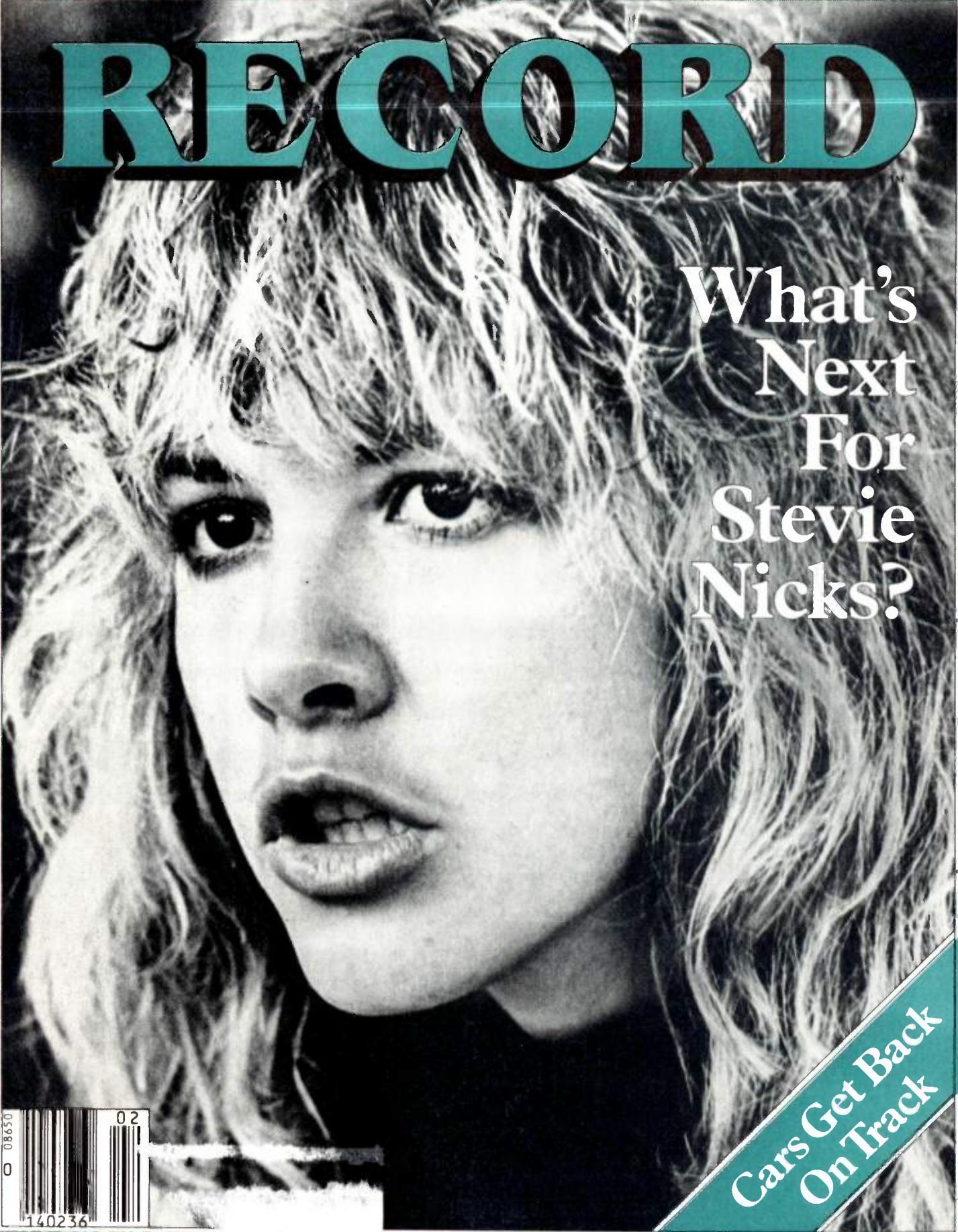


RECORD

A black and white close-up portrait of Stevie Nicks. She has long, dark, wavy hair that frames her face. Her gaze is directed slightly off-camera to the left. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of her hair and the contours of her face.

What's
Next
For
Stevie
Nicks?

Cars Get Back
On Track



Top Chart Action

FOREIGNER

4

Top Of The Chart

Now entering its tenth week as the number one album, Foreigner's *4* justifies the band's feeling of being on the verge of new musical triumphs. Following a stormy year which saw the departure of long-time members Ian McDonald and Al Greenwood, Foreigner was recast as a quartet: founders Mick Jones and Lou Gramm, plus drummer Dennis Elliott and bass player Rick Wills.

"We've paid a price and it's left us shattered in some ways," says Gramm. "But as a quartet we've finally got room to stretch out, and we're trying to make the most of it. There's more spontaneity now, more of a feeling of a band."

For Jones, whose vision Foreigner was and is, the breakup meant a clearer definition of the band's purpose. "What I want," he says, "is for Foreigner to continue to reflect the sense of adventure I've had in rock 'n' roll. As long as I don't take success too seriously, it's gonna be alright."



AC/DC



FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK

Top New Entry

That AC/DC's *For Those About To Rock We Salute You* is this month's highest-charted new release pales in significance to the giant strides the band has made in the recording studio. Producer Robert John "Mutt" Lange has fashioned what was once a dense sonic boom into a clean, crisp sound of awesome—some even say frightening—intensity; one which heightens the fierce drive of Malcolm and Angus Young's guitars while retaining the rough edges that add tension to AC/DC's music. Vocalist Brian Johnson's LP-long screams and wails represent a yeoman vocal feat that is matched instrumentally by the authoritative thunder of the Cliff Williams-Phil Rudd rhythm section.

What it amounts to is the most intelligently-conceived record the band's ever recorded, but one that doesn't sacrifice the raunchiness on which AC/DC's reputation rests. All in all, a landmark effort in the heavy metal genre.



Quarterflash



Top Debut Album

Seafood Mama's future looked bright. One of the top attractions in the musically-fertile Pacific Northwest, the Portland-based quintet signed last spring with Geffen Records and began sessions for its first album. Then trouble: personality clashes ripped apart the musicians. Founding members Marv Ross and his wife Rindy then enlisted the aid of four musicians from another popular Portland group, Pilot, and returned to producer John Boylan in search of a name. He recalled an Australian folk saying, "a quarter flash and three parts foolish," and Quarterflash was born.

"The album deals with the breakup of friendships, love relationships and the band," says Marv Ross of the lyrical substance at the heart of Quarterflash's coherent melding of complementary pop styles. "A lot of insecurities are going on in everyone's lives right now, and it sure manifests itself in our music."



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RECORD

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TM

Steve Miller:

A Rocker's Exile Ends

By Bruce Meyer

NEW YORK—When, in the spring of 1978, Steve Miller decided to get away from it all and spend some of the money people had been throwing at him during three long years on the road, he didn't know what he was getting into.

He bought a tumbledown farm nestled in a little valley in Oregon; he would try his city-boy hands at tilling the soil. He should have been prepared for what happened. Friends can tell you how Miller's projects always seem to get out of hand.

"I just wanted to move out into the country," he said, sipping coffee to revive after a Concorde flight from Europe, where he'll open a round-the-world tour next May. "Of course, my idea of laying back is not having to do *this* kind of work so I can do *that* kind of work. But that farm just bit me in the ass like a giant alligator."

It's not in Miller's character to do anything halfway, so he spent more than two years rebuilding the farm, from the irrigation system and the roads to the fences and the barns. He learned to drive a tractor (a big Ford he took in trade for the right to use the instrumental track from "Swingtown" in a TV commercial) and plowed his own fields. He baled hundreds of tons of hay for a cattle herd now numbering more than 150 head.

At the same time, Miller supervised construction of a new studio, which eventually grew to include not only the usual control booth and studio rooms, but "a coliseum-size stage, a kitchen, a living room, three bedrooms, a darkroom and on and on."

When it was ready, he summoned the rest of his band and started recording. The first track they laid down, in 1978, was "Baby Wanna Dance," which appears on side one of Miller's new album, *Circle Of Love*. Since then, he and the band have recorded at least 50 songs; enough usable material, he says, for three LPs.

But once the construction work

Continued on page 3



Steve Miller

PHOTO: NEAL PRESTON

Cars '82: A Band Regains Its Touch

By Mark Mehler

NEW YORK—On a brisk fall afternoon in Manhattan, the Cars are in the midst of a grueling round of interviews in support of their new LP, *Shake It Up*. Each Cars album (three others) has been certified platinum, and the early figures on this one indicate it too will gather the record industry's version of pre-

cious metal.

But for the Cars themselves, the deeper satisfaction of their fourth album lies in the critical perception of it as a record ripe with the quirky humor and spirit of adventure of their 1978 debut, with the group's pop roots once again in full flower.

I met with lead singer and song-

writer Ric Ocasek and left-handed guitarist Elliot Easton, both of whom were eager to discuss the story behind *Shake It Up*: the legal maneuverings that had a debilitating effect on the band's momentum; Ocasek's approach to songwriting; and the image problem the Cars

Continued on page 2



New LP, Film Finds Clash On Attack Again

By Jeffrey Peisch

NEW YORK—Last year it was "Sandinista" and El Salvador. This year it's Solidarity and Poland. The Clash, true to their name, remain where the political action is.

The scene is not Gdansk, it is New York City, more specifically Electric Lady Studios, where the Clash have been mining their repertoire for a new album, due for release in March. The rallying song on this one is "Know Your Rights," and if upon first listening it seems difficult to understand, the reason is not Joe Strummer's infamous diction—the song was sung partly in Polish.

The Clash recorded in New York for six weeks before and after Christmas. Strummer says the as-yet-untitled LP will be one record—a partial response to the

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Who in the news: Pete Townshend has a solo album set for release in April, while Roger Daltrey has a greatest hits album—featuring two new songs as well—coming in March (Records in Progress, page 6). In London, meanwhile, John Entwistle is talking about a Who split. As for drummer Kenny Jones, not shown here, he's said to be looking for a gig with more action. (London Calling, page 17).

Cover

Stevie Nicks: Back To Mac

By Michael Goldberg

OAKLAND—The older man in the grey suit who stepped up to the microphone looked like somebody's dad. He was. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced. "Please welcome my daughter, Stevie Nicks." It was an emotional moment for both the father and the daughter. For golden-voiced Stevie Nicks, performing before a near sellout crowd of over 10,000 people at the Oakland Coliseum as a solo artist was the fulfillment of a dream she has harbored for over a decade. "This is the big one for me," Nicks told the audience at the beginning of the concert.

An hour-and-a-half later, after singing most of *Bella Donna* and many of her contributions to the Fleetwood Mac songbook, Nicks was in tears. "You guys . . ." she told her adoring fans, many of whom were holding up lit matches and flaming lighters. "From the very start all I ever wanted to do was play San Francisco and be accepted."

Nicks may not have been playing San Francisco proper, but she was close enough. In the late '60s, she was a student at San Jose State College, while attempting to get a toe-hold in the Bay Area circuit singing in a "psychedelic rock band" called Fritz. "I was really a hippie and I'm still very similar," Nicks says. "I just have nicer hippie things now. My influences were straight out of Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix. For me, in terms of what I was going to

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Cars In Control Again: A Band Returns To Form

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have battled since day one.

Shake It Up is a looser, more upbeat record than you've made in some time. What's happened to make it such a departure from the Cars' second and third albums?

Easton: Well, we were a lot more relaxed this time; the sound is less labored, and I think that's maybe because we were so close to home. You know, we made some business mistakes when we were eager and hungry, and then we had to cope with all that legal insanity. But what made this band successful in the first place is just the five of us getting together in Ric's basement and doing whatever it is we do completely unself-consciously. We can't let ourselves get into a can-we-top-this mentality. We have to keep the sensibility of the little band.

Ocasek: I think the legal problems we've had over the past couple of years may have given *Panorama*, especially, an icy-cold tone. It's tough to maintain your sense of humor when you're spending most of your time shuffling in and out of a courtroom (the Cars have been in lengthy litigation concerning their former management). We've all been worn down emotionally. But that's the part of success I'm leaving behind me.

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Did recording in your own studio (Syncro-Sound in downtown Boston) make any difference?

Ocasek: I think the key to the album's good feeling was the studio. It meant recording every day right at the point of inspiration. The studio's ten minutes away from my house. Instead of hopping on a plane to New York or L.A. and spending a month in a strange hotel, we could record whenever the mood hit. Get up, eat a lazy breakfast, head for the studio, lay down a few tracks, go home for lunch...

Do you feel more comfortable expressing your feelings in the sort of pop-inspired songs on *Shake It Up* and on the first album, or is the material on the second and third albums closer to your heart?

Ocasek: Writing pop songs is a high-intensity thing, but the structure isn't difficult. I think pop's a disposable thing. I never figured out what makes people buy records, what makes great rock 'n' roll. When we sold a lot of records all of a sudden, it took us a long time after to realize we had no idea why. You make records for yourself.

The music may be more whimsical this time, but the group isn't abandoning its visual image: mysterious, indifferent, ultra-cool. You've taken a lot of heat for that. Critics say you rode the new wave coattails without having real rock 'n' roll conviction.

Ocasek: From the beginning we knew there was going to be a backlash. But there's a good reason for the stance we take. One of the things I've always hated about rock is the whole audience-conditioning syndrome. The last thing I'm ever going to do is get on stage and tell my audience to clap along and go "yeah, yeah." I'd feel like a fake, like I was selling some kind of product. So we go way over the other way. Very cool and businesslike onstage. If we get criticized, it's okay.

Easton: It's never been a matter



Elliot Easton: "It's just a record, and it's not gonna change the world."

of cold calculation. It's just a choice we made to look like modern-age eye-candy, very futuristic, concise. The Stones can go on in Philadelphia and make mistakes and be sloppy with the Chuck Berry-ish stuff, and it doesn't matter, they're a great band anyway. It's not for us.

In 1978 you were at the forefront of new wave, and there was hardly a reference to the Cars that wasn't preceded by or didn't include mention of new wave. But now you seem to have carved out a place for the band that's beyond categorization, other than rock 'n' roll.

Ocasek: The other day we were trying to think up album titles, and

someone suggested *New Wave Equals Big Money*. We still have some sense of humor. But really, the new wave thing is kind of sad. It didn't go over. When we were in it back then, it seemed to have a new kind of energy. But they tried too hard to force it down people's throats in this country. Eventually it hung around too long and got very weird. Some good young bands got wrapped up in seeing how cheap and trashy they could be.

Only four albums into your career both of you seem to be grizzled rock veterans. Did the public and critical acclaim for your music in 1978 cause you to lose some intensity or

become blasé?

Easton: Not blasé, but what happens is after awhile your attitude toward the whole thing has to erode into something more linear, analytical. You do lose some of the edge of excitement. Otherwise you're in that studio day after day, and all this immense sound is pouring out around you and you turn to the other people in the band and say, 'Am I crazy or is this the greatest fucking thing since *Sgt. Pepper*?' And, of course, it never is. Maybe you've made a very good record, but it's just a record, and it's not gonna change the world, so you go on. The dream is over.

King Crimson Anew: Farther Up The Road

By Susanne Whatley

LOS ANGELES—When guitar virtuoso Robert Fripp decided to end the life of King Crimson, "that eclectic, forward-looking band of unsettling nature," seven years ago, progressive rock lost an innovative group to its leader's characteristic perfectionism.

"The musical movement of which King Crimson was founding force went tragically off course," Fripp commented recently, "and

Crimson was the only group with the intelligence to withdraw when its usefulness was over."

Presumably the same intelligence was behind Crimson's surprising return from the hereafter last spring to record *Discipline* for Warner Brothers and go on tour headlining major cities in Europe, and U.S. and Japan. Fripp invited former Crimson drummer Bill Bruford to join two new members:

Adrian Belew, guitarist and singer (late of Talking Heads), and Tony Levin, a hot New York sessionist with bass credits on Paul Simon, Peter Gabriel, John Lennon and Yoko Ono recordings. While Fripp maintains he didn't intend his latest project to be a resurrection of the King (the four were heard in Europe as Discipline), plugging back into the goodwill that still lingered didn't seem like a bad idea.

"It's perverse to not use a very convenient tool, which is what the name is," explains Bruford, who gave up a lucrative gig with Yes to join Crimson in 1972. "It's become associated with various musical stands, or philosophies, and that's very useful. People expect weird

stuff from King Crimson."

"If it works, it's out of date" is a groundwork principle suggested by Fripp to keep the band from falling back on old ideas. Bruford says their concert audiences have endorsed the new Crimson: "They understand, very easily, that this isn't simply a reunion, like an old boy's club or the Moody Blues or something. It's part two, farther up the road... now we've changed the color and the context of the band completely."

The new blueprint calls for the guitarists to work one beat out of phase with each other, playing simple repetitive lines in and out of sequence, catching up to create excitement with a subtle change of key. Bruford practices Western drumming-as-timekeeping, bringing the percussion in on several songs as a subliminal melody with thickened African polyrhythms. Belew's guitar will break out with discordant passages and grotesque effects like "Elephant Talk" 's trumpeting jungle beast. Behind the technically stunning weirdness a seductive intelligence invites you in for a closer look.

Though the LP has sold well since its November release, Crimson's very nature as an eddy in the mainstream would seem to refute commercial success. "There's a preconception that works against us, ironically enough, with the name King Crimson," Bruford explains. "We're considered artistic, and that's the kiss of death. If you're artistic then you can't be commercial."

"Whereas, we're only offering something that is really rather attractive, and dead simple, and please come and enjoy the music. It's not in any way difficult listening—the group really isn't quite as cosmic as people make out."



King Crimson, from left: Tony Levin, Adrian Belew, Bill Bruford, Robert Fripp

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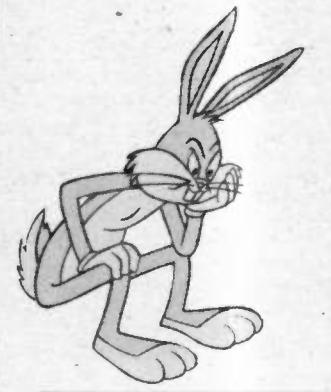
THE HITMAN

Vultural Exchange

The anniversary of John Lennon's passing has come and gone but the vultures feeding off his memory are still busy ripping off little pieces here and there. A recent spate of so-called "tributes" to the late Lennon have had very little to do with reviving his spirit, his music, or indeed, paying homage, but they certainly have kept alive something that John Lennon railed against in his lifetime, namely, music motivated by profit. Lennon, who once characterized the benefit concert for Bangladesh as "caca," would have found a suitable adjective for a tribute in his name held at New York's Radio City Music Hall, featuring the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, with guests David Clayton-Thomas and Roberta Flack. The concert was in fact only part of a five-city east coast tour organized by the Symphony, and those "symps and phonies" had the nerve to hype the events by calling them "tributes" to Lennon and inviting marginal pop stars with, at best, a tenuous interest in Lennon. Did Clayton-Thomas (of Blood Sweat and Tears) or Roberta Flack ever champion Lennon's music when he was alive? No. But we do know that Cincinnati was one of Lennon's favorite cities—he spent a week in its airport one night.

Bah, Hum Bugs

Warner Brothers Records, known within the industry for their cute press releases and cuter rabbit mascot, begs the question—"Eh, what's up, doc?" During Thanksgiving week, the company served notice to thirty employees, citing "current economic conditions" as the reason for the dismissals. Seasons greetings to you, too. Of late, "current economic conditions" have had a tendency to catch up with record companies just before the Yuletide. We figure that Warners took its cue from CBS Records, which "cut back" (as the trade papers so gently put it) on staff last year at the same time. Here's wishing that a big bonus gets caught in their collective throats.



Bugs in better days

Dream Teams

Reports have it that the duet album pairing opera star Placido Domingo and country crooner John Denver is going to be retitled *The Tenor Meets The Tin Ear*. The success of this unlikely duo has other labels in a tizzy trying to come up with something to match it. The buzz on the street is that Pat Benatar may team up with Boxcar Willie on an album of blue yodels; "Let's Get Physical, Part 2" has Olivia Newton-John teaming up with Prince, live in the shower; and then there's *Millie Jackson Gets Down With Dvorak's Slavonic Dances*, and on and on, ad nauseum. When will this foolish and gimmicky stuff stop? Whatever happened to the sensible and musically appealing pairings, like Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell?

Enough Already

What is left for Ozzy Osbourne? First, Ozzy bit the schnozzy off a white dove he brought into a CBS marketing meeting a while back, as horrified execs looked on; more recently, he made another appearance at an exec confab where he seized the opportunity to piss into a wine carafe. Ol' Oz is probably cooking up another scheme right now which will undoubtedly involve the only orifice he hasn't used to offend anyone with—but we hope he sits on that idea.



Ozzy gave at the orifice

PHOTO: MARK WEISS/LOI

Lou Reed's New Album Ready

NEW YORK—Maybe Lou Reed really did mean all those unkind things he said about Clive Davis.

In any event, he's left Arista and returned to RCA—scene of some of his best (*Sally Can't Dance*) and worst (*Metal Machine Music*) received works—with *The Blue Mask*, possibly Reed's most deeply felt, fully realized album.

Co-produced by Reed and Sean Fullan, *The Blue Mask* owes much of its success to a streamlined, sympathetic instrumentation—featur-

ing Reed's guitar and vocals, Duane Perry's drums, Fernando Saunders' bass, and the innovative, Velvet Underground-influenced Stratocaster stylings of Robert Quine.

The sound of danger and discovery present in the Velvets and on his best solo albums has returned, particularly in the anthemic distortion of the title tune and on several pastoral mood pieces like "The Heroine," "My House" and the touching "The Day John Kennedy Died." Release is set for early February.

Benson-Aretha In '82?

NEW YORK—George Benson has made some plans for the new year. Following the fall '81 release of *The George Benson Collection*, a two-LP retrospective of Benson's work for the CTI and Warners labels, the artist embarked on a short tour which found him accompanying and jamming with the likes of Tom Browne and Earl Klugh. Those performances were recorded for posterity.

"We thought we'd try to get some magic going on the stage and get some really good moments for a

great live album," he says. "We decided to record it and put it away until sometime in the near future."

For Benson, the near future also holds another studio album, and of late he's been sounding off about another interesting project he'd like to participate in.

"We're trying to put together a whole album with Aretha Franklin," he confides. "If we start recording in February, we could have it out just before summer."

Schedule permitting, of course.

Steve Miller Rocks For The People

Continued from page 1
was complete and the farm was running well, Miller grew bored with rural life.

"I was there at the farm for quite a while, with one TV channel, waiting for *Saturday Night Live*," he says. "It was getting kind of slow out there on the ranch. The cows were healthy and the fields were plowed and everything was in shape."

So he moved to Seattle and took up sailing, or, rather, *cruising*—motor yachting— instructed by a retired Navy man who introduced

really phenomenal, the amount of success we had, those three years before the break. It went way, way beyond anything I ever expected. I'm sure I'll be okay for the rest of my life. Hey—I've been playing for 25 years, I started in 1956, and I'm coming back now because I will always play music."

To be sure, *Circle Of Love* does not come off as the work of an artist concerned with financial security. It's a strikingly mellow, self-indulgent collection of five songs, one of which, "Macho City," runs for 18-and-a-half minutes. It takes up the

been doing about the world of late.

"The world has really been tense while I was making this record," he says. "I've been spending a lot of time paying attention to military and political and economic things.

"It would have been easy to be cynical about what's going on, easy to get real New Wave and punky about everything. But my music is generally what I *need* to make it. And what I needed was something mellow that you could make love to, a record that you could really relax with."

Miller is already finishing up two



The original Steve Miller Band, clockwise from top left: Tim Davis (drums), Lonnie Turner (bass), Boz Scaggs, Steve Miller, Jim Peterman (piano).

him to the natural wonders of Puget Sound and the Inside Passage to Alaska.

"Between Seattle and south Alaska," he says, "there must be 2000 islands, with eagles and whales and bears and stuff. I learned how to navigate in a 50-foot cruiser with twin diesel engines. I've been having a ball."

All this cost a great deal of money, of course, but Miller insists his return to public life is not connected with his bank balance.

"I'm not short of money. It was

whole of side two, largely consisting of funky bass riffs and synthesized sound effects. Two brief lyric passages near the beginning of "Macho City" are topical barbs aimed at politicians, a variety of social ills and war—particularly the conflicts in El Salvador and Afghanistan. The remainder of the cut (or cuts—there's a complete fade-out and fade-in about halfway through) is entirely instrumental.

Some think it tedious, but Miller sees "Macho City" as the summing-up of a lot of serious thinking he's

more albums, which will be released as he and his band tour Europe, Asia, Australia, possibly South America and—eventually—the U.S.A. This time, he says, he will work steadily for about two years.

He's looking forward to it.

"I see a world rapidly losing control of itself. The Family of Man is starving even though there are enough resources for everybody and the world is slipping into a war over that. All I want to do—all I can do—is shoot a little groovy music through it all."

Loverboy's Confession: 'It's Really An Act'

By Susanne Whatley

LOS ANGELES—Paul Dean seems the sort of guy who never loses his bemused cool, even when answering questions while trying to shove down some dinner 30 minutes before going onstage at L.A.'s cavernous Forum, opening a sold-out concert headed by Journey.

"It's all an act," he confesses. "As you can see we're really a laid-back bunch of guys. But when we go out there we become . . . (he deadpans) Mr. Hyde."

Dean is the lead guitarist for Loverboy, the five-man Canadian rock phenomenon whose hit "Turn Me Loose" shot their debut LP up international charts a year ago. In the category of new bands hitting it big in 1981, Loverboy has little company, and perhaps *Get Lucky*, the title of their second Columbia release, is exactly what they've done. Dean, however, will explain to you that

"we have a philosophy to expect these things. It's kind of like a team, or an army, they go in to win. They assume they're going to do their best and win the series."

He doesn't mean to sound arrogant. It's just that he's 35 now, and after slogging around in 13 previous bands that never took off, Dean is ready to do it up right. He spent a year writing with singer Mike Reno before auditioning other musicians, then made his selections of drummer Matt Frenette, bassist Scott Smith and keyboard player Doug Johnson with great care. The propulsive rhythm in his guitar work will clue you in to his past as a heavy metal player, but Loverboy's heartthrob rock tunes about girls, danger and sporting around are packaged with a canny ear for hooks. "Led Zeppelin meets the Cars" is how Dean describes it.

Heavy radio airplay lay the groundwork for this band ("Working For The Weekend" is their new hit), but they've followed it up aggressively with a grueling 1981 concert schedule: Four tours in Canada and three covering the States with Kansas, ZZ Top and Journey. Playing live allowed them to tighten up as a group and put out a second album that was "looser, freer, more jammy" than the first, says Dean.

While Kansas and Journey can be depended on for some inspirational reach-for-the-heavens themes to crop up in their sets, Loverboy prefers to leave 'em to it and strike their responsive chord south of the cerebrum, "right from the guts," says Frenette. "Our message is a lot more straightforward and down-to-earth, relating to the kids on the hard street level."

FORUM

A Conversation With The Heads' David Byrne

By Chip Stern

With the release of solo albums by David Byrne, Chris Frantz & Tina Weymouth, and Jerry Harrison, the Talking Heads have stripped away the structural edifice of their music and begun reconstructing from the skeleton on out, an example of artistic egalitarianism unprecedented in rock.

For David Byrne, a systems analyst in the head and a holy roller in the heart, The Catherine Wheel represents his most mature and diverse music. In the following interview, this taciturn, thoughtful songwriter discusses his own creative process, the art of singing and songwriting, the future of the Talking Heads and the ultimate impact of ethnic musics (and philosophies) on our lives.

It's often hard to tell where the audience's projection of what you are (through your songs) ends and David Byrne begins. When you write, do you put yourself in the third person a lot?

Yeah, a lot of times, but it's generally a person I can completely sympathize with, a persona I can believe in, a point-of-view I can identify with—although I wouldn't go so far as to say this is *my* point-of-view. Because it always seems to me that one can hold completely opposite points-of-view at different times. So I wouldn't want people to think that this song represents my point-of-view on this or that. I try to emphasize that by writing songs that seem to contradict one another. I thought "The Big Country" contradicted "Don't Worry About The Government" really well, but I think both are valid points-of-view... well, believable ones anyway. Believable, and not silly or make fun.

I never quite have an exact handle on what your lyrics are about, and I suspect that even you don't. It's as if you'd had a dream and you were just trying to give clues to get others into it.

Exactly. It's funny. Even though I or other people won't know exactly what the lyrics are about, I know I have a real good idea of whether a specific word is right or not. I can say that word is right, it has to be there or this phrase is wrong, even though in a narrative sense, or literally it might not mean much if you just look at it. But I'll have a very strong feeling that it's wrong or it doesn't move me. And it's funny that I can be moved, and I think other people can, by these lyrics that tend to just throw out images or phrases that don't always carry a story or don't always make literal sense. Some of them do and some of them don't.

Some of your twitching anxiety-ridden characters seem to be reappearing. I was wondering how your voices and personas were progressing?

I feel like in some of the recent stuff the band did I sort of lost some of that quirky quality that I used to deal with. And it's only recently that I remembered, 'hey, I used to do this or that.' And it was very powerful occasionally. And now that I feel confident enough that I can sing in a smoother way, and can carry a melody, if I want to, then I can go back and not be ashamed or self-conscious about throwing in some of those odder things where they're appropriate.

I don't even know if what you're doing is singing. More like preaching.

Or emoting. At the same time, vocalizing like that, I think it's important that the listener be reas-

sured that the singer knows what he's doing—that he intends for it to be like this. Even some kind of weird, impromptu effect—it has to sound intentional. It should never seem like somebody out of control, although it can seem like that in a way; if it's somebody going haywire, then it should feel like that's exactly what was intended to be.

What's more important—the singer or the song?

I tend to think the song. That's part of my view of being a musician and a singer—to never downgrade what I do. So I do believe that when I'm playing or singing a piece of music, that the energy somehow

lot of things going on simultaneously and referring to very abstract ideas. But the European tradition, instead of referring to abstract ideas, alludes to them by telling a story. So I think a lot of people like myself find ourselves somewhere in between the two. Sometimes the lyrics have the appearance of being almost narrative, but then they'll make sudden jumps and a line will come in and out of context.

Does The Catherine Wheel reflect future directions you'd like to take with the Talking Heads?

Only in a few places. There's a couple of vocal choruses that I could see the Talking Heads doing,

Well, now that Tina, Chris and Jerry have had a chance to take a break and delineate their own musical directions, the cult of personality surrounding your role with the Heads has been diffused somewhat, ending the persistent rumors about a break-up of the Heads.

Yeah, it's worked out real well. We began rehearsing together steadily a few days ago and it worked out great. We figured a quartet would be the best way to start off again. It would just be chaos with nine people all playing at once.

Do you find that in returning to the smaller configuration again, that each of you is becoming more responsible for implying the kind of density and complexity that you were getting with 13 pieces?

Not really. We're leaving it open. Hoping to get things worked out so that we can play things as a four piece, get our chops back and get used to understanding how each person plays and how they respond. Different kinds of things. But I think we'll leave room for other people to play, also, like Bernie

rotate people to take full advantage of all that different music.

What about another studio album?

Well, we're going to just rehearse for the next couple of months, and we hope by the end of that time to have some new songs ready. We'll just be rehearsing every day—make it like we go to work. See what we can come up with. Put stuff on cassettes and gradually, songs will come out of all that.

Is there now a question of whose band this is?

I think that probably I'll still be the focal point from time to time, but now it can switch back and forth more. That way I can be the focus when it's needed. But when a song or piece of music doesn't demand that, I can step back and allow the group to determine its own interpretation. So I don't have to carry the focus.

Can you see the band developing some purely instrumental music, as per The Catherine Wheel?

Gee, that's always possible. I think we would probably always have some vocals in there to focus things from time to time. If you look at the Tom Tom Club record and my record, there are less vocals from beginning to end than on a Talking Heads record. There's a lot more sections where the instruments are just allowed to play, and the vocals will come in and just focus things.

So in general you prefer to think in terms of songs and structures?

I think we could have sections, say 16 bars for a guitar solo, as well as long sections where things were just kept open. That's conceivable. Especially if we rehearse for awhile (laughter). I think we're all sort of hoping that that kind of thing happens. I know when we were listening to all these live tapes, on some of the older things where we'd been performing a lot, we actually did stretch out—we were tighter and could respond to each other better. Which is why we're going to get into just playing together for a few months. Every day.

The last time we talked you said that you were excited to realize that there was something there—you weren't sure what—but nevertheless you were happy that there was something. Do you feel any closer to that sense of energy or how you might better depict it?

I guess I could confirm that. Yeah, there is something happening in the music we're playing and the kind of things we've been going after. And it still is. That's the big difference between European music and African music. African music has a different kind of spirituality about it, and I think I was after that. Trying to close the gap. I was particularly thrilled with the fact that it was a spirituality that didn't exclude pleasure. It's a real thrill and real deep at the same time. And you don't get that feeling from rock or pop songs, at least not in the same way. Lately I've been real curious about that—the opposite kind of tradition, the European. What's in there that's such an attraction? It's the same thing, really, but coming from a totally different direction.

There's a paternal feel to it.

Yeah, and it's not a social kind of spirituality. It's more of a personal kind of thing. The European tradition is sort of love ballads and personal stories. The emphasis is on the story—me talking to you, you talking to me, or a personal relationship. The other kind of music, although there may be those similarities, is more a social/communal kind of thing. I think both traditions are among the few things left in our lives which come close to reflecting anything spiritual, serving that function in a very roundabout way. For a lot of people, I think music takes the place of religion in their lives, or at least appeals to the same kind of things in a very individual way—a non-verbal way.

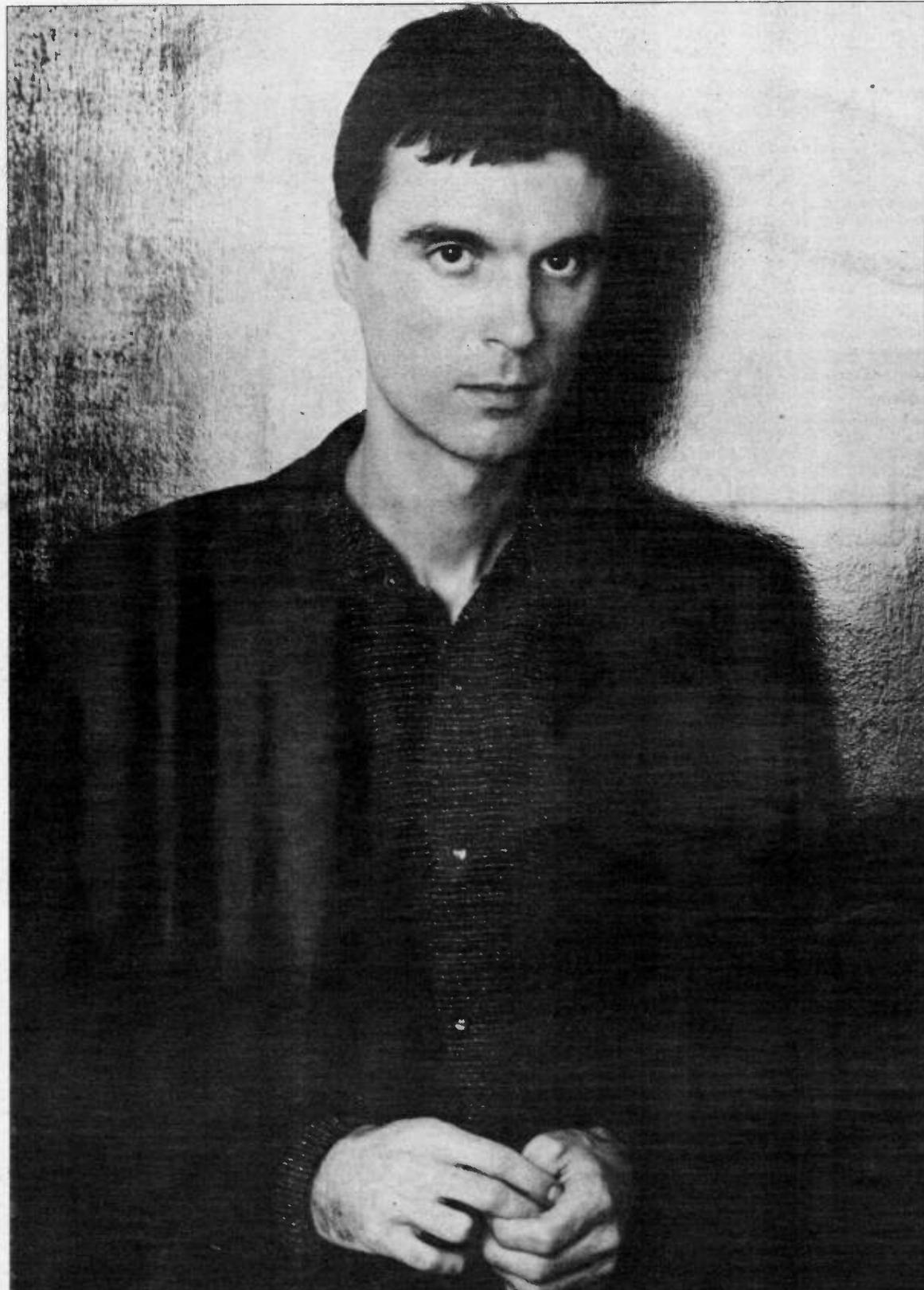


PHOTO: LYNN GOLDSMITH/TG

David Byrne: A systems analyst in the head, a holy roller in the heart

comes from the music, more than it does from me; the combination of the words and the melody—I'm just a medium for all of that. A singer or instrumentalist is good if they just let it come through. A transmitter or medium or whatever.

In terms of songs and forms, why is it that rock has developed a more mature narrative form than either R&B or jazz?

Hmmm... maybe it's because the lyrical style of rock might come from the European tradition—narratives and ideas proceeding in a linear fashion. Whereas I think that musics deriving from African and Third World sources tend to have a

especially since more of the band has been singing. I could see everybody singing together in some places more than we have in the past. Beyond that I'm not sure how I could use some of the things that we worked out on *The Catherine Wheel*.

How are all of the different components of the Talking Heads now going to come together? There's a live album due?

Right. A double record. One side of recent stuff featuring performances with the big band, and the other album will feature older performances by the four-piece.

(Worrell) and Adrian (Belew). I'm not sure if it'll be the same big band, but it will be more than a four-piece.

Tina told me you'd been toying with the idea of a Talking Heads revue, where each of you presents a different aspect of the recent record, taking turns as leaders.

Yeah, I like that idea, too. We just have to figure out the logistics of it. Who would play with a trio; how many extra people would be required to play, say, the Tom Tom Club stuff. And it wouldn't seem right to have the whole band on stage, with all these other musicians all the time. It would seem better to

THE PRODUCERS

Tom Werman: Pumped Up On Rock

By Mark Mehler

NEW YORK—There is no cloak of mystery surrounding the work of Tom Werman, producer of Molly Hatchet's current certified-platinum LP, *Take No Prisoners*. "Making good rock records isn't difficult," says the ex-prep, 36-year-old father of three with an M.B.A. in marketing. "You just need a head for the music, knowing the right melody line, the right counter-rhythm, overdubs, backing vocals, fills . . . the thing with the groups I've worked with over the years is they see I'm a guy who can help them accomplish what they want—facilitate their pursuit of happiness. Groups are surprised to see how fervent and passionate I can get about their music. That's the secret."

Over the past six or seven years, Tom Werman has had a major hand in shaping American teenage heavy metal rock, working with Ted Nugent, Blue Oyster Cult, Cheap Trick and Molly Hatchet, among others.

Though he describes the task of making rock records as "easy," Werman says he's hampered by the rigorous schedules adhered to by the above-named bands. "With Molly Hatchet or Cheap Trick, who are doing maybe 200 dates a year, there's no time to do things right," he explains. "The band has to write songs on the road, they have no time to rehearse, the tunes are half-finished when we get into the studio . . . the band is usually tired and harried and can't even look after their personal affairs. It can cheapen a record. For example, we did *Dream Police* (Cheap Trick) in 30 days and it was a piece of shit, there was nothing classy on it."

However, despite similar misgivings about Molly Hatchet's grinding tour schedule, Werman says *Take No Prisoners* is by far their strongest LP to date. He describes the new album as a "relentless juggernaut," music to destroy furniture by. In short, Tom Werman's kind of music.

"We didn't want anything Southern on this record," explains Werman. "I thought the last one was much too Southern clichéd, too much of a boogie record. We did a few things to change the sound. We added some horns for the first time (the Tower of Power horns are featured on "Lady Luck" and "Bloody Reunion") to spice things up. We got a black woman, Baby Jean, singing a duet (on "Respect Me In The Morning"), which is something you don't find on a Molly Hatchet record . . . we have some female harmony parts. We eliminated the repetitive guitar solos. We really went about trying to shed the crocodile skin."

Werman suggests, however, the biggest single change in Molly Hatchet's sound is lead vocalist Jimmy Farrar, who replaced Danny Joe Brown in 1980 and has appeared on the last two Hatchet LPs. "One of the problems on the last record was Jimmy wasn't comfortable with the band. He ended up sounding somewhere between himself and Danny Joe. Actually, Jimmy's much more of a trained vocalist than Danny Joe, who had a casual, down-home, Southern style. Jimmy is a fine singer. He can sing opera when he's not shouting or screaming." The emergence of Farrar as a rock singer of note led Werman to push the formerly omnipresent guitar army deep into the background and mix the vocals hot. "You feature whatever's best, and this time it was the vocals."

The album was recorded over six weeks last fall, with basics laid down in 10 days in the Bahamas and overdubs and mixing done in New York. Farrar completed his vocal tracks in only four days.

"When Jimmy's working he doesn't care about anything else,"

says Werman. "On one cut, he was singing about loss of control, fire in your soul. I started poking fun at him, 'Oh baby, fire in the soul,' what are you, Jim Morrison? . . . he just shrugged and took another drink."

Werman says Molly Hatchet's ability to move toward the mainstream is the reason he has stuck with them through four LPs and a lot of raucoons (guitarist Dave Hlubek bruised his ribs in an impromptu wrestling match during the first album). "A group's not worth a thing to me if it's not willing to change its sound. The reason I don't work with Ted Nugent anymore is that Ted was unwilling to make any changes at all."

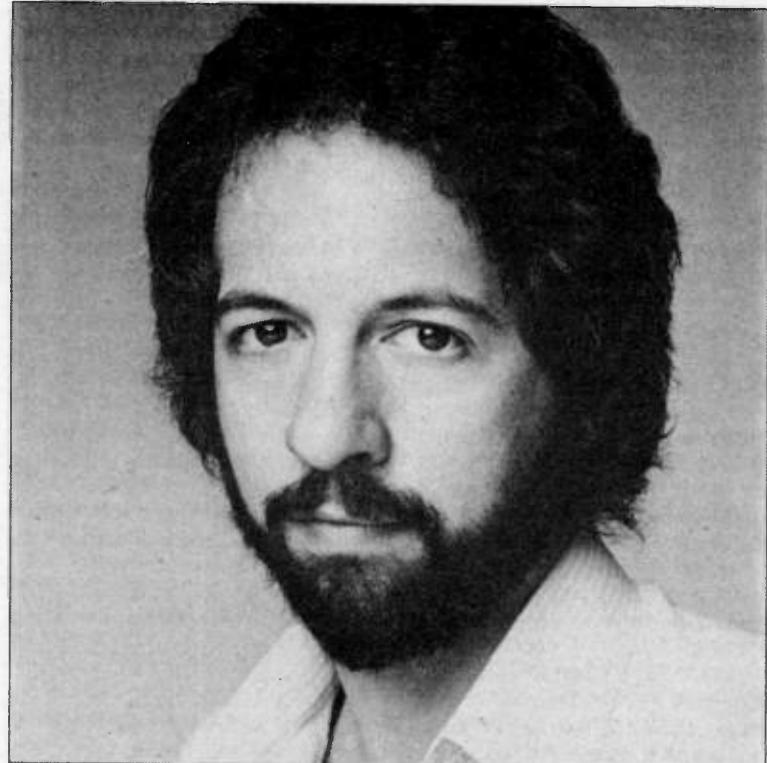
Though he was well aware of the paradox of a well-educated prep involved with working class heavy metal blasters and country boys, Werman insists he's as crazed as any rocker alive. He took up guitar at age nine, and as a teenage underclassman at

Columbia University played in the Walkers, a successful club band that once auditioned for Andy Warhol.

After graduation, Werman landed a job on Madison Avenue writing marketing plans for Gain detergent ("the detergent that treats stains like dirt"), but he chucked it after a year to go to work for about \$200 a week as an assistant in the A&R department at Epic Records. After several years signing bands (including REO Speedwagon) and editing singles, he was assigned to produce Ted Nugent's first Epic LP, based on his close relationship with the artist.

"I went to Ted's house and ate wild boar he had shot with a bow and arrow. We got along great. We have the same emotional wells, the same sense of outrage and excess, we're both excessive people, except Ted's more self-protective than I am . . . but really, our one common bond is music."

That first Nugent LP sold a couple of million copies and Werman began



Tom Werman

a new career as an in-house Epic producer (he also produces independently for all the CBS labels).

"The kind of groups I specialize in play music that appeals to my gut,"

he concludes. "Teenage music, nothing revolutionary or sophisticated. That's the passion I share with the 15 year-olds: the ability to get pumped up over a piece of rock music."

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RECORDS IN PROGRESS

Squeeze's Next: 'A New Sound'

By Mark Mehler

"I always wanted to write a protest song," says Chris Difford of Squeeze. "But I never knew what to protest about. Then I got involved in the CND (the British anti-nuclear movement), and with the atmosphere in Europe so stale and depressing, it came about naturally."

That protest song, "Apple Tree," will be included on the band's upcoming LP, currently in production at the Who's Ramport Studio in England. Phil McDonald, once an engineer for the Beatles and an assistant to Phil Spector, is producing. Release is expected in March.

Difford, the lyricist, rhythm guitarist and co-lead vocalist, describes the as-yet-untitled disc as a "dance album." "I can give you one clue to it," he offers. "We had originally wanted Quincy Jones as producer,

looking for a kind of cross between straight R&B and the Jacksons.

"For us," he continues, "it's a whole new sound. But look at it like this: a group maybe has 14 albums in its lifetime, so you might as well take as many musical journeys as you can while you're alive."

The album also features new keyboardist/vocalist Don Snow, ex-of the Sinceros, who replaced the recently-departed Paul Carrack, the featured vocalist on Squeeze's hit single, "Tempted." Difford describes Snow as "more competent and confident" than his predecessor. "I've only seen Paul once since he left Squeeze," says Difford, with a pronounced chill in his voice. "I didn't have a lot to say to him."

In addition to "Apple Tree," which Difford promises "won't

have one word about Ronald Reagan or cruise missiles," the new LP will include "Black Coffee in Bed," a five-and-a-half minute tune tentatively set as the first single.

Asked to detail other cuts, Difford demurs. "We don't know what any of this is going to sound like until it's coming out of the speakers. We hope it's a boy. You know, ten tracks, like ten fingers and toes."

In late March, following the album's release, Squeeze will embark on a short European tour, to be followed by a three-month Stateside jaunt.

Two Who Solo Projects

Pete Townshend's *Chinese Eyes*, in production in England, has been pushed back for at least the third time, to an April release. Sporting the Oriental look, Townshend appears on the album cover with eyebrows shaved . . . Meanwhile, Roger Daltrey has a greatest hits disc set for March release. The album also features two new tunes, "You Put Something Better Inside

Of Me," and "Martyrs And Madmen," both produced by John Astley (who worked on *Who Are You*) and Phil Chapman. In addition, the greatest hits package offers two cuts from the soundtrack of *McVicar*, an unreleased film. Those tunes are "Free Me" and "Treachery." Among older Daltrey solo compositions are "Say It Isn't So" (from the *One Of The Boys* LP) and "Oceans Away."

.38 Special: Beyond Booze and Women

"We're no whiskey and women band," insists guitarist Jeff Carlisi of .38 Special, who are currently finishing up an as-yet-untitled LP, due in March. "You won't find one mention of whiskey on this whole album, not one."

Women, however, are another story. "It's a more universal theme," Carlisi says. Among the tunes dealing with the distaff side are "Caught Up In You," a "love song about a guy who's kind of surprised by how much he's caught up in a relationship;" "You Keep Running Away," the lament of a lovesick guy "who's chasing a girl who's being chased by a lot of other guys for the wrong reasons, and he's the only one who's really sincere about her;" and "Roughhousing," described as a "ZZ Top-type shuffle about guys fighting over the same girl."

However, notes Carlisi, romance does not a whole album make. Don Barnes' "Back On Track," for example, tells the tale of a man who once fought the law and is now trying to fight his way back in tune with the straight and narrow. But even here, the emphasis is away from raucous bars and brawls and toward more universal themes.

"There's nothing wrong with whiskey and women clichés," says Carlisi. "For some groups, like the Allmans and Skynyrd, it was true. Then a lot of bands started getting into it without livin' it, and it got mundane. Today, the only way to get successful is to appeal to a wide audience. We still have some fans who think of us as a straight southern bar band, and that's okay as long as it's in moderation. But we have bigger things in mind."

.38 Special's fourth and most recent LP, *Wild Eyed Southern Boys*, similarly avoided the bar band sound, opting for a mix of British heavy metal and American pop. The result was the commercial and radio breakthrough the band needed, and is now certified platinum.

The upcoming LP, like its predecessor, was recorded at Studio One in Doraville, Ga., under the aegis of producer Rodney Mills. The album also features a variety of songwriting collaborations among Carlisi, Barnes, vocalist Donnie Van Zant, Jim Peterik and Larry Steele (the latter two are long time friends of the band).

"The new record is a lot like the last one," says Carlisi, "but I think you'll find it more mature in terms of style and continuity."

Studio Notes

Spokesmen for Gary U.S. Bonds are mum on reports that his next LP will feature production by Miami Steve and musical contributions from Bruce Springsteen, as did the last Bonds album . . . Joni Mitchell is co-producing her next LP with Henry Lewy . . . Dave Edmunds has a new LP coming next month. It was recorded in England, with the artist producing himself . . . Cheap Trick is recording in Illinois with producer Roy Thomas Baker . . . Nick Lowe offers *Nick The Knife* in early February. Recorded in England, the self-produced LP includes "Zulu Kiss" and "Heart."



Squeeze: A protest song, a new singer and a new sound

PHOTO: PAUL COX/RETNA, LTD

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BLIND DATE

Calling On Ted Nugent

By John Stix

Blind Date: in which artists are asked to listen to various records and then render an opinion on what they hear.

"Devil With The Blue Dress Medley" by Bruce Springsteen, from *No Nukes* (Asylum)

Nugent: First of all I'm spoiled because I'm a Detroit boy and I was right there when the original was recorded. I was there when Mitch Ryder was called Billy and the Rivieras and they were playing that song back in 1962. The song is a classic and Springsteen does a commendable job. He's the only other person who could come close to Mitch Ryder other than myself. Springsteen's version is commendable because of the enthusiasm by Bruce and all the guys in the band. However, the guitar cannot cut the mustard like Jimmy McCarty (the Detroit Wheels' guitarist). There's too much organ on this version, and the guitar isn't as present as it could have been. This rendition of the song isn't Bruce at his best vocally, either. I think Bruce Springsteen is a son of a bitch, but it's not up to par. Bruce could have been more in key.

"Walk This Way" from Aerosmith's *Toys In The Attic* (Columbia)

Nugent: Obviously I know that one by heart too. I also consider this to be a classic rock and roll song. The strength of this piece is the fact that it's more R&B than rock 'n' roll. The way they play it they don't try to take it out of context. I'd like to know who's playing bass on that. I don't think it's Tommy Hamilton. Now Joe Perry's playing on this song is without a doubt some of the best lead work he's ever done, because he doesn't try and leave his bounds. He hits nice notes and has great production. I believe he has a harmonizer set just off center with a lot of echo and reverb on it. It's one of Joe's best because he keeps it simple. I don't think Joe Perry is anything better than just a good rock 'n' roll guitar player. But there he has perfect delivery, which is the name of the game.

"Dizzy Atmosphere" from *Echoes Of An Era: The Charlie Parker-Dizzy Gillespie Years* (Roulette)

Nugent: That was the kind of music I would find about four A.M. driving from New York to Louisiana for a gig. I get a kick out of that kind of music, but I rarely enjoy it. That's the culmination of a soloist's capability on an instrument. It blows my mind and a lot of the musical visions that I pursue on the guitar come from inspiration like that. I give this a pretty high rating; they're masters.

"Career Opportunities" by the Clash from *The Clash* (Epic)

Nugent: This is the same kind of stuff that the clubs in Detroit wouldn't hire in 1961. Now they call it punk and I think it's selling. It's a perfect example of ineptness on an instrument and ineptness to play the music together. It's indicative of my career when I was nine or ten. I got a little combo together and we tried to play rock 'n' roll. They're trying and failing miserably, as I did when I was that young. Except these SOBs are probably 18 or 19 and they're still inept. I give that kind of music no credit except that in another six years if they keep at it they may learn what

the meaning of tightness is, the meaning of rhythm, and they may even learn how to tune their instruments.

"I'm The One" from *Van Halen* (WB)

Nugent: A true-to-form American rock and roll band. Eddie Van Halen is one of the all-time top guitar players, no doubt about it. That group has got it. I would say if you had to pick a song for somebody who had never heard Van Halen before, this song is better than anything else I can think of. It shows the enthusiasm and balls of their youth, and their incredible tightness.

"Samba Pa Ti" by Santana from *Santana's Greatest Hits* (Columbia)

Nugent: Carlos Santana is definitely one of the classic guitar players. He's great on his instrument, but I don't think he's even running at five percent on this particular track. I can't stomach this kind of music. It's so bland. None of us except maybe you could begin to remember a consistent melody in there. This doesn't move me at all and I think it's lazy.

Are you moved at all by ballads?

Nugent: Yes, out of the room.



Ted Nugent on the Clash: "They're trying and failing miserably."

PHOTO: MICHAEL PUTLAND/RETNA LTD.

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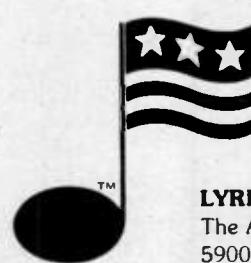
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REL

Stevie Nicks

Continued from page 1
do on stage and sing and write, that was my rock 'n' roll bible. They were my teachers. San Francisco was the whole reason I did this. My town!"

Stevie Nicks has come a long way since she last lived in the San Francisco Bay Area in 1972. Now, of course, the 33-year-old singer-songwriter who was responsible for Fleetwood Mac's breakthrough hit, "Rhiannon," is a genuine rock 'n' roll superstar. And with the platinum-plus success of her first solo album, *Bella Donna*, two Top 40 hits—"Stop Draggin' My Heart Around" (a duet with Tom Petty) and "Leather and Lace" (a duet with former Eagle Don Henley)—and a successfully completed minitour, Stevie Nicks can now leave Fleetwood Mac behind and devote herself solely to her solo career—if she wants to.

For now, the singer with the romantically raspy voice and the innocent eyes denies that she has any intention of her and the Big Mac parting ways. "No," she asserts, "I never see myself leaving Fleetwood Mac. That's never a thing that I walk around seeing. If it happens, it

just must be God's will. I really believe that the spirit world guides that whole thing and if it's not meant for me to be in Fleetwood Mac anymore, then something will happen and I won't. It would never be anything I would ever plan. It's gone on for so long that it's like, it's kind of like, would you ever not go home to visit your family on Christmas? It's that big a part of your life."

Still, Nicks admits that Fleetwood Mac's last studio album, *Tusk*, was not exactly up her alley.

it, it wouldn't have been a double album and it wouldn't... it wouldn't have been crazy."

Bella Donna was released only a few months before Lindsey Buckingham's first solo album, *Law And Order*, was released. Buckingham recently stated in the *L.A. Times* that he felt competitive with his former lover. Asked if she feels likewise, Nicks says firmly, "Not at all." When Buckingham's comment is related to her, she explains: "That all goes back to Lindsey and I going together. As wild as the story is and

ing with somebody or going out with somebody. I love Lindsey. I love him very, very much and I wanted Lindsey to make it and I wanted this album to be as successful as... If this album is more successful than my album, I would be so glad. You know, when 'Trouble' (the single from Buckingham's LP) came out, I was saying, let it go straight to the top. Because it only makes my life easier when Lindsey is happy. 'Cause when Lindsey is happy, he's really in a good humor and he's wonderful and he and I

"I never see myself leaving Fleetwood Mac. If it happens it just must be God's will. It would never be anything I would plan."

"Well *Tusk* wasn't my album. *Tusk* was mainly Lindsey's conception, dream, everything he ever wanted to do. Everybody just figured that for whatever his reasons were, it was important that he do that and we just sort of sat back and let him do it. I don't mean to sound blasé or anything. I was there. I just didn't have very much to do with it. Because if I had had much to do with

as many times as it's been told, when you go with somebody for six or seven years and you're a woman and the guy you're with is a man who is a guitarist/songwriter, da da da da, and so are you, there's always going to be an ego problem, just because of the relationship.

"That problem doesn't seem to come up, working with other men. It just crops up if you have been go-

ing along and we're close. For me, when you love somebody, you want them to be the best."

Despite Nicks' denial that she plans to leave Fleetwood Mac, Paul Fishkin of Modern Records admits that Nicks' dual careers may cause some problems—and if that's the case, he could imagine her going completely solo. "I would like to have her record a second solo al-

bum in the summer for fall release," said Fishkin, backstage at the Oakland Coliseum. "If it came down to her making a decision in terms of her career or their career, I know which direction I would push her in."

Meanwhile, Nicks is engaged in a rather tricky balancing act. Following the completion of *Bella Donna* in early 1981, she joined the rest of Fleetwood Mac at Le Chateau, a recording studio outside Paris where Elton John recorded *Honky Chateau*. The band put down a batch of tracks. Production is being handled by Fleetwood Mac, together with Richard Dashut and Ken Caillat, the team responsible for *Rumours*, an album that sold over fourteen million copies worldwide. The new album, nearly finished, is being completed in L.A. "We're closing in on it," reports Nicks. "It's very *Rumours* like. I hate to use that word, but it is."

Nicks' contributions include "Straight Back (The Dream Has Just Begun)," "It's Alright" and one that is particularly close to her heart called "Back To The Gypsy," which Nicks says is about her pre-stardom, hippie days in San Francisco; when she used to wait in line for hours outside the Fillmore Auditorium and fantasize about what it would be like to be a star and "arrive at the Fillmore in a big black limousine."

"In basic ways, I haven't changed," she says. "In material ways, of course, I've changed a lot. Because I'm not starving now and I don't have to worry where my rent's coming from and that makes it a lot easier on my blood pressure. I still love all the same things. Every place I live still looks pretty much like my apartment in San Francisco."

"The clothes I wear... that doesn't change. I love long dresses. I love velvet. I love high boots. I never change. I love the same eye make-up, I'm not a fad person. I still have everything I had then. That's one part of me... That's where my songs come from. There's a song on the new Fleetwood Mac album that says, 'Going back to the velvet underground/Back to the floor that I love,' because I always put my bed on the floor." She quotes from the song again. "To a room with some lace and paper flowers/Back to the gypsy that I was." And that's San Francisco. That's the velvet underground. Those are the things that I can't give up."

As for her love life, Nicks says she doesn't have time for one right now. When asked if she is still involved with her producer, Jimmy Iovine, she asks, "How do you mean involved?"

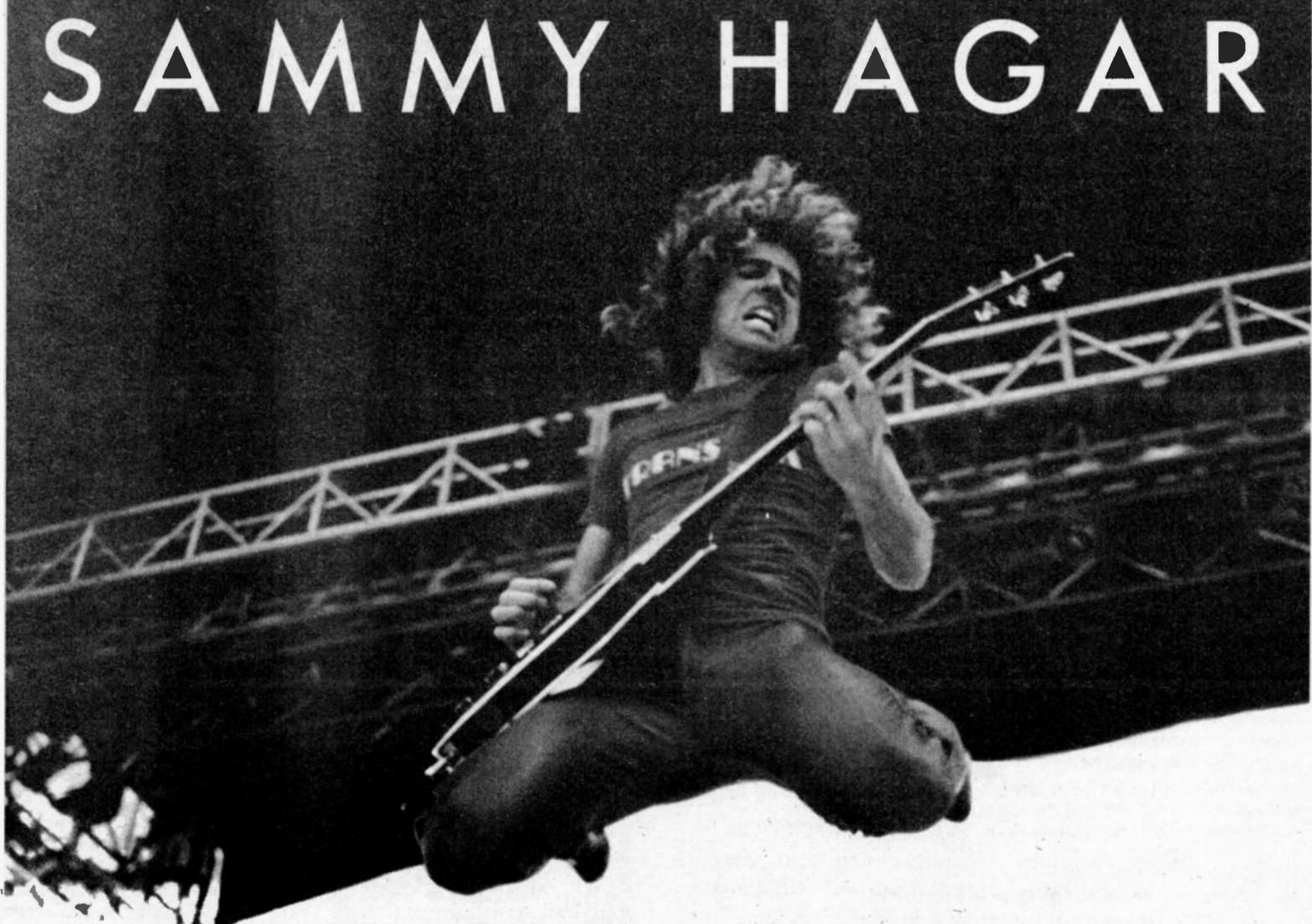
It's been reported that you're having a relationship with him.

"Well we worked together," she replies coyly.

It's been stated that you're romantically involved with him.

"Well you can't believe everything you read," she says at first, but then adds, "Sometimes." She pauses, then continues. "You know I'm very busy. I don't have much time. I don't have much time to do anything like that. It's very difficult for a woman in rock 'n' roll to have a boyfriend. Because you have to work a relationship. And if you don't have time and you're so tired when you come home that you can't spend those few precious moments with somebody, it just doesn't work. People get hurt. So it's really better off to just do what you do and then, when you have the time, take some time off. Then don't be a rock 'n' roll star—be a woman."

"It bothers me a lot," she continues. "But it's my choice. It's either that or get out of the music business for a while and I'm not ready to give that up yet so when I am, I'll give it up in a second. When I decide I want to get married or I meet somebody and I would like to have a little girl or something, then I'll just do it and it'll be like everything else. The decision will be made inside me immediately."



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Consumer Guide To Rock Videos

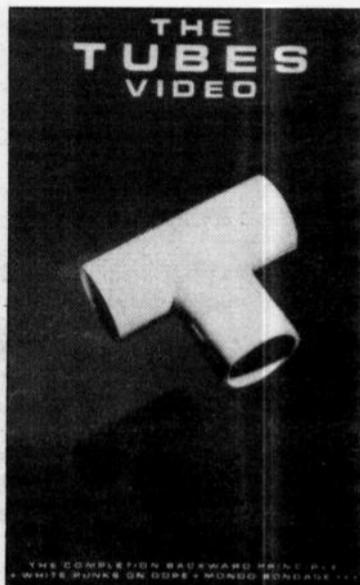
By Alan Hecht

The Record's first Consumer Guide to Rock Videos focuses on commercially-available rock videos by contemporary artists.

Rankings are in descending order according to quality. The criteria used in judging these products? In order of importance: production values (audio and video quality); repeatability (is the song selection and presentation such that you'd want to watch the tape again and again?); and conceptual originality (a minor consideration when the subject is a musician in a concert situation).

Finally, this Guide judges experimental videos less harshly than others on the theory that if the musicvideo art form is to achieve its potential, risk-taking should be encouraged, and the inherent pitfalls of such an approach understood.

Concept Videos



The Tubes Video

A state-of-the-art avant-garde musicvideo based on the band's *The Completion Backwards Principle* album ("use your imagination to see reality as you want from the end backwards"). The Tubes experimented with video on stage for years, and this experience, combined with the acting versatility of their leader, Fee Waybill, results in the most exciting rock video on the market. Images, performances, stories and special effects have been synthesized into a one-hour video that explores violence, capitalism and media sensationalism with a vengeance, but also with a sense of humor. The songs are the band's most accessible to date. Also included is the classic "White Punks On Dope." Director: Russell Mulcahy. Thorn-EMI (available in stereo in April on Pioneer Artists Laserdisc) (1981; 53 minutes) Tape: \$59.95; videodisc, \$24.95

Elephant Parts

Michael Nesmith, who helped create rock comedy on television in the Sixties as a member of the Monkees, now does the same for video in this musical comedy extravaganza comprised of five musicvideos and connecting comedy skits. Nesmith is comfortable in both the narrative musicvideo genre and with concept videos in which imagination and mood help create captivating images. Most notable among the skits are "Name That Drug," "Rock 'N' Roll Hospital" (where patients suffer from Bee Gees disease) and "Abject Poverty" (a proposed sitcom). A landmark effort in rock comedy, thanks to the depth of material. Director: William Dear. Pacific Arts Video and Pioneer Artists Laserdisc. Stereo. (1981; 60 minutes) Tape, \$59.95; videodisc, \$24.95

Devo: The Men Who Make The Music

This bizarre and often-frightening musical and visual exploration of de-evolutionized man features a stockholder's report from General Boy, spokesperson for Devo Inc., and other shady characters such as Rod from Big Entertainment ("We're into tonnage"), along with the members of Devo. Despite the band's pseudo-philosophy, the limitations imposed by the production techniques of the time and the inclusion of poorly-shot concert footage, this product (there's a word Devo can relate to) has its memorable moments. Director: Chuck Statler. Warner Home Video. (1979; 55 minutes) \$40

Eat To The Beat

Blondie's pioneering experiment in the video LP genre is basically a series of lip-synched performances in different environments with the checkerboard graphics of the band's *Parallel Lines* LP providing continuity. Actually, most of the video is a series of Debbie Harry portraits: she prances about in threadbare costumes while the other Blondies mug and grimace in the background. Ho-hum. Various directors. Warner Home Video and RCA Selectavision VideoDisc. (1979; 42 minutes) \$40

Joni Mitchell: Shadows And Light

The definitive Joni Mitchell musicvideo has yet to be produced, but this videodisc (originally aired on cable TV) offers a fascinating glimpse of a reclusive artist developing a visual and musical approach to this new medium. Mitchell, who also directed, experiments by blending concert action with scenes from *Rebel Without A Cause* and *Blackboard Jungle*, rare newsreel footage of aviatrix Amelia Earhart, and stock footage of coyotes and the Las Vegas strip. It's an admirable but not totally successful attempt to flesh out the songs by using concrete images as metaphorical comments. Director: Joni Mitchell. Pioneer Artists Laserdisc. Stereo. (1980; 60 minutes) \$24.95



Dire Straits: Making Movies

Sensual images define this moody, hi-tech video from the Sultans of Swing. Impressionistic interpretations of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Tunnel of Love" are filled with odd-angled glances of Dylan-esque anti-heroes wandering through Kubrick-inspired stark white environments and encountering numerous sultry women along the way. A worthwhile and imaginative concept, but one that ultimately drags because the visuals fail to heighten, develop or explain the themes of Mark Knopfler's music. Director: Lester Bookbinder. Warner Home Video. (1981; 21 minutes) \$35

THE RECORD / FEBRUARY 1982

Queen's Greatest Flix

A video LP chronicling Queen's visual evolution from "Bohemian Rhapsody" to "Flash." Despite a unified approach and a hit-filled soundtrack, *Flix* peaks with Queen's early, experimental videos and sputters to an unsatisfying conclusion with their recent dull productions. Director: Millany-Grant, Bruce Gowers and others. Thorn-EMI. (1981; 60 minutes) (Reviewed in the January issue of *The Record*) \$59.95

the Commodores are seen on promotional tapes in some instances—precisely the sort of lapses in creativity that have undercut this show's effectiveness. Caveat emptor. Director: Louis J. Horvitz. RCA Selectavision VideoDisc. (1981; 1 hr., 17 mins.) \$19.98

The Kinks: One from the Road

One of rock's most inconsistent live acts captured at its most inconsistent. Despite the high quality of the material and a couple of excellent performances by Ray Davies (notably on "Celluloid Heroes"), the Kinks' set lacks momentum and drama, and the band's commitment to its music, at least on this night, is questionable. When the best sequence is of the audience filing into the arena (in slow motion), you know something's amiss. For insomnia only. Directed by Ken O'Neil. Time-Life Video. (1980; 60 minutes) \$40



Best Of Blondie

Sexually-provocative Debbie Harry is the visual focus of this video LP which draws together the band's promo films (including vintage early Blondie in "In The Flesh" and "X-Offender") and its best-known songs, 15 in all. The attempt to tie the videos together via newly-shot concept footage disrupts the transition between programs. A fairly conservative effort. Director: Various. Chrysalis Visual Programming, Inc. Stereo. (1981; 48 minutes) \$49.95

Concert Videos



Rod Stewart Live At The Los Angeles Forum

A compelling document filmed when criticism of Stewart's lifestyle and music was at its height. Detractors should take note: Stewart is in exceptional voice here, and displays tremendous rapport with his audience. The result is a concert video of uncommon intimacy. Disdaining flashy editing that might detract from the performance itself, director Bruce Gowers has wisely employed a minimum number of odd camera angles to enliven the visuals while allowing Stewart's voice and stage presence to dominate the proceedings. This is the joint. Director: Bruce Gowers. Warner Home Video. (1979; 60 minutes) \$40



Fleetwood Mac: Documentary & Live Concert

The story about the forces that drive Fleetwood Mac is not found in this pedestrian video. Footage shot during the *Tusk* recording sessions reveals nothing of the creative tensions or artistic decisions that occurred during that long ordeal; and in light of the tremendous egos involved, the personal interviews are notably uninformative—all surface, no substance. The concert footage, shot at the St. Louis Checkerboard, is as sharply edited as the music is powerful (though the song selection is not Mac at its best), and almost makes up for the failings elsewhere. Almost only counts in horseshoes. Documentary footage produced and directed by Tom and Linda Spain. Warner Home Video. (1980; 60 minutes) \$40



Live Infidelity: REO Speedwagon In Concert

Those who can stand more than two bars of Kevin Cronin's pretentious vocals should enjoy this conservative but state-of-the-art concert record of America's most dedicated rock band playing to an adoring SRO crowd in Denver's McNichol Arena. Superior sound, familiar songs and exemplary musicianship make for a fast-paced, distinctive performance. Dressing room cameos, hand-held camera shots and precision editing enhance the staid, unimaginative format, although it seems to be the proper video context for REO's rather ordinary music. Director: Richard Namm. CBS/MCM Home Video and CED Videodisc. (1981; 88 minutes) Tape, \$49.95; videodisc, \$24.95



James Taylor In Concert

The opening montage of aerial shots of the Boston Music Center as the seats and lawn fill with fans is the best visual moment in this low-energy concert video. Little of the warmth of a live JT show is captured here, and though Taylor trots out outstanding supporting musicians—building from solo numbers to rock orchestra and back to solo again—they are all equally wooden: strumming, head bobbing and meaningful glances at one another pass for kinetic movement among these cats. Taylor and Director Stanley Dorfman take no chances and come away with a polished production that lacks highs or lows. Will excite anyone longing for the mellow days of the early '70s. Director: Stanley Dorfman. CBS/MGM Home Video. (1979; 90 minutes) \$49.95

Paul Simon

Tasteful, intimate concert video originally shot as a cable TV special at the Tower Theatre in Philadelphia. Simon, on his New York schoolyard set complete with basketball court, is close enough to touch and human enough to admire in this straight-ahead video that reflects a purist, no-frills approach to the art form. The repertoire includes songs from *There Goes Rhymin' Simon*, *Still Crazy After All These Years* and *One Trick Pony*, in addition to some early Simon and Garfunkel classics ("Sounds of Silence," for example). This type of dynamic concert videodisc filled with outstanding songs could render the live LP obsolete. Director: Marty Callner. Pioneer Artists Laserdisc. Also available in mono on RCA Selectavision VideoDisc. (1980; 60 minutes) Laserdisc, \$24.95; RCA videodisc, \$19.98

VIDEO NOTES

Heartbeat:
Music To
Your Ears?

By Alan Hecht

NEW YORK—"Tracks Of My Tears" set to scenes from *Phantom Of The Opera*? Clips of Presley, the Beatles and Johnny Burnette? A musical montage news feature on androstenol, a synthetic hormone which is reputed to give perfume true sex appeal? Is this "music to your eyes"?

That's the claim of Heartbeat Media Network, a new "visual radio station" set to debut on cable TV in 1982. Although it's initially slotted for six hours a night, seven days a week, Heartbeat expects to eventually deliver its zany, innovative brand of FM-TV 24 hours a day.

That is, if it can find a satellite. Although Heartbeat's creator (and

executive producer) Derek Meade claims that the channel has reserved space on Westar III (which brought you such classic non-programs as *Video Concert Hall*), he admits that they are discussing a partnership arrangement with some major cable companies which would give Heartbeat immediate access to a first-rate satellite capable of reaching huge numbers of cable subscribers. A confident John Sanfratello, executive vice president and producer of Heartbeat, says his creative team is ready on a moment's notice: "All we have to do is say 'go' and then see how outrageous we can be."

Featuring the charming and articulate New York (by way of England) radio personality Jonathan King (also the composer and singer of one of 1965's top songs, "Everyone's Gone To The Moon"), Heartbeat also boasts a team of bright VJs anchoring the music news desk, contributing on-location stories and reviewing LPs. Unlike MTV, the programming here will emphasize original concepts such as "Nuggets," classic hit songs set to old film clips; "Kaleidoscope News," musical montages integrating news footage, stills, animation and narration; and "Human News," a look at rock 'n' roll fashions.

Videodisc
Features
Welch And
'Friends'

By Alan Hecht

NEW YORK—"We made giant mistakes, but we just plowed ahead. It wasn't the slickest show I've ever done. During the last third of it we didn't know what people would be popping up where. But it was real."

So says Bob Welch of his concert performance at the Roxy in Los Angeles last November, which was taped live and shown by MTV in a 90-minute abridged version on New Year's Day. The concert was special for a number of reasons.

For one, it was billed as "Bob Welch and Friends." The "friends" turned out to be Carmine Appice, Heart's Ann Wilson, Robbie Patton and a few of Welch's acquaintances from his former band, Fleetwood Mac: namely, Mick Fleetwood, John McVie, Christine McVie and



Bob Welch

Stevie Nicks.

Fans who may have missed or not had access to the cable airing can expect an unabridged videodisc version of the show to be released this summer by SelectaVision. It'll

be one of the first RCA musicvideos available in stereo.

To Welch, the video was a chance to avoid doing the obvious. "Bob Welch doing his show alone is not enough (for this type of project)," he explains. "Touring is also an ordinary thing to do, and promo clips have gone way past the point of meaning anything."

A screening of segments from the videodisc reveals that the concert had enough memorable moments to make it a worthy addition to the video library. One of the choice segments shows Welch working out on guitar behind Nicks' cathartic reading of "Gold Dust Woman." Fleetwood chases Nicks around the stage, banging away on a cowbell, while Christine McVie chips in some solid vocal support. The event's spontaneous energy is most evident during the final number, which Welch terms a "free-for-all blues in question key." In the midst of the musical tumult, Ann Wilson jumps onstage and joins in the festivities. "I didn't even know she was in the club!" exclaims Welch. "By the end we were all flying totally blind. It really beat me up!"

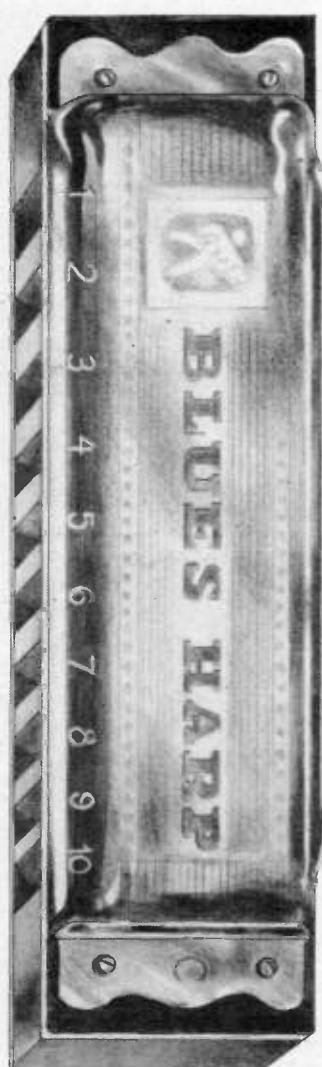
Clash

Continued from page 1
ord—a partial response to the negative criticism that greeted the three-record *Sandinista* set.

In between recording sessions, the Clash worked out distribution agreements for their much-discussed film, *Clash On Broadway*, a document concerning the band's tumultuous two-week stand at New York's Bond Casino last summer. The film combines concert footage with backstage shots and coverage of the scene outside Bond's. Intercut with this are scenes of the band surveying the rubble and decay of the South Bronx. According to the Clash, this is intended to give the project deeper significance than a concert film. The only explanation the band members will offer comes in the form of a press release which says *Clash On Broadway* is "a film about the state of the world, and the state of our attitudes, experienced, and blended, into a stream of consciousness that will illuminate the commonplace and remind us that our most persistent obstacle to achievement is ourselves."

The first four minutes of the movie have been edited into a video clip to accompany the band's current single "Radio Clash" (backed with an 11-minute opus patterned after the work of such New York "rap" artists as Grandmaster Flash and the Funky Four Plus One), which should be in circulation soon. The Clash hope to have the entire film out by this spring.

By summer, dates for the band's next U.S. tour will have been set. If all goes according to plan, the tour will concentrate on small and medium-sized cities, many of which the Clash will be visiting for the first time.

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Video Calendar

Date Show / Time / Station

1/26 DIONNE WARWICK IN CONCERT 1:30 PM/HBO (C)

1/27 CHER IN CONCERT

Taped at the Sporting Club in Monte Carlo, this extravaganza has tons of dancers, a 22 piece orchestra and some classic film footage of early Sonny and Cher.

8:30 AM/HBO (C)

1/28 *The Jazz Singer* (1980)

A tepid pop remake of the 1927 Al Jolson croaker, the first "talkie." Neil Diamond is the son of a Jewish cantor who would rather sing on stage than in a synagogue. Laurence Olivier, as the father, is only in it for the money. Diamond wrote the ponderous score.

10:00 AM/HBO (C)

1/28 *Performance* (1968)

James Fox, on the lam from the mob, hides out in a house occupied by Mick Jagger, a woman and a teen girl. Gradually, Jagger & Co. draw Fox into a nightmarish rock 'n' roll fantasy. A bizarre, but occasionally thoughtful film. A bonus for rock fans: Jagger singing "Meme From T," a Jagger-Richards song not on any Stones album.

4:00 AM/Cinemax (C) (also shown 2/1 at 1:00 AM)

1/29 *Coal Miner's Daughter* (1980)

Sissy Spacek stars (and sings) as Loretta Lynn in this acclaimed film bio of the country superstar's life and times. In his dramatic debut, Levon Helm displays quiet force as Lynn's father. Also stars Tommy Lee Jones as Lynn's husband, and Beverly D'Angelo as Patsy Cline.

1:30 PM/HBO (C)

1/30 *NIGHT FLIGHT*

Featuring Dire Straits' *Making Movies*, the Cars, and 90 minutes of a horrible reggae documentary, *The Day The Music Died*.

11:00 PM/USA Network (C)

2/01 *One Trick Pony* (1980)

Paul Simon stars in this semi-autobiographical film about a pop musician whose marriage and career are on the rocks. Rip Torn stands out as an unsympathetic record company executive. The original Lovin' Spoonful are featured in a nightclub sequence.

12:30 PM, 9:00 PM/Movie Channel (C) (2/5, 2/14, 2/20. Check local listings for times.)

2/03 *Mahogany* (1975)

Diana Ross stars in this drama about a secretary who climbs the ladder of success as a fashion model. Also features Anthony Perkins.

9:30 AM, 3:30 PM, 9:30 PM/Movie Channel (C) (also 2/6, 2/8, 2/9, 2/17, 2/18, 2/24; check local listings for times.)

2/04 *VIDEO JUKEBOX*

Debut showing of the month's top rock videos.

4:00 PM/HBO (C)

2/04 *LIVEWIRE*

"Music": The Ramones and the Band are featured.

8:00 PM/Nickelodeon (C) (also 2/6 at 8:00 PM)

2/04 *The Idolmaker* (1980)

Stark, striking portrait of a rock 'n' roll entrepreneur who propels two unknowns to stardom but ends up without a piece of the action. Starring Ray Sharkey and Peter Gallagher.

8:00 PM/HBO (C)

2/06 *NIGHT FLIGHT*

Feature: *Sympathy For The Devil*. Director Jean-Luc Godard's 1970 documentary looks at modern social and political revolution, using the Rolling Stones as an all-encompassing symbol of change.

11:00 PM/USA Network (C)

2/10 *Elvis* (1979)

Kurt Russell is excellent in the title role of this fast-paced, well-written biography of Presley's life. The scene in which Presley (Russell) shoots the screen out of a TV set is particularly amusing. Russell's vocals are supplied by country singer Ronnie McDowell.

10:30 PM, 7:00 PM/Movie Channel (C) (also 2/14, 2/18, 2/22, 2/26. Check local listings for times.)

2/11 *MERLE HAGGARD IN CONCERT*

TBA/PBS (Austin City Limits) (Check local listings for times.)

2/11 *LIVEWIRE*

"Private Lives/Public Lives": Garland Jeffreys discusses life in the fast lane.

8:00 PM/Nickelodeon (C) (also 2/13)

2/12 *NIGHT FLIGHT*

Rory Gallagher in concert.

2:00 AM/USA Network (C)

2/13 *NIGHT FLIGHT*

Al Stewart in concert (taped); Video Artists: "Fantastic Animation Festival," featuring musical shorts by Cat Stevens, Pink Floyd and others.

11:00 PM/USA Network (C)

2/14 *SPECIAL DELIVERY Roger Daltrey: Ride A Rock Horse*

A collection of promotional clips interspersed with animated sequences. Rarely seen here.

7:30 PM/Nickelodeon (C) (also 2/19 at 6:00 PM, 2/27 at 7:00 PM)

2/19 *NIGHT FLIGHT*

Feature: *Crystal Voyager*. A 1980 documentary by George Greenough on the California surfing scene with aquatic sequences shot through a special highspeed camera. Old Pink Floyd tracks provide the background music.

2:00 AM/USA Network (C)

This Month's Highlights



Simon & Garfunkel: The Concert In Central Park

The reunion of Simon & Garfunkel, videotaped last September in New York's Central Park. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg (*Let It Be*), the concert features all the old S&G favorites, Simon's solo hits and some unreleased material as well.

8:00 PM/HBO (C) February 21



Paul McCartney And Wings: Rock Show

An energetic, but technically uneven record of the 1977 "Wings Over America" tour. This full-length film contains most of Wings' hits, as well as some Beatles material. 8:00 PM/Showtime (C) Feb 22 (also 2/25 at 1:00, 10:00 PM; 2/27 at 8:00 AM, 6:00 PM)

2/20 *NIGHT FLIGHT*
April Wine in concert; "Boston Rocks" (rock videos by Beantown bands).
11:00 PM/USA Network (C)

2/21 *Simon & Garfunkel: The Concert In Central Park*
The reunion of Simon & Garfunkel. An historic musical event videotaped last September before 500,000 fans in

New York's Central Park. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg (*Let It Be*), the concert features not only all the old S&G favorites (some with new interpretations), but Simon's solo hits

and some unreleased material as well. A dazzling, must-see video.

8:00 PM/HBO (C)

2/22 *Paul McCartney And Wings: Rock Show*

An energetic, but technically uneven record of the 1977 "Wings Over America" tour. This full-length film, which premiered at New York's Ziegfeld Theater in November, 1980, contains most of Wings' hits, including "Band On The Run," "Live And Let Die" (complete with a laser-fog side-show), and "My Love," as well as some Beatles material ("Yesterday," "Long And Winding Road," "Lady Madonna").

8:00 PM/Showtime (C) (also 2/25 at 1:00 PM, 10:00 PM; 2/27 at 8:00 AM, 6:00 PM)

2/23 *This Is Elvis*

An uneven docudrama of Elvis Presley's life and career. Actual footage is interwoven with patently staged scenes featuring actors who resemble Elvis Costello more than they do Elvis Presley. The songs, though, are great.

12:00 Noon, 8:00 PM, 2:00 AM/Movie Channel (C) (also 2/28 at 1:30 PM, 11:45 PM)

2/25 *One Trick Pony* (1980)

(see 2/01 for details)

8:00 PM, 3:30 AM/Showtime (C) (also 2/28 at 1:30 PM, 11:45 PM)

2/27 *Viva Las Vegas* (1964)

Elvis is a racing car driver with Ann-Margret waiting at the finish line in this vintage Presley flick. Bright lights and gambling dens of the Las Vegas strip add luster. Title song was one of Elvis' biggest singles. 11:30 AM, 7:30 PM, 1:00 AM/Movie Channel (C)

Note: Programming subject to change; check local listings.

All Time Eastern Standard Time (C) — Cable

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FACES & PLACES



A Helping Hand

When Del Shannon appeared at Los Angeles's Country Club recently, his producer also showed up to play a few choice licks during renditions of "From Me To You" (a Lennon-McCartney song which Shannon covered months before Beatlemania hit these shores) and "Do You Wanna Dance?" The producer, obviously, is Tom Petty. Shannon is currently on a national tour in support of his new album, *Drop Down And Get Me*.

PHOTO: ROBERT MATHES



Anniversary Celebration

Dave Edmunds and Phoebe Snow are shown backstage at the 10th anniversary celebration of the Capitol Theater in Passaic, New Jersey. Edmunds played on a star-studded bill headlined by the Allman Brothers Band.

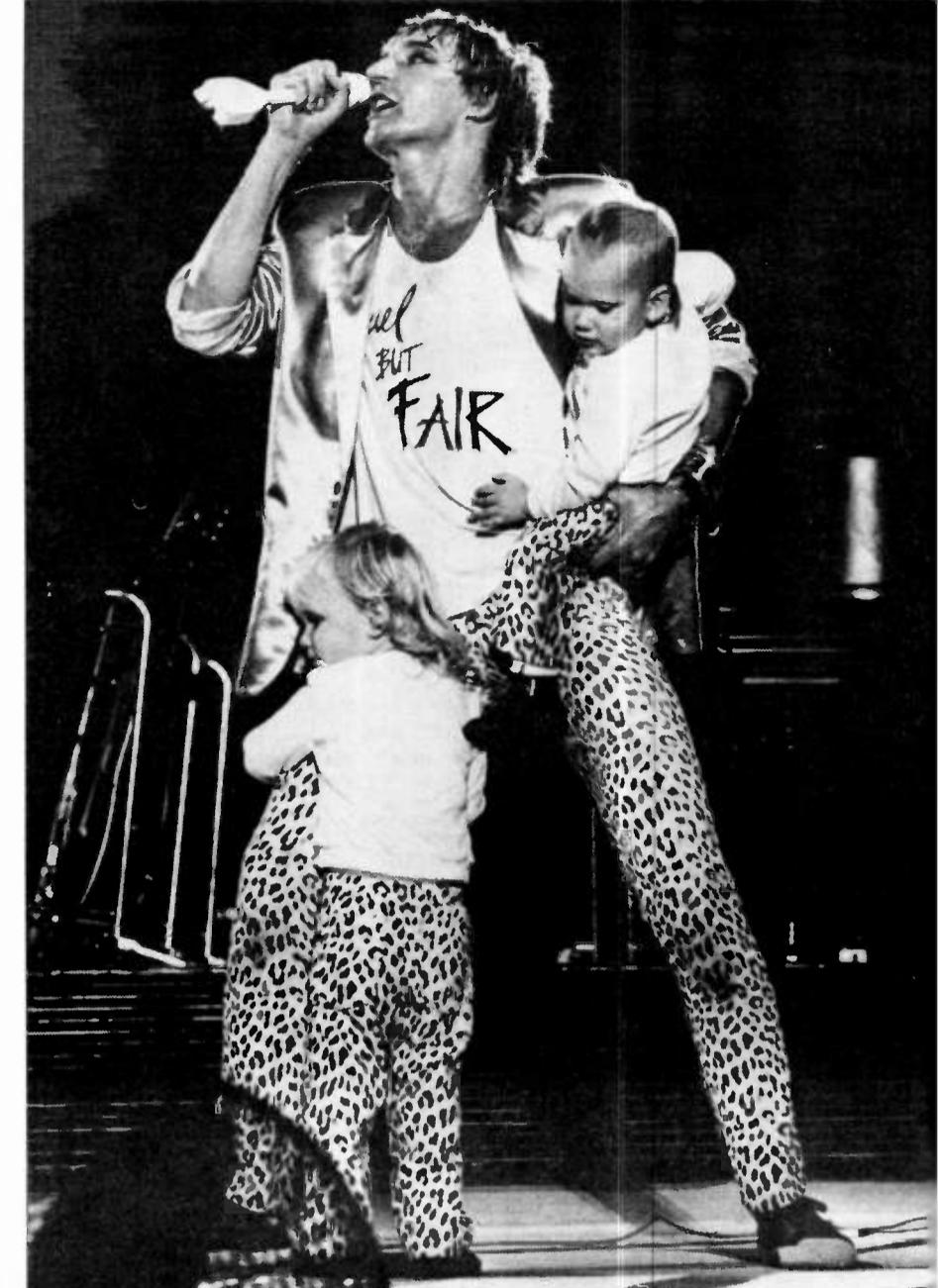
PHOTO: GARY GERSHOF/RETNA, LTD.



Just Ash Me

A smile is about to vanish from an unidentified young woman's face as Who bassist John Entwistle, one of the worst dressed musicians in rock history, finds a convenient ash tray during a birthday party held for him in England. Also in attendance was Pete Townshend, who was rumored to be working on a solo album at the time. No release date set.

PHOTO: RICHARD YOUNG/RETNA, LTD.



Couldn't Find A Babysitter?

Rod Stewart, mid-set at the L.A. Forum (site of his live, world-wide satellite telecast in December, 1980), let his biggest fans on stage. Well, smallest, actually. Clinging to Papa are Rod's children Shaun, 13 months old, and 2-year-old Kimberly. For the tots' first chance to see Daddy at work, Mother Alana insisted the family wear its Sunday best.



It's Not Worth It, Rick

Les Paul was honored by the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, which cited him both for his achievements as a musician and as a technical wizard whose innovations advanced the development of the electric guitar. He's shown at left restraining a wild-eyed Rick Derringer from going after an unidentified youth who made off with Peter Frampton's sleeves. The celebration was held at RCA Studios in Manhattan.



Why Are These People Smiling?

Seen from left at a party celebrating the publication of Mike McCartney's book, *The Macs* (ever wonder what it's like being Paul McCartney's brother? No? Shame on you.) May Pang, a practicing non-celebrity whose only claim to fame is that she was once John Lennon's "assistant"; Cynthia Lennon, Lennon's first wife, who appears suitably abashed; Mike McCartney, whose group Scaffold went down the toilet; and concert promoter Sid "I brought the Beatles to Shea Stadium" Bernstein. This is a rare photo showing Bernstein without a sandwich in his hand.



Mirror, Mirror On The Wall

If pop music is supposed to be disposable, then Adam Ant is one of its least essential commodities. He's shown here sans not only talent but also his customary pirate garb. In this case the clothes (rented) make the man, 'cause he sure ain't no kind of minstrel. The occasion was the Royal Variety Performance in London.

PHOTO: RICHARD YOUNG/RETNA, LTD.

Judging The Bands

From left: Gary U.S. Bonds, Allan Fawcett (*The Edge Of Night*), Grace Slick, Todd Rundgren and Carl Wilson are seen following the inaugural taping of *American Rock*, an updated version of *Battle Of The Bands*. Hosted by Fawcett, the event featured competition between local New York rock groups chosen by WNEW-FM staffers, with the winner selected by the panel of experts shown here. 25 such segments will be ped around the country. Grand prize is a recording contract on a major label.

PHOTO: EBET ROBERTS



Can You Digit?

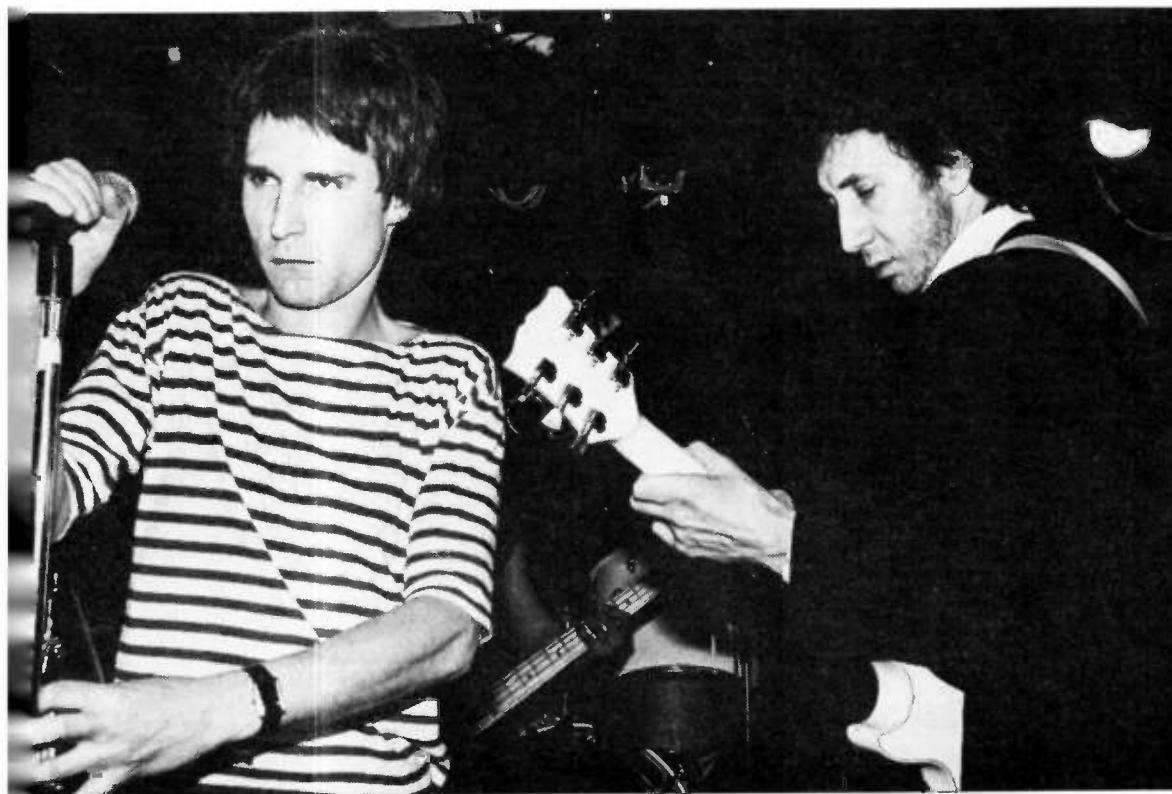
During Genesis' show at the Savoy in New York City, Phil Collins took time out to tell the assembled multitude how grateful he is for their support, thanks for making our band number one in your hearts and on the charts, we love you and fuck you very much.

PHOTO: CHUCK PULIN

I'm Just Proud To Be Here

An ecstatic John Belushi is flanked by Midnight Flyer's Maggie Bell and AC/DC's lead singer Brian Johnson at a party following the latter group's Madison Square Garden concert.

PHOTO: LISA TANNER



And Repeat

Opinion: If Pete Townshend isn't going to finish his next solo album, then he might as well spend his time in good company. He's seen here with David Bowie at New York's Savoy Club.

PHOTO: DAVID MCGOUGH/DMA

Pete . . .

Question: Why does Pete Townshend waste his time jamming with twits like former Babys lead singer John Waite? Meanwhile, Townshend's *Chinese Eyes* solo album, originally scheduled for release in the fall of '81, is now expected sometime in the early part of '82.

FILMS & BOOKS

Randy Newman: The 'Ragtime' Ordeal

By David Gans

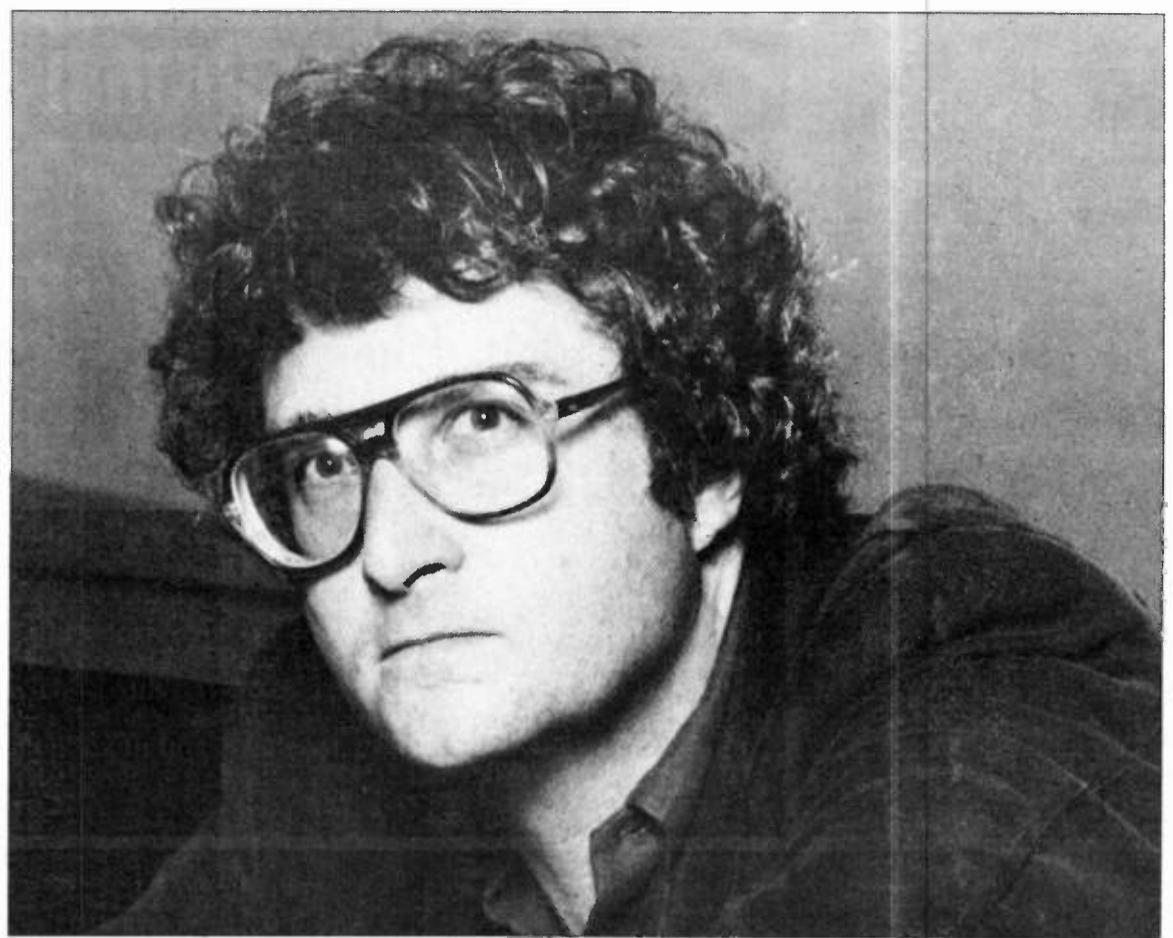
LOS ANGELES—It seemed inevitable that Randy Newman would one day gravitate to film work. After all, his family has a long and distinguished history in conducting and scoring film music, thanks to Newman's uncles, Alfred, Emil and Lionel Newman, who rank among Hollywood's legendary composers and conductors.

One would also expect a person privy to the wisdom of cinema sages to be prepared for the rigors of the craft. Yet when Newman was hired by producer Dino De Laurentiis to write the music for the film version of E.L. Doctorow's best-seller *Ragtime*, he was fully ignorant of the magnitude of the project. "I didn't know how hard film scoring was until I actually did it," Newman admits, somewhat abashed. "I sort of

got an indication from how tortured my uncles were when I saw them while they were working, but I didn't know that it would take so many hours a day just to get what seemed like a very small amount of music done.

"Writing songs," he explains further, "I'll feel as though two hours have gone by and it could be twenty minutes. With *Ragtime* I'd get started at seven or eight in the morning, and all of a sudden it'd be five o'clock."

The fourteen-week regimen of writing proved a welcome change of pace for Newman, who says he was "sort of proud of getting up early and behaving like an adult at a job. I really had no choice—I couldn't have gotten it done if I didn't work long hours."



Randy Newman: He liked being an employee

Newman was approached by De Laurentiis five years ago, when Robert Altman was expected to direct *Ragtime*. But when the fiery Altman and De Laurentiis had a falling out, Altman was removed from the film and Milos Forman brought in. "I didn't know whether they were going to make the picture at all," says Newman, who was called into the project again a year-and-a-half ago.

To get a feel for the music of the period, Newman sought the counsel of his friend, Barry Hansen (aka Dr. Demento), who gave him a representative selection of recordings from the ragtime era to study. Yet ragtime music itself wasn't the essential component of a forceful score.

"Scott Joplin was the best ragtime composer by far," he explains, "but the music doesn't do you any good dramatically—it's not that kind of music. Beethoven is sort of dramatic, but Joplin rags are not. Joplin's music is like Chopin's: he made great choices and did better than you would do yourself. The form was so limiting though."

Working from a four-hour rough cut on videocassette, Newman ran into some slight technical problems in matching music to the visuals. For one, the version he was given had no ending. Later on, he found out that some 40 minutes had yet to be cut from the completed film. The upshot? "Taking out a few frames here and a few frames there can really undo a lot of hard work putting things in the right places."

The ones that got away, though, seemed to gnaw most at Newman's ego. He rewrote the song "I Could Love A Million Girls," sung by Donald O'Connor in the film, with the idea of having the choreographer bring dancers up from the chorus line to illustrate the lyrics: "A Chinese girl, an Eskimo, a Finn," etc. "But she didn't do it," he shrugs.

"Change Your Way," which Newman himself sings on the soundtrack album but not in the film, was intended for an opening sequence in which Coalhouse Walker is discovered playing piano in a theatre. "I wanted to have a black entertainer come out—I had Scatman Crothers in mind—and sing the song before the newsreel started, and then cut to Coalhouse's hands on the piano." Another shrug. "But they never shot it."

The ordeal over, Newman looks back with bittersweet memories on an experience which, in its best moments, has whetted his appetite for more of the same. "It's a big art form, but it's too small a factor in the ultimate product," he says of the songwriter's role in moviemaking. "But I liked being an employee and trying to serve something bigger than myself as best I could without trying to be flashy."

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

A Futuristic Bass

By David Gans

If you've seen the Cars, Devo, the Dregs or James Taylor performing live or on television lately, you may have noticed the bassist wielding a strange black instrument with a tiny body and no peghead. What Benjamin Orr of the Cars, Devo's Jerry Casale, Andy West of the Dregs, Lee Sklar of James Taylor's band, and a host of other big-time bassists have discovered is the Steinberger, an award-winning (for design excellence) new instrument that's more than just a pretty bass.

"It's not just a gimmick," enthuses Andy West. "I could talk forever about the aspects of the Steinberger that don't have anything to do with playing it, but the most important thing is that it sounds good."

Ned Steinberger, an industrial engineer who is not a musician, created his radical new bass after completing a conventional wooden bass design for the Spector company of

Brooklyn, where Steinberger Sound is also located. "I came to realize that the basic layout of an electric bass has certain inherent problems that can only be dealt with by making fundamental design changes," he says.

The most important design change, with very far-reaching implications, is eliminating the peghead and moving the tuning mechanism onto the body. Steinberger notes that the peghead serves no purpose once the tuning machines are removed, and that the mass of that extra wood serves to throw off the balance of the bass.

"It weighs eight pounds (Fender Precision Basses weigh nine), but it feels really light on your body because it's really well-balanced," says West. "I'm less encumbered by the physical presence of the bass, and it has enhanced certain aspects of my performance onstage. It's also amazingly easy to swing the

neck upright and play near your face. You can play the Steinberger wherever you want to."

Aside from its striking visual impact, the principal attribute of the Steinberger is that it is made from highly reinforced plastic, twice as dense as wood and as strong as metal without the weight. Ovation, Modulus and other manufacturers have been putting out excellent instruments with plastic and/or graphite necks or bodies for some years now, and the Steinberger combines these ultra modern materials with more radical design advances.

"By molding the neck and body in one integral unit with this kind of stiffness, three problems are solved," notes Steinberger spokesman Hap Kuffner. "First, you get sustain like never before, like that of a solid stainless-steel guitar; second, there's no neck warp or twist at all, so there's no need for a truss rod; and third, there are no dead spots in the neck." Dead spots are caused by resonances in the wood, which absorbs the energy of string vibrations at certain frequencies more than others—resulting in varying levels of sound at different pitches.

Andy West also points out the advantage of having a compact instrument that is virtually indestructible.



The Dregs' Andy West plays a Steinberger Bass

in the overhead rack of a plane and not get any hassle."

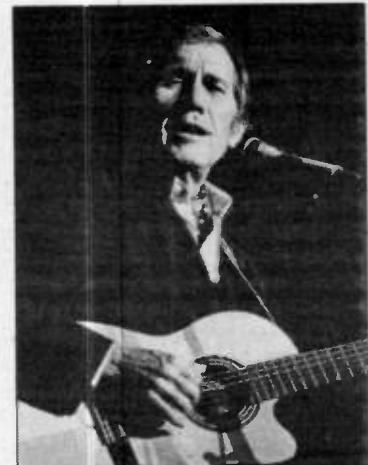
The Steinberger's tuning machines are a departure from the standard design, which Kuffner notes is basically unchanged since 1830. "We use a 40:1 screw system that stays where you put it," he says. "The screw itself pulls the string, accurately and in a straight line." The double ball-end string is held in place positively, with no chance of slippage. Regular strings may be used with a set-screw mechanism holding them in place.

Because the bass is perfectly rigid, notes West, "there's no settling in of the body in relation to the strings—you can put an E string on and tune it up, then put all the other strings on and the E will still be in tune."

"If it was strictly up to musical-instrument manufacturers, this project would have died a long time ago," says Ned Steinberger, "It's musicians who made it happen, because they saw it and said, 'Wait a minute! Let me check this thing out!'"

PRODUCT REPORTS

Solid Body Classical Guitar



This new Chet Atkins model Gibson is a unique single-cutaway, essentially a solid-body instrument with acoustic resonance chambers, sealed by a spruce top. The advantages of this design are that it allows you to amplify a classical guitar sound to high levels without feedback or loss of definition. Six individual piezoelectric transducers and six individual trim pots (located on the back of the instrument) allow you to adjust the gain of each string to compensate for string balance. Two models are offered featuring 3-piece mahogany, 25 1/2" scale necks and Schaller tuners: The CE with a Rosewood fingerboard, and the CE-C, featuring an ebony fingerboard and a wider neck for traditional classical guitarists. Gibson, P.O. Box 100087, Nashville, Tenn. 37210

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

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VK-09

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Green Onions

96 Tears

Gimme Some Lovin'

Green Eyed Lady

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

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

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

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

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

NEW FACES

Luther Vandross: Taught By Experts

By Stan Mieses

NEW YORK—Luther Vandross' timing has been superb. His current Epic album, *Never Too Much*, is a smash across the charts, and reviews of his live performance have been uniformly excellent. But if the face is new in 1982, the talent isn't. This is actually Luther's fourth album in the span of six years, and it is not even the first to attain certifi-

able success (his group, Change, had a gold LP on the RFC label two years ago, and there were two other group records under the name Luther on Cotillion in the mid-'70s); and furthermore he has been seen backing Bette Midler, Roberta Flack, David Bowie, and others throughout those years.

If there is any anger or frustra-

tion about being perceived as a newcomer despite such an impressive resume, it doesn't show on Luther's round, cherubic face. He projects the attitude of a most happy fella, and indeed he has a right to be: The market has come to him.

"I had to wait," explains Luther. "First of all, I went through a management change. Then the Change

through. But I don't know why people say that.

It's certainly unfair to suggest that Blood's busy, bee-swarm attack has the richness of Hendrix's polytonal orchestrations, nor is there any hint of Hendrix's vulnerable sensuality in Blood's gruff, manish-boy vocals. What Hendrix and Ulmer share is a connection to the rich rural blues tradition of Robert Johnson, Son House, Muddy Waters and John Lee Hooker—country boys, the hellhounds on their trail, dealing with the sin and speed of the big city, hearing sounds that fall between the cracks of the tempered scale. If you can imagine the kind of spectral "out-of-tune" sounds Hendrix used to get by hitting the Stratocaster's whang bar, you can picture Ulmer's point-of-departure, and the emotional abandon of his improvisations.

"My music modulates symmetrically," Blood offers. "I get my bassist and drummer to imply all that in their rhythms so that it implies the same feeling. That way I can always refer to them rhythms to create the illusion of unisons and harmonies—like in African music—so that I can think like a drummer or choose not to resolve my phrases like you might be expecting on a guitar, to get some contrasts and new phrasings goin'. That's what I learned from Coleman's system of harmolodics: to have harmony, melody and rhythm swimmin' together in circles of sound. It's hard work, man, because you have to constantly be orchestrating the melody—compositional improvisation. It ain't about no scales or changes."

sounding like that to people maybe it's just a channel I'm passing



PHOTO: JOHN BELLISIMO/RETNA, LTD.

Luther Vandross: "I don't project a message from below the waist."

record finally happened, and it went gold, which meant that there was some reason to believe that my voice could make money. Then, the right offer had to come along. I had some pretty good ones. I was passed on, too. I just had to be sure to sign with a company that would be best for me."

While Luther was making a good living as a jingles singer (imbuing expressions like "you deserve a break today" and "proud as a peacock" with a depth of soul no ad copywriter could have dreamed possible), he was also preparing his next tape to be shopped around, like anyone else starting in the business. He knew what he was after: "I've sung on enough records and been around enough great producers and done enough on my own to have a good perception of what is acceptable." He also learned a few things from the established performers he toiled for, to wit:

From Bette Midler, "I learned that the material is only as good as the interpreter, especially in terms of comedy delivery."

From Roberta Flack, "I learned that you get it the way you want it and you don't compromise."

Bowie, oddly enough, was Luther's first and greatest influence in the music business. "I made my first dollar through him," recalls

Luther. "He started me out. I went on the road with him just after *Young Americans*. He had me go out and open for him. I did a forty-five minute set every night in the biggest arenas, straight off, which was pretty rough. You know, the audience was there to hear Bowie. But he would tell me, 'Fuck them, develop your craft. It doesn't matter that they're not loving you. Feel the dimensions of the stage, learn from being out there. You'll get your accolades later.' He was right."

Luther's instincts about what was good have paid off. Nowhere is this more evident than when he is performing onstage. Luther projects a carefree, happy, involved persona that is, by his own admission, as well-crafted as his songs.

"The way I project is by design, not by accident," he says. "I used to love the Supremes. They epitomized the make-it-look-easy style. But that's ten percent of it. Ninety percent of it is that I really feel that way. I don't feel the pressure. I'm not after anyone's crown, I have my own identity. I don't compare with anyone else, although my name has been linked here and there with Teddy Pendergrass and Peabo Bryson. But we're very different. I don't project a message from below the waist. I don't profile a whole lot."

The Harmolodic Logic Of James Blood Ulmer

By Chip Stern

NEW YORK—"You know you're really playing music when the instrument don't sound like what you're playin,'" Blood Ulmer states



GARY NILES/TOPIX

James Blood Ulmer: "It ain't about no scales or changes."

emphatically, riveting you with a sleepy-eyed, inquisitive glance before breaking into a lusty, conspiratorial chuckle.

Despite an avalanche of ecstatic press that has all the markings of your basic overnight sensation hype, acceptance has been slow in arriving for this soft-spoken guitarist-composer. Arriving in Pittsburgh 20 years ago from his native South Carolina, Ulmer learned the organ trio rhythm comp from a youthful George Benson ("When I got into town there was this little cat with this great big guitar, standing on a street corner playin' and singin' his heart out—when he was 13 George Benson was the baddest motherfucker alive"); served valuable apprenticeships in varied doo-wop bands; and virtually lived on the road for nine straight years. "All that time I was thinkin' that there had to be some different way of playin' the blues so that you didn't always end up going over the same ground, playin' the same resolutions and not saying nothing."

The results of Ulmer's search may be heard on his major label debut *Free Lancing* (Columbia), a futuristic bush music that draws on the free jazz innovations of Blood's mentor, reedman-composer Ornette Coleman, as well as the popular conventions and textures of R&B and hard rock. Because Blood's hybrid hovers right on the edge of chaos and atonality, with the guitarist pumping melodic shrapnel and stuttering white noise through a Gibson Byrdland/Fender Twin Reverb set-up (not unlike Detroit bad boy Ted Nugent's gear), comparisons with Jimi Hendrix have been rampant. Such comparisons, though superficially relevant and well-intentioned, tend to be misleading, and Blood himself doesn't

thrust for the Michael Schenker Group. Powell's always ready to help out musicians in distress. Which leads us neatly to another of Britain's most powerful groups.

The Who are undergoing one of their periodic "will they, won't they" traumas. The group has been holding meetings to discuss the possibility of touring again in 1982. But in the meantime John Entwistle has been sounding off about a real split.



The ubiquitous Cozy Powell

LONDON CALLING

By Chris Welch

Concerning Cozy Powell And Matters Of The Who

Led Zeppelin rehearsing with drummer Cozy Powell? Forget it. What's happening may be much more exciting. Cozy, the only man formidable enough to replace the late John Bonham, has been in the studio backing Robert Plant on the latter's first solo album.

In addition to leading bands of his own, Powell has worked with Jeff Beck and Rainbow, and is currently providing the rhythmic

He said in London recently: "The group is contracted to do two more albums for Polydor." Then he added: "After that, I don't know what we are going to do. Once a band starts to interfere with the careers of the individual members it is time for it to split up. Anyway, we haven't done anything as a group for six months." Entwistle, who's getting fed up playing the same material tour after tour, said the Who's been discussing playing material from each member's solo LPs.

Who split rumors have been further fueled by suggestions that drummer Kenny Jones is about to leave the group. And guess who may replace him? The ubiquitous Cozy Powell. Another contender to replace Jones—who's said to be frustrated by the lack of Who activity—is Mark Brzezicki, the drummer on Pete Townshend's 1980 solo album, *Empty Glass*. Townshend has another solo album due out on Atco in 1982—the release date's been pushed back several times already, after being originally set for fall of '81.

Keith Emerson In The News

Keith Emerson is back in action. He's returned to Britain after living in the Bahamas for some years, and is rehearsing with Canadian guitarist Pat Travers. But Emerson's plans are unconfirmed, according to his manager. He's been hanging fire since the demise of Emerson, Lake & Palmer, awaiting the out-

come of solo projects by Carl Palmer and Greg Lake. Emerson ought not to figure on being welcomed back with open arms. These days the local press tend to refer to artists from the techno-rock Seventies—which ELP came to epitomize—as "bozos," or at their most cutting, "fat bozos."

Clark Leaves Depeche Mode

Hot keyboards band Depeche Mode, which hit here with "I Just Can't Get Enough," lost one of its top members just ahead of the American release of its debut LP. Chief songwriter Vince Clark has decided to sit at home and write—he couldn't stand all the touring that came in the wake of the group's success. David Gahan, Andy Fletcher and Martin Gore will carry on.

A Vote For Bucks Fizz

Jeff Beck and Mitch Mitchell were in the audience for Bucks Fizz' Dominion Theatre concert. The group's gained some notoriety of late for being featured on Labor Party anti-government badges bearing the slogan, "The Tories Have A Worse Record Than Bucks Fizz." Unfair, as the four-piece vocal group has had four top 30 hits in the past year and is now preparing for an American tour.

RECORD REVIEWS



Take No Prisoners
Molly Hatchet
Epic

By David McGee

Molly Hatchet's fourth album should cement its reputation as the nonpareil boogie army. But a closer listen reveals a band unleashing the greatest resource in its arsenal: formidable lead singer Jimmy Farrar.

Don't be misled, though. The sextet's neanderthal ferocity—exemplified by the guitar triumvirate of Dave Hlubek, Duane Roland and Steven Holland—remains in-

tact. But on side two, cut one, there's "Lady Luck," complete with the Tower of Power horns punching up the instrumental attack and Jai Winding's tasty keyboard fills adding a delicacy that can only be described as... touching.

Similarly, on "Power Play" the guitar blitzkrieg is toned down in favor of a more introspective approach. The effect is striking because it allows Farrar to wear his heart on his sleeve in lamenting another's lifetime of lies. His dark, insinuating vocal presence recalls vintage Jim Morrison. That he can scream and shout with anyone is fine, too. But what's interesting is a singer who delves beyond the surface emotions of a song for something more personal. Unfortunately, the material rarely lends itself to this degree of interpretation. Here's hoping Farrar's mates take up the challenge he poses.

Shake It Up
Cars

Elektra

By Wayne King

After listening to *Shake It Up*, one cannot doubt that the Cars

are, in both sound and content, virtually the state of the art in synthesizer pop. That's a backhanded compliment, though, for it means that they exhibit all the flaws in this style in addition to demonstrating its power.

The music works best when the



layers of sound allow the human component to come through. On "Shake It Up," for example, the guitar supplies some stirring rhythm as well as a nifty little solo; but the real strength of the Cars' approach is best demonstrated on the LP's last two songs. "Think It Over" and "Maybe Baby" may take their titles from Buddy Holly, but it's their own mixture of uptempo verve and straightforward lyrics (sung with some passion for a

change) that make them rattle and roll. "Maybe Baby," especially, is kicked along by David Robinson's charging drums that no rhythm machine can ever match; moreover, the song's stirring rock dynamics point up the weakness of other cuts. *Shake It Up* represents the type of modern electronic pop currently in vogue at rock discos, all of it coming in the wake of the group's influential first album. That record seemed to herald a new manner of music: basic rock 'n' roll, at root, enhanced by a complex and calculated synthesis of traditional and new wave elements. The paucity of ideas here betrays not only the breakthrough that debut represented, but also the fans whose support justified it.

Controversy
Prince

Warner Bros.

By Bruce Dancis

Prince may be a musical genius—*Controversy* is the 22-year old's fourth album in which he produces, arranges, composes, and performs virtually every song—but as a lyricist his lack of eloquence and, especially, subtlety, nearly un-

dercuts the strength of his craftsmanship in other areas. One supposes it's a measure of the artist's talent that he can be so consistently prosaic yet so consistently satisfying: the whole is more than the sum of its parts.

But as a musician, Prince has created a virtual genre unto himself—a synthesizer-laden brand of New Wave funk. As with last year's *Dirty Mind*, *Controversy* is a consistently stunning effort powered by a remarkable assortment of synthesizer and guitar leads, chicken-scratching rhythm guitar chops, catchy melodies, and committed vocals.

Prince's range asserts itself throughout, sometimes even within a single song. "Sexuality" begins with a "Tusk"-like rumbling beat, deep synthetic bass line, and a falsetto wail before being turned over



to a portentous declamatory vocal. Changing the pace abruptly with "Do Me, Baby," Prince orchestrates the act of love (except we don't know who's doing what to whom) as a gorgeous ballad complete with more orgasmic grunts and moans per square inch of vinyl than Jane Birkin and Serge Gainsbourg's "Je T'aime Moi Non Plus" in (of course) 1969.

Controversy closes with a rollicking good-time rocker which, if there were no censors, would have thousands of kids bouncing down the streets and through the school halls, snapping their fingers, and singing the chorus, "I'll Jack U Off."



Party Safari
Joe "King" Carrasco and the
Crowns
Hannibal

By Erik Hedegard

Credit Joe "King" Carrasco with resurrecting that sound—a sometimes gritty, sometimes comic mix of Tex/Mex, '60s psychedelic rock and catchy pop melodies—now known as Nuevo Wavo. Credit him also with the tastiest use of the Farfisa organ since the days of his obvious heroes: Doug Sahm, Sam the Sham and ? and the Mysterians. But let's credit Carrasco—and his four-tune EP *Party Safari*—most for a hot, rousing injection of music that's party-time fun, yes, but not dumb. At the bargain price of \$4.98, this record shouldn't be overlooked.

From the stinging, mysterioso intro on "Bad Rap" to the let's-drink-and-drive exhortations of "Gin Baby Gin," Carrasco's tunes seem built to satisfy the most ornery of his Austin-based (i.e., hometown) fans. But what sets him a cut above your run of the mill, people-pleasing honky tonker is both intelligence and passion. The ubiquitous, pumping Farfisa, the abundance of first-rate, musical hooks, Carrasco's own evocative, whining vocals—when they all come together, as they do here on the wistful "Ta U La Ou Va," it's positively compelling stuff.

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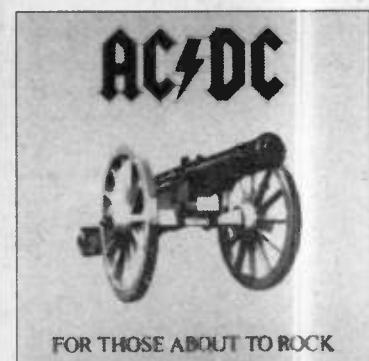
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FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK

For Those About To Rock We Salute You
AC/DC

Atlantic

By Lori Carney

This is the most intelligently-conceived record AC/DC's ever recorded, but one that retains the raunchiness on which the band's reputation rests.

Credit should go to producer Robert John "Mutt" Lange, who developed what was once a dense sonic boom into a clean, crisp attack. This serves not to reveal hidden meanings in the songs here, but to heighten the fierce drive of Malcolm and Angus Young's guitars. Vocalist Brian Johnson checks in with an LP-long wail that ranks as one of the yeoman vocal feats in rock history. Amazing enough, he's matched instrumentally by the authoritative thunder of the Cliff Williams-Phil Rudd rhythm section.

The songs are predictable fare: "Evil Walks," "Inject The Venom" and, yeah, yeah, "Let's Get It Up," all cover familiar turf. But it's significant that AC/DC has finally learned the trick peculiar to all bands of dubious moral character: if you have nothing to say, say it loud and clear and unequivocally, and somebody's bound to listen.



Take It Off

Chic

Atlantic

By Stuart Cohn

In this crazed world of fashion, who remembers last year's hot color or dance floor craze? Obviously, Chic auteurs Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards remember theirs. More than half the songs on *Take It Off*—especially the single, "Stage Fright"—employ the familiar descending trebly guitar riffs and strong, popping bass that turned "Le Freak" and "Good Times" into the monsters they were.

Unfortunately, there's more than the usual complement of wimpy Chic ballads here to slow things down. At other times, the band's fine strutting is rubbed out by faceless vocals.

Chic is in desperate need of a stylish singer or two to lift their riffs above the crowd. As it is, there's nothing on *Take It Off* to lift anyone's head from the ads in this month's *Vogue*.

The Catherine Wheel
David Byrne

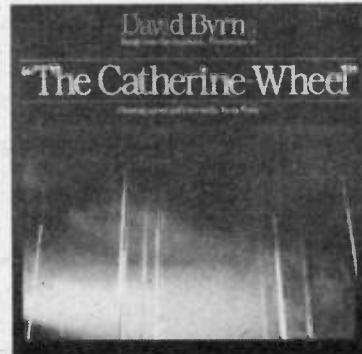
Sire

By John Skipper

This abridged version of the 73-minute score David Byrne wrote to accompany a full-length dance by Twyla Tharp rolls on in the same direction as Byrne's most recent work with Talking Heads and Brian Eno. Influenced by polyrhythmic African music, Byrne has created a sound which relies almost

entirely on the interplay of multiple rhythms, beginning with a basic, constant groove over which several other rhythmic grooves appear and re-appear.

The result is highly textural music with a kind of insistent movement forward (which, or course, makes it great dance music). On



songs like "Big Business" and "Two Soldiers" the rhythms develop incessantly, each one growing from the one before it.

Byrne creates these rhythms with a rather diverse array of instruments, among them Gung Gongs, Kitchen Metals, Triggered Flutes, and Pierce and High Guitars. The sounds, particularly when combined with Byrne's own distinctively quirky vocals, are often peculiar.

Therein lies the charm, and the challenge, of *The Catherine Wheel*.



Raise
Earth Wind & Fire
ARC/Columbia

By Mark Mehler

Despite the backing of a complete orchestra, the Phenix Horns and bevy of studio chicanery, *Raise* barely gets off the ground. It's low-grade stuff from a band playing well below its potential.

In EWF's benign universe, everything is beautiful, everyone's a winner and partying too hard is about the worst thing that can happen to a person. Normally, Maurice White's

vision of blue skies is clouded only by thick bursts of horny funk, infectious male-female vocal counterpoint and crisp, imaginative phrasing.

But here, the male-female give-and-take generates no tension, has no spark. A promising Latin-tinged synthesizer riff ("Kalimba Tree") shows signs of originality before segueing to one more perfunctory funk cut, "You Are A Winner," which is disrupted by a brief, pointless rock guitar part. "Let's Groove," the hit single, would be filler on EWF's previous albums, so ordinary are its sentiments and its structure.

I Love Rock 'N Roll
Joan Jett & the Blackhearts
Boardwalk

By Joan Tarshis

Don't listen for any fancy '80s technology here; you won't find it. Joan Jett's second solo album is as fresh and unpretentious as rock gets, excluding basement tapes. Remember the sound of the early Beatles LPs? Producers Richie Cordell and Kenny Laguna do, and they've gone out and fashioned a polished but still raw sound (that is, there's

enough rough edges to keep matters from becoming predictable) that recalls the crispness of the Fab Four's recordings.

Jett's covers of "Crimson and Clover" and "Bits And Pieces" respect the original versions yet fit



comfortably into the artist's repertoire. "Victim of Circumstance" is an autobiographical explanation—almost a musical plea—by someone who's lived through the good and the bad of rock stardom. Given this, "I Love Rock 'N Roll," song and album, can be seen as the visceral pronouncement of one whose spirit remains indomitable. Forget her inauspicious debut in the mid-'70s with the Runaways; Joan Jett's a rocker, pure and simple. No phonies allowed.

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Bob and Doug McKenzie, "Great White North" includes "Take Off" featuring Geddy Lee.

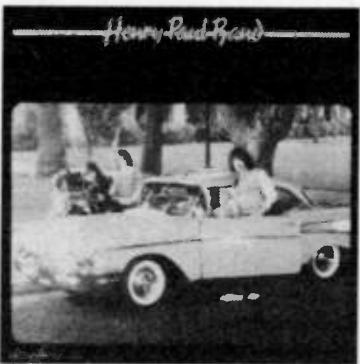




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RECORD REVIEWS



Anytime
Henry Paul Band
Atlantic

By Oren Clark

The beautiful character of the Henry Paul Band's debut album, *Grey Ghost*, has been forsaken. The soft, twangy leads (volume turned way down) and buoyant acoustic lines floating through every song have lost out to the groove established on the band's second LP, *Feel The Heat*; i.e., they've become another guitar army. In this limited form, the musicians acquit themselves well. Dave Feister's

competent performance on lead should rank him high among axe-wielders of this type. The rhythm section (Billy Crain on guitars, Wally Dentz on bass and Bill Hoffman on drums) is tasteful and unimposing, providing a solid foundation for Feister's and Paul's solo maneuvers. Cast-iron throated Paul may not be chugging white lightning with the Outlaws anymore, but whatever he's drinking hasn't hurt his ability to bull through a raft of standard, heavy metal hogwash ("Hollywood Paradise") and Southern rock ("Living Without Your Love").

Ultimately, though, there's a shortage of real creativity here, in both the songs and the instrumental work. The first album had ideas to build on; this one's a dead end street.

Lord Upminster
Ian Dury
Polydor

By Chip Stern

Ian Dury's gonzo charm hasn't quite taken hold in America, especially given his aversion to touring, but with *Lord Upminster* Dury's created an infectious set of

body songs that mix sacred and profane sentiments in wry, bawdy little chants, aphorisms and couplets that are teasing yet tender.

"The things that make us human are unpleasant to your taste," Dury complains on "Lonely (Town)," exalting our true inner beauty by dar-



ing to turn personal affliction into a cry of affirmation on the rowdy anthem "Spasticus (Autisticus)." Otherwise the mood is breezy as Dury and ex-Blockhead mate Chaz Jankel waft through the thundering surf of Robbie Shakespeare and Sly Dunbar, their tense mixture of Euro-minimalism and James Brown bathed in reverberant calypso/reggae rhythms—echoed voice, guitar, synthesizer, bass, electric percussion all acting as drums.

So in a sense, Dury's not a singer, or even a storyteller, but a rapper. He interrupts our flow of time by amplifying, inverting or otherwise commenting on the groove, bearing witness like a renegade adjunct to the rhythm section. Given the playfulness of his imagery and the resounding disco mix, *Lord Upminster* should delight dancers and radio programmers alike.



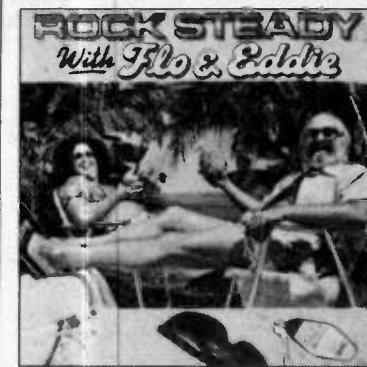
Sneaker
Handshake

By Oren Clark

One of the dangers in teaming a name producer with a new band is that the resulting LP em-

phasizes the overruling power and style of the former more than it does the talent of the latter. Such is the case with Jeff "Skunk" Baxter's production of Sneaker's self-titled debut album.

Baxter weaves intricate arrangements into potpourri of ballads and soft pop numbers that are suited for, say, a quartet. This six-piece group, proficient musicians and vocalists all, respond too quickly to Baxter's slightest whim. And nothing is delivered. From the dugga-dugga-dung of the bass in "Jaymes" to the numerous brass arrangements to the strictly keyboard-and-rhythm piece, "More Than Just The Two Of Us," there is no sense of invention—the band's just following orders from the bridge. Note to Sneaker: despite what your producer says, you are allowed to rock 'n' roll.

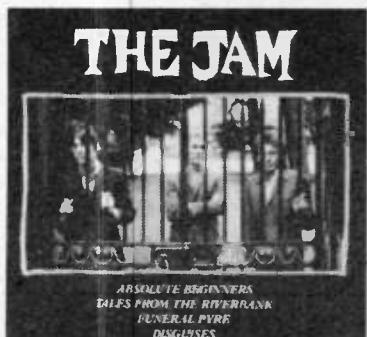


Rock Steady With
Flo & Eddie
Flo & Eddie
Epiphany

By Bruce Dancis

As they showed recently on Bruce Springsteen's *The River* and Blondie's *Autoamerican*, Flo and Eddie's glorious harmonies have lost none of their former sparkle, and they do wonders here with the slow, lilting, sensuous melodies from Jamaica's late Sixties "Rock Steady" era. Most of the cuts are Jamaican classics, but a reggaified remake of the Turtles' 1967 chart-topping "Happy Together" lends personal/historical continuity.

Co-starring—and assuring that this album is not merely the ersatz Caribbean slumming of fading rock stars—is the instrumental support of some of reggae's top musicians, including bassist Aston "Family Man" Barrett of the Wailers, Soul Syndicate guitarist (and co-producer) Earl "Chinna" Smith, and keyboard/dub master Augustus Pablo. Although the album cover of our boys sunning themselves, bellies unfurled, in a lush tropical setting is what you'd expect from performers whose last tour was billed as a "two-and-a-half man show," the grooves are pure pop-reggae delight and an excellent introduction to an often unrecognized form of Jamaican music.



The Jam
Polydor

By Bonnie Vaughan

Since their Mod/punk origins, the Jam have steadily developed and matured as songwriters and musicians. This five-song EP (containing three singles and two B-sides previously available in the U.S. only as imports) continues that trend. In contrast to the pop-inspired, melodic style that's characterized the band's work to date, most of the songs here sport the sparse, psychedelic sound now popular in Britain. However, the ech-

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oed guitars and odd bass lines in "Disguises," "Funeral Pyre" and the ethereal "Tales From The Riverbank" suffer badly from Peter Wilson's muddy production.

The outstanding numbers are "Absolute Beginners," a funky, danceable song with a blaring brass section, and "Liza Radley," an acoustic ballad reminiscent of their earlier "English Rose." The latter is technically superior to everything else on the EP, perhaps because it's the only song produced by the man responsible for some of the Jam's best moments on LP, Vic Copper-smith-Heaven. One is led to believe that the psychedelic numbers might have worked had his sure hand been on the board when they were recorded.



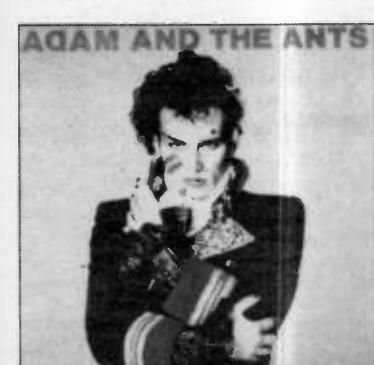
Bobby and the Midnites
Bob Weir
Arista

By John Skipper

The problem with this record is not in the playing. Billy Cobham on drums and Alphonso Johnson on bass provide a powerful one-two rhythm punch. Bob Weir's voice sounds terrific and other band members (Bobby Cochran on guitar, Matthew Kelly on harmonica and Brent Mydland on keyboards) are consistently fine.

What they are playing is just not memorable. There's not a single song here to compare with the best moments ("Bombs Away," "Heaven Help The Fool," "Salt Lake City," "I'll Be Dog-gone") on Weir's most recent solo album, *Heaven Help The Fool*. Only "Too Many Losers," "Carry Me" and "Festival" have any of the same bright pop spirit.

Bobby and the Midnites is nothing to be ashamed of, but a band of this caliber ought to be willing to test its chops a bit more dramatically than it does here. Maybe next time.



Prince Charming
Adam & the Ants
Epic

By Bonnie Vaughan

In their second album, Adam and the Ants try to incorporate into their original style a number of international musical influences, and they come up with what sounds like, at best, B-grade movie soundtracks and, at worst, hopeless ethnic confusion. And judging by the blatantly-narcissistic lyrics, it hardly seems guessing to say that the band is taking its self-perpetuated hype a bit too seriously.

Adam's penchant for tribal music is evident in the superimposed tom-toms and chants in nearly every song, whether or not it already has a Latin rhythm, a steel-drum Caribbean feel, or mariachi horns mixed in with a spaghetti-Western theme. In "5 Guns West" they salute the American West with

twanging guitars, harmonicas and horribly affected vocals; in "Ant Rap" their attempt to work rap into the repertoire is offensive in the extreme.

While most of these extravagant musical ideas fail, none approach the inanity of the lyrics. Lines like "Look pretty, look young, be fearless" and "watch us stopping you from cruising Ugly Avenue" in "Scorpions" and "I spend my cash on looking flash and grabbing your attention" in "Stand and Deliver" make you wonder when lyricists Adam Ant and Marco Pirroni plan to put their vacuous, self-congratulatory, self-indulgent songs to rest and start saying something relevant for a change.

Live Jacksons

Epic

By David McGee

In toto, *Live* is a greatest hits album chronicling the development not only of the Jacksons, but also of Michael. The songs are, with the exception of "Ben," top of the barrel and exuberantly rendered. In mixing the tracks, Bill Schnee has kept the instruments

hot, particularly the all-important rhythm section, while at the same time allowing for a clarity in the vocals that's unusual on a live recording. By cueing out the audi-



ence, when appropriate, he's kept the focus of this two-record set on the singing and the playing: you really don't need a lot of crowd noise to know the Jacksons are a hot act.

The album's charm is in the rapport Michael demonstrates with his fellow musicians. Surely they know each other's every move by now. This may explain the show's slickness (and the Jacksons do pander to their fans at every opportunity), but it also accounts for an uncommon personality in the musical interplay and a richness in the mood shifts.

Rare is the band that can segue from the funk and fire of "Heartbreak Hotel" to the pure cabaret corn of "She's Out Of My Life" and remain believable.

Ultimately *Live* is Michael's showcase; as such, it stands as a testament to his consummate artistry as a writer, singer and entertainer.



Belo Horizonte
John McLaughlin
Warner Bros.

By Chip Stern

John McLaughlin has been like a man without a country since the demise of the original Mahavishnu Orchestra. Those jazz-rock concepts, once so fresh and excit-

ing, turned to mush in the hands of less-gifted imitators as McLaughlin trailblazed an east-west synthesis with violinist L. Shankar in *Shakti*. McLaughlin's return to electric fusion was painful to watch, and the "epic" trios with Al DiMeola and Paco De Lucia sound as if he were being paid by the note. Now, in a good career move, he's resurfaced on Warners with *Belo Horizonte*, an elegant, engaging slice of MOR-life-style music.

Trouble is, we've come to expect a lot more emotional intensity than McLaughlin gives up here, and despite the Djangoish delicacy of tunes like "Waltz For Katia," and a tribute to Bill Evans, the writing and accompaniment is nondescript. And forget the promotional hype, because there's nothing innovative about acoustic guitar with an electric combo (Earl Klugh, anyone?).

What's positive about *Belo Horizonte* is that McLaughlin no longer feels compelled to give up the ghosts of past triumphs. What's needed are some performance partners with a contrasting sense of formalism for him to bounce off of—like, say Joe Sample and the Crusaders. Until that happens, wait for the next *Shakti* album.

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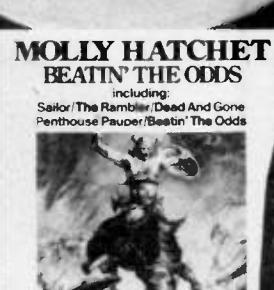
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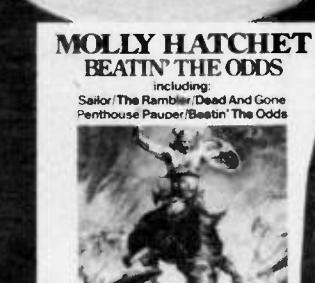
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VIEWPOINT

Reappraising Lady Soul's Legacy

By David McGee

There's a popular view among rock critics that Aretha Franklin's early recordings for Columbia Records so misrepresent her immense talent as to be worthless. Now, however, Columbia has issued a two-record set, *The Legendary Queen Of Soul*, which indicates that a fresh look at these years is in order. Minus the heavily-orchestrated show tunes from 1962-64, this LP contains the most revealing performances of an artist who was immature (she was 19 when signed), probably confused by the selection of material and groping for a vocal identity. There are some telling moments here which must be dealt with in order to understand how Aretha Franklin developed from a mere singer into a legend.

It should be noted that Aretha made great records at Atlantic in large part because she was teamed with a sympathetic producer in Jerry Wexler, who had the good sense to, in his own words, "put her back in the church." But she also brought to her first Atlantic sessions an unusually eclectic singing style—part gospel, part R&B, part jazz, part pop—owing to the diversity of material she'd recorded previously. Let loose in the studio, she reached henceforth for emotions which transcended matters of race and age, without ever denying her own.

In listening to these songs, one must take into account certain extra-musical considerations. In 1960, Columbia was faced with the problem, sad to say, of making a black artist palatable for a white audience. So while Franklin's first records with producer John Ham-



PHOTO: ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Aretha: Before Lady Soul, a singer in search of a style

mond (who had signed her to the label and compared her favorably to another of his discoveries, Billie Holiday), were rhythm and blues hits, they were too "black" for AM radio. At that point, the infamous Mitch Miller, then-head of Columbia A&R, had the bright idea of giv-

ing Aretha voice lessons, putting her in front of a big band and getting on with the homogenization process. We should all be thankful it didn't work.

In 1960 and '61 she made some jazz-flavored but decidedly MOR-ish records with Hammond, repre-

sented here by three songs on side two, which cast her in the uncomfortable role of an experienced woman commenting on affairs of the heart. When she sings "You Made Me Love You" she has nothing in her life to draw upon, so she resorts to pure technique and ulti-

mately sounds disinterested.

The revelation is her work from 1964 to 1966 with staff producer Clyde Otis, who understood rhythm and blues and Aretha. The records they made began to suggest the singer who would later be known most eloquently as Lady Soul. On "Runnin' Out of Fools," one of her best-known songs from this period, Franklin delivers a vocal that hints at the irony and controlled fury she would display on her finest Atlantic sides. Her performance is too restrained to be completely believable, and the strings tend to take the punch out of the message, but the record is still notable for what it shows of the singer's development.

"One Room Paradise" finds her and Otis on the verge of a breakthrough. Backed by a small combo, Franklin delivers a confident, swaggering vocal—all blues and gospel—that's given added impact by the female backup singers' energetic commentary. Franklin's stance reflects dignity in the face of personal disaster—exactly the sort of emotion she was to summon at will when she got to Atlantic.

12 of the 20 cuts on this album are produced by Otis, and all of them are too revealing to be dismissed. Even Aretha's cover versions of the day's pop hits, such as "Walk On By" and "Every Little Bit Hurts," are notable simply for the gradations of vulnerability apparent in her interpretations.

As for the other songs, each one contains some bit of information vital to the legacy of Lady Soul, whether it be in a producer's decision or in the way Franklin chooses to phrase or embellish a lyric at different stages of her career. This is the beginning of a style, as important in its own way as Elvis Presley's *Sun Sessions*. Like the Presley record, *The Legendary Queen Of Soul* is the missing link: without it you cannot appreciate the richness of Aretha Franklin's recorded oeuvre.

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54 WILLIE NELSON'S GREATEST HITS (AND SOME THAT WILL BE)
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77 PAT BENATAR
78 RINGO STARR
79 ANGELA BOFILL
80 QUINCY JONES
81 TIME
82 CHRISTOPHER CROSS
83 BOBBY WOMACK
84 VANGELIS
85 ADAM & THE ANTS
86 EMMYLOU HARRIS
87 CHIPMUNKS
88 KENNY ROGERS
89 MOODY BLUES
90 VARIOUS ARTISTS
91 PARADE 100
92 AEROBIC DANCING
93 LITTLE RIVER BAND
94 FOUR TOPS
95 AC/DC
96 RONNIE MILSAP
97 THE CARPENTERS' CHRISTMAS ALBUM
98 TOM BROWNE
99 STYX
100 RONNIE LAWS

On This Date 14 Years Ago

SINGLES

1 BEND ME, SHAPE ME
2 GREEN TAMBOURINE
3 JUDY IN DISGUISE (WITH GLASSES)
4 SPOOKY
5 CHAIN OF FOOLS
6 SUSAN
7 LOVE IS BLUE
8 GOIN' OUT OF MY HEAD/ CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF OF YOU
9 SHE'S A RAINBOW
10 I WISH IT WOULD RAIN



* Chart courtesy of Record World Magazine

Top Ten LPs And Singles February 1968

ALBUMS

1 MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR
2 THEIR SATANIC MAJESTIES REQUEST
3 HERB ALPERT'S NINTH
4 TURTLES' GREATEST HITS
5 PISCES, AQUARIUS, CAPRICORN & JONES LTD.
6 DISRAELI GEARS
7 SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND
8 DIANA ROSS & THE SUPREMES GREATEST HITS
9 AFTER BATHING AT BAXTER'S
10 LOVE, ANDY

Contenders

Top Debut Albums

- 1 Quarterflash (Geffen)
- 2 Go-Go's *Beauty and the Beat* (I.R.S.)
- 3 Luther Vandross *Never Too Much* (EPIC)
- 4 Sneaker (HANDSHAKE)
- 5 Bob & Doug McKenzie *Great White North* (MERCURY)
- 6 Eddie Schwartz *No Refuge* (ATCO)
- 7 Bertie Higgins *Key Largo* (KAT FAMILY-CBS)
- 8 Central Line (MERCURY)
- 9 Shock (FANTASY)
- 10 Swing (PLANET)

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Hooked on CLASSICS



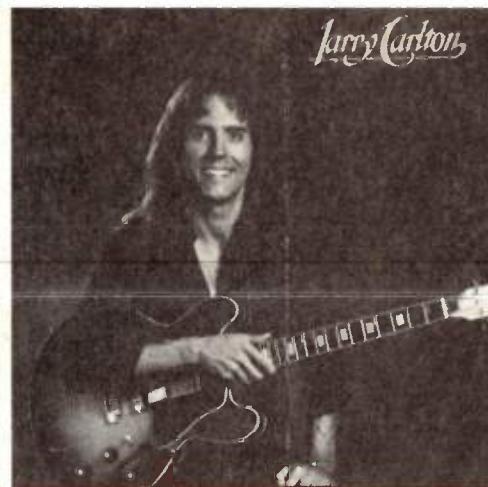
Top Of The Chart

AT A TIME WHEN ANYTHING seems possible in the music business, it comes as no surprise that the sales chart should be topped by an album of classical music, done up in a lively pop-rock-disco style by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra as conducted by Louis Clark of the Electric Light Orchestra.

Though he studied flute, keyboards, arranging and composition at Leeds College of Music, Clark's first love was rock music. In the early '70s, he served as a composer-arranger-conductor for Elton John, Kiki Dee, City Boy, Roy Wood and others. In 1974, after helping Jeff Lynn with some backing tracks on ELO's *Eldorado*, he became a full-time member of that band.

Two years ago, Clark turned his attention to the symphonic orchestra scene and arranged a number of tracks on the London Symphony Orchestra's *Classic Rock* series. *Hooked On Classics* was the inevitable followup.

Having had some success with a solo album, *Perspektiv*, Clark is now beginning work on a new concept album. ♦



Larry Carlton

Top New Entry

AFTER A PAIR OF LUKEWARM Warner Bros. solo albums, guitarist Larry Carlton has gone back to doing what he does best, namely playing guitar. The result, an all-instrumental LP called *Sleepwalk*, is this month's top-charted new release.

Produced in his own home studio, *Sleepwalk* succeeds because Carlton has eschewed the weak vocals which marred previous outings, concentrating instead on his sweet, swelling lyricism—a co-mingling of B.B. King's stinging bluesiness, Eric Clapton's liquid sustain and Johnny Smith's lush tone and harmonic sense.

The title tune, an old Santo & Johnny hit, is a standout with its laconic triplet-beat underpinning and dreamy melodic development, while "Upper Kern" benefits from a funky, Crusaders-like arrangement and David Sanborn's testifying alto. With assistance from friends like Steve Gadd, Pops Powell, Abe Laboriel and Jeff Porcaro, *Sleepwalk* is more than just eight great guitar solos—these are eight tasty songs. ♦



Top Debut Album

NOW ENTERING ITS 29TH week on the chart, the Go-Go's first album, *Beauty and the Beat*, has spent most of its life in the top 20, thanks to two hit singles, "Our Lips Are Sealed" and "We Got The Beat."

Why are these five young perky girls so popular? For one, their music is irresistible. The trebly, distant guitars are an '80s interpretation of Dick Dale's seminal surf stylings, while the driving beat and the smart lyrics about love and lust reflect a thoroughly modern sensibility. Their close harmonies recall the Shangri-Las, but it's when lead singer Belinda Carlisle takes over that things begin to happen. She has a smooth, sweet pop singer's voice, but her tough phrasing often resembles Patti Smith's, and underneath there's a vulnerability that adds poignancy to the Go-Go's stories.

Has success spoiled the band? "I look at our getting bigger like it's a job promotion" is guitarist Jane Weidlin's disarming reply. "But I'll tell you frankly—we'd like to be bigger than REO Speedwagon." ♦

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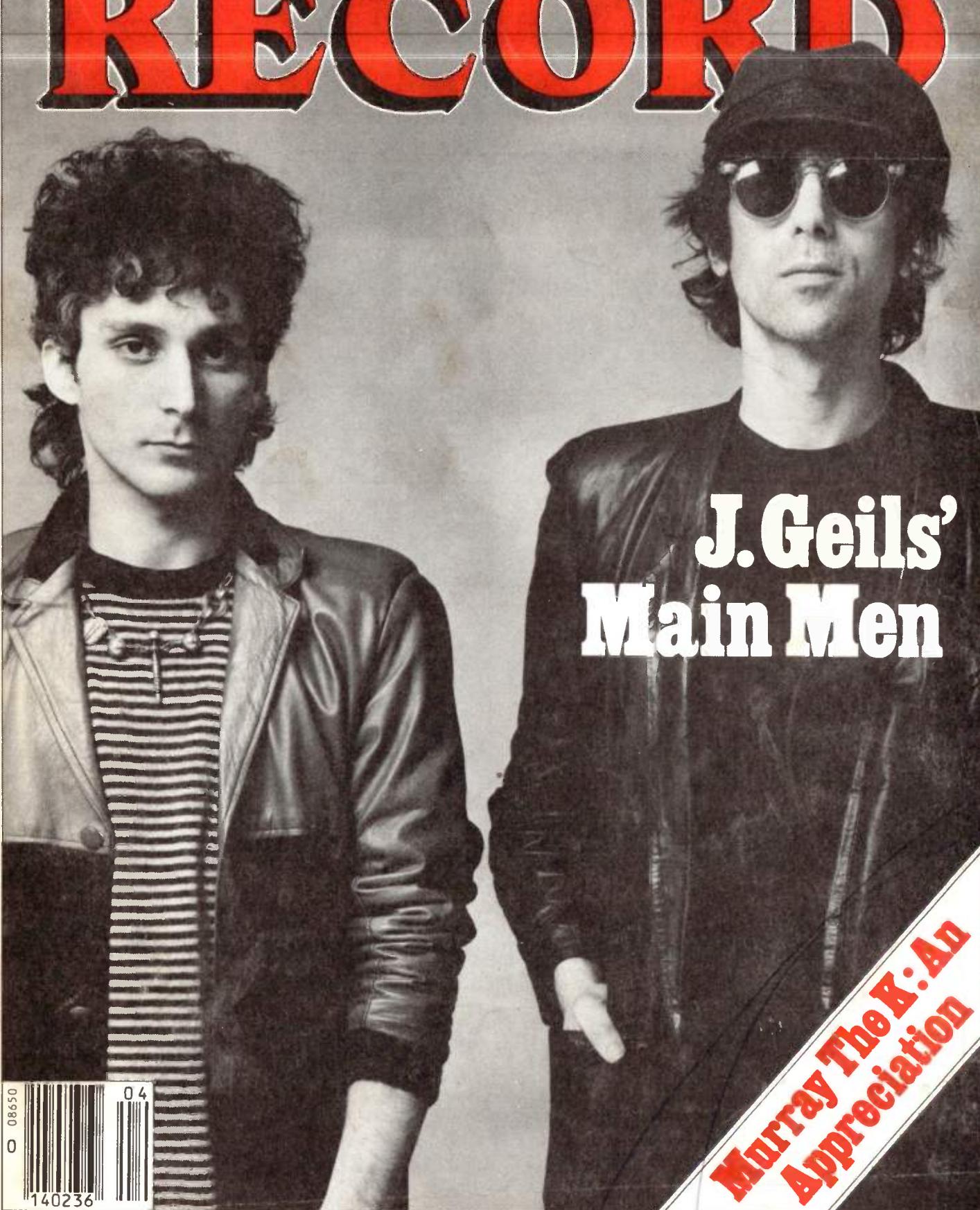
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