

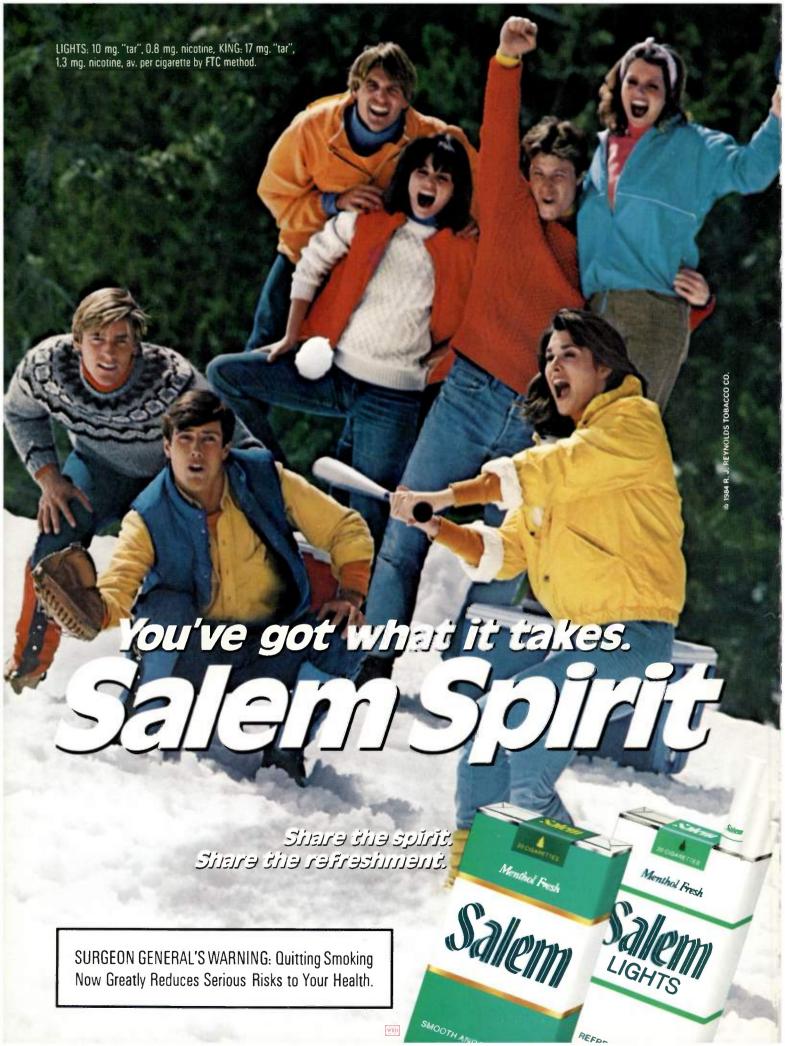
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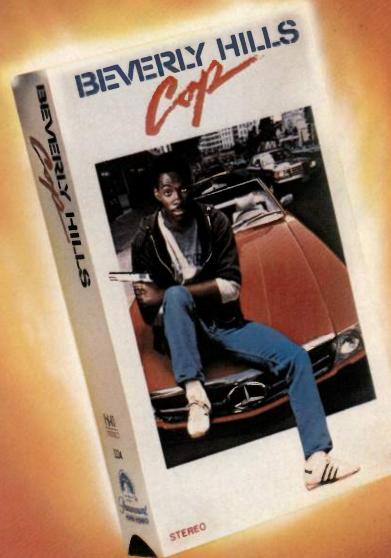
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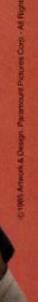
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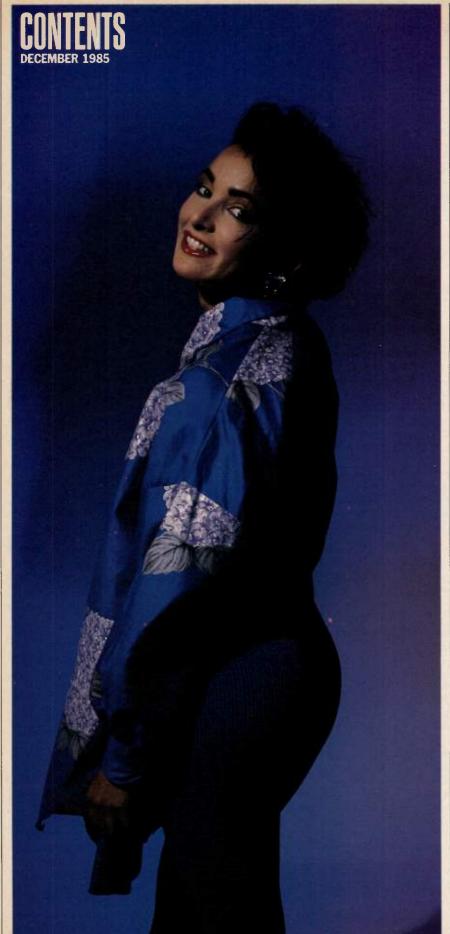
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#### Bryan Adams

20

THE ORDINATION of Bryan Adams: Canada's top rocker makes good south of the border and a three-night stand at Madison Square Garden serves here as his crowning. A look at a day in the life of a guy who is still reckless after a By LAURA FISSINGER

#### Tom Waits

29

THE RECORD INTERVIEW: From Nighthawk to Rain Dog, Tom Waits has undergone a remarkable evolution as a musical artist. In this month's interview, Waits talks about (or around) the method to his madness, and the art of parenting as agriculture. How about another coffee here, pal? Thank you.

By DAVID McGEE

#### Hi-Tech Holiday

A RECORD GUIDE to must-have electronic gizmos and gadgets-audio, video and etc.-for this holiday season.

Photographs by STEVEN MARK NEEDHAM

#### Stevie Ray Vaughan

40

THE RECORD REVIEW: The master of Texas blues, '85 style, does it up right on his new album, Soul to Soul. A look at the guitar herowhose business cards read "Have Guitar, Will Travel"—in rare form. By JOHN SWENSON

#### Chubby Checker

THE MAN who invented "dancing apart" last had a hit single in 1962. That "harmless twitch"—"The Twist"—became the rage and catapulted its promoter to instant and overnight stardom. The British invasion spelled its doom. Since then Chubby Checker has been all over the road, twisting the night away, trying to get back on the radio.

By JON BOWERMASTER

#### RECORD 0 N

Chatting with Jane Wiedlin; On Stage with Sting; Ziggy Marley; Sheila E. in fine form; cheers for Frank Zappa, jeers for Miami Vice . 7

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#### WHOSE BENEFIT?

I CAN'T BELIEVE STANLEY MIESES had to dump on the groups that played their songs that we wanted to hear at the Live Aid concert (Keynotes, October RECORD). No one went or watched expecting to hear songs about famine in Africa! We know why the musicians were there and why they were singing. And as for Duran Duran singing "A View To A Kill," give them credit for not singing "Hungry Like The Wolf"!

**CINDY SLANEY** Westbrook, ME

#### MUSIC IN AMERICA

IT WAS A NOBLE CAUSE—BUT A cheap trick. Congratulations on your cover story on American music (October REC-ORD). But shame on you for trying to sell it with a cover photo of Bruce Springsteen, but no Springsteen-related material inside. Surely your decision of which U.S. cities to focus your story on was difficult. I am surprised, however, that you neglected the musically-rich city of Boston. From J. Geils, Aerosmith and the Cars to Mission of Burma, the Del Fuegos, and 'til tuesday, Beantown has always been a hotbed of activity. A report on the scene there would surely have unveiled an abundance of unsigned talent, including the Lyres, Scruffy the Cat, the Turbines, Blackjacks and Dogmatics.

> **GREG REIBMAN** Dallas, TX

GREG REIBMAN IS A FORMER EDITOR of Boston Rock magazine

I REALLY ENJOYED THE "MUSIC IN America" issue and appreciated your coverage of the new (or old) music that is largely being overlooked. Few people are aware of the abundant talent that can be found in the five towns featured in the October REC-ORD, and also in other places like Boston, parts of North Carolina, Atlanta and Athens. Careful research, however, would have avoided an error in Christopher Hill's article about X ("X . . . And Why") in that same issue. Adam's sin was not sex, as Hill states, but disobedience. A minor point, perhaps, but it is precisely this sort of innocent mistake that perpetuates errant stereotypes about Christians (i.e., that they think sex as an entity is bad).

> MIKE MILLNER Athens, GA

WHO IS THIS ALMOST SLIM ANYways, saying New Orleans music is Dixieland jazz, R&B and old blues ("The Past Recaptured in the Fertile Crescent," October RECORD)? Why didn't he mention a few clubs, such as Jimmys, Tylers and Andy Capps? Everybody in America knows about our food and our jazz music. This was a chance to inform them of the hardcore scene that's happening here, the good rock bands that never get mentioned and a great college radio station, WTUL-FM. Slim blew it with his jambalaya, "When The Saints Go Marching In" and brass band crap. This might be Slim's New Orleans, but my New Orleans rocks!

**EDWIN LEE KEY** Metairie, LA

#### STUNG

IN THE SPOTLIGHT SECTION OF REC-ORD's September issue, Steve Bloom refers to Sting's mid-'70s group as Last Exit. In fact, the group was Lost Exit. Needless to say, the rest of the piece, as well as the Sting interview in that issue, was greatly appreciated. I applaud Mr. Sumner for having the guts to do something different. His Dream of the Blue Turtles is a refreshing, and much needed, antidote to the headache of Top 40.

**KEVIN TRIEBSCH** 

Boontown, MO

#### **COME AGAIN?**

PLEASE TRY TO GET SOME CURRENT information on the rock band Paul Revere & the Raiders. They appeared on network TV six times this summer (twice on NBC's Our Time and four times on ABC's summer replacement series, Rock 'n' Roll Summer Action) and they were great. Since that time, though, I am at a loss as to what the band is doing or where they are. I'm sure many people out there are feeling the same way and a story in your publication would be very informative.

> **DIANE POST** Branchville, NJ

PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS ARE forever! The rest are just passing through! **GAYLE MILLER** Houston, TX

PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS STILL play the concert circuit, and Paul himself is now a rich man, having had the foresight to stash his pennies in the right place back when he was sorta relevant. Bear in mind, however, that these Raiders are hardly the originals, and that any configuration of PR&TR minus vocalist Mark Lindsey ishow do you say it in English?—for the birds. For that matter, Mark Lindsey was never the same after he cut off his ponytail. When all is said and done, the only Raiders worth watching play football in Los Angeles.

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# On Record

MUSICAL NOTES & PIECES



#### **CHATTING**

#### Jane Wiedlin

otta sing," cried Jane Wiedlin. "Gotta leave," responded the Go-Go's. So following the fall '84 tour, cofounder Wiedlin packed her sorrows in a sack and left the quintet. Four months later, the band itself was history, but by that time its former guitarist/ songwriter was well into her first solo album, assisted by the Los Angeles MOR brigade (producers Bill Payne, Russ Kunkel and George Massenburg and manager Peter Asher). The final product, nevertheless, bears little similarity either to adult contemporary rock or to the rampant silliness of most post-adolescent female singers. It's primarily a weighty, somber meditation on love in the nuclear age, with vocals mixed right out front. Cracking open the world's soggiest fortune cookie to learn that "a new opportunity will soon come your way," Wiedlin pauses to consider the opportunities gone by, as well as those of the future.

Record: It's a moot point with the Go-Go's defunct, but wouldn't it have been possible to realize your vocal ambitions within the group?

Wiedlin: The other girls were frustrated, too, with all the bubbly, teenage innocence stuff. They felt there was more to the group than that, but they were afraid to change. I did ask each member if I could sing, and they all said fine, but when it came down to it, they backed out rather than tamper with the power structure of the band. I was a songwriter, and they didn't

want one person to have that and vocals, too. It was too much power. I sympathized, but I couldn't agree.

Record: Did leaving afflict you with the usual fear and loathing? Wiedlin: It was complicated. There was this enormous sense of relief to be out of the horrible things that were happening, but at the same time there was this sense of throwing away years of work, a pretty good income and a certain amount of fame in one fell swoop. The song "My Traveling Heart" on the new album is about that feeling of finding myself unhappy and having nothing else to give to everybody, but at the same time feeling I'm betraying people who were once my friends ("our time together/I lose my sense of me/all I see/is my traveling heart"). I guess the others thought I was an egotistical traitor, but I thought it was ridiculous to stay and be unhappy.

popped up at anti-nuclear rallies with an acoustic guitar. How much did the desire to deal with serious political or social issues figure in your decision to go it alone?

Wiedlin: I can be as silly as the next person, of course, but the way the band interacted best was being clowns. Toward the end I think the group got a little more comfortable about expressing opinions; nobody shackled me. Now I'm obviously freer to be more intimate and personal and radical. I can also write songs that span more than one octave. I certainly didn't leave the Go-Go's to release album after album of pop trash because people don't want to deal with being afraid.

Record: The solo LP is laced with references to running away, drifting in lieu of com-

### On Record

mitment, living out of time and place. Where does it come from?

Wiedlin: Purely and simply, writing is a catharsis. When I left the band, for a few months I had those unhappy feelings. Who wanted to be happy? I hung on to the unhappiness while it lasted, and that made me feel like writing. It's all out on record now; I think I'll be more of a goofball again.

**Record:** How did L.A.'s finest fit into this picture?

Wiedlin: A month after I left the band, I called Peter Asher to ask him to manage me. We had interviewed him when I was with the Go-Go's and I had been impressed. He knew George and Billy and they contacted me. I wasn't interested in making (an L.A. record), but as technicians and musicians, they are super, and they wanted more than anything to break out of the adult contemporary trap, and my vision was an opportunity for them to do so.

**Record:** You've just completed your film debut (as the singing telegram girl in *Clue*, with Tim Curry and Michael McKean). Have you merely traded one zoo for another?

Wiedlin: I'm in my mid-20s, but I feel like an old pro in the music industry. What's exciting about movies, even though it's a complete jungle, is doing something where I don't have the slightest idea what that is. They tell me not to talk about my age. I'm already shut out of parts for being too short, I don't want them to think I'm too old. You would not believe the moronic mentality of some casting people. I suppose I'll have movie folks hating me now as well.

**Record:** In our July '84 cover story on the Go-Go's, you appear defensive about the band's problems. Now you don't seem so concerned about rocking the boat a little.

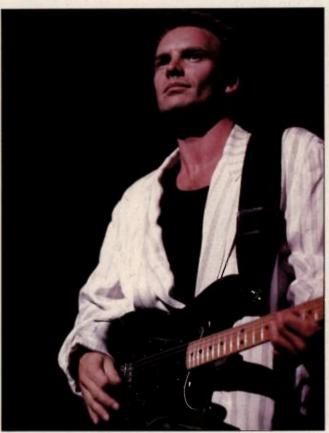
wiedlin: I don't want to be phony, but I know I never wanted to crawl in and see a writer's dirty laundry or ask if a writer's happy with his wife. That's what they do. Everything I say now, I don't know how it'll read in print. I might have more ene-

mies than ever. Actually, after two years of very shaky friendships, I'd like to think I'll wind up better friends with everyone I shared that history with. There's a lot to do now. Like the fortune cookie says, a new opportunity is coming. But the way I see it, it already has.

-Mark Mehler

#### ON STAGE

#### Sting, Where is Thy Depth?



re you wet?" Mighty Sting coyly queried his adoring school-girl throng, screaming for his sensitive touch in vain. "Between my legs, Sting," I cooed, captivated by this blonde Hannibal's charm, panache and noble support for oppressed minorities such as coal miners, jazz musicians, starving Ethiopians and vampires. No empty hunk he (but no intimacy), and though thousands swooned in the bask of his croon, his credo stood firm: "Don't stand so close to me."

For all Gordon Sumner's smarts and outreach, rarely has this much talent been so muddled in contradictions. The awshucks boyishness of this

anglo-Mack The Knife's stage presence could not shade his self-defeating mania for control. Instead of magic, Sting's calculated three-card-monte schtick undercut a powerful, happy stage show, engaging enough to occasionally animate even the puerile material that studded his double-platinum Blue Turtle like so many tacky rhinestones.

How else does one explain Sting's much-bruited search for the best "jazz" musicians money can buy; his manifestoes on expanding the intelligence quotient in rock; an amphitheatre stage setting which literally put his collaborators on a pedestal; and the incredibly short leash he

kept them on. All dressed up with no place to go, they allow Sting to bask in their black, brown and beige glow, sometimes taking off the training wheels to cruise without reference to vocals, leading to highlights like "When The World Is Running Down," which came closest to the kind of jazz/R&B feeling Sting professes to seek-and so routinely achieves with Stewart and Andy. On a long coda to "Brimstone and Treacle," cowbell virtuoso Branford Marsalis' snaking saxophone improv brought things to a near-polytonal catharsis, culminating in a furious drumskeyboard dialogue between Omar Hakim and Kenny Kirkland that encouraged Sting to drop postures and Stratocaster in favor of his upright bass for a brief, swinging hint of where this band might have taken the music.

Sting's problem is he wants it both ways. Everything he sees he wants to possess, yet if you love somebody set them free. So on his didactic new tunes, his keening vocals modulate smartly over chord changes, while the band gets to solo over redundant modes, separate but equal; and his jazz-blues material doesn't depict a communal ensemble, but a patronizing fusion showpiece for an itinerant skiffle player. Just when you think he's really about to go crazy, he'll slam on the brakes—all that jazz power is wasted italicizing great songs like "Every Breath You Take" with superfluous artrock bluster. And when his priest-in-vampire's-vestments lamely struggles "with my instincts in the pale moonlight" and you're about to lose your lunch, he'll slip in something human and genuinely felt and cross you up. Difficult to love, impossible to hate, toying diffidently with his great talent, Sting confounds your expectations while fulfilling his.

Pity, because for all the pathos, Sting's blues are a put-on, ambition on the make. For all the reach there's not much grasp. Police don't go, 'cause then we'll ask, O Sting, where is thy depth?

—Chip Stern

ARRY BUSACCA / RETNA LI

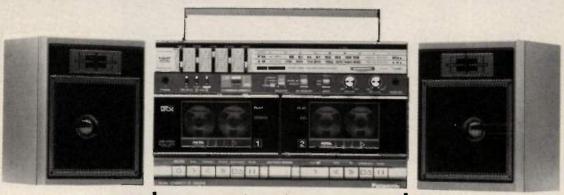
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# On Record

#### **GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC HALLS**

#### Asbury Park's Stone Pony



A CERTAIN ENGLISHMAN DOES THE PONY

913 Ocean Avenue Asbury Park, NJ

The Stone Pony could be known as "The House That Bruce Built," but it isn't. That's because Pony regulars have this unspoken code not to advertise that the club is Bruce Springsteen's favorite haunt, lest he never show up and jam again. (As if the whole world doesn't already know this poorly-kept secret.)

Springsteen spent the winter of '83 playing every Sunday night with Cats, the house band, and along with the E Street Band, unofficially opened the Born in the U.S.A. tour there last year. Almost singlehandedly, Springsteen revived the Pony, which had been suffering from a bad case of Top 40-ism. Now the club books only national acts and Shore outfits like La Bamba and the Hub Caps, fronted by Richie "La Bamba" Rosenberg, ex- of the Miami Horns.

Before the Springsteen con-

nection, the Stone Pony was the home of Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes (as a sign on the club's roof once boasted). The Boss would be in the audience, but it was the Jukes who played the club three nights a week, culminating

with a legendary live radio concert there in 1976 to celebrate their recording contract. Old timers will tell you those were the glory days. Even so, there have been more Ponycultivated artists to score record deals in the last three years than at any time before. John Eddie, Glen Burtnick, and Bill Chinnock are the latest. John Cafferty and Beaver Brown, Bon Jovi, and even Pittsburgh-based Norman Nardini can thank the club for the exposure and fan support.

The Pony is proud of its rich heritage. Photos of Springsteen and band, the Jukes, Gary U.S. Bonds, and hordes of lesser-known Jersey Shore musicians grace the club's walls. The Pony holds 554; in the summer, that number usually doubles.

That's the good news. The bad news is that due to a massive re-development program slated for Asbury Park, the Pony's future is uncertain. The owners say no one from the city has yet approached them about re-locating. But the plans at City Hall show a giant condo sketched in where the Pony now stands. Is this what they call progress?

-Robert Santelli

#### ON FILM

#### 'Crossover Dreams'

n Crossover Dreams, Panamanian salsa star Ruben Blades portrays Rudy Veloz, a Puerto Rican musician in New York who hopes to beat it out of the Barrio to big time pop-stardom. While "crossing over" is currently regarded in the music business as an unalloyed good, Crossover Dreams vividly depicts the personal and ethical cost ethnic (and, by extension, underground) artists sometimes must pay for pursuing this distinctly American vision of happiness.

Frustrated by years of long gigs and little money, Veloz makes his move after witnessing

RUBEN BLADES STARS IN CROSSOVER DREAMS the lonely funeral of his salsa idol, who never broke out of the Nuyorican club circuit. "I've seen my future in that church," he confides to his trumpet player, "it looks like *shit*." Veloz pens a catchy bit of Latin-flavored pop dreck with English lyrics (wittily titled "Good for Baby"), which leads to a record contract. From this point, writers Leon Ichaso (who also directed) and



ROBERTS (TOP)

# Alive with pleasure! New Month of the second second



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## On Record

Manuel Arce lay it on thick, though powerfully. His head swollen by Anglo success and mighty doses of toot, Veloz dumps his intensely devoted Puerto Rican girl-friend and fires his trumpet player, who was also his best friend. He abandons the Barrio for a loft downtown and threesomes in the tub with skinny white girls.

Unfortunately, despite every conceivable commercial com-

promise, the record bombs. The record company decides Latin pop wasn't such a good idea after all and drops Veloz. "You're through there, and you're through here," an exfriend from the Barrio tells him, and Veloz nearly descends to running drugs before finding his way back to the neighborhood and the music that nurtured him.

Blades, whose Buscando America was an important cross-

over LP in 1984, proves to be a forceful screen presence in this debut—this won't be the last you see of him. In a satisfying contrast between cinema and fact. Blades' own career epitomizes the integrity and political sense required to make crossover dreams a meaningful reality—not the nightmare of alienation and identity loss this movie details and soundly rejects.

—Anthony DeCurtis

us being out there so early," Sharon explains. "But our mother decided, and we went into the studio and the children played."

"Even before we recorded our first single," Ziggy concurs, "he really didn't want us to do it. He wanted us to go to school first. Our mother also feels, education first, no matter what. And that's what we're doing. We can do no shows during school time unless it's really necessary. After we all finish school we can go march on the world, including the United States of America."

In school, the Marleys say, they are treated just like anybody else. "I am a regular student," Ziggy insists. And they play down the fact they are the the children of Bob and Rita Marley and the impact that has on their careers. "If the music is good," says Ziggy somewhat dogmatically, "people listen. You can't expect that just because we are the children of superstars that we're going to go out there and make a million dollars or be on all the book covers in the world. It takes time. And if we make good music, that's good. No matter who we are. Bob Marley wasn't Bob Marley at first. He had to make his name. If we weren't the children of Bob Marley, we'd have to make our name.'

But try as they might to deny it, they are under special pressure for being their father's children. Cedella, who with an angular, straightened coif seems the trendiest of the group, fesses

#### **NEW ARTISTS**

#### **Melody Makers: Just Folks**



THE MELODY MAKERS: ZIGGY MARLEY MUST BE ABOUT HIS FATHER'S BUSINESS

n November 3, 1984, during a performance of the reunited Wailers at the Universal Ampitheatre in Los Angeles, 16-year-old David Robert Nesta "Ziggy" Marley emerged from the wings wearing his father's denim jacket and carrying an acoustic guitar. In a voice hauntingly reminiscent of his father's, he performed a solo version of "Redemption Song" and then proceeded to lead the Wailers through the rest of their set. This is clearly one young man who isn't shy about following in his father's footsteps. Even when the footsteps are as large as those of Bob Marley.

Sitting around a large table with his sisters Cedella and

Sharon and his younger brother Steven, Ziggy speaks candidly and confidently about the responsibilities and pressures that face the four Marley offspring and their band, the Melody Makers. "My father was a messenger." he says. "We're carrying on his work. And not just because of him. Because it also needs to be done."

"It's our legacy," says Sharon. At 21, Sharon is the oldest of the Melody Makers, and the only one for whom music doesn't take a back seat to school. She is married, and just began working in a bank. "We want to continue his work," she adds, "as well as it's expected of us." Ironically, the elder

Marley himself never expected it nor wholeheartedly encouraged it. "Bob wasn't in tune for

#### THUMBS UP

#### Zappa: Voice of Reason

couple of Thumbs Up this month to Frank Zappa for his spirited defense in the issue of the world vs. rock lyrics. Zappa has offered eloquent rebuttal before Congress, and delivered a well-considered keynote address to industry members attending the New Music Seminar in New York in late September. And in case you haven't heard, Zappa's set up an information bank that you can call to get the lowdown on the censorship issue—call 818-PUMPKIN and you'll be sent, free, a mess of documents outlining the issues and the various sides' positions. Read, decide and then tell your congressperson what you think.

# THUMBS DOWN Miami Lice

ach and every day MTV proves that when television climbs into bed with rock music, only the basest instincts of each medium will be served. Case in point: Miami Vice, the idiot NBC shoot 'em up whose pronounced conceit is that rock and violent acts make comfortable bedfellows. Starring the pathetic duo of Don Johnson and Philip Michael Thomas, neither of whom can act his way out of a wet paper bag, Vice is prime fodder for the PMRC and every other rock hater in the country. As if that weren't enough. rock-and-violence shows have suddenly popped up all over the tube, television being such a hotbed of creativity. They all stink. To Miami Vice, its screwhead stars and their Versace suits, and the artists who have lent and will lend their songs to the show, the big pastel raspberry.

up. "People look to you for certain things. You're required to hold a certain standard. People are just waiting for us to slip. As if we're not human because we're Marleys. You're expected to wear your hair in locks, long skirts, head tie. But other people understand that we're human and that we're teenagers. And teenagers like to experiment with different things."

"We don't look on ourselves as being Marleys," adds Ziggy, "but as being people."

—John Leland

#### THE GLAMOROUS LIFE

#### The Sheila E. Coverup

omewhere I read that Sheila E. was fed up with the lingerie look, yet here she is wearing a lacey white outfit that is "dressed to kill" defined. Snuggled in a lounge chair, legs crossed, The Glamorous One is watching the "A Love Bizarre" video in the record company conference room. "I never said I wasn't going to wear lingerie." she explains. "Just that I would be a little more covered up in the future"—clearly referring to her long-sleeved jacket, and not those fabulous, uncovered legs.

With a new album (Romance 1600), several new videos, and a movie that she's starring in (Krush Groove) either just out or about to be released, Sheila E. is cutting a

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### On Record

**TOP 50 ALBUMS** 

4

BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits (WB)

BORN IN THE U.S.A.

SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR

Tears for Fears (Mercury)

DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES Sting (A&M)

Bruce Springsteen (Col)

GREATEST HITS, VOLS. I & II Billy Joel (Col)

RECKLESS Bryan Adams (A&M)

NO JACKET REQUIRED

WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston (Arista)

HEART Heart (Capitol)

SCARECROW

Phil Collins (Atlantic)

THEATRE OF PAIN
Motley Crüe (Elektra)

John Cougar Mellencamp (Polydor)

AROUND THE WORLD IN A DAY

Prince and the Revolution (WB)

EMERGENCY
Kool & the Gang (De-Lite)

INVASION OF PRIVACY

BACK TO THE FUTURE Soundtrack (MCA)

**WORLD WIDE LIVE** 

Scorpions (Mercury)

LOVIN' EVERY MINUTE Loverboy (Col)

Ratt (Atlantic)

LITTLE CREATURES
Talking Heads (Sire)

LIKE A VIRGIN Madonna (WB)

MAKE IT BIG Wham! (Col)

14

15

18

19

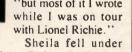
20

high profile these days. Conceptually, she says, Romance 1600 was inspired by the film Amadeus: "I just loved the costumes and all the wild partying." But musically, it's more of the same—a predictable followup to last year's The Glamorous Life LP. Less predictable, however, is "Holly Rock," one of several numbers she per-

They met in 1978 when Prince and Santana were recording in the same Bay Area studio. At the time, Escovedo père was in the Santana band and Sheila was living at the family's Oakland home, where, she recalls, "There was all kinds of music and musicians around. Tito Puente even diapered me!"

Prince became famous and

didn't forget his Mexican friend. After recording two Latin-jazz albums with her father, Sheila toured as a percussionist with Gaye and Richie. Riding the commercial success of 1999. Prince invited her to Minneapolis, where she recorded and filmed "The Glamorous Life" with a band made up primarily of her father, brothers and sisters. And though critics detected Prince's lyrical signature, E. insists she penned all the material · · Prince herself. helped out," she adds, "but most of it I wrote



**BOY IN THE BOX** Corey Hart (EMI-America)

SACRED HEART Ronnie James Dio (WB)

WHO'S ZOOMIN' WHO Aretha Franklin (Arista)

**HUNTING HIGH & LOW** A-Ha(WB)

SECRET OF ASSOCIATION Paul Young (Col)



SHIELA E., CAUGHT IN A COMPROMISING POSITION ON STAGE

forms in Krush Groove. It's a def rap that owes more to James Brown than to Kurtis Blow.

Sheila E.'s Holly in Krush Groove is the object of desire of two brothers, one of whom is played by Run of Run-D.M.C. (né Joey Simmons). Sheila falls for Run in the film, which has been hyped as "the Purple Rain of rap." Asked if she was required to pose in compromising positions, a la Appolonia. Sheila smiles. "Well, there is a love scene," she confesses.

Surprisingly, Sheila is less guarded in discussing her reallife love, Prince Rogers Nelson. They talk everyday by phone, and play each other their latest taped musical creations. He is clearly her mentor, one of a long list of male influences in her life. (George Duke, Lionel Richie, Marvin Gaye, and her father, Pete Escovedo, are prominent on that list, too.)

Prince's spell, dropping her last name in favor of the initial, and completely altering her appearance. Suddenly, she was glamorous. I remind Sheila of her pre-Prince life by producing a copy of her Solo Two LP, which features an Afro-ed, leisuresuited Sheila with Dad on the cover. "I look so old," she says, somewhat unsettled by the image of her former self. "I can't believe I looked like that." And she says she doesn't even own a copy of the now outof-print album.

"In a way I miss it," she concedes about her jazz-playing past. "When I do have a few days off I've been going home and jamming with my father around Oakland. Hopefully, in a couple of years I'll be able to do a Latin-jazz album and just play." But for sexy Sheila, the glamorous life will just have to -Steve Bloom do for now.

	THE RESERVE TO SHARE THE PARTY OF THE PARTY
26	CONTACT Pointer Sisters (RCA)
27	ROCK ME TONIGHT Freddie Jackson (Capitol)
28	READY FOR THE WORLD Ready for the World (MCA)
29	BE YOURSELF TONIGHT Eurythmics (RCA)
30	SEVEN WISHES Night Ranger (MCA)
31	ST. ELMO'S FIRE Soundtrack (Atlantic)
32	33 1/3 Power Station (Capitol)
33	NERVOUS NIGHT Hooters (Col)
34	LIVE AT THE APOLLO Hall & Oates (RCA)
35	NO LOOKING BACK Michael McDonald (WB)
36	YOUTHQUAKE Dead or Alive (Epic)
37	LISA LISA & CULT JAM Lisa Lisa & Cult Jam (Col)
38	LITTLE BAGARIDDIM UB40 (A&M)
39	FABLES OF RECONSTRUCTION R.E.M. (I.R.S.)
40	FAT BOYS ARE BACK Fat Boys (Sutra)
41	THE FAMILY The Family (WB)
42	SUDDENLY Billy Ocean (Arista)
43	DIAMOND LIFE Sade (Epic)
44	ROMANCE 1600 Sheila E. (WB)
45	PATTI Patti Labelle (MCA)
46	WIDE AWAKE IN AMERICA U2 (Island)
17	OLD WAYS

compiled by Street Pulse Group

Top 50 Album chart researched and

50

Neil Young (Geffen)

THE NIGHT I FELL IN LOVE

Luther Vandross (Epic)

DREAM INTO ACTION Howard Jones (Elektra)

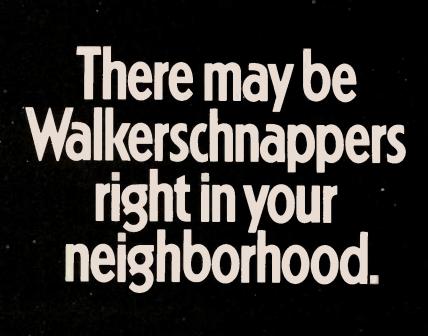
MASK OF SMILES
John Waite (EMI-America)

#### **TOP 20 MUSIC VIDEO SALES**

- PRINCE AND THE REVOLUTION LIVE Prince and the Revolution Warner Home Video
- 2 TINA LIVE, PRIVATE DANCER TOUR Tina Turner Sony Video 45
- 3 CARS LIVE
  Cars
  Vestron Home Video
- 4 MADONNA
  Madonna
  Warner Home Video
- 5 AIN'T THAT AMERICA
  John Cougar Mellenamp
  RCA/Columbia
- 6 BOB MARLEY: LEGEND Bob Marley RCA/Columbia
- ACIDC: FLY ON THE WALL ACIDC Warner Home Video
- BRITISH ROCK: THE FIRST WAVE Various Artists RCA/Columbia
- 9 SADE Sade CBS/Fox
- 10 PHIL COLLINS LIVE AT PERKINS PALACE Phil Collins Thorn-EMI
- 11 WE ARE THE WORLD Various Artists RCA/Columbia
- 12 COMPLEAT AL Weird Al Yankovic CBS/Fox
- 13 MAD DOGS & ENGLISHMEN
  Joe Cocker
  RCA/Columbia
- 14 READY STEADY GO, VOL. III Various Artists
  Thorn-EMI
- 15 GRATEFUL DEAD MOVIE Grateful Dead Monterey USA
- 16 RICK SPRINGFIELD: BEAT OF A LIVE DRUM Rick Springfield RCA/Columbia
- 17 PURPLE RAIN
  Prince
  Warner Home Video
- 18 DUCK ROCK Malcolm McLaren RCA/Columbia
- 19 INTO THE GAP LIVE Thompson Twins RCA/Columbia
- 20 FROM A WASTELAND ... Frankie Goes to Hollywood RCA/Columbia

\*Denotes new entry.

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



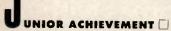


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### **Pipe Dreams and Sweet Dreams**

Rappin'
Rick Rubin
and his
Def Jam Records
stay a step
ahead of
the trends

BY STANLEY MIESES



When I was in college, I got a job booking the musical acts for the weekend coffee house the school sponsored, and I remember once this rag-tag group approached us for a gig. They displayed a good command of the blues material that was the rage of that moment and they also had a pretty decent handle on some Yardbirds material. I liked them and I remember even having a pipe dream once

about managing them and leading them to a career of megastardom. It was probably at that point I turned out the light in my dorm room and went to sleep, and about five years later I woke up to discover that Aerosmith had done just fine without me. Oh well.

Rick Rubin will never have to shrug off that sort of missed opportunity because he never turned out the light on his pipe dream. Out of a dormitory room at New York University—a dorm room he occupied for several months following his graduation this past summer—Rubin put together a record label called Def Jam with an artist roster of local New York rappers that proved to be so successful that CBS Records paid attention and, two weeks after Rubin's operation was finally bounced from the dorm, signed Def



RICK RUBIN: HEAVY METAL FAN TURNED RAP ENTREPRENEUR

Jam to a major distribution deal.

Rubin, whose partner is rap entrepreneur Russell Simmons (he manages just about everyone who can put a rhyming couplet together in front of a hard-core funk beat, including Run-D.M.C.), now has a promising artist roster including the Beastie Boys; L.L. Cool Jay, a straight-ahead rapper; the Junkyard Band, a Go-Go group from Washington, D.C., comprised of kids from the ages of 10 to 15 (and they can sing!); Jam Master Jay, one of the members of Run-D.M.C., taking a solo turn; and they are beginning to branch out, looking at a female R&B singer named Ta'shaan, a heavy metal band called Slayer, and are negotiating to sign Devo as well. Rick Rubin, everyone should be reminded, is 22 years old.

Rubin started out, predictably, as a lover of music. Unpredictably, he says his favorite music in high school was hard-corewhite hard-core, as in skinhead, slam dancing, etc. "I grew up on Long Island and you can't grow up there without being a heavy metal fan," says Rubin, in the Def Jam office in lower Manhattan's fashionable Soho district. "The high school I went to was racially mixed and it turned out that the black kids in my school were into music I found much more exciting and accessible than what the white kids were listening to. White kids were into Led Zeppelin, the Stones, the Who-groups that were easy to like but rarely toured, so there was no energy you could be involved with, whereas the black kids were always waiting for the next record

OTO BY CHRIS GARNHAM

to come out by groups you could actually go and see, mostly rap and scratch music, which was just beginning to happen. To me, rap music was a lot like hard-core except that white kids never quite got a scene together for that music and black kids accepted their own version of hard-core and they supported it. And I did, too."

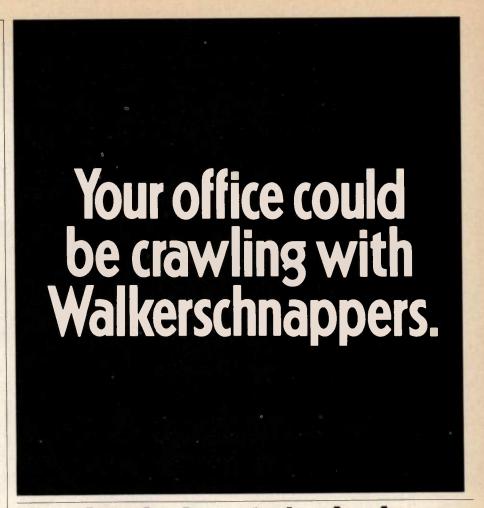
Later, at NYU, Rubin heard a Run-D.M.C. record and thought, "I could do this better." and went out on his own and produced a record called "It's Yours," by T. Rock and Jazzy Jay. "It was a hard-core rap record," Rubin recalls. "It didn't have any 'music.' It was the streetest." It also drew the attention of producer Arthur Baker, who bought the record from Rick for more money that he ever imagined he'd make on it. Still working out of a tiny dorm room, "filled with records and garbage." Rubin ran into Russell Simmons at a party. Simmons was stunned to learn this white boy had made what was then considered to be a record at the cutting edge of rap. They became partners.

"We found that we both liked and disliked the same things in music except that we came to it from different directions," says Rubin. "Russell likes beat-oriented material derived from R&B, and I like beat-oriented material based in rock, like AC/DC and Aerosmith. In either case, it was dance music that was a reaction against boring disco. We wanted to establish the beat, and I think the beat mentality is going to catch on. Listen to a record like 'Shout,' which went all the way to number one. The melody wasn't important. The beat was."

While some people may feel that rap is a trend that will play itself out—so far, though, it hasn't—major labels are investing in this trend while it's still hot. Notes Rubin: "I don't think the music has attracted the major labels, but I do think the number of sales does. I can't imagine that the executives of Atlantic Records sit around listening to AC/DC either, but I'm sure they're happy the group sells eight million copies of a record. Most record companies are not in the music business—they're in the banking business."

In coming to terms with a major label, Rubin realizes that a change is gonna come. "If we want our artists to grow beyond what we've got, if you want to have real stars instead of short-term success, you've got to go this route. To get the Beastie Boys over, for example, is not easy. They're a white group playing new rock 'n' roll and rapping at the same time, so that's going to take a lot of money in promotion and a lot of money for a video to get them out there. We had to take the next step because we really want to develop great artists and we want to work with other great artists. There's no other way."

For more on the Rick Rubin/Russell Simmons story, watch for the movie Krush Groove, in which Rubin and Simmons play themselves, doing what they do. Rubin's not thrilled with the movie, though, claiming "it was good strong stuff [cont. on 56]





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### t's a Mirage

A moderately priced synthesizer with a little something for everyone

BY MIKE SHEA

oes anyone remember when sophisticated synthesizers were a big-ticket purchase pretty much outside most struggling musicians' ability to pay? Seems hard

to believe now, what with every bar band and street band bolstering their raucousness with the sweet strains of held and sampled sounds. Well, take note: there's a new kid in town, moderately priced at \$1,695, that's almost a perfect synth for musicians of all stripes, be they established or struggling pros, or simply serious amateurs.

Why almost? Consider what the Mirage can and cannot do. For one, it's like most synthesizers in its ability to shape or change various parameters of a sound, then transpose it in pitch across a keyboard (five octaves here). And like most samplers, this one starts with a "snapshot." or wave sample, of a real sound, which automatically changes as the musician moves across the keyboard. Unlike most synths, though, the Mirage performs both of these functions at once. So instead of changing the parameters of fixed internal waveforms (as is the case with most normal synths) or being stuck with your recorded sound (a la most samplers) the Mirage can synthesize or build upon real sounds.

The Mirage actually utilizes two wave-



THIS SIMPLE SYNTH BOASTS EIGHT MULTI-LAYERED VOICES

samples at once. Hit a key and each of the two wave samples plays. Identical samples result in flanging or chorusing effects; two different samples produce various mixing and layering effects. The unit's internal memory can accommodate up to 16 wave samples of very short duration, but these can also be looped (have their ends connected to their beginnings) for virtually endless sustain (or, more accurately, for as long as the musician holds down a key).

As for nuts-and-bolts operation, the buttons on the control panel are multi-functional, while an alphanumeric display showing letters and numbers doubles as a level detector (VU-type meter) when sampling. Control over the instrument's various functions has been simplified by the use of two buttons, emblazoned with up and down arrows, rather than the series of knobs common to most synthesizers. The whole process of programming and sampling, while relatively simple, is explicitly and logically spelled out in the operations manual and on a plastic parameter reference card.

Once triggered to play, the two wave

samples are sent first through a mixer, which controls the volume of each via the modulation wheel to the left of the keyboard or the hardness of the keystrike. (The degree of volume change in both wave samples is also programmable.)

After the mixer has done its work, the sounds are sent through an analog-type synthesizer processor. It's this feature that separates the real deal from the toys: the main problem with most samplers is that during the conversion from analog (waveform) to digital (number) the sound loses some of its guttural quality. To be blunt, analog processing puts the balls back in the sound—the Mirage gives a musician a choice of sticking with a clean digital sound or changing to a fat analog one. This eight-voice polyphonic/ timbre (it can play eight different sounds at one time) instrument has 16 envelopes. all with adjustable decay, peak, sustain and release functions, and eight low-frequency oscillators for effects like chorusing, flanging

Confused? Simply follow the signal path. After being triggered, the two wave samples 10TO BY STEVEN MARK NEEDHA

can then be modified by low frequency oscillators capable of generating vibrato, or changes in volume. The speed at which the amplitude changes is programmable or set by the modulation wheel. Next the sounds are filtered to get rid of any digital (high frequency) noise. Then envelope generators drive the sound controlling the wave form's shape in order to add brightness, say, or sharpness to it. Again, these are either programmable or triggered by the strength of the keystrike. A second envelope system controls amplitude. Both envelopes having programmable control of attack, release, sustain, decay and peak (according to the force of the keystrike) allows for a tremendous amount of dynamics while playing.

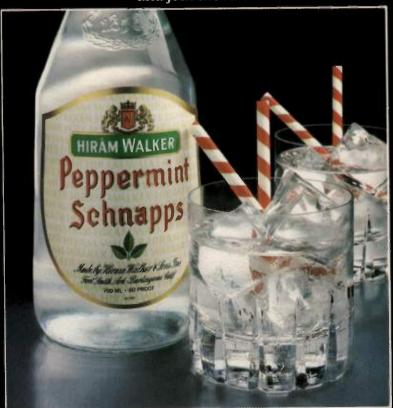
All of this programming is stored in the Mirage's remarkable memory. Each sound in memory can have up to four programs which, though based on the same sample, can be very different. A built-in sequencing (recording) ability allows a musician to store eight sequences of up to 333 notes each, and because the storage can accommodate multiple keys and sounds, the memory also records key strike velocity, pitch bend, modulation, sustain, and external MIDI interface data. Playback of the recorded sounds can be continuously looped or single shot, and switching from one program to another is accomplished with virtually no delay. If a musician so desires, a sequence can be stored complete, while its sound, modulation and tempo are changed completely. Overdubbing is possible, but only after a full sequence has been recorded; unfortunately there are no punch-in-type corrections, but timing can be corrected automatically with an external sync trigger, such as a drum machine.

All the information in the Mirage's internal memory can be transferred via its integrated disk drive to three-and-a-half-inch floppy disks for permanent storage. Two pre-programmed disks are included in the price of this unit, and like all the factory-programmed disks the sounds they contain (as well as their programs and sequences) are great. But for each additional pre-programmed disk add \$39.95 to the price: These special Ensoniq-manufactured disks have part of their memory pre-programmed with the software that is the actual brains of the Mirage, hence the high price tag. However, blanks run a reasonable \$12.95 each.

Sampling gets a bit tricky. On one hand, two keystrokes and it's done; but if someone desires superior samples, it's useful to study the advanced sampling guide and disks available as an option for \$49.95. This Mirage Advanced Sampling Operating System (MASOS) facilitates the sort of control necessary to record nearly perfect samples. More ambitious types will want to add on Ensoniq's Apple IIe- based enhanced sampling and waveform design package (and of course an Apple IIe). This package retails in the \$350 range. As long as we've got the purse strings open, why not go all the way [Cont. on 55] and add a 1024 event se-

# You can be a Walkerschnapper too.

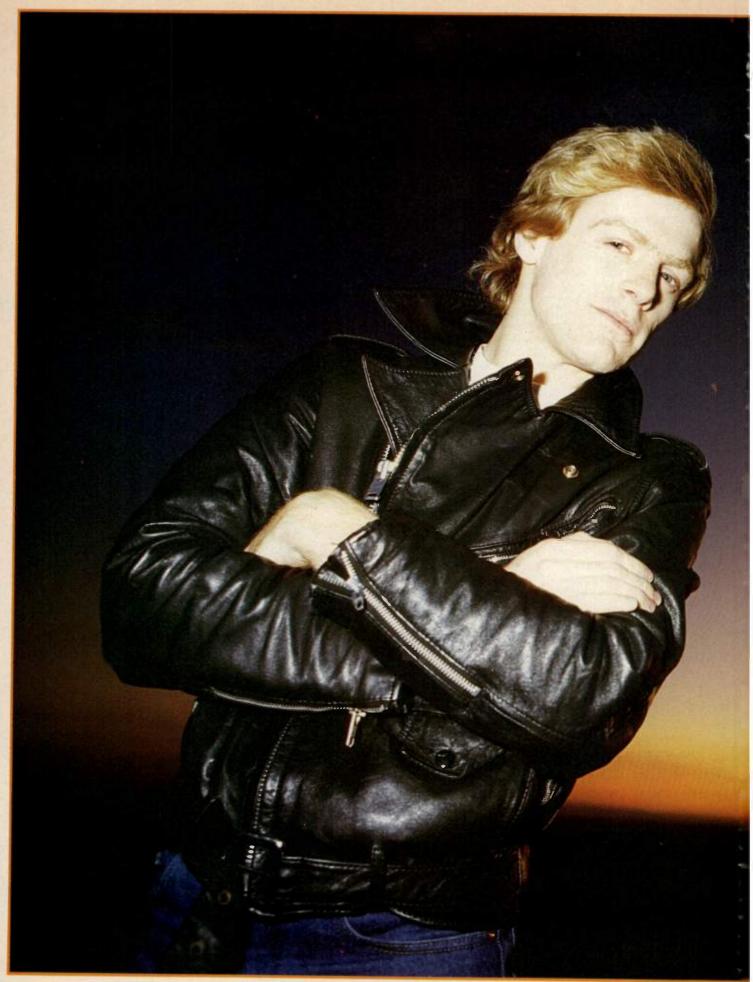
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If...

rock 'n' roll were a religion
— a recognized one, that is —
headlining Madison Square Garden in New York
would constitute an ordination ceremony for its clergy.
Herewith, the informal logbook of the Ordination of

# BRYANS ADAMS

BY LAURA FISSINGER

EARLY SATURDAY AFTERNOOI

Adams and his crew are prepping the great concrete cathedral via set-up and soundcheck. Usually Adams likes to suss out a place inside and out, get a feel for its character. No time today. Instead, he stands on the stage and looks out at the seats, all seven billion of them, or so it seems. It looks more awesome like this, he thinks. Empty.

Rich stretch of Fifth Avenue, is the kind of place where one expects to see Garbo or Astaire as they looked forty years ago. Bryan Adams cruises through the lobby, running late, playing culprit in a game of "what's wrong with this picture": that tiny bolt of a body armored in denim and a pugilist's tensions, the prematurely lined face that can look 19- or 90-years-old but never affable against its owner's will. At places like the Pierre, people tend to look affable because it's part of the price tag of privilege, paid to those less fortunate who are looking on and feeling lousy. Adams is not paying that price. You can see it in the set of the chill blue eyes.

from the hotel to the hall turns out to be the subway, so that's where Adams is, on his way to work like any other Joe. People look, but no one says anything.

Someone finally does say something, when Adams hits 34th Street, temporarily confused.

15-YEAR-OLD MALE FAN: Hey man, what are you doing?

ADAMS: Just going to the gig.

FAN: Man, you're walking down the street!

ADAMS: Yeah, gotta go to the show.

FAN: Well, I'm in section E.

ADAMS: Great.

FAN: Well, uh, are you lost? Do you know where to go?

ADAMS: Just go down here on that street, right?

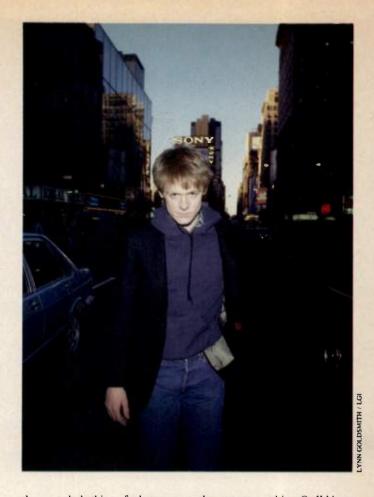
FAN: Yah, yah. Cool, man, cool.

After the show they're going to give Adams his wall hanging for *Reckless* turning triple platinum. It's his fourth LP, still going strong in the Top Ten, and the other three have sold a total of around two million. Stands to reason, then, that at least a couple of million people would kill to be backstage here tonight.

Thirty or so of them made it. A local radio station held some kind of contest, rewarding the winners with tickets and invites to his pre-concert reception. The man of the hour poses both with and without sundry winners, flashing the *People* mag smile and unflashing just as fast. The duty is being done amiably, but exhaustion pours out of Adams' face anyway. Some rock clergy wear shades on days like these. "Yah, I like Graham Parker, but I wish he'd take those fucking sunglasses off. Pretentious."

The million-plus absentees aren't missing much here. Adams is pining to shift from this big concrete space to a small, private one behind a closed door where he can marshall his considerable forces for the rite of passage. When he disappears the energy settles a little; people gab quietly in small groups with special interest group celebs like executives of A&M Records and Jim Kerr of Simple Minds, Adams' co-presenter from the MTV awards the night before. In the background Cock Robin's rendition of "River Deep, Mountain High" sounds deserving of more than the diffidence the crowd is showing.

Less than three years ago, Adams too was on the please-don't-boo-me supergroup warmup circuit. Before that it was the please-don't-hurt-me bar circuit, on which Bryan, with his well-documented lack of tolerance for being treated like a twit, was the hurter, not the hurtee. "I used to jump on the tables in the bars and kick everyone's drink off the table," he chortles. "Not to get people pissed off—just to get a reaction. I never got punched." Even with all the people you baited? "Yah, and I baited a lot. I used to dump stuff—if a guy was giving me the finger, I'd just



dump a whole thing of whatever was closest to me on him. Or I'd have 'em thrown out of the bar if they were really after me personally. That was my vindication." You don't take shit without protest, do you? "Hey, I like a good protest." His face creases, from stoney to stone satisfied.

There are "8:45 passes" back here, and those wearing them are supposed to leave now. Are these the folks most likely to grab Bryan by the thighs in a fit of ardor as he walks to the stage? Most people seem happy enough eating pretzel nuggets. Cock Robin passes through, unnoticed, slow, shiny with sweat. Bryan and the boys sprint, literally, so fast that no one really notices them, either. Their arrival at ground zero is confirmed by a wall of audience sound.

The press and other industry types are ushered to an alcove at stage right, maybe the best spot in the house if you want to concentrate on the music. With some of these arena gods the story isn't in the music. With Adams, for better and for worse, it is. "The biggest problem I used to have was getting people to actually play the stuff and *listen*. I got radio people to do it. They were the only ones in the beginning. And you know how I got them to do it? I would walk into an office and literally grab a record, put it on the turntable and play the song I wanted and say 'sit down and listen to this. Play this song on your radio station. I don't give a fuck what your book says, you know??' See, you'll find out more about me through my music than you will by sitting here talking to me. If I do talk about private thoughts, it's very private. Not that my music is any big lyrical revelation—it's just that what I have to say is that."

From where we stand, Bryan is in the bullseye, but we are also getting a good gape at the front rows and the lines of kids hanging off the balcony at the back of the stage. Adams' is a relatively wholesome congregation—the basic look is shopping mall, with a little bit of MTV deviant thrown in for good measure. Even better are the faces—vulnerable, wide open, but volted with intensity. "I love that my fans are passionate," says Reverend Adams, and they are. On a skinny set of steps in front of us leans a longhaired, hard-boiled roadie whose sole job it is to

22

# If an album doesn't completely captivate you, it isn't worth buying.



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Management: MMA Management,
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Look for INXS on tour Fall '85 through Winter '86.



On Atlantic Records and Cassettes

# THE INTELLIGENCE OF MUSIC LIKE ADAMS' IS FROM THE GUT. GUT MUSIC IS EASY TO FIND. BUT WHEN IT'S WELL DONE, WHICH IS THE WAY ADAMS OFTEN DOES IT, IT CAN PACK A WALLOP.

leap up on stage and catch the faithful when they leap up on stage. Besides the girls there's a 10-year-old boy who, to the audible delight of the crowd, is whisked off under the roadie's arm in a horizontal position. One young man in his mid-teens vaults up to the altar and does a kind of ecstatic Steve Martin boogie in front of the bemused Adams; cool, man.

Adams never jumped onto a stage himself, but he boogied. "Elton John. Brilliant. Absolutely fucking amazing. I saw him lots of times, the first time when I was 15. I got to meet him recently. Very nice, very English. We went into a little room together and talked for about 15 minutes. I'd just got off stage. He said 'well done' and 'I know your records.' I was like, wow, I was thrilled. I said, 'Hey, Elton, I was one of the punchers in the front going 'yah, throw the stool over again!', you know?' Oh, you got to see his acoustic tour? He's one of the few people in the world who could do that—you can take any one of his songs and play it acoustically."

There are songs at the Garden tonight—"Hiding From Love," "Heaven," "Run To You," "It's Only Love"—that stand in that same company. They're normal on the surface but red-hot on the inside, the kind of heat that burns away a lot of bullshit. The normalcy, however, is rock fundamentalism, a traditional marriage of pop and hard rock that's brought Adams a mother lode of critical derision. Critics tend to be recovering academics, and the intelligence of music like Adams' is from the gut. Gut music is easy to find. But when it's well done, which is the way Adams often does it, it can pack a wallop. "A few weeks ago I saw a guy crying at one of my shows. It was really intense—it hit me. Him and his girlfriend, both of them. He was beet red in the face, tears streaming down. I was just going 'oh shit'—it really took me away, took me back. See, that's what I mean by passion. Certainly I don't inspire that kind of emotion all the time, but if I can give them the same kind of thing back, we got a damn good thing going."

At points in the Garden, the passion gets acrobatic in its expression; little girls are jumping out of the back balcony. Christopher Reeve, standing behind us, makes no move to save them. Tsk.

The jumping and stargazers are anomolies tonight, though. Adams is too resolutely normal to attract a lot of hipsters and histrionics; the punchers know he's one of them. Instinctively they seem to understand that he's using the currency of his new superstardom to protect and prolong his access to everyman reality. In keeping with the star-as-fan slant, Adams ends the night with a hyper crash through "Hound Dog" and pieces of other oldies. They're done fast and sloppy. They're perfect.

11:30 P.M. TO 3 A.M. Cajun cooking is the '85 food fad in New York, and How's Bayou in lower Manhattan does the whole number, countrified decor and all. Every ordination needs a celebration—one for a priest as high as Adams could be a blow-out of major expense. This one looks like it's making a major effort to be low-key. Well, almost. "Look over there, isn't that Eddie Van Halen?" asks a peruser at the bar. "And Michael Anthony? Oh, jeez, Valerie's

streaked her hair!"

That gang scoots to a corner pronto. The other big news couple is more visible. Bryan Adams' mother Jane and her husband Bill Clark are posted in the room's center, holding court and receiving congratulations. He's wearing a leather jacket and coming off like a benignly eccentric author; she's wearing denim and pulled back grey hair and rhinestone pins and Bryan's face. The face appears to have lived a lot. According to Adams' press file, Jane Adams Clark has done just that.

There were two sons, Bruce arriving one year after Bryan (Jane won't say what Bruce does for a living, only that "he sails for a hobby"). Mr.

Adams was a career military man, so the family rarely lived at home in Vancouver, Canada. Sometimes home was Portugal, sometimes Israel, sometimes somewhere else. "My dad got posted in Vienna just so he could go to the opera. He loves opera totally. He took me to lots of them. I thought they were bollocks then. Now I think they're masterful."

Apparently father and son had similar fierce characters, and dissimilar everything else. There were fights. "I had a terrible temper. I was not about to take any lip or criticism or anything, from anyone. I couldn't be bothered." He blows a raspberry. "I was an angry child. Physical examples? God, there are so many. My mom tried to take me to a counselor. I did speak with one and I thought it was a huge waste of time. The person wasn't really interested in me, so fuck 'em. It hasn't changed, the anger, but it's more controlled. I vent it in a different direction now. I didn't have my music to vent it on before."

When Adams found that music, it was just one more insult to his father's sensibilities, one more pressure on the family's fragile structure. The Adamses divorced. Jane Adams reportedly worked hard for her boys. Mr. Adams is not here at How's Bayou; he's never seen his son play live. "He's seen me on TV, and I sent him the videos and stuff, so he's seen me in that respect. No, it doesn't hurt. It's him, do you know what I mean? I don't expect him to show up."

In the middle of a thirsty knot of bar-bound people, Jane stands and answers questions without a trace of self-consciousness. "Really, Bryan is a simple, straightforward kind of person." He can't be that simple, can he? "You know what they say—there is no such thing as an extraordinary person—just an ordinary person with extraordinary determination."

Bryan arrives when the place is full, determined to eat. He's being guided by the elbow, pulled by the sleeve, tapped on the back, steered to the corner where the triple-platinum presentation is going to be made. There are huge bowls of chips and dip on almost every table, and Adams' short, slender arms and hands are stretching hard for them at every turn. "If I don't eat, I get testy." It's been a long haul, ten months of solid work unofficially culminating in this one tonight. Today Adams cancelled all interviews and slept; tonight he's coughing and looking grey around the eyes. His hellos are perfunctory.

Finally the presentations and how-de-dos are done. Adams and his comely female better half, Miss Bag, as Bryan inexplicably wants her to be referred to, hunker down with stacks of food and a do-not-disturb feel around the table. People are amusing themselves without the guest of honor fairly well—the low glitz factor encourages rather relaxed behavior. Hard-rock diva Fiona, who opened some of the shows on the *Reckless* tour, has had just a few too many; in the finest tradition of her ancestors she's working the room with a fillip in her walk and a lot on her mind. "That's the great thing about being Irish—it was a matriarchal culture. I mean, I *love* men, but guys *suck*, you know?"

Over at another booth is Adams' guitarist and buddy Keith Scott, the band's token Incredibly Handsome Man, surrounded by females and behaving better than a badge-riddled Boy Scout. "We're from Kew Gardens!" comes an Edith Bunker whinny out of a precious 16-year-old face. "I called my mother—Gawd, she's gonna die! Aw, Keith, what's it like to be famous?"

Yet another pair of women sit leaning on Scott's knees while he wades through his receiving lineup above. "Keith is one of my best students," she says with a Zen smile. "He picks it all up by osmosis. You're talking to Bryan tomorrow? Hook into his Scorpio stuff with your Scorpio stuff. You'll be fine."

Bryan comes over to the booth, looks for Scott in the forest of women, makes the hand signal for crazy by his temple and shoots out the door. Everyone else closes down a few hours later. In the middle of a deserted warehouse district, a row of high-heeled boys and girls straggle after taxis. Their shoes make echoey clacks in the street.

3 P.M. SUNDAY Up until an hour ago, nobody knew when or where this interview was going to happen. Now Adams is scurrying a sun-soaked half-block back to the Pierre with three coats for the concierge. Miss Bag is deflecting questions with a Mona Lisa smile and wry non-answers. The scuttlebutt from How's Bayou has it that she's Vicki Russell, daughter of notorious film director Ken (Altered States, Tommy, et al.) Russell, and that she and Bryan have been together for a couple of years, Adams' most serious pairing to [Cont. on 56]

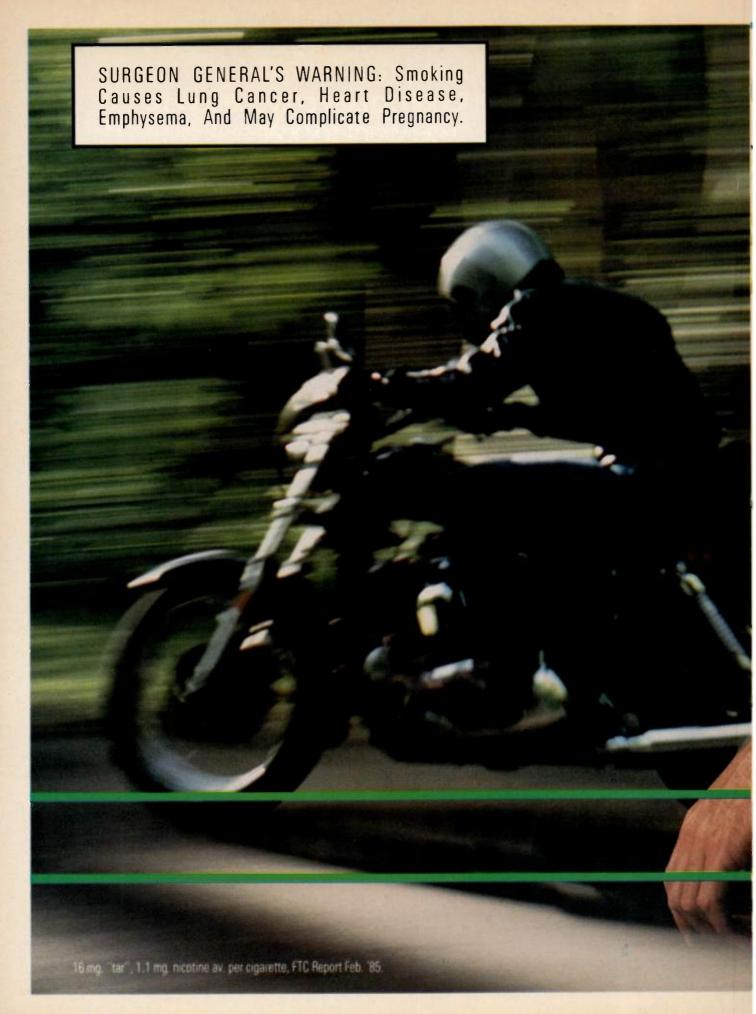
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# Tom Waits



ELL, IT'S STORY TIME AGAIN. 

TOM WAITS, NATIVE Californian transplanted to Manhattan, is standing alone at a newsstand early of a Sunday morning, New York Times under his arm, and a look on his face that reads, "Here I am. Let it happen." And so it does. Take it away, Tom. 

"This woman came up to me at the newsstand, like she came down from the sky on a broom. She's wearing two different kinds of shoes, carrying a bag with a dead animal in it, has some gauze wrapped around her neck and a big seven painted on her forehead. I was waiting with my Sunday paper and she pulled on my sleeve and said in this shrill voice, 'Excuse me, sir. Is this the place where the clocks are?' I realized she

BY DAVID MeGEE

PHOTOS BY SYLVIA PLACHY

needed to know, but I hated to be the one to break it to her. But I thought that this was no time to be toying with her. So I told her that in fact this is the place where the clocks are. And she got on her broom and took off, back to . . . there. That's all she wanted to know. Never saw her again. She took off across Second Avenue, straight up."

Another New York story, except this one might wind up a song, given the central characters involved. Make that *character* and define him specifically as Tom Waits, chronicler of the underside of the American psyche, friend of the friendless, Boswell to any mug who's stretched a bit too thin in the synapses. And—you read it here first—something of a Renais-

began to converge. His new songs hung it on a limb, musically speaking. They were virtually uncategorizable, except to say that some had a Beefheartian flavor—that is, uncategorizable.

Which sums up the feeling of most Elektra/ Asylum executives upon hearing the first tracks of what would become Waits' 1983 album, Swordfishtrombone. He brought it in, they said "Take it out." Enter Chris Blackwell and Island Records, as if the two were separable.

Always one to gamble on the adventurous, Blackwell proferred a contract, and Swordfishtrombone became Waits' most praised album since 1974's Heart of Saturday Night. Like all his other LPs, though, it barely dented the charts. But this time bullets and ballots mat-

work. On Rain Dogs, Waits serves up a couple of intriguing film noir vignettes ("Singapore" and "Clap Hands"), a touch of country on "Blind Love" (lonesome riffing courtesy one Keith Richards), a blues ("Gun Street Girl"), a medium-cool Springsteen-style rocker ("Downtown Train") and an instrumental titled "Midtown" that sounds like Count Basie's band warming up behind an Albert Ayler sax solo. Shining like new money at the end of side one are two of Waits' most beautiful songs, one about breaking up called "Hang Down Your Head" (co-written with his wife) and a reverie about, and titled, "Time."

Growth, then, has become the central theme arising from Waits' most recent music. Yet he

here's more pressure
in New York
because you feel
like if you're not being productive
you're going to be evicted.
Always gotta be on your toes
here. You'll be a hat rack
in another week, pal,
and no one's gonna care.
We're gonna pull all the bones
out of your body
and call you a new suit.



sance man these days. I state my case.

Apart from John Cougar Mellencamp, no other contemporary artist has so effectively reinvented himself as has Tom Waits. While Mellencamp breathes the rarefied air of bluecollar rock heroes, Waits' evolution has been more inner-directed, and expressed in different ways.

After 10 frustrating years on Elektra that produced a number of memorable records and an enviable reputation among his peers, Waits ran out of gas. As he opened himself up to new influences, his own music began to sound forced, the word-jazz that had become one of his trademarks lost its snap, the familiar turf of his story songs appeared trod over once too often. Then, a godsend in the form of Francis Ford Coppolla and an assignment to write the soundtrack for the film *One From the Heart*. The film bombed, but Waits' score received almost unanimous praise from critics; more important, the experience of working in film freed up his mind's eye and slowly a raft of ideas

tered less than the quantum artistic leap Waits had made. More film work followed, including a role as the stage manager in Coppolla's The Cotton Club. Parenthood came too, to Waits and the Jersey girl he met at Coppolla's studio, Kathleen Brennan. By that time husband and wife were happily ensconced in Manhattan, collaborating on a stage version of the Swordfishtrombone song "Frank's Wild Years," the story of a middle class suburban man who loses it one day and sets fire to his house with his wife and her dog inside. Frank, who "always hated that dog," sits in his car across the street, listening to the radio and watching his house burn. The forward-thinking Steppenwolf Theatre Company will mount the play in Chicago shortly

This past summer, Waits returned to the recording studio, and the fruit of those labors is Rain Dogs, another left field album with moments of grandeur. Waits has long maintained an interest in different kinds of music, but those influences have rarely shown up in his own

remains reluctant to express his deepest feelings about the journey he's on now-always uncomfortable with interviews, his answers, to the uninitiated if not to the long-time observer, ofttimes seem flippant and even disrespectful. The truth is that Waits abhors self-analysis, at least for publication. "If you're going to do that," he observes, "shell out a hundred bucks, lie down on the couch and let's see if we can really take care of this problem." And he simply will not be drawn into picking apart his artistic method: it's too internal to be laid out in an orderly pattern, too unconscious a process to be scrutinized for greater meaning. Yet both Swordfishtrombone and Rain Dogs find Tom Waits growing in ways even his most devoted fans could hardly have imagined. These two albums demonstrate Waits' absolute determination to heed only his own muse, and not that of "the industry" that almost beat him down in the '70s. If Rain Dogs isn't seen as being on the cutting edge, that's because it stakes out its own turf and obliges or urges no one to follow.

"Growth," Norman Mailer has opined, "is not simply going forward; it's going forward until you have to make a delicate decision either to continue in a difficult situation or to retreat and look for another way to go forward. The line of movement reveals the nature of form."

Waits embodies Mailer's definition of growth, having retreated from his earlier music and, as he puts it, "made a hard left, off the bridge, into the water." He states his position less explicitly, preferring to talk around ideas—"I like to riff," he says—but if you can see the trees for the forest, then perhaps you will understand. If not, you must, as they say in the record business, find it in the grooves.

jester. And on he riffs, ranging far and wide on topics as diverse as his Chaplinesque relations with the big city, an upcoming tour of Europe, writing, recording, and the similarities between parenting and agriculture.

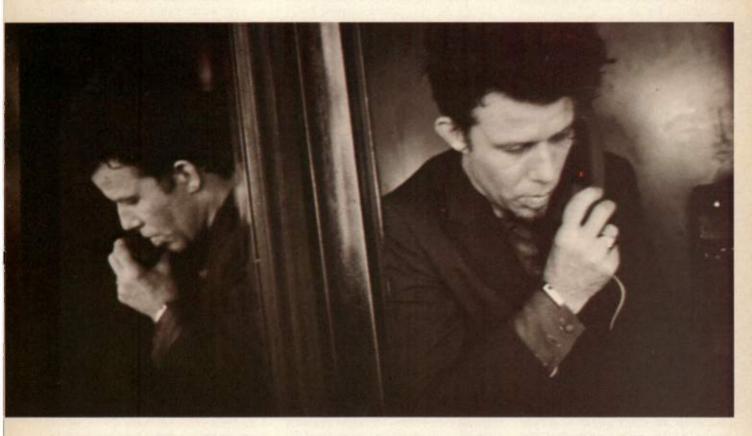
**Record:** Where did you want to go from Swordfishtrombone?

Waits: Into real estate. Right where I belong. I don't really get that puffed up about what I do; I try to keep it all in perspective. I like to be able to go off somewhere and sit in a little boiler room and really bang two sticks together. I've been trying to do music that belongs to me a little bit more. You chase it, catch it, skin it, cook it and eat it. It feels like it's yours. My

**Record:** Do you expose yourself to a lot of the music that's available in this city?

Weifs: No, I don't go out that much. There's so much to hear it's overwhelming. Just walking down the street you get a lot. I like these Korean delicatessens with the salad bars. Always have their own music coming over bad speakers. I like music when I hear it wrong. I like to hear it on a bad radio from the next room. Like when you see a water spot on the wallpaper and you think it's part of the design and then you realize it's a water spot. So you allow your perception of it to come between you and the thing you're perceiving, and it changes it. Like wearing the wrong glasses.

Record: Are you more interested in that than



We met for this interview in the New Courtney Restaurant, down the block from the Waits' apartment on 14th Street in Manhattan (one of several apartments the Waits' have sublet since coming to Manhattan—a key point, as the attentive reader will soon learn).

Waits, dressed in basic black with hair styled for an Eraserhead audition, at least is now comfortable enough to sit peacefully and endure these excruciating obligations whenever he's got something new on the shelf; interviews with Tom Waits were once harrowing encounters with a toe-tapping, chain-smoking, jive-talking hipster who tired easily of the Q&A and, once that happened, would clam up, or at least let it be known, in so many words, that he found this process tedious. He's mellowed a bit, though it probably helps that he and I have known each other for nearly a decade. It helps so much, in fact, that I still walk into metaphorical brick walls and in general play straight man to his courtapproach to writing songs has changed a little bit. I write 'em faster now in some ways. I used to write like, I'd hear something and say, "Boy, that's nice, I'd like to write something like that." You know, "He's a smart dresser, there's a guy that knows how to dress, goddamn. I'd like to be more like him." Now I'm more aware of sounds, different sounds; I've opened my ears a little bit.

**Record:** What in particular have you been listening to in the last couple years that might have influenced your writing on this record? You've always been interested in a lot of different types of music, but those influences didn't show up to any great extent on your Elektra albums.

Waits: I'm trying to break out a little bit, let all the birds fly out of my head. Try to be a little more daring. You know, most of the limitations are ones you put on yourself. I should be doing something like this, something like that, or that feels like me. You know, trying to get outside a little bit.

in hearing how it actually is?

**Walts:** Yeah. I don't even like to hear my records on a nice system. In the studio I use those little car speakers.

Record: Listening for that Top 40 hit? Waits: Yeah.

Record: There was a time in your years at Elektra when you were feeling a lot of pressure to get something on the radio. That pressure was no doubt coming from the record company as much as it was coming from yourself—

Waits: Yeah, and my parents.

Record: You seem to have gotten completely away from that now. On the last two records, you've arrived at a place that really renders commerciality a moot point.

Waits: Yeah, bring up the drums, more bass. I can't hear the guitar.

Record: But the pressures of the business don't come to bear on your music as much as they once did. You're not giving Island an avant-garde record, but it's not a Barry Manilow album either.

**Waits:** Well, the idea was to give them a Barry Manilow album. No, you have to try and grow and develop as an artist and at the same time you have to pay the rent. Sometimes the two come into direct conflict with one another. Other times one supports the other.

**Record:** Do you view Rain Dogs in any way as an extension of things you were trying to do on *Swordfishtrombone*?

Weits: Yeah, takes it to another level. Makes it more affirmative. Uh . . . (to waiter) could I have another cup of coffee, pal? Thank you. The problem is that the studio becomes more and more advanced and you take a tape recorder into a little room and start hollering, it's like sketches. This represents this, this represents

this and then I'll go here and do this. In the studio it becomes like a science. The places where these thing happened and where they occurred to you in your imagination, it's always a battle and a struggle to bring it all up and make sure you got it all. You always miss some, leave some behind. I never really get the complete picture. It's like you dream something and you try to remember the dream. Maybe you forgot altogether, and then during the day somebody said something or you smelled

something and all of a sudden a little door opened up and shut again. Just gave you a glimpse. You can't remember the whole dream. So for me songs are like that. I kind of dream a song done, complete, finished. I see it, I hear it, close my eyes, okay, there it is. Put it over there with the rest of the guys. Then when I try to bring it all up, it's like a little thing in the penny arcade, the shovel goes down and you move it to the right, and you got the thing, you got it, you got it, then—ah. Jesus! And you end up with the little wax-paper candies. You didn't get the ring, the watch or the radio. I never got it. The stuff I leave I keep going after. You get close.

**Record:** Has it helped you as a writer to have done those film projects?

Waits: I think so. Gave me confidence, more confidence. What you do becomes less of a mystery. For a long time I just thought, well, to keep doing this you kind of have to be good and drunk. What you really have to do, though, is work on your eyes and ears rather than the stuff itself, cause you're the one who's really perceiving it. If you develop yourself as an artist then what you see and hear will be rendered in an artistic way.

**Record:** Did working on the film scores develop your ability to see things in your imagination, in your mind's eye?

Woits: Yeah, a little bit more. Movies are a collective, you know. With songs, when you go in and you're in charge it's a whole 'nother

thing. You just need people to pace you. When you have that you also have the confidence to try different things.

**Record:** It's been two years since your last record. Has the interim been a time of reassessment? Or is every break a time of reassessment?

Waits: Well, I don't write through it at all. Now I'm gonna write some stuff. I've got this little pawnshop tape recorder and I just start taping stuff off the television and raving to myself, hanging out the window when the pile-driver goes, take it to the subway and talk to myself for a period of time. I write like throwing things against the wall. I don't sit down and say, "There's one done," and then move and

there's another one. I work on like 25 things at the same time. Got a couple of orphans here, well, we'll use those for parts—it's like Frankenstein. I don't have any way of doing it that I always do. Each time you have to make your own discoveries. That's the best way for me.

I like to have limitations, you know: it has to be made out of wood and you've only got three days. And you've gotta wear that hat and we're gonna tie one hand behind your back, and all you can use is the words "auction"

and "camera" and "outlet." That's it. I like to give myself a framework—you can only use blue and red and yellow. That's all that goes into the process.

**Record:** Is there a regular writing routine you follow? Do you set aside a certain number of hours a day for writing?

**Waits:** No. I got a room that I go to, so that helps. Go to the boiler room and stay there until midnight. And even if I get nothing done I figure I got something done.

Record: Do you work every day?

Waits: I try

aising kids is very simple

to me: you plant

a tree and watch it

grow. That's all.

It's lumber.

Lumber for the

future.

**Record:** What does that involve? Sitting down with a piano or guitar, or just a blank piece of paper?

Waits: Sit down with a tape recorder, bang on things, whatever's in the room. I share a room with the Lounge Lizards, so they got all their gear there, and there's a drummer down there rehearsing, water comes through the pipes and somebody's screaming above you and somehow you just find a way to make it all fit.

**Record:** Has this process changed for you since you moved to New York? Is the way you work any different now than when you were in California?

Walts: There's more pressure because living in New York you feel like if you're not being productive enough you're going to be evicted; you know, like they'll put linoleum over you. We're gonna turn you into a cigar store Indian, buddy. So that kind of pressure

changes your work environment.

Record: You really feel that.

Waits: Yeah. We're gonna shave your head and put stripes on your tie. We're gonna pull all the bones out of your body and call you a new suit. You'll never work again, buddy. I think that goes into it, too.

Record: You didn't feel that in California?

Waits: No, not at all. This is not Leisure World. Even the bums work very, very hard here. Always gotta be on your toes here. I'm not saying I always am, but I'm constantly aware of the fact that you need to be. You'll be a hat rack in another week, pal, and no one's gonna care.

**Record:** Did you find that the creative process of writing with the theater in mird afforded you any more freedom than you have as a recording and performing artist?

Waits: Well, ultimately it's a committee.

Record: But it's still your vision.

Waits: If you're lucky. I think you have to be a fascist to get what you want.

Record: Are you?

Waits: No, no I'm not! You just hope you don't end up with a mutant play. You go back and forth about the way you fee. about it.

Record: Does losing control concern you? I find it interesting that you're getting involved in this type of project where it is basically ruled by committee after your last two records where you finally got to do exactly what you want to do—on your own terms. And now you're back in a situation where you're co-writing a property and a director will call in a lighting designer and a set designer and there are characters that will interpret what you've written after the director has interpreted it—

Waits: I quit! You've talked me out of it! I'm gonna join the Army and put an end to it all! Well, I'm looking for some way to integrate music and stage; everything else has been like a real skeleton of good theater. I think it can be done; it's usually very simple. You just have to be sure that every department of your imagination is run by someone you trust.

Record: You said you like to work with limitations. What sort of limitations did you set for yourself when you started thinking about Rain Dogs—

Waits: When I started drinking? Record: Thinking. Thinking.

Waits: Sorry. Somehow the two of those . . . well, when I first started drinking about the project I knew I needed to have enough to last me for three months. There's always limitations on it. If there isn't I don't think you even start.

Record: Are your songs done when you go in? Waits: I work on 'em a little bit, but I go in knowing what I got to do that day. Or I find things on the side of the road that I drag in there with me. I would just like to be able to experience total abandon in the studic and have the time to go completely mad, but I think structure, not lack of it, is what ultimately helps you. And working with people you trust.

**Record:** How did you get hooked up with Keith Richards?

Waits: I just had some songs that I thought he'd like

Record: He's got a nice touch [Cont. on 57]

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DENON PIDS

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**BEST SEEN** (preceding page, clockwise from top right)

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HARMON KARDON HD500 front-loading compact disc player, fully programmable with triple-beam laser pickup and infrared remote control, average retail \$600.

## Salem anta Beat



What with the controversy surrounding the efforts of a certain "concerned parents" group (along with that of several elected politicians) to rate the suitability of new records for youthful consumption, Ron Keel of the heavy rock band Keel recently issued an open letter addressing the issue. (Keel's debut album, including the anthemic, recently re-released single "The Right to Rock", was produced by Kiss member Gene Simmons.) Said Keel: "The Constitution of the United States is the foundation of liberty and freedom this country was built upon, and I don't want to see it disregarded by so-called 'moral majority' groups like the PMRC (Parents Music Resource Center). If they are so concerned about their children's exposure to sex and violence that they make a scapegoat out of rock and roll, they're making a serious mistake. Music has always been the mirror of society, a reflection of the times. Sure, there is objectionable material in music, just like television, movies, and the printed medium, but it should be the people who decide what they consume. With all the problems in the world today, it seems silly that the government is so concerned about 'Like a Virgin,' or Prince, or any of the other artists that have been targets of the PMRC. With all the income tax they receive from recording artists, you'd think they could find better ways of spending it than by forming committees to decide what the kids listen to. Rock and roll is America. To attack rock and roll is anti-American. I've been fighting for the right to rock all my life, and I'm not about to stop now."

#### **BOOKS**

Musicology fans will undoubtedly recall British writer/educator Wilfrid Mellers whose cerebral dissertation on the technical innards and aesthetic merits of the Beatles' music, Twilight of the Gods, packed in more hundred-dollar words per page than the rest of the competition combined. With his new book, A Darker Shade of Pale, Mellers turns his electron microscope on the work of Bob Dylan, tracing that music's rhyme and reason from its roots in 19th-century rural America up to the present day. Not for the timid, but going for a mere \$7.95,

it's published by Galaxy Books/Oxford University Press...With Sting mixing Hollywood and jazz, Stewart Copeland mixing

soundtracks for cartoons, and Andy Summers mixing with neither, the question of whether or not there's a future for the Police is still hanging in limbo. However, books on the band keep on comingamong the newest entries: Accompanying the Police. Author Mick St. Michael traces the trio's climb from their scuffling days on the British club circuit to fame and fortune in America's arenas. A Proteus book, it will set you back \$5.95... Although it's too early to tell what heights it might eventually reach, Julian Lennon's success proves that it's possible to follow in the footsteps of a famous father yet remain your own man. Yolande Flesch's bio Julian Lennon (arguably a bit early since he's released only one album to date and is barely old enough to vote) has the distinction of being the first on the shelves. (Tern Enterprises, \$4.95) ... For the kiddies: Wanderer Books (a division of Simon and Schuster) has inaugurated a series of rock books big in photos and comparatively small in vocabulary. Gordon Matthews' Madonna charts Mrs. Penn's breakaway from a rough Michigan childhood through street life in New York to her eventual success as a major female pop phenomenon. Wham! by Chris Crocker surveys the British duo's trek from the London suburbs of their teens to their recent trip to Asia where they became the first Western pop group to play in China. Both books are aimed at kids ages 8 and up, and sell for \$3.50 each.

#### **MISCELLANIA**

Those who continue to take MTV's contribution to Western Civilization with a grain of salt, take note. Wall of Voodoo's new frontman, Andy Prieboy, owes his job and newfound fame to the music channel's ability to keep its finger on the pu se. Seems Prieboy, watching a recent music news segment, was duly informed that Wall of Voodoo was scouting for a new singer in the wake of Stan Ridgway's departure. Filed away in the memory banks, this info proved valuable a few days later when Priegoy spotted several familiar haircuts in the crowd at the local racetrack at Hollywood Park. A conversation was struck up, Ridgway's now-vacant parking space casually mentioned—and the

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.



The late, great Trouser Press might be sorely missed by aficionados of non-mainstream rock, but its essence lives on in the expanded and revised New Trouser Press Record Guide. Similar in approach to Rolling Stone's massive vinyl compendium, the Ira A. Robbins-edited work largely steers clear of anyone who's guested on the Tonight Show by focusing its entries on the sublime, the ridiculous, and the just plain obscure. You've got your punk. You've got your New Wave. You've got your No Wave, your hardcore, your Techno-Pop, Rap, and latter-day Psychedelia. Alongside hallowed (if unknown to Top Forty ears) names like Cocteau Twins and the Fall, you'll find more fleeting (and unknown to just about everyone) names like the Hawaiian Pups, Dead Hippie, Toiling Midgets, for the purists—David Thomas and His Legs. Published by Scribner's, the guide retails at \$13.95.

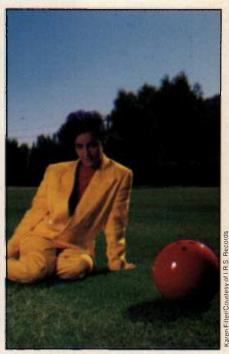
rest, as they say, is rock history...Mark Knopfler just happened to have a guitar with him when he attended an Everly Brothers gig in Toronto not long ago. The Dire Straits cornerstone turned up on stage for a rendition of his own "Why Worry" (which the Everlys recorded for their Dave Edmunds-produced album), then remained to contribute licks to a few Everly classics including "Bye Bye Love"...This item from the "Unusual Evenings" file. Seen huddled over a quiet dinner at Manhattan's chic Continental Cafe: Sheena Easton and Robert Plant...Despite the record industry's obsession with platinum albums, a number of

small independent record companies continue to flourish. The problem is that labels like Rounder, Yazoo, and Flying Fish don't have the distribution network of the majors, hence their releases (particularly outside big cities) are often impossible to track down. A Massachusetts outfit called Roundup Records is attempting to fill the gap with a distribution of releases by more than 300 small labels to both stores and individuals via mail order. Not limited to any one music genre, their stock includes folk, bluegrass, blues, reggae, Irish, British, new wave, rockabilly, and spoken word. The company also distributes a newsletter, The Record Roundup, which spotlights interesting new releases. A copy, along with their current catalog, is available by sending \$1.00 to: Roundup Records, PO Box 154, Dept. I, North Cambridge, MA 02140 ... Proceeds from "The Way You Do The Things You Do"/"My Girl" are headed toward worthy causes. (It's the first single from the "Apollo" album which Daryl Hall and John Oates cut live at the legendary Harlem venue with Eddie Kendrick and David Ruffin of the Temptations.) The Philly Duo are splitting their profits between the United Negro College Fund and Live Aid's Africa relief project. Continuing their musical alliance with the two Temps, Hall and Oates are slated to produce the Kendrick/Ruffin album . Live Aid will go down as possibly the premier rock event of the 80's. But John Cougar Mellencamp, Willie Nelson, and a stellar cast of thousands have pointed out recently that there are also matters on the home front that need looking after. Thus the Farm Aid cause, slated to help America's ravaged small farmers, continues to gain momentum. At press time the toll-free telephone number for contributions was still open. Call 1-800-FARM AID, or mail donations to Farm Aid, Box Farm Aid, Champaign, IL 61820.

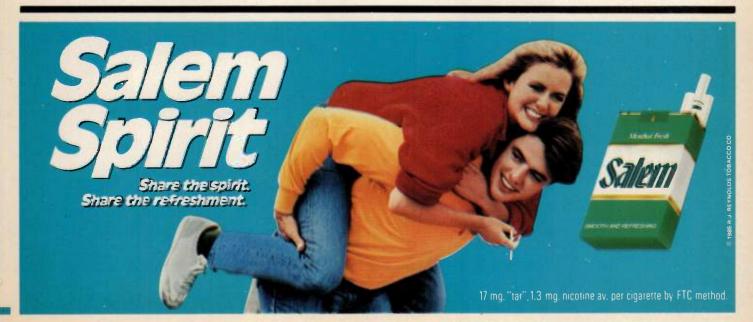
#### **SCREENINGS**

With his contributions to Van Halen now a memory and his solo career off the ground in singular style (thanks to the success of "California Girls" and "Just a Gigolo"),

David Lee Roth is set to take the next logical step. CBS Productions has signed Diamond Dave to make his silver screen debut in a full-length feature, Crazy From the Heat-the title obviously copped from the EP of the same name. The flick, "a comedy" say inside sources, casts Roth in the role he was born to play: "a perpetually horny rock star"... As if making music for 27 hours a day isn't enough, Phil Collins is set to make his film debut. Although it wasn't clear at press time whether it'll end up at your local movie theater or on TV, the project is said to be "lighthearted" and features footage shot from the last Collins road show.



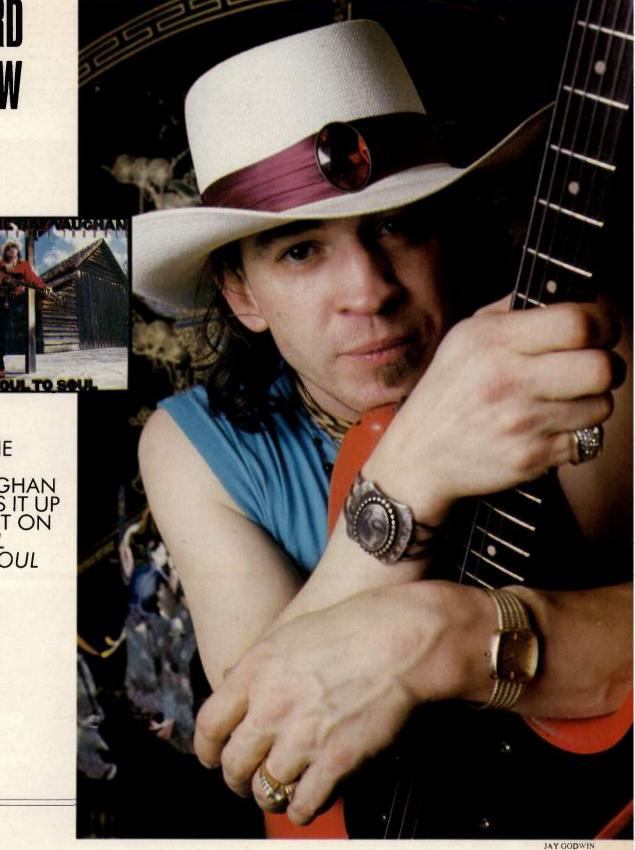
As Jane Wiedlin can attest, there's life after the Go Go's, evidenced not only by her first solo album (released by I.R.S. a few months back) but by her first foray into filmland. The guitarist has a small role in Paramount's new whodunit, Clue. Wiedlin plays a singing telegram girl, the folks at I.R.S. explain, "who gets shot."



### THE RECORD REVIEW

JOHN SWENSON

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN DOES IT UP RIGHT ON SOUL TO SOUL



STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN IS ABOUT NOTHING BUT MUSIC, WHICH SETS SOUL TO SOUL DRAMATICALLY APART FROM ITS COHABITANTS ON THE 1985 ALBUM CHARTS

## Hip Deep in the Blues

IN AN ERA WHEN THE "RECORD" INDUSTRY screen-tests new groups for videogenic qualities before signing them, Stevie Ray Vaughan is a genuine throwback. The guitarist's third album, Soul to Soul, employs no synthesizers, features no Arthur Baker remixes, panders to no fashion angles. Why, even the anti-rock 'n' roll crusaders in Congress would be hardpressed to find some aspect of this man's music to complain about. 

Stevie Ray Vaughan is about nothing but music, which sets Soul to Soul dramatically apart from its cohabitants on the 1985 album charts. This feat is even more impressive when you consider that Vaughan's calling card reads, "Have Guitar, Will Travel." Rock 'n' roll guitarists have been coming down the pike now for 30 years while blues and jazz guitarists have been at it for over half the century. You have to be damn good to be able to add something to a nomenclature that has already been elaborated upon to such a degree. 

Make no mistake about it, Vaughan is that good, a fact that Soul to Soul establishes beyond question. Vaughan was a minor star before he ever recorded, sought out by the Rolling Stones and invited to

play at European blues festivals on word-ofmouth alone. Non-heavy metal guitarists have not especially been a sought-after commodity in the glib record industry-cum-Hollywood vision of the '80s, so it took an offer of studio time from Jackson Browne and the intercession of one of the most respected music business names in history, John Hammond, to land Stevie at a major label. Nevertheless, Texas Flood, Stevie's '83 debut, was recorded hastily and serves best as an introduction to his talents. Couldn't Stand the Weather follows through with a broader glimpse at the guitarist's range, but Soul to Soul is the best thoughtout record Stevie's made yet. 

Soul to Soul is a tribute to Stevie's developing prowess not just as a guitarist, but as a conceptualist and bandleader as well. The power trio format on

the first two albums leaned heavily on guitar solo after guitar solo, but the addition of keyboards and horns to the arrangements here makes for less guitar, but more effective playing. Stevie is proud of the stylistic breadth of Soul to Soul. "We've been trying to vary the styles all along," he points out, "but this is the first time we really thought about it. I think this is the best album we've done." 

The styles in question on the LP are primarily Texas blues, with liberal doses of jazz, R&B and rock 'n' roll worked in. While Stevie plays with the instinctive ease and personality of a prodigy, several inspirations weave through the fabric of his playing—T-Bone Walker, Albert King, Freddie King, Albert Collins, Otis Rush, Johnny Copeland, Lonnie Mack, B.B. King and others. Hendrix is another inspiration, of course, but a widely misinterpreted one. Hendrix changed the way everyone played electric guitar, just as Coltrane rewrote the book for saxophonists with his innovations. Much of Vaughan's playing which has been attributed to Hendrix, however, is actually a mutual older influence the two musicians share. Says Vaughan: "People don't realize that Hendrix's

WITHOUT AN INTELLIGENT AND SUPPORTIVE BASSIST, A PLAYER WORKING IN THE FORMAT STEVIE RAY HAS CHOSEN WOULD BE LOST

sound was all those people as well. I've been able to put these influences together and keep on with these sounds that have excited me all my life, and that's what Hendrix did too, although he'd throw in his own stuff as well. His earlier recordings and live performances referenced a lot of B.B. King, Albert King and Albert Collins. He didn't just use guitar players, though, he'd throw airplane noises and stuff in there, too."

Soul to Soul opens with "Say What!," an easy-swinging blues vamp filtered through one of Vaughan's few special effects, the wah-wah pedal Hendrix used to record "Up From the Skies." Stevie has no problem opening his album with chorus after chorus of guitar instrumental—for a mid-'80s rock 'n' roller that's a

audacious Otis Rush flourishes blend together superbly.

The sly, swinging guitar/organ instrumental "Gone Home" pays tribute to Grant Green, the late jazz guitarist whose bluesy dexterity has been under-appreciated. "Change It" is a powerful track that combines Vaughan's best structural playing with the finest vocal he's ever recorded, and Eric Clapton would undoubtedly be impressed by the way Stevie rewrites Freddie King on his solo.

Earl King's New Orleans classic "Come On" reminds you that Texas musicians can cross the Gulf into Louisiana's sound effortlessly. "Thank you for identifying that as an Earl King song," said Stevie, when asked about the track. "People



A PAIR OF TEXAS LEGENDS, STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN AND BASSIST TOMMY SHANNON statement in itself. Vaughan evokes Hendrix without copying him; the added presence of organ frees the guitar from handling all of the song's melodic chores and adds a distinctive jazz feel. Hendrix fans may well be reminded of Steve Winwood's session organ work on "House Burning Down" from *Electric Ladyland*, but other ears will also note the old Blue Note styles of guitarist Grant Green and organist Jimmy Smith.

"Looking Out the Window" shows Stevie getting more comfortable with that hoarse-throated vocal style that imitates his guitar playing (an old notion, incidentally, Louis Armstrong often mimicked his own trumpet playing with his vocals). "Look at Little Sister" adds New Orleans-style honky tonk piano, while Stevie cranks out chords behind an edgy, honking vocal. On his guitar solo, high-pitched Albert Collins runs, meaty Freddie King resolutions and

don't realize that Earl King wrote that song. They think Hendrix wrote it because that's the first version they heard. That's why Hendrix called his version 'Part II' and why we call ours 'Part III.' '' The trademark Texas shuffle Vaughan fans will recognize from his earlier tracks "Pride and Joy," "Tell Me" and "Cold Shot" reappears here on "Empty Arms," which once again brings T-Bone Walker to mind.

The deceptively simple but hard-to-master rhythm on "Empty Arms" is set in motion by bassist Tommy Shannon's rock-steady playing. A legend on the Texas blues scene, Shannon is the foundation of Vaughan's backing band, Double Trouble. Shannon worked with Johnny Winter's first groups in the late '60s and early '70s, recording some of Winter's best work in the process. Without an intelligent and supportive bassist, a player working in the format Stevie Ray has chosen would be lost. [cont. on 45]

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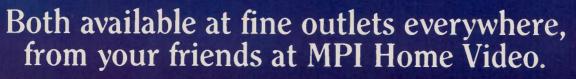




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[cont. from 42] "Tommy's solid," agrees Stevie, "and it's needed. There's a difference between a bass player who's always there and one who knows how to leave holes at the right time. That's perfect in certain situations. Tommy plays from the heart, but he's still solid as a rock."

According to Stevie, Shannon began playing with him immediately after leaving Winter, when Vaughan was still a kid. "I was 14 years old in Dallas, Texas, playing an after-hours club. It was the day he left Johnny Winter, he was on his way to California. He was walking down the street and heard me playing, walked in and there was this little midget up there. He was the only one in the place to talk to me. Everybody else thought I was too young or something. We've been basically working together ever since off and on every chance we get."

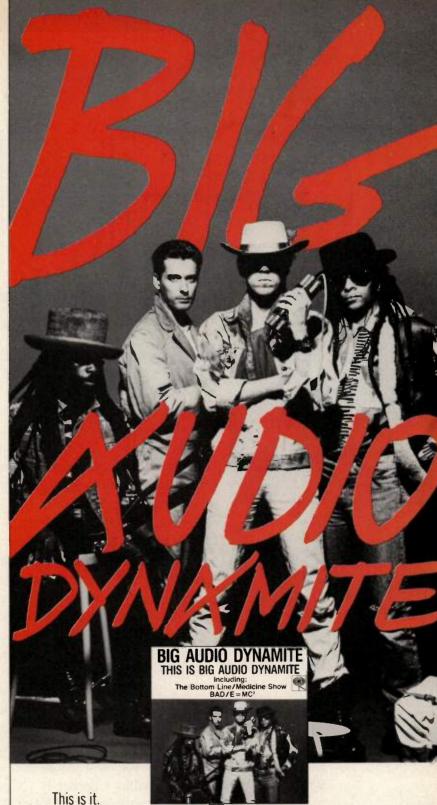
Teasing bits of T-Bone Walker kick off "Ain't Gonna Give Up on Love" like a series of electric shocks. After referencing Albert Collins and B.B. King in the second and third choruses, Stevie rips off a series of tree-splitting sustained single notes that recall the thick-fingered sound of Albert King's monumental tone. It turns out that King is not just an influence, but a friend.

"Albert calls me his godson," Stevie laughs. "The first time I saw him I was playing a gig at the One Night in Austin, this place where we passed the hat. Someone came up and said that Albert King was playing across town. I told the crowd I was going to go see King, told them they should go too, stopped playing and headed over there.

"He was filling in for Bobby Bland. It was a crazy billing because Cactus was opening up. The place was packed when they played, but only 75 to 100 people stayed for Albert. I ended up standing on the tables where the PA was set up. I started hollering at him. He took his microphone stand, put it over to the side of the stage, then played the rest of the set to me. He finished the set, walked over to the side of the stage, handed me his guitar and shook my hand. He says, 'You want me to turn my amp on for you?' I said, 'No, I think you done plenty.' About three years later I saw him again, he remembered where we met, my name, everything. We've been good friends ever since."

Vaughan has already played on several tracks with one idol, Johnny Copeland, and produced an album for another, Lonnie Mack. His next move is to produce Albert King for Blue Note Records. "I'm gonna get a chance to help him make an album the way he wants to sound," smiles Stevie.

It seems that his production experience has improved Stevie's perspective on his own work, part of the reason Soul to Soul is such a strong LP. "I've learned a lot of things from producing Lonnie's album," he agreed. "It definitely helped me making this record. Everyday I wake up and I learn something. If I stop developing as a player, I'll quit." If Soul to Soul is any indication, that time won't come soon.



Pioneers from all walks of rock, regrouped as Big Audio Dynamite. Here are former members of The Clash and the Basement 5. Here is one of the '80s leading video directors on lead vocals!

**"THIS IS BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE."** Mick Jones, Don Letts, Leo "e-zee-kill" Williams, Greg Roberts, Dan Donovan.

An explosive debut album, on Columbia Records and Cassettes.

Produced by Mick Jones.

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## CHUBBY



## THE MAN WHO INVENTED DANCING APART WANTS TO BE ON THE RADIO AGAIN

#### CHECKER

It's a majestic fall day and Tony DeLauro has taken his navy BMW out of the garage to clear its pipes. As he cruises quickly up the Henry Hudson Parkway heading north out of New York City, DeLauro slaps a cassette into the car's player. The sound of the rock 'n' roll band he manages soon permeates the immaculate interior. 

"This guy is the best kept secret in the music business," emphasizes DeLauro, a theme that also permeates the car on the two-and-a-half-hour drive. He is headed on this Sunday to the musical mecca of a generation to see his star— "the Pete Rose of rock 'n' roll"—finally play Woodstock. 

"Find another way to break my heart," sings the demo tape. 

"Forget the man's history, forget it completely," DeLauro is saying. The 36-yearold manager tugs habitually and incessantly at the pressed collar of his polo shirt, as if to straighten it once and for all. "As far as we're concerned we're a new band trying to get a record contract. That's all we are. A new artist, trying to break into the business." The demo tape, now into its fifth roughly-produced track, is raw and powerful, the vocals sincere if not a bit raw, too. 

Though a devoted cheerleader DeLauro doesn't get to see his band perform that often. He's kept busy back in his Broadway office fielding calls from booking agents, club

owners, university reps, all wanting his man to "put asses in their seats," which is the bald-faced truth and bottom line of the music business. And this band, which plays a good 225-250 nights a year, does just that, from country bars in Louisiana to homecoming crowds in Minnesota. DeLauro refers to the band's front man as a member of rock 'n' roll's royalty. Bruce Springsteen? Nah. Chubby Checker II. "Chubby Checker I is now a spirit," explains DeLauro as he pulls into the parking lot of Woodstock's Joyous Lake. 
Chubby Checker II, dressed in blue jeans, a black t-shirt and aged green cardigan, smells faintly of motor oil. Could be because he just crawled out from underneath the 40-foot cargo bus, a 1972 MCI Challenger, which is his home three weeks out of every four. "I love this baby," says Chubby wiping his hands on his pants, "even though the toilet hasn't worked for the last ten days. Gotta get that fixed. Been using a bucket, which leaves a little to be de-

BY JON BOWERMASTER



sired." The Joyous Lake, its name culled from the l Ching, is starting to fill, at \$10 a head, for the first of two Sunday evening shows.

What do they expect from this man, once proclaimed by screaming hordes of South Americans as El Ray del Twist, the King, whose last hit song topped the charts in 1962? They've come to Twist, more or less. A comeback record in 1982 failed to project much of this image of a new Chubby Checker. But they're still trying, shopping around a new demo, hoping for another record contract. Remember, Tina Turner will be 47 this year . . . the Chubman just rolled over 44, another DeLauro theme. "Most people assume I'm a doddering 60-year-old black man," admits Chubby.

The 200-plus waiting downstairs know

what they expect from Chubby. But his band takes them aback. They define swagger, outfitted like modern-day pirates in leathers and chains, day-glo t-shirts appropriately ripped, hair properly greased. A pair of handcuffs hang from the sax player's belt: a dagger of a beard juts across the cheek of the bass player, cutting a thin line from the corner of his mouth to his ear. They're young, they look mean-the drummer's oversized sticks look like ninchukas-and they play rough. ("Most people expect Chubby's band to be a bunch of black guys in their 40s, a little overweight, wearing glasses and butterscotch tuxedos," admits bass player Gary Nutt.) Chubby likes to introduce them as the Heartbreak Band, slyly saluting the barely hidden reputation of most bands on the road. The manager would

CHUBBY IS ON THE ROAD 275 DAYS A YEAR, PLAYING THE OLDIES AND PROMOTING HIS NEW SONGS prefer they were known as the Chubby Checker Band, bowing to the real breadwinner here. The Chubb Group fits, too, though they don't sponsor *Masterpiece Theatre* or keep Dick Cavett on PBS.

Chubby opens these days with a new song or two and a couple from his 1982 album, *The Change Has Come*. They're not bad songs and played by a new artist they'd probably fall at the top of their repertoire, theme songs. But for Chubby, despite the mean rockers backing him, they simply get the beer-drinkers' toes tapping. And they came to dance, to jump on tables, sweat, pound the floor, make out. They want Chubby to take them back. They came to be nostalgicized.

'MOST PEOPLE

CHUBBY'S BAND TO BE A BUNCH

OF BLACK GUY'S
IN THEIR 40s,
WEARING
GLASSES AND
BUTTERSCOTCH

**EXPECT** 

TUXEDOS'

He won't let them down. Chubby started his career in the late '50s doing impressions, even cut a record boasting that skill. His Elvis, with pelvis, has this crowd crying, kissing, dancing and twisting. His medley of rock standards-"Good Golly Miss Molly," "Bon-ey Maroney," "Tut-ti-Frutti"—drives them into near ecstasy and sells beer by the pound.

Chubby starts to Twist—his signature—and they're literally jumping on tables, swinging from

rafters. Two roadies sturdy a tiny round cocktail table, and Chubby invites some of the more prominent twisters up to shake their stuff for the room at-large. One little girl shakes so hard her pants pop open, but she won't slow down. They get their money's worth with Chubby.

Two shows, each as beserk as the other, and Chubby is back upstairs above the bar, in his hooded robe, sitting at a chipped formica table. Various band members wander in and out with various, er, fans on their arms. Chubby smiles, the same cherubic smile that launched a career 25 years ago that took him around the world.

"Often I feel like old furniture, people just got used to me," Chubby is saying. "They're comfortable with me. I want to feel like dessert to these folks."

At three in the morning the bus is loaded and they're headed for Philly and a week off. They've been on the road 20 straight days. As for Chubby, he's going to grab six hours of sleep at his Philly home, fire up the bus, pick up his mother, and drive 18-hours to Chicago to get the toilet fixed.

CHUBBY CHECKER BEGAN LIFE AS Ernest Evans. in Spring Gulley, S.C., son of a dirt-poor tobacco farmer. His first money-making venture was as a five-year-old.

He'd get up at 4 a.m., take a big stick and get one of the mules started, go into the icehouse and bring back blocks of ice he sold along the road. When his family moved to Philadelphia he took up shoe-shining—"I was making \$60 a day when I was nine"until one day he decided he didn't want to end up like the old man he shared shining space with and gave away his brushes. He then fell into the produce and poultry business on a crowded street in south Philly, the same street Rocky would immortalize with his breathy jog. Like many of his cronies Ernest-already nicknamed Chubby, for obvious reason-could sing and did, at work, on street corners, in church. His neighborhood

fame was built on his impressions of Fats Domino, Jerry Lee Lewis, Elvis Presley and others. His boss at the produce stand recommended him to Philly's Cameo-Parkway Records. He signed his first contract in 1959. A single, "The Class," was released that summer, a minor hit. That same year Hank Ballard and the Midnighters recorded a Ballard-penned Bside, "The Twist." That was to become Chubby's ticket to stardom.

The timing was fortunate. Rock 'n' roll

had not died, withered or disappeared, but its big-name stars had suffered reverses. Jerry Lee Lewis was ostracized for marrying his 13-year-old cousin, Myra Gale Brown, in December 1957; that same year Little Richard had a vision, saw himself heading straight for hell, and became an ordained minister; in March 1958, Elvis went into the Army; in February 1959, Buddy Holly crashed and died in lowa, and later that year Chuck Berry was charged with transporting a minor, a 14-year-old Apache prostitute, across state lines and sentenced to two years in federal prison.

In 1957 Dick Clark had taken his Philadelphia-based American Bandstand to a national television audience and the show became home for a handful of homegrown singers, especially Fabian and Frankie Avalon. Enter Philly's own Chubby, who ironically picked up Checker from Clark's wife, who found him doodling a Fats Domino tune on a rehearsal hall piano. "What's your name?" "They call me Chubby." "Oh, Chubby Checker, like Fats Domino?" "Yeah, sure, why not?"

Chubby did not write "The Twist," but he made-up the shuffling, twitching dance—"it's like drying your butt with a towel while grinding out a cigarette" he has explained repeatedly over the years—that launched an era of dancing apart. It also satisfied public demands for fun, when all of a sudden this light-skinned, cherubic, nothreat, no-stud black teenager, sang "just want to have some fun like we did last summer, come on baby, let's have some fun." That's all the song was. "Chubby gave the kids stupid instructions to a stupid dance and some record guys, who by now realized how profitable making records could be, started marketing the Twist," says DeLauro. The spirit was good and Chubby hooked on for the ride.

Before that ride derailed Chubby saw "The Twist" become a No. 1 single when he was 20. It resurfaced the next year, 1962, and became the only single then or since to be No. 1 twice. It stayed on too a total of 40 weeks. Meanwhile Chubby toured the country and the world, promoting "his" dance. He would later try, with less success, to do the same for the Hucklebuck, the Pony, the Fly, the Slop and the Limbo.

There were Thom McAn Twist Shoes cherry-red, lacquered, zip-up boots, endorsed by Chubby, as well as games, clothes and contests galore. The "harmless twitching" that Chubby spawned was banned in Tampa and Buffalo, the United Arab Republic, South Vietnam, East Germany. The Chinese castigated it as an "ugly display"; South Africa's foreign minister deplored it as "a strange God from the U.S." In 1961 the White House had to deny reports that the Twist was being done at a White House party, and the Associated Press had to issue a public apology for reporting that Jackie Kennedy had slipped out in Palm Beach one night to Twist at a Ft. Lauderdale nightclub. It was the first such apology by the AP since it prematurely announced the end of World War II.

Chubby had six Top 10 hits between 1961 and 1963—over the years "The Twist" sold 70 million copies and Chubby grabbed 12 gold records. The guy some dubbed the "auteur" of dance music played "The Twist" to its hilt, recording "Twistin" USA," "Let's Twist Again," "Twist It Up," "Slow Twistin"," and starred in a couple Twist movies, all before the British invasion stole rock's attention.

Chubby Checker was 22 when the Beatles first toured America. He'd been the right artist at the right time, but Twistin', all of a sudden, was for last summer.

"I JUST HOPE I DON'T WAKE UP ONE morning and realize I'm nuts," says Tony DeLauro of his challenge, his desire, to turn Chubby into a 1980s commercial hit.

The young impresario first met Chubby in 1971 at a rock 'n' roll reunion and took over his career in 1979, after Chubby's longtime manager Irving Micahnik expired. "I was in Australia when he died and I must say I cried for joy. I was released. He just gambled my money away, I couldn't wait to be out from underneath him," says Chubby.

The product of a Catholic. Jersey-shore home, DeLauro had worked for three years



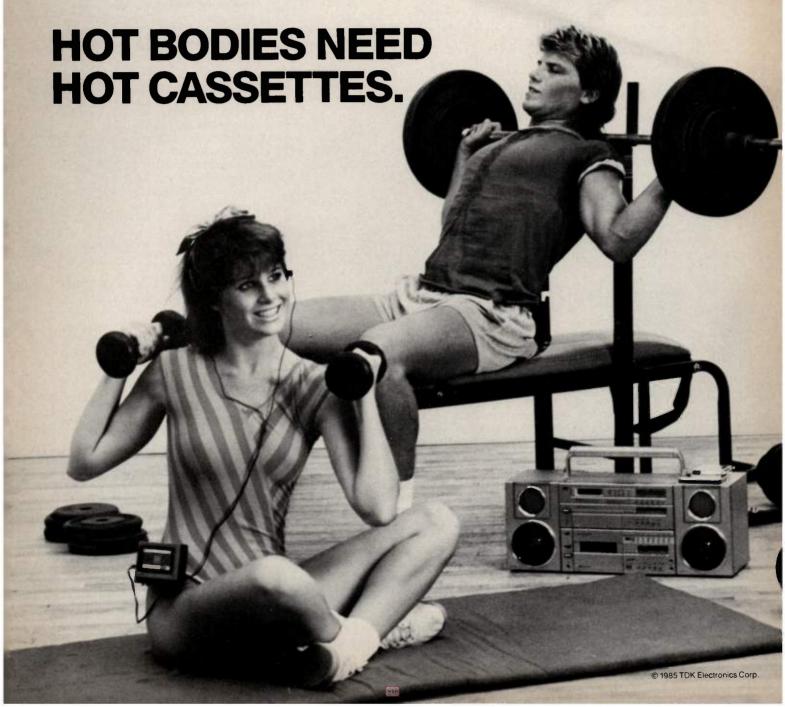
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at The William Morris Agency after college, rising to the exalted status of \$90-a-week secretary. He had produced some shows in college, including a 1974 "Tony DeLauro presents Bruce Springsteen" date, so he signed on as a road manager with Richard Nader, the king of the rock 'n' roll oldies shows. They were great vehicles for guys like Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, Chubby Checker and others—if their careers were stalled or they needed a gig, they could always hitch on with Nader's road shows. That's when DeLauro met Chubby, and learned about life on the road.

For the past six years the pair has been trying to shape and pitch Chubby Checker as

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a rejuvenated, contemporary rocker. It has been a tough sell. but the fiesty Italian has made it his passion. "This is no nostalgia act." is another DeLauro theme. "When I took him over 90 percent of the people who booked him perceived him as a nostalgia act. Now it's 60 percent. Of course some of the people would be happy with him if he just came out and sang 'Happy Birthday.' Part of that effort involves wooing bigger clubs, discouraging some of Chubby's old standbys and has

pumped the Checker Band's gross income from \$450,000 in 1979 to close to \$1 million for 1985.

The pair—manager and artist—share a penchant for making money and spending same frugally. Chubby lives with his wife Rina Lodder, a former Miss World from Holland whom he married in 1964, and three good, "but spoiled," kids on an estate south of Philadelphia. He loves cars and drives, dependent on the day, a Mercedes, a Datsun 280Z, or a DeLorean. Above everything else the two men share a mutual desire, hope, passion for Chubby to record again, to have a hit, to be on the radio. To be something other than just another oldie, another nostalgia act.

One of their dreams is to hook up with a new star—they mention Huey Lewis most often, but any of another dozen would do—and produce an album. Such attention would guarantee a record, publicity and, hopefully, a hit. It's not farfetched—Miami Steve Van Zandt and Springsteen did it for Gary U.S. Bonds; Tom Petty did it for Del Shannon; John Cougar Mellencamp for Mitch Ryder—but it is definitely a long shot.

SOON AFTER DELAURO AND CHUBby hooked up they started searching out a record company that would give them the chance to re-introduce Chubby Checker II. "Why stigmatize the guy just because of the Twist?" they asked. Producer Evan Pace wrote a handful of songs and they recorded a \$600 demo at New York's Electric Lady Studios. DeLauro, who knew little about the record business, started calling on record companies. Most refused to return his calls. The ones that called back were convinced they already knew what Chubby did — and weren't interested.

"I got on my knees and kept going until finally one guy said yes. Ray D'Ariano, at MCA. He understood what I was saying, but even his support was a little back door because his thought was that the spirit of the

'60s was coming back into fashion. He was a pretty astute guy. Simultaneously we knew we had to deliver hit material.'

The MCA album, The Change Has Come, featured a handful of Chubby originals, a cover of the Rolling Stones' "Under My Thumb" and a revised version of "The Twist," "T82." The first single, "Running," got to No. 82 on Billboard's rock chart and critics seemed to like the album. Ira Robbins, Trouser "Chubby Press: Checker is one oldie

who doesn't need to cruise on his reputation." Ron Sorenson, KBLE, Des Moines: "Biggest surprise of the week. Do not, I repeat. do not ignore this record because it wasn't produced by Springsteen or Tom Petty. This is a mainstream album rock production." Steve Feinstein, WYSP, Philadelphia: "This proves that Chubby Checker is far from a nostalgia act . . . an unusually classy record."

Many radio call-ins wondered who this new band was, this Chubby Checker. MCA at one point suggested Chubby change his name, to avoid any stigma. "No one believed I could make a contemporary effort. But I think if I was somebody else that record would have gotten played."

The Checker team is convinced a lack of promotion on MCA's part bespoiled the redebut. "They gave me an advance and then sent me on my way," says DeLauro. "From then on it was like I was bothering them. They lumped the record under secret projects and then didn't tell anybody about the project, even their own people. We worked hard for that album—we traveled from Anchorage to Miami, Bangor to San Diego, on our own dime, and the only promotion MCA arranged was in Cleveland. They had a contest to see how many people they could get in a phone booth."

End result? No promotion, no airplay; no airplay, no hits. The record sold enough to return MCA's advance but didn't do much to advance Chubby's ''comeback.''

AS 1985 DRAWS TO A CLOSE CHUBBY is still on the road, still without the one thing he desperately wants. A hit, a little recognition for all those years of twisting the night away. The year saw Tina Turner stage her own comeback ("Couple years ago she was playing the same clubs I was," reminds Chubby) and Springsteen twist his way around the world, live and on video. ("That's my dance," reminds Chubby.)

They've got a new demo they're shopping around, this filled with very personal songs written by Chubby, often acknowledging the ups and downs of his past.

"I'm a victim of my owr disease." he croons on one.

"We're not out to solve cancer here." says DeLauro. "We just want to make a record. I'm not saying Chubby Checker should be taken in with open arms. Forget it. Chubby could make a record company money. When I went around before I was embarrassed by that approach. I obviously couldn't walk in and say I have tapes (snaps his fingers), a producer (snap), public relations people (snap), the press (snap) all lined up. I don't have a \$200,000 stage act with all the bells and whistles. What I do have is an eager, energetic performer who knows the ropes and has a huge following."

"We could probably get a country album or pop album—but Chubby doesn't want to sing pop-schmopp in Vegas. He wants to be a rocker."

Chubby: "They just want me to twist my life away."

THE 270TH DAY OF THE YEAR FINDS The Chubb Group in Indianapolis for Circlefest, an organized orgy of food and music they'll headline at 7 P.M. Like three-quarters of the previous nights this year they spent last night on the road and arrived at five in the morning, long before the Circlefesters festooned the circle with black-and-white checkered flags left over from the Indy 500. It's too early to spend the day wandering the streets so they spring for a couple day-rooms at the nearby Hilton. After the show it's back to Philly.

By the time Chubby is reacy to take the stage 8,000 or so are crammed between the blue neon of the Hilton sign and the 20-story war memorial that anchors the stage, if not the city. As is too often the case the provided lights and sound leave a bit to be desired. Sixteen tin-can lights spot Chubby and in his shadow each band member, from sax to snare, appeals for more power. None's available. Chubby, in Sergio Valenti jeans, cowboy boots and a cotton zip-up jacket appeals for more mic. Same story.

The crowd doesn't seem to mind. They tap their toes politely, clap and even twist a tad to the three new songs Chubby opens with. These are okay, says the crowd, but

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c'mon Chubby, this isn't what we came for . . . Okay, okay, Chubby relents as the band launches into "Good Golly Miss Molly." Chubby shakes, the crowd shakes, there's a whole lotta shakin' goin' on. Chubby, gracefully as he can considering the three-foot cement monument sunk center-stage, throws his energetic body around the stage. He looks at his road manager and smiles. Big, cherubic smiles. The crowd is a typical Chubby crowd—all ages and they are berserk. When Chubby takes his last bows a phalanx of eight red-shirted security men are needed to squeeze him through the crowd and back to the hotel.

Back inside his blue-hooded robe he sightly resembles Muhammad Ali, whom he also sometimes sounds like. The room is littered with remnants of the road—fan mail, receipts, newspaper clippings. An old suitcase stuffed with diet-aids fills a nearby table. "Tony told me to lose some weight, so I dropped 13 pounds in the last two weeks," admits Chubby, who also admits he likes to be instructed, told, on occasion. He's shy, almost reticent, like a big kid, which some of his oldest friends chide him about. "When you going to grow up, Chubby?" "Probably never."

"I look at a lot of people's careers and if they hadn't just kept pushing nothing would have happened. Every little step seems like it might be my last. But I feel the same way I did when I was 15. I have to make it, I don't want to hear anything else. I've got to make it. I expect to make it. I had a blazing career and then it just stopped. As fast as it began. Nothing happened. Everybody abandoned me. Out of the rubble I built a very strong foundation, all by myself."

Chubby is on a roll, analogyzing himself, immodestly, to both George Washington Carver and Picasso. "I'm one of the biggest influences in rock 'n' roll. The phone has changed, but it's still a phone. Bell still invented it. The Twist, the Pony, the Fly, the Slop (he demonstrates each), those are the only dances and I did them. Everything else is a variation on them."

Proud as he is of any reputation that lingers from his one big hit, Chubby's dreams are about the future, a dream that depends on "keeping the machine on the road."

"I want to participate in what's happening at this very moment, I don't want to dwell on yesterday. Tonight a lot of people looked at me strangely when I started doing my new stuff. They enjoyed it, but they didn't know what it was. They didn't dislike it. It sounds okay, but they catch themselves and say, 'Hey, what's this stuff?' They are not programmed to expect this new stuff.

"I want my records to be on the radio again. I want it so bad. To turn on the radio and have them playing my songs, that would be the most incredible thing in the world to me. I need it."

Chubby Checker II goes back to packing his bags and watching wrestling on television. It's 13 hours to Philly and he won't be home until noon.

### **Shopping for a CD Player**

How to get the most for your money, when sometimes less is more

BY MARTIN PORTER

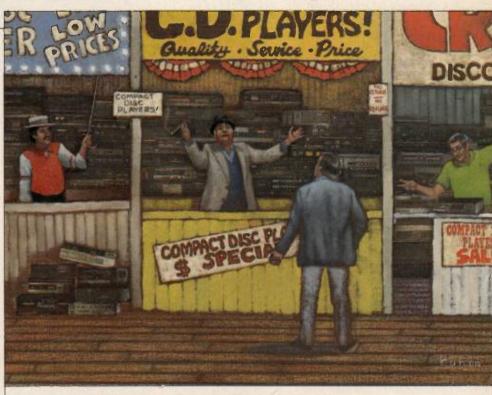
HE COMPACT DISC has done more for audio than simply providing digital sound in the home. These shiny music discs are revolutionizing the audio business—

from amplifiers to loudspeakers—which is trying to keep up with the highfalutin demands of the new playback medium.

It's also bringing the audio masses back to the stores for the first time in years. The CD player is clearly the preferred audio product of this holiday season and, for the next few weeks, thousands of prospective buyers will be piling into listening rooms to try to tell one disc player from the other. In the process, they'll be trying to decipher the truth from the tripe pitched by some ultrasincere salesman.

Here's the lowdown on how to choose a CD machine:

—Do some side-by-side testing: Your local audio shop will probably have a cushy listening room for you to do your testing in, complete with remote control. You may ultimately like one machine's sound better than another's; you need a good ear to discern the differences, but they do exist. Listen especially to the high frequencies and judge if the sound is cramped. If the sound doesn't breathe at the high end then move on to the next machine.



STEP RIGHT UP: BEWARE, YOU DON'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU PAID FOR

—Give the machines a gentle tap while they're operating: It's not necessarily the kind of move that will endear you to the dealer (do it behind his back, then) but it could help you assess the quality of the unit's error correction, which makes sure lasers don't mistrack on disc or environment imperfections. It will also give you a feel for the machine's construction.

—Notice the CD player's construction: Obviously, you're not going to be able to open up the box, but you'd be surprised how much you can tell about a unit by the way it is put together—that is, if the controls are tight, the chassis solid. There are going to be a lot of broken CD players around in the future, and I'm not sure anyone's going to know how to fix them. Look for a name brand and a machine that you think will last.

—Don't be fooled by features: I for one can't tell the difference between single-laser and triple-laser units. And besides a remote control (which I think is worth the extra dough) and simple programmability, what more do you really need? Remember, the beauty of CD technology is more than just

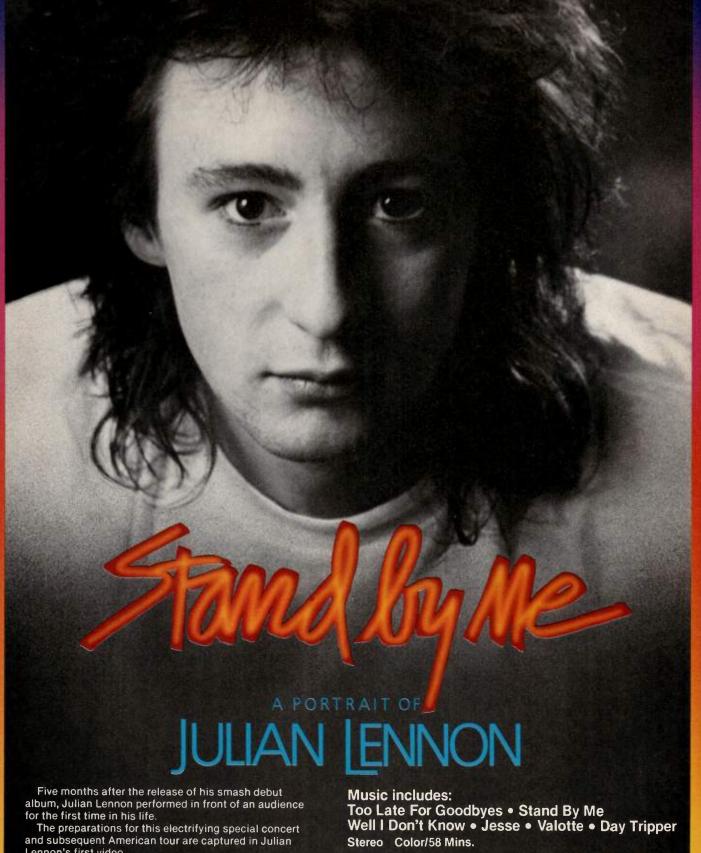
its sound: It's easy and idiot-proof to use.

—Buy from a reputable dealer: Preferably one that will allow you to take a unit home with you to hear it on your own system.

But let's get back to basics, to the bottom line—to the budget that will play the most important role in the consumer's decision to go for the audio gusto or to play it conservative. While the latter option may seem the least attractive of the two, keep in mind that with CD players, which range in price from under \$300 up to \$1300, you don't always get what you pay for. And sometimes less is more.

NDER \$300 □ CD players have become a bargain lately, with a wide range of products now dwelling in the price tag cellar. It is in this price league that you probably have to make the biggest decision of all—whether to buy a table-top or portable model.

Portable CD players like Sony's D-5 (\$229) and Technics' Sl-XP7 (\$300) offer true flexibility since they can function both



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on the road and at home. However, I find their controls too cramped for regular home use and advise spending the same money (or less) on a full table-top model instead—at least for a first-time buy. That still leaves plenty to choose from, including a couple of other players from Sony and Technics.

In this category, Sony sells the CDP-7F (approx. \$300), which provides the standard digital specs and a few handy extras as well. In the special effects department you'll find it able to program 16 different selections and search audibly across the disc to find any desired track. The device is top-loading, comes with its own headphone jack, and—a big plus—comes standard with a wireless remote control.

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Technic's \$300 player is the SL-PJI, which comes with a sassy frontloading drawer and 15 programmable selections. It also has an outstanding (for the price) dynamic range in excess of 96 dB and allows you to find a selected cut on the disc via its fast audible search or indexing feature. However, there is no headphone jack nor remote control.

differences in CD players become readily apparent in this price range. Here you can shop for the Denon DCD-1100 (\$430), a solidly built, front-loading model that

uses a three-laser pickup and comes with standard CD player specs. The unit seems especially well-constructed, despite the fact that it is short on programming frills (only up to nine selections). However, it comes standard with a wireless remote control that allows for direct access via a 10-key numerical pad. Indexing and audible search are also included, as is a front-panel headphone jack with level control.

For \$20 more you can see exactly how good the Denon player stacks up, via a new Denon reference and test CD, the CD-7147. The disc contains music that was made using the finest digital recording techniques, as well as noise signals that will help you evaluate everything from channel separation to the acoustic properties of your listening room.

Meanwhile, for just under \$500, Akai offers its CD-A7 with a clear emphasis on convenience. One nice touch is its use of real words to operate the track selection controls. You can tell the machine to skip "TO" a particular track, to play "WITHOUT" a track, or to play one track "AND" another track. It's the kind of simple touch that is easily appreciated—especially when you misplace your owner's manual. Otherwise, the unit offers random play, index search, and selected repeat functions. Everything can be operated

by the unit's wireless remote control.

One other product to consider before moving up in price is NAD's first CD player, the model 5355 (\$499). NAD's entire product line gives you top quality for your dollar, and this unit lives up to those standards. A simple machine with a wireless remote control and eight-selection programmability, this unit "feels" as good as it sounds.

600-\$700 ☐ In this price, you get the most a CD player can offer—although you don't necessarily get better sound. Digital audio quality is often determined by the manufacturer's digital-to-analog conversion systems and is usually consistent

throughout the line. More likely, what you're getting for your money is improved construction, more elegant designs and an array of automatic functions.

But it's still possible to find serious improvements in terms of sound quality. The secret to this assumption is buried under the hood: several CD players in this price range are stripped-down feature-wise but souped up to produce the best digital sound available.

Carver Corporation, for example, has released a no-frills frontloading model, the DTL-100, for about \$650. There's no remote control, no headphone jack and the bare essen-

tials of programmable functions (i.e., a maximum of nine selections). However, the company's founder, Bob Carver (who's considered one of the audio industry's leading gurus), has given us a CD player that seems to reflect an earlier product—a signal processor add-on that made other companies' CD players sound better. Carver's model does sound better, but I miss fiddling around with the remote controls from across the room.

Esoteric audio companies usually ride a wave of underground audiophile support and if any CD player is this season's "in crowd" rage it is Meridian's MCD. You'll have to shop the higher end "audio boutiques" to find the MCD, but, with a price tag of \$700, it is being hailed as the "best sounding" CD player on the market. You couldn't tell by looking at it, though. This top-loading unit bears a striking resemblance to a lower-priced Magnavox with its bare essentials and no frills. Word has it that the machine does in fact come from Magnavox's European parent company, N. V. Philips, though its guts have been ripped out and replaced by the work of the Meridian audio wizards. Having heard the machine under various conditions, I have a hard time justifying all the rave. But it's worth finding one and deciding for yourself.

VER \$700 ☐ You can spend well over \$1000 on a CD player, but frankly, I don't see the point. In fact, I've heard \$400 CD players that sound better than \$1100 machines. Of course, these more expensive models are built to last and most likely carry every function imaginable. The error correction is probably impeccable and the chassis can really take a beating.

But so what? I still fear what's going to happen when any of these big-ticket machines break down. Furthermore, CD technology continues to improve, so I don't see the point in blowing so much money on even a third-generation machine.

Future units will, as a standard feature, sport inputs so that the player can interface with a home computer. And there may soon come a time when CD players provide graphics along with the sound, and even record.

CD players are new and exciting and now is probably a good time to get on the digital audio track. Judging by how fast the CD boom is occurring, though, there will be a lot more changes to come.

#### Amateur Musician

[cont. from 19] quencer expander for \$69.95, an input sampling 12 pole filter and A-to-D Module for \$149.95, and a sustain pedal for \$16.95? Beyond this, check the Ensoniq catalogue—those folks are introducing new gadgets every day, it seems.

This is starting to sound like one of those computer advertisements where the basic unit starts for \$200 and winds up costing the consumer \$2000 when all the add-ons are tallied up. Truth is, though, that at a price of \$2300 to \$2500 (which includes a bunch of pre-programmed as well as blank discs) the entire package, minus the Apple, is a hell of a lot more cost-effective than any other sampling keyboard on the market. Still, the accessories mentioned above are a luxury. The other truth about the Mirage is that samples done with care can be very good using the instrument's basic package alone. Anyone using the Mirage need only borrow a keyboard, or for that matter any instrument or sound-making device (including passages from records) in order to sample and store sequences forever.

So why is the Mirage "almost" the perfect synth for established and struggling musicians? Because it has certain limitations in live performance. For example, it takes four seconds to load a sound from disc into the Mirage memory. And despite the instrument's many capabilities in the realm of program storage and retrieval, a musician is inevitably going to encounter a moment while playing live where the Mirage alone will prove inadequate. Here's where the "almost" comes in: the Mirage functions best either in the recording studio or as a second keyboard in a live concert situation. Realistically, however, the availability of a unit that can be billed as "A.Second Keyboard That's Every Sound in the World for Under \$2500 (plus the price of an Apple IIe)" is something every keyboard player should be delighted with.

#### Keynotes

[cont. from 17] they watered down to put over, like adding a love triangle with Sheila E. The whole basis of our success was not watering it down, and in whatever direction we go next, that'll be the case."

**EMI-SWEET DREAMS** Any reason is a good reason to hear more Patsy Cline, even if what we see in the movie Sweet Dreams is the sort of bio-pic better suited as a made-for-TV (i.e., short on serious biography, long on soap opera) vehicle. But this is a musical soap opera, and if the libretto is so much suds, well, thank the Lord for the arias. The producers had the good judgment to let Jessica Lange act the part the way she does and dub in Cline's voice for the singing, all to good effect. Lange transforms herself into a physical duplicate of Cline—complete with the proper bulk and swagger in the hips and the no-bullshit tone of her speaking voiceand gets so deeply into the performances you almost forget she's lip-synching. Almost. While Sissy Spacek was thoroughy convincing singing Loretta Lynn's songs in Coal Miner's Daughter, neither Lange nor any other contemporary singer (any one who's been on record, anyway—perhaps there's some great undiscovered singer out there who could fit the bill) could approach Cline as a vocalist. To paraphrase a line from Apollo Creed in Rocky III, Loretta Lynn sings great, but Patsy Cline's a great singer. If Sweet Dreams fails to portray Cline's life in the context of the big picture, musically speaking—nowhere in the film does she meet or perform with anybody else we might recognize, unlike Coal Miner's Daughter, which presented us with a fine cameo of Patsy (played by Beverly D'Angelo) vis-a-visherfriend and ardent admirer Loretta Lynn—it's a decent entertainment that may well lead to a rediscovery (or a discovery, judging from numerous comments I heard upon leaving a screening of the film in New York) of one of the most beautiful voices and intelligent vocalists in all of popular music.

What's unfortunate, though, is that some of Patsy Cline's records currently available from MCA are mere facsimiles of the original releases-most egregiously, strings and background vocalists have been added to songs that once had none. This skullduggery hardly undercuts the emotional thrust of Cline's singing, but it does rob fans of the chance to hear Cline in the best possible setting: that is, backed only by a small country-and-western band, her voice rising strong over the ensemble, taking you to places you didn't expect to go. Consider one of Cline's most enduring hits, "Walking After Midnight." Originally released in 1956 on Decca (record no. 9-30221), this song topped the country charts in its original version, with the vocal supported by a loping beat and underscored by the lonesome strains of a pedal steel guitar. None of Cline's in-print albums contain this recording. What is available is the same vocal with a string section dubbed in (Patsy Cline's Greatest Hits, MCA-12), and, worst of all,

the version released on the Sweet Dreams soundtrack, featuring a different vocal take and a big band arrangement. This is all the work of Owen Bradley, Cline's producer and guardian of her recorded legacy, who understandably doesn't want Cline's legend to die, but who also won't let her rest in peace (many of these atrocities were committed following the artist's death). On Bradley's side it can be argued that Cline saw herself as something more than a country singer, and this posthumous diddling simply proves the great breadth of her artistry. Granting this last point, who's to say that had Cline been in the studio for these sessions, she wouldn't have turned a phrase differently, or indeed, turned a song inside-out and found an entirely new approach and new point of view to express? Life is full of "what ifs," and we can't worry about the road not taken, but as it stands, those curious about Cline will find it impossible to trace her growth on record, and this too should be of concern to Bradley and anyone else whose first interest is to serve the artist. To MCA's credit, it has released, simultaneous with the

#### STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

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Sweet Dreams soundtrack, Patsy Cline: Today, Tomorrow & Forever, a collection of hot (and mostly untampered with) tracks recorded between 1955 and 1959 that helps fill some of the gap in Cline's studio work. From a historical perspective, what's needed is something akin to Elvis Presley's Sun Sessions album that would include the stunning original versions of "Walking After Midnight," "A Poor Man's Roses" and other classic tracks, along with some revelatory B sides. Sweet Dreams helps honor Cline's life; it's time someone took care to do the same for her art.

UMPING PLASTIC From the sublime to the ridiculous: Epic Records releases in September included three "big push" albums — one by actress Pia Zadora, one by gymnast Mary Lou Retton, and one by a group of pro wrestling stars. Did someone say the music business?

#### Adams

[cont. from 24] date. If that last part's true, Adams is a lucky cowboy; she's the counterpoint, the Lady Cool to his Angry Young Man.

It doesn't seem like the best of days to ask about interesting rumors. Earlier in the day a very cordial woman from Adams' Vancouver office had called to suggest questions. "After ten months of interviews he's tired and leery. I don't want him to clam up on you."

"So ask me some questions," says Adams as he leads the pack to a Central Park bench facing a well-travelled footpath. Even though he looks exactly like he looks on stage, video, and photo, no one's recognized him yet.

And he acts exactly like he does on stage, too, a bristly but loveable mix of sweetheart, shithead and rabblerouser. The latter two have been duly noted by the press.

"I think the most common preconception about me is that I'm spoiled by success, and arrogant." They don't actually ask you if you think you are, do they? "Oh ya, sure they do. Everyone's arrogant to some extent, you know. It's just how much you flaunt it in people's faces."

In between topics, Adams stretches various limbs and nuzzles Miss Bag, whose peaches and cream countenance is being lightly toasted by a penninsula of strong sun. Every once in awhile she gives a smile with considerable subtext.

There are topics that make Adams smile, too, songwriting partner Jim Vallance in particular. "I'm just another asshole to him, see, and he's just another asshole to me. I was the teenage kid with spots and long hair, and he was the hippie with flairs and clogs. Do you know what I mean? Supposedly Elton has a sign above his bar that says 'I'd be nothing without Bernie.' I feel the same way about Jim. And he's my friend, too, you know? You ask what I fear most in life—I think it would be not having people like Jim and Miss Bag and my friends to share with."

Of course the press would like him to share more with them—for as much as Adams hates

the hype and prying, he wouldn't change the pen-and-probe set, or anything else in the rock 'n' roll ecosystem, for that matter. "Why would I want to? All those things in it make it what it is. You need the critics to criticize, you need the anarchists to make statements, you need the poppers to make the pop, you need the wankers to wank off, and the record company execs to be record company execs. There's nothing you could change about it. You just take out of it what you need, you know?"

Finally, the inevitable happens—a skinny rock fan type with two grade schoolers in tow does a triple take in front of the bench. "Bryan Ferry? No, no, not Ferry..." Adams looks tickled. "You're playing Madison Square Garden this weekend, right?" "Right. It starts with an 'A'." "Bryan Adams, of course! Hey, can I take a picture? Hey, you guys, you wanna be in this picture? This is Bryan Adams!"

This seems to be the cue for Mr. Adams and Miss Bag. They stand up, curl around each other, and head off for a trek through the park before going to the Garden and the ordination's closing ceremonies. A line from the Adams hit "Somebody" comes to mind: "It's the distance that keeps us sane." The last sight is of Bryan and Bag disappearing up a small hill's path, its course kept secret by a thicket of trees with sun at the top and shadows underneath.

#### Waits

[cont. from 32]on "Blind Love."

Waits: He sings some background on that, too. That's my favorite part of the record, when he sings that.

Record: Did you get along with him?

Waits: Yeah, he's real down-to-earth. Plenty of Rebel Yell, Sour Mash, and he comes with Alan Rogan, a guitar valet who's like John Gielgud and he handles everything regarding the world of guitars. The two of them together are hilarious; it's quite something to see. (Rogan) brings in like a chest of drawers with a different guitar in each drawer. It's like having a secretary. "Give me the 900SL with the P48 on the camelhair back, yellow one with the blue hook on the side there." (Richards) is like an animal in the studio. When he gets out in the middle of the floor with the guitar everybody just backs up. He fills the room. Nobody in the world moves like him. He gets himself twisted into knots. It's like a weird kind of monkey ballet. He's a killer. Complete gentleman.

**Record:** You've been quoted as saying these are New York stories. Could this record have been written anywhere else?

Weits: Probably, yeah. I mean, if you come here and kind of see and hear and go away somewhere to write. But something about the pain and tension and discomfort of living in New York seems to go into whatever you do here. New York in the summer—that's what Rain Dogs is for me. People who sleep in doorways. Maybe on some level I wanted to do something that would capture more of that

aspect of New York. That it does at times turn on you and it's like a ship full of rats and it's on fire and we're all going down.

On one hand New York's made me more neurotic and volatile, and on the other it's made me more good-natured. But I lose my temper here all the time. We've lived in all these neighborhoods—we've moved about 10 times in our two years here, because we keep subletting—and I've found that it takes me about a week to alienate a business nearby. Go into a restaurant and have a difficult time getting served, fly off the handle and throw a glass against the wall. About a week later I'd want to go in there and I'd realize I couldn't go back in there, that I wouldn't be allowed

'I'm getting
very well known, but
I'm making what
they call the wrong
kind of headlines.'

back in there. Slowly the lights started going out in all the businesses along the street. Well, I need a crescent wrench, screwdriver and a pound of nails, but I can't go back in that hardware store after I yelled at that Spanish guy. Maybe he's not working this shift, maybe I can. I'd peek in there, no, he's working, son of a bitch. So I had to keep going to other neighborhoods to get things I needed and bring them back. It was like foraging.

Record: Have you learned to control your temper yet?

Waits: They like me in this restaurant, but I have a couple of cavities along 14th Street. I can't go back into Bunny's, achildren's clothing store—don't ask why, I don't want to get into it. I'm a hothead, what can I say? You never know when I'm going to go off. Just the pressures of adult life. I don't adapt well.

**Record:** You're going to be touring Europe for awhile, so maybe you'll be able to come back to this neighborhood.

Waits: Well, I've got problems abroad, too. I've alienated people in other countries, and we'll be going to some of those countries. I'm going to have to find someplace I can stay and never leave. My world is becoming so much smaller. I'm getting very well known—I'm making what they call the wrong kind of headlines.

Record: In addition to changing locales in the past couple of years you've experienced a major change on the personal front by becoming a father. How has that affected you, particularly your feeling of responsibility to your family vis-a-vis your work?

Waits: Well, they're all in military school, and I think that's the only way to go. I see the kids in the summer and that's the way I want it and goddamn it that's the way it is. All boys—Bobo, Catnip, Barbwire, Shadrack—and every one of them has a big future in advertising.

I just look at it as agriculture. It's very simple to me: you plant a tree and watch it grow. That's all. It's lumber. Lumber for the future. You look back over your shoulder and there's something springing up as you go down the road of life.

**Record:** You know, several years down the road your children are going to read how you referred to them as lumber and to raising them as being a form of agriculture, and they're gonna want to know. Do you understand this thing about responsibility?

Waits: Well . . . (to waiter) could I have another coffee here, pal?

**Record:** What do you find most frustrating right now as an artist? Or do you feel any frustration at this point?

Waits: I want to buy Paramount. But my lawyers say, Tom, you're not really in a position right now to be in the bidding for that. I don't know. Most frustrating thing? A lot of things. Mainly it's just being able to expand and feel like . . . well, popularity doesn't seem to flourish in proportion to your ideas. It's like two different things. I don't know, things are pretty good. As far as my writing, I feel pretty good about that. I just need a place to do it. I'm not really settled in. I need a laboratory where I can go mad. Now the children are heavily insured . . .

**Record:** After you come back from Europe you're going to New Orleans to be in Jim Jarmusch's new film. This is your first big film role.

Waits: Yeah, it's co-starring with John Lurie and Roberto Bellini. It's called Down By Law. It's about three guys who break out of jail in New Orleans. Two of the guys hate each other, the other guy is kind of an Italian tourist. Two small-time thugs and an Italian tourist, and the chemistry of that in a small cell. But on a deeper level it's about dreams and the things you want and how the things you expect ultimately find their way into your life if you dream them. Whatever those things may

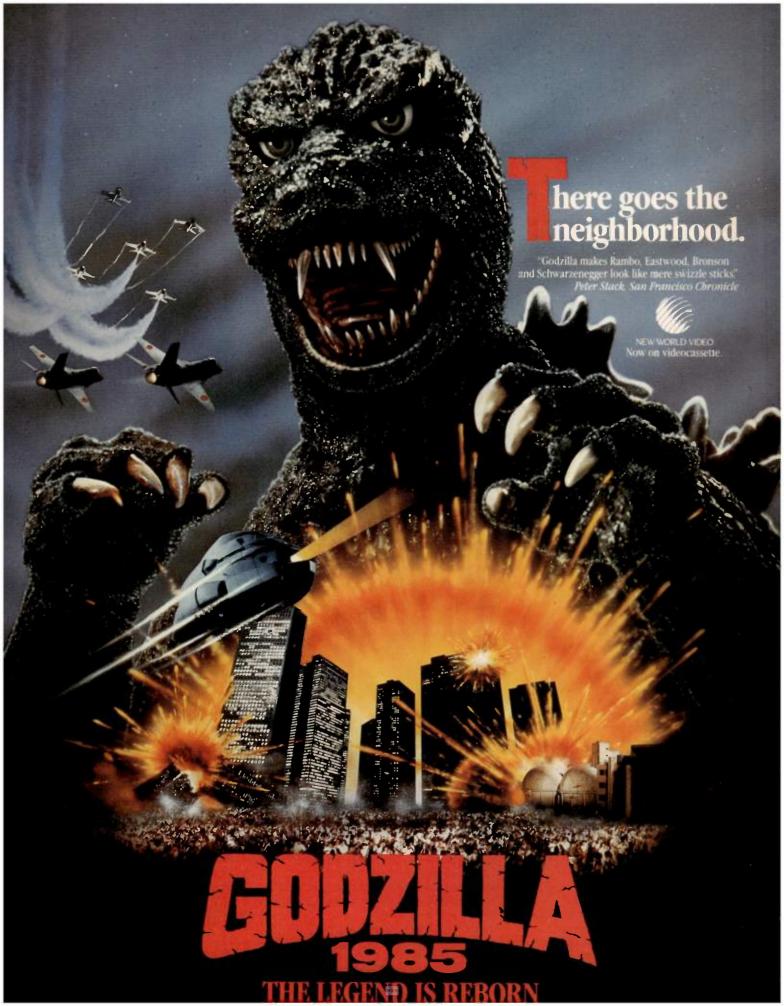
Record: Like willing things to happen to you. Walks: Well, if you have a dream or a vision of something the way you imagine it to be, you will turn those things in your life into those things symbolized by the things in those dreams. If you imagine your life as a western, this 14th Street becomes Dodge City and this guy becomes Sheriff John and this guy is Bad Bart. You end up making those connections yourself and ultimately that affects the things that happen to you. That can happen in a positive way.

**Record:** Are you satisfied with where you're at right now with what you're doing in film, theater and music?

Waits: I hesitate to say happy because . . . yeah, I feel pretty good about it.

Record: Do you think in terms of goals?

Waits: Life insurance and that type of thing?
Goals . . . I'malways working on something in the back of my head. As long as I'm doing that I'm chipping away at it. You have to try to keep the fodder of what you do alive. (to waiter) Say, could I have another cup of coffee here, pal?



#### RECORDS · BOOKS · VIDEOS

#### TIM

The Replacements
Warner/Sire

THE REPLACEMENTS ARE A GREAT folk band because they're simple, earnest, sometimes stupid but occasionally brilliant-just like folks. Which makes it OK that Tim, their major label debut, doesn't venture far conceptually from their previous indie outings. Paul Westerberg's trashy hooks get catchier this time, ably abetted by ex-Ramone Tommy Erdelyi's straightforward production. But art isn't the Replacements' business here: the simple, uncluttered reflection of life and life only is. So they sing about the joy of getting kissed and the jarring "Dose of Thunder" of a bitchin' rock 'n' roll show. They approach greatness only through the bright thrash of Bob Stinson's guitar and Westerberg's ability to crystallize the emotional epiphanies of plain people. "If being afraid is a crime, we'll hang side by side," he sings in "Swinging Party," and such plain-spokenness can hit a world-weary truth junkie where he lives. Which isn't to say that these Minneapolis miscreants wouldn't sell out in a second—Tim's loving rehash of metallic '70s trash-pop proves that—but they'd tell you exactly what they thought of their trip to the bank. As Westerberg sings of himself in "Bastards of Young": "God, what a mess on the ladder of success." He may be the only upwardly mobile 26-year-old in America willing to admit that. -Chuck Reece

#### DOWNTOWN

Marshall Crenshaw Warner

AT THE CAREER STAGE WHEN MOST critical darlings have sold out, run dry or faded away, Marshall Crenshaw has done nothing of the kind: his marvelous third album is every bit as fresh and invigorating as his 1982 debut. Playing that wonderful stripe of pure pop which-ironically-rarely leads to mass popularity, Crenshaw offers ten sparkling and memorable new tunes, coloring his direct, unfussy melodicism with welcome country/western and rhythm and blues accents. Lyrics lean toward romantic melancholy ("The Distance Between," "I'm Sorry (But So Is Brenda Lee)," "Blues Is King"), but a hopeful undercurrent just below the surface keeps the mood cheery, even when he's ruing a hopeless relationship. Affecting, unaffected singing supported by sharp, spare rock









backing and succinct production make this as fine a record as any he's made, and the perfect antidote to the synthesized dancepop so prevalent nowadays. —Ira Robbins

#### HERE'S TO FUTURE DAYS

Thompson Twins Arista

THE THOMPSON TWINS ARE OPPRESsively likeable, a trio whose hits, though hummable, are essentially as disposable as Kleenex. No wonder, Here's to Future Days tries so hard. Left to the predictable pop of "King for a Day," "Lay Your Hands on Me," or "Love is the Law," their hand with hooks seems fitting. But give them the likes of "Tokyo" or Lennon/ McCartney's "Revolution" and they sound as if they've gotten hopelessly above themselves. It's almost as if the Thompsons forgot just what makes their sound work, for without the carefree competence typical of hits like "Hold Me Now," these Twins are just another source of static on the hit pa--J.D. Considine rade.

#### SPRINGSTEEN

Text by Robert Hilburn Art Direction by Howard Klein Charles Scribner's Sons/256 pp./\$29.95

OF ALL THE ROLLING STONE PRESS coffee-table bios, Springsteen is the most curiously diminished. The previous artists tackled-The Beatles, Stones, Dylan and Presley-were past their prime or beyond the pale, and thus ripe for the larger-thanlife layouts and mythopoeic discourses they received. But with Bruce Artistry and Bruce Mania not having peaked yet, such treatment seems premature and a little empty. The best thing Hilburn's text has going is the amount of first-hand quotes (he's one of the very few writers Springsteen has talked to since the beginning), refreshing indeed in a field saturated with speculation. A suitable holiday gift for the uninitiated—presuming the species still exists at this late date— Springsteen ain't no cure for those chronically stricken with fever for the boy.

-Wayne King

#### **ANOTHER WORLD**

The Roches
Warner

FOR THEIR FOURTH ALBUM, NEW York's favorite folk sisters enlisted producer Richard Gottehrer (Blondie, Go-Go's),

whose idea of "contemporary" means glopping on "Chariots of Fire"-styled synths and drum machines. This isn't really a betrayal of roots-the Roches have never been purists-but it is a conceptual mistake. What made their early LPs so arresting was the contrast between their ornate vocals and the sparse instrumental backings by the likes of Robert Fripp. But here, Gottehrer's lush arrangements cancel the equally lush harmonies and turn them into mush. The sisters' smart-aleck crankiness still shines through—especially on the title cut and the caustic "Face Down at Folk City." As for the rest-let's just say Maggie, Terre and Suzzy are still stunning singers and quirky songwriters, and that this LP, too, shall -David Browne pass.

#### JANE WIEDLIN

Jane Wiedlin

A SONG NAMED AFTER A NOVEL BY Gabriel Garcia Marquez ("One Hundred Years of Solitude") isn't the biggest surprise on this solo debut by ex-Go-Go Wiedlin. She proves to be a sweet and spunky lead vocalist, and the record boasts a number of strong pop ballads which showcase her vulnerable side-"Blue Kiss," "I Will Wait For You," "My Traveling Heart." While the production is occasionally overwrought and some of the song choices are improbable or strained (the funky "Somebody's Going To Get Into This House" and the awkward protest number "Goodbye Cruel World' are the major offenders), Jane Wiedlin is in the main a touching, perky and likeable first bow.

—Chris Morris

#### SPEED CONNECTION II

The Fleshtones I.R.S.

THE FLESHTONES HAVE A TREMENdous reputation as live rock 'n' rollers, and on this record they more than live up to it. The drumming here never falters, the guitars go to town, saxes strut and honk, harmonicas wail, and lead singer Peter Zaremba slurs "hey, baby" a lot. Every sharp tunefrom the raucous "Return to Haunted House" to the raucous "When the Night Falls''-tops the preceding one, or seems to in the heat of the sequence, and the band's sound of the garage is never just the sound of the garage. With its momentum and hooks partying headlong into tuneful glory, Speed Connection II deftly restores the heart to noise and the Fleshtones to a deserved spot atop the underground heap.

-James Hunter

#### STARPEACE

Yoko Ono Polygram

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, YOKO Ono's musical output has finally coalesced into a format as predictable as that of John Lennon's other famous collaborator, Paul McCartney. But who ever wanted Yoko to become predictable? Her achievements have always occurred at the highest levels of artistic and emotional risk (see: the masterful Season of Glass). And with Materialman Bill Laswell producing, I expected some outrageous trip into avant-pop. As it stands, Starpeace is fairly mainstream (admittedly, an extremely relative term when you're talking Ono). Laswell provides a slick aural environment for Yoko's hopefilled anthems and poetic paradoxes, although her vocals and lyrical excesses ("I like all of me") remain an acquired taste. I suppose I like this record even if its major message is that these days Yoko just wants to have fun. -Larry Frascella

#### **FEUDALIST TARTS**

**Alex Chilton** 

Big Time

THE COVER PICTURE DEFINES CHILton's image as a scorched-earth Southern wreck, but the grooves show him at his most direct, relaxed and warm since "September Gurls." Or, more accurately, at his most soul deep, because this is not the wholly strange and private vision of Beatles-era radio that made Big Star the source of an entire "quirky pop" genre. This is the Box Tops. Same easy rolling, good-for-you groove, only rawer and stripped down. Most bravura performance: Chilton's take on the New Orleans classic, "Thank You John"-night thoughts from a pimp that Chilton makes sound entirely congenial. Hard stuff not to like, and when did you ever think you'd hear that about a Chilton record again?

-Christopher Hill

BOSTON, MASS.

Del Fuegos Slash/Warner

THE DEL FUEGOS OPERATE SOMEthing like the Standells in reverse—they're a Boston band trying to make their name on the left coast. Yet where the Standells only had to wade through "Dirty Water," the Del Fuegos have to cross the big muddy, that is, Mitchell Froom's production on Boston, Mass. On the Fuegos' debut, The Longest Day, Froom made the foursome sound less than fearsome, despite shooting for a "what's it to you?" garage-band attitude. At least the guitar here calls up some of punk's terror, but Dan Zanes' inexpressive singing can't make it Miller Time for sluggish material that's unlikely to further any '60's rock revival—or the Del Fuegos' career.

—W.K.

LIVE AT THE APOLLO WITH DAVID RUFFIN AND EDDIE KENDRICK

Hall and Oates
RCA

COMPARED TO THEIR MOST EFFECtive hits, from the guitars of "You Make My Dreams" to the classic hooks of "Out of Touch," this well-played set seems loose, and it avoids the characterless background vocals that often contribute further to Hall and Oates' elevator tendencies. Not that they really tear anything up. No, it's a live album that could pass as a less exacting act's studio record, music that could only seem spontaneous now, when so much deft pop craft resonates as nothing except its own over-rehearsed reward. They get points for putting former Temptations David Ruffin and Eddie Kendrick on the radio again in a smooth if form-heavy medley of their old Motown glories. The record hints that it's about Hall and Oates' connection to soul music, but it's not. It's about the best-selling pop duo in history, capable of looking so sharp one minute and utterly vacant the next, turning their live show into the sleekest possible disk. For hardcore fans only, minus the Temps. —J.H.

#### DIAMOND LIFE VIDEO

Sade

20 min./CBS/Fox Video/\$14.98

NEWCOMER SADE GIVES HER SOULtinged contemporary sound a harder edge in this series of dramatic, highly stylized music videos, which intercut contrived street scenes, reminiscent of a Humphrey Bogart gangster movie, with footage of the lady herself performing in a nightclub. "Smooth Operator: the extended version," directed by the renowned Julien Temple (Bowie, the Stones) points up Sade's singing and acting abilities, while "Hang Onto Your Love" and "Your Love is King" reveal incredible stage presence and command performances. This four-song video compilation is strung together by interview footage of the striking 24-year-old crooner, who confides such startling truths as the fact that, while Americans pronounce her name "Shar-day," the English call her "Sha-day." A feast for your eyes and ears, not your mind.

-Faye Zuckerman

#### **ECHOES IN THE NIGHT**

Gary Brooker
Mercury

WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A REUNION of the core of Procol Harum. On Echoes, singer/pianist Brooker resumes his partnership with organist/producer Matthew Fisher, drummer B.J. Wilson and lyricist Keith Reid-guitarist Robin Trower is the only Procol mainstay missing. The chemistry remains potent-Procol's brooding, baroque intensity has been modified for the '80's without a glitch. Particularly compelling are Brooker's pliant, fur-lined vocals and Wilson's deftly dramatic drumming, both put to the service of songs and arrangements that ooze casual smarts and restrained intensity. The catchiest track is the opening "Count Me Out," but the grandest is "The Long Goodbye," which updates the classic Procol elements: stately tempo, fugue-ish piano/organ interplay, and a steady build-up to a roiling finale. Brooker and his mates sound downright contemporary—the light fandango still skips.

-Bud Scoppa

#### NO LOOKIN' BACK

Michael McDonald Warner

MICHAEL MCDONALD'S BEEN A busy ex-Doobie, penning another pile of songs about love and loneliness. As usual, he and co-producer Ted Templeman have gone for the platinum, playing it smart by building an album around a rhythm section anchored by Toto drummer Jeff Porcaro and bass blaster Willie Weeks. McDonald's singing is strong, and synths add all the right textures—but it's Weeks and guest Joe Walsh who put some punch in the grooves. Weeks' buzzing rumble drives the title tune, while Walsh's bluesy slide adds soul to "Bad Times." Tenor sax-man Cornelius Bumpus, percussionist Paulinho da Costa and guitarist Robben Ford also get their licks in, perking up the platter without disrupting the top-of-the-pops craftsmanship. And that's a shame, because with no one rocking the boat, No Lookin' Back is so cool and caculated that it's hardly worth a second —Ted Drozdowski glance.

#### RHYTHM ROMANCE

The Romantics
Nemperor

THE ROMANTICS' 1980 DEBUT WAS an exhilarating example of Garage Osmosis, hometown Motor City madness infusing stock British invasionisms with wit and ur-

gency. As formula follows function, Rhythm Romance continues a five-year leeching process. "Never Thought It Would Be Like This," all bass, backbeat and harmonies, does the dirty deed with admirable panache, but the rest of this material is stuporous. And stupid. And boring. Back to work, boys—at least the Kinks have two decades of laurels to rest on.

-Michael Frisbie

#### CHUCK BERRY

D: Scott Sternberg
60 min./Passport/\$29.95

CHUCK BERRY: ROCK 'N' ROLL MUSIC

By Howard A. DeWitt Pierian Press/291 pp./\$16.50

THE MASTER ROCKS THE ROOF OFF L.A.'s Roxy in Chuck Berry, a ferocious concert video taped in 1982. From "Roll Over Beethoven" to a torrid "Reelin" and Rockin' " that features hot harmonies from daughter Ingrid Berry, the hits that defined the music we call rock and roll keep coming here with no surrender. A pre-"Private Dancer" Tina Turner turns up for a workout so intense that she has a hard time keeping her shirt from revealing what it's supposed to conceal, and the five-piece band flexes the muscle needed to push Berry into high gear. Several classic tunes are scandalously mislabeled on the package, but, any old way you choose it, there's no mistaking the power these songs still pack.

Less incendiary, but extremely informative, Howard DeWitt's Chuck Berry: Rock 'N' Roll Music follows the path of Chuck's music from the early days in St. Louis to its present stature. Morton Reff contributes valuable discographies of Berry's recordings to this volume which, in terms of style and presentation, is about as far from a quickie bio as it could possibly be. For the hard facts on Berry's career, this is the place to start.

—Anthony DeCurtis

#### ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM

Richard Thompson
PolyGram/Sony VHS/\$29.95

WHILE THE VIDEO FORMAT DOES little to advance Thompson's cause as a visual performer, it is a most timely document of his remarkable depth and prowess as a songwriter and guitarist. Taped in Canada earlier this year, Thompson's new band is not quite as rollicking as the big-band configuration of a few years back, but offers more than adequate support on a crackling set of 18 songs, including "Fire in the En-

gine Room," "Shoot out the Lights" and "Tear Stained Letter." Always an introspective performer, Thompson is positively entranced here, dispensing with even the self-deprecating quips that often lighten his shows. But his skirling, chord-twisting solos are as awesomely mystifying as ever, and fully justify the premise and the purchase of Across a Crowded Room.

-Jonathan Gregg

#### LIVE

The Glenn Phillips Band Shanachie

WHILE LIVE IS NOT GOING TO INstantly catapult Atlanta-based legend Glenn Phillips into the pantheon of Living Guitar Masters, it captures enough of the kamikaze excess and technical virtuosity that earned him his reputation to make one all the more aware of the tarnish on the crowns of recently resuscitated fretboard royalty (a disappointing Beck Flash; Jimmy "Ham Fist" Page with the Firm). While the songs tread ground a little too close to fusion, Phillips' unabashedly melodic playing coupled with his guitarist/spaceman sense of the absurd makes for some sure fire on this mostly instrumental album. Guest vocal spots by Jeff Calder (Swimming Pool Q's) on "Pony to Ride" and the Q's nasty "Stingray" only up the ante. Those bitten by the bug should also check out the first five Glenn Phillips Band albums, available from Snow Star Records, 1467 Canoochee Dr., Atlanta GA -Joe Dizney

#### THE WISHING CHAIR

10,000 Maniacs Elektra

10,000 MANIACS ARE CRAFTY DEVils, stewing folk, bluegrass and art rock into a style that begs comparison with R.E.M. and Fairport Convention, but carries enough mutant genes to sound daring and original. These western-New York Staters write songs that are wistful, romantic, sometimes elegiac, soaring on fragile melodies and fortified by manic rips of Robert Buck's guitar. The R.E.M./Fairport factor is boosted by producer Joe Boyd (who's worked with both bands), the Maniacs' passion for mandolin solos and rock-cum-skiffle rhythms, and Natalie Merchant's pretty, perplexingly phrased, Stipe-like murmurings. It's impossible to fathom much of what she's singing, but fun to use the clues that emerge to piece together such imagistic tales as "Can't Ignore the Train," "Lillydale," and "Grey Victory." Cheaters can check the lyric \_T.D.

#### **SERIOUS BUSINESS**

Johnny Winter
Alligator

YOU LISTEN TO STEVIE RAY Vaughan and then to Johnny Winter, and you think there might be a blues revival in the making. And even though Vaughan has been hogging all the media kudos, Winter's comeback deserves close attention. On Serious Business, as on his previous Alligator release, Guitar Slinger, Winter's roughedup, raw vocals and wildly kinetic guitar solos represent some of the best work he's done in years. Tracks like "Master Mechanic," "Sound the Bell," and "It Ain't Your Business" are wicked cuts, full of devilish guitar licks, hot rhythms, and even some of the polish found on Stevie Ray's records. Thus, except on "Murdering Blues" and "Give It Back," where things get a little too heated, Serious Business is solid as steel. Welcome back, Johnny. -Robert Santelli

#### JUST A WOMAN

Loretta Lynn MCA

DON'T EXPECT SURPRISES FROM LOretta Lynn's umpteenth LP. True to form, the down-home diva reshuffles genre licks and themes, dependably dealing a winning hand-ten tunes about love domesticated and idealized, about longing, leaving and cheating. Nashville cats here crank out tracks that could pass for AOR humdrum (salvaged somewhat by Weldon Myrick's lyrical pedal steel), and Jimmy Bowen's stainless digital production shimmers, if it also slightly chills. But Lynn musters her characteristic virtuoso precision—an unerring quaver on the quivering title track, a nifty sass on "Stop the Clock." Effortlessly adding another coat of gloss to Lynn's Heartbreak House, Just A Woman is consummate contemporary country.

-Paul Evans

#### ROCK 'N' ROLL GUMBO

Professor Longhair
Dancing Cat Records

AS ANY STUDENT OF POPULAR MUsic knows, Professor Longhair (born Henry Roeland Byrd) invented New Orleans piano as we know it, and to him goes the credit for the riffs and cross-rhythms that have propelled the playing of pianists from Fats Domino to Dr. John. On this album, recorded in 1974 for French Barclay, 'Fess works out on a number of classic tunes, but Clarence (Gatemouth) Brown's stinging electric guitar and the rhythm section's straightfor-

ward punch combine to make this the Professor's hardest rocking album. Although this will hardly supersede the classic Atlantic recordings, even those who love the originals will be won over by these rollicking renditions of "Rum and Coke," "Junco Partner," and "Jambalaya." —J.D.C.

#### **CAMERA OBSCURA**

Nico and the Faction *PVC/Jem* 

AFTER NOT HAVING RELEASED A domestic album in over ten years, Nicothe former model turned Velvet Underground chanteuse/actress/solo artist-is back, again. With ex-Velvet John Cale producing and Nico's support group, The Faction, doing the arranging, Camera Obscura is more a collaboration than a solo LP. The album opens with the title cut, followed by the moaning" Tananore," both of which establish the sparse, haunting sound predominant throughout the disk. The dreamy, dread-laden "Win a Few" is reminiscent of Cale's own recent work, and "My Funny Valentine" undergoes a chilling reworking. The second side, particularly "Tearfully in Danger" and "My Heart Is Empty," spotlights Nico's more aggressive and guttural style. All in all, Camera Obscura is an impressive comeback—as joyously depressing as the work of those other light hearts, The Smiths. -Steve Matteo

#### PRINCE AND THE REVOLUTION: LIVE

Prince and the Revolution

Warner Music Video/116 min./\$29.95

IN 1980 PRINCE WAS PERFORMING IN bikini briefs and was thought to appeal only to those who like raffish tunes and lots of flesh. That's everybody, judging from this two-hour concert in which the Kid flashes some hot moves, along with a spread of his greatest hits. During the opening numbers, "Delirious" and "1999," Prince's eroticism seems a touch restrained. But by "Little Red Corvette" the royal one begins to taunt, tease, flirt and play with the crowd Unfortunately, this video suffers from drab lighting, muddy visuals and fuzzy soundconsumers are purchasing the transmission of a live airing to Europe from a March 1985 Rochester date. Even Prince's visceral renderings of "Purple Rain," "When Doves Cry" and "I Would Die 4 You" can't entirely compensate for the distant sound and flawed visuals. If you've never seen this lewd crew live, however, this may be as close as you'll come for a while. -F.Z.

#### CRUZADOS

Cruzados

Arista

HARD TO TELL WHETHER IT'S THE band or the production, but this California quartet's debut has a sound and feel that compensate for some of the weaknesses in their material, which is sort of a cross between the Byrds, Bruce Springsteen and Ennio Morricone. Though the tunes are not strikingly original, there are more than a few good moments, largely due to Tito Larriva's vocals and some strong ensemble playing showcasing Steven Hufsteter's spaghetti-Western whammy bar. Side one's personae seem a little disjointed, but side two hits its stride with the album's best cuts, "Cryin" Eyes" and "Seven Summers." While there is more style than substance here, the band's conviction and a few more good tunes could keep these Cruzados afloat.

#### THE FIRSTBORN IS DEAD

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds Homestead Records

NICK CAVE'S GOT A MOJO HAND and a tombstone mind, he rides the grave-yard train into Tupelo with the King while the levee breaks, and that's the sound of Blind Lemon Jefferson working on the chain gang. Moicy. The fertile delta again in flames, the fantasies of Europe (and Australia). And yes, Cave has a certain poetry of stereotypes down well enough to generate some doomy theatrical thrills in the Bo Diddleying "Tupelo," and in a growling version of Dylan's "Wanted Mar.." But this is the avant garde, Buck—head-heavy, draggy, indulgent. In the words of The King, "Hold it fellas, that don't move me."—C.H.

#### ROMANCE 1600

Sheila E.

Paisley Park/Warner

SHEILA E(SCOVEDO). THE SOLE FEmale Jamie Starr protege with talent, faces a dilemma: does she play the Prince music closest to her pocketbook or the Latin sounds nearest her heart? Escovedo chooses a middle road that neither sells out nor satisfies. The sly "Sister Fate" opens Romance 1600 by setting a pop/funk standard E. and co. can't yet maintain for more than a single track. To compensate for the band's lack of a stylistic base, the LP turns indifferently eclectic. There's a competent James Brownstyle workout; "A Love Bizarre," a 12:18 duet with Raspberry Breath that, er, climax-

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es with the melody from "Frere Jacques"; and "Toy Box," a "Sugar Walls" rewrite that should keep Tipper Gore and her clique of obsessed Congresswives busy. But Romance 1600 never coheres—bad news for an album whose paisley packaging presents it as a conceptual whole.

-Jimmy Guterman

#### DON'T STAND ME DOWN

Kevin Rowland & Dexys Midnight Runners Polygram

- 1. KEVIN ROWLAND HAS brought Dexys Midnight Runners back with a new line-up (what else?) and a new look (oh, really?).
- 2. Don't Stand Me Down overflows with interesting little conversations, raps and anecdotes, my favorite being the one in which Kevin assures bandmember Bill that no one in the room has been talking about him.
- 3. In "Reminisce Part 2," Rowland says, "I started to think about the summer of 1969. It's funny how you remember the summers by the records." The four songs he goes on to mention all came out in 1970.
- 4. Kevin seeks to marry the soul and Celtic traditions—but with Van Morrison's *Live in Belfast* finally in American release, why are you even reading this?

  —W.K.

#### VIRGINS AND PHILISTINES

The Colour Field Chrysalis

AFTER LEAVING THE SPEcials and Fun Boy Three, Terry Hall has now formed The Colour Field. But don't expect those ol' reggae rhythms or sassy ska horns—Hall is now making jazzy folk-pop. The

running order on this LP differs from the original British version's, presumably in order to soup the LP up. "Can't Get Enough of You Baby" and "Pushing Up Daisies" kick off the album, and are the poppiest tracks on here. "Castles in the Air" has a

**SIDE TRACKS** 

BY GREG TATE

Cool Tunes, Dance Cuts and the Singles Life

hould you intend to buy into but one hiphop scam this year, I know the one you simply must be duped into. Repeat after me, as if it were a mantra: DOUG E. FRESH AND THE GET FRESH CREW—"The Show." Yes, this record is a veritable carnival of human beat box noises and scratch effects, guaranteed to wig out and warp the minds of even die-hard afficionados of the rap aesthetic. Doug E. Fresh, who can outscratch, say, Grandmixer D. St. by merely gargling in the morning. Make what you will of this poignant canard, this quid pro quo of non sequitur elocution. Own it, and it will soon possess your heart. Disown it, and I'll never speak to the likes of you again. 

But whatever you do, work to avoid MORRIS DAY's "The Oak Tree," which ain't even funny—or funkin'. Remember "The Bird"? Well, just stand there for this dance craze and you get the message. Instruct Morris to beg forgiveness. 

Likewise can be said for the EDDIE MURPHY/RICK JAMES confab, "Party Time." If this man has a future in music, it will only be to provide whatever proof may still be wanting that fatuous disco sucked. Along these lines, we can also say all that is Go-Go is not good to go. You will not mourn for missing either TROUBLEFUNK's "Still Smokin" " or LITTLE BENNIE AND THE MASTER's "Who Comes to Boogie." 

But don't fret, because all the funk you'll need this month can be found on BILLY AND BABY GAP's "Rock the Nation," the best Gap Band/P-Funk ripoff since "Burn Rubber." This record is a dancefloor anthem in waiting-only you can render its din funkable in action. Take up this matter with your local deejay, and, while you're at it, demand your just desserts for having the patience to endure such sappy Prince-cloning crap as "Oh Sheila" by RFTW. (I refuse to call them READY FOR THE WORLD when they ain't even ready for prime time, or the graveyard shift, even.) Maybe if we all band together, every copy of this vinyl waste can be melted back into petroleum jelly. 

And what are we to make of the black man's burden GEORGE CLINTON carries in his missionary episode with the RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS, but that this single's title sez it all and then some: "Nevermind." George, George, why hast thou forsaken us for such lames when you should be producing Fishbone? Life is a mystery and we are but clues to its puzzling need to smack idol-worshippers in the face. Have no false gods, and you will never be disappointed. (But, then, without such fetishism, what would rock 'n' roll be?)  $\square$  In this vein, yes, we also have insulting things to say about Prince's putrid spinoff contrivance, THE FAMILY, whose "Scream of Passion" would've been better left between the sheets, sparing us all the embarassment of forced voyeurism. 

I don't know how you feel about about BERTOLT BRECHT and KURT WEILL, but for kicks and kinks and Robert Quine guitar grunges, you may want to treat yourself to LOU REED's recent rendition of their "September Song." Then you can also partake in being the last on your block to pick up on DIRE STRAITS' "Money for Nothing," which speaks volumes about why we all want to be rock and roll stars instead of TV salespersons. And of these and other matters of state, that is all I have to report—having already spoken more than volumes myself.

pleasant cabaret feel, but the best cut is Hall's lovely cover of the The Roches' "Hammond Song." The Colour Field is not as much fun as the Specials, on the whole, but at least it's another effort by Hall to keep progressing.

—S.M.

THE FAMILY

The Family

Paisley Park/Warner

THOSE OF YOU WHO think Prince represents a triumph of style over substance should lend a lobe to this disc from The Family, a reconstructed version of what's left of The Time. This first release on Mr. Nelson's Paisley Park label apes the master's antiseptic syncopations, idiosyncratic productions, homages to physical love, and facile moralism, without coming across with any of his flamboyant sizzle. If Prince's vision boils down to unbridled egocentricity-and for all the kid's mesmerizing talent, I think it does-at least there's a solid entity behind his music that we can latch onto. The Family dishes up the accoutrements and flourishes cold, so that even when the band is elliptical (as on "Screams of Passion," which is probably just a paean to fucking, but may possibly also be about the crucifixion), it isn't tantalizing. The Family is sophisticated background music, at best.

-John Leland

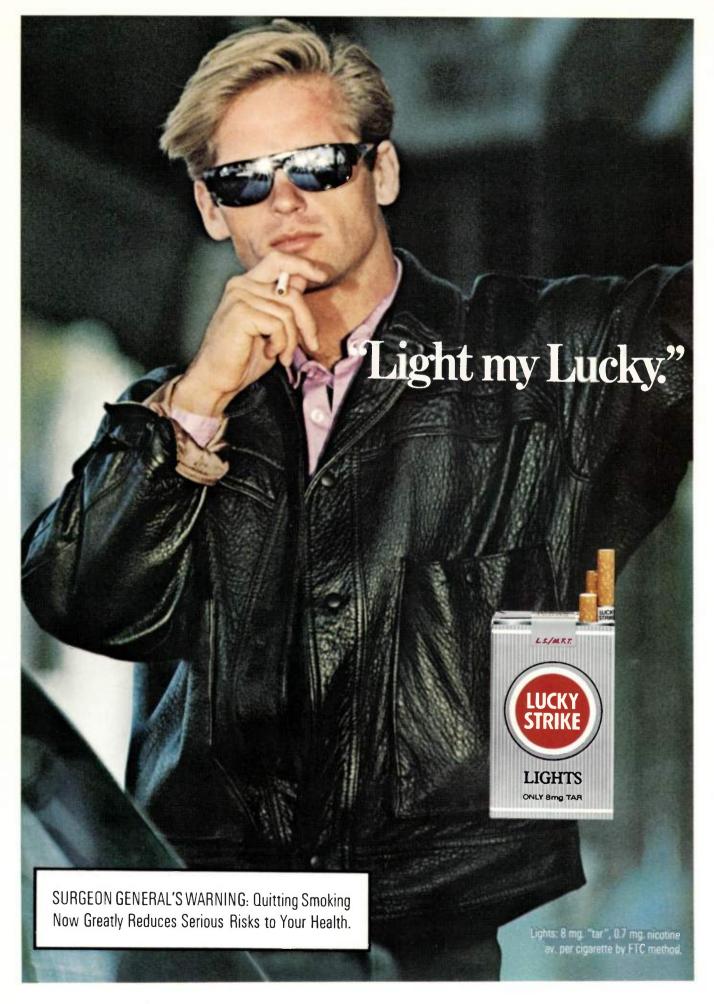
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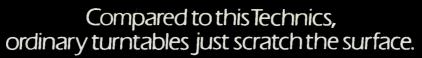
Maurice White Columbia

EARTH, WIND & FIRE WAS the soul machine of the '70s, copping platinum-plus albums in 1977 and 1979. But then EW&F's engine fizzled. Philip Bailey walked. Maurice White couldn't prevent EW&F's breakdown, and finally he walked too. This is his debut solo LP, and it is not all we might have hoped for. The cover of Ben E. King's "Stand By Me" is respectful and cleverly arranged, but also an obvious ploy for airplay. The two ballads, "I Need You" and "Lady Is Love," are memorable only

for White's charged vocals—his range, from low tenor to falsetto, is superb throughout. But the rest of the material is mediocre. White fails to realize that while he has yet to outgrow his profession, it may be outgrowing him.

—Steve Bloom





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