RECORD™

Vol.2 No.1 November 1982

PHOTO GARY GREEN

Joe Jackson: Former angry young man returns as all-pro showman.

Joe Jackson: 'Spiv' Goes Legit

By Barry Alfonso

LOS ANGELES—Along with a U.S. hit single ('79's "Is She Really Going Out With Him?") and several gold LPs, British rocker Joe Jackson has earned a reputation for being a bit pugnacious and thin-skinned over the years. Teed off at rock critic dogmatism in general (and excessive comparisons with Elvis Costello in particular), Jackson has on more than one occasion come across as surly and condescending in public. In a way, it was in keeping with his self-proclaimed status as a "spiv"—a small-time English thug who won't take lip from anyone.

The above may have been true a few years ago, but today a different Joe Jackson is in evidence. Evolving musically from the reggae-influenced rock of his '79 *Look Sharp* debut album into the salsa/jazz/Tin Pan Alley stylings of his current *Night And Day* disc, his public demeanor has noticeably changed as well. The jittery, romantically jaded Jackson of the past has been replaced by one more relaxed and urbane.

The morning after a well-received Los Angeles concert date, Jackson acknowledges that his manner is less provocative now. "During my first tour of the States, I felt I had to go out there and confront the audience and tell them how stupid they were. In many ways, the audience may be just as stupid now, but I say, what the hell, they've paid their money and they deserve a good show. After you've had a certain amount of success in music, you can get arrogant and complacent, or you can realize that people actually do like you and respond to that. I respond to that by giving the best I can and not letting the people who support me down."

While some critics continue to view Jackson's music as too overtly Costello-influenced, his summer U.S. tour did much to counter this charge. At the Greek Theatre here in early September, his set was surprisingly varied and well-paced, with material ranging from Jackson's early days ("Is She Really Going Out With Him?" was rendered largely a cappella to striking effect) through his Big Band jazz excursion of last year, *Jumpin' Jive*. The primary focus, though, was on the songs from *Night And Day*, keyboard-based ballads and dance tunes that may well be the best music he's composed to date.

A few in the largely worshipful crowd, though, were confused. "Guitars!" someone yelled over and over, apparently distressed that the axe-less instrumental lineup on stage couldn't rock out properly. "That guy was obviously narrow-minded," Jackson says of the heckler. "It's not unusual at all—a lot of my favorite music doesn't use guitar. It's only unusual if you're going to define something as rock 'n' roll, but I'm not sure that the new album is a rock 'n' roll album or that my new band is a rock band. And I don't care—I'm just going to make music. If people just expect the same thing all the time and get mad when I do something different, that's up to them."

Night And Day might cost Jackson a fan or two among those who wish him to remain in an easily-definable rock vein; but he also stands to gain popularity with those who were never completely enamored of his New Waverisms. His latest album grows more appealing with repeated listening; the craft and care which went into making it give it a depth previous Jackson albums have never quite achieved. The combination of players—Jackson on keyboards, Graham Maby (a long-time Jackson sideman) on bass, Larry Tolfree on drums and Sue Hadjopoulos on congas and assorted percussion—blend with the easy smoothness of a streetcorner dance combo. The songs themselves testify to Jackson's growth as both a musician (the melodies of "Steppin' Out" and "Breaking Us In Two" are rich and ultra-catchy) and social commentator (his examination of '80s masculine mystique, "Real Men," is done with taste and perception).

One of the more unlikely observations on the album is "Cancer," a warning against carcinogens ("No caffein, no protein, no booze or nicotine/Remember, everything causes cancer") set to a peppy Latin tempo. Jackson is amazed that, like similar ironic pieces he's composed, the satire in the song is lost on many: "People come up to me and say, 'The lyrics to 'Cancer' are so depressing, why did you put them to such a happy tune?' Can't they see it's a joke, that even the way the words rhyme makes it funny? One of the problems I've had in the States is that people don't understand my sense of humor. People probably miss humor in lyrics because so few people put any into what they write anymore."

Jackson's experiences in New York since he first came to the States on tour three years ago were the catalyst for *Night And Day*. "It's not really a concept album about New York," he explains. "But there's a definite flavor of the city in the songs. The ideas that went into the rhythms and the arrangements came from hanging out in New York and trying to learn about its music."

Of all the musical strains he encountered in Manhattan, Jackson was most drawn to the vital salsa sounds of the city's Puerto Rican community. "I could say that I've seen almost every salsa group in New York if there weren't so many of them. It's funny—New Yorkers aren't even aware of what's going on in their own city. People into rock would tell me there was nothing really happening in New York and act surprised when I'd say I was into salsa. To them, it's only

Continued on page 22

US Fest: A Tug Of Woz

By David Gans

OAKLAND, Ca.—Jesse John Clark was only a few hours old when his parents introduced him to over 50,000 people from the stage of the US Festival, on a day when the temperature had risen above 100 degrees in San Bernardino County. His dad, Steve Wozniak, put up more than ten million of his own dollars to bankroll the Festival, a three-day concert and campout, and despite distressing box office reports that persisted until the gates opened on September 2, the turnout was pretty good. That evening Wozniak told reporters, "Both kids are in very good health." He was soon forced to revise his assessment.

"Woz" is an upbeat, talkative, good-humored and fun-loving 32-

Continued on page 10

Pat Benatar: A New Look In November

LOS ANGELES—"This is my year to not be subdued in public. I'm going to have fun this year if it kills me." With an impish laugh, Pat Benatar announces that she's finally going to waylay the "sex goddess-bitch bullshit," starting in November with a new album, *Get Nervous* (on which she's pictured

PHOTO STAR FILE

Pat Benatar

wearing a straightjacket and sporting a coiffure from the special effects department), followed by a world tour on which she'll unleash a revamped band and style of music.

"We've changed the format of the band, so the sound is really fresh for us," says Benatar. Keyboardist Charlie Giordano was re-

Continued on page 5

Contents


PHOTO: CHESTER SIMPSON


PHOTO: LYNN GOLDSMITH

LETTERS

Steve Miller

YOUR INTERVIEW WITH Steve Miller may have struck you as a "15-round bare knuckles brawl," but to me it seemed more sad and pathetic, like a Muhammad Ali comeback. An overly bitter man, with an ego that is obviously out of proportion to his talent, delivering an unprovoked attack on the current greats in a field where he was once a champ. Steve Miller's anger only makes it obvious that he is running scared from the fact that both he and his musical ideas are obsolete.

JOHN CASSELS
Jacksonville, Ill.

CONGRATS ON A WELL-done interview with Steve Miller. I think Steve touched some "touchy" subjects on today's rock scene openly and honestly. I was never ashamed to tell someone that I bought *Circle of Love*, mainly because I think that album ranks up there with *Fly Like An Eagle* and *Joker*. "Macho City" is such a good tune, the lyrics could be a foundation for a new science. I hope Steve trucks on over to Connecticut on tour, because I'm gonna invite him and the band over to the house for a beer after the show.

BUCK ROGERS
Oxford, Connecticut

ONLY THE STRONG SURvive, huh? Well, I guess that leaves you out, Steve Miller. You have just proved to me and about a million other Who fans that you are the real asshole I've always thought you were. You are about the cheapest songwriter to come out of rock & roll. I've seen you in concert before and it was about as exciting as watching grass grow. So, I guess all I have to say to you is, ah, disappear like, ah, Abracadabra (poof!).

JOHN (BARNEY) HOFFMAN
Louisville, Ohio

Fleetwood Mac

YOUR INTERVIEW WITH McVie, Fleetwood and Buckingham ("The Trouble With Stevie," September RECORD) was very eye-opening for me and has given me a new perspective of the band. I had believed that Stevie Nicks was behind their success and they couldn't survive without her. Now I know that they can and *will*, if that time does come.

JEFF MAGNESS
Seminole, Fla.

I AM WRITING TO CONgratulate David Gans on having managed, in a single paragraph, to venture beyond all previously-established boundaries of idiocy.

I refer to Mr. Gans' article in the September issue of RECORD, in which he stated that Stevie Nicks's songs are characterized by "a certain, well, amateurish quality." Gans complained that "the way she lays a lyric across a melody sometimes makes for awkward phrasing."

What sounds "awkward" to Mr. Gans (I'm assuming he does have ears) might be Ms. Nicks's occasional creation of counterpoint—a pleasant interaction between two separate, yet significant, melodies. Since counterpoint is the musical basis for everything from part-singing to lead playing, I can't see how its use renders an "amateurish" character to a song.

Also, there is Mr. Gans' reference to "her rather childish lyrical point of view regarding life and love." Does Mr. Gans feel that the only worthwhile lyrics are those that can only be understood by the lyricist? Spare us, please.

BILL BOXX
Greenwood, S.C.

Elvis Costello

CONGRATULATIONS ON BEing the first publication to print a critical (as opposed to fawning) review of *Imperial Bedroom*. However, your choice of Dave Marsh as reviewer was unfortunate. Marsh reviewing any artist other than Springsteen reminds me of George Will writing "objective" political commentary while also serving as a speechwriter to Reagan. Dave's swipe at Nick Lowe's "sonic ineptitude" seems a veiled response to Nick's well-chronicled distaste for Springsteen's recording methods. And even to this unabashed Bruce fan, the general snideness of Marsh's comments about Elvis leads me to believe that he realizes Costello is the only real threat to Springsteen's crown today.

Marsh's putdown of Costello as mean-spirited is also a laugh. Even if this *is* an accurate appraisal, since when is orneryness a reason to dismiss an artist as inconsequential? Does Dave find Jerry Lee to be a pleasant individual? Or Chuck Berry? The only concrete evidence he presents from *Imperial Bedroom* is the "unreadable" lyric sheet. To me, the reason for the computer printout style is to avoid the sense of pretentiousness that accompanies most lyric sheets. Something Marsh, a sucker for anyone pretending to make a grand statement, probably never noticed anyway.

I'd appreciate your passing this along to Dave, whom I thank. My belief in Elvis Costello's integrity is stronger for being questioned, albeit by someone who thinks David Johansen and the Who *really matter*.

TOM GARRITANO
Willowbrook, Ill.

RECORD

Managing Editor: DAVID McGEE
Asst. Managing Editor: CHIP STERN
Associate Editors: MARK MEHLER, DAVID GANS *(West Coast)*
Art Director: ESTHER DRAZNIN
Editorial Asst.: HELENE PODZIBA

Main Office: 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10151 (212) PL8-3800

Branches: 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3740 Los Angeles, CA 90067 (213) 553-2289

333 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, IL 60601 (312) 782-2366

1025 East Maple Birmingham, Michigan 48011 (313) 642-7273

Cover Photo: Annie Leibovitz

Publisher: MARTY OSTROW

Advertising: ROB WOOD, PATTI FIORE *(Classifieds)*
Chicago: MIKE NERI, MARK HERMANSON *Los Angeles:* BILL HARPER, JON MARSHALL
Detroit: RICHARD HARTLE, DON HETH

Advertising Production: CALVIN GENERETTE, MARY DRIVER

Circulation Director: DAVID MAISEL Business Manager: JOHN SKIPPER

Circulation Managers: BILL COAD, TOM COSTELLO, JOHN LOWE, JAMES JACOBS, NICKY ROE

Manufacturing & Distribution: DAN SULLIVAN *(Director)*, LINDA M. LANDES

Director Retail Sales & Publicity: SUSAN OLLINICK

Controller: JUDY HEMBERGER Finance Department: BETTY JO KLUNE, ERIC LILJESTRAND

Administrative Manager: LAUREL GONSALVES

General Staff: JONATHAN GREGG, PAULA MADISON, SOLOMON N'JIE, MICHAEL ROSEMAN, KIM SHORE, IRA TATTLEMAN

The Record is a special interest publication of Straight Arrow Publishers, Inc. Chairman: JANN S. WENNER
Sr. Vice President: KENT BROWNRIDGE Vice Presidents: WILLIAM S. DAVID, DENNY WHITE

TOP 100 ALBUMS

1 **FLEETWOOD MAC** *Mirage* (Warner Bros.)
2 **THE WHO** *It's Hard* (Warner Bros.)
3 **JOHN COUGAR** *American Fool* (Riva)
4 **MICHAEL McDONALD** *If That's What it Takes* (Warner Bros.)
5 **THE GO-GO's** *Vacation* (IRS)
6 **A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS** *A Flock of Seagulls* (Jive/Arista)
7 **ALAN PARSONS PROJECT** *Eye in the Sky* (Arista)
8 **RUSH** *Signals* (Mercury)
9 **MEN AT WORK** *Business as Usual* (Columbia)
10 **BILLY SQUIER** *Emotions in Motion* (Capitol)
11 **ROBERT PLANT** *Pictures at Eleven* (Swan Song)
12 **ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS** *Imperial Bedroom* (Columbia)
13 **THE CLASH** *Combat Rock* (Epic)
14 **JOE JACKSON** *Night and Day* (A&M)
15 **STRAY CATS** *Built For Speed* (EMI/America)
16 **STEVE WINWOOD** *Talking Back to the Night* (Island)
17 **SANTANA** *Shango* (Columbia)
18 **CROSBY, STILLS & NASH** *Daylight Again* (Atlantic)
19 **STEVE MILLER BAND** *Abracadabra* (Capitol)
20 **ASIA** *Asia* (Geffen)
21 **CHICAGO** *16* (Full Moon/Warner Bros.)
22 **KENNY LOGGINS** *High Adventure* (Columbia)
23 **ARETHA FRANKLIN** *Jump To It* (Arista)
24 **GAP BAND** *Gap Band IV* (Polydor)
25 **DONNA SUMMER** *Donna Summer* (Geffen)
26 **PETE TOWNSHEND** *All The Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes* (Atco)
27 **DON HENLEY** *I Can't Stand Still* (Asylum)
28 **EDDIE MONEY** *No Control* (Columbia)
29 **SURVIVOR** *Eye of the Tiger* (Scotti Bros.)
30 **JUDAS PRIEST** *Screaming for Vengeance* (Columbia)
31 **LOVERBOY** *Get Lucky* (Columbia)
32 **THE MOTELS** *All Four One* (Capitol)
33 **GENESIS** *Three Sides Live* (Atlantic)
34 **THE TIME** *What Time Is It?* (Warner Bros.)
35 **BAD COMPANY** *Rough Diamonds* (Swan Song)
36 **HUMAN LEAGUE** *Dare* (A&M)
37 **PETER GABRIEL** *Security* (Geffen)
38 **ROXY MUSIC** *Avalon* (Warner Bros./E.G.)
39 **KIM CARNES** *Voyeur* (EMI/America)
40 **ZAPP** *Zapp II* (Warner Bros.)
41 **GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS** *Bad to the Bone* (EMI/America)
42 **HAIRCUT 100** *Pelican West* (Arista)
43 **SQUEEZE** *Sweets from a Stranger* (A&M)
44 **GLENN FREY** *No Fun Aloud* (Asylum)
45 **MARSHALL CRENSHAW** *Marshall Crenshaw* (Warner Bros.)
46 **EVELYN KING** *Get Loose* (RCA)
47 **WILLIE NELSON** *Always On My Mind* (Columbia)
48 **MISSING PERSONS** *Missing Persons* (Capitol)
49 **.38 SPECIAL** *Special Forces* (A&M)
50 **FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH** *(Soundtrack)* (Full Moon/Asylum)
51 **WARREN ZEVON** *The Envoy* (Asylum)
52 **PAUL CARRACK** *Suburban Voodoo* (Epic)
53 **REO SPEEDWAGON** *Good Trouble* (Epic)
54 **TOTO** *IV* (Columbia)
55 **DREAMGIRLS** *Soundtrack* (Geffen)
56 **THE ROLLING STONES** *Still Life* (Rolling Stones)
57 **ROMEO VOID** *Benefactor* (415/Columbia)
58 **VAN HALEN** *Diver Down* (Warner Bros.)
59 **PAUL McCARTNEY** *Tug Of War* (Columbia)
60 **STEVIE WONDER** *Original Musiquarium I* (Tamla)
61 **AEROSMITH** *Rock in a Hard Place* (Columbia)
62 **OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN** *Greatest Hits Vol. II* (MCA)
63 **SCORPIONS** *Blackout* (Mercury)
64 **RICK JAMES** *Throwin' Down* (Gordy)
65 **X** *Under the Big Black Sun* (Elektra)
66 **TEDDY PENDERGRASS** *This One's for You* (Phila. Int'l.)
67 **ADRIAN BELEW** *Lone Rhino* (Island)
68 **ROCKY III** *Soundtrack* (Liberty)
69 **DAVID JOHANSEN** *Live it Up* (Blue Sky)
70 **SOFT CELL** *Non-Stop Erotic Cabaret* (Sire)
71 **PAT METHENY** *Offramp* (ECM)
72 **FRANK ZAPPA** *Ship Arriving Too Late. . .* (Barking Pumpkin)
73 **ELTON JOHN** *Jump Up!* (Geffen)
74 **KING CRIMSON** *Beat* (Warner Bros.)
75 **ALABAMA** *Mountain Music* (RCA)
76 **CHEAP TRICK** *One on One* (Epic)
77 **APRIL WINE** *Power Play* (Capitol)
78 **AIR SUPPLY** *Now and Forever* (Arista)
79 **KARLA BONOFF** *Wild Hearts of the Young* (Columbia)
80 **ALDO NOVA** *Aldo Nova* (Portrait/CBS)
81 **PATRICE RUSHEN** *Straight from the Heart* (Elektra)
82 **RICK SPRINGFIELD** *Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet* (RCA)
83 **JUICE NEWTON** *Quiet Lies* (Capitol)
84 **DAVE EDMUNDS** *D.E. 7th* (Columbia)
85 **THE POLICE** *Ghost in the Machine* (A&M)
86 **KANSAS** *Vinyl Confessions* (Kirshner)
87 **JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS** *I Love Rock 'n' Roll* (Boardwalk)
88 **HEART** *Private Audition* (Epic)
89 **RAY PARKER JR.** *The Other Woman* (Arista)
90 **TED NUGENT** *Nugent* (Atlantic)
91 **THE GO-GO's** *Beauty and the Beat* (IRS)
92 **E.T.** *Soundtrack* (MCA)
93 **JOURNEY** *Escape* (Columbia)
94 **ASHFORD & SIMPSON** *Street Opera* (Capitol)
95 **GARY U.S. BONDS** *On the Line* (EMI/America)
96 **RAINBOW** *Straight Between the Eyes* (Mercury)
97 **BLUE OYSTER CULT** *Extraterrestrial Live* (Columbia)
98 **QUEEN** *Hot Space* (Elektra)
99 **GRAHAM PARKER** *Another Grey Area* (Arista)
100 **PETE SHELLEY** *Homosapien* (Arista)

New Artist

PHOTO GEOFFREY THOMAS

Spys (clockwise from top left): John DiGaudio, Al Greenwood, Billy Milne, Ed Gagliardi, John Blanco

SPYS: Beyond The Mainstream

By Mark Mehler

NEW YORK—You already heard one side. That was Mick Jones, the leader of Foreigner, explaining how the group had fired bassist Ed Gagliardi (in 1979) and keyboardist Al Greenwood (a year later) because they were not making a sufficient contribution to the band's *oeuvre*. Now for the other side.

"The idea of SPYS is as a creative outlet for everyone connected with it," says Gagliardi of his new quintet. "This is the direct opposite of the way it was in Foreigner, which started out as a group and ended up a vehicle for one man (Jones). Eventually, it was totally closed off to me and Al. I think I'm a pretty good bass player, but in Foreigner, it got to the point where I didn't know if I could play at all; I was beaten down, frustrated."

Adds Greenwood: "I look at a song like 'Don't Run My Life' (on SPYS' debut album) as being 'Feels Like The First Time' or 'Cold As Ice.' It's completely fresh, like Foreigner in the beginning. Before the good feelings were negated."

Joining Greenwood and Gagliardi in SPYS, whose self-titled debut LP has been slow off the boards, are three young musicians from New York: John Blanco, a classically-trained singer who co-founded the band two years ago; John DiGaudio, the guitarist and co-founder; and Billy Milne, the drummer and a former member of Billy Falcon's band, who joined SPYS in 1981.

Though the ex-Foreigner members have known a rock 'n' roll life the other three can only dream of, Gagliardi insists the thoughts and feelings of the individual SPYS are of a piece. "Al and I want what they want," he says of the others. "That is, satisfaction. We're musicians, we need self-fulfillment, to believe in what we're doing. You can be making a lot of money, as we did, and not be satisfied."

Greenwood and Gagliardi take considerable pains to distance SPYS from their old combo—spiritually and musically. Gagliardi, for one, says SPYS' music is "more melodic and adventurous" than Foreigner's.

"Listen to the way John DiGaudio splits the high end of a Rickenbacker on 'Into The Night,' " he challenges. "Foreigner would never chance something like that. When we put a bridge in a song, it's a release that really releases, not just a connection between parts. You look at a vocalist like John Blanco; he's a trained choral singer. He did 106 voices in the middle of 'Danger.' I can't see how anyone can call us a mainstream band."

Nevertheless, there are strong similarities between Foreigner and SPYS, among them a healthy dose of power chording and an element of misogyny ("You can dress up like the ladies on the TV/aiming for the major leagues/but you're no Cheryl Tiegs").

"Ed and I have a few fans from Foreigner, I suppose, and we'd like to see them get interested in what we're doing now," concedes Greenwood, "but there has been one thing we've tried to make explicit from the very beginning: we won't ride on Foreigner's back."

SPYS developed out of a close friendship between Blanco, DiGaudio and Gagliardi. While in Foreigner, Gagliardi produced demos for Harpy, the local club band Blanco and DiGaudio were fronting at the time. After leaving Foreigner, Gagliardi took a year off, "keeping pretty much to myself.

"I knew I wanted to stay in rock 'n' roll somehow," he says, "but I didn't know if I wanted to play in a bar band or be Mick Jones . . . I mean, Mick Jagger. Anyway, I chose to be neither one. I just didn't want to be in a situation where anyone could dominate anyone else."

At about the time Gagliardi was emerging from his self-imposed exile, Harpy was self-destructing. The three comrades soon began rehearsing and writing as SPYS. Milne joined after completing his stint with Falcon's band. Gagliardi hit on Greenwood almost immediately after the latter had departed Foreigner. "I got him rip-roaring drunk on saki and zombies," laughs Gagliardi. Actually, it took a bit more convincing than that, but in the spring of 1981, Greenwood became the fifth member of the band.

"At that point, it was back to shopping demos," says Greenwood. Last winter, they recorded their first album for EMI at Electric Lady Studios in New York.

They had taken the first step, but Greenwood and Gagliardi prefer to reminisce about playing in Greenwood's cold, moldy basement, warmed by a kerosene heater and feeling that it's nice to be in control of your fate. "Sometimes," muses Gagliardi, "Al and I will just look at each other and smile.

"Billy and John Blanco and John DiGaudio might look up to us as guys who've been at a certain level, but at the same time, Al and I will look to them as people who know what it's like to be normal. That's something I still have to learn."

"The best feeling I've had in rock," concludes Greenwood, "is knowing that some D-minor chord that I had laying around ended up in a SPYS song. It feels good to say that's *my* bit. Basically, that's what it means to be in a real group."

American Grandstand

By Dave Marsh

I Don't Want My MTV

On September 1, MTV, the cable channel which presents 24-hour rock video, finally made its appearance in New York City. This is something for which MTV had waged a long and apparently expensive media campaign, using TV ads featuring rock stars, among them Pat Benatar, Mick Jagger and Peter Townshend, urging viewers of other stations to phone their cable company to say "I want my MTV."

A New York outlet is crucial to the operations of such a channel for a number of reasons. Among the more salient, if less obvious, is that New York City is the home of the advertising industry. It is one thing to have to ferry reviewers to Fort Lee to show them your programming in action. It is another thing to transport advertisers, as one can easily tell by the fact that, with the exception of relentlessly unsubtle MTV promotions and one spot for a typical oldies LP package, the several advertisers MTV claims to have are rarely visible to the naked eye (except on weekend specials).

For those not yet blessed with this joint venture of Warner Communications and the American Express Company, this is how MTV works: it shows wall-to-wall promotional videos of "contemporary music groups," rotated in roughly the same way as a typical FM radio station rotates current top tracks. From time to time, the flow of tapes is interrupted, most often by whichever of the station's video jockies happens to be pulling the current shift. (These veejays, incidentally, all look like they were hired by the casting director of *WKRP in Cincinnati*, though none of them has ever cracked a joke in my presence). Mostly, the veejays spend their time extolling what MTV has just shown, or is about to show, but from time to time, they recite press releases as "news" and about once an hour, present two or three minute "interviews," which are placed in the same sort of rotation as the promo clips. These interviews operate off a principle best articulated by Bob Dylan: "Nothing Was Delivered." Nothing was asked, either.

"Because no art prospers for long in an environment that shuts out the rest of the world, neither the rock business nor MTV may have much future left."

The *auteur* of MTV's format is a failed radio programmer, Robert Pittman, who was bounced from his previous job, programming New York's WNBC-AM (although he'd had considerable success in Chicago prior to coming here), when that station's ratings failed to surpass those of WABC-AM, just as ABC was getting its ass whomped by WKTU-FM. Advising Mr. Pittman is Kent Burkhart, of the firm which devised FM's noxious Superstars format. In practice, MTV's format is about as adventurous as current FM radio gets, which means that Thomas Dolby, the Go-Gos, the Human League and the Clash get some space, about one-third as much as Queen, Benatar, Fleetwood Mac, Kansas, Genesis, Heart, Van Halen, etc. By contemporary broadcasting standards, this is a genuine alternative, though I must say that Haircut 100 is not my idea of an antidote to heavy metal doldrums.

I was going to say that one never sees black people on MTV, but this is obviously untrue. One of the veejays, J.J. Jackson, is black, though he does his best not to let it show, and I have seen blacks in bit parts in two promos (George Thorogood's and Duran Duran's). No one I know has ever seen a black artist's promo clip on MTV and, give or take Jimi Hendrix, no one ever will. This is a matter of policy, applied without discrimination to Gary Bonds, Rick James and Stevie Wonder, Donna Summer, Grandmaster Flash and Shalamar, in the same way the policy is applied at typical FM radio stations. The wisdom of sparing MTV's viewers this music will be immediately apparent to anyone asked to stomach the videos of Le Roux and Landscape.

In addition to being cultural racists, MTV is also by definition ahistorical: one is no more likely to see Bob Dylan than Dion, since neither made promo videos. And for one reason or another, MTV has been unwilling or unable to acquire the kind of rock movies that the USA Network runs as a matter of course—MTV viewers don't see, for example, *Mr. Rock and Roll*, featuring Chuck Berry and the Moonglows. Personally, I think that footage of Chuck Berry might help place Billy Squier in perspective, but then, this is probably just another argument against it, from Mr. Pittman and Mr. Burkhart's viewpoint.

The truth is that there is barely enough competently produced rock promo video to sustain 24 interesting *minutes* of television. Aside from a few J. Geils and Elvis Costello pieces and the odd documentary snippet (like Janis Joplin's tragically bombastic "Tell Mama"), what the eye is offered on MTV is a choice between hackneyed industrial filmmaking, somewhat less exciting than your average sports car commercial, or stuff that looked like it was too pretentious for film school. The folks who make this junk apparently lack the simple ability to narrate a song, though when they try, the results can be disastrous: check Pete Townshend's "Face Dances, Part Two," in which he *shaves*.

As it stands, MTV offers the worst of FM playlist rigidity, without any of the advantages: no local involvement, no personality among its veejays, no news or sports or weather, just rock music in a hermetically sealed capsule. This may very well be the industry's future—*Billboard* reports that MTV exposure sells records—but it is an irrelevant future. And because no art prospers for long in an environment that shuts out the rest of the world, neither the rock business nor MTV may have much future left, if the present course of either continues.

London Calling

By Chris Welch

Backstage With The Who

"We were the darlings of the British press for 15 years when we could do no wrong. Now the new writers want to write about new bands and they resent the fact that we can fill a hall two nights running with ten thousand fans. But the Who can take criticism. We don't mind." Pete Townshend, soberly clad, quiet but lucid following the Who's concert in Birmingham. If Pete and the rest of the band were hurt by the critical savaging of their new album, *It's Hard*, then they responded to vicious attacks with impressive dignity. A lesser band would have banned the press from all contact. The Who invited the press to meet them at a hotel after their gig at the Birmingham National Exhibition Centre, on Saturday, September 11.

Earlier, Roger Daltrey had said it was the end for the group and that they were all "old men." Townshend and the Who management later put out a statement saying this was premature. Their American tour may be their last full-scale excursion, but they'll be making the odd concert appearance, as the mood takes them, for some years to come. Are the Who now just touring for the money, ask cynics? Pete responds in businesslike fashion: "We do a deal for the concessions before we start to play which will bring in more money than the actual tour. We will be making a lot of money, which will be lovely, thank you very much. But it certainly wasn't a financial decision to work. We felt there had been so much of a downer feeling around the band. I had been through a really weird situation and got very boozed up and fucked up. But I've come through that now. I've banned all the temptations."

PHOTO: VINNIE ZUFFANTE

"One of the reasons the Who is still active is that we're still struggling to come up with a triumphant piece of work that is new and evolving."

Townshend says he has only one more solo album to make under his present contract. "I'll probably stop recording for a while. I'd like to do a lot of different things musically. I've always wanted to do a jazz album, and I've spoken to Pat Metheny about that. I'd just like to make a record at home, like the one Bruce Springsteen made (*Nebraska*), on a four-track. I'd also like some time to do nothing and let my head clear. How long I can keep that up, I don't know. But I don't lead a nine-to-five, 365 days a year, rock 'n' roll existence. I work with other artists and have different avenues to explore." How much longer could the Who survive? "We're fed up with people waiting for us to drop dead," Pete answers. "A lot of the music critics now weren't born when I started and they are just not interested in the things we do.

"They react strongly against the Establishment power and kudos that we have, and the fact that we can fill a hall for two nights running with passionate, loyal fans. They don't like that. And they say a lot of bands who are worthy of more attention go by the wayside. There *is* so much great music that the people don't hear. I'm just as much peeved about that as they are. And we don't mind a knock now and then."

Would Pete ever go on the road with another group if the Who slipped into limbo? "Not on this scale, but I would like to play live." Meanwhile, Pete says there will be another Who album before his final solo release for Atlantic. "*It's Hard*, was a bit rushed. We wanted to get it done while we were all in good spirits and I didn't have a lot of time to write. I'm keen to do an album where I can put in a good long stint as a writer, so I'll put off the next solo album until the next Who album is done. I don't seem to have any control over my writing anymore. I seem to write impulsively. If I sat down and wrote hit singles for the pop market, then I could probably write the way I did as a young man. But I feel that to be very calculating. I did it very well when I was very young, but I don't have to do that anymore.

"One of the reasons the band is still active is that we're still struggling to come up with a triumphant piece of work that is new and evolving. I suppose we'll have to stop sooner or later. But it's like Mick Jagger. He's got very little else, and he thrives on being on stage. For Roger Daltrey it's the same. He couldn't let rip on stage in the same way with another band. We haven't fixed a date, but we are definitely going to stop, and we're not ever touring again in America. I don't like to leave things hanging in the air because it encourages cynical comments and speculation, but we work when we want to and we don't give a shit what anybody thinks about it. The huge amounts of work that a band like the Who has to do to reach all the people who want to see us on a tour are emotionally and spiritually devastating. We've endured the pressures of that and the passion of our fans for fifteen years and we know that it can't go on forever. So we all sat down and posed the question, 'Shall we decide to stop?' and see what happens!"

(For more on the Who, check out Wayne King's review of It's Hard *on page 20.)*

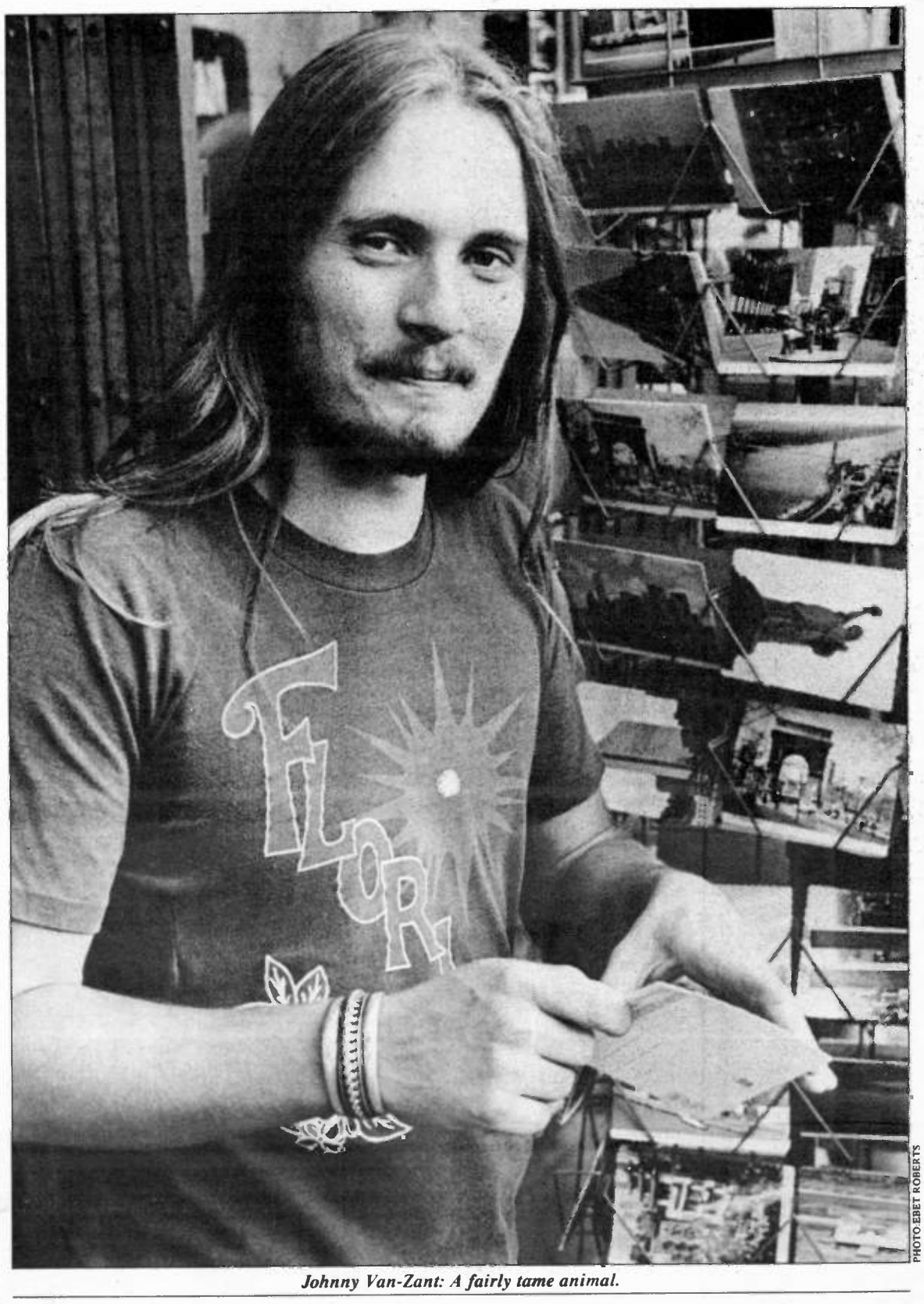


PHOTO:EBET ROBERTS

Johnny Van-Zant: A fairly tame animal.

The Johnny Van-Zant Band: Lurking On The Cutting Edge

By David McGee

NEW YORK—Bearing the surname Van-Zant would seem to be one of the least enviable burdens that could befall a contemporary rock singer, but Johnny Van-Zant—younger brother of Lynyrd Skynyrd's Ronnie and .38 Special's Donnie—wears it well. Which is not to suggest that he's Jack Daniel's most ardent supporter or the Holiday Inn maintenance crews' Tenant of the Year. Rather, Van-Zant, like his brothers before him, keeps the focus on music—specifically, on fashioning an approach that will place the Johnny Van-Zant Band on the cutting edge of what its leader calls "the new progressive southern music."

Asked what is "new" and/or "progressive" about the Van-Zant Band's third LP, *Last of the Wild Ones*, Van-Zant laughs, a bit self-consciously, and looks at you as if you'd really said, "Now come on Johnny, there's really *nothing* new or progressive here, but let's be friends and talk about it anyway."

Answers Van-Zant: "It's definitely not Marshall Tucker or Charlie Daniels—southern music's got to go beyond that now. For one thing, we're not singing about, 'Well, I'm down in Dixieland,' or anything like that. And the title track is totally different from anything we've ever done. The double parts of the chorus are totally different, and it's a harder album than we've ever put out before. I feel like with .38 and with us it's not your super-boogie southern rock bands. It's from the south, definitely, it has southern roots, but it's a new step in southern rock."

Last of the Wild Ones indicates that the Johnny Van-Zant Band is growing up, in a couple of important ways. The band's music has evolved from simple and direct, hard-driving, cleanly-recorded southern rock to a more textured, layered sound that forsakes blues-based riffing for a more pop-oriented approach. Yet within these layers of sound the twin guitar leads of Robbie Gay and former East Coast surfing champion Erik Lundgren provide Van-Zant with an electrifying, identifiably southern aural back-drop.

Foremost among the changes is the very real suggestion that there ought to be something more interesting to sing about than wine-women-whiskey-and-boogying till the dawn's early light. For example, "Danger Zone" and "Inside Looking Out" are potent endgame scenarios about straightening out the world—"We can't keep living this way," Van-Zant declares in "Inside Looking Out"—before it blows up in our faces.

On another level, Van-Zant says *Last of the Wild Ones* was a crucial album because the band "needed something that could cross over AM as well as FM." Manager George Cappellini is more blunt: "We had our backs against the wall on this one because it was a do-or-die album for the band," meaning the band's first two LPs, *No More Dirty Deeds* and *Round Two* failed to garner the sort of airplay or sales that keeps label executives whistling "Dixie."

Thus, Al Kooper, who produced the first Johnny Van-Zant Band album, as well as Lynyrd Skynyrd's first three albums, was brought back on board for *Wild Ones*. Problems in the studio, however, led to Kooper's early departure from the project.

"Al had a different view of what we should do," Van Zant explains. "He wanted to take it in a real light direction. He had a lot of keyboard things on there, and we don't even have a keyboard player in the band. If I thought it'd been worth it we'd have just hired a keyboard player for the tour, but at the time I felt he was over-keyboarding it. He also had real light guitars on it—Stratocasters, when we wanted Les Pauls. It came to a point where we had to say, 'You've done what you can do for the album, we're all friends, let's part right now.' "

Kooper confirms Van-Zant's story and adds: "I enjoyed doing (the Van-Zant Band's) first album a lot more. It was a better record. Like Lynyrd Skynyrd, their first was a major album, their third wasn't anywhere near as good. People get far too serious about making records. If you put all your worries into it, the record's gonna suffer. You just have to go in and play the music. They felt it was a make-or-break album, and it showed—they were too serious."

For Van-Zant, the near debacle of *Wild Ones* had the positive upshot of making him more aware of the peculiar demands of recording as opposed to playing live. "On our first album we were really blind; we didn't learn anything about recording. On the second record we went into the studio and said, 'Hope

Continued on page 22

Rundgren Hates 'Rock'N'Roll'; New Solo LP Is 'Heavy Duty'

NEW YORK—"Rock'n'roll," shudders Todd Rundgren. "I really hate that term."

Sorry, Todd, but that's the best way we know to describe the "heavy-duty" music on your upcoming LP, *The Ever-Popular Tortured Artist Effect*. Once again, the pop wizard and video virtuoso has been licked by the English language. "One of the reasons I don't like to discuss my music," he says, "is you wind up giving explanations for your explanations. The music is always unexplainable."

Still, he tries. Rundgren offers that the new solo LP will be more "song-oriented" than his last solo disk, 1981's *Healing*, and closer in tone to his classic *Hermit of Mink Hollow*. "I tend to get very eclectic when I'm working on my own. This time I'm trying out more different things than I've done in the past."

Among the handful of hard-core tunes recorded thus far is "Drive," which the artist describes as a "song about getting a bead on something and heading for it." Rundgren also covers Small Faces' "Tin Soldier" ("a song I finally had to get off my chest"). And, for his usual novelty cut, he has chosen "Emperor of the Highway," an original composition that explores the myriad changes in human personality affected by the automobile.

As on previous solo projects, Rundgren serves as solo instrumentalist, producer and bottle washer.

Regarding the new album's enigmatic title, Rundgren insists it will become clear upon listening to the record. Perhaps it's a comment on posturing pop stars. Or the impact of attitude on rock'n'roll (Oops! Sorry, again, Todd). In any case, release is expected early next year.

—Mark Mehler

PHOTO: CHESTER SIMPSON

Todd Rundgren

Smith Says Next Journey LP Has 'Completely New Sound'

LOS ANGELES—Journey's new studio album should be completed in November, and on the streets in January. According to drummer Steve Smith, the band has made some distinct changes in its music since the platinum-plus success of its most recent LP, *Escape*.

"I would call (the new album) more angular and angrier," Smith explains. "By angular I mean in the types of lines, riffs and tonalities used—and it has a harder and more ragged edge. It's hard to describe music in words, but it's got a great vibe to it."

Smith says that while Journey was pleased with *Escape*'s reception, "what we've seen too many people do is have an album that sells millions of copies and then come out with another one that sounds like they recorded them both at the same time. There's no growth and no new information. We're very aware of that, and with this record there's a completely new Journey sound. We're trying to combine a progressive kind of sound with something that is commercial." By way of explanation, Smith reveals that vocalist Steve Perry, who seems to have been cloned by every band popular on AOR airwaves, has altered his singing style so as to be less dominant in the high ranges; the band, in turn, has adjusted by adding more keyboard parts and downplaying the heavy guitar work.

Produced, as was *Escape*, by Kevin Elson and Mike Stone, the LP will most likely contain two ballads in addition to material by Perry, Neal Schon and Jonathan Cain. Smith has also contributed two songs, although he doesn't know yet if they will appear since Journey will record 15 tracks and choose 10 for the album.

For die-hard Journey fans, October was scheduled as the release month for 50,000 half-speed masters of an album recorded in Japan called *Dream After Dream*. "It's a totally different direction," Smith asserts, "and isn't anything like our other records."

Journey plans to begin its tour in Japan in February and will kick off a lengthy U.S. tour in March.

—Robyn Flans

Hall & Oates Set U.S. Tour

NEW YORK—Daryl Hall and John Oates will tour the United States from late January to mid-March in support of their new album, *H2O*. The itinerary had not been set at presstime, but a source indicated that Hall and Oates will play mostly large arenas, including Madison Square Garden in New York and the Forum in Los Angeles.

The band kicked off its fall tour in Europe in early October, moving to a two-week, sold-out tour of Japan due to end in early November. Following completion of a three-week Australian jaunt on November 25, rehearsals begin for the American tour, which will feature a new stage design incorporating the *H2O* theme. That is, Hall-to-Oates, not water.

Pat Benatar

Continued from page 1

cruited to augment the band at around the same time guitarist Scott St.Clair Sheets was thinking of leaving, she says, "so things balanced out just right."

Get Nervous is "more modern-sounding, more danceable than the other records," Benatar notes. "We've done a bunch of different stuff—you just can't keep doing 'Treat Me Right' every record, you know?"

Guitarist Neil Geraldo co-produced *Get Nervous* with Peter Coleman, who did most of Benatar's first album, *In The Heat of the Night*. One of the three songs by outside writers is "It's A Little Too Late," by Alex Call, who co-wrote "867-5309/Jenny" with Tommy Tutone's Jim Keller. Geraldo and Billy Steinberg (who wrote *Precious Time*'s title track) collaborated on five songs, including "Anxiety (Get Nervous)," "Lookin' For The Stranger," and a ballad called "Fight It Out." The latter, says Benatar, is "so sad it'll rip your guts out. It's definitely the best vocal performance of my life, and it's the best the band has ever played."

Benatar hopes to include a ballad or two in her sets on the four-and-a-half month world tour she's starting in November. "We usually don't do a long enough set, but this time we're doing more than two hours," she says. "We'll be able to spread it out gradually." The tour starts with two months of American dates, then swings through Europe, Japan, and Australia before winding up in Hawaii in mid-March. After that Benatar and Geraldo, who were married last February, are going to give serious thought to starting a family.

It's not that Benatar is tired of the music business. "I love doing this so much," she emphasizes. "The only thing that's missing from our lives is children. I don't think I'm superwoman, but maybe I can squeeze it in somehow."

—David Gans

Wrestling And Naked Ladies: Al Kooper's Simple Pleasures

NEW YORK—When Al Kooper played the Bottom Line here in late August, he figured if he had a good night things might get a little boisterous. What Kooper hadn't foreseen was that a young lady in the audience might get so caught up in the heat of the moment that she would jump onstage during a particularly sizzling rendition of ZZ Top's "Fool For Your Stockings" and drop trou— and blouse and everything else. Kooper and his nude admirer juked awhile for the fans, and afterwards adjourned to a local tavern. And that was that, says Kooper, who adds: "She was a very nice person."

Not exactly a rock 'n' roll epiphany, but at age 38, Kooper points to this as evidence that he's "still got it." After two decades-plus as a solo artist, top session player and producer, Kooper sees the naked lady incident as indicative of his approach to popular music. "Please tell your audience I'm not altogether serious about this. You need a sense of humor in this business."

Consider them told, Al.

Nevertheless, Kooper summons a modicum of seriousness in discussing his latest LP, *Championship Wrestling*, which features guitarist Jeff Baxter. Kooper says he wishes there were enough money to be made in recording and touring, but, alas, the bigger money is in producing, which is where Kooper has been busying himself since the mid-'70s.

Championship Wrestling is the direct result of Kooper and Baxter's desire to get together and "just play a little music." The two had collaborated some years ago on a disco project, *Four On The Floor*. "Everybody was playing disco and making money, and Jeff and I weren't making shit." That LP, however, was "a disaster," owing to Kooper and Baxter's widely divergent production views. So this time they turned the console over to former Eagles mentor Bill Szymczyk.

Why *Championship Wrestling?* According to Kooper, a veteran in these matters, the rock concert experience is akin to regional pro wrestling competition, where fan loyalties enable ancient veterans to stay on the mats years beyond their prime. Concludes Kooper: "My attitude is never to expect anything. But if I could just go on playing music with a bunch of guys from New Jersey and make a living, I'd be the happiest man on earth. And a lady without clothes is nice, too."

—Mark Mehler

PHOTO: ROZ LEVIN

Al Kooper and friend

Philip Glass, Ray Manzarek Collaborating On LP Project

NEW YORK—As reported in the June issue of RECORD, keyboardist-producer Ray Manzarek, backed by a young Los Angeles jazz-rock band called the Fents (which numbers among its members keyboardist Adam Holzman, son of Elektra Records founder Jac Holzman), is working on a solo album that will feature contemporary versions of works written by Carl Orff and Erik Satie, in addition to Manzarek's original material.

More recently, the noted electronic composer Philip Glass, impressed with Manzarek's efforts to create "serious" music, signed on as co-composer and -producer of the album, now tentatively titled *Neo-Classical*.

How has the project changed with Glass's involvement?

"He's added a whole other layer of sound and reality," says Manzarek. "I can't possibly describe what goes on when Philip and I sit down to write. It's a D to an A, to an F♯, then we'll go to a D-minor for awhile, and pick up the tempo. About 75 percent of it's already in my head, but things can change."

Apart from guitar, drums, bass and keyboards, the instrumental lineup will also feature Glass's "electronic orchestra"; there'll also be a dose of choral music on *Neo-Classical*. Says Manzarek: "It'll be rock 'n' roll with strong classical underpinnings," and "four-on-the-floor" renditions of the Orff and Satie compositions.

Production is due to begin in November, with release expected on A&M Records sometime in 1983.

PHOTO: DAVID ARNOFF

Ray Manzarek

"We'll be doing everything state-of-the-art," declares Manzarek before returning to the studio. "The outcome of all this should be very interesting." —Mark Mehler

Talk Talk: In The Heart Of The Beat

NEW YORK—"The thing people like about British music is its energy and distortion," explains vocalist Mark Hollis of Talk Talk, a British quartet celebrating its first birthday with a new LP, *The Party's Over*. "What people like about American pop music is its clarity. But American music lacks a hard edge; what we're going after is a combination of the two."

To achieve that tenuous yin/yang balance, Talk Talk employed dual producers on its new LP. Colin Thurston, who had engineered David Bowie's *Heroes* and produced Duran Duran, supervised the recording, and "did okay," according to Hollis. "But Colin had a tendency to try to smooth out the sound. He let it get too laid back. Right now, everybody in England's looking for a new sound, and engineers are getting projects they're not prepared for, which is what happened here. We could only push him so far." To inject "power" into the mix, Mike Robinson was brought on board. "A lot of the emotion on this record was done in the mix," Hollis admits.

Nevertheless, Talk Talk believes its uniqueness stems from a "legitimate rhythm section." Though the band is relatively new, bassist Paul Webb and drummer Lee Harris have been playing together since age 14. "This may sound corny," says Hollis, "but the most important quality in music is emotion, and other dance groups don't get that with a drum box. We aren't Kraftwerk. We need all the highs and lows."

Talk Talk looks forward to headlining Europe this fall, after which they return to the U.K. to begin writing and recording the next album. They also hope to get beyond the requisite neutered, other-worldly image projected in record company publicity handouts.

"It's disgusting," says Hollis. "People try to make you out something you're not, like a straight uptempo dance band. We're just musicians who rely on emotion."

—Mark Mehler

Andrae Crouch Is Under Fire, But His Song Hasn't Changed

By David McGee

NEW YORK—Controversy has become a way of life for gospel singer Andrae Crouch. Over thirteen years ago he and his group the Disciples brought soul arrangements and pop ballads into traditional gospel, signed with a white gospel label (Light) and became one of the first black gospel acts to reach white audiences in significant numbers. Crouch wrote most of the material, and endured the slings and arrows of hard-core black gospel devotees who felt his eclectic approach bordered on sacrilege.

Now the Disciples have broken up and Crouch is a solo star, recording both for Warner Bros. (*Don't Give Up*, released last fall) and for Light. He's been featured on *60 Minutes*, guest starred on *The Jeffersons*, played in South Africa to an integrated audience, appeared in the Vatican and in general done more than any other contemporary black gospel artist to bring this music into the secular arena. But on the eve of the release of his new Light album, *Finally*, Crouch says the controversy surrounding his career continues unabated, though his goals remain unchanged.

"I've been on the battlefield," he laughs, "but I just do what I feel I should do, for what my calling in life is. I realize that some people's mouths can hurt you, or that some people feel as though they have the power to make you and break you, but I'd rather be number 1000 on God's chart than number one on some other guy's chart."

The gospel community has criticized Crouch recently for turning his business affairs over to a white manager (William F. Leopold) and for signing with Warners. Crouch, though, maintains that the management change was a necessary career move, and that the Warners deal has benefits his gospel supporters haven't yet realized.

Leopold put an end to 10 years of incessant touring on the artist's part—a routine in which Crouch was virtually on call to anyone who wanted him, no matter how large or small the function. "I would be in the process of recording an album or writing songs, and be interrupted by a tour. And we'd get there and there'd be some super freak with a yellow cape and a jumpsuit presenting me with a trophy that weighed one pound and was three feet tall. I'd be backstage saying, 'God, why am I here?' I used to be available to sing at the little churches, but they wouldn't pay me nothing. I would sing and they'd run me around doing two or three things a day. They use you; they sell tickets, give you a trophy and then a disc jockey gets all the money. All of a sudden I get this white manager and have to be paid a lot of money, and the pastors and DJs get scared. They say, 'I don't want to go through your manager, I want to talk directly to you.' All they're telling me is, 'I don't really want to take care of you.' "

As for his secular album, Crouch explains that *Don't Give Up* is "bait music, it's a tease to bring the appetite back, to get people thinking about God without hammering it into their heads. To just put some nice, basic, Biblical values out for somebody who maybe didn't buy my Christian albums because they don't go to Christian bookstores. On my new Light album, I'm singing to people who are already into that kind of music, but I'm also trying to make the music so that people who got into me on the Warner Bros. album could enjoy this one, too. The music for Light, though, is more for the church, has more religious voicings in the harmonies."

Controversy and more controversy. Asked how the faithful received his Warners LP, Crouch answers, "The only ridicule I got was from the church. They thought they'd lost me. A lot of church people only want to hear stuff about being born again, praising the Lord and going to Heaven. I have to mold the minds of the church, tell them, 'Hey, we may not jump on this, but it's helping somebody else now.' For instance, I had a religious song on there called 'I'll Be Good To You Baby,' and the church people freaked when they saw the title, thinking it was about a girl. It's just starting to break now with some of them."

Such criticism, it seems, ennobles Andrae Crouch, makes him more certain of his mission and more determined to carry it out. The aforementioned South African jaunt is a case in point. Friends protesting that country's noxious policy of apartheid urged Crouch to make his stand with them. He declined because "I don't stay away from places simply for political reasons. I feel like God is there and I carry his message; if I feel I should go, I'll go. I was the first black headliner to play to multi-racial audiences in South Africa's history. The results were phenomenal; seven, eight thousand people a night singing together and holding hands. When people heard I was going back, they said, 'Andrae, we're trying to boycott.' I said, 'You boycott, I'm going.' "

The ultimate irony here is that *Finally* has put Crouch back in the pure gospel audience's good graces—for what Crouch feels are all the wrong reasons. "Because this album's more churchy," he says, "I hear people are saying, 'Oh, he's safe now, he's back.' Hey, the kid's never been nowhere. I write hymns because they're a part of me. But I don't have any bitterness towards anybody; I love 'em all. And I understand that everybody's hustling to try to get bread. Still, I'm appalled at the manipulation that goes on, whether you're a secular or Christian artist. And we wonder why people jump off buildings. I will not be a victim of my success."

PHOTO: AL MAURO/EBET ROBERTS

Andrae Crouch: "I've been on the battlefield."

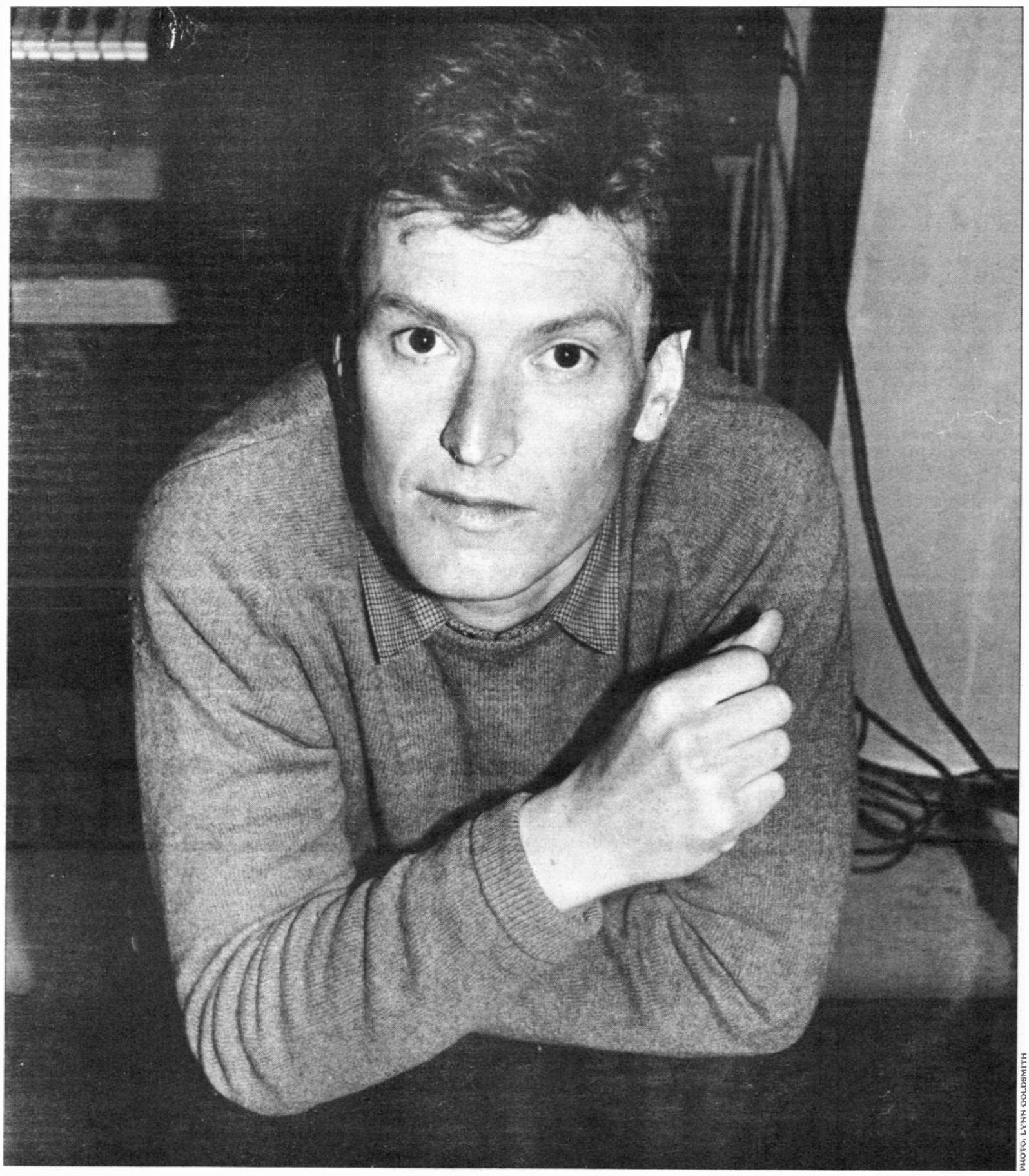


PHOTO: LYNN GOLDSMITH

GOOD TIMES, BAD TIMES

Steve Winwood Finds His Way Home

BY DEBORAH FROST

At age 16, when most kids are trying to pass their driver's tests, Steve Winwood—or Stevie, as he was known then—was making hit records with the Spencer Davis Group. Any way you look at it, this "rock Mozart," as he was once dubbed, has had an extraordinary career.

In 1967, after testifying "I'm A Man" (he was entitled—by then he was 20), Winwood was established as a leading voice among a generation of young Englishmen who used American blues as the foundation for their contemporary rock stylings. What distinguished Winwood from his peers—Rod Stewart, Mick Jagger, Ray Davies—was more than his comparative youth: his instincts have always been a musician's, not a showman's. Those instincts led him away from the Spencer Davis Group at the height of its commercial success, and into Traffic, one of the most adventurous British bands of the late '60s.

In 1969, however, Winwood once again moved on, this time to join Eric Clapton, Ginger Baker and Rick Grech in Blind Faith. Rock's first and perhaps greatest "supergroup" was unprepared for the hype and public expectations that quickly surrounded and just as quickly destroyed their union. Yet Blind Faith's sole album remains a testament to the enormity of both Eric Clapton's and Steve Winwood's gifts.

These were gifts that, in both artists' cases, were to surface only sporadically in succeeding years. In 1970, Winwood began what was intended to be his first solo album, John Barleycorn Must Die; *instead, it ended up with the reformation of Traffic. The result was, as critic John Swenson described it years later, "Winwood's swan song as a major talent."*

After Traffic died its second (and so far final) death in 1974, Winwood became involved in several ambitious, though unfocussed, projects. He recorded two albums with African musicians, one with Japanese musician Stomu Yamashta, and performed with a prominent salsa band, the Fania All-Stars. In 1977, he recorded Steve Winwood, *a half-*

realized project which merely reinforced the prevailing impression that the artist was out of touch with popular music as well as himself. But in 1981, following three years of relative inactivity, he contributed the synthesizer motif that propelled Marianne Faithfull's haunting comeback album, Broken English *(He claims producer Mark Miller Mundy asked him to make a sound "like lemmings going over a cliff"). More important, he went into his home studio and emerged with* Arc of a Diver, *a solo album—that is, it featured no other musicians save Winwood—that belied the notion that rock stars who don't die young are doomed to fade into obscurity.* Talking Back To The Night, *his most recent album of homemade music, builds on* Diver's *strengths and, in doing so, marks Winwood as an important contributor to the direction of rock in the '80s as surely as his startling performance on "Gimme Some Lovin' " augured more formidable work from the then-teenaged artist in 1966.*

* * *

Let's start with the present. Your new album, *Talking Back To The Night,* sounds as if you've got a lot of new toys to play with.

I've got new toys, yeah. I didn't use as many keyboards as I used on *Arc of a Diver,* though. I tried to explore the possibilities of one particular keyboard, the Prophet 5. It's fairly adaptable, it's got good oscillators. I like to work with sounds, rather than try to invent them. It just happened that I didn't need other keyboards. I even write on it. But I like to try to write on everything. Sometimes I write without a keyboard at all. Sometimes on bass, or on drums—sometimes I'll just get a feel for a rhythm.

Are you doing something to your voice? It doesn't always sound as big, as up front, as it does on some of your older records. I wasn't sure if that's your singing, your equipment, or the result of your having stopped smoking.

I'm afraid that's my mixing. You know what they say—everyone likes the instruments he plays loudest in the mix. It's a bit of a problem with me, 'cause I'm playing everything! And I suppose what suffers as a result is the voice.

There are a couple of things I miss now that you're playing so heavily on synthesizer to create the sound of an entire band. One is your guitar playing—I've always wondered if there are things you did in Blind Faith that have been attributed to Eric Clapton. The other is piano. You're one of the few people who really understands how to play rock keyboards—when to splash some organ over the rhythm section, where to break out a hard, gospel-based piano.

The whole business of going from one instrument to another as I do is obviously a coverup! I've always thought that if I can't cut something on piano, I can cut it on organ. I think I have defects on each instrument. I got into organ very early on. There were things I couldn't do on the piano and I wanted to express those sounds. And it's hard to fill up Madison Square Garden with an acoustic piano. Especially in the early days, before good sound systems or Yamaha. But for me, synthesizers haven't taken over organ and piano. They're still very valid. The organ and piano still have their place. I started using a Moog with Traffic in 1974. It wasn't until recently that synthesizers themselves started becoming more adaptable and the ways of programming got so much more accessible to the musician. Before, you had to have someone to program it and someone to play it. Now the manufacturers have made them so musician-programmable. In the early days, there were people who perfected a way of playing mono-synth solos—like Jan Hammer and George Duke. I knew as soon as I heard what they were doing, but I thought, Jesus, that's brilliant. Initially, they were obvious influences. Since then, there are lots of people who use them. You hear it everywhere.

What interests me is the ability synthesizers have not to emulate exactly but to relate to natural instruments. People initially try to make a sound only a synthesizer can make and not relate it to natural instruments. It's still very young. The actual technology is increasing faster than the musicianship, the ability of people to play them. And it's really an electronic way of making a record. I mean the sound comes out of a speaker. It sounds like a piano, but that sound is really an electronic sound. So if you use a synthesizer, you're really getting closer—you're taking away certain barriers between the instrument and it eventually getting to the listener. All I'm doing is trying to get an acceptable sound to come out of a speaker. Which is a bit different from getting a bunch of people to make a good show. I like to make it sound like a band. I started playing with a band—that's the way I tend to hear things. When I start doing some live work, it'll make it easier to play these songs.

Why didn't you tour after *Arc of a Diver?*

After *Arc of a Diver,* I wasn't going to do another solo album. Then I saw it being the most successful record I'd ever made, so I couldn't really leave it there. It would have felt as if I'd left something in mid-air. I felt that this one could be so much better, quicker, easier. *Arc of a Diver* was torturous to do. It took so long. I made so many mistakes. Before I make another album—I've got one more to do—I'm really going to do some live work. I've been to a few shows and seen some good people and I've really got the feeling I want to play live.

You've played in some great bands. You've played with some great performers and some of the greatest musicians around. It almost seems as if you were so discouraged by the difficulties you encountered in some of these situations, that now you're not even playing with people—just machines.

Well, of course those differences are what people are all about. You can't have one without the other. Looking back on some situations, I see them in a more favorable light now. I think I'm a lot more tolerant now than I was then. But that always happens, doesn't it, with time?

But don't you feel that although technology enables you to make entire records on your own, it often destroys the spark, the chemical interaction between people that makes rock 'n' roll what it is in the first place?

Well, I would never wish to make albums like this continuously. It's not a good thing to do. I used an assistant engineer who does things like get the levels when I'm doing vocals, and he's a technician who fixes things when they go wrong. But I did all the mixing, listening—everything. It's a lot of responsibility. That, in a kind of way, makes up for the lack of bounceback from people. A painter works alone. A writer works alone. But you do need some bounceback. There is something to be said for people.

One of Traffic's charms was that there was never even a strict division of labor—you were always switching instruments. If someone discovered something, he'd play it. You never even had a bass player until the last edition with Rick Grech. Your current situation is very different. Now you'll be the boss, instead of one vote in a democracy. Good players are hard to find—and hard to keep.

And sometimes people don't think they're good.

Would you say Eric Clapton is a person who doesn't think he's good?

That's a different thing. I mean there are people who others think are good and who aren't good, and people who are good who others think aren't. But certainly Eric has gone through this thing many times of saying, "Well, I can't really play guitar, I just do it because people expect it." He goes through these sorts of phases. But I've been as guilty as anyone else of working on other people's projects as a sideman. And there's a definite art to accompaniment. Eric has become a sideman to a certain extent, and it is a bit of a shame. Although I haven't seen him play for awhile, his records I like. His playing is great and his singing is great. I don't know why he doesn't do more. Then again, it's not fair to say—maybe he's doing what he thinks he wants to do. You can't really say he should be doing this or doing that—it's not always so easy or so simple.

***John Barleycorn Must Die,* which you started after you left Blind Faith in 1970, was supposed to be your first solo album. Instead you ended up re-forming Traffic. You did make a conventional solo album with session people like Andy Newmark and Willie Weeks, *Steve Winwood,* in 1977. What do you think the differences between '77's *Steve Winwoood* and '81's *Arc of a Diver* were, the reasons one worked and the other didn't?**

Well, commercially *Steve Winwood* wasn't successful perhaps because there were a lot of strange things—well, not *really* strange things—happening in the music business. Punk rock was happening in England. I still see punk rock as a kind of satire on the rock 'n' roll business, which the rock 'n' roll business very badly needed. But aesthetically, that album wasn't really successful, either. It was thrown together, I think. By me. I felt I needed to make an album. I'd done a lot of work with other people—Stomu Yamashta, the Fania All-Stars. I did two obscure albums with two African musicians, one of which was so obscure no one would release it. Then I was under pressure to produce from all sides. There was pressure financially. Those were the reasons for making it. I wasn't 100 percent behind it, I don't think. After that, I thought I must really make my mind up about what I'm doing. I came to the conclusion, if I had the right working relationship as far as the material—if the material was there, I could make an album completely alone. I came to that conclusion in the face of a lot of criticism from publishers and record companies who said you're mad, it can't be done, or not that it can't be done, but—

It's not a good idea.

Right. It's not a good idea. Which made me want to do it more.

Were you surprised, given the current climate of the record business, by the success of *Arc of a Diver?* And especially, since the previous record hadn't done anything?

I was a little surprised, but I'd kind of refused to get too bogged down about worrying whether it was going to be a success or not. That's not a good thing to do. I just did it to the best of my ability and put it out and whatever it had done, I'd have accepted that, and said, "Okay, now I'll do another one." People have said I've been a survivor of the '60s—which is all very well. But if *Arc of a Diver* hadn't been successful I'd have been a casualty of the '60s. It wasn't really a smooth curve. I didn't do much in the '70s as far as successful albums are concerned. I was doing a lot of work, and sessions, and learning a lot. But I wasn't having much success.

Did that hurt?

I think rock 'n' roll isn't only music. It does need a kind of youthful spirit—for the energy. But it takes a certain amount of knowledge and experience to be able to get that spirit across. I do listen to a lot. And I did listen to a lot—all through the '70s. I can't really help it. The radio is on and I can't help thinking what I think of it, hearing things and passing an opinion. I never went through a stage where what was going on with the radio, what I was hearing—where I thought it's all garbage, everything is finished. I never really thought that or felt that, because there have always been good things.

In the *Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock and Roll,* Ken Emerson refers to you as one of rock's great tragedies, intimating that you were a drug casualty, a burn-out. It's very odd, because you look fantastic and appear to be in great shape. How do you respond to that?

By coming back with two very strong records. I read that, in fact, and I was incensed. And Will Jennings (Winwood's co-writer on *Talking Back To The Night*), before he met me, all he knew was what he'd read in that book. He had dinner with my publisher and he sort of leaned over and said, "Well, how *is* Steve? Is he all right?" And my publisher said, "What do you mean? Of course he's fine, he's fine." He couldn't understand what Will was talking about. I don't know where the writer got his information from or whether he just made it up. Maybe because I worked with all of these other people . . . but because I worked with all of these people and saw what drugs did to them, it stopped me from getting involved. And because of that, I did object. I even made inquiries about the possibility of taking legal action.

Well, there are a couple of photos of you with Jim Capaldi and Chris Wood where you all look like derelicts.

Oh, I smoked dope. Dropped acid a few times. That was the extent of it. I was doing a tour, I was very ill at the time. I looked like death warmed over. But nevertheless, it's not true. This bothered Will and I. And we spoke about it. But then *Arc of a Diver* came out and it was doing so well, so how could I be a burnt-out relic of the whatsits? It bothered us so much that we based the whole album *Talking Back To The Night* on it. It's about people who inflict damage and self-destruction in order to make better art.

When you started, you were playing to your peers. Wasn't Blind Faith tough because, for the first time, you went out and realized you had nothing in common with the audience? It wasn't a question of age difference then, but that they couldn't recognize whether the music was good or bad.

The audience was expecting something like Cream—or Traffic. We were probably trying to give them neither. It was funny, as soon as we did something that was Cream-related, the audience lapped it up. We wondered should we give them that, should we do this, should we hold to what we were doing. It got very complex. The Blind Faith record, I think, sounds quite good these days. It holds up. But it got to the point where Eric and I decided the best thing was just to knock it on the head because it seemed at the time so difficult to find a way out. In retrospect, maybe we should have just held the hard line and kept doing what we were doing. But, y'know, it's easy to romanticize the past—and I don't want to.

You had no precedents. Blind Faith's always been the greatest example, the lesson. After Blind Faith, there have been lots of "supergroups" that didn't share your conflicts. But then, modern "supergroups" are as much business propositions as musical ones. What do you think when you see bands like Asia or Foreigner?

I think that aside from anything else, they're pretty good. They're probably going to a certain extent for what people want. How much of what they do is what people want and how much is what they want is hard to say. When things get hard, when times get hard in the business, then one has to make some concessions. I think if what they were doing was particularly bad, and it did have no value, I don't think they'd have too much for too long. The marketplace does have a certain kind of value.

"ROCK 'N' ROLL ISN'T ONLY MUSIC. IT DOES NEED A KIND OF YOUTHFUL SPIRIT—FOR THE ENERGY. BUT IT TAKES A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF KNOWLEDGE AND EXPERIENCE TO BE ABLE TO GET THAT SPIRIT ACROSS."

At one point a few years ago you said you were very religious, although you didn't participate in any organized religion. Are you still?

It's not really a philosophic point of view. That's not where it's coming from. It's just coming from experience, experiences in life—relating them in a certain way.

Would you say you're more at peace with yourself than you ever have been?

I think so. Yeah, I'm certain I am. And more and more, I can identify what I want and what I want out of life. And sometimes what I think other people should have out of life.

What are you proudest of?

I suppose I ought to say . . .

Your latest album.

In fact, it's not far off. Just to have a certain amount of success after nearly 20 years.

Isn't it a little strange then to get awards like *Billboard*'s best *new* male vocalist of 1981? Does it make you feel sort of as if you've been born again?

Well, I'm hardly at a good age to launch a career in rock 'n' roll.

What else interests you? Do you find that as you get older you need other input, other stimuli?

I find the more I know about music, the less I know about music. I don't think I could ever get fed up with it.

Do you hate being referred to as Stevie?

Oh no, it doesn't bother me at all. The thing is that a lot of people, with a little slip of the tongue, call me Stevie Wonder. That's why I started calling myself Steve.

At least they don't confuse you with Stevie Nicks.

That would be another story.

US Fest: A Tug Of Woz

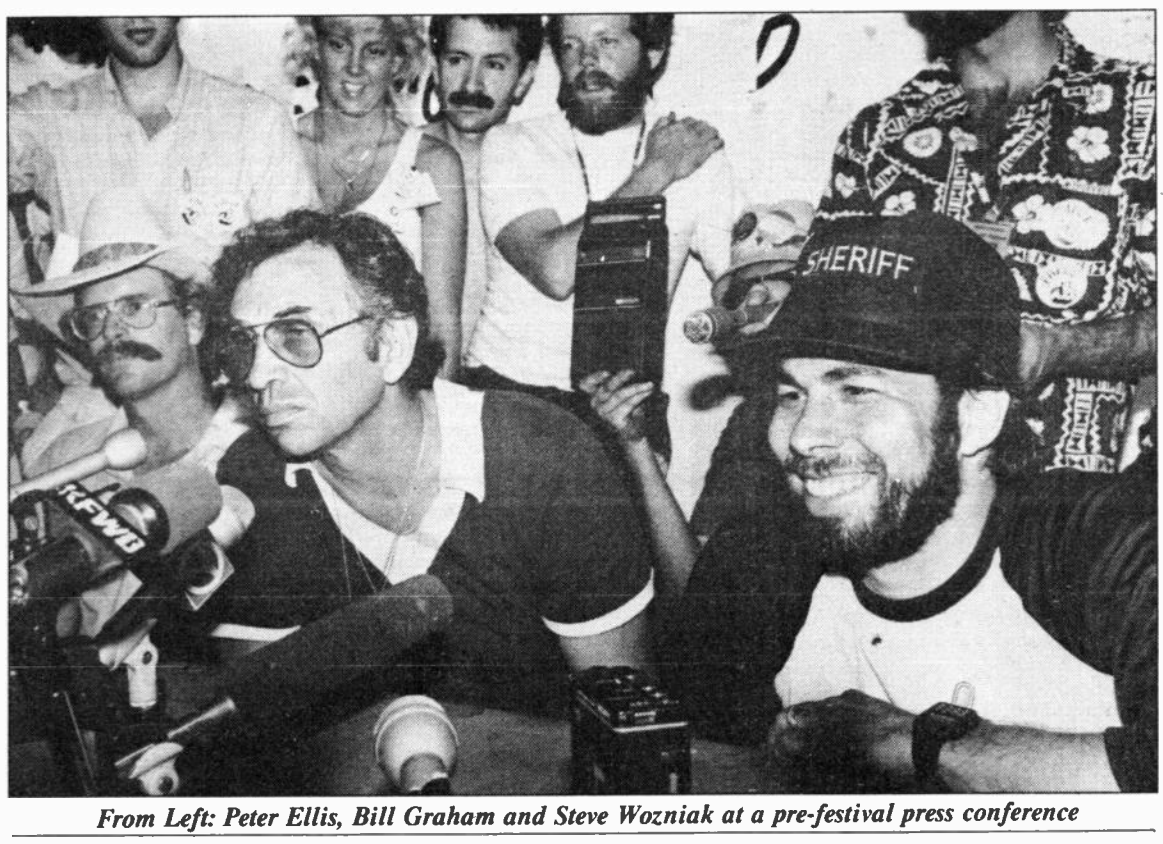


PHOTO: RICHARD McCAFFREY

From Left: Peter Ellis, Bill Graham and Steve Wozniak at a pre-festival press conference

Continued from page 1

year-old computer compulsive whose brainchild, the Apple II, has earned him upwards of $50 million so far while opening the world of tiny but fully-functional computers to the hoi polloi. He is also a big fan of "progressive country" music (although his definition of the genre doesn't include Willie Nelson) who is said to have paid Emmylou Harris vast sums to perform at his wedding reception in a suburban back yard in northern California. That extravagance notwithstanding, there is not a trace of Gatsby in Wozniak. He's as sentimental about the ring given to him by Mick Fleetwood after the end of the US Festival as he is blithe about the millions he probably lost on the show.

"I got the idea a year and half ago, just listening to the radio," says Woz. "I thought it would be neat to have a huge festival with a lot of headline-type groups all on the same stage." He mentioned it to the manager of his favorite local band, and he received "positive feedback that the timing was right."

The manager, Jim Valentine (who says he has "a couple of business degrees" and makes his money "just hustling, one thing after another"), told Woz that "oddly enough, the one person he knew that could do it happened to be available," Wozniak recalls.

Valentine's nominee was Peter Ellis, Ph.D., a former student activist who organized for SDS and Cesar Chavez's United Farmworkers. Wozniak found Ellis to be "a pretty high-end professional [who] would know how to go about finding land, finding groups, and whatnot. I knew he didn't have any experience in the music business, but you look for a manager first."

Rather than put on a"normal" event, Wozniak says he "wanted more free thinking in areas that maybe aren't usually done at a concert." And free thinking is what Woz got. In the summer of 1981, he, Valentine, Ellis and two other investors formed Unuson (Unite Us In Song) and described its aim as "taking a total approach to communication." Wozniak's rock concert had turned into a corporation.

According to Ellis, "US" came from "looking around for a nice simple theme . . . that was non-political." It is also the central buzzword of a thick document co-authored by Ellis and two friends of his who became officers of Unuson: Gerald Cory, Ph.D., and Priscilla Lisicich, Ph.D., who is now Ellis's wife. It was published as the *US Management System*, and it was the source of the stated goal of the US Festival—to promote "the importance of striking a balance between serving oneself and serving others. In other words, serving us."

Of the top five officers of Unuson, only Valentine had any connection whatsoever with the music business, and he left the company at the beginning of November. "Jim had a very bad week," Woz recalls."I think he lost his girlfriend, he had a nervous breakdown . . . [and] his father died. Also, as Unuson started getting larger, he just could not possibly handle it." Peter Ellis then became the president of Unuson.

The first phase of the US campaign was the production of a ten-minute film, *US—A Film and an Idea*, and an educational curriculum "designed to demonstrate the power of everybody working together and taking care of each other," according to Ellis. This package was initially distributed gratis to over 5000 schools in all 50 states and ten foreign countries. Ellis freely admits that it was calculated to win the support of school superintendents, who would be valuable allies when Unuson presented the Festival idea to sheriffs and County Supervisors.

The curriculum, *US—An Exploration in Working Together*, includes lists of songs, movies and television characters representing different attitudes. Among the ME songs listed are Quarterflash's "Harden My Heart" and "I Did It My Way," by Frank Sinatra. US songs include "We Can Be Together" by Jefferson Airplane and "Beautiful World" by Devo—the former featuring the lyric "up against the wall, motherfucker," the latter concluding with the sentiment, "It's a beautiful world for you, not me." *Catcher and the Rye* (sic) is a ME book, while US is exemplified by *The Incredible Journey*, a story about a group of animals finding their way home through the wilderness.

Bill Graham was retained early in 1982 to book the acts for the festival and consult on the production, which finally found a home at Glen Helen Regional Park in Devore, California. "That's pretty late to be booking groups for a holiday weekend," Woz concedes. However, nobody at Unuson was sufficiently versed in the workings of the music business to know that the top bands usually make their plans at least a year ahead.

Upon returning from the Rolling Stones' European tour, Graham went to work at the Festival site and began to see areas in which he felt Unuson's people were deficient. "We may have made a drastic mistake," admits Graham. "For the first time that I know of, our company agreed to do part of something rather than the whole thing. When they asked us to do the talent buying and production I assumed that they would hire other professionals, too."

Friction between Bill Graham Presents (BGP) and Unuson increased. "Here was an organization that had never done rock 'n' roll before coming into an area that he's been involved with for a number of years," commented Bonnie Metzger, who was Unuson's publicist for the Festival. "I think it was a threat to him. He got more and more difficult as time went on. He wanted things done his way."

Graham's people grew weary of having to explain themselves to Unuson's psychobabbling Ph.D.s, seeing them as a cadre of new-age Eddie Haskells who ingratiated themselves to sheriffs, supervisors and every other Babbitt who could do them some good. Unuson in turn resented Graham's autocratic methods and volatile personality. "He assumed that we were all numbnuts and didn't know a goddamn thing," says Ellis.

Despite his lack of sleep and the presence of his newborn son (to whom Woz gave his wife's maiden name, apparently to spare him the burden of being called "Woz"), Wozniak went to the scene at five o'clock Friday morning to watch the first people run into the bowl when the gates were opened. He estimates that there were between 50,000 and 80,000 people present when he and Candy introduced the guest of honor to the biggest zero birthday party in history.

Pat Benatar observed that Woz was "like a fan, in awe of everyone." The scene reminded her of "the Little Rascal movies where the rich kid's father buys him a circus for his birthday. He didn't have an inkling about what really went on—thank God he had Bill Graham—but he had a good time."

Things started going downhill for just about everyone else backstage, though. "When the event happened, Graham just took control of things," claims Ellis. "It was a power grab, pure and simple."

"[The Unuson staff] were totally out of their league in every way," counters Graham. "Everybody from BGP worked beyond the call of duty. Whenever somebody didn't do his job we took over that area and did it. We fed people we weren't supposed to, did security where we weren't supposed to. I spent four weeks running around this country like a fucking madman! I did more TV, radio and newspapers than I have in 15 years, doing the promotion that Bonnie Metzger didn't know how to do."

"I was paid quite well for the job of hiring talent and presenting the show," Graham continues, "but they could *never* pay me for the other work."

"Money doesn't buy obedience. It buys ability, ethics, principles and respect for the public. Unuson never understood that BGP was going to do the job the way it should be done, not the way they told us to do it. The people at BGP did double and triple duty because they care about the public."

The events surrounding the Kinks' performance on Saturday illustrate the extent to which trust had broken down between Unuson and BGP. The Kinks showed up late for their 6:30 set, hoping to stall until after dark. Graham cajoled, pleaded and finally threatened to remove their equipment before Ray Davies and company finally took the stage, 40 minutes late. "Ray must have been afraid I wouldn't let him go back for an encore," Graham said later, "because five minutes before the end of their allotted time he said, 'We'd like to play more but the promoter won't let us, so this'll be our last song.' "

When the Kinks left the stage the crowd obviously wanted more, so Graham said, "Let's hear some more from the Kinks. Come on, Ray!" and they did another number. One writer later stated that Davies "won the battle but lost the war," speculating that Graham kept the Kinks off the video screens as a punishment for embarrassing him.

"How can these people assume that I'd deprive the audience of seeing the Kinks on the screen?" Graham demands. "Ray Davies said in advance that he didn't want to be on those screens. It had nothing to do with me. I'm the one who tried to get him on stage because he was keeping the people waiting!"

Ellis believes that Graham urged the Kinks to do a second encore in order to interfere with a live two-way video hookup he'd arranged between the US Festival and the Soviet Union. This high-tech event, announced in the press tent Friday evening, was intended to be "an example of the amazing things that happen when people come together around common goals," according to Ellis. He later mentioned that it was also meant to promote the US Network, a Unuson project involving big-screen video systems across the country showing lectures, sports, etc.

The Moscow hookup "could have been the event of the decade," Ellis fumes. "It was the first time in history that the Russians and Americans were hooked up live-interacting. Do you know what it took to get the Russians to allow rock bands? It was a pretty goddam significant event, and it got sabotaged." A BGP employee aborted the one-way broadcast from Moscow Friday night. "He thought it was a sham," Graham states. "I'll take responsibility for that." Graham, too, had his doubts, and he walked away from the mike during the two-way hookup on Saturday because he didn't believe it was really coming from the USSR.

The list of unresolved issues is a long one, but it's to the credit of both parties that the US Festival was a pleasant experience for the patrons. No matter how loud the grinding of the backstage gears grew, it never drowned out the music—a fact Graham credits to the "professionals" who came in from San Francisco at the last minute. "More than anyone else, they are responsible for the success of the US Festival," he states. "I am proud to play on that team.

"To this day I don't have a bad word for Steve Wozniak," Graham says. "*He* didn't know what was going on. I told him, 'If you're going to do other shows with Unuson, hire professionals—because you're not going to hire me if they're involved. And please, *please* take a look at who they are. It frightens me.' "

Graham maintains that Unuson's people are opportunists. Woz hired Peter Ellis, *trusted* Peter Ellis, "who gets all these people—'Hey, Priscilla, you want to do publicity?' Every one of them is guilty of saying, 'I can't pass this up. This is the opportunity of a lifetime for me. If by some fluke it works out, I can write my own ticket.' " Graham stands up behind his desk and begins to shout as his indignation turns to rage. "I was the HEAD of SECURITY at Unuson! I was the CHIEF PUBLICIST! I did the PROMOTION!"

Concludes Graham: "You go to a barber shop to get your hair cut; you go to a restaurant to get a meal. Wozniak goes to these people for help putting on a concert and they set up an educational front."

So Steve Wozniak happened to mention one of his endlessly-occurring ideas to a band manager and club owner, little suspecting that there was a marketing man inside who saw it as his "golden opportunity." That manager brought in his friend Ellis—who says that Woz and Cesar Chavez are the two men he was "Most proud to serve under"—and the two invited Woz to a private garage sale where they unloaded an attic full of themes and schemes.

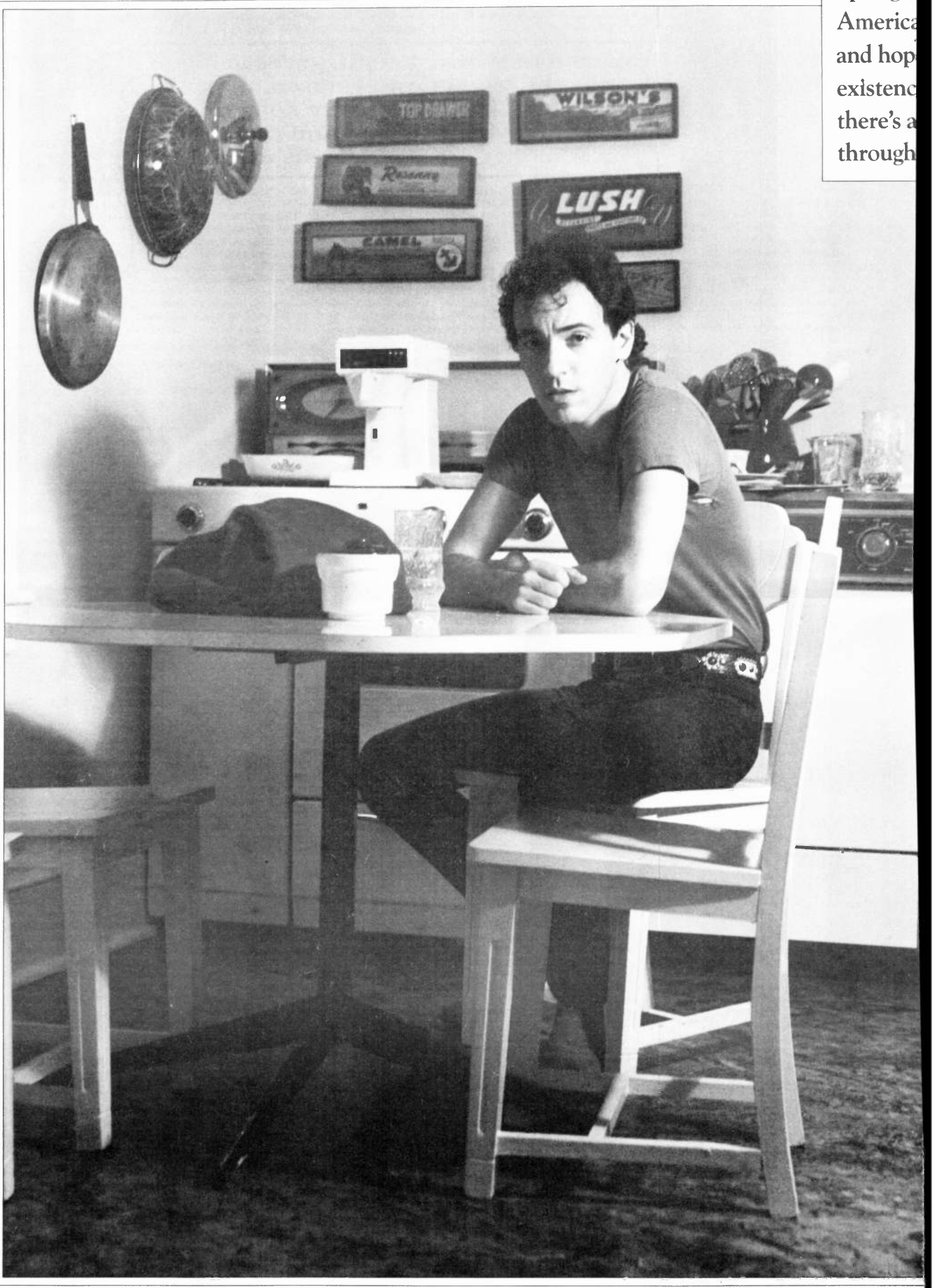
Wozniak's idealism and faith in mankind are not to be ridiculed.He went into this venture with motives only he can analyze. It's not yet clear whether the people he gave his money and faith to were worthy, but it is certain that they took a most bizarre route to San Bernardino.

(Additional research by Susanne Whatley in Los Angeles)

Graham told Wozniak, " 'If you're going to do other shows with Unuson, hire professionals—because you're not going to hire me if they're involved. And take a look at who they are. It frightens me.' "

ONE MAN'S MASTERPIECE

ON HIS
Springst
America
and hop
existenc
there's a
through



NEW album, Bruce en mourns an devoid of possibility . Yet, by its very , 'Nebraska' suggests sliver of light shining he darkness.

BY DAVE MARSH

WHEN he switched on his new four-track/Tascam cassette recorder in a bedroom of his rented Holmdel, N.J. home last January 3, Bruce Springsteen wasn't trying to make an album, just demos of a batch of songs written since his marathon 1980-1981 tour of Europe and America had ended the previous September. Springsteen was shortly due to begin rehearsals with the E Street Band before recording the follow-up to his first number one album, *The River*. The band would learn the songs from solo demo tapes.

So Springsteen didn't need to worry that the straight-backed wooden chair in which he sat creaked as he swayed and sang. He wasn't concerned that a couple of the songs repeated lines almost word for word; the lyrics were always the last item finished, anyway. Most of all, he relaxed as he played. With only roadie Mike Batlin, sitting in as engineer, for an audience, Springsteen let some of his extraordinary self-consciousness slip away. He did not simply toss off the songs; each number was an assured performance. But the performances weren't calculated or studied. Like an artist sketching, Springsteen used only the simplest implements: acoustic guitar, harmonica, and occasionally, a muted electric guitar, without a reverb or fuzztone. Springsteen then put the Tascam through its paces, adding echo, a bit of synthesizer, doubling his voice in some spots, putting in backing vocals in others.

Over the next few days, listening to the cassette that resulted, Springsteen became more and more fascinated, not only by the songs themselves, but by his performances, too. The songs were as much of a piece as any album he had released, and the singing and playing, for all their starkness, flowed freely and elegantly, creating a mood that was intimate and uninhibited. There was something else, too, an eerie mystery that suggested the cassette had a life and will of its own. In a word, the tape sounded spooky.

Springsteen went into rehearsals, and then the recording sessions, determined not to lose this quality. But such unworldly moments aren't simply repeated on command. Though the E Street Band made very good versions of some of the songs, none satisfied Bruce. The other songs he'd written were turning out fabulously but the cassette resisted.

Through the spring, Springsteen fought with those songs. For technical reasons, the cassette would be difficult to master as an album, but he was being pulled towards doing the songs solo, nevertheless. Desperate, he even tried recording them over again, on his own but in the Power Station. Eventually, he and engineer Chuck Plotkin simply determined that they would sweat out whatever it took to master the original cassette. Over the course of a couple of months, both Springsteen and Plotkin lost a lot of sleep and wore their nerves to a frazzle, but in a way, that just made the process seem more real, sister to the famous struggles that had resulted in Springsteen's other albums. At any rate, by early August, they'd won, with a master disc that kept the sound of the cassette and steadied the stylus in the grooves, as well. Called it *Nebraska*.

That's one story you can tell about this record; there's another version of the events leading up to the creation of *Nebraska* that begs to be recounted, however.

In October, 1980, when *The River* was released and his last tour began, Bruce Springsteen played to an enormous cult audience. This audience believed intensely in the transformative powers of a Springsteen performance; as a result, through previous tours a compact grew up between Bruce and his listeners. He would give them epic sagas of rock and roll grandeur, replete with power and glory, joy and despair, endless struggle and instant party. They would grant him complete attentiveness, and a virtually insatiable desire for more, pushing not greedily so much as reflexively, keeping the faith the songs expressed, surfing the waves of the music. "The amount of freedom that I get from the crowd is really a lot," said Springsteen, after a month on the road. He was especially fond of what he referred to as "the big silence," the contemplative stillness which greeted his quieter, more reflective pieces.

A month later, with "Hungry Heart" well on its way to becoming his first top ten single, Springsteen faced a far different audience, no less enthusiastic but a great deal more casual about his shows. This was fitting and necessary; the ritualized cultism, by itself, was a dead end for an artist with Springsteen's broad ambition. And when it came to rocking out, the new audiences were amazing, quickly caught up in the rapturous E Street environment.

Nevertheless, the newer and larger audience diluted the depth of the rapport, which was especially noticeable in the restlessness with which Springsteen's slower, quieter songs were greeted. Caught in the exhilaration of the situation, nobody was complaining, though a few observers grew wary of whether even Springsteen could control this massive audience.

In the spring of '81, Springsteen and the band began their first full-scale European tour. Bruce was greeted as a rock 'n' roll emissary whose mission was nothing less than the dissemination of the American dream, and he was given all the respect and devotion that went with it.

Early in each evening's show, Springsteen would request that the audience maintain silence during the softer passages of the show. The result was as stunning as anything I have ever seen in fifteen years of writing about music. When Springsteen offered a spoken introduction, sang a ballad or the nightly version of "This Land Is Your Land," the crowd became dead still. But this silence had a special quality—it was vibrant, electric and intense, broken, if at all, only by the soft murmur of friends who spoke English offering quick translations for others nearby. On especially good nights, I felt I could *hear* people listening. Their deep concentration hung tangibly in the air, and when Springsteen roared back into a rocker like "Badlands," the mood broke like a superb wave. Bruce rode it that way.

Meanwhile, back in the States, Springsteen's audience grew even younger and less sensitive to any kind of exchange with the star. It became more and more evident that Springsteen's listeners were beginning to hem him in, as every superstar's audience has hemmed him in. Reviewers mentioned this, wondering about how Springsteen would cope; long-time fans grew disgruntled as the newcomers stomped and clapped through "Independence Day" and "Point Blank," ostensibly in tribute but really asserting their impatience to get on with the rocking.

I don't know if this decreasing sense of rapport frustrated Bruce; it would be amazing if it hadn't disturbed him somehow. In any case, it seems certain that if he had released another hard rock record as the sequel to *The River*, that newer, more casual audience might have buried any possibility of regaining the special relationship his best concerts created. Those concerts were genuinely two-way affairs, as all great rock shows must be; the new audiences weren't passive—they demanded entertainment—but they weren't willing to work, either.

At the very least, *Nebraska* will tax the attention of such listeners. While I doubt that this had much to do with why Bruce Springsteen made this album, reclaiming that rapport with his listeners is one of *Nebraska*'s most important functions.

But there's another reason to tell this tale. In some of *Nebraska*'s best songs—"Used Cars," "Highway Patrolman," "Mansion on the Hill"—Springsteen recaptures the hushed intimacy of those European concerts. Indeed, from time to time, these songs seem to have blossomed from the echoes of those vibrant silences.

Ten years ago, when Bruce Springsteen made his first album, Columbia Records and his manager-producer, Mike Appel, tried to force him into a mold: Springsteen was to be "the new Dylan," the apotheosis of the singer-songwriter. A largely acoustic solo set was what Appel and Columbia's John Hammond wanted and expected. So it's tempting to say with the largely acoustic, solo *Nebraska*, Bruce has finally made his "Dylan" album.

But this isn't singer-songwriter music, any more than it is rock 'n' roll. Nor is it folk music, despite the acoustic instrumentation. The chords and melodies from which Springsteen builds his songs are pop and rock rudiments. It's the coloration and phrasing that have changed. In the way his guitar playing sometimes suggests a mandolin or his vocals recall Jimmie Rodgers' yodelling or the cadences of white gospel singers, Springsteen, rock's greatest synthesist of traditions, hints at an ability to incorporate, for the first time in his music, genres older than rock 'n' roll and rhythm 'n' blues. All of his resources, however, remain rooted in specifically American styles; this provides an undeniable link to Dylan's best work, but that doesn't make *Nebraska* neo-Dylan, unless you'd say that of *Willie and the Poor Boys*, too.

Dylan's influence *can* be heard here, especially in the extended, sighing "all" which links the last line of "Used Cars" to Dylan's first great song, "Song to Woody." That's fitting, for if Dylan is the father of such a musical approach, its grandfathers are Woody Guthrie and Hank Williams. Nor does it take an expert with a road map to trace the impact of this lineage on *Nebraska*. But rooting about for antecedents gets you only so far, for more than anything *Nebraska* is Bruce Springsteen himself, speaking more directly and more personally than ever before.

Once you're past the shock of hearing Springsteen play and sing with such stark assurance, *Nebraska* clearly works familiar territory. It has the cars, the highways, the guilt and quest for redemption and most importantly, many of the same characters of Springsteen's other work. Joe Roberts, the protagonist of "Highway Patrolman," is a more mature relation of the men in "Racing in the Street," "The River" and "Born to Run." The nameless narrator of "Atlantic City" might be reliving "Meeting Across the River," and the anonymous wild man of "State Trooper" and "Open All Night" is virtually indistinguishable from the hopeless romantics of "Stolen Car" and "Ramrod." And who is Mary Lou but the girl whose dress waves early in "Thunder Road"? Isn't the dreamer of "My Father's House" the man whose other nightmares are recounted in "Darkness on the Edge of Town" and "Wreck on the Highway"?

But there is someone missing from the cast, or rather, someone who is almost unrecognizable here: the exuberantly hopeful singer of "Badlands" and "The Promised Land," "Hungry Heart" and "Thunder Road." If that man is here, his presence is stunted and twisted, stripped of the desperate joy that is fundamental to his earlier incarnations.

This measures the degree to which Springsteen's world has changed. Springsteen's first two rock 'n' roll albums opened with proclamations of vitality: "It ain't no sin to be glad you're alive" ("Badlands"); "This is a town full of losers, I'm pullin' outta here to win" ("Thunder Road"). In two of the first four songs on *Nebraska*, men virtually beg to be executed. And in this album's most heartbreaking moment, the protagonist of "Used Cars," a decent kid embittered by poverty, sings of a town full of losers in which no one has even the hope of pulling away: "My dad sweats the same job from mornin' to morn/Me, I walk home on the same dirty streets where I was born."

In this world, someone like the highway patrolman Joe Roberts, the most beautifully drawn character Springsteen has ever created, may obey his most decent instincts and still find that he has betrayed himself. In this world, there are "debts no honest man could pay"—owed not by one man, but by many men. There is not just the scarcity of work found in *The River*; "they closed down the auto plant in Mahway," and it stays shut. Bosses run wild over workers, and while one class hides behind "gates of hardened steel," the other works the night shift for punishment. In this land, it is no wonder that men can become as twisted as those in "Johnny 99," "Atlantic City" and most of all, "Nebraska."

The tragedy is that this world is recognizable; it is the land we now live in, the society being created by Reaganism and neoconservatism. *Nebraska* is the first album by an American performer to come to terms with this political and emotional climate, in which mass murderer Charles Starkweather's "meanness in the world" is unleashed and made a central tenet of the way human beings are expected to deal with one another.

In this climate, people go mad—not only crazy, but vicious. Nothing remains to check their casual cruelty, and even someone like Joe Roberts, a stolid center of gravity, can't keep his world from falling apart. In the face of this mean reality, hope, faith, the possibility of redemption—the very engines that have always propelled Springsteen's music—seem nothing less than absurd. In "Atlantic City," the singer toys with the idea of reincarnation, as a signal that he'll soon be able to test its truth; in "Reason to Believe," the album's final song, the idea of a life after death is seen as no more ridiculous than the idea that people will treat one another with decency in this one.

In his European shows, Springsteen would sometimes sing an Elvis Presley song. He chose "Follow That Dream," writing a new verse which expressed his faith in the American possibility Elvis personified:

Now every man has the right to live,
The right to a chance to give what he has to give,
The right to fight for the things he believes
For the things that come to him in dreams

In many ways, Springsteen's life and career can be seen as an acting out of those lines, an unswerving attempt to put that faith into action.

In *Nebraska*'s final two songs, "My Father's House" and "Reason to Believe," Springsteen finally confronts the possibility that his faith will never be effective, that his idealism is in fact a view of the world turned upside down. "My Father's House," a song which moves with the ancient cadences of myth, is as fully realized as any song Springsteen has ever written. But its dream of reconciliation between father and son is ultimately hollow, and while this dream (which incorporates psychological, political and religious symbols) continues to beckon, at the end, he just acknowledges that "our sins lie unatoned," something that not only has never occurred in Springsteen's other work, but isn't even conceivable in most of it.

Cast so far from grace, the very fact that men bother to rise from their beds comes to seem wondrous and bizarre. "Reason to Believe," on which the album closes, is far from the upbeat, optimistic ending a superficial glimpse might suggest. Indeed, its title is a macabre joke, since the song is really a series of situations in which belief is all but impossible—situations in which believing may finally be inconsequential. And while Springsteen brings himself to accept that men (including himself, he hints) do believe, he is unable to fathom *why*.

The quandary in which this leaves Springsteen isn't strictly personal. *Nebraska* is an album which speaks to a broad section of his audience not only through its images of unemployment and economic despair, but through the vehicle of radical doubt itself. However accidentally constructed, its parts are integrated in such an invigorating and complex way that it has the ability of important works to seize an entire historical moment. If all Bruce Springsteen had done in this album was "grow up" enough to question the remainder of his innocence, that would be an achievement, since most artists never get that far. But in asking such questions, he forces them upon his listeners, too.

There's no way of knowing how many will hear what *Nebraska* has to say. One of the functions of the political climate now being created is to sap people of their energy to respond, and since Springsteen is also wrestling with the preconceptions of his audience and, inevitably, the deathlock conservatism of the marketplace, the odds aren't exactly stacked in his favor. The tragedy is that too many—fans, deejays, critics—may not recall how to respond, may already have surrendered to the erosion of possibility and hope that *Nebraska* so eloquently depicts.

But as grim as it is, *Nebraska* suggests to me a kind of hope. If, in our dark, heartless land, there is room for work this personal and challenging, then the battles are still being fought. And while that may be an insufficient response, it is one hell of a significant start.

Yet *Nebraska* continues to seem spooky, not only because it is invested with musical magic, but also because these songs are inhabited by the ghost of a time when we knew very well how to respond. The most imposing question is whether the spirit represented by those ghosts can be made manifest once more. Toward that end, too, *Nebraska* is a start.

PHOTO FRANK STEFANKO

Sound Signature

Bass In Search Of Some Space

By Chip Stern

Stanley Clarke's new album is bubbling along in a mentholated, funky Quincy Jones/Maurice White R&B groove. A bit polite, perhaps, but likeable enough. Hardly the kind of product to make one cringe or inspire the rain of verbal violence that inevitably accompanies a devoted music listener's sense of betrayal when watching a great talent go astray, as it were.

Then about halfway through side two of *Let Me Know You* there's about 45 seconds of guerilla insurrection, as if from some recess in Clarke's subconscious a voice were emerging, straining to be heard. And here comes Stanley, poppin' and burnin' on his *E*-lectric bass guitar with the cocky energy of a young colt loping along for the sheer joy of stretching its legs, rim shots and hailstorms of harmonics combining into a rambling percussive fury . . . when, suddenly, just as I'm starting to lay with the pulse, it's gone—like it never happened. Now why'd he do *that?*

Stanley breaks into gales of infectious laughter at my recollection, his long gangling frame twisting with delight.

"That was just humor," he smiles, his eyes widening for emphasis. "That was just a joke—and you got it. See, here's the thing. For myself, personally, the society in which we live is going further and further towards making it impossible for a person to actually commit to something that's artistic or different than what's on the TV or radio, and at the same time survive. We're talking about survival now, and whenever that occurs, people are more careful about what they do, and they limit their scopes a bit. Now the artists are getting into more trips, and it's probably bad. But look, years ago I used to hear my records on some of the strangest radio stations; like here's a Led Zeppelin track, and then a Beatles cut, and then my record, and maybe some John Coltrane somewhere along the line. I loved that concept, but you don't hear anything like that now—*nothing*. Just *very* closed formats. It saddens me, because I know this guy who's a real good musician, and I know that he's not going to get any airplay, and he's asking me what should I do?" Stanley puckers up his face at the memory, his voice becoming a parody of the all-seeing, all-knowing high-roller. "I don't want to tell this guy to clean up a little (laughter). Yeah, do what I did—clean up (laughter). You know, play a little louder, a little funkier, add some vocals and you'll be alright (laughter). I don't want to tell anybody to do that."

Music's become a job for a whole generation of musicians like Stanley Clarke, where it once began as a calling. Now the art's in playing the business, when it used to be enough to play your axe. So Stanley Clarke takes the heat, but he doesn't seem to mind, too much. He can still laugh when the strategy he, Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock have adopted is likened to making high art one night and low art the next. He concurs with the observation that the psychology of playing before a large audience has less to do with the content of the music than the appearance ("With Return To Forever, in our heyday, we'd knock the fucking pants off of anybody, night after night, just playing those songs. I said 'Wow, all I have to do is come out here and play these parts, and people'll go crazy'—it came to that, after awhile"). He shrugs when asked why he doesn't just chuck the fusion chumpoids and sign on with the very best rock bands ("They already had a bass player," he explains in reference to the Rolling Stones).

"It's funny, when cats ask, 'Will the real Stanley Clarke please step out. It seems to me from that, that there's a real misunderstanding of how people create. The things we are and the things we create are really separate. To whatever degree you can see that, determines how flexible you can be, and not be stuck in any one thing—because that's really uncomfortable. It's like, I'm sure you'll come across how that sounds in your head, but all I can say is I really dig doing it—period. It is an expansion. To go out and write and sing a tune that can be played on the radio is hard; so I'm doing things now that I'm not necessarily the greatest at, but my singing's getting better, my songwriting, that's really tough, and sometimes I don't even like it, but that's improving. That's such a specific medium; it's like . . . a tree (laughter). But it keeps me in front of audiences, performing, which is really my thing, and I'm turning people on to some stuff they've probably never ever seen. So I feel good about all that, and that's a tough role to play in the music world."

So today Stanley Clarke sees himself as an ambassador of, uh . . . jazz (?) in the world of mainstream rock and pop (how *did* we come to separate it all with meaningless labels?), but his background as a youngster growing up in Philadelphia (the bass playing capital of the world) encompassed every kind of music, which is why when he burst on the scene in the early '70s he was hailed (quite rightly) as the liberator of the bass guitar, and a new star on the upright bass. Before Clarke, electric bass (from Monk Montgomery to Duck Dunn and James Jamerson) was essentially an accompaniment instrument, but the advent of melodic place-hitters like Paul McCartney, Jack Bruce and Steve Swallow (all non-Fender players with upright bass experience), signalled the emergence of

PHOTO: EBET ROBERTS

Stanley Clarke: "I never really accepted electrics as basses."

the bass from the confines of the rhythm section.

Clarke was uniquely qualified to take electric bass the final mile due to his natural affinity for bass violin and his eclectic musical tastes, encompassing everything from the Beatles and Motown to Miles Davis and John Coltrane. "The name jazz-rock was totally off," Clarke asserts. "The inspiration for all of that was Coltrane. I'd had a little bit of music theory, so I was pretty far advanced compared to the average guy on the street, but when I first heard *A Love Supreme* I could not understand *why* these guys were playing with so much serious energy—or *how* they could. A tremendous amount of emotional commitment, and that energy Coltrane had really influenced me as far as playing jazz music *loud*."

Yet oddly enough, Clarke resisted taking up electric bass for quite some time, because the upright's physical intimacy, huge resonating chamber and potential for a broad, flowering palette of tonal embellishments in each individual note gave him "the feeling of being home. I'm still more comfortable on bass violin than on electric bass. For me the attraction was that it was just a big instrument, and I was always tall with big hands. So there was this big thing standing in the corner of the band room when I was 13, and this great old teacher Mr. Burch pointed to it and said, 'Zat ist yours—zat ist your instrument.' Then I started playing, and I picked it up, man, just so fast. It was just real natural for me." And the sound he got was enormous and sustaining rather than a short thump, with an almost guitar-like vibrato. "That's a combination of wrist and how you strike the string. A lot of guys don't know how to strike the bass. I'd say it is about 95 percent of that . . . and something psychic, where I guess my whole being makes the wood vibrate and ring."

Eventually a guitarist with an R&B band shamed Stanley into getting an electric. "I got a white Kent, one of those semi-acoustic jobs—real sad, but I loved it, and I auditioned for my first real disciplined gig on it, with Horace Silver. Horace was a true believer in that leader-sideman concept, and he did it to such a point that you actually got to like it (laughter). 'Man, I want to be like that, shit . . . just totally suppress cats, underpay them, and make all this money.' And tight, man, he'd be paying us looking over his shoulder, peeling off these bills one by one, real slow and holding on to it, like in a movie. But I learned so much from him. He was the first man who ever threatened to fire me. There was this tune of his I couldn't get together, and he said 'Look, it's Monday, and if you don't have it together by Wednesday I'm sending you home.' So I went back to my room and cried—shit, I was really a young man. But I practiced and practiced, and finally got it."

Still, Silver and everyone else on the Philly scene looked at him as a character, if for nothing else because he lived only to take bass solos. "One night in Newark I snuck in a cadenza at the end of 'Song For My Father' and people were yelling 'Yeah, brother, yeah,' and Horace gave me this look I'll never forget, and scolded me after the set. 'Don't you ever, ever, *ever* as long as you play with me *ever* do anything like that. By the way, that was a nice solo, I think we'll leave it in the set (laughter).' "

Playing with Pharoah Sanders brought him under the influence of the great Cecil McBee ("He was so unconventional in his approach to upright, using all three of his fingers, his thumb, strumming all the strings with the side of his hands and getting these trills happening up and down the neck, with this enormous vibrato. Pharoah used to make me follow him—'It'll make you strong,' he said."), but it was when he hooked up with Chick Corea in Return To Forever that he found his voice playing jazz, rock and funk styles on the semi-acoustic Gibson EB-O electric. "I loved that bass. People said it was muddy, but to me it was really warm. You could manipulate the notes better—make them open up and be expressive. You can't really create on Fender basses, too much, even to this day; the sound is like DOOOM. It's funny, I recently gave in and got one because I've been doing sessions, and I'm tired of hassling with engineers. Man, they're just so conditioned to Fenders; they know how to EQ them right away, but that's why all those fucking guys sound the same on the radio—you can't tell Marcus Miller from Anthony Jackson."

Finally, Rick Turner, then of Alembic, came up to him at a gig and turned him on to the instrument that has become the heart of the Stanley Clarke sound. "I'd never seen a bass like that—the wood and workmanship was incredible. I could bend notes, and all of the notes I was playing came out so cleanly that it helped me to fully realize my technique. Even more so than a Rickenbacker, the Alembic was the first bass with a very distinctive high end, like the tip of a stick hitting a cymbal—ping. That's actually a problem with their basses, and definitely with their guitars—that they're too goddamn clean. So onstage I hype up the sound to get that edge and roughness, using H&H power amps, Alembic pre-amps and parametric EQs, a Trident limiter, an Echoplex and just a bit of compression; then I pump that through Electro-Voice bass speaker cabinets, which are so clean and pure, I just love them. It's actually a pretty processed sound, but that way I can get notes to open up and flower like an upright. I never really accepted electrics as basses, which is probably why I play short scale Alembics; make it less like a bass and more like a guitar—just something different. I always did have a lot of facility on it, coming from acoustic bass. The fretboard is flat, whereas on an upright it's uphill all the way."

"Cats ask, 'Will the real Stanley Clarke please step out?' It seems to me there's a real misunderstanding of how people create."

Yet the most distinctive aspect of Clarke's sound, his popping, percussive, thumb-slapping style, was shown to him by drummer Lenny White. "Yeah, that's the one thing Paul McCartney wanted me to teach him," he smiles. "So many cats learned that little, simple move from Larry Graham, a real underrated player, and the first cat I ever heard get something different from a Fender bass by just hittin' it with his thumb. Louis Johnson's the best at that and I kid him about it, because it's the only thing he can play—but he can get rolls with his thumb, man. It's a real light touch, so you're not pushing down on the string, but getting it to bounce. And you can't do it on everything, you have to be appropriate, but for certain things you can lay with the drummer so nice, it's incredible."

So what's left for Stanley Clarke, still only 31, now that a generation of players from Jaco Pastorius to Jamaaladeen Tacuma have internalized and advanced his concepts. There're projects with George Duke and a reformation of Return To Forever in 1983, production assignments with Natalie Cole, sessions with Paul McCartney and Michael Jackson; yet one senses in him a calm before the storm, a need to really bust loose and create a strong personal statement. "Look, I'm the first one to admit that *School Days* was probably the most inspirational album I've done to this day. That song had so much integrity to it, yet at the same time it made me a lot of money." Yup, and for all his training, some harmonized fifths moving up and down was the hook-up. And having innovated all sorts of new directions on his instrument people want to know why doesn't he have "Anything else? Ain't you got something new," he laughs, but this time with just a hint of frustration. "The hardest thing to do is come back after doing something profound or really well-received. It's a bitch, man, and I'm not going to sit here and say you can keep pumping 'em out, unless you're like the guys who can sell records to 13 and 14 year old girls. The one saving grace is that I'm still really young, and I know that before I decide to give up this body there's going to be a couple of really profound things coming from me—I have no doubt about it."

RECORDS

It's Hard
The Who
Warner Bros.

By Wayne King

I was prepared to write the Who's obituary prior to this record, and I'm still not sure that by the end of the current "farewell" tour I won't be advocating their breakup. The ultimate maturity and salvation of Pete Townshend might just require such a split, in the same way that Groucho Marx had to take off the greasepaint moustache and steer clear of his brothers in order to destroy the public's caricatured image of him and to gain some personal freedom. Unfortunately for Townshend (but fortunately for us), the qualities of this record will make any such decision very hard indeed.

Why is this the Who's most satisfying outing since *The Who By Numbers?* Basically because the majority of songs have the carefully-crafted balance that their best studio work has always attained. The Who's finest recorded moments have come not when the chaos of their live presentation was directly translated to vinyl, but when that unique instrumental style was set against the structured formality of Townshend's tunes. The resulting tension defined their sound; unity, not anarchy, was achieved. Here, "It's Hard" exemplifies this. Its ending, with the bass sliding under the space fought for by the guitar and vocals, communicates their most dynamic sound since "Dreaming From the Waist." Instead of talking about the power of rock's release, it conveys it directly, fully.

On the down side, there are reminders everywhere that this is, as their early manager Kit Lambert said, "the ultimate amateur group." *It's Hard* suffers in places from mistakes so fundamental that one believes senility has settled in. If so, it would appear to have found (ample) room in the prominent proboscis of Peter Townshend. The guy's dripping diary confessions on *Chinese Eyes*, his consuming sexual obsessions, his commercial for MTV—recalling in many frightful ways the most embarrassing public moment for a hero of mine, when Mickey Mantle, wearing a bonnet on his head, appeared in a TV commercial yelling "I want my Maypo!"—left many wondering. This album was recorded in shorter time than any LP in the band's history, but is that any excuse for leaving out the entire middle section to "I've Known No War"? Even longtime stalwart producer Glyn Johns fails at times: "Cooks County," a real bomb on side one, seems not to have even been mixed.

Also, the cohesion necessary for the successful songs here is so precise that any factor can upset the balance. The realignment of group roles since Keith Moon's death and Townshend's purported abdication of the helm have forced Roger Daltrey and John Entwistle to project more individually, but their prominence can occasionally throw things off. "One Life's Enough" is a quiet piece unfortunately reminiscent of Daltrey's lesser solo work. Entwistle's songs, designed to pack the heavy metal punch that Townshend now shies away from, are often indulgent with their blustering bass and drum sound. And the restrained pulsation that opens Townshend's "Eminence Front" cuts so close that I can't decide whether it heralds a reconstituted new Who blues form or merely electric Muzak.

But the bottom line is that despite inexact imagery, mythologizing ("Athena" was originally entitled, more modestly, as "Theresa") and his incessant self-absorption ("I've Known No War" refers to the day he was born), Townshend has regained his assurance in writing for the Who. All of *It's Hard*'s flaws are redeemed by the gems he has come up with: "Why Did I Fall For That?", "Athena," the title track, "A Man Is A Man." And with the finale, "Cry If You Want," Townshend finally halts this retreat from the spectre of powerchords past and spews out a vibrant masterpiece, full of classic Who aggression and contradiction. "Cry" evokes previous triumphs its scattershot aim recalls the schizophrenic split between Townshend and his audience that haunted all of *Quadrophenia* on "The Punk And The Godfather"; its shattering climax goes a long way towards rekindling the universal note invoked on "Pure and Easy." But that song differs from "Cry If You Want" on one crucial point: it stood as the keynote of all the musical/social views that crashed in his epic, unrealized, post-*Tommy* disaster, *Lifehouse*. "Cry" is no anthem; its concerns are too personal for that; Townshend's searching has been turned inward for too long. And since it was always his heroic reach that put the Who on rock's edge throughout the bulk of their career, does this imply that a less ambitious Pete Townshend's not as intriguing, not as necessary? Perhaps not. The

ILLUSTRATION: BARBARA MASLAN

The Who's Flawed But Grand Affair

best records he's been associated with over the past ten years—*By Numbers, Rough Mix, Empty Glass,* and now this—have been precisely those where he reined in his orchestral excesses and just let fly, let the shit hit where it might, even if that meant the fan.

The strength of this record promises no resolution to the crises of confidence that have afflicted Townshend and the Who for almost a decade. Its successes do not mean that the fall tour will prove revelatory. The live show will undoubtedly remain the gutless greatest hits setup that has crippled their creativity for years, and its highs will not demonstrably change the lives of either the Who or its audience (as if any part of rock's experience can really do that for us these days). Still, it matters little what *It's Hard* does not accomplish, for its achievements have allowed these four troubled men to once again leap through the consuming fires of rock 'n' roll and to come out on the other side whole—as human beings. And as Pete would tell you, no one can ask for much more than that.

***The History Of Surf Music,* Volumes I-IV**
Rhino Records

By Dan Forte

About nine years ago I was being interviewed for a job at a radio station, and the program director asked me, "If you were stranded on a desert island with only three albums, what would they be?" Unfortunately, Rhino Records' first three volumes of *The History Of Surf Music* hadn't been released yet. With these three LPs, a coconut tree and a Hobie board, I think I could live happily ever after.

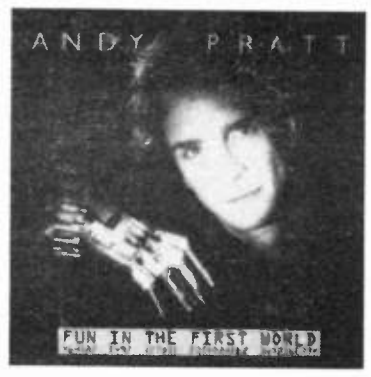
Volume One—The Instrumentals is by far the strongest disc of the series, not only because it represents surf music in its purest, undiluted form, but because the choice of selections is right on. Instrumental surf music is probably the most impressionistic music in the history of rock, a musical representation of the sound, the feeling, the excitement of surfing. Dick Dale—the surfer/guitarist who invented the genre—is represented here with two maniacal tracks ("Misirlou" and "Surf Beat"), and it is clear that virtually every other group included owes a huge debt to the King of the Surf Guitar. The obvious choices, the independent singles that made the national charts, can be found here—"Pipeline" by the Chantays, "Penetration" by the Pyramids, "Wipe Out" by the Surfaris—as well as the regional bands that were an integral part of the Southern California sound—the Belairs ("Mr. Moto"), the Lively Ones ("Goofy Foot"), the Sentinals ("Sunset Beach"). These groups were lucky if they scored only once before the British Invasion rendered them dinosaurs, but that doesn't diminish the impact of hearing "Pipeline" for the first time—or the thousandth, for that matter. Judging by their one and only album (which includes *the* lamest version of "Louie, Louie" I've ever heard) the Pyramids could hardly play their instruments, but somehow these hacks managed to come up with "Penetration," like "Pipeline" a truly masterful mood piece.

Volume Two—The Vocals doesn't fare nearly as well, primarily because the Beach Boys and Jan & Dean (the only vocal surf groups strong enough to sustain any sort of career) are featured here in their earlier, ragged incarnations. Fine for trivia buffs, but far inferior to their subsequent successes. Oddly enough, the LP's Midwest and East Coast delegates (the Trashmen and the Tradewinds) come across the strongest, with "Surfin' Bird" and "New York's A Lonely Town" respectively. The selections and omissions on *Volume Two* are a bit questionable. Nowhere to be found are the Fantastic Baggies (a great studio group headed by Steve Barri and P.F. Sloan), Bruce & Terry (Johnston and Melcher), or the Catalinas (another great studio band, led by Bruce Johnston and saxophonist Steve Douglas). And as on *Volume One*, the Surfaris ("Surfer Joe") show up here in their current comeback configuration (probably due to licensing obstacles with their original recordings), and they just can't compete with their former selves.

Whether anyone north of Redondo Beach or east of Balboa is aware of it or not, there *has* been a surf music revival going on in the past couple of years, thanks to a return to active duty by originators like Dick Dale and the Ventures and the formation of new groups with old ears, some of the best of which are represented on *Volume Three—The Revival.* As with most revivalists, notably rockabilly fanatics, many of these bands are more than a little too religious in their attempt to duplicate the reverb-laden leads and swishy rhythm guitars of twenty years ago. But a few manage to remain true to the idiom without becoming caricatures; of these, the Belair Bandits outshine the other vocal groups and Jon & the Nightriders are plainly the most accurate instrumentally, with the Surf Raiders not far behind. The Surf Punks may have less to do with Jan & Dean than with Devo, but their "Hot Sand-Cold Feet" is still one of the LP's highlights. The one group that not only combines the best of the old and new but even compares well with the best of *Volume One* is the Wedge, who released a five-song 12-inch EP on Rhino two years ago. Instead of playing their Fender Jaguars with kid gloves, these guys burn the tubes on their Fender Dual Showmans—which is, no doubt, the way Dick Dale would have it. Their "Endless Sun" is one of the most evocative slow instrumentals since Jack Nitzsche's "Lonely Surfer," and "Night Of The Living Wedge" has the same energy as the Dick Dale tune they borrowed their name from.

Rhino has also released *Volume Four* of this series, which is devoted entirely to the Challengers. The Challengers were by far the most recorded (and over-recorded) group of the surf era, but this illustrates them at their best.

Pray for surf. Hang ten when ya can.



Fun In The First World
Andy Pratt
Enzone Records

By Barry Alfonso

After 10 on-again, off-again years of record-making, Andy Pratt remains a largely obscure figure despite his considerable gifts. The Boston-based singer-songwriter came close to winning national attention with his '73 single, "Avenging Annie," and '76 LP, *Resolution*, but unfortunately the laudatory reviews never translated into significant record sales.

It's a shame. Pratt's talents—an amazingly expressive, wide-range voice, solid composing skills and imaginative flair for arrangement—are undeniable. After working in a lush pop balladeer vein during the mid-'70s, Pratt, on his first release in three years, explores '80s techno-rock with surprising authority. Amidst percussion crashes, keyboard swirls and guitar snarls, the artist's soaring vocals humanize the machine-age instrumental textures. There's a goofy, mischievous child quality to his singing that renders even a brooding lyric amusing.

Nonetheless, these lyrics are meant to be serious. A born-again Christian of the most apocalyptic sort, Pratt minces no words about his views on current human affairs. The title track and "Burn Up In The Fire" are finger-pointing looks at earthly decadence and the need for the Lord's prompt return, while "Paper Money" sees modern economics as lethal madness. The disc's most touching moment, "Who Will Be My Friend," is a plea for divine love that can melt a disbeliever's heart. Beyond his exemplary musicianship, Pratt possesses an honesty that's quite moving. He deserves to be heard.

(Enzone Records is located at 545 High Street, Walpole, Massachusetts, 02081).

I Can't Stand Still
Don Henley
Asylum

By J-C Costa

It's a bad sign when you put on the 'phones for the first "track by track" of a new album and the next thing you hear is the repetitive click of the needle in the end-groove as you emerge from a deep and troubled sleep. Only the most devout Eagles aficionados need apply to Don Henley's first solo outing which, from even the most generous critical viewpoint, is at best a silly millimeter less fatuous and more relevant than ex-bandmate Glenn Frey's recent solo snoozer, *No Fun Aloud.*

If you tell a young man to "Go West," you'd better tell him what to do once he gets there; otherwise we're gonna be inundated by albums like *I Can't Stand Still*, i.e., LP "projects" with no apparent *raison d'etre* except to demonstrate the artist's undiminished skills in the recording studio environment. Henley's husky tenor still has that high 'n' lonesome quality that haunted Eagles classics like "Desperado." Supplemented by co-writer, co-producer and L. A. session phantom Danny Kortchmar and the "A" group of California rock heavyweights (Porcaro, Lukather, Andrew Gold, Joe Walsh, etc.), he has more than enough chops to go around but precious little to hang them on—sound familiar?

True, "Dirty Laundry," a not too subtle excoriation of TV news' predilection for the blood puddle, is climbing the charts on the strength of a mesmerizing hook chorus proclaiming: "Kick 'em when they're up/Kick 'em when they're down." This gem also kicks off side two—the "serious" side—wherein Henley flays us with a brace of tunes encompassing all the important themes: moral decay, nuclear disarmament, peace, love and understanding. But one is finally tweaked by the implict irony of "Johnny Can't Read," a patronizing primer on brain rot in modern youth delivered by a guy whose own moral code of late has hardly been above reproach.

Trap Door
T-Bone Burnett
Warner Brothers

By J.D. Considine

There's a disproportionate amount of music on this mini-album, not because these six songs are particularly long but because T-Bone Burnett does so much with them. Although the arrangements are lean and the band small, the music carries so much weight that the first time you read the credits you'll swear they had to have left some names off. The rich sound, though, is the result of something more than the sort of crafty guitar work that makes Marshall Crenshaw's album sound so full. Indeed, it's the resonance of history that fleshes out Burnett's performances.

Drop the needle on the first cut, "Hold On Tight," and you're faced with a panoply of echoes, ranging from the Dylanesque twang of Burnett's narrative to the Byrds-like guitar fills and crisp Hollies-styled harmonies. Yet as strong as some of Burnett's influences may seem, none ever begin to dominate; Burnett may have an excellent sense of roots, but he's determined to grow his own way.

Lyrically, for example, he makes much of the layered detail approach Bob Dylan set down, but wholly eschews Dylan's solipsism. Not only do Burnett's details fold into a consistent narrative, but he takes a cumulative approach that recalls John D. MacDonald's expositional style. Moreover, Burnett's plain-spoken lyrics give him an amazing amount of latitude as his vocals shift from melody to an almost conversational delivery, while his reliance on catch phrases somehow keeps him from falling into cliche, as with "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend," where an old pop song line turns Burnett's message like the twist of a knife.

As incisive as those lyrics may be, though, it's the music that ultimately makes this record. Burnett has a remarkable ear for subtleties, and his most effective touches are often the ones you barely notice. On "Hold On Tight," for example, he reinforces the verse with sprightly guitar lines that are used once, then discarded. In another writer, such profligacy might be fatal, but Burnett simply makes his point and then moves on, so that the ornamented verse sparkles brightly while the arrangement remains uncluttered. "I Wish You Could Have Seen Her Dance," on the other hand, rolls along over a solid, rocking line for the chatty verses, then shifts abruptly into a clever bit of minor modality for the chorus. It's catchy enough, but more to the point, it breaks off from Burnett's recollections to make the song's biggest point, "But I wish you could have seen her dance," underlining it with a sensual harmonic twist. Ingenious, sure, but instantly comprehendable.

In fact, there's so much to rave over here that I could go on longer than *Trap Door* does, which would kind of miss the point. But I will say this—if you can find another new record that does as much with as little as this one does, then 1982 is an even better year for rock and roll than I thought it was.

Africa Dances
Authentic

Music And Rhythm
PVC

By Chip Stern

Africa Dances is John Storm Roberts' classic compilation of African pop forms from the '50s to the '70s. What is most surprising about this music, besides its charm and continuing freshness, is how familiar it all sounds to ears weened on traditional (read, American) rock, R&B, and popular Afro-Cuban hybrids. There are 16 selections drawn from the Congo, Ghana, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, South Africa, Kenya, Tanzania, Mozambique, Uganda and Ethiopia, and Roberts' detailed notes are a brilliant skeleton key for unlocking the connections between African traditions and Western influences.

These "songs" do not adhere to the western practices of circular harmony, where chord changes (built on diatonic or chromatic scales derived from the tempered tuning of the piano) dictate rhythmic direction, and some clearly defined soloist sings verses and choruses. The underpinning of the music on *Africa Dances* is in lots of little interlocking rhythms and melodies; harmonies, as they do occur, usually proceed in melodic sequences over a single chord, answering the basic pulse with antiphonal refrains, non-tempered notes (that fall between the cracks of pitch and time), or strangely pleasing parallel movement employing open intervals that surely sing yet never quite resolve. That such a sensitivity—in which the singer and "accompaniment" are more nearly equals—is compatible with our pop musics, is in ample evidence, from the rockabilly beat (circa Buddy Holly's "Peggy Sue") that animates the South African "Miss Smodern," to the soul appropriations of the Ethiopian "Love Is Love." Other tracks illustrate sweet and sour parodies of western electric guitars and horn sections, and curious connections with "country" music, salsa, blues and jazz; and on the delightfully wistful "Toomus Meremereh Nor Good" from Sierra Leone, a gentle example of African song traditions apart from dance

functions. All in all, *African Dances* is a splendid collection of that continent's emerging pop sensibility *(available by mail for $9.98 plus $1 shipping from Original Music, 123 Congress St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201).*

Music And Rhythm extends the concepts of *Africa Dances* by presenting a mixed grill of pop and traditional players in a musical outreach that points out how western practices and technologies might further contribute to the fashioning of a pan-cultural sensibility. This excellent double-record set was programmed to focus public awareness in England on non-western cultures through a festival in Bath. Western artists (most notably David Byrne, Peter Gabriel, XTC, and the Beat), alternate with examples of reggae, highlife, Indonesian monkey chants, sufi hoedowns, gamelan hotcha and a stunning drum choir recorded by John Miller Chernoff in Ghana. Synthesizers are everywhere, taking on the role of natural elements, drums and non-tempered melody instruments; even Pete Townshend's erstwhile Scottish parade beats and folk appropriations aren't out of place, although like L. Shankar's ho-hum George Harrison borrowings, they sound strangely naive. Still, this is a collection in which the sum is truly equal to its parts—*Music And Rhythm* is alive with new possibilities *(available from JEM Records, P.O.B. 362, 3619 Kennedy Rd., South Plainfield, N.J. 07080).*

What Time Is It?
The Time
Warner Brothers

Vanity 6
Vanity 6
Warner Brothers

By Vince Aletti

Although his name is nowhere on these albums, the influence here is Prince, that bad boy of funk and roll who seems determined to turn his home town of Minneapolis into a bastion of post-adolescent raunch. Prince discovered the Time's six-man band in Minneapolis and brought two of the girls in Vanity 6 there from less enlightened parts of the country to create that trio. Both groups share his preoccupation with sexuality and style and though neither has the force of personality that Prince projects, they get over with a kind of cheerful nerviness—brash, bitchy and astoundingly self-centered. Neither the Time nor Vanity 6 could be accused of having any political stance besides the sexual variety, let alone a world view, but they've got a perfect fix—anxious, obnoxious and funny—on their own "little nasty world" of girls and boys on the make.

This is only the Time's second album, so it's not a good sign that they're already singing about groupies hanging around the backstage door. "We don't like new wave!" they shout defiantly at the end of side one, but in rejecting hollow trendiness, they seem ready to choose a stagnant cliche. It seems a self-defeating move (if we wanted to hear jaded arena-rock veterans, there are certainly enough real ones out there) and probably a half-hearted one. After all, the Time don't need to get reactionary and defensive to prove the vitality of rock tradition in a funk mode without new wave veneer; following in Prince's footsteps, they pulled this off with astonishing ease their first time out. Yet the group does little more than consolidate its position on *What Time Is It?*: the musical vocabulary remains much the same—tight, chugging, sharp-edged soundscapes of guitars and wailing synthesizers—but the aggressively "cool" stance has become more entrenched, less ingratiating. They still retain an amused and amusing self-consciousness about their stage personas—lead singer, co-producer and flip fop Morris Day calls out, "Somebody bring me a mirror," and proceeds to admire himself at length—but, in an album where nearly every song revolves around a sexual scenario, it's hard to laugh at the Time's attitude toward "dames." About the most romantic thing Day can think to say is, "Just once I wanna make love without takin' off my clothes" (in "Gigolos Get Lonely Too"); more typically, he's telling the girls in "Wild and Loose," "Either you come or you can't/Now get loose and let me hear you scream." Still, you tend to let this stuff slide when the songs click, and most of the cuts here connect nicely. The strongest: "777-9311," an angular, high-spirited bounce; and "The Walk," the loping, loose-jointed dance instruction number that takes up most of side two and ends with a long, hilarious dialogue between Day and Vanity from Vanity 6. The Time sounded a lot fresher last year, but they've maintained a healthy lead in the funk/rock fusion sweepstakes. Now if they can just cut loose some of these outmoded attitudes. . . .

Of course, if all the girls in the world were like Vanity 6, the Time would have no reason to change. This trio, aged 16, 19, and 21, seems designed to embody every horny boy's fantasy of the willing, eager female: self-proclaimed nasty girls with not much on their minds but sex, clothes, sex, make-up, and sex. With the Time providing snazzy, jumpy electronic backdrops (they don't like new wave?), Vanity, Susan, and Brenda half sing and half recite songs in cushy, breathless, oversexed voices that haven't lost their adolescent whines. So even when they're oozing "I need seven inches or more," or going on about wet dreams, it's difficult to take them seriously; they sound like a slightly perverted Shangri-las—and they reach the same level of delightful pop inanity. The Time's work here has a lighter touch than it does on their own album, and this plus the shorter length of the songs make it easier to see *Vanity 6* as a frothy sex farce no matter how bluntly explicit the lyrics. That's not to deny, however, that *Vanity 6* has its moments of genuine sexual charge—Susan is pretty convincing in the first verse of "Drive Me Wild"—but the fun predominates and sweeps you along, making this one of the best dance party records of the season. What more can you expect from a bunch of girls in camisoles? Much more, I should hope, next time around.

Randy Meisner
Epic

By Christopher Hill

Bruce Springsteen used to introduce "Sherry Darling" as "fraternity-rock," but Bruce was never a frat boy. In fact, nowadays it's hard to find any genuine practitioners of the crewcut-and-cardigan school of rock 'n' roll; where the search for good times isn't a way of life, just a carefree respite on the road to a real career. Except for the Eagles. Cosmic cowboys? Please. Cosmic frat boys—the recent spate of Eagles solo albums, Randy Meisner's in particular, proves it.

On his second, self-titled, solo album, Eagles bassist Meisner is out for a good time, but doesn't want to get into any *real* trouble. "Never Been in Love Before" works as a Righteous Brothers pastiche because it's built upon southern California production values rather than any investment of emotion. Meisner understands drama, and the song builds from the arrestingly quiet opening to the exploding plastic inevitable of strings, backup choruses and what-have-you.

But mostly the music collapses inward on its own emptiness. Songs like "Doin' it for Delilah" and "Playin' in the Deep End" try to evoke a spirit of reckless rock 'n' roll romance, but, ironically, only demonstrate how far Meisner's Eagles years have distanced him from even the cliches of the form. They sink, respectively, under a stiff, incongruous brass arrangement, and the weight of a studio band that resolutely refuses to cook.

In playing with the trappings of rock 'n' roll, Randy Meisner's like a pre-law student cutting loose at a kegger. The fun's dolloped out in careful doses 'cause, after all, the real world is waiting.

It Happened One Night
Jody Harris
Press Records

By Jonathan Gregg

Jody Harris is a very sick man. Evidently the fruit of some unholy union between Mary Ford and Jimi Hendrix, the Raybeats' main man takes us on an after-hours tour of a musical funhouse where four decades of guitar (1959-1989) cohabit and copulate gleefully.

The evening's program chronicles Harris's musical evolution and gradual descent into the abyss, with side one covering surf music, blues, Indian-flavored psychedelia and a wonderfully demented sort of rockabilly, while side two explores increasingly aberrant jazz styles in the "Peter Gunn" mold.

Harris goes to his roots on two Raybeats-styled instrumentals, the title track and "Mystic Mints," which are separated by the wacky, skanking "I'm After Hours Again," the latter being the best of Harris's three vocal performances, in this case a slightly stoned Jerry Lee Lewis rendering.

Dominating these proceedings is Harris's reverb-drenched guitar, occasionally punctuated with a touch of the whang bar. Rather than adopt the standard theme-solo-reprise format so common to most instrumental albums, Harris plays songs without words; the guitar takes the place of the vocal, thus making melody rather than instrumental prowess the primary focus. This show of restraint is all the more welcome in that the songs are captivating mood pieces, more complex melodically than the Ventures (their most obvious ancestor) without losing that spare, lonesome sound. Alongside this pristine surf music sensibility, Harris injects sheets of feedback which weave with and rail against the unperturbed melody line, giving one an idea of what the Ventures might have sounded like if one of them had been black and left-handed. For the more adventurous, side two features the jazzy, scattered blues riffing of "Fairly Modern" and the densely-textured "My Uncle Bill" (with an extended dialogue between the guitar, a captive Acetone organ and ex-Cecil Taylor drummer, Dennis Charles), and the droning, mysterious "Coal Black Mama." These noises are all the more agreeable in that Harris uses no technology more recent than 1960, making his music timeless rather than merely modern.

The Lords Of The New Church
IRS

By Wayne King

New Church, indeed. As sixties punk begat psychedelia, so has seventies punk spawned the music of these self-styled Lords. Former punk practitioners Stiv Bators of the Dead Boys and Brian James of the Damned combine to make a glorious noise, and give everybody a little something in the process. For the heavy metal headbangers, there's some ripping good guitar music and a jet black cover and sleeve emblazoned with a skull-adorned dagger to satisfy the genre's sword and sorcery obligation. For the post-punk fans, there's that same guitar work (heavy metal and punk never being as far apart as their advocates claimed) mixed with a fair measure of venom and outrage. And for "new psychedelic" fans, it's possible that the Lords' drive and attack will set the band up as standard bearers for the whole movement.

Wait a minute—I almost forgot: there is no movement. Outside of Liverpool a few years back, there's been no scene at all, just a lot of people taking what they want from the '60s and creating new offshoots on rock's family tree. Which ain't so bad—forward-looking as the years '67 and '77 were, they would never have stood for retrospective homage (a New York Dolls tribute, "Lil Boys Play With Dolls") or contemporary cover versions ("Question Of Temperature," made obscure originally by Balloon Farm).

What those two pop explosions did offer was brutal, if often reckless moralizing against modern day restrictions, and it is that legacy that *The Lords Of The New Church* most consistently evokes. "Eat Your Heart Out," "Apocalypso," "Open Your Eyes" (a perfectly pretentious piece of preaching reminiscent of the Yardbirds' "Mister You're A Better Man Than I"): all are passionately pitched polemics. And if the band unconsciously taps rock's true heritage (i.e., utter and complete contradiction) by closing with an attack on organized religion ("Holy War," which again recalls a Yardbirds number, "Still I'm Sad," by virtue of entering the limited category of Gregorian chant rock) after having opened with a recruiting drive for its New Church, then so be it. All I know is that when these guys come around with the collection plate, I'll be there.

Fabrique
Fashion
Arista

By Toby Goldstein

As relentlessly forced as a Paris clothing collection, Fashion has tried to live up to its name. The group's first U.S. album, a 1979 independent release called *Product Perfect*, passed through such then *au courant* influences as punk, reggae and proto-electronic bleeping without seeming comfortable in any of them. Three years later, Fashion still suggests style rather than creating one of its own.

Since the British mood of this week involves a wholesale cloning of American disco-funk, in which loopy bass dance rhythms compete with synthesized fillips for attention, *Fabrique* slavishly follows suit. "Love Shadow" is pseudo rhythm-'n' blues flattened to a bone-dry consistency, and "Dressed to Kill" is little more than a calculated beat.

"De" Harriss' vocals are successfully bloodless—if that was his intention—and his compositions hardly offer any insights approaching the Human League's clever vignettes. Instead, we get dreary commentary about the parade of humanity on view at some trendy nightspot, where encounters are superficial—physically and emotionally.

Fashion may wish *Fabrique* was a designer original, but this depressing record is merely another bargain basement knock-off.

The Real Deal
The Isley Brothers
T-Neck

By J.D. Considine

Simply put, *The Real Deal* is the Isleys' best album since 1975's *The Heat Is On*. Like its predecessor, this album provides an almost perfect mix of hard-hitting funk, tender balladry, and smokin' guitar; more importantly, though, it finds the Isley's backing their no-nonsense sound with some of their most tough-minded lyrics in years.

It's an electric combination. The title track sets a cool, almost cold assessment of life-as-a-gamble to a

feisty mid-tempo groove that somehow remains constantly on edge. Although the verses employ gambling imagery to work some clever parallels to trying to get ahead in somebody else's system, the chorus makes the point devastatingly clear: "Everybody wants to play/Ain't no party here today/Look out now for the real deal." As Rudolf Isley growls out those last lines the seemingly easy pace takes on a mocking tone, just like in real life. No wonder the song was an instant hit.

Even though the rest of the album lacks the title track's biting relevance, it makes for consistently good listening. "All In My Lover's Eyes" is another strong ballad for the band, gentle but far from soft; "Stone Cold Lover" turns in some guitar-crazed funk that shows how much the Isleys still have over bands like Slave, Aurra and Skyy; and "It's Alright With Me" trades off Doobie-style Latin touches with a sturdy R&B pulse to deliver one of the band's most poppish performances in memory. Perhaps the most delightful moment, as well as the biggest surprise, is the straight-ahead blues of "Under the Influence." Anybody familiar with the group's earliest work would find little to puzzle over in the vocals, which are as authoritative as expected, but Ernie Isley's stinging guitar solo and Marvin Isley's punchy funk bass add a level of contemporaneity to the performance that is as pleasing as it is novel. An excellent ending to a superior album.

Boomerang
Shoes
Elektra

By Cary Baker

Though dinosaur album radio and patrons of the avant-garde simultaneously deleted *pop* from their respective vocabularies around mid-1980, Shoes (no "The"), among precious few peers (the Bongos, dB's and R.E.M. come to mind), seemed immune to the purge. Their gift for melodic construction and wispy (never wimpy) vocals was surpassed only by the headstrong sense of do-it-yourself demonstrated so effectively on 1977's home-recorded, self-released masterwork, *Black Vinyl Shoes*.

The promise of that and two subsequent Elektra LPs is fulfilled in *Boomerang*. It's an album that elevates pop songs with craftsmanship of the highest order, never calling undue attention to the elements of style. Shoes sandblast the strictures of '60s-type pop, manipulating the forms by whatever means (and whatever instruments or outboard gear) necessary to take a song from an embryo to adulthood. Jeff Murphy's "In Her Shadow" comes on with such an unprefaced one-two punch that the chilling harmonic embellishments only serve to clinch a clear-sighted grasp of the recording medium. "Tested Charms," sung by John Murphy (and played on a Casio VL-1 that's treated to sound somewhere between J. S. Bach and Soft Cell), sensitively depicts a rite of passage of a singles bar queen who's lost her wiles. And if Shoes have long cast themselves as social prey, *Boomerang* sees them beginning to flex their defenses, witnessed particularly in Jeff's dissonantly-rhythmic, nearly-macho "Bound To Be A Reason," and the cat-that-ate-the-canary sensibility of John's "What Love Is."

As producers, Shoes have developed impressively since the time when they sat around in Jeff Murphy's kitchen with a Teac four-track. They're a little less wide-eyed, a little more worldly and a lot more technically adept these days—the results they get behind the board are far less stilted than those achieved by their former producers, Richard Dashut and Michael Stone. Ultimately the question is, will *Boomerang* have some impact on the airwaves? As the title suggests, what goes around is someday bound to come around.

Upstairs At Eric's
Yaz
Sire

By Jim Farber

Yaz are a new British twosome who take the computerized mix of electro-pop and program in soul. The original electro-pop mix (as depicted by The Human League, Soft Cell, Depeche Mode etc.) synthesized a hot disco-ish dance beat with British pop hooks and managed to become the first U.K. trend to make headway into the U.S. market since the commercial disaster of punk (remember ska? new romanticism?). Soft Cell hinted at a stronger pre-disco R&B angle to the style by covering "Where Did Our Love Go?", but Marc Almond's voice is hardly rooted in the blues.

Enter Yaz's Alison Moyet with a forthright soulful voice that's completely unique to boot. Her instrument can only be described as a *sub*-contralto—like Nona Hendryx shot with male hormones or Terry Reid with less of a rasp (More sex change rumors are bound to fly about this lady than even greeted early Donna Summer, who, you'll remember, was herself the pioneer of synthesizer/R&B link-ups). Moyet's voice has some emotional depth but she's basically used as a power hitter, emphasizing the music's main concerns—keeping the melodies pop-bouncy or the beat danceable.

Providing the buzzes and bleeps behind Moyet is Vince Clarke, the guy who penned most of the Depeche Mode's stuff, including all of their catchy singles. He comes armed with his old bag of hooks, but whereas his previous band suffered from an anemic singer, here that problem's obviously been licked. In the upbeat dance songs like "Situation" (already a major summer '82 clubland hit), "Don't Go" or "Bring Your Love Down," Moyet burns with an androgynous fervor. The album also features pure pop ("Only You"), perfect bubblegum ("Bad Connection") and a raw blues ("Midnight"). Along the way Yaz stumbles a few times—the pretentious voice collage "I Before E Except After C" or the turgid ballad "Winter Kills." Still, eight out of the eleven tracks have irresistible hooks; and with Moyet, a star voice is born.

Willie Phoenix
Willie Phoenix
A&M

By Wayne King

Judging by his dreadlocked looks on the cover of his debut album, Willie Phoenix should fall into the Rastafarian reggae category. But he doesn't—it turns out the guy's preoccupied not with the power of God and ganja, but with establishing an AOR-suited sound that might actually be as deceptive as his appearance. *Willie Phoenix* is a Trojan Horse of a record; hidden in its sleek, slick stylization is a real talent waiting to emerge.

There is nothing strikingly new about the music on *Willie Phoenix*. Its strength is in its minor variations on the standard radio theme; peacefully co-existing along side the requisite heavy drumming and rough, growling guitars are some intelligent synthesizer lines and the occasional plangent organ fill. All of these components are mixed with a greater appreciation for dynamics than usual, but the most important element is Phoenix's singing. The warbling at end of "Kiss Quick Say Goodnight," and mood-setting on "No Signs Of Joanna" prove his ability to convincingly render his songs. Those compositions—many of which show off a stream-of-consciousness, rock poet sensibility—are his forte, and while they are produced sympathetically, one feels that not all of their natural force has been unleashed. There is a vaguely contradictory feel to the recording, as if not all the artistic decisions were made by Phoenix. Perhaps next time he'll have greater control over the proceedings and then we'll be able to see precisely what kind of stuff his story is made of.

Joe Jackson

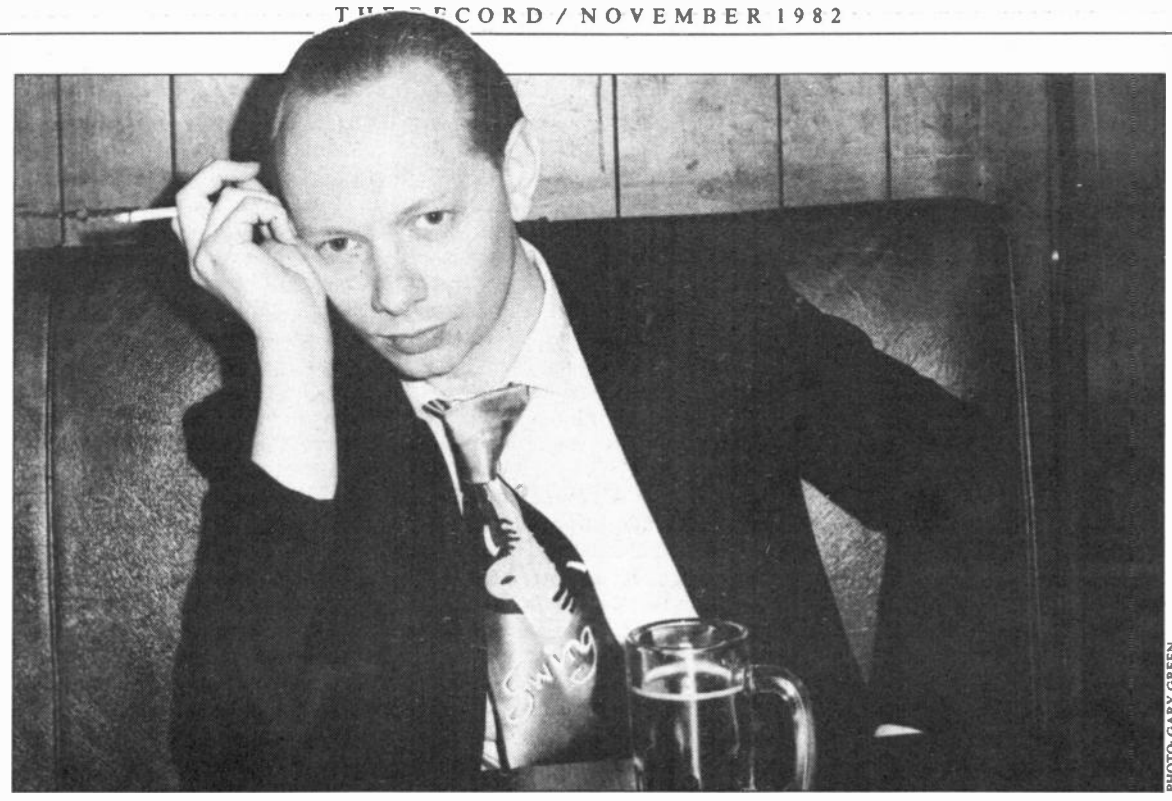


PHOTO: GARY GREEN

Joe Jackson: Spiv with soul

Continued from page 1

the stuff Puerto Ricans listen to."

Of course, Jackson has made forays outside of rock before. His *Jumpin' Jive* album was a lovingly-rendered tribute to Louis Jordan, Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington and similar jazz bandleaders of two generations ago. And, predictably, he caught flak for presuming to approach the Big Band idiom his way. He's still smarting, in fact, from a *Los Angeles Times* review of his '81 jazz-oriented tour by hoary critic Leonard Feather. "He was very snobby about it," Jackson grumbles. "His attitude was, 'How dare this young upstart play jazz?' If me and my band had been 30 years older and black, it would've been fine. Feather said, 'Why is this guy singing to a sold-out house when Louis Jordan's last gig before he died was before 10 people?' Well, that wasn't *my* fault. I know Louis Jordan sang his songs better than I do, but the whole idea of *Jumpin' Jive* was to have fun with music that was 40 years old, and show it to people who weren't familiar with it."

Was *Night And Day* an extension of *Jumpin' Jive* dabblings? "Not really—I consider *Night And Day* to be my fourth album, not my fifth, because *Jumpin' Jive* was a sidestep. I think *Jumpin' Jive* influenced other people more than it influenced me, actually. Maybe it made people see me a bit differently, which in retrospect has been a good thing. It pretty much demolished people's preconceptions about what I was going to do next."

One matter Jackson appears to have put behind him is his oft-quoted dislike for Costello. He'll even note that he and Elvis the Second have their similarities: "If we have anything in common, it's that both of us are first and foremost songwriters and experienced musicians. We're not just people who picked up a guitar, had one or two decent songs and managed to get an album out because our image was right. Anyway, I'm not involved in a competitive sport—this is music, not baseball. I'm not competing with Elvis Costello or anyone else."

Whether he measures himself against others or not, Jackson does have his songwriting heroes, including everyone from the likes of George Gershwin and Cole Porter through John Lennon and Paul McCartney to Graham Parker and Bruce Springsteen. To him, records begin and end with songs—specifically, with good songs bolstered by solid, but subtle, instrumental work. "My albums have always been pretty much underproduced," he points out. "I don't want the epic, expensive sound that so many albums have. I would hate for people to say that my records have great production or an amazing drum sound—I want people to say that the *songs* are great. I can't stand it when someone dresses up a really weak song to make it sound important."

In a word, Jackson takes his art seriously, avoiding what he considers to be the obsession with trendiness now infecting his fellow British performers. "It's frequently said that all the good music comes out of England right now, and that's bullshit," he declares. "So much of what's going on there now is so transient and shallow. A few years ago, the British music scene was pretty good, but not now. There's this dreadful syndrome there about not being hip this week."

Actually, Jackson feels little in common with his homeland: "I'm very unpatriotic—I don't give a shit about England, really. Most of my influences as a musician are American, whereas someone like Paul Weller (of the Jam) would feel like a traitor if he did anything that sounded American. The last time I saw the Jam in New York, I was sitting in an audience of 3000 New Yorkers and I saw them in a new way. I realized what a negative attitude they have towards Americans. Unfortunately, a lot of British bands are that way. As for me, I find New York a much more preferable place to be than London."

So, for the present at least, Joe Jackson has chosen Spanish Harlem over the U.K. as his natural stomping grounds. And, as his current course indicates, he's making a smooth transition from Angry Young Man to all-pro showman, too. The spiv, it seems, is going legit.

Van – Zant

Continued from page 4

somebody knows how to run this, because we don't know what the hell we're doing.' The third record was like making a first record. I wish I could go right back in the studio, because once you get that knowledge and then go out on the road and play for awhile, you have to regain a lot of what you learned in the studio. It's totally different. You have to get out of thinking about playing live when you're getting ready to record. Don't get me wrong—I like playing live, but I'm starting to think more about the recording process. It's a new adventure."

Speaking of adventures, it's pointed out that while Van-Zant's older brothers were (and are) noted for their on-the-road extra-musical exploits, the heavy rumor is that Johnny Van-Zant walks the straight and narrow. "Well, I learn from other people's mistakes," he laughs, but then pauses to consider a more serious response. "With Lynyrd Skynyrd, everybody thought these guys were all crazy and rough rednecks from the south. But if you sat down one-to-one and talked with them, away from all that, they weren't anything like their image at all. But once you put them on the road, they started living up to their image.

"Myself, I don't particularly want to have wrecks in cars and tear up hotel rooms—the economy's too bad to be doing that. It's not '74 or '75, you know."

"And yes," Van-Zant finally admits, "we are a fairly tame bunch of animals."

Classified Advertising

Announcements

Free Promotional Albums
CONCERT TICKETS, STEREOS, ETC. Information, Barry Publications, 477 82nd St., Brooklyn, NY 11209.

Free Hit LPs
NEWLY RELEASED ALBUMS, ALL artists, at no cost. Free details. Muzik, 855-RC10 Main, Springfield, MA 01105.

Books & Publications

JESUS FICTIONAL! POSITIVE INCONtrovertible proof Flavius Josephus created Jesus, Gospels. Booklet: $3—Vector, Box 6215-X, Bellevue, WA 98007.

"CHUCK BERRY: ROCK 'N' ROLL MUsic." A 228-page biography & discography. Limited collector's edition. $8.95 p&h included. Horizon Books, Box 3083, Freemont, CA 94539.

Clothing

American Music Madness!

Feel the music...
WPIP
America's Top 40's

AMERICA'S MOST TALKED ABOUT radio station can now be your favorite t-shirt. Black/red print tan shirt. Adult sizes. $7.95 each postpaid, check/money order. Bumper stickers 2/$1. Richmond Marketing, Box 24664, Tampa, FL 33623. 813-886-6537.

"This Bud's For Me(C)"

SINSEMILLA BUD SILKscreened in greens with red lettering on 100% cotton mellow yellow t-shirt. Outstanding artwork. S-M-L-XL. $8.95 postpaid. Free catalog. Locomotive, Box 8301, Prairie Village, KS 66208.

"Cocaine is God's Way
OF SAYING YOU HAVE TOO much money." Need we say more? High quality t-shirts distinctively tailored, professionally silk-screened. Red t-shirt w/wht, navy; navy t-shirt w/wht. S,M,L,XL. Specify quantity, size, color scheme. $7.95 delivered. Dare to be outrageous with Rocky Mountain High-Jinx!
Rocky Mountain High-Jinx
930 S. Monaco Blvd., Box #157
Denver, CO 80224

FANTASTIC T-SHIRTS $6.50 PPD, JERseys $8.50 ppd. Led Zeppelin, Doors, Police, Go-Go's, Stones, Beatles, B. Sabbath, Lynyrd Skynyrd, J. Hendrix, Joan Jett, AC/DC, Harley Davidson, Heavy Metal, Ozzy Ozbourne, Rush, The Who, Iron Maiden, P. Benatar, Asia, Bruce Lee, E. Presley. Send $1 for huge illustrated catalog over 50 pages, Imp. records, posters, t-shirts, pins. Rock House, Box 54, Dept. R, Oakland Gardens, NY 11364.

DOES ROCK 'N' ROLL ANIMAL FIT you to a tee? Find out free. Animal Ink, Box 77, Oneonta, NY 13820.

Collector's Items

Beatles Amer. Tour w/Ed Rudy
INTERVIEW ALBUM—RARE—AUTOgraphed on request–$12 postpaid.
Ed Rudy (American Tour LP)
G.P.O. Box 1981 Dept. R
New York, NY 10001

BAD COMPANY, SPRINGSTEEN, Nugent, Stones, Black Sabbath—more—backstage—cloth stickers from past events $2 each plus S.A.S.E. or send stamped envelope for free catalog! Collectors Items, Box 76N, North Hackensack Station, River Edge, NJ 07661.

ROCK AND TEEN MAGAZINES (1950 to present): *Cream, Hullabaloo, Rolling Stone, Melody Maker, "16"*, etc. Catalog $1 cash. Back Issues, 28 Orchard St., Ridgefield Park, NJ 07660.

BEATLES MEMORABILIA COLLECtion for sale, S.A.S.E. for list. The Wolfs Lair, Box 425, Holbrook, NY 11741.

Gifts & Merchandise

Smoking & Snuff Accessories
FOR YOUR FREE CATALOG, SEND $1, refundable with first order, to: Mary Jane's Products, Inc., Box 121054, Dept. R, Nashville, TN 37212.

Instruction

The Music Business Institute
A CAREER PROGRAM IN MUSIC: course includes recording, studio, concert and video production; artist representation and management; retailing and wholesaling; record promotion and marketing: copyright and music industry law; songwriters and music publishing; & more. Employment assistance. Write for free brochure & career guide. MBI, Suite 400-RD, 2970 Peachtree Rd., N. W., Atlanta, GA 30305. (404) 231-3303.

Music Attorney

ATTORNEY AT LAW, VINCENT D. Paragano providing legal services; recording contracts, management contracts, theatrical contracts, business planning and general counseling. Associated with Epstein, Epstein, Brown, Bosek and Turndorf, 505 Morris Avenue, Springfield, NJ (201) 467-4444.

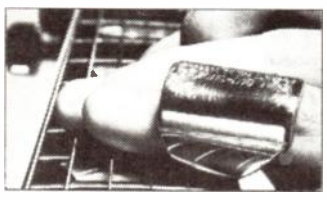
Miscellany

Need Credit
GET MASTERCHARGE, OTHERS, w/no credit check. Guaranteed! It's simple, legal. Plus other credit secrets. Free details! Send SASE to:
Inflation Reports
RCC Box 60148
Los Angeles, CA 90060

PERSONALIZED PHOTO IDENTIFICAtion card. Any name, age, state. Free birth certificate. Send $5.50 plus photo, description. Details 25¢. Capricorn, Box 2130-RD, Industry, CA 91746.

Musicians

For Rock, Blues & Country



THE HEAVY BRASS BLUSLIDE(R) Bottleneck ring leaves fingers FREE for rhythm & lead . . .Vibrating, biting, whining heavy brass! Lenny Pogan Inc., Box 353B, New York, NY 10025.

Musicians—get with it!
WHY WAIT FOR THE RIGHT GROUP or right musicians to find you? You can find them! Call us – the music industry's largest nationwide referral & get things rolling now.
Professional Musicians' Referral TM
Toll Free 800-328-8660 (612) 825-6848
Or Call East Coast Ofc. (609) 547-7096
Or Call West Coast Ofc. (714) 527-5611

IMPROVISATION LESSONS—ALL THE shortcuts, techniques and psychology. Written and taped. Specify beginner or advanced. For 10 weekly lessons send $19.95 to: Bates School of Music, 2717 Aldrich Ave. S, Minneapolis, MN 55408.

Posters & Photos

Color Concert Photos!
HUGE SELECTION, HUNDREDS OF performers including rock, country, southern bands. Send $1 for beautiful illustrated catalog. Mention favorite.
"Smile"
Box 15293-RE
Chesapeake, VA 23320-0293.

Front row & offstage photos!!!
AC/DC, ANTS, BENATAR, OZZY, Cars, F. Mac, Heart, Jimi, Journey, Priest, Led Zep, Loverboy, Petty, Police, PiL, Queen, REO, Stones, Jett, Van Halen, Who, Yes, and 400 other, rock, metal, Southern & female performers. Longest in the photo business, largest selection, fastest service and highest quality by far! Buy the best! Send $2 for catalog/2 samples. $3 gets 3 samples (list 3 groups), $4 gets 4 (list 4), etc. Limit $5 for 5 (list 5). List favorite bands & alternatives for samples.
Pines/Elliot Photos, Ltd.
P.O. Box 1122, Dept. D
Madison Square Station
New York, NY 10159

50¢ Color Rock Photos!
STONES, BENATAR, POLICE, ZEPPElin, Who, Heart, Cars, Bowie, Cheap Trick, Fleetwood, Queen, Clash, Kiss, Blondie and more! 17 photos—$10; 30 photos—$15! Full-color catalog—$1. Front Row Photos, Box 484-L, Nesconset, NY 11767.

Records & Tapes

Imported Records
HIGH-QUALITY ROCK, NEW MUSIC audiophile pressings from Japan, Australia, Canada, England, Europe, Mexico. Large selection, 24-hour service. Free catalog.
Scheherazade Records
Box 607-RD
Carrboro, NC 27510

Rare Rock Specialist!
LARGEST 50's & 60's SELECTION, rockabilly & Psychedelia; reissues & originals—Latest French pressings of your fave 80's artists: Springsteen, E. John, Police, K. Bush, O.N.J. etc.—Many are French only! Specify interests - Send stamp for list - Retail & wholesale (212) 675-2768. Midnight Rcds., Box 390 R, N.Y., N.Y. 10011.

Shane's Record Finding Service
FROM ROCK TO FOLK, PUNK TO jazz, industrial to easy listening, we can find just about anything ever made! Give us a try! We aim to please! Send request plus 3-20¢ stamps for catalog. Box 6314, San Rafael, CA 94903.

Rock 'n' Roll Party Tapes!
ALL GROUPS — LOW PRICES — FREE catalog: Angel Products, Box 119-RC, Hauppauge, NY 11788.

RARE ROCK TAPES FROM 1960s, 1970s, 1980s. Send for free catalog. Acme, Box 14438, Dept. RD, Minneapolis, MN 55414.

JAPANESE IMPORTED RECORDS EXclusively. 10,000+ title mail order catalog. $3 postpaid. YSL Records, Box 8330-X, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

METAL MAYHEM STRIKES! FREE catalog of the best heavy metal from around the world. Write: Metal Mayhem, Box 190, Dept. R, Erlanger, KY 41018.

WORLD'S RECORDS, FEATURING Rhythm & Blues/Western Swing/Blues/Early Rock and more. For a free copy of our supplement please write: World's Records, Box 2613, Dept. Q, San Rafael, CA 94912.

E-H IS BACK!

MINISYNTHESIZER
LPB-1 & LPB-2 Power Boosters
SCREAMING TREE Treble Booster
SWITCHBLADE Channel Selector
MUFF FUZZ Distortion with edge.
5X JUNCTION MIXER
BIG MUFF PI Distortion. Sweet violin-like sustaining sound used by Jimi Hendrix.
GRAPHIC FUZZ Noiseless, dynamically sensitive distortion combined with 6 band graphic EQ.
HOT TUBES Vacuum tube overdrive simulator.
DOCTOR Q Envelope Follower
BASSBALLS Twin Dynamic Envelope Follower for Bass Guitar
SOUL PREACHER Sustainer-Compressor
SMALL CLONE Shimmering Chorus effect.
SMALL STONE Phase Shifter.
AC/DC 9 VOLT BATTERY ELIMINATOR
ELECTRIC MISTRESS Flanger
DELUXE ELECTRIC MISTRESS Flanger Used by Pink Floyd.
SPACE DRUM
SUPER SPACE DRUM Space Drum with modulation capabilities, used by the Clash.
CRASH PAD Variety of pink noise sweeps.
CLAP TRACK Hand clapping.
GOLDEN THROAT VOICE BOX
DRM-15 E-H Digital Rhythm Units
DRM-32 with 15 and 32 beats respectively, programmed by the slickest, most soulful Motown and NYC R&B musicians in hundreds of studio hours.
10 BAND GRAPHIC EQUALIZER with Footswitch
POLYCHORUS with Flanging, Chorus, Slap-Back Echo Modes and Companding.
MEMORY MAN Stereo/Chorus/& echo with ambitron exciter.
DELUXE MEMORY MAN Echo with Chorus, Vibrato.
MICROSYNTHESIZER A sensational multiprocessor for guitar, outselling all other brands of guitar synthesizer combined!!!
BASS MICROSYNTHESIZER Designed specifically for bass.
2 SECOND DIGITAL DELAY
16 SECOND DIGITAL DELAY Infinite recording tracks and ability to play music backwards.

ALL ELECTRO-HARMONIX PRODUCTS ARE ON SALE NOW AT WHOLESALE PRICES AT LEADING MUSIC STORES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

ELECTRO-HARMONIX • 27 W. 23rd Street, New York 10010 • 212 741-1770

FULL COLOR T-SHIRT OR JERSEY OF JIM MORRISON'S GRAVE SITE IN PARIS, FRANCE. SIZES: S-M-L-XL. ADULT T-SHIRT $10.00. ADULT JERSEY, $12.00. POSTAGE AND HANDLING INCLUDED. SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO: **JIMM.** 43R LINWOOD ST., NEW BRITAIN, CT 06052.

GIARNELLA DESIGN INC.© 1982

LENNON LOVERS!
Get This Collector's Disc
"A Love That Lasts Forever"
The Tribute by Brant Mewborn (b/w "Just Another Dreamer")

The Acclaimed Soundtrack of NBC-TV's Annual Tribute "One of the best...in the style that John Lennon wrote." — Meg Griffin WNEW-FM, NYC

Send $3.50 by check or money order to:

BRANTBORN MUSIC R
P.O. Box 5203
F.D.R.Station
New York, NY 10150

RARE ROCK RECORDS AND TAPES. Send requests. Ask for catalog. Robert Doyle, Box 152, Pearl River, NY 10965.

GOLDEN OLDIES. THOUSANDS OF 45 Records available. Send $2 for catalog. Stewart Estep Records, Box 10243, Dept. RD, Alexandria, VA 22310.

Wanted

Wanted: Music Lovers
FREE ALBUMS IN EXCHANGE FOR your opinion. Choose your own type of music, build a huge album collection, small membership fee. Write, Music Man, Box 135(R), Cudahy, WI 53110.

T-SHIRT - 2 Color Silk Screen
Specify Size: S, M, L, XL Color Tan or Yellow. 50/50 Blend. Send $9.00 check or M.O. To Color-Que, P.O. Box 37024, Omaha, NE 68137.
© 1982 Color-Que

RUBBER STAMPS

F-23-B
$4.00

Fantasy
People
Horror
Americana
College Logos
WWII, German
Animals

Catalog $1.00

R – Rubber Stamps
P.O. Box 849, Pulaski, Va. 24301

Read it! Have fun! Is **Ultimate Porno** the most outrageous book in America today? PierNico Solinas' **Ultimate Porno** is the hilariously vulgar story of making the worlds' first sex colossal. *Esquire* proclaimed, "**Ultimate Porno** is an underground cult sensation." *Oui* gasped, "The real movie was in his office!" The *West Coast Review of Books* smiled, "**Ultimate Porno** lives up to what it promises." And *Liz Smith* raved, "**Ultimate Porno** is tremendously funny!" Order now! Be happy! Only $7 cheap, plus $1.50 p+h. Eyecontact J., 465 Lex. NY NY 10017. Exclusively by mail.

THERE IS ONLY ONE MAGAZINE FOR THE ELECTRONIC MUSICIAN*

Introducing

ROLAND USERS GROUP

Featuring
The incredible success story of the BOSS Products Group; Who's using the new Roland Jupiter-8 and Guitar System and how it's influencing their music;
A conversation with Jeff Baxter;
The advantages of interfacing;
The Roland Synthesizer Tape Contest; Song of the Month Club;
Innovative new products, hot off the Roland production line... and more!

*THAT YOU CAN GET FREE JUST BY REQUESTING IT!

Get the new **ROLAND** USERS GROUP absolutely free by filling out the form below, and sending it to RolandCorp US, 2401 Saybrook Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90045.

Name
Street
City
State
Zip

TR

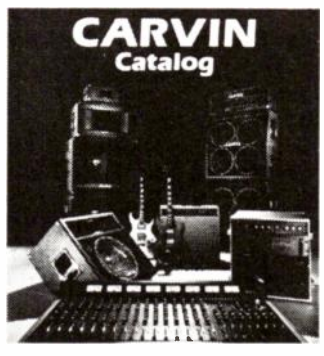
100+ best books on rock!

Rock Read, where rock 'n' roll is more than meets the ear, announces its latest collection of more than 100 import books, new books, old books, songbooks and hard-to-find books on rock music, from AC/DC through Zappa with all stops in between!

Call or write for our FREE CATALOG!

Rock Read Dept. RD 799 Broadway New York, N.Y. 10003 (212) 533-9700

FREE!



1982 Pro-Line Guide

- ★ Before you buy a Guitar, Amplifier, Mixer, Speaker or P.A. System, get the FREE 80 page CARVIN Color Catalog!
- ★ Compare Carvin's exceptional values and see the latest pro equipment. Buy DIRECT at Pro-Net prices — saving you hundreds of dollars.
- ★ Components include JBL, Renkus-Heinz, Electro-Voice, Celestion, etc. Also, a complete line of replacement parts for your guitar. Find out about Carvin's new Tri-Amped Sound Systems.

Write or Call now!

CARVIN, Dept. RC80, 1155 Industrial Ave. Escondido, CA 92025. PH 714-747-1710

CARVIN FREE CATALOG
☐ Enclosed $1 for Rush First Class Mail.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____ RC80

Vol. 2 No. 1 $1.00 Backstage With The Who / Interview: Steve Winwood November 1982

RECORD™

Bruce Springsteen Delivers A Masterpiece

By Dave Marsh

US Festival Report
Joe Jackson, Johnny Van-Zant, Journey, Pat Benatar, SPYS