

SPRING  
1987

# NETWORK

CANADA'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

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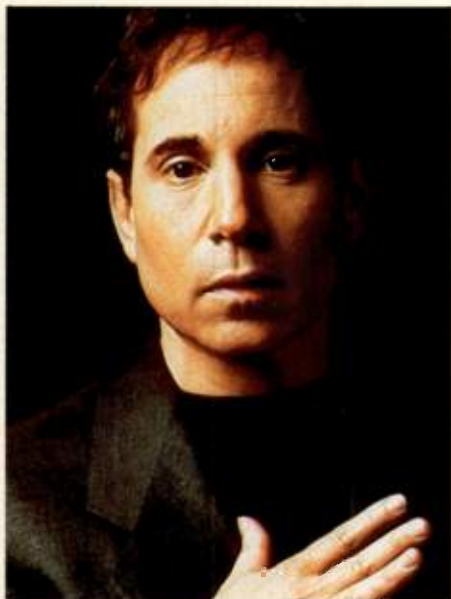


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# NETWORK

CANADA'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



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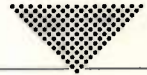
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*Sam the Record Man*

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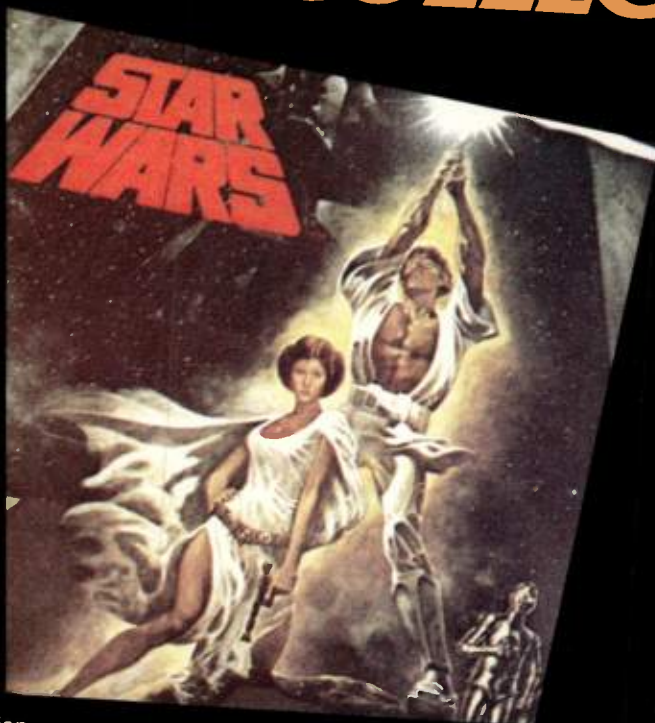
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# FAST FOREWORD

## BUT ENOUGH ABOUT YOU

Apart from publishing magazines, I'm an everyday kind of guy. I like pop music, movies, and sports. I play hockey. I don't have much rhythm, and my hair is short.

Jason Sniderman, on the other hand, has a lot of hair and considerable rhythm. He plays keyboards. He wears clothes I don't quite understand, and his dog is nearly as cynical as he is. But we both like baseball, detest meetings, and put our pants on one leg at a time. Workable.

Jason wanted a magazine. I wanted an entertainment vehicle. What you have in your hands may be the result of the weirdest partnership in recent merger memory, but it's also the best of both worlds. We have a built-in system of checks and balances: I get itchy in the presence of too much sharkskin, and Jason gets headaches when we take ourselves too seriously.

Welcome to NETWORK Magazine.

NETWORK is unique. It fills the gap left by magazines devoted to rock music, to film or TV, and those concerned solely with the high-tech minutiae of audio and

video. For those of us who like to take advantage of all kinds of options and enjoy a full range of entertainment, it's a publication wasteland out there.

And, let's be gauche about this, magazines are expensive. To cover personalities, live and recorded musical and visual entertainment, equipment (in language for we techno-peasants), social commentary and humour, home entertainment, genre reviews, artist crossovers, etc. etc., I would need a part-time job.

We don't pretend to be the publication panacea to Canada's craving for entertainment. Megalomania is only for those with truly bizarre hairstyles, extra cash and no purchase whatsoever on the realities of reader surveys. But we *will* provide you with a constantly changing, interesting collection



of entertainment options, because there's so much out there to choose from. Limiting ourselves would be, in a word, boring.

And it doesn't need to cost you anything. NETWORK is available free on a limited basis in all Sam the Record Man stores across Canada, four times in 1987, and six times a year beginning in 1988. If you like the magazine, a personal subscription will ensure you don't miss an issue.

Why Sam's? For both companies, it's a perfect marriage. Sam's is Canada's number one and best-known retailer of recorded music and videos, but you already know that. You picked this up in Sam's. What many people don't know is that Sam's has evolved over almost 50 years in step with the record industry and the currents of popular demand. And the entire operation is backed by an efficient ordering system and more on-floor stock than any of its major competitors: jazz, funk, classical, music and film videos, country & western, punk, rock, heavy metal, New Age and more.

The odds are good you will try new music, new videos, new formats like CD. An impressive percentage of Sam's customers are adults; variety seekers and discriminating buyers.

And because you are so damned picky, we have tapped the talents of well-known North American and international writers and photographers, many of whom will be familiar to you. Others you will meet for the first time in NETWORK, treating the topics I've mentioned and scads more. Apart from the fact that we pay them outrageous sums of money, all of them are extremely gifted people and worth your while. I urge you to explore them.

At NETWORK we play no favourites. I even answer my own mail, so if you have any compliments or complaints, let me know. I don't wear sharkskin. Is that clear?

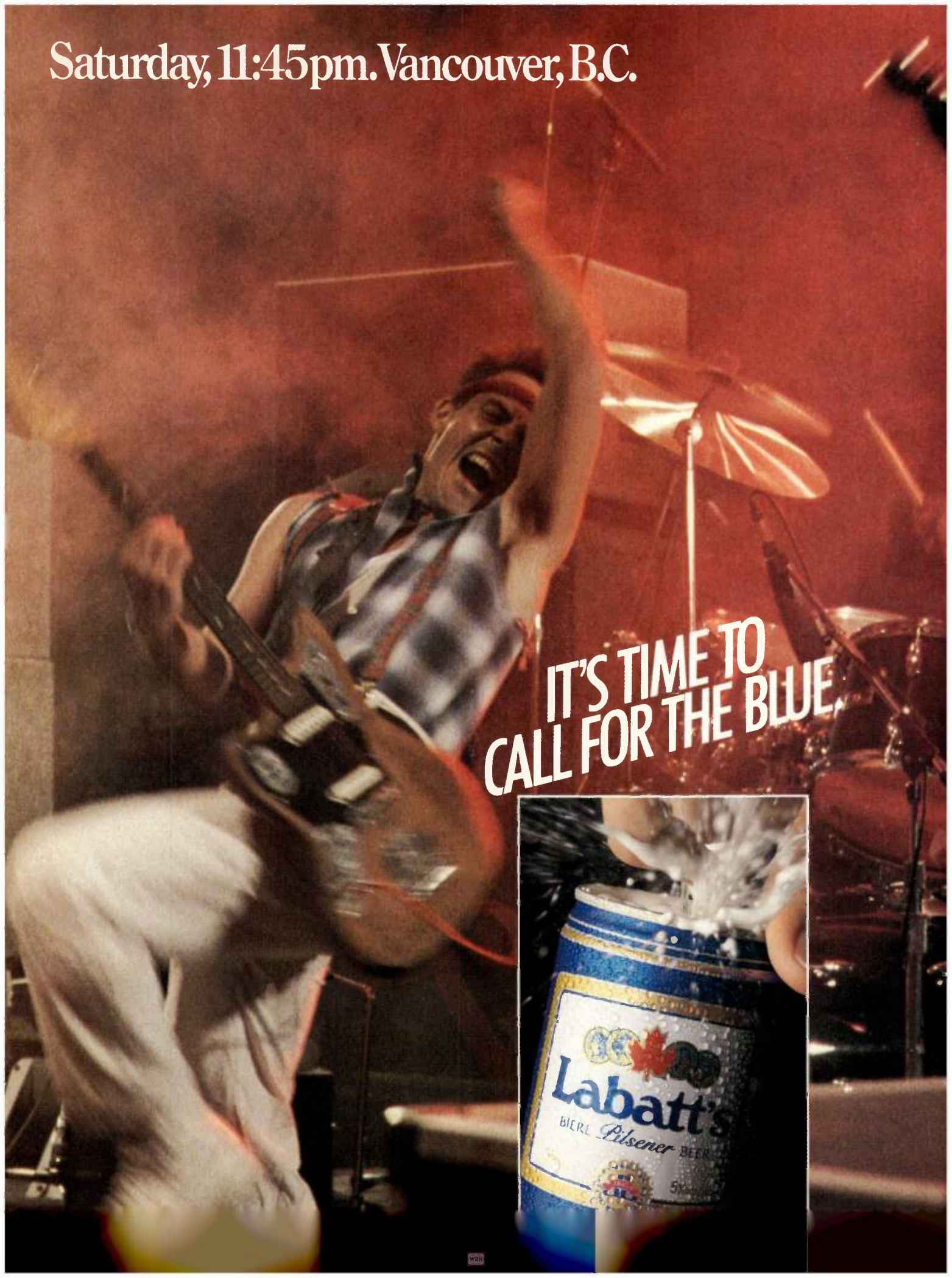
We all hope you enjoy the magazine. ◀



ILLUSTRATION BY SARA TYSON



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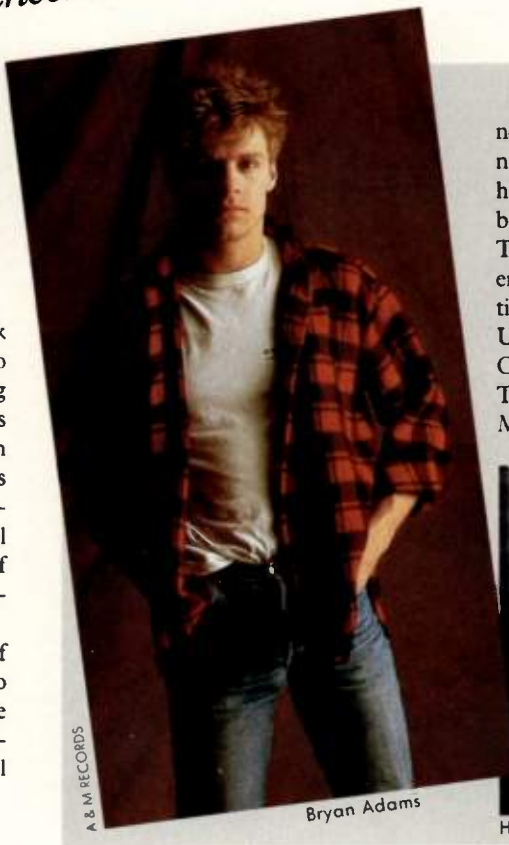
# NOTABLE

# S

pring is more than just an enormous melt-and-bloom extravaganza. It's time to evict the mice from your old sneakers and bust out. Here's a checklist on *The New Stuff*. /by PERRY STERN

With winter still just a freak storm away and summer too distant to even hope for, spring can be both the most glorious and the most depressing season of the year. But if the weather is unpredictable, at least the entertainment world isn't. There will be dozens of films, and scores of records released in the upcoming months.

Here is but a partial list of things you can look forward to finding refuge in during the grey days ahead. I can't remember... what is it April showers bring?



Bryan Adams

The biggest Canadian release will likely be Bryan Adams' new number, *Against the Grain*, but discs by Loverboy, Platinum Blonde, Gowan and Haywire should give Adams a run for his money. Joni Mitchell will have a new record out (produced by her husband, Larry Klein), as will long-absent Dan Hill. The Band's Robbie Robertson is still considered Canuck enough, and the addition of Hamilton (Ontario) studio sensation Danny Lanois as his producer (he's also produced the new U2 with Brian Eno) will add to his CanCon points. The Canadian debut of the season should be the first album by Toronto's Alta Moda, with stunning vocals by the inimitable Molly Johnson.



Haywire

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In the world of music there are a few superstar turns to expect, a few old moths will return to the flame, and many of Canada's favourite artists will

be flooding the market with new material.

The big names that will be resurfacing this spring are Michael Jackson's long-awaited follow-up to *Thriller*; David Bowie's escape from movie-soundtrack limbo; and U2's latest. *Trio* — an album featuring Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris — should be a sensation, and, on the heels of the success of *Graceland*, Paul Simon's greatest hits, called *Historical Collection*, may be a blockbuster... also expect a live album from Simple Minds.

Heavy Metal wonders return... expect new noise from Rush; KISS; Def Leppard; Motley Crue; Scorpions; Black Sabbath...

In the "What Have You Done For Me Lately" category: new releases from Supertramp, Squeeze and the Bee Gees...

The Least Likely Title Award goes to Murray Head for *Keep on Trucking*. I thought we dispensed with that "g" back in the 'sixties.



Trio (L to R): Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt, Emmylou Harris



David Bowie

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Dwight Yoakam

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The world of country music is in for a shakeup with the second album by "new traditionalist" Dwight Yoakam, and the "debut" album (she refers to her first as an EP) by Alberta's own K.D. Lang... they're both trying to freshen up Nashville's soiled reputation. New vinyl from Willie Nelson, Janie Fricke, Crystal Gayle, Lacy J. Dalton and Conway Twitty are also on the way.

Look forward to albums from: Pink Floyd's Roger Waters; LL Cool J; Sting; Alison Moyet; Heart; guitarist Steve Vai, fresh off the road with David Lee Roth and a film appearance in *Crossroads*; Julian Cope; Tom Waits (called *Frank's Wild Years*); Sly and Robbie; Oingo Boingo; Andy Taylor; Simply Red; Erasure; Lloyd Cole and the Commotions; Kid Creole and the Coconuts; The Replacements; a live set from Violent Femmes; The Cult (produced by Def Jam's Rick Rubin); Rickie Lee Jones (with Sade's and Everything But The Girl's producer Robin Millar); John Cougar Mellencamp; and Level 42.



POLYGRAM

John Cougar Mellencamp

Moviegoers have plenty to look forward to. Besides films from some of Hollywood's biggest stars and directors, there'll be a few TV personalities making the big-screen transition. This spring will see the release of: the long-awaited musical, *Ishtar*, starring Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman, directed by Elaine May... Francis Ford Coppola's *Gardens of Stone* with a killer cast including James Caan, Angelica Huston and James Earl Jones... *Secret of My Success* with Michael J. Fox and Helen (Supergirl) Slater.



Elaine May's comic adventure, *Ishtar*, stars (L to R) Isabelle Adjani, Warren Beatty (who produced the film), and Dustin Hoffman.

## ON TOUR

<b>VICTOR BORGE</b>	Hamilton, Ont.	April 11
	Toronto, Ont.	April 12-13
	Kitchener, Ont.	April 14
	London, Ont.	April 15
<b>CAB CALLOWAY</b>	Toronto	March 7
<b>PLACIDO DOMINGO</b>	Toronto, Maple Leaf Gdns.	March 1
<b>HOODOO GURUS</b>	Montreal, Que.	March 31
	Ottawa, Ont.	April 1
	Toronto	April 2
	Hamilton	April 3
<b>BEN E. KING</b>	Toronto	March 9-15
<b>WYNTON MARSALIS</b>	Montreal, Place des Arts	March 9
	Toronto, Roy Thomson Hall	March 10
<b>TOM PAXTON</b>	Calgary, Alta., Folk Club	March 20
<b>THE PRETENDERS &amp; IGGY POP</b>	Vancouver, B.C., PNE Pacific Coliseum	March 5
	Calgary, Corral Arena	March 7
	Edmonton, Northlands Col.	March 8
	Winnipeg, Man., Winnipeg Arena	March 10
	Montreal, Montreal Forum	March 17
	Ottawa, Civic Centre	March 18
	Toronto, Maple Leaf Gdns.	March 19
<b>QUEEN IDA &amp; THE BON TEMPS ZYDECO BAND</b>	Lethbridge, Alta.	May 29
	Vancouver	May 30
<b>KENNY ROGERS</b>	Hamilton	April 18-19
<b>RICKY SKAGGS &amp; THE O'KANES</b>	Victoria, B.C., Royal Theatre	March 12
	Vancouver, Queen Elizabeth	March 13
	Calgary, Jubilee Aud.	March 15
	Edmonton, Jubilee Aud.	March 16
	Regina, Sask., Centre of Arts	March 18
	Brandon, Man., Key Stone	March 19
	Winnipeg, Centennial Aud.	April 26

Fans of directors can watch for: *Raising Arizona* by the Coen Brothers, who brought you the bizarre *Blood Simple*, starring Nicholas Gage... Alan Rudolph of *Choose Me* and *Welcome to L.A.* fame brings *Made In Heaven* to the screen with Timothy Hutton and Kelly (Top Gun) McGillis... and *Desperately Seeking Susan* director Susan Seidman has *Making Mr. Right* coming out, starring John Malkovich (from *Places in the Heart* and *Killing Fields*)...

BRIGITTE LACOMBE/©1986 COLUMBIA PICTURES



Art House aficionados will be sated with the release of *Malandro*, an exquisite Brazilian musical by Ruy (*Erendira*) Guerra... and Stephen Frears' follow-up to last year's surprise hit, *My Beautiful Laundrette*, is the Joe Orton story called *Prick Up Your Ears*.

There should be plenty of laughs in *Tin Men* starring Richard Dreyfuss and Danny DeVito as feuding aluminum siding salesmen, and the blockbuster of the season may well be the Eddie Murphy return in *Beverly Hills Cop II* with Judge Reinhold, John Ashton and Ronnie Cox, all reprising their roles.

TV fans can be on the lookout for Lisa (the gorgeous daughter on *The Cosby Show*) Bonet's big-screen debut in the Alan Parker film *Angel Heart*, though she may be overshadowed by the performances of Mickey Rourke, Robert DeNiro and Charlotte Rampling... *Moonlighting*'s Bruce Willis will star in the new Blake Edwards' comedy, *Blind Date*, co-starring Kim Basinger, John Larquette (from *Night Court*) and *St. Elsewhere*'s William Daniels.

And for you couch potatoes out there, television won't be all reruns and rehashes: watch for *Casanova* starring mini-series king Richard Chamberlain, with Faye Dunaway; *The Betty Ford Story* with Gena Rowlands; Judith Krantz's *I'll Take Manhattan* starring Valerie Bertinelli and Barry Bostwick; the return of Canadian sleuth Benny Cooperman in *Murder Sees The Light*; and a chilling story of gangland violence in modern-day Montreal, called *A Settling of Accounts*.

And finally, for the culture starved, The National Ballet of Canada offers two videos that will truly put some spring in your step: *Onegin*, produced and filmed in November 1986 by CBC-TV, directed by Norman Campbell and featuring Sabina Allemann and Frank Augustyn; and *Bold Steps*, produced by Primedia in 1985 when the late Erik Bruhn was artistic director. *Bold Steps* documents the revitalization of the Company under Bruhn's direction. ◀



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# INTERVIEW

## PAUL SIMON: WRITING FROM AN "INEXPLICABLE

*From "Bridge Over Troubled Water" to "Graceland," Paul Simon has taken us from "... Down By The Schoolyard" to the intricate rhythms of South Africa. After all these years, he's still refracting our most poignant joys and heartaches through a prism of lyrical brilliance.*

by LARRY LeBLANC

*For many of us, South Africa means front-page news, corporate divestitures and stereotypes. To Paul Simon, it means all of these and one more: music, resulting in last year's critically acclaimed Graceland album, highlighted by nine South African tracks.*

*The title track features Simon, the New York artist, singing about a reflective trip to Elvis Presley's Memphis home, while the pedal-steel guitar of Nigeria's Demola Adepoju soars over a South African rhythm section and the Everly Brothers' harmony parts. It includes such South African styles as mbaqanga (dance) and mbube (choral), as well as American rhythm and blues, Louisiana zydeco, Tex-Mex flavoured rock, and Tin Pan Alley pop.*

*Larry LeBlanc recently interviewed Paul Simon for NETWORK. Settled into a hotel armchair, crossing his blue-jeaned legs, the 44-year-old songwriter came across thoughtful and distinctively bright. Shy, almost diffident at first, he chose his words carefully.*

"My strength is not political writing," he says. "I let my songs emerge from my subconscious. If anything came out with political implications, that was fine. I wasn't snubbing the issue. I was investigating another area. I didn't say, 'I'm going to write a song with political implications.' I just began to write." Without ever making any direct political statements, without ever abandoning the infectious musicality that first drew him to the *Graceland* project, the fascination of the album isn't political, it's

artistic — or rather, cultural.

An extension of the album is the current Simon tour with some 26 musicians, including the 13-member a cappella group Ladysmith Black Mambazo (featured on the "Homeless" video and with Simon on *Saturday Night Live* in May 1986) and Stimela from the album, plus trumpeter Hugh Masekela and singer Miriam Makeba. The tour, which assembled in London, England in January, completed 10 weeks of European concerts before coming to North America.

In interviews leading up to the tour, he talked with enthusiasm of the dates, yet in the past he's been fairly reluctant to tour. "I don't really like to go on the road," he admitted. "In terms of performing, I've never really been comfortable being a professional entertainer. For me, it's a secondary form of creativity. I'm a reproducer on stage of what I've already created. It's not what it was in the early days of Simon and Garfunkel. Then I really liked it."

Given the burnout factor of pop music, Simon's longevity has been remarkable. Total sales of the eight Simon and Garfunkel albums and seven Simon albums exceed 40 million copies worldwide, topped by the *Bridge Over Troubled Water* LP, which has sold over eight million copies and won five Grammy Awards.

Toward the end of Simon





# SPARKLE”

and Garfunkel’s career, Simon dabbled in different musical sounds, and certainly on his own he has attempted to refract his ideas through a prism of styles. On his first two solo albums, for instance, he dabbled with Dixieland, reggae, gospel, traditional folk and country blues. He has since performed music influenced by salsa (“Late In The Evening” and “Me and Julio Down By The Schoolyard”), jubilee spiritual (“Loves Me Like A Rock”), and second-line R&B.

Rather than risk reaching outside his emotional or musical range, he has simply hired collaborators who can do the job right: The Dixie Hummingbirds and gospel singer Claude Jeter on *Rhymin’ Simon*, Phoebe Snow on “Gone At Last,” and Urumbamba, a Peruvian quartet Simon first met in 1965 and toured with in 1973, for “El Condor Pasa.” Even “Bridge Over Troubled Water” was eventually performed in concert with the Jessie Dixon Singers, a Chicago gospel group.

Simon’s musicality can be traced to his father, who was a professional musician and used to play on *The Gary Moore Show* and *The Arthur Godfrey Show*. Later, he earned his PhD in education and taught at City College (in New York). When Paul was growing up in Forest Hills he was drawn to Alan Freed’s rock-and-roll radio program (he was listening, he says, when Freed first used the words “rock and roll” to rename his radio show), but his intellectual curiosity led him to read poetry.

At 15, inspired by the Everly Brothers, he teamed up with Art Garfunkel and recorded as Tom & Jerry. In true Hollywood fashion, the duo enjoyed a brief moment as rock stars, with Simon’s “Hey! Schoolgirl.” It garnered them an appearance on Dick Clark’s *American Bandstand* on Thanksgiving 1957, and an appearance at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem before an all-black audience. “Lavern Baker, Thurston Harris and the Swan Silvertones were on the bill, and Artie and I came running out in our white bucks.”

Four follow-ups flopped, but Simon continued recording under the pseudonyms Jerry Landis, True Taylor, Harrison Gregory, and Tico and The Triumphs. He also produced a number of artists in 1962 and ’63, including such unknowns (today) as Ritchie Cordell, The Fashions, Dottie Daniels, and the Vels-In-Laws.

Simon eventually dropped his musical activities and went off to Queens College. After graduation, he moved to England in 1964 but reunited with Garfunkel during a trip home the following year.

Their first album, *Wednesday Morning 3 A.M.* included Simon’s “The Sounds of Silence” which, augmented by drums and electric guitar, became a hit as a single a year later.

The partnership fell apart in 1970 during the recording of *Bridge Over Troubled Water*, at the height of their popularity. Garfunkel, busy throughout the album’s production filming Mike Nichols’ *Catch 22*, almost balked at performing the lead track, and refused outright to sing a Simon song called “Cuba Si, Nixon No.” By then, it was



obvious to both that their interests were diverging. The differences were never articulated but *Bridge Over Troubled Water* was their last studio album.

The two continued, however, to sing together intermittently during the 1970s, but never at a full-scale concert. Several times, Garfunkel showed up onstage at the end of Simon concerts, and twice they recorded together: “My Little Town” and “What A Wonderful World,” which they sang with James Taylor. Art also joined Paul to perform a selection of their old hits on Simon’s 1977 TV special.

Following an 11-year break, Simon and Garfunkel got together for an entire concert in September 1981 in Central Park in New York. Over 350,000 people turned out for the free show.



Buoyed by the response, they decided on an overseas tour, and it too attracted phenomenal crowds: 130,000 in Paris, 75,000 each in London, Tokyo and Sydney. An arduous 1983 U.S. tour was completely sold out, but the two squabbled all the way.

"I would imagine we'll stay in this relationship we have for our whole lives," offers Simon philosophically. "I've been best friends with Art since school and I've always been in fights with him. It just seems unusual now because when you get in fights with people, you usually drop them somewhere along the way. But he's the guy that I never

aren't trained to the nuances. You've got to go to the source.

"When I went there, Hilton introduced me to the music community. They'd had a meeting before I came over, and voted on whether they wanted to have this happen. The answer was yes. This was the black musicians' union — actually a quasi-union, because the government won't recognize it. The reason they voted yes was because they wanted their music heard by the international community. They have this thriving scene and wanted to be recognized in the world community, and felt I would be an appropriate vehicle."

Last year was designated International Year of Mobilization for Sanctions Against South Africa by the United Nations and, with the release of his record, Simon was criticized for violating the boycott on South Africa. The UN campaign centres on artists who have played or are considering playing the country. Supporters of the boycott say it is crucial that prominent entertainers stay away from the apartheid nation.

"I was told I would be criticized even as I was encouraged to go, but I don't believe what I did had anything to do with the boycott," counters Simon, who drew support from such organizations as the Pan-Africanist Congress, the Black Consciousness Movement, and the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE). "This was musician-to-musician. I'm sharing my royalties, and I paid the people I worked with. These guys are really talented musicians. Why should they be penalized twice? They have to live there, and you're not allowed to make music with them. Why?"

While in South Africa, Paul recorded with Soweto's Boyoyo Boys, Tao Ea Matsekha (a group from remote Leosotho), and General M.D. Shirinda and the Gaza Sisters. Few of the musicians spoke English, and Simon discovered that when he'd ask for a chord, the musicians wouldn't know it. He realized they had a different language and musical description of what they were doing. "I decided, fine, let them play what they want, I will solve this problem later." At his request, the musicians would generally start off in the studio playing anything they wanted. Once they found a riff or a groove that Simon liked, he would improvise melodies and nonsense lyrics on the spot, creating the shape of a song.

After two weeks, Simon returned to his apartment on Manhattan's Central Park West with six rhythm tracks, five of which were used on the finished album. "I began writing songs over the tracks. I had worked at having melody and lyrics over tracks before, so the process wasn't totally unfamiliar, but this music was something different. I'd write the first verse, which fit the music, and I'd write the second verse with the same number of bars and the same structure, and it wouldn't fit. I began to realize there were very subtle variations in the patterns of music; slight shifts from verse to verse. I had to write to suit these changes, work out the songs in a very new and liberating way. I was breaking rules I'd gotten accustomed to.

*"Lavern Baker, Thurston Harris and the Swan Silvertones were on the bill (at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem before an all-black audience), and Artie and I came running out in our white bucks."*



WARNER BROS. RECORDS

dropped. And he never dropped me. We continue along — friendly combatants."

A planned S&G album titled *Think Too Much* was scrapped due to studio tussles. Renamed *Hearts and Bones*, it was released in 1983 as a Paul Simon record and generated fine reviews, cool sales and no single chart numbers. Its release was accompanied by his divorce from Carrie Fisher, a sudden climax to four years of on-again, off-again relationship and a three-month marriage.

By the time a musician friend passed him a bootleg cassette of instrumental music with the name "Gumboots" (which are the shoes worn by South African miners), subtitled "Accordion Jive Hits, Volume II," it was time for a change. Simon played the tape during the entire summer of 1984. He heard remnants of 'fifties-style American rhythm and blues hits like The Bobettes' "Mr. Lee" and Lavern Baker's "Jim Dandy" in the South African mbaqanga music. (It tends toward a pattern of complex sung rhythms set off against a steady beat from handclaps, drums or rattles.)

An intrigued Simon got in touch with Hilton Rosenthal, the Johannesburg record producer of the racially integrated group Juluku, who mailed him more than a dozen other South African albums, covering the spectrum of black music from traditional to pop and funk.

In January 1985, after consulting such respected black American artists as Quincy Jones and Harry Belafonte, Simon and engineer Roy Halee flew to Johannesburg for two weeks of recording with Simon's favourite groups. "I learned a long time ago that if you want to work in a different idiom, you can't simply imitate what you hear. Your ears



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"I wasn't trying to write South African songs. I was trying to write Paul Simon songs without emasculating the essence of that music. I got into the music as much as I could and wrote about the stuff on my mind.

"I write from instinct, from an inexplicable sparkle. I don't know why I'm writing what I'm writing. With other songwriters I can sometimes see where a thought came from, but why a writer will choose a particular phrase, why it struck him in such a way that he knew there was a song there, is inexplicable. Usually, I sit and let my hands wander on my guitar. And I sing anything. I play anything. And I wait till I come across a pleasing accident. Then I start to develop it."

Next, he got passports for his three-man South African rhythm section of guitarist Ray Phiri, fretless-bass player Baghiti Khumalo, and drummer Isaac Mtshali to come to New York for three additional weeks of recording. One of the tracks from these sessions was Simon's first single from the album, "You Can Call Me Al."

"That's a Warner Brothers pick. I think they picked it because they felt it was the most acces-

sible. In a way, it's the least African of the African cuts. I wrote the verses before I wrote the chorus. For a long time I wondered, 'What am I writing here?' Then I realized I was probably writing about myself."

"Homeless," the four-part acapella suite (the most collaborative and most original track on the album), was performed with what Simon calls "the greatest doo-wop group you could hope to sing with" —Ladysmith Black Mambazo. Simon and Ladysmith recorded a previously written Simon song at London's Abbey Road Studio after the group had altered his original harmony, added a verse in Zulu and part of another verse in English, which Simon completed with them. "This is as close as I wanted to come to a political statement. I think that writing for an acapella group of that size was the biggest challenge of the album."

Simon knew only one Ladysmith song, "Hello Baby," when he first arrived in Johannesburg, but he'd seen the group a few years back on the BBC documentary, *Rhythms of Rebellion*, which was about South African music. After the group's leader, Joseph Shabalala, was introduced to him he found out about their immense popularity (the group has sold over 13 million albums). "He brought me about 20 cassettes of their music, so I found myself listening to them constantly."

Ladysmith Black Mambazo members are originally drawn from two families: the Shabalalas and the Mazibukos, both initially from Swaziland. Their songs are mainly religious or tribal in theme, and most are in Zulu. The voices make lush, uniform choral harmonies, all singing together in short phrases. Then they may break up into rhythm and melody sections or overlapping call-and-response, with a prominent deep-bass voice.

The name is simply explained by Joseph Shabalala: "Ladysmith's our home town. We are black, and an axe (mambazo) is sharp and strong."

The idiom Ladysmith works in is called mbube, or, in folk terms, isicatamiya. It was one of the earliest types of township music to be recorded, and in the beginning provided a style for Zulu-language versions of American tunes. The most popular mbube song worldwide is "Wimoweh," also known as "The Lion Sleeps Tonight."

"When I came back and started listening to my zydeco records again, I heard that there was a similarity. That got me thinking." He then went to Lafayette, Louisiana to work with Rockin' Dopsie & His Cajun Twisters on "That Was Your Mother," then on to Los Angeles for sessions with the rock band Los Lobos, which resulted in the rollicking "All Around The World, Or The Myth Of Fingerprints."

Despite the album's irresistible musical trap-pings, for the most part Simon is writing about the things he's always written about: men and women, broken families, the times we live in, the search for identity. Indeed, one of the album's most striking images comes from the title song, and it has little to do with apartheid: "And she said losing love is like a window in your heart/Everybody sees you're blown apart/ Everybody sees the wind blow."

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*"I don't believe what I did had anything to do with the boycott. My feeling is that these guys are really talented musicians. Why should they be penalized twice? They have to live there, and you're not allowed to make music with them. Why?"*

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PAUL · SIMON  
GRACELAND





"That was the key line of the album," says Simon, admitting that the song took four or five months to write. "Once that line came out, the rest of the album came pretty easily. I think because it was a personal truth that I had to say before I could move on and talk about something else."

"The song was really the emotional key to the album. After that I was free to say what I had to. It's a song with a definite link to my past, and when the Everly Brothers agreed to sing on it, there was a musical link as well. The Everly Brothers are why I started writing and singing in the first place."

"When I first began writing, I was really doing college literary stuff and I hadn't yet discovered my own voice or set of symbols. I was very critical of my work in the beginning, but not sophisticated enough to know what I was doing was naive. I hadn't lived long enough or been exposed to enough to realize what I was saying wasn't new. It was new to me because I hadn't said it before, but it wasn't new to the world."

"*Graceland* is just a natural evolution of my interest and skills that go back to when I first started to listen to music. I see elements of my earliest memory of music in my records, and even lyrical references to my earliest, from my adolescence. I use whatever comes out of my consciousness, then edit it to make it as interesting as I can."

For all the personal themes in his songs, he's rarely written about his 14-year-old son, Harper, who lives three blocks away from Simon with Simon's first wife, Peggy. "I tried to (write about Harper), but I was just too overwhelmed with love to write. I couldn't think of anything to write other than 'You totally amaze and mesmerize me, I'm so in love with you I can't contain myself.'"

"Life is so different now, from when I was growing up, and the circumstances of his life are so different from the circumstances of my life. There are a lot more dangers now. There are all kinds of drugs around, serious drugs. I just tell him what the potential dangers are, and about people I know who have died or seriously derailed their lives. I try to depict it in such a way that it hits home."

Simon notes that his son shares his interest in music. "Harper's been through his punk phase, when he was listening to groups like the Sex Pistols, UB40 and Talking Heads. He's out of that phase now. He's a big reggae fan. He's really into it. He goes to Sunsplash and listens to the records of Yellowman, Half-Pint, and Bob Marley of course."

Does Simon feel his music connects with the interests of his son and his generation? "I think about what I'm doing, about my work, and I do what interests me. It's been a long time since I assumed what I was interested in was going to be of interest to a lot of people. I personally feel that the reception you get has more to do with the piece of work that you do than your age, but in general, in pop music the older you get, the harder it is."

"However, each new group of 16- or 17-year-olds that wants to listen to or make music has to start at the beginning, and that means people who are more mature are not going to be able to speak to them, because they're not interested in the pain of

growing up as a 16-year-old. As well, the older you get, the more complex the work tends to become, and your vision becomes more private, more personal. And when that happens, it's harder to find a mass following."

Simon long ago figured he'd probably never top the sales and acclaim of *Bridge Over Troubled Water*, and seems philosophically resigned to the likelihood of drifting away from the big sales figures for good.

He continues to be committed to writing for his age group. As he complained to the *New York Times* in May of 1973, "Nobody's making music for me" — and he says he believes that now more than ever. "Rock is the music that I not only grew up in, but I participated in, so I like rock and roll. However, it's a field that really isn't given to thinking — and resents thinking. It's always aspired to be the music of the working class, and it's never been looked upon as a vocabulary for art and artistic thinking. While it actually is great working-class music that is so much part of our lives now, it is also our vocabulary; a vocabulary whose basis is 1950s rock and roll. We have been able to expand it to express more complex thoughts."

Discussing how, in the popular arts, we tend to discard people and ideas very easily, Simon believes the public doesn't expect a popular artist to mature, and consequently, few become anything more than ageing popular artists. "An interesting problem for many songwriters is what happens to them when they become too good for commercial taste. The age of the average listener — the record buyer — tends to remain the same, or perhaps drift up a bit, and so the writer finds himself in a situation where, as he grows older, he is dealing with a much younger audience. I once read an interview with Hoagy Carmichael, done a year or so before he died, in which he was asked what he would write today if he were still writing. He answered that he *was* still writing, but nobody wanted to hear his music. In fact, those were some of his best songs."

"I've changed my mind a few times about staying in this field. If I'm healthy I'll still be doing what I've done since I was 13 — writing songs. It's as exhilarating now as ever. I get a very satisfied feeling that I never get in any other part of my life. You do good work and it has an impact. You may sell fewer records as you get older, but so what?"

*Bridge Over Troubled Water* may have outsold *Graceland*, but it's to Paul Simon's credit that both will stand up, years hence, as truly reflective of their eras. And the creator of both will be regarded as one of the finest pop artists of our time.

*Larry LeBlanc is a freelance writer, archivist and musicologist who lives in Toronto. He is a Consulting Editor with NETWORK.*





## CAR CD PLAYERS

by GORDON BROCKHOUSE



Most music lovers consider the Compact Disc the *ne plus ultra* of sound reproduction. No wonder. CDs are totally free of the ticks, pops and hiss that have plagued recorded sound ever since Thomas Edison recorded his voice on a wax cylinder.

So when CD players were introduced in 1982, it was natural that audiophiles would clamor for models to play CDs in the car. Always anxious to open up new markets, electronics manufacturers were eager to oblige.

It took them over a year. The car, it need hardly be said, is a far more hostile environment for sound reproduction than the living room. Not the least of the problems manufacturers had to address was *vibration*. CDs are read by laser beams which scan tiny pits containing digitized musical information. Sudden shocks can cause the laser to jump tracks, so car CD players have to be well isolated from the bump and grind of life on the road.

Manufacturers also had to design players able to deal with temperature extremes not encountered in home environments. According to Alpine, its car equipment can function in temperatures up to 100°C; important since one of its players has a CD changer stored in the trunk.

Consumers who want to play CDs in the car now have a wide range of choices. Instead of installing a cassette/receiver in the car-radio opening in their car's dashboard, they can put in a CD player, in effect substituting CDs for cassettes as a program source. In-dash CD players are offered by Alpine, Blaupunkt, JVC, Sanyo, Sony, Technics and Yamaha.

These units do not incorporate amplifiers, so need external amps to drive speakers. In addition to the expense of the players themselves—prices start at around \$450—amplifiers add to the cost of putting together a CD system.

Car CD manufacturers aren't trying to bilk consumers by leaving out the amplifier. In the unlimited space available in a typical dashboard opening, it's just not possible to put a CD player, AM/FM tuner and amplifier. In addition, the power output of most car stereos with built-in amps is three watts per channel, and that's

not enough to take advantage of the dynamic range available on CDs.

Dynamic range is the difference between the loudest and quietest levels a piece of equipment can produce without noise or distortion. Along with their freedom from noise, speed variations and distortion, CD players have a wider dynamic range than any other audio source. To reproduce the CDs' extraordinary dynamics takes power, and lots of it. So if you're not prepared to follow through on the rest of the system, there's little point in a car CD player.

With any car audio system, proper installation is critical. Since CD systems are equipped with external amps, and often many speakers, there are more places for an installer to mess up. Mistakes don't just affect audio performance. A sloppy installation can damage the look of your car's interior. Even more serious, fires have been known to start when power cables, which the installer wired directly to the battery and did not protect with fuses, shorted out on flammable material.

Such catastrophes, thankfully, are extremely rare. But they make a couple of important points. First of all, car audio installation is complex, particularly if modifications are being made to the car to accommodate the system. So expect to pay for it. If installation is "thrown in," there's a real chance that corners are being cut to keep costs down.

Secondly, you should check the reputation of the installer by talking with friends who've bought systems, and by checking with the manufacturer of the equipment you're buying. Finally, have a look at the installation shop itself. If it's neat and well equipped, that's a good sign right there.

It may be possible to integrate a CD player with an existing system. CD players from Alpine, Denon, Mitsubishi, Fujitsu, Kenwood, Panasonic, Pioneer and Sony can be mounted in or under the dash, and connected to the power amplifiers.

Some manufacturers are now selling in-dash AM/FM/cassette players with input jacks for portable (or under-dash) CD players. They also have controls to allow users to switch between radio, tape and CD. Portable CDs are available from

such suppliers as Hitachi, JVC, Panasonic, Pioneer, Sanyo, Sony, Technics and Toshiba. Prices begin around \$200.

For systems without CD inputs, FM and cassette adapters are available. With the former, a cable is connected between the line output jacks of the portable CD and the adapter itself. The adapter connects to the radio's antenna input. To use the player, the listener tunes in a specific FM frequency. The CD player is connected to a cassette adapter in the same way. To use it, you slip a cassette-shaped device into the stereo's cassette bay. FM adapters are available from Sparkomatic. Recoton offers a cassette adapter.

Both adapters are inexpensive, but some degradation in sound quality is to be expected. Nonetheless, both offer an inexpensive way to add CD capability to an existing system. When using a portable CD player in the car, be sure to secure it so sudden stops don't send it flying.

We've already talked about some advantages of CDs over cassettes: superb dynamic range and near-total freedom from noise and distortion. In the car though, these advantages are less pronounced than in the home.

First of all, shoehorning a CD transport (and associated electronics) into a component that can fit inside the dash entails some compromises. Though a cut above cassettes, car CD players are noisier than their home counterparts.

But the main limitation is the automobile environment itself. Road and wind noise mask quiet details, especially if the sunroof or windows are open. A car-audio system's maximum output is limited by the capabilities of the amplifier and speakers, but also by the limits of human endurance.

At the top of my "wish list" for a car CD player would be a control to *limit* dynamic range. Such a control would raise the level of the quietest passages, and lower the loudest peaks. Though it might seem perverse to negate one of the medium's advantages, it would mean that in a car environment, I could hear soft passages without them being masked by road noise, and high levels without hopeless distortion, or without being blown out of the car.





*Ron* **CARIOCA**

A TASTE OF THE ISLANDS.



**NETWORK** asked: If you were stranded on a desert island, what six discs would you choose to have with you?

## K.D. LANG



1. *The Patsy Cline Story*, Patsy Cline (Decca)
2. *Country Hits Volume 7* (K-Tel)
3. *Latin Lee*, Peggy Lee (Capitol)
4. *Season of Glass*, Yoko Ono (Geffen)
5. *Future Talk*, Urszula Dudziak (Inner City)
6. *Hard Hittin' Songs For Hard Hit People*, Hazel Dickens (Rounder)

The best description of Canada's country chanteuse comes from journalist Leslie Berman of the *Village Voice*: "K.D. Lang looks like the Ricky Nelson side of Clark Kent, moves like Elvis (both/either), and sings as if she's the reincarnation of Patsy Cline she likes to say she is."

For the past two years K.D., a native of Consort, Alberta has been the darling of the Canadian entertainment press, who've cooed and swooned over her every appearance. Most Canadians were left in the dark because the only record on hand was the hard to get and badly recorded *A Truly Western Experience* on the indie Bumstead label. Now, her unusual musical quality is available on a dazzling new album, *Angel With A Lariat*, produced by Dave Edmunds, on Sire Records. No doubt you've heard the snappy update K.D. and her band, The Reclines, have given to Lynn Anderson's 1970 hokey hit "Rose Garden"? —Anya Wilson

## AUDIO

This feature is not offered by any car audio manufacturer. But it is available on dbx's DX-3 home player. The player's dynamic limiting control can be used for background listening, or to make tapes with less dynamic range than the original disk, which would work better on many car cassette machines.

With the lower limit posed by road noise, and the upper limit posed by available power and the listener's pain threshold, the dynamic range available to real-world listeners is less than even a good cassette player can deliver.

But that doesn't mean cassettes will sound as good as CDs in a car. Sudden dynamic peaks can be reproduced on CDs that are impossible on cassette, and these can be produced by a good car audio system. And CDs have other audio advantages, such as smoother frequency response and absolute speed accuracy. But the difference between CDs and cassettes played through a top-notch car system might be less than you'd expect.

All this means that your car has a bearing on how an audio system will perform. It's far easier to appreciate the superb sound of a good CD system in a 1986 Mercedes Benz than a 1968 rust-ridden clunker.

However, CDs offer convenience features over cassettes. For example, listeners can *instantly* switch selections, or program the unit to play selections in a predetermined sequence. Some cassette players allow users to scan forward or backward to a specific selection, but they do not have the flexibility or speed of CDs.

Software costs involve a tradeoff. At \$16 to \$25 a pop, CDs are about three times as expensive as pre-recorded cassettes. However, if you have a library of CDs at home, a car player helps you get more mileage out of your software investment.

Contrary to popular belief, CDs *are* vulnerable to damage, though far less so than vinyl LPs. Nonetheless, smudges and surface scratches will degrade performance. Unless discs are always kept in their jewel cases, this is not an improbable occurrence in a car environment. And it isn't the easiest thing in the world to remove a disc from its case while trying to keep your car on the road.

The problem is addressed by two different approaches. Blaupunkt and Yamaha both offer players that use protective "caddies." Discs are inserted in the caddy directly, and the caddy is inserted into the player; the player extracts the disc. The catch is that caddies *must* be used with these units.

Cartridges are also used with CD changers from Alpine and Sony. With the Sony unit, as many as 10 discs can be stored on a CD changer located in the trunk. The Alpine player will accommodate 12 CDs. Both changers operate under control of modules installed in the dashboard. Listeners can choose specific selections from specific discs. With either player, you can load up the changer with all the music you want to hear on a long trip.

Theft of car stereo equipment has reached alarming proportions, especially in large cities, and thieves do more than steal. Typically, they mangle the dashboard, inconveniencing car owners who are forced to wait days for repairs, and aggravating insurance companies.

Car CD players are new and scarce enough that they probably haven't attracted thieves' attention, but that will no doubt change. Removable in-dash cassette players are available from Kenwood, while models from Carver and Jensen require the entry of a special access code if power is interrupted. But so far, these anti-theft features are not available on in-dash CD players.

Under-dash players can be mounted on a removable bracket; and of course portable models can be protected from theft. Another approach is to install an alarm system, though none are foolproof.

Owners of CD changers might worry about having their trunk as well as their dashboard destroyed, but according to the U.S. Insurance Bureau, the average theft takes only 22 seconds. Thieves want to finish the job and get out; that's why they're so destructive. It's unlikely they'll want to stick around and go to work on a trunk. For one thing, they're more visible; there's no passenger compartment for them to hide in.

Though they might not perform quite as well as their home counterparts, there's no doubt that CDs are indeed the *ne plus ultra* of car audio as well. Should you buy a car CD? There's only one way to find out. Go to a dealer and listen. Compare CD with cassette systems. Then decide, bearing in mind the limitations of your car and budget.

*Gordon Brockhouse is a Toronto-based freelance writer specializing in various technologies, including audio and video.*



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# THE SIGHT OF

# MUSIC

*Dramatic scoring of motion pictures is dead. Long live dramatic scoring of motion pictures. Listen closely.*

by TED GILLING



It was a major experience for a 12-year-old. I had just sat through four hours of *Gone With The Wind*, dazzled by its scope, its colour, its story, its epic sense of what movies are all about. The music kept playing in my head long afterwards, weaving together the drama, the comic interludes, the gallery of superbly drawn characters.

Then I discovered a 10-inch long-playing record of Max Steiner conducting an orchestral suite from his *Gone With The Wind* score. That began a quarter century of collecting, trading and searching for movie soundtrack albums.

But I've stopped collecting. The search now proves too difficult. The times have changed; the record and movie businesses have changed, and I've recently started to wonder if I've just been standing still. So I sat down with three friends, all of whom are marketing professionals in one way or another, and we talked about commercial attitudes toward contemporary film scoring. When I transcribed the conversation, I was astonished at the consistency of our viewpoints. Each of us, in his own way, lamented the state of a

once-magnificent art form.

Their names have been changed. The rest is as we spoke it.

"Tom" is a marketing executive with a major retail chain which is neither film nor record related. Long a collector of film music albums, he is an acknowledged expert on the subject.

"Ron" is a major name in video and music sales, as well as a professional musician.

"Brian" is also a professional musician, and an executive with a major U.S.-based video production company.

**TED:** It seems to me that now, film scores are coming full circle. When they began in the silent film days, the point of a score was to go along with the picture, but deal with emotions only in a basic, general way. There was no attempt at synchronization. American movies began using fully synchronized dramatic scores around 1933 when Max Steiner wrote *King Kong*.

**TOM:** A dramatic score was certainly 98% of most films, but the tunesmiths were always there too,



The changing nature of reel sound: The dramatic score of *Gone With The Wind* (right) lifted us up; *American Graffiti*'s reprise of an era's music took us back (left); and *Top Gun*'s collection of custom pop hits dropped us square in front of the cash register.



providing the rest of it. A 78-rpm disc would highlight that tune and nothing else. Today, the tunesmith—country & western, rock, jazz—gets the whole score in most cases, and always with an eye on the soundtrack LP revenues. Hugo Friedhofer, who did a lot of first-rate scores on his own after years of orchestrating for Max Steiner, said, "Eventually they're going to write the song first and shoot the picture around the tune."

**TED:** That's a long distance from what first hooked me on soundtracks. I can't get interested in a film score that isn't part of the architecture of the story. I want it to emerge from and support the visuals and the narrative, but now that's happening less and less. Why?

**BRIAN:** Obviously, many scenes in movies are now cut to existing music. Part of the reason is the music video phenomenon that began in the '60s with bands doing promotional numbers on videotape to plug concerts on variety and talk shows.

**RON:** More and more, the record-album concept precedes the making of the film and influences it as a *marketing* rather than an artistic concept. If a



soundtrack is rock-video oriented, the movie will be shot and cut that way and visuals and dramatics will be secondary. The film that emerges will always lack cohesion. This isn't to say it won't be successful, but it sabotages the film experience.

However, soundtracks still sell. *Top Gun* has sold thousands of records, despite the fact that it takes the shotgun approach—throw it all in and see if it works—which has been par for the course since the start of this decade. *The Color of Money* also has a pop soundtrack.

**TED:** Leaving aside any artistic implications or qualitative judgements for a moment, let's talk about how that commercialization evolved. Pop songs in non-musical films have been around for a long time as a marketing device. The first one I can think of was a Jennifer Jones/Joseph Cotten movie from 1945 called *Love Letters*. Victor Young, who wrote the score, was given orders by Paramount to be sure to write a love theme to which lyrics could be put, so it could be sold as a single. The song actually became better known than the picture. From there it isn't a big jump to





'50s film, where the producer would insist that the main title be a pop song which would help sell an album. *The Long Hot Summer* is one example.

**TOM:** Sure, but it went beyond that in the '60s where you would get a score like *Hurry Sundown* by Hugo Montenegro. It worked very well in the film, but was completely rerecorded for the album in a pop style which distorted what the original soundtrack was doing: a black, gospel, pastoral Americana approach.

It was also in this period—early- to mid-'60s—that the multi-dimensional theme score began to disappear. It was replaced by the single-theme score such as John Barry wrote for the James Bond films. That theme could sell the records, and sometimes the film itself.

**TED:** So we've gone from dramatic, multi-dimensional scoring to the predominance of tunesmiths 'wrapping' the film, then orders from the marketing office to 'wrap' with hits, to actual revamping of original scores to promote the film and sell the recording. Single themes replaced the multis. From there it wasn't a long step to Friedhofer's prediction that the music would precede the film. What was the first example of a soundtrack created before the film?

**BRIAN:** Probably *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, which was concocted in 1969 as a package. As musicians, the Bee Gees and Peter Frampton were hot at the time, so they were the focus. They did interesting music, but it was prostituted in the way it was used in the film and the public hated it.

Ken Russell in England certainly built the films *Tommy* and *Quadrophenia* around their soundtracks, but there was at least an attempt at some narrative development. I'd say these, and *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* in 1975 marked the crossover of rock into the heart of filmmaking. After that, more and more producers began to believe that the rock element *alone* might entice teen audiences.

**TED:** That may be the point where I started to lose interest. I find it hard to relate to a film which lacks continuity, cohesion, and *some* sense of artistic integrity. That doesn't mean I think a rock/pop score is wrong. For instance, none of the music in *American Graffiti* (1973) or *The Big Chill* (1983) was written for the film, but lifted instead from pop material of the early- and late-'60s, respectively. Both worked very well, because the filmmakers had a genuine vision of what they wanted.

**RON:** That type of film is another thing altogether. The marketing of those soundtracks came after the fact. The idea was that if the movies struck the right chord in their audiences, the records might be successful. But the idea in both cases was to distill the pop-music culture of an era, and not be self-conscious about it.

**TOM:** It was good calibre music of its type, designed to push emotional buttons without necessarily being part of the architecture. But there was a generalized dramatic reference.

**TED:** But that 'button pushing' would seem to be an argument for both the *American Graffiti* type of film, and the *Top Gun* type, at least on the surface. What's the difference to the audience?

**BRIAN:** The trick is matching. Does the song uncover the emotion we're looking for in a given scene? *Graffiti's* music evokes an overall emotional response. We're looking today at a generation of filmmakers who grew up on pop music. They want the scores to provide emotional subtexts often missing from the scripts, but the style has changed.

You can't show Tom Cruise and Kelly McGillis in a love scene in *Top Gun* and have them speak dialogue like Bogart and Bergman did 45 years ago. Nobody does that 'words of love' stuff anymore. It's out of context with the times we live in. So we have them on view in slow motion in various stages of the sex act with a song called "Take My Breath Away" on the soundtrack of *Top Gun*. It's lush, hip, and synthesized.

**TED:** And afraid of dealing with the real emotions? Scores in the '40s wanted you to soar. This stuff wants you to keep a cool distance.



**BRIAN:** I would disagree with that. I'd say these guys want you inside the story and it's the only way they know, but it's often very effective.

I think there are three top names in modern film composition who work *successfully* from a pop music context. Vangelis, of course, did the scores for *Chariots of Fire* and *Blade Runner*. He works very much in an electronic style and he wants to interpret and counterpoint images. Mark Knopfler, the lead guitarist for Dire Straits, scored films like *Cal* and *Local Hero*. He plays the most fluid guitar I've ever heard and he has always regarded his rock material as mini-movies. Both he and Ry Cooder, who did *The Border* and *Southern Comfort*, are field musicians. Cooder likes the roots-of-America style. All three write in the traditional format.

**TED:** Writing 'in the traditional format' seems to beg the question: why not return to dramatic scoring? Have we become rock or pop oriented to the point that we're blinded to all other options?

**TOM:** Films are often taken down a peg or two when visuals cry out for symphonic accompaniment and get a pop score instead, but rock musicians are now getting the majority of assignments. Tangerine Dream has scored five or six films over the last year or so alone. The most interesting case for this discussion is the film *Legend*. In Europe, it has a score by Jerry Goldsmith, who has been writing *traditional* orchestral scores since the '50s. The U.S. distributors decided to replace it with a score by Tangerine Dream. The dramatic score is an increasingly marginal item.

**TED:** But demographics say young people don't care about that, and perhaps this is a partial answer to my earlier questions. Teenage audiences are after the instant gratification of a rock/pop score. You can't talk about this subject though, without travelling the length and breadth of contemporary culture.

**BRIAN:** Pop music is at the heart of the culture made for the young by the middle-aged. They're trying to hotwire those films and their music into the emotional responses of teenagers because they burst their own pimples to that type of material a generation ago. In my youth I believed pop music was art, and that what I wrote would make a difference. Now I find it's really journalism—read for the moment and trashed at the end of the day.

**RON:** It'll continue until the age group they're targeting decides to grow up or not. It's purely supply and demand.

**TED:** So it's simply conspicuous consumption. What I'm hearing in all of this is that we have moved well beyond even the stage where filmmakers bring in existing music to 'fit' to the visuals. We are seeing a market-analysis approach to the music, with the importance of the film it's stuck to trailing along behind there somewhere. It's a total turnaround, by discernable degrees.



Giorgio Moroder's revamp of *Metropolis* (opposite page): pop goes the classic. *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (above), concocted as a "package," failed as a marketing vehicle. But *The Big Chill* (left), not even a conscientious contender for soundtrack revenues out of the blocks, managed to push the right emotional buttons.



**BRIAN:** Demographics are everything now, and they deal in ingredients, so filmmakers string components together or do movies about movies. Tobe Hooper's *Invaders From Mars* deals with the same subject as the original '50s movie, but it's really just a cut-and-paste job of ingredients that haven't been rethought. Press releases say they're getting 'inspiration' from another era, but I think it all has to come from the filmmaker himself.

**TED:** What they call inspiration, I call theft.

**RON:** They don't look at it that way. When Giorgio Moroder decided to add a rock score to Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*, he looked on it as a new way of bringing a classic movie from 60 years ago to a new mass audience. The rock score would make it palatable and colourization would make it modern. Rock videos are supposed to have images



## ACADEMY AWARDS SAMPLER

### BEST PICTURE

*The French Connection*

### BEST ACTOR

Gene Hackman,  
*The French Connection*

### BEST ACTRESS

Jane Fonda, *Klute*

### SPECIAL AWARD

Charlie Chaplin

## BILLBOARD TOP 100 SAMPLER

WKS #1	TITLE/Artist(s)
5	<b>ONE BAD APPLE</b> The Osmonds
2	<b>ME AND BOBBY MCGEE</b> Janis Joplin
6	<b>JOY TO THE WORLD</b> Three Dog Night
2	<b>BROWN SUGAR</b> The Rolling Stones
5	<b>IT'S TOO LATE/ I FEEL THE EARTH MOVE</b> Carole King
4	<b>HOW CAN YOU MEND A BROKEN HEART</b> Bee Gees
5	<b>MAGGIE MAY/ REASON TO BELIEVE</b> Rod Stewart
3	<b>FAMILY AFFAIR</b> Sly and the Family Stone
3	<b>BRAND NEW KEY</b> Melanie

which catch your eye in three minutes. That makes *Metropolis* the best rock video ever made, because there's always something novel to catch the kids' attention.

**BRIAN:** Attention? It's the only film under 90 minutes that ever put me to sleep. It didn't do well in theatres and it hasn't yet reached cult status to become a 'midnight' movie. Young people hated the score and I personally found it so faceless I can hardly remember who the artists were. The rock and roll crowd turned their backs, and those who loved the movie as a classic were disgusted. I think the only reason it happened was that Moroder had had several rock hits and presented the distributors with a movie they didn't have to make beyond throwing a soundtrack on it.

**TED:** How far can this go?

**RON:** There's a man in Los Angeles who makes his living by finding a dozen rock songs for a producer, on demand. I've seen him at seminars where he claims he has more integrity than most of his colleagues. Makes you wonder what the others are like. There's no concern with emotional expansion of audiences. It's bludgeoning — limiting emotions, destroying subtlety. Even the most overt art is based on subtlety. Great art is like great sex; bad art is like a furtive quickie.

**TED:** These guys fantasize about getting a great climax every three minutes. It's impossible, but they go for it anyway. Maybe it's a logical consequence of the drug culture of the past 20 years. How much do you think that has influenced the way current movies are put together?

**BRIAN:** The link is a cliché at this point. Many in the music scene are anti-drugs because they've learned the hard way. Frank Zappa and The Mothers of Invention were the weirdest band I ever heard, but he was anti-drug at a time when it was very hard to be. Some musicians won't drink coffee because of the caffeine stimulus, so I don't see an automatic drug-pop music link. The cocaine users are barely into music because of the concentration factor.

**RON:** If you bring that up, you also have to consider wine coolers, fast food, network television and all the other elements that spell instant gratification and escape. We are overweight from this kind of consumption, whether it's mass-market hamburgers or music videos.

**TED:** If drugs aren't at the core of all this instant gratification thing, what is? Is it philosophical? Are the kids saying 'there is no tomorrow in a nuclear age and because of that, the past has nothing to teach us'?

**BRIAN:** Romance and dreams and hopes are not options because they're too slow. Music videos and the movies that resemble them are put together so you have an immediate picture to distract you without worrying too much about what the lyrics are saying.

**TED:** But a lot of the focus in these movies and music videos seems to be on destruction, disintegration and refuse. Why?

**BRIAN:** I was told once that a piece of music I had written was not truly rock and roll because it was too positive, too uplifting in its attitude to human behaviour. Rock music originally started to express some deeply suppressed and very physical feelings people had. Now that those are on the surface of rock culture and the age is more openly sexual, that has been subverted and they're looking for something else deeply suppressed in the culture. They've gone for violence.

**TED:** They're running out of suppressions, aren't they? You can only go crazy for so long, break things up for so long. Then what?

**BRIAN:** I find that this generation of filmmakers is unwilling to look into their own hearts and see what they find there. The industry is happy about that because formula approaches are much easier to place on market prediction graphs. They're chemists who want to mix elements without blending them. Editing and music are supposed to solve all the flaws.

**TED:** Chemistry is an old and honourable term in movies that evoked what happened between performers onscreen or between screen and audience. I rarely find that old 'chemistry' in film anymore, and I wonder if we'll ever find it again, except in isolated instances.

**BRIAN:** One possibility is the made-for-video movie. There won't be high budgets, so originality and creativity will be mandatory; car chases and special effects will be cut down and they'll have to go back to what people can do to, with and against each other on a personal basis. That has always been the core of any form of entertainment.

**TED:** And let's hope the soundtracks will reflect that. We are still living Friedhofer's prediction—maybe even a parody of it—but the circle, I'm convinced, will come around.

Bernard Herrmann, another traditional composer, was convinced of the same thing. Filmmaker Francois Truffaut asked Herrmann to score the science-fiction film, *Fahrenheit 451*, because Truffaut felt the 'avant garde' people would only give him 20th-century music. Herrmann, he thought, would give him the 21st. Herrmann agreed. He thought the next century would revert to a very simple, lyrical kind of music; a relief for lives that were scrutinized and pressured from morning until night.

When he finished his score, for strings, harps and a few percussion instruments, Herrmann said, "I'm not interested in the Mozart *G Minor Symphony* with a rock background, and I don't like the Mona Lisa with a moustache. All this whoopee stuff calls itself the music of the future. I think it's the music of the past."

Amen, Bernard. Roll credits.



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# GUEST ROOM

## PLEASE ADJUST YOUR SET

by TIM BLANKS



Huey Lewis has got to be kidding. How could it *possibly* be hip to be square?

But what if Lewis *isn't* kidding? Two years ago, Granite Jaw was hollering something about wanting a new drug. Two kids, a stock portfolio and a golf handicap later, he's found his suburban nirvana in Mill Valley. Papa Huey now has investments to protect and square's where it's at.

Millions clearly agree. Horror of horrors, it *is* hip to be square. Not L-7 square: plaid pants, fours for bridge and limbo-ing to Steve and Eydie with the neighbours on Saturday night. But square as in:

- Stockbrokers as sex symbols
- *Cosby* as the biggest boob-tube phenomenon of the age
- Game show hostesses as the *second* biggest boob-tube phenomenon
- Boston back on top of the charts
- The Nixons—Dick, Pat, Tricia and lil'

Julie—back from Siberia

• Prom-night crinolines back in style.... and on and on. Perhaps a body need only come slap up against black music, where hip was begotten, being of one substance with a long line of jazz and R'n'B stars. Now the mantle of cool is being sported by cappucino glamour puss Whitey . . . oops, *Whitney* Houston, and the extraordinarily ordinary Lionel Richie, while, over at the lab, Michael J. the mad zookeeper has but recently had his petite puss surgically altered to bring it more into line with that of Kirk Douglas, a craggy icon of Caucasian square if ever I saw one.

The hipness of square boils down to plain old human predictability. We're a no-surprises bunch, conditioned to simple action/reaction responses. Right now, the planet has swung into one of its unconventional phases: "Shi'ites rise, shuttles fall,

reason sleeps, and AIDS conquers all" (Shakespeare said it first). Our reaction? To take cover in the sureties of convention, already tested and found true. In fact, wacky sensation-seekers that we are, we've gone *further* and made said taking cover the absolute latest thing to do.

The dead giveaway is the nostalgia boom. Rose-coloured glasses have become *de rigeur*, not just for Reaganauts, but for all those of tender sensibility who feel battered by political cynicism, economic decline and the onslaught of terrifying new epidemics. That's why we have to endure demagogic wars on Sandinistas and coke, crack and smack, which are, at best, distractions from the *real* issues. But of course, nostalgia is *square*—it replaces the hard lessons of history with an idealized vista trimmed of all discomfort and ambiguity.

Hence *Top Gun*, the biggest movie of '86.





Add a smear of hotblooded homoeroticism to good ol' red, white and blue escapism and you've got a mix the pioneer spirit can't resist. But *Cosby*!?! Now *that's* an altogether more significant success story, because it's the vehicle by which Huey's hipness has been borne into the hearts and minds of the masses.

The blissful-cloud-cuckoo patriarchy that is the Huxtable household is as smug, stolid and square as Tom Cruise's bunkhouse, but the blood runs cold in *Cosby*-land. Which is why the heart of the household is—wait for it—the refrigerator. Every post-nuclear family sitcom spends a swag of its running time at the fridge, usually pouring juice into glasses which are then left untouched on kitchen counters. It is a celebration of square as intense as the taking of wine at a Catholic altar. And it's not a whit less self-absorbed.

Which is the most hateful aspect of the new hipness of square. It sanctions narcissism at a time when narcissism should be the last thing on anyone's mind. Beyond *Cosby*, television offers Don Johnson and Bruce Willis as totems of self-absorbed cool. For each of these individuals' professed liberalism, they're disappointingly perfect spokespeople for the let-them-eat-pancake-makeup mentality that has dogged and doomed the American Way during the

years of the Reagan administration. Face it—they're *square* (which is, of course, why they're currently so *hip*!).

That's show business for you, especially once you cross the Hollyweird Hills. We've got used to looking to rock for the rebel yell. Rebel? Hah! Social and sexual subversion made Dylan and Jagger superstars. As they cruise down the platinum-paved road to their midcentury, it seems politest to nurse fond memories and look away. Those who died (like Jim Morrison) aren't doing nearly as badly. And those who you *thought* had died (or maybe, wished *would* die) are doing best of all. As Karen Carpenter, a Nostradamus of our era, once sang, "it's yesterday once more."

So why quibble? If the entire continent is happy to bathe in 25 minutes of Dr. Cosby's cathode, or spend 90 minutes reviewing past glories with some Grecian Formula-ed tub o' guts and his geetar, is that so *bad*? And if the world wants to wallow in square, why not let it go to hell in Beaver Cleaver's handcart?

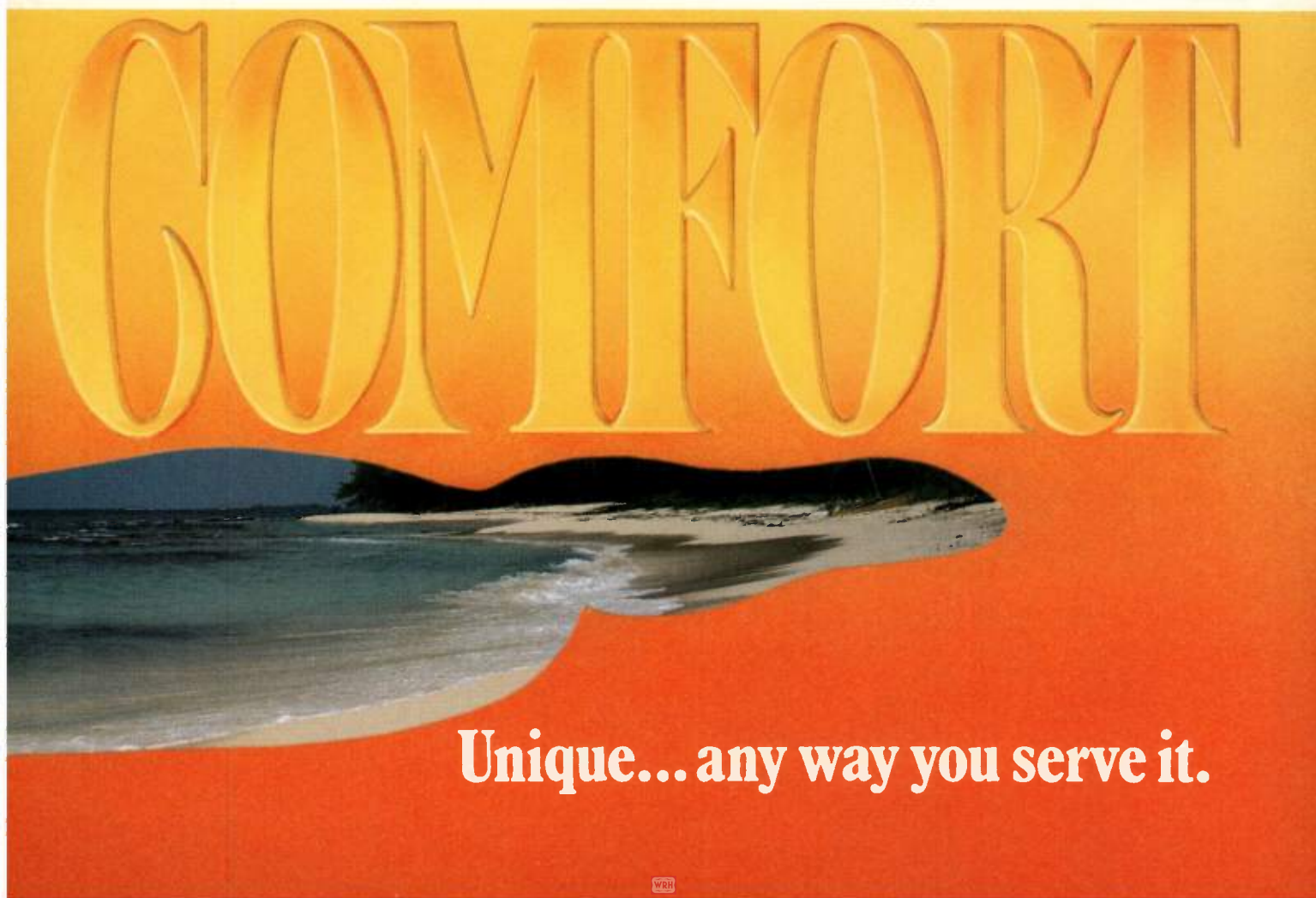
All well and each-man-to-his-own good. But let's look at the *long term*. Our communities won't survive the steady, cancerous spread of self-interest. The simplistic certitudes of nostalgia allow no confrontation with that kind of reality, and there you have the banal horror of the hipness of square.

It's *never* hip to be less than aware, or to blindly swallow the status quo.

That said, there's a bright flipside to L-7 hip, and you can hear it right now in the music of Paul Simon and Matt Johnson or see it in the films of Oliver Stone and David Lynch (to skim just four mainstream names from a pile of alternatives). All over the planet, there are people engaged in confronting, or at least attempting to unravel the ambiguous textures of the real world. These people understand that *knowledge*, not material gain, is the key to the future. And the groundswell of change is interconnected from country to country. It draws input not just from people in the arts. It's cross-cultural, non-partisan, pragmatic in its ideals and goals, and, however hoodoo voodoo it sounds at present, the sense of injustice that propels its adherents may eventually, inevitably take powerful political form.

At which point, square will be deservedly hammered back into its cobwebby nook between the Lawrence Welk records and the Huey Lewis sweatshirt. With only a hula hoop to keep it company. ◀

*Tim Blanks doesn't understand the value of money, is too round to be square and spends most of his days writing for Toronto Life Fashion.*





# PROFILE



## PLACIDO DOMINGO

*pera is not what it used to be, and opera stars are a brand new breed. Enter Placido Domingo — acclaimed tenor, conductor and actor — on the cutting edge of a new operatic age.*

by PETER GODDARD

I'll have to wait, I'm told. Mr. Domingo is busy. Mr. Domingo is terribly busy these days, so would I mind? Feigning impatience, I find the wait is not at all grueling. The hall I'm in, lost deep inside Madison Square Garden, has a group of women in it—what my father's generation would likely have called "real knock-outs."

And they appear to be waiting too. Between us is another small group, several men and women, all older and in formal dress. The opera star has just finished wowing a New York crowd with one of his hobbies—singing music from the Zarzuela, the Spanish equivalent of light operetta his parents starred in during the '40s.

The sombre, older crowd must be for him. The women—I'm told they're Miss America and Miss Universe—are obviously waiting for some of the celebs who'd turned out. Right?

Wrong. Domingo sweeps in, handsome but in a solidly interesting way, not movie-starish. His

face, even with the slightest suggestion of jowls, is truly masculine and not some trumped up, cleft-chinned version of the same. He's introduced to the two Misses. Giggles, smiles, flash bulbs and further introductions follow. Then he's off again, me in tow, ignoring the older folks.

Why would he want to have his photo taken with beauty pageant winners? I'm wondering. We climb through a maze of hallways. Why would they want their picture with someone who's not likely to be mentioned in the *Playboy* Adviser?

The answers are simple—if you understand Domingo and the new kind of opera star.

In his book, *The Glorious Ones: Classical Music's Legendary Performers*, former *New York Times* music critic Harold C. Schonberg evaluates the current War Of The Tenors; that is, Luciano Pavarotti versus Placido Domingo. Pavarotti wins by a TKO, Schonberg opines, because he has charisma and Domingo doesn't. "When Pavarotti walked on stage, he demanded respect. When Pavarotti walked on stage, he demanded and received love and adoration," Schonberg writes.

His model here is also the public's model for the opera singer: Caruso. It was Caruso's earthy, thoroughly human approach to singing that's best embodied by Pavarotti, the great cook, the larger-than-life teddy bear of a man. "Enrico's (Caruso's) nature was not only uncomplicated; it was actually elemental," noted his widow, Dorothy. Italian, elemental, basic—for years the public has come to understand these qualities as the essential ones in the opera star.

But they aren't Domingo. He's sophisticated,

PAUL RONALD/PSO





(Opposite, below, and this page, right) As Alfredo in Zeffirelli's film *La Traviata*, with Teresa Stratas as Violetta (right). (Below) As Otello in the Zeffirelli film of Verdi's opera.



PAUL RONALD/PSO



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thoughtful, analytical and intelligent. He's the thoroughly modern opera star, at once worldly (born in Madrid in 1941, he listened to American baseball while growing up in Mexico, and loved playing soccer) and very much the modern workaholic, counting his appearances by the hundreds. During one six-year period he completed a staggering 500 performances.

He tries harder. True, he's also tried to play the Pavarotti personality game, matching the latter's movie (*Yes, Giorgio*), with his own (*Carmen*, by Francesco Rosi). He's tried to match Pavarotti's pasta-filled, pop-ish albums with his own pop matchups, singing first with John Denver and later with Maureen McGovern. Sources close to both men realize that while the two get along in public, Domingo would like to have the ease with which his Italian rival attracts the media.

Domingo worries too much in this regard. If his chief rival is the last of the old-style opera stars,

he's the first of the new. And perhaps one of the earliest to recognize this was Leonard Bernstein.

In 1969, with his career already dazzling critics, Domingo was given leave by RCA, his record company, to record Verdi's *Requiem* with Bernstein and the London Symphony Orchestra for CBS. The recording was also shot on video for a future television broadcast. So Bernstein was particularly demanding of his soloists. Domingo fretted, reports go. How did he sound? Bernstein told him not to worry. He sounded great: "the microphone loves your voice."

In the past the great careers were made on the great stages with the great works. This was even true of Caruso, who nevertheless made some 250 records until his death in 1921. It's less true today, as the great careers are mostly made on record.

Domingo's debut at the New York Met—as a last-minute replacement for Franco Corelli in 1968, a mere four days before he was scheduled to appear—had Allen Hughes in the *New York Times* enthusing about his "fresh and clear" voice. But the stage is only one of several forums for him.

And with reason. He knows full well he'll never have the chances that an Adolphe Nourrit or a Jean de Reszke had to premier new roles. (Nour-



## “A golden age is coming in opera . . .”

rit's list is stunning, having premiered Arnold in *William Tell* by Rossini, Raoul in *Les Huguenots* by Meyerbeer, Eleazar in *La Juive* by Halévy, among many others. Domingo's list is spare. He had the rare opportunity to premier a new part when he sang the title role in Alberto Ginastera's atonal opera, *Don Rodrigo*.) Instead, Domingo has to take his career into directions the opera star of 100 years ago wouldn't begin to consider.

He's also made it count in new ways, too. The

opera star's clout has often been limited, particularly among musicians and conductors who—at times with reason—have regarded the star-hero as something akin to a Lippizaner stallion, to be put through its fancy tricks then stuffed back to a stall for some oats.

But Domingo's musicality or intelligence are rarely questioned. Music critic Raymond Ericson remarked in the *New York Times*: “He has a sizable, warm voice, and intelligence to boot, so that his singing (is) idiomatic without falling into bathos.” Schonberg assesses Domingo as “the best all-round performer in the business.”

But Domingo has put his reputation to work beyond the hermetically sealed world of opera. He was accorded Mexico's highest honour, the Order of the Aztec Eagle, from Mexican president Miguel de la Madrid for raising \$4 million from concerts around the world for victims of the devastating Mexican earthquake on September 19, 1985. He himself lost an aunt, uncle and two cousins. To allow himself time for the benefits, he announced he'd retire from opera for a year and was allowed out of a number of his contracts.

Up in the Garden's executive suite, I watch him work the crowd. Media stars, sports buffs, politicians and yes, even a few opera fanatics try to get close to him. He's terrific at the small chat needed here and, for the moment, I find it impossible to think of him as the opera star. Instead, he's like a young executive after a successful board meeting.

You see he's seen the future and knows how to handle it. The vocal problems which come with age are not likely to force him from the stage if his secondary career as a conductor takes shape.

“As difficult as symphony conducting is,” he says, “it is easier than opera.”

Logic would have it that such a grandiose, over-blown thing as opera should not exist these days. One of the reasons it does is because of a new generation of stars which has appeared (I'm thinking of Harolyn Blackwell or Jeffrey Wells, Susan Dunn and Franco Farina). Domingo, as singer, conductor and role model, even more than Pavarotti, is responsible for the way the public is receiving this generation. “A golden age is coming in opera,” he insists, “not with modern opera, but in the old repertory. So many (singers) are at the top in their thirties. If you can combine them with the older stars in the right operas, you will have a golden age.”

*Peter Goddard is a columnist for the Toronto Star.*

In a scene from the 1984 film, *Carmen*, with Julia Migenes-Johnson.







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## THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE FUZZY

by TED GILLING

You're a film lover and you're just discovering video. You simply want to know what's available and you need a simple guide.

That's the easy part. The tricky part comes when you want to shop intelligently for top-quality material copied from first-class sources. What standards apply? Video guides often won't tell you. This article will.

There are a few basic rules to know in buying quality video copies. Once you learn them, you'll find as many exceptions as you would in an English grammar book. The rules are based on U.S. copyright law, since most mastering is done there.

**RULE 1:** If a film is still in copyright and the copyright holder retains the original negative or a fine-grain print (MGM does with *Gone With The Wind*), chances are good you'll be able to purchase a first-class version on video. The soundtrack will be clean and the visuals largely unblemished, thanks to meticulous transferring of the film materials to a one-inch videotape master, from which all duplicating is done. Most of the major companies such as Warner, RCA/Columbia, CBS/Fox (and its subsidiaries), RKO, Paramount, MCA, Disney, Thorn EMI, Vestron, Embassy, Republic (NTA) and a few others have proven reliable.

**RULE 2:** If copyright has lapsed on a film, the general rule is that it is in the public domain (PD), and anyone may copy it without fear of reprisal from the negative holder. This is now unconditionally true for any film which has existed for 75 years or more, i.e. prior to 1912. Since 1978, copyright extends in a film for 75 years without further renewal. Between these years, it was necessary for film producers and companies to renew copyright after 28 calendar years, thus protecting ownership for the additional 47 years. If renewal occurred, the rights are currently secure, and quality copies are likely. If

copyright lapsed, your chances of finding a first-class copy of a film are less good, but not impossible.

Frank Capra's *It's A Wonderful Life* (1946) is a perennial favourite, available on video from several companies since it's now PD. Only Republic Home Video holds the original negative. They offer the title in mint condition on the Spotlight label. Copies on other labels are from fair to poor.

On the other hand, the 1934 version of Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*, with Bette Davis, is also out on several labels, but

none I've seen uses top-quality print materials because the negative sits in a vault at Warner Brothers, who purchased it for a 1946 remake. To complicate matters further, the Warner pre-1949 library of sound films was bought by United Artists, who in turn merged with MGM some years ago, and was recently purchased by entrepreneur Ted Turner. With a market flooded by cheaply made and sold copies, there isn't a lot of incentive to put out a first-class version because the public hasn't bothered to demand it.

Similar situations exist with other titles. In all the following cases, none of the negative holders (noted here parenthetically) have seen fit to offer the title on his own label: *My Man Godfrey* (1936) (MCA), *Penny Serenade* (Columbia), *The Outlaw* (MCA), *His Girl Friday* (Columbia), *A Star Is Born* (1973) (Warner), *Nothing Sacred* (Warner), *The Kennel Murder Case* (Warner), *This Is The Army* (Warner), *The Little Princess* (Fox), *Street Scene* (Fox), *The Greeks Had A Word For Them* (aka *Three Broadway Girls*) (Fox), *The Last Time I Saw Paris* (MGM), *Father's Little Dividend* (MGM), and *Svengali* (Warner). There are others.

Oddities abound. Millions love Charlie Chaplin's *The Gold Rush*. Seeing it on Canadian home video in a good version is a problem. Chaplin made the film for release in 1925 as a silent. In 1942, he reissued it minus the titles and a final scene, but added a music track and his own narration. In 1953, presumably preoccupied with the beginning of his long exile in Europe, he forgot to renew the copyright on

the silent version. But the sound reissue was renewed and is available along with other Chaplin classics on Playhouse





video (a CBS/Fox subsidiary) in the U.S. only. The holder of Canadian copyright on the bulk of the Chaplin library has so far refused to let the material be released here. A few enterprising dealers like Sam the Video Man have imported it. The silent version is available on several PD labels, none of which uses good print materials.

While it is true that copyrighted titles usually mean good commercial copies, availability may sometimes be obscure (Olivier's *Hamlet*), or confusing (RKO's *Citizen Kane*). The CBS Video Club, a mail-order house, has the exclusive home video rights to several vintage titles from the Rank Organisation: *Brief Encounter* (1945), *Hamlet* (1948), *Great Expectations* (1946), *Oliver Twist* (1948) and *The Red Shoes* (1948). These are available from Rank's Canadian headquarters in Toronto, but retail outlets cannot sell them.

The same company offers Olivier's masterpiece, *Henry V*, in the U.S., but the Canadian branch hasn't yet seen fit to make it available. *Citizen Kane*, Orson Welles' masterwork, is copyrighted and available on several labels only because RKO, who owns it, initially licensed the film (and a few others) to the Nostalgia Merchant label (via Warner in Canada) and Vidamerica (via Vestron) before finally deciding to issue it on the RKO label. As soon as licensing rights expire in two or three years with the other companies, RKO will distribute *Kane* exclusively. The point is, however, that in this case, the film was *licensed* and buyers can be sure of acceptable copies on all three labels.

One company which has not done well by copyrighted material is Monterey Home Video, a U.S. company distributed here by Screenkraft. They carry four titles originally produced by Walter Wanger: Fritz Lang's masterpiece, *You Only Live Once*; *Stand-In*, a rarely seen Bogart vehicle; *Young and Willing*, an early William

Holden film which also features Susan Hayward; and *House Across The Bay*, with George Raft. Television prints appear to have been used in the mastering, and the picture and sound quality are atrocious. The only consolation is that this sort of thing is a rarity in copyright situations.

There are signs that negative owners may be fighting back even when the film is in the public domain. Janus Films, a New York-based distributor of silent classics and foreign films, won a court case two years ago in which a \$100,000 judgement was rendered against a company that was distributing inferior copies of *The Third Man*, Hitchcock's *The 39 Steps*, and *The Lady Vanishes*, as well as two films in the Bulldog Drummond series. Janus retains all negative material in these works for North American video duplication, but the film titles are now out of copyright. Janus won the judgement (which was under appeal late in 1986) on the basis of copyright still in force on the literary sources on which these films were based. MPI distributes them.

Generally, however, most companies seem to have decided that court action on PD titles isn't worthwhile. The Alexander Korda library has a number of titles on which the copyright has lapsed, but first-class copies are or soon will be available through the Samuel Goldwyn Company on Embassy Home Entertainment. They include: *The Jungle Book*, *The Divorce of Lady X*, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, *Things To Come*, *Catherine The Great*, *The Private Life of Don Juan*, and *The Private Life of Henry VIII*.

Video is still discovering itself—"flying by the seat of its pants" as industry insiders like to say. Slowly, awareness is building that its phenomenal success is more closely related to the diversity of publishing than to the mass response of film or television. Habit will be always a component, but individual consumer selection is now the essence. That essence, as in publishing, manifests itself in increasingly fragmented ways. As the market grows, more and more specialty items appear, and large-scale popularity is unpredictable.

One thing, however, is certain in all of this. There will always be a few quick-buck companies around who are anxious to turn a profit by cranking out inferior copies of films, on the cheap. Some of the buying public likes it that way (or settles for it). Others are beginning to distinguish between the good, the bad and the fuzzy. ◀

*Ted Gilling is a Toronto-based freelance writer who has worked in various areas of the film industry, in Canada and Britain.*

**NETWORK** asked: If you were stranded on a desert island, what six discs would you choose to have with you?

## BOB GELDOF



1. *No Guru, No Method, No Teacher*, Van Morrison (Mercury)
2. *True Stories*, Talking Heads (Sire)
3. *The Blow Monkeys* (RCA)
4. *So*, Peter Gabriel (Geffen)
5. *Graceland*, Paul Simon (Warner Bros.)
6. *The Best of Otis Redding* (Atco)

This is the man who initiated the pop music charity-event binge by assembling British rock stars for the Band Aid single, "Do They Know It's Christmas," at the end of '84 to raise funds to fight the famine in Ethiopia. Among other noteworthy charitable projects, he organized the Live Aid concerts. For his efforts, he's been nominated twice for a Nobel Peace Prize and granted honorary knighthood by the Queen.

Considering his monumental humanitarian efforts in the past two years, it's been easy to forget that Geldof has been a singer/songwriter/leader with the Boomtown Rats since 1975. He only became a solo artist last year, recording *Deep In The Heart of Nowhere* on Atlantic when labels wanted to sign him, without the Rats.

—Anya Wilson

## TEN QUALITY PD FILM TITLES

TITLE	BEST VIDEO LABEL
<i>It's A Wonderful Life</i>	NTA/Republic/ Spotlite
<i>The Gold Rush</i> (1942 reissue)	Playhouse (U.S. only)
<i>The Third Man</i>	MPI
<i>The 39 Steps</i> (1935)	MPI
<i>The Lady Vanishes</i> (1938)	MPI
<i>The Jungle Book</i> (1942)	Embassy
<i>The Divorce of Lady X</i>	Embassy
<i>The Scarlet Pimpernel</i>	Embassy
<i>Things To Come</i>	Embassy
<i>The Private Life of Don Juan</i>	Embassy



# TOYS



*From practicality to diversion: Toys 'R' Great, and who hasn't got a wish list? Even if you don't, we'd like to make some suggestions, as gift ideas or for yourself. Remember, all work and no play drives the GNP down, and your blood pressure up. Relax./by Perry Stern*

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY D.A. HILL

As the hangovers and horrors of the holidays are white-washed by nostalgia (and short-term memory loss), perhaps it's safe again to return to the scene of the crime. One lingering side-effect of the Christmas season is the notion that toys are for kids. Forget it. Fun has no age limit.

Remember that incredible model plane that was way too complicated for your nephew, but would have looked terrific hanging over your stereo? When Betty received that hysterical dancing bear, didn't you turn just a little green? Admit it, it's okay. As spring revives our sense of playfulness, maybe it's time you hit the stores again and picked up a little something for your very best friend . . . you.



Want something to keep your guests entertained while you're off pouring the coffee or spooning the caviar onto the canapes? How about a **Striding Man, Roaming Robot** or **Working Wood-**

**cutter** from Tamiya? Constructed of wood and rudimentary electric circuits, these Japanese-made ice-breakers are simple to assemble and hysterical to watch. Best bet, however, is the **Walking Elephant**—remove the ears and set it on its backside, and Ol' Dumbo will breakdance 'til his batteries give out. Prices range from \$19.99 to \$24.99, and the instructions are hilarious.

Another fun robotic is Borgfedit Toys' **Spacedog**. Made of see-through plastic and electrical components, this mutt is repleat with blinking lights and sonic control. Clap your hands and Fido will either start or stop, which is more than you can say for the one you have to feed every day. For just \$34.99.



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COURTESY SCIENCE CITY, TORONTO





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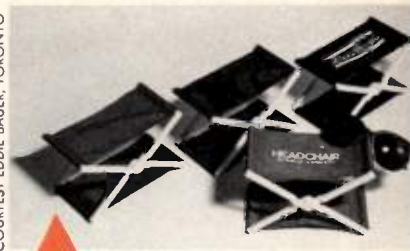
It's a jungle out there. The first thing to suffer will probably be your shoes, but the most obvious tattering will be wrought on your briefcase—that leather thing permanently implanted in your hand. If you'd like to save that expensive, uptown-looking piece of baggage for taking those important meetings, try a colourful alternative for daily jungle life: **plastic briefcases**. Available in seven colours, they retail for \$16.99. They are sturdy and lightweight, with a snap closure (no lock), but we suggest you don't try the water-

COURTESY SEMBLIT, TORONTO



proofing test. They don't float, go out for coffee or hold your squash racquet.

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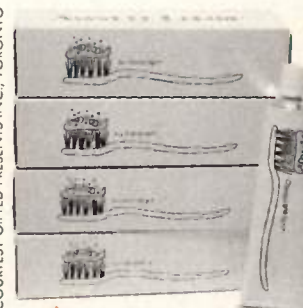


Now that the weather's taking a turn for the better, perhaps it's time to reconsider that porcelain skin tone. Tanning can be a pain in the neck for a number of reasons, and here are but two solutions: the **Head Chair** (at Eddie Bauer for \$12.00) will prop up that over-used noggin of yours while you bake; and the **Mobile Armatron** (Radio Shack for \$64.95) can apply lotion to all those hard-to-reach places.

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If you're not quite willing to attack a hangover with the hair of the dog, how about tricking your taste buds, and fighting tooth-decay at the same time? Try **liquor-flavoured toothpaste** for that special barroom wake-up feeling. Comes in Brandy, Whiskey, Rum, Vodka and Champagne (\$5.00).

*Perry Stern is a Toronto freelance writer with extensive experience in music, entertainment, and serious toy-appreciation.*

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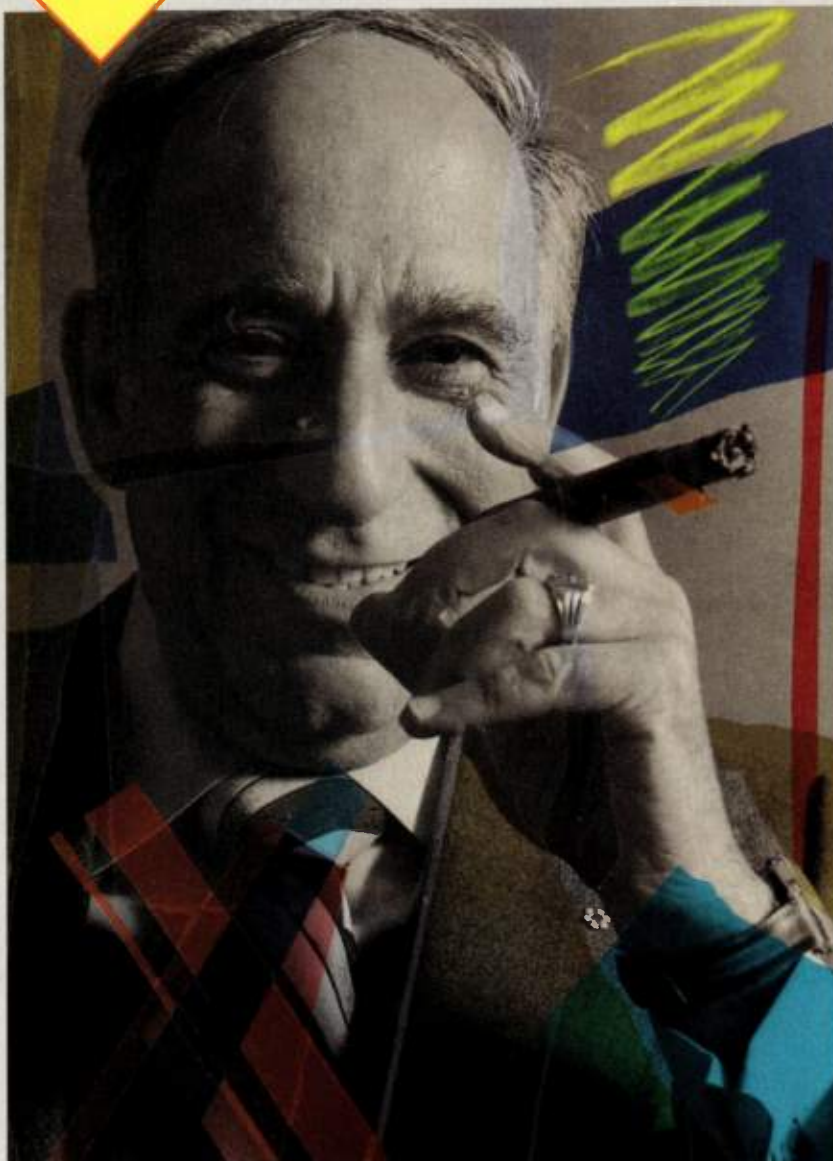
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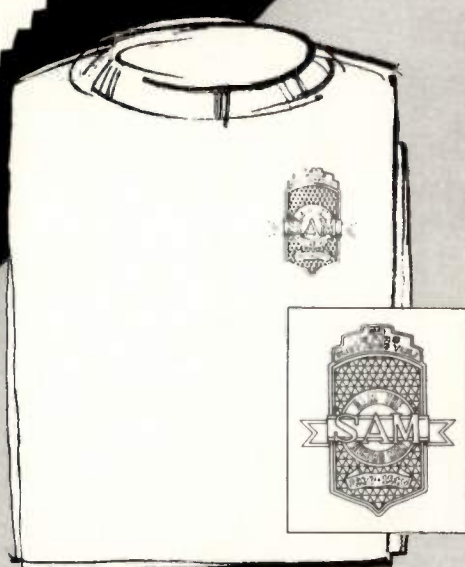
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# THE BUSINESS OF FUN

**R***emember when parties were magnificent, dangerous escapades? We went from bobby socks to headbands without blinking a heavily made-up eyelash. Then something happened. Something's missing . . . or changed. Come on back with us, as we step out to a few parties along the way . . .*

by JOE MARCH

There was a pause in the conversation as Mavis checked her book. This was my third call and so far, Wednesday night was shaping up to be just me and the cats . . . not exactly New Year's Eve in Monte Carlo.

Everyone was busy. Whoever hadn't been booked for a month was working.

"Sorry dear," Mavis' voice returned to the other end of the line.

I'd heard it all too often. As I hung up the phone I looked in the mirror and affected my best Rod Serling: 'An ordinary weeknight. But something . . . is terribly wrong.'

Despite the popular beer commercial, it's harder than ever to get the gang together on a moment's notice. Spontaneous evenings of some potluck "shake, rattle and roll" are gone. The trend is definitely away from moving the furniture aside and aiming the stereo at the livingroom. It has veered toward something catered, and frankly, it worries me.

The theme party has taken over. Chips and dip have been usurped by peppercorn veal and salmon mousse. Gone is the box social. Progressive dinner parties, where you start at one couple's home and work your way across the city, course by course, have made alarming inroads. The standard is now much more involved, formalized. The party has definitely changed.

Society seems obsessed with the search for a 'lost' elegance, with even high schoolers putting on the dog with black tie and caviar-and-canapes. We still need to let down our back hairs at all ages, but the presentation now seems more important than the fun.

To make it today, the party needs some serious logistics, and although the scene we set with a theme or a more formal 'sit-down' event helps us maintain control, most of us just aren't up to the task (for a variety of reasons), and all these machinations are making our guests uneasy.

This past New Year's Eve, Terry, a Toronto-based salesman, decided to have a party. His invitation hits the nail right on the head:

*Ladies and Gentlemen . . . The Last Hurrah. The party seems to have lost some of its old dash.*

*These days you're apt to find nervous little knots of people standing together in soul-less little condominiums talking about real estate prices, pesto pasta, and having one's first child at age 38.*

*They call that a party. Well, don't give in. Don't become one of them.*

*Show your true spirit and come to The Last Hurrah, one bitch of a good party being thrown in honour of the New Year.*

Jennifer, Calgary television producer, says it's all a sign of the times. "People have gotten so involved in all the time-saving products you can buy these days that they've forgotten, or have never learned, the basics of entertaining. The fundamental thing I try to remember is just to keep it simple. I love it if the food is great and interesting and fun and all that, but I don't try to build some elaborate drama around the evening. People can get too involved with the preparations. They can start to take on some weird role that



really offends a lot of their guests. It can make them very uncomfortable."

This is the root of it. The fêtes many of us go to these days seem too involved: we feel obliged to perform, and for a lot of us this is more than it's worth. But there are ways of making friends with today's new set of priorities.

Essentially parties take on different forms to match or reflect the mood of their social eras. They act as cultural barometers and economic indicators. Today the vast majority of us are reasonably affluent and we have higher expectations than any generation before us. We also have a unique set of problems, because in simplest terms ours is the largest 'generation' in history (the "Baby Boomers"), the bulk of which is also now more urban than suburban. We are the great middle-class, which makes us all so much alike that a new complexity has arisen — as people, we still need to express our individuality, but membership in the great demographic bulge has imposed constraints of scale on us.

To survive and prosper we have a greater need to compete and achieve, and our social lives have become more closely intertwined with this business of getting ahead. Add to that the apparently insatiable obsession we seem to have with acquiring material goods, and the race for affluence looks like an out-sized designer Pac-Man voraciously chomping at our free time. At its most obvious, it has affected the way we play.

## MONTEREY SAMPLER

Here is urban society in adolescence. The Great Wars are over. The world is big business, and parties are fraught with imminent peril. They are harsh, colour-rich gatherings. They are mad, disjointed blowouts cleansing us of responsibility. This is fun the way the earth was born... growing slowly, piece by piece to full abundance. Time has little meaning... we are immortal, spontaneous. There is the road to consider, and freedom is spelt with a capital F. The music is ecstatic, searing, rich with fury and youth.

We climb through windows to new, frenzied gatherings. Building, we add their numbers to ours and writhe towards the waiting dawn. It is spastic ecstasy, pure energy. No one needs a name.

We are Alice at the looking glass, trying the contents of every bottle.

Not so long ago, this was the norm. But our parties seem to have lost their spontaneous fun, or perhaps we have somehow grown out of it. Today they tend to be smaller, more controlled affairs. Like it or not, it's becoming a simple fact of life.

Another fact, but a critical one facing today's party, is our chronic lack of time. In urban society, time is money. To make ends meet, more and more households have dual incomes. While this has purchased our new affluence, it has also shaved valuable time from the schedules of the people society has always relied upon to initiate and organize things like parties... women.

"Women have always been the foundation of any historical community," says Barry Wellman, a sociologist at the University of Toronto who specializes in People in the Community. "Women have always been the ones to maintain the essential contacts. Men have never been as good at this, so they've relied on women to keep them in step with their community."

But these days women are busier than ever before. A great many more women are now working, and on top of that, studies show women are still doing most of the housework and taking responsibility for the lion's share of child-raising. They don't have the time they used to have, and it has a profound effect on society and its traditional functions. It has also created a new market for an old industry.

Patrick Boyle, a catering consultant for Walter Coles, Toronto's



(and possibly Canada's) oldest catering firms, explains: "People have put a dollar value on the time they spend preparing for a party. These days it's worth it for someone to call me up to get a party together for them. For them to do everything would take too much of their time." Caterers and specialty food shops are extremely busy with even the most informal events.

"And I'm not necessarily dealing with the very wealthy anymore. Over the past five years I've been helping more and more people you might describe as middle-class. Almost every one of those households has a common denominator—dual income."

Barry Wellman argues that the rise of the dual-income household has created a real market for people who can help cut the time required for organizing a party. It becomes a question of efficiency.

## REMEMBER . . . THE '50s

"Dancing. My parents were always dancing. There didn't even have to be an occasion . . . they would just get up and dance on the patio, my mother in her pedal-pushers and my dad in his Bermuda shorts. We used to laugh at them, but they had a great time together. My dad would dance me around too, standing me on his shoes. I loved that, especially when they were all dressed up to go out."—Elizabeth, age 31

• Bill Haley and The Comets • bobby socks • Mitch Miller •

Jailhouse Rock • jive • I Love Lucy • The Platters • Hound Dog • Brylcreem • saddle shoes • Tab Hunter • she-bop • James Dean • rock and roll • That'll Be the Day • The Honeymooners • At the Hop • Jack Benny • Jack Paar • fraternities • Wake Up Little Susie • Sam Cooke • Ricky Nelson • The Elegants • To Know Him Is to Love Him • Stagger Lee • Buddy Holly • The Fleetwoods • Kansas City • Paul Anka • Mack the Knife • Frankie Avalon • Annette Funicello • grease •



So the structuring and somewhat alien new formality arises from our lack of time, greater affluence and rising expectations. Society has imposed a new set of problems on us and, in overcoming them, things are different at Friday-night socials everywhere. But there's more to the changing face of the party. Another one of those nasty facts of life rears its ugly little head here: our need to meet people is greater than for any generation before us.

On the up side, parties offer us a safe way of contacting strangers today, and put us in touch with people who can help us, stretch our personal network. More and more we're using the party for precisely that reason. It provides a much better atmosphere than the bars, which took the place of the old ballroom or the country-club dinner-dance. Those were places where you could talk to a stranger and not worry about him being an armed fanatic, or worse, a life-insurance salesman. But precisely because the people at our parties tend to be strangers to each other, we run head-on into the next knotty little dilemma: feeling bewildered and alone.

"While it's true the nature of our communities has changed," says Barry Wellman, "we really need not feel so alone. Even though we now tend to live in big cities, we still have the same number of friends our parents and their parents had. In today's society it's merely a question of scale.

"We also tend to move more frequently than previous generations (Statistics Canada says an average of five times throughout our adult years) and so we distance ourselves from our oldest friends and relatives. To compensate, we create fairly complicated networks of contacts. These are made up of people who can help us emotionally, financially, or whatever.

But our oldest friends, and certainly our families, are still there for us. We simply have to get used to the idea of long-distance relationships."

Wellman assures us that in today's society, stretching your support network is just as crucial as keeping up with old friends. In an urban world, where everyone has very similar aspirations and goals, we need more support than even friends and

family can provide.

The parties we go to these days seem to prove his theory. Unlike generations before us, there are likely to be fewer people at our parties who we know really well. Those people are quite simply somewhere else. But there are just as many bodies at the parties as ever before — we feel more alone because we tend to know fewer of them. This has produced the most dramatic changes.

Wellman says, "Young singles especially feel affected by this, because they naturally have the smallest support networks. They also tend to feel the most dramatic affects of living in urban centres which, after all, are very private places. It's difficult for them to feel secure in this kind of setting. But if they persevere they can build effective networks."

"Networking" is fast becoming the new community, the new neighbourhood. The very thing some people complain has spoiled the party is absolutely critical to our personal development. Networking fits the party like a glove, even though many of us feel it is a pale substitute for the 'old' style party. The future has arrived, and guess what? We still can't have our cake and eat it too.

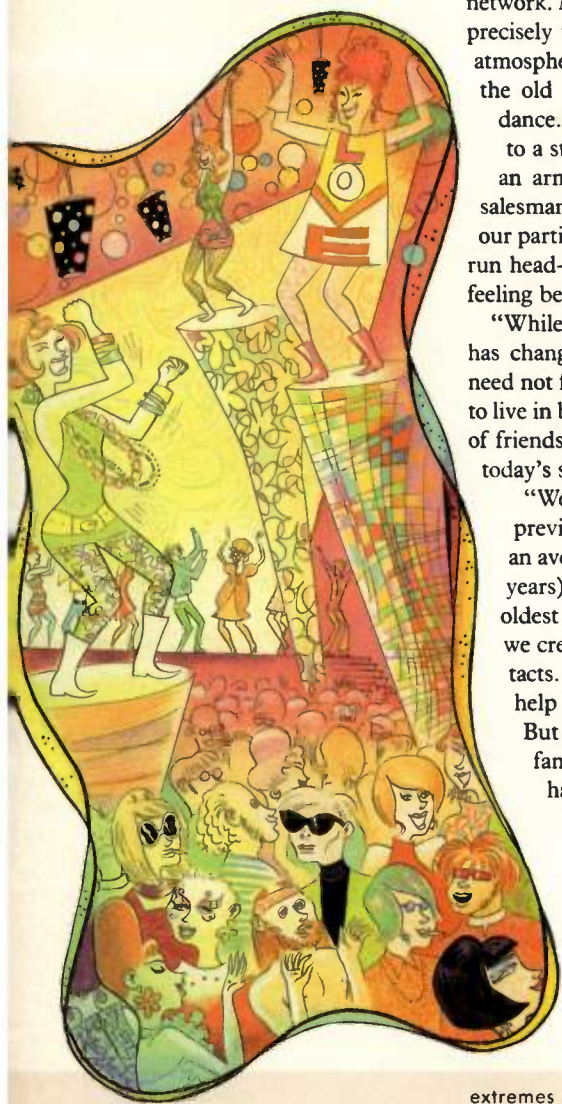
## BLACK TIE AND BATHTUB GIN

A crowded evening of free-for-all fun. This is America, by the sea, between World Wars. The picture is of many people, on a lawn gaily lit by many coloured electric lights strung between lilac trees around the sprawling grounds. People are in evening clothes . . . black tie and glitter. Men are smoking cigars and laughing, shouting. Women are floating from group to group, each sparkling, the centre of attention for a brief moment, then moving on. They are laughing, shouting.

There is food here—spiced hams, racks of lamb, lobster, ice sculpture. The music is jazz deliciously forbidden. The Charleston, the Black Bottom, the Venus Glide. A famous prizefighter, overcome, gets up to sing.

The host is believed to be a gangster or a spy. This party is a fluid dream.

There is life in this gathering . . . ease, spontaneity and colour. It swells and breathes with a



## REMEMBER . . . THE '60s

"In high school our parties tended to be basement bashes at the parents'. They were best when the parents were away, because then we had more of a run of the house. Dangerous for the liquor cabinet and the upholstery, but great for the love life. Although there were

extremes portrayed in the movie *Risky Business*, I think it touched something in all of us who are now in our thirties, because we've all been there; getting carried away, intoxicated more with the freedom than anything else, and then scrambling to put the house to rights before Mom and Dad come home. The fun was in testing the forbidden."

—Tom, age 35

• Connie Francis • *Alley-Oop* • Brenda Lee • *It's Now or Never* • Georgia on My Mind • The Beatles • Ed Sullivan • *Are You Lonesome Tonight* • Lawrence Welk • Del Shannon • Gary U.S. Bonds • Dion • Shelley Fabares • Little Eva • *Walk Like a Man* • Little Stevie Wonder • Jan and Dean • *Blue Velvet* • The Beach Boys • The Supremes • *House of the Rising Sun* • Freddie and the Dreamers • Herman's Hermits •

The Byrds • *(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction* • Sonny and Cher • The Mamas and the Papas • *Wild Thing* • bell bottoms • love beads • *96 Tears* • *Star Trek* • The Monkees • The Doors • *Heard It Through the Grapevine* • *Aquarius* • Woodstock • Janis Joplin • Vietnam • yippies • sit-ins • the moonwalk • Dylan •



life of its own. There is music and laughter. A frantic need to be seen, be heard. It is frenzy and so are the times.

These are people from many backgrounds with a wide range of goals and aspirations. It is a stimulating mix. Still, there is a safety in its size and its strength, an equality and a transient community. There are rules too; a strict (if unspoken) code of behaviour. In the history of parties, this is a high point of achievement . . . something to aspire toward. Is it all that different today?

We are still searching for that outlet, those bright lights, the glamour and gaiety, but the community we are drawing from has changed: our society has been homogenized by sheer numbers. We search for many of the same things our parents wanted, but we see only reflections of ourselves where we need contrast, catalyst. To achieve the same stimulation, we have to apply more imagination. But we have less time than ever to do so.

The kicker is that we have time enough to notice a lot of the colour seems to have drained out of our society — not colour as in “have your colours done,” but colour as in raw excitement, escalated heart rate, the surprise of spontaneous delight or the cleansing feeling of having had just a hell of a good time. We are probably more active than any group before us, but the common grumble, given almost guiltily, is a feeling of stasis, of boredom, of emptiness. So we “fill” our time in a vicious cycle, spending time with acquaintances and at gatherings where we can’t scratch the itch to feel comfortable, but making a brave go of it because it’s the thing to do. We become walking, talking appointment books. We are the people our mothers had no way of warning us about.

Barry Wellman takes this even further. He has observed people are increasingly resorting to role-playing behaviour in their daily lives to fulfill their social needs. Theme parties and the rise of the catered affair are as much symptoms of this cultural engine as rising affluence, time constraints, or the need to network. Once again, the party is a natural venue for perfecting the latest in social accessorizing: putting on roles.

In the relatively safe context of a party we are able to act out whatever image we choose. But it has always been this way. Parties have always been stages. What many of us can’t figure out is why they now look so obviously set, and why we all feel driven to act to within an inch of our lives, or if we are hosting, to direct and orchestrate as if a phalanx of critics watches from the wings.

Don’t jump yet. It does get better.

“At first we were worried that urbanization and all its resultant complications had killed the community outright,” says Wellman. “That really frightened us because it’s a fundamental outlet for people. It lends us the support we need to survive and grow. We started to see behaviour that worried us and we were afraid the result would be a breakdown of society.”

But it was all a false alarm, he says. While it’s



true the old rural concept of neighbourhood has faded away, exhaustive studies show that people today merely live in different kinds of communities. He explains society has simply replaced the old neighbourhood with the support network—be it business, sports, or hobby related, or a combination. On top of that, we have developed complex codes of behaviour that allow us to interact with people we simply don’t have the time to know as well as we’d like to.

## RURAL FANTASY

It is the height of the Depression, the dead of winter . . . prairie epitaph. People sick to death of gin rummy and togetherness. They arrive in horse-drawn sleighs half filled with straw so the children can snuggle down out of the cold like mice in a haystack. The young and the old, many with babies, gather at the schoolhouse once a winter to blow out the cobwebs. Raw-boned young men in mackinaws, with gin-breath and limited prospects, and the women. Old before their time. Care-worn and weathered by worry, the lines ease as the hours pass and the music swells . . . Orville Jackson on fiddle and Grandma Hayes at the organ.

At midnight, the young men in groups tell stories and drink while the women gather together in their own secret society. There is food now . . . coarse and plain, but bountiful. There are pipes to fill, the market and the weather to discuss, and then . . . more music. Frantic now, it blazes until dawn when the first rays of light signal the long trip home. Babies, wrapped in blanket cocoons, are gently stowed in sleighboxes warmed by stones heated in the stove. Heads bowed . . . the long trip home.

This is desperate, calculated, Depression-easing fun. A sign of the times. This is the party in

## REMEMBER . . . THE '70s

“At university everybody was broke. It was the great leveler, so it removed a lot of social barriers. We all took whatever we had to parties, and the parties were always informal, announced through the grapevine. Cheap wine and dancing, because somehow we always managed a few bucks for wine, and every student house or apartment had a stereo. But mostly I remember the conversations . . . ivory tower mentality maybe, but incredibly long, in-depth discussions about everything from the news (we were practicing being cynical) to fashion (we disdained it). A lot of it was just flexing our brain cells, but it was a heady feeling, so to speak.”—JoAnne, age 38

• *Bridge Over Troubled Water* •  
*Let It Be* • *Guess Who* • *Three Dog Night* • *Brown Sugar* • *The Me-Generation* • *Carole King* •  
*Maggie May* • *Kent State* • *A Horse With No Name* • *Looking Glass* • *get a haircut* • *I Am Woman* • *terrorism* • *You’re So Vain* • *Bad, Bad Leroy Brown* •  
*John Denver* • *I Shot the Sheriff* • *Watergate* • *BTO* • *I Can Help* •  
*pet rocks* • *Harry Chapin* • *Eagles* • *Bee Gees* • *Star Wars* •  
*Three Mile Island* • *Island Girl* • *Bay City Rollers* • *Steve Miller Band* • *Abandoned Luncheonette* • *hot tubs* • *ABBA* • *Fleetwood Mac* • *The Emotions* • *Gay Liberation* • *Stayin’ Alive* •  
*Wings* • *Doobie Brothers* • *Blondie* • *Bjorn Borg* • *Annie Hall* •  
*Donna Summer* • *disco* • *Commodores* • *Styx* • *hotpants* • *All In The Family* • *test-tube baby* •  
*The Fonz* • *Patty Hearst* •



the rural setting. Small-town security. There is comfort in a tightly knit, nuclear group. There is safety in a town or area where you know everyone.

Mary Ann is a professional skier whose home base is Vancouver: "I go to a lot of parties. I meet a tremendous number of people in the course of my work. Most of the people I meet are holidaying, but even at resorts I notice people going to extremes to entertain. I can't help thinking all the formality and planning get in the way. My best times are spontaneous, but I'm from a small town and I guess I'm used to more security."

The parties we used to go to were a lingering connection to the small town, and although that connection is fading fast, Barry Wellman says it shouldn't worry us. It's more a problem of perspective than outright loss.

"Sure there's more security in a small town, but there are costs involved in that lifestyle too. In small towns there's much more pressure to conform. There's no escape and very little choice. When you interact in a small town you're always with the same people. The limitations are stern."

These days most of us are trying to stretch our intellectual horizons as well as our personal networks. We are sampling the choices urban living offers, and this has added to the new look and feel of the party.

As a party professional, Patrick Boyle's insights are very useful: "Think of it. People from their late twenties to late forties are the best educated, most travelled group in history. We've been exposed to so much along the way that we naturally want more for ourselves and that's reflected in the way we

play. People are feeling much more special, so they quite naturally are exploring new ways of fulfilling themselves. This is especially true now that the group I'm talking about has generally gotten to a station in life where it can afford a little more."

New ways? I wonder. Essentially people are tinkering with a new product. It's offered to us on TV, on the radio, in the papers and magazines. In a consumer-oriented society, we are attempting to solve our problems the best way we know how—we are trying to buy the solutions.

We have formalized the party by putting it in the hands of others, but that means relying on someone else's interpretation of style, funk, trick or trend. We've handed our individuality over to relatively few arbiters of taste. It's a familiar enough lament. The theme party has been a boon to costumers and caterers throughout North America, but it has placed additional requirements on us that often backfire.

Most of us pride ourselves on our abilities to assess a problem, make a decision and act, but do we even have the emotional equipment to deal with some of the repercussions here? Mom dispensed Cheerios and Band-Aids along with sound advice handed down from Grandma, and most of us soldiered out into the world feeling all-powerful because we had been well nurtured, well educated, and essentially reared to believe the planet had our name on it. If we were intended to wrestle with these bewildering problems, why didn't anybody at least give us diagrams? It isn't Mom's fault. You can't sketch something you've never seen before.

So we continue to party, like Jerry, a West Coast

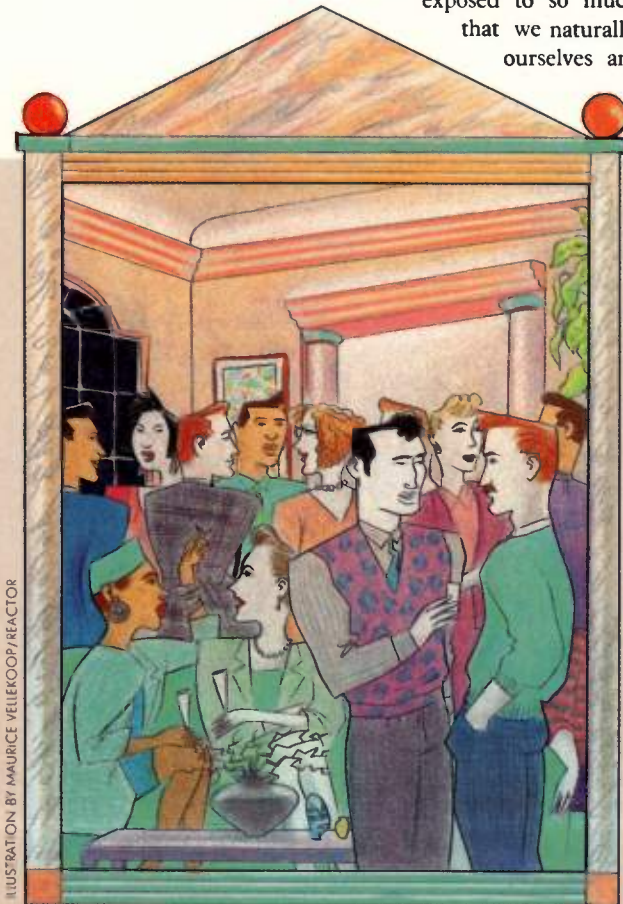


ILLUSTRATION BY MAURICE VELKEKOOP/REACTOR

## AND HERE WE ARE . . . THE '80s

"I made the mistake of taking a shy little girl to this house party in B.C. I realized it as soon as we walked through the door because the hostess, 5'11" in her stocking feet, greeted us wearing stiletto heels with needle-nose toes, a leopard-print bathrobe, sunglasses with palm trees at the temples, and a cigarette holder longer than her arm. My date was in a pale blue organza frock with a Peter Pan collar. I took her home early and went back. When I woke up in the morning I made it to the top of the stairs and found our hostess, sans the bathrobe, sleeping in her stiletto heels. From what little I remember, it was a hell of a party. I'm now married to the hostess."

—Stuart, age 33

• Michael Jackson • Pink Floyd • Queen • Woody Allen • cassettes • Rocky • E.T. • take a meeting • Miami Vice • Blondie • Billy Joel • Christopher Cross • Dolly Parton • Olivia Newton-John • aerobics • yuppies • Chariots of Fire • Men At Work • John Cougar Mellencamp • Lionel Richie • Toto • Flashdance • David Bowie • The Police • Eurythmics • Culture Club • crack • Phil Collins • Cyndi Lauper • Madonna • Duran Duran • Prince • Tina Turner • John Belushi • Tears Are Not Enough • R2D2 • Can we talk? • David Letterman • video • CD • The Boss • USA For Africa • Graceland • Di and Chuck • Meryl Streep • Robert DeNiro • Baby Boomers • pastels • more terrorism • robotics •



journalist who didn't really give it too much thought until he walked through the door: "I walked in and right away felt uncomfortable. Everyone was dressed in white. The decorations were all white, the food, the wine, everything. It was too much. It was really overpowering."

## THE BUSINESS OF FUN

There is music, magically it fills the room. It is rich and full. The melody and the words familiar . . . they are golden . . . fully packaged . . . we know them all.

The wine is imported, as is the beer. The food, too lovely to touch, unfamiliar.

Outside recently renovated walls are the gleaming calling cards: four-wheel exclamations of character lie patiently still, waiting.

There are pockets of people here . . . and there. Subdued, the conversations are serious. In one corner, two young women discuss the market. Two men near them exchange cards. A man and a woman, the mother of his child, consult their watches. A sitter is waiting.

The hostess flutters here and there, gently priming each room. Maintenance, damage control. She smiles . . . in charge.

We are the first offspring of the affluent society: the great demographic bulge, the largest single generation in all of history. The ascendant cultural engine. The world, its cultural fabric, is growing with us.

And therein lies the secret to whatever we can call this pervasive malaise, this sense of dispossession. If we are what we want to believe we are, it's in our hands to arrest or reverse whatever ails us. We can't charge the solutions on our credit cards, and admiring our possessions or burying ourselves in velocity therapy won't help. It doesn't begin with reaching out and booking an appointment with someone. It begins with just stripping away all the details, accoutrements and decorations. It begins with unloading the baggage and taking a breather, even in the midst of the rush.

Three people, a woman and two men, suddenly laugh . . . a spark . . . short bursts of song. A glass is raised; a warming smile, friendly. I turn to join them . . . this is more like it.

Cheers.

*Joe March is a freelance writer with extensive experience in broadcasting. He now lives in Toronto, but has done investigative partying in many areas of Canada and the U.S.*

**NETWORK** asked: If you were stranded on a desert island, what six discs would you choose to have with you?

## MAUREEN FORRESTER

1. *Goldberg Variations*, Glenn Gould (CBS Masterworks)
2. *Wagner Diewalkurie*, Kirsten Flagstad (Everest) (Features Brunhilda)
3. *Noel Coward Live at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn*, Noel Coward (Columbia)
4. *Cannonball Adderley and Friends*, Cannonball Adderley (Capitol) (For "A Sleeping Bee" with Nancy Wilson singing)
5. *Paul Robeson*, (Vanguard) Practically anything by Robeson.
6. *My Name Is Barbra*, Barbra Streisand (Columbia)

There's no need to tell you about the voice that brings international audiences to their feet. You know about that voice. Chances are, that voice has touched you. Forrester has worked with over 2,000 conductors including Sir Thomas Beecham, Seiji Ozawa, Sir John Barbirolli, Pierre Monteux, Leopold Stowski, Leonard Bernstein, and Eugene Ormandy. Leonard Bernstein once wrote that "she is a



DEBORAH SAMUEL

great artist who grows in depth and vocal beauty every year."

A few years back, when asked what she'd like on her tombstone, the contralto replied: "Here lies a gal named Maureen/For Whom life was a fabulous dream/To sing was her joy, but in protest/OH BOY!/All in all she caused quite a scene." Forrester's book, *Out of Character, A Memoir, with Marci McDonald*, is available from McLelland & Stewart.

—Anya Wilson

## 1 9 6 2

### ACADEMY AWARDS SAMPLER

**BEST PICTURE**  
*Lawrence of Arabia*

**BEST ACTOR**  
Gregory Peck, *To Kill a Mockingbird*

**BEST ACTRESS**  
Anne Bancroft, *The Miracle Worker*

### BILLBOARD TOP 100 SAMPLER

WKS #1	TITLE/Artist(s)
3	<b>DUKE OF EARL</b> Gene Chandler
2	<b>JOHNNY ANGEL</b> Shelley Fabares
2	<b>BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO</b> Neil Sedaka
2	<b>MONSTER MASH</b> Bobby 'Boris' Pickett and the Crypt-Kickers
5	<b>BIG GIRLS DON'T CRY</b> The Four Seasons ◀



**T**wo catalytic young Canadian singers, two ambitions, two philosophies: from **K.D. Lang's** rockabilly punk to **Molly Johnson's** sultry jazz/rock meld, the shortest distance is a straight line of passionate talent./by Liam Lacey

When K.D. Lang first blew out of the small town of Consort, Alberta in early 1984, she rolled across the country on her first national tour and built a growing stack of press raves.

What Lang promised her audience at the start of each show, and what she consistently delivered, was a "wing ding daddy-o of a good time." A hyper-kinetic live performer with a punk haircut, sawed-off cowboy boots and a heart-breaking voice, Lang and her band The Reclines (in honor of Patsy Cline) create a dynamic weave of earthy country, passionate blues and rockabilly, and they quickly established themselves as one of the hottest live acts in the country.

Within the next year and a half came a successful date at New York's Bottom Line, a Juno Award (Most Promising Female Vocalist), a tour of Japan and an appearance on *Late Night with David Letterman*.

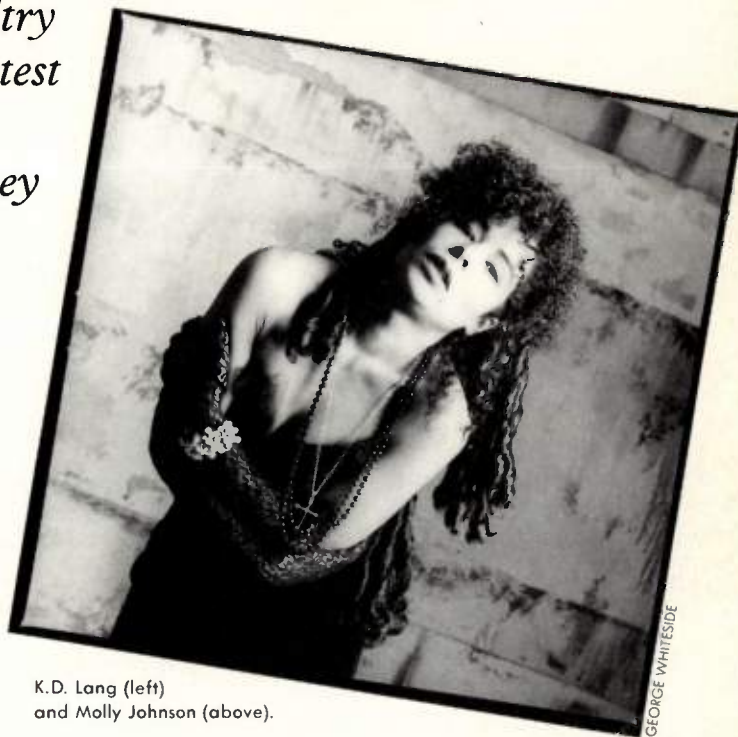
Lang released one album (*A Truly Western Experience*) at the onset of her career, a home-made eight-track recording which is already a collector's item. Subsequently, she signed to Sire Records in the U.S. (Madonna, Talking Heads, The Pretenders) and her first major release, *Angel With A Lariat*, was out early this year.

Behind the gifted space-cadet clown, K.D. Lang is a more serious straight-shooter, 25-year-old Kathy Dawn



Lang, a practicing Buddhist who worked as a performance artist in Edmonton before launching her musical career.

The zany stage antics have a real philosophic basis: "I think people would find the passion of my singing hard to take if I didn't look a little bizarre," she says. "Besides, I like working on several levels at once. For some people, they understand instantly what it's about, and others can just cry in their beer to the country songs. In this high-tech computerized age, I think people can appreciate the honesty of country music. Of course, it's corny, but real emotions are corny."



K.D. Lang (left) and Molly Johnson (above).

Molly Johnson is a part-time jazz singer, a part-time rock singer with Toronto's hottest young dance band, Alta Moda, and a full-time sponge for new ideas from fashion designers, artists, and anyone else she can talk to in her home at the Cameron Public House on Toronto's Queen Street West.

As a cool theatrical jazz singer, the 24-year-old works with pianist Aaron Davis in a show known as Blue Mondays, dresses in elegant gowns, and sings torch songs. She has earned breathless comparisons to Billie Holiday, played the Edmonton Jazz Festival and headlined for a week at the prestigious Imperial Room at Toronto's Royal York Hotel.

As the aggressive hellcat singer for Alta Moda, she performs biting, propulsive songs about keeping sane on the inside, even when the world outside seems crazy. Alta Moda

is well known for its independent attitude: after resisting offers from local record companies for three years, last April the group struck a management deal with Gerry Young of Current Records (The Parachute Club, M+M) and has recently been signed to an international recording deal with CBS Records.

"I think the problem with a lot of pop stars is that they don't know their own motivation," she says. "My motivation for wanting to be a pop star is simple. I want to be a philanthropist. I can think of at least 20 different talented artists who I'd like to help out. If you're not prepared to give something back, how can you enjoy success?"

*Liam Lacey is an entertainment critic for The Globe and Mail.*



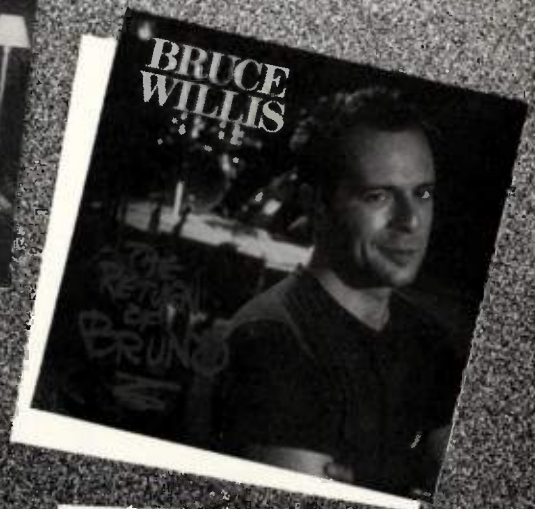
# Sam's Spring Sensations



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**PRIVATE REVOLUTION**



**BRUCE WILLIS**  
**THE RETURN OF BRUNO**



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## What ever happened to Dave Clark of the Dave Clark Five? Who wrote "Louie, Louie," and where is he now? NETWORK did some investigating, and came up with some surprising answers.

A little more than 30 years ago, a 20-year-old Richard Berry was working as the singer for a Mexican band in a bar that served a mixed clientele of cowboys, surfers and Mexicans, in Anaheim, California. As he sat in the dressing room before going onstage, he heard the band warming up the audience for the umpteenth time with a simple, but catchy, three-chord pattern.

'I could write some lyrics to that,' thought Berry. "I started singing Louie, Louie, and it just fit in."

The words he wrote were an amalgam of Chuck Berry's "Havana Moon" and the Frank Sinatra hit, "One More For My Baby, One More For The Road." It was about a guy talking to a bartender named Louie, telling him he can't have another drink because he's got to run. Berry called the song "Louie, Louie."

Little did he know it was destined to become one of the most popular rock songs of all time. Berry released "Louie, Louie" as the B-side to a version of "You Are My Sunshine," and to his surprise, it became a modest regional hit in California. The next year he sold it to the LeeMax company, along with six other songs, for \$750, because he was getting married and needed the cash.

Berry continued on through the '60s, playing the same California club circuit. He was the lead singer on the Coaster's comic hit, "Riot In Cell Block No. 9," and released many records of his own. "Louie,

Louie" lay dormant until 1963, when it was released simultaneously by two Oregon groups, The Kingsmen and Paul Revere and The Raiders. The Kingsmen's version, with its muffled lyrics and party-noise accompaniment, soared to number two on the charts, gaining instant notoriety for its allegedly obscene lyrics.

The Federal Bureau of

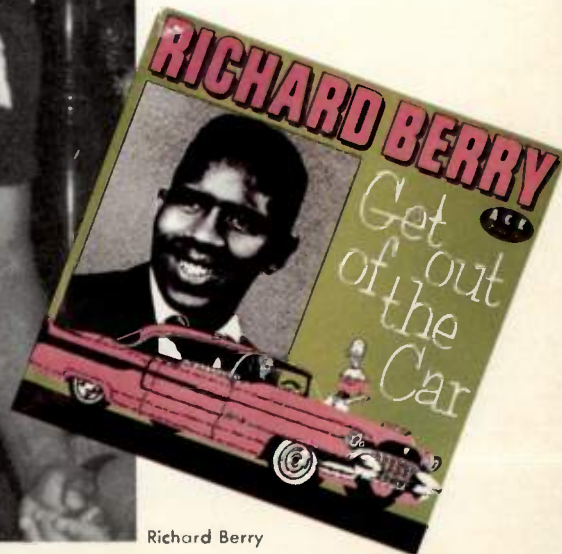
Investigation brought Berry in for interrogation and started a dossier on him, because his song was suspected obscene material which had crossed state lines. Eventually the FBI dropped the case, after the Federal Communications Commission studied the record at 16, 33 and 78 rpms and concluded it was "unintelligible at any speed."

Berry watched as the song he called "that damn stupid three-chord song" became the bar-band staple of the late '60s and the early '70s, recorded by every group from Motorhead to The Beach Boys to The Dead Kennedys. A California radio station played a "Maximum Louie Louie" weekend, 69 hours of "Louie, Louie," with versions of the song performed on touch telephones, sung by talking dogs and Hell's Angels. Rhino Records released an album, *The Best Of Louie, Louie*, featuring 10 different versions of the song.

It wasn't until 1979 that Berry tried to regain ownership of the song, and last fall, after a seven-year court battle, he finally did. Already, he has received a couple of "good-sized royalty cheques" from a California wine cooler company that's using the song in a television advertisement.



THE GLOBE AND MAIL LIBRARY



Richard Berry



Berry still plays clubs on the West Coast and does the occasional tour, with his adult son in the backup band. Most of the time though, he's content to be a popular draw as a gospel singer at his local church, in the same south-Los Angeles neighbourhood where he grew up, and he recently recorded a gospel album.

"I figured it was about time I played some of the Lord's music after a career of the devil's music," Berry chuckles. "But you know 'Louie, Louie' never was dirty, at least the way I wrote it. I think it became popular because it's so simple any young musician can play it. It's the 'Mary Had a Little Lamb' of rock and roll."—*Liam Lacey*

Dave Clark first achieved major celebrity in Britain in January 1964, when a single by the group he led, the Dave Clark Five, replaced "I Want To Hold Your Hand" at the top of the UK chart. That single, "Glad All Over," became the first of two dozen US Top 100 hits by early 1968, while in their native Britain, the group accumulated 22 chart hits between 1963 and 1970. "Glad All Over" was their sole UK chart-topper (the first of nine million sellers), and "Over And Over" was their sole U.S. number one, but the group were second only to The Beatles for a couple of mid-'60s years.

Today, Clark lives and works from a Mayfair penthouse which has been his home for virtually all of the intervening period. Unlike his contemporaries, Clark figured out right at the start that owning his own recordings and leasing them to labels was a far better bet than assigning them in perpetuity to a label which could reissue them, *ad lib*, forever. Most recently (in 1979) he licensed an album containing many of the hits to Polydor in England, and the album went platinum. Since then, Clark has created a



Dave Clark

scarcity of his catalogue. When the time seems ripe, he'll license some of it to a label and make even more money.

At the start of the 1970s, Clark heard that the complete *Ready, Steady, Go* series (RSG was the finest British rock-TV show ever) was deteriorating in a warehouse. Against the advice of his financial advisers, he purchased outright this treasure chest of '60s pop history and spent much time and money renovating the sound and visual quality to their original condition. So far, six videos of this unique material, including 'specials' featuring The Beatles, Otis Redding and a Motown revue, have been released to unanimous critical and commercial praise.

More will follow, but meanwhile Clark has been busy with another project, a concept

album and now a stage musical, *Time*. Among those featured on the LP are Freddie Mercury, Julian Lennon, Dionne Warwick, Stevie Wonder, Leo Sayer and Cliff Richard, while the show includes a three dimensional image of Sir Laurence Olivier (conceived using animatronics and robotics) which interacts with the rest of the cast, headed by Britain's biggest-ever pop idol, Cliff Richard. The show has now been running in London's West End for over six months, but a move to Broadway has been postponed until Clark is ready. Recent newspaper reports (denied by Clark) suggest that when Richard's run in the main part ends, he will be replaced by John Travolta!

Plainly, while many pop stars decline with their fading careers, Clark has kept body and

soul together in a way which mere mortals should envy. When asked his reaction to the recent ultra-successful rebirth of The Monkees, he said he is extremely happy for them, but isn't about to reform the DC5, despite the immense offers he has frequently received since the early '70s. "It's funny, in a way" he remarks. "I made a film with the group, called *Catch Us If You Can*, the title of which was changed in North America to *Having A Wild Weekend*. The people at Columbia Pictures who produced The Monkees actually saw our film, and they modelled their series on it. Before they'd conceived the name 'The Monkees', they approached me to ask if I'd do the series with the Dave Clark Five, basing it on *Catch Us If You Can*. I met with them and turned it down, because it would have meant being tied down for seven years—three years with two options—and at that stage, we were very successful around the world, and I thought it was the wrong time to enter into such an agreement. So they changed the name to The Monkees, found four unknowns, and the rest is history."

Dave Clark, in his mid-forties, isn't unhappy with life. He has rarely, if ever, been involved with an unsuccessful project, be it music, film, theatre, TV. Even though he has experienced infinitely more success than most, he says his favourite of all the hits with which he has been involved remains the debut single by the DC5, their cover version of "Do You Love Me," a minor British hit at the end of 1963. "Getting that first record into the chart at number 42 was more exciting than anything later, including the number ones." —*John Tobler*







# CATS

## ... IS ON THE PROWL

On March 14, 1987 (two years to the day it opened), the highly acclaimed Toronto production of CATS wove its "Jelly" magic at the Elgin Theatre for the last time. But Grizabella, Rum Tum Tugger, Rumpleteazer and Bombalurina have not disappeared, '... up up up to the Heavside Layer'. The award-winning magic and the mystery that have delighted so many hundreds of thousands of people moves across Canada beginning June 1st in Calgary. If you haven't yet been captured by the feline enchantment of Pouncival, Mistoffelees, Jelkylorum and Old Deuteronomy, now is your chance. Cats may indeed have nine lives, but CATS will have only limited engagements:

### CALGARY

Jubilee Auditorium  
June 1/87-June 20  
Tickets on sale at BASS Calgary

### VANCOUVER

Queen Elizabeth Theatre  
June 29-September 12  
Tickets on sale at the Vancouver Ticket Centre

### MONTREAL

St. Denis Theatre  
September 22-January 30/88  
Tickets on sale at Ticketron Montreal



CATS logo Trademark: Dwynters Ltd. London  
Photographs: Garth Scheuer, courtesy Marlene Smith And Company, Toronto, Co-producers.  
Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber  
Based on 'Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats' by T.S. Eliot  
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LESLEY ANN WARREN  
PETER WELLER  
ROY DOTRICE

**RIP VAN WINKLE**  
TALIA SHIRE  
HARRY DEAN STANTON

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# PLAY IT AGAIN SAM

**H**aving nightmares about your record collection and turntable going the way of the dinosaur? Take a decaff. Think listening pleasure, longer playability and old favourites in new formats, like the Rolling Stones. Think CDs./by PERRY STERN

It came as no surprise when the record companies began announcing they were going to start re-releasing their back catalogues in the CD format, but when rumours followed that there would be no further vinyl pressings, a collective chill must have run down the spines of the world's record buyers. The depth of their despair could be measured by the size of their collections, their reasons for accumulating huge numbers of the flat, black discs, and the amount of time they spend listening to the things.

If you collect records as an investment, the CD revolution is playing into your hands: the fewer records there are, the more valuable yours become. If you just want to have all the recordings made by your favourite artists, there's still no problem. It's not as though you won't be able to get recordings anymore. They'll just be in smaller packages. And if you buy records because you actually want to listen to them, maybe even listen to them over and over again, then, no problem. CDs don't wear down (though they are not quite as indestructible or infallible as we may have been led to believe.)

The real tragedy lies ahead for those who have invested heavily in high-quality record players. As turntables become obsolete, their maintenance will become increasingly difficult, but it's hard to imagine they will

fall the way of the lowly 8-track players of the 'sixties. They have become such a huge industry, it's impossible to believe that the people who really want to perpetuate their systems will have a hard time doing so. As long as there are audiophiles, like toy train fanatics, there will always be someone catering to their needs.

The fact of the matter is, vinyl recordings have already been overtaken as the format of choice by the music-buying public. In most of the world,

tapes outsell records, and that says a lot about just how "good" we need an album to sound, to satisfy us. If you spend most of your listening time hooked up to a cheap portable tape player, or plugged in in your car, then you've already sacrificed some of the highs and lows you were

intended to hear. Most people just don't care.

The appeal then, of the Compact Disc — or, rather, the hesitation involved in committing yourself to buying a proper CD player — hinges on whether or not you wish to actually hear everything the artists wanted you to.

With the re-release of back catalogues on CD, we can take the opportunity to get over some of the hangups about CDs, as well as dispell some of the misconceptions. Most record companies are falling into line on the

CD vs. vinyl battle-front, and it's fair to say that CDs are the hands-down favourite.

Get used to the idea. Vinyl has less than a decade left.

Capitol Records, for instance, is rifling through its back catalogue and reissuing on CD everything from Nat King Cole to Grand Funk Railroad, and the Kingston Trio to Pink Floyd. The release of The Beatles catalogue has become a media event, and the inclusion of passing fancies like Helen Reddy and Gerry Rafferty shows the depth of their commitment to CD.

But if someone was to ask the average listener whether a Compact Disc actually sounded "better" than a record or tape, generally speaking, the best they could do is ape what they've read or heard about the invulnerability and high resolution of the CD. The problem is that if you don't have a good sound system — meaning a suitable amp and better-than-half-decent speakers — you'll never hear the difference between a brand new record and a CD anyway. Now, this doesn't mean you can fall back and say, "Well, I'm not going out and buying a CD player AND new amp AND new speakers too!" What you should be asking yourself is: "Why have I been selling myself short all these years?"







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**CBS**  
THE MUSIC PEOPLE



Take the Rolling Stones. Please.

No, seriously, by listening to a sample of the re-released catalogue of Rolling Stones albums (on CBS), one can assess the differences between vinyl and CD and make an educated choice between the two.

First of all, if you've been listening to your Stones records with any kind of frequency, then you've come to ignore all the snaps, hisses and crackles that have imbedded themselves in your vinyl. No problem. People who live near train tracks and highways learn to ignore those sounds too. But take these people out to the country and let them hear silence, and you can begin to understand how they relate to "sound" rather than "noise."

It's the same with the Stones. Particularly on the earlier albums (CBS releases only go as far back as 1971's *Sticky Fingers* — the rest will eventually be out on PolyGram), where the guitars and keyboards were heaped on top of each other in a jumble of raw energy. The "sound" of the band lay in the murkiness of the production as much as the choice of material. While everything is there to be heard, the intricacies, the almost inaudible highs and lows, are the diamonds in the rough that gave Jagger and the boys their distinctive quality.

There is a caveat included in the CD packaging, and it's a pivotal point: "The sound of the original recording has been preserved as closely as possible, however, due to its high resolution, the Compact Disc can reveal limitations of the source tape." In other words, CDs can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. You will get what's there ... all of it. The corollary is that you won't get anything which wasn't there to begin with.

Listen to an old vinyl copy of *Exile On Main Street* back-to-back with a CD, and try to hear Al Perkins' immaculate steel guitar on "Torn and Frayed." The difference CD provides (and it must be repeated that it all depends on the quality of your

overall system) is that you can much more readily distinguish between the varying parts on the song. And while the hiss and snaps between cuts add a certain amount of atmosphere when listening to a record, it is only their absence that makes the heart grow fonder.

The Stone who fares best in a CD-vinyl face-off is Charlie Watts. On record he is merely (though I use the word with utmost respect) a constant presence; a metronomic wonder. But on CD you can hear he is a virtuoso of slaps and thumps and subtle shadings beyond the pale of the average drummer.

Another feature that stands out on all of these re-listenings is the work of Keith Richards. Depending on who is playing guitar with him, from Mick Taylor to Ron Wood and those in between, on CD it's easier to hear the intricacies of his flowing and flowery lead lines. His lifestyle may be a mess, but his playing style is phenomenal.

What is missing from the Stones' music is the true beauty of the CD — the complete and riveting quality of a silent moment suddenly shattered by the bomb-drop of a bass note, or the high keen of a synth line. For this you need to listen to Kraftwerk, or, better still, another, more obscure German band available on CD called Palais Schaumburg. Silences on CD are deafening, like the pauses in a play by Harold Pinter. The vagaries of vinyl destroy those moments after only a few of even the most cautious playings.

Making the move from turntable to CD should be no more frightening than shifting from black-and-white to colour TV. While the price of CD players are dropping all the time, there does seem to be some question about where the price of CDs themselves will level off. Twenty dollars is a lot of money for an album, but inflation may make that price seem less unattractive before too long.

CD or not CD? There is no question. ◀

# SAM'S

## SEARCH SYSTEM

Having trouble replacing those old Platters records your wife gave to the neighbourhood services in a fit of pique? Your dog ate the only copy you had of Efrem Zimbalist Jr.'s album and you can't live without it? Has your equipment made salad of your most cherished 10CC cassette? Be calm. Sam's can probably find what you need, through Sam's Search System.

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and include a self-addressed, stamped envelope (#10, business size). Include your full name, address and postal code, along with the particulars of what you're looking for: the title of the recording, artist(s) name(s), label if you know it, and format (45, LP, cassette, CD). Sam's will hunt it down for you, and let you know by mail what they find, and where to purchase or order it.

And because we know there are so many Efrem Zimbalist Jr. fans out there, we will publish a selection of requests and search results in future issues.



# Sam the Record Man: CHARTS

## Top 10

(Based on sales/rentals through all Sam the Record Man and Sam the Video Man stores across Canada, to the end of January 1987.)

### VIDEO SALES

1. *Some Like It Hot*
2. *Sleeping Beauty*
3. *The Streisand Specials*
4. *Jane Fonda Workouts*
5. *Secrets of the Titanic*
6. *It's A Wonderful Life*
7. *Gone With The Wind*
8. *Foghorn Leghorn*
9. *Fawlty Towers*
10. *Quiet Man*

### VIDEO RENTALS

1. *The Gods Must Be Crazy*
2. *Touch Of Evil*
3. *Fawlty Towers*
4. *Lady From Shanghai*
5. *Freaks*
6. *9½ Weeks*
7. *Letter To Brezhnev*
8. *Seven Samurai*
9. *Temple of Doom*
10. *My Beautiful Laundrette*

### MUSIC VIDEOS

1. Ozzy Osbourne, *Ultimate Ozzy*
2. Billy Joel, *Video Albums*
3. Van Halen, *Live Without A Net*
4. Don Messer's *Jubilee*
5. Iron Maiden, *Live*
6. Talking Heads, *Stop Making Sense*
7. Motley Crüe, *Uncensored*
8. Bizet's *Carmen*
9. Judas Priest, *Fuel For Life*
10. Dire Straits, *Brothers In Arms*

### POP

1. Paul Simon, *Graceland*
2. Bon Jovi, *Slippery When Wet*
3. Lionel Richie, *Dancing On The Ceiling*
4. Genesis, *Invisible Touch*
5. Boston, *Third Stage*
6. Madonna, *True Blue*
7. Huey Lewis and The News, *FORE*
8. Bruce Hornsby and The Range, *The Way It Is*
9. Glass Tiger, *Thin Red Line*
10. Janet Jackson, *Control*

### JAZZ

1. Miles Davis, *Tutu*
2. 'Round Midnight (soundtrack)
3. Stanley Jordan, *Standards, Vol. 1*
4. Wynton Marsalis, *J. Mood*
5. Charlie Watts
6. Branford Marsalis, *Royal Garden Blues*
7. Bob James/David Sanborn
8. Dexter Gordon, *The Other Side of 'Round Midnight*
9. Mel Tormé and Rob McConnell
10. Bobby McFerrin, *Spontaneous Inventions*

### CLASSICAL

1. Horowitz *In Moscow*
2. Horowitz, *The Last Romantic*
3. Liona Boyd, *Persona*
4. Teresa Stratas, *Stratas Sings Weill*
5. Kathleen Battle *Sings Mozart*
6. Horowitz, *The Studio Recordings*
7. Branford Marsalis, *Romances For Saxophone*
8. Plácido Domingo, *Vienna, City Of My Dreams*
9. Andrew Davis and the T.S.O., *Holst, The Planets*
10. Kathleen Battle/Christopher Parkening, *Pleasure of Their Company*

### IMPORTS

1. Sting, *Bring On The Night*
2. *Starlight Express* (Original London Cast)
3. Patrick O'Hern, *Ancient Dreams*
4. *Les Misérables* (Original London Cast)
5. Irene Papas, *Odes*
6. Glen Frey, *No Fun Aloud*
7. *Thief of Hearts* (soundtrack)
8. Robert Johnson, *King of the Delta, Blues Singers, Vol. 1*
9. *Manhattan* (soundtrack)
10. Santa Esmeralda, *Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood*

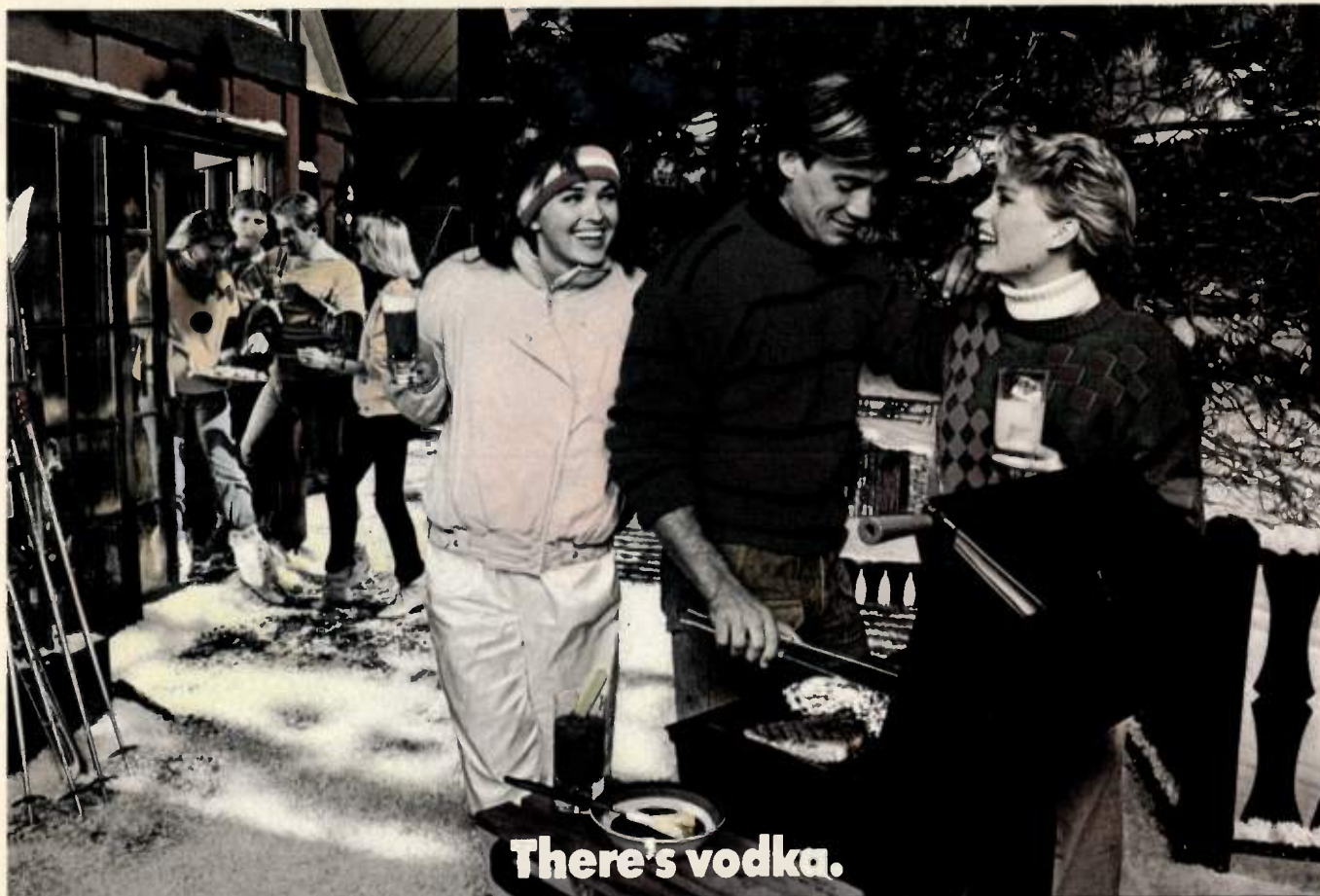
### C & W

1. Randy Travis, *Storms Of Life*
2. Alabama, *The Touch*
3. Dwight Yoakam, *Guitars, Cadillacs*
4. Reba McEntire, *What Am I Gonna Do About You*
5. George Jones, *Wine Coloured Roses*
6. The Judds, *Rockin' With The Rhythm*
7. Ricky Skaggs, *Love's Gonna Get Ya*
8. Steve Earle, *Guitar Town*
9. Dan Seals, *On The Front Line*
10. Hank Williams Jr., *Montana Café*

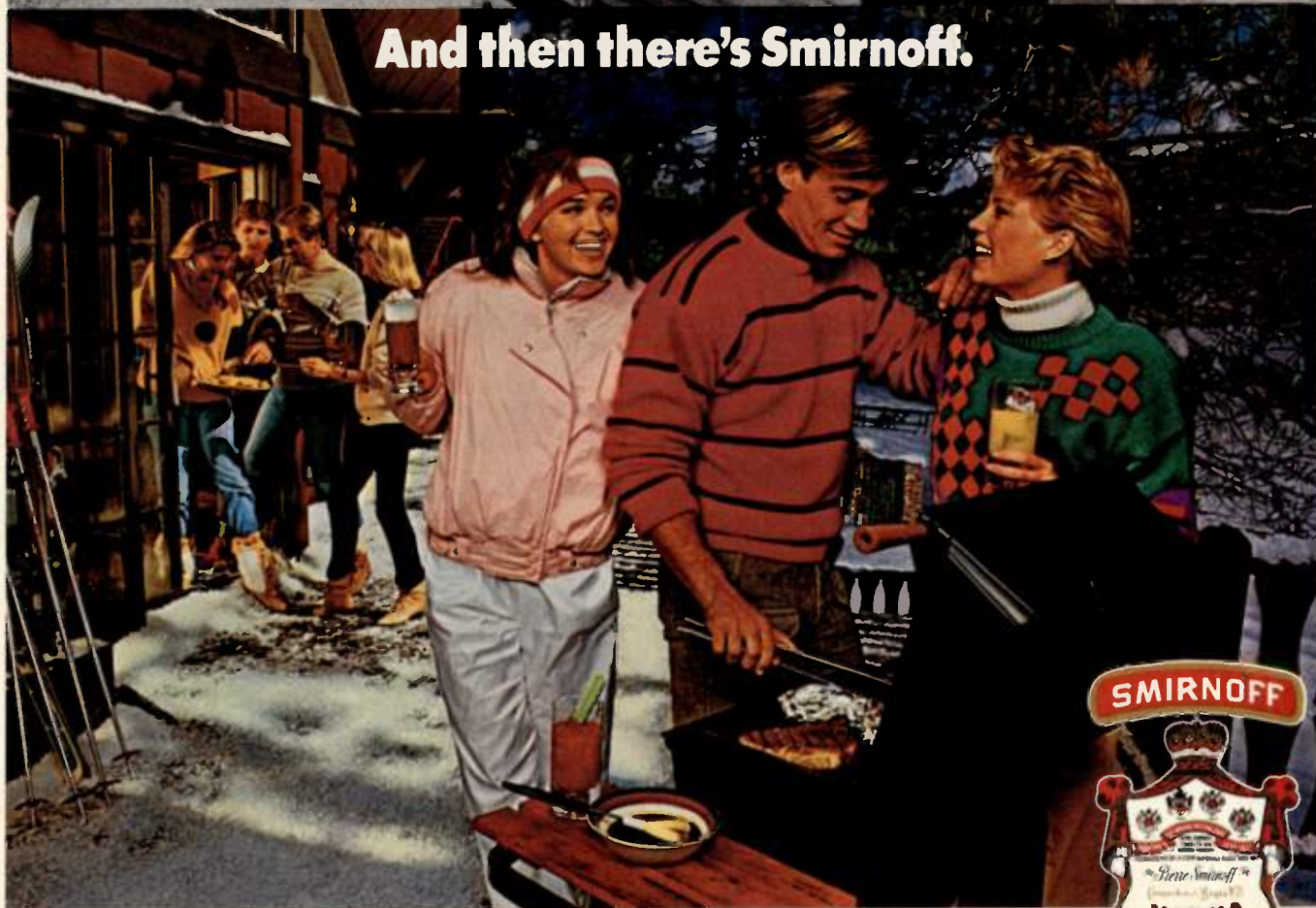
### CDs

1. Paul Simon, *Graceland*
2. Peter Gabriel, *So*
3. Bruce Hornsby and The Range, *The Way It Is*
4. Huey Lewis and The News, *FORE*
5. Genesis, *Invisible Touch*
6. Lionel Richie, *Dancing On The Ceiling*
7. Boston, *Third Stage*
8. Anita Baker, *Rapture*
9. Steve Winwood, *Back In The High Life*
10. Whitney Houston





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