

DURAN DURAN: COMING APART, COMING TOGETHER

RECORD



PAGE 15

APRIL 1985
VOL. 4 NO. 6
\$1.50 U.K. 90p



PAGE 19

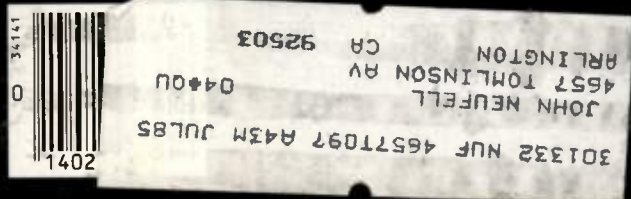
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RECORD

APRIL 1985 VOL. 4 NO. 6



CRAIG MOLENHOUSE

DURAN DURAN COME APART TO COME TOGETHER

By Dan Hedges 15
Checking in with rock's fab five as two embark on an outside project, and the others plan a new album and late '85 tour. (For more Duran Duran coverage, see contributing editor Anthony DeCurtis' appraisal of the band's video legacy on page 37.)

JULIAN LENNON: ME AND MY SHADOW

By Anthony DeCurtis . 19
Is he more than his father's son? The smart money says yes.

ROCK ON 6

Cyndi Lauper to release live video; Boy George and Rod Stewart teaming up for summer concert; John Cougar Mellencamp gets the movie bug; Lita Ford leaves home; Huey Lewis and the News play ball; Lionel Richie organizes an American Band-Aid; Sting cutting solo album; Rock in Rio is a big winner, but leaves the locals wondering what's become of their children.

WHAT IT BE, DAVID LEE?

By David Gans 22
Wherein Mr. Roth reveals a serious bone.

WHY IS THIS MAN SMILING?

By Jim Sullivan 32
An interview with Ray Davies, head Kink and soul survivor.



VICTORIA PEARSON

MUSIC VIDEO

SUCH GORGEOUS BLANKNESS

By Anthony DeCurtis . 37
Duran Duran, rock video's most perfect stars.

MUSICVIDEO/REVIEWS . . 38

ELECTRONICS

AUDIO 44
HANDS ON 46

DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS 4
CHARTS 40
RECORDS 48
CLASSIFIEDS 55

COVER PHOTO BY MARK WEISS
TOP INSET PHOTO BY BRIAN ARIS
SIDE INSET PHOTO BY RICHARD E. AARON/STAR FILE

ROSS MARINO



ERRATA

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK Anthony DeCurtis for his inspired article, "On The Wings of a Song" (Rock On, February RECORD). I have my tickets to see Prince, and I'll enjoy the show much more now that I know His Royal Dazzleness is donating thousands of dollars per show to good causes.

JOHN JOACHIM
Fairfield, OH

WHERE DOES GREG TATE come off comparing Morris Day and the Time to Prince in any respect whatsoever, whether it be dancing, singing, style or just plain musical ability ("And He Was Baa-aad," January RECORD)? No one—certainly not the Time—can approach Prince's musical genius. True, the Time has some slick unison steps, but to say that they make Prince look clumsy is ridiculous.

THOMAS PITOFISKY
Los Angeles, CA

NOW THAT WE HAVE THE first Peter Wolf-less album from the J. Geils Band, it's obvious just how important he was to the success of that group. I've been a loyal fan of J. Geils since the first live album, but *You're Gettin' Even While I'm Gettin' Odd* continues the lamentable decline into the execrable commercial crap of *Freeze Frame*, but without Wolf's charismatic jive delivery the lyrics sound terribly wimpy. Neither Seth Justman nor Stephen Jo Bladd can cut the mustard as lead singers.

Both sound reedy and entirely out of their element. It's difficult to see J. Geils carrying on with live performance without Wolf, whose stage presence as well as vocals made them an especially exciting good time rock 'n' roll band. On the other hand, if Wolf can incorporate some tunes from *Ladies Invited*, *Bloodshot*, *Love Stinks* and *Monkey Island* into his act, then I'm sure his solo career would skyrocket.

GARY KIMBER
Downsview, Ont., Canada

ONE LAST TIME REGARDING a reader response to Peter Buck's article "The True Spirit of American Rock (October '84 RECORD). I don't think reader Neil Kraus, writing in the February Letters section, quite grasped Buck's point. Far from putting down bands that make money or have Top 40 hits, I think Buck's criticism was aimed more at the music industry itself. A lot of so-called "bands" like Twisted Sister and Wham! sell out to record companies to make a quick buck; bands like R.E.M. strive to produce a unique sound, and Top 40 won't touch it. Buck was trying to point out that if you don't sacrifice your musical values for money, you can still make "real music." Maybe if some listeners would quit selling out their values, we'd notice some real improvement in the music we hear on the radio.

JILL BLAHA
Mesa, AZ

JOHN MENDELSSOHN made a few nasty remarks about Billy Idol in his article

"The Hit List" in RECORD's December issue. I'm not one to be picky, but this made me very angry. It was the most heartless article I've ever read. I personally think Mr. Mendelssohn is a Pigheaded Jerk. Where does he get off criticizing Billy? I bet he never even met him! I'm not the only one who feels this way, either. Many of my friends are just as mad as I am. I hope arrogant Mr. Mendelssohn decides to make a public apology in your next issue—I know a lot of people who won't buy your magazine unless he does.

KRISTEN MORTENSON
Trenton, NJ

John Mendelssohn replies: I am very, very deeply sorry.

I WONDERED WHY BOY George was so disgusted by Frankie Goes To Hollywood, since there seem to be so many controversial bands in England. After reading the article on Frankie in your February issue ("Frankie Say Buzz Off"), and after buying the band's album, I too am thoroughly disgusted. Regardless of his sexual orientation, Boy George doesn't make me cringe, doesn't write tasteless lyrics or suggest crude things. When Boy George talks about homosexuality or sex in general, it's not offensive; Frankie, on the other hand, is trying shock tactics to gain popularity. The lyrics of "Relax" and the title "Krisco Kisses," as well as the pictures on the sleeve of *Welcome to the Pleasure Dome* are just plain vulgar. I'm trading in my "Relax Don't Do It" t-shirt for a

"Who Gives A F*** What Frankie Say" shirt, because I no longer care to hear what Frankie say.

DIANA KAVON
Nutley, NJ

WHILE I'VE ALWAYS admired Culture Club's music, I've also had my suspicions about what it is that Boy George is after. But Jody Denberg's interview with the Boy ("The Boy, Straight Up," February RECORD) gave me a fresh perspective on George and his work. Denberg's questions elicited revealing answers; and the thoughtfulness of those answers indicated George hadn't been down this path too many times before. That's a neat trick for any reporter to pull off, and J.D. has my congratulations on a job well done.

GARY HAMILTON
Tulsa, OK

R.I.P.

AND AS THE LINES IN my face grow deeper . . . the color of my hair, which was, until this very moment, dark brown, now holds the pressure of life beneath strands of grey. Inevitable is old age, so is RECORD's lack of concern for its readers who are deemed "over the hill." Yes, I am deeply saddened that all 20 years of my somewhat "unfulfilled" life could end at any moment without one feature story on Tony Carey and/or Planet P Project.

TANIA McMASTERS
San Antonio, TX

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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, NY 10151
(212) PL8-3800

Advertising Department (212) 350-1298

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- Thompson Twins: The Gap . . . 24567
- Jeffrey Osborne: Don't Stop . . . 43774*
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Those of you who *still* can't get enough of Cyndi Lauper—and we'll admit to being fond of her ourselves—have something to

look forward to this Spring (and we do mean *look*) when a full-length concert video is released commercially. Hence the "live performance" recording mentioned in January's Rock On; we also assume that the live clip of "Money Changes Everything"—showing Lauper suspended over the audience in a garbage can—is part of the forthcoming video release, though the singer's management remains mum on details about the video. And in case anyone missed it, *Ms.* Magazine named Lauper one of its Women of the Year for '84, citing her for "taking feminism beyond conformity to individuality, rebellion and freedom . . . in personal philosophy and her style as a performer." The occasion saw Lauper interviewed on all three morning news shows on January 4 along with co-honoree Geraldine Ferraro and *Ms.* publisher Gloria Steinem. Rounding out the banner year for



You be the judge, but it's being touted as Super Concert I, and it stars Boy George and Rod Stewart, the latter replacing a disgruntled Elton John, who bowed out over a contract dispute. All this is scheduled to take place on July 11 at Toronto's Exhibition Stadium, and will be beamed by satellite to 200 closed-circuit theater sites and 150 pay-per-view cable outlets, as well as simulcast on stereo FM radio. No further details were available at presstime.



Cyndi was her selection by *People* magazine as one of show biz's hardest working celebrities, with a cover headline trumpeting her "350 day work year." Finally, how's about a big Bronx cheer for the odious Mr. Blackwell, who named Cyndi one of the world's 10 worst-dressed women, describing her as "looking like the aftermath of the San Francisco earthquake." Ever the joker, Blackwell also included on the same list one Prince Rogers Nelson for "looking like a toothpick wrapped in a purple dolly."



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NEWS WORTHY CAUSE

Huey Lewis and the News went to bat—literally—for a worthy cause on February 2 when they took the field against a team comprised of former major league baseball greats. The cause was Arizona Special Olympics, the site Tempe, Arizona's 8000-seat Diablo Stadium, the opponents the likes of Brooks Robinson, John Roseboro, Juan Marichal, Milt Pappas, Moose Skowron, Tom Tresh, Maury Wills and others. News saxophonist Johnny Colla told RECORD that the pros "swamped us," although the final score shows the News falling to their more experienced foes by only 5-4. Colla added, though, that opposition hurlers Pappas and Marichal "were being kind to us." Lewis, who played high school baseball, pitched a gutsy game for his side, at one point working out of a bases loaded, one-out jam by getting Gus Triandos to pop out and Maury Wills to fly to deep center. However, under rigorous and unrelenting interrogation Colla allowed that Huey "might have loaded up the ball." Say it ain't so, Huey! Hitting star for the News: Guido Colla, father of Johnny, who lined a shot past Robinson for a standup double.—David McGee



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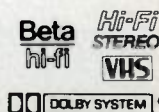
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Triumph MCA
- 60 1984
Eurythmics RCA
- 61 2:00 A.M. PARADISE CAFE
Barry Manilow Arista
- 62 STRAIGHT TO THE HEART
David Sanborn Warner Bros
- 63 JOHN PARR
John Parr Atlantic
- 64 DON'T STOP
Jeffrey Osborne A&M
- 65 ALL OVER THE PLACE
The Bangles Columbia
- 66 SOUNDTRACK
"Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo"
Polygram
- 67 THE GLAMOROUS LIFE
Sheila E. Warner Bros
- 68 STREET TALK
Steve Perry Columbia
- 69 HIGH CRIME
Al Jarreau Warner Bros
- 70 TOO TOUGH TO DIE
The Ramones Sire
- 71 REBEL YELL
Billy Idol Chrysalis
- 72 JUKEBOX
The Dazz Band Mercury
- 73 THE RIGHT TO ROCK
Keel Gull Mountain
- 74 REAL LIVE
Bob Dylan Columbia
- 75 CATS
Original Broadway Cast Geffen
- 76 STEALING FIRE
Bruce Cockburn Gold Mountain
- 77 UNITED STATES LIVE
Laurie Anderson Warner Bros
- 78 STEELTOWN
Big Country Mercury
- 79 GEFREY MORGAN
UB40 A&M
- 80 SO GOOD
The Whispers Solar Elektra
- 81 EMOTION
Barbra Streisand Columbia
- 82 WHY NOT ME
The Judds RCA
- 83 ELIMINATOR
ZZ Top Warner Bros
- 84 OUT OF THE CELLAR
Ratt Atlantic
- 85 CONTROVERSY
Prince Warner Bros
- 86 VOA
Sammy Hagar Outrigger
- 87 POWERSLAVE
Iron Maiden Capitol
- 88 DECEMBER
George Winston Vanguard
- 89 THE DREAMS OF CHILDREN
Shadowfax Westminster Hill
- 90 THE BLITZ
Krokus Arista
- 91 LEGEND
Bob Marley and The Wailers Island
- 92 DOES FORT WORTH EVER CROSS YOUR MIND
George Strait MCA
- 93 TOOTH & NAIL
Dokken Elektra
- 94 THRILLER
Michael Jackson Epic
- 95 FANS
Malcolm McLaren Island
- 96 SOUNDTRACK
"Cotton Club" Geffen
- 97 IN THE EYE OF THE STORM
Roger Hodgson A&M
- 98 ISOLATION
Toby Columbia
- 99 NO PARKING ON THE DANCE FLOOR
Midnight Star Solar Elektra
- 100 SOME GREAT REWARD
Diploche Mode Sire

Anthony DeCurtis

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LARRY BUSACCA

ROCK COMES TO RIO— AND STAYS

By most accounts, the 10-day Rock in Rio festival, held in an amphitheatre at Barra Da Tijuca, just outside of Rio de Janeiro, was an overwhelming success. 14 foreign groups and 15 local artists performed to an estimated 1.5 million people, who consumed, among other things, 3,600,000 litres of beer (the festival was sponsored by Brahma Breweries) and a ton of burgers—McDonald's had erected on the festival site its largest facility in the world, and reported topping its one-day sales record of \$21,000 by selling \$51,000 worth of burgers at the rate of 7,000 an hour. Think of it: 7,000 hamburgers in one hour! Boggles the mind. Estimates are that the event brought in over \$50,000,000 extra revenue to the country. But what ultimately came out of this affair was a sense among Brazilians that the flavor of their music would henceforth be colored by the rock sounds that proved so popular here, notably the heavy metal kind. Apart from rousing receptions for Rod Stewart (who celebrated his 40th birthday with a dusk-to-dawn party at the Rio Palace Hotel) and Queen (who celebrated dusk-to-dawn every night because it seemed like the right thing to do—Freddie Mercury reportedly threw "a series of wild parties in and around his presidential suite at the famed Copacabana Palace"), the crowd's greatest affections were reserved for the likes of Scorpions, Iron Maiden, AC/DC, Whi-



Rock With a Heart

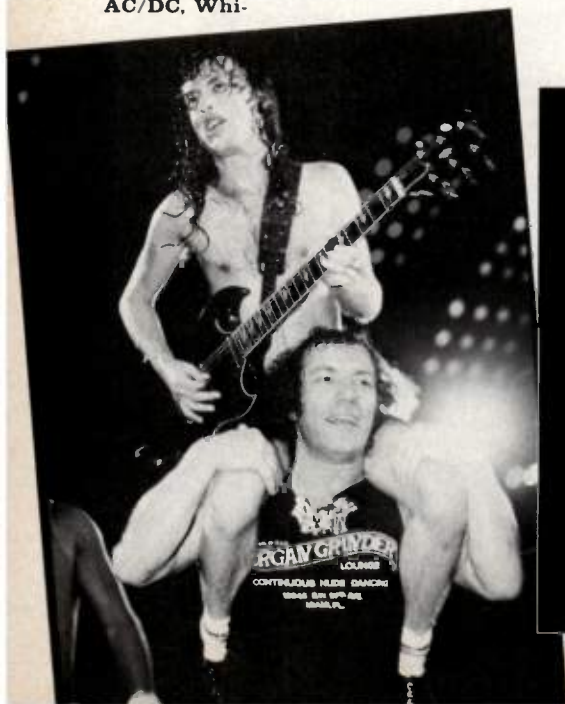
About the time this item reaches print, American musicians' answer to the Band-Aid project ought to be available. In late January, a

host of U.S. superstars—representing an impressive spectrum of American popular music, from Ray Charles to Kenny Rogers to Smokey Robinson to Bruce Springsteen—convened in Los Angeles, under extremely tight security, to record a song written by Lionel Richie and Michael Jackson titled "We Are The World." Proceeds will go to African relief in an effort to alleviate suffering in 26 sub-Saharan nations. The

session was to be filmed and released as a home video, a la "Do They Know It's Christmas." The advance word was that both an album and a single would be released. Following the single release will be a double album, containing "We Are The World" plus previously unreleased tracks by some of the participating artists (non-participant Prince has also promised to contribute a song). There's plans for a summer concert as well,

tesnake and Ozzy Osbourne. Lamented Antonio Carlos Jobim, one of Brazil's most venerated musicians, to a *New York Times* reporter: "It would be a pity if all the new music were rock, but

that's what young people here seem to want, the electronic sound, the lights and so on." Other established Brazilian musicians were not quite so downbeat, however: according to the *Times*, sever-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAJ RAMA/LGI

CKON ROCK ROCK



plus a book of session photos and posters.

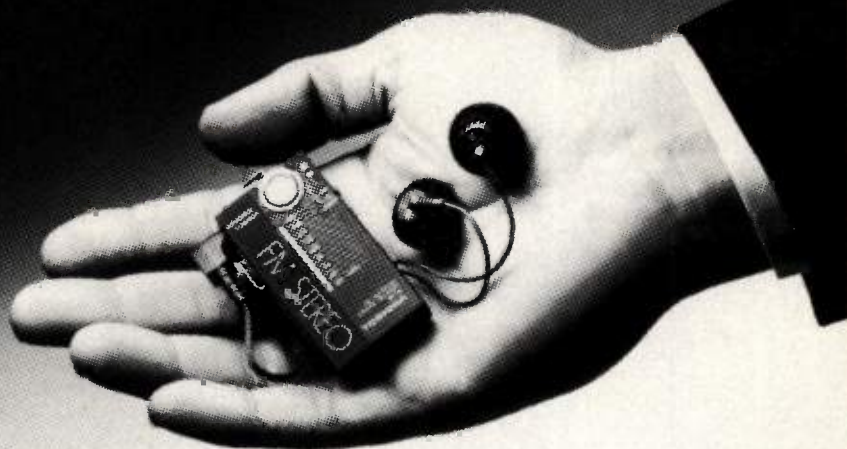
While we're at it, we'll tip our hat to hard rockers Bon Jovi, who were inadvertently left off our list of good samaritans published in the February issue ("On The Wings of a Song"). This past October the Mercury recording group headlined a benefit concert at Kiel Auditorium in St. Louis, with all proceeds going to Tammy Beckham (shown here with group leader Jon Bon Jovi), a 16-year-old girl in need of a liver transplant; a hospital for crippled children; and Operation Lift-Off, an organization of airline employees dedicated to helping seriously ill children realize their special wishes. —Anthony DeCurtis



al top artists who have already begun blending rock with native rhythms were warmly received by the Festival's young audience. Festival promoter Roberto Medina is bullish on rock, too: he spent \$11 million mounting this year's shindig, and has announced plans to make the festival an annual event.



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WILD BOYS



COOLING OUT

Duran Duran come apart to come together ~ by Dan Hedges

"Sorry I'm so . . . out to lunch," John Taylor says in New York, sprawled in a suite at the posh Carlyle Hotel like *Death Warmed Over*.

There are no screams outside his window. No pre-pubescent fingernails scratching at his door. Watching *Little House On the Prairie* with the sound

turned down, he puts on the new John and Andy Taylor/Power Station tape and whacks it up to ten.

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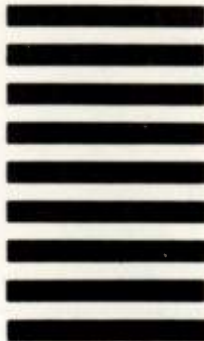
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THE BOYS IN THE BAND

say their spinoff projects will only make Duran Duran stronger. The Taylors (top photo, from left: Andy, John, Roger) have joined up with Robert Palmer and Tony Thompson to form the Power Station, while Simon LeBon and Nick Rhodes are in Paris cutting tracks for their own album.



starts shaking, and the furniture starts moving around the room. On screen, a door flies open and Michael Landon storms from the house with a shotgun. As guitars roar and drums slam, Landon's pre-teen TV daughters cower fearfully behind him. Goodness gracious, this isn't what they expected at all. Not from John and Andy and Roger (the latter is featured on only one track).

Danceable? Sure. But the R&B/funk-based Power Station (with Robert Palmer on vocals and Chic drummer Tony Thompson) has little to do with Duran Duran. Ditto the "more melodic, more abstract" tracks keyboardist Nick Rhodes is hammering out with Simon LeBon for their solo LP in Paris.

We're talking change. LeBon's unshaven, Mel Gibson-esque strut and Andy Taylor's creeping Keith Richards' death-pallor aren't the stuff teen dreams are made of; no longer the blow-dried, air-brushed English schoolboy faces that launched a thousand screams, Duran Duran are starting to look and sound like grownups. According to Rhodes, the spin-offs have been "educating us in ways we didn't know about. We've got a very good working vibe between us at the moment." Coasting on automatic with the live *Arena* album, Duran Duran are cooling out, reappraising the situation.

"*Arena* was the end of Chapter One," John explains. "With the 'Reflex' re-mix and 'The Wild Boys,' we wanted to get more abrasive. 'The Wild Boys' was the first track we recorded that captured the energy and power we get live. But it wasn't, 'That's the end of Part One.' It's the end of Part One, plus the start of Part Two."

The band has just recorded the theme for the new James Bond film, *A View To A*

Kill. "Best thing we've ever done," he says. "It's very hard—don't think they'll be rushing out for popcorn when *that* song comes up. *Seven and the Ragged Tiger* was recorded in Sydney and Montserrat, and sounds it. A soft lull. We're getting more meaty."

He admits that "The Wild Boys" is the closest they've come to the sonic blueprint for the band he heard in his head back in the Birmingham club days, one that quickly changed as early members came and went, New Romantic dance music became the Next Big Thing, and he gave in to the tastes of "four guys who had a different viewpoint."

No tears shed there. Since *Rio*, the five have been posing all the way to the bank—and though Taylor claims "we weren't going to have anything to do with those teen magazines and go for a much older age group when we first came to America," they did just the opposite, and the teeny element locked on with a tractor beam.

"But you don't sell two million albums in two weeks to nothing but 15-year-olds," he says. "And I've noticed that kids who were 14 when our first records came out are 18 now. We haven't turned them off as yet. They're getting older, as are we. I can't think of anything more boring than playing to an audience older than me—who just sit there and get into the music. The audience is part of the show. I'd imag-

ine it's fun for a 30-year-old guy to stand in the middle of that, though we don't *play* to the 12-year-old screamers. That would be the biggest mistake."

As Andy Taylor points out, however, "they're only kids, but you've got to respect their loyalty. We do."

During '84's *Seven and the Ragged Tiger* tour, that loyalty hit such screeching intensity that Duran's more redeeming facets (John Taylor, for example, is no slouch on the bass) were all but swamped. As panties and stuffed animals rained down, the spectacle of the crowd hysteria level rising or falling according to which member's mug was projected overhead only fuelled the critical fire.

"I couldn't see the video screen," Andy Taylor says. "I'd forget it was there. We'd played in, like, Seattle the tour before to 600 people. The next time we played to 13,000. We thought the screen would help us because we were inexperienced playing such big places, and also because people couldn't see. I don't care who you are, give people the chance to see you. If they want to watch the video screen instead, that's up to them. If they've paid their money and can't see, that's a rip-off."

Duran's image problems have always seemed self-generated, their decision to push the pose and the clothes over the musicianship an aesthetic (if lucrative) blunder on their part. "Possibly," John Taylor

responds. "You learn from mistakes. There are things we've done that, looking back, I think, 'Maybe that wasn't so clever.' One reason the press—and I'm putting it lightly—found it hard to embrace us was that if we'd come on like the Monkees, that would have been fine. But we came on like the Monkees and wanted to be Roxy Music at the same time. It was like, 'Pure pop's okay, but why bring *art* into it?' We're *not* the Monkees, yet the screaming girls and the videos were what everyone concentrated on. It drove us up the wall."

The video for "The Wild Boys"—Hieronymous Bosch-meets-the June Taylor Dancers—isn't exactly a home movie. It was shot indoors, however, at the decidedly un-exotic Shepperton Studios. Down-

ward mobility in the big bucks video stakes? You bet. As Taylor admits, those Far Eastern extravaganzas "just about broke us. We were trying to outdo ourselves. Everyone from Rod Stewart to Michael Jackson started making videos with unlimited budgets, trying to beat us at our own game—and they could damn well afford it."

The visual angle again—which raises questions of whether they can still watch their epic videos with straight faces. Rhodes owns up that "a lot of it was silly. We put ourselves up for criticism."

But when it comes to the current craze in video overkill, the band reckon they've taken a bum rap. "To do three videos in Sri Lanka cost less than fifty thousand

pounds," Nick Rhodes stresses. "When one studio video can cost far more, they were incredibly good value. But we made the mistake—and it was a mistake—of doing the one in Antigua on the yacht for *Rio*. It was a piss-take of the jet set scene, but people missed that."

Director Russell Mulcahy, John Taylor points out, earned his wings with Duran Duran, Spandau Ballet and Ultravox. "Then your Fleetwood Macs looked at us and—*whoooooosh*—they grabbed Russell, and Russell was out in Hollywood with unlimited money. Then we had to try to outdo *that*. We're realizing now, 'Hang on a minute'."

Ironically, the band have been working with Mulcahy on a Mystery Project for over a year now—"with elements of fantasy, maybe reality," Andy Taylor says, "though we're not sure whether it's a feature film or whether we'll put it on TV."

In other words, nobody knows what's going on. "We've been told to be vague about it," John Taylor says sheepishly. "That's *not* difficult, because I haven't a clue. It's a movie of a live show, with a story attached." He rolls his eyes skyward. "It's the *Apocalypse Now*... *The Cotton Club* of the music video world. 'Nope, we're going to have to reshoot this' and 'Nope, it's not right'..."

Come late spring, the five will be in the studio, probably in New York. This summer, there'll be more videos in the works—"back-to-basics things," as Nick Rhodes says. By late September, they'll be back on the road to support the new album.

"I don't feel we're established yet," Andy Taylor says, reckoning they've got more than a few miles left on them. "I was nineteen when we did the first album. I'm only twenty three now. You don't get a lot of respect when you're young and successful anyway, no matter *who* you are. People think someone's told you how to do it all."

"Because everything's happened so fast," he says, they've been flying by the seat of their pants, having run their own production company and produced their videos "from the tender age of nineteen. But nobody knows better than you what you're about, no matter what age you are. The cynics think it's, 'Can you come in this afternoon and play a little guitar? It's your new single, boys. By the way, you've got a haircut this afternoon.' Bullshit. It was *never* like that for us."

Duran Duran have had their best year yet. Record sales are booming, cars and houses are piling up, the screamers growing older. Quieter. "We're starting to get a little respect," John Taylor says. "It's been a year to prove to myself that I can exist without the others. We're one of the only groups where there's no Sting, no Boy George. Very democratic. At the same time, you become sheltered. A bit fragile. You need to know you can perform and exist outside this little cocoon. We've found that we can." ○



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Julian Lennon forges his independence ME...AND MY SHADOW

*"Father you left me but I never left you/ I needed you, but you didn't need me/ So I just got to tell you
Goodbye Goodbye"*—John Lennon, "Mother" (1970)

"Do you fear me?/ There's something I gotta ask/ Will you become part of me?/ Well I don't know"
—Julian Lennon, "Well I Don't Know" (1984)

It's hard knowing that your father related to so many people and meant so much," states 21-year-old Julian Lennon, discussing the pressures of simultaneously making a debut album and knowing you're history's child. "It's hard to follow and try and do your own thing. If I'd've come out with some punk tracks or whatever—which I'm not against or anything—but if I'd've done that to start off a debut album, I don't think there would have been as much attention involved as the way I have done this album. Which is to seriously sit down and figure out what I'm doing."

Valotte's seriousness and introspection are the second qualities listeners comment on after hearing the LP. The first is how Lennon's vocal phrasing, timbre, lyrical falsetto and economical arrangements uncannily recall his legendary Beatle dad.

Cynics and thick-heads have attributed the musical echoes to a desire on Julian's part to cash in on his fabled father's legacy—a charge that's not only wrong but mean-spirited and ghoulish. Julian will be sorting out the overwhelming complexity of his relationship to his father well into the future; he would be much more of an artistic cheat if he sought to avoid engaging this tough and necessary work in his music.

After all, making your father "part" of you—which in Julian's case means exploring his creative space as a way of discovering where his sensibility ends and your own begins—is the first step in assuming manhood and forging an independent self. By acknowledging and accepting his history, Julian seizes it out of the zeitgeist, cuts it down to human size and pulls into himself, where he can deal with it.

In the course of producing *Valotte*, veteran studio craftsman Phil Ramone served as a steadying influence on Julian both as a person and as a professional. Ramone is convinced that *Valotte* would have been less successful if Julian

By Anthony DeCurtis



ERET ROBERTS

had used it as a vehicle to escape his past. "This freaky guy shoots your dad, and no matter which way you look at it, you can't recover him," Ramone states in defining the terms of Julian's emotional heritage. "But you can say, 'Maybe there's a legacy here. Maybe there's something I'm supposed to do that I feel comfortable with.' And use it—use it in the proper sense."

Establishing perspective and distance is essential to using "it" effectively. The demos Julian recorded at the French chateau Valotte with his own portable eight-track studio were "very raw . . . very dissonant," according to Ramone, and part of that edge came from the young

lotte helped Julian overcome the rep he had garnered as a pub-crawling celeb-kid on the London club scene. "It wasn't a crazy time, I *tried* having fun," he insists, laughing, but he admits that *Valotte's* songs may have taken their "sensible, plain" character from his desire to dispel his hell-raising image: "It wasn't a conscious effort, but I think with the material that's come out that it has proven that I do sit down and seriously think about things rather than playboy about. It does show that I'm not the lazy alcoholic drunkard they made me out to be!"

By all accounts, Julian was initially insecure about his talent and the quality of his demos—and in the early stages of working on *Valotte* was reluctant to play piano or keyboards because of his lack of formal technique. For these reasons, Ramone, whose attitude toward the young singer is unabashedly fatherly, was an ideal choice as producer.

Ramone's consummate creative gift is for working closely with singer-songwriters—his skill sharpened by years of experience producing Paul Simon and Billy Joel—focusing their vision and helping them musically articulate ideas they may initially express in unstructured ways. In the eight months they spent together working on *Valotte*, Lennon and Ramone became extremely close, a closeness the producer believes was crucial to the album's achievement.

"We made some

ground rules, which I think is a fair way to make a record," says Ramone. "With a person [who's] starting out, I'm not going to be dictatorial, but I'm going to guide him. The most important thing to guidance is to encourage, to see what somebody else, who is the actual talent, is not seeing . . . I just told him that I wasn't about to go in and try to catch the quickness of an album immediately and try to get it out for him. If I didn't feel it was right, I wanted him to be confident that I would never put out a piece of material . . . that wasn't to the best of his abilities. To find that out, one has to go live with somebody for weeks at a time to find out just where their openness is."

To avoid the craziness and distractions of New York or Los Angeles, Ramone and Lennon initially worked in the Muscle Shoals Studios in Alabama and Bear Tracks Recording Studio in upstate New York. A battery of grade-A session players bolstered Julian and his two guitarists, Justin Clayton and Carlton Morales, giving the record its distinctive elegance and tastefulness, though it's hard to imagine another 21-year-old Londoner who would voluntarily make an album quite as classical as *Valotte*.

Julian asserts that one album can hardly tell the whole story: "There's plenty of stuff which I'm hoping to use later on, which is more in touch with today's music, you could say, in the modern style. [*Valotte*] is just plain old simple rock 'n' roll—I thought that would be the best way to get through to people the first time 'round."

Similarly, while Julian's songs on *Valotte* convey his admiration for the "simplicity" of his dad's solo work—"say what you want to say"—he's also done some tunes in his father's more wildly poetic "I Am The Walrus" or "Strawberry Fields Forever" manner. Again, however, such songs didn't find a place, given the carefully defined first impression Julian wanted to make: "I think if I ever did anything like that, I'd get picked on straight-away for even attempting it. I mean, I've got lots of stuff like that at home, just dreamy weird stuff, just experiments. If anybody heard them, even though it sounds nothing like dad's strange stuff, it's still, you know [muttering sarcastically], 'Oh, yeah, what's he on, Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds?'"

Lennon plans to hit the American road for six weeks of major-city theater dates in early spring for what will be his first live shows. Guitarists Clayton and Morales will accompany him, and he hopes to flesh out the band with players from his album. "Hopefully, if I can go out strong and confident the first time, with all the people around me, from then on I'll know how to handle things and I'll be able to cope by myself or with my own small band," he reasons. "First, I just want to go out and kick ass—I'm looking forward to it!"

Right now, however, Julian is enjoying being a truly independent person for the first time in his life, a development attributable to the success of *Valotte* and its two hit singles (the title track and "Too Late For Goodbyes"). "I really didn't have any idea what the actual public reaction would be," he admits. "I knew, obviously, that they'd listen for the curiosity part, for sure. It's good now that things are slightly turning and they're listening to me for Julian, not the 'son of John.'"

"There still is a shadow," he observes. "I mean, Dad's shadow covers all of us. But it's not something I'm trying to get away from. I do my own thing, and if there's any relationship through the music or whatever, that's nice. I'm proud of it." ○



DAVE HOGAN/LGI

"I'm not trying to get away from Dad's shadow—I'm proud of it."

man's lyrical directness—and the intensity of his feelings.

"Originally the lyrics were so close, it was like almost talking to you, having a conversation, a relationship," Julian explains while quaffing coffee in his record company's offices. "I thought if they were going to be on an album, you have to pull away from yourself to a certain extent that gives you room to breathe. Otherwise you might as well write an autobiography. I pulled it away a bit so that people can relate to it a bit more without being involved in my circumstances. I mean, people can see my relationships in it, but they can see their own as well."

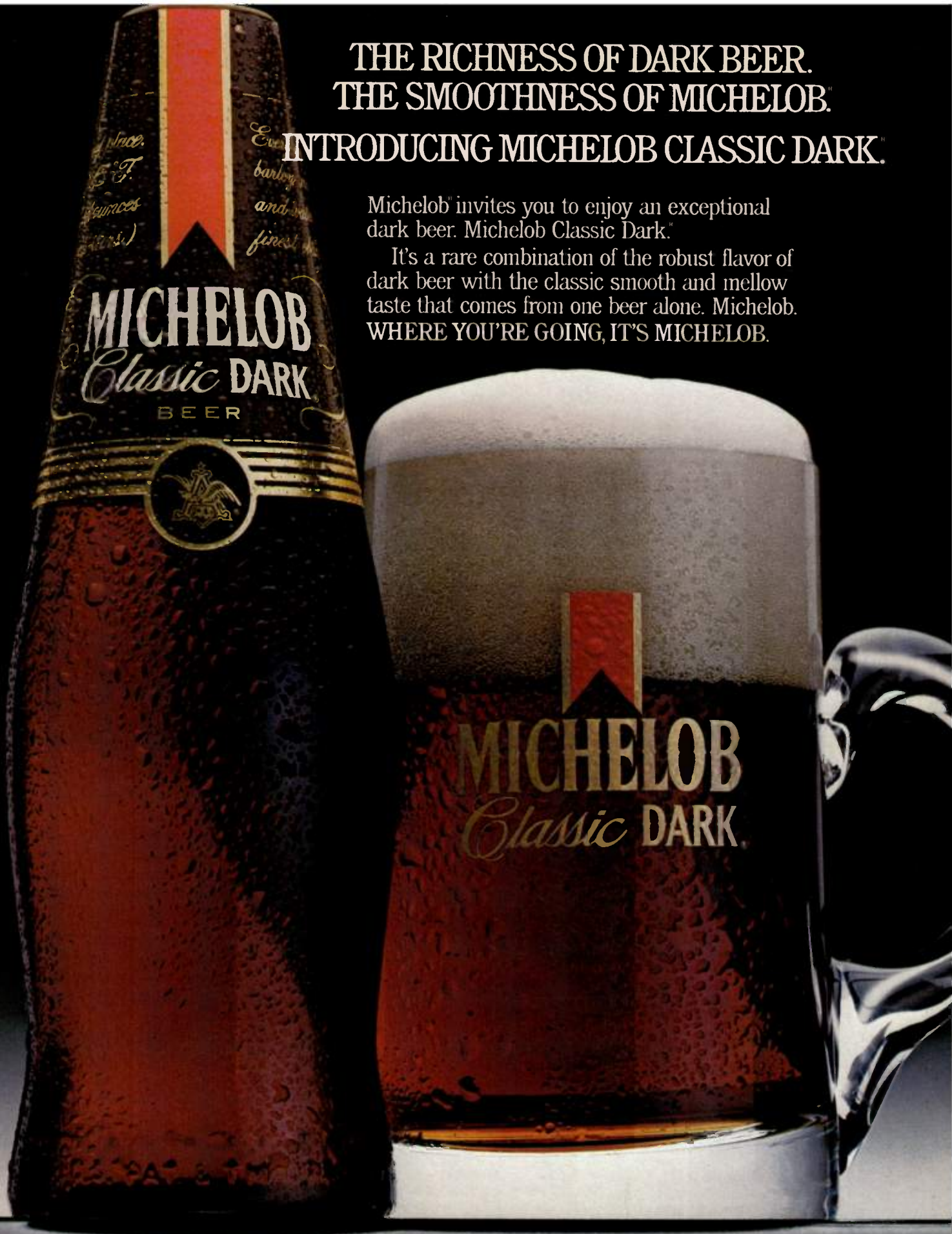
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W H A T I T B E

DAVID LEE?

David Lee Roth tells the story with a wise-guy gleam in his eye and an earnest inflection in his fun-loving croak of a voice. In a weak moment, you could almost believe that a bodyguard's idle statement was all it took to change the course of this man's life. You might as well believe it, because David Lee Roth is not the sort of guy you can just cross-examine in order to get the facts straight. Interviews for him are what scatting is to Ella Fitzgerald: jammin', brother-man, on the pure beam of inspiration.

The subject is Roth's new four-song EP, *Crazy from the Heat*. He says it was "dreamed up at the beach on a dull afternoon. I'd had these songs in my suitcase for

years, but I couldn't figure out which ones to put on a record or when I would possibly have time to do an album.

"We were playing the Beach Boys, 'California Girls' came on, and one of the bodyguards said, 'You ought to do this one, Dave.' I said, 'THAT'S IT!' We packed up our shit immediately, drove through the desert . . . 15 hours to the airport in Puerto Vallarta, and flew directly home. Right from the airport I went to [Warner Bros. president] Lenny Waronker and said, 'I've got a great idea. In fact, I've got *four* of them.'"

Now Lenny Waronker is a good man, a compassionate man, a businessman with the sensitivity of an artist. He is also in charge of seeing to it

that Warner Bros. Records remains a profitable entity. And Lenny Waronker certainly knows that 1984 was the biggest year ever for Van Halen, which makes for a good year for Warner Bros. "Jump" and "Hot for Teacher" have demonstrated their natural affinity for the video medium, the album *1984* has remained on the charts longer and sold more copies than the band's five previous multi-platinum discs, and the critics are even starting to show a little respect for the entire quartet's merit and not just Edward Van Halen's phenomenal fingers. So here is David Lee Roth, Van Halen's lead singer and resident heartthrob, proposing he kick off the new year by releasing a solo al-

bum. And if history has taught us anything, it's that solo albums usually presage an artist's departure from the group that made him famous.

Picture Lenny Waronker studying this scenario for a moment, rising from behind his desk, resting a concerned hand on Roth's blazing-hot shoulder and telling him in his most avuncular tone, "Take it easy, Dave. You're just crazy from the heat."

Not to worry. When the question is raised, Roth proclaims himself "perfectly content in Van Halen. It's just that there ain't enough time in Van Halen's day for me to sing and dance as much as I want.

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WHEREIN MR. ROTH REVEALS A SERIOUS BONE

BY D A V I D G A N S



Salem Spirit

On the BEAT



In the "At Long Last Fame" department, **Stevie Ray Vaughan** recently paused in mid-tour to collect an armload of awards. At a ceremony at the Orpheum Theater in Memphis, Tennessee, the W.C. Handy Blues Foundation named the guitarist both "Blues Instrumentalist of the Year" and "Blues Entertainer of the Year." Although Vaughan was exhausted after flying from New Zealand to accept his "Handys," he and his band stoked up their boilers long enough to join **B.B. King**, **Albert King** and **Charlie Rich** in an epic on-stage jam. When Vaughan played San Francisco the following week, *Guitar Player* magazine presented him (for the second consecutive year) with its Readers' Poll Awards for "Best Electric Blues Guitarist" and "Best Guitar Album" (for *Couldn't Stand the Weather*). In the meantime, Vaughan hasn't been resting on his laurels. Since the holiday season, he's produced a studio album for the legendary **Lonnie Mack** (whose 60's instrumental hits "Memphis" and "Wham!" were major influences on Vaughan), toured Japan, and is putting the finishing touches on his third album at Compass Point Studios in the Bahamas.

MISCELLANIA

REO Speedwagon recently had an opportunity to make a small dent in the problem of hunger in the U.S. Assisted by El Paso radio station KLAQ, the band gave free tickets to their gig at the local Coliseum to the first "95.5" people who arrived at the box office with at least 10 cans of food. The response was heartening, particularly in the case of Valerie Shields who copped the Grand Prize—a backstage pass—for turning up with the most food. Throwing herself into the task, Shields took three days off from work and showed up at the arena with her pickup truck

groaning under the weight of 452 cans. A local charity organization was entrusted with distributing the food to the city's hungry... Heavy metallists **Madam X** unwittingly held up the line at Los Angeles Airport's security checkpoint not long ago. Racing against the clock to make a Texas gig, the four guys and gals had decided to fly in their stage outfits. However, the metal detector went crazy over their studded jackets, belts and armbands. A search was ordered, and by the time the offending hardware was jettisoned, 20 minutes had passed and the band had missed their flight. Bassist **Chris "Godzilla" Doliber** offered to remove his studded leather underwear, but received a curt "no, thanks" in

reply... Not content with merely naming their latest LP *Sports*, **Huey Lewis and the News** took matters to the extreme a few weeks back. In a three-inning contest to aid the Special Olympics, the band went to bat against a team of former Yankee, Dodger, Giant, and Oriole titans at Tempe, Arizona's Diablo Stadium. Lewis and Associates' prowess on the diamond had never been tested before in public, but they held their own against the competition which included legends Brooks Robinson, Moose Skowron, Juan Marichal, Johnny Roseboro and Maury Wills. Prior to the game, the band reprised their a cappella reading of The Star Spangled Banner, first crooned at last summer's major league All-Star Game at Candlestick Park... At a champagne breakfast held at New York's Studio 54, *Ms.* magazine recently feted **Cyndi Lauper** as one of their 1984 Women of the Year. Twelve women in all were honored (including Geraldine Ferraro and Olympic athlete Joan Benoit), though Lauper was singled out for "taking feminism beyond conformity to individuality, rebellion and freedom... in personal philosophy and her style as a performer." Lauper, in turn, accepted her award "in honor of my grandmother, who had to have her husband pick up her paycheck when she was twenty, and my mother, who worked when there was no *Ms.* magazine to help women." All the winners (*Ms.* Lauper conspicuously among them) were pictured on the cover of the magazine's January 1985 issue... From The Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction Department: At a recent gig in Sydney, Australia, the reunited **Deep Purple** came back for an encore with none other than **George Harrison**. An old friend of **Ian Paice** and **Jon Lord**, Harrison chimed in on a decidedly un-Beatlesque heavy metal rendition of "Lucille."

TRANSITIONS

This entry from the Civil Disturbance File: **Billy Idol** has been having problems with his neighbors. It seems that droves of faithful fans have taken to staking out his Greenwich Village apartment. Leaning on the bell and banging on the door to the strains of "Rebel Yell," the rabble made such a racket one night that angry neighbors finally called the police. Rising to the occasion, the local precinct dispatched a mounted patrolman to clear the front of the besieged building. The sleep-starved Idol has since decamped to an address known only to friends. Lest the British rocker's followers fear he's deserted the cause and moved stylishly uptown, the new domicile is rumored to be a converted garage "in the seamy lower reaches of Manhattan."

SCREENINGS

Nobody at Portrait Records will offer a guess as to a release date for **Cyndi Lauper's** follow-up to *She's So Unusual*, but the master plan is to debut a 60-minute Lauper video extravaganza to coincide with the LP's appearance. A camera crew from NFL Films caught the singer in all her Technicolor glory during a Houston gig last October... With ticket-holders' lines for *Stop Making Sense* still clogging sidewalks outside progressive movie theaters in many cities, **Talking Heads** are already planning their next foray into the world of cinema. Departing from the on-stage angle of their first opus, the new project (set in a small Texas town and tentatively called *True Stories*) will have a fictional bent. **David Byrne** will co-write the screenplay and man the director's chair. **Chris Frantz**, **Tina Weymouth** and **Jerry Harrison** will appear in the film. Before they take their places before the camera, however, recording a new Talking Heads studio album is first on the agenda. The band has put its respective heads together and tracks are being laid down... Due to her enormous success with "What's Love Got to Do With It," **Tina Turner** has been colared by HBO for a 60-minute special. Taped in London and Birmingham during the British leg of her Private Dancer tour, it's expected to air over the next few weeks... Head Kink **Ray Davies'** first shot at writing and directing a home video should be available for private consumption any moment now. Ray's small-screen fantasy is titled *Return to Waterloo*. ■



Even with other movie offers piling up, **Sting** has had his heart set on bringing Mervyn Peake's fantasy novels, *Titus Groan* and *Gormenghast*, to the big screen since buying the rights to the mammoth books a year or two ago. The film project remains in limbo, but the **Police** singer recently coaxed a bit of mileage out of his investment by starring in a two-part BBC radio dramatization of the sagas.



No stranger to in-person record store appearances, **Billy Squier** has signed enough album sleeves, t-shirts and b&w glossies to fill a medium-sized stadium. Recently, however, one young mother stepped out of a Miami record store crowd of some 3,000 and asked Squier to autograph her seven-week-old baby. Eager to please his younger fans, Squier cheerfully obliged.

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YOSHI OHARA/ZLOZOWER STUDIOS

our rock band, for years and years and years," he adds for emphasis. "The way to make that happen is to make new music at frequent and regular intervals. We *have* to make a new record—it's that simple." In fact, once this interview is concluded, he's going to a rehearsal for the next Van Halen album.

Roth's perspective on his solo debut is fairly cut-and-dried. "What you get is the feeling that this whole thing was done on a long weekend. That's the essence of my style of entertainment. You don't just look at what I do, you don't just listen to what I do—you have to feel the way that I feel. And *that* is worth six dollars."

So is the look on Roth's sweet, debauched face in the "California Girls" video as he mouths the line, "The midwest farmer's daughter really makes you feel all right" while holding an ear of corn up and carefully stripping its husk away as a scantily-clad Daisy Yokum type oozes down-home charm in the background. "Feel the way I feel," indeed. One could hope.

The other tracks on *Crazy from the Heat* aren't the kind of music we've come to expect from Van Halen, but Roth handles them stylishly and authoritatively, so this is *not* purely an ego trip or a vain stylistic exercise. (However, Roth did mention in passing that he might like to join the legions who have sung duets with Willie Nelson. Maybe something like "Thank Heaven for Little Girls"?)

"Easy Street" is a brassy, prowling number rescued from an old Edgar Winter album. "Just a Gigolo" came from the 1920s via the '50s, a style Roth calls "wedding music, looming up out of the past to terrorize the innocent villagers again. Louis Pri-

ma threw the ball in 1953, and 30 years later your worst nightmare, David Lee Roth, catches the ball on a dead run and goes for the score."

The swing rhythms and big band horn chart (arranged by Edgar Winter and producer Ted Templeman) are a departure from the "big rock" sound of Van Halen, but Roth shakes his head at the mention of the word "swing." "Even though they have a different hairstyle and a different pair of pants than they're used to wearing, those songs *rock*. It's a raucous, unwieldy sound, with a certain careening quality—much like my career!" Roth punctuates his punch line with a crack-throated laugh, putting a self-deprecating twist on his patented attitude.

Rounding out the EP is "Coconut Grove," easily the most delicate piece Roth has ever put on record. "That's old Lovin' Spoonful. 'Gigolo' is big band, 'California Girls' is beach pop, 'Easy Street' is striptease music—and 'Coconut Grove' is where you go to pour the sand out of your shoes once you get through the other three. It's wistful-sounding."

Wistful? David Lee Roth? What a concept! But he maintains that all these different styles are part of his consciousness. "It's just that I've never recorded a song that's less than 85 decibels before." His musical tastes have never been based in heavy rock, "or rock 'n' roll, for that matter. It's been Motown, Stax, James Brown, Ohio Players, Marvin Gaye—rhythm and blues. If you were to hum a note to me and I made up a phrase or a chorus, chances are it'd sound more like Smokey Robinson than Ronnie James Dio. When you combine this with Edward's eclectic influences,

you have a very unusual hybrid. If it was a plant"—Roth pauses to size up his audience, then delivers—"I could see where some people'd be afraid to go near it!"

"Edward might come up with the most trenchant, storm-and-thunder rock riff you can imagine, and then what you'll get is the Temptations doing background vocals with—what would you call my style of singing?—my own special brand of talk-singing."

"Then we send it to the critics and say, 'Figure this one out!'"

Roth notes that any of the songs on *Crazy from the Heat* could have been recorded by the band, but Edward Van Halen's prodigious output leaves little room for outside material. "And the fact of the matter is, yeah, I have a statement that I felt I couldn't make enough of in Van Halen. So I had to step outside for four songs."

Crazy from the Heat, he continues, "is an album of *one* guy's taste, or lack thereof. Each song is different, but it's the same thread winding through the chaos, the same bizarre sense of humor that says, 'Let's take a left turn and see how far we can go before we have to stop.'"

Although Roth continually steers his comments off the track, tossing off punch lines and glib disclaimers just when he's on the verge of making a lucid point, it's very clear that he is not the brute he pretends to be. No matter how hard he tries to maintain the scattershot persona, his intelligence keeps poking through. If that high-jumping, dry-humping party animal is all there is to David Lee Roth, then what drove him to step outside himself and explore a more personal music vision? There is a serious bone in his body, and I'd like to

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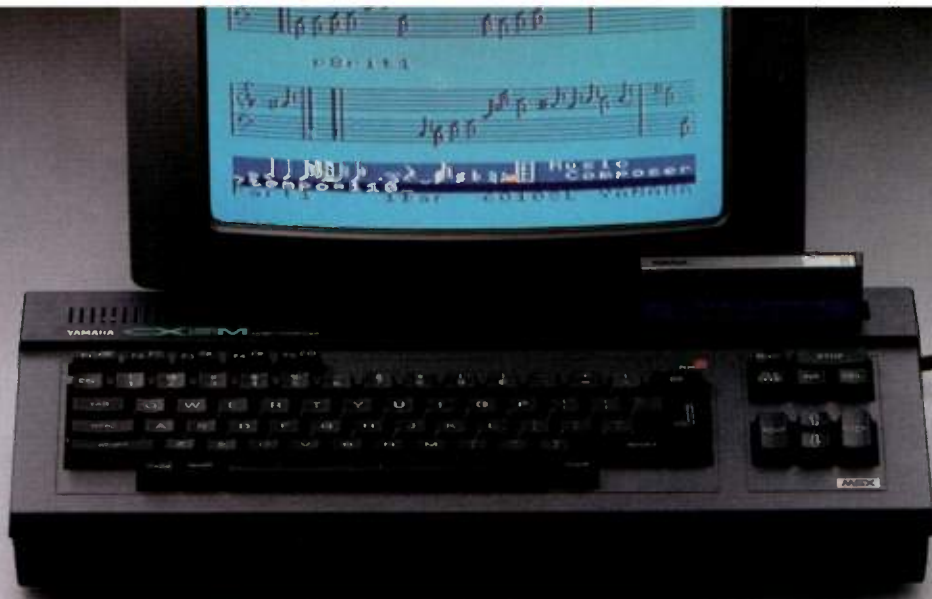
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know why it doesn't get as much exercise as some of his more prominent features.

"The public is used to hearing every second rock star and movie actor say, 'Oh, it's so lonely! It's such hard work! I'm losing weight, my appetite is way off, my wife left me!'—don't give me that shit!" Roth snorts. "This ain't the triathlon, buddy! Where'd you get that tan!"

"I don't work hard at it! I spend a lot of hours, but I ain't workin' hard. I used to work for a living—I've dug holes, washed horses, was a cleanup boy in surgery at a hospital for two years—so I know what that's about. Working hard on stage is another thing; spinning yourself into a dither like a dervish is the kind of working hard I believe in. If you fall into the James Brown Syndrome, then you go with God in my book."

Now we're getting somewhere. Roth understands the relative importance of what he does and the role of random fortune in his success. "This is great work if you can get it," he proclaims. "Rock 'n' roll is a fun job to have, because you can turn it into your lifestyle and confuse business with pleasure a hundred percent of the time."

The last couple of Van Halen albums, and the "Jump" single in particular, have made the band's musical superiority obvious. But for a long time Van Halen was categorized as Heavy Metal. That sobriquet, says Roth, "conjures up polyvinyl chloride times studs times Judas Priest times bondage times a lot of red lights, and on and on. I don't think Van Halen is any of that. We use a lot of the same instruments and equipment and we have some of the same haircuts, but our sense of humor is too expansive to deal with that serious-

ness. In every picture of every Heavy Metal guy, he's snarling at you and making his hand into a claw, like he's gonna just *tear your wallet right off your body!* We always crack up before the punch line.

"One of the reasons wrestling is becoming so very popular with the rock audience is wrestlers are *more* colorful and *more* human and *more* passionate and believe more in their form of theater than most of the rock 'n' rollers," Roth opines. Now that music video and World Federation Wrestling can be found on adjacent channels, he adds, "it's a very easy to flip from one to the other and compare. And a lot of people are going, 'Wow, I like wrestling!' It's a big, colorful, visual and audio *rallying point*. And we all need a rallying point.

"I went to a tractor pulling contest at Anaheim Stadium. They get the hot-rod tractors with three hemi-head engines on them and they drag 50,000 pounds 500 feet up the field. And there were 60,000 people there, okay? This is the same kind of sonic rallying point that Twisted Sister or any number of bands provide for the public." Scary stuff, kids. Dave's suggesting that entertainments like tractor pulls and wrestling are on a par with music! Well, they all take place in the same arenas and stadiums and on the same cable systems, so at least it's convenient. But hey, what about the *content* of the music?

"Music makes the difference. Music lasts for years, man. Music lasts for lifetimes. If I knew what made a great song I'd be a manager.

"A visual turns into a poster after a few years. You can come up with something bright and colorful and noisy and everything—but I don't think tractor pulling is

gonna be here five years from now, drawing 60,000 people a hit." Unless somebody figures out a way to *combine* guitars and tractors and wrestling into a single event . . . but that's so weird it's downright *inevitable!*

"Without the music, you get about 18 months"—Roth's rough estimation of how Andy Warhol's 15 minutes of fame can be stretched with electronic media—"and then they make you go away." Van Halen has the music, and has had it through a succession of supposedly cataclysmic changes of musical fashion from punk to disco to techno-pop, and so on. "Record companies are by nature lemmings," Roth asserts. "They see one strong-looking lemming dancing along the edge of the cliff and say, 'Wow, we gotta look like that! We gotta sound like that!'"

"Now the big rock sound is back, and everybody has to have a million bands that look like Van Halen, et cetera." Van Halen is lucky, Roth insists, that "what we like and what we do best is what the public seems to like best." And what that boils down to is some ideal combination of musical substance and an absolute refusal to let anything get in the way of *fun*.

"Everybody's making protest songs. They're protesting one thing or another—a relationship, or bureaucracy, or something. Everybody's being beleaguered by something, 12 songs a record. I think Van Halen is one of the few rock bands that *isn't* writing protest songs.

"I sell optimism," concludes David Lee Roth. "I sell smiles—big ones."

The idea is so harmless, so *plausible*, that we might as well go with it. Score one for David Lee. You know *he* will. ○

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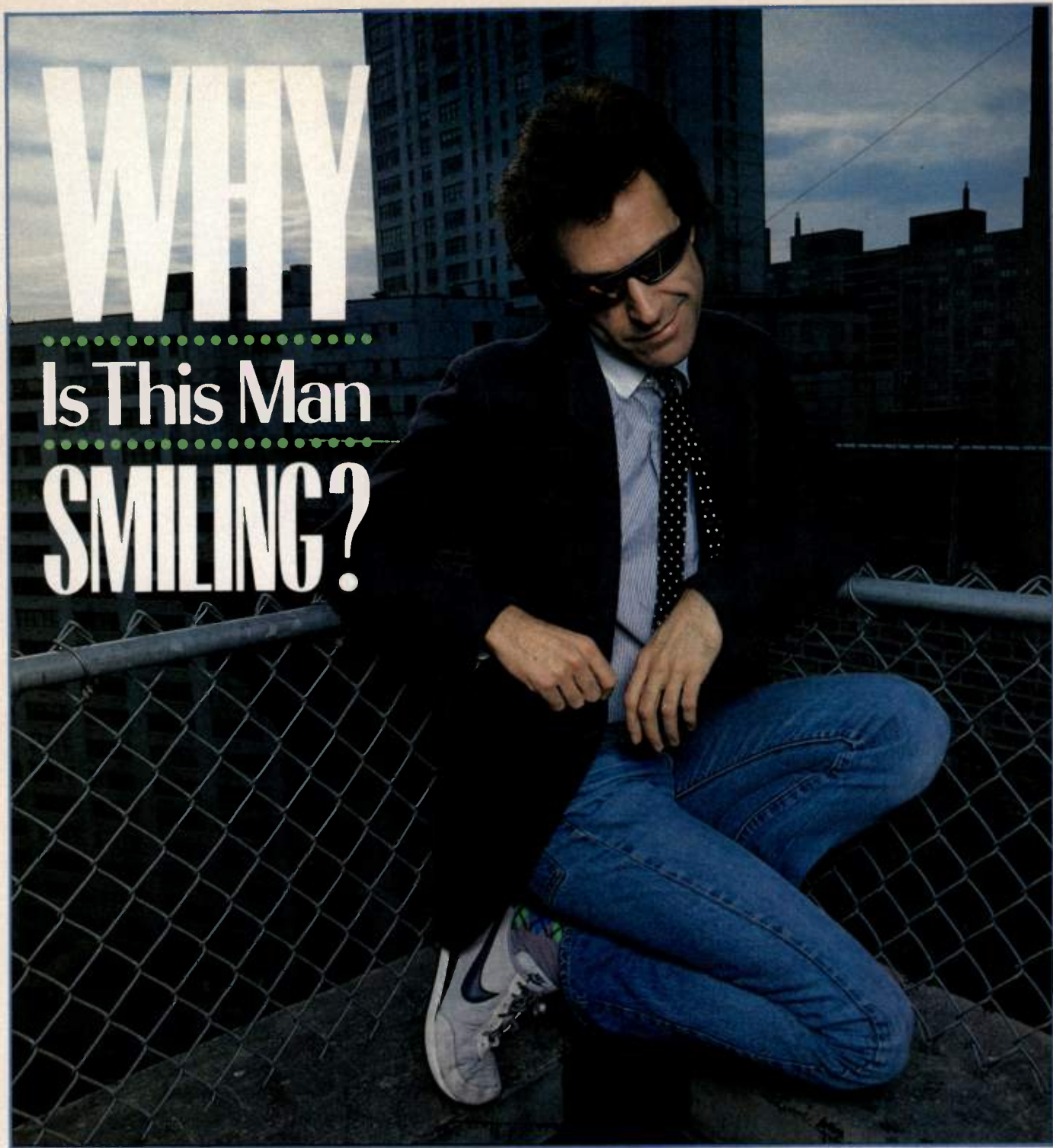
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LARRY WILLIAMS

RAY DAVIES

Bounces Back

BY JIM SULLIVAN

RAY DAVIES TURNED 40 LAST YEAR. IT WASN'T THE BEST OF years for the Kinks' lead singer, songwriter and rhythm guitarist.

First, you see, there was the problem of his left knee. Davies fell from a Virginia stage, broke his kneecap, tore ligaments, and was forced to wear a splint on stage under his trousers. As soon as the pain eased, "I did a stupid thing," he says. "I had to go out jogging and tried to work out at the gym." It's not, he adds, completely healed.

The Kinks suffered two major internal problems. Founding drummer Mick Avory left the group because, Ray says, he was tired of touring and wanted to work on developing a type of golf club. (Avory, Ray's best friend in the band, is still part of the Kinks organization, helping out in Konk Studios.) Then, there was the problem with Dave Davies, Ray's younger brother and the Kinks' lead guitarist. According to Ray, Dave announced several erroneous Kinks break-ups. For a time, they weren't speaking and hired a solicitor to serve as a

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go-between. Ray soon fired the solicitor: "He was lying to me."

"I love him," Ray muses, talking about Dave, "but sometimes . . . he's family . . . and I don't really like family."

Finally, there's the problem everyone knows about: The breakup of Ray's three-year relationship with the Pretenders' Chrissie Hynde. On May 5, 1984, Ray, like everyone else, got the surprise news that Hynde had married Simple Minds' singer Jim Kerr in New York. Ray calls it the worst day of the year.

"It was a sunny day, brilliant," Davies says, sitting on the floor in the corner of his hotel room. "And all of a sudden everything went black and white. It was a bad day because I felt lied to—obviously—but there's more going on. It's really difficult. The reason I can't talk about that is because I really don't understand where it started or ended. I'm a very quiet person who doesn't like to talk about his personal life, usually. Obviously, a relationship ended and that all came to a head in one day."

It can, of course, be both a truism and a cliché: The best art comes out of adversity. And on *Word of Mouth* the Davies brothers wrote and produced the best Kinks music in years. Ray was extremely pleased with Dave's elegaic "Living On A Thin Line": "I got very emotional when I heard it because at last he'd done something I think of real worth." And Ray is particularly proud of his own "Good Day," the way its verses capture not just one emotion, but a multitude. It leaves one with the feeling that, really, you have no choice but to carry on.

"Yeah, sure," says Davies, "but no one would trade happiness for a tune. I certainly wouldn't."

Later Davies notes, "I feel very detached from things. I feel like I've been looking at a movie and you know the plot."

If that's true, the plot has to be looking better and better these days. There's the terrific Kinks album. There's been a thumbs-up response for Ray's 35mm film, *Return to Waterloo*, which was shown on British television and has made its way onto videocassette in America. And, for Ray, there's a new girlfriend, Pat. At the time of our talk, in mid-December, she had just flown over from England to join Ray on the band's U.S. tour. "It's wonderful! It's great! I'm really happy," exults Ray. "I think I'm in love." And on the ordeal of the past year? "I'm glad it happened because I couldn't be as happy now."

In England, "Good Day" came out as a single well ahead of the *Word of Mouth* album.

It's this tendency I've got. As soon as I make something I want it out. There was a reluctance to put it out, because I'm a really private person and I didn't think anybody knew about my personal life. And I wrote the song the way I normally write songs—scratch songs out from bits and pieces of yourself.



Davies redux: 'No one would trade happiness for a tune. I certainly wouldn't.'

PAUL MATYKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

"Good Day" has so much topsy-turvy emotion, ups and downs, a really pretty, wistful melody. What went into the song?

A lot of weird things happened to me all at once. What I thought was the worst news I could possibly get came on a day when an actress named Diana Dors died. She wasn't small time; she was in her 50s, I suppose, sort of the Marilyn Monroe of England. And then in later years she went to the soap operas and became a personality in this *National Enquirer* set. And she died of cancer. That's the way I write: I pick up the paper and see a headline, you put the way you feel in your life into somebody else's life.

It's very difficult to say "This is a song about loss," or "about optimism." Obviously, people who know about me say, "Oh, it's a sad song." But it isn't. I had some really happy moments doing it. The most complete feeling in a good day is where you feel every emotion. Somebody asks how you feel: "I feel everything." "Good Day" is like that. It was the first thing I'd done for a long time because I'd been involved in other things. I had this TV film to finish (*Return to Waterloo*).

I think "Good Day" served as an announcement: Here's a great tune, the Kinks are back, more to follow.

Yeah, that's all it was for really. It was important to the guys [in the band] to get something out because they were worried about what was happening. They hadn't toured for nearly a year, and so they were a bit peeved.

On your part, was there any question about writing eventually? Was it a matter of time and inspiration?

Most days I'd get up and say, "I can't write a note to the milkman today." I couldn't write a thing. But as if by magic, suddenly a month ago I decided this record was finished, and I finished it in two weeks. It was hard to start it, it was hard all the way through, but it got done very easily. I didn't feel the physical and emotional wrench I usually feel at the end of the album. I wasn't, as they say, wiped out.

Word of Mouth contains, in places, some of your angriest music.

My creative process is through physical energy. I wrote "Word of Mouth" when I got really angry about something and it hurt. I thought I've got nothing to lose. I just wrote it really quickly.

Are we talking about your breakup with Chrissie?

Well, not really. I mean that was the rumor about the band breaking, rumor about the

communication between my brother and myself. I suffered greatly from second and third hand messages from people—and that's the most evil way of dealing with things. I couldn't answer a telephone for three or four months this year. It struck up, possibly, a phobia in me. "Word of Mouth" is possibly rumor and gossip that I've been exposed to in this past year and it's about, now, I'm here, standing in front of you, the truth can come out.

It is not my character to be passive, to say "That's all right" when somebody says "Screw you!" Or, "Oh, okay," when they tell me "Oh, by the way, I've just blown up your house and sold your daughter into white slave trade." I tried to be good and change my character, but I just can't do it. You've got to be such a little Napoleon. I'm angrier than I've ever been about things and I actually would like to change things. And I think I can express myself in film and non-lyrical music. I feel a period of experimentation coming up that will totally consume me.

What does that mean for the Kinks?

It means come with me or don't come with me. I feel there is a place for them. I love working with [new drummer] Bob Henrit, the band's happy, so I hope the Kinks, in a true sense, are a creative machine that will make films and make albums. I'm talking about the Kinks being me and the band. It's lovely to see [pop musicians] enjoying the moment they've got. I didn't enjoy my sort of moment, when I was sliced bread that week.

When? Which moment?

When we had our initial impact. And whenever we've had big hits. Last year, it was amazing in England when "Come Dancing" was a hit.

At this point in your career, after 21 years as a Kink, how do you regard commercial success?

It is always good, as "Come Dancing" proved, and to a lesser extent "Don't Forget to Dance," but it shouldn't dwarf the thing you're working on, it shouldn't become your totality. It is momentary, I know it's momentary, and as you probably know, I like the moments like that. I like to keep them, because then when I sort of freeze up it's something I can draw on.

In Dave's *Living on a Thin Line* he sings "There's no England now." You, of course, have written extensively about England's past and future. How do you see it now, the political, social situation?

It's probably worse now than it's ever been.

Any hope for change?

(Pauses) No. (Laughs slightly) There are no real rebels. There's young conservatives that are going to universities, there's a new breed of people who don't want rev-

olution. People just want to turn on their televisions and go to bed and know they're gonna get up in the morning and make as much money as the people next door. English people are becoming so capitalistic, very jealous. It's becoming a small-minded country. The greatness is gone.

And America?

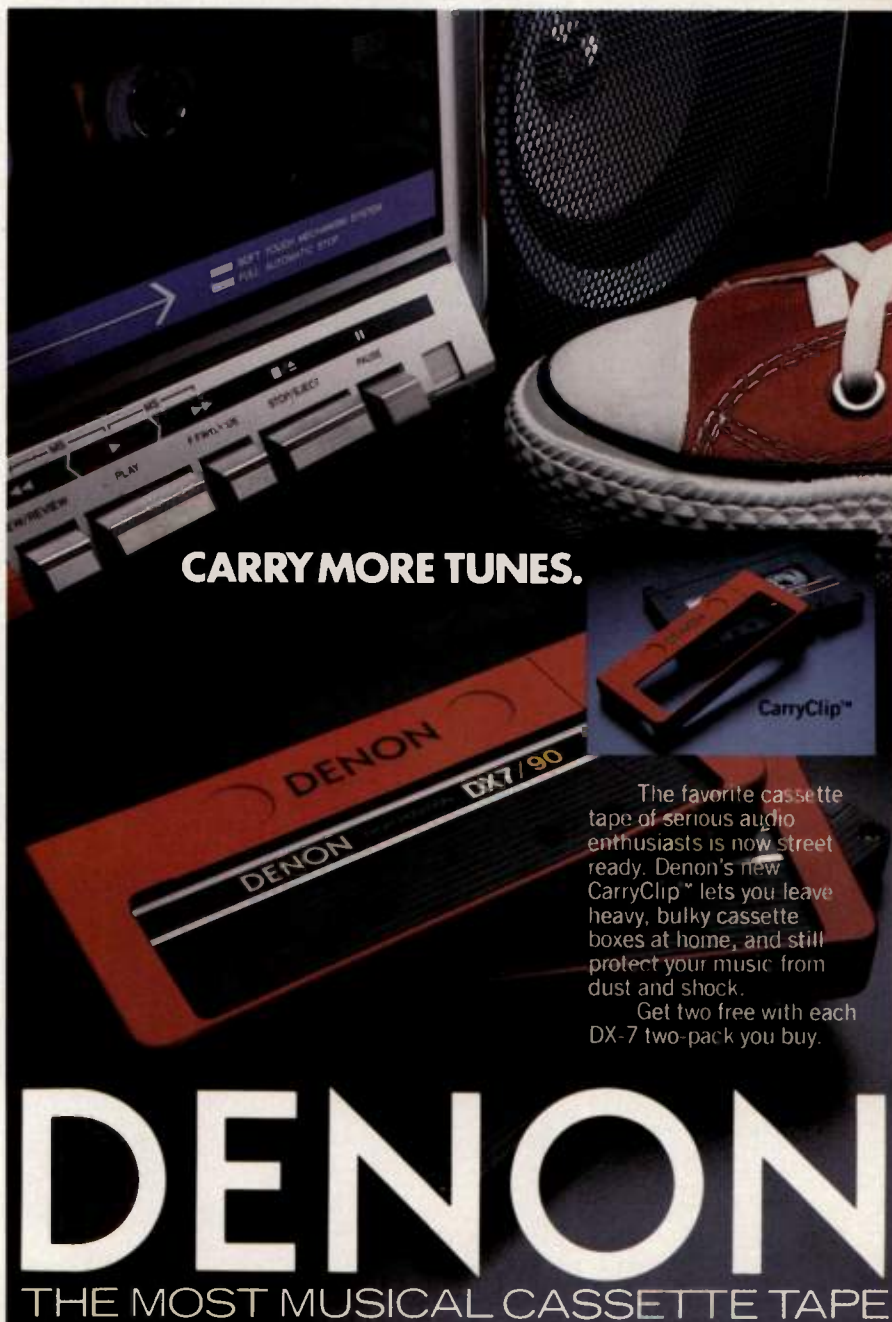
America, it's too soon to say. What's good here? I'm trying to think of what's good here. There's still hope here. There aren't so many of those people here who will grow up thinking when they leave school that they will probably never work, never have jobs that they want to do. Here it's big enough that you can, say, still steal a car, not kill anybody, just steal some money, buy enough petrol to go to California.

That's not a very optimistic view of us.

Oh it is! There's a chance. Maybe that's a silly idea, but I'm saying there's still optimism here. I still think there's a glimmer of the American dream left. It might be diminishing and if you're an American you might not agree with me. But to an outsider, there's still that hope. At least you've got those have-a-good-day stickers going.

You're in love now, but because of what you've been through with Chrissie and all that fans may have a tendency to feel bad for you. Do you want the sympathy?

Oh, feel bad! Feel bad! (laughs) But know that I'm one of the survivors of the world. I'm not a physically strong person, but there's something inside me that's strong. I'll get through. ○



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MUSIC VIDEO

ANTHONY DECURTIS

SUCH GORGEOUS BLANKNESS

Duran Duran,
rock video's
most perfect stars

There's a phenomenal scene in *Duran Duran Sing Blue Silver* in which three bubbling teenage girls hit up one of the Fab Five's flacks for concert tickets. To earn their ducats, the flack says the fans must name their favorite band member. The girls blush, giggle, look nervous, say nothing. Amused and slightly desperate, the flack asks them which Duran plays what instrument. The girls again don't know, but cry in their defense that "They only tell us it's Duran Duran!" Besides, the trio pleads, they can each laugh like the girl in the "Hungry Like The Wolf" video.

The flack turns over two tickets (thanks, sport) and teases the kids for being the "worst fans" he's ever met. In fact, these girls are probably among the purest examples of the video-age audience the Durans, as much as anyone, have helped create.

Despite the fact that they try to make it easy by being cute to death and having three guys in the band with the same last name, it is hard to keep any of the Durans distinct in one's mind—even after watching them cavort on video for nearly three straight hours (see videography below,) as I did.

Of course, their gorgeous blankness, along with the catchy facelessness of their songs, is exactly what makes Duran Duran such excellent video stars. With a few genius-level exceptions, personality and substance are annoying distractions in rock videos. That's why the relationship between great songs and great videos is totally arbitrary, why Bruce Springsteen's videos are so ludicrously bad, and why video-crazed girls will beg strangers for Duran Duran tickets even when they can't name a single person in the group. They (the videos, that is) only tell you it's Duran Duran—brand-name identification, after all, is the point of all advertising.

Unfortunately, *Sing Blue Silver* is an almost complete disaster for reasons I would have thought Duran Duran were smart enough by this time to avoid. A document of the group's 43-city 1984 North American tour, *Sing Blue Silver* offers a tediously mundane series of interviews, backstage



Boys on film: Brand-name identification is the point of all advertising

shenanigans, sound checks and performances. The full-bodied three-dimensional reality of these settings makes the band members seem touchingly attenuated and incomplete, as uninteresting as most of the people around them. In the concert sequences (with the exception of an unfortunately truncated "Hungry Like The Wolf"), it's really almost chilling to see

how much less real and exciting the group itself seems than do the enormous projected images of them on the screen above the stage.

While the whole shebang is extremely well filmed by director Michael Collins, *Sing Blue Silver* is also replete with rock 'n' roll movie clichés. Equipment-bearing trucks sturdily motor down our great American highways. Dedicated, hard-working crews—you know, the unsung everyday people without whom the wonder-world of Duran glamor wouldn't be possible—assemble an endless succession of stages. Stars and hangers-on mug for the camera with preconceived spontaneity, and then mock-threaten, "I'll kill you if you use that!" And for all this documentary-style ordinariness, the performances seem uncomfortably inorganic, as if live takes were selected, remixed and then tracked on top of footage from different shows.

Sing Blue Silver ultimately fails because it wants to make us see Duran Duran as people, not images. The most successful Duran Duran videos—"The Reflex," "Girls on Film," "Hungry Like the Wolf"—treat the group solely in visual terms, with an appropriate lack of regard for their individual personalities and, God help us, their music.

In the mucho-banned porn-vid classic "Girls on Film," it's difficult to recall (even after repeated viewings, heh-heh) where the band appears at all—they function more as subliminal clues than as characters. Similarly, Russell Mulcahy's brilliant video for "The Reflex" doesn't so much capture Duran Duran on stage (that's more like the unhappy work of *Sing Blue Silver*) as it sculpts a quick-cut association-charged fantasy of the band's best moves.

In doing this, Duran Duran have pretty much defined and achieved the purpose of videos. Anyone silly enough to hope for anything more "realistic" from these boys on film—anyone, that is, who's over 14 and not one of their relatives, girlfriends or buddies—is bound for disappointment when they discover that Duran Duran is more than a group: they're a way of seeing life.

DURAN DURAN VIDEOGRAPHY

DURAN DURAN VIDEO 45

"Girls on Film" (D: Godley/Creme); "Hungry Like the Wolf" (D: Russell Mulcahy)
Sony Video/10 min./\$16.95

DANCING ON THE VALENTINE

"The Reflex" (D: Russell Mulcahy); "Union of the Snake" (D: Simon Milne); "New Moon on Monday" (D: Brian Grant)
Sony Video/15 min./\$16.95

DURAN DURAN

Compilation of 11 videos
Thorne-EMI/55 min./\$29.95

DURAN DURAN SING BLUE SILVER

1984 North American tour film (D: Michael Collins)
Thorne-EMI Video/87 min./\$29.95

MUSICVIDEO REVIEWS

BRYAN ADAMS: RECKLESS

"This Time," "Summer of '69," "Somebody," "Kids Wanna Rock," "Heaven," "Run to You" D: Steve Barron/A&M Video/30 min./\$19.95

As a rock artist Canadian-born Bryan Adams is fairly cut and dried: he's not a pretty boy, he doesn't dress up and he doesn't make Great Statements. Like Huey Lewis, he's an apostle of no-frills rock, and he's pretty much got the basics of the form down. His band is polished, but plays with an edge; Adams' sandpaper voice has a limited range, and as a writer he won't be studied for profundity. But the man plays within himself as well as anyone out there, as the well-crafted songs on his new album, *Reckless*, indicate.

This long-form video, directed by Steve "Billie Jean" Barron, follows Adams as he attempts to find the girl of his dreams, who he foolishly (he now realizes) dumped at some earlier point in time. Like Adams' music, these videos are straightforward: the stories take place on the road or on a concert stage, and only in the final video, "Run to You," does Barron resort to any sort of superfluous imagery in order to make a point. It's nice work by all concerned. Adams is especially impressive, primarily because he has real presence on video: that voice and those lived-in looks of his make his tales more believable, and Barron juices up the concert scenes nicely by intercutting conceptual footage at key points. And unlike the sexist clips accompanying Adams' *Cuts Like A Knife* album last year, the *Reckless* videos show the female lead as a living, breathing human being. Like the best rock videos, *Reckless* works because the songs are so good, and the visual presentation of their themes remains true to the spirit of the record.

—David McGee

TINA TURNER: PRIVATE DANCER

"Better Be Good To Me," "Private Dancer" (D: Brian Grant); "What's Love Got To Do With It" (D: Mark Robinson); "Let's Stay Together" (D: David Mallet) Sony Video 45/17 min./\$16.95

As physically attractive as Tina Turner is, it's the sexiness that comes from her soul that makes her such a compelling presence, on stage and on video. The truth about this collection, however, is that the star has been placed in environments that are as dull as she is exciting. The contrast doesn't work. Two performance pieces ("Better Be Good To Me" and "Let's Stay Together") are fairly static presentations—this from directors Brian Grant and David Mallet, both of whom have done spectacular work presenting female artists in concert. In fact, Mallet's concert tape with Turner (on Thorn-EMI Home Video) is one of the best in its genre.

The other two pieces here are conceptual. In "What's Love Got To Do With It" Turner roams the New York streets pouring out her soul. Everywhere she goes, male heads turn. It's simple and sexy, but too low key given the bitter nature of the song and the unconcealed hurt in Turner's voice. Similarly, in "Private Dancer," Turner is never allowed to explode with her dancing—

even though the clip's central character is a dancer-for-hire—and the clip meanders to a lifeless finale.

This is a tough one to call. All of these directors have done better work with lesser artists than Tina Turner, but Turner herself is in rare form vocally. *Private Dancer* is a worthy memento of a grand comeback, but as music video art it's disappointing. I'd buy the record.

—Alan Hecht

PURPLE RAIN

D: Albert Magnoli/Warner Home Video/113 min./\$29.98

Like a lawyer waiting anxiously for that critical piece of evidence to arrive, my anticipation of the videocassette release of *Purple Rain* was peaking. You see, here was a film embraced by the rock press and the public with such fanatic enthusiasm that I'd wondered what I missed, because the film I saw last Spring rarely justified the hyperbolic

tongue-wagging of rock critics-cum instant film critics. (The same critics who've, by and large, found the soundtrack's de-funked/de-fanged pop-rock more palatable than Prince's purer, more unwieldy yet seminal earlier work.) No, *Purple Rain* was surprisingly short on invention, story craft, visual imagination or movie-sense—and rather long on some staples of the MTV zeitgeist: juvenile sexual politics, misogyny and solipsistic (regardless of the film's unconvincing ending) star-tripping. Granted, the MTV head might account for some box office muscle, but I was relying on the video to shed some light on the critical row.

Well, I'm sorry to report that even on my living room TV—where mediocrity sits so comfortably—*Purple Rain* still fails to register as much more than a schematic psychodrama spiced with sub-MTV-standard performance video. And what of the film's celebrated rock spirit? Spot-check MTV for Prince's

MUSICVIDEO TOP TEN

- 1 PURPLE RAIN**
PRINCE
Warner Home Video
- 2 DANCING ON THE VALENTINE***
DURAN DURAN
Sony Video
- 3 MADONNA***
MADONNA
Warner Home Video
- 4 JAZZIN' FOR BLUE JEAN**
DAVID BOWIE
Sony Video
- 5 VIDEO REWIND**
ROLLING STONES
Vestron Video
- 6 DURAN DURAN**
DURAN DURAN
THORN-EMI Home Video
- 7 DO THEY KNOW IT'S CHRISTMAS?***
BAND-AID
Vestron Video
- 8 HEARTBEAT CITY**
THE CARS
Warner Home Video
- 9 THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME**
LED ZEPPELIN
Warner Home Video
- 10 HALL & OATES: SEVEN BIG ONES***
HALL & OATES
RCA/Columbia Pictures Home Video

*Denotes new entry
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.

VIDEO CLIP TOP TEN

- 1 LIKE A VIRGIN**
MADONNA
(WB) D: Mary Lambert
- 2 JUNGLE LOVE**
THE TIME
(WB) D: Kaleidoscope
- 3 LOVER BOY**
BILLY OCEAN
(Arista) D: Morris Phillips
- 4 I FEEL FOR YOU**
CHAKA KHAN
(WB) D: Jane Simpson
- 5 RELAX**
FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD
(Island) D: Brian DePalma
- 6 SEX SHOOTER**
APOLLONIA 6
(WB) D: Kenny Ortega
- 7 LET IT ALL BLOW**
DAZZ BAND
(Motown) D: C. Braverman & J. Pellerin
- 8 LOVERGIRL**
TEENA MARIE
(Epic) D: Tony Greco
- 9 EASY LOVER**
PHILIP BAILEY & PHIL COLLINS
(Col) D: Jim Yukich
- 10 CARELESS WHISPER**
WHAM!
(Col) D: Andy Morahan

Compiled by RockAmerica (27 E. 21st Street, 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 March.

"Little Red Corvette" or Van Halen's "Jump"—two performance videos that celebrate, simply and directly, the rock spirit with an honesty all too often buried in *Purple Rain*'s clumsy affectations. And as for the rock press? I plead the Fifth!—John McAlley

STREETS OF FIRE

D: Walter Hill/MCA Home Video/93 min./\$69.95

With a burgeoning music video audience ripe for feature-length wide-screen distraction, director Walter Hill (*The Warriors*, *The Long Riders*, *48 Hours*, et al.)—one of Hollywood's few adventurous visual stylists—shaped up as the perfect candidate to expand the short-form, television-oriented medium to Hollywood proportions. After all, if any mainstream films of the last five years deserve to be defined as rock 'n' roll in spirit, they are Hill's. Characteristically irreverent in both content and form, his films are peopled with outlaws (street punks, gunslingers, convicts) of mythic proportions—the stuff of great rock 'n' roll legends.

Unfortunately, *Streets of Fire* has at its center a cipher of mythic proportions. As played by Michael Paré, mercenary Tom Cody is a character of unparalleled monotony and vacuity. In fact, most of the characters in this inane rescue adventure are so poorly drawn and undynamic that they're unable to support its spare, classical structure which ultimately collapses in a heap of boredom. Even Hill's inventive wipes and energetic camera sweeps can't revive Paré's sleepwalking hero, or reverse the film's overall atrophy. Jim Steinman's soundtrack contributions, of course, are no help either. Serving up his patented bombast, he is Hollywood's idea of a rock 'n' roller—one willing to forego passion for production values and integrity for a hit.

Subtitled "A Rock & Roll Fable," *Streets of Fire* plays more like a grim fairy tale. A misfire for Hill; a miscarriage of rock 'n' roll. —J.M.

SCENIC HARVEST FROM THE KINGDOM OF PAIN

Survival Research Laboratories

D: Joe Rees and Jon Rees/Target Video/45 min./\$45

Avant-garde is hardly the word to describe this homemade excursion into the delightfully bizarre, but often terribly violent world of the Survival Research Laboratories. Those into erector sets, fireworks and *The Road Warrior* will the the live performances of inventors Mark Pauline, Eric Werner and Matt Heckert as they stage confrontations between symbolic robot creatures who collide and destroy each other. Interviews with the inventors and their fans (the robot battles were filmed live in high schools, arenas and theaters across the country) are intercut with the action and it's all set to vaudeville-like music, techy sound effects, bits of movie dialogue and an original song titled "Stairway to Hell." Let the buyer beware: Dead animal carcasses are used in the robots for dramatic effect. Not for everyone, this post-nuke, Friday the 13th music video. —A.H.



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TOP 10 SINGLES

- 1 **WOOLY BULLY**
Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs
- 2 **I CAN'T HELP MYSELF**
Four Tops
- 3 **SATISFACTION**
Rolling Stones
- 4 **YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELIN'**
Righteous Brothers
- 5 **DOWNTOWN**
Petula Clark
- 6 **YOU WERE ON MY MIND**
We Five
- 7 **HELP!**
Beatles
- 8 **CRYING IN THE CHAPEL**
Elvis Presley
- 9 **MY GIRL**
Temptations
- 10 **THE IN CROWD**
Ramsey Lewis Trio

TOP 10 ALBUMS

- 1 **MARY POPPINS**
Original Soundtrack
- 2 **MY FAIR LADY**
Original Soundtrack
- 3 **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**
Original Cast Album
- 4 **BEATLES '65**
Beatles
- 5 **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**
Original Soundtrack
- 6 **GOLDFINGER**
Original Soundtrack
- 7 **DEAR HEART**
Andy Williams
- 8 **WHERE DID OUR LOVE GO**
Supremes
- 9 **INTRODUCING HERMAN'S HERMITS**
Herman's Hermits
- 10 **PEOPLE**
Barbra Streisand

THE ONE, THE TRUE KING

Elvis Presley placed 37 songs on the charts in the early- to mid-'60s, one of the biggest-selling being his 1965 single, "Crying in the Chapel." Issued as one side of an RCA "Gold Standard" oldies single, the song was in fact being released for the first time. Recorded by Presley in 1960, it was kept off the *Elvis Is Back* LP due to legal problems, and it lay on the shelf for five years. Presley's version was actually the fifth time around for "Chapel," which hit paydirt no less than four times in 1953. Written by Artie Glenn, the song was originally cut by Glenn's son Darrell and promptly covered, first by June Valli, then by Rex Allen. Until Presley's version, the definitive reading belonged to Sonny Til and the Orioles, who charted with it in August of '53.



U K T O P L P S

- 1 **THE HITS ALBUM**
Various Artists (WEA/CBS)
- 2 **ALF**
Alison Moyet (CBS)
- 3 **NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC IV**
Various Artists (EMI-Virgin)
- 4 **MAKE IT BIG**
Wham (CBS)
- 5 **DIAMOND LIFE**
Sade (CBS)
- 6 **WELCOME TO THE PLEASURE DOME**
Frankie Goes To Hollywood (ZTT)
- 7 **THE COLLECTION**
Ultravox (Chrysalis)
- 8 **ELIMINATOR**
ZZ Top (WB)
- 9 **AGENT PROVOCATEUR**
Foreigner (Atlantic)
- 10 **ARENA**
Duran Duran (EMI)
- 11 **THE AGE OF CONSENT**
Bronski Beat (Forbidden Fruit)
- 12 **LIKE A VIRGIN**
Madonna (Sire)
- 13 **PARADE**
Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)

- 14 **PRIVATE DANCER**
Tina Turner (Capitol)
- 15 **PARTY, PARTY**
Black Lace (Flair)
- 16 **THE RIDDLE**
Nik Kershaw (MCA)
- 17 **THE 12-INCH ALBUM**
Howard Jones (WEA)
- 18 **THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE**
U2 (Island)
- 19 **FANS**
Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)
- 20 **HATFUL OF HOLLOW**
The Smiths (Rough Trade)
- 21 **GREATEST HITS**
Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
- 22 **STEELTOWN**
Big Country (Mercury)
- 23 **1984**
Eurythmics (Virgin)
- 24 **RATTLESNAKES**
Lloyd Cole and the Commotions (Polydor)
- 25 **GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROAD STREET**
Paul McCartney (EMI)

THE CAUSE OF COMMOTION

Two years ago it was Big Country that came roaring out of Scotland with a message that couldn't be ignored; this year it's Lloyd Cole and the Commotions, who are less inclined to the soapbox than BC, but know a good raveup when they write one. Their debut LP, *Rattlesnakes*, is number 24 on this month's U.K. chart, and this spring will see its American release on Geffen Records. In the meantime press plaudits for the quintet's work continue to pile up: an *NME* reporter, for instance, observed that "a record collection without this LP will be like a kitchen without tea." And *Melody Maker* termed the album "a superb exercise in lyrical dexterity and musical punning." In addition to Cole and his long-time associate Blair Cowan, the band includes former Bluebells bassist Lawrence Donegan, guitarist Neil Clark, and drummer Stephen Irvine.



U.K. LP chart reprinted from *New Musical Express*, January 19-26, 1985.



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DANCE LPs

- 1 **ESCAPE**
Whodini (Jive/Arista)
- 2 **TRULY FOR YOU**
Temptations (Gordy)
- 3 **SOLID**
Ashford & Simpson (Capitol)
- 4 **EMERGENCY**
Kool & the Gang (De-Lite)
- 5 **STARCHILD**
Teena Marie (Epic)
- 6 **PLANETARY INVASION**
Midnight Star (Solar/Elektra)
- 7 **FAT BOYS**
Fat Boys (Sutra)
- 8 **LIKE A VIRGIN**
Madonna (WB)
- 9 **NEW EDITION**
New Edition (MCA)
- 10 **PURPLE RAIN**
Prince (WB)
- 11 **GAP BAND VI**
Gap Band (Total Experience)
- 12 **CHINESE WALL**
Philip Bailey (Col)
- 13 **EUGENE WILDE**
Eugene Wilde (Philly World)
- 14 **YOU, ME AND HE**
Mtume (Epic)
- 15 **MEETING IN THE LADIES ROOM**
Klymaxx (Constellation/MCA)
- 16 **CHARTBUSTERS**
Ray Parker Jr. (Arista)
- 17 **BREAKIN' 2**
Soundtrack (Polydor)
- 18 **SWEPT AWAY**
Diana Ross (RCA)
- 19 **I FEEL FOR YOU**
Chaka Khan (WB)
- 20 **CAN'T SLOW DOWN**
Lionel Richie (Motown)
- 21 **BROADWAY'S CLOSER TO SUNSET BLVD.**
Isley-Jasper-Isley (Epic/CBS Assoc.)
- 22 **SO GOOD**
Whispers (Solar)
- 23 **ON THE NILE**
Egyptian Love (Egyptian Empire)
- 24 **CLASSIC MASTERS**
Ronnie Laws (Capitol)
- 25 **QUALIFYING HEAT**
Thelma Houston (MCA)



STILL TEMPTING

How many groups could sustain success after losing the likes of David Ruffin, Eddie Kendricks and Dennis Edwards? The Temptations have managed this neat trick and then some. Their new Motown album, *Truly for You*, rests at Number Two on this month's Dance LP chart and is demonstrating the commercial resiliency of a long-term hit. Founding members Otis Williams and bass man Melvin Franklin remain the Tempts' solid center, and they're joined now by Richard Street (Franklin's cousin), Ron Tyson, and newcomer Ollie Woodson, who first auditioned for the group in 1977. The original Temptations had their first hit in 1964 with "The Way You Do The Things You Do"; 20 years later and counting, they're still doing the things they do, and that's all right by us.

HEAVY METAL LPs

- 1 **PERFECT STRANGER**
Deep Purple (Mercury)
- 2 **STAY HUNGRY**
Twisted Sister (Atlantic)
- 3 **ANIMALIZE**
Kiss (Mercury)
- 4 **THUNDER 7**
Triumph (MCA)
- 5 **1984**
Van Halen (WB)
- 6 **V.O.A.**
Sammy Hagar (Geffen)
- 7 **GUIFFRIA**
Guiffria (MCA)
- 8 **OUT OF THE CELLAR**
Ratt (Atlantic)
- 9 **STANDING ALONE**
White Wolf (RCA)
- 10 **SHOUT AT THE DEVIL**
Motley Crue (Elektra)
- 11 **SIGN IN PLEASE**
Autograph (RCA)
- 12 **RIDE THE LIGHTNING**
Metallica (Megaforce)
- 13 **CONDITIONAL CRITICAL**
Quiet Riot (Epic)
- 14 **TWO MINUTE WARNING**
Angel City (MCA)
- 15 **TOOTH AND NAIL**
Dokken (Elektra)
- 16 **THE BLITZ**
Krokus (Arista)
- 17 **POWER SLAVE**
Iron Maiden (Capitol)
- 18 **CRAZY FROM THE HEAT**
David Lee Roth (WB)
- 19 **GLORIOUS RESULTS OF A MISSPENT YOUTH**
Joan Jett (MCA)
- 20 **'74 JAILBREAK**
AC/DC (Atlantic)
- 21 **MARCH OF THE SAINT**
Armored Saint (Chrysalis)
- 22 **THE LAST IN LINE**
Ronnie James Dio (WB)
- 23 **THE WARNING**
Queensryche (EMI)
- 24 **LOVE AT FIRST STING**
Scorpions (Mercury)
- 25 **RATT**
Ratt (Time Coast/Atlantic)



THE SAINT GOES CRUNCHING IN

Only three years ago Armored Saint was a trio jamming for fun in a Pasadena, California, garage. Then the fun turned serious. Guitarists Dave Prichard and Phil Sandoval and drummer Gonzo became a quintet with the addition of vocalist John Bush and bassist Joey Vera and began testing their metal on the Los Angeles club circuit. The competition was formidable—Motley Crue, Quiet Riot and Ratt were the local favorites—but Armored Saint gathered a following. The Saint also gathered a recording contract with Chrysalis and went marching into the studio. Speak to them not of categories, however. Says Bush: "We don't care what people call us. We're very theatrical and we're not scared to try new things that are a little unusual. Names and titles mean very little to us."

Dance and Heavy Metal LP charts researched and compiled by Street Pulse Group

MARTIN PORTER ●

HOLY HOLOPHONICS

Long-time readers of this column may recall Hugo Zuccarelli, a 27-year-old physiologist with an interest in audio engineering. In 1983 Zuccarelli coined the term "holophonics" to describe a new recording process that reproduces the natural human hearing experience by duplicating the sense of directional sound. Most importantly, Zuccarelli's audio wonder did not require any special equipment—aside from a cassette player and a working set of ears.

First applied to an LP project by Pink Floyd, holophonics was met with a range of skepticism in the audio community. However, the process has returned in the form of a sampler cassette from Alpine Electronics of America. Titled "Touch of the Future," the tape contains both sound effects and original music, and is available from Alpine dealers for a suggested retail price of about \$10.

According to Zuccarelli, the concept of holophonics came to him one morning in 1978 when he was lying in bed with one ear buried in his pillow. As another person walked through the room, Zuccarelli realized that, even though one of his ears was completely muffled, he was able to detect the direction from which the sound was coming. Since then he has concentrated his efforts on applying this auditory phenomenon to the recording process.

After studying theories about how the brain perceives sound, Zuccarelli hypothesized that the ears independently generate their own sound (a reference beam or

"reference silence," as he calls it), in order to generate spatial sounds. He then proposed that it is the interference pattern of sounds coming into contact with this reference beam that adds dimensions of space and time to the hearing experience.

Zuccarelli then set about finding practical applications for his theories. He began by digitally recording various sounds accompanied by a spectrum of practically inaudible tones as artificial reference beams. After numerous experiments, he discovered a combination of tones that duplicated those produced by the ear.

Zuccarelli's next step was developing electronic equipment to encode this synthesized reference beam in conjunction with other sounds on tape. For playback, the brain provides a second reference beam that acts as a decoder and adds full ambience to the recorded material, resulting in holophonic sound.

Interestingly enough, those in the know at the holophonic camp claim that the format doesn't require a high-end system to achieve optimum results. In fact, just the opposite may be true: According to Reese Haggot, Alpine's executive vice president, the spatial effect is apparent when played back on an ordinary personal portable stereo with an inexpensive pair of headphones. In addition to providing the holophonic sound, Haggot explains, the headphones also block out other ambient sounds that may interfere with the tape.

"What you hear is holophonics in its purest form," he says. "And

you hear it on a system that costs well under \$100."

RUB-A-DUB

MAKING A COPY OF YOUR favorite cassette can be a loathsome and time-consuming task. But a recent crop of cassette dubbing decks removes the sting and soothes it with some pretty nifty features as well.

Sansui's top-of-the-line dubber, the D-W10 (approx. \$500), uniquely features dual relay recording (which automatically activates the second transport when the first stops) for continuous recording, dual auto-reverse and high-speed dubbing. In addition, there's also Dolby B and C noise reduction, metal tape capability, automatic or manual recording level control, automatic fader, mic/line mixing, 16-song random music program search and 15-song automatic music program search.

For those who prefer to copy their tapes on the move, two new dual-port, boom-box decks should be of particular interest.

Pioneer's CK-W50 AM/FM stereo double cassette recorder (approx. \$270) also includes two shortwave bands for receiving around-the-world transmissions. It features one-touch, "synchro" recording for dubbing at twice the normal speed and can handle metal tape as well. Rounding out the package is a built-in, five-band graphic equalizer; two detachable, two-way speakers; and microphone and headphone jacks. It can also be operated on household current, batteries or optional car

Sansui's top-of-the-line dubber, the D-W10, features dual relay recording, dual auto reverse and high-speed dubbing (\$500)





The cube-style speakers on Sanyo's MW580 portable AM/FM stereo cassette deck provide true two-way sound by employing two woofers, mounted at a right angle, to one tweeter in each speaker (approx. \$230)

adapter.

Sanyo's MW580 (approx. \$230) is part of the company's new "Cubique" series of portable AM/FM stereo cassette decks. The line is distinguished by its detachable, cube-style speakers, which provide true two-way sound by employing two woofers (mounted at a right angle) to one tweeter in each speaker. Other highlights include a five-band equalizer for adjustments in both the playback and record modes, half-speed dubbing, continuous "relay" playback, a metal tape capability, RCA-type inputs for attaching a standard moving-coil turntable; and optional three-way powering.

ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN

ONE OF THE MORE INTERESTING developments in computer music software

is the recent joint venture between Passport Designs and Hal Leonard Publishing Corp. to distribute a line of music software for both educational and recreational applications.

The joint venture's first product, "Computer Sheet Music" (approx. \$20), can be used with either the Commodore 64 or the Apple II and any MIDI-equipped keyboard. The premiere package is none other than Michael Jackson's *Thriller*. In addition to providing a behind-the-scenes look at the best-selling album, the program is designed to teach keyboard technique and note reading while displaying big, easy-to-read notes on the computer screen.

Another product is "Computer Hitware" (approx. \$20), which, it is claimed, "transforms your Commodore 64 into a computerized rock video." Don't expect to see the latest MTV hits, though—

these "videos" are the color graphic equivalents of the music being played. Nevertheless, you can still have a lot of fun playing rock video director by shaping and arranging your own designs to the computer-generated music of such stars as Bruce Springsteen, the Police, Duran Duran and Van Halen.

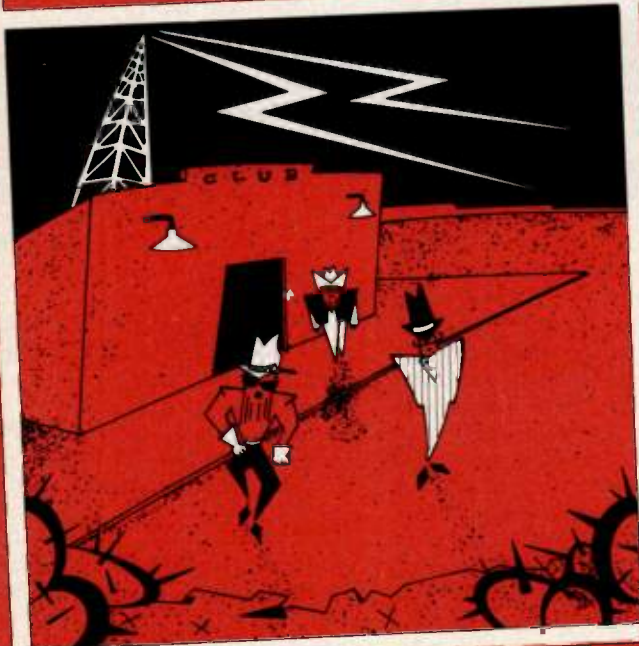
Commodore users should also check out Tech Sketch's "Music Port" (approx. \$150). This package includes a 37-key digital synthesizer and a diskette, which allows users to play, record and edit multitrack arrangements (up to three voices) of their own compositions.

IT WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY

IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A SCULPTURE than a piece of audio gear, but Bose's Acoustic Wave really pours out the sound. This one-piece cassette deck/radio kicks out rich bass notes, which is an especially impressive task for such a small enclosure.

The unit itself is steeped in the "simpler is better" philosophy, with one-touch controls for access to an AM/FM radio with five station presets and a precision cassette deck with built-in Dolby B noise reduction and tape equalization. There is also a set of input/output plugs for connecting a turntable, TV, tape deck or microphone. All this comes in a sleek, 18-pound package.

An optional carrying case with a built-in battery pack provides some portability, but it still isn't designed for standard boombox applications. Then again, at \$650, it shouldn't be. ○



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MIKE SHEA ●

GOING TO THE SOURCE

Microphones with
downscale prices,
upscale sound

Just about everyone's recording tracks these days. Musicians of all stripes are making home demo tapes, and more and more consumers are buying video cameras and experimenting with the full potential of their VCRs. Judging by the number of questions I've been asked lately concerning recording techniques, there's also a lot of confusion out there regarding the best way to achieve something approaching professional-quality sound.

Everything depends on the source, whether live or in a studio environment. Try to get the sound you're after from the get-go. If, for instance, you're recording a guitar, adjust the guitar/effects/amp combination until the sound meets your specifications. With more difficult outdoor recording, you have to isolate the sound being recorded from external noises, either by choosing a quiet location or by using baffles.

The next step is microphone selection. When I work in a professional recording studio I'm given a selection of two or three dozen mics to choose from in addition to my own collection of about

10 specialty mics. Which one to use and where to place it is a decision born of years of experience and knowledge of each mic's specifications.

If I want to record a bass drum and a hi-hat I'd obviously choose one mic that could handle the low end and one that would pick up the cymbal's high end. Additionally—providing the mic had one—a low frequency roll-off switch could be utilized to stop some of the kick from getting on the hi-hat track, thereby improving the separation. So frequency response is important. With very loud sound sources I may also be concerned with the mic's sensitivity or its power handling capacity. Put a very sensitive mic in close on a trumpet or a tom and all you might get is distortion. However, this may be exactly what you want in order to add a little dirt to a guitar or snare drum sound.

Another important spec is polar pattern or directionality. This is most crucial in low budget work, where you don't have a

large mic selection. Most mics have a cardioid, or heart-shaped, pickup range. This pattern is three-dimensional and looks like a balloon with one side pushed in. This indentation represents the back of the mic where very little sound is picked up other than low end. The positioning of this mic is most critical. Should you wish to record 360 degree sound, use an omnidirectional mic. (During mixdown I'll often send a sound to a speaker placed in a very live or reverberant space such as a bathroom or



Crown's Sound Grabber PZM™, with plastic casing and boundary plate, is a quality alternative to more expensive metal mics of its kind (approx. \$100)

MARILYN SCHATZBERG

hallway and use an omni to capture the sound in that environment.)

When recording on videotape or on film, off-camera sounds can become major headaches. A shotgun or super-directional mic is the quick remedy for this gremlin. During live recording of an orchestra, I'll often use a shotgun pointed directly at a particular instrument in order to augment or bring out that sound in the mix. Another handy pattern is that of a boundary mic, such as the PZM™. This picks up half the balloon—in other words, the sound on one side of the mic's flat plate. Depending on positioning, the PZM™ can be used as an omni (when taped to a wall it will pick up all of the reverberation in a room) or as half of a stereo split (two placed back-to-back over a set of vibes).

So go out and spend \$10,000 on mics and you'll be all set, right? Don't be ridicu-

lous—long-time readers of this column know I've got an angle around this one. Many companies make inexpensive mics with plastic or aluminum casing, but you must be aware of their disadvantages. For one, these mics break easily, so a little tender loving care is necessary when using them—and forget about taking them on the road! These mics also pick up more handling noise, so stand- or camera-mounting may be necessary.

While there are a lot of these mics available, I can recommend four I've worked with: three from Audio-Technica's 9000 series and the Sound Grabber PZM™ from Crown. The AT 9700 is cardioid, wide band (50 to 16 KHz), features a low-frequency roll-off switch, sounds exceptional and is priced at a modest \$59.95. The AT 9000 is a pencil-thin omni with a response of 50 to 10 KHz, and is priced at an amazing \$12.95. The AT 9300 is a deal-and-a-half.

For \$79.95 you not only get an honest shotgun mic, which usually runs at least three times this price, but one that also converts to an omni (a slim tube that extends this mic's length to 18 inches and give its super-cardioid pattern can be replaced with a small cap that transforms the pattern to omni). The price includes a pistol handgrip and camera-mount adaptor and, like all the mics herein, it comes with mounts, windscreens, a battery and mini and quarter-inch plug adaptors, making life very simple. The Sound Grabber from Crown is a real PZM™, but with plastic casing and a boundary plate. The plastic doesn't degrade the sound at all, and at a list price of \$99 it's easily one-third to one-half the cost of a metal PZM™.

What all this boils down to is that for very little outlay and some care you can have a superb mic collection to choose from; and the fact is, if it's not happening at the mic it's not going to happen anywhere else down the line, no matter what kind of equipment you're using.

Audio Technica is located at 1221 Commerce Drive, Stow, OH 44224; Crown at 1718 West Mishawaka Rd., Elkhart, IN 46517. ○

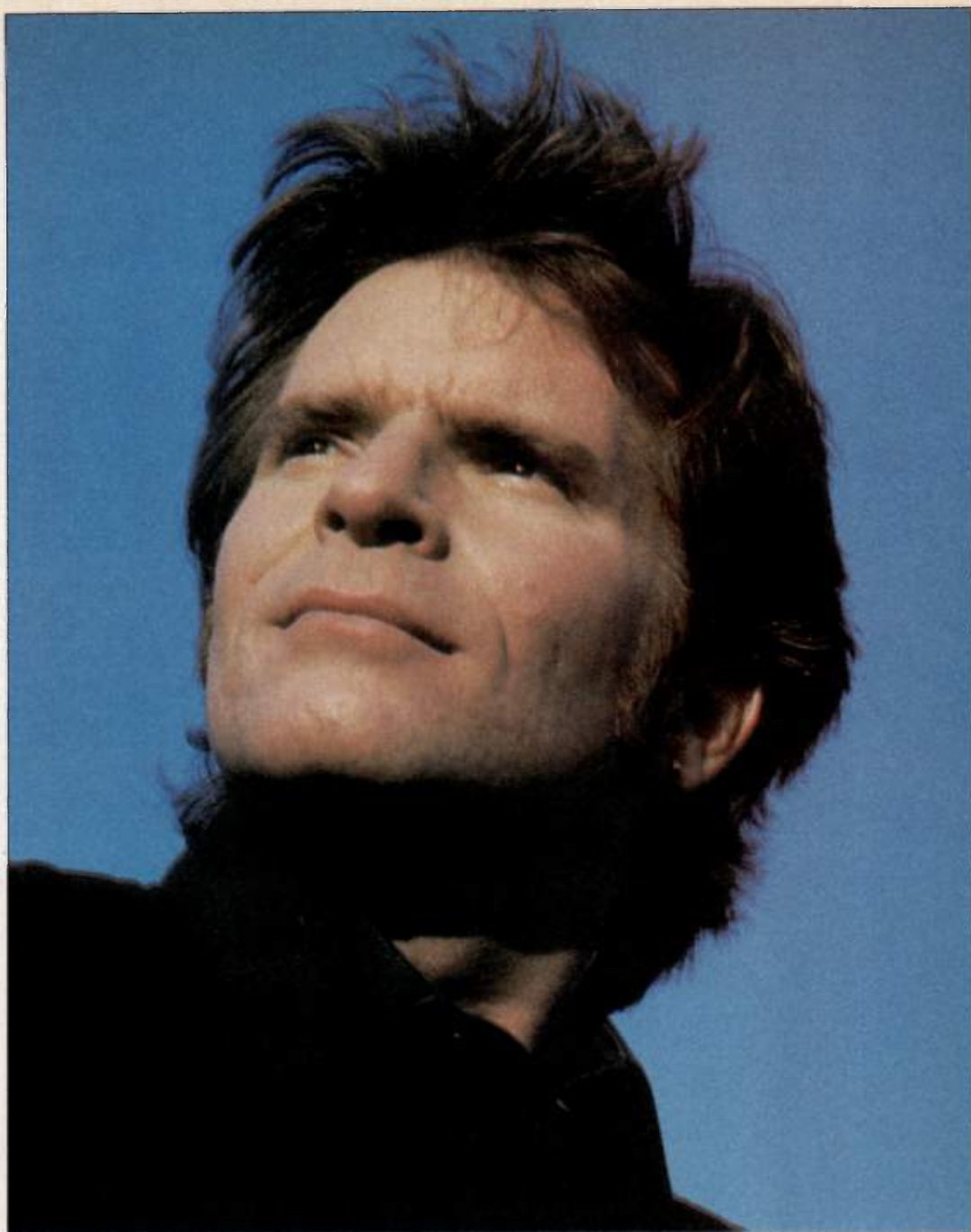
Mike Shea is a graduate instructor at the Institute of Audio Research in New York City. Readers are invited to submit questions concerning audio, video or recording to: Mike Shea/Hands On, RECORD, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10151.

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JUST LOOMIS

CAUGHT LOOKING

CENTERFIELD
John Fogerty
Warner Bros.

By
Wayne
King

It's likely that no comeback in rock history has



been more widely anticipated than John Fogerty's, unless you still believe Jim Morrison and Elvis are going to turn up one day. There are almost no figures with their reputations intact left to the great '60s countercultural mythos of which Fogerty was a part. But Fogerty's reputation has survived, his place in the pantheon secured by his work with the San Francisco-based Creedence Clearwater Revival, who turned out hit after hit of socially aware three-minute rock 'n' roll gems. And it's also survived because he

hasn't damaged our memory of him by releasing endless streams of irrelevant product (see the collected works of the surviving Bay Area bands for reference).

Fogerty's nine year absence from recording was a self-imposed exile, and the imagined struggle for his artistic heart and soul seemed more epic as each year passed without a record forthcoming. As reports of a self-taught one man band lifestyle filtered down through the woods of Oregon he had retreated to, his efforts were regarded further as the workings of a tortured genius.



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IT'S WORTH IT.

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Still, the compelling drama of Fogerty's comeback lie with the hoped-for revival of his particular voice. Which only left one nagging question: just who would be returning to us after so long?

The profile *Centerfield* gives us reflects the understandable confusion and obsessions of a *Big Chill*-generation refugee who couldn't handle the '70s, let alone the '80s. In the absence of any new input, either by way of some real life experience or simply playing with other musicians, *Centerfield* is riddled with childhood yearnings, musical self-references, obsessive nostalgia—in short, a time warp bounded by the walls of the recording studio Fogerty's been holed up in by himself for the past ten years.

Examples of his displacement permeate the vinyl: "Centerfield" and "Big Train From Memphis" focus on boyhood heroes Willie Mays and Elvis Presley; "Rock And Roll Girl" and "Centerfield" appropriate the melodies to, respectively, "Wild Weekend" and "La Bamba"; the acoustic guitar line from "Who'll Stop The Rain" is reproduced for "I Saw It On T.V.," while "Big Train" lifts a riff right out of *Green River's* "Tombstone Shadow"; "Zanz Kant Danz" finds Fogerty railing at Saul Zaentz, the owner of his old record label, Fantasy, whom he feels ripped him off (Fogerty hasn't released a new record on Fantasy for eleven years). The alienation reaches its culmination in "I Saw It On T.V.," where Fogerty defines his personal and generational history by measuring their impact on him as TV events, the ultimate image of detachment.

Fogerty's isolation needn't have hampered *Centerfield*. *Green River's* "Lodi" came across as a triumph of imagination—you didn't have to believe the song to be autobiography to feel the loneliness and struggle within it. The problem with *Centerfield* may simply be that John Fogerty on his own is just not that interesting.

Maybe it's because rock bands direct their efforts towards a particular audience, whereas solo artists write as much for themselves as for a perceived listenership. The Del-Lords, for instance, have much more of the spirit of Creedence about them than does the 1985 edition John Fogerty, which is easy enough to understand in a way. Having 15 years to live with those CCR records enabled Scott Kempner and company to distill the most positive aspects of what Fogerty created and add the guitar fury of '70s punks to them, in the same manner that CCR updated the styles and concerns of Elvis and Little Richard a decade after their initial impact.

If considered against John Fogerty's previous work, *Centerfield* can't get the ball out of the infield. If Fogerty should approach his lifetime average next time out, then this album will seem like a couple of good cuts while in a lengthy slump. And if it's another nine years before he tries for the majors again, then we can surely judge *Centerfield* as minor league music.

SHE'S THE BOSS

Mick Jagger

Columbia

By
Anthony
DeCurtis



Perhaps appropriately, a fierce loneliness

pervades *She's the Boss*, Mick Jagger's solo debut LP. This isolation, however, has little to do with Mick's being a Stone alone for the first time, though the stirring surge of his buddies' raucous camaraderie is definitely missed here.

Jagger once again stands at the heart of *She's the Boss* as a man in battle with desire—seeking satisfaction ever more desperately, his urges both troubling and gripping him. But the world of sexual warfare he envisions—face it, man, either she's the boss or you are—offers small hope for the compromised happiness most people call emotional home. The thematic kick comes from the listener's confusion about whether to respect the hard insistence in these songs on getting what you want or to reject what may simply be a sullen, insatiable narcissism.

Sonically, *She's the Boss* is an awesome compendium of hammering percussion, jagged rhythms, electronic zip, treated guitar raunch and swirling atmospherics. Coproduced by Jagger, with Material-ist Bill Laswell collaborating on six cuts and Nile Rodgers on the remaining three, the album sounds almost distractingly hip. Each instrumental part is pushed to its creative brink and hits with enough top-spin to seize attention. For obvious reasons, the producers, the players and the head Stone all got up to prove it this time.

The sophisticated control of *Boss's* surface constructs a slick aural contrast to its seething underbed of undiminished need. The single "Just Another Night" wraps its tale of lust and longing in disco shimmer, while "Lucky in Love" 's tenacious r&b groove forces the hand of the losing gambler who staves off despair ("Late at night I lay in bed/With a pistol to my head") through sexual conquest, when he always flashes the "winning touch."

One of the album's toughest takes, "Hard Woman" nails the dramatic contradictions within Jagger's persona. "Where is the mercy, where is the love?" the singer moans as he exits a relationship, articulating the thrill-seeker's lament, "Passion has a funny way of burnin' down and runnin' low." By the time he concludes "I'm alone at last," you can't really tell if he's distraught or relieved.

She's the Boss closes with its title track—a cartoonish ditty in which the singer, who

starts out "so manly, so masterful," is emasculated by his lover, who now "wears the pants." In the hilarious coda, Jagger cops a woman's plea when his dominant mistress demands sex: "I gotta headache, I gotta wash my hair, it's my time of the month."

For Mick, there's two roles on the erotic stage: master and slave. For a few laughs you can be on bottom, but when things get serious, you're far better off being, as the opening cut has it, "Lonely at the Top." A fascinating, perhaps even brilliant record, *She's the Boss* imagines too few options, but imagines them compellingly.

.....

KING OF ROCK

Run-D.M.C.

Profile

By
Crispin
Sartwell



King of Rock is a milestone in black pop.

Run, D.M.C., deejay Jam Master Jay and writer Orange Krush command the various idioms of New York City's rhythm revolution—rap, scratch, dub, hip hop—but they add an unparalleled willingness to experiment. They've got an eye on the future, but their fingers are firmly on the pulse of the street.

Their self-titled debut last year was stunning proof that the original wave of rappers such as Grandmaster Flash and Kurtis Blow were no longer on the cutting edge. "It's Like That" and the album's other hits were tougher and more visceral than any rap that had previously made its way onto the black charts. And most of the raps on *Run-D.M.C.* were perfectly adapted to stark hip hop rhythm tracks.

The raps on *King of Rock* are as gutsy as ever, but the hip hop is largely absent. In place of minimalist drum box and huge banks of synthetic strings, this album features blazing heavy metal guitars mixed effortlessly over full-fledged funk structures. The move isn't exactly radical; at least since "Beat It," black pop has been ingesting hard rock. Prince employed rock strategies on "Delirious" and "Let's Go Crazy," Herbie Hancock did likewise on "Rockit" and its progeny. Run-D.M.C. themselves created the best such combination with "Rock Box," the hit from their debut. But *King of Rock* is unique to the degree to which metal has been absorbed; it's an album length synthesis of funk and power rock.

This approach works beautifully on songs like "Jam Master Jammin'," on which bone-crunching power chords punch through Jay's masterful scratch

track. But it's not only the guitars that blaze new trails; the synthesizers have taken on a wider variety of voices. And though they retain their leftist politics and their braggadocio—the two dominant themes of rap—Run and D have also expanded the range of rap's expression. They speak, for example, of the loss of racial identity that threatens black performers who make it in the music trade, and endanger them artistically as well as personally: "I'm a slave to my trade/From all these lights my complexion might fade."

The only serious error on the LP is "Roots, Rap, Reggae," a perfunctory collaboration with Yellowman with few redeeming features. But after listening to the rest of *King of Rock*, your hallowed rear end will be sore; the thing kicks some serious booty.

ONE CLEAR MOMENT Linda Thompson

Warner Bros.

ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM

Richard Thompson

Polygram

By
Christopher
Hill



I guess there's always a winner and a loser in a divorce (no such thing as a no-fault in real life). On the recorded evidence, it seems like Richard and Linda Thompson's split-up is hitting Richard harder. And since Richard's become kind of a one-note on the subject—like the guy in the office who can talk about nothing else for a year—we're losers too. But we happen to be friends of the ex-Mrs. Thompson, too, and that has its consolations. This is a woman who's obviously ready to step out and start enjoying herself.

In recent years Richard Thompson has been told by lots of uncritical critics that what he really has is the soul of a rocker. So where rock 'n' roll was once one of the sly little devils winking out of his many-textured tapestry, he now goes at it with studious conviction. Hence we get songs like "Fire In The Engine Room," a shrill effort forced through at an awkwardly fast pace. Likewise, his gloominess once served a positive function—in a song like "Beat The Retreat" from *Pour Down Like Silver* he used it to strip away sentimentality in order to reach spiritual bedrock. Now the guy's just bitter. Romantic warfare might fuel one incendiary record, but uses up its interest after three.

Still, the best songs here are the bleakest.

"Love In A Faithless Land" could ruin your day, but it shows Richard working his archaic hoodoo as well as ever. Here he poses as a psychopathic Fagin giving orders to a gang of thieves, then makes it all a metaphor for a deceptive love affair.

If Richard is at a point of stasis, Linda is just beginning to sense the extent of her power. If—like me—you find her achy, smoky womanliness to be uniquely seductive, you'll want to hear what she sounds like when she's having a good time. "Can't Stop The Girl" bowls you right over with breathless exhilaration that rolls in on irresistible tropical rhythms and just doesn't let up. Things get even more uninhibited in "Take Me To The Subway," where she unsettlingly lists the ways, means and places where she may be (ahem) "taken," to the accompaniment of what sounds like fertility chants in a lost language.

But Linda's abandon alternates with bitterness. She drives a hard bargain for her submission, showing a mastery of put-downs and zingers to rival Chrissie Hynde. This too is romantic warfare, but she dresses it up in a more outgoing style than her ex-husband. From the Gladys Knightisms of "Hanging' On" to the Gamble-Huff suavity of "Lover, Won't You Throw Me A Line," she shows a surprisingly easy way with sophisticated pop styles.

Sure, I'll keep on listening to Richard's sob stories, because I know he'll eventually get back on his feet. But right now I'll take the company of a certain charming divorcee.

AGE OF CONSENT Bronski Beat

MCA

By
J.D.
Considine

L a s t season, the *ne plus ultra* of London

hip was electro-funk; this year, it's homosexuality. This time around, though, the fashion fanatics have done their pet cause a bad turn, for not only doesn't gay pride need Boy George, the Smiths, Frankie Goes To Hollywood or Bronski Beat to help things along, the treatment accorded such "flavor of the month" bands actually impinges upon what little ideological grounding they might have. After all, why should political rhetoric served up by any of these groups be taken seriously when recent history tells us that there will be yet another equally poignant *cause celebre* turning up a few months down the road?

All of which seems particularly sad in view of the rather common sense gay politics of Bronski Beat, an avowedly working-



OUT OF THE BLUE

ON ROUNDER/VARRICK RECORDS

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VINYLA ANALYSIS

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Reggae Greats/Mango

Maybe the most common lament you hear from folk checking into reggae for the first time is that they don't know where to start, given the genre's plethora of artists. Not to waste time being coy, I'll just say that Mango's first four releases (in a projected series of 12) of *Reggae Greats* go a long way towards remedying this dilemma. The hippest thing about them is that between the four they comprise as comprehensive a sampling of the music's breadth and depth as can be found this side of Sunsplash, the annual Jamaican reggae festival. *Steel Pulse* provides a state-of-the-art example of the funk and rock-influenced "Rockers"-style reggae; the anthology *The DJ's* serves a function among this skanking bevy which seems pretty self-explanatory to me; the *Toots and the Maytals* collection takes us slightly back to the days of the soul-saturated roots/rock/reggae sound; *Gregory Isaacs Live* shows that balladeer at his wickedest crooning the style known as "Lover's Rock."

If you only know Steel Pulse from their Elektra records, your reggae collection's missing three sets of required listening: *Handsworth Revolution*, *Tribute To The Martyrs* and *Reggae Fever*. The cuts selected here are a balanced representation of the band's first three albums, divvied up with five cuts coming from their simmering, shimmering classic debut and five from the other two. It's a toss-up among Pulse fans as to which record is their best, the first or second, but my vote goes to number two on account of how poignantly its lyrics and harmonies are nestled into the riveting music. The killing fusion of funk, jazz and reggae lead singer and songwriter David Hinds worked up on that one not only set a standard for other reggae to be judged by in terms of sophistication but, through its homages to black heroes like George Jackson and Steve Biko, filled a void in modern black pop for songs that addressed the world situation of blacks in Africa, Europe and the Americas.

DJ-style reggae is a far cry (or maybe that's a far yuk-yuk) from Hinds' more fiery brand, but it never pretends to be anything but goodtime party music. Party animals at heart, Jamaican DJ's are akin to vaudeville entertainers in the way they caricaturize the mores of their society. Some of the cuts on the DJ compilation, like Lone Ranger's "Barnabas Collins" and Dillinger's "CB 200," even parody American culture. Yet while current DJ style is perhaps epitomized by the nonsense verses of Eek-A-Mouse and Yellowman or the dancehall antics of Papa Michigan and General Smiley, there are also DJ's who deal in conscious lyrics, meaning those with political content. Case in point: Papa Levi, whose "Mi God Mi King" not only manages as militant a tribute to black martyrs as Steel Pulse but, through its high speed elocution, works up an innovative style of deejaying.

The roots/rock/reggae of Toots and the Maytals reminds of what soul music was back when it was defined by Ray Charles and the Stax/Volt sound of people like Otis Redding and Sam and Dave, while the audible excitement Gregory Isaacs provokes in his female listeners makes you think of Smokey Robinson or Marvin Gaye done up in dreadlocks. If you've never seen either of these gentleman live I should also mention that they rank among reg-

gae's greatest vocalists and bandleaders—Toots and his Maytals generating the kind of rapport Otis had with the original Bar-Kays, and Isaacs and Roots Radics playing off each other as viscerally as Al Green and his Memphis crew used to.

Taken in tandem, these four anthologies prove reggae a form capable of continual evolution, not to mention impact, one whose value in the context of contemporary pop remains ample despite its failure to penetrate the mainstream in the wake of Bob Marley's demise.

—Greg Tate



VARIOUS ARTISTS

Nuggets, Volumes 1-4/Rhino

The original *Nuggets* first appeared 12 years ago (what a long strange trip it's been since then) and went on to become a classic of its kind. Put together for Elektra with love and care by Lenny Kaye (who's just done similar excavation work for Elektra in the area of '60s blues and folk with *Crossroads* and *Bleecker and MacDougal*; see review below—Ed.) and subtitled *Original Artifacts From The First Psychedelic Era (1965-1968)*, it was nothing less than Punk Rock Heaven, a tremendous tip of the hat to those one-shot wonders of yesteryear. Unfortunately, a projected *Nuggets II* never saw the light of day, buried beneath a mountain of red tape and bullshit hassles.

Now along comes Rhino (hooray!) with a four-record companion piece and overall it's pretty damn good. Some of the selections are taken from the original *Nuggets*, some from stuff meant for *Nuggets II*; others were apparently inspired by an excellent mail order anthology of a few years back called *Wild Thing*, and some were obviously favorites of the Rhino crew. And now, a little travelin' music...

Volume One: The Hits—Definitely the best of the bunch and the closest in spirit to the original; punk/garage/teenage/AM mania is all that matters here. Highlights include the Standells' "Dirty Water" (Peter Wolf should take a crack at this), the Blues Magoos' "We Ain't Got Nothin' Yet" (rock 'n' roll grammar at its best, and very similar to latterday Clash), the Human Beinz' "Nobody But Me" (the ultimate in negativity), the Count Five and their "Psychotic Reaction" (Yardbirds in a rubber room) and the Music Machine's frantically furious "Talk Talk."

Volume Two: Punk—In the same vein as *Volume One* with an emphasis on more obscure tracks. Love revs up Bacharach-David with "My Little Red Book," the Seeds choke on their heartache lust with "Can't Seem To Make You Mine," and the Sonics go viciously berserk on "Strychnine" (try and dig up their relentlessly lethal *Explosives* compilation for similar delights).

Volume Three: Pop—The Knickerbockers sound like leaders of the Beatles' New Jersey fan club with "Lies," "I Love You" by People is as haunting as the day it came out in '68, the Outsiders' "Time Won't Let Me" has one of the great tension/release choruses (just ask Chrissie Kerr, nee Hynde, who appropriated it for *Learning To Crawl*'s "Time The Avenger"), and everything you'll ever need by the Cyrkle—"Red Rubber Ball" and "Turn Down Day"—is here.

Volume Four: Pop (Part Two)—The weak link in the series due to too many minor league choices. Glad to see, though, that the Knicker-

bockers' other reason for living, "One Track Mind," is included. You'll also be glad to know that the Royal Guardsmen sang about something besides Snoopy, and you can compare the Merry-Go-Round's take on "Live" to the Bangles' recent cover (I say the gals grab the brass ring).

Nuggets shows just how much singles were the backbone of rock, performed by bands that had hits rather than careers. It also proves repeatedly that the greatness of countless groups can be summed up in a single 45.

And remember—it's a nugget if you dug it.

—Craig Zeller

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Bleecker and MacDougal/Elektra Crossroads/Elektra

These compilations, subtitled respectively *The Folk Scene of the 1960s* and *White Blues In The 1960s*, contain material recorded under the supervision of Elektra founder Jac Holzman before the label was absorbed by the Warner Communications conglomerate. In the '50s and '60s, Holzman and producer Paul Rothchild signed many of the most prominent artists associated with the urban folk revival, from the Limelites, Oscar Brand and Josh White to Tom Paxton, Phil Ochs and Judy Collins. Rothchild also produced the first two albums by the Paul Butterfield Blues Band, which helped educate a generation of rock guitarists and listeners to the possibilities of extended soloing in an electric blues-based context. Though Elektra's current corporate priorities are considerably removed from its independent, low budget beginnings (what would Holzman have done with a Motley Crue on his roster?), label president Bob Krasnow gave producer Lenny Kaye a free hand in programming these tracks. A former critic and guitarist with the Patti Smith Band who previously compiled the legendary *Nuggets* package for Elektra in the early '70s, Kaye contributes thought-provoking and scholarly notes providing a historical perspective on the music as well as a track-by-track analysis. Both sets are attractively boxed.

The four record *Bleecker and MacDougal* is the more comprehensive and essential of the two. Paxton ("I Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm Bound") and Ochs ("Love Me I'm A Liberal") are each given full sides culled from their albums of the mid-'60s. Collins has four songs to herself, including her pristine version of Bob Dylan's "Daddy You've Been On My Mind." Fred Neil, perhaps the most genuinely soulful of the white folk-blues singers of the '60s, penned the title track and three other haunted heartbreak city dispatches that, in retrospect, put the more derivative competition to shame. Of the Josh White tracks, the most cogent is his satirical rap on "Free and Equal Blues," although "One Meatball" maintains a certain entertainment value. Anglo traditionalists are represented by Tom Paley and Peggy Seeger. Tom Rush, Dave Van Ronk and Geoff Muldaur (with Dylan on piano) also are among those whose work here has stood the test of time reasonably well.

Less fortunate are the Limelites, whose happy banjos and crew-neck harmonies on "If I Had A Hammer" are no more likely to strike fear in the hearts of the world's warmongers than a *Dobie Gillis* rerun, and Glenn Yarbrough, who invests "House of the Rising Sun" with all the carnal knowledge of an AWOL choirboy. Kaye would argue that the inclusion of these more commercially-oriented artists was necessary to fully document the era, and he's right, of course. 20 years down the road, *Bleecker and MacDougal* paints a vivid picture of American folk music self-consciously reinventing itself in answer to the call of the times.

By comparison, the three-record *Crossroads* seems like an afterthought. Kaye does the best he can with what he had to work with, but he's limited by the fact that Elektra under Holzman was far more involved with the Greenwich Village folk scene than any kind of blues, black or white. And so you get two whole sides of Koerner, Ray and Glover doing Leadbelly imitations. These possess a kind of innocent, collegiate charm, but there's really little reason to listen to them instead of the originals. For that matter, why put on Paul Butterfield and Mike Bloomfield before Muddy Waters, Bobby Bland or Cannonball Adderley? Influential as these versions of "Got My Mojo Working," "Pity The Fool" and "Work Song" were among white audiences, few would now claim that they improve on the originals. Yet Butterfield also rates two complete sides to himself. That leaves one side for *Bleecker and MacDougal* folkie spinoffs (Van Ronk, Muldaur, Rush, etc.) and a side shared by the Lovin' Spoonful and Eric Clapton and Powerhouse, featuring Steve Winwood and Jack Bruce. These last tracks are the most compelling stuff here, capturing Clapton in a post-Mayall, pre-Cream period of transition. But in light of the rock guitar epiphanies he would later achieve on *Layla*, they seem slightly tentative, not to mention badly recorded.

Kaye goes on at great lengths in his notes on the subject of "Can A White Man Rama Lama?" in the process mentioning several important artists who aren't here because they recorded for other labels—Johnny Winter, Duane Allman, Canned Heat, Janis Joplin and others (including Robert Plant). He concludes with an American musicologist's theory of relativity: "White plus black equals blues." To which I would add, "Especially if you happen to be black." But even on its own problematic terms as "White Blues," *Crossroads* is inconclusive. (Coming soon on Elektra: compilations of Anglo-American mountain balladry and electric rock in the '60s.)—Rick O'Mitchell

class trio that avoids both cartoonish flamboyancy of the Frankies and the opaque manifestoes of the Smiths. The Bronskis are neither brash nor eloquent, and that's almost their greatest strength, because they manage to convey their world view in terms bald enough to be neither stacy nor sentimentalized. Better than any recording act this side of Tom Robinson, they depict the gay life as not all that different from what we heterosexuals live, at least in terms of hope and heartbreak.

Unfortunately, where Bronski Beat stumbles most damningly is in its music. True, the simple synthesizer pulse the trio favors is a recent descendant of the Euro-disco beat that has been a staple in gay dance clubs, but the Bronskis' almost religious devotion to the form wears thin quickly. Further, the fingernails-on-a-blackboard squeal affected by singer Jimmy inevitably sours what little meolide appeal these songs have in the first place. In all, it seems unlikely that Bronski Beat will last very much longer than this particular phase of pop fashion.

WARMING UP TO THE ICE AGE

John Hiatt

Geffen

By
Craig
Zeller



John Hiatt, who often sounds like an anguished American cousin of Elvis Costello and/or Graham Parker with a yen for bittersweet soul music, has made a series of uneven albums containing both moments to remember and moments to ignore. I've always considered him worth rooting for, which is why it was such a pleasure to hear him turn 1983's ridiculously overlooked *Riding With The King* into a continual triumph. It's also why it's a drag to report that his latest effort to crack the charts, *Warming Up To The Ice Age*, is pretty much of a bust.

Rarely have Hiatt's songs sounded more predictable or unimaginative. And if it isn't the songs letting you down, it's the overdone arrangements or one too many lackluster performances. Numbers like "The Usual" and "I Got A Gun" are noisy messes cluttered with hackneyed Led Zep guitarisms. "The Crunch" is stale, dry R&B, and "Zero House" is a know-nothing number. "Number One Honest Game" has an atmospheric organ but the wandering reggae groove and superfluous backup vocals sink it. For crying out loud, the title cut's a throwaway.

But contrary to what you've just read,

all is not lost. "When We Ran" is affecting when Hiatt conjures up deep regret on the choruses. He's playfully heartbroken on "She Said The Same Things To Me"—no easy feat—and fades the tune out with some warm Philippe Wynne-styled phrasing. Speaking of the Spinners, John and cousin Elvis turn in a very credible cover of "Living A Little, Laughing A Little" that's forcefully tender, building up beautifully. It serves to show that Hiatt hasn't lost the knack altogether, but simply misplaced it for the moment.

SISTERS The Bluebells

Sire

By
J.D.
Considine



One of the most persistent weaknesses besetting British tunesmiths has been the notion that a song is only as good as its setting. True, many a worthy melody has withered on the vine because of an unfortunate arrangement; but there's nothing sadder than finding a perfectly decent single ruined in a pointless attempt to dress it up in the trends of the times. That, sad to say, is what has become of the Bluebells' singles on their debut album. It is a major disappointment.

Should you have any doubts that this is the case, simply compare the versions of either "Everybody's Somebody's Fool" or "I'm Falling" (both of which had been released by Sire prior to *Sisters*, the former on the late '83 EP *The Bluebells*, the latter as a single) to their album versions. In both cases, you'll note that the melodic lines, classic in their '60s-rock simplicity, are downplayed on the album in favor of production devices, with all sorts of gratuitous echo, keyboard color and the like pasted up around the melody. The earlier versions, by contrast, deliver the songs in direct, unobstructed style, with little more than a strumming guitar between the tune and the listener. The message in *Sisters*, then, seems to be, My, aren't we clever lads?

Ah, but if Robert Hodgkins and the other Bluebells were really so clever, they'd know how to make a song and its presentation of a piece, instead of leaving the two in competition. That they managed not to clutter "Cath" and "The Patriot's Game," both also from the EP, ought to count for something, but the fact that these are less examples of the current style than remnants from their singles period suggest that the Bluebells progress is not going to be a happy one.



INNER SPACE MUSIC

By Derk Richardson

They practically have "Made In California" stamped all over them, all those new age albums with their white record jackets graced by pastoral photographs and their impressionistic, eclectic content sparkling with the gently rolling alpha waves of free association. Four years after its founding in 1976, the Palo Alto-based Windham Hill released pianist George Winston's pathfinding *Autumn*, and Will Ackerman's independent label found that it had padded lightly into a vast market. Yuppie baby boomers, perhaps having outgrown Pink Floyd and shied away from the harsher tonalities of most jazz, found their peace in the pretty piano and crystalline guitar solo recordings of Windham Hill. It was "inner space music," an escape from the urban crunch of both the marketplace and rock 'n' roll—blissful, meditative music, a hot tub for the mind.

Philosopher Alan Watts once wrote, "When the critical intellect looks at anything carefully, it vanishes," and more than a few critics and musicians scrutinized the

Windham Hill "sound" and found it to be so much thin air. But as Ackerman's humble entrepreneurial dream came true, his artistic vision focused in different "new acoustic" and one-world music areas. He recorded the dazzling duo of pianist Barbara Higbie and violinist Darol Anger, trumpet/keyboard/electronics alchemist Mark Isham, guitarist Michael Hedges, and distributed an album by steel drum innovator Andy Narell.

Sampler '84 presents selections from eight albums released in the past year, featuring Ackerman, Winston, Isham, guitarist Hedges, plus guitarist Alex de Grassi, pianist Scott Cossu, the exotic fusion band Shadowfax, and Irish folk extrapolators Billy Oskay and Michael O'Domhnaill. It is a fine introduction to the current catalog, representing the label's impeccable production, mastering and pressing, sterling instrumentalists, occasional preciousness and encouragingly widened scope. It's not exactly grits and gravy or hot pickin'-and-a-grinnin', but it's a whole lot more than wallpaper music.

In the meantime, George Winston started his own WH-affiliated Dancing Cat label, and its first two releases are solo acoustic guitar albums of extraordinary beauty. George Cromarty's *Wind In The Heather* hews to the Windham Hill course of original compo-

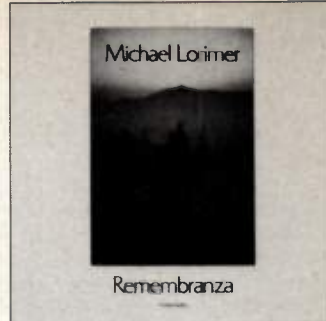
sitions played in a deft improvisational-sounding style. The Monterey guitarist is a stunning technician, lending a classical precision to folk-derived melodies, repetitions and variations—not unlike John Fahey, but without the warp. Michael Lorimer is a heralded protégé of Andres Segovia, and his *Remembranza* is staggering in its precision and grace. Classical pieces by Segovia, Bach, Tarrega, Turina and Villa-Lobos are rendered with elegant clarity. Lorimer's bright formalism is right at home in the ostensibly freer company of the Windham artists.

While Windham Hill's stable is dominated by the impressionism of solo guitar and piano, a few ensembles have nestled under its eaves. *The Dreams of Children* is the third album by Shadowfax, a six-man band of overreaching ethnomusicologists. Their eclectic fusion of European, Latin, Caribbean, African and Eastern influences comes off as artful worldliness, recalling Oregon, Mike Oldfield, John Klemmer and watered-down Jon Hassell water music. The affected musical Esperanto is accessible but a mite too cute. Scott Cossu's *Islands* is at once a more conventional and a more cohesive and pleasing fusion album. Building on his own Jarrett-ish piano and the former Pat Metheny rhythm team of Mark Egan and Danny Gottlieb, Cossu adds superbly

played flutes, violin, French horns, cello, synthesizer and percussion. Subtle production exaggerates the creation of aural space in which it becomes quite soothing to lose your bearings.

Silvia Kohan's *Finally Real* assembles some of the finest talents from the Bay Area's women's music culture and draws upon the songwriting of Joan Armatrading, Jill Rose, Dianne Lindsay and others to give Kohan's husky, showy voice a lush and varied pop/jazz setting for its vinyl debut. Kohan has a dramatic cabaret style delivery, and the LP should draw attention to the arranging, producing and instrumental skills of collaborator Mary Watkins as well.

Country stands not only as the soundtrack to Richard Pearce's film starring Jessica Lange and Sam Shepherd as farmers facing an uphill struggle against nature and the government, but as one of the finest collaborations of Windham Hill artists. With George Winston, Darol Anger, Mark Isham and others playing the stark, dramatic score of Charles Gross, this "incidental" music, now and then overblown in its cinematic grandeur, evokes desolation, frosty prairies and neighborliness. It is mood music of the highest order, advancing the Windham Hill vision. The house on the back cover may look lonely, but the lights are on. ○



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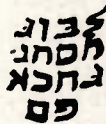
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S I D E

● Needless to say, as I write this in early January the record of the hour, maybe the year even, is **BAND AID's** "Do They Know It's Christmas" b/w "Feed the World" (Columbia), all of the proceeds of which go to those millions starving in Ethiopia. Musically it's not going to win ten zillion Grammys or set the charts on fire, but the humane fact of it bespeaks more than a little in favor of such chic Brits as **BOY GEORGE**, **DURAN DURAN**, **BANANARAMA** and

the long run. Godspeed to the luminaries who comprised Band-Aid.

● Two or three months ago it was rumored that **AFRIKA BAMBAATAA** was going to be cutting a rap jam with Public Image Ltd.'s **JOHN LYDON** (formerly Johnny Rotten of the Sex Pistols for those of you who've been vacationing on Mars for the past 10 years). The result has arrived, a breech birth midwifed (read "produced") by Material, optimist-

Martin Luther King and Lucifer (you get the drift), then you've got the tone of this alarmist ode to the problems of the world today, what with Bambaataa sounding like he'll go down trying to save the planet and Lydon ranting like he'd like to send it off to hell on a handcart—even when they're both rapping the same lines in unison. Which just about sums up the duo's respective feelings towards humanity in general, I suppose.

tech musical machinery out to pasture. Dig also the funkadelic guitar wailing on the track's outchours.

● More black rock from **SHALAMAR** too, on "Amnesia" (Solar), which picks up where 1983's "Dead Giveaway" left off, fusing the Motown and Solar black pop sounds with trendy Eddie Van Halenisms and sporting Howard Hewitt's aggressive crooning style over the top of it all. The month's award for musical revisionism-cum-genre-splicing, however, has to go to **DEVO's** version of Hendrix's "Are You Experienced" (WB), which, besides having given the spuds a chance to slap together probably the whackest video seen on MTV in months, manages to synthesize the flower-power nationalism of the guitar Buddha with Devo's own robotic groove thang. Fact is, it's so weird I don't know whether it's blasphemous or strange-but-beautiful, which is how I guess some folk probably felt when they heard Jimi's "Star Spangled Banner." This ain't hardly so powerful, but the vibe is likewise meant to confuse you as to the true intentions behind the mutha.

● My vote for the two unequivocal throwaway records of the month goes to **DAVID LEE ROTH's** "California Girls" (WB), the first single from his solo EP, and **CYNDI LAUPER's** live "Money Changes Everything" (Portrait), both of which milk two bone-dry veins for all they're worth and come up with only a double-set of zero-charisma vinyl.

● Rap record of the moment? Well, truth to tell it's Bambaataa and Lydon's, of course; but running a close second is **ROCK MASTER SCOTT AND THE DYNAMIC THREE's** "Request Line" (Reality), which raises the genre's braggadocio imperatives to a higher level of egomaniacal splendor by fantasizing a popularity for Scott and the Three so massive the brothers need their own call-in show to handle all the anxious female admirers. Fortunately they bring enough tongue-in-cheek finesse to this conceit to not only make it bearable but to invite comparisons with George Clinton and Bootsy, in one phrase, and August Darnell and Coati Mundi in another.

● **KOOL AND THE GANG's** "Misled" (De-Lite) reminds me of yet another black pop icon altogether, namely Stevie Wonder, circa 1974. Matter of fact, it so reminds me of the Wonderman I got to suspecting that J.T. and the Gang maybe let one of Stevie's grooves from that period—like, say, "Higher Ground"—filter a little too deeply into their (un)conscious memory banks. What say bloods?



Rock Master Scott and the Dynamic Three: Raising rap's braggadocio imperatives to a higher level of egomaniacal splendor

WHAMI than I'd have been willing to concede them in the past. Wouldn't hurt to know what their *individual* contributions to the cause were, but as I've been tardy sending in my own I'm not going to get off on a moral high-horse here. Though critics like to make a big deal out of songs with socially-conscious lyrics—much as they do redeem the mindless dreck surrounding them on the airwaves—discovering that there's actually a potential for pop to be put to some socially beneficial purpose somehow makes you feel all the verbiage we expend hyping the stuff may likewise be of some good to humanity in

cally titled "World Destruction" and credited to **TIME ZONE** (Celluloid). What it sounds like is a nightmarish, nihilistic but celebratory groovefluid cross between the beatbox ethic of Mr. Bambaataa and the *noise noir* aesthetic of Mr. Lydon. If you can imagine a rapprochement between

● On the lighter side of the jukebox comes **DOUGY FRESH** with his claim to fame, "The Original Human Beat Box." And damn if he doesn't prove himself "the real art of noise" too, reproducing synth and drum machine sounds with enough verisimilitude to put more than a few pieces of high-

BY GREG TATE
TRACKS



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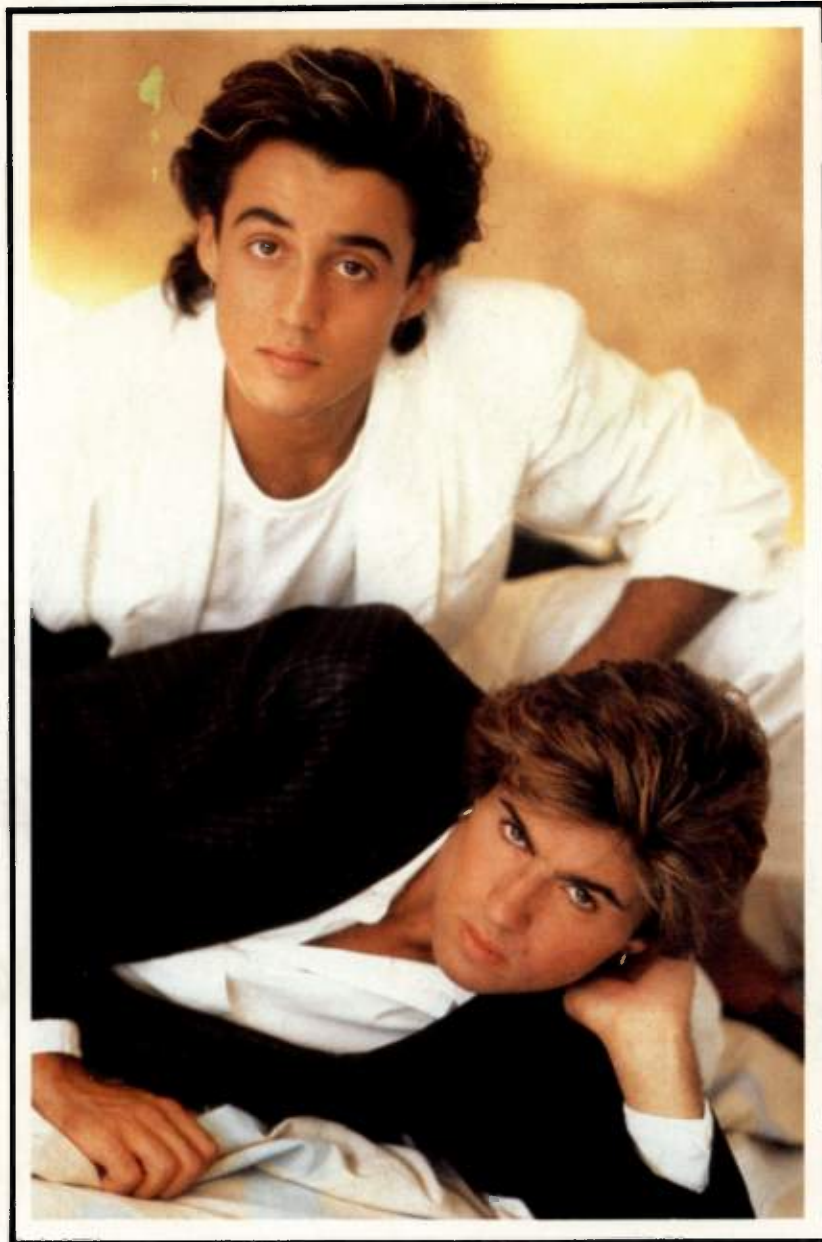
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