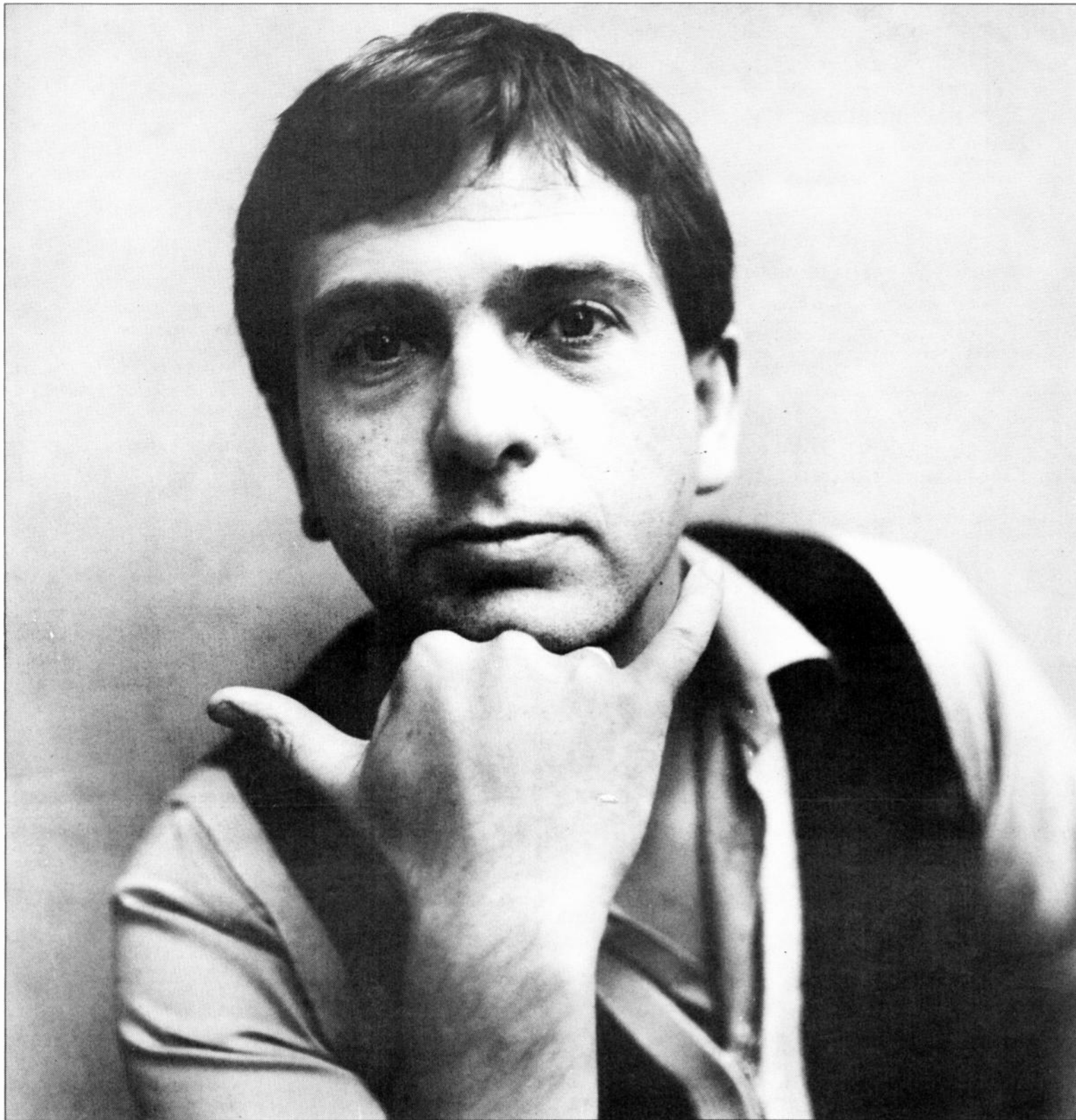


RECORD

Vol. 2 No. 3

January 1983



Self-described "active and vital filtering agent" Peter Gabriel offers words to live by: "Steal ruthlessly and honestly."

Peter Gabriel Steals The Beat

By Chip Stern

NEW YORK—It's kind of hard to equate the soft spoken, cordial gentleman sitting across from me at Warner Brothers conference table with the charismatic figure encountered at Peter Gabriel concerts or on four self-titled albums (only on his maiden Geffen release, *Security*, did he relent and provide a shrink-wrap title). Beneath his new hairstyle, a modified Franciscan look, I sometimes imagine him fading away like a Cheshire cat, with nothing but the faintly illuminated slits of his eyes—warm, probing, inquisitive, twinkling mischievously—to offer any indication that, yes, someone is indeed home.

Gabriel's a seemingly private person working in a most public format. A shy man who thrives on contact with an audience. A musician identified with the orchestral pomp and grandeur of (so-called) art rock working to link up western pop to the heartbeat of the (so-called) third world. A white artist crossing over to black pop on the strength of his Marvin Gaye-inflected single "Shock The Monkey," a futuristic blend of techno-

cratic computer babble, urban R&B and ethnic backbeats.

Yet some of *Security*'s detractors have persisted in ignoring the quality of sound in Gabriel's latest synthesis, preferring to hang the art rock albatross around his neck, pointing to his lyrics as Exhibit A, proof positive that his work is bloated, excessive, pretentious, literal—a pompous bore. But on *Security* the distorted textural density and gravity of the music carries the mood—voice and accompaniment are more nearly equal. Does Gabriel indeed strive to convey the meaning of the lyrics through overall sound (like the primeval harpies colors at the end of "San Jacinto") rather than by the inner tension of his text?

"Well," he shrugs, stifling a yawn, "I've been studying the effect of ambience, and now a lot of people are starting to take it seriously. I think nothing can actually simulate the interaction of different sounds within a room. On the last two albums we've worked very hard exploring ambient room sounds for the drums and all, which I think can take listeners to different places. A lot of those old Motown

rooms weren't, perhaps, acoustically controlled, so there wasn't all this separation between the instruments—it was all bleeding. But then you'd get this nice interaction... like if you recorded 50 different violins, all separately, you'd probably get a different type of beating between the tuning discrepancies than you would if they were all in the same room, and had space to move in the air; which is why I only like recording in really live rooms. That way the sound has character, an emotion that people can hear. As far as the lyrics, I always think that it's possible to have great rock or pop music with appalling lyrics; it's not possible to have great rock with appalling music and great lyrics. The *sound* of the words, the expression in the performance is more important than the meanings."

After leaving Genesis in 1975 (rather than continue and fall into the profitable trap of redundant self-parody), Gabriel, an instinctual musician (more painter than player), sought out new stimuli and irritants to collaborate with and react to—the studio environment, tape, time (and a producer) are vital to

such a mind. Working with Bob Ezrin in 1977, he crystallized his vision of Genesis into a tighter, harder-edged version of theatrical rock, and experimented with some quirky little chamber pieces. In 1978, by force-feeding himself on Robert Fripp's home-grown pop conceits, Gabriel produced an interesting mismatch that at times suggests cabaret blues, progressive country, minimalism; even new wave confessionals like Graham Parker and Elvis Costello. Through this period Gabriel was becoming more and more involved in the performance and composing potential of synthesizers, and the liberating effect of these "new entities," as he calls them, helped bring his concepts into sharper relief on the following two solo albums.

Says Gabriel: "I would say that I use synthesizer more percussively than some people, perhaps. But generally I've used it more as a part of a textural landscape, if you like. For me, as a writer, it's fantastic, because you have this really wide range of sounds you can call on. Like on 'Lay Your Hands On Me'

Continued on page 17

Petty: The War Is Over

By David Gans

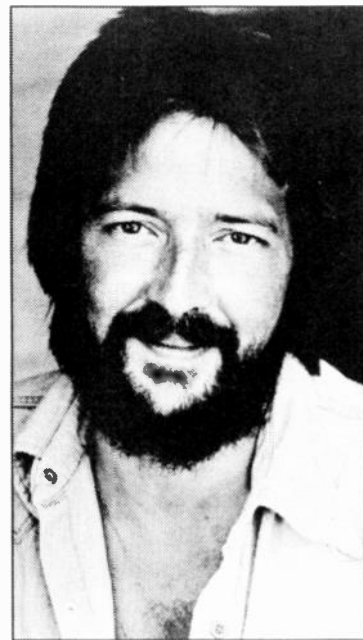
LOS ANGELES—The war is over. After fighting with record companies, aborting a major tour when tonsillitis blew his voice out, changing bass players and enduring other assorted setbacks and distractions, Tom Petty has strung enough quality time together to break free of his troubles and concentrate on one important task: Making rock 'n' roll music. *Long After Dark*, the fifth Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers album, is in the stores and on the charts, and the band is now in the midst of a lengthy tour which Petty has been looking forward to as eagerly as his fans have.

"I want to go on a tour, and so I want to have a lot of rock 'n' roll songs to play," says Petty of the material on *Long After Dark*. He

Continued on page 12

Clapton '83: New LP Done, Tour Planned

LOS ANGELES—Though reports were sketchy at press time, it is now clear that Eric Clapton has something special in mind for his fans in 1983. His last tour aborted by a serious ulcer problem, and his longstanding relationship with Robert Stigwood now dissolved, Clapton has spent the last several months



Eric Clapton

finishing a new studio album in the Bahamas for his maiden voyage on Warner Brothers Records.

Scheduled for a January 26 release date, Clapton's as-yet-untitled LP features him in the company of such bulwarks of southern R&B as bassist Donald "Duck" Dunn (formerly of Booker T. & The MGs, and late of the Blues Brothers), and Muscle Shoals' Roger Hawkins, one of the studio world's most distinctive drummers. Better yet, Clapton's peers will be joining him on the road when he begins a scheduled five-week tour of the States at the end of February. No official word yet on venues or dates.

Contents

The Jam Call It Quits

By Chris Welch 4
 "I'D HATE FOR us to end up old and embarrassing like so many other groups." With this swipe at the Who and the Stones, Paul Weller announced the Jam's intention to split up at the end of the year, even though the band's current single is one of its biggest ever in England. Weller's complete statement is reprinted in this month's London Calling.



PHOTO: MELISSA HILL/UTA



PHOTO: ANDY FERRER

Miami Steve Holds On To A Dream

By David McGee 8
 WHAT DOES IT profit a man to shed blood on the tracks of his first solo album when it can't get airplay? Miami Steve explains how he came to open a vein and damn the results.

Exclusive Sound Signature: Ry Cooder

By John Hutchinson 14
 IN AN EXCLUSIVE interview conducted following a recent concert in Dublin, Ireland, the elusive Ry Cooder discusses the development of and the specific influences affecting his distinctive, eclectic approach to music.

Records

ON HER NEW album, Joni Mitchell attempts, with great success, to gain some perspective on what all the sound and fury of youth actually amounts to. Also reviewed: Marvin Gaye, Linda Ronstadt, Donald Fagen, Michael Jackson and E.T., Johnny Copeland, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, Buddy Guy and Junior Wells, Merle Haggard, Kate Bush, Iggy Pop and others.

American Grandstand 3
 London Calling 4
 On Stage 6
 Sound Signatures 14-16

LETTERS

Bruce Springsteen

I FOUND DAVE MARSH'S article on Bruce Springsteen's album *Nebraska* ("One Man's Masterpiece," RECORD, November) very interesting. This past year I drove cross-country and met and saw many of those "characters" who seem haunted by their own existence. Like these people, I too, at the end of every hard-earned day, still need a reason to believe. And that's what Springsteen's music gives me.

E. KRAUS
 Seattle, Washington

I JUST WANT TO CONGRATULATE Mr. Marsh on an absolutely fantastic article on Bruce Springsteen. Never before have I cried when I listened to an album, but I did when I first listened to *Nebraska*. Bruce had something very important to say when he recorded *Nebraska*, and I just want to say to him, "I hear you."

MICHELE GIBBONS
 Houston, Texas

WHILE IN A LOCAL bookstore, I picked up a copy of RECORD with Bruce Springsteen's picture on the cover. I wanted some vicarious way of enjoying *Nebraska*, but I don't think I expected Dave Marsh to "explain" the album or tell me something about Bruce that I didn't know. Anyway, I ended up standing in the aisle crying, because the story really got to the point about the album and about why you feel the way you do when you see Springsteen. It was a gorgeous article. Thanks a lot.

CAITLIN MITCHELL
 Oakland, California

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK Dave Marsh for his insightful and

provocative piece on Springsteen's *Nebraska*. This is the most uncommercial record from a major artist I have heard in years, and Springsteen is to be commended for being one of the few artists with something important to say in an age when no one seems to be listening. However, I am glad to be informed that as of this writing *Nebraska* is the number three record in the country. This says a lot about Bruce's power, but more important, it seems as though someone is listening! So Dave, "the ghost of a time when we knew very well how to respond" may well be upon us again.

GEORGE ZAVERDAS
 Elmhurst, New York

THANKS TO DAVE MARSH for the print on the paper covering my parrot's cage. "One Man's Masterpiece" is another man's idolizing garbage. Why don't you just run a photo of Bruce's behind so we can all kiss it with Dave together. Better yet, I'll send Dave my parrot so he can teach him to say, "Bruce is God, Bruce is God!"

TOMMY WALKER
 Raleigh, N.C.

Neil Young

CONGRATULATIONS ON A terrific interview with Neil Young ("Neil Young: A New Phase," RECORD, October). With the possible exception of Brian Wilson, and to a lesser degree Todd Rundgren, Young's music continues to be the most engaging and influential of our more serious artists. One nagging thought, however: How could Neil leave "Tell Me Why" off *Decade*?

MARK HELLER
 Northbrook, Ill.

THIS IS THE FIRST LETTER I've ever written to a magazine because it's the first time I've laughed along with an interview. Young Neil has got it all grokked right. It's almost Dadaistic: Art must be destroyed to progress. It's a welcome trend when an artist of yore changes roads before they become ruts.

ROBERT DE BOER
 Orlando, Florida

I HAVE BEEN A NEIL YOUNG fan through thick and thin from about day one, but your latest interview has more contradictions than Ronald Reagan's speeches. How can a guy in one breath say, "I think you can play music with machines better than you can without them" then turn around and say "Long, flat expanses of professionalism bother me. I'd rather have a band that could explode at any time?"

I used to feel that Neil was always riding the crest. I guess time will tell if that's true.

CARL HAKANSSON
 Ashland, Mass.

Qua?

IF YOU WILL CHECK THE service records of the members of the rock and roll bands called "Kiss" and "George Thorogood and the Destroyers" you will find that most of the original members served together in the U.S. Army in the early 1970s.

Both bands got their names and stage acts from a fellow serviceman who developed amnesia (and worse problems) from a head injury and who has been unemployed since his discharge. Both bands later found out about the amnesia.

YOURS FROM THE V.A.

TOP 100 ALBUMS

- 1 MEN AT WORK
Business As Usual (Columbia)
- 2 STRAY CATS
Built for Speed (EMI America)
- 3 LIONEL RICHIE
Lionel Richie (Motown)
- 4 JOE JACKSON
Night and Day (A&M)
- 5 SUPERTRAMP
Famous Last Words (A&M)
- 6 DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
H₂O (RCA)
- 7 BILLY JOEL
The Nylon Curtain (Columbia)
- 8 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
Nebraska (Columbia)
- 9 NEIL DIAMOND
Heartlight (Columbia)
- 10 RUSH
Signals (Mercury)
- 11 DONALD FAGEN
The Nightfly (Warner Bros.)
- 12 THE CLASH
Combat Rock (Epic)
- 13 FLEETWOOD MAC
Mirage (Warner Bros.)
- 14 JOHN COUGAR
American Fool (Rive/Mercury)
- 15 MARVIN GAYE
Midnight Love (Columbia)
- 16 OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN
Olivia's Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 (MCA)
- 17 JUDAS PRIEST
Screaming For Vengeance (CBS)
- 18 CROSBY, STILLS & NASH
Daylight Again (Atlantic)
- 19 DIRE STRAITS
Love Over Gold (Warner Bros.)
- 20 A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
A Flock of Seagulls (Jive/Arista)
- 21 BILLY SQUIER
Emotions in Motion (Capitol)
- 22 THE WHO
It's Hard (Warner Bros.)
- 23 PAT BENATAR
Get Nervous (Chrysalis)
- 24 LUTHER VANDROSS
Forever, For Always, For Love (Epic)
- 25 DON HENLEY
I Can't Stand Still (Elektra)
- 26 MISSING PERSONS
Spring Session M (Capitol)
- 27 DAN FOGELBERG
Greatest Hits (Full Moon/Epic)
- 28 PETER GABRIEL
Security (Geffen)
- 29 DIANA ROSS
Silk Electric (RCA)
- 30 TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS
Long After Dark (Backstreet/MCA)
- 31 LINDA RONSTADT
Get Closer (Asylum)
- 32 JEFFERSON STARSHIP
Winds of Change (Grun)
- 33 ASIA
Asia (Geffen)
- 34 KOOL & THE GANG
As One (De-Lite)
- 35 PRINCE
1999 (Warner Bros.)
- 36 ABC
Lexicon of Love (Mercury)
- 37 TONI BASIL
Word Of Mouth (Chrysalis)
- 38 ALAN PARSONS PROJECT
Eye In The Sky (Arista)
- 39 DIONNE WARWICK
Heartbreaker (Arista)
- 40 LAURA BRANIGAN
Branigan (Atlantic)
- 41 AMERICA
View From The Ground (Capitol)
- 42 JONI MITCHELL
Wild Things Run Fast (Geffen)
- 43 KENNY LOGGINS
High Adventure (Columbia)
- 44 GLENN FREY
No Fun Aloud (Elektra)
- 45 SPYRO GYRA
Incognito (MCA)
- 46 ADAM ANT
Friend Or Foe (Epic)
- 47 EDDIE MONEY
No Control (Columbia)
- 48 STEEL BREEZE
Steel Breeze (RCA)
- 49 CHICAGO
Chicago 16 (Full Moon/Warner Bros.)
- 50 VANITY 6
Vanity 6 (Warner Bros.)
- 51 GRAND MASTER FLASH & THE FURIOUS FIVE
The Message (Sugar Hill)
- 52 SURVIVOR
Eye Of The Tiger (Scotti Bros.)
- 53 ROD STEWART
Absolutely Live (Warner Bros.)
- 54 DEVO
Oh No! It's Devo (Warner Bros.)
- 55 ANDY SUMMERS AND ROBERT FRIPP
I Advance Masked (A&M)
- 56 RICKY SKAGGS
Highways And Heartaches (Epic)
- 57 SANTANA
Shango (Columbia)
- 58 MICHAEL McDONALD
If That's What It Takes (W.B.)
- 59 EDDIE RABBITT
Radio Romance (Elektra)
- 60 EMMYLOU HARRIS
Last Date (Warner Bros.)
- 61 ALABAMA
Mountain Music (RCA)
- 62 EVELYN KING
Get Loose (RCA)
- 63 THE TIME
What Time Is It? (Warner Bros.)
- 64 SAGA
Worlds Apart (Portrait)
- 65 JUICE NEWTON
Quiet Lies (Capitol)
- 66 LOVERBOY
Get Lucky (Columbia)
- 67 ROBERT PLANT
Pictures At Eleven (Swan Song)
- 68 PHIL COLLINS
Hello, I Must Be Going (Atlantic)
- 69 PAT TRAVERS
Black Pearl (Polydor)
- 70 AEROSMITH
Rock In A Hard Place (Columbia)
- 71 EAGLES
Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 (Columbia)
- 72 ARETHA FRANKLIN
Jump To It (Arista)
- 73 .38 SPECIAL
Special Forces (A&M)
- 74 THE ENGLISH BEAT
Special Beat Service (I.R.S.)
- 75 PINK FLOYD
The Wall (Columbia)
- 76 THE BEATLES
20 Greatest Hits (Columbia)
- 77 STEVE WINWOOD
Talking Back To The Night (Island)
- 78 DONNA SUMMER
Donna Summer (Geffen)
- 79 STEVE MILLER BAND
Abracadabra (Capitol)
- 80 BAD COMPANY
Rough Diamonds (Swan Song)
- 81 STACY LATTISAW
Sneakin' Out (Cotillion)
- 82 THE BAR-KAYS
Proposition (Mercury)
- 83 JOAN JETT AND THE BLACKHEARTS
Bad Reputation (Boardwalk)
- 84 REO SPEEDWAGON
Good Trouble (Epic)
- 85 UTOPIA
Utopia (Elektra)
- 86 JANET JACKSON
Janet Jackson (A&M)
- 87 KISS
Creatures Of The Night (Casablanca)
- 88 JEFFERY OSBORNE
Jeffery Osborne (A&M)
- 89 DURAN DURAN
Carnival (Capitol)
- 90 GENESIS
Three Sides Live (Atlantic)
- 91 ALABAMA
Feels So Right (RCA)
- 92 JOURNEY
Escape (Columbia)
- 93 BILLY SQUIER
Don't Say No (Capitol)
- 94 POINTER SISTERS
So Excited (Planet)
- 95 MISSING PERSONS
Missing Persons (Capitol)
- 96 THE MOTELS
All Four One (Capitol)
- 97 JERRY GARCIA
Run For The Roses (Arista)
- 98 GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS
Bad To The Bone (EMI/America)
- 99 YAZ
Upstairs At Eric's (Sire)
- 100 STEVIE NICKS
Bella Donna (Modern Records)

RECORD

Managing Editor: DAVID MCGEE
 Associate Editors: MARK MEHLER,
 DAVID GANS (West Coast)
 Art Director: ESTHER DRAZIN
 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: Aaron Rapoport

Publisher: MARTY OSTROW

Advertising: JEFFREY BABCOCK, ROB WOOD, PATTI FIORE (Classified)
 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,
 KIM SHORB, IRA TATTELMAN

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

Director Retail Sales & Publicity: SUSAN OLLINICK

Controller: JUDY HEMBERGER Finance Department: BETTY JO KLUNE

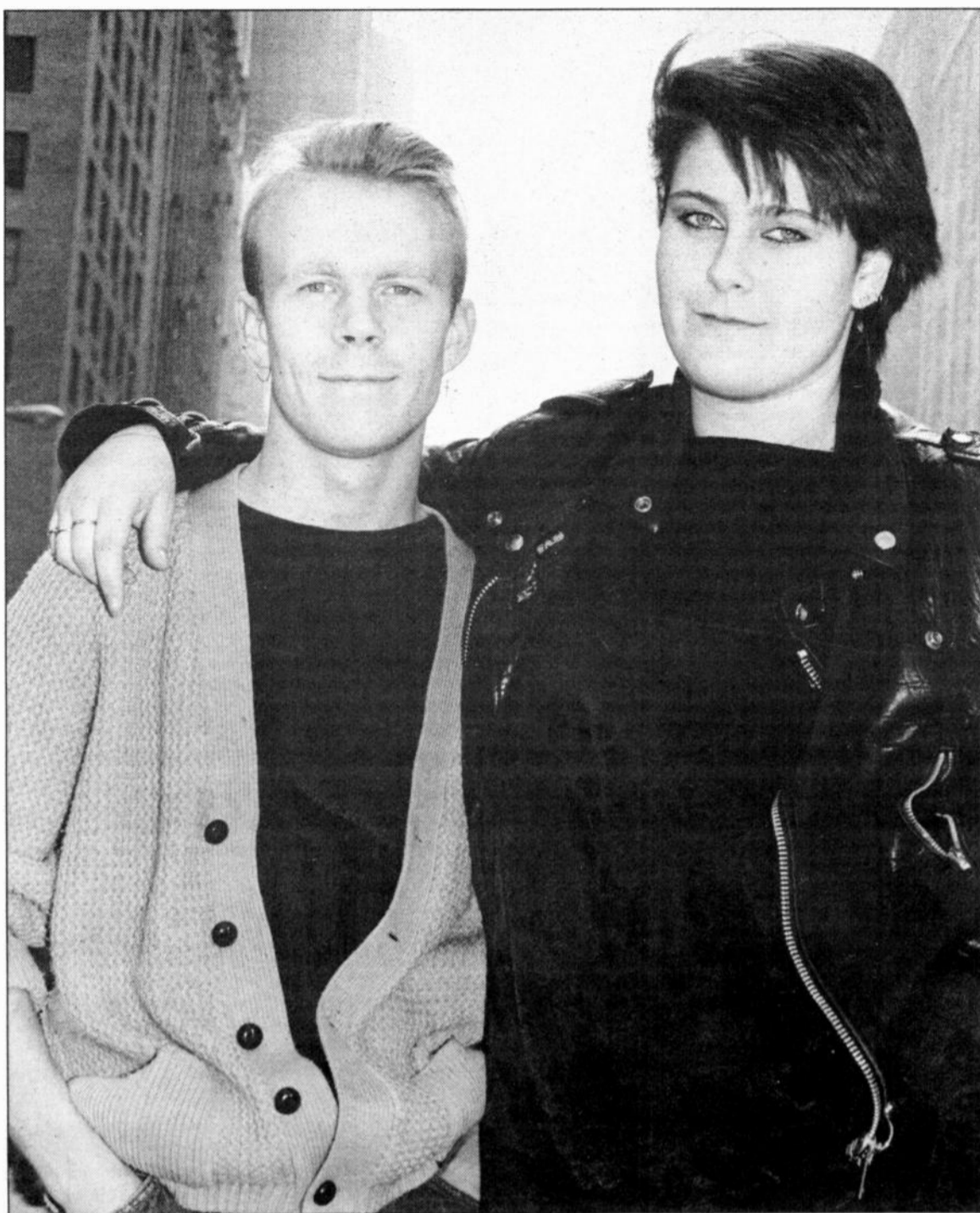
Administrative Manager: LAUREL GONSALVES

General Staff: JONATHAN GREGG, PAULA MADISON, SOLOMON N'JIE, MICHAEL ROSEMAN

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

The entire contents of The Record are copyright © 1983 by Straight Arrow Publishers, Inc., and may not be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without written permission from the publisher. All rights reserved. Publisher does not assume responsibility for any unsolicited materials and will return only those accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. The Record is published monthly at the subscription price of \$12.00 for one year by Straight Arrow Publishers, Inc., 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10151. Application to mail at Second-class rates is pending at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Record, P.O. Box 2985, Boulder, Colorado 80322. This edition published December 13 for newsstand sales from December 28 through January 25.

New Artist



Vince Clarke, Alison Moyet: He wants to write ad jingles, she wants to sing the blues.

PHOTO: EBET ROBERTS

Yaz: New Wave's Oddest Couple

By Mark Mehler

NEW YORK—She wants to sing the blues. He wants to write advertising jingles. She is half French, soulful, and a little daft. He likes programming computers. She attended school, studying piano tuning and repair. He wouldn't be caught dead near a school.

Though this may sound like a bad Cole Porter song, or the plot summary of an obscure Lina Wertmüller film, it is actually a description of Yaz, whose first LP, *Upstairs at Eric's*, has been a smash in Europe and has cracked the Top 100 on these shores.

The duo is Vince Clarke on synthesizer and Genevieve Alison Moyet, better known as Alf, on vocals. Across the Atlantic, they are known as Yazoo; here they had to drop the double "o" because another band had already claimed the name. In any case, all confusion begins and ends with that moniker.

"We have a very firm idea of what we want," says Alf, the girl-next-door. "Simplicity, putting the soul back in. Always with this (synthesized) kind of music, it sounds cold and robotic, except for Soft Cell, the Human League, and a few others. Vince arranges each song the way a band would arrange, layer upon layer. And I put as much emotion as I can into the vocals."

That's nice to hear and it should be the norm; but Alf insists the British press has been receptive to Yaz's work because "in England they see a New Wave band with passion as a novelty. It can't last. Somebody is it for two months and then they're out."

Alf and Vince had a passing acquaintance as youngsters growing up in a town just southeast of Essex. Years later, Vince joined Depeche Mode, while Alf was trying to stay alive singing with a bevy of fly-by-night blues bands. Discouraged by

her lack of commercial success, she placed an ad in a music weekly, and Vince, who had left Depeche for a solo career, answered.

He liked the passion in her voice; she liked the idea of working with an established artist.

"We are very different in personality and taste," says Alison, who has struggled mightily to come to terms with the synthesizer. "Still, we are alike in where we want to take the music."

Two singles, "Only You," and "Don't Go," got the ball rolling in the U.K. The album, produced by Yaz and Eric Radcliffe (as in *Upstairs at Eric's*), soon followed.

The LP is comprised primarily of love songs, in which emotions dangle and twist uncomfortably. Though Clarke can summon a remarkably thick 12-bar blues sound with his electronic hardware, he is not above exploiting the technology's flair for the language of alienation. "I Before E Except After C" is a lengthy series of chopped up sentences and clauses, a technotone poem. Alf's contributions tend to be more direct and evocative, like the bitter-sweet "Winter Kills." None of it lacks emotion.

Bringing their full band sound to the stage, however, is a problem. Alf says that what they lack in group dynamics, they try to make up for in warmth and communication, in part through the use of an elaborate slide show (termed "irrelevant" by some critics) that gives the audience something better to ponder than the sight of two ordinary-looking people and a micro-computer.

Some of the emotion generated onstage may, in fact, be a by-product of alcohol, as Moyet has been known to steel herself with drink. "I'm not aware of anything out there," she says. "As far as I'm concerned, there might as well be a six-

piece band behind me."

Following the completion of tours here and in England, Moyet plans to record a solo LP next year with a new group of studio musicians. It'll be hard-core soul and blues, she says, and then adds: "I've never felt very good about playing soul on a synthesizer," by way of explaining her Clarke-less project.

Clarke, who has been sitting quietly on the floor engrossed in some sort of toy, says his goals as an artist are more commercial. "I'm not very philosophical," he shrugs. "I'd like to write advertising jingles, good jingles." He insists further that the electronic revolution—spearheaded by musicians rather than by electrical engineers—is merely a means to an end. That is, the perfect realization of his musical ideas. And he's somewhat impatient with anything less, as one might discern from his pronounced disdain for a British education, and his loner tendencies.

Fittingly enough, Clarke and Moyet are approaching stardom as cautiously as they do each other. "We've seen what happens to people like the Sex Pistols," says Alison, who is certain of only two things: Yaz's tenure as a critical favorite will be short-lived, and she'll be around to pick up the pieces.

"It'll eat me up when they get tired of us," she admits, speaking as though it may already be happening. "But I'm a pessimist by birth and I'll survive."

Clarke, too, seems relatively unconcerned by what fate has in store for Yaz. As he sees it, "You can make good music anywhere."

"Anyway," declares Alison, picking up the cue, "all I've ever wanted out of life is to make a living."

Comme ci, comme ca, as Sandie Shaw was so fond of saying. Super-groups are born with less motivation.

American Grandstand

By Dave Marsh

The Best Of '82

Trying to settle on some reasonable number of the year's best record is inherently frustrating, especially in a year as fruitful and fretful as 1982. Still, one perseveres, not only out of duty, habit and vanity, but because this is a chance (not to be discarded) to remind ourselves that it's not only contemporary recordings that are worthwhile.

In keeping with this message, it's fair to say 1982 was the best year for the reissue of classic American music that I can recall. And it was the American major record labels, led by Motown's fine repackaging of its catalogue, that led the way. In addition to the Contours' devastating *Do You Love Me*, and the Miracles' marvelous *Going to A Go Go* (with the lost classic, "A Fork in the Road"), which highlighted the Motown series, the following were especially noteworthy: Epic's Okeh series, particularly the rhythm and blues, soul and western swing sets; Columbia's country & western *Historic Recordings*, especially the Flatt and Scruggs, Spade Cooley and Lefty Frizzell material; Atlantic's Joe Turner reissue, *Boss of the Blues*; the revitalization of Chess, with excellent LPs by Chuck Berry (*Great 28*) and the Dells (*The Dells*); Rhino's History of Surf Music, Vols. 1 and 2; and Solid Smoke's shimmering vocal group discs, The Flamingos' *Golden Teardrops* and the Van Dykes' *No Man Is An Island*. At this rate, even I will have to stop carping about lack of respect for our national musical heritage.

My list of the best singles of 1982 includes J. Geils' "Centerfold," the Jam's "Town Called Malice," Grandmaster Flash's "The Message," Richard "Dimples" Fields' "If It Ain't One Thing . . .," Jackson Browne's "Somebody's Baby," Joan Jett's "I Love Rock 'n' Roll," Soft Cell's "Say Hello Wave Goodbye" and "Really Sayin' Something," by Bananarama. But the single that meant the most to me was Dan Daley's "Still in Saigon," which remains shamefully unreleased as the year ends.

Drawing a deep breath, these are the best U.S. LPs of 1982. That is, what counted the most in my house among new releases. (Apologies to Tom Petty and Marvin Gaye—and maybe Michael Jackson—whose records came out too late to be assessed carefully. Next year.)

1. Bruce Springsteen, *Nebraska*: I don't care if it's a predictable choice; it's also the right one, because this is the album that spoke most clearly through the haze of despair and inertia that currently binds pop. An (intuitive?) political statement of real importance.

2. Richard and Linda Thompson, *Shoot Out the Lights*: A great guitarist, a great voice (hers), the best amusement park song ever written ("Wall of Death"), a vision as bleak and realistic as the heart can stand. A (conscious?) mystical alternative to the daily malaise.

3. *Powerhouse for God: Sacred Speech, Chant and Song in an Appalachian Church*, compiled by Jeff Todd Titon: John Sherkey is an extraordinary singer, the most powerful rural Christian vocalist since Skip James. Titon's assemblage of preaching, testifying, reminiscence and ritual is the most effective documentary recording released in the fourteen years I've been a music critic.

4. Richard "Dimples" Fields, *Mr. Look So Good*: As we were driving through western Pennsylvania, a young black man informed me that he didn't like Fields because "he's singing the blues too much." Just why he's here.

5. John Anderson, *Wild and Blue*: Overcoming my bias against contemporary country is no easy thing, but Anderson takes the easy way out—he's a complete classicist. When he uses strings, you can imagine that's what Hank would've done.

6. David Lasley, *Missin' 20 Grand*: Blue-eyed soul, guts, conviction, compassion, craziness. Strange and compelling.

7. Steve Winwood, *Talking Back to the Night*: Winwood has fully recovered his great voice by finding something about which he feels deeply—the lack of necessity for artistic self-destruction. A theme that matters, with music that counts, too.

8. Little Steven and the Disciples of Soul, *Men Without Women*: If I were asked to choose a theme song, "Until the Good is Gone" would do—but so would three or four other songs here. King of the Jersey Delta Blues Singers or soul man gone berserk?

9. Betty Lavette, *Tell Me A Lie*: Though it contains a top ten black contemporary hit, this album sounds like it could have been recorded in Nashville in 1967, or so. The hit was the scintillating "Right in the Middle (Of Falling in Love)" and if you need to know more, you're greedy or silly.

10. Magic Sam, *Magic Sam Live*: It's hard to say whether Sam was a greater singer or guitarist, but the Ann Arbor sides of this two-disc set ought to convince any skeptic that among contemporary bluesmen, few were any better.

Space limits further comment, but as I see it, these were the best of the rest: 11. Dire Straits, *Love Over Gold*; 12. The Clash, *Combat Rock*; 13. Ted Hawkins, *Watch Your Step*; 14. The Jimi Hendrix Concerts; 15. Elvis Costello, *Imperial Bedroom*; 16. The Jive 5, *Here We Are*; 17. Jody Harris, *It Happened One Night*; 18. Van Morrison, *Beautiful Vision*; 19. The Harptones, *Love Needs*; 20. The Jam, *The Gift*; 21. David Johansen, *Live It Up*; 22. The Time, *What Time Is It*; 23. Prince, 1999; 24. Gary Bonds, *On the Line*; 25. Greg Copeland, *Revenge Will Come*; 26. Stevie Wonder, *Original Musiquarium*; 27. Fleetwood Mac, *Mirage*; 28. Edi Fitzroy, *Youthman Penitentiary*; 29. Peter Dinklage, *All the Best Cowboys . . .*; 30. Kool and the Gang, *As One*; 31. Marshall Crenshaw; 32. Yellowman; 33. Ricky Skaggs, *Highways and Heartaches*; 34. Renee Geyer; 35. Jimmy Cliff, *Special*; 36. Evelyn "Champagne" King, *Get Close*; 37. The Persuasions, *Good News*; 38. Johnny Copeland, *Make My Home Where I Hang My Hat*; 39. Don Henley, *I Can't Stand Still*; 40. Sweet Pea Atkinson, *Don't Walk Away*.

London Calling

By Chris Welch

The Jam Go Tap City

Paul Weller, lead singer and founding member of the Jam, has announced that the band will split up at the end of the year.

This news, coming in the wake of the group's huge chart success with the single "The Bitterest Pill (I Ever Had To Swallow)," emphasized the Jam's desire to quit while they're ahead. Weller's comments on the decision seemed to be directed at the Who, and revealed the band's reasons for calling it a day.

Said Weller: "At the end of the year the Jam will be officially splitting up as I feel we have achieved all we can together, as a group, and I mean this both musically and commercially. I want all we have achieved to count for something, and most of all I'd hate us to end up



The Jam

old and embarrassing like so many other groups. The longer a group continues the more frightening the thought of never ending it becomes. That is why so many of them carry on until they become meaningless. I've never wanted the Jam to get into that stage. What we (and you) have built up has meant something. It stood for honesty, passion, energy and youth. I want to stay that way and maybe exist as a guideline for new young groups coming up to improve and expand on. This would make it even more worthwhile."

Paul thanked all his fans for the faith they have shown in the Jam and said all three of them (Weller, bassist Bruce Foxton and drummer Rick Buckler) had been greatly touched by it. The band was due to tour all around England in December with two dates at the prestigious Wembley Arena on December 1 and 2.

The Jam was formed by Weller and Buckler while both were in school at Woking, Surrey. They started out playing R&B and made a name for themselves in 1976 at London venues such as the 100 Club. Their '60s Mod gear reinforced the debt—both stylistic and musical—the Jam owed the Who; and as the years wore on, Weller and Pete Townshend often engaged in philosophical dialogues—some in print, some in person—concerning the nature of rock music and the musician's obligation to the cause.

Asia Rocks Wembley

While the rock media vainly attempt to promote an endless supply of unknown and usually unloved bands, heavy metal and pop novelties continue to bolster the British music industry, with a little help from stalwarts from the Golden Age of Rock. Thus it was that Asia, a band cursed as "boring old farts" by the punk-obsessed weeklies, managed to sell out two nights at the cavernous Wembley Arena in London. And they did it with hardly any advance promotion, a noticeable absence of interviews and despite a steady stream of consistently hostile reviews from journalists still living in the Dark Ages of 1977. Asia—Steve Howe, Carl Palmer, John Wetton and Geoff Downes—were understandably pleased with themselves at the party after the first show, at which they distributed wine and Chinese food, and displayed a wall full of gold and platinum albums.

At first Downes wasn't sure if he wanted to speak to me, even though we once played together in a band at a working man's club in Penge. Apparently he had made a vow never to speak to the press again, after vile insults were directed at him during his time with Yes. But he relented and revealed that the band is currently in the throes of making a new album. Carl Palmer, by the way, was delighted at the reception for his drum solo. "It's the first time I've played in London in eight years," he said.

New In The News

A classic British rock record of the '60s, "Shaking All Over" by Johnny Kidd and the Pirates, came complete with a spine-tingling, twangy guitar break. The guitarist, Mick Green, has now gone from reviving the Pirates to becoming a manager. His first group features another hot pub rocker, Wilko Johnson (late of Dr. Feelgood), together with Lou Lewis on harmonica... another new band on its way up is the Smart, a bunch of crazies who delight in embarrassing rock journalists in bars and upstaging rock goddesses. Most recently this motley crew was seen supporting Joan Jett and the Blackhearts on the latter's U.K. tour. Jett fell in love with the scoundrels and showed her affection by pushing custard pies in their faces in a touching backstage ceremony. The boys retaliated by organizing a mass moon, baring their bottoms under the glare of spotlights while Joan was attempting to sing. This simple act has sealed the bond of friendship—she's asked them to join her on her next U.S. tour... Genesis soundalikes Marillion have been signed by EMI, and their first release is "Market Square Heroes." Firm favorites at London's Marquee, the band features the mighty Fish on vocals, with painted face and a voice not dissimilar to Peter Gabriel's. Far from being outraged, Genesis fans are flocking to see them.



David Lindley and cheap guitar: "If I play for the rest of my life, there'll be things beyond my grasp."

Be It Instruments Or Motels, David Lindley Demands Quality

By Dan Forte

PALO ALTO, Ca.—David Lindley unlocks the door to his motel room on El Camino Real to find a kindling-wood bar complete with plastic cups wrapped in wax paper and three rumpus-room stools. On the other side of the "suite" sits a bright orange Naugahyde sofa, above which hangs an oversized paint-by-numbers landscape. "Yeah, this is the place," whispers the guitarist with unbridled excitement. "George, look at this!"

Bassist Jorge Calderon steps in from the next room with a broad grin. "Lindley, you gotta see this couch in my room."

The two run from room to room comparing decor before collapsing in a giggling heap. Lindley fishes a new Polaroid camera out of his suitcase and begins snapping pictures—of the couch, the door, the towel rack. "We've got to stay here every time we're in town," he announces without a trace of disrespect. "This is the best."

Lindley's preference for tacky motels should come as no surprise, considering his taste in bargain basement electric guitars, his collection of loud Japanese/Hawaiian shirts, and his choice of "artwork" for his first two Asylum solo albums, *El Rayo-X* (which looks more like a reggae import) and *Win This Record!* (which resembles a comic book). What attracts the multi-instrumentalist to such exotica is the same quality that made his services as rock's most accomplished accompanist so attractive to artists such as Linda Ronstadt, Jackson Browne, and Crosby & Nash for the past decade—character. As a sideman David Lindley probably never took a solo or played a back-up part that could be described as run-of-the-mill. Yet no matter how unpredictable (check out his lap steel guitar-impersonation of a seal on "That Girl Could Sing" by Browne), his playing always seemed perfectly suited to the artist and the song, while still bearing Lindley's indelible stamp.

As a bandleader and solo artist, Lindley's music is as unpredictable and quirky as ever, and as distinctive and well-honed. Combining elements of reggae, R&B, and a rhythmic Japanese hybrid called *chunk* music, Lindley's woven a new fabric of rock music. In some ways it's analogous to colleague Ry

Cooder's archival diggings, but Lindley's infectious, upbeat material is more rooted in rock's primal electric aspect. "I don't want to define it right now," he says; "there's too many things. It's evolving into a kind of style, and there's some other influences that haven't come along yet. But I've got a lot more stuff—complete songs, germs of songs, different instruments."

Having written half of the tunes on *Win This Record!* (alongside material from the Neville Brothers, Etta James, Leo Graham, Toots & the Maytals, and the Melodians), Lindley seems even more confident in his bandleader role than on his remarkable debut, *El Rayo-X*. And the versatile talents of his backing trio (bassist Calderon, guitarist Ber-

"I hear things that just can't be played. And I hear them a lot of times while I'm playing."

nie Larsen, and drummer Ian Wallace—now known collectively as El Rayo-X) are showcased to full advantage. "I've always thought, whatever band I was in, that each person should be a unit unto themselves, and be able to carry a *set* by themselves. And each of these guys brings something really special to each department."

Unlike most eclectics to emerge from the L.A. folk scene, Lindley never sounds academic or intellectual in the least, as he switches from genre to genre as effortlessly as he switches from Hawaiian lap steel guitar to fiddle to Turkish saz. And unlike most folkies-turned-rockers, he isn't too timid or self-conscious to put the pedal to the metal on a burner like "Mercury Blues" or "Make It On Time." But even at his most straight-ahead, he eschews for the most part the accepted B.B. King-derived vocabulary of rock guitar licks, instead approaching the lap steel like a saxophone or a cello, the guitar like any number of Mideastern instruments. "I take a lot of inspiration from Persian players," he points out, "and instruments like the tar, the oud, the saz, and the bouzouki. And I can't see why that's not done more, because it fits that stuff really well."

Last summer Lindley took a break in his recording schedule to play a couple of solo gigs at European folk festivals where he unveiled one of his latest acquisitions, an electric saz—actually, a custom-built 8-string saz neck mounted on a Vox teardrop bass body. On his recent swing through California halls, Lindley's array of stringed instruments included his National double-neck lap steel; a 12-string miniature Vox Mando Guitar; a two-pickup Silvertone six-string made of something that looked like masonite; a hideous four-pickup Japanese cheapo called a Kingston (related to the Teisco company) with a Charvel neck; a Melobar Power Slide steel guitar (shaped like a rocket); and a hollow-body baby blue Telecaster copy of unknown make. "Still the best all-around guitar is the Silvertone," he states. "But there are certain things it won't do, and then I have the 'Blue Beast.' I've never heard overtones like that guitar gets—like chimes. I got it at a store in Tucson, Arizona. Three stories of old guitars, literally in piles. Had to pay 225 bucks for it," he groans. "Well, I went in there with Jackson Browne and Joe Walsh, so what are they gonna do? We cleaned that place out."

Though his sonic and melodic facilities seem almost limitless at this point in his career, the 20-year veteran views himself as a novice with a lot of work ahead of him. "What I can hear is so much more than what I can actually physically play," he sighs. "I hear things that just can't be played. And I hear them a lot of times while I'm playing. It's a lot easier than it used to be, because I know more. If I was not as lazy as I am, I'd practice eight hours a day. For a while I practiced more than that. I practiced one time for fifteen hours without stopping. Went from five-string banjo to slide guitar to saz, and back again, playing the same things. Fifteen hours. I said, 'Let's see what happens.' And I went to the strangest place I've ever been in my life. It was really wonderful and also really scary, because I could see what I didn't know—my limitations. If I play for the rest of my life there will always be things beyond my grasp. It's something you can never really master. But that's all I want to do. I just want to play music."

Aretha, Dionne Projects Loom For A Busy Luther Vandross

NEW YORK—Luther Vandross spends a lot of time at the piano these days. You might expect that from an artist whose first solo album, 1981's *Never Too Much*, checked in with a cool 900,000 in sales; whose second solo album, *Forever, For Always, For Love*, shows signs of topping the first as it heads for the Top 20; and whose current tour finds him playing to packed houses.

However, the piano in question is, shall we say, part of Vandross' luggage on this tour. When he's not going through his paces onstage, he's tickling the ivories offstage, working on songs for Aretha Franklin's next album. It was Vandross' production of Franklin's *Jump To It* LP that helped revitalize Lady Soul's career, and apparently all concerned felt the collaboration should continue.

Vandross is discreet to a fault in discussing the project. In fact, when asked if he could reveal any plans he might have for Franklin this time, he answers with a stern "No," followed by a hearty laugh and an explanation that it's too early to get into details because both he and Franklin are still gathering material.

Sessions are scheduled to begin the third week of January, pointing to a late spring release, with some tracks and all of the vocals to be cut in Los Angeles, and other work to be done in New York. What Vandross will discuss (discreetly, of course) is something near and dear to his heart: background singers.

"There's a particular combination of background singers I want to use this time on two or three songs," he says. "Cissy Houston, for one. The other girls are out in L.A., and I'm not telling anyone what that combination is. They sound so good I'm not even going to put their names on the record."

Come again, Luther?

"What I mean is that everybody and their mother is going to be using this particular combination of singers once they find out about them. So I'm going to explain to them that their names will be on the record, but I'm not going to indicate which songs they're on."

Once Aretha's album is finished (or as it's in progress, as is Luther's wont), Vandross will get a chance

to produce another of his "divas" (his term for the female artists who've been the major influences on his own work) in Dionne Warwick. Vandross stresses that this project is "in a real embryonic state," but even so, the man who's apparently memorized every vocal trick and nuance in Warwick's

book has a fix on what he wants to do once sessions get underway. "There's a certain area of Dionne's voice that I want to use again," he says. "I know exactly what it is and I know how to tell her what it is. She'll understand the minute I say those key words, and it'll be magic."

"I'm not jaded about this," he stresses, before heading out for a tour rehearsal. "I love Aretha Franklin, and I love Dionne Warwick. I think I'm good for them because I love them so much."

—David McGee



Aretha Franklin and Luther Vandross

Medlocke-Spires Shift Gears On Upcoming Blackfoot LP

NEW YORK—If there is a common denominator among Southern musicians these days, it appears to be a genuine desire to back off from the boogie. .38 Special, the Johnny Van-Zant Band and the Outlaws, to name three prominent examples, have all stressed melody and song structure in their most recent outings, and Blackfoot, in its own way, appears ready to join the fold as well. That's strange, considering that Blackfoot's songwriting team of Ricky Medlocke and Jakson Spires has always taken more care than most to invest their material with some lyrical depth. Nevertheless, Medlocke, speaking from Subterranean Studios in Ann Arbor, Michigan, declares that Blackfoot's next album "will state that we're not a southern boogie band."

"I felt it was time for a change for everybody," Medlocke explains. "If we came out with another album like our last three, I think music directors would say, 'Hey, here we go again,' and would look for that 'Highway Song' or 'Train Train' song—and it's not gonna be there. It's 1982 now, and it's time for

Blackfoot to go forward."

Asked to elaborate, Medlocke says the next LP (due in early '83) "is not gonna be as well-refined as our others. This one has a rawer edge to it—it's a lot harder and very rock." Although Medlocke declined to discuss specifics about the new material—primarily because he and Spires had written 40 new songs at the time of this interview, and had yet to decide which ones would be released—Medlocke did reveal that one song, titled "Erotic Talk," ought to go far towards redefining Blackfoot in the public's mind.

On a more somber note, Medlocke reveals that this desire for a change has its roots in the band's experiences during a recently-completed, and well-received, European tour. "The European trip opened our eyes to a lot of things. Now what's happening lyrically is that we're singing about everything that's going on around us."

"But," he stresses, "the music is still fun. We've got some real kickers and some that just lay in the groove. You might say we're goin' for it!"

—David McGee

Happy New Year

THE PARTY ALBUM OF THE YEAR



Payolas Set Modest Goals For Third LP

NEW YORK—"You bet we have goals!" cackles drummer Chris Taylor of the Payolas. "We want to make truckloads of money and be a household word across America." "Like Ajax," quips singer Paul Hyde, bringing his colleague back to Earth.

Still, the Payolas are not afraid to raise the unpleasant spectre of blind ambition. Living in Vancouver, the members chose to work day jobs rather than make their living as a cover band in local nightclubs. "The song is what matters," says Hyde, co-founder of the group with Bob Rock. "We won't do other people's songs. We know that's no way to succeed."

Musically, the Payolas, like many contemporary popsters, have been heavily influenced by Bowie and The Police, but also owe heavy stylistic debts to Mick Ronson (who produced the band's current album, *No Stranger To Danger*) and Ian Hunter.

Hyde says the next LP, which goes into production in January with Ronson again at the helm, will be less sentimental, with the vocals out front and supported by "minimal" guitar and keyboards, and more visceral rhythm tracks. There will be no covers. —Mark Mehler



Featuring all new songs by

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS STING MADNESS DAVE EDMUNDS
ALTERED IMAGES BAD MANNERS BANANARAMA PAULINE BLACK
MODERN ROMANCE MIDGE URE CHAS AND DAVE.

A specially low-priced, fab musical extravaganza featuring everyone you ever liked or will like.



Party Party

On A&M Cassettes and Records

© 1982 A&M Records, Inc. All Rights Reserved.



On Stage

Linda Ronstadt At Radio City: Rah, Rah, Sis Boom Blah

Linda Ronstadt
Radio City Music Hall
New York City
November 5, 1982

By Mark Mehler

Rule Number 1: When singing rock 'n' roll music, try not to look like you're auditioning for the lead in *Gidget Goes To High School*. For the second night of her five-night engagement here, Linda Ronstadt wore a red-and-white cheerleader outfit; a gift, she explained, from the grateful students of an upstate New York college. She giggled, twirled something that looked like a baton, and swayed back and forth like a Gilda Radner nymphet. Her only concession to Rule 1? She left the pom-poms at home. In other words, if you were a rock fan, you knew what was coming right away. If you were a member of the Rockettes or a critic from *Women's Wear Daily*, you were taking notes.

Backed by an energetic, polished and familiar L.A. band (which numbered among its members guitarists Waddy Wachtel and Andrew Gold, bassist Lee Sklar and keyboardist Bill Payne), Ronstadt turned in 90 minutes of sunny-side up rock that offered barely a hint of the genre's darker impulses—anger, pain or pathos, for instance.

She opened with a surprisingly perfunctory version of "Tumbling Dice," and by the second number, "It's So Easy," the baton was out. The third tune, Elvis Costello's "Party Girl," was a nod to her 1979/1980 new wave experiment. Three years later she's still missing the point. The song is not a soulful lament, but a harsh, acidic, painful cry.

Likewise, there was little fire in "Heatwave" and "You're No Good," songs for which a certain raw earthiness is required. And there were moments, as on "Get Closer" (from her new LP), in which the background vocals sounded suspiciously artificial.

Yet there were other moments—

softer moments—when the artist's sheer vocal prowess—the ability to change octaves, hold a note, effect melisma, nail down a phrase—was stunning. Her interpretation of the lovely McGarrigles ballad, "Heart Like A Wheel," was one such instance. Renditions of George Jones' "Sometimes You Can't Win" and the Eagles' "Desperado" were equally affecting. Though she lacks the force to make each song her own, Ronstadt, in the manner of the finest pop vocalists, does right by the more simple, heartfelt tunes in her repertoire.

With better song selection—too much stylistic leapfrogging continually undercut the set's momentum—and less emphasis on the perky, Radio City might have seemed a little less safe and a lot more interesting.

Ironically, the Bus Boys opened the show and made it clear that they came to rock—even their usual shenanigans couldn't detract from the music's power. Most of the audience, unfortunately, spent the opening set in the lobby, waiting for the fashion show.



Ronstadt gave it the old college try, but didn't get the first down.

Hank Jr. Trashes The Joint

Hank Williams, Jr.
Circle Star Theatre
San Carlos, California
September 24, 1982

By Dan Forte

One of the most significant events in the career of Hank Williams, Jr. was one which went almost entirely unnoticed by the press. It wasn't his singing on the soundtrack to *Your Cheatin' Heart*, his father's life story (starring George Hamilton), when he was only fourteen; nor is it *Living Proof*, the upcoming TV movie (starring Richard Thomas) based on his own autobiography. It wasn't when he placed a record-breaking seven albums simultaneously on *Billboard's* country chart a year ago; it wasn't even when he topped that feat by placing eight of his albums on the same chart at the same time earlier this year. Perhaps the most significant

event in 33-year-old Hank Jr.'s lengthy career (he first sang on the stage of the Grand Ole Opry at age eleven) was when "Greatest Hits" reissues of his father's classic recordings began coming out bearing the name Hank Williams, Sr. to differentiate them from Hank Jr.'s own "Best Of" and "Greatest Hits" collections, the sixth of which was just released on Elektra/Curb.

Hank Jr. will probably never eclipse the legend of his father, but certainly he is no longer "Standing In The Shadows," to quote one of his early compositions, as evidenced by his powerhouse set at the Circle Star. Despite his enormous success in recent years in the country field (he grossed an estimated \$15 million dollars last year), Bocephus has never managed to cross over to the pop charts or radio stations. So it was surprising to see that his audience was at least 75 percent young adults (early thirties or younger) and 100 percent rowdy. The Circle Star Theater, with its revolving stage and in-the-round seating, is

probably the Bay Area's stuffiest venue, and one of the most difficult from the performer's standpoint; but by the end of Williams' 90-minute-plus show it was hard to tell where the orderly rows of seats had previously been—most were knocked askew, some were knocked over. Williams did nothing overt to incite the crowd; in fact, he put on one of the most bullshit-free country shows I've ever seen. But his infectious music and the sentiments expressed in many of his lyrics were enough to inspire these suburban cowpokes to literally kick over anything that wasn't bolted down. Songs about whiskey 'n' wimmen were greeted with predictable whoops and hollers, but it was the chilling "I Got Rights," country music's *Walking Tall*, that alternately sparked and silenced the crowd:

*Yeah, they got you off on a technicality,
But you'll have to grow wings and fly to ever get away from me.*

The set's high point was Hank and the Bama Band's version of John Lee Hooker's "Boogie Chillen," just one example of the country singer's range and eclectic tastes. Never mind that most of the audience thought he was doing "that ZZ Top song" ("La Grange"); Williams knows the difference, and that's what counts.

The theme of the show was best summed up when Bocephus sang, "If you don't like Hank Williams, you can kiss our ass," and it applied for the son as well as the father. Whether he was singing one of his dad's tunes ("Honky Tonkin," "Move It On Over," "Hey, Good Lookin'," "Kaw-Liga") or singing songs about his father (his own "Family Tradition," Don Helms's "Ballad of Hank Williams") Hank Jr. was justifiably proud without ever getting maudlin. It has only been in the past few years that Bocephus has felt comfortable with references to his father, after several years of refusing to acknowledge his early career as "Hank's son." He has proven himself worthy on his own terms and has found an audience eager to accept him as his own man. More important, he now seems self-confident enough to accept that he is Hank's son.

Residents Take 'Mark' To The Stage

The Residents
Kabuki Night Club
San Francisco, Ca.
October 26, 1982

By David Gans

The seldom-seen Residents have built such a wall of shibboleths around themselves that their high-tech/low comedy presentation has become something of a litmus test for the artsy-fartsy knuckleheads who pretended to understand what actually took place on stage here tonight.

The Mole Show—a live recreation of the story about the battle between the moles and the Chubs told on the Residents' most recent two albums, *Mark Of The Mole* and *Tunes Of Two Cities*—is supposed to say something about repression, cultural relations and basic human dignity. An audience member commented that Charlie Chaplin had done a much better job of dealing with these themes in *Modern Times*. Be that as it may, the Residents' concept works beautifully in theory; in fact, those of us honest enough to admit it recognized the Mole Show as being a shade too obscure to be considered an effective statement.

The Residents made their grand entrance in formal attire and eyeball helmets, then changed into more comfortable garb—boxer shorts and nose glasses—before taking their places behind a backlit screen of knotted burlap fiber where they were seen only in silhouette.

The music consisted mostly of a curious interplay of atonal and melodic, polyrhythmic and arrhythmic

sounds made by heavily-processed instruments and electronic noise-makers. Either the Residents have studied and integrated a very impressive array of music from around the world, or else they've mastered the questionable art of throwing random musical ideas against the wall and keeping mum while the world cocks its head and pronounces it "art."

At one point, after a mostly unintelligible speech by one of the band members, the Residents launched into their exquisitely bent version of "Satisfaction." Then, even though there'd been no resolution to this vaguely-plotted affair, the company took a curtain call.

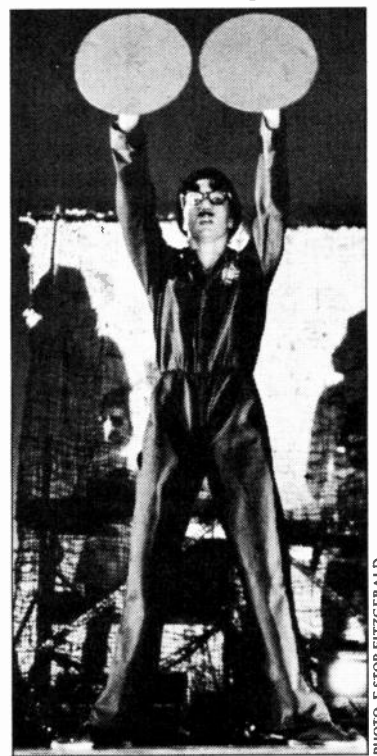
Ten minutes later, a fellow in the lobby was wondering how much longer the Residents were going to play.

"I think it's over," said his companion.

"Is it?"

"Yeah, I think it's over."

It was that kind of night.



A real live Resident



Hank Jr.: Picking 'em up, laying 'em down.

Why buy two ordinary mixers when one extraordinary Ramsa will do?

RAMSA

The Ramsa WR-8112 and WR-8118 mixers embody a whole new concept from Ramsa: mixers that are not only high-performance multitrack recording mixers, but also high-performance sound reinforcement mixers.

This virtually unheard of versatility is possible because of innovative

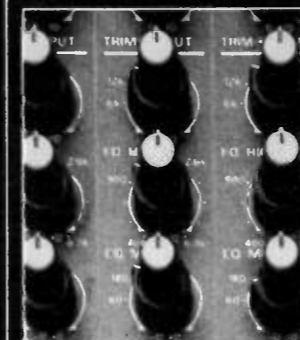


PA or Recording Sends

Ramsa engineering. One set of circuits performs as two. Functions like stereo tape monitoring are switchable to become stereo effects sends for PA.

PA monitor sends can be switched to effects sends for recording or mixdown. And that's just for starters. The Ramsa WR-8112 and the WR-8118 give you the flexibility

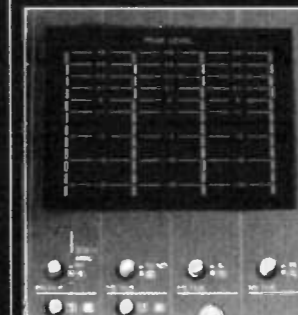
of switchable turnover frequencies for high and low EQ plus continuously variable frequency for the midrange.



Flexible Equalization

The metering of both units is flexible and accurate with four 12-point peak-reading LED meters. There are selectors for group outs 1 to 4, Left and Right master outs, mono master outs, monitor send and solo metering for any channel.

The group output levels can be internally connected for either -10dB or +4dB (nominal) to interface with either semiprofessional or professional equipment.



Versatile LED Metering

The only difference between the WR-8112 and the WR-8118 is the number of channels: 12 instead of 18. 12 channels are usually enough if your primary use is 4- or 8-track recording. But if you do a lot of live performing, you'll probably want the extra inputs provided by an 18 channel console.

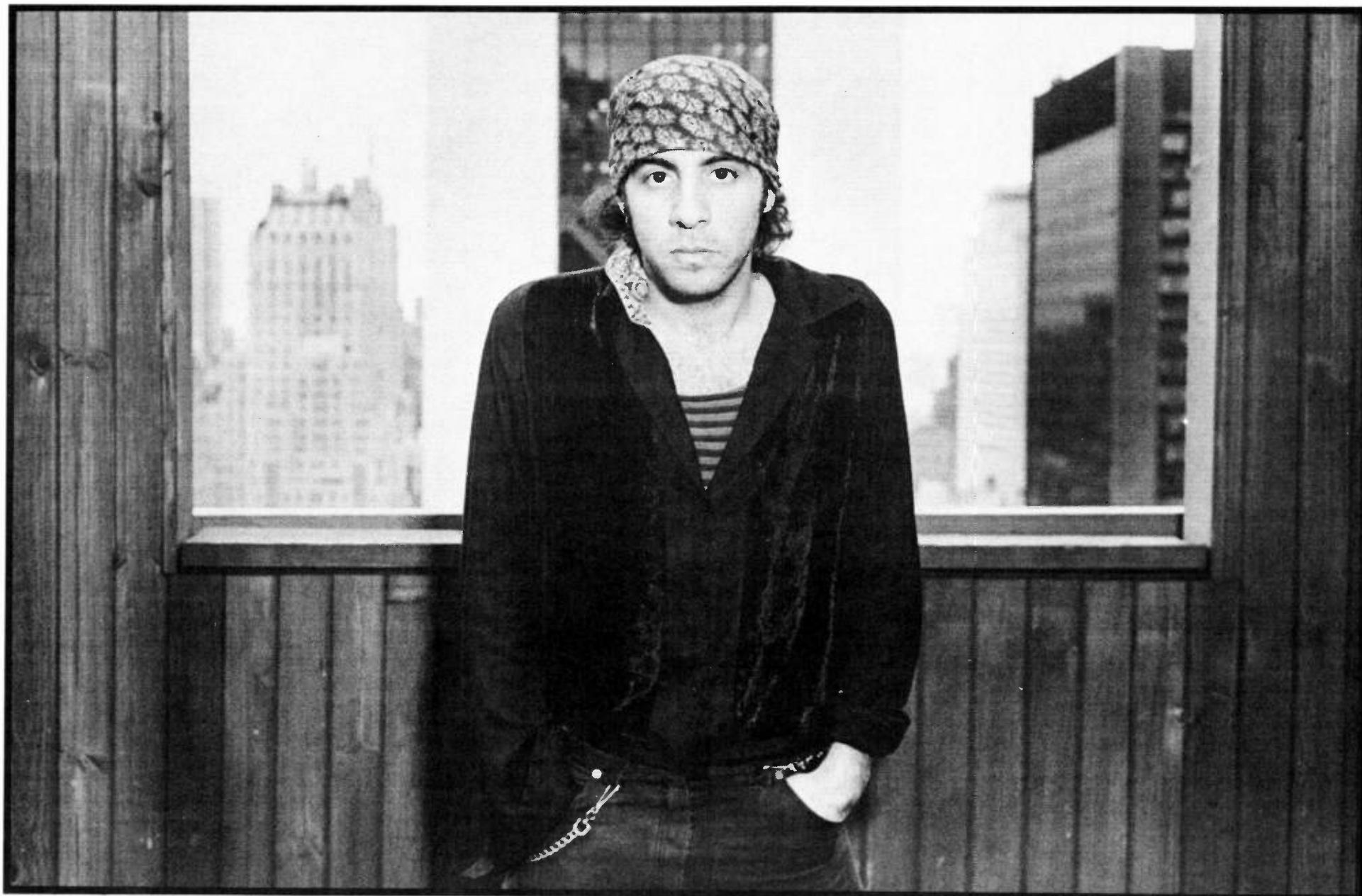
So whether you're recording, gigging, doing A/V production or anything in between, why get two ordinary mixers when one extraordinary Ramsa will do. The WR-8112 and the WR-8118.

For more information, call (201) 348-7470.



WR-8112

Panasonic
PROFESSIONAL AUDIO SYSTEMS



Miami Steve

Holds

On To A

Dream

By David McGee

Quickly, though, his attitude changes. How many times are you going to shed blood on the tracks if the response is going to be some-

On a crisp fall afternoon in Manhattan, Miami Steve Van Zandt paces the 28th floor conference room here at Straight Arrow Publications. Literally and figura-

tively, he's always had a hard time staying in one place, so it's appropriate for him to be decked out in the gypsy garb he prefers offstage: black boots, black jeans, a black shirt (with billowing sleeves) unbuttoned halfway to reveal, underneath, a t-shirt with green and black alternating stripes. On his head is a diamond-patterned crimson and cream bandana. On his face is a day's growth of beard and an inestimable degree of concern.

His first solo album, *Men Without Women*, had been released a couple of weeks prior to this interview, and the airplay reports were not encouraging. It was shaping up as his second rebuff of the year, following the rather dismal showing of the Van Zandt-produced Gary Bonds LP, *On The Line*. Like so many musicians, Van Zandt is concerned by the wholesale closing out of black music by rock stations, and is especially puzzled when it affects an artist such as Bonds, who is so firmly rooted in rock 'n' roll tradition.

But Van Zandt, a notoriously shy man, is also beginning to question his own motives—indeed, his own sanity—for having exposed so much of himself on *Men Without Women* only to have his efforts met with a collective yawn by a critical segment of the music industry. He tries to get a laugh out of his predicament: "I always overestimate the accessibility of my records. I don't think they're that weird. I'm always surprised when someone says, 'This is too weird.' My record? They talk about it like it's avant-garde! Why is it here? And what's it doing taking up space on my desk? You can almost hear them saying it all over America right now."

thing akin to one hand clapping? "It's hard to keep your eye on the ball," he replies tentatively, as if there may not be an answer to this hard question. "It would have been very easy for me to play with Bruce and never work another day in my life. Let's face it, he does most of the work—he's doing it, man. Half the time I'm watching him just like the audience. That would have been a very, very good living. So success can be good and bad. It can be good if it inspires you to do what you always wanted to do, and it can be bad if it makes you lazy."

Van Zandt chose the path of action, rather than the one of least resistance, and is trying to live with the disheartening consequences. But it's a familiar situation for him. The highly personal nature of Van Zandt's work with Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes—a group he founded, produced, managed (for awhile, at least) and wrote songs for—never overtook the Jukes' reputation as a party band you didn't have to think too hard about to enjoy. As for his other endeavor, it's more than coincidental that in 1975, after Van Zandt came on board, the E Street Band tightened its instrumental punch, and Springsteen stripped away the theatrical excess in his stage show and began to play himself more and his characters less.

However, Van Zandt doesn't seek credit for his contributions to Springsteen's work. On the other hand, he's neither sought nor received recognition for the valiant effort he made with the Jukes, which was his attempt to couch the spirit and sound of roots R&B, soul and rock 'n' roll in a contemporary mode, and to give this blend an edge by actually trying to say something in the songs (remember that disco was peaking when the Jukes' first al-

bum came out—and disco, as Luther Vandross will tell you, was all too often a triumph of studio technology and instrumental expertise over personality and character).

The dream the Jukes represented for Van Zandt seemed to die hard in 1979 when he and the band parted ways. In *Men Without Women*, though, it lives again as Van Zandt (or Little Steven and the Disciples of Soul, as they're dubbed on the disc) employs a bit of all that's inspired him as a musician—Motown, Stax/Volt, the Stones, Bruce Springsteen, Bob Dylan, Roger McGuinn, Pete Townshend—to power his compelling, often socially-conscious lyrics.

This, then, is the story of how Miami Steve Van Zandt's dream came to be realized. But more important, it's the story of why he held on to his dream when no one else cared to listen, and why we who care about where rock music is headed—spiritually, philosophically, aesthetically—ought to believe in it, too.



These are the simple facts regarding the genesis of *Men Without Women*: Last year, when Bruce Springsteen's European tour ended, Van Zandt was approached by



Gary Gersh (of EMI-America's A&R department) with the suggestion that he cut a solo album for the label. Van Zandt was impressed by Gersh's enthusiasm because it sprang from a deep respect for what he had done with the Jukes. He was further encouraged by EMI president Jim Mazza, who reiterated Gersh's offer. It was then that Van Zandt began thinking seriously about doing the album.

First he took fellow E Streeters Max Weinberg, Roy Bittan and Danny Federici into a New York studio to cut some tracks, "just to see if I really had it. Then I got a record deal." These sessions resulted in "about half" of *Men Without Women*.

But before finishing the project, there was the Bonds album to produce, and then it was into the studio with Springsteen for sessions on the LP that will follow *Nebraska*.

Last summer, Van Zandt began assembling his own group to complete the album. "I set out to find people who were different, but who shared my philosophy. Obviously at this point in my life I'm gonna find guys who are real good, but I also wanted guys who weren't into booze, drugs or any of that stuff."

From the Alvin Ailey dance troupe Van Zandt took percussionist Monti Ellison (who also appeared in the pilot for *Fame*). From the Jukes he took trombonist Richie "La Bomba" Rosenberg and baritone saxophonist Ed Manion. Both Jean Beauvoir, former Plasmatics bassist, and Dino Danelli, ex-Rascals drummer, came to Van Zandt through Bonds and his manager, John Apostol. Beauvoir, as it turns out, had played in Bonds' band years ago, and the latter gave him a strong recommendation. Danelli became available when an Apostol-orchestrated Rascals reunion fell through.

Finally, there was the issue of the name change. Little Steven in part expresses Van Zandt's humorous approach to his livelihood, Miami Steve being one persona, with this other soul man lurking in the shadows just waiting to wail on his own. On the other hand, Van Zandt consciously wanted to diminish the Springsteen connection.

"It was important to at least make the effort," he stresses. "I've always been a little nervous about exploiting our friendship, so I thought, let's think of this as a new band. There's gonna be people who know who I am, of course; but then there's a lot of people who don't. In the long

run I think it's for the best. You've got to think ahead—I'm going to be making records for a long time."

Again, these are the simple facts. There are, however, more important factors to reckon with in order to understand how close to the bone Miami Steve cut emotionally on *Men Without Women*. For one, there is the aforementioned relationship with Springsteen, about which Van Zandt is so protective. He will tell you, though, that while it was important that he established his musical identity before joining the E Street Band, working with Springsteen has had some tangible effects on his own approach to rock music, specifically regarding an attitude that's "tied into a philosophy we share, which is, don't be afraid or ashamed of being proud of what you do. There's an attitude around that rock 'n' roll is a frivolous thing—you know, sex, drugs, fun in the sun. I just don't feel that way, and I don't think Bruce does, either. It's more important to us than that. It's an extraordinary thing. Not only is it a great art form, if you choose to use it that way, but it's a fantastic form of

communication, of self-expression."

Recently this truth was visited on Van Zandt in a profound way. He and the Disciples of Soul appeared on a German TV rock extravaganza called *Rock Palast*, a live, bi-annual, six-hour shindig in which bands old and new play to a packed house of 8000 rock fanatics. In this case, there were only three bands booked: Van Zandt's, Kid Creole and the Coconuts, and one fronted by an Italian female vocalist whom Van Zandt likens to Patti Smith.

Men Without Women was released in Germany shortly before *Rock Palast* aired. Yet, to his astonishment, Little Steven found the audience not only clapping but singing along with his music. It stunned him. "All the time it was happening I kept thinking, Governments can't do this. Governments can't get people together; they're always putting up walls. But rock 'n' roll can do this in a meaningful way. It's common ground, man, and that's what art is all about."

Long before discovering what art is all about, Van Zandt had begun to discover what he is all about. In order to put this odyssey in perspective, you have to begin with a question: Why did Van Zandt dissolve his relationship with the Jukes shortly after producing and co-writing a masterpiece of an album, *Hearts of Stone*? Certainly no one had heard music of such searing emotional intensity from the Jukes before; certainly Southside Johnny's interpretations of others' material had never been more cutting; certainly Van Zandt had never come so close to capturing on record the go-for-broke live roar of the Jukes, nor had he ever come so close to melding the band's classic Stax/Volt sound with contemporary rock. *Hearts* was a clear breakthrough for both Van Zandt and the Jukes, and immediately brought the latter out of the realm of mere party bands (they were never strictly that, but it was an image they cultivated rather consciously, ultimately to debilitating effect).

But leave Van Zandt did. "The main reason for that is that they started to speak for themselves," he explains, after a self-conscious laugh at the mention of rumors regarding a falling out on the business end as well. "Near the end of *Hearts*, they started coming in with songs for the first time. Which put me in a very awkward position being the producer and songwriter. I didn't really feel comfortable saying, 'My song's better than yours.' I felt if they were coming up with songs and wanting to take more of a role in their own

destiny, then I should give the band over to themselves. I had satisfied what I could more or less do with them, and I at least had brought them to the point where they could be competitive with what was going on. Really, it was a combination of them starting to take on their own responsibility and me really wanting to try other things."

In some very important ways—mostly philosophical—*Men Without Women* begins with *Hearts of Stone*. Actually, Van Zandt points to the title song of the Jukes' second album, *This Time It's For Real*, as his solo album's true starting point, and to *Hearts* as the first instance of him voicing more serious thoughts throughout an entire record. "That's when I became who I am as far as my musical identity," he says. "My writing style became my own on *Hearts*."

Still, there were problems. The style may have been his own, but the voice wasn't. "When you're writing songs someone else is going to sing, you're writing for two people," Van Zandt notes. "You hope you're getting inside them and bringing out something they want to say, but in doing that you try to be a bit more general as a writer. And you lose the extra personal thing that you just go deep down for when you don't have to satisfy anybody but yourself."

With the Jukes no longer a creative outlet, Van Zandt finally grappled with the idea of making a solo album, a full three years before he was approached by EMI. There are, he says, "a lot of questions you have to ask yourself when you're about to do your first record. Such as: Who are you? What do you believe in? What do you think about? What do you want to say? Is it worth saying? At some point in your life you wonder, What am I doing here? You need to justify your existence a little bit, you know? You hope the things you're feeling you can communicate to somebody else, and that they'll be meaningful. I wanted this to be successful artistically; I wanted to be sure I had something to say."

Confident of the worth of his feelings about love, friendship, trust, loyalty and, especially, making a stand in the land of broken dreams, Van Zandt began committing some thoughts to paper. As for the music, he knew he would use "the old rhythms and a lot of rhythms that I grew up with. They still work for me, and that's why a lot of this stuff is based on bass guitar on bottom and has very danceable rhythms to

balance out the lyrics. You don't have to listen to the words at all, if you don't want to, but you can still dance to it."

So he bore down on the lyrics, understanding that in doing so "you run the risk of being rhetorical, preachy." So be it. "The older I get, the more I want to do that. I don't care about anything else. I want to do something that's serious, that justifies my own existence, that justifies its own existence. There's a time in your life when you're afraid of speaking out and turning people off, but at this point I'm afraid of not speaking out."

Philosophically, the album took shape after Van Zandt had written "Inside of Me" and "Save Me," songs which reflect, respectively, the strength and vulnerability of his personality. In most cases, the character singing the songs has no gender, and is best described as one human being reaching out to another (who's different in some ways, but alike in more fundamental ones) in hopes of building a world where discipline and self-esteem have some currency. So how does *Men Without Women*, as a title and as a theme, apply?

"Well, you gotta go back for this one," answers Van Zandt. "High school is a bad time to try and teach somebody something. I didn't learn anything in high school. I was into playing in my band, finding girls... so they tell you to read these books and you say, 'Get outta here! I got this girl over here, why you want me to read this book?' So the teacher says, 'But you're going to need this later.' You think, 'I'm busy learning the chords to 'My Generation' and this lady's telling me I need Hemingway!'"

"Then you find out, about five years later, that you need that!" He throws up his arms in mock despair. "Why didn't I listen? So soon after that you go into the world and before long you're in those early stages of asking who you are, what you are and what is it you like. You start reading the books they wanted you to read but you never did. And in my case, one of these was *Men Without Women*, which is just a book of short stories by Hemingway. It wasn't that Hemingway was any more or less important than any of the writers; I was just trying to read a bunch of books and find out who I had something in common with; getting ideas and learning about life. I guess. But that title stuck in my mind, and when I was making this record, the songs I was writing re-

minded me of those early days. On some level, the album's about both loneliness and comradeship. On the other hand, it's not about loneliness, but it's a result of loneliness. If you take the theme too literally, you'll miss the rest of it."

"The rest of it" is the heart of the matter; the core philosophy Van Zandt shares with Springsteen, which the latter illuminated so grandly on *Darkness On The Edge Of Town*. That is, individuals must control their own destiny, or suffer the consequences of their acquiescence. And that's a heavy toll to pay when your life's in the balance.

"After I had written the first eight songs, I felt I had satisfied what I set out to do," Van Zandt relates. "So I started looking at the world in general, and the people in it. That's when I wrote 'Lying In A Bed Of Fire' and 'Under The Gun,' which are a little bit more specific about the importance of taking responsibility for your own life and the imminent disaster that will follow if you don't."

Van Zandt may speak more elliptically than Springsteen in addressing himself to political issues, but that's not to say he's afraid of confronting them. *Men Without Women* finally works as one artist's statement about how the dream of opportunity America offers is real, if you're willing to pay a price for it.

"America's sort of relaxed," he observes. "You know, 'You guys run it, you're doing fine, just call me when you need me.' All of a sudden I'm starting to feel like, Jesus, it's gotten away. I can't control it anymore, if I ever did—and that was probably an illusion, but it's essential to feel you're in control of your own destiny. I mean, that's what America's all about; that's what freedom's all about. I felt it starting to slip away. Why do people depend on other people to tell them what they should be doing? That's scary isn't it? That's Russia."

Still, Van Zandt views *Men Without Women* as an optimistic record, and himself as an optimistic person, despite any number of lyrics cited as evidence to the contrary. "I really think the world's a terrible place, and that good times are few and far between," he admits. "People just haven't learned or don't want to learn how to get along with each other. In the face of all that, I am optimistic. I accept the fact that the world is a terrible place, and I think, Well, we're here to try to make it better; we're here to help out each other. I hate cynical people for that reason; I don't have any friends who are cynical, pessimistic, nihilistic. Just get out of the way, just leave, because the world is hard enough without you telling me I got fucked on my last record deal or whatever. I just don't have time for it; I just don't."

The paradox is that Van Zandt is a self-described loner; his circle of friends is small, and comprised mainly of people he's known for many years. Even so, one gets the feeling he'd be most comfortable in some faraway place where no human has trod, with only his girlfriend, his guitar and a few well-chosen records by his side. He struggles with this paradox in nearly every song on *Men Without Women*, and that goes a long way towards explaining why the album burns with the conviction of the very finest rock music.

"It's funny," Van Zandt sighs, looking out across the Manhattan skyline at sunset. "I spend my time figuring out how I fit in in terms of humanity, and at the same time wondering why it's easy to hate people and love humanity. You know, it's people who keep screwing up humanity. When you're on the street, you can get really confused, because you see so many people who are out of touch with their own humanity. But I don't ever want to get to the point where I don't want to help out, don't want to be positive about things. Why bother? Why?"

In the land of broken dreams, answers to these questions are hard to come by. *Men Without Women* suggests they're worth fighting for.



PHOTO: LYNN GOLDSMITH

The Word On U2's Next LP: 'It's About War On All Levels'

DUBLIN, Ireland—Producer Steve Lillywhite is back at the console in Dublin's Windmill Lane Studios producing U2's third album, *War*, which is scheduled for American release at the end of January. And according to vocalist Bono Vox, the LP contains the most aggressive music U2's ever recorded. "It's about war on all levels," he states. "War in love, at home, and in society—it deals with all kinds of strug-

gle. It'll be a great contrast to the flowerpot, decorative music that's dominating the charts."

Among the more noticeable changes: The Edge, who's known for his melodic guitar style, has become more abrasive on this record, and several cuts feature strong dance rhythms as well as a slight R&B influence.

Two songs, including "Surrender," were inspired by the band's

visits to New York. To add authenticity, U2 sought the help of some of Manhattan's more colorful residents. During Kid Creole's recent appearance in Ireland, the members of U2 successfully cajoled the three Coconut singers and the Kid's trumpet player into backing them on their "New York" cuts.

Other guest musicians came from more familiar surroundings. "We're experimenting with traditional Irish sounds and rhythms," explains Vox. "We used uilleann pipes on the last album, and this time we're incorporating fiddles and bodhran (Irish hand drum). The Edge met the fiddle player on the bus in Dublin, and 'asked him to come help us out.'"

The befriended fiddle player joined in on "Sunday Bloody Sunday," which has a specific political dimension. Vox, commenting on how Irish terrorists are glamorized at home and in the States, says the song's message is simply that "there is no romantic side to war."

"On *Boy and October*," Vox continues, trying to place the current project in perspective, "we were working 'within' a sound. But these songs are dictating their own musical style." He laughs, and adds: "I'll be as interested as anyone to see just how the album turns out!"

—John Hutchinson

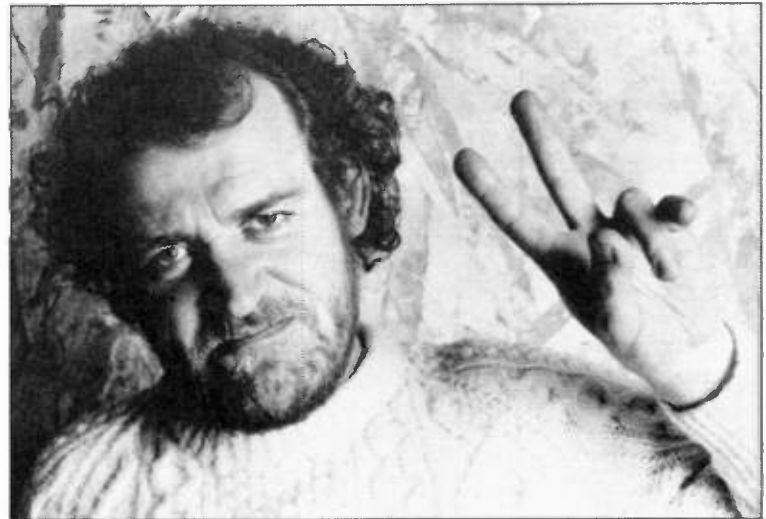
Cocker Will Turn Balladeer On Levine-Produced Album

NEW YORK—Joe Cocker, whose chart-topping single with Jennifer Warnes ("Up Where We Belong") was produced by Stewart Levine, is scheduled to work with Levine again come mid-January when the two get together in the studio to begin sessions for Cocker's next LP.

However, rather than duplicate or build on the blues-rock base of

Cocker's superb (but commercially unsuccessful) *Sheffield Steel*, Levine says the new LP will be a showcase for Cocker's skill as a balladeer, while retaining "some grit and funk, too."

At press time, Levine and Cocker were still choosing material, but the former did mention that Cocker's impassioned live rendition of Mar-



Joe Cocker



U2



THE SOLUTION TO ONE OF AMERICA'S BASIC PROBLEMS.

For many years musicians have wanted a superbly crafted American bass guitar but have had only a limited number of expensive choices. In 1976, Peavey made great steps toward solving this problem with the introduction of the versatile and highly acclaimed T-40® bass. Now Peavey takes another "giant step forward" by proudly introducing the T-20® bass guitar.

Working musicians and beginners alike will be amazed when they compare, feature to feature, our American craftsmanship with the other choices on the market. The T-20® is made to exacting specifications using Peavey's innovative and remarkable technology and craftsmanship. Technology and craftsmanship, in fact, that is setting new and higher standards in musical instrument manufacturing that the competition is frantically attempting to follow.

The T-20® features a full 34" scale length, a rock hard maple neck with 21 nickel silver frets and four individual tuning machines with a 24:1 gear ratio. The fine hardwood body of the



U.S. Patent #4,237,944
Other patents applied for
Made in U.S.A.

T-20® is designed for comfort and has a large cutaway allowing complete access to the upper frets. The T-20® full range and high output single coil pickup has been "harmonically" placed at a precise point on the body to enhance the fundamentals and harmonics of the bass guitar and employs a unique thumb rest/mounting ring combination for maximum right hand comfort. The T-20® also features a tone compensating volume control and a special tone circuit for incredibly wide tonal variations.

The extraordinary features and craftsmanship of the T-20®, topped off with a double walled and molded hard shell case won't create a recession in your economy either! (It's priced under \$300.00!!) *

To learn more about the T-20®, or other instruments in our fine Technology™ Series, see your authorized Peavey dealer or contact Peavey Electronics Corporation at 711 "A" Street, Meridian, Miss. 39301.

*Optional colors slightly higher
Prices and specifications are
subject to change without
notice.

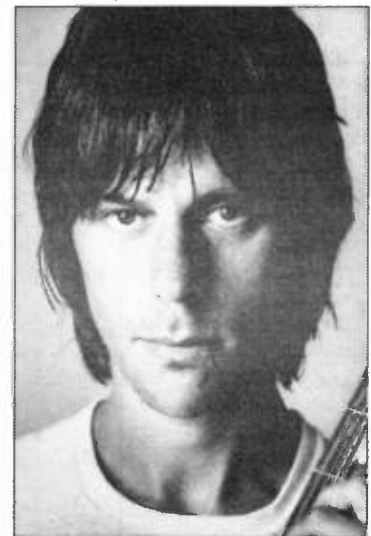


vin Gaye's "Make Me Wanna Holler" "knocked me out." Though Cocker recorded the song on a demo last year, Levine plans to take the artist through the paces again. "I've got a different way I want to do the song," he says. "Besides, I'm not in this to sling together another guy's stuff."

Will Jennings, co-author of "Up Where We Belong," will contribute some original lyrics, and Levine says he plans to ask other writers (naming Stevie Wonder, for one) to "tailor-make" some fresh tunes for Joe. Finally, he adds, "I've got a few evergreens stashed away that might make good covers. Joe's had a lot of success turning around Beatles stuff, and that might be worth trying again." —Mark Mehler

Beck's New LP Underway

LONDON—After several weeks of rehearsal at London's Nomis Studios, Jeff Beck has started work on a new album with drummer Simon Phillips. The project is so young that even tentative release dates aren't being discussed yet. Advises Beck's manager, Ernest Chapman: "It's too early to say what sort of material will be on the album or if Jeff will agree to tour next year."



Jeff Beck

Earlier this year Beck jammed with bass guitarist Henry Thomas and vocalist Danny Bowes, but hasn't invited either musician to work with him on a permanent basis (whatever that is in Jeff Beck's world). According to a source close to the guitar hero, Beck is moving away from his jazz-rock ventures of recent years and his playing on the new album can be expected to have a harder, bluesier edge. The same source cautioned, however, that any statement about what Jeff Beck is doing at the moment is subject to change without notice.

—Chris Welch

The Roches And Fripp Reunite, But It's Nix On Family Pix

By Allan Horing

NEW YORK—Somebody ought to demystify the Roches. By now, it's clear they're not the feminist enclave their early supporters hoped they'd be. Neither are they any longer the zany band of folk amateurs their original stage act made you believe. But if there's more to Maggie, Terre and Suzzy than they prefer to let on, it also, at times, seems beyond them.

Take, for example, their curious relationship with guitarist Robert Fripp, who produced their 1979 debut and is reunited with the sisters-trio on their new album, *Keep On Doing*.

"Jeez," begins Terre, trying to explain the musical chemistry, "I always think of Robert as having a lot of technique and really being a trained musician. And we're more like primitives in the sense that we have probably trained ourselves simply by doing what we do over the years. I think it's more of a conceptual thing. Robert heard us and, I don't know, he responded to what we were saying or how we were saying it."

"I would say both us and Robert are, you might say, originals," ventures Maggie. "More than him being rock 'n' roll and us being folk, I'd say we both have our own style of doing things, and we could relate to that quality in each other. I think Robert has a certain appreciation for what we do. It's not like he comes into the studio and says, 'Oh, you gotta change it all,' or something."

Which is not to say that *Nurds* producer Roy Halee came in and changed everything for the group's 1980 LP. On their second album, the Roches were "doing what they do"—only doing it in front of a rock 'n' roll rhythm section.

"I felt like there were some great songs on that album and a lot of people didn't seem to listen to it," says Terre, regarding the critical knocks the band took for its move. "It's almost like they really listened to the first one (*The Roches*) and didn't listen to the second one as much."

"In a way, I can't really see the difference. It's like having kids or something," explains Suzzy, who recently became a mother and should know. "You wouldn't have one favorite kid. I would say *Nurds* is a much more difficult album, much more troubled. It was kind of a reaction to all the hoopla that was made over us and the disadvantages and advantages of that, and what it does to your head."

Maggie is less sure about the reasoning behind the album that gave the Roches a commercially accessible beat. "After we finished the first record and had an opportunity to work with bass and drums, we just kind of naturally wandered over in that direction," she says.

For *Keep On Doing*, then, they've wandered back and, like their previous work, the new album displays a remarkable range of musical styles beginning with a triple-tracked, a capella "Hallelujah Chorus" that preserves the sacred and profane balance of their popular live rendition. David Massengill's "On the Road to Fairfax County" stands in—though shakily—for the traditional Irish ballad, and a third cover, George Gerdes' "Steady with the Maestro," has also been included.

"To tell you the truth, I'm still trying to figure out why we did those particular songs," admits Maggie. "It just kind of, as it always does with us, fell together that way. We hadn't written any more songs so they came in handy. Prolificity is not one of my qualities."

Nevertheless, Maggie has written the truly winning "Losing True," a heartbroken lyric set to soothing three-part harmony. "It seems like there ought to be something to comfort you if the story is that you're losing," Maggie says,

pleased with the way the song turned out. "I would hope there's something that could make it go down a little bit better."

Despite its conservative advice, *Keep On Doing* represents a significant change in the subject matter for the group whose heavily autobiographical material has given way to more universal themes. Earlier songs like "We" and "The Death of Suzzy Roche" delighted audiences but tagged the band as a sort of cute, urban novelty act. Befitting (sometimes) serious artists whose current tour included a performance at Carnegie Hall, the sisters are offering more than snapshots for the family photo album.

"Personally, I've felt frustrated in the past that people have assumed we were writing about ourselves exclusively," says Suzzy. "When we're singing about nurds, we're not talking about just us; we're saying everybody has this. A lot of people said, 'Did you really feel like that?' And you could say right back, 'Well, didn't you?' I

don't want people to misunderstand what I'm singing for. I'm not singing for myself, otherwise I wouldn't go up on stage. So, in some ways, what we're trying to do is not point to ourselves so much anymore, since people didn't get that transfer."

For Terre, the excitement of the new record is precisely in hearing each person trying to establish her own musical voice. "The thing that strikes me is the intensity at which we're all going at it, really coming up against it and battling and being musical together," she says. "It's almost like we're shaking one another and saying, 'Listen to me!'"

"But there's a unity to the sound that's a whole 'nother thing than what any one of us is doing," she concludes. "It's like you literally lend your voice to this thing. And that's what choirs are basically about: Lift up your voice and maybe something supernatural will happen."

Now that's the kind of mystery we can live with.

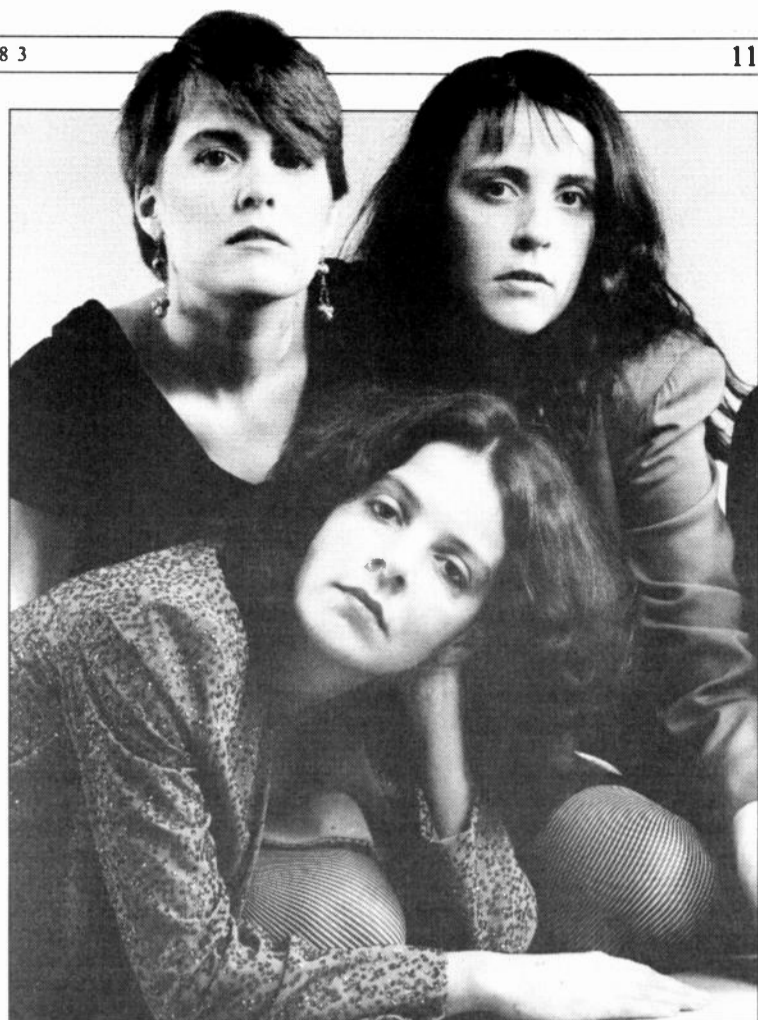
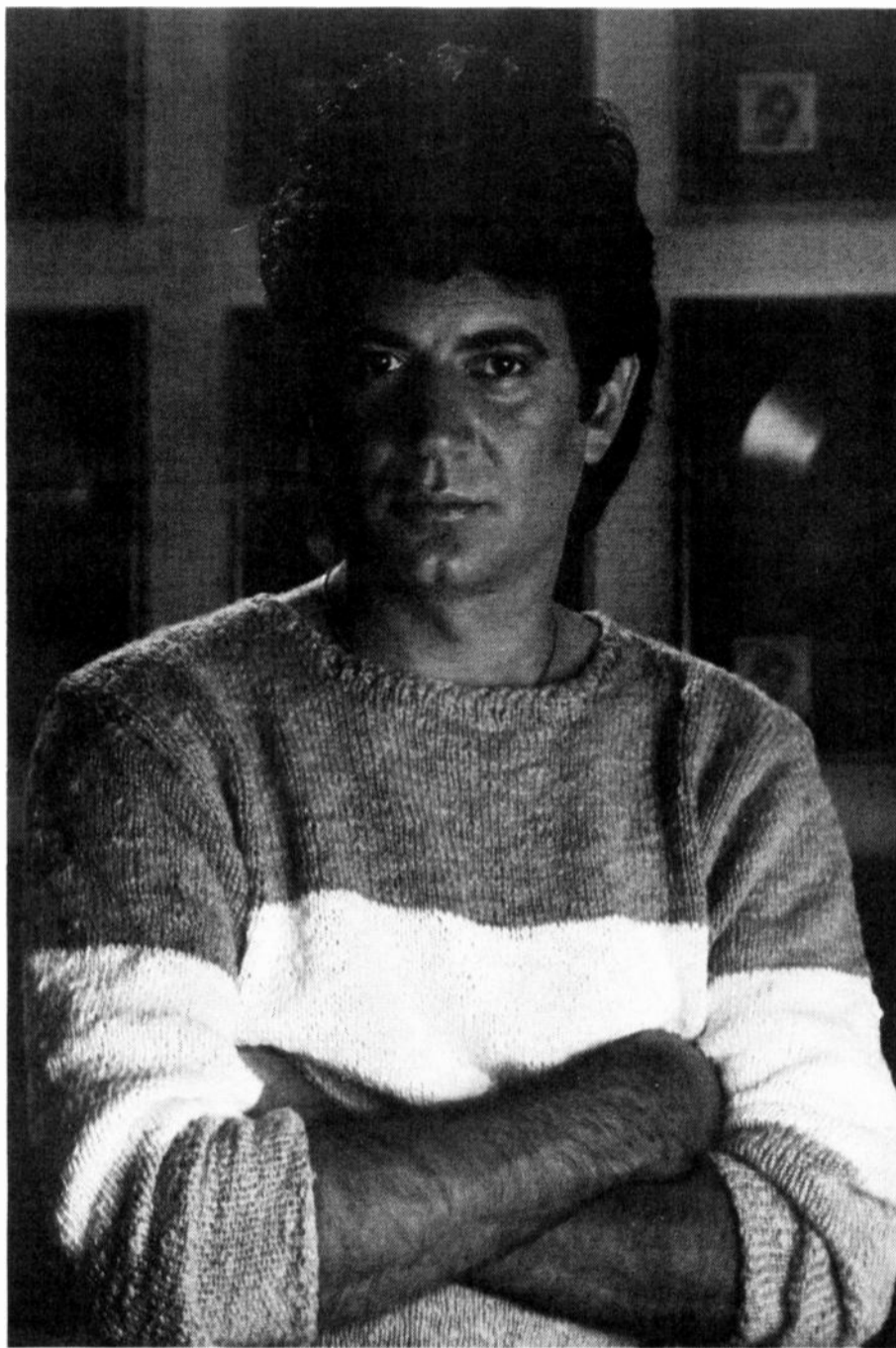


PHOTO: PETER CUNNINGHAM

Maggie, Terre and Suzzy Roche:
"We're trying not to point to ourselves so much anymore."

This Is Val Garay.

He Is The
1981
Grammy
Winner
For
"Record Of
The Year"
Bette Davis Eyes:
(Kim Carnes).
Musician.
Engineer.
Studio Owner
(Record One).
Producer.
Personal
Manager.



Val Garay Masters and Mixes Exclusively on Agfa Tape.



MAGNETIC TAPE DIVISION AGFA-GEVAERT, INC. • 275 NORTH STREET • TETERBORO, NJ 07608 • (201) 288-4100

The Mastering Choice of the Masters.

Mr. Garay accepts no compensation for his endorsement.

As appearing in *Billboard*, *Mix*, *Pro Sound News*, *Recording Engineer/Producer* and other leading industry publications.

a great
nent is.
g about
ave one

tant to

ying to
's right
observ-
what's
my im-
better I
etting it
ful the

re lay-
essarily

I see it.
h every
ic—you
ssic for
at's the
's more
udent.
"rutti"
ood re-
robably
f nicely
u-bop"
feel. I
"Tutti
Girl."
he mes-
ounded
se love

like the Clash, but up to now I haven't felt inclined to do that. I'd always rather be entertaining and take somebody's mind away from things for a while. But I don't rule out that I would get into a frame of mind to write like that and put it across. But any time you see somebody who's basically a guitar player and a songwriter taking it too seriously, you kind of want to throw a tomato at them. You know, they're just rock 'n' roll singers.

Is that what keeps you from taking yourself too seriously?

Hopefully, yeah. It's just rock 'n' roll. It's really meant to have a good time; it's not meant to be a lot. It's wonderful when it inspires you—I've hit my highest highs in rock 'n' roll, so I have all the respect in the world for it—but I look at it as entertainment first. Everything else is just fringe benefits. When I started playing music it wasn't to make a living or to buy another apartment building or whatever. You did it like you went out on a date, you know, for the sheer amusement of it. It meant the world to me, and it still does.

I think the quality of records could be better and that people could be a little more concerned about it. But then again, a lot of people think—and I understand why—that you shouldn't take a year to make an album, that it

should be more spontaneous.

Why did it take you a year to make this record?

We usually cut four or five songs, then take a break for a month or two and come back in with another five songs. This time I had such a volume of songs—each time I'd go back to write another song for the album, I'd write *three*. We recorded everything, and about halfway through the year we found ourselves in a huge mess—"I like this, but I'm tired of that," you know.

I had a period when I was really into pop music, and I was writing a lot of brisk, piano things. When I put three of them on a side, it changed the tone of the album. I knew pretty well the tone and feel I wanted, and this stuff made it too light. So I had to pull them off and go through another writing session.

There's a lot of experimenting with the songs in the studio. Most of the tracks are done almost completely live, without a great deal of overdubbing. We might cut a song four or five times and then go back and use the first or second one. Business people don't understand that, but it's a matter of curiosity. We try everything and play around. (Laughs) We probably spend way too much money, but we really have a lot of fun.

How do you and Jimmy Iovine organize your efforts in the studio?

It would be very easy for me to produce the records by myself and have no one to argue with, whereas Jimmy will question me until the cows come home. If he don't like something, I almost have to picket.

So he keeps you from bullshitting yourself, or settling for a little less than you could have.

Yeah, absolutely—especially settling. He'll push me and push me, to the point where it's ridiculous sometimes. I've seen him do it with other artists he works with too. Sometimes he's wrong, and he'll admit it, but he's usually right.

Does Jimmy work on the arrangements and the lyrics as well as the sounds?

Yeah. Sounds are mostly Shelly Yakus; neither one of us likes to even be bothered with it very much. It's easier for Jim to concentrate on the songs and the arrangements if he's not leaning over the board trying to get a sound, and I think he enjoys it more if he has Shelly doing that. Shelly's so good and so thorough that I don't question whether the sound is going to work later. I can say, "Shelly, that doesn't sound right," and he deals with it.

If you notice, it's a different sound when they work with me than when they work on their own. There are times when I say, "I think it sounds too good—let's back

up." We give each track the character and texture it needs—those are the only real guidelines that we use, and the rest is just up in the air.

How does the rest of the band fit into the format? Are they as much a part of the creative argument?

Oh yeah, absolutely. It *is* a group. Everyone has their say, but we don't talk about it that much. We never have—if anybody has an idea, we usually just try it. We can do it real fast. If you shut somebody off, then he doesn't feel like part of the session.

I read that you and (drummer) Stan Lynch have gone at it a few times, and that he's actually quit and come back a couple of times.

Yeah, we go at it all the time. That's just part of Stan's temperament—he's a very high-strung guy, and being a drummer in a session is like being a pitcher on a baseball team—it's always his fault. Whatever's wrong, it's the rhythm section, right? And I tell you, there aren't that many people who could live through an album with me and Jimmy, because we tend to push people very hard, and we're not always what you'd call polite. We will say exactly what's on our mind. It's not meant to be rude, it's just meant to get on with things.

The flip side of that coin is that you

have to indicate your level of respect for these people.

Absolutely. I respect the group more than anything. I feel really fortunate that I can work with a guy like Benmont Tench, even though I've worked with him all my life. He's just an amazing musician, the cream of the crop. They *all* are, and they know I respect them. There's an art to staying together for five years, a real art. There's a little give and take, but it's worth it. We had to decide that we wanted to keep this band together.

Was Ron Blair's departure amicable?

It really was. There wasn't any argument or fight—he just didn't want to tour anymore. He called me and said, "I have no grudge or anything, but I just can't get on that bus again. I just want to get out of the music business." He was very nice about it. He bought a clothing shop, and I think he's working on some stuff to make a solo record. He's just basically taking it easy and living off his store.

Emotionally it was a blow because we all really loved him. But musically, he'd been drifting away for so long that it wasn't a big change. He'd lost interest. It didn't change a lot of the sessions, because a lot of times Ron wasn't there and Michael (Campbell) or I would play the bass. But emotionally it was a little sad, because we missed him.

How have things changed since Howie Epstein joined the band?

He's a good bass player, man, but the main difference is that now we sing a little better, because he's a good singer with a real good high harmony.

We never really gave him much of a shot to rehearse or anything. We'd just say, "Howie, we're going to play 'Listen To Her Heart,'" and then we'd run through the song—and he'd know it better than we did, really. He knew all the changes from the records.

How drastically does your material change when you go from the studio to the stage?

We usually take the same basic beat and rhythm, and the tunes just evolve on the road. But I like to do it where it's at least recognizable, so they know what song it is. They hear it close enough to what they hear at home, but they get a little more than they got on the record, or a little different slant. We know what the structure is, how the chords go and where the beat goes, and from there it's "Let's work within that. Let the guitars be free to do what they want." Sometimes it works best to do it like the record.

I think we grew a lot in performance last year. By the end of that tour the band was a mean machine. I could try anything I wanted and the band could pull it off. It was so much fun.

I'm anxious to play live again. We've been off the road for a year, and now I think I could really appreciate it. I'd like to go for a pretty good while.

Will your throat hold up?

We'll see how much the throat can take. We don't play more than three days in a row, because my throat won't hang in there. But last year we didn't miss a show, and everything was fine until the very last week of the tour, when I just started disintegrating. They knocked three gigs off the end, because the doctor said "You're gonna have nodes on your vocal chords if you push it very far."

Have you taken any voice training to improve your technique?

(Shakes head) I just go out there and scream (laughs).

And keep on smoking cigarettes.

Well, what are you gonna do? I mean, you can't live like a deacon because your throat hurts.



PHOTO AARON RAPIPORT

ion de-
on that
number
inds of
to stay
riod of
d enjoy
-piritual
hemish
ou can't
ut to do
e songs
what I
neditat-
augh at

ach oth-

piece of
er songs
nothing
"

honest-
serious-
I do is
ore bor-
er who
done is
I being
y're just
ink I'm
ing that
'n' roll
s differ-
a phrase
on in a
r identi-
not al-
guy.

ig to do:
wanted
s fun—
't insult
on't like
ords are
ad that
lt my

a point
to it in a

ll come
ight on

Sound Signature

Adapting, Changing, Growing: Ry Cooder's Odyssey Continues

By John Hutchinson

Often the quality which distinguishes a distinctive artist from a journeyman or a plodder has nothing to do with technique or equipment—it's a matter of attitude.

Ry Cooder has never tried to impress with empty displays of chops, and the insinuating qualities in his music have always been clarity, brevity, wit, and a reverence for the past. This has caused Cooder to be typecast as an archivist; a collector of musical Americana, ethnic arcania and native forms from around the globe. In other words, an obscure cult artist banging away at the periphery of pop.

But rather than separate himself from pop traditions, Cooder seeks to enrich them by simply displaying a sense of history and artistic curiosity. He is first and foremost an R&B/rock 'n' roll musician, but understands that rock 'n' roll didn't emerge from a vacuum: that its seeds were sown in gospel, blues, white regional churches, vaudeville, tin pan alley, and the rural folk strains of an America that time passed by; and in searching for antecedents to his particular style of orchestral guitar, he has come to see common elements in music as ostensibly exotic as that of Mexico, Hawaii and the Orient.

By invoking musical strains stretching from the dust bowl to the dance floor, from Sol Hoopi to Leiber & Stoller, from ghost towns to Motown, Cooder has stretched listeners' sensibilities and offered new vistas for rock 'n' roll to pursue—all liberally cut with a mordant, laconic sense of humor (the viewpoint of a slick hick cutting through the pomposity of his sophisticated city cousins).

Even though the dues have been persistent, Cooder continues to make some of the most deceptively laid-back, panoramic music in contemporary pop. In this interview, conducted recently in Ireland during a European tour, Cooder analyzes the impact (or lack thereof) of his music, the attitudes that inform it, and the myths and misconceptions that cloud its intent.

Do you have any idea why you're more successful as a solo artist in Europe than in the States?

I don't know exactly, but I suspect it has something to do with the radio. In the States that's how people form their tastes and preferences. If you're not on the radio you're virtually not known, and if you're not known then nobody is going to want to see you play that much. So, if you're not conspicuously and habitually on the radio you've got to build the thing a lot slower, and do it in other ways. It's never a totally successful, efficient process. You run into a lot of opposition, and you just have to keep bashing away at it. Europe is different. You've got radio, charts, and all that, but they don't mold taste in the same way.

So in America you're a cult artist?

I don't think that word is applicable any more. It was once, but it's not now. I can give concerts in the States, finally. Enough of my music has seeped through, but for years and years it didn't. Now J.J. Cale, who's also much more popular here than in the States, is a cult artist. If you can use that term about someone, you can use it about him.

What guitars do you play now? I saw a picture of you recently, and it looked like you were playing a Les Paul.

Right now I'm using the same Fender Stratocaster I've always used. I've got another Stratocaster,

which is rebuilt, souped up. The guitar you're probably thinking of is an old cheap copy of a Les Paul—an old '60s guitar with steel guitar pickups, that's made of balsa wood. It's a terrible guitar, but it sounds good. I've got lots of different electrics for different qualities: most of them tend to be underpowered, funky old guitars.

Do you use Strats because they're so adaptable?

They're adaptable, and you can also

style, and they got a lot of sound out of their instruments. So when I went over there it was a real eyepener for me to hear people play in such a developed way. They were really good, and I went along with it. I learned a lot from Gabby and those guys; it really helped me.

How did you track them down?

From records, in the usual way. You find a record you like, you say, "Where's this guy?" and pretty soon you find him. Sometimes you

Did his friends form your Tex-Mex Band?

Yes, that was his band. I went down to Texas and discovered that he had a good band—drums, guitar, bass and accordion—to which I added my friend the Italian saxophone player. When I first came here to Dublin that was the band, plus the three black singers whom I'd known for some time. Quite a combination of folk! It was very strange, but very good. People weren't ready for it, though. It was considered kind of oddball. Nowadays they might be more receptive.

Was that a one-shot experiment, or will you play in that style again?

I play in that style anyhow, but I must say I don't think I'd go and hire a bunch of Texan-Mexicans over again. I brought them up for that movie, though, and that's when it all began to pay off.

Another style you're very close to

considered a popular form, but a folk form, so it's over—you can forget it. You can go to Chicago and hear blues, but what you've got there is in effect a kind of preservation. It gets enshrined, so you get these pathetic blues festivals, which are horrible! And then you get a guy like B.B. King who plays Las Vegas. Blues is not the music of any particular group of people; it came and went in a generation. Young people don't listen to that kind of music, so it isn't evolving naturally. The economic and social conditions which produced it have changed so radically that you'll never hear blues again. Now you've got soul music—funk music—and that's today's blues.

But isn't blues a state of mind?

It's an economic condition, that's what it is.

How about some of Eric Clapton's music, or, for that matter, much of



Ry Cooder: Searching for an applicable presentation

beat them onstage—they'll take it. You can really hit a Strat, and coax a lot of sound out of it.

Are your Strats old models?

One I got in '65—it was new, and I've had it ever since. The other one is old—'59, I think—but I've messed with it. It's not original.

How would you describe your playing style?

It's a kind of "full" style. I'm not a single-string lead player; I play as many strings at once as I can. It's like the Hawaiians—they work in a lot of notes.

How important was Gabby Pahinui in the development of your style?

When I got over to Hawaii I already played the way I play now. I just discovered that in Hawaii people had been playing like that for a lot longer, and they were really good at it. They had developed the idea of a full "orchestral" guitar

do, sometimes you don't—I've searched for people I've never found. Gabby Pahinui was the Hawaiian musician, the tribal big chief of that kind of music, and a very great talent, a wonderful man. He's dead now: he dropped dead on the golf course last October.

Did you find Flaco Jimenez in the same way?

Yeah. I was interested in playing with a Tex-Mex band, because I knew that it would be a good thing for me to do. I could tell it was sensible. He was the one who had the mind for it: most of the people I ran into had no interest in playing with Yankees, or could speak no English. He was the guy who seemed to be the one to get to, because Doug Sahm had already played with him. It worked well for a time. We're friends now, and I worked with him on a movie score, *The Border*.

as a slide player is blues.

That's right, it's in a lot of my music. It's in jazz, it's in church, as an element, a sound. But as far as sitting down and making a record of blues, there just isn't much point. Who'd care?

In any case, for me to do blues would be uncharacteristic. I don't like to play just blues: the songs are boring, so who would want to hear me sing, "Sho' have got de blues"? I like to play it on my own, but to make a record of it would be counterproductive: it wouldn't do anything for me. What would it do? It wouldn't advance my situation at all.

Isn't there a market for blues in the States?

There is no blues, as far as I can see. Some die-hard black guys still play in southside Chicago, because that's a community, but blues was a "pop" music—it was popular, and on the radio. Now it's no longer

your own? Isn't it based fundamentally on the blues?

Eric Clapton is a rock 'n' roll guitar player—a very good one. I'm not a blues player. I just don't ever play it. It's all in the music I play, because I like the scale, I like the tonality. But I'm just not a blues player. I don't sit down to do a 12-bar blues, though I do play a Sleepy John Estes number, because I like those tunes. If you talk to me about blues I think of guys like Sleepy John Estes or John Lee Hooker—that's the blues.

How aware are you of a market when you're recording?

Totally. I have to be. I have to believe that in some way I'm approaching whatever my market might be as best I can, within my limitations. You're crazy if you think everything you do is great. A record is a public expression—it's like making a TV show—so you're constrained to project something

that people can take or receive. *Not* Tex-Mex, because they just tune it out. *Not* gospel, *not* blues, but something that maybe hits it in the middle.

Until *Bop Till You Drop* all your albums were fairly uncommercial.

They certainly were in terms of units sold! Everybody loves *Paradise And Lunch*, though, because it's a "fun" record; it comes across as a kind of nice trip. But that doesn't apply in the record market as it is today. Everybody likes to say, "That was a great record," but if you put it out now you wouldn't get out the door with it. You have to find some way of *presenting* all this shit—that's the key to it. If the finest artist in the world doesn't get the presentation right, no one will want to hear him: they'll all get up and leave. The survivors and successful people, whatever their motivations might be, are those who have an applicable presentation.

Who do you think is making good records these days?

The Stones, unquestionably. I think the Police make good records most of the time, and Rickie Lee Jones does too. Prince makes good records, and he's got a great act. He's weird, truly weird.

Did you enjoy playing with the Stones on *Let It Bleed*? And didn't they ask you to join them at one point?

No—I can't remember, that's an awful long time ago. I don't know if I enjoyed it or not. Looking back at it now, I think that I could have enjoyed it, but I was so confused by the way they operated. I would probably have a better time now—I was awful young then. We were nothing alike as people: I was there, they were there, and nothing much went on. I've come to appreciate their stuff more than I used to; certain things they do are really good. It's so hard to make a good record—it's practically impossible.

The release of your newest album, *The Slide Area*, was delayed, and the story is that you re-recorded it. Is that true?

I cut a lot of it in my house, you know, and when you do that you're taking a chance, because technically your house may not be the greatest place to record. I kept the best of the tracks, and re-recorded the others in the studio. The idea was to get the musicians to feel at home rather than at work, because that's always a good idea. It did do that for sure, it had that effect, but technically my house was something less than ideal.

Were you using digital recording equipment, as before?

No, God no. I went through a lot of changes on that stuff, and at first I thought it was good, and then I began to realize that it was very bad, for reasons I had to learn myself. Nobody told me what was going to happen. Digital does not produce a good disk—it will produce a good digital transcript, but transferred to analog records that are cut with a stylus, it loses a lot of sound. With little music, with only a few instruments, that's critical. Nobody told me about that—I had to find out for myself. *Borderline* and *Bop Till You Drop* were very thin on record, but you should hear the digital master-tapes—they're amazing! In its original pristine setting, it's great: you hear highs and lows, you hear transients, but it's very elusive, very deceptive. The transfer that's made is never the same: it's not efficient.

The albums you mention didn't have a warm sound anyway.

That's what I'm saying. What I'm referring to is when the base drops out; the low energy drops out and what you're left with is *impact*, without the surrounding feeling of ambience. It's totally unsuitable and just terrible. It's a technical phenomenon: Because of the sample rate in a digital machine, you get a "drop-out factor." People have said, "Gee, it's cold-sounding," and I can't believe that. I know how we sound, and I know how I sound—how did it come out

that way? Finally I understood, but it was one of those damned things.

What are you using now?

Well, Ampex makes what they call an ATR 124, a really beautiful, 32-track, state-of-the-art analog machine, that's got all the response of a digital, but it doesn't produce the problem with the transfer. They're expensive, so you don't see them

they're just very beautiful songs. As for the irony, well, I think it informs things in a certain way.

In some of your Hawaiian music it had a strange effect—like in "Chloe," for example.

That's not ironic, it's a pretty song. It's what I thought of at that moment that we could all play. It was as if I said: "Man, what do I do

it was the most direct music I've ever played with anybody. First of all, we were limited to what they could play, but I thought it was really core, bedrock stuff. Now, it is ironic to look at a stage with me in the middle and them on one side, and those black guys on the other. That is peculiar, and to me that is where the tension lies. And that's important—there's a certain kind

less adorned. It was so simple, but it was also very good, as they happened to be a fine band. But I can teach those songs to anyone. Anybody can play those songs! If I show you how it's done, you'll come up with something worthwhile. I can show it to a bunch of Irish harp players! You can play "Alimony" on any instrument; you can play "How Can A Poor Man Stand Such Times And Live" on a saw if you knew how to go about it, because it's the theory that works every time. You do this, I do that, and we've got a sound. Now, what makes the difference is whether or not you've got a good combination and what the hell your aim is. In the end you're trying to entertain people. I like the idea of stage show being a surprise, something that makes you say, "Hey wait a minute, what's going on here? What's gonna happen?" I think that makes it all interesting.

In a recent interview you said "Small music is good, cheap music is good." Do you still think this is true?

Yeah. It's a matter of survival, as far as I can see. If you're going to play music, you have to be able to afford it. It's good insofar as it's possible—that's the important thing.

"A record is a public expression, so you're constrained to project something that people can take or receive. Not Tex-Mex, not gospel, not blues, but something that maybe hits it in the middle. If the finest artist in the world doesn't get the presentation right, no one will want to hear him."

that much, but the studio I've been working in for the last couple of years has one, and it's a really great machine.

There seems to be a degree of irony in everything you do.

That's the way my mind works. I have an ironic sense of humor about certain things. But there are some songs I do which are not ironic—

with these guys? Hey, you know 'Chloe,' don't you?" "Sure, we know it." "Let's play it." Period. That's about all there was to it. There really isn't any irony in it.

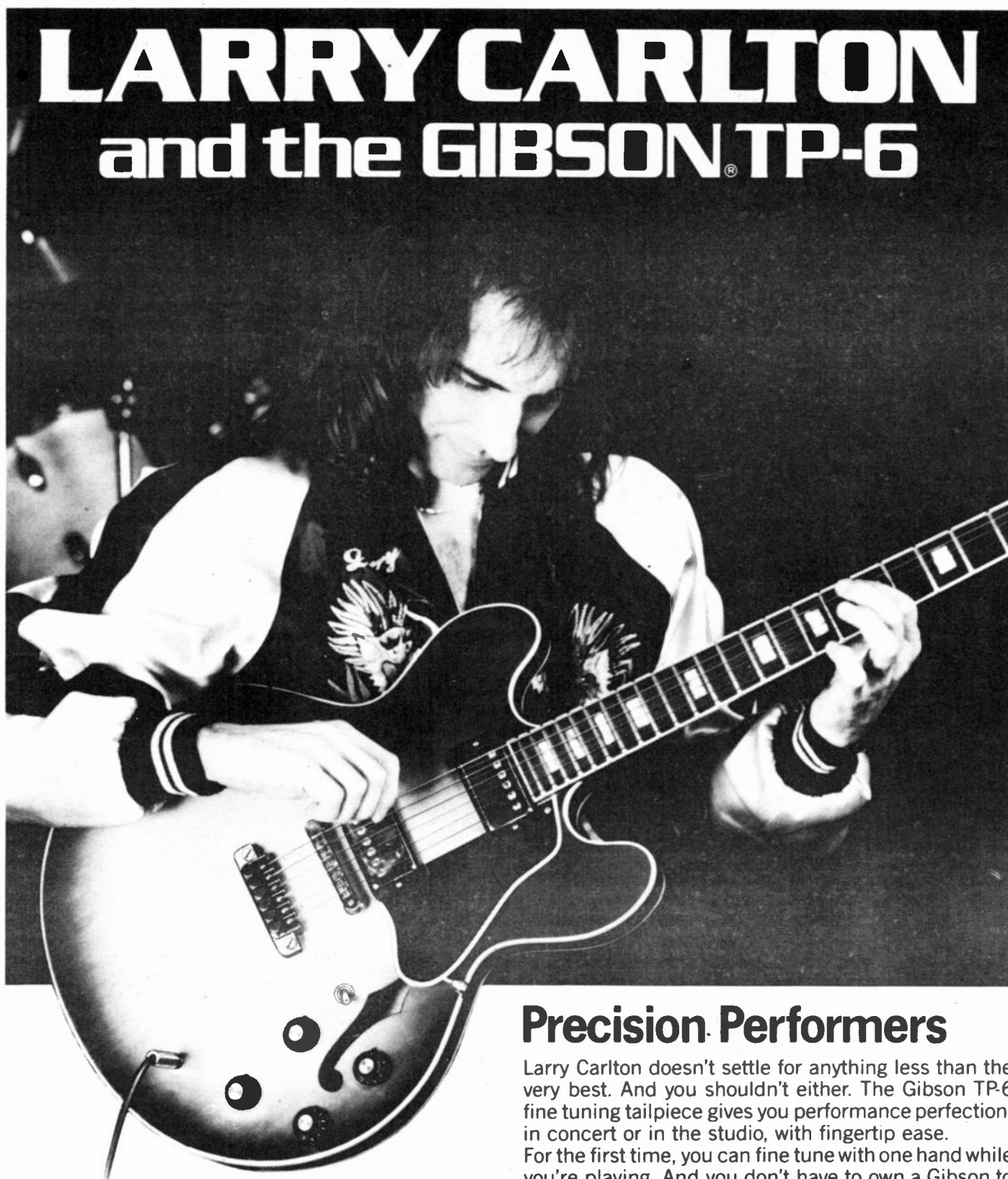
How does your attitude transfer to the stage? I thought your Tex-Mex show was ironic in some ways.

Do you think so? Oh my God, that's weird! I'll tell you that for me

of "pulling" there, even racially, which is very interesting. Trying to equate it and yet hear that sound, that's a tremendous idea to me.

The last time you appeared here your set was much more straightforward musically.

Yeah, there you had a young L.A. rock 'n' roll group. Nothing could be less complicated than that, or



Gibson

A Division of Norlin Industries, Inc.

P.O. Box 100087, Nashville, TN 37210

For Replacement Parts/Pick Ups brochure, send \$1.00 to cover postage and handling to Gibson Literature Department.

Precision Performers

Larry Carlton doesn't settle for anything less than the very best. And you shouldn't either. The Gibson TP-6 fine tuning tailpiece gives you performance perfection, in concert or in the studio, with fingertip ease.

For the first time, you can fine tune with one hand while you're playing. And you don't have to own a Gibson to get the benefit of precision tuning at the touch of your fingers as you play. Because Gibson designed it to fit most instruments with a stop-bar tailpiece.

See your authorized Gibson dealer and check out the Gibson TP-6. It's available in both Chrome and Gold. For precision tuning and top performance—Gibson is the only name in genuine Replacement Parts. And only authorized Gibson parts dealers carry them.

Sound Signature

David Sanborn: Possibly Great

By Cliff Tinder

What do you do about the chronically modest? Now I'm not referring to the backhanded self-aggrandizing type, because we all know public flogging is the prescribed treatment for them. But is torture really too severe for someone who constantly apologizes for his every accomplishment? "You know," says David Sanborn, "I think I might have the capability of becoming an influential player someday, but there are so many great saxophonists out there..." Should I slap him? "But I really mean it: I've never been conscious of being very influential."

Here's an altoist who almost single-handedly elevated the saxophone back into the hierarchy of rock and pop; the possessor of that instantly recognizable alto sound heard with the likes of Stevie Wonder, David Bowie, James Taylor,

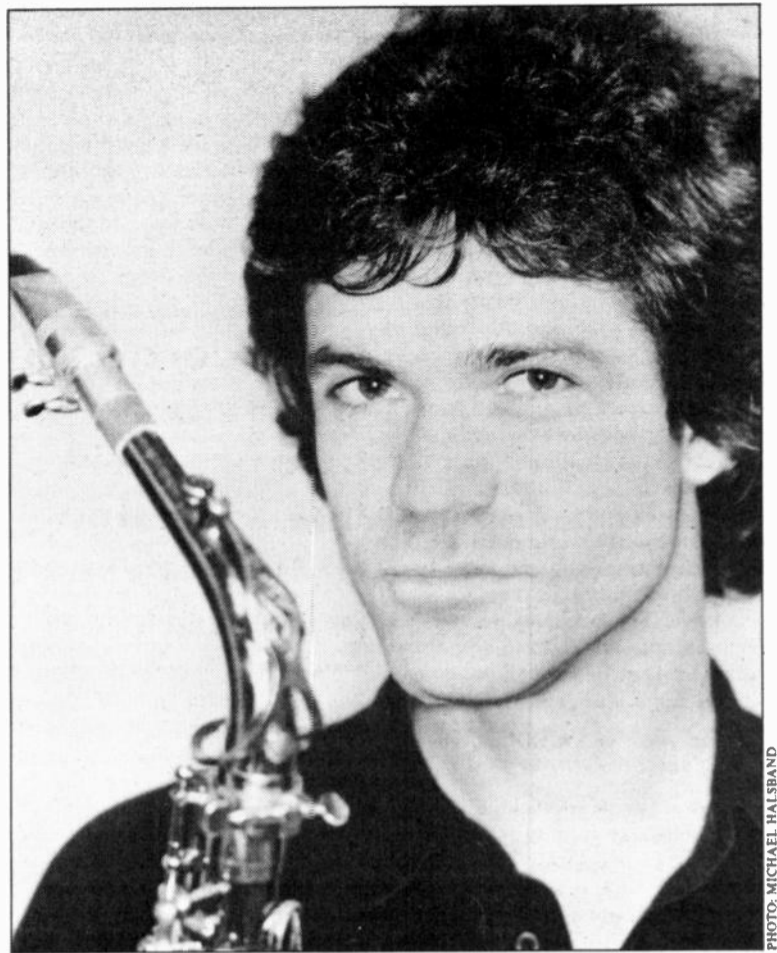
Carly Simon, Paul Simon, Gil Evans, the Saturday Night Live band and Paul Butterfield; the David Sanborn who's got all the young saxophonists frantically scurrying for every little musical crumb he absent-mindedly leaves behind. Really, where would Quarterflash be without his taut, lyrical example; and could you hear Bowie's "Young Americans" without Sanborn's evocative dance inflections and wet, gravelly honks?

"I saw Men At Work on MTV the other day, and it's really great to hear the sax being incorporated back into the sound of rock and roll, because it used to be such an integral part of it," Sanborn states as if Greg Ham had just backstroked in from down under and pulled off the coup singlehandedly.

"The palette of rock has broadened significantly in recent years. In the seventies, it got very one dimensional. It went just too far into the sound of the electric guitar—one sound at the exclusion of all

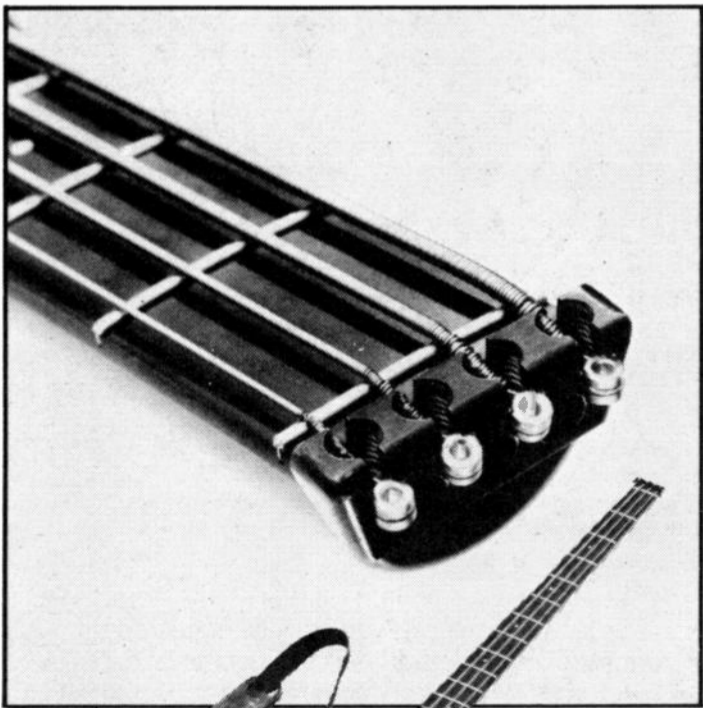
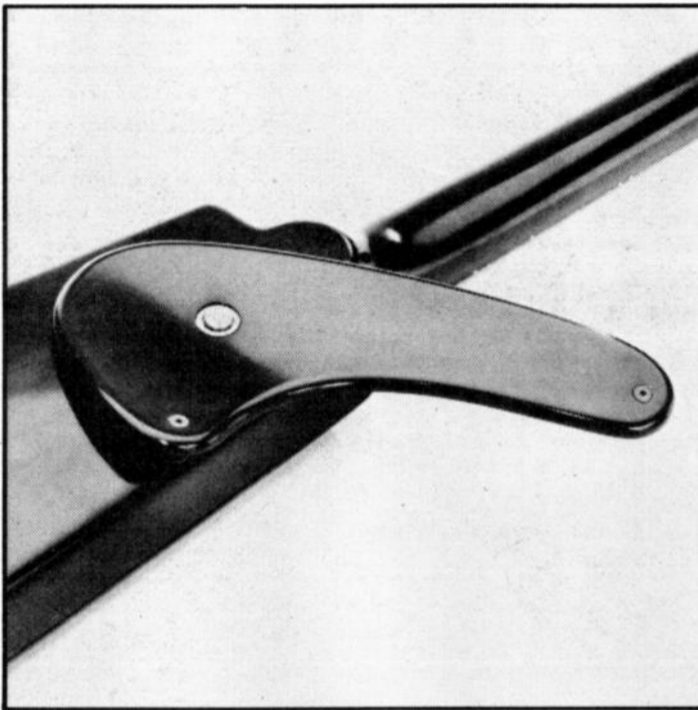
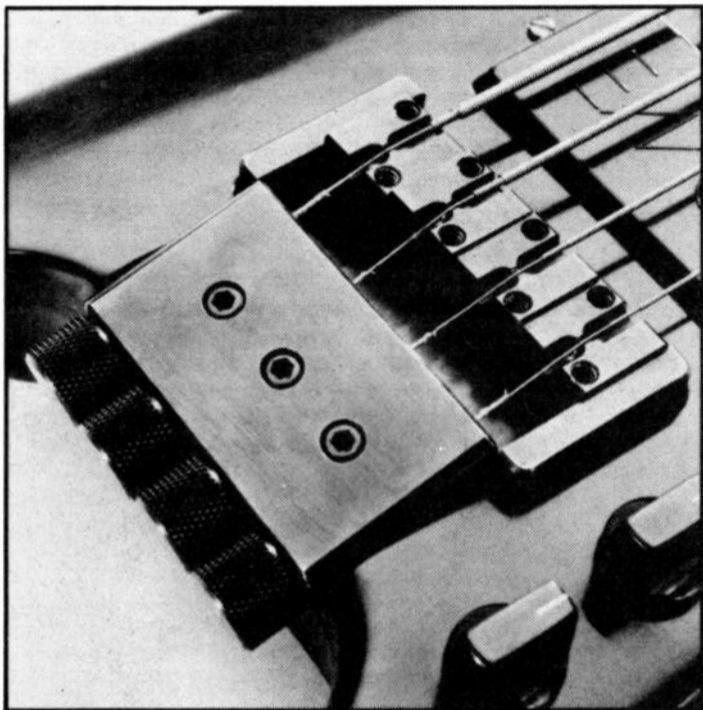
others." Yet, much of Sanborn's success has come from meeting the guitar half way. In order to do battle, he developed a razor sharp cutting edge of his own, utilized short, punchy phrases, with a healthy dose of colorful ornamentations, and learned to slide sharp of well-tempered pitch in order to slash through the electric maelstrom. "Ok, I admit that I learned a lot about phrasing from listening to guitarists, but all those little appoggiaturas, mordents, turns and arpeggios came from imitating Stevie's harmonica and vocal effects," Sanborn shrugs.

While Sanborn clearly came under the influence of Bowie's rock sensibility, Taylor's composing concepts and Wonder's fulminating electronic soul, his musical aesthetic really originates in the rough-riding blues bluster of the Texas tenor tradition (i.e., King Curtis, Arnette Cobb, Illinois Jacquet, David "Fathead" Newman) and the visceral testimonials of what black society



David Sanborn: Modesty becomes him.

STATE OF THE INSTRUMENT



THE STEINBERGER BASS

STEINBERGER

63 TIFFANY PLACE • BROOKLYN • NY 11231 USA • (212) 447-7500

Send for free brochure

used to call funk (not to mention altoists Charlie Parker, Julius Hemphill and Oliver Lake). From an early childhood baptized in the pain of polio, paralysis and an iron lung ("it's not a pretty story," Sanborn muses in his best Dan Ackroyd Nixon voice) the revelations of this music were a spiritual reprieve.

"It was 1956, and the Ray Charles band was playing after a basketball game my father took me to. I remember sitting in the balcony and hearing this incredible, emotive sound." The sound was, also saxophonist Hank Crawford. "I remember the exact moment: It was like a cry, a laser arrow piercing me. It was like falling in love. It was just beyond reason, the way it affected me. At one point in the concert, all the microphones even went dead, and I could still hear Hank. I took that as a sign, and from that moment on I wanted to become an alto saxophonist."

Essential to becoming an expressive voice on any instrument is finding your own distinctive signature, something Sanborn discovered at an early age. But finding the right combination of instrument, mouthpiece and reeds to properly convey your sound can be an endless process of small refinements. And the closer you get to the juncture of mouth and instrument, the fussier sax players become.

"In the studio I insist on using a Neumann 87 or 47 microphone or a Sony C37... but when I use the Neumann, I request that they take the microphone pad switch off. I need to hear that little buzz, whether it's the spit in the mouthpiece of the upper little fibers in the reed vibrating. It's the stuff that most engineers consider noise and try and remove, but I think that's character—all that "noise" is what makes it my sound. I use La Voz reeds specifically to get that kind of buzz and so I can overblow—the woodwind equivalent of a Rod Stewart sound. It's like when you go aaagggghhhhhhhhh," Sanborn screams by way of elucidation, "and get that plaid or argyle sound."

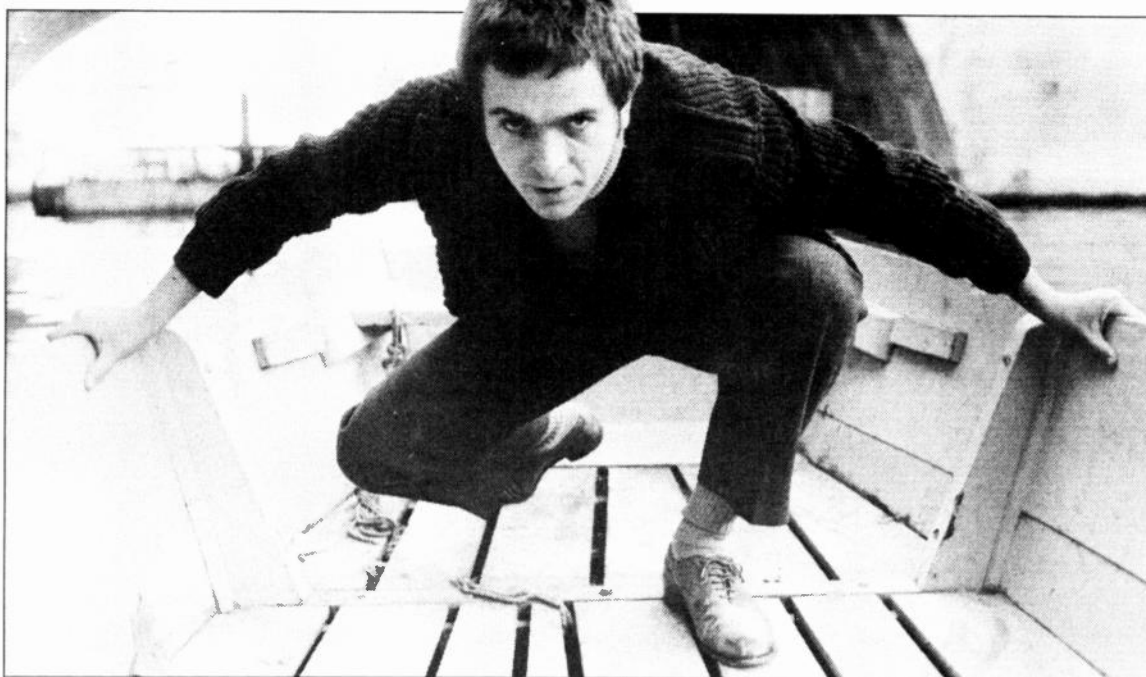
With increased facility and a growing self-confidence Sanborn has been able to transcend many of his well-worn, singular clichés. And his growing skill as a composer and producer has lent an added maturity and sophistication to his last two releases—last year's Grammy winner for best R&B album, *Voyeur*, and the current hit *As We Speak*. His association with Fender bassist Marcus Miller has injected his records with a fatter, funkier, freer dimension. "I'm approaching the peak of my playing. Maybe in about another year I'll really be hittin' it, because I'm just starting to grasp certain things about jazz playing and about chord changes. I'd like to think I've grown..." Maybe torture isn't such a bad idea after all.

Peter Gabriel

Continued from page 1

there's this melody-instrumental line in the middle of the verse, and it's a pavement stone we picked up; it was broken into pieces and scraped at; we recorded it into the Fairlight Digital Synthesizer and I was able to play that on the melody. And it has a quality about it that no other percussion instrument has. For me it's like the marbles of toyland, because I can go scavenging for sounds and work with things that will build new pictures."

What has most turned on Gabriel in recent years is the flood of ethnic music that's been enveloping westerners, offering as it does a form of repetition that is in no way synonymous with redundancy. "I had a friend," he recalls, "who used to make these cassettes of interesting musical things for me; wouldn't put any names on them, just cull them from his record collection—one of these legendary home-tapers we keep hearing about. I'd only respond to it on the basis of what I heard, without being swayed by the name or the image, and it was a great way for me to discover new musical things. Also, about four years ago, I came across a Dutch radio station playing this strange music, which turned out to be the soundtrack of an obscure Stanley Baker film, *Dingaka*. Anyway, some of the music was very interesting to me, and eventually I located the record and started listening to it; and at the same time, I'd just been given a very cheap, programmable drum machine, and I started thinking maybe I could steal some rhythms and ideas, put them in the machine and see what I came up with. 'Normal Life' and 'Biko' off the third album grew out of that musical approach. Now people have done that in jazz and rock for years, nothing original in that. But



"I've taken simple elements of other people's music to transform what I do."

in hearing things that Eno and the Talking Heads were doing there seemed to be a new interest, and that led to the idea of trying to get together a festival of sorts, which would feature non-European music and some of the rock which had been feeding off of it."

This festival for a world of music, art and dance (W.O.M.A.D.), took a pretty bad beating financially, but led to a fascinating benefit album on PVC (*Music And Rhythm*), and also resulted in a curious trick of the tail: Gabriel re-uniting with Genesis for a special concert to help raise funds to defray the event's debt. "We all went in very ignorant and naive," Gabriel explains, "but I got to hear a lot more stuff than I had previously, which suggested a lot of new avenues of sorts. I would never pretend that I could play the music of another culture; I think I play rock or pop or whatever you want to call it. But I've taken simple elements of other people's music, particularly the rhythmic

elements, to transform what I do."

Gabriel's contribution to *Music And Rhythm*, "Across The River" (with violinist Shankar and Police drummer Stewart Copeland), and most of Gabriel's third and fourth solo albums benefit from this heavy infusion of rhythm. Clearly it is these lean, badgering, conversational beats that have given Peter Gabriel a new lease on life. "I think all rock musicians should start as drummers," he responds, indirectly. "I started as a drummer, and not a very good one. From what I've seen of a lot of the African stuff, they hear the drums as melody, and one of the nice things about the Linn Drum Computer, for instance, is that you can tune the drum sounds, and set up a nice harmonic relationship between different voices. On 'Lay Your Hands On Me' the tuning of the drum machine is very important. I spent a long time getting the patterns right, and in writing around them I was working melodically to the drum

machine. You're responding to what you're getting, and if that response is in tune with the machine, then the music doesn't sound so insular. It's almost conversational. So *Security* nearly always began with some sort of rhythmic idea. I consciously went out and wiped all the presets off the Linn machine and began putting in my own. And some of it was stolen from non-European sources or old Motown records."

Stolen? After Gabriel had applied that term a second or third time to his new music, it began summoning up images of white man's burden and all that rot. Asked if *appropriate* wouldn't seem a softer, more precise description, Gabriel smiles, and answers "Yeah, right," then quickly adds: "But I prefer stolen."

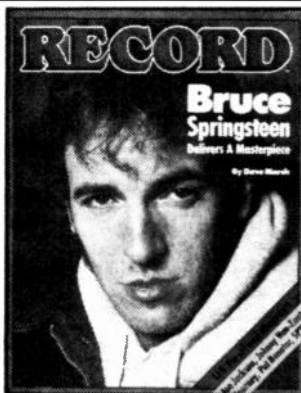
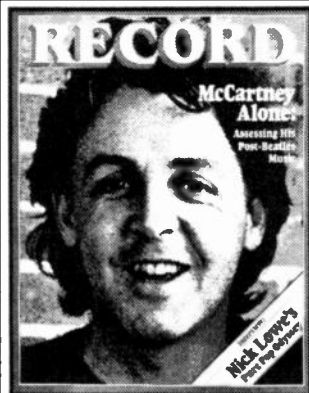
"Part of the problem," he explains, "is that since the '60s bands have thought to get any respect they had to do everything themselves. Like the only people worth respecting were self-sufficient units.

"A much healthier attitude would be to feed this animal which is the music by whatever takes its fancy, and be straight about that. I think that it should be understood that, one, you're going to listen and be influenced by other stuff going on; and two, the wider the area of source material, the better. Which is why, say, with all this non-European stuff, there'll be more interesting challenges set up by some of these ways of approaching music and rhythm patterns and melodic sequences from other places than can be found on FM radio. Musicians and artists shouldn't feel that they have to present themselves as self-sufficient units. Also, to answer all these neo-colonialist arguments, the point is that it's two-way: someone from Bali picking up on disco rhythms from cheap pirate cassettes and trying to integrate those elements into the gamelan music; and in Africa, James Brown and Steve Wonder are very looked-up to. It also has the inverse effect, that in these cultures where some of the younger musicians are looking towards rock and disco artists, if they in turn see that musicians in the west are looking back to their father's music with respect, maybe they'll be more inclined to continue those musical traditions."

Which brings to mind another self-sufficient unit, the small, mobile guitarist Robert Fripp. I'd once played him a track from a None-such album titled *Witchcraft & Ritual Music Of East Africa* which flabbergasted him, because this folk music from Kenya employed almost exactly the same melodic sequence and structure as his own "Zero Of Signified." All along he'd thought the song a totally original idea—an egalitarian statement about disco. So there isn't anything *really* original, is there?

The cheshire cat perked right up. "Exactly!" he exclaimed. "So better to be an active and vital filtering agent. Steal ruthlessly and honestly."

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER



Subscribe to *Record* today and, for only \$9.95, you'll get a full year (12 issues) of the best music coverage anywhere. This special rate saves you over \$2 off the regular subscription price (or buying it at the newsstand) and guarantees that you won't miss a single issue in the next year.

SUBSCRIBE NOW AND SAVE

100% MUSIC

Cash Bonus!

Send payment with your order and we'll add an extra issue FREE to your subscription. That's 13 issues in all—still just \$9.95!

Detach and mail today to: 8203

RECORD
P.O. Box 2985
Boulder, Colorado 80322

☐ YES! Send me a year of RECORD for just \$9.95.
☐ Payment enclosed. I get 1 FREE issue! ☐ Bill me later.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

RECORDS



Wild Things Run Fast
Joni Mitchell

Geffen

By J.D. Considine

Perhaps the ultimate challenge of growing up is coming to terms—with yourself, with your friends and lovers, with your family, with your work. Rock and roll has traditionally been a part of that process by amplifying the struggle involved, be it as simple as overcoming the distance between what you've got and what you want through hard work (as in Eddie Cochran's "Something Else") or as maddeningly complex as trying to live with the contradiction between who you are and who you want to be (as in the Who's *Quadrophenia*).

Because so much rock is (or hopes to be) adolescent music, it strives to identify with the conflict. A more adult approach would be to distance oneself from the action in order to gain some perspective on what all the sound and fury actually amounts to. This is no easy task for any artist to pull off, much less one entrenched in rock and roll, yet that is exactly what Joni Mitchell manages with *Wild Things Run Fast*.

For an artist whose work at times seemed to epitomize the self-absorption of the singer-songwriter, this is no mean feat. Although the subject matter remains fairly standard—mostly love anxiety, with the focus flitting from her own fears to the problems of flighty lovers and demanding children—the treatment of these themes has shifted dramatically. Mitchell has shifted from confessing so much as telling stories, and telling them in such a way that as much gets told about the narrator as about her subjects.

To this end, Mitchell has made careful use of ambiguity throughout *Wild Things Run Fast*. In the song, "Chinese Cafe," for example, her protagonist is talking to another woman about the estrangement she feels from her child, dropping the line "I bore her" and then pausing just long enough to imply one meaning before continuing, "But, I could not raise her." Elsewhere, her wordplay becomes less obvious. In "Man to Man," Mitchell's perspective is that of a woman who has flitted from pleasure to pleasure until she came upon a man to whom she wanted to make a commitment—only to find herself freezing up with fear at what such a commitment would mean. Ostensibly, the title of the song comes from her weariness of moving from man to man, but considering how "Man to Man" plays off against the song it follows, "You Dream Flat Tires," a rant against a noncommittal lover, the title takes on new resonance. Taken in terms of context, Mitchell's title has the distinct ring of *mea culpa*, that in hesitating herself she is speaking "man to man."

Mitchell seems to have put a lot of effort into arranging the album so that context becomes as important as text. Sometimes this takes the form of astute sequencing, such as following "Be Cool" with Leiber & Stoller's "You're So Square" (and thereby calling the earnest advice of the former into doubt); other times it's through a musical device, as in the way the title track contrasts the beefy distortion guitar of



PHOTO: NORMAN SEEFF

Joni Mitchell Makes Sense Of Youth's Sound And Fury

Steve Lukather against the careful, jazzy textures of Mitchell's acoustic guitar to underscore the difference between our heroine and her wild thing.

The logic behind these carefully juggled statements and hints lies in the way they allow Mitchell to preserve her illusions while dealing with reality. That's why, after setting up a classic "taming of the wild lover" scenario in "Wild Things Run Fast," Mitchell strikes at the essential ridiculousness of the situation by tagging the song with the lines, "Wild thing/I thought I loved you"—an obvious and rather whimsical allusion to the Troggs' "Wild Thing." "Underneath the Streetlight" gently lampoons declarations of undying love in swearing "by the stars above," and then going on to also swear by a passing plane and "The truck at the stoplight/With his airbrakes moaning." Perhaps the subtlest text of all comes in "Chinese Cafe," where Mitchell's refrain, "Nothing lasts for long," is applied to the burst of

exploitative growth following the discovery of uranium in her town. As a description of the abuse of quick money and greedy businessmen, her refrain is accurate enough, but when the notion of radioactive half-lives is applied to "Nothing lasts for long," the irony is chilling.

That Joni Mitchell could create songs of such depth after wallowing in the pretensions of *Mingus* and *Don Juan's Reckless Daughter* is heartening; that she should also manage to do so on an album that's even more melodically accessible than *Court and Spark* is positively astounding. Here, too, her success is simply a matter of coming to terms, this time with the various musical directions she has taken over the years. The basic textures of *Wild Things Run Fast* are similar to those of *Hejira*, except that Mitchell now projects warmth and a popish fullness where once she went after lonely spaciousness. She has come to terms with her jazz impulses by making the most of them

when they surface, as she does with Wayne Shorter's tart counterpoint throughout "Moon At the Window." More interesting, though, is the way she deals with rock and roll. Rather than try to push her rock influences in some strange new direction, Mitchell instead uses them as a sort of subtext, either in the joking manner of "Wild Things Run Fast" or to underscore a particular emotional/intellectual point, as with the interpolation of "Unchained Melody" in "Chinese Cafe." In both cases, she has not tried to make these songs over, but has made them a part of herself.

Ultimately, that's why *Wild Things Run Fast* succeeds so well. Its melodies and meanings resonate with a wholeness that's all too rare in pop music these days. Granted, this album lacks the factious energy that has given a lot of rock and roll its vitality, but if growing up can lead to this degree of depth and consistency, I certainly wouldn't mind seeing a few more wild things run slower.



Get Closer
Linda Ronstadt

Asylum

By Geoffrey Himes

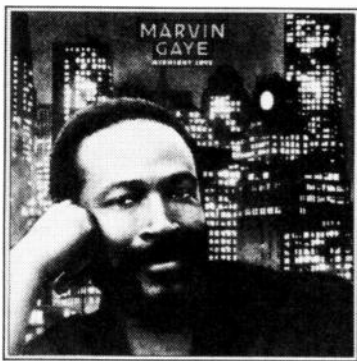
No one has ever accused Linda Ronstadt of having less than a splendid natural voice. In fact, the complaint has been that this gift allowed her to be a lazy singer who stuck to the safe, middle-ground of a melody. She would fill out songs with her big voice instead of interpreting them. Moreover, she chose

her material by the "Ronstadt Formula": half-forgotten oldies and still obscure singer-songwriter confessionals. Though these had invariably been done better by bolder singers, Ronstadt's American sweetheart versions made her the queen of the mainstream.

To her credit, Ronstadt recognized the corner she had backed into. She gambled her reputation on a series of risky projects in an effort to stretch her talent. She tackled new wave on *Mad Love*, light opera on *Pirates of Penzance*, swing jazz on two unreleased albums, real country on an unreleased album with Dolly Parton and Emmylou Harris, and political commitment at a number of outdoor anti-nuke rallies. While these projects themselves bore mixed results, the net effect was to sharpen Ronstadt's vocal skills. She has returned to the old formula on her new album, *Get Closer*, but her new interpretive range has produced half a dozen of the best performances of her career.

The difference is immediately obvious on the title cut, a nifty pop-rock by Jon Carroll. Where she once might have coasted on the hook, Ronstadt's voice is now out in front, impatiently pushing the song's pace and melodic limits. Where she once might have smoothed out the New Orleans beat on Lee Dorsey's "People Gonna Talk," she now handles the heavy syncopation confidently. Where she once might have come out second best on duets with James Taylor, Emmylou Harris and Dolly Parton, she holds her own here. Where she once diluted Anna McGarrigle's exquisite folk song, "Heart Like a Wheel," Ronstadt now transforms sister Kate McGarrigle's "Talk to Me of Mendocino" into the finest moment of her career. Backed by David Grisman's mandolin and Lindsey Buckingham's accordion, Ronstadt follows Dennis Karmazyn's lead cello line with humming resonance and then rises majestically to delineate the lyrics' dream of flying home to California.

The album isn't perfect. Two Jimmy Webb compositions are overly sentimental and underdeveloped musically. Ronstadt is still incapable of the genial bad taste necessary when dealing with trashy songs like Joe South's "I Knew You When" and the Knickerbockers' "Lies." And Ronstadt still lacks the vocal inventiveness of her colleagues. Ronstadt has grown tremendously, though, and she has proven that it is possible for our platinum superstars to take risks and revitalize themselves artistically.



Midnight Love
Marvin Gaye
Columbia

By Gregory I. Tate

Maybe the reason Marvin Gaye continues to produce such convincing music out of his sex life is because the man works so hard at making his obsession with "doing it" come off sincere. Once on *Soul Train* he swaggered through the dancers singing "Let's Get It On" to 20 different women, and damned if he didn't come on with every single one of them like he meant it.

Since *Let's Get It On*, Gaye has promised women mutual pleasure rather than carnivorous male hubris. Women figure into Gaye's musical sex life not as victims in a game of dominance/submission, but as partners in the fun; on "Sexual Healing," the brilliant single from his CBS debut *Midnight Love*, they are bedroom nightingales—

creatures capable of offering succor as much as mere pleasure. In recovering from the divorce court melodrama and musical muck of *Here My Dear* and *In Our Lifetime*, the black pop of *Midnight Love* is the year's sexiest soul salvation. On "Sexual Healing" Gaye's crooning melismas and pleading falsetto peaks make his needs sound not only palpable, but real. "Sexual Healing's" horny union of slow drag rhythmic tension and lulling, reggae-inspired percussive accents pleads for sex as both romantic relaxation and physical release, while the mantric, Caribbean groove enhances Gaye's insistent but vulnerable vocal overdubs with seductive elan. And the cruising, anthemic rise of the song's multiple keyboard modulations recalls classic Motown lover's rock like no other song in years has.

As on *What's Goin' On*, Gaye uses the art of the studio throughout *Midnight Love* to envelop the listener in an interior dialogue. Multitracking vocals and instrumentation almost totally by himself, Gaye recreates the magic of sex as an echoplex of psychic and physical sensations; backup vocals act out his subconscious desires while Gaye's leads nudge his partner into action. On "Sexual Healing" in particular, Gaye's

orchestrations approximate the rolls and grinds of smooth sexual motion while riding that movement with a vocal performance heatedly reminiscent of the real thing.

Given such a measured mixture of craft and passion, it's not surprising that the single has no real counterpart on the LP. "Till Tomorrow," a classy, almost Ellingtonian torch song, comes close to establishing a comparable mood with its steamy lead vocal, effervescent scat backup and smokey tenor break. But the uptempo numbers never do throwdown to that "great crescendo" the singer promises on "Midnight Lady"—though that song's throwaway lyric ("Somebody said you were a superfreak/I'm here to tell you I'm a superfreak baby") is surely meant to put Rick James' fear of freaking in perspective (as far as being kinky enough for the freak at hand goes).

Of late Gaye's caught flack from some moral guardians of the black community for his rather explicit expressions of lust. And it must be granted that with "Let's Get It On" his lyrics did decline in socially redemptive value.

Obviously when Gaye set out to become black pop's make-out artist par excellence, evocations of sexual

mood and sensation clearly overtook verbal wit and social conscience as artistic priorities. But Gaye's sensitivity and emotive involvement with women in his music is so rare, it begs comparison with the macho bluster more common to black pop. And in these times, how can you knock a man so dedicated to the art of lovemaking?



After the Fact
Magazine
I.R.S.

By Nick Burton

Magazine broke up late last year, after releasing five excellent albums, none of which enjoyed any commercial success in the U.S. It's a shame the band never

really found its audience. Fronted by vocalist/songwriter Howard DeVoto (a member of the original Buzzcocks) Magazine's music was ingeniously varied and unique, and each of the band's LPs demonstrated more growth, more forward-movement.

After the Fact is a collection of Magazine's singles. Most have never been released in the U.S., but all of them beautifully illustrate DeVoto's restless musical sensibility. "Shot By Both Sides" and "My Mind Ain't So Open" showcase DeVoto's penchant for a raw, almost uncontrollable rock attack, while "Rhythm of Cruelty" and "A Song From Under the Floorboards" present strong, yet tough-minded pop. As a writer, DeVoto has an existential bent, and in this realm "The Book," a spoken word narrative inspired by Franz Kafka's *Before the Law*, is an excellent example of one of his more probing lyrics.

Apart from DeVoto, credit should also be given to keyboardist Dave Formula, whose melodic synthesizer lines enlivened so many of the tunes, and guitarist John McGeoch, whose razor-sharp playing often gave the music a menacing sound. If you're looking for an introduction to Magazine, *After the Fact* is a fine place to start. Fans will find it an essential purchase.

SIX SOUNDS FOR A NEW EAR!

SYNERGY
ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK
THE JUPITER MENACE
The first movie score from synthesizer wiz Larry Fast. See him on tour with Peter Gabriel. "THE JUPITER MENACE" opening soon at a theater near you.

PB 6014

NATIONAL LAMPOON
presents
SEX, DRUGS, ROCK 'N' ROLL, AND THE END OF THE WORLD
Those zany characters from National Lampoon are at it again with a new album of their wild brand of humor. Includes "Mr. Reagan's Neighborhood," "Jane Fonda Speaks Out," "Annie" and more.

PB 6018

ROBBY KRIEGER
VERSIONS
Robby Krieger opens new doors on his new solo album. Backed by Ray Manzarek, John Densmore and top L.A. musicians, Robby has released an album of guitar virtuosity. Includes "Street Fighting Man," "Reach Out," and "Crystal Ship."

PB 6017

BILL NELSON
THE LOVE THAT WHIRLS (DIARY OF A THINKING HEART)
SPECIALY PRICED 2 RECORD SET INCLUDES BONUS INSTRUMENTAL ALBUM
The newest album from the ex-Be Bop Deluxe guitarist. Contains a special bonus instrumental LP, "The Beauty and The Beast." Includes "Flaming Desire" and "Hope For the Heart-beat."

PVC 101

BRAND X
IS THERE ANYTHING ABOUT?
Brand X is back! Phil Collins, Robin Lumley, John Goodsall and Percy Jones return with their special "brand" of rock and rhythm. Is There Anything About? You bet there is!

PB 6016

MUSIC AND RHYTHM
The much talked about record accompaniment to Peter Gabriel's WOMAD festival. Includes studio material unavailable elsewhere by Peter Gabriel and Pete Townsend, and tracks by XTC, The English Beat, David Byrne, and Shankar and Bill Lovelady.

PVC 201

On PASSPORT and PVC Records and Tapes.

Marketed by Jerm Records, Inc., South Plainfield, NJ 07080, Reseda, Ca 91335.



The Nightfly
Donald Fagen
Warner Bros.

By Samuel Graham

It was a dark day when the Steely Dan partnership of Donald Fagen and Walter Becker called it quits. *Aja* and *Gaucho*, the last two Steely Dan albums, were simply the best two popular music LPs of the last five years—to these ears, at least—and it was tough to imagine anyone else making music of such uncommon depth and durability.

Fagen's first solo job, *The Nightfly*, is similar enough in both style and substance to *Aja* and *Gaucho* (right down to that characteristic veneer of cynicism and slick, seemingly soulless music) that one wonders just what Becker had been contributing to Steely Dan lately, other than a few bass and guitar parts. If there is a clear distinction, it is that Fagen's slightly wordier tunes share a more specific point of reference than Fagen and Becker's usually did.

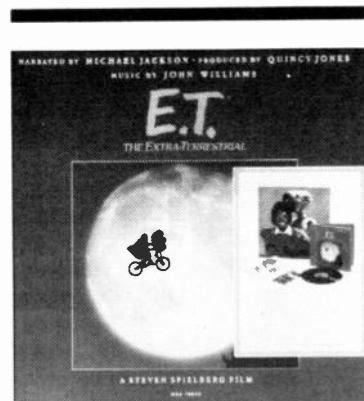
The Nightfly's songs, notes Fagen on the album sleeve, "represent certain fantasies that might have been entertained by a young man growing up in the remote suburbs of a northeastern city during the late fifties and early sixties." In that context, some of his verbal trademarks—the wry obsession with inane or out-of-date lifestyles and philosophies ("I.G.Y.," "New Frontier"), the cinematic vignettes ("The Goodbye Look"), the atmospheric little narratives ("The Nightfly")—are merely more vivid than usual.

Musically, Fagen remains a pop songwriter and musician whose sensibilities are heavily informed by jazz. All of the songs, like those on *Aja* and *Gaucho*, are harmonically complex (there is so much chord substitution on "Ruby Baby," the old Dion hit, that it almost seems to change mode from major to minor), intricately arranged and orchestrated—in short, about as subtle and sophisticated as pop music gets. Fagen and long-time producer Gary Katz have once again coaxed immaculate performances out of studio lizards like Larry Carlton, bass player Chuck Rainey, drummer Jeff Porcaro and others; Carlton in particular sounds unusually inspired by Fagen's challenging tunes. If the sound here doesn't seem like much of a departure from Steely Dan, well, it isn't. But one can hardly imagine a total package—words, music, production, all of it—being much better than *Aja*, *Gaucho* and, now, *The Nightfly*.

Beneath all the nifty embroidering, what makes this record so appealing is its endless supply of hooks. "I.G.Y.," for instance, offers a chorus with hooks in the lyrics ("What a beautiful world this will be/What a glorious time to be free"), melody and rhythm (a light reggae lilt that recalls *Gaucho's* "Babylon Sisters"). The same is true of "New Frontier," which coos along like a BMW on the freeway; "The Goodbye Look," a clever, catchy sort of tropical adventure that is perhaps the album's best number; "Ruby Baby"; and, to a lesser extent, the *Nightfly's* other four songs as well.

Like Steely Dan's records, *The Nightfly* will probably draw criticism for its lack of a certain warmth and charm, which might be the result of its being so carefully crafted. Nevertheless, this is the closest thing to a personal look that Fagen has ever given us. "You'd never believe it, but once there was a time when love was in my life," he sings in "The Nightfly," a late night disc jockey's la-

ment. Geez. With a little more love, Donald might have been the Beatles.



E.T.: The Extra-Terrestrial
Narrated by Michael Jackson
MCA

By Dave Marsh

There is every reason for this album of dialogue and music from the film to fall flat on its face. For starters, it's embedded in the sort of box usually reserved for classical symphonies or Keith Jarrett recordings. Although there's a booklet filled with glossy stills from the film, that's no excuse for the dialogue being excerpted too casually, minus many of the sauciest (and best) lines. The package is fleshed out with a poster of E.T. and Michael Jackson (which proves that the secret of the little guy's success is staying in motion, and also suggests that Michael ought to shave), the music by Quincy Jones' usual bombastic arrangements. In short, this E.T. is a triumph of merchandising.

It is also something quite close to a great album. Balancing every mistake made here are two factors: the sheer power of the *E.T.* fable itself, and the fact that Michael Jackson was put on earth to tell it. Jackson is our Voice of Innocence, the least knowing pop star that the '70s produced. He is the only person who could possibly have narrated this story, which is the single most innocent masterpiece of the past decade. And he does so against all the odds, working only with the corny lines of the written narrative (he sticks faithfully to the script) and his own remarkable voice. But Jackson's voice conveys so much of the childish enthusiasm any sensible person brings to (and carries away from) the picture that he gets away with everything, from describing E.T.'s head as "shaped like an eggplant" (he laughs), to the corny lyrics of "Somewhere in the Dark." Singing or speaking, Jackson is the voice in the back of your head.

E.T., as a story, deserves credit it hasn't been given. Indeed, it might be an elaboration on a theme by Leslie Fiedler—"Come back to the spaceship, Elliott, honey." It is part of that endlessly repeated American tale in which a white man and an alien (the former a renegade of society, the latter in tune with Nature) triumph over the Authorities, and thus resonates through our history from James Fenimore Cooper and *Huckleberry Finn* clear through to Stephen King's *The Shining* and the onstage antics of Bruce Springsteen and Clarence Clemons. It is the story which, as good Americans, we all wish to believe. And what we mourn, at the end of the tale, is what we've always grieved over. The eternal "ouch" is that in growing up we must leave such innocence behind us—except in the dream that art creates.

When Michael Jackson was twelve and sang "I Want You Back" to an audience that cut across all lines of age, race and class, he became an actor in this drama. And now, at 23, he extends it further: a black man represents Civilization, The Alien representing Nature is from space! But in the joy we share when we hear it—the special joy that comes from sharing it with children, especially—we have ourselves returned home. There is nothing modernist about this unironic, sentimental narrative. But there is something transcendent about it, which takes it beyond categories, into the realm of great popular art.



Make My Home Where I Hang My Hat
Johnny Copeland
Rouner

I'm Here!
Clifton Chenier and His Red Hot Louisiana Band
Alligator

Drinking TNT 'N' Smokin' Dynamite
Buddy Guy & Junior Wells
Blind Pig

By J-C Costa

The Real Blues. Dark and vestigial animus behind most of what passes for contemporary "rock" music. Inexhaustible in its passion, it can take shape on the south side of Chicago, in the Louisiana Bayou country or down in Houston's Third Ward, and its most powerful exponents carry on thanks to the small labels where integrity still matters.

No, we're not talking about the blooze here. None of your basic hyperthyroid six-string outlaw force feeding an unending torrent of pentatonic clichés through a wallful of Marshall stacks while the drummer hammers out the fours. No, this is a music of nuance, wit, bluster and exhortation with an internal dialogue all its own. Johnny Copeland, originally out of southeast Texas and currently on the move, plays his blues with the fire of youth and the wisdom of too many one-night stands. Following hard on the heels of his critically blessed debut LP, *Copeland Special*, *Make My Home Where I Hang My Hat* spotlights Copeland in a straightforward setting with his true grit touring band, charging through a set of fair-to-middling originals and Texas blues standards. Wielding his Peavey T-60 with the finesse and fire born of total confidence within the genre, Copeland combines the

hard-edged bite of a Freddie King with the fluid phrasing of T-Bone Walker into a powerhouse signature style, poised to burst forth in a quick flurry of notes to bring the elemental level up when things get too laid back. Texas shuffles like "Devil's Hand" and James "Wide-mouth" Brown's "Boogie Woogie Nighthawk" provide the perfect grist for Copeland's rough-hewn vocals and stinging guitar to blend in seamlessly with an occasionally lethargic horn section. On the better slow blues like the title tune, "Cold Outside" and "Honky Tonkin'," pianist and arranger Ken Vangel tickles the blues 38s with atmospheric restraint. Copeland squeezes every mean, blue note out of the guitar and the mournful horns provide an appropriately funereal backdrop. When Copeland's vocals build in dynamic intensity, which they invariably do, his voice assumes the grainy burr of classic Bobby Bland. More contemporary R&B groove tunes like "Natural Born Believer" and "Love Utopia" tend to fade a bit as passable filler and Copeland's rock 'n' roll impression of Little Richard on "Rock 'n' Roll Lilly" isolates the horn section's sluggishness at faster tempos. But this is the real Texas blues and, assuming you've thoroughly digested ZZ Top, it's well worth your while to cop a feel.

Clifton Chenier, King Of The Bayous and master of "zydeco," a potent and seductive cajun blues blend, is back in full vigor to spread the news on *I'm Here!*, his first album since 1978. Undaunted after a bout with physical illness, Chenier wraps his mellifluous vocals and ringing accordion around a balanced selection of tailor-made originals. Backed by his brother Cleveland Chenier on rub-board and bottle openers, his son C.J. on supercharged alto sax and an excellent backing band powered by drummer Robert Peter's surging, daredevil style, Clifton works the full Louisiana/Texas stylistic gamut from the rumba shuffle of "The New Zydeco," to the down and dirty urban feeling of "Eighteen Long Years" on to the joyful swing of Glenn Miller's "In The Mood." Chenier clearly states his case for doing what he does best on the affirmative title track and the sassy "I'm The Zydeco Man."

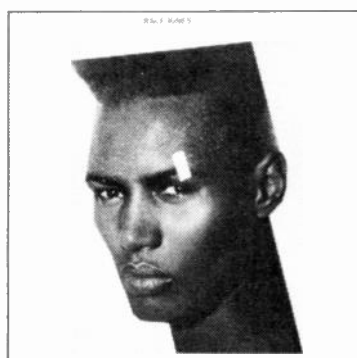
Everything gets the sinuous, hip-shaking Bayou rhythm treatment, Cleveland's delicate syncopations lock into the dry, pneumatic sound of Clifton's squeezebox as he comments melodically on the familiar

progressions and youngbloods like C.J. or trumpeter Warren Caesar occasionally step out for a focused, open-throated solo born in the blues but redolent with the possibilities of jazz. The sound here is crystalline on top, joyous, an open invitation to get off your posterior and move something. The temptation is to decipher the complex weave of styles, but the message remains the same: relax and enjoy.

Recorded live in Montreux during the summer of '74, *Drinking TNT 'N' Smokin' Dynamite* bears witness as the cream of Chicago Blues, guitarist Buddy Guy and "harmonistic" Junior Wells, heat things up in the friendly environment of Europe's annual jazz festival. Rolling Stone bassist Bill Wyman fills in on bass at the last minute along with Dallas Taylor on drums, Terry Taylor on rhythm/slide guitar and Pinetop Perkins on keyboards. As it happens, Wyman's restraint renders him invisible for most of the proceedings. Taylor is solid on the slower numbers but races a bit on the fast side and Perkins is marvelous on those rare occasions when you can discern his Fender Rhodes in the mix.

So it's Buddy and Junior center stage, where they belong. The first side starts slowly as everyone gets comfortable: "How Can One Woman Be So Mean" and Sonny Boy Williamson's "Checking On My Baby" let Wells take the initiative with his strut vocal style and full blown harp playing. In the spirit of his forebears, Junior blows a warm, round harp shot through with blues nuance around and through the music, setting up hypnotic patterns of mournful counterpoint to Guy's dry heat, semi-hollow body guitar. Buddy takes over with an emotionally charged and brilliantly paced performance on the slow, *slow* blues, "Ten Years Ago." As he sings high and lonesome, Wells accents with the harmonica. Throughout, you know that Buddy's guitar is back there, waiting to explode and explode it does as Guy brings it all home by alternating jumpy, staccato note clusters with soulful hanging notes drenched in vibrato.

On the Wells classic "Hoodoo Man Blues," both men reach way back into the Delta mud and for one transcendent moment, the howling vocal and stark rhythm guitar combine into a vivid and disquieting reincarnation of Robert Johnson at the height of his powers. Which is as it should be, since continuity is what the real blues is all about.



Living My Life
Grace Jones
Island

By Vince Aletti

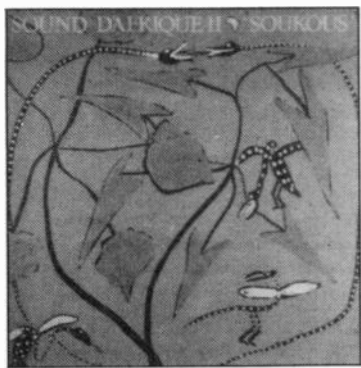
Like Nico, Marlene Dietrich, Land and Yoko Ono, Grace Jones is less a singer than an attitude with a voice. In this tradition, her delivery is more a matter of style, conviction, and nerve than vocal ability; intensity and idiosyncrasy replace technique. As a former fashion model, Jones has the iconic impact to carry this off in performance—her recent One Man Show was a series of brilliantly staged pop tableaux, a triumph of form over content—but she's not always so convincing on record, where her unvarnished voice is stripped of glamour and props. Still, producers Alex Sadkin and Chris Blackwell seem to have found the ideal setting for Jones in their Nassau, Bahamas Compass Point Studios with its first-class house band headed by Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare. Here, they've fashioned a kind of avant reggae—a dark, chunky, jun-

gle-of-the-cities beat perfectly suited to Grace's brutal, flat-out vocals. *Living My Life* is Jones' third album with this team and it's her riskiest so far: abandoning stylish remakes like her earlier "Warm Leatherette," "Love Is the Drug," "Demolition Man," and "The Hunter Gets Captured by the Game," Jones co-wrote all but one of the cuts here (one with Dunbar, the others with guitarist Barry Reynolds) and chose the remaining song from Melvin Van Peebles' recent Broadway musical flop, *Waltz of the Stork*. The result is hardly the most accessible album in the Grace Jones oeuvre, but it's finally far more fascinating than forbidding.

The prime obstacle here is Jones' lyrics, which are frequently a jumble of associations; a stagnant stream of consciousness that sometimes yields an intriguing line ("Another turnstile bare to the bone turning alone," "So many human hearts, hanging in hope") but more often settles into an opaque sludge. Luckily, Jones usually manages to float at least one striking phrase in this soupy mess, and the listener clings to it gratefully, ready to abandon the search for meaning and go with the flow. Oddly, though, even the most immediately obscure songs have a certain power. Like "Nipple to the Bottle" (the album's first single), a steely denunciation of a possessive, demanding man that gathers strength with every hearing; some of the details may be lost in inarticulate anger, but the final verdict is very clear: "I won't do it tonight/No way baby." In two other cuts, "Cry Now Laugh Lat-

er" and "Everybody Hold Still," Grace is the victim of robbery or painful humiliation or both, but where one is coldly vengeful, the other is nearly comic, definitely more ironic than bitter. This hard-edged, rough-life mood is softened somewhat by two terribly muddled longing-for-love (or something) songs ("Inspiration" and "Unlimited Capacity for Love") and a lightly raunchy reggae valentine ("My Jamaican Guy"). About that Melvin Van Peebles cut, "The Apple Stretching," a cloyingly "affectionate" tribute to New York's gritty underbelly, delivered in one of Grace's many accents of undetermined origin, the less said the better; if Van Peebles is the poet of the people, I'm Marcel Proust.

Happily, much of this is quite beside the point (and were they not printed on the inner sleeve, most listeners would have no idea how bad the lyrics are). Again, attitude is all and Grace Jones stalks her way through these songs with utter assurance, by turns amused, fierce, lovesick, teasing—not really appealing but undeniably seductive. Certainly the musicians add to her confidence: they're excellent throughout, providing a flawlessly understated, richly textured backdrop for Jones' bareboned vocals. Here and elsewhere, the Compass Point band continues to stake out new territory in modern urban rhythms with an international mix that's at once taut and tough but strangely comforting; jagged, nervous, and ominous but warmly familiar. This is Grace Jones' turf. Enter at your own risk.



Sound d'Afrique II-Soukous
Various Artists
Mango

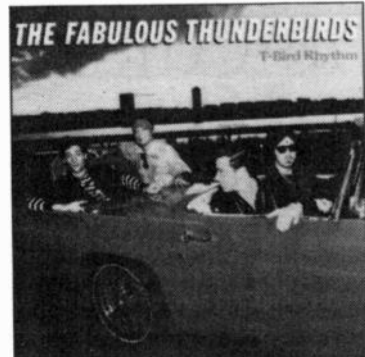
Juju Music
King Sunny Ade and his
African Beats
Mango

By Ken Braun

Contemporary African music is no more purely African than contemporary American music is purely American, and, as Africans are citizens of the modern world, it makes sense that they should find use for Western instruments and technology. The regrettable tendency of some African musicians, however, is to neglect authentic African elements, robbing the music of its identity and spirit.

That is the problem with most of *Sound d'Afrique II*. Like the initial volume which launched Mango's African line last year, this album anthologizes recent recordings from Francophone Africa, and most of the selections are in the "Congolese" style, bearing the pronounced influence of Cuba and Brazil. It's festive and sophisticated music, but its roots are so diffuse it could have been made almost anywhere in the world. Moussa Doumbia's "Menebo Nden," an exceptional track, sets a traditional Malian song for voices and native flutes, harp and xylophone over a funky electric bass and drums riff, illustrating how fresh and exciting cross-cultural hybrids can be.

Sunny Ade's album (his first U.S. release, after 40 Nigerian best-sellers in the past ten years) offers further proof of the lively, adventuresome possibilities of contemporary African music—in this case, the "juju" music of urban Nigeria, which borrows from James Brown-style funk only what the Godfather heard in West African all-night drumming and dancing sessions. Ade is sweeter, less sentimental than Prince Nico Mbarga, but not so militant as Fela Anikulapo Kuti, and his African Beats have no horn section—just eight drummers, six vocalists and six guitarists (including Ade, who doubles on synthesizer, and the most inventive steel guitarist I've heard in years). It's fascinating, the way the guitars are rendered African, sounding like African harps, lutes, zithers, even thumb pianos, and functioning the way African instruments do, each with its own precise part which is at once melodic, harmonic and rhythmic and weaves over, under and around the other parts to form an intricate, shimmering web of sound. Ade has retained his African integrity, yet *Juju Music* is up-to-date, electronic dance music that any American dancer can respond to.



T-Bird Rhythm
The Fabulous Thunderbirds
Chrysalis

By Jody Denberg

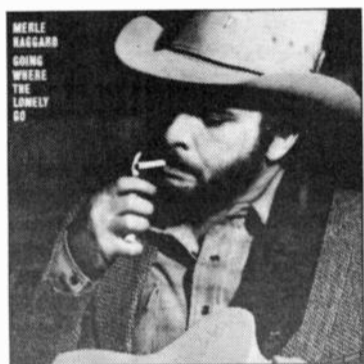
Though Nick Lowe has assumed the production chores on the Fabulous Thunderbirds' latest al-

bum, this Austin-based quartet have not traded their unruly brand of soul-driven rhythm, rock and blues for a pure pop panacea. On their fourth effort, the T-Birds have retained the gritty, "lowdown in the streets" sound of their earlier records while allowing Lowe to bring out the highs and lows which got lost when the band left the stage for the studio. The result is a state-of-the-art rhythm and blues album that is as authentic as a dusty Bo Diddley 45.

While Roomful of Blues ply their audience with a swinging big-band version of the blues, and the Night-hawks display their instrumental virtuosity, the T-Birds concentrate on toe-tappin' beats and textures. They can swing ("Poor Boy"), and guitarist Jimmie Vaughan's riffs are first-class (check out his slithering lines on "You're Humbugging Me"), but they prefer to lull listeners into a steamy groove only to jolt them with a tempo change or a harp blast by vocalist Kim Wilson.

T-Bird Rhythm starts out with its two strongest songs, Wilson's "Can't Tear It Up Enough" and a cover of "How Do You Spell Love." On the former, drummer Fran Cristina kicks it off with a few tentative beats as bassist Keith Ferguson and the rest of the band lunge headlong into a grinding tale of endless nightlife. But instead of feeling remorseful about his escapades, Wilson is ready to party with a vengeance that doesn't end when the bars close. "I'm in my prime for tearing it up," he wails, "I just can't tear it up enough." The record's obvious single, "How Do You Spell Love," shows the T-Birds can mix rock and blues in a commercial manner long since forgotten by, say, the Allman Brothers. With Nick Connelly's dirty organ fills and Vaughan's dirge-like guitar as accompaniment, Wilson stretches his limited vocal range across the track, substituting a throaty depth of emotion for technical finesse.

There are plenty of covers on *T-Bird Rhythm*—including a galloping version of Jimmy Miller's "Tell Me (Pretty Baby)" and a brooding take on Huey Meaux's "'Neighbor' Tend To Your Business"—but it's the originals that bring out the best in the T-Birds' humorous-yet-not-lighthearted approach. Wilson's "Lover's Crime," with its judicial metaphor, "Can't Tear It Up Enough" and the Wilson/Vaughan collaboration "Poor Boy," replete with a whistling solo, prove that the T-Birds' strength is in penning new songs that sound as if they were written thirty years ago. Elmore James got nothin' on this, baby.



Going Where The Lonely Go
Merle Haggard
Epic

By Geoffrey Himes

After 19 years on the country charts, most singers have settled into a comfortable style. Merle Haggard, though, is still refining his already acute sense of phrasing and delivery. The result is his new album, *Going Where The Lonely Go*, which contains the best singing of Hag's career. The songs, centering on six Haggard originals about men without women, are solid country fare though they lack the connection between home and job that make Haggard's best songs special. What's special here is how the new tenderness in Haggard's voice neatly complements his familiar toughness. And his instinct for pauses and understatement has never been used so effectively.

Most country songs about divorce wallow in self-pity and/or

bitterness. By contrast, *Going Where The Lonely Go* details the reactions to loss with a stoic acceptance of the pain that inevitably comes with love. Instead of carelessly tossing around blame at others or himself, Haggard relates the sting of separation with a dry, knowing voice that is all the more chilling for its objectivity. On Willie Nelson's "Half a Man," Haggard tersely describes the crippling effects of love gone wrong and then leaves perfectly measured pauses for the implications to sink in.

Haggard's own title tune captures the irresistible magnetism of bars on the newly single. "Why Am I Drinking" captures the helpless questioning that the lonely address to love's invisible, unreachable gods. In both cases, it is Haggard's voice more than the lyrics that imparts the fatefulness of heartbreak. Much of the album's success can be attributed to Haggard's co-producer, Lewis Talley. He forces Haggard's voice out in the open, surrounded by pauses and succinct support from Haggard's fine road band, the Strangers, and without the distraction (or crutch) of sappy string charts or overly busy arrangements. This is underscored by the two tracks where co-producer Ray Baker replaces Talley and gums up the songs with strings and excess. In the end, though, it's not the production or the songs that makes this album glow; it's Haggard's purring understatement and custom-tailored phrasing that find new colors in unassuming songs. Just as Willie Nelson's *Always On My Mind* proved earlier this year, *Going Where The Lonely Go* proves that an old country dog can learn new tricks.



The Dreaming
Kate Bush
EMI-America

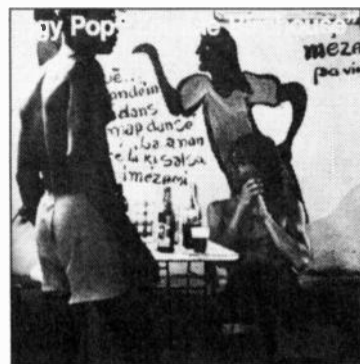
By Nick Burton

Kate Bush shouldn't be an unknown quantity very much longer. *The Dreaming* is her masterpiece, a perfect blend of romantic poetic imagery and daring musical approach. Bush's ace-in-the-hole is her ability to fuse differing musical influences (jazz, classical, folk) and nestle them comfortably within the boundaries of conventional pop songwriting. Each cut has a unique life of its own; from the majestic waltz of "Suspended In Gaffa" to the jerky, Peter Gabriellish title track, Bush shifts styles without sacrificing focus of mood.

So why is this perhaps the most fascinating female vocalist you've never heard? Maybe it's because her previous domestic release, *The Kick Inside*, came way back in 1978 and failed to ignite here as it did in Bush's native England, where it was bolstered by a Number One single, the plaintive, haunting "Wuthering Heights." Nevertheless, whenever my local shop got imports of her LPs *Lionheart* and *Never For Ever*, they were gone in a flash. So she has a following, but her cult artist status is ill-deserved: Bush has the dramatic edge, quirkiness and delicacy of Bowie in his *Hunk Dory* period; the eclectic, almost Baroque curiosity of a Peter Gabriel; a simply amazing voice that allows her to be alternately child-like and sensuously forceful; and a subtle allure all her own.

Beyond this, she's one of the few active female rock artists who performs, composes and produces all her own material. In addition to having a natural instinct for synthesizers, and the taste to employ them effectively without being bombastic or florid, Bush also manages to be

as terse and tough-minded as any male without sacrificing femininity. And her craftsmanship is atmospheric and effortlessly cool—in other words, she's the only female rocker out there doing anything original (or experimental) in contemporary pop. What's pending? Stardom, one hopes. Kate Bush deserves it.



Zombie Birdhouse
Iggy Pop
Animal Records

By Christopher Hill

To his admirers, and his producers, Iggy Pop is often more metaphor than man. Thus we've had Iggy as everything from Exemplar of Natural Harmony ("Lust For Life"), to Scourge of God ("Search and Destroy"). New producer Chris Stein seems to have some notions of performers-as-primitif left over from Blondie's disastrous *The Hunter* LP. And while Iggy's obviously not entirely comfortable with the concept, he's loose enough to explore the possibilities of self-conscious primitivism; using it to relate more directly to his audience on *Zombie Birdhouse* than he ever has.

There's a childlike straightforwardness to these performances. When Iggy can't keep himself from protesting to a carnivorous female that her behavior is "nervy, that's what it is!" in "Eat Or Be Eaten," the effect's more uninhibited than any number of on-stage outrages. In "The Horse Song," Iggy plays the plain yearning of the lyrics against a grandly martial melody—"I never saw you before/But you're unusual/And now I'm at your door." "Just an Ordinary Bummer" is a dark, moving love song. Despite the weary, almost numbing offhand delivery, Iggy makes the attraction of the girl with the "fiery eyes... swearing like a sailor and demanding her own way" seem undeniable. Unfortunately, producer Stein often opts for aesthetic distance rather than rock 'n' roll immediacy in the sound. Iggy's performance on "Bulldozer" is an hysterical parody of/tribute to the psycho-rock of his Ann Arbor days; yet Stein's glassed-in sound has the band churning away at a discreet theatrical level in the far background. Still, the Pop-Stein collaboration has borne some interesting fruit. Unintentionally, one suspects, *Zombie Birdhouse* is downright folksy.



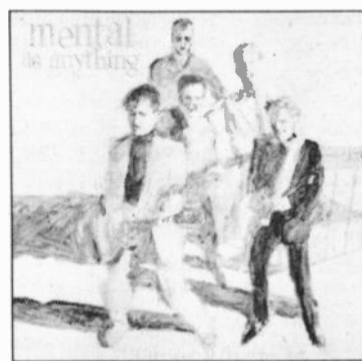
In the Heat of the Night
Imagination
MCA

By Vince Aletti

On the cover of Imagination's second American album is a painting in the disco surreal style so popular during the mid-'70s—in this case, a garish landscape strewn with bits of classic and cosmic kitsch (cracked columns, ringed planets), at the center of which stand three black men in abbreviated gold outfits that mean to suggest Roman gladiators but instead

scream Las Vegas chorus boys. The surprise is, inside this astonishingly gaudy cover there's a remarkably restrained, well-crafted record: not the slick schlock you're led to expect, but a post-disco update of the neoclassic vocal group sound, a modern version of the Stylistics at their best.

At a time when the English are proving exceptionally adept at interpreting and synthesizing American black music of all sorts, Imagination, produced in London, combines the creamy fluidity and ecstasy of disco with the high romance of R&B ballads for a series of satin-finish midtempo glide numbers that work equally well as durable dance tracks or late-night mood music. Though the falsetto work here may not be as pure or as deep as the Stylistics', it's graceful and velvety, lovely but never sticky-sweet, and sure enough to give even the most mundane lyric a wonderful romantic spin. On the more traditional ballads here—"All I Want to Know" and "One More Love"—Imagination evokes the hushed, delicate mood of Thom Bell's classics but with a much sparer score; a thin, sparkling shimmer of a back-drop instead of the heavy sweep of strings. Even the more propulsive cuts here—"Changes," "Just an Illusion" and "Music and Lights" stand out—are kept simple, supple: quick, vibrant sketches replace the old baroque orchestration without losing a bit of movement and drive or splashy appeal. Imagination's vocals keep the songs' emotional core glowing bright and it's this quiet storm of singing that grounds the album in the finest neoclassic style: the lightest pop music shot through with the richest soul—another delicious confection imported from England.



**If You Leave Me,
Can I Come Too?**
Mental As Anything
A&M

By Jonathan Gregg

Bluesy cousins of Squeeze (albeit with somewhat less melodic and lyrical sophistication), this cheery aggregation of drinking lads from Australia plays a lighter, less overtly rock-influenced brand of pop, favoring instead a rockabilly- and reggae-inflected sound with drums low in the mix, and lots of organ and acoustic rhythm guitar. The music does not lack spine, however, and the twin guitars of Martin Plaza and Reg Mambassa provide an agreeable variety of sounds with a minimum of gadgetry. The band features four songwriters to mostly mixed results, though each one does contribute at least one noteworthy effort. Unfortunately, most of these appear on the second side of the album. The less memorable Side One is devoted to semi-novelty tunes and beer hall Beach Boys chants.

Of the more interesting fare, "I Didn't Mean To Be Mean" echoes Squeeze's "Farfisa Beat," then emerges with its own swing-flavored chorus, while "Sad Poetry" couples a solid Fleetwood Mac groove to a whimsical lyric. Here's where the band starts to create a real mood. The effect continues in the mysterious guitar lines and odd meter of "Egypt," and culminates in "Berserk Warriors," whose lovely melody and Gordon Lightfoot-gone-mad lyric make it both humorous and haunting.

One hopes Mental As Anything will follow the example of songs such as these and demonstrate how a good-time band can be more than merely amusing.



Ice Cream For Crow
Captain Beefheart & The Magic Band
Virgin/Epic

Mandance
Ronald Shannon Jackson & The Decoding Society
Antilles

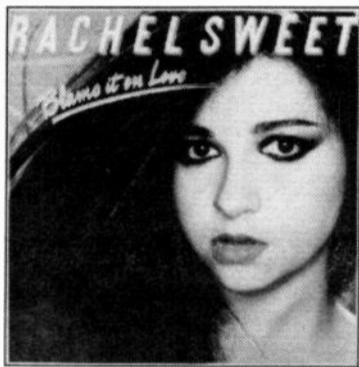
By Chip Stern

The concept of an avant-garde in rock is contradictory at best: after all, isn't rock rooted in the conventions of song form and popular culture? Of course, but it's also part of the blues tradition, and as such is a cousin to jazz and has roots—however tenuous—in African music as well as European song-form and Tin Pan Alley. The music of Captain Beefheart and Ronald Shannon Jackson may be aligned with rock more as a matter of convenience than fact, due to the presence of electric guitars, and certain vertical rhythms that suggest backbeats (while eschewing pure dance-beat repetition): Theirs is a highly personal art in which the intimations of rock act as the conceptual mortar that binds together new ideas about composition, improvisation and America's connection to third world ethnic musics.

It certainly doesn't have anything to do with pop song-form, as such, and despite the presence of "vocals" on *Ice Cream For Crow*—and some of Beefheart's most in-the-pocket ensemble work since *Safe As Milk*—there seems little chance that Don Van Vliet's brilliant, renegade music will inch any closer to popular acceptance. Nor should one bemoan the ignorance of the philistines, because clearly, the boogalooing joy of the title tune and "The Past Sure Is Tense" notwithstanding, the Captain's music is an implicit challenge to rock values. "Oooh, I hate to groove," the Captain once told me, as if to justify his use of music as an irritant, but to hear him intone the poetry on "Skeleton Makes Good" in a voice far older than the blues (like Howlin' Wolf reciting a soliloquy from *Macbeth*), makes me want to hear him sing occasionally, you know, because he has a soulful range of voices (everything from Sam Cooke to Otis Redding) let alone a litany of pants, plants, cants, chants and rants. But I suppose visionaries needn't be cordial: "It's easy to feel but hard to see," Beefheart acknowledges on "Ink Mathematics," but the effect of the beatnik time-bombs he gleefully tosses into the Telecaster-Stratocaster terrain of "Hey Garland, I Dig Your Tweed Coat," "Cardboard Cutout Sundown" and "The Thousandth And Tenth Day of the Human Totem Pole," tend to obscure his gifts as America's most brilliant, home-grown composer since Charles Ives, and overshadows the interplay between Cliff Martinez's free spastic backbeats and the Magic Band. Oh, there are certain lyrical gestures, like the pastoral "Semi-Multi-coloured Caucasian" and Gary Lucas' knuckle-busting guitar solo on "Evening Bell," so perhaps Beefheart's muse is relenting just a touch... I mean, this is a powerful, inspired sermon about the forces beneath the surface of reality—a great album, alas, foredoomed to a cult of hard-core adventurers and pot-smokers.

Ronald Shannon Jackson's *Mandance*, while every inch as uncompromising as Beefheart's *Crow*, might prove a touch more accessible to rock 'n' roll pilgrims. While Beefheart is a channel for ominous revelations about man's folly and the inaccessibility of a capricious spirit, Jackson's instrumentals seek

to invoke the white light of prayer. Where Beefheart seeks to obscure the beat in prickly profusion of colliding polyrhythms, Jackson's buoyantly high-stepping heartbeat is layered with tiers of guitar, horn and twin electric bass melodies, moving in slow or contrasting tempo, which tend to focus the songlike character of his drumming (check out the drummerless ebb and flow of "When Souls Speak"). Jackson sounds like a whole choir of drummers, juggling rock and funk accents on his bass drum and hi-hat, while swinging along like a New Orleans second-line on his snare drum and toms, a steady rat-tat-tat of syncopations and superhuman explosions. Sunny arrangements like "Belly Button," the Moorish "Giraffe," the banjo-inflected prairie shuffle "Lola," and hustling "Alice In the Congo" sum up Jackson's recasting of popular rhythm and slang, while "Catman," "Spanking" and "The Art Of Levitation" epitomize his double-clutched innovations in future funk, pulse rhythms and four-way coordination. Gone are some of the Decoding Society's disquieting '60s tendencies towards all-out amphetamine improvising as bassists Melvin Gibbs and Bruce Johnson and guitarist Vernon Reid show growing authority; *Mandance* is ripe, mature, accomplished and not a little bit indebted to the breakthroughs of Captain Beefheart from *Trout Mask Replica* through *Ice Cream For Crow*, as are Ornette Coleman, Blood Ulmer and the entire new wave. Meanwhile radio programmers still play old Doors records. It's lonely work being a visionary.



Blame It On Love
Rachel Sweet
Columbia

By Christopher Hill

A serpent has entered the garden of Rachel Sweet's breezily innocent sexuality. Its name is self-consciousness. No longer the youngster who carried her crinkly-nosed appeal around as nonchalantly as a balloon tied to her wrist, Rachel's abandoned the T-shirted innocence of *Fool Around* for the campy vampiness portrayed on the jacket of *Blame It On Love*. But her body has grown faster than the (real, if limited) talent it houses, and while *Blame It On Love* finds her hawking sex on almost every cut, her voice and persona are no match for some of the emotional concomitants.

"Sticks and Stones" is a clever-enough evocation of the atmosphere of Aretha's early hits: whiplashed snare drums playing off a suggestively sinuous bass line, with Sweet running through a lip-smacking litany of downhome metaphors. But she won't stop there—she attempts to present it on the level of an anthem, and the implied comparison with "Respect" simply delineates the emptiness of Rachel's reading. Try as she might, she can't summon the mature, womanly sexual resonances of Aretha's demand for her "probers." So goes much of the album—lots of pleasant pop arrangements, lots of "you know it's wrong, but you're too far gone" lyrics. Only "Cruisin' Love" vaults lightly over the humidity of the rest of the songs to show the gum-cracking ingenuitousness of Rachel's best performances.

In her bid for commercial survival, Rachel Sweet is becoming what her new audience perceives her to be. It's a disappointing direction for a performer whose initial appeal lay in her unforced freshness.



Take It On Home
Marshall Chapman
Rounder

By Ira Mayer

After two well-intentioned but misguided albums on Epic, Marshall Chapman has found her figurative voice. Although Al Kooper tried to bring out the rocker in her on 1978's *Jaded Virgin*, Chapman is closer in sympathies to the laidback southern country and blues of Jimmy Buffett and the Allman Brothers than she is to Kooper's urban blues-rock.

Chapman is also something of an oddity, though. She affects a strange kind of androgyny that's at once bally and coquettish, fiercely independent and vulnerable. "Sometimes I find," she sings tenderly at the close of "Guitar Song," "that there ain't a thing in this whole wide world/that makes me feel more/like a real live girl/than this guitar."

So be it. Chapman's not going to lock into any stereotype of the female country singer. She's neither Linda Ronstadt nor Loretta Lynn—not even Emmylou Harris, to whom she might seriously be compared. Indeed, Willie Nelson is a more likely model, and it's his "Pick Up the Tempo" which is one of the two non-original numbers included here (the other is Bob Dylan's "To Be Alone With You").

To hear just how much the lighter production hand and arrangements suit Chapman, you need only compare her version of "The Island Song" included on the Rounder set, to the Kooper-produced rendition. "I'd like to build a bridge to you, build it strong enough to hold the truth," begins the chorus. And what was once an ultimatum is resurrected to powerful effect as an invitation.

What it all boils down to is that Chapman is at her best being sweetly tender—which does not rule out strength or independence. *Take It On Home* juggles a wide array of mixed emotions; the results are quietly stylish in a very relaxed, down home way.

Spring Session M
Missing Persons
Capitol

By Dan Forte

After the phenomenal success of their independently-produced four-song EP, *Missing Persons*' first full-length feature illustrates the band's strengths as well as its weakness. That the two singles from the EP, "Words" and "Destination Unknown," are the LP's strongest tracks proves that, while possessing great potential, *Missing Persons* is still a relatively young band with a long ways to go before developing the consistency necessary to match its own best efforts.

But the potential of guitarist Warren Cuccurullo, drummer Terry Bozzio, and lead singer Dale Bozzio, Chuck Wild and bassist Patrick O'Hearn, is indeed enormous, as exhibited in the melodic, rhythmic and lyrical hooks they inject into bouncy pop rockers like "Windows," "Bad Streets," and "Walking In L.A.," which come closest to matching the spontaneity, aggressiveness, and hummability of their smash EP. Terry's drums sound less trashy and immediate here (the fault of the engineer), while Dale's vocals seem a bit more controlled, more mature. Let's hope she doesn't get too legit and lose the eccentricities that made her first outing so charming and overwhelming.

Satin and Lame Ties are irresistibly iridescent. Tie one on for any occasion.

Row 1 Left to Right	Row 2 Left to Right
SAT TIE \$2.95	ELECTRIC PIANO \$29.95
TWO-TONE LAME \$2.95	LINEAR FORM \$29.95
TUMBLING DICE \$2.95	BOOMERANG \$29.95
STUPES \$2.95	SAT LAME \$29.95
BETTY BOOP \$2.95	LAME \$29.95
BOOMER PLANE \$2.95	THE DANCER \$29.95
GEOMETRIC LAME \$2.95	FLASHING \$29.95
ELECTRIC GUITAR \$2.95	GEOMETRIC FORM \$29.95
MUSICAL NOTES \$2.95	LIZARD \$29.95
SPACESHIP \$2.95	CONFIGURATION \$29.95
KEYBOARD \$2.95	

Mail To: Paramail
Dept 103
P.O. Box 15457
Salt Lake City, Utah 84115

Send me your free Catalogue Today!

For fastest delivery send a Money Order or use Master Card or Visa. Please include complete card number and expiration date. Personal checks allow 4 additional weeks to clear.

All Ties \$6.50/each
Postage/Handling \$3.00/per order

COLOR PHOTOS
FRONT ROW AND OFF STAGE

AC/DC, ANTS, BENATAR, BOWIE, CARS, CLASH, DEVO, F. MAC, GO-GO'S, DEAD, HAIRCUT, HENDRIX, JAM, JETT, JOURNEY, LED ZEP, LOVERBOY, OZZY, PETTY, POLICE, PIL, QUEEN, REO, STONES, SPRINGFIELD, VAN HALEN, WHO, AND OVER 400 OTHER ROCK, POP, METAL AND NEW WAVE ARTISTS

LOWEST IN THE BUSINESS. HIGHEST QUALITY. LARGEST SELECTION

SEND \$2 FOR CATALOG/2 SAMPLES. \$3 GETS 3 SAMPLES (LIST 3 ARTISTS). \$4 GETS 4 (LIST 4). LIMIT \$5 FOR 5 (LIST 5). LIST FAVES AND ALTERNATES FOR SAMPLES

PHOTOS/ELLIOT PHOTOS, LTD. P.O. Box 1122
DEPT. D MADISON SQ. STA. N.Y. NY 10159

CARVIN
Catalog

Before you buy a Guitar, Amplifier, Mixer, Speaker or P.A. System, get the 80 page CARVIN Color Catalog! See top groups like Pat Benatar, Roy Clark, Heart, Jefferson Starship, Marshall Tucker, and Frank Zappa play CARVIN because it's the best!

Compare Carvin's exceptional values. Buy DIRECT at Pro-Net prices — saving you hundreds of dollars.

Hundreds of models to choose from including double neck guitars, exotic wood guitars, fretless basses, guitar amps, equalizers, 800w power amps, crossovers, concert speaker systems with JBL, MagnaLab, EV and Celestion speakers, pro mixers, mics and guitar parts.

Write: CARVIN, Dept. RL83, 1155 Industrial Ave., Escondido, CA 92025. PH 619-747-1710

----- CARVIN CATALOG -----
☐ \$1 for Bulk Mail ☐ \$2 for Rush 1st Class

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____ RL83

1983
Pro-Line Guide

Before you buy a Guitar, Amplifier, Mixer, Speaker or P.A. System, get the 80 page CARVIN Color Catalog! See top groups like Pat Benatar, Roy Clark, Heart, Jefferson Starship, Marshall Tucker, and Frank Zappa play CARVIN because it's the best!

Compare Carvin's exceptional values. Buy DIRECT at Pro-Net prices — saving you hundreds of dollars.

Hundreds of models to choose from including double neck guitars, exotic wood guitars, fretless basses, guitar amps, equalizers, 800w power amps, crossovers, concert speaker systems with JBL, MagnaLab, EV and Celestion speakers, pro mixers, mics and guitar parts.

Write: CARVIN, Dept. RL83, 1155 Industrial Ave., Escondido, CA 92025. PH 619-747-1710

----- CARVIN CATALOG -----
☐ \$1 for Bulk Mail ☐ \$2 for Rush 1st Class

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____ RL83

HIGH SOCIETY
PRESENTS
THE PIANO KEYBOARD and GUITARNECK TIE

Stylized Designs on 100% Satin for only \$8.00
Send check or money order to:

High Society
273 Newbury St.
Boston, MA 02116

State quantity of style and circle color

PIANO TIE	GUITAR TIE
white on black	black on black
black on white	pink on black
pink on black	black on pink

Total amount enclosed \$ _____
(please add \$1.00 for shipping)

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 Zip _____

Enclosed Check ☐ Money Order ☐
 Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery
 Dealers May Inquire (617) 266-8957

CASSETTE STORAGE

If you have lots of cassettes, these solid wood racks are for you!

Medium (holds over 50 cassettes)—\$15.00
 Large (holds over 100 cassettes)—\$28.00

WOODSTOCK TICKETS

Each ticket comes in a wood frame on parchment paper, including a letter from the Globe Ticket Co. verifying authenticity as an original ticket printed in 1969. VERY LIMITED SUPPLY. \$8.00 (+ \$2.00 S&H).

Send check or money order to:
 Flipside, Inc., P.O. Box 243-B
 Atlantic Beach, FL 32233

SHIT

★★★★ UNCENSORED IN REAL LIFE ★★★★★

LENNON LOVERS!

Get This Collector's Disc

"A Love That Lasts Forever"
 The Tribute by Brant Mewborn (b/w "Just Another Dreamer")
 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 \$5.00 by check or money order to:
 BRANTBORN MUSIC
 P.O. Box 5203
 F.D.R. Station
 New York, NY 10150

RECORD T-Shirts

Available in a Black-T with 2-color Red & White Logo... 50/50 poly/cotton. Quality hand silk-screened. S, M, L, XL. \$8.50 delivered... 2 for \$15.00

Send check or money order to:
 MAGNOLIA PRODUCTS
 84 FAIRVIEW DRIVE
 ALBERTSON, N.Y. 11507
 N.Y. State residents add 7% sales tax

Classified Advertising

Announcements

Free E-Z Wider

SEND US YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND this ad and we will send you the new High Class catalog filled with fine pipes, papers, smoking accessories, snuff accessories, and 6 free packs of E-Z Wider rolling paper. You must be 18. Please enclose \$2 to cover postage and handling.
High Class
4009 Pacific Coast Hwy.
Torrance, CA 90505

Looking to advertise by mail?

THEN YOU SHOULD PLACE A classified ad in THE RECORD. Regular classified ads cost 75¢ per word, 16-word min. Illustrated classified space is \$40 per col. inch, 2-inch min. THE RECORD, Classified, 745 Fifth Avenue, NY, NY 10151. For further info., call Patti Fiore at (212) PL8-3800.

Free Promotional Albums

CONCERT TICKETS, STEREOs, ETC. Information, Barry Publications, 477 82nd St., Brooklyn, NY 11209.

Moving Sidewalk

VISION—YOU CAN GO—ETHICS Moving Sidewalk Moving Sidewalk Moving Sidewalk Moving Sidewalk Moving Sidewalk Moving Sidewalk Moving Sidewalk Moving Sidewalk Moving Sidewalk Moving Sidewalk Moving Sidewalk.

Art

CAPTURE YOUR FAVORITE SINGER/group in an original portrait, (most media). Individual, composites, onstage. Other artwork available. Portraits Etc., Box 202, Marlboro, MD 20772.

JIM MORRISON. LIMITED EDITION Morrison print 18" x 24", signed and numbered. Send \$8.95 postpaid. Free catalog. Rock Art, Box 244, American Fork, UT 84003.

Books & Publications

"Maui Wowie" Grower's Guide COMPLETE, \$5.95. HAWAIIAN BUD's finest "Maui Wowie" fertilizer \$12.95 Pt. Hawaiian Bud, Box 1307, Kihei, Maui, Hawaii 96753.

Succeed In Music!

VITAL INFO FOR AMATEURS AND pro's. Free brochure. Write PM Music, Dept. TR, Box 220, Pasadena, TX 77501.

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

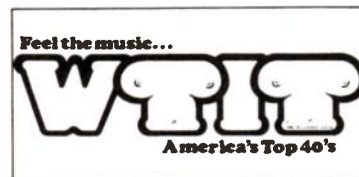
Clothing

Get a "Head" Start!!



SPUNKY SPERM ON FRONT OF T-shirt, factual nutritional information (per swallow) on the back... you'll be surprised!!! Women's V-neck S-M-L in lavender, lt. blue, fushia, and white. Men's crew-neck M-L-XL in bone, lt. blue, and yellow. \$9.95. In Spurts, 1964 1/2 Garnet Ave., Suite 11, San Diego, CA 92109.

American Music Madness!



AMERICA'S FAVORITE CALL LETTERS can now be your fun-to-wear 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.

Free Jeans—Calvin Klein, SASSON, SERGIO VALENTE. BUY one pair, get a second pair free! For more information, write: Rainbow's End Box 181-R Wethersfield, CT 06109

FANTASTIC T-SHIRTS \$6.50 PPD, JER-seys \$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 Osbourne, Rush, The Who, Iron Maiden, P. Benatar, Asia, Bruce Lee, E. Presley and many more. Send \$1 for huge illustrated catalog of posters, t-shirts, pins. Rock House, Box 54, Dept. R, Oakland Gardens, NY 11364.

LEATHER, ROCKERS SLIP INTO SOME black leather. Pants \$159, motorcycle jacket \$159, 5" leather stud wristband \$26. Send size with money order to: Iron Horse Leather, 775 19th St., SW, Vero Beach, FL 32960.

Collector's Items

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

RUSH, OZZY, GEILS—MORE—BACK-stage—cloth stickers from past events \$2 each plus S.A.S.E. or send stamped envelope for free catalog! Collectors Items, Box 76J, North Hackensack Station, River Edge, NJ 07661.

GIGANTIC ROCK RECORD COLLEC-tion for the well-to-do. All are in good to mint condition, including hundreds of valuable collector's records from 1960 on. Why look all over, they're all right here. Asking \$10,000 and well worth it. Any reasonable offer won't be refused. Also 300 watt dream stereo system for the audiophile. Asking \$3000 which is half price. Dale Cogdell, 2514 Sylvan Ave., Modesto, CA 95355. (209) 529-3814. Desperate to sell!

OUR NEW 60 PAGE ROCK, NEW wave, teen magazine catalog is now available (\$1—Cash), containing complete listings (1949 to present) of thousands of magazines, tabloids, zines, books & memorabilia (Stones, Who, Monkees, Joplin, Beatles, Blondie, etc.) Back Issues, 28 Orchard St., Ridgefield Park, NJ 07660.

Fan Clubs

Genesis Information

T-SHIRTS, SWEATSHIRTS, BOOKS, tour programs, posters, buttons, stickers, quarterly magazine, imported albums, etc. For further information send self-addressed envelope to: Genesis Information, Dept. RD, Box 253, Princeton Junction, NJ 08550, or Box 107, London N6 5RU, England.

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.

BE A RECORDING ENGINEER! NEW classes quarterly. Institute of Audio/Video Engineering. (213) 666-3003/1831 Hyperion, Dept. G, Hollywood, CA 90027.

Messages

TO ANDY "I-SHALL-FEAR-NO-IN-strumental" Summers: we agree! Return to Montreal for solo gig. Palpitatingly yours, Gina.

Miscellany

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

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 800-328-9660 (612) 825-6848 Or Call East Coast Ofc. (609) 547-7096 Or Call West Coast Ofc. (714) 527-5611

Musicians, free classified

FREE SPACE IS PROVIDED IN THE RECORD for hungry musicians. If you need a gig, or additional band members, send us your ad (25 word maximum). All listings are subject to space availability. If you have something to buy or sell, you pay only 50¢ per word. Send your ad to: THE RECORD, Musicians' Classified, 745 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10151.

RECORD LIKE THE PRO'S—LEARN the Professional Recording Techniques! \$2 and SASE to Rival Talents, Box 9662, Madison, WI 53715.

HOW TO "MAKE MONEY—PLAYING Music." Professional Handbook shows anyone how to start a band and make money fast! Learn secrets and step-by-step guidelines. Ready to use contracts and starter's package... guaranteed! Send \$10 to: D.L.R., Suite 506-R1 Stonestrow, Newark, DE 19702.

ROCK BAND ACCEPTING DEMOS FOR professional lead singer, prior to live auditions. All demos returned. Send to: Studio C, Suite 1045, Box 58170, Houston, TX 77258.

NEEDED: ELECTRIC VIOLINIST, electric guitarist, keyboardist (synthesizer) for avant garde Christian slam band. Born again only. Write Box 9, Windham, CT 06280.

GUITARIST, SINGER, SONGWRITER looking for touring band. Pro's only. 612-788-1213.

EXPERIENCED VOCALIST, COMPOSER, versatile, guitarist w/+ attitude & individual showmanship quality now available for serious, major, professional, clean, progressive, rock band. Information, photos, demos, & interview upon legit request—contact: Robert D. Scott, Jr., (313) 386-5809; Box 627, Dearborn, MI 48121.

DRUMMER NEEDS THREE GUITAR players to start a rock group to play my own songs. Call (816) 229-8072.

BANDS, SONGWRITERS, MANAGERS: See that your music is heard by the Right Contact. For details send SASE to: Music Mgmt. Systems, Box 851, Hyttsville, MD 20782.

EXPERIENCED ROCK DRUMMER looking for working group, original or cover tunes. Send info in care of Tony Simon, Box 211042, Denver, CO 80221.

TALENTED, ATTRACTIVE SINGER/songwriter, male, 30, looking for foxy female guitarist who can do vocal harmony. Classy pop-rock band to follow. No beginners. Sal, 212-721-5887.

FEMALE GUITARIST—LOOKING TO form or join an all female rock 'n' roll band. Must be serious and creative. Punky Mitchell, 4415-A Sprenkle Ln., Richmond, VA 23228. Or call 804-288-6270.

SINGER/ACOUSTIC GUITAR SEEKS work with band. Harmonies and lead experience. No punk or heavy metal please! Alice (201) 486-7605.

Posters and Photos

Exclusive Offer



A FULL COLOR 20" x 26" POSTER from the original painting by Mark Chambers of the stoned age. Send \$6.99 plus \$2 postage and handling to: MAC Posters, Box 533, Greenwood, TX 76246.

Color Concert Photos!

HUGE SELECTION, HUNDREDS OF performers including rock, country, southern bands. Send \$1 for beautiful illustrated catalog. Mention favorite: "Smile"

Box 15293-RD Chesapeake, VA 23320-0293

PHOTOS, BUTTONS & MORE!! BEST: Quality/Service/Prices! Cougar, Police, Trick, Springfield, Heart, Krokus... more. Catalog, sample \$1. Rock Stills, Box 279 (RD), Houghton Lake, MI 48629.

Recording Services

HOLD ON... A RECORD WITHOUT A record contract? Solution: Independent custom pressing at low Canadian currency price. For our full information package and price list please enclose \$2. Write: PMR Distribution, 8 45th Ave., Suite 10, Lachine, Quebec, CANADA H8T 2L7.

Records & Tapes

Free Records and Tapes

BUY ONE CURRENTLY IN-PRINT record (tape—get a second record or tape free) For more information, write: Rainbow's End Box 181R Wethersfield, CT 06109

Rainbow's End 1983 Catalog OF CUTOOTS, OVERSTOCK AND budget records and tapes. Thousands of titles—best prices. Send \$1 (refundable) to: Rainbow's End Box 181R Wethersfield, CT 06109

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 Reds., Box 390 R, N.Y., N.Y. 10011.

Rock 'n' Roll Party Tapes!

ALL GROUPS—LOW PRICES—FREE catalog: Angel Products, Box 119-RC, Hauppauge, NY 11788.

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.

COLLECTIBLE RARE ROCK TAPES—1962 through 1982. Huge selection! Free catalog! Sounds, Box 37603, Dept. RD, Phoenix, AZ 85069.

RECORD CLEANING CLOTH REMOVES dust, static-electricity. 2/\$3.00!!! Hyltons, B17082, W. Palm Beach, FL 33406.

GOLDEN OLDIES, THOUSANDS OF 45 records, oldies cassettes, rock & roll t-shirts. Send \$2 for catalog. Stewart Estep Records, Box 10243, Alexandria, VA 22310.

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

Songwriters

LYRICIST. SHOWCASE YOUR TALENT against other lyricist. \$1000.00 prize money for best lyric. Details: Attention: J.E. Granger, BadBoy Enterprises, 301 Troy Drive, Madison, WI 53704.

Wanted

Wanted: Rock Interviews FOR ROLLING STONE MAGAZINE'S "Continuous History of Rock & Roll" radio program. Original material only. Must be air quality. Payment upon acceptance. Not responsible for unsolicited tapes! Call or write John McGhan at ROLLING STONE, 745 Fifth Ave., New York NY 10151. 212-758-3800.



A special event for record lovers featuring:

- Rare items • Incredible bargains
- Promo items • A zillion records
- Guest appearances by independent bands

BUFFALO—Thursday evening, Dec. 30, Holiday Inn, Downtown, 620 Delaware.

PITTSBURGH—Saturday, Jan. 1, Howard Johnsons, Monroeville, I-76 at Rt. 22.

CLEVELAND—Sunday, Jan. 2, Stouffers Inn On The Square, 24 Public Square, Downtown

INDIANAPOLIS—Tuesday evening, Jan. 4, Hilton Inn at the Circle (Downtown).

ST. LOUIS—Wednesday evening, Jan. 5, Ramada Inn, Westport, I-270 to Page exit east.

MILWAUKEE—Friday evening, Jan. 7, Hyatt Regency, 333 W. Kilbourne, at 3rd.

CHICAGO—Saturday, Jan. 8, Hillside Holiday Inn, I-290 at Wolf Road.

MINNEAPOLIS—Sunday, Jan. 9, Holiday Inn Downtown, Nicollet Mall at 13th St. **IN PERSON: THE REPLACEMENTS.**

DETROIT—Sunday, Jan. 9, American Legion, Royal Oak, 12 Mile Rd. at Rochester Rd.

WASHINGTON D.C.—Saturday, Jan. 15, Holiday Inn, Crystal City, Rt. 1 at 15th St. **SPECIAL GUESTS: THE SLICKEE BOYS and THE INSECT SURFERS. Tables only \$12.50.**

BALTIMORE—Sun., Jan. 16, Holiday Inn, Towson, Beltway, exit 29 (Cromwell Bridge Rd.) **Tables \$12.50.**

PHILADELPHIA—Tuesday evening, Jan. 18, Holiday Inn, Airport, I-95 at Essington exit.

NORTH JERSEY—Thursday evening, Jan. 20, Holiday Inn, Saddlebrook, Garden State at I-80.

LONG ISLAND—Saturday, Jan. 22, Holiday Inn, Plainview, exit 46 on L.I.E. **SPECIAL GUESTS: THE RAYBEATS THE dB's, and tentatively THE BONGOS.**

BOSTON—Sunday, Jan. 23, Holiday Inn, Somerville, I-93 at Sullivan Sq. exit (southbound).

DETROIT—Sunday, Jan 23, Farmington American Legion, 9 Mile Rd. west of Middlebelt. **LIVE PERFORMANCE BY THE AMERICATS (tentative).**

ATLANTA—Saturday, Jan. 29, Northwest Hilton Inn, I-75 at Windy Hill (1 mile north of 285).

DALLAS—Sunday, Jan. 30, Holiday Inn, Central Fwy. at Fitzhugh exit. **VERY SPECIAL GUEST: THE CRAZY WORLD OF ARTHUR BROWN.**

PITTSBURGH—Saturday, Feb. 5, Howard Johnson's, Monroeville, I-76 at Rt. 22.

CLEVELAND—Sunday, Feb. 6, Holiday Inn, Lakeside at E. 12th St.

CHICAGO—Saturday, Feb. 12, Hillside Holiday Inn, I-290 at Wolf Rd.

MINNEAPOLIS—Sunday, Feb. 13, Holiday Inn, Downtown Mpls., 13th St. at Nicollet Mall.

DETROIT—Sunday, Feb. 13, Royal Oak American Legion, 12 Mile Rd. at Rochester Rd.

SAN DIEGO—Saturday, Feb. 19, Stardust Hotel, Mission Valley, I-8 to Hotel Circle North.

ORANGE COUNTY, CA—Sunday, Feb. 20, Holiday Inn, Fullerton, Riverside Fwy. at Harbor Blvd. exit.

RIVERSIDE/SAN BERNARDINO—Monday evening, Feb. 21, Holiday Inn, Riverside, Pomona Fwy. at University exit (1 mile E. of Riverside Fwy.)

LOS ANGELES—Tuesday evening, Feb. 22, Holiday Inn Downtown, Harbor Fwy. to 9th St. exit, Figueroa at Olympic.

SAN JOSE—Saturday, Feb. 26, LeBaron Hotel, Nimitz Fwy. to 1st St. exit North.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY—Sunday, Feb. 27, Holiday Inn, Bay Bridge I-80 at Emeryville exit.

DETROIT—Sunday, Feb. 27, Farmington American Legion, 9 Mile Rd., west of Middlebelt.

THERE WILL BE NO CANCELLATIONS DUE TO WEATHER! NO MATTER HOW MUCH IT SNOWS, THE SHOW MUST GO ON!



WEEKEND SHOWS: 9am-4:30pm, tables \$25. **WEEKNIGHT SHOWS:** 4pm-11pm, tables \$20. **GENERAL ADMISSION—\$2.00.** To reserve a dealer's table, call (313) 968-3050 anytime. You may bring a box or crate of records for a \$5 admission fee. Dealer set-up time is 1hr. prior to opening. 24 hour info (313) 968-1987.

THE 3 TOPS

MEN AT WORK



TOP OF THE CHART

MEN AT WORK MADE IT OUT of Melbourne, Australia's inner city because they did not join in the noise, but rather fashioned a pop sound unlike anything being exported from Down Under. The key ingredients? Dry, witty writing; haunting melodies; and some inventive use of saxophone and flute to create mood. *Business As Usual* is an extremely impressive debut by a band in only its third year of existence.

Among the highlights are "Down Under," a reggaeish rocker featuring Greg Ham's playful flute work; "Down By The Sea," a rock chanty which tugs at the heart via Ham's sax; and "People Just Love To Play With Words," a children's song with a subtext out of Elvis Costello's library of pain.

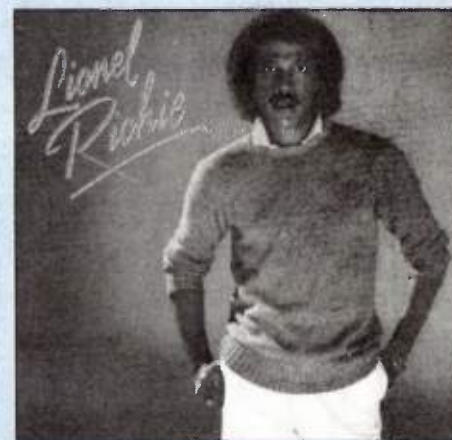
Colin Hay (vocalist and chief writer), guitarist Ron Strykert, and Ham are those most responsible for bringing this Tasmanian experience to America. Finally, an Australian band whose sensibility is not measured in decibels. ♦



TOP NEW ENTRY

POWERED BY A HIT SINGLE (a surprising remake of the Supremes' hit, "You Can't Hurry Love"), Phil Collins' second solo album charts as this month's top new entry. In addition to writing nine of the LP's ten tunes, Collins once again takes the word "solo" seriously by playing keyboards, drums, percussion and bass pedal, as well as singing lead vocals and producing the album. What little help he needs is provided mostly by guitarist Daryl Steurmer, bassist John Giblin and EW&F's Phoenix Horns.

In stark contrast to the theme of his 1981 solo debut, *Face Value*, the lyrical content of *Hello, I Must Be Going!* indicates that Collins has come to grips with the turmoil in his personal life. He seeks understanding this time out, and his quest is told compellingly not only in lyrics, but in music that is by turns threatening and exultant. In all respects, *Hello, I Must Be Going!* ranks as another first-rate effort by one of rock's most adventurous musicians. ♦



TOP DEBUT ALBUM

IN "WANDERING SONG," one of the pivotal selections from his debut album as a solo artist, Lionel Richie sings, "I must keep moving 'til I find me." It's a powerful moment—Richie caresses the lyric, and the effect is of the singer speaking intimately to the listener. That's typical of an album notable for its rich emotional heart and musical scope.

Produced by Richie and the Commodores' long-time co-producer James Carmichael, *Lionel Richie* moves from the assertive R&B-pop of "It Serves You Right" and "You Are," to the classically-influenced ballads "Truly" and "You Mean More To Me," to the subtle country stylings of "My Love."

Clearly, Richie's solo debut marks a new beginning for the composer of "Easy," "Three Times A Lady," "Sail On," "Still" and other Commodores hits. Says the artist: "This record pretty much paints the whole picture and captures what I'm about—it's got my insides all over it and it's not diluted in any way." ♦

Vol. 2 No. 3 \$1.00

Miami Steve Hangs Tough / Peter Gabriel Steals The Beat

January 1983

RECORD

TOM PETTY

The War Is Over

55294 NI 3771177V0N3X
KENDALLVILLE IN 46755
ST CLYDE OH 45426
MR BRIAN L GLICK
K179 7 NVIR8 2W
140236

Exclusive Interview: Ry Cooder
Jeff Beck, Eric Clapton, Joni Mitchell,
Linda Ronstadt, Yaz