

INSIDE THE STING SESSIONS



MUSICIAN

\$2.25 NO. 82 AUGUST 1985

ICD 080858

**EXCLUSIVE:
BRIAN WILSON
BREAKS HIS
SILENCE**

**THE
BIZARRE
RIDDLE
OF THE
BEACHED
BOY**

**COMPUTERS AND MUSIC
HOW TO MAKE THEM WORK FOR YOU**

SPECIAL

82211 AN NAY7 <K LYN NY 1228
33 35 ST
MU DMR2AT523K089NOV 85





- 100 Watts RMS
- Two 4x10" Closed-Back Cabinets With Celestion Speakers
- New C-MOSFET Circuitry For Warm Distortion
- Channel Switching/Footswitchable Reverb
- Effects Loop/Direct Line Out
- Amp: 24" wide by 9" high by 9" deep
29 lbs
- Cabs: 24" wide x 24" high x 12" deep
48 lbs each

Jim Marshall pictured with the new Model 3210 "Mini-Stack" at the factory in Bletchley, England.

Dear Guitarist;

We are excited to introduce a new product from Marshall.

It represents a new generation of guitar amplification and it is called... The "Mini Stack".

It provides 100 watts into two closed-back cabinets with four Celestion speakers in each, and they are every ounce true Marshall.

I invite you to buy one at your favourite Marshall shop.

Sincerely yours
Jim Marshall

Marshall / Exclusively Distributed by **Unicord**
 ULTIMATELY Westbury, N.Y. 11590
 © Unicord 1984

The fully professional, digitally programmable, MIDI-interfaceable, surprisingly portable, unbelievably affordable Korg Poly 800.



KORG POLY 800

The new Korg® Poly 800 literally creates an entirely new category of professional synthesizers. Korg's constant refinement of synthesizer technology allows us to bring you a totally programmable polyphonic synthesizer, loaded with sounds and features, that sells for less than \$800.

8 VOICES — PROFESSIONAL SOUNDS

The Poly 800's unique architecture makes possible an extraordinary variety of sounds, colors and textures that are a basic part of today's music.

Fat brass, expressive strings, distinctive lead patches and unusual special effects give you a full repertoire of possibilities to enhance your performance. And of course, the kind of organ, piano and clav sounds that any professional would expect.

In fact, the Poly 800's powerful layering mode can give you two different sounds for each note. This means even thicker textures and more complex voicings.

64 PROGRAMS — 50 PARAMETER CONTROL

The Poly 800's Digital Access Control System (DACS) lets you call up any sound instantaneously. Each sound can be altered in terms of 50 different parameters. High-resolution control enables the most precise fine-tuning of patches.

The Poly 800's digital envelope generators utilize six individual envelope parameters (most others offer only four). This feature is a significant improvement over common ADSR-type envelopes, allowing more expressive control.

Your patches can be saved in the Poly 800's memory and off-loaded to tape in 14 seconds. You can even rearrange your programs into a specific order and recall them in live performance via a footswitch.

THE MOST SOUGHT-AFTER PROFESSIONAL FEATURES

The Poly 800's built-in polyphonic sequencer lets you store anything from bass lines to chord

patterns. You can solo over the sequencer and write any pattern onto tape.

A Noise Generator with individual articulation circuitry lends realism to sounds such as flute, other wind instruments and dramatic special effects.

An on-board programmable Stereo Chorus adds extra depth and richness to the Poly 800 sounds.

A 4-way joystick controls pitch bend, vibrato and filter mod.

The Poly 800 is also equipped with the new MIDI interface, which provides an external link-up to other MIDI-equipped synthesizers or computers, for greatly expanded sound and performance capabilities.

13 LBS — THE MOST PORTABLE POLYPHONIC

All of the versatility offered by the Korg Poly 800 fits into an amazingly light and compact 13 lb. package. AC and battery power means you can attach a strap to the Poly 800 for full freedom of movement in live performance. And the headphone jack lets you practice anywhere.

If you want to expand your keyboard set-up or you've been held back by the high price of polyphonic synthesizers until now, investigate the unbelievably affordable Korg Poly 800 at your local Korg dealer. Or send \$3.00 (check or money order) to Unicord, 89 Frost St., Westbury, New York 11590 for a Poly 800 demo record, color brochure and poster.

For the name of the Korg dealer nearest you call: (516) 333-9100. Outside N.Y. call: (800) 645-3188.

KORG® Exclusively Distributed by
...we put it all together / **Unicord**
© Unicord 1983

PUSHING THROUGH THE TREACHEROUS THICKET, HIS TRUSTY DSD-2 BY HIS SIDE, PROFESSOR D SAMPLER BOLDLY LEADS THE ...

SAMPLER SAFARI!



From the outermost reaches of modern technology, BOSS has brought forth a digital sampler and delay—all in one compact footpedal. The DSD-2 lets you sample a seething jungle of sounds. Bring any sampled sound back to civilization. Unleash it with just the touch of a footpedal and a trigger input from your instrument. With sampling times of 200 to 800 mSec, you can take everything from distant drums to a wildcat scream and make it part of your sonic menagerie. Switch into the Delay mode and you're ready to stalk the big game effects. The DSD-2 gives you clean, accurate delay, continuously variable between 50 and 800 mSec. And when it comes to audio quality, the DSD-2 outruns any analog beast in the bush. Join the Sampler Safari. Go offer sounds in their natural habitat. Bring 'em back alive with the DSD-2! For a full color 18" x 24" Sampler Safari poster send \$5.00 to BOSS Sampler Safari c/o RolandCorp US, 7200 Dominion Circle, Los Angeles, CA 90040.



 **BOSS**



STING 30
 Sting: Under a tropical sun, the renegade cop and his jazz exiles get past rhetoric and cut an album.
By Vic Garbarini

CAJUN MUSIC 36
 The wildest new sound is American-born, and timeless as the bayou: inside the world of creole and cock fights.
By Ben Sandmel

BOB GELDOF 15
 Diplomat Rat: Conscience, irritant, "minor" pop star and (oh yeah) Boomtown Rat.
By Fred Schruers

COMPUTERS & MUSIC: WHAT, WHY AND HOW
 The most important part of the mind-boggling MIDI explosion: how to make it work for you.

FRANK SERAFINE 62
By Craig Anderton

HOWARD JONES 69
By Jon Young

THE MIDI STUDIO 74
By Craig Anderton

COMPUTERS IN THE STUDIO 78
By Freff

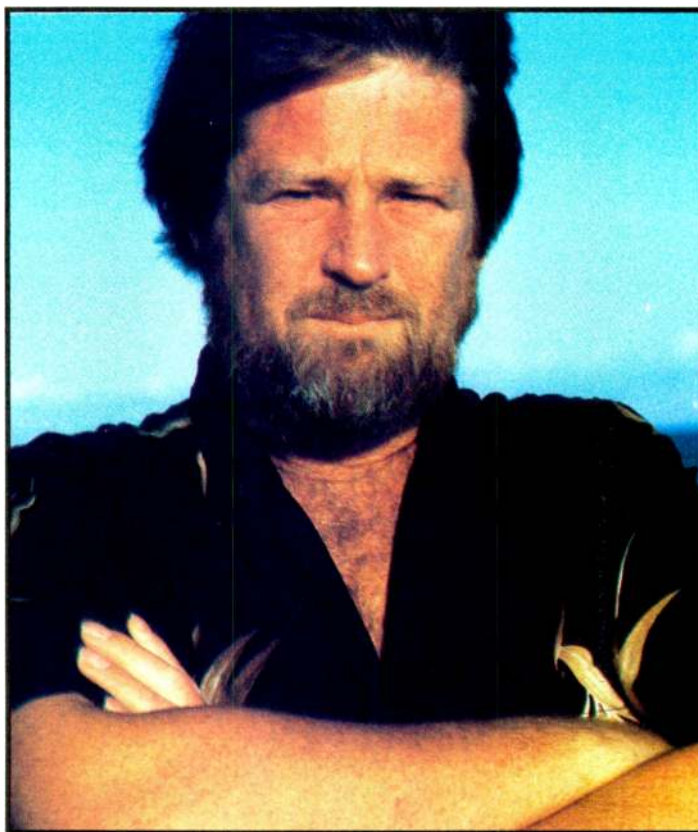
I WAS A COMPUTER IDIOT 84
By Josef Woodard

ROGER LINN 86
By Jock Baird

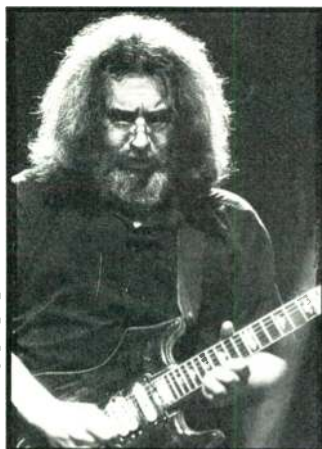
DANIEL QUATROCHIRETNA

BRIAN WILSON: The enigma of rock legend Brian Wilson has been much discussed but never explained. Long-time confidant Timothy White went to Brian's home and came back with the real story of the Beach Boys, told for the first time in these pages.

By Timothy White 42



NEAL PRESTON/CAMERA FIVE



MICHAEL PUTLAND/RETNA

JERRY GARCIA 9
 As the Grateful Dead turn twenty, Jerry Garcia faces heroin charges and the band prepares its first LP in five years.
By Rip Rense

FACES 24

RECORD REVIEWS 96

ROCK SHORT TAKES 100

JAZZ SHORT TAKES 102

READER SERVICE 105

CLASSIFIEDS 104

"When the music gets hot, this Telex wireless doesn't need to be pampered"

As the beat gets stronger and music louder, a microphone often takes more abuse than its designers intended. During these up-beat sessions the sterile, idealized test conditions of the engineering lab are meaningless. You need a mike that can take the heat and the beat. Telex wireless is the primary mike for Joe Trippi, a working musician just like you, whose equipment has to work just as hard as he does. He's the lead singer and manager of Fantasy, a popular high energy show band booked solid, and travelling nearly thirty-thousand miles a year. Joe has owned dozens of microphones throughout his career, but none that he likes as much as his Telex wireless.

Two years ago, when he began his search for his band's first wireless system he was justifiably skeptical. He had heard some really questionable systems over the years and those that did sound good cost a fortune. Then he discovered Telex, an affordable system that delivered the



BIG sound that Joe had come to expect from his wired system. His doubts about wireless faded when he took the system on the road and gave it a real workout. Joe loves the freedom and excitement that wireless brings to his act, and Telex hasn't let him down yet. He's never had an audio dropout because of the patented Pos-i-Phase Diversity system and his WHM500 has a great frequency response for his close-miking, high sound pressure vocal style.

So, if you're a musician/vocalist who wants an affordable wireless mike system that doesn't need to be pampered, write or call Telex for more information, then ask for a live demo at your favorite music/Pro Sound Store, Telex Communications, Inc., 9600 Aldrich Ave. So., Minneapolis, MN 55420

For quick information, call toll free
800-328-3771
or in Minnesota call (612) 887-5550



Joe Trippi
and
Fantasy

TELEX

MUSICIAN

Publisher

Gordon Baird

Executive Publisher

Gary Krasner

Associate Publisher

Paul Sacksman

Managing Editor

Jock Baird

Art Director

Gary Koepke

Senior Editor

Scott Isler

Executive Editor

Bill Flanagan

Advertising Acct. Mgr.

Ross Garnick

Associate Editor

Mark Rowland

Contributing Editors

Timothy White Charles M. Young

Francis Davis Freif Rafi Zabor

Josef Woodard David Fricke

Nelson George J.D. Considine

Dealer Sales Director

R. Bradford Lee

Sales/Promotion

J.R. Morse

Production Manager

Nancy Englehardt

Assistant Editor

Keith Powers

Assistant Art Director

Lisa Laarman

Production

Will Hunt Ruth Maassen

Typography

Don Russell

Assistant to the Publisher

Michelle Nicastro

Administration

Dee Dee Davis Annette Dion

Christine Tedesco

Main Office/Production/Retail Sales

31 Commercial St., P.O. Box 701
Gloucester, MA 01930 (617) 281-3110

New York Advertising/Editorial

MUSICIAN, 1515 Broadway, 39 fl.
N.Y.C., NY 10036 (212) 764-7395

Group Publisher

Gerald S. Hobbs

Circulation Manager

Barbara Eskin

Subscriber Service

Gregory Thompson (212) 764-7536

Founders

Gordon Baird & Sam Holdsworth

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 City, NY 10036. Musician is a trademark of Amordian Press, Inc. © 1985 by Musician, all rights reserved. Second class postage paid at Gloucester, MA 01930 and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions \$20 per year, \$38 for two years, \$54 for three years. Canada and elsewhere, add \$8 per year, U.S. funds only. **Subscription address: Musician, Box 1923, Marion, OH 43305. Postmaster send form 3579 to above address.**

Current and back issues are available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

Billboard Publications, Inc., **President and Chief Executive Officer:** Gerald S. Hobbs; **Executive Vice President:** Samuel S. Holdsworth; **Senior Vice President:** Ann Haire; **Vice Presidents:** John B. Babcock, Paul Curran, Martin R. Feely, Rosalee Lovett, Lee Zhitto.



THE MIXING LINK



Space-age technology has joined the musician on stage and the producer in the studio... everything from digital reverbs to 16-bit sampling. But until now, there's been no easy way to put it all together.

Enter TOA's D-4... the first electronic music mixer.

The D-4 is a 4-input stereo rock system... expandable to 16-in. designed to handle the varying voltages and complex timbres produced by state-of-the-art gear.

For live performance... the D-4 delivers balanced XLR mic inputs, stereo and mono mixing, and ground lifting.

For recording applications... the D-4 accepts a vast range of source levels, and provides 48-volt phantom power and MIDI THRU patching.

For post-production work... there's plenty of accessory patch points, selectable pre or post... a direct output for every input, and headphones cue monitoring.

The TOA D-4... the evolution continues.

For complete technical data, call or write: TOA Electronics, Inc. Professional Music and Entertainment
188 Carlton Circle, South San Francisco, California 94080 (415) 351-2534

In Canada: TOA Electronics, Inc. 107 Field Street World Radio Distributors, Ltd. (416) 490-2511 or mail TOA Electronics, Inc.



TOA

ROAD WARRIORS



You can only begin to imagine the sounds you and your guitar can create with the FX 65 Stereo Chorus and FX 75 Stereo Flanger. And they'll sound just as good down the road as they do today.

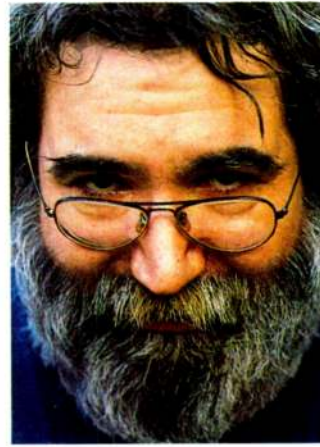
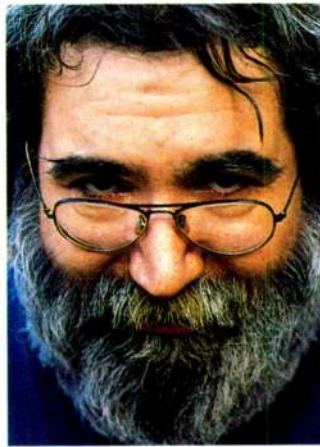
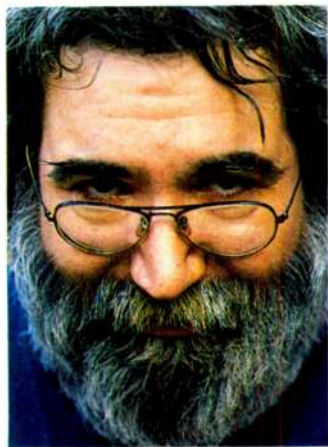
Because they're built to be tough, gig after gig.

Check out the entire FX line from DOD.



The largest line of signal processing equipment in the world.

JERRY GARCIA: BUSTED BUT UNBOWED



"I can't take freedom for granted anymore. It's a different U.S. now, and everybody just better walk right. I find it chilling."

F. STOP FITZGERALD

RIP RENSE

AS THE DEAD TURN TWENTY, ITS LEADER RETURNS FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Not since Ringo Starr noted that he liked Beethoven—"especially his poems," has there been such a shocking mingling of rock 'n' roll and High Culture: There in one of the prime boxes at the San Francisco Opera Company's staging of Richard Wagner's four-opera *Der Ring des Nibelungen* sat half of the Grateful Dead.

The Dead, for those too young or highbrow to care, are not part of Wagner's mythological troupe of gods, dwarves and Valkyries. They are an American musical institution together for twenty years as of June 5. They were represented at the opera by Msrs. Phil Lesh (bass), Bob Weir (guitar) and Jerry Garcia (guitar, beard).

That's right, Jerry Garcia. (Well, give him an eyepatch, and he *does* look a little like Wotan.) Wagner, Jerry? "It's one of those things that's only going to happen once in our lifetimes in the Bay Area, and Jesus, we couldn't resist it," he said. "That's some of the most transcendental music there *is*. It's so extraor-

dinary beautiful, and has such incredible intelligence functioning in it. It's a real inspiration to hear."

It was sufficiently inspiring to prompt Garcia & co. to vote to reschedule some Grateful Dead concerts that conflicted with the operas, an unusual move for a band that lives by its live shows. But then, the Dead have a history of unusual behavior.

In fact, practically everything about the Grateful Dead is out of whack. They *invite* their audience to tape their shows; they have not had an album of new material since 1980, yet their concerts sell out without advertising, often months in advance; they are among the top ten money-making groups in the country each year, though their concerts are characterized by lengthy, spontaneous jams that do not always work; they have a working repertoire of about two hundred songs, and are likely to break into any one of them at any time. All this makes a Dead concert a unique joy to their fans and an unbearable ordeal to their detractors. The Grateful Dead are, in short, an acquired taste.

And it is still being acquired. "It's actually been a slow, more or less steady climb. Every once in a while the world *notices us*. It's 'Hey, the Grateful Dead are still in existence!'" chuckles Garcia, now forty-three. "We have never experienced a decrease, just this slow, steady increase. To my eyes, the audience looks younger than ever, and I like that just fine. I don't feel they're *missing* anything. If they're younger, they're cer-

tainly not dumber. They're bright, just like our audiences have always been."

The band, as well as the audience, is experiencing new life. There is a bounty of new, unrecorded material; according to Garcia, keyboardist Brent Mydland, after five years, finally feels like a member of the Dead; bassist Lesh has taken up singing and writing again, after a layoff of ten years, and Garcia, almost totally gray, is approaching the Dead with new enthusiasm. "We have our cycles of birth, death and rebirth," he says, "and now we seem to be picking up a new plateau."

Just how does this plateau fit in with the 80s? "Well, we haven't made any conscious effort to adjust to the 80s. The changes that go on in America—socially, economically, all the things that just *happen*—they affect us just like they do every other American. We don't really adjust to it consciously, except by paying just enough attention to the rest of the world to know whether we're terribly out of step with it. Usually, we're a little bit out of sync with everything, and it would be weird if suddenly the whole world was *agreeing* with us."

Might be nice....

"Maybe, but that would be surprising. I think we're just about as out-of-whack with the 80s as we were with the 60s and 70s."

Garcia giggles at the statement, a friendly, impish laugh that once prompted a writer to speculate that cats were hiding in his beard. Garrulous and energetic, Garcia has always been a

unique presence on the music scene. He is a man with as much mythology about him as one of Wagner's operatic figures. This graying guru image, something he disdains, is belied by a warm, cheerful presence, and an unexpected intensity. He is, in fact, more *intent* on the Grateful Dead experience than ever before:

"The band is virtually inexhaustible as a resource, but more than that, it's really *rich*. There's a lot of sides to it in just about any direction that you'd want to take it. It's available, and we've really been relatively narrow. We feel like we're just gettin' into it."

That's a happy reaffirmation from a musician whose health was rumored to be seriously deteriorating not too long

ago. Garcia has reportedly been getting himself into shape since his arrest last winter in San Francisco for possession of heroin and cocaine. He was sentenced to participation in a drug diversion program and a couple of benefit concerts (old hat for the Dead, who've probably performed more benefits than any band in history).

"I really feel that's not anybody's business," Garcia says regarding the bust. "But on another level, it's kind of an occupational hazard. Above and beyond all of that, it's also like the way they just busted the Hells Angels back east. They used that organized crime routine for the bust. When they can bust Hells Angels and people like me, regular citizens are next. Because I'm basically a

regular citizen. I pay taxes—a lot of taxes, in fact. I'm sort of a vital, stable force in the community, and I'm no criminal. And I also know that's true for *most* of the Hells Angels. They're not criminals, but they're definitely on the outskirts of the concept of freedom.

"Americans have to see these things sometimes, but I'm not going to tell 'em about it. I'm no martyr in the cause of the public arming itself with knowledge. But man, if people don't have the eyes to see what's going on, what's happening to the Constitution...."

The Constitution?

"I got busted under that new thing, where they no longer need probable cause, just this so-called 'good faith.' That means they can work backwards from what they find. And just about everybody can be found in some illegal position at some point in their lives. So all I'm saying is that if it's me, it's you. I learned something from it. I can't take freedom for granted anymore. This is a different United States now, and everybody better just walk right. The people have been stampeded into being so afraid of crime that to them, it seems reasonable to give up some freedom for the illusions of safety, and that's where it all starts. I find it chilling."

"It was a sobering blow for everybody," Bob Weir said of Garcia's arrest. "I think everyone has to look at themselves and wonder if they're slipping...to decide whether or not to do something about it and make adjustments."

In what may be an appropriate assignment, the Grateful Dead have recorded the theme music for a new TV version of *The Twilight Zone*. "Phil de Guerre, the producer of the show, told Merle Saunders he was interested in getting to us," Garcia explains. "We thought, 'Hell, yeah, that's really a natural for us. That's right up our alley.' We were honored and pleased to do it. The shows themselves are really nicely produced."

And so, the band hopes, will be forthcoming Dead projects. There is nothing in the works as dramatic as when they performed a charity benefit outside the pyramids of Egypt, but the new plans are intriguing nonetheless. Garcia is currently touring with old pal John Kahn, playing only acoustic instruments "for the fun of it." The band is putting together a mysterious video project that is said to include footage from the halcyon days of Ken Kesey's psychedelic Acid Tests. Computers are working their way into the Dead in the form of eventual onstage programmed instruments ("We're talking to the guy who designed the Macintosh") and yes, there will finally be a new Grateful Dead LP.

"Our material always does come to life after we've been playing it for

Not only one of the hottest names in film composition ("On Golden Pond," "Tootsie," "The Graduate," "The Champ" and Steven Spielberg's latest "Goonies"), Dave Grusin has also been a secret ingredient in albums by Quincy Jones, Billy Joel, and Grover Washington, Jr., plus the Grammy award-winning solo artist behind "Mountain Dance," "Night Lines," "One Of A Kind" and "Dave Grusin and the N.Y./L.A. Dream Band."

GRUSIN RITENOUR



Having brought his distinctive guitar style to the albums of Steely Dan, Cher, Herbie Hancock, Barbra Streisand and Diana Ross, Lee Ritenour has gone on to prove himself an outstanding solo artist with albums like "Rio" and "On The Line." He has been a featured player on the film soundtracks "Saturday Night Fever," "Taxi Driver," "A Star Is Born" and will unveil his original film score in this summer's "American Flyer."

HARLEQUIN

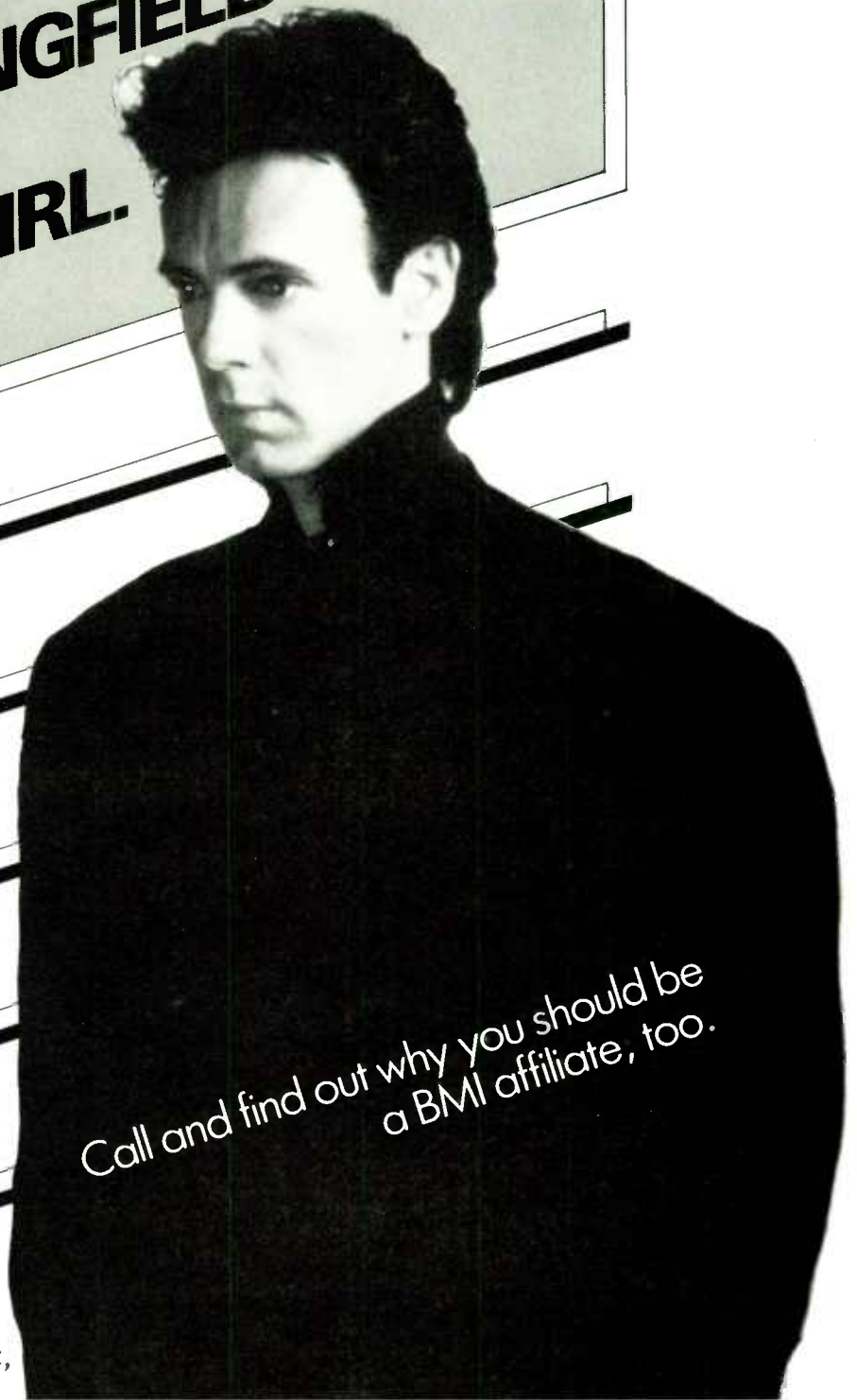
Two of the most wanted players in the business, in a collaboration whose time has come. The unique powers of Dave Grusin, Lee Ritenour and special guest Brazilian pop vocalist/songwriter Ivan Lins in a musical journey to unexpected new places.



GRP Records

THE
DIGITAL MASTER
COMPANY

**BMI.
WHERE
RICK SPRINGFIELD
BROUGHT
JESSIE'S GIRL.**



*Call and find out why you should be
a BMI affiliate, too.*

BMI



Wherever
there's music,
there's BMI.

SPLIT PERSONALITY



Dr. A. Digital-Electronic Psychiatrist

PATIENT: ADA DIGITAL MULTI-EFFECTS

SYMPTOMS: Patient exhibits an extreme case of split personality, i.e., under the control of a guitarist, keyboardist, soundman, or recording engineer, the Digital Multi-Effects will:

- a) chorus and echo or
 - b) flange and echo... simultaneously!
- The Digital Multi-Effects is the first digital delay I have examined that exhibits the above and the following characteristics:

- c) Footswitch Controller provides remote access to each effect and the Repeat Hold function, and has MEMORY BYPASS which remembers the last combination of effects used.
 - d) It also exhibits a feature not found on any other digital delay, a PATCH SWITCHING SYSTEM which allows the musician to place each effect in any sequence without using patchcords.
- DIAGNOSIS:** The Digital Multi-Effects is a very unique device. It combines the power of a programmable digital delay with the simplicity of dedicated controls and the versatility of two independent delay processors.

RECOMMENDATION: Visit your ADA dealer today and find out how a split personality can help your performance.

ADA
ADA SIGNAL PROCESSORS

7303D Edgewater Drive, Oakland, CA 94621
(415) 632-1323
(800) 241-8888
Telex: 470 880 ADA UI

A. Digital

World Radio History, Dr. A. Digital
Electronic Psychiatrist

awhile," says Garcia. "This time, when we go into the studio, our material will be worked out. The main thing is getting a nice spirited performance. We've got a lot of songs that are pretty hot. Our new one had a chance of being—dare I say it?—a *successful record*."

Pretty extravagant statement, considering the band's last hit was "Truckin'," in 1972. Still, the new material is the band's strongest in years. Recording of their last Arista album will begin this summer. On an endearing new Garcia/Robert Hunter song, the singer admits, "A touch of gray suits you anyway." The tune sprinkles a chorus of "I will survive" around verses like: "Though the rent is in arrears/ Dog has not been fed in years/ It's even worse than it appears/ But it's alright...."

Another track, "Throwing Stones," might quiet charges that the Dead are not topical or contemporary. Sample lyric: "Commissars and pin-striped bosses roll the dice/ Any way they fall, guess who gets to pay the price?/ Moneyed green and proletariat gray, sending guns instead of food today...."

Rather than go into the studio and work the songs out, the band has been doing what any beginning group would do: honing its repertoire in performance. After five years out of the studio,

Garcia hopes the new Dead LP will be as strong and fresh as a debut album. But it's the spontaneity and heart of it all that counts, he says, not the conscientious planning and plotting. What other bands work like this?

"None that I know of," Garcia admits, "and I think there's really room for a lot more people to be doing it. So many bands are doing nothing but playing well-rehearsed licks night after night. In fact, that's the death of most of them. They bore themselves to death, finally, and that's tragic. To me, it's an insult to the audience.

"I wish there were more people who just *went out and played*—trusting the audience and trusting the music, you know? That's what it's about, really." □

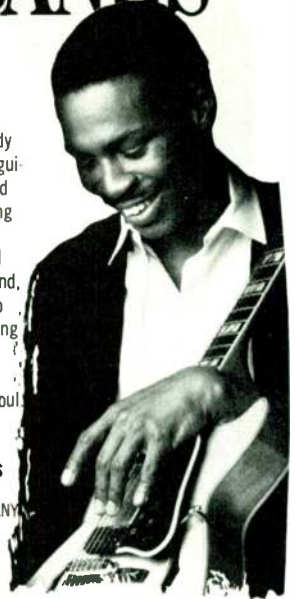
Deadgear

Garcia's main guitar was custom made for him by Doug Irwin, the electronics modeled after a Stratocaster's. Jerry uses Adamas picks, Vinci strings and a Fender reverb amp—only pre-amp stage is used. He also uses a McIntosh 2300 power amp, and a custom effects switching system built by John Cutler controlling the following: a Mu-tron octave divider, a Mu-tron III envelope filter, an MXR distortion, Phase 100 and analog delay, and a Roland SDE 3000.

“ I wanted to take advantage of the fact that I had all these good cats playing on the record, so I came up with some real challenging material to match the level of musicianship. ” Eubanks/“Opening Night” GRP-A-1013

KEVIN EUBANKS

At 27, Kevin has already proven himself a jazz guitar force to be reckoned with. Joining him during "Opening Night" are the talents of Branford Marsalis, Kenny Kirkland, and Buster Williams to name just a few, making this his latest album, one that speaks with intelligence, heart & soul.



GRP Records
THE DIGITAL
MASTER COMPANY

STRING INTO ACTION!
WITH PEAVEY GLIDERS® GUITAR & BASS STRINGS

Gliders® 8'S NICKEL WOUND
008
010
015
022
032
042

Gliders® STAINLESS STEEL 10'S
010
013
018
024
034
048

Available in popular gauged sets of both nickel and stainless steel at your authorized Peavey string dealer.

*Also available as individual replacement strings.

PEAVEY ELECTRONICS CORP./711 A STREET/MERIDIAN, MS 39301 TELEPHONE: (601) 483-5365/TELEX: 504115 ©1984



no-compromise COMMITMENT

Hard work and firm commitment to your music brought you to where you are today. Years of practice, honing your skills, gave you the confidence to make it happen. The crowd in the arena can't see all the smokey bars and small-time clubs on the road to success. You've demanded a lot of yourself, and your break came. This isn't the time to compromise.

The Ibanez Pro Line Series is the end result of years of dedicated, hard work and firm commitment to produce the finest guitar we can build. Feature for feature, it represents the kind of "no-compromise" attitude necessary to qualify as a true professional instrument. When it's your turn to step into the spotlight, don't settle for a guitar that's any less professional than you are. Choose a Pro Series from Ibanez. Now available in Black and new Cherry Ice finishes.

Ibanez

For a full color catalog send \$2.00 to Ibanez, dept. MG • P.O. Box 886, Bensalem, PA 19020 •
3221 Producer Way, Pomona, CA 91768-3916 • P.O. Box 2009, Idaho Falls, ID 83403 • In Canada:
6969 Trans Canada Highway Suite 105, St-Laurent, Quebec, Canada H4T 1V8.

World Radio History

BOB GELDOF

FRED SCHRUERS

CONSCIENCE,
IRRITANT,
"MINOR" POP STAR
AND (OH YEAH)
BOOMTOWN RAT

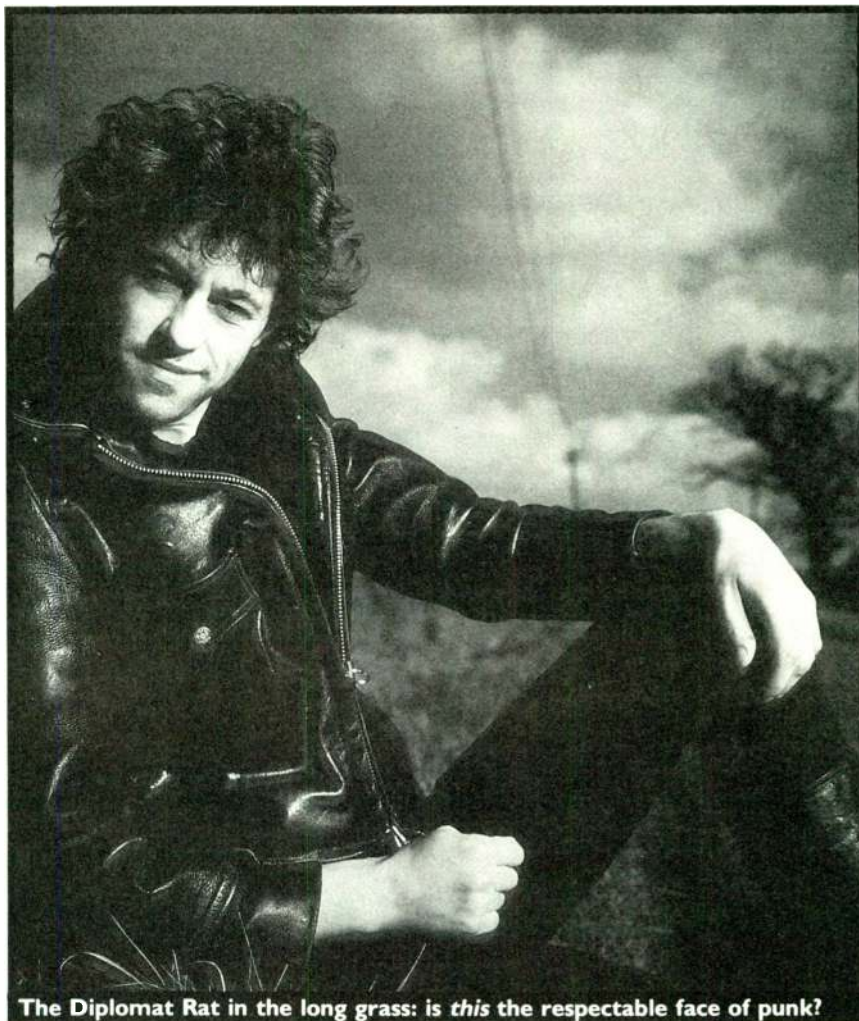
Bob Geldof is hunched over a borrowed desk with a phone cradled to his ear, momentarily on hold. "Unhh," he says, making a note and flashing a glance of greeting. "How are ya?" It's curious to meet a man who's actually taken a portion of the world's weight onto his shoulders. The leader of Ireland's Boomtown Rats calls himself a "minor" pop star, but shouldn't Mr. Band Aid look grander than this lanky, unshaven guy in work shirt and scruffy shoes? This is the man who, thank goodness, "made compassion fashionable."

He leaves his number with the manager of a very big name and hangs up. Geldof is trying to add to Band Aid's previous accomplishments with tandem concerts in London and New York, to be broadcast by satellite in mid-July. His prohibition against mentioning names is succinct: "It would blow everything open, then artists withdraw, and if artists withdraw, people die."

His pragmatism sounds only slightly weary. If Geldof is suffering from what he fears the public will succumb to—"compassion fatigue"—he's biting it back: "If this concert doesn't happen it won't be for lack of trying."

Late last November, he was watching the latest in a series of grim television broadcasts from drought-parched African areas like Ethiopia and the Sudan, when he realized, "You reach a point where you can no longer accept yet another child dying in your living room." The forces he set in motion with Band Aid became pop and political history.

As we talk, Geldof is interrupted by messages and phone calls, responses from various American artists about the summer concert. Now he's summoned to a press conference for college radio and press. If the Rats are to get a toe-



The Diplomat Rat in the long grass: is *this* the respectable face of punk?

hold on the American charts (a fairly unlikely prospect with their new LP already stiffing in Britain) it will be via the pockets of interest these forty-odd guests represent. "Thanks for playin' the record," he says for starters. But one reporter perturbs him immediately by saying that Duran Duran's arrival at the "Do They Know It's Christmas" session in a limo (conspicuous in the video) undercuts the meaning of the event. "You're dealing in tokenism," says Geldof evenly. "Which is pathetic, and stops the middle classes from ever acting. Duran Duran gave up two nights' performance and a TV show—and these are Young Turks in the middle of their career—to fly all night to be there. They had lawsuits threatened (for missing the gigs). To denigrate their gesture because of their choice of car to ride ten miles in is silly. If that's what you got out of their gesture...."

"I think a lot of people did...." says the questioner.

"Well I can tell you how many millions didn't," snaps Geldof. "We've got about eight million dollars so far. Did that prevent ya from buyin' the record? No? Good." A pause. "Thanks."

Bob Geldof has emerged as a rock 'n' roll diplomat, and a voice of conscience in a self-indulgent business. Looking at his career helps explain why this scruffily handsome singer/actor was so ideally placed to make a difference.

Unlike some recording artists, Geldof didn't have the spare cash that might have tempted him to buy some peace of mind with a donation to an aid program. The Boomtown Rats, in fact, were a debt-ridden band who "rationalized" their business ("That's a Wall Street euphemism for having to fire a bunch of your friends," says Geldof) and are viewed as a dubious quantity by their record label. They cut their new LP, *In The Long Grass*, with a strict eye on the budget, and had to wait out two unsuccessful attempts at a hit single before

SURETNA LTD

"Dave" [changed to "Rain" on the American version of the LP] nudged the British top one hundred and the label felt confident enough to put the record out. It was the Rats' sixth album.

Geldof was twenty-one when he formed his band in 1975. They moved to London, as hungry and heady as the title of their first single, "Looking After Number 1," would imply.

That August, 1977 hit was the first new wave single to make the BBC's playlist. The band's detractors thereafter regarded them as the acceptable face of punk. By 1981 they had scored nine consecutive top fifteen singles. Their sound, like Geldof's Jaggeresque onstage posturing, was more traditional than punk. They were likened to Mott

the Hoople, Dr. Feelgood and Bruce Springsteen, the last especially in the case of songs like "Joey's On The Street Again" (from their self-titled debut LP) and "Rat Trap" (from their best album, 1979's *A Tonic For The Troops*). "I was trying to rip off Van Morrison," says Geldof, "not Bruce Springsteen. I'd like to make that clear."

The Boomtown Rats had little impact in the States until 1980's "I Don't Like Mondays" (based on a news report about the San Diego schoolgirl who said as much to explain gunning down eleven people) reached number seventy-three. But the single didn't elevate its LP (*The Fine Art Of Surfacing*), and after *Mondo Bongo* stiffed in '81, CBS stateside lost faith. What seemed

to catch up with the Rats, after years of varying their approach with each outing, was the lack of an identifiable sound. "We never repeat what we've done before," says Geldof, "which irritates a lot of people. The only 'sound' we have is my voice—or lack thereof."

While that voice does lack exceptional range, and claims neither the creaminess of the currently fashionable Brit pop crooners nor the raspiness of a gut rocker, Geldof sings with passion and intelligence. As writer of virtually all the Rats' material, he's shown a gift for melodies that match his chops—like the gravelly sing-song of "Up All Night," which may have blown its shot at MTV with an unsavory video of Bob rolling about in bed with a fang-flicking boa constrictor.

Ugly as that video was, it could not have been so hideous as Bob's screen debut as the centerpiece of Pink Floyd's *The Wall*. Needing money and new horizons as the Rats stagnated, he signed on for the part even though he felt the film and its score were "silly." Geldof remembers riding to the airport in a cab with his then-manager, who was trying to talk him into doing the film.

"I told my manager, 'Look, I'll open the script at any page and read you the lyrics, and if you don't laugh I'll do this film.' So I opened it at random and read these lyrics. They were complete nonsense and he started laughing. So I said, 'That's it, goodbye.'"

The Wall earned poor reviews but a decent box office. One evening Geldof found himself at dinner with Roger Waters, the man responsible for the script he'd mocked so heartily in the cab, and Waters' wife. "She says to Roger, 'Tell him about your brother.' Turns out Waters' brother had been driving the cab."

Though the wordless role had been no fun to play—"Making people come down into this abyss of despair and watch you be a self-pitying prick"—Geldof saw there was a good living to be made in films. Recently released in England was his follow-up, *Number One*, about a charming rascal who specializes in snooker and scams. This summer he's scheduled to begin work on a film in which he plays a suspect in a series of sex crimes. "To be honest with ya," Geldof says, "the movies kept me alive over the last couple years while the Rats were broke."

Part of the financial problem, Geldof notes, was his band's predilection for touring their way through such commercial sinkholes as Israel ("During the first week of the Lebanese War"), India and Malaysia. "Places where they didn't expect anything of you, that didn't—thank God—have a rock culture. So you could just enjoy yourself. You didn't have to put on a show, you were just playing

**XL's
the end...**

**Custom designed for
Floyd Rose™ users.**

If you use a Floyd Rose tremelo, rejoice! D'Addario's new FR-XL string system dramatically reduces tailpiece string breakage and simplifies restringing.

We designed a soft copper string clip that clamps the string gently, but firmly to give you fast, problem-free restringing. Now you can enjoy famous D'Addario XL quality in the first strings designed exclusively for the Floyd Rose™ tremelo.

Available from your local dealer in regular light (.010") and super light (.009") gauges.

D'Addario
ELECTRIC GUITAR STRINGS
NICKEL ROUND WOUND
SUPER LIGHT GAUGE
1st .009 2nd .009 3rd .010 4th .012 5th .016 6th .022
FRXL150

™ The names Kramer and Floyd Rose are registered trademarks of Kramer Music Products, Inc.

D'Addario
East Farmingdale, NY 11735 USA

NOTHING VOICES YOUR KEYBOARD LIKE JBL.

No system this size. No system this portable. No system in this class. Has ever been infused with this much power. This spectrum of wide-range frequency response. This level of 3-way system sophistication. This much drive, smoothness, and clarity for your keyboard.

JBL's 4628 Cabaret Series System has been specifically designed to project dynamic, rich, silky keyboard sound in a rugged, compact package. The 4628 takes your music deeper, higher, and through a broader more complex mid-range than any other system of its kind.

Big power and consistent sound quality from end to end are the result of the 4628's perfectly integrated 3-way system design. The long-throw woofer gives you the deepest, strongest bass in any cabaret-size speaker.

The 8" cone delivers an exceptionally accurate midrange for smooth, warm sound, faithfully capturing

the tonal textures of your music without the hard edginess common in other systems.

And the patented Bi-Radial™ horn features wide, consistent dispersion, projecting strong, silky highs to every member of the audience.

The 4628's cross over network integrates harmonics seamlessly from one element to another. And along with its remarkable voicing ability, the 4628 is built to sustain the excellence of its sound, with pro-rugged overall design, and a tough, "bullet proof" enclosure that stands up to the hard knocks of the road year after year.

Now there's a system for capturing the range, clarity, and power you want from your keyboards: the JBL 4628 Cabaret Series System. Put it to the test at your local JBL dealer today.



JBL, Incorporated
Harman International
8500 Balboa Boulevard
Northridge, CA 91329

Available in Canada through Gould Marketing



World Radio History

Win \$6,500 of JBL sound equipment in The "Are You The Best Unsigned Band In America?" Contest. See your local JBL dealer or Musician Magazine for details.

THE MOST SOPHISTICATED COMPOSITIONAL TOOL EVER CREATED IS BASED ON A VERY SIMPLE CONCEPT.

In the race to merge the computer into the musician's art, most companies overlook a major point. Music is a creative profession with its own language, its own pace, and especially its own style.

As we set about to develop the LINN 9000, integrating the ultimate in digital drums with the most "musician-friendly" MIDI keyboard recorder, we realized that operation

had to be virtually effortless. Quite simply, we let the musician in us win over the temptation to push computer technology to the ragged edge.

The result: the most sophisticated compositional tool ever created. The LINN 9000.

The 9000's 18 digital drum and percussion sounds are unquestionably the best. Alternate sounds from our library can be loaded in from cassette or the optional 3.5" disk drive, or sample your own sounds using the optional audio sampling card. The 9000 captures all the spontaneity of your performance through front panel pressure sensitive pads, remote electronic drum pads or other sources plugged into dynamic-sensitive trigger inputs. The "Repeat" button lets you create drum rolls with a single touch. You can easily program high-hat decay for every single note using the front panel slider or an external foot pedal.

The beauty of the LINN 9000 32 track/16 channel MIDI keyboard recorder is its ability to capture every expression and nuance of your performance. Simply. Quickly.

This is possible because you control the process the same way you operate a multi-track tape machine. Punch-in and out, auto-locate, fast forward and rewind, insert a part, copy another, merge them all... always in perfect sync. Concentrate

on your art while the LINN 9000

memorizes the subtleties of your performance.

The LINN 9000. No more struggling with boxes spread all over your studio, patching and re-patching or tangled cables. Best of all, you don't have to be a computer wizard. The LINN 9000 speaks your language, the language of music.

To get your LINN 9000 brochure send \$1.00 to the address listed below. Or better yet, head down to your local authorized Linn dealer and try it for yourself.

Linn 9000

Linn Electronics, Inc.
18720 Oxnard Street, Tarzana, CA 91356
(818) 708-8131 Telex #298949 LINN UR



well in the freedom they gave you. The great, interesting thing was that they behaved precisely like an audience in Cleveland, Ohio or Manchester, England. In Bangalore, India we played for three hours in this huge field with two electric bulbs for lighting and 30,000 jumpin' turbans in front of us."

So as they descended blithely into debt, the Rats kept their credibility among their English pop peers; Geldof was known as a sometimes quixotic, always outspoken man of conscience, and his friends were people who would figure heavily when Band Aid was formed—Midge Ure of Ultravox, Simon LeBon of Duran Duran, Spandau Ballet's Gary Kemp, Martyn Ware of Heaven 17, and Sting. It didn't hurt that Geldof's longtime girlfriend, Paula Yates, was a powerful scenemaker who co-hosts *The Tube*, a high-impact television show covering pop music.

Thus, after his moment of realization during the televised report from Africa last November, Geldof was able to act quickly. He called Midge Ure, proposing they co-produce a single that could be rush-released for Christmastime sale with the proceeds (and publicity) going to relieve the famine. This gave them roughly three weeks to get the record into stores. They took a snippet of a song Geldof had begun for the Rats and added in a Ure demo track which Geldof said was lifted from the popular British TV series *Z Cars* (but which Ure insisted was stolen from the theme of TV's *Dambusters*). Geldof scribbled down most of the words in the course of a cab ride. When they came to the transitional "Feed the world/ Let them know it's Christmastime" section, they copped a melody from Ultravox's "Hymn." They hurriedly recorded backing tracks, and a celebrated gaggle of British pop stars began arriving at the studio early on a Sunday morning. "Believe me, there's no love lost between a lot of those people," Geldof says. "By and large they're jealous of each other. And yet they made the gesture."

Geldof has been nearly fanatical in pursuing his stated aim of turning record royalties into actual aid with as few pennies as possible slipping into the bugaboos of "administration" and "expenses." He chairs the Band Aid Trust with six British plutocrats (e.g. Michael Grade, head of BBC Television) who meet each Thursday at six p.m. As the money came in, Geldof visited Africa: His arrival spurred a landmark meeting between private and governmental aid agencies that sometimes work at cross-purposes. He came back home with a shopping list for not just food, but vaccine and plastic shelters to stem the diseases preying on the starving population. He came back, too, with an even



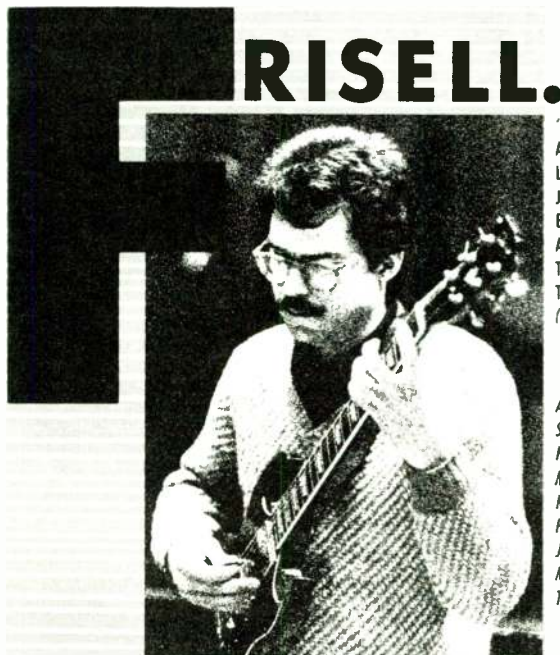
RUN WIRELESS IN THE STREETS

Total freedom is now available with the Samson Broadcast Series wireless instrument system. True Diversity, FM digitally synthesized wireless reception to take your performance to the limits of the imagination. \$1199 (U.S.) suggested retail including GC-1 instrument cable. This is it.

SAMSON®

WE TOOK THE WORRY OUT OF WIRELESS

Samson Music Products, 124 Fulton Avenue, Hempstead, New York 11550 (516) 489-2203 TLX 510 222 1630
In Canada: Omnimedia Corporation, Ltd., 9653 Côte de Liesse, Dorval, Québec H9P 1A3 514-636-9971



"I'M JUST BEGINNING TO REALIZE THAT ALL THESE YEARS I THOUGHT I WAS LEARNING TO PLAY GUITAR, I WAS REALLY JUST LEARNING TO PLAY MYSELF. THE EFFECTS, EVEN THE INSTRUMENT, AREN'T AN END IN THEMSELVES... I'M JUST TRYING TO CLEAR THINGS AWAY TO LET THE MUSIC COME THROUGH."

(Bill Frisell to *Musician Magazine*, 1983)

AS ONE OF CONTEMPORARY JAZZ'S MOST SOUGHT-AFTER GUITARISTS, BILL FRISSELL HAS PLAYED WITH SOME OF THE FINEST MUSICIANS AROUND. NOW, FLANKED BY KENNY WHEELER ON TRUMPET AND FLUGELHORN, BOB STEWART ON TUBA, JEROME HARRIS ON BASS AND PAUL MOTIAN ON DRUMS, FRISSELL MOVES INTO THE SPOTLIGHT WITH RAMBLER.

BILL FRISSELL
Rambler
1/4-25026

Produced by Manfred Eicher



ECM

ON ECM RECORDS AND CASSETTES. MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS. RECORDS INC. © 1985, ECM RECORDS



What drives successful people?

An age old question that can now be answered in literal terms; the people are Showco, the answer is Crown.

Consider the major tour. Each move a major task. Truckload after truckload of sound and lighting equipment must be put up and torn down, more often than not, overnight. In most cases the awesome responsibility for a successful technical performance rests squarely on the shoulders of Showco.

A tour company with a client list that reads like Billboard's Top 100, Showco has been at the forefront of this highly specialized field for years. Their reputation stems from a finely tuned marriage of technology and sweat. We are proud of the many years we have been involved in Showco's efforts and our new Micro-

Tech™ 1000 power amplifier dramatically illustrates the value of this relationship.

Innovative Crown technology shaped by advice from Showco has produced a more powerful, lighter and smaller amplifier ideal for the touring professional. Higher power, less weight and less rack space translate into critically needed efficiency on the road.

Currently on tour with the largest system ever designed for indoor arenas, Showco once again relies on the power and dependability of the Crown product. 134 Crown PSA-2s and 28 new Micro-Tech 1000s supply the power -- in excess of 200,000 watts to drive over 16 tons of loudspeakers.

The performance of the new MT-1000 further strengthens the dependability of Crown amplifiers. The only reason Showco has had to touch their new amps is to move them. And move they have, 78 shows in 52 cities without a failure of any kind. Not surprising for a Crown product but unheard of in any product fresh from the assembly line. Months of Showco's heavy duty field testing has established the MT-1000's reliability even before it hit the market.

At your next concert take a look beyond the performers; chances are you will find Showco and the driving force of Crown.

Crown International, Inc., 1718 West Mishawaka Road., Elkhart, Indiana 46517. (219) 294-8000



grimmer picture than TV had shown. "The camera subjectifies. It focused on a dying infant, or adult, as representation of the horror. What you don't see is the enormity of scale—thousands upon thousands of children dying. There are not words adequate to describe it. You cry in despair and rage that we allow this to happen. Then you realize that crying achieves nothing. It gets in the way. You come home and you're greeted by your healthy daughter and thank God you just happen to live in a world where you don't face these kind of problems. Then you get on with it."

Geldof avoided being photographed in the tent cities of the dying, but he was seen on British TV quite literally ranting at Sudanese government officials who were dodging the crisis. Back home, while receiving an award from Margaret Thatcher, he had a televised tiff with her as well. They argued over a shipment of butter, and when Thatcher said, "We all have our charities," Geldof said, "I'm afraid I don't call the potential death of a hundred million people a charity. I call it a disaster."

With donations, and volunteer help, and breaks from the likes of Saudi King Fahd (free refueling) and Egyptian Prime Minister Mubarak (a lifting of the hefty fees for use of the Suez Canal) the first three shipments (on 8,000-ton freighters called Band Aid One, Two and Three) got through.

As Geldof finalized arrangements for the summer Band Aid concert, he was determined that the event itself not generate a bogus sentimentality. "I don't like confusing the emotion of 'This is beautiful, we're all together' with the purpose. To keep that emotion locked up actually drives you further in a pragmatic direction. If the object is to keep people alive then perhaps it's better to keep that in front of you all the time."

Geldof, who has steadily resisted the solo album idea ("What have I got to moan about? I write ninety-eight percent of the material for one of the best British bands") will see to it that his fellow Rats take the stage. "Hey, it's my ball," he jokes, "and if I can't play with it, I'm going home." They have not, he says, resented his divided loyalties as he organizes Band Aid. "One thing is like being the manager of the biggest pop band in the world and the other like managing the smallest. As for the acting thing, it's like, good money for six weeks and it's still a break—I'm not very good at lying on beaches."

He points to the fact that the Rats managed to play forty-four British dates this past winter amidst all the Band Aid excitement. He's hungry to do more Stateside if they get "a tickle" from record buyers here. "I would do anything I can to help it—I want people to hear



RH-1 Receiver
TH-1 Belt Pack Transmitter

THE UNATTACHED MUSICIAN

Hi Band wireless (VHF) at a Low Band price *\$499. The Samson Concert Series wireless instrument system lets you travel 300 feet from your receiver with virtually no signal loss. It's definitely time.

WE TOOK THE WORRY OUT OF WIRELESS

SAMSON[®]

Samson Music Products, 124 Fulton Avenue, Hempstead, New York 11550 (516) 489-2203 TLX 510 222 1630
In Canada: Omnimedia Corporation, Ltd., 9653 Côte de Liesse, Dorval, Québec H9P 1A3 514-636-9971

*U.S. Suggested Retail including GC-1 instrument cable

WITHSTANDS A BEATING.

Ultimate Support Systems, Inc.
P.O. Box 470-M
Fort Collins, CO 80522
(303) 493-4488

Introducing the ultimate Drum Rack from Ultimate Support Systems. Featuring an exclusive modular design and sturdy aluminum construction for hard hitting support in custom configurations.

US
ULTIMATE
SUPPORT
SYSTEMS

BLOW 'EM AWAY!

Nothing unlocks a performer's talent like a great microphone.

That's why so many famous faces sing and play behind a Sennheiser.

Ask the techs, and they'll tell you about our overload-proof design. Our perfectly-tailored response. Our outstanding freedom from feedback and handling noise. Our ruggedness and reliability. But performers speak of

Sennheiser in other terms.

Spellbound looks on people's faces. Wild applause that never seems to stop. Stunned silences. And the electricity that jumps from stage to seats and back when performer and audience have a love affair in public.

What will a Sennheiser do for you? You'll never know until you try. Visit your Sennheiser dealer for a demo—or contact us for his name.

 **SENNHEISER®**

Sennheiser Electronic Corporation (N.Y.)
48 West 38th Street • New York, NY 10018 • (212) 944-9440
Manufacturing Plant: D-3002 Wedemark, West Germany
©1985 Sennheiser Electronic Corp. (N.Y.)

Sennheiser MD 421, MD 431 and MD 441 dynamic microphones. A bit more expensive. And worth it.

Now With 2-Year Limited Warranty.

our record." In fact, he acquiesced when Columbia Records execs told him that the British single, "Dave," would do just fine for U.S. markets—with one small change: it's gender. "They said, 'Bob, if you were Diana Ross and you sang "Dave," great, but you're not Diana Ross, are ya?'" Geldof explained that the song was written for a friend, actually named Dave, who called up drunk and crying at two a.m. one night after his girlfriend committed suicide. "They wanted to call it 'Babe.' I said, 'I'm not gonna change anything, screw you,' walked out, then I thought, 'Whoa.'" He admits his band has long been desperate to crack a U.S. single. So, keying in to the sadness of the drone sound that runs through the record, he renamed it "Rain," made it slightly less specific (to its betterment, he insists) and gave the vocal a more fervent reading. The entire album, though recorded fairly cheaply, was brought to New York to be mixed by Bob Clearmountain, for a bigger sound than even Tony Visconti's production jobs on the third and fourth LPs. Geldof's favorite song is the full-throated "A Hold Of Me": "That sews up the manifesto; the whole album—and it was written long before the Band Aid thing, by the way—is about thinking for yourself."

That Geldof certainly does. After more amiable sparring with the college reporter who didn't like the limos ("Come on, talk to me," he encouraged) he treated them to a few of his trademark jabs and uppercuts—that the only good actor among pop singers is Frank Sinatra, that the two best names for current pop bands were the Exploding Mountbattens and Angela Rippon's Bum ("That's like Barbara Walters' Ass here"); that the lyrics to Pink Floyd songs were "silly and abominable"; that most videos simply waste money ("If I see another ugly boy in the band throwing the most beautiful girl in the world out the door and saying, 'Don't come back...'", that the worst of the numerous international Band Aid spin-offs were the Yugoslav and Italian ones (he swore that, after considerable dispute, the Italians settled on "Volare").

"I'm not a stupid person," says this thirty-one-year-old who squabbles occasionally with heads of state, "I'm quite satisfied with what I've said on this album—that the only act of revolution left in a collective world is to think for yourself. So long as I can provoke discussion and dissent and thought, and people ask my opinion of all and sundry, I will do my best to be irritating. But I will be seen purely as 'that frigging lad, the pop singer.' Which is all right—'cause that's a pretty apt description." ☑

SUBSCRIBE



MAXIMUM EFFECT

Take your performance where it's never been before. Samson VHF wireless frees up the visual side of your music without losing your distinctive sound or the use of electronic effects. Samson Concert Series wireless instrument systems start at \$499 (U.S.) complete with GC-1 instrument connecting cable. Go for the max... now.

WE TOOK THE WORRY OUT OF WIRELESS

SAMSON®

Samson Music Products, 124 Fulton Avenue, Hempstead, New York 11550 (516) 489-2203 TLX 510 222 1630
In Canada: Omnimedia Corporation, Ltd., 9653 Côte de Liesse, Dorval, Québec H9P 1A3 514-636-9971

Presenting the complete line of ultimate keyboard, speaker and equipment stands from Ultimate Support Systems. Featuring innovative design and superior construction in black or silver anodized aluminum for strong, sophisticated equipment support.

UJ
ULTIMATE
SUPPORT
SYSTEMS

Ultimate Support Systems, Inc.
P.O. Box 470-M
Fort Collins, CO 80522
(303) 493-4488

DEAD KENNEDYS

Regaining the New Frontier

We've held on to our cutting edge and our principles more than any other band that has gotten as far as we have." After nearly seven years of preaching to the short-haired masses, Dead Kennedys singer **Jello Biafra** (Eric Boucher) has lost none of his outspoken irascibility. Overbearing, obnoxious and possibly-messianic, he is a man of unquestionable conviction. His vituperative rants set to the band's loud, crunching rock have generated more adulation, imitation and vehement, self-righteous backlash than any

punk band since the Clash and the Sex Pistols.

So why have the Dead Kennedys been so quiet lately? Even though they control their own label, Alternative Tentacles, the San Francisco-based group hasn't recorded since 1982. Biafra blames "a series of massive ripoffs"—specifically, by their ex-manager and bankrupt distributor.

Alternative Tentacles has remained active, releasing discs by the Butthole Surfers, Flipper, Tragic Mulatto and Lionel Richie (oops, sorry), among others. DKs guitarist **East Bay Ray** Glasser cut a solo single, "Trouble In Town." And the band has stayed loosely together. "We take long breaks from each other," Ray says. According

to Biafra, "We put a lot of thought into what on earth we wanted to do with the band. Should we exist? What should we mean? What should we do? We figured we had not yet accomplished what we set out to do. There was a lot more ground we could cover that if we didn't cover it, no one would."

An album scheduled for early fall should cover some of that ground. Judging from an oversold two-night stand in New York this April, the Dead Kennedys still draw a large, enthusiastic audience. And they still willfully defeat expectations: They opened with a Johnny Paycheck song. It's nice to have them back.

—John Leland



McCOY TYNER

Big Bands Are Back!

After a dozen years at the helm of various fire-breathing quintets, sextets and septets, McCoy Tyner decided about a year ago that it might be nice to lead a simple little piano trio. "I was ready to play more of a role in my own group rather than just supporting people, and to play in a more nuanced, more refined context," he notes. "It was also more practical from an economic point of view."

But economic considerations are not the only thing on the former John Coltrane sideman's mind. If that were the case, it's unlikely he would have put together a thirteen-piece big band earlier this year.

"The trio is my main format these days," the pianist says. "But I've wanted to work with a big band ever since I did the *Thirteenth House* album with that instrumentation a few years ago.

"A lot of people have told me we need something like



Laura Levine



RON DELANEY

NIK KERSHAW

The Riddle of Fame

Nik Kershaw is dissatisfied with success. It's not popularity *per se* that bothers him, mind you, but the *kind* of following he enjoys. Back home in England, the twenty-seven-year-old singer's brooding good looks and au courant pop have made him that least credible of rock institutions: the teen idol.

"It's very bizarre," he confesses. "I don't pretend to understand my popularity in the slightest. But then, I'm not a fifteen-year-old girl, so I don't know how they feel."

Kershaw is discontented in part because he used to be a "serious" musician. In his hometown of Ipswich, he toiled as guitarist in a jazz-funk band called Fusion before going solo in 1982. Then (and now), his artistic guiding lights included Weather Report and Steely Dan—hardly the stuff to inspire mass hysteria.

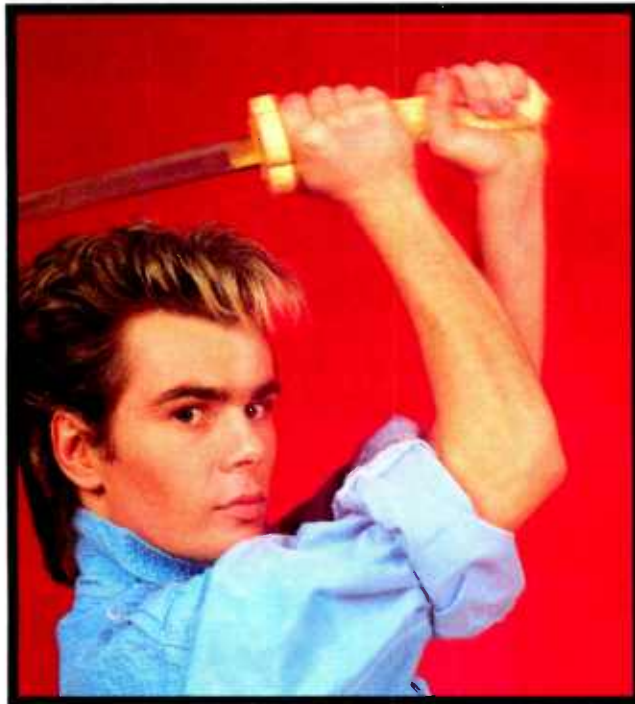
He's currently intent on

undoing the careful image-building that began with his 1984 debut LP, *Human Racing*, and led to a series of U.K. hit singles. "Before, I was too inexperienced to know what was happening," Kershaw notes. "Now, if anyone asks what color socks I wear, I tell them what to do with their question."

Kershaw expects his second LP, *The Riddle*, to bring musical respectability. Its richly textured but accessible tunes are not likely to be mistaken for the breezy entertainment of Duran Duran or Wham! The title cut acknowledges Dada artist Marcel Duchamp; "Save The Whale" closes the LP with melancholy observations.

The modest Kershaw downplays his contribution to blubber-saving compared to more activist types. "I wish I had the guts to sit in a dinghy and get harpoons thrown at me," he observes, "but that's not my style. I can't stand physical pain. On the other hand, it doesn't hurt to sing 'Save The Whale.'"

— Jon Young



this. I know we need something like this. I mean, Ellington and Basie aren't around anymore. We have big bands, but we don't have too many with a distinctive sound. I don't think of this as a typical big band."

It's a young, energetic ensemble, boasting first-rate if underappreciated talents like trombonist Robin Eubanks, trumpeter Charles Sullivan and saxophonist John Stubblefield. The music they play is, for the most part, an expanded and reorchestrated version of the high-powered modal fireworks Tyner has been setting off for years—plus such added colors as a gorgeous Eubanks arrangement of "Lover Man."

Tyner has done a few well-received gigs with the big band, and he hopes to line up lots more. He's realistic enough, though, to be cautious about the ensemble as a full-time proposition.

"If you romanticize about it, having your own big band is great," he says. "Of course I'm excited about it. But I'm not too excited about the expense." — Peter Keepnews

Their Lips Are Sealed

Band breakups are the soap opera of the music biz, and the closing chapter of the **Go-Go's'** history is no exception. On May 10 singer Belinda Carlisle and guitarist Charlotte Caffey announced to their fellow musicians—guitarist Kathy Valentine, drummer Gina Schock and bassist Paula Jean Brown—that they were leaving, ending the seven-year career of the once phenomenally successful group.

The Go-Go's have had a troubled history. Each of their three albums sold in decreasing amounts, although last year's *Talk Show* still went gold. Guitarist/songwriter Jane Wiedlin left last October; the band with replacement Brown played only one date. They'd recorded the theme song for a forthcoming film, and were about to start work on a new album when Carlisle and Caffey, the other two original members, left.

The reason for the split? Take your pick: Valentine, not a major Go-Go's' songwriter in the past, reportedly wanted to change one of Caffey's new songs. One source says Valentine and Schock lacked artistic self-confidence and wanted to hold on to the group's past sound and image. "It was one of those things that built up," Valentine says. "There wasn't much enthusiasm on some people's part."

Friends of the band also mention Carlisle's budding acting career as a source of friction. The singer appeared in a production of *Grease*, has been taking acting lessons and recently signed with the William Morris Agency. "Kathy and Gina were giving her a hard time," says one associate. Currently happy with paramour Morgan Mason, Carlisle wasn't looking forward to touring again.

With the Go-Go's gone, Carlisle is planning a solo

album with Caffey and Brown helping out. Caffey is also working with Lindsay Buckingham. Valentine and Schock are recording with Carlene Carter, possibly assisted by Eurythmic's Dave Stewart.

Wiedlin, finishing a solo album of her own, maintains a zen facade about the antics of her former bandmates. "For curiosity's sake I wish they'd stayed together," she says. But "everything ends."

Yesterday Now!

Every once in a while Keep A-Rockin' Records knocks out another mono, red-vinyl 45 by the **Upsetters**, a seriously roots rock 'n' roll band fueled by Charles Connor, Little Richard's original drummer. The latest disc couples the south-Louisiana rhythms of "Filé Gumbo" with a frenetic reading of Larry Williams' "Bony Moronie." For a fresh whiff of the past, write to Keep A-Rockin' at 1972 Palmerston Place, Suite 201, Hollywood, CA 90027

BEAT FARMERS

Serious Lunacy At the Bar

San Diego's Beat Farmers—four devil-may-care saloon vets working their way out of the bar circuit into the big time—are often described with a term applied to particularly aggressive professional wrestlers: "dangerous."

With good reason: A typical Farmers set at San Diego's Bacchanal climaxes with drummer/founder Country Dick Montana (Dan McLain) weaving his way into the audience and precariously perching his six-foot-six form atop a table. Baptizing his foul-looking greatcoat and nearby customers with Budweiser, he tears through a gusty *basso profundo* rendition of the sub-Marty Robbins gunfighter ballad "California Kid"—a number that ends with Montana's collapse onto an unfortunate



spectator.

"I do drink as much as it looks like up there," Montana says with pride.

Some of the band's unrestrained live hijinks have found their way onto *Tales Of The New West*, a debut

album on Los Angeles oldies label Rhino. On vinyl, though, the Beat Farmers' bar-bred tactics take a back seat to more serious roots-derived material. The record runs the gamut from steaming versions of Bruce Springsteen and Velvet Underground numbers to soulful originals.

But onstage veering lunacy still predominates. Montana admits the Farmers' anything-goes methods have their drawbacks: "There's a lot of shit breaking and falling around. People are starting to throw bottles that aren't in the band. Damn it, I'm a professional at this. Maybe we ought to post warning signs or something."

A&R reps from Columbia, Warner Bros. and RCA, among others, have already sniffed out the group's rock 'n' raunch. Montana is skeptical about the big labels' abilities to merchandise woolly rootsmanship.

"It's not an easily packaged thing," he chuckles. "Now we'll see who has enough guts to do it."

—Chris Morris

LISA HALUN

AUGUSTUS PABLO

Jazz in the Dub Degree

For over a decade, Augustus Pablo has been one of reggae's most accomplished and influential dubmasters. Just ask Gang of Four, Joe Jackson or the Hooters, who've all appropriated Pablo's melodica stylings.

Pablo's composing and arranging hallmarks—Middle Eastern exoticisms and minor-key modalities—have given both him and his music a mystical image, accentuated by his own reclusiveness. Like most dub scientists, he spends most of his time in the studio, or heads for the hills of Jamaica to seek spiritual enlightenment and divine musical inspiration. He hardly ever plays live in his homeland, much less anywhere else.

It was a Big Event, then,



when Pablo and his Rockers International band played two mid-April shows at the Kitchen, a downtown Manhattan performance space. The unlikely venue turned out to be suitably offbeat for the humble musician/composer/producer. During a ninety-minute set his slender fingers danced a spidery

ballet over the keys of his melodica. Longtime sideman Earl "Chinna" Smith alternately doubled the rhythm on a vintage sunburst Telecaster and elaborated with suspended chords and single-note runs. There were no vocals, and Pablo spoke only briefly, in a thick patois. When the set was over, it was

as if the crowd had awakened from an especially pleasant dream.

Jim Quinlan, the booking agent for Third World Agency who arranged the dates, sees the Kitchen shows as a first step toward "recognition and acceptance in the jazz world for Pablo." Pablo himself readily acknowledges Miles Davis, Ornette Coleman, Lionel Hampton and Milt Jackson as faves; their influence is readily apparent in his phrasing and sensual swing. Regardless of bag, Pablo's unique mixture of tuneful grace and deep-funk rhythm, of Arabesque spices flavoring a bubbly Jamaican stew, is entrancing. "It is time for more people to hear my music," he says of his pioneering mainland shows. He should be back in July and August playing scattered dates on both coasts. Don't miss him.

—Michael Shore

PETER SIMONRETTNA LTD



Unleash The Beast

With rippling muscle held in check and every sense alert, **Stage Systems** stalk your sound. They move through your music with smooth, measured strides. Then attack with primeval power. Springing from gut-wrenching growl to the silky purr of a natural high. Ruthlessly accurate. A study in efficiency. The ultimate beast of play.

In the jungle of claim and counter claim, no ordinary speaker can compare. Through eight grueling hours of pink-noise abuse, Stage Systems endure peaks to 1200 watts. The raw power of live performance. Time-coherent equalization. Constant-directivity dispersion. Low-mass titanium drivers. Stage Systems are an evolution of proprietary design. And wrapped in a sleek, black coat, Road-Wood™ cabinets of oriented strand board are virtually maul proof.

Stage System speakers from Electro-Voice. Because only the fit survive. Be among them. See your EV dealer and **unleash the beast.**

For more information, contact Mike Solomon, Market Development Manager/Music Products at Electro-Voice, Inc., 600 Cecil Street, Buchanan, MI 49107.



There's no end to the
sounds you can play
with the Mirage™
Digital Sampling
Keyboard.





A keyboard that can deliver virtually limitless digital sampling performance for under \$1700? It must be a mirage. The Mirage digital sampling keyboard from Ensoniq.

Digital recordings of instruments or sounds (including sounds you create) are played back polyphonically on the Mirage's velocity-sensitive 5-octave keyboard. You control 77 parameters of sound including filters, envelopes, and modulation. You can record and overdub with the Mirage's built-in sequencer. And you can control other keyboards through the Mirage's MIDI interface.

Just slip a 3½" diskette into the built-in disk drive and you're ready to play and modify digitally-recorded instrument sounds from Ensoniq's library. Or use Ensoniq's formatted disks to sample and save your own sounds for the ultimate in creativity.

And now you can enhance this incredible instrument's performance with new Ensoniq accessories. Affordable accessories that can make your \$1695 investment sound even better.

There's a Sequencer Expander that adds over 1,000 events to the Mirage's sequencer memory for extended sequencer passages. The Advanced Sampler's Guide provides a detailed tutorial for musicians interested in pushing their sampling skills further. An 80 db Input Sampling Filter increases the Mirage's sampling rate to improve the quality of sounds you sample. And the Mirage Visual Editing System (VES) gives you the ultimate keyboard/computer interface for even greater creative control. It includes the Advanced Sampler's Guide, Apple Interface Guide, and Apple software (you provide the Apple IIe with Passport MIDI card). VES lets you see sound waveforms and program parameters on a monitor, so you can modify existing waveforms or create new ones, much as you would on a \$25,000 digital synthesizer.

So whether you're starting from scratch or adding accessories to your Mirage, the Mirage digital sampling keyboard can take you to new heights of performance. And at \$1695, it won't take you for a high price.



Ensoniq provides a library of disks with digitally recorded sounds. \$39.95 ea.



Sequencer Expander: Adds 1,024 events so you can sequence longer passages. \$69.95



The Advanced Sampler's Guide: Tips and techniques for more ambitious sound sampling. Includes MASOS sampling software. \$49.95.



VES lets you view waveforms on a monitor to create virtually perfect "loops." \$349.95.

In Canada:
6969 Trans Canada Highway
Suite 123
St. Laurent, Quebec H4T1V8 Canada

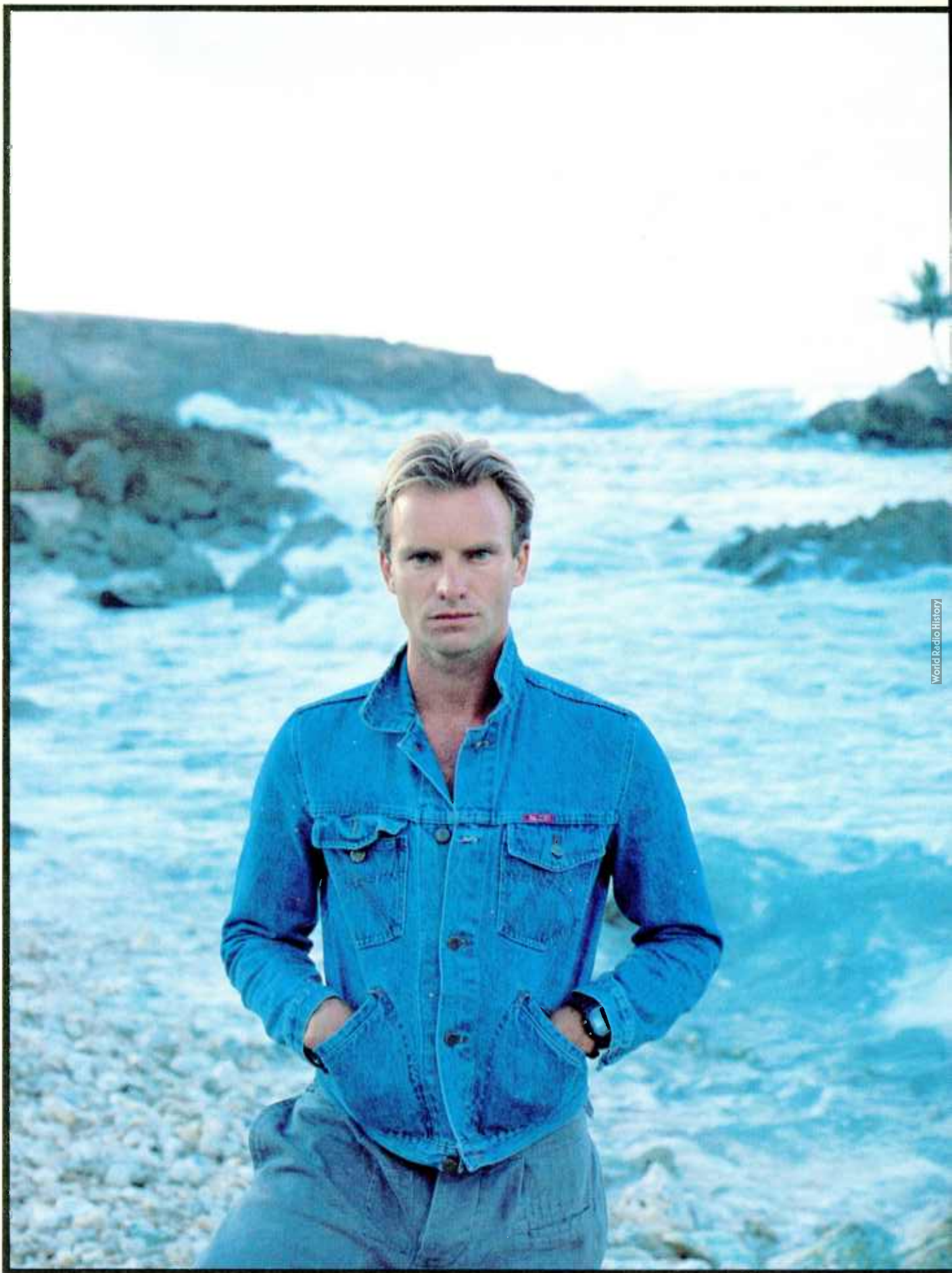
ENSONIQ™ Europe
65 Avenue de Stalingrad
B1000 Brussels, Belgium

In Japan:
Minami Morimachi Chu-o Bldg.
6-2, Higashi-Tenma, 2-Chome
Kita-Ku, Osaka 530 Japan



263 Great Valley Parkway, Malvern, PA 19355

ENSONIQ and Mirage are trademarks of ENSONIQ Corp.
Apple is a trademark of Apple Computer, Inc. Passport is a trademark of Passport Designs, Inc.





STING

UNDER THE GUN

BY VIC GARBARINI

The strangest thing happened today. I was out windsurfing on my board and suddenly the rudder was gone. It just snapped off for no apparent reason." Sting is lying face up on a pool table at Eddy Grant's Blue Wave Studio in Barbados. "I believe that everything happens for a purpose, so I asked myself why did this happen now? Then I realized the truth. I'd lost my sense of direction." He shields his eyes with his forearm and continues in a low voice. "Is the album any good? I don't know anymore. My voice, it's so weak. I was very tearful before. I just wanted to forget the band. I wanted to go home, crawl into bed, just forget the whole thing because I can't sing."

Sting took on this risky project to force himself to grow. No one said it would be easy. Intellectually, he still can't explain why he chose to work with young black jazz musicians on his first solo album. Maybe the inspiration didn't come from his intellect. He's been having dreams and intuitions pulling him towards this project. Something in him knows he needs to get more in touch with his ability to express his deeper emotions. By working with musicians whose emotional and intuitive expression is much more immediate, maybe he can loosen something in himself. Still, the mind doesn't want to let go.

"I knew I needed to find musicians who complemented me on some level, and I know I'm right in doing this thing," Sting goes on. "But I'm doing it for reasons I still don't really understand." So trust your instincts, I offer. You're using risk as a tool. "Oh, risk is a total tool," agrees Sting. "I mean, there is no greater risk than this project. The safe route, the sensible route, is just to make another album with the Police. Yeah, very good; *write ten hit songs, you can easily do it. Keep dyeing your hair: just go out on the road for another ten months.* This is nonsense. This risk is both more logical *and* more in tune with what my instincts tell me." Has he ever pushed himself too far in the past? "I survived what I would consider hell about two years ago," he confesses. "It was a domestic crisis, it was linked to everything—to my career, to the people I was working with. I just wanted out of *life* basically. I was considering the most drastic measures to stop this torment which I

created myself. Having lived through that mortally dangerous time, I now find the concept of taking *artistic* risks laughable. They're not dangerous—they're essential. What I find horrifying is what some people would consider the right route. That scares the shit out of me."

"Time for bed," concludes Sting wearily. "Tomorrow I'll have another try at 'Set Them Free' and 'Shadows.'"

"Shadows In The Rain" is the first track Sting's new band will record. Miles Davis bassist Darryl Jones, Weather Report drummer Omar Hakim, and Wynton Marsalis keyboardist Kenny Kirkland assemble in the stone-walled main studio. Sax-man Branford Marsalis is due in momentarily. Behind the glass partition in the control room engineer/co-producer Pete Smith and assistant engineer Jim Scott prepare the boards for the first take. Sting, also in the booth, plugs his Telecaster directly into the board. "We're going to try 'Shadows In The Rain' in the new arrangement," he announces to the players in the studio. He explains that he wrote the song as an uptempo R&B romp, but the Police version wound up more modern/abstract. Now he'll go back to the original idea. "Often I felt the demos were better than what we used on the record." Sting suggests that Omar lay out a solo drum pattern to start a vocal over. Omar obliges, but Sting calls a halt seconds into the first take. "That swings too much, Omar. It telegraphs what's coming next." Omar plays a series of snaps and rolls. Sting nods and begins the reference vocal. At the end of Omar's roll Kenny and Darryl kick in full tilt, as does Sting's guitar. The track explodes into life. "Okay, Kenny, take it!" shouts Sting. Kirkland launches into a mind-warping roller coaster of a solo on his Yamaha DX7. "Okay, now this is Branford," announces Sting: the singer mimics a sax solo with his voice. It's an exhilarating take.

Saxophonist Branford Marsalis sprints into the studio. "Did I miss something?" he asks in mock horror. Branford, brother of trumpeter Wynton, is the band member Sting has grown closest to. Like Wynton, Branford is a jazz purist. He believes that black music—particularly jazz—has not been granted the respect it deserves. But unlike Wynton, Branford respects pop music as a legitimate musical vehicle. He's incredibly mature for a twenty-four-year old, though he's still a kid at heart: Gary Coleman crossed with Wayne Shorter. Sting and Pete play Branford the basic track of "Shadows." Branford agrees to take a shot at overdubbing the solo. He enters the studio, grabs his sax, and puts on a set of cans. Pete starts the track rolling. Branford panics. "Wait a minute!" he shouts into the intercom. "What key is this in?"

The entire control room cracks up. "A minor," chuckles Sting. Branford begins his solo by precisely imitating Sting's "sax" solo on the original track. Sting and Pete crack up again. Fists raised, they both jump up and offer encouragement. "Come on, Branford!" shouts Sting. "GO FOR IT!" Marsalis rips off a terse solo that rides the line between rock and jazz. Everyone seems pleased with the playback. "You like the way I quoted you quoting me, huh?" Branford asks Sting. "White musicians compliment each other by saying nice things about each other's work...even if they secretly *hate* the shit. Black musicians show their respect by stealing the cat's licks. It's the ultimate compliment."

"Did you see the surprised look on Kenny's face as I ended my solo?" he asks. "That's 'cause I copped some of *his* licks there." "That's cool," retorts Kenny. "'Cause I copped part of that line from Victor. Remember when you played that Jimi Hendrix riff the other day?" Kenny laughs. "I learned that off you and I use it all the time now."

Branford continues: "I don't want to just turn out rock clichés, and I don't want to wind up playing old bebop licks over this stuff. I've got to find a new approach for this music. And that's going to take some thought."

Sometime methinks he thinks too much. "Yeah, well, this is how I attack things now," offers Branford. "It's just going

to be a bit untogether until I figure it all out." I'm reminded of how hard Branford and the rest of the bandmembers work at their craft. Marsalis will spend hours analyzing Joe Henderson solos; he even takes his mini-Walkman stereo on the tennis court with him. It's important for him to show that black musicians are not just operating on "instinct"—that they can conceptualize their music. He knows his intuition is strong so he works to strengthen his analytical abilities. When you ask band members what they most admire about Sting they all give the same answer: his songwriting; his ability to conceptually pull together all these disparate elements into one whole. They are attracted to his analytical skills; he's drawn to their emotional directness and spontaneity. Like right and left spheres of the brain, they're complementary.

Sting: "Branford, I'd like you to work out some more fills for the verses of 'Shadows.'"

Branford: "Okay, let's go. I know what I want to do."

Sting: "It can wait till the morning. Just write out the charts and...."

Branford: "No, man. Let's do it *now*. I work better that way." And so it goes.

On the second night of recording Sting leads the band through the stately, waltz-time chords of "Children's Crusade." Midway through the track he motions for Branford to begin his solo. It's a respectable effort. Sting calls for another take over the intercom. This time there's magic in the air. Step by step, level by level, Branford's solo builds in intensity, goosed along by Omar's sensitive but forceful drumming. At the height of tension, Branford teeters for a moment on the brink of release, then breaks through with a high, keening note.

"Okay," announces Sting over the intercom, "I think the first take was more even." Omar and Darryl are shocked. They rush into the control room. "Wait a minute," pleads Omar. "Didn't you hear what Branford *did* on the second take?" Sting and Pete are mystified. They had turned down Branford's track in the control room in order to hear the rhythm section. Sting asks Pete to play the second take. After the playback there's a moment of stunned silence. Then cheers. Sting is delighted. "It has real passion. I love it. We really came together there as a band for the first time."

Did Omar somehow know that Branford would make a special effort on this take? "Sure. I knew because I had him up in the mix," explains Hakim. "On the first take the solo was shorter. But the second time I intuitively knew he was going to keep playing. It's the sensibility of 'playing that jazz music.' It lets me know the cat's going to keep playing, and that gives me a kind of permission to push it up one more level underneath him. I guess Pete and Sting had been doing pop records for so long that maybe they're trying to be a little more...careful."

The following night Sting teaches the band a new tune, "Consider Me Gone." "It's another in my series of songs about spite and ingratitude," Sting says. "Like 'Demolition Man' and 'Don't Stand So Close To Me.'" The band attempts three or four takes, but the feel isn't right. "It just isn't floating," muses Sting. Suddenly, Eddy Grant enters the studio, impeccably dressed in a three-piece suit. "Sting, can I bring in a guest for just a minute?"

"Sure," nods Sting. "Who is it?"

"Well...it's the president of my home country, Guyana."

The Great Man and his entourage of cabinet members, journalists and armed bodyguards file into the tiny control room. In the studio behind the glass partition rubbernecking band members wonder what the hell is going on. Smiling nervously, Sting shakes the president's hand and apologizes for being shirtless. "What the hell do we do now?" he whispers tensely. "Try another take?" I suggest. He begins the guitar riff and the band swings in behind him. This time the groove falls into place and all the musical problems disappear. The Great Man loves every minute of it. Ten minutes later, still



LESLIE FRATKIN

Sting and Omar Hakim at the Ritz: For what does it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his rudder?

smiling and bopping, he's escorted out by Eddy. As soon as he's gone Sting and Branford simultaneously break into "The Beverly Hillbillies" theme.

"That was great," says Jim Scott. "Now all we have to do is find ten more presidents of obscure, third-world countries so we can finish off the rest of the tracks."

"Let's set down a couple of grooves," suggests Sting, "and see what we come up with." They swing into a country-rock tempo with Sting singing "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" over the changes in his Dylan accent. "I wanna sing about... Cheeeeeez!" he howls. He next calls for a funk groove, and the band rockets off. Branford improvises a rap based on his nickname, Steep-Pone: "My name is Steep, you can call me Pone, 'cuz I do it to the girls with my sax-a-phone!" Sting is in stitches. Finally, Sting calls for a reggae, and skats some old Jamaican melodies over the groove. "I think we have something here," he says. Later, this track will become the foundation for the tune "Love Is The Seventh Wave." "Omar, you were perfect," commends Sting. "One-take Hakim does it again." Omar twirls his sticks and grins, "Anything else I can do for you?" "Yeah," Pete Smith replies over the intercom, "next take, can you stick a broom up your ass and sweep the floor while you're playing?" The band, led by Omar, collapses in hysterics.

Over the next week, the band lays down basic tracks for "Fortress Around Your Heart," "Russians" and "We Work The Black Seam." The latter song was inspired by the recent British coal miner's strike. "I wanted to deal with what drove these men to take such drastic actions," explains Sting. "The government wanted to close coal mines that were deemed 'uneconomic.' They were talking about getting rid of creative communities and offering nothing to replace what gives them their sense of cohesion and identity, which is the work they do. Simple economic efficiency can't be the sole determinant of everything of value. Obviously, some of life's most meaningful and nurturing activities can't be measured in just pounds and dollars."

I note that he stuck that idea in the chorus of "Set Them Free." Sting smiles. "Man can't live by greed alone." I offer that "Fortress" seems to be about countering the spite and possessiveness of songs like "Wrapped Around Your Finger." "It is linked to 'Wrapped,'" he concedes. "'Wrapped' was a spiteful song about turning the tables on someone who had been in charge. 'Fortress,' on the other hand, is about appeasement, about trying to bridge the gaps between individuals. The central image is a minefield that you've laid around this other person to try and protect them. Then you realize that you have to walk back through it. I think it's one of the best choruses I've ever written."

As much as I agree with the points of view expressed in the new songs, I confess that I find them all pretty didactic and preachy, the imagery often forced and linear, rather than poetic and inspired. I'll concede that each song is redeemed by a chorus or line that punches through to another level. But, for someone who's trying to feel his way into something deeper, this intellectual approach seems wrong.

"Yes," Sting admits, "These songs *are* didactic and I *am* being overly intellectual. But I think they're pretty subtle and seductive, and I feel there are certain issues that have to be addressed, to the best of my ability, at this moment. These songs are in the troubadour tradition of traveling around and dispensing information in song about political and social issues."

We talk about balancing left and right brain functions in songwriting, how the right mixture is crucial. "The really good lines in my work come through just that kind of inspiration," Sting agrees. "I always start with one line that pops into my head—like 'Don't Stand So Close To Me.' Then I create a scenario around that central image. The linear craft comes with trying to dress that central line. My songs serve different functions. I have songs about faith in something greater than ourselves, like 'Love Is The Seventh Wave' or 'Invisible Sun.' There are also songs about being lost. And there are songs that provide information. I have to view them as a whole

rather than in isolation."

Branford and Pete Smith materialize behind us. "Is he giving you a hard time again?" they ask Sting. "Fucking critics!" sneers Pete, in what I hope is mock disgust. "What have you got against 'Fortress' anyway?"

The next morning, Sting attempts to lay down a vocal for "Set Them Free," the proposed first single. It does not go well. In take after take, Sting's voice breaks, cracks and slurs. He sits over the board, cradling his head in his hands, his confidence shaken by the repeated failures. Pete moves quietly to his side. "Okay, you're a bit raw..." he begins.

"I don't want to talk about it," moans Sting.

"It's coming along," insists Smith. "Just go back in the booth and give it another try." Sting trudges obediently into the isolation booth. He puts on his cans and closes his eyes in concentration, clutching both fists. "You can never, ever, let a singer think he can't do it," insists Smith. "If he starts to believe *that*, we've fuckin' well had it."

The next take's a marked improvement. "That's the stuff, Matt," enthuses Smith, calling Sting by his nickname. "You're getting there!"

"Yeah, I guess so..." responds Sting over the intercom. "I guess it was just...fear, wasn't it?"

"It isn't just the vocals," Pete confides later. "There's something missing in 'Set Them Free.'" Branford disagrees: "Leave it alone. It's got a groove. What more do you want?"

Next morning, Sting and Pete discuss the missing link in "Set Them Free." Sting asks Kenny if he can come up with a line on his DX7 to give the intro a bit of character. Kirkland finds a circular, modal figure in a clavinet setting. "That's it!" exclaims Sting.

A determined Sting heads into the vocal booth. At the end of the afternoon, we're called in to hear the results. Sting's vocal is exhilarating—passionate and intense. Combined

with Kenny's synth riff, it gives the song the lift velocity of a 747. Everyone knows that the turning point has been reached. The single is in the bag.

Sting is breathing easier. "I think it's a very good vocal, very committed," he ventures. "I had to spend about four hours to get it. I had to drag myself through the most humiliating playbacks because I just didn't have the confidence. There's actually a joyful swagger in there, because I *knew* I'd done it."

So is Sting really changing? His girlfriend Trudy thinks so. "I think the band is helping him open up. It's difficult for him in some ways, but he's loosening up and having more fun. At least he doesn't read so many books anymore," she laughs. "That's gotta mean something!"

But Sting is challenging as well as being challenged. "The band can feel their way into things, yes. But sometimes they play too comfortably. What they do very easily, very adeptly, I don't particularly *want*. I want them to feel a certain amount of pressure."

He offers a thumbnail sketch of each bandmember: "First of all there's Branford Marsalis, who isn't good at anything. Then there's Omar, who thinks he's a good drummer, but really he's nowhere as good as me. But I like him. Then there's Darryl, whom I'm trying to teach to play the bass. He's kind of cute. Finally there's this joker called Kenny Kirkland who sounds as if he's playing with boxing gloves on. It's a pretty good band."

After months of being the butt of the band's jokes, Sting is learning to play the dozens. Maybe he *is* loosening up.

And while Sting might not be certain what part of his being is forcing him through these changes, he's confident of his direction. "I know I'm right in doing all this," he insists. "It hasn't taken any personal courage at all. My voices are just saying, 'You're absolutely right, Sting. Go for it.'" □

OREGON
Crossing
1/4-25025

Produced by Manfred Eicher



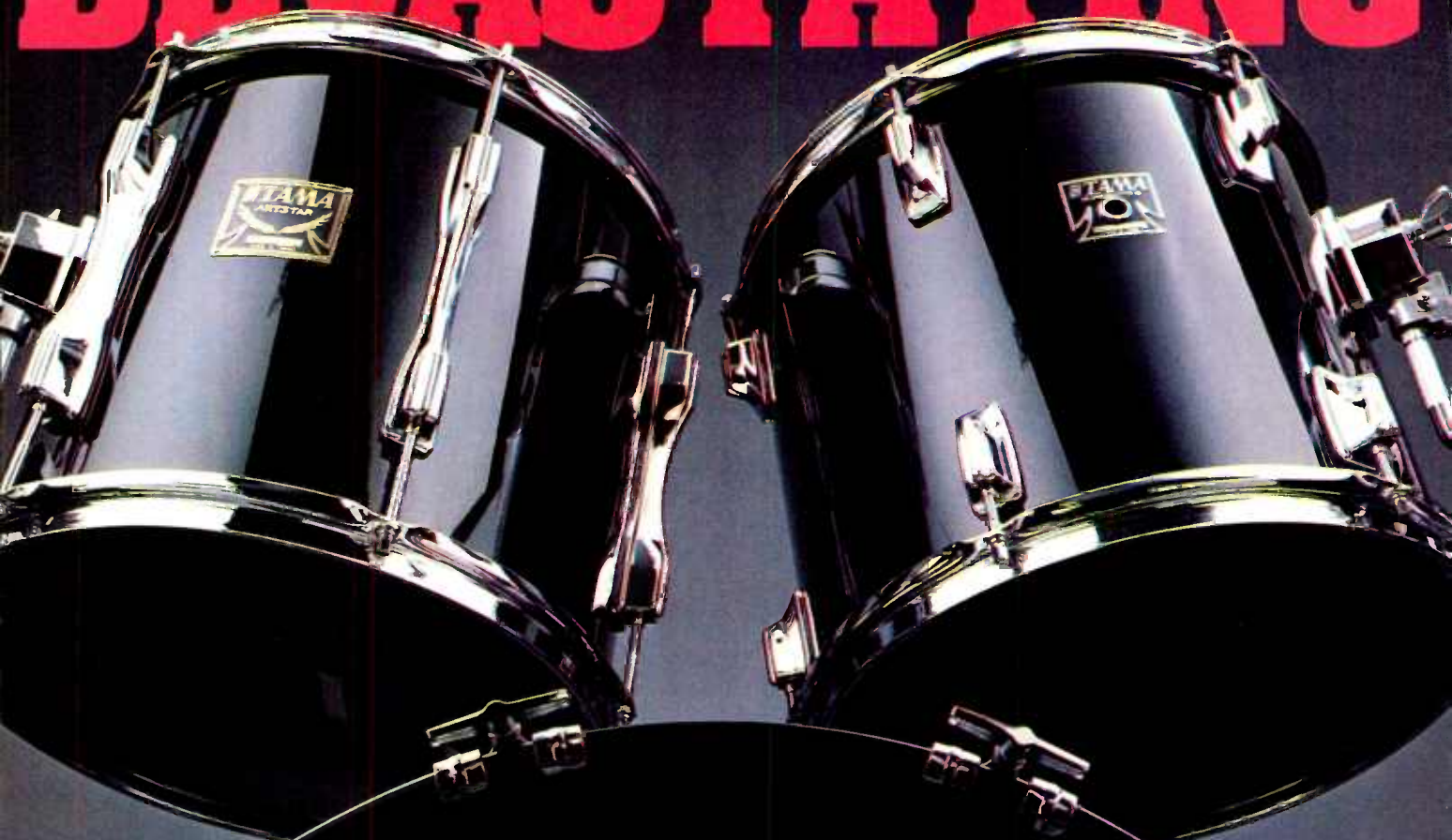
"Their music is at once soothing, startling, pastoral, abrupt and entirely unpredictable... Even in the most carefully notated compositions, the element of surprise is always bubbling just beneath the surface..."

(down beat Magazine)

Even before it became fashionable, Ralph Towner, Paul McCandless, Glen Moore and Collin Walcott were crossing musical borders with their exotic blend of American jazz, classical chamber music and Indian and African folk music. Crossing, which is dedicated to the late Collin Walcott, marks the last recording session of the original members of Oregon.

ECM[®] ON ECM RECORDS AND CASSETTES MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS. RECORDS INC. © 1985, ECM RECORDS

DEVASTATING



TAMA

ARTSTAR

The drums of choice for many of the world's top artists. With unique features—all tom toms are 6mm thick, while bass drums are standard 9mm in thickness, ARTSTARS speak with a distinctive voice—dynamically sensitive, with outstanding projection and tone. Now available in Piano Black and South American Cordia wood finishes.



S. Amer
Cordia

SUPERSTAR

The immediately identifiable sound of SUPERSTAR'S six-ply birch construction—DEEP, POWERFUL, COMMANDING. Xtras and Regular sizes with custom finishes available in Maple, Cherry Wine, Mahogany, and new Piano Black, Piano White and Candy Apple Red—AT NO EXTRA CHARGE.



Piano Wh



C. Apple
Red

THE EXCITEMENT IS AT YOUR TAMA DEALER
DUAL DEVASTATION

For a full color catalog, send \$2.00 to TAMA, Dept. MD, P.O. Box 886, Bensalem, PA 19020 • 3221 Producer Way, Pomona, CA 91768-3916 P.O. Box 2009, Idaho Falls, ID 83403 • In Canada: 6969 Trans Canada Highway, Suite 105, St. Laurent, Quebec, Canada H4T1V8



*Marc Savoy and daughter Sarah:
"No gimmicks, just music."*



*Canray Fontenot's grinning
performances are as energetic
and immediate as they come.*

Born On a Bayou

Cajun Music Gamely
Survives and Prospers
By Ben Sandmel

Photographs by Philip Gould



*Clifton Chenier
blended French roots
with Ray Charles and
Fats Domino to found
the zydeco sound.*



*The Cajun Music Festival:
The prime function of the music
is to make you move.*

*Clento's Fais Deaux Deaux,
Point Blue, Louisiana*



Midway between New Orleans and Houston, a collection of tin shacks lies tucked away in the flat farmlands near Point Blue, Louisiana. One building houses an upholstery shop; another sports crude rows of bleachers for watching cock fights. A third haphazard structure, adorned by strings of bare light bulbs, is a bar and Cajun dance hall known as Clento's Fais Deaux Deaux.

Inside Clento's, the dim honkytonk haze reveals beer signs, barstools and a multicolored jukebox in one corner. Two women in beehive hairdos stand transfixed by its pastel hues, pondering selections by Nathan Abshire's Pine Grove Boys. The rest of the rough-hewn crowd—farmers and oil rig workers, mostly—seem entranced by afternoon reveries. For several minutes the room is almost silent.

Five burly men in work clothes stand up together as if to leave, but stride instead to the bandstand, an alcove so cramped that the players must position themselves one at a time. But if the arrangements aren't exactly to their liking, you'd never guess it once these musicians kick into gear.

The prime function of Cajun music is to make you move, and the band, propelled by the bluesy, gritty accordion riffs of Clarence "Clento" Gotro, and

the swirling, soaring fiddle of Rodnis McGee, gets right to the point. Tempos accelerate from three count waltzes to frisky two-steps with a distinctly rockish beat. But mainstream pop audiences have never heard anything quite like Gotro's strange accordion voicings. Then there's singer Roger Chapman, who attacks each melody with raw, nasal wails, enjoying soulful release at its absolute funkiest. The music soon achieves its desired effect; exuberant couples are dancing across the battered plank floors.

The last dance ends around five o'clock, which at Clento's means cock-fight time. Though no announcement is made from the bandstand, most patrons drift back to the bleacher-filled shack known as Clento's Cock Arena, a small barn-like enclosure some fifty feet square with a dirt floor. One of the cock owners, a muscular man in rolled-up short sleeves, a ten-gallon hat and pointed boots, is taping razor sharp metal spurs to the heels of his roosters.

When the bleachers are full, the series of fights begins. A referee calls out "Get ready!", then "pit your birds!" The two opposing cocks are set down within a eight-foot square marked in the dirt. When they ignore each other without a trace of interest or belligerence, the handlers goad them by "crowing" loudly, then thrusting the birds against each other. All too soon the cocks get the message, and begin to attack. Feathers fly; patches of blood appear in the dust.

A shrewd wager here can earn a bettor several hundred dollars per fight, so the gamblers in attendance are naturally excited. Shouts of "tear 'em up boy!" (and French equivalents) fill the air along with mimicked rooster calls, which excite the cocks further. There's a decidedly surreal tinge to the sight of grown men in cowboy hats guzzling beer, waving money and shouting out variations on "cock a doodle-do" as two birds tear each other to pieces.



Laurence Welk never stomped like this: Earl Sally (frottoir) and Terrance Simien (accordion) pump out the Cajun beat at Slim's Y-Ki-Ki in Opelousas.

Cajun and cockfights are hardly a package deal, of course; Cajun is also the music of choice at more convivial local affairs such as weddings, town festivals, crawfish boils and the annual blessing of the shrimp fleet. But their combined presence at Clento's does provide some insight into the rural community which Cajun serves. To many outsiders, Cajun country suggests a backdrop of alligators, egrets and primeval marshes, and in fact the legendary Louisiana bayou country is close by. The music's true heartland, however, is a region known as "the prairies," a rather mundane expanse of sugarcane, soybean and rice fields. (Musical activity in the fabled swamplands is far less extensive.) But if the prairies fall short of film-set status, they still comprise a fascinating, self-contained world.

Here it's possible to spend an entire musical evening hearing virtually no English at all. Many town names—Mamou, Chataigner, Prairie Ronde—are French; on weekends there is Cajun French radio. The family names on businesses are predominantly French, while fine mouth-watering dishes like etouffee, boudin and andouille spice local menus. A newcomer may feel miles away from America.

There's also ample evidence of our modern consumer society. Many rural villages with seemingly idyllic map locations prove on arrival to be

tacky collections of identical suburban houses. Brand new trailers dot the countryside, and convenience stores pop up at remote crossroads. Rustic gems like Clento's don't wait down every blue highway.

Still, Cajun French remains the language of some 400,000 people, and today their passionate, ultra-danceable music is more popular than ever. How does this old-fashioned genre manage to flourish in the MTV era? One reason is that South Louisiana was an isolated backwater for nearly two centuries, and gradually developed one of this country's most distinctive cultures. Another, more basic factor is Cajun music's infectious character, which is typically showcased in friendly, atmospheric clubs and dance halls.

One of the best is Slim's Y-Ki-Ki in Opelousas. Slim's patrons are "mulatre" Creoles of all ages, and they come in droves to dance to live zydeco music, the black/Cajun mixture of local folk tunes with rock, soul and R&B. ("Zydeco" usually specifies a black style, while "Cajun" refers to white bands. The two traditions overlap considerably.) Accordionist Clifton Chenier is zydeco's leading emissary, while players like Buckwheat Dural, Rockin' Dopsie and Queen Ida are gradually achieving national recognition. And the Gulf Coast "Crawfish Circuit" is worked each weekend by others equally exciting.

Terrance Simien is one of these impressive young hot-shots. As he stalks Slim's bandstand, furiously pumping his accordion, it's obvious that the squeeze-box's funky potential was never tapped by Lawrence Welk. Simien plays on his knees, behind his back, and even down on the floor, limbo-style. He's joined in this frantic choreography by Earl Sally, who plays the rub-board or "frottoir," a corrugated metal vest which he scrapes against his chest with a handful of bottle-openers. When Sally limbos to his lowest, the dancers intensify their gyrations while groups of old women wave their hands in the air and shout, "Fais 'tention! Look out now!" Simien then leads his Mallet Playboys into zydeco's latest jukebox smash—Rockin' Sidney's "Don't Mess With My Toot Toot"—and the crowd goes even wilder.

Younger accordionists like Simien, Rockin' Sidney and Buckwheat all lean heavily on blues and soul. But there are other black Cajun or "Creole" players, like fiddler Canray Fontenot and accordionist Alphonse "Bois Sec" Ardoin, whose sound is far more folk-rooted. Their acoustic, pre-zydeco style is also known as "La Musique Creole," and it too draws dancing crowds to remote spots like Morris Ardoin's Cowboy Club near Duralde. Like Clento's, the Cowboy Club's dirt road, in-the-pines setting conjures up visions of another era.

It was here that Clifton Chenier blended his French roots with Ray Charles, Fats Domino, horn sections and hot guitars, to shape today's zydeco sound. Until a year or so ago Chenier was still in top form, beaming broadly and playing marathon four-hour sets. "If you can't dance to zydeco," he would warn in his thick accent, "you can't dance, period! Old people come to my dances walking with a cane, but at the end of the night they can't find it no more. I ask 'em, 'Quoi qu'arrivai avec ton baton?', and they tell me, 'Oh, j'ai pas de baton, je l'ai jetté dehors.' They forgot about it and threw it away, 'cause

they didn't need it no more!"

Chenier remains a keen observer of music, and a hard man to impress. "In the 40s and 50s," he opines, "up to the 60s, that was *music*. Now all you hear is the bass and drummer, this disco thing. That's all right for the youngsters, but it don't show me nothin'. I like to hear something with *ideas*, you know. Maybe your wife walked off and left you? Why she left you? You did something you ain't had no business doing, or maybe she was wrong, but *something happened*."

"See, a lot of people go cut a little record but they don't tell no story, and you know why? They ain't got no story to tell! Now, you catch fellows like me, Fats Domino, B.B. King, Big Joe Turner, them fellows can tell you something."

This self-identification with such blues/R&B luminaries underscores a frequent complaint about his current musical direction. "Clifton changed his music," charges Rockin' Dopsie. "He used to play a lot of French, but now he don't." Chris Strachwitz of Arhoolie Records feels that "in recent years Clifton has not wanted to do much French stuff. He feels that the kids like R&B better, that it sells better for him."

Chenier sees himself as a pragmatist: "We might go out tonight, and people don't want to hear nothin' but the blues. Go out tomorrow night, they don't want to hear nothin' but French music."

The accordionist defines zydeco as "rock and French mixed together, with a beat to it," and he is fiercely proud of his rural Creole background. "I come from out a hole, man, from out the mud. A lot of people don't like to say where they came from, but it ain't where you came from, it's what you is. My daddy was a farmer, but he played the accordion too, and the little money he make go to feed us. Things was rough, you know, in the 30s when I came up."

"All my people speak French," Chenier continues. "Some people were 'shamed of French, but they didn't know how important French is to 'em. Let me tell you a story: Me, Earl Hooker, Magic Sam and Whistlin' Alex Moore from Dallas, we all met in New York and got on a plane to France. [This was for the 1969 Blues & Folk package tour of Europe.] Those boys from Chicago: Magic Sam and Earl Hooker, they laughed at me. Said, 'Oh, where y'all get that French from? Can't you talk?' I ain't said nothin' to 'em. So we get to Paris, we walk into a cafe. The lady asks me in French, 'Can I help you, mister?' I told her, 'Oui, madame.' I said, 'Give me les oeufs, les grits, et du pain.' That's eggs, grits and toast. Now she got to them fellas, and they couldn't order nothin'. So I said, 'Don't worry about them, I'm ordering their food.' And you know what I order them? A whole platter of raw fish! I said, 'Now eat that, all y'all so smart.' They said, 'No, man, we want what you got!' And I said, 'Well, then order it!' They couldn't do it, they had to eat some raw fish, and man, they wanted to kill me. And from that day on, all our tour of Europe, they never would tease me no more."

Lately Chenier has had both serious health problems and squabbles with his Red Hot Louisiana Band; as a result, some of the younger accordionists have taken to wearing copies of Chenier's "Imperial margarine" crown, while waiting like vultures for him to pass on. But in truth none of the pretenders, neither Dopsie,

Buckwheat, nor least of all Queen Ida, can touch Chenier's musicianship. One serious but humble contender is Fernest Arceneaux—also a scorching singer—who's content to bill himself as the accordion's "new prince."

Such heritage-preserving competition is remarkable considering what the Cajuns and Creoles have already endured. The first Cajuns, French colonists whose name is a variation of the word Acadian, migrated to south Louisiana following their expulsion from British Canada in 1755. Well into this century their culture—and the Afro-Caribbean/French world of the slave-descended Creoles—were pretty much left alone. Then oil was discovered, and highways constructed, and Cajuns suddenly found themselves subjected to the intrusions of an alien society that showed little respect for their customs or environment. Cajuns became self-conscious and embarrassed about their "coarse" dialect and "hick" music. Most Cajuns over fifty remember being punished for speaking French at school. For a real study in alienation, consider the status of black minority French-speakers living in the rural south.

After World War II, an oil boom led to rapid modernization. Cajun Louisiana's main centers, Lake Charles and Lafayette, became cities of 100,000 with all the trappings of American mass culture.

Fortunately this rampant modernism triggered a Cajun cultural backlash. Militant musicians like Zachary Richard—who fancies himself the Cajun Mick Jagger—raised the consciousness of his compatriots with political lyrics and a militant refusal to speak English. The formation of CODOFIL (The Council for the Development of French in Louisiana) in 1968 has also revived French usage, though some critics complain that the council has its own elitist agenda. In any event Louisiana is now well-connected with the rest of the French-speaking world. European exchange programs are frequent, and the government of Quebec has opened an official delegation in Lafayette. Instead of assimilating, the traditional culture is now supported and celebrated by those who were never impressed by "progress" in the first place, and by those merely determined to resist its seamier aspects. Cajun music and zydeco thus have become trendy; trends lose their force, but the music is holding its own. Radio airplay has increased dramatically, and the highly-recommended Festival Acadien, held each September in Lafayette, is turning into a national event. Scores of clubs and dance halls in twenty-three Louisiana parishes (counties) and on into east Texas book Cajun and zydeco bands as their weekend money-makers. Not surprisingly such venues have expanded beyond earthy, blue-collar joints.

One slick entry is Mulate's, a restaurant and dance hall in the small town of Breaux Bridge. Mulate's caters to a mixed crowd of Lafayette yuppies, collegians and family groups, along with tourists drawn in by a large billboard on Interstate 10. The club's ambience is commercial and self-conscious, which understandably annoys some Cajun purists. Yet there's no attempt to dress up the music. Mulate's regularly presents a thorough cross-section of Cajun styles,



Clifton Chenier in his "Imperial margarine" crown: "Old people come to my dances walkin' with a cane, but at the end they don't need it no more!"

from the 30s to the present, from Octa Clark and Hector Duhon to Michael Doucet and Beausoleil.

Doucet is Cajun music's leading young innovator, and his approach is comparable to Fairport Convention's and Los Lobos' respective work with British and Mexican folk tunes. Doucet learned Cajun fiddle while doing folklore research, interviewing old masters like Varise Conner, Dennis McGee and Canray Fontenot. While absorbing their concepts he also listened to avant-garde jazz, and played in the first Cajun rock band, Coteau. In this Grateful Dead-like setting Doucet's fiery style began to emerge, with its daring suspensions of rhythm, sudden interval jumps, and spacey outside excursions. Such calculated wildness sometimes startles his older idols, but Doucet can also work in a conventional vein, and he's a fine singer in the best wailing Cajun fashion. The band's material is drawn from little-known, often archaic tunes which Doucet has researched and revived; he avoids overworked war horses like "Jolie Blon."

At the other end of the Cajun spectrum, Snooks' in Ville Platte has featured the same band—Maurice Berzas & the Mamou Playboys—for over thirty-five years. Vorance Berzas, the drummer, is also a hair-raising singer, while his father, accordionist Maurice, anchors a dance-band sound that's been popular since World War II. And at clubs like Snooks'—or Fontenot's in Basile, or La Poussier in Breaux Bridge—there's no generation gap. Teenagers share the floor with retirees, and everyone dances the same graceful, intricate steps.

Similar scenes unfold in surrounding towns each weekend, but reach their apex on Mardi Gras Day. Parades are held, just like in New Orleans, only here they're on horseback, led by a flag-waving "capitan." Riders are elaborately costumed, many wearing tall, pointed hats with a decidedly medieval look.

The parade travels miles of back-country roads, stopping at farmhouses to solicit contributions—"charité"—for a large, communal bowl of gumbo. Sometimes the donation is a sack of rice, or cold beer for the ever-thirsty riders. More often, though, it's a chicken or a rooster, which the rowdy gang chases, captures and dispatches. (If this custom seems cruel, remember that these are country people who routinely butcher their own meat.) Most households welcome the riders, but a few homeowners stand in their yards with shotguns, and tell the capitan to wave his troupe on.

Such festivities naturally call for music, so the parades include live bands set up on flat-bed trucks. The bands play continuously, but work hardest at the charité stops, when the dismounted riders who aren't chasing chickens dance furiously till it's time to move on. In remote Creole communities like Fritot Cove the band might be a zydeco group like Delton Broussard & the Lawtell Playboys. In Eunice the parade band is led by Marc and Ann Savoy.

The Savoy's have made important contributions to Cajun music, but maintain a low profile. Accordionist Marc is a fine player and master instrument builder; Ann, his wife, is a solid guitarist and singer, and author of the definitive *Cajun Music: A Reflection Of A People*. "We don't perform," Marc is quick to point out, "we play.

No gimmicks, just music." Their duet style is subtle and intricate, and certainly worlds apart from the music's coarse stereotype so prevalent in non-Cajun Louisiana. Like Michael Doucet, the Savoy's revive obscure, near-extinct songs, and encourage others to adopt them as well.

"I used to enjoy playing festivals," Marc Savoy explains, "until I realized that the people who go to them are searching for folk heroes, and they have a distorted image of what Cajun music and this area are all about. They would project their fantasies on me, and expect me to be something that I'm not. I build accordions, I run a store, I play Cajun music, I work in my garden, I raise sheep and turkeys. It's all part of the same thing, and I don't want to see it gimmicked."

Savoy's store near Eunice has become an unofficial center for this traditionalist outlook. He bristles with indignation at modern America's eroding effects on Cajun music and culture, and refers to his store as "the bunker." "I don't go to work," he states quite seriously, "I go to war! War against bad music and phony affectations, war against cutesy plastic merchandising and all this mainstream John Q. Public crap! The Cajun people don't need to Americanize. What we have here is so real and natural and down-to-earth, but there are some Cajuns who think that they have to give up what they are in order to be successful. They're turning their backs on a hot bowl of gumbo for a cold, tasteless American hot dog."

Despite Savoy's impassioned eloquence, he's declined invitations to amplify his views on forums like NBC's *Today Show*. "I prefer to help the culture from behind the scenes," he asserts. "My energy belongs in Eunice and Mamou. I don't represent the Cajun culture beyond my little seminars at 'the bunker.'" These seminars usually take the form of informal Saturday morning jam sessions. Michael Doucet often drops by with Dennis McGee, the friskiest ninety-three-year-old in music. Accordionist Don Montoucet visits frequently, and Rockin' Dopsie may stop by to pick up some equipment enroute to a gig. When the music heats up, Savoy takes the phone off the hook and lets business wait while he revels in his element.

Just like the Cajun bar scenes, these unpretentious affairs capture the grassroots essence of Cajun and zydeco music. Once things get too slick that essential spirit is lost or distorted. Some Cajuns fear that just such a loss is inevitable, and that the music's current resurgence is only a fad. "You're not going to save this music just by making a gumbo and singing 'Jolie Blon,'" as Michael Doucet recently told writer Ed Ward. "There are some things that have to be passed on, understood and accepted—that this is how you live, how you survive. The knowledge of that stuff has to be maintained in the family."

My own frequent visits to Cajun country leave the strong impression that Doucet's extended "family" is in fact heeding his advice. Their exciting and soulful music is flourishing, and gradually acquiring a larger outside following—and not just because of its obvious danceability. The Cajun and Creole community of southwest Louisiana has regenerated a sense of pride in their heritage. They are nurturing a growing self-image of a rich unique world that works on its own terms. ☐



Fiddle master Dennis McGee (left) gives tips to Michael Doucet, Cajun's leading young innovator.



Marc and Ann Savoy: "Cajuns are turning their backs on a hot bowl of gumbo for a tasteless American hot dog."

CONSIDER WHO PLAYS YAMAHA DRUMS.



Steve Gadd



John Robinson



Freddie White



Peter Erskine



Vinnie Colaiuta



Susan Evans



David Weckl



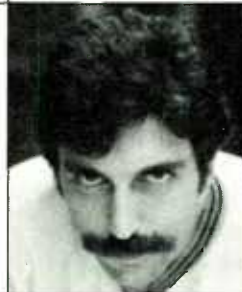
Jonathan Moffett



Carl Palmer



Tommy Aldridge



Jerry Marotta



Rick Marotta



Omar Hakim



Tom Brechtlein



Russ Kunkel



Sheila E.

The diverse group of exceptional drummers who play Yamaha represents virtually every modern musical style. Yamaha proudly acknowledges their extraordinary contribution; both to the music and the development of Yamaha drums.

The King of Summer Comes Home

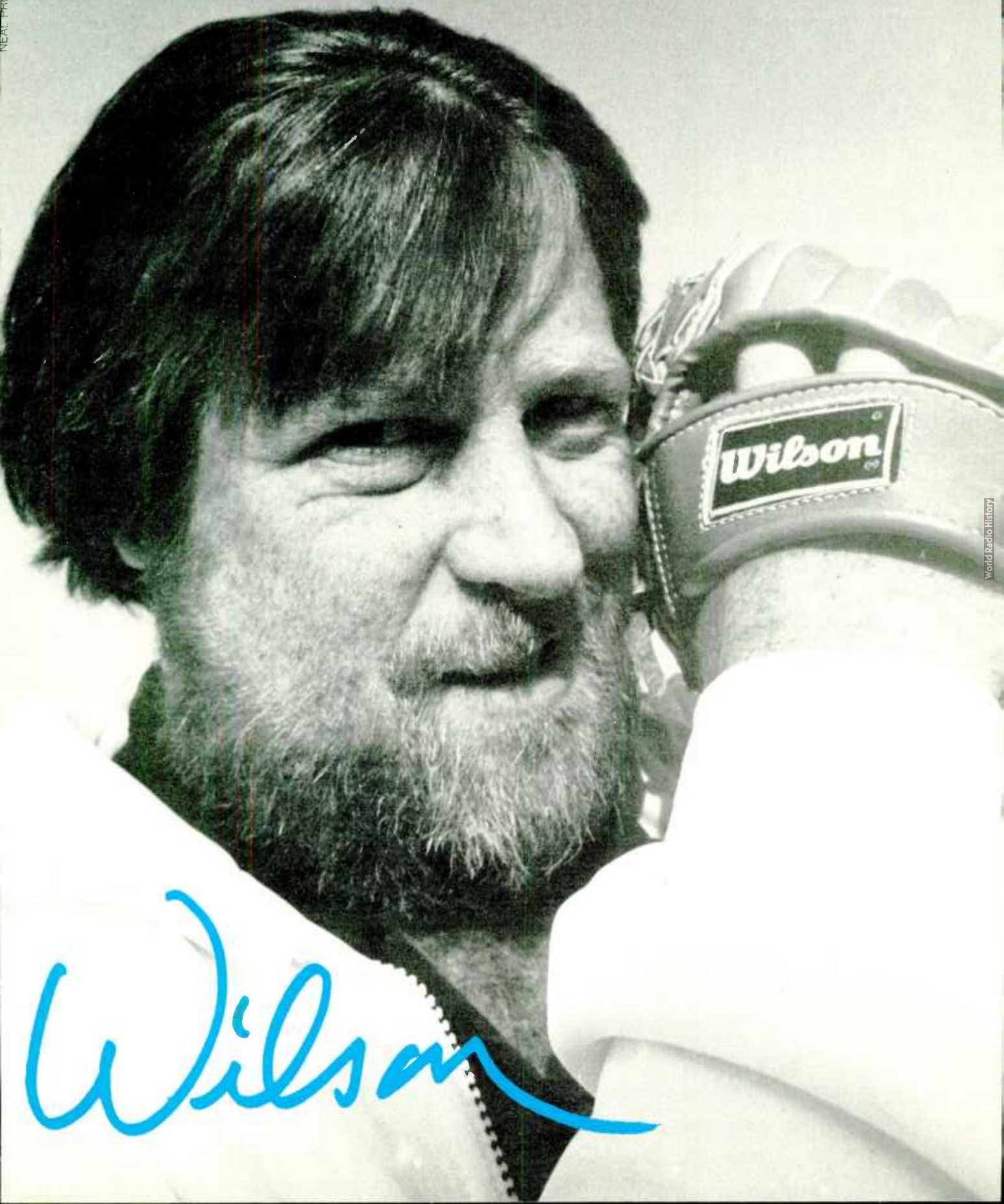
“Whoa, Brian!” yells a grinning, sunglassesed black man from the passenger seat of a speeding yellow Ferrari, calling out to a preoccupied jogger headed in the opposite direction. The tall, big-boned runner responds with a small wave as he scuffles along the gravel shoulder of Old Malibu Road. Then his tanned, bearded face brightens with a shy grin as he picks up the pace on his daily six-mile jaunt. Only in Southern California can one encounter the cloistered likes of Stevie Wonder saying a sunny good morning to rock ‘n’ roll hermit Brian Wilson as each commences another busy day of pop immortality.

Wilson, attired in white shorts, windbreaker and Nike sneakers, wears the glaring expression of one either lost in grievous reflection or rudely reawakened from a protracted slumber as he presses on. The sun intensifies; sweat appears in gleaming droplets at the edges of his copper and gray whiskers. The freckled, putty-like skin loses all its light crinkles as

By Timothy White



Brian



Wilson

it relaxes upon his small, squarish skull and it is not difficult to see the open, pained boy still lurking behind time's harsh abrasions upon the man.

Several hundred yards to his left lies the Pacific, rolling and breaking with a mid-spring vigor. Brian's slack features stiffen again as a blustery ocean breeze races up through the thick pockets of yellow gazanias and reddish-purple rosea ice plants that cover the stepped Santa Monica Mountains rising on his right. Perched on a broad shelf in the middle distance is the handsome campus of Pepperdine University, whose huge swimming pool and Nautilus-equipped gym Wilson uses on a thrice-weekly basis. Physically, the forty-three-year-old founder of the Beach Boys is in sensational shape, perhaps the best since he played quarterback in 1958 for the Hawthorne Cougars in his California hometown. As he leans into the gradual incline and rounds a wide turn in the road, he begins to sprint, literally leaving his guest and young aide behind in the wind-stirred dust.

"Keep it up Bri," shouts Evan Landy, twenty-three-year-old son of Brian's self-described "'round-the-clock shrink" of the last two-and-a-half years, Dr. Eugene E. Landy. "At this rate you could break forty-seven minutes and set a new record. Go for it, Brian, go for it!" Sure enough, Brian hits a formidable stride on the return trip and clocks in at 46.7 on the stopwatch. Heading through the guard gate in the Malibu colony, he strides back to his comfortable, two-story beach house in a buoyant frame of mind.

"Dr. Landy taught me that exercise is the only way to go!" he enthuses, his shy blue eyes showing a curiously sad cast. "I always knew in my heart that exercise was where it was at, but I never had the guts to get out and do it until Dr. Landy came along and forced me to get the message. He initiates the times when I do it, but I'm all for it, you know. I endorse it. It opens up your goddamn arteries, it opens up those canals that lead to your heart, and it makes it much easier for your heart to pump blood through your body.

"I'm up for doing a lot of work now. I've written seventy songs in the last two years, and I'm still roaring. And after we eat, you gotta hear my new stuff. And I'm really excited about the new Beach Boys album; we're just gonna call it *The Beach Boys*, 'cause we've had enough dumb titles in the last few years. Guess I'm feeling good about stuff because I'm active.

"You can't feel good about doin' nothing. It's a fact—of life," he rules with finality as he presses a buzzer on an anonymous intercom affixed to a high, blind redwood plank fence and slips into a narrow courtyard leading to his house. He takes the back porch steps two at a time and enters the kitchen with a sheepish flourish of his long outstretched arms. Seated in the expansive cooking and eating areas are Chad, a rangy, wiry-haired jock type who is a psych student and parttime helpmate around the premises; Stephanie, a petite blonde French woman in her early twenties who acts as cook and au pair girl; and Carlos Booker, a robust young black man from New Jersey who works, as do the rest of the staff, for Dr. Landy. Booker has been the "house manager" since Brian relocated here from a previous Malibu residence.

Each is introduced by Brian with the awkward over-earnestness of a first-time cabin boss in a Boy Scout camp. Chad is helping Stephanie prepare a healthful noon breakfast. Carlos is seated at the kitchen table, carefully cataloging the half-dozen shallow boxes containing neat rows of cassette tapes filled with various takes of Brian's recent song demos.

Brian surveys the activity with a faint air of wounded detachment. "Usually I do the cooking," he says pensively, "but I got a late start this morning. I'll...I'll...make toast!" he announces in a triumphant brainstorm. Then he turns and pads through the high-ceiling, many-windowed white living room, magnificent views of sea and sky prominent on all sides, and ascends the stairs to the master bedroom. He slowly

shuts the door behind himself. Minutes later, the sound of the shower is heard, Brian's plaintive tenor raised lustily over the rushing water:

*Cover me, cover me,
I'm looking for a lover
Who will come on in and cover me!*

Things weren't always so homey and tranquil in Brian Wilson's corner of the world. When the recently-divorced Beach Boy was first moved to this residence by Dr. Landy in January 1983, it was amidst *Hawaii Five-O*-styled charges by his former nurse-companion, Carolyn Williams, that he'd been kidnapped on January 16th from a hospital bed and shanghaied to Oahu. Williams asserted in a prepared statement that she was being evicted from Brian's old Malibu address, where she'd been staying since April 1982, without Brian's knowledge or approval. At the Kahala Hilton in Honolulu, Wilson held a press conference in which he countered, "We are trying to get rid of her, yes, so that we can sell the house. It sure is weird."

Dr. Landy offers a more cogent overview of the peculiar turmoil at that juncture. "No one thought there was hope for Brian," says Landy, "but four people decided to take the shot anyhow: his brother Carl; Carl's manager, Jerry Shilling; Brian's lawyer, John Branca; and the Beach Boys' manager, Tom Hulett. They got together in January 1983, took Brian away from these other people, and called me. I said, 'There are certain conditions. I want him in a hospital first; I want to check the man out physically.'"

Landy says that Brian weighed 320 when he was admitted to Cedars-Sinai Hospital, and was in a chemical daze from the recreational drugs he'd been taking, as well as from the psychotropic drugs and anti-depressants prescribed for him. According to the doctor, Brian had been living on four steaks a day, along with a steady diet of cigarettes and alcohol. Associates Dr. Murray Susser and Dr. Sol Samuels put the obese Beach Boy on a bio-medical diet of intravenous vitamins and organized a program of rehabilitation and what Landy terms "heavy de-tox."

"We put Brian through every test imaginable to see what food allergies he had, the levels of medication in his blood stream. This man was on so much shit! He had forty percent lung capacity and no liver!"

After two weeks, Brian was flown to Hawaii with his doctors for another fourteen days of reorientation. In L.A., Dr. Arnold Dahlke, the man who shares Landy's Westwood practice and helped him formulate the innovative twenty-four psychotherapy, prepared a new living situation for Brian with a three-person staff that would be rotated every two months or so. Brian arrived in Hawaii on a Sunday. Monday morning, Landy suggested he and Brian take a walk.

"No, no, no," said his fear-frozen patient.

"How about a drive?"

"Okay."

The two men and the other doctors got into the rented Chrysler convertible and rode a quarter-mile to a beach.

"Let's look at this pretty beach," said Landy, "then go to breakfast."

"Okay."

After a few minutes, Landy motioned for Brian to follow him.

"How we gonna get to breakfast?" said Brian, unnerved.

"I'm gonna walk," said Landy with a shrug. "It's only another quarter of a mile to the restaurant."

"How am I gonna get there?" said Brian, trembling. "I can't walk that."

"Well, we'll come back for you."

"You're...you're gonna leave me here!" said Brian.

"Unless you walk with us," Landy answered, nodding. "Or you can wait in the car..."

A journey of a million miles begins with a single step to-



Battered children, bruised adults, unforgettable music: Al, Carl, Dennis, Brian & Mike. Insert: with Bruce Johnston today.

wards breakfast, to paraphrase an old maxim, and Brian Wilson took it, moving gingerly down the shoreline toward the coffeshop.

The Beach Boys' halcyon era began on December 8, 1961 with the release of the Brian Wilson/Mike Love-composed "Surfin'" on the local X label and two months later on Candix. The exotic, Hawaii-derived sport had received its first national exposure in 1959 with the Sandra Dee film, *Gidget*. Younger brother Dennis—the only Wilson who actually waxed a stick (board) and achieved even semi-gremmie (novice status) alongside the bitchin' early stars like Joey Cabell and "No-Pants Lance" Carson at Manhattan Beach or Motherbu (Malibu)—suggested to Brian and cocky first cousin Mike Love that the mounting craze be given a theme song. "Surfin'" broke nationally in gloomy Detroit and land-locked Phoenix, Arizona. The frenetic falsetto-soaked single came surging out of the dashboard radio in Brian's 1957 Ford as the boys were making an afternoon reconnaissance of Hawthorne Boulevard. Love and buddy Al Jardine were the only absent members of the original core group (which also included Dennis, Carl Wilson and nextdoor neighbor David Marks). Brian began to scream like a schoolgirl. Carl threw up.

In 1963 Brian executed his first solo production, a revamped version of the original 1961 "Surfer Girl" demo that was issued just as the hot "Surfin' U.S.A." was losing ground on the national surveys. The song turned up that September as the title track of the group's third LP, an all-Brian production that marked a milestone in the industry: for virtually the first time in the pop record annals, a major group enjoyed complete studio autonomy. Brian's avowed intention to better the Four Freshmen's signature harmonies and Phil Spector's

mighty, ambient "Wall of Sound" had been wholly realized—and at the tender age of twenty-one he also enjoyed the dictatorial wherewithal that Spector wielded over his stable of acts.

On December 23, 1964, while on a plane enroute from Los Angeles to Houston on a tour promoting their new "Dance, Dance, Dance" Capitol single, Brian began to shriek, suffer palpitations and sob convulsively. He buried his head in a pillow and threatened not to leave the aircraft when it landed. The band had by now become the stuff of suburban American mythology, extolling the "Fun, Fun, Fun" to be had on surfin' safaris and in deuce coup shut-downs, with a nubile Wahini (surfer girl) whispering "don't worry baby" in your ear—preferably the left one in Brian's case, since the hearing in his right was virtually nonexistent after a mysterious early-childhood mishap.

The vision was a gently intoxicating one, but neither the nation nor the Boys could keep up with such teen dream epiphany-mongering. The citizenry was reeling from the recent report by the Warren Commission that Lee Harvey Oswald had acted alone in the assassination of John F. Kennedy. Brian was rocked by the sweeping manner in which the Beatles had eclipsed his crew in the hearts and minds of his countrymen, and feared he could not compete with the British *wunderkinder*. For Brian and others, the beach party was over, the endless bumper on the horizon.

The day after the Houston concert, the road manager put Wilson on a plane home, and his mother Audree met him at the airport. She drove them back to the house in which he'd grown up at 3701 West 119th Street in Hawthorne. (The pros-

pering Wilsons had recently purchased a new place in Whittier, but they'd kept the expanded bungalow.) Once inside his old bedroom, the bittersweet inspiration for his 1963 single, "In My Room," the emotional floodgates burst and Brian unloaded all his secrets. He described his rage with father Murry, his ego-maniacal bully of a father; his fear of touring; his deepest self-doubts and demons. Upon advice from his doctors, who ruled that neither his psyche nor his left ear could take the stress of the concert hall grind, he retired from the road in 1965, experiencing a series of nervous breakdowns in the years that followed.

And so began the woeful legend of the Beached Boy, the studio genius who could not escape the pipeline of his own collapsing personality. He started a baroque project in 1966 with lyricist Van Dyke Parks called *Dumb Angel* (retitled *Smile*). While undergoing another drugs-incited breakdown during the recording sessions for a song called "Fire," he reportedly damaged or deliberately ruined a number of the tracks-in-progress. The final album, which featured nearly two dozen tracks (among them the one noted above), was twice scheduled by Capitol, but never released, the drastically revised *Smiley Smile* hitting the stores in its stead in July 1967.

"The night that Brian was making the 'Fire' tapes there was a huge fire across the street," Dennis Wilson explained in 1976. "By coincidence, Brian had gotten into a hypnotic rhythm thing, really *grinding*, a far out sound. Poor Brian—for the guy to be completely into a piece of music, to believe in it so completely and then a big fire occurs right there! So he *flips*, and he stops the work completely, just discards it. I'll remember that for a long, long time...."

After the alarming *Smile* episode, Brian shunned the conventional studio environment, saying he could no longer stand its pressures and suffocating confinements. Instead, work emerged sporadically from the den of inexplicability that was his Spanish-style mansion/citadel on Bellagio Road in Bel Air, much of it marvelous. *Wild Honey*, recorded on a portable sixteen-track in the living room of the house while Brian sat at a grand piano set in the center of a giant, custom-built (and dog-shit-strewn) sandbox, boasted such gems as the title track and "Darlin'." But his once-prodigious output was soon slowed to a relative trickle, Brian relying on his cohorts to help him to mold, flesh out or complete material that sank in tone from morose to despairing and eventually to melodiously infantile.

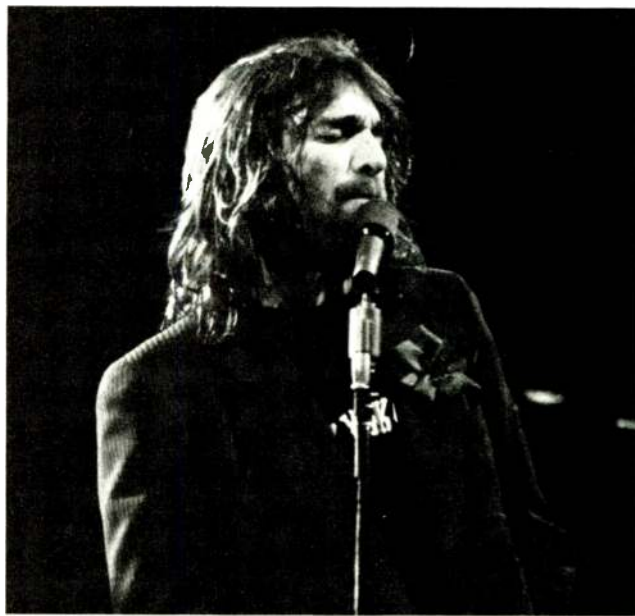
Friends, the Boys' followup LP, rose no higher than 126 in *Billboard*, but their final Capitol album, *20/20*, managed two top twenty-five hits in 1968-69, "Do It Again" and "I Can Hear Music." Nonetheless, the band and its concerns were generally considered cultural anachronisms. When the surfing bug belatedly bit America's hapless First Family on Father's Day 1969, Richard Nixon receiving a custom-made blue board from ditzy daughter Tricia, Tricky Dick sniffed, "I rode a surfboard thirty years ago, it doesn't impress me a *bit*," adding, "I'll never ride it."

By the summer of 1974, Nixon had snubbed his last wave, and succumbed on August 8th to the undertow of Watergate. Up the coast from San Clemente, the Beach Boys were sufficiently disheartened by the chill winds of prevailing vogues that they seriously debated changing the name of the band to the more arty, adult "Beach." And Brian Wilson's brothers, family and few trusted friends were increasingly overwhelmed by the disintegration of their swollen and inert charge. The Beach Boys had moved to Warner Bros. four years before, issuing a superb but summarily ignored Brother-Reprise LP, *Sunflower*—a record in which Brian's involvement was minimal. *Surf's Up* was assembled with similar detachment on his part. And so forth.

When concerned advisors proposed a change of scene in 1973, the Beach Boys and their families packed them-

selves off to Holland to create the album of the same name. Brian, however, repeatedly missed his flight. On the third pass, Brian appeared to board the plane to Amsterdam, but when it landed there was no sign of the man, save his passport and a ticket made out in his name, both found lying on his vacant seat. An hours-long search located him lying, sound asleep, in the Dutch air terminal's duty-free lounge. During the Beach Boys' extended stay, Brian would spend most of his waking hours slumped motionless in a corner of the lavish studio they built in a converted barn in Baambrugge. He refused to pitch in on any ideas but for a slip of a song dragged out of him called "Funky Pretty," and "Mount Vernon And Fairway," a twelve-minute fairytale set to music that eventually was added to the finished product as a "bonus record" insert.

Returning to L.A., the group was confronted with the grotesque spectacle of their LP—which had cost them a personal fortune to create—being curtly rejected by their disgruntled record company. Chief objections centered on the fairytale, the impressionistic ten-minute "California Saga," and the lack of a strong single. Help arrived in the person of Van Dyke Parks, who showed up in Warner Bros.' Burbank offices with a live demo tape for a track called "Sail On Sailor." A humble fits-and-starts revelation, the tape contained the repeated pleadings by Brian to "hypnotize me into thinking I'm not insane!" while Parks admonishes, "Cut



Dennis Wilson: after the boys of summer have gone.

the shit, Brian. I want you to write this tune right here." Warners demanded the fragmented but worthy tune be recast and added to *Holland*; it reached #79 in March 1973.

In the Wilson household, equally abstract episodes were taking place. Marilyn, Brian's spouse of some nine years, could find no solution for his malaise, no antidote for his accelerating slide into apparent madness. Moreover, her and Brian's two small daughters, Carnie and Wendy, were both growing up—and growing increasingly confused by their father's queer behavior; Dad had advanced from a fitting playmate to a lousy role model.

In 1976, the Beach Boys celebrated their storied union with *15 Big Ones*, a creaky but harmless collection of covers of golden oldies ("Rock And Roll Music," "Blueberry Hill," "Palisades Park") and the often childlike woodshedding ("Had To Phone Ya") that the overweight and overwrought Brian Wilson had been doing since he'd been induced to leave the confines of his Bel Air home of nearly a decade. Wilson had been holed up in his upstairs bedroom for the

better part of seven years, doing cocaine, pills and acid, subsisting on candy bars and milk shakes, attired in striped bathrobes that concealed and then accentuated his burgeoning bulk.

It was in the winter of 1976 that I first met Brian Wilson. He was a scraggly mountain of indolence, his two most prominent features being a pale pot belly of manatee proportions, and small, hollow eyes darting aimlessly in their pinkish sockets. Lumbering around the since-sold Brother Studios in Santa Monica, he could scarcely hold a thought or impression from one moment to the next. As the rest of the group hustled around the complex, intent on various errands, Brian fretted in a tiny-tot voice about the strict diet and athletic regimen he'd been put on, and ruminated on the transcendental meditation techniques Mike Love had introduced him to.

"It gives me a chance to see a side of life I don't see often," he stated blankly as Love looked on approvingly. "But I sit down in a chair; I don't fold my legs like a yogi, because my legs are too big 'cause I'm out of shape. So Jeese, it's a big pain."

Love's face fell, and the ever-waggish Dennis Wilson clambered into the room, spinning a new snare drum head on his index finger. "Hey Dennis," said Brian, "are you going to the meeting at Carl's house?"

"Yeah! You comin'?"

"Nah," said Brian, furtively reaching for a pack of Marlboros on a nearby table. "I don't like business meetings."

"Who brought these damned cigarettes into the studio when they're destroying Brian's damned voice?" said Dennis, snatching them away. "Everywhere I see the Loves I see meditators, basketballs and cigarettes. What gives?"

Mike ignored Dennis. Stan Love, Mike's towering younger brother and former forward for the Baltimore Bullets was also on hand. Then acting as Brian's coach/bodyguard, Stan tried to be a diplomatic buffer between the other three men, laughing weakly at Dennis and chiding Brian.

"Aw Brian," he chimed, "why don't you go to the meeting? You might like it."

"No," Brian replied sternly, chin against his chest. "I feel like a piece of *material* there." He coughed and wheezed as Dennis fumed and pointed to his lung cavity. "You hear those cigarettes in there?!" Brian fell silent as Dennis railed on...then interjected softly, "I don't know why I feel that way about meetings. I don't know why."

"Lissun," said Dennis, pulling me into the adjoining room, "Brian Wilson is not a good looking human being, yet his music is beautiful. Look at Nat 'King' Cole; he looked like a real piece of shit but he had a beautiful voice. Look at Aretha Franklin; she would scare me in a dark room, yet her voice is fantastic. Roy Orbison too. The thing I listen to is the *music*."

The afternoon wore on, Brian scrutinizing the dubdown for "Blueberry Hill" but offering directives only when solicited. A short break was called, and Dennis, Mike and Stan ambled into the plant-filled lounge in the front of the "Brother Building" to unwind. A smiling Brian brought up the rear.

Talk drifted from business matters to a possible recreational trip to New York for Brian—which he immediately vetoed: "Are you kidding! New York, that's a lonely place, with all those tall, dark, unfriendly buildings."

Dennis began to complain about the "creeps" he sometimes is subjected to in New York interviews.

Brian: [softly] "Someone should interview my psychiatrist."

Dennis: "What was that, Brian?"

Brian: "I saw a doctor, today. Somebody should talk to *him*. You know what he told me? He said, 'Okay, we're gonna start on *self-nourishment*. I didn't know what that was. He said, 'Read this little paper.' He handed me the piece of paper and said, 'Read it to me.'"

"It said, 'I love you.' You're supposed to read the paper three times a day for five minutes each time, no matter where

you are, saying, 'I love you, I love you,' to yourself....Heck I lost the paper. I thought the guy was crazy."

The doctor in question was Eugene E. Landy, a pricey, Pittsburgh-born clinical psychologist licensed in California and Hawaii. The dyslexic, hyperkinetic son of a physician and a therapist, Landy was tested at the University of Pittsburgh for an IQ of 150 at the age of five, dropped out of school at twelve, but eventually completed his education, earning a B.A. in psychology at California State in 1964, an M.S. in psychology from the University of Oklahoma in 1967 and a Ph.D. (in philosophy) from the same university in 1968. He made his initial reputation treating problem adolescents and drug addicts, and training Operation Headstart, Job Corps, Peace Corps and VISTA volunteers in rehabilitation procedures. He also worked with returning Vietnam vets with dope habits, and published the successful *Underground Dictionary* (Simon & Schuster), an extensive glossary of drug and street jargon for practical use in dealings with denizens of the "other side of life."

Marilyn Wilson had been instrumental in bringing Landy into the picture, but friction ensued between the doctor and the Beach Boys' manager at the time, Steve Love. Not long after a Brian solo appearance booked by Landy for a November 1976 installment of NBC's *Saturday Night*, the \$200-an-hour doctor was no longer in charge. Brian had appeared on-camera in a mockup of his famed sandbox, a piano at the ready, a beach ball at his feet. On the sidelines, Landy held up cue cards that read "Smile" and "Relax." Wilson played the complex "Good Vibrations" (his own choice) by his lonesome. He looked like an orphan of a hurricane. It was live television at its most distressing.

Reached for comment in March 1977, just as *The Beach Boys Love You* (originally titled *Brian Loves You*) was about to be released, Brian Wilson stated that Dr. Landy "withdrew from the case about two months ago. He had some difficulty with my business manager and they decided to go their separate ways. I'm a very neurotic person; neurotic and nervous and uptight all the time. Meditation don't help me. Now I'm seeing someone else twice a week, Dr. Steve Schwartz; he's a very mild man, doesn't have much to say, just listens.

"In my program with [Dr. Landy] I was being monitored every twenty minutes by him. [He had] control of my life legally through the commitment of my wife—my wife committed me to him—'cause I had gotten very low with drugs and got myself in a bad position, mentally, physically and emotionally. I was taken over by the doctor and I straightened up. He definitely helped me. It cost over a hundred thousand dollars—he charged me a hell of a lot per month."

The next day, Landy gave his side of the parting, stating, "I think it was an excellent idea to have him on TV. It was my decision, in fact, but it's irrelevant. As a one-shot it was a terrible thing, but *not* if we'd done the four or five we were planning on. By the fourth one you would see the flow that is really there when we sit down in his living room together.

"It was taken out of my control by emotional responses rather than knowledgeable decisions. That's the way most Beach Boys things are, though. We were ready to do more."

Indeed, prior to *The Beach Boys Love You*, Brian had produced *Adult Child*, a still-unreleased album, that contained twelve songs: "Life Is For The Living," "Hey Little Tom-boy," "Deep Purple," "H.E.L.P.," "It's Over Now," "Everyone Wants To Live," "Shortenin' Bread," "Lines," "On Broadway," "Two Can Play," "It's Trying To Say" and "Still I Dream Of It."

After *The Beach Boys Love You*, the group tried to fulfill its Warners contract with their first Christmas album since the 1964 outing that gave them a hit with "Little Saint Nick." Warners reportedly was highly skeptical that Brian appeared anywhere on *Merry Christmas From The Beach Boys*. The record, which contained such tracks as "Santa's Got An

Airplane" and "Michael Row The Boat," was shelved.

The final Brother-Reprise product accepted was intended to be called *California Feeling*, named for one of the first songs Brian penned during his reemergence early in 1976. Both the track and the title were initially nixed in favor of *Winds Of Change*, but the record reached the stores in September 1978 as *The M.I.U. Album*, in honor of the Maharishi International University to which Mike Love continued to devote much of his energy.

The Boys signed an \$8 million deal with Columbia Records in 1979, and *L.A. (Light Album)* surfaced on James William Guercio's Caribou label, yielding a top forty single, Brian's "Good Timin'." A year later, *Keepin' The Summer Alive* was issued. Commercially, the years between 1979 and 1983 were relatively quiet ones, during which Carl Wilson did two enjoyable solo records, *Carl Wilson and Youngblood*, and Mike Love knocked out *Looking Back With Love*. The biggest excitement occurred in 1983 prior to the annual July 4th Mall celebration in Washington, D.C., when Interior Secretary and self-appointed political A&R ace James Watt disinvited the band as headliners, opting for pencil-moustachioed showboater Wayne Newton. The Reagans stuck up for their fellow Californians, and the Beach Boys have been White House habitués ever since, while James Watt was last seen leaving

and blue Santa Monica souvenir T-shirt. After inviting me to use his room to change out of my running outfit ("Gosh, you're sweaty! You gotta clean up!"), he begins popping slices of wheat bread into the toaster.

The bedroom, which overlooks the beach, is simply furnished, with several expensive hardwood chests of drawers and an ornate antique double bed. Scattered around the walls are Beach Boys memorabilia, assorted citations and testimonials, and a spacy Celestial Arts poster-poem titled "The Spectrum of Love" is taped to the bathroom door. Standard beach house accoutrements—but for the odd one-word note, written in bold capital letters on a large sheet of paper, that is firmly taped to the outside of Brian's valet: "BEEPER!"

Downstairs, the staff has decided to redefine the impending meal as "brunch," a development that Brian ponders and then brushes aside with a sensible, "Hell, who cares what we call it, I'm starving to death!"

A fruit salad, a steaming bowl of eggs, and Brian's proud pillars of toast are set out on the dining room table beneath a large vintage photo portrait of the Beach Boys, circa 1962, an outtake from the session used on the *Surfer Girl* album jacket. We all take our places and begin passing the food when Brian calls a halt and asks Carlos to "put on *Blue*."

"Huh?" says Carlos, his eyebrows halfway-arched in a dis-

Brian Wilson: "Hypnotize me into thinking I'm not insane." Van Dyke Parks: "Cut the shit, Brian. Write this song right here."

town facing the wrong way on a jackass.

Pity the band did not have its own act together. Considering the highly uneven, and at times almost amateurish quality of many of the recent albums, the loyal fan was torn between unquestioning goodwill and logical reappraisal. And the critic could scarcely deny that the bulk of the music (not to mention the harmonies!) simply did not compare to even the band's water-line standards of the early 1970s. Restlessness in the ranks was a contributing factor. Alan Jardine was one of the group's strongest singers and songwriters, but he seemed more interested in ecology and movements to protect the California coastline (especially the areas around his Big Sur ranch). And when the frequent Wilson-Love squabbles escalated, Jardine usually sided with the Loves. Bruce Johnston, who stepped in for Brian in 1965 after replacement Glen Campbell took ill, had accepted the responsibilities of mediator and in some cases peace-making and idea-generating producer, but the internal turmoil got ugly in the 1980s, the members fighting openly, sometimes onstage. A mutual restraining order prohibited Mike and Dennis from provoking each other in or out of the spotlights. And, worst of all, the group was soon to be decimated by the drowning death of Dennis Wilson.

Wearing only cut-off jeans and a face mask, the thirty-nine-year-old Dennis drowned in thirteen feet of fifty-eight-degree water after diving off a boat slip in Marina del Rey on December 28, 1983. An autopsy showed he was legally drunk. Shawn Love, nineteen, his fourth wife, mother of his fourth child, and the daughter of Mike Love, insisted on a burial at sea; it had been Dennis' wish.

As the 1980s reached the halfway mark, the best guess was that the Beach Boys just weren't made for these times. And as for the future prospects for the band's perturbed skipper, God only knew. Until now.

Brian is done changing his clothes. Humming the opening bars of "California Girls" to himself, he reappears in the kitchen in white canvas loafers, white chinos and a white

creet request for clarification.

"Please put on *Blue*. Play it a little bit loud."

Carlos hesitates, trepidatious. Twenty-four-hour therapy notwithstanding, Brian Wilson is a formidable presence when he's raising his voice with what sounds like a reasonable request for a Joni Mitchell album—except that there's no copy of the record in the house.

"Nah," Brian corrects before the question is posed. "I mean *Rhapsody In Blue*."

"It's my favorite," he tells me, his gaze averted, as he hands me the eggs. "Could you please pass me extra toast?"

Brian first heard the Gershwin classic on a Victrola at his grandmother's house when he was two weeks old. "It sends me back to being a little boy, being a baby," he declares bluntly over the music, which fairly booms in deference to his impaired hearing.

Asked about the BEEPER sign, he lifts his shirt to reveal the beeper unit that is attached to his belt.

"I wear it every day, all day," he says, "in case we go somewhere and Dr. Landy wants to get in touch with us, he beeps us and we go to a phone and call him."

Everyone at the table does likewise, as if part of some freakish fraternity; I have a sudden sensation of airlessness in the room, as if the oxygen is being sucked out, and then I'm filled with an odd sadness.

"We've got a house project going on," Brian volunteers. "We've got a communal living situation my doctor set up, and it includes these staff members and me. I've been feeling pretty good, pretty good. We're having a lot of fun. I go to bed around 11:30 every night, and I get up about 10. I usually make a little tea in the morning and relax for about a half-hour, and then I exercise. Then I try to write songs. I've become more stable; I'm not as radical. I don't take drugs like I used to. I'm much more refined."

What made him so radical in the first place?

"It was the fact that I had money. When you have money you can buy things that aren't good for you, you can buy drugs—all the time. You have the choice to buy them or not,

“...The Bad Boy on the Peavey Bass.”

MARIO CIPOLLINA

-HUEY LEWIS
& THE NEWS



For a copy of our MONITOR® magazine featuring
Mario Cipollina of Huey Lewis and The News, send \$1.25 to:
Peavey Electronics Corp., Dept. MC, 711 A Street, Meridian, MS 39301



"THE MUSICIAN'S EDGE"

so you do. Like when we were doing *Holland*, I was on a bummer. I was very lonely, very lonesome and I didn't feel good, and I didn't enjoy myself the whole time we cut the album. I was laying on the floor while everybody else was working. I really was feeling bad.

"I took acid, drugs like that, that taught me a lot about myself. But Dr. Landy taught me things that I didn't know. He taught me that a glass or two of wine every other night is just as good as actually taking drugs. You can carry on a good conversation, and appreciate the conversation. And he's taught me things like manners. I never realized that I used to rush through my meals. He's taught me to eat slower and enjoy them! God, I could never mention all the things he's taught me."

"When Brian first came to me," Landy later tells me, "I saw him totally different than I think any other doctor's ever seen him. They all saw him as crazy. I saw him as scared. Although his behavior was diagnostically called paranoid schizophrenia, I never saw him as schizophrenic. To be creative, you have to be *not* average. Being absolutely normal, doing nothing to deviate from the mean, is very boring. But the further you got out on that deviating bell curve, the closer you get to a point of bizarreness.

"Brian got to a point of being very bizarre, and it was because it was his way of keeping people away from him, so that he didn't have to deal with them. Back in the early 60s, he was a pure tyrant. Writing music in his head, he knew exactly the way he wanted something to sound, and there were monstrous difficulties between himself and his brothers and his father in the studio. He drove people away. Brian is smart enough to get out of doing things or dealing with people, scared enough to be able to make it uncomfortable for everyone so that they want to leave well enough alone, and has been a star since his youth so everybody has been taking care of *everything* for him all his life. I mean, that's a *Howard Hughes*.

"It's been my job to teach him how to overcome fear and learn that the intensity that creates fear also creates joy. The object is that he be able to moderate himself so as not to go off the deep end, not get too fearful, because he does have, I think, a hypothalamic disorder, which a lot of people have. If you snap your fingers, he hears it like a loud *clap!*, which Brian's had to do to compensate for no hearing in his right ear."

The rest of the meal in Malibu proceeds under Brian's courteous stewardship. He is careful to monitor the flow of food to others, to query us all about seconds, to see we have enough to drink. The conversation turns from living arrangements to a casual discussion of the states and home towns represented around the table.

"It's easier growing up here than New York, easier than those kinds of cities," Brian says, gobbling his eggs with reflex gusto. "California is an easier-going place. It's spread out, it's very big. And L.A. is a great city.

"Hawthorne was a *cowtown*," he continues, his high nasal delivery dropping suddenly. "When we were growing up there were no sidewalks for a while. I was born in Inglewood."

Brian Douglas Wilson entered the world at Centinela Hospital in Inglewood on June 20, 1942, the first son of Murry Gage Wilson and the former Audree Neva Korthof (her name was misspelled as Karthof on the birth certificate). Murry was a native of Hutchinson, Kansas, his bride hailing from Minneapolis. The offspring of ambitious parents who left the Midwest for the coast with the Sunshine Promise aflame in their imaginations, they met while attending Washington High School in Los Angeles and married in 1938, both of them twenty years old. They rented a cottage on 8012 South Harvard Boulevard in Los Angeles and Murry worked distributing gas, as a skilled laborer with the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company (where he lost an eye in an industrial mishap) and

then started his own heavy machinery rental company, Always Better Last Equipment, or ABLE. His best clients were the aeronautic sub-contractors in the South Bay area.

Murry always saw show business as his true avocation, specifically songwriting. He bought an upright piano while Brian was still a toddler and he and Audree would compose little ditties, singing duets for the child. But when Brian and his other sons showed the first hints of musical prowess in their early teens, Murry's offhanded recitals turned into drill sessions in which his expectations turned ravenous.

"The thing that happened in 1964, on the plane, it had to do with the way my dad treated me," says Brian. "He was always overbearing. And it just got to the point where I couldn't handle it anymore. I'd fuck up on something and he'd say [*throwing his head back and hollering*], '*Goddamn it! What the fuck is going on!*' Or something like that—a hard-nosed kind of guy. He was hard on my mother, he was hard on Dennis, he was hard on Carl."

As Dr. Landy tells it, Murry was all that and then some, and that the Wilson boys were battered children, Brian in particular. "It's well noted that Murry was very aggressive physically, psychologically, intellectually, emotionally; an abusive person," Landy assures. "Very cruel. While Audree was and is very nurturing and supportive, Murry was a major crazy, who was excessive, with any lack of control; he terrorized all the children."

Besides cuffing and berating his sons, Murry was given to hideously calculated forms of mental cruelty and shock treatment, one of the more unspeakable being the practice of removing his glass eye and coercing Brian into looking into the open socket as a form of punishment.

Perversely, his musical expectations of himself and his children became for them both a forbidding blueprint and a thankfully acceptable refuge. Whenever Murry would go off on one of his tirades or physical rampages, Brian would sit down at the piano and begin playing, both to drown out his dad and to create some spiritual distance.

"I'd go and take it out on the piano," Brian affirms. "We all learned to bang around. Dennis would take sticks and slam anything. Dave Marks, his friend Johnny Moss taught Carl how to play guitar. Carl couldn't play guitar for *shit*; he tried to play and got practicing and this guy taught him how to play guitar like a champ, and Carl took off on all kinds of Chuck Berry riffs. It was fantastic how he grew in steps and stages. And so we got a group, but it was a hobby at first. When I realized we were doing it professionally, I was kind of amazed. Our first important show was in Long Beach, a Richie Valen's memorial concert on New Year's Eve, 1961.

"But my dad could take the fun out of the thing. Dave Marks, his main reason for leaving the group was an argument with my dad [during the band's first tour, a forty-day midwestern bus barnstorm]. Our dad was our manager in the beginning and eventually we had to fire *him*."

Brian grins mischievously. "He was *upset*."

But Murry remained determined to see his own music associated or commingled with that of the Beach Boys. After being bounced by his brood, he produced a string of singles for the Sunrays, schoolmates of Carl Wilson's at Hollywood Professional High School, between 1964 and 1967. Two of them, "I Live For The Sun" and "Andrea," did well, and Murry had a habit of referring to the five-man group as his "new Suns." He also hounded the A&R man at Capitol into floating an LP of his own compositions in 1967, *The Many Moods Of Murry Wilson*. In 1969, as the Boys were leaving Capitol, he realized a personal dream of sharing a writer's credit (he used the pseudonym of Reggie Dunbar) with Brian on the moderately successful single, "Breakaway." By all accounts, he took the record's non-hit status with some bitterness. Four years later, he was dead from heart disease.

"It's amazing that Murry wasn't happy with what he had,"



SOME OF MAN'S GREATEST TRIUMPHS ARE PERSONAL.

Sure, making music is often a group effort. But there are crucial moments when it all comes down to a one-on-one relationship between you and your music. Moments when only you can give form to a creative inspiration that is uniquely your own. When you've got it, you know it. But the only way to be sure is to hear it.

That's where the TASCAM Ministudio can help. There's no better way to capture those personal triumphs whenever and wherever they occur. Bring TASCAM's portable production facility to rehearsals, out on the road... anywhere you and your music want to travel. Four assignable input channels give you plenty of space to work out songs and arrangements, or to document practices and performances.

Overdub parts, combine tracks and modify them at will with the convenient punch-in facilities. The battery-powered Ministudio has all you need to bring your ideas to life. And TASCAM quality means that with the Ministudio you can put your message across with wider dynamic range and crisper sound than with anybody else's ministudio.

The personal satisfaction of creating music on your own can be yours with the remarkable TASCAM Ministudio. Why not visit your local TASCAM dealer for a demonstration? Or write to TASCAM for details (and your free copy of "Are You Ready For Multitrack") at 7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, CA 90640.

THE TASCAM MINISTUDIO



TASCAM THE SCIENCE OF BRINGING ART TO LIFE.

says Landy. "You'd think he would have just been happy with the success that occurred. He had a once-in-a-lifetime situation. People *die* to get into that place. Audree is to be commended for having survived Murry; they all are. He was a rock 'n' roll character, Murry was."

After brunch, as each of us take our own plate back into the kitchen (house rules), Brian begins to ponder his adolescence aloud, drawing a conscious line of demarcation between his "tough" years (meaning his childhood) and his "great" years, which coincided with his senior year (1959-60) at Hawthorne High and the independence the Pendletones—soon to be the Beach Boys—presaged.

"In my last year of school...I was *very* happy," he recalls haltingly, moving to a couch before a picture window reveal-

A decade ago, he behaved like a petrified ten-year-old. Today his manner is that of a timorous young man. Besides the welcome fact that he is in good physical condition, he gives indications of forging an identity and an agenda that have little to do with his personal or professional past.

As "Male Ego" plays again, a conversation I had with Eugene Landy, the two of us sitting on the seaside deck of his house several miles down the Pacific Coast Highway, takes on a new gravity.

"Regardless of what your parents may have done to you—meaning Brian—you're stuck with it, whether they beat you, they this or they that. I'm not trying to make Brian well again or happy again, because I don't think he ever was. I think he will get there, but for the *first* time. *Amadeus* is a perfect

"I saw it on the news and thought, 'Oh God, there he is, laying there dead.' I was blown away by the idea that Dennis drowned."

ing a brick patio and, in the distance, a group of giggling children dodging the ripples on a sandbar. He lowers himself into a spot facing his elaborate stereo system and speaks with a mixture of awe and befuddlement, as if uncertain he's delving into his own past or that of an old acquaintance.

"I wouldn't say I was popular in school. But I was associated with popular people. One of my best friends was the president of the senior class, Steve Anderson. Another one of my friends was like a top athlete in the school, Ted Sprague. And another of my friends had epilepsy. "It was a *strange* relationship we had," his voice twisting in a baffled squeak. "In fact, he took Dilantin. The drug kept his seizures down to a minimum. His name was Robin Hood—that was his real name!

"Anyhow, later on, when the Beach Boys got rolling I started to become a little better on the chick circuit. It kinda slowly developed. I wasn't something that overnight was wow!

"All these chicks—these were after Dennis! When we first got going, the chicks would stomp on our asses to get to Dennis behind the drums. [*High-pitched squeal*] DEN-NIS! DEN-NIS! And we'd watch the chicks run by. And then later on I began to get a reputation with the chicks, kind of as a loverboy kind of guy, but in a very subdued way. I was subtle, you know? I'm not like Dennis was, I'm not a real cocksman. I'm a subtler kind of guy. I do it all on the conversational level. I get across my thing by just talking."

How are things between him and his ex-wife? Is he in touch with their children?

"I never am," he declares flatly. "I hardly ever talk with them. They're living in Encino, in the San Fernando Valley. I'm going through a bachelor period in my life."

He wonders if I would like to hear "Male Ego," an outtake from *The Beach Boys* that is the B-side to the first single, "Getcha Back." Carlos, as if on cue, hurries in and slips a tape into the deck. It is a wry, engaging song about getting up the courage to relate on an equal basis with women, coarse in its construction but lacking the juvenile traits of Brian's songs on, say, *The Beach Boys Love You*. The jittery, huff-and-puff quality that ran through his singing on the last four albums is gone, supplanted by a quirky forthrightness that disarms the listener. I ask to hear it again, but before it's played Brian turns to me, looking me straight in the eye—an unusual occurrence—and says, confidingly, "These days my themes are still love, mostly love. But adult love; a level of maturity, a higher level, a more refined kind of love."

There is a tenderness in his statement, an utterly unguarded directness, that jolts me into a dimensional recognition of how far Brian has come as an individual since 1976.

example of another man, treated as a boy wonder and toy by his father, who was torn apart in the process while the whole world goes around loving his music. Which is most important, the world and his music, or the guy and his life?"

In a very real way, the "Where's Brian?" stigma that has dogged the Beach Boys for so long is finally starting to fade away, a blessing that is accentuated when I hear the final mix of *The Beach Boys* in its entirety.

"Getcha Back," which resembles a sandwich of "Don't Worry Baby" and Springsteen's "Hungry Heart," is the catchiest song on the first side, a surefire summer score, but the least of the album's uniformly stunning material. As the record progresses, it is plain that while Brian has contributed five collaborative efforts, he is a fully integrated, and therefore more dignified, presence. The three actual stars of *The Beach Boys* LP are: (1) the harmonies, which have never been so intelligently and adroitly lush, making one appreciate with delight the verity that there are no other voices who can duplicate that singular sound; (2) the digital recording technology that makes such an unsterile refinement possible, while opening up new possibilities for a consummate studio group; (3) Carl Wilson's singing. The exquisitely ominous "It's Gettin' Late," with its churchy, swelling harmonies, is a superb vehicle for an entreating performance that's redolent of his fine vocals on *Holland*. But there's such an embarrassment of vocal riches from his quarter on "Maybe I Don't Know," "She Believes In Love Again," "Passing Friend," "Where I Belong" and "I Do Love You" that it's wrong to lionize any one selection.

"I wrote the basic part of 'It's Gettin' Late' last year with Bob Johnson, who's in a group in Nashville called RPM," says Carl Wilson. "I met Bob through Jerry Schilling and he came to stay with me for a few days at my home in Colorado, a place about twenty miles outside of Boulder. We started playing that chord progression one evening, around nine or ten o'clock, and adding the little 'Midnight Hour' bassline, the mood of the night coming on just took over the music, and we started singing, 'It's gettin' late, it's gettin' late,' and suddenly we had this pretty little core of a tune. The words got polished up with Myrna Smith Schilling, my songwriting partner.

"I love working with new people—Beach Boys albums have always involved interesting collaborations, and I think the new album reflects that in ways that are both dramatic and subtle. The Boy George song was this surprise gift from George and Roy Hay of Culture Club. They came down to the Red Bus Studio in London where we were working and did a scratch vocal to get me oriented, and then I jumped

KEEPS ON ROCKING
AS LONG AS YOU DO.



NEW SUPER LONG PLAY STRINGS.

Old Rockers never die, they just lose the tension in their G string.

Sad but true: sooner or later, all strings lose their tone and go dead.

But not Dean Markley's new Super Long Play strings. SLP's are a remarkable new blend of nickel (for long life and resistance to tarnish) and iron (one of the strongest magnetic metals). The result: an extremely



long lasting, powerful string that holds its tone and sounds better, longer. And SLP's special nickel-iron alloy makes them pull into tune quickly and stay there.

Super Long Play strings . . . New from Dean Markley. They keep on rocking as long as you do.

Dean Markley
S T R I N G S

For Information Write:
DEAN MARKLEY STRINGS, INC. 3850 SCOTT BLVD. #45, SANTA CLARA, CA 95054 (408) 988-2456
TELEX 91033820 16 1985 DEAN MARKLEY STRINGS, INC.

World Radio History

in. Frankly, my vocal on that track is almost me doing George. The Stevie Wonder song was also an unbelievable present from out of the blue, and we all figured, 'This is one tune we can't screw up, it plays and sings itself.'

"I think there is a feeling with this album that we've crossed over into a new realm of well-being after a terribly trying and rocky time. And people are up to hear us. I got a charge out of the David Lee Roth hit with 'California Girls.' Christopher Cross gave me a call about the session and said [producer] Ted Templeman wondered if I'd be put off if he asked me to sing on the track. I said, 'Hell no!'

"As for the Beach Boys, we're very much a vital band again, and we're also taking advantage of the most advanced recording technology once more—that was always a facet of the best stuff we've done in the past. The digital approach is so new and it can be quite tedious until you learn it. I was pleased for Brian and also for Alan, that they dug in in England, and then later in L.A., and figured it all out with the help of Steve Levine and his partner, Julian Lindsay.

"Almost everything on the record was programmed note-for-note, sound-for-sound, beat-by-beat, and then we wouldn't hear it until we sent it through the computer. There are almost no real instruments on the record, but when we needed a real acoustic sound we did the kinds of things Brian would do on *Smile*, getting certain sounds by recording instruments in empty gyms or at the bottom of empty swimming pools. The snare drum on the record was taped in the racquet ball court at the Century West Club in L.A. Steve Levine gained a little of Brian's playfulness and Brian got Steve's digital smarts."

Bruce Johnston, who was responsible for bringing Levine on board, agrees. "I knew Steve when he was the house producer at the CBS London studios. He'd had the early Boy George hits at the time and I guess people thought I was proposing a Smokey-Robinson-meets-the-Beach-Boys concept, but I knew that he was very open and adaptable to any musical environment he was working in. The beauty of his participation is that he's giving us a new *clarity* on record, something that Brian always knocked himself out aiming for. In the Capitol days, they had the Duophonic sound, which was *bad* stereo. Brian took us to a new high aurally with *Pet Sounds*, and then we had a breakthrough again with *Sunflower*. *The Beach Boys* is a new chapter, a marriage of the Beach Boys vocabulary with the playing and arranging of the 1980s. The first songs on each side, 'Getcha Back' and 'California Calling' are exactly what you'd expect from the band yet so fresh."

But the new ground was gained only with considerable effort, according to Steve Levine.

"It was both a pleasure and a nightmare," he assures with a laugh. "Like any group that's been around for so long, the Beach Boys are set in their ways. And, of course, they usually had Brian as their producer. But so much has changed, and they must be knowledgeable enough to compete with the younger groups in the marketplace. The Fairlight synthesizer and all the rest was so alien to Brian and the group, but then it slowly began to dawn on them how enormous the potential was. This record was done so meticulously that the harmonies, particularly, are finally the idealized actualization of what we've had in our minds all these years when we think of the Beach Boys—and wait until you hear it on a CD!"

"We're coming into our twenty-fifth anniversary," adds Al Jardine. "It's been a long time since Brian chased me halfway across the campus at El Camino college and asked me to start a garage band with his brothers. When I wrote 'California Calling,' a neo-classical surfing song, with Brian, so many great memories flooded back: me teaching 'Sloop John B.' to the band, Brian hiring the theremin player (Paul Tanner) for 'Good Vibrations,' Mike cutting 'I Get Around.' I'm still glad I left dental school, still thrilled to be a Beach Boy."

All that's missing, of course, is Dennis. And yet his presence on *The Beach Boys* is a ghostly one. "Getcha Back" for instance, opens with the echoey lockstep drum pattern that the undextrous but purposeful drummer made a hallmark of the band's sound. No offense to Omar Hakim or Stewart Copeland, but they couldn't play on a Beach Boys record—they're too facile, too nimble-handed, too broadly adept. Dennis never left the garage.

"God, my mom had to beat them to let me in the group," a sinewy, bronze and bright-eyed Dennis told me with a grin one afternoon late in 1977, while we ate lunch in a little Mexican restaurant in Venice, California. "She said, 'Come on, Brian, let him in, or it'll break his heart!' Mike and Brian went, 'Nah, we don't want him.' But then Brian softened up, gave me a hug and, 'Aww, what the hell.'"

"Around the time when we put out the first live Beach Boys album [1964], we were doing a show with the striped shirts on and the whole bit, and I found myself totally gazing at Brian, thinking, 'This guy's my brother?' I was famous because some guy was *beautiful*, and I got the chance to play drums and sing with him and take part in this great ride.

"God," he said, his eyes welling up, his voice choked with emotion, and then with laughter as he wiped his tears away with his taco hand, "what a lucky fuckin' honor!"

It's difficult to know how Brian has dealt with the loss of Dennis, whom he delights in bringing up during the course of the day. But when Brian mentions that *The Beach Boys* carries a special dedication ("...to our brother, our cousin, our friend") the topic of his brother's death is unavoidable.

"The problem with Dennis," says Brian, shifting nervously on the couch, his expression grave, his eyes squinting as if trying to scrutinize some indistinct object, "was that he was totally out of control. He had a little bit of a hassle with his wives, a divorce situation. He was married five times, so he got clobbered in the divorce laws. So did I, too.

"Carlos told me there was a message on my answer phone at this other house down the street that we used to live at," he continues, his voice growing quieter. "I went in there and this guy Jerry Schilling, who's Carl's manager, told me, 'I'm sorry to have to tell you that Dennis drowned.'"

"I felt real *strange*. It's a weird feeling when you hear about a death in the family, a weird trip. It's not something you can really talk about or describe. I got tears after about a half-hour. Then I saw it on the news and thought, 'Oh God, there he is, laying there dead.' I was blown out by the whole idea that he *drowned*, although I just let it lay; I didn't fuck with it, I didn't think too much about it. I let it lay.

"He and I were pretty good buddies," he says, rising slowly from the couch. "It pissed me off when he drowned because I felt I wasn't just losing a brother, I was losing a friend, and that compounded it even more."

Brian excuses himself in a near-whisper and leaves the room.

A half-hour later, Dr. Landy arrives to check on his patient and to make sure that arrangements are in order to take Brian and some friends to a Chicago concert this evening. Brian is in the den where he writes, fiddling around at the upright piano, drifting in and out of "I Dream Of Jeannie With The Light Brown Hair" and on to new melodies.

"Brian always plays that old chestnut when he's thinking out loud," says Landy, a short, thick-set balding man with a constant, eruptive laugh. "It's his mantra." Landy and Wilson are an unlikely alliance, the good doctor still hyperkinetic and effusive to where some might sometimes find him borderline obnoxious, while Brian remains a diffident man who lives for the most part in his head. Yet it takes a person with Landy's sheer energy and focus to have an impact on someone as uniquely stubborn as Brian. Comparing the Brian Wilson of 1976 with the Brian of the here-and-now, it could be said the controversial psychologist saved his life.

DIGITAL DRUMS? SIMMONS GIVES YOU ALL THE OPTIONS

SDS EPB

To sample your own unique percussion sounds with the revolutionary SDS EPB. Allows you to record from a mic or line source and review your sample before "burning" into sound chips (EPROMS).

SOUND LIBRARY

To choose from the new library of studio quality sound chips. A cassette is available featuring all these great new sounds — bass and snare drums, toms, latin and tuned percussion, cymbals, bells and special effects, but definitely no barking dogs.

SDS 1

To play your personally sampled or library sound chips in a single, inexpensive digital drum, the SDS 1. Fully dynamic, it features a unique run generator for multi tom fills from a single pad.

SDS 7

To manipulate your samples in the SDS 7, a modular electronic drum kit featuring sampled and synthesized sounds, full programmability with 99 drum kit memories and remote program switching with the "selector pad". And in the true spirit of a modular system, Simmons are introducing a new range of accessories for the SDS 7 including a twin sample bass drum module, a "rim shot" snare package and low profile "ZIFS" for easy sound chip changing.

MTM

To further expand the flexibility of the SDS 7 with MTM. Allows the SDS 7 to transmit and receive MIDI and to trigger from conventional drums or drum sounds on tape. Further facilities include microprocessor control of incoming trigger signals allowing the programming of dynamic response and a stunning range of MIDI implemented effects.

SIMMONS

— ahead from the beginning

Simmons Group Centre Inc.

23917 Craftsman Road,
Calabasas,
CA 91302.
Telephone:
818-884-2653.



The man at the piano spins around in his chair when we enter the room, and asks if we'd like to hear a couple of his latest tunes. He puts on a pair of horn-rimmed glasses and begins to sift through the sheets of lyrics on the piano easel, a flurry of titles flicking by: "I've Been Through This One Before," "The Lost Song," "What's Wrong With Starting Now," "Walking On Water," "A Bad Time Soon Forgotten," "Baby Let Your Hair Grow Long," "Black Widow," "Melt Away," "Wondering What You're Up To Now."

He settles on three songs—"You," "Water Builds Up" and "Angel." After another flourish of scattered chords, he begins to play a slow, bittersweet ballad, singing along with an assured self-absorption:

*Don't let her know she's an angel
Don't let her know that you see
Don't let her know that she's special
Especially that she touches me*

It's a lovely piece, similar in its textures to "Caroline No," from *Pet Sounds*. "You" is another strong ballad, and "Water Builds Up" is an exuberant number with an energy roughly akin to "You're So Good To Me," or interestingly enough, "Breakaway," the song he wrote with his father. Perhaps not coincidentally, it's an imagistic exploration of anger and how to manage it.

"I'm finally going to do a solo album," he boasts, as he finishes "Water Builds Up." "I should have done one a long time ago but I didn't have the confidence or the discipline. I was on too big of a bum trip.

"We're still handpicking the songs," he says, indicating Dr. Landy. "We're still checking them out. But I'm gonna do it all myself, I think. I'm gonna do it all in the booth, by machine. I'm gonna use the new digital equipment they have now. I'm thinking of calling it *Nighttime*, which has always been the time of day I like best.

"I want to shave my beard soon, practice hard and get back into action with people like David Bowie and Cyndi Lauper. I'm not worried. Years ago, the Beatles sensation made me a little bit jealous and uncertain for the Beach Boys' well-being and our future, but after about a year of surviving the Beatles I realized that we could stand on our own. I feel that way now. I want to get my solo album out by the end of the year. First the Beach Boys album, and then come back with mine.

"And I'd like to meet Madonna!" he whoops. "I'd say, 'Gee, you're pretty!' I seriously doubt she's a virgin," he adds as an afterthought, "but that's a good song."

It's difficult to imagine a world without Brian Wilson and the Beach Boys. They have somehow become inseparable from the renewal we associate with summer, the lightheartedness that maintains our humility, the hope that keeps us sane. Maybe, in time, Brian Wilson's personal trials and the courage he summons enroute to surmounting them will add other attributes and evocative properties to the Beach Boys' ageless music.

Dusk is falling. The limo taking Brian to the concert is on the way. The man of the house must think about dinner for the staff.

"I've looked at the household budget for the week," he says as he strides into the kitchen, "and I've got enough extra money to treat everybody to a tuna melt before the Chicago concert!"

There are enthusiastic nods all around.

"But you know," he mulls, "I'd almost rather stay home. I've got this idea in my head for a song..."

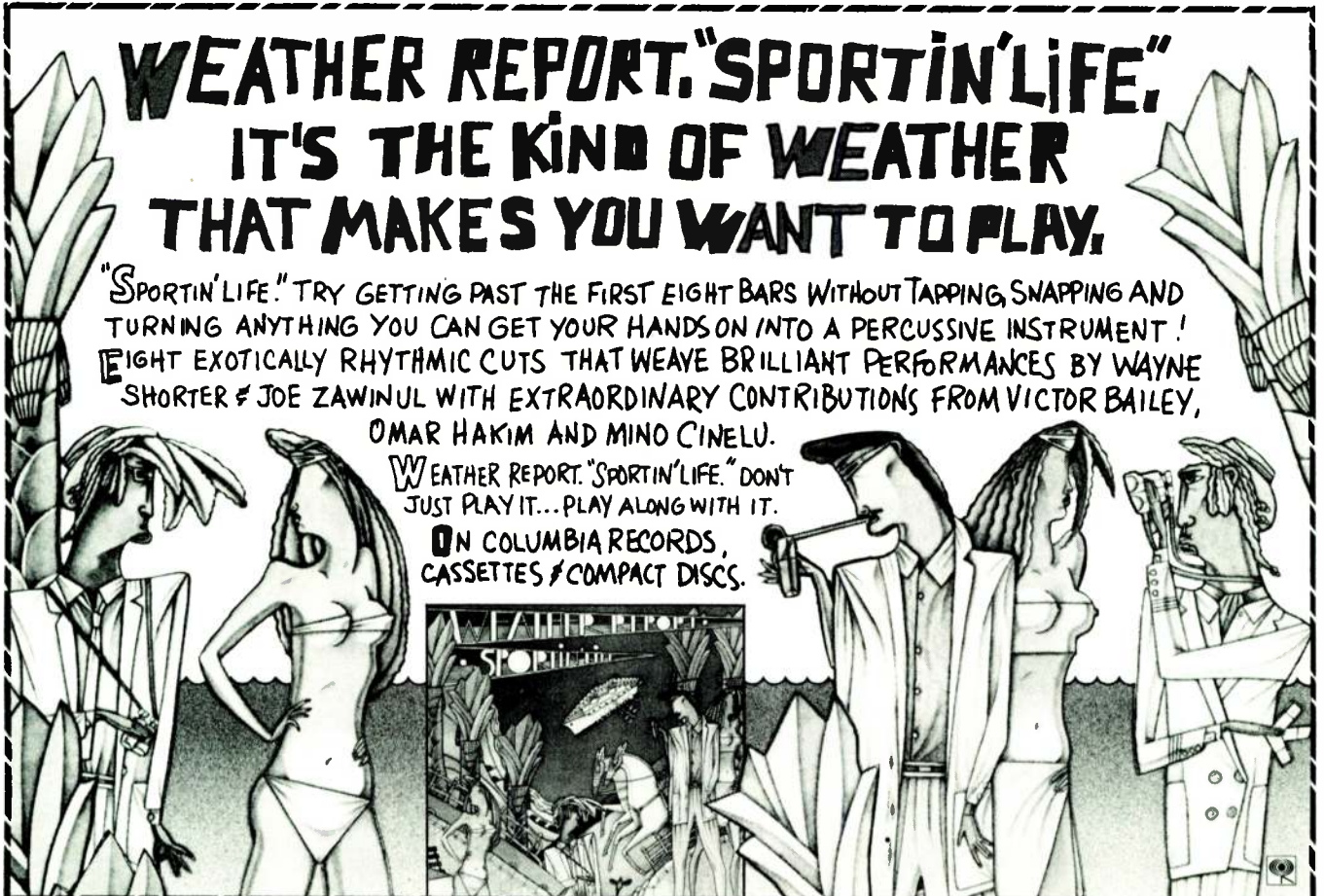
Then he smiles to himself, goes back into the living room and stretches out on the couch, his back to the surf, his beloved nighttime settling in. ☐

WEATHER REPORT. "SPORTIN' LIFE." IT'S THE KIND OF WEATHER THAT MAKES YOU WANT TO PLAY.

"SPORTIN' LIFE." TRY GETTING PAST THE FIRST EIGHT BARS WITHOUT TAPPING, SNAPPING AND TURNING ANYTHING YOU CAN GET YOUR HANDS ON INTO A PERCUSSIVE INSTRUMENT! EIGHT EXOTICALLY RHYTHMIC CUTS THAT WEAVE BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES BY WAYNE SHORTER & JOE ZAWINUL WITH EXTRAORDINARY CONTRIBUTIONS FROM VICTOR BAILEY, OMAR HAKIM AND MINO CINELU.

WEATHER REPORT. "SPORTIN' LIFE." DON'T JUST PLAY IT... PLAY ALONG WITH IT.

ON COLUMBIA RECORDS, CASSETTES & COMPACT DISCS.



SOME HOT NEW NUMBERS FOR 1985.



And here's another hot new number: "3", as in our unique 3-year limited warranty.

Welcome the all-new trio of powered mixers from Sunn. The SX 4150. The SX 6350. The SX 8350.

They are powerful, portable and very rugged. Plus they feature a number of goodies you will only find on more expensive systems.

Things like balanced XLR inputs. Reverb to monitor. Power amplifier limiting. And up to 350 watts RMS.

Best of all they cost no more than lesser quality systems.

So now you can sound like a million without spending a fortune.

So before you settle for less, try out the new SX series at your nearest Sunn dealer. For quality, value and performance, you've got a number of excellent choices.



For those who want the clarity of a condenser mike without the hassle of an external power source, we offer the SR-6350-P. It features 48 volt internal phantom power supply. Input gain control. 350 watts RMS. Compatible with condenser mikes.

\$799

Sunn 
Hotter Than Ever.

19350 S.W. 89th Avenue, Tualatin, Oregon 97062

World Radio History

Emulator II. We set the standard. Now we've raised it.

In 1981 E-mu Systems created the original Emulator digital sampling keyboard and introduced the power of digital sampling to a world of musicians, composers, producers and sound effects designers. Now, drawing on four years of experience as the pioneers in affordable professional sampling technology, E-mu Systems presents the Emulator II™—an instrument that sets new standards of sonic realism, creative power and expressive control.

Superior sound quality

Like its predecessor, the Emulator II is a completely self-contained professional sampling system. With it you can digitally record literally any sound and play it back polyphonically from its keyboard. But that's just the beginning. The Emulator II uses a new data encoding technique that results in truly stunning sound quality. From the sound of the rosin on the bow of a violin to the screaming overtones of a heavy metal guitar, every nuance of a sound is reproduced with startling realism.

The Emulator II comes with a full 17 seconds of sampling time (at maximum sampling rate) and a built-in floppy disk drive to let you store and reload your sounds. You can select disks from our extensive library of digitally recorded sounds or use the Emulator II's user sampling facility to create a personal sound library of virtually limitless size.

Creative control

Once you've sampled a sound, the Emulator II's real creative power comes into play. Its velocity sensing keyboard gives you precise expressive control over loudness, timbre and articulation (you can even program its dynamic response to match your personal playing style). You can assign multiple samples anywhere on the keyboard with up to 60 programmable splits. Or assign two sounds to the same range and use keyboard velocity to control a crossfade between them.

A variety of analog and digital sound processors let you tailor each sample

to your specific needs. Samples can be tuned, transposed, truncated and looped (our new AutoLoop™ function uses the Emulator II's powerful computer to help you find the best possible loop points). The inclusion of programmable filters, VCAs, and envelope generators for each channel allows extensive sound modification and reshaping. A backwards mode facilitates the creation of satanic messages. Or you can use the digital splicing function to create completely new sounds from parts of other samples (imagine an instrument with the attack of a piano, the sustain of a violin, and the decay of a guitar).

Each channel also includes its own LFO with programmable delay and a unique random variation mode that helps you create realistic ensemble passages by assigning a slightly different vibrato rate to each note you play.

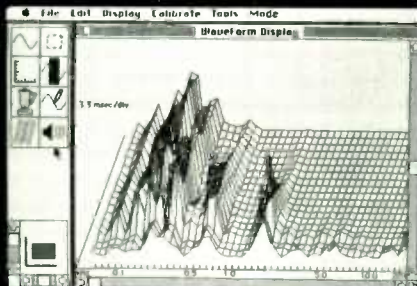
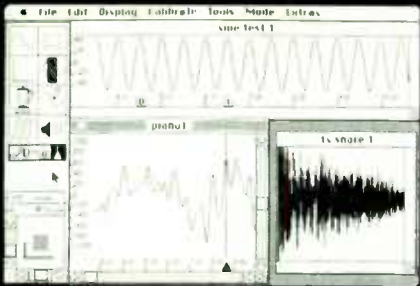
Powerful MIDI sequencer

To help take full advantage of the Emulator II's compositional capabilities, we've included an extremely powerful polyphonic sequencer. Its features include auto correct (that works!), full programming of keyboard dynamics, and complete track oriented editing



E-mu Systems, Inc.
applied magic for the arts
2815 Chanticleer
Santa Cruz, CA 95062
408.476.4424





The Digidesign Sound Designer™ turns your Emulator II into a complete computer music system

with punch-in, punch out, and track bouncing. What's more, it can also function as a stand-alone multichannel MIDI sequencer capable of controlling up to eight other MIDI instruments and drum machines with a storage capacity of over 90,000 notes!

Multiple interface flexibility

Add to all this an RS-422 computer interface, a 24 pulse per quarter note clock, a full MIDI implementation, and a built-in SMPTE code reader/generator

and you have a complete music and sound effects production facility in a single portable package.

Designed for the future

From the start we designed the Emulator II for expansion. Options that you can add now or in the near future include a hard disk for vastly expanded sound storage (and a two second load

time!), a SMPTE-based event oriented sequencer for the production of automated sound effects tracks, and, probably most exciting, the Digidesign Sound Designer™ which turns your Emulator II and an Apple Macintosh™ into an advanced computer music system complete with 3-D graphic waveform analysis, waveform modification, multi-algorithm digital synthesis, music printing and editing, and more. All at a fraction of the price of other comparable systems.

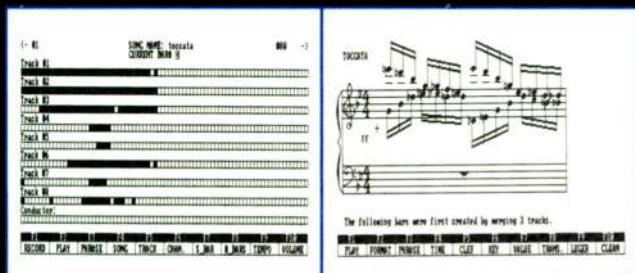
To find out more about the Emulator II (and there's a lot more to find out) visit your nearest E-mu Systems dealer for a complete demonstration. Or send us \$2.00 for a demo record and color brochure.

The Emulator II. The new standard from E-mu Systems.




M P S

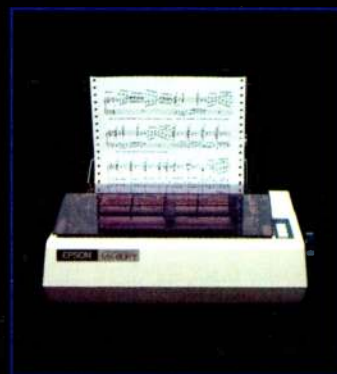
In this confusing new world of music software someone has finally created a computer program that is so powerful that it allows musicians to forget about learning computerese and get back to what they like doing best—music. Only now with more control and creative potential than ever before. Behind this program is the same company responsible for some of the music industry's greatest achievements. The company, of course, is Roland. And the product is called MPS. It stands for the Music Processing System. What if a musician could harness the same computer power to create music that writers use in word processing? That's exactly what MPS does. It gives you the creative freedom to develop, edit and shape your ideas into a complete piece of music, all under computer control, totally at your direction. Working together with Roland's MPU-401 intelligent interface, any IBM PC (or compatible) computer and your MIDI instruments, MPS takes you every step of the way from first inspiration to a beautifully realized printed score. The MPS system's power is unleashed in its three operating



Song Mode, Arrange Page Score Mode, Analysis Page

modes: Song, Score and Print. All modes are totally interactive, so that any change made in one is automatically made in the others. In the Song Mode, you assemble musical phrases into complete compositions. Use any MIDI instrument as an input device. Once phrases are entered, they can be altered, edited, combined and recombined at will. MPS Software gives you eight tracks to fill with music. Each track can be assigned to any of 16 MIDI channels and used to drive any MIDI instrument. Merge tracks or phrases as needed and reassign MIDI channels to check out how a passage sounds on different instruments. A clear, concise

on-screen display keeps you up to date on track status on a measure-to-measure basis. The process continues as you move on to the Score Mode. Here, the music you've created becomes a graphic score, which can be further polished and perfected. You define keys, clefs and time signatures, transpose octaves, assign accidentals and rests...even change the direction of note flags and stems for a highly legible, musically correct score. There are three different areas on the staff to spell out song lyrics, verbal cues and instructions—everything you want to put into words. When you've finished perfecting your score, you're ready for the MPS Print Mode. Everything you've put into your on-screen score can be transformed into an attractive hardcopy printout via the MPS Hi-Resolution Print Mode. As always with MPS software, you're in control. "Cut and paste" your score to meet your own specific needs. You can print out single parts for individual players or a complete score representing your entire composition. Print copies on your computer's standard printer with or without song lyrics or in any quantity you desire. Break into the future of electronic music production—harness the power of Music Processing with the MPS—the Roland of Music Software. For more information contact: RolandCorp US, 7200 Dominion Circle, Los Angeles, CA 90040 (213) 685-5141. Hardware Required: IBM-PC or full compatible (256K minimum, up to 640K), 2 disk drives recommended, IBM color graphics card and CRT monitor, Roland MIF-IPC interface card, Roland MPU-401 MIDI Processing Unit, Any MIDI-equipped Instrument(s), Optional dot matrix graphics printer (IBM compatible).  Roland



Roland Music Software Series

MPS
Music Processing System
Version No. 1.0



Roland Music Software

C O M P U T E R M U S I C

Everything you always wanted to know
but were afraid to ask.



MUSICIAN WORKING

Frank Serafine 62

Craig Anderton takes a nuts & bolts look at a state-of-the-art music and soundtrack artist.

Howard Jones 69

A new breed of MIDI pop star whose one-man band links technique with new wave freshness.

The MIDI Studio 74

The definitive guide to buying, hooking up and running your own tapeless recording studio.

My Computer Family 78

How *did* Freff wind up with four different computers in his high-tech home studio?

The Computer Idiot 84

We took a self-confessed digital illiterate and threw him into the pool. See if he sinks or swims.

Roger Linn 86

Portrait of a Pioneer: how an unlikely jack-of-all-trades brought computers & musicians together.



Frankie Goes To Hollywood

Frank Serafine's Movie MIDI Studio, Where Sonic Worlds Collide

By Craig Anderton



Over the centuries, a number of mystics and philosophers have posited the theory that what we call reality is simply an illusion. A look at how modern films are produced would probably support their conclusions. Shots are done out of sequence, dialogue is dubbed in after the fact, one-inch models are made to look like giant spaceships, and some scenes are constructed entirely inside a computer. So what ties all these disparate elements together? Obviously, good directing and editing have a lot to do with it, but perhaps of even greater importance is the sonic ambience—called “sound design” in the industry—that lends continuity, provides dramatic effects and helps further the concept of illusion as reality. And these days Hollywood’s hottest sound designer is an enthusiastic musician in his early thirties named Frank Serafine (pronounced Sehr-ah-fee-nee).

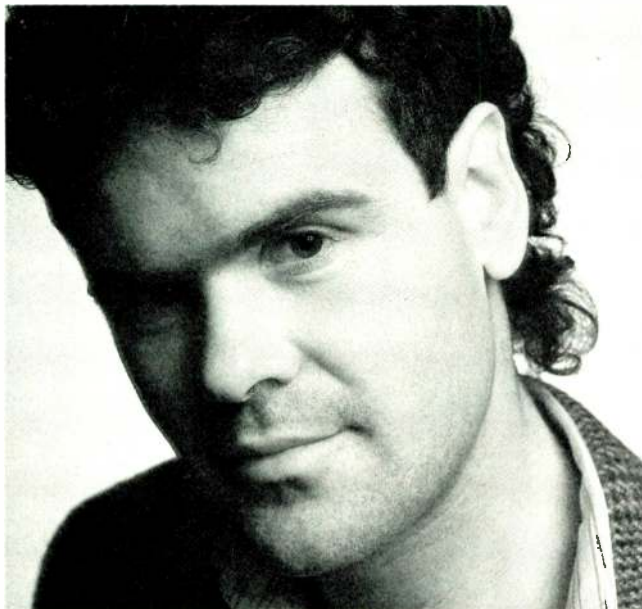
So how does one become a sound designer? In Frank’s case, it was a combination of the right background plus the infamous lucky break. As a musician in Colorado, Frank earned \$300 a week doing local gigs. Eventually he got one of the first Mellotrons in his area, which was his ticket to session work. This led to a planetarium music gig, where it so happened that some folks from the Disney organization heard his work. Disney needed a grand opening for their Space Mountain exhibit, and promptly hired Frank to put it all together—hire the

musicians, write the music and generally co-ordinate matters. Frank went to Hollywood and never looked back.

This led to him doing sound for *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*, and from there to a variety of films including *Tron*, *Ice Pirates*, *The Fog*, *The Sword and the Sorcerer*, *Star Trek III*, *The Day After*, and a number of commercials. For Frank, being a musician was one of his strongest assets in getting gigs; the fine line between sound and music, so often crossed by people such as John Cage, ceases to exist in Serafine's work. To him, putting a sound behind a scene in a movie is more than just plugging in a noise—it's equally important to have the right phrasing, timbre and emotional impact.

I've conducted interviews in restaurants, in planes, in cars, on the phone and backstage; but this is the first one conducted in large part while riding on a bicycle, Frank's preferred mode of transportation. His commute is about a forty-foot walk from his home to his newly-constructed studio, but only after sufficient psychic preparation, like hanging out in a hot tub or bicycling to the beach and back, is it time to work.

Frankie say relax? Not exactly. When Frank gets into work mode *he works*, handling most of his own business, making his phone calls, and dealing with "the substantial amount of politics" inherent in his gig. But he's adamant about keeping life simple. And enthusiastic about keeping things solo:



HOWARD ROSENBERG

"Musicians were always so moody, never there on time."

"I like to close the studio door when I'm creating; I do things when I'm by myself that I wouldn't do when other people are around. Music is a very intimate art form, and that's why MIDI is so incredible. It lets me have a bass player, drummer, guitarist and multiple keyboard players on call, yet I'm the only one who has to operate this stuff. I think being a one-person band is an elevating experience beyond belief. Once people figure out what MIDI can really do, the results will be revolutionary...it's beyond human comprehension right now. Let's face it, MIDI has really only been here one year. We're the pioneers in this."

Frank sees a future there with fewer session players, and more music done via MIDI by producers and the artists themselves. He elaborates: "I think for the most part this is due to economics—if something can be done better and cheaper, people are going to go that way. Creatively it's phenomenal too. One of the problems I always had with musicians is that they were always so moody, they were never there on time, stuff had to be set up, and in the studio time equals money. When you're dealing with egos and personalities and schedules, it's a stressful job. I don't have to worry about

someone being on time anymore, or about where to put the mike on the bass drum.

"I think the future is in the MIDI studio. People will work out their tunes at home on a little MIDI'd Casio or whatever, or maybe even use portable equipment and compose stuff while traveling. After you have your tunes worked out, you bring your sequencer disc into a studio that has twenty-four MIDI synthesizers rather than twenty-four analog tracks, play back your sequences, and mix the whole thing down to digital. That's the future."

Sounds good, but wouldn't that require that a composer be very familiar with all the characteristics of the synthesizers being MIDI'd? What if you work out a bass part with a particular synth in mind, then find that the studio doesn't have that synth available? As it so happens, Frank considers this an advantage, not a problem. "That's the amazing thing about MIDI—it can be full of surprises. Like you can write a composition around a koto sound, but if you try running through an instrument's presets you might find that marimba works better than koto. Or blending two sounds might be best of all. What I like most about MIDI is that it can go beyond what you can think of—once that sequence starts rolling, all you have to do is start pushing buttons and your composition will do things you hadn't anticipated or expected."

When Frank starts work on a soundtrack, he has two favorite instruments: the E-mu Emulator (soon to be supplemented by an Emulator II) and a fifteen-year-old Minimoog. Sampling is a vital part of Frank's work, much of it inspired by the work Ben Burt did in *Star Wars* (its soundtrack contained no synthetic sounds, only altered "real" sounds).

The process of creating the sound design for a film is long and tedious, but for the special-effects-laden films towards which Frank seems to gravitate there are additional drawbacks. Most of the time he doesn't even have an image to refer to when coming up with a sound—all he gets is a drawing of what the image is supposed to look like when it's finished, and the amount of time he is required to fill. Things often have to be done this way because computer graphics and many other effects aren't finalized until the very last stages of production of the movie.

Up to thirty-two tracks of sound may be required for one effect, but in the final mix of dialogue, music, sound effects, narration etc. these multiple tracks are *pre-dubbed* into four tracks, thus making it much easier when doing the final mixing job. Then everything gets transferred from digital tape to "mag" (35mm magnetic tape). That's what the film editors use when transferring sound to the actual film itself; they will take a 35mm "stripe" of sound and lock it mechanically to the 35mm film sprockets, thus insuring proper audio and video sync. Each "perf" (slot in the film) represents a fraction of a second of time change, and the stripes can be offset by a perf or two to clean up any remaining timing problems. In *Tron*, Frank did most of the editing until the last "manicuring" stages, when eight additional editors were brought in.

But what I found more interesting than the technology is how a sound designer makes the connection between a sound recorded in the field and a visual cue that needs audio. I was surprised to find out that the bomb blasts in *The Day After* had a slowed-down lion's roar mixed in very prominently with the actual sound of the explosion (once you know it's there, though, you can hear it easily), and that the human screams were supplemented by pig screams. The disk tosses in *Tron* were a mix of processed bullwhip sounds and monkey screams. And in *Star Trek—the Motion Picture*, at one point the Enterprise was going into a black hole accompanied by the sounds of a barroom brawl played backwards (although purists could argue that there's no sound in space). How does Frank make those connections?

"Sometimes it's obvious what's needed. In *Star Trek III*, the sound effects supervisors and Leonard (director Nimoy) requested a sound representing major amounts of debris,



We engineered this synthesizer so you don't have to be an engineer to play it.

The CZ-101, \$499.

Casio thinks music should be an art, not a science. So we developed the first digital synthesizer you don't have to be a PhD in electronics to play. For while it gives you the bright, crisp performance of a digital, it's as easy to program as an analog synthesizer.

Our CZ-101 will let you create not just fantastic music, but fantastic sounds as well. And sound for sound, it can be placed on the same music stand with the best synthesizers on the market today.

Sound unbelievable? Listen to these features: a 49 key polyphonic

keyboard; 32 sound memories—16 permanently pre-set and 16 internally programmable; optional RAM cartridges storing up to 16 sounds per cartridge; MIDI in/out with multi-timbral capabilities; separate 8-stage envelope generators for pitch, filter and amplifier; polyphonic portamento; an optional battery operated amp/speaker that makes the whole system portable. And the list goes on.

But perhaps the most remarkable thing about the CZ-101 is that not only is it easy to play, it's easy to pay for.

So if your fingers are fabulous on a keyboard but

all thumbs when it comes to things electronic, get a Casio CZ-101. For a little money you could make it very big.

8 lb. Amp/Speaker \$129.50



CASIO

Where miracles never cease

and I knew at that point I had to get a bunch of metal debris and process it or whatever to make it fit into the picture. I ended up going to a junkyard and having stuff thrown around.

"As to how I chose the backwards barroom scene, it was mostly experimentation...you pull things out of the library and start messing around with them. In this case physics gives you a clue; a metal bang or explosion turned backwards creates a suction feeling. Since the barroom brawl had a lot of bangs and hits and crashes, it created the perfect effect."

Gathering the sonic "raw materials" for the library is another matter altogether. Frank almost always uses a portable VCR and Sony PCM-F1 digital audio adapter for his field recording. The F1 converts audio into a wide-bandwidth signal suitable for recording on the VCR's video tracks; the sound quality is rivaled only by devices such as the Compact Disc.

Sound hunting begins with figuring out what kind of sounds are needed, then scouting out the locations necessary to get the sounds. Once his gear is together (there are myriad little cables, chargers, adapters, mikes, etc.), he'll stay out on the road for up to a week until he gets the sounds he needs. *Star Trek* movies require, as he says, "major work" in order to collect all the necessary sounds.

Recording sounds is not easy. You might think that if you wanted a jet airplane, no problem; after all, you just go out to the airport and.... "The problem with recording airplanes," says Frank, "is that if it's during the day, you'll pick up birds, or a dog barking in the distance; if it's at night, you have crickets to contend with. The way I finally got some good planes was over the Christmas holidays in Colorado, when there was a blanket of snow on the ground. There were lots of planes flying in, the snow absorbed any ambient sounds, and there weren't any crickets." And speaking of recording crickets, Frank has a tip: "Go to the pet store and buy a couple of crickets, then put them in a shoe box. Record them digitally, then multitrack them."

I always wondered how one would record good bomb blasts; after all, you can't go around blowing things up for the fun of it. But the Marines can, and it was the soldiers at Camp Pendleton who provided some of the best explosions in Frank's library. Lockheed let him record their wind tunnel, which lets out a thousand tons of air per second. Frank has a few other stories: "For *Star Trek*, the Jet Propulsion Laboratory let me tap into their radio communication system when Voyager was crossing over Jupiter or something so we were able to record all this incredible tech talk. Once I went up in the Goodyear blimp and hung microphones over the side as we flew around L.A.; that ended up being the sound of the aircraft carrier in *Tron*."

However, Frank does not deal exclusively with real-world sounds by any means, and synthesis is an important part of his act. With all the advances in digital synthesis and emulation, did he still find analog synthesizers useful? "I've had my Minimoog for fifteen years, and I still use it every single day. I use it as much as my Emulator. I don't cancel out any form of technology just because it's old; low-tech is as valid as high-tech. The DX7, for example, sounds okay by itself but when you MIDI up the Minimoog (with a J.L. Cooper MIDI to CV box) and play that along too...wow! It gives its own sound which is neither Minimoog nor DX7. I think the blend of analog and digital, the hybrid, is what's happening."

Frank treats MIDI as an "intelligent interface" between his various electronic instruments and uses SMPTE as the master timing reference for his studio. He records SMPTE time code on track sixteen of his 16-track Tascam, then records a MIDI-compatible sync track on track fifteen. Because the two sync signals "co-habitate" on the tape, they always maintain proper timing with respect to each other: SMPTE keeps the audio tape in sync with the video, and MIDI keeps the instruments in sync with the SMPTE code. This may not be as elegant as using a single time code track and feeding it into a "black box" (like the Synchronous Technologies SMPL Sys-

tem, Roland SBX-80, or Garfield Master Beat) to derive sync from a master track, but his system works and works well. The Passport MIDI/8 sequencer, connected to an Apple II computer via the Passport MIDI interface, is the heart of Frank's MIDI setup.

When it comes to drum machines, Frank tends to rely on the E-mu Drumulator, modified to include a J.L. Cooper three-kit board so that he has access to Latin percussion, a "Simmons," and the standard Drumulator sound. He also likes the Yamaha RX-15, says the Linn 9000 is "a real nice box," and thinks that the Oberheim DMX is "probably the best-sounding of all of them."

Frank is not exactly a wild-eyed political activist, but it's obvious he relished being a part of *The Day After*. As he said right after doing the film, "It was great to do some scary effects that would actually educate people instead of just scare them." So given this anti-war inclination, tell us Frank, how this "Simnet" stuff fits in?

"The 'Simnet' is a system that simulates the U.S. military's three-million-dollar M-1 tank. I went to Fort Knox, met the various generals, went out on a training mission and recorded all the M-1 tank sounds. It's sort of like the ultimate video game, except that it costs \$150,000."

But how he can reconcile working on *The Day After* in the hopes that it will keep people from blowing themselves up, and then working on something for just the opposite? Frank, not at all taken aback by the question, simply says, "I've always been a firm believer that you don't beat the system by fighting it, you beat it by joining. I'm not into war, but you need precautions...a deterrent. At least the emphasis is on conventional, not nuclear, warfare."

So did doing *The Day After*, and seeing those scenes of destruction over and over again, mess around with his psyche? "No, but I did build a bomb shelter with the money I got from the job," he laughs. "It scared me!" When asked whether he really built a bomb shelter or a wine cellar disguised as a bomb shelter, Frank nods. "Yeah, you got it. But hey, it's a cement wine cellar."

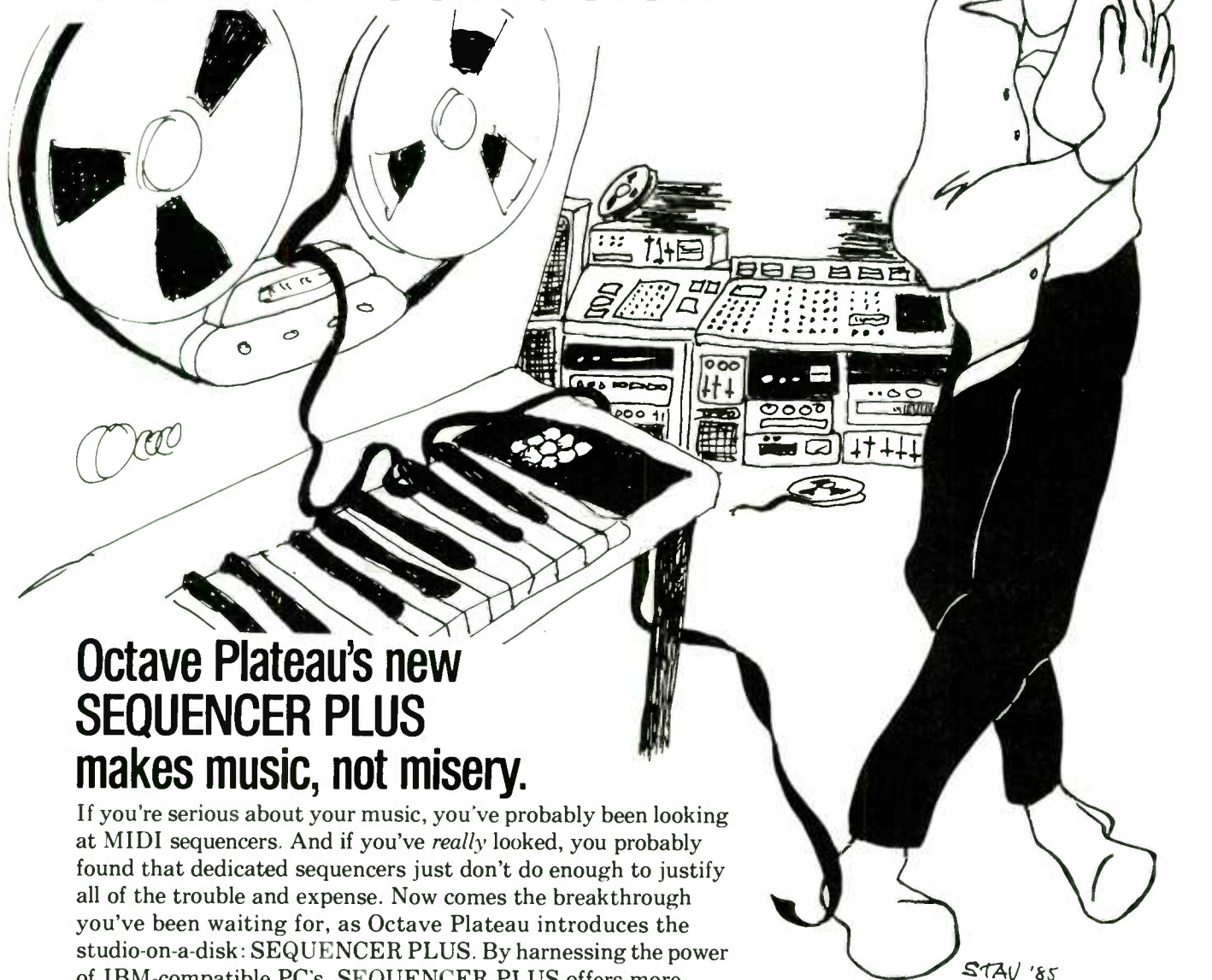
So who cares what Frankie says? Musicians should, for one. Sound effects are *musique concrète*, as are sampling devices, and one listen to the Art of Noise or recent Peter Gabriel should be enough to convince any musician that sound can be used in highly musical contexts. John Cage postulated in the 1920s that music would go through a period of emphasis on rhythm before transitioning into a new type of music based purely on sound; that prediction seems to be coming true. Frank feels sound effects are going to be

continued on page 90

Serafine Machinies

Frank's keyboards include an E-mu Emulator, MIDIified SCI Prophet 5 (Rev.2, or "the one with the good sound" as Frank says), Minimoog, Yamaha DX7, and Fender Rhodes. Other devices include the Roland CSQ-100, Apple II computer (for the Passport MIDI-8 and alphaSyntauri software), and E-mu Drumulator. For processing his sounds, sometimes beyond recognition, Frank uses the DeltaLab DL-2 delay line with memory module, Audio/Digital TC-2 delay line, Audio + Design SCAMP rack, DeltaLab DL-5 "Harmoniccomputer," Lexicon 224 digital reverb, EXR 3 "projector," Roland Vocoder, and Roland pitch-to-voltage converter (which he once used to track acoustic feedback, thereby generating a control voltage to feed to his synthesizers). Most recording is done with a TASCAM 85-16 16-track recorder with Telefunken (Telcom) noise reduction; he also has a Sony TC-766-2 2-track, TASCAM M-16 mixer, and EV Sentry 500 loudspeakers powered by Nikko power amps (which Frank says are "just great"). Video equipment includes a Beta SL2000 portable VCR, Sony 2600 ¾-inch machine for making dubs, Sony 5850 ¾-inch mastering deck, SLO420 Betamax editing deck for digital audio effects editing, and a V/Star video and computer projection system. Finally, to lock all this stuff together he has a BTX Shadow to slave the video, and a BTX 4600 editing controller to serve as the video editor for audio.

State of the art shouldn't create a state of confusion.



Octave Plateau's new **SEQUENCER PLUS** makes music, not misery.

If you're serious about your music, you've probably been looking at MIDI sequencers. And if you've *really* looked, you probably found that dedicated sequencers just don't do enough to justify all of the trouble and expense. Now comes the breakthrough you've been waiting for, as Octave Plateau introduces the studio-on-a-disk: **SEQUENCER PLUS**. By harnessing the power of IBM-compatible PC's, **SEQUENCER PLUS** offers more features and ease of use than any dedicated sequencer ever could.

64 tracks. 60,000 notes. Punch-in/punch-out. Complete editing. And we mean *complete*. Track by track, and note by note. All of the flexibility you've wanted from a sequencer, but never thought you'd get. If you'd like to know more about **SEQUENCER PLUS**, or any of our other American-made products, like the Voyetra Eight synthesizer, drop us a line. We'll be glad to send you one of our informative brochures and a list of dealers in your area. And if you're still not convinced, go ahead, check out the competition. When your options are state of the art or a state of confusion, the choice is simple.

Octave Plateau

The sound approach to technology



51 Main Street
Yonkers, NY 10701
914•964•0225

We the undersigned ask only
one thing of a piano.

Leonard Bernstein

Leonard Bernstein

André Previn

André Previn

Billy Joel

Billy Joel

Luciano Pavarotti

Luciano Pavarotti

Georg Solti

Georg Solti

Aaron Copland

Aaron Copland

John Williams

John Williams

Jorge Bolet

Jorge Bolet

Mickey Gilley

Mickey Gilley

Ronnie Milsap

Ronnie Milsap

Liberace

Liberace

Dave Brubeck

Dave Brubeck

That it be a Baldwin.

 **Baldwin**
Without equal.

HOWARD JONES' COCK-EYED OPTIMISM

Things Only Get Better For the First Truly MIDI-Based Pop Star

By Jon Young

There's something wrong here. Big kids are supposed to make those hard adult choices, not get everything they want. You can be popular, but don't count on respect. You can be accessible, but it may be at the expense of substance. If the lyrics are smart, the melodies may suffer. It's pretty darn tricky to touch all the bases, and audacious to even try.

Howard Jones, however, is having his cake and eating it too, just about any way you cut it. His second chartworthy LP of electronic pop, *Dream Into Action*, which spawned the hit single "Things Can Only Get Better," showcases Jones' still-evolving gift for interfacing a variety of synths, not to mention more traditional instruments. He could be tagged a techno-whiz, except that would overlook his considerable lyrical strengths—employing a minimum of five-syllable words, Jones uses *Dream Into Action* as the blueprint for a positive, practical approach to everyday life. To boot, Jones' spiky yellow hair and slight elfin bearing make him a good candidate for his own Saturday morning cartoon show. Whoever has the license to produce Howard Jones dolls is sitting on a gold mine. On a hipper note, he recently appeared at the Grammys with Stevie Wonder, Herbie Hancock and Thomas Dolby in a "salute to synths" sequence, confirming his cool status. In short, this little Limey can't miss.

Assuming, of course, that he survives the grueling promotional activities in support of *Dream Into Action*. Having just completed a European tour, Jones has hopped over to New York from London for thirty-six quick hours of business. And you'd best believe your star is rising when the record company will spring for a seat on the Concorde.

Parked at an oversized conference table in the Elektra-Asylum beehive in Rockefeller Center, Jones qualifies as expense money well spent. Although his day began in London many hours before, the soft-spoken, diminutive syn-



Renaissance Man and techno-hero Jones experiencing bubble memory.

thesist graciously discharges his interview duties. Of course, that's hardly an onerous task when everything's breaking right.

Dream Into Action's most immediately striking achievement is the avoidance of the sophomore jinx. After all, the second album is a pitfall that's snared better men than Howard.

"I was extremely aware of that tendency," he acknowledges. "I've seen a lot of people bomb on their second album and I was determined that wasn't going to happen to me, so I started writing as soon as I finished *Human's Lib*. The second LP should be better than the first, really."

To keep the material fresh, Jones varied the way he composed. "Sometimes I did the whole song at the piano and then saw if it stood up when I transferred it to other instruments. Sometimes I got all my machines going and wrote to the sound of the drum machine. Sometimes I took a single keyboard and wrote that way. I get different inspira-

tions from different setups.

"'No One Is To Blame' was written at the piano. I think that's obvious. For 'Assault And Battery' I wrote using all my machines at once. I set up several drumulators and MIDI'd my keyboards to get a layered sound. I had two Yamaha DX7s, a Prophet T8 and a Roland MSQ-700 all going at once."

In effect, Jones can create a song and its arrangement at the same time. "Yeah, the bare bones, anyway," he says. "Actually, I like to write sections of songs separately and decide later the best way to line them up."

For someone who's accustomed to functioning essentially as a one-man band, Jones is surprisingly receptive to outside input. In fact, he likes to expose works in progress to others and get their feedback. "I'll play songs to anyone who's around—the milkman, my wife Jan, or my dad," he reveals. "I've always found that people will give you interesting opinions. For example, when I played the original recording of 'Look

Mama' for my dad, he said the drums were too loud. So I thought to myself, 'What does that mean in musical terms?' I decided that meant the snare was too harsh and ended up making it softer, which resulted in a better track."

Jones' openness to second-party assistance also led to a return engagement for Rupert Hine, the producer of most of *Human's Lib*. Asked to explain Hine's involvement in what seems to be a one-man show, Jones hesitates in formulating a response.

"Rupert's role is like that of a film director," he observes slowly. "He comes in with an objective view and tells me if I'm putting too much in. He's brilliant at adding little suggestions that create a different atmosphere for each track. I

don't want to underestimate his input, but it's difficult to describe how we work in the studio unless you're there."

Jones calls *Dream Into Action* a "more colorful, punchier record" than *Human's Lib*. "The sound is bigger because we used sampling a lot more, and that gave me a greater variety of sounds. You can sample any sound you want. I sampled my voice and that was great fun, because we could create choral textures that are really emotive. We sampled recorders and pianos—we messed about with filters to make the pianos sound more like flutes. I wrote brass parts on emulated brass and then got a real brass section (TKO Horns) to play it, 'cause it sounds better."

For all that, do not—repeat, *do not*—

call Jones a techno- or synth-musician. "You listen to something like 'Life In One Day' and you don't think of it as synth music, do you?" he asks. "I'm a songwriter who dresses up my songs with the most modern sounds I can find. But I also like traditional music and I want to have a link to the past as well. I can play all my songs on the piano, so I don't think of myself as high-tech."

By contrast, Jones observes, "I would definitely call Depeche Mode a synth band, in fact the only real synth band left." Lest there be any confusion, he adds quickly, "I love their music. They break new ground with their sounds."

In the final accounting, Jones would prefer to be known for what he says, not how he says it, commenting, "I wouldn't mind being known as a 'message' performer. I'd rather the music be overshadowed by the lyrics. I'd love to be known as someone who has something to say."

The animal-protection sentiments of "Assault And Battery" confirm that Jones has more in his head than circuit boards. "The lives were taken/ For feasts at the table/ A life of misery/ Ending with a shock," reads the first verse of this chilling tune, remarkably similar to the Smiths' "Meat Is Murder." Says Jones, "I was delighted when I found out they were calling their album *Meat Is Murder*. The more people that talk about the subject, the better."

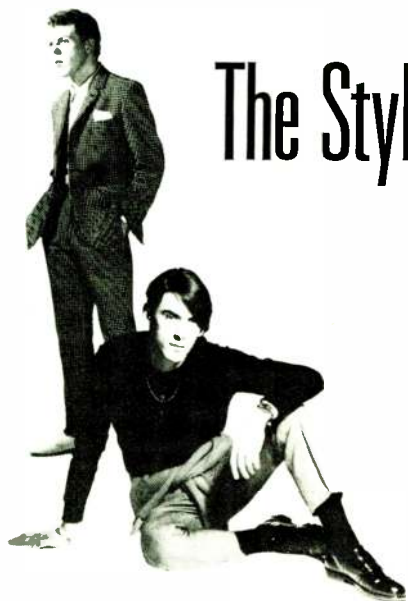
"I've been a vegetarian for nine years," he continues. "It's not a fad for me." What originally inspired his sentiments? "A conversation with my brother, who'd met somebody who worked in an abattoir. The stories were so horrific that I resolved to stop eating meat right at that moment."

Most of the songs on *Dream Into Action* are less pointed, with tunes like "Is There A Difference?," "Life In One Day" and "Bounce Right Back" gently counseling responsible and positive conduct, even in the face of discouraging realities. Does his sensible attitude stem from a fixed set of beliefs?

"No," says Jones firmly. "I just want to promote the idea that people should question everything—not have others' opinions rammed down their throats—and arrive at something that suits *them*. I don't actually have any beliefs. It's impossible to have them. That's my whole point. There's nothing that you can say is concrete and absolutely irrefutable."

"'Is There A Difference?' deals with the relativity of everything—that attitude is the opposite of bigotry. You must never go around bludgeoning people. Reason must prevail. If I said, 'Everyone *must* be a vegetarian, or they're wrong,' that would be pathetic. Reason and seduction are more my style."

continued on page 106



The Style Council

The New 14-Cut Album Internationalists

Featuring "Boy Who Cried Wolf"
"Walls Come Tumbling Down!"
"Internationalists"
"With Everything To Lose"

Produced by Peter Wilson & Paul Weller (for Solid Bond Prod.)
On Geffen Records and Cassettes
© 1985 Polydor Ltd. London

The Style Council is:
Paul Weller on 6 & 12 string guitars, bass guitar & synth, lead vocals
Mick Talbot on Hammond organ, piano forte, electronic keyboards & vocals.



BE A TRAK STAR!

Keep your music on the "right track" with the new Multi-Trak, TOM and MAX from Sequential!

THE AMAZING NEW MULTI-TRAK!

Take a look at Sequential's new Multi-Trak! Features include a 5 octave velocity-sensitive keyboard for controlling loudness, brightness or modulation. A powerful built-in digital recorder lets you record up to 1600 notes and provides 4 independent sequence locations, an audible metronome, 5 different resolutions of auto-correction, sequence appending and the ability to erase your recorded music by track or by single note. To facilitate your recording needs, each sequence track has its own audio output.

Unique to the Multi-Trak is its polyphonic "SuperStack" mode. "SuperStack" lets you layer two, three, or six sounds and play them

"live" from the keyboard! Also featured are a stereo chorus with programmable On Off and adjustable rate and depth, a cassette interface for program and sequence storage, and a latching arpeggiator with transposition at the touch of a key.

MAX: THE ULTIMATE MIDI EXPANDER!

MAX is a 6-voice, polyphonic synthesizer designed to let you play six completely different instrument sounds at one time. And MAX's comprehensive MIDI implementation makes it the ultimate MIDI expander!

TOM: A UNIQUE NEW DRUM MACHINE

Like all Sequential drum machines, TOM features programmable tuning and volume. TOM adds to these features unique new capabilities like programmable stereo pan for each instrument and the ability to play sounds in reverse! Other features include a programmable "Human Factor" to add subtle variances to instrument tuning and volume levels during playback. And there's a new feature called "Improv", that subtly alters your rhythm patterns with the automatic introduction of occasional "fills". These exciting features let TOM more exactly mimic a "live" drummer! TOM comes with 8 digitally recorded percussion instrument sounds. A cartridge port is provided for easy sound expansion!



MAX
suggested retail \$599.00



TOM
suggested retail \$799.00



Multi-Trak
suggested retail \$1499.00

SEQUENTIAL

For a complete catalog, please send \$2.00 to Sequential,
3051 North First Street, San Jose, CA 95134.



You've always had an ear for music. Now you have a mind for it.

Compose yourself. And do anything else with music that you have in mind. With the computer that has a mind for music, Yamaha's CX5M.

The CX5M is the first computer with true musical talent. The first and only

computer with an FM digital tone generator (the same kind used in our DX synthesizers) built into it. For incredible musical accuracy and realism.

Also built into the CX5M is a polyphonic synthesizer program with 46 preset voices



and 6 rhythm patterns including drums, bass and synchronized chords. A sequencer with a 2000-note memory/playback capacity. And user-selectable parameters for editing the preset voices. So if you have something else

computer, it runs MSX cartridge and cassette tape programs. So in addition to music, you can work your finances. Write letters. Take a break from that musical score and rack up a score of a different kind on a video game.



in mind, the CX5M will listen to you.

But maybe the voices you hear in your head are vastly different from the preset voices. Buy the optional FM Voicing Program and you increase programming power by leaps and bytes. With this increased power you can extensively edit the preset voices. As well as create totally new ones.

Other music software programs available for the CX5M include the FM Music Composer which lets you create musical compositions in up to eight parts with complete control over voices, volume, expression markings, tempo, and key and time signatures.

An FM Music Macro Program which lets you take advantage of the voicing and performance potential of the CX5M within the framework of an MSX® Basic program.

And a DX7 Voicing Program. (More on this in another ad.)

And because the CX5M is an MSX

The CX5M is one smart, versatile, musician-friendly machine.

And a well connected one, too. Its extensive input/output jacks and ports let you save edited and created voices, scores and programs on cassette tape. Print out scores, voice parameters, letters, charts and graphs in hard copy. And connect the CX5M to any MIDI-compatible piece of equipment.

What else can the CX5M do? What else did you have in mind?

For the answer, see your authorized Yamaha Combo retailer. Or write: Yamaha International Corporation, Combo Products Division, P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, California 90622. In Canada, Yamaha Canada Music Ltd., 135 Milner Ave., Scarborough, Ontario M1S 3R1.



MSX is a registered trademark of Microsoft Corp.
Video monitor, FM Music Composer Program, and 49-key YK-10 keyboard shown are optional.



The MIDI Recording Studio

How to Buy It,
How to Set It Up,
and How to Run It

By Craig Anderton

MIDI has received a lot of hype, but as more and more people are finding out, there is substance behind the hype. The MIDI sequencer has now made it possible to create an entirely different kind of recording studio for electronic music. As you play a melodic line on a MIDI keyboard, the computer-based sequencer "remembers" what you play and assigns this data to a track in the sequencer. You can build up multiple tracks, and on playback, send this musical data to multiple MIDI slave keyboards—thus producing the same effect as if you had multitracked the keyboards with a conventional multitrack tape recorder. This sequenced composition can then be mixed and recorded onto a conventional 2-track analog recorder, or (for maximum fidelity) PCM adapter/VCR combination to produce a master tape. Let's consider some of the advantages of this approach.

- First generation sound quality. What you hear on your final master is the sound of the MIDI instruments, with no intervening tape processes to degrade their clarity. With MIDI, the multitrack recorder is an option, not a necessity.
- No rewind time when working out compositions. Until the final mixdown, everything is stored in computer memory for virtually instant access.

- Zero fidelity loss when bouncing, no matter how many times you bounce. After all, you're bouncing computer data instead of sound.

- The ability to edit as little as one thirty-second note of one instrument on one track. Forget about the tortures of such techniques as the "window splice" (where, with tape, you splice a tiny window out of a multitrack tape to eliminate one bad note).

- Dramatically lower tape and maintenance costs. You don't have to align the bias or azimuth of a MIDI sequencer, or oil the motor, or worry about temperature and humidity extremes.

- Instantly change the sound of a track. Would that violin sound better as a trumpet? Punch a few buttons and find out; there's no need to do any re-recording.

- No noise reduction needed.

- And even more amazing stuff you'll find out about during the course of this article. The MIDI recording studio is the most exciting development since inexpensive multitrack tape decks became available in the mid-70s. Don't sell your faithful multitrack recorder (yet); but if you were considering upgrading to sixteen or twenty-four tracks, you might want to reconsider. MIDI can help you upgrade your studio to a lot more tracks for a lot less bucks, so let's see exactly what the MIDI studio is all about.

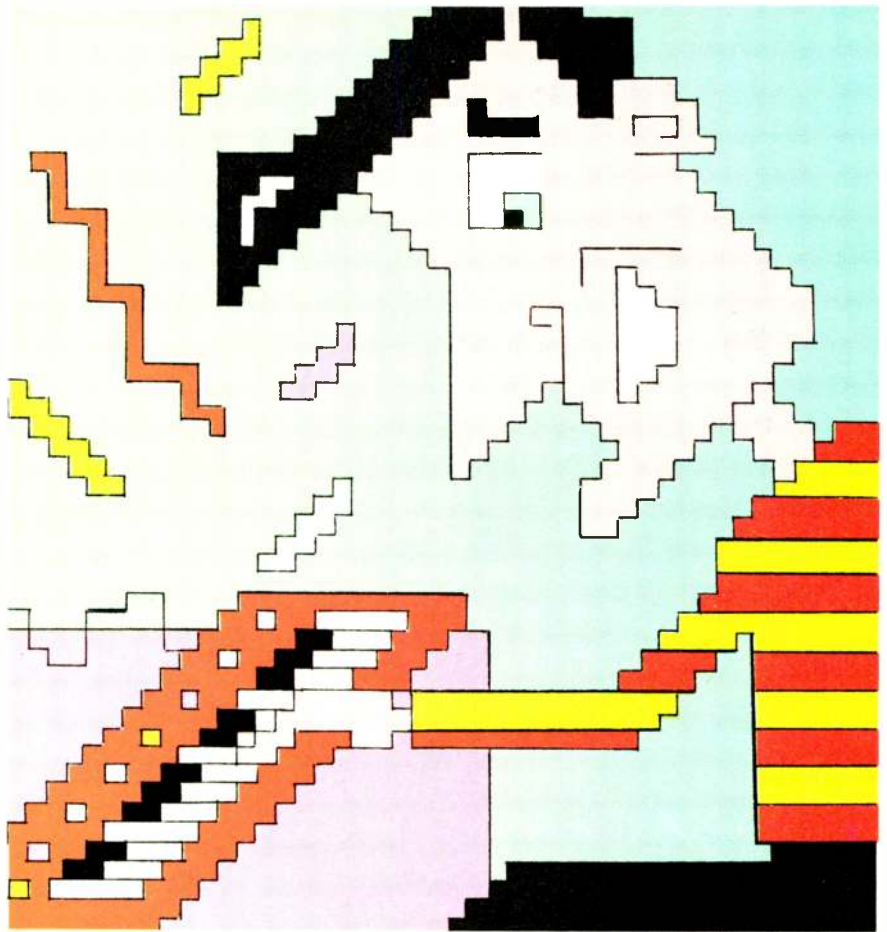


ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY ALLEN

MIDI BASICS

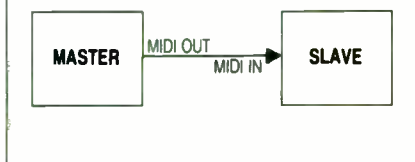
Many musicians think of MIDI solely as a way to get two keyboards to "talk" to each other. But MIDI goes beyond simple keyboard-to-keyboard hookups—think of MIDI as a *language* that conveys musical information such as pitch, duration of a note, dynamics of a note, what song you're playing, the current measure of the song you're playing, and so on.

To understand the significance of this language, consider the player piano, which is conceptually very similar to a one-track MIDI recording studio. With the player piano, a paper roll contains data (the "words" of the player piano's language) concerning the notes of a composition; this data takes the form of little punched holes. Playing back this data into the player piano polyphonically activates appropriate key depressions, thereby providing a replica of the particular performance recorded (stored) in the paper roll.

MIDI presents a far more efficient way of creating pre-programmed compositions. First, instead of coding data on paper rolls, MIDI data is recorded in computer memory. This allows for much easier editing, since computer memory can be recorded and erased at will (try doing that with a paper roll!). Second,

MIDI carries much more data than simply which notes are on and which are off, including dynamics and the other elements of the "language" we alluded to earlier. Third, MIDI lets you send out different data to different instruments over sixteen MIDI "channels": that's sixteen player pianos, playing their own individual polyphonic parts, and all being fed from one piano roll containing the score for all sixteen pianos.

Figure 1:
MIDI Instrument to Instrument hookup



In a standard instrument-to-instrument MIDI hookup, one instrument is the master and sends data out to a slave over the MIDI cable (see **Figure 1**). When the slave receives MIDI data from the master, it does whatever the master tells it to do—play a certain note, for a certain duration, etc. However, in the MIDI studio the master is usually not a keyboard, but a computer-based sequencer feeding multiple slave keyboards (we'll describe how to hook these together later). Using a computerized sequencer to control MIDI instruments is not as expensive as you might think; over the past few years, computer memory costs have declined to the point where you can store thousands and thousands of pieces of MIDI data in a very inexpensive computer. You could very easily base an "entry-level" MIDI studio around the Commodore 64, which sells for as low as \$110.

Now let's consider the components that make up a MIDI studio, and what is involved in MIDI recording.

MIDI INSTRUMENTS

The first step in buying is to gather together some MIDI instruments; after all, these are what make the sounds. Your choice of instruments will largely be a matter of taste and budget, but I do have some suggestions.

A MIDI sampling keyboard is an expensive but important item. While sequencing all-electronic sounds can be very satisfying, adding in some "real-world" sounds gives you a much broader sonic palette. I've also found that doubling sampled sounds with synthetic sounds usually comes across more forcefully than either sound by itself. Even a relatively inexpensive instrument such as the Ensoniq Mirage (or the Decillionix sampling program hooked up to an Apple II) can do wonders, and naturally a high-tech instrument like the Emulator II or Kurzweil 250

can do proportionately more.

You will also want some kind of expander sound module. An expander is basically a synthesizer without the keyboard; it is accessed solely via MIDI. Because it doesn't have a keyboard, you can save some bucks compared to a standard keyboard instrument with equivalent capabilities. There are many good expander modules out on the market. I particularly like the Oberheim Xpander because the MIDI implementation is very complete, it sounds great, and it is far more flexible than the average synth. In the low-price category, Casio's CZ-101 mini-keyboard makes a fine expander module because no one else gives you such good-sounding voices for such little cost. And in the one-size-fits-all category, Yamaha's TX816, a rackful of DX7 expander modules, makes all those wonderful digital sounds which are all over the airwaves these days (doesn't anybody program their own sounds anymore?). Yamaha also recently introduced the TX7, an expander module version of the DX7. Roland makes a number of their products available in an expander box format, as does Korg, and some of Sequential's low-cost keyboards (like the Six-Trak and Max) make cost-effective MIDI expanders.

I'm particularly partial to expanders and keyboards that offer multi-timbral capability. This lets you choose an individual timbre for each voice in the synthesizer, as well as assign each voice to its own MIDI channel. Thus, multi-timbral instruments such as the Xpander or Six-Trak can give you six independent melody lines (one per voice).

Guitarists are not out of the picture by any means. Roland's GR-700 has a MIDI output that lets you interface one of the GR-series guitars to MIDI gear, and IVL, a Canadian company whose products are distributed in the U.S. by Cherry Lane, are as of this writing nearing completion on a polyphonic guitar-to-MIDI converter that has a target price of around \$1,000. Top guitar makers like Gibson and Steinberger are adding new models with Roland circuitry aboard. Devices such as the Fairlight "Voicetracker" and IVL "Pitch Rider" even let vocalists, woodwind players, and others program MIDI devices from their instruments. As you might expect, these tend to have more limitations than keyboards since non-electronic instruments are much harder to adapt to MIDI. As one example, the GR-700 cannot send pitch bend information over MIDI, but instead quantizes all notes in semitone steps. Also, there is a fair amount of processing lag as the GR-700's computer analyzes the string and converts this data to MIDI information. Still, most of these limitations are well

worth working around in order to gain the advantages of interfacing traditional instruments with the MIDI studio; there's something about playing a sampled piano sound from a guitar that is really quite mind-boggling.

You'll also need a MIDI drum machine, hopefully one which responds to velocity information and song data (i.e. the drum unit automatically switches to the desired song upon command). Fortunately, though, many older non-MIDI drum machines will work with MIDI sequencers that can send out a drum-compatible clock pulse signal.

The most important point to remember for any MIDI instrument is that to be most effective in the MIDI studio, the instrument should have as complete a MIDI implementation as possible. You should at least be able to receive, and preferably transmit, on all sixteen channels. Being able to transmit a keyboard's velocity (dynamics) information over MIDI is also very important, because it lets you do your own "mix" as you play (velocity keyboards are also great for programming those MIDI drum units that accept dynamic information). Expander boxes need to be capable of receiving this velocity information and responding to it.

Program change over MIDI, where changing a "patch" on the master also causes a corresponding program change on slave instruments, is also convenient. Most MIDI instruments let you program them to either accept or ignore program changes. Program change can also function as a sort of pseudo-automated mixdown if you copy a patch over to several different program numbers that differ only in

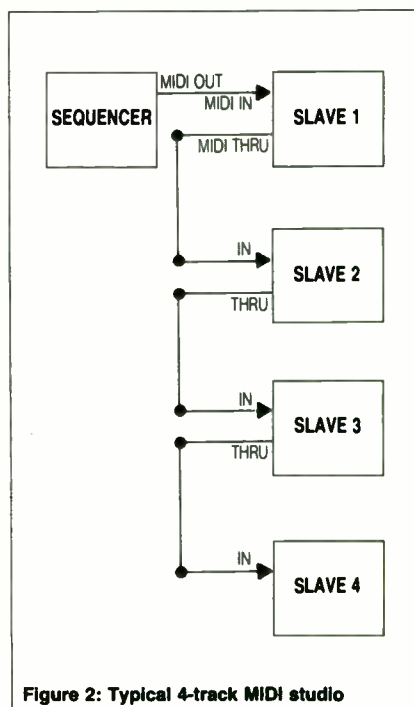


Figure 2: Typical 4-track MIDI studio

level: when you need a change, call up the program with the desired level.

Finally, the instrument controllers (pitch bend, modulation, breath controller, etc.) should be assignable to different MIDI controller numbers. (MIDI can send individual controller information for each basic channel.) Assignable controllers are great problem-solvers since there is no standardized correlation between controller number and function (except for pitch bend, which is MIDI controller 0, and sustain pedal, which follows a de facto standard of MIDI controller 64).

Once you have MIDI keyboards, a MIDI drum machine, and some expander modules, it's time to add the heart of the MIDI studio—a MIDI sequencer.

THE MIDI SEQUENCER

This has the same relationship to a MIDI studio as a multitrack tape recorder has to a conventional studio, and should be chosen with equal care. A good MIDI sequencer lets you do lots of tricks you can't do with a normal tape recorder. There are three types: the *add-on* sequencer for commercially available computers, the *built-in* that is part of a MIDI instrument, and the *stand-alone* which is conceptually closest to a tape recorder. Let's look at each type.

● **Add-on.** There is a seemingly endless stream of MIDI add-on sequencer programs: Waveform, Musicdata, Cherry Lane, Sight & Sound, Yamaha, Passport, Sequential, Roland, and a zillion others seem determined to get us using our home computers as sequencers. Whether you have an Apple, Commodore, or IBM computer, there's a MIDI sequencer for you. In addition to the software that tells the computer how to be a sequencer, most of these require some sort of hardware interface that hooks the computer up to a MIDI IN and MIDI OUT connector. The typical interface costs \$100 to \$200.

● **Built-ins.** Sometimes sequencers are included as part of an instrument. E-mu's Emulator II, for example, includes a very complete eight-track MIDI sequencer. The Linn 9000 is another "MIDI-ready" device, which combines a high-tech drum machine with a sophisticated built-in MIDI sequencer. The OB-8, when retrofitted for MIDI, can send DSX sequencer info through the OB-8 MIDI OUT connector. The advantage of the built-in approach is less redundancy, while the disadvantage is less flexibility.

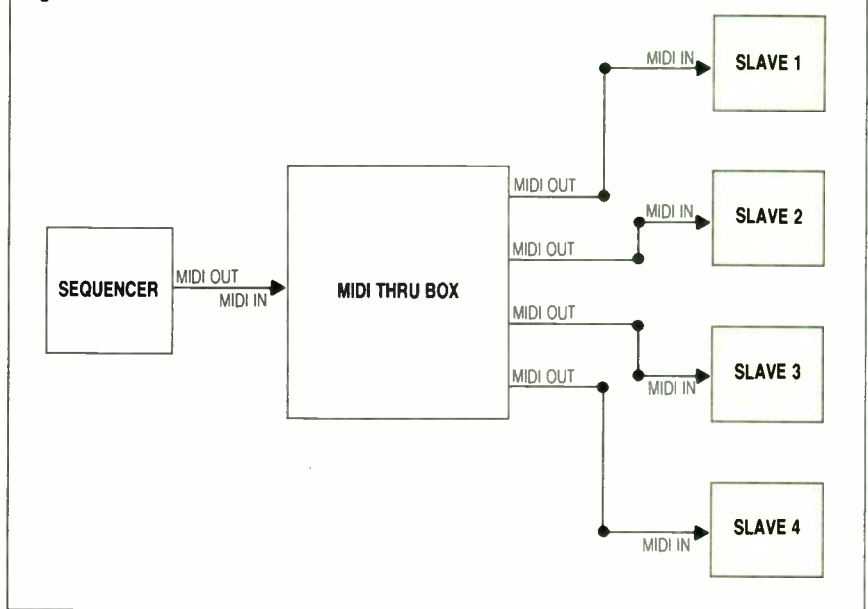
● **Stand-alones.** Yamaha's QX1 is the first true, highly complete MIDI sequencer I've seen so far. This is the functional equivalent of a conventional multitrack recorder, right down to the "fast forward" and "rewind" buttons. I expect we'll be seeing more of these

kinds of machines in the future. Roland's MSQ-700, while somewhat less sophisticated, is another very popular stand-alone sequencer.

No one sequencer can be all things to all musicians; the following list includes some of the most common and important features you can expect to find as you look at sequencers, and can serve as a check list when evaluating different models to see which one most closely meets your needs. Caution: As

sequencer into record and play away. Step time lets you move one-step-at-a-time through each and every step in the sequence, deleting or adding notes as you see fit. Some sequencers only let you do one or the other. Modular recording lets you create individual patterns which are then linked into songs (like drum machine programming). These patterns may usually be recorded in real time or step time. Note that step time, while useful, can often be simu-

Figure 3: Use of a MIDI THRU box



with synthesizers, not all manufacturers refer to a feature by the same name.

● **Number of tracks.** Sequencers typically come in 4-, 8-, 12- and 16-track versions. I've found eight to be adequate; I would feel differently, I'm sure, if I had sixteen MIDI keyboards.

● **Reasonably complete MIDI implementation.** The sequencer should be able to send note-on/off data plus dynamics as a bare minimum, and be capable of assigning any track to any channel; pitch wheel change, pressure change and program change are also very important.

● **Programmable auto correct (also called quantization).** While recording, auto correct rounds off timing errors in your playing to the nearest note value you specify—quarter notes, eighth notes, triplets, etc. Generally, a high resolution or real time mode will also be available so that you can defeat auto correct. Some sequencers auto correct only during playback, which is a useful feature since you can change auto correct on an already recorded track.

● **Disk storage option.** This is a lot faster than saving data on cassettes, and more reliable too.

● **Real-time, modular and step time programming.** Real time lets you record like a tape recorder, where you put the

laid on real-time-only sequencers by simply slowing the tempo way down.

● **Punch-in and punch-out.** Careful, though; there are some subtleties to MIDI punching. If you punch right after a "note on" command and don't program anything to turn that note off, the original note will sustain in the background. A pre-roll feature is also handy, where you can program a section to start playing a couple of measures before the punch occurs.

● **Programmable tempo changes.** Being able to change the tempo for a song is very useful. Unlike tape, speeding up and slowing down a MIDI sequencer doesn't affect the timbre of the instruments. This makes it very easy to play complex parts at a slow speed, then boost the speed up for playback. Being able to program relative tempo changes—*accelerando* and *ritardando*—helps considerably to humanize a track.

● **Track re-assignment.** Maybe you want to drive your Mirage instead of your DX7 from track 5 without having to do any repatching; this option will let you do it.

● **Easy commands.** You want to do the least amount of typing necessary. A program which requires only single-letter commands and lets you move a cursor around to make selections is better

than one which makes you type in stuff like "SAVE: COMPOSITION #1 IN B-MINOR: DISK A."

- Printout option. Some score/lead sheet printout programs are better than others, but just about all of them beat doing it by hand.

- Ability to name sequences and tracks. It's much easier to remember a song title than a number. Naming tracks is also handy; that way you know which instrument is driven by what track.

- Programmable countdown. I don't know about you, but I always need a few beats before a song starts in order to prepare myself for recording.

- Programmable metronome. Being able to program fast metronome times means that you'll still have a solid click reference if you slow the sequence way down when overdubbing.

- Expandable number of events. Most sequencers seem to be able to remember somewhere between 5,000 and 10,000 events (with note on, note off, pitch bend and so on being considered as "events"). This is fine for working on a song, but not always enough for a set of music. Being able to expand the memory to, say, 70,000 events with an optional memory expansion package leaves more space for sequences.

- Memory space status. You should be able to check how much memory is left.

- Readable manual. Make sure the person writing the manual is trying to instruct you, not impress you. If the first few pages make good sense, the rest probably will too.

- Sync-to-tape and external clock facilities. The ideal sequencer would be able to sync to anything—MIDI timing information, SMPTE, click pulses and so on. Generally, sequencers don't have all these capabilities, although you can usually find a suitable adapter box (try J.L. Cooper, Roland, Garfield Electronics, Synchronous Technologies, etc. for specific situations).

- Non-destructive editing. When editing a sequence, some sequencers create a copy which you edit. This preserves an unedited version of the original in case you end up not liking the edited sequence as much (don't you wish tape recorders would save a previous track when you did an overdub?) Once you get an edited version you prefer, then over-write the original.

- Fast forward/rewind. It's fun to hear the sequence whiz by as you look for a part towards the beginning or end of a song.

- Search. Search looks for a particular part of the sequence, or places you a certain number of measures into it.

- Bounce. You should be able to bounce around data for tracks, and combine tracks together (thus, you could play sections of a complex part

for one instrument on several tracks, then bounce them all down to create one composite part on one track).

- Transpose. So you can't sing that song in D# after all? Then transpose until you hit the right range.

- Filter. I first saw this used in Roger Powell's "Texture" program to selectively eliminate data from a track. For example, suppose you played left and right hand parts on a single keyboard, and wanted to split off the left hand part to a different keyboard. You could copy the track and filter the low notes from the original, thus sending the right hand part to one instrument; then, you could filter the high notes from the copy and

send the low notes (the left hand part) to a different instrument.

- Mute/cue function. This lets you selectively silence tracks while recording. One use is to record four or five different solos, and listen to each one individually. For live use, this means you can play different solos at different performances so you don't get bored with hearing the same sequenced part over and over and over again.

- Free software updates. According to Anderton's Law of High-Tech Equipment Purchasing, never buy anything that says "Version 1.0" unless the company will upgrade you to the next

continued on page 92

SELF-POWERED MONITORS FOR SELF-DRIVEN PROS



Plug right into Fostex 6301s. These compact, highly portable self-powered monitors will take any line level source — instrument, mixer, tape recorder — and give you 20 watts of powerful sound. Plus, you can use the internal amp separately for driving other speakers or even headphones, when you need that extra cue feed. Listen to the sound preferred by pros everywhere — on the road, at home, producing and presenting. Fostex 6301s. Inside and out, as dependable as a pro. At your Fostex Multitrack Dealer today.

Fostex

15431 Blackburn Avenue
Norwalk, CA 90650
(213) 921-1112

THE WELL-TEMPERED COMPUTER FAMILY

How the Hell Did All These Computers Get in My Studio?

By Freff

In my hard-won studio there are many tools: guitars and basses, microphones and mixers, signal processors and synths. And four computers. *Four* computers? (Six, actually, if you count the two I keep down the hall.) For a recording studio that used to be a modestly-proportioned bedroom? How the hell did this happen?

Flippant answer: one by one. Real answer: because they do the jobs I need done, and they do them superbly. I wouldn't be helpless without them, certainly not that...but I'd have a damn sight less power at my disposal. And with them, this once-upon-a-bedroom can hold its own with the most sophisticated recording studios in the world.

Think that's hype? I call it heaven. Come meet my microcomputer family and decide for yourself.

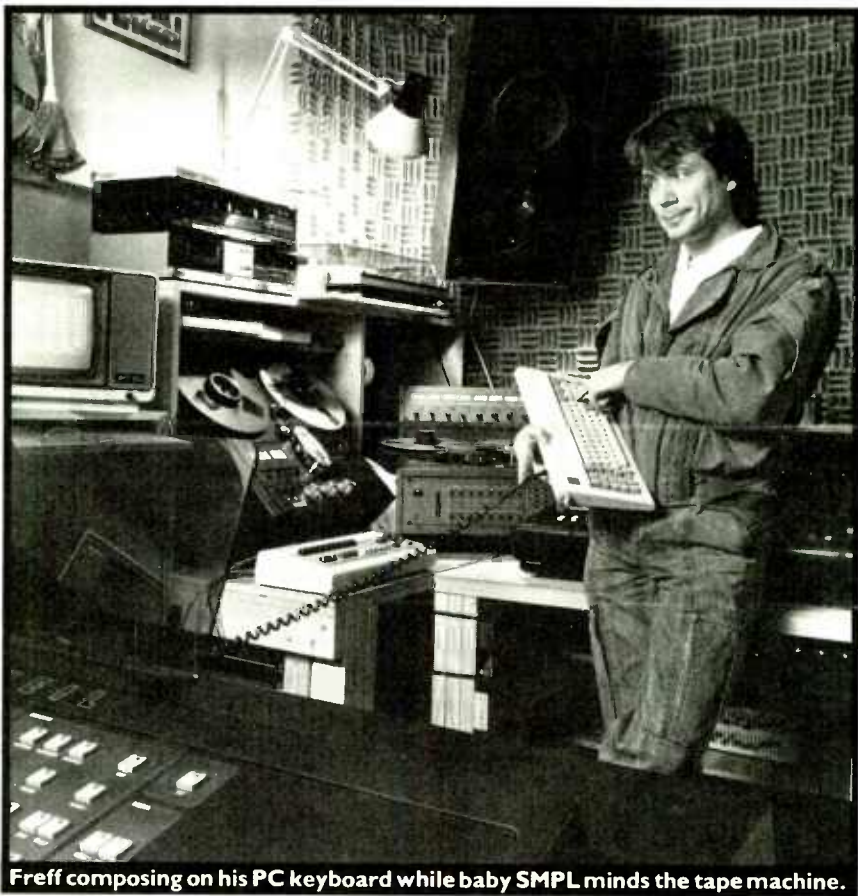
Computer #1: GRANDPA

THE APPLE II-PLUS: 64K of RAM, two disc drives, Sakata color monitor, various peripheral cards, extended game paddle port and a variety of joysticks to choose from.

This was my first computer, and I have an incredibly soft spot in my heart for it. The disc drives should probably be replaced, and 64K isn't much memory, and I've never been sure exactly what color it is (other than not quite beige and not quite green)...but oh, what unexpected doors it opened.

They began opening five years ago, when I was trying to borrow a typewriter. An engineer friend—with all the calculation of a pusher eyeing a likely target—loaned me his thoroughly customized Apple II, an early word-processing program, and a used teletype loud enough to drown out thunderstorms. In two weeks I wrote what normally would have taken me two months. Did I call him a pusher? Call me an addict. I was hooked.

In 1981 I got my own Apple, from the first computer store to open in Manhattan. The complete setup, with software and dot matrix printer and all the expensive bells and whistles set me back over five thousand dollars. I stayed with



Freff composing on his PC keyboard while baby SMPL minds the tape machine.

RANDY MATUSOW

Apple for two reasons. First, there wasn't a lot of choice in those days—remember, this was eons before you could buy a computer at K-Mart for less than good seats at a Prince concert. Second, and more important, *an Apple could be used for music*. It had a built-in speaker, there were these digital oscillator cards you could buy for it, and...well, if this thing could bleep on cue, I was for it. As it happened, it did a lot more than just bleep; which is why it now lives nestled comfortably in my studio, in the keyboard racks, below the CAT SRM II and above the DX7, lid removed for easy access and maximum air cooling.

I use it in five ways.

First, it's the heart of my alphaSyntauri system. This is a hardware/software combination that turns the Apple into a digital synthesizer with sixteen oscillators, a five-octave keyboard, the capacity for microtonal scales, and a 16-track sequencer. The sound is a bit thin in character and needs a lot of signal processing to work on tape, but there are pluses enough to balance the scale, like neat special effects and the fact

that it can generate eight different timbres simultaneously (add in the sequencer and you've got a powerful tool for sketching out orchestrations). I wouldn't trade or sell mine. It also illustrates an interesting phenomenon of life in these computer times, a sort of *pseudo-obsolescence*. The Syntauri Corporation itself is dead and gone. Look for it in data heaven. But there is still plenty of alphaSyntauri-related software and hardware being developed, by both the original designers (most of whom now work for a music software company called Mimetics) and talented users. The company is dead, but the instrument lives on, and actually improves. It didn't used to work like that!

My Apple's second use is that of music tutor. There are over fifty different theory programs available on the market today, covering topics from sight reading to ear training, at levels of complexity from kindergarten to college. It's nice to be able to study at my own rate, and the programs that take an arcade-style approach are a nice break from routine. (Avoid any ear training pro-



MUSIC COMPUTER SYSTEM

YOU WANTED SPECS?

When one considers the purchase of a sophisticated digital music system, the choices are limited and many questions must be asked and answered (not the least of which is expense and expandability). Because of its component design, the PPG Digital System offers not only the most affordable digital package but also the most cost effective entry level with the Wave 2.3 Digital Synthesizer. Obviously, the flexibility increases with the usage of more components. We confidently submit for your evaluation the specifications of the PPG Digital Music System. The specs speak for themselves... but the unique sound of the PPG is the ultimate satisfaction.



It's
True
This
monkey
will
blow
your
doors
off



- 24 voices of natural and synthesized analog, digital or FM type sounds.
- 6 voices of different natural sounds on one key.
- 6 voices of different analog, digital or FM type sounds on one key.
- 8 natural and synthesized sounds on one keyboard, using 7 variable splitpoints.
- 8 double sounds (natural and synthesized) in 8 keyboard areas.
- NEW** — 16 bit sampling with 12 bit resolution.
- REVERSE sampled sounds, MERGE two sampled sounds on top of each other, MERGE two sampled sounds on one time axis one after the other.
- SOUND LIBRARY with more than 200 sampled sounds comes with the WAVETERM.
- ANALYSE and RESYNTHESIZE any natural sounds. ALTER HARMONIC SPECTRUM of partial waveforms during resynthesis.
- COMPREHENSIVE composing and arranging facilities, without having to learn any computer languages.
- 24 tracks of digital polyphonic recording.
- Up to 8 different sounds per track.
- ON BOARD 24 track computer mix for volume, filters, pitch and waveforms. 456 synthesized sounds in the working memory within three units.
- MONO, STEREO and 24 individual outputs.
- Velocity sensing wooden weighted STEINWAY™* action keyboard with 8 individual velocity parameters and a total of 64 different settings being able to control 16 natural and/or synthesized sounds simultaneously.
- All natural sounds fully editable in realtime with all available parameters.
- All edits fully storable and instantly recallable.
- All synthesizer sounds editable in realtime.
- WAVE 2.3, WAVE 2.2 and Expansion Voice Units come with over 1900 waveforms in the nonerasable memory.
- CREATION of new WAVEFORMS with up to 32 harmonics and assignable amplitude per harmonic.
- CREATION of new WAVETABLES.
- RESONANCE envelopes can be created onto a single waveform with a 40dB filter.
- NEW** — Sophisticated MIDI software.
- NEW** — Wave 2.3 and Waveterm VIDEO INSTRUCTION MANUAL (VHS or Beta).

Europa
EUROPA TECHNOLOGY, INC.

1638 W WASHINGTON BLVD. VENICE CA 90291 213-392-4985 TELEX:506162

CALL OR WRITE FOR MORE INFORMATION

Contact your local dealer for demonstration of the PPG Music Computer System.

*Steinway is a registered trademark of Steinway Pianos

grams that use the Apple's own speaker instead of an external synth, though.)

Third use is as a controller for my Drumulator, using E-mu's GRC (Graphic Rhythm Composer) program. I find this more flexible and expressive than programming patterns from the drum machine's front panel...especially when going for those quirks of timing and volume changes that humanize a track.

Fourth use is as a programmer and librarian for my Yamaha DX7. If you've ever tried to edit voices on a DX7, you know how crazy the single data slider and little display can make you. Tackling the task with a computer keyboard and full-screen color graphics is a whole different story. In fact, right now I'm using four different Apple/DX7 pro-

grams, trying to decide which combination I like best.

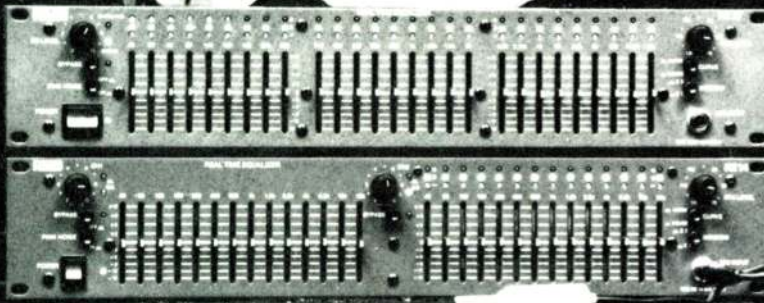
They're all basically good and useful; choosing between them comes down to a matter of personal style. Yamaha's DX-PRO has got a great visual interface that makes voice design easy to understand. But on my computer, at least, the program is quirky. Cherry Lane's HEAVEN has simpler graphics that pack more voice parameters onto a single screen. Some people will like seeing everything at once; others might find all the numbers a bit overwhelming. Then there is Mimetics' DATA-7, less a programmer than a good analyzer; you still have to do all your editing from the DX7 itself. The computer just makes it easier to see what's going on.

A bonus with all these programs is that they let you store your DX7 voices on floppy discs. Keeping a voice library using RAM cartridges is expensive, what with every 32-voice cartridge costing you \$90. But a floppy disc only costs \$2 to \$3 and stores 800 voices.

Which brings me to Mimetics' PERFORMANCE-7, a stage and studio god-send for any DX7 owner with a good voice library. PERFORMANCE-7 does one thing, and one thing only. It keeps ten different banks—320 voices—instantly available. To load a new bank you just tap a number on the Apple keyboard and wait a couple of seconds.

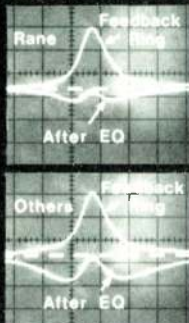
Lastly, my Apple becomes part of the studio MIDI network whenever I run MIDI/4, a 4-track recording program from Passport Systems. Frankly, that isn't very often these days. MIDI/4 is a simple, solid program that gives good service for a reasonable price. But it is limited by the Apple itself, which doesn't have enough memory to run the *really* hot MIDI recording packages.

REALTIME EQUALIZERS: SIMPLY PERFECT SOUND, EVERY TIME



RE 27 1/3-OCTAVE and RE 14 DUAL 1/3-OCTAVE REALTIME EQUALIZERS

We could write pages of claims on how the innovative three-color realtime analyzers built into the RE 27 and RE 14 will enable such a dramatic sonic improvement you'll think you have a whole new sound system. We could expound upon how quick and simple it is to adjust each slider until all the green LED's are on, yielding ± 1 dB system accuracy that's practically impossible to achieve by ear. We could tell you how much better Rane's State Variable equalizers eliminate feedback without ruining the rest of the sound, and how these Constant-Q filters are more precise and independent, reducing the need to re-adjust adjacent sliders.



But don't take our word...believe your own ears. Test-drive an RE 27 or RE 14 at your nearest Rane dealer. Hear for yourself the kind of eye-opening effect they have on any speaker system. No sticker-shock, though:

only \$849 for the RE 27 and \$749 for the RE 14, suggested list price.

Plain equalizers are becoming obsolete. Ask anyone who's used a Realtime Equalizer: they work wonders.

RANE
CORPORATION

6510 216th SW, Mountlake Terrace, WA 98043 (206) 774-7309

#2: JUNIOR

The SMPL SYSTEM: Commodore VIC-20 converted by Synchronous Technologies of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. One interface card and Zenith monochrome green monitor.

Nobody takes a Commodore VIC-20 seriously. It's a toy computer, designed for and sold in a kiddie computer marketplace that wasn't even dreamed of in the days I bought my Apple. But the fact is that even this "toy" computer has a lot of power when properly tapped. You just have to see the potential.

John Simonton, of PAIA and Synchronous Technologies, had his eyes open. And so he created his SMPL System around a heavily converted VIC-20, in one sweep making SMPTE and computerized tape recording affordable for people with less than astronomical budgets. Like me.

Basic operation is very simple. I start by using the SMPL unit to lay down a track of SMPTE timecode on my 8-track. From then on I can ignore the transport controls on the Otari and operate everything from SMPL. It reads the timecode on the tape and uses it as a guide for both auto-location and automatic punch-in and punch-out. The effect is eerie. SMPL is always accurate, but at the beginning of a session it takes time searching for its marks. This search time gets shorter as the session progresses, until it's almost nonexistent and SMPL is whizzing right along. It's like having the Invisible Man for an assistant engineer, doing perfect punches for you from across the room. SMPL also sends out sync pulses in 24-, 48- or 96-pulse formats, to drive drum machines and—if you have the right interface—MIDI sequencers.

SMART MIDI

A good idea just got a whole lot better



You don't compromise the quality of your music. So why compromise the quality of your music software?

Try SMART MIDI, our new line of MIDI software that's the most advanced music software in the business.

You'll find programs like TEXTURE, Roger Powell's new modular recording program that can record and link as many as 64 distinct patterns on 8 tracks. And CZ-RIDER, our new program for the Casio keyboards that makes creating and storing hundreds of new voices as easy as using a joystick.

Or check out CONNECTIONS, our 8 track composing and recording system with more than 18,000 notes of memory. Or DX-HEAVEN, a program that not only displays your DX-7 voices and function parameters, but links them for fast performance set-up.

And that's just the beginning. Look for Cherry Lane Technologies SMART MIDI music software in a music store near you. Or send for our Free catalogue.

PO Box 430 • Port Chester, NY • 10573



SMPL costs about \$1,000. And coming out sometime around now is an expanded interface with MIDI, simultaneous and separate sync outputs, plus the ability to do gen-lock and chase-lock with separate recorders, or a recorder and a VCR...for only \$500 more.

#3: THE TRANSIENT COUSIN

THE APPLE MACINTOSH: sometimes 128K of RAM, sometimes 512K, external disc drives, Imagewriter printer.

Macintoshes come and go around here, usually rented. I don't own one yet and I'm not really sure I want to, not until they do something about that incredibly slow and annoying DOS (Disc Operating System). My old Apple II-Plus is faster. (If you're thinking of buying a Macintosh, for heaven's sake don't

do it unless you get the 512K version with an external disc drive.) But I do have to admit I like the two musical programs I've run on it.

The first is called MUSICWORKS, from MacroMind. It's pure fun. Somewhat limited, because it generates sound with the Macintosh oscillators instead of external synths, but a MIDI version is supposed to be in the works. In the meantime, the musical graphics are superb and you can get some interesting accidental compositions by sweeping the computer's mouse around at random. A good buy for its \$49.95 price.

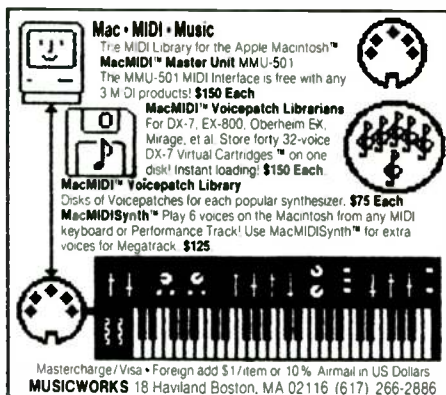
Not nearly so inexpensive is the MACATTACH communications package for the Kurzweil 250. But then, before you even need the \$1,800-plus Mac

and the \$150-plus software, you'll have already spent somewhere between fourteen and sixteen thousand on your K250 (with sampling option). What's a couple thousand more? MACATTACH is the software that coordinates data transfer between the K250 and a Macintosh disc, so you'll need it to build your own library of sounds.

More exciting for the Mac are two programs that should be in release by summer's end: Digidesign's SOUND DESIGNER for the Emulator II and Southworth Music System's TOTAL MUSIC. TOTAL MUSIC is an extremely comprehensive MIDI hardware/software package, judging from specs and some advance demos I've seen. And SOUND DESIGNER makes an Emulator II act like a Fairlight CMI for about a third the total price. (A new program for the Apple makes similarly incredible enhancements to the Ensoniq Mirage sampler.) If these live up to advance word, I may buy a Macintosh yet.

#4: ALL KNOWING FATHER FIGURE
THE IBM PC: 640K of RAM, two disc drives, Hercules Graphic Card, Amdek monochrome amber monitor, Roland MPU-401 MIDI interface.

This computer is my favorite. Power is up and price is down. Mine only cost \$2,800. It is common to sneer at the IBM PC and its parent company in some



Mac • MIDI • Music
The MIDI Library for the Apple Macintosh™
MacMIDI™ Master Unit MMU-501
The MMU-501 MIDI Interface is free with any 3 M-DI products! **\$150 Each**

MacMIDI™ Voicepatch Librarians
For DX-7, EX-800, Oberheim EX-Mirage, et al. Store forty 32-voice DX-7 Virtual Cartridges™ on one disk! Instant loading! **\$150 Each**

MacMIDI™ Voicepatch Library
Disks of Voicepatches for each popular synthesizer. **\$75 Each**

MacMIDI™ Synth™ Play 6 voices on the Macintosh from any MIDI keyboard or Performance Track! Use MacMIDI™ Synth™ for extra voices for Megatrack. **\$125**

Mastercharge/Visa • Foreign add \$17/item or 10% Airmail in US Dollars
MUSICWORKS 18 Haviland Boston, MA 02116 (617) 266-2886



PERSONAL COMPOSER
By Jim Miller

The musical software for the IBM PC is ready at last. Far better than the version the critics raved about.

Superlative notation (from IBM Keyboard, or MIDI); 32-track recording studio; Dx7 voice library; graphics; etc.

STANDARD PRODUCTIONS
1314-34th Ave.
San Francisco, CA 94122
(415) 681-9854

Make your rhythm tracks come alive. With our truly affordable drum computer software.

Drum computers have become an essential part of the music scene these days. Digital realism. Stunning musical adaptability. And unprecedented artistic power. Gone forever are the restrictions of a robotized "drum machine" feel. And if you're serious about playing music, chances are, you own one. (Or will.) ■ By now though, you've probably found—for all their advantages—a hitch or two in getting the most from this little marvel of the high-tech revolution going on in music. The idea of programming rhythm patterns in "steps" and "sequences," learning how to speak the computer's language, can take some of the fun out of playing music. Many rhythm programs are tricky, requiring some mental gymnastics and often a fair amount of planning. Playing with a computer is just **not** as simple as picking a guitar. What's more, if you're used to fretting strings and hitting keys, learning to **think** like a drummer in order to create a great drum part is usually not covered in the instructions the manufacturer packed with the machine. Doesn't it make good sense that the more time you invest programming and learning how to program, the less time you'll have for doing what you do best, what you like best—**playing music**? ■ We can help you release the musical potential built into this unique instrument. And save you time and trouble, too. ■ Drumpulse has commissioned one of the southeast's top session musicians, professional drummer Chuck Bradley, to create a collection of rhythm programs that come to you on deluxe, certified computer cassette. With only an inexpensive cassette recorder, simply load the data from the tape back into your drum computer and use it instantly. To form complete songs by linking one- and two-bar rhythmic segments together. To tailor your rhythm tracks to suit your taste. ■ Currently available are programs for the Yamaha® RX-11, RX-15 Drum Machine®, Korg® Super Drums®, and Sequential Circuit's Drum Traks® and Tom ***.

[PGM #1] **ALL THE BEST:** Various rock, funk, country, latin, and swing patterns. Basic, yet flexible enough to provide backup for almost any song. [PGM #2] **SOLID GOLD HITS OF 1984:** Patterns of the pop, country, and rock Chart Hits of 1984. Super-sounds. [PGM #3] **FUSION AND FUNK:** Straight eighth and sixteenth note patterns, syncopated hi-hat figures, and plenty of fills. [PGM #4] **LATIN SPICE AND REGGAE:** Large assortment of latin-oriented patterns, including bossas, sambas, mambos, one drops, two drops, "steppers." And much more. [PGM #5] **HOT ROCK:** The most popular drum patterns of pop rock, top-40, 50's rock, hard rock, and lots of fills. [PGM #6] **COUNTRY HEARTBREAKERS AND HITMAKERS:** Wide variety of two-beat, swing, shuffle, ¾, ¾, and ballad patterns. [PGM #7] **JAZZING IT UP:** Super selection of patterns with punches suitable for a wide variety of jazz material.

■ Each Drumpulse cassette comes packaged with a hinged plastic storage box for protection and a handy reference chart of the program's contents. ■ Drumpulse products are so new, you won't find them in music stores right now. They're sold through mail order only. ■ But ordering is easy. Pick out the programs you want, list them on a scrap of paper, specifying the make and model of your drum computer as well as your correct and complete address, and send that information along with your check or money order for **\$14.95 per program selected** to: Drumpulse, 3921 Island Home Pike, Knoxville, TN 37920 or call (615) 573-9787. ■ And call us for information about our prompt and economical custom drum machine programming for any kind of song material.

We'll program the Drum Machine. You play the music.

Do **not** send cash. C.O.D. phone orders accepted. Tennessee residents must add 7% sales tax. Foreign orders welcomed—with U.S. funds only. Dealer inquiries invited. *Yamaha® is a trademark of Yamaha Int'l. Corp. **Korg® is a trademark of KEIO Electronic Laboratory Corp. ***Drum Traks® is a trademark of Sequential Circuits, Inc.

computer circles. But the hardware itself is perfectly respectable, and in any case the real question is always software, software: are the programs out there?

Well, let's see....

I'm using XYWRITE II-PLUS for word-processing right now. (Word-processing isn't musical? I write song lyrics on it—that counts.) I'm using DBASE III for my databases. What good are they in a studio? Plenty. They're invaluable for keeping track charts, tape catalogs, synthesizer voicing data sheets, equipment maintenance schedules, musician contact lists and expenses.

There's only one synth programmer/librarian so far, a program for my Voyetra 8 from Octave Plateau. I'm hoping for CZ-101 and DX7 programs for the PC, someday, but there are none out yet. (A good CZ-101 programmer for the Apple, by the way, is Cherry Lane's CZ-RIDER.) This is an excellent argument for two computers in the studio, incidentally—one is always free for sequencing when the other is voice-editing.)

But wonderful though all of these are, they wouldn't be enough to replace the old Apple in my estimation. Except, see, there are these three devastating MIDI recording programs....

In order of release they are Jim Miller's PERSONAL COMPOSER, Octave

Plateau's SEQUENCER PLUS, and Cherry Lane's TEXTURE, written by Utopia's Roger Powell. Although they all work though the Roland MPU-401, each takes a totally different approach to the problems of multi-track MIDI recording. As a result, I find all three useful at different times, and haven't got a clear favorite.

PERSONAL COMPOSER's strong suit is notation. It works in several ways. On one side, you can write actual scores on the computer screen, scores of up to orchestral complexity, using a mouse or the computer's keyboard, and when you are done that score can drive a network of MIDI synths. If you put in *The Rite Of Spring*, by God, *The Rite Of Spring* is what you hear played back.

Also well-organized is a 32-track sequencer. But the most interesting features in the program are still taking shape. Ready for this? You can MIDI-record a keyboard performance and have PERSONAL COMPOSER convert that into music notation. I could give music printouts from this program to session players without the slightest hesitation. It's very clean. And coming in future versions is something called "midi-graphics," which will let you create your own notation characters, assign MIDI meanings to them, and then use them in your own scores.

TEXTURE takes an approach Roger Powell calls "modular recording." Using it to compose is like constructing a
continued on page 94

FULFILLING THE PROMISE OF MIDI

DR. T's MUSIC SOFTWARE
For Commodore Computers

KEYBOARD CONTROLLED SEQUENCER \$125
Much more than a tape recorder
The most powerful MIDI sequencer.

ECHO PLUS \$90
A brand new MIDI concept

CZ PATCH LIBRARIAN \$65
DX7 PATCH LIBRARIAN \$75
Convenient patch programming and disk storage

Dr. T's MUSIC SOFTWARE
24 Lexington St., Watertown, MA 02172
(617) 926-3564

MUSICWORKStudio™
The MIDI Recording Studio for the Apple Macintosh computer

MegaTrack™ MIDI Recorder/Sequencer
Record and playback MIDI performances
Unlimited independent overdub tracks! \$150

MegaMix™ MIDI Console Mixdown MegaTrack performances to create an automated mix! \$100

MIDIWriter™ Edit and print MegaTrack performances in standard music notation. You set the time reference and select formats! \$150

MUSICWORKStudio™ Create a convenient custom environment for the concurrent use of your MIDI studio resources: MegaTrack, MegaMix, and MIDIWriter! Avail 3/85 \$100

Now you have a reason!
MUSICWORKS 18 Havland Boston MA 02115 (617) 266-2886

Gauge, set & match



DISTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:

- Harris-Teller Inc., 7400 South Mason Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60638. Tel (312) 496 2100
- Musicorp., P.O. Box 31053, Charleston, South Carolina 29407. Tel (803) 763 9083
- Efkay Musical Instruments, 6355 Avenue Du Parc, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2V 4H5. Tel (514) 331 8420

I WAS A COMPUTER IDIOT!

Kicking and Screaming, a Guitarist Enters the Digital Age

By Josef Woodard

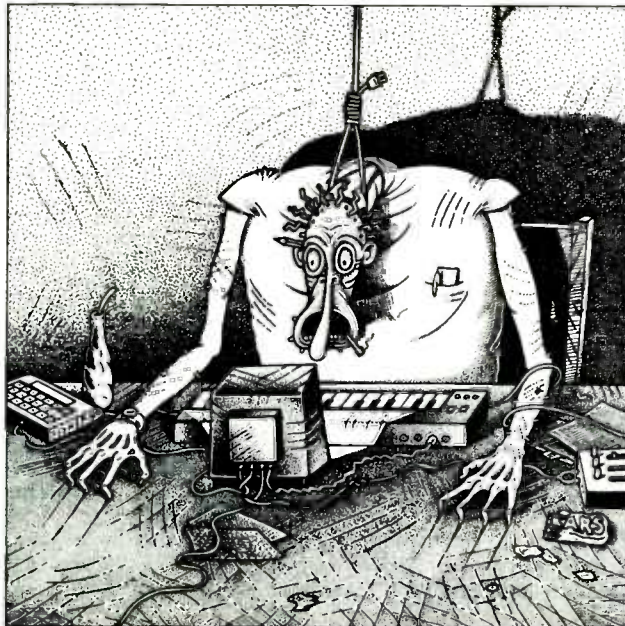
Please allow me to introduce myself. I am your Average Guitar Joe, blithely living out the existence of a rock 'n' roll proletariat. Until recently, I was harboring a dark and terrible secret. I was a computer idiot, a walking anachronism who didn't know software from footware or floppy discs from a hole in the ground. Us guitar players, no matter what we claim, are still essentially affixed to the wild west mythos: Outlaws flauntin' a hot piece they ain't ascarded to use iffen they hafta. Somehow, it's hard to play the same role armed with a pc terminal.

But stubborn pride gave way under intimidation from my editors. I had my first close encounter with a computer—and I not only survived with my psyche intact, but became a convert. If you've got my ailment, repeat after me...*I am a computer idiot. I am a computer idiot. I am a computer idiot.* Good. Help is on its way. Take it from me; I was blind but now I see.

My own personal tourguide to computer awareness was MusicData. Presently an unassuming image on the third floor of the old Wilshire Theatre building on the edge of Beverly Hills, the company was born when synthesist Lance Ong met marketing wizard Ron Wilkerson at a N.A.M.M. show. The company's first endeavors were along the lines of data cassettes programmed by big names to expand your stock synth sounds shipped from the factory. MusicData's next logical step was toward software that serves as a bridge—not only between the synth and computer manufacturers, but between all that technological sophistry and Average Joe/Janes like me.

Lance Ong and technical partner Jeff Burger sat me down at the screen with a bit of cheerleading: "From a compositional standpoint, computers are a god

send," Ong states flatly. And given the organizational latitude of the sequencer, song assembly takes on an eerie mutability. The program is ideally suited to the art of pop songcraft. Pop songs, after all, are highly modular entities, sectional roadmaps of repeating verses, choruses and the odd bridge or coda. Aided by software, shifting parts around is as easy as punching the right key—no razor or splicing tape required. What better way to road test this new-fangled gadgetry than by rolling up the sleeves and digging in (without getting my fingernails dirty, of course). I was the perfect, innocent, guitar-based subject, armed only with a riff and a prayer.



The odds got a bit stiffer when I found out that I wouldn't be able to use a Roland guitar controller to input the musical parts; I would have to tap my threadbare keyboard abilities on this perilous journey. Cold fear gripped me as I booted the disk and peered at my first menu. But when the going gets tough...

I intentionally started with only a single four-bar funk riff in mind; I wanted to see what kind of creativity these babies could spur on. I started the process by programming a LinnDrum beat, one of those unwittingly awkward grooves that a drummer would never think of, or care to (to further betray my naivete, this was my first hands-on experience with a Linn). It was drunken drums along the Mohawk.

Synched into the Commodore to provide a clock pulse (tempo variable from either the Linn or the keyboard), the Linn

provided the foundation. Using a Yamaha DX7 as my inputting keyboard, I next laid down the central riff with a slap bass sound, slowing down the tempo to suit my sluggish fingers. Only four bars of clean execution were needed, after which a one-note trigger on the next downbeat would seal off a loop. Many takes later, my misbehaving digits pulled it off, and I got a taste of one of the large advantages of recording with the system: there is virtually no rewind time, because you're not rewinding.

Playing back the riff, I accidentally changed the DX7 patch to a log drum-sounding *marimbone*. *Eureka, an inspired flub!* The figure was too busy as a bass line anyway. So it was time to go back and put down a real, pithy bass part—something meaty and to the syncopated point. It was all sounding too linear, this complement of cycling loops, so I added a few simple chords to the stew, but quickly ran afoul a basic problem. The computer is an exacting stenographer, needless to say, and I had trouble telling it to violate bar-lines and to anticipate the downbeat without throwing the groove out of phase. Also, the prior loops had to fit into the longest loop evenly; I had a two-bar phrase, a four-bar phrase and a three-bar phrase, which adds up to *Help, Mr. Wizard!*

Getting around on a computer-generated sequencer, like the Los Angeles freeway system, requires some forethought. Computers, unlike live engineers, thrive on commands. They never take coffee breaks, it's true, but they also will never second-guess a musician in creative midstream. Get to know your downbeat. You don't have quite the fix-it-in-the-mix safety net where software is concerned. With MusicData's sequencing program, you check your status—which track is being engaged, tempo, transposition position, outgoing assignment (which track is triggering which synth in the playback) and an easy-to-read chart of sequence order—all on one screen at one time. An idiot's delight. You can squeeze a lot of musical substance out of scant actual ideas. For instance, I had set up my A section—a nice

continued on page 90

*Now, a Lexicon for those
who always wanted a Lexicon.*



Lexicon digital reverb sound. Big. Clean. Hot. The sound used by the top artists. Found in the top studios. But, frankly, unaffordable to many who wanted it.

Until now.

Because now, with the new Lexicon PCM 60 digital reverberator and room simulator, we've brought Lexicon sound to even more artists and studios. At a very affordable price.

And quality? We made no compromises. Every sound is a Lexicon sound. In fact, we put 128 of the most imaginative, most useful Lexicon plate and room sounds into the PCM 60. Despite such flexibility, we made it exceptionally easy to operate, with simple pushbutton controls. And by custom designing our own digital chips, we achieved high performance for the PCM 60, while keeping its price low.

When you audition the PCM 60 at your Lexicon dealer, you'll hear for yourself its superb Lexicon sound. The exact same sound you hear on your favorite recordings. And now, a sound that is yours.

Your dealer is waiting to demonstrate the PCM 60 just for you. And a descriptive brochure is yours for the asking. Lexicon Inc., 60 Turner Street, Waltham, MA 02154, USA. Telephone: (617) 891-6790. Telex: 923468. Lexicon International, Althardstrasse 238, 8105 Regensdorf, Switzerland. Telex: 59222.

Lexicon sound. Affordable at last.

lexicon

ROGER LINN, THE MISSING LINK

Musicians & Computers Meet in the Mind of a Modest Revolutionary

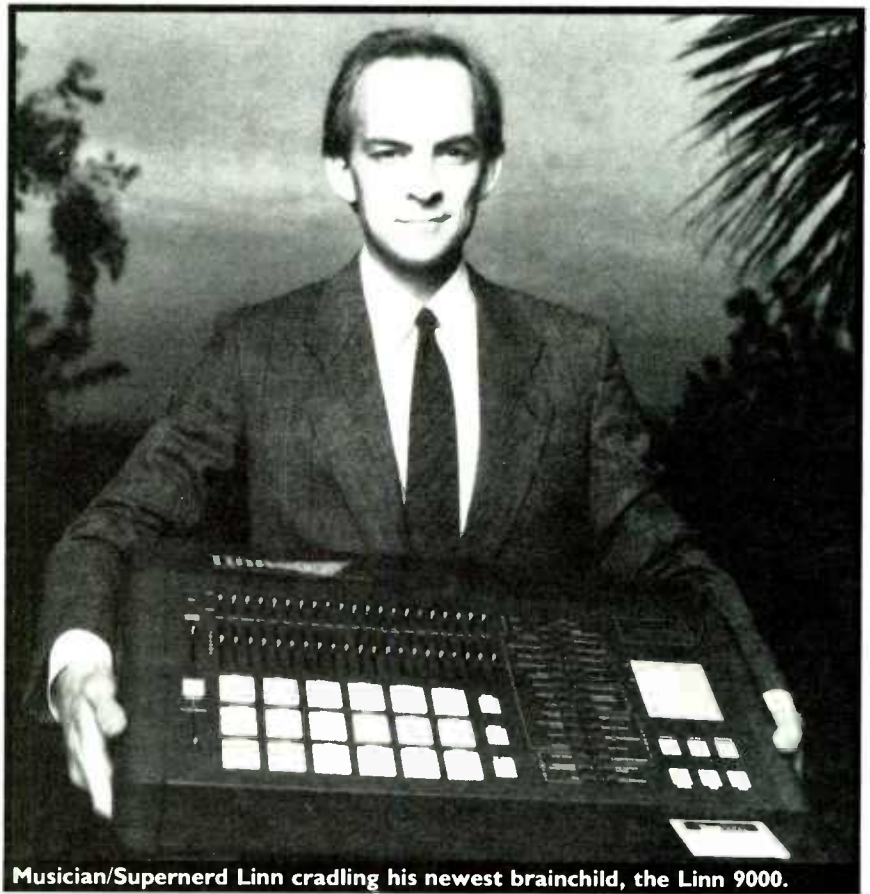
By Jock Baird

One way to tell if you're good at something is to find out how much money people are willing to pay you for it," says Roger Linn, the musician/inventor who shook the world. "Someone can say you're a good guitar player, but will they hire you for a session? Someone can say your drum machine is nice, but will they shell out the money for it? My finances when I was a guitar player and a songwriter proved to me that drum machines are what I'm good at."

Technology, like Roger Linn's invention of the first commercial programmable real-sound drum machine, seldom develops in straight lines. Far from a footnote, Linn's unsuccessful 70s career as a "jack of all trades, master of none" was the foundation of the first computer music product ever to be widely accepted by musicians. That's right, all you technophobes who swear you'll never go digital, that drum machine you've been using all this time is a computer, although as Linn laughs, "We do the most we can to hide that."

So how *did* a kid from Hollywood High with no college education catch the entire musical instrument industry napping? Born twenty-nine years ago, Roger Linn grew up in Los Angeles, his father a professor of music theory and composition at USC. At age eight, Roger began studying classical guitar, until four years later a rabid fascination with George Harrison's guitar sound led him into rock and electronics. By the time he graduated from Hollywood High in '73, he was a good enough guitarist to catch the ear of Leon Russell, who took Linn on the road, first to play in singer Mary McCreary's band, and then after she married Russell, in their combined ensemble. Linn even moved to Leon's beloved Tulsa for a spell.

"The truth of it is, I wasn't a great guitar player," says Linn with typical modesty, "but I was also the recording engineer and I was really into synths. I also did some songwriting—another person and I wrote a song called 'Promises' that Eric Clapton did around '79



Musician/Supernerd Linn cradling his newest brainchild, the Linn 9000.

or '80. The songs I wrote were not that great, but my feeble attempt at songwriting did give me some perspective on what a songwriter needs."

"I had a little studio in one room of the house I was living in, and around '77 I decided I needed a drum machine. I went down to one of the guitar stores, and all these machines were like seven hundred bucks. I said, 'I can't afford that!' Returning home, he resolved to build his own. His revenge had begun.

"I'd always been sort of an electronics nerd anyway, pens in the pocket and the whole bit. A year or two before, I'd bought my first computer, called a Compal 80: I saw it, and bought it on the spot. I already knew something about electronics—I'd taken a couple of high school and correspondence courses. I took some new courses in programming, and developed a close friendship with the repairman at the computer store. I learned enough to get in trouble. All of a sudden I became totally enthralled with the Compal. I found myself writing little novel programs, playing with it all day.

"So I did a program that would send

out electrical signals on the computer and then I hooked up some simple circuitry to make very simple analog drum sounds from a drum generator board from a Roland machine. It sounded pretty bad, but at least it was programmable. The TV screen had a grid, with the different drums represented vertically and the sixteenth notes horizontally, and you'd plug an asterisk into the grid where you wanted the drum to sound. Actually, my first program was able to do a bassline, too, on a monophonic synthesizer. But it turned out the drum was more important."

Applying Linn's Law of career-evaluation, Roger had clearly stumbled on something: "My friends were so excited about what I'd put together. They were saying, 'Hey, let me buy one from you,' and they were quoting these outrageous figures! But I decided to spend more time and improve it."

While developing the operating system for his first commercial prototype, Linn made a number of discoveries and decisions that established the architecture of modern drum machines. His first big change was eliminating the TV

Just when you thought you'd heard everything. First the Kurzweil 250 sounded like an acoustic instrument. Now it can sound like anything.

USER SAMPLING. Customize the Kurzweil 250 with our new Sound Modeling Program,[™] which offers from 20-100 seconds sampling time at a 5-25 kHz variable sampling rate. Trimming, looping, pitch, and amplitude adjustment give you the flexibility to get the best sound possible. **NEW SOUNDS.** Enhance your resident instrument library with our new Sound Block, giving you up to 45 total sounds and 124 keyboard setups. New voices include human choir, timpani, harp, and more.

USER PROGRAM

MABILITY. Take advantage of our extensive programmability features. Continuously variable vibrato/tremolo/amplitude parameters. A 256-segment envelope generator. Five modes of transposition. Three modes of stereo chorusing. Variable brightness and pitch modulation. Up to 87 keyboard splits and up to 6 layers.

EXPANDED SEQUENCER

MEMORY. Expand the Kurzweil 250 Sequencer to an 8,000-note capacity spread over 12 polyphonic tracks. Full editing capabilities include looping, quantization, individual track editing and volume control, and individual note editing.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

Experience the Kurzweil 250 at your local Kurzweil Dealer. (For a demonstration cassette send \$6.95 to Kurzweil Music Systems, Inc. P.O. Box 863, Providence, R.I. 02901. MA residents add 35¢ tax.)



KURZWEIL

YOU CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE.

monitor. "I went away from the video screen idea, because when I had the non-real, step entry system on the screen everybody said, 'I can't use this, I need to just tap a button.' It's hard to think in non-real time; that skill has to be learned, and I wanted a machine where people didn't have to think."

While developing real-time programming, Linn stumbled across an important innovation: error correction. "It appeared to me, actually, through a mistake. I knew that I wanted to be able to save memory, so I said, 'Sixteenth notes are very common, so I'll round everything off to the nearest sixteenth note.' But then everything you play will be cor-

rected. I thought, "Hey, this is a great mistake!" The chain system, or song system, came about the same way: not enough memory to record the whole way through. So I thought, there's a certain number of rhythms in there, why don't I stick them together as verse, chorus, bridge...."

A further Linn invention was quantifying and programming swing, born of Leon Russell's passion for shuffles. But Linn's most enduring achievement was his decision to use digital recordings of his drum sounds: "Digital recording, the process of taking an analog wave form and converting it into a series of numbers, had been around for a long time.

And it was just the connection of the two thoughts: digital recording exists for music, and memories can be solid state memories. And even though what you could record was very short, who cares, since one strike of a drum lasts perhaps half a second. If that."

It was a "real rough" year for Linn: "It was very, very nervewracking and I did very little else. I was just being a total lock-myself-in-the-room nerd. I was working twelve hours a day. There were some bad power problems in my house, and I remember one summer when I was doing a lot of the development work, whenever the neighbor would kick his air conditioner on, it would cause a power surge in my Radio Shack Model One, which was a pretty unreliable computer. So I did much of my greatest programming after people turned their air conditioners off, from about ten o'clock in the evening to about four or five in the morning."

One thing kept Linn going: stubbornness, the stuff of champions. "It's funny, I'm usually very hesitant to jump out into the unknown," he shrugs, "but once I've taken one step and I've already started, it's impossible to take a step backward. I had these bills I had to pay, I had made promises to people, taken their deposits. there was no question I was going to make good on that." At last, the prototype of the LM-1 was ready. It was not lovely: "What I had was a cardboard box—I was still having the casings made up—with some circuit boards in it, wires hanging out of it...." But it caused a sensation.

The LM-1 appeared in the spring of 1980, manufactured at first by out-of-work musician pals of Roger and later by friend Bob Easton's 360 Systems plant. There were only about five hundred made, "but they went to all the top musicians in the industry." Linn went from a one man show to a real company, and his fame grew. By 1982, when the declining price of memory (and competition from Oberheim) ushered in the LM-1's successor, the LinnDrum, the issue of electronic drummers putting human drummers out of work had been hotly joined.

"It was never my intention to replace drummers, but in some cases that happened, definitely. Still, I think drummers are considering different priorities now—I don't think it's as important to just be an absolute steady-time drummer anymore. What we're really talking about is the effect of technology on art. Every time an engineer comes up with a new circuit, it will be the artist who follows that will make it into an art form. A parallel would be the invention of photography. Before it existed, the purpose of artists was to reproduce someone or something. Then photography

**The Search
for the
Ultimate Guitar Sound
is Over**

**More than 50,000 Players Have Climbed Aboard
Don't be Left Behind**

Scholz Research & Development, Inc. 1560 Trapelo Road, Waltham, MA 02154 • 617-890-5211

A Blessed Event

*We are
pleased to announce
the arrival of
the Model 166
Dynamics Processor...
the most versatile compressor/limiter
we've ever made!*



- Noise gate with switchable release rate • PeakStop, for good-sounding "intelligent clipping"
- Variable OverEasy compressor with ∞ :1 effects • Sidechain monitoring • Stereo or dual-mono operation

dbx[®]

Professional Products Division
71 Chapel St.
Newton, Mass. 02195 USA
Telephone: (617) 964-3210
Telex: 92-2522

"OverEasy" and "PeakStop" are registered trademarks of dbx.

came along and they were out of a job. But soon artists began adding more than photographers could do, leading to abstract art. Ultimately photography led to *more* creativity."

About two years ago, Linn set his company working on another breakthrough, a 32-track keyboard sequencer in the same box with an improved (touch-sensitive pads, high-hat open & close slider) drum machine. Roger dubbed it the Linn 9000, after the HAL 9000 series rogue computer in 2001. "If you're going to have the band in there, why limit it to the drums? The original machine I made had a bass sequencer, after all. It was becoming clear to me that a sequencer shouldn't just make sixteenth notes, a bass line that repeats

for five minutes.

"Even the word sequencer to me is *continued on page 95*

Idiot from page 84

enough, bubbling ditty—with a total of maybe thirty seconds playing time.

I then makeshifted a B section by instructing the Commodore to transpose everything but the bass up a fifth and swapped sounds. A Casio CZ-101 played the bass, the DX7 played *Marimbone* and an Oberheim OB-8 offered a brass sound, the latter two trading sounds between sequences of the tune. To give the illusion of musical direction, I cooked up another bass riff with an interlocking motif as a C section and played an actual solo, recorded at

maybe two-thirds the eventual tempo. Getting the hang of this arrangements-while-you-wait enterprise, I plotted the different sections in a carefully random fashion on the sequence chart. As a sort of coda, I had the bass transpose down a fourth, reaching a sad and wonderful harmonic resolution that sends listeners pondering the whole art versus technology issue, or dinner.

Shockingly, my little untrained foray into the software resulted in a five-minute piece that bears an uncanny resemblance to music. It will never wend its way to vinyl, but this etude, which I humbly call "Blinded Me With Parlance," has a quirky, perky charm; it's an example of neo-expressionist, post-Jazzercise dogma. Available through modem only.

Most of all, my cassette copy of the tune acts as a verification of a rite of passage. I communed with a Commodore and found that we are not nemeses, that we could more than just peacefully coexist. In fact, the ease of musical operations afforded through computers raises a nasty question; will data-processing, by making musicians sound better than they actually are, erode the standards of modern musicianship? Is the computer musician a more indolent sort than his/her acoustic/analog ancestor? And will computers alter the way music is constructed and absorbed, resulting in more sterile, programmatic pragmatics, a more paint-by-the-number creative aesthetic? Will it change the contours of our thought patterns; is it apparent, for example, by the nature of my sentences that this manuscript was pecked on a rickety Smith Corona, when all about me have graduated to word processors? What's it all about, Apple? ☐

Serafine from page 66

come increasingly a part of the fabric of a tune. Besides, he adds, "It seems like sounds are the only free things left in the world."

What's the best way for musicians to become more sound-conscious? Is there any kind of ear training? "No, I don't think so. Experimentation is the key to getting good sound effects...going out and recording sounds, playing them backwards, stretching existing synthesizers, using sampling devices...stretch your mind, ideas, and experiment. I think that's why Jimi Hendrix was so outrageous; he took music into the world of sound effects.

"As soundtrack technology moves into the music industry, musicians will have a lot to gain. With video music and computer graphics becoming more of an entertainment source, sound effects will become an integral part of the music medium, and musicians will be creating their own as part of the package." ☐

Puzzled by Audio/Video/MIDI Sync Lock? It's SMPL™

Yesterday it took lots of money and hassle to implement a truly contemporary Audio for Video Studio.

You needed a box to lock a Video transport to the Audio. And boxes to autolocate the Audio and Video transports. And a box to lock and locate the "virtual" MIDI tracks. And more boxes to convert the sync your sequencer likes to the kind your drum set favors.

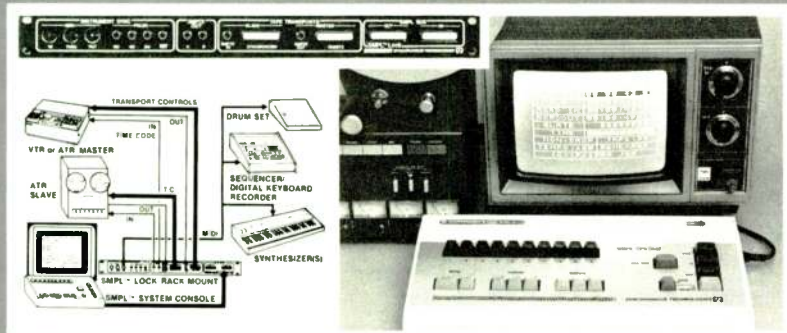
And an Engineering Degree to tie it all together and work it, and a very friendly banker to help pay for it.

But, today, Sync Tech's SMPL System performs all of these functions and MORE. In one easy to use, low cost package you get a complete Audio editing, Video lock-up, Instrument syncing system that includes:

- Two machine (Audio or Video) Sync Lock
- 10 point autolocator for both transports.
- MIDI Sync/Autolocate
- 24, 48, 96 Tick/Beat instrument sync
- Automatic Punch In/Out
- DF, NDF, 25 F/S, 24 F/S SMPTE Time Code Generator
- 8 programmable EVENT gates
- Transport remote controls

Best of all, the SMPL System is for real — no "gotchas". Works with equipment from every major manufacturer from inexpensive Portable Studios to 2" transports, even consumer quality VCRs.

For more information and the name of the nearest dealer who can SMPLify your life, call or write:



SYNCHRONOUS TECHNOLOGIES

P.O. Box 14467 • 1020 W. Wilshire Blvd. • Okla. City, OK 73113 • (405) 842-0680

SEIKO
SEIKO
SEIKO
SEIKO

The trusted name that offers musicians the most complete selection of high quality tuners. Real value means durability and accuracy.

Look for the Seiko display cabinet at your favorite music store.



ST 388 Automatic Guitar Tuner. Special automatic tone search function allows for hands-free tuning. Lighted meter and A438-445 Hz pitch shift. Equipped with line-in and buffer amp line-out for direct stage use that insures against signal or frequency dropoff. **\$59.50**



ST 361 Deluxe Chromatic. Equipped with line-in, line-out and lighted VU meter, this 7 octave chromatic is perfect for use on stage with electronic keyboards, and synthesizers. **\$99.50**



ST 368 Deluxe Guitar Tuner. Equipped with line-in and line-out for direct use on stage. Complete with earphone jack and lighted VU meter for backstage use as well. **\$49.50**



ST 366 Portable Guitar Tuner. This leader in convenience fits in most any case. It is high quality, maximum compactness and value all in one unit. **\$34.50**

KORG OWNERS



**EXPAND YOUR
SOUNDS WITH
NEW PROGRAMS**

by
DON MURO

DW6000 - 64 programs \$24.95
Includes distinctive lead sounds plus incomparable ensemble sounds created by a master synthesist and programmer. In addition to six different string sounds, the ensemble sounds include organs, electronic keyboards, flutes, bass, acoustic guitar, horns and more.

POLY 800/EX 800 - 64 programs \$24.95
Includes unique lead sounds and a variety of rich ensemble sounds such as lush strings, big brass, full pipe organ, eight bass sounds, sound effects & more.

POLY 61/61M - 64 programs \$24.95
Includes highly original lead sounds and ensemble sounds such as big brass, full strings, organs, bass, sound effects, and more.

POLYSIX SET #1 (lead and ensemble sounds)
- 32 programs \$19.95

POLYSIX SET #2 (instruments and sound effects)
- 32 programs \$19.95

TRIDENT MK. II (lead and ensemble sounds)
- 32 programs \$19.95

DEMO CASSETTE with complete program listings
for DW6000 and POLY 800/EX 800 \$5.00

ELECTRONIC MUSIC PRODUCTS & SERVICES
Box 411, Merrick, N.Y. 11566 (516) 378-4155

Prices include list of programs and shipping charges. (N.Y.S. Residents add local sales tax.)

MIDI from page 77

software revision for free. Initial software offerings often have bugs; by the time you get to version 1.4 or so, the bugs are pretty much all gone.

HOOKING IT ALL UP

Now we have our tools together, so let's hook everything up. **Figure 2** shows a typical setup for a four-track MIDI studio. The MIDI signal from the computer interface or sequencer goes to Slave #1's MIDI IN. A replica of the signal entering Slave #1's MIDI IN is available at the MIDI THRU connector (sort of like the "dry out" or "direct out" found in effects boxes), which we use to send the computer data to Slave #2. By feeding MIDI THRU jacks to MIDI IN jacks, we can send the computer data to several slaves.

However, as we all know MIDI is not perfect; some instruments do not provide MIDI THRU jacks, and in any event, this way of interconnecting devices only works for a limited number of keyboards (as the MIDI signal goes through multiple THRU outputs, it can be the victim of "data distortion" due to technical limitations of the MIDI interface). **Figure 3** shows the solution: Use a MIDI THRU accessory box, which provides an individual MIDI OUT signal for each instrument. Each MIDI OUT connects to the

instrument's MIDI IN jack. Several companies make MIDI THRU boxes with four to eight outputs; for those who really want to stretch their studio, Synchronous Technologies markets a 16-channel MIDI THRU box.

Congratulations! Everything's in place and ready to go. Dig out the sequencer's owner manual and start putting it through its paces. Remember to set your MIDI channels and modes (omni-poly-mono) correctly, and you're off.

Not everything will go smoothly, of course. You should be prepared for surprises (both good and bad), and some frustration. Remember those times your tape recorder wouldn't record—until you noticed that you were in sync mode? Those kinds of "beginner's mistakes" are very common when using MIDI. MIDI has so many variables that things seldom work perfectly from the beginning. You will have to make sure that your controllers are set so that they can talk to the sequencer, and you might occasionally run into a bug. They're part of the deal.

Once you begin to use the MIDI studio, you'll really start to appreciate how much it simplifies and speeds up the composition process. For years, I've been waiting for the tapeless studio, and it's finally here. Recording will never be the same. ☐

MAKE ANY SOUND YOU WANT

...With **SYNTHARTS Synthesizer Instruction Courses on video tape.**

Designed for the modern electronic keyboardist, guitarist, or drummer, SYNTHARTS shows you how to:

- ▶ **Make any sound, real or electronic, from any synth.**
- ▶ **Utilize MIDI to its fullest potential.**
- ▶ **Program FM Synthesizers like the DX-7.**
- ▶ **Effectively edit presets.**
- ▶ **Interface any unit to any other unit regardless of manufacturer.**
- ▶ **Take advantage of the latest computer technology.**

Useful to beginner and seasoned studio pro alike, SynthArts cuts through the technical talk and plainly demonstrates how to achieve these goals. Because these are video courses, you learn by watching and hearing first-hand demonstrations on actual equipment. All the major manufacturers are included. You'll see and hear demonstrations on equipment by Yamaha, Simmons, Sequential Circuits, Roland, Oberheim, Moog, Linn, Korg, Fender/Rhodes, Emu, Commodore, Apple, and many more.

Secrets of Analog & Digital Synthesis

This course is a comprehensive and entertaining overview of all aspects of synthesizer sound creation and performance. In two volumes, this course shows you how to make any sound on any synthesizer and pro-



Each SYNTHARTS course consists of two volumes. Each volume includes a 2-hour video tape and a comprehensive 100 page illustrated reference manual which is supplied in a hardcover binder. The tape is recorded in stereo hi-fi (compatible with all VCRs) and is available in VHS or Beta.

Each Volume: **\$129.95** (suggested retail)
Available at your local music store.

to use synthesizers in conjunction with computers, sequencers, drum machines, and other synthesizers.

The SynthArts courses were written by **Steve De Furia**, synthesist/programmer with such recording artists as Frank Zappa, Stevie Wonder, John Farrar (Olivia Newton-John), David Paich, Steve Porcaro, and Lee Ritenour. Mr. De Furia is a former faculty member of the Electronic Music Department of Berklee College of Music.

SynthArts

Ferro Productions
228 Washington Avenue
Belleville, NJ 07109
Phone (201) 751-6238

vides you with valuable insights into stage and studio performance techniques. Some of the topics explored are "The Physics of Sound," "The Synthesist as Magician and Impersonator," "Programming FM Synthesizers such as the DX-7, and an in-depth tour of virtually every major manufacturer's synthesizer product line.

Making the Most of MIDI

This two-volume course is a continuation of the previous volumes and explores all aspects of the Musical Instrument Digital Interface, commonly known as MIDI. The course makes sense of the bewildering information and choices facing the MIDI musician. It shows how to use MIDI to help you produce and perform music in ways that were previously impossible, and demonstrates how

Note-worthy

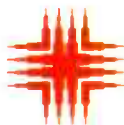
Introducing the *M-I-D-I Conductor*[™] — Musical Instrument Digital Interface for the Macintosh.[™] A musician's dream come true.

Now, you can tap the graphic power and ease-of-use of the Macintosh to mix, record, edit and compose music. The *M-I-D-I Conductor* allows you to plug your electronic component directly into your Macintosh. The two input/output cables give you direct access to the world of electronic musical composition. You'll love how little it takes to accomplish a lot.

List price \$89.

And, when you are finished creating your masterpiece, you can use your Macintosh to project all the royalties and residuals you'll receive from your music.

Take advantage of the increasing amount of computer hardware and software to help you expand your musical creativity. Also available from Assimilation are two new and exciting software products to use with your *M-I-D-I Conductor*, *Media Magic*[™] and *M-I-D-I Composer*[™]. Each only \$29.



Assimilation

1 (800) MAC 5464 • In California 1 (800) 421-0243

Macintosh is a trademark licensed to Apple Computer. The M-I-D-I Conductor, Media Magic and M-I-D-I Composer are trademarks of Assimilation, Inc. © Assimilation, Inc. 1985

World Radio History

Computer Family from page 83 mosaic—you build up larger pieces from the selected repetition of smaller fragments. Each song can have up to sixty-four "links" made up of different combinations of sixty-four different "patterns," arranged over eight tracks. I haven't had this program long, but I'm finding it quite pleasing to work with.

SEQUENCER PLUS' strong point is control—no, make that CONTROL! It has sixty-four tracks for recording, with room for around 60,000 notes in a 640K IBM PC like mine, and every single one of those 60,000 notes can be edited for length, pitch, start time, volume...even release velocity, if you have synths which use that data, like Prophet T8s

and Chromas do. Music is notated in graphic form, as bars on a grid. The higher the bar, the higher the pitch. The longer the bar, the longer the note. It's such a simple interface that its power is not immediately apparent, but after a short time you'll likely find standard notation stiff and a little disappointing to work with. I know I do.

In addition, it can be synched to tape through the MPU-401 (or SMPL, using a Nano Doc from Garfield Electronics). In my studio this has two immediate and overwhelming benefits. First, I'm not limited to eight tracks anymore. Instead I have seven "acoustic" tracks to record on with microphones, one for the sync code, and then up to sixty-four MIDI

synth tracks that will always be in sync with the miked stuff. Suppose I make a tape recording and a MIDI-recording simultaneously. Three days later I change my mind about something, maybe a note or a timbre. All I have to do is edit the computer score, sync the computer and the tape back together, hook up the synth of my choice, and drop the new track perfectly into place. Even total garbage can be edited into perfection if you take the time.

#?:THE NEXT GENERATION

THE SOMETHING THAT HASN'T BEEN BUILT YET: more memory, more speed, better graphics, more POWER.

Right now I'm surrounded by networks. There's the network that feeds the patchbay for the recording chain, the patchbay made up of instrument outputs, the MIDI net, and all the various control systems. I've arranged my little room so that I can sit in a couple of different places and reach the three or four control panels that count—the PC keyboard, SMPL, the Otari recording remote, any (or all) my MIDI synths through a Casio CZ-101 I can hold in my lap—and that's wonderful.

But gosh, if I just had a little more computer power, and more of the signal-processing gear had interface jacks built in, and the networks could be merged into one...oh my. Oh my my. ☐



Start hitting it right now! Subscribe today.

Modern Drummer. The one magazine read by thousands of professional drummers who want to know everything that's happening in their world. Just complete the coupon here and start receiving Modern Drummer magazine.

Monthly issues keep you informed about the top talents in drumming, the newest

equipment, books and records, the latest info about the business side of drumming and the hottest tips about playing, tuning, muffling, miking, maintenance and more.

Everything you want — and need — to know about drums, drummers and drumming. Don't miss a beat. Subscribe now.

Yes, I'd like to have my own subscription to MODERN DRUMMER

One Year (12 issues) \$22.95 Two Years (24 issues) \$41.95 Airmail add \$50* per year
 USA, Canada, Mexico USA, Canada, Mexico

\$27.95* Foreign \$46.95* Foreign *Payable in U.S. funds only

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Payment enclosed (check or M.O. please) Please bill me Visa Master Card

Account Number _____ Exp. Date _____

Return coupon to Modern Drummer Publications Subscription Services PO Box 469 Cedar Grove, New Jersey 07009

Your subscription will start with the next available issue. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery. 100552

MODERN DRUMMER MAGAZINE

**Build your own
Cabinet,
Flightcase
and Multicore**

**We have the necessary top
quality hardware:
Corners, handles, catches,
aluminum, extrusions, cables,
connectors, vinyl and speakers.**

**Write for free 60 page
brochure and price-list.
Please send 2 \$ for postage.**

fcc
FCC-Fittings
Hawthorne, NJ 07506
Postbox 356 c
Phone: 201 423 4405

Linn from page 90

a misnomer; what it really is is a digital keyboard MIDI recorder. There's no chain or song system—it's recording in real time all the way through, on one long string of memory—though if you want to use a chain system or error correct you can. If you want a fill in bar 71, you go forward to bar 71 and punch it in." There's also musician-friendly features like transport buttons resembling a tape machine's, and a HELP button that turns the display into a user's manual.

"I try to stay away from getting too locked in to little details and keep looking at the overview. What we're really trying to find is the best way to get the music in a musician's head onto a tape recorder or out to an audience. Everything in between is an obstacle we're trying to remove. Someday a musician might have a little jack on the back of his head, and just think things and the audience will hear it. That's the ideal. Until then...."

"Ideas are never really a problem for me. It's the implementation, all the work involved. I love to design products on paper. When I was eight or ten I used to draw pictures of the ultimate guitar, amplifier, keyboard, things like that—I remember one was a guitar amplifier with every single effect built in. They were all just kid's dreams. And that's what I do now—make the machines of my dreams."

PERSONAL COMPOSER™

SOFTWARE FOR IBM



A 32-track MIDI multifunction recorder with high resolution music printing, and DX-voicing and library, \$495.00

Freff, PC Magazine: "Personal Composer is a programming masterpiece... Beethoven would have killed for this software..."

John Amaral, Musician: "The most elaborate and powerful professional music software available..."

Jim Miller, Personal Composer
14080 Edgewater Ln., N.E.
Seattle, WA 98125
(206) 364-0386

COMING.

PRS GUITARS

PAUL REED SMITH GUITARS
1812 Virginia Ave., Annapolis, MD 21401
SEND \$2. FOR FULL COLOR BROCHURE

Jaco, Gadd, Tee Belew, Scofield

These top musicians have recorded instructional video tapes that demonstrate the styles and techniques that have made them among the most respected players in the music business.

Since they're on tape they can teach you in the privacy of your own home as often as you like.

Aside from learning their secrets you'll also see

them apply their tricks of the trade in performance segments throughout the tape.

The tapes are 60 to 90 minutes long in state-of-the-art Hi-Fi sound.

To order one simply get in touch with your local music store or fill out the coupon below.

I would like the following tapes:

Quantity

Beta	VHS	Drums
___	___	Steve Gadd "Up Close" (\$59.95)
___	___	Steve Gadd II "In Session" (\$64.95)
___	___	Lenny White "In Clinic" (\$59.95)
___	___	Ed Thigpen "On Jazz Drumming" (\$59.95)
___	___	Louie Bellson "The Musical Drummer" (\$59.95) (6+ page book to accompany Bellson tape, \$7.95)
___	___	Guitar
___	___	Adrian Belew "Electronic Guitar" (\$59.95)
___	___	John Scofield "On Improvisation" (\$59.95)
___	___	Bass
___	___	Jaco Pastorius "Modern Electric Bass" (\$64.95)
___	___	Piano
___	___	Richard Tee "Contemporary Piano" (\$59.95)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Phone () _____

N.Y.S. residents add 8% sales tax

*Add \$4.00 for postage per order in the U.S. and \$7.00 for countries outside the U.S.

**For PAL tapes add \$6 (U.S.) per tape for conversion costs.

**For MasterCard or Visa orders, call 1-800-342-4500
In New York State call 212-582-2000**

Make check or money order payable to:

DCI Music Video
541 Ave. of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10011

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

M-8-5

Post-Avalon elan: Still crying in his Perrier, Ferry perfects his smooth white wine.



BRYAN FERRY

Boys And Girls
(Warner Bros.)(CD)

In the world of Bryan Ferry, sensation is the currency and the air is emotionally intoxicating. Boys and girls score love the way junkies score smack, enslaved or annulled by their passions. To anyone who has never felt the grip of such obsessions, who has never known, as Ferry puts it, "how the strong get poor and the rich get weak," these *crises de conscience* must sound a tad melodramatic, or perhaps merely dreamy. In the hands of an ordinary artist, they would probably just fall flat. But Bryan Ferry has never sounded ordinary, and the siren songs of *Boys And Girls* are at once stormy and shimmering.

The record is Ferry's first solo LP since 1978's *The Bride Stripped Bare*, but its themes and musical conception bears closer resemblance to Roxy Music's 1982 offering *Avalon*, an album that's finally receiving its just recognition as a pop classic. Ferry's music has grown more groove-oriented over the years, and his eerie colors and voicings—in the past oft-rendered by Phil



Manzanera's space-age guitar and Andy McKay's Black Forest oboe—can be both emotionally jolting and musically refined. Neither sideman appears on *Boys And Girls*, but their legacies are echoed by a core of studio musicians, while guest guitarist Mark Knopfler provides languorous embellishment to the title track and to "Stone Woman," a paeon to sensual detachment suggestive of "Flesh And Blood." Meanwhile, erstwhile Roxyites Andy Newmark and Alan Spenner help ignite those formidable Ferry rhythms, equally applicable for getting it on the dance floor or standing in the shadows and brooding over your drink.

But the real show here is Ferry himself, who has rarely sounded quite so blue or so elegantly seductive (listen to the way he shapes "Windswept"'s pleas) and whose odd yet delicate phrasing is a match for any other pop singer today. Ferry's musical arrangements are the epitome of cool, yet his vision remains restless and bleak, here lacking even the guardedly optimistic spirit which occasionally graced *Avalon*. And on songs like "Sensation," "The Chosen One" and "Slave To Love," Ferry melds dire sentiment with an opiated musical atmosphere—the reflection of a heart torn between yearning

and despair. *Boys And Girls* may well be the most extravagantly romantic tableau since Lawrence Durrell's *Justine*; at the very least, it's a great cassette to have on your Walkman for cryin' in the rain. Love is the drug, indeed.

— Mark Rowland



BOB DYLAN

Empire Burlesque
(CBS)(CD)

A friend of mine once saw Bob Dylan walking around Greenwich Village and later claimed—quite seriously—that Dylan had a halo. My initial reaction was laughter, then sorrow, because Dylan had to live in a world full of people like

my friend. How could the guy *not* be screwed up in such an environment? A couple years later, Dylan became born again and it seemed a reasonable reaction to all that distorting pressure: "Hey, I'm not Jesus! Jesus is Jesus!"

Most of his fans accepted the first half of that message, anyway, and Dylan was allowed to function for the few years of his fundamentalist period without a halo. On 1983's *Infidels* he appeared about halfway into remission—having apparently loosened up his Biblical literalism—but still sounded too self-righteous for my taste.

The Good News for Modern Man on *Empire Burlesque* is that Dylan has finally made an album about love that is not emotionally reminiscent of Jerry Falwell. Not a mean-spirited line on the record, and a lot about love as friendship and romance and illusion and disillusion and religion that'll ring the truth bell in your brain. Furthermore, he's taken another couple of steps toward aural excellence. The musicians here rank among the best available (several of Tom Petty's wandering Heartbreakers, Sly & Robbie, Mick Taylor, etc.), and Arthur Baker's re-mix seems to get the most out of what's on the tape.

The bad news, which does not outweigh the good, is that the music still sounds unfinished. Much of the guitar embellishments in particular are a shade inane. Several of the songs rock, but nothing kicks ass in the manner of, say, "Subterranean Homesick Blues." Even if "Tight Connection To My Heart" is a hit, I shall continue to insist that there is no 1965-style rollick here, so don't even think about writing me a letter arguing that it does rollick. Because you're wrong, and that's that.

The most powerful song to my ears is "Dark Eyes," which is just Dylan's voice, guitar, harmonica and a lyric that'll immobilize you with introspection for several decades. The lyric is, oddly enough, about Jesus:

*A cock is crowing far away and
another soldier's deep in prayer,*

*Some mother's child has gone astray,
she can't find him anywhere.*

*But I can hear another drum beating
for the dead that rise,*

*Whom nature's beast fears as they
come and all I see are dark eyes.*

If my reading is correct, that's the crucifixion and the resurrection in imagery that creates an almost Night-Of-The-Living-Christian feel. Dylan is not denouncing evil here or demanding God smite Mr. Jones and the other sinners in his Pantheon of the Unclean. He is staring at evil, properly mystified at its ultimate mystery but secure in his own capacity for love. I know he's secure in his capacity for love because most of the previous nine songs are ad-

dressed to various "yous" whom Dylan likes, cares for, worries about the flaws of, admires the strongpoints of, and hopes he is worthy of the friendship of. The closest he comes to righteous denunciation is in "When The Night Comes Falling From The Sky" when "you" forces him into his old position of guru to a generation: "I can't provide for you no easy answers/ Who are you that I should have to lie?" Hope my halo-halucinating friend is listening.

When Dylan was singing more overtly and far less skillfully about Christ a few years ago, his own archetype remained the Old Testament prophet: the wild-haired figure from the desert screaming God's retribution on the sinners. *Empire Burlesque*, besides being a great new title for the New Testament, indicates that Dylan has moved closer to the spirit of the Gospel, even as he has moved away from its literal word. Maybe next time he can rollick. — **Charles M. Young**



VARIOUS ARTISTS

Go Go Crankin'
(4th & B'way)

To those of us who live near Washington, D.C., the big question has never been whether Go-Go music would catch on, but "How long will it take?" With its heavy funk bottom, roiling Afro-Cuban percussion, jabbing horn lines and classic call-and-response vocal patterns, it has always been party music of the first order, combining the best elements of James Brown, Wilson Pickett and Parliament-Funkadelic into a single, irresistible package.

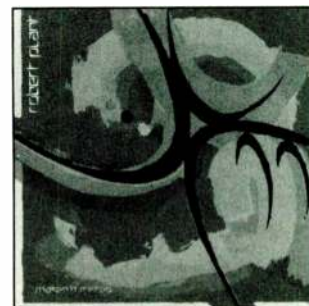
Should that description strike you as just so much hype, simply cue up a copy of this album and prepare to be converted. If the sounds of Trouble Funk, E.U., Redds & the Boys or Chuck Brown don't get you up and ready to dance, it's time to cash in your Arthur Murray membership.

Listen to "Movin' And Groovin'," and notice how Redds & the Boys fill out the basic beat, a syncopated bass/drum pulse, with overlaid percussion, choked rhythm guitar and swaggering horn lines. But the band doesn't settle for

simple searing the rhythm into your cerebellum; there's also enough melody in the mix to keep your mind humming while your body pops. Mass Extension's "Happy Feet" and E.U.'s "Happy Feet" take similar strategies, but the Go-Go sound is by no means defined by this approach. Trouble Funk's "Drop The Bomb" and "Let's Get Small" go straight for the gut, massing drums, bass, percussion and synths into a single, intoxicating throb, while Chuck Brown's "We Need Some Money" applies a lean, mean approach that's the Go-Go equivalent of James Brown's cold sweat.

As an introduction to Go-Go, you couldn't ask for more. Ravid fans may wonder why the album ignores the vocal version of Ice Berg Slim's "In The Mix" in favor of an excerpt from the instrumental version; otherwise, the changes here ("Drop The Bomb" and Slim's "Good To Go" were re-cut for the album) are all for the best. In fact, the only real gripe about the album is that the cover erroneously advertises Hot, Cold Sweat (who do appear on the British import).

Then again, that's reason enough to look forward to *Go Go Crankin' II*. — **J.D. Considine**



ROBERT PLANT

Shaken 'n' Stirred
(Es Paranza/Atlantic)(CD)

Robert Plant...wasn't he in a group before the Honeydrippers? No, but Plant had interrupted a successful solo career to indulge in some equally successful rock revivalism. Back in the 80s, he's released a third album under his own name that owes little to nostalgia—for either the rock 'n' roll era, or any of the singer's previous musical associations.

Shaken 'n' Stirred sounds like a promising debut. That's a compliment. The music darts in several directions, never staying in one place long enough to be pinned down. Plant shares composer credit with his band; not surprisingly, the songs are loosely structured blocks of one-chord jams exploiting texture over harmonic development. The open-

SPYRO GYRA



THE CURRENT TOUR

6/1	Atlanta Jazz Festival, Atlanta, GA	7/9	San Antonio, TX
7	Bushnell Auditorium, Hartford, CT	10	Austin, TX
8	Blossom Music Center, Cuyahoga Falls, OH	11	Houston, TX
9	Ontario Place, Toronto, Canada	18	Riverfront Park, Flint, MI
14	Snowbird Ski Resort, Snowbird, UT	19	Baltimore Jazz Festival, Baltimore, MD
15	Artemus Ham, Las Vegas, NV	20-21	Trillamador Cafe, Buffalo, NY
16	Hollywood Bowl (Playboy Jazz Festival), CA	8/1	Concord Jazz Festival, Concord, CA
17	Pioneer Theatre, Reno, NV	3	Mount Hood Jazz Festival, Portland, OR
20-22	La Jolla Inn, La Jolla, CA	4	University Paper Sound, Tacoma, WA
25	Celebrity Theatre, Phoenix, AZ	8	Ravinia Festival, Chicago, IL
26	Civic Auditorium, Albuquerque, NM	8	Rio de Janeiro Jazz Festival, Brazil
28	Red Rocks Amphitheatre, Denver, CO	17	Newport Jazz Festival, Newport, RI
30	Hampton Jazz Festival, Hampton, VA	20	Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, MA
7/1-3	Summerfest, Milwaukee, WI	30	Meadowbrook, Detroit, MI
7	Fox Theatre, St. Louis, MO	31	Riverfront, Toledo, OH
9	Cottilion Ballroom, Wichita, KC	9/3	Southern Music Center, Cobasset, NC
9	Starfest, Dallas, TX	6	Heinz Hall, Pittsburgh, PA
6	Mad Island, Memphis, TN	7	Academy of Music, Philadelphia, PA
7	Oklahoma City, OK	8	Arms Park, Manchester, NH

THE NEW ALBUM



Featuring the single:
Shakedown

MCA RECORDS
Management: Crossseyed Bear Productions
1985 MCA Records, Inc.

ing "Hip To Hoo" has an offbeat rhythm alternating with a jazzily accented 4/4. "Too Loud" employs tubwise bursts of sound and rapid-fire tape edits. "Doo Doo A Do Do" features a twangy bass drone and female vocal chorus; "Trouble Your Money"'s light touch shifts to a blaring *tutti* at the end. Each of the album's nine tracks reveals different colors and tactics.

Plant's pungent voice ties it together—that, and a lyric theme of romantic loss that darkens nearly every song. (Two cuts in a row even have the same phrase, "You're breaking my heart.") Whimsical titles and restless arrangements don't hide the record's emotionally bleak core. The cumulative effect is of despair channeled through artistic creativity.

Compared to recent going-through-the-motions by a former Plant co-worker, *Shaken 'n' Stirred* is daringly innovative. After all those years as a moronic icon, Plant on his own displays a freshness and intelligence to humble his former critics. Honeydrippers to the contrary, there's no time like the present. — **Scott Isler**



DIRE STRAITS

Brothers In Arms
(Warner Bros.)(CD)

You've got to hand it to that Mark Knopfler. The driving force of Dire Straits couldn't be more than thirty or thirty-five years old, yet he sings and plays with the exuberance of someone twice his age! His premature pop performer isn't unique, of course—the Band had a chronic case of those old rockin' chair blues, and J.J. Cale still cuts records despite catatonia. But Knopfler is a gifted young fogey, and the stodgy *Brothers In Arms* impresses mightily in spite of itself.

Hardcore Straits fans, in fact, are in for a treat; the LP's nine sprawling tracks run over forty-five minutes, and sport ample supplies of Knopfler's trademark grainy vocals and gracefully piquant guitar. Others may find the length, combined with Knopfler's disdain for dynamics, to be simply a cure for insomnia. "Why Worry," for instance,

perversely stretches a slight, snail-pace love song to five minutes length. "Your Latest Trick" approaches monotony from a different angle, blending urbane sax with self-consciously hip lyrics ("...most of the taxis and the whores/ Are only taking calls for cash") for a reasonable facsimile of Steely Dan.

But Knopfler isn't always a stuffed-shirt; on the sly "Money For Nothing" he even adopts a Randy Newman MO to illuminate the gap between rock stars and fans. Over a chugging ZZ Top-style boogie, Knopfler plays an ordinary schmoe who watches MTV and enviously declares "that ain't workin'" and "them guys ain't dumb." Sting, meanwhile, harmonizes, "I want my MTV," to the tune of "Don't Stand So Close To Me." (It's kind of a literary allusion.)

Ultimately, *Brothers In Arms* transcends its shortcomings with a suite on war's stupidity that comprise side two, four tracks highlighted by Knopfler's wide-screen guitar excursions. He may be self-indulgent, but there's still no denying Knopfler's flair for conjuring vivid heat-and-dust images with rolling guitar licks. *This* is the guy who should score Clint Eastwood's next western.

— **Jon Young**



LUCKY THOMPSON

Lucky Thompson, Vol. 1
(Swing)
Brown Rose
(Xanadu)

In the early 70s saxophonist Lucky Thompson walked away from jazz and never looked back. But tracing his career is like leafing through a jazz social register; in his thirty years on the music scene, Thompson recorded with Miles, Bird and Monk (he was one of Monk's favorite musicians); he gigged and recorded with Basie, Hampton, Dinah, Mingus and Quincy; and worked in that infamous bop nest, the Billy Eckstine band. He wasn't much on compromise, though, and by the time he quit, rumor has it, he was so fed up with the music business that he was refusing to cash his royalty checks. Thompson is still alive—he's only sixty-one—so it's nice

that, ten years or so after his last record was released in the states, the Lucky Thompson vaults are showering us anew; two dates previously unavailable here, and the third, *Lucky Strikes*, a session that, shortly after its arrival in 1964, ended up in history's cutout bins.

By 1956, when the five session on *Lucky Thompson, Vol. 1*, and *Brown Rose* were recorded, Thompson had digested both the contrasting styles of Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young, plus all the rhythms of bop: his playing is startling and original. On "Thin Ice" Thompson solos in front of just bass and drums—a favorite setting—and idea after idea pours out.

Brown Rose shares with *Vol. 1* the quietly subversive accompaniment of the brilliant Algerian pianist Martial Solal. The nonet arrangements owe a bit to the buttoned-down West Coast sound of the 50s, and a bit to Birth of the Cool. Thompson sounds a bit less comfortable in the stiffer setting of a big band, but his solos still resound with authority.

The ringer, however, is *Lucky Strikes*, one of three albums Thompson recorded for Prestige in the 60s. The LP features Hank Jones, Richard Davis and Connie Kay, and showcases some of Thompson's best writing and playing. On songs like "Prey Loot" and "Mid-Nite Oil," his sound is surprisingly optimistic, only occasionally undercut by the deep melancholy of an "I Forgot To Remember." And the solos, on tenor and soprano (he recorded on soprano a year before Coltrane) ring with an almost unimaginable emotional intensity. Lucky Thompson has the courage to bare his heart. Listen to him because he did it in his own way, with his own voice. — **Peter Watrous**



KRONOS QUARTET

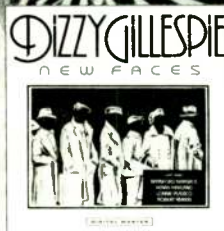
Monk Suite
(Landmark)

When you look at Thelonious Monk's terse, angular music "from the inside, you find an incredible structure. It is monumental." Abdullah Ibrahim said that, and it's one of the best lines on

DIGITAL DIZZY



Given Dizzy's well established talent for breaking gifted, young artists (Coltrane, Quincy Jones, Lee Morgan) It's no wonder he'd choose these brilliant "NEW FACES" Branford Marsalis, Kenny Kirkland, Lonnie Plaxico, Robbie Ameen... Add to that, GRP's equally well established reputation for state-of-the-art digital recording technology and you've got a once in a lifetime recording event.



GRP-A-1012

THE
DIGITAL MASTER
COMPANY

GRP Records 

Monk I've ever heard. It also suggests the kind of hopes I had for this album. Nothing beats a string quartet for simultaneously articulating a structure and laying it bare, and maybe a quartet could tug some of Monk's hidden significations into fuller view. Besides, for all the piss and vinegar of twentieth century classical music, no one ever spiked the guns of consonance quite the way Monk did, and it would be interesting to see what he sounded like treading down the roses in his neighbor's garden. The project's negative potential was just as obvious: No one should try to make a lady of Monk, and his music needs a string quartet like a dancing bear needs a tutu.

This album unveils a third possibility. It's an entertainment, with a more than occasional air of period reconstruction—Monk now and then resembles Scott Joplin, Stephen Foster, a cafe orchestra, the soundtrack of a cocktail party sometime next month. It is a warm-hearted, gracious, canny album that is never ossified by inappropriate respect for its subject, and, as arranged and adapted by Tom Darter and played by the Kronos, it's very well done indeed.

On one side, the "Monk Suite," of the title, the quartet is accompanied by Ron Carter on bass playing his impeccable Eastern Standard time; the heads of five tunes (the little red wagon album) are

spelled by transcriptions of Monk solos and improves by Carter. It's tuneful, it's a delight, but the solo transcriptions don't begin to exploit the polyphonic possibilities of a quartet, though there is a wonderful segment on "Off Minor" in which fragments of Monk's solo are whirled from instrument to instrument. The digital sound is impeccable; occasionally Ron Carter's steel string timbre can be heard to clash marginally with the quartet's gut.

Side two has the quartet unaccompanied on a "Round Midnight," with moments of startling beauty—the intro, the first four bars of the bridge, the coda—and a too courtly "Mysterioso"—I'd hoped for a transcription of Monk's brilliantly architectonic 1971 version with McKibbon and Blakey. Then come two Monkifications of Ellington tunes, not so successful, and finally the album's most probing treatment, "Brilliant Corners," which, however good, when compared to the original is strictly no contest. Monk is Monk is irreducibly Monk. One splay-noted, cubist chord played by those gone and inimitable hands is as primary and inarguable as a crag of rock. Long time Monkmen will enjoy this album for love and the warmth of memory, but interested neophytes are directed to the originals. The memorial album on Milestone might be a good place to start. — **Rafi Zabor**



Nils Lofgren

Flip (Columbia)

Considering how strong *Wonderland* was, it seems stupid to suggest that life as an E-Streeter has dramatically improved Lofgren's output. Nonetheless, he's never sounded better. Maybe it's that he's adopted his boss' ability to reinforce a song through understatement, for his singing and writing are supremely focused, building on strengths and avoiding superfluity. The hooks catch, the melodies surge, and the guitar work is sharp enough for shaving. Yet another reason to keep believing in rock 'n' roll.

Hooters

Nervous Night (Columbia)(CD)

At heart, the Hooters are technicians, better at framing an average idea than developing an original one, which is why the deep thump and nervous mandolin of "All You Zombies" pulls you in more than the song itself. But the Hooters never turn cynical, which absolves all guilt from the pleasures here, leaving the listener free to exult in the rich textures and driving rhythm arrangements that power this album. Rock bands just wanna have fun, too.

Katrina & the Waves

Katrina And The Waves (Capitol)

Katrina Leskanich has a great voice, Kimberly Rew writes catchy melodies, and the Waves play with vigorous enthusiasm, all of which should add up to a great album. But instead it's a record of mere moments ("Red Wine And Whisky" for one), because Leskanich overreaches (her attempt at blues is laughable), Rew's writing is cliché-ridden ("Que Te Quiero" has more to do with "Spanish Harlem" than Spanish speakers), and enthusiasm just isn't enough.

Everything But the Girl

Love Not Money (Sire)

They've already chucked the café jazz act for a folk-tinged pop sound that seems calculated to follow Sade into the charts, yet for all that *Love Not Money* is even more likeable than its predecessor. Part of the credit belongs with Ben Watt, whose canny melodicism excavates haunting refrains from the simplest tunes. But the lion's share belongs with Tracy Thorn, whose resonant, unaffected alto fills these songs with such intensity they seem to buzz.

John Cafferty & the Beaver Brown Band

Tough All Over (Scotti Brothers)

Cafferty claims that he developed his sound independently of Bruce Springsteen, which may be true but hardly matters: Cafferty's ideas are so obvious, and his writing so predictable, that he'd sound derivative no matter what style he worked in. Of course, that doesn't keep his bar-band sound from satisfying in its limited way. It just keeps it from mattering much.

Shannon

Do You Wanna Get Away (Mirage)

The title track is giddily electric and wholly addictive, a perfect dance single. The rest makes you wish you'd stuck with the single.

Willie & the Poor Boys

Willie And The Poor Boys (Passport)

"Willie" is Bill Wyman, who recruited Charlie Watts, Andy Fairweather-Low, Paul Rogers, Jimmy Page and other waifs for a session of oldies to benefit A.R.M.S. The feel is loose and the playing affectionate, and at its best, sounds like the pub band of your dreams on a particularly good night. (3619 Kennedy Road, So. Plainfield, NJ 07080)

Men at Work

Two Hearts (Columbia)(CD)

These guys work too hard—there's always more going on in their songs than necessary, and you end up hacking through the underbrush to get to the melody. A shame, too, because this could have been their best yet, an album that matches ambition with depth, strength with purpose. As pop, it simply fizzles.

Amy Grant

Unguarded (A&M)(CD)

The big deal here is that Grant has sold enough records on the gospel circuit

to "graduate" to a pop label, which makes sense when you consider that her sound is about as sacred as Toto's. Trouble is, Grant performs with similar conviction, suggesting that even here, product is still product. Give me that old time religion....

Ratt

Invasion Of Your Privacy (Atlantic)(CD)

In metal, the slick always get slicker, so it's no surprise to find yet another layer of polish on the Ratt sound. Funny thing, it hasn't toned them down; if anything, their carefully airbrushed sound lets the hooks hit home with greater ferocity than before.

Danny & Dusty

The Lost Weekend (A&M)(CD)

Forget Waylon & Willie; for sheer, drunken fun, this exercise in rowdy abandon beats anything the Austin outlaws ever cut. In part it may be that neither Danny (Green on Red's Dan Stuart) or Dusty (Dream Syndicate's Steve Wynn) take themselves all that seriously, but it couldn't hurt that the backing band, culled mostly from the Long Ryders, rocks steadily throughout.

The Blue Riddim Band

Alive In Jamaica (Flying Fish)

"Nancy Goes To Moscow"
(ORA 12-inch)

Who'd have believed a reggae band from Kansas City? Anyone who has heard these records, that's who. Whether skanking through an upbeat set at the Reggae Sunsplash festival (the album) or getting nasty about Nancy Reagan with guest Ranking Roger (the 12-inch), this band is never less than irie, with a groove that's deep and sure throughout. Highly recommended. (Flying Fish: 1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614; ORA: Box 3025, La Habra, CA 90632)

Lonnie Mack

Strike Like Lightning (Alligator)

If you remember Mack's guitar instrumentals from the early 60s, no matter; what counts is that Stevie Ray Vaughan does, and built his style from them. Consequently, this Vaughan-produced "comeback" is both affectionate and appropriate, updating Mack's sound without compromising it. If soulful, stinging blues guitar is what you crave, this should keep you happy for months. (Box 60234, Chicago, IL 60660)

One Step Beyond

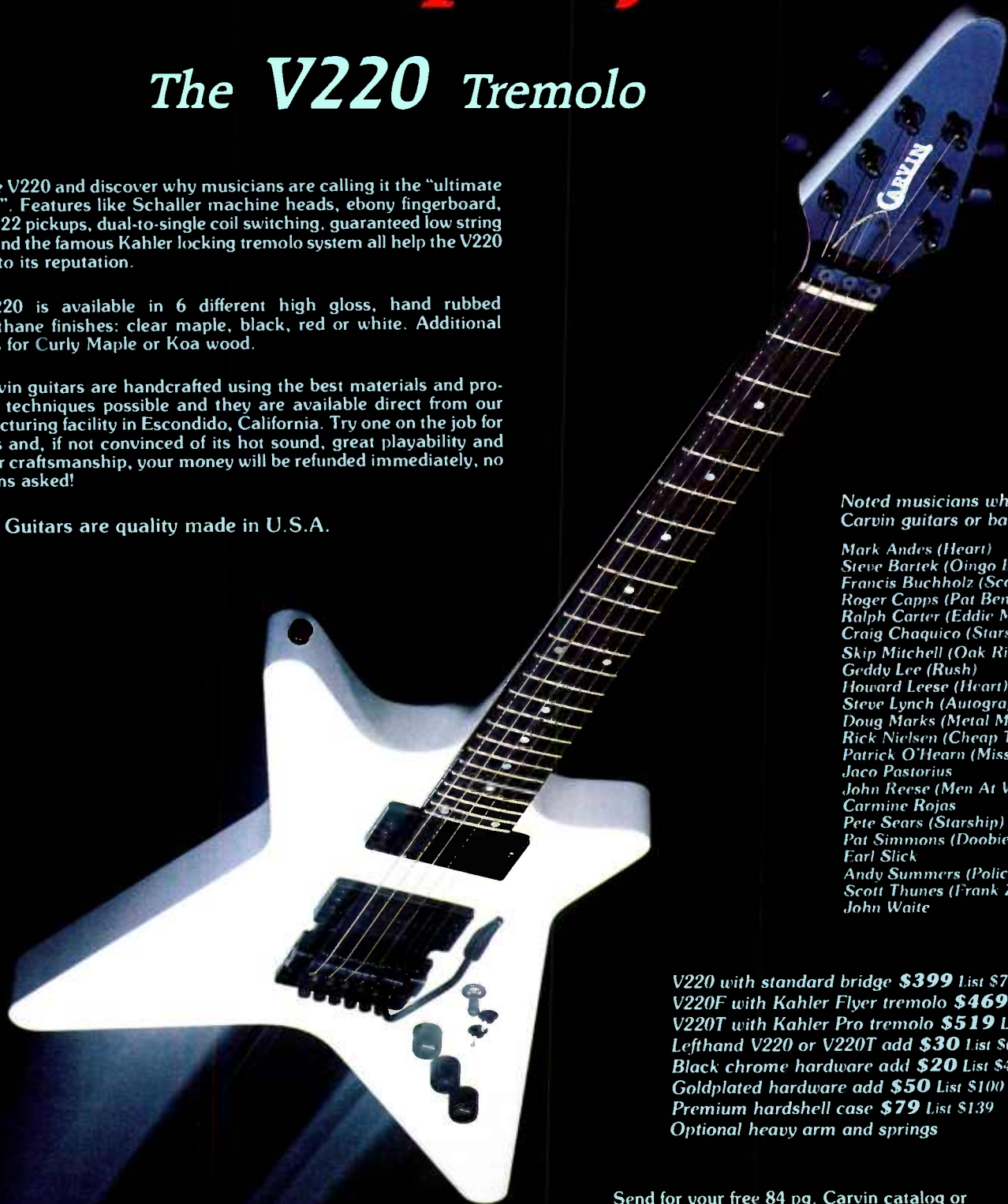
The V220 Tremolo

Play the V220 and discover why musicians are calling it the "ultimate weapon". Features like Schaller machine heads, ebony fingerboard, super M22 pickups, dual-to-single coil switching, guaranteed low string action and the famous Kahler locking tremolo system all help the V220 live up to its reputation.

The V220 is available in 6 different high gloss, hand rubbed polyurethane finishes: clear maple, black, red or white. Additional charges for Curly Maple or Koa wood.

All Carvin guitars are handcrafted using the best materials and production techniques possible and they are available direct from our manufacturing facility in Escondido, California. Try one on the job for 10 days and, if not convinced of its hot sound, great playability and superior craftsmanship, your money will be refunded immediately, no questions asked!

Carvin Guitars are quality made in U.S.A.



Noted musicians who use Carvin guitars or basses.

Mark Andes (Heart)
Steve Bartek (Oingo Boingo)
Francis Buchholz (Scorpions)
Roger Capps (Pat Benatar)
Ralph Carter (Eddie Money)
Craig Chaquico (Starship)
Skip Mitchell (Oak Ridge Boys)
Geddy Lee (Rush)
Howard Leese (Heart)
Steve Lynch (Autograph)
Doug Marks (Metal Method)
Rick Nielsen (Cheap Trick)
Patrick O'Hearn (Missing Persons)
Jaco Pastorius
John Reese (Men At Work)
Carmine Rojas
Pete Sears (Starship)
Pat Simmons (Doobie Bros.)
Earl Slick
Andy Summers (Police)
Scott Thunes (Frank Zappa)
John Waite

V220 with standard bridge **\$399** List \$799
V220F with Kahler Flyer tremolo **\$469** List \$939
V220T with Kahler Pro tremolo **\$519** List \$1039
Lefthand V220 or V220T add **\$30** List \$60
Black chrome hardware add **\$20** List \$40
Goldplated hardware add **\$50** List \$100
Premium hardshell case **\$79** List \$139
Optional heavy arm and springs

Send for your free 84 pg. Carvin catalog or include \$1 for 1st Class mail, \$5 foreign.

TOLL FREE 800-854-2235
Calif. 800-542-6070

CARVIN

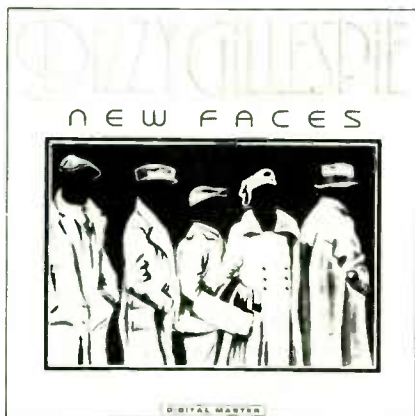
Dept. MP66, 1155 Industrial Ave.
Escondido, CA 92025

FREE CATALOG
 Free Catalog \$1 for First Class Mail

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
MP66



Francis Davis



Dizzy Gillespie

New Faces (GRP)

If Dizzy horses around less than usual, if he for once seems more committed to making music than making merry, it might be the rejuvenating effect of playing with youngbloods Branford Marsalis (saxophones), Kenny Kirkland (piano), Lonnie Plaxico (bass) and Robert Ameen (drums). Too bad more of his nitty gritty didn't rub off on them, the stiff-wristed drummer in particular. Still, when Dizzy is on, no other trumpeter can touch him, and here he's in peak form.

Anthony Braxton

Composition 113 (Sound Aspects/PSI)

The album-length *Composition 113*, which calls on a lone improviser (in this case, the composer on E-flat soprano saxophone) to juggle an eleven-note pattern in such a way as to suggest six conflicting character traits (humor, acceptance, strength, dependability, courage, belief) is hardly as schematic or daunting as it sounds. It's a suspenseful, imploding work that might represent Braxton's finest hour as a composer and improviser.

Keith Jarrett

Standards Volume 2 (CD)

It picks up where Volume 1 left off, with the pianist steering bassist Gary Peacock and drummer Jack DeJohnette through a program of pop ballads (plus one Jarrett original in a similar vein). Pretty melodies married to stimulating chord changes should yield something airy and effortless. But hey, this is Jarrett we're talking about, so what we get instead is the usual heavy labor, with grunting to prove it.

Barry Harris

For The Moment (Uptown)

The pianist's first trio date in a while was

recorded live at New York's Jazz Cultural Theatre, of which he just happens to be proprietor. Which only goes to prove some people do their best work for themselves. It would be difficult to imagine a more bracing album of bebop piano; more difficult still to imagine a contemporary pianist with deeper insight into Thelonious Monk, who is here the subject of both a medley and a stirring evocation.

Gary Burton Quartet

Real Life Hits (ECM) (CD)

Fine as usual. Though new pieces by Carla Bley, Quartet-alumnus John Scofield, current member Makoto Ozone, and the vibist/leader's longtime aide-de-camp Steve Swallow might indicate that jazz musicians have recently been paying close attention to minimalist composers, Bley's "Syn-drome" and Ellington's "Fleur-de-Africaine" remind us that jazz has its own proud history of minimalism. Piano prodigy Ozone, by the way, makes a much more favorable impression here than on last year's preening CBS debut.

George Adams & Don Pullen Quartet

Live At Village Vanguard

(Soul Note/PSI)

The quartet co-led by tenor saxophonist Adams and pianist Pullen (with bassist Cameron Brown and drummer Danny Richmond) is a band that knows how to play for an audience without playing to it, and it's about time someone recorded them live. This is far and away the group's best album.

Sathima Bea Benjamin

Memories And Dreams (Ekapa)

This South African singer (who emigrated to the U.S. with her husband Abdullah Ibrahim at the urging of Duke Ellington in 1965) has a catch in her voice it would be easy to dismiss as kittenish were it not for the sorrow and the pity it conveys—especially on this album's centerpiece, the side-long "Liberation Suite." A stirring piece of work. (222 W. 23rd St., Suite 314, New York, NY 10011)

Khan Jamal

Infinity (Jam'brio)

Three (SteepleChase)

With alto saxophonist Byard Lancaster, pianist Bernard Samuels, bassist Reggie Curry, harmonica player Clifton Burton and percussionists Omar Hill,

Dwight James and Sunny Murray on hand, the self-produced *Infinity* excavates vibist Jamal's Philly roots. *Three* is more international in flavor, with Danish guitarist Pierre Dørge and South African bassist Johnny Dyani joining the leader for cerebral but rhythmically surefooted three-part inventions. Give *Three* the edge over the uneven *Infinity*, but both establish Jamal as a force. (Box 18902, Philadelphia, PA 19119)

Cosmetic with Jamaaladeen Tacuma

So Tranquillizin' (Gramavision)

Despite tony lyrics that confuse attitude for thought, Tacuma's funk is sleek and unpretentious. In other words, it's *funk*, not fusion; what's missing, however, is passion, adventure, soul. But as Billy Crystal's Fernando might point out, it's better to look good than it is to play good; and Tacuma looks *marvelous*.

DRG Swing has released the first eight in a planned series of sixty-four albums from the vaults of such French labels as Pathe Marconi, Disques Swing, Ducretete Thompson and La Voix de Son Maitre. Much of this material is previously unissued in the United States, or was previously issued in extremely haphazard fashion. *Coleman Hawkins & Benny Carter, Bill Coleman: Paris 1936/38*, *Eddie South* and the two-record *Willie Lewis & His Entertainers* all date from the 1930s, a period during which few American record companies were documenting small group jazz (sound familiar?). The Hawkins/Carter item is essential listening; the Coleman and South LPs are valuable introductions to inimitable stylists overlooked by other reissue programs (and like the Hawkins/Carter LP, both feature generous helpings of the great Django Reinhardt); and the Lewis double, though hardly classic, is great fun. Four albums from the 1950s complete the first release, the best of them being *Lucky Thompson: Paris 1956 Volume One* (reviewed elsewhere in this issue), but *The International Jazz Group, Volume One* boasts a tremendous front line of Budd Johnson, Vic Dickenson and Trummy Young; *Jonah Jones: Paris 1954* is a surprisingly palatable effort by a trumpeter who has always blown hot and cold; and *Clark Terry: Paris 1960* highlights probing work by the French pianist Martial Solal. What promises to be an invaluable and insightful series is off to a great start.

Largamente.
cantabile.



IF SOME OF YOUR FAVORITE READING DOESN'T HAVE WORDS, WE'D LIKE TO HEAR YOU.

Can you read the music on this page?
If you can, you may be qualified to take advantage of one of America's unique musical

opportunities. You may be qualified to perform as an Army Band Member. kinds of audiences: military audiences, high school audiences, concert audiences, sporting-event audiences, you name it.



The benefits are right in tune, too. If you can read music, and you qualify, you'll enter the Army at an advanced pay grade, attend the School of Music and have a chance to perform with a first-line professional quality instrument.

Other benefits include a chance to travel and to earn up to 30 days paid vacation each year.

Which is a great way to catch up on your reading. For more information, send in the postcard.

Or write: Army Opportunities, P.O. Box 7715, Clifton, NJ 07015.

Few performing opportunities offer as much variety. An Army Band is a concert band, a dance band, a parade band, and various combos and ensembles.

Army band members also play for all

ARMY.
BE ALL YOU CAN BE.

**TOLL FREE
CLASSIFIED
ADS HOTLINE
CALL NOW
TO PLACE
YOUR AD
800-223-7524**

ANNOUNCEMENTS

PAN IS 10,000 CONTACTS, RECORD Promotion, Industry-wide referrals, the National Club and College Circuits, free Career Counseling, bi-weekly tip sheets of new opportunities, an open door to Labels, Products and Publishers, yadaya-dayada (whew...). If you need it, PAN has it. For membership info and a sample tip sheet, send \$1 to: **PERFORMING ARTISTS NETWORK OF NORTH AMERICA**, PO Box 162-M, Skippack, PA 19474. (215) 489-4640.

NEW JAZZ LISTENING CLUB FORMING. Contact "Jazz at Shore Fire Concert Series." 1-800-621-2292. In New Jersey 201-870-2843

BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

ROCK MUSIC BOOKS. Original **JEFF BECK** \$9.95, Original **ANGUS YOUNG** \$9.95, **ZZ TOP Eliminator** \$9.95, **SCORPIONS ANTHOLOGY** \$12.95, Original **BLACKMOORE** \$7.95, **Guitar Styles of ZEPPELIN** \$6.95, **RATT Out Of Cellar** \$7.95, **Guitar Techniques Of RUSH** \$6.95, **VAN HALEN I&II** \$12.95, **Electronic Projects For Musicians** \$14.95. Free Catalog, **DISCOUNT MUSIC WAREHOUSE**, PO Box 212M, Lindenhurst, NY 11757.

YOU CAN MAKE MORE IN MUSIC... New job-finding handbook guarantees you'll make more money. You can't afford to miss it! Free information. **WORKBOOKS PRESS**, Dept. U3, PO Box 8504, Atlanta, GA 30306

VINTAGE GUITAR BULLETIN has market value, history, catalog reprints, vintage guitars for sale, Trade! \$20/yr., \$3 sample. **GUITAR TRADER**, 12 Broad St., Red Bank, NJ 07701. (201) 741-0771

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

NEW & USED RECORD, TAPES & VIDEO STORE FOR SALE. Profitable established store (8 years) located across from major university in north Florida. High traffic and great location. Includes new, used & collectors records, video movie and machine rental. Excellent opportunity. Call 904-376-1688 for more information.

EMPLOYMENT

FIND BANDS TO JOIN. Find musicians and gigs. Write: **MUSICIANS NATIONAL HOTLINE**, Box 7733, Murray, UT 84107. Phone (801) 268-2000.

FOR SALE

GUITIE OR BASS GUITIE! Anatomically correct fretboard neckties! Specify black or white. Send \$10.00 each to: **GUITIE**, 69 Elm, Camden, ME 04843 or Visa/MC 207-236-8051.

HELP WANTED

FEMALE MUSICIANS WANTED to complete all female Rock Bands. **Barracuda**, based in Las Vegas. Send tape, photo and resume. Must be serious and willing to relocate, no Motley Crue clones! **STAR DUST MANAGEMENT**, Dept. Barracuda, PO Box 70246, Las Vegas, NV 89170. 702-736-8534—24 hours.



GET YOUR ORIGINAL AND DISTINCTIVE MUSIC T SHIRTS & SWEAT SHIRTS-NOW!

Type	Size	Color	Qty	Price	Total
T Shirts	S M L XL	Whi Lt Bl Red Blk	x	9.00	
S Shirts	S M L XL	Whi Gr Red Blk	x	18.00	
50-50 Cotton Send for Free Catalogue Total					
NAME					
ADDRESS					
CITY		STATE	ZIP		
Send Check or money order only to					
LI-HO GRAPHICS					
156 5th Ave.					
NY, NY 10010 212-255-0303					
Allow 3-5 wks for Delivery					

INSTRUCTIONS

GUITAR INSTRUCTION BOOKS. The Right Touch—right handed hammering (Van Halen technique) \$8.95, Teach Yourself Lead \$6.95, Teach Yourself Rock Bass \$6.95, Power Chording \$5.95, Scale Power \$5.95, **ROCK TRAX 1-book & cassette course** to teach beginners to improvise rock \$8.95. Free catalog, **DISCOUNT MUSIC WAREHOUSE**, PO Box 212M, Lindenhurst, NY 11757.

WALT ECKSTEIN PIANO TUNING COURSE: Amazing new kit includes video and audio cassettes, transparencies, illustrated text, tools and more. Write for free brochure: PO Box 441, 630 Grant St., Oceanside, CA 92054. (619) 722-2040.

PLAY ANY SONG OR SOLO by ear instantly! Guaranteed! **IMPROVE LIKE THE MASTERS** exciting new method makes it easy. Free information! Write today **BATES MUSIC-MN**, 5256 Beard, Minneapolis, MN 55410.

HEY PAL—WANNA PLAY BETTER TOMORROW? Watch this tape tonight, or whenever you need improvement. Beginner or pro—This 1/2-hour Fretboard dexterity workout will keep your hands sore for years. \$49.00. VHS or Beta—**SOUND SMITH COMMUNICATIONS**, 17 Ashland Ave., Pleasantville, NJ 08232. (609) 645-1765.

LEARN RECORDING ENGINEERING by top pro instructors. 2-24 tracks. Eight sessions year-round. Check with us before deciding. Free brochure. **JTM WORKSHOP** (814) 797-5883. Knox, PA 16232.

PLAIN ENGLISH COPYRIGHTING for song writers. Complete illustrated package with blank form PA. Send \$8.95 to: **MUSICIANS RIGHTS**, PO Box 5485, Dept. L, Rockford, IL 61108

HOME RECORDING FOR MUSICIANS—A How-To guide through Multi-Track recording. Send for free details. **MICKEY HAMMERMILL STUDIOS**, PO Box 1214-M, Maryland Hts., MO 63043.

INSTRUMENTS

BEST PRICES IN THE NATION!! On drums and keyboard equipment. **THE DRUM/KEYBOARD SHOP** will BEAT any price any store quotes nationwide!! Call us and we'll prove it to you. (713) 524-1577. 1-800-624-2347.

FANTASTIC DISCOUNT ON STRINGS, reeds, etc...for free catalog write: **RITCHIE'S MUSIC**, 50 West Main Street, Rockaway, NJ 07866.

FREE CATALOG — UNBELIEVABLE DISCOUNTS on all accessories and instruments. Write: **STIX-N-FRETS**, PO Box 49, Smithtown, NY 11787.

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**, Dept. A, 151 California Road, Yorktown Heights, NY 10598

DRUMMERS! GREAT PRICES ON STICKS, heads, etc. Send or call for free catalog: **N J PERCUSSION CENTER**, 80 Route 46, Rockaway, NJ 07866 (201) 625-8134.

EFFECTS—STRINGS: All major brands. Lowest prices anywhere. Send \$1.00 for catalog worth \$3.00 off first purchase. **NSM DISCOUNT MUSIC**, 107 Munroe Street, Lynn, MA 01901.

HUGE SAVINGS TO YOU! All major brands of guitar, strings, picks and drum accessories at the lowest possible prices. **FRENCH'S MUSIC**, Box 884, Cleveland, TN 37311. (615) 476-3016 Call Jeremiah!!

GUITARS — Pedal steels, Dobro, National Vintage, new. Martin, Taylor, Guild, Ovation, Gibson mandolins, banjos, Kentucky, Goldstar, Stelling, Wildwood, Mastertone, D'Angelico, amps, multi-trackers, books, accessories. **FREE 72-PAGE BROCHURE**. **MANDOLIN BROS.**, 629 Forest, Staten Island, NY 10310. (718) 981-3226.

VINTAGE INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE: Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos, Rock, Bluegrass, Jazz. Send for free in-stock list **LARK STREET MUSIC**, 221 Lark Street, Albany, NY 12210. (518) 463-6033 except Saturday. Always buying used instruments. We ship everywhere.

FREE ELECTRIC CATALOG—Instruments by Gibson, Kramer, Cort, Westone, more. Also effects, strings, straps, pickups, electronic tuners, accessories. Discount prices. Free catalog **ELDERLY INSTRUMENTS**, 1100 N. Washington, POB 14210-C5, Lansing, MI 48901 (517) 372-7890.



A SINGER'S DREAM!

REMOVES VOCALS FROM RECORDS! Now you can sing with the world's best bands! The **Thompson Vocal Eliminator** can remove most or virtually all of a lead vocal from a standard stereo record and leave the background! Write or call for a free brochure and demo record. **LT Sound**, Dept. MU, P.O. Box 338, Stone Mountain, GA 30086 (404) 493-1258

(203) 442-9600

Trusted by Musicians Worldwide for over 50 years!

ROLAND	SYNERGY	LYNN
OBERHEIM	CHROMA	EMU
KORG	RHODES	DMX
SEQUENTIAL	ENVISION	DRUMMULATOR
VOYETRA	DK INC	TECHNICS
MOOG	AKAI	LEXICON
SIEL	360 SYSTEMS	ULTIMATE SUPPORT
SEIKO	CASIO	MANY MORE!

SAME DAY SHIPPING
20 BANK ST • NEW LONDON CT 06320

PATENTS ON T-SHIRTS

Vintage Buff Patent T-shirts that display the early famous musician instrument patents etc. Selection: Strat Les Paul Tele P Bass Rhodes Piano T-shirts \$8.00 each, matted framed prints \$6.00 each, add \$1.50 Postage and \$5c for each extra. Specify shirt size (M, XL) and color (black, navy or burgundy). Send check or M.O. to **Vintage Buff Inc.**, Dept. M6, P.O. Box 15470, Baltimore, Maryland 21220 allow 4 wks delivery ©1982

Listen...



Before You Buy!

- Time Delay
- Reverberation
- Crossovers
- Noise Reduction
- Compressor/Limiters
- Expanders
- Spectrum Analyzers
- Parametric EQ

Don't have regrets about paying too much for a lesser product. In demos and comparisons, we'll show you why we're Better! Our Factory Direct sales allow us to produce a Superior product and offer it to you at a Lower price. Call or write for a free full length Demo Album and 24 page brochure.

Write to: **LT Sound, Dept. M-3, P.O. Box 338**
 Stone Mountain, GA 30086
 In Georgia Call (404)493-1258

TOLL FREE: 1-800-241-3005 — Ext. 14

HOT NEW PROGRAMS FOR OBXP, OB8,
 Prophet 600, Poly 6, JX3P, GR700. Send \$12.95
 (Specify volume 1 or 2) to: **SOUNDSCAPES**, PO
 Box 166826, Irving, TX 75016.

MUSICIANS

32 VOICE PACKAGES FOR YAMAHA DX-7
 Fat analog-type synth sounds & dazzling special
 effects—instructions & programming tips included.
 (Demo cassette available \$3.00.) Write to: **R.L.**
PRODUCTIONS, PO Box 4692, Bay Terrace, NY
 11360-4692 or call 1-718-939-1649

PHOTOS/POSTERS

COLOR CONCERT PHOTOGRAPHS! Huge
 selection. Send \$2. for illustrated catalog/coupon.
 Mention favorite "SMILE." Box 15293-M,
 Chesapeake, VA 23320-0293.

RECORDS/TAPES

UK/USA RECORDS: FANTASTIC CATALOG
 of records, tapes & books. Many imports & rarities!
 Our computerized search service can find it all!
 Send your want lists, requests, + three 22¢ stamps
 for catalog to 28-D Pamaron Way, Ignacio, CA 94947.

IMPORT / DOMESTIC LPs / TAPES / CDs
 Huge selection of Rock, Metal, New Wave, Jazz,
 Independent Labels. Fast, personalized service.
 Competitive prices. Latest catalog \$1.00. Visa/MC
 accepted. (818) 881-9908. **MOBY MUSIC**, 14410
 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks, CA 91423.

45 RPM RECORDS CUT FROM YOUR TAPE.
 Great for demos, novelty greetings, or just fun! One
 side \$18.00, both sides \$22.00. Add \$3.00 shipping.
BRENTWOOD RECORD MASTERING, PO
 Box 832, Brentwood, TN 37027.

LISTEN TO ONE OF SCANDINAVIA'S FINEST
 fusion artists—Pekka Pohjola on his two Breakthru
 classics "Urban Tango" and "Everyman"—New LP
 due in September. Free catalog. **SCANAM MUSIC**,
 2 Lincoln Square, New York, NY 10023.

SERVICES

RUN YOUR CLASSIFIED AD in America's #1
 Trade Music Magazine. Minimum ad order \$44.
 ABC audited. \$2.20 per word. Display \$72.00 per
 column inch. Major credit cards accepted. Call Jeff
 at **BILLBOARD MAGAZINE** (800) 223-7524.

YOUR PUBLICITY PHOTOS COPIED. 500
 B&W glossy 8x10s for \$69.95. Free price list &
 paper samples. **MUSICIAN'S PHOTO SERVICE**,
 706 N 76th, Seattle, WA 98103.

SONGWRITERS

MULTI-TRACK DEMOS AND LEAD SHEETS
 for your original songs. Free info. **EGE MUSIC SER-**
VICES, PO Box 166, Kearny, NJ 07032.

LEARN SONGWRITING & COMPOSE MUSIC.
 Professional instruction by mail. For course de-
 scription: **AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE INSTI-**
TUTE, Box 31021-D, Cleveland, OH 44131.

FEEL THE POWER!



ELECTRIC GUITAR & BASS STRINGS

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Guitar Strings—2 sets for \$6.00
 Bass Strings—one set for \$12.00
 Send check or money order to:
HEAVY METAL STRINGS 212 W. Lancaster Ave.,
 Dept. M08 Reading PA 19607
 For Visa or Mastercard call (215) 775-9472

FREE! FREE! P.M.I. '85 Musical Instrument Catalog

The most complete **DISCOUNT** listing of
 name brand instruments and accessories.
 Write P.M.I. Dept (M), P.O. Box 827, Union
 City, N.J. 07087 Est. 1939

SONGS? LYRICS? America's leading music de-
 velopment company seeks songwriters/lyricists
 with marketable material. Best references. Strictly
 confidential. **American Music Connection** gives you
 the facts! Free kit: 1 (800) 257-7880.

TALENT

DESPERATELY SEEKING TALENT—Holly-
 wood-based management firm representing mus-
 ical groups and solo artists seeks new talent. Write
 today for free information of professional artist de-
 velopment services offered. **30-ROCK MANAGE-**
MENT, 7033 Sunset Blvd., Suite 225B, Hollywood,
 CA 90028. (213) 651-0233

MISCELLANEOUS

PROTECT YOUR VALUABLE EQUIPMENT!!
EZ Pocket-Size kit repairs and strengthens up to
 8 handles on equipment cases, briefcases, lug-
 gage in minutes. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Send
 \$5 to: **HANDLE-SAVER**, Department 275, 1984
 Stoney Island Ave., Crete, IL 60417.

READER SERVICE

The following companies would love to send you infor-
 mation on their products and services. Just send along
 this column with your choices checked and we'll do
 the rest. Allow 6-9 weeks for delivery

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Unicord/Korg pp 2,3 | <input type="checkbox"/> Casio Keyboards 65 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Boss 4 | <input type="checkbox"/> Octave Elec 67 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telex 6 | <input type="checkbox"/> Baldwin 68 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toa 7 | <input type="checkbox"/> Sequential Cts 71 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Yamaha CX5M Syst 72,73 | <input type="checkbox"/> DOD 8 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ADA Effects 12 | <input type="checkbox"/> Fostex Monitors 77 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ibanez Guitars 14 | <input type="checkbox"/> PPG/Europa Synths 79 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JBL Pro 17 | <input type="checkbox"/> Synchronous Tech 80 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Linn Elec 18 | <input type="checkbox"/> Cherry Lane MIDI 81 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Samson Wireless 19,21,23 | <input type="checkbox"/> Drum Pulse 83 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Crown Amps 20 | <input type="checkbox"/> Lexicon 85 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sennheiser Mics 22 | <input type="checkbox"/> Kurzweil 87 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ultimate Support 21, 23 | <input type="checkbox"/> Scholz Research 88 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electro-Voice 27 | <input type="checkbox"/> Rane 90 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ensonic Keyboards 28,29 | <input type="checkbox"/> Takamine Guitars 91 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tama Drums 35 | <input type="checkbox"/> EMP Software 92 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Yamaha Drums 41 | <input type="checkbox"/> Synth Arts 92 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steinberger Guitars 106 | <input type="checkbox"/> Assimilation 93 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tascam 51 | <input type="checkbox"/> J Miller Software 95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dean Markley Amps 53 | <input type="checkbox"/> Peavey Guitars 49 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Simmons Drums 55 | <input type="checkbox"/> Paul Reed Smith 95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sunn Mixers 57 | <input type="checkbox"/> EMG Pickups 106 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> E-mu Systems 58,59 | <input type="checkbox"/> DOD/Digitech 107 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Roland Synths 60 | <input type="checkbox"/> Yamaha Mixer 108 |

Return by 10/1/85 to: **MUSICIAN Magazine** 8
 1515 Broadway, New York City, NY 10036

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____

The Working Band's Percussion Stand



Bill Kinzie formerly with Kilimanjaro
 Owner/Producer, Rabbit Recordings
 Waterbury, Vermont



Sturdy, collapsible,
 with canvas bag,
 complete with stand
 for gigs, studio, schools

\$89.95 includes shipping
 Check, Money Order,
 or MC/VISA

The Band Stand
 PO. Box 634
 Montpelier, VT. 05602
 (802) 223-7911

Wholesale Inquiries Welcome

*** FINANCE YOUR PROJECT! ***
 * ROGER NORTH, MUSIC BUSINESS CON-
 * SULTANT WITH TRACK RECORD, WILL HELP
 * YOU RAISE CASH! BANDS, RECORDING
 * STUDIOS, RECORD COMPANIES
 * CALL
 * 616-344-1663
 * FOR FREE INFORMATION



MUSICIAN T-SHIRTS

Become a trend-setter, admired and
 influential! Win new friends and have your
 opinions jotted down! Soft black cotton T-
 shirt with yellow logo, perfect for
 backstage press parties.

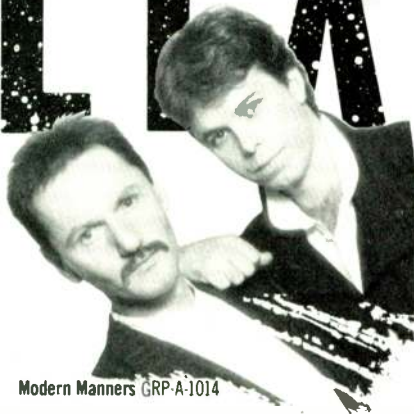
Please send me _____ shirts.
 OS OM OL OXL @ \$5.95
 add 75¢ postage each. Total \$ _____

Detach and mail with your name, address,
 and check to **MUSICIAN**, P.O. Box 701,
 Gloucester, MA 01930

SPECIAL

EEFX

(i-féks)



Modern Manners GRP-A-1014

A rock-bred guitarist from N.Y.C., a jazz-bred percussionist from Hungary. The contributing genius of McCoy Tyner, Dave Grusin and Mark Egan. At once, sensual, sunny, melodic, exotic, funky and cookin'... "Modern Manners"... very special musical matter indelibly stamped with the musical personalities of core members Chieli Minucci and George Jinda. Music for a new age.



GRP Records THE DIGITAL MASTER COMPANY

Jones from page 70

Philosopher or technician, Jones does take great pride in the mechanics of his craft. "A recent article in Britain said that my onstage sound was so perfect that it must all be on tape. In a way that was an incredible compliment but it was also very upsetting. I've spent five years putting together all the things that make my live show and I definitely don't use tapes. My whole show is based around live performance."

Detailing his onstage operation, Jones explains, "The main brain is a Roland MSQ 700, which is a sequencer that I've programmed to play things you can't do with your fingers. It sets up a click track that Trevor (Morais, drummer) plays to. My brother Martin plays bass and I do the rest by hand."

"I've got a remote keyboard, a Yamaha KX5 that can be routed to play any of the other keyboards from anywhere on stage; it's radio-MIDI'd. I use a Roland Jupiter 8, Juno 60, SCI Prophet T8 and Pro One, an Emulator II, a Moog Prodigy (his first synth), two Yamaha DX7s and a TX8. For digital drums I have two E-mu Drumulators, a Roland TR-808, a Simmons SDS6 sequencer and a set of SDS7s. I also just got a Linn 9000—the variation you can get on that is incredible. For sampling, I also use an AMS 15-80S digital delay.

The whole setup is complicated, but it produces quite a big sound."

Having evolved quickly in just a few years from "a Fender Rhodes, one mono synth and a clapped-out old drum machine," Jones isn't through growing yet. He only recently added backing musicians to his formerly one-man show. "I'd proved my point," he explains. "Once you've done it, it's time to move on."

As for the future, "I'm up for anything that will do the job. I'm going to record orchestral arrangements for a couple of my songs ('Hide And Seek' and 'Hunger For The Flesh'). You can't get more traditional than that."

On the other hand, he says, "I'd love to do a whole show using a remote keyboard, playing keyboards you wouldn't even see onstage."

Thoroughly modern Howard Jones has remained on the cutting edge of change without losing his humanistic values. Does he see any reason to hope mankind as a whole might do the same? An optimist, Jones nods. "If people get it together, technology will work for good. I know my songs have an effect, because people write back. And if I can get through in my way, it can happen on a larger scale."

In the meantime, keep an eye out for those Howard Jones dolls. ☐

P.O. Box 4394
Santa Rosa, CA 95402
(707) 525-9941

BACK ISSUES

- No. 37... **Reggae**, The Rolling Stones, Rickie Lee Jones
- 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. 44... **Graham Parker**, Nick Lowe, Lester Bowie
- No. 45... **Willie Nelson**, John McLaughlin, the Motels
- No. 46... **Pete Townshend**, Warren Zevon, Squeeze
- No. 48... **Steve Winwood**, Steve Miller, Brian Eno
- No. 49... **Neil Young**, Foreigner, Go-Go's
- No. 50... **Billy Joel**, Pink Floyd, Corporate Rock
- No. 53... **Tom Petty**, Don Cherry, Ric Ocasek
- No. 57... **Bob Marley**, Don Henley, Ramones
- No. 58... **The Kinks**, Marvin Gaye, Bryan Ferry
- No. 60... **Elvis Costello**, Motown, Culture Club
- No. 61... **Jackson Browne**, Eurythmics, Keith Jarrett
- No. 62... **The Stones**, Robert Plant, Big Country
- No. 65... **Pretenders**, Paul Simon, ABC
- No. 67... **Thomas Dolby**, Chet Baker, Alarm, Marcus Miller
- No. 68... **Van Halen**, The Cars, Joe Jackson
- No. 69... **Michael Jackson**, R.E.M., Charlie Watts
- No. 70... **Peter Wolf**, King Crimson, Bass/Drum Special
- No. 71... **Heavy Metal**, Dream Syndicate, George Duke
- No. 72... **Prince**, Rod Stewart, Lou Reed, Glenn Frey
- No. 73... **Springsteen**, Miles Davis, P.I.L., Producer Special
- No. 74... **Bowie**, Summers/Fripp, Yoko Ono
- No. 75... **U2**, Van Morrison, Culture Club
- No. 76... **Paul McCartney**, Rickie Lee Jones, Big Country
- No. 77... **John Fogerty**, Marsalis/Hancock, Los Lobos
- No. 78... **Mick Jagger**, the Firm, Felix Cavaliere
- No. 79... **Jeff Beck**, Jimmy Page, Songstealing
- No. 80... **Phil Collins**, Joan Armatrading, Josef Zawinul
- No. 81... **Sting**, Graham Parker, Getting Signed

I have marked the issues I'd like to have. Please send me _____ magazines at \$3.00 each (\$4.50 per copy mailed outside the U.S.). I have enclosed _____ U.S. funds only.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
MUSICIAN, P.O. Box 701, Gloucester, MA 01930-0701

1984 STEINBERGER SOUND

Pat. No. 4,192,213
INTL. PATS. PEND.

Evolution.

It's not an easy thing
for those who live in the past
to accept. For the rest,
The Steinberger Guitar.

STEINBERGER

475 OAKLAND AVE • STATEN ISLAND, NY • 10310
(718) 447-7500 FREE BROCHURE

DigiTech



Digitech RDS 1800—\$299.95
15 KHZ to approx. 2 sec.

Digitech RDS 3600—\$399.95
15 KHZ to approx. 2 sec.
8 KHZ to approx. 4 sec.
4 KHZ to over 7 sec.

Digitech RDS 900—\$259.95
8 KHZ to approx. 1 sec.



Digitech PDS 1000 — 7 KHZ to 1 sec. — \$199.95
Foot switching for off/on and repeat — hold functions
Also available: Digitech PDS 2000 — 7 KHZ to 2 sec. — \$269.95
Foot switching for off/on and repeat — hold functions

DOD Electronics is proud to introduce a new series of products that represent the finest in state-of-the-art digital technology. Best of all, our new DigiTech line gives you the ultimate in digital delay systems at completely affordable prices. DigiTech. We invite comparison.

DigiTech

* registered trademark of DOD Electronics Corporation

5639 South Riley Lane
Salt Lake City, Utah 84107
Telephone (801) 268-8400

FOR THE NEXT STAGE IN YOUR CAREER.

The band has paid its dues. Played the garages, the dives, the schools. But now you're into some good-paying steady gigs. And ready to go for broke. Without going broke.

You're ready for a Yamaha MC mixing console. A full line of new consoles that have many legendary M-Series features and reliability. And are affordably priced.

There are three models in the line—the MC1204, MC1604 and MC2404.

Which one you choose depends on how many channels you need. The first two numbers after the MC tell you how many input channels that model has. The last, how many output channels.

Whichever MC mixer you choose, you get input channels that are modularly constructed in blocks of four for easy access.

Each channel has a pad switch and gain control with peak LED, three-band EQ with sweepable midrange, two pre-EQ and pre-fader

foldback sends, two post-EQ and post-fader echo sends, pan control, group 1-4 assignment switches, cue and channel on/off switches, and a 100-millimeter fader.

All are color-coded and logically grouped for easy operation.

With four group outputs that are assignable to the master stereo outputs. And two echo and two foldback sends.

There are even two MC monitor models, the MC1608M and MC2408M. They offer the additional capability of on-stage monitoring. So each member of the band can hear exactly what he or she needs to hear.

Now that we've set the stage, why not visit your Yamaha Combo dealer for a demo of the MC consoles. Or write: Yamaha International Corporation, Combo Products Division, P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622. In Canada, Yamaha Canada Music Ltd., 135 Milner Ave., Scarborough, Ont. M1S 3R1.

