

JOE STRUMMER • MILES COPELAND

INXS

# MUSICIAN

\$2.75 £1.50 NO. 113 MARCH 1988 ICD 08582

## ZEN & the Art of LED ZEPPELIN

A historic, hilarious,  
no-holds-barred  
interview with  
**ROBERT PLANT**

by Charles M. Young

\*\*\*\*\* ALL FOR STATE  
MAR 88 1 03  
MU MCK6C 8S089  
STEVE MACKELVIE  
3515 8TH ST C  
LEWISTON, ID 83501





# The Shape Of Sounds To Come



Korg 707 proves that sleek, modern design can be combined with powerful performance. Looks great. Sounds great. So we created...



FM synth with sleek, modern lines. Chic push-button controls, performance editor sliders and pitch/mod/vol-

ume wheels make total control look better than ever. 707 is even available in special colors for maximum visual impact.

The *sounds*? 707 is multi-timbral. It comes with 100 sparkling FM sounds and 10 dynamic combination programs. 707 also reads our



popular DS8 Rom cards (400 sounds + more to come).

The 49 note velocity and after-touch sensitive keyboard feels as good as it looks. With split, layering, zones and multi combinations for infinite variations. 707 is a *performance* instrument.



As leaders in combining analog-style programming with digital synthesis, we've built the world's fastest FM programming into the 707. Battery and/or AC-powered, 707 can be worn on stage as a solo instrument or full-



featured MIDI remote controller. Smooth-travel reversible control wheels function in two directions so you can use them on a stand or over the shoulder.

Korg 707 at \$899. Once you've heard it, you'll never see a synthesizer the same way again.

## 707



**SQD-8** The multi-channel/multi-timbral 707 becomes a compact and cost-effective 8 track MIDI studio with the powerful Korg SQD-8 MIDI Sequencer with built-in disc drive. Record in real or step-time on 8 tracks, 16 MIDI channels with easy recorder-style controls. Overdub, bounce, quantize, edit. Store sequences and program data on discs.

## KORG® MORE FOR YOUR MUSIC

For a 707 Brochure, send your name and address, plus \$1.00 for postage and handling, to: Korg USA, 89 Frost St., Westbury, NY 11590 or to Korg USA West, 7886 Deering Ave., Canoga Park, CA 91304.

**Special Introductory Offer:**

**Free 200 Sound ROM Program Card With Purchase of 707 through March 31, 1988.**

© Korg U.S.A. 1988

# THE ALARM



## EYE OF THE HURRICANE

Album, Cassette and Compact Disc  
Featuring "Rain In The Summertime,"  
"Presence Of Love," and "Rescue Me"



**TOUR DATES**  
**1-818-777-8080**  
Message line open 24 hrs/day  
(Toll charges apply)



# BUY ONE MT-32, GET THE POWER OF EIGHT.



You'll also get the performance of a rhythm machine, too. That's the power of the new Roland MT-32 MIDI sound module ("MT" as in Multi-Timbral and "32" as in 32 voice). An incredibly sophisticated sound allocation scheme in the MT-32 is structured to give you the performance of eight polyphonic MIDI modules (each capable of playing a different sound) with up to 32 voice polyphony *plus* a full set of 30 percussion samples — all of which can be accessed through MIDI computer software, a MIDI sequencer or controller.

Equally impressive is the quality of the sounds produced by the MT-32.

All of the 128 preset patches and 64 user-programmable patches are created through LA synthesis — the same synthesis technique used in the Roland D-50 (voted the Technological Innovation of the Year by *Keyboard Magazine* readers). Like the D-50, the MT-32 features 128 PCM digital sound samples, combined with digitally synthesized partials, and built-in digital reverb effects.

The preset sounds are arranged in Sound Groups including several different instruments and timbres

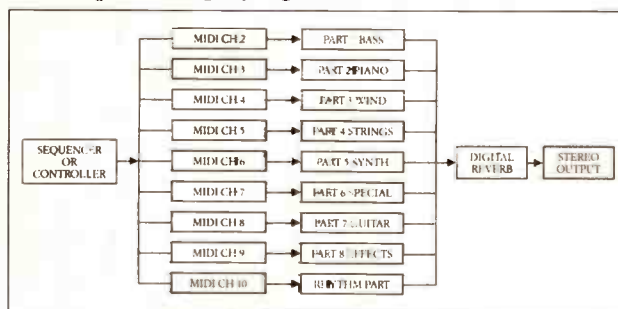
from each group: Piano, Organ, Keyboard, Bass, Syn-Bass, Synth 1 & 2, Strings, Wind, Brass, Syn-Brass, Mallet, Special Inst., Percussion and Effects. But don't expect just *any* preset sounds until you hear what the MT-32 can do. Experience the breath of the flute, the bite of the brass voices, the chop of the bow as it moves across the strings — the kind of

nuance that gives each patch life other digital synthesizers simply can't touch.

The power of the MT-32 really comes through when you combine these voices together under sequencer control. It's almost hard to believe

the sheer amount of simultaneous sound the MT-32 is capable of producing — literally like adding eight synthesizer modules plus a rhythm module to a set-up. But fortunately, to get this much sound, you only have to buy one. And with a suggested retail price of just \$695.00 that's not too hard to do. See your Roland dealer today.

Roland Corp US 7200 Dominion Circle,  
Los Angeles, CA 90040 (213) 685-5141.



MT-32 MULTI-TIMBRAL CAPABILITIES



# MUSICIAN

## INXS COMMUNICATE

In '88 they demonstrate it's not too late to dominate. The Farriss brothers try to balance slickness and passion, while Michael Hutchence tries to live up to his own flash. Rich kid in Hong Kong! Soul boy in Australia! Teenage nerd in Hollywood! MTV sex symbol! A success story in three continents.

By Gina Arnold ..... **62**

## ROBERT PLANT: RETURN OF THE DEEP & MEANINGLESS

He's spent the '80s forging an image apart from Led Zeppelin—so how come on his new LP Plant is sampling Zep tracks, on his new tour he'll be singing Zep songs, and he and Jimmy Page are playing on each other's albums? From "Dazed and Confused" to "Stairway to Heaven," from "Kashmir" to "Big Log," from the Honeydrippers to Now and Zen—Robert Plant talks and

talks. By Charles M. Young ..... **76**

## JOE STRUMMER'S LOW PROFILE

As leader of the Clash, Strummer had integrity, emotion and hit records to boot. Since he "dropped it on the floor and broke it," he's roamed the world with no manager, a beat-up acoustic guitar, and a convert's passive philosophy. Cornered between Nicaragua and Glasgow, Joe recounts the glory and the goof-ups, and explains why he now prefers Paul Simon.

By Bill Flanagan ..... **52**

## MILES COPELAND EATS HIS ENEMIES

From high atop his Hollywood Xanadu, the man who manages Sting and owns J.R.S. Records looks down and laughs at the jerks, the drug addicts, the incompetents, the managers and the Democrats. How to be rich, bright, good-looking, and still get people to hate you.

By Rob Tannenbaum ..... **28**

## WYNTON MARSALIS

His own worst enemy.

Essay by Chip Stern. .... **20**

## THE DEL-LORDS

They won't grow up.

By Rory O'Connor ..... **15**

## THE LORD-ALGES

The Marx Brothers of the mixing board.

By Tony Scherman ..... **37**

## RECORDS

Elvis Costello reviews T-Bone Burnett's rock album, plus NRBQ, Robyn Hitchcock and more.

..... **90**

**MASTHEAD** ..... **6**

**LETTERS** ..... **8**

**FACES** ..... **10**

**DEVELOPMENTS** ..... **44**

**AD INDEX** ..... **48**

**ROCK SHORTS** ..... **100**

**JAZZ SHORTS** ..... **102**

**CLASSIFIED** ..... **104**

**A BILLBOARD PUBLICATION**  
**MARCH 1988 NO. 113**

COVER PHOTOGRAPH OF ROBERT PLANT  
BY DAVIES & STARR. INXS BY LAURA LEVINE



INXS' Andrew Farriss & Michael Hutchence  
World Radio History

# Guitar Music and Beyond

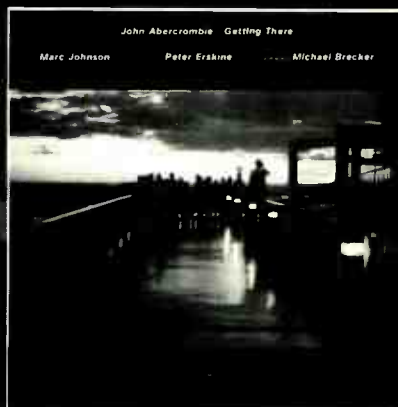


The Bill Frisell Band  
Lookout For Hope

833 495

"Every few years, a guitarist appears who manages to wring something new out of the most played instrument in the world. American guitar watchers now have a chance to discover Bill Frisell." *The New York Times*

By now, Bill Frisell has clearly been discovered. *Lookout For Hope*, the debut album from the Bill Frisell Band, unifies the acclaimed guitarist's many musical worlds—burning rock, country swing, jazz and reggae—all filtered through Frisell's witty and unmistakable instrumental style. The band features Hank Roberts, Kermit Driscoll and Joey Baron.



John Abercrombie  
Getting There

833 494

"Joining forces with some of the most solid musicians in modern jazz, John Abercrombie has forged a new sound that brings together strong composition, a high level of group cohesiveness and adventurous improvisation." *Guitar Player*

It is no secret that John Abercrombie has been at the forefront of contemporary guitar music since the early seventies. With his new album, *Getting There*, in collaboration with Marc Johnson, Peter Erskine and Michael Brecker, Abercrombie has come up with one of his most engaging and colorful albums to date.

Available on Compact Disc, LP and Cassette

ECM

# MUSICIAN

**PUBLISHER**  
GORDON BAIRD

**EXECUTIVE PUBLISHER**  
GARY KRASNER

**ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER**  
PAUL SACKSMAN

**ADVERTISING MANAGER**  
ROSS GARNICK

**DEALER SALES DIRECTOR**  
R. BRADFORD LEE

**SALES/PROMOTION**  
PETER CRONIN AUDREY GLASSMAN  
JUNE HAYES JEFF SERRETTE (CLASSIFIED)  
BOB BRADFORD PETER B. WOSTREL

**ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER**  
MICHELLE FOSTER

**ADMINISTRATION**  
LAURIE GELTMAN



**EDITOR**  
JOCK BAIRD

**EXECUTIVE EDITOR**  
BILL FLANAGAN

**SENIOR EDITOR**  
SCOTT ISLER

**PACIFIC EDITOR**  
MARK ROWLAND  
(213) 273-7040

**ELECTRONIC MEDIA EDITOR**  
ALAN DI PERNA

**ASSISTANT EDITOR**  
TED DROZDOWSKI

**CONTRIBUTING EDITORS**

J.D. CONSIDINE FREFF VIC GARBARINI  
JOHN HUTCHINSON STEVE PERRY  
STAN SOOCHER CHIP STERN  
ROB TANNENBAUM PETER WATROUS  
TIMOTHY WHITE JOSEF WOODARD  
CHARLES M. YOUNG RAFI ZABOR



**ART DIRECTOR**  
DAVID CARSON

**ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR**  
LISA LAARMAN

**PRODUCTION MANAGER**  
JOAN E. LOCKHART

**TYPOGRAPHY**  
RUTH MAASSEN

**PROOFREADER**  
WILL HUNT



**MAIN OFFICE/PRODUCTION/  
RETAIL SALES**

33 COMMERCIAL ST., P.O. BOX 701,  
GLOUCESTER, MA 01931-0701  
(617) 281-3110

**NEW YORK ADVERTISING/EDITORIAL**  
MUSICIAN, 1515 BROADWAY, 39TH FL.,  
NEW YORK, NY 10036 (212) 764-7395

**CIRCULATION MANAGER**  
JAMES HALL

**CIRCULATION ASSISTANT**  
JILL GERSHON

**FOUNDERS**

GORDON BAIRD SAM HOLDSWORTH

MUSICIAN (USPS 431-910) is published monthly by Amorian Press, Inc., P.O. Box 701, 33 Commercial St., Gloucester, MA 01930. (617) 281-3110. Amorian Press, Inc. is a wholly owned subsidiary of Billboard Publications, Inc., One Astor Place, 1515 Broadway, New York, NY 10036. Billboard Publications, Inc. is a subsidiary of Affiliated Publications, Inc. MUSICIAN is a trademark of Amorian Press, Inc. © 1988 by Musician, all rights reserved. Second class postage paid at Gloucester, MA 01930 and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions \$21 per year, \$40 for two years, \$57 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. Call (614) 383-3141 for subscription service. Current and back issues are available on microfilm from University Microfilms Int'l., 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 Zito.



MEMBER: AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION





# The hardest working family in show business.

Day and night, big halls and small clubs. Our P-Series II professional amplifiers are working all the time.

Because they work all the time.

They're built solid and sound engineers know it. Designed for reliability, with two-stage cooling fans and output protection against overload, turn-on transients and DC offset.

So they can take life on the road and still come to life at every performance. With the full-frequency bandwidth, low distortion and superb transient definition that you're looking for.

Yet success hasn't made them difficult to work with. The P-Series II amps have balanced inputs with both XLR and paralleled phone jack input connections. And since there are phone jack and binding post outputs, you won't need to search for adapters when you hook up your speakers. Plus there

are calibrated and detented input attenuators for accurate gain control and consistent repeat setups.

Your nearest Yamaha Professional Audio dealer can introduce you to the whole family—five models, from 100 to 250 watts per channel.

And all of them bred from the same philosophy.

The show must go on.

Yamaha Music Corporation, Professional Audio Division, P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622. In Canada, Yamaha Canada Music Ltd., 135 Milner Avenue, Scarborough, Ontario M1S 3R1.



**YAMAHA®**

Engineering Imagination™

## STUNG

PETER WATROUS' "SLAPPING Sting Around" (Dec. '87) was a major disappointment. It was more siege than interview, and could only have been interesting to those who, like Watrous, are jealous of Sting's wealth, fame and looks.

Yes, Mr. Sumner is fabulously well-to-do. No, he's not a brain surgeon. Still, he's been paid the going industry rate for some very hard work—he's brought joy and information to the masses through his music.

*Natalie Davis  
New York, NY*

A CLASSIC CONFRONTATION! One witless hack journalist grinding his axe against a creative, successful, multi-talented and highly intelligent musician. Guess who ended up the world's biggest jerk?

Right on, Sting!

*Miles Tager  
Fairview, NC*



THE STING INTERVIEW IS ONE of the best I have read in your magazine over the years. Peter Watrous certainly tried to badger Sting, but rather than intimidating him it seemed to bring out Sting's wonderful repartee skills. Sting's forthrightness is refreshing, and his stances on non-violence and equality for all peoples wear well.

*Rev. Herman Winkels Jr.  
Kimball, MN*

HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO Peter Watrous, in his infinite negativity, to work with an artist instead of against him during an interview in order to obtain some refreshing insight? His interview with Sting was the worst interview I have ever read in any magazine of any kind at any time.

*Dave Tude  
College Park, MD*

MY CONGRATULATIONS TO Peter Watrous for his interview with Sting. Unlike lesser writers, he wasn't trying to best Sting, only challenge him. And challenge he did.

*Andrea Sheridan  
North White Plains, NY*

WHAT'S THE FIXATION WITH Sting and his money? Never before have I read an article in your magazine which revolved around the almighty dollar. The next time you interview Bowie or Clapton are you going to ask for bank statements first?

*Rob Nance  
Muncie, IN*

PETER WATROUS' INTERVIEW with Sting was hilarious. He cut Sting no slack. It was probably the most insightful interview I've read on him in quite a while. It seemed as though Sting enjoyed not having to answer the usual mundane questions.

*Steve Taber  
Tulsa, OK*

I DON'T THINK YOU SLAPPED Sting around enough! I'm referring to his remark about "Middle America" not learning about South Africa. I used to think Sting was a receptive and understanding individual, but I guess I was just being the naive, ignorant "Middle American" he thought I was.

While I agree with some of his comments about American ignorance on current affairs, I feel the same can be said of Europeans. His ignorance in regard to "Middle America" is showing.

*Kristina Triefenbach  
St. Louis, MO*

NICE TO HEAR FROM STING, BUT why doesn't Peter Watrous wipe the foam from his mouth, take a hot bath and calm down? His half-assed attempts at *60 Minutes* grilling were frequently off-base.

Watrous says Sting's new songs "are all mid-tempo." Wrong. By any pop standard, "mid-tempo" ranges from about 90 to 120 beats per minute. Fully one-third of the

# L·E·T·T·E·R·S

tunes on ...*Nothing Like the Sun* are dead slow—between 60 and 70—and "Straight to My Heart" clips along at 165.

The tempo issue is symptomatic of Watrous' assumption that Sting is a mainstream hack rather than a committed artist. What's mainstream about an album full of sparse, non-danceable rhythm arrangements, and practically devoid of love lyrics? One tune is in 7/4 time, for god's sake!

Watrous sounds like the high school freshman who discovered Pink Floyd last week and thinks "sell" is the same as "sell out." Go sic him on Phil Collins.

*Don Breithaupt  
Toronto, Canada*

HATS OFF TO PETER WATROUS for his needling interview with Sting. When one corners an animal, instinct takes over and reaction becomes innate expression. A cornered Sting was unnerved and explicitly eloquent. I respect the man and appreciate his music more than ever.

*John Baker III  
San Jose, CA*

I WAS OUTRAGED BY THE SHODDY treatment Sting received. Please tell your writers to save their opinions for the record reviews; when I read an interview I expect impartial journalism, not penny-ante polemicizing.

*Brian Kelley  
Saratoga Springs, NY*

THERE IS A THIN LINE BETWEEN "tough questions" and inane badgering of your interviewee. Peter Watrous crosses it as if he had diplomatic immunity. Using black musicians "enhances the image...as an intellect, someone who has

taste"? What? "Violence is the only thing that can change things in South Africa"? Please, someone grab his Cliff's Notes of *Soul on Ice*.

The Sting interview is full of these intellectual laughs, although Watrous himself has at least one key insight: Sting is taller and has better clothes. He is also considerably brighter, if we are to judge from this drivel.

*Terence Gioe  
St. Paul, MN*

IF STING WAS BLACK, OR UGLY, or both, would you put him on your cover? If looks and image are what's *really* important, why don't you print a picture of the dweeb who wrote this article?

*Frank Bednash  
New York, NY*

STING'S "MESSAGE MUSIC" DOES have an intellectual impact. He has opened my eyes with his songs, and made me aware of things I otherwise would not have known. The tone of your article made me wonder: Why do musicians get dumped on because they attempt to increase the level of compassion and/or understanding in the world? Is this not admirable and desirable?

*Jennifer Amorodin  
Edwardsville, IL*

REGARDLESS OF THE DEVIL'S advocate who wrote the article about Sting, it was still a good piece. Not only did Sting retain his dignity, but he rose above the shit that was flung at him. Bravo Sting!

*Barbara Thurber  
Flagstaff, AZ*

**PLEASE SEND LETTERS TO:  
MUSICIAN, 1515  
BROADWAY, 39TH FLOOR,  
NEW YORK, NY 10036.**



THE

# KINKS

**IN ROCK AND ROLL, THE ROAD  
IS WHERE LEGENDS ARE BORN.**

**FOR THE KINKS, IT'S WHERE  
THEIR LEGEND COMES ALIVE.**

**UNQUESTIONABLY ONE OF  
THE ALL-TIME GREAT BANDS,  
THE KINKS CONTINUE TO  
BREAK NEW GROUND ON  
THE ROAD,  
THE QUINTESSENTIAL  
LIVE RECORDING.**

**HEAR EXTRAORDINARY  
KINKS CLASSICS LIKE  
"COME DANCING" AND  
"DESTROYER" PERFORMED  
LIVE WITH MORE ENERGY AND  
EXCITEMENT THAN EVER. AND THEIR  
GREAT NEW STUDIO TRACK,  
"THE ROAD."**

**HEARING IS BELIEVING AS,  
ONCE AGAIN, THE KINKS  
LEAD THE WAY, ON...**

## **THE ROAD**



**LISTEN TO THE LEGEND COME ALIVE**

**THIS COLLECTION AVAILABLE FOR THE FIRST TIME  
ON COMPACT DISCS, HQ CASSETTES AND RECORDS.**

MCA and Radio Hiss are

# F·A·C·E·S

NEWS STORIES  
BY SCOTT ISLER

## John Adams

### *Taking Minimalism to the Max*

Composer John Adams never actually called himself "a minimalist bored with minimalism," but he doesn't deny the aptness of a quote that has followed him for years. Like Philip Glass and Steve Reich, Adams rose from the avant-underground to the concert halls with a style using pulsation, tonality and slow harmonic changes. Unlike them, he allows romantic flourishes of melody and orchestration to temper the hypnotic repetition. "I know that Phil and Steve bristle every time they're called minimalists," Adams says, "but I think it's a very helpful term. It's not so much a style as an approach."

Approaching the New York opening of his first opera, *Nixon in China*, Adams feels "like the Queen Mother: I have this royal child that everyone is dying to get a peek at, and half the world just can't wait to bash." Initial reactions ranged from "mush" to "masterpiece"; the debate comes home as PBS airs *Nixon* in April and Nonesuch Records releases the opera.

A soft-spoken man who retains the reserve of his New England roots, Adams' more controversial asides—"I think the classical symphonic world is just brain dead"—are as disarming as his background. A *magna cum laude* graduate from Harvard at the height of 12-tone academania, he left for more experimental work at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. Among his efforts there were 1973's "American Standard" (for Brian Eno's *Obscure* music series), which included music and "wacky" radio conversation five years before Eno and David Byrne's similar *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*. He also spent a year studying electronics so that he could build a synthesizer from scratch.

After "Harmonium" brought him national attention in 1980 ("My 'hit,'" Adams says wryly), the parodistic "Grand Pianola Music" met with vehement criticism. "It was a kind of trickster piece," he says now. "I have that side to me which is very ironic, a misbehaving side. It's the side that drives straight music people up the wall."

Such listeners may quake at the thought of three Mao-ettes on an opera stage adding a soft-funk chorus to the statements of the Chairman. But Adams, who cites Monteverdi, Motown and "things I hear on the street and don't even know the names of" as influences, won't let that stop him. "In this century, it's become de rigueur, if you're a serious composer, that you purify and refine the language. I once described myself as a composer with a very loose filter. You can hear everybody else's music in mine." —Marianne Meyer



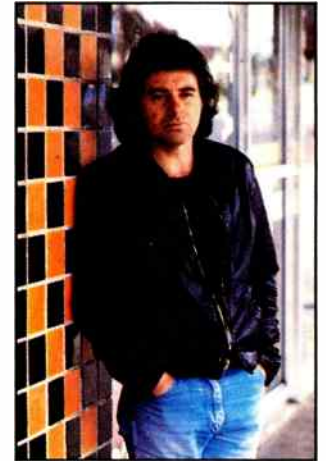
## Bill Carter

### *Why Shouldn't He Get Up*

Bill Carter has had his ups and downs, and not just on the fretboard. The small company for whom he recorded his 1985 debut album, *Stompin' Grounds*, folded before the record came out. Somehow a thousand copies were pressed and ended up in Scandinavia, where Carter says it sold out. "Those guys call me all the time, wanting me to come," Carter says of his European friends. "It's like a cult."

Then there's the saga of "Why Get Up," the hit single Carter co-wrote for the Fabulous Thunderbirds. (Thunderbirds guitarist Jimmie Vaughan met Carter when hired to play on *Stompin' Grounds*.) Just when Carter was "as broke as anybody could possibly be," General Mills offered him a whopping meal ticket for using "Why Get Up" in an ad campaign launching a new cereal. A month before the commercials were set to run, a Japanese company bought the ad agency and scrapped all pending projects.

Currently, though, things are looking up. Epic Records—which isn't likely to fold soon, although it was bought recently by a Japanese company—just released *Loaded Dice*, Carter's second album. The record showcases his gruff shouted vocals and his and wife Ruth Ellsworth's songs, which ring creative changes on bluesy/rock 'n' roll formulae. It's also the setting for a rare musical reunion between



brothers Jimmie and Stevie Ray Vaughan. (The latter guitarist recorded his own Carter-Ellsworth tune, "Willie the Wimp," on his live double album.)

Carter emigrated from the northwest to Austin, Texas in 1976. He was a scuffling bassist with country-band experience, but "all along I was writing songs of every kind." In 1985 he started his own group, the Blame, and switched to guitar. *Stompin' Grounds* was virtually a non-stop rave-up; nearly every song dealt either with sex, rock 'n' roll, cars, sex in cars, or sex in cars while listening to rock 'n' roll. With *Loaded Dice* he's learned to slow down once in a while without losing any passion: The new record's "Richest Man" is a clever gloss on Stax ballads that should be the last word on heartbreak metaphors.

Carter's biggest problem now is probably making sure people don't confuse him with the identically named leader of the Screaming Blue Messiahs. Things could be worse: "At least he's English and bald."

—Scott Isler



# Paul Carrack

## Original, Sparkling and Self-Effacing

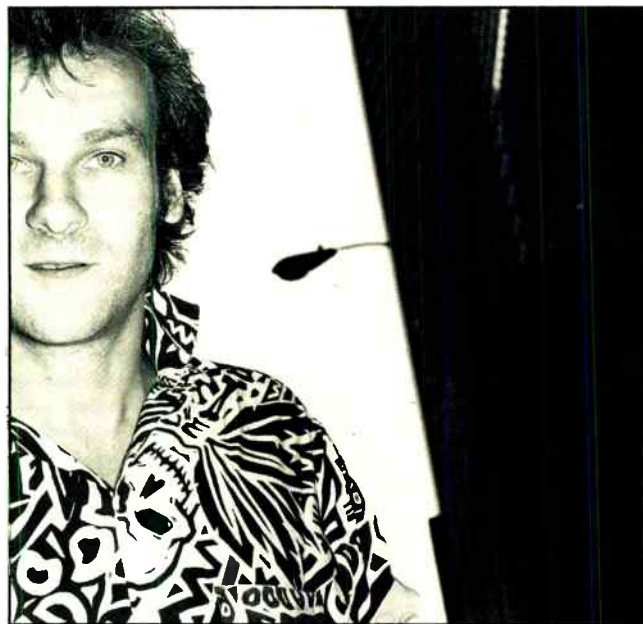
He's a bit like the invisible man with the worldwide voice—the crooner no one recognized behind Squeeze's "Tempted," Mike & the Mechanics' "Silent Running," Ace's "How Long" and his own solo hits "Don't Shed a Tear" (from his latest LP, *One Good Reason*) and "I Need You." He never set out to be a behind-the-scenes wonder, just as he never intended to hopscotch between bands. "It's a nightmare to try and pigeonhole me," Paul Carrack says wryly. "I love it all. I've never set out saying, 'I haven't done any rockabilly this month; I must go and do some of that.' That's far too cold and premeditated—and there's *nothing* cold and premeditated about me. I'm just a guy who can't say no."

Despite the *Oklahoma!* reference, Carrack began his career not with musicals but with dance band records—playing "boys brigade drums" as a Sheffield

guitar, so I just worked it out from there. I'm still working it out—live—in front of an audience," he chuckles.

An awfully self-effacing comment from a man who's played roving keyboardist for Roxy Music, Nick Lowe and, most recently, Roger Waters, but that's Carrack's style. That, and the fact that he considers himself more of a vocalist and songwriter—with a particularly ambient slant. "I could sing 'Canada Dry Seltzer Original Sparkling Water' with as much conviction as anything," he notes, scanning a nearby bottle. "I sing nonsense all the time when I'm writing. And often when I try to tidy it up, it doesn't sound half as good."

But that's likely because Carrack's outlook is different from the blow-your-house-down types. "If you think back to the years of acoustic music and band music," he says, "there used to



youngster to foxtrots and waltzes on a wind-up gramophone. A love of soul music ultimately caused his switch to keyboards, since the band he was enamored of already had a drummer. "I'd never played piano, but someone showed me a C, and I could strum a few chords on

be great bands, but you could sit in the corner and have a drink and talk. Music, over the years, has gotten much too brutal. Maybe that's why I write the way I do; songs can still have an edge, but they're music as an atmospheric and a harmonious thing." — Robin J. Schwartz

## Prince's Trust: A Paisley New Year



Prince's Paisley Park New Year's Eve benefit with Miles Davis, Sheila E. and the rest of the Sign o' the Times band was the big bash Minnesota might have expected.

"There's a lot of things I could say about 1987, both pro and con, but mostly pro," Prince told the 200-plus at \$200 per. "But I'm not a speech-maker, so I'll just do what I do best."

Then Prince and his well-oiled 10-piece roared through a dozen *Sign o' the Times* songs and a dozen more. Prince dished out some soaring guitar, but worked most often without, bounding from piano top to speaker box. He also went through a half-dozen clothes changes.

After midnight (and a non-Prince song, "Auld Lang Syne"), encore guest Davis emerged from the lavish dinner table to roam the stage and fuel an extended "It's Gonna Be a Beautiful Night." Davis' trumpet played call to Prince's scat-vocal response.

"You all expect an awful lot for your \$200," Prince teased the invitation-only

crowd, which included Twins owner Carl Pohlad and infielder Roy Smalley; Prince's mother Mattie Baker and father John Nelson; actor/sidekick Jerome Benton, and other notables among the revelers who coughed up a tax-deductible contribution to the Minnesota Coalition for the Homeless. But once past the sheriff in the driveway, guests were free to roam much of the vast building.

Pre-recorded Luther Vandross wafted throughout the eight p.m. cocktail-mixer. The 1976 graduate of now-defunct Minneapolis Central High showed up an hour later, and strolled through his \$10-million studio's Grand Sound Stage while many dined under the *Sign o' the Times* backdrop that dominated a full-size stage.

After the show, with the bars still well-stocked, band members and partiers alike mingled and danced to a live DJ. After a night with front-row room enough for all, nobody needed to go back out to the Minnesota cold. — Mark Lee Anderson



# Harry Connick Jr.

## First New Orleans, Then the World

The New Orleans piano tree is growing new branches all the time. You know the names: Tuts, Longhair, Booker, Rebennack, Ellis... Harry?

"Sure, I definitely come out of that thing," says the Crescent City's latest keyboard savant, 20-year-old Harry Connick Jr., who claims at least three of the above masters as both mentors and pals. "But I'm not like Dr John, who's pretty much keeping that style alive exclusively.



That's not the only way I want to show myself."

Toward that goal, his new Columbia record covers more ground than just the rambunctious stride/boogie that has called Rampart Street home for decades. Connick, who's been playing in public since he was in grammar school, shows the same authority wandering through self-penned introspective tunes as when he's making the 88s jump. A former child prodigy, he doesn't see his whiz-kid rep carrying him forever.

"The public was easily impressed with seeing an eight-year-old playing the hell out of a piano," he says. "But in the jazz community, 20 is ample age to really be playing music; I've got to be on."

Seems that he is. It's easy to hear rhythmic twists and puckish allusions in his playing. "I wanted

to do a trio album using some N'Awlins cats, but first the drummer couldn't make it, then the bass player was busy. So it's primarily a solo record, with Ron Carter helping out a lot. Solo's a good way to get your musical personality across fast."

Because he's still developing, his influences are obvious. The strutting syncopation of the late James Booker certainly sticks out; there's also a pointed playfulness as he traipses through Monk's "I Mean You." Connick is intent on keeping his ears open for sharp vehicles to challenge his chops.

"I haven't lived long enough to write anything of any consequence, like Monk and those guys," he admits. "But there are thousands of great tunes out there. I'm just going to find 'em and play with 'em for a while."

— Jim Macnie

# The Connells

## A New Kind of Bar Band

I think we're a decent band, but I couldn't say much beyond that," states Mike Connell, leader of the Connells, another sapling from the North Carolina musical forest.

Luckily for the Raleigh-based band, listeners would beg to differ. The quintet, clad in hip-to-be-square oxford shirts and jeans, looks like they should back up Bryan Adams. Yet instead of AOR clichés, their album *Boylan Heights* sparkles with neo-folkie harmonies and hypnotically swirling guitars redolent of the Byrds and Southern brethren R.E.M. —although Connell prefers comparison with the Smiths, "because fewer people know who they are." Cushioned by Doug MacMillan's gentle vocals, Connell's lyrics uphold his conviction that mom lied when she said everything works out for the best.

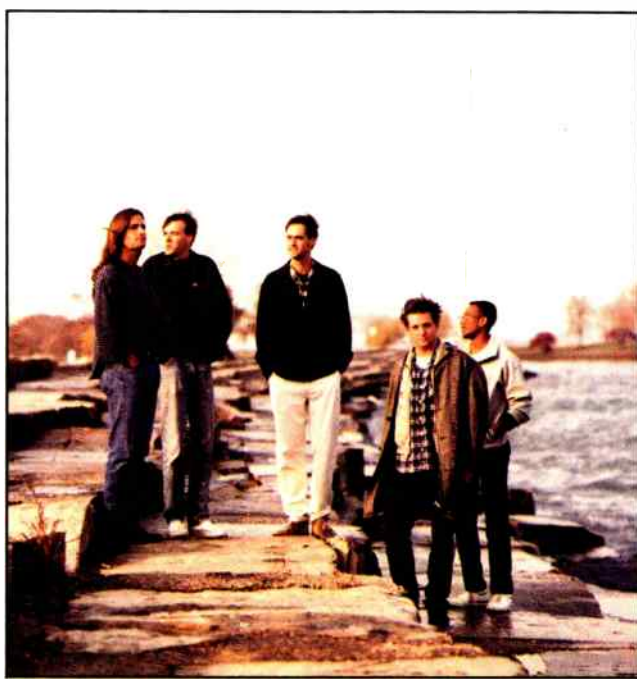
Connell and his younger brother, David, formed the band in 1984 while at the University of North Carolina. By the end of 1985, the current crew had

gelled. Virtually no one knew who the Connells were before they landed a track on Dolphin's 1984 *More Mondo* sampler. The song, "Darker Days," attracted the ear of fellow Tarheel Don Dixon, who produced four songs on the band's first, self-released album. Last New Year's Eve, Mitch Easter heard the band open for the dB's and agreed to produce *Boylan Heights* (named after an old Raleigh neighbor-

hood) even though the group had no major record contract. TVT issued the 11-song finished product basically as was.

Connell stands in good stead should the band falter. Though he's far from hanging out a shingle, he's passed the North Carolina bar exam. "I'm not sure I want to practice law though," he laughs. "The world has enough bad lawyers."

— Melinda Newman



HANS NELEMAN TIMOTHY BRAHM

## Winter in Russia: Thaw

You don't know the meaning of the word "crossover" until you've heard *Earthbeat*, a collaboration between saxophonist Paul Winter and the Dimitri Pokrovsky Singers that spans continents, cultures and curtains (iron).

Winter met the Soviet Chorus a year ago, when his Consort became the first American group to tour the Soviet Union under the Gorbachev-Reagan cultural agreement. The collaborative *Earthbeat*, according to Winter, grew out of "jams" between his group and the 14-voice chorus. The Singers recorded traditional Russian songs and two originals by Winter's keyboardist

Paul Halley. They then sent the tapes to the U.S., where the Consort added tracks.

Winter strongly denies his aim was to improve the Russian music. "We would never think of that kind of thing; it's wonderful in its own right. Our music is a response to theirs." The Pokrovsky Singers heard the work in progress when Winter revisited the Soviet Union this year. After some fine-tuning, the vocal group, Winter says, declared themselves "thrilled" with the result. Whether or not you're familiar with Russian choral music—which is awe-inspiring all by itself—*Earthbeat* is bound to open some perceptual doors.



# DURAN DURAN TAKES SAMSON WIRELESS ALL OVER THE WORLD BECAUSE SAMSON TAKES THEM ALL OVER THE STAGE

From vocal systems to instrument systems that transmit every nuance of their performance, Samson Wireless with dbx\* gives Duran Duran exactly what they need—nothing but the best.



Samson Technologies Corp., 485-19 South Broadway, Hicksville,  
New York 11801 (516) 932-3810 TLX 284696 SAM UR FAX (516) 932-3815  
In Canada: Omnimedia Corporation Ltd.,  
9653 Côte de Liesse, Dorval, Quebec H9P 1A3 (514) 636-9971

World Radio History

**SAMSON®**  
WE TOOK THE WORRY OUT OF WIRELESS®

© 1987 Samson Technologies Corp.  
\*dbx is a registered trademark of BSR North America, Ltd.



*Clean clear sound.  
Hot power. Good specs.\**

If you're open to new and better things, "test drive" an N/D257 against your favorite microphone and experience the difference N/DYM™ technology can make in delivering "the real you" to your audience.

The N/D257, with the design features of its big brothers—the N/D357, N/D457, and N/D757—puts you in command of more than twice the power of any competitive mic in its class.

In addition to its power, the 257 offers smooth, natural response with gentle emphasis in the presence range and extended high-frequency response for exceptional vocal clarity. More typically cardioid than the other

N/D vocal models, it is a bit more "forgiving" when you move off-axis during a performance.

Best of all, the 257 is an easy "wallet-friendly" step-up to the proven advantages of EV N/DYM technology, today's most talked-about microphone design innovation.



*To learn more about N/D Series microphones, see your Electro-Voice dealer or write Electro-Voice, Inc., Dept. N, 600 Cecil Street, Buchanan, MI 49107.*

\*An actual comment from N/D257 user Arden Daoust, Sturgeon Bay, WI. All user comments quoted in advertising are on file at the Electro-Voice corporate headquarters, Buchanan, Michigan.

World Radio History



# THE DEL-LORDS

by rory o'connor

Scott Kempner  
Marches to  
His Own Beat

Scott Kempner loves the Beach Boys and the Beastie Boys with equal abandon. Not to mention the Three Stooges and Iggy Stooze, Lucy and Desi, Bruce Springsteen and Cousin Brucie, the Great One and Marvelous Marvin. But he could live without the straight life and corporate sponsors, authority figures and high school, Republicans and liberals, Don Johnson and Huey Lewis. He says, with a malicious smile, that he still thinks it's square to be square. With Kempner, it's always praise Del Lord and pass the ammunition. He takes things personally and responds to them passionately. For Scott Kempner is one of the true believers...maybe the last.

"As soon as rock 'n' roll came into my life," he says, "I knew somehow I fit into it. So if I treat rock with respect, that's because it's the thing that kept me alive." Now 34, Kempner still fits the part: Lean, muscular and pompadoured, he's the singer, songwriter, guitarist and leader of New York's no-frills roots-rock band, the Del-Lords.

Kempner has just returned home from Los Angeles, where he was finishing the final mixes of the Del-Lords' third album, *Based on a True Story*. We're sitting in his cramped low-rent walkup on Manhattan's east side surrounded by records, posters, framed sheet music and other memorabilia of a lifetime's devotion to rock 'n' roll—first as a fan, then as a journeyman performer, and soon (if there's any justice) as a full-fledged, kick-ass, radio-blasting, honest-to-goodness star.

"People don't realize how basic it is in my life," he continues. "Rock gave me self-esteem, when in most people's eyes I had no reason to have it. And I can't understand rock meaning less than everything to anybody involved."

That's the way it's always been for



Out there with the boys: Caiati, Funaro, Ambel & Kempner

Kempner, at least since he left his first love, the New York Yankees, whose stadium was a short walk from his childhood home in the Bronx. After John, Paul, George and Ringo, it was Pete Townshend and the Who.

"They were *my* band," Kempner remembers. "Before the Who, yeah, I wanted to be a Beatle like everyone else. But when I saw the Who, I went to my grandma 'cause I knew she would give me the money to buy an SG just like Pete played. I saw them 26 times, I bought every bootleg possible. His guitar playing was the standard I measured myself by. And when they came out to play, they just put their heads down, gritted their teeth, and there was no bullshit. To get out there with your boys and just do it...well, the Who epitomized that. They cared more than anybody—until that last tour, the money tour. That was the thing that first broke my heart, that turned my life around, when the Who came out, *sponsored by Schlitz!*"

To the casual observer, Kempner's outspoken, heart-on-sleeve honesty and eternal-teenager stance must seem hopelessly naive, perhaps even dangerously so. But Kempner is incapable of being casual; the most charming things about him are that he means what he says, and he doesn't give a shit what other people think. Besides, as he freely admits, his faith in rock's redemptive power has fueled him through the vicissitudes of a 16-year-search for the brass ring of the Big Time.

Kempner's first ride on the rock 'n' roll

merry-go-round came at 18: He dropped out of college in the Bronx and moved upstate to join childhood friends Andy Shernoff and Richard Manitoba in a proto-punk band that came to be called the Dictators. Before he ever played on a stage, Kempner says, the group signed with Epic Records and his life as a professional musician was under way. Although he never made much money with the Dictators, he considers himself fortunate—particularly because he wasn't that interested in, or successful at, anything else.

"All my life I hated school, and all my teachers hated my guts," he recalls. "I had a real attitude problem. Every Sunday night *to this day* I get down on my knees and thank God I don't have school tomorrow.

"It was that authority thing," he explains. "The same with work. I never lasted at any job except one, and there my boss let me smoke pot, listen to the radio real loud, and leave for a few hours whenever it got to be too much."

Despite the Dictators' limited success, they managed to squeeze in a lot of fun and a few thrills here and there. "The rock lifestyle thing...I never really took advantage of it," Kempner laughs. "Well, maybe a *little* when I was on the road in the Dictator days, but I was 19 then, and it was my first real experience with lots of women *wanting* you, you know? But gimme a break, I was only 19.... Besides, I never got into this to see how many drugs I could do or how many women I could get. I did it because

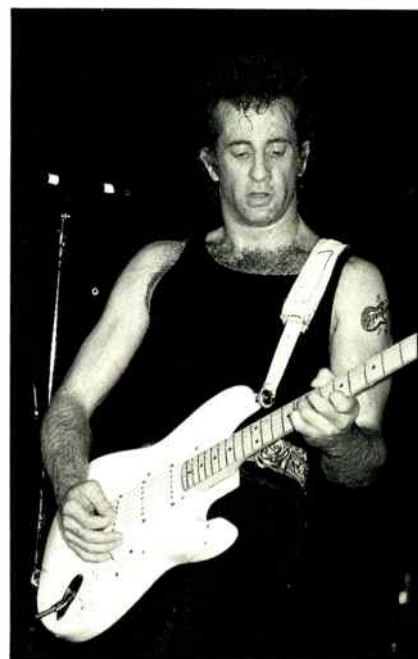
the music is what made me feel better than anything."

Following the demise of the Dictators, Kempner hunkered down to face the '80s. He began to concentrate on songwriting and soon met bassist Manny Caiati, who encouraged his efforts. By 1982, drummer Frank Funaro and guitarist Eric Ambel had joined forces with them, and the Del-Lords were born.

*Time* magazine, for one, lauded the Del-Lords' first album, *Frontier Days*, as one of the best records of 1984. Here at last, the critics said, was a group that had it all: the legendary live performances of a classic bar band and the all too rare

ability to capture that energy on a disc; a driving beat and unyielding attitude; songs you could both dance to and think about—a band, in sum, that was both sweaty and socially conscious, providing, as one writer put it, "the soundtrack to our lives."

Unfortunately, *succès d'estime* wasn't nearly enough. Despite the critical raves, radio virtually ignored the album, and sales were minuscule. Undaunted, the Del-Lords regrouped and went back into the studio, this time with a big-name but seemingly unlikely producer: Neil Geraldo, husband and producer of megastar Pat Benatar.



Kempner accepts no advertising.

The result was another spectacular effort, *Johnny Comes Marching Home*, released early in 1986. Once again the cognoscenti hailed the record; but despite Geraldo's sonic sheen and a short-lived boost from MTV's heavy rotation on the second single, "Heaven," the so-called "rock 'n' roll radio" stations never picked up on it. By the beginning of the summer, it was apparent that *Johnny* wasn't marching anywhere but to the cutout bin.

Despite the disappointments and stumbling blocks, however, the Del-Lords were attracting increasing attention, albeit in some strange circles. One song on the second album ("True Love") was featured in the film *About Last Night*. Miller Beer approached the band about singing a jingle in a television commercial—an offer Kempner turned down. ("To me, rock 'n' roll is like *Consumer Reports*," he explains. "We accept no advertising. It's the only way to be fair.") The Del-Lords even received an invitation to play at an anniversary celebration for the liberal weekly *The Nation*; the event inspired "Crawl in Bed," the first song on their new album.

"I have to admit a bit of ignorance," Kempner says, "in that I really didn't know much about the magazine. But a very prominent writer called me up and said he thought the band was really right to take part in it. Now, I hate to hear myself saying things like 'left wing, right wing, Democrat, Republican,' because I think they're all full of shit. I'm not for or against any or all or part of what any of those people stand for. Nobody has a monopoly on the truth, that's my attitude. So I've pulled back a little bit on

# CV

**Peter Gabriel**

*compilation video*

s l e d g e h a m m e r  
MTV Video Of The Year

b i g t i m e

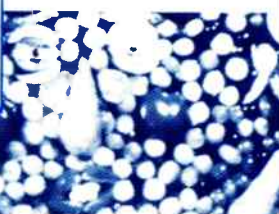
s h o c k t h e m o n k e y

r e d r a i n

d o n ' t g i v e u p  
Versions 1 and 2

m e r c y s t r e e t

i d o n ' t r e m e m b e r



© 1988 Virgin Records America, Inc.

Virgin



We opened the door to rock songwriters and publishers when other doors were closed.

We're proud to have helped launch the careers of rock legends like Buddy Holly, Chuck Berry, Ritchie Valens, Carl Perkins and Jerry Lee Lewis and that our '80's roster includes Michael Jackson, Billy Joel, The Fabulous Thunderbirds and ZZ Top.

We've led the way on every innovation in the performing rights field for the last 50 years.  
We're recognized around the world for our progressive leadership in rock 'n' roll.

We pay a special bonus for hit songs that makes BMI the place to be for today's rock writers.

We've assembled a team of responsive, young music industry professionals who are excited  
by rock 'n' roll.

We're behind you all the way.



# BMI

*We Perform for You*

1 (800) USA - BMI - 1  
In New York State call (212) 586-2000

BMI

New York

Nashville

Los Angeles

London

World Radio History



*basic essentials*

# EMG PICKUPS

We'll give you more than the basics on the Low Impedance advantage, send for free catalog, EMG, INC./P.O. Box 4394 /Santa Rosa, CA 95402/(707) 525-9941 • CANADA: Louis Musical, Montreal

making 'political statements.' But I guess 'Crawl in Bed' is really the heart of my politics—that if we're there for all of the seemingly left-wing causes, it's because we believe in the cause, we don't believe in the party."

By the fall of 1986, pressures on the band were accumulating, and the Del-Lords reached their nadir. They split with their managers, they were hardly playing out at all, and relations with their record company were strained. Even the ever-optimistic Kempner was feeling depressed. "From September of '86 until very recently was a really hard time," he says. "I felt like, 'This is ridiculous, what am I killing myself for?'"

As always, he found the answer in music. *Based on a True Story* is an album Kempner terms "really severe...no holds barred," and one he hopes will finally put the Del-Lords over the top. As usual, he refused to take the easy road there.

Resisting the obvious pressures to be more overtly "commercial," the Del-Lords chose instead to fashion *Based on a True Story* "without regard to life or limb," as Kempner puts it—as if they had unlimited time and funds. The result may be their best album, combining professional production gloss with their anar-

*continued on page 24*

## LORDS' PLAYERS

**E**ric Ambel and Scott Kempner each play through a Fender Concert II modified by Lee Jackson at Metaltronics and run through two 12-inch JBL speakers, and a Fender Deluxe II run through two 12-inch JBLs. They use Samson Diversity wireless units, custom heavy GHS strings (12, 15, plain 20, 34, 46 and 56 gauge) and heavy Pastore Music picks.

Ambel, who owns 16 guitars, uses most of them in each set. They include a '66 Fender Telecaster, a '75 Fender Telecaster, one Fender (American) Strat, "a bunch of ESP Strats and Telecasters," a '68 Gibson Les Paul and two acoustic guitars: a Guild Southern Jamboree and a Takamine. Kempner is less elaborate, playing two ESP Strats, one off-the-rack '84 Rickenbacker 360, one white Rickenbacker 12-string and a Washburn acoustic.

Del-Lords bassist Manny Caiati uses a standard ESP Precision bass onstage, with heavy-gauge GHS Boomers, and two standard Ampeg SVT amps with 8x10-inch speaker enclosures. For recording he plays an ESP Horizon and Fender Vintage reissue.

Drummer Frank Funaro plays Gretsch drums with a Pearl wooden snare and Zildjian cymbals. His hardware is a mix of Yamaha, Pearl and Tama, and he uses Regal Tip "Rock" sticks, which he holds backwards "for maximum volume."

Get both STABILITY and VISIBILITY!



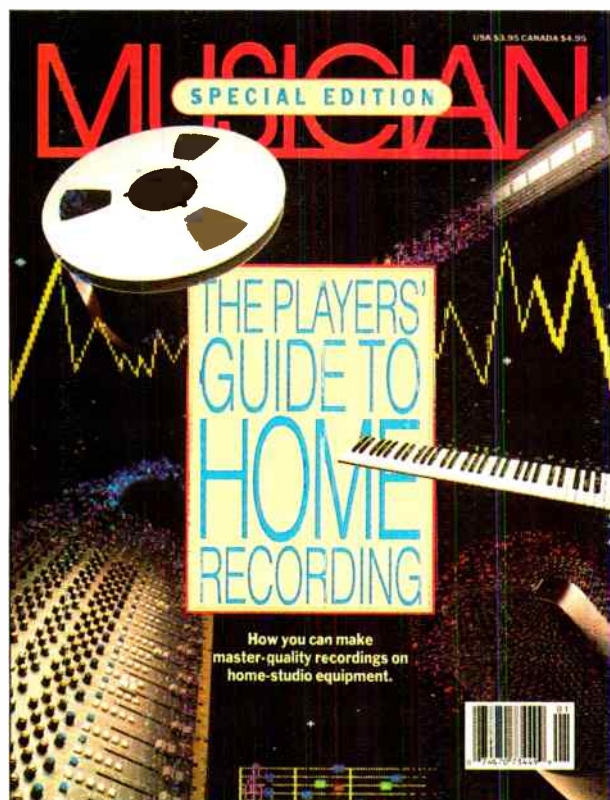
# BAND STANDS

INVISIBLE®  
MODULAR STAND SYSTEM

NEW 5 year/50,000 mile WARRANTY

For a FREE catalog, see your music dealer or write \*59 Commercial St. Lynn MA 01905





## THIS IS ABOUT RECORDING And Nothing But Recording

The editors of MUSICIAN announce the debut of **The Players' Guide to Home Recording**: a new line of special editions designed exclusively for players who want to expand their home studio capabilities from four-track machines to pro and semi-pro set-ups.

From mikes to mixers to tape decks, through the four basic building blocks of signal processing, to the decision process of what to purchase and how to hook it all up, **The Players' Guide to Home Recording** provides you with more useful information than any single publication available.

Order your copy of **The Players' Guide to Home Recording** today.

**RETAILERS:** Stock **The Players' Guide to Home Recording** for your customers. Call 1-800-999-9988 for bulk orders; only. Immediate delivery available.

Name

Address

City

State  Zip

**The Players' Guide to Home Recording** \$4.95 each

All prices include postage and handling. Total

Send check and order form to:  
**MUSICIAN'S HOME RECORDING**  
P.O. BOX 701, GLOUCESTER, MA 01931-0701



## SIMPLY MIDI

Announcing the publication of **Understanding MIDI II**, our all-new, all-MIDI special edition. While volume one provides a basic introduction to MIDI, **Understanding MIDI II** takes a closer look at specific MIDI technologies: making complex systems more orderly with MIDI mergers and switchers, syncing MIDI-sequenced tracks to tape and how to use signal processing to get more out of your analog equipment. Plus special sections on the application of sampling, the MIDI guitar explosion, and complete 1987 MIDI product buyer's guide.

Choose one or order both, but tune in to MIDI today.

Please send me:

**UNDERSTANDING MIDI** copies (\$3.95 each)  
**UNDERSTANDING MIDI II** copies (\$3.95 each)

Order both and save!

**UNDERSTANDING MIDI** copies (\$6.90)  
(volumes I and II) (Add \$1.00 postage and handling for each copy.)  
Total

Name

Address

City

State  Zip

Send check to: **UNDERSTANDING MIDI**  
P.O. Box 701, Gloucester, MA 01931-0701



# THE NEW JAZZ ELITISM

by chip stern

or *The Importance of Being Wynton*

essay

**H**e's young, gifted and black. Handsome. Well-dressed. Disciplined. Articulate. Prodigious. The most talented trumpet player of his generation and growing all the time. How can you not like a guy like Wynton Marsalis?

It ain't easy. The man is everywhere. There's Wynton at the Super Bowl. There's Wynton at the Grammy Awards. There's Wynton for True Value Hardware. There's Wynton in yo face—the voice of a new generation. But who elected him? Maybe I want a fresh deck of cards. Because, though I certainly don't begrudge Marsalis all the acclaim and success he's earned, it seems as if each new release of his is dutifully accompanied by a cannonade of divisive chin music from Sir Wynton and his Boswell, the gifted New York writer Stanley Crouch.

Wynton points to *Filles de Kilimanjaro*, *Crescent*, *Mingus Presents Mingus* and *The Shape of Jazz to Come* as areas he's exploring to expand his conceptual chops; musics where the structures/group improvisers superimpose against the main form to suggest layers of contrasting tempi, texture, rhythm, meter and tonality. Areas his groups have tried to develop as an ensemble, and areas other students of jazz would do well to explore. Great. When Marsalis speaks out on behalf of the living continuum of the jazz tradition, as opposed to the Sargasso Sea of jazz-flavored swill people call jazz without even thinking, I'm with him. I too have difficulty being polite when someone tells me how much they love jazz and then rattles off names like Spyro Gyra, Najee and Kenny G. Kenny G? My God, he should be greasing tank tracks in the Negev. That's as if you



walked into some tough inner-city bar filled with fly dudes right out of *Shaft's Big Score*, and here comes a cat rapping about how much he digs the Four Freshmen: "Man, those close unison harmonies just chill me out, man."

So what's the big deal? Perhaps it stems from Wynton's absurd notion that you can't criticize *his* music because you might not know how to dissect harmonies or bar lines. For one thing, that means the people who like his music but lack those analytical chops can't dig it either. Being a creative musician is an act of criticism: You choose what is of value to you, what you like, what you want to use and how you'll employ it. Just like people go about choosing what they want to hear. So jazz musicians and critics have an analogous function: to help people make richer, more informed decisions. If you dig it, great, if not...at least you know who the elders were and

how things have progressed. But to try to reach young people by making statements like the following, as Wynton did recently, is just out: "After all, funk was the basis of my first level of development, and we know the endless succession of great virtuosi that music has produced—none."

Well, Wynton, using "funk" to mean that matrix of influences that came out of different American blues dance traditions, Southwestern riff swing, gospel and spirituals, R&B, soul, hard bop, delta blues, urban blues (Chicago, New Orleans, Memphis, *et al.*), hillbilly and rock 'n' roll, might we suggest these candidates: Aretha Franklin, James Brown, Marvin Gaye, Prince, Otis Redding, Ray Charles, Stevie Wonder; Al Jackson, Benny Benjamin, Bernard Purdie, Earl Palmer, Ziggy Modeliste, Clyde Stubblefield, Dennis Chambers; James Jamerson, Bootsy Collins, Duck

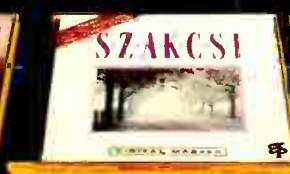


# SHARE A VISION OF THE FUTURE...

## GRP WHERE ARTISTRY MEETS TECHNOLOGY



**DAVE VALENTIN**—  
"Mind Time"  
Incomparable artistry by the  
#1 jazz flutist, highlighted by  
special guest Earl Klugh.



**SZAKCSI**—"Sa-Chi"  
#1 New Age keyboardist from  
Eastern Europe in a sensitive,  
romantic debut.



**YUTAKA**—"Yutaka"  
Contemporary blending of the  
koto, acoustic piano, synthesizer  
and a unique vocal style.



**DIANE SCHUUR & THE COUNT BASIE  
ORCHESTRA**  
Grammy-award winning vocalist and the  
Basie band with the #1 best selling jazz  
album.



**TOM SCOTT**—"Streamlines"  
Stunning, masterful performance by the  
legendary saxophonist, with Eric Gale and  
Richard Tee.



**LEE RITENOUR**—"Portrait"  
Brilliant guitarist in a canvas of technique  
and style; with Kenny G, The Yellowjackets  
and Djavan.



Available on  
Compact Discs,  
High Quality Cassettes  
and Records

For a free color catalog write to:  
GRP Records Dept., P.O. Box 57, New York, N.Y. 10019

World Radio History

THE  
DIGITAL MASTER  
COMPANY

Dunn, Larry Graham, Jerry Jemmott, Chuck Rainey, Bernard Edwards, Jaco Pastorius; Cornell Dupree, Nile Rodgers, Steve Cropper, Jimi Hendrix; James Booker, Dr. John, Bernie Worrell; Hank Crawford, Marcus Belgrave, King Curtis... Well, are we going to compare King Curtis with Louis Armstrong? Hey, are we comparing Wynton Marsalis to Louis Armstrong?! Doesn't that seem a tad premature?

Funk musicians have extended (and defended) the hegemony of dance rhythms, blues and syncopation during eras like the '60s, when a lot of jive artists sought to use freedom as a cover

to disguise their lack of discipline and knowledge—a period of history jazz has been recovering from for 20 years. And speaking of their common father, didn't Louis Armstrong revolutionize pop as well as jazz, stretching the popular song and vocal stylings and giving them a distinctive American *style*? Is this not all part of the same continuum?

Apparently not, according to Marsalis and Crouch, the latter putting his cards on the table at the end of a spirited defense of Michael Jackson (not his music) in the *Village Voice*, where he states: "Jackson comes from rhythm and blues, which is itself a *dilution of blues*

[my italics], a descent from the profound emotion of America's first truly adult secular music. As a pop star, Jackson's fame and riches have come from the expression of adolescent passion, but he is also the product of an era in which profundity has been forced on music actually intended to function as no more than the soundtrack for teenage romance and the backbeat for the bouts of self-pity young people suffer while assaulted by their hormones."

I was under the impression R&B was an *evolution* of the blues, an extension of the blues as it urbanized and grew with the times. Are Marvin Gaye's "What's Goin' On?" or Stevie Wonder's "Living for the City" simply "backbeats for bouts of self-pity"? Or, to address the issue in broader terms, how are we supposed to reach today's young listeners and musicians, to clue them into their incomparably rich legacy, when we tell them that their music is intrinsically a lower form?

And, ultimately, what does that say about ourselves and American music in general? Is Wynton really telling us that there is a higher order of intellect and technique; dat dere is house folks and field folks; that there is a nobility and then there are proles? Jeez, I hope not, because that is a decidedly European notion. To carry it a step farther, I suppose this means that there are classical musicians and then there are folk musicians. European classical musicians have patronized American musicians for decades with this attitude, and now here comes Wynton Marsalis extending this a step further, in reaction, one supposes, to the notion that American black musicians are "intuitive geniuses," have happy feet and natural rhythm, can't read music, and are incapable of matching up against European standards. But does that mean we have to adopt European standards for American music and strictly separate the "serious" musicians from the ghettos of "folk" and "pop" musicians?

Intellect divorced from intuition and emotion is a dry, deadly fissure, and it's telling that this generation's bumper crop of young American "classical" jazz musicians—growing up in public, without benefit of the gigs and dues and sideman chores their elders cut their teeth on—have rarely made the kind of personal statements their prodigal talents promise. Call them works in progress? Absolutely, for they still have a lot to offer—especially Wynton Marsalis.

But great musicianship does not guarantee great music. Artistic vision is as important—it's what elevates Marsalis' own *J Mood* and *Black Codes* (from

**STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN & GHS STRINGS PERFECTLY MATCHED**

**F**or Stevie Ray, it's GHS Nickel Rockers – pure nickel rollerwound strings, in heavy gauges, tuned low.

For your perfect match, choose from a variety of metals and gauges that won't quit!

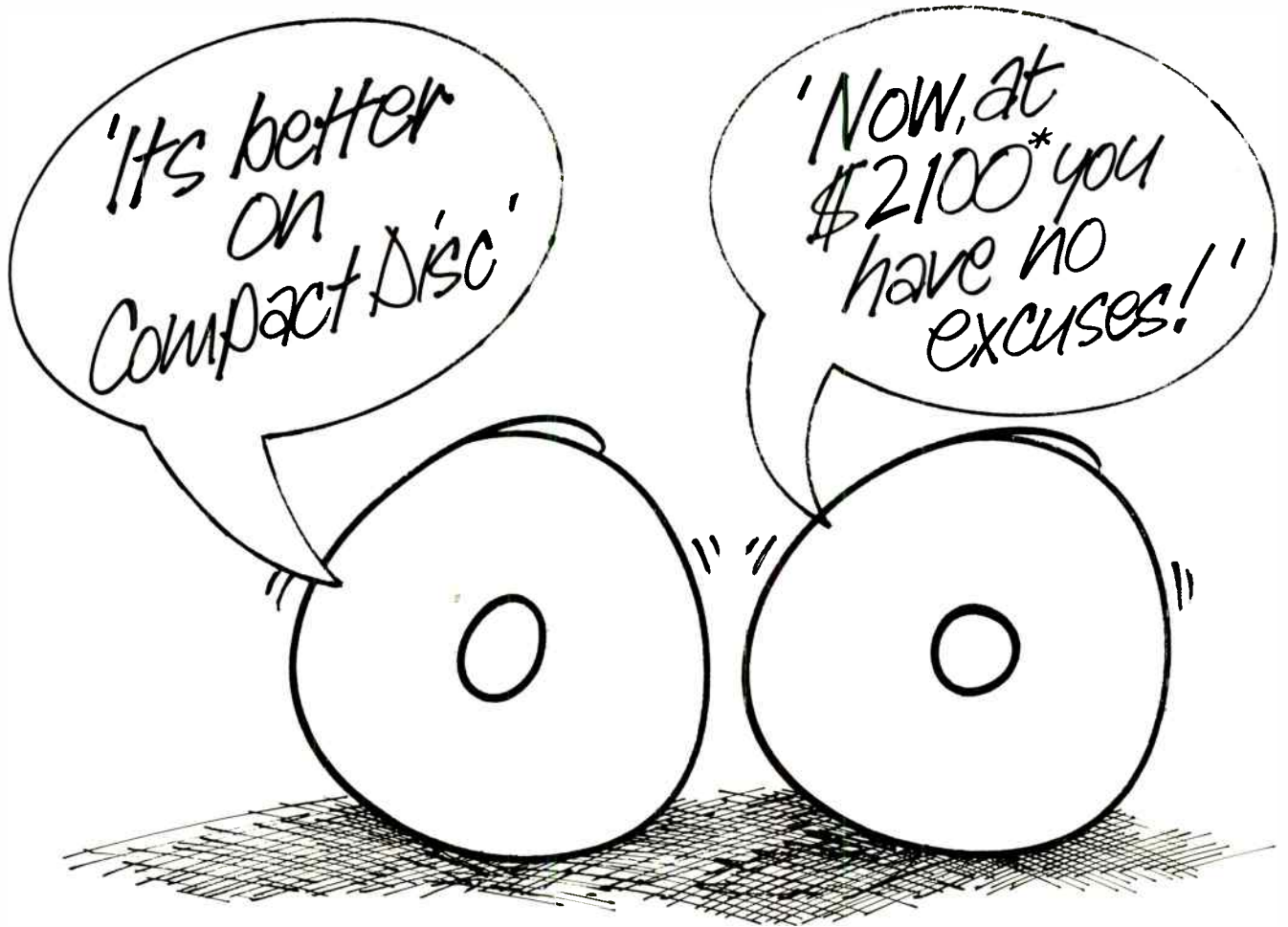
GHS Strings – in sets and singles.

**ghs strings**  
The String Specialists

Manufactured by G.H.S. Corporation, 2813 Wilber Ave., Battle Creek, MI 49015 USA



# Have you heard ?



**Call Nimbus Records Now!**  
**1-800-782-0778**



**Quality, Excellence and Leadership in Sound Technology.**

\* Special Price based on 1,000 CDs, Laser Mastering and Label Printing from artwork supplied.

**RIC**  
Rickenbacker  
PROFESSIONAL POWER AMPLIFIER  
RA 600

Blow 'em away with Blazing Hot Sound. From a totally cool amp. RA 600 by Sony Sound Tec. The amp that gives you all the block-busting power you need. Cleanly. Clearly. Beat it. Pound it. Give it your best shot. It comes back for more.

**Bang Your Head**

Tough as nails.  
Smooth as leather.  
Mind-seering sound is yours today at your RIC Dealer. Experience it.

**RIC**  
Rickenbacker

Rickenbacker International Corp.  
3895 S. Main, Santa Ana, CA 92707  
(714) 545-5574

the Underground) at least one cut above his other work. And if Wynton Marsalis truly cares to extend the cause of "pure" jazz traditions, he would do well to observe the example of, say, Max Roach, a musician as at home in purely notated music as he is in purely improvised music.

Though Roach is a founding father of bebop and modern percussion, he has reached out and extended his music in collaborations with modern percussion ensembles, symphony orchestras, string quartets, video artists, modern dancers, rappers, scratchers, break dancers and the cream of the younger generation of jazz players. Never compromising his vision; never patronizing his collaborators; never ceasing to grow—extending and unifying and advancing the cause of American *musics*. Surely Wynton Marsalis is capable of being as powerful a beacon, a unifying, evolutionary force. If only he'd take the foot out of his mouth, put the trumpet in and get on with it.

**DEL-LORDS** from page 18  
chic live energy, and featuring some of Kempner's most impassioned and sophisticated songwriting.

"It's a weird feeling," he says, "like being up on a soap box and wondering if anybody's listening, but screaming your head off for all it's worth anyway."

Kempner admits it might have been smarter for the band to make some concessions "if we really wanted to make it go down easy." Instead it was the same old story—the story of his life. "It was high school all over again! You know, 'You can't do that!'" he explains. "So right away the only thing I could think of was how do I do what I'm not supposed to, as soon as possible."

But will it sell? Only time will tell—and the times they are a-changin' once again, as the '80s crash to a close. Maybe bands like the Del-Lords will now become mainstream, even fashionable, without having to compromise their integrity. Maybe they'll even be able to sell records without having to sell out.

"We're selling 'Live your life the way you want it, don't wait a lifetime to be happy,'" Kempner concludes. "That's the one song I keep writing over and over." Then he pauses to think. "In fact, we're not even selling that; we're just selling a record. The rest is there for free. We're throwing that in."

As for the future? Characteristically, Kempner is still a believer. "What's next?" he wonders. "Maybe success—it's the only thing we haven't tried!"

*Step On The Gas*

**FEEL THE POWER**

A surge of screaming highs and throaty metallic chords. You'll unleash an arena style onslaught of sound when you Hammer Down on a GAS PEDAL.

*And Go!*

**GAS** GUITAR ■ AUDIO ■ SYSTEM  
**DISTORTION** EP-DI-10

**Epiphone**  
GUITAR ■ AUDIO ■ SYSTEM

FOR COMPLETE GAS PEDAL BROCHURE PLEASE WRITE: GIBSON ACCESSORIES 1725 FLEETWOOD DRIVE ELGIN, IL 60121





TRUTH...

OR  
CONSEQUENCES.

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

**TRUTH:** A lot of monitors "color" their sound. They don't deliver truly flat response. Their technology is full of compromises. Their components are from a variety of sources, and not designed to precisely integrate with each other.

**CONSEQUENCES:** Bad mixes. Re-mixes. Having to "trash" an entire session. Or worst of all, no mixes because clients simply don't come back.

**TRUTH:** JBL eliminates these consequences by achieving a new "truth" in sound: JBL's remarkable new 4400 Series. The design, size, and materials have been specifically tailored to each monitor's function. For example, the 2-way 4406 6" Monitor is ideally designed for console or close-in listening. While the 2-way 8" 4408 is ideal for broadcast applications. The 3-way 10" 4410 Monitor captures maximum spatial detail at greater listening distances. And the 3-way 12" 4412 Monitor is mounted with a tight-cluster arrangement for close-in monitoring.

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

**TRUTH:** JBL's 4400 Series Studio Monitors achieve a new "truth" in sound with

an extended high frequency response that remains effortlessly smooth through the critical 3,000 to 20,000 Hz range. And even extends beyond audibility to 27 kHz, reducing phase shift within the audible band for a more open and natural sound. The 4400 Series' incomparable high end clarity is the result of JBL's use of pure titanium for its unique ribbed-dome tweeter and diamond surround, capable of withstanding forces surpassing a phenomenal 1000 G's.

**CONSEQUENCES:** When pushed hard, most tweeters simply fail. Transient detail blurs, and the material itself deforms and breaks down. Other materials can't take the stress, and crack under pressure.

**TRUTH:** The Frequency Dividing Network in each 4400 Series monitor allows optimum transitions between drivers in both amplitude and phase. The precisely calibrated reference controls let you adjust for personal preferences, room variations, and specific equalization.

**CONSEQUENCES:** When the interaction between drivers is not carefully orchestrated, the results can be edgy, indistinctive, or simply "false" sound.

**TRUTH:** All 4400 Studio Monitors feature JBL's exclusive Symmetrical Field Geometry magnetic structure, which dramatically reduces second harmonic

distortion, and is key in producing the 4400's deep, powerful, clean bass.

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

**TRUTH:** 4400 Series monitors also feature special low diffraction grill frame designs, which reduce time delay distortion. Extra-large voice coils and ultra-rigid cast frames result in both mechanical and thermal stability under heavy professional use.

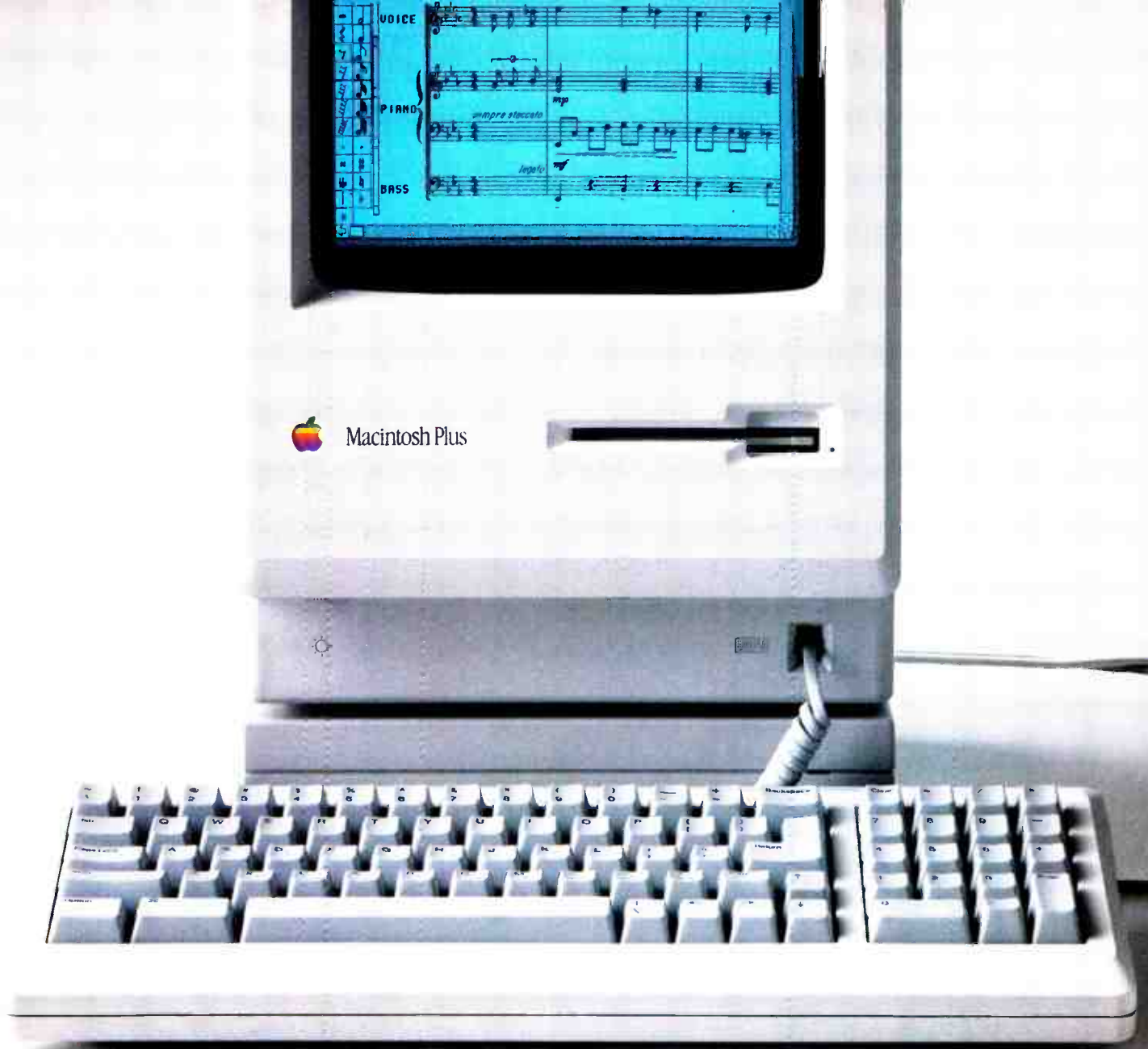
**CONSEQUENCES:** For reasons of economics, monitors will often use stamped rather than cast frames, resulting in both mechanical distortion and power compression.

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

**CONSEQUENCES:** You'll never know the "truth" until you do.



JBL Professional  
8500 Balboa Boulevard  
Northridge, CA 91329



Think of it as the  
ultimate keyboard  
instrument.



You've seen it rehearsing, composing, recording and performing.

Even (as the song goes) taking care of business, working overtime.

There's no question that the Macintosh® personal computer has become one of the hottest keyboards in the music world.

And for very good reason: all kinds of musicians are discovering that using a Macintosh doesn't require any kind of genius.

It just tends to bring out whatever genius is within. After all, it can easily run the most advanced music software you'll find.

Like Professional Performer, for sequencing, which enables you to record as many MIDI tracks as you need. With full editing control right down to the briefest note.

Professional Composer, which lets you write music like few musicians have written before. Legibly.

Sound Editor/Librarian programs from Opcode Systems, for customizing and storing sounds by the diskful—for almost every major

brand of synthesizer on the market.

And Sound Designer, which lets you look at sampled sounds in a graphic form, then turn them into exactly what

you had in mind.

Not to mention a full range of programs for more businesslike undertakings, from putting together bios and promo packages to designing logos and album covers.

So next time you find yourself



*We've got some serious connections in music. Like the very affordable Apple MIDI interface.*



thinking about electronic pianos and synthesizers and drum machines and assorted MIDI paraphernalia, think seriously about connecting it all to a Macintosh.

It doesn't have any knobs or sliders. But it could very easily help give you the performance of your life.



The power to be your best.™

# MILES COPELAND

*"Make sure you write what a nasty S.O.B. I am."*

Sting's *Bring On the Night* was a big-budget home movie by a talented musician convinced that every breath he takes deserves to be documented. It was notable chiefly as the film debut of Miles Copeland, personal manager to Sting, and notoriously combative head of I.R.S. Records.

In one scene, Miles explains how he has to "get heavy" with the members of Sting's Blue Turtle band when they ask for higher wages. He cold-bloodedly explains the financial facts: Fans come to see Sting, not Sting's band, and therefore the musicians have limited bargaining power at the negotiating table. "It's not your table, it's Sting's table," he observes.

In a later scene, Copeland berates a costume designer who has furnished the group with stark gray outfits after Sting requested a "Brechtian" stage. "I'm just a peasant, man,

but they look boring to me," Miles snaps. "They should be more flamboyant."

Flamboyance is an important element of Miles Copeland's success. Until *Bring On the Night*, only the handful of people who'd done business with him knew how aggressive and obstinate he is. Once the movie came out, hundreds of thousands more walked out of the theater wondering, "Why did that white-haired guy yell so much?"

"Heb heb heb heb," responds Copeland, who even laughs thunderously. "*Bring On the Night* was trying to capture the early stages of a band, when it's all formative. But in the beginning of a group, everybody is very polite. Nobody's gotten pissed off, because they haven't made any money yet. Nobody's coming up and saying, 'You're a jerk, you smell, why don't you wash.'

by rob tannenbaum

World Radio History





None of those things that happen after a year, when bands become human.

"There was no action in the film. I was thinking, 'This is getting boring.' So I'm put in a position where I'm the only outspoken person in there. And I happen to speak at a loud volume, so of course every time I opened my *mouth*, they'd think, 'Aha, here's the action,' and they'd run in and catch me.

"Everybody said, 'What an ogre.' But I was right. The problem with that film was that it was...that it was a little bit...well, *Brechtian*." And again, he giggles like a lion after a big meal.

In a typically cagey performance, Miles simultaneously furthered his own mythology and Sting's image. "I'm busy selling Sting. If the film was better because I was yelling at somebody, then so be it. It certainly doesn't hurt my career that there's a scene of me yelling at some *idiot* who wants to have Sting wearing gray clothes on a gray stage."

By his own admission, Miles Axe Copeland III has reached a transitional point in his career. I.R.S., founded in 1979 as an outlet for British new wave, has struggled through several troubled months, losing Belinda Carlisle after a clerical oversight, battling with their two most acclaimed new bands, Fine Young Cannibals and Concrete Blonde, and facing the possible defection of R.E.M. to another label just when the kings of the American underground have made a commercial breakthrough. But at the same time, Copeland has been expanding the I.R.S. Inc. empire, venturing into video, and initiating No Speak, an instrumental rock series, and Pangaea, a hybrid experimental label.

Miles Copeland is "an acknowledged visionary," according to the press releases issued by his own record company. Even his enemies—an abundant group, which will surely increase because of the opinions he expresses in this article—grant his instinct for discovering talent. But Copeland insists that his strongest attributes are diligence and enthusiasm for his artists: "I could sing you the Timbuk 3 songs. I could recite you all Stan Ridgway's lyrics." Others deny the veracity of I.R.S.' reputation as an artist's label. "It looks good on paper," grumbles one disillusioned manager.

Copeland's bluntness can seem cruel, particularly when he's talking about money. His voice could grate diamonds or silence a carnival barker, and his steely blue eyes, pinched close together, give him an added air of severity. At 41, he has settled into a three-acre estate with a dazzling view of the Hollywood lights, where, according to a British tabloid, "Handfuls of the most beautiful girls in L.A. pile out of their cars...including Darryl Hannah, Rachel Ward and Lauren Hutton." The house, which has been featured on "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous," is decorated with burgundy ottomans and Egyptian trinkets in a style somewhere between a museum and an opium den. Miles arrives for dinner one October evening looking casual, almost sloppy, in chinos and a polo shirt. He is merciless about his business foes, who he

characterizes as idiots, jerks, pricks or drug addicts. But he is equally effusive about his allies, describing I.R.S. staff producer William Orbit as "family," or bragging about how the I.R.S. duo Timbuk 3 recently bought a new home.

Having built I.R.S. with a roster of uncommercial groups such as the Fall, Buzzcocks and the Cramps, Copeland's economic savvy is



unimpeachable. And if his arrogance and political views are repulsive to some, Miles understands that the resulting visibility is advantageous for his record label and for the artists he manages. "Make sure you write what a nasty SOB I am," he requests, escorting me out past the barbed-wire electronic gate that protects his home. "Nasty, but fair."

"People shouldn't sign to my label if they don't want my opinion," says Miles. "We're a very hands-on company. We take it very personally. We sign people, and now we're their father in a way." He sighs. "We've had problems, because we're often dealing with inept managers. Artists who have a mistaken view of the world and make unreasonable demands."

The manager of one I.R.S. act describes Copeland as "regimented and dogmatic." "Mmm, yeah!" Miles replies. "In certain instances. If a guy walks in and wants to do something totally *stupid*, and is gonna destroy his act, I should be very strong and say, 'Hey, you cannot do this.' If that makes me regimented and dogmatic, then I am. Since I know the road, I know what management is, I've done *everything*, I can't be lied to. And I also know when a terrible mistake is happening."

This attitude may help to explain the ill feelings which exist between Copeland and several of his artists. In what is certainly the biggest clerical screw-up in music history, an I.R.S. business affairs employee forgot to renew the option clause in Belinda Carlisle's contract, allowing the label's biggest act to become a free agent. (Two sources insist that Copeland "choreographed" the move, because Carlisle's slick pop was incompatible with I.R.S.' alternative image. Miles scoffs at the suggestion, but somewhat unconvincingly.) When I.R.S. threatened a lawsuit, Carlisle signed with MCA, the label which distributes I.R.S. releases, and I.R.S. still receives a commission on her album sales. "So in the end, it wasn't a disaster," Miles says. He didn't even fire the staffer responsible for the costly oversight.

"Good luck to her," he says of Carlisle. "I'm making money out of her. I heard rumors that all she wants to do is stay home and have babies. The only thing I resent is that Danny Goldberg [Carlisle's co-manager] didn't have the decency to give us a phone call and say, 'You guys did a great job, you broke the Go-Go's.' He was not a gentleman, and I can't help but think the guy is a jerk."

When discussing artists who have left I.R.S., Copeland sounds like a disappointed parent, alternately angry and sorrowful. He takes particular credit for helping Belinda after she left the Go-Go's and released her solo debut, *Belinda*, on I.R.S. "They deliver us the record, and the thing sucks. It sounds like Las Vegas. It sounds like it was recorded 10 years ago. And they deliver this fucking record to me. I said, 'This is



gonna kill Belinda. But I have a way to solve it. I've got a young producer in London [William Orbit] who I think is brilliant; let him mix a couple of songs and he can make it sound like it was recorded this year.' Now if I hadn't made that move, Belinda would not have had a successful record, I'm convinced.

"I.R.S. masterminded the Go-Go's. Belinda didn't even call [when she left for MCA]. Not even a thank you. Nothing. All too often this business doesn't have honor in it. That's something I sorely miss."

Oddly, Carlisle recently said similar things about Copeland to *BAM* magazine: "I would've felt bad about leaving [I.R.S.] if they had been nice to me. But honestly, they weren't. I was the only artist on the label that had a hit album...and I never got one phone call. [Miles] could've called and said thanks or 'You really did good.' He said, 'She should thank me.' So when I left, I was happy as could be. I didn't feel one ounce of guilt or remorse about leaving that label." She concluded, "He's not one of my favorite people."

This fall, Concrete Blonde tried to nullify their contract with I.R.S. by declaring bankruptcy after just one LP. "It actually hurts me when that happens," Miles says. "When it's *unfair*, I take it very personally. I can't tell you I understand the Concrete Blonde thing. Whether the lawyer thought he could pull some quick stunt, whether Johnette [Napolitano, the group's lead singer] just flipped out, whether she'd taken some weird drugs...I don't know." Because the case was still being tried at press time, Concrete Blonde would not discuss the reasons for their dissatisfaction.

## COPELAND:

**"Little Steven becomes a big star on the backs of the blacks of South Africa. Did he send any of his royalties down there?"**

## STEVEN:

**"I wish I'd talked to him before I went to South Africa... And what would all the black artists on I.R.S. do with their free time?"**

Miles Copeland when he ran BTM [a defunct management company] and trudged acts around Europe," says Ames, "and he wasn't always so righteous and honorable himself. I don't think he's a prick, but I *do* think he's a sore loser."

The success of *Document*, R.E.M.'s sixth I.R.S. release, has boosted company morale. "R.E.M. selling a million copies is good for the label. As it was when the Bangles—er, the Go-Go's sold two-and-a-half-million." But R.E.M.'s contract has expired, and other labels are now bidding to sign them. "I heard Virgin announce they were signing the group," Miles snorts. "I also heard that a week later, somebody at the CBS convention stood up and *announced* that *they'd* signed R.E.M." Copeland thinks the group will re-sign with I.R.S., because "there are things we can offer them that no other label can. Whatever R.E.M. wants, R.E.M. gets. They've given us videos where they're not even in it. They've given us sleeves..." Miles' voice trails off in wonderment. "They'll go for obscurity for the *sake of it*, it seems."

Stan Ridgway has also left I.R.S., completing what seems to be an exodus of many of the label's strongest acts. The pattern of disaffected bands may be a result of Copeland's pugnaciousness. Miles, notes manager Danny Goldberg, "really is a visionary. He's brilliant at spotting talent, but he's not particularly brilliant at *keeping* talent. Spotting talent requires a level of intelligence, vision and insight which he unquestionably possesses. Keeping talent also requires diplomacy and



Similarly, the Fine Young Cannibals are planning to desert I.R.S. after their second album is released. When Roger Ames, managing director of London Records, signed the Cannibals, he was legally obliged to license the group's American rights to I.R.S. because two of the band members were in the English Beat, one of I.R.S.' early signings. The label, Ames complains, "has not performed up to scratch."

"I can understand his view," Copeland says. "'Johnny Come Home' was a number one and number two record everywhere in the world except America. But I think honor has a bit more value than that." Miles says Ames "is a prick" for wanting to leave I.R.S.

Ames says he and Copeland have had only one hour-long meeting, "which he turned up two days late for." In dealing with the Cannibals, Ames says, I.R.S. was cheap and inflexible, demanding extra tours of a band that dislikes touring and would rather invest in videos. "I can only say I remember

sensitivity to artists' personalities that, in my experience, he does not handle quite as well."

"Every label goes through growing pains," Copeland shrugs. "Any one of those things, taken on their own, is not a disaster. It happens all at once, and it's kind of weird." Timbuk 3 gave the label a surprise hit last year, and the Alarm delivered their biggest album. "At worst-case scenario, if we didn't get R.E.M. the label's not over. We have depth now."

Since being described by *Rolling Stone* in 1980 as "the most successful New Wave entrepreneur in America," Copeland has broadened his empire beyond post-punk. "I've signed three heavy-metal bands in the last three months. I'm even looking into some country stuff."

In addition, he's begun an independent film and television production company, I.R.S. World Media. "I have to help my artists realize their full potential in all mediums," he says. World Media makes I.R.S. more of an "opportunity company,"

allowing him to “create acting roles for our artists.” Miles, after all, is the man to thank for Adam Ant’s acting career.

Two other new projects suggest Miles has targeted the yuppie CD market, which has revitalized music industry profits. Though he’s vague about the direction of Pangaea, a new label he founded with Sting and Christine Reed, former vice president of A&R for CBS Masterworks, he says the music will appeal to “a more sophisticated audience.” And he founded No Speak, an instrumental series, after realizing his fellow baby-boomers had become “musically disenfranchised.”

“When we were growing up, music was a very important factor in our lives. But the music business always got it in its mind that they were selling records to kids. They forgot about this huge population. Windham Hill realized that this population wants music, but their musical demands are slightly different. Lyrically, you’re not gonna sing about first love, you’re not gonna sing about making it in the back of a Chevrolet. You’ve got a house now, a CD player, you’re into your third wife. You have a dinner party, you’re not gonna put on the Rolling Stones singing, ‘Hot stuff, hoo hoo hoo.’

“So Windham Hill comes along and supplies music which fulfills part of their need. Of course, if you’re driving along the highway, you’re not gonna put on a Windham Hill record, because you’ll fall asleep and end up hitting a telephone pole.

“The other thing going around in my mind was that I missed the great guitar players, the great instrumentalists from the ’70s. Ten years into the punk boom, we’ve ended up back in the same era as the Beatles. The Beatles’ era was non-musicianship: It was all song and image. The Beatles sold long hair and songs. The fact that they were musicians was irrelevant. The punk generation ended up being the same thing again—singles were the driving force. Top 40 has become the dominant force, and musicianship has been pushed into the background. Try to find a brilliant guitarist from the last 10 years.” [Not Andy Summers...?]

Miles’ initial No Speak roster includes ’70s retreads Wishbone Ash and Peter Haycock of the Climax Blues Band, plus William Orbit and brother Stewart Copeland. The albums, featuring liner notes by Miles, were recorded on a frugal budget of \$10,000 to \$20,000 each and released in late January. “All I have to do now is find anybody like me, and they’ll buy the record. There’s gotta be a few hundred thousand me’s out there. I hate to think there’s only one.”

Miles Copeland did not start at the bottom and slowly work his way up. “Because I didn’t know what I couldn’t do, I did things no one else would do. The competition wasn’t really that great. Most people who go into the music business, particularly in England, were not educated. The reality is, most people don’t work that hard.”

The son of a high-ranking CIA operative in the Middle East and a prominent British archeologist, Miles had little exposure to rock ‘n’ roll. He was studying for a master’s in the economics of underdevelopment at American University in Beirut when younger brother Stewart played a local concert with his band. Miles helped produce the show and was hooked. He befriended some British

musicians, returned with them to London, and helped them form Wishbone Ash. Then he hired an agent to book the band for debut concerts. “The first date comes around, the group goes out to the club, and there’s no club on that street. There’s no club in that fucking city. I was so embarrassed it forced me to book the band. After two or three days of trying, I got my first booking. It was really scary, but I had to do it to save face with these guys. And then I just learned on the way up.

“I liked it because I was in control. Having been very independent and grown up very differently, I didn’t think I could enjoy IBM.” Although he says his family “thought I was jerking around and would get tired of it,” Miles founded British Talent Managers (BTM) and was soon working with many of England’s progressive rock groups, including Renaissance, Climax Blues Band, Camel, UFO and Al Stewart. Then, in 1975, came “my comeuppance,” when BTM went bankrupt. Miles is vague about the details, but it has something to do with Lou Reed locking himself in a bathroom in New Zealand.

With no money, the only thing Miles could really do was book the punk shows no one else would touch. He arranged the Sex Pistols’ European tour as well as shows by Television, Blondie, Patti Smith, the Clash and Billy Idol, and signed Squeeze to a management deal (to the dismay of Billy Idol, Miles recalls with a smirk, who hated Squeeze because “they sing *love* songs”). When he founded I.R.S., he applied the economic lessons

learned at BTM, limiting the size of his staff and requiring artists to record on tight budgets. “We made a lot of money on the Buzzcocks. You lay out \$20,000, you bring back \$200,000. That isn’t successful if you have a staff of 3,000. When you’ve got a staff of 20, you’re doing *great*.”

But Miles’ economic strategy won him a reputation—which persists to this day—for being cheap. The label still substitutes weird or innovative marketing and promotion ideas for big budgets. The manager of a band that released several records on I.R.S. complains of a “complete lack of support” from the label. “If we sign somebody that’s

kinda strange and weird, and nobody else wants to sign them, it’s a *great* deal to them!” Miles counters. Indeed, it’s hard to imagine that there were bidding wars for such early I.R.S. acts as Klaus Nomi, Root Boy Slim & the Sex Change Band, Skafish and Henry Badowski.

The greatest opportunity for Miles to vent his untutored strategies was in managing the Police, whom he calls “a dream.” “The product was there. But there were other bands that had good product. Why did the Police succeed where other groups didn’t? Their commitment to success. I would say to them, ‘Let’s go play in India.’ They’d go, ‘Let’s try it.’ All of a sudden, you’ve got Sting riding a camel with the pyramids in the background. What a photograph! It gave them an intellectual credibility.”

When Copeland heard demos for ...*Nothing Like the Sun*, the tracks didn’t include “We’ll Be Together,” the album’s Top 10 single. Miles, who has described his job as “encouraging my artists to commerciality,” was concerned about the album’s lack of hit material. “I said to Sting, ‘Would you be happy to sell





An aerial photograph of a large crowd of people gathered on a grassy field, likely at a music festival. The crowd is spread out across the landscape, with some areas appearing denser than others. The image is in black and white, giving it a historical or archival feel.

**Jerry Harrison.**

**Modern Lover.**

**Talking Head.**

**Casual God.**

**Modern Lover.**

**Talking Head.**

**Casual God.**

As original member  
of Jonathan Richman's  
Modern Lovers

He wears a cornerstone  
of Talking Heads.

Now, Jerry Harrison  
embarks on a solo  
adventure of his own,  
alongside such  
esteemed players as  
Chris Stills.

Alex Weir, Bernie Worrell,  
Robbie McIntosh and  
David Van Tieghem.

Produced by

Jerry Harrison

Featuring "new it up"

Available Now

on New Records,

Cassettes and

Compact Discs

(N/A 2-25663)





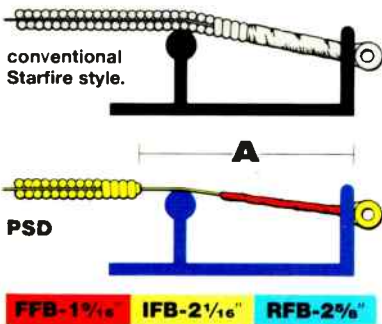
## PIANO STRING DESIGN

# PSD

## RUDY SARZO

Only one string gives him his BIG BASS sound and the versatility he seeks – Superwound 606 with 'PSD'. He says 'I wouldn't dream of using anything else.'

The prefix codes IFB etc. indicate what bridge/tailpiece set-up the strings fit. The illustrations below show distance **A** over the bridge and this dimension is represented by these codes.



Another prefix code **SDB** is for the Steinberger Double Ball System. For example Superwound **SDB 606R** with hybrid 40-60-80-100 gauging suits these headless basses and similar models.

The piano string design patented in UK, USA, Canada, W Germany and worldwide since 1974.

## Distributors:

Efkay Musical  
Instruments Ltd;  
6969 Trans Canada  
Highway, 105 St  
Laurent, Quebec,  
Canada H4T 1V8  
Musicorp;  
P.O. Box 31053,  
Charleston,  
South Carolina 29417  
(803) 763 9083



two million records this time instead of five?' He said yeah. On that basis, fine. If he'd said he wanted to sell more records this time, I would've made a different judgment, and encouraged him to do this or that." However, when Sting considered leaving "Together" off the LP, Copeland argued that its commercial potential was essential to the record's success. "The one thing Sting can count on is that in a world of yes men, I will tell him the honest truth. I will say that the King has no clothes."

Not that Miles has anything negative to say about Sting: "I don't think there's been an artist since Frank Sinatra with such a wide cross-section of critical acclaim as Sting. Who out there can write lyrics like Sting, and look like him? Maybe John Lennon was the only other one. But John Lennon got kind of kooky. There was the Yoko Ono stuff: naked picture sleeves and being in bed with a sleep-a-thon or whatever. But John Lennon minus Yoko and all that bullshit, and you've got Sting."

When Miles praises Sting as "a together guy," an ambitious mix of natural talent and effort, it's obvious that he sees himself in a similar way. But they do make for a strange alliance—Sting, concerned "humanitarian" and author of "One World," and Copeland, a self-described "staunch Republican." Sting, after all, has said that he and Stewart Copeland "disagree on so many things—music, politics. How could we be a band if this was happening?" It's hard to imagine that he doesn't disagree with Miles on an equal number of issues. The pair did have one strange public confrontation.

In January 1986 *Rolling Stone* published an interview with Miles' father. The elder Miles Copeland, a prototype of Oliver North, argued that lying to Congress was proof of patriotism, suggested that assassination was "a healthy alternative to war" and complained that "the CIA isn't overthrowing enough anti-American governments." Asked about his son, he replied, "Miles...should have been in the CIA instead of me." And he concluded the interview by suggesting that Miles might not have "thought through all the implications of the power he's got" via the Police's large audiences.

In a petulant letter to the editor, Sting denounced as "buffoonery" Copeland's "suggestion that a concert by the Police can be used to propagate his political aspirations or those of his offspring."

His dad's implications, Miles reflects, were "a load of shit, and I really gave him

a hard time for it." But in a business where most people are noncommittal liberals, Miles' unabashed conservatism sticks out like a Pershing missile. Last year he "joined an esteemed body of political thinkers" in debating the future of England on British television. "They couldn't find anybody in the music community to say success is good, capitalism and free enterprise are good. I was the only freak around who would open his mouth. The only other guy who would speak—and bless his heart for the guts it took, because he got a lot of shit for it—was Gary Numan. I was astounded by the response; all of a sudden, I was branded extreme right-wing." Indeed, *Melody Maker* described Copeland's performance as "condescending, officious, and arrogant," his political views as "despotic, inhuman, and ignorant," and—most insultingly—likened him to "a second-hand car dealer."

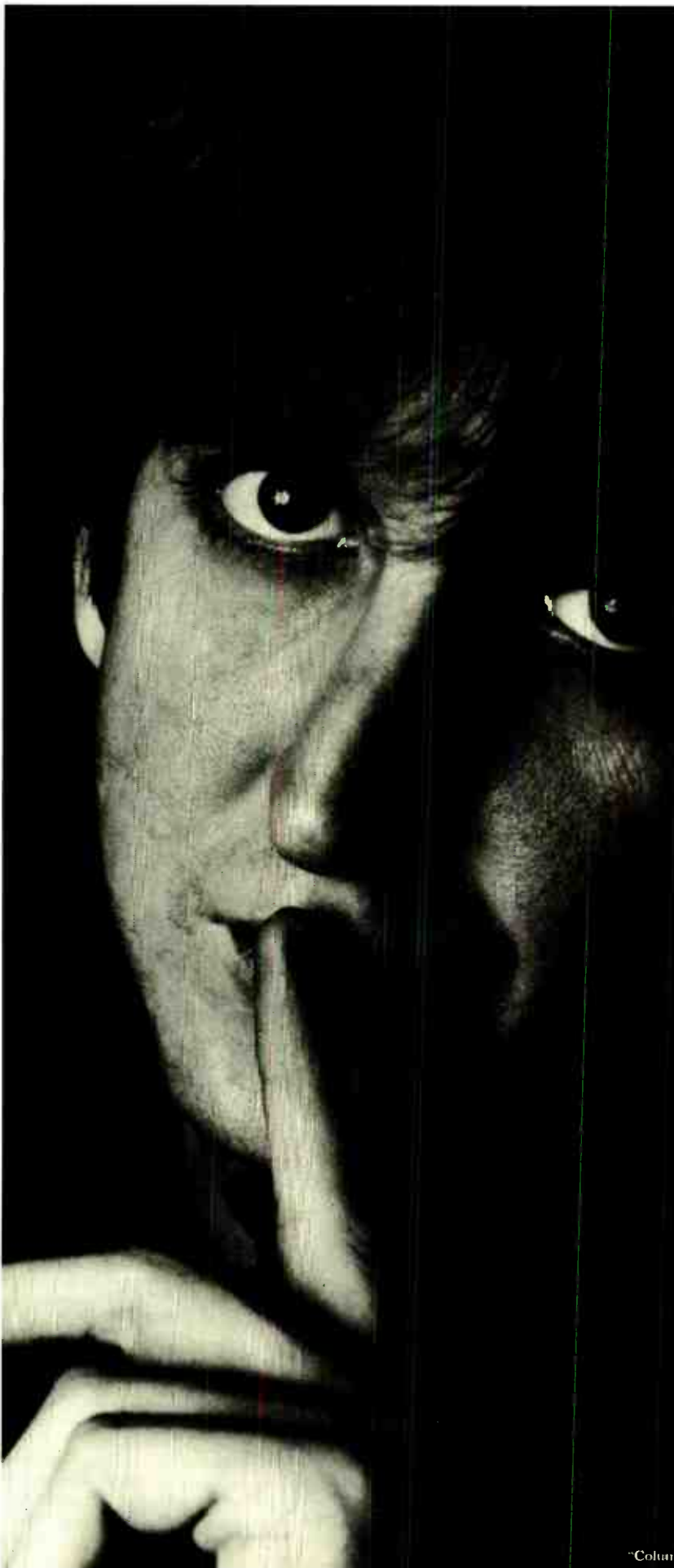
Copeland believes that Americans generally don't have "any *idea* what foreign people think like," and he believes that his experience abroad would qualify him as a good secretary of state. He believes, moreover, that most pop musicians "know nothing about" the issues connected to benefit projects such as Amnesty International, and that such projects accomplish nothing except to assuage musicians' bourgeois guilt.

For example, Copeland is unconcerned by reports that label artists Wishbone Ash performed in South Africa. He likens the boycott of South Africa, sponsored by the U.N. and supported by the African National Congress and the United Democratic Front, to "burying our head in the sand," and argues that only by visiting and performing before interracial audiences can musicians speed the end of apartheid. "At the end of the show, you say, 'It's great to play to a mixed audience. This is what South Africa should be.' As opposed to some idiot sitting in New York, in their comfortable life, dictating to a country they've never been to. So Little Steven becomes a big star on the backs of the blacks of South Africa. The guy's a fucking cunt. I have great respect, for instance, for Paul Simon, who did a lot more for those black people than Little Steven. Little Steven's done very well out of this, thank you very much. And what did he do for the blacks? Did he send any of his royalties down there?"

With his tongue clamped tightly in his cheek, Little Steven responds: "What an interesting man this Copeland seems to be, to offer his insight so freely. And so

*continued on page 98*





### EXPLICIT:

Clear; distinctly stated;  
plain in language;  
outspoken; having no  
disguised meaning.

### NOW HEAR

## "THE TALKING ANIMALS." THE EXPLICIT NEW ALBUM BY T BONE BURNETT.

T Bone Burnett has produced and performed on critically-acclaimed albums by Los Lobos, Elvis Costello, The BoDeans, Roy Orbison, Marshall Crenshaw and more. Now, for his Columbia debut, T Bone Burnett has created an album unlike anything you've heard him write, produce or perform until this moment.

Explicitly T Bone.  
"The Talking Animals."  
An album that speaks  
for itself.  
On Columbia Records,  
Cassettes and Compact  
Discs.



Produced by David Rhodes and T Bone Burnett.



"Columbia,"  are trademarks of CBS Inc. © 1988 CBS Records Inc.



## HEADROOM TO BURN.

Let your solos soar.  
Let your breaks blast.

No matter how many synthesizer tracks you lay down, no matter how hot the output, a Tascam 300 Series mixer can take it. You'll get greater input sensitivity and more headroom than you'll ever need. So your sound is never limited by what your mixing board can handle.

Thirty years of Tascam engineering make each 300 Series mixer as versatile as it is easy to use. Five complete submix systems cover every multiple or alternate mix situation. Signal routing is easy from the top panel, so you'll rarely need to patch. Back panel inputs allow complete flexibility, providing mic and line, balanced and unbalanced, XLR, quarter-inch and RCA jacks.

But these aren't just studio prima donnas. Pack them up and take them on the road. A solid steel subchassis anchors the electronics, while the rugged casing seals out abuse. They're built to take it, and deliver the same sophisticated sound-handling on stage you'd expect from a prized studio performer.

When you're burning up the tracks, don't settle for a mixing board that can't take the heat. Get a Tascam 300 Series mixer. They love it hot.



# TASCAM

© 1987 TEAC Corporation of America, 7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, CA 90640 213/726-0303.



# The Lord- Alge Brothers

*First Family of Engineering*



Chris Lord-Alge

By Tony Scherman

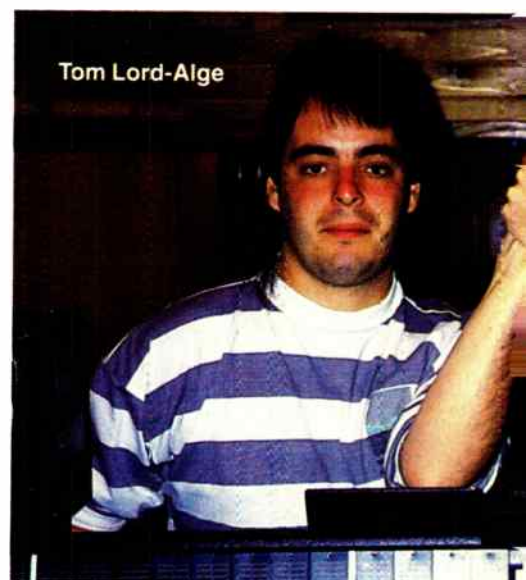
*The three stooges of the studio get the last laugh.*

Chris was a killer drummer and Tommy did sound and their bands gigged from South Jersey up to the Catskills in a 25-foot '72 GMC truck that a bunch of drunks tried to steal one night, driving off with the lift-gate down, amps teetering out the back. It was the late '70s. The guys played Zeppelin and Floyd covers, and Tommy'd crank the PA. No big deal if he blew it out; kid fixed audio like a genius. And Chris climaxed gigs by kicking over his drums and upstaging the girl singer in her G-string.

Then Chris took a day job and Jeff came back from computer school and Tommy and Jeff roadied together, Maine to Florida but mostly Jersey. By 1980 Jersey's club scene was peaking, with tire-slashings and classic cowboy-through-the-canteen-door brawls.

Somebody'd insult somebody's girlfriend and bam, the air rained 12-ounce Millers and Buds. Jeff and Tom were mostly happy to duck, but if someone went for the gear, out came their flashlights, in they waded, swinging, cursing, not stopping until the PA toppled crackling and hissing to the floor. Sometimes they wouldn't even stop then. They were Jersey guys, friggin' Jersey guys, heavy into music.

Fast-forward to Manhattan, autumn '85. Russ Titelman had never in his *life* seen anybody engineer like this. Titelman, about to be named Warner Bros.' vice-president of A&R, was studio-shopping with British superstar Steve Winwood. Co-producing a crucial project, Winwood's *Back in the High Life*, the suave pair were mildly stalled; when they heard about an up-and-coming



Tom Lord-Alge

midtown studio called Unique Recording, they booked a room. The chief engineer was a swarthy, vaguely exotic-looking dude named Chris.

"First day," recalls Titelman, "we had to move vocal tracks around the 48-track master tape. This guy Chris walks in, sits down, sort of moves his hands—bang, he's done. Done! Sixty seconds, max, for something that took every engineer I'd ever known half an hour."

At 27, Chris Lord-Alge (pronounced like the aquatic weed) was already one of the best mixer/engineers in pop. Quitting his bar band to learn engineering, he'd quickly flourished, first with Sugar Hill's pioneering funk-rappers (he engineered Grandmaster Flash's "The Message"), then at Unique. One of pop's earliest samplers, Chris schooled producer/sampling fool Arthur Baker in the mysteries of the Emulator; as a team, Baker and Chris virtually defined a new genre: the remixed 12-inch single. "Chris was the most confident engineer I'd ever met," says Baker. "He'd try anything. He'd say anything. We remixed Springsteen's 'Dancing in the Dark'; Bruce was there making polite suggestions and Chris kept shouting, 'Later for the subtlety, Bruce. Give 'em the wood!'"—the snare. In 1984, Chris' baby brother Tom lurched into Unique, frighteningly talented, possibly dangerous, incipiently potbelly. When middle bro Jeff ditched his \$50,000-a-year job testing computers for—egad!—missile-defense systems at IBM ("I kinda went to the other extreme from roadying"), Unique suddenly boasted pop's new First Family of mixer/engineers: three brothers with their own minds and their own sound ("a great big New York hot dog!" roars Tom); three

noisy Swiss-Greeks deserving their own X-rated sitcom; three pushy, grating, loudmouthed punks who didn't just record rock 'n' roll, they *were* rock 'n' roll.

Before *Back in the High Life* was in the can, Chris, swamped with commitments, had given the job to Tom. The kid turned it into Winwood's best-sounding album ever, a multi-platinum smash. Last February, barely 25, Tom won the engineering Grammy (sharing it with *High Life's* earlier engineer, Jason Corsaro). Today, Tom Lord-Alge is arguably America's best engineer/mixer of rock 'n' roll. Without stopping, he's mixed Earth, Wind & Fire's *Touch the World* ("Maurice White's the best producer I ever worked with; he can commit"), *Wendy and Lisa*, the System's *Don't Disturb This Groove* and Little Steven's *Freedom No Compromise*. As Winwood's resident audio mastermind, Tom remixed his new *Chronicles* best-of and is leaping into 1988 by breaking ground on *Back in the High Life's* sequel. Engineer and co-producer, he's Winwood's full collaborator this time.

"Yeah, the little brat's a star," says Tom's teacher Chris, who's busily piling up his own credits: In the last 18 months he's produced and engineered rocker/songwriter Holly Knight's upcoming LP and mixed all or parts of James Brown's *Gravity*, the Screaming Blue Messiahs' *Bikini Red*, *Forever* by Kool & the Gang, Joe Cocker's *Unchain My Heart*, Carly Simon's *Coming Around Again* (plus Simon's '87 HBO concert), and Ex-Temptations Kendrick & Ruffin's reunion album, *Family*. One of pop's reigning 12-inch remixers, Chris has been crafting EPs for Madonna (the good-tasting "Isla Bonita" remix), U2, Heart, Mick Jagger, J.C. Mellencamp and Pete Townshend. ("I'd like to pull a Winwood on him; an' a few other guys who've wimped out, need new blood. McCartney—I'd cut *one* kickass album there.") Royally-paid freelancers, their hourly rates well into three figures, Chris and Tom have abandoned Unique for the plusher Hit Factory. Unique's Jeff's turf now, and the latest-blooming, sweetest Lord (as the three modestly abbreviate themselves), his brothers' five-bucks-an-hour grunt no longer, is on the rise, recording chunks of Rick Rubin's *Less Than Zero* soundtrack and mixing LPs like Richard (the Bongos) Barone's *Cool Blue Halo*.

Once lowly button-pushers, engineers are becoming stars. The sounds of late-'80s pop come from machines; roots backlashes notwithstanding, this grows truer every day. Today's engineer no longer merely transcribes sounds; as

machine-master, he creates them. The line between "technician" and "artist" is dissolving: Bob Clearmountain, Neil Dorfsman, Eric "E.T." Thorngren, Corsaro, Chris and Tom Lord-Alge—nominally engineers, these pros are actually producer/engineer/mixers (not to mention songwriter/musicians) all rolled into one. They're "full-service operators," as Chris Lord-Alge says of himself and his brothers: "All we need's the artist." As engineers, the Lords'll kill themselves to get an artist's best stuff on tape; as mixers, post-production hit-men, they'll make the best even better. And if the best stinks? "Hey," says Tom, "we're *real* good at polishing turds."

So what's their secret? Ah!—it's buried, like so much in Jersey. Years ago, Vivian Maurakas met Frank Alge, raised five kids in suburban Bergen County, and worked actively, if quietly, as Vivian Lord, a Carmen McCrae-ish pianist/singer. When Vivian and Frank split up for a while, Mom kept her three youngest—Chris, Jeff and Tom—doubling her gigs to feed them. They adored her (still do; that hyphenated "Lord-Alge" is their tribute). Perfumed and evening-gowned, Vivian would vanish every night; to her sons, music-making seemed glamorous, adult, mysterious, the only life worth leading. Except getting shitfaced, busting into schools, stealing cars...putting in many, *many* juvenile-court appearances.

Frank Alge, meanwhile, was New Jersey's biggest wholesaler of amusement machines. Pinballs, jukeboxes, early video games. As little kids, his sons lived in a magic basement arcade. When machines busted, they either fixed 'em or their buddies all went home; they never knew the fear of mechanical beasts. Even today, challenging Tom Lord-Alge to pinball is to learn humility, to witness bruising, lightning-fast *machismo*. And it dawns on you just where the world's fastest engineers got their chops.

Top engineers, the Lords say, share one trait—killer instinct. "Some engineers are jaguars," says Jeff, "some are cows. Jaguars rush in and *kill*. Cows, you lead 'em into the pasture, they graze, then it's back to the barn and we all know what they leave behind." Good engineers, says Tom, are the hub of a session, unsung decision-makers, "just as responsible as the producer, *more* responsible, for a record's sound. A separate engineer and producer—that's usually a waste. I'm not knocking Russ Titelman, Russ knows his stuff, but lots of *High Life* was just me and Steve. A



Jeff Lord-Alge



# Jeff Porcaro

Jeff Porcaro is considered by most drummers to be one of the very best, with a style and sound so innovative that he has come to be known as a master in the studio. Either on the road or recording with TOTO, Jeff will settle for nothing less than the best sounding drums he can find. And that sound comes from Pearl.



*Pearl*®

For a full-color catalog, please send \$2.00 for postage and handling to: In U.S.A.: Pearl International, Inc. Dept. JPIM, P.O. Box 111240, Nashville TN 37222-1240; In Canada: Pearl Canada, 278 Rue Isabey, St. Laurent, Quebec, Canada H4T 1W1; In United Kingdom: Pearl Music Ltd., Dept. JPIM, 11 Garamonde Drive, Wymbush Milton Keynes, England MK8 8DF.

Dedicate several **MICROVERB II's** to your reverb sends. One for vocals and leads, one for drums and percussion, one for background and rhythm instruments. Now you can create complex mixes with tremendous spatial depth. MICROVERB II is an update of the original MICROVERB. Still 16 bit, but now with an extended bandwidth of 15kHz. MICROVERB II's 16 new programs include the most popular reverb and ambience sounds in contemporary music . . . with a little of the Alesis magic thrown in for good measure. This is a refined classic.

**STEREO \$199**

Dedicate **MICRO LIMITER** to vocals and bass during tracking to add punch and presence. To guitars and keyboards for silky smooth sustain. Use it in mixdown to get driving hot levels on tape. Automatic attack characteristics make this the most musical limiter ever. Audio dynamite.

**STEREO. \$125\***

Dedicate **MICRO GATE** to the mixdown for absolutely noise-free fade outs. Use it in tracking for special effects like gated snare or reshaping the decay envelope of instruments and vocals. And, because of an advanced design, Micro Gate is super smooth.

**STEREO. \$125\***

Dedicate **MICRO ENHANCER** to mixdown to add high frequency presence lost in the recording process. On individual tracks for crystalline high end. Put life in your sampler. Add fidelity to tape copies. Sweeter sounding than e.q. The effect is automatic, so there's no noise.

**STEREO. \$125\***

**They're all FULL STEREO. Easy to use. Thoroughly professional. And, like all Alesis products, made for music. See your Alesis dealer. He'll be glad to show you.**



good engineer's always trespassing into producing; a good producer lets him."

Talented producers—Arif Mardin, Jimmy Iovine, Dan Hartman—"can do three things," says Chris. "They know how to get the best out of the artist, they always know what direction they're going in, and they can make decisions fast. With them, you're partners; they're a joy." Rare, too. What to do with incompetent producers?

There's the direct approach. "First thing I do," Jeff says, "is throw down a snare sound that's so smokin' the producer just falls over on his face. It's basic. Show him you'll make his song incredible if he just leaves you the hell alone." There's subterfuge. "You let him hang himself," says Chris, "then you save him; after that everything goes real fast." And specialized subterfuge. "Neil Dorfsman's one crafty bro," says Jeff. "Neil [Dire Straits, Richard Thompson] has a gift for cracking people up while he's getting the guitar settings. The producer's so busy laughing, he doesn't realize Neil's calling the shots."

Outfox producers, pamper artists. Chris: "You don't just throw up a mike and let the guy sing—you turn his headphones into a concert hall! Most engineers don't make the headphone mix sound *good* enough. You gotta make the artist feel great about what he's doing, inspire him, make him sound ungodly! Use every effect in the room. You don't have to print it. You've gotta pull the performance of his *life* out of him. Otherwise why bother recording? Doesn't matter what kinda weirdass shit you gotta pull," like using dirt-cheap microphones on Joe Cocker, who *blows out* expensive ones. Guiltily inhibited with a \$2,000 Neumann 87, Cocker wailed when Chris switched to garbage gear. "Sure I went nuts fixing it later," says Chris; "The point is, make him happy."

We're strictly hands-on here: "Know why I'm such a good engineer?" asks Tom. "Because I've never read a manual in my life." Chris: "I'll tell you how I test new gear, I plug it in and twiddle every damn button until it sounds *good*, not 'correct.' Your ears, not some manual, they're the judge."

Ears... Good mixers have pop music's most acute hearing, far sharper than most musicians'. How else can you fine-tune a song's 40 or 50 tracks? Tucked away upstairs at The Hit Factory, Chris sits at a \$450,000 SSL 4000E console, starting to mix a new Ruffin & Kendrick tune. Head bent sideways, he listens. One track at a time, then groups

of two, three. Vocal, high-hat, synth bass. Two vocals alone, weirdly disembodied. "Hear that? Engineer didn't punch the button fast enough" at the start of a David Ruffin phrase, shaving the "i" off the word "it." To normal ears, it's something vaguely amiss; Chris pinpoints it immediately. He rolls it again: "Right there, just listen!" A few bars on: "Check it out, a flam," a tiny,

## GENETIC ENGINEERING

Yes, Tom? "Screw technology, man, I'm a musician and my main equipment's my ears. No, we can make equipment or break it—literally, break it. You wanna stir up some controversy? Hey Neve, what'd you do to your new consoles? We hate Neve!"

"Sounds corny," Tom says, "but I feel like the SSL's an extension of my ears, my hands. It's compact, got great sound—crisp, nice low end, the whole bit. It's my Strat." The console's only drawback: "It ain't real fast," notes Tom. "Everyone's psyched for SSL's new computer; it's going to be much faster and hipper."

Tape recorders? Mitsubishi's X-850 32-track and Sony's 1630 two-track, both digital: "They're the best, so far," says Tom. He gets his drum sound ("big and natural, huge, like a monster's hitting 'em") with Shure SM-57 mikes on the snare, AKG D12s on the kick; cymbals get AKG 414s. "I did my best drums on OMD's single, 'The Pacific Age.'" For vocals, Chris starts with Neumann 87 mikes ("they don't lie, only mike you can trust") and usually ends with 'em. Unless it's Cocker singing.

The Lords are outboard-gear reactionaries. Jeff: "You don't use modern equipment, you bypass it. More and more, I'm into plates and chambers, not digital reverbs" (although all three certainly use the latter—AMSS, Sony DRE 2000s, Lexicon 480s). "Digital stuff," says Chris, "tends to sound *obvious*. Reverb plates, chambers fit better with the song; the natural stuff's more musical." They like vintage tube equalizers, compressors and limiters, too (Pultec, Urei, Lang), "though lotsa times they're noisy," Chris says. "But you can get 'em tweaked up to new specs. More and more people are doing that." Yes, the old stuff's still the best. And please, stop the insidious flow of low-end gear into pro studios. Chris: "I don't trust a reverb that's not at least 10, 15 grand. Enough already with low-end stuff, get it outta here, *make* a new reverb that costs 30 grand and sounds amazing!"

Most desperately-desired gear? Tom: "Man, I *gotta* get a pinball game for my house. There's this new one, can't think of its name, but it's so cool, it's got these police, they're all chasin' you down the highway...."



# Dedicate



Dedicating yourself to your music often means working long hours at your mixer experimenting with effects. But, sometimes this can be frustrating. Like when you get the urge to add reverb to a vocal and you find yourself running around the back of your mixer fumbling with cables. Getting confused. While your concentration and your music suffer.

Serious studios solve this problem by connecting each effect send on the mixer to individual signal processors. Always plugged in. Ready when the ideas come.

*Dedicated.* Turn a couple of knobs and you hear results. Instantly.

Until now, though, dedicated signal processing was only affordable in high budget studios.

Alesis has a solution. **The Alesis Micro Series.**

Led by the new MICROVERB® II, the Micro Series comprises the four most important signal processors in any recording rig: Digital Reverb, Limiter/Compressor, Gate, and Enhancer. Designed with the Alesis magic that combines totally professional features with ridiculous affordability, they're at home with 4 tracks . . . or 48.

**These are the essential, required processors for modern music production.** Whether it's records or demos, or serious fooling around, connect all four in your system and start making music as fast as your ideas come. Relaxed. Polished. Professional sounding.

The Alesis Micro Series belongs in your studio. Because it's as dedicated to music as you are.



LOS ANGELES: Alesis Corp., P.O. Box 3908, Los Angeles, CA 90078 LONDON: 6, Letchworth Business Center, Avenue One, Letchworth, Hertfordshire SG6 2 HR

off-key grace note. "That's just a mistake, keyboardist hit an extra key." Moments later, he rolls his eyes: "Christ, why double the keyboards there? It's too thick. Five, six, seven tracks of MIDied keyboards, that crap builds into a little sludge monster: a MIDI nightmare." He sighs, a jaguar cleaning cowflops.

"If more engineers listened when they recorded," says Tom later, "we wouldn't have to butcher their mixes. I hadda butcher Earth, Wind & Fire. Lots of engineers, they just put stuff to tape;

they don't think mix. When I record, I'm already mixing, I'm thinking ahead to the final product. When I *do* mix, no sweat. My rough mixes sound almost as finished as my final two-tracks.

"Plus I use a motto of Chris': 'AIR,' man, 'always-in-record.' 'Cause that first take, that's gonna be your keeper 70 percent of the time. Every take after that gets worse. The artist starts *thinking*, your enthusiasm drops, your hate factor builds. Roll the tape, you'll get great stuff. Stuff the artist might never be able to play again. The organ solo on

'Freedom Overspill,' the weird keyboards at the beginning of 'Finer Things'—those are Steve just screwing around, unaware I was recording."

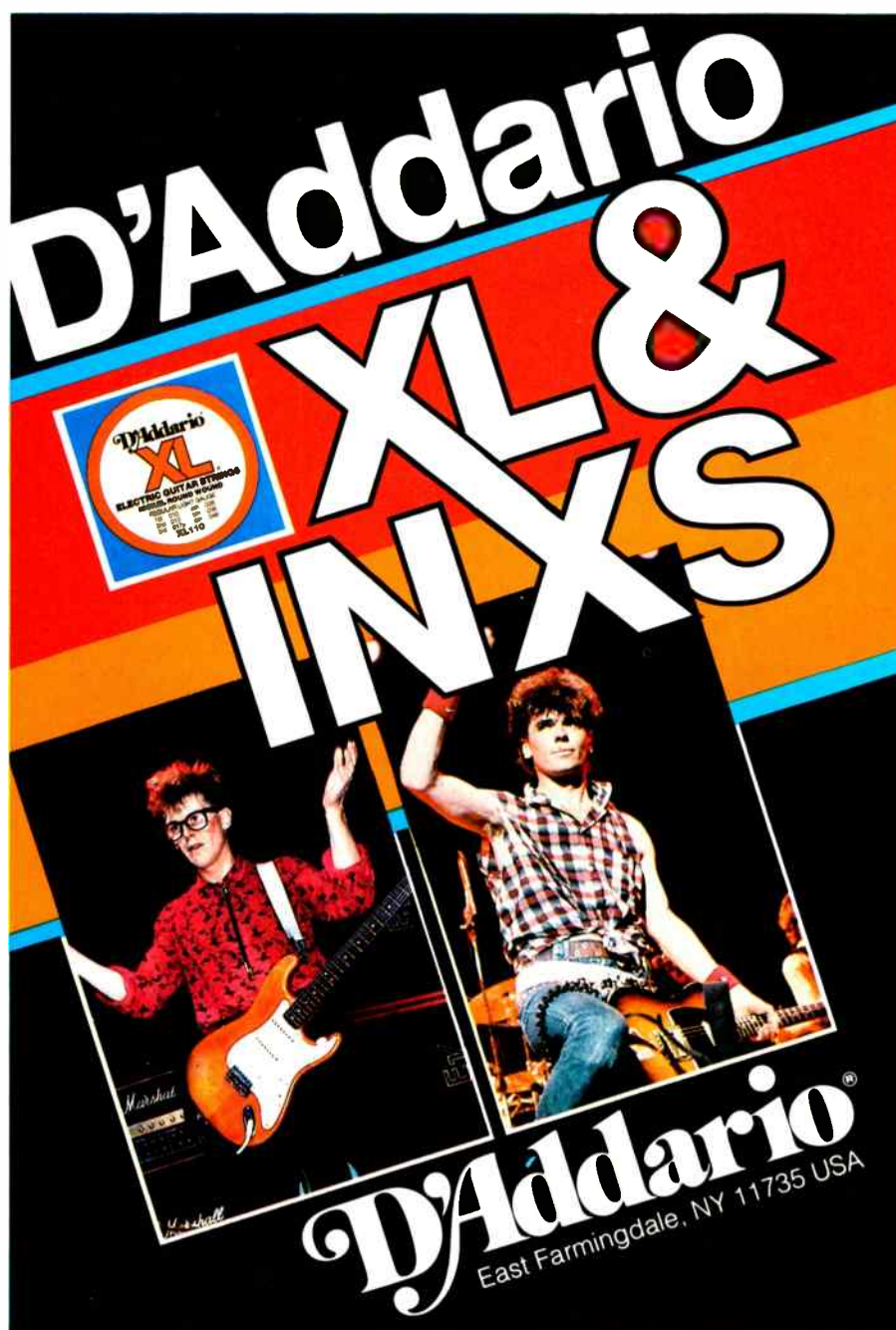
Tom's touch and decisions are all over *Back in the High Life*. That nasty guitar solo that takes out "Take It as It Comes" isn't, strictly speaking, a solo at all; it's four or five short Winwood guitar riffs, slyly stitched by Tom's digital delay into 30 bars of biting B.B. King. And there's "Higher Love"'s irresistible intro: Carried away as Chaka Khan finished her vocals, drummer John Robinson played on alone, kicking into a fanny-wiggling rimshot groove. AIR as usual, Tom snagged Robinson's riff and squirreled it away. Weeks later, Winwood was fretting, "This tune needs an intro." Tom's eyes gleamed—*voilà*, print it! Earlier, Titelman had been nervous about cutting drums in Unique's tiny rooms. Horse-shit, Tom explained. He could get a bitchin' drum sound anywhere.

"So today everyone asks, 'Wow, how'd you get those great-sounding drums on *High Life*?' It's *no big deal*. It's from my live gigs. Working live, I had one song, no soundcheck, to get perfect drums. The Winwood drums came almost too easy. Thirty minutes, tops, every song. Throw your faders up, mike your drums, go out and hit 'em. If they don't sound good, ya *move the mike*! Screw all that technical noise, man, it's placement, *real* basic stuff. You're always hearing about guys taking a day to get a drum sound. Know what that is? That's those guys jerking off."

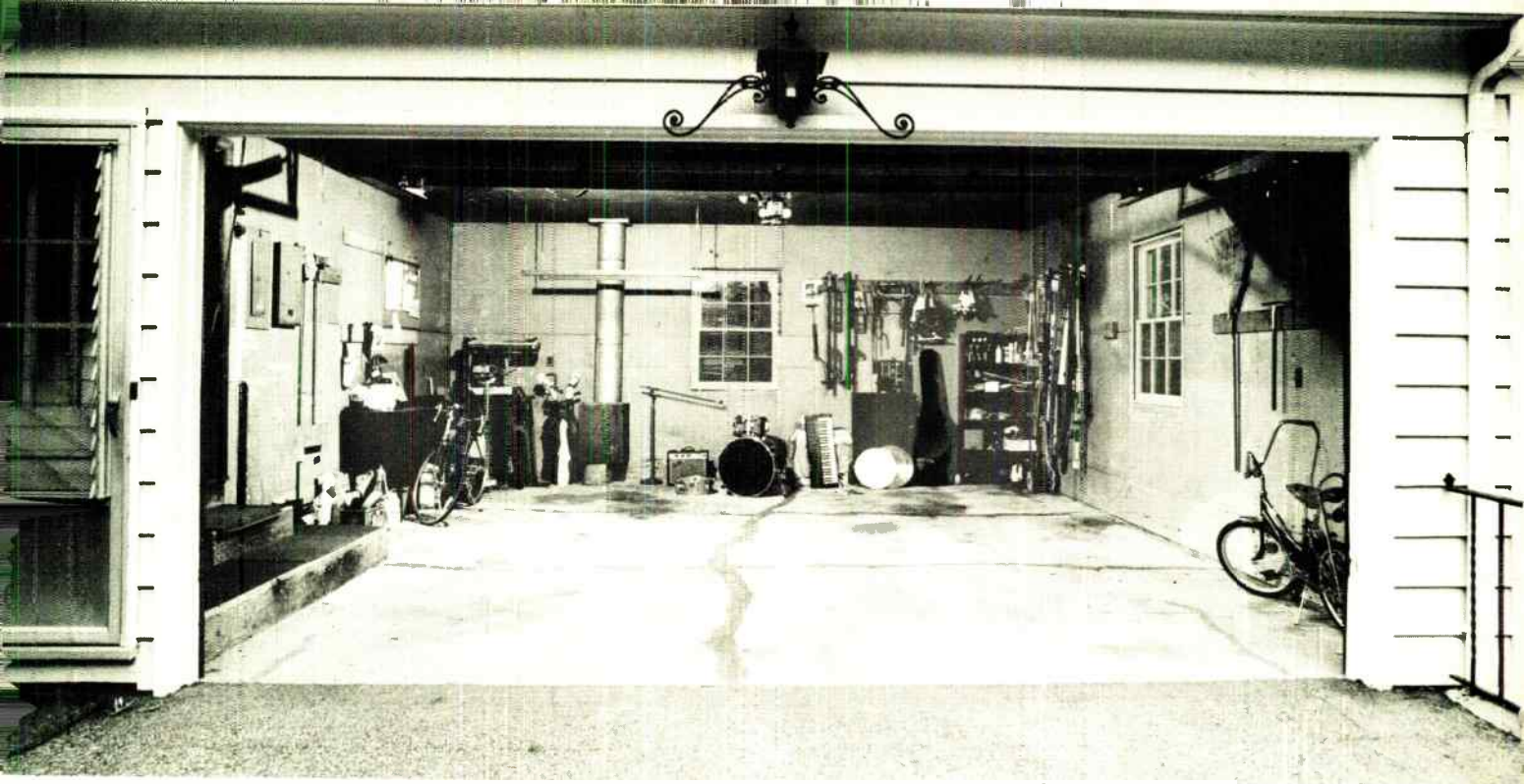
Two years ago, the brothers were MIDied to the gills; today, says Chris, "we've outgrown it. When it came in, man, we checked into the MIDI Hotel; me and Tom rigged up seven Roland keyboards, eight Yama-has, four samplers and a PPG Wave-Term synth for Xavion, this black rock band. Sounded great, too, real lush. But pretty soon, the thrill's gone. You realize two or three keyboards is plenty if you've got a good programmer.

"MIDI actually makes my job harder," he continues. "Everything's so synthetic-sounding, I have to struggle to make it sound natural, pouring on EQ, compressors, reverb. Sure, you gotta know about MIDI. You also have to know when to lay off. Kool & the Gang, they're a band where a machine groove works. But Tom Petty—why's his new album all drum machines? His drummer's so good; that record could've had a better feel.

"I was lucky to get trained before all  
*continued on page 46*







# We designed the Performer Series for studios with a low overhead.

People who spend half their lives waiting until they can afford studio time usually spend the other half trying to make professional recordings at home.

But nowadays, recording in less than totally professional surroundings ain't what it used to be — it's better. Especially when you apply the natural advantages of dbx signal processing to your music.

The dbx 163X Compressor/Limiter is a great place to start for professional sound. Let's say your synth bass patch needs bottom, but you can't add any more without losing definition on top. The 163X lets you get both, along with a punchier, apparently louder overall sound. dbx OverEasy® compression is not only gentle on the sound, it's incredibly easy to use. A single slider and "thumb adjust" level control provide the ultimate in hands-off/ears-on convenience.

At home, noise can be a major problem throughout

the recording chain. The dbx 463X Noise Gate Expander cleans up *all* of the accumulated noise before final mixdown. It's also versatile enough to create those special gated reverb effects found on today's recordings.

You want the vocals up in the mix, but you don't want to hear harsh sibilants (excessive "ess" sounds) or high-frequency distortion. The dbx 263X De-Esser lets you get crisp, detailed vocals that cut through the hottest mixes without any unpleasant side effects.

Now that tape machines (most of which use dbx noise reduction), mikes and consoles for home recording are better than ever, doesn't it make sense to complete the cycle with professional signal processing from dbx? After all, the better your demos are today, the less you'll have to wait until you can get your recording out of the garage and into the studio — where it belongs.

**dbx**®

Professional Products Division, 71 Chapel Street, Newton, Mass. 02195 617/964-3210



# DEVELOPMENTS

## THE GLORY THAT IS NAMM

by jock baird

*NAMM Info for the Insider and the Out-of-it*

As most of the music industry is beginning its long march to Anaheim, California for Winter NAMM, it seems an auspicious time to answer the question that must afflict many readers who do not inhabit our jargon-drenched world: What the hell is NAMM, and why should anyone care? Since I'm making my tenth trek to



the land of many buttons and dials, it seems an appropriate moment to briefly answer those questions. Then I can happily go on using these oblique initials for five more years without defining 'em.

NAMM stands for National Association of Music Merchants, although that last word should probably be Manufacturers since it's the hundreds of companies that actually exhibit that are the stars of the show. Filling up several cavernous convention halls with a mind-numbing array of booths and sound rooms, the manufacturers frenetically woo America's music dealers, from massive to mom and pop. A decent three-day NAMM show can bring in nearly 30,000 fast-talking attendees, few of which include the general public. If you don't work for a manufacturer or a store, you'll find it hard to get in—unless you're a star musician looking to cut a new endorsement deal or, ahem, a member of the MI press.

With a captive audience like that, it's no wonder most instrument companies use NAMM to announce their latest, greatest and sexiest products. Of course, since it usually takes time for those products to hit the stores, NAMM is really a snapshot of what'll be happening six months down the line. There are two shows a year, with the winter show held at the Anaheim convention center and the summer one usually at Chicago's McCormick Place—sometimes a Southern city like New Orleans or Atlanta is substituted. In the last few years, the Anaheim show has been more newsworthy and somewhat better attended (though NAMM itself would disagree, citing similar overall attendance figures). A discussion is currently raging about whether the industry can afford two NAMM shows, since the cost of a full-blown exhibit can get into the hundreds of thousands, but as long as every show, summer or winter, sets new records for numbers of companies exhibiting, the NAMM migration will remain a twice-a-year ritual.

So what's expected for this year's model? We'll be asking what almost everyone in the business is asking: Did all that October bloodletting on Wall Street mean anything to the people out there who buy instruments? In other words, will the boom of '87 continue, or will it be back to the lean years we just left? One early indication is sobering: **Sequential Circuits**, one of the most innovative of American companies, has reportedly gone chapter 11 and is now about to be bought by **Yamaha**. Some of SCI's design team are said to be



staying with the company, but whether this includes **Dave Smith**, one of the midwives of the MIDI format, remains to be seen. No one who spent any time with the Prophet 2000, the VS synth or the Studio 440 would deny Sequential had the technology to compete. Unfortunately, they just couldn't get the cash flow or volume. More on this, including service info, will be forthcoming.

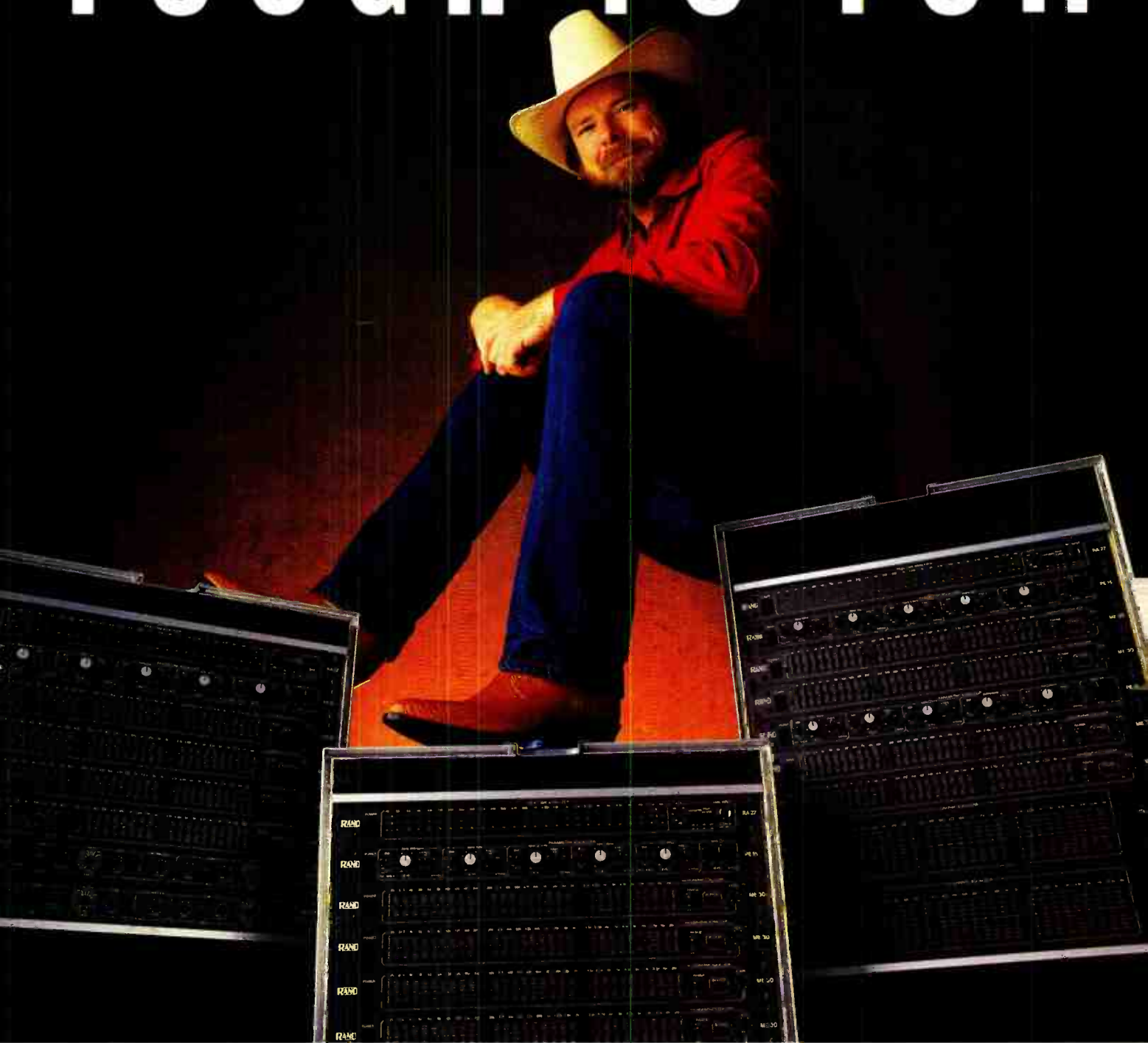
Other big rumors include ambitious audio workstations from **Korg**, a new MIDI interface from **Apple** for the Mac and the IIGs, and, believe it or not, the revival of the **Commodore Amiga**. But until we can get the specifics of all this and more, here's a round-up of less earth-shaking but certainly useful news.

If your computer and MIDI gear is rapidly spreading horizontally across your studio or stage, you may need some vertical integration. May we suggest a new support system from **Invisible** called the MS3000? It's made up of the old-faithful KB-2 stand, a CSK-60 computer shelf kit and then another shelf for spillover gear. The accompanying picture may be worth a thousand words, but the whole setup will only cost you 200 bucks, an altogether reasonable price for bringing order out of potential chaos.

You'll undoubtedly recall the **Stepp** DG1 guitar of a year ago. Although it had some very promising features, more people wanted it as a MIDI controller than for its fairly ordinary digital synth module, and those same people thought seven grand was mighty steep for a Stepp. So to lower those trade barriers, the folks from Stepp are now offering a \$3000 MIDI-only version. In addition to the "semi-conductive intelligent fret" system and its six voices, the Stepp DGX sends six MIDI performance control-



# TOUGH TO TOP.



**D**an Seals: veteran performer and songwriter with many top hits to his credit, and aggressive worldwide touring on his schedule. A professional of his calibre and experience is going to choose the best equipment available. Because he knows it's worth it.

"Monitors have always been a tough compromise. My

Rane equipment gives me a remarkably cleaner monitor sound, and that makes all the difference on stage."

For consistent, durable, and unprecedented performance, go straight to the top. Go with Rane. Rane Corporation, 6510 216th Southwest, Mountlake Terrace, WA 98043. 206/774-7309.

**RANE**

lers. If you have a suspicion no pitch-to-voltage system will ever be responsive enough, this is the first really viable alternative. At least till I hear how the new **Zeta Systems** MIDI guitar tracks.

Another British product is being handled by the same **Group Centre Innovations** that distributes the Stepp in this country, this one a guitar wireless system called the **Trantec TG1**. Priced at \$545 and already used by heavies like U2, Joan Armatrading and John McLaughlin, this FM high-frequency unit should be worth an audition. Note that this has nothing to do with **Tantek**, another British firm that makes the fancy

Master Matrix, a MIDI-automated audio patching/routing device distributed in the U.S. by **Russ Jones**.

The trend in electric guitars has been toward the mid-line and up, but it's still surprising to see a thousand-dollar axe from **Carvin**, whose mail-order-only business generally is notable for its economy. The new DC400, a neck-through-body guitar with ebony fingerboard and flamed curly maple top, active, humbucker-based electronics and options on a Kahler or Floyd Rose whammy, should convince skeptics that Carvin can make a genuinely beautiful guitar. **M**

**LORD-ALGE** from page 42  
this garbage came out; already, younger engineers can't get a good drum, string, horn sound. Just like a lot of MIDI bands can't play. Even good bands will use MIDI because they can, because it's there, not because it sounds better. If the public saw how groups really record now, all overdubbed, MIDIed, drum-machined, they'd say, 'Hey, why don't you guys just play it live?' God knows it'd make engineering a lot more fun."

"I know more about MIDI than anyone on this planet," says Jeff, "and I know this: It's for songwriting and making great demos. When you go into the studio, just chuck most of that MIDI programming right out. Get live musicians. There's definitely a place for MIDI—home."

Aside from SSL consoles ("they've got the sound," says Tom, who's turned down sessions where he couldn't use one) and a few other tools, the Lords profess to not really care what gear they use. "Whatever's layin' around the room," says Chris. Really? "Really." Their indifference is part Jersey-boy-playing-dumb, a transparent ruse—these, after all, are high-level techno-



It's a jungle out there. Today's smart rock 'n' roll warriors know it takes more than

## Survival of the fittest.

a tribal drum and primitive axe to be heard. They subscribe to *Musician* Magazine. With in-depth artist interviews and essential updates in music technology, *Musician* delivers information vital to your

survival in the wildly competitive business of music. So don't wait for the Gods

of Stardom to smile upon you. Subscribe now at the special rate of \$17 and get 12 issues of *Musician* guaranteed to entertain and enlighten even the most savage reader.

Subscribe and save \$16 off the newsstand price.

☐ \$17 for 12 issues, one year (52% off newsstand price)

☐ \$32 for 24 issues, two years (48% off newsstand price)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me

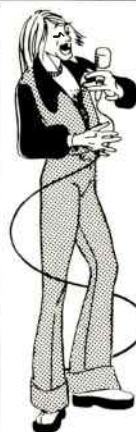
P.O. Box 701, Gloucester, MA 01931-0701. Look for the first issue in 6-8 weeks. For subscriptions outside the U.S., postage

is additional. The basic subscription price is \$21.

World Reader's Digest

## YOU SING THE HITS!! WITH POCKET SONGS

Here's a new series of cassettes devoted to singers, arranged like the original hits but with removable vocals.



Over 1,300 songs are now available in this unique format. Write for our new 1988 catalog today!

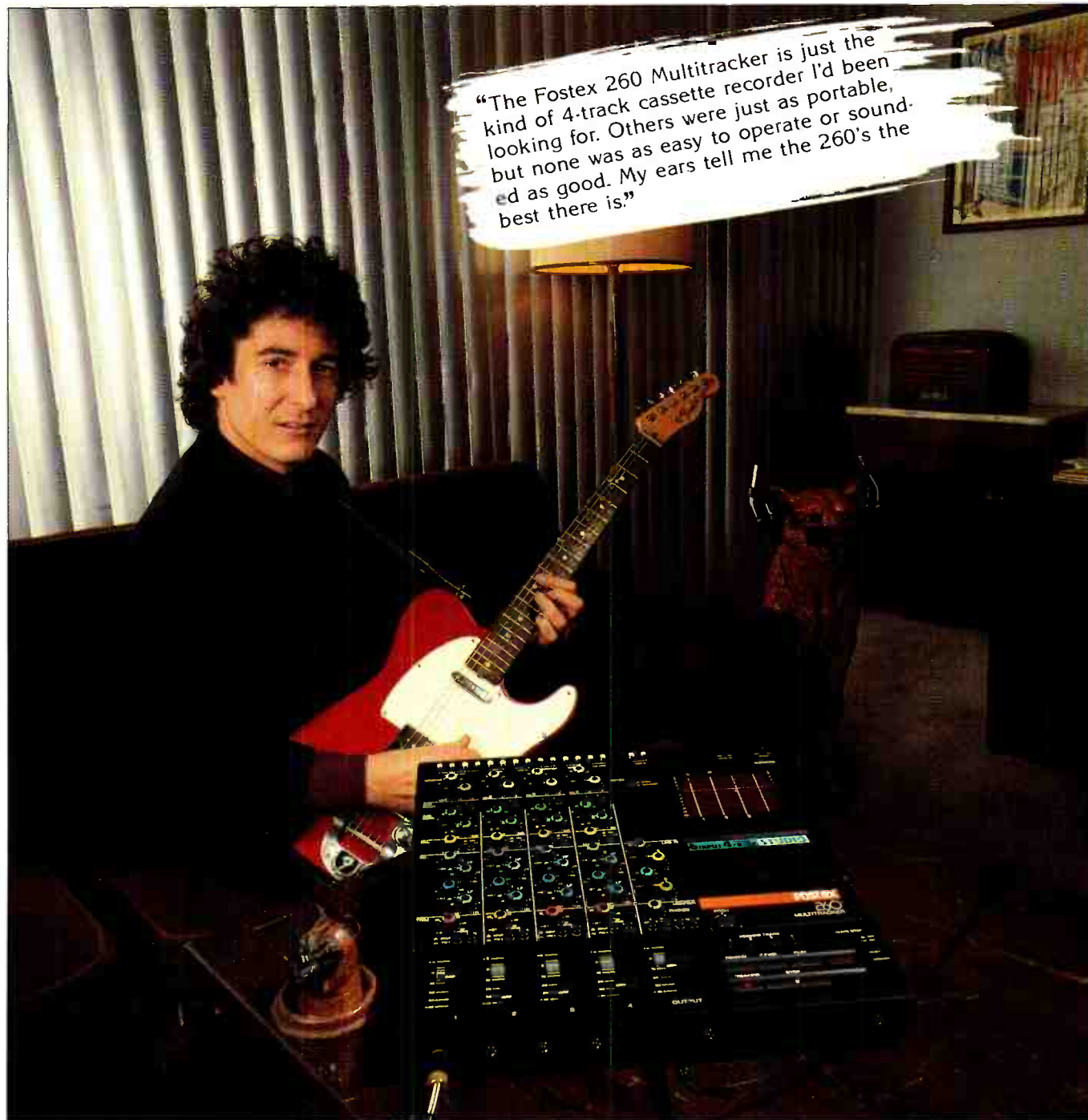
**POCKET SONGS**

P.O. BOX 229C  
IRVINGTON, N.Y. 10533



# STAN RIDGWAY ON FOSTEX

The former lead singer for Wall of Voodoo is currently working on the follow up album to "The Big Heat," his first solo endeavor. Stan also composes for film soundtracks and performs with his new band, Chapter Eleven.



"The Fostex 260 Multitracker is just the kind of 4-track cassette recorder I'd been looking for. Others were just as portable, but none was as easy to operate or sounded as good. My ears tell me the 260's the best there is."

The Fostex 260 Multitracker features: 6 inputs • High speed 4-track recording with advanced noise reduction • Sweepable EQ • Switchable meters • Two headphone jacks • More buss flexibility than any other 4-track cassette/mixer available.

**Fostex**  
Personal Multitrack

©1988 Fostex Corporation of America 15431 Blackburn Ave., Norwalk, CA 90650 (213) 921-1112

World Radio History

# bartolini

## POWER GUITAR COMPONENTS



LC60



E90



and the new

## tube-it

distortion equal to the best tube amps

BOX 934 LIVERMORE, CA 94500 (415) 443-1037

jocks capable of writing their own SSL software. More, it's the contempt for mere machines of the absolute technical ace, the fighter pilot who half-believes he could bust Mach 2 in an outhouse. "At Sugar Hill," says Chris, "I learned how to cook with zero gear: a digital reverb, a harmonizer, a couple limiters, the board, period. Guys today, why do they need all this, this *stuff*?"

"I don't buy gear," says Tom. "I buy cars." And it's unanimous: If they weren't engineers, the Lords would be race-drivers. They *are* race-drivers, on our nation's highways. Tom copped his first producing job (Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark's "La Femme Accident") when Chris, soaring towards Manhattan at 100 mph-plus, got slammed into custody by amazed Jersey cops. His one phone call went to Unique: "Tommy, you're gonna have to handle this one." Tom, who's got three mint mid-'60s Mustangs, an '87 Mazda RX-7 and a supercharged '83 Ford police car ("man, cars jump right outta your way") also owns the only currently valid license. Busted for speeding, Tom tried to lie that he was Jeff and almost got really busted: speeding on a revoked license. Like Tom, Jeff got a big break through their older brother's excesses. Blind drunk at a wedding, Chris phoned Jeff: His girlfriend was throwing up and he was about to, but he sorta had this 12-inch mixing session and could Jeff go in and, well, kinda *pretend* he was Chris? Sure, said Jeff. But there was one hitch: *Jeff had never mixed before!* "Oh, it turned into a nightmare! I was cursin' Chris under my breath and grinnin' at these guys, 'Heh heh, no problem, I've done this a million times!'"

So it's off they roar, engines gleaming, into the polluted sunset. Be grateful they're kept busy, and as you say goodbye, listen to all three at once, sprawled in the Hit Factory, genially shouting each other down. "Three, that's nothing!" says Arthur Baker. "I've sat in a room with four. Now their oldest brother Mark, he's *really* a wild man...."

**CHRIS:** What we do real good is *breeeath* the money outta your wallet.

**JEFF:** Like open-heart surgery—die or be broke.

**CHRIS:** Who else is good? Bob. Bob Clearmountain. Top of the list.

**TOM:** One of the fuckin' few. We bow down to Bob, but we're gonna cleear the mountain—

**CHRIS:** Anything Bob mixes, that's what  
*continued on page 106*

## ADVERTISING INDEX

**Alesis** — P.O. Box 3908, Los Angeles, CA 90078 (213) 467-8000 ..... 40, 41  
**Apple Computers** — 20525 Mariani Ave., Cupertino, CA 95014 (408) 996-1010 ..... 26-27  
**Atari Corp.** — Attn: MUSIC, 1196 Borregas Ave., Sunnyvale, CA 94086 (408) 745-2367 ..... 74-75  
**Bartolini Guitar Components** — Box 934, Livermore, CA 94500 (415) 443-1037 ..... 48  
**Berklee College of Music** — 40 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02215 (617) 266-1400 ..... 95  
**BMI** — 1-800-USA-BMI-I ..... 14  
**D'Addario** — 210 Route 109, E Farmingdale, NY 11735 (516) 454-9450 ..... 42  
**DBX** — 71 Chapel St., Newton, MA 02459 (617) 964-3210 ..... 43  
**Dean Markley** — 3350 Scott Blvd., #45, Santa Clara, CA 95054 (408) 988-2456 (800) 538-8330 ..... 87  
**DOD Electronics** — 5639 South Wiley Lane, Salt Lake City, UT 84107 (801) 268-8400 ..... 49, 107  
**Electro-Voice** — 600 Cecil St., Buchanan, MI 49107 (616) 695-6831 ..... 17, 69  
**EMG** — P.O. Box 4394, Santa Rosa, CA 95402 (707) 525-9941 ..... 18  
**Ensoniq** — 155 Great Valley Parkway, Malvern, PA 19355 (215) 647-3930 ..... 50-51  
**Fastex** — 15431 Blackburn Ave., Norwalk, CA 90650 (213) 921-1112 ..... 47  
**Gan-tone** — Carnegie Hall, Studio 1105, 881 7th Ave., New York, NY 10019 ..... 103  
**GHS Strings** — 2813 Wilber Ave., Battle Creek, MI 49015 (616) 968-3351 ..... 22  
**Gibson Guitar Corp.** — 641 Massman Drive, Nashville, TN 37210 (615) 366-2400 ..... 61  
**Gibson USA Accessories** — 725 Fleetwood Rd., Elgin, IL 60120 (312) 741-7315 ..... 24  
**Graphic Notes** — 2-1645 East Cliff Dr., Suite 29, Santa Cruz, CA 95062 (408) 476-0147 ..... 72  
**Ibanez** — West Coast: Chesbro Music, P.O. Box 2009, 327 Broadway, Idaho Falls, ID 83403 (208) 522-8691, East Coast: Hoshino USA, P.O. Box 889, Bensalem, PA 19020 (215) 638-8670 ..... 67

**Invisible Keyboard Stands** — 159 Commercial St., Lynn, MA 01905 (617) 592-5992 ..... 18  
**JBL** — 8500 Balboa Blvd., Northridge, CA 91329 (818) 893-8411 ..... 25  
**Korg** — 89 Frost St., Westbury, NY 11590 (516) 333-9100 ..... 2  
**Kurzweil** — 411 Waverley Oaks Rd., Waltham, MA 02154 (617) 893-5900 ..... 71  
**Nimbus Records** — 200 W. 57th St., New York, NY 10019 (212) 262-5400 ..... 23  
**NRI School of Electronics** — 3939 Wisconsin Ave., Washington, DC 20016 ..... 96  
**Pearl** — 408 Harding Industrial Dr., Nashville, TN 37211 (615) 833-4477 ..... 39  
**Peavey** — 711 A St., Meridian, MS 39301 (601) 483-5365 ..... 57  
**Ramsa** — 6550 Katella Ave., Cypress, CA 90630 (714) 895-7275 ..... 59  
**Rane** — 6510 216th S.W., Mountlake Terrace, WA 98043 (206) 774-7309 ..... 45  
**Recording Workshop** — 455A Massville Road, Chillicothe, OH 45601 (800) 848-9900 ..... 94  
**Rickenbacker International Corp.** — 3895 So. Main St., Santa Ana, CA 92707 (714) 545-5574 ..... 24  
**Roland** — 7200 Dominion Circle, Los Angeles, CA 90040 (213) 685-5141 ..... 4, 83  
**RotoSound** — James How Industries Ltd., Unit One, Morewood Close, Sevenoaks, Kent TN13 2HU, England (0732) 450838 ..... 34  
**Sam Ash** — 124 Fulton Ave., Hempstead, NY 11550 ..... 96  
**Samson Music Products** — 485-19 So. Broadway, Hicksville, NY 11801 (516) 932-3810 ..... 13  
**Shure Brothers Inc.** — 222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, IL 60202 (312) 866-2200 ..... 85  
**Sony Communications Products** — 1600 Queen Ann Rd., Teaneck, NJ 07666 ..... 88  
**Steinberger** — 122 S. Robinson Ave., Newburgh, NY 12550 (914) 565-4005 ..... 73  
**Tascam** — 7733 Telegraph Rd., Montebello, CA 90640 (213) 726-0303 ..... 36  
**Yamaha** — 6600 Orangethorpe Ave., Buena Park, CA 90620 (714) 522-9011 ..... 7, 108



# It takes a winning team to build a winning pedal.



*The 1987 Music and Sound Award*

The ballots are in. The DigiTech PDS 1002 has been voted 1987's most innovative foot-controlled, effects/signal processor product. That's how it was honored at the Music and Sound Awards, held recently at the 1987 NAMM Exposition.

Best in a tough field. Pretty impressive when you consider it was judged by music dealers across the country.

But music dealers aren't the only ones singing the praises of the PDS 1002. It's getting outstanding reviews from musicians nationwide. Musicians who cast *their* votes by making the PDS 1002 the largest selling digital delay pedal in



*The design team of the PDS 1002, from left: Frank Nelson, Bonnie Miller, Rob Urry, Bill Brotherton and Jim Pennock.*

the country.

For digital effects including sound-on-sound, infinite repeat and delaying up to two seconds, there's just no contest.

The entire staff at DigiTech is proud of the PDS 1002. Proud that their work has been recognized. And proud that their product is manufactured in the U.S.A.

For a full-color catalog of our entire line of quality signal processing equipment, write 5639 South Kiley Lane, Salt Lake City, Utah 84107. (801) 268-8400.

**DigiTech**  
*Start at the top.*

# A new level of performance is just a touch away

## The new Ensoniq EPS Performance Sampler and SQ-80 Cross Wave Synthesizer with Poly-Key™ pressure sensitivity

Discover a new level of performance in the new Ensoniq EPS Performance Sampler and SQ-80 Cross Wave Synthesizer. With Poly-Key pressure sensitivity you'll find more expression than in any other sampler or synth.

Playing an instrument with Poly-Key pressure is a musical treat. Each individual note responds vividly to your touch. You can control the modulation of pitch, vibrato, brightness or loudness—even the mix between two different sounds—all by varying the pressure of individual keys. So, instead of just playing a chord, you can command an entire string section. Or give horns real individuality. Or play dozens of other expressive effects you never could before.

### The Ensoniq EPS — The only sampler that can play and load at the same time

It's hard to be expressive when your keyboard is silent, so the EPS lets you load sounds from the disk *while you are playing*. No other sampler—regardless of price—has this important performance feature.

Another new means of expression—Instant Patch Select—lets you choose alternate wavesamples or programs instantly in real time. With two patch select buttons located near the pitch wheel, you can instantly add expressive variations to a sound as the spirit of the moment moves you.

In addition, the EPS has 20 dynamically assigned voices, 20Hz to 20KHz audio bandwidth, 16 bit data format, 13 bit sample converter, 24 bit internal processing, floating point output

with 96dB dynamic range and a built-in 8-track MIDI sequencer. And since the EPS can convert and play Mirage sounds, there's a ready library of over 2500 sounds available right now.

### The Ensoniq SQ-80 — Studio technology with the performance touch

In addition to expressiveness, your instrument needs sounds that can cut through a stage full of amplified instruments. The Ensoniq SQ-80 Cross Wave Synthesizer cuts like a sharp knife.

Cross wave technology involves grafting the transient attack characteristics of one sound onto the beginning of another. The SQ-80 has a total of 75 sampled and synthesized waves on board, including multi-sampled bow, pick, breath and hammer attack transients, as well as inharmonic loops and sampled and synthesized sustain waves. So you can create thousands of sounds that not only cut, but sing and soar as well.

There's also an 8-track MIDI sequencer and built-in 880K disk drive for program, sequence and MIDI system exclusive storage. Each disk can store up to 1728 different programs and 10 full sequencer or MIDI system exclusive blocks. With one disk, you can be set up and ready to play before the guitar player tunes up.

Discover a new level of performance. Step up to an Ensoniq EPS Performance Sampler or SQ-80 Cross Wave Synthesizer at your authorized Ensoniq dealer, today. For the name of your nearest US dealer call toll free: 1-800-553-5151.

ENSONIQ Corp. Dept. M. 155 Great Valley Parkway, Malvern PA 19355 □ Canada: 6969 Trans Canada Hwy., Suite 123, St. Laurent, QUE. H4T 1V8 □ ENSONIQ Europe BV, Domplein 1, 3512 JC Utrecht, Holland □ Australia: Electric Factory, 188 Plenty Rd., Preston, Vic. 3072 □ ENSONIQ Japan, Ochanomizu KS Bldg., 2nd Floor #201, 3-3-1 Hongou Bunkyo Ku, Tokyo

©1987 ENSONIQ Corp  
Ensoniq, Mirage, ESQ-1, EPS, SQ-80 and Poly-Key are trademarks of Ensoniq Corp.



THE TECHNOLOGY THAT PERFORMS

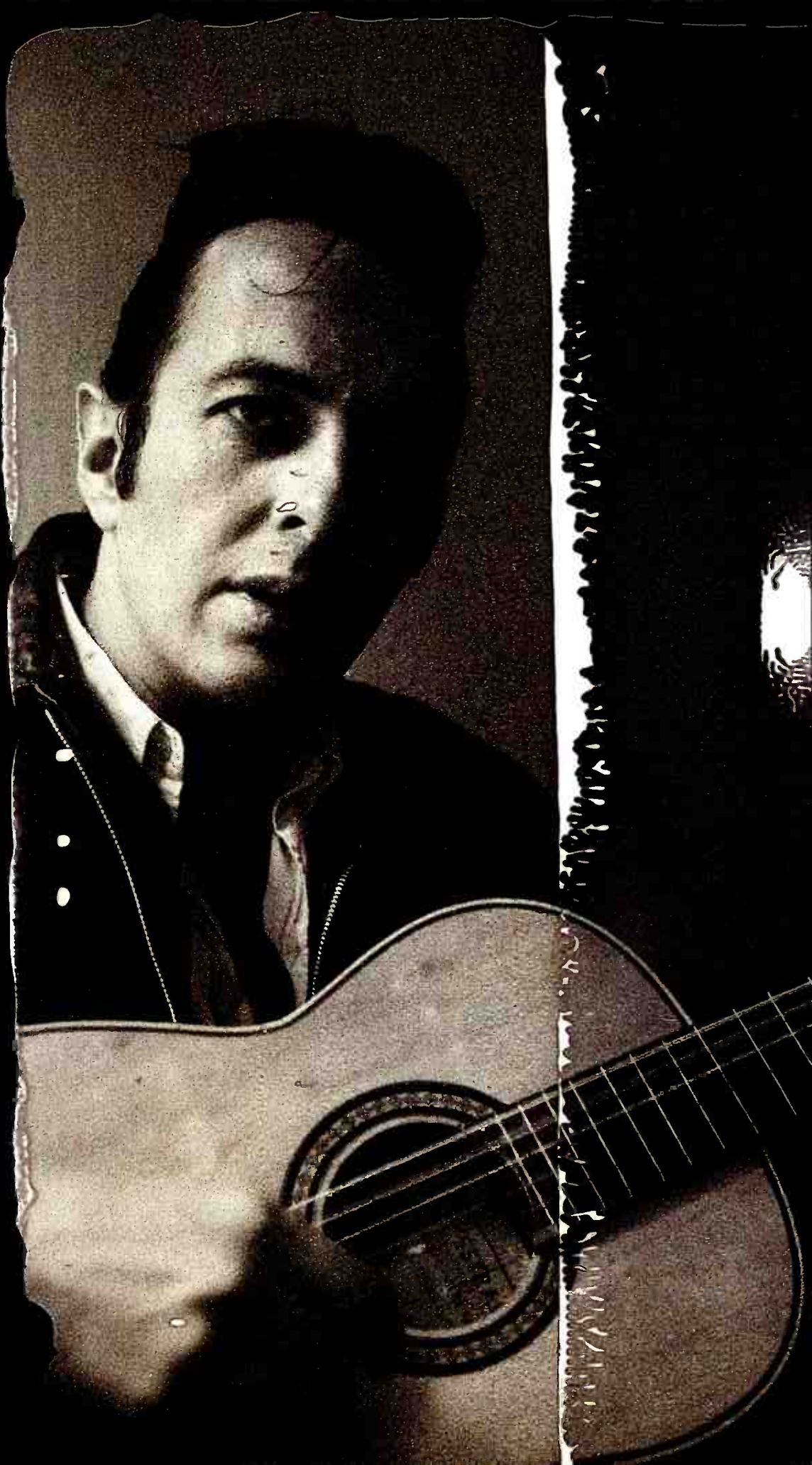




Casio  
EPS

SQ80

Casio




photograph by josh cheuse



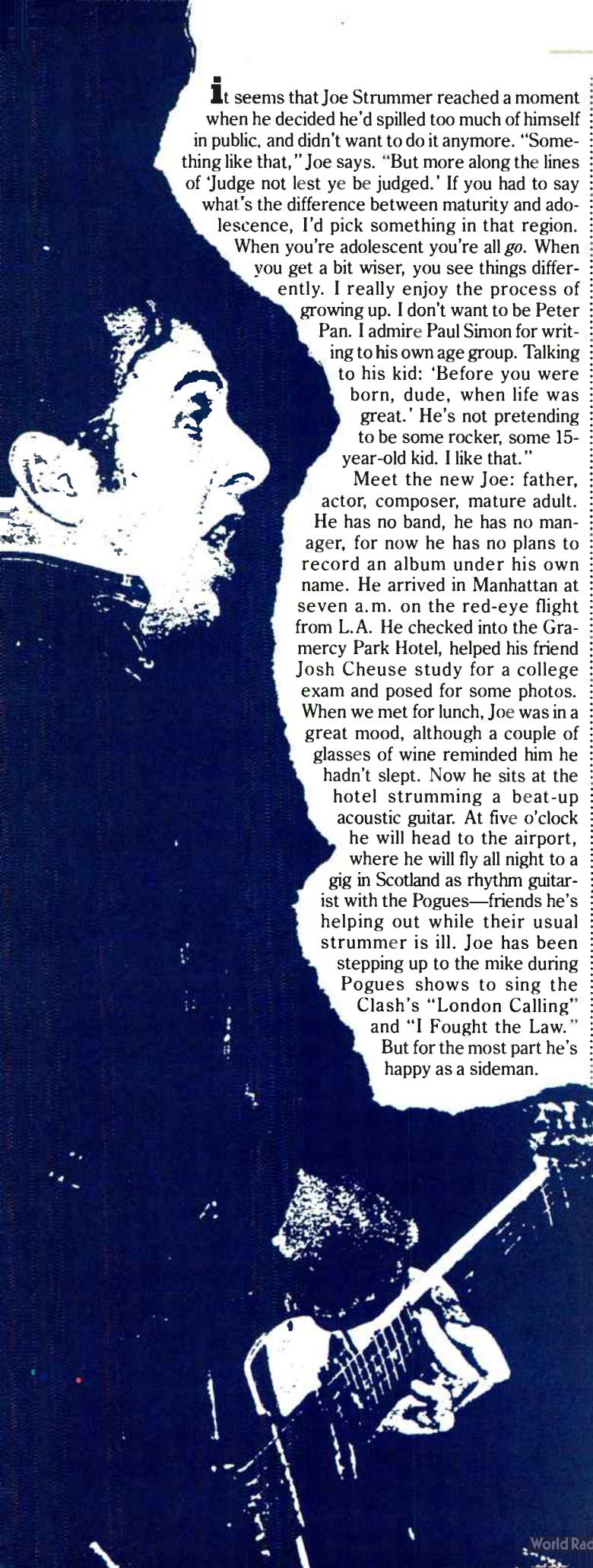
# the exile of joe strummer

In Which Our Vagabond Hero Roams  
the World, Taking Odd Jobs and  
Running from the Memory of the  
Terrible Things He's Done



During the years he led the Clash, Joe Strummer bared his soul at the top of his lungs. As principal singer and lyricist, Strummer's voice was the Clash's voice, and Strummer's philosophies—social, political, sexual and spiritual—got right in your face. So it's odd that since the Clash exploded in 1984, Strummer has written only in the voices of other people. In his soundtrack work for Alex Cox's *Sid & Nancy*, *Straight to Hell* and *Walker*, and in the songs he helped Mick Jones write for Big Audio Dynamite's *No. 10 Upping Street*, Joe Strummer has written from the perspectives of South American mercenaries, dying desperados, Sid Vicious and Mick Jones. The only person he hasn't sung about is Joe Strummer.

"That's true," Strummer says, rolling a smoke in his New York hotel room. "It's a dead giveaway." But ask him what he's giving away and he just laughs.



It seems that Joe Strummer reached a moment when he decided he'd spilled too much of himself in public, and didn't want to do it anymore. "Something like that," Joe says. "But more along the lines of 'Judge not lest ye be judged.' If you had to say what's the difference between maturity and adolescence, I'd pick something in that region.

When you're adolescent you're all *go*. When you get a bit wiser, you see things differently. I really enjoy the process of growing up. I don't want to be Peter Pan. I admire Paul Simon for writing to his own age group. Talking to his kid: 'Before you were born, dude, when life was great.' He's not pretending to be some rocker, some 15-year-old kid. I like that."

Meet the new Joe: father, actor, composer, mature adult. He has no band, he has no manager, for now he has no plans to record an album under his own name. He arrived in Manhattan at seven a.m. on the red-eye flight from L.A. He checked into the Gramercy Park Hotel, helped his friend Josh Cheuse study for a college exam and posed for some photos. When we met for lunch, Joe was in a great mood, although a couple of glasses of wine reminded him he hadn't slept. Now he sits at the hotel strumming a beat-up acoustic guitar. At five o'clock he will head to the airport, where he will fly all night to a gig in Scotland as rhythm guitarist with the Pogues—friends he's helping out while their usual strummer is ill. Joe has been stepping up to the mike during Pogues shows to sing the Clash's "London Calling" and "I Fought the Law."

But for the most part he's happy as a sideman.

It's December. Officially we're meeting to talk about his soundtrack for *Walker*—a surprisingly strong mix of jazz, folk and Latin instrumentals, and three new Strummer ballads. But when Joe finds out the article won't appear until February he smiles: "It'll be in the cut-out bins by then!" Luckily, March will see the release of a two-record Clash greatest hits package, so we have an excuse to talk about the whole history of Strummer.

Like the fact that soundtracks give Joe the freedom to write songs that sound like McCoy Tyner ("Viperland") or James Taylor ("Latin Romance")—options not available in the Clash. "That has something to do with becoming wiser," he nods. "Because you're within the world of film, you're suspended for a moment from the rules of rock 'n' roll. I really like that. You can say, 'Hey, the jazzy number fills a scene—that's why it exists.' You're not saying, 'I think *this* is hip': That's a burden."

Strummer's withdrawal from the rock 'n' roll spotlight, his refusal to be a front man in any sense, is in sharp contrast with his old fire and self-assurance. A thousand bands aspire to be where the Clash were from 1980 to 1982—at the center of the rock community's consciousness. By the time '82's *Combat Rock* sold two million copies, the Clash were filling arenas and getting hit singles—making the transition from critics' favorite/cult heroes/influences to genuine stars. And then Strummer chucked it all. The prize was in his hands—he said 'no thanks' and gave it back.

"I wouldn't say it was that noble," Strummer demurs. "It's more like I dropped it on the floor and broke it." Yeah, well, maybe so. But unlike musicians who bust their stardom through drugs or greed or ambition, Strummer broke the Clash *intentionally*. "Uh-huh," he nods. "The Clash was always from the heart. No matter if it went down or up, it was always from the heart."

So how come in the three-plus years since Joe went underground, history has been re-written? At a U2 press conference a rock critic asks Bono why his band succeeded while groups like the Sex Pistols, Jam and Clash never made it in America. And Bono says he loved the Clash, he doesn't know why they never succeeded here. That's not to put down Bono, who is not American and wouldn't know that the premise was wrong. But journalists have begun lumping the Clash in with cult bands and commercial failures. Maybe, as a character says in *Walker*, Americans don't remember anyone who doesn't win.

"See," Strummer offers, "there's two different planes. The modern '80s definition of *Made It* is filling the 100,000-seat stadiums. U2 do five a week. Back then there was still some vestige of a true underground feeling. The Clash had a surge in that area. You saw us in arenas, but we were at our finest with 3,000 people in an old theater. If I was to find a mean average of all the 10,000 Clash shows there ever was, I'd say that 3,000 rocking people in a dirty old theater in the bad part of town is the mean average. And that ain't even *making it*. You know what I'm sayin'? Who's made it? Madonna, Michael Jacko, Prince, U2: We're talking super stadiums. At the high level of the Clash's popularity we could fill the 10,000-seat hockey arenas or gyms. You only ever saw us in a big place if it was a festival or we were supporting the Who. And if you look at our record sales, nothing sold until *Combat Rock* and 'Rock the Casbah.' I'd say we sold a *speck* overall to what U2 sell now."

Not a bad speck, though: *London Calling* sold 1,200,000 copies, half in America. Even the grand failure *Sandinista!* did 800,000. The worst-selling Clash LP, *Give 'Em Enough Rope*, moved just under half-a-million units. The Clash were not in Whitney country, but they



had made it into the same neighborhood as Dylan, the Stones and the Who.

"We made it," Joe continues, "but in another way. We made it in the culture. We'll have our place. You don't have to worry about that. You don't have to worry about shallow rock mags that'll just blow away in the wind next week, man. You cannot take Creedence Clearwater or the Doors out of the culture. So it doesn't matter. Our place in the culture will probably be even-steven with a lot of people who fill stadiums."

At least the Clash avoided repeating their greatest hits until they became cartoons. "Yeah," Joe nods. "The choice to drop out could have been *cleaner*. But certainly the way I feel at the moment, that's the way to do it. Not do a Deep Purple."

*Revolution Rock*, the best of the Clash, follows chronological order, compacting the band's rapid evolution from 1977 to '83 into a breakneck sonic transformation. In the six years Strummer, Mick Jones and Paul Simonon made Clash records, they released six albums (nine LPs), many singles, and wrote and produced records for other artists. The *Best Of* collection opens with the explosions of "White Man in Hammersmith Palais," "London's Burning," "Janie Jones" and "White Riot." Boy, those were the days. There's a great scene in *Rude Boy*, the Clash movie made between the first and second albums, when the audience is going wild, threatening to tear down the hall. The authorities are nervous, so Strummer asks the crowd to please calm down—and then launches into "White Riot"—sending the kids through the roof. Only Johnny Cash at San Quentin has equalled that moment for glorious recklessness.

"At the height of the White Riot tour," Strummer smiles, "an earnest political journalist asked me, 'What are you going to do with all the energy of your audience? How can you harness it? What do you think happens to it?' I said, 'It slides under the door and out of the hall.'"

That energy led to violence more than once. "We'd go back for punch-ups with the noble citizens of Hamburg. We had the return annual match. I was actually arrested by the second year. They suddenly got into punk two years after the fact and they went at it with a vengeance to make up for lost time. We were seen as worse than the Eagles stylistically. They said, 'Right, we'll turn up and give 'em a good kicking.' We let 'em in the gig and then it was either have a pitched battle or attempt to play the set. In the end we had to get down and slug it out with them. It was like being a professional wrestler. The band and crew got down on the dance floor with the punks and started to battle *en masse*. Meanwhile the innocent burghers of Hamburg were standing around the edges on little raised tiers, still watching. As the fight was going on I was thinking, 'This is ridiculous! One minute you're in a band and the next you're slugging it out.' It seemed to make no difference to the people watching! I looked up and saw them standing there with the same expressions on their faces. I remember thinking, 'God! Where will this end?'

"The first time we went there this guy was undoing my Doc Martens all night as we played. About the fifth time I said, 'The next time you touch it I'll do you, 'cause I'm trying to sing.' He touched me again, so I kicked him in the head. After the show I was in the washroom and he was washing blood off his face. I said, 'Oh, I'm sorry about that.' 'It doesn't matter.' He was a little guy. The next time we went there, there was a real big riot. While I was waiting to be arrested this giant came backstage and said, 'You! You are ze one who last year you kicked my face! This time you don't get away with it! You started that riot! I'm gonna tell the cops!' I went, 'Oh my fucking hell! It's you!' Two years before he'd been a little shrimp and here he was Nordic Man himself!" Joe roars with laughter. "I was thinking, 'This is like a stupid short story.'"

"Luckily I was stone-cold sober when they arrested me. The chief of police came up to me in the cell and went, 'Is this the Englander who's accused of beating up punks?' They went, 'Yeah.' He came over to me and bent down and said, 'Good for you, mate.' Then he straightened up and walked away. There was a review of the gig in the paper the next day. Instead of a picture of someone singing, it was two men running with a bloke with a bandage on his head on a stretcher through this riot-strewn area. And it said, 'Last night the Clash played.'"

The aggression and the musical solidarity born of those wild nights found its way into the Clash's next album—their masterpiece, *London Calling*. A combination of joyous energy and tight playing, it stands outside its time as none of the other Clash albums do. Six *London Calling* tracks are on the new anthology. "We spent five months rehearsing *London Calling* and went and banged it off in four weeks. The horn parts were all done in one day by the Irish horns, who kind of made up their own arrangements and riffs on the spot. We'd suggest the way it should go, they'd fill it out and—bang—it was a part and we banged it down. They hit five tunes from scratch. That's the way we used to do it"—Joe affects an old man's cracked voice—"back in the old days. That album was mixed by Bill Price while we were on our first tour of America. We came back and Mick changed one or two tracks a bit, but in the main it's Price's mix. I remember a skinhead getting me in Berlin and saying, 'Vot is that? My grandmother likes "Wrong 'Em Boyo"!' He was on the edge, he couldn't believe it. He said, 'How could you do something my grandmother likes!' For him the clean sound of that album was a travesty."

Another clean thing about *London Calling*: With tunes like the dealer-indictment "Hateful," it was a very anti-drug album. "'London Calling' is peppered with anti-drug lines," Joe agrees. "'Ain't got no highs except for'—hepatitis, right?—'yellowy eyes.' The 'zombies of death' were shooters. 'Draw another breath'—start living again. 'I don't want to shout but I saw you nodding out.' A lot of people were getting down on heroin at the time."

**stardom was placed in  
strummer's hands,  
and he gave it back.  
"it wasn't that noble.  
it's more like i dropped  
it on the floor and  
broke it."**



Those who had the Clash filed under “political rock” assumed “Koka Kola” was an indictment of capitalist multinationals. Fooled ya. “It’s about cocaine,” says Joe. “The other day I was thinking of *Wall Street* and I remembered that tune. It was all about yuppies and how they get into coke.”

The apocalyptic visions of *London Calling* became even more pronounced on *Sandinista!*, the three-record follow-up. “The Sound of the Sinners” actually found Joe crying out to be able to believe in God.

“That’s not a piss-take, you know,” Joe says (British for “it’s not a parody”). “I was thinking of L.A. and the great quake and the tidal wave. I was working on it and I got, ‘After all these years to believe in Jesus.’ I was trying to think of another line and Topper came by and said, ‘How about drugs?’ I went, ‘What?’ He said, ‘After all these drugs I thought I was him.’ I said, ‘That’s amazing!’ All those people who take too much LSD end up in sanitariums, and a lot of them think they’re Jesus. It was perfect. So we just jumped up and recorded it. I screamed it out. I relished every second of it. That’s Elvis Costello’s favorite Clash song.”

*Sandinista!* is represented on the Clash hits album by only two tracks, “Magnificent Seven” and “Washington Bullets.” The latter song—with the chant, “Sandinista!”—convinced some skeptics that the Clash were just anti-American commies. A rhyming history of U.S./Nicaraguan relations cut just after the Sandinistas came to power, the tune is actually no more radical than Walter Mondale. It indicts communism for the actions of the Russians in Afghanistan and the Chinese in Tibet, then it praises Jimmy Carter (indirectly) for being the first U.S. president to allow a popular revolution in Nicaragua. Truly a weird pop song.

“I tried to spread it around instead of always banging the same head,” Joe explains of the tune’s anti-Red sentiments.

## “being in a rock group is not conducive to being responsible. you get treated like a kid.”

“At the end it says, ‘Human rights...from America?’ I sang it in ironic disbelief. It was like that to me. I greatly admired that. Perhaps Jimmy Carter will be remembered with more respect than all the crooks and thieves that surrounded him.” Joe’s philosophical about the misimpressions songs like that generated. “That’s the way of the world,” he figures. “The three-second egg. Maybe we think of everything in our minds in that kind of *New York Post* headline cartoon type. Maybe there’s too much information. We log it in bursts. There isn’t time to go, ‘Yes, but in the third verse at the end he says....’”

The new Joe Strummer sure is an easy-going guy. He turns the other cheek so fast it looks like his head’s revolving. Strumming his acoustic guitar for hours, he announces that he’s decided to head to Eskimo country with his Fostex and folk guitar to cut his mature solo album. “I’m gonna get some furry boots and go sit outside an igloo with a four-track. Cut it straight to CD. I’m gonna call it *Alaska*.” Ba boomp.

Speaking of Bruce, many critics have pointed out that Springsteen appropriated an image from the film *Night of the Hunter* for “Cautious Man”: the hero is a once-tough loner who struggles to stay married—with “Love” and “Fear” tattooed on the knuckles of his hands. Sound familiar, Joe?

“From ‘Death or Glory!’” Joe snaps, suddenly alert. “What about it?” Bruce uses the same image on his new record. “See....” Joe snarls and then stops himself—turning that cheek again. “Never mind. He’s a cool cat. Think I’ll rip some



the best cowboy songs were  
written by jewish blokes from the east.

of his stuff off. *Alaska*. The new four-track album with furry boots.” Joe’s cool is starting to slip. “What about ‘Everybody Wants to Rule the World?’” he demands. “Straight out of *Sandinista!*. Tears for Fears’ number-one world-wide smash. I saw him in a restaurant. I’d never met him before. I said, ‘You! Are you Roland Orzabal of Tears for Fears?’ ‘Yes.’ I said, ‘You owe me a fiver!’ He said, ‘Why?’ I said, ‘Everybody wants to rule the world—“Charlie Don’t Surf”—middle eight—first line.’ He reached inside his pocket and got out five and gave it to me. That’s the truth, too.”

It’s good to know that old tough Joe hasn’t completely disappeared.

*Revolution Rock* closes with three tunes from *Combat Rock*, the hits “Rock the Casbah” and “Should I Stay or Should I Go,” and the haunting “Straight to Hell”—which is of course where Joe went next. The last song is the suitably apocalyptic “Armageddon Time.” There is nothing on the new compilation from *Cut the Crap*, the infamous album by Joe’s second Clash that brought the lightning bolts of the gods down on him and sent him into the exile where he sits today.

Joe’s self-confidence reached Napoleonic proportions in 1983, when he fired first drummer Topper Headon and then Mick Jones—Trotsky to Joe’s Stalin. Joe formed a new Clash and took them on an arena tour singing, without irony, “We Are the Clash” and other new punk songs. Topper was said to have been fired because of a drug problem—he’s now serving time in an English prison for supplying heroin to a man who died from it. Joe claimed that Mick had been seduced by bourgeois notions of stardom and glamour. Mick said at the time that Joe was being led astray by Clash manager Bernie Rhodes. Strummer’s Cultural Revolution led to *Cut the Crap*. Produced and (according to the credits) co-written by Bernie Rhodes, even *Crap*’s good songs were buried in awful production. The album was a failure, Clash fans were angry with Joe for destroying the old band, and by the time Joe admitted that Mick had been right about Bernie, the Clash was history.

Looking back on the whole mess now, Joe says, “Obviously in hindsight it doesn’t seem like the world gained much cultural information from the episode, from that 18-month period ending about mid-’84. Perhaps it wouldn’t have been missed.” He brightens. “But we [the second Clash] did have a good time once in the north of England and Scotland on a sort of weird busking tour. It was the weirdest thing, I’ll tell ya. Somehow it was more enjoyable walking around with one of these [folk guitars] than having all those trucks following you down the highway loaded with jigs and rigs and hundreds of lights



“The great thing about Peavey gear is you have the capabilities so if you need more highs, they're there, if you need more lows they're there. It works out perfectly.”

**-RUDY SARZO**

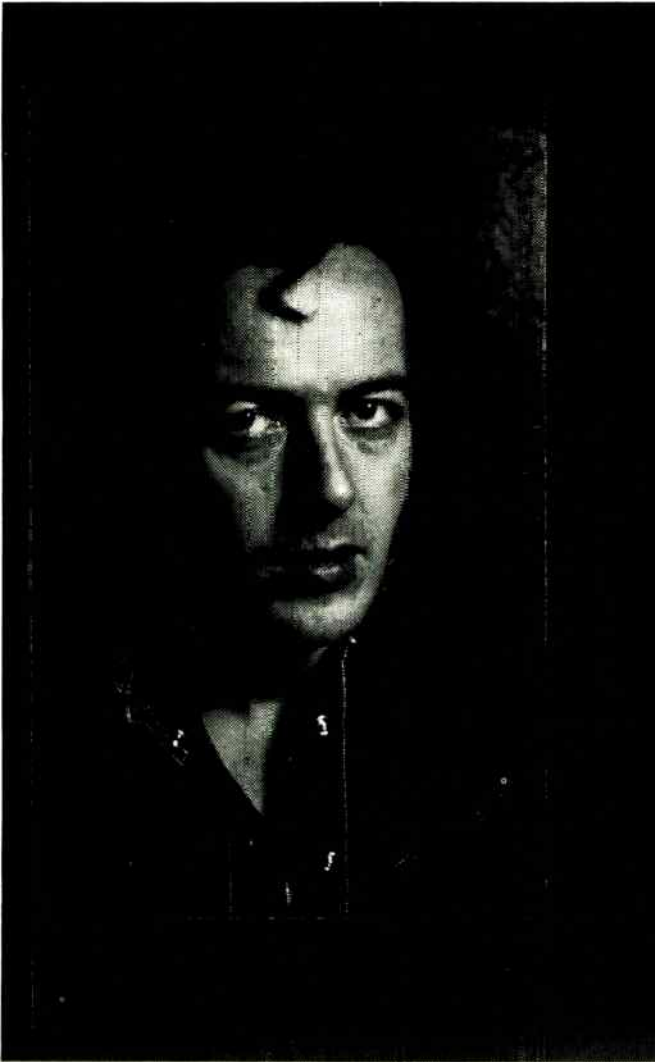
“I tried the Peavey VTM™ amps and they were exactly what I was looking for. I've never been happier with the sound I'm getting.”

**-ADRIAN VANDENBERG**



Rudy Sarzo and Adrian Vandenberg are featured in the latest issue of *The Monitor* magazine along with current information on Peavey products and players. Send \$2.00 for your copy or for a 22" x 26" full color poster of Adrian Vandenberg and the new Adrian Vandenberg model guitar send \$2.00 to Peavey Electronics Corporation, 711 A Street, Meridian MS 39301.

1988 Peavey Electronics Corp.



strapped to pylons. We'd just walk into a bar and go, 'Right, we're gonna play,' and the bloke would go okay. We'd say, 'Put the pints up, then.' He'd say okay and we'd pull out the boxes and jam down 10 tunes. Then we'd say, 'Where should we go next?' and catch the night bus to Leeds. We'd play anywhere, morning or night. We played under canal bridges, in precincts, bus stops, nightclubs, discos. In Edinburgh we played to 1,300 people without a PA.

"It was just us five and a few of these boxes. Pete Howard had drumsticks and he'd play a chair or a wastebin or a fence or the wall. It was a right laugh. We saw a big queue one day in Manchester and said, 'What's that?' They said, 'It's the queue for the Alarm gig this evening.' Pete said, 'Let's busk the Alarm queue.' It was nearly a riot! People were throwing red paint all over our bus, all over everybody. The road crew from the Alarm came out. We were at the center of a surging throng. It got completely out of hand." White riots again. Strummer laughs at the memory.

But after that tour Joe did what he'd done before in times of stress—he headed for the hills. According to Strummer, manager Rhodes assembled unmixed tapes into *Cut the Crap*, crediting himself as producer and co-writer. "I went to the mountains in disgust at a certain point, and he finished the album, christened it and put it out." And Rhodes' songwriting credits? "Well, I'd say he sort of served as a sounding board for me, but I thought it was a bit cheeky all the same." Joe tries to force his own cheek to turn again. "That's not to say he didn't

write *anything*, but I wouldn't have said that it was half and half. That's all. It ain't no beef."

He must have been pretty sure your relationship was coming to an end if he would do that. Strummer laughs: "You don't know Bernie!"

What about Joe's old disappearing acts, anyway? Were they a way of sending a message about his discontent to the Clash? "I just enjoyed bugging about," he deadpans. "Being in a rock group as a way of life is not conducive to being responsible. You get treated like a kid."

Yeah, okay, fine. So when are we going to get to hear an album by the adult Joe Strummer? Joe turns allegorical: "What if you're watching for the man to wave the flags—but they've flashed the light instead? Say we're on a bridge and you're waiting for the signal, watching. But the man you're watching is just standing there having a cigarette. Meanwhile, the lampman at the top of the car is flashing his lamp. And he's got the same message. But you've missed the message that you were waiting for!" So who's picked up your message, Joe? "For example, *Graceland*—the whole nature of that music and the whole nature of the way he brought it to the attention of the world is the whole message. It's not, 'Hey, that's a hard bitching driving ax sound, Tommy'—but it's something else, and just as powerful. You seem to be waiting for the return of [Slade's] Noddy Holder!"

A nasty crack about "We Are the Clash" killing Slade forever leads to a moment of sulking all around. Then cheeks are turned and the present is finally addressed. Does writing these film songs in the voices of movie characters give Joe a freedom he didn't have in the Clash?

"Any change is a refreshment," Joe nods. "A change is as good as a rest. There's an old Tin Pan Alley saying that the best cowboy songs were written by Jewish blokes from the East. There's a lot to be said for pitching your imagination out there, y'know? That Jewish guy in New York so much wanted to be a cowboy that he wrote a better cowboy song than any cowboy could have. That's the pattern of the world. You put yourself into situations and use your imagination."

"Love Kills," the theme from *Sid and Nancy*, put Joe in the position of writing in the voice of a lost acquaintance: Sid Vicious. "It's more a *dialog* between Sid Vicious and a policeman," Joe says. "In the opening of the film there's a policeman looking at Sid and there's no communication. The

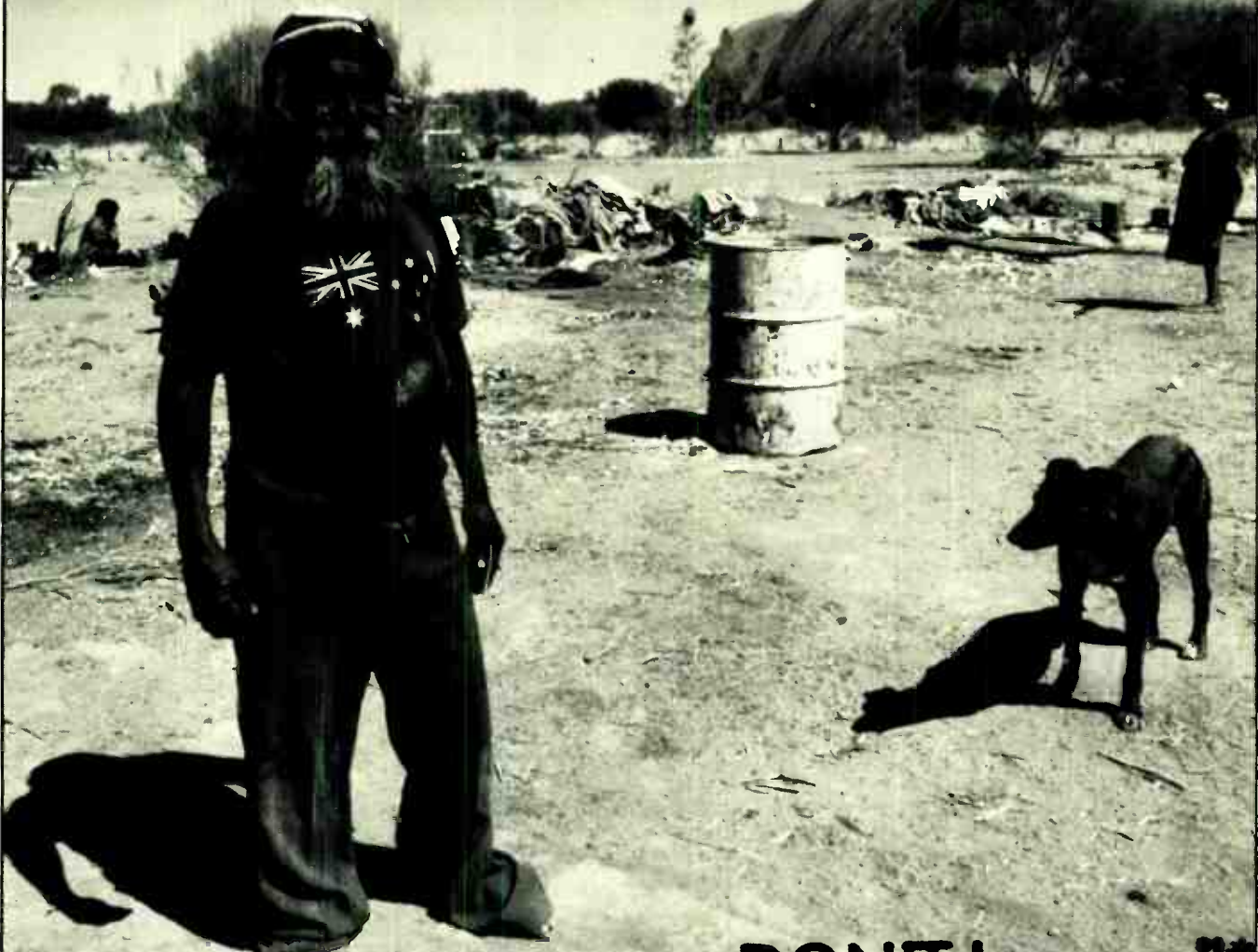
**"'you! are you roland orzabal of  
tears for fears?' 'yes.' 'you owe me  
a fiver!' 'why?' 'everybody wants  
to rule the world —'charlie don't  
surf'—middle eight—first line!'"**

complete difference between that cop and Sidney interested me. Only the chorus is singing in his voice, and he just says he doesn't know what love is. The verses are the cop. The chorus is Sid's answer." Joe pauses. "It was too scary to go in there. I really wanted to write a song about 'Why Was Sidney Vicious?' but I couldn't."

Even closer to home, Strummer helped Mick Jones write the autobiographical (for Jones) lyrics to B.A.D.'s "Beyond the Pale." When it came time to write in the voices of *Walker's* mercenaries, Joe had it made—he was in Nicaragua with the



**"Diesel And Dust IS What We Breathe."**



**THIS Land Don't CHANGE And We DON'T Leave..."**

**MIDNIGHT OIL.** Australia's No. 1 band returns  
with "Diesel And Dust." An album that demands  
your attention... listen and learn.



**NO compromises...no sellouts...no excuses!**  
**On Columbia Records, CASSETTES and Compact Discs.**





movie crew, playing one of the soldiers. "What more could you want?" Joe smiles. "Carrying a musket in the same spot! I wrote about 20 attempts at lyrics. I thought, 'If you'd been from the Appalachians and found yourself in Grenada, southern Nicaragua, in a siege, you can't get out, the leader's gone mad—what kind of song would you sing?' They'd be yearning for home, they'd comment on what was happening. I just selected the best of the various lyrics and went with those."

*Walker* is about a crazed, charismatic conqueror who

## JOE STRUMS

**I**'d just like to say that rhythm guitar playing hasn't been receiving enough attention in your pages," Joe Strummer announces. "I think you'll find it true that most lead guitarists have no idea how to play rhythm. In fact, none of them do!"

Rhythm king Joe favors a Takamine acoustic guitar and a black Fender Telecaster. "My favorite amplifier is called a Session," says Joe. "It's a small combo made in England." But what's that beat-up little acoustic job? "It's a Riley," Joe smiles, holding out the pock-marked guitar. "Made in Mexico." Joe checks the price tag on the back: "Twenty-five dollars!" The doorbell rings and in comes movie director Jim Jarmusch. He studies Joe's Riley and says, "It looks miniaturized."

"That's been a boon!" Joe enthuses. "It's great for airplanes. They can't say, 'Put that in the hold!' It's such a load off my mind. I used to walk toward every plane with my acoustic, *ready* for the bitch that would be standing there. When I went to Ireland with the Pogues for a TV show I nearly got into a ruckus on the way out. I was all fired-up from my first bit of performing in years, and someone tried to stop me getting on the plane with my acoustic. I wanted to start it there and then!" Jarmusch scrutinizes the instrument: "It's got a hole smashed in the back." Joe looks: "Yeah, behind the 'Fragile' sticker. It's not irreparable."

Although Strummer's new *Walker* soundtrack was recorded in San Francisco, he wrote all the material and recorded his demos while the movie was being made in Nicaragua. "I'm a kind of one-man operation," says Joe. "I knew I was going to go to Nicaragua and write the stuff, but I could only take what I could carry on a plane—two suitcases, and the guitar I took in the cabin. So into these suitcases went my big old four-track Fostex 250. That took up most of one suitcase. Never mind the weight of it. In the other suitcase I put a synth that would fit—a short Casio. Not one that had a nice spread. I used that to compose. If I wanted to start work on the trumpet parts I'd switch on the trumpet voicings and work them out. Same with the violins, the marimbas and the piano tone. Then I'd jam guitar on it, fool around with it, bounce until I had what I wanted. Then I took that and played it to the cats in Frisco."

So how come if Joe played everything on the demos he's not credited with playing anything on the *Walker* album—just singing? "I couldn't credit myself playing because I was afraid of getting sued by Sony, to be honest. I got permission from CBS/Sony to sing on it. See, I can write it, conduct it, produce it, okay? I can do all that and have it on any label quite freely. But should I sing on it or play, then some deal has to be made. So because *Walker's* on Virgin I made a deal for the singing with CBS/Sony. Then when I began to compile the credits I thought, 'Anything I've done I better not put on there, 'cause for all I know there may be a separate deal for *playing* it. It could open a can of worms, right? So I just put down 'Vocals,' but in fact I'm probably playing some rhythmic instrument on every track, whether it's piano, guitar or marimba."

Joe's piano-playing is undervalued. It added unusual rhythmic depth to Clash tracks like "One More Time." "If there was any simple piano-chunking way down in the mix, I might be doing it," he says. "On 'Charlie Don't Surf,' 'Junco Partner'—just simple off-beat vamps. I can only handle three-prong chords. I can stay in rhythm, but I can't handle any fiddly bits. Much like my guitar-playing. *Fuck the Fiddly Bits!* That's my motto."

"I think you should save that one for *Guitar Player*, Joe," Jarmusch suggests.



**joe, third from left, impersonates a pogue.**

becomes so fixed on his vision, so sure of his purity, that he marches head-high into disaster and eventual destruction. As his men fail to live up to his increasingly impossible standards, he exiles or executes them. Kind of like Joe Strummer and the Clash: Up against the wall, Topper. Firing squad, Mick.

"That's impressive!" Joe smiles. To continue this somewhat strained but nonetheless irresistible analogy: Once Joe awakes in horror and realizes his ego and self-righteousness have caused the death of his original dream, he sends himself into exile. From now on he will not speak in his own voice, or put himself in the light, or make himself the center of any effort.



**with mick jones: before you were born, dude, when life was great.**

He will serve others: Alex Cox, Mick Jones, the Pogues. He will do penance.

Joe shrugs: "Maybe I just got *helpful* all of a sudden. You don't always have to be in the same mood, you know."

Yeah, Joe, but this helpful mood's now in its fourth year! "Well, in all three cases—Cox, B.A.D., the Pogues—someone's asked me to do something. I just agreed to the offers as they came. I was kind of casting around and Alex said, 'Write a song.' Next thing I know we're doing [the film] *Straight to Hell*. Somewhere in between I met Mick on the street. He said, 'Oh, we're just around the corner; step in the studio.' I dunno, I just kind of did what was in front of me.

"After *Walker* I wanted to go back to London and think. Then the phone rings. I had just looked at my horoscope. It said, 'You will receive an interesting call.' It's the Pogues: 'Come to New York for three days! The Ritz! America! Canada! Frisco! L.A.!' So here I am." Joe Strummer sighs. "I'm *getting* to my thing, but things get in the way." ▀

EBET ROBERTS

JOHN BELLUSIMO



# Gibson Rises Above The Crowd!™





# INXS

## THE HARDEST KICK

The first kick is knowing you're good. The next kick is proving it.  
The hardest kick is enjoying it.

BY GINA ARNOLD

BEERS, PENGILLY, HUTCHENCE, JON, ANDREW & TIM FARRISS

The Fairfield University gymnasium isn't very different from the gym at your old school. It's plastered with posters emblazoned with slogans like "What does our fight song mean to *you*?" Wooden bleachers line the walls. Tonight two classroom desks are set up at the doors, wooden folding chairs sit in rows, and students are taking tickets from Connecticut kids who tramp carefully over the tarpaulin laid down to protect the basketball court.

As the students enter from one side, INXS, tired from a five-hour bus trip from Schenectady, come in the back.



The six Australian musicians are steered into the boys' locker room, a panorama of urinals, grime and graffiti. Last one in is Michael Hutchence, the band's singer and public face. He surveys the accommodations and mumbles, "Oh how sweet." Hutchence is clad in black spandex everything. Clamped to his arm is an impossibly thin girlfriend who's dressed in white, lace-covered bloomers, bra and striped tights. Nobody's going to mistake this couple for undergrads. Michael is slouching,

his eyes hidden by masses of streaked tresses, his figure a mere bundle of fabric and attitude. Back in Australia they eat joints like this for breakfast.



LAURA LEVINE





A tendency to burn in public

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls—the main event is about to begin. In this corner the hometown favorite: Suburban Decorum and School Spirit. In the challenger's corner, Dirty Old Rock 'n' Roll. Your referee—a muttering cluster of record company employees, an hour-and-a-half from their native Manhattan, wandering restlessly and eating lunch meats. These people don't like having to go to Brooklyn, let alone the swamps of New England, but they are obligated to check out the latest next sensations, and this is as close as INXS will get to NYC for many months. It's early autumn and this is a warm-up tour. If the record company gets fired up enough, if radio agrees, if the press and MTV and the moon all align properly, INXS' new album *Kick* will be the smash they've skirted but so far not attained. Then the band will return in four months—in February of '88—to play the big-city arenas. So although the environment is not *conducive*, this rickety old gymnasium matters. The record execs check the hall. Only half full, echoes like a blimp hangar. The odds are not with the Aussies tonight.

The band appears and launches into "Kick." They must be nuts! The album's been out less than a week—the kids don't know these songs. It's compelling material but... They proceed to play more unfamiliar songs—"Mystify," "Need You Tonight"—and it's working. The crowd's jumping and shaking to the new stuff. Hutchence dances around like a cross between Jim Morrison and Madonna—a young heir to the great tradition of ambisexual rock stars. INXS rides a broad, loping rhythm with colorful keyboard washes, hooks that grab you without being obvious, and a simmering, erotic beat that

never quite reaches a climax. Then they swing into a seemingly endless supply of familiar hits: "Black and White," "Don't Change," "This Time," "What You Need," "Listen like Thieves." The kids are standing on their folding chairs, falling off, waving their arms in unison and singing along at the top of their lungs. So are the Manhattanites. So are the roadies and security guards. So am I.

Hutchence, wearing a pair of black spandex bikers' shorts, hiking boots and nothing else, winds up the set by introducing the song "Mediate" as "a poem I wrote," reciting the words from a piece of paper which he tears into strips as he reads. You'd think from the sensation he causes that he was tearing up the 10 Commandments. INXS has no illusions, except for the ones they create onstage like this, illusions of sex and glamor. Neither illusion holds up under close examination, and neither is supposed to. According to INXS, sometimes you kick and sometimes you get kicked, and on this particular evening, it's the band's turn to give circumstances a beating. By the end of their two-hour concert the seats are thrown all over the tarpaulin. The gym looks like the Incredible Hulk struck, like fight night at Madison Square Garden.

And then INXS, tired, far from glamorous, far from sexy, subside backstage. They turn back, like a bunch of Bruce Banners, into just what they are: six hard-working, good-natured blokes with a bizarre propensity to burn in public.

"I just love gigs like that," Michael Hutchence says two nights later while struggling with a lobster in a Rhode Island restaurant. Two tables away, Tim and Jon Farriss are glowering alternately at the waiter and at us, wishing that they too had brought I.D.s and could buy a beer. Maybe if they're lucky MTV will play an INXS video while we're here, and the bartender will relent. I had a friend once whose parents never considered him a success until he was on MTV. "That's *exactly* what my parents were like!" Hutchence responds. "It's funny how your parents will deceive you. My dad always said he wanted me to go into business with him, and I wanted to be an architect, but my maths were too bad. Now they're totally pleased with my choice of career."

The scene in Connecticut had nothing to do with either business or architecture, I note. "Mmm. It was great though, wasn't it?" Michael grins. "It was just like doing the pubs again, for us—a pub without a bar. In Australia some places in the bush would look exactly the same, only there'd be a 40-foot bar across the back and blokes with their girlfriends on their shoulders. That's the kind of gig I like best of all."

The sentiment seems incongruous with Michael Hutchence's current playboy image as the glamorous-and-wicked rock 'n' roll star in tights. Judging by appearances, it's easier to imagine Hutchence favoring stretch limos and cocaine. Four libidinal videos in high rotation on MTV over the last two years, a brand-new LP that will eventually go Top 10 and a starring role in the movie *Dogs in Space* have put Hutchence on top of a wave of media, and he, for one, isn't doing a hell of a lot to discourage it. He never drops the pose for an instant—possibly because, as horn player Kirk Pengilly says, "he's always been exactly like this." He dresses like a rock star, jet-sets around, keeps an apartment in Hong Kong as well as the requisite companion/model who is seldom far from his lap. He has no visible insecurities and is, the rest of the band agree, the most socially skilled of the six musicians. Unlike the other five members of INXS, Michael has hardly a trace of that broad, comforting Australian accent we in America love so well, but speaks quickly and articulately.

He also has a lengthy forelock, which he tosses constantly,



and a slight lisp. Hutchence is a rock 'n' roll swish in the great Ray Davies-Mick Jagger-Poison tradition, but his masculinity is assured enough that he's never been beaten up in the Australian outback by homophobic yobbos (that honor goes to the more macho—and hotheaded—keyboardist Andrew Farriss). Hutchence is considered a social maven by his bandmates: "Mike can get along with anybody if he feels like it," Andrew says—a trait which he may have acquired from growing up on three continents. Hutchence spent his childhood in Hong Kong, then returned to Australia for high school. For one year, when he was 15, he attended North Hollywood High in California, an experience which he credits with "pretty much starting me off writing. I mean, being 15 and in L.A...forget it! I wasn't backward or anything, but in Australia at age 15 you still wear a uniform and don't get a driver's license till you're 18. You're kept kind of young. In America it's a whole different trip. People try and grow up faster, not so much in a real sense, but in a surface sense. You get to the States and there's these 16-year-olds asking you if you'd like a ride in their sports car...it was hard for me. I made some friends there, but I was pretty much disgusted by everything around me, the entire time. I made myself unpopular, you know?"

"Anyway," he says, "I've always been one to buck the system. Systems don't work for me. So when I lived in L.A. I spent all my time by myself, alone, writing. I wrote volumes and volumes of poetry and stories and things."

The sensitive artist schtick soon got replaced with a kind of mild-mannered Mick Jagger after Hutchence returned to Australia and began singing in the Farriss Brothers band. INXS' music is, like the Rolling Stones', dance-intensified blues, topped with romantic, rather than soulful, lyrics. INXS' brand of R&B is a bit more modernized. INXS is also, like the Stones, a personality band—and the personality they exude is Hutchence's, by mutual accord. The rest of INXS likes to groove. Hutchence likes to preen. He's lucky to have found a cooperative unit to preen in front of.

"I hate star trips," he says. "But I can certainly be an arrogant little brat at times. People expect it of me. But I love disarming people too—it's kind of my hobby."

Hutchence describes himself as "an arrogant asshole. I always have been one." But things like half-sold-out, podunk gymnasiums don't bother him at all. That's one of the main things that sets INXS apart from other big-time operating rock bands: Underneath the glitz and paint, they are fundamentally low-key people.

Another thing that sets them apart from the mainstream is their music. In a world where statement rock is big and getting bigger, INXS' songs are highly idealistic yet fairly vague ("a bit hippie-ish" is how Hutchence puts it). More importantly, just as the Stones managed to bridge '50s blues and '60s soul with some indefinable bit of white boy swagger, so has INXS managed to cross that difficult bridge between '77 punk and '87 dance music. Hutchence spec-

ulates that INXS' "sound," such as it is, comes from this juxtaposition.

"The tempo, the Australian tempo, that we have and Hunters & Collectors have, is kind of a pub beat. It used to be music with big guitar chords, like AC/DC, and we've put dance rhythms into that. It's put dancing into the pubs a bit. The whole eurobeat trip doesn't really go over in Australia. I mean, you don't get ponced-up boys with nice haircuts going ch-ch-ch...it's very rare.

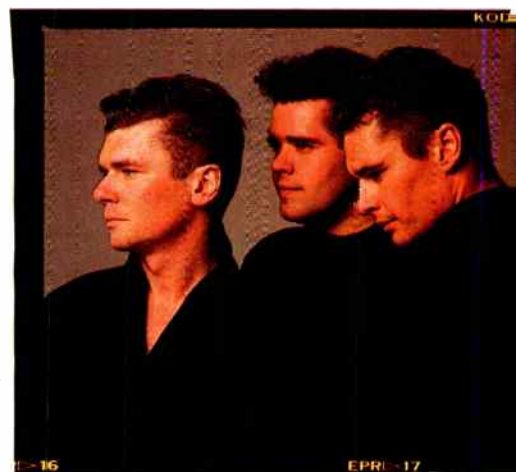
"The thing is," he continues, "INXS has always played too well to be a punk group. We're more dance-oriented. I'm a real soul boy from way back; it's what my parents used to play at their parties—Motown and so on. In Australia, there's really no black music scene to speak of, so there's always been this weird juxtaposition; you go out to pubs and bang your head, and then go home and put on a Supremes album."

This is especially interesting in light of the role Hutchence played in the movie *Dogs in Space*—an out-and-out punk rocker. The movie was written and directed by Australian filmmaker Richard Loewenstein, who also directed INXS' video of "What You Need," and it portrays a communal house in Melbourne inhabited by a band of punks. Sammy, Hutchence's character, is a good-looking lout and singer. Sammy speaks in grunts, flounces around uselessly, calis his mom to come cook and clean his room for him, and inevitably gets all the girls. Pauline Kael called the part "a cross between Jim Morrison and Renoir's vagrant Boudou," and called Hutchence "awful." Respect for Mike's acting increases when you discover he was not playing himself. He certainly doesn't speak in grunts and is not particularly attracted by the squalid, artsy life. Neither, he says, is he attracted by the trappings of wealth. He's nowhere near working class.

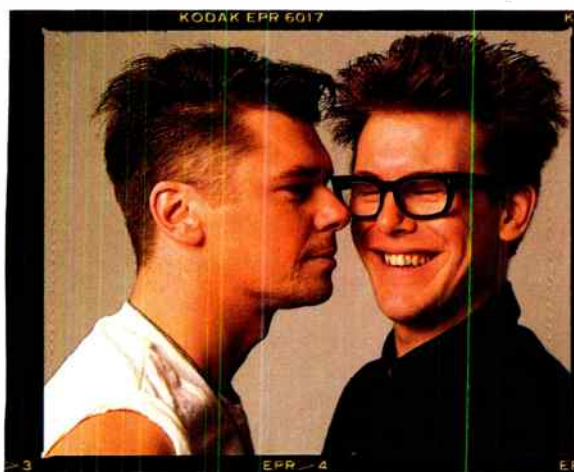
"When I was growing up in Hong Kong," he explains, "we had everything. Servants, chauffeurs, chefs, a house overlooking a beach. And I found out that money doesn't make for happiness. Rich people are twice as unhappy as poor people, because it's so confusing. You know, all those complicated *Dynasty*-type problems."

The fact is, punk rock houses like those in *Dogs in Space* were not frequented by the guys in INXS—even when they did all live in a house together in Perth in 1978. INXS has no real allegiance to punk rock—"except in the DIY attitude thing," Hutchence says. Andrew Farriss, the band's main musical force, denies even that input: "During punk's heyday," he says, "we were already playing two shows a night, seven nights a week, for absolutely no money, and I can't think why all that anger didn't rub off on us."

"That whole punk thing," adds Michael, "was so fuggin' selfish. In Melbourne especially—Sydney [where INXS is from:] has



**The Australian Adam, Hoss & Little Joe: Tim, Andrew and Jon**



**Tim demands Kirk's lunch money.**



"Hey—this used to be our band."

always been a more fun-in-the-sun, rock-'n'-roll-and-bar-beque-type town. The punk scene was really nihilistic: not a positive thing at all. That has nothing to do with our music, you know? We wanted to make a living.

"I was more into punk than the other guys were," he adds. "But I never had a mohawk or anything like that—I just wasn't that committed. I was left of center, but I didn't hang out with punks, I hung out with this very pretentious bunch of poets and I used to go to poetry meetings in this little house every week. I don't like scenes when they become too insular. I mean, the underground music scene is just the smallest scene in the world, you know?"

Hutchence says he still considers himself more of a writer and an actor than a singer, but it's his voice—and his hips—that make the little girls understand. What it is they are understanding from INXS lyrics, however, is open to interpretation. Musically, INXS fits right into the rock sound of the '80s, but lyrically, they aren't exactly bursting with insight. Besides their best-known out-and-out lust songs ("What You Need," "Need You Tonight"), their repertoire ranges from the faintly idealistic ("Original Sin," "Guns in the Sky," "Mediate") to an even fainter mysticism full of instant pop aphorisms: "Sometimes you kick/ Sometimes you get kicked," for instance, or "When it's bad, it ain't bad enough" (from "Wild Life").

No, when it comes to lyrics, INXS is not a particularly brave new band. Their vision is, according to Hutchence, an intentionally vague one. "It's anybody's business what they get out of a song," he explains. "Songs are like dreams that way. They have a relationship to the listener that has nothing to do with what I've written."

One thing INXS songs are not about is Michael Hutchence's deepest emotional life. "None of my songs are autobiographical," he admits. "I think that's really the hardest thing to do, to write that way. I'm trying to learn how to. But on the other hand, a lot of my friends can *only* write autobiographical songs, and that's bad too because what are you supposed to do, go out and drink another jug of red wine? I hate that 'woe is me' stuff. I've always been a sort of ambiguous writer. I don't want to just dryly state the facts, you know—I like there to be some soft edges. I do write what I feel—about things that are all around me. But I'm not interested in giving myself away. I don't state who I am in my songs.

"I dunno...it's hard. Maybe I'm scared. Sometimes it's really hard to say what you feel. You think maybe you should leave a lot of that stuff for late-night talking. I mean, you believe in what you're saying, but it's hard to put it down on an album. It's going to be there a long, long time.

"As for political lyrics, well...I think in a way political music is a lazy man's politics. It does a disservice to the music, and a disservice to the politics. Pop music is more powerful than politics. It has a place. We can capture millions of people's imagination, or their dicks, or their feet, or whatever. And to do it even once is a gift. To do it repeatedly is a major gift."

Hutchence says he's a big fan of pop music in general—"to me, there's no difference between Abba and Joy Division, they both write great songs"—but that he doesn't look to it for inspiration. "I have no heroes. Not in music, anyway. There have been some great artists, but no heroes. A hero to me is Gandhi...There's so many people who've done a hell of a lot more for the world than pop stars!"

It doesn't take a genius to see that Hutchence does have musical influences, though. The most oft-remarked-upon similarity is with Jim Morrison—both in looks and stage actions. While we tackle our lobsters, the lounge DJ plays "Break On Through" and Hutchence sings along. Then, without prompting: "Jim Morrison! What an overrated talent. I've got this really weird thing about the Doors. Some of their stuff I just hate! It's terrible! Jim Morrison was only really cool for about a year, and then he turned into a big fat asshole.

"Jim was...half genius, half fool, I think."

Perhaps the man doth protest too much. According to his bandmates, however, Hutchence's lizard-king stage style is perfectly natural to him. "I admire Mike's ability to do that stuff [onstage] immensely," Andrew Farriss, main songwriter for INXS and main reason Hutchence is even in the band, says later. It was he who befriended Michael during his last year of high school, subsequently dragging him round to rehearse with his older brother's band.

"None of my songs are autobiographical... What are you supposed to do, go out and drink another jug of red wine? I hate that Woe Is Me stuff."

"The other day I heard Mike say that he doesn't consider himself a musician, because he doesn't play an instrument," says Farriss. "But I consider him one, because he's a vocalist, and he understands just how the music falls together. He doesn't hear the riffs, he hears the melody. Mike's genius, to me, is to be able to pick out melodies on top of what I do—to find a melody on my bed of music."

Coming from Andrew, the mad-scientist catalyst of all INXS' music, that's high praise. But the members of INXS are often given to praising one another; when asked why he and Tim Farriss gave over songwriting duties early in INXS' career to the younger Andrew and Michael, Kirk Pengilly says without a trace of false modesty, "Why, because they were so much better songwriters than we were!"

A lot of INXS' presence as an increasing power in rock comes from this band solidarity. It can be sensed on vinyl, but is most obvious when they perform live. INXS has been together 11 years with no line-up changes at all, and that ensures improvement and creates a vision, even where there was none to begin with. Michael Hutchence did not start out as a Glamorous and Sexy front man for a fabulous rock 'n' roll band: He started out as Tim Farriss' little brother's best friend who might be persuaded to sing for Tim's band. No matter how he dresses or behaves, or how he spends his money, no member of INXS will ever view him as anything but that. The result is that, despite his monumental rock star affectations



Finally...  
A Down To  
Earth  
Approach  
To Advanced  
Signal  
Processing



Introducing Ibanez Digitally Controlled Processors (or DCP for short)-effects that actually provide the flexibility and fidelity that many rack mount units just can't deliver. Total programmability, 16k bandwidth, stereo outputs, and yet no larger than an ordinary effects pedal. Now that's down to earth.

Each DCP effect has 10 factory programs and 10 user locations, all of which can be accessed instantly by footswitch. Performance oriented, great sounding effects that can be used individually or as part of a sophisticated multi-effects system when used with other DCP pedals and the DMI4 Midi controller.

See your Ibanez dealer today and find out how simple and affordable advanced signal processing can be.

For a full color catalog send \$2.00 (\$3.00 in Canada) to Ibanez Dept. ME1, 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.

**Ibanez**



and in between bouts of churlishness, Michael falls into regular-guyhood, just like everybody else in the band.

"This is my successful marriage," says Hutchence. "You gain enormous power over people when you know them as well as we know each other. You have the power to raise or lower their spirits in 30 seconds. You can really twist a knife in people you know well..." Michael's voice trails off and he adds, "It's not a problem *we* have, though I can see how other bands do."

**T**he next gig is at the University of Rhode Island, in Kingston. The gym is, once again, half-sold: a cavernous, unwelcoming hall with no character to speak of. The band plays a lackluster set, grimacing at each other between songs, but the kids still love it. Even on an off-night INXS is ridiculously tight. Tim and Kirk, Michael's main foils, flank him on both sides, the last vestige of it being "their band." They have a steady good humor that carries through to the back of the auditorium, and Gary Beers and Jon Farriss keep between them a thick, loping tempo that's all but indestructible. Andrew Farriss, though musically pivotal, always fades into the background of any picture he's in, even when dancing, shielded by his keyboards. He's by far the most anonymous member of the group, and he likes it that way.

Backstage, in a classroom decorated with orange and black streamers (Hutchence: "Ooh, how sweet!"), the band sits around patiently chatting to various college radio DJs who've come backstage to mingle. Outside the door, four or five teenaged security guards clutch T-shirts and giggle, unable to figure out the magic words to get in. ("Can we come in?" would probably have done.) "Oh, please! Is there any way you can get the band to come out and sign our programs?"

Pengilly is standing nearest the door inside the room. He comes outside immediately, signs the programs with a funny drawing of himself, then sticks around to chat for a couple of minutes. He turns over their proffered albums one by one, commenting, "Wow, this is our very first record! You must have bought the import!" The girls are suitably charmed. Inside the room, Michael and Jon are huddled together; when asked if they'll step outside, Michael raises his eyes to heaven,

but Jon comes right on out, signing everything he's given with the same self-deprecating air as Kirk. Ten minutes later the girls are still standing wistfully outside the door, all alone. "Is Michael still there?" they ask.

Michael is sitting in a corner of the classroom, staring into his girlfriend's eyes. He's asked, "Mike, could you very sweetly come out and sign an autograph or two?" He groans. "Oh God! On the way to the bus, maybe." Tim is asked instead. Tim steps outside for a moment, then peeks his head back 'round the door and jerks his thumb backward. "C'mon mate," he bellows. "*Out!*" Michael leaps to his feet. Within seconds he's laughing and chatting with the girls behind the door.

**D**on't know why we moved to Perth, really," Michael says at his Newport hotel. "It's cheap there, and there's great weather; it's all part of the great Australian attitude of 'let's make life easy on ourselves!'" With that spirit in mind, the day after Michael and Andrew graduated from high school, Kirk Pengilly drove round to Michael's house, picked him up in a rented van and drove three days straight across the bush to the other side of the country. It was 1978.

Perth really had only one attraction to the band: Jon Farriss, being only 15, had to move there with his parents when his father was transferred. "The isolation creates a new set of rules," Hutchence says. "You just have to amuse yourself any way you can." INXS' first two LPs, *INXS* and *Underneath the Colours*, released on the independent Deluxe label, were fairly successful on the band's home turf, each yielding a hit single and the latter reaching number 15 on the Australian charts. But neither LP, though musically accomplished, stood out from a crowd of post-punk synth-pop. Still, in July 1982, INXS was signed to WEA Australasia; the LP *Shabooh Shoobah*, a smash hit in Australia thanks to the single "The One Thing," won them an international deal with Atlantic and cult status in America. *The Swing*, released in mid-1984, debuted at number one in Australia and "Original Sin" became a minor hit in America—thanks mostly to MTV and college radio.

INXS really only hit the mainstream in America with *Listen Like Thieves* and the song "What You Need," with its power chord riff and heavy keyboards topped by Hutchence's all-but-unintelligible yelp. The 1985 tour promoting the album fed the flames of international stardom. As Michael says, "Australian music is live; it's every band's ace-in-the-hole over here."

*Thieves* was something of a stylistic departure for the band, which had been relegated to the synth-pop racks; INXS sounded truly funky. Not to mention guitar-ridden. Kirk Pengilly thinks that one reason INXS' music has become more and more dance-oriented over the last two years is "because Mike and Jon are taking more control of it, and they're the type of guys who hang out in clubs." Hutchence denies this: He says if it were up to him, INXS' music would sound more metal. "I wrote 'Guns in the Sky,'" he says, "and that's a much more AC/DC-type track than the whole band would ever come up with." Andrew Farriss also disagrees with that theory: "It's partly that, but those rhythm tracks also suit *me*. I mean, they are, beat for beat, what I write. We're all kind of moving in that direction at once, I think—and the way we've moved has also, coincidentally, been how modern music's moved. Timing is everything, and we sound right for the times. That's luck."

Timing played a big part in INXS' stateside success as well. It took well over a year of touring in America—including opening stints for Adam Ant, the Kinks and an appearance at the first US Festival—before the band broke big.

"It costs a lot of money to go overseas," winces Hutchence.





# Our Two-Way Extended Range™ Speakers are the Best You Can Find.

## We're Betting Our Shirts You'll Agree!

Nearly everyone who has heard the Electro-Voice two-way Extended Range 15-inch speaker systems has come away convinced they're the best. At any price.

So, we boldly offer you this T-shirt, just for listening to them—confident that you, too, will find them irresistible. After a brief demo your dealer will present you with a card to fill out for your free T-shirt—whether or not you decide to buy.

You'll be impressed, we think, by the DH2010A drivers and what they do for transparency and detail, extending into the 12,000-to-20,000 Hz range, where many systems fail. Listen to the way they reproduce the tingling splash of a cymbal and the crisp vibrancy they impart to vocals.

We've got a T-shirt riding on our conviction that you'll choose either the vented, horn-loaded SH-1502ER, with its extra sensitivity and power, or the balanced warmth of the SH-1512ER direct



radiator. With either model you'll get tight, deep bass with plenty of punch.

Our EVG-15 woofer, conservatively rated to handle 200 watts, long term, gives you distortion-free sound with excellent transient response, even at high sound pressure levels.

And, as a final clincher, we think you'll go for our patented Road-Wood™\* enclosures with their carefully fitted and bonded workmanship, and their abuse-resistant covering. To say nothing of our five-year warranty.

Visit your EV dealer, right away, while this offer is in effect. Listen to our ER speaker systems and decide for yourself. The very *least* you'll get out of it is a free T-shirt.

For more information write:  
Electro-Voice, Inc.  
600 Cecil Street  
Buchanan, Michigan 49107



\*Patent #4,624,335

World Radio History





"It costs \$50,000 to arrive in New York with a band and its equipment—and that's before you've even caught your first cab. You know when you do it you're going to owe that money for 25 years. But you just have to do it anyway. We did. I actually got the very first loan out for INXS, way back when; it was for \$2,000 to get a mixing deck and some speakers. At a really high interest rate, too!"

For such willing debtors, INXS has always been adamant about remaining financially separated from their Australian record company, which is why they bankroll their own projects, leasing them to the label and only owing money to the bank. "That way they have no say over what we do," Hutchence explains. "We go out and make the records, and we go to the bank and get the loans, and then we go to the record company with a tape and say, 'This is our album, this is the album cover, please put it in the store for us, *thank you*.' I guess it works for them, too, because they always ask for another."

"I think that's really been one of our best career decisions," Hutchence continues. "We haven't followed some corporate plan, or *tried* to hit on the right sound at the right time. We'd never shun anything just because it was corporate, though...I mean, that's capitalism. What would be so independent about needing \$5,000 more to go on tour or to get your record in the store, and not having it? What I mean is, we've had the time to develop because we haven't been answering to anyone about our style or anything."

As main songwriter for INXS, it's Andrew Farriss who's developed most. Not that Andrew's career goals are markedly different from the others in the band, but he sees the results of their labors a lot more clearly. If Tim Farriss is "the real rock star" in the band, and Michael Hutchence both the most bohemian and the most ambitious, then Andrew is by far the most level-headed member of INXS—and thus the one that's having the least fun.

For one thing, he simply hates touring and everything about it. "We were watching *Spinal Tap* on the video in the bus today," he comments, "and...it's a pretty funny movie and everything, but when you're sitting in a bus and watching a movie that really puts down your own lifestyle—and some things in it are really a bit close to the bone—well, it's not just that it's pathetic, but it's your lifestyle! I mean, it makes you feel so worthless, to watch that while you're doing it!"

Andrew has a retiring personality for a man in a rock 'n' roll band. He seems to have a fader-switch, like a Walkman, that tunes him out from the room he's in. Surprisingly, when he

switches the fader off, he comes in loud and clear—and quite a bit more intensely than any other member of INXS, even Hutchence. Andrew is the brains of the operation, and everyone in the band is aware of that. "They give me a lot of respect," Farriss explains. "It's...good of them."

Andrew's ideas about rock stardom don't necessarily jibe with the rest of the band's. One difference is that although Andrew is not slow to take the credit for writing most of the band's material, he says he rarely feels he's actually an entertainer. From his perspective—peeking out from behind a wall of keyboards at the backsides of his mates as they gyrate and fascinate the crowds—INXS' music is becoming simpler. "We're learning our trademark," he shrugs. "Our sound has gotten much more honed. We're listening to just the key things that attract your attention in a song."

Asked if the band's made any compromises, he says, "Oh yes—we've made compromises over our personal lives, and it's a bitch; I hate having to do it. Musically I don't think we've

## WHAT THEY NEED

**T**he first thing I'll teach my children if God sees fit to give me any," says Andrew Farriss, whose first instrument was violin, "will be acoustic instruments. What you come to terms with on acoustic instruments is the basics of music. If you understand acoustic instruments, then technology becomes your servant."

This is important to keep in mind when perusing INXS' almost endless (dare I say "XS-ive"?) list of technological "servants":

**Kirk Pengilly** plays Westone guitars, a Fender Strat and an Alvarez acoustic. He has Selmer alto, tenor and soprano saxophones, and a Nady 701 Wireless system for guitar and sax. His effects include a Roland GP-8, Roland VP-70, two Yamaha SPX90IIs and customized footpedals, which he runs into two Marshall 100-watt amps with master volume and two Marshall JCM 800s. Note: The amps run in stereo through the SPX90s.

**Tim Farriss** uses Tokai guitars and a Yamaha DX7 with his Nady 701 Wireless system, two ProCo Rat distortion boxes, an Ibanez Tube Screamer, a Roland SDE-3000 and an Ibanez delay unit. He powers two Marshall 4x12s with a pair of JCM series 100-watt Marshall heads—run in stereo. And his two Roland JC 120s are set up A-B, switchable for different sonic combinations. Both Tim and Kirk use D'Addario strings with a vengeance.

**Gary Beers** plucks Fender Precision Bases with Roto Sound RS 66 long-scale strings and a Nady 701 Wireless. His arsenal of amps: a Peavey Max head, a Peavey Deca 1200, Peavey 2x15 speaker cabinets with Black Widow speakers, and two more Peavey cabinets with a 1x15 and a 2x10 per cabinet. The cabs run in stereo through a Peavey Effects processor. Beers uses his Deca 1200 amp with a Roland SDE-3000 and Ibanez compressor.

**Jon Farriss** bangs a Pearl GLX black drum kit that includes: a kick with a 22"x16" Evans Hydraulic Head, a floor tom with a 16"x16" Remo clear pinstripe head, a snare with a 14" brush-finish head, Remo 10", 12" and 14" Roto Toms with Remo brush-finish heads and three Pearl electronic pads. His hardware: a Pearl 5900, an 8900 high-hat stand, S900 cymbal arms, S900 foot pedals, an S900 snare stand and Pearl mike arm holders. His cymbals are Sabians: High-hats are 14" regular, his crashes range from 18" to 20", medium and medium thin. Chinas are 20" or 22", hand-hammered, and he uses a 22" ride. Add a Yamaha drum machine, two Akai S900 samplers, a Nady headset and custom Pro Mark hickory sticks with 2B wood tips.

**Andrew Farriss** plays Yamaha KX88 and Roland Juno 60 keyboards, and a Fender Stratocaster. His effects and MIDI gear: an Akai S900, an Oberheim DPX-1, a Roland MKS 80, a Lexicon PCM 70, a Yamaha TX802, two Yamaha MV802 mixers, two Yamaha SPX90IIs and a DeltaLab delay unit. He has a Crown Microtech amp, two Electro-Voice S18-3 speaker cabinets and a Dean Markley combo amp which runs a Marshall 4x12 cabinet.





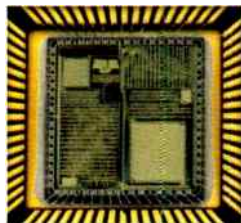
## The price you have to pay to be free.

As a musician, you know you've got to be free. Free to express the music that's inside you. But, sadly, buying an "affordable" keyboard or sound module often means compromising your expressive freedom by accepting second-rate sounds and limited capabilities.

At Kurzweil, we don't think the instrument you play should build fences around your imagination. So we developed our revolutionary 1000 Series to help turn it loose. The 1000 Series delivers authentic Kurzweil sounds with more voices, more programming power, more creative freedom than you ever thought possible at prices you never thought possible.

### Freedom from Financial Oppression.

Thanks to our new VLSI microchip, Kurzweil 1000 Series modules start at just under \$2000. VLSI has enabled us to pack each Series 1000 instrument with up to 120 of the same impeccable, 16-bit floating point, digitally-sampled sounds found on the legendary Kurzweil 250®. Choose from the 1000 SX String Expander Module, 1000 HX Horn Expander, 1000 GX Guitar Expander, 1000 PX Professional Expander (which provides a varied collection of our most famous samples) or the K1000 (the keyboard version of the 1000 PX).



### Freedom of Expression.

The 1000 Series' generous polyphonic capabilities free you from the expressive limita-

tions of 12-voice or 16-voice systems. The 1000 PX and K1000 offer the power of 24 voices while the 1000 SX, 1000 GX and 1000 HX each have 20 voices. And, if you need more voices, you can combine all four 1000 Series modules to create an 84 voice, 8-output super-system. So go ahead. Stack voices to your heart's content. Build complex, multi-voiced sequences. Go for those big, two-fisted chord shapes. The 1000 Series modules give you miles of sonic territory to roam at will.

### Freedom of Choice.

The 1000 Series is truly democratic too. Three different operating modes let everyone—from novices to advanced programmers—benefit from the 1000 Series' bountiful capabilities. In Play Mode, you can use those great Kurzweil sound programs just as they are. Simply select a program and play. The Compiled Effects mode lets you apply a variety of popular effects to any of the preset sound programs. And the Modular Editing mode takes you deep inside the 1000 Series' voice architecture.

So stand up for your rights. You owe it to yourself to check out the 1000 Series. For more information, visit your nearby Kurzweil dealer. Or write to us at Kurzweil Music Systems, Inc., 411 Waverley Oaks Road, Waltham, MA 02154, (617) 893-5900. In Canada, write to Heintz Electronics Inc., 16 Mary Street, Aurora, Ontario L4G 3W8, (416) 727-1951.

**KURZWEIL™**  
*Music Systems*

\*\$1995 suggested retail price for 1000 SX and 1000 HX. \$2,395 suggested retail price for 1000 GX and 1000 PX. \$2,595 suggested retail price for K1000. All specifications and prices subject to change without notice.

# Great music will never be written, until it's written down.

80% of the world's greatest composers don't read music, which means that 80% of the world's greatest music lives in their minds, in their sequencers and on tape for a great deal of its life.

You don't have to understand music theory to understand music, that's true. But it's also true that the expression of your heart and soul should be preserved, so that other people can share it.

With current music technology there are now ways of keeping your composition in memories other than your own, but there is only one universal music language. How else would we know how to play Mozart's Sonatas, or even Benny Goodman's Big Band Arrangements?

Music Publisher™ is totally new software developed for the Apple® Macintosh®. It lets you write down the music you've just written, preserving it forever.

With almost no music theory knowledge you can now notate music correctly and then publish it in sheet music form.

The system comprises Music Publisher™, the software which includes Repertoire™, the Font (the look of great music) and a

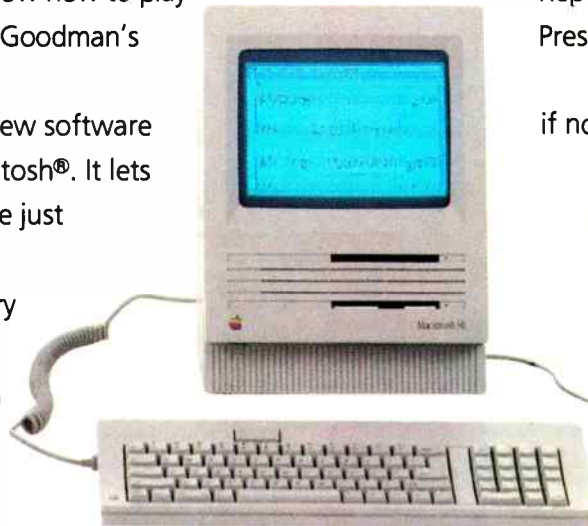
remarkable piece of hardware called Presto™.

A high speed music entry instrument which lets you write down your music as fast as you conceive it.

The symbols and characters in this system make perfect notation every time. You can print out on any PostScript compatible printer or your Imagewriter. And with Music Publisher™ you can take your disk to any professional engraver or publisher to have them print out multiple copies.

Ask your music dealer about our special introductory offer. Music Publisher™ (including Repertoire™), together with Presto™ for just \$595\*.

You owe it to yourself, if not the world.



\*Normal RRP \$795.

**Great music should look as it sounds.**



NOTES

PostScript is a registered trademark of Adobe Systems, Inc.  
Apple, Macintosh and Imagewriter are trademarks of Apple Computer, Inc.

Please send me more information about Music Publisher.

I am a ☐ Musician  
☐ Copyist/Arranger  
☐ Publisher

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Graphic Notes Inc.,  
200 Seventh Ave. Santa Cruz CA 95062  
Ph (408) 4760147 · Fax (408) 4764520

MPM 02



made many—if any—compromises. I'm not saying we don't play the game, 'cause we do. But as for making any big musical statements—we've never said we're coming from this angle or that angle. We don't know where the hell we're coming from. We just like playing! Our early records were committing suicide commercially because they weren't coming from anywhere. They were all over the place.

"Now, as a writer, it's becoming crystal clear to me what we're good at. We've been lucky to have the time to find out, because I think that I was a real jerk when we started out. I mean, I was a jerk with what I had at my disposal. What I had before was exactly the same as what I have now, only I didn't get all these lovely letters from people saying you're so good and keep on doing it, and people giving me money. Back then I'd say, 'Why bother?' when I had all that time to write."

Andrew's road-fatigue (and if this is what he's like after less than a week, imagine how he'll be two months from now?) is one reason why he's pleased to see Michael beginning a career in films. "It's not going to get in the way of the band so much as help," he says. "It helps Michael to become a better entertainer, for one thing. But also, he has to set aside a lot of time to do it. And that will give us time for our own individual pursuits. That can only help."

"The whole group thing is...too...limiting. The pressure is just enormous. It makes me feel like a race horse, locked inside a paddock munching on things for X amount of minutes, and then being let out to run around a track chasing their carrot. And the ridiculous thing is, it's just rock 'n' roll! In some ways it gets easier and in some ways it gets harder. I mean, I'm 28, and some people might think I'm young. But there's so much

attention paid to looking young and beautiful, the Peter Pan mystique. When you pull off the makeup and the advertising and the sales, that's all that's there: people playing music.

"But," he sighs, "it's a fortunately-unfortunately situation. Fortunately it [the music industry] is there, because it enables people like me to get my music to the masses. Unfortunately, there's this grim reaper standing at the end of it all saying [*Andrew beats in time on the table*], 'You've Only Got So Long to Live!' Because that's the way the business works. I mean, what if there'd been a grim reaper waiting for Mozart? It's ridiculous!" (No jokes, *Amadeus* fans; you know what he means.)

"I really don't know how long I'll be doing this," Andrew concludes. "Mike's very much a bohemian character; he's a gypsy. But I can't be like that, I have real home leanings. I'm like a homing pigeon tracking back to my little nest. Mike's always at ease in social situations, while I just squirm around miserably. It's not that I'm lazy at all; quite the opposite, but I'd like to get in a position where we could keep the band together but relax a little bit, make records at intervals that were farther apart. I think that'd be good for us as people. If only we could get rid of the grim reaper!"

"I know I have nothing to complain about," Andrew adds miserably. "But it's like...be careful what you wish for; you might get it. And then what are you going to do with yourself? The thing that makes it all worthwhile," he says, "is people coming up to you after a show and saying, 'I'm so glad you came here and I hope you come back.' I keep thinking to myself, 'Well, at least there's five people in this world who can still stand me; I've made some money, and I've made a lot of people happy. I must be doing something right.'" **M**

© 1987 STEINBERGER SOUND CORPORATION



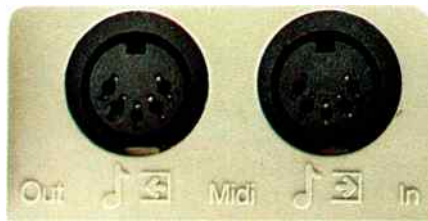
**STEINBERGER  
ON TOUR**

**MIKE RUTHERFORD**  
with Genesis and  
Mike and the Mechanics  
on Atlantic Records

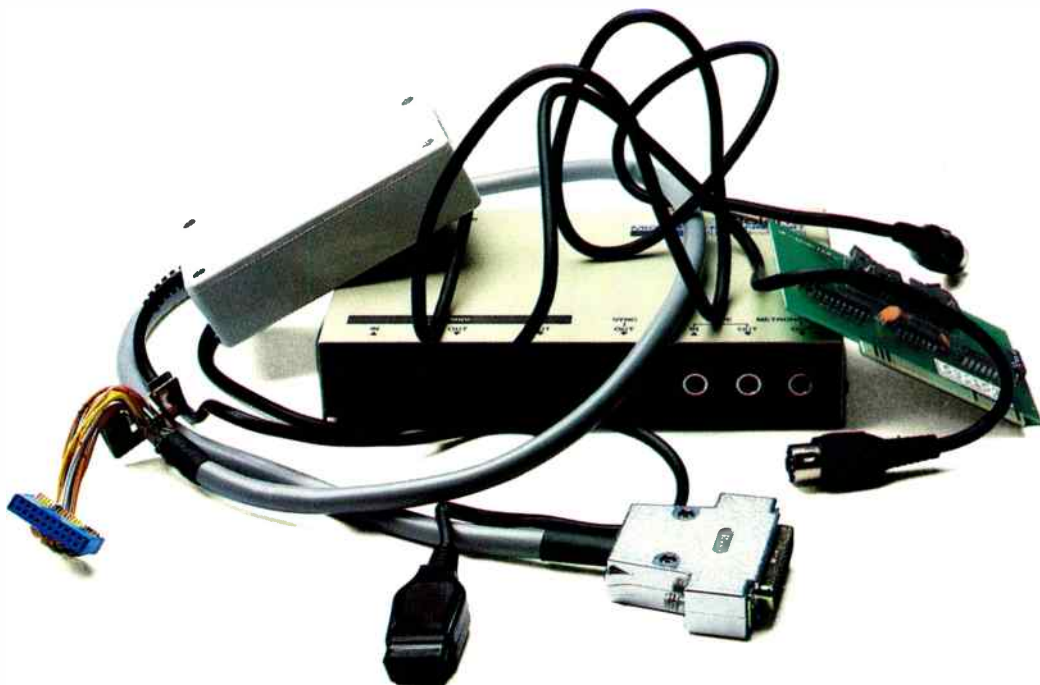
**The M-Series**  
Body Design: Rutherford/Giffin

**STEINBERGER**  
**STATE OF THE INSTRUMENT.**

STEINBERGER SOUND CORPORATION • 400 Robinson Avenue • New York, NY 10017 • (212) 565-4005  
IN CANADA: CONTACT: Louis Musical Ltd., Toronto • (416) 332-0255



**THE DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN A COMPUTER THAT  
MAKES MUSIC,  
AND ONE THAT MAKES TROUBLE.**





Of all the personal computers you can buy to make music, none makes it easier than Atari computers.

That's because, unlike the others, the Atari 512-kilobyte 520ST™, 1-megabyte 1040ST™, and 2- and 4-megabyte MEGA™ computers have more of what you need already built-in.

Here's what we mean.

## MIDI. The Key to Electronic Music.

As you may already know, the MIDI interface is the key to electronic music.

If you're unfortunate enough to not be working with an Atari, you'll have to buy an interface separately.

And make sure it's compatible with the rest of your equipment, not to mention your software.

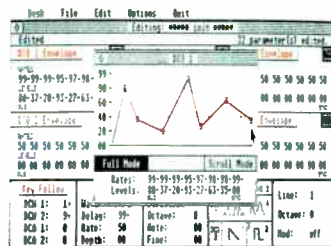
And then you'll have to make sure everything is installed correctly.

What's that like?

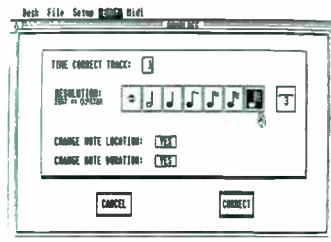
You know the song, "What are you doing for the rest of your life?"

Atari ST™ and MEGA computers, on the other hand, have a MIDI port built right into the back of the computer.

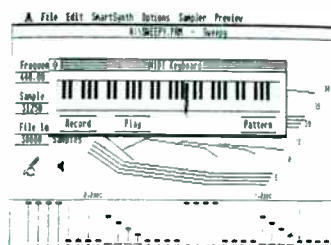
So you can connect all kinds of equipment—synthesizers, samplers, drum machines, SMPTE controllers, pitch-to-MIDI converters—as easily as plugging into an amp.



CZ-ANDROID™ Hybrid Arts™



MIDISOFT STUDIO™ Passport™



SOFTSYNTH™ Digidesign



THE COPYIST™ Dr. T's™ Music Software

## A Musician's Music Box.

No other computer company has made the commitment to music and musicians the way Atari has.

That commitment, by the way, doesn't end with our hardware.

We're working in harmony with all the major music software houses to produce the software you want to make music with.

And building a distribution network of music dealers—not computer dealers—who know electronic music well enough to help you, no matter how much you know.

## This Should be Music to Your Ears.

The Atari ST and MEGA computers are just parts of a full system. So there are lots of things you can add when you're ready.

Like our MEGA File 20™ 20-megabyte hard disk for storing your magnum opus.

And our SLM804™ laser printer for publishing it. Plus one of the largest libraries of music software in the industry.

But perhaps the nicest thing about an Atari is how little it costs.

With what you save on an Atari, you could buy yourself a synthesizer. And some software.

Want to learn more? Write or call for the name of the Atari music dealer nearest you.



Atari Corporation • Attention: Music • 1196 Borregas Avenue • Sunnyvale, California 94086 • Tel: (408) 745-2367

ATARI, the ATARI logo, MEGA, MEGA File 20, Power without the Price, SLM804, ST, 520ST, and 1040ST are trademarks or registered trademarks of Atari Corporation. Other brand or product names are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective holders. © 1987, Atari Corporation. All rights reserved.





by Charles M. Young

**R**

Robert is getting used to working with machines," says Phil Johnstone, who is the new Robbie Blunt, who was the new Jimmy Page, which is to say that Robert Plant has a new creative partner. "Going from one of the greatest rock 'n' roll bands over to computers—that's quite a jump. On the other hand, there are 16 bars of 'Kashmir' in 'Heaven Knows.' The only difference is we have a synthesizer playing Page's guitar riff. So maybe the jump wasn't all that great."

Till now unknown to all but his immediate family, Johnstone led a band called the .45's in the late '70s that was memorable chiefly for releasing "the least-selling single" in the history of Stiff Records. Titled "Couldn't Believe a Word," the record is now worth 30 quid to collectors, but Johnstone saw his future elsewhere and headed into the studio—without the .45's—in search of "total control." After five years of experimenting, composing and producing, he had a sort of band called The Rest Is History (named for the band bio cliché), a production team with the equally anonymous Dave Barratt called the Acts of God and a cassette that represented his life's work.

"One night I was listening to *Led Zeppelin II* and some bloke called saying he was Robert Plant," says Johnstone over cute little lumps of nouvelle cuisine at the Soho Brasserie in London. "It took quite a long time to convince me it was Robert because I was convinced it was a windup. It turned out Robert had listened to over 500 demo tapes in search of new material and he had picked our cassette out of the pile. Virgin sent it over. I don't know if I would have. He's a big fan of Let's Active and R.E.M., which I find strange, because I've been listening to



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL PUTLAND

# ZEPPELIN TO ZEN

## ROBERT PLANT DIGS THROUGH HIS PAST TO UNCOVER HIS FUTURE.



## Led Zeppelin."

After three solo albums on which Plant placed massive artistic distance between himself and his former band, his collaboration with Johnstone, *Now and Zen*, acknowledges, celebrates and mocks his past: from early childhood to Jimmy Page. Musically, the album is *Physical Graffiti* blended with Eddie Cochran in a computer. Lyrically, Plant is confident enough to be printing the words to some of his songs for the first time since *Houses of the Holy*. He's singing forthrightly about lust and paranoia again, and has embarked on an introspective journey that has delivered the astonishing "White, Clean and Neat," which promises more thoughtfully wonderful stuff on coming albums.

"I wanted even more introspection," says Johnstone, who describes the album as "70 percent fabulous" and clearly wants a shot at something 100 percent fabulous when they're done touring. "We had a great track called 'What's Next' that wasn't included this time. It went, 'Hello, hello, can't you hear me calling,' then one of Robert's spectacular screams. Robert was calling Jimmy, trying to make him hear what he was saying. If this album sells as much as *Led Zeppelin III*, the worst selling record they had, I think you might see Robert and Jimmy back onstage together. It would have to be along the lines of, 'Hey, Jimmy, would you like to join my band for a while,' not Led Zeppelin. He's never said it in so many words, but my sense is that he isn't going back unless it's on his terms."

For Led Heads, that's the bad news: no reunion. The good news is: Plant's new band cooks and will play some Zeppelin tunes for the first time in Plant's solo career (and one Doors song, even). The better news is that Plant got through to Page to play some excellent guitar on "Heaven Knows," the first single, and "Tall Cool One," a technobilly raveup which features Plant and Page doing counterpoint with samples of "Dazed and Confused," "Whole Lotta Love," "The Ocean," "Custard Pie" and "Black Dog."

"We just wanted to throw it back at the Beastie Boys," says Johnstone of the most prominent thieves in rap. "I was going to sample them, but I discovered it was pointless because they aren't recorded very well. If you're going to sample something, you don't go to the Beatles or early Yes or ELP. You go to Led Zeppelin because they sound so good."

The best news for Led Heads and everyone else is that Plant has brought all the vocal tricks he learned while fleeing the normal strictures of pop music back to some of those normal strictures. *Now and Zen* has hooks. It has choruses. The band

and the computers are worthy of his voice. You can sing along—"Ship of Fools" is a sexy cross between "Sea of Love" and the opening verses of "Stairway." And you can chant along—"Lighten up, baby, I'm in love with you" from "Tall Cool One" was born to be a catch phrase.

My impression of Plant is that although he describes his gift as simply being possessed of a good voice, his real gift is a personality even more rare than his vocal cords. He can command a room of any size, from football

stadiums to his manager's kitchen, where we talked. I think he has gone through life making much larger impressions on other people than they have made on him; not because he isn't interested but because his charm quotient is the equivalent of Einstein's intelligence quotient. I also think he is sad. Led Zeppelin played rock 'n' roll as well as it will ever be played, and it's gone. John Bonham—the most imitated and least duplicated drummer of our time, Plant's friend from the Black Country, the man who made Led Zeppelin rollick—is dead of alcoholism. "As high as we have mounted in delight," said Wordsworth, "in our dejection do we sink as low."

**MUSICIAN:** After *Live Aid*, there were constant rumors that Led Zeppelin would re-form for a tour. I heard you were the one who refused to do it.

**PLANT:** Sure. I don't think it's a good idea at all. It was a great band, and you can't get it together like Deep Purple and take it out there and all look incredibly old and do it like some goosestep thing. I reserve judgement to change my mind in five years' time, but the whole thing about Zeppelin was that it was off the wall, it was crazy. It was one of those one-in-a-million combinations. Bonzo was the main part of the band. He was the man who made whatever Page and I wrote basically work, by what he held back, by what he didn't do to the tempos. I don't think there's anyone in the world who could replace him. It's just a fact. It would be terrible for Page and me to try to re-create that. And this is my fourth solo album. I feel more self-expression in the newer songs. That's more important to me than going out there and singing "The Battle of Evermore."

**MUSICIAN:** Well, this is the most 1971 of all your solo albums.

**PLANT:** But it's laced with all the contemporary sound to make the two things gel.

**MUSICIAN:** You've got Phil Johnstone's modern pop, and you're singing about lust again.

**PLANT:** "Helen of Troy": "She walks like a gunslinger, shoots lead from the hip." A bad woman. A woman who walks like a gunslinger has got some problem there.

**MUSICIAN:** Do you think her soul was created below?

**PLANT:** Something like that. There you are. There's computers chattering away all over, determining when the snare drum's coming down next and everything. It sounds contemporary, but it's got the angst. Wild angst. Listen to me and sweat a bit. This is just a guess, but I think this is just the beginning of what we can do.

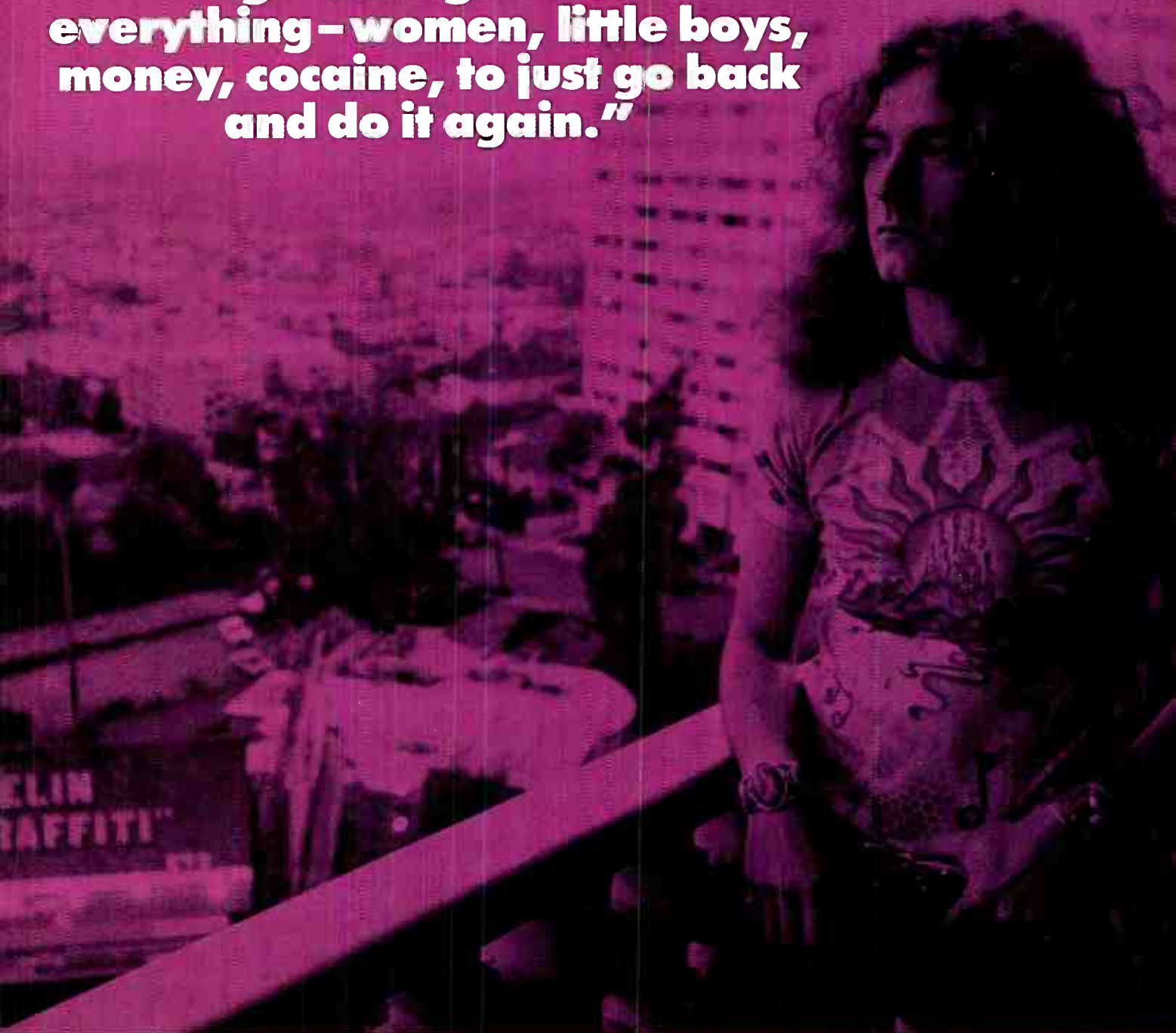
**MUSICIAN:** Is "Tall Cool One" the first time you ever nicked from yourself?

**PLANT:** Vocally I've nicked loads of bits on the ends of tracks,





**"Page and I get offered everything – women, little boys, money, cocaine, to just go back and do it again."**



on the fades, sort of sending myself up. But I've never physically stolen from Atlantic Records before, which I had great pleasure in doing this time. I'm sure if I hadn't told them, they wouldn't have known.

**MUSICIAN:** Did you get permission to use those samples?

**PLANT:** No, I thought, "Let 'em sue me."

**MUSICIAN:** Did you just pull out the CDs and stick in the old riffs?

**PLANT:** No, I just sampled Beastie Boys albums.

**MUSICIAN:** If the Beasties can do it, why not you?

**PLANT:** That's what I thought. And they're not even clever, you know.

**MUSICIAN:** Are they still being sued for plagiarizing?

**PLANT:** I don't know what's happening, and I'm not bothered, to be perfectly frank. [The Led Zeppelin estate is not suing the

Beasties for sampling, but Fantasy Records, on behalf of Creedence Clearwater, War and Jimmy Castor, are.] They seem like three nice, clean, Kosher boys who got a little lost in the airwaves. I found it illuminating because I know how good Bonzo was, having played with him for so many years. I heard the drum intro on "When the Levee Breaks" and I thought, "God, it didn't sound that good." They made it sound a little better 'cause they re-EQed the stuff. They put a bit of tinsel on top. I think we shall meet somewhere along the line. And they will be held when I talk to them. [laughter] In fact, we might get Richard Cole, the old author of *Hammer of the Gods*, to pop in and have a chat. I can't wait to meet 'em.

**MUSICIAN:** Does this mean you've actually read the book by now?

**PLANT:** No, but I met Richard Cole again, first time for years and years. [Cole was Led Zeppelin's road manager and a major



Young Robert searches Texas for his hubcaps.

source for Stephen Davis' Led Zep bio.] His problem with drugs is now finished, and he said he was awfully sorry and had I read it? I said no, and he said, "Well, some of it was true, you know." And I said, "Well, how much did you get for the story?" And he said, "Twelve-hundred-fifty dollars." So there's just a bit of irony to the whole thing. It was a sad case, really. I think he's looking after Black Sabbath now.

**MUSICIAN:** *Atlantic told me I was supposed to do the hip interview with you. I've been worrying about what I can ask that's hip, and I haven't come up with anything.*

**PLANT:** Well, despite their fixation with Ratt and Michael Whitesnake and that one level of seeing hard, powerful music, Atlantic have realized that there's a section of the public who are intelligent, who listen to R.E.M. and Let's Active and don't tune in to format radio. They listen to college radio. I don't know how they fell upon this idea, this notion that college radio exists, but now they're telling me what I was telling them two-and-a-half years ago on the *Shaken 'n' Stirred* tour. I want to get across to college kids because I think about my music a lot, I work hard on it and I don't want it to get wishy-washed around with all the formula music. I want to get through to kids who might be curious about what happened to that old guy who was the king of cock rock in 1971.

**MUSICIAN:** *How is it that you discovered college radio on your farm in Wales before Atlantic Records did?*

**PLANT:** I'm not on a farm in Wales. I'm usually hovering somewhere between Bleecker and nowhere, as the song goes. It's just obvious that certain American bands didn't achieve their success through normal, formula FM radio. People actually play This Mortal Coil and the Swans or whatever, and they're not sponsored by Coca Cola. This reminded me of what they called "underground radio" when I first arrived in America in 1969. Or 1968. I'm trying to sound younger by pushing it up a year. But you know, you could hear everything from Moby Grape, Kaleidoscope, Love, Dvořák, Mahler, to B.B. King then. Now I guess college radio is the only thing left, or the only thing less affected by major sponsors. The consciousness is more dignified, more aware musically.

**MUSICIAN:** *Are you saying you're rejecting your old market?*

**PLANT:** Not at all. What is my old market? I don't have one. I just have a lot of people who like Led Zeppelin and about

750,000 to a million people who bought Robert Plant albums. I'm not rejecting them.

**MUSICIAN:** *You were the one who used the phrase "the king of cock rock."*

**PLANT:** Only because I saw my scrotal sac brandished across the front of a paper in New York once. You ask my girlfriend about it. She'll say they were lying. Then again on Friday night she might... No, I'm not rejecting anything. I just think that there are loads of people out there who are spending their time learning and thinking, and as a consequence when they come to listen to music, they've got to be pretty intense. I've secretly been playing universities in Britain and the appreciation is more powerful there. I just want to get the point across that when I come to town it's not going to be Bon Jovi's stepdad. This is the toughest record I've made in years and years, and I don't want to waste any opportunity to get the point across. I'm not going to sit at home looking down my nose at things and wondering if I should have re-formed Led Zeppelin.

**MUSICIAN:** *How did you arrive at the title Now and Zen?*

**PLANT:** *Wolves* was going to be the title, but in parts of Europe the image is considered fascist or right-wing. I'll leave the innuendos and double entendres to Pagey. *Now and Zen* seemed a very realistic title to me. It's flippant, really. The *Shaken 'n' Stirred* experience was to me a musical high point, but it didn't do very much. Somebody pointed out the other day that I could have sold more copies if I'd put a \$10 bill inside the shrink wrap, because trying to find a chorus on that record is an impossibility. It was just me dallying around in another musical department rather than getting down to making some songs that I would enjoy singing. After saying good-bye to all those musicians and that grand finale of irritation at the end of the tour, it's been enlightening to work with Phil Johnstone. He's spent so much time listening to classic American pop that every time I go up a gum tree—every time I take a left turn in the middle of a song that sounds quite pleasant and suddenly do some kind of 6/8, 7/4, 9/16 time change with Arab chanting—Phil says, "Now, why are you doing that?" I'd say, "I don't know. Maybe it was sounding far too successful." So slowly but surely he pulled me into the idea that a chorus now and again isn't really selling out. If you look back at some of the Led

**"No disrespect to Journey, but I'd rather cut Mitch Easter's lawn than sing something like that."**

Zeppelin stuff—which I haven't done that much, but since the Mission and the Cult are doing so well I started listening again—there are lots of hooks and things to hang on to. I always thought that you'd lose your credibility as soon as you started singing something somebody can join with. I've actually believed that since, I suppose, the conception of *In Through the Out Door*. So working with Phil and all these young guys has been such a joyous experience because they've never played outside of bars before. Their honesty and their enthusiasm was so good

that it was a Zen-like experience. It was like, God, these guys really want to do it. There were none of these 35-year-old menopausal mumblings that I was beginning to get with the last band. It was almost the second summer of love. We were going to call the record *Summer of Love* but...

**MUSICIAN:** *You went from Summer of Love to Wolves to Zen?*

**PLANT:** That's right. Yeah. Well, you know, I'm a Leo with something very odd rising.

**MUSICIAN:** *When I heard the title, I thought of your second*



album, *The Principle of Moments*. The cover photograph showed something flying by the camera lens, a happy accident that could not be re-created. That you cannot re-create the moment is a very Zen-like sentiment. You can't look at the same river twice.

**PLANT:** Exactly. The video that goes with "Heaven Knows" is great because it's a whole bunch of remarkable circumstances and situations tied together only by film and me wearing very silly clothes, very *Now and Zen*. You can see people sitting there going, "What on Earth does he mean? Why doesn't he just be David Lee Roth and get on with it?" It's the return of the deep and meaningless.

**MUSICIAN:** What happened to Robbie Blunt?

**PLANT:** He lives near the same town as I live in. I've spoken to him maybe three times since the frightful night when everything stopped.

**MUSICIAN:** What happened when everything stopped?

**PLANT:** He said, "I've had enough." And I said, "Not a minute too soon, old chum." And that was the end, really. The last gig was Wembley in October '85, I think. We went on a little promotional tour around Europe trying to sell "Little by Little" to the Spanish, who instead bought thousands of copies of "Sea of Love." And I haven't spoken Spanish since. Robbie is a stunning blues guitarist, and he found *Shaken 'n' Stirred* a little bit of a difficult album. He didn't see the guitarist's role on it. He just wanted to play the blues, whereas I wanted to push the capacity of all the members of the band and just see what we could do. It was my ball, so it was my game. So there. He played along with it and did the tour and at the end, he said, "I didn't like the record anyway." And I said, "But you didn't mind going on tour, did you?" And he said, "I didn't like it at all." And I said, "Then you really don't want the money, do you?" And he said, "I'm not talking to you anymore." And he scampered off. He's just recorded with Clannad and apparently they've made a stunning album. He's more in his element there, and I can only wish him luck. We didn't talk a lot, because we never got it sorted out at the time. That's crazy really. It's just that some people aren't approachable. Circumstances change so radically within a matter of minutes.

**MUSICIAN:** What attracted you to Phil Johnstone?

**PLANT:** After I got rid of the last band, after we said our sad farewells and Robbie stormed off into the distance, all the tapes I had sent to me sounded like—well, with no disrespect to Steve and the boys—Journey outtakes. I'd rather cut Mitch Easter's lawn than sing something like that. And then suddenly this tape came in by The Rest Is History. They were produced by Phil and his partner, who called themselves the Acts of God. I heard the opening line—"A brand new human being, razor sharp, all firm and tan/ All clean, all pure, with a 30-second attention span"—and I instantly thought that this was not Rod Stewart's new album. The music definitely sounded like it was meant. You'll find it's actually a fast, chuggy version of "Kashmir" in places. So getting to know them was great and we sat down, the three of us, and worked on "Tall Cool One" and "White, Clean and Neat," which is the track on the album I love most.

**MUSICIAN:** Me too. I don't recall you being introspective in quite that way before. Is that a fair statement?

**PLANT:** I suppose so. We were talking about the conditioning of an audience, that if you're in certain parts of the world, you don't have a lot of choice. The song begins, "Thirteenth day of August '54, I was five years old." That was really me and my Mama, waiting for Daddy to come home. It was the daily bread syndrome, a version of life valiumized in the wishy-washy dreams of pre-rock 'n' roll. All this *sugar and crap* coming over the radio. I mean, I grew up in that. When Presley came on the

scene, I wasn't allowed, in my house, to watch rock 'n' roll on the TV. It was just, why, why, why does it have to be so white, clean and neat? This view of life preserved as perfection on wax. Having that hit "Sea of Love" from the Honeydrippers really brought it home to me because it was just something I did for a laugh. Sounds crazy: You just go in to record a song you like. It might have been "Run, Run, Rudolph," or "Promised Land," or "Masters of War," or something like that. That day with Ahmet Ertegun we did "Good Rockin' at Midnight" and "Sea of Love." "Sea of Love" was an enormous hit, and I was having to avoid people because they were coming up and going [*American accent*], "Great, you've made a great record there. It's great to hear you singing with so much feeling." And I was going, "Oh no, that was supposed to be the B-side of 'Good Rockin' at Midnight.'"

All I wanted was to hear some jump blues on the radio. But radio picked up the B-side and we had to withdraw "Good Rockin'" and there I was: a *crooner*. I was white, clean and neat. By sheer fluke, I was suddenly Conway Twitty's godson. Okay, the string arrangement is good, Page plays a good solo, it's a nice song and all that, but if that was the last thing I ever did—oh dear. After all those years of "Kashmir," "Communication Breakdown," "Wreckless Love" and "Slow Dancer," suddenly "Sea of Love" is the height of my achievement. God. "White, Clean and Neat" is about that whole game.

**MUSICIAN:** When I heard *Sea of Love* I had the same sort of



reaction as when I was in junior high and first heard As Tears Go By. I thought, "These guys used to do great fast songs. I hope this isn't a trend."

**PLANT:** I know, I know. Well, my Mum thinks it's great, but she always thought that I was really Johnny Mathis anyway. I gave her a copy of the new record and I saw her twice afterwards and on the third time she said, "I played the record." I knew she played it straightaway because she wants to know if I'm behaving, if I'm going to meet Prince Charles again. So about the third time I see her she says, "I played the record. It's, it's, it's nice." [laughter] Thank you, Mum.

So "White, Clean and Neat," that's what it is. Praise the Lord for real rock 'n' roll, for that searing edge of stuff that comes out now and again.

**MUSICIAN:** The narrator in "White, Clean and Neat" is reading something about going to church and leading a Boy Scout troop. What's that about?

**PLANT:** Jerry Wayne is the narrator on that. He was a crooner who had massive hits in 1945 in America. He was the top-

petticoats and brand-new washing machine life?"

**MUSICIAN:** I think a lot of people can hear rock 'n' roll but they don't necessarily have the will to walk away from that life. They can't quite make the break from mom and dad that you did at a young age.

**PLANT:** Oh, I don't think it's anything to do with making physical breaks. It's awareness that something is being held out for you like a carrot for a donkey, this idea that you can reach heaven with Debbie Reynolds playing Tammy.

**MUSICIAN:** And you were able to see through it. By the age of 15 or 16, you knew you weren't going to be an accountant. And your parents probably still would love you to be an accountant.

**PLANT:** No, they don't mind now because they know that I've been a decent father and that if I was gonna go over the top, I went over the top without it reflecting on them. They knew so little about all the outrages that I might have gone through. I just kept coming home and smiling and saying, "I've had a wonderful time. Look, here's my kids." I just played their game when I was with them. I didn't have to be a social agitator



◀ Plant in Led Zeppelin

Coverdale in Whitesnake ▶

"I don't look  
like that!  
Good Lord!"

"I come from the land of  
the ice and snow."

"I do, too."



selling artist for CBS Records in 1945.

He was reading about Pat Boone, how he still runs a Boy Scout troop. Fans emulate the stars when they really like the music, so you will run a Boy Scout troop because Pat Boone does. Do you know what they say about Pat Boone? You know that song "Love Me" by the Phantom? It's a famous psychobilly tune, his only record on Dot. You never knew who the Phantom was because he had a Lone Ranger mask on. And apparently he used to come onstage on a white horse—Kim Fowley told me this—and he was backed by 12 guitarists playing salmon-pink Stratocasters, all standing in a line, chewing gum at the same time. This guy used to rear up on his horse and sing this frantic psychobilly "Love Me." And everybody said the Phantom was really Pat Boone. If you find any record collectors who've got it, you've gotta listen to it, it's crazy.

**MUSICIAN:** That rumor's more interesting for what it says about the psychology of rock fans than what it says about Pat Boone.

**PLANT:** Well, I'm the ultimate fan, really. If I could ever meet Pat Boone, he'd have to tell me that he was the Phantom. It'd be essential for the rest of my life. I could sit down and it would all make sense.

**MUSICIAN:** Anyway, there was this moment when you were five years old and...

**PLANT:** It's come back a few times. Just looking and going, "God, what is all this? What is this sugary, saccharin, six

at the end of their drive.

**MUSICIAN:** But you made a psychological break. They wanted you to be an accountant. You wanted to sing the blues. Going from the white, clean and neat to the pagan, unexplored realms of rock 'n' roll requires courage.

**PLANT:** I guess so. But it was only self-expression. I couldn't stand there and...

**MUSICIAN:** It's not only self-expression. It's SELF-EXPRESSION!!

**PLANT:** Yeah, yeah, exactly. It was no indication of what it would lead to. It was just going away. And possibly not coming back. You're right, the break was kind of dramatic, but how many people make that break? I've seen loads of movies where people pack their spotted handkerchiefs and they go away and make their point and they usually come back.

**MUSICIAN:** I think most people are fascinated by that myth because most people can't do it. Thoreau said they lead lives of quiet desperation. The Butthole Surfers almost ended up as accountants. They took their student loans and bought amplifiers.

**PLANT:** Yeah, I remember a guy I used to live with who took his student loan and starved to buy a lute. He used to get so hungry that he would hallucinate in the room next to me. He'd wake up in the middle of the night screaming in Latin at the top of his voice, and you'd break into his room and he would be writing with a quill on the wall—some kind of weird Latin poetry. When he got all the money together, he bought his lute



# THIS DISPLAY MARKS THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA IN TOTAL EFFECTS CONTROL

GROUP BANK NUMBER

A

B

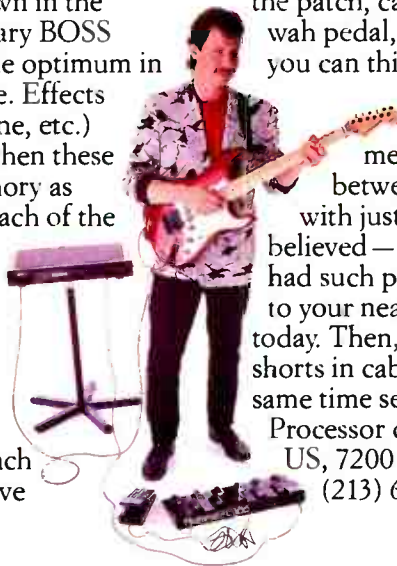


1. DYNAMIC FILTER
2. COMPRESSOR
3. OVER DRIVE
4. DISTORTION
5. PHASER
6. EQUALIZER
7. DIGITAL DELAY
8. DIGITAL CHORUS

Crunch Guitar  
\* 2 \* 4 \* 6 7 8

Look into the display of the new Roland GP-8 Guitar Processor and you'll see an indication of effects control like you've never experienced before. That's because the GP-8 Guitar Processor is actually eight effects in a single rack-mount package — all under the most advanced computer control ever to grace the world of guitar. All of the effects (as shown in the display) are based upon Roland's legendary BOSS products, and are designed to provide the optimum in sound quality with the minimum of noise. Effects parameters (Level, Distortion, Delay, Tone, etc.) can be freely varied for each effect, and then these settings can be stored in the GP-8's memory as a patch, along with the on/off status of each of the effects in the chain. Then the patch can be named with its sound or the name of the song it's used in. (The display above is an actual GP-8 readout showing patch name, and number. The effects that are turned on show up as numbers, the ones turned off show up as ".\*".) Parameter settings can vary widely for each patch, so, for example, one patch can have

screaming distortion, while another might have just a touch. Altogether there are 128 patches available, accessed either by the front panel switches or the optional FC-100 Foot Controller. Another pedal that greatly expands the GP-8's capabilities is the optional EV-5 Expression Pedal, which, depending on the patch, can function as a volume pedal, a wah pedal, a delay time pedal, almost anything you can think of. The GP-8 is also MIDI compatible and transmits or receives MIDI program change messages. The GP-8's power to switch between radically different effects settings with just one touch must be heard to be believed — guitar players have never before had such power. So take your guitar down to your nearby Roland dealer and try it out today. Then, say goodbye to dead batteries, shorts in cables, ground loops, noise, and at the same time see the magic that the GP-8 Guitar Processor can add to your music. Roland Corp US, 7200 Dominion Circle, Los Angeles, CA (213) 685 5141.



**Roland**  
WE DESIGN THE FUTURE





L-R: Plant with Johnstone, Blackwell, Boyle & Jones

and a big meal. He was fine after that, but during that period he was a bit odd. As they say, it was all part of growing up and being British.

**MUSICIAN:** *I was laughing so hard I don't know what to ask now.*

**PLANT:** You could ask for a loan, I suppose.

**MUSICIAN:** *Yeah, give me some money.*

**PLANT:** You could ask about Jethro Tull.

**MUSICIAN:** *Okay. What's Ian Anderson doing these days?*

**PLANT:** Becoming a trout. [A reference to Ian's fish farming.]

**MUSICIAN:** *You mentioned being Bon Jovi's stepdad...*

**PLANT:** Good Lord, no! I was joking!

**MUSICIAN:** *Well, I think there are more acts who would claim you as a father than acts you would claim as sons. Take David Coverdale of Whitesnake...*

**PLANT:** I must interrupt you. In England his nickname is David Coverversion.

**MUSICIAN:** *The first time I saw his video on MTV I thought, "Why is Robert Plant singing this shit?"*

**PLANT:** But I didn't look like that! Good Lord, all that pouting and fucking around like that. Good Lord.

**MUSICIAN:** *There is a physical resemblance.*

**PLANT:** He was a female impersonator for a while, I've heard. [laughter] Somebody sent me an interview where he said how he sits down with me and discusses the state of contemporary heavy-metal music. He sits with me somewhere I haven't quite been yet and says, "Robert, these guys don't know the way 'cause they haven't heard Howlin' Wolf." And I think, "But he's only just heard of me." No bitterness, though...bastard.

**MUSICIAN:** *Fifteen-year-olds don't have the option of seeing the original thing.*

**PLANT:** You can't do the same thing forever and say that it's free expression, that you are expressing yourself artistically. You can't just do it because it's safe. To go out there and be Robert Plant and go [makes grand arm gesture]...and for you listeners at home, I'm now doing a David Coverdale. The hair goes back over the shoulder, the arm up there, and I'm—I don't know—pretending to be Howlin' Wolf. You can't do it forever, so if it looks good, and it sells records for David Geffen, then somebody's got to do it, you know? A lot of people have done it. Coverdale's the latest, and he's making a lot of money. Now Page and I get offered everything. Everything: women, little boys, money, cocaine, the lot, to just go back and do that again...I passed the vacancy on to Coverdale. He'd spent the last couple of years being Paul Rodgers, so he had to move on. In 10 years, he'll be George Michael.

**MUSICIAN:** *The last time you and I talked, it was for MTV in 1985 just after Hammer of the Gods came out. You said that you and Jonesy had actually spent most of your time in art museums when Led Zeppelin toured, and you blamed the press for fictionalizing and creating this legend. Then as soon as the camera was off, you started telling this amusing story about a groupie in Texas who'd been grabbing onto your legs and begging*

*you to sleep with her.*

**PLANT:** I was David Lee Roth.

**MUSICIAN:** *Yeah. I've noticed this phenomenon a lot among musicians: That as soon as the tape recorder goes off, the good stories come out. And then when a few good stories leak out, we get blamed for making you look like a jerk.*

**PLANT:** When I was one all the time, yeah. [laughter] Well, maybe that's my personal business. And if I tell you, it's because you'll recognize her when you go to Dallas and then you'll know whether to encourage the situation.

**MUSICIAN:** *You never gave me her phone number.*

**PLANT:** Audrey, her name is. It's a good American name. She kept calling me a turkey.

**MUSICIAN:** *Because you wouldn't sleep with her?*

**PLANT:** Because I kept losing the hubcaps off her car. When she used to grab at my...at my...at my being when I was driving. I used to kind of flinch and drive into the side of the road and hit those curbstones and the hubcaps used to fly off. I remember it as if it were yesterday. She had a black car. In the end, I let her...drive. I jumped out on Industrial Boulevard in Dallas and ran away into the Mexican district where I felt much better. Those things are all there, but it doesn't do anybody any good who's doing a study of psychology in college that some guy in his mid-30s used to run rampant through Texas. It doesn't matter. Some people play chess.

**MUSICIAN:** *I think you're living a rock 'n' roll life and trying to present the world with a white, clean and neat persona.*

**PLANT:** No, I just don't think there's any point in telling you about Connie in Little Rock or some girl in Aspen, or whoever.

**MUSICIAN:** *Right. You don't have to brag about your sex life.*

**PLANT:** But why don't I tell you some of it?

**MUSICIAN:** *Yeah. Some of it.*

**PLANT:** Well, I'm not going to tell you any of it. I can do a deal

## SLOW DANCERS

**P**hil Johnstone and Tim Palmer, co-producers with Plant, use a Steinberg Pro 24 sequencer run through an Atari 1040 ST, a Yamaha DX7II and a Prophet VS. Robert Plant's personal synthesizer was the Jupiter 8, and the Casio CZ 101 was used for "the tackier sounds" as its presets made the dubious grade. During "Tall Cool One," the discerning Led Zeppelin fan will note bits and pieces of his favorite songs thanks to the Akai S900 sampler.

Guitarist Doug Boyle favors the Ibanez Pro Line 1880, the Fender Squier Stratocaster, the Gretsch Country Gentleman and the Pete Townshend model Flying V made by Gibson in 1970. After trying many amplifiers, Boyle went to a warehouse and returned with a late-'60s Fender Tremolux that can be heard to excellent effect on "Helen of Troy." On "Ship of Fools" you're hearing the trusty Rockman on a Clean 2 setting. Anything that sounds particularly psychedelic is probably an old Memoryman pedal that has a warm, wobbly and weird loop echo.

Jimmy Page played all guitars on "Heaven Knows" and the solo on "Tall Cool One," all guitars being the usual Telecaster or Gibson with custom string-bender going through a Marshall amp.

In the studio, drummer Chris Blackwell (no relation to the president of Island) played a Gretsch set with Zildjian cymbals. On the road he'll play a Tama set built into a cage augmented with Roland pads and an Akai S900.

On the record, bassist Phil Scragg used a Maton fretless (handmade in Australia), a Wilks fretted (handmade in England) and a Fender Jazz. On the road, bassist Charlie Jones prefers a Warwick through the Marshall Jubilee series and t.c. electronic pedals—a chorus and graphic equalizer.

Johnstone stresses that the road band is going to be very high-tech but will use no tapes or sequencers. Everything will be played, including original Led Zeppelin riffs, on an Emax sampler.



# ***MORE ENTERTAINERS INSIST ON THE SM58 THAN ANY OTHER MIC IN THE WORLD.***

**A** recent independent survey of music dealers showed the Shure SM58 was the best selling microphone last month. The survey has shown the same result each month since it began. **M**ore rock, pop, gospel, country, and jazz vocalists and soundmen insist on the SM58 than

on any other microphone. That's because no other mic offers the SM58's distinctive sound and comfortable combination of weight and balance. Not to mention its years of rugged, reliable performance. **T**he SM58 is the world standard professionals insist on. Don't entrust your career to anything less.



## **SHURE®**

THE SOUND OF THE PROFESSIONALS... WORLDWIDE®

Shure Brothers Incorporated, 222 Hartrey Avenue, Evanston, IL 60202-3696. (312) 866-2553.

with the *National Enquirer* and make more money. Connie's probably settled down. But I shall be out there looking on tour.

**MUSICIAN:** *You're a bachelor now. You can do whatever you want. Of course you always did.*

**PLANT:** Yeah. And now my ex-wife says, "And you thought I didn't know." And I say, "Didn't know what?" And at that point I have to say good-bye, Christmas is over, I must be leaving.

**MUSICIAN:** *Did your wife read Hammer of the Gods?*

**PLANT:** No, no. She's Indian. She doesn't read English.

**MUSICIAN:** *All I'm saying is I want more consistency between image and behavior.*

**PLANT:** I couldn't agree more. But if you want to know what the Oak Ridge Boys really do, you gotta be there. You can't hear tales after the event, because it's your translation. It's how you interpret it that's important, not me crafting some tale to make you laugh. You gotta be the guy who has a broken nose for trying to get in somebody's suite. You write it down, 'cause you got the glass to the wall. I mean, I got a mirror once and taped it onto the end of a broom, and in a hotel room off a balcony I was able to watch a friend of mine as he did the very best he could. He didn't stick around for long, because he kept his boots on all the time. But at the end there was a small round of applause and, with a cordless electric drill, we went straight through the dividing door, drilled the lock and presented the girl with champagne and a pillow because we thought she must have to sleep shortly because it was really boring. But you had to be there to recount it, the expression on the girl's face when she realized we'd all been wasting our time for the last three-and-a-half minutes. We haven't reached the point where I could tell you who they were.

**MUSICIAN:** *Telling stories is why democracy was invented. Warriors wanted to go back to Athens and have a safe place to talk about their exploits. This is the free exercise of democracy.*

**PLANT:** Nobody gives two hoots if I'm a good fuck or not.

## Mr. Bonham's Touring Etiquette

**T**his is almost too predictable but as soon as the tape recorder went off, two good stories about Bonzo came out. One involved Plant and Bonham making an uninvited call on Jethro Tull during a concert. Zeppelin and Tull were once rivals (hard to believe from this historical perspective) and the two Zeps stood backstage in full view of the audience and made faces at Ian Anderson as he cavorted in his codpiece. Afterwards in the dressing room, Bonham inquired about the new Tull album. Anderson said they were considering a live one, and Bonham suggested he call it *Bore 'Em at the Forum*.

Plant next dropped the nifty factoid that Bonham's former bodyguard was going to be his tour manager. It had been this guy's job "to make sure Bonzo didn't hit anyone."

"We just wanted to make sure he didn't have any disagreements with anyone," Plant said with a sly smile. "Bonzo had a lot of disagreements with people, often before they had said anything. We were surrounded by dumb clucks, as I suppose George Michael is now. 'Exuberant' is a good term for Bonzo. He was full of life and vim and vigor. He didn't give a hoot what anyone thought. He would just say, 'I think you stink,' and leave the record company man hanging by a coat hanger backstage at Madison Square Garden. 'You don't have to do anything when we're not around,' Bonzo said. 'You just turn up to bask in the glory. Your promises are piecrusts.' So Bonzo hung him in the closet for a three-hour set—not on a rope, on a coat hanger. He wasn't hurt. He was even served drinks. But fair enough. He was a wally."



**Left:** On Plant's '85 tour, Page showed up to play blues; **Right:** Led Zeppelin's Page, Bonham, Jones and Plant

**MUSICIAN:** *Everybody wants to know how celebrities perform.*

**PLANT:** Then make sure you're in the next room with a broom and a mirror. You'll just have to come on the road, old fruit.

**MUSICIAN:** *Is that an invitation?*

**PLANT:** No, I can't afford it. It will be a budget tour this time.

**MUSICIAN:** *Touring has changed so much in the last few years, become so business-like. It's almost a principle of the Led Zeppelin moment that you won't be able to re-create.*

**PLANT:** Oh no. I don't intend to take sharks with me or anything. I see no point in terrifying room service or bringing handcuffs, although Phil has something about handcuffs that I'm not quite sure about.

**MUSICIAN:** *That's Phil Johnstone or Phil Collins?*

**PLANT:** Phil Johnstone. Phil Collins has videos after the show.

**MUSICIAN:** *Last time I interviewed you, you were talking about having a champagne glass up to the wall of Phil Collins' room and describing his sexual habits.*

**PLANT:** There's only so much you can describe when he's snoring. Dear Phil. Listen, I just want to get on the road and be like in *Hammer of the Gods*. It sounded like somebody was having a great time.

**MUSICIAN:** *You're going to go for the chaos this time out?*

**PLANT:** You can only go for what you've got inside you. This band, once we start playing, they're gonna go stark raving mad. They've never been on a major tour before. I'd like to tag along and take notes and then say, "Oh, in my day..." I'd just like to have a good, healthy, spontaneous time. I think on the last project my desire to be top dog became almost too intense, you know? So we worked, worked, worked and we really didn't play that much. This time I don't want to be that serious.

**MUSICIAN:** *I want to remind you that you brought up Hammer of the Gods first. And you mentioned sharks first. So I have to ask your side of that story. It was one of the early tours, people were fishing out the window at the Edgewater Inn in Seattle, and Vanilla Fudge actually filmed it, right?*

**PLANT:** Right. I was there in the room with Bonzo and his missus and my missus. I was there at the filming. I didn't go to the premiere.

**MUSICIAN:** *Wait a minute. You were there with your wife?*

**PLANT:** Mmmmm.

**MUSICIAN:** *When the Mud Shark Incident happened—*

**PLANT:** Mmmmm.

**MUSICIAN:** *Your wife was in the room while this woman was doing it with a live fish?*

**PLANT:** She loved it. Not my wife. The woman. She was not complaining whatsoever. She got up, thanked everyone very much, and that was it. Frank Zappa made a fortune off it.

**MUSICIAN:** *You mean the song "Mud Shark"?*

**PLANT:** Yeah.

**MUSICIAN:** *I can't believe your wives were in the room.*

**PLANT:** It's not just a male thing, is it? Should we have stopped



C R Y O G E N I C  
A C T I V A T E D

# BLUE STEEL

SOMETHING BETTER  
WILL COME ALONG WHEN  
HELL FREEZES OVER.

*Dean Markley*  
S T R I N G S

women from being there? I don't think anyone complained about the session, and I don't think it will happen again. Well, it won't be in my room if it does. And it won't be at the Edgewater Inn in Seattle because I don't think the manager could take it again. What else did I do during that time? I read a lot of books. I watched a lot of movies. I kept to myself. That was the only thing that happened in my *demimonde*.

**MUSICIAN:** *Let me try this from a different angle. Take the Sex Pistols. There was collective personality at work that far transcended four musicians and a few people in the manager's office. The insanity informed the music. And I think it was a similar thing with Led Zeppelin. There had to be that craziness.*

**PLANT:** Yeah. It's odd when you see this kind of manufactured deep and meaningless pomposity that's coming out now, as David Coverdale said during our talks about the state of contemporary heavy metal. These guys haven't gotten the message of where the musical blood and guts and thunder came from. I mean, Howlin' Wolf was going mad in the back of his '58 Chevy as he was driving to an awful gig somewhere. But he still possessed that incredible persona and an absolutely intimidating air—when you met him, when you looked at him, when you were within a hundred yards of him, or when you listened to him. You couldn't avoid it. It wasn't as polite as going to see, say, Buddy Guy and Junior Wells now. There was something in him that was burning. My attraction is to that, in an artist, in a person, in *anybody*—I can see them in a crowded room and I can't go away. I won't leave them. Put the lights out and I'll still be there because I love that, whatever it is. And I don't know what it takes or even if it's a good thing. But if I've missed anything in the last seven or eight years, that's what I

missed. Two or three people possessing that burn. Because out of that comes absolute genius at times. So whatever else happens, if you give everything else just for that, it's a remarkable thing. And so much of the other stuff is going through the motions. It's almost like—I know my grandfather was a regular army man under canvas for 25 years in South Africa. And when he came back...

**MUSICIAN:** *Under canvas? Living in a tent?*

**PLANT:** Living in a tent, 25 years. My mother was born in a tent somewhere in South Africa while he was out there pacing up and down with a rod-like back. Absolutely straight as a dike. Came back to England, couldn't handle it. He became a night watchman so he could wear the uniform. He used to get so drunk that he would cycle into the canal every night on his way home. And this whole thing about—I don't know how David feels about this—but it really is that whole thing about doing it originally. Taking all those elements and making something that actually burns.

**MUSICIAN:** *Three guys burned in Led Zeppelin. I can't testify about John Paul Jones.*

**PLANT:** He had his moments.

**MUSICIAN:** *What did your other grandfather do?*

**PLANT:** My other grandfather and my father and my great grandfather were all musicians. My great-grandfather, at the turn of the century, in the Black Country was quite renowned. In one of these brass band things. I don't know whether you have them in America.

**MUSICIAN:** *A marching band.*

**PLANT:** Yeah, except that you don't go anywhere. You sit  
*continued on page 105*

# The history of Sony condensers, condensed.

At Sony, classic microphones never die, they're reborn. By merging the sublime sonics of past Sony condensers with today's advanced microphone technology, we've created a new classic. The remarkable Sony C-48 studio condenser.

The C-48 features two ultra-thin, gold-coated diaphragms for capturing even the most subtle and complex waveforms. It will run on phantom or battery power. And it employs a unique drain follower amplifier circuit for super-flat frequency response.

Flip down the front panel and the C-48 reveals a wealth of facilities. Such as a switch for selecting uni-, bi- or omni-directional pickup patterns, a low-cut filter, and a 10dB attenuation pad.

Of course, the only way you can truly judge a classic microphone is by listening. So, contact your Sony Professional Audio representative for an audition. Or call Sony at 800-635-SONY.

## SONY.

Professional Audio





# NOW HEAR THIS



Hear how Ramsa's compact, modular systems can upgrade your definition of great performance. Each individual component stands on its own merits. That's why our mixers, amplifiers and speakers perform together so beautifully. See your Ramsa dealer for a demo today. For the name of your nearest Ramsa dealer call us at (714) 895-7200.

**RAMSA**

Panasonic  
Industrial Company

## THE PLAIN BEAUTIFUL DUMB WONDERFUL MONKEY DANCE '88



**T-BONE BURNETT**

*Talking Animals*  
(Columbia)

**T**-Bone Burnett's last release was a modest, honest record using beautiful country instrumentation, and came as close as any known record titled after its author to living up to its name. On *Talking Animals* we learn more of what is on T-Bone's mind than what is in his heart. But just because this set is often more light at heart doesn't mean it isn't straight from it. Understandably cynical critics, who have been exposed to too much "great rock genius," tend to point the moralist finger at T-Bone and accuse him of being a finger-pointing moralist. *Talking Animals* should not perplex these harassed souls, and normal people should really enjoy it.

The record opens with "The Wild Truth." To say that this one song has more going for it than most "great rock" of the last year is to overlook that this is great rock 'n' roll. On its face a splendid mess of noisy drums and guitars, it also makes at least two observations which have a timely ring (or is it death-knell) with regard to some of the would-be or would-have-been contestants in your approaching presidential game-show. When T-Bone says that he has "the feeling that as soon as something appears in the paper it ceases to be true," you might be thinking of Hart, or maybe just Biden. When he continues that "mercy" is "the only thing worth taking seriously," it might put you in mind of Robertson, or maybe just Hart. There is a strange vision of some candidate adopting this as his campaign song, but you know that the Republicans would rather



appropriate Tom Waits' "You're Innocent When You Dream," missing the point completely, and win by a landslide.

"The Monkey Dance" sounds like a seductive preface to "Come Together," which it resembles, and contains the funniest lines on the record:

*She has a will of iron  
He reads her Keats and Byron  
'Til she can go no further  
He starts to read her Thurber*

Not a song for sissies, and it also has a chorus that the milkman can whistle.

Musically the most original and unusual track is "Image." The Sextetto Mayor string quartet play Van Dyke Parks' gorgeous arrangement in a manner which should upset some of the sad prejudices against sounds found outside "rock." The song consists of one verse each sung in English, French, Spanish

and Russian, by T-Bone and his guest vocalists Cait O'Riordan, Rubén Blades and Ludmila Spektor respectively; each sings with individual character and feeling. What might have been a clumsy art-song idea creates a most vivid mood of some dark cabaret, while making a quiet but dramatic request for understanding. It's a lot more interesting and lovable than some of the flag-waving and hand-holding that goes on in the name of social conscience.

Now there is a filthy rumor circulating in Washington and Hollywood that a certain former actor and part-time President is planning a twilight years career as the nominal head of a major movie studio. It follows that, far from being contemptible crooks and dupes, the protagonists in the Irangate hearings were nothing more sinister than suitably



# MASTERWORKS

MASTER AT WORK

## Wynton Marsalis



Seven-time Grammy-winner Wynton Marsalis is the only musician in history to receive Grammy Awards in both the jazz and classical categories. His new album for CBS Masterworks, *Baroque Music For Trumpets*, represents a challenge only a true master would undertake.

On this extraordinary album of baroque works for multiple trumpets by Vivaldi, Telemann, Pachelbel and others, Wynton himself, plays *all* trumpet parts! Grammy Award-winning producer, Steven Epstein, addressed the immense technical difficulties by placing each trumpet overdub in the exact acoustic setting that normally would be occupied by different soloists in a real-time recording.

The result is both a technical triumph and an artistic tour de force. Accompanied by the renowned English Chamber Orchestra under the brilliant direction of Raymond Leppard, the genius of Wynton Marsalis has never been more evident.

### WYNTON MARSALIS BAROQUE MUSIC FOR TRUMPETS

Also Available:

*Carnaval* (Cornet Favorites) Eastman Wind Ensemble/Hunsberger (MK 42137)  
Jolivet/Tomasi: *Trumpet Concertos* Philharmonia Orch./Salonen (MK 42096)  
*Baroque Music* by Purcell/Handel/Torelli/Fasch/Molter  
Edita Gruberova; English Chamber Orch./Leppard (MK 39061)

### WYNTON MARSALIS.

*Baroque Music For Trumpets.*  
On CBS Masterworks  
Compact Discs, Records  
and Cassettes.



"CBS," "Masterworks," and the logo are trademarks of CBS Inc. © 1988 CBS Records Inc.

MK 42478

photogenic models for a highly rated miniseries. One that might star, say, Charlie Sheen as "the boy North," his father Martin as "North the elder," John Candy as "General Secord" and, of course, Kim Basinger as the loyal and lovely "Fawn." If all this starts to sound like a T-Bone Burnett song, then that is because "Dance, Dance, Dance" would do very nicely as the title tune of such a science-fiction movie, maybe with William Hurt as this really crusading investigative journalist...no, no, it'll never work. But it is the smartest song written about American foreign policy since Randy Newman's "Political Science," as it conjures up perfectly that "Freedom Fighters Go to the Planet of the Wild Astro-Turf Bikini," which I, for one, just can't resist.

"Killer Moon" provides the album's title in its lovely lyrics. If there is any justice at all it should also provide a hit single. At a time when the charts are filled with those trying vainly to squeeze the mind of a particularly dull 15-year-old into revolting, thrusting bodies that may never again see 35, let alone 25, Mr. Burnett has gone one better. He has employed an actual child to write with "childlike" candor and wisdom. The fact that the young lady is his daughter shows exceptional taste.

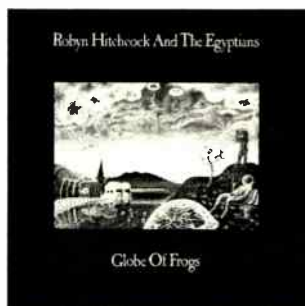
Turning over the platter you will find "Euromad," a series of slightly blurred snapshots of an American abroad, or was it "adrift." There is also an interesting collision between T-Bone's eye for small detail and that wizard of the larger gesture, Bono. The fiery tongue of the imagery is kept in careful check by a lovely melody entitled "Purple Heart." As the track closes you can hear T-Bone's incredibly accurate impersonation of Bono's full-throated roar. (Actually that's a lie, it's the man himself...or is it?)

Finally there is "The Strange Case of Frank Cash and the Morning Paper." I'm not about to reveal the ending, but I will say that it sounds like Prince Meeting the Coasters in the Twilight Zone.

I'd like to close by saying of the playing and production that I never noticed it, and I mean that as the highest compliment. You never hear anything being "considered" on this record. I should add that the "other T-Bone," Mr. Wolk, almost steals the show with that great dumb riff on "Frank Cash," while guitarist David Rhodes never plays anything that I never want to hear again and plenty that I do and that's rare these days. Of course Mickey Curry could not fail to play well for a drummer's friend like Mr.

Burnett, as he is known to kill them if they do otherwise.

Just a final note to those who may know of my connection with the artist in question as producer and "Coward Brother" and may be regarding this good notice as a piece of fawning nepotism. Well, consider the words of our father and mentor, Noel, when he said, "Hello Mother, what's for breakfast?" You can't be witty all the time. Remember life imitates truth, but blood is thicker. Buy this record. It's fab. — **Elvis Costello**



## ROBYN HITCHCOCK

*Globe Of Frogs*  
(A&M)

**E**xalted by an adoring audience, rock 'n' roll cult figures frequently turn amusing quirks into annoying affectations. Happily, this isn't the case with Robyn Hitchcock, whose extended sojourn in the outer limits has enhanced his knack for making the bizarre sound reasonable. Perhaps it shouldn't even seem odd he's finally conned a major U.S. label into sponsoring his effusions.

*Globe of Frogs* isn't a surrender to the mainstream by any means, just the latest in a series of engrossing LPs stretching back a decade to his days with the Soft Boys. Loaded with unexpected images—dancing bones, exploding balloon men, mutant sea beings *et al.*—and offbeat perspectives on ordinary life, it implies A&M took a leap of faith by offering Hitchcock increased visibility. Not that the music is particularly oblique. Hitchcock's coolly sardonic vocals suggest John Lennon's mellower brother; he croons brightly on finger-poppers like "Balloon Man," strikes a nasty tone for "Devil Mask" and lends a dramatic mutter to the forbidding title track. Toss in those crisp folk-rock grooves and some clown in marketing might be tempted to label him the next R.E.M. (Appropriately, Peter Buck

adds 12-string on two tracks.)

But for all his bracing guitar licks ("Unsettled") and gorgeous melodies ("Flesh Number One"), Hitchcock's surreal lyrics hog the spotlight. "Floating in a moist exotic pool/ Feeling so good-natured I could drool," Hitchcock sighs in "Tropical Fish Mandala"; "next time 'round I'll be a trout," he declares at the close of the snarling "Devil Mask." Plucked from their context and chopped to bits, his words depict a man staging a verbal freak show, but that's far from the truth. In the tradition of romantic poets like Coleridge and (I kid you not) Keats, most of the tunes on *Globe of Frogs* offer metaphors for seeking higher states of spiritual being.

Such pursuits can take intense turns. "A soul appears/ The Word made flesh," announces Hitchcock solemnly at one point, later urging his flock to transcend earthly troubles in "Flesh Number One." (The repeated flesh and skin references get creepy fast, dispelling surface impressions Hitchcock is a mere cosmic zany.) But in an age defined by stock prices and exchange rates, Robyn Hitchcock wisely reminds us of non-material dimensions often forgotten, rockin' out nicely in the process. Truly a cult figure worthy of veneration. — **Jon Young**



## N R B Q

*Uncommon Denominators*  
(Rounder CD)  
*God Bless Us All*  
(Rounder)

**A**fter 20 years, and typically without fanfare, NRBQ has gotten around to releasing their first live album, *God Bless Us All*, and first career retrospective, *Uncommon Denominators*. It's still hard to figure which lack has been the more glaring. Certainly "the world's greatest bar band," as more than a few critics have dubbed the quartet, have earned their devoted following primarily



robbie robertson



where the players do the talking...

MUSICIAN

P.O. BOX 701 • GLOUCESTER, MA 01931-0701 • 617-281-3110

World Radio History

# W I L D S E E D S



## "Mud, Lies & Shame"

Taking rock n roll's family tree by the roots, Austin's acclaimed Wild Seeds shake and rattle through a scorching set that'll have 'em hopping from Maine to Mexico. (PB 6060)



On Passport Records, Cassettes and Compact Discs.

A Passport Label. Distributed by IEM Records, Inc., South Plainfield, NJ 07080.

# R e c o r d s

through two decades of knock-down, drop-dead stage shows, a format as well-suited for the band's spontaneous warmth and combustible energy as for the sophisticated musical interplay of guitarist Al Anderson, keyboardist Terry Adams, drummer Tom Ardolino and bassist Joey Spampinato. It's also axiomatic among long-term Q-watchers that no two shows are quite the same, a tribute to the group's enormous repertoire, among other things. With that caveat, "God Bless Us All," recorded one night at a club in Providence, Rhode Island, sounds fairly representative.

The set included here has something old (great covers of "Shake Rattle and Roll" and Adams' own "Me and the Boys"), something new ("Here Comes Terry" and Anderson's "Crazy Like a Fox," both of which feature ferocious guitar solos), something borrowed ("She Got the House" sports a honky-tonk group ambience George Jones would admire) and something blue (gorgeous group harmonies over Big Al's poignant rendering of "Sitting in the Park"). There's also an assortment of jokes and throwaway numbers, without which no night with the band could be considered complete. It's a record fans can savor, but as with most live recordings, after a few spins you feel you really *were* there, and, thus sated, are pretty much ready for the next gig.

*Uncommon Denominators* is another story. Many of the CD's 19 selections—culled from LPs released between 1973 and 1984—are obscure even by NRBQ standards, which makes the overall richness and cohesion of this package all the more startling. Raw country hollers segue into blood-thrilling R&B grooves, then settle back into sweet, chiming melodies: The effect is as if you'd forged a CD by pulling two favorite Beatles songs from every record between *Please Please Me* and the "white album." From the willful anarchy of "People" to the juke-joint frenzy of "Want You to Feel Good Too" to the plaintive, pretty "Only You"—three random examples—NRBQ's unerring musicianship proves equal to their astonishing variety of styles. More significantly, much of the songwriting is extremely well-crafted. The result is a collection whose pleasures deepen with each listen.

For pop fans who remain unacquainted with NRBQ, *Uncommon Denominators* makes a fine calling card. For the rest, it's proof—were more needed—that, like the Beatles, Kinks, Funkadelic, Talking Heads and precious few other unpredictably minded ensembles,



## LEARN THE ART OF RECORDING

LEARN CREATIVE RECORDING SKILLS ON THE LATEST EQUIPMENT AT THE LEADING SCHOOL FOR SOUND ENGINEERS, PRODUCERS AND STUDIO MUSICIANS. WITH OR WITHOUT PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE, IF YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT A CAREER IN RECORDING, OUR 'HANDS-ON' TRAINING PROGRAMS CAN GET YOU STARTED AND PUT YOU AHEAD. FOR FREE BROCHURE, PLEASE CALL OR WRITE TODAY.

**THE  
RECORDING  
WORKSHOP**

### THE RECORDING WORKSHOP

455-A MASSIEVILLE ROAD, CHILLICOTHE, OHIO 45601

(800) 848-9900 (614) 663-2544

OHIO STATE BOARD OF SCHOOL AND COLLEGE REGISTRATION #80-07-0696T



NRBQ can lay genuine claim to greatness. And not just in a bar.

— Mark Rowland



**BULGARIAN STATE  
RADIO & TELEVISION  
FEMALE VOCAL CHOIR**

*Le Mystère des Voix Bulgares*  
(Elektra/Asylum/Nonesuch)

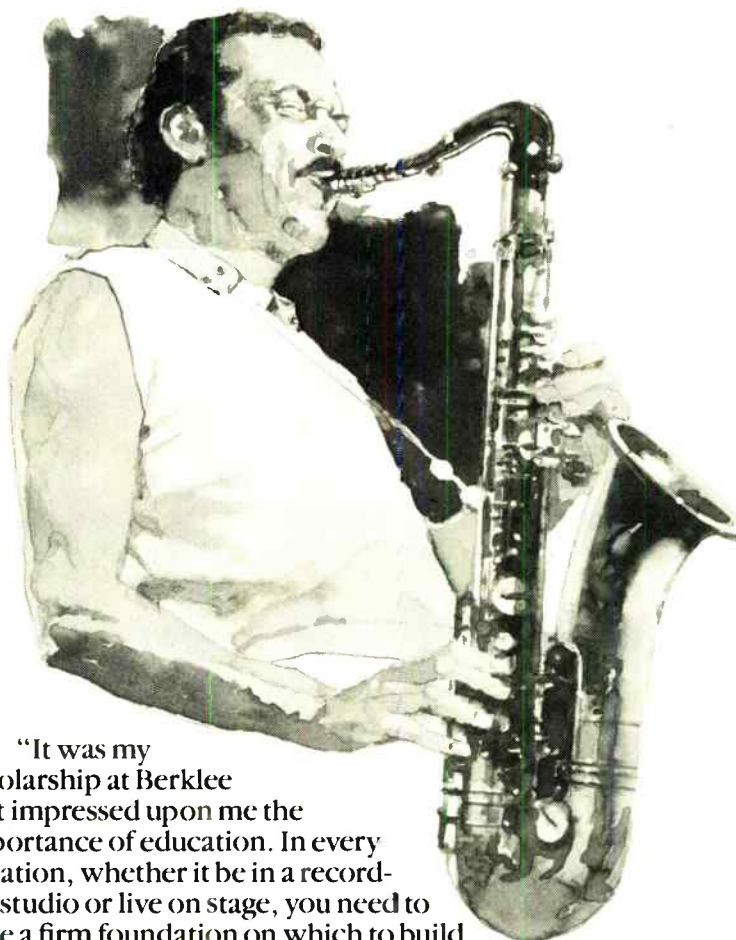
**B A L K A N A**

*The Music of Bulgaria*  
(Hannibal)

Imagine yourself suspended somewhere between heaven and earth, unable to see but bombarded on all sides by gloriously pungent voices, sweetly shifting chordal patterns pulsating with dissonance, asymmetric rhythms to pull you in a million directions. That's the stunning sound of *Le Mystère des Voix Bulgares*, a collection of performances by the Bulgarian State Radio and Television Female Vocal Choir. Already a cult classic on the British pop charts, the disc features modernized renditions of traditional Slavic folk themes, mostly sung a capella, and occasionally accompanied by bagpipes, flutes and drums; the result is a new genre that replaces unstudied rawness with artistic intentionality, without sacrificing native grace.

Using an old Balkan vocal technique that mixes chest tone with a strident nasal focus, the chorus members sound like rugged, pre-pubescent angels unabashedly playing around with the effect of unresolved chords on the human psyche. Second and ninth intervals aggressively push against each other; rhythms are as schizy as Stravinsky's 11/8. Emotional tension is magnified by the microtonal embellishments of the soloists, who sing over and around the mesmerizing choir. When they sing slowly and in pianissimo, the choir could easily pass for Jews in a Sephardic service or Greeks in Orthodox mass. But

# LEARN SAXOPHONE THE WAY ERNIE WATTS DID. AT BERKLEE.



"It was my scholarship at Berklee that impressed upon me the importance of education. In every situation, whether it be in a recording studio or live on stage, you need to have a firm foundation on which to build a career. Berklee gave me that foundation."

— Ernie Watts

*The credits of Grammy Award-winning saxophonist Ernie Watts ('66) include sixteen years with NBC-TV's "Tonight Show" Orchestra; studio sessions for major jazz and pop figures such as Cannonball Adderley, Quincy Jones, Charlie Haden, Whitney Houston, Frank Zappa, Pink Floyd, etc.; the last Rolling Stones tour; and recording for films and television, including "Ghostbusters," "Tootsie," "Night Court," "Cagney and Lacey," and many others.*

Berklee has helped produce thousands of professionals who enjoy successful careers in all aspects of today's music business. For a current catalog, contact the Berklee Admissions Office. Call toll-free: 1-800-421-0084 (9 a.m. to 5 p.m. EST). In Massachusetts call: 617-266-1400. Or write: BERKLEE, Admissions Office, Dept. F29, 1140 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02215.

## Berklee

COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Where careers in music begin.

# Nobody gives you more sound for less than Sam Ash.

**Y**ou'll find everything you need to make music at Sam Ash at consistently low prices. It's a fact that Sam Ash has been filling America's playing and recording needs for more than 60 years. So whatever your needs may be, you'll find that the helpful and expert people at Sam Ash will bring music to your ears.

YOUR SOURCE FOR MUSIC AND SOUND

**Call 1-718-347-7757  
or ask Operator for Toll Free number.**



124 FULTON AVENUE HEMPSTEAD, N.Y. 11550

**MUSIC STORES**

## Learn to use, program, and service today's digital electronic music equipment as you build your own computer-controlled music center



**Now NRI puts you at the heart of the most exciting application of digital technology to date!**

With NRI's new at-home training in Electronic Music Technology, you get hands-on experience with the equipment that's revolutionizing the music industry—Atari ST Series computer with built-in MIDI ports, Casio CZ101 digital synthesizer with advanced MIDI capabilities, and ingenious MIDI software that links computer keyboard to synthesizer keyboard—all yours to train with and keep.

Now you can prepare for a high-paying career as a studio technician, sound engineer, or recording technician... even start your own new-age business providing one-stop sales and service of today's extraordinary new digital music equipment.

**No experience necessary—in electronics or music!**

No matter what your background, NRI gives you the electronics skills that are now so essential for technicians and musicians alike... skills you

master through hands-on experience as you explore digital techniques.

MIDI, waveshaping, patching, sequencing, mixing, special effects, and much more.

Plus, even if you've never been involved with music before, NRI gives you enough basic training in music theory and notation to appreciate the far-reaching applications of today's new digital electronic technology.

**Send today for FREE catalog**

If the coupon is missing, write to NRI School of Electronics, McGraw-Hill Continuing Education Center, 3939 Wisconsin Avenue, Washington, DC 20016.

### **NRI School of Electronics**

McGraw-Hill Continuing Education Center  
3939 Wisconsin Avenue, Washington, DC 20016

YES! Please rush me my FREE catalog describing NRI's new at-home training in Electronic Music Technology, plus training in other high-tech, in-demand electronics fields.

Name (Please Print) \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
313-038

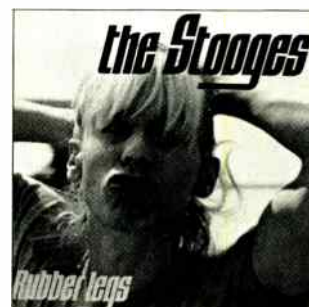
World Radio History

## R e c o r d s

they're also very earthy. On the most shocking cut, the fiery "Schopska Pesen," the choir recreates in Slavic scat the riff of a drumbeat, then suddenly disintegrates for a moment into a wildly choreographed babble.

A showstopper at the Edinburgh Festival last summer, *Balkana* is less a spiritual epiphany than an introduction to Bulgaria's leading vocal and instrumental talents. You'll hear bagpipes that sound like Tibetan horns, rambunctious native dances that mix shakuhachi-like flutes with Irish-sounding fiddles, and solo singing that sounds straight off the mountain top. One cut full of whoops and drones by the all-female Trio Bulgarka, "Tri Bulbula Paiat," suggests the incantations of the witches from *Macbeth*.

But back to basics: to bulgare or not to bulgare is not really a question with a record like *Le Mystère* in the bins. If you buy only one world record this year, let this be it. — **Pamela Bloom**



## T H E S T O O G E S

*Rubber Legs*  
(Fan Club)

**A**mong the many memorable passages in Iggy Pop's autobiography *I Need More* is a wonderful bit where Iggy reveals his longheld secret desire to have a tail. On the evidence of this compilation album of Stooges rehearsal tapes from 1973-74, you'd swear the boy up and grew one. Recorded between the group's *Raw Power* and *Kill City* LPs, *Rubber Legs* is as primitive as music gets; the six songs (and bonus single) aren't performed so much as they're wrenched onto wax and left to be examined by any ghoulish voyeur with a taste for the unsavory. And for dissonant white noise, I might add.

Production values were obviously of little concern to Iggy and company, nor were thoughts of originality, commerciality or any of the conventional require-



ments for a pop record. Nearly every song on the album seems to be structured on Alice Cooper's "Eighteen" riff, and as far as musicianship—well, let's just say that tasty licks do not abound.

So why should you rush out and buy *Rubber Legs*? Because it's funny and alive and there's not a false note on it. When Iggy screeches, "I got a cock in my pocket!" you know it's a true fact, that he's enormously proud of said fact, and that melody, lyrical phrasing and the rest of that professional singer stuff was the last thing on his mind. Granted, Iggy's performance in purely musical terms is a bit chaotic, but you can't fault the guy when it comes to sincerity. You've also got to admire Iggy for understanding (before anyone else did) that this sub-literate mutation of popular music is a legitimate form of expression that warrants being recorded.

Iggy's taken a fair amount of criticism in recent years from longtime fans who feel he's mellowing into a punk Sinatra, but, really, what were his options? On the evidence of this record it's a miracle he lived out the following week, much less went on to make 10 more albums. Moreover, how long could he go on experiencing joyful amazement over the fact that he had a cock in his pocket? Granted, it's a hell of a thing, the initial discovery of one's libido, and Iggy built a brilliant body of work around that magic moment. But not even Iggy could be a teenager forever. He was, however, the greatest teenager that ever lived. *Rubber Legs* is proof of that.

— Kristine McKenna

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

*The Ertegun's New York:  
New York Cabaret Music*  
(Atlantic)

What a thrill it was..." writes Ahmet Ertegun of his first trips to New York, back in the '30s. "New York was glamour, elegance and modernity. As a teenager, the thought of spending a few days there filled me with excited anticipation of sophisticated, romantic experiences...."

It's an attractive image, one to which almost everyone who has lived for the night-life has at some point aspired. Of course, many of the musicians Ahmet and his brother Nesuhi Ertegun adored back then are long gone, as are many of the clubs, but it's still possible to hear them on record—six records, in fact,

neatly packed into this glamorous and elegant boxed set (nightclub ambience not included).

If that suggests the allure of the Ertegun's New York can't quite be captured on disc, you're partly right. Good as the music may have been, the society that swirled around and through these clubs held greater allure. So while the music assembled here isn't fluff (no Eddie Duchin, thank god), some of it comes mighty close. Pianist Joe Buskin tinkles the ivories with a somnolent grace that would suit any elevator, while Hugh Shannon, Joe Mooney, Goldie Hawkins

and Cy Walter will impress only the most devoted enthusiasts of American popular song. Even the jazziest players of the lot—Billy Taylor, Jimmy Lyon, Barbara Carroll—have made more energetic, incisive recordings.

What values seem to matter most in this collection are grace, wit, understatement and, above all, a devotion to melody. That helps explain why the standout performances here are vocal, not instrumental, and why even those singers with serious jazz reputations, like Carmen McCrae or Mel Tormé, sound somehow inferior to Mae Barnes,

# 80-MINUTE CD THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE...

*Rykodisc, The Company You'd Expect To Do This, announces a major breakthrough in digital technology: the first Compact Disc to break the sound barrier: 80 minutes of music on a single disc.*



**MISSION OF BURMA** is a chronology of the brilliant career of this brash, vital quartet — one of the most important "underground" bands of the 1980's. The 80-minute CD program documents the band from their early singles to their crucial final albums, and includes two previously unreleased tracks.

### Also out now:

**BIRDSONGS OF THE MESOZOIC: SONIC GEOLOGY** (RCD 20073 • AAD)

Experience the astonishing *Birdsongs of the Mesozoic* (featuring two members of *Mission of Burma*), the *World's Hardest-Rocking Chamber Music Quartet*. This Compact Disc-only compilation features over 70 minutes of what the *Boston Globe* described as "punk jazz classical car-wreck music."

Write for free catalogue.



**RYKODISC USA**  
Pickering Wharf, Bldg. C-3G  
Salem, MA 01970



## WEAR 'EM OUT



**A**  
Crewneck  
Sweatshirt  
50/50  
Black or White



**B**  
Shortsleeve  
T-shirt  
50/50  
Red or Black



**D**  
Sleeveless  
T-shirt  
50/50  
Black or Red



**E**  
Satin Tour  
Jacket  
Black

**F**  
Baseball Cap  
Black

(S M L X) SIZE COLOR QTY PRICE EA TOTAL

<b>A</b>				\$16.00	
<b>B</b>				\$8.00	
<b>C</b>				\$18.00	
<b>D</b>				\$7.50	
<b>E</b>				\$45.00	
<b>F</b>				\$7.50	

Add \$2.50 postage and handling for all orders. Outside U.S. add \$6.00 U.S. funds only.

**ADD \$2.50 TOTAL ENCLOSED \$**

NAME

(NO P.O. # S)

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

Send check or money order to:

**MUSICIAN WEAR**

**NEW ENGLAND PROMOTIONS**

386 HIGH ST.

FALL RIVER, MA 02722

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

## R e c o r d s



Bobby Short or Mabel Mercer. Mercer, in particular, understood how to make a verse or chorus shimmer from within, carefully shaping each phrase so that it fit not only the words, but the meaning of the music. In her hands, a song like "It Was Worth It" wasn't just diverting—it was something in which you could put your faith.

Such moments are what make *The Erteguns' New York* worthwhile, but they come along all too infrequently to make this six-volume set a sound investment. As companion to the Smithsonian's collection of American popular song, these records are a reasonable point of reference. But while it's a part of New York that's occasionally worth visiting, you wouldn't want to live there. — J.D. Considine

## COPELAND from page 34

knowledgeable! I wish I'd talked to him before I went to South Africa; it would have saved me a trip. And all those hundreds of meetings, and years of research. God! All the time I've wasted. Please thank him for the enlightenment. On second thought, I'll thank him myself at the next Ku Klux Klan meeting. The Grand Wizard himself is doing my platinum record presentation now that my career has taken off.

"The old Copester is right. There is a gold mine in oppression. And it's only fitting that we take this time to thank guys who think like him and his CIA lineage. Without them, we'd all be writing boring, unsuccessful love songs. And what would all the black artists on I.R.S. be doing with their free time?"

As Steven hints, I.R.S. has never had many black artists—after the Cannibals leave, the roster will include only Ranking Roger and PMRC act Pato Banton. Aside from not knowing that Steven *has* been to South Africa, Copeland's skepticism about proceeds from the Artists United Against Apartheid album which Little Steven organized is misplaced:

Royalties from the LP were donated to the families of political prisoners in South Africa, an A.N.C. school for exiles in Tanzania, and anti-apartheid groups in the U.S. and Europe.

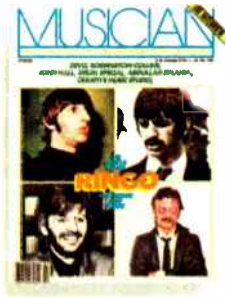
Although Sting has supported Amnesty International and Special Olympics benefits, Miles laughs at musical activists. Here's one of his favorite stories: During a media debate, Miles was matched with Billy Bragg, the Woody Guthrie of the MTV era. "The next day, he calls me up and says, 'I'd like to sign to I.R.S. Records.' He and his manager thought this was a great thing. A month afterwards, he called and said, 'I can't sign to I.R.S. I'm catching so much shit from all my fans. I know it's crazy, but I just can't do it. They'd give me too much grief.' So he goes and signs with Elektra." Miles' laugh booms. "As if *they're* not capitalists."

On the strength of his performance in *Bring On the Night*, Copeland was offered a cameo in *Eat the Rich*, a British farce about angry misfits who operate a trendy bistro and keep corner tables available by cooking the clientele. "This movie's so horrendous, I doubt it'll come out in the States," he grins. In the film, Miles plays a cynical, acid-tongued record company chief. Typecast again? Miles nearly explodes with delight at the suggestion.

"I have friends who are afraid of me, artists that couldn't speak to me," he recently told an interviewer. "What happens is, an impression is created that has nothing to do with reality. Sting used to like to tell people asking for me that I was down at the beach eating sharks."

Copeland encourages his artists to "rehearse" for interviews, so they'll be able to "throw out quotable quotes," and he's equally concerned with his own image. Just as controversy sells records, Miles' visibility within the industry increases his effectiveness as both a manager and a record executive. "If I had nothing to say, you wouldn't have been sitting here for two hours," he tells me. "NASTY OGRE OF THE MUSIC BUSINESS SPEAKS' is a much better headline than 'MEALY-MOUTHED WIMP HAS A FEW THINGS TO SAY.' So when somebody comes up with a quote like, 'Oh, Miles is out eating the sharks,' what a *great* line. That line will live forever. These stories gain their own life, which—if you understand the press—you can use to your advantage. And no matter what I ever do, I will always be known as the guy who ate sharks." ■





40  
**Ringo Starr**  
Drummers, Devo, Rossington-Collins



41  
**Miles**  
Genesis, Lowell George



77  
**John Fogerty**  
Marsalis/Hancock, Los Lobos



84  
**John Cougar Mellencamp**  
Bryan Ferry, Maurice White



105  
**John Coltrane**  
Springsteen, Replacements



69  
**Michael Jackson**  
R.E.M., Charlie Watts



103  
**U2**  
Stevie & Jimmie Vaughan, Rick Rubin



71  
**Heavy Metal**  
Dream Syndicate, George Duke



110  
**Sting**  
Jaco Pastorius, Peter Tosh



86  
**Joni Mitchell**  
Simple Minds, Hall & Oates

## BACK ISSUES

- 44... **Nick Lowe**, Graham Parker, Lester Bowie
- 45... **Willie Nelson**, John McLaughlin, the Motels
- 53... **Tom Petty**, Culture Club, Thompson Twins
- 57... **Bob Marley**, the Ramones, Don Henley
- 58... **The Kinks**, R.E.M., Marvin Gaye
- 60... **Elvis Costello**, Joe Walsh, Culture Club
- 61... **Jackson Browne**, Eurythmics, Keith Jarrett
- 64... **Stevie Wonder**, Reggae 1984, Ornette Coleman
- 65... **Pretenders**, Paul Simon, ABC
- 67... **Thomas Dolby**, Chet Baker, Alarm, Marcus Miller
- 69... **Michael Jackson**, R.E.M., Charlie Watts
- 70... **Peter Wolf**, King Crimson, Bass/Drum Special
- 71... **Heavy Metal**, Dream Syndicate, George Duke
- 77... **John Fogerty**, Marsalis/Hancock, Los Lobos
- 79... **Jeff Beck**, Jimmy Page, Arthur Baker
- 80... **Phil Collins**, Joan Armatrading, Josef Zawinul
- 82... **Brian Wilson**, Sting II, Jerry Garcia
- 83... **Mark Knopfler**, R.E.M., John Cage & Brian Eno
- 84... **John Cougar**, Bryan Ferry, Maurice White
- 86... **Joni Mitchell**, Simple Minds, Hall & Oates
- 87... **ZZ Top**, Kate Bush, Marshall Crenshaw
- 89... **Elvis Costello**, Al Green, Mick Jones
- 90... **James Brown**, Tom Petty, Brian Setzer
- 91... **Rolling Stones**, INXS, Bangles
- 92... **Joe Jackson**, Bob Seger, John Lydon
- 94... **Jimi Hendrix**, Prince, 38 Special
- 96... **Tina Turner**, Paul McCartney, Frank Zappa
- 97... **Eric Clapton**, Ric Ocasek, Paul Simon
- 99... **Boston**, Kinks, Year in Rock '86
- 100... **100th issue retrospective**
- 102... **Robert Cray**, Los Lobos, Simply Red
- 103... **U2**, Stevie & Jimmie Vaughan, Rick Rubin
- 104... **Springsteen**, Progressive Percussion
- 105... **Coltrane**, Springsteen, George Martin
- 107... **Robbie Robertson**, Tom Petty, Big Guitar Special
- 108... **U2**, Tom Waits, Squeeze
- 109... **George Harrison**, Mick Jagger, Crazy Horse
- 110... **Sting**, Jaco Pastorius, Peter Tosh
- 111... **R.E.M.**, Year in Rock, 10,000 Maniacs
- 112... **McCartney**, Bass Special, Buster Poindexter



94  
**Jimi Hendrix**  
Prince, Let's Active



111  
**R.E.M.**  
Year in Rock, George Michael



89  
**Elvis Costello**  
Al Green, Nick Jones



91  
**Stones**  
INXS, Bangles

- 21... **Brian Eno**, Reggae Festival, Weather Report
- 24... **Bob Marley**, Sun Ra, Free Jazz/Punk
- 31... **Steely Dan**, John Lennon, Steve Winwood
- 32... **Talking Heads**, Brian Eno, John Fogerty
- 33... **The Clash**, Ronald Shannon Jackson
- 34... **Tom Petty**, Carlos Santana, Dave Edmunds
- 36... **Grateful Dead**, Hard Pop, Miles Davis
- 37... **Reggae**, The Rolling Stones, Rickie Lee Jones
- 40... **Ringo**, Drummers, Devo, Rossington-Collins
- 41... **Miles Davis**, Genesis, Lowell George
- 42... **Hall & Oates**, Zappa, Jaki Byard

I have marked the issues I'd like to have. Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ magazines at \$4.00 each (\$5.00 outside the U.S.). **Please Allow 6-8 Weeks Delivery** (U.S. funds only.) **Money Orders 2-3 Weeks Delivery**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

MUSICIAN, P.O. Box 701, Gloucester, MA 01931-0701 **\*\*DO NOT SEND CASH\*\***

- 21 24 31 32 33
- 34 36 37 40 41
- 42 44 45 53 57
- 58 60 61 64 65
- 67 69 70 71 77
- 79 80 82 83 84
- 86 87 89 90 91
- 92 94 96 97 99
- 100 102 103 104
- 105 107 108 109
- 110 111 112

## ..... S H O R T T A K E S

### GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS

*All Our Love* (MCA)

PROFESSIONALISM HAS ALWAYS BEEN THIS quartet's long suit, but that hasn't helped much on the pop charts lately. Sure, the Pips harmonize with practiced ease behind Gladys' smoldering lead in "Love Is Fire (Love Is Ice)" and elsewhere; that much is given. What's changed is that the grooves are being handled by the sort of pros who know how to enhance the possibilities posed by the group's marriage of chops and soul. So *All Our Love* always delivers, from the sophisticated funk of "Love Overboard" to the down-home groove of "Lovin' on Next to Nothin'."

### EURYTHMICS

*Savage* (RCA)

*SAVAGE* IS AN ODD TITLE FOR SO MANNERED an album; as a verb, however, it makes sense, as these songs try to savage the listener's expectations. "I Need a Man," for instance, starts out as a raw, Stones-style answer to "Missionary Man," but ends up a slave to its synth-based rhythm, perversely reversing the promise of its central riff. *Savage* is full of such sonic oxymorons, from the icy passion of "Shame" to the sinister snobbery of "Beethoven (I Love to Listen to)," making this an interesting set of mind games but nothing you'd play often.

### RUFFIN & KENDRICK

*Ruffin & Kendrick* (RCA)

IF GREAT SINGING WERE ITS OWN REWARD, this album would be an unconditional success; unfortunately, it's not, and *Ruffin & Kendrick* is a haphazard affair at best. Why? Because even with the Temptations, it was the song as much as the singers, and on this album there are only a couple tunes anyone would even think of calling great—even if the singing is spectacular.

### MANHATTAN TRANSFER

*Brasil* (Atlantic)

OKAY, SO THE VOCALIZING IS POLISHED AND assured, and the group's taste is impeccable—is that any reason to buy an album? No, but hearing the ManTran sing "I wish I had a set of/ Orangutan babies/ A-barkin' the blues" is, especially when you notice that Doug Fieger (yes, *the Knack's* Doug Fieger) gets the writer's credit. Maybe it's not a cheap laugh, but it sure is a good one.

### MIRACLE LEGION

*Surprise Surprise Surprise* (Rough Trade)

LIKE R. E. M., THERE'S SOMETHING QUIXOTIC and unencumbered about this quartet's pursuit of melody, but where the boys from Athens seem out to break or remake the rules, this Connecticut quartet plays as if unaware that there were rules at all. And while that occasionally leads the Legion into artistic cul-de-sacs, it often as not results in thrilling free-falls and flights of melodic naïveté. (326 Sixth St., San Francisco, CA 94103)

### ICEHOUSE

*Man of Colours* (Chrysalis)

IS IT JUST ME, OR IS IVA DAVIES' DAVID Bowie impression beginning to sound suspiciously like Englebert Humperdinck?

### MELI'SA MORGAN

*Good Love* (Capitol)

THOUGH HER HONEYED VOICE AND PURRING delivery make Morgan sound like yet another Anita Baker, don't be fooled—there's more storm than quiet to this album. She sings in a soothing croon where needed, but her secret strength is the feisty growl she plies to match the gritty sax solo in "You're All I Got," lock into the groove of "If You Can Do It: I Can Too!!" and overpower Kashif in "Love Changes."

### THE KINSEY REPORT

*Edge of the City* (Alligator)

AT FIRST, THE KINSEY REPORT SEEMS remarkable for its forthright and funky approach to rhythm, a sound decidedly more contemporary than traditional Chicago blues. Listen some more and it becomes clear that the Kinseys are no more radical than Robert Cray, and persuasively swinging on their own terms. But what really sells this record is guitarist Donald Kinsey, whose stinging, lyric leads build a bridge between Albert King and Ernie Isley that should have been erected long ago. A stunner. (Box 60234, Chicago, IL 60660)

### IDJAH HADIDJAH

*Tonggeret* (Nonesuch Explorer)

IDJAH HADIDJAH MAY NOT BE A HOUSEHOLD name in America, but in Indonesia, Hadidjah is the Whitney Houston of jaipong, an indigenous pop style that has taken the country by storm. And though it's not exactly hip-hop, the dreamy instrumental textures, achingly expressive vocals and bursts of percussive power give it a beauty that matches the best of Arab, Indian or gamelan music.

### THE DELGADO BROTHERS

*The Delgado Brothers* (Hightone)

INSTRUMENTALLY, THE DELGADOS ARE quite a find, especially brother Joe, whose guitar leads suggest what Carlos Santana might have sounded like had he stuck with the blues. But the strongest writing here is not theirs but Bruce Bromberg (alias D. Amy) and Dennis Walker's, and as much as "Jo Anne" seems to outdo Robert Cray's best, the Delgados' performance only shows how much Cray adds to the Walker-Amy numbers he has recorded. (Box 328, Alameda CA 94501)



# COME UNDER A NEW INFLUENCE

*Artists of distinction. Albums that make you listen.*



WAX U.K.



PIERCE TURNER

## WAX U.K.

Andrew Gold and Graham Gouldman definitely speak your language with their new album "AMERICAN ENGLISH," featuring the single "BRIDGE TO YOUR HEART"—an MTV Hip Clip of the Week. Produced by Christopher Neil

## CLANNAD

Something you know in your heart.  
Something you feel in your soul.  
Something that rings true from the very first listen.

"SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN," the first single from their new album "SIRIUS." Produced by Greg Ladanyi and Russ Kunkel



CLANNAD

## PIERCE TURNER

For those who can hear it coming, let the sound be your vision. Pierce Turner's debut album, "IT'S ONLY A WAY ACROSS," featuring the songs "WICKLOW HILLS" AND "UNCERTAIN SMILE."

Produced by Philip Glass and Kurt Munkacs



Tmk(s) © Registered RCA Corporation, except BMG logo TM BMG Music • © 1988 BMG Music

# ..... S H O R T T A K E S



**Y**ou think teachers are underpaid? Dig Scott Robinson on *Multiple Instruments* (Multijazz Records, distributed by New Music Distribution Service, 500 Broadway, New York, NY 10012). He plays all the brass and reed instruments with passion and idiomatic authority, plus a host of others, some of his own invention. Side one is an astute mainstream resume, but on side two Robinson digs a little deeper with his original "New" (highlighting his surging modern tenor stylings), affectionate overdubbed settings for "Muskrat Rumble" (encapsulated in period wax cylinder) and Herschel Evans' tenor feature with Basie, "Blue and Sentimental." (Multijazz Productions, 321 E. 106th St., Apt. 34, New York, NY 10029)

The Kronos Quartet has given a very human, amiable face to the synthesis of the third stream and the third world, finding a place for the string quartet in popular musics (not pop), while giving modern composers and modern jazzmen their just due in the chamber tradition. *White Man Sleeps* (Nonesuch) features their most surging playing on disc, with a beat and a dark intensity (and a giggle) not often found in the genre, interpreting pieces by Kevin Volans, Charles Ives, Jon Hassell, Ornette Coleman, Ben Johnston and Béla Bartók...

*Clavichord* (ECM) is a Hartz Mountain Dog Yummy for your CD player. This is the first Keith Jarrett album I've listened to past deadline since *Facing You* (well, *Spirits*, too...sort of has that *Ruta and Daitya* folk earnestness). Bach's favorite keyboard, the neglected little clavichord, allows the keyboardist to manipulate dynamics and vibrato and overtones and bends with the intimacy

and control of a sophisticated plectrist. It's in your hands, not in the capacitors. As a result, so many of the mannerisms and incantations and vamps and stomps and drones and cross-rhythms that tend towards the monolithic on the piano, hypnotize you on clavichord with stunning details. Eicher and Jarrett's careful miking captures the intimacy of this divine instrument, as well as its potential to depict non-tempered moods; Jarrett's swinging ecstasy is real, sounding by turns like a Tibetan gong, a contrapuntal dancer, African percussionists, Balinese priestesses, a gospel preacher or Robert Johnson traveling by the riverside...

*Ecotopia* by Oregon (ECM) also represents a vivid re-synthesis of elements, as the ensemble employs synthesized sounds like traditional acoustic instruments to reinforce their ever-evolving pastiche of jazz, folk, classical, ethnic and impressionistic sources...And the Dave Holland Quintet's work on *The Razor's Edge* (ECM) fine-tunes and prunes to make a great ensemble even better. The sprawling intensity of their *Seeds of Time* (ECM) is counter-balanced by the intense clarity of this effort, as Holland and Smitty Smith pull in their horses and allow the post-modernist traditionalists of the front line (young innovator Steve Coleman, trumpeter Kenny Wheeler, trombonist Robin Eubanks) to let the saints keep marching in, take off, or circle Jupiter in a cool blue burn...

The marketing men have discovered the post-CD era: We *can* make money selling limited quantities of select catalog items. The digital age has caused all the majors to re-tool their neglected holdings. Many embarrassing *faux pas* have

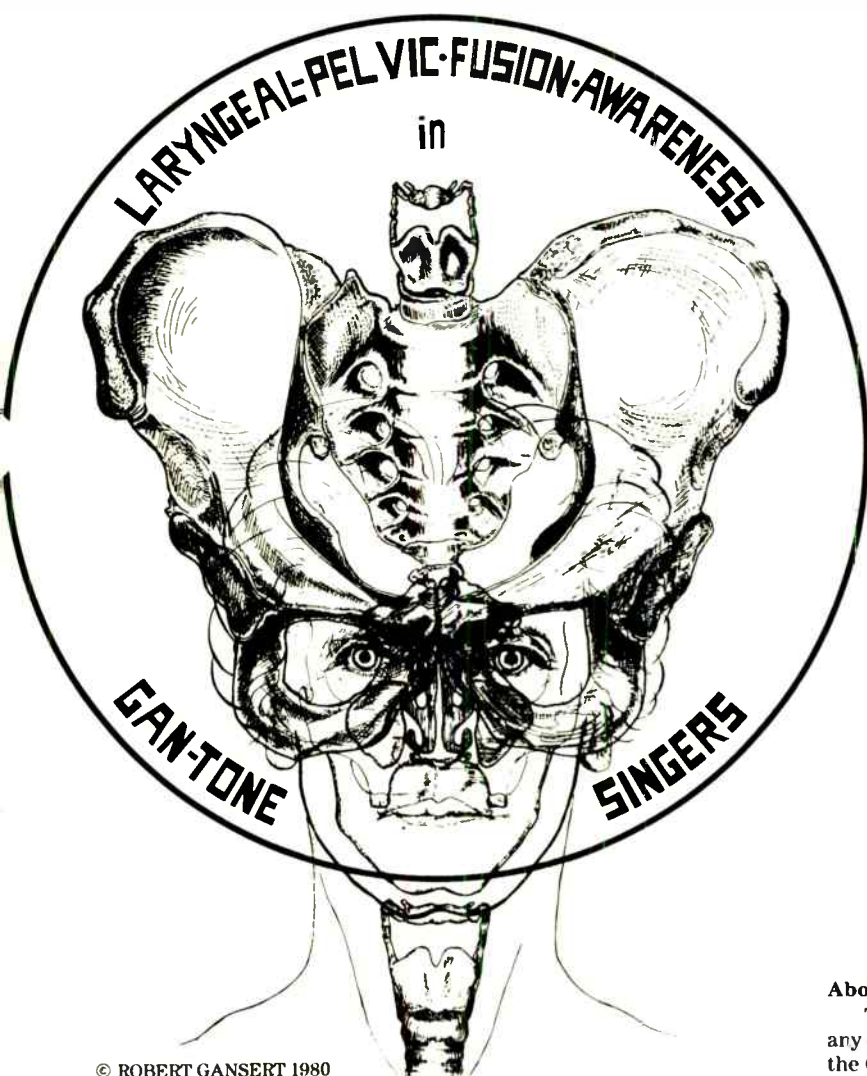
ensued. Atlantic seems to have suffered a Three Mile Island meltdown of some precious masters—but Smokey the Bear spared the Art Farmer Quartet featuring Jim Hall in a very rare classic, *Live at the Half-Note*. The sweet, mellow timbres of Farmer's flugelhorn and Hall's cello-like guitar can't contain their blithe, bluesy urgency when air-cooled by Steve Swallow (on acoustic bass) and that unsung tonal manipulator, drummer Walter Perkins. CBS released an *Ellington at Newport* album that seemed to have been graphixed by the malaprop design team of Chico Marx, Norm Crosby and Leo Gorcey, but the oil spill's been cleaned up, and their latest act of divine absolution is the digital remastering of Ellington's *Uptown* (Columbia), which flashes an affectionate bird at both modernists and traditionalists (parodies of both in "The Controversial Suite") and double dares them to ante up or fold their cards. By the time Duke gets to "A Tone Parallel to Harlem" and Louis Bellson's wild feature "Skin Deep," the competition's washing dishes for their dinner (and this from a band that had lost Johnny Hodges). The old swing indeed...

**Buffalo Chips: Best Unused Quote of Past Year**—So saith Chairman Dexter: "Well, I don't know any jazz musicians who haven't suffered, do you? I've known some jazz musicians who never smoked any grass, never used any kind of dope, never went on a trip, and never sucked anybody's pussy—what kind of jazz musician is that? As far as I'm concerned, swell, if you can live like that; be Mr. Clean while everybody around you is dirty—that's why Lucky Thompson left the Billy Eckstine band."

B Y C H I P S T E R N



# ANNOUNCING THE GREATEST IDEA IN THE ART OF SINGING



© ROBERT GANSERT 1980

**Why is the Gan-Tone Method described in SINGING ENERGY a great discovery?**

The Gan-Tone Method introduces **BODY FUSION**, the **GAN-TONE BEAT** and the unknown **PELVIC-PERINEUM DIAPHRAGM** at the bottom of the torso which produce the **GAN-TONE VOCAL INSTRUMENT** that creates a new sound by imposing a Beat Frequency on the singing voice!

**How does the Gan-Tone Method create the GAN-TONE VOCAL INSTRUMENT?**

Through Jaw, Larynx, Body Fusion, the singer imposes 5 to 7 Gan-Tones (vibrations) per second on the natural singing voice.

This frequency organizes body muscles into a piston action through the fused body to the Pelvic-Perineum Diaphragm at the bottom of the torso, causing vocal cords vibrations to be projected from this new diaphragm and resonated in the head cavities.

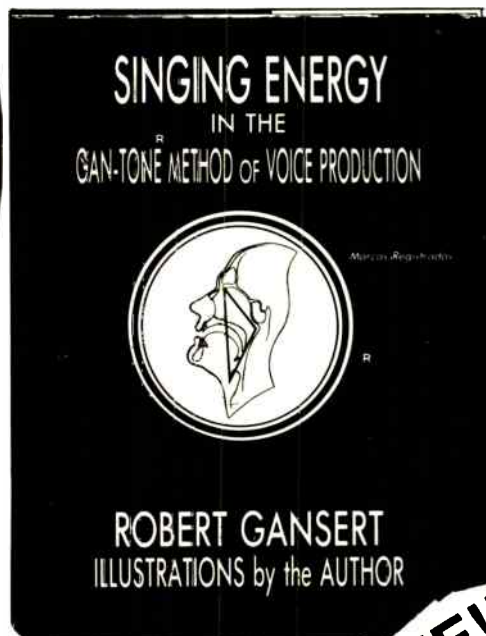
Involvement of the entire body in projecting the singing voice results in:

- More Power
- More Range
- More Control
- More Brilliance
- No stress on the vocal cords, preventing Hoarseness and Fatigue.

Introducing **SINGING ENERGY**, the book that presents the **Gan-Tone Method**, the state-of-the-art for producing the singing voice!

Develop a beautiful singing voice for **ROCK** or **OPERA**!

Professional singers! Retain your voice for many years — whether **POPULAR** or **CLASSICAL** — with the **Gan-Tone Method**!



ISBN  
0-939458-004

Illustrated  
324 pages.  
Hard Cover.  
\$38.50  
8½" x 11½"

• WORLDWIDE SALES

**About the Author:**

To hear Robert Gansert, or any of his students, produce the Gan-Tone sound, is to be thoroughly convinced that he is a pioneer in energizing the singing voice into a new dimension!

**Outside U.S.A.**

**Bank check \$39.50 U.S. CURRENCY**  
**that can be cleared in a New York City bank.**  
**U.S. or Canadian Postal Money Order \$39.50 U.S. Currency**

©1988 GAN-TONE PRODUCTIONS

**FREE!!**  
1 hour instructional audio  
cassette tape by the author  
including GAN-TONE EXERCISES

GAN-TONE IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF GAN-TONE PRODUCTIONS

MAIL ORDER FORM

3/88

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of **SINGING ENERGY** in the **Gan-Tone Method of Voice Production** @ \$38.50 each, which includes postage, handling and sales tax. (Outside U.S.A., \$39.50 U.S. currency.) Includes **FREE** audio cassette tape.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Send to: **GAN-TONE PRODUCTIONS**, Carnegie Hall, Studio 1105,  
881 7th Avenue, New York City, NY 10019.  
(Allow 3 to 5 weeks for delivery.)

**GAN-TONE PUBLISHING CO.**



# HOTLINE

## 800-223-7524

### HOW TO ORDER AN AD

**Regular Classified** (ads without borders): 20-word minimum. \$2.50 per word, minimum \$50 per insertion.

**Classified Display** (all ads with borders): \$142 per column inch per insertion; \$131 per column inch for six consecutive insertions; \$123 per column inch for 12 insertions.

**Bold Face Caps:** First line, additional \$20.

**Musician Box Number:** Count 7 words for our box # and address and add \$4.00 per insertion for handling.

**Payment Must Accompany Order.**

**Deadline:** Two months prior to date of publication. **All ad cancellations must be in writing and mailed to the Musician Classified Department.**

**Address All Ad Orders:**

Jeff Serrette  
Musician Classified Ad Dept.  
1515 Broadway, New York, NY 10036  
Phone: (212) 764-7388  
Fax: (212) 764-7451

### BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

**LARGE CATALOG—MUSIC BOOKS—**Guitar, Bass, Drums—Instruction books & tapes. \$1.00 (refunded with first order). Music Warehouse, P.O. Box 390M, New Market, VA 22844.

**SELLING ROCK AND TEEN** magazines (1950-1988). All titles, complete runs and memorabilia. Giant 104-page illustrated catalog \$2.00. Henkel, 28 Orchard St. (M-1), Ridgefield Park, NJ 07660. (201) 641-7212. Also buying.

### EMPLOYMENT

**FIND BANDS TO JOIN.** Find musicians and gigs. Write: MUSICIANS NATIONAL HOTLINE, Box 7733, Murray, UT 84107. Phone (801) 268-2000.

### FOR SALE

**ATTENTION GUITARISTS: FREE** catalog! Achieve sound performance with "I.C. Sound" effects, effects kits, steels, publications, accessories. I.C. Sound, Box 9, Rouses Point, NY 12979-0009.

**MAIL AMERICA,** P.O. Box 8939, Baltimore, MD 21222, serving your musical needs since 1977. Name brand musical merchandise at discounted prices. Send for free price list. Specify areas of interest.

**MUSICIANS!** Now play any musical instrument in quadraphonic or stereo. Pedal \$50.00. Charles Sinkovitch, 100 Bessemer Ave., Lyndora, PA 16045.

**TRUE LOVE MULTI-EFFECTS** processor produces 3380 different sound treatments. Send for brochure. Dipac Associates, P.O. Box 1262, WPB, FL 33402.

## FX RACK

ECONOMICAL 19" RACK MOUNT "FURNITURE" FOR THE PROFESSIONAL OR HOME STUDIO.

#### FX RACK FEATURES:

- Holds up to 18 "spaces" of equipment.
- Attractive black textured vinyl laminate.
- Shown with optional wheels.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A DEMONSTRATION  
CALL OR WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE

**FOUR** DESIGNS COMPANY

6531 GROSS AVENUE • CANOGA PARK, CA 91307  
(818) 716-8540



### INSTRUCTION

**LEARN GUITAR FAST** with Fretboard Speed-reader. Send \$1.00 SASE for information, or \$10.00 for product. The Boogie Man, P.O. Box 8114, Rockford, IL 61126.

**PLAY ANY SONG BY EAR INSTANTLY!** GUARANTEE!! Guitar or keyboards. Improvise like the masters. Free information! Bates Music-MN, 9551 Riverview Rd., Eden Prairie, MN 55344.

**FREE CATALOG: INSTITUTE** of Audio-Video Engineering, 1831 Hyperion (MU), Hollywood, CA 90027. Recording School. (800) 551-8877 or (213) 666-2380. Approved for International Students. Financial aid available.

**MEET RALPH:** He will improve your musicianship. For complete information including demo tape mail \$5.45 to A.B.A. Productions, 6301 Stirling Road, Davie, FL 33314 (305) 431-7081.

### MUSIC/VIDEO BUSINESS

Get started on a career in the music/video business. Five locations—Atlanta, Dallas, Denver, Ft. Lauderdale or Seattle. Learn fascinating behind-the-scenes techniques, play a key role backstage or at the controls. Top pro training in studio/concert/video production, artist representation/management, retail/wholesale, promotion/marketing, copyright law, publishing, much more. Employment assistance. Financial aid available. For information: Atlanta, 800-241-0620; Dallas, 800-441-1577; Denver, 800-525-6556; Ft. Lauderdale, 800-327-7603; Seattle, 800-345-0987; or write:

MB  
Dept. 13  
3376 Peachtree Road, N.E.  
Atlanta, GA 30326  
Specify city.

### MISCELLANEOUS

## SINGERS!

### REMOVE VOCALS FROM RECORDS AND CDs!

**SING WITH THE WORLD'S BEST BANDS!**

An Unlimited supply of Backgrounds from standard stereo records! Record with your voice or perform live with the backgrounds. Used in Professional Performance yet connects easily to a home component stereo. This unique product is manufactured and sold Exclusively by LT Sound - Not sold through dealers. Call or write for a Free Brochure and Demo Record.

**LT Sound, Dept. MU-7, 7980 LT Parkway**  
Lithonia, GA 30058 (404) 482-4724  
Manufactured and Sold Exclusively by LT Sound  
**24 HOUR PHONE DEMO LINE: (404) 482-2485**

### INSTRUMENTS

**REPAIR GUITARS? FREE 80-page** catalog packed with tools and hard-to-find parts for guitars, banjos and mandolins. Stewart-MacDonald, Box 900Z, Athens OH 45701. (614) 592-3021.

**KRAMER,** Tascam, Martin, Boss, Roland, Casio, Randall, ESP, Rockman, Boss, Taylor, much more—**FREE CATALOG.** Elderly Instruments, 1100 N. Washington, POB 14210-AJ5, Lansing, MI 48901. (517) 372-7890.

**GUITAR & BASS PARTS**—necks, locking nuts, pick guards, bridges, tremolos, electronics, knobs, screws, tuning keys and more. Write for free catalog. ALLPARTS, PO Box 1318, Katy, TX 77492.

**FREE CATALOG! NAME BRANDS**—Fernandes Guitars, effects, Casios, amplifiers, accessories, and more! DISCOUNT MUSIC SUPPLY, Dept. M, 41 Vreeland Avenue, Totowa, NJ 07512-1120.

### MUSICIANS

**MUSICIANS EXCHANGE! BANDS/musicians:** Your serious referral service for working musicians. Make the right connections. P.O. Box 742681, Dallas, TX 75374 (214) 392-1455.

**MUSIC OPPORTUNITY/RECORD CONTRACT** We will present your demo tape to major record executives. Service FREE if not accepted. 25 years experience in industry. For details. S.A.S.E. MILESTONE MEDIA, Dept. MM, P.O. Box 869, Venice CA 90291.

**MUSIC BIZ TIPSHEET—INSIDER** leads, needs and news of top producers, record publishers, managers, agents! 12 monthly issues only \$20.00: TOPTEN, 980 Broadway, #113, Thornwood, NY 10594.

### RECORDING STUDIOS

#### TATIANA MUSIC FAIRLIGHT SERIES III

Now with direct-to-disc rec, Sony dig and MIDI synths, pros/rec, samplers, effects, texture IBM, rent/programming of Fairlight. Info/rates/brochure:

(201) 483-7261.  
5 min on PATH

### SOFTWARE

**6000 DX/TX VOICES.** No duplicates. FREE C-64 SOFTWARE INCLUDED! Send \$97.50 to: Makes Synth, P.O. Box 7927, Jackson, MS 39204. Dept. M.

### SONGWRITERS

**LEARN SONGWRITING & COMPOSE MUSIC.** Professional instruction by mail. For course description: AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE, Box 31021-D, Cleveland, OH 44131.

**PUBLISHER/PRODUCER SEEKING TOP 40** songwriting groups. Send demo, lead sheet, and photo's to: ASIDC, PO Box 1344, Southgate, MI 48195.

### MISCELLANEOUS

## MUSICIAN

### PROTECT YOUR MOST VALUABLE RESOURCE

Whether you have boxes of issues or you're a beginning collector, now there's a safe, easy way to protect your copies of **MUSICIAN**.

Custom-designed to hold 12 thick issues of **MUSICIAN**, black contoured cases have deep v-notch for easy access binders have spring mechanism to hold individual copies.

**Strength-tested for your protection.**

Cases:	1-\$7.95	3-\$21.95	6-\$39.95
Binders:	1-\$9.95	3-\$27.95	6-\$52.95

Send orders to: Jesse Jones Industries, Dept. MUS, 499 East Erie Avenue, Philadelphia, PA 19134. Enclose name, address and payment with your order (no P.O. Box please). Out of USA \$2.50 per case/binder (U.S. funds only). PA residents add 6% sales tax. CHARGE ORDER (minimum \$15) Am Ex. Visa, MC, DC accepted. Send card name: # exp date CALL TOLL FREE 7 days 24 hours 1-800-972-5858

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED**



# PLANT

from page 88

down. And you play.

**MUSICIAN:** *A sitting marching band.*

**PLANT:** Yeah. And all these guys would put uniforms and hats on and play Sousa marches, all in varying states of drunkenness. I could show you magazines where I am the least celebrated member of the Plant family because all these Plants before me were always staggering around with brass instruments under their arms. My dad used to collect all the pennies that were thrown at 'em as they were playing in the park. And then they all used to jam at home with violins and trumpets and stuff like that. I always remember my grandfather staggering along in his uniform with his buttons about to burst off because it was so tight because he had just drunk about a gallon-and-a-half of some incredible brew. Quite a famous guy. He was in a band that used to be called the Dudley Port Silver Band, but it became known as the Dudley Drunken Band. He used to play violin in the orchestra pit for the stars of his day. He was quite famous for being a loony. He and my grandmother would fall out and they wouldn't talk for two or three weeks. He used to write signs and stick them around his neck if he wanted more food, instead of speaking to her. I tried that when I was married and it didn't work so well. Anyway, that's the Plant side of the family. I go back to that area quite often to see people. It's a wild place. All the men used to stand on the corners with big bull terrier fighting dogs, and gold sovereigns on their fingers. White mufflers, cluff caps. It was a very male, male society.

**MUSICIAN:** *Sounds like rock 'n' roll to me.*

**PLANT:** Well, it sounds like the Black Country. "Black Country Woman" on *Physical Graffiti*: "You didn't have to leave me with that beer on my face." That's where Bonzo and I came from. And his wife Pat. She's still around. And still as crazy as ever, but great. Real dignified woman.

**MUSICIAN:** *How about the next generation of Plants? How's your daughter?*

**PLANT:** She's doing great. She just left art college. She's designing album covers and advertisements. I saw her yesterday. She kind of hiccuped her way into her little car and sped off with her boyfriend and her purple hair flowing. She can't wait for me to go on tour so she can go off to Florida again. She really likes the record. She's pleased about things like "Billy's Revenge," which is right up her street because it's halfway between Led Zeppelin and Gene Vincent. She's a rockabilly lady, and I think she's great.

**MUSICIAN:** *In the U.S. right now, conservatives are screaming about Satanism in rock. Led Zeppelin was the focus of fantastic rumors regarding the occult.*

**PLANT:** Those rumors were a product of American speculation. They had nothing to do with us. We never did more than three interviews, and those were with Lisa Robinson. We had nothing in common with these aimless, brainless twerps who are jumping around onstage trying to invoke Satan. We didn't encourage negativity on record at all. What Jimmy Page happens to do when he goes into his hotel suite is his own business, and if some guy who delivered room service tells the Baltimore *Herald* that he was hanging upside-down like a bat, or whatever, he might have been exaggerating, you know? It's waffle by the media, basically.

**MUSICIAN:** *You never shared Jimmy's fascination with Aleister Crowley?*

**PLANT:** I've always had a fetish for Wolverhampton's wondrous soccer clubs. I think Page just collected the works of an English eccentric. That was all I was concerned about and that was all I knew. I just know a lot of people have made a lot of money talking a lot of bullshit about an entity that never, ever

stood up and said, "You're wrong."

**MUSICIAN:** *Well, why didn't you?*

**PLANT:** Because there was no need to. Let it be. Let it roll like crazy. Where's Merlin? He can't deny whether or not he got Arthur's dad in bed with that woman.

**MUSICIAN:** *Merlin isn't here. You are.*

**PLANT:** How do you know he's not?

**MUSICIAN:** *He's not here physically, because I don't see him. He might be here spiritually, but I'm not a channel. I can't talk to him. I'm talking to you.*

**PLANT:** Yeah. [clears throat] I've had a really good New Year's. I can hardly talk... Lots of things were silly, lots of things were fun. I don't think the level of negativity ever got above a television going out a window. The dark side of things was not there at all.

**MUSICIAN:** *Have you seen The Song Remains the Same lately?*

**PLANT:** No.

**MUSICIAN:** *I don't think you really filmed yourselves at the right moment there.*

**PLANT:** The whole thing was a bit of a farce.

**MUSICIAN:** *One of the things that holds up is Bonham. That guy was just terrifying, he was so powerful. I don't know if I would want to be in the same room with him. It's like he was glowing.*

**PLANT:** Yeah. The thing about John was that between playing and being a family man, being Jason's dad, there was a kind of vacuum. A vacuum he had to stagger through before he could be the guy who just sat there and told his kid, "A little bit more on the high-hat." This was when Jason was four, playing the drums, and we were all sitting around drinking and stuff. It was hard for John and hard for everybody to come out of that area where you were giving so much of yourself and then resume normal life.

**MUSICIAN:** *Do you get the night sweats when you look at Mick Jagger's solo career?*

**PLANT:** I feel for the man. Quite sincerely. 'Cause he's a great singer and he writes great lyrics and I wonder if kids know who he is. If the majority of the record-buying public is aged six to 18, then it's all a matter of how you come over to them, isn't it?

**MUSICIAN:** *I think they know who he is. I think they just reject him outside of his role in the Stones.*

**PLANT:** I don't think young kids buy Stones records, do you?

**MUSICIAN:** *I don't know. I would guess their catalog continues to move. The Doors' certainly does.*

**PLANT:** That's different. The Doors have a timeless quality. At the time, "Hello I Love You" sounded corny, but it sounds great now. It's funny how I've got so much more time now for the Doors than I did then. In fact, we do a Doors thing onstage. I think you can latch onto them much easier than you can to "Factory Girl" or "Street Fighting Man." The Stones were a bit too English.

**MUSICIAN:** *Will there ever be an ultimate live Zeppelin LP?*

**PLANT:** Not if it's got anything to do with me.

**MUSICIAN:** *No old tapes in the vault?*

**PLANT:** Yes, loads of tapes and films and stuff. But it's a little too tacky. I don't think there's any need. *The Song Remains the Same* is all right. It wasn't great, but it's interesting to look at. But the motive of doing something like that would be questionable. There might be a live Robert Plant album in 10 years, but not a live Led Zeppelin.

**MUSICIAN:** *I don't think it's necessarily exploitation.*

**PLANT:** I don't think it's necessarily necessary. There are loads of bootlegs around. *Earl's Court 1975* isn't bad. If we put out something stupendously polished and sounding super duper, then we actually deny any right that we've got to legendary status. Because if we pamper it and try to compete in sound quality to what is coming from Dire Straits on CD, we

don't belong there. We belong in the devil-may-care attitude of proper rock 'n' roll.

**MUSICIAN:** *But people want it.*

**PLANT:** Well, tough. People can want it forever and a day. We only recorded what we wanted to record, and we really didn't play the game. I'm playing the game now because I've got to come in at a different angle in a different time. I'm not relying on legend. I'm talking about it now because I enjoy talking about it. But I don't think I have to. I mean, I can go get live tapes now and be back on the train in three hours, and it'll make your hair stand on end. But if it was up to me, I wouldn't even have put *Coda* out.

**MUSICIAN:** *Why did you want to play with Jimmy Page on Now and Zen?*

**PLANT:** I just wanted some of that stagger, you know? That kind of panache that he's got. And really, I just wanted my old partner around for a bit. I wanted to see him swaying around, leaning around so his hair was dangling on the floor, and he was only in the control room of the studio. Everybody was going, "God, look at that man play." And I was sitting there proud.

**MUSICIAN:** *Any ambitions beyond the*

*upcoming tour?*

**PLANT:** I'd like to be involved in some of the larger musical gatherings for Amnesty International and things like that. Do something for Greenpeace. I would not want to be seen as a do-gooder or socially aware, but I would like to contribute in those areas. What I really want to do is play and tour until I can't stand up, because I haven't had that honor or privilege or pain or whatever it is since 1975. My touring stopped in '77 when I lost my boy, and then we never toured again. I've done two mini-tours as a solo, but I really want to go to all the airports I can't remember. I want to hear all the lies being told backstage by the local radio station and the record company. I've got a pretty good voice on a good day once the echo settings are all correct and all that. I like the game.

**MUSICIAN:** *You have a uniquely powerful voice. And when you have something that nobody else has, you're going to get envy. You lead a very different life from most of your fans.*

**PLANT:** Yeah, but I think a lot about those people. I don't think I'm on a mission from God or anything. You were talking earlier about the two worlds of a

musician, that when the tape recorder goes off the sexual exploits and how many cars and whatever are discussed—that's all tired stuff to me. I don't ever try to make anybody feel ill at ease because of whatever I have that put me in this position. Basically, on a good day I have a good voice. Any other attribute of mine is nobody's business. I don't ever try to flaunt what I have to the degree that I would make anybody feel insignificant or think that their life's work has been a waste. Unless of course it's David Coverdale. This is just the beginning, Coverdale! You wait until I finish with you, you pratt!

**MUSICIAN:** *Is there anything left you'd like to say?*

**PLANT:** It must come across: I am serious. I laugh a lot, but this music is vital and it's not mainstream pap that will keep my mortgage happy. I don't need a Ferrari. I'm not screwing anybody in Heart. I have no preoccupation with...I don't mind what David Coverdale is doing, to be perfectly frank, because he's never going to get it right. But I really want to pursue this kind of edge that I've known and loved for years and years and years. It's kind of a combination of humor and obsession, and a modicum of talent. I don't want to dissolve into happy middle age. ☐

BILLBOARD PUBLICATIONS, INC.

RETAILERS

Sell Billboard and  
MUSICIAN Magazine  
in your stores.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL BRAD LEE

1 | 800 | 999 | 9988

## LORD-ALGE from page 48

I listen to at home. New Bryan Adams, great-sounding LP.

**TOM:** Not a bad-sounding LP. A little bright, but—

**CHRIS:** [*sounding like a deli owner*]: Bob is very good with the rock 'n' roll.

**TOM:** Good with rock 'n' roll. But he'd never mix Earth, Wind & Fire. That's where I got it over *all* those mothers.

**CHRIS:** We'll mix anything.

**TOM:** *Hell* no, maybe you will. I do pop. No blues, very little R&B. Jazz, only if it's my mother—

**CHRIS:** Well, I don't want no pigeonholes—

**TOM:** [*with a deliberately moronic leer*] When you say pigeonholes, Chris, do you mean, like...*assholes*?

**JEFF:** No assholes. If you're an asshole, don't call. No assholes need apply.

**TOM:** Look who's talking! Hey, lemme tell you about these two. These guys, they used to beat me up, smash my stereo, tie me to a tree. And now that I'm rich and famous, and taller than either of 'em, I just wanna say one thing. Chris? Jeff? FUUCK YOOOUU!!! ☐



# 3 effects at the same time for \$399.



The new DigiTech DSP-128 does something no other digital signal processor can. It gives you up to three digital effects at the same time—for \$399. That means the creative possibilities are practically endless. Even though your bankroll isn't.

The DSP-128 is a fully programmable, MIDI-controllable, multi-effect signal processor that offers 128 presets. The digital effects signal processor offers reverberation effects, chorusing,



*The DSP-128 offers comprehensive MIDI control, plus the ability to download user programs to a MIDI recorder.*

flanging, delays and EQ. And you can get up to three of those effects

at the same time.

The DSP-128 has a 16-bit A-D-A



*DigiTech's unique custom VLSI chip has 20-bit resolution, and uses innovative HISC processing.*

conversion with a custom 20 bit VLSI engine that produce unbelievable dynamic range and computing power for smooth-sounding effects in stereo.

It comes with 128 factory presets. But that doesn't mean you have to live with them. Because it also lets you program your own presets, and put them where you want.

The DSP-128 has a master

reset function, which restores the 128 factory presets to memory.

And because it's MIDI-controllable, the DSP-128 is compatible with other MIDI devices, like the DigiTech PDS-3500 MIDI Controller Pedal.

Every inch of the DSP-128 gives you rock-solid, professional DigiTech quality. For a rock-bottom price.

Check out the DSP-128 at your DigiTech dealer. It's just one in a long line of digital signal processors designed for the serious, creative musician.

For a full-color product sheet, write DigiTech, 5639 South Riley Lane, Salt Lake City, Utah 84107. Or call (801) 268-8400.

**DigiTech**  
*Start at the top.*

DigiTech is a registered trademark of the DOD Electronics Corporation. © 1988 DOD Electronics Corp. Manufactured in the U.S.A.

# The forecast is for incredible winds.

Tie down all loose objects.

With the WX7 Wind MIDI Controller, woodwind players everywhere will be playing up a storm.

Because now, they too can tap into the full range of powerful MIDI technology that Yamaha has developed over the years.

The WX7 can drive tone modules, synthesizers, even drum machines—and still give you the kind of control you demand as a reed player.

Its 14 fully-adjustable keys are arranged in a traditional Boehm layout, so you already know how to play it. But “traditional” is hardly the word to describe the things you can play.

For example, the WX7 makes it possible for you to play over a range of seven octaves. Hold one note while you play another. And bend pitch effec-

tively throughout the entire note range.

The WX7's mouthpiece is very much like that of a saxophone. And with the proper settings on your tone module, breath and lip pressure can control such parameters as volume, tremolo, vibrato, tone and articulation.

Two trill keys make it easy to perform half- and whole-note trills, using the same fingering in every register. While a Program Change Key lets you switch programs as you play.

And if all this sounds incredible here, just imagine how it sounds at an authorized Yamaha Digital Musical Instruments dealer.

So go try a WX7 for yourself. And brace yourself for some powerful winds.



## YAMAHA®

Yamaha Music Corporation, USA, Digital Musical Instrument Division, P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622  
In Canada: Yamaha Canada Music Ltd., 135 Milner Avenue, Scarborough, Ontario, M1S3R1.

