

RECORD

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Asia: No Egos Allowed

By Vicki Greenleaf & Stan Hyman

LITITZ, PA.—“This is the orgasm after years of musical masturbation,” jokes John Wetton, lead vocalist and bassist of the biggest “new” act of the year, Asia. Wetton, who achieved no more than middling recognition in the past with a long line of English rock bands including King Crimson, Uriah Heep and U.K., has finally found the ideal musical mode. Asia’s debut LP climbed into the top five of the charts only four weeks after its release (it came on at 28 with what *Billboard* calls a “super bullet”), and concert tickets for the group’s U.S. tour sold out almost as quickly as they were printed.

“The fact that Asia came to be in the first place,” says Wetton, 32, “was that I was completely disillusioned with my record company. I did a solo album after U.K. disbanded, but Polydor buried me. They said if I were 10 years younger, they’d promote the album. So I was completely grounded at the time. I thought, ‘What do I do now?’ Similarly, the other members of Asia were also more-or-less dormant. Following the breakup of Yes, guitarist Steve Howe pondered a solo career and keyboardist Geoff Downes, who replaces Rick Wakeman during Yes’ final days, was in the midst of recording a second Buggles album. Carl Palmer, formerly of Emerson, Lake and Palmer, was in the studio working on a solo effort—an anticlimactic situation for him as well.

It wasn’t surprising when Wetton and Howe decided to record after getting together to jam. However, out of that jam session came the desire not merely to do it again, but to expand it, develop it into something more substantial. The twosome began to search for additional players, eventually recruiting Downes and then solidifying the line-up with Palmer. With Wetton being the exception—“What did I have to lose?” he asked—each of the musicians expressed some degree of reservation about starting anew. “I had some great misgivings about what might happen with a group formed basically out of members of other groups,” Downes recalls. “But once we had the lineup—once we played together for a couple of weeks—that really made this thing happen.”

Despite well-meant, but unheeded advice from onlookers concerning the pitfalls of forming a “supergroup,” the band spent four months in rehearsal. With the aid of Mike Stone, who has also produced Foreigner, Queen and Journey, Asia began production at Townhouse Studios in London—a five-month effort—late last summer, and finished five months later. “We don’t classify ourselves as a supergroup. That label has been thrust upon us,” Palmer says, echoing each bandmember’s sentiments.

“The whole thing was,” Howe explains, “we were only looking for a certain standard of musician and that led us to pick people who had their own reputations. The fact is that internally, it feels like a group,”

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Michael Anthony, Eddie Van Halen, David Lee Roth: A family-oriented band.

Van Halen’s Stylish Raunch

By Dan Forte

LOS ANGELES—David Lee Roth, onstage and offstage mouthpiece for the group Van Halen, steps off the elevator at the seventh floor of the building on Sunset Boulevard which houses Van Halen Productions, and pauses to survey his “little empire”—or more accurately to let anyone who happens to be present survey him, dressed as he is in black leather pants, red and white striped T-shirt, sunglasses, and his mane of thick blonde hair.

“Are you the interviewer or are you here delivering sandwiches?” His booming belly laugh drowns out any attempt at a snappy retort.

David Lee Roth is the ultimate rock ‘n’ roll frontman, a stereotypical irreverent rich kid/pretty boy exaggerated a thousand times. And Van Halen—comprised of lead singer Roth, guitarist Eddie Van Halen, his brother Alex on drums, and Michael Anthony playing bass—is in many ways the ultimate rock group, a garage band gone platinum. Formed from rival high school bands in Pasadena, their brand of primal scream rock had already gained a strong following on the Starwood/Whiskey circuit before producer Ted Templeman signed them to Warner Bros. Almost immediately after the release of their first album, they were playing football stadiums and hockey rinks across the country. They have achieved mass popularity on their own terms, playing music that is too diverse to fall into the hard rock/heavy metal slot, but too thunderous for AM radio. Their singles climb up the charts infre-

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Doobies Announce Farewell Tour

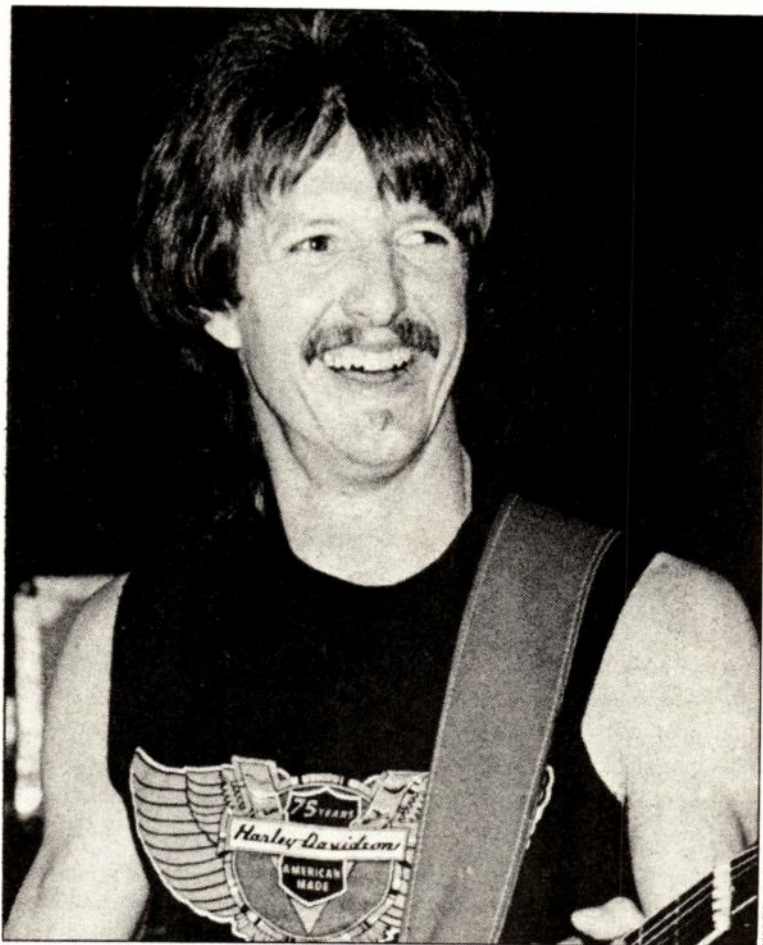
LOS ANGELES—The Doobie Brothers, who have sold over 40 million records worldwide and earned four Grammy Awards over the course of a 12-year career that’s included several changes of personnel and musical direction, will disband following a “farewell tour” of major U.S. cities in August and September.

The official reason being given for the split is the involvement of band members in outside projects. However, Patrick Simmons’ decision ‘made earlier this year’ to leave the group undoubtedly sealed the Doobies’ fate. “I’ve been on the road for 12 years, and I just want to stay home for awhile,” Simmons explains. “It would be nice to be part of a local band, with guys I can just call up and say, ‘Hey, let’s get together and play.’”

Simmons, who is recording his solo debut for Elektra/Asylum, and recently added vocals to a song on the Dregs’ *Industry Standard* LP, will rejoin the Doobies for the tour, which will be recorded for a live LP, and filmed for showing as a cable TV special.

It’s also been reported that founding Doobie Tom Johnston, who wrote the band’s early hits (“Listen To The Music,” “Long Train Running” and “China

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Pat Simmons

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WCI's Home Taping Report:
The Shuck And Jive Routine

By Dave Marsh

On April 1, Warner Communications Inc. released the results of a consumer study on home taping conducted in May and June of 1980. In face-to-face interviews, 2,370 respondents answered approximately 100 questions on blank tape buying and taping behavior. The study purports to find that home taping costs the music industry \$2.85 billion a year in lost sales, and concludes: "Were home taping not possible, tapers would be spending hundreds of millions of additional dollars on records and prerecorded tapes." In the following analysis of WCI's figures, Dave Marsh begs to differ.

It's hard not to consider *A Consumer Survey: Home Taping*, the market research study which Warner Communications released on March 27, a kind of early April Fool's joke. The study claims that home taping, in all its supposedly nefarious forms, cost the music industry \$2.85 billion in 1980—without noting that the music industry has actually sold as much as \$2.85 billion of prerecorded music only once in its history (in 1978).

The temptation to expose the hype in Warner's figures is irresistible. To start with, the survey is based upon the supposition that all music taped at home represents a loss in sales—including taping of individual selections for customized listening tapes. According to this formula, \$1.13 billion was lost to the industry in this way—although this premise defies logic, unless Warner Comm. is about to begin a

customized anthology service of its own.

Furthermore, the \$2.85 billion figure represents "lost sales" at retail. But records and prerecorded tapes are primarily purchased in the same outlets as blank tapes—and no retailer has yet stepped forward to argue that a dollar made from the sale of a TDK blank is superior, in any way, to a dollar made from WCI's prerecorded tapes.

Deducting these two outrageous items (figuring retail mark-up at roughly 25 percent), the \$2.85 billion suddenly shrinks to just over \$1 billion. But that is not the only piece of padding in the Warner figures. For instance, the study found that 18 percent taped at home "because a prerecorded tape of an album is not available."

Warners would like to bill the consumer for the music industry's own marketing inadequacies. In addition to the "unavailable" response, seventeen percent said they taped because of the poor quality of prerecorded tapes and LPs and eighteen per cent said that they taped to preserve the quality of their discs. Subtracting any one of these items from the hyped total puts the figure at less than a half billion dollars yearly damage. In fact, if one were to subtract all of them, it would be possible to argue that the music business's loss to home taping is 100 per cent the responsibility of its own marketing and manufacturing inadequacies.

Warners concedes as much in its concluding remarks, where it restates the figure for home taping

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Stones Slate: LP, Tour, Film

NEW YORK—One way or another, the Rolling Stones promise to remain in the news during the latter half of '82. First up is a live album from the band's '81 U.S. tour of the States. The single-disk LP, due at the end of May or first part of June, will contain nine or 10 cuts, including "Under My Thumb," "Let's Spend The Night Together," "Shattered," "Twenty-Flight Rock," "Goin' To A Go-Go," "Let Me Go," "Time Is On My Side," "Start Me Up" and "Satisfaction." A representative for Rolling Stones Records cautions that any one of the above titles might be deleted at the last minute, and new titles added; but it appears the final tally of songs

won't exceed 10.

Also at the end of May—the 29th to be exact—the Stones begin a seven-week European tour, ending in mid-July, after which the band breaks for a vacation.

In September, the Stones return to the States, not live but on the silver screen, in a concert film shot during the '81 tour. The movie was directed by Hal Ashby (*Shampoo*) and is, according to a source, "strictly concert footage—no behind-the-scenes stuff at all."

As for the next Stones studio LP, Rolling Stones Records reports that the band has yet to even discuss where, when or if it might happen.

—David McGee

Clapton Hits Road In June

NEW YORK—Concurrent with the release of his new album, Eric Clapton will begin a U.S. tour on June 5 in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. This marks the artist's first U.S. appearance since his 1981 tour was cancelled due to a severe ulcer condition. On the first leg of the tour, Clapton will appear in 16 cities, with the Fabulous Thunderbirds scheduled to open all dates save the first one. Following the tour's final date, June 30 in Miami, Florida, Clapton will take a break and resume touring again in the fall.

Confirmed dates on the tour are: (6/5) Cedar Rapids, Iowa; (6/6) Omaha, Nebraska; (6/7) Minneapolis, Minnesota; (6/10-11) Detroit, Michigan; (6/12) Buffalo, New York; (6/13) Cleveland, Ohio; (6/17) Portland, Maine; (6/18) Binghamton, New York; (6/19) Saratoga, New York; (6/22) Hampton, Virginia; (6/23) Charlotte, North Carolina; (6/24) Bristol, Tennessee; (6/27) Augusta, Georgia; (6/28) Jacksonville, Florida; (6/29) Lakeland, Florida; (6/30) Miami, Florida.

Clash Set To Begin U.S. Tour

NEW YORK—The Clash will kick off their first major U.S. tour in two years with a show in Asbury Park, New Jersey on May 29. From there the band moves south (to Virginia Beach, Maryland, for a May 31 show) and then west, hitting 15 cities in the next two months.

While the itinerary for the entire tour has yet to be announced, the Clash have confirmed dates in California, including four nights at the Los Angeles Palladium (6/15-19), Santa Barbara (6/20), San

Francisco (6/22) and Santa Cruz (6/24). Other concerts are also scheduled to take place in New Orleans (6/4), Vancouver (6/26) and Alberta (6/28, 29).

The Edmonton, Alberta concert closes out the first leg of the tour. Following a two-week vacation in Spain (reportedly to attend the World Cup soccer championships), the Clash will return to America in early July and continue touring through August.

—Laurie Lennard

TOP 100 ALBUMS

- 1 VANGELIS
Chariots of Fire (Polydor)
- 2 THE GO-GO'S
Beauty and the Beat (IRS)
- 3 J. GEILS BAND
Freeze-Frame (EMI/America)
- 4 ASIA
Asia (Geffen)
- 5 THE POLICE
Ghost in the Machine (A&M)
- 6 JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS
I Love Rock n' Roll (Boardwalk)
- 7 RICK SPRINGFIELD
Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet (RCA)
- 8 HUMAN LEAGUE
Dare (A&M)
- 9 SIMON & GARFUNKEL
The Concert in Central Park (WB)
- 10 LOVERBOY
Get Lucky (Columbia)
- 11 JOURNEY
Escape (Columbia)
- 12 TALKING HEADS
The Name of this Band Is... (Sire)
- 13 QUINCY JONES
The Dude (A&M)
- 14 DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
Private Eyes (RCA)
- 15 ALDO NOVA
Aldo Nova (Portrait/CBS)
- 16 QUARTERFLASH
Quarterflash (Geffen)
- 17 STEVIE NICKS
Bella Donna (Modern)
- 18 WILLIE NELSON
Always On My Mind (Columbia)
- 19 BONNIE RAITT
Green Light (WB)
- 20 THE SECRET POLICE-
MAN'S OTHER BALL
Various Artists (Island)
- 21 GRAHAM PARKER
Another Grey Area (Arista)
- 22 SCORPIONS
Blackout (Mercury)
- 23 SOFT CELL
Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret (Sire)
- 24 HUEY LEWIS & THE NEWS
Picture This (Chrysalis)
- 25 THE WAITRESSES
Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful (ZE/Polydor)
- 26 XTC
English Settlement (Virgin/Epic)
- 27 OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN
Physical (MCA)
- 28 TOMMY TUTONE
Tutone 2 (Columbia)
- 29 TOM TOM CLUB
Tom Tom Club (Sire)
- 30 FOREIGNER
4 (Atlantic)
- 31 THE CARS
Shake It Up (Elektra)
- 32 THE BEATLES
Reel Music (Capitol)
- 33 THE ROYAL PHIL.
Hooked On Classics (RCA)
- 34 THE ROLLING STONES
Tattoo You (Rolling Stones)
- 35 GENESIS
Abacab (Atlantic)
- 36 OZZY OSBOURNE
Diary of a Madman (J&P/CBS)
- 37 RICHARD PRYOR
Live on the Sunset Strip (WB)
- 38 SAMMY HAGAR
Standing Hampton (Geffen)
- 39 RAY PARKER, JR.
The Other Woman (Arista)
- 40 TOTO
IV (Columbia)
- 41 BOB & DOUG MCKENZIE
The Great White North (Mercury)
- 42 THE WHISPERS
Love Is Where You Find It (Solar)
- 43 THE JAM
The Gift (Polydor)
- 44 VAN MORRISON
Beautiful Vision (WB)
- 45 GREG KIHN BAND
Kihnitude (Beserkley)
- 46 NICK LOWE
Nick the Knife (Columbia)
- 47 CAMEO
Alligator Woman (Chocolate City)
- 48 DAN FOGELBERG
The Innocent Age (Full Moon/Epic)
- 49 THE BLASTERS
The Blasters (Slash)
- 50 KARLA BONOFF
Wild Heart of the Young (Columbia)
- 51 CHARLIE DANIELS BAND
Windows (Epic)
- 52 JETHRO TULL
The Broadsword and the Beast (Chrysalis)
- 53 THE B-52'S
Mesopotamia (WB)
- 54 THIRD WORLD
You've Got The Power (Columbia)
- 55 LOU ANN BARTON
Old Enough (Elektra)
- 56 PATRICE RUSHEN
Straight from the Heart (Elektra)
- 57 LOU REED
The Blue Mask (RCA)
- 58 THE DREGS
Industry Standard (Arista)
- 59 ROD STEWART
Tonight I'm Yours (WB)
- 60 IRON MAIDEN
The Number of the Beast (Harvest)
- 61 SHEENA EASTON
You Could Have Been With Me (EMI/America)
- 62 CAT PEOPLE
David Bowie/Giorgio Moroder (Backstreet)
- 63 BARBRA STREISAND
Memories (Columbia)
- 64 JOAN ARMATRADING
Walk Under Ladders (A&M)
- 65 KOOL & THE GANG
Something Special (De-Lite)
- 66 ALABAMA
Mountain Music (RCA)
- 67 AL JARREAU
Breakin' Away (WB)
- 68 DWIGHT TILLEY
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- 72 ORCHESTRAL MAN-
OEUVRES IN THE DARK
Architecture and Morality (Epic)
- 73 DIANA ROSS
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- 74 PEABO BRYSON
I Am Love (Capitol)
- 75 AC/DC
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- 84 PRINCE
Controversy (WB)
- 85 JUICE NEWTON
Juice (Capitol)
- 86 GIL SCOTT-HERON
Reflections (WB)
- 87 THE KINKS
Give The People What They Want (Arista)
- 88 LUTHER VANDROSS
Never Too Much (Epic)
- 89 JANIS JOPLIN
Farewell Song (Columbia)
- 90 EARTH, WIND & FIRE
Raise (ARC/Columbia)
- 91 GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.
Come Morning (Elektra)
- 92 UFO
Mechanix (Chrysalis)
- 93 DAVID BYRNE
The Catherine Wheel (Sire)
- 94 MICHAEL FRANKS
Objects of Desire (WB)
- 95 BILLY SQUIER
Don't Say No (Capitol)
- 96 BRYAN ADAMS
You Want It, You Got It (A&M)
- 97 U2
October (Island)
- 98 RICK JAMES
Street Songs (Gordy)
- 99 AL DIMEOLA
Electric Rendezvous (Columbia)
- 100 PLACIDO DOMINGO
Perhaps Love (CBS)

The Hitman

Eat, Drink and Be Merry

At a time when the music industry is on rubber legs, it's interesting to note that this year's NARM (National Association of Recording Merchandisers) convention produced nothing worthwhile for the people it's supposed to be representing—that is, the retailers, rack jobbers and distributors who are waging a rather serious battle against the Big Shrink: shrinking profit margins, shrinking co-op ad support, shrinking sales. So what did the discussion center on? Home taping, from the labels' point of view only. And what solution have these geniuses arrived at? Assess a royalty on blank tape so artists and manufacturers will be fairly compensated for their work. Fine, but did anyone consider helping the people who sell records?

The perennial topics of counterfeiting and piracy cropped up again too, and once more a novel solution was tendered. Assess an additional cost on retail and rack orders, then ticket the revenue for lobbying and investigative efforts and prosecutions.

Why don't manufacturers clean up their own house instead of penalizing the dealers and, ultimately, the innocent customers who'll bear the brunt of price increases necessitated by these additional fees? This is madness.

Blank Tape Is A Taxing Issue—No!

A Warner Communications study reports that home taping is responsible for a near-\$3 billion loss for the music industry. Since you can't lose what you haven't made, it appears the loss is hypothetical. Nevertheless, certain industry leaders (see Yellow Peril item) are four-square behind a proposed tax on blank tape. Pause you who read this, and think for a moment: you're an average Joe who's got a child, and maybe once in awhile you like to record that child singing a song, or reciting a poem, or—let's really get down—sending a message to Grandma. You buy a blank tape for this express purpose, and pay a few more cents for it, as per the manufacturer-artist hedge against home taping. You can now rest assured you've helped stave off the onrush of the dreaded home taping gremlins, and, at the same time, enriched the bank accounts of artists and labels. Indeed, maybe you should send the tape not to Grandma but to your favorite artist, with a note stating how happy you are to be a part of this fight. And while you're at it, tell the artist to be sure and get a proper accounting from the record company regarding the disbursement of those blank tape royalties. Know what I mean?

Beware The Yellow Peril

The Hit Man couldn't let the subject of NARM die without commenting on a speech delivered to alternately bemused and stupefied convention-goers by Warner Bros. senior vice-president Stan Cornyn. Hammering away at the home taping issue, Cornyn (once termed "the conscience of the record industry" by a reporter who'd obviously had his head in the ether too long) said manufacturers aren't asking that blank tape be outlawed, merely that it "pay its own way." In doing so, he was compelled to point out that while retailers make a profit on blank tape sales, that profit usually amounts to 10 percent or less of each one's total annual volume. Okay, all retailers willing to give up 10 percent of your profit, raise your hands. What is the sound of one hand clapping?

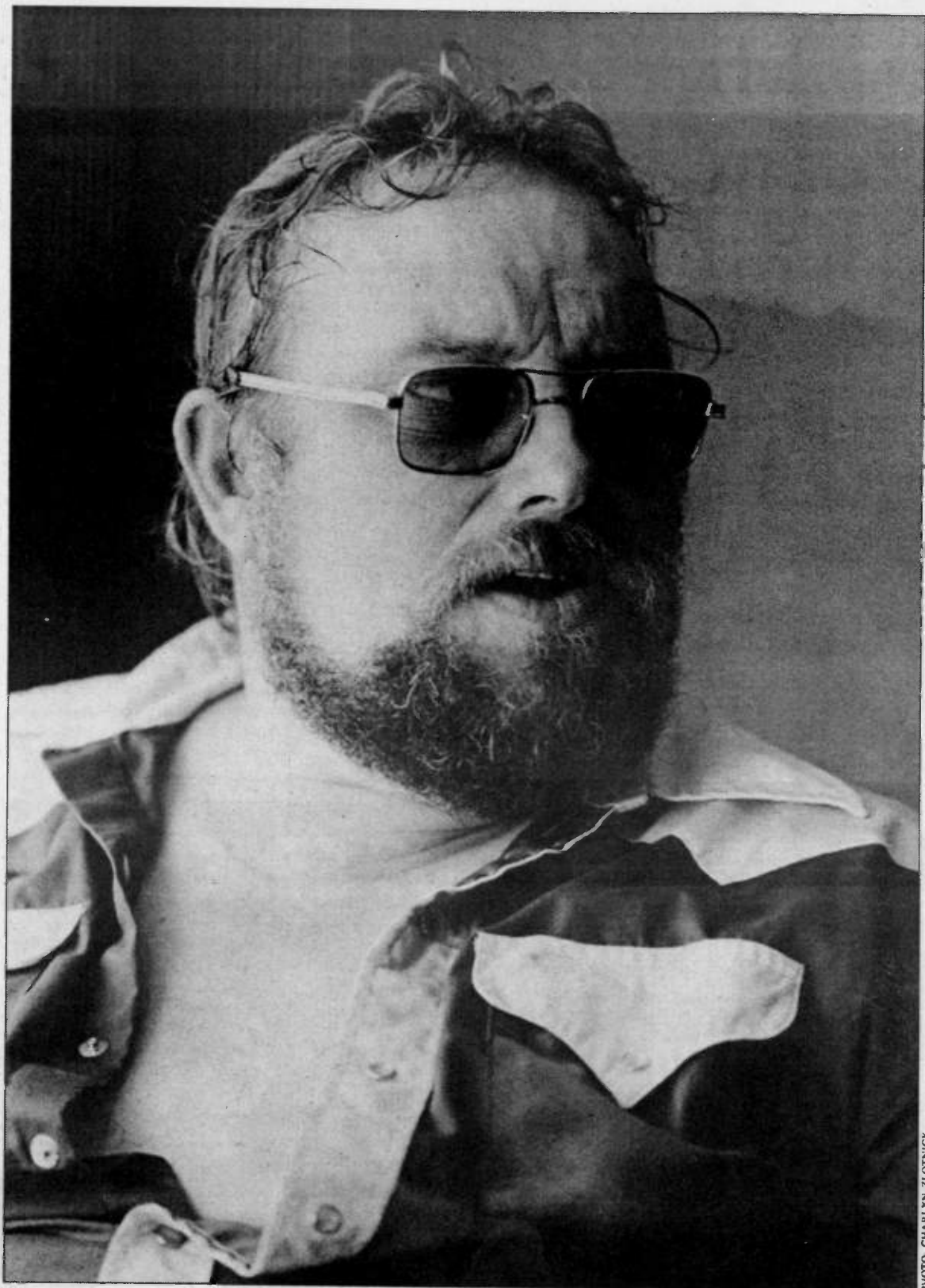
However, Cornyn offered a solution to the problem by trotting out that great buzz word of yore, "law and order." Beseeching NARM members to support the Mathias Amendment, which would assess a royalty on the sale of blank audio and video tapes and hardware, he then named the opponents of the bill—Japanese firms all. Visions of "Duke" Wayne dancing in his head, Cornyn called for a "symbolic" march on Washington for purposes of supporting the amendment; or, in his words, "marching up the Capitol steps we go . . . Kate Smith, Gene Autry, Marie Osmond, Quincy Jones, Henry Mancini, the Chipmunks—all Americans in a row."

Cornyn's assertion that the home taping problem is so severe as to hinder musical artists' creativity is perhaps the lamest, most disingenuous excuse yet for manufacturers' inability to break anything save the most formula-ridden product. In 1975, Cornyn gave a much-celebrated address at NARM, one that was clearly ahead of its time and should have been repeated this year. Titled "The Day Radio Died," it foresaw the problems labels would have if radio stations continued narrowing their playlists. Cornyn may not be the conscience of the record industry, but he's no dummy. Rather than go looking for a Jap under every bed (or on every shelf, as it were), he and the other manufacturers ought to take a hard line with radio. Blaming home taping for a lack of creativity at every level of the industry is ludicrous. "We have met the enemy and he is us" should have been someone's message this year.

Just A Note In Passing

Due to confusion regarding an opinion expressed in our April column, the Hit Man would like to point out that there was no intent to make light of people joining the unemployment line, or of new acts' seeming inability to get a good hearing these days. In the interest of fair play, the Hit Man reprints the following correspondence: "Obviously hiding behind anonymity, taking cheap shots at aspiring performers is your idea of objective journalism. Beware the power of your pen. Opinionated elitism has lost favor with musicians, radio programmers and record executives, as well as (with) a musically-aware buying public. As for Duke Jupiter's certain 'meltdown,' that remains to be seen. One hundred and fifty AOR radio programmers can't be all wrong . . . Perhaps if we kept some of our own narrow-minded opinions to ourselves instead of putting them into print there would be less layoffs at the big record companies in the future. Sincerely, Coast to Coast Records, Inc."

The opinions expressed in this column are those of the writers only, and do not reflect the opinion of Straight Arrow Publishers, Inc.



Charlie Daniels: Straight talk from a big man.

Charlie Daniels Talks Tough About The Veterans' Plight

By Nelson George

NEW YORK—Pop music with fire and grit, that can move the spirit and the body, the heart and the mind, is hard to find. With economic pressures weighing heavily on performers and consumers, mainstream pop and rock acts are generally steering clear of any song that might be viewed as controversial. In this context the Charlie Daniels-Band's hit single "Still in Saigon" is just plain courageous. Written by New York singer-songwriter Dan Daley, the song captures with chilling accuracy and an acute sense of detail the frustrations and anguish experienced by too many Vietnam-era Veterans. Daniels and his five-piece Southern rock band perform with the passion and precision Daley's statement deserves.

"It was something that should have been said and it echoed my feelings exactly about the treatment of Vietnam veterans pretty damn well," says Daniels. "It came to our attention through our producer, after we had done a benefit for the Vietnam Veterans Association. I took it home, listened to it and knew then I couldn't say no."

With jingoistic self-penned songs like "The South's Gonna Do It Again" and "In America," Daniels has a reputation as a performer unafraid of putting political-social commentary in his music. Yet there was one group he was worried about offending. "Since neither Dan Daley or myself had been to Vietnam I was very concerned that the actual veterans wouldn't think I was trying to be their spokesman. My only reason for doing the song

was to shed light on the problems they're having.

"So far the only negative feedback I've gotten is from people who think we should forget Vietnam and act like it never happened. My feeling is that I have a 16-year-old son

"The only negative feedback I've gotten is from people who think we should forget Vietnam and act like it never happened."

and I don't like what's going on in El Salvador. I don't like what Ronald Reagan's saying and Al Haig scares me to death. We have to keep that memory fresh in our minds so we won't be stupid enough to do it again."

He feels it's "too damn easy for folks who didn't serve there or have family there to erase Vietnam from their minds. But what of the men who are dying of cancer from Agent Orange or lost limbs? They can't forget it. The Veterans Administration and government have practically turned their back on them. I don't think the American people should."

Despite evidence to the contrary (listen to the radio), Daniels insists there's a need to confront issues in

popular music. "All music should reflect its time. For example, 'In America' was a documentary about what was happening at the time of the Iranian hostage crisis. I talked to people around the country while touring and they all said it wasn't right, that they were hot about it. I said, 'Hey, there is something alive in the country that I hadn't seen since the Second World War.' People seemed unified by the experience. I was accused of writing a pro-war song. It was not. As I said, I have a 16-year-old son, so the last thing in the world I want to see is another war."

Aside from its obvious social relevance, "Still in Saigon" is also in the tradition of CDB's numerous story songs. The Grammy Award winning "The Devil Went Down to Georgia," "The Legend of Wooley Swamp," and several songs on *Windows* ("Ragin' Cajun" and "Partyn' Gul" are the standouts) are the musical equivalent of the tall tales handed down from parent to child during America's pioneer days. One half expects Daniels to cut an updated version of the Paul Bunyan legend in an album or two.

"Storytelling was a big part of my upbringing, because we didn't have television until I was 15," Daniels says about his life as a child in rural North Carolina. "My father and many of the other men in town would go raccoon hunting as a form of relaxation. A big part of that was sitting around the fire waiting for the dogs to tree the raccoons. That was story-telling time. You'd be by the fire, one side of your body burn-

Continued on page 25

Joel Mending LP, Tour Off

NEW YORK—Due to injuries sustained in a motorcycle accident near his Long Island home on April 15, Billy Joel has had to cancel plans for a summer tour. As well, the June release of Joel's next studio album will be held up until the artist recovers from a fractured right wrist and a chipped bone in his left thumb.

"We're just going to give Billy a

chance to recuperate and then take it from there," says Jeff Shock, who's in charge of Joel's management company. "Things are up in the air, but they are only postponed, not cancelled."

Joel was injured when the 1978 Harley Davidson he was riding collided at an intersection with a car attempting to make a left turn, sending Joel flying across the hood of the car. He injured his hands attempting to break the fall onto the pavement. No summons was issued to the car's driver, Cornelia Bynum, although she allegedly ran a red light.

—Laurie Lennard



Billy Joel

Queen's North American Tour To Begin July 21 In Canada

LOS ANGELES—Queen's first North American tour since 1980 is tentatively scheduled to begin July 21 in Montreal and continue until mid-September, winding up in Los Angeles.

Keyboardist Morgan Fisher, formerly of Mott the Hoople and the first sideman ever to appear on stage with Queen, is with the band in Europe and is expected to accompany them on the American dates as well. Despite the additional instrumentalist, Queen guitarist Brian May says that the title of the band's new album, *Hot Space*, is also the best description of its current musical flavor. "We've gone about as far as we could go with complex sounds, and on the last (studio) album, we were pretty much starting to leave spaces in our music," he says. "It became sort of an obsession on this album; we just took it a little further."

"*Hot Space* is sparse, and I think quite hard-hitting, but in a different way from what we've done before. Our rock music as such was very heavy at times, but if you heard it in



Freddie Mercury

a situation such as a discotheque or dance hall, it wasn't really something which made you want to get up and dance. It was more sort of 'get down and bang your head.'"

The stage design for this tour, explains May, is "more three-dimensional, particularly for the people on the floor. The stage is raked (or slanted) forward, with all sorts of different levels. There's a whole new depth perspective, and we can work to the front of the stage more uniformly; it actually propels us to the front." May also notes that the monitor speakers have been "compressed to a lower level," to provide better side views of the action.

Sources at Elektra also reported that the promotional video the band created for *Hot Space* was deemed "too pornographic even for European audiences." At press time, it was being edited for both European and American viewing. —David Gans

Nancy Wilson Planning Solo Release

NEW YORK—Heart's Nancy Wilson is preparing her first solo album, tentatively scheduled for release "on one of the CBS labels" late this year or in early '83.

Wilson, in New York to promote *Private Audition*, Heart's first studio LP in three years, describes the solo project as similar in concept to Harry Nilsson's acclaimed *The Point*. In other words, a loose concept album appealing to both children and adults. At least one of the cuts will be "The Moon and You," a tune that was left off *Private Audition*.

Though the blonde half of the Wilson sisters attributes the forthcoming album to a desire to "stretch out" (she also has a cameo role in a soon-to-be-released film version of Cameron Crowe's novel, *Fast Times*), Nancy insists "I don't want to make it seem like this is 'The Nancy Wilson Solo Album,' because it isn't really that much of a departure. Ann will have a role in it ('If she asks me,' interjects Ann). Howard (Leese, Heart's keyboardist) will be featured, too. I'll be singing and doubling on bass as well as guitar."

As for outside help, Wilson's hoping to get Bruce Springsteen, among others, to contribute. Having produced the new Heart album herself, Wilson plans to do likewise for her solo venture.

It will be some time, however, before recording can begin. Heart's tour card, which began at the end of May, is pretty well booked through the summer, beginning in Europe and moving Stateside come July.

—Mark Mehler

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Carnes Album Rescheduled For August

LOS ANGELES—Kim Carnes' next album, originally scheduled for release in early June, is now being delayed until late August. Denying reports of trouble in the studio, a spokesperson for Kragen & Company management says the delay reflects the company's desire for maximum exposure in the overseas market.

"The marketing of the new album was the only factor in the delay," says the spokesperson. "We don't want to release an album abroad in July and August because everybody in Europe is on vacation."

A video production of the new album that was to have begun in May will now commence shooting in June. Carnes is also considering a U.S. tour following the release of the album.

—Stan Hyman & Vicki Greenleaf

London Calling

By Chris Welch

The Stones Still Think Big

"Utter and complete crap!" That's the kind of press statement we like to hear—bold, assertive and leaving no room for doubt. It was the reaction we got from the Rolling Stones' office when we asked a simple question. Not "Is Brian Jones alive and well and living in Argentina?", but, "Is it true the Stones are going to play a series of village halls on their forthcoming British tour?" It was the rumor that had been flying around London for weeks. The group was going to "get back to their roots" and play the kind of small clubs where they got their start. Doubtless there will be a warmup concert, possibly in Scotland or Northern Ireland, but they will be playing the biggest halls available, including Wembley Stadium (25, 26) when they hit the road in June.

Roger Daltrey, Troutmaster

Roger Daltrey is opening a Trout Farm and Fishery on his rolling Sussex acres. In fact, there are ten acres of lake full of trout where fishermen can buy a day ticket for \$20.

Daltrey fancies himself as the country squire, and why not? There



Roger Daltrey

will come a day when he can no longer lasso that microphone, and his voice will crack as he tries to scream, "Long live rock 'n' roll!" Then, and only then, will the Master (up at the big house) regretfully pack away his stage clothes and slightly-rusting harmonica, relax in front of the trout lake in a deck chair, sell tickets and nod off in the sun, only to surprise fisherman by suddenly waking up and yelling, "Pete, yer guitar's out of tune!"

Heavy Metal Thunder, Again

When German band The Scorpions went to Manchester to sign autographs at a record shop there was a queue of 1000 kids waiting from the early hours. Some 500 late arrivals tried to jump the queue, and a huge plate glass window—the whole front of the shop—caved in, resulting in several slashed rioters. A similar session at another town was hastily cancelled... latest young heavy metal group to make waves in town are Diamond Head. They've signed to MCA here and released a four-track EP, *Four Cuts From Diamond Head*. Lead vocalist Sean Harris may well be the Robert Plant of the Eighties, but if they want to make it, then I'd better slag them. It worked for Status Quo (see next item).

Squeeze, Status Quo Notes

Status Quo got royal patronage when they played in front of Prince Charles, who went to his first-ever rock 'n' roll concert on May 14. Part of the group's Twentieth Anniversary World Tour, the royal gig took place at Birmingham's National Exhibition Centre, in aid of the Prince's Trust charity. Lady Di, expecting her first child, wasn't there, but she probably watched it all on BBC-TV. Rare hon-



Squeeze

ors indeed for the band they said was finished after "Pictures of Matchstick Men." Who said they were finished? Well I did, after seeing their 1968 concert at the Isle of Wight. We critics can be dreadfully wrong at times.

Take Squeeze, for example. "Now there goes a band doomed to obscurity," I pronounced on hearing their first efforts. Now it turns out that Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook have been hailed as the "Lennon-McCartney of the Eighties." And to make matters worse, this South London group has also been dubbed "The 10cc of the Eighties." Their new LP, *Sweets From A Stranger*, is co-produced by Phil McDonald, who previously engineered (among others) the Beatles' *Abbey Road* and *Wings Over America*. The band is about to start their four-month tour of America and is due to play Madison Square Garden on June 18, by which time we shall all be humming or la-laling to "Black Coffee In Bed" and thinking, "these boys are the Chapman and Chin of the Eighties."



Rosanne Cash: "Country is really just prostitution in a lot of ways."

Rosanne Cash Walks The Line With Motherhood and Music

By Samuel Graham

LOS ANGELES—Rosanne Cash is sitting in a restaurant in suburban Sherman Oaks late one afternoon, nursing a wine spritzer and talking about her new album, *Somewhere in the Stars*. She is no ingenue, this daughter of Johnny Cash, wife of singer/songwriter/producer Rodney Crowell and mother of two young children of her own; a year after her *Seven Year Ache* yielded three sizeable country hits and a ream of very favorable press, you'd think Rosanne would be awaiting the new one's release with the assurance of a seasoned pro. But such is not the case. Ask her about *Somewhere in the Stars* and Cash says simply, "Well, I've been listening to the album all day, and I've decided I like it."

The kind of self-effacement—here is someone who likes to laugh at herself—typifies a singer who, even after all the glowing reviews and feature stories, admits that she still is "uncomfortable talking about myself at great length. It gets to be awkward and self-conscious," Cash says. "I'd rather talk about the music."

Of course, Cash has rarely been able to discuss her music without also having to deal with her pedigree. Reminded that one article had said of *Seven Year Ache*, "It's country because it's Cash," Rosanne bristles. "That's crap," she replies. "You have to judge a work on its own merit. People aren't going to buy my records because of my name—in fact, if I hear that somebody's kid went into the same business and I haven't heard their work, I'm automatically prejudiced against them—and that's the bottom line, isn't it?"

Unlike, say, Crystal Gayle, who has spent the last few years determinedly trying to cross over to pop stardom, Cash is satisfied with the country label that has followed her around since her first record, *Right*

or *Wrong*. But Tammy Wynette she ain't, as the presence of two John Hiatt songs on the new album will surely attest. "I like to think of it as progressive country," she explains. "There's a lot of country that's dead-ended; it's real stale, and it's really just prostitution in a lot of ways. There's got to be something fresh somewhere."

Somewhere in the Stars draws its material from a variety of sources, including Crowell, Cash herself, Russell Smith ("Third Rate Romance"), Leroy Preston (who also

"People aren't going to buy my records because of my name."

wrote "My Baby Thinks He's a Train," one of the *Seven Year Ache* hits) and traditional country writers like Tom T. Hall, whose "How I Got to Memphis" features a surprise—and uncredited—appearance by the Man in Black himself. And while the overall level of the material may not be as high as it was on *Ache*, it is with the two Hiatt tunes, "It Hasn't Happened Yet" and "I Look for Love," that Cash has made her boldest move yet away from the twanging, self-pitying confines of standard country music. "I Look for Love," with its high-tech synthesizers, stinging guitars and Big Beat, is scarcely less lean and defiant than Hiatt's own version, and that's saying something.

For Rosanne, then, it's the singer, not the song. "Songwriters can cross all boundaries," she says. "It all depends on the interpreter. And why shouldn't country music have those more hard-edged, cosmopolitan lyrics? We're living in a modern world just like everybody else."

Cash's modern world is necessarily dominated by her children, and it is when discussing the revelations and responsibilities of parenthood that she is at her most expansive and confiding. At 26, Rosanne has chosen to stay home (the Crowells have re-located from Los Angeles to Nashville for most of the year) and tend to the kids' needs in favor of hitting the long, hard concert trail. "It was a painful decision in a lot of ways," she recalls. "I still want to work, but I can't in good conscience go out and leave my kids for two weeks, so I just had to make that choice. And kids don't belong on the road." She will play a few dates this year, but the fact that most artists are doing less touring in these tough economic times suits Cash just fine. "Touring causes me no end of anxiety," she confesses. "You have no idea what I go through. It's fun when I finally get up there and do it, but then the next day starts and I start worrying about the next show; I get that pain in my stomach and I can't eat, I've been on the bus all day and I just want to sleep... The night after a show, I feel, 'That was fun!' But then it starts over."

Motherhood may be keeping Cash off the road, but it just may have made her a better singer as well. "The sound of my voice is better than the technical abilities," she says—"one of those wet voices" is the way country singer Bobby Bare described it—"but it's improving. During most of these vocals, I was seven months pregnant. We were real concerned going in that I wouldn't be able to sing, that I wouldn't be able to get enough breath—you need your diaphragm, and when you're seven months pregnant, it gets squashed. I *didn't* have as much breath, but the quality of my voice changed; I think I had more emotion, a wider range of expression, because of confidence

Continued on page 25

Joe Cocker's 'Sunshine Record' Caps A Long, Strange Year

NEW YORK—Joe Cocker's new album, *Sheffield Steel*, is actually two projects: side one and side two. The first five cuts were recorded in March, 1981, in the Bahamas with the Compass Point All-Stars, featuring Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare. Side two's five tunes were recorded a year later, in the same place with the same cast. In between those sessions, though, Cocker cut some tracks that may never see the light of day—tracks featuring the singer fronting a fairly hot band in its own right, with Cornell Dupree and Chris Frantz among the musicians.

"What happened is Bob Marley died and (producer) Chris Blackwell couldn't go on," Cocker explains evenhandedly. "He was in the depths, totally distracted. He went off and made a movie last year up north, so me and (co-producer) Alex Sadkin put down a few tracks with a new band. Now that stuff's been shelved for life, I guess. Early this year, Chris was ready to go and we finished the thing. Chris is a friend, and I don't blame him for

feeling in the depths about Marley, but he wouldn't give me a date. I was uptight and angry. It turned out to be a strange year."

Sheffield Steel, though, finds Cocker in excellent vocal form on several cuts, notably a rocking version of Dylan's "Seven Days," and a straight reggae rendition of Bill Withers' "Ruby Lee." A tune called "Shocked" stands out as a vintage Cocker R&B rave-up.

Cocker terms *Sheffield Steel* a "sunshine record," a "let's get naked, natural evolution of all the songs I've ever wanted to sing." One of its more interesting elements, he adds, is the manner in which reggae vets Sly and Robbie took to the ballad form. "They'd never worked with ballads before. Diminished 9ths get in the way. Their chords were all wrong, but to me, it worked."

The artist's next move? To hit the road. "Even with no recognition, no money, I got to do the bars and clubs," he admits.

Meanwhile, that 1981 tape sits on the shelf, gathering dust as Cocker



Joe Cocker

talks proudly of his cover of Marvin Gaye's "Make Me Want To Holler." But, he adds dejectedly, "I got my doubts about its future."

—Mark Mehler

Ray Manzarek On Front Line With New Solo LP Project

LOS ANGELES—Ray Manzarek has returned to the active list after a six-year layoff. The former Doors keyboardist is currently recording a solo album here, with the help of an L.A. band called the Fents. A fall release is expected.

"My mind has been seeded, and ideas are starting to sprout," Manzarek says. Asked to elaborate, he reveals that the LP (largely instrumental and, naturally, keyboard-dominated) will consist of "some classical pieces by contemporary composers such as Carl Orff and Erik Satie, rocked and jazzed-up and given the 1982 American juice. In other words, we're going to rock the hell out of Orff."

There's more where that comes from, too. Manzarek claims to have enough material in his head for "at least three more albums." In fact, he's already mapped out his next solo project and given it a working title of *Bamboo Jungle*. "I still have lots of ideas left over from when I was going to do the soundtrack for *Apocalypse Now*. (Francis Ford) Coppola asked me to work on it,

but I was doing Jim Morrison's *American Prayer* album, so the schedule conflicted. And of course the Doors come first."

After *Bamboo Jungle* Manzarek wants to record an album with New York poet-turned-rockers Jim Carroll, and do some "Doors-like, New York City rock 'n' roll, with big city jazz overtones."

Despite his absence from the scene as a recording artist, Manzarek's remained prominent in L.A. music circles through his support for the city's young bands. Recently he finished producing X's third album, and was named producer of the year by a local newspaper.

"I love producing, and X was really great and very easy to work with," he says. "They get all of



Ray Manzarek

their aggression out in their music, where it belongs. Whether or not the public is ready for X is another question. In this age of Styx, Journey and AC/DC, homogenized music is what sells. Compared to that, X is a little bizarre."

As for a tour in support of his solo album, Manzarek feels it's "totally conceivable. The band is a small unit, and maybe we would take along a few singers."

"Boy," he concludes, "I'd love to play in front of an audience again!"

—Laurie Lennard

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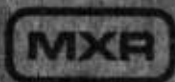
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'Policeman's Ball' Film Set For U.S.

NEW YORK—The *Secret Policeman's Other Ball*, the British comedy/music review benefiting Amnesty International, starring Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, Pete Townshend, Sting, Phil Collins and others, is now scheduled to open in the U.S. in June. The event took place last September at London's Theatre Royal.

Among the highlights of the 95-minute film are an Eric Clapton-Jeff Beck workout on the blues standard, "Farther Up The Road," marking the first collaboration between the two guitarists since their Yardbirds days; Sting's solo versions of "Roxanne" and "Message In A Bottle"; Collins performing "In The Air Tonight" with Daryl Stuermer on acoustic guitar; and a grand finale uniting all the musicians for a new arrangement of Bob Dylan's "I Shall Be Released." In a gesture of solidarity, Dylan has reportedly waived rights to his mechanical royalties from the song. Also, the movie features a sequence from the 1979 *Policeman's Ball*, in which Pete Townshend offers solo acoustic versions of "Pinball Wizard" and "Won't Get Fooled Again."

—Mark Mehler

Bad Guitars All Over New Lindley LP

LOS ANGELES—"I don't like to tell people about the record before it's finished," says David Lindley, currently at work on his second solo album. "That would be like showing someone an unfinished painting. It's much more fun to listen to when it happens all at once."

Nevertheless, Lindley did say he'll be singing "Rag Bag" accompanied only by a Hawaiian acoustic guitar. The song was written by Bob "Frizz" Fuller, who contributed three songs to *El Rayo-X*. "I've always wanted to record one thing with just me and one instrument," notes Lindley. "There are a lot of techniques that I want to try recording that instrument, because it has such a beautiful sound. You can record that one guitar so that it sounds like *God*, you know?"

But on the other hand, Lindley has made a point of using the worst imaginable guitars. "We're using all these nasty, horrible Masonite guitars," Lindley admits, naming his band members Bernie Larsen and Jorge Calderon as co-conspirators. "One of them looks like a Thalidomide Telecaster—really deformed, with terrible pickups on it. But the guitars are so bizarre, so *goinky*-sounding, you know? Those bad guitars have a really organic, kinda human sound that appeals to me more than anything else."

"In the studio, guitars like that



David Lindley

are not so swell," he adds. "The electronics aren't sophisticated, and there's a local radio station that we pick up all the time on my guitar." What's more, he sighs, "it's a *disco* station."

—David Gans

Joan Jett Nixes The Studio For a Summer Of Road Work

CINCINNATI—Relaxing in a hotel room here, Joan Jett sounds somewhat subdued. The dark-eyed, leather-clad rock vixen (using the word in its positive sense) is tired. "I thought the work was getting there," says the 23-year-old eight-year veteran of the rock wars, "but once you're there, you gotta work double time."

With *I Love Rock 'N' Roll* nearing number one, Jett's entertaining no thoughts of returning to the studio soon. She and her band, the Blackhearts, are currently touring the States, and will continue to do so throughout the summer.

Not that the thought of following up a massive hit album has her worried. She's pretty certain her next studio effort will be "basically the same," and claims she and the Blackhearts "are prepared to do another album. We're writing songs all the time, but I enjoy performing more."

What she's trying to do, apparently, is get a broader overview of how a career should progress. Conventional wisdom may dictate a

more regular release schedule, but Jett feels it's wiser to stay public for awhile. "You can't think of it as, 'Wow, I'm a star and can take it

easy.' It's still work. You gotta make sure you keep your feet on the ground in case everything breaks down. You never know what's going to happen. This business changes so often. Remember what happened to the Knack? 'My Sharona' and then nothin'. I just don't want that to happen to me."

—Stan Hyman & Vicki Greenleaf



Joan Jett

Van Zant Wraps Up A New Album

ATLANTA—The Johnny Van Zant Band has put the wraps on *The Last of the Wild Ones*, due in mid-July. The LP was produced by Al Kooper, who produced the band's first album, *No More Dirty Deals*, as well as Lynyrd Skynyrd's first three albums. *Wild Ones* is described by Van Zant as symbolic of the "new breed of southern progressive music"—hard rocking, yet a little adventurous.

Just how adventurous is demonstrated by Van Zant's cover of Kim Carnes' "Still Hold On," a ballad.

"Al came up with a great arrangement, so I couldn't refuse," says Johnny. "Besides, I've always wanted to do something like this, just me and a baby grand piano. I feel I can sing that kind of song."

Among the other nine cuts on the LP are "Good Girls Turnin' Bad," a pop-rocker; "Victim," described as similar in content to Charlie Daniels' "Still In Saigon"; "Together Forever," a tune about New York City that's nowhere near as sappy as its title; and the title cut, the story of three brothers in the music business. Wonder where that idea came from?

"I'm the last of the wild ones—Ronnie, Donnie (of .38 Special) and me," says little brother Johnny. "I'm 23 now. I made my first record before I was 20, and people have tried to take advantage of me. The song's about the music business and how rough it gets."

Regarding producer Kooper, who the band has nicknamed Professor, "because he's like a damn teacher and the studio's a damn classroom," Van Zant says his two major contributions are arrangements and a constant emphasis on hard work. "Al's the guy who gets us connected before we start recording. He makes sure when we get ready to record, we're not wasting studio time and money. Our rehearsals are tough."

The possibility of this brother act suggests a final question: if Johnny's the last of the wild ones, what's Donnie? "The second-to-the-last," answers little brother.

—Mark Mehler

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JERRY GARCIA: A REPO

By David Gans & Blair Jackson

After 17 years together, the Grateful Dead are one of America's longest-running musical arguments. Determinedly eclectic from the start, the Dead brought together influences ranging from bluegrass to avant-garde classical music to rhythm and blues, and the soup they've stirred up has bubbled, simmered down and boiled over many times. The flavor and texture have changed as various band members' influences have risen and fallen, but the core of the band—guitarists Jerry Garcia and Bob Weir, drummer Bill Kreutzmann and bassist Phil Lesh—has remained constant and committed to progress through numerous changes of peripheral personnel.

Because they eschew the normal stage and studio behavior of rock music—making admittedly weak records and playing four-hour, heavily improvisational concerts which include enough ballads to supply every other band on the face of the Earth—the Dead have become something of an industry joke, symbolizing the “hippie band” way of doing business. But the Grateful Dead are true to their own vision; it would be ludicrous to imagine them changing their approach a la REO Speedwagon in search of a hit single.

Jerry Garcia has always been the most visible member of the putatively leaderless band, if only because he is the most genial and outgoing one. This interview shows Garcia to be interested in much more of life than guitars, girls and drugs. Though he rejects the mantle of guru-hood that many Deadheads have burdened him with, it is obvious from his conversation that the man reads a great deal and gives much thought to the nature of existence. In the best sense of the “hippie” tradition, Garcia seems cognizant of mankind's tenuous hold on the continuum of life on this planet, and of the distinct possibility that we all may be little more than self-conscious specks in the grand scheme of the universe.

There's an emotional tone about the Grateful Dead that's unique. I've often likened it more to theatre than to music, because I get the same mental relationship to the stage with you guys that I get at a really hot theatrical performance.

It's the same kind of chemistry.

There's much more trust happening at a Dead concert than is ever required at a James Taylor show.

That's right. The whole thing is this mutual agreement that allows the whole thing to happen. I'm conscious of that. It's definitely that for me. Being in the Grateful Dead is taxing in a way that nothing else is. When it's hard, it's the hardest thing there is, and when it's easy, it's magic. If things are happening in some kind of special way, then it's the easiest thing in the world—it's reflexive, almost. You don't think about anything, you don't plan anything, and it's no sweat.

There's not much effort involved. And for reasons we don't know, sometimes it's all there, and other times no amount of effort can make it be there.

If I tell somebody from the audience, “Tonight was really hard work, and it seemed impossible to get anything together,” I always get these reports back that it was great. I'm not able to tell whether or not what happens to us emotionally or physically has any kind of relevance to the way everybody else experiences it. One of the things that's amazing about it is that everybody experiences it on their own terms: but from the point of view of being a player, it's this thing that you can't make happen, but when it's happening, you can't stop it from happening. That's the closest I can get to really explaining it. I've tried to analyze it on every level that I can gather together, and all the intellectual exercise in the world don't do a thing—don't help a bit, don't explain it one way or another to any degree of satisfaction. The Grateful Dead has some kind of intuitive thing—I don't know what it is or how it works, but we recognize it phenomenologically. I know it because it's reported to me hugely from the audience, and it's something that we know because we've compared notes among ourselves in the band. We talk about it, but all those things are by way of agreeing that we'll continue to keep trying to do this thing, whatever it is, and that our best attitude is to consider it a stewardship, in which we are the custodians of this thing.

One time I came home from a concert and wrote, “The Grateful Dead is immortal, but these men who play in the band are not.”

That's exactly right, and that's the way we feel. It takes the responsibility out of our hands, which is comfortable. It's scary if you feel like you're responsible for it—that's a lot of energy to be responsible for. I've had to pay those dues in the psychedelic world.

Do you know how much power is ascribed to you—to the band as a whole, and to you as the focus?

Yeah, I know, and luckily I've already been able to disqualify myself from it. I know it's not me. They make the association, but that isn't the case—well, it doesn't really matter what they believe: I know from personal, subjective testing that that is not the case.

Everybody has their own version, and that's good. That's one of the things about music that makes it a special thing. It can be experienced that way—it's so close to being perfect fascism.

What do you mean by that?

Well, it's so close to being perfectly manipulative. It borders on that, and people who use formula things on the audience are basically manipulating them in the same sense that fascism manipulates people.

You mean show-biz tricks?

Sure. That's just what they are, show-biz tricks.

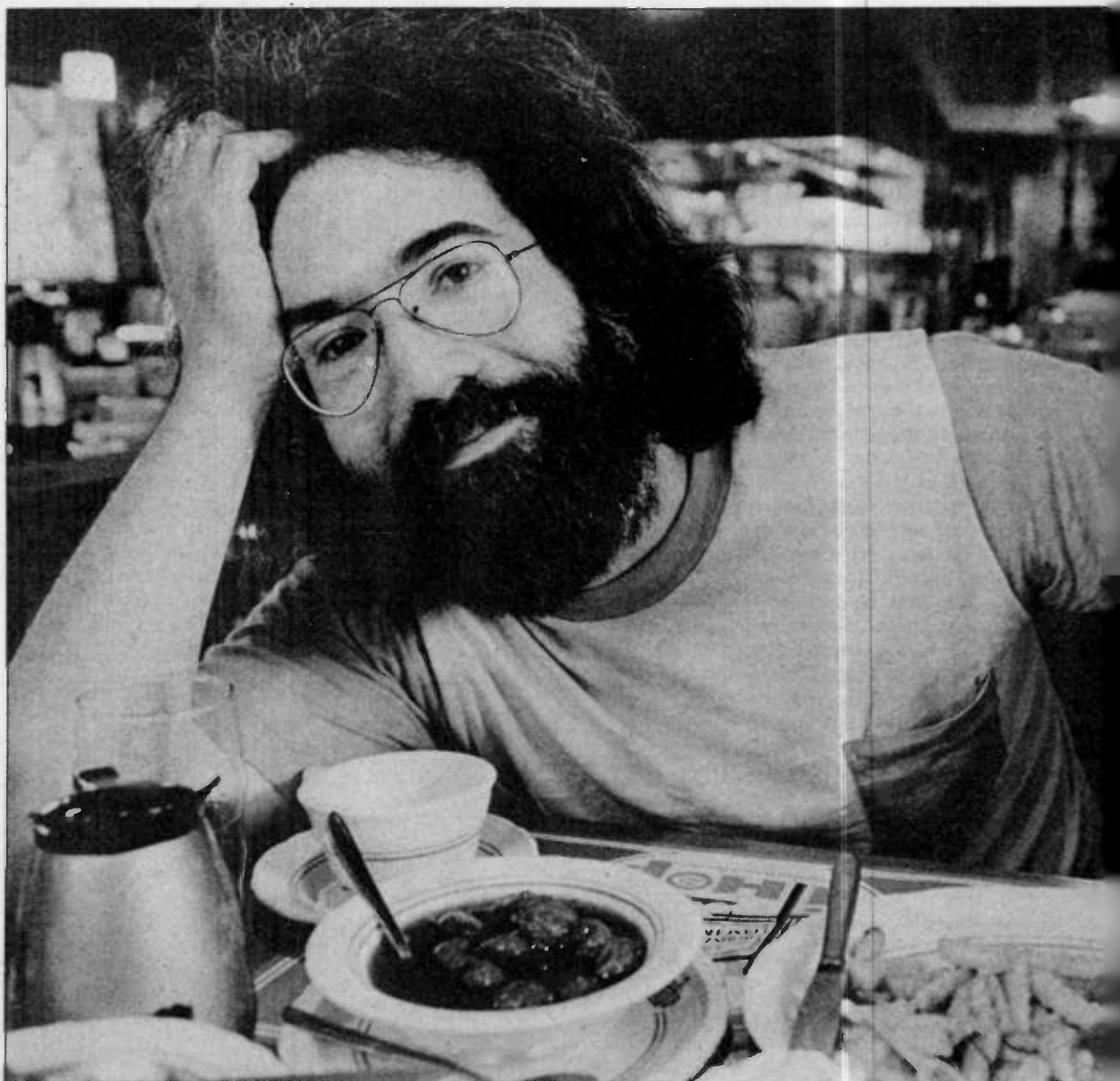
There's a certain amount of that involved, though, in what you do.

Oh yeah, a certain amount of it, but our trip is to learn the tricks and then not use them. For us, we've discovered them—“oh, far out, when we do this, look what happens to the audience.” “Yeah, let's not do that.”

Do you always discard them?

Yeah, pretty much. We want for the Dead to be something that isn't the result of tricks, and we don't trust ourselves with it. We certainly don't trust anybody else with it.

It's always struck me that in your second sets, where theoretically



“We're all ambivalent about the Grateful Dead.”

things are very open-ended and loose, there always seems to be a time where you're in the middle of “Stella Blue,” and all of a sudden it's “Sugar Magnolia,” which is the most manipulative thing you can do. It says to everyone, “This is the end of the show,” no matter what mood you're in. “Get into your party mood, ‘cause this is it.” You can't get much more manipulative.

We end up closing the door just like we open it up. In that sense, we create the framework. It has its ups and downs.

So you are conscious of it as a show.

The contour of it, yes. And sometimes it is manufactured.

I've always thought it would be interesting if you ended on a down note, if suddenly the end was “Stella Blue.”

We've done it. We used to end with real dire things in the old days—we used to end with “Death Don't Have No Mercy,” and things like that. I like to end it gently some times. I really feel like I'd like for it to taper down.

Have “Black Peter” wind down and then walk off stage. But it doesn't, because here comes Weir with clang-clang, “Around And Around.”

Well, there's always those possibilities. Weir pushes the show-biz stuff.

It's a good dynamic, I guess.

Yeah, it keeps people from taking it too seriously.

You don't take Weir very seriously, but in my conversations with him I've gotten the feeling that he lacks respect for you guys' attitude.

That's the thing. Weir is capable of being a tremendous cop at times. It's something he knows about himself. In the Grateful Dead, if you don't have a sense of humor, you're screwed.

When you're working in a band, you have to try to let everybody have his own voice the way he best sees it. There are always going to be things that create friction. It's part of what's interesting between he

and I. He's always going to make decisions musically that I'm not going to agree with fully, but I'll go along with them anyway.

Sometimes his solo trip seems anti-Grateful Dead.

Yeah, in a way it is.

He doesn't have to put up with the quirks of five other guys.

I think he enjoys that, and I'm certain he needs it. The way it is with Weir is that he's continually making discoveries that are like old discoveries, sometimes, for the rest of us. But on the other hand, there are ideas that Weir has that I would never have had, that in fact maybe only he has. That's his unique value—he's an extraordinarily original player in a world full of people who sound like each other. I don't know anybody else who plays the guitar the way he does, with the kind of approach that he has to it. That in itself is, I think, really a score, considering how derivative almost all electric guitar playing is.

There are so many different musics at work in the Grateful Dead, and you all seem to have learned them from their sources: Bill Monroe, Rev. Gary Davis, Hawk Williams, Sonny Boy Williamson, etc. Younger musicians haven't been exposed to the pure goods the way you were.

The way I hear myself is that I hear my influences, to some extent, in myself. With Weir, I have a real hard time recognizing any influences in his playing, anything I could put my finger on and say, “That's something Weir got from such and such,” even though I've been along for almost all of his musical development. I've been playing with him since he was 16 or so.

Weir's influence isn't only musical, though. Brent (Mydland), for instance, seems to have picked up a lot of speech patterns and phrases from Weir.

It goes around, because Weir steals from Brent, too. Weir steals from everybody. He's a shameless thief.

You said on another occasion that Weir hides his thievery very well.

He does; he's good at it. On guitar, he's copped to having been influenced by people, but I can't hear it in his playing. I know that he thinks it's true, but I swear to God I can't hear it. He says he's been influenced a lot by Pete Townshend, and I can't hear it. And a couple of other guys, too. You'd have to be Weir to understand what he meant, or to have followed the evolutionary path that he's followed.

It could be some really angular aspect of Townshend's playing, not some particular lick. In his own context, it's invisible to anybody but the architect.

That's right. I've been influenced by people too, where I haven't been influenced by the notes they played, but by the attitude, the gesture—the other part of it. The substance rather than the form.

Give us an example.

Oh, like Coltrane. I've been influenced a lot by Coltrane, but I never copped his licks or sat down and listened to records and tried to play his stuff. I've been impressed with that thing of flow, and of making statements that to my ears sound like paragraphs—he'll play along stylistically with a certain kind of tone, in a certain kind of syntax, for X amount of time, then he'll like change the subject, then play along with this other personality coming out, which really impresses me. It's like other personalities stepping out, or else his personality is changing, or his attitude's changing. But it changes in a holistic way, where the tone of his axe and everything changes. It's a complete vertical change, then it'll narrow down to a point, then it'll open up again. Perceptually, an idea that's been very important to me in playing has been the whole “odyssey” idea—journeys, voyages, you know? And adventures along the way. Golden Gate Park is an example of something that works that way. Walking through the park takes you through a lot of different worlds. All of a sudden you're in one of those places where everything is that weird prehistoric-looking shit, huge ferns—

RT FROM THE DEAD ZONE

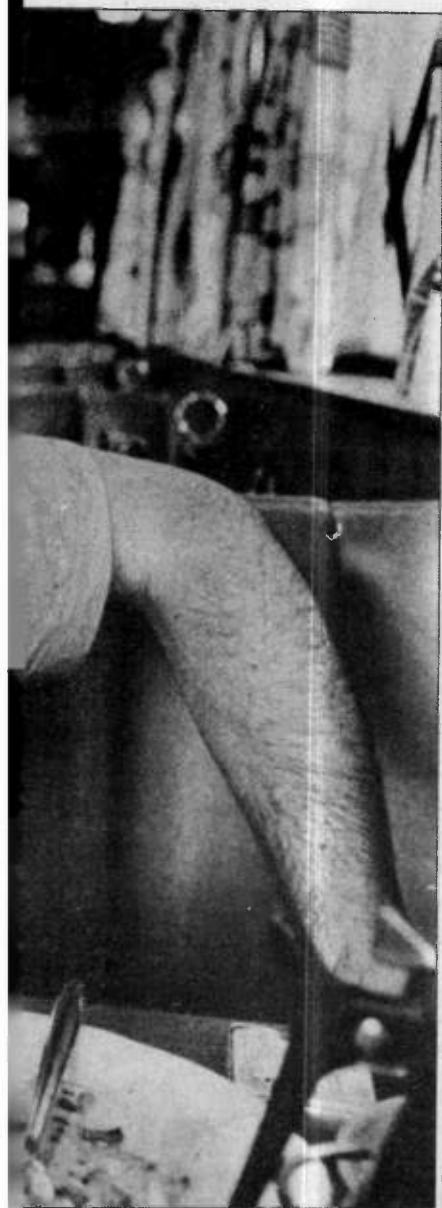


PHOTO: ANNIE LEONITZ

and it changes seamlessly from one thing to another. They really are different, their whole texture and everything. It's the work of an artist.

But in that case it's probably a conscious construction, whereas with Coltrane it would be more instinctual.

Right, but maybe not. Coltrane was a smart guy. He knew what he was doing—he spent a lot of time studying music.

Do you always know what you're doing?

In what sense?

In a long solo passage where you play those paragraphs, and you'll maybe change something in your signal processing and start a new thing. Or sometimes it won't even be a gross change like that, but you'll change modes or scales.

Sometimes I do and sometimes I don't. It used to be more rambling than it is now. Somewhere in the '70s it became my goal to be more in charge, to know what I'm doing. So now if you stopped me somewhere I'd be able to tell you what it is I'm trying to do. I've got that kind of a handle on it: when things are going really well I know automatically—certain lengths start to be apparent. I automatically know how long eight bars is, 16 bars, and where the one is gonna be. I can turn it around all different kinds of ways. I like to be able to know where it is, but I also like to be able to forget about it entirely.

So it becomes an ongoing, subconscious kind of thing that's there when you need it.

That's right. In the Grateful Dead, there's a certain philosophy about that. Rhythmically, you always know our policy is that the *one* is where you think it is. It's kind of a Zen concept, but it really works well for us. It makes it possible to get into a phrase where I can change into little phrase spurts, spitting out little groups of notes that are attached fives—five in the space of four, or five in the space of

two is more common for me—and then turn that into a new pulse, where those fives become like a 16th-note pulse. Then I'm inside of a whole irregularly-rotating tempo in relation to what the rest of the band is playing, when they're playing, say, the original common time. It produces this ambiguity, but all I have to do is make a statement that says, "end of paragraph, AND, one," and they all know where it is. We all have that kind of privilege—it's partly something we've allowed each other, and partly something we've gained the confidence to be able to do just by spending a lot of time playing together. When we started working on "The Eleven" back in the late '60s, we'd spend hours and hours and hours every day just playing groups of eleven, to get used to that phrase, then we started working out things in seven, and from seven we started working out things that were like two bars of seven, three bars of seven, four bars of seven—patterns, phrases and licks that were those lengths, and play them over and over and over again.

In an almost academic way?

Oh, yeah, a real academic way.

The band woodshedded together—

We had to do it. You can't play confidently and fluidly in those times without really knowing what you're doing.

Yet your image is not that of a studious band.

I know, but God, you can't play the way the Grateful Dead plays without working at it. It's not something that just *happened* to us. There was a long, slow process that brought that into being. It really started when Mickey first met Alla Rakha. He was completely blown out—it was the first time he'd ever heard Eastern players. He was so impressed with the level of technical ability, and the time thing. The odd times got to be a big thing, because with Mickey, technique was no problem—he was a champion drummer. As far as technique, as far as hands were concerned, he was a guy of national stature.

A budding Buddy Rich.

Well, in a way. His background was fundamentals, which is more the military trip and less band music. But for him, the idea of that kind of discipline, what Indian music seems to have—the combination of tremendous freedom and also tremendous discipline—that really impressed Mickey, so he started right away studying with Alla Rakha. That influence got the rest of us starting to fool with ideas that were in certain lengths. The challenge with us was how do you take these lengths and make them translatable to Western body knowledge. Westerners' body knowledge is basically twos and fours, smaller increments. It's harder for Western ears to hear the large divisions, the long meters.

Dancing to "The Eleven" . . . well, dancing to the Grateful Dead doesn't look like people dancing to most other musics.

No, it doesn't, but it's rooted in gravity, you know, and human body design, like all dancing is. Dancing is a function of gravity acting on the body, and the body is basically a gravity-designed thing. Its evolution, the back-bone of those things are functions of this gravity on this specific planet. Dancing has to do with, like, you jump up in the air, and gravity pulls you down at a certain rate. That's the reason why the march is always 110, and when you march there's always a certain meter, which is marching meter—it has to do with the average stride length of a human.

You've put a lot of thought into this, haven't you?

Well, I haven't thought about it in some kind of methodical, mad scientist, "now-I'm-gonna-make-music-that-makes-people-dance" sort of way, but just in terms of why do these things work? Why do some things work and some things not work? Why in some grooves do you look for some slower division of the meter? If something's going terribly fast, you look for a slower part of it, the half-time or whatever. Something to get comfortable with, where your body knowledge works for you. The thing that I see—for

it. In Eastern music, it's formalized. There's a raga for each time of day, and so forth. There's ragas for particular activities, and then within each raga, each of the intervallic relationships all have some definite, specific emotional sense. That's the way the music is structured—it's part of the learning process. Have you ever read Inayat Khan's books on Indian music? It's fascinating as hell, especially since it's an oral tradition. You know that drummer talk—they teach you to sing it. Every Indian musician, no matter what instrument he plays, starts by learning how to sing each of those

before Baroque music. It's basically a study of this kind of music called *tactus*. This music is written in an early kind of notation that doesn't give any indication of the time. It's before they had rhythmic notation, but there are note values. These are like four-part vocal things, contemporary with Gregorian, but four-part instead of unison. They were written to be performed by these little groups of monks in gothic cathedrals. This guy ran a complicated vertical analysis of all the intervallic relationships in these works, which are commonly very short. They look like they're about eight bars

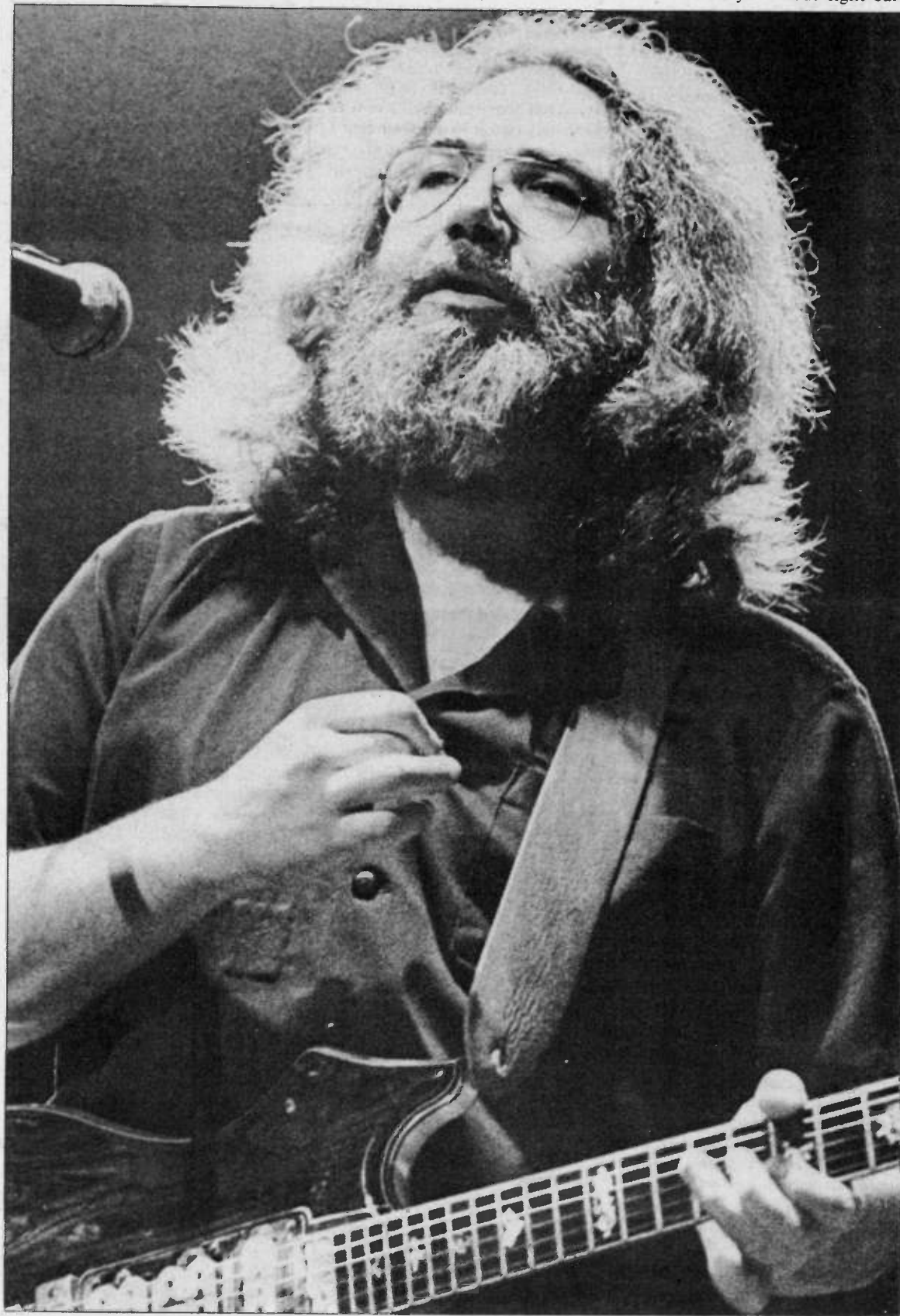


PHOTO: MICHAEL PUTLAND RETNA LTD

A guitarist in search of the pure gold of the Dead experience.

me, where I can rock back and forth or tap my toe—it's gravity. It's that simple, it's like the test for me. It's part of what makes music so compelling. Music is like echoing, and talking about, physical laws—at least locally, physical laws in this universe, on this planet. It's part of what makes it really interesting.

Other people think about music that deeply. In Indian music, they have organized it to the point where the intervals in any one of those ragas—each interval has a definite emotional connotation. It probably has to do with some kind of real, nervous-system recognition. The nervous system has some rate, which you can describe as pitch.

Have you tried to relate this to our Western music?

Yeah, but I'm not trying to codify

figures. It's fantastic. That's how they do the arrangements—they *talk* them to each other. They're as tight at that as any Western musicians are at sight-reading. They have phenomenal ability to remember long, long things, phrases that last the equivalent of 60, 80 bars. One guy can sing it to another guy one time, and the other guy's got it.

I wonder how that maps into the organization of the nervous system?

That's what's interesting about these Inayat Khan books—he does talk about that. He's Ali Akbar Khan's grandfather. There are about four or five books on classical Indian music, and they're all far out. It'll blow your mind how highly-organized the music is.

I also have an interesting treatise by this Dutch guy about medieval church music, from before Bach,

long, in four-part vocal . . . harmony, you could say—early counterpoint. This guy made an effort to study all the relationships, and also to see if he could deduce what it was that they used for the time values. There's no bar lines or anything. There's this incredible readout of all these relationships, which the guy then applies to all the alchemical and masonic magical numerological traditions, the significance of all these really complex things, but also, it would take a monk like 20 years to write one of these things, and they wondered what the heck would take 'em so long, with these things that look like simple pieces of music. It turns out that they're really super-complex, highly-coded, sort of magical stuff that are designed for specific architectural spaces, designed to be sung in a specific place in a gothic

same relationships that you find in a gothic cathedral.

Taking into account reverberation times, standing waves—

It basically has all that kind of physics in it, but the way they . . . in those days they had it all in octaves, remember; and the divisions of 12 for the 12 apostles; and the trinity runs all through it because of the magical significance of all those numbers. It's a huge body of complex knowledge that's codified that way. It turns out that the way this music was sung . . . there's little wood engravings and stuff like that on the illuminations that this music was written on that show the group of usually 12 or 14, with their hands on each other's throats. His deduction is that they got the tempo and the time relationships from the heartbeat, from each other's pulse. So the implications are very far out.

Would that imply that eventually their pulses became synchronized?

Right. When they sang this music, they would get tremendously high in the church. In those days, the whole thing had power to make changes, the idea of music as drugs.

There are times when I've felt like the music plays the band, or that the band and the audience are definitely linked.

We know that's the case. It's wonderful. It means that you're no longer responsible. That's the stuff, the pure gold of the experience.

How often do you get that?

Not very often.

It seems to depend very much on

nately changed a lot. You'd have to ask him. He's like a hard guy to know, and it's also one of those things where I can't characterize him in a way that I think is fair to him. To get insight into his personality you'd have to talk to him about it and see where he thinks of himself as being. Phil has much tighter a sine wave to who he is. He goes through his changes much more frequently than I think of myself as doing. This is really coffee-table psychoanalysis at its cheapest,

all have about the Dead—we're all ambivalent about the Grateful Dead, it gets to be a love-hate thing after a while—that he goes through those changes with greater frequency. Sometimes during the course of the gig, he'll go through two or three great big changes. He's much harder on himself than anybody is on him: He punishes himself in his own mental being, his own artistic space or whatever it is. But he's a tremendously brilliant guy, and I think he has a huge role. He's like

"Everybody has their moments of tremendous reasonableness that stretch on for years, then go through years of intractable weirdness. Everybody's weird, everybody's bent in the Grateful Dead."

Phil's frame of mind at the moment. But even so, is it inaccurate to think that his role in the band diminished in the last couple of years?

Well, he doesn't sing anymore.

But even live he doesn't seem to have the same kind of presence.

It's possible. He's a different kind of guy than he used to be—he's defi-

I don't mind telling you.

Phil is an incredibly complex and brilliant guy. He does things for reasons of his own that are, just like his music, not easy for me to understand. I don't know why he is the way he is or why he does what he does, or what kind of thoughts he thinks on and off, but I do know that his period of being enthusiastic and of being estranged, which we

one of the fulcrumatic personalities in the band. If Phil is happening, the band's happening.

Is that cause or effect?

It's both. It's totally interactive.

If Brent was on the rag, would it affect you as much?

Not as much. Nor me, or Kreutzmann, or Weir. Phil has more pow-

er individually than any of the rest of us has. He really is superimportant, and it's one of those things that—the way we are, and the way our relationships are in the band is that we can see each other clearly and we can't see ourselves. That's the position that we're in relationship-wise. It's very difficult to see how you yourself fit in, and it's easy for you to see how others have power, but it's not easy for you to communicate to them the amount of power they have. You can tell somebody, but that doesn't mean they can know. We try to report to each other to some extent what it's like and what we think is happening. We have frameworks through which to talk about it; we have our own metaphors, our own ways of discussing what's happening in the Dead that make the most sense to us, but ultimately you can't tip off anybody. The Grateful Dead has this weird quality, and everybody feels this, people in the audience feel it regularly, that "if I could just get everybody to do what I wanted them to do, or do it the way they did it that night, it would just be perfect." You know? It has this fixable quality.

And it never happens.

Right. You can't do it just by knowing the symptoms. You'd think that you would be able to make corrections in music just by saying what it is you think is deficient.

I get the feeling that certain guys in the band, or different guys at different times, would automatically do the opposite if you ever asked them to do something.

Oh, yeah. There is that degree of perversity.

Who's the moodiest in the band?

Everybody is pretty moody. I couldn't assign that to anybody, because everybody has their moments of tremendous reasonableness that stretch on for years at a time, then go through years of craziness, intractable weirdness. Everybody's weird, everybody's bent in the Grateful Dead. Nobody is that "clean," you know what I mean?

Nevertheless, you guys are pretty lucky. By all the rules by which other musical aggregations play, you guys are failures. But you've survived outside those definitions, and it's a privilege in that respect.

You're right. We're insanely lucky, and I appreciate it like crazy! But you don't gain an improved position just by virtue of being in the Grateful Dead, for example. We're frequently seen as being privileged somehow, but being in the Dead is in no way a privilege. It doesn't exempt you from anything particularly and the reward is a fleeting, existential kind of reality, where really the most important thing is the gig that just happened. Everything that we've done culminates in the last note that we play. If it was a bad gig, it's like there's nothing but suicide, that the only reasonable thing to do is to end it all. But the hope that there'll be a better one is an ever-present possibility. Luckily they change for the better often enough so that it isn't complete darkness. But the nature of the experience is such that it's balanced, really, on the most recent experience. No matter how good it's ever been, if the last gig was a bum one, God, you're stuck.

Do you feel an obligation to keep the Dead going?

In a kind of large sense, yeah, I do sort of feel an obligation to it. I don't know the nature of the obligation, though.

Is it in the sense that so many people would be let down if you didn't do what you're doing?

No, it isn't that kind of obligation.

Lost lives, people running into walls . . . there are tons of people who would not know what to do if the Grateful Dead took off the planet. I know personally a lot of guys that would be broken men—and a few women.

Well, they should start stashing something.

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Lou Ann Barton Busts Loose

By Jody Denberg

AUSTIN, TEXAS—Between trips to the East and West coasts to promote her debut album *Old Enough*, Lou Ann Barton is home in Austin seeking refuge from the whirlwind pace her life has recently assumed. Thirteen years after she began singing the blues in the honky-tonks of Ft. Worth, Barton is on the verge of becoming an "overnight success." A stack of glowing reviews sits neglected by her bedside, full of scribes scrambling for superlatives and dropping names like Aretha and Janis. But whether Lou Ann Barton becomes a household name or not, she is determined to remain unaffected.

"I'm just trying to cling on to what's left of the way things used to be," Barton draws. "I still really haven't accepted what's happened."

With *Old Enough* breaking onto FM playlists and its principal filming a video for broadcast on MTV, what has happened to Lou Ann Barton is a Cinderella story that rivals the discovery of Lana Turner at Schwabb's drug store.

Barton's career, so to speak, began when she was three years old and a member of her Ft. Worth church choir. During the '70s, she sang roadhouse rhythm and blues with the Fabulous Thunderbirds and with Stevie Vaughan's (brother of T-Birds' guitarist Jimmy Vaughan) Triple Threat Review. The latter group evolved into a powerhouse quartet called Double Trouble and became a top draw on the southern honky-tonk and bar circuit; in fact, it was in New Orleans in 1979 that Double Trouble was spotted by the famed rock songwriter Doc Pomus, who was so impressed with Barton ("She's the best unsigned singer in the country, no question about it," he said at the time) that he helped book Double Trouble into New York's Lone Star Cafe. That appearance generated some label interest, but Barton and Vaughan, feuding daily about both personal and professional matters, finally parted ways in early '80, before anyone had a chance to proffer a recording contract.

From there, Barton hooked up with Roomful of Blues, oddly enough an aesthetic mismatch, but one that paid off when Roomful came to Manhattan to play the Bottom Line. In the audience that night, at Pomus's urging, was producer Jerry Wexler. He was impressed.

"I thought she was stunning," Wexler recalls. "There was no deliberation or plan. I just heard her and went back to the dressing room and said, 'I'd love to connect up with you.'"

Wexler financed a demo for Barton, which she recorded in Austin with the help of Jimmy Vaughan and others in this city's burgeoning blues scene. The legendary producer played the demo for Linda Ronstadt and Glenn Frey at his home one evening. The reaction? "This woman scares me to death," Ronstadt announced, before urging Frey to get involved in the project as a co-producer.

When it came time to record the album, Barton left Austin's down-home element for Alabama and the Muscle Shoals studio crew. "I didn't want to get stuck in the rut of being labelled a blues singer," Barton explains. "I want to do it all."

Both the song selection and production qualities on *Old Enough* artfully balance the gritiness of early rhythm and blues with modern commercial sensibilities. Although her producers recommended a couple of tunes, Barton had final say on the tracks that appear on the album, choosing newer compositions by Frankie Miller as well as some numbers that she'd been singing for years. She glides through liberating shuffles and mournful ballads on the record, transcending musical categories by giving each song her personal touch.

She gently caresses Irma Thomas' "It's Raining," gruffly carouses through Hank Ballard and the Mid-

nighters' "Finger Poppin' Time" and emotes with abandon during the album's centerpiece, the Chantels' "Maybe." Yet Barton seems unaware of her ability to interpret lyrics and reveal a song's hidden

"I bring out hidden meanings? Really? Hmm... I'll be damned."

nuances. "I'm just singing and that's how it comes out," she says innocently. "I bring out hidden meanings? Really? Hmm... I'll be damned."

Wexler is well aware of Barton's way with a song's words. "It's all natural with her," he emphasizes. "She's almost like a golfer with a great swing. She just automatically gets up there and does it so that it's only a matter of interpretation and soul. The chops are burned in. She's so far ahead amongst other singers that still have to worry about pro-

ducing good tones, singing on the beat and in pitch. Lou Ann—she doesn't even have to think about it. It's all there." While Barton has a short time to "just hang" in Austin, she has been assembling her road band for an upcoming tour. The cream of Texas' blues crop will be playing with her, including Ft. Worth's Johnny Reno on sax and Doyle Bremhall on drums, guitarist Denny Freeman and sax man Joe Sublett from the Cobras, and Austin guitarist David Murray. "First we're just going to do a few gigs around Texas and get our feet wet—do it for our own people," she says. "Then we'll do it nationwide."

Besides assembling her band, Barton has also been flexing her vocal cords around town lately. She burned through "Sugar Coated Love" with the Legendary Blues Band on one night, sang a mournful "Amazing Grace" with Willie Nelson on another, and had made surprise appearances singing rockabilly with the Leroi Brothers and western swing with Alvin Crow. Her most stunning appearance,

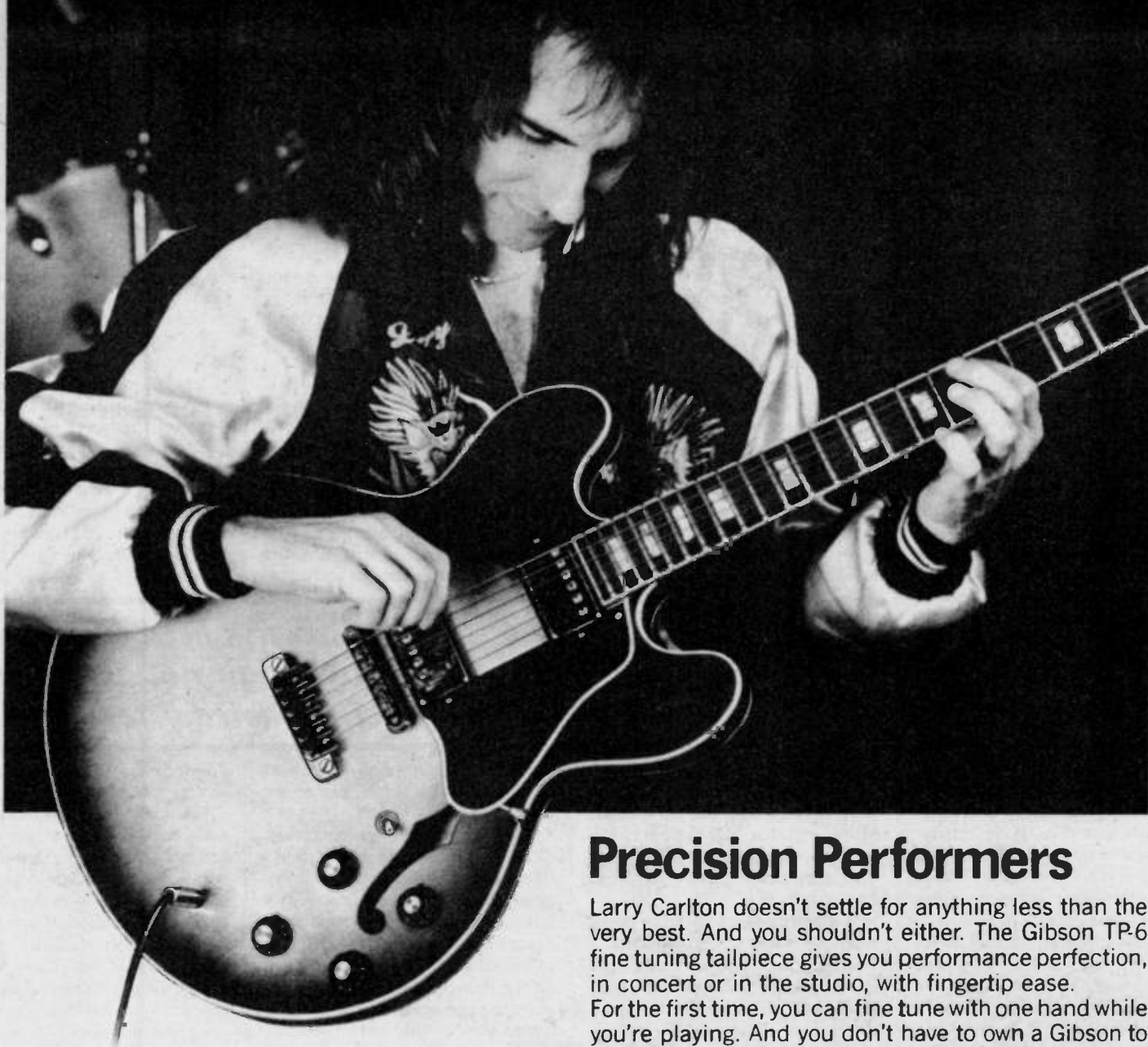
Continued on page 25



Lou Ann Barton: Clinging to what's left of the old ways.

PHOTO: GARY GERSHOFF

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Billy Squier's Lonely Success

By David McGee

So you're Billy Squier and you're 31 years old and you've been knocking around the rock music zoo since you were 13. Did time in a couple of good bands, one of which, Piper, seemed like a sure shot. But nothing happened. Went through a succession of managers, ended up managing yourself for a year-and-a-half, got a deal with Capitol Records, released a fair-to-middling heavy rock album called *Tale Of The Tape*, and there were some rumblings. Hooked up with a German dude known only as Mack, who's quite famous for producing ELO and Queen, made another album, *Don't Say No*, and it was a hit. Big hit. Double platinum big hit. Year-end radio charts said it was the third most-played album of the year—only the Stones and Foreigner got more air time. That's heady, heavy company. That's success.

But you've got all these doubts, these voids that make you not the complete star, but the *incomplete* star. And you can't shake 'em.

"I can't figure out if I've always been great and nobody knew it, or if maybe I'm not great and everyone's just being fooled."

Billy Squier turns off as many critics as he turns on young girls who dominate the front rows of his concerts. He's always striking a cute, kinda naughty pose with his guitar, or winking to a fan, or mugging for the photographers. There's more than a hint of arrogance in his public persona.

Offstage, there's a hint of arrogance as well. But it's a healthy sort of arrogance. Basically he's pretty sure of himself, but he's always questioning, always examining his own motives as well as others'. And in a sense, he's like a good businessman, because the questions he asks concern not the present state of affairs, but the future, and his place in it. And that's when the cocksure Billy Squier you've seen strutting his stuff in arenas and concert halls becomes very human. That's when he looks into the void and wonders...

"Success has made me aware of the other aspects of my life I haven't, say, been as fulfilled in." He spins an empty ginger ale can around a table top in a room at the Parker-Meriden Hotel, and gazes out the window, squinting from the sunlight in his eyes. "Your career's set, you always have to go on," he insists. "My career is relatively stable. People know me, people like me; obviously if I make a horrible record they won't. But it's basically together. I have good people working for me.

"But I say to myself"—and here he pauses to consider his choice of words—"how good it would feel if I had a family, a wife, whatever. It gives you sort of a fix on reality. When you're out on the road you'd realize there's something there that's permanent. At some point you will come home."

He says the word "home" in an excited whisper, as if it's a concept he'd stumbled upon while no one was looking. And when you're a long way from your own home and missing it, you can appreciate the "Oh, Toto, I don't think we'll ever see Kansas again" look playing across Squier's feline features. Double platinum don't buy a fix on reality.

Billy Squier was born and raised in Boston and started playing music professionally when he was 13. For him, the bar band circuit was nowhere: his goal was to be a star, pure and simple. Oh, he was willing to pay dues—Magic Terry and the



Billy Squier: Beneath the solid exterior, emotions in motion.

Universe (one of his first bands) was a dues-paying outfit—but he wasn't about to crank out cover tunes for drunks. Whether or not he is a born leader is open to question; but he made himself into one at every juncture of his budding career. Somewhere along the way he discovered that one man-one vote simply doesn't work in a rock band. In doing so, he learned something about himself, something he isn't particularly proud of today. He's not the same person who wanted to control the musical direction of every group he was in, and then de-

tan, and was soon signed to A&M Records. Two albums, one minor hit single ("Who's Your Boyfriend") and much hype later, Piper was history, brought down by bulging egos in the band, and hassles between Piper's manager, Bill Aucoin, and A&M. Squier views it all philosophically.

"It was a good band, Piper. Good songs. I don't think the records were well-produced particularly. I don't think they captured the band. The material, although it was promising, wasn't as strong as it is now. That didn't change overnight.

they wanted. One of the main reasons I dissolved the band was that I felt it was unfair not only to me but to them."

Yet Piper seemed to be *this close* to happening. To everyone, that is, except Billy Squier.

"Personally I never thought we were on the verge of happening big," he says. "Other people did. I think if we'd stayed together we could have; if we'd worked through the problems and done, say, two more albums, it probably would have happened. But I just couldn't see doing it. It was too much ten-

"I can't figure out if I've always been great and nobody knew it, or if maybe I'm not great and everyone's just being fooled."

nied—to himself, at least—responsibility for those bands' failures. "I just didn't want to take the blame, and that's all there is to it," he says, implying that his next words might be, "Period. Next question."

A fleeting taste of fame came when he joined the Sidewinders, a Boston group that featured Andy Paley on lead vocals, and one Lenny Kaye-produced album to its credit. But Squier and Paley were going different directions musically, the former toward a heavier rock sound, the latter toward "teen appeal" pop music. So much for Squier's tenure with the Sidewinders.

His next affiliation set Squier on the path that's enabled him to afford a room at the Parker-Meriden. After moving to New York, Squier formed Piper, a rock band with pop pretensions—emphasis, though, on the rock. Piper quickly became a hot property in Manhat-

tan, and was soon signed to A&M Records. Two albums, one minor hit single ("Who's Your Boyfriend") and much hype later, Piper was history, brought down by bulging egos in the band, and hassles between Piper's manager, Bill Aucoin, and A&M. Squier views it all philosophically.

"As it turned out," he continues, "I had a good manager who didn't happen to get along with a very good company, which was nobody's fault. That's just the way it was. Piper to me was something that sort of looked good on paper; put down all the elements and it should have been a huge band, but it wasn't. There were problems in the band because it was basically my band. I set it up to be my band, and my manager and my record company thought it should be called Billy Squier then. I said, 'No, no, no.' But the deal was put together around me, and I was writing all the songs and doing pretty much what I'm doing now. As a result, it eventually created some tension and some ego problems, because some people felt they weren't getting a chance to step out as much as

sion for me, and I just felt it would be very non-productive."

Following Piper's demise, Squier went back to square one, writing new material, cutting demos, making the rounds at labels. He ended his association with Aucoin and didn't take on another manager for two years, after his first Capitol album, *Tale Of The Tape*, was released. Before Capitol signed him, though, he accumulated a nice pile of rejection slips. "Companies would say to me, 'We believe in you, but you have to have a hit single.' The business tightened up and it was like, if you don't have a hit single, forget it. Which was very frustrating for me because I never really tried to write hit singles, even though I've always felt my basic sensibilities were fairly commercial. I felt that if I ever had a hit, I'd have a lot to follow. It was very frustrating. I finally happened to luck out with the people at Capitol.

I was a marginal signing, but I just wanted a chance; I was so desperate. I didn't care about the money, I just wanted to make a record. *Tale of the Tape* wasn't so successful commercially, but it did very well at the radio level, and proved the point. Mack, as it turned out, was the key piece missing in my puzzle. *Don't Say No* proved that point."

Squier was introduced to Mack by Brian May, who was going to co-produce *Tale of the Tape* until Queen's schedule forced him to bow out. Asked what Mack contributes that other producers didn't, Squier thinks for a second and then shrugs. "Nothing much, it's just that he happens to be right for me. On my other albums I've looked for someone who's more of an engineer, because I find that my greatest deficiencies lie in being able to actually translate my ideas onto tape. I know a lot about the studio, but I've never applied myself to learning that craft. I also try to find someone with some musical sensibilities who can offer a perspective which is a little bit removed from my own, to make sure I don't get too off-center. Mack is right for me because he hears things almost the same way I do. If Mack goes in to get a drum sound, it's almost exactly what I want, maybe 90 percent of what I want without me even telling him anything. That means we're thinking along the same lines as far as the way we hear records being made. He has a good musical perspective and he's able to fill in the cracks for me, and I do the same for him."

As this interview is taking place, Squier and Mack are preparing to go to Germany for the final mix of the artist's third solo album, *Emotions In Motion*. The title indicates it's a more personal album than the previous two, owing to a particularly traumatic experience Squier had in London last year.

"I got into a situation where my life was turned upside down for a little while," he explains warily, with a sideways glance to see how eagerly the reporter is responding to this bit of news. "I wouldn't say it was an ordinary romantic situation, but it involved another woman. The details aren't really important; it's the latest in a series. But it jarred my imagination. I got out this book and started writing things down, and ended up with about half an album. It was a particularly fertile period because my mind was jarred into action. So what was for me an emotionally upsetting time may turn out to be an artistically productive period. It balances out."

The talk turns to touring. Squier's a veteran of the road, and he'll be putting on a few more miles this summer and fall, starting in June as the opening act for Queen. For him, there's no more romance left in it. "You're just a nomad," he states. "You have no sense of permanence or stability at all. But you think of it as a sort of total campaign: you're going to war, fighting all these battles every night, but you look towards the end of it as what you're going to get out of it."

And in the way things have of going around and coming around, Billy Squier is once again forced to look into the void, and regret not having "an anchor." There's no sadness in his voice—indeed, he affects a Jack Webb "just-reciting-the-facts-ma'm" attitude. But you sense in him a realization that the longer he stays adrift, the less value precious metals—gold and platinum, for instance—will have in his world.

"You can't go out and find the love of your life," he says. "If it happens, it happens. If I could make it happen, I would. And I probably would take some time off and really work at it. It's something that I look forward to. I think success causes you to feel the things that aren't in place a little more strongly."

Emotions in motion, indeed.

PHOTO: GEOFFREY THOMAS

Asia: No Egos Allowed

Continued from page 1

group is an idea to capitalize on peoples' names. This group is reasonably long term," he adds, dispelling speculation that Asia was formed as a once-and-done effort.

Apart from the usual disagreements, which are "ironed out and that's it," according to Downes, working together has been otherwise uneventful. Although Howe points out that the group has come this far without crisis, Palmer admits "there were quite a few problems" at the outset. Quickly he adds, "But not at far as the individuals trying to get a rapport, just problems with a new band. When you have any new band, it's going to take longer the first time. We would arrange a number, re-arrange it and arrange it again. Egos don't actually come into it, cause



The new supergroup (from left): John Wetton, Geoff Downes, Carl Palmer, Steve Howe.

of the ego things we'll put into the show—there'll be the drums and the big guitar sections."

While fan loyalty is undoubtedly a factor in Asia's success, it's also true that the band has crafted a fresh sound within a rather rigid stylistic framework. Despite traces

of Yes and ELP-style grandiosity, Asia's music has more of a pop appeal. "It's on the verge of being pop," Palmer agrees, referring to the single, "Heat of the Moment," in particular, "but we could never be more than that. You could even say that it may have been a little

naughty," he adds, smiling. "But if you listen to the entire album, you know that the depth is there."

Musically, the musicians are a perfect fit for each other: Howe and Palmer's virtuoso styles, Downes' backing keyboards and Wetton's "connection" of bass and vocal

lines, merge in a tight, concise manner. There's also been a "conscious effort," according to Wetton, the key songwriter, to avoid the fanciful music of the late '70s and to recapture the realistic tone of rock 'n' roll. "Toward the end of the '70s, it got completely ridiculous," Wetton says. "My own thought was to keep the lyrics as basic as possible; not facile, but understandable. It's time rock music got back that way."

Although the band members are somewhat surprised at the album's extraordinary success ("Are you kidding?" Wetton questions. "It's 25 places better than I've ever done before."), they're now channeling their energy towards an effective live presentation of the music. "We all had a very similar idea of how it should sound," Downes says. "I think the record's achievements are indicative of that. We have an idea on stage as well."

While there had been some thought of playing old tunes—i.e., some of Yes and ELP—on stage, the band decided against it. "We felt that the music we were creating with the new band was more relevant," Downes explains. "We didn't want to try to ride on the back of our previous successes. We really want to establish ourselves rather than reminisce."

WCI's Home Taping Report

Continued from page 2

loss at \$609 million, which represents the amount of blank tape used to record "professional entertainment" in 1980. Despite the fact that this figure includes the very tape which Warner artists use in making original masters, the WCI survey hopes this "reasonable" figure will convince either Congress or consumers that the time has arrived for the lustfully-awaited "blank tape tax," a percentage added to every blank tape sold to compensate the music industry for its losses.

Unfortunately, Warner's own survey argues against the imposition of such a tax. The company focuses on the fact that "the main motivation for taping is to avoid buying," which isn't strictly true. It is true that the most frequently cited "motivation" for home taping is "So I didn't have to buy it." But only 45 per cent—less than half—of the respondents gave this as a reason. The reasons stemming from record business ineptitude listed above add up to 53 per cent, and since that is more than half, maybe the "main motivation" of home taping is that home tapers simply do a better job.

Also noteworthy is that the Warners' questionnaire—which suggested most responses—did not list "Because records and prerecorded tapes cost too much" as a proposed motivation. In that event, the most likely response of a consumer who felt squeezed by incessant industry price hikes of recent years would most likely be "So I didn't have to buy it."

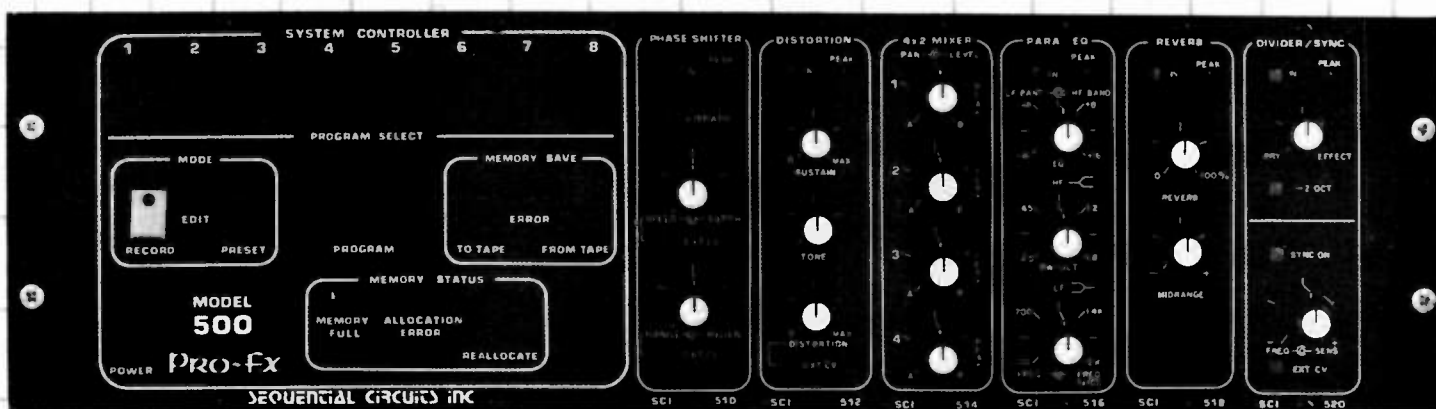
The most hilarious material in *A Consumer Survey: Home Taping* comes in the concluding section, where the authors state "... we don't believe that every album or selection that is copied is a 'lost sale' to the industry." Why should anyone else?

And even if, as the report goes on to say, the real issue is "equitable compensation" for home tapes music, the remedy is much more easily achieved than by legislating a tape tax. All the record business has to do is institute a price increase on records. And all the money spent on market research studies and Congressional lobbying can be spent, if the industry chooses, in taking out advertising explaining the reason for the price rise. Indeed, this is not only the simplest but also the most equitable solution, since the Warner survey also reveals that the heaviest home tapers are also the heaviest record buyers. And 82 per cent of home tapers are record buyers—guess where I got that figure?

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Continued from page 1

quently, (although "(Oh) Pretty Woman" from their new *Diver Down* LP is currently doing quite well), yet their albums have all gone platinum.

"There was never any question in our minds what we were going to do for a living," says the 26-year-old Roth. "We were gonna fuck off and make a lot of money at it."

Roth and Eddie Van Halen are at opposite ends of the personality spectrum, a fact that they feel ac-

it up."

After David took over for Eddie as lead singer, Van Halen began a stint at a small L.A. club called Gazzari's that lasted three years. "We were making 75 bucks a night," remembers Eddie, "not even enough to pay for gas and strings and drum heads. Me and my brother used to go around in blue overalls down in San Marino, which is a real rich area, and Alex, who's a smooth talker just like David, would knock on the door and

say, 'I'm from the City of San Marino; we're here to paint your house number on your curb.' And I'd be out there taping up these little stencil things. You know, five bucks a house. Then one day a cop drove by. 'What the hell do you kids think you're doing?' This was about a year before we got signed, so I was about 18 or 19.

"At Gazzari's," he continues, "we did, like, 'Get down tonight, doot-do doot-do . . . ' I mean, we used to sing the horn parts. We did

everything. I guess maybe that's why I overplay, because in those days it was pretty difficult to do those kinds of songs with only bass and guitar. I had to do a lot of stuff to cover it, so I guess it helped me a lot. And Bill Gazzari used to always go up to Dave and say, 'G'night, Van'—for three years. He never even knew. He thought Dave was like 'Van Morrison,' right? 'Great show tonight, Van.'"

Of his guitar technique, Van Halen says, "I try and squeeze anything out of the guitar, because I rarely use effects devices. I'd rather use my fingers to get noises than use footpedals. I have effects, too, but a lot of people, if their effects rack breaks down they're up shit creek. I'd rather do harmonics and stuff like that. That's why I always loved Eric Clapton—straight in, with feeling. Clapton, I think, is the only one whose playing and feeling in his playing really got me off."

Though all four members get composer's credit on all of Van Ha-

len's original material, Edward comes up with virtually all of the music and David with the majority of the lyrics, and the rest is fleshed out by the band as a whole. "I function more as a spiritual advisor to this whole parade than as an actual icon or something that you look at through a microscope," says Roth. "I call it the goldfish effect, where you have singers who are like goldfish in an ornate bowl. And you pay \$10.50 American to go sit in front of a bowl on a Friday night and watch the fish go back and forth. I function more as a cheerleader. I'm more the mouthpiece yet not the spokesman for this band, in that I'm like a medium. I function only as a speaker in a radio does, for the thoughts and the feelings and the dimensions that are Van Halen. And you may say 'What dimensions? It's a one-dimensional thing.' Well, fuck you! Most people are one-dimensional."

Although they are best known for playing loud, fast, and aggres-

Van Halen's Stylish Raunch

counts for the freshness and variety in their music. Roth has elevated the carefree, give-a-shit attitude of a spoiled rock star into its own art form. He is intelligent, quick witted, and appears to take nothing seriously while often making perfect sense. Eddie, on the other hand, speaks through his guitar and leaves most interviews to David. "I am an introvert," he admits, "whereas David is an extrovert. He's an entertainer, I am not. I'm a musician. I don't mean I'm an 'artist'; I just love playing guitar, and I have a great time."

At 25, Eddie Van Halen is rock guitar's premier sonic innovator. His playing is the perfect marriage of original ideas and volatile emotions—delivered at maximum volume with a level of technique that borders on the ridiculous. Not since the death of Jimi Hendrix has anyone come up with so many unimaginable sounds on an electric guitar.

So how does a self-described "normal punk kid" master his instrument to such a degree? "Everyone asks me, 'How do you come up with that stuff?'" he shrugs. "Hell if I know. I just play a lot, I play a lot, I play a lot. And I just keep coming up with weird stuff. When I was going to school, I was like a loner. I knew all the different groups of people—the bikers, the socios, the jocks—and at that time I was already into playing guitar. And it made me get into it more, because I felt like I didn't fit in with any of these people. Later on I found out that they thought I didn't like them. That blew me away, because I thought they didn't want nothing to do with me. Everyone's got insecurities, you know. But onstage it's just a different world—or actually whenever I play my guitar."

David Lee Roth, however, is the same offstage as the bare-chested wildman leaping off the drum riser onstage. "There is absolutely no difference," he states convincingly. "It's not a matter of conjecture, of posturing or posing. You live and breathe it. That, to me, was always the fascinating part of rock 'n' roll—that you could really be yourself. Hey, I'm stoned right now."

Before Roth joined the brothers Van Halen, Edward and Alex were two-thirds of a power trio called Mammoth, which Eddie describes as a "junior Cream." Today Van Halen's instrumentation is still the same—guitar, bass, drums. "Mammoth was a party band, a garage band," says Eddie, "but we were good. I used to be able to play Clapton's solos note for note—'Crossroads' and the live 'Spoonful' off *Wheels Of Fire* and 'Politician' and the live 'I'm So Glad' off *Goodbye*. We had a keyboard player for three weeks, but we got rid of him. Because of the way I play, I guess a guitar isn't supposed to take that kind of abuse, so it goes out of tune now and then. This sounds funny, but I told the keyboard player he could tune to me. I make too much noise on my own. If anything else was there it would clutter



Van Halen, from left: Michael Anthony, Alex Van Halen, David Lee Roth, Eddie Van Halen.

ive, Van Halen is a far cry from the head-banging heavy metal of an Iron Maiden or a Judas Priest. However, Roth points out, "If you listen to an entire Van Halen album on the Walkman in one sitting, chances are you'll feel fatigued after it's all over. It's concentrated, high-velocity stuff."

Diver Down, their fifth album, is as less of the hard edge than the rest of their LPs, and includes everything from the ragtimey jazz chestnut "Big Bad Bill Is Sweet William Now" (featuring Alex and Edward's father, Jan Van Halen, on clarinet) to cover versions of Roy Orbison and Martha & the Vandells to a surprisingly faithful but funning of Roy Rogers' "Happy Trails." Eddie doesn't see the album as a departure for the group, at least not a deliberate one. "This is going to sound egged out," he begins, "but I think we have a little more class than most rock bands, usually. It's not just slam your head against the wall all the way

and go, 'What do you think of this?' 'Yeah, that's great,' or, 'That sucks,' or whatever. I think that's the best way to do it. That's why you have a producer—as an outside input on your material."

One thing that has remained consistent throughout Van Halen's five albums is the sense of humor they obviously have about what they do—as evidenced by "Happy Trails." In Roth's words, "A lot of people take Van Halen a lot more seriously than we do. Van Halen, we realize, is a fragile unit—most rock 'n' roll bands are. Who knows what's going to happen tomorrow. Rock 'n' roll musicians are a lot like dogs that chase cars. They make a lot of noise, they get a lot of attention, but they don't last too long. People burn their candles at both ends, some people burn their candle in the middle, some people take a flamethrower to their candle. And that's where we come in. You get seven times the light in half the time."

see a rock band as some sort of tribal animal, first and foremost, and I think that's the most self-defeating, most incestuous situation you can contrive for a band. Because if everybody likes the same thing and everybody has the same experience, then you start getting these bands who play what I refer to as self-conscious rock. It's all songs about groupies, hotels, airports, backstage, boogie down at ten o'clock tonight, after the show, on the road, lonely in the hotel. Doesn't that make you puke, man? If it's a relatable emotion that you're having out there in your Lear jet and people can identify with it, okay. But it's hard to write a song about how you're feeling lonely on a Lear jet and have people out there feel just as lonely without wondering, 'Where's my Lear jet?'"

Does Van Halen make any concerted effort to deal with subject matter that their audience can identify with?

"Hell no!" Roth is hysterical. "Who cares? Life is not a popularity contest. We catch flak all the time. Okay, the hardcore, staunch heavy metal forthrights are delirious over one song; meanwhile the female faction and the artistic types are saying, 'Oh, that's too storm-and-thunder for me, it's too atavistic.' All right, how many people even know what *that* word means? Then the next song, the artistic types are going, 'Oh, how sensitive, it smacks of a withdrawn ambience.' And the heavy metal head-bangers are going, 'Aw, it sucks.' There's really no conscious effort to appeal to people, or certainly to appease people. *I got this job so I wouldn't have to appease anybody.*"

A large part of the reason that Van Halen has a female audience at all—as opposed to groups like Black Sabbath and Ozzy Osbourne, whose audiences are largely male—is David Lee Roth the sex symbol. "Van Halen, I think more than ever, is a family-oriented band," Roth declares. "I personally have started three or four since January. Van Halen is designed for all kinds of people. Heavy metal has sort of transformed itself over the past two or three years into a kind of monster music for monster fans. The same people who read and delight in *Monsterama* and *Phantasmagoria* magazines are the ones who are buying Judas Priest and Iron Maiden. Now that's cool, because I buy those magazines, too. But it also has its specific audience—let's recognize this going in—and that audience is at least 90 percent guys. I think this is sad, because I like girls, and I like to sing and dance for girls. And over the years Van Halen has cultivated what appears to be about a fifty-fifty audience—judging by what it's like back at the hotel. And I think women can rock and roll just as hard as men."

Everything you've ever heard or read about life on the road with a rock band, Roth insists, is true. And although he doesn't choose to publicize it, it is also true that Lloyds of London has insured David Lee against paternity suits. Does it bother him at all that a large percentage of the female Van Halen contingent is there to look rather than listen? "You're talking about my muse, about music, right? Well, one can't simply have the gift of music; one must have an instrument to manifest this gift of music. So, are they coming, Dave, to see

your instrument? I sure hope so. I'm a singer, man, and I just play the hell out of my instrument. My whole body is an instrument. It's no different from throwing your guitar around, or setting your piano on fire. And I see absolutely no aesthetic difference in somebody coming to watch me play my instrument than going to watch Edward play his. And, by golly, if things work out well enough, perhaps I can get somebody to play it for me!"

Things have definitely been working out extremely well for Van Halen in the four years since their debut album, and *Diver Down*, their most far-reaching LP to date, can only add to what Roth calls the "fairy tale." What are the group's plans, if any, for the future? What will become of David Lee Roth?

"Well, Van Halen is not a financially-oriented band," Dave points out, still wearing his dark glasses. "Never was, never shall be. If we make money, great—we split it up. If we don't, then we don't. We realize what the pitfalls of this are in the future—everybody says, 'You have to worry about the future, and think ahead.' Well... I'm a son of the beach. I like the beach. I like by the water where the seagulls they screech, I'm Dave the singer, a son of the beach. My friends say, 'Dave, why you stay here?' I say, 'I make-a the money, I sell-a the beer. I live by the water where the seagulls they screech, I'm David Lee Roth, the son of the beach.' I need a bathing suit, is what I need. Now, at this point in time, I wouldn't mind wearing that bathing suit in Tahiti. But if we don't have Tahiti in the offing, then fine—we'll stay by the hotel pool."



PHOTO: LAURIE PALADINO

lie Van Halen: "I think we have a little more class than most rock bands."

ough. There's variety. To me, music is music. Just because a guitar is loud it's heavy metal? Or on a guitar like "Secrets" where I play 12-string and it's a little lighter, that's rock 'n' roll? We're not *trying* to change—as opposed to other bands now who sit down to try to write up a tune. I don't *try* to write anything. I guess we're all creative because we're always so screwed up when we're in the studio. It's a lot fun; we're all in the same *Twist Zone* state of mind."

The producer on *Diver Down* was Ted Templeman who signed the group to Warner Bros. and has produced all of their albums. "Most of the last album," according to Roth, "Eddie's eyes were so glazed and he couldn't really even make the board. On the first day of *Diver Down* I remember finding Ted in the shower in the studio with socks on and nothing else. I'd heard he is mildly eccentric; conservatively speaking, I'd say Teddy is out of this planet. It's hard to tell exactly what he does. I know that he ordered a lot from the delivery guy at the liquor store, because I saw the box. And he still calls me up late at night with various requests. But besides that, Teddy's a wonderful guy. He's about as far from a responsible person as one can get, and there's no end of a kinship there."

"I don't know what I would do if I couldn't work with Ted anymore," says Eddie. "I love the guy; he's great. We all stand in a circle, five of us, and we hum things

Roth also sees the humor and the irony in a band of rock 'n' rollers in their mid-20s controlling an entire floor of an L.A. high-rise filled with secretaries, gofers, accountants and God knows what else. "People always ask me, 'Dave, what about the money? What about the high-finance aspect of Van Halen or big-time rock & roll in general for that matter?' They say, 'What about all this hard-earned proletariat money that is being spent on what comes easily and nonchalantly to yourself?' And my most favorite answer to that is, I *need* that money. I can *use* that money."

"Besides that," he laughs, "the machinery that revolves around Van Halen is all done by our own hand-picked criminal team or by ourselves. We have the complete creative control. That's what they give you instead of money when you first sign up with the record company, if you're lucky. So for better or worse, all our little prodigy, progeny, all our little tragedies, are from our hearts and souls—and our belt buckles."

"This seventh floor is like the garage," Eddie says matter-of-factly. "It's just a place we need, to work out of."

Oddly enough, the members of Van Halen rarely socialize when they're not in the studio or on the road. "You know, I can't stand those guys," Roth jokes, "and they can't stand me. The situation, quite frankly, is intolerable. People have some sort of compulsive desire to

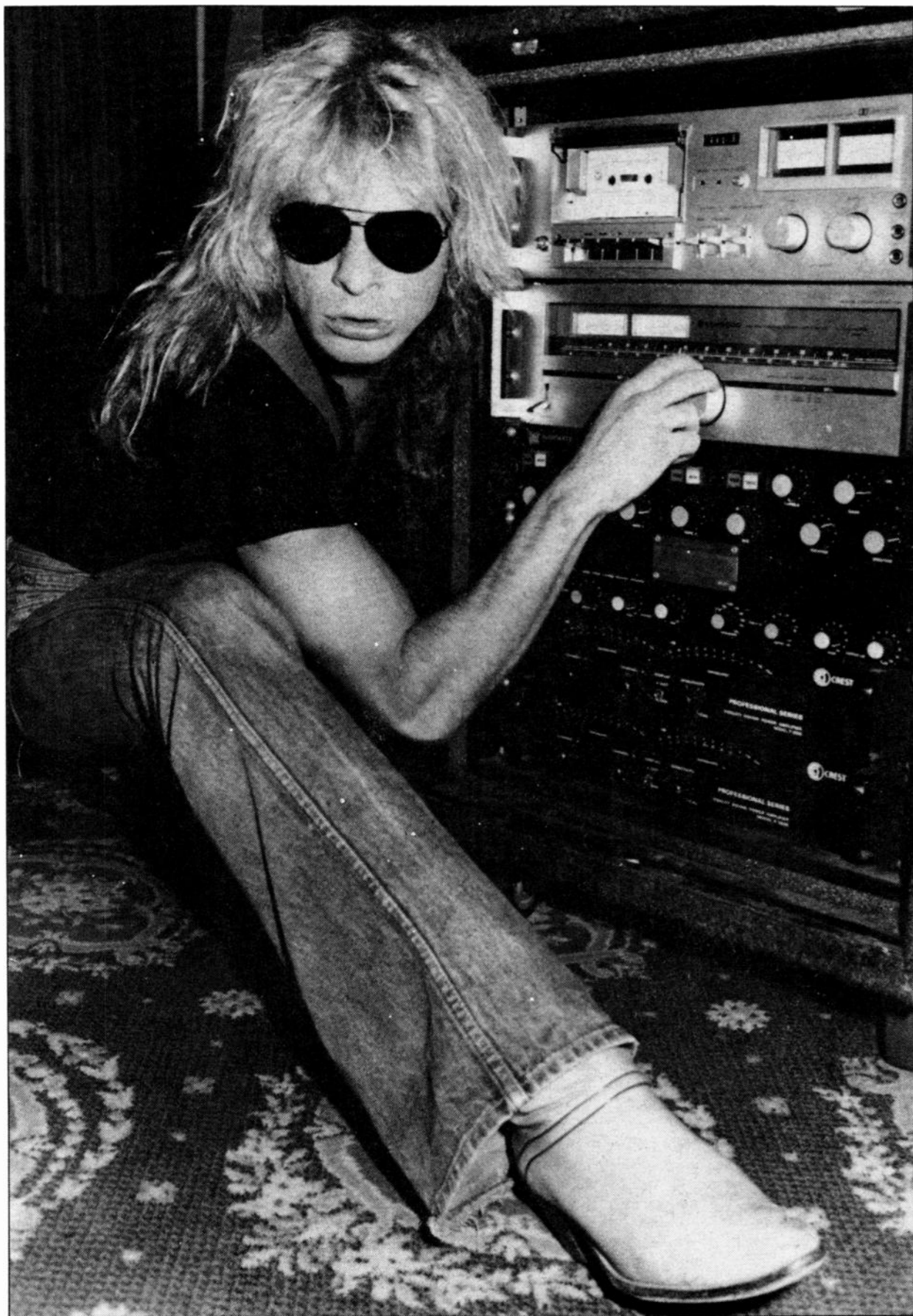


PHOTO: PAUL COX

David Lee Roth: "Life is not a popularity contest. We catch flak all the time."

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Sound Signatures

In the space of one bar you can tell that you're listening to a B.B. King, not so much because of what he's playing, but how he's playing it—and why. His sound has *character*, and that's what sets apart great musicians from journeymen. A personal sound is the product of an innovator—an individual—and while it certainly has a lot to do with the trademarks of a particular instrument, you've got to consider a player's personal perceptions as well.

What makes a good musician? What makes a good instrument? And what makes for the perfect match? These are the questions we'll be exploring on a regular basis in *Sound Signatures*, profiling the leading musicians and their trademarks; looking at the innovative, trend-setting instruments and what makes them tick; and probing the exciting new uses musicians find for this equipment. In short, how they transform it into their own sound signature.

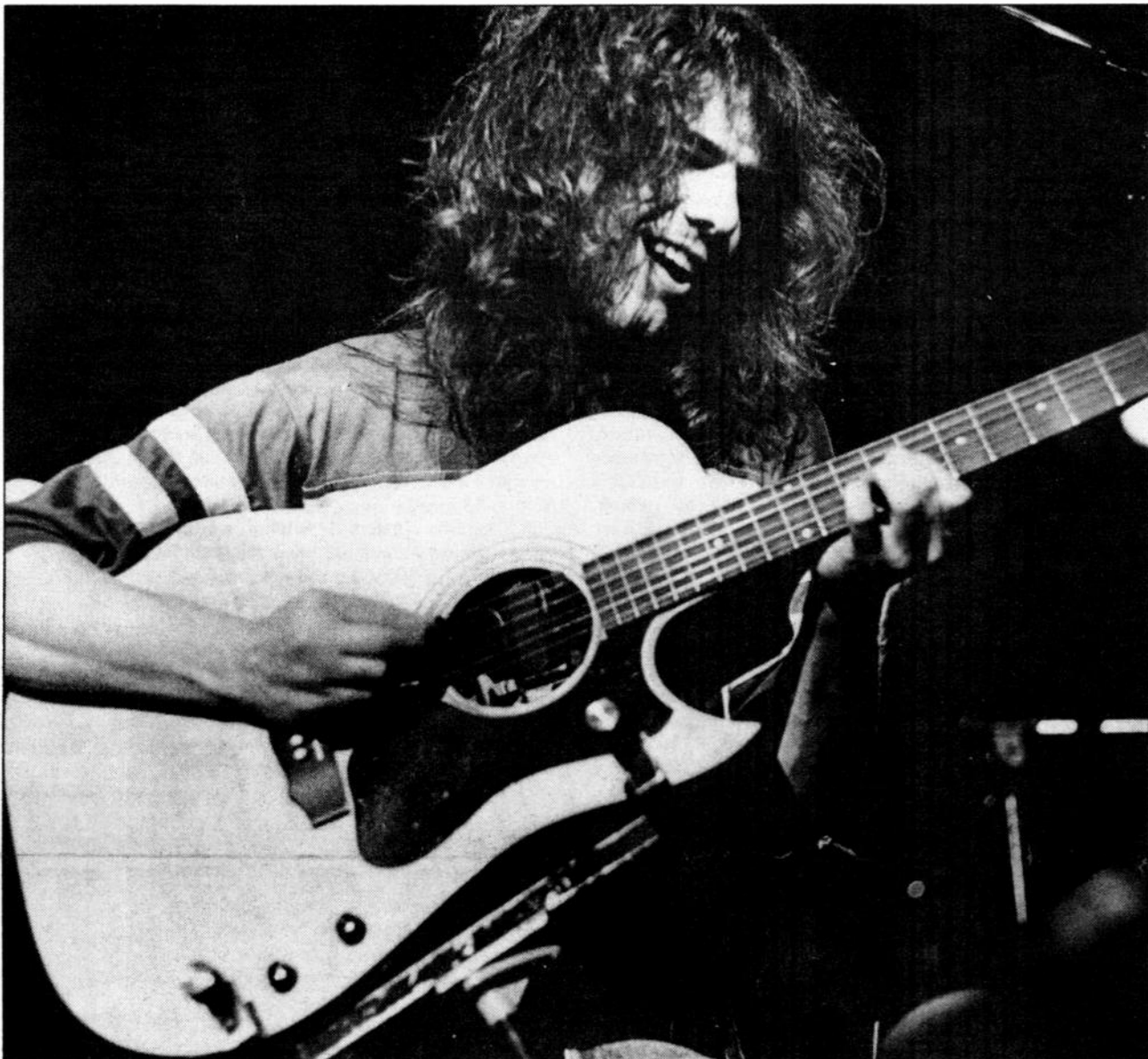


PHOTO: DEBORAH FEINGOLD

Pat Metheny

Three-Dimensional Guitarist Charts An Acoustic/Electronic Future

"I've always been drawn to musicians who played melodically, and considered things phrase by phrase as opposed to just running through patterns," reflects guitarist Pat Metheny. "I still feel that I play a little too busy, even now, so I'm always in the process of consolidating my vocabulary. I think it takes real talent to narrow things down rather than just coming up with more words."

Which pretty much summarizes the impact Pat Metheny has had on guitar playing since the release of *Brite Size Life* (ECM), his 1976 trio debut with bass guitar innovator Jaco Pastorius and drummer Bob Moses. At the tender age of 21, this native of Lee's Summit, Missouri had arrived at a solo style that incorporated rock and jazz elements in a panoramic Midwestern Americana of sound. His playing was thoughtful and considered, making generous use of space and silence with a dark ringing tone, while most other players were going for maximum distortion and filling every square inch of the sonic canvas with notes, notes and more notes in a busy, athletic manner.

But as Metheny himself is quick to point out, "I'd say that in my case a lot of it was for a long time the result of..." His voice trails off, he chuckles, and fixes me with a broad, sheepish grin: "...a real lack of technical ability. It wasn't like I necessarily didn't want to play a lot—I couldn't. It's just that I've always tried to make the most of what I have rather than banging my head against the wall about what I don't have."

So in recognizing his own limitations, Pat Metheny made a breakthrough by concentrating on the *quality* of his sound, and on *Pat Metheny Group* (ECM) he and keyboard collaborator Lyle Mays established a singular ensemble signature on compositions like "San Lorenzo." Over a churning, cymbal-heavy rock pulse, Metheny and Mays created a rich chordal tapestry that managed to reconcile acoustic and electronic elements in a lyrical, understated manner. In the process, Metheny evolved from a simple performance set-up (utilizing the Gibson ES-175 he's played since he was 14, and a solid state amp, generally an Acoustic), to a more elaborate configuration that enabled him to get a distinctive ambient sound, in which notes would hang in the air so he could play with them like plastic.

"Since I was about a senior in high school I always had an Echoplex between the guitar and amp, usually behind the amp so it wasn't really noticeable; it was always there, but on so

little that most people couldn't even understand why I used it on everything I did. But it gave the guitar just a bit of extra sustain that I liked. It made the guitar *ring* just a little bit more.

"The only trouble with the Echoplex is that the tape kept breaking and it was extremely noisy. So someone said, 'You should check out digital delays.' And right about that time we did the album *Watercolors*, and I didn't know what a digital delay was, but they had one in the studio that they stuck on the track 'Sea Song.' And I really liked *that* sound, so as soon as I finished I went back home and headed over to the Wurlitzer store in Boston and picked up the MXR digital delay which had just come in that day. At first I was just using it for a little bit of slap. Then one day I was hangin' out with Steve Morse of the Dregs, and he saw this thing, and we started messing around, and hooked it up a different way—between two amps. And all of a sudden... *that was the sound* I'd been trying to get forever and couldn't get. It sort of took the guitar out of the realm of one-dimension into the realm of three-dimension."

Metheny's fascination with digital delays led him to the Lexicon company, which was then in the process of developing the Prime Time, a more musician-oriented version of expensive studio delays. "So I took my guitar over there, and it was good for them, too, because they got to have a musician's input—I still work with them occasionally—and I got a Prime Time right around then, which allowed me to split it one more time. That's when I started using three amps (Yamaha G-100 heads). It allows me to get a bit more volume by using all those amps and delays, but without playing loud. I've never been drawn to a distorted sound, but I liked the idea of having a *big* sound."

"In some ways I'm always a little reluctant to talk about the digital delay thing that much," Metheny offers by way of perspective. "People assume that if they play something through that exact same set-up they'll get that sound. And the fact is, that 90 percent of my so-called trademark has to do with *what* I play on the guitar. I've heard a lot of people trying to get that sound with delays or choruses or whatever—and I can see that's what they're aiming for—but it's really more of a personal thing that has to do with *touch*."

"You know, I'm still considering the electric vs. acoustic thing all the time, especially now that it's getting to be more of an (chuckles) ethical decision every day, what with the advent of things like the Synclavier, the Linn Drum Computer and all that; because it allows you to do some stuff that's pretty amazing without really doing it yourself. It's a real interesting question and I have no, well... feeling about it one way or the other—I'm just trying to be in the middle of it. I mean, there's a certain power acoustic instruments have naturally, that no electric instrument will ever have. But by combining electronic

and acoustic instruments—with a certain amount of taste and a real concern for balance—you can come up with a different kind of sound that's really happening."

Such sensitivity continues to inform Metheny's music right up to the present, and after several years of intense touring, and a number of creative side projects (including a solo album, *New Chataqua*, the 80/81 sessions with Jack DeJohnette and Charlie Haden, and a tour with tenor legend Sonny Rollins), Metheny and Mays have further refined their approach with the addition of Brazilian percussion master Na Na Vasconcelos, further blurring the distinctions between acoustic and electronic approaches on *As Falls Wichita, So Falls Wichita Falls*, and their most recent release, *Off Ramp*. From the banshee alto wailing of his guitar synthesizer on the title tune, to the James Taylor-like affection of "Eighteen," this is a charming consolidation of everything Metheny's been working on for five years, and his most electronic album to date. "You know, there were a lot of things that went down under the name of synthesizers that left a very bad taste in people's mouths—mine included. And also, for a long time, synthesizers didn't sound that good. They had to figure out how to process them correctly, and what to do to make them sound a little bit more... I don't want to say natural, because they still don't sound natural, but to make them a little easier to listen to, because electronic sounds can be very hard on the ears. But the people who make synthesizers have made tremendous progress, and there are a few instruments now that are really remarkable sounding, like the Synclavier."

"The thing about *Off Ramp* that I'm most happy with is that in some ways—to me—it's the first real use of synthesizers in an improvised setting that seems to make sense. The Roland Guitar Synthesizer has a very nice vocal quality, and it's been a real trip for me to learn how to play it, like starting over on a lot of levels, but a lot of things I've been working on for years translated immediately, especially the phrasing aspect. It's also been nice for me because I've always been a tenor player, and now I can play soprano. I can get into that upper octave that I always kind of heard up there, anyway—I kept banging my hand in the cutaway of my ES-175 trying to get up there (laughter), so that's nice. It's not so much a technical adjustment as a psychological one, and the light, legato touch I've always had turns out to be ideally suited for this instrument. A lot of guitar things don't work, but I find that if I think like a horn player—which I've always tried to do anyway—introducing that *breath* element whenever possible, then you have a lot more power than you'd have on a regular electric guitar. You still have to sweeten the sound up a bit with some echo. I mean, I love echo. I love it almost as much as Nancy, so there's echo on everything."

Metheny also has an abiding love for growth, which accounts for his ever-increasing popularity and the frequent invitations he receives to collaborate with musicians as diverse as Police guitarist Andy Summers and Indian violinist L. Shankar, with whom he did recordings this past spring. His philosophy of maturity extends to the advice he offers young players.

"There's an incredible legacy left to anybody who's thinking about improvising that I feel you can't ignore; and in fact, you have an obligation to learn about it—in depth. If you're 14 or 15 years old, and you're just starting to improvise and get interested in improvised music, you've got a lot of homework to do, you know. And I've always been of the opinion that nobody is going to make a step forward without a real careful look back. At least not any substantial steps." —Chip Stern



Al Duffy

Pearl Extender Series: Evolving The Tonality Of Rock Drumming

Often a musician's perception of an instrument's worth is influenced by the application he (or she) intends it for. Drummers are notoriously finicky about the design and tuning of their kits, because what's good for a jazz player might be inappropriate for a rocker; and what sounds good in the studio might not make it on stage. Talking with Pearl's Al Duffy (their #1 man in R&D and quality control, renowned among top percussionists for inventing the chain bass drum pedal and perfecting several custom drum designs), offers valuable insight into the considerations that go into the making of a great drum, and the subjective value judgements that each percussionist must make in determining what sound signature will

best serve their needs.

"The snare drum is the heart of the drum kit," Duffy observes, "and the most touchy of all the percussion instruments, with the possible exception of the tympani, which is the epitome of a percussion instrument—it's the king of beasts, and a whole different ball of wax altogether. But as far as drum set playing and legitimate percussion work, the snare drum is very important. And you're always looking for a snare drum that will give you the ultimate sensitivity and maximum power. So everyone spends a lot of time tuning snare drums, building them in different ways, and trying to dope out some new or revolutionary thing to help them achieve what they're looking for. Tone quality is very important, too, but in the legitimate field, a percussionist wants a snare on which he can start the Ravel *Bolero* at a whisper at the drum's edge, and finish up dead center using maximum power without having to shift from snare to snare and without any changes in timbre.

"Now the contemporary combo/rock and roll snare drum is a different story altogether. They're looking for power of course, and some people are looking for a longer sound, which is kind of a contradiction, because a snare drum is essentially a short sounding instrument by the very nature of the beast. But the sound of the snare drum has been changing over the years, and that's why I developed the *Extender* series of drums and snares for Pearl.

"I'd been working on the *Extender* principle for many years before I came to Pearl. I said to myself, this works on tympani, this extended collar, an oversized collar, so it should certainly work on tom-toms. And it did. So I built myself a set which I used for a long time working around New York. And at that time I built myself a snare drum using the *Extender* feature and it was terrible, perfectly awful sounding. But at that time the whole *concept* of snare drum sound was totally different. The pitch was higher and, of course, the short, crisp, clean sound was in vogue.

"All this was before the evolution in drum sounds and applications. When I put this *Extender* snare drum together for Pearl a year-and-a-half ago, it occurred to me that the concept of sound had changed, and now I thought it'd work, and sure enough it did. The idea is to get maximum stick response, but with a low-pitched, wet sound that the kids are looking for. We developed a higher hoop so that you could achieve rim shots, and built in as much resonance as possible into the shell.

"Now the *Extender* not only extends the head over the shell as the name implies, but extends the optimum pitch range over a given diameter; usually with a drum the pitch is within a very small parameter of maybe a major second or a minor third but no more than that. Any pitch above or below that doesn't sound good—it's either sloppy and loose or choked from being overtightened. But with the *Extender* the optimum pitch range is extended to about a perfect fifth, which gives you wider tuning possibilities. Now, my intention is that once you've achieved the pitch you want, if you don't want the amount of resonance that's in the drum, well, okay—tape 'em up."

— Chip Stern



Bill Cuomo

"Sometimes When You Find The Sound You Find The Concept, Too."

"Most of the work I do is overdubbing," says synthesizer wizard Bill Cuomo. "People bring me in when their tracks are almost finished and they're missing something or something needs to be fixed or because they're looking for some extra spark. You know, 'We need more green,' or 'There aren't enough clouds.'"

"Some producers are musical and some are not. The ones who are players will tell me what type of tone they want; they want it thin or they want it high or they want pads instead of unison notes—things like that.

"The other kind of producer will say 'Well, I just... uh... well, you know what to do,' and drop it in my lap."

Cuomo was in on the recording of Kim Carnes' *Mistaken Identity* from the beginning because producer Val Garay wanted to do as much of the record *live* as possible. "There's an excitement you get when you do it live that you just can't get from overdubbing," Cuomo explained. "When you make a record you cut the track with a work vocal, and everybody's there going 'God, that sounds great.' Then when you come back at

the end of the project and put on your mixing tux, a lot of the sparkle has gone out of it because everybody's heard it so many times that they start changing things just out of a desire for newness."

"Bette Davis Eyes," the Grammy award winning record for which Cuomo is credited as the arranger, was a rough mix. "When we recorded it, Kim did a reference vocal," says Cuomo. "The second engineer rolled off a rough mix and saved it, and when we came back to mix the album we listened to that tape and nobody wanted to change a thing."

Cuomo points out that "Bette Davis Eyes" went through many changes before that "magic take" could happen. "The demo sounded like 'Twist and Shout,'" he says. "I got to tell you, it sounded like shit. I didn't want to be the one to say it, but I finally stopped the band and said 'This really sounds dated. I think it needs something different to make it sound more '80s—some kind of riff.'"

He played around for a while until he came up with an arpeggiated chord pattern, then he, Carnes and Garay re-built the song from there, adding the other instruments one at a time. "The lyrical idea is really mysterious, and for a tune to make sense, the music has to agree with the lyrics. I wanted to make 'Bette Davis Eyes' really dark. Not so many open major chords to give it away. There are a lot of open I-Vs on that record—that's what really sets up the attitude of the song.

"Once the lick was established, the whole concept was there for everybody to work with. Everybody got excited and played the shit out of it. Craig Krampf came up with the 'trash drum' sound on his Synare—everybody picked up the ball and ran with it!"

Though it sounds rather like a guitar played through a chorus, the arpeggiated chord riff that opens "Bette Davis Eyes" is played by Cuomo on his Prophet 5. "The great thing about synthesizers is getting a sound to go with the notes you're playing. Sometimes when you find the sound you find the concept, too." Cuomo lowered the overall pitch of the Prophet 5 from A-440 to around A-437, then used the detune control to set the second oscillator of each voice to around A-444. He then added a touch of resonance to the filter "to give it a little whoaw. The oscillators were spread about as far as you could get them. They were beating against each other, but the resultant pitch was right around A-440. That's why it sort of sounds like a 12-string guitar.

"Using a synthesizer frees you up to create just about any mood you want. You can paint with it. You can blend in and add really nice icing to a song without intruding and changing the feel."

Cuomo recently added an Oberheim OBX-A to his synthesizer set-up. "I'm really into using the Prophet 5 and the OBX-A together because they complement each other. For soloing, you can really cop inflections with the joysticks on the Oberheim. Keyboardists are all frustrated guitarists, you know. We've always been confined to semi-tones and are just dying for that fluid concept that's so nice about the guitar."

— David Gans

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Tom Scholz

"I Want It To Sound Like Real Life, That's The Whole Object."

Tom Scholz is a real rock and roll tweak, a diligent perfectionist whose consuming passions are engineering and music. Scholz's torrid guitar playing (with its surreal, larger-than-life feedback and sustain), hook-laden songs and painstaking production techniques resulted in the album *Boston* after seven years of work. As a group, Boston set new standards for the arena rock genre, but clearly, it was Scholz's wide-ranging vision and expertise that accounted for their unprecedented multi-platinum debut success. The dilemma for Scholz and Boston is that their new albums come around about as often as Halley's Comet. By the time Boston's second album, *Don't Look Back*, emerged, their popularity had peaked, and the record only sold 4,000,000 copies. Some problem, huh?

"There's no doubt about it," Scholz said, sitting in the offices of Scholz Research & Development, "that the record company would like me to do a record every six months. Unfortunately, if I did that I'd sound like all the rest of their artists. What I'm trying to do is an album every few years that I can be real happy with. I mean, that's about the most they can hope for. If I'm happy with it then there's a reasonably good chance that someone else will be, too."

If it ever comes out, Boston's next, tentatively entitled *Third Stage*, was originally projected for the summer of '81, yet here it is almost the summer of '82 and still Scholz slaves away in his home studio, his skin becoming paler and paler from lack of sunlight. Is it soup yet, Tom?

"Well, I'm getting pretty anxious to finish this damn record, and believe me, I've been working on this album in earnest for

over two years. It's a monumental project, that's the only way to describe it. Nobody can understand why it's taking so long, and it's very frustrating because the songwriting takes an enormous amount of time. For every song that's actually written and done and gets on the record, I probably throw away about another 50 ideas of some sort. On the first album, I figured it out once; every minute of music on that represents about 300 hours of work in a studio or a practice room. I just don't see any reason to try and pump something out that isn't up to par. I want it to sound like real life, like you're out there doin' it on-stage in some huge arena—that's the object."

All this attention to details can be wearing on the nerves, and Scholz has programmed in diversions in his regimen to keep his brain functioning. "I spend about ten or fifteen hours a week working on other stuff, designing gizmos, and just generally daydreaming. You just can't stay in some dark studio until three in the morning, then pop out of bed and get right back into that dark studio. If I did that I wouldn't have the ability to even recognize a good song."

Which is where Scholz Research & Design comes in. "It gives me a chance to get away from it all a couple of hours each day. I'll come in here, and instead of thinking about work I start spacing on these contraptions."

Among the most practical and popular of Scholz's contraptions is his *Power Soak*. "It's simply an attenuating box that cuts down the power before it gets to your speakers. It does that because it converts perfectly good power into heat (laughter). As simple as that. In the process you get to run your amp into its natural distortion range, and the sound you get is the sound of your output stage overdriving, as opposed to your typical master volume thing. You can set up your amp to where you want it to sound good, ignore everything else about the volume and so forth, and set the *Power Soak* at the volume level you want—so it ends up acting as your final volume control. What's inside is just a big collection of power resistors all hooked up in such a way that when you switch it through its

various settings it won't mismatch the impedance with your amp. You simply interface the *Power Soak* between your speaker and the output stage of your amp. I developed it because it was impossible for me to turn up my amp where I needed to for the proper amount of overdrive; at times, things were so loud, I couldn't hear the tracks in my phones, and I had no idea what my guitar was sounding like on the tape. Then when it came to playing onstage, the *Power Soak* enabled us to get a big sound without so much noise that we couldn't hear each other, and a lot of bleed into everybody's mics.

"I'll change the gain to fit the situation. Sometimes I'll just crank the amp all the way to ten, absolutely run it into distortion, and there'll be so much gain and feedback that if you take your hand off the guitar it'll go crazy. But generally in the studio, if I want to record a real heavyhanded guitar solo, I'll mic the amp real close, and keep the *Power Soak* real low, say, at the third notch. So every time you turn the *Power Soak* down a notch, you're halving the power output—the guitar'll be wailing, but the volume isn't ear splitting."

So if the *Power Soak* (only \$99.50, by the way) is the key to the Boston sound signature on the first two albums, a brand new device Scholz calls the *Rockman* is the key to the sound of some songs on the next release. "I was just sick and tired of hassling and wasting time in the studio trying to get a good guitar sound; you know, the amp is probably the least important link in the whole chain, and after all the fiddling and knob turning I might still not get a sound I liked. So I block diagrammed this thing, and filled it with about a million ICs to give me all these stages of distortion and compression (and a few things that aren't even out on the market). So what I've got now, in perfectly balanced stereo, is a chamber-type echo, doubled guitar sound. So you can get either a high-energy, high sustain rock and roll sound, or a super-clean sustain with punch and balls but no dirt or grunge. You can just plug it direct into the board or direct into the P.A.—forget the amp!"

"I'm really excited about the *Rockman*. But I'm probably going to take so much shit for having this gadget come out at the same time or before the record, that I'm wondering if I should keep it a secret. A lot of people have the wrong impression of this whole thing and the way I work. But I don't care. My second love is engineering. I've been involved in building stuff all my life, and I'll probably always be doing that and playing music, too. So I don't care what people might think. But if you'll excuse me, could we continue this talk again some other time, because I've got to get back to the studio now."

—Chip Stern

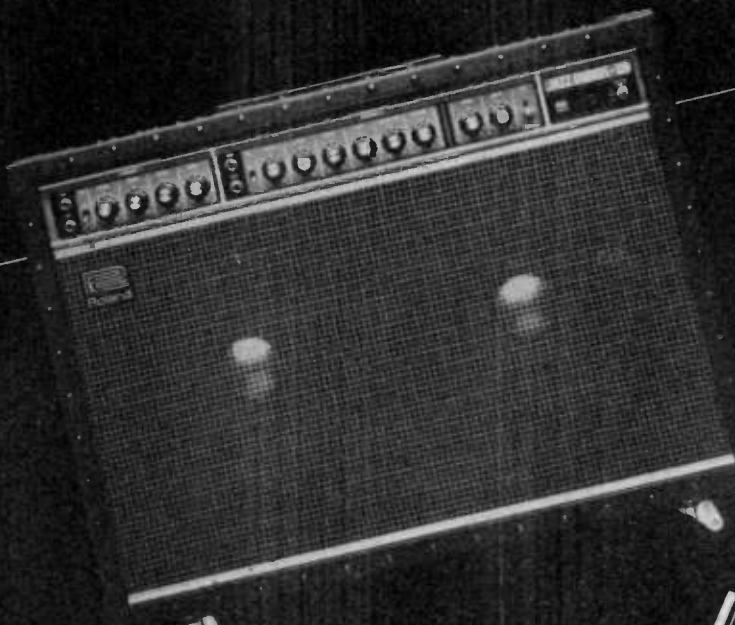
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Subject:
The Anatomy
Of A Great Amp

JC-120

Because of its sound and performance, the JC-120 has been dubbed "The Twin of the Eighties," its sound being made legend by players like Jeff Baxter, Neil Schon and Adrian Belew. Like any great amp, the JC-120 has only reached this level by having its own identity. And that identity is made up of a few key ingredients.



Chorus Effect

Clean Sounds

Soft Distortion

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Roland

We Want You To Understand The Future

Hi-Fi Without Fear

By Chip Stern

You wouldn't even be reading this if you didn't love music. Music is one of the biggest parts of our lifestyle, but how many of us, left to our own devices, could put together a good component system—or would even care to for that matter. A good audio system can open up worlds of sound that heretofore might have been hidden from us; instruments and parts we never knew existed, even after repeated listenings.

The path to good music reproduction isn't as impenetrable a ritual as it seems. Yet it's a fact that the mere idea of buying audio equipment is intimidating; and how many would be as psyched out by the notion of purchasing a television or even a car?

The problem is that, to be cold-blooded about it, the average listener doesn't have much of a concept. But don't feel too bad, because audio dealers and the audio industry haven't really done a very effective job of delineating a clear-cut image. We're way past the days of dragon-toothed tone arms, and \$700 worth of fruitwood entombing \$100 worth of electronics, yet the popular consciousness and conception of audio is still emerging from the ice age, when "stereo" components stood side by side with Maytags, Frigidaires and Hoovers. In just the past five years, the level of technology in consumer audio (not to mention video and computers) has made a quantum leap forward, and the quality of an average low to mid-priced system has increased dramatically, offering first-time buyers features and performance that would have been prohibitively expensive a short time ago.

In short, the range of product we have to choose from has never been better, and it's less and less likely that the equipment we purchase will be out-and-out junk. It is, however, quite possible (probable, in fact) to randomly piece together a system that you plain don't enjoy. The whole art of assembling a truly ideal system is in *matching* the components, and understanding the trade-offs and compromises necessary in light of budget limitations, listening environment, and subjective assessments; in realizing that a system is only as good as its weakest link (and comprehending how one component can compensate for the relative weakness of another); and most importantly, in learning how to listen. *Listening*. This is generally where people get hung up in the mystique of audio, because instead of using their ears to make a considered judgment, they get bogged down in numbers jargon.

This is not to suggest that "specs" are meaningless; but the point of this section is to take a slightly different tack than the usual test bench approach. Because when you're talking about specs, you're dealing with measurements arrived at through the use of calibrated signals and test tones—not music. If you were to view a typical piece of music through an oscilloscope, you'd see that it's an incredibly complex series of waveforms and sudden peaks. Specs refer to controlled measurements made under ideal circumstances, and they give us an idea of the performance parameters of a particular piece of equipment; but they don't tell the whole story—they don't tell you how something sounds, or why components with similar specs might sound radically different. Ideally the test bench should be used to confirm what the ears perceive, and not the other way around.

Hi-Fi Without Fear will give you clues about what to listen for; reference points for your ears. Not the way audio components measure,

but the way they sound—the way they play music. This means discussing concepts in stereo, concepts in components and how to get the best match for your money. And where to spend your money—how to determine what your priorities

are. In other words, how critical a listener are you? How much music do you listen to? Specifically, how much live music do you hear, because that's the standard by which to judge true music reproduction—live music gives you reference points for how musical instruments actually sound. Now if all you ever listen to is high energy rock and roll, these reference points aren't so critical, because the main thing you'll want from your audio system is powerful bass, screaming highs and maximum volume; there's a

good deal of distortion in high energy rock, and by the time the music comes through the recording process, the vocals and instruments have been subjected to so much compression, limiting and signal processing it doesn't much matter

what you listen to it on, because it'll sound relatively the same—then it's just a question of what frequencies you want emphasized and how loud you intend to blast things. We're not putting down rock, of course, just trying to give you some perspective. Because an awful lot of the music being produced today is processed to sound good to the average listener on an average piece of equipment. Not good or bad, but typical. This is why you'll see so many top recording studios equipped with Auratones and JBL

4313s; because the people producing records have to make assumptions as to how the typical listener is going to hear their music. So the Auratones are there as a reference point for systems that only have a single transducer, such as car radios, while the JBLs represent a mean, a typical home speaker, addressing the listening tastes of a typical record buyer.

But if in addition to rock, you listen to acoustic music or music with

say, are you going to buy a system and live with it steadfastly for the next ten years? Then you should consider very carefully what your favorite speaker is in a particular price range. Maybe you can see yourself making some adjustments in the system as your ears become more educated, perhaps stepping up to a better pair of speakers. If so, then you'll have to think carefully about future power requirements, because you might be interested in speakers that need a good deal of wattage just to reach the sound pressure levels of your current rig, and if you move to a larger space, well, what sounded full and rich in your old room, might sound thin and distant because there isn't enough power to project and fill the room with music.

So there are a lot of questions to ask before you set foot in an audio listening room or consider buying a system. This is why it's important to understand the range and limitations of your source—the record itself. Next time out we'll explore the path from recording and mixing to the mastering and cutting process, because whether your system ends up costing \$400 or \$80,000, the source has more to do with how your system will sound than any single component.

"People get hung up in the mystique of audio, because instead of using their ears to make a considered judgment, they get bogged down in numbers jargon."

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RECORDS

The 'Lost Soul' Series: Diamonds In the Rough



Lost Soul, Volumes 1-3
Various Artists

Epic

By Vince Aletti

Like Lenny Kaye's legendary *Nuggets* album, *Lost Soul* is an

intriguing, left field reissue project with an idiosyncratic point of view and the conviction that not all pop music history is made on the Hot 100. The thirty songs on these three albums are for the most part obscure singles by little-known or only fitfully famous performers—artists like Jackie Moore, Bobby Womack, Gwen McCrae, Howard Tate, Brenda & the Tabulations, Laura Lee, Z.Z. Hill, Joe Tex, and Betty LaVette. Released on CBS labels between 1961 and 1978, with the bulk concentrated in the mid-Seventies, these songs had at best only minor commercial success, often because they were hopelessly out of step with the trendy sound of the moment. But set free of that moment, given both historical weight (if only as eccentric footnotes) and

timelessness by their inclusion here, many of these singles revive with remarkable vitality and charm.

If there is a unifying style to this quirky selection, it is a decidedly traditional one: the predominant influence is Southern, Stax/Volt R&B, basic and bluesy, with only a few examples of the glossy, orchestrated, urban soul sound more typical of the period. By choosing material in this conservative mold, compiler Joe McEwen (the liner note's Mr. C) seems almost perversely anti-modern (certainly anti-disco—only the Philly Devotions' "I Just Can't Say Goodbye" hints at the style that dominated black music during these years). A lot of these cuts sounded reactionary at the time of their release; some still do—there's a stubborn closed-in quality that nearly paralyzes several tracks. But the majority of the selections avoid that anachronistic trap by utterly transcending their period, and the best are resilient, insinuating, vivid: minor classics, rough diamonds.

A number of these gems are inevitable: Howard Tate's "Ain't Got Nobody To Give It To," Lou Courtney's "What Do You Want Me To Do," Laura Lee's "I Need It (Just As Bad As You)," and "Give It Up (Turn It Loose)" by Tyrone Da-

vis—all marvelous, expressive records, their warmth undiminished (though Davis sounds a bit stiff in this company). But the real delights here are the unexpected ones—a few genuine rediscoveries and revelations. Among them: "See About Me" by Don Covay & the Goodtimers, the oldest cut here, dated but wonderfully evocative, echoing the Shirelles and the Drifters; the Staple Singers' measured gospel version of "Crying in the Chapel" with Mavis Staples in the lead; Z.Z. Hill's tribute to motel room adultery, "Love Is So Good When You're Stealing It," done with the perfect Johnny Taylor ache in his voice; Gwen McCrae's Ann Peebles-style performance, tart and to the point, on "I'm Losing the Feeling"; and the dramatically (sometimes hysterically) overstated interpretation of "That's How Strong My Love Is" by a woman named Mattie Moultrie (that's her smirking on the cover of volume 3). The standout, though, and the most modern cut here, is Jackie Moore's extraordinary "Personally," a supple, syncopated Paul Kelly song she delivers with such seductive, easy grace it's all but impossible to resist.

For archaeologists of black music, nothing is more satisfying than digging into a mountain of 45s and

coming up with a great, obscure record. *Lost Soul* retrieves three volumes of them—some great, some merely obscure—and, though one might argue with the selection (only one Laura Lee? no Eloise Laws, Linda Hopkins or Manhattan?), the riches are too abundant for any soul fan to ignore.

Tap City For Dave Edmunds



D E 7
Dave Edmunds
Columbia

By Wayne King

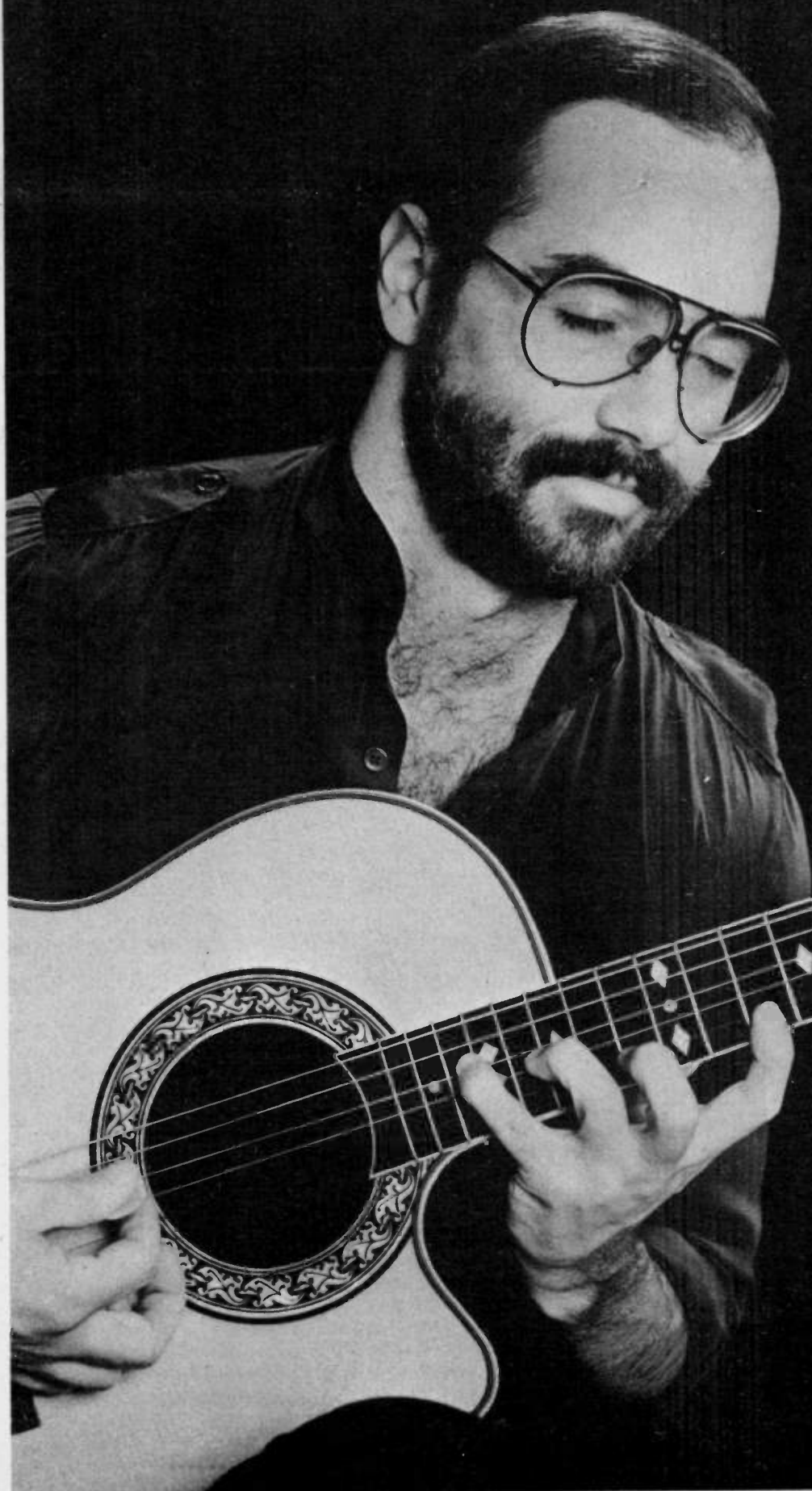
Although *D E 7* is Dave Edmunds' first full-fledged effort done without the Rockpile imprint since 1977's *Get It*, his obsession with all the vital forms—country, rockabilly, Chuck Berry—of pre-Beatles American rock 'n' roll continues unabated.

Like his other records, *D E 7* opens with a bang: "From Small Things (Big Things One Day Come)," a composition penned by one B. Springsteen. Seems that the Boss, having recorded and discarded the number during sessions for *The River*, handed it to Dave when touring Britain last year. And he couldn't have been wiser in choosing the right man to cover the song. "From Small Things" gathers all its disparate elements—Berry-style lyrics, rockabilly singing, punchy horn section and pounding barrelhouse piano—to kick up a storm, a sound and fury that, like the best rock 'n' roll, signifies everything. This powerhouse rendition, aided by its position as track one, side one and the magic of Springsteen's name, could give Edmunds his first solid FM hit. It's too bad that much of the LP comes off as tepid in comparison.

The problem with *D E 7* is one of repetition. When Edmunds is touching up his renowned canvas of sound with new musical shades, such as the uncredited accordion (old buddy Bob Andrews?) that embellishes "Louisiana Man" and "Bail You Out," the record is intriguing. When he's giving us the same old song with a new title (such as "Paula Meet Jeanne" or "Other Guys Girls") I begin to wonder whether the label, reading "Dave Edmunds Productions Limited," is credit or confession. No one can argue that his mixture of various rock styles isn't epic, at times heroic, but it's not often illuminating. What's disappointing about *D E 7* is that, just when Edmunds hits you with a tune that shows sparks being struck, he falls back into mere revivalism. This is nowhere better demonstrated than with the two closing numbers.

"One More Night" is a revelation, the first time Edmunds has presented that beautifully soaring voice of his alone, with no accompaniment save piano. No cast-of-thousands Spectorian chorale battling with a heavily-echoed vocal this time, just a breathtaking performance that fills you with the power of the song and its singer. Why he then follows it with another capable but perfunctory run-through of Chuck Berry—"Dear Dad" this time around, a post-prison release from 1965 that deserves its obscurity—is a mystery. Instead of ending *D E 7* on a high note, he allows the record to fade out a

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throwaway. *Get It*, the blueprint for all his solo efforts and still his most satisfying one, had the same difficulty when a precise imitation of Sun-era Elvis blunted the impact of the classic "Little Darlin'." The fact that Dave Edmunds still has such problems means that perhaps some outside thinking is necessary to light that spark in him, and to keep it going before it's extinguished for good.



Love Me Tender
MCA

16 Original Big Hits
B.B. King
Fantasy

By Chip Stern

After last year's rollicking *There Must Be A Better World Somewhere's*, *Love Me Tender* is a surprising about-face. B.B. King has gone from the barrelhouse to the boudoir in a single bound with an album designed to compete with Elvis Presley and Kenny Rogers on their own turf; and while it won't make anybody throw away their Ray Charles records, it ought to further King's stature as a pop star and singer.

The mix of *Love Me Tender* is just that: reverberant, nostalgic, full of pregnant pauses. It reflects in part the strategies of producer Stewart Levine; the blue-eyed gospel feeling of the Nashville session players, strings and background singers; and a back-door appropriation of the Stuff sound (which, in the person of Eric Gale, is certainly a long nod to B.B.). The Pomus-Rebennak song, "A World I Never Made," is an appropriately ironic epilogue by a black man to the country genre that is supposedly a white man's turf. But King cuts through such nonsense, and his held tones and melisma point up the connections between black and white musical roots and cultural/social longing.

In short, *Love Me Tender* works as the pop-country-r&b combination it set out to achieve. Those looking for a shot of the blues are advised to traipse down memory lane and into the Fantasy/Milestone vaults for a listen to B.B. King's *Sixteen Original Big Hits*, a superb collection. King's primal period was a unique synthesis of down home and big city blues: the yearning, twisted cries and hollers that conclude "Sweet Sixteen" take one all the way back to the Mississippi delta—an incredible performance. On the other hand, "Bad Luck" and "Three O'Clock Blues" prophesize the coming of rock in the barking distortion of the guitar sound, while "You Upset Me Baby" reflects the jazz influence of Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt in its jagged, linear flow.

Still, as pungent as King's guitar work is throughout (and the melancholy opening tears of "My Own Fault Darlin'" says it all), it is the emotional range of his vocals which dominates this collection, offering an enlightening contrast to the mature, assured lover's tenor of *Love Me Tender*. The sound of young B.B.'s voice was alternately knowing and naive in its sensual declamations. They set up the bursting tension and anticipation which can only find fruition and release in his confessional guitar breaks; even more interesting are the examples of B.B.'s singing before he'd quite found his own high, pinched plea—the influence of Roy Brown is keenly felt.

The man's a blues singer alright, and if the laments and exultation of "Ten Long Years," "Sweet Little

Angel" and "You're Breaking My Heart" prove anything, it's that while the blues can be learned, they be better when they're earned.



The Name of This Band Is Talking Heads
Talking Heads
Warner Bros.

By Roy Trakin

New York's downtown avant-funk darlings trace their own roots chronologically over the last five years in this double-live LP. As with all enterprises of this sort, the enjoyment is in the recollection.

Leader David Byrne has been a list-maker since his art-school days, so it's no surprise *The Name of This*

Band... reflects an intellectual understanding of the way his group has developed from a primitive, near-acoustic trio that struggled to make rhythmic and melodic sense of its material to a confidently funky, nine-member soul commune.

Unfortunately, this two-record set doesn't take us back to those seminal CBGBs days, but instead starts with the already-accomplished group which recorded its '77 debut. The Heads were considerably bolstered then by the addition of keyboardist/guitarist Jerry Harrison, the erstwhile Modern Lover who added musical flesh onto the skin-and-bones of Byrne and his husband-wife rhythm team, drummer Chris Frantz and bassist Tina Weymouth (now the Tom Tom Club). The songs selected by Byrne betray his own ideas about the Heads' historical significance in the new wave scheme of things—"New Feeling," "A Clean Break," "Don't Worry About the Government"—as well as his own personal reaction to pop success—"Pulled Up," "Artists Only," "Stay Hungry," "Memories (Can't Wait)."

The Talking Heads were the white middle-class once again claiming pop music for its own,

with a self-consciousness consistently undercut by ecstatic silliness, as when Byrne squawks like a decapitated chicken in "Psycho-Killer," turning the song's malevolent connotations on their head, raising its tongue-in-cheek repression into a rockin' catharsis. And, when things threaten to get too arty, as on the incipient Eno drones of "Stay Hungry," some Doors-like keyboards filter through to ground the archness in the verities of '60s pop, the Talking Heads way of deflating their own pretensions.

The newer numbers, representing the tour of '80-'81 and the Heads' experimentation with African tribal rhythms, sound even better in this looser, more improvisatory setting than they did on last year's *Remain in Light*. Like a stage show committed to film, the material is opened up, as the spontaneity required by the percussive riffing is given its full scope.

The Name of This Band Is Talking Heads merely affirms what most aficionados had suspected all along. All those extra musicians only added layers onto what was a pretty natural, razor-sharp rhythm to begin with. This most progressive of all punk bands can't get much better; from now on, they can only get bigger.

Diamond **Spandau Ballet** Chrysalis

By Nick Burton

Although Spandau Ballet's rather plodding album, *Journeys To Glory*, makes *Diamond* seem vibrant by comparison, there's no getting around this LP's dry, humorless viewpoint. More than anything else, the band now seems concerned with fashion, with posing, with rote reproductions of styles of music that were too mechanical to begin with.

Diamond has apparently been designed to display songwriter-guitarist Gary Kemp's versatility. The first side is comprised of four disco/funk songs with an arty European flavor. Yet only "Instinction" has any life, while "Chant No. 1," "Paint Me Down" and "Coffee Club" are remarkably stillborn, despite Kemp's "dance record" intentions.

Side two displays Kemp's "New Romantic" stance, again to no avail. "Pharaoh" and "Missionary" are interesting as sort of de-synthesized Ultravox songs. Regardless of Kemp's best efforts, all the tracks on *Diamond* suffer from emotionless execution.

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C'mon, Let's Go
Randy and the Rainbows

Love Needs
The Harptones

Here We Are
Eugene Pitt & the Jive Five

There's A Moon Out Again
The Capris

Crazy For You
The Mystics
Ambient Sound

By David McGee

Because doo-wopp singers seem to improve with age, it's fitting that the Ambient Sound series—re-

corded in "Natural Stereo" (whatever that is) in a decidedly declassé studio in Queens, New York—be devoted not to reissuing old sides (although that too would be a noble venture), but to capturing in the here and now some of the genre's finest artists. Three of the five albums in this release offer a broad overview of distinctive approaches to doo-wopp; one is intermittently interesting; and another—the Mystics' album—is of little import. The Mystics were one-hit wonders in 1959 with a Doc Pomus-Mort Shuman song called "Hush-A-Bye"; though they've remained active on the circuit, their performances now lack passion.

Like the Mystics, the Capris had only one major hit, 1961's "There's A Moon Out Tonight." Two of the original group members have departed, but one has been replaced by Tommy Ferrara, who once sang bass with the Del-Satins, a group that backed Dion on his first post-Belmonts sides. The most important member is still around, however, and his are the best moments on the record. Nick Santamaria, lead singer and composer of "There's A Moon Out Tonight," remains a convincing Italian crooner with an easy swagger in his voice that's at once arrogant and vulnera-

ble. The title song is merely a rewrite of the group's hit, but Santamaria's passion is convincing nonetheless. By the same token, he hits falsetto notes on "To Be Loved" that are breathtaking. Unfortunately, these splendid performances are offset by some rather bland material; and a pathetic, wimpy interpretation of John Lennon's "Imagine" tends to grate on one's nerves beyond all reason.

On the other hand, albums by Randy and the Rainbows, the Harptones and the Jive Five are all worthy efforts, despite some flaws. Randy and the Rainbows' one hit, "Denise" (1963), was translated to French by Blondie on *Plastic Letters*. Appropriately, the Rainbows return the favor by offering yet another "Denise" rewrite (the first was in 1963, "Why Do Kids Grow Up") entitled "Debbie." Lead singer Dom "Randy" Safuto is a prototypical tenor lead, à la Dion, and the group as a whole projects the sort of enthusiasm that is the very essence of doo-wopp's celebratory side. It's when the Rainbows slow down that they have problems, as is indicated by their sappy, turgid rendition of "Weekend With You," a "Ten Commandments of Love" clone.

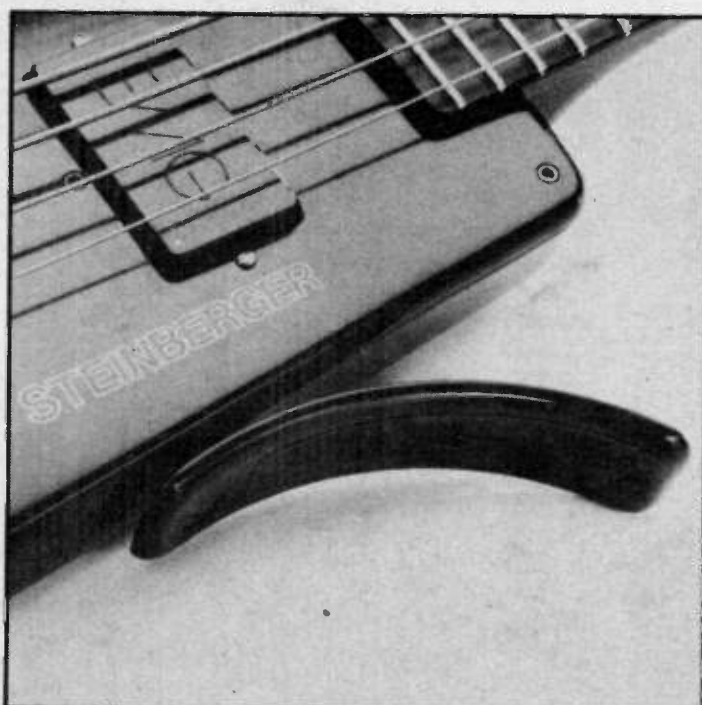
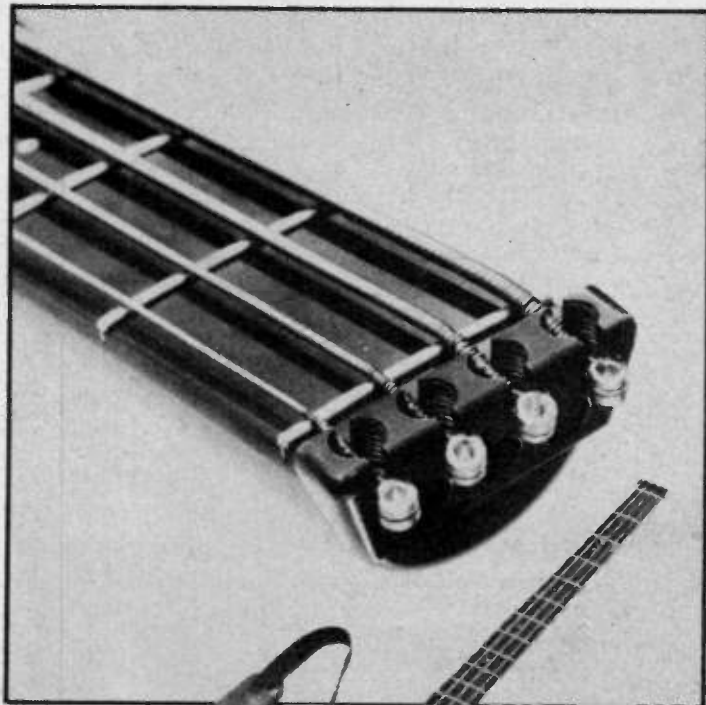
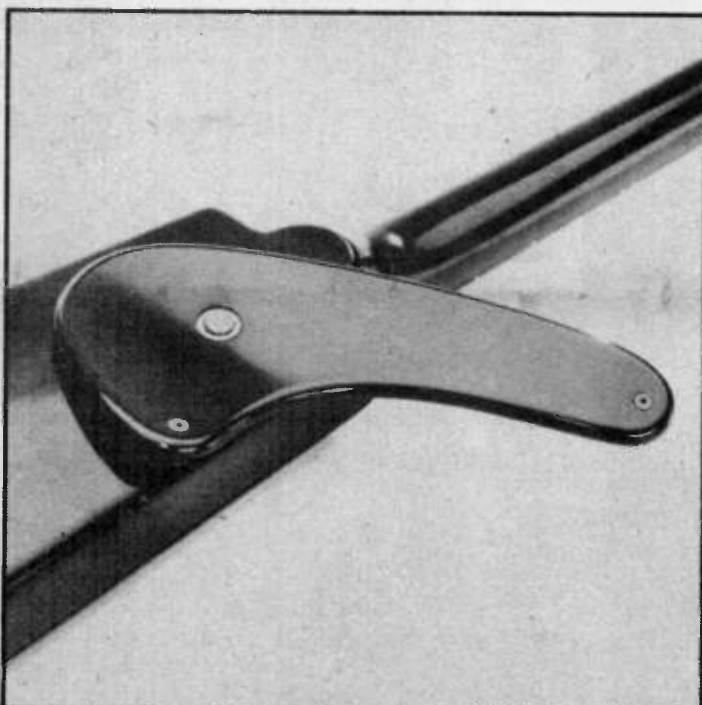
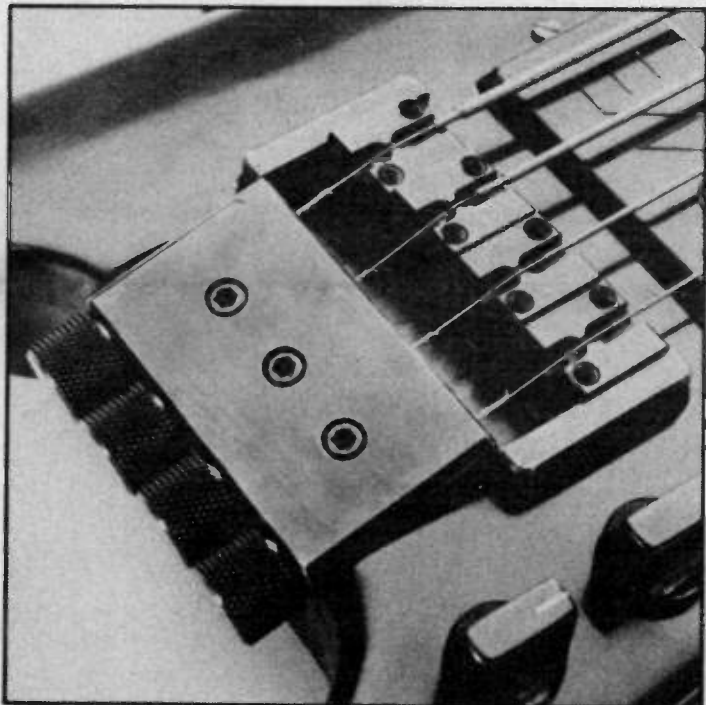
If Randy and the Rainbows represent doo-wopp's politics of joy, then the Harptones, with one of the genre's legendary romantic lead vocalists in Willie Winfield, are the quintessence of ballad-oriented groups. Only Winfield and Raoul Cita (songwriter and musical director) remain from the aggregation that cut two group harmony classics, "Sunday Kind of Love" (1953) and "Life Is But A Dream" (1954). But in Lowe Murray and Linda Champion they have two excellent vocalists whose sensitivity to Winfield's style is impressive. *Love Needs* is simply one beautiful, controlled performance after another. Winfield is noted for careful diction and the dignity of his approach to a song, both evident on this outing. Of special interest is "Love Needs A Heart," written by Jackson Browne, Valerie Carter and Lowell George: if you're not familiar with "Sunday Kind of Love," there could be no better demonstration than this of the vocal command and intuitive brilliance peculiar to Willie Winfield.

Eugene Pitt, the Jive Five's lead singer (and sole survivor of the original quintet), is responsible for one of doo-wopp's most memorable performances, on the group's 1963 classic, "My True Story." Pitt's

personal baritone has lost none of its grit or subtlety; he probably understands a lyric better than any of the singers here—he is, after all, in a league with other doo-wopp legends such as Vito Picone and Pookie Hudson—and uses this opportunity to flex those chops in dramatic fashion. "Never Never Lie" is a "My True Story" update, reuniting forevermore the boy and the girl of the original tale. This one lacks its forerunner's O. Henry twist, and Pitt is less the disinterested observer than he putatively was on that earlier record. "Never Never Lie" is about the healing power of love; Pitt's vocal is so assured that you can visualize him shaking a fist at the world as he testifies, daring you to question the purity of his intentions. The other songs feature similarly potent performances, including a nice, low-key reading of Becker and Fagen's "Hey Nineteen."

Ultimately, Pitt, Winfield, Safuto and Santamaria lay their emotions on the line when it counts most. If you live outside of New York, New Jersey or Philadelphia, you could probably be talked into believing that doo-wopp is dead. These records are a convincing rebuttal to that argument: the pure expression of the human heart is a sound that cannot be stilled.

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Pelican West
Haircut One Hundred
Arista

By Nick Burton

Already something of a sensation in the U.K., Haircut One Hundred's stateside debut—with its odd but surprisingly effective mix of funk, salsa, and pop—is a welcome delight.

Pelican West's opening cut, "Favourite Shirts (Boy Meets Girl)," sets the tone for the bulk of the LP: funky, with a heavy emphasis on Mark Ilford Fox's Latin percussion, and appropriately choppy guitar work from Heyward and Graham Jones. Perhaps the band's best asset is sax man Phil Smith, whose solid soloing and staccato brass arrangements give funk tunes such as "Love's Got Me In Trangles" and "Calling Captain Autumn" added punch.

The real gems here are Heyward's pop songs. "Love Plus One" (one of the band's top five U.K. singles), "Fantastic Day" and "Surprise Me Again" show Heyward's knack for melodic pop, and fit nicely into the Haircut's direction. Well produced by Bob Sargeant (The English Beat), *Pelican West* is a fine first album.



Sound D'Afrique
Mango

By Chip Stern

This charming set of six different African pop groups points to the directions western rock and r&b bands may soon find themselves exploring if they wish to continue making creative dance music in the 1980s. *Sound D'Afrique* is as good a

body talk record as you're likely to hear in 1982.

In searching for the roots of this music, listeners may find themselves in a "chicken or the egg" quandary. Clearly these musicians from the Cameroun, the Ivory Coast, Upper Volta, Zaire, Senegal and the Congo (all former French colonial possessions) weren't immune to influences from James Brown, Jimi Hendrix and Sly Stone. But then again, the precedents for American popular musics can be traced to the antiphonal call-and-response and polyrhythmic spender of African folk music.

Unlike reggae, where the rhythm is a lazy, behind-the-three beat affair, with sultry shanking accompaniment, this African *high life* music is more driven and propulsive, more firmly planted on the one. In a caricature of western electric guitars—bent out of shape and lovingly distorted like a Picasso painting—the twin rhythm players bubble along gaily in a pool of echo and reverb, their kora-like percussive strums and arpeggios falling in between the cracks of the hustling soul beat (anyone remember the Watusi?). The chanting vocals (part French/part African) just pop along like a set of steel drums, probably the most African element of this music. Still, anybody who has ears for Earth, Wind & Fire, the Police or Bob Marley ought to catch on quick. *Sound D'Afrique* is just too joyous to be believed.



Industry Standard
The Dregs
Arista

By Chip Stern

Although the Dregs are probably too smart and technically proficient to ever qualify as a bona fide Southern rock band, they are clearly in a class by themselves as far as instrumental rock is concerned, and never have they better delineated their collective vision as on *Industry Standard*. Guitarist/composer/producer Steve Morse's squealing, celebratory Telecaster combines the best of the chicken-fried boogie tradition with the high-wire, heady metal antics of Jeff Beck, Jimmy Page's chordal mostrosities and Brian May's elegaic counterpoint; yet his best breaks never have a life of their own apart from the content of the song structures.

On his spirited kiss-off to the record industry, "Blood Sucking Leeches," Morse supercharges the grinding, thematic riffs by weaving his way in and out of the beat without ever falling into DiMeolian scale excesses. Yet on the very next composition, "Up In The Air," he teams with Steve Howe for an airy classical duet that is all open sky and tranquility, a complete contrast to the get-down fervor of boogie.

Yet on beautiful ensemble pices like "Chips Ahoy," Morse manages to combine both feelings, suggesting Elizabethan lute melodies and folkloric southern fiddle tunes over jagged, shifting rhythms. What's most encouraging about compositional workouts such as "Conversation Piece," "Vitamin Q" and the jazzy rave-ups of "Assembly Line" is that Morse and the Dregs have finally emerged from the shadows of the Mahavishnu Orchestra (who beyond their positive contributions, inspired the vogueish, techno-geek trend towards unison masturbation and pseudo-classicism), infusing their work with genuine bluegrass snap and funk, instead of maudlin art-rock leftovers. And when Morse and national fiddle champion Mark O'Connor hook up on a real eat-

shit-and-howl-at-the-moon shoot-out like "Where's Dixie?" there's no doubt about where their roots lie.

What makes it all work is the near-terminal intensity bassist Andy West, drummer Rod Morgenstern and keyboardist T. Lavitz brew up on every song, combining the linear flow of jazz with the raucous syncopations of rock—if they avoid the easy stylizations of the post-Mahavishnu era they might just achieve a breakthrough in the way we think of rock rhythm sections. Morse and O'Connor cut through it all like daredevil dirt-bikers, singing in direct opposition to the rhythm flow, creating a delicious anticipation for collisions, seizures, melodic tension and surging unisons.

They've even added vocalists as part of their current strategy on "Crank It Up" (Alex Ligertwood), and the Little-Featish California funk groove, "Ridin' High" (Patrick Simmons). *Industry Standard* epitomizes the regional populism that regularly revitalizes rock, and unlike the chumps on the cover farming their crystal balls amidst a wasteland of dead dinosaurs, the Dregs are busting through without any marketable postures—only music. So move over.



Drums Along The Hudson
The Bongos
JEM/PVC

By Stuart Cohn

The best thing about the Bongos is that they don't come on too strong. Like a latter-day T. Rex (whose "Mambo Sun" is covered here), they favor simple songs sung and played simply. The songs don't explode but melt into the mind to be remembered later.

Singer Richard Barone has a willowy, breathy style which suits the allusive quality of most of his lyrics. The best Bongos songs—"The Bull-rushes," "Glow In The Dark," "Zebra Club," "Question Ball"—present an image or two and leave it to the listener to make the connec-

tions. Lyrics are rarely more than two verses and often pose questions like ancient riddle songs.

The basic '60s Anglo-pop style of the songs is pared down a la early Talking Heads, but without the Heads' herky-jerky rhythms. The Bongos' beat is more relaxed and suburban, and Barone makes good use of acoustic rhythm guitars to create a hushed, intimate atmosphere.

The Bongos occasionally echo the past, but they play interesting games with the style ("Speaking Sands," at 29 seconds, is a miracle of compression). From the high-speed power chording of "In The Congo," to the primitive hand drumming of "Question Ball," each of the 15 tightly-arranged tunes on this LP has a little something to remember.

Grasshopper
J.J. Cale
Mercury

By J.C. Costa

J.J. Cale's first two vinyl offerings, *Naturally* and *Really* (on Shelter), were chock full of modern standards like "After Midnight," "Crazy Mama," "They Call Me

The Breeze" and "Cocaine." Musicians were the first to get the news, and people like Eric Clapton and Lynyrd Skynyrd pointed the way with covers of Cale's better tunes. But for a talent as quirky as J.J. Cale's, these albums have proved to be tough acts to follow.

Seems like the material gets thinner with each new LP, and Cale's effective but monochromatic, laid-back shuffle 'n' moan vocal style only enhances the tedium when the hooks aren't there. Typical of his approach, *Grasshopper* features a not-so-wide variety of country blues into rock 'n' roll tunes, recorded in various Nashville and L.A. studios with a subtly-shifting cast of friends and studio pros. The production alternates from slightly over-produced ("Does Your Mama Like To Reggae") to slightly under-produced ("Devil in Disguise") with no real center or focus.

"Downtown L.A." completes a curious evolutionary cycle: Cale sounds like Dire Straits, who were initially burned for ripping him off in the first place. Cale still functions with nearly unconscious ease, safely ensconced within genre material like "Mississippi River" and "One Step Ahead of the Blues." But there just isn't anything of real consequence to hold onto.

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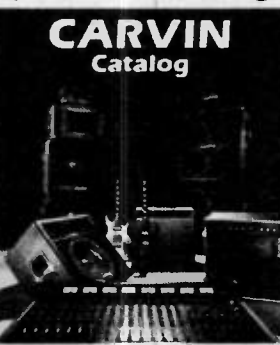
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TV & Video Calendar

May

Sat/29

11:30 AM. The Kids Are Alright (1979)
Cinemax: A first-rate retrospective of the Who's career via old promo films, new and old concert footage, TV interviews and variety show appearances. Narrated (sort of) by Ringo Starr. Among the musical highlights: "A Quick One," Pete Townshend's pre-Tommy mini-rock opera, as performed on the unreleased Rolling Stones film, *Rock and Roll Circus*.

5:30 PM. Melissa Manchester In Concert
Home Box Office: Filmed before an appreciative audience, this HBO special captures one of the top pop vocalists of the day in a lively performance. Glitzy stuff, to be sure, but Manchester is often effective, particularly on her hits, "Midnight Blue," "Don't Cry Out Loud" and "Whenever I Call You Friend."

11:30 PM. Night Flight
3:30 AM, USA Network: Featuring Devo, a segment on robots, the Plastics; *The Doors Are Open* (an erratic but interesting documentary of the Doors, circa 1968, rehearsing in an empty concert hall and being interviewed travelling to and from the venue), The Police in concert, *New Wave Theatre* featuring the Blasters.

11:59 PM. Quarterflash In Concert
MTV: Marv and Rindy Ross and company—one of the year's biggest new acts—in concert at the Old Lady of Brady Theatre in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Sun/30

7:10 AM. Blackboard Jungle (1955)
Cinemax: also 6/2, 6/5: Glenn Ford portrays a school teacher trying to cope with the violence and anger at a tough New York City high school. Considered in many quarters to be the first rock 'n' roll film for its effective use of Bill Haley's "Rock Around The Clock" as a theme song heralding the emergence of a youth subculture.

Mon/31

9:30 PM. Touched By Love (1980)
Home Box Office: Starring Deborah Raffin and Diane Lane. Raffin plays a teacher of handicapped children who can't reach one emotionally withdrawn youngster (Lane), until the day she discovers the girl's obsession with Elvis Presley and encourages her to begin a correspondence with the King of rock 'n' roll. Presley is glimpsed briefly, but once, on a clip from the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Simplistic but often poignant drama.

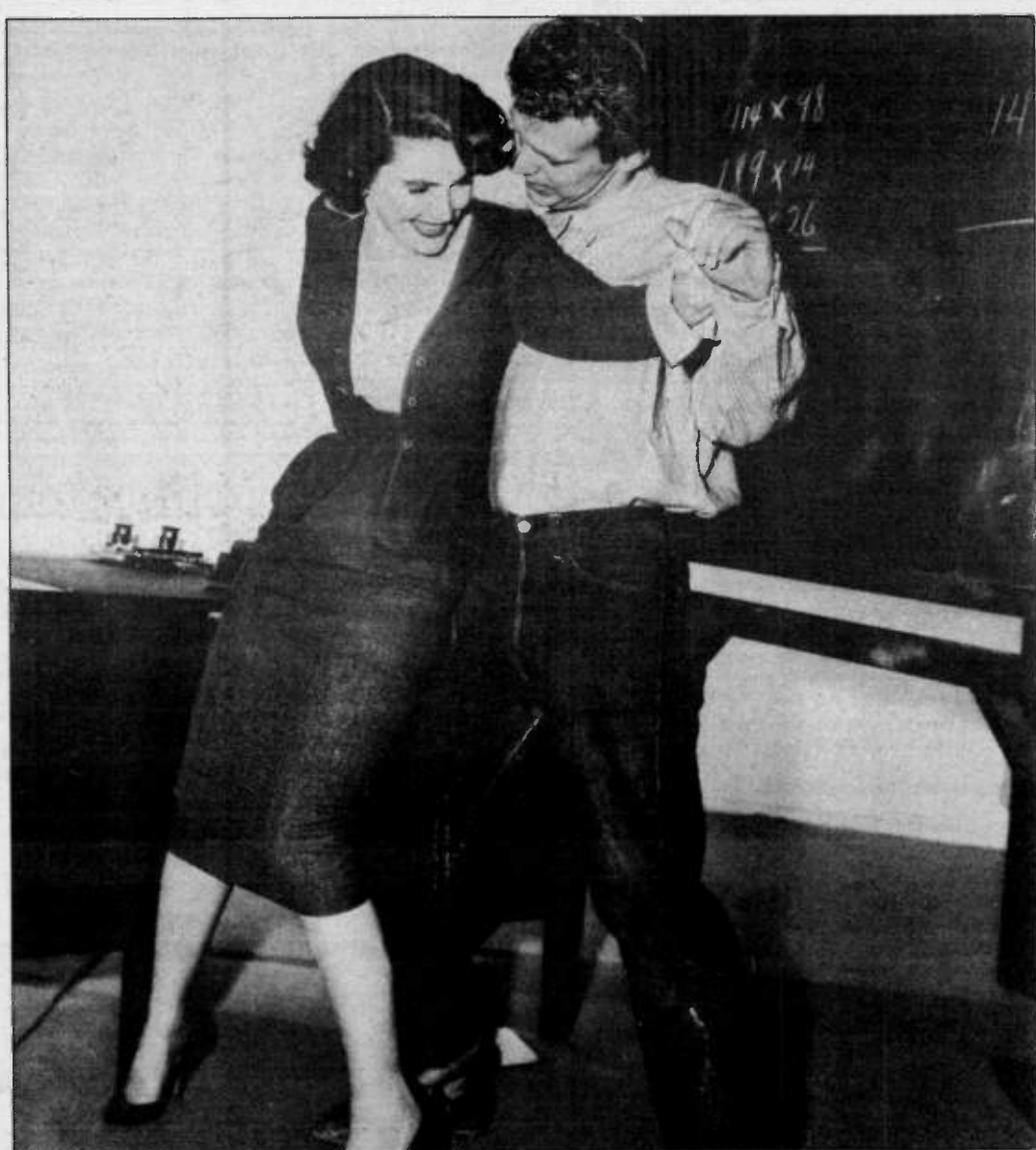
June

Tues/1

9 PM. Mean Streets (1973)
Cinemax: also 6/5, 6/9: Not a rock movie in the literal sense, but director Martin Scorsese's effective use of a rock soundtrack to convey information about the characters' style and sensibility helps establish a compelling point of view. Starring Harvey Keitel and Robert DeNiro.

Wed/2

11:30 AM. The Blues Brothers (1981)
Showtime: John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd transfer their Jake and Elwood Blues routine to the big screen with only



Anne Francis gets a taste of high school hi-jinks, circa 1955, in *Blackboard Jungle*.

Blackboard Jungle

Glenn Ford plays a dedicated high school teacher trying to cope with the brutality and violence he encounters at a New York City high school. The effective use of Bill Haley's "Rock Around The Clock" as a theme song in this 1955 production, directed by Richard Brooks, marks the first time on film that rock 'n' roll was pinpointed as a vital component of the emerging youth subculture. Its box office success was ensured when Clare Boothe Luce, then-Ambassador to Italy, called it a degenerate film and succeeded in having it withdrawn as the U.S. entry to the Venice Film Festival. Kids loved it. 7:10 AM, May 30, Cinemax. Also airing on 6/2, 6/5.

The Kids Are Alright

First-rate retrospective of the Who's career via old promo films, new and old concert footage, TV interviews and variety show appearances. Narrated (sort of) by Ringo Starr. 11:30 AM, Cinemax, May 29, June 1.

The Wanderers

The film version of Richard Price's atmospheric novel about growing up among street gangs in the Bronx in the early '60s. An east coast, toughened-up version of *American Graffiti*. Terrific soundtrack. 8:00 PM, June 3, Cinemax (airing throughout June).

moderate success. That's because Jake and Elwood are only moderately interesting and musically irrelevant. Stay tuned, though, for some excellent performances by James Brown, Aretha Franklin, Cab Calloway and Ray Charles.

9 AM. Birth Of The Beatles (1979)
5 PM, Cinemax: A dramatization of the Beatles' early years originally made for U.S. television by Dick Clark Productions. Also 6/8, 6/11. Mostly mediocre, but not without some telling moments. The songs are performed by a group called Rain. A cast of unknowns.

Thurs/3

12 noon. Elvis (1979)
Home Box Office: Starring Kurt Russell as Elvis, Shelley Winters as Gladys Presley. Fair-also 6/6, to-middling TV movie chronicling Presley's career up to the Las Vegas comeback years. Russell's (Presley's) vocals are capably dubbed by Ronnie McDowell. A fine, balanced effort by Russell, heretofore known for playing simpletons in Walt Disney films. Directed by John Carpenter.

5 PM. Livewire
8 PM, Nickelodeon: *New Wave*: The history, such as it is, of punk rock. Among the guests: Penelope Spheeris, director of the film, *The Decline of Western Civilization*.

8 PM. The Wanderers (1979)
Cinemax: The film version of Richard Price's atmospheric novel about growing up among street gangs in the Bronx in the early '60s. Directed by Philip Kaufman (*Invasion of the Body Snatchers*), this is an east coast, toughened-up version of *American Graffiti*, with a superior rock 'n' roll soundtrack. Worth seeing, if only for the casting of the Fordham Baldies and the Ducky Boys, the latter being the gang Price called "a punk killing machine."

Fri/4

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

Fri/11

3 PM. Special Delivery
7 PM, Nickelodeon: *Split Enz*: the intriguing New Zealand band in concert. This is the U.S. premiere showing of a film shot during Split Enz' Australian tour.

Wed/16

8 AM. Peter, Paul and Mary
8:30 PM, Showtime: also 6/20, 6/28: The folk stars of the '60s reunite for a concert. The songs are dated, the ambience overly mellow, but the sentiments are as applicable today as they were in their own time.

Thur/17

5 PM. Livewire
8 PM, Nickelodeon: *Images*: A discussion on how images are created or remade or broken completely. Bow Wow Wow is scheduled to appear.

Fri/25

3:30 PM. Special Delivery
7 PM, Nickelodeon: *Don McLean*: a concert special with McLean performing "American Pie," and other songs.

Doobies

Continued from page 1
Grove") before leaving in the mid-'70s, will appear on the tour. When asked about this report, a spokesman for Bruce Cohn, who manages both the Doobies and Johnston, said, "Who knows?"

Michael McDonald's first solo LP is due out in July. He's also producing the debut album by Delta (featuring his sister, Maureen McDonald, on vocals) and Amy

Holland's second album for Capitol Records. Cornelius Bumpus, who joined the Doobies just prior to the making of 1980's *One Step Closer*, and shared the lead vocal on the title song with McDonald, has just released a solo album, *A Clear View*, on Broadbeach Records. He'll be on the road before and after the Doobies tour with a jazz band of his own. "I'm going back to my natural habitat," said the good-natured saxophonist. "I like playing in small clubs, where you can see every member of the audience."

Guitarist John McFee and per-

cussionist Bobby LaKind are currently producing an album by Japanese singer Eikichi Yazawa, and their plans include touring the Far East with him, joined by Doobies drummer Keith Knudsen. McFee and Knudsen are moving their studio, Lizard Rock, to southern California from Knudsen's Marin County property. No specific plans were announced for drummer Chet McCracken and bassist Willie Weeks, but both were in demand as session players prior to joining the Doobie Brothers and are hardly expected to be idle. —David Gans

Cash

Continued from page 5
mostly. If you have the confidence to know you can get that note, then you can concentrate on the emotional aspects of the song."

Somewhere in the Stars, like the first two, was produced by Rodney Crowell, and while having your spouse as your producer is hardly unique—Emmylou Harris' long-time producer, for instance, is husband Brian Ahern—it has to bring some added tension to the home scene. Rosanne, however, is at ease with the situation; as she puts it, "I sleep with him, after all." And Crowell, she adds, "is very diplomatic. He doesn't ever say, 'That

was bad.' He says 'You can do better.' We've gotten to the point where we don't go home and start fighting about it."

Growing career, growing family, growing confidence, a good marriage that's getting better: you might say that Rosanne Cash is on something of a roll these days. She doesn't expect it to last—at least not all of it. "I told Rodney when we made this album, 'They're gonna fry me this time, the critics are gonna fry me.' I'm just due for it. I got such good reviews last time that it's my turn. Critics are a fickle lot." Could be, but Cash won't be too dismayed even if that does happen. "We shouldn't take all this too seriously, anyway," she says. "It's not like we're Van Gogh or somebody."

Daniels

Continued from page 3
ing up from the flames, the other freezing in the cold night air listening to these guys talk. They'd speak on anything from ghost stories to last years crops. Just sitting around chewing tobacco and talking. Most of it was just big old lies, but it sure made fine listening."

Since scoring with "Uneasy Rider" in 1972 the CDB has been a mainstay of the once-robust Southern rock movement. Their appearance at Jimmy Carter's inauguration in 1976 symbolized to many the CDB's ascendancy to top of the Southern rock heap. But to continue categorizing them is to ignore

the band's pleasing eclecticism. *Windows* features a mix of country, rock, bluegrass, and R&B that is quite distinctive. While Daniels' vocals and his prowess on guitar and fiddle are the music's central focus, guitarist-vocalist Tom Crain, keyboardist Taz DiGregorio, bassist Charles Hayward, and drummers Fred Edwards and James Marshall are all substantial talents, who contribute greatly to the band's texture and personality.

When asked about rock below the Mason-Dixon line, Daniels replies, "I never really saw what was happening as a genre of music, though there were some similarities between the groups. If you looked at the Allman Brothers, the Marshall Tucker Band, Wet Willie, the Outlaws, Lynyrd Skynyrd and our-

selves, you'd see that almost to a man we were raised in the same economic, social and religious environment and could relate to each other on a personal basis. Yet the music was different. The old Allman Brothers were a blues band. Lynyrd Skynyrd was definitely a rock 'n' roll band. Marshall Tucker has more country leanings. We're somewhere in the middle. Unfortunately, tragedy with the deaths of Duane Allman, Berry Oakley, Ronnie Van Zant, and Tommy Caldwell really took a lot out of the bands and the scene. But Marshall Tucker is recording again. The Allmans have re-grouped. Both of those groups are only a record away from being back at the top. Don't count us out. The south can still do it again, partner."

Barton

Continued from page 11
though, was a showcase at the miniscule Continental Club, where she entertained Wexler and prospective management and booking agents who had flown in from L.A.

Although the cream of Austin's performers crammed the club's postage stamp stage that night—including Doug Sahm, Augie Meyers, Joe "King" Carrasco and both Jimmie and Stevie Vaughan, the night belonged to Lou Ann. Ripping

through her eight-song set with a vengeance, Barton displayed a mature stage presence that was wholesome yet seductive.

"All singing has three aspects from my point of view," Wexler offers. "The head is the musicality, the throat is the instrument—the chops—and the heart is the emotion which you project. And there are very few singers who combine these three attributes in a maximum fashion."

"Aretha did, Ray Charles did," Wexler smiles, "and I think Lou Ann does."

FACES & PLACES: A Lennon Memorial...Go-Go's Go



PHOTO: MERRY ALPERN

Strawberry Fields Forever

In a rare public appearance, Yoko Ono unveiled plans for a John Lennon memorial designated for the triangular island of Central Park now known as Strawberry Fields. Ono is asking for contributions of trees, stones, flowers, shrubbery, etc., from all over the globe as a symbolic gesture of world harmony. Over 30 countries have already responded to Ono's request.



PHOTO: ROBERT MATHEW

No, No You Got It All Wrong

The Pretenders' James Honeyman-Scott is shown backstage with Eddie Van Halen before one of the final shows on the Pretenders' U.S. tour. Van Halen joined the group onstage for "You Really Got Me" and "Wild Thing."



PHOTO: CHUCK PULIN

David And Sis(ters)

Having tapped out on rock stars with their parents, the *Record* has come up with the idea of rock stars and their twin sisters, for this issue at least. Here, David Johansen is shown with his sisters, Karen (left) and Elizabeth, at Studio 54 in New York during an exhibit of rock photographer Bob Gruen's work.



PHOTO: CHUCK PULIN

My God They Remember Me!

Elton John, whose current single, "Empty Garden," is his strongest record in several years, recently performed on *Saturday Night Live*. He's pictured here during a rehearsal with SNL's Eddie Murphy and the show's guest host, Johnny Carson.

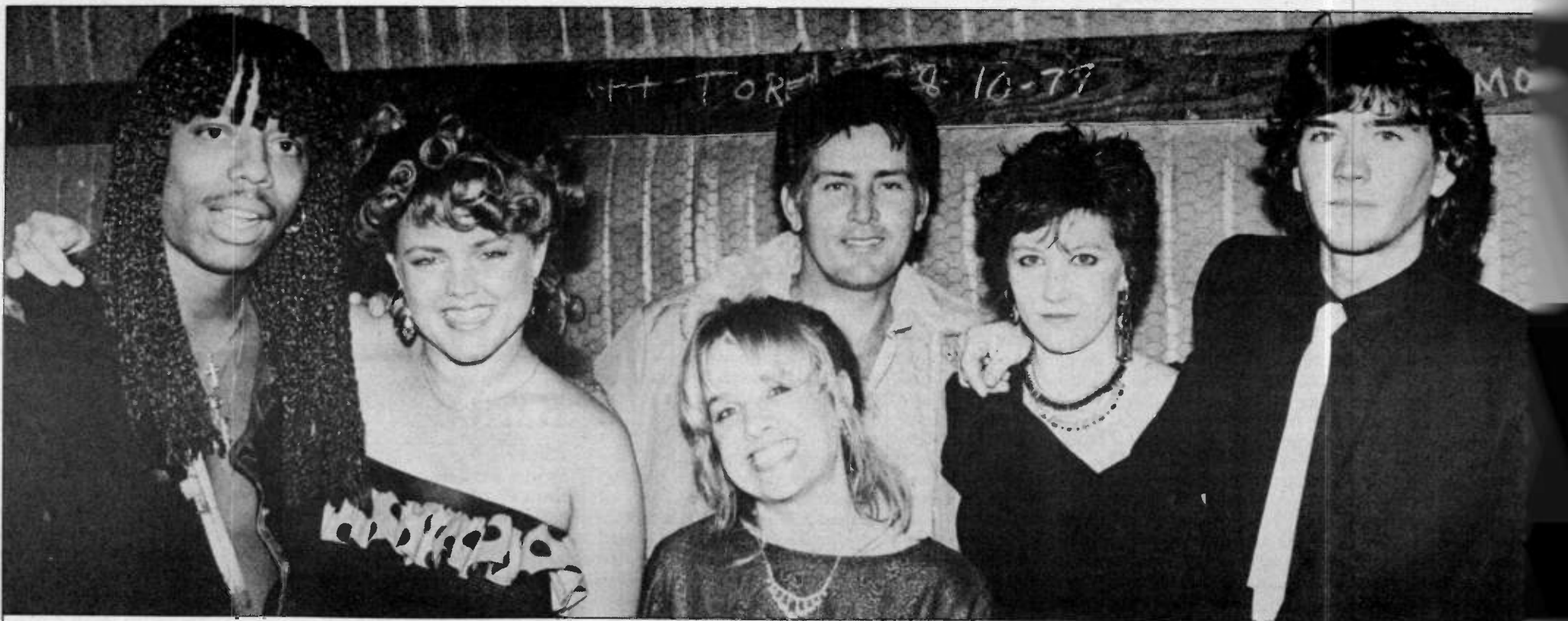


PHOTO: ROBERT MATHEW

Go-Go's Go Platinum

Zoetrope Studios was the site of a party held in April in honor of the Go-Go's album, *Beauty and the Beat*, being certified platinum. Highlight of the fête was the premiere of the band's new one-hour video, *Totally Go-Go's*. Among the celebrities in attendance: Rick James (left, next to Belinda Carlisle), Martin Sheen (center, behind Charlotte Caffey) and Timothy Hutton (right, next to Kathy Valentine).

Platinum...Santana Dials Vocal...Benata



PHOTO: CHARLES STEINER

All About A Song

ongwriter Dan Daley (left) is shown tete-a-tete with Vietnam-Veterans of America executive director Robert Muller at the VVA's New York headquarters. Daley's "Still In Saigon," a song detailing the post-Vietnam nightmare from a veteran's point of view, is a hit single for the Charlie Daniels Band.



Oh Say Ca

Neil Geraldo, wife of the Martell Foundation, Astoria. Proceeds from her leukemia research while Sayer check



Il This And Texas, Too

this photo proves, Joe "King" Carrasco's come a long way from the juke joints of Austin where began his career. This photo was taken in the studio with Michael Jackson, who contributed kup vocals on "Wanna Get That Feeling (Again), on Carrasco's first LP for MCA, *Synapse Gap* (undo Totale). Carrasco is currently on tour in support of the album.



PHOTO: CHUCK PULIN

For Whom The Bell Tolls

Chick Corea, vocalist Gayle Moran and actor Dudley Moore are shown backstage at the Savoy in New York, just after Corea's show on April 10, which also was the club's last show, as it shuttered its doors the next day.



PHOTO: DENNIS CALLAHAN

l-A-Vocal

Santana (left) and producer Bill Szymczyk give a listen (on the phone) to Alex Ligertwood's vocal parts for the new Santana, currently in production at the Automatt in San Francisco. Ligertwood, it is rumored, plans to cut the definitive vocals in the itself. Maybe.



PHOTO: STAN HYMAN

Okay, Turn On The Electricity

John Wetton, vocalist and bassist for Asia, is shown standing outside the band's rehearsal studio in, of all places, Lititz, Pennsylvania. Asia—Wetton, Carl Palmer, Steve Howe and Geoff Downes—are currently on the first leg of a sold-out tour of the United States.

CHARIOTS OF FIRE

music from the original soundtrack by
Vangelis



Top Of The Chart

NOW THAT THE FILM *CHARIOTS OF FIRE* has won an Academy Award for Best Picture, it's fitting that Vangelis' evocative soundtrack should reach the top of the album chart.

Vangelis Papathanassiou has had a long and distinguished career in popular music, although he's only recently come to the attention of contemporary music buffs in this country. Television viewers will recall his subtle but forceful soundtrack for Carl Sagan's *Cosmos*, while rock fans will recognize him by the two albums he's made with former Yes member Jon Anderson, one of which, *Friends of Mr. Cairo*, has now been reissued by Polydor. He also wrote the score for Costa-Gavras' acclaimed film, *Missing*, and has completed scoring *Blade Runner*, a film starring Harrison Ford.

What pleases Vangelis most about his success is the freedom it's brought him. "I can play jazz tomorrow if I feel like it," he says, "or I can do pop or rock. But let me explain: music is a whole thing; it is not just one thing. I hate to get bogged down with labels." ♦

Richard Pryor



LIVE ON THE SUNSET STRIP

Top New Entry

LAUGHS ARE EASY TO COME by for so seasoned a pro as Richard Pryor, but the ability to encase each laugh in a tear, and to force you to question your own attitudes, is a mark of greatness. Having literally been given a second life after suffering near-fatal burns in a freebasing accident last year, Pryor emerges, in his first public performance since that accident, as a more mature, sensitive comic, still raunchy, but extremely wise.

Two of the observations here—they're not really routines—are exceptional. In "Africa," Pryor tells the story of the search for his roots. Although he offers some hilarious anthropomorphic descriptions of wild animals' reactions to humans, it's his comments on why he can no longer use the word "nigger" that gives his message unusual impact. Similarly, his account of freebasing, and the spell of the pipe, is so horrifying it ought to be played repeatedly for anyone who finds the habit romantic. Rarely has a comedian performed so valuable a service for his public. ♦

GO-GO'S



Top Debut Album

NOW ENTERING ITS 45TH 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 perky young 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." ♦

RECORD

TOM
PETTY

*The War
Is Over*



Exclusive Interview: By Cooder

Jeff Beck, Eric Clapton, Joni Mitchell,
Linda Ronstadt, Yaz