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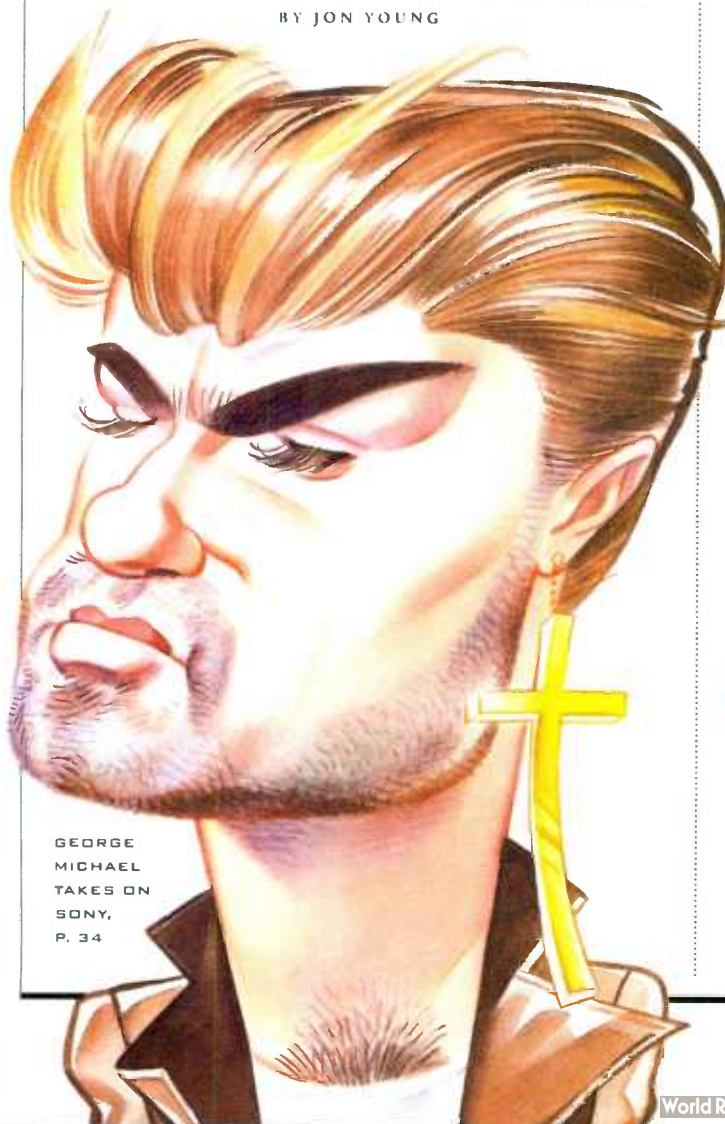
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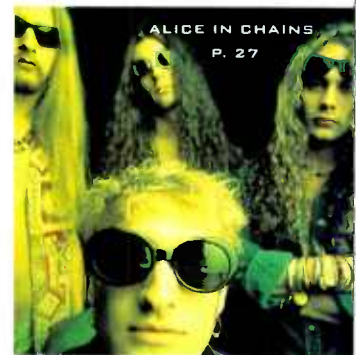
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ILLUSTRATION: JOHN KASCHIT; PHOTO: CHRIS CUFFARO

You're looking at the future of affordable digital multitrack.



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ELVIS COSTELLO

FRONT MAN

Your new album, The Juliet Letters, is a collaboration with the Brodsky Quartet, a classical chamber group. How did that come about?

Over the course of a couple of years I went to a lot of their concerts. It turned out that a couple of the members of the quartet had been coming to my concerts for a while. So we arranged to meet and we just got on instantly. We talked about music, really became friendly and from there talked about ideas of collaboration in very general terms.

You won a British Academy Award for your score for the TV series "GBH." You slipped a couple of those motifs into The Juliet Letters.

If you look at the history of classical music, it's littered with self-pilfering. Particularly Rossini. He would set an entirely new aria to an existing tune or transpose the overture of one opera to another because he was pressed for time. Well, I wasn't pressed for time—I just thought some of this music had been used so fleetingly that it had another life and I wanted to hear it sung. Mainly by me!

You wrote words and music with the Brodskys. How did that work?

On, say, "Taking My Life In Your Hands" Jackie (Thomas) came up with that tune, and I took it away and developed it some more. That character seems to be quite fragmented, because a lot of us wrote the words. It became apparent that the person we were dealing with in that song wasn't all there. He was like some of the people who write me letters—they're very nice one minute and threaten to kill you the next. In "Swine" the character is not entirely in charge of his faculties—it's graffiti.

It's an epistolary libretto. Each of the songs is a letter.

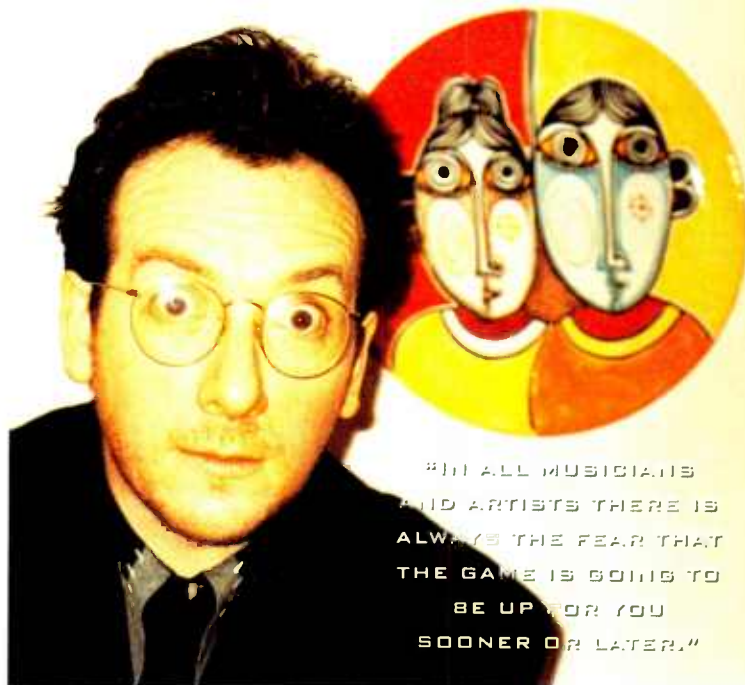
We tried to stretch out the possibilities of what a letter could be. We started with a list of suicide notes, love letters, a child's letter. The music to "Swine" seemed to beg something a little bit more crazed. It's a bit of the "Poem on the Underground Wall." The character in it is exasperated with humanity. "Was she your mother or was she your bride?" refers to the earth. But I didn't want to make that abundantly clear, because then it would become a preachy environmental song, which it isn't—it's just a thought caught in passing.

Gee, I thought that line was a subtle way of calling the swine "mother-fucker."

Ah! I think that's great. One of the great things about writing songs is that sometimes not filling in all the blanks allows that sort of imaginative misinterpretation. That's entirely valid. It's not a game where we're setting a trap for the audience. In the notes to the record I refer to "the crafty language of the songwriter." It's craft but it's also crafty, and everybody has their own vocabulary. Somebody once told me that they had counted the number of times shoes were mentioned in my songs—and it was unbelievable! I don't have a thing about shoes, don't get me wrong, but I had a thing about the *word* shoes.

Was your record company at all nervous about your making such an unusual album?

It's not like they indulge me to do anything I want. I described it to (Warner Bros. President) Lenny Waronker and he said, "Well, that sounds interesting." Compared to the money they're throwing out on people like Madonna, it's nothing, it's pocket money. But nonetheless, in the relative scale of things it's a bold move and I think Warner Brothers showed great imagination in



"IN ALL MUSICIANS
AND ARTISTS THERE IS
ALWAYS THE FEAR THAT
THE GAME IS GOING TO
BE UP FOR YOU
SOONER OR LATER."

supporting this.

In all musicians and artists there is always the fear that the game is going to be up for you sooner or later—even though *you* think what you're doing is really good—and somebody is going to say, "What you do is now invalid and the conventional wisdom is that you shouldn't exist anymore." I had the distinct feeling that that day was imminent for quite some time, but I think that day has come and gone. I no longer feel that I have to worry about cramming all of the things that I'm interested in into one record. But this isn't a calculated thing to show off my versatility. This was just a collaboration that came by being friendly with some people who happened to be musicians from a completely different world. I mean, I don't see it as my "next step." *Nothing's* my next step. I think a big mistake of critical or journalistic perspective is to see everything as the next step which denies everything that went before. It's not some 12-step plan, "How to cure yourself of rock 'n' roll."

The attention to detail that is lavished on a piece written for voice and string quartet would not be even considered in most pop music, where a lot of the frequencies cover each other up. A lot of what's exciting about rock 'n' roll is because the registers are all doubling one another and the left hand on the piano is playing something at variance with the bass. In classical music all of those things are problems to be solved, to make them clearer. The attention to detail allows you to be more expressive, to be more vivid. And if the next week you want to run in a room and scream your head off and bash an electric guitar, that would be a different thing you're trying to say, and it would be just as right if that's the kind of song you want to sing. And in my life that day is approaching very fast!

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World Radio History

Searchin' popular music for a little bit of God's mercy, I found livin' proof: Bruce Springsteen (Nov. '92). Always accessible in interviews, he's become only more generous as the years have gone by. In so doing, he's graced us with a long look into the mind of an artistic master.

*Dave Pearson
Barrington, RI*

I have watched with dismay as Springsteen has become the subject of much ridicule in the popular press, due mostly to the supposedly poor commercial showing of his new records. For my money, these records are as powerful as any of Springsteen's previous work. It was great to read an article that focused on what it is that drew most of us to Springsteen in the first place—his amazing artistry.

*Chip Gregory
Takoma Park, MD*

It is rare for a writer/interviewer to step aside and allow his subject to speak with the clarity and impact as the Springsteen interview by Bill Flanagan.

*Sally Gazzard
Winter Park, FL*

I was pleased to finally read a piece that wasn't criticizing the two new albums, the tour, the new band, Patti, blah, blah, blah. Let's face it—we all grow up eventually and Bruce has, too—with style and sensitivity. I'm tired of 40+-year-old rockers still acting like teenage schoolboys, refusing to grow up, embarrassing themselves and us in the process. (While we're at it—three cheers for former GN'Rer Izzy Stradlin!)

*Susan Zuber
Washington, DC*

Hats off to Bill Flanagan for serving up one finely spiced article

LETTERS

on Bruce Springsteen and his current entourage. However, despite the accolades, I want Bruce to know that Shane Fontayne's stupid posturing and the well-rehearsed "ad-lib" antics of the other new band members bordered on kitsch. The tour lacked the magic thread that Garry, Nils, Little Steven, Danny, Clarence, Roy, Max and Patti wove together to give Bruce's music that abundant texture and substance. In the name of better "technique," he's lost the spirit.

*Ruth Anne Heller
Bethesda, MD*

TOO OLD

Thanks for exposing one of the shames of the music business—age discrimination ("Too Old to Be Signed," Nov. '92). Through friends of mine, grizzled veterans who have biologically earned their name (Shufflin' Grand Dads), I'm finding there is a gray ceiling that stifles development of music makers who still believe in the magic of rock 'n' roll.

Over the past decade female artists have broken through artificial barriers that hampered them in the recording business. Thanks to articles such as yours, perhaps age will be the next barrier to fall.

*Paul J. Steinmetz
Arlington, VA*

Your article titled "Too Old to Be Signed" touched a nerve. I can see how important it is to be young and beautiful, so I have spent all my money on the following items.

1) One of Elton John's longer hair pieces.

2) A laser-lighted wheelchair with a Harley-Davidson motor that can roar around a stage at

speeds up to 85 mph.

3) A Marshall hearing aid so I can overcome that pesky buzz in my ears.

4) Kidney and liver transplants so I can party down with Axl and the boys.

5) A leather outfit with a girdle to hide midriff bulge (I could get one for my guitar too).

6) 200 hours' consultation time with 14-year-olds to see what they're into these days.

7) Beautiful false teeth that only come out in an A&R rep's office.

I can't thank you enough for making me aware of the difficulties that await us aging rockers. With Neil Young as our inspiration, we can now look forward to a new era of radical geezers.

*Johnny Reverb
Austin, TX*

As a thirtysomething musician, I take issue with "Too Old to Be Signed." My best friend and I decided to focus on making music our career, as today's economy has left us with plenty of time on our hands to write and play. Just because we're older doesn't mean we're so set in our ways that we'd be difficult to work with. As people who get bored with things rather easily, we've never been stuck in a musical rut, we thrive on change, we're always open to new ideas and new ways to express them. By the way, we're neither balding nor graying, and we're probably more physically fit than we were at 18! Maybe if A&R people were as open-minded as we are, the world wouldn't be so full of generic bands playing designer music for consumption by MTV and Top 40 radio.

*Walter L. Bradley Jr.
Pittsfield, MA*

Thank God Izzy left GN'R (Nov. '92). You can see where a huge part of the soul GN'R once had has gone. Now we don't have to associate Izzy with Axl's constant complaining. Thanks, Izzy, for the great tunes and the continuing inspiration, and thanks to *Musician* for the story.

*Dan McEvoy
York, PA*

EXTREME REACTION

To save the planet from more of the waste that characterizes your overindulgent *III Sides to Every Story* review (Nov. '92), allow me to lay the golden rules of review writing on Deborah Frost:

1) Don't write about things you don't understand so as not to make yourself appear ignorant.

2) If what you have to say is extremely negative (pun intended), let someone else write the review—no matter how bad you need the money.

3) Remember that the reason people read *Musician* is because they love playing and listening. Tell us about the music. Don't nitpick.

4) I grew up in the '70s and listened to a lot of Queen. I remember Queen, and Senator, Extreme is no Queen.

*Eric Thiessen
Richmond, VA*

Where does Deborah Frost get off saying that Nuno Bettencourt is the only "genuinely gifted" musician in Extreme? Leaving Patrick Badger, Gary Cherone and Paul Geary unconsidered is an insult. I guess there truly are *III Sides to Every Story*—yours, mine and the truth.

*Aaron Schwroerer
Excelsior, MN*

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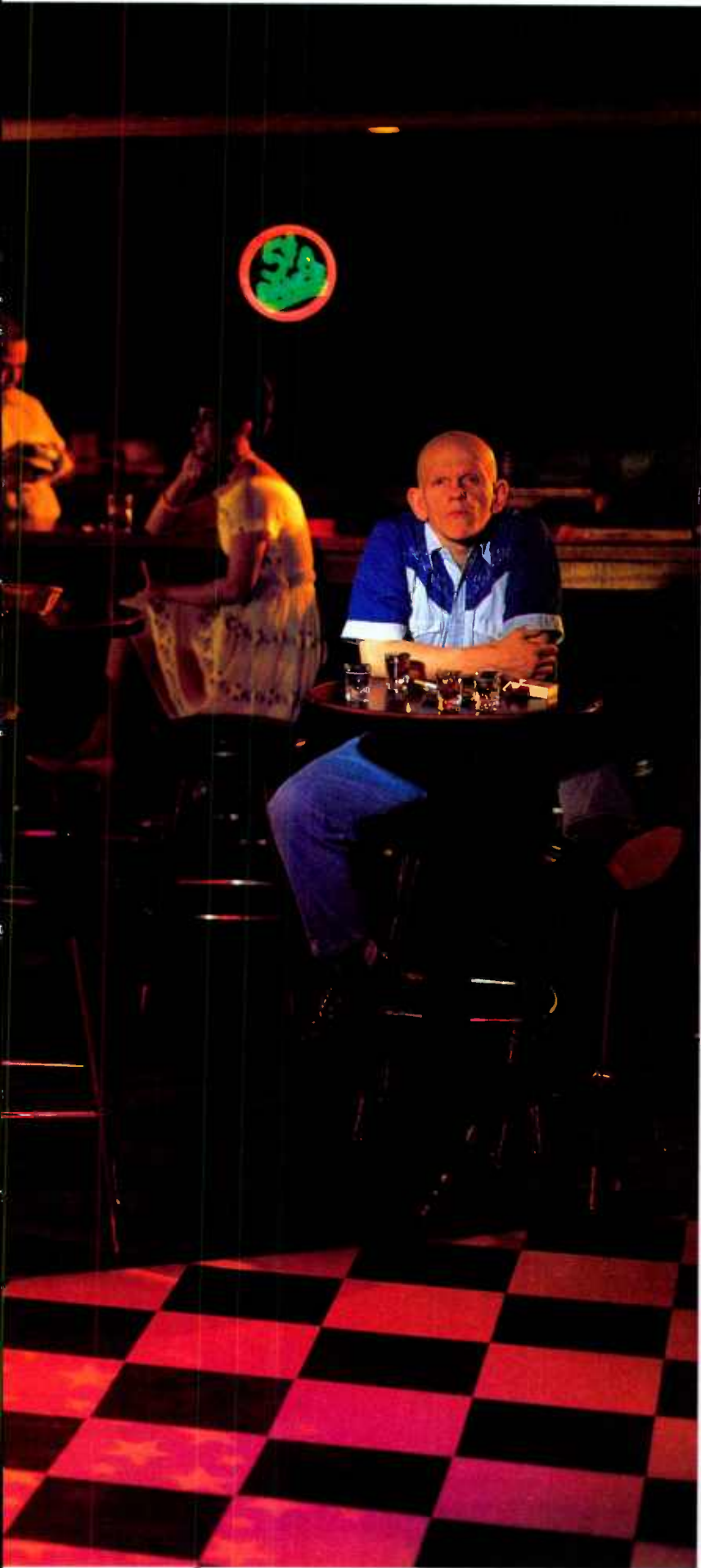
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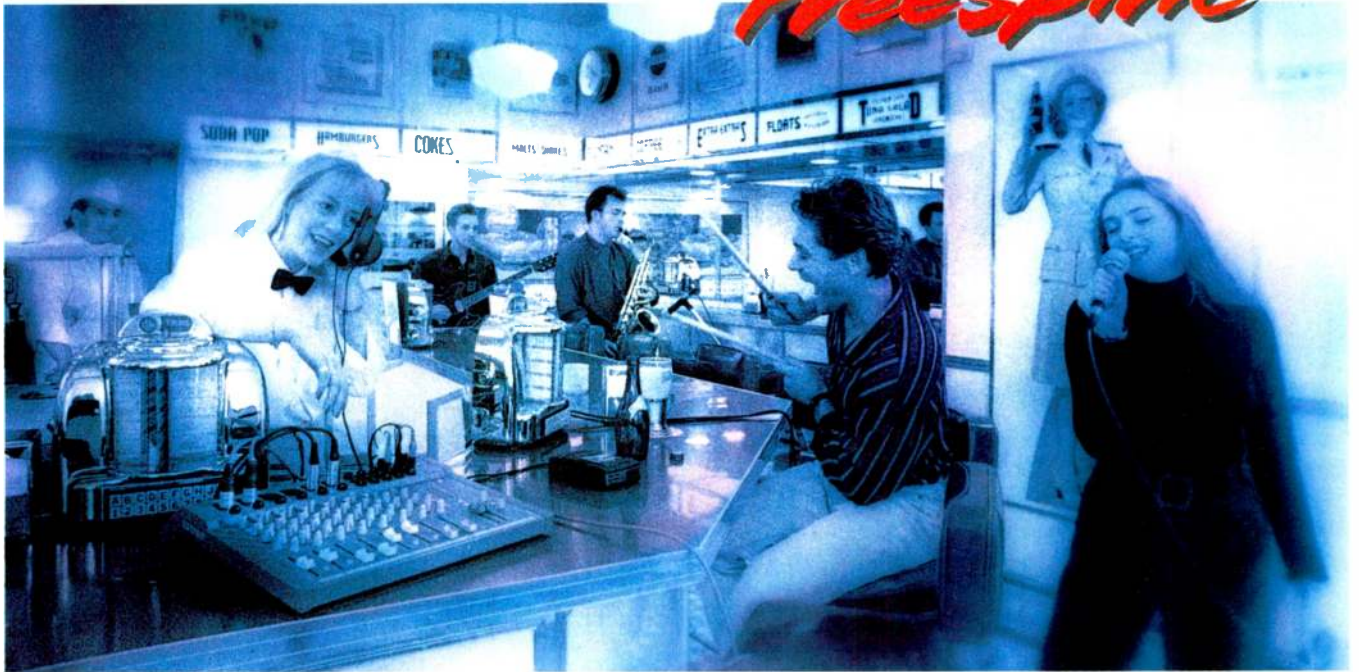
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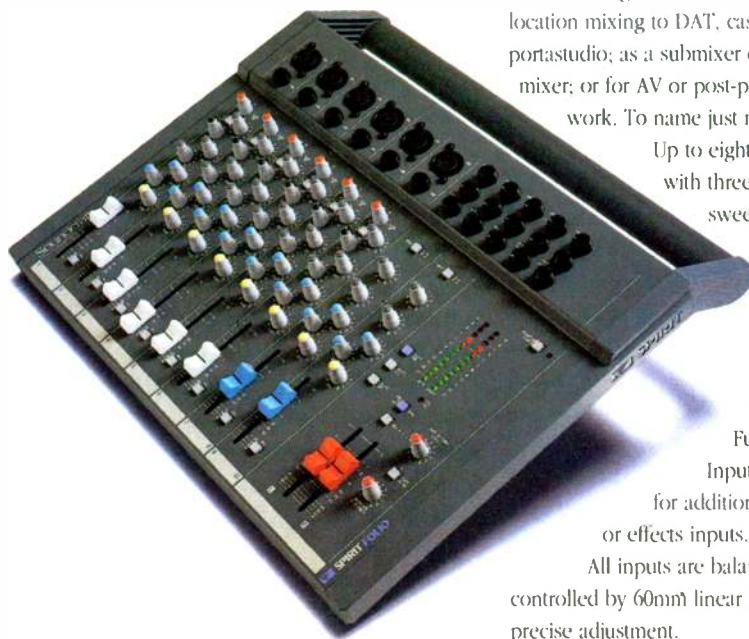
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RACE

TOMMY STINSON

Replacing the Replacements

Keep your hi-hat unshackled, set your guitar on raunch-twang and sing like you've been swilling Janitor In A Drum, and comparisons to a guy with an X-Pensive skull ring are inevitable. Bash and Pop, Tommy Stinson's new band, do all of the above, but the ex-Replacement hears their first record, *Friday Night Is Killing Me* (Warner Bros.), sounding a tad closer to the other side of the Stones' stage. "Everybody's been mentioning Keith, but I think it's got a Ron Wood thing happening," he says astutely.

Friday Night is scrappy and infectious, just the kind of record you'd expect from the kid/man who Paul Westerberg cited as the essence of the 'Mats. Stinson's long had a knack for defining teen spirit. From his bemused look on the cover of *Let It Be* to the soda-spitting at the end of the "I'll Be You" video, he's expressed both the ennui and friskiness of the rock life. Bash and Pop's music incorporates both stances, especially the latter.

"It's easy for me to be loose," he says. "In fact, this record is a reaction to the whole Alice In Chains kind of seriousness that's around today: I call that stuff flannel goth.

"It wasn't until the end of the 'Mats that I took singing and writing more seriously. I was trying to get better, because to be realistic, at the time my best song wasn't as good as one of Paul's throwaways."

They're getting close. The raspy vocals—yup, it sounds like Tommy got his tonsils out—sometimes house a melancholy tone. Like his ex-partner, Stinson's a bit of a romantic.

"Yeah, maybe," he concludes, "but we're downplaying the bumming out; these days it's about rocking."

JIM MACNIE



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printed out in a piano arrangement with guitar chords for \$3.95. If you don't read music, you can get a MIDI disc that you can drop into your sequencer or computer and have professional-sounding back-up. For the vast number of musicians who play standards in hotel lounges and church basements, NoteStation could be a revolution in convenience.

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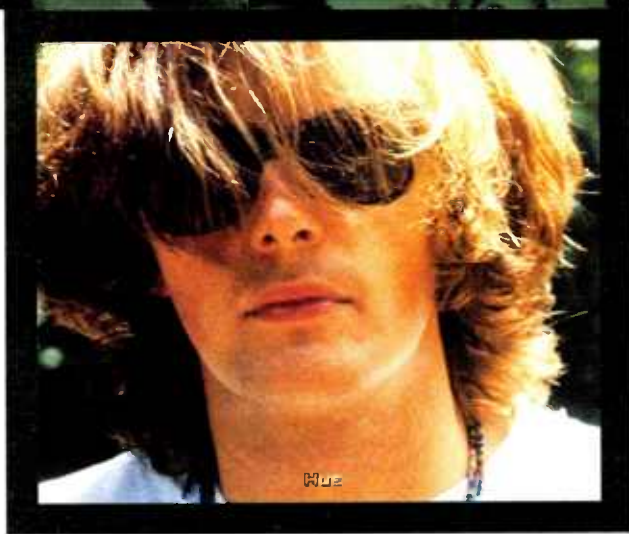
years, NoteStation is now featured in about a hundred music stores nationwide, where it appears to be attracting customers as well as saving enormous amounts of display space with its "point-of-purchase manufacture."

"We've never sold sheet music as such," said Ian Goldrich, manager of Manny's in New York. "So we're generating new customers among singers. Once they use it,

they come back five or six times. We've had no down time since they shifted from Wang to IBM, so we're expecting a lot from it. You know, you should talk to some store like Colony. They have 2500 titles in their sheet music section."

"It's a total waste," said an anonymous manager at Colony, Manhattan's largest retailer in sheet music. "We don't need anything like that. Our customers like to browse."

CHARLES M. YOUNG



MICHAEL WILDERMAN

THE POOH STICKS

'70s Without Irony

work. He is an indie-rocker by instrumentation (guitar-based line-ups), education ("we were musical illiterates"), business affiliation (hometown label Fierce, run by producer Steve Gregory, signed and pressed them up) and temperament ("I think we've been quite punk about reclaiming things"). Yet he's always had his own independent mind.

Million Seller is craggy and smooth, sublime and in-your-face. Trading the customary disdain of indie-rock for affection and humor and even some real-life sarcasm, it reconfigures the grand gestures of '70s rock like nothing ever has before. With zero interest in authenticity, the sharp songs take what

Hue calls "whole teenage dreams" and turn them into universals without sacrificing personal depth or flash.

"We're trying to strip away," Hue says. "On this record, there's quite a lot of piano and acoustic things." He thinks that *Million Seller* may amuse some in theory, and that that's fine. But he also believes some of its songs strike "at face value" and impress radio listeners who may never know who Earth is.

"We want to be the link between Bikini Kill and Bryan Adams," Hue says. "If we could get him to do a Pooh Sticks song, that would be the ultimate."

JAMES HUNTER

With *Million Seller*, their major-label debut, the Pooh Sticks question current notions of cool. They notice English kids, for example, high on Neil Young and Big Star—this year. "Before," says Hue, lead singer and songwriter,

"it would have been the Velvets and the Byrds. We say it's cool to like Meat Loaf and James Taylor. People are appalled by this."

Hue is a 26-year-old pophead who a few years ago invented the Pooh Sticks in his native Swansea, Wales, where the band still live and

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KING MISSILE

Detachable Meanness

Interviewing King Missile singer/lyricist John S. Hall the day the *New York Times* is touting the quality of post modern opera should be easy. For a few seconds on Missile's new *Happy Hour*, Hall proffers his opinion of minimalism in his best New York accent: "Look at me," he yelps as someone carelessly repeats a witless piano figure, "I'm Philip Glass! Hey Einstein, get awff the beach!"

Typical wiseacre stance from indie rockers with recent major-label comeuppance? Not necessarily. "I love Glass," Hall retorts over cider. "Anyway, I wouldn't make fun of someone unless I liked them, because that would be rude."

You have to hear Hall's speak-

ing voice to catch the candor. Often called irony mongers, King Missile make sometimes absurd, occasionally swirling rock that pulls you in because it's laced with (un)common sense. "If I think a comedian or a film director is funny, it's because he or she is sincere," says Hall. "I trust them."

Investigating the depths of dilemma is impetus for most Missile tunes. The rigors of existentialism—where to place your faith, how many cheesecakes to embezzle from your delivery route—offer ample fodder for fretting. But the visions and voices that surround Hall inspire a *que sera sera* kind of dread, making it an alluring alternative to moping navel-gazers.



MARK LAY

"I don't fall into the poet category, but some songs have power, and people have said a certain tune made them happy enough not to kill themselves."

That's probably got to do with King Missile's music, which gets more hook-cognizant all the time. One song recalls Bloodrock's clogged drone as orchestrated by Ber-

nard Herrmann, another the New Riders' faux cowpoke strumming. The hilarious "Detachable Penis" is pop at its sing-along best.

One thing Hall doesn't worry about is the comedy becoming a shtick. "The more famous we become for the funny, the more it's up to us to make it a box or not. We can always change it." JIM MACNIE

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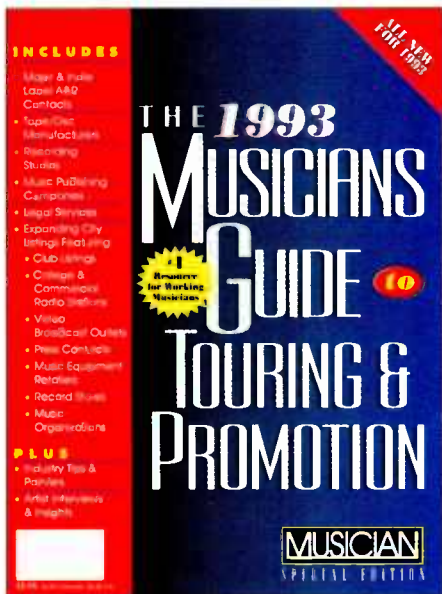


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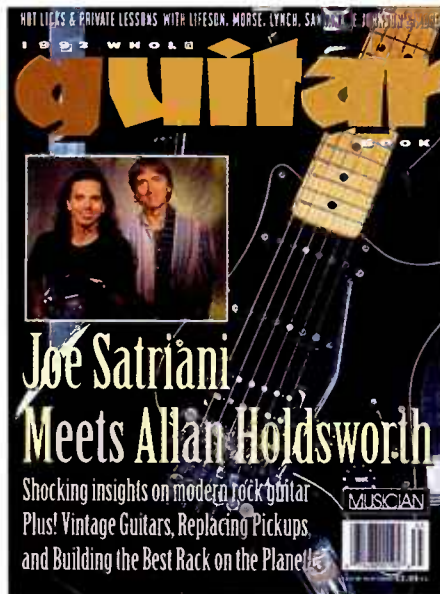
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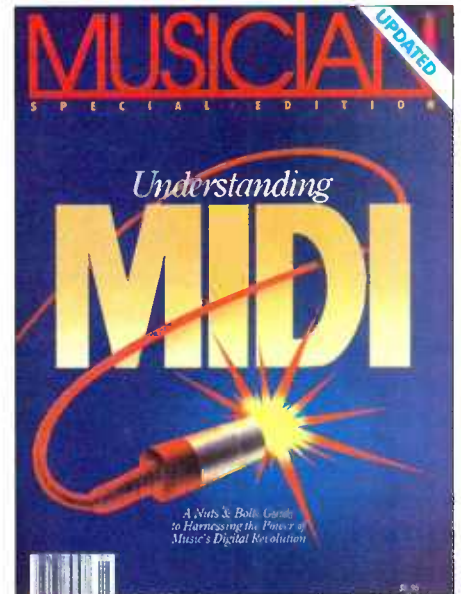
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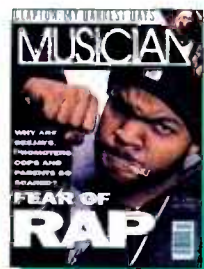
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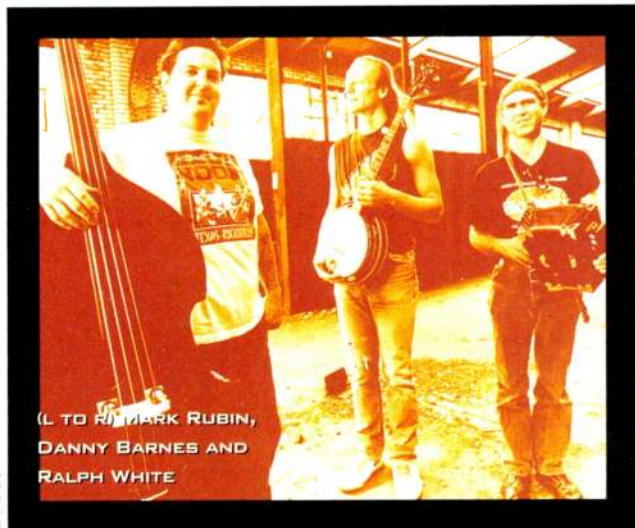
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BAD LIVERS



(L TO R) MARK RUBIN,
DANNY BARNES AND
RALPH WHITE

EWOLF

There's a cracker in every punk-rock club. He's the one who points at Danny Barnes when the Bad Livers take the stage, and screams, "It's a fucking banjo!" Then the Bad Livers start playing—maybe an old-time banjo-fiddle tune, maybe a heavy metal cover done banjo-fiddle style, maybe a medley of both—and the punks and crackers start paying attention. Good playing just can't be denied. At the bluegrass festivals where

the Livers sometimes play, you might expect a similar reaction to the band members' T-shirts, which bear such strange messages as "Butthole Surfers." But there, no one screams obscenities. "A real bluegrass fan—there's nothing they like better than a guy who can play a banjo," says Barnes. "If you're wearing a ballet dress, they're gonna go: 'That guy can really play a banjo.'" Even, that is, if you're making a medley of Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire" and Motorhead's "Jailbait."

With Barnes' quick-fingered banjo playing leading the way, the Bad Livers, formed in 1990 in Austin, Texas, proved their chops touring, and on a pair of now hard-to-find releases: a seven-inch that turned Iggy Pop's "Lust for Life"

into bluegrass and a homemade gospel cassette called *Dust on the Bible*. On the band's recent album debut, the pristinely anachronistic *Delusions of Banjer*, produced by Butthole Surfer Paul Leary, Barnes proves his writing chops with 10 mournful ruminations on whiskey, women and death that sound like they might have been popular 70 years ago in Appalachia.

"A lot of old people like the record, like my parents, which I think is a real compliment," says Barnes. "We could probably quadruple our sales by recording an album of all heavy metal and punk covers, [but] we wanted to make a record that will stand up 15 years down the road."

MATTY KARAS



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ALICE ARNOLD

ABBEY LINCOLN

Thanksgiving with Grace

Abbey Lincoln slinked onto the supper-club circuit in the late '50s like a siren—singing torch songs with Billie-like

phrasing. A decade later, entwined with her now ex-husband Max Roach, the quick-change artist abandoned her sex-kitten act in favor of protest songs that garnered

critical acclaim. With Thelonious Monk's blessings, she explored composition and recorded several Afrocentric and spiritually charged albums that went virtually unnoticed. Now she's resurfaced as a stalwart jazz vocalist—this time with autobiographical, poetic and prophetic lyrics.

"I've stopped protesting because my understanding is better," she says. "*Devil's Got Your Tongue* is about giving praise and being thankful for what you are, what you've got and where you've been. It's a tribute to my mother and father and the things I've learned from them."

Lincoln shares the spotlight on her album with pop-gospel maestros the Staples Singers and the

Randy Noel Singers—a children's choir currently touring with her. "Children have never been included in jazz," she says. "Jazz has always been about degraded lives, unrequited love and going to Chicago. I prefer to sing about the glory of life."

Lincoln feels that most songs today are not about love. "They're about possession and owning someone else's life. And they are b-o-r-i-n-g. There's a lot of other kinds of love in the world besides the one between a man and a woman. There's love for your parents, for what we call God and for your work. That's what I try to write about."

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ON STAGE

MAURA O'CONNELL



LITTLE RICHARD

SHUT UP. I'M SO GLAD TO see you. Are you glad to see me? This is the first club I've been in in a long time. I don't usually play clubs. I'm still beautiful. Eddie Cochran died for me. Are you havin' a good time? I am so glad to see y'all. We're gonna do all the songs so don't worry about it. You're gonna hear every one of them. You're gonna tell me to shut up. I can't help it 'cause I'm beautiful. How many of you like blues? Country music? Blues? I'm gonna stick to blues. Yeah, we havin' a good time. Make the pianna louder! Louder pianna! *Woooooo!* I

love to hear myself do that! I'm 60 years old. Isn't that wonderful? Been in rock 'n' roll 50 years now. A little Jewboy from Georgia. Isn't that beautiful? Does anybody want to dance? I know the stage is small but that ain't all. How ya doin' brother? Isn't that wonderful. That sound so good. Back then rock 'n' roll meant dancing. Now you don't know what you gonna take home with you. It's just so good to see y'all. Shut up. Are you enjoying yourselves? At this time... I'm gonna drink some water. *Woooooo!* At this time, ladies and gentlemen, we gonna do a song that we did a long time ago: "Long Tall Sally." Or would you rather hear "Slippin' and Slidin'?" "Rip It Up"? How about "Ready Teddy"? "Jenny, Jenny"? A lot of people [*cont'd on next page*]



MAURA O'CONNELL IS so alarmingly good that it's enough to make one rethink the notions of what comprises talent and artistry. As a person bred on singer/songwriters and the strict doctrine of recording-artist-as-*auteur*, I always found it hard to grasp the idea of a performer who *just* sings, who doesn't compose, produce or play an instrument or two—it always seemed that singers *had* to write to be worth their weight in salt (oh sure, Janis Joplin and Billie Holiday were great artists who didn't do much composing, but that was another era). But Maura O'Connell, an Irish lass with a great big voice whose style drifts between country, folk and the undefined realm that we'll just call good music, reminded me, for the first time since I last saw Emmylou Harris, that a beautiful interpretation of a well-chosen song is an art form too.

At New York's Bottom Line in December, O'Connell's delivery was so impassioned and lively, her voice so warm and full, and her onstage persona such a funny and unpretentious pleasure that she proved that certain talents undervalued in popular music today—like the ability to carry a tune—can be the province of true artistry. Her spartan three-piece band—two acoustic guitarists and a bassist—played with such care, precision and joy that their effect was [*cont'd on next page*]

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O'CONNELL

almost orchestral. The vocal harmonies that O'Connell worked up with guitarist Richard McLaurin and bassist Dave Francis were so impeccably (for lack of a better word) *harmonious* that it gave me chills to hear three voices mix and mingle so congenially.

O'Connell's recording career, which has taken her from the folksy Philo label to Warner Brothers' sprawling Nashville roster, has been solid and consistent, with each successive album better than the last. But it was not until the current *Blue Is the Color of Hope* that O'Connell got it absolutely, perfectly right. Surprisingly, only six of the 15 songs O'Connell performed came from the new album. She opened her set with "Ireland," an upbeat love song for the mother country, beginning with a few bars of a cappella singing that flowed into the high-energy delivery that was to characterize the show.

She jokingly introduced "Love to Learn" as a song about education ("I may not know much when it comes to love/But I would love to learn"). Performed in torchy, '40s-chanteuse style, the song's naive glamor was highlighted by O'Connell's batting eyelashes and flirtatious manner as she walked around the stage affectionately ogling each of the guys in the band. "Bad News (At the Best of Times)," a not especially memorable Paul Carrack-John Wesley Harding composition, was rendered unforgettable when Maura explained that she just *had* to record it because it included the improbable rhymed couplet "Driving backwards in a hearse/Thinking things couldn't get no worse." "I Would Be Stronger Than That," a song on her new album that tells of a woman battered by her husband, might have been ruined by an introduction that got into talk about dysfunctional families that came perilously close to sounding like testimony at a 12-step meeting, but fortunately Maura regained her composure to say, "I come from a pretty matriarchal family, and we don't put up with much!" Maura delivered the song with such sensibleness and simplicity that it never fell prey to its maudlin potential.

The evening was a triumph of old-fashioned no-gimmick values like hard work and natural skill, put forth by a woman who seems to genuinely like her audience and to truly love getting up onstage night after night. "I make my living touring," O'Connell said after the show, "so I have to do a good job. I prefer to keep things simple. I find that most people who add a lot of new, trendy instruments and types of technology to their albums just play with these things because they're there. Certainly they don't

make anything sound better. For me it's all in the song—my goal is to find the best songs that are out there, and communicate the meaning of a song to the audience as best I can. You don't need much more than a voice and a few instruments to do that."

—ELIZABETH WURTZEL

LITTLE RICHARD



don't live to see 60 years old now. Am I right? Don't forget I'm here tomorrow night. Are you havin' a good time? Don't forget now we gonna be here tomorrow night. Tomorrow night everybody who comes gonna get a free gift. We gonna be screamin' like a white lady tomorrow night. And it gonna be out of sight. Everybody havin' a good time? A real good time? I was born like this. I had these high cheekbones since I was a little baby. I remember when Jimi Hendrix was my guitarist. God has been good to us and still lettin' us be alive today. The god of Abraham is the true god. I am the architect of rock 'n' roll. The Bible says in Ecclesiastes one, verse two, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." The Bible says in Saint Matthew, chapter 24, verse 35, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." The Bible says in Genesis, chapter three, verse 19, "For dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." The Bible says in the Song of Solomon, chapter one, verse five, "I am black, but *comely!*" *Woowoooo!* The Bible says in Psalms, chapter 82, verses six and seven, "I have said, Ye are gods, but ye shall die like men." Even Aeschylus, in *Niobe*, says, "Τι γωσκε ταυθροπεια μη σεβειν αγαν." Am I right? Shut up. Ladies and gentlemen...*wooooo!* Little Richard from Macon, Georgia.

—SCOTT ISLER

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ALICE IN CHAINS CLEANS UP



IT HASN'T BEEN AN EASY YEAR FOR ALICE IN CHAINS. FIRST THERE were the L.A. riots, erupting smack in the midst of recording their new album *Dirt*, a brooding collection of songs about hellish relationships, drugs, alienation and death. A pretty heavy load for a bunch of 26-year-olds. If gothic drama had a musical counterpart, it might sound something like *Dirt*.

Then came lead singer Layne Staley's battles with heroin addiction, a long painful process leaving its scars all over the tortured album. "I tried to kick so many times, I couldn't believe I finally made it," says Staley, sipping a glass of milk in a New York coffee shop in between doing loads of laundry. Almost cherubic with his pubescent goatee, Staley no longer looks quite like the scarecrow he once was. "Now heroin's behind me," he says, reluctant to go into details. "I just did it...somehow."

Then it was time to hit the road. On their first night out with Ozzy Osbourne, Staley wound up in a motorcycle accident with a multiple fracture in his foot. Blearily-eyed with pain, Staley hopped onstage, poured his guts out, then passed out and got rushed to

BY MARISA FOX

an emergency room. The damage? A cast for six weeks, and many performances in a wheelchair.

A few weeks later, guitarist Jerry Cantrell slashed his hand trying to open a bottle of Gatorade. "I even had a dream about it the night before it happened," says Cantrell, staring at the stitches on his palm. "Hell, we're calling this our gimp tour."

Gimps who thrive on adversity: "We were opening up for Slayer—the hardest act to open

Grinding with no answers

for—in Red Rocks," says Cantrell, prying into his lunch of steak and mashed potatoes. "The moment we hit the stage the audience starts throwing huge gallon jugs of milk at us. They were ready to jump over and beat the shit out of us. The more pissed off they got, the more we were right in their face, shouting, 'Fuck you. Fuck you. You couldn't hit a barn door.' And we'd start throwing things right back at them. After the show, I walked offstage and people were like, 'You've got guts.' If you can make it opening up for Slayer, you've got it made."

Formed in Seattle in the late '80s, Alice in Chains were just another scruffy band playing loud, dissonant, thrashy rock. While local scene bands were gaining a reputation for grunge, Alice in Chains (formerly Alice N' Chains) embraced the '70s hard rock they had been raised on. Then came Columbia Records. Where most Seattle bands hopped from one indie to another, Alice in Chains went straight to the top. Their first single "We Die Young" shot up to the top of the metal charts while the band geared up for their first national tour opening for Iggy Pop.

The problem? Back home everyone thought they were a joke, bereft of street cred. Seattle rock tabloid the *Rocket* ignored the band pretty much until this past October when Alice in Chains finally made their cover. They apologized for several years of giving Alice in Chains the shaft.

"Fuck the *Rocket*, man!" Cantrell coughs, "that's how we felt. The article turned out to be real cool and funny 'cause they realized what idiots they had been for dismissing us just because we never were on a Seattle indie. I mean, we're happy not to be associated with the Seattle scene. We're not a trend. We came out before it all exploded. Most people think of us as an L.A.

cause we always record there.”
 ue. Alice in Chains’ thick gui-
 crack like a whip and fatalistic
 er than any Sunset Strip act.
 y, they are pure Seattle, as doom
 and gloom as the weather. Though the band
 makes a cameo in *Singles*, they seem more suited
 for earlier, darker portrayals of Seattle youth like
Streetwise, *River’s Edge* and *My Own Private
 Idaho*—films about self-destruction, rebellion
 and running away. Alice in Chains play equally
 weighted dirges, and the crowds seem to identi-
 fy as they hold their lighters aloft and sing the

chilling “Junkhead”: “What’s my drug of
 choice? Well what have you got?”

“All the critics say this album’s glorifying
 drugs because we have all these songs about
 them,” says Cantrell. “We just don’t think the
 way to preach against drugs is to repeat ‘Just say
 no.’ That’s just not real. You have to understand
 why people get drawn to things like drugs,
 things that can only mean trouble. We all get
 attracted to danger, that’s part of our nature. So
 you have to admit that you have that side to
 yourself, deal with it, then move on. You can’t
 just ignore it. That just creates further problems

because things fester inside of you.”

They’re touching quite a few nerves as they
 go along. *Dirt* entered the *Billboard* 200 at num-
 ber six and their first video “Them Bones”
 became an instant MTV buzz clip. With a gold
 album, a Grammy nomination and nearly two
 years of touring (over 200 dates with the likes of
 Megadeth, Bon Jovi and Motorhead) under
 their belts, the band is only getting bigger with
 time. Their *Sap* EP broadened their appeal from
 their hard-rock/metal fan base. Now they’re
 primed for a bigger kill.

“This new album’s lethal,” says Cantrell.
 “It’ll sneak up behind you like a mako shark
 and take a bite out of your butt.”

Influences range from Black Sabbath and
 Led Zeppelin (“God Smack”’s opening riff is
 lifted straight from Led Zeppelin’s “Dazed and
 Confused”) to Slayer, Ministry and Nine Inch
 Nails. “When I first started I was really drawn
 to a lot of the speed-metal bands ‘cause main-
 stream metal was so embarrassingly bad that the
 only way to sound cool and heavy was to thrash
 about real fast,” says Staley, now able to limp
 with the cast off his leg. “But now we’re learn-
 ing that you can be real heavy and slow too.
 Take Pantera, they’re so wild, they really pump.
 The lead singer screams into this distorted little
 amp so his voice sounds real distorted. I tried
 the same thing with this album and other effects
 to come up with a really deranged tone.

“Our songs don’t offer any answers,” says
 Staley, playing with his goatee. “They just
 expose problems. When I’m up onstage, I tap
 right into all that rage and confusion. It gets a
 little scary sometimes, but I know that if I can
 face it onstage, I won’t have to go off and live
 through it again. That’s not to say I’ll never
 drink or go off the deep end again. I still love
 danger, whether it’s sky-diving or going after
 some crazy girl. I just know how to channel it
 better now.”

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"I'm still trying to find a set of working notes, notes that make you say, damn! They're available, man, those notes are out there waiting for someone to find them. But I can make a band go where I want them to," he points out. "They just have to put their confidence in me, and trust in my judgment as to where I'll lead them."

Of course, jazz listeners learned to put their trust in Ron Carter a long time ago—not for nothing is he the most recorded bassist in contemporary music. Since redefining the way we hear the bass with Miles Davis' great quintet of the '60s, his burnished woody timbre, cunning harmonic suspensions, leonine glissandi, booming gong tones and rolling beat have become a stylistic beacon for most young bassists. And when he began employing a half-size piccolo bass

BY CHIP STERN

(tuned A-D-G-C) as a lead instrument in his own ensembles, he further enhanced that instrument's melodic stature.

Now classical listeners can appreciate the level of commitment and authority he brings to his music. *Ron Carter Meets Bach* (Blue Note) is a transcendent recital. The autumnal richness of the low-end colors, the surprising malleability of his dancing, singing bass parts, the subtlety of his variations and improvisations, the familiarity of the themes and the inspiring architecture of the music make for a very special recording. Carter is rightly proud of it, though

"The classical player's view has changed—they've got the idea that to improvise is not musical"

somewhat mystified as to its frosty reception by the classical recording establishment.

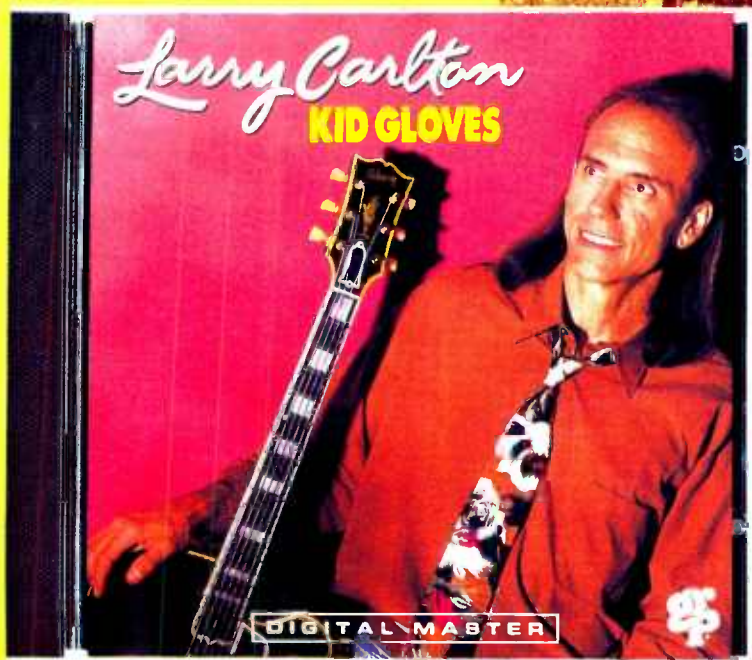
"Getting this record done took three years, between its conception and finding somebody to trust my judgment and let me do it," he explains. "I talked to three major classical labels, sent them my packet, my bio, all that. To let them know that one, I wasn't a ham sandwich; two, I had some credentials; three, I was an experienced player with a good career; and four, I had a great product. And none of those people would give this serious consideration.

"I don't understand how they could accept a record like Walter Carlos did of Bach with the first synthesizers, and not feel like these arrangements were of their classical persuasion. I couldn't understand what they were telling me. A few years back I transcribed the Bach cello suites for string bass, played only the dance movements from the six suites, and only pizzicato. It came out on Japanese Phonogram—it's not available in the States because I couldn't get anyone to be interested in that, not a soul. So far I've sold 85,000 in Japan—not bad. But the labels here seem to have a pretty closed view of people who can play the music; I can't understand why, but they seem to."

Of course *they* (if we may employ the paranoid subjective tense) might be so inclined to preserve the status quo (and their jobs as corporate poo-bahs) that they're willing to forego even profit in place of power. That is, however, conjecture. But there is no such conjecture con-

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cerning the music of J.S. Bach (1685–1750), who is to me (forgive the hyperbole) the greatest musician who ever lived. For all intents and purposes Bach perfected modern music. Equal temperament (which divided the octave into 12 equal key tones, allowing modulation through any and all 12 key centers) was accepted as the system of keyboard intonation, and our present sense of hearing, because *he* accepted it, and came up with the music that delineated its highs and byways. In the ritual nirvana of Bach's counterpoint, he defined the perfect symmetry of consonance and dissonance,

almost as a spiritual principle. Ultimately, Bach's music, deriving from such simple basic ideas and proceeding through an overwhelming multiplicity of detail, is imbued with the kind of universal power that transcends time, performance level and instrumentation. And in the lighthearted dances, devotional bass choirs and heady variations of Ron Carter's interpretations, Bach finds fresh life and a new voice.

"In my experience, Bach wrote so much music, there wasn't even time for sketches," Carter enthuses in near disbelief. "What he wrote was *it*. I mean, for me to come up with

eight measures of music in an hour or so is progress. And he was coming up with, like, a full oratorio every Sunday and a whole bunch of studies, sonatas and suites on the side. And it all worked! He also found the time to have two wives and 20 children, give them all music lessons...that's just stunning to me."

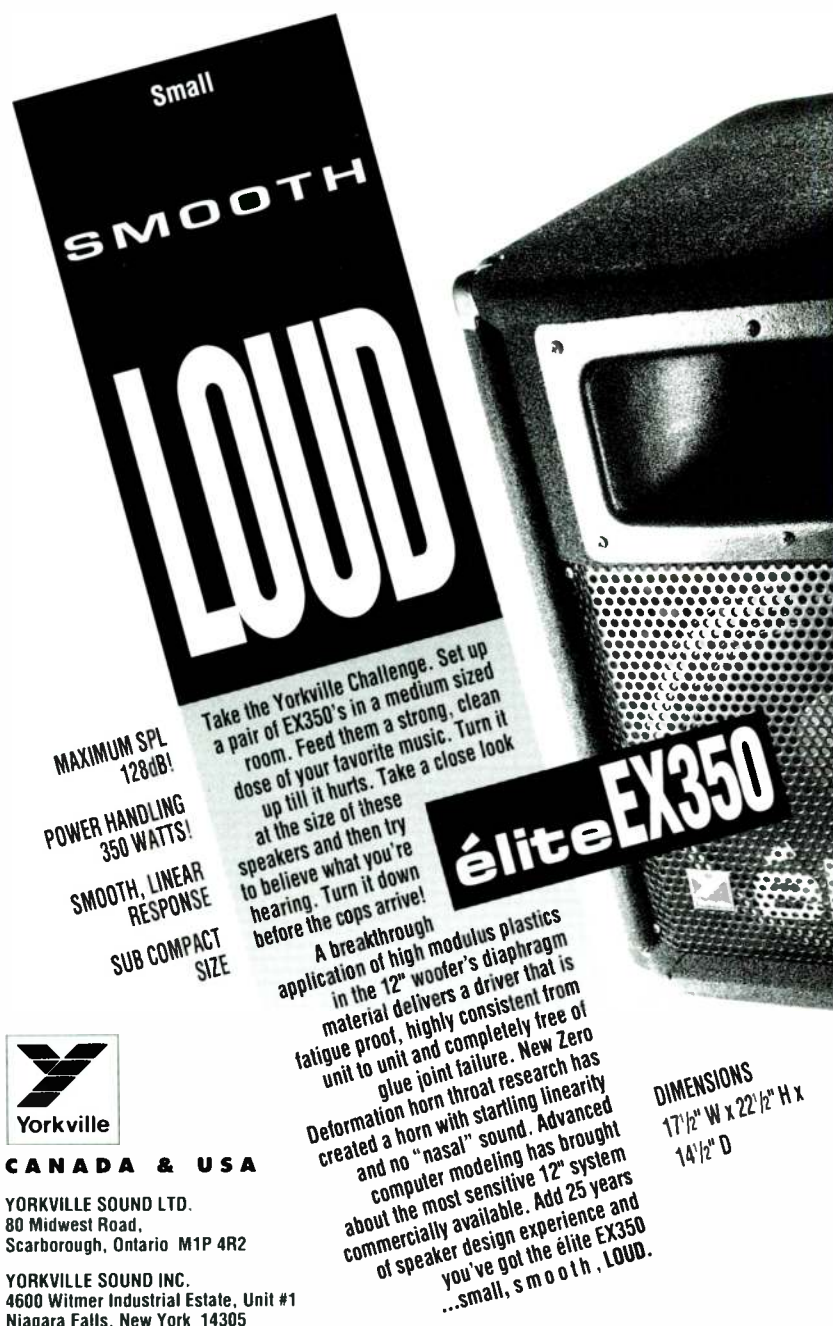
Bach was also the greatest *improviser* of his day, and that was a vital component of his art. But because Bach didn't have a recording Walkman, the symbolic notation of his scores is all we have to guide us through his music. Carter has endeavored to reassert that balance, though strictly within the context of the classical form—*Ron Carter Meets Bach* is not about swinging the classics.

"One of the problems I see in this music being transported from the 1700s to now," he observes, "is that the classical player's view has changed about music. Somewhere along the way they got the idea that to improvise is not musical. A lot of the stuff that was specifically improvised upon in those days is not being done anymore, and that feeling, that development, has not carried over into any other areas of music—it just stopped happening."

How to redress this imbalance? "First of all, respect what the jazz player does. Secondly, go to a nightclub, and hear. What are these guys doing? How do they get these notes? There's no conductor giving them the beat, no one calling off the changes, nobody saying, 'Hey, piano—fortissimo.' That's second nature.

"And if you're going to call yourself a purist, and have Bach festivals featuring orchestras of original instruments, why not include what Bach did when he wasn't reading music? Otherwise it isn't a *Bach* festival, not according to what I've read, because Bach was improvising all the time. These classical guys are not doing that, because they haven't gotten to the concept that Bach not only wrote this stuff, man, he'd just jam until the chords sat down. Then something else started. That's history. They're only approaching part of it, and until they get comfortable with the idea of improvisation there will always be half-Bach festivals.

"Some classical players think that if you bend a note, that's jazz. That ain't right, man. You've got to know when to bend the note, you've got to know whether that's the right bend, if it's the right chord to bend it on, and what's around the note. I wasn't trying to impress people that this is how a jazz player plays Bach. I deliberately *didn't* do that. I'm trying to impress them that this is how a *Bach* player can play Bach. To the extent that, if Bach could hear this, he would call me up and say, 'Hey, man, nice gig—you working tomorrow night?'"



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GEORGE MICHAEL VS. SONY

IT'S BEING CALLED THE LAWSUIT THAT COULD turn the U.K. recording industry upside-down. Pop throb George Michael has filed suit claiming his long-term recording agreement with Sony Music Entertainment (UK) amounts to an unreasonable restraint of trade. Michael isn't the first U.K. artist to make such a claim. But according to Michael's London-based lawyer Tony Russell, "This is the first time a major artist has attacked a mainstream record deal on this basis."

As a result, if Michael should win, his representatives say, free agency could be introduced into the music business. If so, it would be easier for artists to follow their creative and financial muses, and label-hop with greater frequency. This would significantly weaken the ability of record companies to control the product market and to build up artist catalogs to help fill corporate coffers.

Michael filed his 29-page writ October 30 in London's High Court of Justice, citing creative differences with Sony. The suit complains that, under Michael's eight-album, 15-year deal, Sony not only lacks any obligation to release recordings it concludes are artistically or commercially unacceptable, it can also bar Michael from recording for anybody else, potentially until the year 2003. (By contrast, though U.S. recording contracts rarely require a record company to release product, an artist is often allowed to terminate a deal if no product is released within a specified amount of time.)

Michael pleads in his suit that this could result in the "total sterilization" of his career. "Musicians do not come in regimented shapes and sizes, but are individuals who change and evolve together with their audiences," Michael declared in a statement released in conjunction with his suit.

Sony declined requests to comment on the case, but announced in a press release that it will "vigorously defend" its recording deal with Michael, which it considers legally binding.

The creative rift began when Sony Corporation, the Japanese electronics giant, purchased CBS Records, Sony Music's predecessor, in 1988. Michael calls this an "arranged marriage" that "simply does not work." The reason, says Michael, is that the record company has become nothing more than a small part of a software production line.

After Michael split from Wham! partner Andrew Ridgeley in 1986 to pursue a solo career, he hit big with his *Faith* album, which reportedly sold 16 million copies worldwide. Michael became so popular that he was immortalized as an obsessed superstar by "Saturday Night Live"'s

Pop star George Michael fights to break his recording contract with Sony UK

BY STAN SOOCHER





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Dana Carvey. "Look at my butt!" Carvey's Michael would boast.

Yet Michael soon became a reluctant celebrity. Fearing overexposure, he refused to appear in music videos for *Faith's* subdued followup, *Listen Without Prejudice Vol. 1*. That album sold well worldwide but fared poorly in the United States, as did the charity album *Red, Hot & Dance*, to which Michael contributed three songs. Michael blamed the lackluster album sales on soft support from Sony. As Michael is a U.K. citizen signed to Sony UK, he brought his suit in England, where the courts tend to be

more favorable to artists than in the U.S.

Sony rejected the concept for Michael's latest self-produced album, *Trojan Souls*, a compilation of Michael songs performed by artists like Anita Baker, Aretha Franklin and Elton John. The album instead will be released by Warner Bros.

"George's suit wasn't a spur-of-the-moment thing," explains Michael's long-time U.K. music publisher and career adviser Dick Leahy. "George's manager Rob Kahane, myself and others had discussions on Michael's behalf with Sony over two years, expressing our concern. But we saw the situation worsening and worsening."

Leahy contends, for instance, that Sony executives didn't want to release Michael's duo recording of "Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Me" with Elton John. (There was no album to back up the song.) "They thought it was a bad career move," says Leahy. "It went to number one in 10 countries."

Leahy insists this creative row wouldn't have happened when Sony Music was run by record executive Walter Yetnikoff. "Walter was the last link in the chain of the pro-artist company built by Goddard Lieberson," Leahy claims. "He understood creativity and supported it."

Yetnikoff, however, stepped down two years ago in a storm of controversy over his flamboyant management style. Apparently Michael believes the new owners have accelerated Sony Music's concentration on Top 40 acts such as Mariah Carey and Michael Bolton. CBS Records, on the other hand, was known for nurturing the long-term careers of artists such as Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen and Miles Davis. By implying that the label has lost its gift for long-term artist development, Michael is kicking Sony where it hurts.

Still, couldn't Michael's criticism of Sony's current management ("we do not speak the same language") subject him to allegations of Japan-bashing? "Sony could be run by Martians and the argument would be the same," Leahy contends. "George isn't the only one who believes it. There are people within Sony who believe it, too."

Michael originally signed to CBS U.K. in 1984 under the terms of a settlement of a suit Wham! had filed against CBS custom label Innervision. That suit alleged Wham!'s Innervision recording contract amounted to an unreasonable restraint of trade, but the issue was never resolved.

When Michael left Wham! in 1986, CBS exercised a "leaving member clause," which allowed the record company to sign Michael to a solo deal. That deal with Michael was renegotiated in 1988, calling for three albums in the initial contract period, plus one album each in up to five option periods. *Faith* and *Listen Without Prejudice Vol. 1* represented the first two albums under the initial period, with the third yet to be delivered.

Though Michael is focusing on the restraint of trade issue, his suit also attacks a series of common recording contract clauses. Among these are the fact that Sony owns the copyrights to Michael's master recordings, pays Michael only 75 percent of the full royalty rate for compact disc sales and is allowed to recoup recording funds it advances Michael from monies earned from the sale of Michael's work. All these provisions are commonly found in U.S. recording deals, too.

While it will be difficult [cont'd on page 40]

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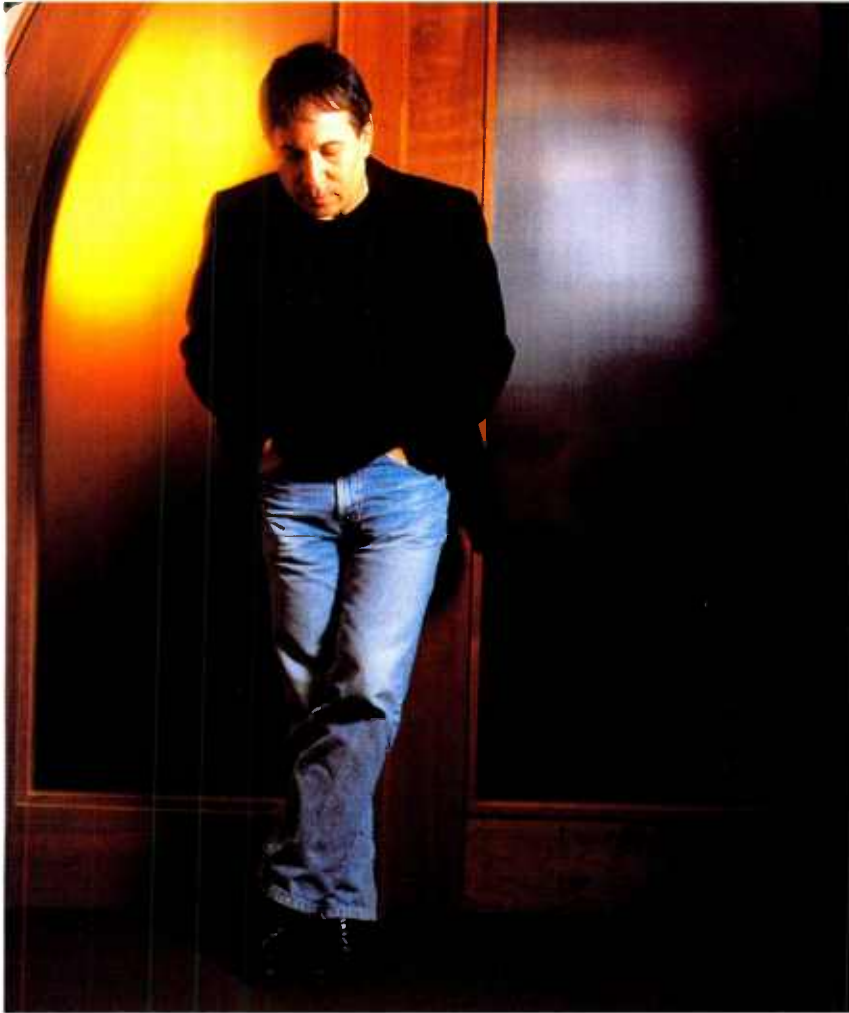
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World Radio History

PAUL SIMON'S BITTER TRUTHS



THIS SHOULD BE A TIME OF MIRACLES AND WONDER FOR PAUL Simon. Last June he married fellow musician Edie Brickell, and now, in early December, the couple is just weeks away from the birth of their child. "We're not quite ready," he laughs, "but we're getting there. I have a grown son, so I've gone through this before, but the memory's foggy. Although Edie's been healthy for the most part, she's in the last month and she's ready to move on."

But the *New Yorker* isn't allowing himself the simple luxury of happiness these days. In South Africa, a world apart, the Headman Shabalala murder case continues to unfold, heaping indignity upon indignity for the family and friends of the late singer. A co-founder of Ladysmith Black Mambazo, whose lovely ensemble vocals brought a glow to Simon's *Graceland*, Shabalala, a black man, died at the hands of a white man in extremely suspicious circumstances on December 10,

BY JON YOUNG

1991. As if that wasn't outrage enough, there's a strong possibility his admitted killer will get off scot-free. "I'm beyond being bummed out," says Simon. "I'm furious and I'm beginning to understand just how helpless one is in the face of institutionalized racism."

All he can do is talk about it. "These are the facts: Late one night, Headman was heading home on a highway outside Durban, when an off-duty security guard named Sean Clyde Nicholas pulled him over to make a citizen's

Confronting racism and the murder of a friend

arrest for drunken driving. Putting aside the fact that by South African law you can't make a citizen's arrest for a traffic violation—you can only do that for violent crimes or crimes against property—the assertion that he was driving drunk doesn't feel right to me. Black Mambazo are church people and I've never known any of them to drink.

"Probably nobody will ever know exactly what happened. Maybe Headman told him to fuck off, or maybe he did nothing, but this guy Nicholas shot him in the mouth while he was still behind the wheel of his car." Noting that initial news reports referred to a fight between the two, Simon asks, "What kind of altercation could there have been? One man was armed, the other wasn't. One man was seated, vulnerable, in his car; the other said he felt so threatened that he had to shoot in self-defense.

"I don't believe that and neither did the court. Nicholas was charged with homicide, and then, to my amazement and horror, they let him out on \$300 bail, and he's been out ever since. It took almost a year for the case to go to trial, and after the judge found him guilty, he sentenced him to five years, two suspended and three under house arrest. Now Nicholas is appealing that!

"At first, I thought it was a racially motivated murder—I doubt the guy would have pulled over a white man and shot him—but there was no question he did it, so he'd get sent away. But they're not even gonna do that much. They gave Nicholas house arrest because he had a job and no previous criminal record. Headman had a job and no record. Would they have given him house arrest if the situation had been reversed?

"Headman was the breadwinner for 12 kids and two wives," notes Simon. "And now they

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spit on his grave and say that his life wasn't really that valuable. It just shows you the indifference of institutionalized racism. Despite the fact that this was a high-profile case, they still gave Nicholas a slap on the wrist. They're obviously not intimidated by world opinion. That's pretty shocking in what is supposed to be the 'new' South Africa."

Simon was finishing up the Central American leg of his worldwide "Born at the Right Time" tour and preparing for dates in South Africa when he got the news of his friend's death. "It didn't make me more eager to go there," he recalls. "I went to see Joseph [Shabalala, Headman's older brother and the leader of Ladysmith Black Mambazo]. We had a big ceremony at the township church and held a fundraiser there. We later held another fundraiser in Chicago, because Black Mambazo was there doing a play with the Steppenwolf company. It's coming to Broadway, by the way. In all, we raised about \$150,000. It's probably not enough," he sighs.

Given the grim news from South Africa, Simon seems almost embarrassed to acknowledge the happier tidings in his own life. Asked how he met his new wife, he pauses, then says slowly, "I met her...uh, I'm gonna slip into talking about myself and Edie, and she hates that." Was it when she and her (since split) New Bohemians played on his friend Lorne Michaels' show, "Saturday Night Live"? As if forced to reveal a state secret, Simon replies, "Uh, yeah, we did meet there. I don't remember if that was '87 or '88."

His hesitation melts slightly when the talk turns to their musical relationship. Will they write songs together? "We haven't, but she's written an album for herself and hopes to record it before the baby's born. I don't know how she expects to do that in three weeks, but she does," he laughs.

"Mostly, we've tried to stay out of each other's creative process. I've heard all her new songs, but the extent of my involvement has been to ask questions like, 'What do you think of this melody?' I like her taste. So for the time being we're not collaborating, but maybe we will someday. Who knows what effect that would have?"

Catching himself, Simon says, "But I'm not thinking about music now. I'm just thinking about my friend. He was a very sweet, quiet guy with a great sense of humor. There's nothing else to accomplish here. I just want people to know that in South Africa a musician was murdered because of his race and nobody's even paying a penalty." ❧

MICHAEL

[cont'd from page 36] for Michael to convince a court to void each of these clauses, U.K. case law is on his side on restraint of trade. In 1988, the High Court of Justice ruled that a leaving member clause with Zang Tumb Tumb Records that barred Frankie Goes to Hollywood lead singer Holly Johnson from recording for another company amounted to an unreasonable restraint of trade. Under that deal, the record company had near total control of the choice of songs, producer, studio and even when the sessions were to take place. Then in 1991, the High Court found a recording contract that bound the Stone Roses for nine years was unreasonable, short of a guarantee by the record company to release product or let the band go.

Whatever the outcome of Michael's suit, he vows he will never record for Sony again. Dick Leahy confirms that several major record labels have already placed feelers out to Michael. Tony Russell, who also served as counsel to Holly Johnson in the Zang Tumb Tumb suit, says he expects a trial in Michael's case within a year.

Meanwhile, U.S. artists and record companies are wondering what effect a favorable ruling for Michael might have on their recording deals.

Notes Los Angeles attorney Don Engel—who has represented numerous artists in disputes with record companies—recording contracts signed under California law are already protected by a state statute that limits such deals to seven years. But that statute doesn't exist in other states.

In addition, the California legislature has just increased from \$6000 to \$50,000 the minimum compensation a record company must guarantee an artist before an injunction can be obtained to bar the artist from recording for anyone else.

Still, in contract disputes not covered by these statutes, U.S. courts aren't legally required to follow U.K. case rulings. But, explains New York attorney Charles B. Ortner, who has represented several major labels in disputes with artists and vice-versa, "A favorable ruling for Michael could affect suits brought in U.S. courts over recording contracts that the parties have agreed should be interpreted under U.K. law."

Cautions Ortner, "On their own, U.S. courts will normally look to specific performance standards in a record contract, such as whether a stipulated amount of money has been spent on record promotion. U.S. courts *don't* like to get involved with a subjective determination of a record company's efforts on behalf of an artist, of whether the company is rubbing the artist's back and making the artist happy." ❧

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The 100 GREATEST

GUITARISTS

*You
wanna
fight
about it?*

of the 20th CENTURY

T

HE IDEA OF PICKING THE 100 greatest guitar players is so fundamentally insane that when Mark Rowland, *Musician's* West Coast editor, suggested we do it for some future issue, we all chuckled and said, "Sure, sure" and went back to work.

The next day, though, names of guitarists started filling up the office blackboard. As quick as one editor put up his names, another came along and scribbled over them. Tempers started flaring.

"How can you possibly call Johnny Ramone a great guitarist?"

"He changed the way 10,000 guitarists play—which is more than I can say for your boy—Randy Rhoads!"

"What? Why...?"

As editors started feuding, fighting and throwing telephones at each other it occurred to us that if critics could get this upset over which guitar players were and were not worthy of posterity, normal human beings might be really inter-



PETE TOWNSHEND
photographed by PAUL NATKIN

ested, too. So, like a primitive tribe encoding its first crude system of laws, we worked out a procedure for nominations and voting and then crawled through round after agonizing round ("Who voted for Tony Iommi over Larry Coryell? What are you—a *moron*?") before collapsing into a final hundred. That hundred was then posted, and individual names were challenged and defended ("I propose Buddy Guy replace Mike Bloomfield!"). There was also at least one scandal, as Matt Resnicoff and Charles M. Young were caught erasing folkies from the final list and writing in heavy metal players who had been defeated in the general balloting. It was a lot like being back in seventh-grade cafeteria, arguing over whether Sandy Koufax could have struck out Babe Ruth.

In fact, in the middle of a particularly violent debate about the worthiness of Bo Diddley, Charles Young introduced what became known as the "Green Bay Packer" rule: "If the 1992 49ers got in a time machine and played the 1965 Green Bay Packers, the 49ers would kill them—but that doesn't mean the '65 Packers weren't a great team. You must judge people in the context of their time." As soon as he said that, Pete Cronin tackled him.

To the inevitable question (at least it was inevitable around here), "How the hell could you say Mother Maybelle Carter was a better guitarist than Roy Clark?" understand that Maybelle got points for inventing and popularizing a simple style that was then copied by every country guitarist for 50 years, while Roy

was deemed to be fast as light, but neither *the* fastest nor terribly influential. Wanna fight about it? Please feel free to send us your choices, objections and nominations. 'Cause if we ever do this again, *we ain't* gonna take the blame.

Jeff Beck

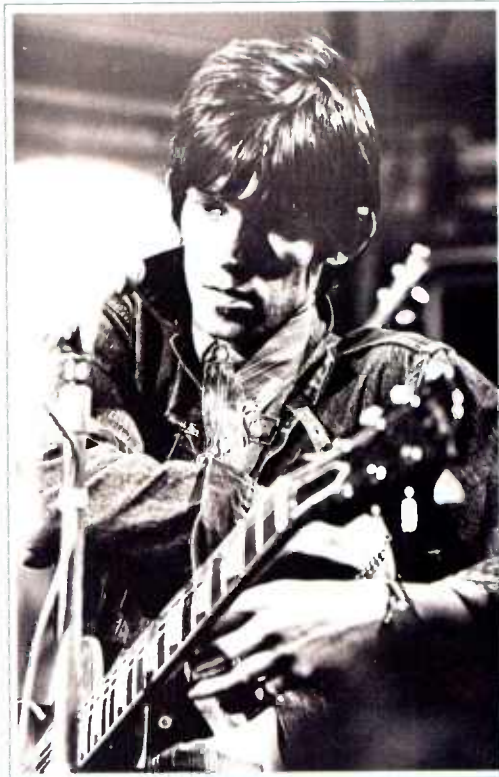
He predated anarchic guitar by a long mile, beating Hendrix to feedback, beating Van Halen to hitting the neck, beating the hell out of the instrument. *Blow by Blow*, with its contrasts of lyrical bending and jazz-rock, or *Guitar Shop*, showcasing Jeff's incredible manipulation of discrete tones with the vibrato bar, give thorough insight into how far he'd go at any given moment.

Jimi Hendrix

Bow head with reverence. Everyone's guitar hero is either the bluesiest rocker or the most psychedelized bluesman to yet grace our planet, if he really came from here. Twenty years on, "Machine Gun," "Red House" and "The Star Spangled Banner" hold the power to expand musical, personal and social consciousness.

Jimmy Page

Led Zeppelin became the template for riff-rock and metal, but Page the guitarist's surprising appeal is the rich lyricism demonstrated on slide solos like "What Is and What Should Never Be" or the Honeydrippers' "Sea of Love." Jimmy did take lessons from John McLaughlin before becoming a sessioneer and putting rhythm tracks into "I Can't Explain" and other '60s anthems, but he's never displaced his former co-Yardbird Beck as the main memorable guitar force of that era. If anything,



KEITH RICHARDS
photographed by VAL WILMER

perhaps, Jimmy's ambitions and gifts were *too* wide-ranging.

Allan Holdsworth

He has a liquid tone and inhumanly smooth technique that made rockers like Satriani and Van Halen rethink their entire approach. Holdsworth chords are built on spacy, close-interval structures, and his fierce soloing on *Metal Fatigue* and Tony Williams' *Believe It* made the records fusion classics.

Edward Van Halen

The second cut on the first Van Halen album, "Eruption" revolutionized the electric guitar in 1978. Punk had made guitar heroes passé, and Eddie renewed their cool with a vast array of moves that also built a whole new branch of publishing: the guitar tab book. He never lost sight of the great riff, without which the electrifying solo degenerates into turd polishing. Remind yourself of his brilliant riffing with "Everybody Wants Some" for a glimpse of what he could do if he dared to revolutionize rock again by stepping away from the conventions of the arena.



LEO KOTTKE
photographed by EBET ROBERTS

Frank Zappa

Zappa's music is not about complexity as much as creative composition, and with his hands full of scores, parts to arrange and checks to sign, it's small wonder he assigned his "impossible" parts to stunt players like Steve Vai while reserving his own guitar for searing, slicing improv. The segues between songs he performed would generally consist of anarchic modal lines transported via the most thrilling Strat and SG tones imaginable. Zappa combines monstrous facility with unfettered abandon.

John McLaughlin

McLaughlin helped spur Miles through some of his best electric jazz, especially "Yesterday" and "Right Off" from *A Tribute to Jack Johnson*, with John hitting the guitar hard, using a wah-wah pedal and making every effort to work an intense rock sensibili-

ty into jazz—as he did even more heavily with Mahavishnu on *Birds of Fire*. His gentler side offered us *My Goal's Beyond*, collaborations with Shakti and with orchestra on *Mediterranean Concerto*. The mystic credited with inventing real fusion.

PRIME MOVERS**Chuck Berry**

Hailed as the man who created the descending pentatonic double-stops that define the very essence of rock 'n' roll—those simple bluesy patterns sputtering around those classic three chords were the jumping-off point for all that followed.

Charlie Christian

When Charlie Christian first auditioned for Benny Goodman, Goodman called off a new tune, "Rose Room," figuring the kid would

get lost in the changes of a song he'd never heard. Christian promptly reeled off 20 choruses, each more inspired than the last, and joined one of the legendary combos in jazz history. The first great guitar soloist in jazz, he was among the regulars at Minton's in Harlem (with Dizzy, Bird, Monk, Bud, Kenny Clarke) who essentially invented bebop.

Maybelle Carter

Carter's "thumb and brush" picking style (also known as the "church lick"), where thumbpicked bass notes provide the melody while other fingers strum downward on the treble strings, was the rhythmic backbone of the Carter Family's sound and was massively influential among fledgling guitarists during the '30s, '40s and beyond. And she was Johnny Cash's mother-in-law.

Bo Diddley

The beat that took over the world? Well, maybe not quite, but like its flamboyant inventor, Bo Diddley's insanely catchy "shave-and-a-haircut" lick will *not* fade away.

Django Reinhardt

With violinist Stephane Grappelli, Django, a Belgian gypsy whose influences ranged from native folk songs to Charlie Parker, led the first great European jazz group, the Quintet of the Hot Club of France. Reinhardt's light-timbred solos were immediately recognizable: fleet chromatic runs peppered with bent-string sustained notes that never lost track of the melody and swung like crazy. His technique was more amazing in that it was entirely self-created, the result of losing all but two fingers of his fretting hand in a fire. Putting his stamp on progeny from Gabor Szabo to Eddie Van Halen, Django remains one of a kind.

Chet Atkins

Back in the '50s, Atkins effortlessly combined flawless three-finger-style picking with perfectly executed, yakety string-bends to thrilling effect. Although some of the fire has gone out of his playing, he can still smoke when he wants to.

Rev. Gary Davis

Many players have "mastered" the guitar style of Rev. Gary Davis, but nobody can duplicate the joyous, frenetic rhythm and everywhere-at-once picking technique that

**B. B. KING**

photographed by THE HOOKS BROTHERS



the gravel-voiced bluesman created as a young man in South Carolina and refined as a street performer in New York during the '50s. Davis directly influenced Blind Boy Fuller back home in Carolina, and passed the torch to acoustic players such as Dave Van Ronk and Stefan Grossman, who sat at the feet of the master during the '60s.

Charley Patton

Lacks the modern P.R. apparatus that keeps Robert Johnson a superstar, but could finger-pick and compose in the same league. If you get chills from "Hellhound on My Trail," try "Prayer of Death" or "Lord I'm Discouraged."

Scotty Moore

Scotty Moore sums up his early musical training as "stealing from anybody I could." What better education for a guy who, as Elvis Presley's guitarist, served as six-string midwife at the birth of rock 'n' roll? Moore's playing on Presley's Sun sides falls somewhere between the country bounce of Merle Travis and the nervous boogie of Arthur Smith. The King could not have done it without him.

Freddie Green

With Count Basie, Walter Page and Jo Jones, Freddie Green helped compose the greatest

big-band rhythm section of them all. Enormously self-effacing, Green rarely gave interviews or talked about his life (which included a serious affair with Billie Holiday) and he *never* took a guitar solo. He simply anchored every great Count Basie band for 40 years—the ultimate team player and a living testament to the musical primacy of rhythm.

John Lee Hooker

Deserves massive credit for "Boogie Chillen'," which founded the hypnotic boogie school of groove in 1948. He knew it was all in the rhythm, and he kept it there so relentlessly even his imitators couldn't mess it up.

Merle Travis

Chet Atkins could have sworn he was listening to two guitarists the first time he heard Merle Travis playing on the radio. Atkins went on to perfect his three-finger style to emulate what Travis was doing with just his thumb and index finger.

Duane Eddy

He's the lord of low notes, the father of twang. Starting in the late '50s, Duane Eddy, with his greasy Gretsch guitar, plucked out a long string of hits that firmly established him as top dog of rock instrumentalists.

Hank Garland

Until a car wreck ended his playing career in 1961, Hank Garland was the kind of musician who couldn't stop crossing stylistic boundaries. His craving for jazz credibility culminated in the landmark *Jazz Winds From a New Direction* in 1960. The record did much to rid Nashville of its hayseed image. Garland was equally at home laying down simple melody lines behind Cowboy Copus or stretching out with vibraphonist Gary Burton.

Muddy Waters

Electrified the Delta blues literally and figuratively and brought it to Chicago during World War II. Snapping out simple, repetitive riffs, Waters helped lay the groundwork for rock. The Rolling Stones named themselves after "Rollin' Stone."

Elizabeth Cotton

When she was 12 years old, Libba Cotton got her first guitar. After turning it upside down, she began to perfect her unusual left-handed style, her fingers picking out a moving bassline while her thumb plucked the melody on the high strings. Applying her "cotton-picking" technique and "Vastopol" and "Flang Dang" tunings to original songs like "Freight Train," this North Carolina native was a huge influence on future generations of folk and blues players.

Wes Montgomery

Wes was all thumb—played everything with it—which makes his leaping harmonic excursions that much more incredible. Anyone who's played two notes an octave apart simultaneously got the idea from Montgomery recordings like *So Much Guitar!* and *Movin' Wes*. Like jazz itself, Wes was a blues-derived player, and like many great players, he was constantly dissatisfied with his sound and ability to express himself through the instrument. He was self-taught through Charlie Christian recordings, loved Django, Tal and Jimmy Raney, and declined an offer to join Coltrane's group. One of the greatest jazz guitarists.

Andres Segovia

Like no player before or since, the Maestro embodied a generation's guiding force, purity of tone, interpretative uniqueness and the very essence of classical guitar performance.

Eldon Shamblin

A contemporary of Charlie Christian who also grew up in Oklahoma, and with a similar single-string solo style, Shamblin was on the radio first, which begs the question of who influenced whom. When Shamblin joined Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys in 1937, his feel for jazz arrangements and impeccable, sophisticated rhythmic style helped Wills set a standard for Western Swing that has yet to be equalled.

PROTOTYPES

Jimmy Nolen

The clean, tight stroke-and-mute guitar we know as "funky" came straight out of James Brown, and James Brown's funkiness owed much to a movement Nolen began in 1965 on "Papa's Got a Brand New Bag," his first collaboration with the singer and one of the most significant things to happen to rhythm since the drumstick.

Dr. Nico

The father of modern African—specifically Zairean—guitar. Enormously popular in the '60s with L'Orchestra African Fiesta and singer Rochereau, Dr. Nico's chiming vibrato and penchant for conjuring entrancing variations on infectiously melodic figures could teach Philip Glass a thing or two, as they did subsequent generations of axers, including the great soukous stylist Diblo Dibala. The ultimate party player.

Tony Iommi

What the Kingsmen did for I-IV-V in "Louie Louie," Iommi did for the flatted fifth—otherwise known as "the Devil's interval"—in Black Sabbath's "Black Sabbath." Heaviest of several heavy metal progenitors, he brought rock 'n' roll into the age of Stephen King, pulling up its pagan roots for all to see long before Camille Paglia started sociologizing.

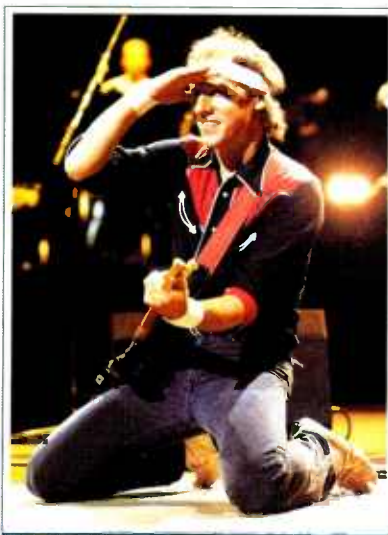
Jim Hall

Economical, sensitive and supremely melodic, Hall worked wonders alongside Sonny Rollins, with whom he recorded *The Bridge*, and turned guitar/piano duets with Bill

key guitar, a surprisingly sophisticated traditional instrumental style that's now close to extinction. A singer and player of spine-tingling soulfulness, he leaves a legacy in dozens of recordings on the Hawaiian Panini label, and the music of sons literal—the Pahinui Brothers—and figurative, such as Ry Cooder, who has called Pahinui his greatest influence as a musician. A legend worth discovering.

Duane Allman

Duane had a pungent slide tone that defined nearly everything the Allman Brothers did until his death in 1971. Hear-



MARK KNOPFLER
photo by PAUL NATKIN



EDDIE VAN HALEN
photo by PAT HARRON

Evans like the classic *Undercurrents* into telepathic statements of soul and interplay.

Keith Richards

He worshipped at the temple of Chuck Berry and went on to originate some of the most recognizable and least playable riffs in rock history with his pioneering alternate tunings. Whoever thought that dropping your low E string could sound good?

Curtis Mayfield

Mayfield was a stalwart of '70s R&B, slow and gentle. Hendrix's rhythm playing on pieces like "Little Wing," with its hammered sixths and seconds in and around clean chords, is all Curtis. His imprint is indelible.

Gabby Pahinui

Patriarch of the first family of Hawaiian music, Pahinui was a master of the slack-

ing Ry Cooder drove him to pick up a '57 goldtop and a bottle, and soon slide became a respite from conventional playing. He worked periodically as a session player for Aretha Franklin, Boz Scaggs and Delaney and Bonnie, and cameos like Derek and the Dominoes' *Layla and Other Assorted Love Songs* were clues that slide could fit neatly into straight rock; *Live at Fillmore East* was a regal confirmation.

Pete Townshend

Live at Leeds, just a Who concert, was a testament to Pete's tone, drama, blistering interplay with Entwistle and Moon, and sheer potency as a guitarist. But even if he never played another power chord, Pete should be celebrated for his magnificent acoustic version of "Drowned" on *The Secret Policeman's Ball*, where he speed-strums to huge climaxes and plaintively

plays through the verse, after having consumed an entire bottle of brandy.

Steve Cropper

Although his accomplishments loom large, Cropper embodies the less-is-more approach. With Booker T. & the MGs (house band at Stax), Cropper's taut, inventive riffs put the snap into timeless soul hits by Otis Redding, Sam and Dave and Eddie Floyd, to name a few.

James Burton

As Elvis Presley's Vegas guitarist, James Burton's playing was always brilliant, even at those ridiculous tempos. But if you really want to hear Burton burn, listen to any of Ricky Nelson's early rockin' sides. One hundred percent Brylcreem-driven, soda-pop-pin', California twang.

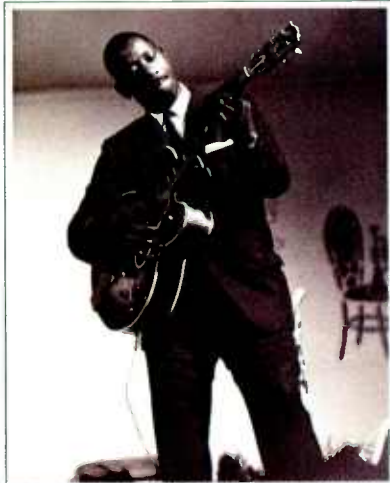
Dick Dale

Back in 1960, Dick Dale rose to power as the undisputed king of surf guitar. His muffled, reverb-drenched, staccato lines set the stage for the Beach Boys and the Ventures and an endless wave of trashy garage bands.

JAZZ

Pat Metheny

Capable of shifting from focused virtuosity to easy-listening lite jazz to keeping up



WES MONTGOMERY
photo by JIM MARSHALL

with Ornette Coleman on the harmolodica, Metheny revealed his greatest intimacy in the desert-like introspection of his best work with Charlie Haden, the dark mirror to Metheny's brightness.

Larry Coryell

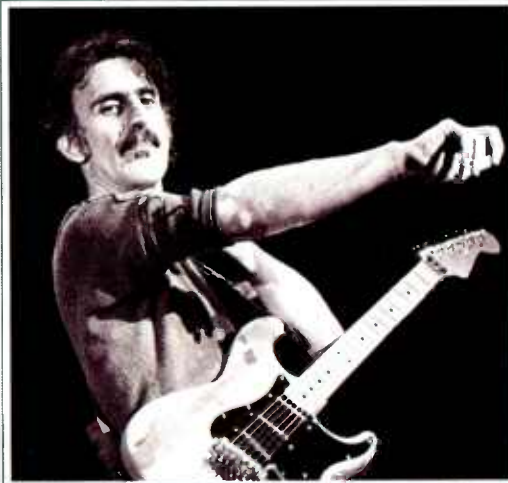
The mortal answer to John, Paco and Al, Coryell performed as part of the great acoustic trio in the wonderful concert film *Meeting of the Spirits*. His fusion leanings are tempered by a love of the standard, his technical dazzle often humanized by searching imperfection. Though he recorded in acoustic duet with McLaughlin on his own excellent *Spaces* and broke fusion barriers with his group Eleventh House, the solo format yields his most exciting playing—such as his unaccompanied “Rhapsody in Blue.”

George Benson

After *Breezin'* went triple platinum in the mid-'70s, Benson's powerhouse ethos gave way to R&B/easy-listening instrumentals. Until then, George had made very good on the debt he owed Wes Montgomery in his use of octaves and his forceful presence on a ream of jazz records. Dig back into *It's Uptown* and *Benson Burner* to remember a master in his prime.

Pat Martino

Martino solos are distinguished by driving forward motion and flawless, meaty picking, which Les Paul described in his liner notes for Pat's 12-string (!) effort *Desperado* as “polite, pinky extended, like drinking a cup of demitasse.” Several years ago Pat suffered a brain aneurism and had to relearn the instrument,



FRANK ZAPPA
photographed by RON DELANY

an undertaking whose results are heard on 1987's wonderful *The Return*. *Joyous Lake* is considered a jazz guitar classic, but the force of Pat's brilliance is all over *Consciousness*, *Strings*, *El Hombre* and *Exit*.

John Scofield

With a distinctive bite-with-chorus tone and penchant for leaping legato, Scofield has a fluid, organic responsiveness that may qualify him as *the* young jazz guitarist of his time.

Emily Remler

“I may look like a nice Jewish girl from New Jersey,” Emily once told *People*, “but inside I'm a 50-year-old, heavyset black man with a big thumb, like Wes Montgomery.” Emily never made it to 50—she overdosed in Sydney two years ago, at 32—but was a beloved bebopper and composer who left a string of fine recordings on Concord.

Joe Pass

Pass refined the art of jazz solo guitar with a technique that involved simultaneous counterpoints of bass and melody patterns with chordal rhythms, capable of standing on its own or providing sympathetic support for singers like Ella Fitzgerald. With subtle shifts of tempo, dynamics and harmony, he quietly finds new ways to swing.

Barney Kessel

Taking Charlie Christian's innovations to the next plateau, Kessel melds cool changes with the smoky Southwest flavor of Texas blues. Five decades and Kenny Burrell notwithstanding, he remains king of the bop guitars.

Sonny Sharrock

Beginning with Pharoah Sanders and Herbie Mann, Sharrock brought the free improv spirit of saxophonists Sanders, Coltrane and Ayler to electric guitar. Dissonance, distortion, chord clusters and just plain volume revolutionized jazz guitar concepts, but in Sharrock's hands there's often surprising shape and beauty behind the swells of noise.

Stanley Jordan

Incredibly sophisticated tapping techniques on his breakthrough *Magic Touch* suggested for guitar the possibilities of keyboard range. Like pianist Art Tatum, whose awesome command and ornate style beg comparison, he's a one-of-a-kind talent who won't be reined in by tradi-

tional categories. More recent albums point to a leaner, more spacious style, which only means he's getting wiser.

Pete Cosey

Fans have often wondered what Jimi Hendrix and Prince would have sounded like if their long-rumored collaborations with Miles Davis had come to pass. The answer is already on records like *Get Up with It*, *Agartha* and especially *Pangaea*: They would have sounded a lot like Pete Cosey. Cosey's aggressive wah-wah comps and ferocious interplay with bassist Michael Henderson were sophisticated in their voicings and harmonies, and a precursor of the directions bands like Living Colour would develop a decade later. An overlooked pioneer.

FINGERPRINTS

Carlos Santana

Santana's fluid hybrid of jazz, blues, Afro-Cuban rhythms and rock was fired in the crucible of Tijuana bar rooms, found its niche in the multicultural San Francisco scene of the late '60s and exploded most spectacularly at Woodstock with his transcendent solo on "Soul Sacrifice." Albums from *Abraxas* to *Caravanserai* to *Lotus* detail Santana's deep feeling for jazz and blues traditions, and on his most recent album, *Milagro*, he evokes the maturation of the greats he reveres, from B.B. King to Miles, who kept learning to say more with less.

Ry Cooder

His love for the creativity and eccentricity of ethnic music has given his own body of work an unmatched dimension of humanity—multi-cultural in the best sense of the word. His slide on "Available Space" will make you laugh for the sheer joy of the playing. Is the only living human able to do justice to Blind Blake's "Dark Side of the Street."

Neil Young

His passionate leads are as cracked and out of key as his singing voice, but as with his voice, once you get used to its broken honesty Young sounds perfect. The fire of "Like a Hurricane" can still send a music lover to heaven and a music teacher to the hospital. There is no space at all between what Young feels, what he plays and what he conveys.



JIMI HENDRIX

photograph from THE MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

Steve Morse

The solo masterwork *High Tension Wires* was a stunning collection of the country/rock/metal/jazz hybrid that shaped the Dixie Dregs. His dictatorial command of the instrument is uproariously entertaining.

Clarence White

White had already spent years on Southern California's bluegrass circuit with the Kentucky Colonels, perfecting his formidable acoustic flatpicking technique when, in 1968, he contributed electric guitar to the Byrds' seminal *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*. White sub-

sequently joined the band, and with Byrds drummer Gene Parsons, developed the Parsons-White String Bender, a device that allows guitarists to achieve pedal steel-like bends. Using his new invention to amazing effect (check out the Byrds' *Untitled*), White was plowing new musical ground, his Telecaster licks dancing around Roger McGuinn's 12-string jangle with slinky precision, when he was killed by a hit-and-run driver in 1973.

Albert Lee

Lee revels in tossing off breathtakingly melodic runs and frightening double-stop

bounces and bends—at blinding speed, with bluegrass precision.

Randy Rhoads

Though he chalked up his playing successes to chronic insecurity, Ozzy Osbourne's first post-Sabbath guitarist exercised the kind of discipline that enabled him to triple-track solos in perfect unison; the results were the fat, screaming breaks in "Crazy Train," "Flying High Again" and a number of other memorable tunes.

Yngwie Malmsteen

Malmsteen returned rock guitar to the realm of demanding, majestic—some might say indulgent—excursions not heard since Di Meola or Ulrich Roth. The Swedish virtuoso is legendary for his personal eccentricities, but that can't take away from the effect his superb *Yngwie J. Malmsteen's Rising Force* and *Marching Out* had on hard rock players; "Far Beyond the Sun" rates among classically-derived metal's best.

Jerry Garcia

One of the most melodically inventive guitarists in rock history. With roots in blues and country, especially bluegrass, he's evolved a style that takes Bakersfield to Mars, an approach that owes less to pure technique than to Garcia's natural musicality and restless, open intelligence.

Eric Johnson

Moved from fusion to Carole King to FM success without sacrificing his violin-like fluidity and unique, airy approach to chording. His sensitivity to tone—he's alleged to be able to identify battery brands by their sound—is exemplified on *Ab Via Musicom*.

Al Di Meola

Emitted fusillades with Chick Corea's seminal *Return to Forever* before becoming one of the most successful fusion stars of the '70s with discs like *Splendido Hotel*. Lately Al's taken to a more meditative but still burning persona.

Mark Knopfler

Though there's still a tacit dispute between Knopfler and Richard Thompson concerning the true origins of Strat-based brooding, Dire Straits' leader clearly popularized the sound. Two of the rock hero's unique traits are his appreciation for country and his choice of



ELIZABETH COTTON

photographed by JIM MARSHALL

fingerpicking for everything he plays. *Communique's* "Lady Writer" is textbook uptempo Straits with Mark's clean, cascading hammers and pull-offs; "Calling Elvis," a post-Pensa-Suhr hit, puts some fuzz juice behind it.

Richard Thompson

For 25 years Thompson has been walking on a musical high wire, balancing his deep love of tradition with a mischievous knack for taking chances. With lightning-fast fingerpicking, insane double-stop overbends and space-warped chromatic runs, Thompson blazes fearlessly onward without a net.

ACOUSTIC

John Fahey

His deeply informed appreciation of the blues as both party and catharsis music took American folk guitar into stunningly eerie places. His right thumb is about as strong and rhythmic as a right thumb can get. In concert, Fahey explores the alpha waves of your brain with long, dark improvisation, and brings

you back to the light with "In Christ There Is No East or West." Needs a boxed set bad.

Leo Kottke

Reminded everyone in 1972 with *Six and Twelve-String Guitar* that the acoustic could offer all the thrills of an electric. Play "Vaseline Machine Gun" and attempt not to bang your head. Play "Living in the Country" and hear so much melody, chime and speed packed into two minutes that you'll be happy forever.

Lonnie Johnson

His virtuosic picking straddled the border between blues and jazz. During a career that spanned more than half a century, Johnson recorded with everyone from Louis Armstrong to Martha Raye.

Paco De Lucia

While he's lauded for blinding fingerwork with McLaughlin and Di Meola, Paco's reputation as a flamenco master extends far beyond; he achieves incredible speed with the use of all four right-hand fingers plucking at an angle perpendicular to the string. "Mediterranean

ranean Sundance," from AP's *Elegant Gypsy*, is a standard of acoustic duet work.

Jorma Kaukonen

His fingerpicking mastery has garnered lots of attention, but Kaukonen's most significant legacy is the arsenal of psychedelic guitar tricks, from screeching feedback to twisted, acid-drenched blues licks, that he invented as a member of Jefferson Airplane.

Martin Carthy

A mite more traditionally steeped than contemporaries like Bert Jansch and Michael Chapman, Carthy's style blended sweet harmonies between his singing and intricate fingerpicking. By incorporating the complexities of folk fingerstyle with his vocals, Martin became a model of fluent self-accompaniment.

Doc Watson

His flatpicking prowess and flashy-yet-flawless fingerpicking combine with his resonant, hickory-smoked voice to make Watson one of the most influential figures in post-war folk.

TEAM PLAYERS

The Beatles

In their early, live days the Beatles' lead guitarist was George Harrison, whose economic style showed the influences of James Burton and Carl Perkins. But the Beatles' studio guitar playing was truly collaborative. A self-described primitive musician, John Lennon had a rare gift for mixing rage and exhilaration ("Revolution") and for finding an almost goofy simplicity ("Get Back") that worked better than most guitarists' complexity. Paul McCartney managed (on "Taxman" and "Sgt. Pepper's/Reprise") to bring out the joy that was obscured in most psychedelic guitar playing. While Harrison still played the lion's share of the leads, all three guitarists contributed to composing those lines. Who was the lead guitarist on "And Your Bird Can Sing"? The only right answer is: The Beatles.

Robbie Robertson

Very few players have *authored* a guitar style with the sort of intelligence and premeditation Robertson used in coming up with his cranky mix of country, blues and early rock. Originally a hot electric blues player capable of spinning out long, conventionally impres-

sive leads, Robertson redefined his guitar-playing vocabulary to fit the songs (and image) of the Band when they began recording in 1968. When he quit playing for other guitarists and began playing for the song, Robertson found his voice.

James Honeyman-Scott

The exuberance and inventiveness Honeyman-Scott brought to the Pretenders sound more impressive as the years go by. His quirky rhythms and off-balance leads were raw enough to pass muster in punk clubs, catchy enough to get on the radio and original enough to inspire lots of imitators. His death left a hole that's still unfilled.

Ross Garnick

Some oldtimers swear smoke came from his fingers when he played, others claim light shone off his skull while he soloed, but the Twanglers' original masterpicker never stayed in one place long enough to let anyone figure out his tricks.

Tommy Tedesco

If you've ever watched television, been to the movies or played a record, you've heard Tommy Tedesco demonstrate the versatility and adaptability worthy of attribution to the "world's greatest studio player," as he's been called by many of the world's other greatest studio players. Since the '50s he's been sight-reading everything from bouzouki parts to screaming rock lines without preparation.

Nils Lofgren

Gigs as guitarist for Neil Young and Bruce Springsteen have obscured Lofgren's most innovative playing. His flamenco-laced lead lines and stinging, dead-on harmonics (check out his solo on Springsteen's "Tunnel Of Love") come together to full, romantic effect on his solo debut from 1975.

Mike Campbell

No one makes the star look good with more humility and grace than the lead guitarist with Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers. From the snaky hook of "Breakdown" to the wistful fills on Don Henley's "Boys of Summer," Campbell's specialty is bringing out the dynamics and drama in music that, structurally, stays in pretty much the same place.

Al Anderson

Big Al is a bottomless pit of guitar styles. He eats 'em up—from Chet to Wes to Chuck Berry—and spits 'em out onstage 366 nights a year with his band, NRBQ. On a good night, nobody rocks harder.

Ricky Skaggs

The Kentucky-born multi-instrumentalist developed his virtuosic flatpicking technique on the road with Ralph Stanley and His Clinch Mountain Boys, joining that prestigious outfit at age 15. Over the next decade, he developed the fearsome speed and precision that he brings to his own hit songs like "Don't Get Above Your Raisin'" and "Country Boy."

PUNK AND POST-PUNK

Johnny Ramone

Downstroking barre chords at superhuman speed on his Mosrite, Johnny Ramone invented punk guitar and launched two generations of garage bands who knew they'd never be Pink Floyd but, by God, anybody could be the Ramones up there having all that fun. Of course, anybody couldn't. The Ramones had exceptional hooks, melody, laughs and immunity to carpal tunnel syndrome.

Cheetah Chrome

The only true lead player in early punk, Chrome played with such breathtaking, demented ferocity that it was easy to miss the musicality. Influenced everyone from Guns N' Roses to Soundgarden. *Night of the Living Dead Boys*, raucously out of tune and drowning in beer, remains the funniest document of live punk at its zenith (or nadir, depending on your perspective).

Tom Verlaine

With Richard Lloyd, Verlaine formed Television and by accident of history played CBGB when punk was starting out. He wasn't a punk. He was a serious artist whose paintbrush happened to be a guitar. The term "minimalist" was often applied but the contrapuntal melodies he wove with Lloyd were hypnotically intricate. Maybe it was his use of distortion that was minimal. *Marquee Moon* shines on, and the present reunion eclipses the original stuff.

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Richard Lloyd

His playing with Tom Verlaine in Television broke through the limitations of new wave even as it helped create the form, but it was in Lloyd's solo work that he established his place at the head of the meat-and-potatoes guitar line. His extended lead on "Field of Fire" took the muscular playing style of Springsteen and *Sticky Fingers* to a new emotional height. Now that Television's reformed, Lloyd is cramming that sort of thunder back into short, tightly formatted solos.

The Edge

In the early '80s Dave Evans took advantage of repeated simple figures and unusual tones to fill out U2's spare trio sound. Once he began exploring analog-delay technology, he and his band were liberated from the new wave and achieved true texture: "Bad" is a primer in Edge's inventive use of repeats, but *Boy* and *October* present the genesis of a tonal revolution in its most ethereal and uncontrived environment—a young band finding their way.

BLUES

B.B. King

The brighter side of Beale Street (see Albert), King has been recognized as *the* common man's blues titan since the '50s. B.B.'s trademark, apart from his customized Gibson Lucille and a long-sworn-off aversion to playing rhythm guitar, is a first-finger vibrato that shakes at the wrist and punctuates the blues as recognizably as very few other sounds. B.B. does have a seldom-seen edge that cuts wickedly through *Live at San Quentin*, but he's a man of many moods, especially in concert, so don't miss *Live at The Regal*, or early studio work, where his playing is heard in its jazzier, pre-edited incarnation.

Elmore James

Really was the king of the slide guitar, and not just for "Dust My Broom." Probably has more familiar licks still in circulation than anyone of his era except Chuck Berry.

Eric Clapton

Clapton's great gift was taste—you could hear it whether he was playing metal, blues, reggae or pop, and you could see it in his haircuts. Through a morass of personal problems, he never lost sight of what he sounded and looked like, turning that morass into inspiration.

Albert King

Consider B.B. the Good King—Albert never gets through his first three songs without stopping to grouse about the lights or the length of his cord. But you can't sit through the set without pounding the table. His roaring tone and overstuffed vibrato were not only loved but often quoted by disciple Stevie Vaughan, who called Al his Daddy.

Stevie Ray Vaughan

Stevie was Hendrix and Albert King incarnate, and probably the mainstream's chief connection to real blues at the time of his death in 1990. He was a thick-string mother who put every fiber of his little body behind every note, and that intensified everything from his huge rhythm cycling on "Cold Shot," to the pure drive of "Tightrope," to the general scream of his soloing.

Robben Ford

Robben's as convincing bebopping with Miles as with the hollering raunch of down-home blues. *Robben Ford and the Blue Line* took his heady blend of jazz, rock, blues and boogie to the next plateau.

Mississippi John Hurt

A master of Delta fingerpicked blues, Hurt sang and played with a sunny elegance, his voice rising and falling with the gentle undulation of his melodies. A few early recordings in 1928 influenced players like Doc Watson, after which Hurt was assumed to be dead—only to be "discovered" by musicologists decades later at age 71.

T-Bone Walker

Walker did for the blues what Charlie Christian did for jazz—perhaps fitting, since they shared the same teacher—by turning his electrified instrument into a dominant solo voice. The key link between the rural Southern blues he heard as a child and the urbane, jump-street style he epitomized on classic cuts like "T-Bone Shuffle" and "Call It Stormy Monday," Walker was also a fine conversational singer and flamboyant dancer. Rode a horse too.

Buddy Guy

Aggression is the name of Guy's game; he's become so synonymous with roaring Chicago blues that his club, Legends, is now one of the city's cultural mainstays. There's some dissent about the purity of Guy's tone, which may be more metallic and overdistorted than the blues needs, but his wild detuned bending and shout-

ing are unquestionably genuine, and helped shape the sound of followers such as Stevie Ray and Clapton.

Otis Rush

A southpaw who flipped a righty guitar like Albert King but never bothered to restring like Hendrix, Rush is a powerhouse Chicago bluesman whose influence on players like Clapton, Ford and Page resulted in a gaggle of covers (i.e. "I Can't Quit You, Baby"). Otis has a strong background in jazz and R&B and a unique approach to chords and vibrato he feels has been strengthened by playing upside-down.

Albert Collins

The Iceman is more about power than frenetic motion, and the metallic top end of his cutting tone can knock you over. A Collins shuffle finds him pulling and snapping strings with fingers and thumb, his Tele capoed to the song's key and tuned to a D minor chord for everything else.

POST-20TH CENTURY

Steve Vai

He began as the stunt guitarist in Zappa's technically oblique dementia, made the wonderfully sick *Flex-Able* in his backyard, replaced Yngwie Malmsteen in *Alcatraz*, replaced Eddie Van Halen for Dave Lee Roth and released his watershed *Passion and Warfare* to swarming approval. His interplay with bass giant Billy Sheehan on Roth's *Eat 'Em and Smile* is among the best metal has to offer.

Joe Satriani

Since his groundbreaking *Not of this Earth*, Joe has pushed guitar instrumentals into the mainstream, shaping compositional frames for his legato flurries, climactic melodic statements and futuristic vibrato-arm work. *Earth's* "The Enigmatic" is pure fury; the recent *Extremist's* "Crying" is pure soul.

Bill Frisell

One of the truly important solidbody guitarists of his time. Frisell's use of effects, toys and imagination warps his treatment of originals or jazz standards into wildly loopy improv.

Fred Frith

The typical constraints of playing have no place in his searching, unbounded tone extractions, brought to life with brutal hammer-ons, brushes, outside tunings, arcane pedals and other implements of torture.

Dave Tronzo

Slide titan set fire to John Hiatt's band and the Lounge Lizards before returning to his own style-melding groups in New York. Few guitarists approach Tronzo's passionate invention, least of all with a slide on their fourth finger.

Michael Hedges

Odd tunings give Hedges' D-28 depth, richness and power, and his incredible split-brain gift for self-accompaniment is rivaled only by giants like Joe Pass and fellow midwesterner Tuck Andress. Discs like *Aerial Boundaries* make clear how

much slapping, pounding and chiming can be the terrain of the solo acoustic guitarist—and the stuff of melodic genius.

Vernon Reid

A mini-legend in jazz circles for his avant-funk workouts with Defunkt and his duo record with Bill Frisell, Reid consciously revived the notion of rock 'n' roll as a black art form with *Living Colour*. A musician of unusual intelligence and technique, Reid remains emotionally riveting, with a sense for sonic innovations that recall the glory days of both Coltrane and Hendrix. ♪

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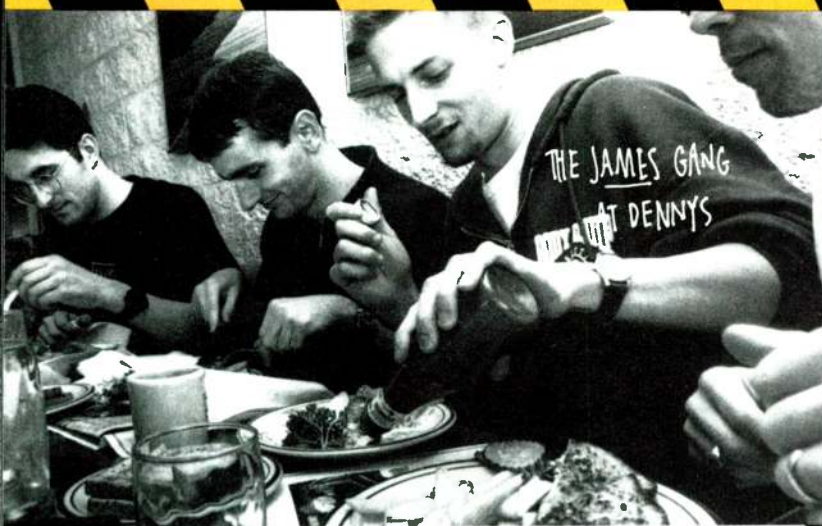
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plastered on billboards and buildings around L.A. and New York, rates a place on Dade's list of artificial wonders. "She's famous for just being famous!" he notes with a kind of awe. "If Andy Warhol werestill alive, I'm sure he'd love her."

Dickson has scouted out many an American flea market and thrift shop along this tour, sending crateloads of collectibles back to Glasgow, including an Elvis shirt and some Mexican Day of the Dead icons. Mostly, though, he's been collecting rare LPs that are hard to find back home. "We're vinyl junkies," he says, pleased at unearthing such treasures as an album by Funkadelic that cost three dollars in Iowa and which would fetch three hundred in Glasgow. One disc that's remained elusive is Sonny Curtis' theme from the old Mary Tyler Moore TV show, "Love Is All Around." "Please, please, send that to me if ever you find it! British culture is always quite boring to me," Dickson says, "because it goes back to the fifteenth and fourteenth century. That's when all the exciting things in history [pronounced "hestry"] happened. To me, all the exciting things happened in the '40s, '50s, '60s and '70s in America, all the movies and records and mass murderers."

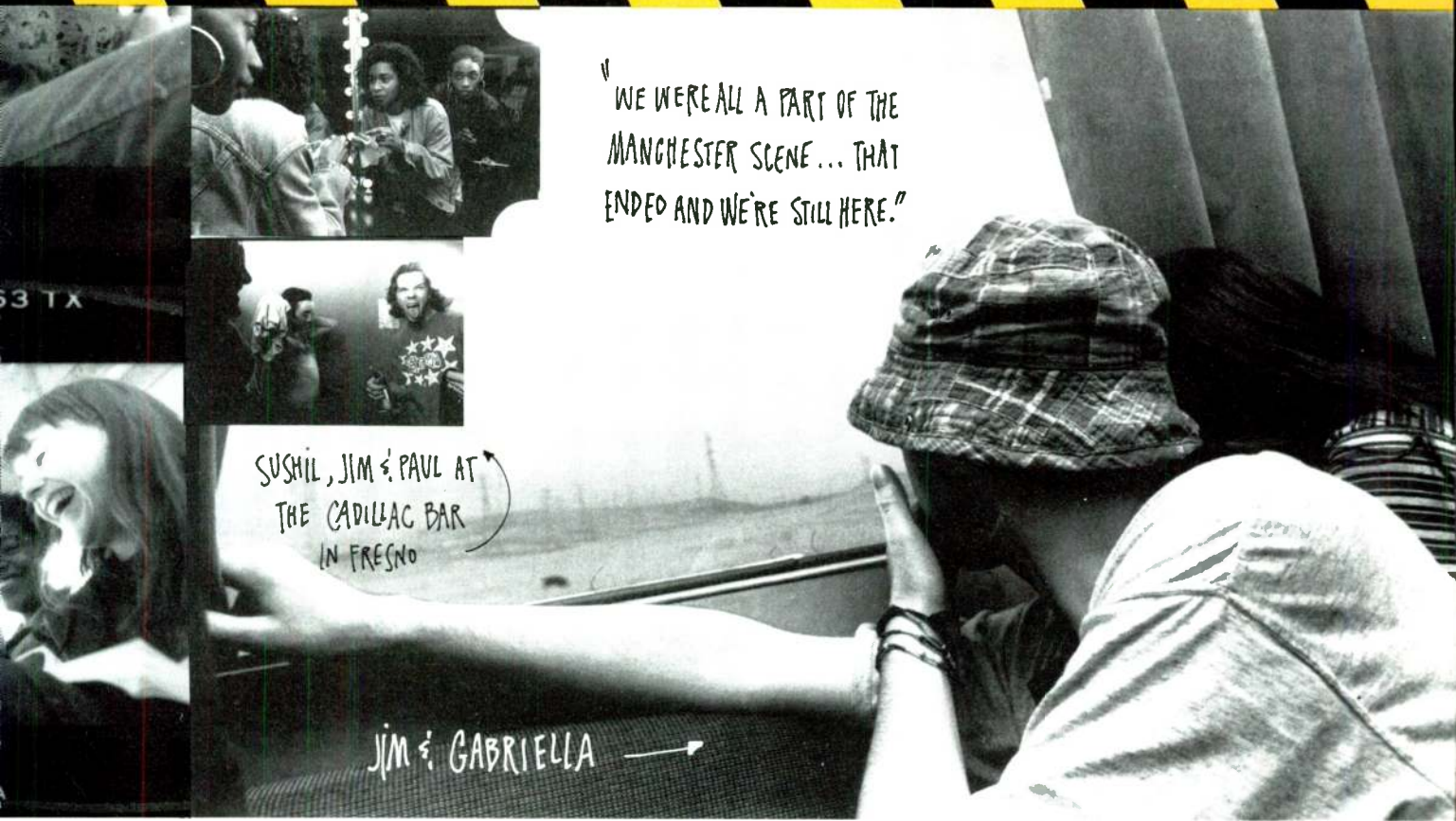
His interests inform and inspire the Soup Dragons' own visions, such as the title of their current hit single "Divine Thing." "That came about from drag queens who use the expression, 'Honey, you're just a divine thing,'" he reveals. "It's New York street slang." Recently Dickson discovered a rare copy of an album recorded by Charles Manson. That hasn't found its way into any songs—yet. "But it's quite good, actually," Dade chimes in. "He does have quite a good voice. He's very sensitive."

WHETHER THEY RECOGNIZE IT OR NOT, BOTH THE SOUP Dragons and James are becoming part of this odd landscape they never tire of excavating. Two young veteran bands from the British Isles,

they have recorded eight albums (four each), and even if their current zigzag across the States seems less like a British invasion than an incursion, they are at least discovering America as America discovers them. The Soup Dragons—Dickson and Dade, guitarist Jim McCulloch and drummer Paul Quinn—came together during the summer of 1985 in Glasgow, first attracting attention by releasing singles such as "Whole Wide World" and "Hang Ten" on their own label, Raw T.V. They had named the band after characters from an underground cartoon who grow musical trees on the moon, and distribute their music through the galaxies. With a similar mix of whimsy and self-reliance, they produced themselves, created their own album art and videos, even shot films to be projected behind themselves in concert.

In 1990 they enjoyed an international hit with their happy version of the Stones' "I'm Free." Dickson didn't like the original lyrics, so in the song's spirit of freedom he changed a line to "I'm free to do what I choose, to get my blues." His arrangement brought together the jubilant reggae rapping of Jamaican dub artist Junior Reid and a gospel choir, a musical combination Dickson figures unlikely to be repeated. But Reid's spontaneous exclamation "Don't be afraid of your freedom" remains an apt motto for the sense of liberation at the heart of the Soup Dragons' songs and performances. A 10-inch version of "I'm Free" became a dance club hit, generating massive sales for the Dragons' *Lovegod* album, entry to MTV and their first world tour. This year's model is titled *Hotwired*, and it's another collection of tasty pop that's been well-received on college and alternative stations.

In his songs Dickson uses major chords like primary colors, lending a bright, openly hopeful tone to the music. Like the great Motown and Stax songs, it's a deceptively simple formula that opens the door to more intensely soulful expression. "Music for me is such a positive



"WE WERE ALL A PART OF THE MANCHESTER SCENE... THAT ENDED AND WE'RE STILL HERE."

SUSHIL, JIM & PAUL AT THE CADILLAC BAR IN FRESNO

JIM & GABRIELLA →

thing," Dickson asserts, a sentiment mirrored by lyrics to songs like "Lovegod" ("And it's you who is the Lovegod") and the anthemic "Pleasure" ("Keep on driving higher, and never slow down"). Dickson sings them in a voice reminiscent at times of the Clash's Joe Strummer, though it's a comparison that he doesn't relish, as Strummer's political agenda seems far removed from Dickson's gentle, hopeful missives. "Music makes me feel good," he says. "That's what it's all about. A lot of people vent their anger in music but that's not our thing. If people can get off on what you're doing and you can get off on what you're doing, it's the perfect world."

TRAVELING SEPARATELY ON THE ROAD TO FRESNO BUT WITH parallel intent are the six members of the band James. Both groups traffic in English dance-pop, but the James formula for transcendence relies on a brew at once more eclectic, theatrical and introspective. The sextet—down from seven members when trumpeter Andy Diagram left the band—is led by singer/songwriter Tim Booth, and features such diverse sonic flavors as Mark Hunter's accordion and melodica and the powerful violin playing of Saul Davies. Larry Gott is the principal guitarist and harmony singer, David Baynton-Powers the drummer, and Jim Glennie is on bass.

James began as a quartet during the era of Joy Division and the Buzzcocks. "We were all part of the Manchester scene," Glennie explains simply. "That ended and we're still here." They signed with Factory Records in Manchester in 1983 and released an EP as well as two singles, including "What's the World," which was later covered by Manchester icons the Smiths. In 1985 James moved to Sire Records, where they made two acclaimed if lax-selling albums—*Stutter* and *Strip Mine*—then switched over to Rough Trade Records for a live

album, *One Man Clapping*. Commercially, this was not an auspicious move. But their next album, aptly titled *Gold Mother*, generated four British hit singles, including "Sit Down" (number two on the U.K. charts), while establishing the band among the most charismatic live acts in the country. In concert their power derives from an intricate yet rock-solid rhythmic foundation, over which Davies weaves colorful violin lines while Hunter fills in the gaps with keyboards, accordion and melodica. It's also an ideally plush setting for the plaintive, emotional voicings of singer Booth, who delivers with the quiet intensity of Michael Stipe and a wild dancing style that's entirely his own. It was dancing, in fact, that initially brought Booth to the group: "The band had only been together about a year since they first stole their instruments and they saw me stuttering in some nightclub and asked me to dance onstage with them. Dancing has always been my main release from life."

Booth also gave the band its name. "We called it James after James Joyce. If we had called ourselves something like Megadeth, everyone would think we were a heavy metal band," he reasons. "By calling ourselves James, people have to come and hear us to see what we are. It was an attempt not to be pigeonholed."

Lately James has been moving in folky, acoustic directions, due to the influence of Neil Young, who invited them to open for several of his acoustic shows. To do so, James had to perform acoustically as well, a requirement which vastly shifted the dynamics of their live show. "It was so much more naked," says guitarist Gott, "and also more delicate. I quite liked it." Booth agrees: "I think I sing better because I can hear myself better. With Neil, we had to play at about a quarter of the volume that we normally do, and that left me much more room to do things with my voice."

"Neil Young is so hip," adds Gott, who often dresses in a black cape, black fedora and dark shades. "Though you wouldn't know it by looking at him, with his old baggy jeans and lumberjack shirts."

Once Booth made his transition from dancer to lead singer, songs started spilling out of the band's jam sessions. To this day they base their songs on jams. "We record them to DAT as a token gesture to technology," Booth cracks, "then I take them home to finish off the melody and write the words." In this fashion, hit singles such as the beautiful "Sit Down" were created quite quickly. (An uplifting inverse of the "get up on your feet" persuasion, the song invites listeners to "sit down in sympathy.") "Sit Down" only took about 20 minutes to write," Booth reveals. "But that's pretty unusual. Some of them take years."

Or about as long as it's taking James to make their mark in America. But the band's belief in themselves and their ability to write songs of worth drives them on. "There were times when we felt like there was no place for us," Glennie admits. "We'd start feeling down, but then we'd walk into the rehearsal room and songs would appear. Wonderful songs. That's why we kept going. It's why we kept faith. It's the main reason we're still here."

ARRIVING IN FRESNO BY MID-AFTERNOON, THE BANDS are deposited in front of the Cadillac Club, that evening's venue. It is not a sight to inspire hope. The club, stark in the middle of nowhere, looks more like an abandoned factory on this cold gray afternoon.

But several hours later, the atmosphere is transformed. First James takes the stage, and their audience, which appeared almost catatonic moments before, now charges forward with arms waving, the musical energy of the band cutting through their desolation like a laser. Their passion clearly reaches Tim Booth, who had earlier admitted to feeling burned out and isolated by life on the road. Now he's floating on the palpable vibe of the crowd, leaping into a kind of St. Vitus dance, casting off his isolation, allowing the music to carry him with abandon. "I can perform on just about any emotion," he says later. "Anger, joy, madness. Usually depression is too strong to shake onstage. But we played so brilliantly that even if the audience didn't applaud, I knew it was a great show."

The audience does more than just applaud. The audience exhales, a mighty roar of screaming and cheering which seems to startle Booth. "I don't know why you are cheering so much," he says. "I'm sure you can't find our records anywhere in this town."

After a short break, it's the Soup Dragons' turn. Though it seems impossible, they manage to plug into the current where James left off, jolting the already exhilarated crowd with songs from "Pleasure" and "Running Wild" through "No More Understanding" and "Divine Thing." The energy never slacks, and with "I'm Free," the roof threatens to blow. Bass and drums lock in tightly while McCulloch's crunchy guitar drives the band like a locomotive.

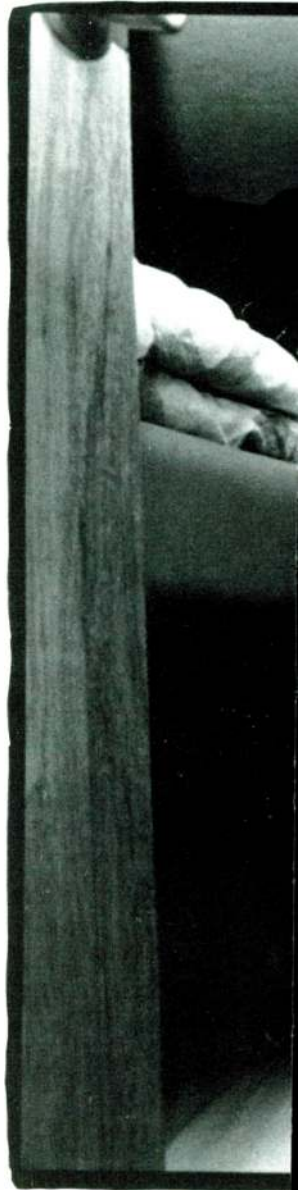
In concert, Dickson shows the remarkable ability to allow himself to be completely absorbed in the music while still being the center of its gravity. But there's no artifice, no facade; he relates to his audience more like the host of a tremendous party than a rock star. And he enjoys the party as much as everyone, except when the help starts to get out of hand. As audience members try to leap onto the stage, beefy bouncers repel them back like volleyballs. Eyeing the action, Dickson appeals to the muscle-bound to let his friends have fun. When an especially determined and slippery fan slips through their hands and shoots straight for Dickson, knocking him off his feet, he immediately

bounces up, beaming like a kid at Christmas. The fan gets tossed headfirst back into the crowd, who happily carry him over their heads as if he is weightless, while Dickson dives back into the uplifting chorus of "No More Understanding," the major chords descending as he sings, "Driving it higher than high, just making it burn up your sky, you never ever want to go down."

AFTER THE SHOW, AUDIENCE MEMBERS look as if they have been through the wringer. Some say they've been waiting for this night for weeks. This club offers alternative music on Sunday nights only, and rarely presents bands at the level of the Soup Dragons or James. "During the rest of the week we just go to work, drink coffee and watch TV," says one young woman who is gravitating towards the backstage area. "I mean, the music is just so up. You can't help but feel good when you hear it. And when you live in Fresno, feeling good isn't always that easy."

The Soup Dragons spend the night on their bus; James is staying at the Fresno Hilton, where the hotel clerk refers to them as "Mr. James." The next morning an Annual Ragtime Convention is in full swing in the hotel, attracting fans of player pianos and "The Maple Leaf Rag" from all over the West. Into the lobby stumbles Booth holding the hand of Ben, his three-and-a-half-year-old son, who has been traveling with him for six weeks. Tim mentions glumly that he has "hit a wall" in this tour, which has gone on so long he's lost the certainty that it will end. "I just fell in love with someone before leaving home," he explains, "and it has really hurt to be away." Even traveling with his son offers him little consolation. "On the road you sometimes have to shut down, and isolate yourself in order to preserve your sanity. And I can't do that because of Ben being here. I have to be a father."

Leaving Fresno at noon, the band is soon speeding down Highway 5 at 90 miles per hour with tour manager Richard Jones at the wheel. Jones quickly becomes the recipient of pathetic pleas from the musicians—mostly generated by Davies, but with substantial support from Hunter and Glennie—to pull over for some food. He steadfastly resists, curtly informing the musicians that they could have awakened an hour earlier and eaten breakfast in the hotel. Flying this minivan at a blinding speed, he seems set on a new record for a Fresno–L.A. run. But Davies is equally intent on getting his way, and amplifies his appeals in a voice that starts to sound intentionally like a sad, starving Dickensian orphan: "Please, Richard... We desperately need food. My stomach's so empty it's hurting. I don't know if I can make it. I'm getting so light-headed. Come on, we'll buy you a nosh. What d'you say? We'll buy you an egg-toasty. How 'bout it? Wouldn't you like a nice egg-toasty and a choc-y milk?" Glennie and Hunter join in. Jones continues to resist, adopting a clenched-jaw intensity not unlike Clint Eastwood: "There's no possible way you're going to get me to



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sive ringing. If a stereo sample needs re-synthesizing, the K2000 can shape, re-shape and layer multiple samples,

Partial list of K2000 Users.

William Bolcom	Jimmy McGriff
Wendy Carlos	Fred Mollin
Pat Coil	Patrick Moraz
Michael Dorian	Sammy Nestico
Michael Franklin	Roger Powell
Dominic Frontiere	Freddie Ravel
David Gant	Kenny Rogers
Jerry Goldsmith	David Rosenthal
Tony Guerrero	Frank Serafine
J.J. Johnson	Paul Shaffer
Michael Kamen	Rick Wakeman
Fred Lawrence	Fred Weinberg
Lyle Mays	Stevie Wonder

transforming even the most basic sound samples into thrilling, new experiences.

Eight megabytes of Kurzweil's world-renowned 16-bit ROM samples are on board to start the sonic feast. Two additional 8-megabyte ROM sound blocks will be available for a total of 24 megabytes. Further, samples from many other manufacturers' libraries are compatible and extensive third party software is available.

Limitless sound storage.

For most keyboards, storage of sound files can be a problem. Boxes of floppy disks are certainly smaller than three pianos and a set of drums, but they are slow to load and cannot hold much material. To address this problem, the K2000 system supports the addition of both internal and external SCSI-compatible hard disk drives, as well as readily-available optical, "floptical," SyQuest, CD ROM readers, etc.

Both units accept up to 64 megabytes of sample memory via standard Macintosh SIMMs, for holding *over 12 minutes of sampled sounds at full bandwidth*. The system also supports a program memory upgrade.

Flexible inputs and outputs.

The K2000/K2000R thoroughly covers the ins and outs of sampling and synthesis. The SMP-K/R stereo sampling options (keyboard/rack) offer analog, digital and optical inputs. Digital outputs are also provided, and both are switchable between AES/EBU and SPDIF formats. The K2000 offers six analog outs configured as a stereo master pair and four individual outs (the K2000R offers a stereo master pair and eight individual

outs). Support for MIDI is extensive as the units can transmit on three channels and receive on sixteen. For special effects and sound design use, up to 96 sonic events can be triggered simultaneously, and each MIDI channel supports the stacking of up to nine events.

A price that's astounding.

The K2000/K2000R can do more than a stack of conventional synthesizers and samplers. No other comparable instruments offer so many ways to configure and upgrade for future applications. Yet, they cost no more than most ordinary synthesizers.

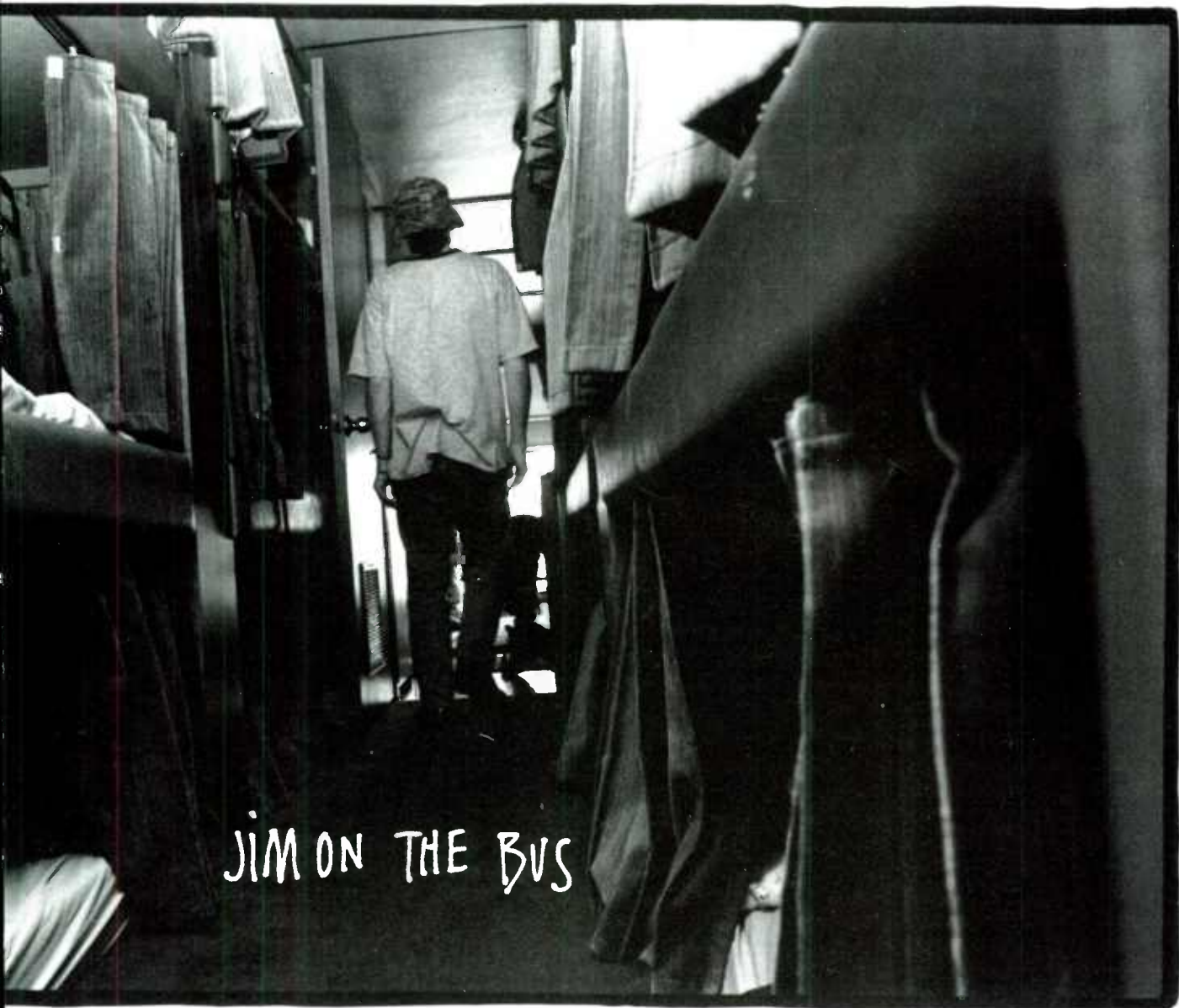
So, if today's creative demands are on your mind, join the stars who have found that the Kurzweil K2000 and K2000R offer the solutions through V.A.S.T. technology for infinite possibilities.

Specifications

Keys	61 (K2000 only)
Transmit Pressure	Mono-Pressure (K2000 only)
Receive Pressure	Poly, Mono-Pressure
Tone Generation	16-Bit Sampled ROM Waves Digital Wave Generation Noise Generation Optional User Sampling
Polyphony	24 (96 oscillators)
Dynamic Voice Allocation	Yes
Multi-timbral	16 Channels
Filter/DSP	Up to 3 Configurable Per Voice: Sweepable Resonance ("Q") LP/HP/BP/All Pass/Parametric Notch/Distortion/Shaper
Effects	1-Stereo Processor
Effects Types	Reverb/Chorus/Delay/Flanging
Stereo Sampling	Yes (with Sampling Option)
Analog Sampling Rates	29.4/32/44.1/48 KHz Analog
Digital Sampling Rates	All
Sample Playback Rates	All
ROM Wave Sample Rate	Up to 48 KHz
Stereo Analog/Digital I/Os (with option)	Analog In: Optical In; Digital Ins/Outs, (AES-EBU/SPDIF formats)
Disk Drive	3.5 HD/DD
SCSI	K2000: 1 port K2000R: 2 ports
Internal ROM Wave Memory	8 Megabytes, expandable to 24 Megabytes
Internal RAM Sample Memory	Up to 64 Megabytes (SIMMs)
User Program RAM Memory	128K, expandable to 760K
Display	240 x 64 Backlit
Sequencer	16-Channel Record/Play, Type 0 Play
Audio Outputs	K2000: 6 analog outs configured as a stereo master pair and 4 individual outs. K2000R: stereo master pair and 8 individual outs.
Outs Double as Inserts	Yes
Standard SIMMs RAM Memory	4 Card Slots
#MIDI Channels/ Simultaneous Transmission	3
Accepts Sample Dump Standard; Complete SYSEX Implementation; SMDI Protocol	
Physical Controllers: 2 Wheels, 1 Slider, 2 Foot Switches, Continuous Controller Pedal, Mono-Pressure (K2000 only)	

KURZWEIL
Music Systems
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JIM ON THE BUS

do this," he says in a near-whisper. But every time a roadside Denny's is passed, the ferocity of their appeal increases to such a peak that Jones finally gives in, after swearing the band to an oath that they will take no more than a half-hour.

Overjoyed, they spill into a Denny's that looks as if it was populated specifically for a David Lynch film. Pale, overly sober faces scrutinize a scroungy crew whose English accents here sound even more alien than usual. Hunter marvels at the bizarre ability of American chain restaurants to be identical no matter where they are. Davies points out one particularly scary-looking elderly woman with an elaborate yellow hairdo balanced on her head, dressed in a nearly fluorescent peach pantsuit. "Look at those lapels," he says, stunned by the immense angular collar of her blouse.

We are seated at a booth in the back of the restaurant. Immense amounts of toast, eggs, veggie-melts and choc-y milks (by which they mean straight hot chocolate, sans whipped cream) are ordered and consumed, as the band ignores the surreptitious stares of surrounding customers and pores over a *USA Today*. The distressing news about Nazi uprisings in Germany galvanizes their attention. "No good has

ever come from a unified Germany," Gott says, to which all agree.

Fifteen minutes past our agreed half-hour we are on the road again, and everyone is content, with the exception of Jones, who seems to feel the need to make up the time by going even faster, passing cars by essentially driving onto their tails until they get out of the way. It's a terrifying tactic that doesn't seem to faze anyone but me. Glennie dozes while Hunter experiments with a gray plastic Casio MIDI wind controller he bought for 35 bucks in Fresno. Davies stares in shades at the scenery, commenting often on the beauty of the passing mountains, which are passing ever more quickly.

"My parents were hippies," Davies says, when asked about his musical upbringing, "so I was brought up on the Byrds and Hendrix. I went to the Isle of Wight concert when I was five and I saw the Doors. I started playing violin when I was a kid and the first few years were hell on earth. But I never had any idea that I was going to be a professional musician. I thought I was going to be an intellectual."

Arriving in Los Angeles hours before any sane speed would have delivered us there, the band delights at viewing more landmarks en route to the hotel: the Hollywood Bowl, Sunset Boulevard, [cont'd on page 66]

JOURNEY
WITHOUT GOAL

another • kind of blue

M

Miles was sitting in his dressing room, elbows braced against his knees, head down. Someone in the band asked what was wrong. * He rasped his usual ornery rasp. "Tonight's Robben's last gig." * "It'll be okay, Miles," the keyboard player told him. "We'll get another guitarist." * Miles just kept sitting. "I feel sad, man. I feel like I did when Coltrane left the group." * Even Miles couldn't have Robben Ford. You can't hold onto someone who at 18 was waffling over joining George Harrison's band, or who greets George Benson with a casual "hi George" while climbing onstage to front an organ trio, or whose presence in a

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room makes Eric Clapton feel honored. Or who hoists a gut-string for cabaret tunes with Rickie Lee Jones, does deep crunch with Kiss and got on the good side of Miles' smiles, all the while nourishing the sacrosanct side of his soul that distinguishes him as the very best caucasian blues guitarist anywhere.

No one can have Robben Ford. In a career that's included work with most every rock and jazz legend active during his lifetime, and probably as many offers declined so that he might look for his lost chord, meditate and play blues, Robben accumulated 20 years' worth of solo recordings: three, to be precise. Ford finds music monumentally more compelling than the sur-

rounding technologies, credentials or goal orientation. He can't name albums by bands he co-led; peering across the Carnegie Deli table he marvels to discover that you can prevent accidental erasure of a cassette by pulling out its little plastic tabs. He does 60,000-seaters with Miles and quits to play clubs. His first hired rhythm section became the Yellowjackets in 1980, when he gave in as an equal partner. And ever since, he's been called an L.A. fusion guitar player.

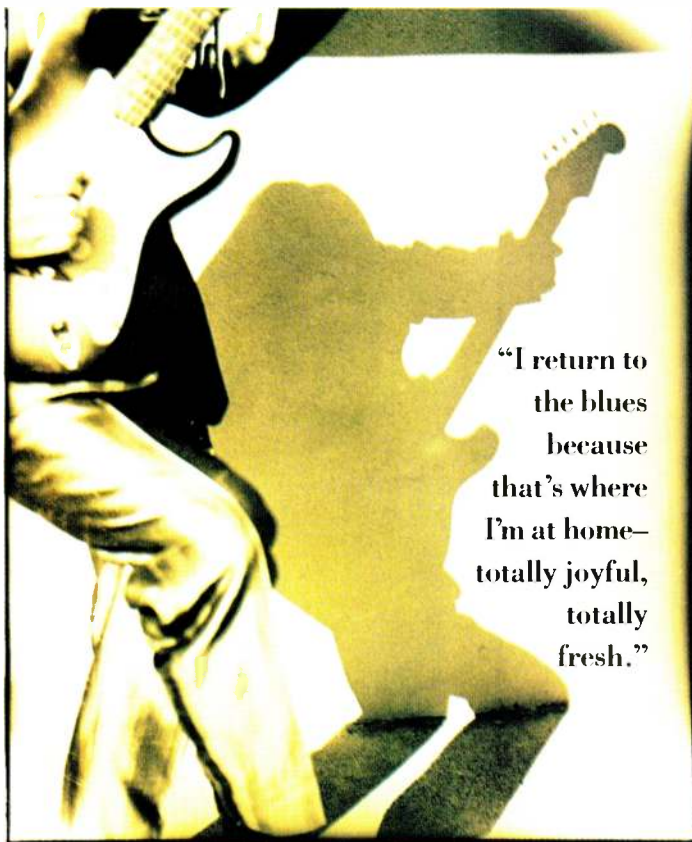
"That's when the fusion thing was really starting to go," he shrugs over a hill of eggs. "So I was kind of plopped down in the midst of it. And most of my recorded work has been with people who are visible. I've done very little recording on my own to make a more personal statement. I was there when it was



5

▶ PHOTOGRAPHS by REISIG & TAYLOR

going on, and I was associated with all those fusion guys—or fusion guys working with famous people like Joan [Joni Mitchell] and George Harrison and all that—that’s where I got my visibility. So the kind of musician I really am has never been documented. Or the personal side, what I would consider my identity, if there is such a thing for a guitar player, it’s definitely somewhere else—it doesn’t come out of L.A., you know. My heart has never been in fusion, or the studios.”



“I return to the blues because that’s where I’m at home—totally joyful, totally fresh.”

Even with disclaimers, Ford is a walking fusion—part Blood Ulmer, Pat Martino, Albert King, Sonny Stitt, and in his smile, a little Stan Laurel; at a benefit for Dharmadhatu, his New York meditation center, he played everything from shuffles to Steve Winwood dance tunes to the bluesy interpretations from his 1988 breakthrough *Talk to Your Daughter*, which was recorded prior to his signing and released in nearly original demo form. Six-string bassist Roscoe Beck returns and drummer Tom Brechtlein joins in on *Robben Ford and the Blue Line*, a leaner set which Robben, as frontman, principal composer, lead and rhythm guitarist, arranger and vocalist, sees as a defining piece of work, and rightly so. As a representation of Robben Ford the guitarist, it wants for nothing—the menu includes, but is not limited to, spectral chord melodies, traditional blues, bop, funk, a vacuum-tight sense of time—and he should be arrested for what he can do with a wah-wah pedal. Ford is as Ford does, and for the first time his unique career interests and his music are dovetailing with good fortune. It wasn’t always so. He remembers Eric Clapton’s manager Roger Forrester, who had heard the *Daughter* demos, once expressed serious interest in handling Robben. Robben turned it down.

“In retrospect,” he laughs, “it might have been a good idea. But we did talk, and I think it was that I have had various sensibilities through-

out my career...let me put it another way: His take on the music business was that it was this beast that you had to fight. He was right. I didn’t want to look at it that way. I think I was still a little bit naive, that I wanted to feel like you could actually have a happy working relationship with people in the music industry. I am no longer idealistic like that. Although I’m finally working with good people, and more and more of them are appearing, it makes me very happy having learned the hard way, which seems to be the only way most people learn. I think I just missed a little of that positive note when I met Roger at the time. I wanted to hear something a bit more positive than, ‘We’ve got to make some money,’ ‘It’s a tough business, it sucks, but this is how we’ve got to do it.’ I didn’t want to hear that then.”

Robben went on to become one link in a glittering chain of guitarists, including Martino, John McLaughlin, Eric Johnson, Larry Carlton, Allan Holdsworth, who were signed and summarily dropped by Warners. “That wasn’t the trouble,” he remembers. “That was the best thing that happened since the inception of the arrangement. If it isn’t heavy metal, they don’t know what to do with it. It’s porkbellies. Clapton was telling me he had a lot of the same problems with them. The view a lot of people in the industry have of artists is based on old perceptions. There was a time when the artist didn’t know or care about business; the record company had to babysit him, they were capable of babysitting, and everybody was happy. So the whole industry degenerated and everybody got into drugs and record companies were throwing money away on artists and hotels and parties. And in the beginning of the ‘80s there was this crash. Elektra/Asylum closed their offices, and I was with Elektra. When I got to the point where I signed with Warners, I had learned a lot, and I was prepared. They would take intelligence, and caring, and twist it: Like, calling a lot, because we hadn’t heard from them and we had a deadline to establish a mixing date at a studio, was nagging. We’d never get called back. Finally we’re saying, ‘We’ve got a studio, we’ll be there on these days, hope you show up!’—that would be, ‘These jerks are doing things behind our backs.’ Just sick. It would

turn into, ‘The artists don’t know how to relate to the record company.’ And what it is, is the record company refusing to relate to an artist. That’s the biz, man, and the artist is the guy who suffers.”

CROSS-LEGGED WITH HIS GUITAR ON my living-room floor one afternoon, Robben struggled to explain the bebop concepts he drops onto bluesy playing like caviar sprinkled over a fat steak. As a blues, jazz or rock guitarist, he’s as genuine as any living master, and as an artist he fits all the old perceptions. He leaves a lot to chance, is tough to get on the phone, goes over great in the Orient and doesn’t have much use for terminology.

“When I was playing blues with ‘Spoon,” he said, “we did a stint with Larry Coryell at the Ashgrove. I was listening all week and finally asked Larry, ‘What is all that “out” music?’ And like any sensible musician, Larry said, ‘There’s no such thing as out; there’s always some kind of tonal center or detectable pattern in music. I’m just using this half-step/whole-step scale, and that’s what you hear when it sounds out to you—it’s diminished...I think.’ He sounded like I do right now! But that was it—I started putting all that stuff together.”

In the meantime, young Ford had gotten struck up by early-’60s



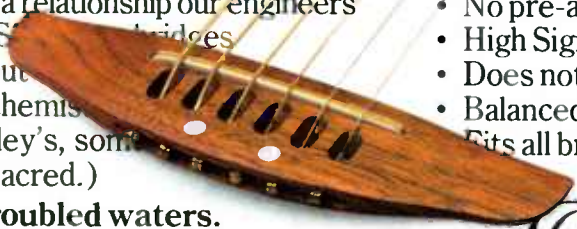
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Our Sound Engineers Are Very Excited About The New SST Bridge Saddle Pickup.

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Dean Markley
ELECTRONICS

HEARING IS BELIEVING.

Trane and *Juju*-period Wayne Shorter, and persistently rehearsed his own group up in the Bay area; when he picked up a horn, there would be as many as three saxists onstage at a time playing his modal tunes. At one point he flew down to Los Angeles to give Jimmy Witherspoon two weeks' notice, and while he was at the management office a call came in from Tom Scott, who had heard tell about the kid from Ukiah stealing a Berkeley guitar summit from names like Pass, Hall, Ellis and Kessel. Scott implored Robben to listen to some tapes, one by the L.A. Express ("Fuzak," Robben recalls) and an unreleased set of material to be called *Court and Spark* ("Just brilliant"). At rehearsal, Robben kept zeroing in on the drummer, John Guerin, and the brilliant pianist Roger Kellaway, known best in popular culture as Carroll O'Connor's co-composer on the "All in the Family" closing instrumental "Remembering You."

Robben took more to the musicianship than the music. He'd only played with hometown pals, backed blues greats with and without his family—his father's Charles Ford Band was a club and festival fixture up north—and he was ready to stretch. He logged quality time with Mitchell on her *Miles of Aisles* and *The Hissing of Summer Lawns* and many other noted recordings that slipped between jazz and blues-rock. His

own backup band on 1979's solo debut *The Inside Story* spun off to lead the L.A. fusion salvo as the Yellowjackets, and Ford spun himself into a series of sideman gigs. His sound and attitude were far too passionate to make him competitive in the happy-jazz market, so he waited, jammed, worked and played the blues.

"*The Inside Story*...when I did it, it was definitely a genuine musical statement. I had been with the L.A. Express for two years, working on music that made it very natural to do that record. And if I hadn't had tons of trouble with the record company after that—the second record I started for Elektra wasn't blues, it was much more R&B- and rock-oriented, so the problems would have started a long time ago. In a way the entire career process is kind of good, because it kept me honest, if nothing else. The L.A. Express, yeah, I did do that for the experience. It was just too good to pass up. So again, it's that identity thing: It developed in spite of me. It's just weird to have this terminal reputation to live down. That's not fair. I mean, I worked with the best, and absolutely none of the other ones. 'To live it down...'—not too many people would put it in those terms, and I say it half-jokingly, but I really would like to make records that sound like I hear music rather than how somebody else hears it. That's happening now."

Straight-ahead jazz labels sounded Robben about a deal, but he demurred, choosing not to "confuse the market," as it's been put to him. After continued, unconditional overtures by Chick Corea and Ron Moss to inaugurate their Stretch Records, Ford's third phase began: His intention for *Blue Line* was to make a juiced-up blues record on the order of *Daughter*, with more original compositions set against the workings of a band intimate with each other's moves. "It took a long time to find," he says, "and it seems to me the best way for a musician to develop is to get a group of guys he likes to work with.

My most satisfying experiences were whenever I had my own bands, and the two years I spent with the L.A. Express, because that was really a *band* working behind a wonderful artist at the peak of her prime. So if nothing else, I'd like to encourage musicians to do that. And also, *always* let the music have the front seat; everything else is second to the music.

"The business aspect—it's almost nothing but frustrating," he laughs. "But I do believe everyone can find musicians he wants to work with. It's really hard, but you can't be sucked in by what any record company has to say, or anybody who's tryin' to tell you how you can get ahead. It's not about 'getting ahead'; it's about the music, and everything else follows. And I tell you, every time I've not kept

the music in front, the situation's been a little dubious. I worked with a lot of music in which I was doing my best to make it *music*, heartfelt and soulful, but kinda left my roots behind—left the blues behind in terms of how I felt I should present myself on a record. But the greatest pleasure I have is working with musicians I love. And we spend a lot of time together out there on the road. They're *friends* of mine, man. I've been with bands where it's like, nice guys, no problem, but we're not really connecting. The music and the people, those are the

important things. The business is definitely important, but making a buck should never be the first thing in a person's mind, man, it just shouldn't. You should love your work."

Ford has made it clear to every contractor in the country that his session work is restricted to the Dylans, Raitts and Ogermans. He missed the last Iggy Pop record because he was out with his trio. Outside that, he's up for more equal-billing collaborations like his *Minor Elegance* with jazz guitar wizard Joe Diorio, and he's got a bead on Bill Frisell. "And if David Sanborn called and he was gonna do the 'Tonight' show and so-and-so couldn't make it—that's how I've worked with him the last two times," he says. "And I'd still like to work with Joni Mitchell again. That's the one piece of nostalgia I have, maybe because she was the first brilliant artist I ever worked with, aside from blues musicians. I *really* would like to do that again.

"My inspirations now are obviously coming a little more from a rock background than a jazz/fusion thing. Frankly, I'm a little tired of those chords, the 13^b5 and the 11th chords. I love great music. I'm a traditionalist. If I want to hear great harmony, and people exercising those harmonic chops, I want to listen to old Miles Davis with Herbie Hancock or Coltrane. That's traditional music, and when it got to electric instruments, none of that turned me on very much. I've learned it doesn't matter how many chords you have, you can still be doing something that would have been impossible for somebody else to come up with, just by the atmosphere, the feel, and that's what I've always looked for. That fusion period was a very specific attempt to fulfill my quest for the lost chord, you know? There is something I want to find musically, and I haven't yet. I've gotten close here and there, and to find the context is really the hardest part. It's that unspeakable, intangible thing. One of the reasons I constantly return to the blues is because that is the place

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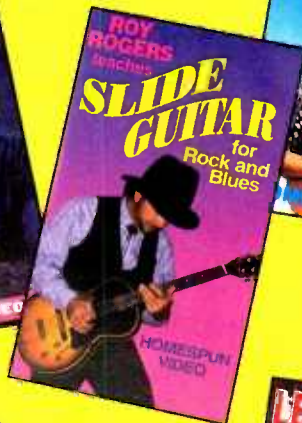
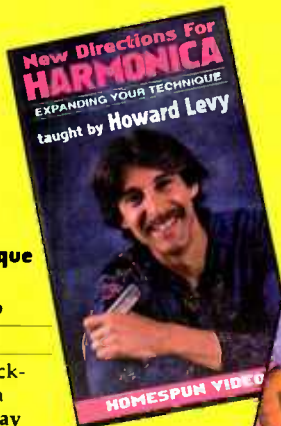
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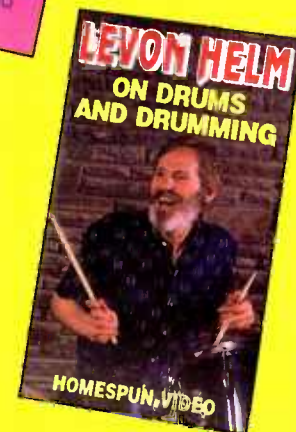
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where I am totally at home—regardless of everything else, to play some blues and I'm just *there*, no thinking about it, totally joyful, totally fresh, anything can happen."

ONSTAGE AT THE CUBBY Bear Lounge, just caddy-corner from Wrigley Stadium in Chicago, Ford is playing a tight-lipped set of hard blues for a weaving crowd of drunken fratboys. When he gets to the subdued, swelling break in "Ain't Got Nothin' But the Blues," a ruckus in front of the bandstand destroys the moment and Robben ends up just grooving, spewing an occasional "Purple Haze" quote and shuffling his way through. All of a sudden he calls "Life Song," the closing ballad from *Blue Line*, and the din subsides as he plays, as if it took the most clearly defined notion of dynamics to be heard. Distraction never reaches him. Regular meditation keeps him centered.

"From the Buddhist perspective, the practice of meditation is not just to learn how to relax," he says after the show. "The point is really to get in touch with reality, which could be terrifying, so you might be *more* nervous, say, going on the 'Tonight' show. It's a double-edged sword in that way, you know. At some point a person might get comfortable with going on television in front of 6 million viewers and not think about it. I'm certainly not that person. I'm like that when it comes to playing blues. It's about discovering new ways of relaxing. Ultimately, you have to be relaxed standing on the razor's edge." 

SOUP DRAGONS

[cont'd from page 57] Hollywood High School. At the Sunset Hyatt they split off to their rooms to freshen up before leaving in search of fresh carrot juice and other Angeleno offerings. An hour later, they're back on Vine Street at the Palace for a soundcheck. Outside the theater, a gallows-like structure is being erected for a Howard Stern publicity stunt.

Inside, Dickson and Dade are giving an interview to HBO, sitting on a trunk as the lighting people try out all their effects on the stage behind them. The two musicians appear thoroughly relaxed, calmly answering questions despite the presence of cameras aimed close to their faces from all angles. Clearly, they're at home in Hollywood.

"As time goes on," Dickson says, "people are starting to understand more what we are all about. It's like a jigsaw puzzle. When our first LP came out in America, people couldn't tell

what was the basis of what we are and what we were experimenting with. Now they can."

Dickson's been impressed by the determination of some American fans to see the band, such as a young surfer in Huntington Beach who devised a system of pulleys and cable to hoist himself over the roof of a crowded club to watch the Dragons through a glass skylight. But other aspects of American life are less appealing, such as the rampant poverty apparent in U.S. inner cities. In Chicago and Detroit the Dragons fed scores of homeless people with their catered meals and then invited them to the show, incensing a promoter who was horrified at the sight of street people permeating his club. But their names had all been officially added to the band's guest list. "If you can live on the streets and manage to still have a positive atti-

tude toward life, that's quite touching, actually," Dickson marvels. He seems mystified by the extremes of poverty and luxury that exist so closely in Los Angeles. "You see limos and Rolls-Royces driving past people sleeping in doorways. You see people with signs that say they are homeless and hungry standing at intersections in Beverly Hills and Bel Air."

That night the shows are taped for a special Greenpeace benefit album, and both bands deliver dynamic performances. The crowd at the Palace is about three times as big as in Fresno, and the generous dance floor is soon car-

peted by a seething mass of dancers. Again the Soup Dragons are charged by fans, and again Dickson pleads with the bouncers to ease up on their strong-arm tactics. At one point about seven people manage to take to the stage at once, drawn to the musicians as if by magnets, before being torn loose and tossed back to the throng. Though he was almost toppled off his feet, Dickson shines as if he'd been kissed.

Later, around midnight, the crowds have dispersed except for those still waiting for Howard Stern to arrive, and the Dragons are back on their bus. Holly- [cont'd on page 80]

DRAGON HOARD

TIM BOOTH sings through Shure microphones as well as a TOA megaphone. LARRY GOTT's guitars include a Lowden six-string acoustic, Godin 12-string acoustic, G&L ASAT, Gibson Les Paul electric, and a Fender Stratocaster with a Marshall amp. JIM GLENNIE plays a Fender electric bass, a MusicMan Stingray bass and a Flyde acoustic bass through an Ampeg bass cabinet. SAUL DAVIES plays a Zeta six-string violin, a Zeta four-string violin and a Lowden six-string acoustic guitar. Drummer DAVID BAYNTON-POWERS uses Sonor tom and snare drums, Sabian cymbals and Pearl cymbal stands and a Pearl drum rack. MARK HUNTER plays a Morelli accordion, a Yamaha melodica and a Roland Super Jupiter. Percussion instruments, used by Saul and David, include cowbells, tambourines. Outboard gear includes Boss volume pedals, Boss compression/sustain pedals, Boss CE-2 chorus pedals, a Casio sampler, an Akai sampler, a Yamaha SPX, a Rockman Octopus and a Boss DE 200 digital delay.

For the Soup Dragons, SEAN DICKSON and JIM McCULLOCH both play Gibson Les Paul Standard guitars through Marshall amps with Ampeg heads. SUSHIL DADE has two Fender Precision basses and also uses a Marshall amp. PAUL QUINN has a Tama drum rack with Zildjian cymbals and a Zildjian Quick-Beat hi-hat, Gibraltar hi-hats, Sonor Hi Lite toms and a 14" Sonor snare, Pearl timbales, Brass timbales, a Roland Octapad, LP cowbell, shaker, chime-tree and Jamblock, generic maracas, and Rhythm Tech tambourines.

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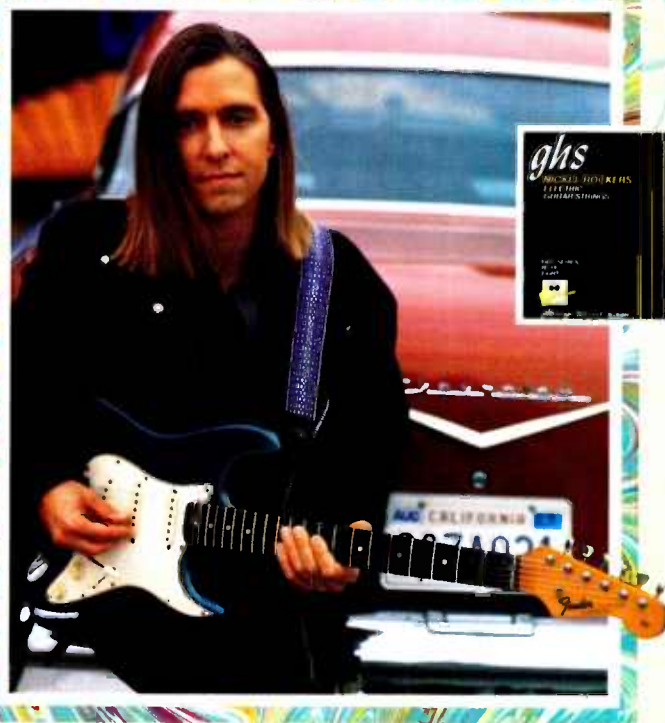
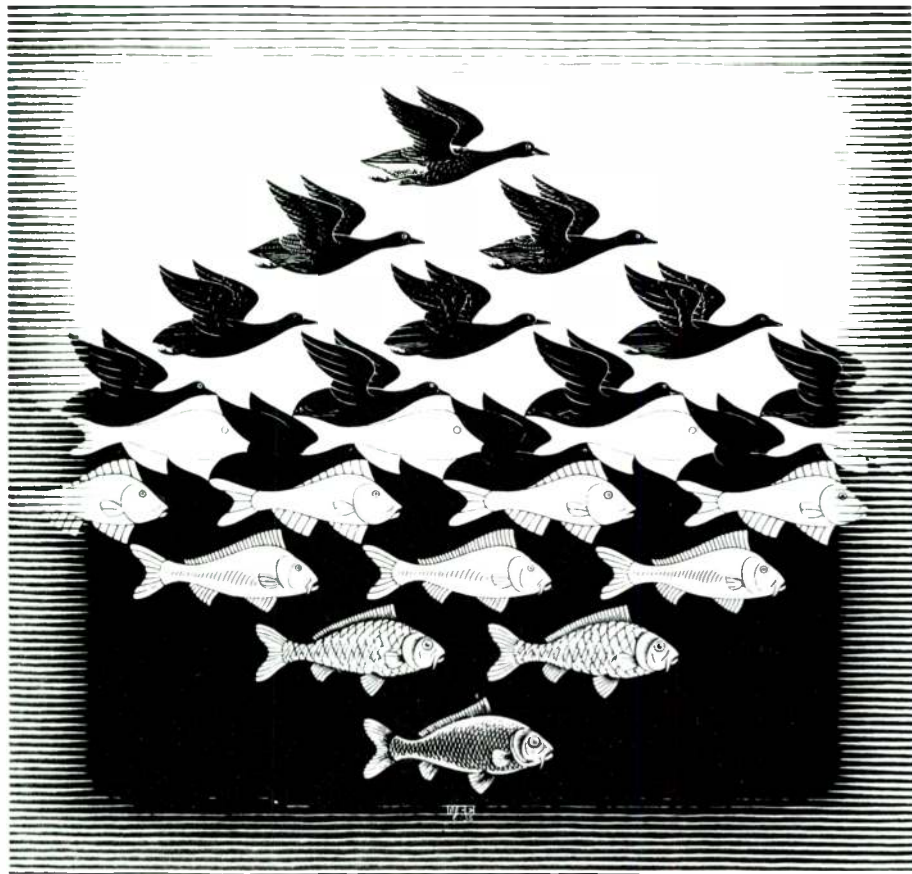


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Study the illustration. Are the geese becoming fish, the fish becoming geese, or perhaps both? Seasoned recording engineers will agree that your eyes *and* your ears can play tricks on you. In the studio, sometimes what you think you hear isn't there. Other times, things you don't hear at all end up on tape. And the longer you spend listening, the more likely these aural illusions will occur.

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with each other. In the laboratory, they work with quantifiable parameters that do have a definite impact on what you may or may not hear.

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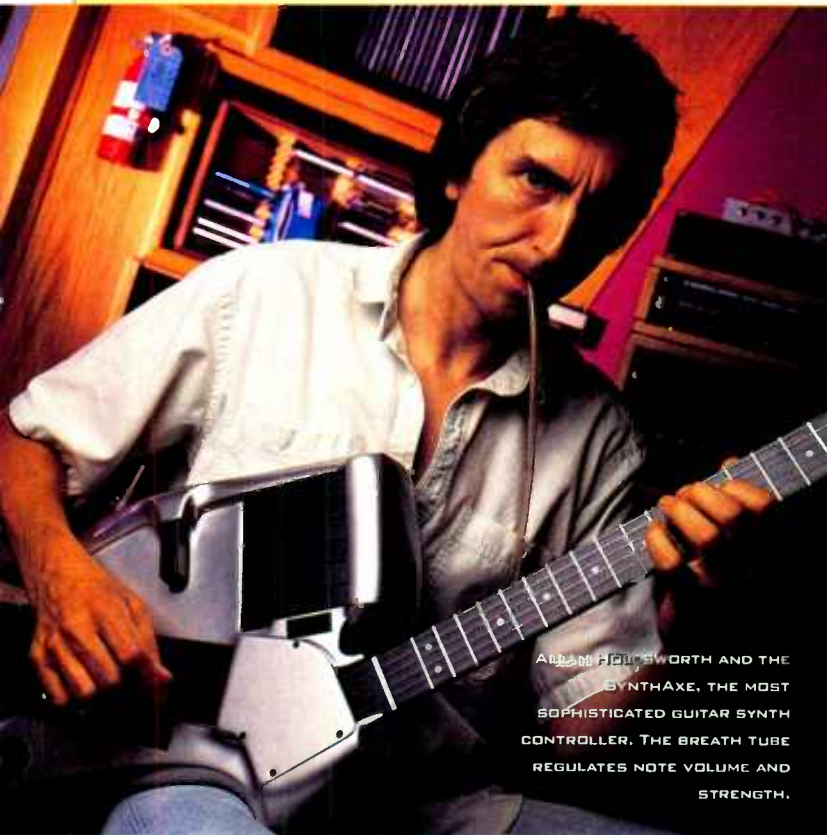


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Back to the Future

ALLAN HOLDSWORTH AND THE SYNTHAXE, THE MOST SOPHISTICATED GUITAR SYNTH CONTROLLER. THE BREATH TUBE REGULATES NOTE VOLUME AND STRENGTH.

A MIDI primer for the '90s

by PETER MENGAZIOL

seem to rely on others for orchestration. MIDI guitar is waking up, and now, with a growing following, new products and even its own magazine (*MIDI Guitarist*, 503-899-1948), it's time to take another look at this strange electronic creature and consider how it figures into our future.

Basic Technologies

Synths, samplers, DSP and cross-mutations are the building blocks of MIDI systems. These units must be triggered by a human-to-machine interface; musicians have successfully connected the human voice, wind instruments, harmonicas, percussion and even body parts to MIDI. Keyboards are the most common connector for historical reasons—electronic music pioneers came from a “serious classical” tradition—and the technical reality that linking a series of easy-to-read, pressure-sensitive switches to other electronic circuits is relatively simple. Hooking up guitars is rather more complex....

Dubbed “pitch-to-glyph” by Allan Holdsworth as an allusion to early reliability issues, **pitch-to-MIDI (PTM)** reads a string's audio signal, determines pitch and outputs a MIDI note event. The complexity of the guitar's transient waveform makes it difficult to read exact pitch quickly on low notes. While not the best technology if you need to play “The Flight of the Bumblebee” in double-time on the low E string, PTM is cheaper and inherently more comfortable than other setups because you can use your own guitar, non-destructively retrofitting a small six-channel pickup. Roland's GR-1 and Gibson's Widget use PTM technology.

Ultrasonic scanning sends an audio signal from the bridge into a string and measures the time it takes for the sound to bounce back (like sonar) through the string's vibrating, or fretted, length. This method is fast and tracks pitch and bending easily, though it costs more than PTM and requires a special guitar string with all G strings. The Quantar uses this technology.

The fastest way to determine pitch on a guitar is to attach wires to each fret and treat the fretboard as an array of switches: Pressing a string down on a **wired fret** closes the circuit so the interface device unequivocally knows the intended note.

M

IDI guitar is not dead, though after all the '80s hype you may wonder where it's been since failing to become the next big thing. MIDI technology made possible the easy DIY rack automation seen

everywhere (for those “purists” who sneer at synths yet run through programmable tube distortion units, digital EQ, harmonization, several delays, an exciter and reverb). The list of players associated with the black art of interfacing guitars with synth gear reads like a multi-genre Who's Who: Abercrombie, Belew, Brunel, Di Meola, Emmett, Fripp, Gambale, Garcia, Henderson, Holdsworth, Hackett, Howe, Johnson, Jordan, McLaughlin, Metheny, Morse, Reid, Santana, Schon, Summers, Weir. But even with heavyweights behind it, MIDI guitar hasn't yet gained its audience, probably for reasons of cost, performance, complexity and the absence of a MIDI guitar hero à la Eddie Van Halen. While the first three obstacles have eroded steadily since 1985, the last remains enigmatic; after all, keyboardists since Jan Hammer spend a fair amount of time trying to emulate soaring guitar, while guitarists

Unfortunately, bending isn't detected. Clever designers have included a PTM system dedicated solely to reading bends, which doesn't require as fast a tracking speed as detecting the actual note. The wired-fret Zeta Mirror 6 uses standard strings; the drawback is a high price for complex hybrid circuitry and the need for a dedicated (though really cool) guitar. A ray of hope comes from Peavey, whose wired-fret bass is promised at a reasonable cost.

Tips for PTM Users: (1) Set up the guitar correctly, make sure the neck is stable and in proper intonation and that the strings don't buzz. Graphite necks are helpful. (2) A heavy pick aids tracking—the string settles down faster from the initial attack, allowing circuits to lock in sooner. (3) Use MIDI transposition to allow you to play low-sounding notes in higher registers where tracking is better (see "Esoteric Features"). (4) Play cleanly and your controller will thank you. A few weeks of PTM should also increase your accuracy on standard guitar!

Live Playing With MIDI'd Guitars

MIDI guitar lets you do creative things in real time, i.e., live and onstage. You can emulate

other instruments as long as you learn how other instruments work in context. Playing an open E major with a flute patch sounds silly because no one writes for flute that way.

Blending guitar and synth sound is a technique used by almost all MIDI guitarists. Scott Henderson doubles guitar parts with whatever strikes his fancy, including synth notes in harmony.

Thanks to sequencers (see below) you could replace every other onstage instrumentalist, though audiences certainly wouldn't get a thrill cheering the beat box through a solo paradiddlefest. Anyone who's seen John McLaughlin recently must have wondered where the synth sounds were coming from—he preprogrammed the accompaniments and then plays them back in real time.

Effects Automation

Besides imitation, a guitar/synth combo can do some of the work engineers do. A MIDI guitar controller can change the characteristics of an effect *as you play*. If you play straight guitar through a robust reverb or multieffects unit, you can use MIDI control and some program tweaks on the unit to alter the effect, like increase delay time the higher you play or

increase depth of flanging the harder you play.

While many multieffects boxes sound great, for ultimate flexibility a guitar setup can control any set of devices in any combination (the "integrated receiver versus components" analogy holds).

Sequencing Basics

Now that we've plugged in, discovered how to play Wagner excerpts and checked out the cool sounds and effects, we can use MIDI to store our playing. The concept of a sequencer is simple: the digital equivalent of a player piano that allows you to change tempos, repeat, edit, do time correction. You "record" compositions without getting near tape.

The "C" Word (Computers)

While dedicated sequencers are popular, computer-based sequencing software has ultimate power. Frankly, an entry-level sequencer program is far easier to use than almost any dedicated sequencer box. Opcode's EZ Vision, for example, uses a virtual multitrack tape recorder metaphor and a "follow the bouncing ball" that tells you where you are. That's not all—computers hold the key to integrated music production because it's possible to link MIDI to digital recording and sequence real sounds. This is more popular than you think.

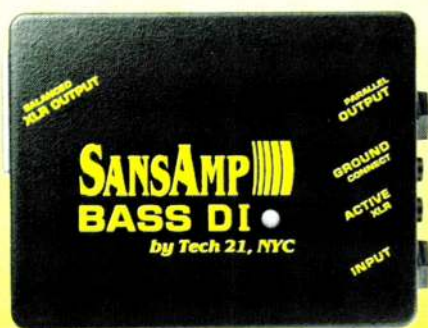
Notation programs let you manipulate scores as a word processor handles text, and can play back the document through MIDI, providing an active video score. Steinberg's CuBase sequencer is worth mentioning because it comes with a built-in notation module. Some notation programs will also directly transcribe MIDI-in and create sheet music; Coda's Finale and MusicProse stand out, with both auto transcription and tablature generation!

Esoteric Features Worth Noting: In selecting a sequencer, look at how the package handles multichannel inputs and how well it can filter and transpose MIDI data. A full-featured sequencer program like Vision can remove glitchy or misfingered notes either by restricting the range of notes recognized or by ignoring spurious notes of very short duration. Automatic transposition can be used to emulate "Nashville high-string" tuning, and most importantly, to allow you to play low-sounding notes using higher and easier-to-track fingerings. Vision's input mapping has the ability to constrain notes to a scale or mode so all notes recorded will conform when added to the sequence—tone-deaf techno-dweebs can filter out clinkers!

Hardware Vs. Software

As MIDI systems get more elaborate, with more modules, effects, and [cont'd on page 95]

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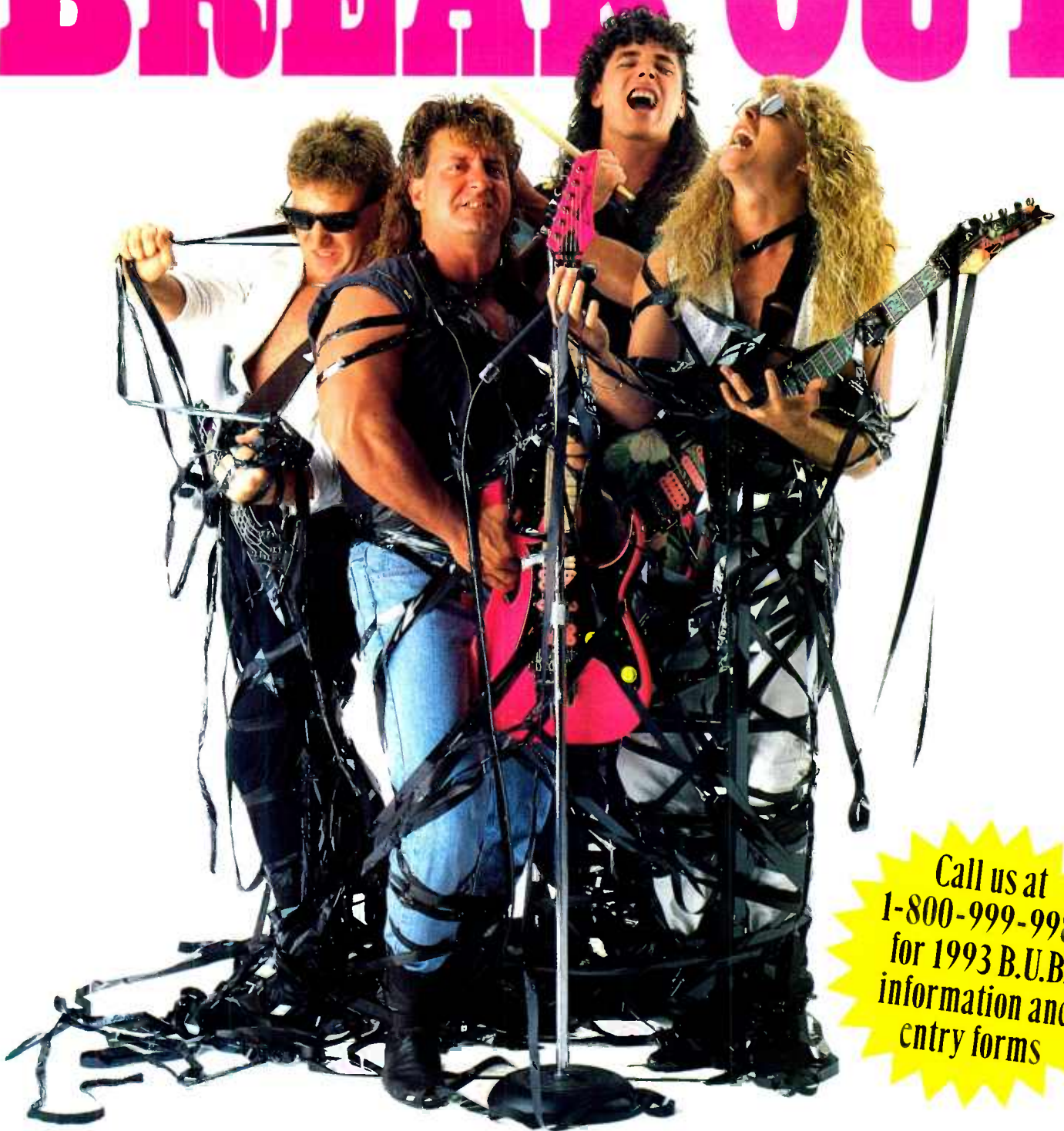
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"We could do this," Toby says, trying to draw a smiley face on Sheila's Etch-A-Sketch® screen. "I mean, we could be in a band. I could play guitar. My brother's got one."

"I s'pose I could play bass," you say, thinking it can't be that hard.

"I'll play drums!" Sheila volunteers.

Suddenly, you're in a band. Now all you need is a name.

"How 'bout Acme?" Sheila suggests, watching Wile E. Coyote's mail-order rocket backfire and blast the carnivore to smithereens.

"The Roadrunners," say you, a diehard Jonathan Richman fan.

"The Beepsters," Toby blurts, turning green and racing to the bathroom to upchuck a night's worth of inspirational beers.

THE BEST BAND NAMES are usually the result of creative brainstorming, not legal think tanks. Yet a band's name is as much a legal entity of the band as is the music the

band creates. Most bands put great effort into choosing just the right name, but few bother to trademark it, or check to see if their name infringes on any existing mark.

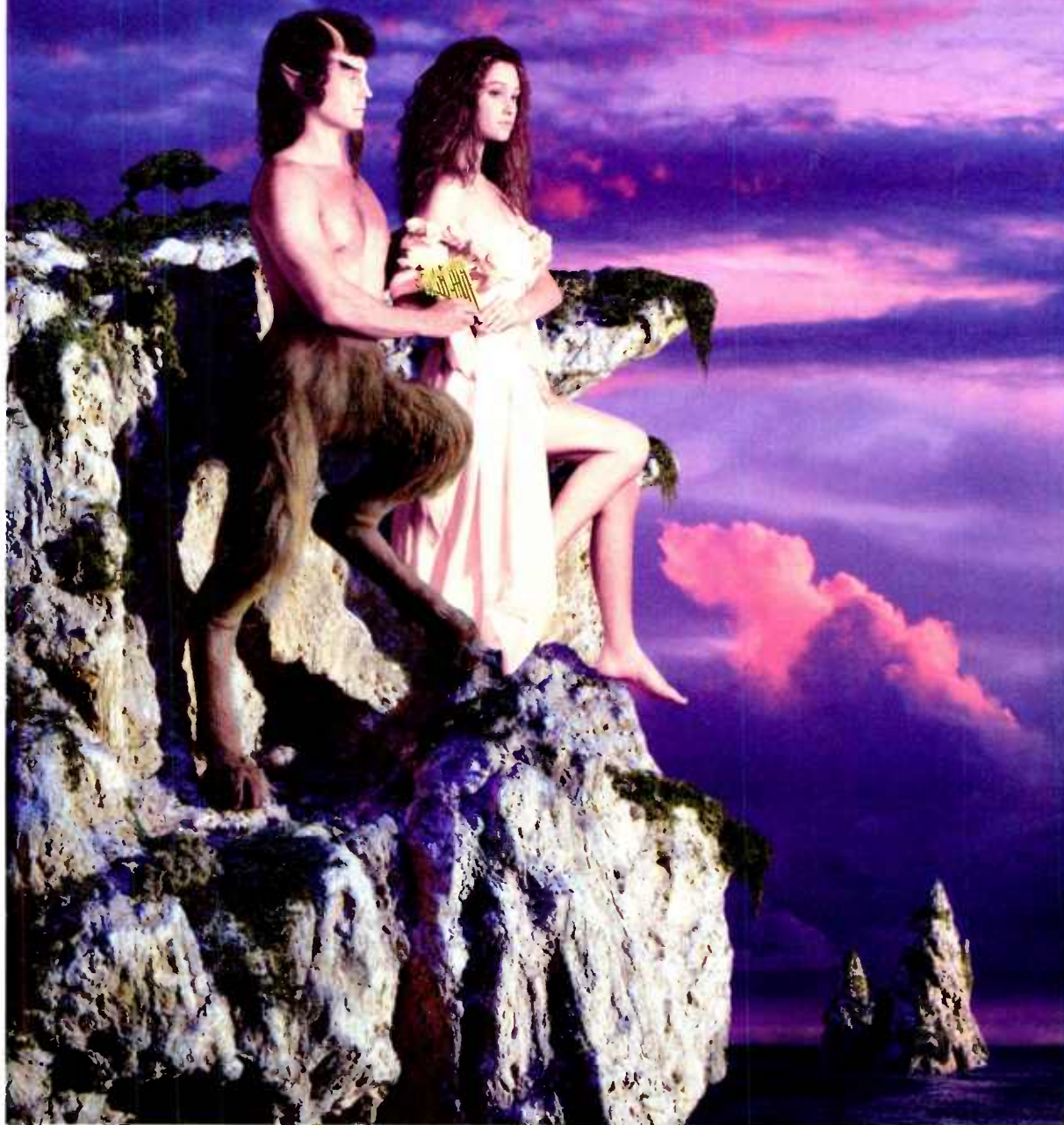
The Minneapolis band Arcwelder found out the hard way that their former name, tiltawhirl, was still a registered trademark of the carnival ride.

"We had an album coming out in about three weeks when we got this registered letter from the Tilt-a-Whirl® manufacturers," says Scott Macdonald, Arcwelder's drummer. "It was a lot of legalese saying we had to 'cease and desist' using the name. Luckily, they just wanted us to change it. It ended up where they gave us something like six months in which we could use the name on the album. After that we weren't supposed to sell the albums anymore. So we had stickers printed up that said 'tiltawhirl is now Arcwelder,' and we went from there. In the long run, it didn't turn out so bad, but at the time, it was really pretty horrible."

Bands often run into name troubles early on. Sometimes slight changes are made to differentiate bands with like names—as was the case with the UK Subs, the Charlatans UK® and Dinosaur Jr. And sometimes a complete change is necessary to avoid infringement, which is what happened with Captain America (now Eugenius) and Salvation Army, which became Three O'Clock.

It helps to understand what trademarks are all about, before deciding on a name. A trademark is a name or logo which represents the products or services of its owner. Although common law grants you rights to your trademark when you begin using it, a federal registration is an official verification of usage, should your mark ever be contested in federal court. Trademarks can also be registered in individual states, but state marks don't carry as much weight as federal ones, and only a federal mark will protect you in interstate commerce (i.e. touring, or merchandising across state lines). A federally registered trademark is identified by the symbol ®; an unregistered trademark, or one in the process of being registered, is identified by the symbol ™.

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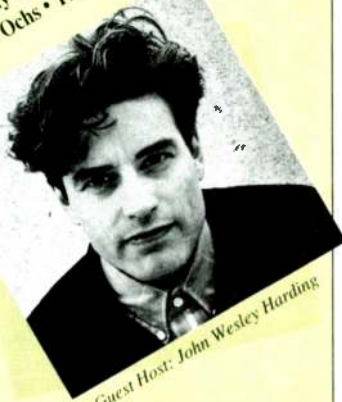
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MUSICIAN

The best trademark is a totally made-up word: Xerox®, Oreo®, Megadeth®. It's unique, and it's totally obvious if someone infringes on your mark, because it otherwise doesn't exist in the English language. You do have to let people know what it stands for (you're a band, not a sandwich cookie), but you'll be doing that anyway, through your band's publicity.

The next best mark is a name unrelated to your product or service: Cowboy Junkies®, Twisted Sister®. A mark like this is less unique, because someone could use those words in ordinary language. Again, you still have to publicize what your trademark represents.

The weakest mark is simply descriptive: Salty Pretzels, the Bluegrass Band. In fact, the Trademark Office won't allow trademarking of generic terms, because they're part of generic usage. Only if you can prove that it's acquired another meaning after extensive use can you register a generic term (which explains how a name like "the Band" could be trademarked).

Before you register your name, it's important to do a trademark search. A lawyer doing a legal search will check hundreds of directories and lists. But you can do your own preliminary search for free. The federal government has established depository libraries around the country to make patent and trademark information available. If you call the Trademark Office in Washington, D.C. (703-308-HELP), they'll refer you to the nearest depository library, where librarians, or you, can search on a computer called CASSIS.

Say you search the name mentioned at the beginning of this article. "Acme" turns up 186 matches. That means 186 other people have that word, or a phrase containing that word, as their mark. Possibly you could use it too, but it's not very unique, and you'd probably want to check with a trademark lawyer, because that's 186 possible infringement cases, and that's just the ones you know about.

Next you search "Roadrunner." Too bad, Warner Brothers has that protected for their cartoons. And they're not someone your fledgling band wants to meet in court.

So you try "the Beepsters." The computer tells you there are no matches. So far, it's the best name. It's a made-up word, and no one's using it, according to CASSIS. But remember, to do a complete legal search, you'd have to hire a lawyer. Trademarks often have alternative spellings, which makes a thorough search tricky. A band named "Tonight Forever" should check all possible spellings of "to," "night" and "for" when they computer-search their name.

The cost for trademark registration is \$210

per class. Most bands will fall into International Class 41, "Education and Entertainment." If you plan to market other products, such as T-shirts, or recordings, you may have to register in several classifications.

There are two ways to register. Filing with "intent to use" lets you "hold" the trademark for up to six months, with possible extensions, providing you pay the maintenance fees. Many companies prefer to do this, so they can test-market products before they sink a lot of money into a name.

To apply for a regular registration, you'll need to prove that you're currently using your name (i.e. on CDs, posters, etc.). The pamphlet "General Information Concerning Trademarks" (available from the Trademark Office) has copies of the forms.

Once you've submitted your application, an examining trademark attorney will look it over. If there are no problems, your mark will be "published for opposition" in the Trademark Official Gazette. Other parties have 30 days to oppose your mark. If there's no opposition, your mark will be registered about 12 weeks later.

Once you trademark a name, you must protect it by continuing to use it and paying ownership maintenance fees. It's also your responsibility to keep the trademark from becoming a generic word. A trademark must always be descriptive of a product or a service, as in Xerox® photocopying, but never a noun or verb.

What if the whole thing just seems too complex? Why bother with a trademark anyhow?

Gilbert and Jaime Hernandez, creators of *Love and Rockets* comics, assumed the name of their comic was protected under the copyright which protected their art work. It took them by surprise when they heard there was an English band using their name.

"By the time we found out about it," Gilbert said, "the band already had recordings under the name. Somebody called us and said, 'Did you know there's a band called Love and Rockets?' It wasn't even through the grapevine, it was like, on the radio..."

"We called our publisher, but basically our lawyers discouraged any kind of action because, first of all, the band is overseas, and they'd registered the name under music. We said, 'Is there anything we can do?' and they said we'd just be fighting in court forever."

Although common law gave the Hernandez brothers rights to their name, they would have had to go through litigation to prove it. Protecting a trademark now may save you lots of headaches later. Besides, once your name's protected, you can get on with more important things. For the Beepsters, that might include learning how to play. ☺

Buckwheat Zydeco Del Amitri Robin Crow Los Lobos Ringo Starr Me Phi Me The Chills Strunz & Farah Gary Moore The Young Gods The Stairs Will Ackerman Rodney Crowell The Cages Kimm Rogers Vernell Brown, Jr. Sonny Landreth PJ Harvey Michael Penn Rachelle Ferrell Pahinui Brothers Soul Kitchen Peter Apfelbaum & the Hieroglyphics Ensemble The 25th of May Vinnie James Blind Melon Paul McCandless Throwing Muses Shawn Lane Balloon Bourne and MacLeod Lyle Lovett Walter Beasley John Wesley Harding Dixie Dregs Don-E Grayson Hugh Scott Henderson, Gary Wright, and Tony Wasieleski (The Grunk) and The Grunk You Yini (Bring 'em in of New York) Peter Kingstony The Po of Paul Winter Non Blonde Tria (Go Juan) and Ill Televisos Prate (The No) Monster Gavin Friday Maceo Parker The Jeff Healey Band The Frames The Goats 21 Guns Hindu Love Gods Edie Brickell & New Bohemians Blues Traveler End & Cale The Broken Homes Cliff Eberhardt The Rippingtons The Manhattan Transfer (Lombard) and Mike Tavel and a String Quartet The Poet Hirs Sothe Sylum The Seminars Strunz & Farah Mad & Lisa Ambrosius Lines The Legend Don Wildcat Eddie and Barbabek Mark Germino & the Sluggers The Horse Flies The Judybats Maggie's Dream Material Issue Steve Morse Band Willie Nile Schönherz & Scott Darden Smith Billy Joe Walker, Jr. American Music Club Blue Aeroplanes Paul Brady Béla Fleck & the Flecktones Peter Himmelman Steve Howe Patty Larkin The Roots Venus Juicy & Jolez The Roots Prison Band Dan Reed New York Adam Schmitz Joe Spear Taj Mahal Richard Thompson Voice of the Beehive Pale Divine in Shoulders for Men The Urban Dance Squad Kerri Anderson Mark Whitfield School of Fish The Odds god's little monkeys Jeff Beal Dave Alvin Wendi Slaton Talk Talk John Beasley David Bowie Texas Tornados Rickie Lee Jones Bruce Cockburn Satan and Adam Texas Bob Belden Ensemble Procol Harum Five Thirty Donald Fagen's New York Rock & Soul Review Salif Keita This Picture Al Di Meola Richie Sambora Brilliant Orange Harry Sheppard Adrian Belew E Sophie B. Hawkins Peter Case Sarah McLachlan Mark Bonilla Spin Doctors Urban Dance Squad Downy Mildew Bedlam Holly Cole Trio Happyhead Shakespears Sister Slowdive Sass Jordan Dramarama Last

You can ignore these artists or turn the page

Andrew Weiss: Intuitive 'Flail

Take one lesson,
play like Flea

by CHARLES M. YOUNG



When I interviewed Flea a few months ago, he said he had started experimenting with a distortion pedal with the goal of “sounding half as good” as Andrew Weiss. “He’s the greatest,” said

Flea. “He can play loose and improvise, and he can dig in really, *really* hard.”

Since Flea ranks near or at the top of everyone’s list of hottest bass players now broiling, and Flea rates Andrew Weiss more than twice as hot as he is, the question naturally arises: Who is this guy?

Well, he has fat, callused fingers like you’d expect to see on a carpenter, not a musician, and he uses those fingers to beat basses to death (goes through about one per year) in the Rollins Band. So he has to be that hot. No one else could stand up to Henry Rollins’ nightly forays into cathartic rage. At a Roseland show in Manhattan, where I saw the Rollins Band open for the Beastie Boys, he played with exhilarating freedom, creating a vast roar of dissonance that perfectly delivered Rollins’ harangues over soured friendships and the wages of addiction. You can hear him on

The End of Silence (Imago) until the Rollins Band hits the road again. In the meantime, the next question that naturally arises: How does he do it?

“I can’t get deep into the technical aspects of our songs, because we don’t have any technical aspects,” says Weiss, brushing a very long forelock out of his eyes in a conference room at his record company. “We tell each other the least amount possible about what we’re doing, so we never know what the other guy is doing until we hear it. Attitude’s the most important thing.”

What about scales?

“I don’t know any scales or anything like that. But all our songs are in the key of E, so if I start on low E and end on high E and play a whole mess of shit in between, it’ll have some semblance of a solo.”

Ever take any lessons?

“I’ve had one lesson in my life, about 10 years ago. It was from a guy named Percy Jones. He was in a band called Brand X. I saw him in a club and asked if he gave lessons. He said it was that or move furniture. A real nice guy, and a cool bass player, but I didn’t learn a lot. I’d be a horrible teacher myself. I’d just say, ‘Play what you want.’”

Are you of the two- or three-fingered school of bass playing?

“That’s the one thing Percy taught me. He tried to get me into the three-fingered thing, but I was into two fingers too deep. He did say that if I used the middle finger as the primary finger, playing goes a lot smoother. Just the way the hand is laid out, it’s the longest finger, so it’s that much shorter a distance to the next string. Makes a big difference. I had been using my forefinger as the primary finger, and it’s been a 10-year struggle to re-teach myself.”

You also do a thing where you ball your hand into a fist and then extend the fingers to bang the strings—almost a flamenco stroke.

“Nothing that complicated. I’m just playing barre chords. That’s why I have calluses on top of my fingers.”

There is a characteristic Rollins sound, [*cont’d on page 80*]

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Synth You've Been Gone

*Vintage keyboards
make a comeback*

by ALAN DI PERNA



TODAY'S POST-MIDI GENERATION DIGS THE GREAT PROCOL HARPER SOUND

Suddenly they're everywhere: Hammond B3s, Wurlitzer electric pianos, Mellotrons.... Seasoned keyboardists are scrambling to buy back the instruments they sold more than a decade ago. Younger players are discovering these venerable rock warhorses for the first time. You'll hear them on records by artists as diverse as the Black Crowes, Poison, the Wallflowers and the

Charlatans UK. Since the phenomenon cuts across a broad spectrum of musical styles, it's got to be more than just another retro craze. Black Crowes keyboardist Ed Hawrysch likes to think of it as the Hammond's revenge.

"It's like the Hammond saying to musicians, 'I knew you'd be back. You've had your fun with those little floppy-disk things, but now that you're ready to play again, you've come back to me.' That's exactly what's happened—I've got all the latest techno toys too, but they're rapidly collecting dust."

"It sure got lonely for a while," says L.A. session organist Mike Finnigan. Finnigan stuck with the B3 when it seemed like the whole rest of the world was switching to synths. These days he's back in demand and has just finished laying down a righteous Hammond track for the new Poison album, of all things. He did the date on

the same B3 he bought back in 1968 and played on Jimi Hendrix's "Rainy Day, Dream Away" from *Electric Ladyland*. Finnigan—who's also played with Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Big Brother & the Holding Company and Blood, Sweat & Tears—admits that times got a little lean for Hammond players during the '80s:

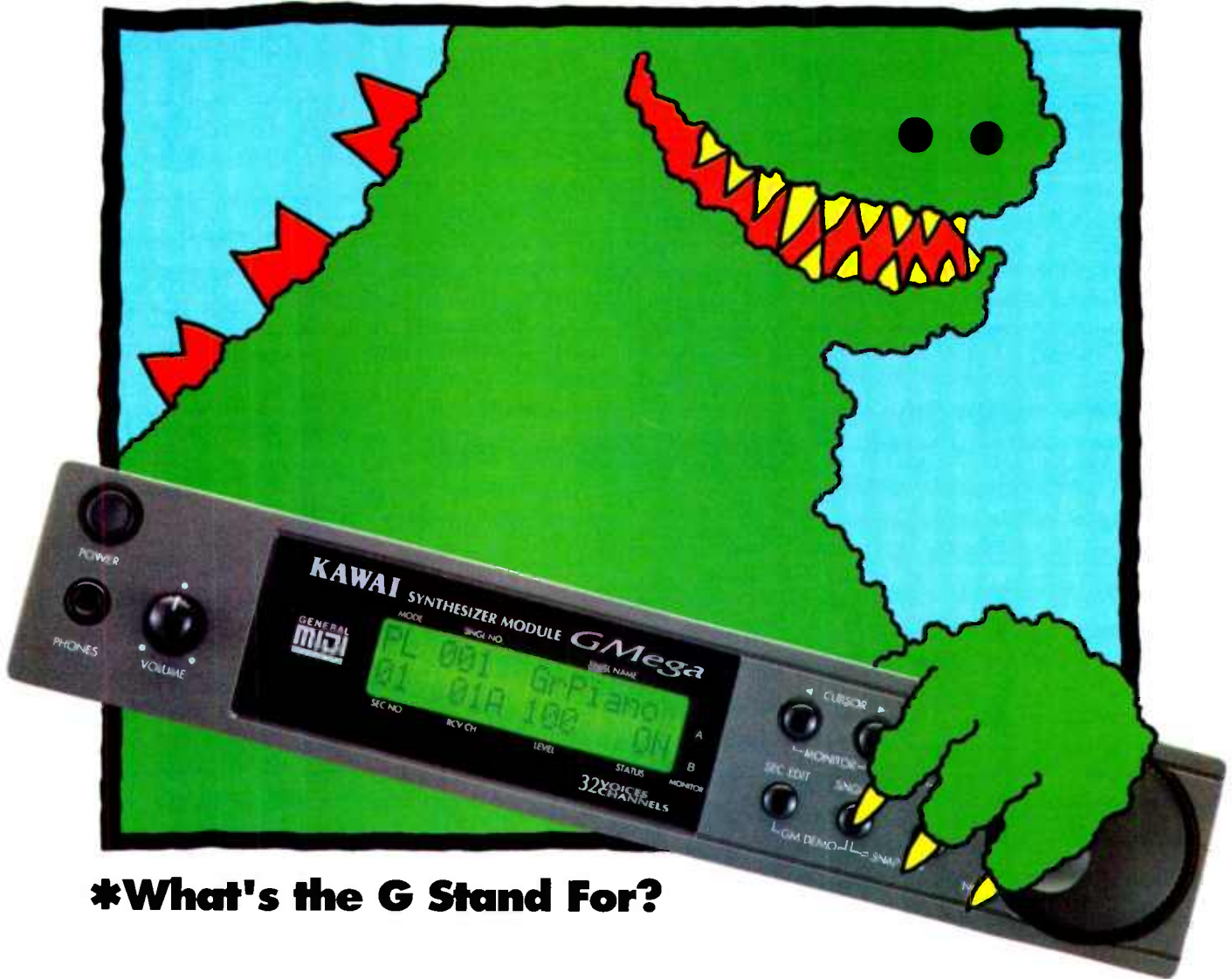
"I'm damn glad I'm a singer too, because vocal sessions kept me alive. There was a period of about 10 years when hardly anybody was using Hammond organ. Now I have major session keyboardists in town calling me to ask if I know where they can buy a Hammond and Leslie speaker. You hear the B3 creeping in on commercials, records... everywhere."

Producer/musician Mitchell Froom is an avid collector of vintage keyboards. He's got about 40 instruments: a stockpile that includes obscure Hammonds, Mellotrons, Chamberlains, electric harpsichords and pianos, a medieval portable organ, an Indian harmonium and a Vox Continental Baroque. He has used them generously on albums he's produced for Elvis Costello, Crowded House, Richard Thompson, Suzanne Vega, Los Lobos and others. Though he started his recording career as a synthesist, Froom tried playing Hammond B3 on a 1985 record he produced for roots rockers the Del Fuegos. He hasn't looked back since.

"I don't think older is necessarily better," says Froom. "I'm not into it for nostalgia. It's just that the new keyboards are so bad that you're not left with any choice. Samplers and sequencers are great now, but the tone-generating instruments being made today—the synthesizers and tone modules—all sound like the same bad computer chip. The people who design these things try and make them sound more and more pure, and the result is they just sound worse, with no tonality or character. Their idea of a desirable sound seems to be more in keeping with new age music."

Froom argues that using older keyboards doesn't *have* to make for a retro quality: "People's general reaction is, 'A Mellotron? Oh, that's so '60s.' But you can get a lot of

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KAWAI

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sounds out of them that aren't '60s at all. They're a more interesting sound source, a better starting point. They've got wilder overtones, not all flattened out like a modern synth. You can put them through an amp, put modern effects on them or play them the 'wrong' way and you'll get a highly original sound."

A personalized tone—just like a guitarist! That's where the lure of older keyboards lies for many players who've gone back to them. "It's more like an extension of your body," says Hawrysch. "You interact with the quirks. Certain keys ring better than others in certain songs. It's a completely different experience than some guy punching up Patch Number 17. A piano is basically one sound. It's up to you to tell a story with it."

The unique texture and tactile feel of many older keyboards stems from the fact that, unlike modern synths, their sound has its basis in a physical event. In other words, moving parts: a rotating tone wheel in a Hammond organ, a vibrating hunk of metal in a Rhodes or Wurlitzer piano, the magnetic interaction of a tape and playback head in a Mellotron or Chamberlain. This is why many confirmed B3 players, for instance, are contemptuous of newer, sample-based Hammond soundalike keyboards: "People say, 'Well, it's almost a Hammond,'" Mike Finnigan quips. "Yeah, and a Big Mac is almost a steak."

But the same properties that give these old beasts their individuality can also make them cranky traveling companions. Hammonds are notoriously rugged and relatively easy to maintain, but their mastodon weight is prohibitive if you want to carry one to gigs—unless you can afford roadies or a cartage service like Hawrysch or Finnigan. During the late '60s and '70s, players started "chopping" Hammonds: cutting away every structurally unnecessary ounce of wood to reduce their weight. "That changes the sound a lot," Finnigan cautions. "I used a chopped Hammond on the road with Dave Mason. It was okay, but it didn't sound quite as good."

Much more portable, if more fragile, is the Wurlitzer electric piano. For rock players like Hawrysch, Froom and Benmont Tench of Tom Petty's band, the "Wurly" has become a standard and ideal sidekick for the B3. Many players feel its tone is more conducive to rock than the jazzier Fender Rhodes: "The fatness of the Wurlitzer is why I use it in the Black Crowes," says Hawrysch. "It doesn't have the brightness of the Rhodes, but it's so thick. It's very close to a crunch guitar, especially if you play open fifths or octaves with fifths. Put a wah-wah on a Wurlitzer, and you can forget all other keyboards."

"The model from the '50s is the good one,"

says Froom of the Wurlitzer: "the gray, box-shaped ones—before they got into the molded black plastic shell." But Froom is quick to add that tone—rather than collector snobbery—is the name of the game: "I don't like the idea that you have to have some collection of old keyboards. My favorite thing is the guy in his garage who's found one weird keyboard that he hooks up to a bunch of effects and it's perfect. These great old keyboards are *everywhere*, and aren't expensive. It hasn't become like the guitar market, where everyone's hip to these things. Generally, when I buy an old keyboard off someone, the seller's attitude is relief. People are happy to get rid of this stuff. Usually their friends have been making fun of them for owning it. So check the local paper and go to swap meets. You'll be amazed at what you can find out there." ❧

WEISS

[cont'd from page 76] though, very ominous.

"I've been playing long enough to know what notes sound dissonant and which sound consonant, and I mainly go for the dissonant ones. The flatted fifth is the Rollins Band interval of choice. It's always good for striking fear into people, and it's something your average popster would probably steer clear of, so when you're listening to music, it'll sound a little fresher. Since you've heard E-to-A and E-to-B eight zillion times, chances are you've heard E-to-B \flat only 10,000 times, so it still holds some mystery for you."

Weiss plunks the flatted-fifth riff of "Black Sabbath" and bursts out laughing. "They say any note will work with any chord, depending on how much emphasis you put on it and the next note you go to. Either it's a great note to hold, or it's a passing tone. So I'll start someplace, get a rhythm going and I'll hit a note and

ANDREW'S AXE

ANDREW WEISS plays a Fender P-Bass Plus in which he ripped out the bridge pickup and replaced the neck pickup with an EMG. "I use EMGs in pretty much every bass I get, and I've been through a lot of them in the past 10 years," he says. He grinds his frets with Rotosound strings which become thunder through a Gallien-Krueger 800 amp and two Hartke 4x10 cabinets. For special effects, he uses an Ibanez Fat Cat pedal, which he likes for its "big, round sound" in the mid-range, and an early-model Korg digital delay, which he prefers because it has knobs and no LED screen where you have to scroll up your effect.

if it doesn't sound good, I'll hit another note real quick. And I try to play a little out of tune. Unless I'm going for the big rock cock power chord, I'll almost always bend the note."

Weiss first picked up the bass to join the jazz band at his high school in Princeton, New Jersey. A slow reader of music, he would play the tonic of the guitar chord and fake the rest. Upon graduation he played in a band called Aggressive Aid for a few years and when that broke up, he mailed tapes to Greg Ginn, guitarist of Black Flag, until Ginn asked him to join an instrumental group called Gone. The two were a perfect match, as both wanted to jam to the exclusion of all else in life—"the Coltrane thing of falling asleep with the saxophone in your mouth," Weiss calls it. In the 11-month existence of Gone in 1986, they played around 500 gigs: every night in a club (often opening for Black Flag) plus three or four small-amp shows in record stores during the day. When Black Flag broke up, vocalist Henry Rollins took Gone's rhythm section (Weiss and drummer Sim Cain) for his own band, which has performed with only slightly less frequency than Gone. And there you have it: If you don't want to learn scales and do want to play in the same league with Flea, you gotta play 500 gigs a year. So how does Weiss prepare for a show? Flea does this elaborate warmup...

"Yeah, he goes into this slapping frenzy before he plays," says Weiss. "I smoke a cigarette. I psyche myself out if I warm up. Playing should be something you just do, like taking a shit. That's what it's like on the road: You do a gig about as often as you take a shit. If you spend all day worrying about taking that shit, you're probably going to have some trouble, you know what I mean? So just forget about it, and don't get psyched up." ❧

SOUP DRAGONS

[cont'd from page 76] wood after dark is thick with appetizing Americana. Dickson and Dade decide to go to Ben Franks, a Sunset Boulevard coffee shop and well-known music hangout, then down Santa Monica Boulevard to check out the parade of transvestite hookers. "Better than television," Dade says.

No doubt their fascination with such ephemera is part of what drives rock 'n' roll. But so is their underlying, more serious sense of purpose. "We're influenced by the things that can really hit you in the chest, that give you a shudder down your spine," Dickson says. "I believe records should be passed on to people when people die. 'Cause that's a piece of history. It's going to last forever." ❧



PETER'S PAGE

By Peter C. Knickles, Seminar Instructor - *Doing Music & Nothing Else*

Dear Peter,

I am worried about getting my home studio/musical equipment ripped off and my health deteriorating. Do you know of a cheap, reliable source of insurance for the working musician?

E.B. Green, Orlando, FL

You should be worried! During the past year, I have been asking students if they have ever been ripped off. At least ONE THIRD raise their hands. Of that one third, I ask how many have insurance to cover any losses. Now remember, these are the people who have already experienced a loss in the past. They know how it can put you out of the business overnight. Would you believe - maybe 15%!

Pleeeeee!!!!...Don't musicians understand that there are organized thieves roaming the countryside, checking out bands at their gigs just to see what kind of equipment they have? If the band has the "right stuff", that can be fenced real quick and easy, they wait until the band does the loadout, follow the truck, and when the musicians pop into a convenience store for a six-pack (bad move, guys!), the thieves hotwire the vehicle, and drive off with everything!

Common sense would dictate that at least one member stay with the truck but nooooooo. Going to the clubs, I am always amazed to consistently see the band truck completely unattended for long periods of time during the loadin.

Sometimes I hear musicians say they have house/mortgage/apartment insurance that covers their gear. Most are sadly misinformed. If they ever filed a claim reporting the loss of more equipment than what would be considered normal for a hobby as opposed to commercial use, the agent, and in turn the insurance company would most likely deny benefits. Why?

* TIP OF THE MONTH *

Where Are All The Good Gigs?

If you are looking to join one of the hottest bands in the land...and your chops are worthy...attitude, looks, & equipment are pro...you can travel from Budokan to Vancouver without having to call home for permission...but are primarily based in LA...Then there is only one musicians' referral company to call - **Musicians Contact Service!** Since 1969, many have tried to imitate but none have come close to providing better matchmaking services

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I highly recommend both of these companies. Prices for a "valued at" policy run about \$6.50 per \$1000 of annual coverage! That means you and the agent agree to the worth of each piece of equipment at the time it is insured. If that piece is stolen or damaged, you collect the FULL amount! And at these rates, there is no reason why you shouldn't be fully covered! That's \$50,000 of annual coverage for about \$300. And you can even make monthly payments!

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Helmet Marches Off to War

John Stanier brings drum corps chops to heavy metal
by KEN MICALLEF



In the brainy, Sabbath-meets-Coltrane world of Helmet, music is a giant piston torqued to breaking point, a sprocket throwing off odd meters and maximum decibels. With the entire quartet seizing upon a single riff, there isn't any room for free thought or improvisation. It's more like a disciplined assault into an erupting volcano taking place in the center of a rock arena. While guitarist

Page Hamilton bounces back and forth like a middleweight and Peter Dinklage does Chuck Berry splits, drummer John Stanier plays the role of raging sergeant; bowing his head in concentration while sweat pours from his body, he pummels his drums as if they owe him money. His arms rise above his head, then he smashes into a cymbal and cracks his snare drum. If his wrist accidentally hit a rim, his hand would surely fly off into the crowd.

Causitic hip-hop beats, blazing, around-the-toms single-stroke rolls, fast double-sticking à la Tony Williams—where another drummer might be a slave to this monster rhythm, Stanier is agile and compelling. His combination of control, power and endurance was developed from years of playing with drum and bugle corps in his hometown of Fort Lauderdale, Florida. "Every musician should check out drum

corps," he says. "It's amazing for your chops. We would play long rolls for 45 minutes straight. Your arms would feel like they're on fire."

Son of a tenor saxophonist and an artist, Stanier grew up on skateboarding and drumming, and was influenced by Bill Bruford and Neil Peart. He played with local hardcore bands while building his rudimental prowess in nationally known corps Florida Wave and Sunco Sound. From Cobham to Gadd, drum and bugle corps have turned out players who bring the intense discipline of the corps to their working attitude. The sound of multiple drummers playing series of intricate rudiments in unison can be stunning.

"When you get from five to 12 guys playing the same lick in total unison, it sounds like one person. The Blue Devils from Concord played the drum solo from Kansas' 'Paradox' in the 1987 finals. Twelve guys playing a single-stroke roll, in unison, from 60bpm to a buzzsaw tempo. It sounded like a helicopter. And the judges are really hard. All the stick heights have to be the same, and all the drum levels and uniforms. When the sun's blazing and you've been playing for a straight hour, it's incredibly grueling." Sounds like Helmet.

After high school, Stanier studied orchestral percussion at the University of Miami ("I don't think those marimba parts I learned for Bartók's quartets are helping now") and dropped out in 1989. Like many musicians, Stanier played with three or four bands all at once. "Helmet's thing is taking the monster riff and pounding it until there isn't anything left," he says. "When I joined, I was stoked 'cause finally I was in a band that played as loud as I did. I've always been balls-out. In another band the guitarist had to get an extra stack 'cause of my volume.

"We have the guitars and bass in an odd meter, with me pounding out the four. Sometimes Page will come up with a riff that's not in 4/4, a crazy weird thing. He might bust out in 5/8. Instead of drumming in 5/8, I'll think of it more in four, and either have them loop around me or I'll cut off the last eighth-note of the bar of 4/4 and force it into 5/8." "Bet-

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ter," "In the Meantime" and "Turned Out" are examples of the odd-meter melody/straight time collision on *Meantime*.

A carry-over from Stanier's drum corps days is a tightly tuned snare. Using brute force, he grips two sticks over a drum key placed on a lug nut to ratchet down the head. The result is a high-pitched, sharply rebounding drum. "It cuts more. In a band like Helmet the key thing is to be heard." Deciding that the snares in the rehearsal room we're in are too loose, Stanier drags over a speaker cabinet on which to demonstrate one of his Florida Wave warm-ups. He pulls some log-like, tipless sticks out of a bag.

"We'd call these '16-32s.' Imagine 12 guys playing this together at an increasing tempo for 30 minutes." On the right hand he plays seamless sixteenth-notes for a complete bar, then repeats it on the left hand, accenting "1," "and," "2," "and," and on the third and fourth beats, "e" and "uh." This is repeated 32 times.

Drum corps cadences follow: single ratakues in sets of three. Three six-stroke rolls, starting with the double (accenting the last two single strokes), then reversing, beginning with the two accented strokes, then alternating again.


Then, a sequence starting with a seven-stroke roll, a flam and a 12-stroke roll, ending with three alternating flams. No rests. Stanier still has the clipped, closed sticking sound of the drum corps as he plays the cabinet top.

He runs through a four-bar cadence: flam, flam, two sixteenth-note triplets, a sixteenth-note accent, an eighth-note accent. Repeat for the next two bars. The fourth bar is an eighth-note, a six-stroke roll, an eighth-note, a dotted sixteenth, an eighth-note and a dotted sixteenth. Again, no rests. Other routines include four

alternating five-stroke rolls with an ending seven-stroke, flam accents and single-stroke rolls with varying accents.

What does Stanier practice now to prepare for his demanding role with Helmet? Nothing. And he has welts and calluses all over his large hands to show for it. Does he eat right or work out to stay in shape for his nightly assaults? "Nope," he says. "I should. It takes so much for me to play a 40-minute set. After a show I can barely stand. I have to change my shoes, socks, underwear and shirt. The sweat goes in my eyes and they're burning. They're red as cherries. And my ears have been making some funny noises, too."

But Stanier does take credit for hiping the rest of Helmet to new music. "They're older [he's 24, they're in their 30s], and where they were coming from was a little dated. They're well-adjusted now but when I joined they weren't too current. Page grew up on Coltrane, America and Zeppelin; he didn't even know who the Ramones and Black Sabbath were.

"We don't talk a lot in the van. I'll be listening to rap and they'll try to get me to check out Sonny Rollins. There's a middle ground in there somewhere." 

HEAVY ARTILLERY

JOHNN STANIER plays Tama drums: a 22" bass drum and 12", 12" and 16" toms; a "really old" Slingerland 5½x14" snare. He's got Paiste Rude cymbals: a 20" Crash Ride, a 22" Crash Ride and a 22" Ride. "I use 14" Paiste Rude hi-hats but I hate them," he says. "They're too loud. I can't wait to break 'em so I can get something else. I break regular crashes like paper so I use ride cymbals all the way around." He uses Regal Tip sticks.



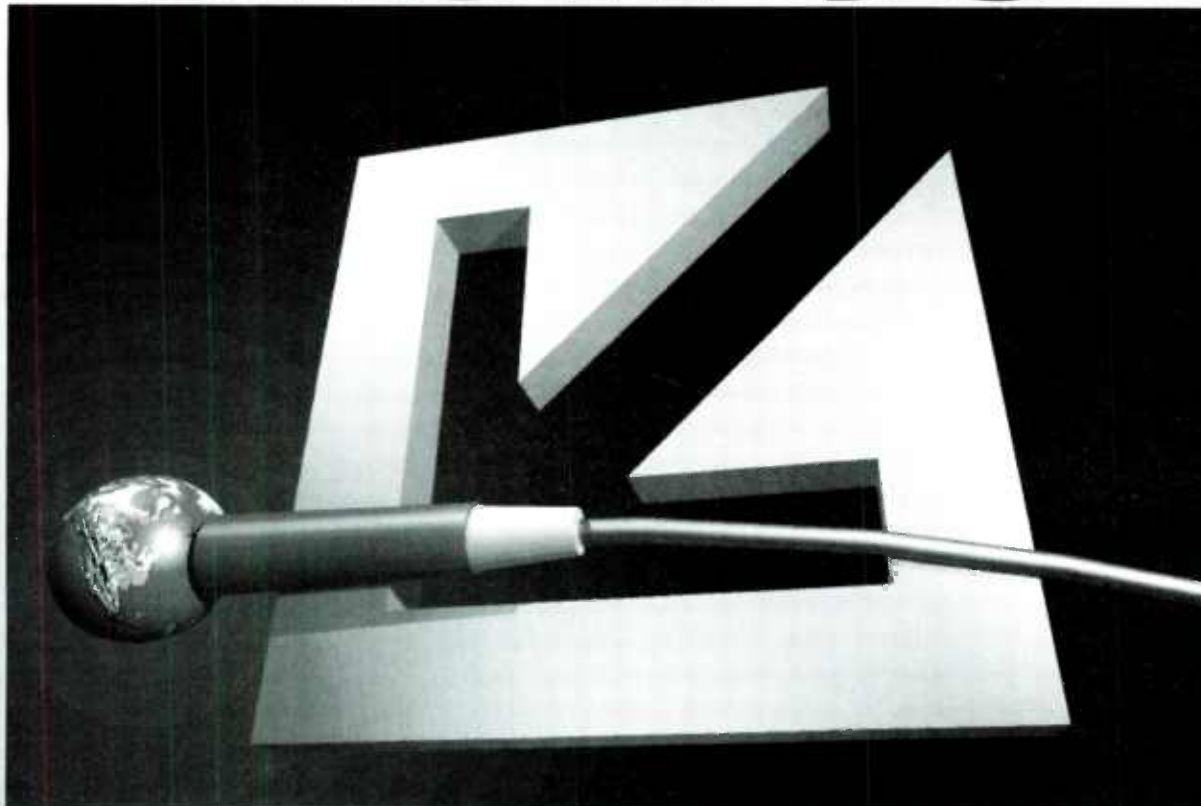
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DANCING ABOUT ARCHITECTURES

ZOOM 9200 ADVANCED REVERBERATION PROCESSOR

Anyone who records knows the importance of effects that sound convincing, and Zoom's 9200 Advanced Reverberation Processor is a great convincer. With four discrete processing circuits, the 9200 is designed so you can configure it as one, two, three or four separate processors. And while reverbs are the attraction, it can chorus, echo, flange, phase, stereoize, pitch transpose, gate and EQ. There are 99 preprogrammed effects, plus room for 99 of your own (optional RAM cards let you save 99 more). It's a lot to squeeze into one box—and do it well.

The 9200 gives you lots of choices in programming, but all you *really* need to get up and running is proper input and output connections, the ability to turn the knob on the front panel and a finger to push "Execute." That's the minimum, but enough to keep you at work or play in the 99-preset smorgasbord.

There are some complicated aspects to the 9200, but they come from its flexibility. Foremost are selectable "architectures," configurations within a program that determine whether it acts as one, two, three or four simultaneous processors. In addition, three of the four architectures allow selection of series, parallel, parallel/mix, or quad mono (all four channels minding their own business) modes. Luckily, the manual is very clear.

The controls are easy to use. The LCD displays the program you're using, plus parameters, levels and other data. A two-digit LED readout tells you which program is active, and a one-digit LED shows which architecture is in gear. LED ladders monitor input levels for the four channels, and two LEDs tell you whether the system is in mono or stereo.

The reverb programs are easy to modify, with parameters for first and second reflection levels, high-frequency damping, diffusion and just about everything else. The reverb decay can be set as long as 15 seconds in small increments, but even cooler is the 30-minute setting. That's right, a

half-hour. This allows you to put that last resounding chord into the reverb and use a mixer fader to fade the ending—think about the ending of "A Day In The Life."

When you save programs you can name them, and if you have a RAM cartridge you can store them (you can do a MIDI data dump as well). The 9200 accepts MIDI commands, so you can wire it into your sequencer to automatically call up effects for different parts of songs.

Another slick feature is the swap mode. Let's say you like a reverb and phasing chain you created, but you inadvertently set it up with the reverb before phasing. No problem: Follow the swapping instructions (a

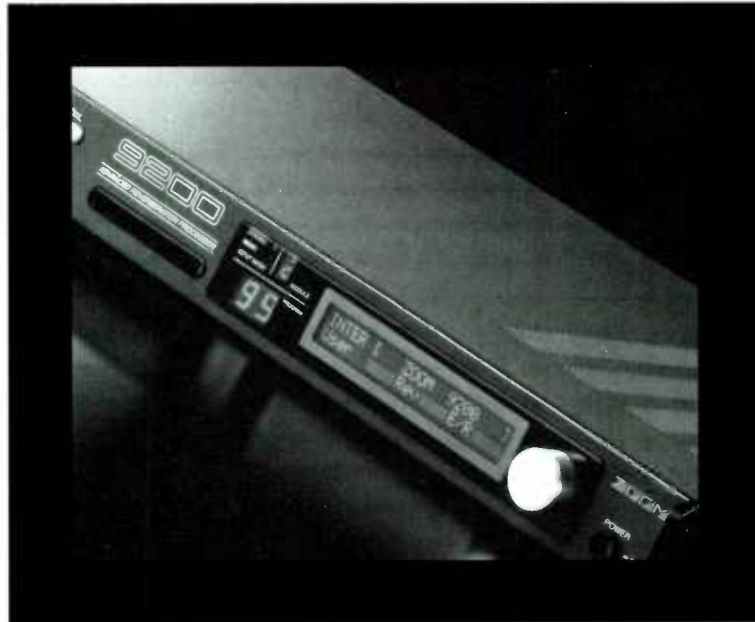
few button punches), and you reverse their order. And if you want, you can set input levels to one, two, three or four channels simultaneously, making for one less thing to forget. You can also set effect and dry levels for each processor. Using the 9200 in a rack without a mixer highlights this feature.

What about non-reverb effects? The pitch transposer lets you shift pitch anywhere from 1/100th of a semitone to over an octave up or down. It's fun to combine two transposers and two reverbs and detune them

slightly, but you can also combine live, traditional harmonies like 3rds and 5ths with reverb (or other effects) for less jarring sonorities.

The 9200 is an excellent processor: The sound quality is first-rate, noise is virtually nil and I didn't experience distortion, grittiness or weird rippling when I challenged the reverb with loud, complex signals. The reverbs don't sound grainy or harsh, and the other effects are musicworthy. In addition, you get four separate processors that can be used independently, in parallel or in series. And because you can store your effects chains, they can become as indispensable in your sound-shaping arsenal as any stand-alone units. Finally, despite its complexity, it's easy to use. I'm sure some people will balk at the \$2995 price, but once they see it's even more than four separate high-quality reverb/effects processors, they'll be convinced.

TOM MULHERN



LITTLE BOX O' BASS SOUNDS

SANSAMP BASS DI

My experience with Tech 21's SansAmp Bass DI goes like this: My band Iron Prostate was in the second day of a three-day recording session of a three-song demo. Our tech editor Pete Cronin threw this small, black, metal box on my desk and said, "See what you think." So I stuck it in my shoulder bag and took it to our session that night. We'd already recorded the basic tracks, but one of the bass lines needed fixing. So we plugged in the SansAmp, a process that took about a minute. The previous track had been recorded direct through the board and, despite our best EQ efforts, it sounded somewhat lifeless.

Re-recording the same line through the SansAmp and into the board, I noticed an immediate, overwhelming, extremely nifty difference in tone. It was warm and fat, and my minor-key riff suddenly became as ominous and mean as our ominous and mean song demanded. We were thrilled. Rearranging some cables, we then played the already-recorded bass tracks on the two other songs through the SansAmp so everything sounded ominous and mean. It's hard to imagine great tone being any more convenient.

Jim Fourniadis, proprietor and engineer extraordinaire at the luxurious Toxic Shock sixteen-track recording studio in lower Manhattan, had this to say. "The SansAmp doesn't sound electronic and tinny, and it's



eliminated the bad fake harmonics that a lot of earlier amp simulators had. And it's not noisy like those Tube Drivers. Those are fart pedals. This is not a fart pedal. It sounds like a microphone against a bass cabinet. The only bummer is you have to unscrew the bottom to get to the tone controls. But once you've got it set [we used the preset sound], you just plug it in, and it works. Here's your bass sound, and you can carry it around in a little box."

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Well, it's back to Disney-Town for another **NAMM** blowout. The powers that be promise that this year's expo will be bigger and a whole day longer. Feet don't fall me now! Manufacturers are reporting that the last 12 months turned out as good or better than expected, and you know they're hoping that the optimistic mood translates to a stronger '93. Digital multitrack decks from **ALESIS** and **TASCAM** will guarantee capacity crowds at those booths, and I'd be willing to bet that more companies will be announcing their entry into the digital deck derby. **E-MU** will celebrate 20 years in business with their Vintage Keys Module, which will put Hammond B3, Wurliitzer and Rhodes electric pianos, oodles of analog synths and other coveted sounds of yore into your rack for a mere \$1095. **FENDER** will unveil a bunch of "new old" combo amps. They may look vintage (black faceplate and all) but, flying in the face of today's tube-lust, they're strictly solid state. In the unplugged department, **PEARCE AMPS** will be debuting the G3, a three-channel, "electro-acoustic" guitar amplifier. Channels one and two provide the usual range of clean and dirty tricks, but

things really get interesting when you get to channel three. This "super-clean" channel was designed specifically for acoustic instruments. So you can give the roadies a rest, and leave electric and acoustic plugged in and ready to go. **KAWAI** has entered the General MIDI sweepstakes with the GMega Module. \$995 buys you 384 sounds in a 16-bit, 32-voice polyphonic, programmable box. Not too

SOUNDBITES

shabby. **TAYLOR GUITARS** will be rolling into Anaheim with a totally new line of acoustics. After 18 years in business, the Santee, CA-based company found themselves expanding so rapidly that their factory began to look like something akin to a guitar delicatessen. Recent streamlining efforts have resulted in a "complete overhaul" of Taylor's line of acoustics and allowed them to (are you sitting down?) lower their prices. A leap forward for onstage monitoring? **FUTURE SONICS** makes custom-fitted, in-ear monitors for onstage and studio use. (They look sort of like the Miracle Ear hearing aid.) Available in wired and wireless forms, they eliminate feedback and allow for lower overall stage volumes. **CIRCUITS MAXIMUS** makes the C:Max, another in-ear monitor (also wired or wireless), which uses universal earphones, so you don't need to get a custom fit. Finding these teeny little monitors amidst the cacophony that is the NAMM show could be a little challenging, but it might be worth your while. I hear they double as pretty good earplugs.

PETER CRONIN

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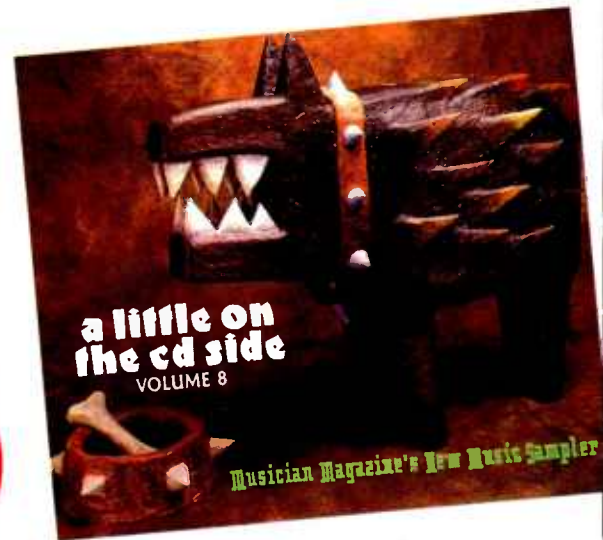


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HISTORY LESSONS

BOB DYLAN
GOOD AS I BEEN TO YOU
 (COLUMBIA)

LEONARD COHEN
THE FUTURE
 (COLUMBIA)

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III
HISTORY
 (CHARISMA)

Bob Dylan has achieved much in his 50 years, but *Good as I Been to You* takes him to an entirely new plateau—mainly because the horrifying mug shot on its cover makes his brushwork on *Self Portrait* look flattering by comparison. Inside, Dylan now gives us his version of *Pin Ups*, and like most collections of personal roots music, it's fun (was any other

voice meant to sing "Froggie Went A-Courtin"?), revealing (Zimmy still picks a mean guitar) and, well, disposable. Thirteen acoustic tracks in all, each with solo accompaniment and a song credit reading "Traditional" or "Public Domain" (and here I thought *Howlin' Wolf* wrote "Sittin' on Top of the World") and with few lyrical liberties taken that I can discern—but

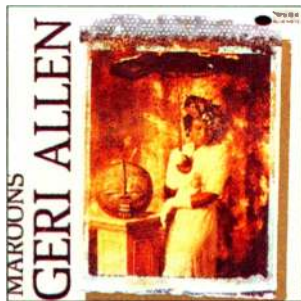
hey, I'm only 39. In a perfect world, Dylan would've penned a liner note or two about what these songs meant to him; open up *Good as I Been to You's* CD booklet, though, and you get an out-of-focus, black-and-white shot of some clouds. His Can tribute must be coming next.

"Talking New Bob Dylan" is a laff-a-minute track that former

“new Dylan” Loudon Wainwright was actually commissioned to write for National Public Radio in honor of Zimbo’s fiftieth birthday—and thus the only track from his new album, *History*, you’re ever likely to hear. Too bad. *History* is Wainwright’s finest album in 22 years, and that Dylan should somehow figure in it—even as a song subject—is ironic even for Wainwright, sarcasm’s king. Like John Hiatt’s searing *Bring the Family*, *History* is Wainwright’s shining moment of personal introspection; unlike *Family*, though, there’s no happy ending, and some songs—like “Hitting You” (about him once smacking his young daughter too hard)—are creepily almost *too* personal. While *History* is largely directed to, or about, Wainwright’s family—a son, a daughter, an ex-wife, his late father—it should hit *you* where you live, and it’s tremendous.

If the same could be said of Leonard Cohen’s *The Future*, I’d be thrilled. Cohen may be the finest songwriter of the three here—surely in terms of batting average—but much of this new album simply doesn’t measure up to his usual high standard. Two songs are covers (Frederick Knight’s “Be for Real” and Irving Berlin’s “Always”), one’s an instrumental (which he hasn’t pulled since 1973’s *Live Songs*), and the centerpiece, “Democracy,” aims at grand political statement, whereas Cohen’s best political songs have always been strictly personal. Still, “Waiting for the Miracle” and “As Light as the Breeze” tread that ground successfully, and you’ve got to hand it to a lustful, nearly 60-year-old guy who sings about kneeling at a “delta.” In this era of non-stop tribute albums—Cohen’s already had two—would it not be unbearably cool hearing Jennifer Warnes singing new Cohen lyrics like “Give me crack and anal sex?”

—Dave DiMartino



GERI ALLEN

Maroons

(BLUE NOTE/SOMETHIN' ELSE)

WITH THE JAGGED, DISJOINTED phrases of “And They Partied,” Geri

Allen seeks a hearing from heaven. It’s as though she’s turning her music room upside-down, scrambling frantically for the golden melody certain to make the gods listen. She seizes ideas and quickly discards them, ending the fragments with prayerful long tones or fleet blues triplets, adding bits of euphoric piano improvisation between the lines. Taken separately, each of these segments is melodic; none contributes to what could be considered a conventional melody. Emulating classical through-composition techniques, the sequence and juxtaposition of these fragments becomes more important than the ideas themselves. They create context and conversation, stir up a restless tension foreign to most 32-bar jazz tunes and suggest clear perimeters for the solo sections.

“And They Partied” is an example of Allen’s terrifically imaginative, restrained writing, a rare commodity in jazz today. It builds on the hints of rebellion Allen has offered before (notably with the Haden-Motian trio), and shows that, like few of her contemporaries, she is capable of distilling a variety of approaches—Ornette’s double-quartet setting, the precise whole-ensemble declarations Wynton Marsalis explored on *J Mood*—into a contemplative, brooding, highly personal writing style. That signature is audible on the rubato “A Prayer for Peace,” which articulates a strong, passionate discontent. And it’s there in the Monkish runs of “Feed the Fire,” a song in three parts that scurries between Latin and swing rhythms.

But it’s a miracle that any trace of Allen’s personality is evident when other soloists are at work. Simply put, the sidemen here—trumpeters Wallace Roney and Marcus Belgrave, bassists Anthony Cox and Dwayne Dolphin, drummers Tani Tabbal and Pheeroan akLaff—don’t always respond to the music’s challenges. On the duet “Number Four,” for instance, Belgrave just turns on the Flail-O-Matic rather than complementing Allen’s dark setting. Allen herself sounds sloppy at times. She sends pianistic runs careening all over the place, and misses the chance to let her more poised lines develop and dance. But she knows this is no average blowing date: The trio selection “No More Mr. Nice Guy,” with its winding, questioning theme and deft tempo changes, shows that Allen can lift her writing to a chamber-music level of refinement when conditions are right. As for the rest of *Maroons*, here’s hoping Allen’s next band can summon the sensitivity necessary to fully realize her music. These compositions are too good to waste.

—Tom Moon



ICE CUBE
The Predator
(PRIORITY)

DA LENCH MOB
Guerillas in the Mist
(EASTWEST)

IN THE WAKE OF THE RODNEY KING verdict and the Los Angeles riots, Ice Cube can take grim satisfaction in seeing his harrowing rhymes validated by the headlines. Not surprisingly, *The Predator* finds him replaying the horrors of the last year, vowing to even the score. However, Cube no longer seems larger than life. For the time being, anyway, his righteous fury has lost the power to shock, because nothing could be more disturbing than what we’ve all witnessed already.

Sampling everything from Public Enemy to Solomon Burke, the album’s dense web of noise reinforces Cube’s boiling frustration, with the crushing beats of “Wicked” and “We Had to Tear This Muthafucka Up” suggesting more trouble on the way. But Cube’s raps give the impression of being at a loss for new ideas, if not for words. Itching for a confrontation, he condemns bad girls in the cautionary “Don’t Trust ‘Em,” imitates moronic Andrew Dice Clay on “Gangsta’s Fairytale 2” and dismisses (as opposed to refuting) charges of bigotry on “Fuck ‘Em.” At least “Say Hi to the Bad Guy” turns the battle for the streets into an amusingly grotesque farce, as Cube uses doughnuts to trap an abusive cop; elsewhere, he almost seems resigned to going out in a pointless blaze of glory, AK in hand. The subdued “It Was a Good Day” even treads dangerously close to the self-pity he shuns elsewhere.

His protégés in Da Lench Mob may be less authoritative, but the trio contributes its share to the war effort. Produced by Cube, who also writes a hefty chunk of the material, *Guerillas in the Mist* mixes ordinary gangster jive with a few sterling examples of lethal disrespect. Recalling Chuck D’s assault on Elvis, “You & Your Heroes” rejects white America’s icons, while “Lost in tha System” portrays the judicial process as a kangaroo court. Though hardly a

classic, the album has enough subversive energy to suggest Ice Cube and his posse will regroup to fight another day. —Jon Young



JOHN CAMPBELL

Howlin' Mercy
(ELEKTRA)

JOHN CAMPBELL IS A 40-SOMETHING white blues singer with a rough insinuating voice, a full-tilt guitar style, a ton of attitude and enough doomy conviction and lived-in chops to breathe some life into the genre's noble clichés. On his Elektra debut *One Believer* he came on like a natural, backed by a changing trio, sometimes keyboard, sometimes another guitar, essentially a trad with a rocker's edge. On *Howlin'*, his follow-up, the edge moves closer to the center; he sticks to the dual-guitar approach, covers Led Zep instead of Elmore James and generally carries on like a performer determined to be heard.

Not a sell-out, it's just an adjustment. The Zep cover, "When the Levee Breaks," sounds more authentic than the original, as well as less over-the-top (natch)—not that the band doesn't give it a full-barrel shot, cranking out the orgiastic ear candy for guitar lovers. But it's unforced. Campbell rocks with the same affinity for the form with which he plugs into the kozmic blues; the solo on his "Look What Love Can Do" (Campbell's co-writer here, as on his debut, is his producer Dennis Walker) could be a primer on how to do the short raunch guitar spot—start out climactic, shift to delirious, then stop. "Ain't Afraid of Midnight" and "Written in Stone" are gritty updated blues, kicked out and nailed down by Campbell and his co-guitarist Zonder Kennedy. "Down in the Hole" is a Tom Waits song, and though Campbell's croak is about a silo full of Lucky Strikes short of Waits' raspy godawfulness, he slips the song on like a glove and wails.

This is all good gruff fun, but the album's centerpiece is the public-domain "Saddle Up My Pony," which Campbell easily milks for every gnarled nuance. On balance, his set is

still probably too pumped-up and mod/taut for purists; those who prefer their blues/rock with some bite and sans additives should like it just fine. —Richard C. Walls



EMF

Stigma
(EMI)

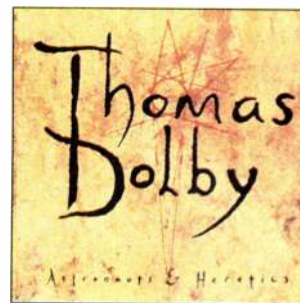
LATELY WHEN I WATCH "BEVERLY HILLS 90210," I find myself more raptly attentive than when I listen to a lot of current pop records. Maybe it's because rock and pop are supposed to be, basically, adolescent; yet a lot of it is so lacking in the youthful hopes and dreams of those who feel they have their whole lives ahead of them.

Last year's *Schubert Dip* made EMF known as a "dance" band, primarily because of "Unbelievable," their sole dance tune. It also made EMF known, at least to anybody not so sophisticated and trendy they actually like "Northern Exposure," as *Sassy* magazine's "cutest band," with singer James Atkins bopping around in that smash dance video so adorably he could have won the award single-handedly. But most importantly, *Schubert Dip* had great pop. Limited as Atkins' singing voice may be, you didn't much care when he heaved that sweet-as-chocolate-macarons sigh in "Girl of an Age" or breathed sex appeal through "Longtime"'s bluesy nerf pop.

Except for Atkins' singing on *Stigma*, EMF doesn't even sound like the same band. On the good side, *Stigma*'s emphasis on rock's roots and how they might relate to 1992's techno noise makes Primal Scream's *Screamadelica* sound conservative (though both records have led the way in self-consciously merging contemporary dance and rock). Certainly *Stigma*'s rockabilly sounds up-to-date, surrounded by weird permutations of high school choruses pretending to sneak out to a rave, surf waves, traffic and, oh yeah, "O Fortuna" playing on the radio. "They're Here," one of *Stigma*'s two dance songs—one more than on *Schubert Dip*, and on their first rock LP, figure that out—

sounds almost silly in a wonderful way that recalls the Movement's "Jump."

Yet as much as I can't wait for EMF's club tour, *Stigma* also keeps me waiting for the kind of moments that defined *Schubert Dip*, on which Atkins gets to be a teen idol—his best role so far—and they never come. The only exception, ironically, is one song patched in from their *Unexplained* EP, called "Getting Through." When Ian Dench's guitar solo starts to sound like Slaughter's best moments, full of amazement at life, unaffected and likable, you know *that* song should have been playing on "90210." You know, the episode in which Brenda catches ex-boyfriend Dylan on a dinner date with her best friend Kelly. —Jill Blardinelli



THOMAS DOLBY

Astronauts & Heretics
(GIANT)

THE GOLDEN AGE OF WIRELESS, THOMAS Dolby's 1982 debut, displayed a knack for manipulating gadgets and an ear for catchy melodies, as Dolby cleverly combined the spirit of '60s pop with the sound of '80s technology. But he's never matched the brilliance of that album. *Astronauts & Heretics*, only his fourth collection of songs in 10 years, and his first since 1988, is again no *Golden Age*, yet its well-crafted tunes and streamlined technopop sound make it more than respectable.

The mood here is generally somber; the album is dedicated to the late bassist Terry Jackson, while the sinister, near-gothic "Neon Sisters" deals with a friend's death from AIDS. A predominant lyrical theme is of travel and its discontents—"I Live in a Suitcase" is a summary of the album and one of its best songs. Locales range from Berlin to the bayou, but Dolby is uncomfortable just about anywhere. The singer of "Silk Pyjamas," for instance, scours L.A. for a lost companion who wears Dr. Martens and a pith helmet, carries an umbrella and bemoans the city's lack of public transport; though told jokingly over a rollicking pseudo-Cajun beat, it's a bittersweet [cont'd on page 97]

NEW RELEASES

February

ROCK

BY J. D. CONSIDINE

PARIS

Sleeping with the Enemy

(SCARFACE)

WHEN MOST RAPPERS talk about taking somebody out, it's usually just bad-ass braggadocio. But when Paris raps about who's on his hit list—a group that includes anyone from rapist cops to racist politicians—he's talking 'bout a revolution in every sense of the term. And though his unapologetic post-Panther politics will leave a lot of listeners uneasy even when he's not boasting about being a "Bush Killa," the fact that he backs it all up with a dense swirl of funk licks, snarling guitar and well-chosen samples ensures that the music hits just as hard as his message.

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK

The Bodyguard

(ARISTA)

WITH "QUEEN OF the Night," Whitney Houston is as funky as she wants to be, riding that new jack groove with such confidence you almost don't notice how much the song owes to En Vogue; with "Jesus Loves Me," she's as sappy as she's ever been, singing the Lord's praises so politely you may wonder if she really grew up singing gospel.

TOMMY KEENE

Sleeping on a Roller Coaster

(MATADOR EP)

STILL CATCHY AFTER all these years, Keene's songwriting remains every bit as sharp as when he was a major-label contender. The best songs here, "Love Is a Dangerous Thing" and "Alive," are classic examples of guitar-pop perfection, with rippling, Byrds-ian rhythm licks, blissfully harmonized choruses and irresistibly melancholy minor-key melodies. Somebody get this guy a deal!

VANESSA PARADIS

Vanessa Paradis

(POLYDOR)

ONE MORE REASON there has never been a "French Invasion."

BRIAN ENO

The Shutov Assembly

(OPAL)

TOO ABRASIVE TO be ambient, too abstract to stand as pop, this album opens a new field for



L TO R: GORDON DOWNIE, GORD SINCLAIR, JOHNNY FAY, PAUL LANGLOIS AND (FRONT) BOBBY BAKER

TRAGICALLY HIP, FULLY COMPLETELY (MCA)

THINK OF THIS as a Canadian equivalent to *Midnight Oil's Diesel and Dust*, an album that doesn't just take pride in its parochialism, but treats local references with the same casual arrogance we Americans have assumed from the start. Gordon Downie's close-your-eyes-and-it's-Peter Garrett vocals add yet another layer of similarity, but both the melodic content and the instrumental attack are fully, completely their own—meaning that no matter how much the Hip might invoke *Midnight Oil's* intensity, they never have to borrow from it.

Eno—totally intrusive background music. That'll teach those new-agers to steal his ideas...

RUBÉN BLADES

CON SON DEL SOLAR

Amor Y Control

(SONY INTERNATIONAL)

YOU DON'T NEED any Spanish to appreciate the lustre of his melodies, or the ingenuity of arrangements (particularly his take on "Baby's in Black"). But if you do follow along, Blades' lyrics—even in translation—possess enough poetry and power to dazzle any listener, whether wrestling with ideas as wide-reaching as the ones in "Commemorando," or as intimate as those of the title tune.

SISTER PSYCHIC

Fuel

(RESTLESS)

GUITAR-CRAZED AND CLANGOROUS. Sister Psychic's sound touches on many of the same bases as

English shoe-gazers like Chapterhouse or early My Bloody Valentine. Except that where those bands tried to hide their pop smarts in a haze of feedback, Sister Psychic uses its grunge to frame the tuneful bits, so *Fuel* balances melodic abandon and guitar noise better than any band since Television.

THE HEIGHTS

*Music from the Television Show**"The Heights"*

(CAPITOL)

WHAT DOES IT say about the music business when television viewers won't buy this totally contrived crew of teen idols, but the pop audience will?

ULTRA VIVID SCENE

Rev

(COLUMBIA)

SCENESTER KURT RALSKE has always had a fondness for Velvet Underground-style psychedelic drones, and he invokes their tuneful indolence as

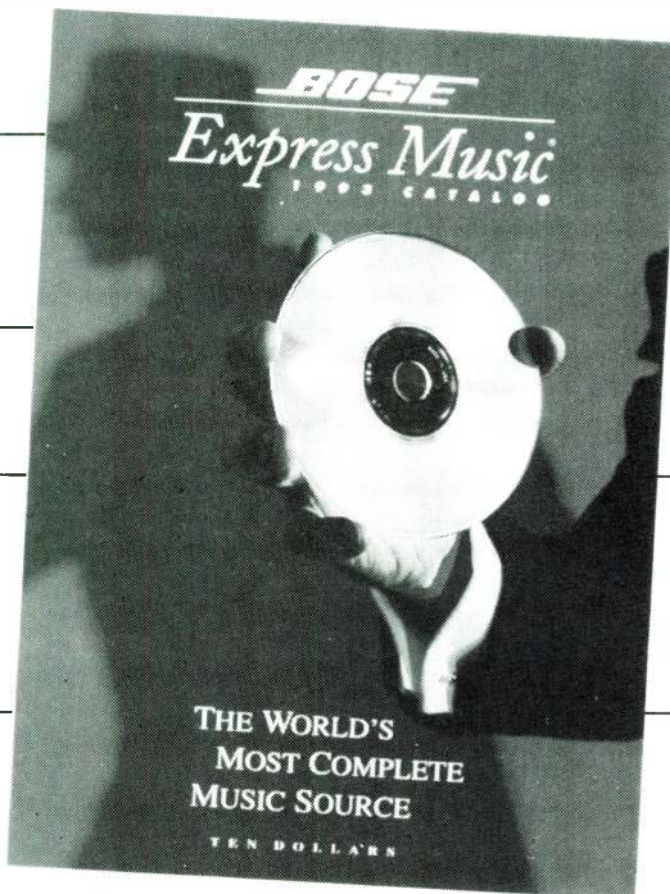
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vividly as ever here. But the best tracks push beyond the moody atmosphere of his earlier efforts, playing off the churning intensity of his rhythm section to generate the sort of hypnotic momentum that fired the likes of "Sister Ray."

JOHN LEE HOOKER

Boom Boom

(POINTBLANK/CHARISMA)

NO, THERE'S NOTHING new about the studio strategy, which matches Hooker with an assortment of marketable blues aces (Robert Cray, Jimmie Vaughan, John Hammond, Albert Collins, Mitch Woods). Nor is there anything especially novel about the songs, which manage to sound old even when they're not. Naw, it's just the usual for John Lee—and isn't that reason enough to listen?

BALANESCU QUARTET

Possessed

(MUTE)

STRING QUARTET ARRANGEMENTS of Kraftwerk tunes? Gimmicky at first glance, Alexander Balanescu and his mates make some interesting points about the music, using its mechanical mannerisms to highlight the songs' implied romanticism. That trick works even better when applied to the minimalist ostinati of Balanescu's own compositions, "Want Me" and "Possessed."

JAZZ

BY CHIP STERN

VARIOUS ARTISTS

GRP 10th Anniversary Collection

(GRP)

DAVE GRUSIN MADE his bones doing commercial jingles and soundtracks, and his utter mastery of craft defines contemporary jazz. With its bouncy R&B underpinnings, suave harmonic nuances, understated instrumental-cum-vocals and ingratiating use of Latin/Brazilian colors, this collection showcases Grusin's cunning pop jazz stylings, and the surprise is that his overall vision is more varied, less monolithic than I'd imagined. (It's worth pointing out that under his stewardship such superb quote/unquote "jazz" treasures as the recent *First Meditations* by Coltrane (Impulse) and *Ella Fitzgerald—The Early Years—Part 1/With Chick Webb & His Orchestra* (Decca) are finally seeing the light of day.) How then am I generally so immune to Grusin's charms? Well, it doesn't hurt to be in love (or in heat), and as a rule, I fancy a great deal more rhythmic tension and release in my music. Too cool, and I stress out. But relax, fans, I'm in the minority, and beyond redemption anyway, so enjoy.

CHARLES FAMBROUGH

The Charmer

(CTI)

THE CHARMER, INDEED. Bassist Fambrough summons up the ghosts of pop jazz past, when CTI producer Creed Taylor first figured out some fresh, appealing ways to meld R&B with modern sounds. What sets Fambrough's outreach a step above the rest are his supple basslines, his centered, constant lyric feeling and his keen sense of pacing, allowing sweet interludes to relieve tension (some nice features for Grover Washington), and to let the listeners catch their breath, before he and his modern jazz co-conspirators go bopping on out.

The Best of James Bond

30th Anniversary Limited Edition

(EMI)

THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN something appealingly kitschy about John Barry's Bondsian motifs, with their broad big-band flourishes and delightfully cheesy electric guitars. Surely one could not imagine 007 without his theme music, and while much of the corn doesn't rise too far off the stalk, the grace and craft of songs like "You Only Live Twice" are very appealing. And Barry's extended instrumental excursion on the "Thunderball Suite," with its dramatic polymetric changes and exotic colorations, will shock the shit out of you.

RONALD SHANNON JACKSON

Raven Roc

(DIW)

THE OVERALL FEELING isn't quite as blustery as on Jackson's *Red Warrior*, allowing the drummer's superb new working band—featuring electric guitar innovators David Fiuczynski and Jeff Lee Johnson, and bassist Dom Richards—to extend and develop Jackson's talking melodies with a free, bluesy inflection quite unlike that of any modern electric jazz band, and a mystic power rarely witnessed since the early days of the Mahavishnu Orchestra. Jackson's writing has grown in clarity and focus, and his melodies seem to dance right off the drums and cymbals, with a polyrhythmic swing so irresistible, it sounds like it's been simmering to a boil for five thousand years. (Available by mail for \$30, including shipping and handling, from Cymbata Inc., P.O. Box 527, Planetarium Station, New York, NY 10024)

TERRY GIBBS/

BUDDY DEFRANCO/HERB ELLIS

Kings of Swing

(CONTEMPORARY)

DANGEROUSLY RELAXED SWING, in the manner of the Benny Goodman Sextet, featuring three of the most underrated virtuosos on their respective

instruments in all of jazz, particularly clarinetist DeFranco, whose boppish lines and licorice tone are state of the art.

ROY HAYNES/

PHINEAS NEWBORN/

PAUL CHAMBERS

We Three

(PRESTIGE/NEW JAZZ)

ONE OF THE greatest piano trio recordings in the history of jazz. Newborn sounds at once like all of Miles' pianists run through a harmonic sanctifier, giving another shape and color to both hop and the blues. Paul Chambers is a tower of strength and support, while drum innovator Roy Haynes can play the passing game, stick the jumper, create off the dribble or slamjam in yo' face as the mood strikes him. That unique balance of quiescence and dancing power makes tunes like "Sneakin' Around" and "After Hours" so nearly perfect.

TITO PUENTE'S GOLDEN LATIN
JAZZ ALL STARS

Live at the Village Gate

(TROPICJAZZ/SONY)

CHARLIE SEPULVEDA

Algo Nuestro

(ANTILLES)

MAMBO KINGS COME and go, but Tito Puente's brand of Latin jazz goes on and on, especially on this fiery live date with the cream of today's best soloists, excellent charts and a fervent percussion section including Mongo Santamaria, Giovanni Hidalgo and Ignacio Berroa. Trumpeter Sepulveda is a rising star on the trumpet, with his sweet, keening tones and his crafty conjugations of Latin and jazz devices, and *Algo Nuestra* is a delightful follow-up to his popular maiden voyage for Antilles, more fully thought out and developed, with greater play given to the ensemble and individual soloists.

THE FIVE BLIND BOYS OF
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CLARENCE FOUNTAIN

Deep River

(ELEKTRA NONESUCH AMERICAN
EXPLORER SERIES)

A ROUSING DOUBLE helping of that old-time religion, done up proud thanks to the bare-bones production of organist Booker T., with plenty of room sound, bleed and overring for those of us who find modern gospel a tad too angelic for our tastes, and a rocking rhythm section to boot (with Ndugu and James Jamerson Jr., among others). From Dylan's "I Believe in You" to a stirring "I'm Getting Better All the Time," *Deep River* is the fountainhead of all that is eternal and uplifting in American music.

KENWOOD DENARD

Just Advance

(BIG WORLD)

ONE OF THE most original drummers on today's scene, Denard never plays it safe with fashionable fusoid stylings, but instead adds an imperceptible touch of danger to every ensemble he enlivens. This is first-rate funkjazz, with excellent ensemble playing by Marcus Miller, Delmar Brown, I Iram Bullock and Charles Blenzig, and a right-on reading of Prince's "Purple Rain" for good measure. (P.O. Box 128, 316 Empire Boulevard, Brooklyn, NY 11225, (718) 531-1730)

VICTOR LEWIS

Family Portrait

(AUDIOQUEST)

VICTOR LEWIS CAN throw down with the best of them, but he's become one of today's most esteemed jazz drummers because of how beautifully he hears a band, orchestrates the groove and simply allows the music to happen around him. Not surprisingly, his good taste extends to writing and musical direction, making *Family Portrait* much more than just a drummer's date. By allowing percussionists Don Alias and Jumma Santos to carry the groove, Lewis can color and shade or drop down and swing in a varied program marked by subtle Afro-Cuban airs, creative use of vocals as harmonic pads and the fervent blowing of saxophonist John Stubblefield.

BOOKS

THE WHO IN PRINT

Stephen Wolter and Karen Kimber

(MCFARLAND & COMPANY, INC.)

THOUGH NOT EXACTLY bedside reading, this "Annotated Bibliography, 1965 through 1990" (subtitle) will entice Who fans. The compilers somehow missed Nicholas Schaffner's *The British Invasion* but apparently very little else: *The Who in Print* cites nearly 1500 English-language magazine articles, reviews (albums/concerts/media appearances) and books covering all aspects of the band's fabled career. Each entry has a précis examining the media examining the Who. Come to think of it, if you're a Who fan, this probably is bedside reading. (Box 611, Jefferson, NC 28640)—*Scott Isler*

ELVIS: FROM MEMPHIS TO HOLLYWOOD

Alan Fortas

(POPULAR CULTURE, INK.)

TEN YEARS AGO this might have smacked of exploitation; now it's more a matter of valuable historical record. Fortas, a "Memphis Mafia" alumnus, is ambivalent about El's freedom from moral laws applicable to most of us. And he was close enough—and sensitive enough—to provide a believable portrait of a human trapped by fame. His King is real. Plus, at no extra charge, a reproduction

of Presley's grade-school report card: C in music. (Box 1839, Ann Arbor, MI 48106)—*Scott Isler*

THE AESTHETICS OF THE GRATEFUL DEAD

David Womack

(FLYING PUBLIC PRESS)

WOMACK'S MAIN POINTS are: 1) The rockcrit establishment, hanging on to outdated populist dogma, abhors truly artistic expression, 2) The Dead exemplify such expression, and 3) As a result, the Dead's output is one of the most underrated bodies of work in popular music. Womack scores hits on all three, with a vicious and highly enjoyable browbeating of several critics and their inconsistencies (this guy can spew bile with the best of 'em), and a detailed analysis and re-evaluation of nearly all the officially released Dead-related recordings. I his claim that the Dead "have progressed more than any other band to survive the Sixties" isn't entirely convincing—the move from avant-garde improvisation to laid-back pseudo-country doesn't seem like much of a progression. Still, he makes you want to listen to the records again, which is the highest tribute a book like this can get. (Box 112, Palo Alto, CA 94301)—*Mac Randall*

THE VELVET UNDERGROUND HANDBOOK

M.C. Kostek

(BLACK SPRING PRESS LTD.)

AT THE PRESENT rate of cultural revisionism, the Velvet Underground will overtake the Beatles in popularity by the year 2021. Contributing to the trend is this paperback annotated discography/bibliography/filmography. Of special interest to fans will be the sections on bootlegs and CD variations—the latter complete with reprogramming suggestions. (63 Harlescott Road, London SE15 3DA, England)—*Scott Isler*

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Phil G. Goulding

(FAWCETT COLUMBINE)

PROBABLY IT'S THE aging boomers—some things that seem opaque at a callow age 20 come within grasp by a weathered age 40—but whatever the reason, there've been quite a few of these intro-to-the-classics-type books published during the past half-dozen years. Goulding, a former Assistant Secretary of Defense whose serious interest in classical music started when he was in his 60s, offers just the right mix of cranky (not too) and anal-retentive (very). Subtitled "The 50 Greatest Composers and Their 1,000 Greatest Works," *Classical Music* offers lots of lists, hierarchies and sub-hierarchies, anecdotes and bio-sketches and nontechnical musical assessments. Generally trustworthy, at least up to the late nineteenth century, it's a solid introduction to a daunting mass of musical history—something to use for a few years before you toss it aside, having created your own hierarchy.—*Richard C. Walls*

LENNON: THE DEFINITIVE BIOGRAPHY, REVISED EDITION

Ray Coleman

(HARPERPERENNIAL)

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN 1985, this 767-page tome probably comes as close as any Lennon bio could to earning that "definitive" tag. The recounting of the Liverpool years features fascinating quotes from numerous bit players, and a long introductory chapter dealing with post-'84 Lennon-related events has been added, including a detailed and remarkably unbiased discussion of several other recent biographies. The primary feeling *Lennon* leaves you with is a sense of wonder: wonder that the pitiful hooligan with no apparent future whom we meet at the book's start could become the brilliant, secure musician and father we see at its close.—*Mac Randall*

MIDI GUITARS

[cont'd from page 70] synchronization requirements, managing options get hairy. The hardware approach is the MIDI workstation that bundles drum sounds and a synth or sampler, using a sequencer to tie it all together. Usually they come with keyboards, but some MIDI sound modules have sequencing built in.

The software approach uses a computer to configure multiple devices, program and edit their sounds and run the sequencer program. While no industry-standard method exists, an example of where things could be headed is OMS (Opcode MIDI System), where programs communicate and share information about MIDI setups. Opcode's Galaxy is a perfect example; it's a synth-patch programmer that organizes sounds from all devices and places them where the information can be shared.

The Present vs. the Future

MIDI interfaces are better and cheaper. Computer prices drop while software gets better and easier to use. Synthesizer technology has become affordable, thanks to product introductions riding the price curve: The new Korg Wavestation SR module at \$1400 is roughly equivalent to last year's Wavestation A1 at \$2500. The industry recession also creates great bargains as models are discontinued and sometimes sold at less than 20% of list. There's always the second-hand market.

Eventually MIDI guitar interfaces will be cheap and flawless, and synths and other gear will be ridiculously powerful. A way for musicians to speak into a computer and run software with vocal commands is just around the corner. There's no reason why guitarists should be left out of the fun and peer enviously into the keyboard department, now or later.

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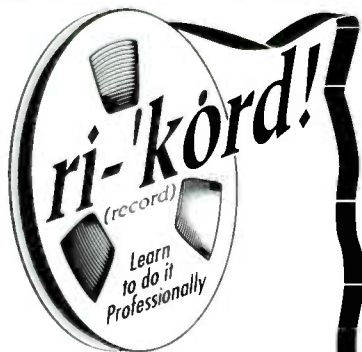
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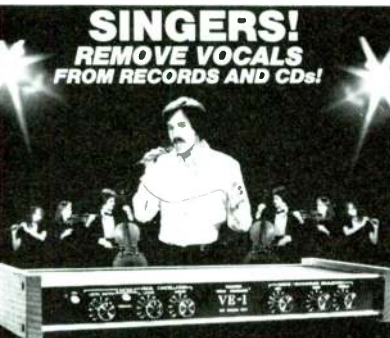
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RECORDINGS

[cont'd from page 91] evocation of a homeland far away.

Astronauts is not always so convincing. "Close but No Cigar," which features Eddie Van Halen on guitar, is unexceptional pop, while "Eastern Bloc," billed as a sequel to Dolby's 1981 single "Europa and the Pirate Twins," is too full of both musical and lyrical quotes from the earlier song. But that's redeemed by "Cruel," a melodic gem that weds a tricky Brian Wilson-esque chord structure to a backing track that sounds like the assembly line at a shipbuilding factory (Dolby's love for extraneous noises is unabated). The main verse melody shifts around restlessly, while the song's key signature continues to subtly move downwards until Dolby and Eddi Reader's voices cross in harmony over the final chorus. Like much of *Astronauts & Heretics*, "Cruel" shows that Thomas Dolby's still got plenty of ideas. Let's hope we hear a few more of them before the turn of the century.

—Mac Randall

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Musician's metaphysical question and answer column. This month's query:

WHAT IF... JIM CROCE HAD LIVED?

1973 Gets into fusion, jams with Miles, records breakthrough album with Herbie Hancock and Larry Coryell, *Call to a Roller Derby Consciousness*.

1974 Scores biggest hit of the year with "Runnin' Out of Petrol, Listenin' to Abba, Sittin' in the Gas Line Blues." Takes over as permanent host of NBC's *Midnight Special*, turning it into a forum for musical experimentation and cross-cultural communication. Sits in with Peter Gabriel-era Genesis for medley of "Supper's Ready" and "Rapid Roy, the Stock Car Boy." First pop musician to broadcast from the White House in program co-hosted by pot-smoking First Son Jack Ford. Despite high ratings, program is finally cancelled by NBC in furor over Croce joining Mott the Hoople and Helen Reddy in singing "The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia" to protest execution of Gary Gilmore.

1977 Makes acting debut in ABC made-for-TV movie, *Loving Groucho: Eryn's Story*. Emmy nomination.

1978 Takes over as host of syndicated *Jim Croce's Dance Fever*. Introduces "Acoustic Disco" movement. Big hit: "You Don't Mess Around with the Boogie Boy." Soon kids in Bay Ridge are wearing white suits with denim workshirts.

1979 Sits down Sid and Nancy for a heart-to-heart talk. Both kids clean up, name first child Bad Bad Leroy Vicious.

1981 Offers to drive Harry Chapin home—second tragedy avoided.

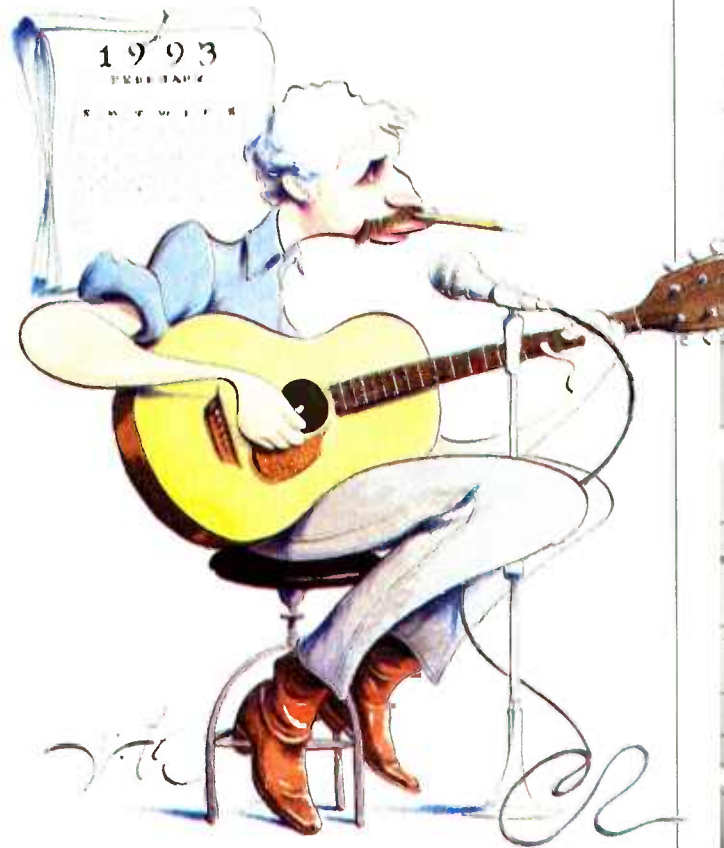
1982 First MTV Veejay. Pushes pals to get into video early. As a result, American teenagers go crazy for videos by Don McLean, Roberta Flack, B.W. Stevenson, Dan Hill and Larry Croce. Theirs becomes the sound of the '80s.

1983 UB40 have international hit with reggae version of "Time in a Bottle." Croce journeys to Jamaica to record his first world music album, *Crazy Baldhead Billie at the Trenchtown Bar and Grille*.

1984 Takes over Don Johnson role on "Miami Vice" during contract dispute. Show's ratings improve. Fashion world embraces cowboy boots with no socks.

1985 When Dylan, Keith Richards and Ron Wood seem confused during Live Aid finale, Croce walks onstage and saves the show by leading the legends through "Time in a Bottle." Contributions triple, Ethiopian famine ends.

1987 Makes rap respectable with humorous hits such as "Hip Hop Harry and His Break-Dancin' Canary" and "Rappin' Rita Raider the Tollbooth Operator."



1989 Sits in for ailing Izzy Stradlin on several Guns N' Roses dates, keeps crowds entertained with hootenanny sing-alongs while Axl "gets ready" for three hours backstage.

1990 Hosts CBS TV special "Croce and Sinéad: Together Again for the First Time!" The two stars perform duet versions of "Nothing Compares 2 U" and "One Less Set of Footsteps" and tease each other in skit in which Jim wears a bald wig and Sinéad dons a false moustache.

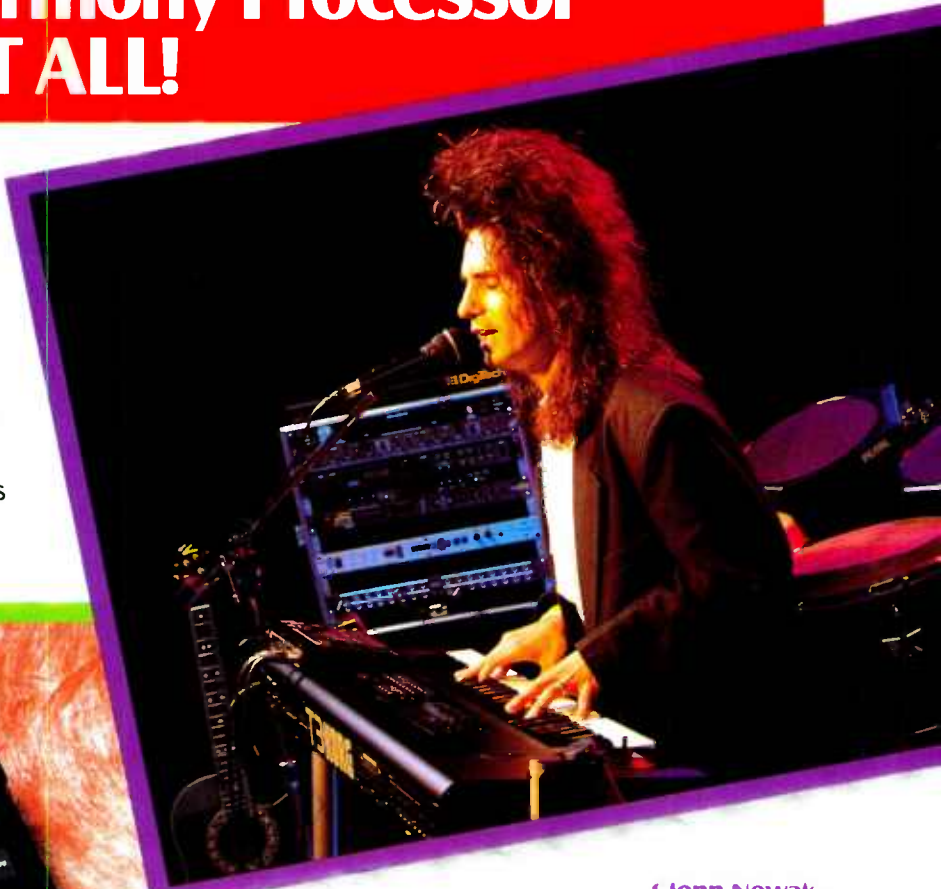
1991 Stars in musical version of life of Malcolm X, beating Spike Lee into theatres by a year. Theme song "I've Got an X" is huge crossover hit. Oscar nomination.

1992 Finally wins Best Actor award for work opposite Barbra Streisand in *Prince of Tides*. Rejects offer to run for Vice President with Ross Perot. Joins Lollapalooza tour for six dates, enticing Ice Cube and Ice-T on stage to join him in rocked-up version of "Speedball Tucker," with new lyrics revolving around the phrase "Evil Motherfucker." Marries Soon-Yi Previn.

1993 Takes over from Phil Collins as host of Billboard Music Awards.

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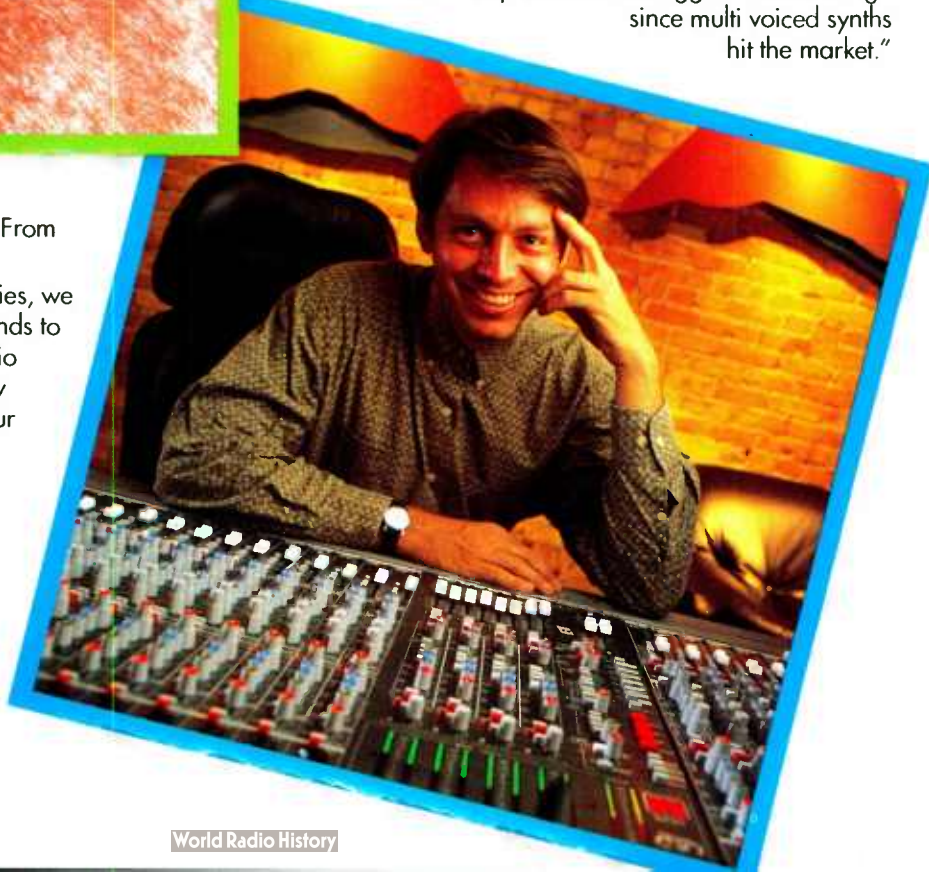
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