BOOK EXCERPT: THE STORY OF THE WHO BY DAVE MARSH

November 1983 Vol.3 No.1
$1.50 U.K. 70p

RECORD

MUSICVIDEO 1984
THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME - A SPECIAL REPORT

TOM WAITS
IN SEARCH OF A CATHARTIC EPIPHANY

THE RECORD INTERVIEW

BOY GEORGE
WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET

PLUS MUSICVIDEO AND INSTRUMENTS & AUDIO

0 34141 11
140236


© 1983 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
You've got what it takes.
Salem Spirit
Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.
10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
20 CIGARETTES
Menthol Fresh
Salem
LIGHTS
20 CIGARETTES
Salem
LIGHTS
100s

For years you have been told some pretty tall stories about cassette tape. Denon only makes one claim for DX-Series Cassettes. We don't say they will play on the moon; we don't say they will survive being baked in ovens. We hope that they won't tip over your chair or shatter your stemware. We only say that Denon DX-Series Cassette Tape will sound more like real music than any other brand on the market.

"YOU DON'T LISTEN TO SPECIFICATIONS; YOU LISTEN TO MUSIC."

Most cassette tape advertising tries to impress you with specifications. The trouble is that specifications do not necessarily equate to *musicality*.

Most manufacturers' specifications are based on static measurements, the tape's response to steady test tones. Denon DX-Series Cassette Tape goes one step further: it also minimizes Dynamic Distortion, the distortion created by actual musical signals.

"DENON WILL BECOME 'THE AUDIOPHILES CASSETTE TAPE.'"

True audiophiles realize the A-B testing is not the real gauge of sound quality. Only extended listening can tell you if a component—or a tape—is superior.

Perform this test for yourself. Make a recording on Denon DX-Cassette Tape first listening to the source. Then playback your DX-Tape recording and compare the two experiences.

The message is in the music.

"YOU WILL DISCOVER A CASSETTE TAPE THAT SOUNDS LIKE REAL MUSIC."

Nippon Columbia Co., Ltd. No. 14-14, 4 Chome, Akasaka, Minato-Ku, Tokyo 107, Japan

Denon America, Inc., 27 Law Drive, Fairfield, N.J. 07006

The music you want to hear is on your records... you just haven't heard it all.

REVEAL makes records sound better.

The first step is to hear the music, not the noise.

You've probably bought hundreds of records ...for the music. Why put up with "pops" and "crackles"? REVEAL's high technology formula deep-cleans and conditions your records so that all the dust and dirt particles are *completely* removed along with other harmful deposits that cause surface noise. Try REVEAL first on one of your old records that you think is hopeless...and you'll re-discover why you bought it in the first place...for the music.

REVEAL makes old or new records sound better.

That's why we call it "REVEAL"...because REVEAL does a lot more than just clean dirty records. REVEAL conditions the record vinyl to improve the action of the stylus within the record groove itself by virtually eliminating stylus drag and friction...and that means even new records sound better. Clearer highs, smoother mid-range, and fuller bass...whether the record is old or new. In actual listening tests of old and new records, most people tell us they hear much greater detail and presence after treating the record with REVEAL, with more of a feeling of "being there" than they ever heard before.

The music is on your records, you just haven't heard it all. REVEAL it.

ASK FOR REVEAL AT YOUR RECORD STORE OR STEREO DEALER

COMPLETE KIT SHOWN ABOVE INCLUDES
4 OUNCE REVEAL SOLUTION, APPLICATOR & PREENER

reveal

makes records sound better

November 1983

CONTENTS

Vol. 3 No. 1

FEATURES

FROM RIGHT PHOTO DEBRA TREITZ/LGI DAVID McGOUGH/DMI

PHOTO PAUL COX

PHOTO KATE SIMON STARR

Cover photo of Boy George by Paul Cox

DEPARTMENTS

RECORD

MANAGING EDITOR
David McGee

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Mark Mehler, David Gans *(West Coast)*

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Wayne King

ART DIRECTOR
Esther Draznin

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
Helene Podziba

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Vince Aletti, Craig Anderton, J.D. Considine, Dan Forte, Jonathan Gross, Alan Hecht *(video)*, John Hutchinson, Dave Marsh, Doc Pomus, Martin Porter *(audio/electronics)*

PUBLISHER
Thomas F. Braun

VICE PRESIDENT
Marty Ostrow

ADVERTISING
Jeffrey Babcock, Alan Stiles, Patti Fiore *(Classifieds)*

ADVERTISING COORDINATOR
Karen M. Johnston

ADVERTISING PRODUCTION
Calvin Generette

MARKETING SERVICES
Paul Black *(Mgr.)*, Nancy Haft *(Asst.)*

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR
John Skipper

SINGLE COPY DIRECTOR
John Lowe

SUBSCRIPTIONS DIRECTOR
Kim Shorb

CIRCULATION MANAGERS
Bill Coad, Tom Costello, James Jacobs, Nicky Roe, Ira Tattleman, Paula Madison, Solomon N'jie

MANUFACTURING & DISTRIBUTION
Dan Sullivan *(Director)*
Linda M. Landes *(Printing Manager)*

DIRECTOR RETAIL SALES & PUBLICITY
Susan Ollinick

CONTROLLER
Judy Hemberger

FINANCE DEPARTMENT
Betty Jo Klune, Mary Glasser, Mary Driver

GENERAL STAFF
Susan Brewster, Jonathan Gregg, Lisa Leavitt, Michael Roseman, Lee Rosenbaum *(Office Mgr.)*

The Record is a special interest publication of Straight Arrow Publishers, Inc.:
Chairman: Jann S. Wenner
Sr. Vice President: Kent Brownridge

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

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. Microform editions of RECORD are available through UMI, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106, (800) 521-0600, and through Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691, (800) 321-9881. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to RECORD, P.O. Box 2985, Boulder, Colorado 80322. This edition published September 19 for newsstand sales from October 18 through November 15.

US (AND THEM)

JOHN MENDELSSOHN'S REVIEW of the US Festival ("US '83: No More In '84," August RECORD) cut right to the heart of that disgusting charade. All of the people spouting praise for the three-day fiasco obviously were on some sort of long-term trip or suffering from short-term insanity.

Mendelssohn's view was bleak, but he saw only part of US '83. One day I joined his backstage world of goons shouting "Where's your pass?" I saw Men at Work's sound technicians denied stage access until it seemed as if the band wouldn't be able to perform. After their set, members of the Clash were almost shoved into me by security freaks. I watched as the Clash frantically asked what had become of Joe Strummer (*Ed. note: we've been asking that very same question for some time now*). But this was only the better half.

The camping facilities were just peachy, too. While the pompous Unuson bigwheels lounged in their air-conditioning and enjoyed hot running water, us insignificant lost souls and music fans huddled in the dirt and trash. I lucked out and got the privilege to park less than half a mile away from the overpriced, poorly-stocked store. The campground was equipped with cold water faucets—probably about one for every 150 people. There were *no* showers and most people were there five or six days. Bad drugs and thieves were everywhere (brotherhood at its best).

And where was Steve Wozniak, one may wonder? Why, he was seeing that his personal guests got royal treatment. Anyone with a number two guest pass had access to stage side seats and a place dubbed "Woz's World." "Woz's World" was complete with free fresh fruit, chips, dips, shade, lounge chairs, cheap drinks, the works. (Funny—I thought the musicians and fans were to be the elite at this gathering.)

The "Festival" was the biggest joke I've ever seen. Wozniak got the ego trip of a lifetime. The bands got mega bucks. And the fans? Well, let's hope our genius sticks to computers instead of sticking it to hundreds of thousands of people in the future.

DINAH TABOR
Houston, Tx.

THOUGH THERE WERE SEVERAL bad points about this year's US Festival (not being allowed to bring food in, a death or two, etcetera), the show itself, with a truly amazing lineup of today's top talent and a shockingly clear sound system, overshadowed everything else. I would not hesitate to go back.

NORMAN CRIDER
Houston, Tx.

HEDGES FOR PRESIDENT . . .

AFTER AN ONSLAUGHT OF MOnotonous articles and interviews with the Police in recent months, I found it refreshing to read Dan Hedges' record review of the Police's *Synchronicity* (August RECORD). This review is the first I've read that does not hail the album as "God's Gift To Music," but examines it from an entirely new perspective. It's the kind of review which puts its finger on something you hadn't realized about the album and makes you think, "That's it. He's exactly right." That doesn't happen too often.

CHARLENE YARROW
St. Albert, Alberta, Canada

. . . HEDGES FOR DOGCATCHER

DOES CRITIC DAN HEDGES REALly know what he wants to say about the Police's *Synchronicity* album? Between his analysis of the deleterious effects of Sting's egotism and lifestyle, and his uncertain pronouncements of the band's demise, it appears that he has scrutinized the musicians without bothering to listen to the music.

Proclaiming the track "King of Pain" to be "bleak" and "cloudy," he goes on to say it "arguably weighs in as the album's most carefully-crafted track, showcasing some of Sting's best word imagery to date."

This carefully worded brand of doubletalk implies that either Hedges neglected his homework, or that he feels no matter what the album's fate, he will not be taken to task by such an ambiguous exercise in criticism.

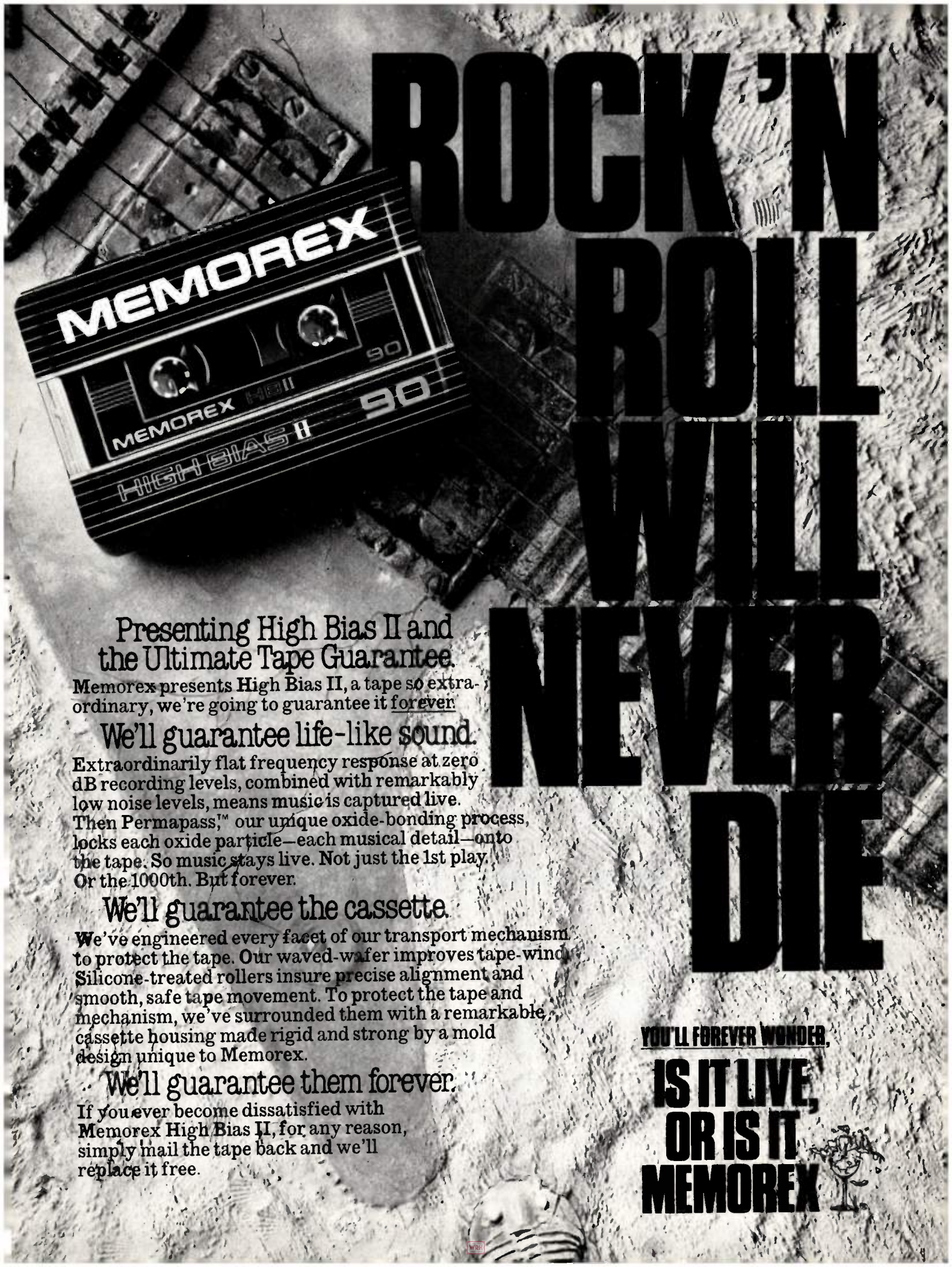
In any case, his pale if not presumptuous article merits, in my opinion, no more than a D (I think Mr. Sumner might also agree).

JOHN W. SLATTERY
New Preston, Ct.

TALK THAT TALK

SO J.J. JACKSON THINKS THAT IF you take "the guitar out of rock 'n' roll, you've got no rock 'n' roll" ("J.J. Jackson: A Life In Video," September RECORD). Then why is MTV's non-heavy metal programming—supposedly all rock 'n' roll—comprised largely of synthesizer-based music? Personally I agree with Jackson about the guitar/rock 'n' roll thing, but as an excuse to justify MTV's racist programming, it's pretty lame.

JEFF TAMARKIN
Editor, *Goldmine* Magazine
New York City


ROCK 'N ROLL WILL NEVER DIE
MEMOREX
MEMOREX HBII
HIGH BIAS II
90
Presenting High Bias II and the Ultimate Tape Guarantee.
Memorex presents High Bias II, a tape so extraordinary, we're going to guarantee it forever.
We'll guarantee life-like sound.
Extraordinarily flat frequency response at zero dB recording levels, combined with remarkably low noise levels, means music is captured live. Then Permapass,™ our unique oxide-bonding process, locks each oxide particle—each musical detail—onto the tape. So music stays live. Not just the 1st play. Or the 1000th. But forever.
We'll guarantee the cassette.
We've engineered every facet of our transport mechanism to protect the tape. Our waved-wafer improves tape-wind. Silicone-treated rollers insure precise alignment and smooth, safe tape movement. To protect the tape and mechanism, we've surrounded them with a remarkable cassette housing made rigid and strong by a mold design unique to Memorex.
We'll guarantee them forever.
If you ever become dissatisfied with Memorex High Bias II, for any reason, simply mail the tape back and we'll replace it free.
YOU'LL FOREVER WONDER,
IS IT LIVE, OR IS IT MEMOREX

TOP 100 ALBUMS

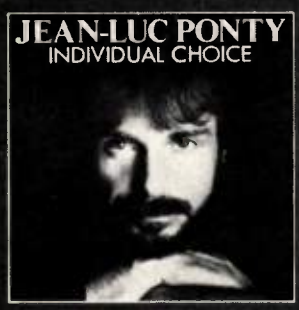
1. SYNCHRONICITY — The Police *A&M*
2. THRILLER — Michael Jackson *Epic*
3. LET'S DANCE — David Bowie *EMI/America*
4. FLASHDANCE — Soundtrack *Casablanca*
5. AN INNOCENT MAN — Billy Joel *Columbia*
6. SPEAKING IN TONGUES — Talking Heads *Sire*
7. THE WILD HEART — Stevie Nicks *Modern*
8. LAWYERS IN LOVE — Jackson Browne *Elektra*
9. REACH THE BEACH — The Fixx *MCA*
10. PUNCH THE CLOCK — Elvis Costello *Columbia*
11. PYROMANIA — Def Leppard *Mercury*
12. ALPHA — Asia *Geffen*
13. SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS — Eurythmics *RCA*
14. PRINCIPLES OF MOMENTS — Robert Plant *Atlantic*
15. DURAN DURAN — Duran Duran *Capitol*
16. CARGO — Men At Work *Columbia*
17. SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY — Donna Summer *Metcury*
18. KEEP IT UP — Loverboy *Columbia*
19. KISSING TO BE CLEVER — Culture Club *Virgin/Epic*
20. STAYING ALIVE — Soundtrack *RSO*
21. 1999 — Prince *Warner Bros.*
22. STATE OF CONFUSION — The Kinks *Arista*
23. WAR — U2 *Island*
24. RHYTHM OF YOUTH — Men Without Hats *MCA*
25. EVERYBODY'S ROCKIN' — Neil Young *Geffen*
26. FASCINATION — The Human League *A&M*
27. TEXAS FLOOD — Stevie Ray Vaughan *Epic*
28. TAKE ANOTHER PICTURE — Quarterflash *Geffen*
29. ELIMINATOR — ZZ Top *Warner Bros.*
30. FRONTIERS — Journey *Columbia*
31. CLOSE TO THE BONE — Tom Tom Club *Sire*
32. GIRL AT HER VOLCANO — Rickie Lee Jones *Warner Bros.*
33. METAL HEALTH — Quiet Riot *Pasha*
34. ALBUM — Joan Jett *Blackheart/MCA*
35. MURMUR — R.E.M. *IRS*
36. GET IT RIGHT — Aretha Franklin *Arista*
37. PLAYS LIVE — Peter Gabriel *Geffen*
38. CUTS LIKE A KNIFE — Bryan Adams *A&M*
39. PIECE OF MIND — Iron Maiden *Capitol*
40. H2O — Hall and Oates *RCA*
41. IN YOUR EYES — George Benson *Warner Bros.*
42. THE REAL MACAW — Graham Parker *Arista*
43. LISTEN — A Flock Of Seagulls *Jive/Arista*
44. ROSS — Diana Ross *RCA*
45. KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE — Eddy Grant *Portrait/CBS*
46. MADNESS — Madness *Geffen*
47. PLEASURE VICTIM — Berlin *Geffen*
48. THE HURTING — Tears For Fears *Mercury*
49. FIELD DAY — Marshall Crenshaw *Warner Bros.*
50. BODY WISHES — Rod Stewart *Warner Bros.*
51. TOO LATE FOR ZERO — Elton John *Geffen*
52. OUTSIDE INSIDE — The Tubes *Capitol*
53. KILROY WAS HERE — Styx *A&M*
54. BUSINESS AS USUAL — Men At Work *Columbia*
55. THE KEY — Joan Armatrading *A&M*
56. JARREAU — Al Jarreau *Warner Bros.*
57. SECRET MESSAGES — ELO *Jet/CBS*
58. INFORMATION — Dave Edmunds *Columbia*
59. WHITE FEATHERS — Kajagoogoo *EMI/America*
60. YOU BOUGHT IT, YOU NAME IT — Joe Walsh *Full Moon*
61. NAKED EYES — Naked Eyes *EMI/America*
62. WHAMMY — The B-52's *Warner Bros.*
63. LIONEL RICHIE — Lionel Richie *Motown*
64. ALLIES — Crosby, Stills, & Nash *Atlantic*
65. THE HIGH ROAD — Roxy Music *E.G./Warner Bros.*
66. TRAVELS — Pat Metheny Group *ECM*
67. KIHNSPIRACY — Greg Kihn *Beserkley*
68. SCANDAL — Scandal *Columbia*
69. NON FICTION — The Blasters *Slash/Warner Bros.*
70. DEEP SEA SKIVING — Bananarama *London*
71. RETURN OF THE JEDI — Soundtrack *RSO*
72. THE GOLDEN AGE OF WIRELESS — Thomas Dolby *Capitol*
73. LOW RIDE — Earl Klugh *Capitol*
74. THE FINAL CUT — Pink Floyd *Columbia*
75. SHABOOH SHOOBAH — INXS *Atco*
76. NEW GOLD DREAMS — Simple Minds *A&M*
77. RIO — Duran Duran *Capitol*
78. BUILT FOR SPEED — Stray Cats *EMI/America*
79. THE INARTICULATE SPEECH OF THE HEART — Van Morrison *Warner Bros.*
80. LIVING IN OZ — Rick Springfield *RCA*
81. THE DISTANCE — Bob Seger *Capitol*
82. AFTER THE SNOW — Modern English *Sire*
83. SPECIAL BEAT SERVICE — English Beat *IRS*
84. LEGENDARY HEARTS — Lou Reed *RCA*
85. NIGHT AND DAY — Joe Jackson *A&M*
86. EINZELHAFT — Falco *A&M*
87. SCOOP — Pete Townshend *Atco*
88. QUARTET — Ultravox *Chrysalis*
89. AFTER THE FIRE — After The Fire *Epic*
90. SUBTERRANEAN JUNGLE — The Ramones *Sire*
91. CUT — Golden Earring *21 Records*
92. HAVANA MOON — Carlos Santana *Columbia*
93. CALL OF THE WEST — Wall of Voodoo *IRS*
94. TOO-RYE-AYE — Dexys Midnight Runners *Mercury*
95. LONG AFTER DARK — Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers *Backstreet*
96. THE ABOMINABLE SHOWMAN — Nick Lowe *Columbia*
97. MONEY AND CIGARETTES — Eric Clapton *Warner Bros.*
98. SIDE KICKS — Thompson Twins *Arista*
99. PORCUPINE — Echo and the Bunnymen *Sire*
100. THE ART OF FALLING APART — Soft Cell *Sire*

PONTY'S CHOICE.

There are few artists who are truly at the vanguard of contemporary music. Jean-Luc Ponty is such an artist.

"Individual Choice," his brilliant new album is the breathtaking culmination of his best work ever. A genuine solo project, Jean-Luc Ponty plays keyboards, rhythm computer, and violin.

Make "INDIVIDUAL CHOICE" your choice.



On Atlantic Records and Cassettes.

80098

Featuring the single,
"Far From The Beaten Paths." 7-89787

Produced by Jean-Luc Ponty for J.L.P. Productions, Inc.

JEAN-LUC PONTY ON TOUR THIS FALL.

ONO COMPLETING LP SESSIONS

Two new albums due before year's end

NEW YORK—Before the end of the year Yoko Ono should have two new albums in the stores, one titled *Milk and Honey*, recorded during the 1980 sessions for her and John Lennon's *Double Fantasy* and another, as yet untitled, featuring guest artists (including Elvis Costello) performing her songs.

Of *Milk and Honey*, Ono says, "I listened to the songs last year and thought about putting them out then. But I got very sad when I heard John's voice. And I thought, 'If I think it's sad, they (the listeners) will think that, too.' "

Yet these sessions also found Lennon newly invigorated as an artist, and his enthusiasm for what he and Ono cut—plus the persistence of family friend Sam Havadtoy—ultimately led Ono to pursue the *Milk and Honey* project.

Most of the songs are upbeat and in the optimistic mood of *Double Fantasy*. Three of Lennon's songs, including the first single, "Steppin' Out," are full-tilt rockers, with more bite than anything on *Double Fantasy*. The only song on the album not cut during 1980, "You're The One," is a fast-paced dance-rock tune. Like *Double Fantasy*, *Milk and Honey* is a dialogue, with six Lennon songs and six Ono songs. The vocals on two cuts, Ono's "Let Me Count The Ways" and Lennon's "Roll With Me," were sung by the artists to each other during long-distance phone calls that were taped on a small cassette recorder. Lennon was assassinated before he could re-record the tracks in a studio, but Ono has decided to release them as they are.

Though Ono has no label affiliation as this story goes to press in late September, she is confident of having the album in release by mid-October. And by December a second Ono album will hit the market, this one produced by Havadtoy and featuring an unusually diverse roster of artists performing Ono's songs. Among the participants: Eddie Money, Harry Nilsson, Roberta Flack, Carole King, Roseanne Cash, Carly Simon, and Tina Turner. Elvis Costello checks in with a version of "Walking On Thin Ice."

The album will also feature Sean Ono Lennon, Yoko's son by John, singing one of his mother's songs. Lennon's version of Ono's "Every Man Has a Woman Who Loves Him" will also be included on the LP.

—Jeffrey Peisch

PHOTO: DAVID McGOUGH/DMI

Ono: upbeat and optimistic

KEITH RICHARDS PAYS A DEBT

Will coordinate music for Robert Johnson film bio

NEW YORK—Later this year Keith Richards will pay back a musical debt to Robert Johnson, one of his primary inspirations, when he begins work coordinating the music for a film biography of the legendary bluesman's life. Independent producer Alan Greenberg, a long-time friend of Richards', reportedly will spend $2 million on the project and shoot it on location in the Mississippi delta region from whence Johnson hailed. The film's working title is *Love In Vain*, which is also the title of the only Johnson song the Stones have ever recorded (on *Let It Bleed*).

"Johnson's life was quite amazing, short as it was," Richards says, "and it stands up on its own whether you know about him or not. Alan has a nice idea of how to present it visually, and he's asked me if I want to take care of the recording, the music, and who's going to play the music.

"It's a tall order," Richards adds, laughing slightly. "But I'd hate to go see that movie if I didn't do the music."

Little is known of Johnson's life, save that he was murdered by a jealous girlfriend near Greenwood, Mississippi in 1938. Thus far no one has been able to produce a photograph of the man, either. He did leave behind, however, 29 sides of breathtaking Delta blues recorded for the ARC music company in 1936 and '37, now available in two volumes on Columbia Records, *King of the Delta Blues Singers*.

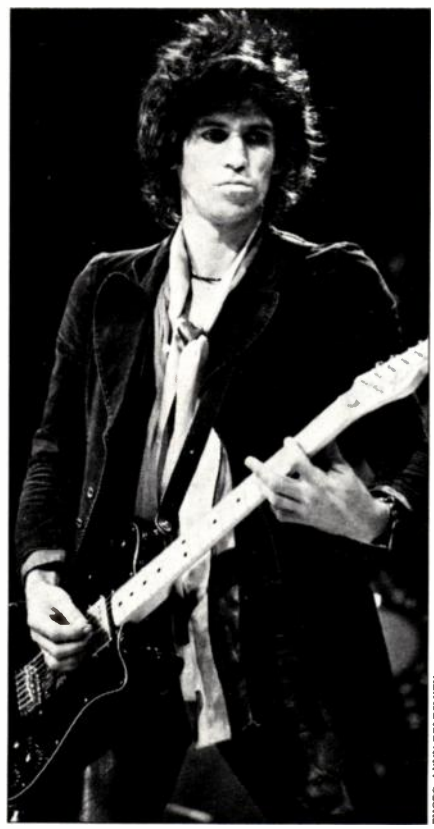


PHOTO: LYNN GOLDSMITH

Richards: looking for good players

Though Richards will play on the soundtrack, he's under no illusion of being able to reproduce Johnson's challenging bottleneck style all alone. "I've been listening to Robert Johnson for 20 odd years now, and I think it'll take about 15 different people to come close to presenting what Robert did as a player. I want to get it as right as possible, not meaning exact technical reproductions of what he did, but getting the right spirit. I'm going to get in touch with players I know, and we'll all have a bash at 'Hellhound On My Trail,' and whoever does the best version gets to be in the movie."

Greenberg's most recent credit as a producer is *The Land of Look Behind*, a documentary on Jamaican music and culture. He has also written with German filmmaker Werner Herzog, who directed the movie version of Greenberg's novel, *Heart of Glass*.

—David McGee

BODY COUNT: WALL OF VOODOO

Ridgway, Noland split to form new band

LOS ANGELES—A funny thing happened on the way to check out Wall of Voodoo's record in progress.

"They've split up," chirps an IRS label staffer. "I just found out a couple of hours ago."

So now two records are in progress. Wall of Voodoo still exists with Chas Gray on keyboards, Marc Moreland on guitar and Joe Nanini on drums. Gone are lead vocalist Stan Ridgway and bassist Bill Noland.

Both camps have spent the summer at home with their tape machines. The men of Voodoo were looking for a singer and working out tunes on topics like commercials, museums, and Moreland's dinosaur fetish. Both may have IRS album releases in January.

"Everything's been very friendly," comments Gray. Moreland states he was "due for a change" in his five-year-long partnership with Ridgway.

"It got carried away," he said. "We just got into this 'Mexican Radio' thing too far. It was out of control. Kids wouldn't listen to our other music."

Indeed, Ridgway feels Wall of Voodoo had responded to being successful by becoming "formulaic. I just want to have more challenges, to stretch out a bit." Ridgway and Noland have been joined by keyboard player Mitchell Froom, who composed the film score for a low budget sex-and-mutant epic, *Cafe Flesh*. "His score was sort of '40's-'90's Peter Gunn."

Another recent project paired Ridgway with Stewart Copeland on the soundtrack of Francis Ford Coppola's *Rumble Fish*. Ridgway's song "Just Because We're Men" plays over the closing credits. He's also writing songs for singer/actress Beverly D'Angelo.

As for the future? "I hope I'm not pertentious enough to think that everything's going to go great guns for me right away," Ridgway says. "I just knew it was something I had to do to keep challenging myself in the direction of music."

—Susanne Whatley

PHOTO: ANN SUMMA/RETNA LTD

R.I.P.: (from left) Nanini, Gray, Noland, Ridgway, Moreland

MUSICAL YOUTH DO THE DISCO

New album also features all-star supporting cast

LOS ANGELES—"They're friends of ours" says Junior Waite by way of explaining how Stevie Wonder, Donna Summer and Michael Jackson came to appear on Musical Youth's new album, *Different Styles*. As the title indicates, the band's stepping out a bit on its second LP. While half the album is reggae, the other half, Waite notes, "is disco, with just a touch of reggae—more sophisticated songs."

Waite, who speaks in soft, serious tones, has just turned 16, the age when most California kids get drivers licenses. But he and the rest of Musical Youth haven't had time to cover much more ground beyond that between a west Los Angeles recording studio and a temporary home is Beverly Hills during their summer stay here. "We have to be at the studio at 11 in the morning," Waite relates, "and we go all day, and finish about half-past seven in the night."

As for the group's illustrious friends, Donna Summer invited Musical Youth to join her onstage at the Universal Amphitheatre a few months ago. (A single she recorded with Musical Youth, "Unconditional Love," is on her latest LP, *She Works Hard For The Money*.) Wonder wrote two songs for the album, "Alligator" and "Whatcha Talking About" ("Whatcha talking about/say you don't like the reggae beat?"). Both guests sing a bit, too, Waite adds, "and Michael Jackson and Irene Cara are coming in to do a few verses." Peter Collins is again producing.

So the Youth has taken a something-for-everybody approach in hopes of securing that elusive broad-based support for their sophomore release. Waite feels it's the smartest decision for someone who doesn't want to slump at 16.

"I'm really just dedicated to music," he confesses, "because I'd rather do this than anything else." **—Susanne Whatley**

PHOTO: DEBRA TREBITZ/IGI

Musical Youth: a little help from their friends

'LIFE IS GOING TO BE GOOD'

A solo LP revitalizes ABBA's Agnetha Faltskog

NEW YORK—Agnetha Faltskog, who is spending a humid Thursday afternoon granting interviews in a bathing suit on the sunroof of her midtown hotel, does not seem like someone who has been terrified for much of the past 12 years.

But as one-fourth of the international phenomenon called ABBA, she has been forced over and over to do the one thing she fears most—tool around the world in an airborne vehicle.

"I drink vodka, it knocks me out" is her self-confessed secret for overcoming fear of flying. Describing a harrowing incident on a shuttle flight between Boston and New York, that scarred her for life, Agnetha sighs deeply and says, "I'm so glad I will never have to go through it all again."

In other words, do not expect to see ABBA perform anywhere in the world at any time soon. Or for that matter, do not expect Agnetha to tour in support of her debut English-language solo album, *Wrap Your Arms Around Me* (in the late '60s, she recorded half a dozen solo albums in Swedish, prior to joining ABBA in 1970).

Meanwhile, back on terra firma, the 30ish mother of two says she is feeling very safe these days. And why not? *Wrap Your Arms* has to date sold nearly 300,000 copies in Sweden, a nation of only eight million population, and is a Top 10 item in most of northern Europe. The high registers that helped give ABBA its distinctive airy Europop sound remain intact. And Agnetha appears to have found in Mike Chapman a producer sympathetic to her ideas.

"He was very open to my suggestions. On the production, I didn't interfere, but we talked about how to do the vocals." Could such a thing have happened, say, three years ago? "Oh no, never," she answers firmly. "I could *never* say such a thing in ABBA."

Formerly married to ABBA's Bjorn Ulvaeus (the father of her son and daughter, ages 10 and 5 respectively), Agnetha says that unlike her former colleague, Anni-Frid Lyngstad, whose first English solo LP last year dealt with her shattered marriage, *Wrap Your Arms* reflects little more than the artist's long-time desire to try out a few new singing styles.

Agnetha: feeling strong now

"I am not scared anymore," she says, apparently referring to more than the terror at 40,000 feet. "I have the feeling that my life is going to be good."

—Mark Mehler

CALLING ALL ANGLOPHONES

Men Without Hats opt for the universal language

SAN FRANCISCO—"Everything's been happening like clockwork," says Ivan Doroschuk, musical director and spokesman for Men Without Hats. "The album (*Rhythm of Youth*) was released in the States just as we started our tour; 'Safety Dance' is Number One on the Dance charts; the video just came out. I think we've come as close to hitting the jackpot as possible."

Formed three years ago by Doroschuk and a cadre of disaffected film students at Montreal's McGill University (the current lineup, which includes Ivan's brothers Stefan on guitar and violin and Colin on keyboards, plus Alan McCarthy on keyboards, has been together only about a year), Men Without Hats recorded a four-song EP called *Folk of the '80s* before they'd played a gig. "This type of thing wasn't going on—and still isn't—in Montreal," observes Doroschuk.

They didn't worry much about Montreal, anyway. "Our manager and producer, Marc Durand, didn't want to know about Quebec—he was aiming right away for an international act." When the band broke up once, Durand refused to acknowledge their demise and proceeded to land them a deal with Stiff America, who promptly folded. They were then picked up by Static Records in England; *Rhythm of Youth*, available then as an import in the band's hometown, sold quite briskly at $16 a pop—"and people didn't even know we were a Montreal band"—before it was released domestically. Backstreet Records heard the album and opted to release it in the States with different cover art and the substitution of a couple of tracks from *Folk of the '80s*.

The music market in Montreal is a difficult one for English-speaking acts, says Doroschuk, who is bilingual. "There are seven million people in Quebec, and six-and-a-half million of them speak French." So why not pursue stardom as a Francophone? "The French star system is all dinosaurs—French rock, French jazz, French country—and there's no room for new kinds of music," he explains. "Besides, if you're out to talk to a lot of people the universal language is English."

—David Gans

PHOTO P.L. NOBLE

Men Without Hats (left and center) Stefan Doroschuk and Allan McCarthy; man with hat (right) Ivan Doroschuk

There's only one way to play it.

Wherever the music is hot, the taste is Kool. Because there's only one sensation this refreshing.

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKEN HEARTED?

DAVE MARSH

"I walk in shadows,
searching for light
Cold and alone, no comfort in sight
Hoping and praying for someone who'll care
Always moving and going nowhere."

When he wrote about *The Motown Story*, the label's official anthology of its own history, in the annotated discography of *Stranded*, Greil Marcus simply commented, "The history of James Jamerson's bass playing, on fifty-eight hits," and left it at that.

The remark is audacious but apt. Today, listening to my own sampler, a decade-old hits package which has 64 hits and no narrative blather, James Jamerson's bass playing is a precise, popping, fluid and fundamental cornerstone of what makes me want to dance and celebrate. It's the engine that drives me skipping 'cross the carpet and as it does, James Jamerson becomes as vivid a part of the Motown story as Smokey, Marvin, Holland-Dozier-Holland, Stevie, even Berry Gordy himself.

Yet I know next to nothing about him, except what I've read in the tiny obituaries that appeared in the wake of his death, of heart failure induced by alcoholism, in a Los Angeles nursing home on August 2. And those obituaries don't even agree on his age: one gave it as 45, the other as 47. For in the end, Marcus's encomium is not only Jamerson's greatest review, it's one of his most extensive. There is no James Jamerson entry in *Rock Record*, and while that book is ludicrously skimpy on black artists in general, *The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Black Music* is content to merely recite his name. He gets two or three lines in *The Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock & Roll*, but nothing at all in Charlie Gillett's *The Sound of the City*. And so forth.

In fact, were it not for Nelson George of *Billboard*, who tracked Jamerson down for an extensive interview last winter (much of which will be published in a forthcoming issue of *Musician*) James Jamerson might easily have gone to the grave as shrouded in speculation as Robert Johnson. That's genuinely tragic, because as George discovered, Jamerson was not only willing but actually eager to tell his tale; and as anyone who reads the interview will quickly see, he was as insightful commenting upon Motown's musical development as he was in his comments behind Levi Stubbs's vocal in "Bernadette."

Had we lost James Jamerson altogether, never knowing his own perspective on his contribution to the Motown legend, the result would be more than tragic: it would be an outrage. As it stands, the reason he is not better known as the founding father of all electric bass lines in modern pop has to do with the veil of secrecy Berry Gordy Jr. and the Motown organization tried to draw around their activities in general. There are a variety of complex reasons for that skittishness. Certainly, too much scrutiny could have led Gordy's organization to be pillaged. (In a racist society, not even the most masterful black capitalist of all could be safe.) But equally, James Jamerson's name remains unknown because if he had become as famous as Duck Dunn or Larry Graham, he could have commanded wages equal to what Marvin Gaye called his "genius." So Jamerson, along with his partners, the drummers Benny Benjamin and Richard "Pistol" Allen, and the other Motown bassists who followed him, notably Carol Kaye and Bob Babbit, remained a mystery.

James Jamerson deserves as much credit as any instrumentalist for changing the way rock sounds. His limber, melodic and percussive effects set a new standard, establishing patterns upon which everyone who followed simply added embellishments.

Yet based upon what we do know, James Jamerson deserves as much credit as any instrumentalist for changing the way rock sounds. Not just Motown, but all of the pop hits that have followed were shaped by his unique style, which (as Marshall Crenshaw points out in his *Rolling Stone* obituary) was the first to show producers the advantages of using electric bass. Previously, either a string bass or simply the bottom strings of a regular guitar had been favored. But the limber, melodic and percussive effects Jamerson achieved on records as diverse as "Where Did Our Love Go" and "My Girl" set a new standard, establishing patterns upon which everyone who followed, from Paul McCartney to Michael Henderson, simply added embellishments.

The Motown producers must have been almost immediately aware of what Jamerson could add, which is one reason why so many Motown hits begin with a couple of bonging bass chords—"My Girl" is the classic example. At other times, the song simply took its shape from the bass line, or became exciting just at the moment when Jamerson made his entrance: "Ain't No Mountain High Enough," for instance, would have been lost without him. Even now, the voice in our head that lights up "Motown!" when we hear something like "Family Man" is usually responding to what's going on in the bass.

On *The Motown Story*, Jamerson makes his appearances only in the music. Similarly, the recent *Motown 25th Anniversary Special*, wonderful as it sometimes was, gave no credit whatsoever to James Jamerson, or to Benny Benjamin, Earl Van Dyke, Pistol Allen, Bob Babbit or any of the other great players who were a *sine qua non* of the label's success. Yet as much as great jazz and blues sidemen, these musicians were brilliant artists who may have followed the orders of a production mill but also made significant contributions in their own right.

James Jamerson died certain his work would never be honored. In the greatest sense, that is probably a correct assumption, especially since it was truly work, with little glamour attached to it. Yet it need not entirely be his fate. The next time a Four Tops or Temptations hit crosses your path (may it be soon), stop a minute and listen deep. Reach out. He'll be there. ○

HAVIN' MORE FUN

X

MORE FUN IN THE NEW

MORE FUN IN THE NEW WORLD, THE NEW ALBUM FROM X 60283-1

PRODUCED BY RAY MANZAREK

LOOK FOR X'S VIDEOS, "NEW WORLD" DIRECTED BY MICHAEL COLLINS AND "TRUE LOVE, PT. #2," DIRECTED BY JOHN KOSLOWSKY.

AVAILABLE ON ELEKTRA RECORDS AND CASSETTES.

MANAGEMENT: RON DE BLASIO/NED SHANKMAN

WRH

KEN BRAUN

NEW YORK

A TRIUMPHANT RETURN

King Sunny Ade proves it all night, every night

For a long time now, Americans have wanted to know what African music really is. Because they know that their own music—jazz, blues, rock, disco, almost any American music you can think of—has its roots in African music. But they still don't hear the music as it sounds in Africa. Now, for the first time, they are hearing it. It is new, maybe it's different entirely from what they expect, but it's not so strange. In fact, they *love* it."

PHOTO: RICHARD PALSEY/LGI

King Sunny: songs about dancing and singing and feeling love

Only a year ago, King Sunny Adé—like virtually every African musician—was utterly unknown in America. *Juju Music*, his American debut album on Island Records' Mango label, changed that: it sold nearly 100,000 copies and was voted one of the five best albums of 1982 by a national poll of music critics. A state-of-the-art address on a fifty-year-old urban Nigerian pop music style delivered by its contemporary master, *Juju Music* was a revelation to many American listeners who thought such inventiveness, virtuosity, vitality and charm had disappeared from pop music and were amazed to find these qualities in a style that, essentially, updates ages-old Yoruba ritual music by blending modern instruments with ancient ones and adding touches of rock 'n' roll, electric jazz, funk, even country & western. When American audiences first experienced Adé and His African Beats in person this past spring—when they saw first-hand how *juju* works, how naturally and snuggly all the parts fit together, how incredibly tight a band of seven percussionists, six guitarists (including a pedal steel guitarist) and five singer-dancers can be; when they discovered how easy it could be to dance without stopping for two, three, up to five hours, however long the African Beats kept playing—their last resistance to this "foreign incursion" relaxed. One music pundit declared Adé's American tour debut the biggest pop music event in a decade. Adé's second Mango album, *Synchro System*, was released in July, and audience demand brought the African Beats (expanded to twenty members) back to these shores for thirty repeat engagements.

All this attention is nothing new to Adé—his 40-plus Nigerian albums have sold a total exceeding eight million copies, and his concerts at home can fill stadiums—but the past year has indeed been special. "Americans love us," he acknowledges with another happy smile, "and we love Americans."

Adé credits Island, the Anglo-American company that did more than any other to popularize reggae outside of Jamaica, with introducing him to Americans. The big multi-national record companies have had offices and studios in Nigeria for over thirty years, he notes, supplying the great demand for the latest hits from the U.S. and the U.K. and also tapping into the thriving Nigerian pop music industry—but at the regional level only.

"Whatever their reasons were—political, cultural—they refused to take our music home with them. The Americans and British and Dutch and French used to come to me and talk about how they want to do this, how they will do that, make a record in London or Los Angeles. And I would say 'Okay.' But in a year I would hear nothing from them. So even when Island Records came, I didn't take it very seriously, because it was the usual thing for them to do."

Adé believes his success will open the trans-Atlantic passage for other African musicians, and he mentions fellow Nigerian Ayinde Bakaré, Ebenezer Obey and Sunny Okosun. And does he think contemporary African pop music like his and his countrymen's—bridging, as it does, seemingly irreconcilable distances of culture and era—will have any impact on musicians in other parts of the world? "I don't have to think," he laughs. "It's happening now! Listen to Stevie Wonder, Fleetwood Mac, Talking Heads, Police, many others, and you hear it happening."

You see it happening, too. At Adé's concert the night before, the audience imitated the hip-swinging dance of King Sunny and his vocal group and sang along, chorus after chorus of Yoruba—these Americans who most likely have seen African dance only on *National Geographic* specials and don't know Yoruba from Malay or Serbo-Croatian. The scene delights Adé.

"They *do* understand!" he exclaims. "They know that the songs are about dancing and singing and feeling love. They know because they hear it in the music and they see that the band wants only to share it with every person who has come for a party. And that's the power of music: it speaks *all* languages. Many people don't know Yoruba, but they know our music.

"There is no difference between our shows here and our shows in Nigeria," he continues. "Only that in Nigeria we play some *long* shows, as long as we see people dancing. And you know Africans: they can dance *all* night."

Yes, but with enough good songs about dancing and singing and feeling love—with enough *juju*—Americans, too, can go all night. ○

YOU'VE HEARD THE HIT...
YOU'VE SEEN THE VIDEO...
WHAT DO YOU WANT A MEDAL?

If you've heard Elvis Costello & The Attractions' brilliant "Everyday I Write The Book," Bonnie Tyler's breathtaking "Total Eclipse Of The Heart" and Paul Young's insinuating "Wherever I Lay My Hat (That's My Home)," join the crowd.

They are **BIG HITS** taken from **GREAT ALBUMS** that deserve to be heard in their entirety.

If you love the hits, isn't it about time to stand out from the crowd?

REAL HEROES KNOW THE WHOLE ALBUM. ON COLUMBIA RECORDS AND CASSETTES.

DAVID McGEE

NEW YORK

IN SEARCH OF A CATHARTIC EPIPHANY

Tom Waits re-enters the music wars with a challenging new album

If Tom Waits has a discernible twinkle in his eyes, it's for good reason. Having just landed the role of stage manager in Francis Ford Coppola's next motion picture, *Cotton Club*, he's beginning to realize that his 12 years of touring will allow him to bring a richness, a depth, to the character that might have escaped an ordinary actor. "Now," he says in that familiar gravelly voice, "I'll be able to get back at all the chumps I've met on the road."

But, as is always the case in Waits' world, vindictiveness is tempered by a warm and revealing sense of humor. He remembers touring Ireland and encountering a stage manager who did not suffer fools, or tardy performers, gladly. "He had certain rules," Waits recalls, "and certain things happened at a certain time, whether you were ready or not.

" 'You'll never make it, Tom!' " Waits shouts in the stage manager's thick Irish brogue. " 'You got two minutes, Tom, you'll never make it!' You know? And then the curtain would go up and I wouldn't be there. I'm sorry, these things will happen and if you're not there, well, the show goes on anyway without you."

Then Waits lays that do-you-know-what-I'm-getting-at stare on you, and the answer is yes, of course. Because for two years the show has gone on without Tom Waits, who went on ice first to score Coppola's poorly-received *One From The Heart* (though the soundtrack was praised and also nominated for a Grammy) and then to iron out some problems with long-time manager Herb Cohen (they parted ways and Waits is now managed by Arlyne Rothberg). Finally, he switched labels after Asylum Records declined to release his new album, *Swordfish Trombone*, now out on Island. In between all this activity, he also managed to continue his acting career (he's appeared in Sylvester Stallone's *Paradise Alley* and in Ralph Waite's *On The Nickel*) with parts in two other Coppola films, *The Outsiders* and *Rumble Fish*.

Asked if he views these changes as a sort of fresh start to his career, Waits answers in inimitable fashion: "I'm trying to arrive at some type of cathartic epiphany in terms of my bifocals."

First, a bit of perspective. In 1973 Waits, a native Californian, emerged from the Los Angeles club scene with a modest and mellow collection of ballads and classically-structured songs mixing rock, pop, jazz and R&B styles. His image was equal parts displaced hipster and bum, though in conversation he expressed solid middle class values and sang the praises of lawn furniture, backyard barbecues and all the things that make life worth living. Highly atmospheric, the compositions on his first album, *Closing Time*, bespoke an artist of unusual strengths as a lyricist and one possessed of a gift for imagery nearly unparalleled among his contemporaries. One song from *Closing Time*, "Ol' '55," became a minor hit when covered by Eagles. Through the '70s, Waits defined his turf—the part of America populated by con men, hustlers, three-time losers, whores with hearts of gold and good time Charlies (as well as creeping Charlies)—and searched

PHOTO: GARY GREEN

" '. . . the way he dresses, I don't know. Are we making the right move, Bernie?' "

for its humanity. As the decade wore on, critics contended Waits had forfeited his promise by refusing to vary his subject matter, while the artist's boosters were quick to point out that while the settings rarely changed, the characters' responses to their environment underwent radical transformations. Be that as it may, Waits' seven Asylum albums are remarkably consistent, and one, 1976's *Small Change*, recorded after a year of heavy boozing (and illness as a result thereof), is a masterpiece of inspired writing and soul-baring performances. The exception is 1981's *Heart Attack and Vine*, an experiment in electrified music that was greeted with open hostility by the press and yawns by the public.

Yet the maligned *Heart Attack* turns out to be the starting point for *Swordfish Trombone*. In the midst of scoring *One From The Heart*, Waits took a two-month leave of abscence to cut the album, and if *Heart Attack* seems somewhat diffuse, and all jagged edges emotionally, look to the process of film work and what it did to an artist who was disciplined mostly—but not only—in the recording studio. "The Coppola thing," Waits recounts, "was sitting down at a piano in a small room while someone shoved memos under the door, the phone rang, and you went to meetings in the afternoon. I was uncomfortable with that regimentation at first, but then I adjusted to it."

Heart Attack, he says, "was me trying to avoid using a knife and a fork and a spoon. It wasn't 100 percent successful, but it's usually the small breakthroughs that give you a tunnel to laterally make some kind of transition. The title track was a breakthrough for me, using that kind of Yardbirds fuzz guitar, having the drummer use sticks instead of brushes"—here Waits allows himself a slight laugh—"and small little things like that. More or less putting on a different costume."

At the same time, Coppola exerted his own sort of sideways musical influence on Waits by introducing him to opera. "I remember one evening at Coppola's house listening to a Puccini aria. It was a particularly thrilling musical experience, because I started to get a feeling for how a collection of songs has to have a shape, how the songs have to work together."

In retrospect, Waits says film scoring—or, "writing songs for someone else's dream"—proved a turning point in his approach to music. "Up till then, writing songs was something I did when I'd been drinking, and I wasn't absolutely sure I was capable of doing it in terms of being a craftsman. And being part of something very large, you have to discuss openly what it is you do and how it relates to a carpenter, a designer, a lighting guy and an actor. So it made me more responsible and more disciplined."

And more enterprising. On *Swordfish Trombone* Waits produces himself for the first time, heretofore having left that job to the estimable Bones Howe, with whom he seemed to have an ideal artist-producer relationship. Rumors abound regarding a falling out between Howe and Waits over the sequencing of the *One From The Heart* soundtrack album, but neither camp will discuss the matter. Waits says he's self-produced now because he "grew up."

"I used to think the whole creative process took place as I composed. So I just took a more active interest in the next step—arranging and producing—and it all came to fruition. I was very Republican in terms of my musical opinions, so I changed some things by looking around. I went to (former Elektra/Asylum president) Joe Smith and got him to give me some money to go in and do a couple of things just to show him what I had in mind."

Waits goes into his generic impersonation of a record company executive whose eye is on the bottom line. " 'So is the guy going to buy a new car? Is he going to Acapulco? Can we trust the guy? And the way he dresses, I don't know. Are we making the right move, Bernie? Should we put our investment in something safer?' "

But Smith put E/A's money in Waits, who returned from the studio with three tracks from *Swordfish Trombone*: "Shore Leave," a narrative in the *film noir* vein of "Potter's Field" (from Waits' *Foreign Affairs* LP), about a sailor "trying to squeeze the life out of a two-day pass," which closes with Waits screaming; "16 Shells From A 30.06," a tour de force rant/scream; and "Frank's Wild Years," a slice-of-life portrait, narrated in a Jack Webb monotone, of a used office furniture salesman who'd "hung his wild years on the nail he'd driven through his wife's forehead," then nutted out and torched his house with his spouse and her dog inside. "Never could stand that dog" is the punch line to a horror story told against an unnervingly peppy, almost roller-rink background supplied by a Hammond organ.

> **"I'm trying to get to a place where I can get out of my head what I hear, what I imagine."**

The upshot? "Joe was not as receptive as he was in the beginning" is Waits' diplomatic answer.

At any rate, those three tracks spelled the end of Waits' tenure with Asylum. After shopping the album to several labels, Waits signed with Island, whose president, Chris Blackwell, has never shrunk from promoting the adventurous or offbeat. *Swordfish Trombone* is both; and while it's unlikely to be a major hit—none of Waits' albums have ever been chartbusters—it does point the artist in some interesting directions. For one, the scene has shifted from the city to the suburbs, where Waits discovers the same sort of evil forces at work—witness "Frank's Wild Years" or "In The Neighborhood," a song blessed with a sweet, light melody (reminiscent of "I Wish I Was In New Orleans" on *Small Change*) bolstering a litany of things gone wrong ("the guys in the delivery trucks make too much noise/and we don't get our butter delivered no more"). Structurally, the songs lack the smooth transitional flow of other Waits' compositions, but work well as a series of impressions and attitudes; details are for the listener to fill in, yet another example of the soundtrack composer's sensibility at work.

"I think the whole experience of working with images and music works a muscle somewhere in you," Waits observes. "With this stuff I tried to run little things in my head, feed them first: like in the song 'Underground,' I tried to imagine a mutant dwarf community in a steam tunnel. So I went from there and the music came out."

The music that came out takes its cue from *Heart Attack*'s raw edge. In what Waits considers a dramatic departure from form, there's no saxophone on *Swordfish Trombone*, and the arrangements make extensive use of a baritone horn plus, in a couple of instances, what sounds for all the world like a Salvation Army band. Throw in three instrumentals, and snippets of some exotic musics, and you have a decidedly atypical Tom Waits album.

"The contemporary reservoir is hard to draw from," Waits says by way of explaining his musical about-face. "I've been listening to some Mongolian stuff; I got stuff on the bagpipes in Italy, something to shake me up, stuff to try on. I'm trying to get to a place where I can get out of my head what I hear, what I imagine. These new songs are more impressionistic, and I included the instrumentals as extra fabric for the slack. It makes the listening experience a bit more filmic and you get more for your entertainment dollar, to be honest. I think that's where we're headed."

With his music changing and his involvement in film opening new doors, where does Waits see his career heading? "My career?" he asks in return, as if the word were cropping up for the first time in his life. He fumbles for an answer and finally arrives at a metaphor, and a more fitting one to describe his life as an artist could hardly be had: "A career's like having a dog you can kick," he observes. "Sometimes it jumps up on you when you're all dressed up and you have to scold it—'Get down, get down boy.' And other times it runs away and you can't find it or it ends up in the pound and you have to spend all this money to get it out.

"So that's my dog," he says, satisfied. "My career's my dog."

And the show goes on. ○

MARK MEHLER

NEW YORK

PUT THE WEIGHT ON ME

Jeffrey Osborne, late of L.T.D., sees his duty and does it

Jeffrey Osborne ought to be doing American Express commercials. He certainly is qualified to ask "Do you know who I am?" and he's had as novel a career as some of those credit card touts.

Back in 1969, when Osborne was a struggling teenage singer plying his trade in Rhode Island nightclubs, L.T.D, a promising R&B/pop band, blew through Providence in search of new fans and talent. Between sets at one local club, L.T.D's drummer became embroiled in a dispute with some townies and got carted away to the city jail. Left without a rhythm section for the last two sets, L.T.D issued a plea for help from the stage. Osborne, out in the audience, responded eagerly, and handled the drumming duties for the rest of the night. Apparently, he filled in well, because the combative drummer was immediately dismissed and Osborne had himself a permanent job, which he held for the next 10 years until going off to a solo singing career in 1980.

"I was the drummer until 1976," says Osborne, in New York to promote his second solo LP, *Stay With Me Tonight*. "Finally, it was decided somebody had to be out front, and it was me. We had some nice hits in the '70s, but it was always chaotic. You'd write a song, a lyric, and nine other guys sat around a table and dissected it. Somebody would add a horn line here, a verse there, and pretty soon the song had nothing to do with what you wrote. Plus, we used to blow out all kinds of press because they didn't want me to do interviews by myself. It sounds silly, but that's sometimes the way it works in a big band, a giant ball of confusion."

Moreover, the financial demands of sustaining a 10-piece group took their toll. "Everything's split up so many ways, you've got to keep working, touring, recording. In 1978, I let them know I was on my way out, and two years later I got around to it."

While L.T.D in recent years has not matched its chart success of yore, Osborne has been given a new lease on life as a solo artist. *Jeffrey Osborne*, his 1982 debut, was one of the most acclaimed vocal exercises of the year, and his new LP, a top 10 R&B record, has crossed over to Top 40 pop.

As solo artist, Osborne is obsessed with expanding his audience, if only as a matter of survival. "When I was a kid in Providence, I was involved in just about everything going on musically: top 40, jazz, Coltrane and Miles, Elvin Jones, Sarah Vaughan, plus, of course, the blues. As bad as the economy's been lately, you've got to appeal to these listeners. I don't think it's possible to be successful as an R&B singer anymore."

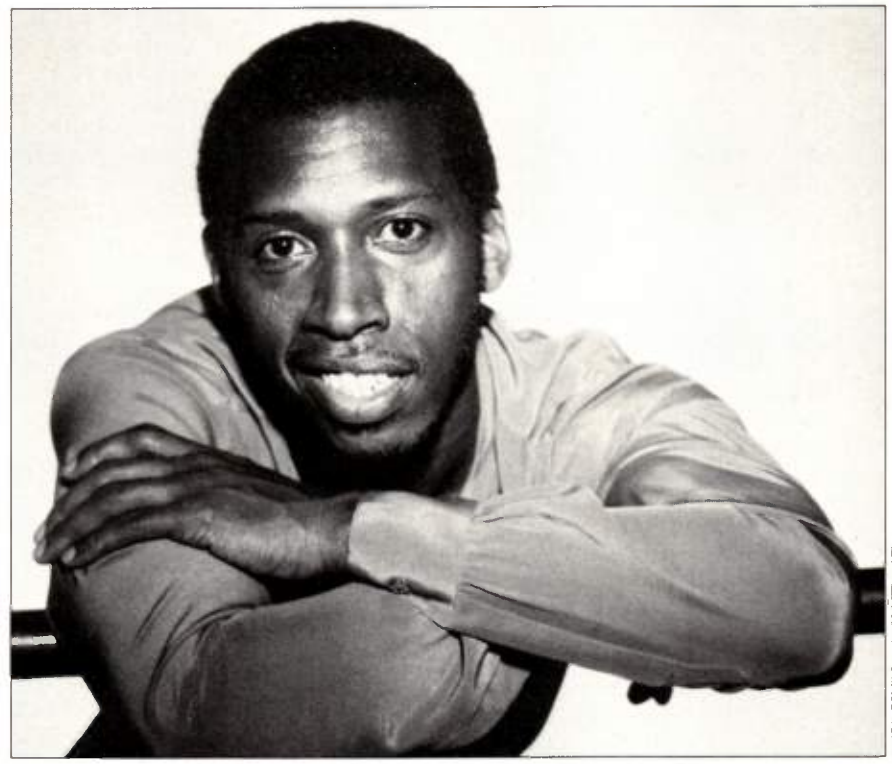


PHOTO: GOVERT de ROOS/RETNA LTD

Osborne: you've got to do it yourself

To that end, Osborne set out to make his new LP (like the first produced by George Duke) more of a "vocal exploration."

"On some of the cuts, I can almost see the inside of my voice. We did a lot more with echo and layers of delay that separated instruments and gave me more room for stretching out vocally; my articulation was better, and we got more of a warm, crystal sound this time."

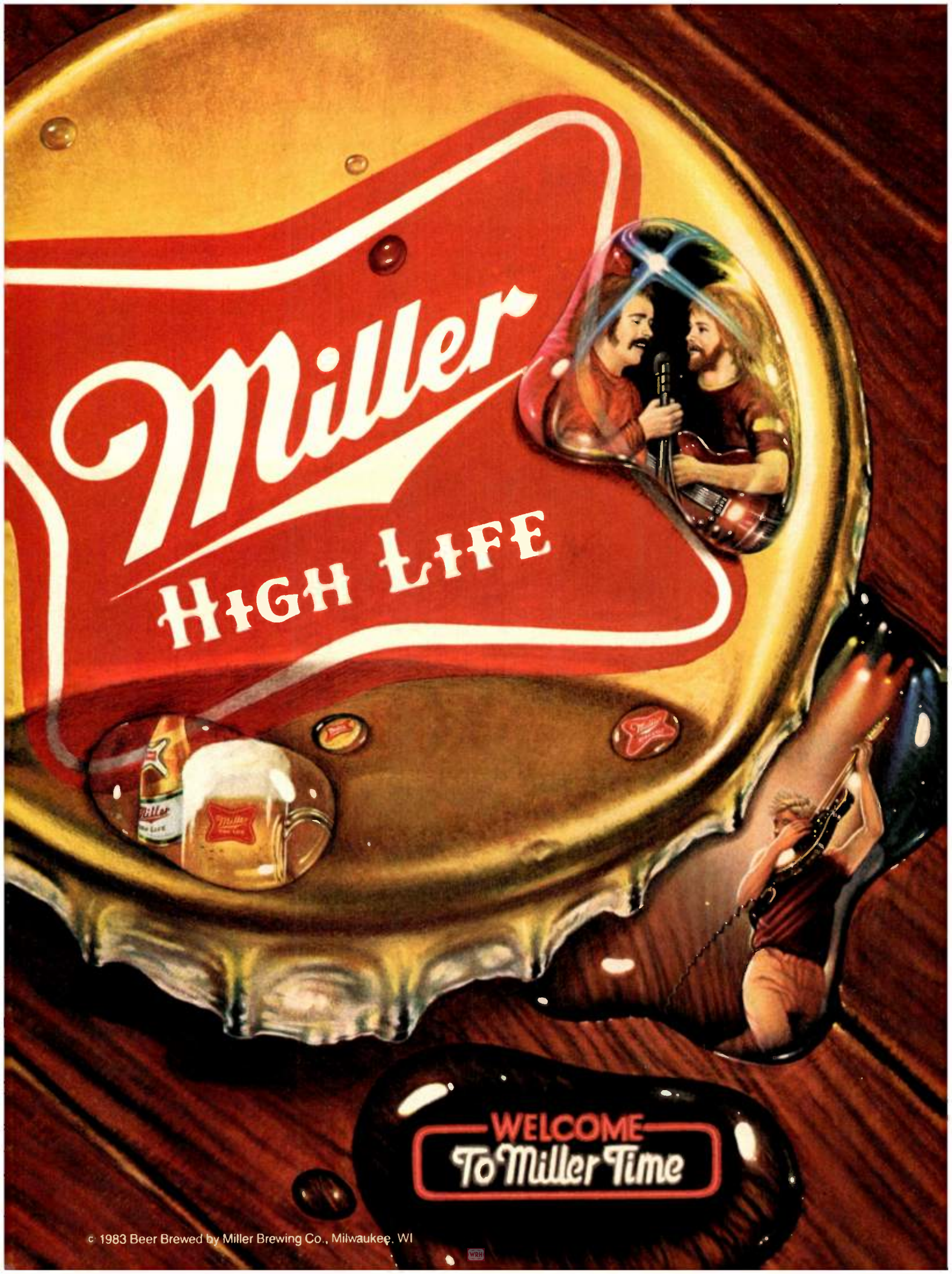
Despite the presence of such rock emissaries as Queen guitarist Brian May, and vocalist Marcy Levy, *Stay With Me Tonight* resolutely refuses to cook. Osborne sings in a rich, earthy baritone rife with Luther Vandross' soft edges and Teddy Pendergrass' earthy bravado. So while a song such as "Two Wrongs Don't Make A Right" is an overt attempt at rock, the artist observes that "most rock singers are tenors, whose voices have no resonance and who do more talking than singing. I've got to approach it from a different angle because my voice has got the weight; it takes the edge off a rock tune."

As a writer, Osborne feels he's making great progress. *Stay With Me* features some seven compositions co-written by the artist, yet the lyric vision is remarkably consistent. Supported by that warm, reassuring voice, the album is a lyric primer on charting the rocky road to love. "Two Wrongs Don't Make A Right," for example, is based on an all-too-common experience on the road. "I've seen many musicians walk in at night and find their ladies with someone else. You want to retaliate, but you're better off cooling down."

Needless to say, this is advice Osborne has no intention of following himself. In October, he began a two-month U.S. tour, followed by a month-long European tour, to be followed in February by the stirrings of solo LP number three, with George Duke again at the console. And once again, he'll hammer away at the idea of sending his message to as many fans as possible.

"I've still got an identity problem," Osborne acknowledges. "Lionel Richie was a star with the Commodores, but L.T.D was never Jeffrey Osborne and L.T.D. I've got to get out and let them know who I am.

"Every artist I know has the same dream," he observes. "Nothing's safer than a group, nothin's so hard to pick up and leave. But once you do it, once you get over the guilt, it's all on you." ○


Miller
HIGH LIFE
WELCOME
To Miller Time
© 1983 Beer Brewed by Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI

THE RECORD INTERVIEW

BOY GEORGE

WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY WITH CULTURE CLUB'S GENDER-BENDER

Boy George's arrival in North America last winter recalled Clint Eastwood's slow, impervious ride into Lago in *High Plains Drifter*. He was, ironically, much like the Eastwood character, his trail tracing back to the intangibles of a disconnected number once known as George O'Dowd.

He was a real stranger and was greeted as such, with nervous laughter. Some called him a fag, others thought he was a girl, most didn't know what he was. So America in 1983, still pretty much as naive as Lago in attitude and confused by George's ambivalence, hoped he would just go away. Early press always seemed to put George on the defensive. Interviews demanded an explanation: "State your business, Boy!"

But Culture Club wasn't going away, and Boy George wasn't going to be intimidated. He had the goods, a first-rate hit in "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me?" and a good album in *Kissing To Be Clever*. George had the answers too, stuffing them into mouths like so many socks.

He had always worn makeup, at least since that day when, at age 15, he was allegedly thrown out of school for dyeing his hair orange. His sexual proclivities went in both directions and he didn't mind admitting he knew nothing about music when he got into it or that he had ripped off a few licks to get where he was. And just what were we gonna do about it?

Not much except watch America cuddle up to him to the tune of a gold album. *Kissing To Be Clever* was the first debut album in twenty years (the last belonging to you-know-whom) to chart three top ten singles. Now, after a triumphant North American tour, Boy George pretty well owns whatever piece of our chart turf is reserved for U.K. pop stars. They're saying he's some kind of hero of the fat of the demographic curve. Culture Club's slick stew of reggae, salsa and R&B will, they say, be around long after Duran Duran.

RECORD had first caught up with Culture in England (March '83 issue), before George, drummer Jon Moss, guitarist Roy Hay and bassist Mikey Craig had been to the States. George was engaging, gregarious, and more times than not, very funny. Together he and his combative little buddy Moss made the oddest couple and were virtually inseparable on the North American tour. They are remembered fighting off the Eurotrash at a post-concert party at New York's overchic Mr. Chow's and eating a lot of potatoes at a lunch in a Toronto hotel lobby.

But if public life was not quite a party—George hates record company affairs—work was a source of great joy. Money, it appeared, really was no object.

Though the bucks have started rolling in, George has changed very little. He still shares a small London flat with a couple of friends. The world tour was brilliant, to borrow one of George's favorite words. The second album was recorded. Backup singer Helen Terry, a belter added to the band for the tour, was brought on as a permanent member. Last May, in a much publicized event, George pulled a young fan out of a coma with a 20-minute tape message, according to the girl's father.

A hero indeed. When we rang him up in London, it was a slightly older 21-year-old that answered the phone. Not quite self-absorbed, George was certainly guarded. The press had taken a toll on his candor and patience. He had too sharp a memory to let the "same old questions" slip by.

But George's maturity is deceptive. He is not a particularly heavy subject, and hardly well read. Rather, his intellect has been sniffed from the streets, from his pre-Culture Club status as a minor celebrity in London clubs, from people, from being in love (the latter, it should be noted, is a subject on which George is not particularly chatty, and he has a way of embarrassing you out of pursuing the silly points).

Obviously the roles have changed. Culture Club is calling their own shots. Radio will dance to their tunes before most others. As for pretenders, there are none of any real worth. Should he leave town he would definitely be missed.

BY JONATHAN GROSS

PHOTO PAUL COX

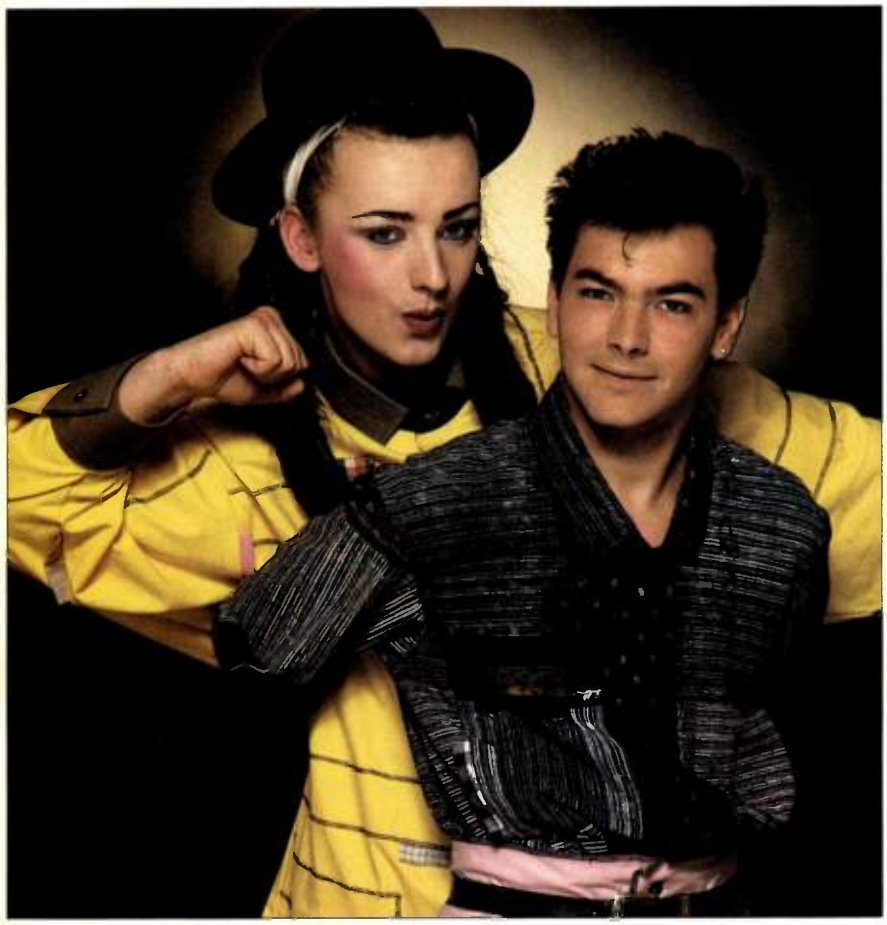


PHOTO PAUL COX

To inferences that he has "a romantic thing" going with drummer Jon Moss, Boy George offers a definitive comment: "Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha."

In a recent interview you said you enjoyed playing in America, yet when I spoke to you last December in London, both you and Jon Moss had reservations about coming here.

Right. I think we were pretty scared because we had heard these stories, you know, about rednecks and everything. You hear about these people who are going to be anti-what-you're-doing. There really are less of them than you think.

I saw shows in New York and in Toronto and thought both were really great from a style standpoint. The audience was allowed to interpret Culture Club a lot of different ways, and the combination of people at the shows made it that much more special. You certainly drew a diverse element on the tour.

I think the difference between a band like Culture Club and a band like Duran Duran is that audience participation is a very important part of our show; it's not an "us and them" situation. It's a very sweaty live show, and I don't go on worrying whether somebody's going to take a bad picture of me; I just think that a show is a show. We're better live than we are on record, but that's my opinion. I don't want people coming along and saying, "He really does look like that." I just couldn't care less. You play shows so people can see you in a live situation and that's the way it is.

Playing live demystifies the image perpetuated by the media. Your image is very unlike Bowie's during his Ziggy Stardust period in that you never put it before the music. It's used much less conspicuously on stage.

I think that it's good. People have preconceptions on how you're going to be and, I mean, the preconceptions are pretty obvious: "I think you're gonna go on stage and you're gonna make sure your makeup doesn't run," and, you know, that really isn't my scene, I'm afraid.

Success in America was outstanding on several fronts, and you've come back with new material that's even stronger. It's getting to the point where people are saying Culture Club is not a one-shot wonder. Where does the inspiration come from when you're tied down to touring and all that?

With the first album there were a lot of ideas that were suppressed. When you're making a record you can only go so far; so while there were a lot of ideas that could have gone on *Kissing To Be Clever*, we chose to stop. The most exciting of those ideas have gone into the new material.

In terms of the influences, you've mentioned Gladys Knight, Motown, Gamble and Huff and others in that vein. The new material, however, is a lot harder and seems to have its own kind of style. Did America give you anything else to think about for the new record?

No. See, the band—Roy, Mikey and myself, in particular—has no musical experience, and obviously you can only improve on nothing. We've all got better and we've also got Helen now. She adds to the sound. You get a general feeling that you can improve if you work at it.

What is the process? Bands like the Police don't like to talk about how songs are written. But what is your process?

Generally, the thing about a band, four people, is that you have to kind of delegate ideas; you have to make things available to other people. Sometimes I'll write a song in my head that Roy will hate or somebody else will dislike. In a band situation you have to diversify those feelings and kind of get everybody on the same wavelength. Usually I come along with a melody and the others add to that melody, change that melody, add their own interpretations to it. Also, there are a lot of disagreements in Culture Club, musical disagreements. The more successful you become, the more disagreements there are.

Disagreements over what, specifically?

Everybody has an opinion on how they should sound. That opinion isn't always what you want. But when you're making a record there's a point where you have to stop and say, "Am I always right? Maybe I should delegate this idea." Delegation of ideas is good. It's good for me; it's what I want from the situation. I really want to experiment and find new people to use or else it'll become very boring, like having other hits in the vein of "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me," which is what most bands do.

That's the problem in England. It's a formula they don't want to stray from.

Duran Duran, for example, is much more successful album-wise because people know what they're buying. People know what to expect. At the moment Culture Club is a good singles band as we go over to America.

A great singles band, and the nice thing about it is that the people buying the records aren't that concerned with the image. I noticed on the video for "Time" that you seem to be aiming for a much younger demographic. That was a really childish video, if you'll excuse the word.

I think it was a funny video. I think it had a sense of humor. One of the important things is the sense of humor. The video for "I'll Tumble 4 Ya" is more childish but it also has a sense of humor. And humor is all I'm interested in projecting.

That's certainly an element.

I don't know if I've said this to you before,

enjoy your records with mister disc™

Imagine...enjoying *your records* on a camping trip. Or a picnic. In a school dorm or at your friend's house. In the (shhh!) library. Even in a study hall (tell them you're doing music appreciation homework)! And especially holed up in your own room for a quiet evening.

Music goes *everywhere* with MisterDisc. Slip on the lightweight stereophones (there's an extra jack for sharing). Put on any 33 or 45RPM record or album and crank up the volume with full fidelity. Listen for hours with ordinary batteries, or use the optional wall plug adapter.

MisterDisc is a product of Audio-Technica – the world's favorite phono cartridge brand – so you know you can trust the quality. We created special new stereophones and a new phono cartridge just for MisterDisc to ensure outstanding sound. As a bonus, the MisterDisc output jacks can feed most home stereo systems directly so everyone in the room can enjoy your records.

MisterDisc weighs only 2.6 pounds. Smaller than a facial tissue box, it's ready to play anywhere in seconds. Check out MisterDisc today. You'll be carried away by the sound!

audio-technica®

AUDIO-TECHNICA U.S., INC.
Dept. 113TR, 1221 Commerce Dr., Stow, OH 44224

☐ Yes, I want to know more about MisterDisc and where to buy it.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

but I've probably got a lot more in common with Charlie Chaplin than with Simon Le Bon.

Why the comparisons to Duran Duran? There's bands like Kajagoogoo we could go off on a lot quicker.

Scoff at Kajagoogoo if you want.

There haven't been any Boy George clones lately. But what's the deal with Hayzee Fantayzee? What's your relationship with them?

The girl is quite a good friend of mine. The guy I detest beyond belief.

Are they imitators or what? They look a little too trashy.

Whatever you do you must always be concerned with your own music. I'm not really concerned with other people's music. If you're talking about visual comparisons they are, you know, a copy. But their music has nothing whatsoever to do with our music. Ultimately what sells a band is what they produce.

That's a good, relevant point about what happened in America: the music and live show sold it. From what I saw in Paris to what I saw in New York was a major improvement. The band has really come a long way.

I just think you gain experience. Also, when you start to play live you're not sure what you can get away with.

You don't try to get away with that much. You could be a lot bitchier on stage. If you put together all the remarks you've made on stage it could be quite a funny show.

Maybe we'll get Joan Rivers to support us.

The Culture Club Comedy Revue? I saw you on *Late Night* and I thought you came off quite well. My editor remarked that he thought you were more of a man than David Letterman. Quite interesting. Did you have any reservations about the North American media when you came over? Did you find them uneducated or naive?

It depends on the journalist and his impressions and preconceptions of you. It's all different. There were people I met that I liked and there were people I didn't like. And really, an interview is just a conversation, but it can be exciting, depending on the journalist.

You've said that one of Culture Club's goals is to break the stranglehold the press has maintained over bands in England. But when you came to America you did a lot of press you wouldn't have done had you been in England.

The press in England were probably more surprised at Culture Club's success in America than anybody. One of the things about England is that it doesn't respect its artists. Germany, too, has a very low opinion of its musicians; I think it has the same opinion of its musicians as it has of its athletes. We don't create facilities for our musicians. The attitude in England is a very fickle attitude toward Culture Club.

From dribs and drabs I've seen in the press, people seem to be treating you with more respect.

The respect we get is mainly from other musicians.

It's kind of interesting the way you're getting nods in places like *Gentleman's Quarterly* where they said you're changing people's attitudes towards tanning.

Really. Ha-ha.

What about the fashion aspect of it? Now on the streets there's a Boy George look. It's been around for about a year in Canada and it's starting to happen in the U.S. You've played down that aspect, claiming you've always "dressed like that" and that it's just the way you look.

> "Culture Club is probably the best form of plagiarism at the moment. We steal ideas; there's nothing new anymore."

You mentioned David Bowie earlier. Bowie, in particular, was one of those people whose ideas were given to him by Lindsay Kemp (a mime Bowie once worked with, pre-Ziggy). The difference between me and Bowie is that I got my visual ideas from my own energy, from what I feel. Actually, later this year we're releasing a book about the band and about my life before the band. The questions people have been asking will be answered in that book.

What inspires you these days? What books do you read and what films do you see?

I don't watch films or read books, really. My influences come from other people because I think they're the most interesting things about the world.

Fashion being such a transient thing, I think the look you're projecting now won't last forever. And you don't want to become an instant anachronism or a self-parody. You take yourself a little more seriously than that, although you aren't the most serious person.

What do you mean? My look? My makeup? My makeup has never changed ever. I've always said it's based on a very personal thing anyway. I don't intend changing that for anyone. I like the way I look. Obviously I'll do other things, but I won't do them consciously. I won't be announcing my underwear change.

A Boy George line of clothes?

As it always happens, Bloomingdale's is already selling my clothes at three times the price and I'm not getting any of the money.

You're not much on merchandising. You could do it, but that's not really what you and Jon wanted when you started the band.

I just think it's boring.

Your relationship with Jon bears some attention. Is it a friendship? Is it a romance? You're always seen together. It's always George and Jon.

Basically my relationship with Jon is that, um . . . Mikey and Roy in particular are very close because they share the same opinions on life. I have a lot more in common with Jon than with Mikey and Roy. I find it easier to convey my opinions through Jon, although sometimes it's quite difficult because he doesn't agree with everything I do.

Generally, I have a better understanding with Jon than I do with Roy. I argue a lot more with Roy and Mikey. I have a very kind of violent relationship with those two.

In *The Face* interview last year there were inferences made that you and Jon had a romantic thing going.

Ha-ha-ha-ha.

You did that interview . . .

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.

They pushed you on that point. It's all over the place. People say there's a "pansexuality" to you that's very intriguing.

What's that?

The fact that you tend to cross all boundaries simultaneously.

Ha-ha-ha. Generally, you know, on a sexual level I'm kind of a mixture of contradictions anyway. Ha-ha. I just find it all very amusing.

That's what everybody wants to read about. Does that bother you?

Not really. I couldn't care less.

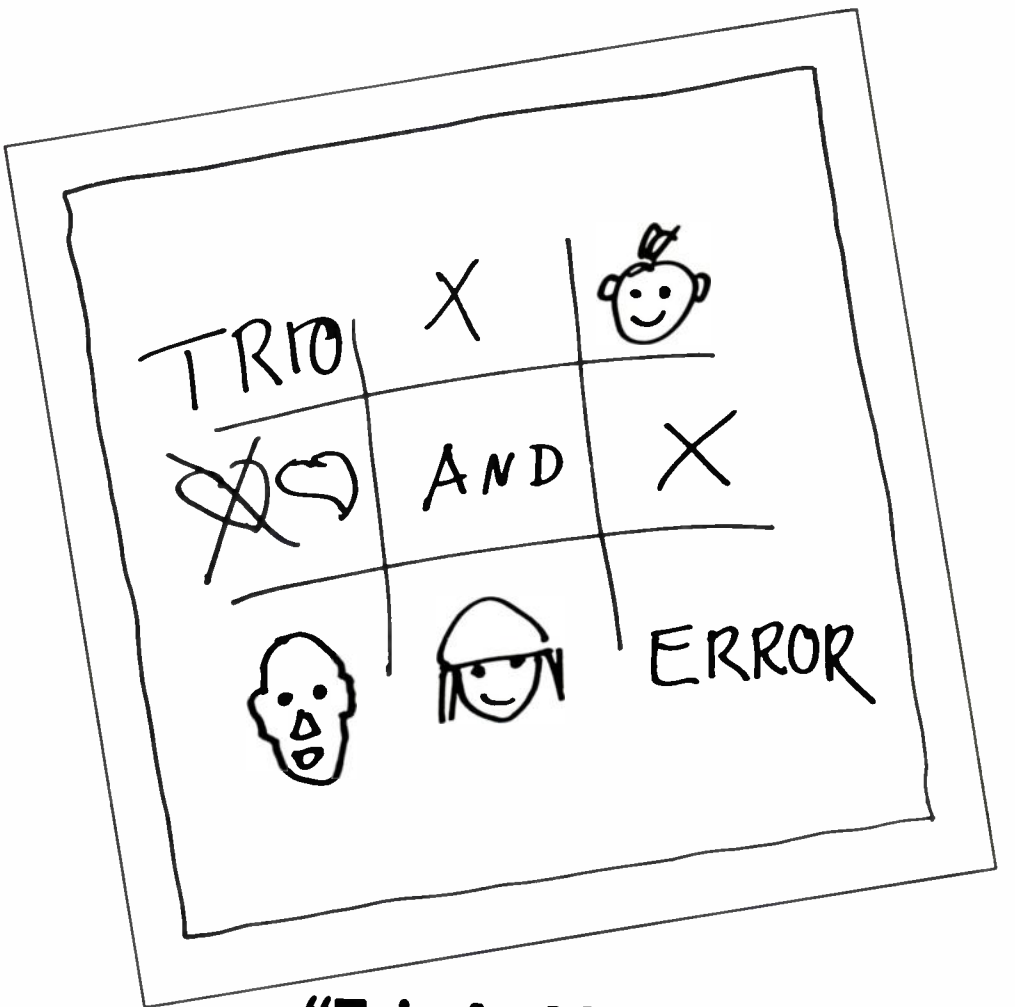
Tell me more about Germany. I know the band is very big there. This gets back to the point of Culture Club being interpreted many different ways. It's a different band in England than it is in the States. What is it like in Germany?

Germany is kind of a trashy country. The sorts of bands that are successful there are very odd—guys with dresses and it's a sendup. Everything's fancy dress. Nothing's cultured or sophisticated. It's still stuck in the '70s, a kind of, you know, Sweet, Slade and Gary Glitter-type look. ABBA. It's a really odd place.

So how does a band like Culture Club fit in?

Continued on page 62

More Musical madness from Trio! Their new album, "Trio And Error," features the smash "Da Da Da" and "Boom Boom."



"Trio And Error."
Great new music from the masters of madness.

mercury

Manufactured and Marketed by
PolyGram Records

INTIMATIONS OF MORTALITY

AN EXCLUSIVE EXCERPT FROM 'BEFORE I GET OLD: THE STORY OF THE WHO' BY DAVE MARSH

For the Who, 1969 had finally brought the international success and acclaim that had eluded them for five years. Their status changed from that of a profitless rock band to a position as prophets for their generation. SRO headlining appearances everywhere they went; a tour de force performance before 400,000 people at Woodstock; praise from such highbrow cultural spokesmen as Leonard Bernstein; millions of records sold worldwide; at year's end, a tour set in place for Europe's most prestigious opera houses—all this was brought about by the unlikely vinyl appearance of deaf, dumb and blind Tommy Walker. *Tommy*, two records of mysticism, passion, grace and carefully orchestrated doses of archetypal Who mayhem, became—in the final crazy year of a most turbulent decade—the penultimate symbol of all rock could be. If only for a moment, the world lay at the feet of this quartet of self-described "scumbags" from the West End of London. But one question remained: what to do for an encore? In this exclusive excerpt from Dave Marsh's recently published book *Before I Get Old: The Story of the Who* (St. Martins Press), the author examines the state of the band in the period immediately following the release of *Tommy*.

Lots of air hostesses said, "I know you, you're Tommy the Who." It was that much a complete picture. "The Who play Tommy." Then Tommy got even bigger than us: "Tommy and the Who." Then "Tommy." "Tommy comes to town." I've seen that on posters.

—Pete Townshend

FOR THE WHO, *Tommy* changed everything. It wasn't just a matter of more fame, more wealth, more prestige. At no point previously had anyone in the band ever considered the Who a permanent proposition. Conceivably, they would finally clear up their debts, have a couple of profitable years, then fade away, some joining other bands, some leaving show business. Townshend imagined himself writing film scores, Daltrey was ready to be a real yeoman farmer. And while Entwistle and Moon could only have been musicians, they certainly didn't expect to spend their whole careers with the Who.

Townshend, Entwistle, Daltrey, Moon: "There was a danger that *Tommy* would so completely eclipse the group that the band's other virtues would be sucked into the undertow."

After *Tommy*, the Who's future was certain. Anything the band chose to do would be listened to respectfully; everything it did would be profitable—record companies and promoters were willing to pay very high guarantees. (Decca Records favorably renegotiated the Who's contract, following the common record business practice when an unexpected plateau has been reached.)

If the individuals in the Who wished to try other musical projects, the opportunity was available. Within the year, John Entwistle, who wrote many more songs than the Who could record, was at work on his first solo album. If the band wished to make films—which Lambert and Townshend were particularly eager to try—funding could be arranged. MCA/Universal, the film company that now owned Decca Records, had an option on the film rights to *Tommy*, and other studios were also interested. The band's debts were resolved; if Keith wanted to smash his hotel room every night of the year, he could afford it. It wasn't until the end of 1970 that the Who were informed that they were millionaires, but for months before that, they had known they were getting close.

The reactions of the band members to their wealth were predictable. The more conservative Daltrey and Entwistle saved, living well but within their means. Moon spent everything he could get his hands on; he bought a pyramid-shaped home in Chertsey for £65,000 ($155,000), a pub in Oxfordshire and uncounted cars and gadgets. He ran up ludicrous bar bills and worked himself as close to bankruptcy as possible.

Townshend felt "embarrassed" to have grown so wealthy from "trying to put out spiritual ideas." He poured much of his money into creating a Meher Baba center, donated a great deal more to other charities and spent for himself and his family in much the same style as Roger and John: not lavishly but not parsimoniously, either.

Everyone was married now; all had children. But there was no contentment. Acquiring and maintaining their wealth kept the band on the road more than anyone—their wives, especially—would have preferred. And when the men did come home, they were out of synch with domestic realities: making the beds, keeping to a schedule, going to the bank, making all the myriad decisions that for most of us *are* life.

For some, the transition was almost impossible. Keith found life off the road excruciatingly boring. He attempted to carry on as if his life were one long tour. He became a notorious character in the British tabloid press: "Moon the Loon," the rock madman who was liable to do anything from stalling his hovercraft on the train tracks, delaying an entire line of British Rail for an afternoon, to barging into London Beirkellers (along with co-conspirator Viv Stanshall) decked out in full Nazi uniform.

If Moon was not the funniest man in show business, he was unquestionably the funniest in rock. But he was also deeply unhappy. Often he missed the band, which never socialized when not touring. And his marriage was always on the brink, a product of the fact that he and Kim were so young when they had been married (he had been nineteen, she seventeen) and the fact that when they moved to Chertsey, Kim's mother, Joan, and her younger brother, not yet in his teens, lived with them.

Keith got on well with his in-laws, but having them in the house provided a major excuse for his increasingly frequent binges. He drank constantly, took pills obsessively, was loud at all hours, absent as much as he could be and from time to time subject to unpardonable, irreparable fits of rage.

In short, so badly did Keith Moon need to feel wanted that he was liable to do almost anything to get attention and just as likely to respond suspiciously if he got it. Keith's personality had been arrested at a particularly juvenile stage—whether by rock or by some other trauma—which accounts for his penchant for publicly disrobing, for wearing costumes, for his inability to get through an evening without at some point becoming (and remaining) the center of attention. He was boyishly proud of his ability to ingest quantities of drugs and survive, not so much because he needed to drink and take pills (Moon was manic from birth) as because taking so much impressed others. Townshend's generosity was quiet and compassionate. Keith's was flamboyant and a bit desperate, although it was less well-intentioned. While he was the mainspring of the band's style and knew it, Keith remained, even at this stage, unsure of his position—in the band and in life.

The seventies were laced with tragedy for Moon; he simply never learned to cope. The decade even began badly, when, on January 4, he, Kim, "Legs" Larry Smith (of the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band) and Smith's girlfriend set out in Moon's chauffeured Rolls Royce for a discotheque in Hertsfordshire (Moon had agreed to grace its opening night). As they pulled into the drive, they were met by a crowd of jeering skinheads (a style cult formed around the nastier remnants of mod, devoted to hooliganism and racism), who put their faces to the car's windows and threatened the occupants.

The chauffeur, Neil Boland, who doubled as Moon's bodyguard, got out of the car to deal with the problem. As he did, Moon climbed into the front seat. What happened next was never clearly explained, because it all happened so quickly. The skinheads pressured Boland and he fell; as he did, the car went into gear and rolled forward. The front wheels crushed

Neil Boland's skull. He died on the way to the hospital.

The coroner ruled the death accidental; Moon admitted being behind the wheel and that he had been drinking. Nevertheless, Keith sank into an alcoholic depression for the next three months. He was shaken out of it only when the Who went back on the road in America, back to the fantasy world in which Keith Moon was needed.

THE REAL QUESTION confronting the Who was how to follow up the success of *Tommy*. The group had to release records that sustained and extended their commercial success, and they needed to establish that the Who wasn't just a traveling rock opera company. There was a danger from the beginning that *Tommy* would so completely eclipse the group that the band's other virtues would be sucked into the undertow. This was especially problematic because the Who had never solved the frustrating problem of capturing its live sound on record.

PHOTO: SHEPARD SHERBELL

"... so badly did Keith Moon need to feel wanted that he was liable to do almost anything to get attention ..."

It would have been foolish and risky to consider another rock opera at this point. Even a successful one would stereotype the band. "It would have been a bore to go through it again," said Townshend. "That follow-up terminology is bearable on a three-minute single, but when you're dealing with seventy minutes of work that took nearly nineteen months to get together and nearly a year of solid recording, I just don't think we could last it out again."

One possibility was making a movie. "We got really excited immediately after *Tommy*, 'cause the natural thing to do was make a movie," Townshend said. "Our management originally was involved in the making of deals, but I don't know, it just never seemed to happen. It was just as if it was never meant to be; all the deals fell through.

"Eventually, a year passed and I said, 'Look, it's been too long now; I don't want to be involved in a movie. We've got to go out and do something else.' And this really upset Kit Lambert. He'd just made a deal—probably the sixth or seventh in a row—and my outburst kind of killed the film stone dead." (The deal was with Joseph Strick, who had directed a film version of James Joyce's *Ulysses* in 1967 and Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* in 1969. The Who decided against the film when Strick turned to them too often for ideas.)

The rest of the Who were content to become successful professional entertainers, but Townshend needed more. That's not to say that the others were less talented or ambitious; they understood their needs in a very different way. What Pete required was challenge, adventure, goals—constant insecurity. The others wanted the opposite, a chance to build some kind of foundation, an end to nagging worries.

Townshend had a commitment to the idealism in rock, which seemed to him closer in its essence to what he had found in Meher Baba and in his other spiritual investigations than any other form of culture. Rock had an innocence with which it wielded its new-found power, even though some of what was associated with it was all too obviously maligned (Altamont and the Manson murders were reflections of rock culture, too).

"I felt that where the Who was at was very much a reflection of what's happening to rock & roll as a whole," Townshend told Chris Van Ness. "And I felt that we were beginning to cliché ourselves in so many different ways and that we really needed to shake ourselves up fantastically if we were going to stay in a position of being a band that was really saying what was needed to be said.

"I felt that the stream of rock was splitting up, the way it did a while back when the Chuck Berrys went one way and the pop scene went the other way. I mean, it was a dreadful pop scene, but Chuck Berry's still there, waving the banner desperately for that time and place. But all it does is tell you about the fifties. It doesn't tell you about today."

Townshend felt that there was a genuine danger that the Who could be trapped into an equally deadening self-parody, that they would come to represent the spirit of the sixties not as an active principle but as a dead letter. The rest of the band were much more content to play out their roles and let history determine itself.

Ironically, it was *Tommy*'s long run on the charts that gave the Who the time to maneuver for a proper follow-up. Their extensive touring plus the release of a number of singles (none especially successful, but all keeping *Tommy* in the air) kept the opera on the charts in both Britain and America through the decade's turn. On *Billboard*'s album chart, *Tommy* originally rose to number 7 during July 1969. After the Assembled Multitude hit with its bland version of "Overture" (which got into the Top 20 by August 1970) and the Who's next album, *Live at Leeds*, hit the Top 10 (around the same time), *Tommy* revived. *Live at Leeds* was released at the end of May and stayed in the Top 10 through the end of September. *Tommy*, which had never left the charts, began a new climb upward, and by mid-September it had surpassed the original release (thanks, in part, to a new Decca promotion campaign), topping out at number 4. For a month, from the end of August to the end of September, the Who had two albums simultaneously in the Top 10.

Live at Leeds had been recorded at a special concert at Leeds University on February 14, 1970. The Who had recorded all the shows on their autumn 1969 American tour, but when they got them back to England, Townshend refused to wade through eighty hours of the same material, claiming it would leave him "brainwashed." (He said he burned the tapes "in a huge bonfire.") The group slated the Leeds show and one in Hull, to be recorded by Pye's mobile studio (the Hull tape was eventually scrapped due to equipment malfunction).

The live album wasn't the first new material the Who released after *Tommy*. That honor went to a single, "The Seeker," which the group had recorded (without Kit Lambert, although he was still given the production credit) earlier in the new year. Between them, the single and the album defined the horns of the Who's dilemma.

The song was extremely personal, even though its lyrics were meant to typify what many sixties figures, famous or unknown, had gone through while trying to find some meaning and stability in life. "I'm looking for me, you're looking for you/ We're looking at each other and we don't know what to do," the song says.

They call me the Seeker,
I been searchin' low and high,
I won't get to get what I'm after
'Til the day I die.

The singer recounts his rejection of such media heroes as Bob Dylan, Timothy Leary and the Beatles against music that is directly descended from the great middle period Who singles, stuff like "Pictures of Lily" and "I'm a Boy."

Too directly descended, in the opinion of such partisan Who watchers as Nik Cohn and *Rolling Stone*'s John Mendelssohn, both of whom gave it curt dismissals. "Musically it's nothing, just a rehash of the traditional Who tear-up, loud and strong and brutal—another 'Call Me Lightning' or 'Magic Bus,' except it's not as good," Cohn said.

Radio programmers and rock fans agreed. "The Seeker" barely crept into the British Top 20, and in America, it stalled out at number 44, an embarrassing occurrence for the Who's first post-*Tommy* release.

Live at Leeds, on the other hand, is the most ferocious, visceral rock the Who have ever recorded. The record is so molten with energy that at times it resembles the heavy metal of Deep Purple and the atomic blues of Led Zeppelin—music derived from ideas implied in much that the Who had previously recorded. From the opening "Young Man Blues," with Daltrey dripping in rampant Zeppelinisms, to the final bars of "Magic Bus," which are Bo Diddley on methedrine *and* nitroglycerine, *Live at Leeds* is absolutely nonstop hard rock.

Of course, *Leeds* is also only an echo of the Who's real stage show. In the first place, it represents only about forty minutes out of a show three times as long. Secondly, except for a few passages in the midst of the long "My Generation" sequence, there is nothing from *Tommy*. The improvisations can be as hallucinatory here as in the flesh, though, and much more nuance can be heard (all the words are understandable, each note of the guitar distinct, the bass fat and coherent). *Live at Leeds* is one of the last truly "live" live albums; before long, recording technology would allow bands to overdub all of their mistakes in the studio. At one point during the early part of "My Generation," what sounds like a microphone clunks to the floor. And there's almost no crowd noise; you know this album is live by the heat of the playing, not the rapture of the response. Compared to other live sets released during the same period (The Rolling Stones' *Get Yer Ya-Ya's Out* or Cream's *Wheels of Fire*), *Live at Leeds* is one of the great documents of that rock era.

But it's not in the same league with the record that Nik Cohn and Pete Townshend had been talking about a couple of months before it was released. Cohn, writing in *The New York Times*, had said that the album would omit *Tommy* but include "Happy Jack," "I'm a Boy," "Heaven and Hell," "Tattoo," "Fortune Teller" and "Summertime Blues." Cohn had heard this material, and he was ecstatic about the Who's performance: "Without exception, thay are shatteringly loud, crude and vicious, entirely excessive. Without exception, they're marvelous."

In a long interview published in the May 14, 1970, issue of *Rolling Stone*, Townshend told Jonathan Cott that "Heaven and Hell" was left out because it was technically deficient, but he also mentioned "Fortune Teller," and also "I Can't Explain" as part of the set.

There was no explanation of why the album wasn't two discs, at minimum. Perhaps the Who (or their record labels) felt that releasing two consecutive double-disc sets could injure the band commercially.

LIVE AT LEEDS was not a true follow-up to *Tommy*. "It's like going back into a position where we were in a decline," Townshend told Cott. "And I prefer that alternative rather than following up *Tommy*. . . . You've got to own up to what's happening, you can't fuck around. It would be very, very difficult to follow up *Tommy*, and I don't think people really want it, anyway."

The Who made *Live at Leeds* to reassert their dedication to the root idea of rock & roll, to remind themselves and their listeners that rock had been profoundly moving and important long before anyone ever mentioned rock opera. But they also were making an image move, trying to steer away the pressure for either a *Tommy* sequel or something to top it.

"In fact, this problem has always existed," Cohn wrote. "Townshend is intelligent, creative, highly complex and much given to mystic ponderings, but the things that he values most in rock are its basic explosions, its noise and flash and image. . . . So he writes stuff like *Tommy*, sophisticated as it is, and he can see that it's good, but at the same time, he feels that it's a copout from all the things that rock lives off,

PHOTO: BARON WOLMAN

"The rest of the Who were content to become successful professional entertainers, but Townshend needed challenge, adventure, goals—constant insecurity."

almost a betrayal. And he goes out on stage and he smashes his guitar—simple, mindless release. But then he gets his breath back and he knows that's not it, either—to deny his own brain. And so it goes on, round and round with no end."

That state of affairs could not continue. Townshend's dilemma wasn't so much that he had to choose between being serious and being mindless as that he had to come to terms with himself and with his work as the manifestation of a process. Townshend spent the bulk of the seventies establishing rules only he saw, leaping over hurdles he had set up himself, desperately trying to top himself over and over again. Each success was meaningless because it only caused more anxiety over what came next.

So Townshend and the Who became the strangest of rock stars: obsessed with their own history to an unprecedented degree, lost in contemplation of their own image and its variations to an extent that only Tommy himself could have understood. It was as if they were trying to retrace the steps that had led them from Shepherd's Bush to Woodstock, because only then would the present make any kind of sense. Townshend went from writing about identity crisis to acting it out.

The very ground beneath their feet was now shaken. The mods had vanished. A few had become the sort of skinheads that Moon had encountered in Hertsfordshire, more devoted to the terrorization of blacks and Pakistanis than maintaining perpetual cool. The Shepherd's Bush boys had not gone that route, but they were no longer the gang at the Goldhawk, either. Some had taken jobs, some had done a bit of time. Once they acquired families, few were able to maintain themselves as they had been formerly accustomed.

The Who could no longer turn to Kit Lambert for guidance. He was wrapped up in Track Records, distanced from the band because he did not share the touring triumphs and transformations, piqued because, beginning with "The Seeker," they no longer allowed him to produce. Further, he was deeply annoyed—crushed, in fact—by Townshend's announcement that he had lost interest in turning Kit's script into a film. By mid-1971, the Who were often communicating with their managers through intermediaries, Peter Rudge and John Wolff, plus lawyers and accountants.

Even when they went back on the road in America that summer, everything was altered. They did not play the Fillmores or any of the other ballrooms. They were too big for those now. Instead, they did sports arenas, even playing the baseball stadium in Anaheim, California, across the street from Disneyland. ("... I see it as a very sophisticated circus act," said Pete of their stage show.) Once the initial plans for a film—"get American money but use an English crew and do it ourselves"—proved impractical, the Who were thrown back onto the most conventional methods of earning ready cash: gigs and record royalties.

Pete still did voluminous, voluble interviews, speaking of his convictions about art and religion and most of all testifying to the awesome power of rock & roll, a witness to his faith.

"I believe rock can do anything; it's the ultimate vehicle for everything," he told Jonathan Cott. "It's the ultimate vehicle for saying anything, for building up anything, for killing and creating. It's the absolute ultimate vehicle for self-destruction, which is the most incredible thing, because there's nothing as effective as that, not in terms of art, anyway, or what we call art. You just can't be as effectively self-destructive if you're a writer, for example, or a painter; you just can't make sure that you're never going to raise your head again. Whereas if you're a rock star, you really can. And of course, all this choice is always there."

After *Tommy*, Pete Townshend felt that there was a genuine danger that the Who could be trapped into deadening self-parody, that they would come to represent the spirit of the Sixties not as an active principle but as a dead letter.

Some of the interviews lapsed into even greater contradiction and incoherence. Almost all of them inverted at least a part of whatever had been said the day or hour or week before. Maybe Pete lost track, maybe he was bored, maybe he simply never knew the truth but figured that it was better to *look* certain. That is, he grasped the concept of the interview as a form of communication, understood its ability to make truth of the moment, to leave the past behind and to continually redefine history in terms of *now*. No one checked his facts. He could claim sales of 20 million for *Tommy* and who would know the difference?

"I think there's a kind of contradiction in the Townshend theory of rock. . . . " a *Crawdaddy* interviewer told him.

"Oh, no, there isn't, mate," Townshend snapped back. "That's where you're wrong. I mean, I'm the only person who knows what rock & roll's all about. I'm the only true rock critic. No, I mean, there might be a contradiction in what I've just said. (It literally makes no difference what it was.) I wouldn't go along with all that. . . . "

"Maybe it's a paradox," the interviewer suggested. "[Rock is] reflective of the audience, but you're trying to express something of your own, aren't you?"

"Oh, sure . . . that's how it works. People identify with your frustrations and everybody's frustrated. And the most frustrated people on the planet are always the youngest. The point is, you know things in life aren't right but at the same time you know that rock in itself is an exhilarated enough form to totally wipe all problems away. . . . "

"And this in itself can become a frustration. . . . " suggested the interviewer.

"The same kind as my own now," said Townshend. And carried on, regardless.

If you had wanted to write an essay about the limits of pop stardom, about what money cannot buy, about the dangers associated with success, about pressure and stamina and the need to relax once in a while, Pete Townshend's eyes would have been a great place to start your research. He had grown a beard, his hair was cut in a fashionable shag, his face fit his nose in a way that was almost graceful—he was becoming handsome in his adulthood. But in those blue eyes could be read something else: a bleakness akin to terror, a sadness and desperation that sneered at his constant efforts to dispel it.

Townshend didn't write much in this period, but the songs that did get finished were a reflection of his anxiety. "The Seeker," which even he acknowledged was a message of desperation; "Water," a song about drought at every level; "I Don't Even Know Myself," an angry statement against interpretation but also a confession of total confusion. Then there was "Naked Eye," the one song of these which was integrated into the stage show, the one that sounded like a Who song, the one that *rocked*. And told the truth:

You hold the gun and I hold the wound
And we stand looking in each other's eyes;
Both think we know what's right, both know we know what's wrong. . . .
It all looks fine to the naked eye
But it don't really happen that way at all

Those lines are about guilt, the attempt to shirk duty, a feeling of deep inadequacy. "Naked Eye" is a great song because the lines are so frank, because they are delivered with such solemn, moody strength, because the music is full of parallel turmoil. It's hard to believe that no one could see that the man who had written it was beginning to crack. ○

DERK RICHARDSON

SAN FRANCISCO

THROUGH THE DARKNESS COMES LIGHT

Translator thrives on contradiction and contrast

PHOTO: PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

Translator: "There's a lot of darkness, but there's a lot of hope."

Translator's second album, *No Time Like Now*, has just arrived in Bay Area record stores and band members Steven Barton and Larry Dekker seem caught between the relief that the project was completed and the excitement that accompanies introducing a new work to their audience. Sitting in the lobby of Berkeley radio station KALX while the other half of Translator, guitarist/singer Robert Darlington and drummer David Scheff, do an on-the-air interview, guitarist-vocalist Barton and bassist Dekker talk about the evolution which their Los Angeles-transplanted-to-San Francisco band has undergone in its fruitful first four years.

"It doesn't bother me if someone calls us a New Wave band," says Barton. "If they don't call us that, they're gonna call us a post-punk band."

"I'd rather be called that than heavy metal," Dekker interjects.

"We know we're a band that just plays music," Barton continues. "I think the new album is gonna challenge a lot of that for those people because they're gonna say, 'Wait, there's a ballad . . . Oh, no, but there's a song you can dance to . . . Oh, wait, here's another ballad. Wait a minute, uh, what? Oh, we can't classify this,' and they're gonna say 'and that's okay.' At least I hope so."

One of several guitar-oriented but otherwise uncategorizable rock bands to emerge from the quickening West Coast music scene of the early '80s, Translator thrives on contradiction and contrast. Formed four years ago in Los Angeles, the quartet relocated to San Francisco, partly to find cleaner air and partly to pursue an ethic of change. Signed to the local 415 label (distributed by CBS), Translator delivered a debut album, *Heartbeats and Triggers*, rife with a provocative mix of moody textures, frantic tempos, hallucinatory imagery and frank political commentary. Despite the clean, metallic sheen of David Kahne's production, and the animated chime of the guitar parts, the record conveyed a certain darkness which continues to permeate the band's sound, but, Barton and Dekker argue, to a lesser extent and in a changing context.

"There's a lot of darkness," Barton acknowledges, "but there's a lot of hope." He points out the song "Beyond Today," reworked from an earlier tune that decried the U.S. role in Central America. "The whole thing of saying 'beyond today,'" Barton explains, "implies a certain amount of hope, which implies a future, which implies having to change something."

"I think when we communicate darkness or any dark qualities in the human system," Dekker elaborates, "it's not to glorify it, it's to demonstrate that through the darkness comes light. There is something beyond it. There are other human qualities like love, for instance, that I feel are triumphant."

On *No Time Like Now*, Translator has more thoroughly integrated its social concerns with existential musings and personal perspectives on relationships. Such songs as "Un-Alone" (the first single and the basis of an ambitious video), "Beyond Today," "Simple Things," "Everything is Falling" and "No Time Like Now" juxtapose bleak observations of the human condition against a staunch determination to turn things around. While there is no equivalent to *Heartbeats and Triggers*' explicit "Sleeping Snakes" ("stop this missile building"), the complex outlook of the new material keeps Translator several steps removed from either the new psychedelia or the new dance-oriented rock—no matter how much texture and exuberant power the quartet churns up.

Yet Translator's music is anything but calculated for effect. According to Dekker, "It's essential for a band like us to get together and jam, not so much to play songs as to create texture. Out of that come songs."

"If we actually made some money from all this," muses Barton, "the first thing I would want to do is get a little studio of our own, a place where we can just have the stuff set up and go in and play. We can't do that now; we have to book time and it costs big money and we can only get two hours on Wednesday. . . . I want a garage."

"Spontaneity," Dekker notes, in terms conveying a certain darkness, "is a very overlooked quality these days, and I'd like to hear more of it." ○

Salem Spirit!

ON THE BEAT

THE VINYL WORD

Carthage Records, sister label to Hannibal, is performing a vital service by re-issuing two long-available **Richard** and **Linda Thompson** albums on high quality vinyl pressings: *Pour Down Like Silver*, released here originally on Island in 1975, and 1979's *Sunnyvista*, previously obtainable only on Chrysalis UK . . . The English independent label Ensign Records is reactivating the old R&B label, Sue Records. Initial releases include classic music from **Jimmy McGriff**, **Inez** and **Charlie Foxx** and **Ike** and **Tina Turner** . . . MCA has just re-released the first three U.S. **Joe Ely** albums (*Joe Ely, Honky Tonk Masquerade*, and *Live Shots*) at a truly tasty $3.98 list price. Pick 'em all up . . The Elektra/Musician jazz label is raising its suggested list price to $9.98, up one buck for most of its catalog, but a distressing plus-$3.00 for fifteen different titles . . . **Steve Nieve**, keyboard mastermind in Elvis Costello's Attractions, had a solo record—"Keyboard Jungle"—released on England's Demon Records in September. He and the other Attractions took a brief, unnoticed break from behind Elvis three years ago on the British-only *Mad About The Wrong Boy* LP. . . . For the discriminating **Who** collector, British Polydor has come up with quite a deal: *Rarities*, two separate albums of rare 45's and non-LP B-sides which list at the label's midline price (available thru Jem). The first record contains the *Ready Steady Who* EP, their versions of the Stones' "The Last Time" and "Under My Thumb," plus other oddities from the '67 and '68 period. *Vol. 2* offers some early '70's material, including the tremendous studio rendition of the John Entwistle composition, "Heaven and Hell." ■

No, the record pictured above is not Bruce Springsteen's newest. Instead, it's a delightful compilation of Sesame Street's best rock and roll learning songs from the past few years. Besides "Bruce Stringbean and the S Street Bands" 's version of "Born To Add," you get "Mick Swagger and the Sesame Street Cobble Stones" 's "(I Can't Get No) Co-operation" and two songs entitled "Letter B" and "Hey Food" by "The Sesame Street Beetles." Apparently, ATV Music, the publishing company which has the rights to many Beatles songs, doesn't have a sense of humor: it considers the loving tributes to be copyright infringements and wants copies of the *Born To Add* LP withdrawn from sale. Sesame Street Records is disregarding the rather silly demand (made, after all, by a firm which refuses to let Paul McCartney, author of many of those songs, buy back his own compositions). A spokeswoman for Springsteen's management said they were aware of the record, and had no plans to file suit.

PHOTO COURTESY OF MICHAEL OCHS

The Everly Brothers have come back. Ten years after breaking up—following a pathetic weekend of shows at Los Angeles' Knott's Berry Farm which saw Phil Everly smash his guitar and storm offstage, never to return—Don and Phil got together at London's Royal Albert Hall on September 22 and 23. Of course, there's already a videotape of the shows winging its way to market: Delilah Films, producer of the successful rockumentaries *The Compleat Beatles* and *Girl Groups*, taped the performances, and expects to have a videocassette in stores early next year. A deal has also reportedly been made to show the finished product on HBO.

TRANSITION

The most obvious (if not only) reason for "new music" is that every band in England who makes the stuff breaks up. Joining the English Beat, Fun Boy Three and Kajagoogoo on the permanently disabled list are **Bauhaus**, whose *Burning From The Outside*, the band's second American album and fifth overall, was recently released here on A&M; **Rip, Rig and Panic**, a highly-touted new wave jazz/funk outfit whose three Virgin releases never quite crossed the Atlantic; and **Marc Almond**, singer/songwriter for **Soft Cell**, claiming, "I no longer wish to sing on records." Should have spoken up sooner there, Marc—we could have suggested the same thing for you long ago . . . After several years' worth of threats to retire, self-described music business legend **Major Bill Smith** is doing just that. The ol' Maj, a native Oklahoman now living in Fort Worth, Texas, spent some 20 years as a producer-manager-recording artist-label impressario (his own LeCam Records), mining the Lone Star state for talent and hits. As a producer his credits include Bruce Channel's "Hey

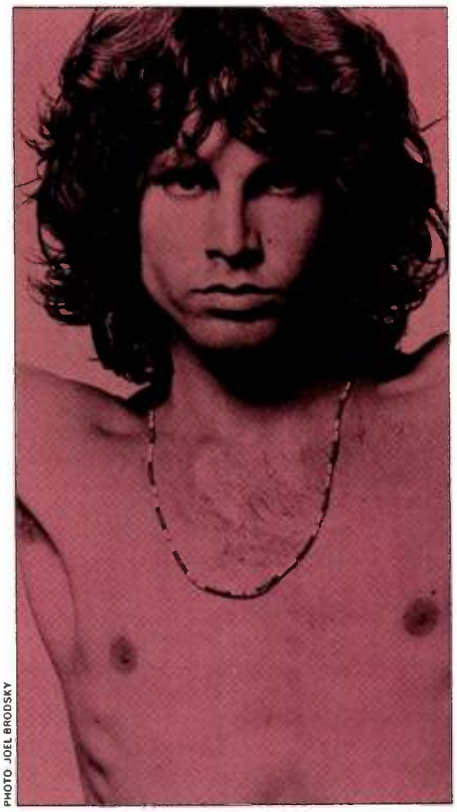


PHOTO: JOEL BRODSKY

In addition to a new live Doors album, *Alive She Cried*, Doors fans may want to check out the latest in literature on the band, courtesy Danny Sugerman, co-author of the best-selling Jim Morrison biography, *No One Here Gets Out Alive*. *The Doors: The Illustrated History* (Quill/William Morrow & Co., $25, $14.95 paperback) collects articles, interviews, record reviews and photographs published during the group's existence, beginning with early *UCLA Bruin* and *Los Angeles Times* coverage of the Doors on Sunset Strip and concluding with Morrison's obituary, following his death in Paris in 1971 at age 27. Featured writers include Richard Goldstein, Paul Williams, Joan Didion and Michael Lydon, and their observations (as well as others') are always interesting, frequently enlightening. Note to hard-core Doors fans: the cover photo of Jim Morrison is reproduced as a poster inside the book. Be the first on your block . . .

Baby," Paul and Paula's "Hey Paul," Rick and the Keens' "Peanuts" and J. Frank Wilson and the Cavaliers' "Last Kiss." He was also behind the board on one of the rock's truly inspired novelty records, "Paralyzed," by the Legendary Rhinestone Cowboy.

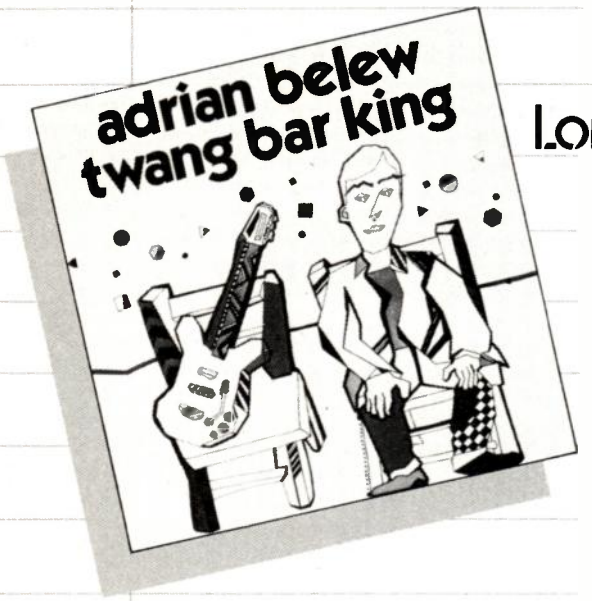
The latter '70s found the Maj turning recording artist and working up a full head of steam over a couple of issues in particular, one being the death of Elvis Presley, which the Maj will go to his grave believing was faked in order to allow the King some semblance of a normal life. He set down his thoughts on this subject on a memorable record, "The King Is Free???" (read, "The King Is Free, question mark, question mark, question mark"). His finest hour, though, came during the hostage crisis in Iran. Upon learning of the Muslims disdain for pork in their diet, the Maj cut a self-penned, spoken word broadside, "Pig 'Em Free" in which he advocated parachuting into Iran 2000 pigs a day until the Ayatollah let our people go. Much like his ideal, Hipshot Percussion, the ol' Maj now rides off into the sunset, leaving behind an admirable track record. Thanks for the memories, podnah. ■

A HARD RAIN'S GONNA FALL

Political violence struck the world of rock hard in August. On August 9, **Thomas Reilly**, younger brother of **Jim Reilly**, drummer for the **Red Rockers** and former timekeeper for the late, lamented Irish punk band Stiff Little Fingers, was shot to death by British soldiers. Reilly and other young Catholics were on the street in the Ballymurphy quarter of Belfast when they clashed with an Army patrol. He and the other youths were out on the twelth anniversary of Britian's edict of internment without trial for suspected IRA guerillas (a move since rescinded), a date which sees demonstrations and violence each year in the senseless conflict without end. Reilly is reported to have been unarmed at the time of the shooting . . . And a week later, on August 17, acclaimed Jamaican dub poet **Michael Smith** was killed by assailants suspected of having connections to Jamaica's Labour Party. While walking through a pro-JLP section of the town Stony Hill, Smith, an outspoken critic of the ruling Labourites, was set upon by four men who stoned him to death. Smith, whose first LP for Island in the U.S., *Mi C-Yaan beLieve iT*, was released to critical raves, was properly mourned by his producer and fellow poet, Linton Kwesi Johnson: "He was probably one of the greatest poets Jamaica has produced, and people all over the world will be saddened by his death." ■

ADVENTURES IN MARKETING

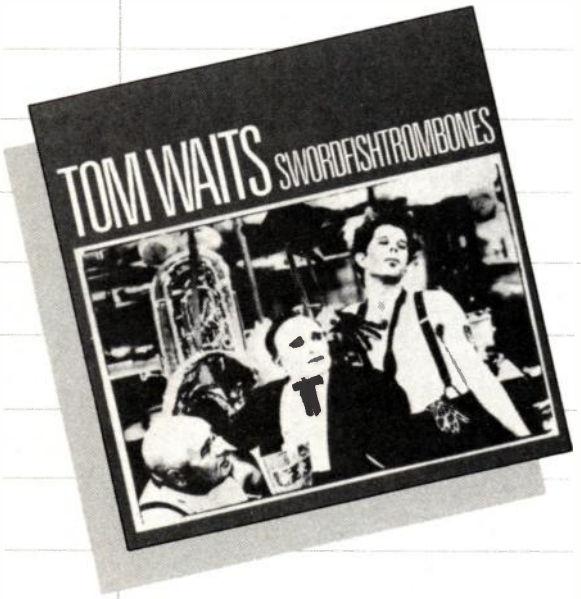
The recent **David Bowie** re-issue, *Golden Years*, was compiled by the Thin White Duke hisself, a spokesman at RCA Records claims. If so, why selections like "Joe and Lion" and that awful version of the Who's "I Can't Explain"? And if Bowie did indeed play all nine songs somewhere on his summer tour, does that excuse packaging which features a sticker which prints up DAVID BOWIE'S 1983 TOUR in type twice the size of the disclaiming "9 Previously Released Studio Recordings of Songs From"? . . . The inner sleeve for **Cheap Trick's** *Next Position Please* not only displays reproductions of all their eight previous Epic discs, but mentions the titles of two songs on the cassette version only. This "cassette only" bonus scam (which other labels also perpetrate) is bad enough, but in essence telling the consumer to go out and spend another eight clams to get the complete recording is pure bull . . . One decent new angle is that taken by MCA Records, who set the list price on the **Houserockers'** *Cracking Under Pressure* at $6.98, two bucks under the label's normal list. Nice to see some effort made to promote good if not yet established bands; let's hope more companies follow suit. ■



Long live the Twang Bar King!

Adrian Belew conquers music's frontiers with his new album, "Twang Bar King." Last year, his first solo LP, "Lone Rhino," knocked the rest of the competition out of the running. Now the "Twang Bar King" rules alone.

Produced by Adrian Belew



Tom Waits
Swordfishtrombones

"Swordfishtrombones" marks the coming of age of one of America's most unique voices. New lightness and strength from this chronicler of urban life. The critics are saying that his voice and timing are better than ever.

Produced by Tom Waits

Island Records ISLAND On Cassette

Distributed by Atco Records
A Division of Atlantic Recording Corporation

CONTENTS

MUSICVIDEO

By Alan Hecht

MUSICVIDEO 1984: BEYOND THE CLIP

Despite formidable obstacles, feature-length productions will be the Next Big Thing in musicvideo

"SHOW ME" BLARES OVER MTV and the popsonic sounds of ABC catch your eyes as well as your ears. In a chic casino, lead singer Martin Frey is seen losing at roulette. Enter Lisa Vanderpump, the nightmare lady from the band's "Poison Arrow" clip. Frey suddenly starts winning, then Vanderpump disappears.

Thus the opening scene from *Mantrap*, a new form of musicvideo that attempts to extend the art and appeal of the clip to long, or "feature," form.

A scene from *Mantrap*: undone by poor performances

If video clips are contemporary music's short stories, features promise to be its novels. 60 minutes or more in length and employing fiction as either a dominant component throughout (as in *The Wall*) or as an element of production in the form of conceptual imagery (a la MTV videos) or storyline (*Mantrap*), long form musicvideos have evolved from two older and more easily defined extended length genres, i.e., compilation and nonfiction.

Compilation musicvideos are collections of clips. Blondie's *Eat To The Beat* is the pioneer in this field, but *The Tubes Video* is the most successful one in terms of artistic conception. Olivia Newton-John's *Physical*, directed by top rock video director Brian Grant, was the first long form video to be certified gold (indicating sales of 25,000 or more) and was also the first "clip show" to be aired on network television. More recently, Duran Duran's self-titled clips compilation (a $400,000 production) was also certified gold, and was aired on Showtime last fall, a first for compilation videos on pay television.

Bob Hart, vice president of production and marketing for Picture Music International (formerly EMI MusicVideo), which funded both *The Tubes Video* and *Duran Duran*, prefers the compilation form with only "purely visual devices to link the tracks." Storyline, he says, limits musicvideo's built-in advantage of repeatability.

"That's the basic difference between what we do and what filmmakers do," Hart says in reference to the repeatability factor. "Films are meant to deliver in one viewing. If we do that we've failed."

Nonfiction musicvideos are traditionally in-concert or documentary accounts of musical events. This form has been slow to develop due to low budgets and uncertainty regarding the market (indeed, concert titles have yet to prove viable sales items). Recent experiments in nonfiction musicvideos include what one industry executive terms "enhanced in-concerts" featuring Las Vegas-style production numbers with clip post-production techniques. Brian Grant did the first (*Olivia In Concert*, initially aired as a Home Box Office special) and is also responsible for the new *Donna Summer*, complete with Broadway dancers, helicopter shots and special effects.

Documentaries, heretofore a slowly-developing form, have now become an arena for some special creativity, particularly in the field of music biographies, where *The Kids Are Alright* (The Who), *Jim Morrison: Tribute To The Doors* and *This Is Elvis* are superbly-realized projects.

But "documentary" is quickly becoming an antiquated term. "Rockumentary" is the latest euphemism for nonfiction musicvideos, and to date the leader in the genre is MGM/UA, whose *The Compleat Beatles* has been certified gold. According to Jim Mervis, vice president of programming for MGM/UA, the rockumentary is an attempt to "present a personalized view of the artists and their music. The personal touch and historical perspective increases the information content of the program and makes it repeatable. It's not something the viewer can digest in one shot."

Unlike traditional nonfiction videos, rockumentaries make extensive use of music clips to illuminate the narrative and are edited to the rhythm of the featured music. As is demonstrated by two other MGM/UA projects, the recently-released *Girl Groups* and the forthcoming *Cool Cats*, the better rockumentaries can serve as both musical encyclopedias and biographies.

Cool Cats, scheduled for a January 1984 release, is inspired by the Delilah Communications picture book of the same title (as were *Girl Groups* and *The Compleat Beatles*). According to Mervis, *Cats* is "a look at style as a reflection of music keyed to four extraordinary interviews with Phil Everly, Pete Townshend, Grace Slick and Malcolm McLaren."

Joan Sauers, associate producer of *Cool Cats*, feels the rockumentary offers distinct advantages over other approaches to musicvideo. "Instead of treating the subject chronologically, we approach it in a more abstract, stylized way. For instance, when we examine the '50s style we don't just concentrate on '50s musicians. We mix up

Demonstrating the continuity of style in *Cool Cats*

Brian Setzer of the Stray Cats with Bill Haley and Elvis Presley. It's more an entertainment special than a traditional documentary."

Nonetheless, the built-in restrictions of nonfiction and compilation forms are frustrating musicvideo creators, many of whom want to move into full-scale features; yet financial constraints, unseasoned performers and a limited number of viewing outlets continue to present formidable obstacles to anyone attempting a more ambitious musicvideo. While MGM/UA's Mervis commends *Mantrap* as a valid experiment, he believes quality musicvideo features require feature film budgets—currently out of the question due to the low return on investment. Low-budget attempts (*Mantrap* cost in the neighborhood of $300,000) will produce "a lot of interesting music and camerawork set to a fairly sloppy story."

Story isn't what undercuts *Mantrap*, though. Written by Temple, Richard Burridge and ABC, the script is based entirely on the band's *Lexicon of Love* album (the order of the scenes even mirrors the LP's track sequencing). And the atmospheric spy plot—the story centers on a conspiracy between the members of a touring rock band, their manager and a mystery lady (played by Vanderpump) to replace lead singer Martin Frey with a double brought in from behind the Iron Curtain—succeeds in the abstract musicvideo style of matching the action to the mood rather than to the meaning of the lyrics.

Mantrap is, however, distinguished by its stars' lack of screen presence. Termed "creatures of musicvideo" by Len Epand, head of the PolyGram MusicVideo division (financiers of *Mantrap*), the members of ABC were clearly unprepared, as actors, for the demands of the long form.

Should musicians be expected to perform as proficiently as trained actors? Many in the creative community think not. "What they did with ABC was wrong," declares producer Siobhan Barron, who with her brother, producer Steve Barron, founded and heads Limelight Film and Video, one of the industry's leading musicvideo production houses. Says Barron: "I don't think bands can act; if they could they'd be actors.

"The ideal situation," Barron explains, "is to take a live in-concert and do concept around it, where there is a band playing and everything you cut away to isn't jarring." Case in point: Limelight's production of Dire Straits' "Twisting By The Pool," intercutting footage of the band playing the song with party scenes shot at poolside.

"The lighting matched," notes Barron, "and we cut back and forth so smoothly that no one asked, 'Why did they cut away to those girls in the pool?' "

But where will long form musicvideos go for extended air time? Mervis feels a television station or a network will have to devote a series to features if long form is to flourish. Scott Millaney, whose MGMM Productions (Millaney-Grant-Mattet-Mulcahy) practically invented rock video clips, feels musicvideo features might well be seen in movie theatres. With two of his three directors (Mulcahy and Grant) now making feature films, and production costs skyrocketing, Millaney would appear to know whereof he speaks. At any rate, he's planning for the jump to the silver screen.

He speaks of doing another *Fantasia*, of taking "classic rock 'n' roll songs, like half a side of *Dark Side of the Moon* or maybe some tracks off *Sgt. Pepper* and putting music up on the screen with live action, animation, computer effects, whatever it means to you."

So volatile is the creative side of musicvideo right now that a few artists profess uncertainty over the direction of their future video projects. Toni Basil, *auteur* of the *Word of Mouth* video LP, contemplates a totally different approach for her next effort. "I was thinking of taking two of my songs and elaborating on them so they were long musical pieces, instumentals that I could do an hour ballet to instead of me singing all the time." But Basil is ready for anything: "I could end up turning all my music into an exercise video."

The search to go beyond the clip is a reflection of musicvideo's rich possibilities as an art form. Scott Millaney feels "a little more foresight" is necessary if musicvideo is to develop to its fullest, but Paul Kantner of the Jefferson Starship (now at work on a concert/concept video) best summarizes the conventional wisdom of the moment: "It's an open frontier, and nobody's struck gold yet." ○

EDITORS' CHOICE: EXTENDED-LENGTH MUSICVIDEOS

The following list indicates those extended-length musicvideo titles recommended by RECORD's editorial staff. Some, such as *Who Rocks America*, are clearly flawed, but nonetheless valuable as historical documents; others have been selected as examples of how the art form is developing: for instance, *Olivia In Concert* may not be your cup of tea, but it's worth seeing for the production values alone. And really, you could do a lot worse. —Alan Hecht

ROCKUMENTARY

THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT
(Thorn-EMI)

JIM MORRISON: A TRIBUTE TO THE DOORS
(Warner Home Video)

THE COMPLEAT BEATLES
(MGM/UA)

GIRL GROUPS
(MGM/UA)

THIS IS ELVIS
(Warner Home Video)

COMPILATIONS

THE TUBES VIDEO
(Thorn-EMI)

PHYSICAL
Olivia Newton-John
(MCA Home Video)

WORD OF MOUTH
Toni Basil
(Chrysalis Home Video)

DURAN DURAN
(Thorn-EMI)

EAT TO THE BEAT
Blondie
(Warner Home Video)

FEATURES

ELEPHANT PARTS
Michael Nesmith
(Pacific Arts Video)

DEVO: THE MEN WHO MAKE THE MUSIC
(Warner Home Video)

MANTRAP
ABC
(RCA-Columbia Home Video)

THE WALL
Pink Floyd
(MGM/UA)

CONCERTS

SIMON & GARFUNKEL: CONCERT IN THE PARK
(CBS-Fox Video)

ROD STEWART LIVE AT THE FORUM
(Warner Home Video)

TINA TURNER LIVE: NICE 'n' ROUGH
(Thorn-EMI)

WHO ROCKS AMERICA: 1982 AMERICAN TOUR
(CBS-Fox Video)

OLIVIA IN CONCERT
Olivia Newton-John
(MCA Home Video)

MUSICVIDEO 1984: THE BULLS AND THE BEARS

By Mark Mehler

Are video 45s "the start of something big"? Some say yes, some say no, some are hedging their bets

"GO BACK TO THE FIRST record," advises John O'Donnell, national manager of video software for Sony Corp. "You know what it was like? Most people thought records were stupid, the stores carried maybe one or two for novelty. It isn't hard for me to see this product going in the same direction."

This product is the video 45, or video single, which Sony began shipping in late February as its major new entry in the home video sweepstakes (RECORD, March '83). To date, Sony has shipped eight two- or three-song releases, including Duran Duran, Utopia, Bill Wyman and Blotto, and although O'Donnell insists demand for the $15.95 to $19.95 tapes is generally outpacing supply, he is quick to add that the market is yet to be fully defined, let alone developed. He is content, at present, to be considered a visionary. Of course, Leonardo da Vinci never had daily marketing responsibilities.

O'Donnell, however, takes the long view.

"It's a three year plan," he explains. "1983 is our year of awareness, partly directed at consumers. The idea is 'Think about owning what you see on MTV.' There are 13 million MTV sets out there. The second element of the first year is directed at the record companies. We're trying to make them see that home video, specifically the video single, is a sales product, not just a promotion. It's coming."

Under the marketing plan, O'Donnell continues, 1984 will be the year of distribution, when Sony begins promoting the "Video Music Section" as a must in every record shop. 1985 is the year "we blow it all out . . . suppliers, consumers, record stores, all on the bandwagon."

Meanwhile, there are many in the record industry who think this could be the start of something big.

"Sony is establishing a future base," says Randy Hock, Arista Records promotion/marketing director. "Somebody has to take the first step and they're doing it. What is being created here is a new generation of home video collectors. What I see is a laserdisc eventually coming along with compilations of, say, eight or nine songs, and priced under $10, which is going to doom the vinyl LP completely. Right now, we at Arista are already seeing the business shifting from albums to cassettes. I don't know if a three- or four-song videocassette will be a major software product of the future, but the implications are tremendous."

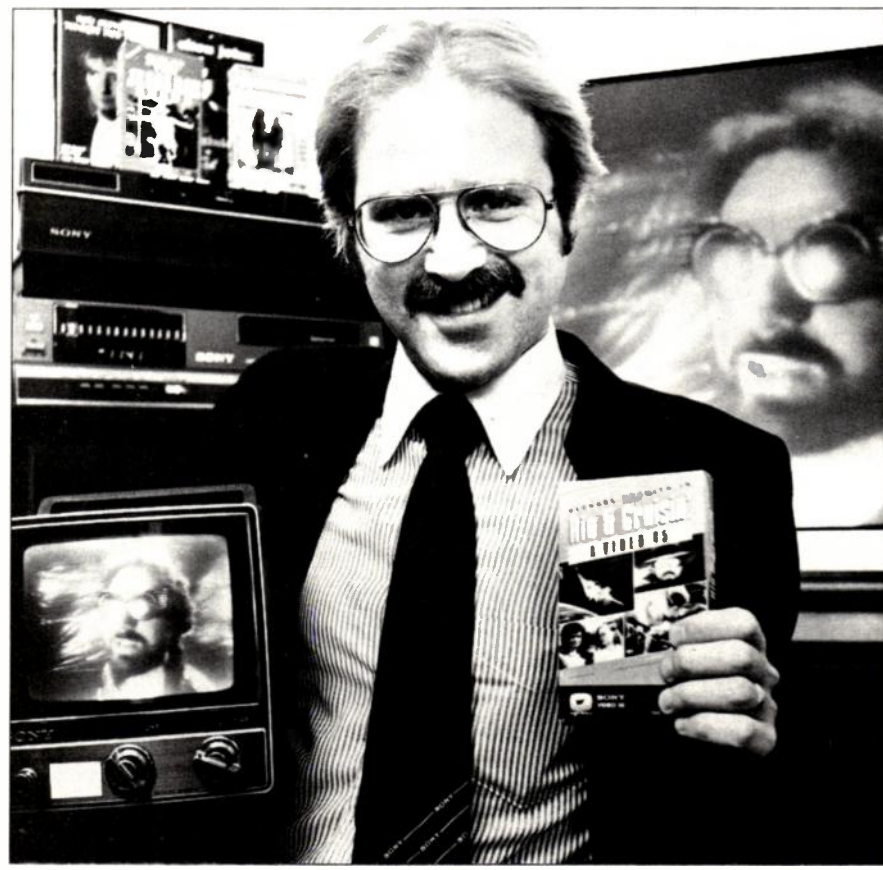


PHOTO: STEVEN BROWN

Sony's O'Donnell: "We have a long way to go."

Randy Freeman, director of sales and marketing for I.R.S. Video, confirms initial discussions with O'Donnell regarding Sony licensing I.R.S. acts, "but nothing's been firmed up. Certainly, it's too early to say if the video 45 is going to be a success, but one thing's for sure: Sony's helping us create an entire music video industry."

Jo Bergman, Warner Brothers Records' vice-president of video, likewise sees a "tremendous sales potential" in the music video shortform, but adds, "I don't have any information to make a judgment." Bergman says Warners plans to eventually participate in the Sony program (one Warners act, Rod Stewart, has already licensed product for a video 45, although the arrangements were not made through the record company).

"It's pretty clear there's room for new delivery systems in home video," says Bergman, "but it's impossible to know what people will do. In this business, somebody says something, and three months later it's all changed. We saw a rush to arts programming, for example, and a lot of it's already gone from the market. All I can say about the video 45 is that it seems like a good idea and it should work."

O'Donnell is pleased with the record industry response, and takes considerable pains to distance himself from Randy Hock's extreme view that home video will render the vinyl LP obsolete.

"We want to work with these people," O'Donnell stresses. "We tell them there's

absolutely no magic in what Sony is doing. We know that someday our competition is going to come from CBS, WEA and Polygram. They have the resources to put out their own video singles; when they don't license to us anymore, Sony will get into developing and marketing new talent. There's plenty of that to go around."

O'Donnell concedes a number of promotional and marketing problems in the first six months of release, but claims Sony is gradually addressing them. The initial two-song videos, for example (Jesse Rae, Duran Duran and Mike Nesmith) were widely seen as offering an insufficient amount of music for the money. Coming releases will offer at least three clips—or roughly 15 minutes of music. O'Donnell says the new *Danspak* release (a compilation of new bands) consists of five video clips, of some 20 minutes in total length, and hints that the video 45 may well evolve into the video EP: "I think we need to give at least 15 to 20 minutes of music."

O'Donnell further sees the price of the video 45 dropping inexorably, as Sony realizes various economies of scale in its duplication operations. The current $15.95 tag (for Beta) should drop to about $12.95 within a year, he says, adding that the issue of price is greatly overstated.

"Keep this in mind: I saw the Police at Shea Stadium, and there were 70,000 kids, all paying $17.50, most of them in designer jeans. Money is no real object. If a full-length 60-minute video is $40, our videos at $13 are perfectly reasonable."

Nevertheless he admits the front-line people—the video and/or music retailers—have yet to be completely convinced. A recent *Variety* article, for example, pointed to dealer dissatisfaction with the overall format, the paucity of high-fidelity VCRs on the market, and Sony's somewhat messy distribution system.

Chaz Austin, video merchandise manager at Nickolodeon in Los Angeles, says his store—half audio and half video—isn't interested in handling the Sony 45s.

"First, the consumer doesn't get much for his money. Second, we don't get much: the markup is only 20 percent or so, while 30 percent is the standard in video. And finally, we haven't seen any demand. People who would buy a Sony 45 are the same people who watch MTV, and if they have a VCR, they'll just tape the clips right off the show. We're holding to see if a market develops. I'm very skeptical."

Still, other retailers are more optimistic. Cathy Cone of St. Louis' Uncle Toots outlet says the store's business in Sony 45s is tied closely to the burgeoning sale of Sony hi-fidelity hardware. "Almost everyone buying a Sony machine is taking at least one video single," Cone reports, "maybe to show off to their friends what the system can do. We're seeing all ages, late 20s to early 50s. A few even bought all three of the first singles. Customers seem to like the price point and the men just love the Duran Duran for the visuals. If we can sell this many Jesse Raes, who nobody heard of, I can't imagine what a superstar is going to do. It'll be fantastic."

Absolutely critical to the Sony marketing effort, declares O'Donnell, is the support of these troops for in-store promotion. "You can't put Jesse Rae in the J section and hope people will find it, which is what some retailers do. I'm looking to these people to create video music sections, with displays, headphones, big ads like 'MTV spoken here.' It's got to be positioned as a major buy item."

To the observation that video 45s are directly tied to hardware sales, O'Donnell responds that Beta stereos should be in about half a million homes by the end of 1983. "Not much now, but growing rapidly. Anyway, how many people who watch MTV do it in stereo? We don't need a lot of stereo systems to sell 45s."

He admits complaints about distribution once had some validity, "but you no longer need to be an authorized Sony distributor to get the product. You can now buy from us or from 20 external indie software dealers. Pretty soon, we'll have record stores, rack jobbers, record distributors."

> **I.R.S.' Freeman: "One thing's for sure: Sony's helping us create an entire music video industry."**

In the future Sony hopes to deliver a steady stream of two or three releases per month ("we need to build a catalog; if a customer sniffs a couple of releases and doesn't bite, you need a catalog to hold him in the store"); simultaneous video/LP releases ("we're talking with .38 Special about cross-merchandising their next album"); and more superstar clips. Rod Stewart and Elton John are already inked, and a report out of Hollywood says Sony will soon release a three-clip David Bowie 45. According to O'Donnell, superstars, particularly, are reluctant to commit to something as experimental as the video single until a market has been developed. "I wish I could get Michael Jackson; that would be my big break," he muses, "but I don't think it will happen."

"We have a long way to go," O'Donnell concludes. "But remember, Sony is a full-line distributor and wholesaler which is committed to musicvideo as the biggest portion of the total video market. And we've been saying all along, whether it's a $29.95 concert tape or a $15 short length video, you have to own it if you want to enjoy it whenever you want." ○

VIDEO SINGLES CHECKLIST

The following is a thumbnail survey of rock video 45s currently on the market. Three titles unavailable at presstime—a new artist collection called *Dansepak,* plus videos by Rod Stewart and Blotto—will be reviewed in a future issue. All Sony Video 45s are in stereo and carry a list price of $15.95 in Beta and $19.95 in VHS.

JESSE RAE:
"D.E.S.I.R.E."/"Rusha"
Director: Jesse Rae Running time (RT): 10 minutes

Experimental, artistic effort by Scottish video artist (you wouldn't exactly call him a musician) Jesse Rae. "Rusha" teams a razor-thin ballerina with some freakin' Russkie soldiers (I say bomb 'em back to the Stone Age—where's Curtis LeMay when we need him?) and the kilt-clad Rae (nuke his fashion consultant!) dancing to a bilingual (Russian/English) track. "D.E.S.I.R.E." 's wicked, punky poke at obsession, featuring New Wave Japanese dancers in mesh stockings, was deemed too hot for MTV. Could there be any higher recommendation?

DURAN DURAN
"Hungry Like The Wolf"/
"Girls On Film" (night version)
Directors: Russell Mulcahy (*Hungry*)
Godley-Creme (*Girls*) RT: 11 minutes approx.

Rock's preeminent video stars in the clips that made them famous. 'nuff said.

MICHAEL NESMITH
"Rio"/"Cruisin' "
Director: Bill Dear RT: 11 minutes approximate

Two singles from the Grammy-winning video LP *Elephant Parts*. Sparkling and happy-go-lucky.

ELTON JOHN
"Breaking Down The Barrier"/
"Just Like Belgium"/"Elton's Song"
Director: Russell Mulcahy RT: 13 minutes

Herein is demonstrated one of the real values of Sony's Video 45s concept: cutting down to their proper size lame concept video albums like John's *Visions*.

THE UTOPIA SAMPLER
"Hammer In My Heart"/"You Make Me Crazy"/"Feet Don't Fail Me Now"
Director: Todd Rundgren RT: 11 minutes approx.

The best of Rundgren's quirky videos.

TODD RUNDGREN VIDEOSYNCRACY
"Hideaway"/"Can We Still Be Friends"/
"Time Heals"
Director: Todd Rundgren RT: 13 minutes approx.

Solid conceptual videos dipping ever-so-slightly into the surreal.

BILL WYMAN
"(Si, Si) Je Suis Un Rock Star"/
"A New Fashion"/"Come Back Suzanne"
Directors: Bill Wyman, Mick Haggerty, Piers Bedford RT: 11 minutes

Sloppy, mediocre work by the Stones' bass player.

monterey home video

MONTEREY MAKES THE MUSIC COME ALIVE!

The Tubes LIVE AT THE GREEK

SEE ROCK 'N' ROLL'S MOST OUTRAGEOUS GROUP IN A NIGHT OF PURE MUSICAL MADNESS. FEATURING 14 GREAT SONGS, INCLUDING **"TV IS KING," "DON'T TOUCH ME THERE"** AND **"WHITE PUNKS ON DOPE!"**

CANNED HEAT BOOGIE ASSAULT

ROCK AND RIDE WITH AMERICA'S PREMIER BOOGIE BAND IN AN HOUR-LONG "BIKER FANTASY ADVENTURE." STILL SURVIVING AFTER MORE THAN 18 YEARS, THE ONE AND ONLY **CANNED HEAT** IS **"ON THE ROAD AGAIN!"**

ABBA®

THRILL TO THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING RECORDING GROUP IN AN HOUR-LONG VIDEO REVIEW. INCLUDING MANY OF THEIR GREATEST HITS, LIKE **"KNOWING ME, KNOWING YOU," "DANCING QUEEN"** AND MANY MORE!

A Celebration

*JOIN **KRIS KRISTOFFERSON, GLEN CAMPBELL** AND A HOST OF COUNTRY MUSIC SUPERSTARS IN A SONG-FILLED TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF **DORSEY BURNETT**. ALSO STARRING **TANYA TUCKER, ROGER MILLER, GARY BUSEY, DELANIE AND BONNIE, MAUREEN McGOVERN, AND ROCKY AND BILLY BURNETT.***

AVAILABLE NOW IN STEREO ON ONE HOUR VIDEO CASSETTES

$39.95 EACH

EXCLUSIVELY MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED BY FAMILY HOME ENTERTAINMENT

WRH

HOW TO BECOME VIDEOCOOL

In which Max discovers the joys of interfacing

By Alan Hecht

MAX HAS A VIDEOcassette recorder. He also has a videodisc player, videogame system, and of course, his old reliable stereo. Videocool, right? Almost. Everytime Max wants to show a video it takes him hours to figure out which switch works what machine. His living room looks like the inside of a pasta maker. Max lacks a stereo-video interface.

As musicvideo programming explodes, the need for hardware that integrates your stereo and video components becomes more apparent. One approach has been the development of component television systems—a TV monitor, speakers, and a small amp—that produce simulated stereo from mono TV sound and can accommodate an input from a VCR. These systems cost well into the thousands, however, and duplicate many of the functions of your present components. More economical and versatile are the new line of stereo-video receivers designed to replace your current audio amp and become the heartbeat of a new stereo-video system.

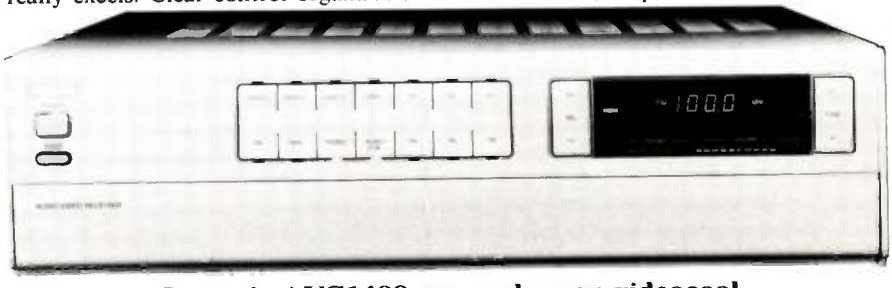
How does a stereo-video receiver differ from your present one? First off, it *is* a stereo amp and tuner with a full complement of state-of-the-art audio features. Second, it's a switching device that allows you to input all of your audio components (tuner, phono, cassette, speakers, etc.) and your video system (VCR, TV/monitor, videodisc player, videogame or personal computer). This eliminates the need for fragile A-B switchers, or worse still, having to disconnect the VCR every time you want to play a videogame. Switching also allows you to copy from one VCR to another or from a videodisc to a VCR (yes, it can be done!). And it gives you added flexibility and control for overdubbing new soundtracks or adding sound effects to home video recordings. Third, stereo-video receivers contain signal enhancement features to eliminate the audio noise from TV and VCR sound, and produce "synthesized stereo" from a mono source with imaginary left and right separation.

Jensen, Sony and Kenwood are tops in the stereo-video interface market, and a survey of their components reveals a marked difference in style and price.

"It's been said that the neglected child of video has been audio," relates Philip Rittmueller, director of product planning for Jensen Sound Laboratories. "We decided to do something about it." That something is the Jensen AVS1400 Audio Video Receiver ($595), the core of Jensen's new line of audio and video components.

The AVS1400 can make you videocool. The audio section puts out like a great midline receiver with 50 watts per channel and total harmonic distortion at less than 0.05 percent. The frequency synthesis FM tuner provides six pre-set channels and a special simulcast mode that's convenient for recording stereo-video broadcasts. The only thing lacking is more EQ controls and a second tape input.

It's in the video field that the AVS1400 really excels. Clear control organization makes one-touch switching between audio inputs and three sets of video inputs (including one that can be used for a personal computer or videogame) a pleasure. Remember the first time you hit a filter switch on your audio-amp and found it really worked? That's the effect the synthesized stereo mode will have on you. And playback on dumpy videocassettes and hissy TV sound can be significantly improved by adjusting Jensen's Dynamic Noise Reduction feature (DNR).



Jensen's AVS1400 can make you videocool

Sony's response to all this was to put out not one, but a whole line, of stereo-video receivers from the 20 watt per channel STR-V250 ($180) to the 70 watt per channel STR-V750 ($490).

"We wanted to give the hi-fi customer who traditionally uses his stereo receiver as a control center more flexibility to tie all of his home entertainment devices together at affordable price points," explains Marc Finer, communications manager of Sony's Consumer Audio Division.

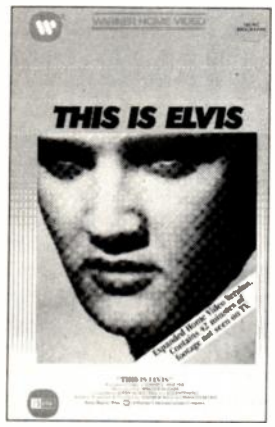
For $360, the 50 watt per channel STR-V550 is a solid, more modestly-priced alternative to the Jensen. It comes with full electronic touch controls that reduce noise from traditional knobs and switches. The video control center provides inputs for two video sources (it will not take a video game) and one-touch copying from Video 2 to Video 1, just like audio tape copying features. Sony also packs in an AM/FM tuner with 10 pre-sets, connections for two audio tape decks and an optional RM 750 controller that lets you operate via wireless remote control.

One company that got untracked a little too fast in the stereo-video interface is Kenwood, whose KVR 510 receiver is being phased out. "The customer didn't automatically know the advantages of a stereo-video unit and we didn't create the market for it," reports Joe Richter, Kenwood's eastern regional sales manager.

But the KVR 510 is still state-of-the-art with 33 watts per channel, AM/FM tuner (12 pre-sets), synthetic stereo, 3 video inputs (including one for videogames), video noise reduction, and one button copying switches. At its closeout price of $150 (less at discount houses), it's a steal.

If you're a true component freak and already have an AM/FM tuner you're fond of, you might want to check out Pioneer's VC-T700 video control tuner and the SA-V700 Audio/Video Amp. The VC-T700 ($500) is a 127-channel, cable-ready tuner with four video inputs, synthesized stereo sound and wireless remote control. The companion SA-V700 ($250) gives you 50 watts per channel and four audio inputs.

When making the move to the stereo-video interface, go for a true control center. Remember, stereo-video receivers can be matched with any monitor from a component TV system and they will do far more for your audio system than you might expect. With stereo-video components in place, a visualist can command virtuoso performaces from all elements of his home entertainment system. Oh, and when you go shopping, take Max along. ○



THIS IS ELVIS (1983)

Producers-writers-directors Andrew Solt and Malcolm Leo have tapped into something profound in their rockumentary, *This is Elvis*, and the truth of the matter may cut too close to the bone for some. Solt and Leo offer little new information, but construct an elaborate conceit to make their approach seem fresh—that is, having former Presley soundalike Ral Donner doing voiceovers as Elvis, commenting on his life. Of course, we don't know if Elvis ever felt these feelings, so the conceit's a trifle bogus. And it doesn't help that the actors hired to play young Elvis bear only a slight resemblance to the real thing. But if you can get past the opening segments, and up to the point where there's enough film of Presley himself to keep the fakes on the sideline, you will find yourself thinking about *This Is Elvis* long after it's over, and like me, playing it again and again. Because *This Is Elvis* asks important questions about what happened to its title subject, about the people who crowned him King then left him to die, about the banality of superstardom.

It's all here: the dramatic TV appearances in the mid-'50s when the world didn't quite know what to make of Presley (including the loathesome Steve Allen, who's seen attempting to denigrate not only Elvis but the south and Country and Western music as well); stirring bits from the '68 comeback special; some exciting concert scenes from the early '70s; and the gradual descent into corpulence.

But there's more. Just as Solt and Leo were judicious in employing Jeff Bridges as narrator of their acclaimed 1979 ABC-TV special, *Heroes of Rock 'n' Roll*, so here do they demonstrate an admirable feel for sensing when to back off and let the music and the visuals speak for themselves. One segment is particularly haunting. It begins with Presley singing "Can't Help Falling In Love" at the end of his "Aloha From Hawaii" TV special. As he's riding out of the arena in a limousine, he sings softly to himself, "I know it's over . . ." and Donner comes on talking about the impending breakup of Presley's marriage to Priscilla. Cut to a studio, where Presley's recording "Always On My Mind." As he sings those telling lyrics—"Maybe I didn't hold you/ quite as much as I should have . . ."—home movies roll, showing the couple in happier days, at ease on the grounds of Graceland. Cut back to the recording studio, where you can see the hurt on Elvis' face, hear it in his voice, and feel it in your gut. In a masterful stroke, Solt and Leo freeze on Elvis embracing Priscilla, as "Always On My Mind" fades out, then pick up a bulky and morose-looking Presley practicing karate. The suggestion is that Elvis' life ended when Priscilla left him, and the evidence supports the filmmakers' theory. And so it goes, up to and including some bizarre onstage scenes shot during Elvis' final concert.

Where *The Compleat Beatles*, a more celebrated rockumentary, falls short, *This Is Elvis* succeeds in bunches: a superbly edited and powerful marriage of visuals, music and narrative recounting the career of an artist who made a difference in the way we live, constructed so as to force the viewer into confronting set notions regarding demands made of artists we depend on for inspiration.

This is Elvis? This is us, for good or evil.

Directors: Andrew Solt and Malcolm Leo. 114 minutes. Warner Home Video. $69.95.

—David McGee

POLICE AROUND THE WORLD

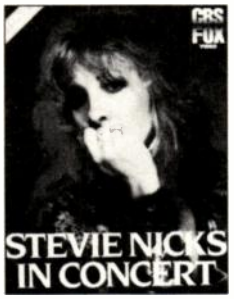
The Police lay claim to the throne of vaudvideo in this slapstick adventure that's more *A Hard Day's Night* than concert documentary. One-liners, comedy skits, travelogue footage, and conceptual images (some culled from the band's early videos) are interspersed as cut-aways from the onstage exploits during the group's 1980-1981 world tour. (Meaning, of course, you shouldn't buy this video expecting to see the excellent "Every Breath You Take" video.)

The experimental format (turning concert documentary into concept video) emphasizes the band's personality rather than its music. So we get a nearly-mute he running around shirtless at every opportunity, and also participating in a comical scene shot in fast-action in which Sting trades places with a rickshaw driver and gives the good gent a quick ride around town. Drummer Stewart Copeland's attitude is pretty much summed up by an obscene message printed on his bass drum; he also gets good mileage being shown shooting a film within the film. Regular guy Andy Summers dons a loin cloth and goes a few rounds with a Sumo wrestler, then dresses up in gaucho garb to go horseback riding on the South American pampas. Get the concept?

Directors Kate and Derek Burbidge employ a dazzling editing style, but the frenetic pace of the video undercuts its visual impact, while truncated versions of "Message In A Bottle," "Can't Stand Losing You" and "Don't Stand So Close To Me" fail to conjure the mood of a Police performance.

The most disappointing aspect of this music video is its erratic volume modulation and sloppy mix (Sting's bass often overpowers the other instruments). Even on a Beta hi-fi, with its superior sound reproduction, *Police Around The World* was a less-than-scintillating aural experience.

In sum, it's too much schtick and too little kick. Leading to the inevitable question: whither music? *Director: Kate and Derek Burbidge. 77 minutes. I.R.S. Video. $29.95.* **—Alan Hecht**



STEVIE NICKS IN CONCERT

Stevie Nicks, by the nature of her artistry and size of her following, polarizes the mass rock audience's reaction as very few artists do (the Grateful Dead being the only others who quickly spring to mind). So when it comes to *Stevie Nicks In Concert*, there can scarcely be anyone whose decision is not already made as to the value of this videocassette. If you're of the opinion that there's something a mite perverse about a woman in her mid-30s perpetually projecting a persona forever "At The Edge of Seventeen," that of a sixteen-year-old girl daydreaming in the back of history class and writing bittersweet adolescent poetry about Visions and Dreams and Romance, then you already know *Stevie Nicks In Concert* is not for you.

Of course, those who worship the ground she barely stays on, who adore her for her fanciful flights into a never-never land of lace and grace, will probably have already purchased it, and from that point of view, justifiably so. Produced at the Oakland show on 1981's triumphant "White Winged Dove" tour, the performance is given an added poignancy by being played near her old stomping grounds, by her being introduced by her father and by it being the tour's last stop. With a band that includes drummer Russ Kunkel, E Street pianist Roy Bittan, Heartbreaking organist Benmont Tench and other prominent accompanists, her music is given as deft and as sympathetic a setting as can be. *Director: Marty Callner. 60 minutes. CBS/Fox Video. $39.98.* **—Wayne King**

MUSICVIDEO TOP TEN

1 **DURAN DURAN**
DURAN DURAN
Thorn-EMI Home Video

2 **ROLLING STONES: LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER**
ROLLING STONES
Embassy Home Video

3 **THE WHO ROCKS AMERICA**
THE WHO
CBS/Fox

4 **OLIVIA IN CONCERT**
OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN
MCA Home Video

5 **THE COMPLEAT BEATLES**
MGM/UA Home Video

6 **FLEETWOOD MAC: MIRAGE TOUR '82**
FLEETWOOD MAC
RCA/Columbia Home Video

7 **SIMON & GARFUNKEL: CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK**
SIMON & GARFUNKEL
CBS/Fox

8 **STEVIE NICKS IN CONCERT**
STEVIE NICKS
CBS/Fox

9 **EARTH WIND & FIRE**
EARTH WIND & FIRE
Vestron Video

10 **THIS IS ELVIS**
Warner Home Video

The MusicVideo Top Ten indicates the fastest-moving sales and rentals titles in music product as reported by the country's leading video retail outlets.

In a story on rock video cliches in RECORD's September issue, the director of Bonnie Tyler's "Total Eclipse of the Heart" video was misidentified. The director should have been listed as Russell Mulcahy.

VIDEO CLIP TOP TEN

1 **SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY**
DONNA SUMMER
(Mercury) D: Brian Grant

2 **EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE**
POLICE
(A&M) D: Godley-Creme

3 **BEAT IT**
MICHAEL JACKSON
(Epic) D: Bob Giraldi

4 **FASCINATION**
HUMAN LEAGUE
(A&M) D: Steve Barron

5 **SAFETY DANCE**
MEN WITHOUT HATS
(Backstreet) D: Tim Pope

6 **BURNING DOWN THE HOUSE**
TALKING HEADS
(Sire) D: David Byrne

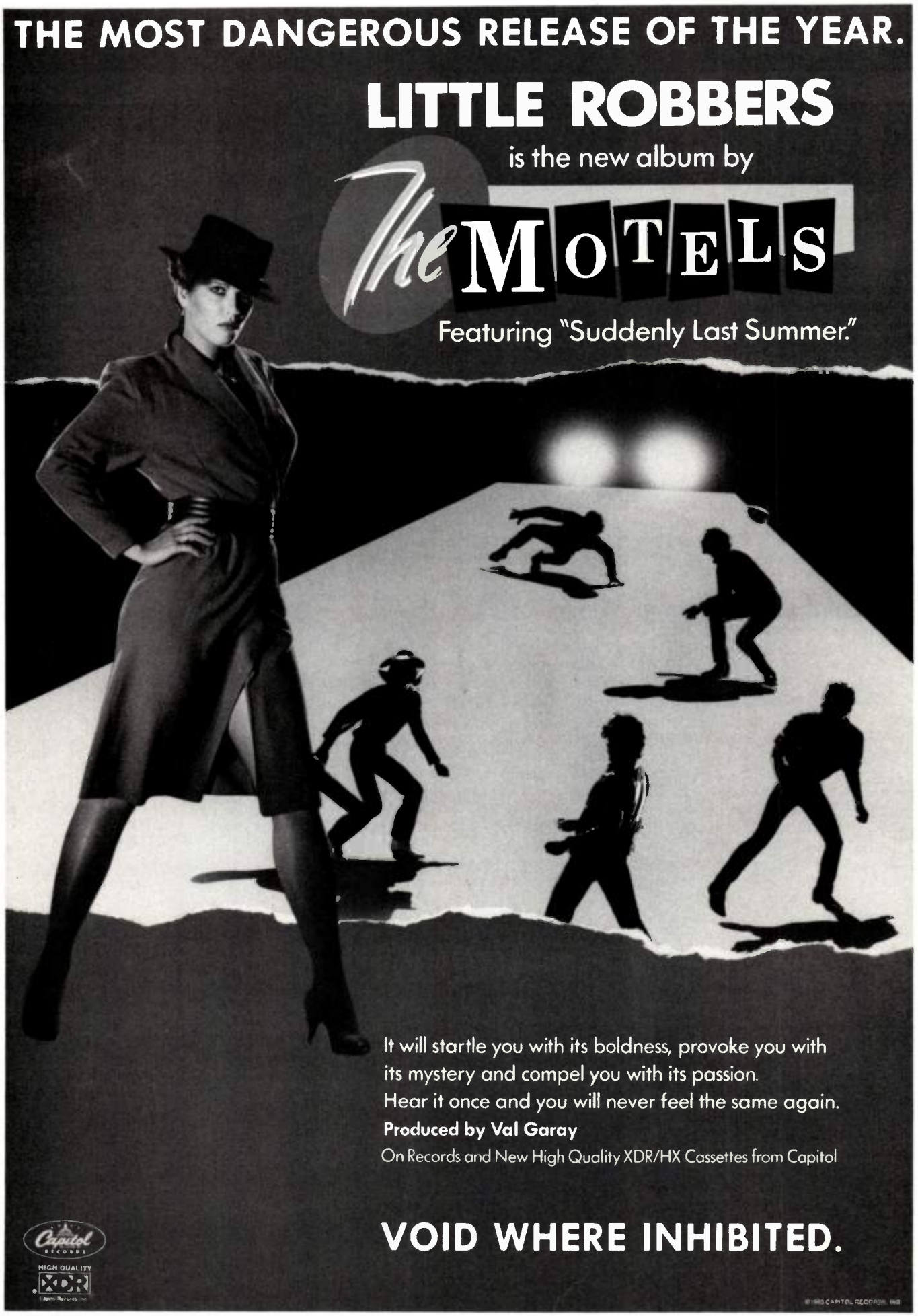
7 **SWEET DREAMS**
EURYTHMICS
(RCA) D: Dave Stewart, Annie Lennox, Jon Roseman

8 **I'LL TUMBLE 4 YA**
CULTURE CLUB
(Epic) D: Zelda Barron

9 **MANIAC**
MICHAEL SEMBELLO
(Polygram) D: Adrian Lyne

10 **LEGAL TENDER**
THE B-52'S
(Warner Bros.) D: Mick Haggerty, C.D. Taylor

Compiled by Rockamerica (41 E. 20th, N.Y., N.Y., 10003), the Video Clip Top Ten indicates the most popular rock video clips being played in over 250 clubs, colleges and record stores. In addition to title, artist and label, each entry contains the name of the clip's director. These charts reflect video play for the month of August.


THE MOST DANGEROUS RELEASE OF THE YEAR.
LITTLE ROBBERS
is the new album by
The MOTELS
Featuring "Suddenly Last Summer."
It will startle you with its boldness, provoke you with its mystery and compel you with its passion.
Hear it once and you will never feel the same again.
Produced by Val Garay
On Records and New High Quality XDR/HX Cassettes from Capitol
VOID WHERE INHIBITED.
Capitol RECORDS
HIGH QUALITY XDR

NSTRUMENTS + AUDIO

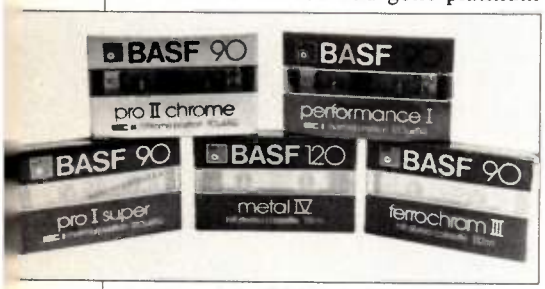
MARTIN PORTER

THE SOUND IN YOUR EARS, THE SOUND IN YOUR MIND

CHROME TAPE: WHAT IT IS, WHAT IT DOES

WHEN A&M RECORDS RELEASED the Police LP *Synchronicity* simultaneously on cassette, yet another blow was struck for the respectability of this much-maligned, pre-recorded audio storage medium.

Synchronicity was the second time that BASF's Pro II chrome tape had been used for a commercial pop release (the first was Supertramp's . . . *famous last words* . . .) and by late summer it was reported that the cassette version had gone platinum



A new look for BASF's audio product line (the Pro II Chrome used for the cassette configuration of *Synchronicity* is at top left)

(sales of one million). Whether the sales boom resulted from improved tape quality (most labels use low-grade bulk stock) or the addition of an extra cut, "Murder By Numbers," on the cassette version, was im-

Fuji's Chrome Cassette

possible to tell. What was clear, however, was the public's willingness to forgive the cassette its early shortcomings and to find out what new tape technology has wrought.

What it has wrought, by the way, is a cassette product that bears little resemblance to the flimsy plastic shells of ferric-oxide tape that hissed like a flat tire and jammed as if loaded with strawberry preserves. In fact, cassette tapes have gone through several evolutions, each one coded with its own number (Type I, II, III, IV) and each with its respective applications and technical settings.

Chrome (or chromium dioxide) tape fits into the Type II category, also called high bias, and was considered a dramatic improvement over its iron-oxide forebear (Type I) when first introduced. Not to be confused with chrome equivalents (ferric-oxide tapes, given an audio goose with cobalt), which share the Type II category, chrome tape is noted for its medium price-range, low noise and improved response at high frequencies. The chrome equivalents can often match chrome dynamic range, though the compromise is usually increased tape noise.

Here's how chrome tape does its trick: all recording tape is simply magnetic particles layered on a strip of plastic. The chrome crystals, however, are extremely small and uniform in size and generally imperfection free. The consistency in shape cuts down on noise and the small size offers high frequency sensitivity. What results is a precise arrangement of particles ready to be rearranged when the tape passes over the tape heads—the result of which is generally known as *sound*. You don't need chrome tape when recording only the human voice. In fact, you might not even need it when recording Judas Priest. Chrome cassettes are usually preferred by those who need a tape that can handle a musical source ranging from absolute quiet to ear-splitting leads.

Chrome cassette supremacy wasn't threatened much by the introduction of a Type III tape (a combination of chrome and iron) which has been marketed mainly for use in car stereos. However, the debut of a Type IV tape several years ago made some audio naysayers predict that chrome had finally met its match.

Like Type I cassettes, Type IV is based on an accumulation of ferric particles. The difference, however, is that Type IV uses finely powdered iron while Type I uses iron oxides. This is more than a chemistry lesson in the basic elements since the end result is that Type IV tapes generally boast the highest frequency response and the least noise. The fact that the new medium is tougher to record and erase than its tape predecessors called for a new generation of tape machines with the appropriate settings. The price also is nearly double that of its chromium dioxide next-of-kin.

Is it worth it? The specs, when you compare them side-by-side, heavily favor Type IV. But what about the sound—especially

TDK's Professional Reference Series of audio cassettes, including, at top, the MA-R90

for the average listener whose concept of state-of-the-art is regulated more by his pocket than by his ear?

The comparison of two premium cassette tapes serves as a good example: Fuji FR-II chromium dioxide ($7.50 for C-90) and TDK MA-R Metal Alloy Reference Cassette (about $12 for C-90). Visually, at least, TDK wins hands-down. The MA-R's unique die-cast metal shell gives it a presence and feel of durability and quality that no other cassette product on the marketplace can approach, not even Fuji's black plastic shell that has been engineered with mechanical gizmos to avoid tape snags and minimize irregularities in the tape run. In the specification department, the TDK metal comes off like a .400 hitter while the Fuji brand could be an MVP if only it were playing in another league—

which it is (Type II versus Type IV).

And what about the ears? In an attempt to gauge the audible differences between these two tape formulas, an A/B comparison was conducted with a variety of rock 'n' roll source material: "Wreckless Love" (Robert Plant, *The Principle of Moments*); "Like a Hurricane" (Roxy Music, *The High Road*); "Love Struck Baby" (Stevie Ray Vaughan, *Texas Flood*). C-90 lengths of each were used, not because they offer the best sound quality but because these longer brands are quickly gaining in popularity due to their increased capacity. All songs were recorded at the same levels, with the appropriate bias settings on a Revox B710 MK II tape machine (see accompanying item in this column), without noise reduction. A panel of audio aficionados and trained listeners were gathered together with the expressed task of picking the chrome from the metal. Only in the case of the Robert Plant selection could the judges accurately detect the metal cassette. When it came to Roxy Music (a live recording) and Stevie Ray Vaughan (gutsy Texas blues) the ballots were little more than 50-50 guesses.

With the blindfolds removed the panel was unanimous in its praise of chrome as everything from "cost-effective" to "good stuff." It was generally agreed that at higher recording levels the differences would become more obvious, since metal's heaviest strength is its ability to record with input levels twisted full-throttle with surprisingly little distortion. Still the settings were judged sufficient for ordinary listening.

However, when the respective shells were passed around the room the mood of the assembled began to change. The TDK warp-resistant die-cast metal frame is an impressive package and difficult to resist. In fact, it seemed that the packaging of the cassette had as much to do with its impact as the sound itself. One listener, enamored with the feel of the cassette in his hand, was even led to remark, "Maybe we should give (the metal) another chance . . ."

Serious Sound From Revox

WHILE THE $2000 LIST PRICE OF the Revox B710 MK II cassette recorder is certainly offputting, the unit itself is one impressive piece of audio machinery and deserves to be put through its paces by anyone serious about quality sound.

Revox introduced its cassette machine less than two years ago because, like a popular wine, Willi Studer (company president and founder) will sell no recorder before its time. The advent of metal cassette tape (it comes packed with TDK MA-R) may have made a difference. The fact that the Revox engineers were able to create a cassette machine tape transport that resembles more that of a reel-to-reel than its cassette brethren was probably closer to the mark.

All transport functions are microprocessor controlled and that very same microchip allows the listener to preselect start and stop points (so you can play the same cut, or the entire tape over and over). It also gives the machine automatic tape cueing and sensing of tape formulas (Type I, II or IV).

The fact that the microprocessor can only provide one selection setting is an unfortunate limitation (how many times can you stand hearing the same cut?) though it offers a clue to the cassette machine of the future which, very much like a Compact Disc player, will allow for listener taste and preferences via programmability. A future model of the B710, as well as future generations of cassette recorders, for that matter, will carry serial interfaces so that personal computers will be able to rearrange your listening.

Enter Zuccarelli

EVEN BEFORE THERE WAS STEreo, techno-types were attempting to broaden home audio horizons further than two loudspeakers would allow. Recently quadraphonic died a premature death because of standardization problems and market confusion. Then came a range of audio add-ons such as digital delays and psycho-acoustic devices. And now there is Hugo Zuccarelli.

Zuccarelli first gained the attention of the audio world last year when CBS released Pink Floyd's *Final Cut* LP which contained a smattering of sound effects attributed to Zuccarelli Labs Ltd. The album release was followed by a CBS campaign that sounded more like PR mumbo-jumbo than honest audio facts. Floyd, they reported, had met this Argentinian-born Italian who was able to encode normal LPs with three-dimensional sound (no new speakers, no add-ons, just the vinyl platter, the stylus and you).

What sounded like media hype didn't settle any easier when Zuccarelli refused to reveal his bag of tricks. He did demonstrate the system though, and the UK hi-fi press listened enthusiastically. One article reported a Zuccarelli skeptic who hit the deck fearing a locomotive was passing through the demo room.

The press wasn't the only group listening to Zuccarelli and his partner Mike King. The duo demonstrated the sound effects to a range of UK musicians including Marc Almond, whose production company also handles a group known as Psychic TV, which released the first entirely "Zuccarelli-ed" LP on CBS in England in September. Besides *The Final Cut* (which used King's processed footsteps on "Paranoid Eyes") the only other available LP featuring Zuccarelli's 3-D sound is a 12-inch EP on CBS in England called *Holophonics*, containing a range of sound effects from chains rattling to matches striking (available for $12.50; Zuccarelli Labs Ltd., 60 Hungerford Rd., London, England N79LP). The audio technology is expected to get its first big-time lift when Floyd leader Roger Waters releases his solo (Zuccarelli-ed) album this Christmas.

Zuccarelli's audio secret ingredient is some microphones embedded in the head of a dummy affectionately named Ringo (named after a boxer, not the drummer). Zuccarelli records his sounds while moving the musical sources at angles around Ringo's cranium. King, in Zuccarelli's absence ("he speaks English but has trouble understanding American"), explains: "The ear radiates its own reference and when that is disturbed the sound seems to change placement." In other words, King adds, Zuccarelli's mysterious holophonic sound technique does to the ears what holographic pictures do to the eyes.

If you find this confusing you are not alone. In a recent article in the UK recording journal *Studio Sound*, audio investigator Barry Fox compared Zuccarelli's recording "advance" to earlier attempts at so-called "dummy head" or "binaural" stereo, a system that also used a Ringo-like head and created quite a stir with sound effects in the early 1970s (and intrigued Lou Reed for a number of records). The technique involved placing two microphones inside mock ear canals which simulated human-like equalization for recording. When it came to reproducing a shot-gun blast, the result was staggering; but with music, however, binaural stereo recording fell flat since it was impossible to edit.

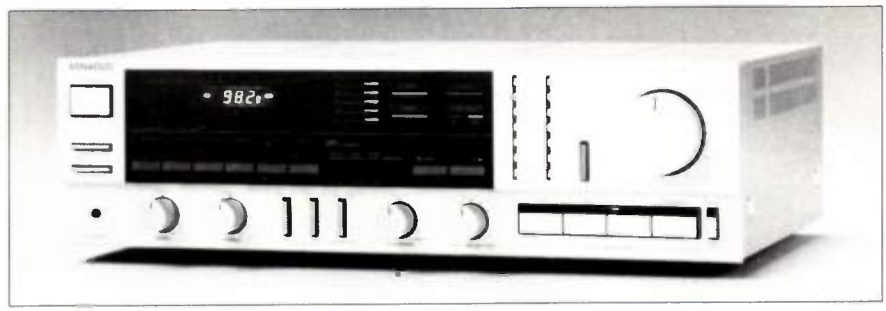
Fox explains: "What Zuccarelli has probably achieved is good binaural sound. He seems to limit his recordings to sources that can show-off wide dynamic range. It also seems to have the limitations of binaural—you either have to listen with headphones or with loudspeakers at either side of your head.

Either way, even Fox admits Zuccarelli's audio hocus pocus warrants the hoopla it has received—regardless of how the effect is created. King, meanwhile, reports that the Roger Waters project will finally vindicate Zuccarelli's innovation since it proves its applications to music in addition to sound effects. "Listeners will hear what we're talking about," he states.

And what if they don't? Zuccarelli and King take this into consideration on the liner notes of their CBS sound effects release: "If you feel (the sound) is behind you," Zuccarelli wrote, "I'm sorry. Something has gone wrong with your equipment or your headphones or your ears." The text even goes on to suggest that the only solution may be future "Zuccarelli-certified" audio components.

"And then, if that doesn't work," Fox intones, "may be they'll even have to market Zuccarelli ear drops." ○

FOR THE HOME, FOR THE CAR

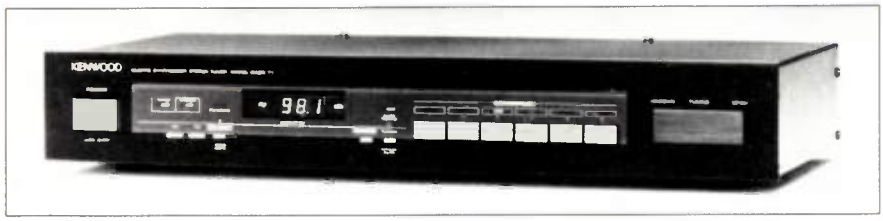


Kenwood Model KR-950 Stereo Receiver

Shown here are three of the products in **KENWOOD**'s new line of home audio components, the Basic Series. All of the components in the Basic Series are in the low- to mid-price range, save the KR-1000B "Galaxy Commander" receiver (not shown), priced at $1250.

The **BASIC-M2 STEREO POWER AMPLIFIER** offers Kenwood's patented Dynamic Linear Drive circuitry (DLD) for high sound quality, low distortion, high efficiency and minimal heat. It also features Sigma Drive, Kenwood's method of extending the amplifier's negative-feedback loop to the point closest to the speaker's input terminal for an ideal amplifier-speaker relationship. The unit has connections for two separate pairs of speakers or two pairs combined. Power output is 220 watts per channel, minimum RMS into 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.004 percent total harmonic distortion. Suggested retail price is $600.

Kenwood's Basic M-2 Stereo Power Amplifier



Basic-T1 FM-AM Stereo Tuner

The **BASIC-T1 FM/AM STEREO TUNER** offers automatic electronic tuning linked to a memory bank, plus crystal-clear signal reception in most conditions. The tuner is equipped with a memory for 12 stations (six FM, six AM) and a quartz-referenced PLL synthesizer tuning system that automatically locates the center of a station frequency and locks it in. The high quality circuitry provides wide stereo separation as well as low distortion. The unit also features all-electronic touch-switch operation with LEDs and fluorescent digital frequency readout. Usable sensitivity is 10.8 dBf (1.9uV) for the FM tuner selection and 10 uV for the AM tuner section. It carries a suggested retail price of $200.

The **KR-950** and **KR-930** models are computerized AM/FM stereo receivers, featuring digital quartz-PLL synthesizer tuning systems, Kenwood's high-speed technology, digital two-deck tape dubbing/monitoring, dual speaker system capability (A, B, A+B) and headphone jacks. The tuner sections provide presets for six FM and six AM stations and automatic scan tuning. The KR-950 delivers 80 watts per channel minimum to RMS, both channels driven at eight ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz with no more than 0.10 percent harmonic distortion. The high-speed KR-930 has a minimum 50 watts per channel output RMS, both channels driven at eight ohms.

The KR-950 carries a suggested retail price of $530, while the KR-930 has a suggested retail of $380.

FUJI PHOTO FILM U.S.A., INC., has introduced a cassette especially designed for car stereo use. Called the GT-I, the new cassette offers extra-durable features which make it able to withstand rigors unique to the automobile environment (i.e., extremes of temperature, vibration and sound absorption).

The main features of the Fuji GT-I include: cassette shell designed to withstand temperatures up to 110 degrees centigrade (230 degrees farenheit) without experiencing reduced sound reproduction quality or cassette shell deformation; sharper reproduction of notes in the high frequency range (the GT-I's tonal balance gives more weight to the higher range, which in effect creates clear-sounding high notes and a new level of listening enjoyment); a special Dual-Spring Pressure Pad to maintain stable tape-to-head contact, even under severe vibration (another special feature, Double Loop Prevention Guide provides extra protection against vibration induced looping, a common cause of tape jamming); special distinguishing characteristics which let the driver identify the side of the cassette he wants to play while keeping his eyes on the road. The partially knurled shell edges also make tape handling easier.

The Fuji Car Stereo Cassette GT-I is available in C-46 ($5.55), C-60 ($6.20), C-90 ($8.65).

Fuji's GT-I cassette designed for car stereo

CRAIG ANDERTON

STICKS AND TONES

The Chapman Stick makes some pretty amazing sounds. It can play lower than an electric bass and higher than an electric guitar—at the same time. It can sound like a guitar duet, or a bass-and-guitar duo (as Tony Levin sometimes does when playing it with King Crimson). And while it looks somewhat like a guitar, you tap the strings as if the instrument were a drum while playing independent melodies with both hands (like a pianist).

But as inventor Emmett Chapman would agree, the most significant aspect of The Stick is that it is played in a fundamentally different manner from other stringed instruments. You don't fret a string with one hand and pluck it with the other; you *tap* the strings against the fretboard, which produces enough string vibration to create a tone. Since tapping automatically frets the string, and there is no need to pluck, both hands are free to tap away and create contrapuntal melody lines. Of course, you can tap a guitar string for similar effects, but The Stick optimizes every element—pickups, fretboard, tempered steel dual trussrods, and action—for this tapping technique, thus producing as strong a sound as a plucked string.

The Stick has 10 strings, arranged as two groups of five (melody and bass strings) on a 3.25" wide fretboard. The five melody strings are tuned in fourths (D, A, E, B, F# from high to low), and like a guitar, the highest string is closest to the edge of the fretboard. The five "bass" strings are tuned in fifths (C, G, D, A, E from low to high), but within this group the lowest string is closest to the *middle* of the fretboard, and the highest string is closest to the edge. The strings are arranged this way so that the notes of a scale fall into similar "shapes" when played across the two groups of strings, thus making The Stick easier to play than if it followed conventional tuning practices. Typically, one hand will be tapping away on the group of five bass strings, with the other hand tapping on the melody strings; in this respect, The Stick conceptually resembles a piano more than a guitar.

What inspired someone to come up with a different kind of instrument? For Chapman, a Southern California native in his mid-40s who worked his way through UCLA singing in a trio, it began when he started accompanying himself on the guitar. Barney Kessell's *Guitar Trio* album opened his ears to jazz, and from 1959 to 1969 Chapman developed his guitars along with his music, adding strings, changing neck widths, and so on. The final stroke of inspiration that led to The Stick came from Jimi Hendrix, whose style included a lot of one-handed playing. In 1969, having just completed work on a nine-string guitar with an extra-wide fretboard, Chapman set the action extremely low and turned the volume way up in an attempt to replicate Hendrix's sound. "I decided to try some licks I had been doing with my left hand with my right hand instead. It was like a revelation; I could do them immediately, and do them fast, and clean. I stopped playing guitar at that moment." A few months later, after optimizing The Stick's construction to achieve the same effect at normal volume, he was tapping away as Barney Kessel's accompanist at various Los Angeles clubs.

Chapman is clearly not a get-rich-quick entrepreneur, and his conversation is far more likely to turn to music than nuts and bolts or new technology. He plays regularly in the Los Angeles area, both at clubs and college concerts. He hopes to tour eventually, and is currently recording demos in his four-track home studio with the expectation of releasing an album. How does he square the musician's obligations with those of the businessman?

"There are a lot of sacrifices involved; the hardest thing is the amount of work involved. Production, business, marketing, ads, doing the books, teaching students, playing gigs . . . it all goes on and on. However, the main contradiction (of music vs. business) is that a business person is, for lack of a better word, a 'mature' person who sacrifices the ego to get things done and work with other people. An artist, often by necessity, isn't like that at all and pursues a more creative role—with the ego right out in front. It's hard to have it both ways, yet somehow in my life I do."

(The Stick, plus case, instruction book and cord, lists for $945. A half-hour Stick demo cassette is available for $7.50 plus $1 postage and handling from Stick Enterprises, 8320 Yucca Trail, Los Angeles, California, 90046.) ○

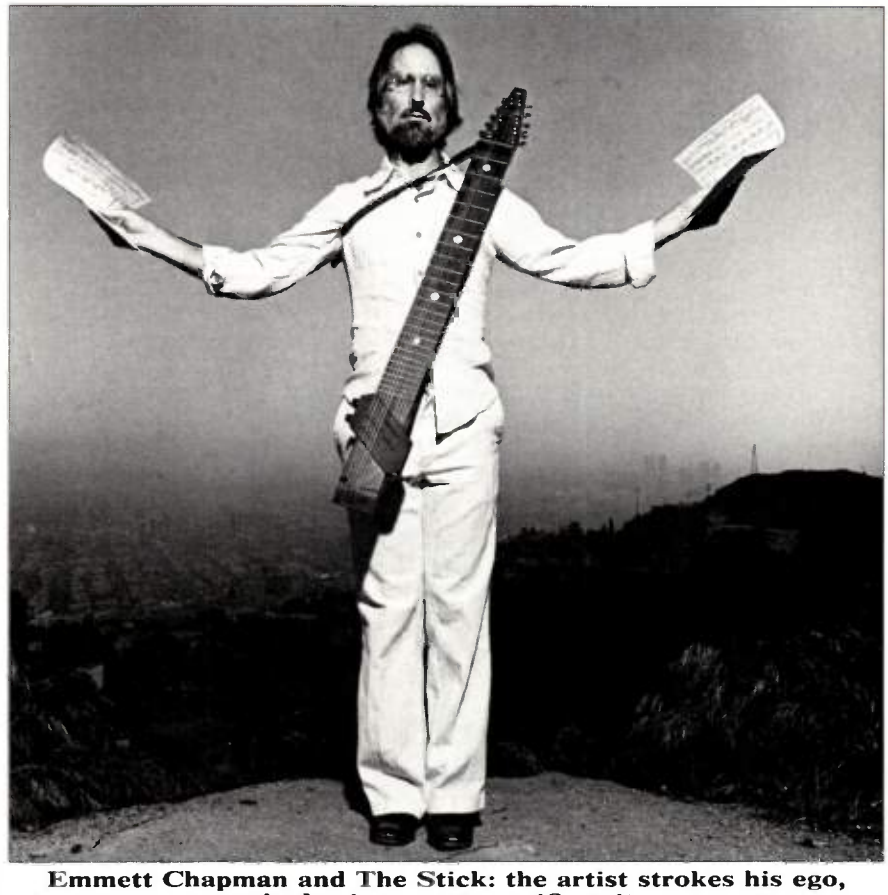


PHOTO BRITAIN HILL

Emmett Chapman and The Stick: the artist strokes his ego, the businessman sacrifices it.

MARK MEHLER

BERNARD EDWARDS: BASS WITH A CASE

At those Brooklyn bar mitzvahs 20 years ago, the food may have been chopped liver mold, but the bass player wasn't.

"Those are my roots," recalls Bernard Edwards, clearly not referring to his Torah portion. "The wedding and bar mitzvah bands helped me become a well-rounded musician. We played mostly Top 40 stuff, and you couldn't play just one style. I was combining all I knew at the time, using a pick, the traditional two-finger pick, the whole thing."

Scarcely above bar mitzvah age himself, Edwards taught himself the bass via James Jamerson and Duck Dunn records and by the mid-'60s was enamored of the likes of Jack Bruce, Vanilla Fudge's Tim Bogert and Paul McCartney ("the ultimate pop bassist").

PHOTO: EBET ROBERTS

Bernard Edwards: "I don't need to be idolized or admired."

"I've always played in small groups, where it was essential that the bass player reinforce the melody. To me, the bass was a lead instrument. I never enjoyed the two-note things, playing the root; that wasn't much fun."

When he and long-time friend Nile Rodgers formed Chic in the mid-'70s, Edwards continued to bring the melody out, and in the process helped a generation of listeners cross over. In a string of giant hit singles in the latter part of the Me-decade, Edwards and Rodgers eroded black-white barriers, and other meaningless geographical and musical categories, in the name of Disco.

"If there was one thing that made Chic special, it was that Nile and I had to be more creative because we only had guitar, bass, and drums. I had to do a lot more than play counterpoint to the rhythm—I had to come up with a completely new style of playing."

The late '70s was indeed a heady time for Chic; Rodgers and Edwards were essentially journeymen musicians, and the overnight platinum sales and critical acclaim were not easily assimilated into the band's emotional dynamic.

"Nile and I were having a lot of friction," acknowledges Edwards. "You go from doing nothing in your life to being tremendously successful, and you're still not enjoying yourself. The two of us were all tensed up, we were an assembly line, turning out songs, production deals, Chic albums. We got into acquiring videogames and a lot of material crap like that."

Things began to turn really sour with *Take It Off*, released in 1981. Edwards says he and Nile were tiring of some of the more "bubblegum, syrupy" aspects of disco ("everybody was saying disco was dead anyway"), and decided to make a radical break from dance music and show off their instrumental and production chops. The critics were not unkind, but Chic's substantial audience deserted the band en masse.

"When you go from a million sales two or three times in a row to 100,000, 50,000, man, it's got to be you, you must be doin' something wrong. We came out of nowhere, nobody was making people admire us in the first place, and nobody was making them hate us later. We just sat around and watched it happen, not understanding why."

Today, a wiser Bernard Edwards thinks he knows why.

"We destroyed ourselves by not staying on the road. In 1980, we were making $45,000, $50,000 a night, and then we just quit for two years. A band can't do that . . . you've got a sound, you have to go out there and play it, be a working band. We blew it. Also, there's a certain ingredient that your fans go after every time. Listen to old Stevie Wonder, you hear the same progressions as today; but Chic changed its whole sound, and our public didn't want to change with us."

Though Edwards previously harbored no ambitions as a solo artist, his split with Rodgers in 1982 brought him into the studio to record his debut LP. The result, *Glad To Be Here*, is most decidedly a commercial pop/R&B record; a return to a danceable, Chic-like groove. Meanwhile, Chic is coming back with a new LP, *Believer*, which Edwards describes as a move in a contemporary techno-pop direction.

Edwards's primary hardware remains his MusicMan ("real fat bottom, good clear top, best sounding recording bass around"), a Fender Jazz and an old Precision. He recently dusted off his Jazz bass for session work on the new Simon & Garfunkel album.

"I've never used a lot of gimmicks and gadgets," he says, "but you got to try something different occasionally. What I'm doing now is trying to build a synthesized bass sound into my natural bass, so I can bend the notes using strings instead of keyboards. I'm mapping the whole thing out now. If it flies, great, if not . . . Hey, Anthony Jackson came in with a six-string bass with piano strings. It looked silly as hell but it sounded terrific. You have to keep yourself interested, you can't ever close your ears, or you're really finished.

"You know, it's kind of sad what happened to Chic. We were trying to prove we could play and our fans weren't the kind of people who cared. So now Tony Thompson's off kicking butt drumming for David Bowie and Nile and I are playing our butts off on solo records, but it's sad we had to break up for awhile before we could become recognized players.

"I don't need to be idolized or admired. I hope, at my best, my contribution'll be bringing the bass from the bottom, playing melody, being a working musician . . ." ○

LARRY FAST: FROM KEYBOARDS TO CIRCUIT BOARDS

CRAIG ANDERTON

Larry Fast is one of the new breed of musicians who is equally at home with circuit boards as well as keyboards. While receiving his greatest recognition as Peter Gabriel's keyboard player, he also maintains an active solo career recording under the Synergy name, has played sessions for Hall & Oates, Joan Armatrading, and Foreigner, and scored the film *The Jupiter Menace*. What is perhaps not as well known is that Fast is an inveterate tinkerer; he is just as likely to attack the insides of a keyboard with a soldering iron as attack the keys with his fingers. And while other rock stars might throw their hotel room TV out the window, Fast is more prone to use it as a monitor for the portable computer that seems to follow him around on the road.

For Fast, the road from history major to rock musician was not without its twists and turns. In the early '70s, he was actively involved in college radio while a student at Lafayette College. This put the New Jersey native in contact with the record business and opened up several important doors: while conducting interviews he met leading musicians, and also became familiar with label promotion people. As he notes, "Nobody really gets signed on sending tapes to record labels. Having connections gave me an in into the industry." Fast's "in" would later land him a solo deal with the fledgling JEM Records organization.

After college, he worked at an electronics company specializing in import/export. Eventually he took a leave of absence in 1975 to record the first Synergy album, and from there on, the leaves of absence became longer and more frequent until his full-time job wound down into a part-time position. "It was a gradual drift from one money-making venture into another, as the royalties coming in from the Synergy album started to take up the financial slack." His first album went to number 60 on the Billboard chart, and no one was more surprised than the artist himself. Asked why an all-electronic, instrumental LP fared so well, Fast laughs, then answers: "Probably good promotion."

Fast next hooked up with Nektar, and worked with them in France on the *Recycled* album. Then in 1976, he met Peter Gabriel, who was starting work on his first solo album. The meeting was pivotal for both parties: "We hit it off right away, and never looked back."

While Fast insists that during shows he's just another member of the Gabriel band, there's no doubt that his electronic abilities have made it much easier for Gabriel (whom Fast considers as having "a superb grasp of electronics; he knows what he wants") to fulfill his ideas on stage. He also deserves some credit for abetting the trend towards rhythmic density present in Gabriel's newer albums: after all, it was Fast who presented Gabriel with the first commercially available programmable drum, an inexpensive kit from PAIA, back in 1978. "Gabriel was already moving in that direction, but having the right tool made a big difference. Some of the cuts on the third album, like 'Biko,' are a direct result of him playing with those drums."

Larry Fast: "You can't fault the machine if someone uses it tastelessly."

On stage, Fast uses a Fairlight CMI, Memorymoog, and Prophet-5, along with equipment of his own design. While initially concerned about the road-worthiness of a high-tech piece of equipment such as the Fairlight, he says the instrument has been trouble-free—although the band checks itself by carrying enough back-up parts to make another Fairlight. Fast was also a pioneer in the field of D.I.Y. ("do-it-yourself"). Although under-$150 computers are now commonplace, years ago Fast bought one of the first (PAIA's model 8700) and, while on the road, wrote a sequencer program which used the 8700 to control the Prophet. He has also built a variety of mixing and routing gadgets to simplify life on stage. In fact, Fast frankly admits to having "strong feelings for both music and electronics; it's hard to say which one is dominant."

Outboard signal processors include an MXR Graphic Equalizer, DeltaLab DL-2 delay line, Eventide Harmonizer, and Roland Dimension D ("I like it for adding ambience—it's very subtle"). He combines all his instruments and processors on stage himself, sending a stereo sub-mix to the main house mixer.

Looking towards the future, Fast is optimistic about new musical machinery such as drum machines, providing that "the musicians are able to maintain good artistic taste. Of course, you can't fault the machine if someone uses it tastelessly; and there will always be silly and impractical developments that don't make artistic sense, because manufacturers are prone to do that at times. But generally I'm happy with the trend towards more powerful electronic instruments." Considering how comfortable he is shifting back and forth between the technical and musical, this last statement should come as no surprise. ○

IF YOU'VE GOT THE WATTS, WE'VE GOT THE TAPE.

To get the most out of today's high performance stereos, you need a high performance tape.

Maybe that's why so many manufacturers of top-rated tape decks recommend Maxell. Our tape is designed to help good equipment live up to its specifications.

Unlike ordinary tape, Maxell can handle sudden bursts of power without any distortion. And it can deliver the extreme highs and lows that sometimes get left behind.

So if you'd like to get the most out of your sound system, try Maxell.

But a word of caution. Always keep your seat belt securely fastened.

IT'S WORTH IT.

PHOTO SKR/RETNA LTD

THE WAR IS LIFE ITSELF

THE CROSSING
Big Country
Mercury

By Anthony DeCurtis

Like their 19th-century forebears who ransacked the Middle Ages and Renaissance to restore human values to an age upended by the Industrial Revolution, a spate of Gothic rockers has emerged from the British Isles to war against the well-tailored, technological dread brigade. U2, the Alarm, and now Big Country have all fashioned highly dramatic guitar-based sounds, full of soar and spirit, powered by the rhetoric of politics and religion.

And rhetoric is a key word here. These bands, despite the uplift of their imagery, are religious only in the broadest terms and have not defined a political vision with the clarity of the Clash or Gang of Four. Nor have they wanted to. Instead, they draw on the symbolic language of battle and redemption to assert that the war is life itself, the enemy is the surrender of personal honor, and salvation is surviving with your humanity intact.

The Crossing is Big Country's debut LP, but it hits with seasoned assurance. Scottish guitarists Stuart Adamson and Bruce Watson teamed up after Adamson left the Skids, and the two later called in the London-based rhythm section, bassist Tony Butler and drummer Mark Brzezicki (best known for their remarkable efforts on Pete Townshend's *Empty Glass* and *Chinese Eyes*). The quartet rocks with a fierceness that shoves creative passion right to the urgent edge of chaos, but never topples over the brink.

But for all its wailing vocals, martial bottoms, and howling, spiring E-bow guitars, *The Crossing* has a distinctly folkloric feel, and not only because Adamson and Watson frequently burst the compelling murk of Steve Lillywhite's production with searing jigs and reels. The nine songs on this LP have the lyrical and thematic economy of traditional ballads. Each detail is made to carry its weight in significance, and figurative language is used only when more direct speech would lack needed poetic resonance.

Thus, the weary fighter of "The Storm" conveys the senselessness of violence by surveying "what was lost" in his village and groaning with equal measures of bitterness and resignation, "Ah, my James/They didn't have to do this." Similarly, in the exquisite Springsteen-meets-Richard-Thompson ballad "Chance," the romantic young woman who sought escape from her "father's hand/That always seemed like a fist/Reaching out to make you pay" laments the loss of her faithless lover with the heartrending chant, "Oh Lord, where did the feeling go/Oh Lord, I never felt so low."

As these songs suggest (and as the pun in its title underscores) *The Crossing* depicts life both as a journey and a burden. But this vision, while undeniably dark, does not peddle fashionable doom. The perils portrayed here are not rationales for alien-

ation and paranoia, but clarion calls to reaffirm enduring values: truth, freedom, justice, trust, fortitude, peace, and community.

For this reason, the inspirational surge of the album's two strongest numbers, "In a Big Country" and "Fields of Fire," is more than earned. We may not be able to control our circumstances, these songs declare, but we can control our actions. The potential for nobility this freedom affords is sustenance enough, and the overwhelming impact of *The Crossing* is bracingly positive.

Another native of the British Isles, Dylan Thomas, argued for life against living death in his most famous lines: "Do not go gentle into that good night/Rage, rage against the dying of the light." In "In a Big Country," Adamson makes a similar appeal to the force of our will to aspire, insisting that we "come up screaming/Cry out for everything you ever might have wanted/I thought that pain and truth were things that really mattered." To Big Country, they still do.

. . . . . .

BLUES TRAIN
Big Joe Turner & Roomful of Blues
Muse

SAN FRANCISCO '83
Albert King
Fantasy

By J-C Costa

One of the most pleasant vinyl surprises in both recent and long-term memory, Joe Turner's *Blues Train* captures his archetypal shouting blues style in a vigorous new musical context and finally validates the notion of "Fathers & Sons" recordings with the subtle and intuitive support of Roomful of Blues. Legendary songwriter Doc Pomus is here as producer to oversee these heady and atmospheric sessions of "swinging" blues syncopations that form the basis for much of today's electric music.

For openers, Big Joe's huge, sonorous instrument—as Pomus puts in the liner notes, "the echo chamber in his voice won't quit for a minute"—has deepened a bit and the articulation is a little "gummier" with the onset of age (he's 71). But the voice that helped define Kansas City boogie-woogie blues and sparked the pioneering Atlantic Records R&B school of the '50s (also presaging rock 'n' roll with the original version of "Shake, Rattle & Roll") is still *there*—big, strong and vibrant as ever. Roomful of Blues, known for a chronic good-taste-is-timeless attitude and faithful approach to their musical specialty, sense the importance of this date and play as if their lives depended on it. Pomus' smarts and built-in sense of history help construct a sound that is no bigger or smaller than it should be, a nearly transparent intimacy that doesn't interfere with the extraordinary resonance coursing through these tracks.

The artfully constructed arrangements by tenor sax man Greg Piccolo and the Roomful horn section flesh out the supple rhythm section work with a constantly shifting texture of subtly modulating horn voices. This combination in tandem with Turner's powerhouse delivery makes uptempo blues like "Crawdad Hole," "Cocka-Doodle-Doo" and the title tune an irresistible invitation to dance. Big Joe even transforms the tired old chestnut "Red Sails In The Sunset" into a stately expression of blues longing. Guest soloist Dr. John locks into a positively heart-stopping duet with Turner on "I Want A Little Girl," his spidery piano inventions dancing around the full-throated vocal with shimmering delicacy. The album builds to an explosive peak midway through side two in the last half of "I Know You Love Me" where guitarist Ronnie Earl Horvath cuts loose with his stinging Telecaster to urge Turner into an upbeat emotional crescendo that summarizes his proud, declamatory approach. The "comeback" album of the decade, *Blues Train* is the one LP to have on hand whenever some new music bozo starts whimpering about boring old farts.

Albert King's first new album in five years, *San Francisco '83*, isn't likely to turn as many heads as Turner's effort, but the ebullient blues guitarist and singer from Indianola, Mississippi has also started over with a "clean slate" this time around. Foregoing the studio gimmickry and trendy disco/funk underpinnings that sabotaged many of his '70s LPs, King (along with fluid piano stylist Tony Llorens) takes over the production chores for a straightforward presentation of his blues backed by a simple and workmanlike four-piece combo.

The material, never King's strong suit, ranges from fair to middling: his versions of Muddy Waters' "Honey Bee" and B.B. King's (no, they're *still* not related) "Asked Me No Questions" are rendered with plenty of gusto without extracting any new shadings from the originals. The fact that he changes the line "If we have any little ones, they all better look like me" to "they all gotta sing and pick like me" on Casey Bill Weldon's immortal "I'm Gonna Move To The Outskirts of Town" says a lot about why King occasionally rankles blues purists.

The peculiar dichotomy of Albert King is the tension created by his passionate and mean "upside-down," left-handed blues guitar stylings on the big Gibson Flying V (shot through with those spine tingling "bends" that are his trademark) contrasted to his pleasant and overly ingratiating vocal persona. Seems like the two might never be reconciled, but this album is a better jumping off point into King's music than anything he's released in quite a while.

The liner notes on *San Francisco '83* mention a blues resurgence taking place on black radio stations in the south and midwest. This is encouraging news and albums like Joe Turner's *Blues Train* and, to a lesser extent, King's give renewed meaning and life to the oft-abused term "revival."

. . . . . .

I'LL RISE AGAIN
Al Green
Myrrh

By J.D. Considine

This being a good Christian album, it shouldn't be too difficult to understand just who is supposed to be doing the rising here; but at the risk of seeming sacreligious, it wouldn't be too far off to suggest that the title of this album applies equally to Al Green. Not in the same sense, of course, although there *is* a certain element of rapture in Green's performance throughout the album. Rather, *I'll Rise Again* seems to mark the resurgence of Al Green the pop singer, despite the fact that this is 100 percent gospel material.

The difference isn't really one of vocal style, because Green's gospel has been sung in essentially the same style as his pop—if anything, his devotion to the ways of the spirit has brought more to his singing than his previous attraction to the ways of the flesh. Instead, what sets *I'll Rise Again* apart from Green's other gospel albums is the combination of modern, pop-styled songs and a sturdy, groove-conscious rhythm section. "I Know It Was the Blood," for instance, features Green's gritty, testifying vocals stretched over a lean fatback beat during the verse, then cuts to a surprisingly catchy "la-la-la" figure on the chorus, and goes out in a blaze of improvisatory glory as Green works his magic against a taut background chorus. "Ocean Blue," on the other hand, takes such a classic Al Green approach that it sounds almost as if it could be a left-over from *Let's Stay Together*, while "Straighten Out Your Life" relies on a rolling, bass-heavy groove that sounds like an updated version of "Rhymes."

As a result, *I'll Rise Again* will likely be the album to finally convert Al Green's

THIS IS ADVERTISING?

Vol. 83, No. 9

Intrigue, Adventure And Low-Cost Thrills From The Home Of Warner Bros. Records

TWO-ON-ONE IS NOT AN ILLICIT SUGGESTION. It is, however, an ideal way to avoid those annoying moments when the music ends just as you're beginning. Each **Two-On-One cassette** features two complete hit albums by one of our (and hopefully, your) favorite acts. So you get a full album's worth of music on each side of the cassette. Pretty nifty, huh? Space limitations preclude an exhaustive list of artists, so we'll just drop a few names: Rickie Lee Jones, Prince, Neil Young, Rod Stewart, ZZ Top and Emmylou Harris. Crash. And need we mention that Two-On-One cassettes are (quite) specially priced?

ALBUM TITLE OF THE MONTH AWARD goes (breathlessly, we might add) to **Carly Simon** for her new LP, ***Hello Big Man***. Carly rejoins producer Mike Mainieri ("Jesse" and "Take Me As I Am") for an album as broad as her smile—from ballads to reggae to rock & roll. The bad news is there's no poster in the package. The good news is there's a tape coming to the tube. And the best news is that Carly's back in town. Look and listen for "You Know What To Do." You always have.

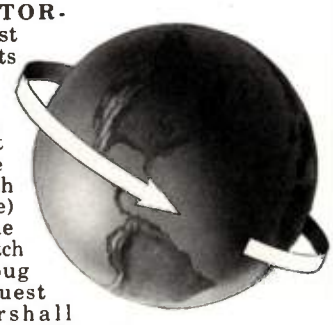
THERE'S MORE THAN ONE MANIAC OUT THERE... To be perfectly honest, you can get **Michael Sembello's** hit song "Maniac" (from the film *Flashdance*) on either of two albums. One is Sembello's own Warner Bros. debut, ***Bossa Nova Hotel***. The other has a Yalie on the cover. It's your choice, but *if* you decide to buy ***Bossa Nova Hotel***, we'll tell you a great story about the song "Maniac"—and you'll also get Michael's latest hit, "Automatic Man," along with nine other Sembello originals. Promise? Okay... It seems *Flashdance* musical supervisor (and ace record producer) Phil Ramone was scouting material for the film. Already a Grammy Award-winning songwriter (with Stevie Wonder for "Saturn"), Sembello submitted a tape. It was, unfortunately, the wrong tape, and the song Ramone liked best was called "Maniac"—the story of a psychotic killer on a Halloween binge. Hardly *Flashdance* fare, but the lyrics were rewritten, the song was recorded and the collaboration continues on ***Bossa Nova Hotel***. And congratulations. You made a wise decision.

THE INVENTOR OF NEW WAVE? HEIR TO THE FOLK-ROCK TRADITION? Hardly. Just as easily as you can invent a category, **Jonathan Richman** can evade it. (The term "naive," as it's applied to the French painter Henri Rousseu, might be a good description.) ***Jonathan Sings!*** is the latest from Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers—it combines some aspects of a late '50s group sound with the declarative folk mode used by Jonathan in his solo acoustic shows. Childhood portraits and social commentary are offered with equal ease—no less than you might expect from a popular musician who writes, "I want to sing all over the world and have my records be in the 'International Section' of your record store, not far from Charles Aznavour and Maurice Chevalier, or guys like that." On Sire cassettes and records...

T-BONE BURNETT'S PAST TWO ALBUMS, Truth Decay (1980) and Trap Door (1982), are among the decade's most critically acclaimed recordings—the latter, according to *Rolling Stone*, "suggests that **T-Bone Burnett** is the best singer-songwriter in the country right now." This sort of praise should come as no surprise to those familiar with T-Bone's ability to blend substance, style, humor and consummate musicianship—a combination which is again evident on ***Proof Through The Night***. On this collection of eleven original songs, T-Bone and his band are joined by guest musicians Ry Cooder, Stan Lynch, Mick Ronson, Richard Thompson, Pete Townshend and Maskazu Yoshizawa. Songs like "Baby Fall Down," "Fatally Beautiful" and the solo acoustic "After All These Years" prove that T-Bone has what the Eighties require—***Proof Through The Night***.

THE MEN WHO SET THE STANDARDS are playing them. Pianist **Keith Jarrett** is best known for his solo performances—dramatic demonstrations of his compositional and improvisational abilities. But on ***Standards, Vol. 1***, his most recent ECM release, Jarrett turns his attention to some classic compositions—songs like Oscar Hammerstein's "All The Things You Are," Bobby Troup's "The Meaning Of The Blues" and the Arthur Herzog/Billie Holliday tune "God Bless The Child." With Jarrett on piano, Gary Peacock on bass and Jack DeJohnette on drums, the three members of an all-star jazz trio both set and explore *Standards*.

BORN TO LAUGH AT TORNADOES is (not is) the latest from **Was (Not Was)**. From its jazz and funk influenced beginnings, the band has (not has) evolved a sound which is (not was) more accessible, at the same time retaining the rhythmic virtuosity for which Was (Not Was) are (not were) known. Guest vocalists on the album include (fooled you) Mitch Ryder, Ozzy Osbourne, Doug Fieger and Mel Torme; guest guitarists include Marshall Crenshaw and Vinnie Vincent of Kiss. If you were **Born To Laugh At Tornadoes**, you'll appreciate Was (Not Was)—particularly the cuts "Smile," "Betrayal" and "Bow Wow Wow Wow." On Geffen...



THEY STARTED WITHOUT YOU... The Rubinoos started something in the (San Francisco) Bay Area a few years back, and it shows no signs of letting up. ***Party Of Two*** is the Rubinoos' latest mini album, produced, strangely enough, by Todd Rundgren and the members of Utopia. The music is punchy, fun and smart—listen for cuts like "If I Had You Back," "The Girl" and "The Magic's Back." Alone with the Rubinoos, it's a ***Party Of Two***.

ANOTHER DAY, another issue. Would whoever put us on that "adult product" mailing list kindly remove our name? "This Is Advertising?" is, after all, a business venture, located on or about P.O. Box 6868, Burbank, CA 91510.

doubting soul music fans to his gospel style (a sort of Prodigal Son routine in reverse). It's too bad, though, that radio programmers, who see gospel as a "specialty" music, won't be so easily won over, because subject matter aside, there's very little in contemporary black pop that can match this album. And *that*'s gospel.

JR. TUCKER
Jr. Tucker
Geffen

By J.D. Considine

At 18, Jr. Tucker is already a star in his native Jamaica, and if this album is any indication, it won't be long before he's one over here, too. It isn't just that he's got a deliciously sweet voice and a deceptively smooth delivery, two virtues that make comparisons to the young Smokey Robinson almost inevitable; it's Tucker's stylistic confidence that makes the difference.

Tucker makes his skill apparent from the first. The opening number is "I Was Made for Dancing," a tuneful trifle by Oxo's Ish Angel that in lesser hands would come off as just so much fluff. Yet Tucker starts off with a mumbled intro, a la Michael Jackson's "Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough," and launches into the song with such conviction that you can't help but believe that he *was* made for dancing. It isn't that he pushes to make his meaning known; instead, he seems to get inside every phrase and delivers them as if he were simply thinking out loud. That is, until he does something like sail up the scale in effortless falsetto flight, as he does here at the end of the last verse. That's when art and artifice meet in thrilling proximity.

Matching Tucker's skillful delivery is producer Ray Parker, Jr., whose seamless grooves and sweetly sinuous arrangements lend just the right momentum to Tucker's performances. In many ways it's a perfect combination, because Tucker's vocal style is built off of a sort of expressive naivete, while Parker's work has always carried an undercurrent of innocence even at its most salacious. Perhaps that's why the album's highlights are Parker tunes—the gritty "Bad Girls," the Spinners-like "Mr. Telephone Man" and my favorite, the tellingly sentimental "Going Through School In Love."

About the only thing that could reasonably be said against *Jr. Tucker* is that, for all its charm and obvious merit, it remains utterly lightweight. Entirely true, and completely beside the point. Jr. Tucker appears to have the skill to eventually do anything he could set his mind to—so why complain that the first task he sets for himself turns out to be merely an entirely listenable album?

CRACKING UNDER PRESSURE
The Houserockers
MCA

By Christopher Hill

I really do like this band. That's why they usually disappoint me. You see, the Houserockers (neé Iron City Houserockers) are always threatening to be more than they have been yet, and this constant tantalizing suggestion of potential is what makes these guys so aggravating. I like the proud Rust Bowl regionality that comes through on almost every cut here—their insistence on the home truths and hard transactions of human-ness, a spiritual yeast so absent from the airy pastries of the "New Music." I like the way that songs like "Soul Rocking" and "Rock and Roll Heart" can be tough, spare and straightforward without eschewing pop-rock craft and thoughtfulness. I admire their efforts to create working class anthems ("American Son") that are inspiring without being raised-fist know-nothing credos. I appreciate the fact that these beefy Pittsburgh toughs take the complex humanity of women as a presumed given in all their remarks about romance ("Loving Cup," "There'll Never Be Enough Time"). I like the gift for unsentimental tenderness expressed in the lyrics and melodies of "Loving Cup" and "Angels." I'm relieved to hear singer Joe Grushecky no longer taking his passions so seriously (sometimes it *is* an ordinary world, Joe), evidenced by his delightful '50s R&B fake, "Girl Problems." I'm proud to hear a mainstream American band that will make a synthesizer just another tool to get the job done rather than a symbol of their gripe against an entire era.

Okay? Now, what I'm not so happy about is that this could be a great band but, for album after album, has almost deliberately refused to be. You can't be happy when you hear the good convictions and ideas in "American Son" and "I Should Have Never Left You Go" dribble into ineffectuality because either no one has the nerve to kick these songs into transcendence, or (after four albums) the smarts to locate a producer to give some resonance to their guitar sound, which currently sounds like it's given up the effort to rise out of its flat vinyl bed. There's no life, no vibrance, no grain to the sounds here. And I'm beginning to believe Grushecky's facility with Graham Parker mannerisms blinds him to the fact that he has yet to find a truly expressive voice of his own. I keep waiting for the Houserockers to become a thinking person's MC5 for the '80s, a vehicle of an enlightened populism whose reach could be unprecedentedly inclusive. Yet they just keep insisting on being a nice American version of English pub rockers.

Well, maybe I should be grateful for small pleasures. But when Grushecky, to the grinding high-noon guitars of "Never Enough Time to Forget You," tries to explain his shattered heart by recalling how "We used to lie in bed all day/ and plot our destinations/And talk about why you liked the Miracles/and I dug the Temptations," and the guitar snaps into an agile three-note quote from "My Girl," I realize that I'm not ready to leave this band alone just yet.

WONDERLAND
Nils Lofgren
Backstreet

By Craig Zeller

Back in that jaded blah-rock period known as the early '70s, it was people like Nils Lofgren and Alex Chilton and Eric Carmen (and precious few others) who valiantly strove to put youthfulness, high spirits, and emotional depth back into rock 'n' roll. For a short while they succeeded but their efforts went largely unnoticed; and when Grin, Big Star, and the Raspberries finally packed it in there were only a handful of people around who cared enough to wave goodbye.

Since that time, the leaders of the aforementioned groups have gone on to forge solo careers with promises of great things to come that were rarely (if ever) kept. Chilton did a slow fade into twisted apathy, Carmen threw over the Beatles for Frank Sinatra, and Nils Lofgren went into an aesthetic tailspin after a superb solo debut.

Until now. But don't get me wrong; announcing *Wonderland* to be his best work since 1975's *Nils Lofgren* shouldn't be taken as an automatic invitation for diehard Nils fans to turn backflips. There remain the usual flaws, flubs, and outright miscalculations which have left Lofgren backers howling in the wilderness for nearly a decade.

Foremost among bonehead plays is Nils' affectionate-but-pitiful remake of "It's All Over Now." I mean, this song may well be the most phenomenal remake the Stones ever pulled off; they made the Valentinos'

original look like a dim warm-up, much the same way the Band obliterated Marvin Gaye with "Baby Don't You Do It." It's no secret that the man who begged Mr. Richards to stick it out with the Stones ("Keith Don't Go") is a big fan of the band but this is sheer folly. Throughout, he remains stuck in neutral, oblivious to the fact that he's spinning his wheels.

Other causes for regret include the tired use of synthesizers, back-to-back schlockola ballads ("Lonesome Ranger" and "Everybody Wants"), Nils' frequent forays into steel wool guitar solos, and lots and lots of colorless lyrics. But then there's the good news.

Hanging out with the Pretenders seems to have put some spring back into Lofgren's step (he dedicates the LP to James Honeyman-Scott and Pete Farndon). On more than one occasion he returns to the kind of urgent yearning pop-rock that once came so naturally to him—and does so with flair and unforced warmth.

Just listen to the psyched-up thrust of "Across The Tracks," the enraptured assertiveness of "Into The Night" and "I Wait For You" (ripe for a Little Steven cover), the golden AM strains of "Room Without Love"(love that heartache), the joyful saunter of "Confident Girl."

Why that's practically half the album that's got me in a welcome-back-buddy mood. If it wasn't for those aforementioned blunders and a fistful of throwaways I'd be sticking both thumbs up. At any rate, after eight years of dashed expectations, it's a pleasure to note that the sun hasn't quite set on this boy yet.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

THE TIGER'S LOOSE
Dick Dale
Balboa

STARS ON GUITARS
The Ventures
Tridex

THE SURFARIS LIVE
The Surfaris
Koinkidink

By Dan Forte

For years now I have been predicting the return of instrumental surf music—much to the amusement of my journalistic colleagues. But improbable as it may be, the waterlogged genre has indeed reared its bleached blonde head once again, thanks to revivalists such as the Wedge, the Surf Raiders, and Jon & the Nightriders, and the subsequent return of pioneers like Dick Dale, the Ventures, and their mentor, Duane Eddy.

The above self-produced discs offer blasts from the past and present with varying results. With all due respect to the men who made "Wipe Out," the Surfaris are clearly in over their heads here. Not only do their limp nostalgic retreads of their own and other bands' hits pale in comparison to their efforts of twenty years ago, they are easily blown out of the water by the better revival groups. Kelly Lammers (not an original member) is a fine surf guitarist—especially on "Hiawatha" and "Scatter Shield"—but his emerald green metal-flake Strat seems to be drowning in reverb, instead of being buoyed by the effect, which was Dick Dale's design.

As the EP's title indicates, the Ventures' "Stars On Guitars" consists of snippets of classics like "Walk—Don't Run," "Out Of Limits," and "Hawaii Five-O" strung together with an incessant surfercise backbeat (one expects to hear Annette Funicello shout, "Now, lift those legs!"). Unfortunately, this juxtaposition of oldies with an already passé trend makes songs like "Apache" sound more dated than they really are. Yet as evidenced by "Two Thousand Pound Bee" and the new originals on side two (especially the majestic "Blue Dawn"), this music can be as contemporary as the Clash's, and a whole lot better played.

The Ventures prove once again to be the tightest quartet of virtuosi in rock history, but Dick Dale establishes beyond a shadow of doubt that he is now, as always and forevermore, the King Of The Surf Guitar. From the moment he enters on "Peter Gunn," with a slow tremolo side that uncannily resembles the roar of a wild animal, he summons an energy and force unequalled by any guitarist I can think of. Dale is a true original (who else would inject showering "Pipeline" glissandos into "House Of The Rising Sun"?), and here, in front of a live audience in Huntington Beach, he is shown to best advantage, backed by the hard-hitting Deltones, with the addition of a horn section and the Deltonettes female vocalists. Drummer Steve Aschoff and bassist Steve Soest kick viciously, while organist Chip Walsh and guitarist Richard Smith deliver contrasting solos (especially on the Smith/Dale skirmish in "Jessie Pearl"). And Dick rips and gnaws at his Stratocaster so hard—especially on "Misirlou" and "The Wedge"—it's a wonder it's still intact. One gets the feeling that if the man played any harder or faster he'd explode—like a scene from *Scanners* or SCTV's "Celebrity Blow-Up." Thus far, this would have to rank as the hottest surf album of the '80s.

And it's only 1983. Now if only the Astronauts and the Chantays would get back together. And what about the Sentinals and the Lively Ones and the . . . (Balboa Records is located at 17431 Brookhurst, Fountain Valley, CA 92708; Tridex at P.O. Box 1646, Burbank, CA 91507; and Koinkidink at P.O. Box 271, Seal Beach, Ca 90740).

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

PUMP THE NATION
Attitude
RFC/Atlantic

By Brian Chin

While *Pump the Nation* isn't much of a showcase for this trio, it is an extremely intriguing look at next-year's-model pop/R&B, as styled by studio wunderkinds Mic Murphy and David Frank, also known as the System.

Their all-electronic production style, gleaned from Kraftwerk and stepped up aggressively in rap and hiphop, represents the first major evolutionary step in black music since Chic and Solar Records overturned disco.

Clearly, it's time for one producer or another to make some trend-setting breakthrough that will make hiphop commercial enough to succeed the boom-slap music which, having peaked in creativity two summers ago—in singles such as "Heartbeat," "Funky Sensation," "Pull Up to the Bumper" and "I'll Do Anything For You"—still hangs over much of the national black charts, by and large in pretty tired form.

The most distinguished practitioners of computerized studio hardware, New York's Arthur Baker and John Robie, make a cultish virtue of weirdness, and have done the impossible by staying red-hot for over a year after blazing the trail in "street" music with "Planet Rock." Murphy and Frank, on the other hand, made clear on their *Sweat* album that there was also room for traditional pop craft within the form, with the supremely hookish "You Are In My System."

On *Pump the Nation*, their approach is busy and broad: the sloganeering title cut and "We Got the Juice" are impressive primarily because they are packed full of electronic details that relieve the usual pressure on the handclapped two-and-four beats to provide all the interest in a rhythm track.

When Cindy Mizelle takes the lead vocals, the potential of hiphop as mainstream music becomes crystal-clear. "Love Me Tonight" is a lush, romantic song that's danceable, but not so beat-oriented that Mizelle can't sing across the beat in a relaxed, seductive voice.

And "If You Could Read My Mind," a System original (not the Gordon Lightfoot song), is only about the second all-synthesizer ballad to work as R&B—the first being the System's own "I Won't Let Go."

sizer ballad to work as R&B—the first being the System's own "I Won't Let Go."

Even though musical sense generally overrides any stretching for effect on *Pump the Nation*, it's still just a bit difficult to appreciate the album more than a side at a time because of the numbing quality of the deep beat. However, it's obvious that the pop and soul tendencies of Murphy and Frank can only have a good influence on electronic black music: their work is radical in its mainstream-oriented departures from a radical form.

FERVOR
Jason & The Nashville Scorchers
Praxis

By Christopher Hill

The first virtue of Jason and the Nashville Scorchers is their implicit assumption that they are exploring a living tradition—in this case, the music of the American South. Bands that allow just the micro-inch of distance from the material that the self-conscious, proudly historical approach necessitates have declared the tradition legally dead; have cut the artery that brings the fierce, strange blood pumping. But Jason says, "Rock 'n' roll ain't dead and neither is Hank Williams," and the natural conviction with which the Scorchers bring hard-core energy to country classics (and Jason's classically-styled originals) lets you know they believe it.

Instead of appealing to country & western as a source of moral order (as country-rock bands from Poco to Rank & File have done), the Scorchers are still trying to dope out some of hillbilly music's more unsettling implications. The energy for this boundary-testing is supplied by the Scorchers' bare-bones (one guitar, bass, drums) but rambunctious attack. It generally takes the form of basic but spirited punk-trash, textured with some cranked-up rockabilly ("Help, There's a Fire"), some lyrical picking ("Harvest Moon"), and a touch of good old Southern metal ("Hot Nights in Georgia"). Though there are no virtuosos here, their feel for rhythm is fine-honed—guitarist Warren Hodges' chunky dance chords give life to an elegiac melody in "Harvest Moon"; and isn't there a hint of a disturbing Maureen Tucker pulse in Perry Baggs' drumming behind the rave-up in "Can't Help Myself"?

But the guiding obsessions in this band come from twenty-two-year-old Jason Ringenberg, who combines an open childlike indignation with rubbery lecherousness in a way that suggests a redneck Iggy Pop—or is Jerry Lee the operative comparison? Indeed, Jason's indignant yelps at his girlfriend in "Help, There's a Fire" have that spontaneous human freak quality that gave northerners queasy goosebumps when they first heard "Great Balls of Fire." And songs like "Hot Nights In Georgia" rail against the world (and Jason's own weaker nature) with the scorched-earth fundamentalist absolutism that is the dark side of Jerry Lee's own mania. "Harvest Moon" is a lament for the old ways, for the soil itself, that unnervingly equates sexual passion with death. Though it's the record's most self-consciously ambitious cut, it rises to a rocking gospel fervor that makes it the strongest track here.

At this point the Scorchers are often more interesting conceptually than musically, and need some precision to match their enthusiasm. And Ringenberg must be careful not to let his voice get caught in all its naked skinnyness as it is whenever the supportive wall of noise is pulled away. But much of this could be negated by the right kind of sympathetic producer, and one hopes the Scorchers will find that person. Because when Ringenberg is riding the rhythmic roar of the Scorchers in all his spastic, cackling zeal, it opens a door into a steamy region of American experience that's had suprisingly few explorers in the last thirty years. (Praxis Records, P.O. Box 120235, Nashville, TN 37212).

NO PARKING ON THE DANCE FLOOR
Midnight Star
Solar

By Crispin Sartwell

Last year funk came into its own as the dominant black pop form, particularly the genre known as hiphop, with the Soul Sonic Force's "Planet Rock" and the Jonzun Crew's "Pack Jam," virtually identical songs that defined funk's future as warped rap and double-speed dub.

'83 has been a year to codify and savor recent advances. Midnight Star, while not a particularly original band, is as adept as anyone at codifying current black styles, and as a result, *No Parking On the Dance Floor* is well worth savoring.

The current single, "Freak-A-Zoid," was this summer's hottest hip hop hit; it's spaced-out, and like most of this album, it unconditionally demands that you shake your hideous booty. It's an absolutely contemporary sound; even the voices have been processed through multiple synths.

Midnight Star, however, is by no means limited to hiphop. They're just as convincing when they offer up more standard funk fare, as in "Electricity" and "No Parking On the Dance Floor," both of which are sleek and powerful, with fine rhythm tracks that provide further opportunities to wriggle your rump.

With excellent ensemble vocals and a full horn section, the group brings just as much enthusiasm to slower material such as "Feels So Good," with its wonderfully fragile melody; it also happens to be the year's second clone of "Sexual Healing" (the first was the Isley's "Between the Sheets").

So, what Midnight Star lacks in creativity, they make up for with energy and brains. If you can't dance to this album, seek immediate medical assistance—you're paralyzed from the neck down. With Midnight Star on the turntable, there'll be precious little parking on the dance floor this year.

INNOCENT MAN
Billy Joel
Columbia

By Laura Fissinger

Where *The Nylon Curtain* was a dense, contemplative and musically difficult album—and brought Billy Joel a kind of earnest approbation from the A-list critics that he'd never received before—*Innocent Man* is spacious, extroverted and musically rudimentary, a swing to the opposite pole in the attitudes it cops and the stories it tells. In a way, that makes it a good counterpoint to *The Nylon Curtain*, but also a paradigm of everything that people generally find most noxious and oily about Joel.

Quite obviously, the music here is the metaphor. Rediscovering romantic loves is like rediscovering the instinctive, undistilled joy of the music you love first—in Joel's case, vocal-group rock 'n' roll. Starting at the beginning again, musically and personally, is not seen here as an eradication of past gaffes so much as an absolution, and a chance to use hard lessons learned. To that end, the piano man appropriates grooves from the likes of the Four Seasons, Junior Walker, Jerry Lee Lewis, the Coasters, the Drifters and whoever else imprinted him with those early primitive thrills.

But Billy Joel's not a musical primitive, not even close. People read insincerity in his back-to-basics stuff (like *Glass Houses*) because even at his most sincere, Joel is deliberate and self-conscious, a benevolent

calculator. It works for pop rock, not for roots rock. Selfless abandon becomes just another component of style in cuts like "Keeping the Faith," "Leave a Tender Moment Alone," or "Christie Lee." Joel puts out tremendous energy here, which is not the same thing as abandon. "Easy Money" almost burns the barn in the first minute, then notices it's having fun and starts crashing into all the furniture.

Still, there are innumerable small delights that thrive from all the affection and effort. Joel's always been underrated as a singer; as evidence, listen to the tone quality and emotional pacing of "Innocent Man" or "This Night." In fact, the group vocals are given terrific arrangements everywhere on the record. And Joel actually manages to forget himself in one cut, "The Longest Time," a doo-wop hymn almost worth the price of the whole record. But a song is a single, not an album. Come to think of it, the artists honored here were at their best doing singles. In love or music, everyone seems to get self-conscious before too long.

SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY
Donna Summer
Mercury

By Barry Alfonso

Every artist is expected to mature over the years, but Donna Summer's growth from the feigned orgasms of "Love To Love You Baby" to the born-again testifying of her latest LP is remarkable by any standards. The good news (no pun intended) is that Summer is more alluring and compelling an artist in her Christian present than in her disco sex-diva past. *She Works Hard For The Money* is the proof—this is a powerful album, by any standards.

Advance word about this album didn't promise much. Apparently a contractual obligation project for her former label (she's currently signed to Geffen), *Money* could well have been a slap-dash affair. Instead, Summer and producer Michael Omartian (a fellow Christian) came up with a song collection which easily tops her two Geffen albums in quality. The source of the LP's power is its remarkable balance between sincerity and studio polish, an infrequently-found combination.

Money also marks a return to rock for the singer following the crossover R&B of '82's *Donna Summer.* That album was an expertly-rendered but ordinary effort showing the slick stamp of producer Quincy Jones in every groove. Something of Summer's individuality was lost—what would've been fine settings for a Patti Austin just weren't enough for someone of her talents. Michael Omartian wouldn't have seemed the most likely choice to invigorate Summer's sound. The man behind Christopher Cross' languid "pop 'n' roll," however, gave his client the aggressive arrangements she needed on *Money.*

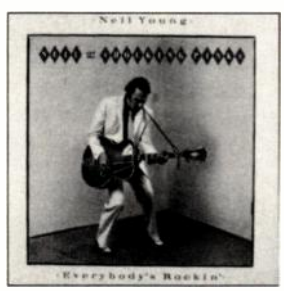
The synthesizer and guitar interplay that fueled *Bad Girls*, Summer's '79 rock/disco breakthrough, is stylishly updated here. The ingenuity of the textures (the percolating keyboards and clanging guitar strums found in "Stop Look And Listen," for instance) rivals the best of Giorgio Moroder's work with her. It's not hype that made the title track such hot dance club fare this summer—this ode to the feminine work force pulses as hard as anything on the charts this year.

Beyond the boogie are some of the most humane, well-crafted Christian lyrics I've yet to encounter. By providing everyday examples rather than preaching, Summer conveys her faith in the Lord in an easily-appreciated way. Her values are put forth both explicitly ("He's A Rebel," depicting Christ as the eternal loner) and obliquely ("Woman" pleads for male/female understanding with a rapper's sass), but always in a heartfelt and believable manner.

Donna Summer's talent is beyond question, but it would seem hard for her to soon top *She Works Hard For The Money.* Then again, it will be tough for *any* mainstream artist to better this as a dance-record-with-brains. Summer's clearly left the moan-and-groan days far behind.

EVERYBODY'S ROCKIN'
Neil Young and the Shocking Pinks
Geffen

By J-C Costa



You'd think a Neil Young album featuring his slightly skewed sense of humor, a low-key return to his musical rock 'n' roll roots and a song entitled "Kinda Fonda Wanda" would be a simple pleasure to behold. What's not to like? Young moving through the past lightly (for a change) with his characteristically fractured world view intact.

But something vital's missing here. Maybe it's Young's limited vocal palette, undoubtedly put into higher relief when he covers classic tunes like "Bright Lights, Big City" or "Mystery Train." It could be the somewhat listless and chugging back up work of the Shocking Pinks (long-time sidemen like Ben Keith and Tim Drummond in rockabilly drag) which is made worse by a truly perverse mix drenched in "authentic" slapback echo. Or it most definitely could be the ultra-lightweight (read: cute) and syrupy back up vocals. These literally ruin what seems to be a promising start by Young on "Mystery Train" by chirping in with totally inappropriate harmonies and train whistle sounds part way through. Or maybe this (approximately) 24-minute offering is just a mellow way of marking time until the *next* Neil Young direction.

More disappointing is the fact that Young's originals fall short of the mark. "Payola Blues" is an all too obvious jab at radio programming. "Jellyroll Man," the should've-been-funnier-than-it-is "Kinda Fonda Wanda . . " and the title tune sound like they were written mainly with the obsessively nostalgic context of this album in mind. "Wonderin' "is a good Neil Young song that seems out of place here. Nothing on this album catches fire, and Young himself is barely smoldering. To reconcile myself with post-analysis depression, I'd like to think this album will grow on me in a few weeks based on some sly virtue initially overlooked. But *Everybody's Rockin'* just barely stands on its own, not to mention the fact that some of the newer hot-shot rockabilly units could burn holes through this band without even missing a backbeat.

JULUKA
Scatterlings
WB

By Jonathan Gregg

As they take great pains to point out on the cover and in their lyrics, Juluka is a South African pop band, but anyone who would mistake this for real African music probably thinks King Sunny Adé is a refreshing fruit beverage. Far from the rhythms of the latter's irrepressible Juju music or the vitriolic politics of Fela Anikulapo Kuti, Juluka is more akin to the acoustic rock of Cat Stevens or the facile mysticism and vocal style of Al Stewart.

As such, they acquit themselves passably, and the title track benefits from a sinuous acoustic guitar riff and a rousing background vocal chant. "Spirit is the Journey" has another good guitar riff and some tasty sax, but is marred by a banal reggae chorus which exemplifies the album's main weakness: for all their chau-

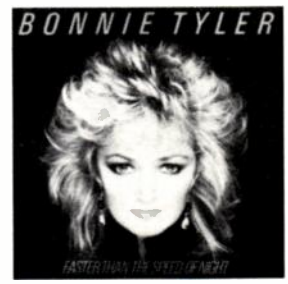
vinistic zeal (all of the songs are about Africa) Juluka uses very little of the driving rhythmic inventiveness and interplay that characterize the best African music. Many of the rhythm tracks are downright stolid, and only "Umbaquanga Music" utilizes an actual African rhythm. Furthermore, the occasional sound of their lovely, incomprehensible native tongue is far more intriguing than the well-intentioned platitude of the English lyrics which make up the majority of the songs. Too much of this album sounds homogenized for Western consumption, and the exceptions account for the best moments, notably the African chants, "Shake My Way" and "iJwanasibeki."

Apparently equipped with the raw materials for success, Juluka would have probably made a bigger impression if they had capitalized more on the music, and less on the trappings, of the African heritage which is their strongest asset.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • •

FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT
Bonnie Tyler
Columbia

By J.D. Considine



It's tempting simply to say that this is excrement and leave it at that, but courtesy (and the editor) calls for a fuller explanation. Let's start by noting that *Faster Than the Speed of Night*'s deficiencies can't really be blamed on Bonnie Tyler, for despite the billing, this album really belongs to schlockmeister Jim Steinman. The sound, from the melodramatic tempi to the bellicose mix, is his, as are the larger-than-life stylizations that mark all the songs. The songs aren't his, though—not all of them—but the treatment remains the same throughout, which unfortunately means that John Fogerty's "Have You Ever Seen the Rain?" gets the same cheap gloss and bombastic arrangement as Steinman's own "Total Eclipse of the Heart." Tyler is just a bit player, really, and her voice, a post-tonsillectomy-Rod Stewart rasp the astute among you may recall from her late-'70s' smash "It's a Heartache," is less the focus than the vehicle for these musical minidramas.

In other words, this is a Meat Loaf album without Meat Loaf, but in this case, even half a Loaf still isn't better than none. Steinman's tawdry dramatics and synthesized emotionalism may sound like a Broadway parody of what rock 'n' roll is about, but deep down it's an insult to rock and its fans because it arrogantly assumes

that the music needs to be dressed up to be effective, and that its power lies in clever arrangements and musical trickery. Of course, anybody with any real feeling for the music knows that the essence of rock comes from a player's emotions, not his or her notes, but then, the qualification "real feeling" automatically excludes Steinman. Just as "common sense" ought to separate most rock fans from *Faster Than the Speed of Night*.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

CLOSE TO THE BONE
Tom Tom Club
Sire Records

By Anthony DeCurtis

Tom Tom Club, the funky business opened by Talking Heads' bassist Tina Weymouth and drummer Chris Frantz while on leave from their day jobs, served a real purpose when it debuted in 1981. The Heads' Afro-mentalist thesis, *Remain in Light* (with accompanying bibliography), had been absorbed, and Byrne and Eno had recently completed the theory-inspired document of their home-taping sessions, *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*. Meanwhile, Heads' keyboardist Jerry Harrison released his own dark, dense, texture-laden groove, *The Red and the Black*.

In short, in 1981 this white persons' funk stuff was getting to be some damn hard work. After a long day of perusing tomes on African aesthetics and leafing through Amos Tutuola, it was all one could do to stagger to the turntable, slap on some P-Funk, and just *get off*.

Then *Tom Tom Club* put the fun back in Waspo-American funk. From the cheery tropical cover art to the nutty girlness of "Wordy Rappinghood," the soul homage of "Genius of Love," the Adrian Belew guitar roars on "L'Elephant," and the hypno-groove of the entire second side, *Tom Tom Club* came on with a fresh, engaging, and confident unpretentiousness.

Now with Talking Heads loosening up a bit and a spate of girl-group funksters on the scene, this second Tom Tom Club LP, *Close to the Bone*, seems less special, despite its merits. The eight tracks here maintain a high level of well-produced consistency, but only the opener, "Genius of . . .," oops, I mean "Pleasure of Love," really stands out, and then only in a Gang of Four meets Bananarama kind of way. Adrian Belew's absence doesn't help much either.

Close to the Bone is quite presentable, and Tom Tom buffs and Heads completists will not be disappointed. Unbelievers, however, should start with *Tom Tom Club* or pursue other interests.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

A HARD ROAD TO FOLLOW
The Flesh Eaters
Upsetter Records

By Derk Richardson

When punk first punctured the placid patina of Los Angeles pop, it was as if 10 years of self-important singer-songwriter and mellow super-group rock had disguised the fact that there was any trouble in paradise besides divorce and coke addiction among the jet-setters. When X, Black Flag, Fear and others bit deeply enough below the surface, they found the worm in the apple, or the orange, if you must.

Chris D. (for Desjardins), an English teacher turned writer/artist/record producer, found the worm in this bedroom—a monstrous, grotesque invertebrate that feeds on the aspirations of everyday life. On *A Hard Road to Follow*, the Flesh Eaters' third LP, such songs as "Life's a Dirty Rat," "My Destiny," "The Hammer Hits the Nail," and "Fistful of Vodka" present singer-songwriter Chris D. doing battle with that worm.

Guitarist Don Kirk's work is the key element fleshing out Chris D.'s obsessive portraits of death and destruction. Fans of X may hear a little of Billy Zoom's precision punkabilly but Kirk reaches back through the controlled distortion heard over a decade ago on Alice Cooper's *Love it to Death*, David Bowie's *The Man Who Sold the World*, or even in the echoey fuzz of *Spirit*, all the way to the blues of his native Texas.

Out of the dense phantasmagoria comes Chris D.'s bleak poetry-screaming. None of his demented ravings are easy on the ears. Gargling "You gotta keep killing the father of lies" or "Come here, baby, and replace this monster by my side" or "Shoot out the eyes of the boys in blue" (making the theme of the film *Breathless* explicit in "We'll Never Die"), Chris D. sounds like the noose is tightening. But because he sees the American Dream gone wrong—nothing new in L.A. where so much sunshine must be hiding something dark and full of dread—and then turns it inward ("This happiness turned around inside out," he screeches), he manages to find hope in the abyss of despair, for he fills that abyss with, what else, rock 'n' roll.

(Upsetter Records, Box 481144, Los Angeles, CA, 90048)

CULTURE CLUB

Continued from page 24

On my birthday I got five-, six-, seven-hundred presents from Germany. In a week. We're really popular in Germany but it's kind of odd. I think when there's a language barrier you don't feel like you're communicating in any way.

On another level your image might represent some of the decadence in that country. It's a really bizarre place on certain levels.

We have a straight audience in Germany. Really young kids. "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me" was number one for nine weeks; that song appealed to all ages.

A monstrous hit. But it was different in Germany.

In non-English speaking countries there's always a different idea. In Japan, the opinion of me is far beyond, you know, anywhere.

What do they say about you in Japan?

They think I'm like a Kabuki star. They actually called me by the name of the biggest Kabuki star in Japan. They found me very traditional in Japan. Very cultural.

That gets into the concept of manhood and the way different countries look at manhood. And there's an unmistakable Japanese element to your fashion. Could Boy George be changing people's attitudes?

One of the things in Japan that I pointed out was that a lot of people said, "Do you think it's strange for a man to wear makeup?" and I said, "Well, your whole culture is based on transvestites." In the Kabuki theatre, women are men. You can't be a woman in the Kabuki theatre. In a way I kind of conveyed that message of traditionalism to them and they understood that.

That's quite fascinating for a kid from England to have accidentally chanced upon that culture or dropped himself into that culture. Was that something you had thought about?

Not really. When I do my makeup I base it on all kinds of things, pictures I've seen, anything; I don't really think consciously about it. I feel I'm a mixture of different things.

Getting back to the music and the influences we mentioned before. Do you see yourselves as interpreters or do you compose quilts?

We plagiarize. We're very honest about that plagiarism as well. Culture Club is probably the best form of plagiarism at the moment. We do things in a very Culture Club way, but we do steal ideas. There's nothing new any more.

Do you see an end to all this? Do you find yourself longing to do other things or are you part of that new generation that's big on self-destruction? Where is it going to end for Culture Club?

I don't think about that. I have plans to do other things.

Like what?

Well, I've just given Musical Youth a song. And I'm going to be doing that a lot more. I'm going to be working with Helen next year. I've written some songs for her.

How did she get in the band?

I met her in a club and I just really liked her. I just liked her voice.

It's strong. Have you made any money yet?

Mind your own business.

No. I want to know if it's changed your life.

It hasn't changed me at all. Anybody with any sense will invest that money into the band, make it more successful. It's all very well to be successful, but you have to have money to manage the band. It's expensive to travel all over the world and do tours. It's not that easy.

What bands do you like right now?

A band called Roman Holliday.

That big band rockabilly sound is interesting.

They're great.

You did *Solid Gold* while you were in America last time?

Yeah.

What's the difference between *Solid Gold* and England's *Top Of The Pops?*

Top Of The Pops is a little more outrageous.

I don't think so. I think it's just as awful as *Solid Gold*.

I think *Top Of The Pops* is the best program in the world.

Why?

It gives the people a chance to dance and dress up and they don't try to tame it all down. But all those shows are shit.

The British pop shows are overrated. *Top Of The Pops* is a symbol of some bygone era.

You're only saying that because you're American. I'm not going to say anything nasty about *Solid Gold*.

When you were in Toronto, the Polygram rep discovered that Jon was Jewish. Does the Hebrew lettering on your clothes come from him being Jewish?

Yeah, of course.

I'm glad to hear that. Gives it some credibility.

Ha-ha-ha. ○

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

PEN FRIENDS—ENGLAND—U.S.A. MAKE LASTing friendship through correspondence. Send age, interest. Free reply: Harmony, Box 89RR, Brooklyn, NY 11235.

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.

The Who Club

T-SHIRTS, SWEATSHIRTS, BOOKS, BUTTONS, stickers, imported albums, quarterly magazines, etc. Send SASE to: The Who Club (Dept. RD), Box 731, Princeton Junction, NJ 08550, or Box 107A, London, N6 5RU, England.

LIGHTNING STRIKES, THE LOU CHRISTIE newsletter provides U.S. and international discographes, touring info, concert reviews, press clips and photos. Send $2 to Harry Young, 165 East 50th St., Apt. 10H, Chicago, IL 60615.

MUSICIANS

PLAY HOT LEAD GUITAR IN ONE WEEK GUARanteed! Without reading music. Booklet includes over 70 rock licks, plus tricks, scales, theory, techniques, more. $7.95. Hotlicks, Box 1609-R-2, San Anselmo, CA 94960.

INDEPENDENT PRODUCER SEEKS ESTABlished unsigned rock and roll bands for possible master work. Send demos to Remarkable Productions, Dept. R, Box 2528, Los Angeles, CA 90051.

POSTERS & PHOTOS

ORIGINAL MOVIE POSTERS! NEW/FALL CATAlog $2 (refundable). Poster Gallery, Dept. 18, Box 2745, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

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.

PROFESSIONAL ROCK PHOTOGRAPHS & BUTtons!!! D. Leppard, D. Duran, R. Rhoads, Police, Bowie, S. Nicks, A. Ants, hundreds more!!! 46-page catalog $1—(refundable w/purchase). Specify favorites. V'Kriengkai, Box 657, Lenox Hill Station, New York, NY 10021.

DESPERATELY WANTED: PHOTOS OF SINGER/violinist David LaFlamme (ex-member of "It's a Beautiful Day"). Write to: Maria Plop, Huizingastraat 28, 2552MA, The Hague, Holland.

RECORDS & TAPES

R. Stevie Moore

DISCOVER AMERICA'S LAST AUTHENTIC eccentric pop genius. Free catalog. R. Stevie Moore, 429 Valley Road, Upper Montclair, NJ 07043.

Giant LP & Tape Catalog

DISCOUNT LP'S, CASSETTES, BLANK TAPES, current, budget, out-of-print, collector's items. Postage $1, foreign, $2. Supermarket of Music, Box 1635, Reseda, CA 91335.

50,000 Records For Sale . . .

EACH MONTH IN GOLDMINE, WORLD'S Largest Record Collectors Magazine. All types of music, all eras, all labels. From common to rare records. Plus interviews with past and present recording stars. Sample $2.50. 12 issues $20.00. Goldmine, Dept AB4, Iola, WI 54990.

AUDIOPHILE RECORD GALLERY DISCOUNTS ultra sound directdisc, half mastered, digital, DBX, Japanese Imports, more! We specialize, only the finest fidelity recordings. Catalog $1. Box 1073, Vienna, VA 22180.

EXCLUSIVE !!! **FROM BLOOM COUNTY- AMERICA'S HOTTEST CARTOON STRIP**

The world of Opus and Friends appears for the first time on T-Shirts and in a book

Bloom County Book
Single Copy 5.95

Penguin Lust T-Shirt 8.95
Penguin Jersey 9.95

Bloom County T-Shirt 8.95
Bloom County Jersey 9.95

Opus-T
5446 Highway 290 West
Suite 301 REC
Austin, Texas 78735

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PLUS $1 POSTAGE & HANDLING PER ITEM Full-color design!

RECORD CONVENTIONS

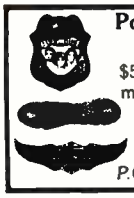
NOW HELD ALL OVER THE U.S.A.!
Zillions of records, incredible bargains!
Send for our FREE schedule.
Suite 114R, 19777 W. 12 Mile Rd.
Southfield, MI 48076

POSTERS

Order #	Grateful Dead	
RP101	Copy of Orig. San Francisco billboard ad (Skull & Roses)	$3.50
RP102	Blues for Allah	3.50
RP103	Terrapin Station LP logo	3.50
RP104	Grateful Dead 1981 color close up on stage	4.00
RP105	Grateful Dead collage of concert shots	3.50
RP106	Grateful Dead original group with Pig Pen	4.00
RP107	Jerry Garcia waist-up	4.00
RP208	Ian Anderson on flute	4.00
RP214	The Doors portrait	3.50
RP215	Jim Morrison American poet	3.50
RP216	Jim Morrison portrait	3.50
* RP217	Jim Morrison portrait	4.00
RP219	Jimi Hendrix in concert	3.50
RP220	Rolling Stones on stage	3.50
RP222	Led Zeppelin collage	3.50
RP223	Led Zeppelin on stage	3.50
* RP224	Led Zeppelin group	4.00
RP228	The Who on stage	3.50
* RP229	Neil Young portrait	4.00
* RP230	Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young	4.00
RP231	Springsteen w/guitar	3.50
RP232	Mick Jagger at the mike	3.50
RP234	The Cars on stage	3.50
RP236	Frank Zappa (on toilet)	3.50
RP238	Lynyrd Skynyrd group	3.50
RP237	Beatles 1963 Palladium	3.50
RP240	Rolling Stones collage	3.50
RP242	Pink Floyd The Wall	3.50
RP244	Outlaws on stage	3.50
RP246	Zappa on stage	3.50
* RP248	Allman Brothers	4.00
* RP249	Dylan & Harrison (Bangladesh)	4.00
RP251	AC/DC in concert	3.50
RP252	Easy Rider	4.00
RP253	Jimi Hendrix at the mike	3.50
RP254	Wendy Williams	3.50
RP256	Police	3.50
RP260	Rush	3.50
RP261	Police collage	3.50
RP262	Van Halen collage	3.50
RP263	Adam & the Ants	3.50
RP264	Adam (of the Ants)	3.50
RP265	Ozzy Osbourne	3.50
RP266	Black Sabbath	3.50
RP267	Journey collage	3.50
RP268	Go-Go's	3.50
RP270	Judas Priest	3.50
RP271	Springsteen & Clarence	3.50
RP272	Iron Maiden Beast	3.50
RP273	Genesis	3.50
RP274	Joan Jett	3.50
RP275	Phil Collins	3.50
RP276	The Clash	3.50
RP277	John Cougar	3.50
RP278	Stray Cats	4.00
RP279	Van Halen on stage	4.00
RP288	Duran Duran	3.50
RP289	Culture Club	3.50

Full Color Except Where Noted By *
TO ORDER: Add $1.50 for postage & handling (outside U.S.A.—$2.50 U.S. funds only)
N.J. residents add 6% sales tax

SEND ORDERS TO:
CM Products DEPT. R
33 Park Avenue, Rutherford, N.J. 07070
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG



Police • Journey • Pretenders
Official Tour Badges
$5.00 each+ postage/handling (3 or more $4.00 ea. + $1.50 total postage)
Please print choice of pin & return address. Send check or money order to: *Tour Badges*
P.O. Box 2789.Hollywood, CA 90078

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

IMPORTS, NEW RELEASES, CUTOUTS, AND out-of-print records. Books, posters, buttons and more. All specially priced. Fast service—credit cards accepted. Catalogs $1 (refundable). Spin Dizzy, Dept. A, Box 21723, Milwaukee, WI 53221.

OPEN REEL TAPE—MOSTLY AMPEX 641/671. Used once, unspliced, unboxed 7" 1800' or 2400' Reels; 25 for $39.00. Sample: $2. Ten 3600' 10½" Reels: $32.00. Sample: $3.50. New, premium cassettes/8TRK; Sample: $1 each. Audio Tapes, Box 9584-D, Alexandria, VA 22304. (703) 892-8722. Visa/MC.

TAPE OF THE CENTURY NOW AVAILABLE! $10 for three hours (cassettes). Many groups! Send stamp for submission requirements. Check to: Realities, 2745 Monterey #76, San Jose, CA 95111.

ADAM ANT, CLASH, ELVIS COSTELLO, AND more. British & American records & cassettes. Big selection of British & American publications & books. Send 20¢ stamp for list. Cross Country, Dept. 823, Box 50416, Washington, DC 20004.

JUKEBOX FANS! RECORDS AVAILABLE FROM 1950-1983. Specials monthly. Send your want list and SASE for quote. Jukebox Friday Night, Box 471, Marietta, GA 30061.

JAZZ, BLUES, BUDGET ROCK. BELOW LIST. Free catalog. Rutabaga Records, Dept. R, 437 North Fifth St., Stroudsburg, PA 18360.

ROCK MERCHANDISE

GET IT ALL NOW! EVERYTHING AVAILABLE in rock related items! Heavy on heavy metal and new wave! FREE catalog. Musicade, Suite 114R, 19777 W. 12 Mile, Southfield, MI 48076.

Eyephones®

Slip on your Eyephones® and enter a unique musical-visual universe. Experience a stereo mosaic of pulsating colors electronically keyed to your favorite music.

- Connects to any stereo 5 watts and up
- Incl. 2 sets of changeable lenses, 10 ft. cord, connectors, warranty

Reviewed in High Fidelity, Video, Newsweek, Playboy, Gentlemen's Quarterly, & Us.

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

Only $29.95 ppd. Send check, m.o., VISA, M/C # & exp. date to: McCurdy Inc., Suite 133, 1804 Bonifant Road, Silver Spring, Maryland 20906 (301) 460-8892

STUNNING NEW T-SHIRT THAT GLOWS AT NIGHT!
Cartoon eyes come to life in the dark.

Our exclusive design is silkscreened using a safe, non-toxic phosphorescent process that actually emits light. Printed in bold white on black T-Shirt, the eyes in this design glow in the dark after exposure to daylight or ordinary room lights. the effect is spectacular!

ONLY $10.95 EACH
(Includes Postage & Handling)
Top Quality Guaranteed!

Specify quantity and size;
ADULT: S M L XL
Please allow 4—6 weeks for delivery
Washington residents add 7.8% Sales Tax

Send Check or Money Order to:
ALTER EGO
DEPT. F
P.O. BOX 27346
SEATTLE, WA 98125

STUDENT PHOTO I.D.

GUARANTEED BEST QUALITY I.D.
"LET *ME* SEND YOU THE PROOF"
100% SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK
$6 (2 or more—$5 each) *order with friends*

FULL-COLOR DOUBLE-SIDED ONE-PIECE PLASTIC CARD (NO GLUED-ON PHOTO)

Send $6.00. Name, Address, University or College Title (up to 21 letters or spaces), Birthdate & small photo.

CPC DEPT. 221 BOX 721 TIMES SQ. STA. NY, NY 10108

CAROL COOPER

NEW YORK

WHAT WENT WRONG?

Originally designed by those elements in the music business most opposed to "corporate pop"—rockpool organizers, club disc jockeys, independent producers and distributors, unsigned "street level" musicians of every description and regional origin—the New Music Seminar (now in its fourth year of existence) has turned, quite suddenly, into the antithesis of its original purpose. Once dedicated to strengthening anticorporate, decentralized, non-racist networks promoting regional American pop, the "New Music" explosion—as propagandized by newly enthusiastic major labels—now seems dedicated to the proposition that "foreign is better" with the consequent avalanche of falsely pluralistic new Brit-rock. MTV, and the opening of America's national playlists to the new British Invasion, has skewed the marketing and meaning of New Music considerably.

Those who'd attended the first three seminars concurred that this year's bash at the Hilton drew a wealthier, straighter, generally less knowledgeable crowd. The opening day's panels wasted valuable time trying to *define* New Music with no one admitting the truth: New Music is disco. That's right . . . the dance music that dare not say its name. All that funky, funny, catchy, neo-soul technopop is nothing more than the same sound that many of its current fans were slandering throughout the '70s. No one bothered to point out that around the same time Bowie was spearheading synthetic pop in England, Stevie Wonder was adding the clavinet and minimoog to the vocabulary of R&B. Little wonder that two separate but equal streams of modern dance music evolved, only to merge and diverge again in Eurodisco and technopop.

Still another point glossed over in the floating definitions of New Music was that the "newest" sounds were those that explored Asian and African traditional forms for ways to escape the compositional limitations of the piano-forte. As the patron deity of most Western music, the piano is still a terribly restricting instrument with its primitive, two-dimensional tones, and what I choose to call polychromatics (in defiance of those who would subordinate the musical theories of non-whites with linguistic diminutions like "microtones").

But instead of these illuminations, we got Thomas Dolby, Mari Wilson, and Kevin Rowland being allowed to snipe at one another for presumed commercialism, and a Producers Panel where only two blacks, Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards of Chic Inc., attended to gently defend the validity of a genuinely black sensibility. Meanwhile, left unexplored were the ramifications of two interesting observations made during the Independent Promotion panel: i.e., that this year's seminar drew a larger attendance than either of the other two important industry conventions, NARM and MIDEM; and a comment by Rough Trade's Geoff Travis as to how in America one seems to have to *buy* radio airtime for one's records—something naturally prohibitive to an independent operation.

The New Music Seminar should be on the cutting edge of the music business, striving to correct injustices stemming from the greed and racism shaping radio and the corporate modus operandi.

Andrew Schwartz, editor of the sorely missed national rock tabloid *N.Y. Rocker*, was very specific on what aspects of the fourth New Music Seminar did not measure up to earlier editions. As one of the earliest and most steadfast crusaders for a national independent market, Schwartz felt the entrance fee ($90 at the door) and location of this year's Seminar prohibited participation from important members of the midwestern, southern, and mid-Atlantic state scenes. And while panels were ostensibly open to any and all, the dearth of black owners and black clubs represented does, to a small extent, mirror the marginalization of non-white club owners, producers, and musicians in general on the money end of the New Music boom. The abolishment of the open-floor mike for audience participation prevented many a lively, valid debate; and in most cases panel moderators were insufficiently prepared, and neglected to huddle with panelists to decide on procedure before mounting the podium.

The press panel was yet another red herring. Editors and writers were claiming a righteousness above and beyond the suasion of advertising dollars, when we all know the truth to be slightly different. The New Technology and Artist panels remained frighteningly unafraid of innovations like analog synthesizers and music videos. Linn drums, Emulators, and the ascendancy of visuals over solid songwriting should chill the blood of your average musican or fan. But with few exceptions (one or two producers, a disc jockey and a rap artist or two), no one articulated concern for the survival of manually operated music. Before my very eyes the DIY ethic was starring in its own horror movie, expanding to swallow the livelihood of trained musicians in every genre.

Nevertheless, I am convinced that participants in this year's New Music Seminar share these observations and will work to eliminate the bad and reinforce the positive at next year's gathering. Nothing galvanizes a struggling, committed independent like watching a good idea go sour, and even the lucrative intrusion of the big corporations could be managed for the better with a little forethought on the part of the planning committee. Reinstitute open floor debates. Make the distinction between domestic licensing of foreign imports and American independent productions, and be sure to invite a good percentage of those intrepid dragon-killers involved in the latter from across the country. Subsidize their expenses if necessary. Make a concentrated outreach to more black and Latin clubs; invite their owners and disc jockeys—you might learn something. The New Music Seminar should be on the cutting edge of the music business, striving to correct injustices stemming from the greed and racism currently shaping radio and the corporate *modus operandi*. And it could do just that. ○

Carol Cooper is a freelance writer living in New York City.

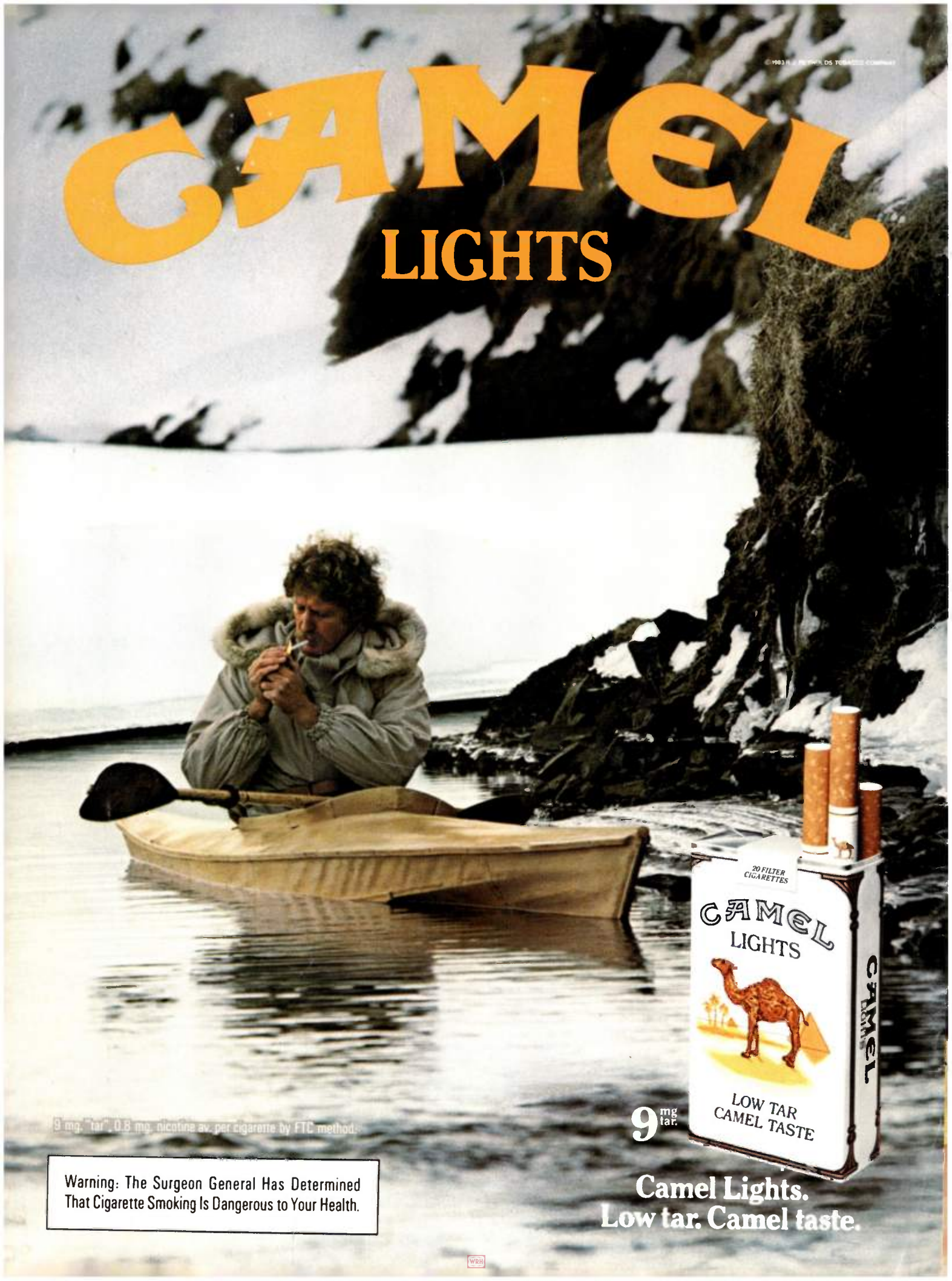
Perspectives is an open forum for anyone wishing to express an opinion on an issue relevant to contemporary music. Manuscripts should be no more than 1000 words in length, typed, double-spaced and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Send to RECORD/Perspectives, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10151.

For more than a hundred years now, Hohner harmonicas have played a part in the changing face of America...accompanying the cowboy on his lonely cattle drives, keeping in rhythm with the Mississippi riverboats, and ushering in the Southland's Blues. And today, as musical styles emerge and fuse, Hohner harmonicas continue to add the magic. Because no other instrument is as simple to learn or inexpensive to own. No other is as easy to carry or as much fun to play. And with over 60 models to choose from, no other instrument offers such musical variety.

Get your hands on a Hohner and let the feelin' flow.

HOHNER®

P.O. Box 15035, Richmond, Virginia 23227
Hohner Canada Inc., Don Mills, Ontario


CAMEL
LIGHTS
20 FILTER CIGARETTES
CAMEL
LIGHTS
LOW TAR
CAMEL TASTE
CAMEL
LIGHTS
9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
9 mg tar.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Camel Lights.
Low tar. Camel taste.