22193.

WORLD'S LARGEST RECORD COLLECTORS magazine — Goldmine. Over 50,000 records offered each monthly issue. Sample $3.00 (U.S.). Free music book catalog — rock, jazz, oldies. GOLDMINE, Box 187-MU, Fraser, MI 48206.

FREE! Hottest auction list anywhere! 4 times yearly. Finest Record Stores, 2400 8th Ave., Greeley CO 80631.

ATTENTION MUSIC LOVERS: Direct-Disc, Digital, Half-Speed, Imported Japanese audiophile albums, starting at $10.00! FOR THE RECORD, P.O. Box 21201D, Columbus, OH 43221.

HARD-TO-FIND RECORDS—We offer the best prices and fastest service, carrying the finest in reggae, blues, jazz, rock, bluegrass, old-timey, British Isles and American folk music and more, on domestic and imported labels. Catalog $1 (credited towards first order). ROUNDUP RECORDS, P.O. Box 147, Dept. M5, East Cambridge, MA 02141.

**SONGWRITERS**

SONGWRITERS: Give your lyrics impact with visual imagery. Send $2.00 for list of 1000 picturesque words. LANDSLIDE MUSIC PRODUCTIONS, 4 Brigham St., Waterville, ME 04901.

LEADSHEETS — beautifully typed with printed graphics. Accuracy guaranteed. Demos available. Free info. EGI, P.O. Box 166 (M1) Kearny, NJ 07032.

**CLASSIFIED: $1.25 per word, $25.00 min. DISPLAY: $100 per column inch. Please enclose payment, your street address and phone number and where possible, a sample of your product. Call Cindy at (617)281-3110.**


No. 18 ... **Pat Metheny**, Jazz Organ, Dire Straits
No. 20 ... **Steely Dan**, Session Players, Jeff Lorber
No. 21 ... **Brian Eno**, Reggae Festival, The Bear I
No. 22 ... **Stevie Wonder**, Rock and Jazz in the 70s
No. 23 ... **Sonny Rollins**, Townshend, Bonnie Raitt
No. 24 ... **Bob Marley**, Sun Ra, Free Jazz & Punk
No. 25 ... **Bob Seger**, Julius Hemphill, Tom Petty
No. 28 ... **Mark Knopfler**, Roxy Music, DeJohnette
No. 29 ... **Mike McDonald**, Capt. Beefheart, Oregon
No. 30 ... **Bruce Springsteen**, Best in Rock & Jazz
No. 31 ... **Steely Dan**, John Lennon, Steve Winwood
No. 32 ... **Talking Heads**, Brian Eno, Air
No. 33 ... **The Clash**, Lindsey Buckingham, R.S. Jackson
No. 34 ... **Tom Petty**, Wayne Shorter, L.A. Punk
No. 35 ... **The Doors**, David Lindley, Carla Bley
No. 36 ... **Grateful Dead**, Koolathon, Skunk Baxter
No. 37 ... **Reggae**, The Rolling Stones, Rickie Lee Jones
No. 38 ... **Police**, Bassists, Pretenders, David Murray
No. 39 ... **Cars**, Keyboardists, Earth, Wind & Fire
No. 40 ... **Ringo**, Drummers, Devo, Rossington-Collins
No. 41 ... **Miles**, Genesis, Lowell George
No. 42 ... **Hall & Oates**, Zappa, Jaki Byard
No. 43 ... **Clapton**, Adrian Belew, Robbie Robertson
No. 44 ... **Graham Parker**, Nick Lowe, Lester Bowie

Please send me ____ magazines at $3.00 each.
($4.50 for each copy mailed outside U.S.)

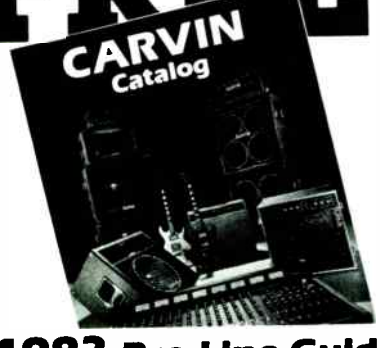
I have enclosed $____ U.S. funds only.
($4.50 for each copy mailed outside U.S.)

☐ No. 18 ☐ No. 24 ☐ No. 31 ☐ No. 36 ☐ No. 41
☐ No. 20 ☐ No. 25 ☐ No. 32 ☐ No. 37 ☐ No. 42
☐ No. 21 ☐ No. 28 ☐ No. 33 ☐ No. 38 ☐ No. 43
☐ No. 22 ☐ No. 29 ☐ No. 34 ☐ No. 39 ☐ No. 44
☐ No. 23 ☐ No. 30 ☐ No. 35 ☐ No. 40

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

MUSICIAN, P.O. Box 701, Gloucester, MA 01930

# FREE!




## 1982 Pro-Line Guide

★ *Before you buy a Guitar, Amplifier, Mixer, Speaker or P.A. System, get the FREE 80 page CARVIN Color Catalog!*

★ *Compare Carvin's exceptional values and see the latest pro equipment. Buy DIRECT at Pro-Net prices — saving you hundreds of dollars.*

★ *Components include JBL, Renkus-Heinz, Electro-Voice, Celestion, etc. Also, a complete line of replacement parts for your guitar. Find out about Carvin's new Tri-Amped Sound Systems.*

**Write or Call now!**

***CARVIN, Dept. MP80 1155 Industrial Ave. Escondido, CA 92025. PH 714-747-1710***

**CARVIN FREE CATALOG**

☐ Enclosed $1 for Rush First Class Mail.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____ MP80

## *MELOBAR® GUITARS*
## *POWER-SLIDE*

Patented Neck

**For musicians wanting to expand their Slide, Rhythm and Lead potential . . . The W. E. Smith Melobar Guitar.**

**Flat pick or finger-picks.**

**Among professionals who now play Melobar Guitars is DAVID LINDLEY.**

**Hear him play it on his next tour and album . . . and play one yourself!**

**Patented Sure-Grip Slide Bar**
**(208) 549-0769 Free Brochure**
**P.O. Box 707, Weiser, ID 83672**

**ORDER TOLL FREE: (800) 221-8180**
**IN NEW YORK: (212) 752-8600**

## J&R MUSIC WORLD

RATED NO. 1 FOR SERVICE & RELIABILITY

**THIS MONTH'S SUPER SPECIALS**

**CARTRIDGES**

| | |
|---|---|
| SHURE V15 Type V | $139.95 |
| SHURE V15 Type IV | $89.95 |
| SHURE V15XT (Linear Track) | $97.95 |
| SHURE M96HT (Linear Track) | $38.95 |
| SHURE SC35C (Studio Series) | $23.95 |
| SHURE SC39B (Studio Series) | $38.95 |
| SHURE SC39ED (Studio Series) | $59.95 |
| SHURE SC39EJ (Studio Series) | $43.95 |
| STANTON 881S | $77.95 |
| STANTON 881E | $70.95 |
| PICKERING XSV-5000 | $87.95 |
| PICKERING XSV-3000 | $55.95 |
| EMPIRE 8ODE | $112.95 |
| EMPIRE 600LAC | $97.95 |
| AUDIO TECHNICA AT155LC | $102.95 |
| AUDIO TECHNICA AT 140LC | $67.95 |
| ADC ZLM Improved | $72.95 |
| ADC XLM MKIII | $47.95 |

**HEADPHONES**

| | |
|---|---|
| SONY MDR-80T(Micro) | $58.95 |
| KOSS ESP10 (Electrostatic) | $204.95 |
| AUDIO TECHNICA ATH7(Elec. Cond) | $87.95 |
| SENNHEISER HD222 Closed Air) | $72.95 |
| KOSS PRO-4X | $47.95 |
| SENNHEISER HD-430 | $74.95 |

**ACCESSORIES**

| | |
|---|---|
| DISCWASHER DiskIt | $33.99 |
| DISCWASHER D-4 System | $9.99 |
| DISCWASHER DiscFoot | $14.95 |
| DISCWASHER SMOG LIFTERS | |
| 10 meter (individual) | $18.95 |
| 6 meter (pair) | $29.95 |
| 3 meter (pair) | $19.95 |
| DISCWASHER GOLDENS | |
| ½ meter | $6.95 |
| 1 meter | $7.95 |
| 2 meter | $8.95 |
| MONSTER CABLE | |
| Call For Lowest Price | |
| TDK MD01 Head Demagnetizer | $16.95 |
| NORTRONICS Bulk Eraser (QM 211) | $36.99 |
| NORTRONICS Cassette Eraser | $22.99 |
| NORTRONICS Tape Splicer | $16.95 |
| AUDIO TECHNICA (Head Shell Wires) | $6.99 |
| MAXELL Wand Demagnetizer | $10.99 |

**MICROPHONES**

| | |
|---|---|
| SHURE SM58 (Unidirectional | $124.95 |
| SHURE SM77 (Unidirectional | $94.95 |
| SHURE SM7B (Unidirectional | $124.95 |
| SHURE 515SAC (High Impedance) | $58.95 |
| SHURE 515SB (Low Impedance) | $54.95 |
| SHURE 565SD (On-Off Switch) | $84.95 |
| SHURE 585SAC (High Impedance) | $54.95 |
| SHURE 585SAC (High Impedance) | $69.95 |
| SHURE 585SB (Low Impedance) | $54.95 |
| SHURE 516EQ (Equalizer Mic) | $79.95 |
| TEAC ME-120 (Electret Mic) | $29.95 |
| SONY ECM16 (Tie Clip Mic) | $29.95 |
| SONY ECM990F (Stereo Mic) | $109.95 |

**AUDIO TAPES**

**BLANK CASSETTES**
MINIMUM ORDER 12 AUDIO TAPES

| | |
|---|---|
| MAXELL UDXLI or UDXL II C-60 | $2.49 |
| MAXELL UDXLI or UDXL II C-90 | $3.29 |
| MAXELL XLII-S or XLIIS C-60 | $3.17 |
| MAXELL XLII-S or XLIIS C-90 | $3.99 |
| MAXELL MX 80(Metal) | $5.79 |
| MAXELL MX 90(Metal) | $6.99 |
| MAXELL XLI 35-90B | $7.49 |
| MAXELL XLI 35-180B | $19.99 |
| MAXELL XLII 35-90 | $11.99 |
| MAXELL XLII 35-180 | $31.99 |
| TDK SA C-60 | $2.17 |
| TDK SA C-90 | $2.95 |
| TDK SAX C-60 | $3.19 |
| TDK SAX C-90 | $3.99 |
| TDK ADX C-60 | $2.59 |
| TDK ADX C-90 | $3.59 |
| TDK MAR C-60 | $5.89 |
| TDK MAR C-90 | $7.89 |
| TDK CX 35-90B | $6.29 |
| TDK CX 35-90B | $8.59 |
| TDK GX 35-180BM | $21.89 |
| TDK SA 35-90 | $10.59 |
| TDK SA 35-180 | $27.99 |
| SONY UCXS C-60 | $2.49 |
| SONY UCXS C-90 | $3.29 |
| SONY PeCr C-90 | $2.99 |
| SCOTCH Master II C-90 | 2 FOR $3.99 |
| BASF Pro II C-90 | $2.79 |

ADDITIONAL 5% DISCOUNT ON 100 OR MORE ASSORTED TAPES

**HOW TO ORDER BY MAIL:**

FOR PROMPT AND COURTEOUS SHIPMENT SEND MONEY ORDER, CERTIFIED CHECK, CASHIER'S CHECK, MASTERCARD/VISA (include card number, interbank no., expiration date and signature). **DO NOT SEND CASH.** PERSONAL AND BUSINESS CHECKS MUST CLEAR OUR BANK BEFORE PROCESSING. Shipping, Handling & Insurance charge is 5% of Total Order with a **$3.95** minimum. **WE SHIP TO CONTINENTAL U.S., ALASKA, HAWAII, PUERTO RICO, AND CANADA ONLY.** Canadian Orders Add 10% Shipping, with a $7.95 minimum charge.) For shipments by air, please double these charges. NEW YORK STATE RESIDENTS PLEASE ADD SALES TAX. **ALL MERCHANDISE SHIPPED BRAND NEW, FACTORY FRESH AND 100% GUARANTEED.**

**23 PARK ROW, DEPT. M7, NYC NY 10038**

**SEND FOR FREE 240 PAGE AUDIO/VIDEO CATALOG**

unfashionable. It's not so much that he mixes styles like Byard—he does that too, but sparingly—but that he mixes areas of sensibility (rock-solid Tatum-isms, true blues, cocktail music for the folks at the bar) that most pianists would keep discrete. M

**Rock Shorts** *from pg. 88*

cially flavored to resemble "acid rock," "Europop," "Irish Traditional" and other musical styles, aimlessly strung together and given titles. Despite an annoying vocal on the side-long "Taurus II" that sounds like "Attack Of The Abba People," Oldfield's assemblages are palatable enough, but it's hard not to wonder what the point is. Doesn't Oldfield know that even hippie music can't get by on cuteness anymore?

**Greg Kihn Band** — *Kihntinued* (Berserkley) After hitting big with "The Break-Up Song," Greg Kihn isn't about to let his moment fade, and has churned out a whole album's worth of catchy, minor-chord groove tunes for the follow-up. Calculated, maybe, but far from crass and quite possibly the great Greg Kihn album his fans have been waiting for. The band is tighter than a wet leather glove and the writing matches irresistible melodies to hypnotic rhythm tracks with frightening ease. Mr. Petty, watch out!

**Renee Geyer** (Portrait) Lou Ann Barton isn't the only white-girl-sings-the-blues discovery to be made this year. Renee Geyer is an Australian with a wonderfully husky voice that falls somewhere between Bonnie Bramlett-with-taste and Kim Carnes-after-the-tonsillectomy. Backed by Ian McLagan's Bump Band, Geyer delivers an insinuating blend of reggae, blues and laid-back funk that's as subtly overwhelming as Barton's *Old Enough* is brashly winning.

**Joe "King" Carrasco & the Crowns** — *Synapse Gap (Mundo Total)* (MCA) Despite their exuberant charm, Carrasco's previous records were annoyingly one-dimensional, sounding kind of like a hot-sauce Ramones. Not so *Synapse Gap*. No doubt noticing how thin the stock was getting, Carrasco beefs things up by adding some new seasonings, including a sizeable dollop of B-52's-style dancebeat, a sprinkling of synthesizers and even a dash of psychedelia to the usual Tabasco sauce. The result: a main dish you don't even have to heat up before serving. M

**Fender**, *from pg. 61*

the early Fender products has extended to reissues of the classic tube amplifiers (complete with a return to the black plastic face-plate, which CBS had changed to aluminum). Such greats as the Twin Reverb, the Pro Reverb, the Super Reverb and the Vibrolux are all back, as well as the smaller Princetons, Deluxes and Champs. A series of patch outputs and inputs, including a recording line out, on-off controls on the front (so you don't have to fumble around in the back of the amp with sweat-soaked fingers) and a master output control over the distortion are not original but more than welcome. Fender also has added an option of Electro-Voice or JBL speakers to get all the punch out of the new line.

Fender is not merely looking to the past, however remarkable Leo Fender's research was. In acquiring Arp and releasing a new keyboard synthesizer, the Chroma, Fender has entered new territory. Even more remarkable is an aggressive attempt to beat the cheapo guitarmakers at their own game on their own turf. This is a joint venture with the Japanese CBS subsidiary called Fender Japan, Ltd., manufacturing more inexpensive instruments in Japan. The new Lead series (with more of a humbucking/double-coiled pickup sound) and the beginner Bullet series should have an impact on the budget market, in addition to the Squire line, Fender's low-cost alternative. Fender is even developing a new line of solid-state amplifiers. These probably won't see the light of day for months to come, while Jake Rivera fine-tunes them with working players. Even in their early incarnations, though, these amps have a warm, centered sound with enough presence to jump out and bite you on the kneecap. They will offer parametric eq and other state-of-the-art goodies to produce an exceptional variety of tonal colors in all your favorite wattage formats.

Clearly this is a company who is not going to take it lying down anymore. As the sleeping giant of good ol' American know-how begins to stir, the result will be a great new chapter in Guitar Wars. M

# LESTER BANGS

## 1948-1982

By Vic Garbarini and J.C. Costa

On Friday, April 30, music critic Lester Bangs was found dead on the couch of his Greenwich Village apartment. Cause of death: unknown. To say that Lester Bangs was a great music critic, or even that he was the best of his generation, is somehow not enough. One meeting with Lester was enough to convince you that he was something more than a journalist—more like a force of nature. Lester was a channel for the same raging torrent that drove the most creative rock and jazz scions. Lester's muse, like theirs, was a harsh mistress; the intensity of his vision sometimes caused his circuits to overload, and Lester would attempt to douse the internal conflagration with chemicals and alcohol. During the last years, he had begun to slough off these habitual indulgences, which makes the fact of his death all the more frustrating and confounding.

As a writer, Lester was abrasive, unpredictable, direct, unpretentious, idealistic, humorous, compassionate and unerringly perceptive—sometimes frighteningly so. In everything he wrote, Lester would focus in on at least one essential, irreducible truth—usually something we didn't want to face. Lester liked all the wrong records for all the right reasons, while the rest of us often chose the right records for the wrong reasons. He delighted in provoking, irritating and amusing his audience—anything to make them sit up and think—and more importantly, to feel.

One favorite Lester anecdote involves calling him for a short essay. "Lester, I need 800 words; got any ideas?" "Call me back in an hour," says Lester. One hour passes. "Okay, Lester, did you come up with any ideas?" "Ideas, hell!" countered Lester in his Southwestern drawl, "I wrote the damn piece. Wanna hear it? Okay, it's called, *ahem*, 'Charlie Parker Sucked...'" What followed was a five-minute excoriation of Parker and Eric Dolphy as "lazy junkies ripping off the Maxwell House Coffee theme, playing bullshit, and how could that Dolphy even see the charts with that stupid lump between his eyes?"

After this roiling orgy of dark humor, Lester paused for what seemed like an eternity. "Y'know, Charlie Parker and Eric Dolphy were the greatest musicians than ever lived, but I can't stand the way they've been mummified and iconized. The people that claim to love them, they can't even really hear their music—who they really were—they're just worshipping the image they've created of them. Somebody's got to shake these people up...for the music's sake."

Lester's principles as a writer naturally carried over into his music. In part, the animus behind his career as a punk singer/electric guitarist was for him to take the heat in the purest sense—the same criticism he had so extravagantly meted out in the past to others. He applied the same standards to his own music. Anxiously previewing *Jook Savages On The Brazos* for me soon after his return from Texas, he was particularly concerned about his guitar solo on "I Just Wanna Be A Movie Star." When I told him that this accidental collision of violent electrical sounds ghosted the melody on a subliminal level, he just grunted. When I told him it was the nastiest, most metallic sound I could remember, capable of upper frequency hearing impairment at high volume levels, his face lit up like a Christmas tree.

That's the kind of thing that mattered to Lester.


More pros buy MXR.
More pros use MXR.
MXR is the choice of more major groups with chart successes than virtually all other competitors combined. Today's top recording and touring professionals depend on MXR for reliability and performance. Our equipment is designed to enhance their music by providing classic effects encompassing the whole spectrum of contemporary signal processing.
MXR
Musical
Products Group
MXR Innovations, Inc., 740 Driving Park Avenue, Rochester, New York 14613 (716) 254 2910
World Radio History


Bill Kaman
Vice President, Ovation Instruments, Inc.

# THE OVATION COLLECTORS' SERIES

"As a collector of rare and unique guitars, I've always been fascinated by one-off and limited production models.

"That's why I'm proud to introduce the first instrument in a new line of Collectors' Series Roundbacks from Ovation. Unique in both features and cosmetics, the 1982 Collectors' Series Guitar is a deep bowl roundback with a blue sunburst top, natural neck and dark blue peghead face. Accented by an abalone rosette and fingerboard inlays, plus 24K gold plated machines with pearloid buttons, the 1982 has built-in stereo electronics like those found on our top-of-the-line Adamas models. This particular configuration/color combination will never be made again after this summer.

"Each 1982 Roundback will come with a special bowl label and serially numbered Certificate of Authenticity individually signed by me.

"See your nearest Authorized Ovation Dealer about the 1982 Collectors' Series Roundback. It could become one of the most desirable instruments produced this year."

**Ovation®**

Ovation Instruments, Inc.
A KAMAN Company
Blue Hills Ave. Ext.
Bloomfield, CT 06002-0004