

THE RECORD



Bruce Stands Up For The Veterans

On August 20 Bruce Springsteen took the stage of the Los Angeles Sports Arena for the first of six sold-out shows in that venue. 15,000 fans were on hand opening night for a concert designated as a benefit for veterans of the Vietnam War.

Before the music began, Springsteen stood alone and, for the first time in public, spoke of the war and the men who fought in it. Sources indicate Springsteen was reluctant to turn speechmaker, but recognized the need for a personal comment. The night before he had sat

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LATE NIGHT ROCK'S MAINSTREAM LOOK

Networks Vie For Top Acts

By Alan Hecht

NEW YORK—The original *Saturday Night Live* was both bold and sensitive in choosing musical guests who were perceived as important, regardless of commercial potential. Leon Redbone? He couldn't be found anywhere else. That was many years ago.

This season, "mainstream" and "commercial" are network executives' favorite buzz words for describing musical guests on late-night weekend television.

Once innovative and incomparable, *Saturday Night Live* is now confident of erasing its recent torpid history. Challengers for the throne are a couple of brash upstarts much in the mold of the early *SNL*, ABC's *Fridays* and NBC's

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STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

This is the premiere issue of The Record, a new monthly music magazine. The name cuts two ways, indicating first of all a commitment to music. The Record gives a damn about rock—about where it's been, where it is and where it's going—and about the people who make it a vital part of our lives. Beyond this, our coverage provides readers with comprehensive, in-depth status reports on the contemporary scene's top newsmakers. The reporting in these pages is literate but, in keeping with the nature of the subject matter, not so sober as to lack an enthusiastic, aggressive point of view. If it's music and if it's news—if it's playing at all—the essential details will be recorded here.

—David McGee
Managing Editor

SIN, SEX AND ELVIS: A Fairy Tale

Elvis By Albert Goldman
McGraw-Hill, \$14.95

By David McGee

These are some facts you should know before plunking down \$14.95 plus tax for a copy of *Elvis* by Albert Goldman:

1. In the weeks following the death of Elvis Presley in the summer of 1977, four publishing houses sold 8,750,000 copies of paperback books about Presley. Four years later, Elvis remains, in death as in life, big box office.

2. Albert Goldman, whose previous book was a controversial biography of Lenny Bruce (*Ladies And Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!*), has written for *The New Leader*, *Commentary*, *The New York Review of Books*, *The Nation*, *Commonweal*, *Life*, *New York*, *The Sunday Times*, *Vogue*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Book World* and *Atlantic Monthly*, in addition to being a founder and chief editor of *Cultural Affairs*. Among these credits are some fine publications,

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B·U·L·L·E·T·S

ZZ Top is back, bad and nationwide, with *El Loco*, a new album that is an extension of their previous LP's experiment in musical sophistication. For the Texas trio, this raises the dreaded spectre of respectability.

(see *Music News*, page 2)

Concerned about the high cost of records? Barrie Bergman, president of the 130-store Record Bar chain, says labels and artists must shoulder the responsibility together. (see *Forum*, page 4)

Five albums had generated some good press for Kim Carnes, but had not made her a star. It took *Mistaken Identity* and a Jackie DeShannon-Donna Weiss song titled "Bette Davis Eyes" to turn that trick. Val Garay, Carnes' producer, says the singer's breakthrough stems directly from a team effort in the studio.

(see *Behind The Board*, page 6)

Now nearing completion in Hollywood, Francis Ford Coppola's next film, *One From The Heart*, is unique in its reliance on music to shape its plot. Tom Waits is scoring the film, and in this issue he discusses the singular role his songs play in the \$23 million romantic comedy.

(see *Films & Books*, page 16)

If there is nothing new under the sun in heavy metal music, it's because The Yardbirds exhausted, or at least suggested, all the possibilities of the form. In this issue, a profile of the group that spawned three of the most influential guitarists in rock history.

(see *Yesterday*, page 23)

Bob Seger Is Alive And Well In The Heart Of America



PHOTO: STAN MIESES

By Stan Mieses

His music bespeaks the strength and durability of the American heartland, the country's solid center. Thus, when he drops from sight, as he has lately—no tours, no studio work, no interviews in over a year—it figures Bob Seger could be located living the life of an average person in . . . the American heartland.

For the past year, as he tells it, Seger has been taking stock of his success and trying to integrate it into a kind of life that makes him comfortable and happy. He hasn't been ducking out of sight because he's on some reclusive rock star trip. He's not drying out or cleaning up. The creative well is not a black pit he's afraid to look into. For this famous musician, the heartland is where home is—a town over an hour's drive out of Detroit, and a

long ways from Manhattan or Malibu or anything remotely vogue.

"It's not that I'm full of fear, that's not why I'm taking my time with things," he said at the outset of his first interview in a year-and-a-half. "I got the demons out in between *Night Moves* and the *Stranger In Town* record. I had what I called a 'platinum paranoia.' That's not the case now. I removed myself somewhat because the business is an intoxicating thing. The jet-setting, the flash, everything just a phone call away. But I never really went for it."

Heftier (he's put on about 10 pounds since his last public appearance) and sporting a short haircut, Seger looks not unlike a regular working-class joe. Fittingly he shares the nine-to-five's unbending faith in the work ethic, even going so far as to credit a self-imposed "strict division of labor" as the primary reason for his continued good health and happy home. Seger's firmly rooted in other ways as well. A person he refers to not by name but only as "my lady" moved in with him nine and a half years ago and changed his life. "She was with me when I made \$6600 a year and spent it all on guitars and amps. Our relationship keeps things pretty much in check. I hang out with a lot of people through her—we're both from this area, and she has a large family—middle-class, straight-ahead, non-rock 'n' roll people. We're from the Midwest and we still live here. Our heads are a little closer to the ground."

Our meeting took place in an appropriately average location: a family-type suburban apartment complex just outside Detroit; a planned little community with manicured lawns and fenced-in patios (tricycles in front, barbecue pits out back) in an apartment belonging to a woman who works for Seger's manager. You might expect to hear Seger's music pouring out of one of these windows, but you don't expect to actually meet the guy here.

Other than his new haircut and added girth, it is the quality of Seger's speaking voice that is most notable about him. It's real easy and smoothed-over, and it offers no clues to the intensity of his singing voice. "I got a lot of energy in the music," he says, "but I don't have that kind of energy in real life. I'm kind of slow-talkin', slow-walkin'." I don't cotton to outrageous behavior. I leave it onstage. Besides, I've got a lot of other people onstage helping me. And I got the audience and the material."

Ah, the material. Even in the ab-

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THE MONTH IN MUSIC

Although the final three months of the year represent the music industry's peak sales period, September is when labels and record dealers look to tours and new albums by rock's top acts to get the fall season off to a fast start.

In September big names were everywhere, including the biggest of them all, The Rolling Stones. On September 25 The Stones kicked off a 40-city U.S. tour before a crowd of 90,000 at Philadelphia's JFK Stadium. In two-hours-plus onstage, the band surveyed the musical high points of its career; confirmed many critics' opinion that the material from *Tattoo You* is indeed first-rate rock; and, on the strength of Mick Jagger's vocal prowess and unflagging energy and an incomparable rhythm section, renewed its claim on the title of World's Greatest Rock Band.

Prior to the tour, The Stones played a "sneak preview" show at a 250-seat club, Sir Morgan's Cove, in a working class neighborhood of Worcester, Massachusetts. Tickets to the September 14 show were handed out free to anyone spotted on the streets of Worcester wearing the logo of a local radio station. The upshot: an estimated crowd of between 3000 and 4000 raucous fans outside the club, and 11 arrests on disorderly conduct charges.

In a rare achievement for them, The Stones also gained a number one album when *Tattoo You* topped the *Record World* chart in its third week of release.

The only news to rival The Stones' return was the reunion of Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel on September 19 in New York's Central Park. An estimated 500,000 fans, the largest in Park history, packed the Great Lawn to hear the duo glide through S&G classics, Simon solo material and a couple of new tunes, including Garfunkel's "A Heart In New York City" and an unreleased Simon composition, "The Late Great Johnny Ace." The 90-minute



event, a benefit for the Park, was videotaped and recorded for future airing on cable or network television.

On the basis of advance ticket sales, Journey's U.S. tour, launched in September, promised to be one of the most successful of the year, Stones or no Stones. A steady regimen of live performances and recording paid off in other ways as well, as the band's new album, *Escape*, reached number one on the RW chart.

However, Foreigner was engaged in heavy battle with Journey on the road and on the charts for superiority of the thunder rock circuit. *Foreigner 4* quickly rose to the top of the RW chart and, as with Journey, tickets to the group's concerts were scarce.

On September 18 Jackson Browne continued his anti-nuke activist efforts by participating in an attempted blockade of the Diablo Canyon nuclear power plant in San Luis Obispo, California. Browne and 36 others were arrested and later released.

September also saw the passing of a blues giant when Walter (Furry) Lewis died in Memphis at the age of 88. A bottleneck guitarist who influenced countless rock, folk and blues musicians, Lewis made several recordings in the 1920s which are now considered classics of the blues genre. In 1978 he opened a concert for the Rolling Stones in Memphis Stadium.

On a lighter note, David Lee Roth of Van Halen disclosed that he had taken out a \$100,000 insurance policy with Lloyds of London as a hedge against future paternity suits. Forewarned is forearmed.

Top new albums for the month: a double live set from Bob Seger, *Nine Tonight*, recorded in 1980 in Boston and Detroit; Billy Joel's *Songs From The Attic*, a live album featuring new versions of Joel standards; *Dead Set*, a two-LP live, electric outing from The Grateful Dead, recorded in New York and San Francisco; Dan Fogelberg's ambitious double-record concept album, *The Innocent Age* (top 10 three weeks after release); Hall and Oates' *Private Eyes*, a followup to the duo's enormously-successful (four hit singles) *Voices*; The Kinks' *Give The People What They Want*; and Triumph's third album, *Allied Forces*.



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ZZ Top Flirts With Respectability

By J.P. Richardson

PHILADELPHIA—These guys are definitely consistent with the modern age. On stage right is a monolith of a computer with red and green lights flashing everywhere and messages coming over a tiny video screen. Adorning the bottom of the drumstand and running the length of the stage is an eerie, gun-metal grey web of hoses and pumps and compressors.

The Spectrum darkens, the crowd roars, explosives go off overhead—what was that about being consistent with the modern age?—the spotlights are lit and there they stand: two guys, one a fireplug of a bass player, the other a wiry guitarist. Both are dressed to the nines in well-oiled mechanics' jumpsuits and red combat boots; their chest-length beards are so weird and phony-looking they could have been seen in Cecil B. DeMille's 1956 version of *The Ten Commandments*. The bass player, Dusty Hill, complements his ensemble with red knee pads and a spiffy derby, while the guitarist, Billy Gibbons, keeps it simple with a black top hat, battered but clean. And back there above all the machinery, also in a jumpsuit but otherwise looking fairly normal, is drummer Frank Beard, whose face is graced by a conventional version of his last name.

What it is is ZZ Top, bad and nationwide again with a new album, *El Loco*, that's as lyrically bizarre and instrumentally sizzling as 1980's *Deguello*, and a stage show that delivers a couple of hours worth of red-hot guitar and pulsing rhythm combined with a totally unique, considerably bent point of view on fads and fashions of the day.

Contradictions are everywhere, though. In concert it's high-tech equipment against the musicians' downbeat appearance and the simplicity of the drums-bass-guitar lineup. Backstage is another story altogether when Gibbons, Hill and Beard change into more traditional garb: polo shirts, sport shirts, slacks—Hill even goes so far as to don a sport coat. The beards, it should be noted, are real, prompting one to ask, what kind of person would dare venture out in public this way?

There is a reason—usually a weird one—for everything in ZZ Top's world. "The girls finally got to us," Gibbons admits. "In Jacksonville we'll be sporting the new, the traditional yet ever-so-popular black jumpsuit perfectly tailored from Manuel Cuevas in North Hollywood, California. Even though *El Loco* is going over pretty decently, I don't think we have to wear these jumpsuits more than 60 days in a row."

"We can't afford a change!" exclaims Beard. "Three or four months into the tour maybe, but right now we can't afford to buy an-

other set of clothes!"

Psychologists studying the use of humor as a defense mechanism would be well-advised to examine Messrs. Gibbons, Hill and Beard, who have a difficult time taking anything, least of all themselves, seriously. This characteristic—disturbing to some—manifests itself in a notably skewed world view which finds the trio celebrating the joys of hosiery and five-and-dime sunglasses, and declaring themselves not merely bad, but bad *coast-to-coast*; infamous, unrepentant slaves of an endless highway littered with femmes fatales wrestling with the ol' tube snake (think about it) and Jesus on his way to Chicago.

In 1976, after four albums of relentless rock and Texas blues-boogie, ZZ Top had become one of the top concert attractions in the country. Then, following a mammoth world tour which featured live bison and vultures on a stage adorned by cactus, sagebrush, tumbleweeds, and other accoutrements of the Texas countryside, ZZ opted for a sabbatical. As Beard puts it, "We were growing up and missing a lot of growing up."

It wasn't until 1980 that the world heard again from "the little ol' band from Texas." Hill says there was never a timetable set for their return. "We didn't say, 'Let's take three years off.' We said, 'Man, we gotta take some time off.' We had to do it or we wouldn't be worth anything to anybody. We weren't aiming to stop for that length of time, it just turned into that."

ZZ's "comeback" album, *Deguello*, proved a breakthrough. In arduous, hours-long pre-production studio sessions, Gibbons, Hill and Beard taught themselves to play saxophones, and the Lone Wolf Horns were born; the upshot was a beefier, more soulful sound in sharp but pleasant contrast to the group's signature bare-wires-and-knuckles approach. And at a time when other bands were simplifying their music, ZZ—heretofore nothing if not simple to the nth degree—offered sophisticated arrangements and complex instrumental passages born of technology as much as technique.

El Loco is an extension of *Deguello*. It also plays tricks on your mind: on the one hand there's the comforting steadiness of the rhythm section; at the other end of the scale, throwing it completely out of whack, is Gibbons' unpredictable guitar work, with angular lines floating, wailing, crying, protesting, orbiting around everything in fascinating patterns. To top it off, ZZ displays a sentimental side on "Leila," a heartfelt love song in which Gibbons assures his lady "everything will be alright," although the lonesome sound of a pedal steel guitar adds an ominous tone to that sentiment. It's a fur-

THE TRIALS OF BILLY BURNETTE

By David McGee

NEW YORK—Consider 10 months in the life of Billy Burnette

December 8, 1980: In the midst of a national tour in support of his critically-acclaimed album *Billy Burnette*, the nominal star drops in for a beer at a Los Angeles club called The Lone Star. He is approached by a stout patron who asks if he is, indeed, the Billy Burnette. Yes is the answer and swift is the stout patron's fist, felling Burnette and breaking his nose. The assailant is later found to be a semi-pro boxer who hits with great force. His girlfriend is found to be much enamored of Burnette's dark, brooding good looks. Cancel 10 dates of a crucial tour.

April, 1981: Burnette travels to Muscle Shoals, Alabama (where some of the great rock and soul albums of the last 20 years have been recorded) to cut his second album, *Gimme You*, for Columbia Records (in the late '70s he recorded two uneven and largely-ignored LPs for Polydor). Geographically (because he lives there) but not musically aligned with the L.A. new wave scene, Burnette's move reaffirms his commitment to extend and expand the commercial possibilities of the rockabilly tradition pioneered by his father, Dorsey Burnette, and his uncle, Johnny Burnette, who along with Paul Burlison comprised one of the first rock 'n' roll bands, The Rock 'N' Roll Trio.

July 6, 1981: Burnette and his fiancée, Chris Hall, are house-sitting for Susie Frank, Burnette's manager, who is away for the weekend. This evening they decide to take a sauna (the house is well-appointed). Burnette races around in search of a pair of thongs, and in the darkness fails to see a plate glass door separating the living room from the den. A head-on collision occurs, and Burnette is knocked to the floor as the door shatters. While prone he is hit just below the right knee by a huge shard of glass. The cut is bone-deep. At the hospital a doctor tells Burnette that at best he'll walk with a brace, but that he might lose the use of the leg completely. A week later a tendon "flickers" in his foot. Another week passes and Burnette is, against all odds, on his feet again, albeit gingerly.

August 29, 1981: Burnette and Hall are married in Los Angeles. Music is provided by Billy and his cousin, Rocky Burnette.

September 2, 1981: Burnette is lounging in the honeymoon suite of the Berkshire Place Hotel in New York, showing off his scar, limping only slightly, and speaking softly in



Billy Burnette

a husky Southern drawl about "a real miracle recovery."

Reflecting on these experiences, Burnette allows as to how the ups and downs have helped restore his spirit. "My theory is that everything happens for the best. Maybe I was just moving too fast."

Two years ago, Burnette was, by his own admission, "going down the path of really getting into a lot of hangin' out and drinkin', drugs and everything. But when my dad died I kinda straightened up." Kinda. It took a broken nose and a nearly-severed leg "to really straighten me up."

"You have got to tow the line, you know," he concludes, echoing a sentiment expressed in cousin Rocky's hit single of 1980.

Gimme You finds the artist closer to his roots than on previous outings. Inspired by a memorable Rick Nelson concert Burnette witnessed last spring, the LP is a tribute to the heroes of yesterday. The heavy riffing on "When The Sun Goes Down," for instance, is a nod in Eddie Cochran's direction; the satiny, sensual R&B feel of "The Bigger The Love" recalls The Shirelles, while "Love Ain't Easy," all fire, rolling rhythm and hard edges, is clearly an homage to Buddy Holly.

Burnette also sought to make a record that would reflect his eclectic musical taste. Born and raised in Memphis, his sensibility mirrors the diversity of the music he grew up with in the South. "It's a mixture of listening to the Grand Ol' Opry and a dj playing black music on a white radio station," he explains. "I'll wake up one day and want to hear some country music; I'll wake up another day and want to hear some R&B, or put on some rock 'n' roll. I guess for marketing and all that stuff it's bad, but I like to jump around."

Yet such *tours de force* as Burnette's are also commercial gambles. Radio stations looking to pigeonhole every record for easy reference will find *Gimme You* a genuine conundrum. "To put a label on this one is real hard," admits Burnette. "What is it?" He raises his hands in surrender. "I don't know."

It's been that kind of year.

ther, and necessary, step in ZZ's evolution.

"We have never been so well-received in the East as after the release of *El Loco*," says Gibbons, clearly pleased with this turn of events. "There's something happening to ZZ Top that works, and not only in Texas where they want to hear ZZ. The group's doing new things, using synthesizers, R&B, new arrangements, things that are completely off-the-cuff. I think we got in (the studio) and the things you don't normally think of as coming off turned out feeling good and natural."

Once dismissed by critics as a mindless boogie bunch, ZZ is now being lauded, or at least tolerated, for its wit, style and utterly bizarre demeanor. Which leads to that most dreaded of afflictions:

respectability.

The very mention of the word sends Gibbons straight for the pissoir. Hill says he's not sure how big a deal press plaudits are to him. Gibbons returns with a sly grin on his face and a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. Leaning close to the reporter, he whispers conspiratorially: "Have you heard Wendy Williams and the Plasmatics? On *Beyond The Valley*, that last cut where she gets down on journalists and policemen? I heard that and I said, Hey, don't tell anybody, but right on!"

Gibbons straightens up and looks dead serious. "But I'm a helpless creature, man. Just happen to have the wrong skin color."

There's a reason—usually a weird one—for everything in ZZ Top's world.

MUSIC
NEWS

LRB: Music To Beat The Bland

By David McGee

New York—The Little River Band has a problem, a perennial problem, and lead singer Glen Shorrock would like to address it definitively. Says he: "It bothers me that people would just wash over us and say, 'oh, they're just vacuous individuals that write clever little pop songs.' Well, that's their point of view, and let's face it, we're not the most progressive band in the world. Hell, we're not pushing musical barriers down or anything like that. We're just playing music that's comfortable to us. Lyrically, conceptually and musically it's the end product of 20 years in rock 'n' roll. If it comes out sounding bland to some people, well, sorry. I wouldn't call us intellectuals by any means, but we are caring sort of people and we're not embarrassed about that at all.

"The end product of 20 years in rock 'n' roll" has gained Little River Band two platinum albums (*Sleeper Catcher* and *First Under The Wire*), made them a fixture on AM radio since 1976, and given rise to the conventional wisdom among critics that the Australian septet's music is as aurally exciting as wallpaper and, at that, a telling comment on the personalities involved.

While Shorrock's statements lead one to believe these fellows would rather fight than switch, the group's latest album, *Time Exposure*, while replete with LRB's trademark lush harmonies and emphasis on melody and solid song structure, finds the band taking some chances. For one, it's the first LRB album ever recorded outside of Australia, having been done at Air Studios on the Bahamian island of Montserrat. And George Martin has replaced longtime LRB producer John Boylan behind the board. Shorrock himself is feeling the winds of change too, as new bass player Wayne Nelson assumes lead vocals on the first single off the album, "Night Owls."

The point of all this, according to guitarist-vocalist-songwriter Graham Goble is simply "for a freshness. We've done six albums in the same studio, the last three with the same producer. We felt a need for change; we think change is healthy."

But how did Shorrock take the news of Nelson's role on "Night Owls"? "Pretty professionally," the lead singer states, although the palpable chill in his voice indicates some ruffling of the ego occurred. He pauses, then begins again. "I feel quite confident in my job that I've got, and there's no one else who can do it better as far as I can see. There's always been a policy in the band of me not singing everything. Beeb (Birtles) has always sang a couple of tunes. It just so happens we've got one more in the band who's capable of taking a lead vocal as well. So why not? Why not use our ammunition?"

Although Martin streamlined LRB's sound—*Time Exposure* rocks harder than any of their previous studio outings—the famed producer proved less of a godsend than expected. In fact, Birtles snaps a quick "No" when asked if he was pleased with Martin's contribution. Ever the diplomat, the bearded, professorial Goble jumps in to clarify the matter. "We're very satisfied with the album. But see, the term 'producer' is sometimes very misunderstood because it can mean anything from complete responsibility for the whole album to a co-working relationship with the band, which is closer to what we had anticipated. We have our own ideas on what we'd like to hear on our

records. On the music, particularly in the band track area, George really helped us a lot, with little riffs and arrangements and song structure. A producer's job is to do what needs to be done and no more, and he was successful at that."

On the other hand, Shorrock says working with Martin was "really terrific. He and I got on famously, we had a terrific time."

Just as Shorrock, Goble and Birtles disagree about the producer's value in the *Time Exposure* story, so are they at odds over another, more personal issue. Birtles is a born-again Christian, Goble believes devoutly in the spiritual experience of reincarnation, while Shorrock has "embraced Eastern philosophies for awhile now," but

frankly describes himself as "a fallen disciple and sort of philosophical driftwood." He calls his cohorts "amateur Christians—they're not really churchgoers or anything like that," and adds, "we don't really talk about matters like that because Graham wouldn't be interested much in what I have to say. He's discovering things that I've forgotten in a way. It's all a growing process, and as long as it doesn't get in the way of the music that's okay."

On *Time Exposure* Goble's and Birtles' religious beliefs have made their presence felt in a positive way. Although the lyrics are simple and often prosaic, the sensitive vocal and instrumental performances illuminate Goble's ode to reincarnation ("Full Circle") as well as Birtles' song of faith, "Guiding Light." Side two also includes an anguished *cri de couer*, "Just Say That You Love Me"; a horror story about drug addiction and burn-out ("Suicide Boulevard"); a warning about desecrating planet Earth (Orbit Zero); and some sage advice in the guise of a song titled "Don't Let The Needle Win" (written by LRB guitarist



Little River Band

David Briggs).

Has the Little River Band become a band with a message?

"Perhaps not collectively as a band, but individually, yeah," Birtles says. "There are suggestions there for those people who perhaps can't live their lives as, say, we can, being just normal people."

"We don't write lyrics just to go with the music," Goble continues. "We feel each song's got something to say, some more than others. We try not to dictate views of a specific nature when it comes to spiritual ways or political or whatever. We try to sort of let people analyze their own beliefs and theories."

HOW TO DESCRIBE WAS (NOT WAS).

"THE BEST DRUG-INDUCED FUNK SINCE PRINCE, BRACING ITS TWISTED HEDONISM WITH SURREALISTICALLY SARDONIC WIT AND CATSKILLS HUMOR."

"WELDS GEORGE CLINTON'S MEDULLA TO FRANK ZAPPA'S OBLONGATA, AND RESULTS IN AN EERIE, FUNNY ECLECTICISM."

"AN INVENTIVE BLEND OF JAZZ, ROCK AND THUDDING FUNK WITH SOME OF THE MOST IMAGINATIVELY BIZARRE LYRICS IN RECENT POPULAR MUSIC."

"ORIENTAL DISCO MIXING IN WITH ELECTRONIC FUNK."

"MARRIES HARD ROCK, CLASSIC R&B, P-FUNK, DISCO, AVANT GARDE JAZZ, A MASED CHOIR OF MANDOLINS, DELICIOUSLY CLOYING SENTIMENTALITY AND KISS-MY-ASS GHETTO MILITANCY."

"DIZZY, SCREECHY ROCK AND JAZZ RIFFING ON TOP OF GRINDING FUNK GROOVES."

—NY ROCKER

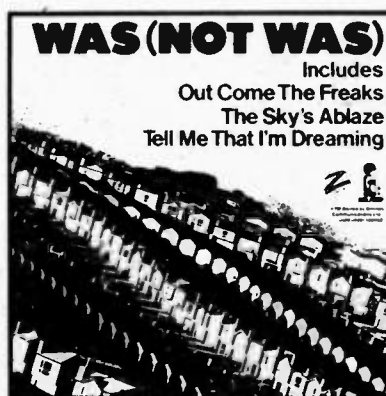
—ROLLING STONE

—NEW YORK TIMES

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MUSIC
NEWS

Bob Seger

continued from page 1

sence of new songs, or new studio efforts, Seger's live album is pointing him to the top of the charts. Live albums seem to be his special strength. First it was his reputation as a performer that kept him going for 10 years as a regional favorite; then 1975's *Live Bullet* established him as a superseller/superstar; and now it's the instant success of another live album, *Nine Tonight*, loaded with some of Seger's best but also most familiar music, that is affording him the one luxury he hasn't had in his life as a rock 'n' roller, and the one luxury he'd like to indulge in—time off.

Seger will continue relaxing until January, when he is scheduled to begin sessions with producer Jimmy Iovine for an album of new songs. "Right now I'm hammering it out every day," he says of his next project. "I've only got three songs so far."

Thus, life at home, beyond taking out the trash, consists of either working in the living room on the Bosendorfer piano, or on the couch with a guitar and a cassette player, or in the basement with the Steinway and the four-track Scully. What is surprising is his frank admission of writing from outside his own life experiences. "I pick a topic and just hope I get it right," he says straight-faced. "When I'm on the road and off, I read a lot of magazines that reflect certain things in the world that I think may be useful for me. You try to pick out something original and specific, a theme that means something. It's no good to write songs about, 'Oh, I'm going through changes now,' because it's too easy to write a vague lyric that sounds important. I stay away from the 'canyons in your mind' sensibility." Of all his songs, Seger says only "Night Moves," "Brave Strangers" and "Against The Wind" could have been considered nostalgia tunes, talking about when I was young.

Just as Seger's sabbatical has engendered serious thought on his part about what it means to "live like a human being," so has he been considering his future in a profession with which he's developed a genuine love/hate relationship. Hate for "the grind of it all—the record every six months, the constant touring . . ." love for the simple joy of playing music for an enthusiastic audience. He's accomplished much in the past six years—his entire career, in fact, stands as a monument to the "strict division of labor" he extols—but is directing himself towards more personally fulfilling goals. For instance, he praises Paul Simon for "coming up all the time with off-the-wall rhythms and lyrics," and in a quieter moment says he greatly admires Simon's reputation for being "not predictable but formidable."

He's seen Pete Townshend maintain a loyal following despite going as long as a year-and-a-half between albums, and has come to appreciate the less-is-more *modus operandi*. "Yeah, give the people a rest from you, and you get a rest from it too and get the juices flowing again," he states emphatically. "After seventeen years I've seen all the hotels and all the buildings you can play in. Other than the actual show, which is fun, the routine is boring and regimented."

Driving the point home, he adds: "It's hard to sleep in a different bed every night, with a different volume air-conditioner, and without the people you love."

Having spoken the truth as he knows it, a simple man living out his dreams in the heart of America returned to his idyllic world, carrying with him a vision of laboring in solitude and peace all the rest of his days, emerging infrequently to rock with the best. Rock 'n' roll, as he might say, never forgets.

SQUIER XMAS
SINGLE DUE

NEW YORK—"It's completely off-the-wall, and it sounds like rubbish. But we wanted to do it."

With these words, Billy Squier justified a Christmas party he threw in September for approximately 250 press, radio and music industry representatives at the Power Station Recording Studio here. The purpose of the bash was to ply the revelers with liquor and then have them sing background on what Squier terms "a very improper recording of a very proper song." That would be "White Christmas," set for release in November as a single, backed by a Squier original, "Christmas Is A Time To Say I Love You" ("a very cheery little number," according to the artist). The record will be packaged to resemble a Christmas card, complete with foldout cover.

Adds Squier: "It's fun. Sometimes you take chances, you do things just for a laugh. In a strange way, it's quite a good record."

Bruce Stands Up For The Veterans

continued from page 1

for hours by himself on a beach, staring out into the Pacific Ocean, searching for the right words.

When his moment came, he spoke in a strong, clear voice—a bit tense, but strong and clear nonetheless—and ignored the audience's occasional and ill-timed outbursts of applause.

Said Springsteen: "Tonight we're here for the men and the women who fought in the Vietnam War. Yesterday I was lucky enough to meet some of these guys. It was funny because I'm used to coming out in front of a lot of people and I realized that I was . . . I was nervous and I was a little embarrassed about not knowing what to say to them. It's like when you feel like you're walking down a dark street at night and out of the corner of your eye you see somebody . . . you see somebody getting hurt or somebody getting hit in a dark alley, but you keep walking on because you think it don't have nothing to do with you and you just want to get home. Well, Vietnam turned this whole country into that dark street. Unless we . . . unless we're able to walk down those dark alleys and look in the eyes of the men and women that are down there and the things that happened, we're never gonna be able to get home, and then it's only a chance. You guys out there that are 18 and 19 years old, it happened once and it can happen again, so I guess all I'm saying is you gotta go down there and you gotta look. And we got the easy part because there's a lot of guys here tonight that had to live it and live it every day; and there's a lot of guys that made it home to America but died and didn't make it down here tonight."

Bob Muller, head of the Vietnam Veterans of America (VVA), then made a brief statement that closed with the exhortation: "Let's get down to it, let's rock 'n' roll!"

In the shadows, Springsteen gave a signal and the E Street Band struck a dark chord. As the music swelled, Springsteen stepped to the microphone. The opening line of John Fogerty's "Who'll Stop The Rain" reverberated through the arena - "Long as I remember, rain's been fallin' down . . ." - and there were no words left to speak.

David McGee

WORRIED
ABOUT
HIGH
RECORD
PRICES?
KEEP
WORRYING
An
Interview
With
Barrie Bergman

By David McGee

If you were buying records in 1964, Meet The Beatles probably set you back four or five dollars. If you're buying records in 1981, The Rolling Stones' Tattoo You may do twice as much damage to your money supply.

Barrie Bergman is president of Record Bar, the nation's third largest retail record store chain with 130 outlets coast to coast. Since prices are rising for dealers as well as consumers, *The Record* decided that Bergman, an astute, articulate businessman who grew up in the record industry (his father, Harry, founded Record Bar, and Barrie worked his way up from sales clerk) was best qualified to explain why albums now cost as much as ten dollars. In the following Forum interview, he criticizes labels' unsound practices, takes major artists to task for their erratic recording schedules and offers tips on where bargains can be found in records.

Do you feel record company executives are in touch with record buyers, with what's going on in your stores? Do they have any idea what effect their policies have on you and on the public?

Taken as a group they have no earthly idea about anything. Obviously there are individual exceptions; people who are damn fine record people and good business people who know very well about the consumer mind. But the average manufacturer in this country doesn't have any idea how records are sold, why or anything else. The average manufacturer thinks records are sold 100,000 at a time. And very few people walk into our store and buy 100,000 records at a time. That's the way manufacturers operate, the kind of policies they deal with. If you tell them, for instance, that a record sold five copies, or ten copies in a store in one week, they say, "My God, that's terrible." But in reality, that's a tremendous amount of records. When you consider 10,000 record stores in the country, if they average five records sold apiece, you've sold a bunch of records!

Multiplied by thousands.

Right. And most manufacturers have no concept of that. That's a concept you can only deal with if you've worked in a record store, and I invite you to talk to major manufacturers and find out how many of them ever worked in a record store—or for that matter, how many of them ever walk into a record store now. I beg people to do that. But their idea of a record store is Sam Goody on 52nd Street in New York or Tower on Sunset Strip in Los Angeles. Let me tell you, that ain't Americana. That is

FORUM



not the way it's done in this world. Those are nice stores and I'd love to have either one of them, but that is not the way it happens out in the malls in Cedar Rapids. It's just a totally different business. It doesn't have as much sex appeal, but it's still nice.

But labels are fond of saying that good music will always find an audience. If that's true, you shouldn't have too many problems selling records.

Yeah. I think for a fairly large industry, which is what the record industry is, we're about as unsophisticated as any industry could possibly be. It's really a seat-of-the-pants business, and I think the manufacturing end of our business suffers from a great dearth of information.

When it comes right down to it it's, "Will this record sell to a consumer?" I don't think anybody has any idea about that. I mean, you can run all the tests you want, you can attach electrodes to people's fingers and all that stuff, but no one really knows. I don't think it makes any difference.

It's all guesswork?

It's totally guesswork.

And the labels just aren't guessing as accurately these days?

They're still guessing on the same basic percentage, but the numbers have gone up dramatically for them. I think probably if you look at hit percentages everybody's doing about the same. It just costs a lot more to make a record and it costs a lot more to market it. Here again I think they're being very foolish in the kind of up-front monies they're paying to artists. That's the most frightening thing of all. What you've done now is you've escalated to another level if you've paid Diana Ross some ridiculous fifteen or sixteen million dollars, and Billy Joel thirty million dollars. Those are wonderful artists, don't get me wrong. But when you pay that kind of money up front, even though it is against royalties, you have really started an upward spiral of superstar advances. It's ludicrous. Diana Ross has never sold more than about two million copies of a record. Now I hear they're talking in the thirty to thirty-five million dollar range for Neil Diamond. Up front. For Neil Diamond. Never underestimate the ego at the record company level.

Nevertheless, is it solely the labels' fault that prices continue to rise? Are the artists to blame at all?

I think manufacturers are responsible for about 150 percent of it. Only 150 percent, huh?

Well, let's put it this way: an artist would be a fool not to bargain for as much as he could get, in the same way that major league baseball players would be foolish not to get as much as they could get. Somebody has to say, "This is not a reasonable number." Once you play this game of escalation, and the game of, hey, you gotta top this person up here, once that starts in an ego business, it gets out of hand very quickly.

I think manufacturers are not managed well in a lot of other ways, too. But this sort of insidious guar-

antee game is the scariest of all, and that's more responsible for the price of records than any other thing. Because all you gotta do is miss on a couple of those. Like CBS's tremendous miss on the Chicago deal.

What was that?

I'm not exactly sure what the numbers were, but it involved millions and millions of dollars, and they haven't sold any records. That deal was signed at the end of 1978. You tell me all the hit Chicago records since 1978. They gave them millions of dollars in front money against record sales. But (the band) gets paid; as soon as Chicago delivers a master Chicago gets paid. Plus there was a huge up front payment. Their records have been stiff since then; haven't sold more than 250,000 copies. My understanding is it's the worst deal anybody ever signed. I have that from a fairly reliable source.

What about artists who spend two, three years making albums? Aren't the labels hurt by these erratic schedules?

Sure, because manufacturers are such a function of hits. If CBS has Billy Joel and Barbara Streisand and Santana and Springsteen albums today, they're hot. And if these artists choose not to make a record at this time next year, obviously their sales are going to look terrible, when in reality it's just a function of hit records. Chaotic release schedules have just caused havoc with manufacturers. I don't know what the hell they do. You don't tell Billy Joel when to make a record; he makes them when he damn well pleases. Or anybody else, when the muse hits them it hits them. On an artistic level I think that's absolutely proper. But the other part of that is that it's a hell of a hard way to run a business.

Don't artists have an obligation to think of themselves as businessmen, then, and conduct their affairs accordingly?

I think they probably do. Joe Smith (president of Elektra/Asylum Records) told me an interesting story several years ago. Before they made *Hotel California* the Eagles had been going on and on, futzing around the studio. Joe was trying everything in the world to get them to finish the record. Finally he got all the guys in the office one day, set 'em down and said, "Guys, if you don't finish this record, if we don't have it by Christmas, I'm going to have to lay off 40 people." You know, he put it on a personal basis and it really touched them; they said it was terrible, promised to finish the record, said they would never have that happen in a million years. Unfortunately they didn't finish the record in time. Maybe they did care, but they didn't finish the record.

Final question: Where are the bargains in records today? Beyond the major acts that I want in my own library, if I'm a customer coming to you, where would you send me in the store to build up my collection at a reasonable price? Where do you look for the bargains?

First you look in the cutout bins. Those are the records that have been deleted from the manufacturers' catalogues, returned and then sold off at cheap prices. A lot of times you can pick them up for \$1.98 to \$3.98, and there's good stuff in there. There are also mid-price lines listing at \$5.98 that sell down as low as \$2.98 and \$3.98 that are also excellent records. They're not going to be new, but just because it's not the latest record by Fleetwood Mac it doesn't mean it's not valid music. There are plenty of good records in there. Plenty of Beatles records, plenty of Stones, plenty of a lot of people available at inexpensive prices. I was in one of our stores recently and saw Steely Dan's greatest hits in a midline. There's a lot of great music.

ON THE HORIZON

KARLA DEVITO

SWEARS OFF MEATLOAF

By David McGee



Karla DeVito has this thing about wit, about maintaining a sense of humor under any circumstances. It's a credo she's held fast to for most of her life. The 28-year-old Mokena, Illinois native was in third grade when her father died, leaving her mother to raise four children. "A sense of humor was essential in our house," she says in her dressing room at the Uris Theatre where she is about to close out a successful run as Linda Ronstadt's replacement as Mabel in *The Pirates of Penzance*. "That's how we survived all the blows of life."

Stricken by Beatlemania while still in grade school, she knew that one day she would be on a stage, but admits she "lacked direction" in pursuing her heart's desire. After graduating from high school, though, she enrolled in Loyola University as a theatre major. Stints with Chicago's famed Second City troupe and the national company of *Godspell* preceded a role in the musical *El Grande De Coca-Cola*, which brought her to New York in 1974. She soon gave up theatre for rock 'n' roll. "If I was gonna do music, I was gonna do what I grew up on."

A Ramones concert "set me free. I was really inspired because all you had to know was three chords. I thought, if these guys can do it, I can do it." A chance meeting with Lene Lovich pushed her farther into rock. Lovich told DeVito, who was then struggling to write original material: "We wrote 'Lucky Number' in ten minutes. Just go lock yourself in a room and don't even think about it; just go in there and don't let anybody's opinions affect you; just do what you want."

The result? "Some of the most awful songs in the world, including one called 'Blind Date' about a coal-mining accident."

Undeterred, she joined a futuristic New York band called Orchestra Luna. In the summer of 1977, Luna was asked to play the score for a rock opera, *Neverland*, at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. Written by an unknown composer named Jim Steinman and starring a rotund actor who went by the unlikely moniker of Meat Loaf, *Neverland* folded in two weeks. Steinman and Meat then joined forces on *Bat Out Of Hell*, which came out of nowhere to be one of the biggest-selling albums of the decade. When it came time to tour, DeVito was asked to be Meat's on-stage foil in a lurid recreation of the album's ode to sex in the back seat of an automobile, "Paradise By The Dashboard Light."

Following the Meat Loaf tour, DeVito returned to New York and to a role in an off-off-Broadway production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In January of this year she became Ronstadt's understudy in *Pirates*, and assumed the female lead in June. Prior to that, she'd had time to record a solo album with producers Bill House and John Jansen. Released last month on Epic, *Is This A Cool World Or What?* shows DeVito to be one of the strongest new vocalists around. The material is uniformly solid rock—there's very few quiet moments—and is produced to the hilt, a la *Bat Out Of Hell*. Despite the

frenzy and bombast on virtually every cut (the album's major failing), there is a warm, human quality in DeVito's voice. She's involved, she's passionate, she's alive and feeling all the emotions in material as diverse as Randy Newman's bittersweet "Just One Smile" and her own tale of love gone wrong, "Just Like You."

DeVito feels she succeeded in projecting a sense of humor in her music and of carving out an identity for herself apart from Meat Loaf. As for the future, she plans to tour this fall and winter. Beyond that, there's no telling. "I don't want to blow my voice out in rock 'n' roll," she says. "I'd love to be able to come back and do something like this sometime (referring to *Pirates*). I like the flexibility of being able to do just about anything."



PHOTO: EBET ROBERTS

The Go-Go's

Surprising Debut

By Stan Mieses

Picture five young, perky girls in party outfits sitting around a large table piled high with delicatessen sandwiches and condiments and you have imagined the setting of a press conference given by The Go-Go's in New York City recently.

Pastrami notwithstanding, The Go-Go's came on sassy and spicy. They drew a roomful of questioners

from local and national media because their music is irresistible: the trebly, distant guitars are an '80s interpretation of Dick Dale's seminal surf stylings, while the driving beat and the smart lyrics about love and lust reflect a thoroughly modern sensibility. The passion of the girls' close harmonies recalls The Shangri-Las at their finest, but it is when lead singer Belinda Carlisle takes over that things begin to happen. Though she has a smooth, sweet pop singer's voice, she's not without backbone: her tough phrasing often resembles Patti Smith's, and underneath there's a heart—a vulnerability, if you will—that adds poignancy to The Go-Go's' stories.

The group's first album, *Beauty And The Beat* (produced by Richard Gotterher, no stranger to girl singers having made his mark in 1961 as producer of The Angels' classic, "My Boyfriend's Back," and later as producer of Blondie's first two albums), is one of 1981's big surprises: despite formidable competition, it is close to cracking *Record World's* top 20.

The Go-Go's met in Los Angeles

in 1978 when they performed a repertoire of one-and-a-half songs at a going-away party for a friend. Three of the girls, guitarist Charlotte Caffey, rhythm guitarist Jane Wiedlin and bassist Kathy Valentine, who was the last to join up, are from Los Angeles; Carlisle is from Austin, Texas, and drummer Gina Schock is from Baltimore.

Their first professional break came when they were hired as the house band at L.A.'s Whiskey A Go-Go. In front of a critical audience, they worked out a sound and a look. Later, they organized and financed their own tours, including 60 dates in England supporting The Specials and Madness. Signed by Stiff-U.K., the band's first single, "We Got The Beat," landed them a U.S. deal with A&M.

Will success spoil The Go-Go's? "I look at our getting bigger like it's a job promotion" is Wiedlin's disarming reply. "But I'll tell you frankly—we'd like to be bigger than REO Speedwagon."

"Well," she adds a moment later, grinning impishly, "somewhere between cult and huge anyway."

TOMMY TUTONE-2
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BEHIND THE BOARD

VAL GARAY:

Shaping A Sound For Kim Carnes



Val Garay

By Bruce Dancis

"I knew that she was totally capable of becoming a good rock 'n' roll singer, and was untapped as far as her career had gone, because most of the things she had done had been sort of MORish. I was real anxious to help her make the record that would turn her career around."

And indeed, Val Garay's production and engineering work on Kim Carnes' *Mistaken Identity*, which included the chart-topping single, "Bette Davis Eyes," succeeded in

making Carnes the star that her previous five albums had not. For Garay, best known for engineering albums by Linda Ronstadt and James Taylor, producing Carnes' album gave him the chance to work with a friend he had known since the mid-1960s, when Carnes and her husband, Dave Ellingson, were members of the New Christy Minstrels.

Actually, Garay had been called in by Carnes to help her finish her

previous album, *Romance Dance*, and was then asked to produce *Mistaken Identity*. Having learned from his years with Ronstadt that "real good singers often react better to a live tracking situation," Garay, with Carnes, put together a band that consisted of everyone they needed to make the record. Following a week-and-a-half of rehearsals, the first five tunes were cut virtually live, with very little overdubbing, in only five days. Although Garay admits that they then went through a period of "paranoia and insecurity" in which they "went back and started to replace everything that they did live." In the end they stuck with the live material.

The songs that made *Mistaken Identity* a hit came together from a variety of sources. For example, the title cut, recently released as the album's third single, was written by Carnes. The second single, "Draw Of The Cards," "just sort of happened as a family affair," in which Garay, Carnes, and Ellingson all came up with some lines, which they applied to music written by synthesizer player Bill Cuomo.

On the other hand, "Bette Davis Eyes" was an older song that had been co-written by Donna Weiss and Jackie DeShannon. To this day Garay has still not heard DeShannon's recorded version, though he did hear Weiss's demo of the song. "It was a completely different arrangement," the producer recalls. "It was done sort of like good-time music, with kind of a Leon Russell piano and slide guitar." Garay credits Carnes for the vocal conception, Craig Kramph for the rhythm pattern on electronic drums, and Cuomo for "The Prophet" riff and (with Garay's assistance) for the chord structure. He remembers feeling that they had a hit on the night that the arrangement was finished. "I knew it was just one of those songs that if you heard it on the radio, you'd pull off the road and wait to find out who it was."

Garay modestly sums up his role in the making of *Mistaken Identity* as "trying to get the right people into the right situation," and states further: "Without a great singer and great musicians and great material, it doesn't matter what I do."

BACK TO BASICS WITH JIM MESSINA



Jim Messina

By David Gans

For his second solo album (and first for Warner Brothers), *Messina*, Jimmy Messina took everything he'd learned through his days producing and playing with Buffalo Springfield, Poco and Loggins and Messina and found a simple way to get the music on tape without resorting to advanced technology. The result is a lively, clear and three-dimensional sound that lets the energy of the recorded performances come shining through.

The recording technique Messina used was "basically, doublemiking everything," he explains. "I wanted to have as little as possible between the performances and the finished tape. Even though it was a mono signal, the guitar went through two separate amps and onto two tracks. The piano was miked stereo right and left, so you feel the whole keyboard coming across the stereo spread."

"I put the bottom of the snare drum on one track and the top on another, so I could bring them together or slide them apart. If you spread them too far apart—so the drum sounds like it's on its side—it sounds funny, but putting both tracks in the center and spreading them just a little bit gives a fatter sound."

"The vocals are the key," Messina continues, "and they feel a lot fatter and more present because of the technique. With a voice, when you use one microphone, it's a monaural signal coming into the board—you put it on a panpot and you can turn it any way you want. With this technique, you use two microphones and the voice automatically appears in the center—but it's loose, because if the singer moves to one side a little bit the voice will move in the stereo image, too. That gives the sound dimension."

Once the basics were recorded, they were transferred to another machine using the SMPTE time code for synchronization, and the originals were stored. On mixdown, the two tapes were synched up and mixed down on two tracks. "Again, I bypassed the board for the most part," says Messina. "I used none of the board's equalization. I mainly used old gear like Pultec and Langevin when I used any signal-processing at all."

But the real secret to making the process work was following it through all the way to the mastering of the disc. "We went directly from the two-track to the cutting head, with no line amps, equalization or limiters in between. We even took the transformers out of the tape machine itself."

The result of Messina's care and planning is a record that has a minimum of electronics between the music as performed and the sound in the groove. What Messina proves is that with a little advance thinking, you don't have to worry about "fixing it in the mix."

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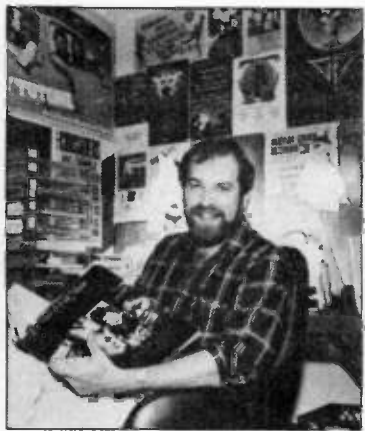
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WHO'S WHO



Paul Grushkin

Bay Area Archives Preserve Rock's Past

By Bruce Dancis

SAN FRANCISCO—A little over two years ago, Paul Grushkin was approached by a fellow bearing a gift. This fellow explained that he had been cleaning out a garage in Oakland when he stumbled upon a box labelled "old tapes." Methodically, he began reviewing each one. Then, Grushkin relates, "this voice just leaped out. It was unmistakably Janis Joplin, just her and a guitar, doing old Bessie Smith songs." This discovery, part of a series of folk music tapes made in Berkeley during the early 1960s, is only one of the treasures located in San Francisco's Bay Area Music Archives, a library devoted to preserving and making accessible the rich heritage of Bay Area and American popular music. Grushkin is the general manager of the Archives.

Founded in 1978 by *BAM* (Bay Area Music) magazine publisher Dennis Erokan with the proceeds from the first annual Bay Area Music Awards (the Bammies), the Archives has a continually expanding collection of 25-30,000 records, over 10,000 tapes, 3000 books, 600 posters, plus assorted periodicals, t-shirts, handbills, ticket stubs and other items.

As Grushkin explains, other attempts to form an American rock 'n' roll museum or archive comparable to Nashville's Country Music Hall of Fame have failed, largely because the organizers attempted to do too much at once and had unrealistic goals. In contrast, BAMA's growth has been slow and steady, says Erokan, because "we never do any more than we have money for."

In addition to major donations, including the entire 10,000 LP collection of late San Francisco *Chronicle* music critic John Wasserman and 12,000 albums and 3500 tapes from pioneering FM radio station KSAN (whose format had changed from rock to country), the Archives depends on the large number of individual collectors in the area. "Credit must be given to the Grateful Deadheads," notes Grushkin, himself a Dead devotee and author of the forthcoming *Official Deadheads Scrapbook*. "They save every goddam piece of shit there is to save! And god bless 'em, because they're really recording it for future generations."

Although the model for success remains the Country Music Hall of Fame, both Grushkin and Erokan point out that the rock 'n' roll audience has different needs and desires than country fans. People who go to the museum in Nashville, says Grushkin, "want to see Ernest Tubb's dentures." BAMA on the other hand, weeds out a lot of ephemeral material and concentrates on having the best and most useful collection for people who have a serious interest in popular music, especially rock and jazz.

The Bay Area Music Archives is located at 827 Folsom Street, San Francisco, California, 94107. For appointments and information, call (415) 495-5354.

A Song From The Heart For Vietnam Vets

By David McGee

NEW YORK—It kicks off with the insistent thumping of war drums. A fuzzy, angry guitar figure cuts in, venom spewing from every turbid note. Enter a husky, bluesy, world-weary voice—equal parts Jackson Browne and Paul Rodgers—forcefully declaiming the story of a young man who, rather than go to college or to Canada, fought in the Vietnam War because he was "brought up differently/I couldn't break the rules."

Thus begins "Still In Saigon," an account of the post-Vietnam nightmare that haunts many of the Asian conflict's veterans. Written and sung by a 27-year-old native New Yorker named Dan Daley (who has no label affiliation), the song is both remarkable rock and a compelling protest on behalf of what one writer

has called "our forgotten warriors." While the Vietnam Veterans Administration has refrained from making any endorsements for fear of compromising the serious nature of its effort, "Still In Saigon" has been played at rallies and on many radio stations. NBC's *The Source* syndicated it to 175 stations in September; a San Diego station involved in a vets rally recently aired it once an hour for an entire day; and a D.C. station put it in heavy rotation after veterans on a hunger strike camped across the street from the White House.

Daley, who escaped the war by way of a high lottery number (318) and a student deferment, began writing "Still In Saigon" five years ago. He completed it last June. Initially he was writing in general about combat ("I was always fascinated by it") rather than about a specific war. "It's only after I finished writing that I realized what I had," he says.

Approaching a final draft, Daley settled on Vietnam as a subject. The image of helicopters in battle triggered his imagination. "I never saw

Apocalypse Now, but I can imagine what went through (director Francis Ford) Coppola's mind; the sight of helicopters coming up over a rise on a foggy morning is a chilling thing to me. I walk by a heliport on 34th Street every morning, and I find myself wondering what goes through somebody's mind who's been (to Vietnam). It might be like a causal thing that ticks in the back of their minds whenever a helicopter goes up. I wanted to get that in there."

Two hours before the song was in its final form, "I consciously had the veterans in mind."

Though lines such as "When I got home I stayed alone/and checked behind each door," "my younger brother calls me a killer/and my father calls me a vet" and "everyone says I'm someone else/that I'm sick and there's no cure" have a telling impact, it's the song's bridge that hits home with veterans and non-veterans alike, so vivid is its description of a tortured mind: "Every summer when it rains/I smell the jungle/I hear the planes/I can't tell no one/I feel ashamed/

I'm scared that one day/I'll go insane."

Admitting to "certain feelings of fraud about this because I didn't go," Daley has insisted on "Still In Saigon" speaking for itself. His publishing company has been discreet in sending out tapes, and has not pressed the media for attention beyond requests to listen and judge. That's as it should be, Daley believes. "With any other song I'd play it right politically, set up proper PR and all that. That's the business. But I can't do it with this one, because all of a sudden now it's not just my song."

"I feel like I'm playing with a lot of people's lives."



Dan Daley

PRIVATE EYES

THE NEW ALBUM
"PRIVATE EYES"

Includes: PRIVATE EYES
I CAN'T GO FOR THAT (NO CAN DO)
HEAD ABOVE WATER

THE SMASH LP
"VOICES"

Includes:
KISS ON MY LIST
YOU'VE LOST THAT
LOVIN' FEELING
HOW DOES IT FEEL
TO BE BACK
YOU
MAKE MY DREAMS

DARYL HALL AND JOHN OATES

MANAGEMENT AND DIRECTION
TOMMY MOTTOLA/CHAMPION ENTERTAINMENT

FACES & PLACES



PHOTO: BOB MATHEU



PHOTO: JOHN ROZALYNN GOLDSMITH INC © 1981

ABOVE - Backstage after a Pretenders concert in L.A.: Ray Davies, Chrissie Hynde and Alice Cooper.

RIGHT - Mick Jagger warms up backstage before the Stones' Philadelphia concert.

LEFT - Keith Richards and Charlie Watts caught as they entered Studio 54 in New York for a James Brown concert.

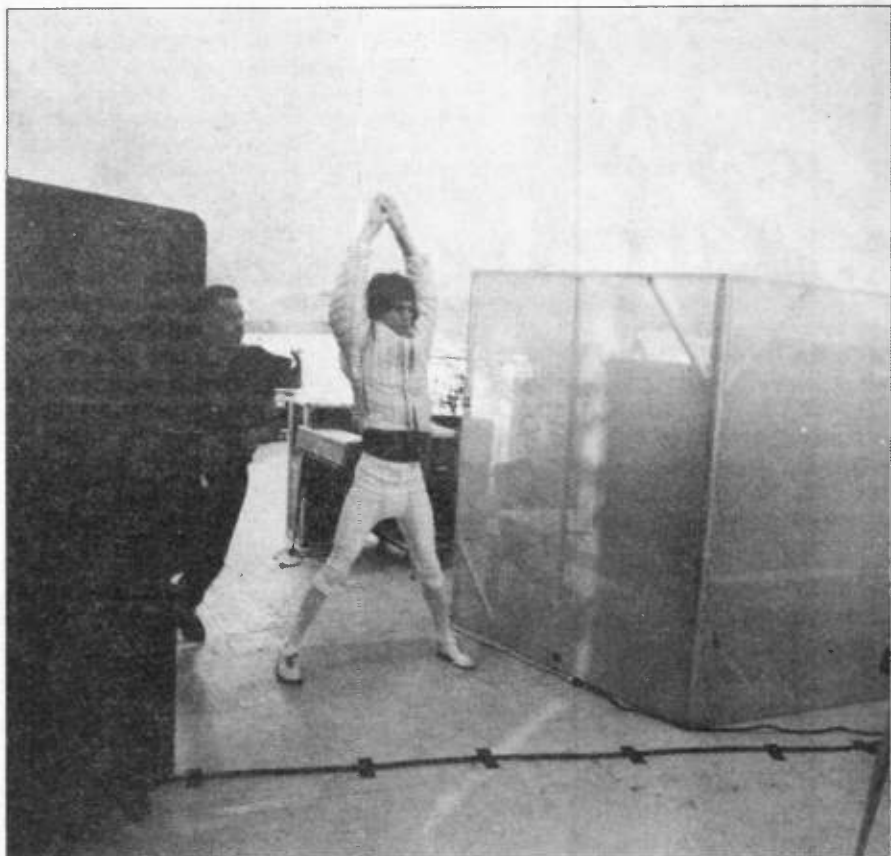


PHOTO: MIKE PUTLAND/RETNA LTD.



PHOTO: EBET ROBERTS



PHOTO: ANNE FISHBEIN/PHOTORESERVE



PHOTO: CHUCK FULIN

ABOVE, RIGHT - A Chicago Transit Authority driver shows Ozzy Osbourne the door.

ABOVE, LEFT - Karla DeVito and Martin Briley (left and center) meet Ian Hunter at the Savoy in New York following Ian's concert.

LEFT - Bobby Kennedy, Jr. (right) visits Peter Tosh (left) and Tosh's manager, Herbie Miller, after one of Tosh's New York concerts.



PHOTO: MICHAEL PUTLAND/RETNA LTD

ABOVE - The Stones hit the road again: Mick and Keith work out in Philadelphia.

LEFT - Hard partying in N.Y. with, from left: Aerosmith's Jimmy Crespo, The Babys' John Waite, Ted Nugent and Steven Tyler.



PHOTO: MARK WEISS



LEFT - Peter Wolf (left) and Lionel Richie (right) visit Kim Carnes following her show at the Savoy in N.Y.

BELOW - Marshall Tucker's Toy Caldwell and his daughter Geneal relax by the fireplace in their Spartanburg, South Carolina home.



PHOTO: MARK WEISS

RIGHT - At a post concert celebration in N.Y., Doobie Brothers guitarist Patrick Simmons (right) is serenaded by Terri Perri, the "Sophie Tucker of Little Italy".



BELOW - Legendary songwriter Doc Pomus (left), who wrote hits for Elvis Presley, Dion and the Belmonts, Ray Charles and The Drifters, among others, is greeted at New York's Lone Star Cafe by Levon Helm, drummer for The Band, and Helm's girlfriend.



PHOTO: CHUCK PULIN



PHOTO: KATE SIMON, 1977

LEFT - Chrissie Hynde as a blond.

BELOW - After a concert in his home town of Memphis, Billy Burnette (left) is greeted by Paul Burlison, guitarist for the Rock 'N' Roll Trio, considered by many to be the first rock 'n' roll band.

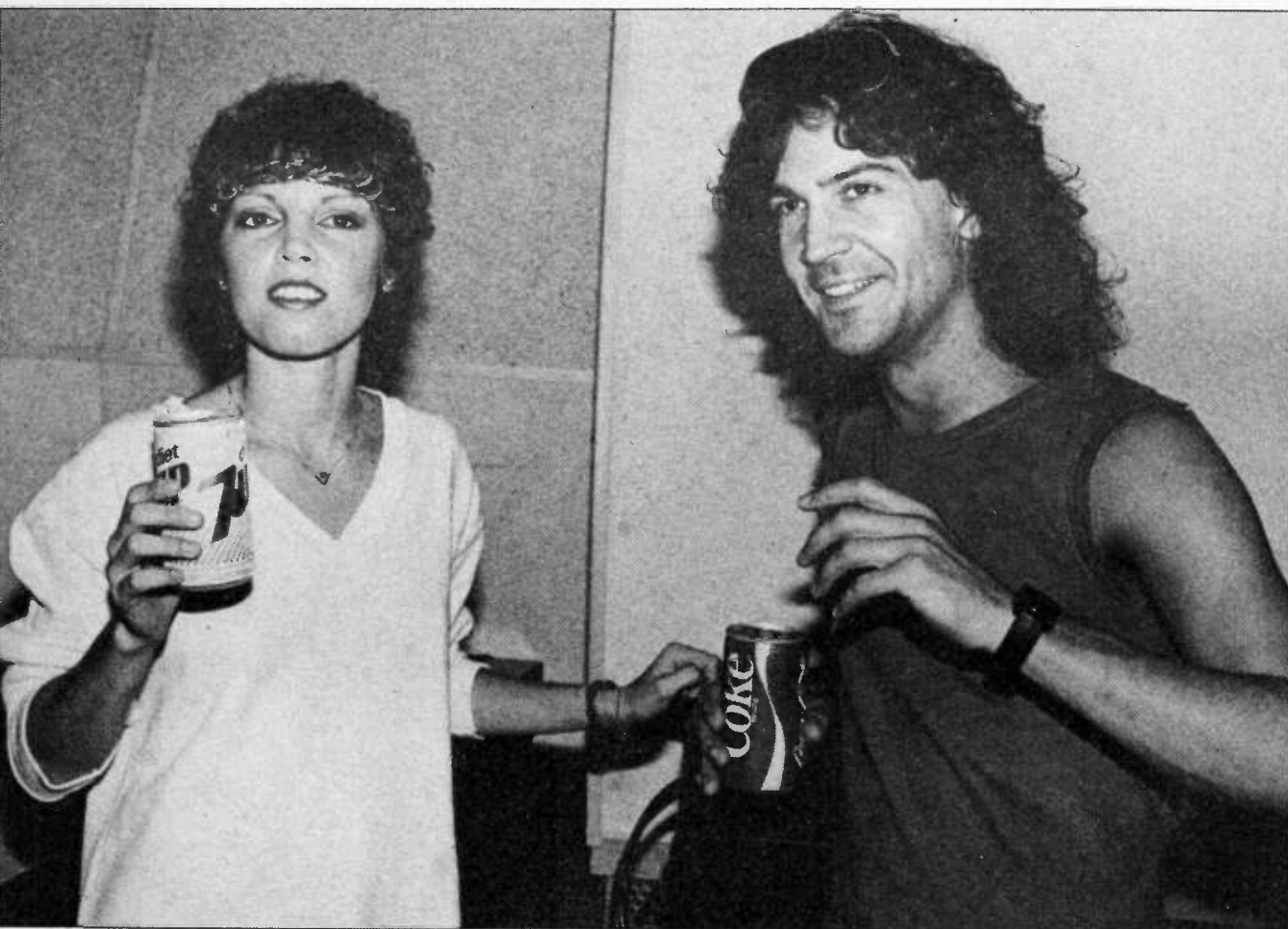


PHOTO: EBET ROBERTS



PHOTO: JANE BERK

LEFT - Pat Benatar and Billy Squier meet backstage following the Benatar concert at the Byrne Arena in New Jersey.

RECORDS IN PROGRESS

Molly Hatchet's new album, *Take No Prisoners*, is tentatively set for November release. Recorded at Compass Point in the Bahamas and mixed at L.A.'s Record Plant, the LP represents somewhat of a comeback for the group, even though Hatchet's last two albums have been certified platinum.

"None of us was satisfied with the last album," says Hatchet's producer, Tom Werman. "We felt we needed a really strong statement this time, but when you're touring 250 to 300 dates a year, it's tough to get material together."

Werman says *Take No Prisoners* is the culmination of his work with Hatchet (he's the only producer the group's ever worked with). "I've been involved with the heavy metal movement at CBS from the beginning (with Ted Nugent, Blue Oyster Cult and Cheap Trick, among others), and I thought for awhile that that phase had ended. But when I heard this band's material I was devastated. It's absolutely relentless, a juggernaut. There's no southern sound, no slide solos, no harmony duets, almost nothing we

associate with southern rock. You know, it's nice at my age (36), after 21 albums in the past five years, to be able to deliver an album with these kinds of chops."

Among the more powerful cuts, according to Werman, are "Bloody Reunion," "All Mine," and "Respect Me In The Morning," the latter a male-female duet that looks at the perennial morning-after question from the man's point of view.

Werman further notes that *Take No Prisoners* contains very few overdubs. "The basic tracks we did in Nassau were pretty solid; there wasn't a hell of a lot to add to them. We did 10 basics in eight days down there."

And of the quality of Hatchet's music these days? "When you hear it," Werman replies, "you want to clench your fist and smash a table."

Shake It Up is the title of a November album from *The Cars*. The group recently finished final mixing in Boston under the direction of Roy Thomas Baker. The LP is the first to be recorded at The Cars'

own studio, Synchro Sound Recorders, a state-of-the-art facility designed by architect John Storyk. "They started recording even before construction had been completed," said a group spokesman, adding that listeners need not worry about the sounds of hammers striking nails or of toilets flushing seeping into the studio.



The Cars

A Joe Perry-Brad Whitford-less *Aerosmith* is now recording at the Record Plant in New York. The two guitarists have been replaced by one, Jimmy Crespo, who plays both lead and rhythm.

"It's caused us to have a new style of recording," explains Steven Tyler between sessions. "We're lucky Jimmy's hip enough when he's putting down rhythm tracks to leave plenty of room for lead. It's been working out real well. Jimmy and I are doing the writing and the songs are flyin' out of us."

Produced by Tony Bongiovi, the as-yet-untitled album is due near the end of the year.

"It's a bitch, that's all," says Tyler, noting that one cut, "Bitches Brew," had once been considered for the title of the album. Other cuts include the vintage ballad "Cry Me A River," and a new tune, "Joanie's Butterfly."



Steven Tyler of Aerosmith

Warren Zevon is recording *The Envoy* at Record One in Van Nuys, with himself and Greg Ladanyi producing. The players include Waddy Wachtel, Kenny Edwards, David Landau, Jeff Porcaro and Bob Glaub. Songs are being written by Zevon and various band members. Sources indicate that Zevon and company have been fueling themselves on vast quantities of greasy hamburgers, suggesting a higher-than-usual funk quotient.

AC/DC, under the direction of producer Mutt Lange, tried recording in a conventional studio, but apparently found it too confining and brought a mobile unit from England to Paris, and recorded their new album in a rehearsal hall. No one's talking about the project other than to say the album will be out in November, coinciding with the start of the group's U.S. tour.



AC/DC

Steve Winwood is currently recording in his home studio just outside London. The LP, due after January 1, is being co-written with Will Jennings, who has also worked with The Commodores, among others. As with his *Arc of a Diver* LP, Winwood is acting as producer and one-man band.



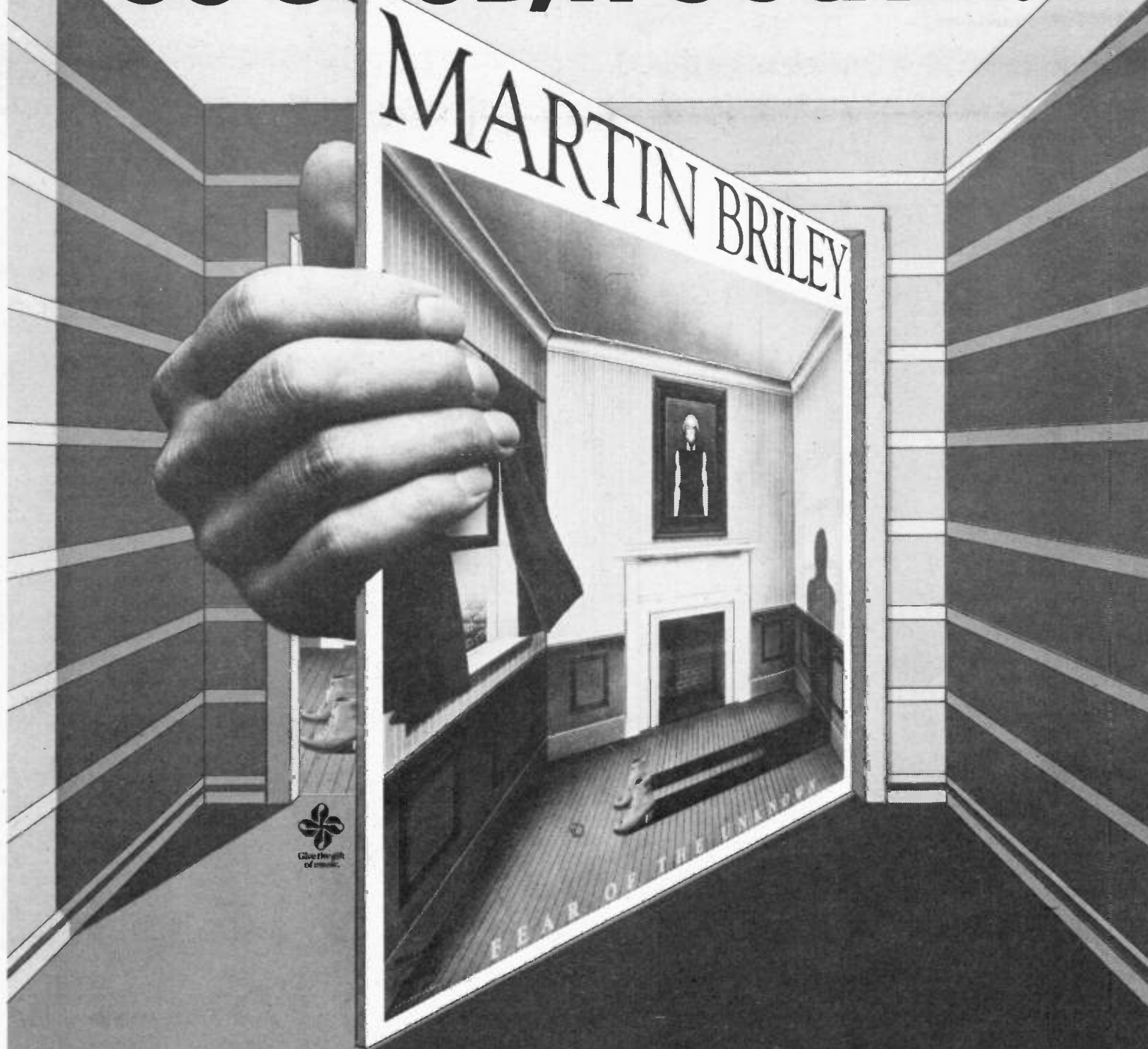
Steve Winwood

One of the more provocative collaborations is *Moon Martin* recording with producer Robert Palmer at Compass Point in the Bahamas. The album, due in January or February, features at least two members of Palmer's band, drummer Dony Wynn and keyboardist Jack Waldman. There is no title yet, but one of the cuts is said to be called "X-Ray Eyes."

Supertramp is currently recording at Bill Schnee Studio in Los Angeles, with the resulting album due sometime in '82.

Studio notes: Rosanne Cash, pregnant again, is recording in Nashville with husband Rodney Crowell producing. A February release is planned... 10cc is finishing up its next, *Ten Out of Ten*. Graham Gouldman and Eric Stewart are co-producing; a December release is expected... Ted Nugent is threatening to start a new LP in February... Fleetwood Mac returned from lengthy sessions in France to finish an as-yet-untitled album at Larabee Sound in Los Angeles. No definite due date, other than "sometime in 1982"... Graham Parker is currently recording in New York with producer Jack Douglas. In November Douglas will begin sessions with David Bowie... The Outlaws are laying down tracks with producer Gary Lyons (Wet Willie, Robin Lane, Crawler), indicating a move to a harder rock sound.

A DEBUT ALBUM SO GOOD, IT'S SCARY.



MARTIN BRILEY'S "FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN."



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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

By David Gans

Those tiny Les Paul sunburst guitars pictured on the back cover of Heart's *Greatest Hits/Live* album are fuctional instruments, hand-made for Nancy Wilson and Howard Leese of Heart by David Petschulat of Nashville, Tennessee. Petschulat has built miniature replicas and original full-sized guitars for Leese, Wilson, Ethan Browne (Jackson's son), Edward Van Halen, Steve Morse of The Dregs, and Dave Hlubek of Molly Hatchet.

"There are a lot of travel guitars on the market," says Petschulat, "but I wanted to make one that was an authentic miniature, not just a two-by-four with strings and a pick-up." Petschulat's instruments are not only visually faithful to the originals—they are also structurally and electronically excellent. "They're really great guitars," says Leese. "I used the 'Less Paul' on stage last year, and there are a couple of cuts on the live album that I did with it."

In addition to the Les Paul miniatures, Petschulat has built Tele-



Pam Batson of Nashville's Tomboys plays a Petschulat double-neck guitar.

caster and Gibson ES335 copies for Leese; a Gibson Explorer copy for Dave Hlubek; and a replica of Steve Morse's Telecaster with a Strat

neck and four pick-ups, which Morse uses as a warm-up guitar.

"It's really a hobby that got out of control," says the 23-year-old

Michigan native who studied music at Nashville's Belmont College. He also studied sculpture at the University of Cincinnati, which gave him some background in woodworking. "I started doing some experimenting with different types of vibratos, and then somehow I got it in my head to try and build a guitar."

Petschulat designed an instrument based on the Flying V "but without the lower wing," roughed out the parts and assembled the guitar, then took the unfinished axe to the Old-Time Pickin' Parlor in Nashville. "It's almost as if I was working there from the moment I walked in," he says. "They gave me a bench to work at, put some tools in my hands, and led me through the process of computing the fret scale, sawing the slots, and completing the instrument."

One of Petschulat's recent inspirations is a full-sized electric guitar with a second, short-scale neck that clips on with strap lock buttons. "It's a double-neck, but if I don't want to lug the second neck around, I can take it off and use that little guitar separately. It's

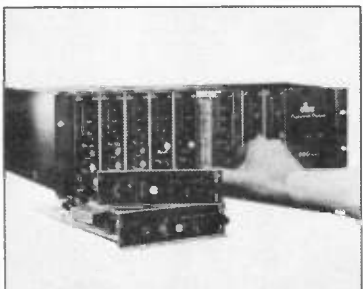
wired so you can switch necks with a pan pedal on the floor. That way there are no pops or clicks."

The latest "Less Paul" has a practice amp and speaker built right in, powered by two 9-volt batteries. "I'm always working on new ideas, trying to come up with things that are practical for musicians and that manufacturers have overlooked," says Petschulat. "I'm working on a vibrato that refuses to go out of tune no matter how far you dive it. I'd like to see if somebody thinks enough of it to see about marketing it."

Petschulat's philosophy of design takes both aesthetic and practical needs into account. "A lot of the custom guitars I see are pretty basement-ish," he remarks. "And the more complex a guitar gets electronically, the more confusing it is to rock 'n' roll players. I'm more attuned to the balance of visual and functional aspects of instrument design."

"I'd like to build guitars the way Carlos Santana plays them—with a lot of feeling; with more to it than just playing fast notes."

Product Reports



dbx has introduced the F-900 Powered Frame and 900 Series signal processing modules. The frame provides power and input/output connections for up to eight modules in a rackmount package 5 1/4" high. Available modules include the 902 De-esser, 903 Compressor/Limiter, 904 Noise Gate, 905 Parametric Equalizer, 906 Flanger+, 411 Type I Noise Reduction module, and the new dbx 941 and 942 Type II Broadcast Noise Reduction modules. I've used the F-900 with the Noise Gate, Compressor and Parametric Equalizer in my guitar system and with a small recording setup, and the convenience and performance of the system are quite impressive. Coupled with a patch bay, the F-900 system can be an ideal adjunct to a Portastudio or small commercial recording and/or broadcasting system. Suggested retail prices: F-900 Frame \$695; 906 Flanger+ \$650; 902 De-esser, 903 Compressor/Limiter, 904 Noise Gate, and 905 Parametric Equalizer \$325 each. dbx, Inc., 71 Chapel Street, Newton, Mass. 02195.



The Boss SD-1 Super Overdrive is designed to simulate the sound of an overdriven tube amplifier. Like the Boss OD-1 Overdrive, the SD-1 has Level and Overdrive controls—and the SD-1 has an active Tone control for a wider range of effects. At the center position, the Tone control has no effect on the sound; the extremes of the control's settings offer radical alteration in the base and treble response of the unit. The SD-1 is highly touch sensitive, responding to the most delicate picking technique. Like all Boss pedal effects, the SD-1 has an LED status/battery indicator, rugged cast case, and convenient battery access. Suggested retail price: \$99.50. RolandCorp US, 2401 Saybrook Avenue, Los Angeles CA 90040

Roland

Understanding Technology Series

If you could put the most popular organ sounds of recent years into one instrument, what you would have is the new Roland VK-09 Organ. Without compromise, the VK-09 contains all of the classic organ elements.

Subject:
A Combination of Classics

VK-09

Tone Wheel Sound

The VK-09 has two sets of drawbars that can work independently or can be mixed together. The first set of six sine wave drawbars produces the classic tone wheel organ sounds with footages from 16" to 2". These can be used exactly as the old ones to create your favorite sounds.

Compact Organ Sound

The second set of drawbars recreates the best sounds of the classic compact organs of the sixties. These "bright" of the drawbars are mixed in the same footages as the sine wave drawbars to produce that stark, biting compact organ sound. Both organ sounds can be layered on top of each other for even more unique sound combinations.

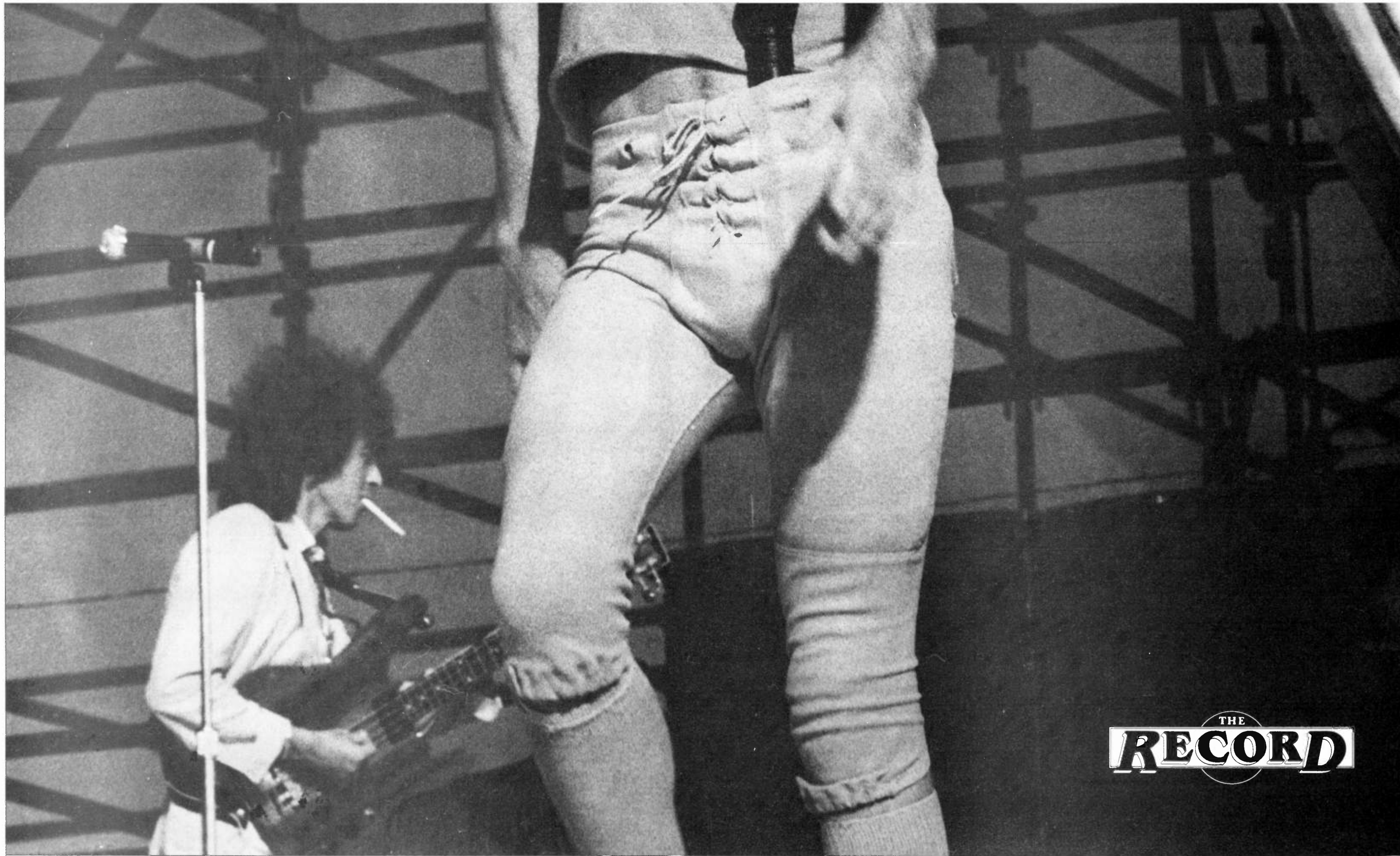
Rotary Speaker Effect

The VK-09's self-contained Chorus totally eliminates the need for external tone cabinets, allowing the VK-09 to go directly into an amp or PA, while still producing the distinctive rotary speaker effect. The Chorus features two speeds and serial motion to gradually change from one speed to the other—just as the mechanical system did.

Harmonic Percussion

The Harmonic Percussion section produces pitched percussive accents on both drawbar sounds with both loud and soft volume and fast or slow percussion decay. A Sustain function further enhances the overall effect.

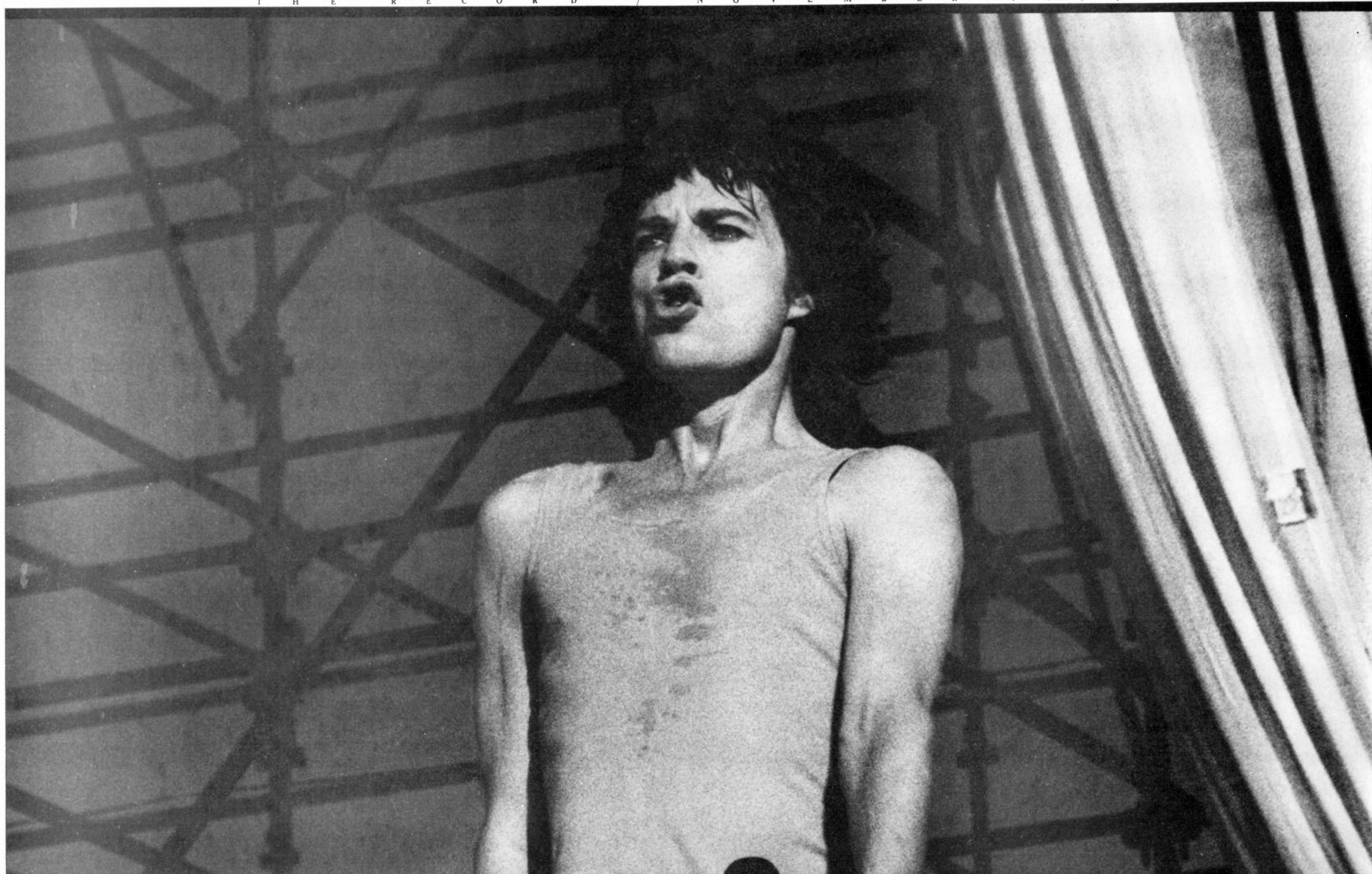
The VK-09 features all the Roland design standards of performance, compactness, interface, and yet carries an unbelievably low price of \$995.00.



THE
RECORD

MICK JAGGER

PHOTO: MICHAEL PUTLAND/RETNA LTD.



VIDEO

LATE NIGHT ROCK'S MAINSTREAM LOOK

continued from page 1
Friday alternative, *SCTV Network 90*. The three shows' clear-cut boundaries for suitable musical guests indicate that, while there remains some room for the new and unusual, the road to ratings heaven ultimately is paved with rock's biggest names. As the scramble to book those big names ensues, the viewer winds up choosing from a richer selection of contemporary acts than has ever been offered in network broadcast history.

Musical elements play a key role in the new *SNL*. The first six editions of the show are being FM simulcast in stereo by The Source, NBC's young adult radio network. A spokesman for The Source sees "big arena acts" with "major AOR appeal" as crucial to the simulcasts' success. Dick Ebersol, the NBC

program executive who helped develop the original *SNL* six years ago, and is now back on board to help "bail out the Titanic" (in the words of writer Michael O'Donoghue), was blunt in stating the show's new guidelines for music: "What I'm looking for is to find groups that have enormous appeal to the mainstream of our audience and at the same time music which is currently popular, instead of dated or *in advance*. There are a lot of people who are pushing around still thinking that punk or new wave has a major place on television. I don't. I think as a curiosity item it should be seen from time to time."

Although comedy remains *SNL*'s top priority, music segments have been increased from two numbers to three or four, and the set has been redesigned to place the artists in center stage. Additional changes include the use of a hand-held camera for more audience reaction shots, and the recruitment of The Blues Brothers' record producer Bob Tischler as a supervising producer to insure quality sound.

Despite these changes, *SNL* faces

strong competition for the big acts from *Fridays*. An admitted *SNL* "clone," ABC's late-night weekend entry is jumping in the ratings, particularly among teen viewers. In fact, after two years on the air, the network has finally given the show a full season's commitment and increased its time. "Most people don't realize that we were only 70 minutes last year," says Chuck Hull, talent coordinator for *Fridays*. "This year we're a full 90 minutes, so there are three musical slots instead of two, and music time has gone from nine minutes to 13-to-15 minutes."

Having developed a reputation for presenting new music, *Fridays* will continue to "book the best music in any genre" (the season's premiere featured The Pretenders), or "the most outrageous."

Unlike *SNL*, Hull feels that the music spot on *Fridays* should often be a way to "bring to the people artists they should know about and haven't gotten a glimmer of, like George Thorogood." However, *Fridays* has also been reaching out to more broad-based acts this year.

"We don't feel the big name acts are necessary," Hull explained, "but the network does want some established name artists."

The one show that may be most successful in exposing unknown or unconventional musical talent is *SCTV Network 90*. NBC's new late-night Friday entry earned a slot on the fall schedule after gathering critical acclaim (if not ratings success) as a summer replacement show.

Barry Sands, producer of *SCTV Network 90*, feels his show's trump card is its intention to make music an integral and organic part of the show, rather than an afterthought or a break in the action. Says Sands: "What we don't do is say 'and now Roy Orbison' or 'and now The Tubes' (both acts were on the show last summer). We won't pop them in like they could have done their numbers in Des Moines and sent them to us."

Sands looks for "contemporary" acts with a "sense of humor." While sometimes chimerical, the latter qualification is particularly important because guests are often

asked to perform in skits as well as sing. In fact, some of last season's most memorable moments occurred when guests such as The Tubes, Orbison and Robert Gordon were featured in parodies of commercials and other TV shows.

But as *SNL* learned, no matter how strong the music, if the quality of the surrounding comedy drops off, or is absent from the start, the future is nil. *SCTV*'s Sands is well aware of this. Asked about the competition, he responds, "We don't book the same way those shows do. We book acts which are suited to the writing of the show. Writing comes first."

There's the rub. Let the battle begin.

VIDEO CALENDAR

(All Times Eastern Standard Time)

Date	Show/Time/Station	(C)—Cable
10/30	NIGHT FLIGHT <i>Take-Off: Profiles of Talking Heads, Todd Rundgren</i> <i>Feature: Rod Stewart & Faces</i> (1975) Rarely-seen concert footage. Includes guest appearance by Keith Richards <i>New Wave Theatre: Black Flag, Wild Kingdom, Brainiacs, Wet Picnic</i> 2:00 AM/USA Network (C)	
10/30	<i>Divine Madness</i> (1980) Bette Midler, live and <i>outré</i> 11:45 PM/HBO (C)	
10/31	<i>Commodores In Concert</i> 12 Noon/HBO (C)	
10/31	<i>Concert Special: Frank Zappa Live From The Palladium—The head Mother's annual Halloween bash in New York City</i> 11:59 PM/MTV (C)	
11/1	<i>Movie Special: Welcome To My Nightmare</i> (1975) Alice Cooper on tour 11:59 PM/MTV (C)	
11/1	<i>Let It Be</i> (1970) Revealing documentary of The Beatles' final sessions 1:30 AM, 4:00 PM/Movie Channel (C)	
11/2	<i>Times Square</i> (1980) Starring Tim Curry. Teenage rock 'n' rollers seek fame and fortune in New York City 3:30 AM/Movie Channel (C)	
11/2	<i>Roadie</i> (1980) Starring Meat Loaf. Humorous look at the misadventures of rock's unsung heroes, the equipment men. 11:30 AM, 7:40 PM/Cinemax (C)	
11/3	<i>Paul Simon In Concert</i> 9:30 PM/HBO (C)	
11/3	<i>Fame</i> (1980) Fictional account, with music, of life at New York's School of Performing Arts 12:30 AM/Showtime (C)	
11/5	SPECIAL DELIVERY David Johansen In Concert 7:00 PM/Nickelodeon (C)	
11/6	NIGHT FLIGHT <i>Feature: ELO In Concert; Sky King, children's TV show from the 1950s</i> 2:00 AM/USA Network (C)	
11/7	SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE Special guests: Genesis 11:30 PM/NBC	
11/7	NIGHT FLIGHT <i>Feature: Chick Corea and Gary Burton in concert; Crystal Voyager profile</i> 2:00 AM/USA Network (C)	
11/10	TOMORROW Special guest: Rita Coolidge 12:30 AM/NBC	
11/11	TOMORROW Special guests: Hall & Oates 12:30 AM/NBC	
11/12	<i>Woodstock</i> (1970) Hail and farewell to the '60s. Documentary account of the biggest and best rock festival ever. Featuring top-flight performances by The Who, Jimi Hendrix, Sly and The Family Stone and others. 9:30 AM, 10:30 PM/Movie Channel (C)	
11/13	NIGHT FLIGHT <i>Feature: Lifespan, Sky King</i> 2:00 AM/USA Network (C)	
11/14	NIGHT FLIGHT <i>Feature: Downbeat Revue; April Wine In Concert; Live From The Lone Star</i> (New York's top country venue) 2:00 AM/USA Network (C)	
11/14	SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE Special guests: Go-Go's 11:30 PM/NBC	
11/16	<i>Jailhouse Rock</i> (1957) Starring Elvis Presley. The King's finest musical, with a superb Lieber-Stoller soundtrack. 11:00 AM, 5:00 PM/Cinemax (C) 11:00 AM/Showtime (C)	
11/19	<i>Woodstock</i> 8:00 PM/Cinemax (C)	
11/20	NIGHT FLIGHT <i>Feature: Maze In Concert; Sky King</i> 2:00 AM/USA Network (C)	
11/21	ROCK CONCERT Season's premiere 1:30 AM/NBC	
11/21	NIGHT FLIGHT <i>Feature: Jazz Time; World of Animation; Cliff Richard in Concert; Jimi At Berkeley</i> (Hendrix in concert, circa 1970) 2:00 AM/USA Network (C)	



JOHN HALL IS:

- ☐ **A.**
The writer and performer of such hits as "Dance With Me" & "Still the One."
- ☐ **B.**
Co-Producer of the No-Nukes Albums.
- ☐ **C.**
One of the main characters in the realization of the historic MUSE Concerts in 1979.
- ☐ **D.**
A session guitarist on such projects as—Carly Simon, Jackson Browne & Little Feat.
- ☒ **E. All of the Above.**

"ALL OF THE ABOVE"

A New Album Featuring:
"You Sure Fooled Me"
"Earth Out Tonight"
"Somebody's Calling"
"Crazy"

Produced by
Richard Sanford Orshoff
and John Hall.

Managed by Abs Hoch
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ANY QUESTIONS?

VIDEO

Night Flight And MTV: CABLE ROCK IN FLUX

"Instead of trying one more time to make music fit TV we said, Let's change TV."
—Bob Pittman, MTV

"We're locked into freedom with Night Flight—we can do what we want."
—Jeff Franklin, Night Flight

By Alan Hecht

New York—Attitude. That's what differentiates the two newest cable rock services, Warner-Amex's MTV (Music Television) and ATI Video's *Night Flight*. MTV is video's gift to music: the first visual "all music all the time" stereo FM-TV experience on any dial. *Night Flight* is a late-night, weekend rock extravaganza, filled with a trio of music oriented programs.

Bob Pittman, vice president of programming for Warner-Amex, says that his visual radio station is in an "embryonic" state. "There will be a lot of experimentation the next year or so. Because we have this novelty factory carrying us, people are not going to leave MTV over a 'glitch.' There's nowhere else to go."

Yes there is. On Friday and Saturday late-night cable, *Night Flight* beams to a potential audience four times as large as MTV's. Jeff Franklin, chairman of the board of ATI Equities, and his vice president of programming, Cynthia Friedland, exude confidence in explaining the *Night Flight* difference. Says Franklin: "We're making a statement with *Night Flight*," with programming that is "political and cultural" as well as entertaining. The airing of *Shellhouse Rock*, a documentary of Irish new wave that was turned down elsewhere because it was too political, was cited by Friedland as an example of this philosophy.

Original programming, however, will be the key to each service's impact on rock viewers. For Pittman, the originality of MTV is its actual presence as a visual FM station on a cable dial and its ability, like a radio station, to provide a mood. But what mood is MTV providing?

From a screening of edited air check tapes, it's clear that MTV is a rock'n' roll station airing AOR and new wave music without rhyme or reason. Sample sets are PHD, REO Speedwagon, station ID, then Robin Lane and the Chartbusters and Nazareth, followed by The Specials—exactly the sort of inconsistent mix you'd expect from a station that uses a computer to decide what goes on where and how often.

Night Flight's originality lies in its format, not in its form. A mini-network, it is actually three programs in one. *Take-Off*, a series of musical essays and profiles, is the shortest program (15 minutes) and the best. Produced by San Francisco's pioneering *Videowest*, *Take-Off* borrows its repertorial style from ABC's 20/20 music profiles, but there are also elements of colorful *Rolling Stone*-style journalism and provocative viewpoints.

The main feature of *Night Flight* is a rock documentary and/or cult film. Here Franklin sees a chance to create a family viewing experience. "When you run a Jimi Hendrix film and a Lenny Bruce film, kids can sit there and talk about Hendrix and the father can talk about Lenny Bruce, who was smoking pot before anybody knew what grass was."

The final element in *Night Flight* is the controversial *New Wave Theatre*, an L.A.-based punk bandstand

show about which Franklin has his doubts. "It's not growing," he says. "I don't think there's such a thing as new wave—music is music—let's put the cards on the table. I think that *New Wave Theatre* is not as current as it could be."

Concerts? MTV's already got them. *Night Flight* will have them soon, but neither is thrilled. "Concerts are a small part of our deal," Pittman says with a shrug. "And it's really not programming for us. It's a promotional event." Promotional or not, MTV has committed to them every week; and although



some are acquired, others (such as *REO Speedwagon In Canada*) are original, made-for-cable fare unprecedented in quality and excitement among rock productions.

Night Flight's original concert plans involve FM simulcasting, but

they won't run more than one a month. Franklin believes "concerts can become a bore after a certain point in time." They hope to go into production some time next year with a mix of big name (Cheap Trick, Rush) and mid-range acts.

Further defining *Night Flight*'s attitude, Franklin concluded, "You can't compromise youth. You can't take these shows and cut them down to what you want them to be. Kids want to see it all. They've heard about it, now they want to see it."

While Franklin's comments indicate the sure direction *Night Flight* has taken, Pittman's remarks regarding MTV's long-range prospects underscore the station's rapidly-evolving, experimental nature.

"This is something you live with while you're doing other activities," he says. "Then the novelty wears off and it becomes just another thing in your life. How does MTV stand up in these conditions?"

The answer in next month's article, *Watching MTV—24 Hours A Day*.

CINEMAX ANNOUNCES ROCK FILM FESTIVAL

NEW YORK—Cinemax, HBO's 24-hour-a-day pay-cable movie service, will kick off its new festival, *Rock Flicks: Two Decades of Great Music Movies*, in November with the Academy Award-winning documentary *Woodstock*.

Featuring multiple showings of a different rock film each month for a year, the festival will include classic rock documentaries such as *Let It Be*, concert films (*Fillmore*), zany, experimental flicks (Zappa's *200 Motels*), and features as current as *No Nukes*.

Cinemax, slightly more than a year old and boasting 700,000 subscribers, is one of the fastest-growing pay-cable services in the country. Conceptually it is designed

to provide its subscribers with more narrow appeal films as a sort of video art house for movie lovers.

Cinemax will not include any specials or original concerts in its festival programming because it is committed to being "all movies all the time," as demonstrated by its decision to "pass" on an original one-hour special, *No One Gets Out Of Here Alive*, based on the best-selling Jim Morrison biography: such films as *Gimme Shelter*, *Monterey Pop*, *The Last Waltz* and *The Concert For Bangla Desh* are being sought for a second year of festival presentations. Currently scheduled films for the 1980-81 season include *Woodstock*, *Let It Be*, *No Nukes*, *Abba: The Movie*, *Rock Show*, *Jimi Hendrix*, *Janis*, *Medicine Ball Caravan*, *200 Motels*, *Fillmore*, *Performance* and *Quadrophenia*.



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FILMS & BOOKS

'SCUSE ME WHILE
I KISS THE SKY/
THE LIFE OF
JIMI HENDRIXBy David Henderson
(Bantam, \$8.95)

The definitive Jimi Hendrix biography, first published in hardcover by Doubleday in 1978, has been revised, condensed and attractively packaged in paperback by Bantam. An influential and innovative guitarist, Hendrix' obsession with voodoo and things unearthly made him one of rock's most complex personalities as well. Poet-musician-author David Henderson has waded through some abstruse philosophy and drawn a vital link to Hendrix' growth as a man and as an artist. There is also the matter of a black man playing rock and having to virtually re-invent himself in England—he changed his name from

Jimmy James to Jimi Hendrix (nee James Marshall Hendrix) mid-way through his flight across the Atlantic—before his music was accepted in his native land. This is where the tragedy begins. Then the drugs, the women, the incessant and often petty demands of stardom—a lifestyle that existed pre-Hendrix, exists today, and swallows up the most durable of souls—drained him of physical and psychic energy and frustrated his dream of taking rock to its next evolutionary plateau. Death at an early age (27) was a *fait accompli* under these conditions. How he survived as long as he did may be another book entirely.

Fine writing, by turns passionately involved and cynically detached, brings Hendrix to life on the page. Equally important, Henderson's musical analysis sends the reader back to the albums, questioning long-held opinions and re-examining some of the later, less-heralded material which hints at the cosmic changes Hendrix might have wrought had he lived. A sobering and enlightening experience, thanks to a vital book.

ELVIS:
A Fairy Tale

continued from page 1

but nary a one of them has looked kindly on rock music in its pages.

3. Elvis Presley was a superstar of incomparable magnitude (Merle

Haggard claims to have heard of African tribes unable to understand a word of English save the name Elvis Presley. Have one on us, Merle.) who had an enormous appetite not only for food but for women and drugs as well. An old, old show business story. He was also the greatest of all rock performers.

Assemble the pieces and you get a life-size picture of publisher and author seizing an opportunity to make a big (\$\$\$) killing at the expense of the most popular, yet least public idol of all.

Elvis is a foul, mean-spirited,

"Goldman reveals . . . a disgraceful haughtiness in criticizing what he can't understand."

anti-rock, anti-Elvis diatribe. The details of his bedroom antics smack of fiction. Other scenes have been pieced together through information supplied by those supposedly close to Elvis, most all of whom—especially the spurned lovers—have an axe to grind. The characters Goldman savages most often are, appropriately enough, now dead: Elvis, the singer's father Vernon

and his mother Gladys. The most measured portions of the book trace Colonel Tom Parker's rise from humble Dutch beginnings (born Andreas Cornelis van Kuijk in Breda, Holland) to one of the most powerful men in show business and, if you believe Goldman, psychic master of the Rock King. This happens to be the only point in the entire 590-page chronicle where Goldman lays out his investigative technique, and the account is convincing. However, nothing is revealed other than Parker's true identity.

Otherwise *Elvis* raises more questions than it answers. For instance, who among Elvis's crowd knew so much about his sexual proclivities? If, as Goldman asserts repeatedly, Elvis was a shy, timid mama's boy, how did he muster the courage to reveal to anyone—and he seemed to have no close friends—his deepest, darkest sexual fantasies? To whom did he say that his biggest thrill was masturbating while watching wrestling matches between teenage girls clad only in white panties (the author claims Elvis abhorred the sight of the totally naked female body)? With friends, fans and lovers betraying Presley in print at every turn, why has it taken four years and Albert Goldman to uncover the most scandalous story of them all?

The drivel goes on. *Elvis* looks "outrageously gay" on a post-Army television appearance (his first, in fact) with Frank Sinatra. Goldman obviously has been privy to footage forbidden to us mere mortals. Much later he claims the reason for Elvis's decision to meet the Beatles has something to do with the Fab Four's "ravishingly girlish falsettos."

How about misogyny? *Elvis* is described in the horrendously-written prologue as being "propped up like a big fat woman recovering from some operation on her reproductive organs." Or: "Instead of pissing in a urinal he would always go in a stall, *like a woman*" (emphasis added).

In discussing rock music, Goldman reveals not merely distaste for the genre, but a singularly disgraceful haughtiness in criticizing what he can't understand. Ricky Nelson is simply another of "a legion of Elvis imitators." Never mind that he made some excellent records in the late '50s and early '60s and was a seminal figure in the development of country-rock in the late '60s. Goldman adds, "... the success of such simple performers as rock stars depends on the tastes of their audiences rather than upon the performers' own skills," thereby obliterating rock history.

The music Elvis pioneered is dismissed out of hand as "the corny old rock 'n' roll of the fifties."

In arguing the superiority of black singers over white, the author recalls the *T.A.M.I. Show* of 1965 featuring, among others, James Brown and Mick Jagger, "each at the peak of his performing career." Jagger at his peak in '65? Is he kidding? Did he see The Stones in '69? Or in '72? Or in '75?

Sadly, *Elvis*'s life has become a great *tabula rasa* on which anyone with a half-baked opinion can inscribe a myth. Spend your money wisely. Buy some of Elvis's records and try to understand something of the man by listening to his voice. No matter his extra-musical exploits, the pure expression of the human soul tells us all we need to know about the heartbreak and glory of being Elvis Presley. Albert Goldman's first order of business should have been to get close to the music, and then try to understand the complexities and inconsistencies in the artist's life. Evidently he forgot. Thus, *Elvis*, a one-dimensional portrait, is virtually useless either as biography or as fiction.

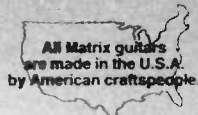
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FILMS & BOOKS

Waits Puts Heart In New Coppola Film

By David McGee

One cold, snowy evening in March of 1980, Tom Waits went to see a performance of *Evita* in New York City. He told his companion for the evening that he had an interview the following day with Francis Ford Coppola, director of *The Godfather*, *The Godfather, Part II* and *Apocalypse Now*, who was in town to hire a songwriter to score his next film, *One From The Heart*. A week later Waits was heading for Hollywood. *One From The Heart*, he said then, was "a simple little love story that I'm gonna write some simple little love songs for." He planned to return to New York in the fall.

A year-and-a-half later Waits is about to complete his work on a simple little love story that has turned into a \$23 million epic complete with its own tales of near-bankruptcy and internecine warfare between cast, crew and director.

In his own casual manner, Waits has managed to remain aloof from the extra-film maneuverings at Coppola's Zoetrope Studios (the old Hollywood General Studios, where *I Love Lucy* and several other early television sitcoms were shot). His focus has been on the music: to date he has written 10 songs and 12 instrumental themes, many of them along the lines of "Muriel," a poignant jazz-pop reverie of lost love on his *Foreign Affairs* album. "Francis wanted a kind of Tin Pan Alley feel to the songs," Waits says of his instructions from the director. "Duets and a lot of lush, romantic comedy stuff." The duets feature Waits and Crystal Gayle, and a stranger vocal combination you're unlikely to find: the tender/tough, gravel-voiced street poet, denizen of the nighttime world, meets a country-pop singer whose image is all sweetness and light. "It may seem like an unusual combination," Waits admits, "but it's an interesting experiment in casting. This is a romantic comedy; it's not *The Pawnbroker* or anything. It's like a well-designed valentine, and Crystal's voice is actually very appropriate."

One From The Heart, a modern-day romance set in Las Vegas, stars Frederic Forest, Teri Garr and Raul Julia, "contract players" at Zoetrope. In a nutshell, it's the story of a marriage breaking up, the principals finding little comfort in the arms of strangers and deciding life would be better if they kissed and made up. "Sounds familiar, doesn't it?" Waits laughs.

How does the music work in this setting? "Francis' concept was that the singers and the songs would be like a musical commentary on the perils of romance, as if Zeus and Hera were somehow hovering over Vegas witnessing this little saga. By the time we're through I hope that illusion will have gotten itself across."

To Waits, the most fascinating aspect of Coppola's approach was in allowing the music to "shape the tone, the temperature and the landscape of the film." Indeed, Coppola has altered scenes entirely, discarded others and added new ones solely according to the mood of the music. "The reels keep changing every week, so by the time we've gone in to record the music for a certain scene, the scene is either shorter or out of the picture. A lot of the cues, though, can be rearranged for different places in the film."

Although he's worked on other

films (he appeared in and wrote the music for Sylvester Stallone's *Paradise Alley*, had a small part in and wrote the theme song for *Wolfen*, and wrote the theme song for *The Nickel Ride*), Waits has found *One From The Heart* a singular experience. "I've gone through a lot of growth here," he says solemnly. "It's something I'll be able to take with me. It's important to look upon what you do as a craft and know that you can draw upon it—that you can be called on to perform and know it's there. It's not just this nebulous thing you do when juiced, but it's something you do at gunpoint as well."



Tom Waits

GARRET SNUFS MIDLER RUMORS

"Jinxed" Star Goes Country

By Joan Tarshis

All is quiet on the sets of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, home of *Jinxed*, Bette Midler's first feature film since *The Rose*. The silence is the result of the film's completion (set for Spring, '82 release) and Midler's decision to rest her vocal chords away from Hollywood. Those who remain behind can breathe easier. Rumors abound, however, regarding the causes of advanced cases of anxiety among cast and crew.

Did the pint-sized powerhouse really throw a punch at *Jinxed* director Don Siegel (who might have been safer when directing Clint Eastwood in *Escape From Alcatraz* and the unearthly pods in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*)?

Did she really argue about a single prop for two hours?

Is everyone fed up with the Di-

vine One?

Jinxed producer Herb Jaffe, who had told the press that Midler was "driving people crazy" with her "esoteric antics," now sings a different tune. "All this talk of Bette's tyrannical behavior has been misinterpreted by the press. She's just very enthusiastic—not a troublemaker, just a perfectionist. She's really a wonderful person."

In *Jinxed*, Midler plays Benita, a young woman who aspires to make it as a singer on the Nevada gambling circuit, but temporarily accepts employment as a "change girl" until her own luck changes. She shares a trailer with Harold (Rip Torn), a semi-professional gambler whose main ambition is to beat a blackjack dealer named Willie (Ken Wahl, *The Wanderers*, *Ft. Apache: The Bronx*), whose trail he follows from one job to another.

So far the only person truly unjinxed by Midler's moods is veteran record producer Snuff Garrett, whose strong, gravel-throated optimism lends believability to Jaffe's remarks. His simple assessment of Bette: "Midler is marvelous."



Bette Midler

They spent three days together at Garrett's ranch "getting to know each other real well, just talking, watching movies, telling stories, having lots of laughs. We really hit it off. She has a good concept of a song. She knows what she likes and what she doesn't like, and I like that because I know what I like and what I don't like."

Though Garrett and Midler have talked concept, the only song decided upon is the opener, a "country-oriented song" titled "A Cowgirl's Dream."

"It's completely out of context with what Bette usually does," the producer adds. "She really comes off great. She even yodels in it!"

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RECORD REVIEW



Private Eyes

Daryl Hall & John Oates
RCA AFL 1-4028

By Mark Mehler

Give 'em a hook and they'll follow you anywhere. So goes the thinking behind Hall & Oates' new LP, a collection of closet hit singles laden with nifty hooks, classical high harmonies and contrapuntal textures, plus the added fillip of R&B. *Private Eyes*, in many respects, picks up where ELO left off a few years ago.

However, on second or third lis-

ten, there's reason to believe there's more at stake here than selling concert tickets.

Taken together, all those great hooks and harmonies add up to a surprisingly coherent view of the modern a-go-go single life, which passes daily under Daryl Hall's Greenwich Village window. If the album leaves the hooks swimming in our heads, it may be because we know them also as societal buzz words.

For example, on "Friday Let Me Down," the protagonist repeatedly butts up against a taped voice on the telephone. "Friday let me, let me down/down/tonight, tonight," goes the chorus, the key word being *down*. H&O deliver the message with cool, but not detached, precision, and the effect is post-Marty misery and loneliness. Similarly, "Tell Me What You Want" (buzzwords all), "Unguarded Minute," and "Private Eyes" are all about broken lines of communication and missed connections.

The treachery of modern romance does not escape scrutiny, either. "Watch out" is the warning

over the chorus "An unguarded minute/has an accident in it."

Hall & Oates seem to have learned all the lessons of pop. Their weakest cut, in fact, is "Looking for a Good Sign," a Temptations-like roots tune that expresses the same concerns ("why are you fighting me/why are you teasing me"), but falls into a grey area between what H&O are and what they left behind.

Produced by Hall & Oates and featuring veterans Jerry Marotta (drums), John Siegler (bass), Ray Gomez (guitar on "Mano a Mano") and Larry Fast (synthesizer), *Private Eyes* has its gaze fixed firmly on AM radio, and its heart on Bleecker Street.

Coup De Grace

Mink DeVille
Atlantic SD 19311

By David McGee

Many thought Mink DeVille's street-smart *Le Chat Bleu* 1980's finest album. *Coup De Grace*, the

conclusion of Willy DeVille's epic treatise on young love, is 1981's most audacious album. On the opening cut, "Just Give Me One Good Reason," DeVille steals Bruce Springsteen's sax-guitar-key-



board-laden sound and makes it his own. And just as you can't escape Springsteen's influence, neither can you ignore the considerable impact Ben E. King and The Drifters have had on DeVille (it's fitting he should now be on Atlantic). "Love Me Like You Did Before" and "Maybe Tonight" give rise to a queasy sense of *deja vu*, but it lasts

only as long as it takes DeVille's messages to hit home.

The music works because the artist is real and complex: behind the flash of the pompadour and the pencil-line moustache is a true romantic who strikes a hard pose only for effect; the passion of "She Was Made In Heaven" proves he makes no effort to hide the heart on his sleeve. Yet his tough side stops his sentimental side far short of bathos. In every case, DeVille's stories cut close to the truth of urban adolescent experience, dealing not in myth or metaphor, but only in the cold, hard facts of romance on mean streets.

DeVille (who wrote all of the songs save two, Eddie Hinton's "Help Me To Make It (Power Of A Woman's Love)" and Arthur Alexander's "You Better Move On") strips away much of the exotic instrumentation that lent rich atmosphere to his previous LP. The accordion is still here, but the orchestra has been replaced by a beefy horn section and a hard-driving rock 'n' roll band that frequently shifts, with no loss of momentum, into a Muscle Shoals-style soul overdrive.

The most powerful cut is the last, "End of The Line." DeVille returns to the old neighborhood to survey the damage to terrains both physical and emotional. "Stay clear of the light/just one more time while I stroll around," he implores before adding, "I can't help but feel/is this the end of the line?" The answer is both poignant and uplifting: in bidding adieu to the familiar, Willy DeVille points himself to the future, to grander musical endeavors, to greater challenges. It's the boldest statement yet from this extraordinary artist.

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Night Fades Away

Nils Lofgren

Backstreet BSR-5251

By Mark Mehler

With his reedy, adolescent voice and waiflike countenance, Nils Lofgren could have turned out a slew of hit singles 20 years ago. He could have sung about dream lovers and stealing other guys' girlfriends and been very effective.

However, that was then, and this is Hollywood, California, 1981, and you don't croon today without a power pop tune—whizzing synthesizers, hotly mixed drums, funky bass lines. To paraphrase the painkiller ad, life got tougher and the music got stronger. While Lesley Gore would have shriveled in the fast lane, Nils Lofgren tries very hard to sound contemporary. Yet the more grown-up and sophisticated and bitter he sounds, the less convincing he is.

Del Shannon does join him for a duet on Shannon's "I Go To Pieces," but they run through it much too quickly. One must linger awhile in the region of the broken heart. Power pop doesn't have the time.

Lofgren is least effective when he gets funky. On "Don't Touch Me," he's on Jagger's turf ("If you don't want me shatter-ing your heart/girl don't touch me"), but the effect is more like Cher as half-breed.

Producer Jeff "Skunk" Baxter, who doubles on guitar and guitar synthesizer, is the man shoving the square peg in the round hole. He's made his California record, all right, but he's gone bust trying.



RECORD REVIEW

Songs In The Attic
Billy Joel
 Columbia TC 37461

By Mark Mehler

Billy Joel, first of all, was never the Piano Man. Beethoven and Bobby Short are piano men. Billy Joel is more the piano punk, the wiseguy who crashes the Waldorf in cut-offs. The question has been: is he there to hear the music or cock around? Is his heart really on his sleeve, or is it just his ego?

Songs In The Attic lends credence to the notion that Billy Joel is a serious pop artist. Comprised of 11 songs from the pre-*Stranger, Piano Man* period (1970-76), the album was recorded in eight cities during the summer of 1980. Most of the tunes received little or no recognition in their original versions (with the exception of the hit single, "Captain Jack"). In reprising them here, Joel wisely seizes the opportunity to filter his vintage suburban-style, overheated pop through the prism of his recently-adopted rock stance.



The operation is a success. The material, so full of itself and bulging with Anger and Pathos in the original, comes off with less melodrama and more exuberance in live performance. As on his last LP, *Glass Houses*, Joel allows his band to step out front, with the result that the audience is not left to gag on one man's aura.

For example, "Miami 2017" (from 1975's *Turnstiles* LP), recorded at Madison Square Garden, is notable not for its tired vision of Exurbia gone mad ("they said that Queens could stay/and blew the

Bronx away/and sank Manhattan out at sea"), but for the feverish rhythmic assault of drummer Liberty Devitto and guitarists Russell Javors and David Brown. None would be out of place in Foreigner.

On "Captain Jack," Joel growls and groans the lyrics, turning what seemed a weepy, tendentious piece of pop hucksterism into the funky drug song it ought to be.

Overall, Joel seems less inclined to showboat, to flaunt the anti-hero persona. He's learned something about discretion, and he's a lot easier to take these days.

Nine Tonight

Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band

Capitol STBK 12182

By Mark Mehler

Among the highest compliments to be paid a live album is "Damm, I wish I had been at the show." *Nine Tonight* deserves the accolade.

Recorded in 1980 at a series of

concerts in Boston Garden and Cobo Hall (in Seger's hometown Detroit), the two-LP set captures the immediacy and emotion of live performance, while showcasing Seger's most endearing qualities as a recording artist—his lack of pretense, easy-going self-confidence, and natural way with an audience.



Nine Tonight, which is weighted slightly in the hard rock direction, segues seamlessly between Detroit and Boston, catching the band at countless peaks along the way. One almost wishes for a valley or two, as an acknowledgement that veteran

rock 'n' rollers get tired like the rest of us.

Though individually the members of the Silver Bullet Band maintain very low profiles, as a unit they possess enormous rhythmic drive and consistency, no doubt a result of staying on the road for much of the last decade.

Most of Seger's mid- to late-'70s hits are featured, notably "Old Time Rock And Roll," "Hollywood Nights," "We've Got Tonite" and "Feel Like A Number," are all from 1978's *Stranger In Town*, as well as two earlier Seger classics "Night Moves" and "Rock and Roll Never Forgets."

The high point, however, is the 8½ minute "Let It Rock." Here Seger & Co. crank it up Chuck Berry-style, joined by 14,000 young people chanting "shake baby shake." Drew Abbott on guitar and Alto Reed on sax take exhilarating solo turns, as Seger pumps up his audience like a man who has found his pulpit and is not about to give it up.

"I only got one last thing to ask you/do you really like to rock," he wails. The answer is superfluous.



Dead Set
Grateful Dead
 Arista A26 8606

By John Skipper

The Grateful Dead's first live album in almost four months, *Dead Set* is the electric companion to *Reckoning*, an acoustic concert album released earlier this summer. Both albums (and both are double-album sets) feature selections from the 1980 tour, and together the two are intended as the definitive record(s) of "historic" performances of the Grateful Dead 1980.

Unfortunately, *Dead Set* shares not just *Reckoning's* aspirations, but also its problems.

First of all, there is Jerry Garcia's voice. Never a strong or particularly expressive singer, Garcia on these recordings sounds as though he is coming down with either laryngitis or puberty. His voice cracks and whines all over the vinyl like an out-of-tune fiddle, and several times, especially on "Friend of the Devil" and "Candyman," his singing simply trails off in the middle of a line.

Of course, the material here is often nothing to croon about. Did it ever dawn on the Dead that we don't need yet another version of "New Minglewood Blues"? Or, in the same album, two mournful and uninteresting songs about card-playing ("Deal" and "Loser")?

Worse yet, the Dead take one of the few really fine songs in the set, "Friend of the Devil," and inexplicably change it from the humorous, lively song it was on *American Beauty* into an overlong, ponderous bore.

The few good moments on *Dead Set* belong to Bob Weir. Weir propels the Dead through energetic, if predictable versions of "Samson and Delilah," "Passenger" and "The Greatest Story Ever Told." He also provides the album's only real surprise in "Feel Like A Stranger," which sounds here like a cross between the Doobie Brothers and Little Feat—a funky pop song whose freshness distinguishes it from the sameness and predictability of the album's other songs.

LA BELLA'S MUSICIAN of NOTE

Photo by Eric Van Soest

CRAIG CHAQUICO.

Born: September 26, 1954 in Sacramento, California.

Home: Mill Valley, California.

Profession: Musician, Singer, Songwriter, Composer, Arranger, Entertainer, Lead and Rhythm Guitarist for *Jefferson Starship*.

Earliest Musical Experience: I was assaulted by an accordion at the age of 10, and soon after switched to guitar, which was a more natural and pleasurable association. The usual early teenage Rock N' Roll attempts at forming and developing a band followed. I began recording professionally in 1970, and joined *Jefferson Starship* with the band's formation in 1974.

Major Influences: I am a Rock N' Roll addict, but I find I can learn from anyone who plays or has played well, even if their style or genre is different from mine.

Latest Musical Accomplishments: Current national tour with *Jefferson Starship* and recording of our *Modern Times* album on *Grunt Records*. I also did session work on the *Alive Alone* album by Mickey Thomas on *Electra Asylum Records*.

Keynotes: I have just finished upgrading my home studio and am eager to complete my latest compositions for the next *Jefferson Starship* album.

On Today's Music: I like the technical expertise of today's young players and the new technical developments in today's equipment, but I think there is still plenty of room for creativity. The potentials have not yet been met which means the next few years could be very artistically exciting.

On Strings: The demands of my playing have varied from a soft electric or acoustic application in the studio with Marty Balin hits like *Miracles*, *Count On Me*, *Runaway* to the thundering live renditions of Grace Slick hits like *White Rabbit* and *Somebody To Love* to the studio and live versions of hits I've helped write and arrange like *Jane* and the electric/acoustic *Find Your Way Back*.

La Bella meets everyone of these applications, and are strung on all 23 of my guitars and basses. In fact, if it weren't for the quality and endurance of all *La Bella Strings*, I never could have gotten off as much playin' the extra-long rippin', high-energy lead guitar solos on songs like *Save Your Love* and *Stranger* as I did last night in where-ever-we-were- U.S.A.!

Wish I'd Said: "I'm Livin' In My Own Private Idaho" The B-52's and Steve Khan. And, "F--- you, We Do What We Want,"—By Paul Warren and Paul Kantner.



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RECORD REVIEW

**The Innocent Age****Dan Fogelberg**

Full Moon/Epic KE2 37393

By Susanne Whatley

Among the more than fifty individuals that Dan Fogelberg thanks on the inside cover of his latest album are Hermann Hesse, Joe Walsh, Thomas Wolfe, Kahlil Gibran, and "most of all, my father for his gift of music, and my mother for her gift of words."

If this seems oddly personal, you soon discover why. *The Innocent*

Age is two records of unblushing tribute to growing up and to the melancholy struggle of maturity. The result is a heavy dose of Fogelberg sentimentality stopping just short of smarm.

The lyrical themes are simple and universal: chasing dreams; searching for truth; wrestling with personal devils; toasting the past; fretting over love, and the passage of the years. Unfortunately, the reflections on life have been drained of real drama and humor by Fogelberg's reliance on clichés to express his most personal thoughts.

Some of the songs, though, are pleasantly involving, especially the ones that tell a story. "Same Old Lang Syne," which preceded the album as a single, is about meeting an old lover in the grocery store. The song is awkward and touching, as such an encounter might be in real life; the conversation lags at the checkout stand, but they go out together to pick up a six-pack and drink a toast to the innocence they once shared. Anyone who treasures the memories of old lovers will appreciate the sentiments in this song.

"The Reach" is another nice story, titled after a fishing boat, with some pleasant images of New England seafaring accompanied by an arrangement that rolls along like surf. On other numbers, Fogelberg's soluble voice blends too easily with itself when he sings both lead and background vocals. Emmylou Harris, Don Henley, Glen Frey, Joni Mitchell and Richie Furay provide vocal embellishment, but with the exception of Harris, who fleshes out one duet, their contributions are so embedded in the background as to be faceless.

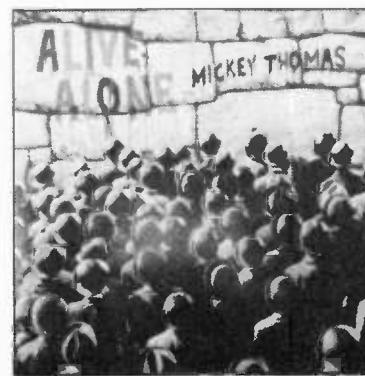
Give Fogelberg this much credit: he does write lovely melodies, and his corporate rock has a certain amount of drive. But that is not enough. Not enough at all.

Alive Alone**Mickey Thomas**

Elektra/Asylum 5E-530

By Oren Clark

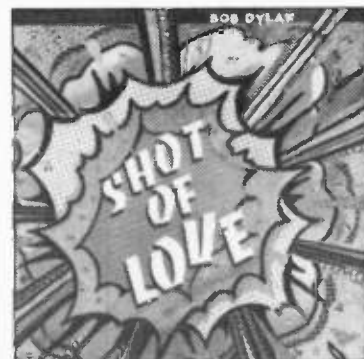
Despite being the lead vocalist on the Elvin Bishop Band's 1976 hit,



"Fooled Around And Fell In Love," Mickey Thomas was unable to parlay his plaintive vocalizing into a solo career. A generally agreeable solo album, released by MCA in 1978, went nowhere, but his chops were impressive: strong, heartfelt vocals with a hint of blue-eyed soul beneath a tough exterior. So he went and joined Jefferson Starship and proved he could handle the hard stuff as well.

Produced by Bill Szymczyk and Allan Blazek (the duo that brought us "Fooled Around And Fell In Love"), *Alive Alone* explores both sides of Mick Thomas—the crooner

and the rocker—and does so with style. The LP's strength is its point of view in taking a positive attitude toward broken relationships, best expressed in the title track, a mid-tempo ballad graced by Joe Vitale's solid drumming and Don Felder's bracing guitar obbligatos. "Maybe Tomorrow," again propelled by the sturdy Vitale-George "Chovolate" Perry rhythm section and Felder's fiery guitar work, best sum's up Thomas's theme: "When you surrender/remember/leave enough room to grow." Similarly, Cindy Bullens' "Survivor" finds Thomas playing cheerleader, urging on a broken soul in its darkest hour. And though it's inferior to Cream's original version, "Badge," as read frantically by Thomas, is a fitting closer to an album of well-chosen material performed by a top-notch singer. May he get his just due this time around.

**Shot of Love****Bob Dylan**

Columbia TC 37496

By John Skipper

The problem with Dylan's previous Christian albums stemmed mostly from the intolerant zeal with which the artist preached his doctrine. Dylan's often-strident approach was disturbing because he seemed more concerned with condemning detractors and non-believers that with asserting his own faith. This posed a dilemma for the listener who might have been open to a more measured account of spiritual rebirth.

Shot Of Love proves Dylan is no longer a zealot, but a man now comfortable in his spirituality. Zealots fail to understand that God is a mystery, and manifests Himself in a multitude of ways, none alike, none easily understood. To deal concretely with this mystery, as did *Saved and Slow Moving*, is to come off like the well-meaning souls proclaiming the end of the Earth on streets corners in New York City. They're so full of fire and brimstone they're unbelievable—and so was Dylan.

This time, Dylan is less strident and, as a result, more compelling. In fact, on "Shot Of Love," "Property Of Jesus" and the powerful "Every Grain of Sand" he presents himself as a man who finally realizes god is inscrutable. And in the manner of the true Christian, he celebrates the mystery in song while at the same time appealing for wisdom and strength.


Instrumentally, the album falls somewhere between the loose, raucous, R&B-flavored rock of *Blonde On Blonde* and the solemn country stylings of John Wesley Harding. The steady rhythm section of drummer Jim Keltner and bassist Tim Drummond provides the foundation for the fiery guitar interplay of Steve Ripley, and Danny Kortchmar; together these musicians inspire Dylan's best vocal performance since *Blood On The Tracks*.

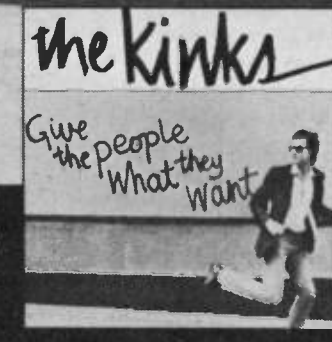
Only the ill-conceived, poorly-written ("They stamped him and they labeled him/like they do with pants and shirts") "Lenny Bruce" comes a cropper. Nevertheless, *Shot Of Love* is a profound statement of the evolution of a man's faith. If Dylan has yet to find peace of mind, he at least knows where the keys to the kingdom are hidden.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE!

the Kinks


Give the people what they want





After storming the world of music last year on record and on stage, the incredible Kinks have now reached the summit of rock. Their new album, *Give The People What They Want*, is a special Kinks milestone. Ray Davies has written his all-time best batch of hard-edged, biting songs, and the band puts them across with unparalleled energy. When The Kinks are on, rock rarely comes any better. Includes: Better Things, Destroyer, Predictable, Around The Dial.

GIVE THE PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT.
Great Rock & Roll In The Public Interest.



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RECORD REVIEW

MARTIN BRILEY

*Fear Of The Unknown*

Martin Briley
Mercury SRM 1-4026

By David McGee

Having had his songs recorded recently by Ian Hunter, Pat Benatar and Karla DeVito, Martin Briley is on his way to becoming a most popular young songwriter. On the strength of his first solo album, he deserves recognition for his own performances as well.

What Hunter, Benatar and DeVito found in Briley's songs is passion and wit in the well-structured odes to the inconsistencies of male-female relationships—the little murders, the way you always hurt the one you love. This is not uncharted turf, of course. What separates Briley's observations from others of the same ilk is his singularly bizarre, often bittersweet point of view, best expressed in such epics of paranoia as the title cut and "I Feel Like A Milkshake." Someone is always out to do in Briley ("I've been abused and I've been misled/She made me sleep on the sofa bed" is a typical predicament); yet he takes his abuse in stride, accepting rather than fighting what he can't understand. Produced by Allan Blazek and Briley himself, *Fear Of The Unknown's* best songs are set off by the intense, good-natured, solid rock support of the artist's band. An impressive debut.

*Novo Combo*

Novo Combo
Polydor PD-1-6331

By Oren Clark

Taste, ability and finesse. One new band that shows signs of deserving these plaudits is Novo Combo, a quartet of experienced musicians playing together for the first time. Ex-Santana drummer Michael Shrieve and former Hall & Oates bassist Stephen Dees provide a smooth yet compelling backdrop to the driving, often-graceful guitar interplay of axemen Pete Hewlett and Jack Griffith. The vocal efforts are none-too-shabby either, with a plaintive Hewlett and an expressive Dees showing they feel right at home on the high register.

Skilled technicians all, these four also exhibit talent in the songwriting column. With a tempo and sound reminiscent of both Steely Dan and the Police, *Novo Combo* is a silky array of moody but upbeat songs that range from meaningful moral appeals ("We Need Love") to love songs ("Hard To Say Goodbye") to vignettes ("Up Periscope," "City Bound") to a mindless, but fun hard-rocker ("Do You Wanna Shake"). Whatever direction the band takes from here, this album heralds a bright future.

Give The People What They Want

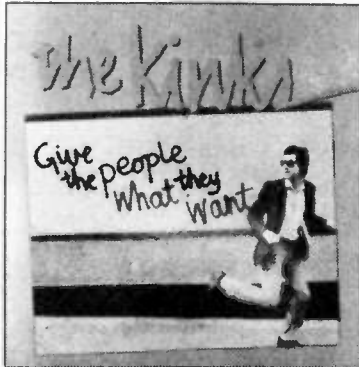
The Kinks
Arista - AL 9567

By Bonnie Vaughan

The title speaks for itself: in this new record, written and produced by Ray Davies, the Kinks are doing their best to give the people what they want, with songs that incorporate a range of styles including new wavish power pop, hard-hitting heavy metal rockers, and bouncy rhythms and mekodies that slightly recall the Kinks' earlier work but tend to lack the distinctive quality so characteristic of their greatest songs.

However, where the music may not stand up to some of the Kinks' former work, Ray Davies' socially-aware lyrics certainly do. He presents his view of contemporary life and, as always, it is a cynical world full of hype, pretensions, paranoia, disillusionment and indifference; of people with insatiable appetites for stimulation; and of life dominated by the media. The hard-rocking ti-

tle track, about the tastelessness of television networks and their sex-and-violence crazed audiences, is a parody in which Davies uses a recurring, shopworn heavy metal guitar riff as a metaphor, seemingly satirizing his musical values for the sake of getting his blatant message across: "Blow out your brains/But do it right/Make sure it's prime time/And on a Saturday night."



More characteristic of his witty approach to serious themes is his tongue-in-cheek presentation of an off-beat subject in "Art Lover." In this pretty number, Davies sings in

nursery-rhyme fashion of his voyeuristic delight in watching little girls playing in the park, claiming he's not a dirty old man while coaxing them to "Come To Daddy." But when he sings "She's just a substitute for what's been taken from me" he suddenly lends a deeper poignancy to the song, turning him from a man depraved to a man deprived. But just as it all starts to get a little depressing, the upbeat "Better Things" bounces in to assure us that brighter days are ahead.

Mayday
A&M SP 4873

By David Manners

The cheap thing to say is that without Boston, Led Zeppelin, Cheap Trick and a host of others of a similar ilk Mayday would not exist, because every idea of note on the Chicago quartet's first album is stolen from some more illustrious personage in the music world. The correct thing to say, though, is that despite this disturbing tendency to crib, at least

Mayday shows enough punch of its own to merit closer attention.

While it's not easy to forget that had there been no "Peace of Mind" on Boston's first album, there might not be a "So Young So Bad" on Mayday's first, the group's flair for melodic heavy metal is nonetheless compelling.

Mayday is far from being the most original work of the year, and for that reason the group cannot be considered above suspicion. But something's happening here that makes the prospect of a second Mayday album appealing indeed.



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RECORD
WRAP

Record World's Top 100 Albums



- 1 ROLLING STONES
Tattoo You / Rolling Stones
- 2 JOURNEY
Escape / Columbia
- 3 FOREIGNER
4 / Atlantic
- 4 STEVIE NICKS
Bella Donna / Modern
- 5 DAN FOGELBERG
Innocent Age / Full Moon/Epic
- 6 PAT BENATAR
Precious Time / Chrysalis
- 7 BOB SEGER AND THE SILVER BULLET BAND
Nine Tonight / Capitol
- 8 BILLY SQUIER
Don't Say No / Capitol
- 9 RICK JAMES
Street Songs / Gordy
- 10 HEAVY METAL
(Original Soundtrack) / Full Moon/Asylum
- 11 RICKIE LEE JONES
Pirates / Warner Bros.
- 12 AL JARREAU
Breakin' Away / Warner Bros.
- 13 MOODY BLUES
Long Distance Voyager / Threshold
- 14 ENDLESS LOVE
(Original Soundtrack) / Mercury
- 15 PRETENDERS
II / Sire
- 16 RICK SPRINGFIELD
Working Class Dog / RCA
- 17 REO SPEEDWAGON
Hi Infidelity / Epic

- 18 ELO
Time / Jet
- 19 DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
Private Eyes / RCA
- 20 LUTHER VANDROSS
Never Too Much / Epic
- 21 GO-GO'S
Beauty & The Beat / I.R.S.
- 22 POINTER SISTERS
Black & White / Planet
- 23 ZZ TOP
El Loco / Warner Bros.
- 24 EDDIE RABBITT
Step By Step / Elektra
- 25 KENNY ROGERS
Share Your Love / Liberty
- 26 COMMODORES
In The Pocket / Motown
- 27 EVELYN KING
I'm In Love
- 28 BILLY JOEL
Songs In The Attic / Columbia
- 29 OZZY OSBOURNE
Blizzard Of Ozz / Jet
- 30 AIR SUPPLY
The One That You Love / Arista
- 31 CARL CARLTON
20th Century-Fox
- 32 KINKS
Give The People What They Want / Arista
- 33 JUICE NEWTON
Juice / Capitol
- 34 TEDDY PENDERGRASS
It's Time For Love / Phila. Intl.
- 35 TEENA MARIE
It Must Be Magic / Gordy
- 36 WILLIE NELSON'S GREATEST HITS (AND SOME THAT WILL BE) Columbia
- 37 LITTLE RIVER BAND
Time Exposure / Capitol

- 38 KENNY ROGERS' GREATEST HITS Liberty
- 39 MEAT LOAF
Dead Ringer / Epic/Cleve. Int.
- 40 TOM PETTY AND THE HEART BREAKERS
Hard Promises/Backstreet / MCA
- 41 ARETHA FRANKLIN
Love All The Hurt Away / Arista
- 42 GRATEFUL DEAD
Dead Set / Arista
- 43 RUSH
Moving Pictures / Mercury
- 44 KIM CARNES
Mistaken Identity / EMI/America
- 45 FOUR TOPS
Tonight! / Casablanca
- 46 OAK RIDGE BOYS
Fancy Free / MCA
- 47 DEF LEPPARD
High 'N' Dry / Mercury
- 48 CHRISTOPHER CROSS
Warner Bros.
- 49 CHIPMUNKS
Urban Chipmunks / RCA
- 50 ROGER
The Many Facets Of Roger / Warner Bros.
- 51 BLUE OYSTER CULT
Fire Of Unknown Origin / Columbia
- 52 DEBBIE HARRY
Koo Koo / Chrysalis
- 53 STYX
Paradise Theater / A&M
- 54 RICHARD "DIMPLES" FIELDS
Dimples / Boardwalk
- 55 MAZE FEATURING FRANKIE BEVERLY
Live In New Orleans / Capitol
- 56 AC/DC
Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap / Atlantic

- 57 ALABAMA
Feels So Right / RCA
- 58 SPYRO GYRA
Freetime / MCA
- 59 BOB DYLAN
Shot Of Love / Columbia
- 60 PAT BENATAR
Crimes Of Passion / Chrysalis
- 61 BRICK
Summer Heat / Bang
- 62 JOHN DENVER
Some Days Are Diamonds / RCA
- 63 AC/DC
Back In Black / Atlantic
- 64 BOB JAMES
Sign Of The Times / Columbia
- 65 MANHATTAN TRANSFER
Mecca For Moderns / Atlantic
- 66 TRIUMPH
Allied Forces / RCA
- 67 LARRY GRAHAM
Just Be My Lady / Warner Bros.
- 68 PHIL COLLINS
Face Value / Atlantic
- 69 AEROBIC DANCING Gateway
- 70 SANTANA
Zebop! / Columbia
- 71 MICHAEL STANLEY BAND
North Coast / EMI/America
- 72 SQUEEZE
East Side Story / A&M
- 73 B.B.&Q. BAND Capitol
- 74 GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS
Touch / Columbia
- 75 IAN HUNTER
Short Back 'N' Sides / Chrysalis
- 76 STACY LATTISAW
With You / Cotillion
- 77 VAN HALEN
Fair Warning / Warner Bros.

- 78 TIME
Warner Bros.
- 79 PATTI LABELLE
The Spirit's In It / Phila. Intl.
- 80 ARTHUR - THE ALBUM
(Original Soundtrack) / Warner Bros.
- 81 MICHAEL HENDERSON
Slingshot / Buddah
- 82 FRANKIE SMITH
Children Of Tomorrow / WMOT
- 83 LITTLE FEAT
Hoy-Hoy! / Warner Bros.
- 84 RONNIE MILSAP
There's No Getting Over Me / RCA
- 85 NEIL DIAMOND
The Jazz Singer (Original Soundtrack) / Capitol
- 86 LOVERBOY
Columbia
- 87 QUINCY JONES
The Dude / A&M
- 88 LENA HORNE
The Lady And Her Music-Live On Broadway / Qwest/WB
- 89 KRAFTWERK
Computer World / Warner Bros.
- 90 DENIECE WILLIAMS
My Melody
- 91 ROCKIE ROBBINS
I Believe In Love / A&M
- 92 EBONEE WEBB
Capitol
- 93 JOHN SCHNEIDER
Now Or Never / Scotti Bros.
- 94 JEFFERSON STARSHIP
Modern Times / Grunt
- 95 JON & VANGELIS
Friends Of Mr. Cairo / Polydor
- 96 PHYLLIS HYMAN
Can We Fall In Love Again / Arista
- 97 DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
Voices / RCA
- 98 ALAN PARSON'S PROJECT
The Turn Of A Friendly Card / Arista
- 99 GREG KIHN
Rockin'roll / Beserkley
- 100 FOR YOUR EYES ONLY
(Original Soundtrack) / Liberty

On This Date

ALBUMS

- 1 HELP (SOUNDTRACK)
Beatles (Capitol)
- 2 LOOK AT US
Sonny & Cher (Atco)
- 3 SOUND OF MUSIC (SOUNDTRACK) (RCA Victor)
- 4 HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED
Bob Dylan (Columbia)
- 5 THE "IN" CROWD
Ramsey Lewis (Cadet)
- 6 MORE HITS BY THE SUPREMES (Motown)
- 7 ALL I REALLY WANT TO DO
Cher (Imperial)
- 8 WHIPPED CREAM AND OTHER DELIGHTS
Tijuana Brass (A&M)
- 9 OUT OF OUR HEADS
Rolling Stones (London)
- 10 BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME
Bob Dylan (Columbia)



Top Ten
LPs and Singles,
November 1, 1965

(Chart courtesy of Record World Magazine)

SINGLES

- 1 A LOVER'S CONCERTO
The Toys (Dynovoice)
- 2 GET OFF MY CLOUD
Rolling Stones (London)
- 3 KEEP ON DANCING
The Gentrys (MGM)
- 4 YESTERDAY
Beatles (Capitol)
- 5 EVERYBODY LOVES A CLOWN
Gary Lewis and the Playboys (Liberty)
- 6 YOU'RE THE ONE
The Vogues (Co & Co)
- 7 1-2-3
Len Barry (Decca)
- 8 LIAR, LIAR
Castaways (Soma)
- 9 POSITIVELY 4TH STREET
Bob Dylan (Columbia)
- 10 RESCUE ME
Fontella Bass (Checker)

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YESTERDAY

The Yardbirds: Godfathers Of Heavy Metal

By David McGee

The Yardbirds' influence on rock music is evident today every time an old guard heavy metal band such as Blue Oyster Cult storms the stage, or a young upstart such as Def Leppard poses a challenge to the establishment. Indeed, if there is nothing new under the sun in heavy metal music, it's because The Yardbirds exhausted, or at least suggested, all the possibilities of the form.

Early in 1963, singer and harmonica virtuoso Keith Relf and bass player Paul Samwell-Smith split from the Metropolis Blues Quartet to form a blues band of their own around drummer Jim McCarty, lead guitarist Anthony "Top" Topham and rhythm guitarist Chris Dreja ("Our ideal of what a teenage idol should be" wrote *Hit Parader*). Fate intervened in the form of Topham's parents, who insisted their son finish school, thus opening a spot in the band, dubbed The Yardbirds (copping the nickname of legendary jazz saxophonist Charlie Parker) for an imaginative young blues guitarist named Eric "Slowhand" Clapton.

An album, *Five Live Yardbirds* (recorded at the Marquee Club) was released to lukewarm reception in 1964, even though its tracks—particularly "Smokestack Lightning" and "Train Kept A-Rollin'"

—captured the essence of the band's fiery "rave ups" (instrumental improvisations of steadily-increasing intensity). In 1965 The Yardbirds went in a more commercial direction by recording "For Your Love," a rock song written by Graham Gouldman, who later penned hits for The Hollies and Herman's Hermits and founded 10cc. It broke the group in the U.S and forever altered their music.

Although he played rhythm guitar on "For Your Love," the song so offended Clapton's purist sensibility that he quit the band in favor of John Mayall's Bluesbreakers. His replacement was Jeff Beck, an undisciplined but immensely-talented rock-rooted guitarist who had been recommended for the job by Jimmy Page, a highly-sought London session guitarist and songwriter.

With Beck The Yardbirds flourished. They were unique among bands of that era in developing a revolutionary sound through on-stage improvisation, rather than in the studio. Recording dates were basically sessions chronicling the evolution of the group's live sound.

Said Relf: "As soon as we get on stage we just start to invent a lot of our music as we go along. We play rock 'n' roll but we improvise like a jazz group. We try to incorporate in our records the things we've

learned onstage. We want to give everybody an experience from our performances."

Those "experiences" turned out to be some of the finest records of the decade. Beck's slashing, raw style fueled such memorable singles as "Heart Full of Soul," "Still I'm Sad" (inspired by a Gregorian chant) and "Shapes of Things." The albums featuring Beck, *Having A Rave Up* and *Over Under Sideways Down*, remain landmarks in the development of a personal lead style imitated, transformed but unsurpassed by succeeding generations of rock guitarists.

It was Beck who brought The Yardbirds into the modern world and then took them a step further. Not only was his playing style enormously influential, his fascination with gadgets, such as the fuzz box, and sounds (he created, on the guitar, the tone of an electrified sitar on "Heart Full of Soul") foreshadowed other bands' mid-1960s experiments with studio technology and Eastern music.

"We'll play a note or a chord and repeat it throughout the song," Beck explained in an interview conducted shortly after the release of *Having A Rave Up*. "After awhile it becomes a part of you, gets into you like a rhythm. The sounds we're producing wouldn't be condoned by most people or be believed."

In 1966 Samwell-Smith retired to become The Yardbirds' producer. Page, who had never played bass but knew the group's material, stepped in as a replacement. At this point the story degenerates into conjecture and myth. Sickiness, real or imagined, forced Beck from the lineup during a fall tour of the United States in 1966, and Page took over on lead guitar. When Beck returned, The Yardbirds boasted two



The Yardbirds in '66:(seated in front) Jeff Beck;(from left) Jim McCarty, Chris Dreja,Keith Relf ,Paul Samwell-Smith.

of the most extraordinary instrumentalists in rock history. Unfortunately, Beck suffered a breakdown and departed for good in December, 1966.

The only Yardbirds album to feature Page, *Little Games*, was released in July of 1967. A rare, mostly misguided record that contained no hits, it is interesting nonetheless as a precursor of the guitarist's work in Led Zeppelin. One song, "White Summer," is the stylistic antecedent of "Black Mountain Side" on Zep's debut album.

The idea was short-lived. Following a spring tour of the U.S. in 1968—the group had been one year without a hit single after having had six between May, '65 and November, 1967—The Yardbirds disbanded. In a press release dated July 9, 1968, Page calls the split "an amicable one" and announces that he and Dreja will continue using The Yardbirds name (they were to be billed The Yardbirds Featuring Jimmy Page), while Relf and McCarty will pursue "individual musical ideas." The latter duo wound up forming the original Renaissance, but Relf soon tired of that venture and moved on, surfacing again in 1975 with a group called Armageddon. On May 14,

1976, Relf was found dead in his London home, apparently electrocuted by a faulty connection in his guitar. Dreja later left music entirely for a career as a photographer.

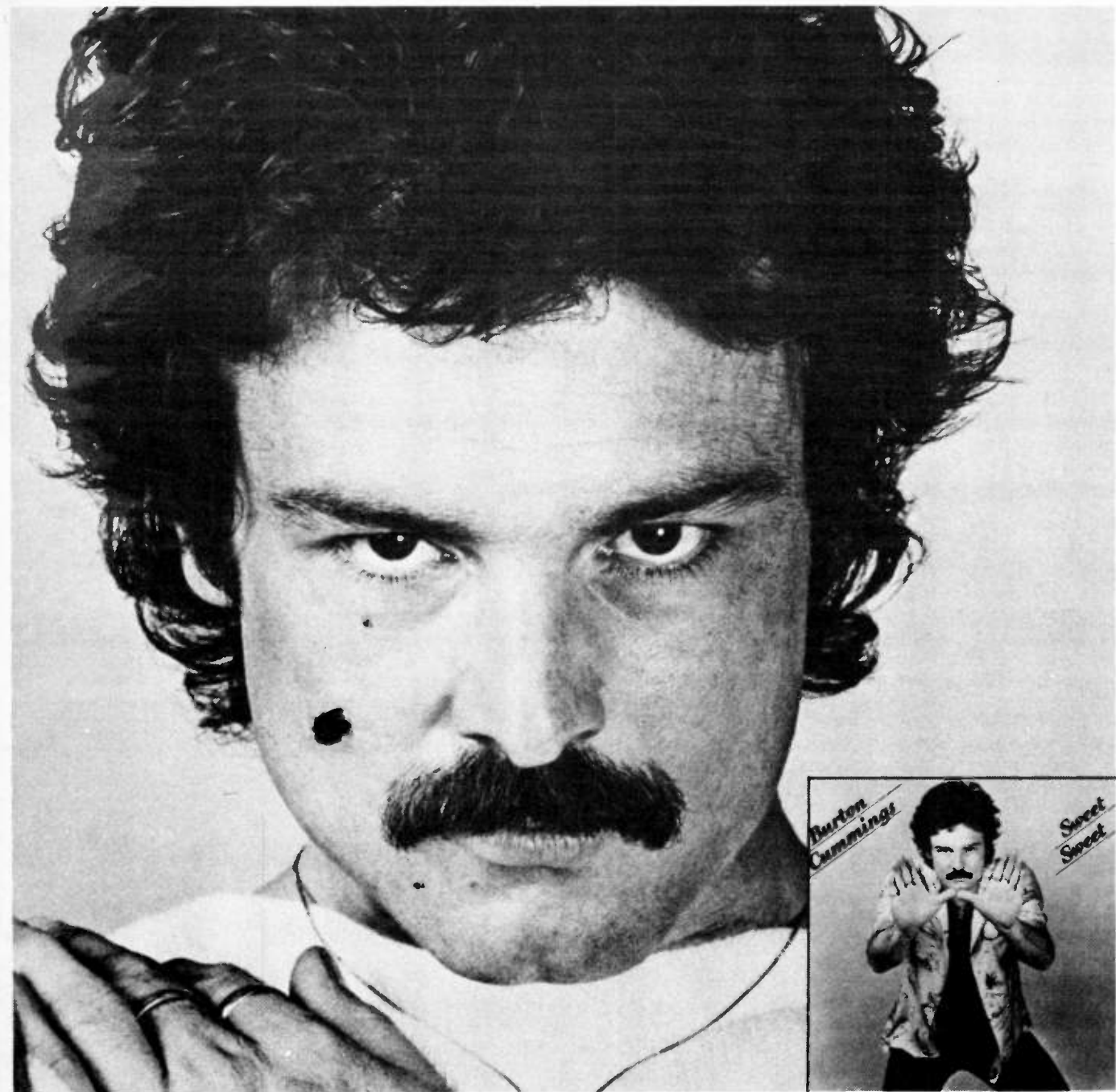
The last official release from The Yardbirds' press office came in July of 1969. It reads: "London session bassist John Paul Jones and vocalist Robert Plant have been asked by Jimmy Page to join his new Yardbirds." Period. End of legend. (Quotes are from "Are The Yardbirds Too Far Out?," *Hit Parader*, April, 1966; and "The Yardbirds Without Jeff Beck" by Valerie Wilmer, *Hit Parader*, October, 1967.)

DISCOGRAPHY

All of The Yardbirds' American releases have been cut out. Most readily available of these, and most essential, are two recent Epic compilations, *The Yardbirds Great Hits* (Epic PE-34491) and *Yardbirds Favorites* (Epic E-34490).

For a more thorough survey, check out the import bin for *Yardbirds Featuring Eric Clapton* (Charlie CR 300012), *Yardbirds Featuring Jeff Beck* (Charlie CR 300013) and the double LP, *Shapes of Things* (Charlie CDX-1).

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KIX

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DIESEL

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Premonition (Scotti Bros.)

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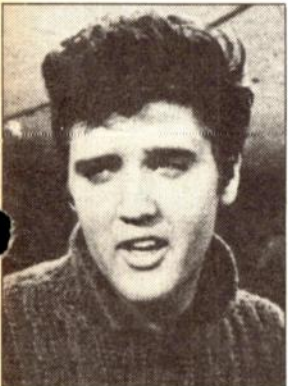
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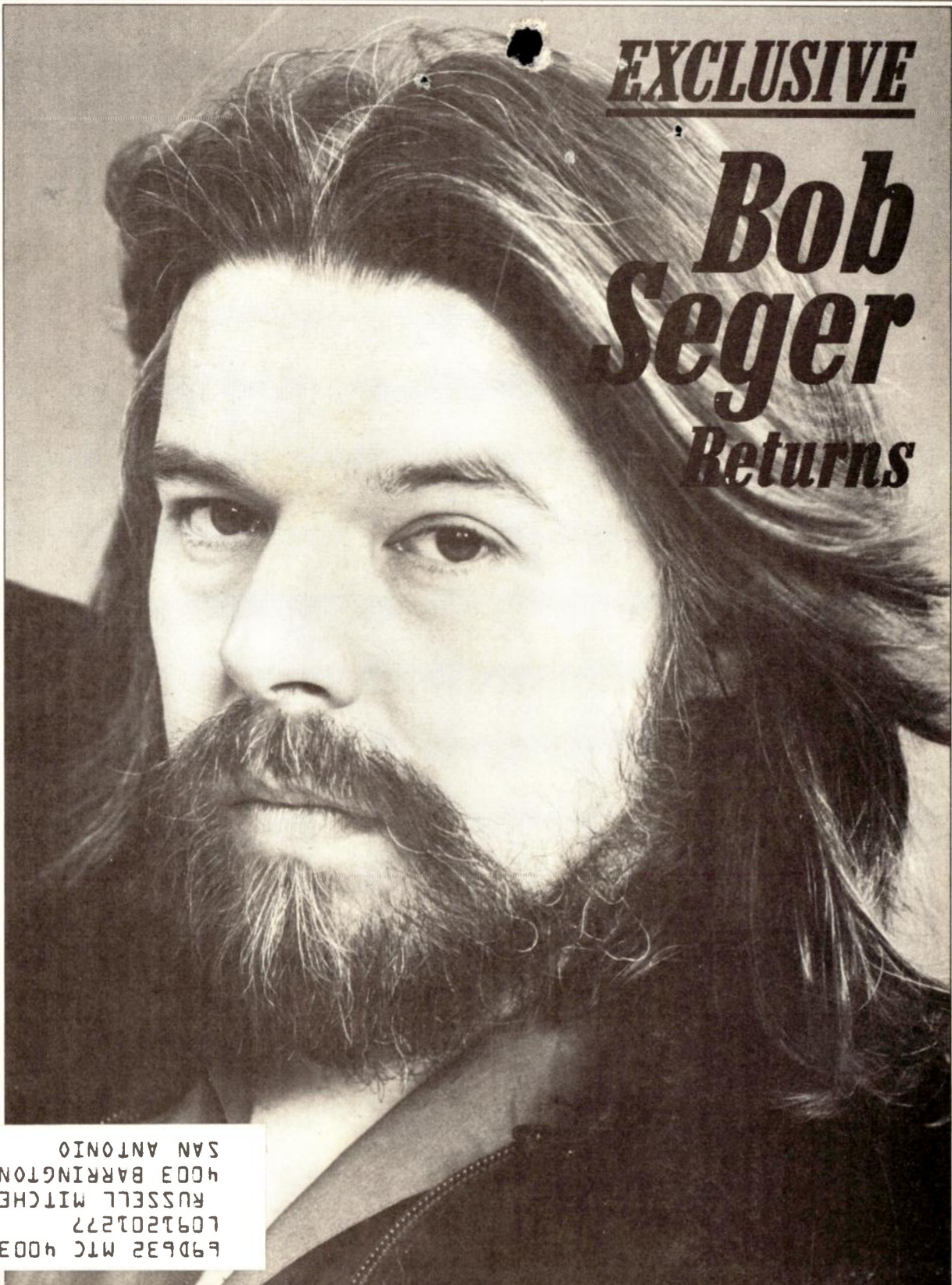


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