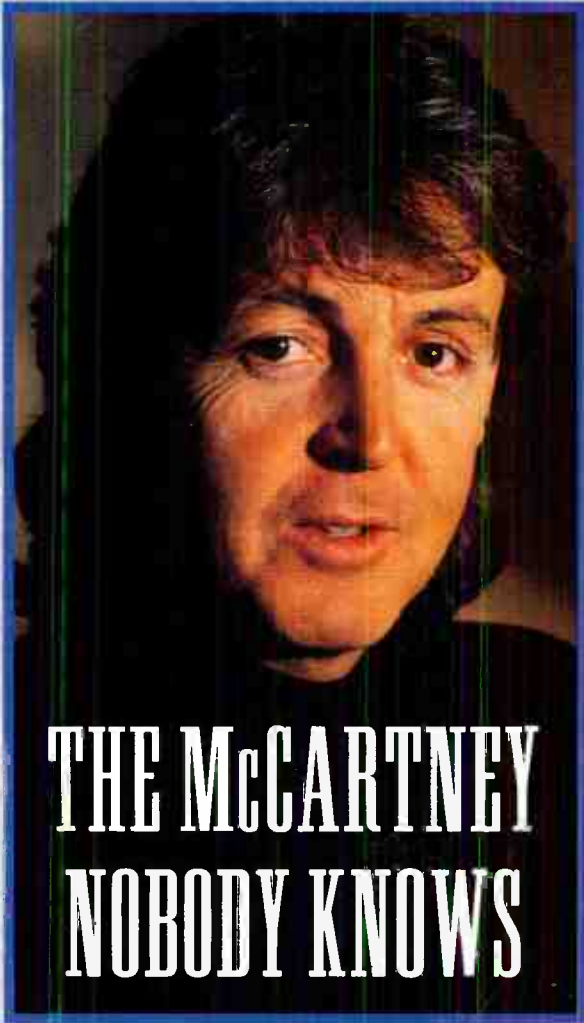


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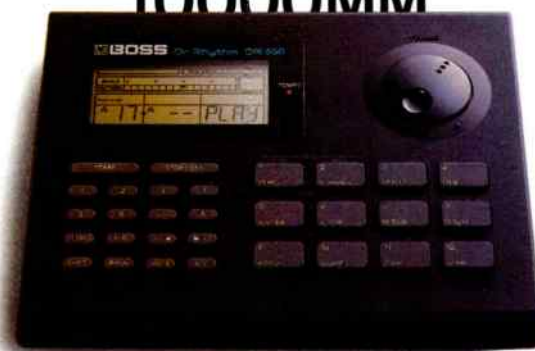
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BOOM
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Just when it seemed David Bowie's best music was behind him, along comes the second Tin Machine album and his best and hardest work since *Scary Monsters*. From London to L.A. with Reeves Gabrels, a guitar hero for the 1990s, the manic Sales Brothers and Bowie—a man who decided, when all the hype was over, that he really is a rock 'n' roll musician.

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We love how those hot solos sound, but the expressions on the guitarists' faces sometimes make us wish they wore masks.



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World Radio History

Eric Clapton

You've said that the best of Buddy Guy has never gotten onto record, that the spirit of the music, the almost total freedom of his blues, isn't really transferable to record. Do you feel that's true of your own music as well?

To a certain extent, yes. I still think some of my best playing exists separately from the songs. It's just something that is of its own. To get that onto record is difficult because you become much more studied. I don't know. I think once you've gotten into the mentality of being in a hotel room and going to the studio at a certain time of day, you go in there and you just slow down. The adrenalin starts to die. When I got up with Elton John on Saturday night, I don't remember but I'm sure what I played was fantastic, because it was uninhibited and completely without direction. That can't be put on record, there's no way.

Have you thought about taking a mobile recording unit and attempting to capture moments like those?

No, because I kind of like it the way it is. There's something very true, in a way, about the notion that some music belongs to the concert hall and the audience and should remain that way. And for the gods.

Is the recording process a distorting one, then?

No, I just think it's a very deliberate way of making music. Very deliberate. It's not care-free. And so people who know that that's the way it is, when they go to see you in concert, expect you to be different. I wouldn't be able to work on the premise that my records are exactly the same as my performances. It wouldn't work for me, and people would be very disappointed. They go to a concert knowing they are going to get something different. And when they buy the record

they know it's going to be that way, too. It's taken a number of years for it to be accepted, but I think they accept that now. Not that one diminishes the beauty of the other, it's just that they're two separate entities.

In making a blues album, would you try to maintain a greater degree of spontaneity, get more of a live feel?



“Some music belongs to the concert hall and the audience and should remain that way.”

No, because it would be a deliberate project. The spontaneity would come in the singing and the guitar passages. They would be allowed to be free. But then I'd still get into the thing of which take is better. So there you've got deliberation straightaway. Otherwise you take the first take, and what if it's not as good as you want it to be? Then you've got to do it again. So that's the studio for you. You have the time and the wherewithal to be deliberate.

How much live-in-the-studio do you do—or is it mostly playing to tracks?

It's usually to tracks because, see, I've usually played rhythm—to get the track to sound the way I want it to sound.

Will you do a reference vocal?

Depending on the complexity of the song. If the reference vocal is difficult against the chords, then I'll just do it by memory and put a reference vocal on later.

Because if I sing and play at the same time, I may affect the playing. It's very important that I get that rhythm part right—for the track to be solid.

Tell me the concrete plans for your blues album.

I think we would be unwise to develop it too much into a concrete thing, because I don't know when we can achieve it. With the success of “Hard Times” and that kind of line-up, I imagine it would be the same sort of thing. What I would like to do ideally would be a big-band concept with a good horn section. And I would choose material from that Bobby Bland–Little Junior Parker era. “Farther On Up the Road” came from that. That kind of recording, that kind of style, the Texas blues-band style, would be one side of the album, and on the other side I would like to do Chicago blues. But it's still hard to say exactly how it will come out.

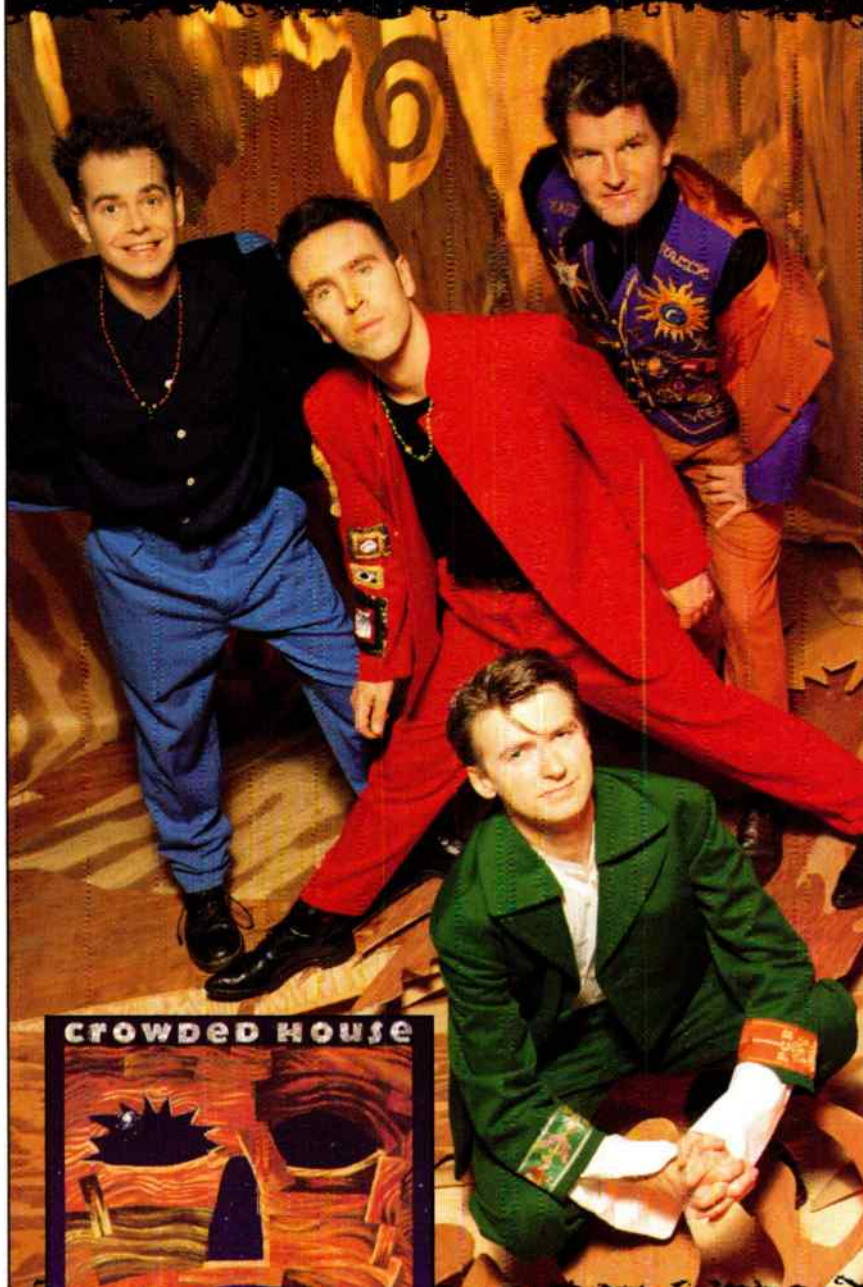
What do you look for in material? How do you go about selecting new songs?

It's got to be something that's got a blues feel to the bottom of it, really. It can be anything, R&B, something that's got a new slant on the blues. I mean, when I say blues, it's very broad-speaking to me, too. I don't see the boundaries quite so clearly. Tempo's irrelevant. “Running on Faith,” for example [from *Journeyman*], as sung by [writer] Jerry [Williams] on his demo, is a lot more like a straight pop song. I sang it as much like an Otis Redding song as I could, and that to me is blues.

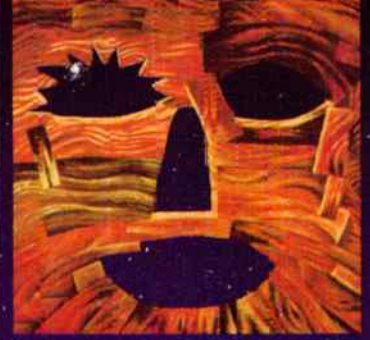
—Peter Guralnick

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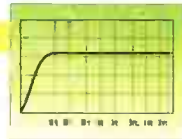
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LETTERS

Chili Reception

I APPLAUD THIS MAGAZINE'S STAUNCH defense of the First Amendment, a unique and wonderful device that allows just about *anything* to be published without fear of restriction...even, for instance, revolting "jokes" about child mutilation (*Backside*, May '91). I submit that there are magazines out there that actually cater to people that enjoy reading such things. I am just a little disappointed that a magazine called *Musician* would be one of them.

Bruce Longstreet
Montpelier, VT

MAYBE I'M JUST A SAPPY SOCIAL worker. Or maybe I've lost my sense of humor raising kids of my own. Yeah, that's why I didn't laugh while reading the May 1991 *Backside* ("Red Hot Chili Peppers Agony Column"). Here in Chicago, four-year-old Lattie McGee was beaten to death when he wanted a glass of water after doing an all-night stunt hanging in a closet. These kids today, they're so spoiled.

Lynn Mertone
Chicago, IL

WHILE I AM NOT WITHOUT A SENSE of humor, your recent "Red Hot Chili Peppers Agony Column" was an affront to countless present and formerly abused children in this country.

Paul Wolf
Brooklyn, NY

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? HAVE you no brains? Cancel my subscription.

Guy Macon
Buena Park, CA

We dropped the ball on that Backside and we apologize.—Editor

For the Record

SINCE RECORDING THE REBIRTH Brass Band live at the Glass House

in New Orleans in March of 1990, I listened to the cassettes with some measure of pride. Having never been satisfied by any brass band recordings of the Dirty Dozen or any other of the local groups, I was thrilled that this Rebirth tape had all the elements.

When I saw the review of *Rebirth Kickin' It Live (Short Takes*, June '91), which included the line "too bad it was recorded in lo-fi," I wondered why anyone would have such an opinion. Having not yet bothered to listen to the "release" versions, I went home and put on the CD. Well, Peter Watrous is correct in his lo-fi assessment. I'll take it further; it sounds flat, dimensionless, and squashed and *entirely unlike the original two-tracks*.

While this is unfortunate for Rebirth, it shows everyone that their airy, transparent sonic wonders can be turned into garbage in the hands of an insensitive producer, digital transfer editor or mastering engineer. With the exception of work I've done for Rounder, every recording I've done in the last 10 years has improved in the mastering stage. The Rebirth recordings were done with the same truck as the excellent Blacktop Blues-A-Rama series. The only difference was the producer.

In my opinion, what Rounder Records has done with their New Orleans series qualifies as more well-intentioned colonialism wherein "producers" actively interfere with the music either in pre- or post-production stages. If Rounder would see fit to let qualified individuals oversee recordings there would be more to say than the usual woulda-coulda-shoulda response to the half-assed releases by truly great New Orleans artists. Nepotism does not make for healthy interactions. Needless to say, I don't plan to work for Rounder anymore.

Mark Bingham
New Orleans, LA

SRV

THANKS FOR THE WARMEST AND most insightful interview yet with Stevie Ray Vaughan (June '91). The photos were especially hot. Love ya!

Deborah M. Nigro
Hyannis, MA

IN REGARD TO THE ACCURACY OF the Stevie Ray article by Timothy White, may I just say that if Mr. White can show me a picture of Stevie Ray with a "chocolate brown '59 Stratocaster with a '58 Gibson jumbo bass neck," I'll show him a picture of the Loch Ness monster.

J. Christopher Vaught
Granite City, IL

As the interview was getting under way, Stevie Ray Vaughan turned to me and described his favorite guitar, saying, "This neck is a '58 Gibson jumbo bass fretboard," and adding that he much preferred it to the fingering on a conventional Stratocaster of the same era. Not being a guitarist, but wanting to adhere to his own description, I chose to directly paraphrase Vaughan's words about his "sweetheart" axe.—Timothy White

JC/WC

I'M GLAD THAT MORRISSEY SAW FIT to pay homage to Wayne/Jayne County (June '91), the transsexual punker who served as a prototype for Boy George and Pete (Dead or Alive) Burns visually, but whose music was hard-edged rock, with lyrics that would make the members of 2 Live Crew blush. Perhaps now some brave U.S. label will pick up the rights to the *Best of Wayne County LP*.

Jimi LaLumia
Lake Ronkonkoma, NY

I Me Mine

I FEEL SORRY FOR RINGO (JUNE '91). HE seems to have lost his enterprise and

curiosity, the very qualities the Beatles nurtured as a band. He speaks of his great drumming on "Rain," then tells us he's "not really looking for" whatever muse was working then. *Shouldn't* he be? You *were* great, Ringo! But you're not the greatest rock 'n' roll drummer in the world anymore. I am.

David Hakes
Sunnyside, NY

THANK YOU FOR INCLUDING ME IN your "Drummers Hall of Fame" (June '91). However, the writer made several errors. I indeed married a therapist—not, however, mine. Calvin "Fuzzy" Samuel, not Sanders, replaced Greg Reeves as CSN&Y's bassist. And to my knowledge, I received a liver transplant, not a kidney transplant.

Dallas Taylor
Santa Monica, CA

READING THE DALLAS TAYLOR ARTICLE, I was happy to see a musician who was on drugs and now has a second chance. It was the cheap shot at bassist Gregory Reeves that I didn't like. So he was fired; so were you! If Stephen Stills was "a great bass player," why didn't he play Gregory's licks? Or Fuzzy Samuel's? You know "magic" wasn't the reason Gregory was fired.

Dickki Spencer
Warren, OH

EXCLUDING WILL CALHOUN, THE average age of the percussionists in your "Drum Special" was 44 years old. Sure, Ringo, Tony Williams, Mickey Hart, Dallas Taylor and Kenney Jones are wonderful, but who's next? For God's sake, give the drummer some. The younger drummer.

Joe Vanderford
Chapel Hill, NC

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THE PRESENCE OF A HIGHER AUTHORITY LOOMS OVER, OR UNDER, THE PROCEEDINGS as Karl Wallinger fixes tea in his private recording digs: Mick Jagger is in the studio just below, doing some top-secret jamming with '60s devotee Lenny Kravitz. The circumstance gives Wallinger, the driving force behind World Party, cause to ponder what he drily refers to as "the woo-woo syndrome"—the manner in which "Way Down Now," the single that turned listeners onto World Party's acclaimed '89 album *Goodbye Jumbo*, got as much attention for its canny echo of Mick and Keith's "Sympathy for the Devil" as it did for its resonant guitar and driving bassline.

For all the praise lavished on Wallinger, he's still sometimes relegated to the status of creative borrower from '60s heroes like the Beatles, the Stones and the Velvet Underground. In fact, World Party's new EP, *Thank You World*, even includes a faithful cover of the Beatles' "Happiness Is a Warm Gun." "I love that music," he says; "it makes up a huge chunk of my personality. Besides, all the Beatles were was a bunch of new people singing about love. Just like today."

Aside from four remixes of songs from *Goodbye Jumbo*, the EP has four more songs previously unreleased in the U.S. Right now Wallinger is working on brand-new songs with World Party's current line-up: keyboardist Guy Chambers, Chris Sharrock on drums and guitarist Dave Catlin-Birch. The sessions, says Karl, are loose affairs involving instrument-swapping and "playing numerous percussive objects in the hallway," and should bear fruit in a new LP and tour early in 1992. No Jagger collaborations are anticipated, but tomorrow never knows. **ELSA GARDNER**



13 Engines: Everybody Knows This is Somewhere



"AND THIS MAN ON MY LEFT IS Mr. Leslie West!" grins 13 Engines guitarist/vocalist John Critchley from the stage of Club Babyhead in Providence. Hey, guitarist Mike Robbins may know all about cranking it heavy, but he's not as heavy as the Mountain man. Which is good, because the Canadian band's tactic is to make their extremely baldfaced rock songs

move with swiftness and clarity. "You can call them arrangements if you want, but we just try to keep things simple," concurs drummer Grant Ethier. Maintaining both crunching volume and a straight-ahead demeanor has earned the Engines more than a few comparisons with Crazy Horse, keepers of the blue-collar, blister-rock flame. Add the fact that their SBK debut *A Blur to Me Now* was produced by Neil Young pal David Briggs, and you can see where quick opinions would be formed.

"We've already heard that," says Critchley, "but remember, when we went looking for David, *Ragged Glory* hadn't even been done

yet." Robbins: "It's pretty obvious that we're not the Horse; our soundman says we're more like Neil on weak coffee." Yet their live show suggests they have a hidden supply of espresso in their van. When the bass of Jim Hughes locks in with the two guitars, 13 Engines sounds like 16 or 17 actually: The energy flips into the red, and the focus remains intact. To a slightly lesser degree, *Blur* substantiates same. "Yeah, we were going for a full-tilt thing," recalls Robbins, "and David knew all about it. He kept saying, 'Let's push giddyup and lose those training wheels.'" **JIM MACNIE**

Photographs: *The Douglas Brothers/Onyx* (top); *John Soares*

Louis Price

AVOIDING TEMPTATION

BACK IN 1977, SINGER Louis Price was asked to replace the Temptations' longtime front man, Dennis Edwards. It was a strange choice—Price, a softly naturalistic vocalist with a delicate sense of nuance, stepping in for Edwards, a prototypical church shouter who could peel the paint from the wall at 20 paces.

The Tempts, according to Price, didn't mind—at least not at first. But as recording sessions for the new group's debut album got under way, Price says they started gently nudging him: Hey, we need a little more...just a little more. They kept asking and the rookie kept trying to deliver, pumping more and more raw emotion into his voice until after one cord-popping, sweat-slugging session behind the mike, he looked over at his fellows for affirmation and one of them said, "Oh yeah, it's gonna be really good when he gets into it."

Price can laugh about it now, with the passage of 14 years and the release of his self-titled debut album, a seductive collection highlighted by his haunted rendition of

Jimmy Ruffin's "What Becomes of the Brokenhearted." But back then, there was no laughing. "They never said, 'Lou, we want you to sound exactly like Dennis.' But they said, 'Lou, we want you to push it. Just carry us a little stronger.' So I'm out there pushing as hard as I can...and dying at the same time. What they used to tell me, to balance it out, was, 'When we get our own hits, it will be all right.'"

Those hits never came and after two ill-fated albums, Price was fired. He says he was "kind of shocked" to get his pink slip, and very disheartened by the fact that the phone didn't exactly ring off the hook with offers afterward. He toured for three years as part of another veteran R&B group—the Drifters. He got into acting (including a guest role on "Cop Rock") and developed a solo act. It was his performance at a birthday party for Sidney Poitier that turned the tide. One of the guests was Berry Gordy, Jr., who told Price simply, "Call my office."

That was four years ago. Today, Price is happy to finally have a record out and ecstatic, one suspects, that on it, he didn't have to try to evoke thoughts of Dennis Edwards or David Ruffin. Every stage that I've come to has really been a blessing and I'm thankful," he says. "But I can't be content with just going through the stages. I want the people to get a chance to hear me."

Fourteen years later, Louis Price is back for the first time.

LEONARD PITTS, JR.



Candy Dulfer

SAX SYMBOL

THE DAUGHTER OF A JAZZ MUSICIAN AND CLUB PROMOTER, saxophonist Candy Dulfer sure looks like a pop star. Now she's becoming one, thanks to her collaboration with Eurythmic Dave Stewart on "Lily Was Here," the theme song for a Dutch movie of the same name. The 21-year-old Amsterdam native's solo bow, *Saxuality*, veers further toward funk, soul, Caribbean and dance rhythms. It also features Candy's spirited vocals, which more than make up in enthusiasm for what they lack in technical prowess. Named after Candy Finch, a drummer with Dizzy Gillespie's band, Dulfer sang and banged a tambourine onstage with her daddy at the age of four. At seven she picked up an alto sax "because it was the only instrument left at her school." She eventually formed a band, building a following in Holland, where Stewart "discovered" her.

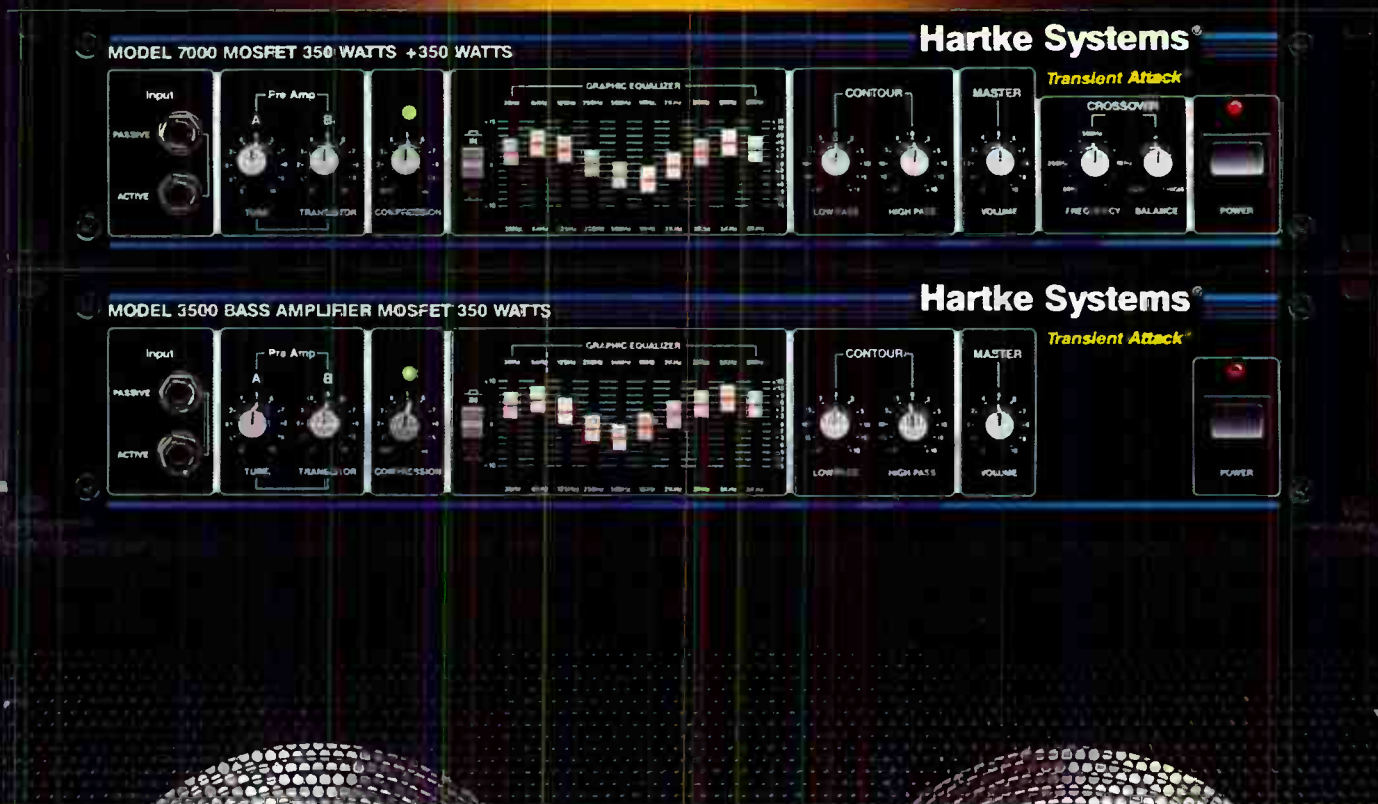
Sessions with Van Morrison and Pink Floyd followed. Dulfer worked with Prince on the *Graffiti Bridge* album and starred in his "Party Man" video. It prompted rumors she was Prince's latest fling, which Dulfer denies. "I didn't get to know him very well. We just worked on the music and then I was out."

Still, Candy's not afraid to play up the sexuality. "If you can cut it musically, you can do whatever you want with your image," she claims. "But how pretty can you look when your cheeks are puffed out and you have this red swollen head?"

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Andrew Strong

16-YEAR-OLD SOUL MAN

MOVIE CRITICS WILL MAKE THEIR OWN JUDGMENTS of *The Commitments*, Alan Parker's new film about a ragtag bunch of Irish youths who form a soul band. But music fans witnessing singer Andrew Strong for the first time will no doubt recall the phrase (if not the film) "a star is born." Strong's mature, empathic vocals, filmed live thanks to sound consultant Joe O Herlihy, aren't make-believe; as O Herlihy comments, "He's got the heart and soul of a soul singer three times his age."

The age reference is necessary only when you learn that Strong was 16 when he filmed *The Commitments*. Like Deco Cuffe, his character in the film, Strong hails from northside

Dublin. He's at pains to distinguish himself from the role in other respects.

"Deco is an obnoxious character. He treats people like shit. I treat people with respect."

High on his list of respectables is

his father, himself a professional singer. "You think I'm anything, you wanna hear him," Strong says reverently.

Further evidence of Strong's prowess is forthcoming with a solo album next year. In the meantime, there are those impressive soundtrack recordings, despite Strong's belief that "soul songs are probably the hardest songs to sing."

Strong considers Parker's film "definitely" realistic. "All you have to do is just walk out there," he says, pointing out the Dublin hotel window. "Alan just captured what Dublin's about." As for what Andrew Strong's about: "I want a raw sound. This is an Irish boy."

SCOTT ISLER



The Farm

GROWING CLOSER

OVERNIGHT SENSATIONS IN BRITAIN, for seven years the Farm couldn't get arrested. "We tried to create a scene in Liverpool two years ago—Urchin Rock," for instances drummer Roy Boulter. "It was totally cynical, and it backfired. Every band got signed but us." But since 1990 they've enjoyed three hit singles and a number 1 U.K. album on their own Producer label. Yet what they ruefully call the Curse of the Farm—a drummer died, a producer went deaf, an A&R man got fired seconds before offering the band a handsome deal—lingers on. Just back from Munich, Roy tells how an autograph session went awry when they turned up at the wrong store—by the time they found the right place two hours late, all the fans had gone home. "We're not the kind of band that should even be doing record signings. We don't pout and preen—we have a laugh."

A chic yet street-level combination of the pop tunes, rock textures and sampled house-beats that have burst out of U.K. clubs, *Spartacus* is titled in tribute to the leader of a failed Roman slave revolt, and the anthemic single "All Together Now" recalls the brief, unofficial fraternization between entrenched British and German soldiers of Christmas 1914—an interlude of working-class solidarity and common humanity in World War I's imperially orchestrated carnage. "There were reports that it was popular among the services in the Gulf. Which is slightly ironic," muses singer and lyricist Peter Hooton. "House culture made people forget old inter-city rivalries. At parties they realized that working-class people from different cities were much the same. That we can go to Manchester with 40 or 50 of our entourage and be welcomed into the clubs says a lot."

MAT SNOW

N E W S

JOY OF SAX: The judges for this year's Thelonious Monk Institute of Jazz/Smithsonian Institution Resident Associate Program saxophone competition will include Benny Carter, Branford Marsalis and Jimmy Heath, so make sure your embouchure is in full swing before even considering entry. On November 23 and 24, saxists will pack the Smithsonian's Baird Auditorium to compete for \$10,000, \$5000 and \$3000 scholarships; the first-place winner will also be booked into the Blues Alley in Washington, D.C. for a celebratory performance the next day. For information, please contact Shelby Fischer at the Thelonious Monk Institute of Jazz, 5000 Klinglie Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20001, or call (202) 895-1610. Applications must be received by September 1.

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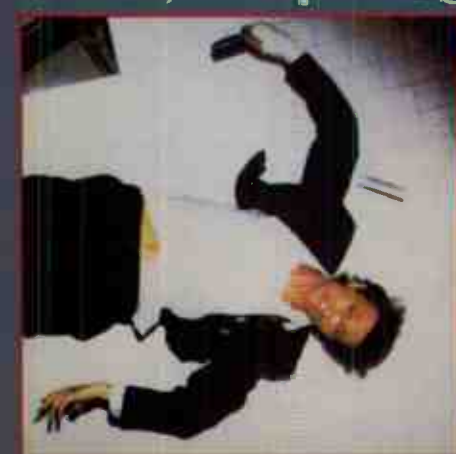


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Top 100 Albums

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

1 • 21	Paula Abdul <i>Spellbound/Captive</i>
2 • 75	N.W.A. <i>Efil4zaggin/Ruthless</i>
3 • 5	C&C Music Factory <i>Gonna Make You Sweat/Columbia</i>
4 • 1	R.E.M. <i>Out of Time/Warner Bros.</i>
5 • 6	Garth Brooks <i>No Fences/Capitol</i>
6 • 3	Mariah Carey <i>Mariah Carey/Columbia</i>
7 • 2	Michael Bolton <i>Time, Love and Tenderness/Columbia</i>
8 • 8	The Black Crowes <i>Shake Your Money Maker/Def American</i>
9 • 7	Another Bad Creation <i>Coolin' at the Playground Ya 'Know! Motown</i>
10 • —	Skid Row <i>Slave to the Grind/Atlantic</i>
11 • 12	Extreme <i>Extreme II Pornograffiti/A&M</i>
12 • 4	Soundtrack <i>New Jack City/Giant</i>
13 • 38	EMF <i>Schubert Dip/EMI</i>
14 • 13	Luther Vandross <i>Power of Love/Epic</i>
15 • 11	Amy Grant <i>Heart in Motion/A&M</i>
16 • 9	Wilson Phillips <i>Wilson Phillips/SBK</i>
17 • 67	Boyz II Men <i>Cooler Than Harmony/Motown</i>
18 • 17	L.L. Cool J <i>Mama Said Knock You Out/Def Jam</i>
19 • 14	Queensryche <i>Empire/EMI</i>
20 • 58	Alan Jackson <i>Don't Rock the Jukebox/Arista</i>
21 • 10	Rod Stewart <i>Vagabond Heart/Warner Bros.</i>
22 • 45	Scorpions <i>Crazy World/Mercury</i>
23 • —	Natalie Cole <i>Unforgettable/Elektra</i>

24 • 39	Ice-T <i>O.G. Original Gangster/Sire</i>
25 • 30	Jesus Jones <i>Doubt/SBK</i>
26 • 99	Ricky Van Shelton <i>Buckroads/Columbia</i>
27 • 18	Roxette <i>Joyride/EMI</i>
28 • —	Paul McCartney <i>Unplugged—The Official Bootleg/Capitol</i>
29 • —	Van Halen <i>For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge/Warner Bros.</i>
30 • 23	Garth Brooks <i>Garth Brooks/Capitol</i>
31 • 31	Firehouse <i>Firehouse/Epic</i>
32 • 29	DJ Quik <i>Quik Is the Name/Profile</i>
33 • —	Stevie Wonder <i>Music from "Jungle Fever"/Motown</i>
34 • 15	Enigma <i>Mezzanine A.D./Charmisma</i>
35 • 22	M.C. Hammer <i>Please Hammer Don't Hurt 'Em/Capitol</i>
36 • 24	Madonna <i>The Immaculate Collection/Sire</i>
37 • —	Various Artists <i>For Our Children/Walt Disney</i>
38 • —	Vanilla Ice <i>Extremely Live/SBK</i>
39 • 16	Vanilla Ice <i>To the Extreme/SBK</i>
40 • —	Travis Tritt <i>It's All About to Change/Warner Bros.</i>
41 • 19	Whitney Houston <i>I'm Your Baby Tonight/Arista</i>
42 • 26	AC/DC <i>The Razors Edge/A&M</i>
43 • 34	Gerardo <i>Mo' Ritmo/Interscope</i>
44 • 76	Alice in Chains <i>Facelift/Columbia</i>
45 • 20	Chris Isaak <i>Heart Shaped World/Reprise</i>
46 • 71	Various Artists <i>Club MTV Party to Go, Vol. 1/Tommy Boy</i>
47 • 66	Steelheart <i>Steelheart/MCA</i>
48 • 54	De La Soul <i>De La Soul Is Dead/Tommy Boy</i>

49 • 33	Warrant <i>Cherry Pie/Columbia</i>
50 • 40	Huey Lewis & the News <i>Hard at Play/EMI</i>
51 • 83	UB40 <i>Labour of Love II/Virgin</i>
52 • 32	Dolly Parton <i>Eagle When She Flies/Columbia</i>
53 • 55	Hi-Five <i>Hi-Five/Jive</i>
54 • —	3rd Bass <i>Derelicts of Diaplect/Def Jam</i>
55 • 25	Yes <i>Union/Arista</i>
56 • 43	Clint Black <i>Put Yourself in My Shoes/RCA</i>
57 • 51	Michael Bolton <i>Soul Provider/Columbia</i>
58 • 49	Reba McEntire <i>Rumor Has It/MCA</i>
59 • 90	Original London Cast <i>Phantom of the Opera Highlights/Polydor</i>
60 • 28	Gloria Estefan <i>Into the Light/Epic</i>
61 • 61	Poison <i>Flesh and Blood/Enigma</i>
62 • 57	George Strait <i>Chill of an Early Fall/MCA</i>
63 • 44	Nelson <i>After the Rain/DGC</i>
64 • 53	Yanni <i>Reflections of Passion/Private Music</i>
65 • 27	Tesla <i>Five Man Acoustical Jam/Geffen</i>
66 • 59	Harry Connick, Jr. <i>We Are in Love/Columbia</i>
67 • —	Marc Cohn <i>Marc Cohn/Atlantic</i>
68 • 47	The Doors <i>Best of the Doors/Elektra</i>
69 • 35	The Kentucky Headhunters <i>Electric Baryard/Mercury</i>
70 • —	Soundtrack <i>Thelma & Louise/MCA</i>
71 • 36	The Simpsons <i>The Simpsons Sing the Blues/Geffen</i>
72 • —	Aaron Neville <i>Warm Your Heart/A&M</i>
73 • 48	Great White <i>Hooked/Capitol</i>
74 • —	Bonnie Raitt <i>Luck of the Draw/Capitol</i>
75 • 86	Bob Marley & the Wailers <i>Legend/Tuff Gong</i>
76 • 60	Keith Washington <i>Make Time for Love/Qwest</i>
77 • 94	Mötley Crüe <i>Dr. Feelgood/Elektra</i>
78 • 69	Carreras-Domingo-Pavarotti <i>Carreras-Domingo-Pavarotti in Concert/London</i>
79 • 50	Sting <i>The Soul Cages/A&M</i>
80 • 96	Trixter <i>Trixter/Mechanic</i>
81 • 70	Bell Biv DeVoe <i>Poison/MCA</i>
82 • —	Lynyrd Skynyrd <i>Lynyrd Skynyrd 1991/Atlantic</i>
83 • —	Ziggy Marley & Melody Makers <i>Jahmekyu/Virgin</i>
84 • 46	Pat Benatar <i>True Love/Chrysalis</i>
85 • —	Eurythmics <i>Greatest Hits/Arista</i>

86 • 88	Lenny Kravitz <i>Mana Said/Virgin</i>
87 • 56	Rolling Stones <i>Flashpoint/Columbia</i>
88 • 65	Guy <i>The Future/Uptown</i>
89 • 78	Phil Collins <i>Serious Hits...Live!/Atlantic</i>
90 • 73	Alan Jackson <i>Here in the Real World/Arista</i>
91 • —	The Doors <i>In Concert/Elektra</i>
92 • —	Kool Moe Dee <i>Funke Funke Wisdom/Jive</i>
93 • 68	Hank Williams, Jr. <i>Pure Hank/Curb</i>
94 • —	Dangerous Toys <i>Hellacious Acres/Columbia</i>
95 • 79	The Judds <i>Love Can Build a Bridge/Curb</i>
96 • 93	Soundtrack <i>Pretty Woman/EMI</i>
97 • 42	Various Artists <i>Dedicated/Arista</i>
98 • 52	Bette Midler <i>Some People's Lives/Atlantic</i>
99 • —	Cher <i>Love Hurts/Geffen</i>
100 • 37	Soundtrack <i>Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II/SBK</i>

The Musician album chart is produced by the Billboard chart department for Musician, and reflects the combined points for all album reports gathered by the Billboard computers in the month of June. The concert chart is based on Amusement Business Box Score reports for June 1991. All charts are copyright 1991 by BPI Incorporated.

Chartlands

After two months of *Billboard's* new charts, some trends are emerging. *Musician's* album ranking, a compilation of four or five weekly *Billboard* album charts, doesn't really reflect the volatility of the new weekly chart. But that's the word—volatile—that seems to describe our record-buying habits. (The new method incorporates actual bar-code tallies of records sold; the old way relied on reports from retailers.)

Before, a blockbuster album might open, say, somewhere in the Top 50 and take four weeks to work its way into the Top 10. What's happening now is the opposite: Big sellers are opening at number one and working their way down. What-sis mean? It means that record-buyers behave like moviegoers, who flock to the theaters that first weekend, driving receipts sky-high, and then assume a more casual mode of behavior, trickling into cinemas in smaller numbers.

After N.W.A. jumped to the top in its second week (it had fallen to number seven by its fifth), Skid Row debuted at number one, followed by three consecutive number one weeks for Van Halen's *For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge* (at this writing). The week of its release, Van Halen's acronym-in-reverse outsold Skid Row by almost two to one. The second week, the margin dropped by half; the third week, it was halved again.

Not every album is observing the trickle-down effect. Natalie Cole's *Unforgettable*, which didn't have the same degree of hyped-up anticipation as *F.U.C.K.*, opened at 25, took three weeks to get into the Top 10, and in its fourth week was hot on the heels of Eddie & Co. Conclusions? "The charts," says *Billboard* editor-in-chief Timothy White, "are now consistent with the human inconsistencies of true buying patterns." —T.S.

Top Concert Grosses

1	Grateful Dead, Little Feat <i>Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, NJ/June 18-17</i>	\$2,924,925
2	Grateful Dead, Roger McGuinn <i>Soldier Field, Chicago, IL/June 22</i>	\$1,573,891
3	The Bee Gees, Bonzai <i>Waldbühne, Berlin, Germany/June 4-5 and 7</i>	\$1,564,146
4	Grateful Dead, Dwight Yoakam <i>RFK Stadium, Washington, DC/June 14</i>	\$1,322,900
5	Julio Iglesias, Max Alexander <i>Radio City Music Hall, New York, NY/June 11-22</i>	\$1,291,510
6	The Bee Gees, David Hanselmann & the Dudes, Bonzai <i>Weserstadion, Bremen, Germany/June 8</i>	\$1,165,722
7	Guns N' Roses, Skid Row <i>Exhibition Place Stadium, Toronto, Ontario/June 7-8</i>	\$1,082,784
8	Grateful Dead, Johnny Clegg & Savuka <i>Los Angeles Coliseum, Los Angeles, CA/June 1</i>	\$1,019,200
9	Grateful Dead, Violent Femmes <i>Buckeye Lake Music Center, Hebron, OH/June 9</i>	\$900,135
10	Frank Sinatra, Steve Lawrence, Eydie Gorme <i>Sports Palace, Mexico City, Mexico/June 22</i>	\$872,582

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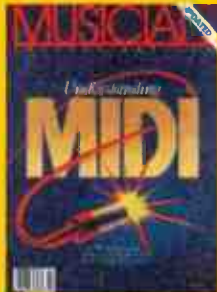
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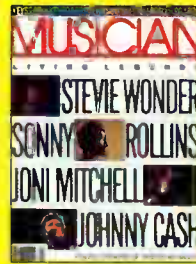
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- 37. Black Uhuru, Bill Wyman, Rickie Lee Jones
- 45. Willie Nelson, John McLaughlin, the Motels
- 64. Stevie Wonder, X, Was (Not Was), Omette
- 67. Thomas Dolby, Chet Baker, Carl Perkins
- 70. Peter Wolf, King Crimson, Sly + Robbie
- 71. Heavy Metal, Dream Syndicate, Tina Turner
- 77. John Fogarty, Marsalis/Hancock, Los Lobos
- 79. Jeff Beck, Alison Moyet, John Hiatt - Ry Cooder
- 93. Peter Gabriel, Steve Winwood, Lou Reed
- 94. Jimi Hendrix, The Cure, Prince, 38 Special
- 101. Psychedelic Furs, Elton John, Miles Davis
- 102. Robert Cray, Los Lobos, Simply Red
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- 108. U2, Tom Waits, Squeeze, Eugene Chadbourne
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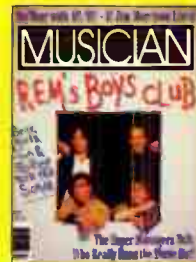
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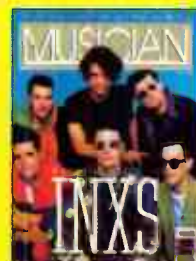
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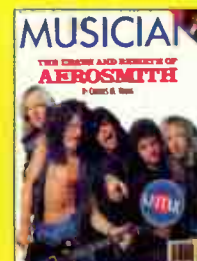
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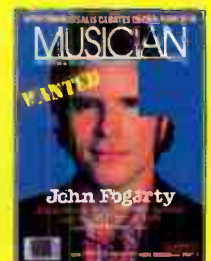
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Marc Cohn's Memphis Spirit

Singer/songwriter scores a surprise hit

By Thom Duffy

THE RICH SOUND OF MARC Cohn's piano rolls through the aisles of a midtown Manhattan record store where, on this summer afternoon, the singer/songwriter is playing a free, promotional set. An attentive audience soaks up the melody of Cohn's "Silver Thunderbird," an ode to his late father's chrome monster—when loud beeping from the store's anti-theft alarm cuts in.

"Somebody stealing a record?" asks Cohn, looking up. He vamps on the keyboard a moment, then adds, "I hope it's mine."

Cohn need not worry. His self-titled debut album has been moving steadily and legally out of stores since early spring, propelled by pop radio's surprising support for his hit "Walking in Memphis." With Top 40 packed with dance-pop and hip-hop, how did this newcomer chart a story-telling tune with gentle piano, a gospel choir and earnest, husky vocals?

"Marc's got one of those voices," says guitarist John Leventhal, who helped arrange Cohn's disc. "There's just that thing that cuts through all formats, all playlists, all bullshit. Marc could be singing the phone book and people would go, 'He's breaking my heart.'"

A 32-year-old native of Cleveland, Cohn grew up listening to Van Morrison, Joni Mitchell and Jackson Browne. "Once I heard *Astral Weeks*, I was hooked," he says. "I could really get lost in *Blue* and *The Pretender*, all those records. And I understood there was something purer and deeper about somebody singing what they wrote themselves.

"I always seemed to be in bands that did the Stones and stuff like that. And then there was always the side of me that, when the gig was done, always wanted to softly vamp on the guitar or piano and just play 'Tupelo Honey' for 45 minutes. That's where my heart was."

He took up piano at Oberlin College in Ohio but transferred to UCLA to be around

the L.A. music scene. He wound up playing "in places that were basically restaurants. The great thing is, if you can get through the night in one of those places, you can get through the night anywhere," he says.

In the early '80s, Cohn relocated to New York to be with designer Jennifer George, now his wife and the mother of his infant son. He formed a 14-piece R&B cover band, the Supreme Court, which played only a few dates—including the wedding of Caroline Kennedy and Edwin Schlossberg. But he was still vamping quietly after sets. Cohn recorded a demo that his band's sax player gave to then-Atlantic A&R exec Peter Koepke. On the strength of one tape to one label, Cohn landed his deal.

Atlantic paired Cohn with David Kershbaum, who had produced Tracy Chapman's acclaimed debut and its followup. But the match didn't take. "There's no accounting for what's going to happen beyond a lunch," quips Cohn. Cohn realized his songs



needed more studio experimentation than Kershensbaum's schedule would allow. "I really heard the songs as a little more mystical sometimes," says Cohn. "It was going to take some exploration. I really needed to be with a group of musicians in a room with a little bit of magic dust. We learned while the clock was ticking."

The sessions were scrapped and Cohn went to New York's Quad Recording to co-produce the album with engineer Ben Wisch. The key musician turned out to be Leventhal, whom Cohn discovered through

his guitar work on Shawn Colvin's *Steady On*. Says Cohn, "It was very sparse and really gorgeous. I knew from the moment I heard John that he was right for me."

Leventhal was not the only musician to answer Cohn's call. On the guitar ballad "Perfect Love," Cohn heard a vocal part for James Taylor. Through their wives, the two men had met years earlier and Cohn got back in touch. "He didn't agree to sing on it until he heard the record, which I understood. And he called back. I saved the message on my machine. 'Hello, Marc, this is

James. The record sounds great. How can I help?' I let him know, pretty fast."

While Cohn speaks of the "mystical" musical quality he sought on his debut, a number of his songs—"Walk on Water," "Saving the Best for Last," "Strangers in a Car"—carry subtle spiritual imagery. "It doesn't come from my family tradition," says Cohn, whose parents were Jewish, "but certainly comes from my early experience as a kid. My mom died when I was quite young and so did my dad. So what I think people are hearing is just that, from a very young age, I was forced to think about what happens when you leave this place."

What people also are hearing is the impact on Cohn of a fateful encounter in Memphis some years ago. "I'd heard Al Green was a preacher and you could hear him sing. That's why I went to Memphis," he says. "My wife had met some people down there who took us to this club called the Hollywood, which is about 50 miles outside of Memphis on Highway 61. I remember going in the middle of the darkness and there was this harvest moon. It was such an amazing night."

The Hollywood Cafe—located in Robinsonville, the tiny hamlet where bluesman Robert Johnson grew up—is a former slave commissary, where a mostly white clientele sat at checkered-cloth tables eating catfish, while an older black woman sang at a piano "songs that absolutely nobody was listening to," Cohn recalls.

Her name was Muriel Davis Wilkins and she has since passed away. But that night, Cohn recalls, "I just laid eyes on her and fell in love. There was this real [cont'd on page 97]

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FINGERS DO THE WALKING

THAT'S A Korg SG1D," says MARC COHN, pointing to the portable Sampling Grand piano he plays onstage. At home, he has both a Korg 2G1D and a Baldwin Acrosonic upright "from the 1950s." His only home recording equipment is a portable stereo Marantz box with condenser microphones. He plays a left-handed Taylor model K-22 guitar and uses GHS light-gauge strings. He sings into a Shure Beta-58 mike. "I used the electric piano sound on 'Ghost Train.' Otherwise, in the studio, I always used acoustic pianos. What I played on the album is a very old Steinway, in Studio A at Quad Recording."



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Luciano Pavarotti, Superstar

The world's most famous tenor explains himself

By James Hunter

PAVAROTTI'S SINGING OVER THERE!" a kid in New York's Central Park shouted to his pals, pointing with the hand that didn't have his skateboard in it toward the Great Lawn.

"Omigod, let's go," a member of his group chirped, brushing some hair out of her eyes. "But wait," she said, her enthusiasm waning, "I'll probably run into my father..."

She might well have encountered anyone on that parched afternoon. Fans and onlookers of virtually every age, race and nationality were on hand as the best-known romantic tenor in the world and conductor James Levine, Turkish towels around their necks and cold drinks at their feet, rehearsed an all-Verdi concert with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus. The audience on the Great Lawn comprised leashed dogs, professional and amateur photographers and video camera operators, sundresses, sandals and bikes and beach chairs and T-shirts.

Pavarotti, seated, rehearsed in medium voice and jeans. His 54-year-old tenor is darker now than when people first began to hear it during the late '60s and throughout the '70s, when he became a mainstay of U.S. stages and TV. Yet the voice is still a luxuriantly lyrical player in the international opera ballgame. It led Levine's orchestral and choral forces, easily in com-

mand even when Pavarotti didn't deploy it at full pressure. And the astringent golden top of his tones rang out less metallically than on his recordings. He clowned around a time or two, taking one awful last shaggy note at the end of a piece, sticking out his tongue, vigorously shaking his head from

with the rest of us," the woman next to me said.

An afternoon later, a darkly suited and vested Pavarotti strode into a banquet room at the Sandomenico restaurant, having had his Central Park concert rained out about a third of the way through. He was sitting for a

photography session; he was speaking to RAS, the Italian broadcasting system; he was saying goodbye to a young soprano with whom he was discussing August auditions "not in Pesaro, but in Modena" (Pavarotti's hometown in the Emilia region of north-central Italy, where he still lives with his wife and two daughters); he was talking to a representative from London Records, the British-based company he has recorded for throughout his career.

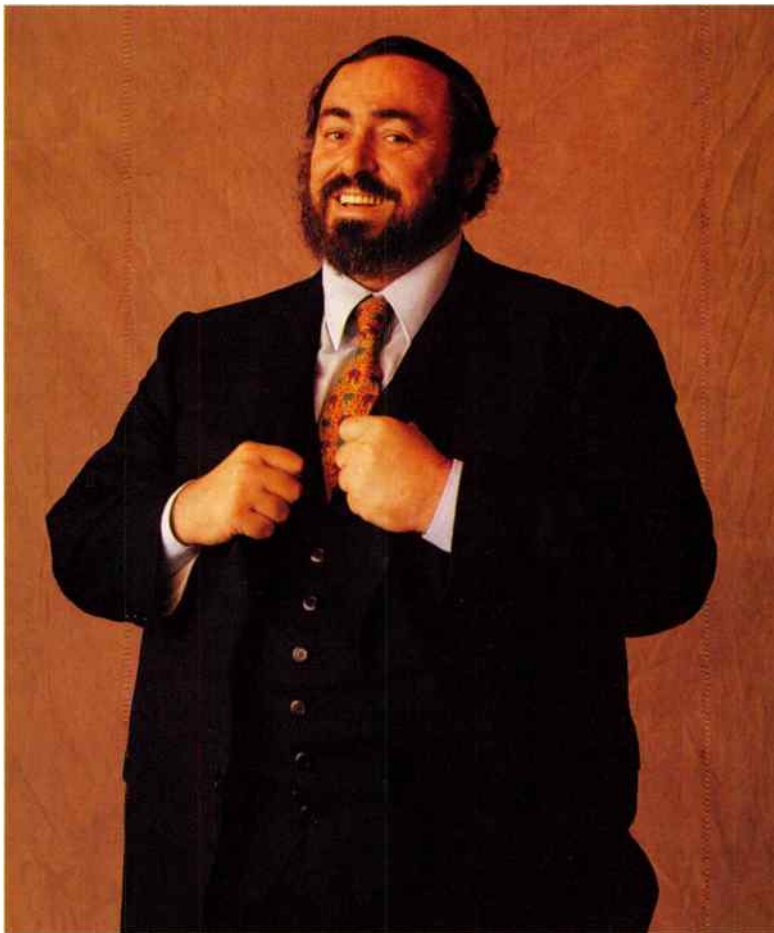
And then Luciano Pavarotti and I "made," as he put it, the following interview. Intently, with a demeanor that fell somewhere between the all-business and the impatient, he responded to some

questions while the hustle and bustle in the Sandomenico made the restaurant rock. A couple of times, he requested that his assistant translate a question into Italian.

"There is no difference in the way that we do the music," Pavarotti said, adding with brisk urgency, "equally serious, equally important." I had asked him about any variance of approach when recording opera, as

side to side. But usually the serious music wafted and sailed and swung through the air; Pavarotti went wherever—and however—he wanted his beloved Verdi to go. Often conferring with Levine, Pavarotti looked not out into the Park but off sideways into space as he sang. It was odd to see a singer thrilling audiences without directly addressing them. "He's not really

with the rest of us," the woman next to me said.



Adrian
Carlos
Paul
Astro
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against albums such as *Mamma* (1984) and *Volare* (1987), both arranged and conducted by Henry Mancini, or *Passione* (1985), a collection of Neopolitan love songs. "Good music can be the music of Mancini, and bad music can even be classic music sometimes, or vice-versa. It depends on the quality, and that depends on the way you do the music.

"The last song that I have done is a song that was written two or three years ago by Lucio Dalla." The tune, which opens *Tutto Pavarotti: Songs and Arias* (1989), a compilation of almost 25 years of his recordings, is

called "Caruso." A marvel of nineteenth-century melodic line and ardor driving a contemporary Italian tune, it's Dalla's characteristically keen recognition that, in Italy, pop music stretches back much further than the Beatles.

"I think that 'Caruso' is an absolute masterpiece that you can compare to any kind of classic music in the world of older times. Still, I am an opera singer, and about this there is no doubt. Opera is the most important thing to me. It doesn't matter how many concerts you make in arenas, or how many

in the Park, or how many records you make. The real thing is a live performance of an opera, on a stage, with the costumes."

This year, Pavarotti has grabbed headlines for both a concert and an opera. The former, the live *In Concert* from the Baths of Caracalla, recorded last July with José Carreras and Plácido Domingo, has topped charts all over the world. "It was a sensational example of a live performance," Pavarotti said of the so-called "Three Tenors" record. "If you enjoy doing something, then often it comes out so beautifully. And we enjoyed that undertaking immensely, from the beginning, even while in preparation. It was so beautiful, with the two full orchestras, Rome's and Florence's."

The opera Pavarotti's name has been linked with (for the first time) is Verdi's *Otello*, thought to be the most demanding stage role in the tenor repertoire. Working with the conductor Sir Georg Solti, who was giving his farewell performances, Pavarotti sang the Moor in pairs of performances in Chicago and New York. "I approached *Otello* when I was severely sick in bed for 15 days," Pavarotti said. "The two performances in Chicago were not satisfactory at all. During the first one, even Solti was with a fever, so we didn't even know what we had done, really. The second one was a little better, but for me it was still not satisfactory. The two here in New York, I think, were pretty good, considering that I was sick, and considering that the role was completely new to me and without many rehearsals. On the other hand, my consideration of these four performances is that I am very happy that I have done them. I will bite my finger now if I had said no."

Although a relisher of challenges since he played soccer compulsively as a younger man, Pavarotti has always maintained that no amount of money or cajoling might induce him to attempt roles for which he didn't think that his voice was especially well-suited. I asked him what had made him change his mind. He said it had been the opera itself. "Because *Otello* is such a colossal piece of music," he replied, "I said to myself, 'There is no reason for me—even if I am going to make a disaster—not to try it.' But it wasn't that challenge, exactly for me: It was really the chance to participate in the making of such a colossal piece of music, and in the way that it was with Solti, and the celebration of his career. All these things. I thought it was not such a big deci-

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A hand wearing a black leather glove is shown from the left side of the page, holding a large, three-dimensional blue letter 'O'. The hand is also wearing a silver metal watch. The background is a light blue-grey color with a thin black border.

THERE'S A
RIOT
GOING ON!

Axl Rose
Defends
His
Actions

ON JULY 2, 1991 16,000 ST. LOUIS CONCERTGOERS attended the Guns N' Roses show at the newly constructed Riverport Amphitheatre, 15 miles west of St. Louis in Maryland Heights, Missouri. The band took the stage to a standing-room crowd thrilled to see the band after its three-year absence from the city. Guns N' Roses performed several cuts from its debut, *Appetite for Destruction*, as well as numerous tracks from its forthcoming *Use Your Illusion* twin albums.

An hour-and-a-half into the show, while performing the song "Rocket Queen," it was obvious something was wrong. Vocalist Axl Rose began to shout into the microphone, "Take that...take that...take that away from him!" to the security guards along the front of the stage. Rose paused, realized that his words were not getting through and said, "Then I'll take it from him." Rose then leapt into the first few rows of the crowd and a scuffle followed. The rest of the band, seemingly bewildered, continued to play. Seconds later Rose was returned to the stage by Guns N' Roses' own security crew. He motioned for the band to stop playing and announced over the microphone that due to the poor security, "I'm outta here." Slamming the

B y B a b u B a r a t

MUSICIAN: *There are a lot of simple precautions that could have been taken that weren't. Things like bracelets with punch holes along with a hand stamp to limit your drinking.*

AXL: I thought about all that stuff. If I was a fan going to these places and they made me wear a bracelet, I would be mad. But it took what happened in St. Louis for me to realize that they do it for your own safety. It's like when you get on an airplane and they give you that whole speech about where the exit doors are, or when you can smoke. You can get mad at all of that, but it's all done for your

safety. When they don't want you to bring bottles or knives into the show, that is for your safety. We don't want cameras and videotapes and tape-recorders, that's for our safety. I like hearing a bootleg of a band I like just as much as anyone else, but at the same time I have to enforce that there's no cameras, no videotapes and no tape-recorders because I don't want crappy material out there. I want to approve tapes before they go out. If we did a shitty version of a song one night for whatever reasons and we had technical difficulties, I don't want that being a

representation of me out there. There's things done to protect the fans and there are things done to protect the artist. In St. Louis there was no respect for fans or the artist. It pretty much comes down to whoever hired that security and who really didn't give a shit. The reactions towards me are only natural. That's the way it's been in rock forever. It really makes you mad and you wish it wasn't that way, especially because I know that's not what happened...and it's happening to me.

We all work together. If you have one bad link then you're in trouble. If you have negativity from the local officials that are working the show, if the police hate rock 'n' roll bands or they hate anyone with long hair because they think everybody with long hair is a drug dealer or whatever (which is sometimes hypocritical because sometimes you have cops dealing cocaine. I had three cops as my guests at that show. I met them at a strip bar. It was my first time to a strip bar on this tour and I met three police officers who happened to be Guns N' Roses fans and I had them come to the show), if the people in the front at the venue don't care about the band, or they are pissed off about their jobs, or whatever, whenever there's a weak link people are going to get hurt. Well, the officials who were working the gig were definitely not into rock 'n' roll. The people at the venue just wanted to get paid and go home. They didn't really care either way. And maybe they'll get to hit some little kid and work out some frustrations on somebody's head. I saw some of that going on. Whenever there is a weak link people are going to get hurt. We just said, that's it, we're outta here! Usually when you do that somebody figures out how to get things back together. They didn't know how to get that together. We tried to do it on our own and it wasn't possible. Guns N' Roses will go on to be Guns N' Roses and do what it's going to do, and it will leave this situation as part of its past.

I'm sure it's a combination of a lot of things. Guns N' Roses wasn't completely innocent. I wasn't completely innocent. I'm sure we could have handled things better too, but I think we were the last link in the chain. And then we said, see ya! We're not putting up with it.

Guns N' Roses pretty much calls its own shots with a lot of other people trying to call other shots and trying to tell the world that this is when the record is going to come out and whatever. It's like saying there are delays on the record. There are no [cont'd on page 94]

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Band: Tin Machine

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- Reeves Gabrels
- Hunt Sales
- Tony Sales

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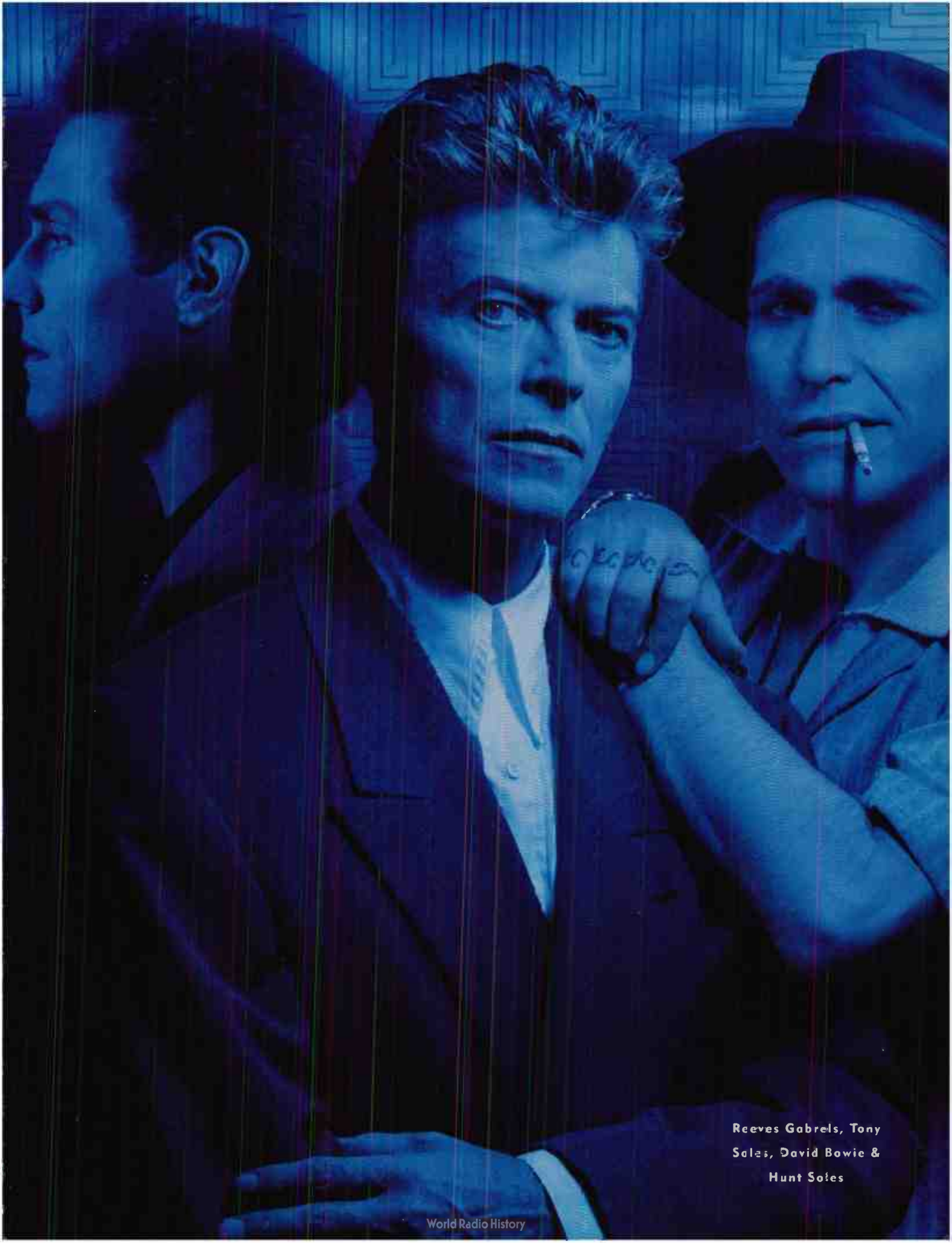
A jungle knife sheathed on his belt and the shirt on his back reading "Fuck you I'm from Texas," Hunt Sales burst through the door of a studio in Montreux, grabbed his drumsticks and counted off. It wasn't the first time celebrity would be conferred upon him and his brother Tony, but their guard was up just the same. David Bowie had brought with him an unknown but promising young guitarist from Boston named Reeves, whose horn-rimmed serenity gave way to pure rage the second he plugged in. It was dangerous and experimental and couldn't possibly work. So it made perfect sense.

Tin Machine, its members insist, is an equal rock partnership for the '90s, a scream of disenchantment from a band of four renegade musicians whose singer just happens to be famous. As long as he continues showing up in public, Bowie will be perceived as a per-

By Matt Resnicoff

Photography by Aaron Rapoport





Reeves Gabrels, Tony
Sales, David Bowie &
Hunt Sales

sonality rather than as a bandmember no matter who he chooses to work with. Fortunately—and ironically—Tin Machine is a function of personalities as much as anything; the same eccentricities which make the Sales brothers a social liability also make them the perfect rhythm section for a group which threatens to fly off the stage without mediation from the guitar player. But the deepest fold in the illusion is Bowie himself: Two years ago he stood in front of the largest number of people in his career singing about virtually nothing; with Tin Machine, he stands before the fewest but sings about everything.

“If I had some burning desire to do something that only *I* could do,” Bowie says, “no doubt would I do it. But I don’t have that burning desire. My artistic needs are being completely fulfilled by this band. I used to feel I was working to prove to other people that I had these ideas that were important, but it took time to realize that what I was trying to do was to prove it to myself: to prove to *me* that I’m a good guy, I’m okay. I don’t have to keep qualifying.... I used to wake up thinking I had to pay for that day; I had to work to *pay* for my fucking existence on earth! I really had that much guilt, that I should do something because I didn’t deserve to be here unless I did. It was really a driving force in my life, but my life is my priority today. I see no reason for following a solo career just for the sake of maintaining a career.”

IN A ROOM JUST INCHES FROM THE BANK OF THE THAMES RIVER, Reeves Gabrels slides the screen door behind him and places a small metal suitcase on the sofa.

Pete Townshend’s Eel Pie Studios occupies a large, woody space where the wasps are particularly ornery and the suburban calm likely to be split by state-of-the-art superstar works in progress. They say the **boat** moored just offshore contains its own fully operative studio, for occasions when Pete wants to engage his muse as he floats around outer London. “Pete’s brother is working upstairs today,” Reeves says as he pours some coffee and points to an attic area just above the gymnasium-scale room where incidental guitar tracks were recorded for the new record. “It’s the ‘event guitar’ concept,” he chuckles, “where you put in something where nothing’s happening and one section needs to be better led into the next.”

Reeves is the melodic linchpin of Tin Machine, and his guitar penetrates the tracks in big bursts of industrial funk, screaming pathos and sometimes utter atonality. “The *events* get people from the verse to the chorus, or through the second verse after they’ve heard the melody once, to the next chorus or the bridge. The current listener’s horizon time is shorter in terms of how often you have to give them things to keep them interested.”

It’s the musical equivalent of setting Bugs Bunny loose in *Fantasia*. “I don’t think what I’m doing as events would on their own necessarily appeal to the listener, but that’s the point,” Reeves laughs. “If you give them a burst of ugly guitar noise in the right place, where it’s going to make somebody go, ‘Ooh, what’s that?’ and it

leads into the bridge or whatever, you serve two masters: I serve my own desire to pursue my art, whether it’s noisy guitar things or blues licks. And this time out I’m also trying to make it serve the purpose of the song. The songs on the first record were excuses to make noise, whereas now we seem to have real songs, and that enables me to do things that might be a little *more* distasteful on their own, and use them to set up different sections of the song.”

Reeves opens the suitcase to reveal an assortment of plugs, sound hardware and women’s marital aids. “You could have a Disney World because the Disney cartoons were basically very friendly little films, but you could never have a Looneytune land, because if people went there they could get *hurt*. People would be getting hit in the head with anvils. This is a little more like Looneytune land, and I get to throw the occasional anvil in.” A distorted barrage slices through the silence as producer Tim Palmer solos Reeves’ guitar

track on a tune called “Big Hurt” in the next room. “If you heard this in the context of the older material, it would sound at home. Something’s not quite right, but hopefully it works. Tin Machine’s a great band to be in because some of the new material calls for nice acoustic playing and almost blues stuff, and then on a song like this I can approach the speed-metal thing, but be a little more *out* with it. I have trouble with people who write something in a particular mode and stay within the mode. No matter what tonality I might set up in songwriting, I always find myself trying to jar the note center; if something’s in E minor, I might use E phrygian to throw in the note that shouldn’t be there, but only where I can get away with it. A couple of years ago a couple of jazz-oriented friends of mine coined the phrase modal chromaticism,” he laughs, “which is ‘any note you want as long as you end on a right note.’”

David claims Reeves’ appeal is the *irony* in his playing. “Most of my favorite players have had that,” says David, “with the exception of maybe Stevie Ray Vaughan. There wasn’t a trace of irony in his work; it was *all heart*, every single note. He was one of the purest guitar players I’ve ever worked with. Adrian Belew, Fripp, and Reeves—those three are the kind of guitar players that make you kind of smile as they thrash away.”

Tony Sales agrees: “I think Reeves is out of his *mind* sometimes, but I love it. I thought *Hendrix* was out of his mind. He doesn’t do the same thing on every tune, they’re all different colors. I like what he does on ‘One Shot’; it’s really smooth, almost saxlike, in a way I’ve never heard anyone who sounds like him. He really puts the mortar between the blocks.”

And grinds them into powder.

When *Sound and Vision*, a Bowie fan newsletter, discovered Reeves still worked regularly with his Boston band The Atom Said, they tracked him down at a local club and later reported with disbelief that Reeves actually packed his own gear into a van after a set. The dichotomy is crucial to Tin Machine. “Working in this situa-

Bowie: “I don’t feel Tin Machine is some persona or disguise. I never bought into that myth that I change my act like Madonna changes her bra.”



World Radio History

tion," he says, "you see all the time how much of the rock business is fantasy and how much is reality. Everybody thinks you have a bowel movement and a little dove comes down and takes it away. You gotta do your laundry. It's still normal life, but you've chosen an abnormal occupation: If I was blowing out oil fires, or if I was a brain surgeon or plumber or the guy fixing the roof, why would anyone assume that someone was going to do my cooking and cleaning and laundry? This is reality, pal."

Just outside the patio window walks a man who looks exactly like Pete Townshend, a tool belt strapped around his waist, squint aimed into the afternoon sun. He climbs a ladder and commences repairing the roof.

EIGHT MONTHS LATER, Tin Machine's album is finished and the band has reconvened in Los Angeles. Yesterday was Father's Day, and Tin Machine has three between them: a clubber, a tugboat and Soupy Sales. Soupy was a bebop comedian in what was soon to become a rock star's world. His sons Tony and Hunt found themselves through Hendrix, left school in their teens and never looked back. Reeves Gabrels spent far too much time with his nose in books, which is probably why he ruminates so much on the creative process. "The funny thing for me is dealing with the clichés of what's expected from musicians because of the economic class they might come out of," he says. "I would probably put David and me at the cerebral end of it: the dweeby end of the music. Hunt and Tony keep the balls in it, which is essential for music, but rock in particular, because rock in its earliest state was sex music. And what's possibly ruined it from time to time has been overintellectualization. We all have a function we perform in that regard. I take shit because I'm from Boston. Boston, from Hunt's perspective, is this intellectual dweeb pocket, which it is..."

"I think of Boston, I think of the Standells," Hunt interrupts. "Don't drink that dirty water!"—that stuck in my mind." For once the drummer has relegated himself to straight man, and Reeves smiles.

"Well, you can find stupid anywhere."

"We're looking for that," says Hunt. "See, Reeves went to school and I didn't. I got my education playing at jazz clubs with older musicians and in the street. I knew what I wanted to be at an early age, and a lot of people don't. I knew what I wanted and was doing it. I didn't get into music to get chicks. Chicks at 10 years old? We had

Shelly Mann and Duke Ellington and these people coming by the house, and that's cool! Now, I was hip to entertainment, my dad being an artist, in the truest sense—I mean, I think my dad's a bit different than Monty Hall or somebody. But I didn't want to go be a comedian. Before the Beatles I was *already* into music, the Orlons and all that stuff, plus the jazz people that were around. Buddy Rich helped me out a lot. By the time I was 15 I was living in the Chelsea Hotel, jaded. I tried going back to school, but when you show up at 12 in the afternoon with velvet pants on.... I went, 'I'm not going to make it here.' So I went and studied intensively to learn my shit, practiced 10 hours a day, six days a week, for years. I wanted to make sure I could walk in anywhere and throw down, whether it was a soul band, jazz band, anything. So I got an education, but it wasn't in the 'normal schooling' situation. Now they're talking about everyone that comes out of school who can't read or write. I was one of the first of that, 20 years ago. I thought, 'Boy, this is strange. The teachers don't really take time to teach.'"

Not everyone grows up with such sturdy emotional equipment; if your father's a gas station attendant and you have an inkling to be a musician, chances are that kind of encouragement won't begin at home. Hunt agrees. "My father

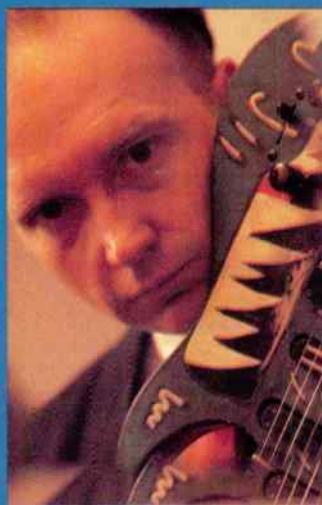
worked all the time. But then, I would go to see him work and learn that experience of getting up there. He wrote all his own material. He worked seven days a week. It was show business out of the trunk: We moved from Detroit to New York to L.A. to New York. ABC-TV and all these companies were trying to tell him what to do, and they had no fuckin' idea. He was an outsider and he suffered greatly for it. At the same time, he was gigantic at a certain time in

The Philosophy of Reeves

THE HUMAN APPENDIX ATROPHIED WHEN MAN STOPPED EATING FOLIAGE, and Reeves Gabrels thinks the same happened to the guitar 20 years ago. "Hendrix—why did it have to stop there?" He's in London for the second time rembing "You Belong in Rock 'n' Roll," on which he's laid a slab of vibrator-induced guitar sounds; he says he wouldn't lose a single blip on any of the 56 tracks the song now occupies.

Reeves sees clearly the transitional link between the rigid time signatures and clichéd guitar gestures he grew up on and the freedom to just let go: "It's funny—I listen to a lot of guitarists, and I hear a common thread between players like me and Vernon Reid and even people like Steve Stevens and Van Halen, and it's Holdsworth. The debt is so obvious. We owe a lot to Holdsworth, and not everybody acknowledges that. He was beyond fusion, just outstanding. The guy has never quite gotten his due. The whole modal chromaticism thing for me is an outgrowth of hearing Holdsworth. The

transition came from being so into Holdsworth and Steely Dan stuff, and then seeing Adrian Belew on his very first tour with Talking Heads. I remember going home and staring at my Strat leaning in the corner and going, 'How the fuck is he thinking?' He kick-started me; it took a couple of years to process. It wasn't linear or vertical harmony: You know, if things were moving on an x-y axis, I could cut the angle. Either that, or it doesn't just move x and y—it moves in three dimensions. Remember that in the late '70s, guitar was out of fashion as anything but a rhythm/thrash instrument,



unless you were playing leftover fusion. That was it within pop or rock. There wasn't room to move. Adrian restored my faith in the instrument.

"Around the time of punk, a new energy was tearing down the old regime. Nobody thought that suddenly this conservative, traditionalist surge was going to creep into rock with a vengeance, and everybody was going to become the Stones again; I thought they'd already done that two or three times. I'm glad someone's keeping it alive, but it's varnishing the past. It's like, if you start mixing it up a little bit in a blues context, people decide you're not a purist so you're not blues. I think it's emotional content as opposed to actual notes. 'Betty Wrong' has a blues solo at the end, and the chords are C#min7 to Amaj7 to G7 to G#min—I want what it would sound like if you had Otis Rush playing over something other than I-IV-V. The difference is to move one note in the right direction. The strongest statement you can make is often the shortest distance; just a half-step away from the note that's ringing. That's harder to hear. It intrigues me that that seems to be the hardest harmonic concept for the listener to grasp."

—M.R.

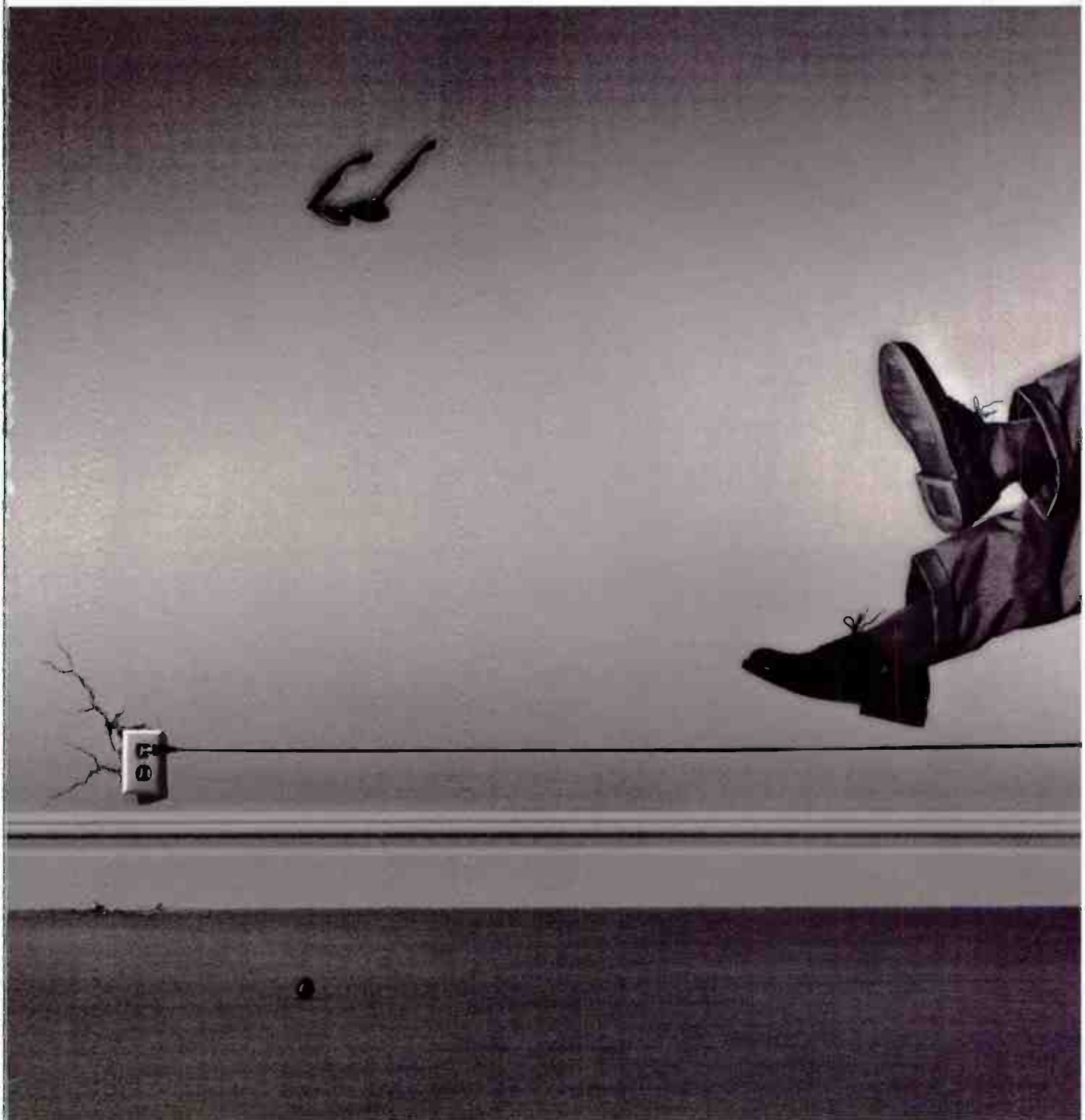


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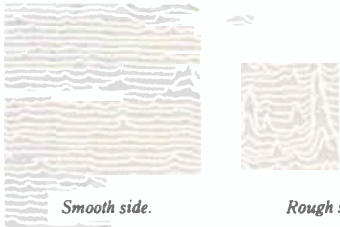
tapes conducted by *CD Review* magazine, they named Maxell's new XLII-S first choice in the Type II high bias category, which places it, in the words of their reviewer, "Head, shoulders and

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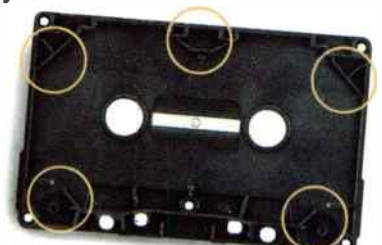
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	Coercivity	kA/m (Oe) 58(720)		
	Retentivity	mT (G) 190(1900)		
	Squarness	— 0.90		
Electro-acoustic Properties	Sensitivity	Optimum Bias	dB +1.0	
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		6,300 Hz	dB +1.5	
		12,500 Hz	dB -3.0	
	Output Uniformity	16,000 Hz	dB +4.5	
		Output Uniformity at 315 Hz	dB 0.3	
		Output Uniformity at 8 kHz	VU 0.4	
		Dynamic Range	315 Hz	dB 65.5
			10 kHz	dB 57.5
		MOL (Maximum Output Level)	315 Hz	dB +6.0
10,000 Hz	dB -2.0			
AC Bias Noise	dB -59.5			
Erasable Effect	dB 70			
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The XLII-S Performance Story.

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his career, but he wasn't status quo. He was his own entity. And when that thing came down, he wasn't buddies with everybody, which is a lonely place to be. But he did it his way, and I respect the shit out of that. I guess that's why he's not dead and he can be called a legend. And there are not a lot of those."

Reeves is listening quietly. "My father worked on the tugboats in the harbor in New York, and he's the reason I started playing guitar. He thought I was too serious about my schoolwork. He had this friend Turk Van Lake who played with Benny Goodman, and he said, 'Look, why don't you take guitar lessons from Turk?' He got me started, because I was so wrapped up in my trigonometry. He just felt I wasn't a well-rounded boy.

In his mind it was 'doctors, lawyers and musicians' because musicians were like voodoo priests or something; they did this thing that just came out of this *world*, that you couldn't actually learn. It was not a 'respectable' occupation, but it was a pursuit you could devote your life to. It was *larger*..."

"It was a religion," Hunt says.

Reeves seems satisfied. "It was a religion."

For Bowie, life at home fostered his adeptness at image-making. The identities he created gave breadth to his mystique, but they're subverted for the sake of bigger statements with Tin Machine. "Everything I've ever done really describes what I'm going through," Bowie says. "It's a personalized analysis of my own emotional and spiritual state, but it comes out manifest as some kind of outside situation. So if I'm fighting myself about certain things, it'll come out as a relationship between a man and his wife. Just about everything on the album is about interior stuff that I'm going through, or was going through at that particular time. And have been going through since the first Tin Machine album.

"I've been very, very fortunate in having incredibly strong, good relationships with people around me. And the bad relationships that I've *ever* had, really, have been with myself: not liking myself, not trusting what I'm doing *to* myself, not being willing to express my emotions—all those things which can really isolate your life. That's what I tended to do for a lot of my life, but I've been learning how to deal with it over the last few years, and get out of that cocoon of self-imposed isolation. Even out of isolating myself from myself. Not allowing my feelings to come through, so therefore not really knowing my feelings. I had never given them a chance to be examined."

Never acknowledging them or expressing them?

"Never acknowledging... *sometimes* never acknowledging, and

sometimes never really expressing them. More frequently never acknowledging them. I mean, I would deceive myself and pretend that I would be expressing my feelings, but in fact I'd been often blocking my feelings a lot. Yeah. *Ho yeah!*"

That kind of neurosis is usually a holdover from adolescence. "Oh, it is an adolescent thing!" Bowie insists. "Oh, absolutely, definitely, and I know why I do it. I know that it goes back to my childhood: *You see, when I was a very young boy...* Because of the family situation I had, it was very hard for me to express myself emotionally, because I was told not to. It was like, 'What are you smiling about? You'll smile out of the other side of your face if you're not careful.'

'Why are you crying? *I'll* give you something to cry about.' You know, it was happening all the time, and at four and five years old you learn to ice it up. You find a facade that will keep everybody happy. Unfortunately, that survival tactic carries through to your adult life; you don't realize you're still bringing into practice this equipment that you learned when you were four years old. And when that's shown to you or you figure it out, it's quite a shock, that you're dealing with life as an adolescent, or in some cases as a toddler, so you really have to go through a lot of changes. And that's a *major* reason why people start being seduced by drugs."

Or become outcasts who wear velvet pants and groove to Basie. Tony has a straight face when he mentions a Tin Machine punk song called "I Can't Read" in the same breath as Charlie Mingus and other musicians whose influence add dimension to the band. He studied briefly with Motown bassist Carol Kaye: "She said, 'I don't even want to get you into my technique because

you've got your own, so let's just groove.' She was a great woman, a really tough blonde chick. But just being exposed to that—that certainly wasn't because of Soupy, since by that time I had already worked with Todd Rundgren and was looking to broaden myself. Inspiration came just by being in her presence and having her say things like, 'Go with your strengths. You've got the feel, and that's what it's based on.' That's what James Jamerson had. It's in the action, it's not in the thinking about it," he laughs.

The punk ethos is inherent in Tin Machine anyway; their new record flails over social indignities. Do you have to live it out to deal with it musically?

"Most of the punks I've known don't live much of an existence worth observing," says Bowie. "The majority that I've met have been out of their heads. I know about that, and it's not a reality I

TIN MACHINES

Ginger Baker came down to Cherokee Studios, where Tin Machine was working on a drum track. He went into the main room and the band turned all the mikes to listen to HUNT and Ginger talking. Ginger stood there, pounded a bit, looked at the Vic Firth sticks and asked, "What do these say on them?" "Oh, that's my name—Hunt Sales." Ginger looked mortified. "Well, they don't put my name on my sticks!" The two drummers' only other bond: Ludwig, Ginger for 25 years, Hunt 2 years, 10 minutes. "In the '70s their shit would warp, but it's the only American drum company left! I'm into that. Fuck. my underwear's from Taiwan, my boots are from Tijuana, what's left?" Just Zildjian cymbals.

TONY SALES was a B.C. Rich devotee until the company changed hands and he discovered Vigier basses. He swapped his GKs, Ampegs and Hartkes for Boogie Strategy 400 amps and four Boogie cabs: 2 4x10s and two 15s. "Playing at these volumes," he says, "it's hard to get a pure bass sound without distortion of some kind from the cones. Though I haven't blown a speaker out, it's still pretty loud." BOWIE uses Takamine and Ferington acoustics, a Gibson L-4 and L-5, and borrowed REEVES GABRELS' Boogie Quad Preamp, Mark III, 295 and 50-50 power amps and an old Fender Bandmaster. Bowie's chrome Steinberger GL2T is a cop of an ax built for Reeves.

"I'm just paying off the first one I bought back in '87," laughs Reeves. "Ned's a true genius. He made a 12-string with one tuner that pops out, slides among the strings and pops in where you want to tune." His other Steinbergers are outfitted with custom DiMazzios, lipstick-tubes and an infinite sustain pickup built by Bob Wolstein. He uses La Bella strings exclusively, a Dunlop Octave Wah, a DigiTech IPS33B and assorted cheeseball fuzzboxes. His vibrators are a 4" Ladyfinger and an 8" variable-speed; a Panasonic electric razor is his backup.

would care to even *observe* upon. I think it's a very, *very* small world—you know, puking and getting up three days later. There's not much to write about. Something as straightforwardly narrative as the child prostitution song, 'Shopping For Girls,' was just observation by Reeves and me. His wife Sara was sent to Thailand to do a feature for the *Christian Science Monitor* on child prostitution, so Reeves went with her. I had seen the same stuff when I was there, and out of that came the idea to try some kind of observation. It took me such a long time to put it down even into a first draft where it didn't seem sensationalist. The *moment* I got fingerwagging about it, or moralistic, the whole thing just went to pieces and it became embarrassing. But once I took the morality side of it out and *didn't* cast some kind of...well, there *is*, there's a *hint* of morality in there, but once I just made it a straightforward observation it became far more effective, and for me sends the same kinds of chills that actually witnessing the things did.

"It's taught me a lot—that I'm not very

good at moralizing. I've leaden feet when I do it. Dylan can do it. I can't do it. I'm much better when I try and conjure up an atmosphere. Once I start getting too direct and...narratively focused, I'm not on safe ground, because I'm not terribly good at that. If you want me to come up with a piece of music and some lyrical content which will *describe* a relationship or an atmosphere, I can do that comfortably and I can do it well, but if you want me to talk about the rights and wrongs of a situation, I just fall on my face every time. I can't do it that well."

Bowie pauses to consider why. "Because I'm not simplistic enough, and I want to be, so through the complexities of what I feel about a situation, I try and become simple about it, and it just ends up sounding simple." He laughs. "Simple, as opposed to simplistic."

When they're together, the band makes mental notes of potential song parts that each might play and forget individually. "Goodbye Mr. Ed" was pretty much a tuning-up thing," Tony recalls. "We all came back from lunch and David had written a whole sheet of lyrics for it, and then he put

the vocal on later with the melody; the stuff comes from everywhere."

"Yeah, I think that's pretty much a truism throughout art," David adds. "It's certainly not my conjecture; it goes back to Marcel Duchamp, and I still enjoy writing in that way. 'Goodbye Mr. Ed' is very much juxtaposing lines which really shouldn't fit, free-association around the idea of 'bye-bye, '50s America.' New York once belonged to the Manahattos—a tribe that used to have that bit of land before it became Manhattan. That was the first real, solid image I had—on the *Tony Brown Journal*, they were talking about the Manahattos, and now, of course, there's the AT&T building and all that, and you can see the ghosts of these tribesmen throwing themselves off the top. I thought, 'That's what this song's about.'"

It's the most perfect and painful inequity, presented with an almost perverse directness. "That's certainly valid," Tony nods. "I really find it hard to sit back and live with the fear and insecurity being fed to everybody. I mean, idiocy is aggrandized in this country: 'You can't read? Well, it doesn't matter 'cause you can *rock!*' That's supported by the drug intake in this country, which is epidemic. Not only here, it's worldwide. I can't see not writing about that—that's our experience. We were in the Bahamas finishing up the first album and they were selling crack in the hotel! There's a point where you go, 'C'mon, wait a minute! Whatever happened to *life?*' I like to feel comfortable, groove a little bit, but it gets to be too much. When the bomb drops, the guy that pushed the button will have a Valium prescription. It's reality time."

L.A.'S PARISIAN ROOM IS NOW A POST OFFICE, but in its day was booking the sort of organ-trio gigs that occupied Hunt's professional interest after he and Tony split from Todd Rundgren in 1970. Still only in his mid-teens, Hunt worked the circuit from Compton to Vegas, eventually abandoning jazz because he didn't fathom making only a hundred dollars a week for the rest of his life. "I didn't want to do the studio thing, but I was replacing a lot of the people in this town getting session work. I opted to go on the road to make less money, but to make rock 'n' roll music. That appealed to me more than sitting here and getting the call for the Miller commercial or Anheuser-Busch jingles. I've also played the hardcore jazz and stuff, which I don't [cont'd on page 94]

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A SORT OF HOMECOMING

PAUL MCCARTNEY RETURNS TO LIVERPOOL

BY DENNIS
POLKOW

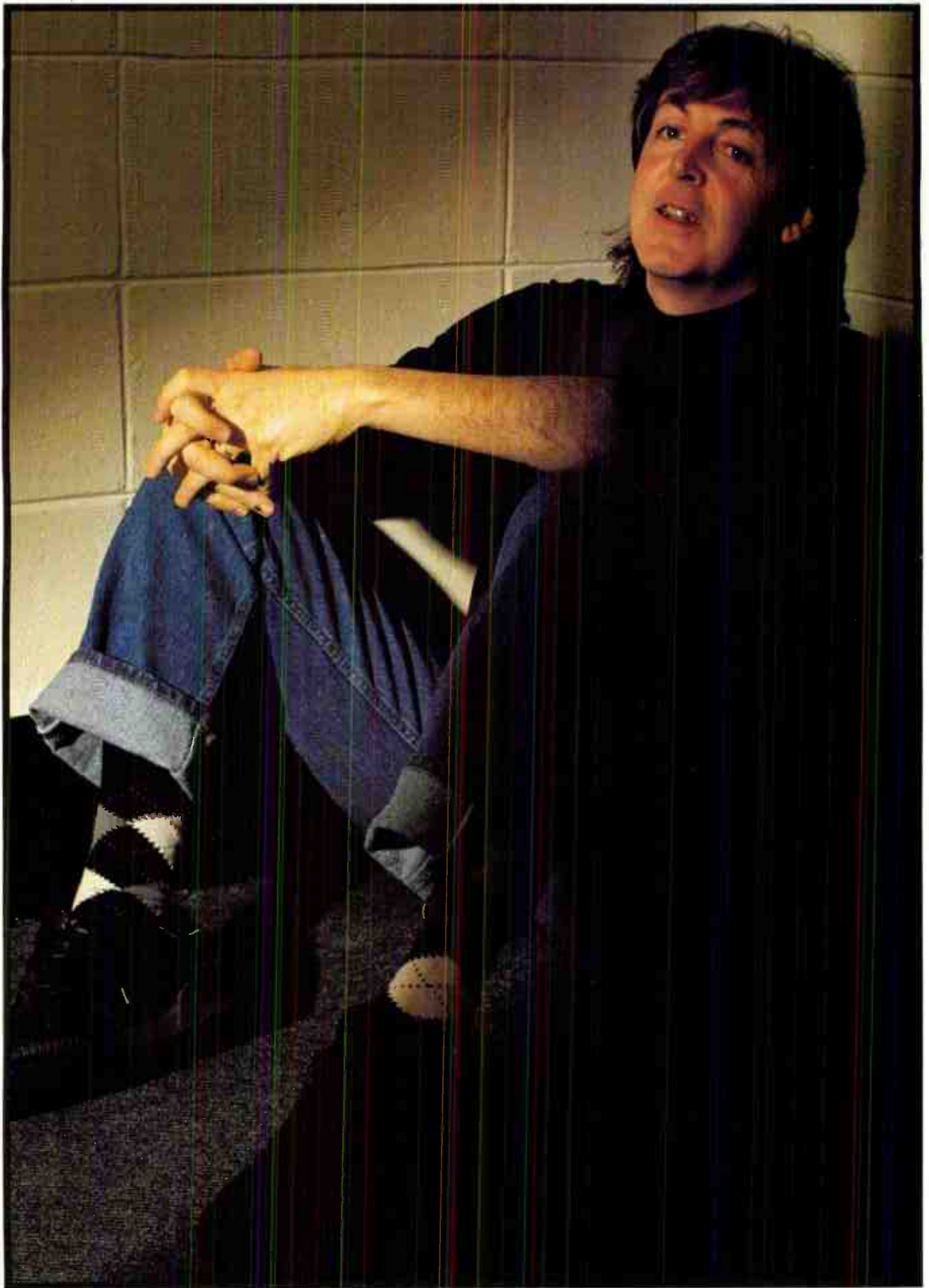
The busload of Japanese tourists are driving around Liverpool on an official "Beatles Tour." There's Strawberry Fields, there's Penny Lane, here comes the former site of the Cavern Club. As they click their cameras and point at the shrines, they spot some burly security guards standing by a car on a narrow, sloping street. The Beatle fans tell their driver to stop, and climb off the bus, Nikons in hand. And who do they see coming toward them? Paul McCartney. They scream, they jump up and down, some even hurl themselves at the Beatle. After almost 30 years McCartney is used to this, but it's still a scary scene. He makes it into his car and gets the door closed. The Japanese fans climb on, pushing 'round the windows, cameras clicking. "Must've seen *A Hard Day's Night* too many times," Paul assesses.

McCartney is in the middle of a more personal Beatles tour of Liverpool. In his fiftieth year, he has come home for the debut of his first classical piece—and to conduct a week-long rapprochement with his past.

In 1953, the coronation of Elizabeth II was to be honored at the massive Liverpool Anglican Cathedral, the largest Gothic structure in the world. Local school boys auditioned for spots in the Cathedral Boy's Choir. Among those trying out was a chubby-cheeked 11-year-old in short pants from Forthlin Road, Allerton, christened James in this very building, but whose mates called him by his middle name, Paul.

Paul McCartney's musical career might have begun right then and there, but unlike most British cathedrals, which had cathedral schools which gave their choris-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL BERNSTEIN & J. ALEXANDER NEWBERRY



ters musical training, the Liverpool Cathedral wanted boys who could already sight-read. McCartney could not, and left the building badly shaken, having failed his first musical audition.

In the summer of 1991 McCartney returns to the site, still unable to sight-read music, yet somewhat changed from that disappointed schoolboy. Even though the dean of the cathedral himself publicly welcomed McCartney back as “our city’s most famous son,” all of McCartney’s stellar successes in the pop and rock worlds in the intervening decades have not been able to shake off the memory of that initial hometown musical failure.

THE OCCASION OF HIS RETURN IS THE WORLD PREMIERE performance of “Paul McCartney’s Liverpool Oratorio” by Paul McCartney and Carl Davis, the former Beatle’s first attempt to write a full-scale classical piece.

Although oratorio is a relatively obscure form these days, there is a grand tradition of English oratorio writing and singing that extends back to the works of Handel (*Messiah* is the most famous example). The oratory of a church was usually a separate hall or chapel within the grounds which would stage religious plays and dramas. There was no stage action, but the works were usually sung stories involving religious drama, performed by vocal soloists, choir, organ and orchestra.

McCartney’s work is a more secular treatment of the form, but it does incorporate more or less the same scheme. To McCartney’s credit, there

door], he had a flat at Gambier Terrace, the first place I ever went to stay out all night. We’d kip on mattresses on the kitchen floor to some Johnny Burnette record, and still the cathedral would loom at you through every window of the flat. You couldn’t escape it.”

But of course, escape it he did, when the Beatles moved away from Liverpool in 1963 to more posh London residences. The hometown people bitterly resented the move, which happened to take place around the same time that this once-great seaport began falling into disuse and decay.

That resentment, too, has weighed heavily on McCartney’s mind, although unlike the other Beatles, McCartney has maintained close ties to Liverpool. He kept the house that he bought for his late father across the Mersey in Wirral for his frequent visits here. Brother Mike lives around the corner, and has been clearly in evidence all week, along with a host of silver-haired aunts, uncles and cousins (there are over 70 McCartneys listed in the Liverpool phone book, but like Rigby or MacKenzie, it’s a common name here).

Coming in contact with them and realizing how down-to-earth each really is brings to mind a comment McCartney made a couple of years ago when I asked him about coping with the hysteria of fans over the years: “Even at the height of the Beatle thing, I kept my head. I came from a warm family upbringing in Liverpool, so I’ve never been freaked by a large crowd of people. In fact, I even used to take public transport to Beatle gigs, and I can remember taking the train and then walking to this particular gig, when this gang of about 30 girls came running

“I WAS BORN DURING THE WAR, IN 1942. MY FATHER WAS A FIREMAN
PUTTING OUT THE INCENDIARY BOMBS. MY MOTHER WAS A MIDWIFE.
SO THERE WAS BIRTH AND DEATH GOING ON AT THE SAME TIME.”

is not a guitar, drum kit or synthesizer on hand, and he turned down the request that he somehow perform, since he felt that his performing style would be out of joint with the other forces and would also limit the piece’s viability outside of his being able to appear with it. There is religion present, but for McCartney, to quote from the final movement called “Peace,” “The Devil is evil with a D/And God is good without an O.”

The work was commissioned by the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic in celebration of its 150th anniversary, and includes among its combined forces such operatic luminaries as soprano Dame Kiri te Kanawa, tenor Jerry Hadley, mezzo-soprano Sally Burgess and bass Willard White, along with the superb Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir, and the full Liverpool Cathedral Boy’s Choir. The irony is not lost on “Macca,” as the locals call him, and he jokes between rehearsals that making them sing his stuff is the sweetest revenge he could have.

“It’s odd, coming back to this cathedral, because during all of my life here it towered over you, wherever you were, like a huge monolith,” McCartney recalls. “When I was in grammar school [at the Liverpool Institute across the street], we’d sag off to sunbathe on the gravestones.”

Indeed, if you look closely at the inscriptions, you may even see an Eleanor Rigby or two. Perhaps even a Father MacKenzie. “They’re common Liverpoolian names,” McCartney is quick to point out, trying not to crack a full smile.

“When I met up with John [Lennon, a student at the Art College next



toward me, screaming their lungs out. I motioned to them, ‘Shh, shut up, be quiet now,’ and managed to control them just like an older brother.

“Whenever I met people, wherever I meet people, no matter how crazy or difficult a situation it may be, my family is large enough that I can always think of someone in my family that whoever I’m talking to reminds me of, so I just think of it as dealing with that particular person.”

Coming back to the present, McCartney speaks of his family with pride and affection: “They may not look like much, and there may be no stunners among them. They’re just ordinary people but I’ll tell you: I’ve met world leaders and famous people in most countries, but I’ve never met anyone as interesting, caring, wise and with as much common sense as the members of my Liverpool family.”

All week long tourists have been crowding such celebrated local sites as Cavern Walks, the shopping center on the spot where the original Cavern Club once stood (it was torn down and rebuilt across the street to make room for an underground railway), where you can grab a drink with friendly locals at the Abbey Road Pub, or buy some costume jewelry at Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds. In the center of the complex stand four bronze statues of the Fab Four, and down the way on Mathew Street is the world-famous Beatles Shop, and the now-abandoned John Lennon Memorial Club. Brian Epstein’s old store is nearby, now a small appliance shop.

More sophisticated fans hire private guides, buy do-it-yourself maps or go out on two-hour bus tours of Beatles sites. You can see everything from the homes where each was born, to schools, churches and various homes and flats over their years here. The poverty that each grew up in is surprising—few of the homes even had indoor bathrooms—and it makes what the Beatles accomplished all the more impressive.

The exception is John Lennon, who despite having been given away to an aunt to raise, grew up in a nice suburban neighborhood. Around the block from his old house is Strawberry Field, a Salvation Army home for disturbed children with large grounds which would regularly hold outdoor garden fairs which Lennon and his aunt would attend while he was growing up.

Penny Lane is a tiny suburban road which does indeed have a shelter

closed down by the town council. I just came by on a nostalgic trip to have a look at it and remember my old school, but it was in a pretty bad state. It had really started to deteriorate. Gee, it still looks pretty bad right now." McCartney leads the way through the dilapidated corridors. "You should have seen it the last time I was here; this is actually an improvement. That roof leaking really worried me, but they've stopped that now. There's only a couple of places where the roof still leaks. But it's an amazing building and not in too bad a state of repair, although it obviously looks terrible compared to when I actually attended school here.

"I met a black guy after the [race] riots here who said to me, 'You know, Paul, what this city needs is a "Fame" school.' I thought, Hm, yeah, that might be possible: put the idea of saving my old school together with making a new school. Great idea.



My old school: McCartney touring the Liverpool Institute—his alma mater.

in the middle of the roundabout and even a barbershop on the corner. On this particular day, uncharacteristically, it even can be seen underneath blue suburban skies. Like the banal drawings and sketches that inspired Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*, or the depressing asylum bedrooms that Van Gogh made famous in his colorful paintings, Liverpool's beauty seems largely to have been in the imaginative eye of the artists.

One morning, dressed like a banker in a very uncharacteristic three-piece suit, white shirt and tie, McCartney offers a personally guided tour of his old school, the Liverpool Institute which, like so much of the city, now sits abandoned. He has plans to reopen the school, however, as the Liverpool Institute for Performing Arts, and even wants to teach there. He hopes it will help lead the way for a revitalization of the city.

"A couple of years ago I came back here to find out that it had been

"So what we're trying to do is save the building so it won't come down. But a 'Fame' school, a performing arts school, is also perfect for Liverpool, because there's so much talent in this city that it's unbelievable. It would not only save the school for the past, because it was built in 1825 and you don't want to lose great old buildings like that, but also, it would make something exciting for the future."

"We've got a business plan, but we don't know what it will cost yet," says Mark Featherstone-Witty, McCartney's choice to head the school. "The next thing, as with any fund-raising, is to hit the road. We hope to even have a support time in the States. Where are you from?"

"Chicago," I say, which distracts McCartney enough to start humming, "Chicago, Chicago, that toddlin' town," one of his father's favorite songs, he says. "My dad was a real jazz buff."

"Well," adds Featherstone-Witty, "in Chicago, they have a performing arts school which wouldn't be there if it weren't for *Fame*. It actually

sprang off of the movie. Alan Parker became the first patron, and he became the first patron of the trust which is developing this scheme. Odd, isn't it, the way a work of fiction can impact on reality."

"The building's in great shape structurally," McCartney says. "Shall we wander around a bit?"

"It *does* seem much smaller," McCartney says as we walk. "But then, I'm much bigger, aren't I? There used to be 1000 boys here, so you can imagine there's a few stories to be told."

"You know, I lived in Speke then, and would catch the bus with my little satchel—all 11 years old of me—while the other kids would call me 'College Pudding.' I hated that." McCartney's relatives will tell you that he went through a chubby stage as a child. "Anyone from Speke who went to a posh grammar school like this was a College Pudding. So I'd be off to school in my uniform, complete with cap and short pants, and the kids would shout, 'Get off the bus, College Pudding.'"

"That cooled off later when we used to scuttle around the buses at the depot, collecting cigarette packets that people had dropped. It was, 'Wow, welcome to the exotic world of smoking.'"

Did any of the Beatles attend here? "Yeah, George did. In fact, I met him on the bus. I remember where he used to live was a pretty frightening place. You'd walk over and there was always a big Teddy Boy who would say, 'So, who you looking at?' Well, you couldn't win with that guy, because if you'd say, 'You,' he'd thump you, and if you said, 'No one,' it would start that 'So I'm no one?' stuff. It always ended up the same."

Walking through several dusty and abandoned classrooms and lecture halls, it becomes clear that McCartney has an extraordinary memory for detail, and is relishing every minute of it. "Ah, here's the chemistry lab. We had an explosion here once; the teacher mixed two wrong chemicals and we could see it coming. The whole room exploded and was full of red smoke. The teacher actually ended up in the hospital. Mr. Scofield. 'Joe Scoe,' we used to call him. He was all right, though."

"When I was here, like most kids, I didn't really enjoy school. You wanted to get home, you wanted to go off on holiday. But looking back on it, the city of Liverpool gave me a great education for nothing. I would've really had to pay quite a bit beyond what we could've afforded for the kind of classical education that I got. So looking back on it, I feel very grateful."

"And of course, now you just remember all the good times. Let's hit the basement—the woodwork shop. Good memories for me, ashtrays and all. I could wander around here all day."

On the way down, we pass by the gymnasium. McCartney can't resist grabbing onto one of several ropes suspended from the ceiling. "Very sturdy," McCartney comments. "We used to play some mean basketball in here."

What did you make in shop? "We painted a lot, made some 'lovely pottery.' Boring stuff. But we did used to have a great tank of fish in here. I did love art, though. Still do. I still paint and stuff. In fact, I met a mate last year when I came up to get the Freedom of Liverpool award who is now on

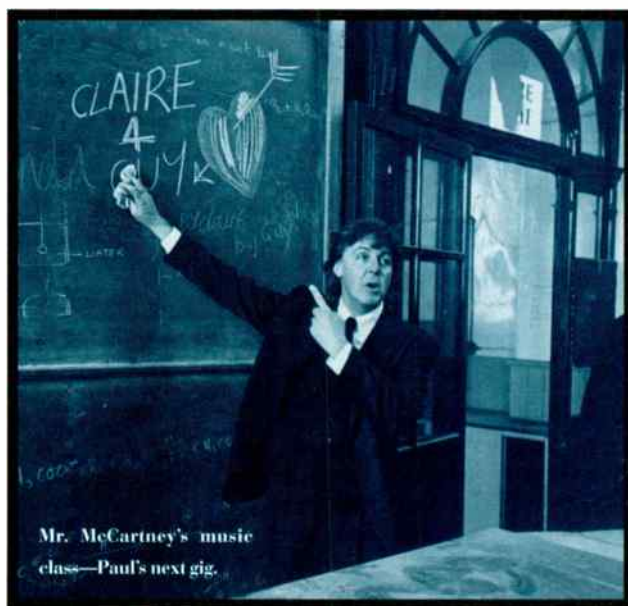
television here who remembered my being in Stan Reed's art class and my staying late all the time to work on art stuff because he used to stay in detention. That made me think back a bit. Sometimes I even joined him in detention. I used to be a bit of a mimic, which got me in trouble a time or two when the teachers I would mimic actually caught me. Great memories. You can see why I don't want to let this all go. It's just too good. It was a great all-around education. I hate seeing all of this dust, though. This is definitely the kind of building Liverpool can't afford to lose."

How personally committed are you to making this re-opening happen? Meaning, that is, financially? "I'm 100 percent committed, but it's not just me, of course. There are lots of people involved. But this isn't one of those things where the bloke comes in and solves all the problems with his money. It's not just a question of throwing money at it; it's the people of Liverpool who'll have to want this."

And do they want it? "Well, I wrote a letter to the *Liverpool Echo* to ask exactly that. I wasn't about to get involved if they didn't. But we had a massive vote of people who said, 'Yeah, we really do want it.' I even got a five-pound note from a little girl who said that she hopes to come here one of

these days. That kind of commitment is what you need. As long as the people here are totally behind it, then I'll do everything I can to make it happen, whatever it takes."

"And besides, remember, I'm hoping to teach here, you know? That should be a laugh. I was saying to Mark, I might even go for a degree! We're thinking of having a degree which involves music and the community. I'm up for that. I might finally get letters after my name."



BACK AT THE CATHEDRAL, McCartney's crew had been setting up the stage, microphones, lights and motion picture cameras all week, some-

times with such callous disregard for the artists who were rehearsing that at one point, conductor and co-composer Carl Davis snapped at them, "This is, first and foremost, a rehearsal and a performance; all the rest is incidental. You must work *pianissimo!*"

At another point earlier in the week, soprano Dame Kiri te Kanawa snapped at them to sit down, that she couldn't concentrate. In fact, te Kanawa's concentration seems so easily distracted that before she was through, she was even yelling at tourists and cathedral personnel just for passing into her line of vision over 600 feet away.

What has it been like for McCartney to work with opera singers? "It's been very interesting, actually. I come from the public's point of view of not really knowing what they're like, and I suppose you get the feeling that they're a bit stuffy because you always see them in evening dress looking very serious. Well, I can tell you: They're the raunchiest crowd I've ever been with, that's for sure."

"All of the soloists have put in a high degree of commitment to the piece. Of course, their necks are on the line as well as mine, so they would. But even so, I've been impressed with how professional they've been. Someone like Dame Kiri actually takes lessons with the piece. I

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wouldn't have suspected that coming in. I'd have thought she'd breeze in and do it. But they each have studied it and have worked everything out, so there's a high degree of commitment, which is great for me. It's lovely to have people like that on your team."

"The whole question of the nature of the solo roles was a long time in being settled," says the work's co-writer and conductor, Carl Davis, sipping tea on a rehearsal break. "For instance, I was half hoping that Paul would do the principal role himself since he is a performer. He was always rather uncertain about that."

"I thought we should cast the mezzo and the baritone part conventionally, but I kept asking Paul, 'Who is the lead guy? Who is the principal girl? Is it Linda Ronstadt? Aretha Franklin? Is the guy Michael Crawford? These are the possibilities.' The amazing thing was that he was the one who said, 'No, let's make it more classical. Let's get the best possible operatic singers for these roles.' In the end, I suspect that Paul was struck by the enormous beauty of the huge 'three tenors' concert with Pavarotti, Domingo and Carreras."

"Paul was impressed because while we were writing this he embarked on his enormous world tour, and people like Zubin Mehta were saying, 'I hear you've got a piece; I must have a look at it.' He rather took to that."

Casting the tenor lead was perhaps the most difficult for Davis and McCartney, since it was felt that any one of the "big three" would bring their characteristic Latin accents to the role. England, like most of the rest of the world, is presently experiencing a shortage of outstanding tenors, and the more established tenors of the Jon Vickers generation

would—and in some cases, did—balk at the idea of singing the "serious" music of a former Beatle. The natural direction to turn was to America.

"Jerry Hadley is an extraordinary talent whose career is on fire right now. Although he was a recommendation from his English agents, he had done the very good EMI recording of *Show Boat* with John McGlinn. That was absolutely terrific. I knew that he also did [Puccini's] *Bohème* beautifully and sings at every major opera house in the world to great acclaim. So he had a wide musical background, perfect for us."

"Sally [Burgess] is married to a jazz musician. She does Covent Garden and then goes and sings in a jazz club. Willard [White] is having a spectacular success in *Porgy and Bess*. With those sort of pedigrees, I knew that we would all have a common language. They all crossed over."

"As for Kiri, she was the most obvious of all because I knew her, and she too had done Gershwin and Nelson Riddle things, musicals, and other non-operatic things. Paul asked me one day, 'Who is the best soprano in the world?' I said, 'There's only one, and it's Kiri,' at least, again, if one is talking in terms of the English-speaking world and the one who is the most popular. 'Ring her up,' he said. I said, 'I'm working on something with Paul McCartney, would you like to be part of it?' 'Sounds great.' Just like that."

"George Harrison came over to the house and heard a bit of [the oratorio]," says McCartney. "George is very interested in all kinds of music, like I am. In fact, he's totally besotted with George Formby at the moment. But that's another story. Anyway, I played him a bit of this, and I think he liked it. When the operatic voice came in, George was a bit put off. As I was at first. My dad used to make a joke of that kind of voice. If

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ever opera came on the radio he'd turn it off. He was a jazz fan. So it was a bit of a culture shock to me, as it was to George. But I'm interested in it. I like it. I think you can show just as much emotion—maybe more—with that kind of voice as you can with what I would call a more 'normal' voice."

The rather unusual McCartney-Davis collaboration came about from two parallel directions which eventually intertwined. "I had actually been interested in meeting Carl for some time," says McCartney. "I had read an interview with him somewhere where he said, 'If it moves, I'll score it.' I like that sort of zany attitude."

Davis is a New Yorker by birth who began life as a child prodigy on the piano, later embracing conducting and composing before moving to Britain 30 years ago. He is not only a fixture in British concert halls, but an extraordinarily successful composer for theater, films and television.

Davis has had a regular working relationship with the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Society since the early '80s, and was solicited in 1988 for ideas about celebrating its 150th anniversary in 1991. "It was seconds before walking out to conduct a concert that the orchestra manager at the time asked me, 'Can you think of anything to climax the year's celebration? You can have whatever you like: the Cathedral, the chorus, anything you want.'

"Don't ask me why, but very loosely and peculiarly I said, 'How about something with Paul McCartney?' There's something about his writing that I had always loved, it's so melodic and lyrical. If you think about songs like 'Yesterday,' 'Eleanor Rigby,' 'Fool on the Hill,' 'Hey Jude,' 'Let It Be,' 'The Long and Winding Road,' they're not rock 'n' roll songs at all,

they're more like lieder and could be done beautifully as concert songs. Anyway, [the manager] said, 'Great.' My thought was, 'Oh my dear, they said yes. Now what happens?' I had never met the man in my life and hadn't the slightest idea how to get to him."

Coincidentally, Davis' wife is British actress Jean Boht, who happens to star in a television sitcom about a Liverpool family called "Bread." ("I jokingly refer to her as the Lucille Ball of England," says Davis.) As luck would have it, there was an episode of "Bread" in which McCartney and wife Linda were guest stars, so Boht was invited out to the McCartneys' for preparation to work on an extended scene with Linda. Meanwhile, McCartney was around asking, "Where's Carl, where's Carl?" Soon afterwards, Linda called and said, "Let's all have a Saturday together, and be sure to bring Carl."

"My problem was how on earth to present the idea of a work this elaborate to him," says Davis. "I rather unsuccessfully tried to point out parallels to him, such as the Verdi *Requiem*, the Britten *War Requiem*, but he wasn't familiar with those pieces.

"Then I reached deep into the cellar and mentioned the Andrew Lloyd Webber *Requiem*. He said, 'Yeah, I know that, it's not bad, I can take that. You mean a big piece for soloists and choir in a church setting.' 'Yeah, something like that.' But he did think that the idea of a requiem as such was too dreary.

"The day went on, and as we were about to head off, a magic moment came when Paul said, 'You know, I have very strong associations with the Cathedral and the area around it.'"

"I just somehow started into a lot of anecdotes about Liverpool and

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my childhood," says McCartney. "I started by telling him about being born during the war in 1942, and he started writing down what I was telling him, saying, 'That's good, that's good, go on.'"

"I mean, I have often thought it must've been quite a decision for people to make, having a child during a war. Of course, I'm sure a lot of it wasn't decisions either, it just happened. But the idea of all this hopefulness in all of this chaos was dramatic.

"That became the first movement, 'War.' I told Carl from the beginning, 'Let's not open with a ballad, but with some atonal stuff.' I was seeing all of those old films of the bombing of Liverpool, Birmingham, or wherever, where you see millions of planes coming over you with fire-bombs everywhere and black smoke. That's where my mind was, because my father was actually a fireman putting out those incendiary bombs. My mother was a nurse and midwife, so there was birth and death going on at the same time."

It became increasingly clear to Davis that his own role in the work was going to be larger than he had at first anticipated. Not only was McCartney largely unfamiliar with the classical tradition, but he didn't read or write a note of music.

"The music I write I don't actually write down," McCartney says. "I don't notate music. I can hear it, think it, orchestrate it. But when it comes time to actually write it out I have a sort of musical dyslexia. I just can't associate those little dots with what I hear in my head; it just seems like two different worlds."

"No big thing," was Davis' gung-ho response to McCartney's reluctance to learn to read and notate. "I told him, 'Look, I could teach you

everything there is to know in about 48 hours; there are really only about 12 things to learn. It's easier than typing.' He wouldn't have any of it and kept saying, 'No, no, I really, really don't want to.' 'Why?' 'Well, I kind of want to preserve my innocence. I really want to wonder at all this.'

"I kept telling him, 'But you'll be able to express yourself so much more clearly,' but he was adamant. I even thought of giving his [13-year-old] son a few lessons in the hope that Paul would be lurking about and catch on. He's absolutely fascinated by it, but terrified at learning it. That photograph in the program with us both at the piano is him riveted by my writing things down in notation, just riveted. I kept saying, 'It's no process at all, it's just five lines and this is the C, the E and the G on the lines, and between the lines are D, F, A and C. If you write an open note with a stem, it's two beats, without one it's four beats. It's just a language.' He'd say, 'Oh no, no.'

"One day we were passing by a church [near Penny Lane] when he said, 'Here's the Church of St. Barnabas—I sang there as a choir boy.' There are hidden depths and things he does not admit to."

McCartney may have been able to make St. Barnabas, but he couldn't get into the Cathedral choir because he couldn't sight-read. Thirty-eight years later, a much larger audition looms over him in the same building. And Paul McCartney, for the first time in many years, is again forced to face a novice's fears.

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Rules No purchase necessary. One cassette per artist/band. Maximum two songs per cassette. Name, age and address of each band member, photo of band/artist and a \$15.00 processing fee must accompany each cassette and entry form (or facsimile). All entries must be received by Dec. 31, 1991. All music must be original. If chosen, artists are responsible for final mix to appear on CD. Artists cannot be signed to a label. Tapes become property of **MUSICIAN Magazine** and will not be returned. Artists retain rights to their music. All decisions are final. Employees of **Billboard Publications, Inc.** and affiliated companies are not eligible. Void where prohibited.



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GUITAR

VINCE GILL: PICKIN' & GRINNIN'

Tangled up
in bluegrass

By Peter Cronin

ONCE VINCE GILL GETS HIS hands on a good guitar he just can't let go. "Yeah, I've never gotten rid of an instrument," laughs the 34-year-old country star. Gill opens a big door in a Nashville rehearsal studio to show off the proof—a room full of guitars. He's still got the old Martin D28 herringbone from his days as a bluegrass flatpicker. There's the red Gibson ES-335 that he played with Pure Prairie League. Finally we get to his current favorite, a 1953 Telecaster. "It's the rock," he says, "a very definitive sound. The way prices have gone up on these silly things is crazy, but I take it on the road anyway. Guitars are meant to be played, not set up on the shelf to be looked at."

He's as much a fan of the definers of that "Tele" sound as he is of the guitar itself, and Jimmy Bryant, James Burton and Buck Owens' guitarist Don Rich loom large when Gill starts snapping the strings of his '53. An Emmylou Harris record made him give up on a late-'70s Larry Carlton fixation and put away (not sell!) the 335. "I'd moved to L.A. to play with Byron Berline," says Gill, "and there I was, this bluegrass star trying to play with the fusion guys. But when I heard Albert Lee's solo on 'Luxury Liner' I said, 'This is the deal. How does he do that? It sounds like bluegrass, only on an electric guitar.'"

Hanging out and playing with Lee, Rodney Crowell and other purveyors of thinking-man's country helped Gill bring his music up to date, but underlying everything he plays is the graceful assurance and dead-

on proficiency of the bluegrass musician. For the most part his smooth singing voice got Gill the gig, but years on the road with top-notch bluegrass outfits enabled him to hone his chops on guitar, dobro, mandolin, fiddle and banjo.

With a stock-still right hand, Gill combines pick and middle finger to get the speed and snap that mark his chicken-on-fire guitar solos. "I keep the picking hand in place because I use my middle finger a lot to pop with," he says. "Playing the banjo helps because you work with three fingers in the Scruggs style." Holding his pick between index finger and thumb and using his middle finger as a claw, Gill uses the pick for series of upward bends on the G



Photograph: Brian Barnaud

ly simple and inexpensive modifications that can improve the performance of most tube amps. Steve offers a warning. "If you don't have experience working on amps, take it to a qualified repair person. To do some of these modifications, you have to work inside the chassis, where there's upwards of 400-500 volts DC. It can be lethal." But as long as the amp is unplugged...? Still no. "There are large filter capacitors in there that store energy for later use. I've been bitten by those myself, and it's not pleasant."

With that, Wilson starts in with some advice. He pats the head of a Marshall: "Here's something that can make an amp quieter and also prevent it from receiving radio signals. A guitar amp has a very high-gain front end. Its job is to amplify the millivolt guitar signal through several stages to speaker-level output, which can be 20 to 40 volts. But it can't discriminate between a musical signal and noise. You have to shield the gain stages from each other, because that's where the problem is coming from. There is a high-gain stage amplifying the signal, and then down the road on the circuit board is another stage that's amplifying that signal to a higher level. You get what's called induced voltage back into the first stage from the higher one. Also, the speaker level is very high-voltage, so if your low-level signal wires are too close to your speaker wires, the speaker wires will induce a voltage back into the front end.

"I remove the grid resistor from the circuit board, mount it right at the tube socket and then run a piece of shielded wire from the input jack to the tube socket. That way, the guitar signal goes straight into the tube socket on shielded cable. The chances of picking up an oscillation or induced voltage are greatly reduced.

"A lot of amps now use shielded cable," Wilson says, "but if you have an older amp, replace the low-level signal wires that run to the grids of the tubes with shielded cable. Only shield the cable at one end," he adds. "Clip the shield off and dress it at the other end. That prevents ground loops from forming.

"You've also got a heater voltage that runs the tubes," he continues, "and that can be a source of noise. The heater windings, which are generally red and black on a Marshall and green on Fenders, should be tucked close to the chassis and kept well away from the signal ca- [cont'd on page 84]

PERFORMANCE

CLASH OF THE TITANS AND THE WANKERS

By Charles M. Young

EARLY IN SLAYER'S SET, SINGER/BASSIST TOM ARAYA REMARKED, "WHOMEVER THOUGHT thrash would play at Madison Square Garden?"

A bit later in the set, Araya remarked, "Do you guys want us to play the Garden again? Then why the fuck do you do what you do?"


And that pretty much summed up the evening. History was in the air. So were flying chairs, firecrackers, seat cushions and that peculiar mist that forms when dry-ice fog mixes with sweat droplets from large numbers of slam dancers. How could Araya not have been discouraged? After years of playing pisshole nightclubs, he makes it to the top, and now he's got to pay for the top because his fans tore it up.

"Music for wankers," a friend of mine said when I told him I was attending the "Clash of the Titans," the latest in a whole trend of "package" tours. I couldn't get the image out of my head. The motion of playing thrash guitar—held at crotch level and stroked maniacally—is curiously similar to wanking. And the audience, about 95 percent young single males in black T-shirts, was certainly in the peak wank demographic.

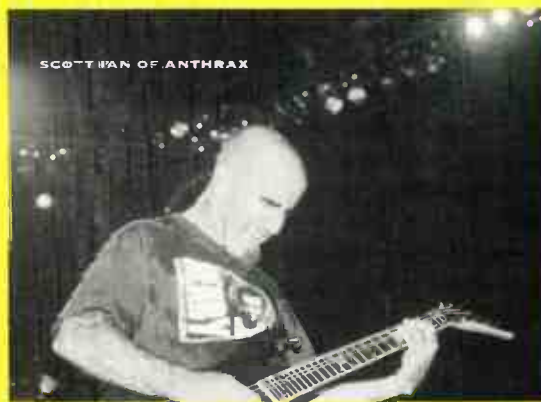
Like a million other leftists since the rise of Elvis, I found myself wondering what would happen if all this energy ever got focused. The same question had obviously occurred to Anthrax, Slayer and Megadeth, because all three interspersed their thrash with provocative political comment. I don't know what Alice in Chains had to say because they were operating with one-fourth the sound system.

Megadeth, going on second, and Anthrax, going on fourth, suffered from the same problem: They weren't dangerous. Sometimes bands can work too hard for approval, appear almost to grovel for it. In their accessibility, they become a shade boring. Even when Anthrax brought out Public Enemy for their encore of "Bring the Noise," it seemed less a challenge to stretch the boundaries of metal than their final attempt to top Slayer.

Going on third, Slayer, by contrast, made the audience grovel for its approval. When dealing with a vast army of wankers who can experience community only by beating each other, the most efficacious approach is to challenge their masculinity. Are you man enough to look pure evil in the face? Probably the biggest act in the world right now with a strong Satanic influence, Slayer mixed gross-out horror songs ("Dead Skin Mask") with we-have-created-hell-on-earth songs that are more sophisticated than the band or the genre have been given credit for. Given the popularity of cheap patriotism these days, I thought it took balls for Araya to dedicate "Mandatory Suicide" (against the draft and militarism) to "the boys who served in the Gulf."

Finally, as I was leaving the Garden, someone threw an M-80 down the stairwell. It exploded a few feet from my left ear, which has been nearly deaf for several days now. To paraphrase one of my literary forebears: Exterminate the wankers. 

WHO
Anthrax, Slayer,
Megadeth & Alice
in Chains
WHERE
Madison Square
Garden
WHEN
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IT'S HARD TO PUT YOUR FINGER on what makes a great guitar until you get your fingers on it. So you've really got to strap this instrument on and play it to appreciate Paul Reed Smith's obsession with isolating and refining all that's best about the classic solidbody electric guitar. In short, the Custom Shop Artist Series guitar, with its rounded and wide (but not too wide) neck, plays like a dream. You'd expect the best with a top-of-the-line PRS, and this guitar delivers—neck-through body construction with big, fat frets for resonance and sustain, a body of Honduras mahogany with a figured maple top and Smith's ingenious vibrato and string-loading system that lets you get all bent out of shape without getting locked up.

The now-familiar PRS body (in

weight and contour, somewhere between a Strat and a Les Paul) balances nicely on a strap. And thanks to what they call the Hybrid Pickup System, any number of classic tones, from the screamingest Telecaster snap to an out-of-phase Strat to the hollowed-out wail of a Les Paul, are easily summoned. One small beef: As a hardened Strat user I had trouble reaching for PRS' five-position switch, which they've not-so-cleverly disguised as a second tone control.

Maybe Paul Reed Smith ought to display his wares at some of these vintage guitar shows. That crowd wouldn't have much trouble with this instrument's over-\$3500 price tag, and they'd get to keep on saying, "They don't make 'em like they used to." Paul Reed Smith sure doesn't. He makes 'em a whole lot better. **PETER CRONIN**

Boogie Child

MESA'S MARK IV MAKES MAJOR MOTION

IT'S A CRIME TO ATTEMPT SQUEEZING EVERYTHING THIS AMP CAN DO ONTO SUCH A SMALL SPACE ON paper, especially since Boogie has so courteously squeezed this much amp into such a small package. Let's leave it at this: You'd be truly blessed to summon more intense distortion from a combo unit.

The Mark IV has three independent channels equipped with their own tone controls, and a five-band graphic equalizer that can be kicked in and applied to any or all channels in varying combinations via either a front-panel toggle or a rugged footswitch that comes standard. Power is in no short supply here—a new Tweed/Full Power capability allows you to select between a cushioned, vintage tone and a maxed-out roar, and the Simul-Class/Class A selector brings on the service of two or four power tubes, respectively. Used in conjunction, these switches and knobs are the passkeys to Tone City.

Assignable effects loops (like those used on Dan Pearce's amps) let you designate outboard processing to specific channels. Taking advantage of this circuitry, Boogie's new Simul-Satellite functions as an independent amplifier, but when linked to the Mark IV with a stereo box between them, serves as the right channel of a true stereo setup. The little fella won't scream bloody murder without being hooked up to its more evolved cousin, but it's got the five-band graphic and is a solid portable option for stereo aspirants.

One dark cloud lingers above the blessing: Though flexibility virtually defines the Mark IV, its clean sound just isn't as fat as it could be, which is a shame in the case of an amp which does just about everything else any guitarist could expect. Tough to figure—about as tough as the loaded front and rear panels on this unit may seem at first. Yeah, there's a million knobs and switches, and if you're particular about your tone you'll undoubtedly be kneeling and twiddling for days. But then again, if you aren't particular about your tone, why even consider a Boogie?

MATT RESNICOFF



Photographs: Linda Covello; Susan Gaines (bottom)

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Digitech GFX1 Twintube (Gem-



ini) Warmth is your middle name. Guitarists in many styles will admire your exceptionally smooth distortion and ample bottom end. But you're not one to sit back and rest on those two hot 12AX7s you're packing. Your seven-band EQ, chorus, digital delay and user-programmable cabinet emulation all indicate a strong desire to succeed. With a good external reverb as the Other Rack Unit in your life, you can achieve true sonic bliss. I know your effects loop can handle it. Watch out, MP-1!



Gollien-Krueger 100MPL (Virgo) Brave little 100MPL: trying to do great analog distortion without tubes. The results can sometimes get a bit brittle, but with two differ-

ent EQ sections (a four-band and a seven-band) you're well prepared to cope. Meanwhile your clean tone is pleasing and your speaker emulation both idiot-proof and effective. Tremolo and chorus are a nice plus, making you a sensible mate for today's pragmatic guitarist.



Korg A1 (Capricorn) Suave, ultra-sophisticated, upmarket...your name says it all, A1. You're an ideal match for the session cat around town or the experimental new-age jizzer. That completely digital signal path of yours has got it all: a harmonizer, Rolls Royce reverb...effects from here to Uranus! You can make a guitar sound like a synthesizer. But can you make it sound like a guitar? Face it, A1, you can

be as tough to program as a synthesizer. You're a demanding one, but when you make with that celestial digital shimmer, all is forgiven.



Peovey Pro-Fex (Taurus) Hey there, Pro-Fex, that's some batch of digital effects you've got. And you sure know how to string 'em: up to 16 at a time, in series or parallel, with a minimum of programming stress. If only there weren't something so unmistakably digital about your tone—particularly in the treble frequencies. Still, into the right power amp and cab, you're as solid and spunky as a prize bull at a county fair.



Roland GR-16 (Sagittarius) You're some digital deceiver, GR-16. Your tone is reminiscent of being in a control room and listening over monitors to a tube amp miked in another room. It's not exactly the same as being right there in Tube Heaven, but it's awfully close. Your bag of digital effects is comprehensive, high-quality and relatively easy to program—especially for a device whose birth sign is in the Land of the Rising Sun.

ASTRAL AL DI PERNA

A D V C E S

My Trombone Wants to Kill Your Mama

THE MUSIC I GREW UP ON WAS HENDRIX, JIMMY PAGE, SLY STONE AND STEVIE WONDER," says jazz star Robin Eubanks. "My brother [Kevin] played guitar but there I was, stuck with trombone." So today Robin puts his horn through a small but powerful raw of guitar effects. Perched on the bell of his Yamaha trombone is an AKG C409 clip-on mike feeding an AKG B9 power pack. From there, the signal hits a Boss 5250L volume pedal and a Crybaby GCB95 wah-wah pedal, same as Jimi's. Last stop is a Boss PS2 digital delay and chorus. By no means is all this just gimmickry: "I'm not just wigglin' my foot around. I hear things I want, and I can get them with this setup." For now, at least: "I don't know how much longer I can avoid carrying around racks and stuff."

TONY SCHERMAN

They talk to



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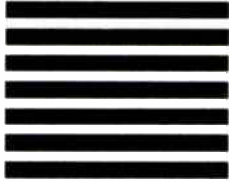
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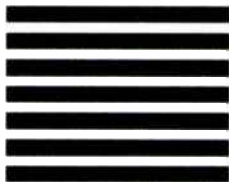
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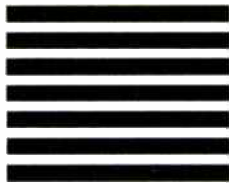
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MUSICIANS AGAINST CENSORSHIP

SOUND OFF!

Before attempting to answer the question: Do I believe in censorship? I must first ask myself, what is inherently wrong with the concept of censorship? My answer... absolutely nothing—provided the person or persons doing the censoring have led and continue to lead unimpeachably correct and moral lives. This leads to the question of what morality is in the first place, certainly a larger issue than this column will allow for.

So, the question narrows itself to: Do I believe the people who have placed themselves in a position to censor popular music should be allowed to do so? My answer is no; however, it is a qualified and somewhat cautious no. Owing much more to the frightening scenarios I can envisage... Tipper Gore with her own nightly television show... "Stand We Now in Judgement," than to the musical and ethical worthiness of a large percentage of the recording artists in question.

From the time I was a small child, I can remember hearing first-hand accounts of people—my people—being censored. Not by one or two individuals but by an entire government whose politics were supported by the overwhelming majority of its citizens. Not only were their art and music suppressed, their very lives were deemed unworthy. As a consequence, over six million people were murdered, including over a million infants and children, at the hands of the Nazis. The ultimate censors! For me, the pain brought on by the word censorship is potent, personal and immediately threatening. It stands to reason that this is probably true for a multitude of people of other nationalities.

But then I ask myself, didn't I feel the need to become a censor when the KKK and other neo-Nazi groups marched in Skokie, Illinois, home to hundreds of Holocaust survivors and their families?



Does this mean that my feelings about censorship are unclear, or at the very least conditional? What I am discovering is that one cannot have a knee-jerk reaction against censorship simply because it is in fashion to be unconditionally opposed to it.

In fact, what it often boils down to is a case of the lesser of two evils. Censorship being just slightly more so. For me, there is a huge distinction between saying, "I am against censorship," and the more extreme response, "I can say what I want whenever I want to!" If that sentiment seems antithetical to the credo of rock 'n' roll it is because I suddenly find myself at a loss to decide which is more frightening: the overly corporate and predictably politically correct rock establishment or the censors themselves.

Many of us in the entertainment industry would like to believe that "artistic freedom" is a license through which we can sidestep the timeless and immutable laws of morality, and this is

our biggest weakness. Clearly, there can be no mortal agency which has the authority to dictate the terms of right and wrong. However, this does not in any way negate our responsibility to seek out the terms for ourselves. If the word responsibility seems like a liability in regards to the creative process, it is because we have a misunderstanding of the nature of true freedom.

Like everything mankind strives for, freedom can only exist within an externally defined system of moral structure. At this point in time, it is the duty of each of us in a sphere of influence to seek out and set these limits for ourselves. To avoid doing so in the name of art is not an expression of truth, but one of acquiescence to mediocrity.

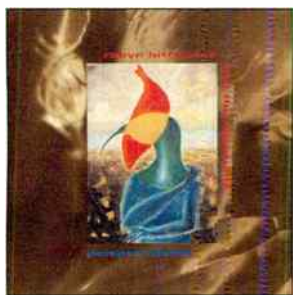
Peter Himmelman



Where the Players Do the Talking™



Robyn Hitchcock's Weird Science



■
Perspex Island
(A&M)

THE FIRST HALF OF ROBYN HITCHCOCK'S LATEST IS ANOTHER fistful of catchy pop/rock songs with enigmatic lyrics, sung in Hitchcock's inimitable if somewhat indescribable vocal style. It's a distinctive non-singer's voice that fits the pinched but provocative emotional range of his songs: untrustworthy, distracted, menacing in an unconventional way, with a barely discernible edge of mockery. The melodies and arrangements may be almost cravenly listener-friendly—this album has the best collection of basslines I've heard in some time, and "So You Think You're in Love" does its bit in a pleasure-packed 2:33 (new wave/power pop lives!). But that voice, those lyrics, mean to make you uneasy.

Not that one can always pinpoint what Hitchcock's going on about—he has a politician's mastery of misdirection, making sure he always retains plausible deniability. But there are times—more than on *Globe of Frogs*, at least—when you think you're getting the drift. The aforementioned "Love," for example, *might* be about coming out of the closet (could be, maybe). "Ultra Unbelievable Love" is just basi-

cally a love song, right?—and that part about the Bible...well, I'll have to get back to you on that.

On the set's second half, however, Hitch's compositional proclivities expand for a string of authentically spacious neo-hippyisms—longish tunes with plump, druggy textures that plop and spread in the properly receptive mind. Here you get something more resembling a philosophy or worldview. Hitchcock's lyrics have always had intimations of phenomenology, biology (especially evolution), solipsism and—this is a Brit thing—secret sinister longings, usually peeking out of a surrealistic stew of quotable phrases and jerrybuilt imagery. On "Ride," his message beams through a little clearer: "You don't have to go anywhere/You don't have to see anyone/All you've gotta do is ride..." and, as the acoustic guitar-driven song tumbles along inexorably: "You don't have to sharpen yourself/You're embedded deep as it is." Ah, consciousness, it does have a mind of its own.

Isn't it further, uh, celebrated on the patchouli-drenched "If You Go Away": "I don't believe in anything but you/I don't believe in anything out there/I don't believe in anything at all..." At the same time, Hitchcock's apparent chilliness is becoming tempered by (possible) love songs like "Ultra" or the fresh view of loneliness he gives "Birds in Perspex": "I take off my clothes with you/I'm not naked underneath/I was born with trousers on/Just like everyone." You get the impression that beneath the facade of the modern singer/songwriter, behind the word games and intuitive existentialism, is someone who's trying like hell to care. Just like everyone. —Richard C. Walls



Tony Bennett

Forty Years—The Artistry of Tony Bennett
(Columbia/Legacy)

THERE'S NO ONE SO COLD AS A COLD ITALIAN, the saying goes. And as this lovingly crafted, four-CD boxed set demonstrates, there's none so warm as a warm one. There is much to admire about Tony Bennett's way with a song—his relaxed rhythms, sensitivity to lyric nuance, taste in arrangers and accompanists, a vocal technique that can whisper ballads and climb crescendos with equal constancy, and, not least these days, stay in tune. These are the tools of a great singer. But what really makes us care about Tony Bennett is his radiance of spirit. He reminds us that music is, in the broadest sense, the language of love.

That he's managed to maintain such sincerity of

purpose through a 40-year career of wildly shifting fashions suggests the psychic link between Bennett and the jazz musicians who were his formative influences. Like Art Tatum, to mention one, Bennett leaned heavily at first on the standards of the Porter-Gershwin-Arlen-Warren era—the 87 song titles here read like a roll call of popular classics. But over the years Bennett has also achieved the not inconsiderable feat of unearthing more contemporary songs of comparable style and worth. The results can be as effervescent as "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams" or as poignant as Bill Evans' "Waltz for Debbie"; as playful as Bennett's rendition of "I've Got Just About Everything" or as achingly tender as his reading of "Fly Me to the Moon." But in each case, Bennett's intensity of feeling makes the song his own.

The CDs here are arranged chronologically, each covering a decade of work, and while the material remains more or less of a standard, Bennett has clearly become a more sophisticated and confident performer over time. Anchored by a long-term partnership with arranger and pianist Ralph Sharon, whose contributions shouldn't be underestimated, he's arguably at the peak of his career. Still, I find myself drawn most strongly to his music in the early '60s, just before all the explosions began, when Bennett enjoyed his greatest popularity, and his idealism appeared to find its echo in society. Listening to those songs today—"Stella by Starlight," "If I Love Again" and of course "I Left My Heart in San Francisco"—is to be struck by the loss of an era that seemed to anticipate its own nostalgia, from a singer who also emblemized its capacity for decency and hope and renewal. If some of those better qualities seem in short order today, the true triumph of *Forty Years* is Tony Bennett's insistence that such virtues will finally endure.

Maybe he's right. Let's wish him 40 more.

—Mark Rowland



Lynyrd Skynyrd

Lynyrd Skynyrd 1991
(Atlantic)

WHEN LYNKYRD SKYNYRD'S PLANE CRASHED IN the well-documented 1977 tragedy which killed singer/songwriter Ronnie Van Zant, guitarist Steve Gaines and his sister, Honkette Cassie Gaines, a good bit of the spirit that exemplified the best Southern rock went down with them. But survivors Gary Rossington, Leon Wilkerson, Billy Powell and Artimus Pyle still had their

skills intact, even if their hearts were bruised. And if the old Skynyrd was known for anything, it was toughness and tenacity. So bring back guitarist Ed King, who co-wrote "Sweet Home Alabama" and left the band during one of the legendary Torture Tours, and give Randall Hall the late Allen Collins' guitar slot to make three. Throw in new drummer Custer to back up Artimus Pyle. Give the mike to little brother Johnny Van Zant, who'd already made his bones on solo albums and on last year's successful Lynyrd Skynyrd tribute tour. Then shake it up good down in Memphis to see what happens.

What happens is the sort of strong, rhythm-oriented hard rock that was always Skynyrd's signature. Where Ronnie Van Zant once held forth with bare-bones eloquence about such Everyman subjects as guns, friends, money and women, brother Johnny remains true to those bloodlines. The presence of Custer (a direct descendant of you-know-who) allows Pyle to explore different percussive directions. And Skynyrd's three-guitar assault—the legendary mules—just picks up where it left off. Blistering solos highlight "I've Seen Enough" (Skynyrd rap?), "It's a Killer" and the down-and-dirty "Backstreet Crawler." Production by vet Tom Dowd showcases Billy Powell's keyboards, which dance a funky boogie on top of that rock-hard rhythm, while capturing the group's live-in-the-studio ambience.

Mean and rowdy as they were, Lynyrd Skynyrd always had a mellow, contemplative side—the red-neck-with-a-heart syndrome. It has never been more in evidence than on "Plain and Simple" and "Mama," the latter capable of bringing a tear to any good ole boy's eye. Merle Haggard should love it. Skynyrd also shows a sense of humor on "Money Man," reminiscent of "Workin' for MCA." It all goes to show you that great Southern bands never die—they just regroup and turn up the volume.

—Ray Waddell



Skid Row

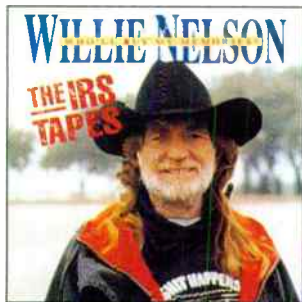
Slave to the Grind
(Atlantic)

ISAW THESE GUYS OPEN FOR AEROSMITH ONCE AND vocalist Sebastian Bach seemed afflicted with some strange variant of Tourette's syndrome that caused him to scream the f-word at least four times per sentence fragment. Noun, verb, adjective, adverb, participle, prefix, suffix, intra-fix—it's difficult to think of a particle of speech he missed. "What

if this is genetic?" I thought. "He's one of the prettiest young males of his generation, and he's in a position to spread his seed all over the world. In 20 years, we could have a new race of humans who communicate entirely by inflecting the f-word and pointing. I see a world in which it is impossible to lie, a world where politicians would have no jobs, a world without war or racism or poverty, a world in which all are truly one. E pluribus f-word."

Thus I am disappointed to report that *Slaves to the Grind*, Skid Row's second album, displays the f-word prominently in just one song, "Get the Fuck Out." And even here we stumble into the bottomless bag of expressing oneself with several words at a time. Take the line, "Well I puke, I stink bitch get me a drink." As a general rule of lyric writing, it is okay to use commas or not to use commas, but it is not okay to resort to half-measures. We are left wondering whether "I" does indeed stink and is commanding "bitch" to fetch him a drink, or if "I" is a "stink bitch" who gets himself a drink. In either case, the listener can only guess why "I" would want another drink after puking. The explanation offered in the next line, "Cause I'm payin' for the room," raises more questions than it answers. The basic thesis of this album is that "I" finds it degrading to get bossed around by someone with more money. Why then does "I" feel entitled, on the basis of paying for a hotel room, to boss around someone generous enough to perform oral sex ("Take my tonsil glaze right down your throat") even when he smells bad? Is "I" aware that Karl Marx once articulated a similar thesis without commanding any females to wrap their lips around his attitude? Do all stink bitches find apostrophes more amenable punctuation than commas? Perhaps Skid Row will answer on their third album. In the meantime, I'll inflect the f-word and point.

—Charles M. Young



Willie Nelson

Who'll Buy My Memories?: The IRS Tapes
(Sony)

WILLIE NELSON NEGLECTED TO PAY HIS taxes for several years so the IRS confiscated everything he owns, including masters of unreleased recordings. In an attempt to recoup some of the \$16 million owed Uncle Sam, the IRS is releasing this collection of 25 songs drawn from confiscated tapes, which will be marketed exclusively through television. (If you're a friend of the red-headed stranger, if you long to be on the road again with Willie, then send your check or money order...) A

collection of stripped-down acoustic numbers stockpiled over the years, *The IRS Tapes* is an uneven, occasionally embarrassing record, and one can't help but wonder if Nelson would've chosen to release this music had he not been backed into a corner. The best thing about it may be the cover photograph; we see the rascally old tax dodger himself, staring into the camera wearing an Alfred E. Newman "What, Me Worry?" grin, and a T-shirt emblazoned with the words "Shit Happens." It's a very funny picture.

As for the music, if you've ever wondered what it would be like to kick back with Willie and listen while he tries to develop musical fragments into full-fledged songs, then this record is for you. Virtually every song explores one of four narrative ideas: Buddy let me buy you a beer; why'd you leave me?; those were the good old days; I'm bad for you baby so I'm gonna go. The tunes are best described as rough sketches, and some of the lyrics are very rough indeed ("My oatmeal tastes just like confetti" is a favorite of mine). But their musical structures are boringly uniform, 25 tunes that blur into one long, meandering melody.

As a singer and a writer, Nelson is capable of truly transcendent music—this is, after all, the man who wrote "Night Life," "Blue Eyes Cryin' in the Rain" and "Angel Flying Too Close to the Ground." There may be a diamond in the rough somewhere in this bag, too. But chances are, *The IRS Tapes* will be remembered solely for the peculiar circumstances surrounding its release. (Not available in stores: to order call (800) 652-3400.) —Kristine McKenna



3rd Bass

Derelects of Dialect
(Def Jam/Columbia)

Heavy D. & the Boyz

Peaceful Journey
(Uptown/MCA)

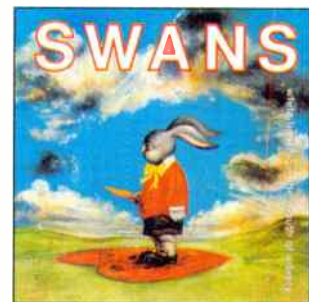
WHETHER YOU LOATHE HIM OR MERELY despise him, Vanilla Ice has cast the entire rap scene in a new light. Now the likes of Heavy D. and even tepid old M.C. Hammer don't seem nearly so weak. And over in the Def Jam camp, imagine how pissed-off MC Serch and Prime Minister Pete Nice of 3rd Bass must be. After working to build credibility as white artists in a mostly black field, along comes an arrogant twit who embodies honky cultural imperialism at its most shameful.

Actually, you don't need to guess how they feel,

'cause the guys slam Ice hard on *Derelects of Dialect*, their crackling sophomore effort. Chanting, "Ice, ice baby/No soul, no soul" in the gritty "Ace in the Hole," Serch and Pete go for the jugular with "Pop Goes the Weasel," a crisp, spirited workout that blasts "phony entertainers" and "senseless rhymes," proclaiming, "We gotta make sure that real rap has to endure." The song's startling video goes farther, as they club an Ice look-alike to the ground. Whoa, boys!

The lads aren't always so vicious, though the urgency rarely subsides. Serch and Pete favor a brusque attack that makes the rhymes sizzle, even when the meaning's fuzzy. Like Elvis Costello, they sometimes use verbal barrages when a few choice remarks might serve better. Regardless, you can't miss the plea for tolerance in "Portrait of the Artist as a Hood" or the righteous fervor of "No Master Plan No Master Race." And thanks to the lean, driving sonics of DJ Richie Rich and a bevy of producers, 3rd Bass backs up the big talk with no-nonsense funk. It's impossible not to twitch when "No Static at All" ignites.

Meanwhile, Heavy D. pursues mainstream acceptance on *Peaceful Journey*, his third LP. Though the self-billed "overweight lover" constantly advertises his romantic prowess, he associates passion with snuggling and cuddling, which creates a surprisingly benign ambience. (Chanting, "Do me, do me" tends to break the mood, of course.) Addressing street issues, the affable D.-man lectures misguided youth in the spunky "Letter to the Future," then counsels mike temperance on "Don't Curse," featuring guest shots by Big Daddy Kane and Q-Tip. If this broad conservative streak, combined with the undemanding grooves of such producers as Teddy Riley and Marley Marl, makes Heavy D. too safe, there's no denying the down-to-earth intelligence behind his moves. Anyway, he's still a zillion times better than Vanilla Ice. —Jon Young

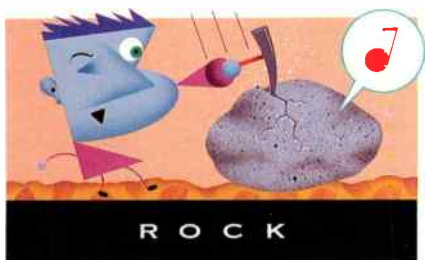


Swans

white light from the mouth of infinity
(Young God)

IN A PERFECT WORLD—ONE WITHOUT WAR, suffering, traffic violations—the Swans' music would make little sense. As it stands, their music still makes little sense. The orchestral grandeur—a New Order/Sisters of Mercy disco dirge—accompanying each of *white light's* 12 anthems (no song less than five minutes in length), coupled with the lyrics' unrelieved obsession with self-pity, makes for an album destined to become a party [cont'd on page 94]

SHORT TAKES



BY J. D. CONSIDINE

VAN HALEN

For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge [Warner Bros.]

With Van Halen playing as if it has something to prove again, *F.U.C.K.* pushes everything—song structure, guitar solos, lead vocals—to the limit, lending the music a vitality unheard since the band's first records. The lyrics aren't exactly subtle (given the title, how could they be?), nor are the melodies as Top-40 obvious as those on *OU812*. But there's an edge and a sense of daring to the songs, and a whole new set of guitar tricks from Edward. Isn't that enough?

BONNIE RAITT

Luck of the Draw [Capitol]

What sets this album apart from its Grammy-winning predecessor isn't the quality of the songs or the caliber of the sidemen; both are about the same. No, what makes this album sparkle is the offhand ease of the performances, the sort of aw-shucks rhythm licks and it-ain't-nuthin' grooves only the truly great can manage. That ain't luck—that's *skill*.

CHER

Love Hurts [Geffen]

Not this much.

CRYSTAL WATERS

Surprise [Mercury]

Unlike other dance divas, who try to bulldoze the beat, Waters prefers to melt into it, letting her slurred, soulful delivery seep into the rhythm until the two become inextricably twined. Which may not be enough to make a great singer (or even a very good one, as her "Twisted" attests). But it helps explain why her wobbly intonation

never up-ended "Gypsy Woman (She's Homeless)," or how she can pull such passion from the minimal groove of "Tell Me."

ANTHRAX

Attack of the Killer B's [Megaforce/Island]

Most people think of thrash as being about as musical as the sound of a one-speed drill. As this set shows, most people are wrong. Running the gamut from mosh fodder to mid-tempo balladry, it boasts a bitchin' "Pipeline," a fire-breathing cover of Kiss' "Parasite" and a version of Public Enemy's "Bring the Noise" that truly does.

PSYCHEDELIC FURS

World Outside [Columbia]

Their newly subdued sound may be a sign of maturity, but it doesn't mean the Furs have mellowed. There's as much edge as ever to these songs, from surly, mid-tempo rockers like "Don't Be a Girl" to bitter ballads like "Sometimes." But there's also a wider and truer range of emotion here, which is how this group manages to grow up without seeming to get old.

DAVID BYRNE

The Forest [Luaka Bop/Warner Bros.]

Some listeners might compare Byrne's first orchestral work to the music of Philip Glass, but to tell the truth, the only thing minimal about this piece is the listening pleasure it offers.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Cuba Classics 2: Dancing with the Enemy

[Luaka Bop/Warner Bros.]

Unlike Earthworks' admirable *Sabrosa!*, this 16-song anthology offers a slice of history, with examples of Cuban dance music dating back to the mid-'50s, and styles ranging from slinky *changüi* like Los Van Van's "Guararey de Pastoria" to brassy *bachata* like Celeste Mendoza's "Fiesta Brava." Proof, as compiler Ned Sublette puts it, that cigars are only Cuba's *second* greatest export.

MICHAEL MCDERMOTT

620 H. Surf [Giant]

Any artist capable of a title like "Your Silence I Will Always Admire for Its Being" is bound to lean heavily on his lyric sheet, and the relentlessly literate McDermott is

no exception. Thankfully, there's enough kick in the rhythm section to keep these overstuffed stanzas from collapsing on themselves, but unless you've always wondered what grad school could have done for Bruce Springsteen, *620 H. Surf* is an address to avoid.

SEAL

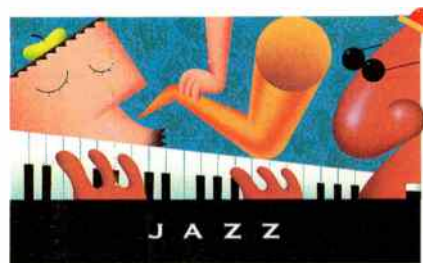
Seal [Sire]

A sheep in wolf's clothing, Seal plays up club-savvy beats to disguise that he's actually a singer/songwriter at heart. It helps that his voice is as soul-schooled as his songs are soul-baring. But what ultimately keeps this collection from slipping into dancefloor monotony is Seal's sense of dynamics, which gives drama to the ebb and flow of each melody.

SHIRLEY MURDOCK

Let There Be Love [Elektra]

At times, Murdock's slow-boiling balladry is given enough of a light-jazz gloss to come across as a low-budget Anita Baker, but don't let that fool you. Murdock is a gospel-style belter of the old school. Which is why the best moments here aren't the attempts at upscale elegance, but down-home sizzlers like "We Should Be Together" or the churchy "Say It, Mean It."



BY CHIP STERN

SONNY SHARROCK

Ask the Ages [Axiom]

A couple of years ago, when all my friends in the biz started hipping me to their latest discovery, I knew the curtain had risen on an American second act. Sonny Sharrock? *Black Woman* helped rid me of square college roommates back in 1970. Sharrock was among the first free jazz guitarists, the great wack hope, a guitarbarian

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with little reverence for the instrument's tradition. He'd started as a garden-variety gospel/R&B/doo-wop guitarist, but coming under the spell of John Coltrane, came to employ a cheesy Bigsby vibrato, a bottleneck (and a circular saw for a picking hand) to chainwhip a semi-acoustic electric into a pile of broken glass on Pharaoh Sanders' *Tahuid*, Miles Davis' *Jack Johnson*, Wayne Shorter's *Super Nova* and Herbie Mann's *Windows Opened* and *Memphis Underground*. Despite Sonny's caveman technique and simplistic harmonic palette, his vocabulary of shakes, screams, clusters and question marks seemed to jump off from the microtonal, a-merman-I-shall-be, spatial jelly side of Hendrix. Bassist/producer/visiting nurse Bill Laswell reintroduced Sharrock's talents to brilliant effect on his post-modernist jambalaya *Memory Serves*, and now with *Ask the Ages*, he's helped the guitarist make the kind of statement Sharrock intended 25 years ago—a riveting mix of fierce emotive improvising, modal jazz and oddly reflective moments (there is something sublimely touching in the sentimental, folk-like simplicity of his melodies, like "Once Upon a Time" and "Who Does She Hope to Be"). Still, it's Sonny's blazing Les Paul timbre, and the way he and Pharaoh Sanders weave through the thrashing dervish undertow of bassist Charnett Moffett and drum legend Elvin Jones on bombs-away performances like "Promises Kept," that will inspire jazz fans and slumming heavy-metal deviates.

MCCOY TYNER
New York Reunion [Chesky]

Given the near-suffocating influence Tyner has exerted on a generation of players, it's nice to report that Tyner himself seems least overwhelmed by his formidable wall of tried-and-true clichés. What had grown, on disc at least, to be a tad heavy-handed and predictable, has been distilled over the past few years (since he ditched the horns and went with a trio format) into a thing of considerable grace and beauty. Churlish of me, I'm sure, to be complaining of Tyner's virtuosity as if I were critiquing Yahweh for too garish a sunset, but as *New York Reunion* illustrates, Tyner seems content to render unto the drums that which is percussive (herein, the under-rated and ebullient Al Foster), and to render unto the keyboard that which is pianistic. Oh, sure, there's plenty of vintage Tyner power on the minor menace of "What Is This Thing Called Love" and the vamping "Home." But dig his understated dynamics behind a protean Joe Henderson on the tenor feature "Ask Me Now," or the coy foreplay leading to his patented crescendos, polyrhythms and fluttering single lines during a solo turn on "Beautiful Love." Rendered with no-nonsense digital clarity, *New York Reunion* is a splendid way to kiss and make up.

JEAN-LUC PONTY
Tchikola [Columbia]

Here's another artist of impeccable talent who has been wallowing in fluffermutter clichés of his own making since man first walked erect. Possibly the finest improvising violinist this side of the venerable Stephane Grappelli, Ponty and my stereo haven't enjoyed more than a one-night stand in many a fortnight. I long ago tired of fusion's relentlessly dull, humorless pretensions, and found Ponty's MIDI breakthroughs pointless—why

spend a fortune to transform a distinctive violin timbre into odious synthesizer pre-sets? Well, apparently someone did Jean-Luc a solid and pulled his coat to the joys of West African music. The result is *Tchikola*, one of the most bumptious, upbeat cross-cultural collaborations to date. Devoid of his ponderous "production values," and clearly inspired by the light, dancing locomotion of Yves Ndjock, Bruce Wassy, Abdou Mboup and Guy Nsangué, Ponty responds with some of his most lyrical, airborne playing in years.

DAVID SANBORN
Another Hand [Elektra/Musician]

Continuing this month's theme of cliché deconstruction comes David Sanborn, with an album so full of vision and variety, and bereft of adult contemporary jive, that it matches the scope and outreach of his late, lamented TV show "Night Music." Not that Sanborn's last few albums were bad, quite the contrary, but *Another Hand* finds him stretching in a deeply felt manner, bequeathing his library of hard-fought clichés to members of the hack hall of fame as he blows where they cannot go and delineates his perspective on the vast American musical landscape. There is a poignant, country hymnbook cover of Lou Reed's "Jesus," ballads midwifed by the likes of guitarist Bill Frisell and bassist Charlie Haden, a rollicking "Hobbies" (in the NRBQ mode), some solid straight-ahead blowing with Mulgrew and Marcus Miller, a bit of blues, a bit of blip bleep and a whole lot of soul. It's a coming-out party for this alto master.

OTIS RUSH
Lost in the Blues [Alligator]

Otis Rush is one of those enigmatic blues figures with a born instinct for the precipice. Where his slinky, innovative leads—with their colorful ornaments and jazzy twists and shouts—should have assured him a place among the immortals of American music (just ask Eric Clapton, Carlos Santana, John Scofield or Bill Frisell about his influence on *them*), instead he remains a local legend 'round about Chicago, save for the odd tour, wherein you pay your money and takes your chances. Ditto his infrequent trips to the recording studio since his magnificent Cobra sessions of the '50s. Still, if you want a shot and a chaser, *Lost in the Blues*—his last studio recording—is an Otis Rush album you can hang your hat on. Originally produced by Sam Charters in Stockholm back in 1977 (with a modern remix and the addition of Lucky Peterson on keyboards), the session benefits from a first-rate rhythm section, beautifully detailed sound and a rare combination of creative tension and relaxation which makes pleading vocal performances like "Trouble, Trouble" instant classics, and gives every solo a sense of immediacy and danger.

CASSANDRA WILSON
She Who Weeps [JMT/PolyGram]

It's difficult to pin down Cassandra Wilson's appeal, or the feeling I get that this may be a major song stylist in the making. There is a sense of drama and mystery to her singing that is painfully absent in the work of more formidable divas. Where other singers may hit you on the old psychic G-spot with the ostentatious "beauty" of their every effect, Wilson makes you believe in her songs as if they were real people, true stories—not merely

vehicles for empty technique. (And was not the original Cassandra a prophetic without honor in ancient Troy, doomed to see and sing the truth, yet never to be believed?) Like Abbey Lincoln, Wilson brings you a little closer to the truth of a lyric than you might get from watching her do coloratura back flips. Not that she can't scat her way around, as her extended improvisations on "Body and Soul" and "Chelsea Bridge" indicate an affinity for Betty Carter. But with a modern slant on the rhythm section, and a distinctly ironic twist to her romanticism, Wilson is very much her own woman.



DION/DION & THE BELMONTS

Presenting Dion and the Belmonts/Runaround Sue
Wish Upon a Star with Dion
& the Belmonts/Alone with Dion
Lovers Who Wander/So Why Didn't You
Do That the First Time?

[UK Ace]

Bronx Blues: The Columbia Recordings (1962-1965)
[Columbia/Legacy]

Dion-ysiacs with CD players must be in ecstasy. The Bronx belter's earliest recordings are now on generously packed two-fer reissues from Ace. (*So Why Didn't You...* is a compilation of previously unissued songs, alternate takes and other rarities.) His less well-known, pre-comeback '60s sessions have finally received their due on *Bronx Blues*, a model of musicological diligence. The sonics throughout live up to Dion's artistic standards—and this guy can sing.—*Scott Isler*

YARDBIRDS

On Air [UK Band of Joy]

The title refers not to a drug but to the recordings' source: studio sessions for broadcast on the BBC. These versions don't differ much from the more familiar ones—rougher, perhaps. As a selection, though, *On Air* offers a handy (27 songs on one CD) rundown on the Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page eras of this fabled band. It also offers five songs the Yardbirds never recorded commercially, including Bob Dylan's unlikely "Most Likely You Go Your Way and I'll Go Mine." Go get 'em!—*Scott Isler*

MILES DAVIS

E.S.P. [Columbia]

Recorded in early '65, this is the first studio date by the classic jazz quintet of the '60s. Sounds great in the new format too, especially Ron Carter's kinetic bass and the delicately urgent cymbal work of drummer Tony Williams—though Herbie Hancock's piano still sounds a little damp and distant. Tenor saxophonist Wayne Shorter, fresh from the Blakey steamroller plus some rolling dates as a leader on Blue Note, is relatively subdued, a Lesterian gloss hanging over his ultra-mod phrasings. Meanwhile Miles, sounding somewhat remote and

secretive, displays the *auteurs's* iron grip—even the uptempo cuts slip beyond the parameters of his profound sadness. Essential.—Richard C. Walls

DEL SHANNON

The Liberty Years [EMI America]

The hits had dried up by the time he arrived at Liberty Records in 1966, but that didn't stop Del Shannon from making tough, compelling music. Wrapped in polished arrangements typical of the times, "Show Me," "Leaving You Behind" et al. still capture the raw anguish of his early classics and go down easy to boot. The centerpiece of this fine compilation, though, is an album's worth of songs (11 tracks) produced by Stones guru Andrew Loog Oldham, which find Del crafting his own version of *Pet Sounds*. While not everything works, the tension between the introspective textures and his primal vocals suggests a restless tiger in a velvet cage. Spine-tingling.

—Jon Young

PERCY MAYFIELD

Poet of the Blues [Specialty Records]

Known as a "sepia Sinatra," Mayfield sang sophisticated blues in a deep, mellifluous voice and phrased like an angel. But as this 25-song compilation reveals, he was a complex and deeply moving writer as well. Titles like "The Big Question," "Wasted Dream," "You Don't Exist Anymore" and "Life Is Suicide" give some feel of his intense, spooky take on life. But for the full picture, you have to hear a cut like 1950's "Nightless Lover," with its slow blues vamp, muted piano runs and Mayfield hypnotically declaring, "I'm tortured waiting till the moon rise/For it's mostly nights you will come around." Forty years later, his brooding intensity sounds more like Springsteen than Sinatra, especially in the social protest of "Please Send Me Somebody to Love" and the eerie, unforgettable call of "The River's Invitation": "If you can't find your baby/Come and make your home with me." This is one of the great lost classics of early rhythm and blues.—Daniel Wolff

THE STEVE MILLER BAND

Sailor [Capitol]

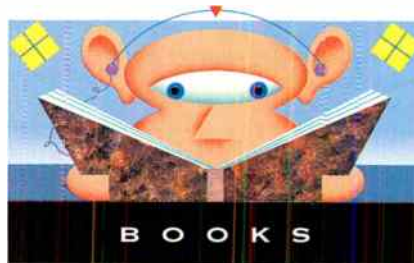
Forget *Fly Like an Eagle* and *The Joker*; this is the real thing. San Francisco 1968: Miller's band was just another white blues act, with a slight tinge of psychedelia. So where did *this* come from? Between the "Penny Lane" trumpet on "Dear Mary" and the regal space-out "Song for Our Ancestors" (prefiguring early-'70s Pink Floyd), it's easy to forget these are Americans—even the blues tunes seem to have arrived via Yardbirds and Stones. Yet Miller and then-cohort Boz Scaggs create an original sound from this curious mélange of influences that's disarmingly casual even when the band's at full throttle. This CD's only real fault is brevity, which could easily have been countered by including some outtakes (are you listening, Capitol?).—Mac Randall

MARIANNE FAITHFULL

Faithless [Sony Music Special Products]

This curious, yet often moving album, issued almost in secret by the troubled Immediate label in 1977, is the missing transitional item in Faithfull's discography. It was recorded in the netherworld between the singer's reign as the vulnerable, dulcet-voiced waif of '60s

Swinging London and her startling self-recreation as a rasp-larynxed, embittered she-devil on 1979's *Broken English*. Here, in her ravaged latter-day groan, Faithfull essays an eclectic collection of pop songs and country demi-standards by Bob Dylan, Jessi Colter and Waylon Jennings. For the most part, it's a jarring, wised-up performance, and Faithfull's scary, dope-saturated original "That Was the Day (Nashville)" goes a long way towards revealing how she found herself wailing at the bottom of the pit.—Chris Morris



**HICKORY WIND:
THE LIFE AND TIMES
OF GRAM PARSONS**

Ben Fong-Torres

[Pocket Books]

In the first full-scale biography of the country-rock pioneer, veteran scribe Fong-Torres digs up plenty of fresh, scary info about the trail-blazing, genre-fusing singer/songwriter, who died in 1973 at the age of 26. The reader gets a look at Parsons' moneyed Southern Gothic upbringing (his father was a suicide, his mother an alcoholic), which ultimately resulted in a career as committed to indolence and excess as it was to making music. The recounting of his brief yet highly influential stints with the Byrds and his own Flying Burrito Brothers (and his role as Rolling Stones groupie and mentor) leaves one with the frustrating sense that he was an ambitious but careless artist whose emotional pain and multitudinous addictions derailed an exceptional vision of what "cosmic American music" could be. It's a saddening piece of reading, but one which members of Parsons' large cult will find essential.—Chris Morris

**STAIRWAY TO HELL: THE 500
BEST HEAVY METAL ALBUMS
IN THE UNIVERSE**

Chuck Eddy

[Harrmony]

Eddy's more-than-slightly-crackpot compendium of ersatz Bangs-spiel and musical thunder-mongering takes the weird tack that anything really loud with guitars on it is heavy metal. This notion, which admits such non-generic critters as the Sex Pistols, Parliament and Miles Davis into the pantheon, will nonplus diehard headbangers and delight critics, who are the author's primary audience anyway. Many of Eddy's citations will prove meaningless to the adolescents and developmentally retarded adults in the core metal audience; his iconoclastic picks also ignore the rebel-r-rebel impulse that has always sat at the style's sociological core. Moreover, the book suffers from Eddy's primary dysfunction as a critic: his let's-stand-this-accepted-idea-on-its-head approach, which can swing in an article, gets mighty old at book length. Let's face it—anybody who puts an

Osmonds LP and four Kix albums in his metal top 100 is seriously fucked in the head, dude.—Chris Morris

**ROBERT FRIPP: FROM KING
CRIMSON TO GUITAR CRAFT**

Eric Tamm

[Faber & Faber]

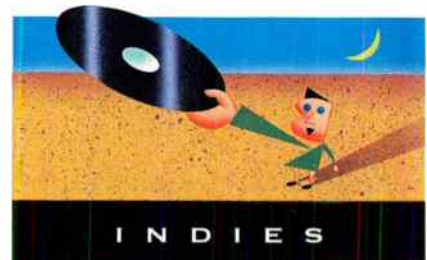
Who is this Fripp anyway, a true rock intellectual/mystic/guru or an egotistical, pretentious sham? Author Tamm seems to side with the first view, but can't quite come to a decision. Most folks agree that Fripp's made some heavy music, and Tamm appropriately writes about it in detail, along with his personal experiences at one of Fripp's Guitar Craft seminars in 1986. Tamm's analytical skills are sharp, and the description of his "Fripp trip" is engrossing. But his investigations of Fripp's philosophy are fuzzy. There's strong and weak points in Fripp's musico-religious theories, but Tamm can't sort them out effectively. Still, a flawed book on this intriguing figure is better than none.—Mac Randall

**BIG BEAT HEAT: ALAN FREED
AND THE EARLY YEARS OF
ROCK & ROLL**

John A. Jackson

[Schirmer Books]

Devil or angel? Alan Freed couldn't make up his mind. And neither will you, after reading this long-overdue biography of the most important—and most ambiguous—of 1950s DJs. Freed scorned the record-industry racism of "covering" R&B hits with watered-down versions; his own playlist, however, was influenced by who was paying him and what part interests he owned. John Jackson's impressive research is undone only by truly astounding typos. Still, worth reading if you care about the music and its milieu.—Scott Slater



AFTER DINNER

After Dinner/Live Editions [ReR]

Japan's After Dinner fuses traditional Japanese musical roots with Western pop and art musics, adding absurdist lyrics (assuming the English translations can be trusted) and filtering the whole conglomeration through avant-garde arrangements and tape manipulations. Like Tom Waits' *Swordfishtrombones*, the result is at the same time immediately accessible and deeply weird, although vocalist/leader Haco's mannered soprano couldn't be more different from Waits' gruff tones. There is a strong Kurt Weill feel on "Sepia-ture II" and "A Walnut" that brings to mind both Waits and Slapp Happy, while the electronic elements are occasionally reminiscent of Laurie Anderson. The first half of this disc is studio material recorded in the early '80s; the remainder is live, dating from 1986-90. A few songs appeal in both live and studio versions, notably the remarkable processional piece

"After Dinner." (Wayside, Box 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906)—*Michael P. Dawson*

TEMPEST

Bootleg [Ileyday]

Several of the original compositions on this second album by Oakland-based Celtic-rockers Tempest (the first was a privately released cassette) sound just as weathered as the three traditional songs included—a sure sign that the band is on the right track. Not that the likes of Lief Sorbye's "Captain Morgan" or Ian Butler's "Man Without a Name" could actually be mistaken for authentic Olde Engliche ballads, but they do have the feel of pages borrowed from the Fairport Convention songbook. A more modern direction is pursued on the quirky "Desert Eyes" (a sort of Celtic rap), while "Same Side of the Fence" is a wordy rocker that recalls the Strawbs and Jethro Tull. The traditional tunes are given tasty and original arrangements, highlighted by Robert Wullenjohn's Byrdsish Rickenbacker on "Heather on the Moor" and a Caribbean-inflected rewrite of "Wild Rover" (perhaps influenced by Cuban-born drummer Adolfo Lazo). Sorbye's deft mandolin picking is a treat throughout. (Rough Trade, 611 Broadway, New York, NY 10012)—*Michael P. Dawson*

I. K. DAIRO MBE AND HIS BLUE SPOTS

I Remember [Music of the World]

In his definitive text *Juju*, ethnomusicologist Chris Waterman calls Isaiah Kehinde "I.K." Dairo the first superstar of the Nigerian style. The bandleader both modernized and spread the appeal of Yoruba music beyond its ethnic base, becoming his newly independent country's first pop philosopher. He introduced the accordion and expanded the variety of rhythms and dialects inherent in the form. On the heels of last year's excellent Original Music compilation of his '60s hits, *Juju Master*, the Christian teacher and his revamped Blue Spots band have released their first new collection in years. More gregariously improvisational than Sunny Adé's cosmopolitan juju, Dairo and the Spots employ their percussion-heavy instrumental array to ramble through subtle tempo shifts and call-and-response morality lyrics. Two lengthy tracks—"Mo Ti Yege" and "Feso J'aiye"—are in the style of homegrown Nigerian album sides, while "Alabiyamo Eku Ewu" hints at reggae with its inside-out guitar chop and fulsome bassline. *I Remember* is a welcome outing from one of the seminal figures of electrified Afropop. (Box 3667, Chapel Hill, NC 27515)—*Tom Cheyney*

RECORDINGS

[*cont'd from page 89*] favorite. A funeral party.

Coming after 1989's *Burning World*, which alienated fans with its folksy, almost new-age resonance, *white light* is the Swans reclaiming their commitment to angry young bohemia. Leader and singer Michael R. Gira's underlying philosophy is easily discernible here: He closes "Love Will Save You" with the pleasing thought, "Love may save all you people, but it will never, never save me. No, it won't save me." Why love is so ineffective is never explained. Nor does he answer the questions posed by titles like "Will We

Survive?" and "Why Are We Alive?"

Once the listener decides to leave Gira's questions unanswered as well, the record's peculiar, seductive appeal begins to surface. "Failure," the album's best cut, is sort of like country music, albeit from a very alien country. Gira sounds like Mick Jagger ruminating through "Far Away Eyes," with Gregorian chants backing his hard-won conclusions. He narrates: "When I get my hands on some money, I'll kiss its green skin and I'll ask its dirty face,"—and then, in his best John Wayne voice—"Where the Hell Have You Been?"

It's the record's most absurd moment, and, like much of *white light*, enjoyably taken tongue-in-cheek. If this sort of thing hits you close to home, though, let me suggest you not buy this record. You'll be needing the dough for therapy soon enough. (Box 1462, New York, NY 10009-8904)

—**Rob O'Connor**

AXL ROSE

[*cont'd from page 44*] delays on our record! There have never been any delays on our record. The record will not come out until we're done with it. But Geffen Records says it's going to come out by May 24th or whatever. We try to meet those things, but we've known from day one that the record wasn't going to come out until we're ready. That's one reason why we worked so hard to sell so many records the first time around—so that we could make sure we got this record done exactly the way we wanted to. Then the press comes out with how we are delaying the record. No! What do you mean delaying the record? It's my record! Delaying it? Do we want another *Godfather III*? No. We don't want *Godfather III* with our record. We want it to be right! We don't want it coming out six weeks early and saying, "I wish we would have had the time to get this part right."

MUSICIAN: *Axl, I appreciate your time.*

AXL: Oh, and by the way, I never hit the guy with the camera. All I did was grab his vest and didn't let go of that motherfucker for anything. I dived in and grabbed that guy and did not let go of that guy. The only guy I hit was the security guy who was screaming at me and grabbed me, and I didn't even hit him, I slapped him. I was like, "Wake up!" I wouldn't let go of the guy with the camera because the security was trying to get me to let go of him so he could get away. I was like, "No, no, no." Those four guys were yelling and driving me nuts the whole night. It had nothing to do with us playing. They were like "we know Guns N' Roses and we're going to prove we're his best friend and we are his biggest fan and so on." I was like,

"Shut up!" I don't care about people screaming, but this guy kept on waving his motorcycle card for his gang, the Saddletramps. I just didn't care about it!

We don't like people to get hurt. One of the things I am happy about is that security should be run a lot differently from now on, for the first time in our lives in dealing with the venues. I've had a lot of problems with the security for a venue beating up kids and nobody does anything about it. I'm the closest person to the situation because I'm right there on the end of that ramp. I'm not going to let a kid, or especially a friend of mine, get beat up by security if he didn't do anything. In Atlanta I dived in and I had police saying I hit them. I never did, but I had to plead guilty because we didn't have any money at the time. Lie? Yes, I guess I did lie once. I lied and said that I hit four cops. I guess we should reopen the case and take me to trial for perjury. But I didn't have \$36,000 to pay them off under the table.

One of the things that I want to do is make sure that this is not overlooked. A lot of the media want to consider this unfortunate event dead in the water. They'll say it's not news anymore. They will try to drop it after only putting the negative points out. I want to get past that. I was a part of a very unfortunate night for everybody. It wasn't a good time for us. I wasn't Mother Theresa that night. M

TIN MACHINE

[*cont'd from page 52*] think the drummer in the Dead Boys did. That's the difference. I don't want to deny that.

"To me," he continues, "whatever we do, I always think back to Howlin' Wolf and keeping it really simple. I'd rather have that be the prethought thing than 'How fast can I play?' I can do all that shit. But I try to think simple."

But by doing that you allow Reeves to do whatever he likes.

"No, 'cause I'll tell him to fuckin' shut up! He'll have to deal with me! The first album he did all this guitar shit, which I liked. I like what he does—some of it I don't, but I'm only human and I have good taste." Hunt does a mock-rimshot on the table. "So when we were doing the second record I said, 'Reeves, you showed everyone some good shit on the first record. You know, you unzipped your pants and said, 'Here it is, either suck it or don't suck it,' and you didn't care if it wouldn't get sucked. I mean,

it would be nice if it *did*, but..." By now Reeves is champing at the bit. "But I said to Reeves—and it sounds sorry but it isn't—I bet you could show people another side of your playing that would *really* fuck their head up, and do some slowed-down shit that's *melodic*, to show them that you do know a few things."

"My take on the first record was that I was playing my cards close to my vest and wasn't doing everything I could do," counters Reeves, "which is part of the getting-to-know-you process we went through. What I do is what I feel like doing at that moment, and the fact that the tape is on means simply that it's preserved. But I'll own anything that I do, because it's mine."

What Reeves is also saying is that he's a sensitive, generous lover, and that when he unzips his fly, it's not as much to show you something, but to make you feel good. "Yeah," Hunt says, "but anyone who comes onstage and is full balls-to-the-wall is just droppin' their pants and going, 'I don't care....' There's nothing wrong with that, I think that's the way it should be. I'm up for that, because there's too many people like the chick that has the really nice tits but hunches over and dresses really weird."

A TWO-SONG SEQUENCE TOWARDS THE END of the second *Tin Machine* makes the starkest expression of the band's naturally split character. Hunt's blues "Stateside" is a balls-out rhapsody by a simple, homesick drummer shored up in an Australian recording studio; like its composer, it's brash and a little hamfisted, yet reveals an appealing lushness of character when it opens up. "Shopping for Girls," the child-prostitution song laced with shards of disposable references and cryptic narration, even a perverted "Raspberry Beret" lift, is caustic, backhanded and unnerving. Bowie is pleasantly surprised anyone would notice the juxtaposition. He'll even embrace the touchy interpretation that it mocks an American popular consciousness which seems poised to receive his new band strictly on his good name. That barb is driven home as he reaches for his sax and blows; even a tin ear could make out that he's no Eric Dolphy.

"Yeah, but I don't know that," he laughs loudly, "fortunately, or I wouldn't pick it up." He stops to consider the record's overt comment on flash over substance. "Snapshot information—what's that paper, U.S.A.

Today, with the 'Did you know...' facts about America? It's how everything's received. Americans are either so forgiving, or have such short memories that they allow the *grossest* corruptions of government to take place, and as long as the government can keep it quiet for two or three years, *they are safe*. They *know* it, and will continue to do that till the end of time, because nobody will ever do anything about it. That's absolutely extraordinary. I can't say that just about America; it's also true of British people. Of course, they've had the advantage of Robert Maxwell and Rupert Murdoch running their press for quite considerably longer than Americans have. They've been forced this bilge of opportunistic and sensationalist story lines for *so long*, *nothing* seems to faze them. Unless it's somebody's dog gets run over—then the entire *nation* goes crazy. Public memory is very short in those terms. And it no longer matters, because we're force-fed life as entertainment now. That's the other unfortunate thing: that by tacit agreement everybody decides not to do anything about it!" he chuckles. "But we'll all say it: 'Yes, that's how it is.'"


After decades of illusionism, Bowie is straight-on. It's almost cause to wonder, especially in light of the colorful eccentricities with which he's surrounded himself in Tin Machine, whether the band is simply another phase of the Bowie phenomenon, another guise for the '90s. He pauses. "It's a perfectly reasonable question. I've certainly set that question up over the last 25 years, so it's not unreasonable at all."

He doesn't waste another second before laughing. "No, it isn't. It's another stage, obviously. I'm not sure what that phenomenon *is*, you see. I mean, so much of it was about me going through all these unreasonable assessments of myself. I think whatever I did came out of my personal turmoil. Unlike most, I've *never* seen what I've done as being particularly calculating; it's been a natural progression of perversities." Bowie laughs again. "As the changes happen they seem natural enough. Looking back, they're very bizarre, the things that I did do to myself. Literally making a deaf with insanity, almost; it's like, how far out on the edge can you put yourself? And if this is what I'm doing now, I can't..." He thinks hard. "Oh dear, dear, dear.... I don't *feel* it is. I don't feel it's some kind of a persona or guise or whatever. I never bought into that myth. I thought it was far too glib. It was a

very soft option to have me as this guy who'd change his act as though it was Madonna changing her bra. For me it was like actively taking part in my writing, which has always been a part of what I'd done, again, to excess sometimes. Definitely to excess! It was total excess to *become* Ziggy Stardust, but it seemed like a fun idea at the time. And to an extent I would make my whole life fit the way I was writing—or did the writing to describe my way of life? I never actually sussed that out. Did I go to Berlin to live out the fantasy of the stuff that I would then write, or did I start writing like that with Eno because I was living in Berlin?"

"I think the two run parallel with each other and always have: that the way that I was living reflected itself very accurately with the way I was writing. And this band is just what I happen to be living at the moment, you know? I see no other thing in sight for me, and certainly...I'm not storming off to make a solo album next year or anything like that."

But by making his point, he points right at the underlying disparity between himself and the three others in his new sphere of shared spirit. On hiatus, they go back to the clubs, he goes back to the Swiss Alps and the world goes back to rotting away. "No, I don't find...It's a bit like Ahman Flint, where he can go out and kill somebody one day and the next one be sitting in the Zen position transcendently, going through the past and the future. Ahman Flint! Why did I come up with that? It was the first thing I could think of! No, I have absolutely no problem reconciling—on my *personal* terms, it doesn't apply to the others—the kind of success I've had, and the financial rewards of that, with still feeling as though it's okay to have something to say. I still think I've got a lot to say. And I've got a bank balance. And I don't find a problem with that at all."

"What I get from this band—what I'm *giving* is something else—is like being in a workshop. It's like redoing my apprenticeship, working with other artisans. That sounds very pompous—well, write it down, it doesn't matter. It's like learning to make a clay pot all over again. I got too elaborate with my pot-making and I had to go back and say, 'Now, just put the clay on the wheel. *Just* make a pot with no embellishments.'" Bowie considers that, and sums up Tin Machine: "It's like a reeducation in that way, because it's working at such a basic level." 

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COHN

[cont'd from page 22] life force about her. She took a break and we started talking. I said, 'I love your voice; I love the way you play.' She started to ask who I was and what I did. Somehow the conversation got real personal. She started asking me about my mother, who I really don't talk about very much, and about my father, and I talked about him for a while.

"She started her next set. And about one in the morning, she called me up onstage. From the first note, it was one of the greatest musical experiences of my life. There were people coming in off the street. The last thing she says [to do] was 'Amazing Grace.' She sang it once through and I sang it once through and there was this incredible stillness when it was done, 'cause we were really feeling that song.

"Then as people slowly started clapping—and it got really loud after about 20 seconds—she just leans over to me

and says, 'It's alright, child. Your mother didn't mean to die. But it's time for you to move on. She's where she belongs and you're where you belong.'

"All the songs that I wrote on this album, I wrote after that night. So it wasn't just 'Memphis' that she inspired. She just told me something that I needed to hear. And I think it opened me up." ❧

RUFFIN

[cont'd from page 32]tween their parts. If David's box had been upright, he looked like he would've been ready to start singing. That's my last impression of him: lying there in his working clothes looking like he's ready to start singing.

When someone uses that many drugs and likes drugs that much, it's only a matter of time before something's going to happen. David used drugs to ease his pain. He was a very angry, tormented person and I think, in his own heart, he tried to be straight and good. But he had a demon in him. I think that's something

that's common to a lot of soul singers.

There are things that go beyond the physical. What he was trying to touch—and what all soul singers are trying to touch—is that point outside of time. David touched it constantly. He was at home in the world of spirit, his problems were in the world of flesh.

There's a certain mindset that causes you to sing the way you sing. You listen to David's music and it sounds like a person crying...*in tune*. Soul singing isn't quite like the blues, it's a supplicant's kind of thing. The blues is coming from work, soul is coming from prayer.

It's hard to dredge this out of myself, all the different things he meant to me. He represented something I aspired to, but gone wrong. His death is a kind of nightmare, the downside of things that I care about.

Ultimately, the most important thing is that what he did, he did *in spite* of his problems. David Ruffin was one of the great all-time soul singers. And that will never die. ❧

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