

# RECORD

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## Go-Go's: Too Hot To Stop

By Michael Goldberg

**SAN FRANCISCO**—A year ago, no one was predicting that the Go-Go's, an all-women band, would sell over a million copies of their debut album, *Beauty and the Beat*, and also reach the No. 1 position on the pop charts. Not the band, not their manager, not their record company. "We expected to sell about 75,000 copies," says Jay Borge, vice-president of I.R.S., the Go-Go's' label.

"I knew it would probably do well," says 23-year-old lead vocalist Belinda Carlisle. "But I didn't think it would be doing as well as it is. It's pretty surprising!"

Even if the Go-Go's were your typical all-male band, their quick success would be unusual. But being comprised completely of females, the Go-Go's are, for now, unique. They are the first all-women rock band to break the Top 100, let alone the Top 10.

Yet if the mere novelty of such a group topping the charts is in itself intriguing, the Go-Go's themselves are fed up with it. Ask Gina Schock, the band's 24-year-old drummer. With a pained edge to her voice, she'll tell you "people keep asking what it's like to be a girl in an all-girl band. I don't know. I've never been a boy. It's just like being a musician. You play and you play, and that's it."

Maybe, but what the Go-Go's—an L.A. based group whose sound is a seemingly effortless fusion of the Crystals and the Beatles, with the quirkiness of the B-52's and the energy of the Ramones—are doing is more than just making music. Their success is helping to change the sexual make-up of rock bands.

In a field that has been dominated since its beginnings in the '50s by men, the Go-Go's stand tall, five women bashing and crashing out music as joyous, emotion-packed and potent as just about any contemporary American rock band. Unlike "girl groups" of the past, such as the Supremes and the Shaggy-Las (female singers fronting male bands), the Go-Go's play their own instruments and write all their own songs. Even their manager, a former CBS Records graphic designer named Ginger Canzoneri, is female.

Yet if the Go-Go's are inspiring a female invasion of the sacred halls of rock, it's not by spouting feminist rhetoric. Like their name, which brings to mind mini-skirted dancers from the '60s and rock TV shows like *Shindig*, some of the Go-Go's songs hearken back to the innocence and simplicity of those less-cynical times.

"Our Lips Are Sealed," the band's first Top 40 hit, concerns people gossiping about a romantic relationship. And the second single off their album, "We Got The Beat," is a straightforward celebration of being young and alive: "See the kids just getting out of school. They can't wait to hang out and be cool . . . /Kids got the beat/They got the beat/They got the beat. Kids got the beat."

Many of the Go-Go's songs deal with romance and love—and could easily have been written a few decades ago. "Every night I see you

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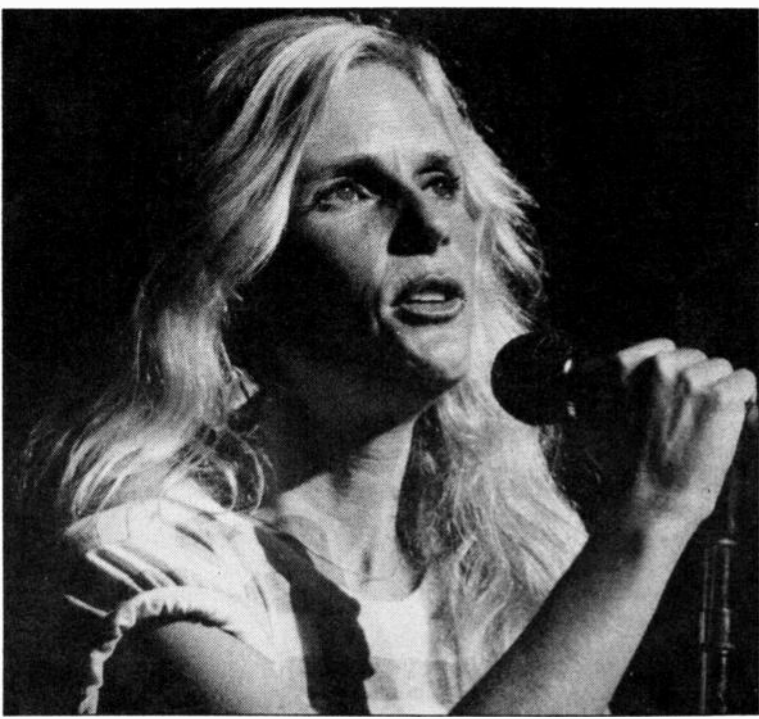
Belinda Carlisle of the Go-Go's: Fending off girl groupies and having fun being serious.

## Carnes' Video, Vinyl Albums In Progress

**LOS ANGELES**—"With each album, your standards get tougher and tougher," says Kim Carnes, who began recording a new album the day after "Bette Davis Eyes" won a Grammy Award as Record of the Year (a June release is expected). The studio is again Val Garay's Record One, Garay is again the producer, the *Mistaken Identity* band remains intact, and the sound is once more a "definite blend of rock 'n' roll and synthesizer music." Nevertheless, some changes are in the offing.

After completing the first half of the recording ("Half of it has been wonderful and fun, half of it has been painful," she says), Carnes took a 10-day vacation, then returned to L.A. to commence filming a video version of the record. Last year she starred in a bizarre, but highly-praised, visual interpretation of "Bette Davis Eyes," directed (as is the current production) by the estimable Russell Mulcahy.

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Kim Carnes: Thinking vinyl and video in '82.

### Cover:

## Charting Paul's Progress

By J.D. Considine

What happened to Paul McCartney? Once it seemed as if his entire post-Beatles career was destined to be summarized in three infamous words, "silly love songs." And then he fooled us all.

Last year's underrated *McCartney II*—the second installment of the one-man band concept with which he'd begun his solo career in 1971—offered a picture of an artist headed back into the dark uncertainties and insecurities of childhood and adolescence—not with rage, but rather with longing and a tinge of remorse. It was as if Paul had something to prove; perhaps he wanted to differentiate between what McCartney could do with Wings, and what McCartney could do with McCartney.

His new album, *Tug of War*, carries this evolution one step further. As you'd expect, there are hooks galore, but that's not all—*Tug of War* has both guts and substance, as McCartney addresses everything from the simple joys of lust to the near-insoluble question of how to eulogize John Lennon when you used to be his best friend. There's a lot of ambition spread over the album's dozen cuts, and it's nearly all brought to fruition. *Tug of War*'s remarkable orchestral reach, punchy rock 'n' roll conviction and sure-footed stylistic leaps add up to a Paul McCartney record that can be called great in every sense of the word. McCartney's credibility as a performer and writer are never in doubt; in fact, many listeners may

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## Clemons Will Cut Solo Album, But His Heart Belongs To...?

By Michael Goldberg  
**SAN FRANCISCO**—While Bruce Springsteen busies himself producing Gary U.S. Bonds' next album, plus writing songs for himself and for Donna Summer, Clarence Clemons is making some waves of his own.

Last summer the Big Man opened his own club, Big Man's West, in Red Bank, New Jersey and assembled an 11-piece band, Clarence Clemons and the Red Bank Rockers, which he's taken on a tour of both coasts. Now he's writing original material ahead of signing a solo recording contract with Elektra Records.

"I'm trying to bridge the gap between R&B and rock 'n' roll," he says. "I don't know how it got separated, but I want to get back to that kind of thing. My roots are in R&B—classified as R&B—but I think that's just been a marketing thing that's separated it. In the '60s it was all the same. And what happened? I don't know. But I want to get it back to where it's supposed to be. That's the kind of stuff we're looking at right now. They say soul music, but by that I don't mean black music. I mean music that comes from inside."

Clemons, whose repertoire includes "Everybody Is A Star," "Try A Little Tenderness," "Gimme Some Lovin'," "In The Midnight Hour" and other blasts from the past ("the juke box of my mind"), feels the time is right for a resurgence in this "music from the soul. The disco thing, it was just like inflation. There wasn't enough reality there and nobody was sweat-

ing, you know what I mean? And everybody was dressing up and looking cute and not getting down to touching people's souls. They were just touching the top of your head. I think we're getting back to the reality of music now. And reality comes from R&B, comes from the church. The feeling inside that gives somebody something and makes everybody feel something definite."

If his solo record is a success, will the Big Man think the unthinkable—parting ways with Springsteen? "No, no," he laughs. "I'm resigned in that I'm schizophrenic. And I have to keep both of these energies satisfied. I can't imagine that I'll not be with Bruce and the E Street Band. I don't see that anywhere in the future. But still, I have a side of me that's 40 years old and I want to do some things on my own, too. We can work it out together. I can do both of them."

And when will Bruce start recording a new album? "I don't know yet," Clemons answers, adding that he prefers not to talk about Springsteen. "I don't think it'll be too far in the future, but I don't know when we'll start recording it."

Big Man's West, though, is a subject Clemons warms to. He feels it's his chance to give unknown musicians an unusual opportunity. "Our format is original music. Most clubs down there feature cover bands. Kids writing original stuff have nowhere to play. So I got this club going, and it's a musicians club. I'd say rock 'n' roll gave to me, so I'd like to give it back some."

## 'Daylight Again' For CSN: Summer Tour Begins July 27

**LOS ANGELES**—After two years of hit-and-run recording, Crosby, Stills and Nash have finally completed an album, their first together since 1977's *CSN*, and have announced plans for a summer tour beginning July 27th in Cincinnati and ending on the west coast September 6th.

Titled *Daylight Again*, the new LP was produced by Stills and Nash, and includes guest appearances by Art Garfunkel, Tim Schmit and Mike Finnigan. Notable among the 12 tracks (all written by C, S or N) is the title song, which

weaves together a previously-unfinished Stills tune with "Find the Cost of Freedom" from CSN's live album, *Four Way Street*.

And if it ever gets out of the discussion stage, a Hollies reunion may occupy some of Nash's time once CSN is off the road. The Hollies, with Nash singing lead, released a single in the U.K. last year, but further conversations about recording together again have thus far resulted in "nothing close to being firm," according to Nash's manager, Peter Golden.

—Susanne Whatley

## Carnes Finishing New Album

Continued from page 1

The success of that project proved instrumental in Carnes' planning for the future.

"Video," she explains, "opens up a whole different world. It changes the way you approach the album, the way you see things and the way you write songs. I make them very visual, and I think it makes for a better album. As we're recording, we're thinking in terms of what's going to go on visually and it translates to the record."

On vinyl, Carnes is working on a "left-field" sound influenced by Alan Parsons, Tomita and "good ol' Stones rock 'n' roll." According to the 34-year-old singer, "A lot of my stuff is based around synthesizer, but with big guitars and a lot of power under it."

Author of half the songs on her previous LP, including the title track, Carnes has once again written most of her own material. "Breaking Away From Sanity," a three-way effort by Carnes, Dave Ellingson (Carnes' husband) and drummer Craig Krampf, will stray from the live recording techniques Carnes prefers and utilize the "electronic precision" of overdubbing. "Looker," written by Barry DeVor-

zon, makes extensive use of the synthesizer ("It's very strange," Carnes says of the song, "but the stranger the better.") Other cuts are "Say You Don't Know Me," a synthesizer-laden ballad co-written by Carnes and keyboardist Steve Goldstein, and "Thrill of the Grill" (about a waitress who runs away with a customer who "wears cheap cologne, has his hair all slicked back and drives a Coupe de Ville"), a rock song penned by Carnes.

Contrary to custom, Carnes feels success has allowed her to be more adventurous as an artist. "With confidence, you feel free to be a lot more open and to try everything. And Val's real good at getting the best from everybody. He doesn't intimidate me or anybody else. Any ideas that anybody has are always explored. A lot of times that doesn't happen in the studio. One person runs it and everyone's afraid to say anything. I was able to play around with different vocals and sounds and things on the last album, and nobody ever really let me do that before. On this album, I'll know I'm happy when I don't want to bury something like the fourth cut."

—By Vicki Greenleaf and Stan Hyman

## TOP 100 ALBUMS

- 1 J. GEILS BAND**  
*Freeze-Frame* (EMI-America)
- 2 GO-GO'S**  
*Beauty and the Beat* (I.R.S.)
- 3 OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN**  
*Physical* (MCA)
- 4 JOAN JETT AND THE BLACKHEARTS**  
*I Love Rock 'N' Roll* (Boardwalk)
- 5 LOUIS CLARK CONDUCTS THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA**  
*Hooked On Classics* (RCA)
- 6 JOURNEY**  
*Escape* (Columbia)
- 7 FOREIGNER**  
*4* (Atlantic)
- 8 LOVERBOY**  
*Get Lucky* (Columbia)
- 9 BOB & DOUG MCKENZIE**  
*Great White North* (Mercury)
- 10 Quarterflash** (Geffen)
- 11 VANGELIS**  
*Chariots Of Fire—Original Soundtrack* (Polydor)
- 12 POLICE**  
*Ghost In The Machine* (A&M)
- 13 DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES**  
*Private Eyes* (RCA)
- 14 DAN FOGELBERG**  
*The Innocent Age* (Full Moon)
- 15 STEVIE NICKS**  
*Bella Donna* (Modern)
- 16 OAK RIDGE BOYS**  
*Bobbie Sue* (MCA)
- 17 ROLLING STONES**  
*Tattoo You* (Rolling Stones)
- 18 CARS**  
*Shake It Up* (Elektra)
- 19 DIANA ROSS**  
*Why Do Fools Fall In Love* (RCA)
- 20 Tom Tom Club** (Sire)
- 21 KOOL & THE GANG**  
*Something Special* (De-Lite)
- 22 AC/DC**  
*For Those About To Rock We Salute You* (Atlantic)
- 23 ALABAMA**  
*Mountain Music* (RCA)
- 24 RICH LITTLE**  
*The First Family Rides Again* (Boardwalk)
- 25 SIMON & GARFUNKEL**  
*The Concert In Central Park* (Warner Bros.)
- 26 EARTH, WIND & FIRE**  
*Raise!* (ARC)
- 27 OZZY OSBOURNE**  
*Diary of a Madman* (J&J)
- 28 RICK SPRINGFIELD**  
*Working Class Dog* (RCA)
- 29 BARBRA STREISAND**  
*Memories* (Columbia)
- 30 QUINCY JONES**  
*The Dude* (A&M)
- 31 SMOKEY ROBINSON**  
*Yes It's You Lady* (Tamla)
- 32 SKYY**  
*Skyline* (Salsoul)
- 33 ROD STEWART**  
*Tonight I'm Yours* (Warner Bros.)
- 34 ALABAMA**  
*Feels So Right* (RCA)
- 35 WHISPERS**  
*Love Is Where You Find It* (Solar)
- 36 THE B-52'S**  
*Mesopotamia* (Warner Bros.)
- 37 AIR SUPPLY**  
*The One That You Love* (Arista)
- 38 JUICE NEWTON**  
*Juice* (Capitol)
- 39 BOBBY WOMACK**  
*The Poet* (Beverly Glen)
- 40 MARCY MUIR**  
*20 Aerobic Dance Hits* (Parade)
- 41 The George Benson Collection** (Warner Bros.)
- 42 GENESIS**  
*Abacab* (Atlantic)
- 43 SAMMY HAGAR**  
*Standing Hampton* (Geffen)
- 44 LAKESIDE**  
*Your Wish Is My Command* (Solar)
- 45 SHALAMAR**  
*Friends* (Solar)
- 46 LUTHER VANDROSS**  
*Never Too Much* (Epic)
- 47 PEABO BRYSON**  
*I Am Love* (Capitol)
- 48 GROVER WASHINGTON JR.**  
*Come Morning* (Elektra)
- 49 BILLY SQUIER**  
*Don't Say No* (Capitol)
- 50 Carol Hensel's Exercise & Dance Program Vol. II** (Vintage/Mirus)
- 51 Carol Hensel's Exercise & Dance Program** (Vintage/Mirus)
- 52 PRINCE**  
*Controversy* (Warner Bros.)
- 53 NEIL DIAMOND**  
*On the Way to the Sky* (Columbia)
- 54 Aerobic Dancing featuring Dorian Danner** (Parade)
- 55 Kenny Rogers' Greatest Hits** (Liberty)
- 56 AURRA**  
*A Little Love* (Salsoul)
- 57 MICHAEL FRANKS**  
*Objects Of Desire* (Warner Bros.)
- 58 THE WAITRESSES**  
*Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderfu* (Polydor)
- 59 AL DI MEOLA**  
*Electric Rendezvous* (Columbia)
- 60 SOFT CELL**  
*Non Stop Electric Cabaret* (Sire)
- 61 JEAN LUC PONTY**  
*Mystical Adventures* (Atlantic)
- 62 PRISM**  
*Small Change* (Capitol)
- 63 NICK LOWE**  
*Nick The Knife* (Columbia)
- 64 RICK JAMES**  
*Street Songs* (Gordy)
- 65 NEIL DIAMOND**  
*The Jazz Singer—Original Soundtrack* (Capitol)
- 66 JUDY SHEPPARD MISSETT**  
*Jazzercise* (MCA)
- 67 Fame—Original Soundtrack** (RSO)
- 68 Time** (Warner Bros.)
- 69 SHEENA EASTON**  
*You Could Have Been With Me* (EMI-America)
- 70 SISTER SLEDGE**  
*The Sisters* (Cotillion)
- 71 Kathy Smith's Aerobic Fitness** (Muscletone)
- 72 GEORGE DUKE**  
*Dream On* (Epic)
- 73 QUEEN**  
*Greatest Hits* (Elektra)
- 74 AL JARREAU**  
*Breakin' Away* (Warner Bros.)
- 75 PAT BENATAR**  
*Precious Time* (Chrysalis)
- 76 JIMMY BUFFETT**  
*Somewhere Over China* (MCA)
- 77 Willie Nelson's Greatest Hits** (And Some That Will Be) (Columbia)
- 78 REO SPEEDWAGON**  
*Hi Infidelity* (Epic)
- 79 THE HUMAN LEAGUE**  
*Dare* (A&M)
- 80 BONNIE RAITT**  
*Green Light* (Warner Bros.)
- 81 KENNY ROGERS**  
*Share Your Love* (Liberty)
- 82 VAN MORRISON**  
*Beautiful Vision* (Warner Bros.)
- 83 Aerobic Dancing** (Gateway)
- 84 LITTLE RIVER BAND**  
*Time Exposure* (Capitol)
- 85 BUCKNER & GARCIA**  
*Pac-Man Fever* (Columbia)
- 86 UFO**  
*Mechanix* (Chrysalis)
- 87 Aldo Nova** (Portrait)
- 88 PLACIDO DOMINGO WITH JOHN DENVER**  
*Perhaps Love* (CBS Masterworks)
- 89 ABBA**  
*The Visitors* (Atlantic)
- 90 LINDA FRATIANNE**  
*Dance & Exercise* (Columbia)
- 91 MILLIE JACKSON**  
*Live And Outrageous* (Spring)
- 92 DWIGHT TWILLEY**  
*Scuba Divers* (EMI-America)
- 93 HUEY LEWIS & THE NEWS**  
*Picture This* (Chrysalis)
- 94 The Secret Policeman's Other Ball** (Island)
- 95 OAK RIDGE BOYS**  
*Fancy Free* (MCA)
- 96 T-CONNECTION**  
*Pure & Natural* (Capitol)
- 97 Weather Report** (ARC)
- 98 LE ROUX**  
*Last Safe Place* (RCA)
- 99 ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK**  
*Architecture & Morality* (Virgin)
- 100 BRANDI WELLS**  
*Watch Out* (WMOT)

Chart courtesy of Record World Magazine



# The Hitman

## Tales From The Twilight Zone

Hey, great news for music lovers! Anyone who's been in a record store in the past couple of years is surely aware of budget lines such as RCA's Best Buy Series (featuring some terrific LPs by David Bowie, Jefferson Airplane/Starship, Lou Reed, the Kinks and others), Columbia's Nice Price (some vintage Byrds there) and the mid-line series from the Warner-Elxtra-Atlantic group of companies. Does it come as any surprise that these low-priced bargains—as low as \$3.99 in some cases—have proven extremely popular with customers who resent having the hell beat out of a ten-dollar bill when purchasing one new album? Especially when that same ten dollars might land them both *The Notorious Byrd Brothers* and Bowie's *Ziggy Stardust*.

Having figured this out, WEA's announced plans to raise the wholesale cost of its midline series, which already carries the highest suggested list prices at \$5.98 and \$6.98. So, retailers who were overjoyed at actually being able to sell good music at a reasonable price are once again having their profit margin squeezed, thereby forcing up the shelf price. Wave bye-bye to the \$3.99 bargain; shake hands with \$6.49 catalogue.

If history has taught any lessons, it's that when one label leads, the others follow. So looking ahead to a time when all catalogue has been priced out of the market, allow the Hit Man to designate every single label executive—those wonderful men of business, those men of vision and foresight who formulate policies somewhere in the Twilight Zone—as Chumps of the Month for eternity. Retire the trophy, guys—you earned it.

## Deport Ozzy Osbourne

That Ozzy Osbourne continued touring after three members of his entourage died in a plane crash in Florida—a crash that occurred when the pilot (Andy Aycock, he tour's bus driver and a licensed pilot) buzzed the bus and plowed into a house—is one of the most callous displays of inhumanity the Hit Man's ever encountered. Does this maniac have no feelings? Isn't it enough to bite the heads off a dove and a bat; to simulate the hanging of a dwarf in your show; to pee in public; to vomit on dinner companions? The jig's up. It's not funny anymore, Ozzy.

But Ozzy has yet to learn that his geek show must not go on. Why is it that John Lennon, who sang of peace and love, had to fight for years to get a Green Card, and Ozzy is allowed to take his blood-and-lust brigade into the nation's largest arenas with nary a warning from the Immigration Department? Never mind the answer—just get Ozzy Osbourne out of the country once and for good.

## Dear Mr. Letterman: Never Mind

Last month, the Hit Man slapped David Letterman for not having rock music on his show. Well, recently he's had both Commander Cody and the aforementioned Ozzy Osbourne on as guests. Please Mr. Letterman, forgive us. We make it all back. Don't bring on these people when you clearly have no idea what they're about, what they do for a living or anything else. While it was great fun seeing the Commander perform one of his finest songs, "Two Triple Cheese," the subsequent interview was a bomb, with Letterman interested mostly in finding out about Cody's experiences as a lifeguard at Jones Beach. Similarly, he let Osbourne get by with saying he was staying on the road because "that's the way Randy (guitarist Randy Rhoads, who died in the crash) would have wanted it." Letterman was also content to simply make light of Ozzy's biting off the doves head as if it were mere child's play.

Give it up, David. Please.

## WABC's Belly-Up (But Sklar Lives)

While the trade and consumer press analyze the ramifications of WABC-AM's decision last month to drop rock music in favor of an all-talk format, the Hit Man is here to say, "Good riddance."

Once considered by the music industry to be the most powerful AM station in the country, WABC did its audience the great favor of being the last station in the country to add a record to its playlist. Logic (there's a concept!) would dictate that leadership be a quality of the highest-rated station in the communications capitol of the U.S. But it says here that WABC's demise stems as much from its failure to anticipate trends and its hostility to new acts as it does from the fierce FM competition in New York.

In the late '70s, WABC threw pride to the wind and made some truly pathetic efforts to be hip. An all-rock format was shelved in favor of a half-rock, half-disc playlist—at a time when rock fans couldn't have been more serious about the "Disco Sucks" slogan emblazoned on their t-shirts. A mere error in judgment, you say? Well, how about a half-rock, half-"mellow" sound instead? At that point, WABC became like a duck without feathers: couldn't swim, couldn't fly. The up-shot? Tap city. Dunkirk. Belly-up.

Now ABC Radio has brought in former WABC programming director Rick Sklar to head up the brainstorm known as SUPER RADIO. This satellite-delivered network will offer what Sklar calls "familiar and comfortable music," i.e., Barry Manilow, Fleetwood Mac, the Cars, Barbra Streisand, Neil Diamond, the Eagles, Billy Joel, the Police, Olivia Newton-John, etc. New and innovative? Sounds more like WABC-AM's death knell.

So just when it seemed as though radio's most malignant tumor had been removed, a new cancer erupts. If the music industry continues to encourage schmoees such as Sklar, if "research" continues to replace what *Billboard's* Mike Harrison termed "individual human experience, intuition and... taste," then the operation will have been successful, but rock will be dead on the (turn)table.



Mackenzie, John, and Spanky: The family feeling isn't tied up in hard drugs and acid.

# The 'New' Mamas and Papas Cherish That Family Feeling

By Mark Mehler

**NEW YORK**—Mackenzie Phillips smiles her best *One Day At A Time* smile—the one for when mom found a boy in her bedroom. "I've got a film coming out in June," she says, beaming. "It's called *Love Child*. It's a true story about prisons—no, it's not about me. Beau Bridges is in it. I play a bull dyke."

Papa John Phillips is beaming, too. If his 21-year-old daughter is old enough to essay her stepmother's part in the re-formed Mamas and Papas, then she's old enough for bull dykery. Thus Mackenzie's choice in film roles merited not a slap on the wrist, but a fatherly hug.

Currently on a U.S. tour, the new Mamas and Papas—original members John Phillips and Denny Doherty, plus Mackenzie in the Michelle Phillips role and Spanky McFarlane, late of various incarnations of Spanky and Our Gang, in the Mama Cass role—are preparing to record an LP this spring. And all the while reflecting on the wondrous and bizarre circumstances that led to the reformation of one of the '60s' most popular and charismatic groups.

Papa John, breathing heavily after a brisk rehearsal, suggests things haven't changed much except that it's better the second time around. "We adored each other then, and this group adores each other now. Only now we cherish that feeling of family more, because we came so close to losing it. And the family feeling now isn't so tied up in hard drugs and acid."

The original Mamas and Papas sold the world on good vibes, not all of them drug-induced. "But we screwed up," says John. "We cancelled four European tours. We got to England four times and never got to play. With us, drugs weren't a personal thing, they were a family thing."

In mid-1980, 12 years after the dissolution of the group, John Phillips, by then a prodigious cocaine consumer, was busted by federal narcotics agents. Mackenzie, one of two children by Phillips' first wife, was also shooting coke with aplomb and blowing a promising acting career in the process.

After John and his third wife, former actress and recording artist Genevieve Waite, had come clean at a de-tox hospital in Summit, New Jersey, they persuaded Mackenzie to enlist for treatment. With the family finally weaned from drugs, John began to think seriously about the new band. Believing blindly that Phillips would escape a prison sentence, Denny Doherty extricated himself from a contract as host of a TV show in Nova Scotia and moved close to John. At about the same time, and at Phillips' behest, Spanky McFarlane moved east with her two kids.

"I've been plugging away with a country and western band since 1974," says the rotund McFarlane, who resembles Cass Elliott both vo-



Denny Doherty

cally and physically. "We had a label for awhile, Epic Records. That's the label Patty Hearst was on, which is why they couldn't find her. Anyway, I'd just broken up with my boyfriend and my band, so it was very fortunate that John happened to call."

When John's eight years sentence was suspended on condition that he do penance by extolling the joys of straightness on TV talk shows, the Mamas and the Papas got down to business. First there was some concern that recasting the quartet in the original group's image would backfire. "People said, 'Get a thin girl, Cass is irreplaceable,'" Phillips explains. "As usual, they were all

wrong. I went to Lou Adler who produced the Mamas & Papas and asked him. He said, 'Go to your strength.' That's what we did."

The group's first few concerts in New York and New Jersey earlier this year convinced Phillips he had made the right personnel moves. "It was like a circus. The kids all knew the lyrics. They all knew their vocal parts. I didn't know if they'd accept us. I'm sure they were all as bored as I was with the TV publicity. But it worked."

In concert, the group performs some vintage Mamas and Papas material, some Spanky and Our Gang hits, and about seven original songs, some of which will be on the new LP. One, entitled "Not Too Cool," is a drug song ("It's not 'California Dreaming,'" says Mackenzie. "It's about a paranoid schizophrenic street person who's never heard of California."); another song, "I Wish," was written, in effect, by the entire group. "I wrote a melody and came into rehearsal," says John. "I just said, 'Okay guys, what do you all wish for?' The answers make up the song."

Off the road, the four Mamas and Papas retreat to New Jersey, where Spanky and Mackenzie share a house with Spanky's kids, and John and Denny have homes a stone's throw away.

"It's great to finally stop talking and start performing," Phillips announces. "It's more fun now than it's ever been. The feeling is reflecting itself on stage—the miracle, really, because that's what it is."

"Cass Elliott is the person who first inspired me to get a group together," McFarlane says. "What this is about is keeping a commitment to her."

"From the time Spanky arrived in town," Mackenzie interjects, "we were like sisters."

The family is ready to go to dinner, and then to a place called the Exotic Sexshop to purchase a vibrator for a friend's birthday. Mackenzie seems to get the most fun out of this. And Dad gives her another hug.

Mackenzie is beaming again. "You have to talk about everything with your family."



## Benatar's New LP Underway; Brief U.S. Tour Set For Fall

**NEW YORK**—There have been many, uh, interesting pictures taken of Pat Benatar over the past three years, but perhaps the most memorable of all shows the sultry songstress passed out on the stage of Florida's Lakeland Civic Center. Weakened by the 120-degree temperature onstage and a bout of stomach flu, Benatar took the 10-count last November near the end of a grueling year of touring.

Now she's fully recovered; possessor of a Grammy Award for Best Female Rock Vocal of 1981 ("Fire and Ice"); happily married to her lead guitarist, Neil Giraldo; and writing songs for a new album. Recording begins in L.A. on May 1.

According to Benatar's manager, Rick Newman, the new album will contain "as many original songs as Pat can come up with." Benatar and Giraldo, he says, have been collaborating with Billy Steinberg, who wrote "How Do I Make You," "Precious Time" and "I'm Gonna Follow You." She's also looked at some outside material, "but hasn't made any decisions at all as far as

choosing definitely what will be on the album."

Following the LP's fall release, Benatar's scheduled to begin what Newman insists will be a "short" U.S. tour, with the bulk of the road work to be done in other countries. "This year we're going to do Europe, and also Japan and Australia, which we've never done before. We haven't been to Europe in a year-and-a-half, so it's time to go now."

And what of Mr. and Mrs. Giraldo, who once seemed to be falling in and out of love as regularly as the sun rises and sets?

"They're ecstatically happy," claims Newman. "She and Neil finally decided they love each other very much. Despite what you read in the newspapers about it being on again-off again, I would say it was never really off. After the tour, when they had time to just settle down a little bit, they realized they loved each other so much they might as well go on and get married. She's really happy, and she has a lot to be happy about."

—David McGee



Pat Benatar

## Jackson Browne's '82 Agenda: Be A Daddy, And Tour Europe

**LOS ANGELES**—If you missed Jackson Browne's appearance at a March 20 benefit for SEVA (an international non-profit organization dedicated to combatting unnecessary blindness in Third World countries) at the Santa Monica Civic, your next chance to see him in concert will come June 20 in Glastonbury, England. There he'll kick off a six-week trek through the United Kingdom and Europe with a benefit for the European Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. Other stops include Holland, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Denmark, Belgium, Ireland, France, Switzerland, Italy and Spain. The tour closes on August 6 in Vienna, where Browne'll play yet another benefit for the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.

Browne's U.S. agenda for 1982 is fairly minimal. Crosslight Management spokesperson Margaret Holmes says the artist's big project for this year is "becoming a daddy," a reference to the newest addition to the family, Ryan Daniel Browne, born on January 28. Beyond that,

he has no plans to record or tour, save for the occasional benefit appearance.

He will, however, show up for the first time on record as a producer when singer-songwriter Greg Copeland's debut album is released in late May on Geffen Records. Copeland and Browne are both managed by Bill Siddons, who termed the former's LP "powerful, ethical, religious and personal."

"Jackson told us he wanted to produce this guy," Siddons says, "but he didn't have a demo or anything. I said I couldn't agree to manage a guy I'd never heard, so a few days later he handed me a cassette. I took it with me on a camping trip with my wife and kids, and listened to it on my daughter's \$25 cassette player."

"There was no guitar or piano—just Greg's voice and an occasional handclap. On the basis of the songs and Greg's voice, I agreed to manage him."

Producer Browne does not play or sing on the album. Guitars are handled by Rick Vito and Danny Kortchmar; keyboards by Jim Ehinger; bass by Bob Glaub; and drums by Ian Wallace (from David Lindley's band). The album is titled *Revenge Will Come*.

—David Gans

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## T-Birds Seek Nick Lowe

**NEW YORK**—It's been a year since The Fabulous Thunderbirds' third album hit the racks, but Austin's premier blues rockers have been anything but inactive. Since opening four shows for the Rolling Stones in the Lone Star State, the band has been zig-zagging across the country playing clubs, and stopping long enough to complete an instrumental soundtrack for the forthcoming Walt Disney film, *Tex*. With the movie score in the can, the group has begun laying down preliminary tracks in Dallas and Austin for their as-yet-untitled fourth LP.

The T-Birds have been talking with Nick Lowe about producing the new record, and the prospect of the British pub rocker manning the mixer for Texas' roadhouse kings is tantalizing. The previous collaboration between Lowe and vocalist/harp player Kim Wilson yielded the single "One's Too Many," as well as several still-unreleased compositions.

"It should be a different slant on what we've done," guitarist Jimmie Vaughan proclaims through puffs of a Kool. "We're ready to do something different, and we've always wanted to work with Nick, so it's really perfect."

Bassist Keith Ferguson and drummer Fran Christina have been writing songs for the album along with Vaughan and Wilson. Several covers will also be included, as well as new songs by Scottish singer/songwriter Frankie Miller—who contributed to Delbert McClinton's last album and to Lou Ann Barton's debut. Working song titles include the upbeat "Twisted Off," "Tear It Up" (not the Rock "N" Roll Trio oldie), "Humbuggen Me" and "My Babe." Former Asleep At The Wheel member Johnny Nicholas has added keyboards to a couple of cuts, and other outside musicians may be added as the project progresses.

Lowe and the band hope to meet up in June to complete the album, either in Austin, London or perhaps New York. But isn't the former Rockpile member an odd choice to produce a blues band?

"We don't think we're a blues band," says Vaughan emphatically. "We play a lot of blues and stuff like that, but we do a lot of rock and roll too. We do rhythm and blues, all kinds of stuff. We like to think of it as T-Bird music."

—Jody Denberg



# London Calling

By Chris Welch

## Eric Clapton Back In Action

Eric Clapton, having recovered from the ulcer that laid him low and caused the cancellation of his American tour last year, began recording a new album in April and hopes to have it on display by late summer. Meanwhile, the Clapton flame burns in England with the surprise entry into the chart of Derek and the Dominoes' 1972 hit,



Eric Clapton

"Layla," backed with "Wonderful Tonight." Although Polydor promised Eric not to release any *Fest Of* albums, the label obviously wanted to have a go at the singles market. Eric's management says, "It's all a bit silly, but we can't stop them." Clapton expects to begin an American tour in June.

## Pete Townshend Finishes Solo Album

Pete Townshend has at last finished his long-awaited solo followup to *Empty Glass*, and he's now in the studio with the Who, working once again with producer Glyn Johns. Pete has also been busy enjoying himself writing about the Jam in London's *Time Out* magazine. He has rather mixed but paternal feelings about the band he guesses has become the Who of the 1980s. He tells their lead singer Paul Weller to "buy a big car," and suggests they have taken on a thankless and impossible task in chastising the whole of British society. The Jam's manager replies that the band "doesn't need the f\*\*\*\*\* Who or f\*\*\*\*\* Pete Townshend to write about them!" And as their manager is Paul's father, we believe he means it.

## David Bowie Buries Ziggy Stardust

David Bowie caused quite a sensation here with his role in the Brecht play *Baal* on BBC-TV. He portrayed a banjo-playing hippie who defied all the conventions of turn-of-the-century Europe. With broken teeth, unwashed hair and a stubbly beard, he was as unlike the glamorous Ziggy Stardust as one could imagine. The theme song from the play has even made it onto the charts. But now TV stations



David Bowie

are reviving memories of the Ghosts of Bowie Past, showing clips of him as a 17-year-old blond angel campaigning "on behalf of long-haired men" and as a piano-pounding superstar on a previously-unseen 1973 video of "Oh You Pretty Thing."

## Lost: One Moody Blues Studio

A slap in the face awaited the Moody Blues upon their return home from a successful U.S. tour. They went to their recording studios in London's West Hempstead and found the place had been sold off—in their absence and without their knowledge. All the group's equipment was piled up in a corner and the English Operatic Society was ensconced and busy rehearsing. It came as a shock because the Moodys understood that the studio had been given to them by a grateful record company under its old boss, the late Sir Edward Lewis. All the band's platinum albums had been recorded there. But now Decca is part of Phonogram, and old loyalties have been lost somewhere in the expanding universe of a conglomerate.

So the Moodys will now record their followup to *Long Distance Voyager* at Strawberry Studios in Manchester. Owned by Eric Stewart of 10cc (who is an old friend of Justin Hayward's), Strawberry is unlikely to be sold before the group can get through the doors.

## Bits and Pieces From Here And There

Still an inveterate fan of country music, Elvis Costello was in the audience when Emmylou Harris played London recently. No comment, as usual. . . . Gary Numan was cleared by a court of charges of carrying "an offensive weapon"—to wit, a baseball bat—which he explained he needed as protection against muggers "and people who don't like my music." Whatever happened to the star's protective aura?



Smokey Robinson: In style and in demand.

# Ever-Stylish Smokey Robinson Still Seconds That Emotion

By Nelson George

LOS ANGELES—Some things never go out of style. Some people who embody a particular style are always in vogue—seemingly invulnerable to changing tastes, impervious to trends and fads. Take Smokey Robinson, for example. Here it is 22 years post-"Shop Around" and he's still hustling; still popular music's preeminent romantic singer-songwriter. He's in demand.

As this interview takes place, Robinson prepares to head over to NBC's Burbank studios to tape an appearance on *The Billy Crystal Comedy Hour*; at the same time, the final mix of his new album, *Yes It's You Lady*, is being completed. Yet he remains unruffled; the aura of cool relaxation, so much a part of his musical persona, never fades.

"Most peoples' careers in show business are a series of highs and lows," he remarks upon being questioned about staying power. "You're hot and then you cool off. The problem with some artists is that they can't face the fact that these cycles determine how a career progresses. Some get a few hits and start ego-tripping. That's bad because there are no guarantees in show business—or in life, for that matter. As long as I can accept the lows, I can enjoy the highs that much more."

As a solo artist, Robinson's been on a high nearly equal to the one he enjoyed as the Miracles' driving force and as a key producer-writer during Motown's glory years in the '60s. He left the Miracles in 1972 for what he figured would be a fruitful new phase in his life, that of a Motown executive. He gave it a game try, but Robinson's a troupier from way back. When it's in your blood, you can't give it up. "I thought I'd really had it with the travelling, the pressure, all those elements in the business," he says in a speaking voice as mellow as that famous falsetto. "As a vice-president at Motown, I got involved in signing acts and had general administrative duties. It was a welcome relief at first. But after three years I went stir crazy. Now I'm more confident than ever before."

Although his core audience hadn't deserted him, as evidenced

by the sales of his first solo efforts (notably *A Quiet Storm*), it wasn't until 1979's lovers' anthem, "Cruisin'," that the man Bob Dylan infamously tagged "America's greatest living poet" began luring young music fans, both black and white, back into his camp. Two recent LPs, *Warm Thoughts* and last year's *Being With You*, solidified that following, and gave him the sort of crossover success he'd been seeking as a solo artist.

Of course, his earlier music remained, shall we say, in style. In recent years, a number of Robinson's

## "Women are the real feeling creators of the world."

songs have been top 40 hits as covered by Linda Ronstadt ("Ooo, Baby Baby," "Tracks Of My Tears"), the Captain and Tennille ("Shop Around"), Rita Coolidge ("The Way You Do The Things You Do"), Sister Sledge ("My Guy") and Kim Carnes ("More Love").

Carnes' success with "More Love" led Robinson into a collaboration with her producer, George Tobin. Tobin took two songs Robinson had written for Carnes, "Being With You" and a reggae-tinged social commentary number, "Food For Thought," and arranged and recorded them himself with their composer in mind.

Pleased with Tobin's calm, pop-A/C approach, Robinson made him the first producer he'd used from outside the Motown family (although Tobin had worked briefly for the company in the '60s as an engineer). It was a creative marriage that revitalized the artist's studio work.

"This relationship has been fantastic for me at this point in my life," Robinson says. "When I go in there with him I basically just have to worry about singing and not about starting a record from scratch."

To Robinson, songs are born not of sudden inspiration, but of sweat,

study and deep thought. Like fine wine, a tune must mellow. An anecdote he tells about "Merry-Go-Ride," an ethereal love song written by Richard Williams for *Yes It's You Lady*, reveals his philosophy. "He first showed me that song two years ago, and I've had him working on it ever since. He never quite had the lyrics together. You see, a good song is more than a groove. It has to have words that match the mood and make sense if you listen to them."

Tobin's presence has also freed up Robinson to write for and produce other artists. He has four songs on the next Temptations album, and is guiding the careers of his nephews, Keith and Darrell, and his backing band, Quiet Storm, both Motown acts. When it's mentioned that neither has made much of an impact on the music world yet, Robinson points an accusing finger at radio. "It's so hard to break a new act today," he says, restating an all-too-familiar complaint, "because programmers and DJs don't seem nearly as open to new acts as they once were."

According to Robinson, even a performer of his stature must fight for airplay these days. "If I'm coming off a monster hit," he explains, "I'd better hope and pray the black stations play my next single immediately. If they don't, the white general market stations probably won't touch it." These words, spoken before the release of *Yes It's You Lady*, proved prophetic: the LP's first single, "Tell Me Tomorrow," has been slow in climbing the black sales charts, resulting in only scattered pop airplay.

Yet Robinson remains undaunted, as sure of his talent as he is of his primary audience, i.e., women. "Women are the real feeling creators of this world," he observes. "They feel the pain of giving birth, the happiness and the heartache of rearing children and loving their man. They like strength and masculinity in a man, but they also want him to be tender. When he speaks to them, they prefer he say it tenderly and with feeling."

In other words, with real emotion—the kind that's always in style. Just like Smokey Robinson, for example.



## Two Eagles' Solo Flights

LOS ANGELES—While the Eagles remain inactive as a group—at least for the time being—founding members Glenn Frey and Don Henley have been diligently at work on solo albums.

When working together, Frey and Henley have proved a prolific songwriting team, with a number of Eagles' classics to their credit including, "Lynin' Eyes," "Desparado," "One of These Nights" and "The Long Run." Although neither artist has made contributions to his fellow bandmember's work, both albums will retain the 'Eagles sound,' while delineating each artist's distinctive style.

Frey's debut effort, *No Fun Aloud*, may come as a surprise to fans who remember him as the driving force behind the Eagles' move from soft country-rock to a more hard-edged rock sound. The striking guitar riffs displayed on his songs "Already Gone" and "One of Those Nights" will not be as prevalent. A Detroit native, Frey returns to his rhythm and blues roots on "I Found That Girl," co-written with



Glenn Frey

fellow Motor City musician Bob Seger, with whom Frey, Henley and Jackson Browne collaborated on "Heartache Tonight," for the Eagles' *Long Run*.

Also slated to appear on the album is "Party Town," a lighthearted R&B song that will once again feature the Monstertones, last heard singing backup on "The Greeks Don't Want No Freaks" (*Long Run*). Jimmy Buffett returns to front this underpaid, underpublicized musical force with a revamped lineup that includes tennis stars John McEnroe and Peter Renert, and Front Line Management's Irving Azoff and Larry Solters. The song was co-written with Jack Tempchin, perhaps best remembered as the author of "Peaceful Easy Feeling," from *Eagles*, the group's premiere LP. Frey's album, tentatively scheduled for release in early June, was recorded at Muscle Shoals Sound Studios in Sheffield, Ala., the site of Frey's co-production (with Jerry Wexler) of Lou Ann Barton's acclaimed debut album.

Henley's album will sport a more contemporary sound. Titled *I Can't Stand Still*, the LP is virtually finished, but a final selection of material has yet to be made. Two cuts that will appear on the album—set for a July release—are "Johnny Can't Read" and "Nobody's Business."

—Vicki Greenleaf and Stan Hyman

## Heads Regroup For Studio LP And Month's Tour Of Far East

NEW YORK—After releasing a succession of solo projects, including the surprisingly popular *Tom Tom Club*, *The Catherine Wheel* and *The Red And The Black*, Talk-

work on basic tracks for a new studio album (the band's first since 1980's *Remain In Light*) and to rehearse for a month-long tour of the Far East.



Talking Heads

ing Heads Tina Weymouth, Chris Frantz, David Byrne and Jerry Harrison have joined forces again at New York's Blank Tapes Studio to

Prior to a session, Frantz is asked if he isn't a bit awed by the *Tom Tom Club*'s ascent into the top 30. "Yeah," he chortles, "it's really great. It looks like it's going to be a smash hit. We lost our bullet and then we got it back!"

And how has the album's success affected Frantz' and Weymouth's relationship to the Talking Heads?

"I think perhaps Tina and I are given a little more room, as far as making decisions and things. The music still sounds like... you know what it sounds like? It does the same thing as tracks on *Remain In Light* did, where you had a lot of different parts, except it does it with just a few parts, more like on our early albums, so it's not so monotonous.

"It's neat," he continues, "because it's still funky and everything, but it has more dynamics and syncopation—much sparser, too. Everything's working out real nice, so I don't want to blow the feeling by discussing it too much, you know what I mean?"

"We're also preparing for 12 concerts in Japan, and other cities like Hong Kong, Bangkok, Singapore and Manila. We might mix (the album) when we come back from this tour. We're not in a tremendous rush to get it out, because our live album is just out. So we'll just let it age a bit—you get a slightly more objective feeling about things when you let it sit for a while, as opposed to mixing it immediately."

—Chip Stern

## Young Album Due In June

LOS ANGELES—Jesse Colin Young's next album, *The Perfect Stranger*, set for release in mid-June, will include a vocal duet with Carly Simon and songwriting collaborations with Michael McDonald, Danny O'Keefe and Wendy Waldman.

Young and Michael James Jackson share production credit on the album, which was two years in the making, according to a management spokesman. Guitar tracks were contributed by Robben Ford, Josh Leo (of Jimmy Buffett's Coral Reefer Band), and Pablo Cruise's Dave Jenkins; the rhythm section consisted of Bill Cuomo on keyboards, Mike Porcaro on bass, and Carlos Vega on drums.

Songs include "The Perfect Stranger," written by Young, Waldman and keyboardist Cuomo; "Fire on the Water," by Young and McDonald; "Jamie," by Young and Tom Snow; "Night School," by Young with lyrics co-written by O'Keefe; "On the Edge," by Young and Ozzy Ahlers; "Fight For It" (which features Carly Simon), "Between the Cross and the Guns" and "The Hawk," by Young and Waldman; and "Ophelia," written by Kevin Welles.

—David Gans

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## Dire Straits Start New LP; Will Tour U.S. In Fall

NEW YORK—After a long layoff, guitarist-songwriter Mark Knopfler and Dire Straits have returned to the studio, augmented by new guitarist Hal Linders and keyboardist Allen Clarke, to begin work on their next album, *Love Over Gold*, scheduled for late September release, just prior to the start of the group's U.S. tour.

Knopfler, who co-produced the band's previous LP, *Making Movies*, with Jimmy Iovine, is behind the board himself this time, about halfway through the backing tracks, wrapped up in the details of his songs. But Dire Straits' tall, affable bassist John Illsley came up for air long enough to talk about how things have been progressing.

"The thing is, it's murder when you actually listen back to a take," Illsley says, "and all you're listening to is the bass and drums. It's hard, I'll tell you, it's very hard 'Cause you're playing a song, you're playing a part, and sometimes on your own it just sounds ridiculous and totally inadequate. But you have to start from the basics, 'cause if it ain't right at the bottom, it ain't gonna be right at all."

And how are the new musicians fitting in?

"It's really great having keyboards," he answers. "Being a five-piece has enriched the sound, and it gets quite orchestral in parts, so it's not just, you know, straight up-front rock 'n' roll. If you can re-

member the song 'Tunnel of Love' off of the *Making Movies* album, there's that sort of feel on a couple of things. In fact, last night we were working on a track called 'Telegraph Road' that's 12 minutes long and is going to be just unbelievable."

Having toured only briefly last year after the release of *Making Movies*, the members of the band have spent the intervening time reflecting "on all the changes we've been through," according to Illsley. As a result, "Mark had a chance to get into his writing, we all got a chance to be better players; I learned a little piano. It's good to be able to do that. And Mark's found it easier since the two new guys have been in the group, because he doesn't have to work all the time. So he's been able to relax, and I think he's a better player for it. I mean, we're too close to what we're doing now to really say how it actually sounds; we'll have to wait and see. But Mark's become a much more proficient artist, if you like, every year."

—Chip Stern



Mark Knopfler

PHOTO: LYNN GOLDSMITH/LGI

## Sippie Wallace's U.S. Debut Gets Boost From Bonnie Raitt

NEW YORK—About 13 years ago, while sorting through cutout bins in an English record shop, young Bonnie Raitt came upon an obscure recording by Sippie Wallace. Raitt was sufficiently moved by this seminal blues/pop/jazz vocalist of the '20s and '30s to include two of Wallace's songs on her own debut album ("You Got To Know How" and "Women Be Wise").

"Sippie turned Bonnie around," explains Ron Harwood, Wallace's manager and producer of the upcoming LP, *Sippie*, which features Raitt joining the 83-year-old Wallace on three songs. Raitt's contribution to the project includes backing vocals on two cuts, "Mamma's Gone Goodbye" and "Women Be Wise," as well as acoustic slide guitar on "Suitcase Blues." The latter two are Wallace compositions, the first was taught to Wallace by Fats Waller (its composer is unknown). The LP will be released in May.

"But we were a little nervous about Sippie getting overshadowed," says Harwood. "In Bonnie's

case, the collaboration was terrific. Their two voices are like one—it floored me. You put a 4000-watt amplifier in a 10,000 seater and anybody's voice would blend with another person's. But this was like mother and daughter harmony, a producer's dream, totally natural. We did Bonnie's session in a day. On Valentine's Day, in fact.

The LP, recorded in Ann Arbor, Michigan, is Sippie's first U.S. release. It features accompaniment by Jim Dapogny's Chicago jazz band, an eight-piece ensemble. In addition to the three Wallace/Raitt songs, *Sippie* offers a wide range of tunes reflecting various aspects of the artist's 70-year-career. Among them are Irving Berlin's "Say It Isn't So," which Harwood says is a classic example of how a black artist takes a white pop song and makes it her own.

Raitt and Wallace plan to tour together through the spring and summer, including some possible dates in Europe, with Sippie opening and returning later for duets with Raitt.

—Mark Mehler

## Minus Dury, Jankel's Hot

SAN FRANCISCO—Things have gone nowhere but up for Chas Jankel since he left his job as musical director of Ian Dury and The Blockheads to pursue a solo career. Last year Quincy Jones heard "Ai No Corrida," from Jankel's self-titled debut album, and used it as the opening track and first single on his Grammy-winning album, *The Dude*. This year Jankel's second album, *Questionnaire*, spawned "Glad to Know You," which topped the *Billboard* disco chart for nearly two months straight.

Though Jankel is no longer a Blockhead, his collaboration with Dury has extended to both artists' most recent solo LPs. Jankel and Dury co-wrote five of the eight songs on *Questionnaire* and all but one on Dury's album, *Lord Upminster*. "People often put themselves up on a pedestal and be rather macho, and that's not where we're coming from," says Jankel. "We take a slightly more witty look at life." The coupling of Dury's acerbic wit and Jankel's eclectic dance tracks serves Dury's vocal style better than his own, Jankel acknowledges, and so Jankel will be writing the lyrics for his third album himself. "It'll be more personal—a bit more romantic, without being soft. It'll be more about the ups and downs of a relationship, but with a very hard rhythm."

The relationship described in "Ai No Corrida," with lyrics by Kenny Young, was based on the film *In the Realm of the Senses*. The Japanese film had a Spanish title—*Ai No Corrida*—and dealt with a couple who got so possessive of each other that the female character literally castrated her male companion. "Kenny saw the film, and he used that phrase for the hook," says Jankel. "When I sang it, towards the end I said, 'I never knew the feeling,' just to sort of cover myself. I have been incredibly seduced by women, and I've had incredibly erotic affairs, but never to the point of having my genitalia cut off—and I don't particularly want that to happen!"

"But that's what the film dealt with," he adds. "The song is meant to be a bit more lighthearted."

—David Gans

# THIRD WORLD

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# Interview: Nick Lowe's

By Bruce Dancis

**N**ick Lowe's career has spanned nearly 20 years of pop music history, beginning in the mid-'60s and extending through the retrenchment of pub rock and the nihilistic poses of the so-called new wave. As the bassist, vocalist and principal songwriter for pub rock pioneers Brinsley Schwarz, Lowe was instrumental in helping bring rock back to its roots in bars and clubs after the bloated excess of the arena/art rock movement; and as a producer and co-founder of Stiff Records, the innovative British independent label, Lowe was responsible for subverting the imagery and energy of punk rock, seeing it, quite rightly, as an attention-getting marketing opportunity, a wedge with which to expand the talents of Elvis Costello, Graham Parker, Chrissie Hynde and others with whom he worked. As such, he is a vital component of the late-'70s British rock revival.

But it was only when he teamed with guitarists Dave Edmunds and Billy Bremner and drummer Terry Williams in a loose configuration known as Rockpile that Lowe began to assert himself as a musician. Rockpile was fast, loud and streamlined in concert, but on record—most notably on Lowe's pop masterpieces, *Pure Pop For Now People* and *Labour Of Lust*—Lowe and his mates displayed such an ear for the melodic hook, and such a penchant for all the major streams in pop music (vintage rockabilly, Motown, country, reggae, and four-on-the-floor rock 'n' roll) that in some quarters they were seen as heirs to the mantle of the Beatles. Few groups better combined mordant, unsentimental wit with candy-colored rock nostalgia, but Edmunds wiggled out and left the band just as it was beginning to make its mark.

While obviously a formidable pop craftsman, Lowe is basically unimpressed by his reputation. His own art—as well as new wave—comes in for some thrashing during this wide-ranging interview.

**Do you see yourself as sort of a "keeper of the flame" of certain traditions in rock 'n' roll? You show a strong appreciation for past contributions.**

No, I don't think I've been carrying a torch for anybody. I'm sometimes frustrated that more people, especially over here, don't appreciate the glorious noise that you guys actually gave the world. Soul, rock 'n' roll and country—I adore that sort of music. I don't even mind (that) they don't play the music, but they don't even know the names of the people. You can say Gene Vincent or Jerry Lee Lewis or someone like that, and they look at you completely blank. Whereas in England, and in Europe generally, it has a farther and wider appreciation. Joe Blow in the street will know who Bobby Bland is. But I don't feel any real compulsion or mission to educate the world. It's there for anybody to hear; they can make up their own minds.

**But you've dropped clues along the way as to what we might expect to hear from you. *Pure Pop For Now People* may be a tongue-in-cheek title, but it's also accurate in that it describes a specific style within rock and suggests a contemporary interpretation of that style. What do you have in mind when you use the term "pop music"?**

I think originally I used the term

because it got up peoples' noses so much. "Yeah, I'm a pop singer." Because everyone was so busy trying to tell everybody, "They're trying to force us to go commercial, man. We're just not into pop." They were so busy trying to tell each other how arty they were that I thought, "Yeah, pop. That's what

er than me consciously diving in, saying, "Oooh. There's a bandwagon I'm gonna get in on." I suppose I didn't mind.

**What do you think are the positive and negative effects of what has been called New Wave on rock music in general?**

clip around the ear and a spell in the Army, some of them.

**You did produce one of the first punk records with the Damned.**

I thought they were awful. I remember going to the Sex Pistols as well. They were awful. What intrigued me was this attitude that

breathe life into. It never will go away. No, I don't think (punk/New Wave) did anything particular, except as far as I'm concerned (laughs). If it hadn't come along and I didn't get lumped into this sort of thing, I probably never would have had a hit record or wouldn't be doing these tours



Nick Lowe: Bringing the British pop tradition of the '60s kicking and screaming into the '80s

I do. I strum pop songs." And it used to sort of annoy people. Pop is Foreigner, Styx and Journey. Pop is popular; it's certainly not me. And they are very popular. I think when people use that term, it does have a different sort of meaning. It means kind of trashy. There's a different sort of connotation on the word pop which I'm probably responsible for. But it's just a throwaway.

**When your solo records first came to the attention of Americans—first as import singles and on Stiff compilations, later with the U.S. release of *Pure Pop For Now People*—you were quickly lumped into the all-purpose category of "New Wave." How did that characterization strike you?**

Yes, it's funny, that, isn't it? I didn't really mind. I just wanted to get the records on the radio. I didn't mind if they called me Charlie Farnsbarns, really. Even with the early group I was in, Brinsley Schwarz, I've always sort of liked quirkiness, something not quite right. I always liked taking an established style—R&B and soul, early Stax, country, rock & roll—and doing them just off-center a little bit. So from that point of view when the New Wave thing came along and suddenly people who had that sort of style were okay—it was okay to like them—I sort of naturally fell into it. Also because of my association with Stiff Records, it was inevitable that I get lumped in with that sort of thing. I don't know if I've ever changed my style—if I have a style. It's just that the rest of the world, or at least a small part of it, seemed to come around to me, rather

I can only think of negative things. To me, the most ghastly and frightful records have been perpetrated. When old Johnny Rotten said anybody could do it, he was absolutely right. Anybody can pick up a guitar if they want to. But if then they've got to inflict those horrendous thrashings on the ears of . . . me, I'm sorry, no thank you, I like to hear it played in tune. I don't see the glamor of somebody who's just bought a guitar the day before and there they are doing a gig. It sounds bloody awful. There's no way in the world it can be called art. It's just a frightful racket.

Also, a lot of these New Wave and punk groups have copied this attitude that really annoys me. They take themselves far too damn seriously. They think they're Picasso or something. Good God, they're self-important little gits! Or else they cop this "wild in the streets" attitude. But they're not. I know those geezers are not. They're just little wimps. People who are wild in the streets are like postmen or bloody coppers or bakery people, not those idiots with half-baked political illusions who strum guitars. The political ideas just make me laugh. In fact, I suppose it makes me embarrassed to actually be in this business when I hear some of the old codswallop that some of these people come out with. I remember when I left home and got my passport, I wrote very carefully, "Occupation: Musician." I was really pleased. Now, I'd rather tell somebody I was a plumber. The pose of the New Wave people gets up my nose. Don't make me laugh. I keep on wanting to give them a

they had. That's what I got excited by. I thought, "This is really annoying people. Fantastic." I remember my father leaping out of his chair and switching the television set off when the Kinks came on. "Disgusting" (imitates his father's sneer). I'm not particularly crazy about them now, but at the time I was 15 or 16 and I thought they and the Stones were terrific, because it got up my parents' noses. But parents don't get annoyed about Journey. It has about as much threat as Anson Williams. I can't see any difference between those people and Barry Manilow. They have exactly the same soporific effect on me. When friends—the guys who'd studied their chops and knew their blues and knew their rock 'n' roll—saw (the punks), they'd say to me, "Those bastards! What a little shit!" and I'd go, "You old shit." It was the fact that (the punks) engendered that fury in people that I knew and was really friendly with. I thought, "Let me see if I can produce these snotty kids." And it was easy. (The Damned) were just the same as any other group. They were young and they wanted to cop a bit of a stance, but they wanted it to come out good. They wanted to like it. It wasn't a total anarchic thing.

**In addition to annoying people, do you think punk/New Wave had any good effects in terms of shaking up the music industry?**

The industry is on its knees in any case. Just what the world needs is another independent label, isn't it. (sarcastic) I really don't know. I think of rock music as a dodgy old man that people keep on trying to

which I love doing. I hate to sound cynical . . . well, I am cynical. But I don't want to sound jaded. I just think (punk is) exactly the same as everything else. Like the hippie thing or something like that. Johnny Rotten is to the Seventies as what's her name, Janis Joplin, was to the Sixties. I can't really see any difference between the two of them.

**Did the label "pub rock," which was applied to the Brinsleys and other English groups that played in bars, have any special meaning?**

It did. It was started, funny enough, by Eggs Over Easy from Mill Valley (California). They had come over to England to make a record with Chas Chandler; why, I don't know. It was so at odds with what was happening in England at that time, which was all glam rock, which we just weren't into at all, not being very glamorous. And we got friendly with them because they played the same sort of stuff that we were playing. When we met them they had started building up this following. It was incredible. Nothing like that had happened in England for so long: a band that didn't have their names in the papers or weren't shucked out on some vast tour. They were just playing in this gin palace and the people would drive out to see them. You'd have all these different sorts of people—Pakistani guys, bikers, hippies, very straight people—all packed into this pub. So when they went back to the states we took over their residency. And because we were better known than they were, it sort of took off even more. Martin Belmont from the Rumour (and cur-



# Pure Pop Odyssey

rently Lowe's lead guitarist) started a band called Ducks Deluxe. And then Kilburn and the High Roads, which had Ian Dury in it, started up. Graham Parker. Dr. Feelgood. Even Elvis Costello. There were all these groups. And all these pubs started opening up all over London, and outside London as well. It was really good clean fun. I think that's when drink came back into fashion.

*You began working with Dave Edmunds toward the end of Brinsley Schwarz. He produced the Brinsleys last album. What was it that initially attracted you to him—his musicianship or his production style?*

I think it was everything. He's a very mysterious bloke. In the Sixties he had this group Love Sculpture. He was like a whiz-kid fast guitarist. That was what the star wars in England (were like) at that time, the late Sixties—who's got the fastest guitar in the West. And he was definitely a good contender. The Brinsleys used to record at this place called Rockfield, which is a little village just outside Monmouth in Wales. It's not far from Cardiff, where Dave is from. Dave had been recording at Rockfield for a long time. He had the big hit, "I Hear You Knocking," and he bought this house in Monmouth. It's one of the most modern studios in Europe now, but then it was just getting started. I used to see old Edmunds sort of scurrying around. I'd always thought, "He's a pretty cool bloke to know." Also, I loved his records. There weren't many people making records in England at that time who I liked. He was about the only one. It was great to hear someone actually slamming it down on vinyl, which we could never do. I didn't know anything about recording then. I didn't realize that you can make somebody sound like anything if you twiddle the old knobs. So I sort of nodded at Edmunds one day, and he sort of grunted back at me and hurried off. But that was a long conversation, apparently. Everyone thought how marvelous it was that I'd had a conversation with Edmunds. He didn't have any friends. He wasn't interested in our music. He was taking a lot of drugs. He wasn't in very good shape. His marriage was breaking up. But he was still making these incredible records on his own. Most intriguing. Got to get to know this bloke. And I slowly did.

*And worked on his Subtle As A Flying Mallet album.*

That's right. He started phoning me up. I was really pleased about it. He was having a terrible time, always drunk and standing in the street shouting and things like that. He wasn't in control. But he always used to phone me up from the police stations and I would go and get him out. I got him out of the hospital one day. He had been chasing someone down the street with a knife and he stabbed himself by accident. We used to laugh about that. I'm not betraying any confidences by talking about this; it's just an illustration. Anyway, he said, "I'm going down and do some recording. Do you wanna come with me?" At first, I was just there as an audience. When he was fiddling with echoes and things like that, I'd say "What you doing there, Dave? Why does it sound like that?" And he'd tell me what he was doing. And I'd say to him, "How did you get that Motown hand clap sound?" And he'd go, "Ooh, a bit of 2.8, slow delay, with a bit of spring." I didn't know what the hell he was talking about. But when I came to do records myself, I'd say to the engineer, "I want to

put some handclaps on this. Can you give me a bit of 2.8, slow delay, and a bit of spring?" And he'd go, "Yes. Okay," and out it would come!

I just watched Edmunds. He taught me loads of stuff. He was very good for me writing songs as well. Stripping it down. Sometimes I put too many chords in. I now find myself doing it to other people all the time, saying "Why'd you put that chord in there? You don't need it. Strip it down so there's nothing there that isn't needed." Once we got to know each other better, we started writing together and then singing together. It was sort of a gradual process. We used to have terrific rows. But he always used to win. I always used to back down from him, because he was my hero. And in a way he still is. I've fallen out with him, but I still think he's terrific. He's absolutely unique. I loved my time with Edmunds. He did teach me a hell of a lot, directly or indirectly.

*Shortly after that Edmunds project, you helped form Stiff Records. How and why did that come about?*

I'd left United Artists Records. But (before leaving) I needed to get another advance. The way to do that was to make them a crappy record. I had to be sort of subtle about it; it couldn't be too over the top, like saying I'd gone into Indian music with a Javanese flavor, or something like that, where they'd say, "Oh God, he's gone weird. Get rid of him." Or conversely, "That bastard's trying to get out of his deal. Let's nail him." So I had to make it look as if I was being really keen. Jake Riviera, whose couch I was

see how ludicrous the whole thing was. That's the first rule: there aren't any. And it took off from there.

*How important was timing to Stiff's success, coming at a point (1976-77) that coincided with the punk thing?*

Stiff had been going for about nine months when the Sex Pistols started doing their gigs, but it was still the same sort of thing. The cocktail party in the music business was starting to wind down. It was getting very stale and stodgy. And then it seemed that there were all these people who felt the same way.

*During 1976-78 you seemed to be popping up everywhere as a producer, working with Costello, Graham Parker and the Rumour, the Pretenders, the Stiff acts. Do you feel you developed a distinctive style? Or did you work differently with, say, Graham Parker than you did with Costello?*

Yes, I think so. I've got this reputation as being a successful producer, and I'm not, really. I've made loads of records, but I've had very few hits. There's plenty of people who have a far better track record than I do. I think the reason why I've got this rep is because at the time I came along, I was the first one who actually said why not? When an engineer said, "You can't do that," I'd say, "Well, if you can do this and you can do that, why can't you do that?" If I wanted to make a drum track out of a slamming door, for instance, they'd say, "You can't do that." And I'd say, "Let's try it. Why not?" And I'd take risks like that. Also, I liked to do it as quickly as possible. Apart from that, I do

I don't feel like I'm a dedicated musician. Don't get me wrong: I'm a proud man. But I have so little respect for people in the music business, it's the way I sort of treat myself. I've got every bit of respect for cracking music; it's the only thing I really like, in fact. But it keeps me sane if I don't get too involved in it.

*During the late Seventies, Rockpile would play on both your albums and Edmunds' albums, and then tour under the name of either of you. Why did you decide to change that and make an album (Seconds of Pleasure) as Rockpile?*

I had never liked the solo projects that the Beatles had done as much as I liked the Beatles together. There's something about a group. You're restricted quite a bit. You have to do something that the drummer's gonna like. There's all these things keeping you in check all the time. So when we came to do the Rockpile album, we thought it would be like the Beatles in reverse: We'd all done our solo shit, so when we'd come to do our Rockpile album, we thought it would be groovier, better. In fact, it didn't work out that way at all. There was no one in the chair, no one sort of directing and taking charge. It was either me or Edmunds, depending on whose record we were making. Because of that, it came out a little wishy-washy.

*Some people have made the analogy to a couple that has lived together very happily for years and then decide to get married and everything falls apart.*

Yeah. Really, it was just a bloody

tions, pretending that you're having fun, it's really noticeable. A lot of groups can stay together if there's a dollar bill in it, even if they can't stand the bloody sight of each other. But all our music was based on the fact that we were mates, really good mates, and we loved playing that sort of music. When that goes and it starts getting a bit tired, it seems to be noticed much, much more. We had six years of terrific times. I don't regret a single blade about it. I felt it's not the end of the world. We're all still chums. Let's do something else. We can always change our minds again. And then, to my amazement, Dave wimped out of it. Dave and Jake used to row quite a lot. But then suddenly it got really nasty. And Dave, I thought, invented this row so he could leave righteously. I said to him, "Come on. I can't believe what I'm hearing. What are you doing? Let's just pack it in." It was so pathetic, this contretemps we had with Dave. It wound up he didn't want Jake to manage him anymore. All the rest of us knew that the group couldn't possibly carry on if Dave was being managed by somebody else. It didn't matter to me, but Terry and Billy . . . I'd got plenty of irons in the fire. I'd be a tour manager again (laughs). I'd do anything to pay the rent. I'm an absolute prostitute. There's no depth too low for me to crawl into. But I thought he was really pathetic. It's a year ago now, and I just don't see Dave anymore. I'm not angry with him, but I don't particularly miss him either.

*The music on the new album is an extension of the stylistic potpourri you explored on Labour Of Lust and Pure Pop For Now People. Do you actually relate to each and every one of those musical genres?*

Yes. I'll just have a go at anything. Like, for instance, "Heart" (On both *Nick The Knife* and *Seconds Of Pleasure*). I recut that. The way it's on the new album is the way I originally wrote it. Now I'm not a reggae expert. We used to do a bit of reggae in the Brinsleys, because you hear it all the time in England. It's quite natural for white groups to put that little chop in.

*Nick the Knife seems to be somewhat less cynical and more romantic than Labor of Lust.*

I think you have to be quite romantic to be a cynic. I admire people that actually don't mind putting their emotion on the line. I mourn the passing of wit in pop music. "The Tracks of My Tears" by Smokey Robinson is a beautiful, tender, passionate song, yet it's filled with wit oozing out of every pore. Nowadays people don't like to, or they've missed the craft of being very emotional without coming over like a bloody, limp-wristed wimp. Whether or not I fit into that category is in the ear of the beholder, but I try not to.

Another theory I've come up with recently is that although there's no rules in recording, there used to be one thing they used to say—"You can't shine shit." If the song's no good and the singer's no good, there's nothing you can do about it. In other words, to make a record it's very important to get a good song and somebody who's really made for it to sing it. But unfortunately, with recording techniques nowadays becoming much more sophisticated, that is right out the window. You can, in fact, shine shit very, very easily. That's why there's so many ghastly, emotionless records around—you can make an average song and an average singer sound terrific by fiddling a few knobs. I'm sorry about that.

**"You have to be quite romantic to be a cynic. I admire people who don't mind putting their emotion on the line. I mourn the passing of wit in pop music."**

sleeping on at the time, said, "Why don't you do a Bay City Rollers fan record, like they used to do with the Beatles?" And I had this real poppy tune going around. I said, "All right. Yeah." That ("Bay City Rollers We Love You") was the first record I produced myself. I had gotten all these school kids in to sing this ludicrous song. I did it all myself, with the exception of the drums. Steve Goulding from the Rumour played them. And I was really quite proud of it. It was frightful, but it was *honest crap*. I took it in to the record company, and, to my horror, they thought it was great. This wasn't the reaction I hoped for. However, I did another one, "Let's Go To The Disco," by the Disco Brothers, and that did the trick. I got fired shortly afterwards. Then all the other deals I got offered with other companies were terrible—12-album deals, two albums a year. I couldn't do that. So Jake said, "Sod it. Let's start our own record label." Everybody said, "You can't do this. The majors have got it sewn up. Can't get a hit record." He plugged at it, really by appealing to the snob in people. The way we advertised it was, "We've made this record. And it's so cool, such a fantastic record, that we don't know if you're cool enough to even hear it. In fact, we might not even sell you one if you don't measure up to being cool enough." So, like the emperor's suit of clothes, they all went mad for it. It was fun, again, to break all the rules. And no one could believe that it was so easy to do. It was just playing with the music business, toying with it, turning it back on itself, making people

each person differently. You have to be sort of a psychoanalyst, I think. Some people like to have their egos stroked, told how wonderful they are. Your job is to get the best performance out of them by whatever means, fair or foul, at your disposal. Some people like to be bullied. "Come on, you asshole, is that the best you can do?" Some people, believe it or not, like getting a bit of verbal abuse.

*Can you give any examples?*

Funnily enough, sometimes Elvis does. And Edmunds is like that as well. Whatever it takes. You have to work out what they want to hear in order to get it done. I tend to produce in an old-fashioned sort of way. I thought that a producer was someone who just sort of sat there, some guy who'd tell you whether it was in tune or not. I like to make people aware that they're making a little aural film. Sort of act it out, get that across as best as possible.

*What about when you're producing your own records?*

That's harder work, cause I don't really care so much about my own records. I far prefer working with other people, because I feel that they're my records too. I especially like writing songs for other people. It's rather like making a suit. You show them some fabric. "Do you want a lightweight, semi-weight . . ." And then you ask how wide they want the lapels. I like seeing how close I can get to writing a song that's sort of made to measure. I can do it really easily; it's almost like a hobby. But with my own stuff, I don't care so much about it.

embarrassment. No one would take charge, yet they wished that somebody would. Yet that's not the point we were trying to make—we should all be taking charge. I started getting really annoyed at people for nothing. I'd get annoyed with Billy (Bremner), for instance. I'd think, "Why the fuck should I make all the running? What do you reckon it should go like?" And he'd say, "I don't really mind." "What d'ya mean you don't really mind, ya bloody wimp." So we had a few shout-ups. But we always did—that's healthy. It just wasn't much fun, basically. Edmunds didn't like some of the tunes on it that I'd written, and I thought that some of the ones that he wanted to do, some of the covers, were a bit wet and could have been better. I think it's still a pretty good record, but it was so much less than we thought it was gonna be.

*Did the subsequent tour convince you to break up the group?*

Well, yeah. We'd reached these crossroads. Like most groups do when they form up and they got on quite well, you get this sort of momentum that can sometimes carry you for six months or six years. I rehearsed for this (current) tour more than Rockpile did the whole time they were together. We never used to rehearse 'cause we hated it so much. The people who liked us liked that about Rockpile—the scruffiness, underrehearsedness. And because we used to have fun, we'd come across as if we were enjoying the shit out of it. The only trouble with that is that as soon as you start going through the mo-



## McCartney

Continued from page 1

wonder where he's been hiding it all these years. That's the other half of the joke: it's been there all along, right under our noses.

For Paul McCartney, craftsmanship has always been an end in itself. As the most technically assured of the Beatles in terms of formal musicianship, McCartney's God-given vocal and melodic gifts were a glorification of everything beautiful in pop—seemingly unencumbered by questions of self-doubt, self-consciousness or deeply

felt resentment. Paul simply aimed to please—to entertain—in the tradition established during rock's formative years by the Brill Building songwriters. McCartney's greatest strength has always been his gift for pure melody, and that's what has been most clearly developed in his solo recordings. Like such Brill Building teams as Howard Greenfield and Neil Sedaka, Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil or Jeff Barry and Ellie Greenwich, McCartney has been able to translate sophisticated ideas about harmony and form into deceptively simple, easily remembered melodies. So what's wrong with silly love songs?

Nothing, except that such ditties have jaded the popular consensus

on Paul's music—transforming his virtues into vices. Because Paul McCartney is best-known for melodies like "Yesterday," "Michelle" or "Let It Be," it's tempting to assume that's all his songs are about. But anyone who has ever heard a mood music arrangement of one of these songs knows how shallow they sound when treated as pure melody, and therein lies the key: McCartney's realm isn't strictly pop, no more than it's straight rock and roll. It's both, one of the most successful and convincing fusions of the two since the heyday of the Brill Building songwriters.

In fact, his connection to the aforementioned Brill Building teams makes for a logical parallel.

Like them, McCartney has his roots in a pop tradition that predates rock and roll, and makes frequent use of its devices. At the same time however, he maintains a simplicity and rhythmic directness that can only belong to rock and roll. "Maybe I'm Amazed" is a perfect case in point. The melody is quite simple, restricted to a handful of notes that offer a nice contrast to the descending chordal harmony. It's so elegant and direct, in fact, that you barely notice McCartney's deft use of relative keys, which extends the circularity of the song's harmonic structure while seeming to constantly re-energize the melodic line.

Not only does McCartney's writing display remarkable sophistica-

tion, it's also a model of economy and ingenuity. Consider "Silly Love Songs," a truly great pop song that has earned McCartney a number of brickbats for its seemingly inane title. Gripping about the lyrics doesn't simply misread the song's intent—McCartney isn't arguing that dumb is good, he's merely making the point that it's hard to improve on such commonplace expressions as "I love you"—it ignores the fact that the song is more about melody than anything else. Working with essentially three chords (C, Em7 and Fmaj7), McCartney fashions a remarkably inventive verse/chorus pattern, spinning off not one but five separate themes. Chief among these is the bass line, a lean, melod-



Paul McCartney: Extending the Brill Building tradition.

## McCartney's Hidden Gems

We all know "Maybe I'm Amazed," "My Love," "Silly Love Songs," and McCartney's other top 40 hits. But in order to appreciate his range as a songwriter, it's instructive to listen to some of the hidden gems on his solo albums. Herewith, a list of essential Paul McCartney songs.

### "Too Many People"

from *Ram*:

A deliciously Beatle-esque shifting of moods as the song goes from chorus to verse, but with a raw edge that's pure McCartney. Some great war whoops during the guitar solo.

### "Bip Eop"

from *Wild Life*:

A terrific example of what McCartney can do with roots material. Although the song is built on a slide guitar lick that's pure Delta blues, McCartney turns it into a delightful pop bauble complete with nonsensical lyrics. Impossible to hear without humming along.

### "Little Lamb Dragon Fly"

from *Red Rose Speedway*:

Most children's songs play down to them, but here McCartney fashions a fable of surprising depth. With the melancholy melody perfectly match-

ing the wistful regret of the lyrics, even a child too young to follow the words gets the song's gist.

### "Bluebird"

from *Band On The Run*:

Considering the comparisons to "Blackbird" the title seems to beg for, McCartney had his work cut out for him. Yet the easy grace of the melody underscored by a restrained arrangement more than equal the Beatles' song.

### "Magneto and Titanium Man"

from *Venus And Mars*:

No surprise that one of McCartney's silliest lyrics accompanies one of his most intoxicating melodies. Particularly engaging is the calliope-style vocal arrangement that recurs throughout.

### "Spirits of Ancient Egypt"

from *Venus And Mars*:

Don't ask what it means, just lap up

the bittersweet harmony on the chorus and remember that melody is its own excuse.

### "The Note You Never Wrote"

from *Wings At The Speed Of Sound*

The kind of ballad Paul Simon wishes he could write—sparse, emotionally-direct and completely to the point.

### "She's My Baby"

from *Wings At The Speed of Sound*:

A perfect example of how McCartney takes the absurdly conventional—in this case a mock-1930s lyric—and transforms it into something truly memorable through a simple twist of the chorus. One of his most elegant melodic structures.

### "Girlfriend"

from *London Town*:

Even though Michael Jackson's version on *Off The Wall* took the bugs out of McCartney's arrangement, there's no denying the cleverness of the lyric or the simple charm of the melody. A gem even if it's in the rough.

### "Old Siam, Sir"

from *Back To The Egg*:

Who but McCartney could even imbue the dull-thudding stomp of heavy metal with such sprightly charm? Clever use of orientalism and believably gritty guitar.



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ic pattern that establishes the song's air of insouciance while concisely stating its harmonic content (including a clever voicing shift in the chorus). Ironically enough, by putting the hook in the bass line, McCartney did in 1976 exactly what Bernard Edwards of Chic was acclaimed for in 1979.

Still, it's not altogether surprising that such exquisite craftsmanship would go unnoticed because of what looked like brainless lyrics—words have always been something of an Achilles heel for McCartney. The Beatles were, after all, not merely hummable but quotable, and even a phrase as otherwise mundane as "All you need is love" took on a new resonance when sung by the Beatles. Having once been profound as Beatle Paul, McCartney's critics weren't about to let him get away with meaningless pleasantries, particularly while John Lennon was on hand dropping such bon mots as "War is over, if you want it."

It's a wholly debateable point, though. Nobody complained about "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da"'s apparent lack of profundity, and even at his worst, McCartney's songs are no less expressive than such determinedly shallow classics as "Who Put the Bomp?", "Da Doo Ron Ron" and "Doo Wah Diddy Diddy," Brill Building masterpieces all. The only offense for which McCartney is truly culpable is his tendency to mangle the language, having churned out such grammatical horrors as "My love does it good" and the infamously redundant "this world in which we live in" (from "Live and Let Die").

Damning McCartney for his waywardness with words is utterly beside the point. As with most practitioners of pop, melody is his *alibi*. Indeed, his single-minded pursuit of the tuneful is the most likely explanation for his occasional lapses in wordlessness, as in the endless "wo-wo-wo-wo"s of "My Love" (which McCartney dutifully included on *Red Rose Speedway*'s lyric sheet). Using nonsense syllables to break up a lyric without any link to the song's meaning was standard fare for the Brill Building teams; in fact, "Da Doo Ron Ron" is constructed so that, from a lyrical perspective, the song's conclusion is pure gibberish ("And when he walked the home/Da doo ron ron ron, da doo ron ron"). The idea behind this practice was simple—it's the *melody* that counts, not the words. Consequently, with "Da Doo Ron Ron" the main thing you remember is the melody and the title, just like the way "My Love" ingrains its title and "wo-wo-wo"s.

At his best, though, McCartney can fit words and music together so that his lyrics are energized by the melody they ornament. An excellent example of this would be "Listen to What the Man Said," where the slightly moronic refrain, "The wonder of it all, baby," is transformed into something truly wonderful by the irresistible tunefulness of McCartney's chorus. This victory of music over meaning again illustrates how McCartney has furthered the Brill Building tradition.

Appreciating that, it soon becomes obvious just how much of McCartney's music has slipped by relatively unnoticed. We all know the hits, and the fact that even the most casual radio listener can hum one or two off the top of his or her head speaks for itself, but even the songs that never made the singles charts display many of the same strengths. The very first thing you hear on *McCartney* is "The Lovely Linda," and it's pure goof, just a guy singing about his wife. But what a wonderful goof! It's so natural, so unaffected, so effortlessly melodious that in its own modest way it's almost superior to the better known "Maybe I'm Amazed."

McCartney's albums are littered with similarly overlooked delights. Here are just a handful: "Too Many People" and "Monkberry Moon Delight" from *Ram*; "Bip Bop" and the unnamed instrumental between "I Am Your Singer" and "Tomorrow" from *Wildlife*; "Little Lamb Dragonfly" (a great children's

song) from *Red Rose Speedway*; "Bluebird" and "Mamunia" from *Band On the Run*; "Magneto and Titanium Man," "Spirits of Ancient Egypt" and "Treat Her Gently/Lonely Old People" from *Venus and Mars*; "The Note You Never Wrote" and "She's My Baby" from *Wings At the Speed of Sound*; the title track and "Girlfriend" from

heavy-handed (as in "Uncle Albert/Admiral Halsey," which at one point sounds like "Son of Yellow Submarine Gone Berserk"). McCartney himself seemed to realize this, and assembled Wings, who were responsible for two of his most satisfying albums, *Band On the Run* and *Venus and Mars*.

Lately, though, McCartney has

longer needed to write for a specific persona.

That break is brought to full bloom with *Tug of War*, an album that not only presents McCartney as a songwriter par excellence, but solidifies his reputation as a performer. McCartney's writing for the album embraces a panoply of idioms without sounding like a

and "Superstition" that it's hard to believe McCartney had anything to do with it at all, yet he easily matches Wonder's pace and intensity. "Get It," on the other hand, is a relaxed, swinging rockabilly tune that sounds so true to form you'd think McCartney was sitting in with Carl Perkins, instead of it being the other way around.

While the album's first single—"Ebony And Ivory"—is as facile as its central image, "Here Today" confounds expectations by presenting a fittingly unsentimentalized tribute to John Lennon. Accompanied by acoustic guitar, and an understated string arrangement, McCartney sets up a maudlin, if-only-you-were-with-us first verse, only to deflate it with a wonderfully Lennonesque twist: "You'd probably say we weren't that close." It's a relief to hear McCartney avoid the easy out, and it makes "Here Today" a genuinely poignant farewell.

Because Paul McCartney has developed to the point where he is confident enough in his craft to indulge his imagination fully, it seems likely that he'll continue to push beyond the limits of the Brill Building tradition—by adapting new stylistic modes to increase the confluence of pop and rock. In this context, *Tug of War* is but a start; McCartney's best is yet to come.

## "'Tug of War' is a miracle of eclecticism, the work of a man for whom folk, funk, reggae and rockabilly are just separate threads in the fabric of popular music."

*London Town*; "Old Siam, Sir" and "Baby's Request" from *Back to the Egg*; and "Temporary Secretary" and "Frozen Jap" from *McCartney II*. None are particularly deep, but all manage to convey the simple joys of melody.

On the whole, McCartney has been more effective as a writer than as a performer, but this too has been changing. An early weakness of his albums was his habit of holding on to Beatle-ized settings: this hampered the music, either because McCartney couldn't create an adequate semblance (as in "Maybe I'm Amazed") or because he was too

become more adventurous. *Back to the Egg* flirted with brusque punk rhythms, and it was rumored that McCartney cut reggae versions of songs from that album for his own amusement. More interesting by far, however, was *McCartney II*, an album of self-indulgences that clearly owed more to Brian Eno than to Buddy Holly. Couching its melodies in lopsided cadences, coolly oblique synthesizer patterns and flashes of funk, it demonstrated that McCartney had accomplished more than merely catching up with the '80s—it said that he had also caught up with himself, and no

hodge-podge. Indeed, *Tug of War* is a miracle of eclecticism, the work of a man for whom folk, funk, reggae and rockabilly are just separate threads in the fabric of popular music.

It is in this that he ultimately transcends the Brill Building tradition. Unlike those writers, whose work showed little overt stylistic variance or idiomatic facility, McCartney is completely at home in a number of genres. "What's That," for instance, is a vigorous funk number with Stevie Wonder singing the lead. It's so typical of Wonder songs like "Higher Ground"

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# Go-Go's: Too Hot To Stop

*Continued from page 1*

walking/Walking by, walking by/ You hold your head so close to hers/I could cry, yeah, I could cry/ I want to be that girl tonight," they sing in "How Much More."

Nothing too deep there, so why all the fuss? For one, the Go-Go's' simple pop songs convincingly express the attitudes and feelings of a broad-based rock audience. Young fans are hearing their lives set to music; old-timers perhaps recognize in this quintet the '80s extension of a rock tradition dating back to 1956 and the Teen Queens ("Eddie My Love"). Both groups obviously realize that the point is to have fun. "Our music is basically very danceable," says Carlisle. "I don't think all of our themes are as light-hearted as people make them out to be. But I think that basically we want people to escape. What we're saying, you don't have to think about too hard."

That these are five attractive, sexy young women adds to the substantial appeal of their music. They certainly don't go out of their way to downplay their femininity. On the front cover of their album, they are shown wearing nothing but towels draped around their shapely bodies. On the back, they're individually pictured in bathtubs, their bodies concealed by soap bubbles.

But according to 27-year-old guitarist Charlotte Caffey, the cover was not designed to titillate male rock fans. "It was a funny idea," she says. "Also it eliminated the problem of dressing and being categorized like, 'Well they're new wave. Or they're new romantic. They're this, they're that . . .' No one can really say anything about us. The bath idea we got from a Shelly Winters biography, a picture from a 1949 Life magazine cover of her in the bathtub. And we thought it was a great idea. And it was really fun, hysterical. And I think this band has a lot of humor and wit in it and we have a good time."

What do the Go-Go's think about feminism?

"To me, feminism is stupid," says Wiedlin flatly, "because, well, I guess I just don't understand what it was like to be in a climate where you weren't allowed to be what you wanted to be. Where you had to choose by your sex. Because I'm young enough that all that sort of happened before I was aware of it."

"If you have a belief, actions speak louder than words. When people ask if we're a feminist band, I say yes and no. Because it's nothing conscious with us. We're feminists in that we're doing something that I don't think too many women have done before. And that didn't stop us."

Being in an all-women band does present a few novel twists on the typical rock experience. Like groupies, for instance. Those sexually available girls that hang out in the dressing rooms and go back to the hotel rooms with major and minor male rock stars are so omnipresent in rock that they've been the subject of one book and numerous magazine articles. The Go-Go's have been sought after by groupies too.

"They're getting to be more and more," says Wiedlin, as if she was complaining about too many flies invading her kitchen. "But there's still not a whole lot. That's another thing about sex roles. Boys never had a male-groupie role model. So they don't know how to act about it. They're a lot less aggressive than the girl groupies that I've seen."

"In fact, we actually get a lot more girl groupies. Like lesbians. But that doesn't help us any because we're not lesbians."

Far from it. Three of the Go-Go's have steady boyfriends and a fourth is married. Interestingly enough, the men in their lives are all musicians. Belinda Carlisle is married to Bill Bateman of the Blasters. Wiedlin's boyfriend is in the Rockats, Caffey's is in the Plimsouls and Valentine's is in the Ripchords. Predictably, those relationships are sometimes strained because the girls are out touring so much of the time. "Well, we all have musicians for boyfriends, so they understand everything we're doing," says Wiedlin. "It is really hard to have a relationship, though. It gets really hectic 'cause they're usually on the road too, and one night you're calling one city and the next another city. It's pretty confusing."

Since the Go-Go's are currently much more popular than any of the bands their boyfriends are in, it might be expected that envy would rear its head. "There's no competition," counters Wiedlin. "I think it would be really easy for there to be weird feelings, but it's something we've all talked about with them. I try to keep the air clear as far as that goes. So there's no resentment."

"The major love in my life is work," adds Charlotte Caffey. "But I love having a relationship at the same time. It doesn't bother me at all and it doesn't seem to bother him."

The Go-Go's were formed in May of 1978 by lead vocalist Belinda Carlisle, Jane Wiedlin and original bassist Margot Olavarria, who left the band in December, 1980 and is currently a waitress in New York.

"I didn't really care if it was go-



Five girls who make it: (from left):

ing to be all women or guys," says Carlisle. "The only reason it turned out to be all women is because all the guys that Jane and I had known at the time were already in bands." Elisa Bello, who was the Go-Go's first drummer, and Caffey completed the lineup.

Suprisingly, given its bright, pop sound, the Go-Go's began as a punk band. Wiedlin called herself Jane Drano back then. Early gigs took place at the Masque, a now defunct, hard-core punk club in an L.A. basement. They couldn't really play very well—and they knew it. "When we started out we didn't know how to play at all, and so the songs all sounded kind of like a big mess," laughs Wiedlin. "But as we learned how to play, they sounded a lot more like music. I think almost every important new rock band had its roots in the punk movement."

The Go-Go's' development as a band took a quantum leap when Bello was replaced by Gina Schock in 1979. A veteran of numerous bands in her hometown of Baltimore (including Edie and the Eggs, led by cult-film star Edie Massey), Schock arrived in L.A. and began looking for work. "One of the first bands that I saw when I got out there was the Go-Go's," says Schock. "Even though they couldn't play that good, they had

really good songs. I mean I liked them when I first saw them, they just couldn't play their instruments that well. So I was playing in two bands with all guys and my roommate said to me, 'You should join the Go-Go's.' And I said, 'Oh no, I don't know about that.' So then I met them at a party and they came over to my house and we played a couple of songs and I just really liked playing that kind of music. So I quit the other bands and joined the next day. It was destiny."

Though it's been reported that the Go-Go's weren't taken seriously in the L.A. punk scene, Wiedlin isn't so sure. "We're told they didn't," she says with a laugh. "I don't think it was true. I don't ever remember being laughed at when we were on stage. And we never thought we were a joke. We had fun, we laughed and stuff. And maybe the audience laughed, but it seemed more like they were laughing with us than at us. But it is possible that we were thought of as a joke band."

Were the Go-Go's serious about their music?

"Yeah! Sure," says Wiedlin. "Otherwise I wouldn't have done it. We were all serious about doing it. It was fun to do. But that doesn't mean we weren't serious about getting better and being a good band."

In December of 1980, Kathy Valentine, who had played guitar in an L.A. band called the Textones, joined on as bass guitarist. "I started playing bass when I joined the Go-Go's," says the 22-year-old Valentine, who grew up in Texas but moved west in the mid-'70s. "I learned how to play the bass in about four days. Then I played eight sold out shows at the Whiskey as a temporary replacement and everybody in the band liked it, I liked it and it was unavoidable. So I stayed."

The Go-Go's' first real break came when the English ska group Madness invited them to open their 60-date 1980 tour of England. While there, they recorded a single, "We Got the Beat," for Stiff Records. But the three month stay overseas was an unhappy one. "That was a difficult time," says Carlisle. "We really hit the bottom over there, financially and as far as our morale, because we weren't in our home territory; we didn't have friends around to comfort us."

Did the band consider splitting up?

"No. That never really occurred to me. I knew we would get through it, whatever hard times we did have. It's because we were over in England. We had sold everything we had to get over there and once we





PHOTO: LYNN GOLDSMITH/IGI

Charlotte Caffey, Kathy Valentine, Belinda Carlisle, Gina Shock, Jane Wiedlin.

got there, it wasn't great. And then we were planning to go back home to nothing. Nothing."

And it was in England that the Go-Go's came face-to-face with their first heavy dose of sexism. "The guys are real sexist and the women seemed real content to be treated as objects, to be treated like shit basically," says Wiedlin. "I mean people don't consider girls as anything over there. You could tell when you talked to a guy that they weren't really going to take anything you said seriously."

Returning to L.A., the Go-Go's discovered that the success of the Ruff single (which had done quite well in America as an import) made them attractive to a number of record labels. They finally signed a deal with I.R.S., the independent label run by Miles Copeland, who manages the Police.

*Beauty and the Beat* was produced by Richard Gottehrer, a veteran whose career spans two decades of rock, dating back to 1963, when he co-produced (and co-wrote) the Angels' hit, "My Boyfriend's Back." "Miles picked him," says Valentine. "Any producer would have intimidated us a little bit. Because we had never done a whole album before. We kind of went in there expecting to let him just have his way because

we thought he'd think that what we'd say wouldn't have any bearing. But as it turned out, we realized that the way we wanted things to go on the album had a lot of validity. Most of our suggestions—well, all of them—were taken very seriously, and most of them were used."

The saga-within-a-saga began for the Go-Go's with the July release of *Beauty and the Beat*. On August 1, it entered the *Billboard* album chart at 186. By October, it had cracked the top 30; a month later, it was in the top 20. 34 weeks after its release, *Beauty and the Beat* was a number one album; moreover, its near-nine-month climb to the top demonstrated a rare sort of staying power in today's depressed marketplace. For I.R.S. chief Miles Copeland, this meant the Go-Go's had not merely won the hearts and minds of rock fans, but had, like the Police, won a significant victory over traditional music industry myopia.

"You see," Copeland explains, "people have been trying to write off our music all along. They tried it with the Police, and they tried it with every other act I've ever been involved with. We just don't accept that the market is small for our music, and we don't accept that there's any limitations: if people are given a

chance, they'll vote. And in the case of the Go-Go's they had all the requirements, and we just kept enough happening that it continued to have life in it. Really, the only answer is persistence. The battles are the same that every record company has—except most of them give up quicker."

The problem, obviously, is that big record companies, like some sort of high performance racing cars, operate most efficiently when running at maximum RPMs; the faster the turnover, the better—slow, steady selling product only makes the corporate engine knock. It's unlikely that the Go-Go's would have enjoyed such a remarkable period of sustained growth if they'd been with one of the major labels.

Copeland explains: "The problem in the music business is that people want to see a record happen in the first two weeks, and they have so many records coming out that if one doesn't happen, the hell with it—they're on to the next. We don't have that many records coming out. We may have one record a month coming out—so we'll just keep working them. We didn't give up on the record. I mean, I'm looking at the charts now and I see the Police, Joan Jett and the Go-Go's in the top ten and that tells me some-

thing; and anybody who says that the new wave has a limited market has got to be blind and deaf. If you're looking at what's going on out there, the real fun and excitement is in new wave. But the battle is in convincing radio station X that they should play these records. And in order to do that they say 'Well, where is it on the tip sheets, where is it on the *Billboard* charts, who else is playing it in my area?' And you have to continually go back to them and go 'Well, uh, this is happening to the group, it's being played on this and that station,' and just keep going back to them until they say 'Okay, we'll add it and see what happens.' Every time a station added the Go-Go's record, they got an immediate response. And for us, every week we were doing better on the record, but in terms of A&M, who've seen quite a few hit records before, they were looking at it and saying, 'Well, hey, it isn't moving fast enough, but for us it was doing very well.'"

This unconventional approach to promotion extends beyond the concept of a long, slow incline to the top of the charts, particularly in regards to the plans for the Go-Go's second album. Here again, Copeland's strategy departs from "accepted" corporate logic.

"The normal trend would be not

to release another album, and milk this one, put out another single and keep milking it until we've got four or five million records. We, however, are very conscious of the fact that the fans who first got into this group were into them a long time ago—a year ago. And this album will have been played to death, and they'll be interested in something new, whereas some parts of America are just now getting into it. We think that we have to stick with the original fans, and that we should come out with an album very soon; most likely we'll see something in the July period. Some people who are strict business would say, 'You must be crazy!' But we think that it's important to come out with new product real soon. We want to keep the group fresh and alive; we don't want the second record to come out two years later after the first was milked—half of the appeal of the Go-Go's is their freshness, and we want to keep it that way."

"A&M originally thought we should wait, and not put out another album until maybe October when *Beauty and the Beat* has died down a bit; there were many discussions—when a group gets this big everybody's got their two cents worth. So we went and discussed this with everybody at A&M, presented our reasons why we wanted to see the album come out in June or July, and in the end, everybody agreed with us, and decided, well, this time we'll do things a little differently and go along with it. But there was a period when A&M thought we should wait, and from a purely business standpoint—in the short-term—they may have been right. In the long term, we were right, and A&M sees that; we're in total harmony in regard to what we're going to do for the group in the future."

Right now, the Go-Go's are working on their second album, and saying it will feature more of a group sound than *Beauty and the Beat*, on which most of the songwriting was done by lead guitarist Charlotte Caffey and rhythm guitarist Jane Wiedlin. While Gottehrer will again produce the band, both Carlisle and drummer Gina Shock figure to be involved behind the board. In addition to new material, Kathy Valentine's "Vacation" and "London Boys"—both in the Go-Go's repertoire for some time—will most likely be included on the LP.

Upon completion of the album at the end of May, the Go-Go's will embark on an extended tour of Japan, Australia and Hawaii before returning to the mainland to begin a major U.S. tour in July.

So what can you say about the success of the Go-Go's, except that cute is nice, but ultimately, talent will out. And no amount of hype can substitute for good songs enthusiastically performed. The critics and the fans have lined up to sing their praises, and one writer, caught up in the throes of terminal gush, even went so far as to call them "the girl Beatles."

"Well, that makes me feel wonderful, but I don't know if we quite deserve it," says Caffey, who confesses that she first started fantasizing about being in a rock band after seeing the Beatles at Dodger Stadium when she was 11. "They're my all-time favorites, so naturally that would make me feel great."

"I don't think anybody deserves to be compared to the Beatles," Valentine concludes. "But maybe in the future it will be deserved. I think it's a little early to say that at this point, don't you?"



# RECORDS

## Carole King Hits Home With Messages of Love



**One To One**  
Carole King  
Atlantic

By David McGee

Having begun her career in an era when rock 'n' roll was al-

most exclusively about giving it up for love, Carole King can be said to have never lost sight of the eternal verities; but as the '70s wore on, she was clearly having trouble expressing her feelings as compellingly as she did on *Tapestry*, *Music* and the sophisticated "children's" soundtrack for a TV version of Maurice Sendak's *Really Rosie*. Last year's *Pearls*—contemporary versions of some classic rock songs she'd written over the years with Gerry Goffin—was pleasant enough (there wasn't a bad song on it, in fact) but irrelevant: King didn't go deep enough into any of the numbers to offer a viewpoint substantially different from that of the original versions.

So how to explain *One To One*? Like *Tapestry*, it's a fully-realized

set in all respects: singing, playing, production, writing. Pop music at root, it also incorporates jazz and R&B stylings in the arrangements. And most of all, it has something important to say in 1982, just as *Tapestry* did ten years ago.

The message here is the same one Ellen Shipley was trying to get across in her overlooked album, *Breaking Through The Ice Age*. That is, all the technological advancements in the world are useless if people don't get down to reasoning and communicating with each other, "Heart To Heart," in Shipley's case, "One To One" in King's.

The artist states her case in a multitude of ways, some obvious, some less so. The title song, for instance, is self-explanatory, and predictable; but King's vocal has a hard edge to it that lends resonance to her simple lyrics. On the other hand, from its title alone you'd expect "Lookin' Out For Number One" to be the opposite of King's philosophy. Yet she twists this sentiment around a nice pop-funk arrangement (punched up by a Chicago-style horn section) in an effort to point out that by giving "just a little bit for your own sake/That's really lookin' out for number one."

Beyond this, *One To One* is notable for its suggestion that even the

one-to-one connection is suspect unless you make the Ultimate Connection. Throughout her career, King has demonstrated an almost-mystical relationship to the earth, the sky and nature as a means of proving God's existence. Two songs here, "Golden Man" and "Someone You Never Met Before" (co-written with Gerry Goffin), are more pop hymns to the Almighty (referred to in the former as "son, lover, brother, father and friend") than mere love songs. The point is emphasized not only in the reading of the lyrics, but in the instrumental work as well, particularly at the end of "Golden Man," when Robert McEntee checks in with a robust guitar solo, which gives way to a low-key Fender Rhodes commentary by Reese Wynans, who in turn bows out for a stinging, angular guitar solo by Eric Johnson. These charged, minimal solos pushing the song to a resolution underscore the inner peace King's been singing of, and the understanding she's gained by coming to grips with the solution to "the pain the earth is feeling."

Which is not to suggest we need to be Born Again to appreciate *One To One*. It does demand we be thinking, feeling human beings, though. That's the least rock ought to ask of us, or we of it.

## Raitt Comes Rocking Out Of the Blue



**Green Light**  
Bonnie Raitt  
Warner Bros.

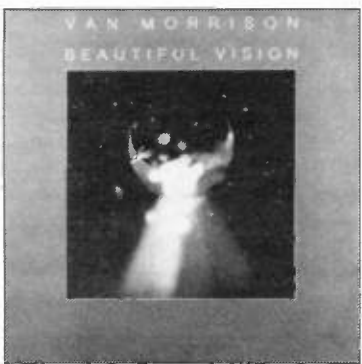
By Stuart Cohn

On *Green Light*, Bonnie Raitt and her new Bump Band play it fast and blurry; and, at 35 minutes, the album seems slight. Yet the *feel* is good—a light-hearted, friendly jam session—and the tunes are just right throughout.

Raitt's mournful slide guitar and tough singing wring the hurt out of "River of Tears," an otherwise ordinary Eric Kaz lyric. It's nice to hear the Band's Richard Manuel on backup vocals; he sounds as smooth as ever. "Baby Come Back" and "Willya Wontcha" are great road-house rock 'n' roll tunes, all sly rhythm and sung with a wink. The I'll-wait-while-you-wander lyrics of "Keep This Heart In Mind," a country-soul number, are a rare example of Raitt succumbing to a typical submissive woman's role. Usually, she's no-nonsense realistic, a perfect stance for a mature love song like Bob Dylan's previously-unrecorded "Let's Keep It Between Us." Ian McLagan (piano) and guest organist (and *Shot Of Love* sideman) William "Smitty" Smith give the track a big, gospelly keyboard sound.

The players on *Green Light* have power to spare and don't waste a lick. An inspired rhythm section of Rick Fataar (drums) and Ray Ohara (bass) push the music into a high-speed glide while the guitar team of Raitt and Johnny Lee Schell is slangy and high-spirited. Call the style California Stones. *Green Light*'s a loose and listenable LP and one of the best in Bonnie Raitt's career.

## Van Morrison Moves Near The Mystery



**Beautiful Vision**  
Van Morrison  
Warner Bros.

By Christopher Hill

Has a more genuinely quirky personality than Van Morrison's ever become an established pop presence? By comparison, the much-touted alienation of so many New Wave rockers looks like simple crankiness. And unlike the confessional singer-songwriters of the early '70s, Morrison's charted a real pilgrim's progress through the thorny by-ways of an honestly unique character.

It's possible to find great chunks of Morrison's work entirely forgettable. Yet one always has to deal with him in the end, because he

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makes you feel that were he ever to elucidate the sparkling darkness of his world, it might help you and me make sense of ours. It's this feeling that gives his best moments their fearful power: the anticipation of some truth—unspeakably devastating or unbearably bright—about to reveal itself.

Whatever it is, he saw it once—an experience re-lived on *Astral Weeks*—and he's both fled and sought that vision for the rest of his career. Sometimes he's fallen for easy, blissed-out answers. Sometimes he's wrestled with it, as in "Listen To The Lion." At every step he's drawn on the vocabulary of occultism, Christianity and his Celtic heritage as a means of safely restoring the clarity of that vision.

*Beautiful Vision* is partly another easy answer. It's also Morrison's most powerful album since *St. Dominic's Preview*. "Celtic Ray," with its morning-fresh imagery of British market-towns, and Sean Fulsom's plaintive uilleann pipes, sounds a note of homecoming worthy of the heartbreakingly distant "home on high" he once sang of. Listen to the quaver in his voice when he asks, "are you ready?" There is an almost fearful expectation, those shores are so near. The playing here, as on the whole album, is graceful and lilting, full of steady energy without being too aggressive.

"Dweller On The Threshold" is propelled by a delightful trumpet riff that manages to sound heraldic and perky at the same time. Morrison uses conventional images of the spiritual journey, but the conviction of his delivery blows away the stale odor of esoteric jargon.

The album's high point is "Vanlose Stairway." This song builds starkly and steadily, like a positive rejoinder to John Lennon's "God." Standing alone on a stairway that "reaches up to the moon," reciting a spiritual catalogue of "Gitas" and "Kirshnas" and "Bibles" in a voice high and almost strangled with emotion, Morrison suddenly rivets you with a harp break so full of painful, restrained power that it blows you the rest of the way up those stairs.

On a closing instrumental, Morrison's meditative piano playing with its pentatonic chording and sensual alternation of climax and tranquility, recalls the Stones' "Moonlight Mile." So as this record began by beckoning, it ends by suggesting resolution. But how satisfying a resolution? Let's say Var. Morrison's found a closer, though still comfortable orbit around his central mystery. Sometimes veering out so far that he can still slip by with easy ecstasy and soft, pretty music. Sometimes moving into the summer region where falsehood is burned off and the music and the feeling shine bright as God's new morning.

#### *Adventures In Modern Recording* Buggles Carrere

By Nick Burton

On their second album, *Adventures In Modern Recording*, vocalist-guitarist Trevor Horn and keyboard whiz Geoff Downes—aka Buggles—again display a tendency to fluctuate between lightweight pop and an almost-strained progressive-rock seriousness. "Rainbow Warrior" and "Vermillion Sands" for example, come off as really nothing more than what the album title suggests. But on the positive side, cuts such as the title track (written with Bruce Woolley, who authored "Video Killed The Radio Star" and "Clean Clean" on the Buggles' debut LP) and "I Am A Camera" (which appeared on Yes's *Drama* as "Into The Lens"), combine their synthesized musical approach with truly solid material.

Essentially, Horn and Downes tread over the kind of eclectic pop that bands such as 10cc explored in the past. While this album has its sparkling moments, one hopes the Buggles' next effort is more daring.



#### *The Secret Policeman's Other Ball*

Island

#### *Death Wish II—The Original Soundtrack* Jimmy Page

Swan Song

By J.C. Costa

Wrinkled Yardbirds fans may take some comfort in the fact that Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page are still alive and breathing on two current vinyl offerings, even though the collective heartbeat is erratic at best. Clapton and Beck—two elder statesmen of the blues-into-rock guitar school, who've shared a curious kinship in

the past despite a clean-cut divergence in styles—got together last year (along with Johnny Fingers, Sting, Bob Geldof, Donovan and Phil Collins) for the Amnesty International benefit concert in London. The second in a series of live recordings documenting this event, *The Secret Policeman's Other Ball* offers up a generally predictable mélange of hot and cold—with the Beck/Clapton three-song medley sticking out as a particularly apt case in point.

Following a spare and evocative reading of "Roxanne" and "Message In A Bottle" by Sting, accompanying himself on compositional Fender Stratocaster, our two British guitar icons take center stage to tumultuous applause from a crowd obviously luxuriating in a torrent of nostalgic vindication. Beck, playing a modified Telecaster with humbucking pickups, kicks it off with a slightly enervated version of the beautiful Stevie Wonder ballad "Cause We've Ended As Lovers," one of the emotional highpoints from his breakthrough *Blow By Blow* LP. With Clapton strumming bell-like Strat chords in the background, Beck milks the melody for all it's worth, occasionally pumping it up for those supercharged single-note extravaganzas that are pure

catnip to guitar maniacs.

Clapton steps out on the "blues" medley "Farther Down The Road" and "Crossroads" with mixed results. He sings with the resonant confidence of a blues hall-of-famer, but the mythic guitar fails to catch fire. Of course he isn't helped by the fact that Beck is a surprisingly spotty rhythm player whose "odd-accent" style of accompaniment leaves gaping holes in the arrangements. But most disheartening is the sadly uneven exchange between Beck and Clapton on the lead guitar trade-offs. In typical "shut 'em down" style, Beck blazes through his solos with firestorm intensity while Clapton seems tired and cynical. The elegant tone and textbook phrasing is still there, but try as he might, he can't seem to break through an invisible wall of convention and lethargy that keeps his playing firmly anchored to the floor. Apart from this quasi-mythical exchange, the rest of the LP has little to recommend it except for two heartfelt and precisely etched offerings from Phil Collins.

The latest helping from Jimmy Page, the original soundtrack music for Michael Winner's *Death Wish II*, is a whole other steaming kettle of fish. Using sidemen like Chris Farlowe, Gordon Edwards and

drummer Dave Mattacks, plus a barrage of new-decade technology like the Roland Guitar Synthesizer, Page has constructed a collection of ominous musical moments that couldn't be viewed as anything but a soundtrack. In an overly frivolous mood, one might be tempted to quote the now legendary Count Floyd (SCTV)—"Ooooooh, that's scary!"—as a quick overall take on this LP. Page alternates between a lighter-weight Zeppelin-esque approach on straight-ahead bashers like "City Sirens," "Jam Sandwich" and "Hypnotizing Ways (Oh Mama)," and some transparent Bernard Hermann (composer of legendary soundtracks such as *Psycho* and *North By Northwest*) orchestral cops to create a dark and ugly musical sub-text for this paean to vigilanteism. Like Keith Emerson's awkward pioneering efforts with early keyboard synthesizers, Page uses his guitar synthesizer as a bizarre noise-generating device, totally bypassing the musical possibilities of the instrument. As always, his playing is just as good as it has to be, and his mastery of the grinding metallic riff played out-of-kilter is still engaging. But so what? This music is about as useful as propeller farts, and about as significant as the cinematic sludge it supports.

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## The Jam's Days of Rage



*The Gift*  
The Jam  
Polydor

by Dave Marsh

Simply as a piece of record-making, *The Gift* is the best of the Jam's six albums, and it goes a lot further to solving the inherent limitations of the guitar-bass-drums trio than the more widely heralded *Ghost in the Machine*. The sound here is brilliant, and it emphasizes the band's most distinctive instrumental element, Bruce Foxton's

bass, without succumbing to murkiness. Additional elements—horns, primarily—clarify and heighten the basic thrust of the band's style, rather than obfuscating it.

For the most part, greater focus is a distinct advantage for the Jam, because leader Paul Weller constructs songs which are based on a Mod's acute sense of detail. On "A Town Called Malice," for my money the best track this group ever made, he gets his Motown cop correct, right down to the Supremes-like falsetto.

Yet Weller's obsessiveness can also be his undoing. *The Gift* functions better as a collection of songs than it does as an album, because Weller can't help being sidetracked by trendiness. The unfortunate result is that Weller's most rousing lyric, the startling socialist call to arms, "Trans-Global Express," is rendered boring by a shallow, pointless but oh so *au courant* funk break.

Weller's other aggravating tendency, a truly sophomoric conception of poetic sensitivity, betrays him only once here, on the dire "Carnation." But even "Carnation" speaks to the record's central lyrical theme, the political and spiritual devastation visited upon Britain by the blight of Thatcherism. Over the past two years, the Jam has become

the most popular band in England, and *The Gift* is an eloquent demonstration that Weller is one superstar who knows how to use his success effectively. These songs range from the fury of "Town Call Malice" to the compassion of "Ghosts," from the pessimism of "Running on the Spot" to the exhilarated optimism of "The Gift," a virtual catalogue of one bright, young man's reaction to seeing his nation in the hands of anti-humanists. "Better stop dreaming of the quiet life," Weller shouts at the beginning of "Malice," "cos it's the one we'll never know." This is said angrily, bitterly, urgently, but without the bravado of the Sixties. This is the voice and the music of a performer who's in it for the long haul, not only the immediate rewards.

The Jam is probably the only rock success story of the last decade which has moved Left rather than Right—remember, Weller began as the Tory punk. But then, the Jam are also the only popular English band I can think of who guard their provincialism jealously, spurning all efforts to internationalize their sound. Which is the only sensible explanation for this band's talents going unrecognized in America.

In this regard, the Jam's most relevant antecedent is the parochial,

cultish Kinks rather than the expansive, internationalist Who. Perhaps this self-imposed limitation is necessary now, or maybe it is just another symptom of Weller's congenitally British trendiness (anti-Americanism is all the rage there now). At times, you *can* hear him trying on fashions, one by one, still the perfect mod, looking for a permanent fit he'll never find.

Still I would give a very great deal to find an American band capable of making Reaganism a pop issue, as the Jam has managed to do with Thatcherism. It's easy to mistrust someone as devilishly clever as Paul Weller, but it's impossible not to embrace music this powerful and committed.



*Of Human Feelings*  
Ornette Coleman  
Antilles

By Fred Goodman

Having made a career of challenging the listening habits of jazz fans with his total dedication to blues roots and melody, Ornette Coleman has now turned his attention to the rock/funk world. *Of Human Feelings* is the composer/saxophonist's most exciting, focused electric music to date, and sets new standards for judging other artists' attempts at a rock/funk/jazz synthesis.

By raising rhythm and harmony to a prominence normally reserved for melody (read *harmolodics*), Coleman has forged a unique, deceptively simple-sounding music that is at once stark, elusive and celebratory. Hearing it is like seeing light through a prism: while part of a greater whole, each instrument and improviser in the Prime Time Band stands out as a discrete individual.

The strong lead lines, particularly on "Jump Street" and "What Is The Name Of That Song?", are unshakeable reference points despite the fact that there are no traditional chord sequences. The music is most engaging when Coleman's sidemen are able to rise above the traditional textures and rhythms, and respond freely to Ornette's alto suggestions, moving easily between supporting and feature roles without detracting from the group sound. Bassist Jamaaladeen Tacuma plays with a wrenching snap and verve; guitarists Charlie Ellerbee and Bern Nix grind out a steady, crunching James Brown cacaphony; while drummers Denardo Coleman and Calvin Weston keep the backbeat agitated yet rock steady.

The originality of Coleman's group music is further compounded by his own style as an alto soloist, since he employs stock phrases and licks in a repetitive manner that transforms them into building blocks, in much the same manner that other musicians employ single notes.

Clearly, after all these years of innovation, Coleman deserves to be considered more than an eccentric iconoclast. After all, if, as some say, intelligence is the ability to adapt to the world, then what could the ability to adapt the world to your own vision be but genius?



*Always On My Mind*  
Willie Nelson  
Columbia

By Doc Pomus

Willie Nelson's latest album, *Always On My Mind*, produced by Chips Moman, is the new musical neighborhood this uniquely gifted American artist is visiting; and as usual, he's completely at home. Though his preceding two albums were comprised mostly of pre-rock evergreens, here, with the exception of a revived "Let It Be Me," he searches out more challenging, more contemporary material.

"Bridge Over Troubled Water" and "Whiter Shade Of Pale" (on which he's joined for a passionate few minutes by Waylon Jennings) are among the quirky choices. While Paul Simon's song is one you'd expect Willie to be interested in, who could have figured on him resurrecting Procol Harum's baroque-rock classic, stripping it down and discovering profundity in Keith Reid's purposefully-obscure lyrics?

Willie's also back in the writing bag with a couple of haunting love

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songs, "Permanently Lonely" and "The Party's Over." The latter is especially effective for the straightforward manner in which Nelson delivers his message of hope-in-the-midst-of-despair. In fact, the vocals are consistently superb throughout. Willie does it with the sweet sadness of one who's been there and found it like tomorrow—a promise that's never realized, but must be faced with courageous dignity. And there's the quiet reverence that lets you know he's southern gospel and the Lord is always by his side. His phrasing is a delicate combination of structured casualness and restrained passion.

He also steps out for a few impeccable single-string guitar solos. These never vary much from the melody; but like a great concert virtuoso who disdains improvisation, Nelson makes them his own simply through the sheer individuality of his playing style. In sum, *Always On My Mind* lays to rest any doubts about this fellow having lost his muse as a writer, and reaffirms his reputation for being able to find strange and wonderful things in odd places.



*Memory Serves*  
Material  
Elektra/Musician

By Chip Stern

Bill Laswell stands a very good chance of becoming a major mover in the 1980s, as much for the openness of his conception as for the resounding thunder of his bass guitar inventions. On *Memory Serves*, Laswell and Material (drummer Fred Maher and synthesist Michael Beinhorn) succeed in cross-referencing most of the seminal developments in improvised rock, funk and jazz since 1967, advancing the idea that if the rhythm functions as melody, then you can slice it 'n dice it—put just about any damn thing you want on top, and the music will still cohere and have unity no matter how "out" things get.

Part of the reason why is the rock-solid groove Laswell and Maher lay down. Laswell is a strong R&B-oriented bassist who rides the top of the beat like a hard rock sumo, breaking it into danceable syncopations, then suddenly tearing away from the key center, extending the sound while maintaining the shape of the line. And Byrne and Eno are off in the bush of ghosts searching for inspiration. Laswell's muse has a real affinity for American sounds and subtext; the familiar jousts with the experimental in complex little arrangements that focus the soloists melodically without inhibiting their creative curiosity.

Every selection is a self-contained entity. The title tune is particularly exciting, with its drooping lyrics, spacey rural blues references, fulminating unison riffs and a stunning George Lewis trombone solo. "Disappearing" is a Milesian hard funk groove, with taut, taciturn solos by Olu Dara on cornet and Herby Threadgill on alto; "Upriver" is a vivid Captain Beefheartish hoe-down featuring Billy Bang's celebratory electric violin and Sonny Sharrock's groaning bottleneck; "Metal Test" provides a Roxy/Enoish forum for Fred Frith's not-tempered guitar squalls; the Ornette Coleman-like "Unautherized" contrasts a loping rock stampede with a pungent Threadgill honk-out, while the spatial mechanical-machine music of Frith on "Square Dance" and the spectral drone of multi-tracked trombones and synthesizers on "Silent Land"

reconcile Stockhausen with art rock. And the dance-oriented "Conform To The Rhythm" extends the garage/free jazz of PIL, while poking fun at the New York rock club scene—refusing to align Material with any one form of music. In so doing, Laswell and Material could help to resurrect the potential of real jazz-rock, and invent a viable genre(s) of their own.



*Lost It Tonight*  
Commander Cody Band  
Peter Pan

By Mark Mehler

It might seem a strange choice for Peter Pan, a manufacturer of children's records, to tap Com-

mander Cody to head the roster of the label's new Artists Series. Actually, it was an apt choice. Kiss is making adult rock now, but the Commander has remained close to subjects near to the hearts of American youth—cars, grease, female trouble, parent trouble. In addition, he brings to Peter Pan a bit of old-time rollicking rock tradition. Yet he's more dependable and accessible than Jerry Lee Lewis.

*Lose It Tonight* is in the grand tradition of Cody's best work: i.e., irreverent, raucous, ridiculous, thoroughly low-class. The single, "Two Triple Cheese," a paean to fast food ("I can feel the grease dripping down my thighs/two triple-cheese, side order of fries"), is straightforward enough for Ronald McDonald, and a lot funkier. On the campfire song, "Sea Wolf," Cody melds the teen rock conventions of Journey with the blues approach of J. Geils, employing a vocal technique that appears to emanate from his intestines.

There's nothing especially wicked about any of this (even "Working Girls" is less about hookers than hooking the right mate). If you need a summation, it's there on "Either He's Wrong" ("A man up on stage/playing rock 'n' roll songs/acting half his age").

Oh yes, the new album also contains a color comic book, *"The Amazing Adventures of Holo-Man."* We're promised that future issues will feature Commander Cody himself. That calls for another triple cheese.



*The Glory of Alberta Hunter*  
Columbia

By Carol Cooper

The "blues" are statements of pride and purpose—of identity—not merely wails of complaint or protest. Thus Alberta Hunter's reactivated career (voluntarily broken off in the '50s) features gruff, independent-minded tunes that are

resolutely upbeat. Vic Dickenson's trombone and Doc Cheatham's muted trumpet recreate the sweet sepia-tonalities of '20s, '30s and '40s smokey-joint saloons, while the tight, savvy exchange among her rhythm section provides a rock-steady point of departure for feisty horns and Hunter's assertive contralto. This brassy septet swings.

Hunter and band are at home in a wide range of regional blues stylings: Memphis, New Orleans, Kansas City, even Parisian cabaret. Gerald Cook's piano telegraphs each territorial intonation to bass and drums. "The Love I Have For You"—an intimate conversation between voice and piano—resonates like a vintage 78 straight off the Victrola. "Sometimes I'm Happy," like the similarly-idiosyncratic "I've Had Enough," is full of talking blues allegory and folksy ad-libs. Hunter's half-sung/half-spoken delivery is sometimes reminiscent of Marianne Faithfull's odder phrasings on *Broken English*; except where Faithfull was obscene and vindictive, Hunter is discretely sardonic. Like the late Helen Humes, Alberta Hunter proves you can sing great blues without becoming a tragic monument to self-abuse.

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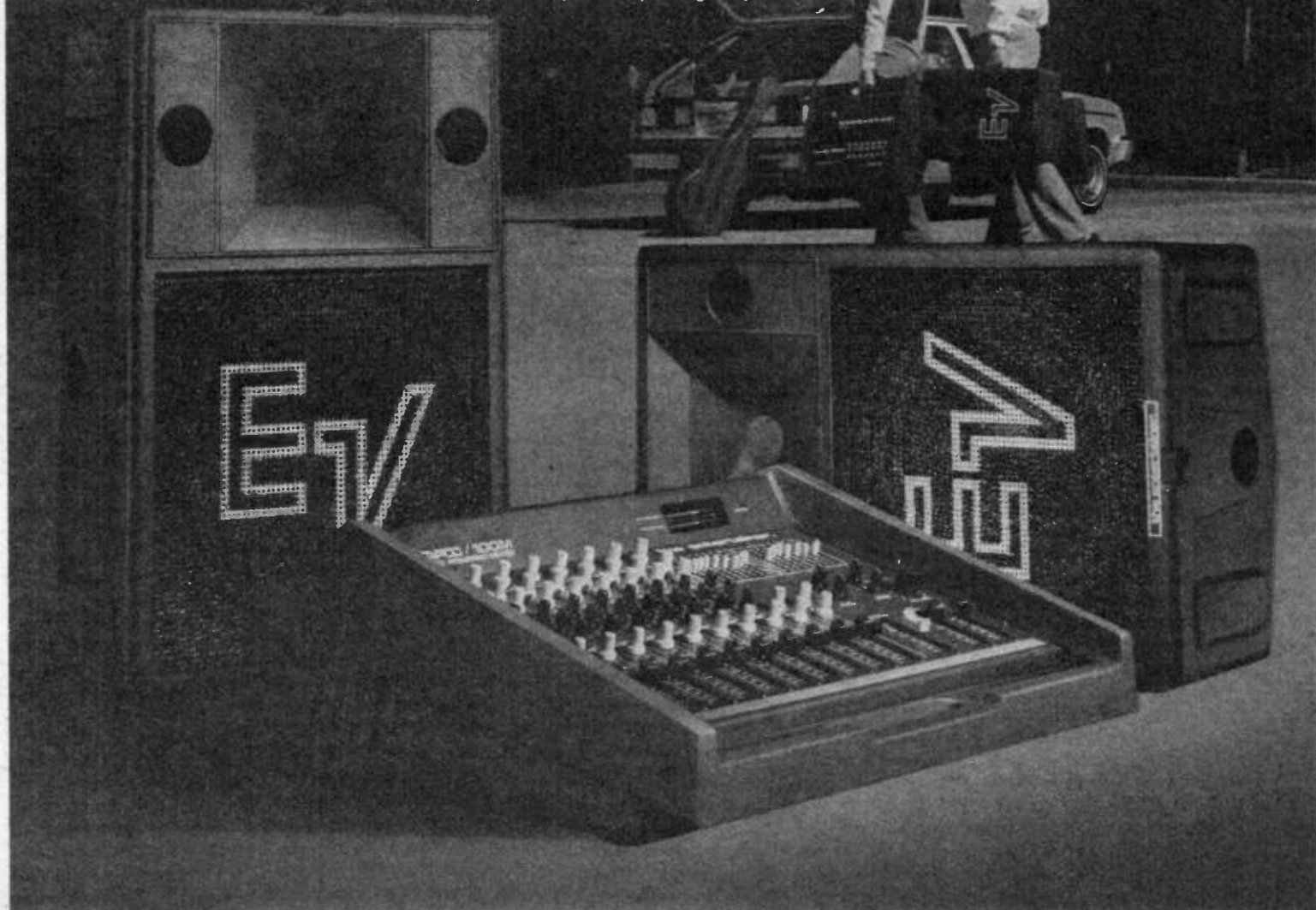
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## Musical Instruments

# Chips Ahoy: Programming The Future With Casio

By Chip Stern

If any one company could be said to symbolize the advent of computer technology in the musical marketplace—the brave new world of home entertainment—that would have to be Casio, an innovative electronics/marketing organization known for combining the fashionable and the functional in a diverse product line that includes pocket calculators, watches, cash registers, micro-computers and (for the past two years) an ongoing series of electronic musical instruments that are shaking up the entire industry. In an example of lateral growth unprecedented in the MI field, Casio has applied their already existing computer technology and consumer network to pioneer a new awareness and appreciation of music, and to foster the idea that music needn't be restricted to the so-called professional. No longer does one have to feel intimidated by the prospect of actually playing an instrument and learning music. The genius of Casio's approach is that they haven't limited themselves to a market—they've created one. Toddlers, teenagers and taxpayers; from two to toothless; anyone who ever wanted to actively participate in music now has a chance, because Casio isn't so much making musical instruments for musicians—they're helping to make musicians.

Casio was started in 1957 by Tadao and Toshio Kashio, the former brother a banker and management expert, the latter an engineer, responsible for research and development in all of Casio's product lines. "Casio was founded initially as a computer company, and to this day is known as Casio Computer Company Ltd.," explains Bob Larsen, National Sales Manager for Casio's EMI (Electronic Musical Instruments) Division. "Basically the company was founded to produce computing equipment specifically to handle banking transactions. Back then that might have meant a four function machine that added, subtracted, multiplied and divided. And it didn't take seconds to solve problems, but hours, because it was all using relay logic. The major growth in Casio took place when they made the crossover from computing machines, office machines—that type and category of merchandise—into consumer marketplaces. And that change happened in the early '70s with the advent of the hand-held calculator, which is an outgrowth of LSI (large scale integration) technology.

"Since space and energy was obviously at a premium on our manned and unmanned satellites, the need for extreme miniaturization of circuitry led to the development of devices known as ICs (Integrated Circuits), which were basically groups of transistors put together on a tiny chip, that instead of performing a single function, performed a multi-function. Because speed of information is vital in the space program and the financial community, the continuing miniaturization of circuitry was encouraged. Things progressed through what they call small scale integration (which was a basic circuit function in a chip), to medium scale integration (which might have been five or six circuit functions), to large scale integration, which is pretty much where we've been brought to today. And now, even further steps are being developed to provide higher speed, more density of circuits, more functions, and conversely, to keep the basic cost of the chip pretty much at the same level it might have been ten years ago.

"So what you've done in effect, is increased the performance function

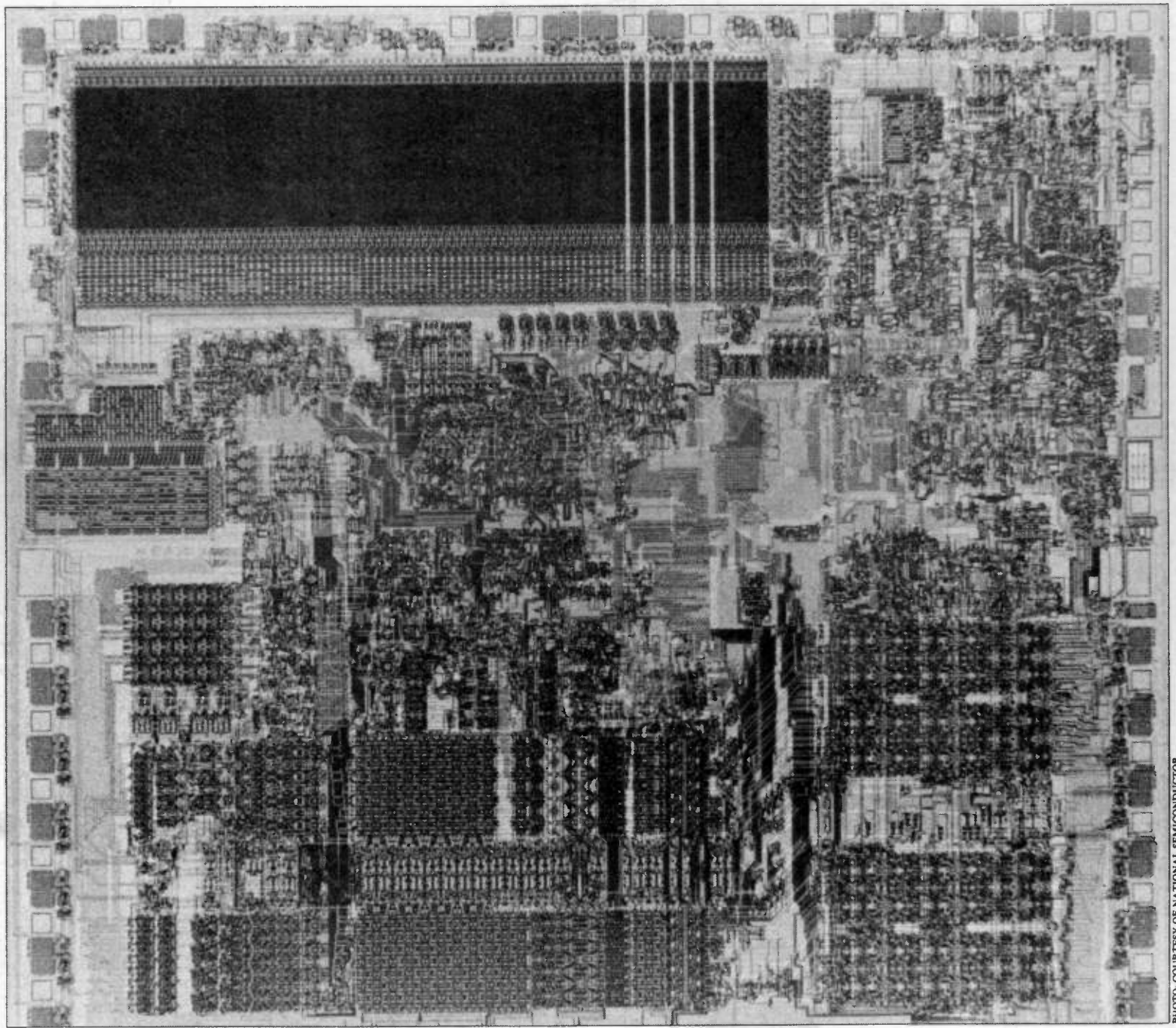
of a particular chip. Now, all of our equipment is computer/chip based. The basic chip function, the basic architecture of the chips are the same. It's just a matter of programming that particular chip to achieve whatever function you want it to do. If you want a watch, we simply connect it to an LCD display and it's formatted to tell time. If you want it to play music, we simply connect it to an amplification device to translate the electrical impulses into mechanical vibrations so that you can hear it. And that's pretty much the story of Casio. The heart of our expertise lies in our creativity, whereby we continuously develop new products and expand

ties of using computers to create music. So he would spend hours plotting the parameters of a particular sound on his oscilloscope, refining his concepts of what made up the sound of musical instruments, storing this tone information on cards until it had reached a particular level of perfection in his mind; then he would feed this information into a computer and use that to design a circuit to produce that sound. If he wasn't so damned interested in this area of electronics and circuit design, we probably wouldn't be in the business today."

What distinguishes Casio from other producers of electronic musical instruments—heavyweights

tion possibilities of products like the Prophet 5, Jupiter 8 and the OBX, and while some of their products might sound kind of corny to the technocrats, in two short years they've established a product line with retail prices ranging from around \$70, to just under a \$1000, and that includes a lot of keyboards listing for under \$200. And in bypassing dealer channels, choosing instead to concentrate their efforts on consumer channels such as department stores (who'd been out of the musical instrument business since the time of the Beatles, when the market changed), Casio has brought so many new customers back into active music making, it seems a revolution in musical instruments may be in order, with numerous companies taking a long hard look at their success and contemplating their own consumer lines of electronic musical instruments. And we're not talking about some gorts working out of their garage in Fresno, but heavy hitters like Mattel and Bell Labs. Consider for a moment that Bell Labs invented the transistor in 1948 and that they've pioneered research into

And between now and the end of 1982 they promise to introduce several new products with expanded memories, that will be able to record and compose, and they're looking into the possibilities of interfaces with other keyboards and computers. And having established themselves so strongly in the consumer market, Casio is moving into semi-pro and professional equipment, which should result in some very interesting instruments if their current product line is any indicator (brainstorms include wind-driven and stringed instruments, possibly even a line of amplifiers). Plus they continue to explore the future ramifications of circuit design, being one of the first companies to incorporate VLSI (very large scale integration) chips into consumer products; VLSI chips, currently in use primarily in main frame computers, may have as much flex as 10 LSI chips, so as they trickle down into new keyboard products, we can look forward to even more expanded multi-function performance. Which means in the not-too distant future we may be able to enjoy many of the



*The Central Nervous System Of A Chip: This microcosmic electronic organism contains hundreds of thousands of transistors, where 20 years ago it might only have been able to accommodate a dozen—all the functions of the original main-frame computers on a chip smaller than your fingernail. As this technology becomes more sophisticated, computers will become smaller, faster, more energy efficient and multi-functional—with implications for our lives well beyond the simple pleasures of synthesizers and video games.*

applications of LSI technology into different fields of use."

Consequently, because of Casio's position as a major chip customer of huge manufacturers such as Hitachi, Nippon Electric and Toshiba, and because of the interest of Toshio Kashio, Casio was able to move into the development of electronic musical instruments, spearheading the development of mini and micro keyboards, and devising full-size keyboards with so many options as far as programmable memory, rhythm, chords and tone voicings, that in two short years they've taken over a major share of what was once the home organ market—a lumbering dinosaur of an industry, addressing an aging Lawrence Welk demographic and housing its equipment in coffins.

"Toshio Kashio, besides being an equipment designer, and a very, very intelligent scientist, is also a talented amateur musician. He became engrossed with the possibi-

such as Sequential Circuits, Yamaha, Roland and Oberheim—is the economy-of-scale they're able to achieve through the size of their chip orders (which also enables them to design and produce proprietary chips at a significantly lower cost than state-of-the-art synthesizer companies); the price point this allows them to bring their keyboards in at; their determination to re-define polyphonic synthesizers from the bottom up, so that the average Joe can enjoy the pleasures of multi-voice keyboards without mortgaging their first-born child; and Casio's determination to develop market awareness for such instruments among consumers who heretofore had been overlooked by a dealer-based network of music stores selling mainly to professionals.

In other words, while Casio doesn't yet design keyboards that offer the rich sound-shaping parameters, programming and modula-

voice synthesis and voice recognition, and the most advanced research in chip design, switching systems and telecommunications; then focus on the fact that Bell was prohibited from producing any non-regulated equipment because of an anti-trust decision in the mid-50s; now reflect on the fact that a recent divestiture decision breaking up AT&T frees up Bell Labs to enter the consumer marketplace. Okay? So what Casio has done, through having non-musicians selling to non-musicians, and by advertising directly to the consumer, is set up the market for a synthesizer war that will bring a staggering number of advanced new products to consumers and professional musicians at prices that are within reach of people without a whole lot of disposable income or access to lines of credit.

Casio continues to bring in first-time buyers to the tune of around \$50,000,000 a year in retail billing.

performance possibilities of today's polyphonic synthesizers in something you can slip into your shirt pocket. The mind boggles.

People beepin' on planes, doodlin' their way through till quitting time or otherwise spacing out—you can tell that Casio's in the house. Casio's musical instruments are above all designed to be cost-effective and functional for people who, while they might not be players per se, aspire to make their own music. So while the performance and marketing of the different Casiotone keyboards are aimed at Mr. & Mrs. Joe Average, and their son Johnny, they are nevertheless products keyed to the rock 'n' roll generation, albeit with a slight AOR/FM slant. But it is possible for musicians to redefine these instruments on their own terms, just as rock 'n' rollers







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# TV & Video Calendar

April

Tues/27

8:00 AM Showtime

Xanadu (1980)

11:00 AM Showtime

also 5/2

ABBA: The Movie (1977)

12:00 PM Home Box Office

also 5/1

**Standing Room Only: Twenty-Five Years Of Jerry Lee—A Celebration**

Taped before an audience at the Jackson Hall of the Tennessee Performing Arts Center in Nashville, The Killer is joined by Johnny Cash, Kris Kristofferson, Charlie Rich and Mickey Gilley. Musical highlights of this 60-minute special include Jerry Lee's "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On," Cash's "Folsom Prison Blues" and Kristofferson's "Me and Bobby McGee."

Wed/28

1:00 AM Home Box Office

also 5/3

Fillmore (1972)

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

2:30 AM Home Box Office

Office

The Blues Brothers (1981)

7:00 AM Home Box Office

also 5/4 (HBO), and Movie Channel, also 5/9, 5/14, 5/15, 5/19, 5/24

Hard Country (1981)

An unsentimental look at life in a small town in Texas. Jan-Michael Vincent portrays Kyle Richardson, a man who spends his days galvanizing chain link fence and his nights reveling at the local honky tonk. Newcomer Kim Basinger plays Kyle's girlfriend, Jodie, who's fast tiring of her crumpled lifestyle. The action begins when Jodie is selected for an airlines training program in Los Angeles, and prepares to leave both Kyle and Texas behind. Outstanding performances abound: in addition to the main characters, Michael Parks is first-rate as Kyle's slimy, businessman brother; and Gailard Sertain (who portrayed the Big

Bopper in *The Buddy Holly Story*) is hilarious as the class clown whose gags catch up with him in a terrible way. The intelligent, sensitive story is by Michael Kane and Michael Martin Murphy. The latter also provides some excellent music, and is featured as the leader of the honky-tonk's house band. Tanya Tucker appears briefly, but convincingly, as the friend who persuades Jodie to see the world. Tucker also sings four songs; other music is by Joe Ely, Jerry Lee Lewis and Linda Ronstadt.

9:30 AM Movie Channel

The Hollywood Knights (1980)

10:00 AM Home Box Office

Vanities (Theatre Special)

9:00 PM Home Box Office

The Man Who Fell To Earth (1976)

Thurs/29

12:40 AM Home Box Office

One-Trick Pony (1980)

4:00 AM Movie Channel

also 5/5, 5/10, 5/15

Breaking Glass

The old, old story—sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll—in a punk setting. Hazel O'Connor is excellent throughout in the lead role, but the rest of the movie is nowhere.

Fri/30

2:00 AM USA Network

Night Flight

Featuring the Grateful Dead, Psychedelic Furs and Gary Guiterrez.

Sat/1

2:00 AM USA Network

Night Flight

*This Is Elvis*: Uneven docudrama of Elvis Presley's life. Actual footage is interwoven with patently staged scenes featuring actors who bear only the slightest resemblance to Presley. The songs, though, are outstanding. Also featured on this installment of *Night Flight*: Billy Burnette, Rachel Sweet, *Sympathy For The Devil*: director Jean-Luc Godard's 1970 documentary look at modern social and political revolution, using the Rolling Stones as an all-encompassing symbol of change; *Randy Newman* in concert.

Sun/2

11:59 PM MTV

Ric Ocasek

A profile of the Cars' leader, featuring the band performing "Shake It Up," "Let's Go" and other numbers.

Mon/3

4:30 AM Movie Channel

also 5/8, 5/11, 5/22

The Idolmaker (1980)

A hustling record promoter attempts to build two unknown singers into '60s pop stars in the Frankie Avalon mold.

Fri/7

2:00 AM USA Network

Night Flight

*This Is Elvis*, Billy Burnette, Rachel Sweet, plus a feature entitled *Trances*, a look at Moroccan rock 'n' roll from the inside out.

Sat/8

11:59 PM MTV

Blue Oyster Cult

In Concert from the Sportatorium in Miami

Sun/9

2:00 PM Nickelodeon

Standing Ovation: Pointer Sisters

The soulful, rocking Pointers live at the Attic Night Club in Greenville, North Carolina. Highlights include "Fire" and "We've Got The Power."

11:59 PM MTV

Having A Wild Weekend (1965)

Director John Boorman's first feature (he went on to direct *Point Blank*, *Deliverance* and *Excalibur*) casts the Dave Clark Five not as musicians but as vague, undefined members of Britain's entertainment industry who do a Jack Kerouac number—i.e., on the road—in search of real people. The Five don't do any on-screen warbling here, but their antics are accompanied by the strains of "Catch Us If You Can," "It's Gonna Be Alright," "I Like It," "Move On," the title song and three others. Something of a cult classic, but not one of cinema's great moments.

Fri/14

7:30 PM Nickelodeon

also 5/31

Special Delivery: David Johansen

In concert with one of rock's most uncompromising artists.

Sat/15

7:30 PM Showtime

also 5/19, 5/23, 5/27, 5/28, 5/31

A Country Music Tribute to Kitty Wells

A salute to one of country music's most influential singers, whose 1952 hit, "It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels," secured her legendary status. In addition to Wells herself, the show features Tammy Wynette, Lynn Anderson, Tom T. Hall, Hank Williams Jr., Merle Kilgore, Charly McLain, Roy Acuff.

11:00 PM USA Network

3:00 AM USA Network

Night Flight

*Take Off*: William Burroughs, English rock video, Siouxsie and the Banshees, segment on horror movies; *New York Danceland*: American Bandstand-style show featuring new wave groups; *Peter Tosh* in concert at London's Rainbow Theatre; *Rory Gallagher*—a look at the guitar hero who spearheaded the Irish rock movement; *New Wave Theatre* (The Clients, Overman, Forbidden Colors, U.S.A.).

Fri/21

2:00 AM USA Network

4:00 AM USA Network

Night Flight

*Take Off*: (same as 5/15) *The Who* performing songs from *Face Dances*; *Billy Paul* and the *Staple Singers* in concert; *Delbert McClinton*—rare TV appearance by one of the premier country-blues singers in America.

Sat/22

11:00 PM USA Network

3:00 AM USA Network

Night Flight

*Take Off*: Todd Rundgren, Jesse Rae; *Meeting Of The Spirits*: John McLaughlin in concert with Larry Coryell and Paco DeLucia; *Joe Jackson*; *Jazz Time: Live From The Apollo*—Willie Bryant emceeds this in-concert feature starring Lionel Hampton, The Inkspots, Cab Calloway, Sarah Vaughan, Bill Bailey and Montan Moreland. *New Wave Theatre*: Concentration Squad; P.J. Liebowitz, Cal Stewart and the Connectors, Geza and the Moneymen, Reeves Nevo and Cinch.

11:59 PM MTV

Frank Zappa

A re-broadcast of the head Mother's Halloween concert at the Palladium in New York City.



Hard Country

Michael Murphy's intelligent, sensitive story of desperate characters trying to make a go of it in a small Texas town. Murphy also contributes some excellent original songs. 7:00 AM, Home Box Office, May 28 (see Calendar for other showings).



Having a Wild Weekend

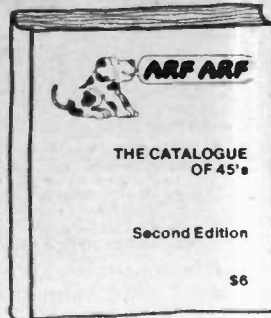
The Dave Clark Five, cast as members of Britain's entertainment industry, go off in search of the real world. No musical performances on-screen, but the soundtrack includes the title song and "Catch Us If You Can." A cult classic. 11:59 PM, MTV, May 9



Twenty-Five Years of Jerry Lee—A Celebration

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I'VE DONE SO MUCH WITH SO LITTLE FOR SO LONG THAT NOW I CAN DO ANYTHING WITH NOTHING 17. YOU CAN GET MORE WITH A KIND WORD AND A GUN THAN YOU CAN WITH A KIND WORD 18. WHEN I'M GOOD I'M VERY GOOD BUT WHEN I'M BAD I'M BETTER 19. WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS WARNED US ABOUT 20. IT'S HARD TO SOAR LIKE AN EAGLE WHEN YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY TURKEYS 21. QUESTION AUTHORITY 22. SO? 23. THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS 24. LIFE IS LIKE A SHIT SANDWICH THE MORE BREAD YOU HAVE THE LESS TORTURE NEVER STOPS 24. LIFE IS LIKE A SHIT SANDWICH THE MORE BREAD YOU HAVE THE LESS SHIT YOU HAVE TO EAT 25. WHEN CHOOSING BETWEEN TWO EVILS I ALWAYS LIKE TO TRY THE ONE I'VE NEVER TRIED BEFORE 26. THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ARE VERY ANNOYING TO THOSE OF US WHO DO 27. THERE ARE NO RULES 28. HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY WITH (Un) Smiling Face 29. I DON'T CARE I DON'T HAVE TO 30. MADNESS TAKES ITS TOLL 31. DON'T TAKE LIFE TOO SERIOUSLY YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF IT ALIVE 32. WHY LOOK HERE FOR THE JOKE? IT'S ALL AROUND US 33. I USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 34. EVERYONE NEEDS TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING I BELIEVE I'LL HAVE ANOTHER BEER 35. YOU DISGUST ME BUT I LIKE IT 36. WHEN IN CHARGE PONDER WHEN IN DOUBT MUMBLE WHEN IN TROUBLE DELEGATE 37. THE MEERK SHIT INHERIT THE SHIT 38. THERE IS NO GRAVITY THE EARTH SUCKS 39. HOW CAN I TELL YOU I LOVE YOU WHEN YOU'RE SITTING ON MY FACE? 40. ZAPPA IS FRANK 41. I'M THE PERSON YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU ABOUT 42. DO MY BEST TO BE JUST WHO I AM BUT EVERYBODY WANTS ME TO BE JUST LIKE THEM 43. WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH THE TOUGH GO SHOPPING 44. DON'T FUCK WITH MY REALITY 45. LET'S GET PHYSICAL 46. DON'T BE HUMBLE YOU'RE NOT THAT GREAT 47. YOU CAN FIND SYMPATHY BETWEEN SHIT AND SYPHILIS IN THE DICTIONARY 48. WHATEVER IT IS I'M AGAINST IT 49. IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ME I JUST LEFT 50. ALL I WANT IS A LITTLE MORE THAN I'VE EVER GET 51. ARE YOU MAKING THIS UP AS YOU GO ALONG? 52. I'M NOT REALLY HERE THIS IS JUST A HOLOGRAM 53. RAISE HELL 54. HOW CAN I LOVE YOU IF YOU WON'T LIE DOWN? 55. I'D RATHER BE PISSED OFF THAN PISSED ON 56. I DON'T GET EVEN I GET BETTER 57. WHEN I WANT YOUR ADVICE I'LL BEAT IT OUT OF YOU 58. THIS IS A NICE PLACE TO VISIT BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO LIVE HERE 59. OH REALLY? 60. TOO RIPPED GOTTA GO 61. WHAT THE FUCK OVER? 62. THIS IS IT? 63. NO SHIT SHERLOCK? 64. IF IT'S NOT FUN FORGET IT! 65. WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES BUT ONLY AFTER THEY'VE BEEN TAKEN OUT AND SHOT 66. IT'S NOT MY JOB! 67. DON'T GIVE ME ANY SHIT 68. YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW 69. NO MORE SMALL TALK 70. IT'S NOT WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE IT'S HOW YOU LOOK PLAYING THE GAME 71. GOD IS DEAD AND I WANT HIS JOB 72. LET'S STALK DIRTY TO THE ANIMALS 73. SHUT UP AND DANCE 74. LIFE IS TOO IMPORTANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY 75. I CAN TALK TO MYSELF BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY TIME I CAN HAVE AN INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION 76. POWER MEANS NOT HAVING TO RESPOND 79. NEVER TRY TO TEACH A PIG TO SING IT WASTES YOUR TIME AND ANNOYS THE PIG 80. WHY ARE WE ALL PUT HERE TO SUFFER AND DIE? 81. ONWARD THROUGH THE FOG 82. NEVER KICK A MAN UNLESS HE'S DOWN 83. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CRAZY BUT IT'S KEPT ME FROM GOING INSANE 84. EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG BUT YOU CAN BE STRAIGHTENED OUT 85. NO GOOD DEED GOES UNPUNISHED 86. I'D RATHER HAVE A BOTTLE IN FRONT OF ME THAN A PRE-FRONTAL LOB 87. WORK IS THE CURSE OF THE DRINKING CLASS 88. TELL ME LIES 89. PUNISH ME WITH KISSES 90. ARE YOU FOR REAL? 91. I'D RATHER BE IN BED 92. CAN I LIVE WITH EM CAN I LIVE WITHOUT EM 93. DON'T TAKE EVERYTHING SO IMPERSONALLY 94. IF IT DOESN'T FEEL GOOD DON'T DO IT 95. ON Y THOSE WHO ATTEMPT THE ABSURD CAN ACHIEVE THE IMPOSSIBLE 96. I'M NOT DEAF I'M IGNORING YOU 97. REALITY POLICE 98. LIFE AS WE KNOW IT DOESN'T EXIST 99. LET'S GET DRUNK AND BE SOMEBODY 100. ONE PERSON WITH COURAGE MAKES A MAJORITY First quality 100% cotton HANES medium weight t-shirts directly hand silk screened. 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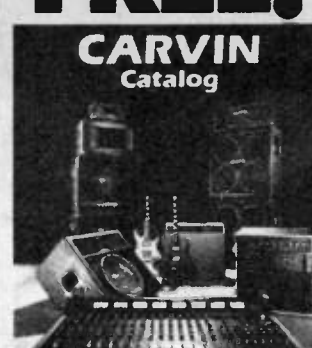
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# FACES & PLACES: Dylan & Dinah...Bowie On The Town



PHOTO: MILES COPELAND

## Paradiddling It Away

This month's episode in the continuing saga of Police drummer Stewart Copeland finds the poobah of sarcasm at leisure in a Bombay rest home for overworked rock musicians. Copeland is seen here sampling a near eastern version of the water pic.



PHOTO: EBET ROBERTS

## Bowie, Bowie Everywhere

John Heard, Nastassia Kinski, David Bowie and Paul Schrader are shown at the New York premier of *The Cat People*: Schrader directed, Heard and Kinski star, and Bowie wrote lyrics for and sings the title song. Bowie also appears in another movie, *Christiane F.*, singing a live version of "Station To Station" that was shot in a New York studio and later edited into a concert scene. Fans will have a chance to see Bowie on TV soon as well, when PBS stations air *Baal*, a play by Bertold Brecht featuring Bowie in the role of a tramp (and singing five songs).



PHOTO: PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

## Why Are These Men Smiling?

Because they're getting press, ink, *media exposure*, that's why. But let's be charitable here: Davey Jones (left) sang some pretty fair pop songs with the Monkees; Mark Lindsay (center) sang some outstanding rock songs with Paul Revere and the Raiders; and Peter Noone (right) sang at least 20 greatest hits, as the title of a popular Herman's Hermits album claims. Today Jones spends his time riding horses and taking care of his kids, while Lindsay is negotiating a solo recording deal and getting ready to produce the next Paul Revere and the Raiders album. Noone is currently in *Pirates of Penzance* and promoting his new Epic album, *One Of The Glory Boys*.



PHOTO: CHUCK PULIN

## Whatta Ya Suppose This Button Does?

Producer Richard Gottelher (left) and Marshall Crenshaw (right) put the final touches on Crenshaw's debut album, set for release in June by Warner Bros. Originally signed to Shake Records, an independent label based in New York, Crenshaw drew major label interest with his well-received live performances and the chart success of his song "Someday Someway," as recorded by Robert Gordon.



PHOTO: RICHARD McCAFFREE

## Can't Pass, Might As Well Eat

Journey and the Jefferson Starship dominated this year's Bay Area Music Awards, presented on March 3 in San Francisco. In addition to being voted Best Group by Bay Area music fans, the Starship's Pete Sears was voted Best Bassist, and Ainsley Dunbar Best Drummer. Journey's *Escape* was voted Best Album, while Jonathan Cain was voted Best Keyboardist. Journey guitarist Neil Schon and keyboardist Jan Hammer won the Best Debut Album award for their *Untold Passion* collaboration. Seen here are the Starship's Paul Kantner (left, chowing down on a pigskin) and Grace Slick (second from right), with guest awards presenters Joe Montana (second from left, quarterback of the San Francisco 49ers) and Boz Scaggs (far right).



# ... Stewart Copeland In India... Emmylou Harris In L.A.



PHOTO: JUDIE BURSTEIN/STARFILE

## Bored Again Christians

For Bob Dylan, a wish came true last month when he requested to be photographed with Dinah Shore, who said to have her picture taken with Burt Reynolds. Dylan and Shore were together for the Songwriter's Hall of Fame dinner, at which the former was inducted into the Hall and the latter was given a Lifetime Achievement award. Said Dylan upon receiving his citation: "I think this is pretty amazing, really, because I can't read or write a note of music. I never could, and I never will be able to. So thank you."

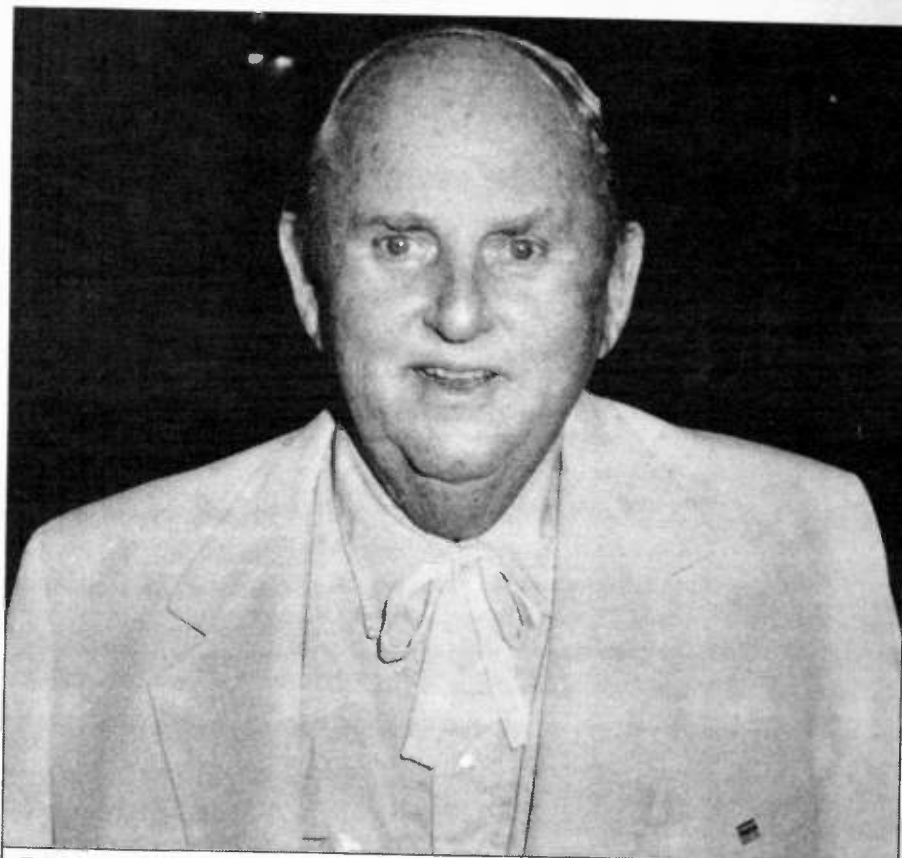


PHOTO: RON GALELLA

## The Col. Makes An Appearance

The rarely-photographed Col. Tom Parker is shown here on his way to a Grammy Awards party in Los Angeles. Parker is being sued by the estate of Elvis Presley on the grounds that he was never legally licensed to act as Elvis Presley's manager and talent agent by the state of California, where he lived and conducted much of his business. The estate also questions the validity of Parker's fifty-percent management share of Presley's profits, as well as several contractual agreements between Parker and RCA Records.







PHOTO: EBET ROBERTS

## One O'Clock Jump

The venerable pianist and orchestra leader Count Basie holds court at a Rainbow Room reception held in his honor following a big Radio City Music Hall tribute to this legendary bluesman (whose supercharged riffing set the standard for many of rock 'n' roll's earliest explorations). Checking his pulse is singer Dionne Warwick, who performed for his benefit along with Stevie Wonder (alright), Teresa Brewer (hmmm . . .) and Wayne Newton (no compute).



PHOTO: RON GALELLA

## Proud Mother

In the RECORD's continuing series of photographs of rock stars with their parents, Rick Springfield is shown posing with his mother at the annual Grammy Awards party. Springfield won the best male rock performer Grammy for his hit "Jesse's Girl." His new album, *Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet*, was released last month on RCA.

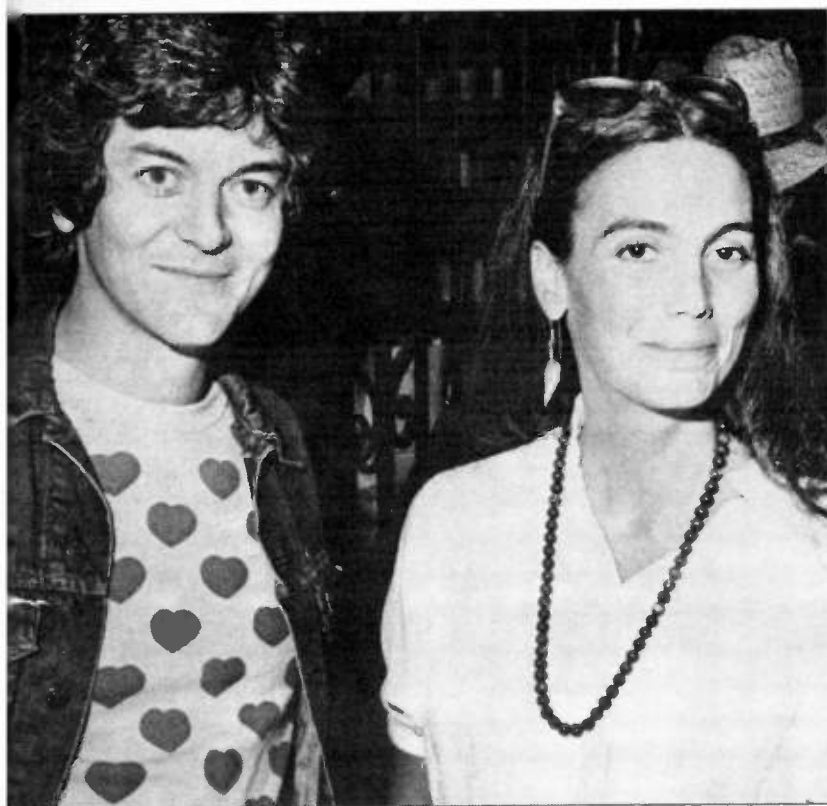


PHOTO: GARY LEONARD

## Rodney and Emmylou, Together Again

Two of country-rock's finest artists, Rodney Crowell (left) and Emmylou Harris, got together at Brian Ahern's (who's married to Emmylou) Enactron Studios to celebrate the release of Harris's *Cimarron* LP. Once a member of Harris's Hot Band, Crowell now divides his time writing songs for himself and others, producing and being a husband and father—he's married to Rosanne Cash. Duane Eddy, Albert Lee and Linda Ronstadt were also at the *Cimarron* bash.



PHOTO: JACKI SALLOW

## X Marks The Spot

Elektra recording artists X, leading lights of the west coast new wave, recently sold out six shows during a stint at L.A.'s Roxy Theatre, prior to entering the studio to begin work on their third album (*Under The Big Black Sun*) with producer Ray Manzarek. Pictured (from right to left) are: lead singer Exene (waiting for the Avon lady), the real Christiane F. (waiting for Godot), and KROQ air personality Rodney Bingenheimer (waiting to be recognized).





Freeze-Frame

## Top Of The Chart

RIDING THE TOP OF THE charts after years slugging it out on the touring circuit, the J. Geils Band's *Freeze-Frame* holds tenaciously to its audience, winning new converts for the band's patented blend of rock, blues, r&b and jazz influences.

"The style of the J. Geils Band is basically music that has been greatly influenced by the black music heritage of the United States," says vocalist Peter Wolf. "Commercial music was kind of syrupy and didn't have the credibility that a lot of black music had."

*Freeze-Frame*'s power derives in part from the increased maturity of keyboardist Seth Justman as a writer and producer. He feels confident enough to mix freely any number of new wave, pop and rockabilly styles without watering down or betraying the band's roots. "It's more focused," says Wolf. "We've been trying to move in a different direction for a long time, and we spent a lot of time making sure the difference was there." Seems the more things change, the more they stay the same. ♦

## THE SECRET POLICEMAN'S BALL

THE MUSIC

STING  
JEFF BECK  
ERIC CLAPTON  
BOB GELDOF  
JOHNNY FINGERS  
PHIL COLLINS  
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THE SECRET POLICE



## Top New Entry

IT SHOULD COME AS NO SURPRISE to discover that rock and roll has a conscience, and *The Secret Policeman's Other Ball*, this month's Top New Entry, commits an impressive array of all-star talent to raising funds for the benefit of Amnesty International.

What is surprising is how quickly listeners and radio programmers have picked up on the music, which presents rock stars in a much more serene, acoustic setting than we've grown accustomed to hearing them in.

Sting, without the Police, is a fascinating example. Accompanying himself on a lightly chorused electric guitar, "Roxanne" and "Message In A Bottle" take on new dimensions of nuance and intimacy—it's like looking at an erector set version of the original songs. Phil Collins, Johnny Fingers & Bob Geldof and Donovan also lend their considerable talents to the proceedings, but it is the three tunes that pair Jeff Beck and Eric Clapton, that offer the most pointed combination of incendiary emotion and cold steel restraint. ♦

## GO-GO'S



## Top Debut Album

NOW ENTERING ITS 41ST 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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**The Go-Go's: Five Girls Who Make It**

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