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Rick James: "I smoke weed, use vulgar language and I'm pretty open in my songs. It's good that there's an artist who can be honest and just write what he feels."

Cover:

J. Geils: A Long Climb To The Top

By Stan Hyman and Vicki Greenleaf

Success depends on three things: who says it, what he says, how he says it; and of these three things, what he says is the least important.

—John Morley, *Recollections II*

PITTSBURGH—Trying to get a straight answer out of Peter Wolf has never been an easy task. Fourteen years, 12 albums and many tours later, it still isn't. The veteran lead singer of the J. Geils Band continues to answer his critics, friends and would-be admirers with the same sharp retorts and biting quips. It helps maintain that "bad boys" image.

"The turning point in our career?" he ponders. "This interview. Where is our music heading? To Topeka, Kansas?"

On stage, things haven't changed that drastically either. Wolf remains the tireless showman. Pounding long-stemmed red roses on the floor as the band tunes up for "Love Stinks"; preaching his cynical tales of love and life to a seemingly-mesmerized crowd, and mixing with zealous fans at the front of the stage is still part of the act.

But commercially, things have changed—for the better. Suddenly, after years of near-stardom, the Boston-based band has attained the popularity and success it had failed to achieve in times past. Blending the old with the new has proven to be a winning formula for Wolf and Company, who have neatly finessed

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Rick James 'Nowhere To Go But Down'

By Michael Goldberg

AUSALITO, Ca.—In the semi-darkness of the recording studio, Rick James doesn't look too much like RICK JAMES, the spangled, littering, super sexy King of Funk 'n' Roll, the bad boy of black music whose hit songs of the triple platinum album, *Street Songs*—"Give It to Me Baby," "Super Freak" and "Ghetto Life"—were blasting out of AM radios for most of 1981.

James is wearing a rather sedate, decidedly non-flash green and black and white plaid shirt, a pair of tan pants and some brown slippers. Though he sings a song called

"Mary Jane" and lights up a joint in the midst of his two hour live performance, there's not even a roach in sight today. James, who is 30 years old, is leaning back in his chair, his feet propped up on the recording console. Only the cornrow braids which hang halfway down his back are a clue to the outrageous side of Rick James, a side that he reserves for his album covers, TV appearances and live shows.

As he sips from a mug of steaming coffee, James is explaining how he feels about being called "a modern version of Sly Stone."

"I think it's ridiculous. Totally

insane. Really! Sly Stone was a genius," says James, who talks as intensely as he sings. "If it weren't for Sly Stone there wouldn't be no Rick James. I have a lot of respect for Sly Stone. I'm not talking about the man, but the music. The man's a bit strange. But the music . . . he's responsible for making a lot of artists. There should be a Sly Stone day. And the Commodores should be there and Stevie Wonder and Rick James and the Ohio Players and everybody who made a million dollars letting this man open the door."

Here at the Record Plant, Rick James is wrapping up production of

a new album which he's planning to call *Throw 'm Down*. "That's an expression, a higher form of getting down," he laughs.

James calls in his engineer, Tom Flye, who, he notes, was once Sly Stone's engineer, and soon "Dance With Me," set to be the first single off the album, starts up, blasting at high volume through the studio monitors. Above the taped sounds of a party in progress, an uptempo "Super Freak"-styled groove begins, funk guitar etching irresistible licks through the song. Some of the members of James' group, the Stone City Band—guitarist Tom McDermott, drummer Lanise Hughes, synthesizer player Levi Ruffin, Jr. and bassist Oscar Alston—wander in, along with a few very sexy young women, one of whom walks over and gives James a seductive kiss. James, who is now standing before the control board, starts dancing and shaking his head; with eyes closed, he sings along with his own vocal track: "Shake your body all over me woman."

The new album contains nine songs; there are three gorgeous ballads—"Happy," "My Love" and "Teardrop" (with the great line: "A teardrop fell from my eye yesterday/Letting me know I was man enough to cry")—and six uptempo funk extravaganzas—"Dance With Me," "Money Talks," "Sixty-Nine Times," "Throw Down," "Hard to Get" and "Standing at the Top."

In addition to James and his band, the LP will include guest appearances by Grace Slick, Doobie Brother John McFee, Roy Ayers and the original Temptations. "I'm putting the Temps on 'Standing at the Top,'" says James. "That's about how when you're number one there ain't nowhere you can go but down."

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Roger McGuinn Nixes Byrds Reunion

MARIN COUNTY, Ca.—Roger McGuinn, founder and guiding light of the various incarnations of the Byrds, has nixed a proposed reunion of the original group members. Saying "it didn't seem like a positive, forward career step," McGuinn declined an offer from the group's first manager, Jim Dickson, to join Gene Clark, David Crosby, Michael Clark and Chris Hillman for several unspecified concert dates, playing a repertoire composed of familiar Byrds songs. The concerts were to be recorded, and the best numbers picked out and submitted to record companies interested in signing the band.

McGuinn remarked that he hedged initially because "the Byrds were a great live band. It was a studio band. So it didn't seem worth trying it again." He added: "My own lawyer laughed. He said, 'You couldn't keep those personalities together before, what

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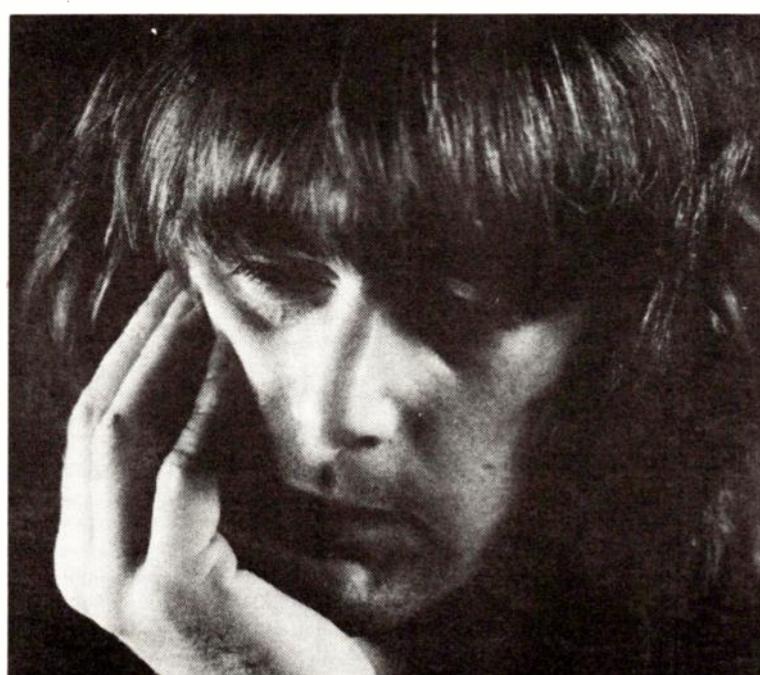
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Roger McGuinn: His lawyer laughed.

PHOTO: ED CARAEFF

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Managing Editor: DAVID MCGEE
 Associate Editors: MARK MEHLER,
 STAN MIESES, CHIP STERN
 Contributing Editors:
 DAVID GANS, ALAN HECHT
 Editorial Assistant: OREN CLARK
 Art Director: ESTHER DRAZNIN

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 Advertising Production:
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Main Office: 745 Fifth Avenue,
 New York, NY 10151 (212) 574-3800
 Branches: 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3740
 Los Angeles, CA 90067 (213) 553-2289
 333 North Michigan Avenue
 Chicago, IL 60601 (312) 782-2366

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Knack Knukes Itself At Last; Feiger Cutting Solo Album

By Susanne Whatley

LOS ANGELES—The Knack has knuked itself. The Los Angeles band whose debut album soared to the top of the trade charts in 1979 has broken up, with Doug Feiger embarking on a solo career (and retaining rights to the Knack name), while the other band members—guitarist Burton Averre, bassist Prescott Niles, drummer Bruce Gary—carry on as The Game.

Feiger, who says he "feels very much alive again," is now laying down tracks at Capitol Studios here with guitarist-keyboardist John Corey (ex- of Silver Condor and Randy Meisner's band) and drummers Don Linley and Brandon Matheson.

"I'm looking forward to being judged on my material rather than people's pre-conceived notions," Feiger says, adding that his new songs are "still simple and direct, but sound very different—it's white jungle music."

Averre, Niles and Gary have signed on a new lead singer in Steve

McNally, formerly of Roadmaster, and a keyboard player, Phil Jost.

"It's current, mainstream, certainly accessible music," Averre says of the Game's repertoire. "More playing prowess, very much based on hooks. There's still a lot of ballsy rock 'n' roll, but at the same time there's a certain cool cooking that we never could do in the Knack—songs that bubble under the surface and then suck you in."

And what about the Knack, that band of snotty upstarts who were too hot to give interviews after being one of only 25 groups since 1956 to have a number one album first time out? "They love ya, they hate ya," Burton shrugs, a trace of sadness in his voice. "It's a difference of a week. Stemming from our mercurial rise to success—which is always the ass-backwards way to do it, you know—there was always this mountain of resentment towards the band that never really subsided.

"It was a real heart-rending experience. I don't think any of us would want to go through it again."

Remembering Murray The K: 'He Lived For The Music'

By Doc Pomus

NEW YORK—Doc Pomus is a legendary rock and blues songwriter whose material has been recorded by Joe Turner, Ray Charles ("Lonely Avenue"), Dion and the Belmonts ("Teenager in Love"), the Drifters (more than half a dozen hits, including "Save The Last Dance For Me" and "This Magic Moment"), the Mystics ("Hush-A-Bye"), Elvis Presley (nearly a dozen songs, including "Little Sister," "Mess Of The Blues," "Viva Las Vegas" and "Suspicion"), Willy DeVille and Dr. John, among others. His path often crossed that of Murray "The K" Kaufman, the famed rock 'n' roll disc jockey who died of cancer on February 21. Pomus offered the following reminiscence of a man he considers "the last of a breed."

Murray Kaufman was arrogant and pushy and would let you know in a minute how instrumental he was in the rise of rock 'n' roll. He'd tell you about the great careers he had furthered, predicted or sponsored. How the Beatles made him a fifth member, and how in many ways he was responsible for their American success and credibility.

I once wrote a song for Murray the K called "The Lone Twister." He recorded it for Atlantic Records in 1960, and subsequently used it as his theme song on WINS radio. Yet it's a miracle it ever got to vinyl. Kaufman asked for some of the

publishing rights, and his constant bickering over this matter became petty and ugly. One day, out of disgust and weariness, I told him to either shut up and behave, or write the song himself. He backed off and laughed, and the session went smoothly from that point on.

He had so many qualities that repelled and irritated me, and he was boring and silly. Yet, ultimately, I forgave him everything; deep down, I really liked him. Because in the contemporary music scene, where the wheelers and dealers are cold business men or cold lawyers or both, Murray the K was an anachronism. He neither hated music nor music people nor the music lifestyle. For a fact, he *loved* music and he *loved* music people—especially rock 'n' rollers. He *loved* singers—especially rock 'n' roll singers. And if he hadn't been a successful disc jockey and promoter, he would have hung out with the musicians anyway. He would have had the largest record collection; he would have talked music day and night with anyone who would have listened; he would have made all the rock scenes, from the sleazy honky tonks to the huge concert emporiums. He loved rock music more than anything: more than money, more than women, more than fame. And that's my kind of music person. And that's why I'll miss him.

Byrds Reunion Nixed

Continued from page 1
 makes you think you can do it now?"

Nevertheless, as word spread of the impending reunion, McGuinn became the object of at least one industry's affection. "I got letters from a lot of public relations people reading, 'Congratulations on reforming the Byrds. If you need our services we are at

"Even my own kids heard the rumors," he laughed. "They came home one day and said, 'We hear you're reforming the Byrds.'"

The original Byrds reunited once before, in 1973, and released an album on Asylum. *The Byrds* rose to the top 20 before peaking, but McGuinn said it was an aesthetic disappointment. So much for that reunion.

McGuinn himself recently completed his second solo acoustic tour. His first one extended for two months last fall following the breakup of the McGuinn-Hillman

band. In the interim he's been writing songs and looking for a new record deal. "It's real tough," he admits. "RCA was interested for the longest time, but they backed off."

"I'm working on new material now—I've written four or five songs myself, and some with my wife, Camilla. I'm just gonna hang out here for awhile. I might decide to get a band together later but I'm not rushing into anything now."

In the meantime, the most intriguing, though least lucrative offer to come McGuinn's way was from the small, Baltimore-based Clean Cuts label. Having had some success with Dr. John's solo piano album (it's on Billboard's jazz chart now), label chief Jack Heyman approached McGuinn about recording a solo acoustic album. McGuinn declined "because the money wasn't there," but says he's filed the idea for future reference.

TOP 100 ALBUMS

- 1 LOUIS CLARK CONDUCTS THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCH. *Hooked on Classics* (RCA)
- 2 J. GEILS BAND *Freeze-Frame* (EMI-America)
- 3 FOREIGNER *4* (Atlantic)
- 4 JOURNEY *Escape* (Columbia)
- 5 POLICE *Ghost In The Machine* (A&M)
- 6 GO-GO'S *Beauty & The Beat* (I.R.S.)
- 7 OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHNS *Physical* (MCA)
- 8 JOAN JETT AND THE BLACKHEARTS *I Love Rock 'N' Roll* (Boardwalk)
- 9 DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES *Private Eyes* (RCA)
- 10 AC/DC *For Those About To Rock We Salute You* (Atlantic)
- 11 LOVERBOY *Get Lucky* (Columbia)
- 12 GEFFEN *Quarterflash*
- 13 DAN FOGELBERG *The Innocent Age* (Full Moon/Epic)
- 14 ROLLING STONES *Tattoo You* (Rolling Stones)
- 15 BOB & DOUG MCKENZIE *Great White North* (Mercury)
- 16 CARS *Shake It Up* (Elektra)
- 17 STEVIE NICKS *Bella Donna* (Modern)
- 18 BARBRA STREISAND *Memories* (Columbia)
- 19 EARTH, WIND & FIRE *Raisin* (ARC/Columbia)
- 20 DIANA ROSS *Why Do Fools Fall In Love* (RCA)
- 21 ROD STEWART *Tonight I'm Yours* (Warner Bros.)
- 22 ALABAMA *Feels So Right* (RCA)
- 23 GENESIS *Abacab* (Atlantic)
- 24 OZZY OSBOURNE *Diary Of A Madman* (Jet)
- 25 KOOL & THE GANG *Something Special* (De-Lite)
- 26 BOBBY WOMACK *The Poet* (Beverly Glen)
- 27 VANGELIS *Chariots Of Fire* (Original Soundtrack) (Polydor)
- 28 JUICE NEWTON *Juice* (Capitol)
- 29 TOM TOM CLUB *(Sire)*
- 30 THE GEORGE BENSON COLLECTION (Warner Bros.)
- 31 SKYY *Skyline* (Salsoul)
- 32 AIR SUPPLY *The One That You Love* (Arista)
- 33 RICK SPRINGFIELD *Working Class Dog* (RCA)
- 34 BILLY SQUIER *Don't Say No* (Capitol)
- 35 THE B-52'S *Mesopotamia* (Warner Bros.)
- 36 PEABO BRYSON *I Am Love* (Capitol)
- 37 QUEEN *Greatest Hits* (Elektra)
- 38 LUTHER VANDROSS *Never Too Much* (Epic)
- 39 MARCH MUIR *Aerobic Dance Hits* (Parade)
- 40 GROVER WASHINGTON, JR. *Come Morning* (Elektra)
- 41 SMOKEY ROBINSON *Yes It's You* (Lady) (Tamla)
- 42 RICH LITTLE *The First Family Rides Again* (Boardwalk)
- 43 WHISPERS *Love Is Where You Find It* (Solar)
- 44 OAK RIDGE BOYS *Bobbie Sue* (MCA)
- 45 JIMMY BUFFETT *Somewhere Over China* (MCA)
- 46 TIME (Warner Bros.)
- 47 RICK JAMES *Street Songs* (Gordy)
- 48 NEIL DIAMOND *On The Way To The Sky* (CBS)
- 49 BAR-KAYS *Nightcruising* (Mercury)
- 50 PAT BENATAR *Precious Time* (Chrysalis)
- 51 ABBA *The Visitors* (Atlantic)
- 52 AEROBIC DANCING featuring DORIAN DAMMER (Parade)
- 53 PRINCE *Controversy* (Warner Bros.)
- 54 BOB SEGER AND THE SILVER BULLET BAND *Nine Tonight* (Capitol)
- 55 LAKESIDE *Your Wish Is My Command* (Solar)
- 56 SAMMY HAGAR *Standing Hampton* (Geffen)
- 57 CAROL HENSEL'S EXERCISE AND DANCE PROGRAM *Exercise And Dance Program* (Mirus)
- 58 CAROL HENSEL'S EXERCISE & DANCE PROGRAM VOL. II (Mirus)
- 59 KENNY ROGERS *Greatest Hits* (Liberty)
- 60 SHALAMAR *Friends* (Solar)
- 61 WEATHER REPORT (Arc/Columbia)
- 62 AL JARREAU *Breakin' Away* (Warner Bros.)
- 63 QUINCY JONES *The Dude* (A&M)
- 64 MICHAEL FRANKS *Objects Of Desire* (Warner Bros.)
- 65 SHEENA EASTON *You Could Have Been With Me* (EMI-America)
- 66 SISTER SLEDGE *The Sisters* (Coffilion)
- 67 SUGARHILL GANG *8th Wonder* (Sugarhill)
- 68 AL DI MEOLA *Electric Rendezvous* (Columbia)
- 69 NICK LOWE *Nick The Knife* (Columbia)
- 70 AURRA *A Little Love* (Salsoul)
- 71 AEROBIC DANCING (Gateway)
- 72 PLACIDO DOMINGO WITH JOHN DENVER *Perhaps Love* (CBS)
- 73 RUSH *Exit . . . Stage Left* (Mercury)
- 74 WAITRESSES *Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful* (Polydor)
- 75 JEAN-LUC PONTY *Mystical Adventures* (Atlantic)
- 76 BARRY MANILOW *If I Should Love Again* (Arista)
- 77 REO SPEEDWAGON *Hi Infidelity* (Epic)
- 78 BILLY JOEL *Songs In The Attic* (Columbia)
- 79 OAK RIDGE BOYS *Fancy Free* (MCA)
- 80 PRISM *Small Change* (Capitol)
- 81 KENNY ROGERS *Share Your Love* (Liberty)
- 82 THE BEST OF BLONDIE (Chrysalis)
- 83 SOFT CELL *Non Stop Erotic Cabaret* (Sire)
- 84 RAY, GOODMAN & BROWN *Stay* (Polydor)
- 85 JUDY SHEPPARD MISSETT *Jazzercise* (MCA)
- 86 WILLIE NELSON'S *Greatest Hits* (And Some That Will Be) (Columbia)
- 87 VARIOUS ARTISTS *Echoes Of An Era* (Elektra)
- 88 LITTLE RIVER BAND *Time Exposure* (Capitol)
- 89 KINKS *Give The People What They Want* (Arista)
- 90 SLAVE *Showtime* (Coffilion)
- 91 LARRY CARLTON *Sleepwalker* (Warner Bros.)
- 92 FAME (Original Soundtrack) (RSO)
- 93 NEIL DIAMOND *The Jazz Singer* (Original Soundtrack) (Capitol)
- 94 IRENE CARA *Anyone Can See* (Network)
- 95 JONES GIRLS *Get As Much Love As You Can* (Phila. Int'l.)
- 96 EARL KLUGH *Crazy For You* (Liberty)
- 97 TEDDY PENDERGRASS *It's Time For Love* (Phila. Int'l.)
- 98 GIL SCOTT-HERON *Reflections* (Arista)
- 99 TRIUMPH *Allied Forces* (RCA)
- 100 JACKSONS *Live* (Epic)

Chart courtesy of Record World Magazine

The Hitman

Cold, Dumb Record Biz Logic

What's the difference between piracy and bootlegging and the recent spate of price hikes on singles by MCA, WEA, RCA and PolyGram? The labels own a license to steal, that's all. Imagine, a seven-inch, 45 RPM record now lists for *two bucks!* How can the industry justify a price increase at this time? Can you picture the auto manufacturers sitting around saying, "Well, sales are off. Let's jack the prices up." C'mon fellas. What's next? Are four-song EPs going to retail for eight dollars? Albums list for \$24? And they're not even bound in rich Corinthian leather! Sayeth the Hit Man: for consistently wrong-headed policy-making, the record industry is number one. With a bullet.

Duke Jupiter: Ready For Meltdown

If you didn't have access to all the figures and you were wondering why so many people are being laid off at the big record companies—CBS axed another 200 in February and closed its Detroit branch lock, stock and proverbial barrel—all you really need to do is open a box containing the latest releases from one of these so-called "major labels" and the depressing truth will be revealed.

A dunderhead can see, without even listening to half of these records, that planned obsolescence—no, make it *immediate* obsolescence—must be the reigning business philosophy in the music industry. For every ten albums, three are virtually guaranteed hits in the conservative, corporate rock vein; one or two may generate enough airplay and/or sales to warrant the artist being given another opportunity to go along with the program; and five have been tracked for the crapper post-haste.

Take the aforementioned CBS, for example. The Hit Man doesn't wonder what will happen to the likes of Kim Larsen, Greg Guidry, 4 Out Of 5 Doctors, Straight Lines, Paul Collins' Beat, Girl and Duke Jupiter (don't be misled by this *Duke Jupiter I* album title—these guys stiffed out on Mercury in the late '70s, and they're headed for meltdown city this time around, too). Eventually, these too shall all turn into pink slips—for CBS employees who had little or nothing to do with this calculated waste.

Carson, Letterman Knock The Rock

Allow the Hit Man to name both Johnny Carson and David Letterman as co-Chumps of the Month. Letterman seems a pleasant enough fellow, but he is not funny, and as an interviewer he's accomplished what the Hit Man thought was impossible: make us long for the return of tall Tom Snyder. More to the point, though, the Hit Man wants to know why rock music's been banished from this time slot. Snyder may not have been the best-informed journalist when it came to questioning Wendy O. Williams, Split Enz or Adam Ant; but let's remember that his interview with Elvis Costello had its moments, and that he delighted us all by repeatedly referring to Meat Loaf as "Meat Ball." What a great man! Snyder could get on one's nerves, but at least you loved to hate him and his musical guests were usually interesting and always spanned the genres.

So where does Carson come in? Well, rumor had it that the king of late-night TV was disturbed by Snyder allowing the likes of Ms. Williams on after the *Tonight Show*. Last fall, when talk of Snyder's impending cancellation was rife, a *Tomorrow* programming executive said Carson and his producer, Freddie DeCordova, "are not going to be pleased when the *Village Voice* says *Tomorrow* is leaving all the other talk shows in the dust. Carson is a very powerful voice at NBC. It's like the opening act upstaging the headliner. Draw your own conclusion."

The Hit Man drew his at the end of the first Letterman show (from which Warren Zevon was bumped—so much for music) when the Johnny Carson Productions logo rolled up on the credits. Pretty soon those letters will interlock and Carson will be transformed into the Milo Minderbinder of television. Ozzy Osbourne would probably direct a rather explicit insult toward Carson, but the Hit Man hopes Carson will be happy with a personal gift of a pair of old shoes and a tuna fish wrapped in newspaper. You know, the old Sicilian message.

Can't Go For That, Diana

To give credit where it's due, artists must share the blame for some of what ails the industry. The companies can promote the ca-ca dropped on them just so far. How many versions of "Pretty Woman" does the world need? After Roy Orbison's classic original, and Al Green's beautiful re-working, do we need Van Halen's ordinary version? Or Diana Ross's "Why Do Fools Fall In Love"? (For remakes they tendered her a million dollar contract?) Sister Sludge's exhuming of Mary Wells' (courtesy Smokey Robinson) "My Guy"? The Beach Boys' "Come Go With Me," a horrible rendering of the Del-Vikings' 1957 hit by a group suffering the most extended death throes of any band in rock history? Cliff Richard's limp rehash of "Daddy's Home"? (Memo to Cliff: your producer, Alan Tarney, also happens to write terrific pop songs. Check 'em out. Shep and the Limelights you ain't.) Not to mention two "original" songs by two avant-Right Guard artists, Neil Diamond and Barry Manilow, called "Yesterday's Songs" and "The Old Songs," (dis)respectively. All of these have been top 100 singles, indicating that other artists are sure to jump on the bandwagon at the first opportunity. No wonder people are burning records in the south and upper midwest regions of the country: they don't hate rock, they just can't stand talented artists wasting their time on stale remakes of songs done definitively in their original versions. Whither creativity?



Lightnin' Hopkins: "The blues is hard to get acquainted with, just like death."

PHOTO: JOSHUA SILS

RAISED AT LIGHTNIN'S KNEE: MEMORIES OF A BLUES LEGEND

By John Lomax III

"When I play the guitar I play it from my heart and soul. I play my own, own music. And I just keeps it because the blues is something that people can't get rid of."

HOUSTON—Lightnin' Hopkins kept it up for 61 of his 69 years. In his time he recorded more than 100 albums, wrote over 500 songs, and never compromised his music—never strayed from the blues and never felt the need to record with a select crew of white pickers as had his more famous contemporaries. Finally, on January 30, the cancer that had ravaged his body took his soul as well. He died in Houston, where he made his home, only 10 weeks after playing what turned out to be his last concert, at Tramps in New York City. His passing marks the end of an era, for it's hard to imagine anyone topping Hopkins' extraordinary lyric and melodic gift for improvisation.

Born March 15, 1912, in Centerville, Texas, Sam "Lightnin'" Hopkins was one of six children. By the age of eight he made his first guitar from a cigar box, and soon displayed enough skill to sit in with Blind Lemon Jefferson. He left home before he was ten to begin an odyssey which eventually gained him world acclaim and placed him in the blues pantheon.

Hopkins played country-blues for over 20 years before he began recording with a piano player named "Thunder" Smith. But it wasn't until he was completely solo, accompanying himself on guitar, that he found a distinctive style. One of his early singles, "Short Haired Woman," backed with "Big Mama Jump," became a major regional hit. His wry, forceful tales, laconic delivery and often self-deprecating sense of humor have been pointed to as an obvious influence on Bob Dylan.

In 1961, when I was creeping up on puberty, my father and Lightnin' entered into a casual business association with my dad cast in the role of Lightnin's manager. He was one of the very few white men who dared venture into Houston's tough Third Ward to track down Hopkins in order to discuss the many engagements he was offered after his rediscovery in 1959. The wiry black man with the mouth full of gold teeth and the muscular white man in the open-collar flannel shirt made an odd couple in those racially tense times, but neither one ever measured a person's worth by skin color.

Our neighbors must have been scandalized to see us entertain Hopkins and other ne'er-do-well musicians during the many hoot-

enannies at our house in the middle of what Townes Van Zandt once observed was "the most middle-class neighborhood I ever saw." Looking back now, with both of them gone, I wonder if my dad was perhaps something of a father figure to Hopkins, whose own father had died when Lightnin' was three. In any case, the two remained close until my father's death in 1973. I grew up hearing Hopkins play so often I took his monumental skill for granted. And now he's gone. I feel a sense of loss and personal grief deeper than I felt when Hendrix, Joplin or Allman passed away.

A public wake was held on the evening before the funeral. This wasn't a wake in the Irish sense, but an occasion for Lightnin's many friends to show their respect, view the body, console his widow, Antoinette, and somehow share the loss which accompanies the passing of a legend. Though scheduled for 7:9 p.m., when I arrived from Nashville at 5:30, mourners were already lined up outside the tiny chapel on McGowen St. in the Third Ward, scarcely a mile from Lightnin's modest apartment on Gray. Between then and 11:15 some 1,500 to 2,000 people filed somberly through. Young and old, male and female, white and black, rich and

poor, they were united only in their heartfelt love for a man whose music had touched them deeply. At Antoinette's wish, the only music was provided by Rocky Hill, a 30-ish lad with creme-colored hair who played about five minutes of hauntingly beautiful spirituals on a 1920-model National steel guitar.

Hopkins' life was better documented than many other famous bluesmen's. Thirty of his albums remain in print (all of his Arhoolie discs are recommended; order from the Down Home Music Co., 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, CA., 94530). His earthy vocals also enliven the soundtrack of the film *Sounder*, a movie which drew its visual mood heavily from *The Blues Accordin' To Lightnin' Hopkins*, an excellent 1967 Les Blank film shot on location in Texas (also available on video cassette from Down Home). And Sam Charters' fine book, *Legacy Of The Blues*, contains a chapter on Hopkins. All these resources are indispensable for anyone desiring a clearer understanding of America's leading blues-poet.

Personally, I've lost more than just an artist I admired. I've lost a dear friend who won't be replaced. As I think back, remembering how much I learned about music and

Continued on page 11

Seger's Next Going Strong



Bob Seger

Jimmy Iovine, the album, titled *The Distance*, is being recorded in Los Angeles at Studio 55, with the project moving to Detroit in its final stages.

Among the new songs is a ballad called "East L.A.," written during the *Against The Wind* sessions, but discarded because Seger felt there were already too many ballads in the can. Another new song, "Thunderbird," is an ode to the car of the same name, specifically the vintage '55 models. It's also the artist's personal statement bemoaning the lack of personality and character in today's automobiles.

As previously reported (*The Record*, issue 2), Seger's other new songs are strictly in the rock 'n' roll vein, with the most notable influences being early '70s Rolling Stones and Springsteen circa his *Born To Run* period. Among these tunes: "Boomtown Blues" (the theme is alienation, the story is about the migration of workers from northern industrial cities to the Sunbelt); "Even Now" ("It's about lovin' a woman after a zillion years"); and "The Fate" ("A low-down rock 'n' roll song about breaking up").

Motels Chart New Course On 'Second' Third Album

"This is our second third album," explains Motels saxophonist/keyboardist Marty Jourard. "We finished one and submitted it to Capitol last summer. They said, 'We don't think this can be promoted right.'"

Adds Martha Davis, the band's vocalist and principal songwriter: "They said they knew we were going to take a giant step on this album, but they didn't know how giant."

After Capitol refused the album, says Jourard, "we brooded about it for a week and then decided they were right. We figured if they were going to front money for us to try again, we should go ahead and try."

"Between auditioning guitar players, changing management, finishing the album and trying to play gigs all at the same time, it's been a wild scene lately," says Davis. Guy Perry, formerly of Elephant's Memory, was recently chosen to replace Tim McGovern on guitar. He appears on a few tracks of the album, which probably won't keep its original title, *Apocalypso*.

—David Gans

Val Garay has produced both versions of the album, which contains some interesting new stylistic ventures for the Motels. "We have a track called 'Art Fails,'" says Davis, "which has both string bass and sequencer. It's weird, kinda like 'old meets new.' The consensus candidate for first single is Jourard's "Take the 'L'." The hook line is "Take the 'L' out of 'lover' and it's over."

Another song, "Tragic Surf," is "the 'Tell Laura I Love Her' of the beach set," says Davis, who co-wrote it with McGovern.

Also recorded was a 20-year-old Carole King number, a Phil Spector/Crystals single called "He Hit Me And It Felt Like A Kiss." Jourard says it's "the closest I've ever heard anyone come to making it sound like Phil Spector. It has two bass players, two drummers, maracas and castanets, almost all of it recorded live in the studio."

"I think everyone will be sick of it in a year," he adds. "If we're lucky."



The Motels' Martha Davis

Journey's Summer Vacation: Work, Work And More Work

Journey will take a completely new approach when they begin recording their next album July 1. "We feel that a change in recording philosophies is necessary not just for us but maybe for the entire industry," says the band's manager, Walter "Herbie" Herbert.

"The problem is that most artists develop their material in a rehearsal hall, and then they get into a studio with a low ceiling and headsets and have to try and get the same kind of excitement. They never get the same sounds on their instruments that they got in the rehearsal hall," says Herbert.

"At some point, after a couple of weeks of just getting tones—at twelve grand a week—you've burnt out the material, you're tired and bored, and you never did capture the same alive, energetic sound that you had in rehearsal, but somebody says, 'hey, we're blowing too much cash. Let's start rolling tapes here!'"

Herbert says Journey plans to escape that syndrome by bringing Montreal's Le Mobile truck to the

band's rehearsal facility across the bay from San Francisco. "We'll capture the songs on tape very early in their lifespan," he says. "That way, we'll get a really underproduced, rather than overproduced, record out of Journey."

Since the release of *Escape* and the end of last year's touring, all the members of Journey save one have been busy with outside musical projects. "Ross Valory (the band's bassist) is the only one who's really taking a vacation," says Herbert.

Guitarist Neal Schon has just finished his second album in collaboration with keyboardist Jan Hammer at Hammer's own Redgate Studio in New York. The album, titled *Here To Stay*, was produced by Schon.

Vocalist Steve Perry has been working with Kenny Loggins on material for Loggins' next record, and has also laid down tracks with producer Val Garay for a possible solo disc of his own. Jonathan Cain, who replaced Gregg Rolie on keyboards in Journey last year, is co-producing (with Keith Olsen) an album by his wife, Tani Cain, at Olsen's Goodnight L.A. Studio.



Journey

"She's a vocalist a la Pat Benatar," says Herbert, whose Nightmare, Inc. manages her. "We've been involved in a heavy bidding war, which should be over soon."

—David Gans

Blackfoot Live At Last

Blackfoot fans take note: Ricky Medlocke has heeded your request. "Kids have been asking me to record a live album now for three or four years. That's where Blackfoot really shines anyway. So I've decided the time is right."

According to Medlocke, the LP will contain between 90 and 100 minutes of music, and will feature two new songs, in addition to material from all of Blackfoot's albums (in other words, including *No Reservations* and *Flyin' High*). One, called "The Cat Walks With You," is described by Medlocke as "our type of hard rock tune." Another song called "Time For A Change" is a "Rod Stewart-ish, 'Maggie May'-type" meditation on the changes Medlocke's noticed in rock of late.

Another of the album's surprises will be a rock 'n' roll medley that was once a staple of Blackfoot's repertoire during its club days. Medlocke calls "The Burn-Out Medley" "a boogie-type thing plus a song called 'Red Hot.'"

After returning from Europe, where most of the live LP will be recorded, Blackfoot will begin work on their sixth studio album.

"We don't foresee a major tour during the summer unless the live album does something really huge," Medlocke explains, then hedges his bet slightly by adding, "you just never can tell, though. We're talking about a very, very high energy album, and this band's rolling like a steam locomotive straight to Hell."

—David McGee

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London Calling

By Chris Welch

Phil Collins Takes On ABBA

Phil Collins has surprised friends by putting on yet another hat to match ones worn as drummer with Brand X and Genesis. He's currently producing the Swedish industrialists ABBA, and has just finished playing on some of the tracks on Robert Plant's new solo album (Cozy Powell plays on the other tracks). How does the album sound, Phil? "Well, some of the things are what you'd expect from Robert, and others aren't. But I can't say anything yet because, well, it's his album. But it was a lot of fun to make."



Ginger Baker and son Kofi

PHOTO: L. FITZGERALD MOORE

Ginger Baker: Down And Out?

Sadly, softly and secretly, Ginger Baker slipped out of England on a cold wet Saturday morning, with all his possessions and his girl friend packed into a truck. He drove across Europe and has now set up a new home and new life in Italy. The one-time superstar drummer with Cream, Blind Faith and a host of other bands, has admitted defeat as far as his own country is concerned. The mercurial red-haired madman of the double bass drums, who hammered out "Toad" from the Fillmore to Madison Square and became a living rock legend, could not get a record deal in his native land.

And to make matters worse, his life had been further complicated by the twin furies of his ex-wife Liz and the income tax authorities.

Baker's personal life has been at crisis point for the past two years, as his marriage broke up and he lost money on an ill-fated business venture. He sunk much of his earnings from the boom years into polo ponies after he became infatuated with the sport. But it's a game for big money men. Now Baker is virtually penniless, and when an offer came to sign with an Italian record company and set up a drum school in a small village in the mountains, he leapt at the chance.

I spent a day with Baker recently, helping to collect the second-hand Landrover he needed to transport his goods and chattels, and drove him on various last minute errands. "I feel very bitter about the whole scene," he told me, just before he set off on the long trek. "The tax demands are a big blow, too. They say I owe them money going back to 1972, which was when I was in Africa. I haven't any documents from that period to prove I don't owe them anything, but they are claiming over \$100,000."

"I've also had nasty things said in the press about me after a row with Roy Harper at Glastonbury fayre." During a gig Harper complained that Baker's band was trying to get him off so they could play, and incited the audience to demonstrate against Ginger. A bottle thrown from the audience cut Baker's eye. "It's the first time anything like that has happened to me in 25 years of playing. I don't think I'll ever play in England again." He has now signed with CGD Records in Milan and will be forming a new band with all young American players: Doug Brockie from New Jersey on guitar and vocals, and Carl Hill from Chicago on bass. "He's very good," says Ginger about Hill. "Just like Jack Bruce."



Stranglers

PHOTO: LYNN GOLDSMITH/LGI

Stranglers Change, Briefly

The Stranglers have been making a successful comeback, enjoying their first hit in a couple of years, "Golden Brown." It follows a period of silence during which they have presumably been trying to live down their aggressive reputation. They were once accused of inciting a riot in France. They have tried to be good boys, but their resolve cracked when kids started spitting at them in a Swindon club punk style. The group grabbed the ringleader, pulled down his trousers and gave him a spanking in front of the 1500 strong audience. The spitting stopped. Now if only more groups took such a disciplinarian role, we wouldn't have all this trouble at gigs. Next time kids let off fire crackers at YOUR rock festival, beat them black and blue.



Todd Rundgren: "I don't stick to one style."

PHOTO: RALPH GABRIEL

Rundgren Plots New Strategy While Utopia Takes A Break

By Bruce Meyer

CHICAGO—Change is in the wind. Todd Rundgren's band, Utopia, is searching for a new record company and a new bass player. For Rundgren himself, there is a resurgent solo career which must be wedged into a schedule already filled by the band, by production work, by ongoing experiments in video and computer art.

"I do three or four things in a day," he says prior to his one-man show—no band, no fancy lighting, no props, just Todd and his acoustic 12-string guitar—at Park West. "I'll do some recording, I'll do some video, I'll do some computer programming at night—until I fall asleep."

Rundgren will be 34 this year, in June, but it's hard not to think of him as the musical *wunderkind* he assuredly was when his first band, the Nazz, bubbled abruptly to the surface in the musical cauldron of '1968.

The Nazz faded, but Rundgren's dazzling solo talents led to a personal popularity that has carried him through good times and bad. And if his past couple of years as benevolent dictator of Utopia (whose origins reach all the way back to 1973) have not qualified as the worst of times, they certainly fell far short of being the best.

Rundgren is out to alter all that, starting now.

Utopia's latest album, a tasty, topical collection called *Swing To The Right*, is the last for the band on Bearsville Records, a label intimately associated with Rundgren's career since his earliest efforts. He is blunt about the reasons for the change.

"We don't think Bearsville has done a whole lot for us," says Rundgren. "It's a dramatic and hopefully a positive change for us—and I had to ransom myself to get the band out."

Rundgren has promised to cut two solo albums for Bearsville to fulfill Utopia's contractual obligation. The first of those two LPs is already in the planning stages and will probably be released by next fall. At the time of this interview, Utopia had not yet completed nego-

tiations with a new label.

So members of the band will go their separate ways for a while. Bassist Kasim Sulton went solo after completion of *Swing To The Right*. Keyboards master Roger Powell is considering a possible

"I've never considered myself strictly a rock musician."



PHOTO: KAREN BALECKI

tour with Queen. Rundgren himself will do his solo album and more dates—including several in Europe—with the one-man show.

He'll also produce an album for the Psychedelic Furs, who have gone through a personnel change that "has changed their sound completely."

The sudden resumption of Rundgren's purely solo career came about more or less by accident.

"The first time I did one of these one-man shows, it was only intended to be a one-off thing. I had a personal money thing I couldn't cover, so I decided to go out and just do three solo shows, in Albany (New York) and on Long Island. So I put together this thing, and it went over pretty well."

This "thing" is an eclectic bit of solo cabaret Rundgren likens to the *Tonight Show*. Whatever it is, it's fun for both audience and performer, largely because of the variety.

"I've always sold rock records and written rock songs," he says before going onstage, "but I've never considered myself strictly a rock musician. I've always taken the music more seriously than that. I've always been interested in other kinds of music and those influences have always cropped up in my records—I don't stick to one style."

As soon as he strolls onstage, it's clear that this is Todd Rundgren's crowd: he gets a standing ovation before he has played or sung a note.

It's a dangerous situation for a musician, for a performer of any kind. When the house is packed with uncritical fans, as is the case tonight, the artist is sorely tempted to be self-indulgent, lazy and, ultimately, boring.

But Rundgren is a confident loner who can pull off this act (he would have made a pretty fair stand-up comic), and while he might justly be accused of self-indulgence, he is only lazy when it comes to the piano.

He grins as he holds up an endless loop cart, the kind radio stations use for ads and frequently played songs.

"This," he announces, "is an automatic glissando."

And sure enough, when he puts the cart in the machine, out pours a beautifully lush run down the piano keyboard. Reluctant to practice enough to perfect his own playing, Rundgren has recorded one ideal glissando on the cart and whenever he needs it, he hits the button. Perfect every time. And the crowd, of course, delights in the cleverness of it all.

"It's an easy show to do," Rundgren admits backstage. "The first time I did it, I was amazed at how quickly and easily it went."

No wonder he's so pleased. "Quick" and "easy" are two of the least appropriate words to describe Rundgren's career to date. That, then, is another change. Change upon change. 1982 is shaping up as a memorable year.

Van Halen Takes A Risk

Van Halen's next Warner Brothers album, *Diver Down*, is nearing completion in Burbank, according to producer Ted Templeman. It will include the current single, the Roy Orbison classic, "Pretty Woman," as well as the surprising B-side of that single, "Happy Trails" (written by that legendary tunesmith, Dale Evans). The cover illustration will be the red-and-white flag design used by divers to mark their location on the surface of the water.

There is another surprise in store for heavy-metal fans on *Diver Down*: an acoustic swing song, "Big Bad Bill Is Sweet William Now." Written by Milton Ager and Jack Yellen (and recorded by Ry Cooder on his *Jazz* album) it features Eddie's and Alex's father on clarinet. "I don't know his first name," says Templeman. "He's 'Mr. Van Halen' to me."

"Pretty Woman" will be preceded on the album by an instrumental called "Jaws 4," written to accompany the video of the single. Templeman characterizes the track as



Eddie Van Halen

"mysterious creature music." The only other confirmed title is a band composition called "Full Bug Boogie."

"Happy Trails," performed *a cappella*, was originally recorded by the band when they did demos for Templeman following their signing to the label. "I said, 'Let's go into the studio and hear what all your songs sound like,' and just as a goof they sang 'Happy Trails,'" Templeman recalls. "Then recently, when we were looking for a B-side for 'Pretty Woman,' they pulled that idea out of the air and we recut it."

Following the early April release of *Diver Down*, the band will embark on a promotional tour, visiting radio stations in various cities for on-air interviews. Templeman warns that they will be taking an acoustic guitar around and performing "Big Bad Bill" live—presumably without the reedy accompaniment of the senior Van Halen.

Templeman admits he has a special talent that endears him to the band as a producer. Specifically, "I know how to pull the tubes out of a Marshall amp to make the guitar sound like a chain saw."

The truth will out.

—David Gans

Lionel Ritchie Begins Work On Long-Awaited Solo LP

"Quincy Jones gave me the best advice," recalls Lionel Ritchie of the Commodores, who is currently at work on his first solo LP at A&M Studios in Los Angeles. "I said, 'I've got it down to 15 songs,' and Quincy said, 'Cut all 15' ... and that's exactly what I'm doing. Hey, tracks are cheap, it doesn't cost much for a three-piece rhythm section. And I'm having the greatest time you can imagine. When I'm finished, I'll sit down and pick and choose."

Ritchie's as-yet-untitled LP, due in late spring, will be "a musical resume. I've reached the point where I can do high contemporary pop, country, or R&B and feel comfortable, so I'm just stretching out."

Basics have already been laid down with a steady crew of studio musicians, but Ritchie promises plenty of surprises. "I've got a lot of impressive people coming in for guest shots, a quick solo here and there ... and a couple of Commodores will be adding backing."

Ritchie says he is finding the experience of working outside the

Commodores framework a much different one, noting that while "these session musicians don't have the polish of 14 years playing together, they've got studio technique that's incredible."

After he puts the wraps on the solo project, Ritchie and the Commodores will go back into the studio, probably in late April. No details are set. "We have a big skull session in two weeks," Ritchie explains. "Until then, nobody knows what this group's gonna do."

—Mark Mehler



George Thorogood

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Thorogood Rocks On TV

Heretofore known as a showcase for country and country-rock acts, *Austin City Limits* strikes a blow in favor of roots rock 'n' roll on April 1 with a double bill headed by George Thorogood and the Destroyers, and also featuring a brash upstart named David Olney, who is accompanied by his band, the X-Rays.

Thorogood's performance begins in mid-set. His material is borrowed, and as a guitarist he should be paying royalties to Chuck Berry with every lick he plays; but his fresh-faced enthusiasm and energetic soloing create a party atmosphere second to none.

Olney, whose first album, *The Contender*, was recently released by Rounder, is even more impressive. While labelmate Thorogood faithfully recreates rock and blues classics, Olney explores a more individual avenue. His original tales of lovers and losers are delivered in a hard-edged, bluesy voice, reminiscent at times of Graham Parker and Southside Johnny; behind him, the X-Rays provide a colorful instrumental setting for each story.

—Alan Hecht

Starship Has Full Agenda

The studio, producer and title haven't been selected yet, but the Jefferson Starship plans to begin recording their next album by late spring.

The LP is due in June or July, to give the band time to do some touring before the summer ends.

Starship founder Paul Kantner has been working with producers Ron Nagle and Scott Mathews (of Durocs fame) on his next solo album, tentatively titled *Planet Earth Rock & Roll Orchestra*. His old mate from the Airplane days, Jack Casady, played bass on the four tracks they've cut so far, along with Starship drummer Aynsley Dunbar. No release date has been set for the Kantner project; work has halted for the duration of the Jefferson Starship recording and touring season.

—David Gans

Garcia Solo LP Underway; Dead To Cut New Album

Grateful Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia is working on his fifth solo album, and second with the Jerry Garcia Band, at Le Club Front, the Dead's recording studio in Marin County, California. Garcia and his long-time associate, John Kahn (who's doubling on bass and synthesizer), are co-producing.

Of the ten songs being recorded, four are new compositions by Garcia, Kahn and lyricist Robert Hunter in various combinations: "Valerie" (a slow, blues-tinged song that Garcia often performs in concert—key lyric: "I shot my dog because he growled at Valerie"), "Run For The Roses," "Midnight Getaway" and "Leave The Little Girl Alone." The band's also cutting cover versions of Bob Dylan's "Tangled Up In Blue" and "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" and Lennon-McCartney's "Dear Prudence." Accompanying Garcia are the same musicians who sit in with him on various club dates in the San Francisco area, namely Kahn, drummer Ron Tutt, keyboardists Jimmy Warren (Rhodes, clavinet) and Melvin Seals (organ, synthesizer) and vocalists Liz Stires and Julie Stafford.

Grateful Dead keyboardist Brent Mydland is also working on a solo album at Le Club Front, and the Dead proper have begun work on a new studio album.

—David Gans

Dregs Find A Singer

The Dregs' new album, *Industry Standard*, features vocals by Pat Simmons of the Doobie Brothers and Santana's lead singer, Alex Ligertwood. Newsworthy? Yes, because *Industry Standard* is the first of the Dregs' six albums to feature the human voice.

Guitarist Steve Morse, who co-produced *Industry Standard* with Eddie Offord, wrote all the music on the album. The band collaborated on the lyrics to "Crank It Up," the first single, which features Ligertwood's vocal. Simmons wrote the melody and lyrics to "Ridin' High" and sang his own background tracks.

Guitarist Steve Howe of Yes fame is featured in an acoustic duet



The Dregs' Steve Morse

with Morse on a track called "Up In The Air." According to keyboardist T. Lavitz, other titles include "Assembly Line," the opening cut; "Bloodsucking Leeches"; "Where's Dixie?", which he characterizes as a country instrumental similar to the *Unsung Heroes*' "I'll Just Pick"; and "Vitamin Q." The last track has a real deep groove. The rhythm track is like Steely Dan, but the guitar and violin lines are bluesy."

—David Gans



Jerry Garcia

THELONIOUS MONK, 1917-1982

NEW YORK—“Jazz is my adventure,” said American pianist and composer Thelonious Sphere Monk. “I’m after new chords, new ways of syncopating, new figurations, new runs. How to use notes differently. *That’s it*. Just using notes differently.”

The most original of jazz musicians—The Mad Monk, The High Priest of Bebop—died on February 17 in Englewood Hospital in New Jersey at the age of 64. He had suffered a stroke on February 5.

Acceptance was slow in arriving for Monk, because even though he helped formulate and teach the harmonic/rhythmic practices that led to the structural edifice known as bebop, Monk turned his back on the building even before the mortar was dry. Monk’s deep understanding of the American piano tradition, from primitive blues to elegant stride, helped infuse modern jazz with the call-and-response of New Orleans and the sanctified church. And his conviction that musicians should play something new led him to expand on the orchestral innovations of Duke Ellington; so instead of self-consciously running the changes, his bands always treated improvisations and conversational riffs as real thematic development rather than mere accompaniment.

Monk was born in Rocky Mount, North Carolina on October 10, 1917, and raised by his mother, a civil service worker and a Jehovah’s Witness, who brought him to New York when he was four. “I

started playing music when I was five,” Monk recalled. “I always wanted to play piano. A lady gave us a player-piano. I felt I did not want to abuse this lady’s gift, so I learned to use it. I learned how to read music all by myself. I learned the chords and fingerings on the piano.”

The resulting piano style was revolutionary. As pianist Dick Katz observed, “Monk gets into areas where the normal pianist wouldn’t go. It’s like what happened in early jazz history where self-taught musicians would extend the range and capacity of their instruments, because they had no instruction books to tell them what they couldn’t or shouldn’t do.”

By stripping away superfluous technique, Monk achieved a spacious, expressive sound—he seemed to almost bend notes on piano, with his percussive attack, sardonic chord voicings and pregnant pauses—the sound of surprise. And he created a body of compositions—like “Criss-Cross,” “I Mean You,” “Pannonica,” “Epistrophy” and “Round Midnight”—that helped pave the way for Miles Davis, Sonny Rollins and the free jazz of the ‘60s.

Monk is survived by his wife Nellie, and their children Thelonious Sphere, Jr. and Boo Boo. At the funeral, a student of Monk’s style, pianist Randy Weston, spoke for everyone who had been touched by the master. “The thing that made his music so great,” Weston concluded, “was that he told the truth.”

—Chip Stern

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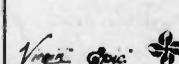
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GUEST D.J.: GUITARIST ADRIAN BELEW

By Chip Stern

This month's Guest D.J. session is with King Crimson's guitarist/vocalist (and drummer) Adrian Belew, a sonic innovator whose work has graced the recordings of Frank Zappa, David Bowie, Talking Heads, Jerry Harrison and the Tom Tom Club. His first solo album, *The Lone Rhino*, is being released this month on Island Records.

"Waves Of Fear," from Lou Reed's *The Blue Mask*.

Great orchestra sound in those guitars. I wouldn't even venture a guess who this is. I don't know.

Lou Reed, with Robert Quine on the other guitar, the lead.

Yeah, I like the sound of the guitars. It's like a veritable orchestra. (Robert Quine's guitar solo). Nice. That's very choked sounding, you know. Like he's really striving for it. It sounds real good over these changes. It's real good to break up rhythms like that, when there's such an ongoing set of chords. I'd have to listen to the track a couple more times to get what he was saying lyrically. I could tell what he was driving at though (laughter). And the band certainly sounded right for it. I mean, usually, if I'm listening to a record, the lyrics have to just knock me out and become the main focus on the first listen, or I don't hear them at all.

"Rage In The Cage," from the J. Geils Band's *Freeze Frame*.

Ha, rage in the cage. This is... Wolf? Peter Wolf. What's the name of that band?

J. Geils.

Hmmmm. Loved that sound in the beginning. What is that, saxophone?

Harmonica? Yeah. Smoking harmonica. I love that kind of harmonica sound, from years ago when I heard all these blues bands. I remember always being impressed with the sounds these guys would be getting, wailing on cheap microphones.

What about that way of voicing guitar, bass and drums all together?

You mean as an ensemble? I do like that. I must admit, at times, I really miss it, because we don't do that in King Crimson, as you may have noticed. It's one of the rules—never play ensemble. However, with my own band, GaGa, we did a lot of that with the saxophone real low, the piano part and the bass lines, and me playing on the low E string for that dah-dah-dah-dah-dah "Peter Gunn" effect.

"Living It Up," from Rickie Lee Jones' *Pirates*.

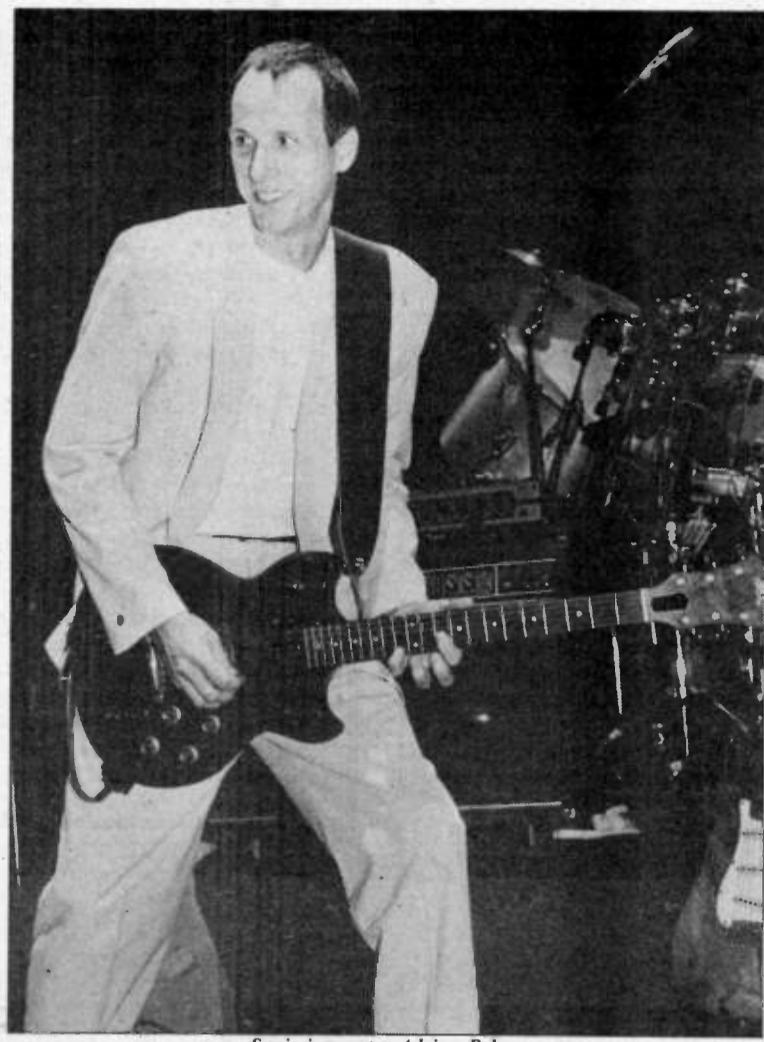
Rickie Lee Jones, of course. I like the opening lyricism, you know, the quick character images. You see, this is the kind of song that makes me focus in automatically, more on the lyrics and the voice.

Is it the laid-back nature of the music, the way they don't crowd the voice?

It's partly that. And it's because you know where the changes go as soon as they happen—they feel pretty natural. Also what she's saying. (*The hook comes in*). That's nice, in the chorus... kind of a strange voicing.

Sort of country.

Yeah. I like that because you can hear the character in each voice—it's not double-tracked to death. I like when in an ensemble vocal there's sort of one odd voice that



Sonic innovator Adrian Belew

the way. I really like this piece of music. It reminds me of certain scenery, in fact. Geographical stuff. I like the honesty of that guitar sound, you know what I mean, the way it's real bare—that's good. This covers a lot of scenery in the movie. Pictures of poverty in a border town. It's a real poverty sound. There's nothing to it but that, and it's very effective for that reason. The sound has character.

"Hey Baby," by Jimi Hendrix from September 3, 1970 in Copenhagen (underground collectors tape).

Jimi Hendrix. God, this is beautiful, he's playing all over the place. There's some stuff in there I never heard him play before. Great chord-melody work. Jesus... it's not just Jimi Hendrix's guitar, but his voice, too, and the way everything interacts—he just has so much expression. That cut was really special.

This is just a few days before he died, too.

There's a lot of amazing chord voicings on that which really took me away. I just love his music so much I don't know what to say about it.

Do you think you sound like Jimi Hendrix?

No, not really. I think that sometimes I try and do things in the same manner. And I certainly learned so much from listening to him. It's just inescapable. And I love the way he'll go from rap to rhapsody in the vocals; he did that a lot. Another thing I get from this that I got from his last few records was this sense of impending doom. You know, like, "rescue me, rescue me, please rescue me." He sounds like he knew. Peaceful though.

sticks out; not because it's wrong, but because it has a different character. That's how a lot of '50s vocal groups were. There'd always be this one guy singing in a weird voice like this (*nasal, nerdy kind of sound*) and you could always recognize it. And he'd always have a weird line to sing, too. Plus this song is put together really well. It's not just A-A-

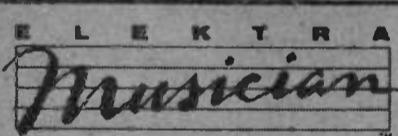
B-A, but a really good arrangement.

"El Scorcho," by Ry Cooder from the soundtrack album to the film *The Border*.

Ry Cooder.

That was quick.

I saw the movie. Man, Fender all



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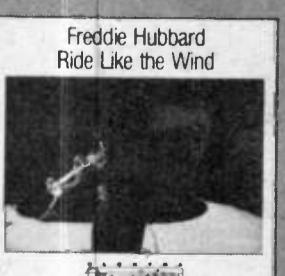
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PRODUCERS: TED TEMPLEMAN

By David Gans

LOS ANGELES—“My philosophy of recording is based loosely on my philosophy of life, which is the ‘see if it sticks’ philosophy,” says Ted Templeman with a grin. “I never do things the same way twice.”

“If there was a formula for producing records successfully, I’d hire somebody to go to the studio and use it, and I’d stay home.”

It would be difficult indeed to apply a single method to the sounds of artists as different from each other as Van Halen and the Doobie Brothers, and it is a testament to Templeman’s ears that he has been able to guide both bands through such successful careers. “A producer has got to be versatile,” he asserts. “I’m proud of the fact that I have produced artists as diverse as Van Halen, Nicolette Larsen and Little Feat, and you can’t tell that they were all done by the same guy. If the artist is coming across, that means I’m doing a good job. I want Van Halen to sound like Van Halen, not like anything from me.”

In addition to all of Van Halen’s, the Doobie Brothers’ and Nicolette Larsen’s albums, Templeman has produced works by Van Morrison (including the classic *Tupelo Honey*), Carly Simon (*Another Passanger*), Captain Beefheart (*Clear Spot*), Little Feat (*Sailin’ Shoes* and *Time Loves a Hero*), and others. The hallmark of the Templeman style is that it really doesn’t have any hallmarks. There is no Templeman stamp other than the clarity of the sound in the grooves and the faithfulness of the record to the artist’s own style. “Certain people fall into a pattern of doing the same thing all the time, and their work sounds like it,” says Templeman. “I prefer to take each situation as it

comes.” He is currently working on Van Halen’s fifth album and Michael McDonald’s solo debut as well as Doobie Brother Pat Simmons’ long-awaited solo disc.

Templeman sees the role of producer as similar to that of a psychologist. “With a band, especially, it can be like an encounter group, because they’ve got to stay together after the record is done,” he says. “It’s my job to keep things moving in the studio and maintain an atmosphere of creativity and conviviality. It’s very much the same as hosting a party.”

“The key to the whole thing is fun,” he continues. “If you’re having a good time, it comes out on the record. If things get too serious and cynical, the tracks can sound sterile.”

“On my sessions, I’ll see who the key person is in terms of personality and humor, and I’ll interact with him. For example, Mike McDonald is a naturally funny person, and people pick up on that. So I’ll say things to him knowing what his response is likely to be. It encourages looseness, and we get great tracks because of the fun we have while we’re working.”

The engineer, too, is an important part of the personality mix. “A good engineer is sensitive to music and people, not just sound,” says Templeman. “You have to find people who work well together. A lot of engineers get into it too much, and it puts the group off. So in those cases, you want a more passive sort of person.”

Templeman also points out that a given engineer might be more tuned in to keyboards than guitars, or vice versa. “With Van Halen, I use Donn Landee, who also worked with me on Montrose and all the Doobie Brothers records except



PHOTO DAVID GANS

“There is no Templeman stamp other than the clarity of the sound in the grooves and the faithfulness of the record to the artist’s own style.”

One Step Closer. He’s a good heavy metal engineer. With Mike McDonald’s solo album, I’m using Lee Herschberg, because he can get the clean sound that I want.”

The studio itself is a critical variable, too. “I have Van Halen at Sunset Sound because the room has

a lot of ambience. You can mike things from far away and do all kinds of crazy stuff. With Mike McDonald, I use Amigo because it’s really got a tight sound.”

Though Templeman himself was a musician before he joined the Warner Bros. staff, he maintains

that it is not a prerequisite. “Jerry Wexler isn’t a musician, but he’s got the ability to hear what sounds right.”

“It’s all a matter of feel, really,” he continues. “If a song makes you want to tap your foot—if it has a groove—then it’s a happening track. A lot of people can say, ‘this is a good song,’ but there are very few people who really know. Guys like Burt Bacharach and Mike McDonald are always right. They just know a good song—they’re songwriter’s songwriters.”

Templeman is a vice president and executive producer at Warner Bros., always one of the industry’s more forward-looking and artistically-oriented labels, and he is part of a brotherhood of recording artists and craftsmen. “Our A&R meetings are a great forum,” he says, “We bring in things we’re working on and ask for help in picking a single, or we just bounce ideas around. We’ve got the best staff producers around—Michael Omartian, Lenny Waronker, Tommy LiPuma, Russ Titelman, Steve Barry.”

“Being a vice president means that an artist can talk to an executive who actually makes records,” he says. “I have a lot of avenues into the company for my artists. They don’t have to explain their musical or technical problems to some guy who used to sell overcoats.”

Warner Bros., in the persons of company president Mo Ostin and vice president executive producer Lenny Waronker—who produced Templeman when he was the drummer with Harpers Bizarre in the ‘60s—gave Templeman the opportunity to learn his craft at company expense. “I’m devoted to these guys,” he says firmly. “If Mo’s here, I stay.”

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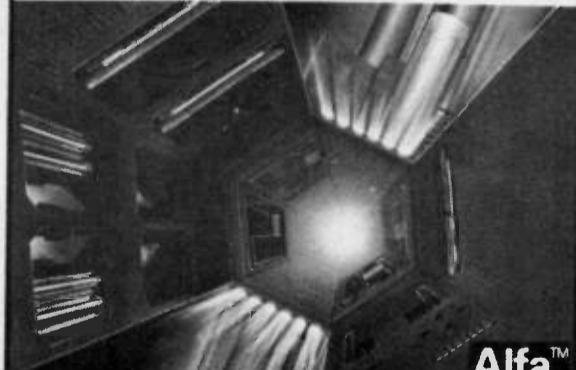


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By David Gans

As the next Fleetwood Mac album nears completion, Lindsey Buckingham is faced with divided interests. Much of the responsibility for the success or failure of the album will rest on Buckingham, whose experiments on *Tusk* earned critical acclaim—and also earned him the blame when *Tusk* failed to match the wild success of *Rumours*.

Complicating matters is the critical and commercial success he has had with his first solo album, *Law And Order*, which could be said to have vindicated his highly individualistic approach to making records. In this interview, Buckingham discusses his current situation and his feelings about the future of Fleetwood Mac, as well as his solo plans.

What differentiates the material on your solo album from anything you would have done with Fleetwood Mac?

Nothing in particular, other than the fact that I was trying to save more accessible material for the band, I suppose. "Trouble" certainly isn't an example of that (laughter). One thing that differentiates it is the fact that I had a year to get into what I was doing, and all the songs (on *Law And Order*) were written more or less during that period of time.

Much of Law And Order seems to be on a pure beam, getting from the inspiration to the tape very quickly.

One way to do that is to do it by yourself. If you want to make comparisons, working by yourself is very much akin to painting. You've got the canvas, and the emotion travels through (motions from his head down to his arm) to the canvas. Working in the studio with a bunch of other people and trying to get those ideas expressed verbally first and then onto tape is more like making a movie.

Looking at the lyrics to "Satisfied Mind," it could say a lot about your experiences going from obscurity to multi-platinum in relatively short order.

One of the themes running through the album is basically trying to keep a sense of order about your life, living by certain rules that you make for yourself.

Most of rock has basically an escapist theme to it, promoting the idea of living by no rules at all. It's about living for the moment and not really having any self-discipline, or any commitment to anything. The idea of many of the songs (on *Law And Order*) is to commit to something, whether or not it causes you pain, and to accept pain and happiness as parts of the whole. "It Was I," as an adolescent view of that, speaks about someone's first experience with pain in a relationship. The conclusion is to keep going and to get through it; the optimism remains about seeking future happiness rather than having a disposable relationship.

"September Song" is sort of the inverse of that. It's about someone who's been with someone for his whole life and is reaching his final years, and his perspective on having been through the pain and the happiness. He can still derive the most meaning from sharing his last days with his partner.

"Satisfied Mind" is about choosing between the pursuit of materialism and the pursuit of affection and respect and love. Obviously, the choice is clear.

It's easy to know how obvious the choice is once the materialism part is taken care of.

Yeah, but you've still got to have a commitment to work and to relationships. I may not always be right, but at least my intention is a pure one.

What's your repertoire of instruments? Are you getting capable on other instruments besides the guitar?

It depends on what's there. I don't sit around and practice an instrument, but if I have an idea for something on an album I can usually figure out how to play it. I

Lindsey Buckingham: A Pop Renegade



PHOTO: GARY GERSHOFF/RETNA LTD.

couldn't do that with something like a violin or saxophone, but any plectrum-type instrument, such as a banjo, I'm okay.

It's the same way I approach drums or keyboards. I'm not really a drummer or keyboardist in the real sense, but if you understand how production works and you can hear how it needs to be, then you can usually get what you need one way or another.

Your approach to the guitar seems to be more oriented toward orchestration of the song than dependent on technique. I know that you don't use a pick, and that you've never worked with another guitar player.

I'm not a technical guitarist. It's not the most proficient style in the world, but hopefully it's something that has a certain feeling to it. There are tons of guitarists who can play circles around me in terms of speed, but I grew up not really wanting that. I always played rhythm, always in support of songs.

I always played by myself (when I was younger), learning how to make a few chords work with a melody. I didn't really play lead until I was about 21, either. I played rhythm and fingerpicking styles, and orchestral style, which remains to a certain extent. My lead playing is somewhat of an extension of that. I played bass in a band for four or

five years, for the simple reason that I couldn't play lead at the time. It all grows out of an orchestral style; I'd much rather play like Chet Atkins than Jimi Hendrix. Hendrix was a great guitarist, but parts that you don't even notice on the records sometimes are the parts that I find the most sublime.

People respond to (subtleties) even if they don't know what they're responding to. If they're not finely-tuned enough to really take the song apart, they're still responding to the overall effect. I think it's harder to do that well—to do pop music well—than it is to do rock 'n' roll, or at least the kind of rock 'n' roll you hear today. I don't think it's particularly well-crafted music, or even well-crafted playing. It's certainly not subtle or underplayed.

Given a choice between being blatant and being subtle, I'd much rather be subtle. In my case, maybe that's the only way I can be. I can't play like Eddie Van Halen, so I have to go for the subtle.

What effect has your solo career had on the Fleetwood Mac album?

That's a slower process, and it's kind of hard to adjust to the politics involved with five people. When all five of us are in here at once, it can get crazy. So from an efficiency standpoint, sometimes the recording can suffer.

Since Tusk was largely your personal project, is that the same tone we can look forward to on the next Mac album?

No. It's sort of a reconciliation of opposites. There are some aspects from *Tusk* and some aspects from *Rumours*. I wouldn't say it's a reactionary move; we haven't gone back to *Rumours*, although when *Tusk* came out I was under some pressure from the band to sort of regress, if you will.

I got a lot of support from the band during the making of *Tusk*; everyone was really excited about it. Then, when it became apparent that it wasn't going to sell 15 million albums, the attitude started to change—which was sad for me in a way, because it makes me wonder where everyone's priorities are.

They changed their attitude about the music after they realized it wasn't going to sell as many copies. That's not really the point of doing it. The point is to shake people's preconceptions about pop.

Didn't Fleetwood Mac live buy the band any more freedom?

I didn't want to do the live album, even though it turned out well. I'm not a big fan of live albums.

But Fleetwood Mac is one of the bands that actually does something substantially different live.

It was a valid album, but in terms of making a full statement... *Rumours* was a very definite statement; *Tusk* was a very succinct statement within itself as far as studio albums go. The live album may have been, too, because there is more of a contrast between what we do in the studio and live than there is with other bands. But I didn't see it as a particularly strong statement, and I don't think the public did either. "Oh, Fleetwood Mac's come out with a live album, too."

What are we going to hear on the new album?

We've got some really well-crafted songs of Christine's; Stevie hasn't really been in the studio that much—I'd have to go back and listen to her tunes a little bit; I'm not really sure what's there.

There's about four or five of my songs on the album. One of them sounds really commercial to me, sort of a cross between Phil Spector and the Beach Boys. A couple of them are really rocky.

There's a lot of production on a few of the things, more so than on *Tusk* and in some cases even more than *Rumours*. But it isn't your average production, either—it still has an experimental sort of tinge to it. In many cases I would say it's a little more elaborate than anything you've heard before (sinister laugh), reaching *Wagneresque* proportions.

Can you verbalize your pop vision at this point?

I'm trying to be original from a production standpoint, trying to retain the values of rock in the '50s—the innocence. *Law And Order* has a certain '40s element, too, that I picked up from the '70s that I got from my father. I want to retain a certain urgency and freshness in the music, and an individuality which you just don't hear too much these days.

Take this record by Quarterflash ("Harden My Heart"). It's got the formula: it sounds like Pat Benatar, and it sounds like early Fleetwood Mac. It's got all the elements that are acceptable to the broadest number of people, and therefore it's doing well. I don't think that's a healthy thing.

I'm in a position where I don't have to do things strictly to feed myself. I want to have that freedom and still have a certain vision of individuality and wanting to challenge people's preconceptions of what music should be. In a way, it's like being a painter: you explore a line of thought—a path—and maybe eventually it leads you back to the beginnings. Then you redefine that and go on from there. It's a process—hopefully a lifelong one—of learning, following intuition and trying to keep fresh.

How far are you willing to take it? If you get enough flak from the people around you, it's going to have an effect.

I haven't gotten flak from people in general. The band just seems to be more money-oriented—that's all I can say—and that's their prerogative.

How far are they willing to go?

Fleetwood Mac is not going to stay together forever. I would hope to move gracefully from one set of circumstances to another and continue to retain individuality and not get sucked into a group situation more than need be—without being totally self-serving as well. It's tough doing what we're doing. There are lots of avenues.

Will Fleetwood Mac hit the road right away?

Actually, Fleetwood Mac is probably not going to do much road work. I think we'll do some touring, but Stevie apparently doesn't want to go on the road. We'll do some touring and probably do a Home Box Office thing.

I wouldn't mind if we didn't go on the road at all, myself. I enjoy playing, but it's not nearly as much of a learning thing, or a growth thing, as staying home and working on new tunes, with the challenge of something new all the time. That's really what keeps me going.

Rick James Ponders Fame: 'Nowhere To Go But Down'

Continued from page 1

And they can vouch for that, and so can I right now 'cause me being number one, there's really no place I can go but down. How managers steal from you, agents rip you off, people want to know which drugs you're using, if you got any money you can lend them—it's got all that in there."

The most controversial song on the new album is "Money Talks," which James says "is about the government and Ronald Reagan and the right of prostitutes to be able to make a living. It's a really political kind of tune." The song includes the line: "Ronald Reagan ran for president 'cause he wants to control where the money's spent/What about the poor and the destitute/Well they don't matter/They do not compute."

But James says that despite the political and social commentary on *Street Songs* in tunes like "Mr. Policeman," "Ghetto Life," "Below the Funk (Pass the J)," and "Money Talks" on the new LP, he's not "going political."

"Well I definitely don't want to go political," asserts James. "I don't think people need songs to keep them aware of the political state they're in. The fact that there's so many people out of work, the fact that they got bread lines all over the country and the fact that Ronald Reagan's doing a terrible ass job of running this country is pretty well known. So they don't need me to be a reflection of what already is. They just need me maybe to make them laugh at it."

After three years of managing himself, Rick James has taken on Jerry Weintraub, who works with Frank Sinatra and John Denver, as his manager. Up until now, James has done a pretty good job of managing his own career. His first album, *Come Get It!*, released by Motown in 1978, went double platinum; his first single, "You and I," was a million selling hit. In fact, all but one of his five albums have sold over a million copies; his last album, *Street Songs*, reached the Number Three position on the pop charts and passed the three million mark. James' last tour of America found him selling out 10,000 to 20,000 capacity coliseums, even as numerous rock bands were playing to only partially filled halls, or were shortening their own tours. Clearly, he's come a long way from the "Ghetto Life."

Born James Johnson in Buffalo, New York, Rick James was one of eight kids raised by his mother, Betty Gladden. He wanted to get out of the ghetto right from the start. "It's very hard to be positive in a force that is so negative. And you know the crazy thing about the ghetto... it's like something does have a spell on you. Whether you have super intellect or what. Whether

you really could be somebody in the world or what. There's something there that really seems to hold you. Makes you kind of lazy and dumb. Your motivation plug is kind of out. It's not a very pleasant thing to see." In the late '60s, when he was only 15, James joined the U.S. Naval Reserve in order to get away from home. "Well, my mother... she didn't want me to drink

Records, though the album they recorded was never released. When Motown executives discovered that James was AWOL, they convinced him to turn himself in.

James eventually did go to work for Motown, becoming a staff writer and producer in the early '70s, learning from hitmakers like Norman Whitfield and Holland-Dozier-Holland. James worked with a

it would really take to make it in rock 'n' roll and conceived of the "wild and crazy" Rick James character. "Well my whole thing was tailored after white rock groups," he explains. "My idea of music and rock 'n' roll and funk 'n' roll is the personification and the amalgamation of sex, looks and music. You have to align the look with the music with sexuality. The Beatles did

"I didn't think Motown would like my stuff because it was too new wave. It was rough and mean."

wine. So I had to leave." James soon found the Naval Reserve was also cramping his style, and when they decided to send him to Vietnam, he decided to bail out; James went AWOL, heading for Canada where he fell into the Toronto folk scene and met Neil Young, an unknown folk singer at the time. Young and James became good friends, shared an apartment together and formed a band, the Myman Birds, which eventually landed a recording contract with Motown

number of groups including the Spinners, but didn't write or produce any major hits. He became frustrated at Motown; he wanted to be a recording star himself but there didn't seem to be a place for him. "Because I was around all this great talent and I couldn't sing and I wanted to be a singer. I mean I couldn't sing like David Ruffin and Eddie Kendricks and all these people. I felt inhibited there."

It was in Buffalo that James thought long and hard about what

that. Elvis Presley did that. Frank Sinatra did that. The Rolling Stones did that. So we managed to lock it in for a black group."

Ironically, it was Motown Records that made James the best offer when he was shopping around the completed tapes of *Come Get It!* "I didn't think Motown would like my stuff because it was too new wave. It wasn't the sophisto-funk that they'd been doing, glamorous black music. It wasn't that. It wasn't slick. It was rough

and mean. I considered it new wave funk. But they ended up going for the music and the deal I wanted."

As one of America's most popular black artists, James is a potent role model for black kids. It's a position James is both aware of, and uncomfortable with. "I just hope I'm not a bad influence," he says with a grimace. "I hear little girls of four and five sing 'Super Freak,' I kind of think about it. The only thing that cools me out about that is that I don't think they understand what a kinky girl is. I don't know. I often wonder about that, whether I'm a good or a bad influence. I smoke weed and stuff and have vulgar language and I'm pretty open in my songs . . ."

Does he think that's bad?

"Well, it's good to me that there's an artist that can be open and honest and unpretentious and just write what he feels. White artists have been doing that for years and it's time for black artists to do the same thing."

"The only thing I can think is that the kids can see Rick James and they can think there's some hope for them to make it. Cause I'm nothing but an old nigger from the ghetto who happened to be lucky."

Service with a smile and a bite

THE WAITRESSES

Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful?

The Waitresses can't be accused of having their lips sealed because The Waitresses lay it on the line: being dumped and surviving to tell about it, knowing what boys like and back-seat drivers. This is what The Waitresses' world is all about. The Waitresses' debut album, "Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful?" taking the sweetener out of rock and roll and putting the bite back where it belongs.

Give the gift of music.

Manufactured and Marketed by PolyGram Records

Remembering Lightnin'

Continued from page 3

about life at Lightnin's knee, I recall something he said a few years ago.

"You know the blues is something that ah... it's hard to get acquainted with, just like death. Now I tell you about the blues; the blues dwell with you every day and everywhere. See, you can have the blues about that you're broke, you can have the blues about your girl has gone. The blues come so many different ways, I'm telling you it's kinda... hard... to... explain. But what's inevitable is when you get a sad feelin' you can tell the whole round world that you got nothin' but the blues."

I hear you, Lightnin'. Oh, how I hear you.

(Quotes taken from the film, *The Blues Accordin' To Lightnin' Hopkins*, Flower Films, 1967. Directed by Les Blank.)

J. Geils: A Long Climb To Number One

Continued from page 1

the metamorphosis of a rough rhythm-and-blues band of the '60s into a polished hard-rock act of the '80s.

Refusing to be categorized or compromised, the group retains the vitality, adventurous spirit and enthusiasm—on stage and disc—that first made it unique years ago. Gambling is a way of life, and this penchant for taking risks has finally paid off handsomely: for starters, there's a top-charted album, *Freeze Frame*, two hit singles, "Centerfold" and the title track, and an 80-date, sold-out tour of the United States.

"We've changed because if things stayed the same, it would be pretty boring," Wolf says in his detached, soft-spoken manner. "But I think our basic approach to what we consider funk or groove has always been the same. We've stayed true to our roots: a lot of blues and jazz. I think those things remain the same. But the music is hopefully different."

Wolf's confidant, keyboardist Seth Justman, is quick to back the 35-year-old vocalist's theory. "We listen to so many various things," Justman notes. "We try to keep an open mind and a clear head to try to assimilate it. I think there's been a great deal of growth, but we still draw on a lot of the same influences. We've grown as musicians and people and I think that where we're at right now feels real natural for us."

Originally the J. Geils Blues Band, the group was an acoustic trio consisting of guitarist Jerome Geils, bassist Danny Klein and harmonica/saxophone player Richard "Magic Dick" Salwitz, all students at a Massachusetts technical school. Salwitz, from New London, Conn., studied clarinet and other horns until, overly impressed by a Sonny Boy Williamson record, he took up the harp. Magic Dick (the origins of the nickname are lost to history) joined Klein and Geils—who had taken up the sax and drums prior to playing a guitar—and the group centered on the blues.

The band rounded out its line-up in 1967 with the addition of Wolf and drummer Stephen Bladd, fellow art students at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Wolf and Bladd, the only local boy, were looking for a vehicle after the disbandment of their former group, the Hallucinations, as raucous a show band as ever appeared in New England.

Wolf, from New York City, studied painting and moonlighted as a night-time disc-jockey in Beantown. He had no formal musical training and had never considered following in his father's footsteps as a musician and performer. "I took violin lessons for one day, but the violin teacher begged my mother to tell me to stop," he recalls. "I never really thought about performing. But one day I was at a party and there was this band just fooling around and from that moment on, it was just non-stop for me."

Heavily influenced by early rock 'n' roll, blues and soulful "black music," the group went onstage as a raw R&B band. Artists such as Jerry Lee Lewis, Little Richard, Elvis Presley, Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker, Wilson Pickett, James Cotton and Otis Redding were influential role models. They considered themselves part of the development of rock 'n' roll in transition.

"The style of the J. Geils Band is basically music that has been greatly influenced by the great black heritage of the United States: rhythm and blues, blues, soul, jazz and rock 'n' roll," according to Wolf. "A lot of the early Motown and primarily black music really touched us. Commercial music was kind of syrupy and didn't have the credibility that a lot of black music had. That was a big influence. Plus just straight old rock 'n' roll."

The instrumental lineup was so-

lidified in 1968 with the addition of Seth Justman, a classically-trained pianist from Washington, D.C., who was studying at Boston University. For some time, he'd been lobbying for a tryout. After he got his chance, there was no denying him.

Concert promoter Bill Graham's professional support was also instrumental in Geils' early successes. "Bill Graham invited us (to play) in New York at the Philharmonic," Wolf remembers. "That was a real special event for us. We were playing in New England when he called up one day and asked if we'd like to come down—he said he had heard a lot of good things about us—and open up one of the shows at the Philharmonic.

"I forgot who was billed," Wolf apologizes, "but a lot of the audience didn't want to see an opening act. There was a lot of boozing and stuff before we even got there. It was a little difficult at first, but we felt like it was time to get down and kick it. By the time we were done, we got about five encores and sort of stole the show."

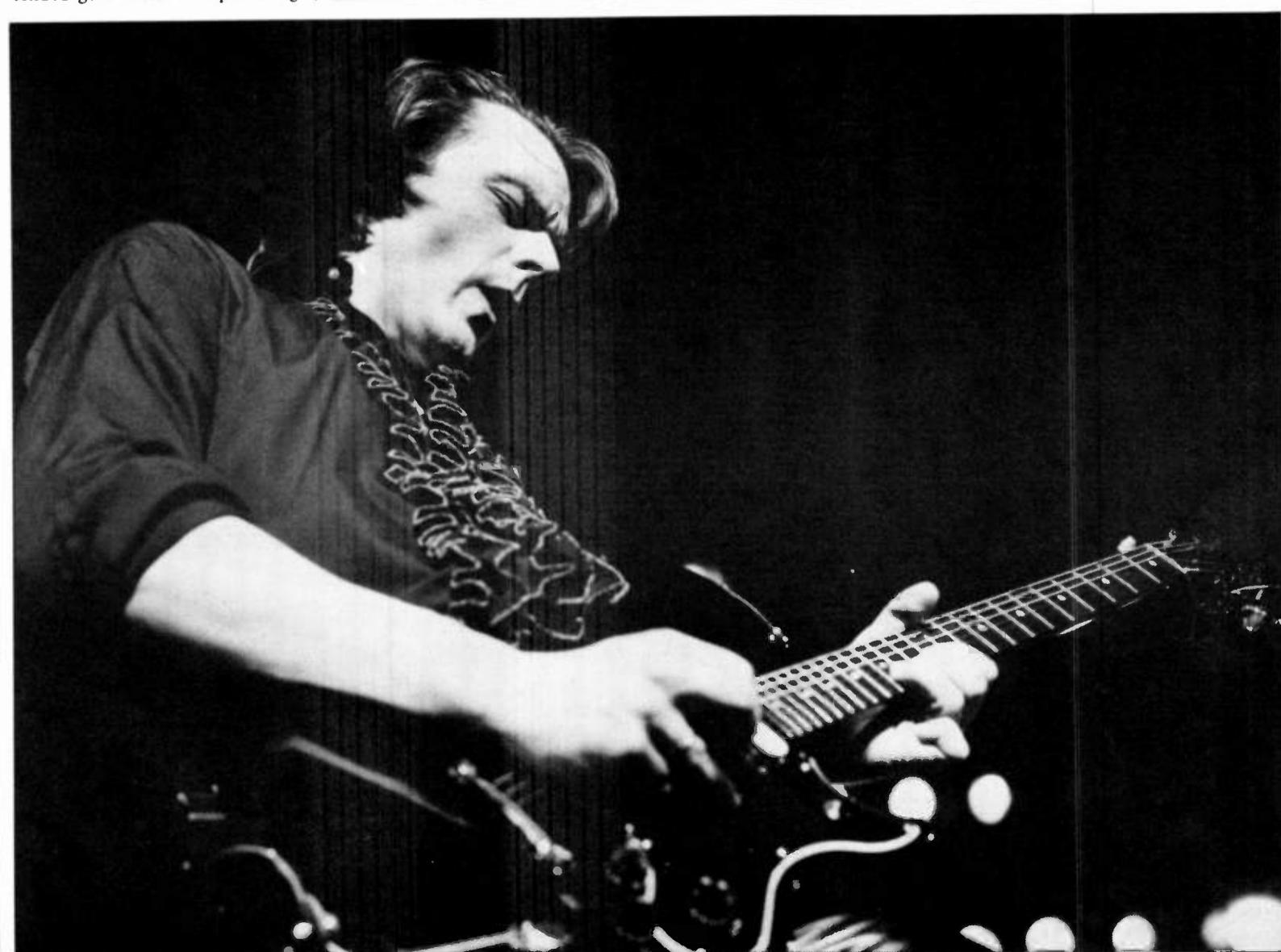
Several Graham-promoted West Coast concert dates followed, as did a recording contract with Atlantic Records. In 1971, with the assistance of Chicago blues man Juke Joint Jimmy, J. Geils released its self-titled debut LP. A splendid mixture of soul (Smokey Robinson's "First I Look At The Purse") and the blues, the album showcased Wolf's remarkable affinity with the black vernacular. The year concluded on an up note with Geils being named the "Most Promising New Band" by *Rolling Stone* magazine.

The Morning After, released in 1972, earned extensive critical praise, too. Yet, despite being a continuation of the resilient sound of the group's initial work, the LP received little airplay. A third disc, *Full House*, released later that year, captured the band in its element: onstage, live-er than you'll ever get.

The gamble proved both positive and negative. The live recording fully conveyed the musicians' power and talent, and the band's true character was transferred magnificently to vinyl. But despite good reviews and some success, *Full House* as a whole lacked professional direction; a preoccupation with extended guitar riffs and pounding



The band that rocks America: (top right, clockwise) Stephen Bladd, Jerome Geils



Jerome (J.) Geils: A man of few words and many hot licks.

drums at times overshadowed lyrical content.

In 1973, things started to come together. But once again, promising ventures turned more-or-less sour.

The Wolf-Justman writing team was about to find its groove; *Bloodshot* went gold, and yielded the band's first original hit single, "Give It To Me." A reggae-style

cut, the song was banned nationally by radio stations for its "suggestive lyrics." Along with other tunes such as "Ain't Nothin' But A House Party" and "Southside Shuf-

larity and healthy profits once again proved elusive. The elements were falling into place, though. *Hotline* (1975), *Blow Your Face Out* (1976) and *Monkey Island* (1977) were hardly bestsellers, but Wolf and Justman were writing more personal songs now; songs of unusual depth even for this type of music. Nevertheless, Geils and Atlantic Records soon parted ways. A jester, but a gentleman, Wolf is diplomatic to a fault in describing the reasons for the label change. "We had a contract that was going on for a long time," he says. "It ran out and we decided to get a new contract. It's as simple as that."

Monkey Island solidified Wolf and Justman as a formidable songwriting team. Only a non-conformist attitude and refusal to leave the blues behind delayed Geils' breakthrough. "There was definitely a drop in mass popularity for a while," Wolf admits. "But that's what separates the men from the boys, the water from the oil. Many bands just chucked it in. We kept on going. We tried different things. People wanted to tag us as a good times band or a boogie band, but we just went along making the music we wanted to make."

"There were definitely moments of anxiety. Things got real bleak for a while. Believe me, it happened a lot. But we always tried to find areas or ways to keep at it and not let things kinda dissipate. We didn't try to jump on any commercial or exploitative bandwagons. We didn't try any cheap shots. Everything we've tried to do, we've always tried with our best efforts. We try to give the best we can at that time."

Justman seconds that emotion.

"When we started out and to this day, we always felt that we would never compromise musically or in any way that didn't feel right to us. And sometimes it hurt us commercially. But basically, I think that's what makes us the band we are. Once you start compromising, you're no longer having fun. You're thinking about too many things other than music."

Unwilling to revert to a formula, and being dedicated to the proposition of having fun (even if your record company seems to have lost interest in you), concert tours became, for the group, "a way of life." Criss-crossing the country opening for the likes of Fleetwood Mac and Traffic, Geils honed its act in the time-honored tradition of rock's great working bands, who build large, loyal followings simply by being out there every night and always being honest. "We were an opening act before almost every band," Wolf relates. "We just continued playing and as we were touring our own popularity increased and we started becoming more in demand. We would go back to a city and the response would be greater than it was the last time. It just kept building that way. That's the way we do it now."

"It's really exciting traveling abroad, all puns intended. We enjoy touring and we enjoy performances. We could be traveling and real tired, but as soon as you get out in that crowd there's no medicine or drug that could get you higher than that. We're probably having the best time right here on this tour. It's very difficult touring. It would drive a lot of people mad, and justifiably so. But it's something we chose to do."

The demands of life on the road, however, eventually contributed to the disintegration of Wolf's marriage to actress Faye Dunaway. They had met at a Geils gig in '72 and married in '74. But their schedules—her films, his touring—took apart what Wolf today terms "a great love."

"All the traveling and the hectic pace has caused some difficulties," he says softly. "It definitely has its disadvantages, but it's also outweighed by the advantages. We accept it and take the good with the bad."

"But I've always kept my personal life personal," he adds emphatically. "That's why it's called 'personal' life."

In 1978 the band signed with EMI-America Records and recorded *Sanctuary*. It was certified gold.

Another gold album, *Love Stinks*, followed, and the irreverent title track gained extensive airplay, thus laying the groundwork in that medium for the enthusiastic reception that greeted the release of *Freeze Frame*. But beneath the disparate sounds of 12 albums, Geils retains an identifiable style. "I think we gained the popularity before *Freeze Frame*," Wolf asserts. "People wanted us to sound like we did last summer. But we didn't. We already did it. We didn't want *Freeze Frame* to sound like *Love Stinks*. It gets stagnant."

"I don't think there's a formula," he continues. "We've tried not to follow any formula. Just the opposite. I think there's a style. I think the style of J. Geils Band is basically us; just the unique, individual style that each member has. Myself, Magic Dick, Seth on piano, D.K. on bass . . . It's that sound, the way each guy plays his instrument. I can hear the difference between J.'s guitar playing and someone else's. There's no one who can play the harmonica like Magic Dick. So when you hear a J. Geils record, it's definitely identifiable."

"I think we're a band that has personality," Justman chimes in. "I think there's humor to it. There's depth. We think about the world, about problems and where other people are at. I enjoy the musicianship with the other guys. Peter is an incredibly unique, talented performer, as well as a singer, and . . . uh . . . you can hear him in the background saying what a wonderful personality he is." Justman collapses in laughter.

Justman's contribution as producer and co-writer (with Wolf) is most apparent in *Freeze Frame*'s fusion of rockabilly, jazz, punk-funk, new wave, rock, pop and R&B styles. "Centerfold," with its upbeat pop melody, is a sharp contrast to the chaotic new wave sound of "Insane, Insane Again." Similarly, the rocking "Flamethrower," highlighted by a hard-blowing, contemporary harp solo by Magic Dick, differs from the title track, a potpourri of R&B, rock and new wave sounds.

"It's more focused," Wolf says of the group's new-old sound. "We've been trying to move in a different direction for a long time and we definitely took the time to make sure it happened. We spent a lot of time making sure the difference was there."

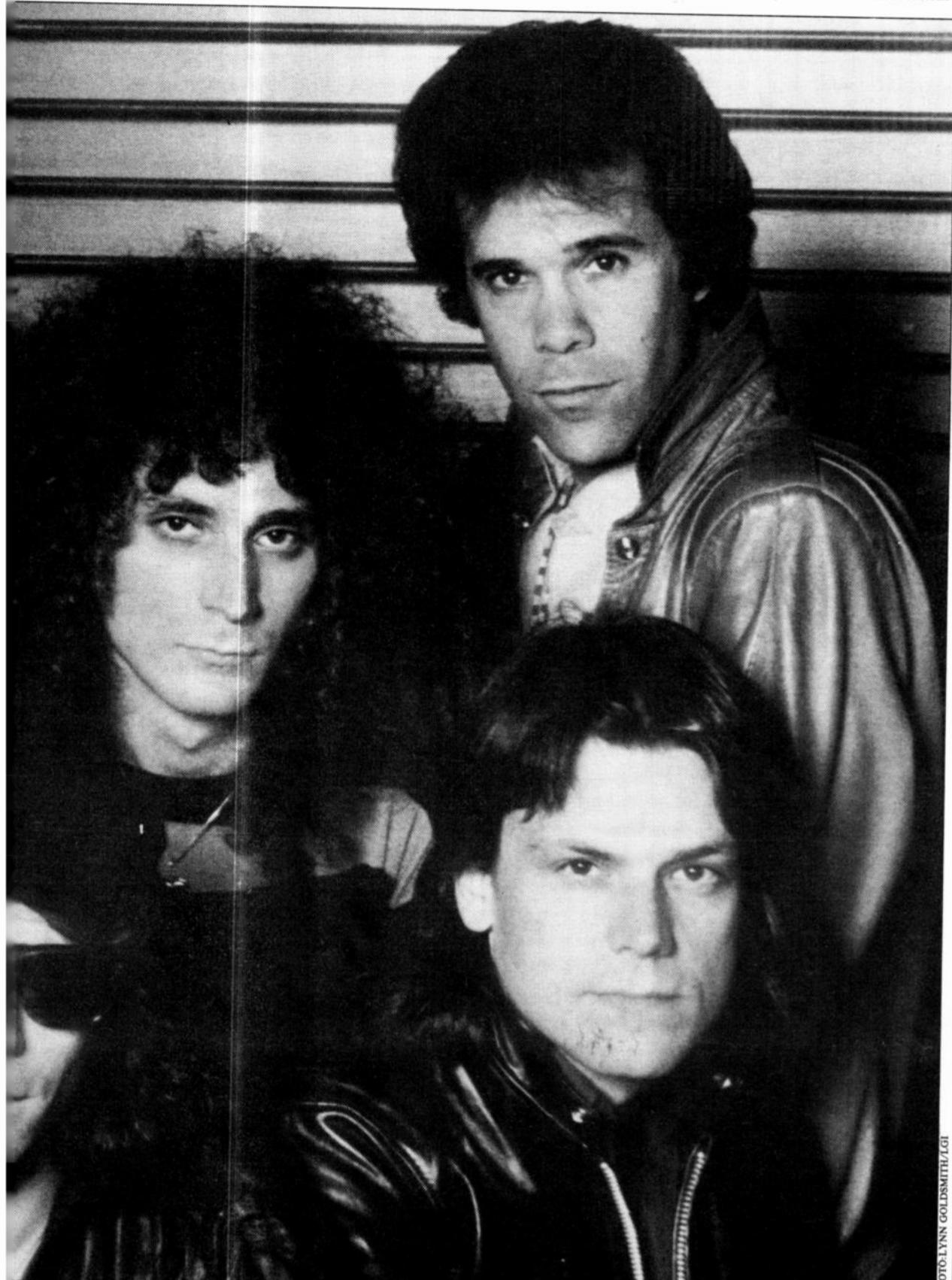
Though somewhat apprehensive about the accomplishments implied by *Freeze Frame*'s success, both Justman and Wolf look forward to the future as a challenge.

"There are still a lot of goals that we have on our list," says Wolf seriously. "There are certain kinds of songs I don't think we've approached yet, a level that I don't think we've reached, that we're still going for. Everyone is extremely dedicated and cares about progression. That's the great thing: we're still growing."

"The band is feeling better about itself and we're playing better," Justman offers. "I think our musicianship has continually improved and we really look forward to continuing that growth and adjusting to the things that go on in the world. We're having the best time we've ever had right now, musically, putting on shows and as friends. That is extremely satisfying after all this time."

"We all care about each other as friends, that's why we're still together," Wolf concludes. "The band that sleeps together, stays together. We all feel that there's a lot of music to be made and we're still all getting off on playing. It's still exciting. Whatever the future might hold, we're ready for the challenge and looking forward to taking it on. We're into our music and we'll stay together as long as we can still make it."

The ultimate goal, according to Wolf, is "to live in a Winnebago camper and to keep on rockin' 'n' rollin'." Any reservations about Geils' current lofty spot atop the charts? "We have reservations at a small little hotel in Columbus, Ohio." Said in jest, but the road beckons. Some things never change.



Justman, J. Geils, Peter Wolf, Magic Dick, Danny Klein

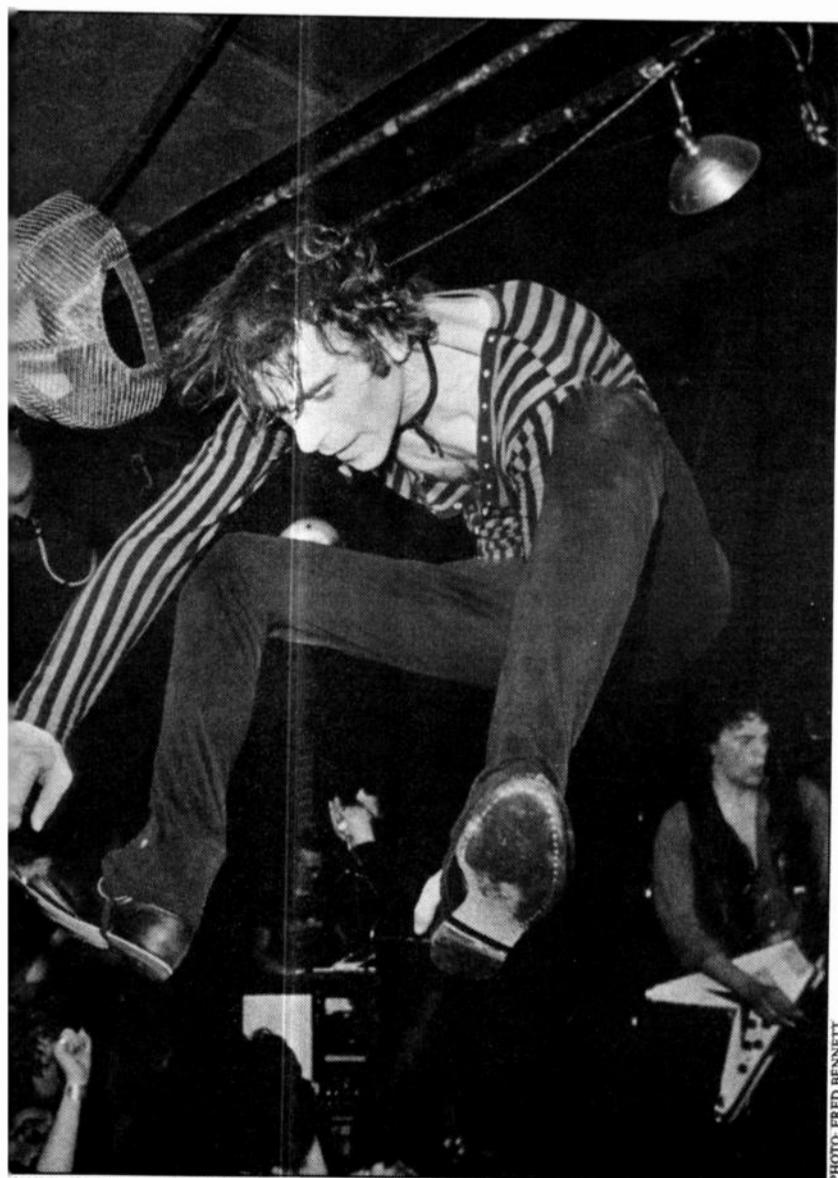


PHOTO: FRED BENNETT

as a leap: "The style of the J. Geils Band is the individual style that each member has."

fle," it broadened an already-growing number of fans, as well as furthered a risqué image. Wolf jokes that the image was earned "by beating up little kids," but then concedes that the "bad boys" reputation is attributable in part to acrobatic stage antics and an outlandish punk dress mode: stripes on stripes, tight leather pants, earrings and wild egg-beater hairdos.

"We first started out when things were a little more reserved," says Wolf, who is anything but reserved onstage. "We'd come screaming out with all these suits and hats. Later on, after the J. Geils Band, a lot of other bands adopted (our style). It's nothing we started," he said of the nickname, "but the press—I think it was *Rolling Stone*—did a cover story on us and called us 'the bad boys of rock.' Musically, I think some of it is a little hard-edged, the drive of the music is. But we're all very polite and have good table manners. We don't eat with our fingers anymore."

Aside from *Bloodshot*'s three catchy anthems, the remainder of the album still lacked a commercial sound. Compared to earlier releases, it was also a critical disappointment. But the road remained a lucrative venture; fan reaction alone steeled the band's belief that an evolving, R&B-based sound was the key to large-scale success.

Ladies Invited and *Nightmares and Other Tales from the Vinyl Jungle*, both released in 1974, successfully bridged the blues with a pop-rock sound. The mysterious "Must Of Got Lost" best exemplified the unification. But mass popu-



The Concert In Central Park
Simon & Garfunkel
Warner Bros.

By Mark Mehler

Simon and Garfunkel's reunion concert in Central Park on September 19, 1981 was more than a nostalgia trip. Above all, it was a celebration of songs—songs of love, of friendship, of soul-searching, of giving, of patriotism. This two-LP set, containing 19 such songs plus a 12-page photo album, proves anew that intelligent, articulate treatises on common personal conflicts have a timeless quality. Further, it indicates, by the very nature of its content, that if there is a better world somewhere, it begins with people communicating and sharing their

RECORDS

feelings with one another.

Among the 19 selections are such S & G classics as "Mrs. Robinson," "April Come She Will," "America" and "Bridge Over Troubled Water," as well as Simon's "Slip Slidin' Away" and Garfunkel's "A Heart In New York City," a very apt tune for the occasion. The duo's harmonies are as crystalline as ever, and time has given Garfunkel's voice an even stronger emotional resonance—a more profound hint of the individual struggling to resolve internal crises—than it had in his younger days.

Musically, the duo and its ace backup band are sharp and well-rehearsed. Subtle alterations in harmony and lyric phrasing, though, underscore the "changes upon changes" (as Simon's new verse to "The Boxer" puts it) the two friends have lived through over the years. If you listen closely to the new interpretations of these universal messages—now rendered from the vantagepoint of experience—

you will understand the passions that instigated the pilgrimage of half a million strong to the Great Lawn last fall. *The Concert In Central Park* is a powerful document.

Farewell Song
Janis Joplin
Columbia

By Michael Goldberg

Apparently, with *Farewell Song*, Columbia has finally reached the bottom of the barrel; they couldn't even dig up a full album's worth of decent material. No other way to explain the inclusion of "Harry," a 56-second bit of fooling around, and a medley of "Amazing Grace/Hi Heel Sneakers" that makes Big Brother and the Holding Company sound like a third-rate bar band, something they definitely were not.

Janis Joplin was the great white

blues/soul singer to emerge in the late '60s. And there is evidence of Joplin's greatness here. "Tell Mama," recorded with the Full Tilt Boogie Band, "One Night Stand" with the Paul Butterfield Blues



Band and a series of tracks cut with Big Brother—"Magic of Love," "Misery 'N,'" and "Farewell Song"—range from OK to good. But five songs do not an album make.

If you don't own a Janis Joplin

album, this is certainly *not* the place to start. Far better to check out the two albums she cut with Big Brother, or *Pearl* or the excellent live set, *Joplin in Concert*. *Farewell Song* is for Joplin fanatics only.

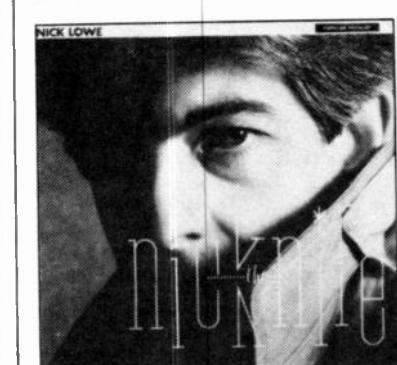


The Sisters
Sister Sledge
Cotillion

By Bruce Dancis

Sisterhood may be powerful, but in the case of the Sledge Sisters' first self-produced album, not powerful enough to overcome an evident lack of direction. *The Sisters* is a hodgepodge of undigested styles. "We bad, we bad," sing Kathy, Joni, Kim and Debbie on "Super Bad Sisters," but their autobiographical rapping lacks conviction and gets lost in the clutter of cutesy horn fills and percussive ticks. Uninspired songwriting and an overindulgence in distracting sound effects mar the Sledge's forays into lightweight funk, dramatic ballads and MOR pop.

"Il Macquillage Lady," written and sung by Joni Sledge, is easily the best cut, a sinister soul rocker that resembles another French-fried hit, Labelle's "Lady Marmalade." Very different, but almost as haunting, is "All The Man I Need," a lovely vocal duet between Kathy Sledge and David Simmons. But the excellence of these two songs only serves to underscore the disappointing tepidity of the rest of *The Sisters*.



Nick The Knife
Nick Lowe
Columbia

By Mark Mehler

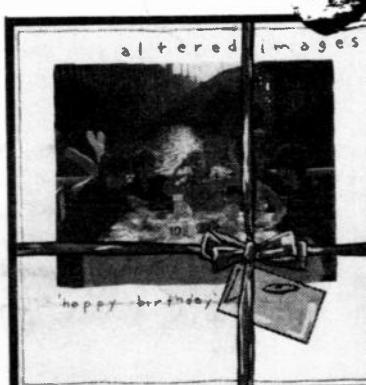
Say goodbye to Nick Lowe, that playful miscreant. The bassist/singer/composer, who was always good for a healthy, self-conscious laugh ("I made an American squirm/And it felt so right"), has shucked the metaphorical rockabilly hijinks and recorded a soulful, earthy, romantic LP.

Backed by two old Rockpile colleagues, drummer Terry Williams and guitarist Billy Bremner, as well as ex-Rumourmonger Martin Belmont, former Squeeze keyboardist Paul Carrack, and keyboardist/wife Carlene Carter, Lowe deftly melds blues, country and Latin styles into a seamless work of sustained pop eloquence.

"Couldn't Love You (Any More Than I Do)," "Too Many Teardrops" and "Raining Raining," are three of the most melodic love songs he's ever written, with influences as diverse as '60s Motown, Del Shannon and Frank Sinatra. Lowe's vocals, particularly his low-slung, leering Calypso stylings on "Let Me Kiss Ya" and Big Bopper-like strutting on "Ba Doom," are in top form.

The old sardonic Lowe surfaces but once, on the not-so-subtle "Stick It Where The Sun Don't Shine." Otherwise, *Nick The Knife* is serious, un-cynical, heartfelt stuff.

Objective Correlatives.



ALTERED IMAGES
"HAPPY BIRTHDAY."

This fizzy pop confection from Scotland was just voted the number one new group in the *NME* Readers' Poll after topping the charts, and for good reason. Resounding with the charming vocals of offbeat ingenue, Clare, Altered Images make haunting, slightly askew nouveau pop that celebrates ambiguous innocence with a zest that has nothing to do with treacle.

KIM LARSEN AND JUNGLEDREAMS
"SITTING ON A TIME BOMB."

He's been the ace rock 'n' roller in his native Sweden, where his group Gasolin' were mega-platinum and the King quoted his lyrics on TV for his State Of The Union address. Now he's living in New York, perfecting his urban *Weltanschauung* with the help of his crack band, Jungledreams. Together, they've made an album that implodes with the fury of a lifetime dedicated to making people think for themselves.

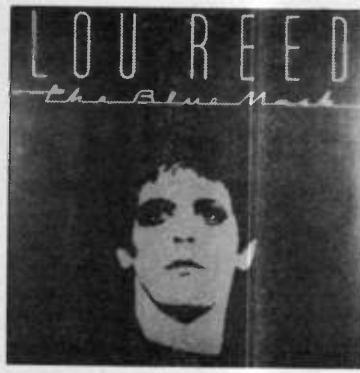
BUGGLES
"ADVENTURES IN MODERN RECORDING."

The Buggles' "Video Killed The Radio Star" was one of the first songs to articulate an ironic vision of the pop/technology interface fraught with paradox, all dressed up in the latest electronic regalia. Consequently it was a worldwide smash and put the Buggles at the crest of the sine wave. Now Geoff Downes, Trevor Horn and cohorts return with an album even more synaptically stimulating, even more luminously crepuscular.

JAPAN
"JAPAN."

Poised on the brink of ultimate breakthrough in Britain, where their music is *de rigueur* at dance clubs, Japan are taking measures to begin a full-scale conquest of America with the release of their first *Virgin™ Epic* album. Culled from their chartbusting English opus "Tin Drum" with additional select tracks, this is the definitive statement on Japan circa 1982, perhaps the modern terpsichorean combo in the second Industrial Age. When David Sylvian opens his mouth, everybody freeze...

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The Blue Mask
Lou Reed
RCA

By Jody Denberg

On his first album in two years, Lou Reed has replaced the dense instrumentation of his later work with a studied minimalism. As a result, Reed's lyrics no longer have to compete with overdubbed clutter, and *The Blue Mask* becomes an awesome display of poetry in motion.

With only the backing of two guitars, drums and a bass recorded live in the studio, verses are hurled forward by the tension between guitarist Robert Quine's trebly harmonics and Reed's sonic approach. Quine's barely amplified Stratocaster adds a pseudo-acoustic touch to the drifting ethereality of "My House" and withering keyboard-like tones to "Women." On these slower tracks, Reed overcomes his limited vocal range by conveying different speech quirks and dialects, and doesn't indulge in the taut, jugular phrasings that have become his trademark of late.

The title cut begins with a blitzkrieg of white noise which gives way to an apocalyptic groove, as Reed spits out the bone-chilling tale of a soul incarcerated by society's conventions. By brutally casting out his demons on vinyl, Reed peels another layer from the mask of mystery that is his stock and trade. Facing what lies below the mask proves to be as harrowing as the disguise itself.



Sitting On A Time Bomb
Kim Larsen and
Jungledreams
Epic

By Oren Clark

After 15 albums in Europe alone and with the Danish group Gasolin', Scandinavian superstar Kim Larsen has teamed with producer/arranger/songwriter Joe Delia (who has worked with, among others, Stevie Wonder, Grace Slick and Janis Ian) and three other experienced musicians in Abe Speller, Dennis Espantman and Rich Blakemore, to form a band that is, judging by its debut album, destined for glory.

The five cuts on side one serve not only to showcase the excellent musicianship of the band and the outstanding vocal abilities of Larsen, but also indicate the kind of production ingenuity, versatility of style and clean execution that marks truly great rock 'n' roll.

It starts with "Rock 'N' Roll City," a tribute to New York, with atmospheric synthesizers, a reggae-cum-R&B feel, Larsen's Ian Hunter-esque vocals and a streetwise, Ian Dury-style rap. Then comes a beautifully produced, Elvis Costello-influenced tune in "Till Tomorrow," followed by a magnificent rock-reggae cover of Dylan's "Tangled Up In Blue," sparked by some hard-charging guitar a la Jeff Beck. The side closes with "Fly Away Into The Night," a soft but energetic ballad fueled by Larsen's pene-

trating growl, some lilting harpsichord lines borrowed from J.S. Bach and, believe it or not, really fine whistling!

Side two is more lightweight, and hence less astounding than the earlier tracks. Here, the band offers some simple pop-rock, a honky-tonk piano (in "Red Lights") and a New Wave dance number called "Time Bomb" with a Talking Heads quirkiness and a backbeat that underscores the mood rather than overwhelms it. Impressive work all the way around.

Another Grey Area

Graham Parker

Arista

By Wayne King

Any doubts about Graham Parker's artistry raised by his split from the Rumour and the disappointing quality of his last record with them are laid to rest with the release of *Another Grey Area*. His first post-Rumour album combines musical power with lyrical insight, and continues the maturing of his art that began with *Squeezing Out Sparks*. Producer Jack Douglas has helped to create a crisp context for the material; reminiscent at times of

the double keyboard approach of his most recent *The Up Escalator* (current pianist Nicky Hopkins is a holdover from those sessions), the dynamic drumming and clear mix give the numbers a textural impact they've rarely received before on a Parker LP. The precision of the arrangements showcase the lyrics with an emotional clarity that be-



comes the very heart of this record.

Once again, Parker has put together words that display an abiding personal responsibility. The titles alone ("Can't Waste A Minute," "No More Excuses," "It's All Worth Nothing Alone") bespeak a sensibility that, like Springsteen's on *The River*, knows "two hearts are better than one," and demands that deep a commitment immedi-

ately. And surprisingly, there is none of the condescending male posturing rock stars often indulge in when communicating with a woman. Each song reverberates with the power of love given, shared, and because of its preciousness, often in need of protection. And in this cold, corporate, post-Lennon era of music we're in, there is a crying need for someone to care about relationships as relentlessly and positively as Graham Parker does here.

Let It Rock

Johnny and the Distractions

A & M

By David Gans

The music of Johnny and the Distractions is heartfelt, melodic-but-muscular rock in the Bruce Springsteen/Tom Petty vein. Johnny Koonce, who wrote all the songs on *Let It Rock* (with help from guitarist Mark Spangler on two cuts), delivers his vocals in a smoky, passionate style, sort of the way Don Henley of the Eagles might sound if he ever got really excited about something.

Fueled by Spangler's guitar and the percussive Hammond organ

sound of Keyboardist Gregg Perry, the Distractions take most of the songs at cruising speed, never depending on sheer velocity for energy. "Shoulder Of The Road," "In The Street" and "Forever" are given dramatic treatments that underscore the depth of Koonce's working-class characters. He may lack the overwhelming sense of pur-



pose that drives Springsteen, but he's still serious about his portrayals. At that, the characters and situations in these songs are drawn in much more detail than the flattened, universalized stereotypes that populate much of the Top 40. Yet another blow on behalf of real people struggling to make sense of the real world, and a heartening debut to boot.

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The New Johnny Otis Show
Alligator

By Stuart Cohn

Over thirty years ago, Johnny Otis was a pioneering band-leader, and his traveling Johnny Otis Show introduced a whole generation to the joys of rhythm and blues. For his first record in more than ten years, Otis revives the variety show concept. And, better yet, he's brought his guitar-playing son Shuggie Otis along with him. Shuggie's tasty, melodic leads and stirring fills provide some of the chief pleasures on *The New Johnny Otis Show*.

A little bit of everything can be heard here: blues, shuffle tunes, novelty numbers, and some smooth

pop singing. The latter is provided mostly by Charles Williams, who does a soulful turn on the ballad "Every Beat of My Heart," a hit of sorts in the Midwest. Johnny himself contributes a touching, understated vocal on "Don't Deceive Me," and Wendell D. Perry, formerly the bass voice with the Coasters (a great rhythm and blues group that got its start in the original Johnny Otis Show), sparks a spirited rendition of the classic "So Fine."

The male-female novelties may sound a bit corny in this age of post-new wave cool, but the band's bluesy swinging turns anachronism into timelessness. *The New Johnny Otis Show* sounds like a labor of love for all concerned and it's a delight for rockers of all ages.

Wilder
Teardrop Explodes
Mercury

By Wayne King

It's a rare occasion when a critic can deal in superlatives. But there are times when a sense of unleashed effusiveness should greet a new work. *Wilder* offers an opportunity for just such a reaction. To

wit: the new *Teardrop Explodes* album is the most boring record I've heard in ages.

Now I have as much confidence as anybody in the record industry's ability to turn out yawners. And to be fair, these lonely *Teardrops* could easily be taken to task more for their shameless patching together of every conceivable psychedelic

confronted with a product of such unity and consistency (each track is as dull as the one before it) would be like admiring the grain of a coffin's wood at a funeral. Until the next twelve-inch tranquilizer is dropped upon out unsuspecting heads, *Wilder* will simply have to function as every record lover's cure for insomnia.



cliche; for bringing back lyrical obscurity into a field that hardly needs it; for what is probably the worst use of horns on record since the *Spiral Staircase*; in other words, for trying to pass off diversity of sound and complexity of word as Art, a conceit that has its roots in the late Sixties era the band would apparently rather be living in. But to focus on detail in any way when



2nd Opinion
4 Out Of 5 Doctors
Nemperor

By Oren Clark

On their second album, *4 Out Of 5 Doctors* emerges from the D.C. woodwork attempting to resurrect the wonderful, real-life world

of Mickey Mouse rock 'n' roll, where girls have "Bambi eyes" and throw "interplanetary kisses" as the boys go oo-WEE-oo-hoo in unison. In other words, the music and lyrics are so insipid you could run a loose-knit sweater across the lead sheets and it wouldn't snag on any hooks. *2nd Opinion* has nothing to recommend it unless you like rock so pale that it ultimately fades away completely. This is beyond harmless—this is *really bad*.



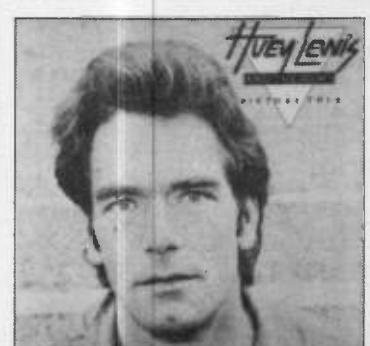
Architecture and Morality
Orchestral Manoeuvres in The Dark
Epic

By Stuart Cohn

With *Architecture and Morality*, their second U.S. album (and third overall), Liverpool's *Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark* stake a claim as one of the most listenable pop groups around. Here they strike an almost perfect balance between hummable pop melodies and synthesizer-created symphonic textures.

In most of their songs, the main riff, usually a bouncy eighth-note theme, is combined with longer keyboard tones and a bubbling beat in a rich, contrapuntal arrangement. The drums define the back-beat and Andy McCluskey's bass guitar anchors the whole thing. The production resembles Phil Spector's at times, especially in the swirls and crescendos surrounding McCluskey's crooning on "Joan of Arc." That tune, as well as "Joan of Arc (Maid of Orleans)" and "Souvenirs"—U.K. chart-toppers all—sport almost sinfully catchy melodies and inspired singing. And it's to OMD's credit that they don't repeat themselves; each hit is different.

Only on the title instrumental does the group stray from its layers-of-sound technique. The music meanders a bit ponderously as though the arrangement weren't fully thought out. But it's a minor flaw on a memorable LP, one which will reward repeated listening.



Picture This
Huey Lewis and the News
Chrysalis

By Nick Burton

On *Picture This*, San Francisco-based Huey Lewis and the News have tightened and focussed the diverse elements—from soulting pop to soft-core rock 'n' roll *angst*—of their first album, and come up with a solid effort. This time around, Lewis seems more at home with the soul-pop tunes which are so well-suited to his gravel-throated singing. Both "Tell Me A Little Lie" and Michael Duke's (late of Wet Willies) "Hope You Love Me Like You Say You Do" recall the soulful rock and swing of Graham Parker's early material, with the latter tune getting some nice punctuation from the Tower of Power horn section.

Of special note is "Giving It All

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"Up For Love," a beautiful, catchy pop song written by Thin Lizzy's Phil Lynott. It has just the right hook to make it an ideal single, and features some wonderful interplay between Lewis's harmonica and Johnny Colla's saxophone.

Apart from Lewis himself, the five musicians who are the News can punch out the more soulful numbers with authority, and rock as dynamically as Lewis's previous band, the underrated and overlooked Clover. A cover version of the Hollywood Flames' "Buzz, Buzz, Buzz" is a forceful example of what the News can do with a straight-ahead rocker. More power to them, as if they needed it.



Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful?
Waitresses

ZE/Polydor

By Michael Goldberg

For anyone who enjoys their rock 'n' roll peppered with satire, *Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful?* is a must. But the Waitresses are much more than a rockin' comedy act. This quirky new wave band was invented by former Tin Huey guitarist/songwriter Chris Butler specifically to deliver his humorous yet telling songs about the life of a single girl.

In vocalist Patty Donahue, Butler has found the perfect pouty-voiced cheerleader-type to shout, whine and sing his "Mary Tyler Moore in the '80s" scenarios. In "No Guilt," for instance, Donahue tells a former live-in boyfriend that she has survived their breakup and is doing just fine. "I'm sorry, but I don't feel awful," announces Donahue. "It wasn't the end of the world."

To realize his squirrely pop songs, Butler's Waitresses jump from white-boys-play-funk (check out the inverted "Fame" riff in "Quit") to mock heavy metal (lead guitar, same song). There are even a few Ornette Coleman-style squawks on the Waitresses' best-known tune, "I Know What Boys Like," in which Donahue explains, over a great stuttering rhythm: "I make them want me/I like to tease them/they want to touch me/I never let them."

Butler's best material is as catchy as it is funny. And anyone who can write a song about girl-watching whose hook line is "Look at the butt—pussy strut" has got to have something going for him.



Eye to Eye
Warner Bros.

By Mark Mehler

Half of Eye to Eye, Deborah Berg, is a dancer who plans to incorporate her "performance art" into the group's tour. The audience may be in for a treat, as this music lends itself exceptionally well to a visual interpretation, being small, haunting set pieces full of tiny surprises, nifty internal rhyming, powerful images and futuristic jazz/pop arrangements. Julian Marshall, the male half of the duo, is a fine classically-trained keyboardist who

shares a "woman's point of view." He is no Captain to Ms. Berg's Tenille.

Perhaps the best example of the group's fresh outlook is "Nice Girls," about teens stuck in the "middle class, throwing sticks in the mud, lonely and clean." We've heard people like Joan Jett sing these songs a hundred times, but what about a sultry Dionne Warwick-style vocal over a classic Burt Bacharach arrangement? Eye to Eye turns this, and other potential clichés, on their ear.

The producer, Gary Katz, is best known for his work with the duo Steely Dan, and he is certainly simpatico to this style of highly personal pop. The backing musicians include Jeff Porcaro, Rick Derringer, Tim Schmit, bassist Chuck Rainey and Donald Fagen.

Eye To Eye is an impressive debut. I'm waiting for the movie.

Reggae Street

Mighty Diamonds

Shanachie

By Bruce Dancis

Jamaica's Mighty Diamonds have always paid closer attention to the soft soul sounds coming south

from Detroit or Philadelphia than most of their reggae brethren. On their superb new album, the trio's first U.S. release in three years, the Diamonds continue their disarmingly lovely penchant for singing tough lyrics in an achingly sweet vocal style.

Reggae Street winds its way between the bubbly innocence of "Shabby Raggy" ("My hair might be natty, my clothes might be shabby,"



by, but that can't stop you from loving me") to militancy ("Hunting Ground") to spirituality ("Unseen Eyes"), never once losing its captivating edge. The soothing counterpointing harmonies of Fitzroy "Bunny" Simpson and Lloyd "Judge" Ferguson always serve to highlight lead singer Donald "Tab-

by" Shaw's incredible upper register.

Given the Mighty Diamonds' outstanding singing, rich melodies, and the state-of-the-art instrumental accompaniment provided by such reggae notables as guitarist Earl "Chinna" Smith, bassist Robbie Shakespeare and drummer Sly Dunbar, *Reggae Street* inevitably raises the perennial question as to whether Jamaican reggae will ever rise above cult status in the U.S. If it does, *Reggae Street* may prove to be its most accessible route.

few stabs at genuine inspiration.

Unfortunately, the result is not so much original as it is bloodless and pretentious, an example of the Heaviosity Quotient as applied to pop. The Cars, who have been similarly accused, at least have the keyboards of Greg Hawkes to lighten



The Church

Capitol

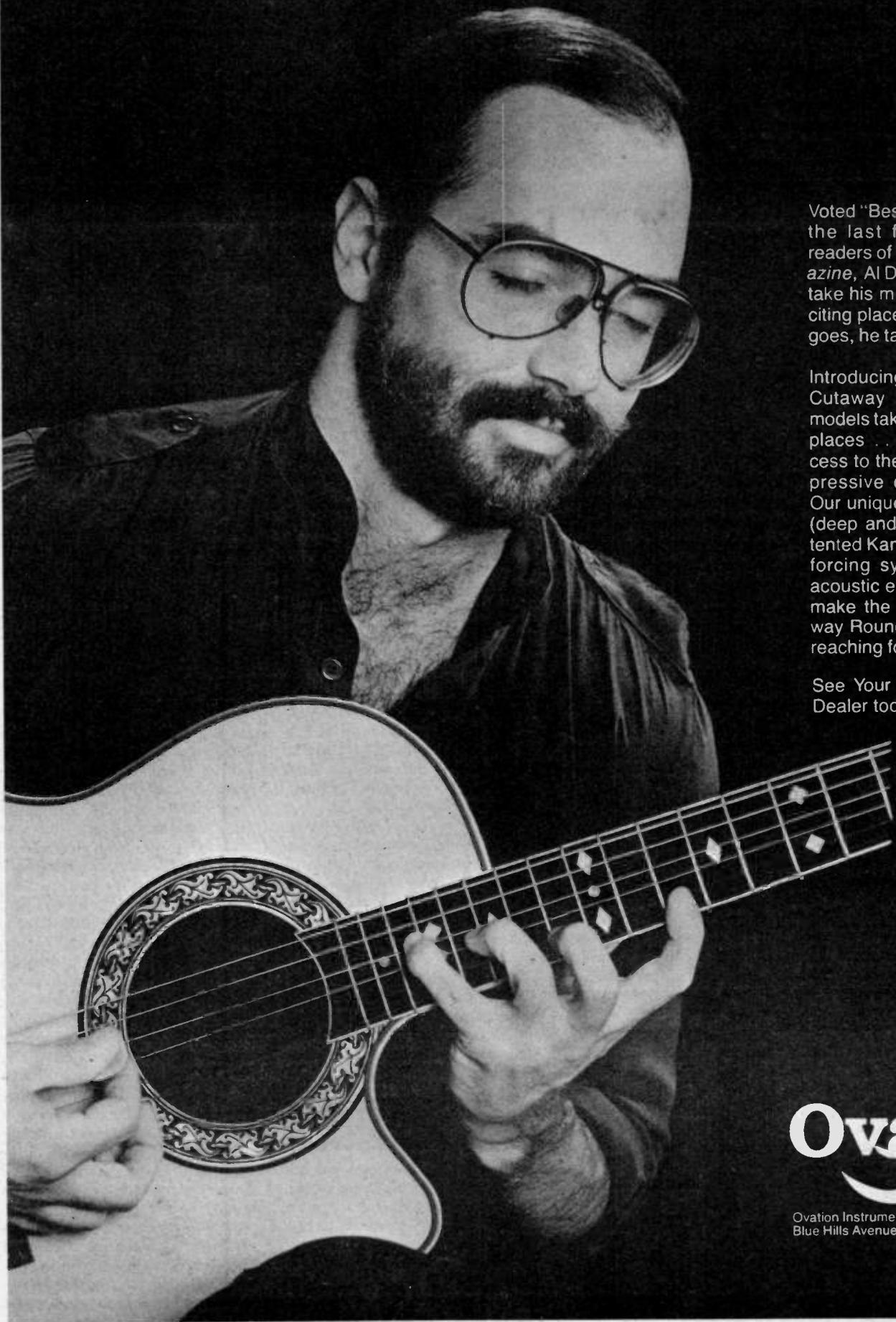
By Mark Mehler

On the first cut of this debut album by a quartet hailing from Sydney, Australia, lead vocalist Steve Kelbey sings, "So hard finding inspiration." You can say that again, Steve. Imagine Peter Noone (as a member of Herman's Hermits) aping Mick Jagger singing a second-rate imitation of "Eleanor Rigby" backed by a Cars-type power pop arrangement. Add a dose of purple poetry ("Comedown, another day, morning streaked/On a perspex screen") and you have just a

things up. The Church lack that light touch, as well as the emotional resonance necessary to carry the weight of the lyrics.

Produced by Chris Gilbey and Bob Clearmountain (who has worked with the Stones, Chic and Springsteen, among others), *The Church* does not punch it out with the elan of the Knack or the mindless fury of AC/DC. The record is more like an unbeliever's umpteenth attendance at Mass.

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Musical Instruments

1982 NAMM Report: The Party's Over

By Chip Stern

ANAHEIM, Ca.—If the recent gathering of the National Association of Music Merchants (NAMM) at the Anaheim Convention Center could be said to have a theme it would have to be "The Party's Over." NAMM officials point out that attendance was up 3000 from the year before, and that exhibition space was completely booked, rising from 10,000 to 126,000 square feet. Nevertheless, exhibition spaces were significantly smaller. Out on the convention floor the saved preached to the saved, while retailers and the merely curious seemed notable for their absence. Clearly, the baby-boom/Beatles explosion of new musicians has peaked, and the market is contracting more and more every year.

And what is the music industry's response to the ever-increasing number of chiefs and the dearth of Indians?

Ambivalence at best. Most disturbing was the industry's lack of a coherent plan to build and evolve the existing market, said to number 60,000,000 in the U.S.A., from studio and performing pros, to bedroom Beethovens and school program musicians. If those numbers are to be believed, then the amateur and professional market for new products is fantastic. You've also got to consider the shift from *passive* to *active* forms of entertainment, clearly evidenced by the rise of video games and dance-oriented musics. That, plus the market's demand for player-oriented and/or cost-effective instruments spells doom for the "Me-Too" companies: those who are imitative and unoriginal, who think in terms of nothing but knock-offs and gimmicks, and whose idea of long-term, creative promotion and marketing is to parade an assortment of techno-sluts around the convention floor, surreal Valkyries in crotch-hugging Danskins with protruding nipples. Let's get real!

While there is certainly no lack of innovative, forward-looking merchandise—in both the lower and upper reaches of the price point—the problem is simply too few buyers chasing after too much product.

How to confront this problem? Retailer Jerry Ash has called once again, in a letter to *The Music Trades*, and an open letter to the industry at large, for some sort of new trade group to pool resources—a la the Milk Council or the Citrus Growers—so that the music industry could organize to reach the public with a campaign designed to get people playing *combo* instruments, and to keep them playing.

"I'm not advocating that schools drop band and orchestra programs," Ash writes, "but that a large proportion of the time be allotted to rock music and rock-and-roll-type instruments (my italics). Every band member should play a rock instrument, too. Aside from generating greater enthusiasm among the players, it will have another benefit: people who play guitar and keyboard instruments play all their lives; they do not need the help of others to generally make satisfying music. By contrast, we all know that the vast majority of horn players play their last note at their high school graduation . . . Please don't think that I am against classical music or jazz music . . . I am only



The saved preaching to the saved

advocating the addition of rock music so that children could see music as a continuum—it's *all* music."

Now that's a tall order, given the disdain and outright hostility for rock—and all American musics—by the music education establishment, who still genuflect wildly in the direction of Europe. Also consider the lack of cooperation among competitors; the arch conservatism of television and radio (musical continuums, anybody?); the popular misperception of music as a passive entertainment, rather than a participatory discipline (and party); the lack of vision among musical instrument and record companies, who steadfastly refuse to acknowledge the cost-effective natural crossover of co-op advertising; and the rather anachronistic role of NAMM itself, which seems as relevant to contemporary musicians as Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians.

Probably the most impressive all-around company on the floor at NAMM was **YAMAHA**. Now approaching their 100th year in the business, Yamaha is the only MI organization I can think of that has the conceptual imagination (and the financial resources) to fully equip a modern rock combo with keyboards, guitars, drums, amps, horns & woodwinds, signal processors, speakers and sound reinforcement gear without any compromises in quality—period. Yamaha listens to input from musicians, and this is reflected in the design and performance of nearly everything they make, from the highest to the lowest price points. Take their newly introduced digital synthesizers, the *GS1* and the *GS2*. Both allow for full application of piano techniques, with a "Voice Library" system of magnetic strips upon which Yamaha has digitally encoded a variety of beautiful voicings. With these digital keyboards Yamaha is betting that musicians want the full range of synthesizer sounds, touch sensitivity and programmability, but aren't necessarily into setting up their own patches. On the other end of the price spectrum, Yamaha's introduction of the *Producer Series*—miniaturized, high-performance portable sound components, that should have a profound impact on both the amateur and professional market.

So who, if anybody can compete with Yamaha's Californian Combo Division? Well, **CBS MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS** has arisen from a deep sleep and appears ready to compete with some gusto. The companies under the CBS umbrella—including *Fender*, *Rogers Drums*, *Rhodes Electric Pianos* (and now, the cream of the late, lamented *ARP* line)—helped invent rock and roll's past, and may just have as significant an impact on its future. In gearing up for the coming California range war, CBS has hired away several of Yamaha's key personnel; they've also hooked up with Paul



From top to bottom: The Yamaha Producer Series, professional quality micro-combos (monophonic synthesizer, headphone amp, mixer and headphones); The Alpha Syntauri digital synthesizer/Apple Computer interface; the Casiotone 1000P—a poor man's Prophet—one of the first fully professional electronic instruments from Casio.

Rivera, a brilliant amplifier designer whose creations include the *Pig-nose Crossmix* and the *Yamaha G-100*, two of the finest solid-state combo amps of the past few years. The scenario will hopefully read like this: give these creative people enough flexibility and real musician input to do some serious research and development, and let them redefine the entire product line. This would mean loving recreations of the vintage *Telecasters*, *Stratocasters*, *Precision & Jazz Basses*; new amplifiers with that Fender spirit; *Rhodes* pianos with all the most demanded performance modifications; and synthesizers that can stand on their own in the post-Sequential Circuits/Oberheim age.

Guitars

A few interesting developments in the middle to high end of the price scale, but the real action in guitars nowadays is coming in the very lowest price points, led by companies like **PEAVEY**, **HO-SHINO**, **ARIA** and **INTERNATIONAL MUSIC CORP.** of Fort Worth, Texas, who import a vast array of interesting guitars, like the

Keyboards & Synthesizers

This is where the action's at in the 1980s. As these new technologies and their applications become more commonplace and comprehensible, we are going to see an astonishing array of new instruments and musical styles, too, because keyboardists are really the only members of the modern combo that haven't been liberated from traditional sounds and functions—keyboardists can pretty much define their own turf in the next few years (if only they all had Joe Zawinul's taste). The shape of things to come isn't going to necessarily cost your first-born child, either. **CASIO**, perhaps best known for their home-entertainment type keyboards, has been making inroads into the professional market, and at a suggested list of \$699.00, the *Casiotone 1000P* looks to be incredibly versatile for the money, a sort of poor man's *Prophet*, with all manner of presets, voicings, layerings and waveform possibilities—pretty scary. Space prohibits too much detail, but the general trend is towards more functions and performance at ever-diminishing prices. **ROLAND** just introduced the *Juno*, a 6-voice polyphonic (no memory) synthesizer with a list price of around \$1295, while **KORG** was showing the *PS-6 Polysix*, a 6-voice with 32 program memory and programmable modulation functions, for under \$2000. Moving on to pianos, **YAMAHA** has introduced the new *CP35 electronic piano*, a two-channel, stereo instrument with a weighted, velocity sensitive keyboard (73 keys), and a wide variety of waveforms and voicings for \$2100. The people at **MOOG** have introduced the 6-voice *Memorymoog* at a list of \$4195, with 3 oscillators per voice, memory (40 programs, although the floor model at NAMM was up to 75), program chains (for performance simplicity) and more. At \$6495, the *Jupiter 8* by **ROLAND** is among the most loaded synthesizers currently on the market, with full 8-voice capabilities and 64 programs, and the kinds of features that inspire competition. **SEQUENTIAL CIRCUITS** and **OBERHEIM** are expanding on the programming capabilities and other functions of their proven instruments, the *Prophet 5* and *OBX* synthesizers. And Sequential is upping the ante for what synthesizers will be, with their *Prophet-T8*, due to be marketed later this year: an eight-voice with 128 program memory, split keyboard modes, layering, pressure and velocity sensitivity . . . all singing, all dancing for between \$6000 and \$7000. Whew . . . oh, er, let's see, there's this west coast company called **SYNTAURI** with another level of digital synthesizer, a performing (and educational) system called the

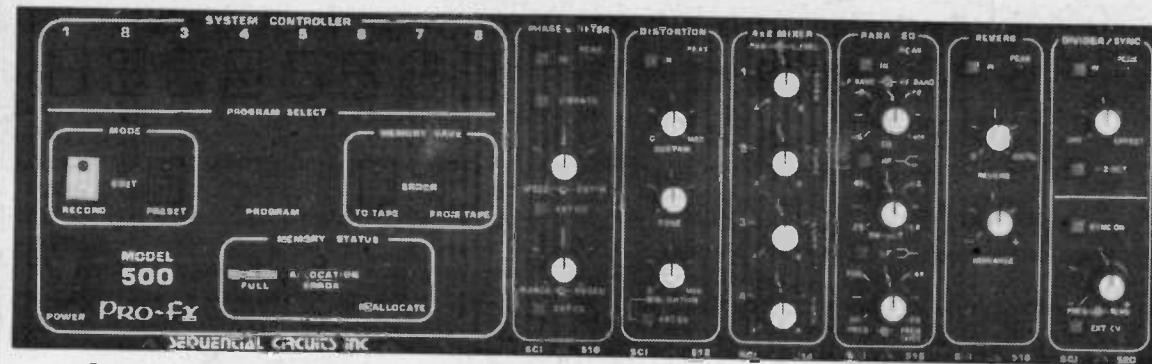
Alpha Syntauri. The Alpha interfaces with an *Apple II* computer, allowing you to do things like draw your own waveforms (other than the usual sawtooth, triangle vintage), and interface with sounds design software and new modular features as they become available. All this and a velocity sensitive keyboard for as little as \$3500. Like I said, synthesizers are where the action is.

Signal Processors

Several established companies are going nose to nose with an ultra-refined new generation of pedals designed for greater flexibility, quieter operation and long battery life, including the new *Performance 500* series by DOD, the *Commande* series by MXR and similar products by IBANEZ (HOSHINO) and BOSS (ROLAND). Nevertheless, the market is saturated, and despite the obvious quality and appeal of these effects units the trend is clearly towards pedalboards, rack mounts and programming, as the memory banks now commonplace in synthesizers. **SEQUENTIAL CIRCUITS** should be ready to market their *Model 500 Pro-FX* (Programmable Effects) in the spring, a modular design, allowing for six onboard effects and the addition of 30 more mounted in expansion chassis. At present Sequential offers a phase shifter, 4×2 mixer, parametric EQ, reverb, sync/transpose and a delay/chorus/flanger. Effects may be mixed and stored in memory, with a total of 64 effects patches available for instant recall. But then **ROLAND**, who led the way in rack mounted signal processors like the Vocoder (and who turn out innovative new products about two years ahead of their ability to educate the public to its use), just introduced the *Boss SCC700 Sound Control Center*; for around \$700 this unit allows you to patch together combinations of every company's effects, with 16-voice memory.

Drums & Percussion

Probably the most exciting development of the entire NAMM show came from **REMO**, inventors of the mylar plastic drum head. The *Remo Pre-Tuned Series (PTS)* incorporates a new technology in which the mylar plastic film is mounted on hoops and shrunk to achieve tensioning, after which it never needs tuning. These "membranous" percussion instruments aren't so much drum heads as they are drums in search of a shell. In other words, the PTS heads have their own tone and resonance, available in either bright, mellow or dark tonalities; they are perfectly in tune, without any unpleasant harmonics or overtones, a rich, centered sound that suggests (to me, anyway) the warmth of calf-skin heads. Remo refers to this process as evolutionary, but I have no hesitations in calling it revolutionary, because it brings *true drum sounds*—superb drum sounds—down to the level of toy, educational and amateur percussion. Remo is introducing a whole line of inexpensive drums to the market, the highlight of which is a five-piece kit, with hardware (the tom-tom mount could be improved) for only \$390.00 list! This means that beginners and amateurs can enjoy a professional sound at a rock-bottom price—which means that more people than ever before can afford to play drums. The PTS heads are latched onto shells formed from compressed paper and phenolic materials, and all you have to do is listen to the quality of the bass drum and floor tom sounds (drummers get grey hairs trying to tune them properly) to understand why the PTS series is going to shake up the entire percussion industry. Among professional drum kit manufacturers, **PEARL** has made the most significant progress. Pearl's drum systems are probably the most sensible in the whole industry, with sturdy hardware and mountings that won't break your back in the trap case; plus a new line of drums called *Extender*, where the



Sequential Circuits' Model 500 Pro-FX: A modular design, allowing for six onboard effects and 64 pre-set patches.

batter head actually reaches about an inch past the diameter of the shell. As Pearl points out, the extended collar principle is the basis of modern tympani design, and what it imparts to trap drums (especially single headed drums) is a deep, wet sound, with excellent tuning stability and the kind of head tension and stick rebound that was previously only available in jazz-style tunings. Pearl has also brought on drum engineer Al Duffy (inventor of the popular chain pedal) for research and development, which should add up to some very fine snare drums and kits in the near future. **AVEDIS ZILDJIAN**, a plant expansion now completed, has introduced *China Boy* cymbals and re-introduced the classic *K.*

Zildjian cymbals—dark, distinctive sounds, hand-hammered to bring out a very musical pitch. Interesting footnote here: Robert Zildjian has parted company with the family business, and is going to be introducing a new line of cymbals out of Canada, tentatively scheduled for 1983, with the brand name **SABIAN**. Look for some creative competition between Sabian, Avedis Zildjian and **PAISTE**.

Pro Sound/Recording/Amps

If rock and roll is here to stay, so is **CELESTION**, the musical instrument that helped define the

sounds of the '60s in amps like the **VOX Super Beetle** and the awesome **MARSHALL** stacks of Hendrix, Clapton and company. Now that the Pro and Consumer divisions of **Celestion** have been centralized in Holliston, Mass., these distinctive speakers are readily available—and this is certainly one of the most cost-effective ways to upgrade any existing amplifier. Although tube amplifiers continue to be popular, in everything from the **MESA BOOGIE** to **PEAVEY**'s classy *Heritage VTX*, the real action these days is in solid state design, where engineers search for the perfect combination of weight, portability, performance and (ahem) that "tube" sound. The much underrated *Lab Series* amplifiers by **GIBSON**

(just ask *Cars*' guitar hero Elliot Easton why he uses them) are a step in the right direction, enabling guitarists to tune in just the right amounts of pleasing harmonic distortion in selected frequency ranges. Meanwhile, companies like **AUDIO ENVELOPES SYSTEMS** have developed a new solid-state pre-amp designed to produce a tube-type sound. One day soon, someone is going to develop the solid-state amp, and tube amps might quickly become irrelevant (mmmm . . . maybe). In sound reinforcement the trend is towards compact, self-powered mixers, with companies like **ELECTROVOICE**, Peavey, **SUNN**, **KUSTOM** and Yamaha leading the way. In the recording area there is a welcome trend towards "Grow Your Own" home recording set-ups, with **FOSTEX**'s 8-tracks on $\frac{1}{4}$ " tape leading the way. Meanwhile, **TEAC** has just come out with a new *Portastudio* cassette configuration where you can record four tracks simultaneously. Competition in the "Home Studio" area is very encouraging, and should mean lower prices and more valuable features for consumers. And with Teac and Fostex pioneering the market, can **SONY** and the other big boys be far behind? Stay tuned to these stations.

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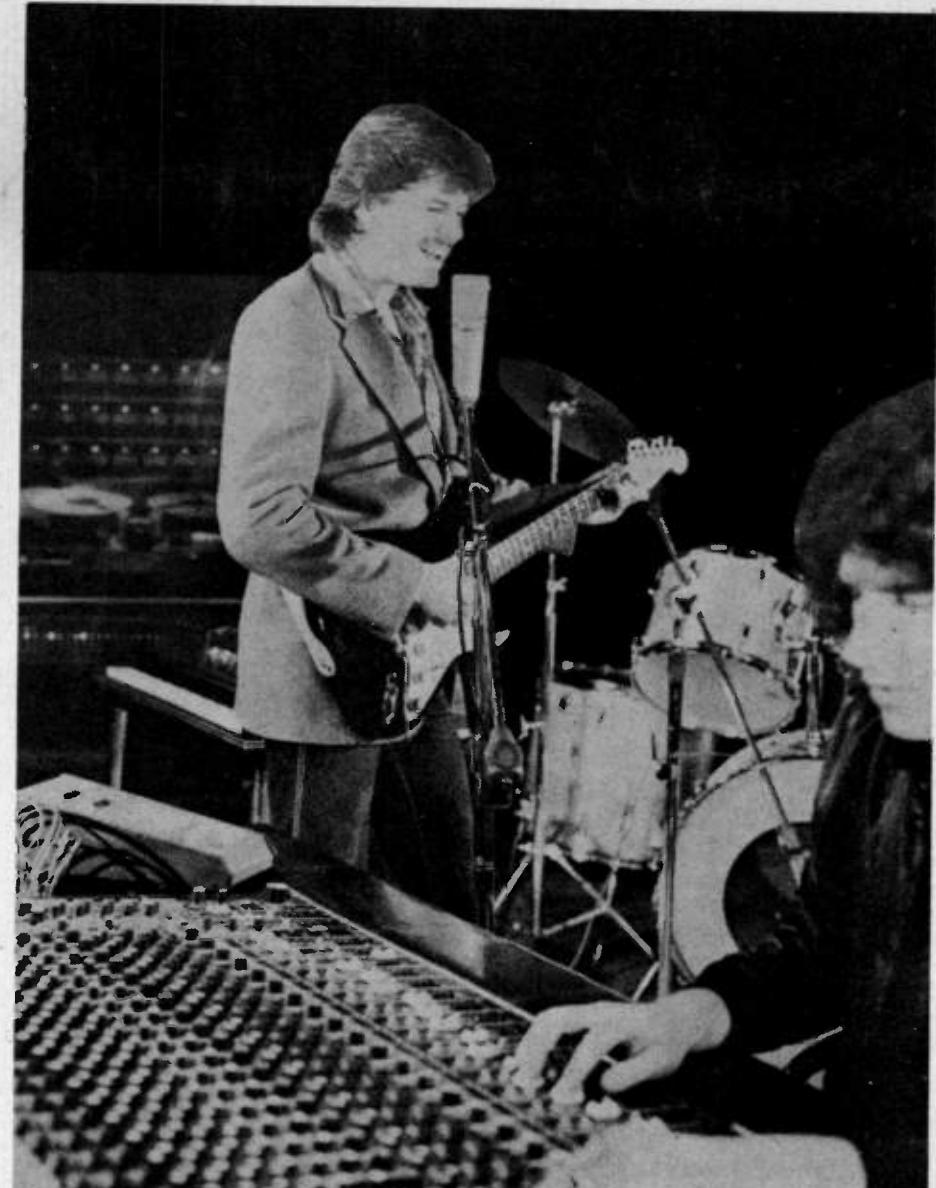
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TV & Video Calendar

Date Show / Time / Station

3/24 Skatetown U.S.A. (1981)
An upbeat comedy about a roller disco contest. Starring Scott Baio of *Happy Days* fame. Of interest mainly for some terrific music by the Jacksons. 10:00 AM/Movie Channel (also 3/27, 3/28)

3/24 American Pop (1981)
Animated. The story of four generations of an American family and the music of their times—everything from vaudeville to new wave. Soundtrack features George Gershwin, Pat Benatar, The Doors, Bob Seger and others. Directed by Ralph Bakshi (*Fritz The Cat*, *Heavy Traffic*, *Lord of the Rings*). 2:00 AM/Movie Channel (also 3/25, 3/28, 3/29, 4/4, 4/6, 4/7, 4/11, 4/12)

3/25 Roadie (1980)
Starring Meat Loaf, Art Carney, Featur-Blondie, Alice Cooper, Roy Orbison. Loaf plays a Texas mechanic who signs on as a rock band's roadie. Fairly boring comedy, but nice scenery. Soundtrack features Cheap Trick, Jerry Lee Lewis, Pat Benatar and others. Orbison and Emmylou Harris check in with a beautiful duet, "That Lovin' You Feelin' Again." 5:00 AM/Movie Channel (also 3/26)

3/27 Honeysuckle Rose (1980)
Good cast and score turn this hokey story into fun film fare. Willie Nelson, Dyan Cannon, Amy Irving and Slim Pickens star in the occasionally moving tale of a Texas country singer's struggle to keep body and soul intact in the face of stardom. 12:30 PM/Movie Channel (also 3/29, 3/30)

3/29 The Blues Brothers (1981)
If you sift through the rubbish that is

the merry antics of Blues Brothers John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd, you'll find some good performances by soul greats James Brown, Cab Calloway, Ray Charles and Aretha Franklin. Strictly for patient viewers, though. 2:30 AM/Movie Channel (also 3/30), airs on HBO, 4/9, 8:30 PM

3/30 Caveman (1981)
An unusual comedy—there's no dialogue—set in prehistoric times. Ringo Starr leads the Misfit Tribe through music and mayhem as he discovers fire, tools and rock 'n' roll. Co-stars Barbara



The Doors Are Open

Erratic but interesting documentary of the Doors rehearsing in an empty concert hall and being interviewed traveling to and from the venue. Lots of good music. *Night Flight*, 2:00 AM, April 3, USA Network

Bach and pro footballer John Matuszak 2:30 AM, 4:30 PM/Movie Channel

4/2 Fame (1980)
Director Alan Parker's acclaimed fictional account of four years in the life of a group of students at the New York High School for the Performing Arts. Lesley Gore, her brother Michael, and Dean Pitchford wrote the music. Irene Cara, as everyone must know by now, sings the title song. 9:00 PM, 2:35 AM/Cinemax (C)

4/2 Welcome To My Nightmare (1975)
Part of it's shot live on Alice Cooper's British tour, part of it's staged in a studio, all of it's 16 millimeter blown up to blurry 35 millimeter. Good material, but Cooper's band and stick had lost much of its edge by this time. 4:30 AM/USA Network (C)



Jimi Plays Berkeley

The Experience in concert in 1970. The extra-musical commentary is cumbersome, but the musical numbers, especially "Johnny B. Goode," are well-done. *Night Flight*, 2:00 AM, April 16, USA Network

4/2 STEVIE NICKS IN CONCERT

An hour-long special featuring the Fleetwood Mac vocalist performing songs from her solo album, *Bella Donna*, and from the Fleetwood Mac repertoire. 2:00 PM, 4:35 AM/HBO

4/3 SRO: SIMON AND GARFUNKEL—THE CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK

A superior effort all the way around. Simon and Garfunkel are in top form on their classics. Simon's solo material and Garfunkel's "A Heart In New York City." The simplicity of Michael Lindsey-Hogg's direction captures all the emotions that made this concert an Event. 4:00 PM/HBO

4/3 Xanadu (1980)
A high-tech rock musical with a script as dumb as the direction, staging and

Rust Never Sleeps

Neil Young filmed in concert in San Francisco during his 1978 tour. Surrealistic effects are distracting, but Young's performances are first-rate. *Night Flight*, 11:00 PM, April 24, USA Network

editing are intelligent. Olivia Newton-John plays a goddess in a Venice, California wall mural who springs to life and lends a helping hand to a young painter (played by Michael Beck) and an aging dancer (played by Gene Kelly), who are trying to open a roller disco. Music is by Newton-John, Cliff Richard, the Electric Light Orchestra ("All Over The World")—even the Tubes show up in a night club production number, "Dancin'." 2:00 AM/Movie Channel (also 3/25, 3/28, 3/29, 4/4, 4/6, 4/7, 4/11, 4/12)

4/3 NIGHT FLIGHT

The Doors Are Open (1968) A bizarre documentary shot in black and white featuring the Doors performing in an empty auditorium and being interviewed as they travel to and from the gig. The film has political overtones, as you would expect given the temper of the times when it was shot, but it's mostly hippie claptrap. Lots of good music. Other features include *Blues From Harlem*, *New Wave Theater*, and a profile of bluesman Gatemouth Brown. 2:00 AM/USA Network (C)

4/5 One Trick Pony (1980)

Paul Simon plays a fading rock musician who tries to rekindle his career, only to have his marriage fall apart. So-so script (by Simon), but some good acting (by Simon and co-star Blair Brown in particular) almost redeems the film. Lou Reed is featured as a record producer. In addition to Simon's own music, there are appearances by the B-52's ("Rock Lobster"), Sam and Dave ("Soul Man") and the original Lovin' Spoonful ("Do You Believe In Magic"). 9:00 PM/Cinemax

4/6 No Nukes (1980)
Documentary filmed at the pro-solar, anti-nuclear benefit at Madison Square Garden. Good or bad, depending upon your tolerance for the likes of John Hall; Crosby, Stills and Nash; the Doobie Brothers; Bonnie Raitt; Carly Simon; James Taylor; Jackson Browne; and Neil Young. Bruce Springsteen brings some much-needed life to the screen with "Devil With The Blue Dress On." 5:30 PM, 4:30 AM/Cinemax (C)

4/8 Xanadu (1980)
See review above. 10:00 PM/Showtime

4/7 Lady Sings The Blues (1972)
In the grand Hollywood tradition, an account of Billie Holiday's life that has little to do with the actual facts of her career. Nevertheless, Diana Ross is splendid in her film debut, and Billy Dee Williams gives a moving performance as the man who loved Holiday. 1:25 AM/HBO

4/9 The Day The Music Died (1977)
A bastardized version of an earlier movie entitled *Free*. Originally a concert film of the 1970 Randall's Island music festival, director Bert Tenzer has spliced together footage from that event—performances by Jimi Hendrix, Mountain, Van Morrison, Steppenwolf and Dr. John—and intercut bits and pieces of performances and newscasts of the Beatles, Marvin Gaye, Gary U.S. Bonds and the Playboys, Johnny Rivers, Rhinoceros, Dionne Warwick, Jan and Dean, Otis Redding, Herman's Hermits and others. Very strange. 2:00 AM/USA Network (C)

4/9 ABBA: The Movie (1977)
A documentary of ABBA's 1977 Australian tour. Attempts to become Art by incorporating a fictional subplot involving a reporter who's trying to secure an interview with the band. Includes many of ABBA's pop classics, including "SOS" and "Dancing Queen." Rarely seen in the U.S. 9:00 AM, 4:00 PM/Cinemax

4/10 NIGHT FLIGHT
Feature: Cheap Trick, the Who, Bay City Rollers, *New Wave Theatre* 11:00 PM/USA Network (C)

4/10 Fillmore (1972)
A rockumentary filmed shortly before the closing of San Francisco's Fillmore West. Bill Graham is seen on occasion reminiscing about heyday of the Bay Area music scene. Music by the Grateful Dead, It's A Beautiful Day, Jefferson Airplane, Santana, Hot Tuna, Cold Blood, Boz Scaggs, Elvin Bishop, New Riders, Stoneground, Quicksilver Messenger Service and Tower of Power. 10:00 PM/Cinemax

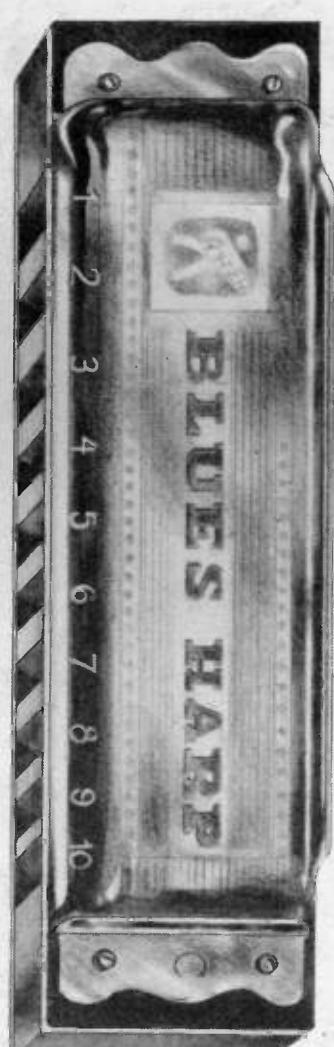
4/16 NIGHT FLIGHT
Jimi Plays Berkeley (1971) Once you get past the extramusical commentary (footage of anti-Vietnam War rallies, interviews with hippies and politicos), this documentary of the Experience in concert in 1970 becomes a compelling concert film. Get a load of Hendrix playing "Johnny B. Goode." Excellent photography. 2:00 AM/USA Network (C)

4/17 NIGHT FLIGHT
Lenny Bruce Without Tears: a performance film which includes segments of Bruce on the *Steve Allen Show*, and being interviewed by Nat Hentoff. *Rainbow*: Ritchie Blackmore's sludge-mongers in concert. 11:00 PM/USA Network (C)

4/18 SRO: 25 YEARS OF JERRY LEE—A CELEBRATION
The Killer is honored in music and in words (including his own). 8:00 PM/Home Box Office (C)

4/24 NIGHT FLIGHT
Rust Never Sleeps (1979): A concert film shot in San Francisco during Neil Young's 1978 tour. Some powerful musical performances are undercut, though, by Young's attempt at surrealistic effects (oversize props and roadies with glowing red eyes running around in monk's garb). Incorporates footage from *Woodstock*, most notably, Hendrix playing "The Star Spangled Banner," Donny Hathaway and Roberta Flack in Concert: a splendid performance film of the late singer-composer-arranger in concert with Roberta Flack. 11:00 PM/USA Network (C)

4/28 The Man Who Fell To Earth (1976)
Nicolas Roeg's ponderous adaptation of Walter Tevis's novel about a visitor from a drought-stricken planet (played by Bowie) who comes to Earth and sets up an international electronics corporation to finance aid for his own planet. Of course, the system gobbles him up post-haste. Bowie gives it the old college try, but the script has no depth. Original music is provided by Papa John Phillips and Stomu Yamashita. 9:00 PM/Cinemax (C)



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FACES & PLACES: George Harrison Honored...Mom



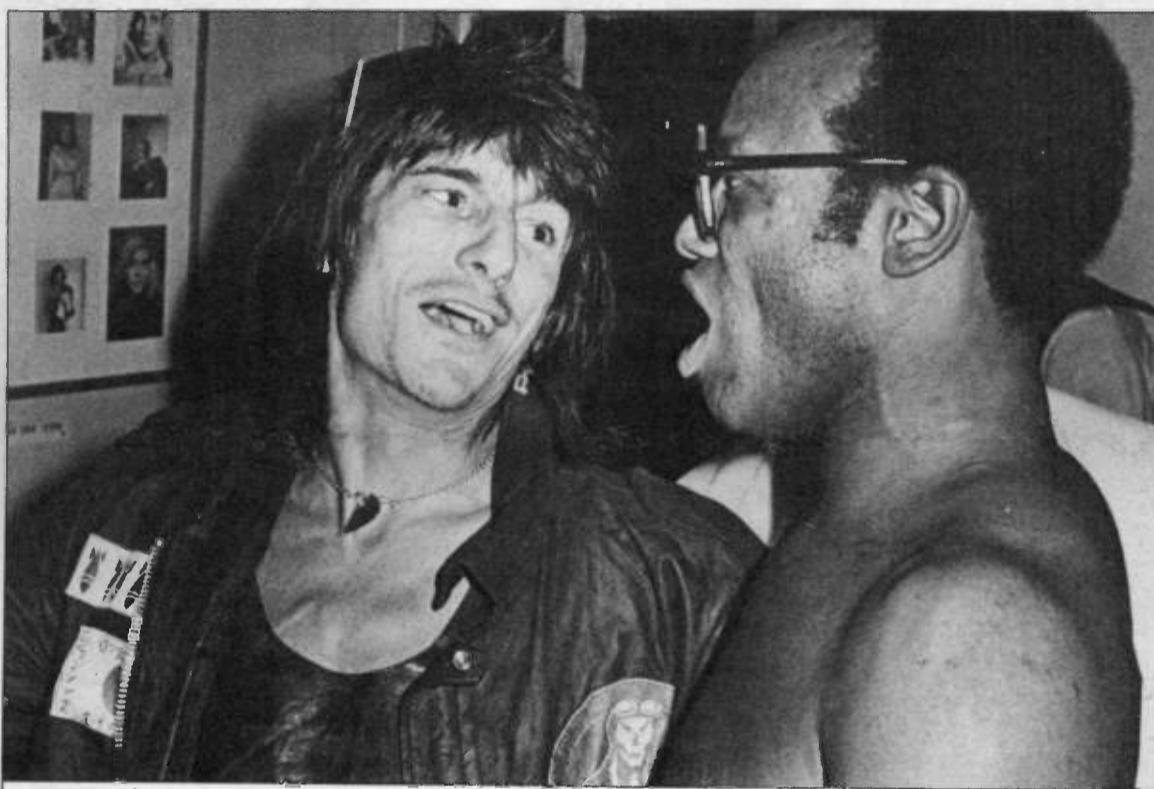
So That's Where The Money Went

Hugh Downs (right) presents George Harrison with a citation recognizing his efforts in aiding the plight of children in underprivileged countries. Downs is chairman of the U.S. Committee for UNICEF. Harrison's efforts were acknowledged at a time when funds generated by the Concert for Bangladesh, the album and film sales, all for the benefit of UNICEF, have topped the \$10 million mark. Harrison thanked Ravi Shankar "and all the artists who participated in the concert, and to everybody who bought the album, and went to the show, or saw the film . . . 'cause it all helped."



Daughter Of The King

These particular bedroom eyes and this particular haughty smirk must belong to someone who's kin to Elvis Presley. And so they do. 13-year-old Lisa Marie Presley, Elvis's only child, was photographed outside the posh Joanna restaurant in New York City, where she was dining with her mother, Priscilla Presley.



Glad You Didn't Dress For The Occasion

Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood flexes his vocal chords backstage with Bobby Womack prior to the latter's concert appearance at the Ritz in New York. Wood flew in from the west coast to join his hero onstage for two numbers, and later revealed plans to record an album with Womack.



It Can't Be That Bad!

Having had his material covered by the Neville Brothers, Rick Nelson, Dave Edmunds and Ry Cooder (in the film *The Border*), John Hiatt (left) is trying once again to make it on his own. He's now signed with Geffen Records and has an album, *All Of A Sudden*, set for release this spring. Hiatt's shown here demonstrating for producer Tony Visconti the (unjustified) response radio stations have had to his previous solo albums, *Slug Line* and *Two Bit Monsters*.

Pop and Peter Wolf...Joni Mitchell Surfaces...Solo Arlo



PHOTO: SHERRY RAYN BARNETT

How Can You Afford That On Your Salary?

Joni Mitchell (right) watches as Eric Anderson tries out a new guitar—one he hopes won't automatically play "Thirsty Roots." No such luck, though, as the song has proven as difficult to get rid of as a bad smell. Mitchell joined Anderson onstage at McCabe's in Los Angeles for a rendition of "Blue River." In 1972 she was a background vocalist on the original recording of the song.

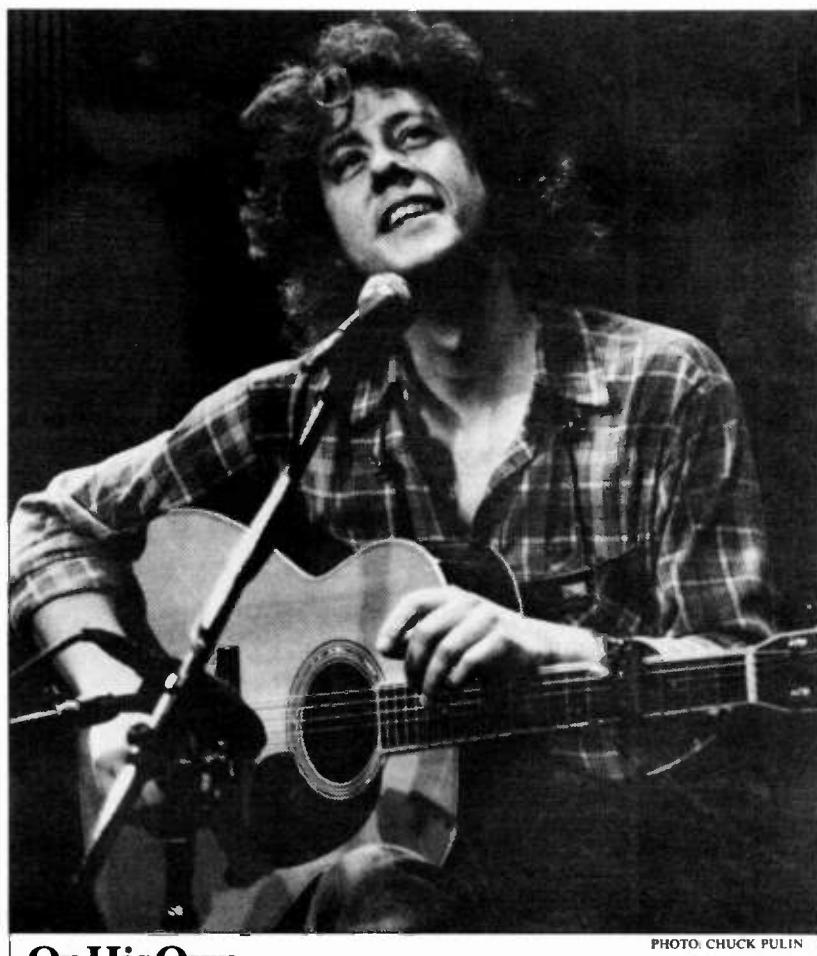


PHOTO: CHUCK PULIN

On His Own

Prior to the release of his second live album with Pete Seeger, Arlo Guthrie played a series of solo acoustic dates. One of the stops was at New York's Bottom Line, where Arlo is shown explaining to a standing-room only crowd the telltale signs of agent (as in CIA) tendencies in small children. The details are too bizarre to be revealed.



PHOTO: DAVID McGOUGH/DMI

Tom and Pop Wolf

The J. Geils Band celebrated a sold-out show at New York's Madison Square Garden with a party at the commissary restaurant. Among those toasting the band's number one album, *Freeze Frame*, and chart-topping single, "Centerfold," were Peter Wolf's parents.



PHOTO: LAURIE PALLADINO/TOPLY

All About A Drum

The story here is not Rick Derringer (left) or Cheap Trick's Tom Peterson (right), but the man in the middle and that big round instrument with the word "Carmine" imprinted on it. In the immortal words of Rod Stewart: "Never trust a drummer who's got his name on the bass drum. Carmine . . . hit everything in sight, including my head some nights."



PHOTO: CHUCK PULIN

Old Habits Die Hard

now-hefty David Bromberg, who retired from music last year to become a fiddle-maker in Chicago, turned to the active list—and to New York—for one night in February to headline the Bottom Line's eighth anniversary show. In addition to Phoebe Snow, one of Bromberg's special guests for the evening was John Sebastian (left), who accompanied Bromberg on harmonica for a few numbers. Sebastian recently co-produced Rory Bloch's *High Heeled Shoes* album on Rounder Records.

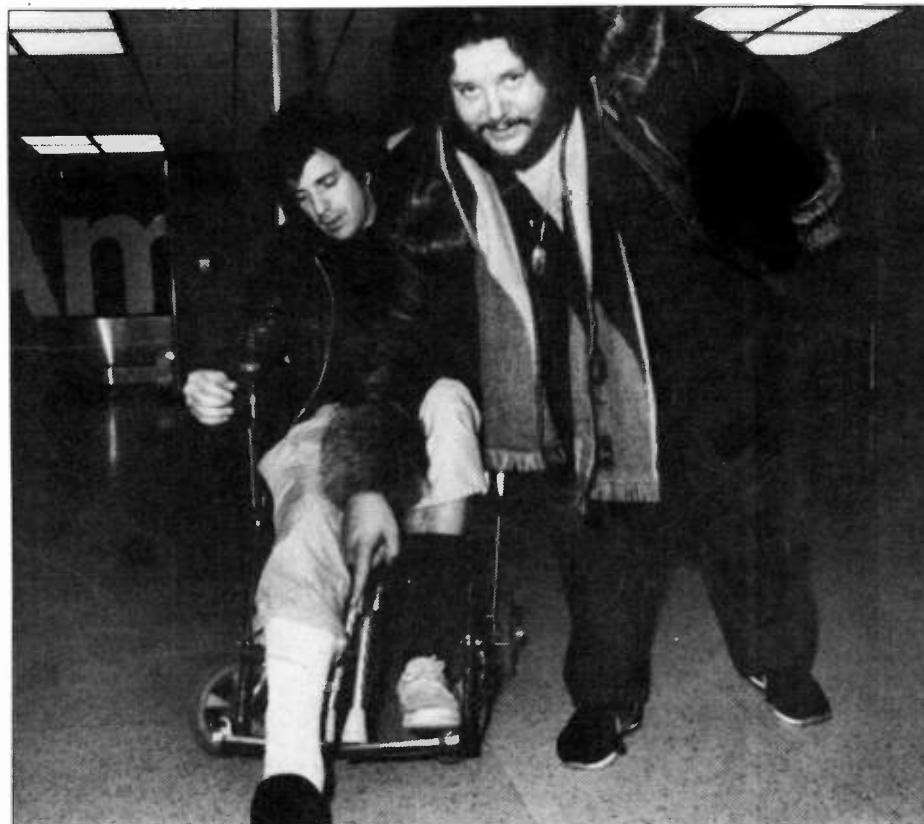


PHOTO: CHUCK PULIN

The Wimp & The Blimp

The new Mountain may never crack the top 100, but drummer Corky Laing (left, in wheelchair) succeeded in busting his ankle in three places as a result of an "agony of defeat" leap over his drum kit. To his right is guitarist Leslie West in a rare pose—bending over.