THE LAST PETER TOSH INTERVIEW • DEF LEPPARD

MUSICIAN

$2.50 £1.50 NO. 110 DECEMBER 1987

The Life and Death of Jaco Pastorius:
Joni Mitchell, Joe Zawinul and Others Remember

Slapping Sting Around

Can he handle the tough questions?

FM Gets Personal

Used to be, anyone could get complex, wide-ranging FM digital sounds — if you didn't mind sounding exactly like everyone else. Excessive complexity made FM synthesis the private property of specialist programmers.

Now Korg engineers have simplified FM. The new DS-8 has eight two-oscillator FM digital voices — and a full set of fast, intuitively familiar analog-style controls. No more searching through endless program cartridges, no more settling for "close enough." Get the sound right without getting tangled up in operators, algorithms and techno-secrets.

The DS-8 has responsive real-time performance editing to bring out the individuality of your playing. Combination programs that give you instant access to splits and layers. And full multichannel, multitimbral operation to give you a virtual multitrack studio. Assign any number of the DS-8's eight voices to different programs and MIDI channels. Sequence your bass line, piano comp and horn or string lines, all playing at once.

Take control of the DS-8 at your Korg dealer. You'll find that it gives FM synthesis a whole new personality — yours.

DS-8 Features

Versatile, cost-effective design. Eight voices with two FM oscillators each. Programmable multi-effect digital delay. New multi-stage Timbre and Amplitude envelope generators. Four waveform options plus cross modulation. 100 program memory (200/400 with optional RAM/ROM cards). Full MIDI capabilities with programmable multi-timbral voice assignments. Splits, layers and multi-patch combinations including MIDI channel, digital effect and output panning.

Weighted action, 61 velocity- and pressure-sensitive keys. Nine function real time Performance Editor section: EG and timbre controls for each oscillator; Mix/Balance for layers or splits; Oscillator select; Velocity & Aftertouch on/off; Effects select. Two assignable footswitch/pedal jacks. Programmable joystick.

For a free catalog of Korg products, send your name and address, plus $1.00 for postage and handling to: Korg USA, 89 Frost St., Westbury, NY 11590, or to Korg USA West, 7886 Deering Ave., Canoga Park, CA 91304
Exclusively distributed in Canada by: Erikson Music, 378 Isabey Street, St. Laurent, Quebec H4T 1W1

KORG®

ECM

Marc Johnson's Bass Desires
SECOND SIGHT

Marc Johnson	Bass
Bill Frisell	Guitar
John Scofield	Guitar
Peter Erskine	Drums

Bass Desires, much celebrated debut album revealed a soulful and earthy approach to contemporary improvisation. Transcending conventional fusion formulas, their new album *Second Sight* explores a variety of musical styles and moods—rock, upbeat free-wheeling jazz, country-tinged swing, ballads and blues—in an entirely cohesive and organic manner.
833 038

Oregon
ECOTOPIA

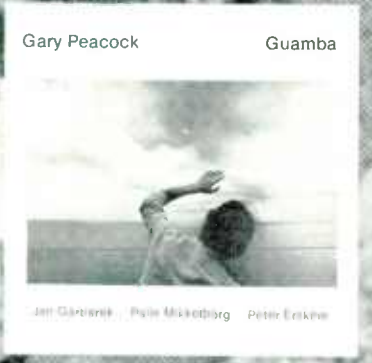
Ralph Towner	Classical & 12-String Guitars, Piano, Synthesizers
Paul McCandless	Oboe, English Horn, Soprano Saxophone, Wind Driven Synthesizer
Glen Moore	Bass
Trilok Gurtu	Tabla, Percussion

On *Ecotopia*, Towner's expanded use of keyboard synthesizers and McCandless' introduction of the Wind Driven Synthesizer expands Oregon's sound palette further beyond their customary and still present acoustic instrumentation. The new album also represents the first time the group has recorded with percussionist Trilok Gurtu, yielding a more fiery rhythmic approach.
833 120

Dave Holland Quintet
THE RAZOR'S EDGE

The new recording by Dave Holland's highly acclaimed quintet, *The Razor's Edge*, is a sparkling group statement featuring Steve Coleman, Kenny Wheeler, Robin Eubanks and Marvin "Smitty" Smith.

"The British bassist has emerged with an extraordinary quintet—one that achieves a precise, constantly shifting balance of written and improvised music, and that makes sophisticated ideas about form sound like free-wheeling fun. ... And while Mr. Holland has a handful of peers as an improviser, few of them show his ambitions and ability as a composer."
833 048 — *The New York Times*



Gary Peacock
GUAMBA

Gary Peacock	Bass
Jan Garbarek	Tenor & Soprano Saxophones
Palle Mikkelborg	Trumpet, Flugelhorn
Peter Erskine	Drums, Drum Computer

Unquestionably one of the great bass innovators of the past twenty-two years, Gary Peacock is known for his ability to bring melodic and rhythmic imagination to any musical setting. His new recording, *Guamba*, features some of Peacock's most striking compositional contributions to date performed by the bassist and three highly sensitive colleagues.
833 039

Available on Compact Disc, LP and Cassette

BREAKTHROUGH TECHNOLOGY

BREAKTHROUGH PRICE: $199.95*

Who else but BOSS could deliver the first compact, foot-controlled digital reverb? And what's more, BOSS has made it happen at an amazingly low price. The new RV-2 Compact Digital Reverb delivers the latest in today's studio reverb effects for guitarists or other musicians who want easy on-stage control. Six reverb modes on the RV-2 include warm and natural Room, Hall, and Plate reverberation sounds, and also the Gate-Reverb and Panning Delay effects so widely used in today's music. For maximum flexibility, the Reverb Times on the RV-2 are not fixed by presets, but can be freely varied over a range from 0.2 to 10 seconds. Also supplied is a Pre-Equalizer control to contour the tone, and stereo outputs to enhance further the reverb effect. To protect your investment, the RV-2, like all BOSS compact products, comes backed by a 5-year warranty. Check out the RV-2 and other BOSS breakthrough technologies at your BOSS dealer, and prepare yourself for radical breakthrough sounds.

BOSS Products, RolandCorp US, 7200 Dominion Circle, Los Angeles, CA 90040 (213) 685 5141.

*Suggested Retail Price

BOSS 5 year

CONTENTS

BEST UNSIGNED BAND CONTEST PAGE 115

TO LIVE AND DIE IN MUSIC

On the night of Friday, September 11th, Peter Tosh was shot to death at his home in Jamaica. A few hours later Jaco Pastorius was beaten up in Florida. He later died. By a grim coincidence, writers were working on profiles of both musicians at the time. Here are last words from legends who walked the line between genius and madness.

Last words from PETER TOSH:
"If gunmen come tomorrow to get I, I'm not afraid. Jah will protect I. Bullets can't come through I."
by Maureen Sheridan
PAGE 21

Requiem for JACO:
"They did all these tests on me. They had me hooked up to something that looked like the board at the Power Station...I'm straight as an arrow, strong as a bull, and rarin' to get back to work."
by Bill Milkowski
PAGE 86

Jaco by JONI MITCHELL:
"Anyone who's that arrogant going up, people love to carve up going down. Therein lies the tragedy."
PAGE 91

TOM VERLAINE, UNSERIOUSLY:
Behind that alien, icy exterior, everyone's favorite underground guitarist is a regular guy...sort of.
By Scott Isler
PAGE 32

DEF LEPPARD'S SERIOUS ESCAPISM:
The best heavy-metal band are hard-working guys who've been through hell. Just don't ask them to sing about it.
By Charles M. Young
PAGE 76

A BILLBOARD PUBLICATION
DECEMBER 1987 NO. 110
COVER PHOTOGRAPH OF STING BY BRIAN DAVIS. JACO PASTORIUS BY ROBERT ROBERTS. TABLE OF CONTENTS CLOCKWISE: HARRISON FUNK/RETNA; NORMAN SEEFF; NORMAN SEEFF; BRIAN DAVIS

THROWING STING THE HARD BALL:
Is he exploiting black musicians? Playing fake jazz? Pushing a phony image? Recycling clichés? Selling sex? Pandering to the market? Making too much money? Is Sting the rock 'n' roll Lord Jim? Let's ask him.
By Peter Watrous
PAGE 60

MUSICIAN

Publisher
Gordon Baird
Executive Publisher
Gary Krasner
Associate Publisher
Paul Sacksman
Editor
Jock Baird
Art Director
Gary Koepke
Executive Editor
Bill Flanagan
Senior Editor
Scott Isler
Advertising Manager
Ross Garnick
Advertising Sales
Peter Cronin
Pacific Editor
Mark Rowland
(213) 273-7040
Electronic Media Editor
Alan di Perna
Contributing Editors
J.D. Considine Vic Garbarini
John Hutchinson Steve Perry
Chip Stern Rob Tannenbaum
Peter Watrous Timothy White
Josef Woodard Charles M. Young
Rafi Zabor Freff
Dealer Sales Director
R. Bradford Lee
Production Manager
Joan E. Lockhart
Assistant Editor
Ted Drozdowski
Associate Art Director
Lisa Laarman
Production
Will Hunt
Typography
Ruth Maassen
Assistant to the Publisher
Michelle Foster
Sales/Promotion
Peter B. Wostrel Audrey Glassman
June Hayes Jeff Serrette (Classified)
Administration
Laurie Geltman
Main Office/Production/Retail Sales
33 Commercial St., P.O. Box 701
Gloucester, MA 01930 (617) 281-3110
New York Advertising/Editorial
MUSICIAN, 1515 Broadway, 39 fl.
N.Y.C., NY 10036 (212) 764-7395
Circulation Manager
James Hall
Circulation Assistant
Jill Gershon
Founders
Gordon Baird & Sam Holdsworth

Musician (USPS 431-910) is published monthly by Amordian Press, Inc., P.O. Box 701, 33 Commercial St., Gloucester, MA 01930. (617) 281-3110. Amordian Press, Inc. is a wholly owned subsidiary of Billboard Publications, Inc., One Astor Place, 1515 Broadway, New York City, NY 10036. Billboard Publications, Inc. is a subsidiary of Affiliated Publications, Inc. Musician is a trademark of Amordian Press, Inc. © 1987 by Musician, all rights reserved. Second class postage paid at Gloucester, MA 01930 and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions $21 per year, $40 for two years, $57 for three years. Canada and elsewhere, add $8 per year, U.S. funds only. **Subscription address: Musician, Box 1923, Marion, OH 43305. Postmaster send form 3579 to above address. Call (614) 383-3141 for subscription service.**

Current and back issues are available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

Billboard Publications, Inc., **President and Chief Executive Officer:** Gerald S. Hobbs; **Executive Vice President:** Samuel S. Holdsworth; **Senior Vice President:** Ann Haire; **Vice Presidents:** John B. Babcock, Paul Curran, Martin R. Feely, Rosalee Lovett, Lee Zhito.

ABC *MEMBER: AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION*

Zildjian introduces the first miking system exclusively for cymbals.

Let us amplify.

Now your audience can hear every cymbal sound you hear on stage. The new Zildjian ZMC-1 System is here.

The ZMC-1 gives you complete control over the sound and amplification of your cymbals.

And allows the natural sonic quality of Zildjian cymbals to cut through a mountain of electronics.

The world of acoustic cymbals. The world of electronic music. Only Zildjian could bring the two together.

A complete miking system.

The ZMC-1 System includes a powered mixer and six electret cymbal mics. All feature a totally new patented design for optimum miking of cymbal sounds. In addition, this unique design allows each ZMC-1 mic to be clipped directly to the stand under each cymbal. So bleed from your drums will be greatly reduced compared to conventional overhead miking.

What's more, the ZMC-1 mixer supplies power to the mics and acts as a submixer for the PA system or recording console. You have control over volume and panning for each of six separate channels, with individual EQ control for the Hi Hat channel. There are also master level and EQ controls for the left and right channels, plus two effects loops.

You're in control of your music.

Not only does the ZMC-1 isolate and amplify the sound of each cymbal in your set-up, it lets you shape that sound to fit your music.

Make your 8" Splash sound as loud as your 22" China Boy, but still preserve its quick, "splashy" sound.

Or use the effects loops to add delay, reverb and flanging on individual cymbals. Flange your ride cymbal at the same time you put a slapback echo on your Hi Hats. Even change effects, balance and volume from song to song.

We listened to the drummers' drummers.

As we developed the ZMC-1, we talked to leading drummers like Vinnie Colaiuta, Gregg Bissonette, Dave Weckl and Stan Lynch. We

Vinnie Colaiuta

asked them what they really needed in a cymbal miking system. Then we road-tested the ZMC-1 around the world.

A product of a partnership.

The ZMC-1 is the result of extensive research by the Zildjian Sound Lab and Barcus-Berry. It reflects Zildjian's experience in creating sounds and cymbals. And Barcus Berry's advanced knowledge of electronics. It is a one-of-a-kind miking system that could only have been developed by such a joint effort.

For further amplification.

If you'd like more information about the revolutionary ZMC-1 miking system, write: The Avedis Zildjian Company, Dept. CM, 22 Longwater Drive, Norwell, Massachusetts 02061.

Finally, there's a miking system that opens up a new world of possibilities for expressing the sonic richness of acoustic cymbals.

Zildjian®

The only serious choice

ZILDJIAN

LETTERS

Robbie's Return

Just when I start to wonder what it is I liked about rock in the first place, along comes Robbie Robertson (Sept. '87) after 10 years underground to remind me. Thanks, Robbie, for coming back.

John Ortiz
Los Angeles, CA

Bill Flanagan's "The Return of Robbie Robertson" was a comeback worth hearing about. I was glad when he left the Band; he saw the end was near and didn't want to become a has-been playing triple bills with other has-beens. The Band was great for its time. Robbie had enough sense to experiment with other forms and move on.

John deHaan
Hyde Park, NY

Robbie Robertson has consistently had great haircuts for 20 years. How does he do it?

Paul Petraitis
Chicago, IL

I can't remember the last time I read such fan-magazine gush as your article about Robbie Robertson. Was it written by a public-relations agent? Only someone with extensive drug-related brain damage could perceive RR as a cool guy.

I counted two "impeccables" and an "immaculate" during the section in which the author wallowed in mindless adoration while RR accepted drinks from strangers, lied to the waiter about how many people were in his party, and cadged champagne from a pathetic drunk. Is this what he's been doing in L.A. the past 10 years, humiliating easy targets and perfecting the sort of sleazy behavior admired by second-rate Hollywood hangers-on?

Steve Henderson
Madison, CT

Die, T-Bone, Die

The interview with Mark Knopfler and T-Bone Burnett (Sept. '87) was an excellent one, and I know this is a petty complaint, but why were they so harsh on drummers? I love the drums, and I was given some ability to play them, and I have fun doing it, but they want to kill me. Why? I know they were being funny, but still the point was there.

David Moyle
North Olmsted, OH

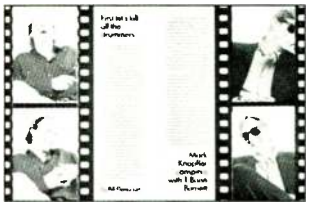
It amazes me to think that Mark Knopfler can say "art without responsibility is bullshit," and then agree with Burnett about how "In the first place the drummer's always bad. Right?" Who are *they*? When my friend Ian Wallace saw what T-Bone Burnett had said, he shook his head and said, "He hasn't learned a thing." When Ian played with Dylan in the Alpha Band and other places, I am sure that he never knew to what hubris his little "friend" would someday aspire.

Chris Diamant
New Hope, PA

What in the world was T-Bone Burnett trying to do: make every other musician in the world hate his guts? Making things worse was Mark Knopfler, a musician I had always admired, egging Burnett on! Maybe Burnett and Knopfler should start making all their records and live performances with machines instead of living, breathing, feeling, *human* musicians.

I had always thought that music was an art that expressed human emotions and feelings. When the *humanity* of music is so restricted or ignored, where is the art in it? The music becomes a slick, manufactured product that I and many others can do without. If Burnett and Knopfler so dislike other musicians and what they have to offer, let them play with their machines. Others will continue to make great, human, soulful music, mistakes and all.

Donny Screws
Eastman, GA



And in the same issue that featured a rare interview with Charlie Watts!

Tom Matthews
Glendale, CA

I suggest killing the *producers* first! With them out of the way, the emphasis will be returned to great songwriting and performances rather than ostentatious production with shitty songs.

Alex Floyd
Hickory, NC

T-Bone Burnett is starting to shape up as a real opportunist. In recent interviews he's beginning to sound like he can talk himself into or out of anything as long as it's convenient. And to think I used to admire his convictions!

Jack Anthony
Arcadia, CA

When Burnett says (talking about drum machines), "Any 12-year-old kid can put a rhythmically perfect track together," he is implying that strict rhythm is the beginning and the end. This is simply not true—not even for pop records. Many songs benefit from breathing a bit. The secret is having a track that breathes without sighing.

I believe in new techno-music products—I use them—but I still believe that human beings are the ultimate sequencers.

Don Dixon
Raleigh, NC

Mark Knopfler looked at our layout for this story and said, "Drummers are not going to think this is funny." We said, "Sure they are, Mark. It's obvious you guys were joking!" Well, quite a few readers—especially drummers—took that stuff about killing all the drummers seriously. Sorry. Also, let's be fair: T-Bone was not advocating drum machines. What he said was that since very few human beings could play like machines, they shouldn't try. The producer should just worry about the song, not about rhythmic perfection. If that got lost it was the fault of our editing, not T-Bone's philosophy. – Ed.

Pity the Poor Reviewer

I have such pity for poor Chuck Young as he unselfishly wades through his pile of free new releases, deigning to give us his gems of literate wisdom (*Reviews*, Sept. '87). When the only enjoyment conveyed in his scattershot mini-reviews is the glee of hacking to bits everybody but such tremendously talented artists as the Butthole Surfers and the Dead Milkmen, it's no wonder music is nothing but a hellish job for him.

Harry Crump
Durham, NC

Please send letters to: *Musician*, 1515 Broadway, 39th Floor, New York, NY 10036.

It's Ry Cooder's first solo album in five years, and it's as special as all his albums that came before. Because until you hear a Ry Cooder record, you don't know what to expect.

Get Rhythm has great songs and great performers like Van Dyke Parks, Flaco Jimenez, Larry Blackmon, Bobby King and Harry Dean Stanton.

Best of all, Get Rhythm's got Ry Cooder doing what he does best.

The unexpected.

Ry Cooder

Get Rhythm

On Warner Bros. Records, Cassettes and Compact Discs.

THE SILENCERS

Staring Into the Cobra's Eyes

What do you do if you're in a British band whose perfectly good records (on a major label) sell so poorly they might as well have unlisted stock numbers? If the American office of your record company shuts down the same day you arrive in this country for a tour?

If you're **Jimme O'Neill**, you persevere as long as you can—and then throw in the towel. That's what O'Neill did after nearly five years with Fingerprintz, a group that seemed capable of anything but getting attention. When his next project, Intro, fizzled after two singles, the Scottish singer/guitarist retreated to the security of professional songwriting.

But band solidarity was in his blood. Bored with turning out fluff for the likes of Pleasure and the Beast, O'Neill soon reunited with Fingerprintz guitarist Cha Burns, added a couple of friends, and merged into the imposing identity of the Silencers.

"We decided we wanted to write only about more serious subjects," O'Neill says in a lilting brogue. Sure enough, the Silencers' debut album, *A Letter from St. Paul*, tackles Reagan, abortion, the British invasion of the Falklands, and various psychological problems. The music's steady pulse helps cushion the impact; so do O'Neill's smooth vocals and artful way with a phrase. "You've got to almost pretend to people that the music is unassuming," O'Neill describes his strategy. "Then, when they actually get it, they realize it's more subversive than that."

"Painted Moon," the Silencers' first single, got off to a good start on AOR radio but stalled on "contemporary hit" stations. O'Neill's not worried. "We don't really want pop hits. We want people to listen to our album." A U.S. tour, both solo and opening for Squeeze, should help this group that O'Neill feels is "just as accessible as U2. The lyrics aren't particularly easy, but all you need to do is hear the songs a few times."

However, having been through this before, he harbors no illusions. "You've got to be so together in this music business," O'Neill says. "It's very easy to get up and say, 'Ah, I'll become a bus conductor.'"

– Scott Isler

Jello Sprung

Over a year after Dead Kennedys leader Jello Biafra was charged with distributing harmful material to minors (*Faces*, Aug. '86), a Los Angeles municipal court judge effectively ended the case by declaring a mistrial. The two-week trial—concerning a poster by artist H.R. Giger inserted in the Dead Kennedys album *Frankenchrist*—went before the jury on August 25. Two days later they were still deadlocked 7-5 in favor of Biafra and co-defendant Michael Bonanno (general manager of Biafra's record company), when Judge Susan Isacoff denied a motion for a rehearing and dismissed the charges.

Biafra, whose band broke up late last year, says he still owes about $12,000 in legal costs after spending over $50,000 on the case. Contributions can be made to the No More Censorship Defense Fund, PO Box 11458, San Francisco, CA 94101.

ADRIAN BOOT/RETNA SUZAN CARSON/ARTIST PUB

SURFACE

Almost How Music Used to Be

The three-man band Surface has a sweetly harmonic sound, no argument there. Most would probably agree that it's a low-key sound that's often danceable but rarely frenetic—a likable, change-of-pace sound. But, c'mon, is Surface really the sound of the '90s?!?

"It's being said," **Bernard Jackson** insists with a straight face. Jackson is the band's chatty, affable lead singer. He could probably sell pork chops to the Ayatollah. "We're pretty much doing what I think is necessary for music today," he says, "because music was going such a different route for a second. And people like Sade, Anita Baker, Regina Belle—we're talking about going back a little bit but yet going ahead at the same time."

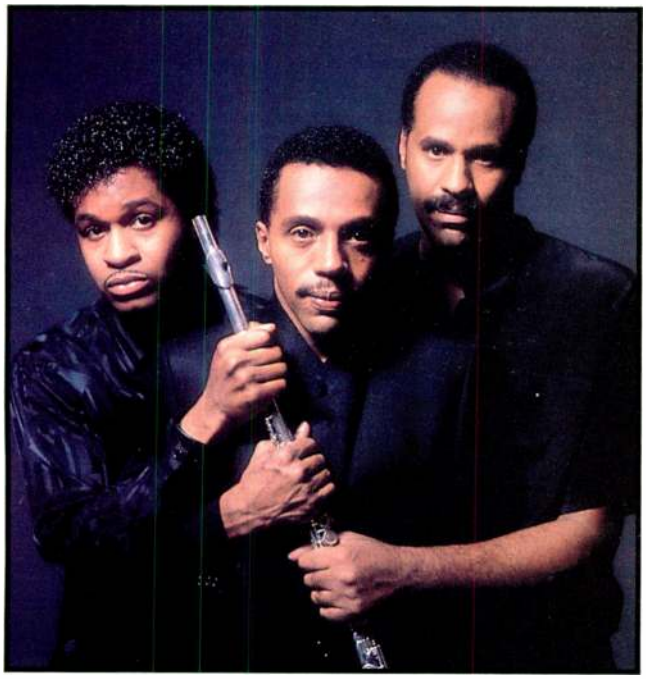
Ironically enough, Surface almost didn't "go" in any direction at all. The band, which also includes former Mandrill member Dave Conley and ex-Isley Brothers band member David Townsend, released its current self-titled LP last year. A first single, "Let's Try Again," went down the proverbial tubes. The second single, "Happy," almost went a similar route—released in March, it took nearly the rest of 1987 to work its way toward the top of the black music charts.

Although he waves the group's banner with the charm of a born huckster and the zeal of a true believer, Jackson came late to Surface. Conley and Townsend had been together for years before Jackson met them; according to him, by the time he came into the picture they had already coalesced the minimalist, tradition-rooted sound he touts as music's wave of the future.

"What I liked about the music they had initially when I got together with them was that it was funky—the beats were funky—but the music was special. It was sweet. It was real. Almost like going back to the way music used to be, yet it had this nice, danceable beat underneath it, appealing to the young as well as the old. That's crossover to me. Crossing over from young into old where everybody likes it from one generation to the next."

Next stop, 1990?

– *Leonard Pitts, Jr.*



LUCKY 7

Why Not *Rock 'n' Roll Accordion?*

"Our music is like a meal," explains Lucky 7 guitarist **Barry Ryan**, a grin lighting his face. "Rock 'n' roll is the main course. Then we have zydeco, country, blues, Latin: They're the appetizers, side dishes and desserts."

ELIZABETH MCCULLOUGH

And a tasty repast it is, too. On their exuberant *Get Lucky* LP, this New York-based quintet cooks up an enticing platter of spicy sounds, with Ryan's rockabilly riffs and the Cajun-style accordion of Kenny Margolis setting the tempo. Dave Edmunds couldn't boogie any sweeter than "It's Only Love," while a foot-stomping cover of Gib Gilbeau's "Big Bayou" really lets those bon temps roll.

Lucky 7's easy grooves come from years of dues-paying. Ryan made a racket with New York's piledriving Send
ers, then joined the Rockat
for their unsuccessful at
tempt to become the next
Stray Cats. Elsewhere, M
golis spent five years toil
in the background of Mir
DeVille, frustrated by a
of recognition and an un
changing stage show. "I l
the music, but we did th
same set for three year
was boring!" he laughs.

Ryan and Margolis te
up in '83, looking for a
kill spare time, but had
much fun they soon de
to make the joint ventu
permanent gig. Appro
the name of a Dr. Feelgood song, Lucky 7 quickly hit their stride—"There wasn't much to evolve," Ryan notes—eventually adding Boris Kinberg (percussion), Joe Geary (drums) and Joe D'Astolfo (bass).

With Los Lobos topping the charts and Buckwheat Zydeco on the rise, the time may be right for Lucky 7's down-home fun. However, they're worried about being mislabeled. "Lucky 7 is a basic rock 'n' roll band, only with an accordion mixed in," Ryan stresses. "People have compared us to Los Lobos, but we're really very different. We have a brash, New York sound."

He adds, "Don't come to see us expecting a trendy Cajun band, either, because you'll be disappointed." Like the woman in Bremen, West Germany, who angrily approached the stage at the end of a show, exclaiming, "You guy's aren't Cajun! You're punk rockers!" – *Jon Young*

PAUL ROBICHEAU

STEVE LACY

Still More Food Metaphors

Watch out for the cooking allusions when talking with Steve Lacy. Speaking of his Paris-based Sextet—one of the sharpest yet least acknowledged of all the ongoing ensembles in jazz—the soprano saxist/composer aptly proclaims, "We're well done, but still a bit rare."

The former claim is substantiated almost every time Lacy puts out a record; the latter may soon be nipped in the bud. With five new releases hitting the marketplace, the Lacy bins should now be well stocked.

The big news is that in the

bop-informed band a domestic contract with RCA. It's his first in a couple of decades. And like numerous past recordings, the Sextet's *Momentum* supports Lacy's notion that when striving for an individual sound, finding sympathetic players for your music is half the battle.

"I've got the recipe," the wry expatriate says, continuing the kitchen lingo, "but without the right band it's just marks on a piece of paper. When the band is flying, everybody knows it; they get lifted off the ground."

Lacy soars without them too. *Only Monk* (Soul Note) finds him alone, combing thoughtfully through the master's book.

With pianist Mal Waldron, Lacy's also tipping the hat to Ellington and Strayhorn these days. *Sempre Amore* (Soul Note) shows that the pair can make bare-bones arrangements sound lush. "It's important to keep this stuff fresh," Lacy says. "We can't go backwards; what we learned with the '60s breakthrough is still going on. Tonality has returned to jazz lately, but it will never be the same. Ellington has a lot of answers about this in his music. I turn to him for help with my writing."

With this current deluge of contexts, it should be easy for listeners to get a more complete picture of this elder statesman, but Lacy's in no hurry. Donning his metaphor- chef's hat, he concludes, t took time for me to cook it , and it'll take time for ople to get used to the or." – *Jim Macnie*

RANGE WAR

After Punk, the Grand Ole Opry

What's wrong with this picture? Range War—a six-piece country band, sporting cowboy hats and boots—ambles onstage to perform a slew of fine originals like "Not Right to Do Me Wrong" and "The King of the 12-Ounce Bottles," as well as sterling renditions of Hank Williams and Bob Wills chestnuts.

Okay, nothing's really *wrong* with the picture. But the odd thing is that the man center stage—who's written the new songs and sings them

all—is none other than **Lee Ving**, former frontman of Los Angeles punk squad Fear.

Not surprisingly, word of this startling transformation has the L.A. chapter of Doubting Thomases Anonymous wondering about Ving's intentions and credibility. And, equally unsurprising, Ving has a pithy response for those who question his new guise as a country crooner: "I would tell them to listen to me sing and play, and if they don't hear country music in that, then they don't know what the fuck they're talking about."

Touchy. Still, it *is* a long way from such Fear sonic booms as "Let's Have a War" and "We Destroy the Family" to Range War's current and potential country classics. But to hear Ving tell it, Fear was more of an unlikely departure than country, which has been dear to his heart since he was a toddler.

"When I was four years old my mother taught me to play mandolin," the mustachioed singer explains with a slight drawl. "...Fear was fun—I got to tell audiences whatever I thought. But this country music is what I did before that, and it's what I got tired of not doing."

As of late August, Range War had played publicly less than 10 times, yet had already interested the Nashville division of two major labels, Ving says. (Some band members joined Ving for an appearance on the sitcom *Who's the Boss*, one of several acting roles he's landed over the years.)

So while Range War's immediate goal is to secure a record deal, the band has its sights on other lofty targets. "We'd like to be the 65th members of the Grand Ole Opry," Ving says matter-of-factly. "*That's* our ambition." – *Duncan Strauss*

reo remixes from the nd's peak years. Among goodies are a 1965 re-ling of "It's All Over , Baby Blue"; the origi-CA Studio versions of t Miles High" and "; David Crosby's dar-Triad," later recorded e Jefferson Airplane; he long-awaited stereo version of "Lady Friend," remixed by Crosby himself. The album, on the Free-Flight label, will be distributed by Capitol Records (via an agreement with Rhino Records) in January. If you can't wait that long, write now to Murray Hill Records, 225 Park Ave. S., New York, NY 10016.

SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE ANYWHERE, ANYPLACE, EVERY TIME.

No matter how much you spend on a wireless system without selectable channels in the receiver and transmitter, you'll always be vulnerable to potentially damaging interference.

That's why the Samson Broadcast STD wireless system offers ten selectable channels in *both*. Simply dial up the ideal channel in the receiver, then select the identical channel in the transmitter for optimal transmission quality.

We also included an exclusive Samson feature to let you see the RF level on each available frequency before you use the system. The receiver's visual "window", two five-segment L.E.D. level ladders, scans each channel for instant confirmation of the clearest frequency.

But the real benefit of Broadcast STD truly becomes apparent once you hear the system. Samson's sophisticated "new generation" RF circuitry with dbx* noise reduction provides more dynamic headroom and the purest, most transparent audio quality available in wireless today.

The Broadcast STD Series combines these leading edge features so you *know* you're getting matchless performance. Anywhere, anyplace and every time.

Broadcast STD Series available in Hand-Held, Lavalier & Instrument Systems.

Samson Technologies Corp. 485-19 South Broadway, Hicksville, NY 11801 (516) 932-3810
TLX 284696 SAM UR FAX (516) 932-3815
In Canada: Omnimedia Corporation Ltd., 9653 Cote De Liesse, Dorval, Quebec H9P 1A3
514-636-9971

* *dbx is a registered trademark of BSR North America Ltd.*

SAMSON®

WE TOOK THE WORRY OUT OF WIRELESS®

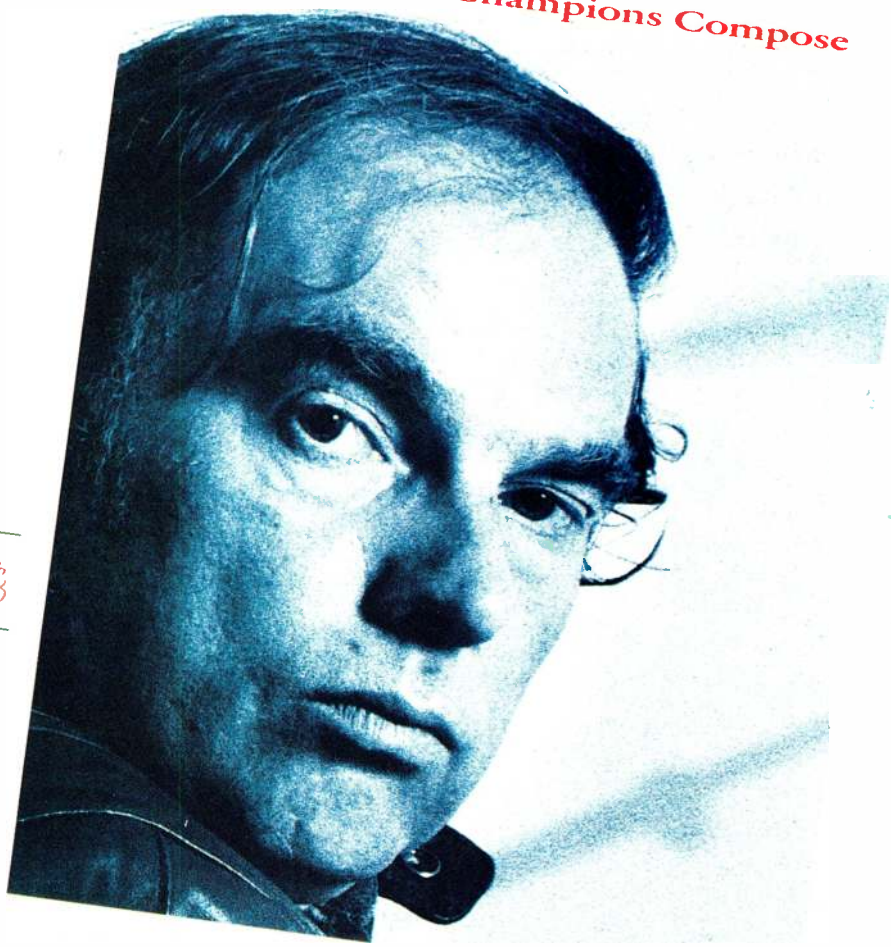
Poetic Champions Compose.

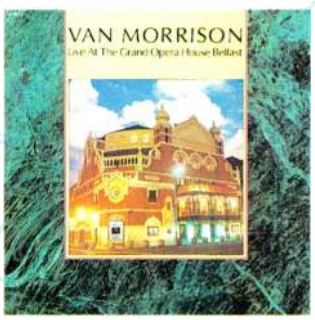
The unmistakable sound of Van Morrison.

"Poetic Champions Compose" is the newest masterwork in the Van Morrison tradition. It displays the unmistakable sound of a man who is truly a legend in his own time, a man whose music is timeless, and whose time has really come.

Along with Van Morrison classics like, "Live At Grand Opera House, Belfast," "Sense of Wonder," and "No Guru, No Method, No Teacher," "Poetic Champions Compose" complete a tradition that is truly the unmistakable sound of Van Morrison.

Van Morrison · Poetic Champions Compose



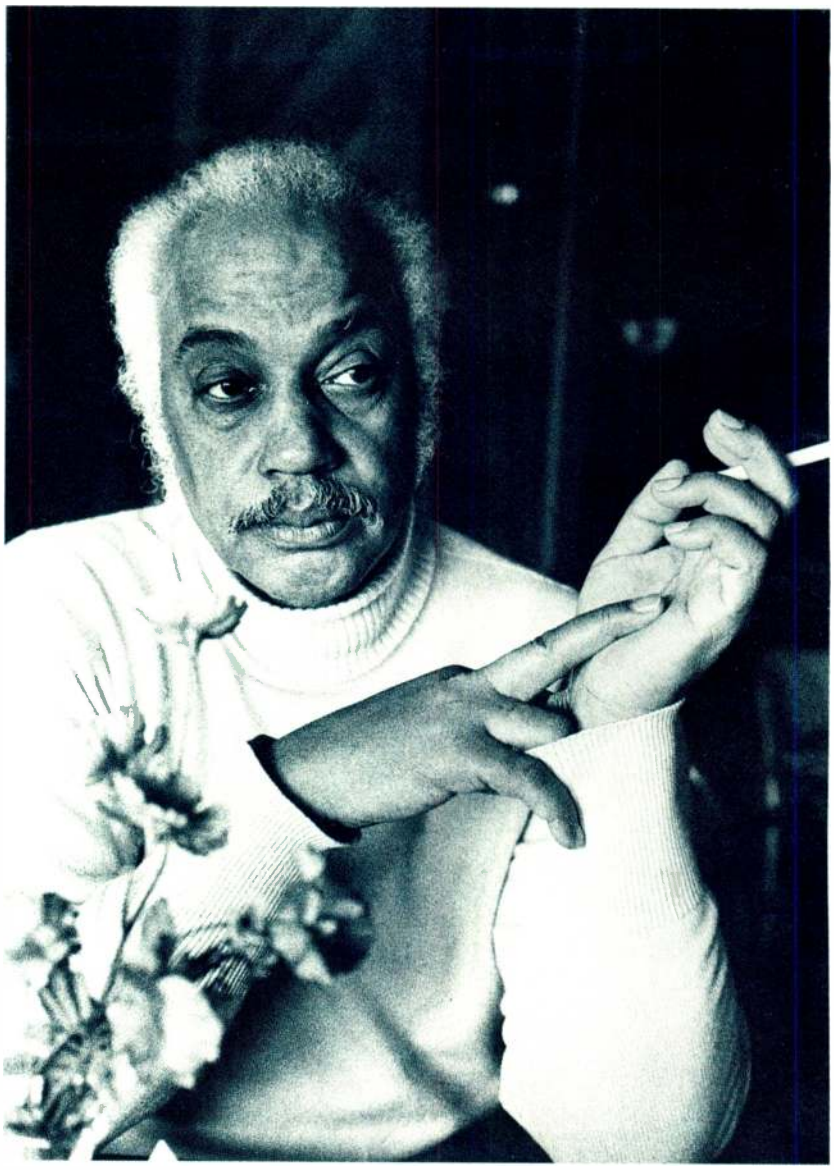


Available On Mercury Compact Discs, Cassettes and Records.

MERCER ELLINGTON

BY STEVE BLOOM

DUKE'S HEIR ACCEPTS NO SUBSTITUTES



"I don't see why Pop's work should be bastardized."

I took the A train to Mercer Ellington's apartment on Manhattan's Upper West Side. There I was, sitting in the train, flipping through *Duke Ellington in Person*, Mercer's memoir about his life as an Ellington, when it hit me. I giggled, then sprouted a goosebump or two.

Actually meeting the heir to Duke's throne should be enough to make anyone nervous, but Mercer greeted me with a warm smile and a two-handed shake. Barrie Lee Hall, trumpeter and master transcriber of Ellingtonia, was sitting on one couch; music publisher Mike Mancini lounged on another. They were listening to a Claude Bolling arrangement of "Satin Doll." Mercer poured a Pepsi and sat down next to Mancini.

Our meeting coincided with the recent release of *Digital Duke*, which consists of eight to 12 (depending on whether you buy the album or the CD) Ellington classics reworked by the current orchestra under Mercer's direction. At the time, the GRP Records release was comfortably situated at number three on *Billboard*'s jazz chart. I asked how the album had come about; Mercer's answer was a history lesson.

"We were playing a party one time," began the white-haired Ellington, who is 68. "Cab Calloway was there and he said the band sounded very nice. I said, 'I have news for you—we play Duke Ellington's music better than he played it.' Cab never quite got the essence of that remark. What I meant was: Night to night we play Ellington's music as avidly as we possibly can. We don't fool around with it from one day to another.

"With Pop, the band got into gripes with him and they'd take it out on the public. Sometimes Johnny Hodges might be slouching back over a chair and half-playing a solo when he got up. Jimmy Hamilton might not have come onstage readily because he wanted to be sure he didn't get there too much earlier than Hodges. Or there'd be arguments between Cat Henderson and Cootie Williams. We used to call them the bookends—during the whole performance they had their backs to each other to demonstrate that they weren't speaking.

"One thing I was aware of, however, was the tremendous collection of genius in the orchestra. Society had made it so. In those days, the possibilities for black musicians were very limited; either you worked in the Savoy Ballroom with Horace or Fletcher Henderson, or someone like that, or if you were lucky, in the Cotton Club. There was no such thing as a job in the pit with the Broadway shows. So if you had an orchestra that could get jobs from week to week, eventually you were able to have the most knowledgeable people in music come to you.

"Duke Ellington was sort of a maverick. It didn't matter to him whether a man was educated or not, as long as he sounded different, had an identity. As a result, he got Johnny Hodges, Lawrence Brown, Ben Webster and so forth. For instance, there was no hole in the orchestra when Ben Webster showed up. Barney Bigard or somebody who knew Ben brought him around and said, 'Duke, I want you to

hear him play.' Well, he heard him and who was he going to get rid of—Barney Bigard, Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney or Otto Hardwick? None of 'em! So he just said, 'Sit down and now we have five saxophones.' Today you couldn't put five saxophones together without a tremendous search.

"In order to represent the music as best we could, I had Barrie Lee Hall and a few other people help us with the transcribing. So now that we had the notes—Ellington's music as he created it—we needed the people to play them. And it was like magic: Every time we thought of someone who could represent a role—Al Grey, Sir Roland Hanna, Eddie Daniels, Branford Marsalis—he was available. Plus we invited some of the former stars back—Clark Terry, Britt Woodman, Norris Turney. We wound up with an orchestra that, in a sense, almost recreated the genius that made Ellington original.

"I had a very pleasant experience yesterday. A friend of mine was listening to *Digital Duke* and he sat up suddenly and said, 'Who's Duke got playing piano?' I said, 'That's not Duke, that's Mercer Ellington, and the piano player is Sir Roland Hanna.' He thought he was listening to the old orchestra."

Mercer Kennedy Ellington is the only son of Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington. When Duke died on May 24, 1974, Mercer was left with responsibility for the orchestra as well as Ellington's more than 3,000 finished and unfinished works. Two days after Duke's death, Mercer was conducting the orchestra in Bermuda, where a concert had been scheduled. He has since led the 17-piece band on numerous tours all over the world. He was the musical director for *Sophisticated Ladies*, the Broadway smash that lasted nearly two years, and is working on *Queenie Pie*, one of the four operas Duke left in his care. Above all, Mercer is dedicated to preserving his father's music—to every last note.

"I don't see why his work should be bastardized by some people who don't have the ability to do anything with it or make an equivalent contribution," he said in a not-so-mellow tone. "When we have all the false prophets removed—all the people who say they know Duke Ellington inside out—then we'll be prepared to work on Ellington so he will be remembered correctly. We can't have misinterpretations. Ellington's works, truly composed, are portraits. If we can preserve every stroke of a brush, then we are properly playing Ellington."

Pretty tough talk, but it comes from a man who has struggled with the powers that be of stage and screen to keep Duke's music pure. Though he profited from *Sophisticated Ladies*, Mercer is critical of the production. "It was supposed to be a chronological presentation of Ellington's life," he explained. "The show was to be constructed so that Ellington's music was the mainstay. It was turned into a revue. We wound up with a wonderful but costly show. It ended up closing to a full house."

These days Mercer Ellington's attitude is "never again." Hollywood has long been interested in a movie version of Duke's life, for example, but Mercer won't give away the rights without retaining artistic control. The same goes for *Queenie Pie*, which was performed in Washington, D.C. and Philadelphia last year. Mercer offered this comparison: "Wasn't it Schubert who wrote a symphony and Liszt later came along and 'corrected' it? Well, the Cleveland Symphony finally said, 'We're going to do it the way Schubert wrote it and we're not going to allow anyone, regardless of what kind of authority he was supposed to have had, to disturb it.'

"The same holds true [with Duke

TAKE CONTROL OF A MAJOR RECORDING STUDIO.

It's time to seize power.

Tascam's Studio 8 puts all the power of a professional recording facility into an 8-track production system that's as easy to handle as your own instrument.

Forget bewildering patch bay jungles. The fully assignable 8 buss mixer sends your signals anywhere you want them with the flick of a switch.

Forget open reel headaches. The unique Load feature loads the tape, senses the end automatically and never lets it run off the reel. And because Studio 8 uses 1/4" tape, you'll never be stuck trying to find someone's rare proprietary tape format.

Forget video hassles. The "One Plug" SMPTE/EBU interface gives you easy synchronizer or editor connections.

But there's something more. Something that's greater than the sum of the features. Startling sound. No other system has Tascam heads. Which means that no other system has the impact and clarity that come from Tascam's thirty years of recording experience.

Quality production is what you do. Do it with a major recording studio. Take control of a Tascam Studio 8.

TASCAM

Ellington]. People are trying to establish themselves as composers and arrangers by altering his work and thinking they can put themselves alongside of him. That's where the fight is."

Mercer Ellington looks more like a very large teddy bear—he stands six-foot-three, his hair and sideburns bush out and he is pleasingly plump—than a fighter. He speaks with that Duke-ish aristocratic flair and is quick to smile and laugh. He just doesn't see the humor in those who would deliberately distort his father's work. "There is nobody else who can play Ellington like we do and come as close to him as we have done," Mercer maintained. "There are various people who are doing these things, like Claude Bolling. We appreciate their thoughts, but they haven't been standing in the wings like I was since I was seven years old. I can almost remember everything—especially the feeling that goes with it, the kind of mood you're supposed to feel. When they're playing 'In My Solitude' and I don't feel bumps raising on my arm as a result of remembering how it was in the old days when I first heard the band, then something's wrong with the music. I don't think there are that many people capable of knowing and realizing which part of the flavor is missing and, secondly, why."

Mercer was born in Washington, but grew up in Harlem, shuttling between his split-up parents. He attended Juilliard and was treated to private music lessons. "One day," he recalled, "Pop looked at me after I had written something and said, 'The stuff you were writing before you went and got so educated was more original and more creative than what you're doing now.' So I spent a huge amount of time after that trying to become as ignorant as I could," he said, laughing.

Conversely, Mercer's father "used to use piano paper roll music to guide him on certain things. He was highly intrigued by some of the piano solos that were played by James P. Johnson. He kept playing the piano roll over and over, watching where the keys went down until he learned the song. Even in later years, when we'd be at a dance and people would ask him to play some tune that had become recently popular, he'd grab a handful of nickels and go into some restaurant or bar and sit down there with a piece of paper and keep putting nickels into the thing [the player piano] until he'd written down the tune. The next night we could play it for the dance hall.

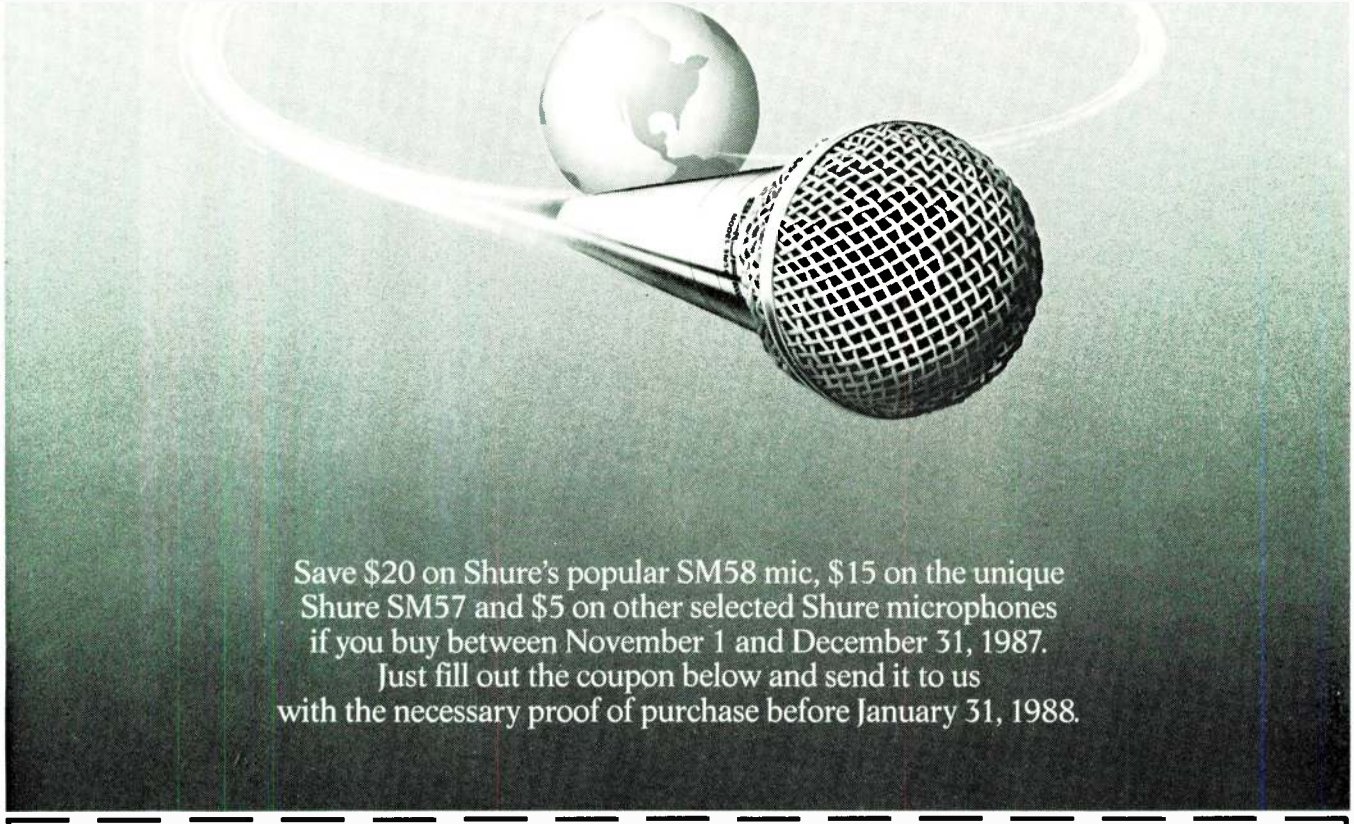
"One song he thought he should make part of his repertoire was 'I'll Never Smile Again.' He played it at the Apollo Theatre, it got a tremendous reaction, and then he took it out." Chuckling, Mercer continued, "He waited a week and presented a new song called 'I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart.' That was the arrangement he had made for 'I'll Never Smile Again,' without the melody!"

Twice, instead of joining forces with Duke, Mercer formed his own orchestras. He played trombone and trumpet and wrote several compositions—"Things Ain't What They Used to Be," "Blue Serge"—that would generally be attributed to his father. In 1964 Mercer succumbed to Duke's wish and took full-time employment with the orchestra, serving as road manager in addition to his musical responsibilities. Today, Mercer no longer plays trumpet, though his publicity photo shows him holding one; rather, he wears a white tux and conducts the orchestra with the unbridled enthusiasm of a Juilliard student.

Mercer doesn't plan to unveil any new material in the near future. "It requires some spoonfeeding," he admits. "We're still establishing and convincing the audience that we are the Duke Ellington

continued on page 40

SAVE UP TO $20
ON THE WORLD'S BEST SELLING MICROPHONES!



Save $20 on Shure's popular SM58 mic, $15 on the unique Shure SM57 and $5 on other selected Shure microphones if you buy between November 1 and December 31, 1987. Just fill out the coupon below and send it to us with the necessary proof of purchase before January 31, 1988.

Get up to $20 back during Shure's "World Tour Rebate".

To receive your rebate on selected Shure microphones, send: (1) A copy of your dated sales receipt (non-returnable), (2) The model number label from the end of the outer carton, and (3) this completed coupon to: Shure Microphone Rebate Offer, 222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, IL 60202-3696.

Name _____
(Please Print Clearly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (Area Code) _____

Number of Mics purchased: SM57 _____ SM58 _____

Other _____
(model & qty.)

Offer valid on purchases of all microphones (except Prologue and communications models) made between November 1, 1987 and December 31, 1987. All requests must be postmarked by January 31, 1988. This is a consumer rebate offer only. Shure dealers, distributors and retailers are not eligible. This offer may not be used in conjunction with any other rebate from Shure. Shure is not responsible for late, lost or misdirected mail. Offer good only on purchases made in U.S.A. and open to U.S. residents only. Offer is limited to (6) microphones per individual or company. Void where taxed or prohibited by law. Rebate requests not including proper documentation will be returned as incomplete. Rebate eligibility as determined by Shure is final. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of check.

SHURE®

THE SOUND OF THE PROFESSIONALS...WORLDWIDE.

MUS-12 87

MUSIC BY MARK KNOPFLER

FROM THE MOVIE

THE PRINCESS BRIDE

FEATURING THE SONG "STORYBOOK LOVE" PERFORMED BY MARK KNOPFLER AND WILLY DeVILLE

AVAILABLE ON WARNER BROS. RECORDS, CASSETTES AND COMPACT DISCS

PETER TOSH

BY MAUREEN SHERIDAN

THE LAST WORDS AND VIOLENT DEATH OF A REGGAE HERO

PETER SIMON RETNA

Nuccio's is an Italian restaurant in Ocho Rios, Jamaica, run by Nuccio and owned by Chris Blackwell, founder of Island Records. On the night of the MTV awards, a small group gathered in the downstairs lounge to watch the show via dish. Somewhere between Whitney Houston and Prince, a waiter ran down the stairs, closely followed by Nuccio. "Peter Tosh was just killed by six gunmen," the waiter blurted out. The reaction of the people in the room was equal parts shock and resignation, giving way to a great sadness. "Peter had a lot of enemies," said someone who had known him since his brief Island Records stint; "one of them must have got him."

I said to no one in particular that I had spent several hours with Tosh at his house a couple of weeks back, and had planned on going to Kingston the coming Tuesday to see him again. Then, like everyone else in the room, I fell silent. I recalled the day we had talked. I knew that he knew something was about to happen.

Before we heard the news, the MTV awards had been boring. After, the music and airy chatter onscreen seemed totally vacuous, clashing with the songs of Peter Tosh that could be heard from a radio in the restaurant upstairs. Although the TV stayed on until the end of the show, no one was watching.

Lying in bed that night, listening to the insistent rhythm of Tosh's *Mystic Man* album on JBC and the same somber news bulletin repeated every 15 minutes, I remembered how strange the vibes had been in his house—nothing specific, just a kind of unnatural mystic hanging in the air. Tosh had mentioned death and dying several times; he had even spoken of the possibility that gunmen might come for him.

The story came out slowly and incompletely. Putting together the pieces from both official and street sources—as well as from one eyewitness account—it happened something like this:

At about 8:00 p.m. on Friday, September 11, 1987, three men on high-powered motorcycles sped up the hill to Peter Tosh's house and stopped at his gate. Two of them wore business suits, looking more like executives than gunmen; the third—a frequent visitor to Tosh's yard—called to the pack of barking dogs to calm them, walked up to the door and knocked. The door was opened by Michael Robinson, a craftworker, who, seeing a familiar face and hearing that the trio was there for "a draw off a spliff," let them in. Once inside, the men in suits drew 9mm. pistols and forced their way upstairs to the living room where Tosh and Marlene Brown were entertaining some friends. Everyone present was ordered to lie face down on the floor. Wilton "Doctor"

Brown, an herbalist or bush doctor, was shot first and died instantly. Marlene Brown, who reportedly cried out "but wait me nevah no seh Rasta shoot Rasta," was next. Then Tosh was first beaten and pistol-whipped, and then shot several times. DJ Free I (Jeff Dixon), his wife Yvonne, drummer Carlton "Santa" Davis and Robinson were also shot before the gunmen ransacked the house and fled, taking some U.S. cash and jewelry with them.

Keith and Mick soak up Jamaican culture with Tosh.

As the trio raced away, Marlene Brown, whose wounds were not serious, reached for a telephone a few feet away and called the police. When they arrived, six of the seven people, including Tosh, were still alive. All were rushed to University Hospital, but it was too late for Tosh, who died shortly after arrival. Back at the house, a chalice still burned in his bedroom.

Two days later, Free I died. The other four survived.

For the past four years, Tosh—co-founder of the Wailers with Bob Marley and Bunny Wailer, and a controversial, outspoken believer in Jah, ganja and equal rights—had been uncharacteristically quiet. His most recent album, the acclaimed *Mama Africa*, appeared in the spring of 1983; his last concert was in Kingston's National Arena in December of that year; and he had all but vanished from Jamaican airwaves. In the absence of the man and his music, bizarre rumors flourished. Some said he had cancer, others that he was mad. More than a few hinted that he was into obeah (voodoo). Never accepted by the moral (or immoral, through Tosh's eyes) majority of middle-class Jamaicans—he preached, smoked and swore too much, they said—Tosh had now fallen out of favor with many in the music community and a good number of his Rasta brethren.

Although he was easy to find—he was listed in the Kingston telephone book—not many had the nerve to ring him. Peter Tosh could be very intimidating. If you got beyond that, he could also be kind, gentle and even vulnerable. At the memorable 1982 Christmas Day concert he did with Bunny Wailer, Jimmy Cliff, Marcia Griffiths, Judy Mowatt and Gregory Isaacs in the National Stadium, he stated, "I don't care what men say about me." But he did.

Peter Tosh lived in Barbican, an affluent, "uptown" area of Kingston. It is far removed in attitude and lifestyle from his birthplace of Belmont, a small fishing village not far from Negril—and equally far (although geographically closer) from Trench Town, the ghetto where he grew up. I called Tosh in August to tell him I was in town and wanted to see him. A lot of people had tried to put me off seeing him, saying things like "you can't deal with a madman," but on the phone he was pleasant and suggested that I come by at 10 a.m. the next day. As he had moved since my last visit, I asked directions. His previous house, destroyed by arsonists last year, was easily identified by the gigantic ganja plant growing blatantly in the front yard (until the police chopped it down, and almost chopped Tosh down in the process). "You must find it, my dear," he said; not wanting to push it further, I said "cool" and hung up the phone.

The first time up Barbican Road I missed the turn and ended up on a desolate stretch of road leading into the hills. Desolate is dangerous in Kingston, so I quickly turned my budget rent-a-car around and retraced my tracks. Once on the right road, Tosh's house was self-evident. Painted a vivid red, green and gold, it stood out like a Rasta beacon from its staid neighbors. Ducks, chickens and smoking dreads in the yard were also not the neighborhood norm. As I drove in, a pack of vicious-looking dogs surrounded the car. I told one of the dreads I was there to see Peter; the dread called off the dogs and said I should get out of the car and wait. The dogs stopped barking but didn't leave. I stayed very still until escorted inside. "Peter will soon come," the dread said, pointing to three chairs in the foyer.

I sat down and looked around. Right beside me—a bit too close for total comfort—a big white parrot (named, I found out later, Tosh) perched freely on a tree branch suspended over green plastic sheets filled with the droppings of several days. In front of me was an office, sparsely furnished with a desk and credenza holding awards. Workmen hammered in other rooms, close but unseen. After about 10 minutes, I was told Tosh was ready and climbed the stairs.

Tosh's living-room was furnished mainly in white wicker, with photographs of Haile Selassie and himself on the wall, and ivory elephants on the coffee table. The 42-year-old singer wore a dark blue sweatsuit, with his locks tied back in a ponytail. "I'm sorry I kept you waiting....I just got up and hadn't yet had tea when this rasclaat Lebanese from up so"—he pointed up the hill—"came to tell me he didn't like the way I've painted my house. How can any rasclaat Lebanese tell me how to paint my house?" Still muttering, he picked up a cassette and said he wanted to play me his new album, *No Nuclear War*, which had just been released in the U.S. As the title track blasted out, I felt I'd recovered something I hadn't known I'd lost. The Jamaican music scene, without even realizing it, had certainly missed the word, sound and power of Peter Tosh.

While the music played, Tosh sat by the window in a high-backed tropical armchair. Before him was a little table holding a large plastic bag full of dangerous-looking herb. He built a Tosh-sized

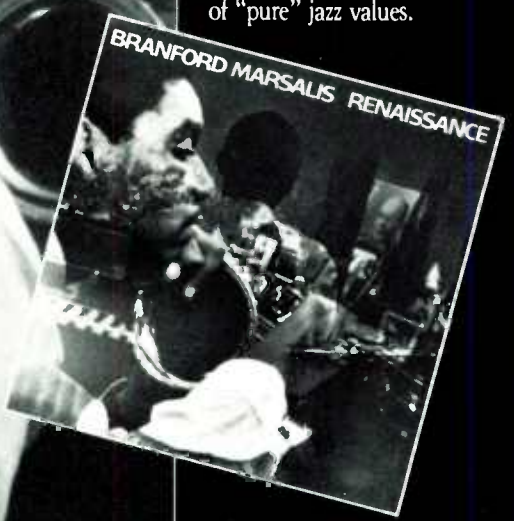
PETER SIMON/RETNA

BRANFORD MARSALIS. "RENAISSANCE."

JAZZ TRADITION IS BORNE AND REBORN.

Branford Marsalis draws brilliantly on the past to create moving new music for today. His highly-acclaimed saxophone skills have evoked legendary comparisons, but his style remains distinctively—and compellingly—his own.

From the haunting beauty of Branford's soprano sax to his high-spirited work on tenor, "Renaissance" signals an unshakable commitment to the rebirth of "pure" jazz values.



BRANFORD MARSALIS. "Renaissance." Featuring Tony Williams, Kenny Kirkland, Bob Hurst and special guest, Herbie Hancock.

On Columbia Records, Cassettes and Compact Discs.

spliff and drew on it, eyes closed, listening to his voice coming out of the large speakers. After four cuts, he turned the cassette over to "side A, part two—my music has no B-side." On the third track of part two, "I'm Gonna Testify," he sang along. On the fourth, "Come Together," the music was suddenly drowned out by a loud machine. Tosh opened his eyes to see his maid pushing a floor polisher on an adjoining balcony. He gently asked her to wait, but the music finished with the polisher. Cursing (his usual litany of clots: blood, bombo and ras), he said it was a lousy tape player. "These machines just can't handle loud music, and my music must play loud."

He fiddled with the knobs unsuccessfully for a few minutes, gave up and returned to his chair to roll another spliff. I pulled my chair over, ready to decline a draw, but didn't have to since he didn't offer one. He started to talk before I could ask a question.

"These are serious times, there is no time for foolishness. The ozone layer is leaking, there are hazards in the water, in the air...5,000 hazards in acid rain...insecticides on our food....As an archangel of music, it is my duty to point out these things in the most poetic way. It isn't the man who shits in the street who remembers it, it's the man who steps in the shit who does."

Why had he been silent so long? "First, my time has been taken up with bureaucratic mess." He angrily started to list his many lawsuits. Tosh, it seemed, was either suing or being sued by everybody; he'd "gone through nine lawyers in 24 months." Litigants included his current record label, EMI ("I'm not getting my royalties and they're suing me for return of tour monies that I don't owe"); a former manager; Tuff Gong Records, Bob Marley's company now owned by his estate; fellow musicians; and a Brazilian company he accused of piracy. Tosh had also waged and lost a custody battle for the youngest of his eight children by several mothers, and had fallen out with Bunny Wailer. Little wonder he had no time for music.

"Second," he continued, "*No Nuclear War* was recorded in two weeks and delivered finished to EMI on January 7th. It's been sitting on a shelf ever since." He also had no money. "I'm broke," he said, holding his hands apart, palms up. "Everybody owes me money, and all those lawyers eat up my money to rhatid.

"There is so much mess around I...so many bad vibes...but if gunmen come tomorrow to get I, I'm not afraid. Jah will protect I....Bullets can't come through I because I'm a wall." Suddenly he jumped up from his chair and called to Marlene Brown, his live-in "queen" who was on the balcony lighting her own spliff. "What's that smell outside?" he shouted, his head turned towards the open window. "Whatever it is tell them to get it out of here, it smells like death." Neither I nor Brown could smell anything—other than ganja—but Brown said she'd talk to the gardener.

Tosh was not only an architect of reggae music, but one of its most accomplished musicians. "I was two when I started singing," he recalled, "and I made my own guitar at five. At 13 I was singing in church and I completed Smallwood's Pianoforte just taking lessons two days a week for two hours a day....Bob Marley was my student....I taught him how to play guitar. I'm not a reggae superstar, I'm a musical messenger....I was blessed with music...like another finger."

The Wailers signed to Chris Blackwell's Island Records in the early '70s, but soon split up. Island kept Bob Marley

"Versatility . . . that's what I look for in a bass . . . #1"

david sikes

BOSTON

"I'm always looking for a bass that I can get a lot of different sounds out of. That's what I really like about the Peavey Dyna-Bass®."

David Sikes, bassist for the rock group Boston, knows, like so many of today's top players, that the sound, versatility, and playability of the Dyna-Bass from Peavey is uniquely suited to the demands of the progressive bass guitarist.

Broad-spectrum pickups and advanced active onboard circuits deliver a tremendous range of tonal variation. A center detent balance control blends the output of the Dyna-Bass pickups to even further expand the range and tonal texture possibilities.

The lightning-fast neck, yields silky-smooth response and unvarying accuracy. Ultra precision hardware insures rock-solid tuning stability.

The Dyna-Bass' sleek, classic lines combine with a contemporary styling to provide stable, fatigue-free balance and good looks.

The Dyna-Bass is available in four string and five string models and with an optional Kahler® tremolo system.

If, like David Sikes, versatility is what you're looking for, visit your Peavey dealer and ask about the Peavey Dyna-Bass. You'll be amazed at what you find.

PEAVEY®

DYNA-BASS®

Peavey Electronics Corporation/711 A Street/Meridian, MS 39301/Phone: (601) 483-5365 Telex: 504115/©1987

as a solo act, guiding him out of the reggae market and into the lucrative world of international pop. Tosh never got over it—he re-christened Blackwell "Whitewell," ignoring the many blacks in Jamaica named White—and resented the attention paid to Marley. Shortly after the Wailers broke up, Tosh said he had to go out and "show John Public I'm not a baggage." A link with the Rolling Stones gave him the chance.

The Stones were infatuated with reggae in the early '70s. Keith Richards, who still spends a lot of time here, bought a house in Ocho Rios; he and Mick Jagger used to hang out in Kingston. After the fabled One Love Peace Concert in 1978, with its performance by Tosh that is still talked of today, the Stones signed Tosh and his band, including the Sly Dunbar/Robbie Shakespeare rhythm section, to their label and invited him to tour with them. Tosh also moved in (with animals) to Richards' hillside Ocho Rios villa. The collaboration lasted a few years and produced, with Sly and Robbie's direction and Mikey Chung's arrangements, three outstanding albums. But things eventually turned sour. Tosh was unhappy about his contract ("Mick Jagger and his lawyers gave me an encyclopedia of cunning"); Richards was unhappy about the goats in his sitting-room; and Sly and Robbie, major contributors to the Tosh sound, were unhappy about Tosh's growing resistance to teamwork—"everything started to change," Dunbar now says.

Tosh then signed with EMI. He had hardly completed *Mama Africa*, his debut album for the label, when the fighting over money began. After a highly praised nine-month tour in support of this album, during which Tosh played a guitar shaped like an M16, he withdrew from the public eye.

This August, Tosh was looking forward to hitting the road. He was preparing to open an extensive U.S. tour in New York's Madison Square Garden in September. He was also getting his merchandise ready: A shopping bag in his living-room held several strikingly designed T-shirts, showing Tosh either promoting ganja or decrying nuclear war. He was "looking for a merchandising deal that won't rip me off."

Tosh's paranoia about being ripped off was acute. Although he often expressed distaste for the dollar—"this piece of paper they call money has killed many, but it won't kill I"—and things material, he ironically became caught in the very traps he warned about. Reminiscing about how easy everything was in the

TESTED. PROVEN.

The Carver PM-1.5 Magnetic Field Power Amp—For performance, reliability and sound.

On the Road Since the professional debut in 1983 of the Carver PM-1.5 Low Feedback High Headroom Magnetic Field Power Amplifier, the sonic excellence and reliability of this 21-lb., 450 watts per channel* powerhouse has been tested—and proven—on some of the biggest and toughest tours ever to go on the road. 108 Carver PM-1.5's were used by Clair Brothers on the Bruce Springsteen tour, and 180 PM-1.5's on the Michael Jackson "Victory" tour. In both cases the result was purely awesome power.

"Our new Carver amp racks pack twice the number of channels in about the same truck volume as the conventional racks they replace. In addition the average power per channel has increased while the average weight per channel has decreased. In the low end, for example, we now have 1,200 watts per cabinet where 650 watts were previously available. They take less room on the truck, they weigh less and our systems have more headroom than before. The Carver amplifier has allowed us to take a significant step in improving our sound systems." *CLAIR BROTHERS*

And not only a sound industry giant like Clair Brothers tours with Carver.

"We have toured Carvers with the following artists: Softcell, Paul Young, Johnny Mathis, Donna Summers, Howard Jones, Pointer Sisters, Psychedelic Furs, Lee Greenwood, General Public, George Thorogood. This is exclusive of our numerous one-nighters. The consensus of the performers is that the equipment sounds great. They have been amazed by the sound of the amps as well as their size and weight. As for reliability, out of 50 amps we had only one fail in the past year of touring. This is by far the best record we've had with any manufacturer of amplifiers. Sonically, the extra headroom is readily apparent. We, at Manticore unanimously agree that the PM-1.5 is incredible and is the only amp we intend to buy."

Tom Whisner (owner) MANTICORE

In the Laboratory The Carver PM-1.5 was rigorously tested by Len Feldman for MODERN RECORDING (February 1985). His laboratory test results also prove that the PM-1.5 really delivers. The following quotes from the Lab Report are reprinted with permission of MODERN RECORDING & MUSIC:—

"The first thing we noticed when we began to work with the Carver PM-1.5 was the ease with which the amplifier delivered almost limitless power to speaker loads which we had previously considered to be difficult to drive to loud levels. This is the sort of amplifier that just refuses to quit."

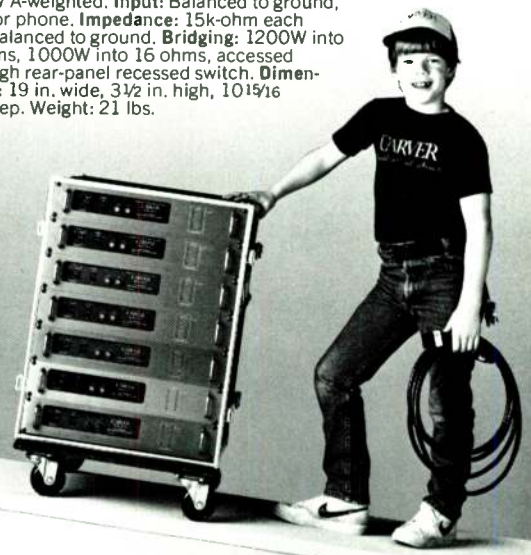
"The amplifier delivered a clean 480 watts per channel into 8-ohm loads with both channels driven for its rated harmonic distortion level of 0.5%. Even at the frequency extreme of 20 Hz. power output for rated THD was 470 watts as against 450 claimed by Carver. Furthermore, at rated power output, distortion decreased to an insignificant 0.015% at mid-frequencies and 0.007% at 20 Hz. When connected to 4-ohm loads, the PM-1.5 delivered 750 watts per channel for rated THD of 0.05%—far more than the 600 watts claimed by Carver. Clearly, when it comes to specs for a professional amplifier, Carver has taken a very conservative approach... All (manufacturer's claims) equaled or exceeded published specifications—usually by a wide margin."

"Carver has managed to deliver a tremendous amount of power in a small lightweight package at a very reasonable cost..."

"For the professional audio engineer or technician who has to move a lot of gear around much of the time and who expects total reliability and circuit protection, come what may, the Carver PM-1.5 represents, in our view, a real winning product. We will probably see it used increasingly by professionals in every area of sound reinforcement."

Now—don't you think you owe it to yourself to hurry over to your local Carver Pro Sound Dealer and *test your own PM-1.5*? Whether you run a megawatt sound company, a struggling bar band, or a recording studio gearing up for digital, the Carver PM-1.5 will pay you. In increased portability and reduced freight costs. In freedom from expensive blown drivers. In sheer sonic excellence.

***Power:** 8 ohms, 450 watts/chan. 20 Hz-20 kHz both channels driven with less than 0.5% THD, 4 ohms, 600 watts/chan. rms 20 Hz-20 kHz both channels driven with less than 0.5% THD. 16 ohms, 300 watts/chan. 20 Hz-20 kHz both channels driven with less than 0.5% THD. 2 ohms, 525 watts/chan. at clipping, 1 kHz, with less than 0.5% THD. Note: 2-ohm specification for information purposes only. Operation at 2 ohms is permissible but not recommended. **IM Distortion:** Less than 0.1% SMPTE. **Frequency Response:** -3 dB at 3 Hz. -3 dB at 80 kHz. **Damping:** 200 at 1 kHz. **Gain:** 26 dB. **Noise:** Better than 115 dB below 450W A-weighted. **Input:** Balanced to ground, XLR or phone. **Impedance:** 15k-ohm each leg, balanced to ground. **Bridging:** 1200W into 8 ohms, 1000W into 16 ohms, accessed through rear-panel recessed switch. **Dimensions:** 19 in. wide, 3½ in. high, 10 15/16 in. deep. **Weight:** 21 lbs.



CARVER

POWERFUL MUSICAL ACCURATE

For more information write to CARVER CORPORATION, 19210 33rd Avenue West, P.O. Box 1237, Lynnwood, WA 98046

beginning, he said, "Now that money is being made and people are famous, everything is different. I used to walk the streets with Bunny Wailer for hours and all we came back with was lunch money, but we were good friends, seen? Bunny is walking a different street now."

During Tosh's four-year absence, significant changes occurred in reggae. The message shifted from spirituality to sexuality, from peace and love and irie vibes to gunshots as indicators of audience appreciation. Musicians, once revered, are now robbed. "Dance Hall Rules," according to Bunny Wailer, and, in Jamaica, the DJ or rap form of reggae dominates not only the dancehalls but everyday life as well. Tosh reportedly called DJs District Johncrows (untranslatable but derogatory). "DJs, DJs!" he bellowed. "What they're doing is immoral fuckery....They come from around the corner and say nothing, putting out filthy tunes that can't be played on radio. They use old rhythms, some two-chord music with eight chord progressions, and when the music is in F, the singer is in G—the rhythm gone so," he pointed left, "and the singer gone so," pointing right.

"The producers are just as bad. They pay some little DJ $300 [Jamaican] to record a song, and then carry him up north where he buys a whole heap of gold chains, does a show for 1,000 people and comes back thinking he's a star. I have to disassociate myself from that shit." He did approve of current reggae pop stars Freddie McGregor and Tiger, "and I like rap because of what it says."

By now Tosh looked relaxed enough to answer a question about one of the stories that fueled the Tosh boycott. A portrait of Bob Marley used to hang on the white stucco walls of Music Mountain Studio in Kingston. The eyes were missing from this portrait—obviously cut out by a knife—and the words "Peter Tosh did this evil act" had been written in red along the bottom. Tosh denied the vandalism.

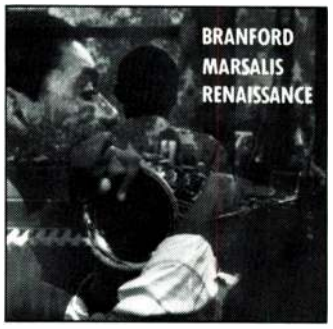
"No man, me nah do dat. I was recording up there, seen, and didn't want a dead man looking down on I so I turned it the other way. The next day they had turned it back so I turned it again. This went on for a week and it made I very mad...but it wasn't I who cut out the eyes." Marlene Brown, then passing through the room, stopped in her tracks, looked at Tosh and said, "I did it." The news seemed to surprise Tosh as much as it did me. He shot her a quizzical look but didn't comment. Instead he grabbed the arms of his chair, pushed himself up, suspended his body in mid-air, and opened and closed his legs scissor-like five or six times.

"They said I was sick. Do I look sick to you? And they tried to kill me, but they couldn't." He lowered himself and paused to let his words take effect. Who are "they"? He bypassed the question. "They also said I was mad...that I had smoked too much herb....I'm not hooked on marijuana, I'm the Minister of Herb....I've smoked three spliffs since you've been here, do you think I'm mad?" I smiled and shook my head. Eccentric, erratic, angry and witty, yes. But mad, no.

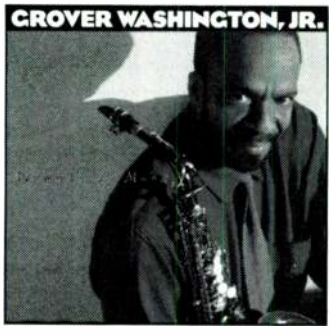
As strongly as Tosh campaigned for herb, he campaigned against hard drugs. "Drugs like cocaine and heroin boost the ego and blank out reality....When a drug addict is low he thinks he is high, and soon finds himself in a world alone. I don't take drugs to die next year, and I don't have to go to the bathroom every five minutes to sniff up coke, I go to the bathroom to pee. Herb is not a drug, it is a botanical agent designed for the body and mind." He reached into the corner and picked up a leather, combination-lock briefcase that hardly went with the Rastaman image. Opening it up, he pulled out a copy of *The Emperor Wears*

JAZZ FOR ALL APPETITES

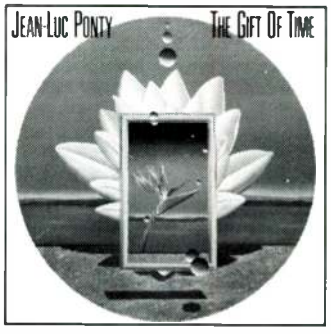
WYNTON MARSALIS
"MARSALIS STANDARD TIME–VOL. 1"
The seven-time Grammy winner infuses classic standards with a vital new spirit. Featuring "Caravan," "Foggy Day," "April In Paris" and "Autumn Leaves."



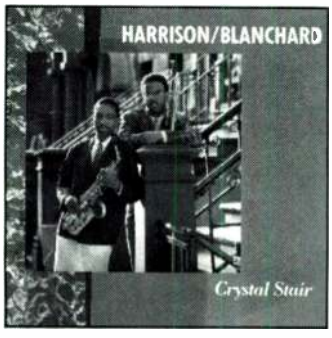
BRANFORD MARSALIS
"RENAISSANCE"
Jazz tradition is borne and reborn in the extraordinary music of saxophonist Branford Marsalis. Guest players include Herbie Hancock and Tony Williams.



GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.
"STRAWBERRY MOON"
Grover Washington, Jr. continues to dazzle with his spellbinding performances on saxophone. His new single, "The Look Of Love," features vocals by Jean Carne.*



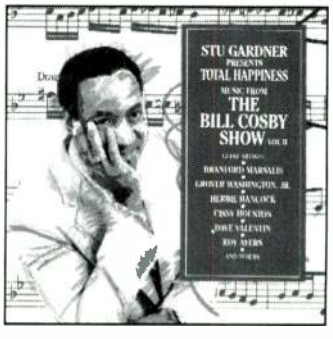
JEAN-LUC PONTY
"THE GIFT OF TIME"
A pioneer of the electric violin, Jean-Luc Ponty continues to break down musical barriers with breathtaking skill.



HARRISON/BLANCHARD
"CRYSTAL STAIR"
The critically-acclaimed duo of Donald Harrison on sax and Terence Blanchard on trumpet are in perfect step with jazz tradition. Featuring "God Bless The Child."

HARRY CONNICK, JR.
"HARRY CONNICK, JR."
Crisp, clean piano technique on standards and original compositions highlights the self-titled debut album of this New Orleans-based keyboard sensation.

CARLOS SANTANA
"BLUES FOR SALVADOR"
The signature guitar style of Carlos Santana is strong and true as he covers the musical spectrum on his brilliant new album.



STU GARDNER
"TOTAL HAPPINESS–MUSIC FROM THE BILL COSBY SHOW VOL. II"
Tune in to this all-star event. Featuring Branford Marsalis, Grover Washington, Jr., Herbie Hancock, Cissy Houston, Dave Valentin', Roy Ayers and other special guests.

COLUMBIA JAZZ. FRESH FOR FALL.

ON COLUMBIA RECORDS, CASSETTES AND COMPACT DISCS.

*Appears courtesy of Omni Records.
*Appears courtesy of GRP Records.

No Clothes by Jack Herer. "This book tells the truth about herb."

Tosh wrote the title track of *No Nuclear War*, a lyrically simple but powerful peace plea, in half an hour as he was lying on the carpet in front of his TV set. "Songs don't come to me, they live in me, like a river flowing. And I don't have to isolate myself, I can create a melody even if a sound system is playing. I wrote 'Mark of the Beast' at a friend's house while a dance was being held in the yard. I built a spliff with some good herb and started knocking on the table. Then the police raided the dance and I saw the mark of the beast on their faces."

Tosh's new album has been long awaited by his fans, and the word is that promoters had been wooing him for months with lucrative offers. "This tour will be a big one," Tosh predicted confidently. "Many think I'm more dangerous than AIDS, and they wanted to keep me underground because what I am singing is strong....But let the weak say weak things....Only the strong survive."

He planned to remain in Jamaica until his tour. "Yea man, I'll be here. I'm not going anywhere, I'll be here forever."

Funeral arrangements for Peter Tosh were delayed because of bickering between Brown and Tosh's mother, Alvera Coke, over who had the right to his body. The mother won. Brown then accused her of planning to bury Tosh by a pigsty, and stormily refused the family's request that the M16 guitar be buried with him. "Peter," his mother replied, "will be buried at least three chains away from the pigs." On Thursday, September 24, it was announced that Tosh would lie in state at the National Arena on Friday, September 25, and that a thanksgiving service would be held on Saturday before burial in Belmont later in the day.

FRIDAY: Peter Tosh was dressed in a white robe trimmed with "ites," green and gold, over a khaki uniform. On his head was a white satin Nigerian-style hat. His locks had been pulled to each side and were resting on his chest. Beside him was a walking stick carved with the words "Jah Live." As thousands of people filed past for a final look at the man who called himself "the toughest," his youngest children, standing beside the casket, touched his face softly and played with his locks and beard.

SATURDAY: The Arena felt empty. Only about a thousand people showed up for the service—including Tosh's ex-cohabitant, Melody Cunningham, but

continued on page 40

ADVERTISING INDEX

TOM VERLAINE

"The press doesn't deserve anything but lies."

What luck! Just as "Cry Mercy, Judge" was released as a single off Tom Verlaine's first album in three years, the singer/guitarist found himself in his protagonist's position: arrested for speeding without a license. "They couldn't believe someone could be so stupid," Verlaine recalls. "The judge asked what I did for a living. I said, 'Well, I write songs.' He said, 'Well, I guess you got a new song here, don't you?'"

Fortunately, he got off with just a fine. Unfortunately, this publicist's dream isn't quite what it seems. For while Verlaine was crying mercy in South Carolina, his record was available only as an import. One of the founding fathers of the mid-'70s "new wave" music revolution couldn't find a record company in his native land.

Since then, I.R.S. Records has taken the challenge, releasing *Flash Light* and putting the artist under a promising long-term contract. It's only the latest twist in a career Verlaine archly terms "interesting." In five solo albums over the last nine years—not to mention two earlier LPs with the pathbreaking Television—Verlaine has consistently produced musical pearls. His nebulous lyrics wrestle with meaning, plainspoken but evasive. His slashing, guitar-driven music, on the other hand, rings with harmonic certainty; and his soloing prowess attracts fans who may not even care what the hell he's singing about. Yet for all his talent and influence, his records have trouble breaking 20,000 sales.

Having the critics, if not the public, on his side is a mixed blessing. Admirers tend to approach Verlaine with a solemn reverence that hardly jibes with the image of him bombing down a Southern back road at 100 m.p.h. in a '65 Plymouth. "People think that he takes himself too seriously," says his longtime drummer Jay Dee Daugherty. "But he's one of the funniest guys I've ever met! He's a riot!" "He's a character—a classic character," says guitarist Jimmy Ripp, a Verlaine regular since 1982; "the guy should be in movies." Bassist Fred Smith, who goes back to Television days with Verlaine, cagily describes him as "bright, witty, handsome." His ex-manager Steve Ralbovsky calls him "stubbornly opinionated...He pretty much does what he wants to do." However, Ralbovsky adds that Verlaine is "very easy-going": "What doesn't come through in his music is that he's a regular guy who grew up in Delaware. He can be real warm, caring, straight-ahead. The guy can be as mundane as anybody."

For this interview, Verlaine showed up promptly at a Greenwich Village cafe. Smoking one imported cigarette after another, sipping a cafe au lait, he avoided eye contact but proved quite forthcoming—a welcome contrast to how he usually comes across in print. "I read them," he says of interviews, "and I think, that was a waste of time talking to that guy." He laughs. "We had a very thorough conversation and he printed three quotes with a bunch of weird other stuff."

Tom, if you're reading this, we hope we didn't waste your time. You've never wasted ours.

By Scott Isler

MUSICIAN: *You're perceived as a respectable cult figure with disreputable sales. Can Tom Verlaine sell records?*

VERLAINE: I don't think it's up to me, really. How do *you* think people sell records? What kind of music am I making? [*laughs*] You should tell me, then I'll see if we agree. It's pop music....I don't hear these records as being difficult to listen to, or even demanding. I've read reviews over the years that describe them as some very difficult thing, and I just can't hear it—nor have any of the people I've worked with, either. It's like a joke, incredibly simple music, it really is.

MUSICIAN: *Are you such a recluse? How much of your time do you devote to music?*

VERLAINE: Quite a bit. The stuff that makes it to records is maybe one-tenth of what gets worked on... I like my B-sides, in a sense, quite a bit more than I like the A-sides on the latest stuff. Most of the B-sides were cut as A-sides but the record company had no perception of it whatsoever, and there was no arguing with

Behind the icy, alien facade of a guitar anti-hero

EBET ROBERTS RETNA

them. I myself think those are A-sides. They have a much more radical approach, including the lyrics. I think it's partially that lightness isn't taken seriously, whereas lightness often is the result of something very heavy, to use a dumb sort of word—or a sense of crisis.

MUSICIAN: *Do you know what your songs are about?*

VERLAINE: [*laughs*] People ask me this a lot, what a song's about....I do think analyzing a song can be interesting, although it doesn't necessarily get to the point. It's a whole other side activity. I do like making a thing into pictures. If I get an abstract idea and all the words in it don't represent tangible things, I might try to take the idea and make it into a picture, create a little scene there, an image.

When I look at the lyrics on this latest record, it seems much more about people's conscience and consciousness than their feelings. That might include their feelings, but there was a lot of other things going on as well. Basic sentiments come into it but...I have done tons of interviews this year. I swore I wasn't gonna do 'em 'cause people always ask the same thing. Then I turned it around: I thought, well, why do they ask this? Is this because it's easy to ask? Is it a stock series of questions that's easier to go into automatic gear and get something, write up an article? Or is this actually what people really want to know? For instance, 20 or 30 years ago you never saw interviewers ask musicians, painters or even actors so much about their career. I don't mean they were approached with exaggerated or undue reverence, but it wasn't like interviewing the head of

"I could be as big as Muhammad Ali was in boxing."

CBS. Nowadays when people are interviewed, everything seems to be like...maybe it's just myself because I have done a series of records and never had any Top 10 records, outside of those Television records in some countries in Europe. And it was very much a stroke of luck, and of time and place, that even these Television records were hits over there. The main reason I signed with Phonogram [in the U.K.] was the guy who signed me there said I wasn't selling records because no company had ever promoted me, which was true. Television wasn't even promoted. There'd been no ads, but the reviewers all loved it. These records just struck a chord with people and they wrote it up. In those days press sold records. That's no longer true over there; you can be on the cover of a magazine and not sell out a club of 700 people.

What was my point here? [*laughs*] I'm losing track of this. So they agreed to promote it, which they did. They were immediately able to double the sales which Virgin [Verlaine's previous British label] had done.

I could be as big as Muhammad Ali was in boxing [*smiles*].

MUSICIAN: *Hmmm. Let's see if we can find the real Tom. How would you describe a typical day?*

VERLAINE: I tend to sleep 'til two or three o'clock, but that changes. Like this morning I got up at 10. Yesterday morning I got up at six. I don't have much of a schedule. I tend to work after midnight. But when I was living in England I tended to work in the afternoon.

MUSICIAN: *By "work," do you mean practicing guitar?*

VERLAINE: I never practice. I just sort of doodle around, like somebody with a sketchpad. Sometimes I run a cassette recorder and maybe listen to it, maybe never listen to it again. There really isn't any pattern for how these things work. Some songs are written in 10 minutes. Sometimes I'll build a whole song around a bass line. Often the melody is just two sentences and that becomes the germ of a song.

Some days I'll wake up and have an idea for a song. It's not always on guitar. I might just hum into a tape, or play a little Casio keyboard and get that idea down. Then a week might go by that I don't play guitar much, but just work on lyrics or listen to tapes. There isn't any given procedure or schedule.

I don't work compulsively. I don't sit around and drum on a guitar for five hours and pull my hair out trying to get a song. My "influence" on guitar players really is a bit of a joke. I've never really learned guitar technique. I once tried to learn a better way to finger a scale and I never practice that either. It's much more hearing something and playing it, going for something much the way jazz musicians do, a very of-the-moment thing. It doesn't always work. Likewise in the studio you can get guitar solos on tape sometimes instantly; other times you whack around for an hour and it just gets worse and worse. It's a question of timing.

When I was in England, there was a fellow in a really successful band in a studio down the hall. I was talking to the engineer, who looked like he'd been up for three days, and they were laughing. I said, "What are you doing in there?" He said, "Those guys been working for three days on a guitar solo!" The guitarist had seen other apparently successful guitarists do this before. My tendency is to like records like Sonic Youth, where you get the feeling that maybe they rehearsed a little bit, and then went in and made the record in a couple of days. Or else L.L. Cool J, which is a cheapie technological record, but with a really nice performance over the top.

MUSICIAN: *When you get a band together, do you tell people what parts to play?*

VERLAINE: Yeah. It's all pretty much arranged. On a couple of songs on this record I even wrote out the drum fills 'cause I had so much—like hearing a miniature symphony or something. "Annie's Telling Me" had certain drum parts written out; all the drum fills on "Song" were written out. It also has to do with working with rhythm machines; I developed it a bar at a time and realized I was hearing certain things. I usually work out all the drum parts with a drummer, with the exception of fills, then record it a couple of times, then get serious about fills—which to use, or what style. Likewise with bass lines: maybe take out a few notes or change the bass-drum beat around a bit. It's real elementary stuff, though.

MUSICIAN: *What's your modus operandi? Do you have a preferred method for constructing a song?*

VERLAINE: It's real different. This "Cry Mercy" song had a title and I also had a guitar part lying around for years, which I never thought of making into a chorus. Then I just whacked it on top. The title built the whole song up real quick, in terms of attitude and character. So that came out of guitar parts and just writing a simple pulse beat. "Say a Prayer": This had a chorus with a guitar melody I really liked; I combined that with a bass and guitar riff, which are the verses. Again, I was thinking about a certain kind of character—what this guy does and what this person says.

Television days: Richard Lloyd, Verlaine, Billy Ficca, Fred Smith.

On this record there's an awful lot of criminality going on: crooked judges—this guy with Whitey Black [in "Say a Prayer"] is some sort of completely immoral—well, he's some kind of thief. This girl Rosie [in "At 4 a.m."] is involved with—I don't know *what* she's doing in that song! She's obviously been killed by gangsters or something for running away with some counterfeit money, or something. I noticed this when the record was done, that an awful lot of it seems to be built around this wickedness going on.

GODLIS/RETNA

The first studio synth designed for live performance is at your Ensoniq dealer...now

The new Ensoniq SQ-80 Cross Wave Synthesizer.

For the name of your nearest dealer call: 1-800-553-5151

ensoniq®

THE TECHNOLOGY THAT PERFORMS

Three songs—"The Scientist Writes a Letter," "One Time at Sundown" and "Song"—have much longer melody structures than I'd been working with. The melodies tend to go on; instead of a series of riffs and an almost shouted vocal, they have a line that weaves along much longer phrases. I really like this. I don't know where it comes from. But all three of those songs were written in England, and all written very quickly. No, one of those songs was written in Paris. [*laughs*] Some of these songs go way back! "The Scientist" was January of '85, "Sundown" was November of '84. "Bomb" was something I had lying around and just started messing around with in the studio, got halfway through and stopped, just decided to record it. I think we did two takes on it, and that was that.

MUSICIAN: *Your music and lyrics have a separate but equal appeal. Which tends to come first?*

VERLAINE: It depends on the songs. Sometimes I have a text, an idea; you get a little spark [*laughs*]. You use all these clichés about songwriting, it's really—I don't know. I mean, I could get incredibly theoretical about them, the procedure, but each song is so different to me. Like "Bomb" was just a three-chord guitar-riffy thing with an idea that didn't require a lot of thought. Some of the other songs I had to think about a lot more. "Song" has maybe three other verses that didn't get used. But the opening line, "I had this friend," describing this friend, is really what the whole lyric became. It usually has to do with one sentence, or a chorus, or a little thing that expands into a song. I think all composition or writing is like that: John Coltrane experiments with a rhythm, and this leads to another rhythm. Beethoven and Mozart are the same thing.

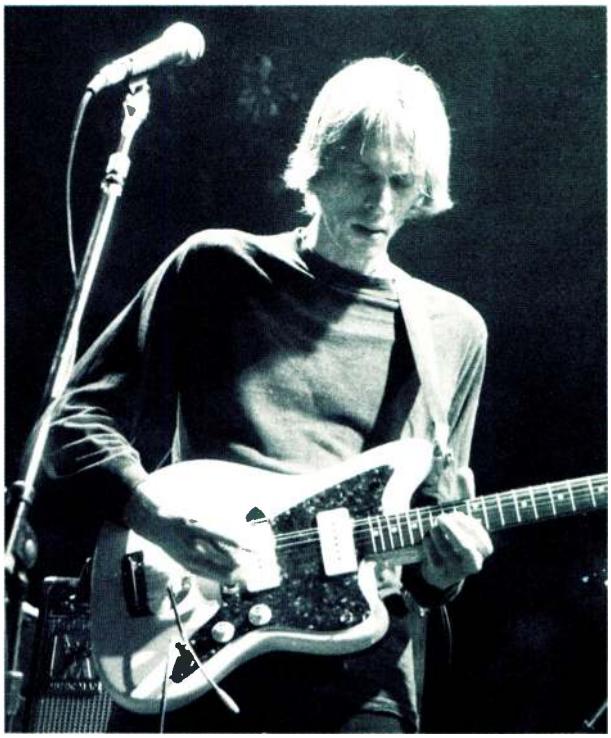
MUSICIAN: *What do you do when you get tired of music writing?*

VERLAINE: I do a lot of prose writing—I guess it's prose—some of which gets used in the songs. "Swim" on the last record had a bit of this monologue at the beginning. "Annie's Telling Me" had a spoken monologue with music that was sort of an introduction to the song. But it made the song awfully long, so I chopped it off. Then I realized that the lyrics over the music that got chopped off lent something to the song that was no longer there. So I decided to print the lyrics on the sleeve. It does have something to do with what's going on in that song, the tone of people.

MUSICIAN: *So far you've mentioned only music and writing. What are your other interests?*

VERLAINE: I like listening to people. I like when people on buses engage me in conversation. I always egg them on to see what's on their mind, what they really want to talk about. The psychology of these people I find interesting. It's not so much that you hear intelligent things, it's just that I find the preoccupations of people very interesting and funny. Not always, but often. Recently I had a long conversation with somebody about gossip, and how traditionally gossip is looked down upon. But gossip really is two people creating their own world together, conjecturing on the doings and motivations of others. They're probably often completely wrong; they might have a little fact right, but then they go on and develop this whole universe. It's not so different from what anybody writing a story is doing.

I like traveling a lot. I spent most of the last two-and-a-half years in Europe, most of that time in England, Portugal, Paris. What I'd really like is to have the option of going into a studio five days a week—to have a deal with a studio where you could call in a day ahead, say "I'd like to come in for three days," and then not go in for another month. At the end of a year you have a record together. It's sort of how *Cover* was done. I knew these studios that weren't busy; on all but one occasion I could



Tom Rimbaud? Tom Baudelaire? Anything but Tom Ginsberg...

TV GUIDE

Tom Verlaine's guitar of choice is a Fender Jazzmaster—"mid-'60s, I guess. Nobody can play it 'cause the strings have gotten heavier and heavier. It's now 13 to 58, or something. Someone said they're like piano wire. I used to use lighter ones, but they didn't stay in tune." He also has a Strat and a couple of Gretsches. For amplification he's got "a bunch of really old Fender stuff. I like the sound of four 10s, or else one 12." The secret weapon is a combination tape delay and Dynacord 1950s tube pre-amp. "It really brightens and beefs things up." He also has a two-octave Casiotone keyboard and a decidedly low-tech Panasonic cassette recorder for home use.

Fellow guitarist **Jimmy Ripp** favors a Roland guitar synthesizer; on *Flash Light* it's plugged into an Emulator or Yamaha DX7. Otherwise, Ripp has an endorsement deal with Marshall amps. His collection of effects—"toys"—goes all the way back to a green Gibson Maestro, but Ripp's favorites are a Fuzz Face and Electro-Harmonix Memory Man analog delay. Strings? "I'm trying to think of who's giving 'em away. Say they're LaBellas. They're all the same shit."

For the last four years bassist **Fred Smith**'s been playing a G&L 1000 with D'Addario stainless-steel strings. His amp is usually a Gallien-Kruger RGB400 feeding into two separate JBL speaker cabinets, each with two 15" EVMs. Drummer **Jay Dee Daugherty**'s onstage kit is a black Yamaha Recording Series. It includes a 16x24" bass drum with a Pearl chain-driven pedal and Rottor counterweight; an old Ludwig Black Beauty snare; 12" and 13" toms on a RIMS mount; and a 16x16" floor tom. Daugherty also has 12" and 14" Rototoms on the side. His cymbals vary between Paiste and Zildjian, but currently are 16" and 18" Sabian medium-thin crashes; a 20" Paiste heavy ride; 22" Paiste China Boy; and 15" 602 Soundedge high-hats. Sticks are Manny's 1A Durawoods. And let's not forget the cowbells and Latin Percussion woodblocks.

GODLIS/RETNA

The only sampler that can play and load at the same time will be at your Ensoniq dealer...soon

The new Ensoniq EPS Performance Sampler.

For the name of your nearest dealer call: 1-800-553-5151

ensoniq®

THE TECHNOLOGY THAT PERFORMS

call up and say, "Are you booked tomorrow?" That's a really fun way to work.

I like to walk. I don't have any hangouts. I probably walk a couple of miles a day. I would like to have a car. Someone wants a guitar that I've got. They offered to trade me this car. It's a great swap, but I don't know if I can afford to keep a car around.

MUSICIAN: *You don't have a driver's license, do you?*

VERLAINE: No, but that won't get in the way. It never stopped me before.

MUSICIAN: *You seem to be lucky in working with the same group of musicians for the past 10 years.*

VERLAINE: So far it's coincided that when I need to do something, they're available. It's a real family: Fred and Jay and Jimmy Ripp. We're like four brothers who are continually clowning around. It lends a great rapport onstage.

Jay's really playing great. He did some things on this tour like a young Elvin Jones, some stuff that's unbelievable. The young English drummers couldn't believe it. These kids sit at home with a rhythm machine and play boom-chick-boom-chick. They had never heard a drummer pull off the kind of things he was pulling off on the longer numbers.

MUSICIAN: *What do you think people get out of your work?*

VERLAINE: It's a pastime, isn't it? Listening to any record is a hopefully enjoyable, maybe provocative pastime. Certain people use certain records to reinforce their own beliefs. When I was young, I'd always find myself arguing with the singer on radio—saying, "Well, maybe that, not *that*," in terms of the lyric. I could see where this guy had been lazy and thrown in a line just for the sake of a rhyme, or hadn't quite thought out a statement. But maybe that's something only people who write songs do.

MUSICIAN: *It's hard to think of somebody else who writes lyrics that come across so well on the printed page.*

VERLAINE: They do tend to rhyme, though. As corny as they are, I really like it when songs rhyme.

MUSICIAN: *How do you feel when you hear other people doing your songs?*

VERLAINE: It's a kick, I guess. You just hear a song; in a sense it has nothing to do with yourself. When you've finished an album, you're pretty detached from it. You sit back and listen to it, and you're probably aware of the shortcomings. But when you hear somebody else do a song...I always think, gee, I'm glad I didn't do it like that. [*laughs*] I don't mean that in a really negative sense.

MUSICIAN: *Do you feel flattered that David Bowie recorded your "Kingdom Come"?*

VERLAINE: I think he should record some more of my songs! Some of his new songs aren't...[*laughs*] I've got a song I want Anita Baker to do, but I don't know if she'll do it. I've also got a song I want Aretha Franklin to do. Those two are amazing.

MUSICIAN: *Did you really tell that* New York *magazine profile writer you were 33?*

VERLAINE: [*laughs*] Yeah, sure! I told somebody in Europe I was 43. I never tell my true age. It's ridiculous that people ask. The press doesn't deserve anything but lies.

MUSICIAN: *You told one interviewer you didn't know who the French symbolist poet Paul Verlaine was, but you adopted his name because you liked the sound of it.*

VERLAINE: That actually was true.

MUSICIAN: *?!* [*incredulous*]

VERLAINE: It's not hard to believe. In '75 there were no books in print by this guy. Believe me. [*Ed. note: The 1975 edition of* Books in Print *lists 12 titles by Paul Verlaine.*] Everybody in Television—no, the drummer had his real name, but nobody else did. [*giggles*] We were sitting around thinking up names. It was

The keyboard that's an all-in-one personal recording studio is at your Ensoniq dealer... for under $1400

The award-winning Ensoniq ESQ-1 Digital Wave Synthesizer.

For the name of your nearest dealer call: 1-800-553-5151

ensoniq®

THE TECHNOLOGY THAT PERFORMS

completely a lark. It's fun. "David Bowie" is a hilarious name. I remember being in high school and some people were saying "Bob Die-lan" and other people were saying "Bob Dylan." I remember one older guy feeling very superior because he knew it was Dylan and claimed it was after this poet. Nobody cared. Half the people walked around saying "Die-lan" anyway.

I find it insulting that people would even talk about "real names." What's a real name? A real name is a name you choose to have. You're *given* a name by your parents because the legal system operates that way. There's nothing absolute about names. Actually, "Miller" isn't my real name either. I'd have to get hold of my grandmother to try to find out how to spell it. It's a northern Russian name. My family went from Russia to Scotland, and ended up in the United States three generations down the line, and their name got shortened every time they went somewhere. It's something like Millaren-Schenkov. My grandmother said that in Russia all these family names had meanings, images attached to them. [*laughs*] God, what is the origin of naming? How absolute is a word?

ELLINGTON from page 18

Orchestra as it has been and as it will be. I'd like to do another album like *Digital Duke*—hopefully it will be as successful as this record has been—in order to do a third album where we can begin to let people know more of what we are doing. We go through a night answering requests for Duke Ellington and never get around to playing 'Things Ain't What They Used to Be'!"

Such is the price he has to pay living in the shadow of one of America's greatest composers. "I've had successes that were totally unrelated to Duke Ellington," he noted, in a rare display of crowing. "I did an arrangement for Della Reese on 'Bill Bailey' that sold over a million records [1961]. I've also done something Duke didn't do for himself: I've had two successful presentations of his shows, *Sophisticated Ladies* and *Queenie Pie*."

But still, the conversation is about Duke, not Mercer. "If there is something interesting enough about me to justify an interview, it's going to happen through something I do," he says humbly. Just two years shy of his seventieth birthday, Mercer Ellington can be justly proud of his own accomplishments, including a determined preservation of the Ellington legacy. Merce, this interview is for you.

TOSH from page 30

excluding Brown, who also didn't attend the burial. An expectation of further violence kept the masses away. Some had other reasons. Bunny Wailer, the I-Threes (the Wailers' backing vocal trio) and the Marley family were all noticeably absent. "Peter wouldn't have gone to their funeral either," someone said.

His coffin rested on the stage where he last performed. The backdrop of Marcus Garvey had been used for the previous month's Sunsplash concert. While people left the stage so the service could start, a man dressed in white, sunglasses dangling incongruously from his mouth, began to dance around the coffin, extending a long stick as he did so. "Rise, Peter, rise, Peter," he cried. The congregation thought the service had begun. But as the ministers of the Ethiopian Church ascended the steps to commence the proceedings in a more conventional way, police escorted the man away. The service was also interrupted by a man bearing a "Freedom/Garveyism" banner, and the arena

continued on page 121

The most popular sampler with the most popular sounds is at your Ensoniq dealer... for under $1300

The tried-and-true Mirage DSK Digital Sampling Keyboard.

For the name of your nearest dealer call: 1-800-553-5151

ensoniq®

THE TECHNOLOGY THAT PERFORMS

The Secret Life of a Business Computer

Ten MIDI sequencer programs that'll definitely liven up your IBM-PC

by Jock Baird

By day it sits on a desktop, an obedient corporate servant poised to deliver a spreadsheet, a pearl of database wisdom, or an individually personalized letter from the CEO to all his stockholders. IBM-PCs and their clones have been America's business computers for years now, and a new megafast generation of IBM-PCs and compatibles using the 80386 chip are turning up in more offices than ever. But have you ever wondered what all those computers do after working hours? Even the most conservatively styled microspecimen can turn into the hippest, wildest funk machine imaginable, given the right MIDI software. And if there are more IBM-PCs than ever out there, there are also more software sequencers than ever. So loosen that tie, kick off those Florsheims and go hang up your suit coat. This business computer's ready to party.

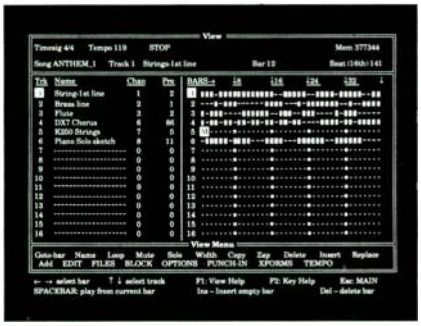
Okay, so it's not trendy. It doesn't (usually) have a mouse and all those keen little icons. And it doesn't coddle the user—when performing more mundane housekeeping functions in the Disk Operating System, or DOS, you have to actually type in complex commands like ERASE instead of dragging things into cute garbage cans. However unflashy, your basic IBM-PC does have remarkable reliability and durability—in two and a half years I've never lost a file or had a computer breakdown, even though I move it around quite a bit. (This came to mean more to me after my new Atari ST literally bombed out and had to be returned.) In the past, of course, all that toughness has cost a substantial amount of cash, but the last year or so has seen the price of IBM-compatibles drop below the thousand-dollar mark. Combined with a spate of new software releases, this means rabid defenders of the Macintosh and Atari ST will have to make room for PC partisans in their ongoing debate over the primo music computer.

The stripped-down PC is not enough to get down with, though. Whether you have color or not, you will need a graphics card. You'll also usually need at least 320 kilobytes of memory, but go for the whole 640K if you can. And lastly, you'll need a MIDI interface, which comes as a peripheral card to be installed inside your computer and cabled to a box with MIDI jacks. The standard for IBM-PCs has been the Roland MPU-401, now going for around $300. Voyetra also has a fine MPU-compatible interface called the 4001 going for the same. Not everyone is wild about the 401. Most software writers feel it's a bit slow and unwieldy, and one software company, as we'll see, went out on a limb and made a system that only works with their own completely unique interface. No unified movement has coalesced around a new format, though, and certainly not around the new IBM Music Feature card, which not only has an interface but has a 4-op FM synthesizer too. Fairly expensive ($500) and not significantly better than the 401,

Illustration by Katherine E. Tom

the Music Feature is regarded by the pro MIDI community as more for the educational or hobbyist market, and so far only one software product supports it.

So much for the realm of specific, boring hardware. Where we're going now is what I'd call an environment, a software apartment complex of rooms and closets, doors and windows, that make up the MIDI studio. Hell, there's no miracle to MIDI recording anymore. What we want is comfort, flexibility, logic and power, and especially that feeling of expansiveness, of not having



Typical Measure Allocation Display

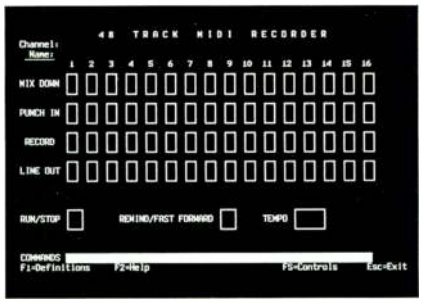
the machine in your face. If there's only one way to do something on a sequencer, a kind of bottleneck develops, a sense of being confined.

That should do it for the Big Overview, except to talk testing methods. I ran all 10 in a setup with five separate MIDI instruments, with the sequencers all sending MIDI clock timing info to the drum machine for a metronome. I stayed away from odd time signatures, but I did try to change the tempo throughout the song. Full use was made of all punch-in/out, chaining and cut & paste systems. In using the note editor sections, I tended to not do extremely arcane and complicated editing tasks, like reducing by 78% the duration of all bass notes in one five-bar section or rescaling the aftertouch parameters. I also did no step-entering of music, one note at a time, since like most musicians I'd rather play the part and then note-edit or punch-in over the mistakes afterwards. If you don't happen to work all of the above ways—or even if you *do*—you may violently disagree with my comments and launch your own independent investigation. So much for the wimpy disclaimer, boot that DOS and pop in the first program disk. This little old business machine is ready to rock.

The Old-Timers

The nature of the PC sequencer universe had been established by four original programs which have been with us for nearly three years. All began around the $500 mark, a price point inherited from business software champs like Lotus and dBase III. The first is **Sequencer Plus III**, from Voyetra. Although it's in its umpteenth revision, this is still in many ways the "classic" PC music program, one that best exemplifies the non-graphic strengths of the computer.

Sequencer Plus' main screen is a track list, with a separate line for each of its 64 tracks. The track list not only has 20 characters available to name each track, but also has areas to set MIDI channel and program number, transpositions, quantizing or error correction, loop, solo or mute, and offsets (moving the track ahead or behind in time for delay correction or echo effects). Having all these basic operations right on the screen makes it a snap to move the cursor to the box and either enter a value directly, or use the plus and minus keys. There are also 17 commands at the bottom of the list, many of which duplicate the same functions as in the track sheet, others leading to more pop-up data or edit screens. Just hit the first letter of the command and you're in motion. Ample use is made of the escape key and space bar, the two most important PC commands. If you understand sequencing concepts, you almost don't need the



48 Track PC's main screen

manual to run SP3—that's how extraordinarily well it's organized. But if you do need some education, the manual provided (written by Freff) is top flight.

Beyond its layout, the byword of the program is power. If you want to do more advanced editing, virtually anything you'd try can be easily accomplished. There are two levels of note editing, one using solid horizontal bars over a grid to represent each note; the pitches are stacked vertically and the edit screen automatically puts you in the right bar or octave as your track's info. You edit the work by moving the cursor around the bar graph, using the delete key to zap clunkers, and adding new notes by setting new durations and then hitting the insert key. A higher level of this screen gives you numerical data for ultra-fine timing resolution, patch changes, controller data and whatnot. Most of the really advanced editing features lie unobtrusively below the surface rather than cluttering up the foreground.

Sequencer Plus and most other PC programs are what we call tape recorder sequencers; rather than chaining together patterns or sequences into whole songs, they simply start at the beginning and roll till the end, like a continuous piece of tape. Since very few of us keyboard novices can play an entire song in one fell swoop, this setup requires us to take our fragments and drop them into the "tape" either by punching in at the right bar or by muting the existing tracks and recording new sections at the beginning, then cutting them out and pasting them into the proper location. Both operations are best done with a map of the sequence that shows each bar or each track. Calling it a bar graph confuses it with the note-editing system already described, so to keep things clear, from here on we'll call it a Measure Allocation Display, or MAD.

The MAD on SP3 is especially comforting because it retains some of the track list alongside it, and you can go directly to the note edit screen to fix glitches rather than passing through the main screen again (see how interconnecting "corridors" raise the roominess quotient?). The screen also has a tempo track to vary the playback speed for a more human feel.

Overall, you have to look pretty hard to find any complaints with Sequencer Plus III. A number of things like mute or solo can't be engaged while the sequencer is actually playing (why mute can't be done in real time and transposition can is unclear). But look at the quantizing feature—instead of actually rounding off the recorded data of your performances to the nearest eighth or 16th note, SP3 does it only on playbacks, so if you hate the new part you can go back to the old or try a different resolution.

Not everyone likes the tape recorder format, though. Many of us who came up using Commodores and Apples learned by using the chain format, since it saves memory. Even though kilobytes are no longer in short supply, we still think in verse-chorus-bridge terms. The "old-timer" sequencer set up this way is **Texture**, written by Utopia's Roger Powell and now distributed by **Magnetic Music** and **Dr. T.** This program goes for $300, and is now in version 2.5, another

Yes. There is a Santa Claus.

AND, ALESIS IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE
THE BEST
DRUM AND SEQUENCER COMBINATION EVER PRODUCED.
SEE YOUR ALESIS DEALER.

HR 16 HIGH SAMPLE RATE 16 BIT DIGITAL DRUM MACHINE

48 sounds. 16 channels.
Touch sensitive.
100 patterns. 100 songs. Full MIDI.
Exquisite sounding.

MMT-8 MULTI TRACK MIDI RECORDER

8 Tracks. Full MIDI.
100 parts.
100 songs.
Super musical.

Merry Christmas and Happy Musical Holidays from...

ALESIS
STUDIO ELECTRONICS

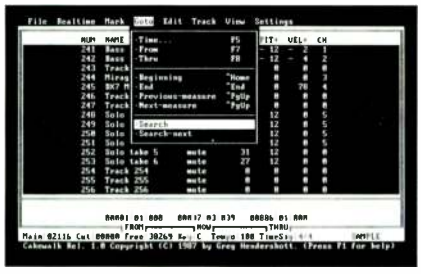
senior-citizen sequencer with the bugs well gone.

Texture is an easy program to get close to. Nice use of color, a fairly straightforward layout, quite a bit of editing and programming capability, and some excellent perks make this a very competitive package. For instance, there's a great way to record using the loop function: Simply put the loop on, hit R, and the pattern will keep repeating until you get a performance you like. Hit the space bar to stop. All your takes are saved into the record buffer and then you go back and pick which one was the best. I also like the way the timing units were expressed—the 120 clicks per beat were subdivided into 24 groups of five, making it easier to locate, say, the third 16th note of the second beat. And how about the subgroup feature that lets you gang several tracks together and mute or solo them as a group? Great for dub mixes! It also has the ability to replace note assignments on a whole pattern rather than individually, so, if you change drum machines and the old snare is the new crash cymbal, you can quickly change over. Texture is also currently the only PC program that works with the IBM Music Feature card, and yes, it does work interactively with the FB-01 synth so you can use the voices in your sequences.

Still, there are problems with Texture. The chain, or "link" organization, won't let you make longer patterns over several shorter ones, say, a solo over several repeats of each pattern. The way you name and assign channel numbers dictates how all instruments or parts should stay on the same track in all the other patterns. Hey, I may not want to have to be that organized, especially if I'm joining two files from different sessions. Texture uses all the letter keys for commands with no prompts on the screen, and I always lose the cheat sheet. In general there's not that much command duplication, making Texture seem a tad confining. And patch changes and channel info aren't shown on the main work screen, even though you can see them in the note editor.

Ahhh, the note editor. It's what's known as a MIDI event list, showing when in the bar any note goes on and off, and any channel, patch, controller, aftertouch etc. data is also in there. Most musicians will tell you that they would rather listen to Wayne Newton than work with a note list editor, and I wouldn't blame them. But one nice thing about Texture's is that it combines the note-ons with the note-offs and puts the non-note data numbers in a different area so it doesn't look completely like gibberish. Texture also sounds the note that is highlighted so you can easily plus or minus it up to snuff.

Actually, like a lot of people, I'm more partial to real musical notation, the ultimate composer's editing screen. To fill this need two programs came out in 1985. One was Jim Miller's **Personal Composer**, the other, **Roland**'s Music Processing System, or **M.P.S.**, authored by Kentyn Reynolds. The former was not included in this story because it



Cakewalk: True happiness for $150?

requires a Hercules or other high-resolution graphics card, which I didn't have, but it's still very popular today, and well worth looking at, especially if you are building a system from scratch.

M.P.S. has also survived, but has been so radically revised that it really is new. Now called Music Editor, Scorer and Arranger, or **M.E.S.A.**, it's completely interactive. If you play a piano part and then flip it over into the Score section, you'll see the part transcribed. Or vice versa: If you write out a part on Score's piano stave and throw it over to the Song mode, it plays exactly what you wrote—for better or worse. If you have a whole arrangement with loads of parts, you can print out charts for each individual instrument and even a master conductor's chart of the whole work. Now M.E.S.A. and Personal Composer are not the only way you can do this—a great $200 program from Dr. T. called **The Copyist** will take MIDI files from other bar-graph sequencers and do a lot of the same things, but you have to go from one program to the other, not just switch between modes as you can with M.E.S.A.

The old M.P.S. was definitely clunky. Built on a series of function-key assignments with layers of submenus, it became labyrinthian as more functions were added. By the time you were able to get it to send an All-Notes-Off command to silence a screaming synth, your monitor speakers would've blown. And it didn't *really* transcribe what you played, but merely put the notes in as eighth or 16th notes and made you have to go through and alter lengths, add rests, ties and everything that makes a chart a chart. In the new version, you can choose one of two levels of transcription: "raw" scoring for simple note-editing chores and "complete" scoring for the whole works. The second method *really* transcribes everything, especially if you specify in advance your clef, flagging scheme and key and time signatures. Further musical marks like dynamics, symbols and triplet markings can be added—in fact, fully publishable manuscripts can be done using a plotter instead of a printer.

The problem with M.E.S.A. is its strength. Think about all the things that have to be done to digitally deal with notation and consider that there's a limit to how much one program can do. M.E.S.A.'s Score mode requires so much program, its Song mode or sequencer section is not that spectacular. This is not to say it doesn't have the capability of the others we've looked at—in most cases it does. But there are weaknesses in how much information you can see, since the version of the MAD here used doesn't even allow for track names (what?!), let alone channel or patch numbers. There are only eight tracks, which is not unthinkable because you can merge easily enough and still keep separate channel info in case you want to split them, but the nice part about more tracks is more time to decide which take works best before you get married to it. I found the procedure to create the two-disk boot-up system needlessly complex and off-putting to the uninitiated, and the manual needs to go beyond simple command explanations and needless formality.

But hey, if you live, breathe and work with notation, M.E.S.A. is really the only game in town and none of these flaws are fatal. It has, unfortunately, gone through a price hike and now goes for $700. This is about what a good sequencer and scoring program would cost together, though, so it'll still be worth the money to many.

The Budget Upstarts

That $500 price barrier can loom large for a lot of us, and a number of companies have seen opportunity knocking. One of these is a Connecticut firm called **LTA Productions**, and they've just debuted a $250 program called **Forte!**. This little package is basically very similar to Sequencer Plus in layout and conception: It's got a full-service

DON'T JUST TAKE THE STAGE. OWN IT.

Whether you're playing for 20 people or 20,000, you have to control every aspect of your sound. JBL's new Performance Series is a complete line of speaker systems that incorporate the same unique technology that has made us the dominant force in international tour sound. They let you rock louder, longer, and with more versatility than any other stage speakers in their class.

There's a Performance Series system for every stage need: monitor, vocal and instrument reinforcement, even a high-frequency power pack for custom loading.

JBL's new Performance Series. They're the perfect speakers for the next important stage in your career... the one you command tonight. Hear them perform at your local JBL dealer today.

JBL Professional
8500 Balboa Blvd.
Northridge, CA 91329

THE NEW PERFORMANCE SERIES BY JBL.

track list, a graphic Measure Allocation Display and even a bar graph note editor. While it's not as open and roomy an environment as SP3, it still has a lot of the advanced editing functions. In fact, I spent more time with Forte! than some of the other programs looking for the proverbial fly in the ointment and couldn't find it. Oh sure, the operation of the note editor is not the most streamlined you could ask for, and I could quibble that the Play/Record keys should've incorporated the space bar, but my god, this is a $250 program!

One especially potent part of Forte! is what they call the Block/Buffer editing function. This will not only cut and paste tracks individually or grouped together to move around sections of songs, but it'll also allow you to specify particular note ranges, controller data or even just the notes on one MIDI channel. It would be easy, for instance, to pull out a left-hand piano part and isolate it as a bass track, or even to remove just the C#s. Forte! also has all the same external tape/FSK or MIDI sync capability the big boys have, a control track for changing time signatures and tempos, and a step sequencer that Frank Zappa could love.

Another program at the $250 mark, **The 48 Track PC II**, is far more original although equally functional. Once marketed by Syntech, it's now being sold directly by its author, **Robert Keller** of Oregon. This package throws track lists to the wind on its main screen, opting instead for a series of boxes that mimic a mixing board. To put a track into play or record, you put the cursor in a specific box and use the space bar to toggle it on or off. A series of "fast" keys simplify routine operations, but leaping about the screen from box to box is hard to love. Many common functions have to be done by enter commands on a line at the bottom of the screen, literally one step away from DOS. No frills in the display department, either, no MAD and on the version I had, a note-editor setup that's a straight event list—it doesn't even combine a note's MIDI on and off together. And contrary to virtually every known sequencer, its basic recording mode merges new material with what's already on the track rather than simply recording over it.

To some that'll sound like I'm slamming 48 Track, but others will say, "Good, who needs all that hand-holding stuff. I want more power!" Power is what this program has in spades, and one example says it all. Most sequencers will sync to tape, some will sync to a SMPTE-to-MIDI encoder, but 48 Track will actually manipulate tempos to fit pieces of music to cue marks entered in a SMPTE format. That means if an explosion begins your guitar solo and the cut to the funeral scene changes to a new song altogether, you can set cue marks at the beginning of the solo and the new song, enter the film's SMPTE times for the explosion and scene change, and 48 Track will hook 'em up. Whoa.

Other examples of raw power? The extra decimal place in beat-per-minute counter. The way it works either as a straight tape recorder sequencer or a chainer. To aid in the latter, 48 Track can keep alternate songs or fragments in handy buffers you can step through. When you finally chain, though, you create whole new songs from the pieces, so you could solo continuously all the way through in another overdub. It has virtually all the capabilities for microediting, odd time signatures, tempo control tracks, etc. that the big guys have, except perhaps a patch librarian.

Now we come to **Lighthouse**, another $250 specimen. I should say up front that after three sessions with this program I felt like I needed remedial education, so my response is heavily influenced by the humiliation all software initiates know so well. But to me, Lighthouse is truly the kind of program placed on earth to make us appreciate how good most music software really is. It seems to have virtually every negative attribute you could imagine: It's needlessly clumsy, has one way only of doing any operation, freezes up capriciously, forces you into ridiculous methodologies you'd never want to use and—the final indignity—has only eight tracks. Worse yet, by forcing the stodgy PC into a trendy Mac-like mouse/pull-down environment, natural PC beacons like the escape key and space bar do absolutely nothing. The writers of Lighthouse definitely ought to do more market research. Uh, can I be sued for saying any of this?

Lest you think mice and pull-downs can't thrive on a PC, let's leave the budget zone with **Cakewalk** from **Twelve Tone Systems**. This package is a naked challenge: How can you justify spending between $250 and $700 on software when we can give you a program for $150 that really is a professional sequencer? Now call me cheap, but I feel Cakewalk really does deliver on that challenge. The main screen is yer basic track list, with the five most useful parameters always displayed. There are—gasp—256 tracks available. Subgroups of menu choices or screens run along the top bar. If you don't have a mouse, to pull a menu down you hit the Alt-key and the first letter of your choice. Pretty easy stuff.

Cakewalk is a tape recorder-type sequencer with a full Measure Allocation Display as one of several good editing screens. Sorry, the note editor is indeed a simple list, but it's more workable than some. I liked the cut and paste capabilities, including a "ragged cut" option that cleans up overlaps and bumps.

This would be a competitive program at $250, especially given how humanized it is. For $150, it's a steal, especially as a starter sequencer you won't quickly grow out of. I may be over-exaggerating the vigor of the budget upstart companies, but what does it mean when Forte!, 48 Track PC and Cakewalk all have separate word processing screens for track notes (yahoo!) and SP3, Texture and MESA don't?

The Young Aristocrats

The final three contestants are not out there cutting discount deals. They're full-service sequencers and for this kind of money they better be nothing less than superb. The first is **Master Tracks PC** from **Passport**, one of the very best early C-64/Apple II sequencers that was revised and ported over to the PC last year. Costing $400, it's quite similar in many ways to Sequencer Plus, especially in its roomy architecture, clear layout and general horsepower. Both also have 64 tracks. Master Track's bar-graph note editor has a nice changeable grid system, but it has the weakness of scrolling up and down in octaves only, rather than a note at a time. The quick screen wipe and reappearance each time the graph moves are also subtly disconcerting. And my suspicions are that some of those really arcane editing tasks would take longer to accomplish on Master Tracks than on Sequencer Plus.

But to me the reason why it's not any less of a program overall is that it's a

chaining sequencer rather than a tape recorder. Master Tracks uses a conventional sequence list to string together the patterns that are the songs' building blocks (no, it doesn't have a MAD), but rather than being completely chain-based like Texture, it turns the chain into one long new pattern (similar to 48 Track). That means the best of both worlds—multiple pattern-building for rhythm sections, then a single overlay of strings, horns and solos. And one step beyond the song chainer is the song *list* chainer, which lets you enter your setlist in advance and has the disk drive just keep feeding you new songs.

I can't take you through command by command, but there's something that really *works* about Master Tracks, a good balance of getting enough information and control, but not being overwhelmed by it. The manual is a model of the genre. So is Master Tracks superb? For anyone who feels slightly intimidated by a pro sequencer, yes. For more adventurous users, who would call Master Tracks merely very good, other pleasures beckon.

One of these is **Concepts: One**, written by Charles Eaton of **MIDI Concepts**. Why does the world need another luxury sequencer that costs (gulp) $600? I dunno, ask BMW why they compete with Mercedes. I do know, however, that Concepts: One is one hell of a program. Oh sure, it's a tape-recorder-type sequencer with most of the standard pro features, but it's so well thought out and implemented it transcends the ordinary. Concepts: One divides its functions into more screens, most of which show more than conventional displays. The Measure Allocation Display not only fills its boxes, but shows how dense the MIDI data is packed in by using different patterns. The bar-graph note editor has finer resolution, with a small tail on the bar to mark the exact location of the note on and off. Most editing operations are easily done. The tracklist has been broken into two screens, one more as a basic organizer, a second for nuts-and-bolts velocity, patch, transpose, even MIDI volume

The program is not just a good looker, though. For instance, not only is there a patch librarian feature, but when you load a new file, Concepts: One automatically scans the new data for patch information and sends it to the right MIDI instrument. It will not only record and play back patch and MIDI controller changes, but also ordinary programming changes in real time, so you could slowly

continued on page 54

One good thing deserves another...

Sequencer Plus Mk III

$495

and another...

Sequencer Plus Mark II

$295

and another.

Sequencer Plus Mark I

$99

PC MAGAZINE EDITOR'S CHOICE

After three years of refinements, **Sequencer Plus** has become the most **powerful**, most **professional** and most **versatile** MIDI sequencing software available in the world today.

So how could we improve it? By making it both **more powerful** and **more accessible.**

Introducing, the **Sequencer Plus Series: Three new versions**, each with differing levels of sophistication offering a system that will *grow with you* instead of being outgrown.

Sequencer Plus Mark III (Sp3) is a *"No Compromise" powerhouse!* 64 music tracks with independent offsets, tempo track, song position pointer, chase mode, extensive and selectable MIDI Filtering, 17 transform functions, block editing of multiple tracks, 11 memory buffers and a list of additional features that reads like a computer musician's wish list!

Sp3 also transmits patch files created with **Patch Master**, our unique *MIDI network organizer/universal librarian* program that supports virtually every major synthesizer.

Sequencer Plus Mark II (Sp2) is the perfect production tool for just about all of your most demanding musical creations. 32 music tracks, tempo track, 6 memory buffers, programmable play range, Song position pointer, intricate MIDI data editor, individual track load/save, and more!

Sequencer Plus Mark I (Sp1), at $99.00, is the *least expensive PC sequencer on the market* and is the perfect way to ease into computer music. 16 tracks, each with cut and paste operations, merging, looping, quantizing, transposition, independent MIDI channel, MIDI program and solo/muting! Complete freedom of time signatures and polyrhythms, 3 memory buffers, extensive punch-in capabilities and more! *Enough music-making power to satisfy even a seasoned pro!*

The **new Sequencer Plus series** is the choice of demanding musicians, composers, producers, and recording studios around the world- backed by a company with over a decade of experience in producing quality electronic music products. Best of all, it doesn't demand that you be a computer programmer, just a musician...and isn't *that* a relief!

For a free catalog and the name of your nearest Voyetra dealer, please call or write.

VOYETRA *Computer Music Products for the IBM PC/AT and Compatibles*

Voyetra Technologies, DEPT MUS 426 Mt. Pleasant Ave, Mamaroneck, NY 10543 (914)698-3377

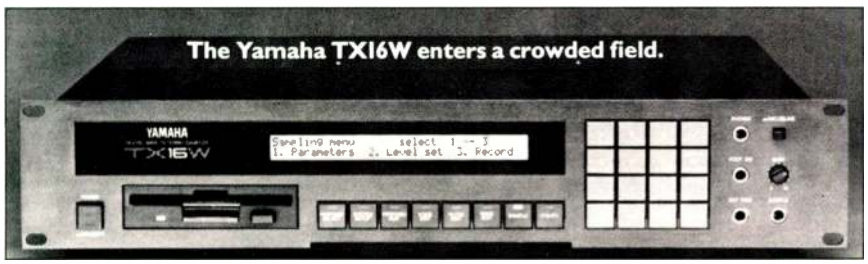
IBM PC/AT is a registered trademark of International Business Machines Corporation.

New Sampling Assaults Launched

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to your music store, more digital noise.

By Jock Baird

The sampling juggernaut is somehow racing on, even though the hardware population is already elbow to elbow on your music dealer's floor. How many more worlds can there be left to conquer, you may well ask. Only one, it seems—compact disk quality 16-bit stereo sampling. **E-mu**'s Emulator III has led this charge, and it is indeed a formidable instrument, but at 10 grand the price is formidable too. Now comes **Sequential Circuits** with a system for under $5000 that will not only get you into 16-bit stereo, but will do it with some really striking innovations.



The Yamaha TX16W enters a crowded field.

So what exactly do we have here? It's called the Prophet 3000 and it comes as a 3½-inch rack mount with a remote keypad/display panel. The display is quite large, with eight lines of 40 characters each, and can do graphic editing of samples. The 3000 has only eight voices in real stereo (as opposed to the simulated stereo some mid-line samplers have), but another eight voices can be added with an optional expander chassis. The 3000 also has a full additive synthesis section that allows you to do things like draw waveforms, redo envelopes or hard-sync two waveforms. Certain parameters of this section are also grouped into presets, so you can access basic envelope shapes like strings, brass, etc. without changing other parameters. And naturally there are sampler staples like velocity-controlled cross-fades, stacking, splicing and dicing.

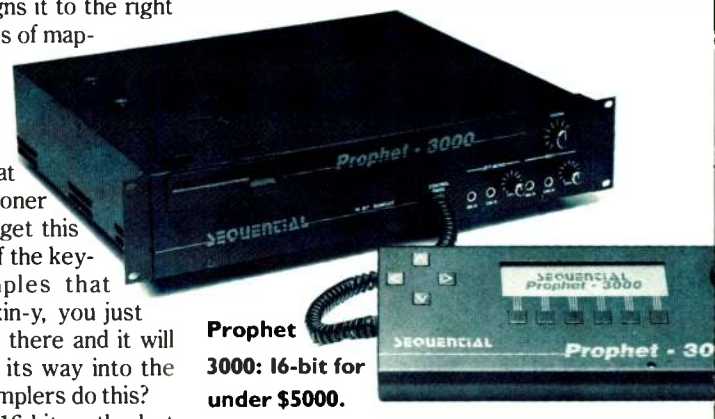
Sampling rates are given as 48, 44.1 (the CD standard), 32 and 16kHz, although no times are given for those rates. Onboard memory capacity is a megaword (two million bytes), expandable to four megawords. So much data is involved in keeping sound libraries, Sequential is advising users to buy hard disks and access them through the SCSI (or "scuzzy") port to end any and all speed or memory limitations. A direct-to-disk recording option is also planned that could use SCSI disks of up to 300 megabytes. And a SMPTE cue-list software program is aboard, making it a soundtracker or sound designer's dream machine.

One of the best new ideas from the 3000 is a system that significantly relieves the burdens of user-sampling. It automatically detects the pitch of the sampled note and assigns it to the right key, eliminating all kinds of mapping and assignment chores that have kept pre-recorded sample library makers in business. This is an idea that I hope trickles down sooner rather than later. And get this—if you have an area of the keyboard between samples that sounds a little munchkin-y, you just record another sample there and it will automatically "elbow" its way into the setup. Why can't *all* samplers do this?

Not everyone sees 16-bit as the last frontier, though. For what seems like years, **Yamaha** has been rumored to have had a sampler about to come out, and just when we gave up on ever seeing it, one has finally appeared. It's named the TX16W, but the 16 stands for voices, not bits. The TX16W is a rack-mount expander unit that recalls the multi-timbral works-in-a-box samplers that swept summer NAMM, and stays under the all-important 3K barrier with its $2895 list price. So right away you can see we're not talking ground-breaking stuff here, but there are still some interesting things going on inside.

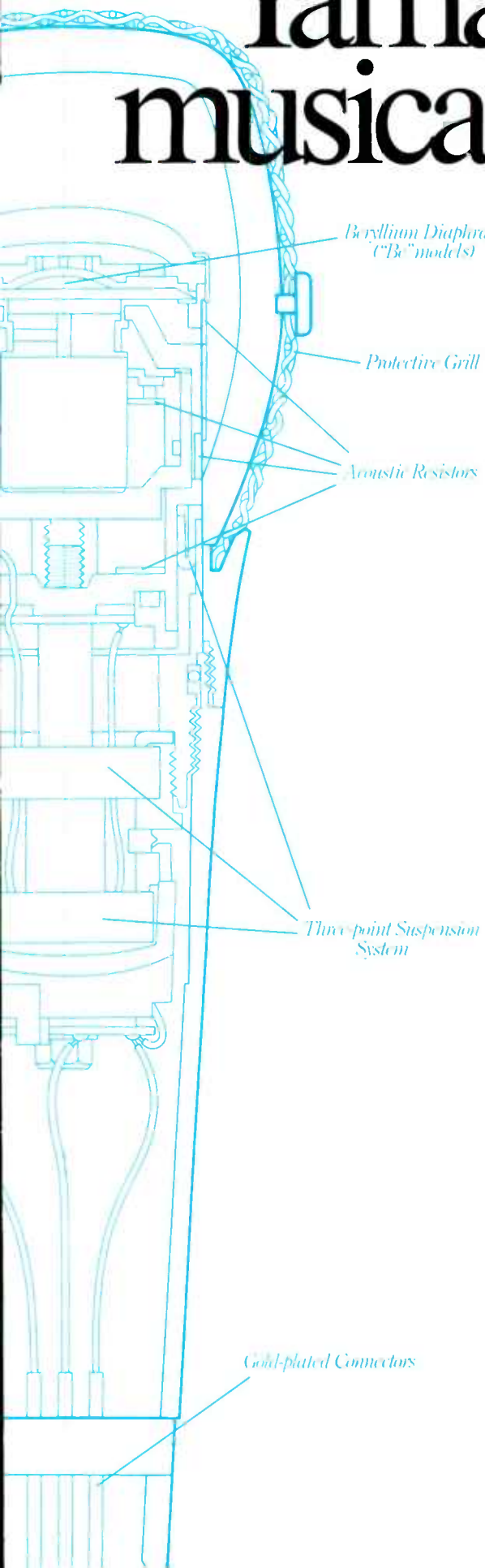
Sample times and rates range from 5.2 seconds at 50kHz to 16.3 seconds at 16.7 kHz, with 7.9 seconds of stereo sampling at 33kHz. Considering your sample rate has to be twice as high as the highest frequency of your bandwidth, these are not great numbers, but the standard 1.5 megabytes of memory can be quadrupled using expansion boards called EMM-1s.

Beyond the usual sampler features, the TX16W has a few cool wrinkles. The velocity cross-fade mode can allow up to 16 different voices to blend in and out of each other depending on how hard you play. An Alternate Assign function can rotate voices so that each time you hit



Prophet 3000: 16-bit for under $5000.

Yamaha's newest musical instruments.



For years, Yamaha has been making musical instruments that allow performers to express what they feel. Our new line of MZ Series professional dynamic microphones continues this tradition.

The three-layer laminated beryllium film used in the diaphragms of the MZ102Be, MZ103Be and MZ105Be offers greater control over piston movement for heightened presence and accuracy throughout the entire frequency range.

Throughout the entire line, a superior acoustic damping system makes use of a mesh screen and photo-silkscreen technology. The benefits are extraordinary long-term stability and absolute uniformity. This uniformity can be especially important when matching pairs of mics for stereo.

A tight cardioid pattern provides excellent off-axis rejection for superior feedback suppression.

To reduce handling noise, all MZ mics have a unique three-point floating suspension system. And a special windscreen with three times the impact resistance of conventional types. So you know it can take a pounding.

We even use gold-plated audio connectors.

But when you listen to Yamaha MZ mics, you hear more than the result of advanced technology. You hear a one-hundred-year tradition of making music.

For complete information, write Yamaha International Corporation, Professional Audio Division, P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622.

YAMAHA
Engineering Imagination

the same key, a new sample plays. And one secret weapon is said to be the Dynamic Digital Filter section, a real-time performance setup that lets you use mod wheels, pedals or other MIDI controllers to manipulate synth-type parameters like ring modulation or eq.

Not expected to be seen in the States until Christmas, the TX16W has excited a good bit of curiosity. Given the crowded field it's in, though, handicappers suspect the hidden ace may be the TX16W's sound and not necessarily its specs. By winter NAMM we'll all be lining up to see if that's the case. M

IBM from page 50

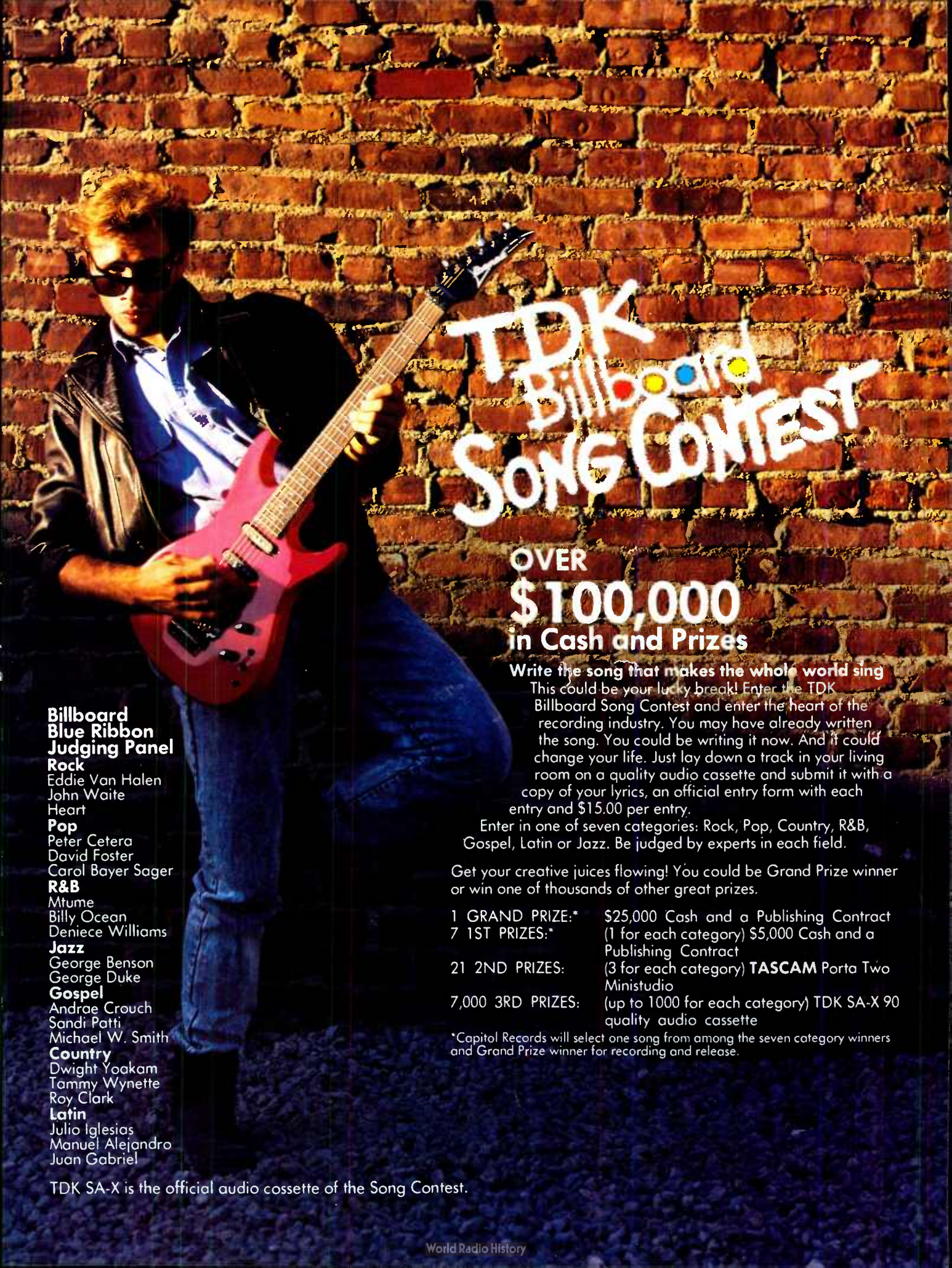
sweep the filter, for instance, and record that change. Not only does it have a notepad, but it has two ways of using it; one is from a utilities screen, where you enter and make changes. When you're playing, you can bring it up to read (but not to change). Perfect for lyrics.

There's a write-protect system to keep you from accidentally altering certain tracks you've slaved over. It can send a little arpeggio to an individual track or channel, streamlining system setup. In its edit mode you can place eight pairs of markers to work in specified ranges. It'll record on all 16 channels simultaneously, keeping the channel info, ideal for dumping up from other sequencers. It has the ability to load in another song as soon as one has finished, so you can set up strings for live work. And any regional or global editing you'd imagine can be done.

But Concepts: One is more than the sum of its features. If a good sequencer is a working environment, this is no mere apartment—I'd call it a two-story house, with garage. The only negatives I could find in the whole package were that there are only 16 tracks and the note-edit screen does not automatically move you to the correct octave. Perhaps predictably, the program requires more memory than most, a minimum of 512K, and unless you do things like strip off the MIDI channels, which can be set from the utilities page, or aftertouch, an older PC like mine will run out of working space pretty fast. But that's an antique anyway—the new 386-type computers have an Extended Memory function that Concepts: One can tap into, giving up to 15 megabytes working space. Ye gods!

This is still a variation on the same sequencing principles we began this article with, however. One company out of Texas called **Systems Design Associates** believes these principles are too dated, and has thrown out all the rules in a new program called **PROMIDI**. First they ditched the MPU-401 interface format and designed their own, a gutsy move in a field that strives on standards. Then they decided to throw out the concept of working in the computer's RAM memory, opting to record and play back directly to and from disk files. To overdub, you mix files together, either temporarily or permanently. To chain sequences, you just string one file after the other, similar to the way 48 Track and Master Tracks do. The idea is so simple it's breathtaking, but I thought the execution would be cumbersome. Boy, was I wrong.

PROMIDI's directory screen obviously has a much bigger task than most, since it's the central traffic cop. It's organized as a series of boxes, connected by arrows with function key numbers. Thus, to load a file, you highlight the lucky candidate and hit F2 to move it into the playback box. Other functions are as easy. Then you hit the space bar and you get the companion play/record screen, with a playback box and a record box, which must always be a prenamed file. To record an unaccompanied new track, to overdub another or



OVER
$100,000
in Cash and Prizes

Write the song that makes the whole world sing

This could be your lucky break! Enter the TDK Billboard Song Contest and enter the heart of the recording industry. You may have already written the song. You could be writing it now. And it could change your life. Just lay down a track in your living room on a quality audio cassette and submit it with a copy of your lyrics, an official entry form with each entry and $15.00 per entry.

Enter in one of seven categories: Rock, Pop, Country, R&B, Gospel, Latin or Jazz. Be judged by experts in each field.

Get your creative juices flowing! You could be Grand Prize winner or win one of thousands of other great prizes.

1 GRAND PRIZE:*	$25,000 Cash and a Publishing Contract
7 1ST PRIZES:*	(1 for each category) $5,000 Cash and a Publishing Contract
21 2ND PRIZES:	(3 for each category) **TASCAM** Porta Two Ministudio
7,000 3RD PRIZES:	(up to 1000 for each category) TDK SA-X 90 quality audio cassette

*Capitol Records will select one song from among the seven category winners and Grand Prize winner for recording and release.

Billboard Blue Ribbon Judging Panel

Rock
Eddie Van Halen
John Waite
Heart

Pop
Peter Cetera
David Foster
Carol Bayer Sager

R&B
Mtume
Billy Ocean
Deniece Williams

Jazz
George Benson
George Duke

Gospel
Andrae Crouch
Sandi Patti
Michael W. Smith

Country
Dwight Yoakam
Tammy Wynette
Roy Clark

Latin
Julio Iglesias
Manuel Alejandro
Juan Gabriel

TDK SA-X is the official audio cossette of the Song Contest.

to just play, other f-keys are used. Every needed key assignment is on-screen.

The play/record screen has two more boxes, one a fairly complex locating panel, the other a multi-level menu with more f-key assignments arranged in four levels of five. Some of these are housekeeping commands like metronomes, external sync, and omni on/off. Others are major functions like cut and paste, punch-in and chaining, many of which have their own screens. The one for the punch-in/out operation is especially original. There is, unfortunately, no MAD, and at one point I incorrectly cut up a verse because I subtracted wrong.

The PROMIDI editing screen is quite unusual, a kind of bar-graph/note list hybrid that in many ways combines the best features of both. An alternate edit screen gives you a more conventional bar graph, without grid, regrettably. Working on the editor is again facilitated by well-prompted use of the function keys. I did find it difficult to get at non-note MIDI information, but you could probably do it somehow. The burden on the note edit section is great because there is no conventional track list of any kind on PROMIDI, but it handles the load pretty well.

Besides the directory and play/record main screens are submenus for mixing (really merging) up to six files into one, a good file management system, and a MIDI channel display which not only controls thru but can write-protect. But the most important submenu is the filter system, which is how PROMIDI does things like transpose, change velocity and strip off individual channels. This is the area in which the direct-to/from-disk gets a tad clumsy, since you may just quickly want to hear a change, not take five minutes to create whole new files. If anything, this favors people who make a lot of pre-edit decisions and build up mixes as they go rather than recording everything and then stripping things away.

Frankly, I'm blown away by the whole PROMIDI package, mainly because it makes me rethink MIDI sequencing in refreshing ways. I'm also sold on the color graphics. Some users may feel insecure because so little data is in front of you, but others will plunge on in.

So I don't want to hear about the Mac, Jack. Spare me the hype on the ST, Lee. And who cares about the Amiga, amigo? The computer with the brightest and boldest software right now is the IBM-PC, and you don't have to be in business to appreciate it. Except, of course, the music business. ▼

Time travel made easy.

The RDS 7.6 Second Time Machine. It's the rack mount digital delay that delivers an incredible 7.6 seconds of delay at full bandwidth.

The RDS 7.6 Second Time Machine.

The Time Machine offers sampling, chorus, flanging, sound-on-sound layering, doubling, slap back, echo and infinite repeat digital effects.

The Time Machine also samples and delays a full 7.6 seconds. Which makes it among the most useful signal processing tools ever introduced, especially for live performance applications.

With the Time Machine you'll never be at a loss for time. Or for hundreds of ways to manipulate it.

The Time Machine is astonishingly versatile, durable and reasonably priced. In fact we think it's the best value you can buy in a full bandwidth digital delay.

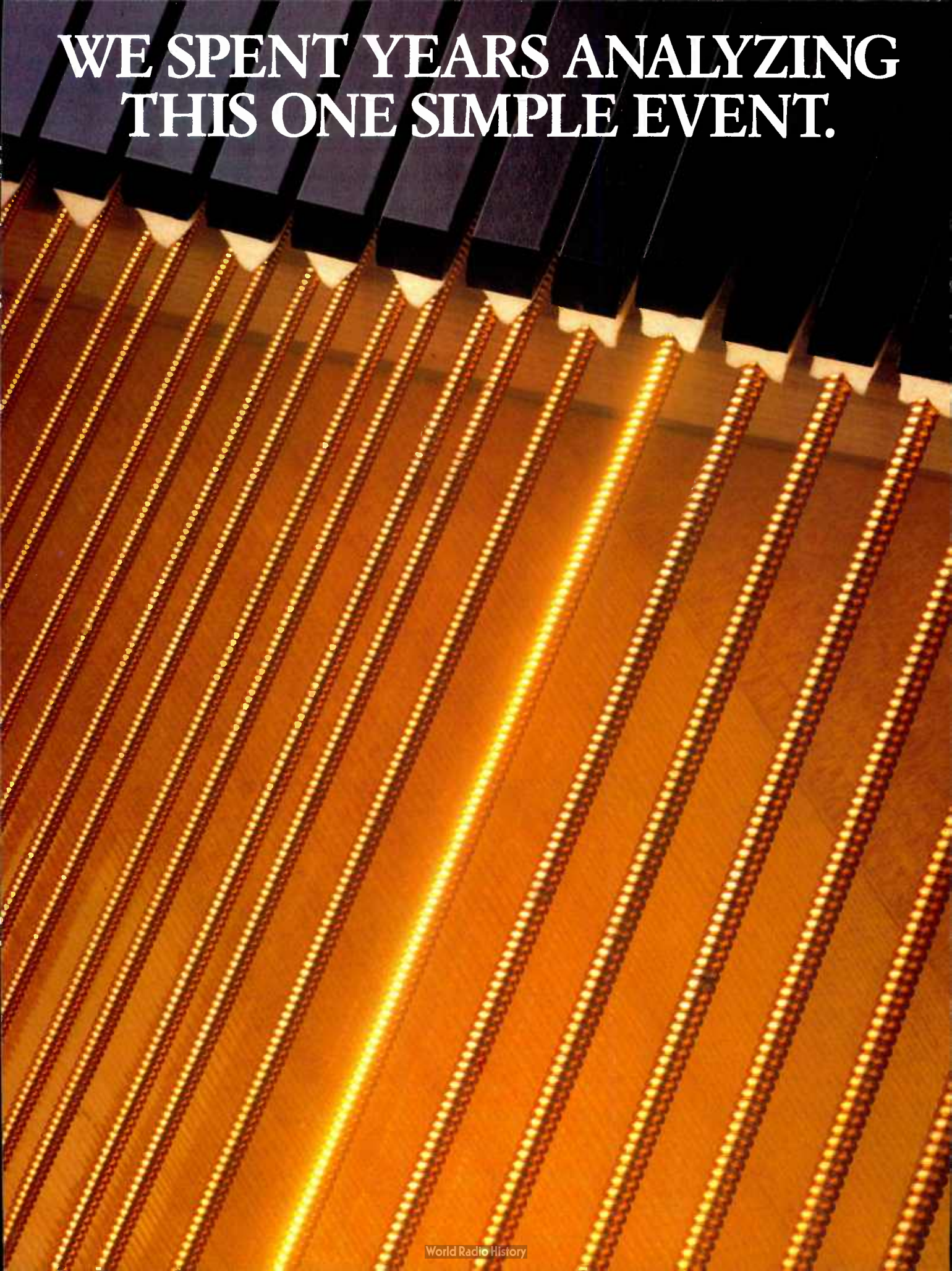
Travel through time without leaving the here and now. Check out the RDS 7.6 Time Machine at your authorized DigiTech dealer, along with the entire line of DigiTech digital delay systems.

For a full-color product sheet, write DigiTech, 5639 South Riley Lane, Salt Lake City, Utah 84107. Or call (801) 268-8400.

The DigiTech line of RDS digital delays includes the RDS 3.6, RDS 2001 and the RDS 1900.

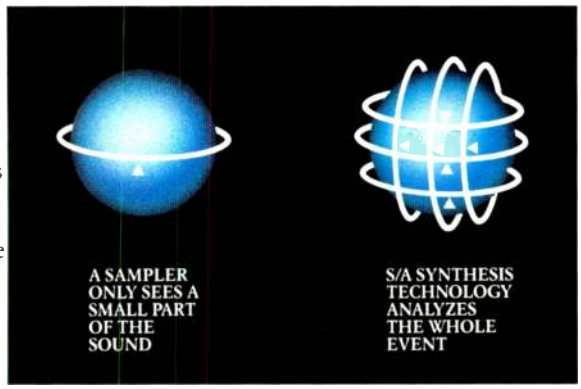
DigiTech
Start at the top.

WE SPENT YEARS ANALYZING THIS ONE SIMPLE EVENT.



THEN WE DEVELOPED S/A SYNTHESIS TO RE-CREATE IT.

If you play piano, it's something you almost take for granted—you press a piano key, and a felt hammer strikes a string, which then vibrates. A sound is produced. But behind this seemingly simple event are a myriad of issues, all of which determine the nature and character of the sound. How hard did you strike the key, and at which part of the keyboard, and how long was the note held?



Sampled piano sounds, as good as they are, can provide only part of the answer. A sampler only looks at a small part of this process (for a very short time) and then simply loops it to create the whole event. That's why sampled pianos lack the dynamic response and sound character of a real piano, they don't see the whole picture. (Don't get us wrong—we like samplers—it's just that they don't provide the best solution to reproducing percussive keyboard sounds.) We felt there must be a better way, and that's why we developed S/A Synthesis Technology—the basis for all of our Digital Piano products.

S/A (Structured Adaptive) Synthesis Technology began with years of research. Roland engineers analyzed the striking of each of the 88 keys on several of the top concert grand pianos using a computer-assisted three-dimensional analysis process. We hit the keys hard, we hit them soft, and hundreds of in-betweens. First came the discovery of several distinctive waveforms that essentially characterize each acoustic piano sound. But then we saw that the harmonic structure of these waveforms changes dramatically with how hard the key is struck or where it is on the keyboard. Also realized was the effect of sympathetic vibrations, soundboard resonance, damper and sostenuto pedals.

From this analysis, Roland engineers created advanced digital algorithms of these complex harmonic relationships—for each key on the piano. These were then refined to the ultimate degree, taking out all unnecessary noise and coloration.

Finally, these algorithms were combined with our proprietary VLSI (Very Large Scale Integration) hardware and software technology to produce the S/A Sound Synthesis Chip, the circuit used in all Roland Digital pianos.

The result is already making musical history as the most faithful digital re-creation of the acoustic keyboard experience: the RD-1000, RD-300S and RD-250S Digital Pianos and the MKS-20 Digital Piano module—three keyboard instruments and one MIDI module that provide the fundamental sounds essential to any keyboard set-up.

Just sit down at one of these instruments and experience grand pianos that are truly grand, ringing with life, brilliance and clarity, but with simultaneous depth and fullness on the low end of the keyboard. Strike a note hard and actually hear the sound of the hammer hitting the string. Play it gradually softer, and feel the tone get rounder. Hold down the damper pedal and experience the sustain and natural decay. But Roland engineers didn't stop with pianos, in addition to the two grand pianos and one electric grand piano, we've applied the same S/A Technology to create flawlessly realistic Vibes, two rich Electric Pianos as well as vibrant Harpsichord and Clavichord.

The three S/A keyboard instruments make great MIDI motherboards with their great action as well as their ability to be split and handle MIDI information to and from other equipment. The RD-1000 has 88 weighted wooden keys, and, like the MKS-20 Module, has the facility to store 56 edited equalization and effects settings of the digital sounds. The 88-key RD-300S and 76-key RD-250S incorporate the newly-developed SK-6 dynamic keyboard along with the same great S/A sounds.

If you haven't already experienced the breakthroughs of Roland's S/A Synthesis Technology, do it now. Play any one of these incredible instruments and compare them to any sampled piano—even those costing three times as much. Your ears will quickly tell you what thousands of musicians have been telling us—that our years of exhaustive research were well worth the effort. *RolandCorp US, 7200 Dominion Circle, Los Angeles, CA 90040 (213) 685-5141.*

Roland®
WE DESIGN THE FUTURE

How can you *not* dump on a guy like Sting?

He's rich, platitudinous, control-happy and pompous, a corporate rocker who claims he's rebellious. Can Sting take the tough questions?

By Peter Watrous

"My power is in selling records," Sting says forthrightly. "I can dictate to the marketplace. Someone who has a cult following selling 5,000 records a year has no power whatever. It doesn't matter what he thinks or what he does. It might be very worthy and, for the people listening, enlightening. But basically, if I have any power at all, it's as a mass-produced, mass-accepted artist. I like making hit records; I enjoy the feeling of trying to reach a common denominator without being the lowest."

Sting is in New York's Power Station mixing *Nothing Like the Sun*, his new album, a double-record affair with 15-minute sides. A photographer is shooting him posing at the console, all serioused-out, as if he's an artist or something. I assure myself he will soon explode from fatuousness. He does a phoner with some journalist who's asking him about "They Dance Alone," a song he wrote about women who dance outside prisons in Chile, remembering their political-prisoner fathers/sons/brothers inside. He spews concern, mussing his hair over and over again like a neurotic cat, stroking the journalist and staring at his reflection in the studio glass. He's in New York for just a bit, so everything's rushed: He's to film a movie in Scotland, after which he goes off to play Pontius Pilate in Martin Scorsese's version of *The Last Temptation of Christ*. I notice Sting has missed a belt loop while stepping into his basic black. He's probably wasting $150 on that loop alone.

Photographs by Brian Davis

See, unless you're as rich and good-looking as Sting, I don't understand how it's possible not to dump on the guy. He dyes his hair, he's ungrammatical ("If you love somebody, set them free"), he's a yuppie renaissance man. You know the type: *I just chucked my nine-to-five job for something really wild, like becoming a rock star. I go to the Caribbean and rough it with the natives who play funky music.* He's a corporate rocker who claims he's rebellious, and he might just exploit the color of people's skin to enhance his own image. Magazines like this one fall all over the guy, letting him get away with sweeping simplifications about music, politics and philosophy. He's platitudinous. He's pompous. He has a lot of money. He thinks that he's doing something to change the world by selling records. Hell, let's get to the heart of this: He's taller than I am and can afford better clothes.

Why would anybody in their right mind pay attention to him? Well, because he's in power, and the type of enormous pop power he wields is fascinating, especially in its feints and affronts, and the occasional honest answer. Sting is a man with a purpose, on a mission, or so he says. And, tough as this is to admit, Sting turns out to be a nice guy.

I don't think pop music is a pejorative term," he says. "I want to be proud of being a pop singer when I reach 40. If my son says, 'What are you doing?' I'll say, 'I'm a pop singer, son.' I don't want him to think I'm an idiot. He probably will; he'll probably be an accountant."

What Sting's getting at is the notion that pop music can be a vehicle for social change, an idea born in the '60s, K.O.ed in the '70s, and brought back in the '80s in a superficial mode. Compare Sting's well-intentioned "Russians" to, say, Neil Young's "Ohio," and you'll see my point. He says, "Pop music can, more than any other music, be an agent for change. Classical music, jazz and country are so set in their ways that you can't operate inside of them. Pop music takes from all of them like an octopus; it steals."

"Wynton [says] I've stained the purity of black music. These arguments are used by the South African government to defend apartheid."

Or *he* steals. *Nothing Like the Sun* (title from Shakespeare, thugs) is loaded with borrowings. "History Will Teach Us Nothing," a song meant to prod discussion about the uses of studying the past, floats along on lite-skank, while "They Dance Alone" has stately march rhythms to underscore the pathos of the story. Unlike *Dream of the Blue Turtles, Nothing* is loaded with guests. Rubén Blades narrates his way through "They Dance Alone." Eric Clapton, who had been recording in the same studio in Montserrat, appears, as does old friend Mark Knopfler and Police guitarist Andy Summers.

The jazz connection, whittled down on one end (only Branford Marsalis and Kenny Kirkland remain from the last band), finds Sting involved with Gil Evans, one of jazz's great orchestrators. The result is one track, a version of the historic Evans interpretation of Jimi Hendrix's "Little Wing." "Gil and I did a gig at the Perugia jazz festival this year. I'd been a fan of his since I was about 15 so I went and introduced myself. I would go and see him at Sweet Basil [a jazz club in New York] on Monday nights. I did a gig with him there; we did two Hendrix tunes, 'Little Wing' and 'Up from the Skies,' and a Tony Williams song called 'There Comes a Time,' which is in 15/8! We had a great time, so I said, 'Why don't you come down to Montserrat and we'll work out a set?' He came down to Montserrat where we were recording, and sat in on a session and gave me a few hints about arranging. It was really cool, and we got a set together of an hour's worth of material."

As for jazz influences on *Nothing*, except for the occasional solo by Branford Marsalis, they don't really exist. But then *Dream of the Blue Turtles* didn't really strike me as a jazz record. "There was never any intention of it being a jazz record," agrees Sting. "This was an easy label that journalists put on it. It wasn't marketed that way. It has some flavor of jazz, hopefully the sensibility of jazz. I'm not that interested in jazz to produce a jazz record. I'm interested in selling songs. We got a jazz Grammy nomination for the album. Thank God we didn't win. That would have been too much."

MUSICIAN: *How can pop be music for change? If you're playing music that's as easily acceptable as a Top 10 hit, it doesn't matter what the words are because the music is pretty and seductive.*

STING: I think there's a trick, a seduction process at work. A sophisticated ear can hear the beauty of an interval like the second. Most people can only understand harmony like thirds and fifths, a seventh if they're into jazz. They don't want to know about anything like a second or an eleventh. Pop music can be useful because it introduces things like that as gimmicks, if you like, which train the general ear. The Beatles took a lot of risks musically. They used thirds and fifths and sevenths. They were well in the mold of popular music, but there were things in the music—time signatures, harmonies, classical music—that suggested other fields. I think that's why it was successful. No other music gets to as many people.

MUSICIAN: *It may be getting to people, but it may be an opiate.*

STING: I've had ambiguous thoughts about "Every Breath You Take"—Big Brother! "I'll be watching you." I wondered why it had been so powerful. I got a certificate saying it had been played on the radio one million times—five years of listening. Why was it bought, why was it listened to? The theme of the song is ownership, surveillance, control. Reagan's in the White House, people want this figure larger than them to look after them. It's a very cynical and evil song, and that worried me—it's a very pretty melody. People were seduced by it. It was a type of an opiate. I'm aware of it. The fact that I'm aware of it and not just counting my royalties, that's something.

For me the greatest music ever performed was Mozart. It's pretty, happy, it's pop music and it's wonderful. If I were to choose a piece of music today that I wanted to listen to, I'd listen to Fauré's *Requiem*. I'd rather listen to that than Schoenberg or Ornette Coleman. It speaks to my soul. I like harmony. Music for me is order out of chaos, and the world is chaos. If you go onstage or on record and you produce nothing but dissonance and an arhythmic wall of noise, you might be reflecting reality, but you'll empty the concert hall. I think you have to seduce people. Basically you have to make them feel welcome, feel warm, and maybe during the set, disjoint them.

The somber thinking man serioused out after a long day at the knobs.

Which is actually more effective than playing for someone who's braced themselves for an hour of noise. I've sat in concerts of modern music. I can hear what they're doing, but everybody's bored rigid! There's a greater challenge for a musician to write something meaningful in a major key than to write something meaningful in a minor one. I much prefer to write in a minor key because it's easier. To write something that's good in a major key is a triumph. I love pop music, because pop music educated me to other music forms. It was the first type of music I heard. On British radio Mantovani was played next to Jimi Hendrix. It was Rosemary Clooney, then the Rolling Stones. You got that kind of world music thing thrown at you.

That's not possible now. You listen to any American or British station and you get this same kind of homogeneous music all day long. That's not good for music.

MUSICIAN: *But you fit into that format.*

STING: Of course I do. That's how I make my money. But what I'm trying to do is change the form. Two years ago I did *Blue Turtles*, which had songs on it that I thought would never get on the radio, but because I was in such a position of power it was a challenge. A song like "Bourbon Street" was a massive hit in Europe; "Russians" was in the Top 20 here. I put this on the record and thought, "This is really going to put the cat among the pigeons—how are they going to play it in their format?" And they did. I think it's my duty to use the power to, if not revolutionize it, then push the boundaries of what they're willing to play. I like pop music.

MUSICIAN: *What on the new record is hardest for radio?*

STING: I think this album is a lot easier for radio to accept. When I made that statement, I was thinking of "Russians."

MUSICIAN: *If it's your duty to push the boundaries of what radio will play, it seems* Nothing Like the Sun *is a step back from that.*

STING: Maybe it is. I've made this record, more than any other, for myself. I can't really be asked to cling to my belief from two years ago; I may have moved on from there. I haven't made those rhetorical statements about this record. The record is for me to enjoy.

MUSICIAN: *It seems like a mainstream pop record. What does it say about you?*

STING: I think you're probably right. There's nothing wrong with pop. Where it succeeds, it brings in lots of elements and assimilates them. Maybe it dilutes them in your opinion, but I like it, I'm quite proud of it.

MUSICIAN: *The songs are all mid-tempo.*

STING: Probably. That's the way I felt. It's a reflection of two years of...it's how I am at the moment. Anything that was uptempo I didn't put on it. I didn't feel like doing it, even though the engineer was begging me. I'm saving them for my heavy-metal album.

MUSICIAN: *You use some very basic clichés as hooks. "Sooner or later." "Be yourself."*

STING: Clichés are perfectly acceptable, as long as they aren't the whole story. A lot of songs are buzz words, like "let's be sexy" or "let's dance baby." It's perfectly acceptable to use buzz words as long as there's some kind of idea backing it up. I think that in both of those songs there's a theme, an idea, a journey made. So I don't feel embarrassed by them. A hook is a hook, something that catches somebody, that's even recognized by somebody. Once that's done, it's the listener's turn to figure out what it means, what's the point. Often there isn't a point. I hope that in my songs there always is.

MARIO RUIZ

MUSICIAN: *Tell me about "Sister Moon"; it sounds a little like "Summertime," the Gershwin tune.*
STING: There are similarities, obviously. I wanted something old and kind of romantic. It reminds me of a TV theme for a detective series.
MUSICIAN: *And "History Will Teach Us Nothing"?*
STING: It's a polemical statement that isn't necessarily the truth. I think it's a way of opening a debate by taking a position that history isn't useful because decent human qualities are rarely apparent. It's about the survival of the meanest.
MUSICIAN: *"Englishman in New York" isn't about you, is it?*
STING: It's about Quentin Crisp, who is a friend and a hero. It's about being an individual in a society that generally doesn't applaud it. It started as a reggae kind of lilt, then I added a bridge that felt classical, so I put the violins and harpsichords on, then we went into a jazz section. I wanted to give the impression of somebody walking down the street, passing different musical events. To sum up what it's like on the street in New York. You pass a shop window and hear different kinds of music in each one.
MUSICIAN: *What did Gil Evans arrange?*
STING: He arranged five of my songs. We did "Little Wing."

"Most Americans don't know where Nicaragua is, or who the secretary of state is...they don't watch the news, they watch MTV."

He's just a great guy to have around. I was having a problem with one song, I was concentrating on one note that I didn't think was right, and he said, "Come outside." He said, "It's not the note you think it is, it's the note before. If you get that one right, then this one will carry on." "I don't think so, Gil." "Try it." He was right. Of course, he knows his shit. He was encouraging, and so open for a man of his age.
MUSICIAN: *At this point you could do whatever you want. Why are you limited by the commercial market?*
STING: Well, I'm not really. This year I sang with Gil Evans, I did a show of Kurt Weill with the Hamburg State Orchestra, I've done some Gershwin songs. On the record there's a melody I've adapted from Hanns Eisler, and it's in compound time. Little things. We chip away. It's not a radical record, but, at the same time, there are things in it that would challenge radio and most people's ears. That's not the whole album. It's not my intention to hammer people with integrity and reality. I don't want to do that. It doesn't work. I could do anything, but I'm fairly cautious. I do things slowly, bit by bit. I'm a different composer, performer than what I was five years ago. I'm better at it. Music is something I'm learning about. I haven't said, "Okay, I'm good at that, I'll just rest on my laurels." I'm still learning to play the piano, I'm still reading other people's music. Learning about classical music. I'm writing a string quartet for Kronos. I don't want to stop, I don't want to say, "Well, this is what I do." What allows me the freedom to do all that is pop music, and hopefully I'm expanding that, too.
MUSICIAN: *You've constructed a pretty clear image; what do you think it is?*
STING: Hopefully it's pretty evasive.
MUSICIAN: *Why hopefully?*
STING: Because most images are kind of fixed—Ozzy Osborne, God bless him, will always be Ozzy Osborne and he can't be anything else, even though he's 40 years old. He's still pouring himself into tight satin trousers, biting the heads off chickens, wears girls' clothes and has flowing locks. It's very hard for him to get out of that. My image has been much more flexible, so I can feel comfortable being an adult and still do the job. I don't wear a corset, I don't wear a wig, I don't lie about my age, or sing songs about dating girls after high school. I'm an adult. I want to sing songs about being an adult. I suppose that's my image, that's what I want to be. Myself.
MUSICIAN: *But a person in your position always thinks about how they're* coming off. It's not as if there's something unpremeditated about who you are.*
STING: Well, take it historically. When the Police were successful, part of our success was because of our image. Three guys, all had blond hair, all reasonably presentable in a photograph, we could all play. It was a very simple gestalt. Then once that worked, it struck me that it had to be discarded, bit by bit. In that process, of course, eventually the band had to go. We became individuals, as opposed to this little group. We gradually separated in the way we looked, the way we thought, the way we wanted to do music. Now the image, I hope, is one of continuous individuation. I don't want to belong to a group of people, an easily labeled box.
MUSICIAN: *But again, what do you see yourself as?*
STING: A very lucky man.
MUSICIAN: *No, I mean the image you present for the photographers. Everything that goes on the cover of your record, you choose. You are constructing something to sell. What is it you think you've made to sell, what impression are you trying to make? This is a commercial gambit, among other things.*
STING: Well, that's not the whole story. The photograph on the cover isn't the full man. It's what you choose to put there. I don't think the public really wants the complete man anyway.
MUSICIAN: *What are you thinking about when you put together the record cover?*
STING: It's kind of instinctive. I have an instinct for the camera, which is one defensive, one aggressive. I choose to give it what I want to give it. My instinct tells me what that is. I don't want everybody to know me, but I do want to be accepted or liked. It's a fine line you walk, and your face reflects that. I don't know what I want anymore. I want to feel comfortable.
MUSICIAN: *You were presenting yourself to the photographer as the somber, thinking man behind the console.*
STING: Well, not all the time. If I had my finger up here [*puts finger in ear, nose*], obviously they're not going to use those, they're going to use the somber one. That seems to be the most workable image, the one I don't mind having. Whether that's real or not is my business. The public don't want to know me. Fuck, I'm a pain in the neck. They might choose this image to follow, because that's what I give 'em.
MUSICIAN: *What's the point of giving them a persona?*
STING: A clean, simple, easy image sells records. Let's face it, image sells records. Whether it's Mötley Crüe or David Bowie. I don't enjoy having my picture taken. I've done it too many times now. I'll go through it without complaining, because I know it takes less energy. It's all part of the business.

*__EDITOR__: *This is the same grammatical mistake you made fun of Sting for!*
__WRITER__: *Well, I might* say *it, but I'd never* write *it.*
__TYPESETTER__: *Yes, you did—in paragraph four!*

Remembrance Days *The Dream Academy*

The New Album
Produced by Hugh Padgham, Nick Laird-Clowes,
Lindsey Buckingham, Richard Dashut and Patrick Leonard
Featuring
The Hit Single "Indian Summer"
On Reprise Records, Cassettes and Compact Discs

You write songs for three months, you record for three months, and then you go through three months of this. It's not particularly exciting. But that's part of the job. I don't regret it. It's better than working in a factory or teaching in a school, and I've done both.

MUSICIAN: *The way you put it, it's just a business venture. What role does inspiration play in this?*

STING: I left out the two years since the last record, where I've basically lived a normal life. The ideas for a song come from living a life, not from staring at a piano or a wall. The songs are about news events, people I've met, conversations I've had, ideas I've come across. Inspiration comes from living, it comes from an oblique part of the brain, not when you say, "Now I'm writing a song." You do that later, but you have to live first.

MUSICIAN: *Tell me about taking co-writing credit for Mark Knopfler's "Money for Nothing."*

STING: This is very embarrassing to me. Mark asked me to go in the studio and sing this line, "I want my MTV." He gave me the melody, and I thought, "Oh, great, 'Don't Stand So Close to Me,' that's a nice quote, it's fun." So I did it, and thought nothing of it, until my publishers, Virgin—who I've been at war with for years and who I have no respect for—decided that this

"[The *Blue Turtles* band] were allowed input to play what they wanted, as long as I liked it."

was a song they owned, "Don't Stand So Close to Me." They said that they wanted a percentage of the song, much to my embarrassment. So they took it.

MUSICIAN: *You didn't feel bad about parodying yourself?*

STING: No, not at all; it struck me as appropriate.

MUSICIAN: *You and Knopfler came up roughly at the same time and place. He seems to have taken an entirely different approach to the problems of success.*

STING: He's an entirely different person. We get along very well, we're both from the same town. We did succeed at the same time, with different types of music.

MUSICIAN: *And a different type of image. He retreated—stopped putting his photo on albums—and you came into the light.*

STING: Mark and Dire Straits appeal to the male audience. My audience is both, 50% female, 50% male.

MUSICIAN: *Why would that make a difference to you?*

STING: Sell more records. [*laughs*] I like women, I love women; I don't see them as a subspecies that should be ignored. Am I selling sex?

MUSICIAN: *How could you ignore that aspect of marketing?*

STING: I don't.

MUSICIAN: *So then, are you selling sex?*

STING: Yeah, probably.

MUSICIAN: *Not probably. Are you, or not?*

STING: Yeah.

MUSICIAN: *How so?*

STING: Not in a crude way, I hope, not in a crotch-wiggling way. What kind of sex am I selling? Sensitive, tender, romantic. Literary. Like being fucked by a college professor [*laughs*].

MUSICIAN: *Why this fascination with jazz?*

STING: Jazz was the music I listened to from about the age of 13 to 16, with the passion to figure out why it was good. The first record I was given was Monk's solo concert at the Olympia in Paris. I must have been 13; somebody lent it to me, said, "Listen to this, it'll do you good." I sat and listened to it again and again, knowing it would do me good. I sat there training the side of the brain which can appreciate voicings which aren't F-A-B. It was the same time I listened to Jimi Hendrix, which was pop music with an ethnic core; I saw Hendrix when I was 15. He was another type of pop star, a musician that could play. That, linked up to my interest in jazz, dictated what kind of musician I wanted to be. I wanted to become a muso [*somebody who makes a living at playing music but isn't a pop star*]. I did that for a while, working in pit bands and dance bands, and little jazz bands, playing upright and bass guitars. I learned the standards. Once you learn "I Got Rhythm," that's it. I precluded pop music. Led Zeppelin, I didn't want to know. I didn't want to know about glam rock, it didn't live up to what music should be. At the time of Led Zeppelin, I was listening to *Bitches Brew*, which turned my head around. Seminal records for me were *Inner Mounting Flame*, finding older Miles records from *Bitches Brew* and going back to *Porgy and Bess*. Then finding people like me and forming bands who played in this kind of jazz idiom, and we discovered Chick Corea and Return to Forever and we started playing that kind of fusion thing. Then I joined the Police. Which to me was a complete revolution. I had to put my other music aside. All I could see in punk was a very direct, simple image of power and energy. I could relate to that. I could easily ally myself with that, and forget about changes, chords with flatted fifths, forget all of that. Just go easy chords, simple rhythms, simple bass lines.

MUSICIAN: *Why?*

STING: I'm an opportunist. I saw this vacuum between punk, which was unschooled, and the horrible corporate rock on the other side. I saw this thing in the middle that was clean and simple. That's what "Roxanne" is; it's so simple and bare. It's not the energy of *Never Mind the Bollocks*, nor is it corporate rock. It's right in between them; we just took that path because it was just so clear to me. There was a vacuum there. There was all this fierce energy, and everybody was terrified of it and moved aside, and the corporate rock bands were on this height and they didn't know what was going on. I think the Police was the band that took it, and everybody followed us.

MUSICIAN: *So* Blue Turtles *was an attempt to go back to your roots in fusion.*

STING: No, not really. I think that fusion music as a whole kind of failed. It wasn't based on songs, it was based on licks. Which is only entertaining for a while. I think pop music is based on songs. So I was trying to do that route. I don't think we were a fusion band. It wasn't about licks. It was about selling songs, giving them a platform.

MUSICIAN: *Tell me about your bass playing.*

STING: I went through Ray Brown's bass book four times. I'd translate that on upright and electric. Once you've been through that four times, you have chops. I was a much better bass player then. I was playing six hours a day. Jaco Pastorius turned my head around. Stanley Clarke. I remember doing a gig with a big band and we supported Return to Forever. I had

PLUG INTO THE NEWEST 4-TRACK TECHNOLOGY WITH A FREE* MIC.

Today's best buy in a 4-track cassette recorder/mixer is this third generation of the very format we invented.

With an **X-30**, you'll be recording tighter tracks and mixing better sounding tapes faster and easier than ever.

What you see, hear and touch are so completely integrated, so beautifully engineered, you won't have to work a puzzle.

Left, right, up, down, you'll always know where you are: right on the money.

Dolby B° NR gives you true compatibility with your existing tapes, and Dolby C NR will help you make outstanding live recordings.

Unlike full bandwidth processors, which can interfere with kick drums and bass lines, Dolby C circuits ignore these low frequencies and eliminate tape hiss, which is only present in the mid and high frequencies.

So you can combine and bounce tracks freely, MIDI around like crazy -- with 6-source mixing, 4 independent tape outputs and stereo effects return.

What's more, when you punch - in/out with our optional Remote Foot Control, you can even switch between 'rehearsal' and 'take' modes, just as you would in an automated Fostex studio.

Call the Fostex X-30 technology high, hip or hot -- it's your best 4-track value today by far -- because it's all yours for just **$499.00**†.

Fostex

° Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Labs Licensing Corp.
†Actual retail prices are determined by individual Fostex Dealers.

* **Buy an X-30 before Dec. 31, 1987, send us a copy of your warranty card and sales receipt, and we'll send you a FREE Fostex Model 201 Dynamic Microphone, a $50.00 value.**

never seen anything like it! It was like, "I thought I could play." I remember thinking, "I have a choice here. I either become a singer, or I stay a schoolteacher." You go through life trying to figure out what your little pinnacle is. That's what I was saying about being 35 and individuated. I think I've reached a point where I'm not really trying to be anything but me. I feel happy that I'm Sting. I've become that. Whether I've manufactured Sting or not, that's what I am.

MUSICIAN: *You've started to play bass again.*

STING: I have. I've gone back to Ray Brown. After holding a guitar for two years, the bottom F on a Fender is a long way down, your fingers are puny.

MUSICIAN: *What are you practicing on the bass?*

STING: The album's finished! I'm playing piano now, Mozart.

MUSICIAN: *Seems like in the last part of the Police's career, you were exploring overtones, and upper partials and stuff like that. I didn't hear that on* Dream of the Blue Turtles.

STING: Well, *Dream* was more about a band meeting a pop star. That's what the album's about, going through that filter. I didn't want to extend what the Police had done because that would have sounded like a Police album. It was something we really didn't think about. We knew about space, less is more, and

"Don't give me any s--- about money. You're fat, well-fed and well-clothed."

simplicity. We didn't really think about, "Let's play that chord here." It wasn't a philosophical thing. Andy plays on the new record, and those tracks sound like the Police.

MUSICIAN: *You got a lot of shit for hiring all black musicians for* Dream.

STING: I didn't get a lot of shit from anybody. No one was brave enough to do it.

MUSICIAN: *I saw a comment about your being a modern-day version of Lord Jim.*

STING: No one said it to my face.

MUSICIAN: *Well, are you a modern-day Lord Jim?*

STING: No. Am I exploiting, demeaning, trivializing? I'd have to say no.

MUSICIAN: *Have you used black musicians to enhance your credibility? It enhances the image you've been making for yourself as an intellect, someone who has taste.*

STING: That's racism, basically. It's basically saying that a white pop star can't make music as well as black musicians. That's bullshit.

MUSICIAN: *Or maybe you run a plantation system.*

STING: We're using Wynton's argument that I've stained the purity of black music. These arguments are used by the South African government to defend apartheid: "We have to be separate!" If I believe that music is a force for good in this world, then what better way of demonstrating it than musicians of black and white working together. Aghh! It makes me want to give up, in a way. Talking about my band, all the people in my band are from middle-class backgrounds; I'm the only working-class kid in the band. I'm from my own kind of ghetto. I'm not a spoiled, middle-class rich kid. I'm rich now, and have all the trappings of wealth. The band made a decision to play with me, and it wasn't just because I was paying well. I think these guys are of such personal and musical stature, they wouldn't want to play with me if they didn't think it was worth doing. I don't see them as my back-up band. It wasn't as if I were in the spotlight and these guys were...they were given the stage. I felt it was a band. I wrote the songs, and I was more famous, and I sang, so I had an advantage, but there was no way that they were my sidemen. I didn't want it to be perceived as that. I wanted it to be a band as far as possible. If you listen to the live album, I think it sounds like a band. People took solos, took the spotlight. So I can't really take that kind of stuff seriously.

MUSICIAN: *But what about the accusation that you used black musicians to enhance your credibility?*

STING: Have they enhanced my credibility?

MUSICIAN: *Yeah, in some people's eyes.*

STING: So here I am with enhanced credibility.

MUSICIAN: *That's using them for the color of their skin and not necessarily for their musicianship.*

STING: That's wrong too; they're brilliant musicians. I don't know how you could find a better band.

MUSICIAN: *You can find good white musicians though. It's interesting that they're all black.*

STING: It just turned out that way. I turned around and realized that I was a minority. They were great musicians, first and foremost. That they were black wasn't an issue for me. But as you say, they've enhanced my credibility.

MUSICIAN: *Did the* Blue Turtles *band get any royalties?*

STING: No.

MUSICIAN: *Would you have let them do some of their material?*

STING: They didn't have any material. I had conceived the album before it was recorded, so that wasn't part of it. I had been in a band before, where everyone didn't decide who was what until much later. In this band it was very clear what we did. I sang and wrote the songs, and played the guitar, and I hired a drummer who would drum.

MUSICIAN: *Then how can you call it a band? That just seems like a business arrangement.*

STING: It was a band inasmuch as what they were good at: playing; and as jazz musicians, they were used to composing or arranging on the spot. It was a band in that sense.

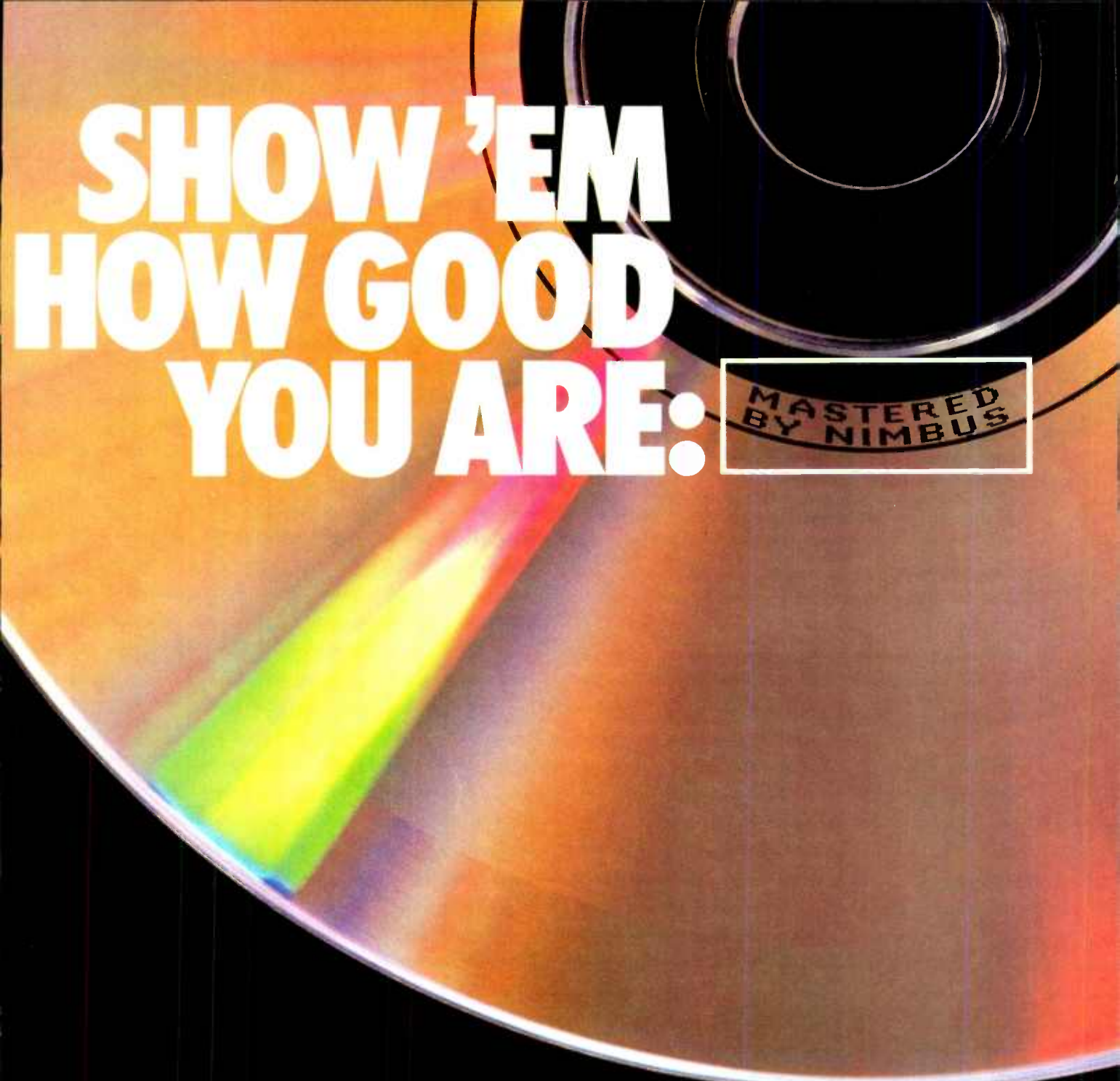
MUSICIAN: *In what sense?*

STING: That they were allowed to do that. I had arrangements and we worked from there. They were allowed input to play what they wanted, as long as I liked it. On the live album, I paid the band royalties, because I thought a lot of the stuff was theirs too. So we shared the royalties.

MUSICIAN: *You've started your own record label—Pangaea. What will it be like?*

STING: Mixing genres is good for classical music, it's good for jazz, it's good for music in general. I don't want to be a ghettoist, wanting music to be pure, this myth that a pure music form is a good music form. For me, if that's what pure music means, then it's a dead form. Any music that doesn't borrow from outside dies. It's a natural process. All music is going through that process. Classical music, jazz, pop, rock 'n' roll, each genre has become a ghetto, because they don't want to get out. It's dying.

MUSICIAN: *It seems to me there's a lot of activity going on in*



You're going for the Grammy. Second best just won't cut it. You've done your best, now press with the best.

At Nimbus, we've fine-tuned and improved every step of the CD replication process and backed that up with absolute 100% quality control — so we can guarantee 100% satisfaction. And now, with our new plant in Virginia, we can offer you this same extraordinary service for all kinds of CD's, from CD-Audio to CD-ROM, from the basic disc to a complete printed package, for any quantity. What's more, we meet our deadlines.

So when you've done your best, have it mastered by Nimbus. That'll show 'em how good you are.

Nimbus Records

New York Sales Office: 200 West 57th Street
New York, NY 10019 Telephone (212) 262-5400

Charlottesville Manufacturing Facility:
P.O. Box 7305 Charlottesville, VA 22906
Telephone (804) 985-1100

classical, jazz and rock.

STING: Only at the interface, not in the mainstreams of those forms. In classical it's only when the Kronos String Quartet, who I love, play music that isn't necessarily classical music that the sparks fly. When they play "Purple Haze," it's fucking wonderful. I think these forms are dead at the center, but very alive at the outside.

Where life comes from is taking from one environment and putting it in another. It might be uncomfortable for a while, but it'll produce something new. It's something I try and do with pop music, and I'm going to try it with the label. Most pop musicians now are nothing but archivists. They pick an archetypal record from the '60s or '70s and they remake it. I do the same, but it's not the sole purpose of what I'm here for. I want to try to do something new; it's what everybody should be doing. I try and borrow from everything that I hear.

It would be against the label to have a brand of music. We're doing a recording of Stravinsky's "Soldier's Tale" with five musicians and three actors. We're hoping to record Youssou N'Dour. Mino Cinelu. Michel Colombier. We want to release about six records at one go. In the breadth of what we're trying to cover we'll be able to suggest what we're about, which is anarchy, really. Creative anarchy, where it's not one type of music. I see music in a holistic way; I don't see it as little boxes and subdivisions. It's all in front of you on the piano.

MUSICIAN: *Except for Youssou, who sings between the cracks in the piano.*

STING: He does. Islamic pop, which is why it's interesting.

MUSICIAN: *Is Pangaea a tax write-off?*

STING: No, it's not a tax write-off! Absolutely not. There are much more beneficial ways of writing taxes off than forming a record company. If anything, it's going to swallow money up. We're not looking to sign Genesis or Lionel Richie. You have a lot of dirt on me, don't you? [*laughs*]

MUSICIAN: *Are you thinking of the label as a way of avoiding being a pop star, if you get old and decrepit?*

STING: I suppose if I were looking for a twilight career, it'd be a good one. It's something I love and care about and know about, so I think that being involved in producing new acts and feeding that need, that would be cool.

MUSICIAN: *Why is there a need in Western pop to go beyond our traditions?*

STING: Pop reflects our society, it's sort of barren of spiritual values, therefore we look outside, we look to the East for spiritual values, and our music reflects that. We look to ethnic music forms as kind of untainted. I think it's right.

MUSICIAN: *But the danger is you get this facile exoticism; you say, "Here are these reggae rhythms that bring with them intimations of the Caribbean, here are these African rhythms that bring stereotypes of Africa." Each set of rhythms has ramifications, and if you're buying it, and using it like that, you're using the surface of other people's cultures to sell a novel product.*

STING: I don't think that reggae rhythms belong only to Rastafarians or Jamaicans. It's a music I've grown up with.

MUSICIAN: *But when you treat the world as a supermarket for ideas, it can trivialize them.*

STING: See, I see music differently. I see music as being ultimately benign in almost anybody's hands. It humanizes almost anyone. I would say that in the hands of the crudest, stupidest idiot, music has some sort of benign influence on them. "It can turn the wild beast into a man." I don't think music can be used in an evil way.

MUSICIAN: *But if you don't use your sources carefully, you can be patronizing.*

STING: That's a very elitist view.
MUSICIAN: *You can make music symbolize something that it wasn't intended to symbolize.*
STING: When I've stolen music, my wish isn't to trivialize, but maybe to popularize. I think there's a difference. It's an attempt to point popular music in a direction, or admit your sources and say, "Well, this came from that, if you like this then you'll like that. This is the real stuff." I try to be honest about influences. "This melody was stolen from Prokofiev." It's useful. I think a lot of people read Jung from listening to *Synchronicity*. I don't know if they understood it, but it can't have done any harm. Pop's good at dropping hints.
MUSICIAN: *Have you heard Paul Simon's* Graceland*?*
STING: I liked it very much. I liked the accordion.
MUSICIAN: *What do you think about the political aspect of it?*
STING: The controversy was really outside of what Simon did. It was about power, the committees having power to say who can do this, who can do that; it struck me as being mealy-mouthed. The fact is, the whole thing has drawn attention to the injustice of South Africa, rather than making the South Africans feel comfortable that a superstar has come to make a record there. If anything, it's embarrassed them further. Any objection over him going to Johannesburg and paying local musicians to play with him is nonsense. He should be applauded. If anything, he's brought people like Miriam Makeba into the open again, and Ladysmith Black Mambazo. Now people in Detroit have heard of these bands and the music; they'd never heard of South Africa before. Maybe the controversy was a good thing because it got people asking questions about these problems.
MUSICIAN: *You don't think Detroit has heard of South Africa?*
STING: I was using Detroit as a term for Middle America.

STING'S *SUN* SESSIONS

Yes, the meticulous Mr. Sumner is playing bass again, specifically a Fender Precision and a Fender Jazz. His guitars for *Nothing Like the Sun* were a Paul Reed Smith and a Gibson Chet Atkins. For amps, it was MESA/Boogies with 4x12 cabs, augmented solely by a Scholz Rackman pre-amp. All Sting's pre-production is based around his beloved Synclavier Digital Audio Workstation from New England Digital.

MUSICIAN: *You don't think that Middle America has heard of South Africa?*
STING: No. Not really. Most Americans, statistically, don't know where Nicaragua is, or who the secretary of state is. Fifty percent of American high-school children couldn't name a country near the Pacific Ocean. So, no, they've never heard of South Africa. Maybe pop music is the only acceptable source of information. They don't watch the news. They watch MTV. So the ultimate good of the controversy might have been to promote a peaceful change in South Africa. I have mixed views on the use of violence to change anything. I don't agree with the African National Congress mining roads.
MUSICIAN: *You don't think violence is being used against black people there all the time?*
STING: Of course it is.
MUSICIAN: *So what's the right response?*
STING: I hate violence. It achieves nothing.
MUSICIAN: *That's not necessarily true. Sometimes armed revolution is the only way out. The Afrikaners aren't moving anywhere. The ANC has been around for many years. And peacefully, too, for most of those years.*
STING: But they've never had the chance for so much world

support before. It's wrong to corroborate how they're attacked by Afrikaners as terrorist. Why give them that ammunition? Gandhi successfully drove out the British from India. Passive resistance works. I can't defend violence for anything. Because the lives of my children and me depend on that philosophy. I hate guns.

MUSICIAN: *Why?*

STING: I've never really been exposed to guns. What I hate most is guns in the media and entertainment. A movie star is someone who stands on a film poster with a big gun. I've actually said I will never appear in a film with a gun. That's my new directive to my agent, I said, "I don't want to be in these fucking movies with these morons holding these things." I don't need a gun. It makes it attractive.

It's important that the black people in South Africa inherit something. If there's a violent conflagration they'll inherit nothing. The infrastructure has to be maintained. It has the semblance of democratic government, and that could become a democratic government if there was a change of heart.

MUSICIAN: *But what happens if there isn't a change of heart? The ruling class isn't going to give up.*

STING: They are. Bit by bit they're losing their confidence.

"I have an instinct for the camera. I give it what I want to give it."

What gives them confidence is that they're in the läager, where the wagons are around and the world is against it. Extremists will thank you every time something happens that makes them feel that xenophobia. I'm hopeful that there's enough dissent among the ruling class for the idea to germinate and for the country to become a truly open society.

MUSICIAN: *In "Fragile" you say, "Nothing comes from violence, nothing ever could." It strikes me that violence is the only thing that can change things in South Africa, and that hating guns won't stop Oliver North's actions in Latin America.*

STING: What will stop Norths happening is what happened at the hearings, which is open debate. And hopefully education.

MUSICIAN: *You used the analogy of the British in India. The South Africans are much more hard-line than the British were then. Passive resistance won't work.*

STING: I think that passive resistance and very strict boycotts of the economy by the Western powers would bring these people around. I think that blowing up kids with landmines won't work. I just don't. I'm not even going to apologize and say, "Well, maybe it will." It just creates more violence and bloodshed. I can't defend it, I can't defend violence.

MUSICIAN: *Do you think there's a necessity for political songs?*

STING: If you're being honest, if there's any integrity at all in your work, what you see and what you believe has to be reflected in it. If something strikes me in that way, then I'm forced to write about it, not because I think it's a necessity, but because I can't help but write about it. I think you can put ideas across quite eloquently that eight weeks of Senate hearings couldn't. Nothing but confusion has come out of this Iran-contra thing. It's confusing for people. They see one set of values apparent, and another set of values underneath it which is completely contradictory. Fundamentalism is in music, too. Heavy-metal music is the music of the fundamentalists.

MUSICIAN: *You don't think heavy metal has a sense of humor?*

STING: I don't think heavy metal has any sense of humor at all. Well, maybe I'm being silly. But it's back to basics, heavy rock 'n' roll. There's no finesse to it. No grace.

MUSICIAN: *It's not about music, it's about a type of community.*

STING: It's about fascism!

MUSICIAN: *Bullshit. In that case pop music is a type of fascism, too. If everybody looks like Madonna, that's a type of fascism.*

STING: I mean what the Nazis used in the '30s isn't that far different from a heavy-metal concert, which is loud music, spectacle, bombast.

MUSICIAN: *What's the difference between that and Madonna? Everything you're saying could be applied to Madonna.*

STING: There's more finesse in her music, more lightness.

MUSICIAN: *In the music itself, but it's still a spectacle and it still encourages like-minded thinking.*

STING: Alright. The heavy-metal symbolism is militaristic. Masculine, jack-booted, macho stuff that I don't want. It's ugly.

MUSICIAN: *To call it fascism implies to me that music has malevolent purposes, which you earlier denied.*

STING: Well, at a very primitive level. Say a musician learns music via heavy metal. A kid who's 15 starts to play guitar, it's very violent and aggressive; if he continues playing in that style, he will eventually come to a peaceful glade. Ultimately it's benign. The musicians mature and advance on to playing better music. I think it's generally benign, though that's not a cast-iron rule.

MUSICIAN: *So what the hell do you do with your money? How much money do you have, anyway? You must have mountains.*

STING: I probably make a dollar a record. I've sold six million albums over the last two years.

MUSICIAN: *What do you do with it all?*

STING: Tour.

MUSICIAN: *Do you lose money touring?*

STING: You don't lose it, but you don't make much. You invest. Hopefully it comes back in record sales. I buy Synclavier equipment [*laughs*].

MUSICIAN: *But you grew up poor?*

STING: I grew up poor, but I haven't had the time to become a jet-set spendthrift. I know the money's there, but I don't have a yacht. I don't have a tennis court, or an estate in the country. I have an apartment here in New York, a house on the beach in California, and a house in London. What do I do with my money? Not that much. I don't think of the price of a pair of shoes. I enjoy that. It's a great feeling. It's a relative concept. I did an interview last week with an Italian socialist paper. They asked me, "How do you feel about all the poor people in the world when you're so rich?" And I said, "Wait a minute. You're quite chubby. Clearly you've eaten a lot of food, either this week or over the past few years. There are no holes in your trousers. Compared with 90 percent of the people on this earth, you are incredibly rich. The difference between you and a man in Chad is monumental compared to the difference between you and I. So don't give me any shit about money, because you're fat, well-fed and well-clothed." It's garbage. Trying to make me feel guilty about money is shit. The third

Omar Hakim

Being one of today's most respected drummers, Omar has compiled a list of credits that reads like a Who's Who in the music business. Equally at home in either the studio or on the road, it's easy to see why he is considered one of the very best, a true player's player that will settle for nothing less than excellence, from himself and his drums. So what kind of drums does Omar play? The answer is obvious . . .

Pearl®

For a full-color catalog, please send $2.00 for postage and handling to: In U.S.A.: Pearl International, Inc., Dept. OHIM, P.O. Box 111240, Nashville, TN 37222-1240; In Canada: Pearl Canada, 278 Rue Isabey, St. Laurant, Quebec, Canada H4T 1W1; In United Kingdom: Pearl Music Ltd., Dept. OHIM, 11 Garamonde Drive, Wymbush Milton Keynes, England MK8 8DF.

world is much worse off.

MUSICIAN: *Control has come up a lot in this conversation.*

STING: I'm a control freak. I am.

MUSICIAN: *Is that good or bad?*

STING: It's good for me. [*laughs*] I like to be in control. I don't like being driven in a car. I don't like being piloted around the world in a 747. If I was going to die, I'd rather have my hands on the controls. With music, I like to be in control. That's why film is such a relaxing medium for me; it's like throwing yourself out of an airplane.

MUSICIAN: *It seems as if you've ordered your life so that you've got control over everything. You've gotten a record company, you've made yourself enough money so that you can do anything you want. Did you think of it in those terms, as an ultimate goal? Is independence something you've always wanted?*

STING: Yeah, I could never see myself as having a boss. I was fired from my job in the civil service. Which is just about impossible in England. I was in charge of five girls in the Revenue Service who knew more about the job than I ever wanted to know. I would take four-hour lunches, I didn't do a thing. I just spent the whole day reading books, messing around, arrive an hour late, go home an hour early. I like the fact that I'm in control of my life. Isn't that what everybody wants to be? I'm trying to encourage that sense of independence in my kids.

MUSICIAN: *Do you take any of this shit seriously?*

STING: Which shit? [*laughs*]

"I'm a control freak."

MUSICIAN: *Stardom.*

STING: I love music. Whatever allows me to do it and gives me the most freedom possible, I have to take seriously. So selling records, being successful, having control of what I do, I take it seriously. I don't compromise myself that much. I don't pretend I'm young, or wear clothes that look silly. I dress onstage the way I dress in the street. I don't have bodyguards and I don't have armored cars and I don't have sunglasses and I live in a neighborhood and I go shopping. It's not so different a life than anybody else. I have the freedom to do what I like. I don't think it's changed my life, I don't behave differently because of it. Because you're in the public eye would tend to make people shy away from real life. But I go out, get drunk, get rowdy. If I'm a celebrity, it's because of my work, not from being seen at parties or opening nights.

MUSICIAN: *Has anybody ever accused you of being a sensualist?*

STING: I would think that would be praise rather than an accusation. [*laughs*]

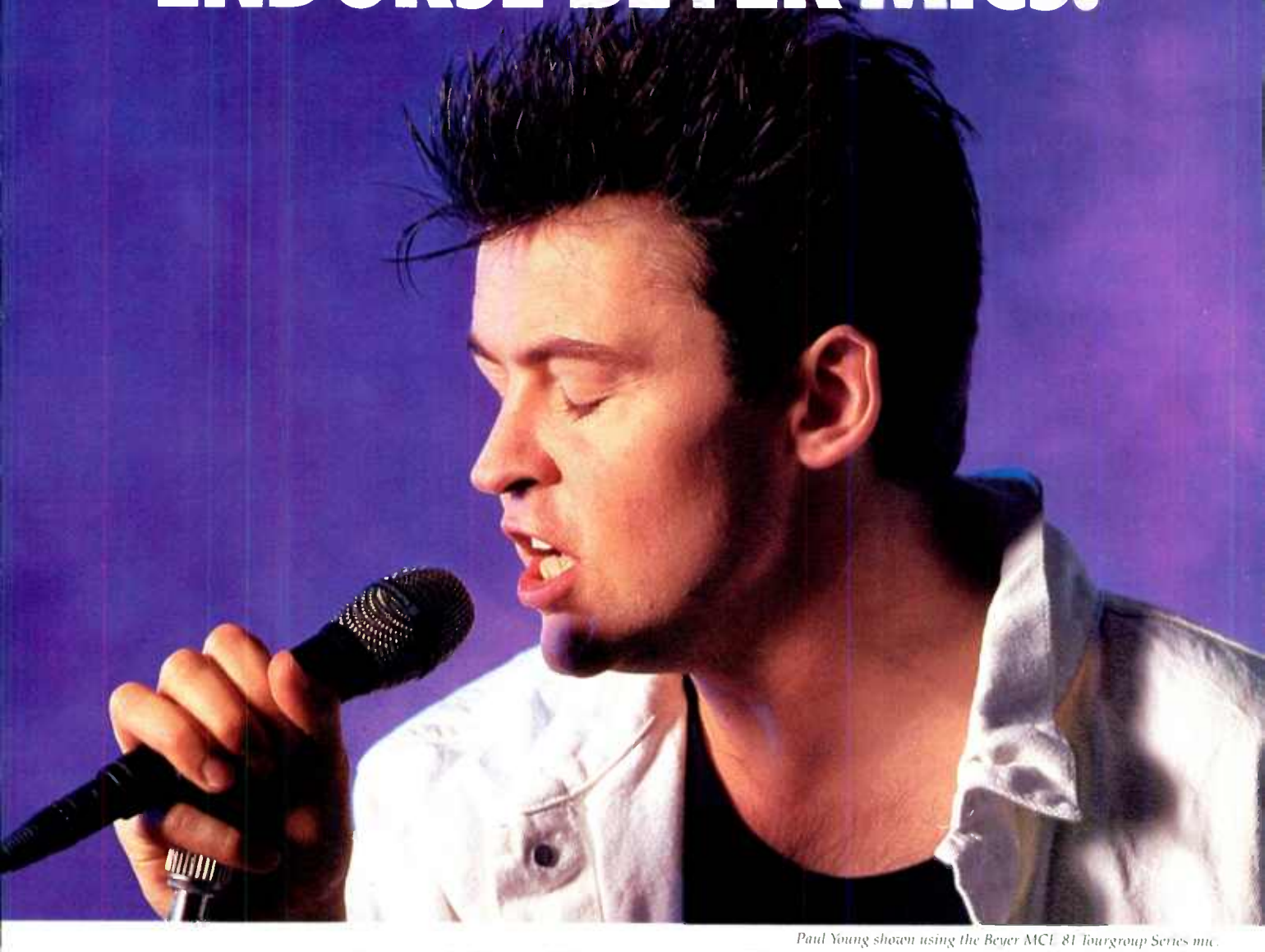
MUSICIAN: *It also means a type of detachment.*

STING: I'm pretty detached, but I want to be detached from the mob, the mob is dangerous.

MUSICIAN: *But a Police concert is a mob, too.*

STING: It was never my intention for it to be a mob. We played loud, but it wasn't marching music. People were singing, yeah, but hopefully they were singing about light and love. [*laughs*] Community is one thing, a mob is another. ■

PAUL YOUNG DOESN'T ENDORSE BEYER MICS.



Paul Young shown using the Beyer MCE 81 Tourgroup Series mic.

HE USES THEM.

Paul Young's singing achieves a rare blend of classic soulfulness and modern energy. Matched to an explosive and unusually mobile stage presence, this exciting combination has won the hearts of fans and critics all over the world.

Young's passion for excellence on stage places unusual demands on his microphone. That's why he depends on Beyer Tourgroup Series mics. Their unmatched accuracy and transparent natural sound bring out the subtle nuances that form the distinctive character of his sound like no other mics could. And their solid, road-proof construction withstands any kind of punishment.

If performance means more to you than "endorsements," as it does to Paul, choose Beyer.

beyerdynamic U.S., 5-05 Burns Avenue, Hicksville, New York 11801 Tel: (516) 935-8000

TourGroup **beyerdynamic**

Canada: ELNOVA Ltd. 4190 Rue Sere, St. Laurent, Quebec H4T 1A6 Tel. (514) 3 41 69 33 Telex 5824086

Great Britain: beyerdynamic, Ltd., Unit 14, Cliffe Industrial Estate Lewes, Sussex BN86JL Tel. 273 479 411

Australia: Hi-Phon Distributors Pty, Ltd. 356 A-358 Eastern Valley Way Chatswood N.S.W. 2067 Tel. (02) 417 7088

Germany: Eugen Beyer Elektrotechnische Fabrik GmbH & Co., Theresienstrasse 8, Postfach 13 20, D-7100 Heilbronn Tel: (07131) 617-0 Telex: 728771

DEF LEPPARD

Pull out of the fast lane

ESCAPISM FOR THE NEXT DEPRESSION

Most guitarists of my acquaintance who came of age during the '60s first picked up the instrument to meet girls. The male half of the baby-boom generation looked at the Beatles on *Ed Sullivan* and figured, "It is better to be screamed at from afar than it is to face certain humiliation by calling up an actual girl and asking for a date." Let us recall the '60s was a decade when hemlines and the stock market rose, no one worried about finding a good job, and everyone worried about getting in on the sexual revolution.

Most guitarists of my acquaintance who came of age during the '70s first picked up the instrument to avoid working. The male half of the Generation After the Greatest Generation of All Time looked at Pink Floyd's giant pig floating across football stadiums and figured, "My life will be less miserable if I don't have to spend eight hours a day painting cars at Earl Scheib." Let us recall that the '70s were a time when hemlines and the stock market fell, everyone worried about finding a good job, and no one thought much about having sex on the first date, if dating was even a dot on one's conceptual road map.

The above sociological cogitation coalesced in my head after a talk with Cliff Burnstein, who is co-manager of Def Leppard and one of three reasons why the band is exceptional, these three reasons being: 1) A non-managerial personality type. Burnstein does not automatically look on other humans as opportunities for browbeating; 2) Def Leppard's music is among the best or *the* best in its genre, depending on how you define the genre ("I don't like the label *metal*," says singer Joe Elliott, "because there are so many useless bands in it and I don't like being lumped with useless people"); and 3) their drummer has only one arm. ("Since the accident," says Rick Allen, "I pick my nose with my toes.")

First, Burnstein. I don't know the guy well, but I run into him about once a year at a club or I talk to him on the phone, and I always learn something because he has a detached curiosity about metal where the average manager has only greed and bullshit. It is rare to find an adult on the business side of music (or anywhere) with whom you can discuss the merging of metal and punk, or how Freddie Mercury tossed his career down the toilet not by wearing a housedress in a video but by *enjoying* wearing the housedress, thereby grossing out his audience more than their Moms and Dads. Burnstein is 39 years old, also manages Metallica, Dokken, Tesla and Queensryche, and has lately been reading *The Elliott Wave Theorist*, a newsletter that purports to

Photographs by Pat Harbron/Sygma

BY CHARLES M. YOUNG


LIGHT

show through complicated mathematics the relationship of popular culture to the Dow Jones average.

"It's the damnedest thing," says Burnstein. "Hemlines are up again and the market is zooming. I just read a 20-page report by a guy named Robert Prechter who says that right now we're in a cycle like the early '60s—girl groups making happy music, cover songs that are more upbeat and faster than the originals: 'Venus,' 'I Think We're Alone Now,' 'You Keep Me Hanging On.' By contrast, during the '70s when the economy was bad, you had cover songs that turned upbeat originals into dirges: James Taylor's 'Handyman,' or Neil Sedaka's 'Breaking Up is Hard to Do.' The biggest album in 1973 when the stock market lost most of its value was Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*. My roster is more a roster for the next recession."

If the stock market does crash tomorrow, Def Leppard appears to be in a good position to cash in with *Hysteria*, which has yet to ignite the fires that *Pyromania* did in '83, selling six million copies as Americans adjusted their Reaganomic budgets to jobs flipping burgers instead of milling steel. "Bringin' on the Heartbreak" was their breakthrough single.

Burnstein is also well positioned for the next depression with Metallica, America's premier thrash-metal band. All their songs are about death. Between them and the pop-metal of Leppard, he's got the market surrounded if not monopolized. What does he see as the difference between the two audiences? "Probably the Leppard fans are more likely to be in school. Metallica fans are more likely to be working. I'm not denigrating their brains or ambition, just remarking on their circumstances in life. Def Leppard fans are probably more comfortable. Metallica has a smaller audience that is more troubled, which most adolescents are at one point or another."

"When I was a kid, there was nothing to buy and nothing to do until the Rolling Stones and the Animals started putting out albums. Singles were 75¢, there weren't any concerts to speak of, you didn't need a stereo because there wasn't anything to play, and gas was 28¢ a gallon. Kids now spend more on a Def Leppard T-shirt than I used to spend on everything in a month. These kids *have* to work."

Def Leppard comes from Sheffield, a factory town in the midlands of England that is appropriately renowned for its high quality steel. Singer Joe Elliott, guitarists Steve Clark and Pete Willis, and bassist Rick Savage all had blue-collar jobs that they clearly wished to leave behind. And drummer Rick Allen, who dropped out of school at 15 when the band got signed, almost certainly had a crummy job or the dole staring him in the face. Like the punks who got started about the same time (1977), Def Leppard disdained work, as the term is traditionally understood in its nine-to-five sense. Unlike the punks, whom they often slagged, Def Leppard was genuinely working class (not art school) and they took great pride in their craft.

Pride in craft is why Def Leppard is worth listening to. I figure craft and art are not an either/or proposition. I figure they are a continuum, and if you get good enough at your craft, eventually you hit art. Def Leppard has always shown a talent for songcraft. After their first EP *Getcha Rocks Off* in 1979 and first album *On Through the Night* in 1980, they began to strike art with *High and Dry* in 1981. Some of the album sounded derivative of AC/DC, but they discovered their sound on one cut in particular, "Bringin' On the Heartbreak," a minor-key metal ballad. Short of videos in the early '80s, especially videos by good-looking kids who played hard rock, MTV kept "Heartbreak" in rotation forever, setting the stage for *Pyromania*, which was pure Def Leppard and would have been *the* phenomenon of 1983 had it not been for *the* phenomenon of the '80s, Michael Jackson's *Thriller*.

Def Leppard's manager does not claim *Hysteria* will match *Pyromania*'s sales.

"I estimate that we have 25 percent of our old audience right now," says Burnstein. "The serious male music fans who bought *Pyromania* four years ago when they were 15-16 and are now 19-20. The girls who were 14-15 and who bought the album because of the phenomenon factor are now past the infatuation stage and are mostly gone. We haven't recycled the early adolescent girls yet. Our audiences were about 50/50; now they're mostly boys. You only get to be a phenomenon once in your life. Nineteen-eighty-three was our year, and it doesn't happen that way again. It can't. Radio has changed, MTV has changed, and the band has changed. To be seen as a great band now, we have to do it by longevity. That means a *lot* more great albums if we're going to be more than a footnote like Peter Frampton or Quiet Riot. They had their moments and haven't been heard from since. Def Leppard would like to be more of a chapter, like Queen who had many hits off many albums that weren't predictable commercially or artistically."

Just don't let Def Leppard vacuum the rug in a housedress. "Yeah, Freddie blew it, and Def Leppard wouldn't do that. But Def Leppard would like to have a comparable body of work. What Bon Jovi was in '86 and Whitesnake is in '87, Def Leppard is long past. They are thinking about their place in history."

Burnstein's comparison to Queen is apt for more than the longevity factor. Most of the Leppards cite Queen as an influence and their basic sound relies on two key Queen ingredients: tight harmonies and heavy guitar. If I may be allowed some rock critic revisionism here, Queen didn't suck. At least not all the time. Brian May came up with some terrific riffs, Freddie Mercury could sing with operatic sweep, they could orchestrate, and they made lots of singles that are still chanted at football games. Queen may barely qualify as a footnote for people my age (mid-30s), but for people Def Leppard's age (mid-to-late-20s) they get their chapter. Def Leppard found a midpoint between Queen and AC/DC, apologized to no one for ignoring the more fashionable influences that blew wave after wave of haircut bands out of London, and somehow ended up sounding like no other group, except for all the groups that started imitating Def Leppard. You just can't argue with songs like "Photograph," "Stagefright," "Foolin'" and "Rock of Ages."

Their latest album *Hysteria* took almost three years to record. For many bands this would mean preposterous self-indulgence, or trying to compensate for lack of songs with production gimmicks. For Def Leppard it means an album that is sonically rich, varied and of-a-piece. *Hysteria* doesn't say a whole lot—all the Leps use the word "escapism" to describe their art—but they have made their guitars snarl and vocals scream in resonance with the stock market in ways that Poison, Mötley Crüe, Bon Jovi, Whitesnake and the rest of the Spandex metal crowd haven't made the effort to explore.

The first thing you notice about Joe Elliott is the eyes. They are oriental, almost feline, utterly striking.

"No, I don't know where I got them," he says in his room at the Sheraton Center in Glens Falls, New York. The staging company is headquartered just down the road, so Def Leppard has

Rick Savage, Phil Collen, Richard Allen, Steve Clark, Joe Elliott.

We hate singing about unemployment and we hate bands that do sing about it. Everybody knows it's tough. A band can't change anything."

rented the Glens Falls Civic Center for a couple of weeks of rehearsals on their humongous new set. "My mother is kind of oriental-looking, but she's not oriental. She's from Duncaster in England. Maybe it's because I've got light-sensitive eyes and they got stuck in a squint. I was like this as a kid. They used to call me Ching Chong Chinaman at school. On the last tour, I swear it was like I was the Lone Ranger taking his mask off. I'd come back to the hotel and these girls would be waiting for autographs and they'd beg me to take off my sunglasses. They'd go, 'Oh my God! Look at his eyes!' I couldn't see what the fuck was so special. It was just my eyes. If it helps with the mystique, then fine."

Elliott's father worked days as a motor mechanic, his mother worked nights as a nurse, and Joe was an only child. When I suggest that only children tend to see themselves as the center of the world and this is good training for being a singer, Elliott suggests it has more to do with his being born a Leo, the "chestbeater" of the Zodiac, as were Mick Jagger and Robert Plant. "I was never spoiled," he insists in an accent about halfway between London Cockney and Liverpool. (Some of his my's are pronounced "my" and some "me," as in: "My mum is a really good folksinger, me mum.") "They went out of their way not to spoil me, except when I was ill and my dad would bring me an Action Man or a record. I never understood why people would think only children get spoiled. I knew one other only child, a guy who was exactly like me. We were almost brothers. We used to come in late and get smashed about the head for it. His mum and dad would beat me up, and my mum and dad would beat him up."

Elliott's primary interests were record collecting (Mott the

Music is not supposed to be how fast you can play with your right hand when you can't keep up with your left. Fast isn't necessarily good."

Hoople, T-Rex, Slade) and soccer. Upon graduating from school, he became an apprentice at the steel mill and split his salary between paying board to his parents and buying equipment for the band he had long dreamed of naming Deaf Leopard. Since the rest of the musicians were also working, they had reasonably decent equipment from the beginning and were able to allay parental doubts with the appearance of professionalism. Just copying their influences—Zeppelin, Priest, UFO, Thin Lizzy—they rehearsed nine months before playing a gig and quickly realized they were good. And that was all they wanted to be. Class warfare was for punks.

"Yeah, the factories never done us any harm," says Elliott. "We just didn't want to do it for the rest of our lives. They're depressing places. Talk to anyone who works in a steel mill in Pittsburgh. They'll tell you that given the opportunity to get the fuck out, they would. We were young, 15 to 18 years old. And when the opportunity came along, we were out of the factory like shit off a shovel."

After recording an independent EP that generated a buzz that generated a bidding war among major labels, Def Leppard signed with Mercury, who sent a copy of the EP to their A&R man in Chicago, Cliff Burnstein. He heard their songwriting potential and pledged the full support of the American side of the company. Burnstein also noted that their management wasn't very good, and their production wasn't very good either, even after the first LP. The management problem Burnstein solved by volunteering himself and his partner Peter Mensch. The production problem he solved with Mutt Lange.

One of the mystery figures of '80s rock 'n' roll, Lange granted a rare interview to David Fricke for the band's official biography *Animal Instinct: The Def Leppard Story.* When he met Def Leppard, Lange had produced two of metal's finest albums, AC/DC's *Highway to Hell* and *Back in Black*, bringing maximum punch to their guitar attack, not to mention making Bon Scott's voice vastly less irritating.

"I heard those vocal harmonies and thought, 'Wow, an English band doing that stuff,'" Lange told Fricke (an excellent reporter who has delivered all the deep dirt for any serious Leppard fan in the upcoming bio). "The album sounded a little clinical, though. 'Hello America' sounded like they were listening to groups like Boston but didn't have the experience to use the harmonies and blend them in a rougher way. But I knew the potential was there. See, I prefer English rock bands. They write better riffs. All the classic riffs come from England and I could hear that those two guitarists could really write riffs. I'd also seen them when they supported AC/DC in England and they looked great. Since they had the looks and they had the riffs I knew that with me as an extra member, so to speak, we could pull the songs together."

"An extra member" was exactly what Lange became. Looking a little like Robert Plant with his long blond hair, Lange moved into the studio and taught Def Leppard the sacrifices that must be made for excellence—mainly doing it again and again and again *ad infinitum* until it's right. Contributing to the songwriting, background singing, refereeing of ideas, mixing and arrangements, as well as the usual board duties, Lange was a paragon of will power, able to stay up all night without drugs or booze and a minimum of coffee.

"We sit around in a circle—Mutt, Steve, Phil, Sav and me," says Elliott of the songwriting process. "Somebody says start, and somebody says I've got this idea for a verse, and somebody says that would be better as a chorus. So we'll put that aside and try this bridge with that chorus. Or something else. Then everybody disappears for a little while to write something, or we leave it for a week and try something else. It's like a jigsaw puzzle. Ego is never a problem because we all understand that songwriting is the most important thing. Everybody's got a piece of the publishing, so it's just a matter of the best idea wins. There has never been a problem."

Much in demand and much exhausted, Lange at first declined to work on *Hysteria* after finishing up the Cars' *Heartbeat City.* Needing a good producer on short notice, which is tough, the Leps turned to Jim Steinman of Meatloaf and Bonnie Tyler fame. It didn't work out.

"He's a complete vibe producer," says Elliiot. "He would have been fine for Jimi Hendrix or Cream, but for Def Leppard it would have sounded like our demos, but flooded with echo to make it sound bigger. He felt we didn't need to do all that stuff, all the multi-tracking vocals that we do. He just wanted to put harmonizers and flangers over it. Well, if that did the job, Mutt would do it as well. It would save a lot of time. But Mutt knows that don't work. We tried to tell Steinman that and he didn't want to know. He wouldn't adapt and we wouldn't compromise, and that's what happened. So we parted company."

At first the Leps tried to produce themselves, but their standards were so high that only the master could save them. Lange succumbed to their imprecations, agreeing to work on the vocals and sticking around to do the entire album. Elliott is proud of the result and resents being lumped with other bands under the label of metal, particularly with thrash-metal bands like Slayer and Manowar.

"I detest it. Thoroughly and utterly detest it. They give us all a bad name. It's controlled violence, like a legal way of beating someone up. You don't actually do it but you get the feeling of release. It isn't music. It's an attitude. Music is not supposed to be how fast you can play with your right hand when you can't keep up with your left. Fast isn't necessarily good, although I will concede that Metallica are good musicians. I can tell good thrash from bad thrash."

Any label you'd prefer?

"Well, if we're metal, thrash has to be something else. Like thrash shit, maybe. There's David Lee Roth's term, Big Rock. Hard Rock. Power Rock. Bedrock." Elliott points at the band Europe on MTV. "Look at 'em. A fuckin' bunch of women. And even those guys get called metal."

Interviewing all the guys in Def Leppard is an experience akin to the psychologists who studied pairs of twins separated at birth. After a while you get the eerie sense that you're talking to the same organism. Not that all share Elliott's enmity toward thrash. But it is easy to believe that they are a total

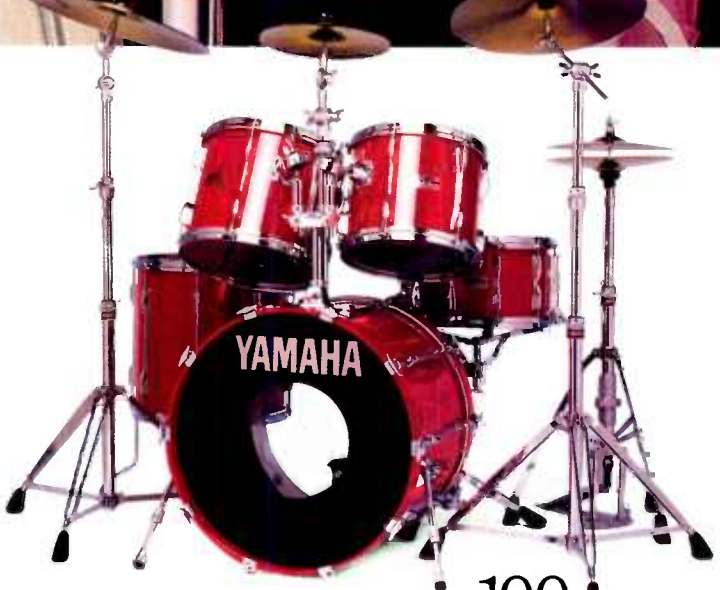
VINNIE COLAIUTA / RECORDING CUSTOM

For those who need unlimited freedom to express themselves. Drummers who hear other ways to play music.

Recording Custom. Transparent clarity and rich tone colors fused with articulate impact. Drums sensitive to the most subtle and revealing elements of a player's style. But with plenty of raw muscle when it's needed.

Vinnie Colaiuta. Master of original solutions and the brilliant offbeat comment. He is dazzling skill and natural finesse, the drummer of choice for the best sessions, soundtracks and TV.

Vinnie Colaiuta and Recording Custom. A shared sensitivity to the musical possibilities.



100
1887 1987
A Century of Quality

YAMAHA

For a free copy of the Yamaha Drum Catalog, enclose $3.00 for postage & handling and write to: Yamaha Music Corporation, USA, Drums, Guitars and Amplifiers Division, P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622.

democracy, as they all assert, because they have such similar backgrounds, similar tastes and similar ideas.

Phil Collen is different because he's the only guy who isn't from Sheffield. He comes from the East End of London where his dad was a lorry driver and his mum was a shop clerk. From an early age he wanted only to be a rock guitarist, which didn't go over real big with his career counselors in school.

"They said forget it. They really gave me shit. My mum said fuck 'em, keep practicing. She was very supportive, and my dad used to cart around the gear of my first band in his van. I had to work in a factory for a time, but it never fazed me because I knew what I wanted to do."

After a stint with a band called Girl, who looked sort of like Poison does now—lots of glitz and makeup—he was asked to join Def Leppard in 1982 during the recording of *Pyromania* when Pete Willis was asked to leave due to a drinking problem. The rest of the band credits him for fine musicianship and the sort of easy-going personality that got Steve Clark to flower further on his guitar.

Clark is the quietest guy in the band, someone who lets his spectacular riffs do much of his conversing. He is one of the rare lead guitarists who actually listens to the rest of the band. His dad was a taxi driver, his mom a housewife. They nurtured his talent with guitars at Christmas, expressing misgivings only when Def Leppard got signed.

"I was serving an apprenticeship that lasted four years," says Clark. "I had served three and a half years when I got offered a record contract. They got a bit apprehensive, suggested I stick out the last six months and then go professional. I told them the record company wasn't going to wait. They said, 'Well, we won't tell you what to do.'"

Rick Savage is called Sav by all who know him, except his mum who calls him Richard. His father was a typesetter and his mother a clerk. After a brief stint at professional soccer, he got a job with British Rail. His parents also wondered about the wisdom of tossing away a good job in a bad economy, but basically encouraged him. "Unemployment was bad then, but not anywhere near as bad as now. It's a little better in the south of England, but no one can afford to move there because the cost of housing is so high."

So if it's such a terrifying thing to leave a crummy job and take a chance on yourself, why not sing something with a little social relevance?

"Because the whole idea of Def Leppard is escapism," says Sav. "We hate singing about unemployment and such, and we hate bands that do sing about it. Everybody knows it's tough. A band can't change anything. Who wants to go to one of our shows to hear how bad life is?"

The afternoon of December 31, 1984 was unnaturally warm, so Rick Allen decided to take his girlfriend out for a drive in his Corvette. An Alfa Romeo passed them, then slowed and refused to let Allen pass. "I sort of kicked it down into second and the car took off, and that's the last thing I remember," says Allen, who didn't see or make the curve. "I ended up destroying a wall the length of a football pitch. My seatbelt didn't actually work. I'd clipped it in, my girl [who was unhurt] was clipped in, and everything but the seatbelt came undone. I think that's what took my arm off, 'cause my arm stayed in the car and I left via the sunroof. Luckily it rained that morning and the grass was soft. I didn't bleed at all, and I stayed conscious. My body just tightened up."

Allen sits up on his bed at the Sheraton Center, pulls off his T-shirt and points the remainder of his shoulder at me. "It must have been the muscles that stopped the bleeding. Around here. You can see how it was taken off, how it got stretched."

It was just torn off at the socket.

"Yeah. Just where the ball is."

By the time you got to the hospital, you must have been thinking, "My God, what am I going to do with my life now?"

"I think there's a thing in all of us, in our subconscious, that just sort of takes care of things for a while. I don't remember a thing until a week after the accident. I didn't realize what I'd done to myself. Then it became apparent something was amiss."

The doctors tried to reattach the arm, right?

"Yeah, but it got infected, and it was very close to my heart. It was best to get rid of it. In a way, I'm glad they did, because I'd still be going through the operations. I couldn't have dealt with that."

Doesn't it take a long time to regenerate the nerves? You wouldn't have had the feel to play the drums.

"Actually, all my nerves pulled out at the wrist. They're all rolled up in my shoulder, in case somebody comes up with an idea where they can reattach an arm."

Really? If somebody came up with a prosthetic device that responded to nerve impulses...

"I'd have a go. But things would have to be really right. I'd have to have a really good chance that it would work. I'd hate to have that kind of disappointment."

Allen rolls a cigarette (a tobacco cigarette) with his right

continued on page 122

PYROTECH

Phil Collen plays Jackson/Charvel guitars. "The great thing about them is they're so good off the rack," he says. "I could go to Casper, Wyoming and go in a store and I wouldn't have to have anything done to it. A lot of companies, you buy their guitar and you have to have it dicked around with. Why buy one if you have to take it to the repair shop?"

Collen has several Jackson/Charvels of varying finishes, the most memorable of which has a dayglo likeness of Bela Lugosi with a pickup where his nose ought to be. These he plays through a Randall RG 100 HT guitar amp, and Randall RRM2-120 stereo power amplifier. "They're solid-state, so they're more reliable. The Marshalls hadn't been giving us what we wanted—they had to be dicked around with to get them sounding good."

Steve Clark plays Gibson guitars through the same setup as Phil Collen. "I just never found anything as good all 'round as a Gibson," he says. "Nothing looks as good or feels as good. I like the shape for playing it low." Clark had been playing vintage models without tremolo bars but opted for tremolo bars this tour and didn't want to carve up his old guitars. So now he plays two new three-pickup Les Pauls in white and black, and one old Firebird that's "the same as Jimmy Page played."

Rick Savage plays a Hamer bass and repeats their slogan, "Sounds good, feels great and looks like no other." He has two preamps custom-made for him by a Sheffield company called Hartley Thompson, and two BGW power amps.

Rick Allen's drumkit consists of five Zildjian cymbals ranging from 14" to 21" and one Zildjian high-hat, six Simmons SDS9 pads and four Shark foot pedals. The pads and pedals trigger a blend of Simmons SDS7 and Akai Library Samples, and samples from his own recorded drums.

Def Leppard uses an Electrotec modular P.A. and are traveling with about four times the normal sound equipment because they are playing in the round. If you buy a ticket to see them, buy a bad one—the stage show is so huge that the best seats are up high.

The Right Tone.

128 Times Over.

The rumor mill.

You've probably heard talk about a revolutionary new guitar preamp that sounds great and has the power of MIDI control. And, about how this device will change the way you work with your sound. Even how you can replicate the sound of a Marshall™ or Fender™ or Roland™ or Mesa Boogie™. And yet have instant access to any one of 128 different tones.

Well in case you haven't heard . . . introducing the MP-1 MIDI Programmable Tube Preamp from ADA. A new guitar system designed to give you the warmth and feeling only tubes can provide, with the versatility and expandability of MIDI.

Tubes vs. Solid State?

How about both? The MP-1 features two separate signal paths. Four tube stages or two solid state stages of gain. You can have it all. Tube or solid state in a single preamp. Take your choice.

MIDI expandability.

Using MIDI, you can change from a highly overdriven "stack" sound to a smooth Rockman™ solid state sound in an instant. And by using MIDI Out or Thru, your MIDI reverb and digital delay will change programs just as quickly.

More good news.

For even greater versatility, the MP-1 gives you MIDI program mapping and MIDI system exclusive capability. When you're ready, you can control your MP-1 with a personal computer to automate or sequence your sound. That means the MP-1 is the nucleus of an amazingly expandable system.

Features, features, features.

Plug in your headphones and hear stereo performance. Or use the stereo outputs for a dynamic live sound. The programmable effects loop has a wide range level control so you can match it perfectly to a $39 flanger or a $1000 rack processor.

The dream machine.

To all that, add a programmable stereo chorus and a finely-tuned programmable four band equalizer with presence. What you get is the stuff dreams are made of.

Hear for yourself.

If you're looking for a way to produce more than one great tone, check out 128 on the MP-1. It's at your ADA dealer. Now.

For the name of your nearest ADA Dealer, call Toll Free:

(800) 241-8888

In California: (415) 632-1323

Here's what the critics say.

"Top of the line is the $700 ADA MIDI preamp that holds 128 programs . . . Did I say this thing sounds absolutely killer?"
Jock Baird, Musician Magazine

"ADA's MP1 MIDI tube preamp . . . could be a big hit in the studio, as well as on the road." **Music Technology, March 1987**

ADA

ADA SIGNAL PROCESSORS

7303D Edgewater Drive, Oakland, CA 94621

The Casio 16 bit sampling synthesizer. What good is great sound if you can't afford it?

The Casio FZ-1 16 bit linear Sampling Synthesizer $2,499.

Any pro knows, sound quality comes first. That's why we chose 16 bit resolution for our FZ-1. Why 16? Just sit down and listen to an FZ-1 at your local dealer and you'll know why. It's a fidelity that 8 and 12 bit machines just can't match.

There's a good bit more to the FZ-1 than 16 bits that makes it sound and play so great. Check out the rest of its specs:

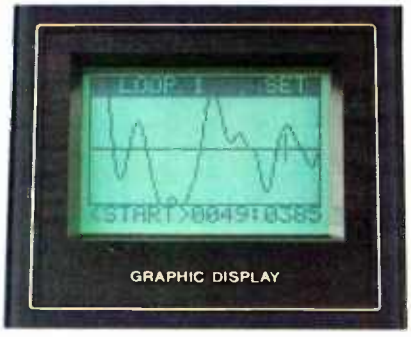
☐ 61 keys (full-size), C-C; velocity and after-touch sensitive. 8-note polyphonic.

☐ Sound sources include sampling, preset waveforms, additive synthesis, hand drawing of waveforms and cyclic waveforms made by cutting sample data.

☐ True 16 bit linear PCM sampling. Highest sampling rate of 36 kHz gives 14.5 sec of memory. Other sampling rates/memory offer 29.1 secs at 18 kHz and 58.2 secs at 9 kHz.

☐ Stores up to 64 voices (samples), which are organized into 8 banks (presets).

☐ Graphic LCD screen on board for all editing, including visual monitoring of wave data. No exterior monitoring hookup is necessary.



☐ Extensive editing capabilities: 8-stage rate and level DCF and DCA envelopes, 8 separate loop points, crossfade loop, truncate, reverse write, cross-write, velocity split/overlap, 8 LFOs, reverse, "cue" (using pitch bend wheel for scratch effect).

☐ Built-in 3.5" floppy disk drive for saving/loading voice data.

☐ One megabyte memory that can be increased to 2 megabytes with our optional Memory Expansion Board (MB-10) that also doubles sampling times.

☐ Pitch bend wheel, modulation wheel, after touch and pedal controller that can be assigned to many functions.

☐ Audio outputs: 8 monophonic outputs (assignable), one mix output. No stereo outs, avoiding any signal degradation from stereo processing.

☐ MIDI in/out/thru; multitimbral, according to keyboard voice/bank configurations.

☐ 25-pin parallel port for high-speed data transfer and communication with personal computers or other FZ-1s.

Perhaps the FZ-1's most impressive spec, however, is its spectacularly low price. Because after all, what good is great sound if you can't afford it?

CASIO®
Where miracles never cease

Casio, Inc. Professional Musical Products Division: 15 Gardner Road, Fairfield, NJ 07006 (201) 882-1493.

See the phenomenal FZ1 at the following authorized Casio FZ1 dealers today!

10 new libraries now available from Casio, Inc. created by Soundwaves. 50 new discs in all! Digidesigns new universal Sound Designer now supports the FZ1.

ALABAMA
Bailey Brothers Music, *Montgomery*
Bandstand, *Birmingham*
M & S Music, *Mobile*
Robbins Music Center, *Huntsville*
Whitman Music, *Dothan*

ARIZONA
Schroeder's Keyboard City, *Phoenix*

CALIFORNIA
Castle Music, *Goleta*
Guitar Center, *Chatsworth, Hollywood, San Diego, Santa Ana, Covina, Sherman Oaks, Lawndale, San Francisco, San Jose, Oakland*
Hanich Music, *Covina*
Leo's Audio & Music Technologies, *Oakland*
The Musician's Choice, *Ventura*
Nadine's Music, *W. Hollywood*
World Music, *Simi Valley*

COLORADO
Keyboard Exchange, *Denver*
Melody Music, *Denver*

CONNECTICUT
Brian Guitars, *New Haven*
Caruso Music, *New London*
Center Music, *Newington*
Connecticut Music, *Stamford*
Lasalle Music Shop, *W. Hartford*
Zinno Music, *Waterbury*

DELAWARE
Wilmington Piano, *Wilmington*

FLORIDA
Ace Music City, *North Miami*
All Pro Sound, *Pensacola*
American Music, *Jacksonville*
B & H Music, *Panama City*
Brent's Music, *Fort Myers*
Fla. Discount Music, *Melbourne*
Mike's Music, *Ft. Walton Beach*
Sabine Music, *Gainesville*
Scott Tennyson Guitars, *Tallahassee*
Thoroughbred Music, *Tampa*

GEORGIA
Atlanta Discount Music, *Atlanta*
Rodys Music, *Savannah*
Rutlands Music, *Valdosta*

HAWAII
Easy Music, *Honolulu*

ILLINOIS
AAA Swing City, *Collinsville*
Byasse Keyboards, *Marion*
Gand Music & Sound, *Northfield*
Guitar Center, *Chicago*
The Sound Post, *Mt. Prospect, Evanston, La Grange*

INDIANA
Vic Zen Music, *Noblesville*

IOWA
Carma Lou's House of Music, *Cedar Rapids*

KANSAS
Profound Music & Sound, *Andover*

KENTUCKY
Mom's Music, *Louisville*

LOUISIANA
Allied Music, *New Orleans*
Mitchell's Music, *Metairie*
Music City, *Lafayette*

MAINE
Friendly River Music, *Cornish*

MARYLAND
Gordon Miller Music, *Towson*
Veneman Music, *Rockville*
Washington Music, *Wheaton*

MASSACHUSETTS
E. U. Wurlitzer, *Boston*
Guitar Academy & Showroom, *Feeding Hills*

MICHIGAN
Al Nalli Music, *Ann Arbor*
Bay Music, *Saginaw*
Huber Breese Music, *Fraser*
Marshall Music, *Lansing*

MINNESOTA
Marguerite's Music, *Moorhead*
Music Connection, *Forest Lake*
Rodger Dodger Music Co., *Minneapolis*

MISSOURI
Big Dudes Music City, *Kansas City*
Quigley Music, *Kansas City*
Wise Music, *St. Louis*

NEVADA
Professional Music Center, *Las Vegas*
Ted Vessley Music Co., *Las Vegas*

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Hampshire Music, *Nashua*

NEW JERSEY
Dave Phillips Music & Sound, *Phillipsburg*
Freehold Music, *Freehold*
Loria Music, *Rahway*
Musicians Workshop, *Ocean Twp*
Robies Music, *Mahwah*
Russo Music Center, *Trenton*
Sam Ash, *Paramus*

NEW YORK
Bonne Music, *Dewitt*
Drome Sound Inc., *Schenectady*
House of Guitars, *Rochester*
Howard Goldman Musician's Supply, *Tonawanda*
Manny's Music Store, *NY*
Rainbow Music, *Poughkeepsie*
Sam Ash Music, *NY, White Plains, Huntington, Brooklyn, Forest Hills, Hempstead*

NORTH CAROLINA
Reliable Music, *Charlotte*

OHIO
Bernie's Music, *Dayton*
Buddy Rogers Music, *Cincinnati*
Lentines Music, *Akron*
Midway Music, *Cleveland*
New York Music Shop, *Boardman*
Sodja Music, *Richmond Hts.*

OKLAHOMA
Norman Music Center, *Norman*

OREGON
Apple Music, *Portland*
Portland Music, *Portland*
Syn Track, *Eugene*

PENNSYLVANIA
Georges Music, *Spring City*
Medley Music, *Bryn Mawr*
Swissvale Music, *Pittsburgh*
Tek-Com, *Inc., Philadelphia*

RHODE ISLAND
Ross Music Sales, *N. Providence*

SOUTH CAROLINA
Express Music, *Spartanburg*
Fox Music, *Charleston*

SOUTH DAKOTA
Plummer Piano & Organ, *Rapid City*

TENNESSEE
Hewgley's Music Shop, *Knoxville*
Music City Music, *Nashville*

TEXAS
Alamo Music, *San Antonio*
Danny's Music Box, *El Paso*
Lightning Music & Sound, *Dallas, Austin*
Melody Shop, *Dallas*
Rockin Robin Guitars, *Houston*
Strait Music, *Austin*
The Drum and Keyboard Shop, *Houston*

UTAH
Progressive Music, *Salt Lake City*

VERMONT
Advance Music, *Burlington*

WASHINGTON
Evans Music, *Seattle*
Petosa Music, *Seattle*

WEST VIRGINIA
The Pied Piper, *Huntington*

WISCONSIN
Great Northern Music, *Madison*
Kraft Keyboard & Sound, *Milwaukee*
UMS, *Eau Claire*
Ward Brodt Music, *Madison*

CASIO®
Where miracles never cease

By Bill Milkowski

Requiem for Jaco

It was that inevitable stomach-churning phone call in the middle of the night. The one we all had been dreading for years. The caller was choked with emotion. His words fell like bricks.

"You heard about Jaco?"

In the wee hours of the morning on Saturday, September 12, Jaco Pastorius had appeared at the front door of the Midnight Bottle Club, a sleazy after-hours joint in a shopping complex in Wilton Manor, a bland suburb of Fort Lauderdale, Florida. He had been barred from the members-only club, perhaps for previous incidents of drunken behavior, but this night he was determined to get in.

When Jaco was refused entry he apparently tried to kick down the front door. This did not go down well with the club's manager, Luc Havan. Several vicious karate chops to the head later, the onetime greatest bass player in the world lay face down in a pool of blood, his skull fractured, one eye ruptured, nearly every bone in his face shattered.

When police arrived at the scene, Havan said that Jaco "fell down." The district attorney would later conclude, "No way. He was beaten." Havan was arrested five days later and charged with aggravated battery. He posted a $5,000 bond and was later released. Meanwhile, Jaco lingered in a coma at the Broward General Medical Center. Word was that he'd be paralyzed on one side of his body if he was able to pull out of it. And yet, there was still hope. Family members reported that Jaco was responding to commands..."Wiggle your toe," "Squeeze my finger." Doctors even speculated that he might be sitting up and drinking from a cup in a matter of days. The status of his condition was changed from critical to serious.

Then quite unexpectedly, on the evening of Saturday, September 19, a blood vessel burst in Jaco's brain. His entire right side was gone, along with the basic left-brain cognitive functions of understanding, logic, reasoning.

By Sunday there was zero brain activity, yet he

Photograph by Norman Seeff

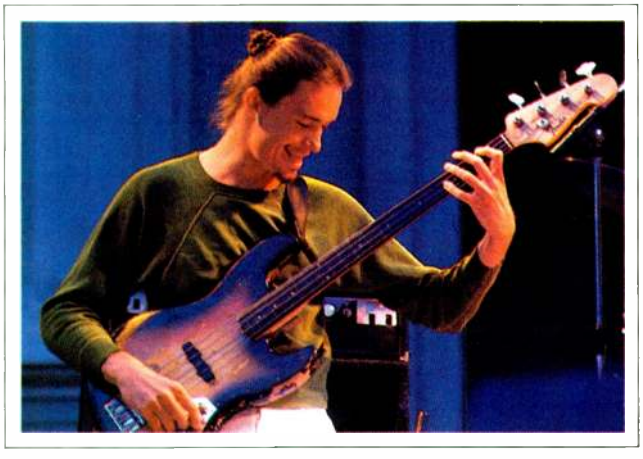
Stanley Clarke: "I met this guy from the Sex Pistols a long time ago. Jaco reminded me of him. When I heard that Jaco died, my first thought was that he was the Sid Vicious of jazz."

lingered on. On Monday they removed Jaco from the respirator. He stopped breathing but his heart continued to pump (miraculously) for another three hours. Jaco's father Jack, a journeyman jazz drummer and singer all his life, cradled Jaco in his arms and crooned "Watch What Happens" as the final beats ticked off:

Let someone start believing in you
Let him hold out his hand
Let him touch you and
Watch what happens

At 9:25 p.m., Jaco Pastorius died. He was 35.

We all reached for our favorite Jaco cuts when the news came down: "Three Views of a Secret" or "A Remark You Made" to remind us of his sublime lyricism; "Barbary Coast" or "Come On Come Over" to revel in his irrepressible funkpower; "Fannie Mae" or "Liberty City" or "The Chicken" to rekindle his jaunty, playful spirit; "John and Mary" or "Continuum" to stand in awe of his compositional brilliance; "Donna Lee" or "Chromatic Fantasy" or "Portrait of Tracy" to reflect on his incredible command over his chosen instrument.



One of those inspiring moments when Jaco transcended the groove.

Those of us who knew Jaco saw his torment, but we also experienced his infectious highs, those inspiring moments when he magically transcended the groove and seemed invincible. We never stopped believing in Jaco, though many had long ago given up on him. Diagnosed as a manic-depressive, he was plagued by wild mood swings and bouts of bizarre, unpredictable behavior. Alcohol only aggravated the condition, at times pushing him over the edge into psychosis. Near the end, Jaco was raging out of control.

Numerous stories had filtered up from Fort Lauderdale about Jaco crashing gigs, upsetting patrons, starting fights, trashing equipment, hurling his bass at hecklers, being escorted out of clubs by police. He had been barred from many nightclubs along the Florida coast for creating such disturbances. And in the final months he had been arrested on a number of occasions, with charges ranging from drunk-and-disorderly to breaking-and-entering and grand theft auto.

Of course, Jaco had a fanciful alibi for every one of these charges. But then, it was hard to really believe anything he said near the end. Alcohol had so clouded his mind that he probably believed most of the stories he concocted. About a week before that fateful confrontation at the Midnight, Jaco spoke to me on the phone about getting back together with Joe Zawinul and Wayne Shorter. He was wildly enthusiastic and assured me that a tour was happening, although no such plans were ever really in the works.

Musicians, clubowners and record company executives who knew Jaco well sadly watched the decline, helpless to do anything about it. They saw Jaco panhandling in Greenwich Village in the summer of '86. They watched as he hit rock bottom—piss-soaked and passed out on the West 4th Street basketball court, where he hung by day and crashed by night. They were appalled as he ambled up to passersby, begging for quarters.

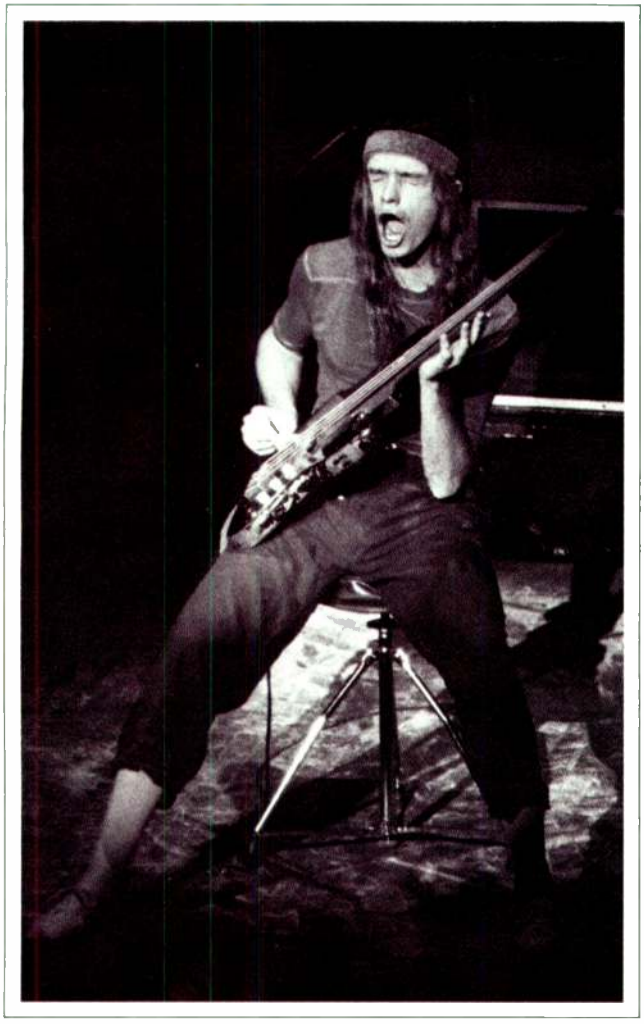
Some had more sympathy for Jaco than others. Clubowners were particularly callous about his plight, having had to endure Jaco's wild rages and public outbursts on more than one occasion. He was notorious, during that summer of '86, for sitting in on other people's gigs, which usually amounted to jumping onstage, plugging in his bass and letting loose with an obnoxious blast of feedback-inflected anger. Clubowners would cringe when Jaco entered their establishments.

When he entered Sounds Of Brazil one night after having chugged several beers on the basketball court, clubowner Larry Gold had him forcibly ejected by his burly bouncers. It wasn't merely that Jaco was loaded; he was dribbling his basketball on the dance floor during a performance by Loremil Machado and his Bahia Band. Said Gold after that incident, "Jaco's bounced his last basketball in my place."

I witnessed a rather ugly scene last year at the Third Street Music School Settlement, a cultural center in Manhattan's East Village where Jaco was the featured guest at a Meet the Composer concert attended by students and parents. Jaco showed up barefoot and deranged, smashed on wine. There was no bass in sight. For the occasion he had assembled a makeshift crew of friends, including trumpeter Jerry Gonzalez and saxist Rene McClean. Jaco started the show by noodling around at the piano, working up gospelish vamps and singing along in a drunken, raspy-throated stupor. His motor skills were badly impaired. The band members seemed confused and embarrassed. Now and then Jaco would break into a song like "Amazing Grace." Occasionally, he'd get up from his piano bench and break into a crazy dance step, startling the students and parents.

This went on for 15 minutes or so before someone in the audience yelled, "Play the bass!" Jaco responded by giving the one-finger salute. The crowd was aghast. Some concerned mothers grabbed their children by the hand and urgently

TOM COPI



"I'm the baddest! I ain't braggin', I'm just tellin' the truth!"

marched them out of the concert hall. Jaco continued noodling on the piano until he began shouting at the drummer, apparently trying to tell him how to play a particular tune. Finally, he got up from his piano bench and walked over to the drum set. He reached into the drummer's kit bag and pulled out a pair of sticks and commenced flailing away violently on the cymbals, as if to show the guy how it was done. Finally, he sent the cymbal, stand and all, crashing to the ground before storming out of the concert hall himself, cursing and shouting the whole way. Puzzled concertgoers looked at each other in disbelief. As the patrons filed out, I noticed one young man crying. In his early 20s, this aspiring bass player had made the trip from Connecticut just to see Jaco up close and in the flesh. "He's my hero," he said as the tears streamed down his face.

Friends and family members were embarrassed and pained by Jaco's displays of erratic behavior in public, but he turned a deaf ear to all pleas to straighten out his act. "He had people in awe of him trying to help," says Bobby Colomby, who produced Jaco's stunning debut album. "But something in his psyche, something inside of him, wouldn't let him be happy. He was suffering from a mental illness, and his refusal to be helped was just another manifestation of his illness. But we do not have a system in this country that deals with it very well."

Jaco began courting a macabre death wish during the summer of '87 in South Florida. He drank himself into stupors. He'd walk into bars and hurl racial invective at the biggest, meanest dude in the place, then stand at attention with his arms at his side and let the guy whale on him. He lost a few front teeth in this manner. There was even one ghastly report of Jaco passing out on the railroad tracks.

It was as if he were trying to pay penance for some deep-seated feelings of guilt...perhaps about leaving his first wife Tracy and their kids John and Mary (now 13 and 16), perhaps about deserting his second wife Ingrid and their twin sons Felix and Julius (now five and a half).

"In the last months, he was like an empty shell," says Othello Molineaux, the virtuoso steel pans player who worked frequently with Jaco ever since they met back in '71. "Just seeing him, you'd get the feeling that he wanted to go. He sort of said as much to me at times. That spirit in him, that thing that made us smile...*that* was Jaco. That's what protected him all those years, even last summer in New York when he was panhandling in the streets and sleeping in Washington Square. That's what got him from day to day. But in the last few months you could feel that that was gone. That lifeforce is what made us have hope for Jaco, that he could turn it around and make a comeback. But it wasn't there anymore."

Some say Jaco was deeply depressed about sitting on the sidelines, having been virtually blacklisted from major-label action since Warner Bros. dropped him in 1984. As one Warners insider put it, "These record executives today are strictly bottom-line guys. They don't take shit from Madonna and Prince! They were certainly not gonna eat shit from Jaco. He never made this company any money. In fact, they lost money on him, so they weren't about to put up with his shit now or ever.

"And the thing is, it wasn't a question of talent. If it were up to that, they'd have been falling all over themselves to sign the guy. The problem was his ego, his brain. They didn't want to deal with the guy because of that. Everybody knew all about the horror stories—blowing his advance money, showing up wrecked for gigs, walking around the streets dazed and barefoot, panhandling and all that shit. It's a small industry, even though it's a big industry in terms of dollars. Everybody knows everybody else's business. Word gets around quickly and the word was out about Jaco. Nobody would touch him."

Ricky Schultz of MCA/Impulse/Zebra was perhaps the only industry executive near the end to express any interest in a Jaco comeback. He had known Jaco from his days at Warner Bros. and had worked on promoting his *Word of Mouth* album. He was well acquainted with Jaco's legendary ego, his frequent tirades, yet he never hesitated to call Jaco a genius.

"I was around for the slide," he said a few months before the end, "then I kind of watched it from a distance. I was there when Jaco was throwing chairs in the Warner Bros. office. That did not reflect well on him at all. Genius or not, they just didn't want to deal with that type of behavior. But now I want to help Jaco. I want to help him save his life. I know he's very difficult to work with. He has an uncanny ability to piss some people off and I don't know if I want to subject my staff to Jaco yet. But I'm ready to do battle with him, and that's kind of what you gotta do when you take on Jaco."

They had talked about a comeback album. Jaco had new material, some of which he had written during a four-week stint in a Florida jail. Jaco called me frequently from jail to discuss his plans. He was very enthusiastic about this album, which he planned to call *Dixie Highway.*

The Kaylis funeral home, where the wake took place on September 24, is on Dixie Highway. It's one of the main drags in Fort Lauderdale. Railroad tracks run right alongside, and Jaco spent many a night walking along those tracks.

"Everybody in Lauderdale drives everywhere," says Peter Yanellos, chief engineer on Jaco's *Word of Mouth* album. "It's definitely a car culture, but Jaco walked everywhere. And in his honor, I walked to the wake and I walked to the funeral."

It was a closed-casket wake. Flowers from close friends, relatives and fans filled the room. A huge, exotic bouquet from Joni Mitchell stood out in the crowd. Over in one corner was an arrangement of red carnations in the shape of a bass guitar emblazoned with one of Jaco's signature slogans: "Who Loves Ya, Babe!"

As the priest led the solemn crowd in the rosary, a train rolled by outside, its lonely whistle-cry filtering into the funeral home and growing faint as it passed. That familiar sound struck a chilling chord, recalling the train-on-the-tracks intro to Weather Report's "Barbary Coast."

John Francis Pastorius III was born on December 1, 1951 in Norristown, Pennsylvania. He had been exposed to jazz at an early age by his father, Jack, who gigged around the Philly area when Jaco was growing up. At age seven, Jaco moved to Fort Lauderdale with his mother, Stephanie, and two younger brothers Rory and Gregory. Jack remained in Philly. Down in Florida, Jaco was exposed to a wealth of musical influences, from Caribbean sounds to Cuban percussion ensembles to rhythm 'n' blues. From the radio he soaked up the music of James Brown, the Beatles and classic Stax and Motown.

Originally a drummer, Jaco switched to bass after breaking his wrist in a football game at age 13. One of his first bands as a bassist was Las Olas Brass, which he joined when he was 15. There followed a number of local gigs with bands like Soul Incorporated, Woodchuck and Tommy Strand & the Upper Hand. At 19, Jaco got his first big break when Southern soulman Wayne Cochran recruited him for his C.C. Riders band. He remained with the group for nine months, touring the chitlin' circuit and gigging six nights a week.

Baritone saxist Randy Emerick recalls those early dues-paying days. "It was pretty much a straight-ahead rhythm 'n' blues situation, which Jaco dug. So he fit in right away. He was hand-picked for the band by Charlie Brent, who had been doing all of Wayne's arranging at the time. Jaco actually learned a lot from Charlie about arranging. In fact, Charlie was one of the few people that Jaco really had a lot of respect for. Jaco was a very self-confident guy back then, but not really 'out.' He was absolutely straight back in those Wayne days. He was strictly into the music. The alcohol and drugs came much later."

Emerick remembers nothing but good times with Jaco. "We roomed together on the road and we got very close. He treated me more like a brother than anything else. Even in later years, like when we toured Japan with the Word of Mouth band, he was always real friendly to me and never caused me any trouble. I guess when he decided to get really bizarre he just did it with other people."

Jaco left the Cochran band and immediately hooked up with Peter Graves, the trombonist and leader of the house band at Bachelors III, the popular Fort Lauderdale nightspot co-owned by Joe Namath. The band was nine horns and a rhythm section, and with Jaco pushing the groove, they reached some magical heights. "It was frightening how *on* the band could be some nights with Jaco in it," says Graves.

As Graves remembers, "I had heard about Jaco on the street going back to the Las Olas Brass days. I had just moved into the Broward County area from Miami in '71 and I had heard about this young whippersnapper. I was even told by some people, 'Don't try and deal with him. He's too young, too brash.' But as soon as I hear stuff like that, I say, 'That's exactly what I'm looking for.' And when I first met him I immediately sensed this enormous talent. As raw as it was, it was enormous. And we immediately became close friends. It was just one of those magical things, you just sense it...that this is somebody you wanna be around."

Jaco and Tracy were already married with kids, but times were tough for them. "I would have him write charts for the band and give him any kind of extra work that came along, just to help keep him and Tracy and the kids alive," says Graves. "Because he was that brash, cocky type of guy, some people just wouldn't work with him or have him work for them. I chose the other route. And it was because of that that we became very close. He sensed in me a confidence that I wasn't going to abandon him." Jaco ended up staying on that gig for the next five years, while also working on the side with Ira Sullivan and teaching bass part-time at the University of Miami.

Near the end of the club's existence, around '75, Jaco auditioned for Bobby Colomby in Bachelors III after hours. "I'll never forget the look on Colomby's face as Jaco sat there playing solo," recalls Graves with a hearty chuckle. "The astonishment on Bobby's face was worth a million bucks."

Colomby remembers that fateful meeting with Jaco and the events that led up to it. "I was playing in Lauderdale with Blood, Sweat & Tears and we were booked at Bachelors III.

With Weather Report at the Playboy festival. Later, Jaco got the hook.

One afternoon I was playing baseball and spotted this vivacious blonde in the outfield of the Bachelors III team. I started talking to her and got around to asking, 'Are you married?' And she says, 'Yeah. My husband is the best bass player in the world.' I figured she was just being a nice, supportive wife, but I was still interested in checking this guy out.

"He came by the club that afternoon when we were setting up and he introduced himself as Jaco Pastorius, the best bass player in the world. Later that night, after we finished our final set, I asked our roadies to leave the bass amp up onstage. I said to Jaco, 'You got your bass?' He nodded and went out to his car to bring it in. Then we all sat around and he starts playing. And, of course, my hair stood up and my eyes popped

TOM COPI

Jaco by Joni

Joni Mitchell Remembers Pastorius' Wisdom & Madness

What can I say about Jaco? When I first met him he was extremely present tense and, I would have to say for lack of a better term, extremely sage. He was so accepting of everything going on around him, at the same time that he was arrogant and challenging and saying, "I'm the baddest!" He was so alert and so involved in the moment. When people are in that state they're generally fun to be with. He was very alive.

The first time he came in, I had never heard him play. I forget who recommended him. Everybody had heard my lament about the trouble I was having. I was trying to find a certain sound that I was after on the bottom end, going against the vogue at the time. It's very difficult to buck a vogue. Bass players were playing with dead strings; you couldn't get them to change to get a round, full-bodied tone. I liked that old analog, jukebox, '50s sound, which is upright bass and which is boomier. In the '60s and early '70s you had this dead and distant bass sound. I didn't care for it. And the other thing was, I had started to think, "Why couldn't the bass leave the bottom sometimes and go up and play in the midrange and then return? Why did it have to always play the root?" On "The Jungle Line" I had played some kind of keyboard bass line, and when it came around to Max Bennett having to play it, he just hated it. Because sometimes it didn't root the chord, it went up into the middle. To him that was flat-out wrong. To some people it was eccentric. So when Jaco came in, John Guerin said to me, "God, you must love this guy; he almost never plays the root!"

There was a time when Jaco and I first worked together when there was nobody I'd rather hang with than him. There was an appreciation, a *joie de vivre*, a spontaneity. A lot of people couldn't take him. Maybe that's my peculiarity, but then, I also have a fondness for derelicts.

He had this wide, fat swath of a sound. There weren't a lot of gizmos you could put your instruments through then, and the night I got my Roland Jazz Chorus amp it was sort of a prototype. Jaco and Bobbye Hall and I were playing a benefit up in San Francisco. I tried playing through this thing and Jaco flipped for it. So he stole it off me! He said, "Oh yeah, I'm playing through that tonight!" I said, "What are you talking about? This is my new amp!" He pointed to his rental amp and said, "I'm not playing through that piece of shit." So he took mine! We went out onstage that night and Jaco got this huge wonderful bushy sound and I played through this peanut. He was formidable! You can hear it in the mixes back then. He was very dominating. But I put up with it; I even got a kick out of it. Because I was so thrilled about the way he played. It was exactly what I was waiting for.

He was innovating. First of all, he was changing the bottom end at that time. And he knew that. And with that went a certain amount of confidence which at its worst was offensive to some people. It didn't offend me. His drug problem hadn't begun. You take a big flaming juicy ego like that and then you add drugs to it—it's no good. I mean, Freud thought he'd made great breakthroughs treating inferiority complexes with cocaine. Imagine what it does to add that to someone who's *already* Mister Confidence!

I know he stretched me, and I stretched him some, too, inadvertently, on things like "Don Juan's Reckless Daughter." That was Alexandro Acuña, Don Alias, myself and Jaco. Alex's background is in Latin music, so that track was getting a very Latin percussion sound on the bottom. I said, "No, this is more North American Indian, a more limited palette of drum sounds." So Jaco got an idea. I don't know if he detuned his bass, but he started striking the end of the strings, up by the bridge, and he'd slide with the side of his palm all the way down to the head. He set up this pattern: *du du du doom, du du du doom*. Well, it's a five-minute song, and three minutes into it his hand started to bleed. He shredded it making it slide the full length of his bass strings. They turned into a grater. So we stopped taping and he changed to his venus mound, below the thumb. And when we finished that take, that was bleeding, too. So his whole hand was bleeding. But the music was magnificent, and he was so excited because he'd discovered a new thing. Later he built up calluses and you'd always see him doing those slides. But then he was mad with me because I had copped his new shit for *my* record—and he wanted the new shit for *his* record! I think he might have had a different pain threshold.

Jaco was a self-professed mutt. He had so many different bloodlines running through him. But one of them was Irish and I always felt that was fairly evident. Maybe it was an Irish spirit that the best of our communication went out on. Did you know he was a gerner? A gerner is a funny face maker. They have competitions in England. They pull their lips over their noses, a lot of the best gerners have no teeth—they can collapse their whole face. It's a folk art, and in rural places like the north of England, maybe Wales, they have contests where these hideous contortions are adjudicated. And Jaco was really a master at it. He did all sorts of obscene things with his face. He'd say, "Do you want to see me make my face like a woman's ----?" I swear! I don't know if I want to print this...He'd do it. He'd turn his mouth so it went sideways, he'd pull his lips into obscene shapes, and I'd say, "Oh my God!" I'll tell you, he was so much fun to be with.

He loved his kids and he was really good with kids and with

continued on page 100

out of my head and I'm hearing *the* greatest bass player in the world. He wasn't kidding!"

Colomby had been offered a production deal by Steve Popovich, then the head of A&R at Epic. "He basically said, 'Anything that you find that you wanna produce, we'll put out,' probably fully expecting me to go after some pop band. So I called Steve Popovich and said, 'I'm ready to make that record. This is someone very special. It's a bass player.' And the reaction was, 'Great, what next? An accordion player?' But I was very adamant about Jaco getting a chance to be heard. And Steve says, 'Well, let me hear the guy.'

Trying to conduct the big boys: (L-R) Haden, Williams, Shorter and W. Marsalis.

"So Jaco comes to New York. We're in the back of some restaurant and he's setting up his gear. Popovich used to be a bass player himself, so he's naturally curious. And the head of marketing at the time, Jim Tyrell, also used to be a bass player. So when Jaco starts playing, they both look at each other and go, 'Ohmigod!' His whole approach was so unique...his harmonic thing, his amazing facility on the instrument. They had never heard anything like it before."

They assembled a stellar group of musicians for Jaco's 1976 debut on Epic, including Michael Brecker, David Sanborn, Randy Brecker, Hubert Laws, Lenny White, Narada Michael Walden and Herbie Hancock. The album came out and floored everybody. That same year, Jaco also appeared as a guest on albums by Pat Metheny (*Bright Size Life*, ECM), Joni Mitchell (*Hejira*, Asylum), Al Di Meola (*Land of the Midnight Sun*, Columbia), Ian Hunter (*All-American Alien Boy*, Columbia) and Weather Report (*Black Market*, Columbia). It was a very good year indeed. The buzz was on from New York to Tokyo and all points in between. Jaco was sittin' on top of the world.

Colomby recalls that during this period of great activity in '76, Jaco was totally straight. No booze, no drugs. "He was very healthy then, physically and emotionally. He had the big ego but he was very seriously into the music. In fact, of all the people I knew back then...if you had said to me, 'Who's the last person you'd guess would ever do drugs?' I would've said Jaco. He was the least likely candidate because he was so proud of his physical health and his athleticism.

"Of course, all that changed. He was a genius, but he was also very, very disturbed emotionally, and I don't think any one person could have helped him. I think this end that he had, as violent and awful as it was, is something he really set up. I think he had had it, as if he just wanted some relief. He had gone in a direction where he really wanted an escape."

A pall hung over the Fort Lauderdale area when the news about Jaco hit. Musicians, friends and family members could only shake their heads and mutter, "How could this be? Who's next?" In the space of a few months, three homeboys had died, all at age 35. They had been schoolmates and had been nurtured on the same South Florida music scene.

Bobby Zohn was the first to go. The news of his death by sudden heart attack on the night of June 13th greatly upset Jaco. Zohn (a.k.a. Bob Herzog) had co-written the soulful vehicle for Sam & Dave on Jaco's debut album, the funky "Come On Come Over." He was a legendary white soulman around South Florida. A great rhythm guitarist and passionate singer, he fronted the Blue Riddim Band, the first white reggae band ever to play the Sunsplash Festival in Jamaica. They later released a fine album on Flying Fish Records.

Next was Alex Sadkin, the hot new producer of Duran Duran, Foreigner, Simply Red, Robbie Neville and Arcadia Project. He and Jaco had played together in Woodchuck way back when. Sadkin died in a car accident a month after Zohn passed, and the news crushed Jaco. It also frightened Stephanie Pastorius, Jaco's mother. Upon hearing of Sadkin's death, she told family members, "Things come in threes. I just hope Jaco's not next."

The funeral mass at St. Clement's church on September 25 was a profoundly moving affair. The presence of Joe Zawinul and Wayne Shorter as pallbearers carried heavy meaning for those in attendance, including Pat Metheny, Peter Erskine, Kenwood Dennard, Miles Evans and dozens more who flew in to pay their respects.

Randy Bernsen, Tom Wilkinson and Rich Franks played

Stanley Clarke: First time I met Jaco was when I was playing with Return to Forever. He came to see us down in Florida. He was just this nice kid, kinda shy. He really loved the band and sat there like a fan. Then I hadn't seen him in a couple of years. I guess by that time he was with Weather Report and he was...different. He just picked up some bad habits. But I have some great memories of him. About a year and a half ago I was touring and Jaco came by and sat in with me, and he was sober. He sounded really good. We jammed on "School Days" and "Birdland." I'll never forget that. Actually, the last five years or so me and Jaco got really close. A lot of people used to think that we were enemies or something because supposedly we were the two premier electric bass players. But we were friends. A short while before he died he gave my son his old baseball glove that he had as a kid. So we were pretty close. There was a side to Jaco that was very giving, very compassionate, and, unfortunately, a lot of people didn't see that. I believe Jaco had real problems with alcohol. Not just being an alcoholic, but where the actual liquor creates some kind of chemical imbalance. Because he used to drink and go fuckin' crazy. I used to experience that with my father, so I know. I guess the only good that comes out of Jaco's death is a lesson to young musicians: Don't do what this guy did. He was a great genius and then he started fuckin' around with drugs and drink. You know, I met this guy from the Sex Pistols a long time ago, Sid Vicious. Jaco kinda reminded me of him. In fact, when I heard that Jaco died that was the first thought that I had...he was like the Sid Vicious of jazz.

EV gives you Extended Range™ Speaker Systems

. . . and we're also giving you an EV T-Shirt just for listening to them!

One brief "listen," and we've gotcha! We're so convinced that you can't resist buying a pair of our SH-1502ER or SH-1512ER two-way Extended Range speakers, once you've heard them, that we're authorizing our participating dealers to give you a certificate redeemable for an EV T-shirt, just for hearing a demonstration!

The first thing you'll notice about these systems is their upper-end transparency and detail, extending into the critical 12,000-to-20,000-Hz range, where many systems fail. Our superb DH2010A driver assures flat response up to and beyond audibility, capturing the exciting shimmer of a cymbal, the highest overtones of a horn, the harmonics that impart vibrant life and "sizzle" to vocals.

Whether you choose the vented, horn-loaded SH-1502ER, with its extra sensitivity and power, or the balanced warmth of the SH-1512ER direct radiator, you'll enjoy tight, deep bass with plenty of punch. Our EVG-15 woofer, conservatively rated at 200 watts, gives you distortion-free sound with excellent transient response, even at the high sound pressure levels and dynamics common to live performance.

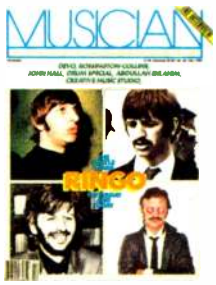
Our patented Road-Wood™* enclosures are carefully fitted and bonded, and covered with durable abuse-resistant carpeting to ensure years of hard use. And our five-year warranty is a rarity in speaker systems for the working musician.

See your EV dealer soon and hear what an EV Extended Range speaker system can do for you and your music. And for the people who paid to hear you.

For more information, write Electro-Voice, Inc., 600 Cecil Street, Buchanan, MI 49107.

*Patent #4,624,338

Electro-Voice®
Ev
a MARK IV company



40
Ringo Starr
Drummers, Devo, Rossington Collins

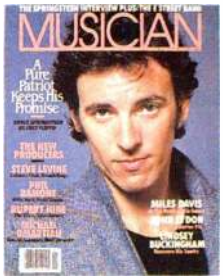
41
Miles,
Genesis, Lowell George

77
John Fogerty
Marsalis/Hancock, Los Lobos

84
John Cougar Mellencamp
Bryan Ferry, Maurice White

54
Bob Seger,
Todd Rungren, Missing Persons

69
Michael Jackson
R.E.M., Charlie Watts



73
Springsteen,
Miles Davis, PiL, Producer Special

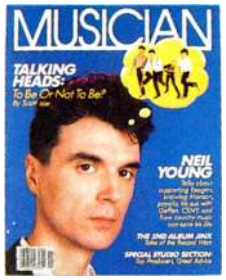
71
Heavy Metal
Dream Syndicate, George Duke

81
Sting,
Graham Parker, Getting Signed

BACK ISSUES

40 . **Ringo,** Drummers, Devo, Rossington Collins
41 . **Miles Davis,** Genesis, Lowell George
42 . . . **Hall & Oates,** Zappa, Jaki Byard
45 **Willie Nelson,** John McLaughlin, the Motels
53. **Tom Petty,** Culture Club, Thompson Twins
58 . **The Kinks,** R.E.M., Marvin Gaye
64 . **Stevie Wonder,** Reggae 1984, Ornette Coleman
65 . **Pretenders,** Paul Simon, ABC
67 . . . **Thomas Dolby,** Chet Baker, Alarm, Marcus Miller
69 . . **Michael Jackson,** R.E.M., Charlie Watts
70 . **Peter Wolf,** King Crimson, Bass/Drum Special
71 . **Heavy Metal,** Dream Syndicate, George Duke
73 . . **Springsteen,** Miles Davis, PiL, Producer Special
77 **John Fogerty,** Marsalis/Hancock, Los Lobos
79 **Jeff Beck,** Jimmy Page, Arthur Baker
80 . . . **Phil Collins,** Joan Armatrading, Josef Zawinul
82 . . **Brian Wilson,** Sting II, Jerry Garcia
83 . . **Mark Knopfler,** R.E.M., John Cage & Brian Eno
84 . . **John Cougar,** Bryan Ferry, Maurice White
85 . . **Talking Heads,** Neil Young, Eurythmics
86 **Joni Mitchell,** Simple Minds, Hall & Oates
89 . . **Elvis Costello,** Al Green, Mick Jones
91 . . . **Rolling Stones,** INXS, Bangles
92 **Joe Jackson,** Seger, Lydon
93 **Peter Gabriel,** Steve Winwood, Lou Reed
94 . . . **Jimi Hendrix,** Prince, 38 Special
96 . . . **Tina Turner,** Paul McCartney, Frank Zappa
97 **Eric Clapton,** Ric Ocasek, Paul Simon
99 . . . **Boston,** Kinks, Year in Rock '86
100 . . . **100th issue retrospective**
102 **Robert Cray,** Los Lobos, Simply Red
103 . . . **U2,** Stevie & Jimmie Vaughan, Rick Rubin
104 **Springsteen,** Progressive Percussion
105 **Coltrane,** Springsteen, George Martin
106 **Bowie,** Husker Du, Peter Wolf
107 . . . **Robbie Robertson,** Tom Petty, Big Guitar Special
108 . . **U2,** Tom Waits, Squeeze
109 **George Harrison,** Mick Jagger Crazy Horse

94
Jimi Hendrix
Prince, Let's Active



85
Talking Heads,
Neil Young, Eurythmics

86
Joni Mitchell,
Simple Minds, Hall & Oates

89
Elvis Costello,
Al Green, Mick Jones

91
Stones,
INXS, Bangles

21 . **Brian Eno,** Reggae Festival, Weather Report
24 **Bob Marley,** Sun Ra, Free Jazz/Punk
31 . . . **Steely Dan,** John Lennon, Steve Winwood
32 . . **Talking Heads,** Brian Eno, John Fogerty
33 . . **The Clash,** Joe Strummer, Mick Jones
34 . . **Tom Petty,** Carlos Santana, Dave Edmonds
36 . . **Grateful Dead,** Hard Pop, Miles Davis
37 . . **Reggae,** The Rolling Stones, Rickie Lee Jones

I have marked the issues I'd like to have. Please send me ____ magazines at $4.00 each ($5.00 outside the U.S.). **Please Allow 6-8 Weeks Delivery**
(U.S. funds only.) **Money Orders 2-3 Weeks Delivery**

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ **Zip** _____

MUSICIAN, P.O. Box 701, Gloucester, MA 01931-0701 ****DO NOT SEND CASH****

21 24 31 32 33
34 36 37 40 41
42 45 53 58 64
65 67 69 70 71
73 77 79 80 82
83 84 85 86 89
91 92 93 94 96
97 99 100 102
103 104 105 106
107 108 109

Molineaux: "In the last months he was like an empty shell. You'd get the feeling that he wanted to go. But that spirit in him, that thing that made us smile, *that* was Jaco."

Jaco's beautiful, unrecorded ballad "Las Olas" during the consecration. Peter Graves' nine-piece horn ensemble played "Continuum" during the holy communion. And when those nine horns blended together on the melancholy "Three Views of a Secret," as Joe and Wayne and the rest marched the coffin down the aisle and out of the church to end the mass, there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

After the ceremony, close friends of the family retired to Tracy's house to sit and reminisce about Jaco while listening to the records that Stephanie had brought over from her Jaco archives. Outside on the patio, Zawinul, Erskine and Shorter toasted their lost comrade with shots of Jack Daniels as they flipped through Erskine's personal snapshot book from Weather Report days.

"I'll never forget," began Zawinul with a laugh. "The day I met him he walks up to me and says, 'I'm John Francis Pastorius III and I'm the greatest bass player in the world.' And I say to him, 'Get the fuck outta here!' But he gave me a tape and later he wrote me a letter. And what I liked about this letter was that he printed large, very bold. Not this small, cramped stuff you gotta squint to read. So I listened to the tape and was knocked out by it. Then I called him and asked, 'Can you also play electric bass?' He was playing so fast and so fluid, unlike any electric player at the time, that I thought it was an upright bass. Then I asked him, 'Well, can you play funk?' And, of course, I found out."

Joe threw back another shot of Jack and smiled as Jaco's funky bassline from "Opus Pocus" punctuated the conversation. "He was a fucking genius, that guy!"

Drummer Erskine recalled his fateful meeting with Jaco while on the road with Maynard Ferguson's band. "We were playing a gig somewhere in Miami and Jaco had come down to check out the band and say hello to an old buddy of his, a trumpeter in Maynard's band at the time named Ron Tooley [who had played with Jaco in Graves' band at Bachelors III].

Marcus Miller: I first heard Jaco around '76 when his first album came out. It pretty much didn't come off my turntable for a year and a half. I mean, I would play other records but I would put them on top of Jaco's record. I analyzed all his solos, man, and it opened up a whole world for me. I got my basic chordal education from listening to his records. I guess the high point of my friendship with him was when he came down to the old 55 Grand club one night when my band was playing. Jaco got up and we did "Continuum" with two basses and it was like a dream for me. I couldn't believe I was standing there playing the same tune I had been practicing for so long at home along with Jaco's record. I left there with a glow. He was my man, you know? I really miss him.

"So between sets I noticed that Ron was speaking to someone. I went over to talk to Ron and he says, 'Oh Peter, I want you to meet Jaco Pastorius.' And here was this guy with stringy hair wearing a goofy pair of horn-rimmed glasses and a Phillies baseball cap with his shirt buttoned to the top button. And I just stood there and looked at him in complete amazement and said, 'No shit!' He didn't look anything like the guy in that black-and-white photograph on his album cover. From that, I had this impression of this very sophisticated guy. He had a very Continental appearance, but this guy standing before me was this sort of wild beach-bum character."

What impressed Erskine most about that initial meeting, he said, was Jaco's genuine warmth and his feelings of musical brotherhood. "He was very sweet. After we talked he very gently said, 'Hey, have a great set. Enjoy it!' And I knew he meant it. He was really supportive and sincere.

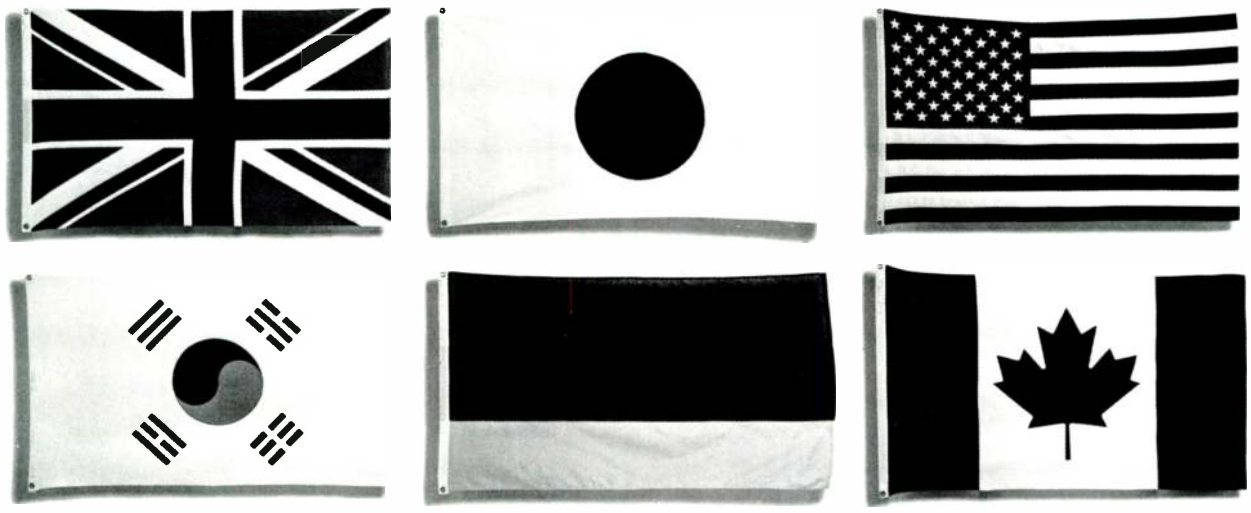
Jeff Berlin: I was at Berklee when Pat Metheny first told me about him. And when the record came out I said, "That's it. Unbelievable. Amazing. This is probably the greatest stylist we have." I actually went out and got a fretless for a few months then switched back because I knew that after a while loads of people would be playing fretless and I was afraid of being imitative. So I went through a period where I deliberately avoided listening to the Weather Report albums because I knew that if I had listened with a real focused attention to it, it would be near impossible for me not to do some of that stuff. Later on, after I was a little stronger myself, I was able to enjoy those records. Everything that Jaco ever did just smote of originality and musicality and funk and tone and utter brilliance. I only met him once. We played an impromptu duo concert in Los Angeles and it was really great. We got along well and it made me think that we could be friends, but he was mostly in New York and Florida and I was mostly on the West Coast. But I'll always remember playing with him that night. He was our champion of bass...our great emperor of bass.

"And then after the gig we hung out with Jaco that evening. One of the guys in the band had a cassette player and Jaco had a final mix of *Heavy Weather* [Weather Report's epic '77 album]. We were so excited, all the guys in Maynard's rhythm section, to hear this stuff. It was like...amazing! That record was so stunning to hear. We all stayed up all night and listened to it over and over and over again."

A few months later, Jaco used his influence in Weather Report to get Erskine into the band, replacing Alex Acuña. Jaco and Peter became close friends as roommates on the road, playing and traveling together for three years as members of the world's premier fusion group.

Once he joined the group, Erskine began noticing a gradual change in Jaco's attitude. "They were partying a little harder by the time I joined up in '78," he recalls. "I always thought that Jaco was trying to out-macho Joe with the drinking and the boasting and everything. 'I'm the baddest this and that and I'm in the greatest shape ever,' and that sort of thing. It was just fun stuff at the time but then suddenly Jaco started pursuing some other muse. The increasing ingestion of...whatever...began reaping totally different effects on Jaco."

His stage demeanor changed from reserved to outrageous—part Hendrix, part Belushi, part kabuki. Jaco's antics



The best the world has to offer.

Only the finest materials are used to create a Young Chang piano. And we've gone to great lengths to find them.

To Alaska and Canada for premium grade spruce for our soundboards, keys and backposts. To England's Royal George Feltworks for our hammer felt. To Germany and Japan for our premium core wire.

And because Young Chang pianos are created in Korea, we're able to offer exceptional instruments carefully crafted of the finest materials in the world at the very best value. Our instruments also come with a 12-year *full* warranty that promises outstanding performance, year after year.

At Young Chang, we're dedicated to creating instruments of outstanding quality and extraordinary beauty. It's a commitment to produce instruments nothing short of remarkable. Instruments that approach perfection.

Because at Young Chang, we're dedicated to offering the best this world has to offer.

To find out why people think the world of our pianos, visit your Young Chang dealer. Or contact us at Young Chang America, 13336 Alondra Boulevard, Cerritos, CA 90701.

YOUNG CHANG

thrilled his fans but turned off stodgy jazz critics who dismissed it all as showboating. And gradually that sort of bizarre behavior began manifesting itself offstage as well.

"There was always a little bit of the devil in Jaco," says Erskine. "He was mischievous at the very least. The outrageousness was always a part of him, but he was always fairly rational about it. Any outrageous moment would be followed very shortly thereafter by a little under-the-table sort of...you know, he'd lean back and give you a little wink just to let you know that *he* knew he was being pretty outrageous, for effect or whatever. But then, gradually, the boundary lines just started to blur."

Erskine pauses, shakes his head and adds, "It's tough when a guy sets out to join the ranks of the jazz legends that completely fucked up their lives, but Jaco seemed determined to follow the path of guys like Bird. It's so sad. I mean, here is someone who had what seemed to be the most unbelievable potential. He really had it by the tail. I mean, he was like the biggest thing at one point...almost in the whole music industry. It was pretty unbelievable...for a creative instrumental musician to have that much impact. And then...boom! The *enfant terrible* thing came out and...whoosh!"

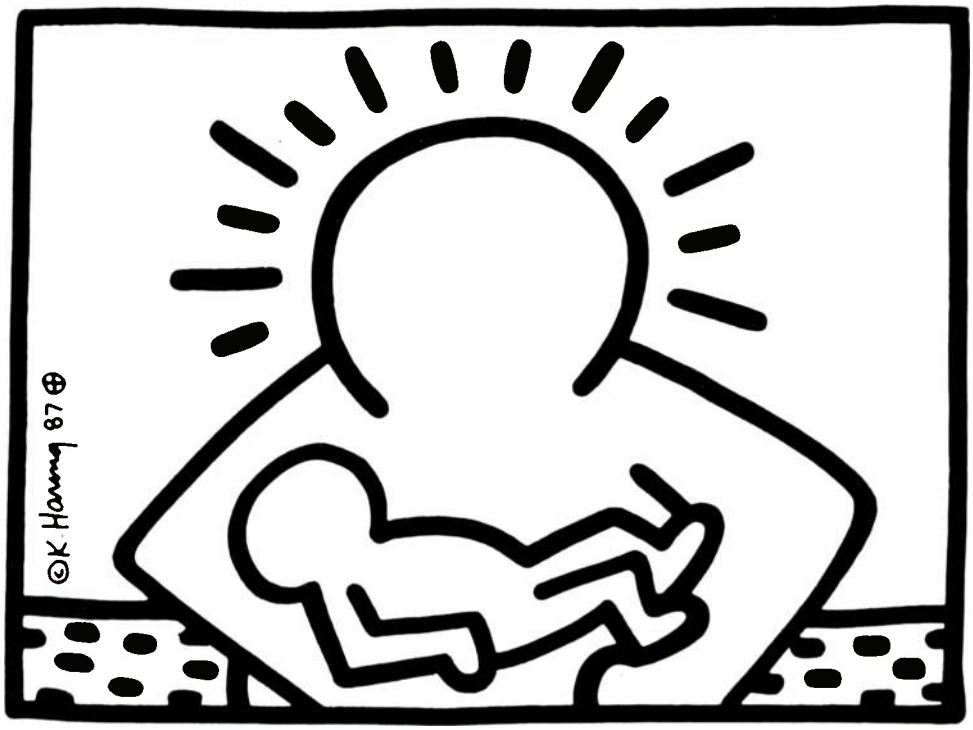
Friends and associates first began getting seriously concerned about Jaco during the tumultuous tour of Japan in '82 with the Word of Mouth band. As Erskine recalls, "That's when he really got out of hand. It was a pretty great band, actually. Some of the best players in New York were in that band, but Jaco was completely sabotaging the group left and right. Somehow it managed to sound good on the record and Jaco wound up sounding great himself, but a lot of us were pretty unnerved at the shows. That's when he really got heavily into painting his face with magic marker, stripping and running around naked. It was pretty awful. And it was scary. It was like a different person than the guy I met down in Miami that night with Maynard's band. The look in his eyes...everything just seemed wrong."

Jaco was arrested at one point during that '82 tour for riding around Tokyo naked on a motorcycle. In '83, while on tour with a scaled-down septet version of the Word of Mouth band, Jaco plunged 25 feet from a balcony in Rimini, Italy, resulting in a broken left wrist and three cracked ribs. The tour was cancelled but Jaco was soon back in New York, jamming at the 55 Grand club in SoHo while wearing a cumbersome cast.

At the '83 Playboy Jazz Festival in Los Angeles, Jaco caused such a commotion onstage, thrashing around and knocking over equipment, that festival promoters were forced to give him the hook. In 1984, he was ushered out of the lobby of Blue Note Records in Manhattan for creating a disturbance by shouting, cursing and finally taking off his clothes. In '85 he was arrested in Philadelphia while trying to break into the home of his father. Soon after that incident, he entered a rehabilitation center in Pennsylvania and returned to the New York scene a few weeks later, subdued on lithium.

The entire summer of '86 was a nightmare that culminated, through the urging and plotting of his concerned brothers Gregory and Rory, in Jaco finally submitting and entering the psychiatric ward at Bellevue Hospital in New York. He remained there for six weeks under the scrutiny of psychiatrists, though he was hardly a model patient. He resisted all attempts to cut through his psychological armor and get to the

A VERY SPECIAL CHRISTMAS



15 All-new Christmas recordings, featuring popular favorites, and new holiday classics from your favorite hit artists:

BRYAN ADAMS

BON JOVI • EURYTHMICS • WHITNEY HOUSTON

MADONNA • JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP

ALISON MOYET • STEVIE NICKS

THE POINTER SISTERS • THE PRETENDERS • RUN-D.M.C

BOB SEGER & THE SILVER BULLET BAND

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AND THE E STREET BAND

STING • U2

For the Special Olympics

heart of his problems. He'd jump up and walk out of therapy sessions at key moments, just before a breakthrough, and his constant line was: "Hey, I'm cool. *They're* nuts. Not me. You and I know what's the real deal. They're calling me nuts and I'm saner than anybody."

During his stay, Jaco would spend hours on the pay phone at the end of the hall, calling everybody he knew in the music industry, on both coasts. With a fistful of quarters he'd ring up Bruce Lundvall at Blue Note, Ted Templeman at Warner Bros., George Butler at Columbia, this magazine, and anyone else he could think of. To no avail. He was a blasting cap in the industry, and people were mindful to keep a safe distance.

When I visited him at what he called the Bellevue Spa and Casino Hotel, he declared, "They did all these tests on me. They had me hooked up to something that looked like the board at the Power Station...electrodes and shit all over my face. And they found no traces of alcohol or drugs in my blood, which is what I told 'em. So it looks like I'm on the road to gettin' outta here. Hell, I'll be back. Everybody wants me. They're standing in line to sign me. I'm ready to burn, man. I'm straight as an arrow, strong as a bull and rarin' to get back to work."

He popped in a tape he made in Europe with gypsy guitarist Bireli Lagrene. A blazing, danceable funk version of Jimi Hendrix's "Third Stone from the Sun" blared through the speakers in the Bellevue recreation room. Jaco listened and nodded approvingly. "Do you hear that? Killer! Killer! There's nuthin' out there that's this bad. Yeah, I've got the real shit. This is killin'! Yeah, now it's time to make my move."

Jaco was released from Bellevue in late '86 and split for San Francisco, where he stayed at the home of a drummer friend named Brian Melford. A couple months later he returned to his South Florida roots. It was the beginning of '87 and there seemed hope for him. Jaco was cool, according to close friends in Fort Lauderdale. He was not drinking a drop and he was conscientiously exercising and rehearsing daily with pals like guitarist Randy Bernsen and bassist Charles Norkus. Bernsen remembers it as an inspiring period.

"He looked great and was playing great. It was so exciting. He was accepting starting out at ground zero, playing around with the local cats again. He was getting back to work. We'd wake up, go for a swim and then play music for hours. We did a duet gig together at some restaurant...played Beatles tunes and some of Jaco's stuff. And he was magnificent. It was so inspiring to see him like that. His spirit seemed so strong."

But something went awry. Suddenly, around March, Jaco's mood turned dark. He stopped the regular routine of exercising and rehearsing and began drinking heavily. The booze had long ago wreaked havoc with his liver and now it was seriously threatening his brain cells.

By summer, Jaco was out of control again. It was a repeat of that pathetic summer he had spent on the streets of New York City the year before—sleeping in parks, panhandling, never washing, running amok. He seemed lost, frustrated, tormented, desperately clinging to his past glory. He began breaking into the homes of his friends and family, grabbing all the Weather Report and Word of Mouth albums he could find, thinking, "These are my records." He'd walk into record stores in Lauderdale and pull the same stunt, which on one occasion led to an arrest. He also began crashing concerts, trying to climb onstage and sit in with bands. He had tried

commandeering the stage the previous summer during a Chick Corea Elektric Band gig at Pier 84 in Manhattan, only to be subdued by stagehands. And on one of the last nights of his life he tried to do the same during a Santana concert at the Sunrise Musical Theatre in Fort Lauderdale.

The horror stories continued to pour in right up until Jaco's tragic episode outside the Midnight Bottle Club. But down in South Florida they prefer to ignore the horror stories and remember Jaco as the altar boy at St. Clement's church, the paperboy who did his route on a motorcycle, the lanky kid on the high school basketball team, the local bass-playing phenom who broke out and made good.

"I think sometimes all those heavy stories about Jaco tend to detract from his music," says Bernsen. "But now people are going back to the music and rediscovering the magic. Last night I listened to Jaco's records all evening and I tell you, man, he was *there*. His spirit is in the music."

Apart from his regular discography, there are many other recorded documents of Jaco's phenomenal playing floating around. He had already recorded a third album for Warner Bros.—an ambitious steel pans project he wanted to call *Holiday for Pans*—before being unceremoniously dumped by the label in '84. Those 48-track master tapes sit idly by, still waiting to be released. Currently there is a legal tussle over

PASTORIUS from page 91

animals. Jaco was a great spirit before his deterioration by these toxics. He'd come to L.A. to make his fortune and spent a lot of time away from home. Once his wife called to say his child was mad with him because he never came home. Jaco said, "That's good, that's good, it shows the kid is thinking!" He had such a positive attitude about certain things. It was detached in a certain way, but not without warmth. I thought he had wonderful eyes before drugs clouded them. Look at that portrait of him on his first album cover and see if he doesn't look like some Tibetan sage.

He'd say, "I'm the baddest. I'm not braggin', I'm just telling the truth!" And I'd give him that. As far as I was concerned he *was* telling the truth. It didn't even seem inappropriate to me that he knew it. But in order to keep the beauty of that bravado, you have to be able to back it up. And when his talent and inspiration began to be corroded by the clouding over of perception which accompanies overindulgence in drugs and alcohol, then he became a tragic figure on the scene. And anyone who's that arrogant going up, people love to carve up going down. Therein lies the tragedy.

He started to get unruly, but I could deal with that. On *Don Juan's Reckless Daughter* there was a date where Henry Lewy and I waited for him. He was a hired hand coming in to play on a session and he didn't show up. I thought I knew where we could find him. So when he was about two hours late I said, "Come on, Henry, we're going to go and get him." So sure enough, he and Wayne Shorter and Joe Zawinul and Peter Erskine, the drummer who had just joined Weather Report, were rehearsing for a tour. Wayne was up on the stage noodling around with the piano, and down on the floor were Jaco and Zawinul playing Frisbee. The two of them reminded me of European circus people: Zawinul with his straight back and shoulders like the Austrian tightrope walker, so proud, and Jaco had that same kind of command. He'd jump over the speakers; there were a lot of circus aspects to his performance. So here they were tossing this Frisbee around. Jaco would catch it just like a circus act. "Ta-Daa!" You could hear the trumpet fanfare in the background. Then they threw it to Peter Erskine. Now Peter was the new guy in the band. Boy, that thing was coming toward him and there was panic in his eyes. He caught it in kind of a wobbly way, and he wobbled it back to Zawinul. And they looked at him kind of like, "*Not the Flying Wallichi Brothers.*" They tossed it a few more rounds and then they tossed it to Wayne. Now this was an insight into Wayne. Here was a Frisbee coming at him in his peripheral vision—he had both hands on the keyboards—and just at the perfect moment Wayne reached out his left hand, caught it and threw it back to them. He never turned his head, and he only took one hand off the keyboards.

When Jaco and I played one on one in the studio it was a different thing. On *Mingus* there's a duet that we did, "God Must Be a Boogie Man." I heard that the other day and I thought, "God, I don't know how he hung in there with me!" I let a long time go by between notes. I'd go *bomp* and he'd catch it with me! There'd be a lot of space. It wasn't like there was a band or somebody keeping metered time. I thought, "How did he do that?" Then I remembered, he used to watch my foot. My right foot would be keeping the steady time.

The *Shadows and Light* tour worked out fine, but it didn't look like it was going to. Jaco was musical director, and as musical director he didn't show up until we'd already been in rehearsal for about two weeks. And when he did show up he decided he didn't like the band. As we'd been rehearsing without a bass player, we'd kind of fleshed it in to where it sounded pretty good even without a bass. So when Jaco came he started tearing the arrangements apart, demanding more space onstage. He later came to love everybody, but he didn't hear it that way initially. He didn't like Don Alias on drum kit. He liked him on hand drums. Well, I really liked the feel of Don's playing. He's not a technical virtuoso on the kit like he is on congas and other kinds of drums, where he's in the top three in the world, but he's such a good *feeling* kit player to me. So we had this big argument and it didn't look like the thing was going to fly. But as the tour rolled along that tension dissolved. As a matter of fact, he took that band and played with them on his own record.

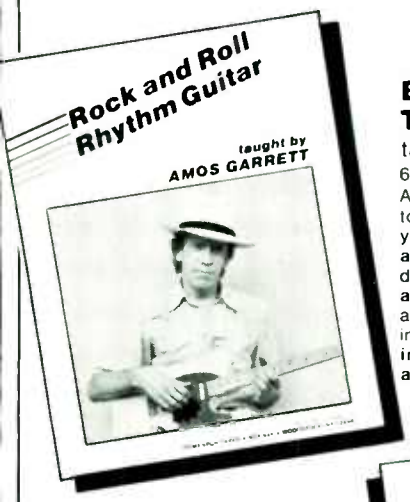
I think he played very well on that tour, especially, oddly enough, the day we filmed. Something personal had happened to him that day. I don't know what. Something between his wife and his mother, some family thing had gone down. He was in the midst of some tempering revelation. When we started, the first few notes he played were from "I Was High and Mighty." For a minute I thought, "I can't believe it! I'm watching Jaco have a humble attack! It's not really good for him to be this humble. Come on, Jaco, be a *little* arrogant!" Toward the end he took off, but he used to jump over his amp and beat his bass with his strap every night on that tour—this was the one night he didn't do it. It was a shame because Mike Brecker and I had cooked it up that when he jumped over the speakers and beat his bass, Mike was going to jump out and beat his saxophone. We were going to have a real donnybrook up there. I thought, "Maybe I'll come out and beat the piano." And he didn't do it.

There wasn't any real parting point between us that I recall. We stopped playing together because Jaco didn't play well anymore. But in the meantime I lost contact with him. It was more of a drifting apart than a breaking off. He went off with Weather Report and they played Japan and I heard tales of him

continued on page 122

Discover the Musician Within You!

Homespun Tapes teaches you more than just the notes. Besides great licks, new tunes and hot solos, you also learn musicianship, technique, and the ideas behind the music.



Rock and Roll Rhythm Guitar

taught by Amos Garrett

6 tapes, $65

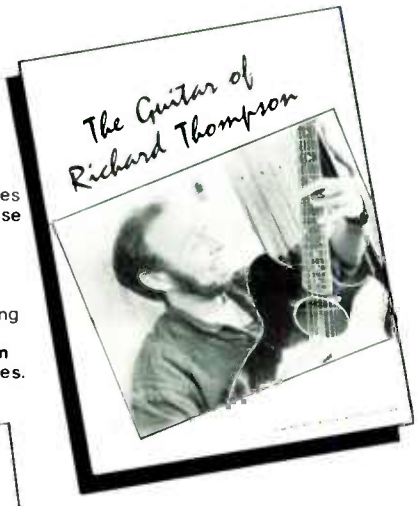
The chops, rhythm lines, and grooves of the greats, from Chuck Berry to Bo Diddley, Memphis to Motown. Includes chord shapes, pick technique, arpeggios, strums, scales and exercises. A **must** for all aspiring electric guitar players.

Basic Vocal Technique

taught by Penny Nichols

6 tapes, $65

A tape course for **anyone** who likes to sing. These lessons will **increase your vocal range, tone, power and stamina,** and help you to develop **breath control, vibrato, articulation** and **projection**. In addition to all this, you learn a song in each lesson in order to study **interpretation, phrasing, rhythm** and other performance techniques.



Ear Training for Instrumentalists

taught by Matt Glaser

6 tapes, $65

Play or sing anything you hear, transcribe instrumental solos, recognize pitches, intervals, and phrases, repeat complex rhythms and meters. **No matter what your instrument** this course in musicianship, theory, and ear training will **develop your skills and expand your musical consciousness.**

New Orleans Piano

taught by Dr. John

5 tapes + book, $65 ($14.95 ea.)

Here are **five solid hours of Mac (Dr. John) Rebennack** playing, singing, and teaching, imparting his vast knowledge of the traditional piano styles of Professor Longhair, Huey Smith, Fats Domino, Ray Charles, et al. **Highly recommended for all keyboard players,** and any other musicians who want to delve deeply into this great musical genre.

English, Irish and Scottish Dance Tunes for Guitar

2 tapes, $24.95

Song Accompaniment Techniques

1 90-min. tape, $19.95

Complete package, $39.95

taught by Richard Thompson

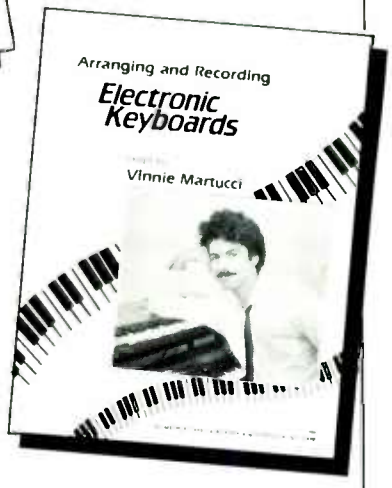
The first two tapes teach you Richard's fascinating arrangements of hornpipes, reels, Morris dances, and jigs. The third tape features accompaniments, breaks, and intros to ten of his most requested original songs. Lots of new ideas and approaches to traditional and contemporary picking.

Exploring the Fingerboard

taught by Russ Barenberg

6 tapes, $65

A unique method enabling you to play any note in any position it occurs on the neck. Also contains music theory, ear training, improvisation, and exercises. Highly recommended for all guitarists.

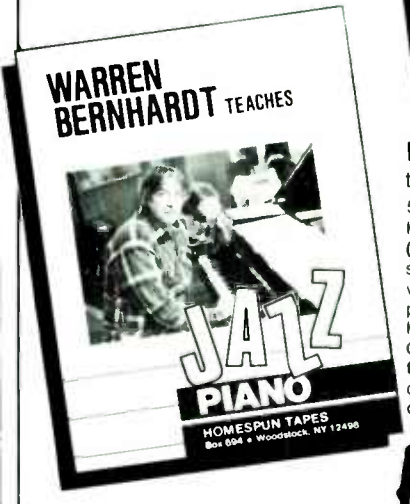


Arranging and Recording for Electronic Keyboards

taught by Vinnie Martucci

6 tapes + book, $65

You'll be amazed at what you can create with your synthesizer, drum machine, and four-track cassette deck! Here is detailed instruction on **soloing, creating bass parts, keyboard rhythm sections, melodic lead lines; programming drum machines; creating MIDI combinations; and arranging your tunes to come up with a great professional sound. Highly recommend it for all musicians!**



Jazz Piano

taught by Warren Bernhardt

6 tapes + book, $65

One of the world's great contemporary players explores jazz piano in depth. You'll learn **theory, improvisation, unique exercises and etudes, chord voicings, complete solo arrangements,** and a **real understanding** of the piano and its possibilities.

To Order Call
1-800-33-TAPES

Homespun Tapes

BOX 694M, WOODSTOCK, NY 12498

BOX 694M, WOODSTOCK, NY 12498

Write in name of series being ordered	Instructor	Amount
DEDUCT 10% ON ORDERS OF $195 OR MORE		
*Post. & Hand.: $3.50 per 6-cassette series (in U.S. $6 maximum)		
NYS Residents add 7% sales tax		
Total enclosed		$

*Europe $10 airmail per series. Asia & Australia $12 airmail per series

☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard Exp. date _____

Card number _____

Signature _____

C.O.D. orders accepted in U.S.

Write or call 800-33-TAPES (for orders only) or (914) 679-7832 or (914) 246-2550

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Write or call for FREE catalog listing hundreds of instructional audio & video tapes — sent with every order.

them, and several different parties have already come forward claiming ownership, including one guy down in Florida who put up $5,000 to bail Jaco out of jail in exchange for his signature on a contract. The executor of Jaco's estate, his brother Rory, hopes to acquire the tapes and put out a posthumous album with all proceeds going toward a trust fund for the four surviving children.

At a benefit concert Saturday night, hours after the funeral services, the tears turned to cheers. Pat Metheny and Peter Erskine were on hand to pay tribute to their pal. "I can tell you that today there are hundreds of thousands of people in the world who are really sad about Jaco not being around," said Metheny to the enthusiastic crowd at the Holiday Inn in Fort Lauderdale. "But there's one thing I'm sure of. Jaco is checking us out and he's really happy."

They played tunes that Jaco loved to play: "Stella by Starlight," "All the Things You Are," James Brown's "The Chicken," Herbie Hancock's "Cantaloupe Island," and, of course, Buster Brown's "Fannie Mae." The Peter Graves Atlantic Driftwood Orchestra did faithful renditions of Jaco's "Liberty City," "Three Views of a Secret" and "Domingo" (one of his oldest and as yet unrecorded compositions).

Jack Pastorius, who at the wake had grabbed the spotlight by banging out a bongo solo on the coffin lid (guess where Jaco got his outrageous streak from?), got up and crooned "I've Got You Under My Skin" and later sat in on drums for a rousing finale with Metheny and company. It was one helluva sendoff.

Was Jaco a genius? "Anyone who could arrange and conceptualize music the way he did really deserves that title," maintains Peter Yanellos. "I've worked with a lot of people in different styles of music over the years and you see a lot of things you admire, but I was in awe of his musical conception."

But as Jaco once said of himself, "I'm not a star. I'll never be a Frank Sinatra or Elvis Presley or a Ray Charles. I'm just an imitator, man. I'm doing a very bad imitation on the bass of Jerry Jemmott, Bernard Odum, Jimmy Fielder, Jimmy Blanton, Igor Stravinsky, Jimi Hendrix, John Coltrane, James Brown, Charlie Parker...the *cats*, man. I'm just backing up the cats." M

Mark Egan: We used to play in a band together down in Florida called Baker's Dozen back around 1973. That's where I first heard him play. And he'd play me some tapes of him with Wayne Cochran's band that totally blew me away. It was like John McLaughlin on the bass, a whole other concept. I had been listening to Stanley Clarke a lot at the time, but Jaco had a whole different approach. His direction was just harmonically and conceptually advanced and very innovative. He heard things in a different way and could convey them on bass. Of course the virtuosity of his playing was totally dazzling and amazing, but what really impressed me was his sheer intensity and conviction. I remember getting together to rehearse with him and after being with him for a couple of hours I'd be buzzing for days. His energy level was so high. I never met anyone who was so motivating as Jaco. What a loss. He was a really heavy, heavy spirit. As eccentric as he was, he was really a fountain of music. And as out as he got, he was still a friend.

You know what "old reliable" can do. It's a remarkably durable design. And still hanging on.

We dare you to look for more. For instance, rejection of off-axis sound that continues working even at the lowest frequencies. Plus our famed ***Road Tough*** construction that made A-T a favorite for reliability from the start.

The differences may seem subtle to the layman...but will be obvious – and most welcome – to you and other sophisticated listeners.

ATM41a

It's a far better sound value... for just a little more!

audio-technica.

Audio-Technica U.S., Inc., 1221 Commerce Dr., Stow, OH 44224
(216) 686-2600

BRUCE FACES ALL THAT STUFF WE'RE SO SCARED OF

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Tunnel of Love
(Columbia)

One thing I have noticed about the lifestyles of the rich and famous is that the very rich and famous can control their environment almost completely, and the more control they get, the more they obsess on the smidgen of reality they can't control. Sometimes this obsession takes the form of a woman who is insufficiently impressed by the rich person's money. Sometimes it takes the form of a critic who is insufficiently impressed with the rich person's talent. And sometimes it is odd health practices to fend off that ultimate uncontrollable—Death.

Bruce Springsteen opens *Tunnel of Love* by musing on just this subject. The song is "Ain't Got You," there is no accompaniment, and the melody has the feel of a field holler. After the five-record live set, this simplicity seems to be a way of saying, "Look, ma, no bombast." And the simplicity continues throughout the album—not quite as spare as *Nebraska*, but Phil Spector has definitely been dropped from the list of influences this time around. The specific words of the opening cut deliver the clear message that no matter how much money and adulation you accrue, it hurts to realize that the woman of your obsession is not your possession.

It is rare for Springsteen to be singing this directly about himself. Even when he tells autobiographical stories onstage, they tend to be of the tall-tale variety. Or if the character singing the song is not Bruce (maybe the Ghost of Bruce-Past, or Elvis after loving Priscilla), it is rare for him to be singing about the situation of a rock star rather than people trapped by poverty in stultifying small towns. So I agree with his insight and applaud his effort at self-revelation.

At the same time, I find his choice of imagery odd. Maybe Springsteen is uninterested in the accoutrements of wealth, but it seems like a guy who pays so much attention to setting time and place in his songs would be enough of a reporter to have a wealthy rock star sound more like a wealthy rock star and less like a...well, I don't know. And that's the problem. I don't know anyone who would use a phrase like "I got the fortunes of heaven in diamonds and gold." It sounds antiquated, almost King Jamesian. There is no indication of why this wealthy rock star should sound like King Solomon. And this is just the first line of several that clink. In a similar song that aimed lower in theme but scored higher in execution, Janis Joplin got her status symbols correct in "Mercedes Benz."

Of the 11 remaining cuts, nine are firmly grounded in the Springsteen small-town landscape, with characters who arrive at hard-won epiphanies during lives of mostly quiet desperation.

Some Things Are Meant To Last.
Pick One.

Okay, here's the list.

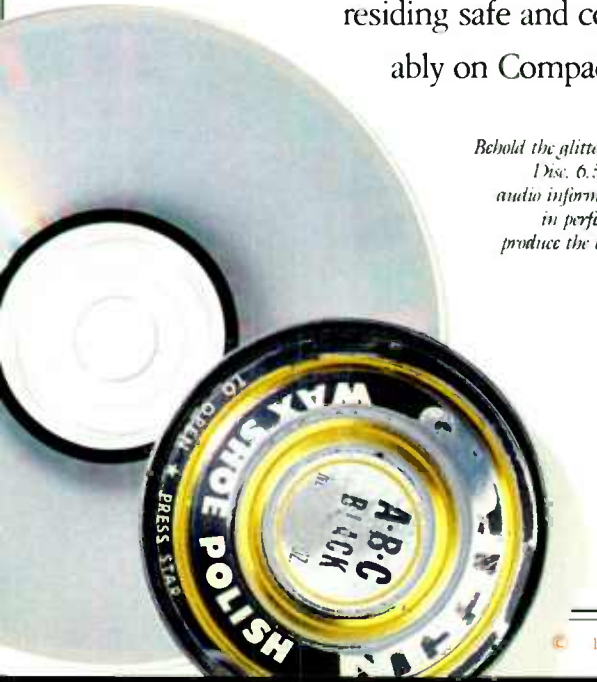
1. Great Music.
2. Compact Discs.
3. Cockroaches.

Yes, it's an ugly comparison. A disgusting metaphor. But it's a fact that we share our small world with these odious creatures, and probably will for a long, long time.

Great music will always live on, but not necessarily as distortion-free, protected and pure as it should be. Because most music still lives in soft, vulnerable, vinyl-y places, not in drainpipes.

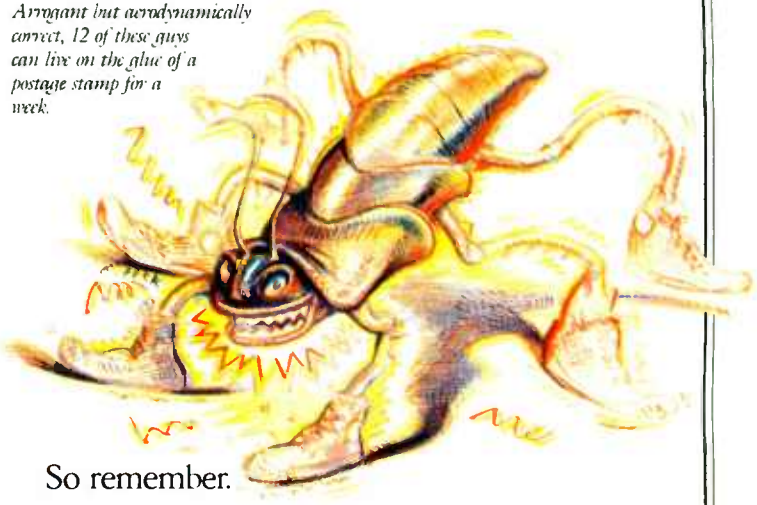
Yes, if you're betting on constancy, our advice is to go with the indefatigable roach. But don't underestimate the tenacity of the Compact Disc. It's practically indestructible. That's why we've decided to release some of our best albums on CD.

Fleetwood Mac, Van Morrison, Little Feat, Paul Simon, ZZ Top and the Grateful Dead. Now residing safe and comfortably on Compact Disc.



Behold the glittering Compact Disc. 6.5 billion bits of audio information teeming in perfect harmony to produce the best sound ever.

Arrogant but aerodynamically correct, 12 of these guys can live on the glue of a postage stamp for a week.



So remember.

What's wiring to you may be deli to the enterprising roach. In a pinch he'll even eat your shoe polish. Isn't it just a matter of time before he works his way over to that salad bar of old 45's?

Think about it.

Replace Your Records With Warner Bros. Compact Discs

Symbolic. Collectible. Highly perishable. Memories, and vinyl, are made of this.

GREAT MUSIC ON COMPACT DISC

FLEETWOOD MAC
Then Play On • Rumours • Tusk

VAN MORRISON
Astral Weeks • Moondance • Tupelo Honey

LITTLE FEAT
Sailin' Shoes • Dixie Chicken
Feats Don't Fail Me Now

PAUL SIMON
Paul Simon • There Goes Rhymin' Simon
Still Crazy After All These Years

ZZ TOP
Tres Hombres • Fandango! • El Loco

GRATEFUL DEAD
The Grateful Dead • The Workingman's Dead
American Beauty

And Other Favorites

Springsteen appears far more comfortable with these people than with the wealthy, so the details add up. The territory, however, is familiar. The artist is doing what he has already proven he can do. Either you are predisposed to it or you are not.

The two most successful songs show the most artistic stretch, relying more on psychological insight and less on physical details of character-building and story-telling. "Two Faces" is so stripped down to its essence that it could have been written by Hank Williams. It's about discovering your own capacity for evil, acknowledging the cruelty you have inflicted on the one you love, and proceeding to love some more in spite of the evil face that lurks just under the nice face you want to present to the world. Except for the phrase "'neath the willow tree," which belongs with the fortunes of heaven, "Two Faces" rings true.

"Brilliant Disguise" takes the insight of "Two Faces" one step further. Having discovered evil in himself, Springsteen wonders what's lurking beneath the beautiful exterior of his lover. This problem is hardly unexpected when you marry a model, who has invested most of her life in her beautiful exterior, but the implications are universal. Anyone can get infatuated with a face. It takes guts to stick around and find out who you married when the infatuation wears off. If you're loved only for your brilliant disguise, you're one lonely bastard, whether you're a model or a rich and famous rock star.

So the obvious theme of *Tunnel of Love* is love. The question lurking under it—unintentionally in "Ain't Got You," intentionally elsewhere—is identity. How can you know somebody else when you don't know yourself? And how can you love somebody that you don't know? Frightening questions. Also inevitable questions for any lover or any fan of Bruce Springsteen. – **Charles M. Young**

GREG OSBY
Greg Osby and Sound Theatre
(JMT/PSI)

MARVIN "SMITTY" SMITH
Keeper of the Drums
(Concord)

Sidemen become leaders, the young jazz scene fills up with new faces, old ideologies get trashed by new ideas. We're in a fertile part of the jazz cycle, where debut records are springing up from all over, adding new opinions, voices, perspectives. And it's exciting, not just for the fact that these people exist, but because the music they're making sounds fresh—aware of tradition, and rude to it as well.

Alto and soprano saxophonist Greg Osby's *Sound Theatre* is one of the best records of the year, debut or no debut. Meticulously self-produced, the record is heavy with intelligence, not just in the playing and composing but in the overall mood it conveys. In a way, it's a concept album—two of the tracks feature Japanese instrumentalists and sound programmatic, as if they had been composed for theater or a soundtrack. They're evocative, juxtaposing textures, wringing meaning out of forms, suggesting emotional possibilities. The rest walk the line between tense languor—Osby may be the best ballad player of his generation—and cathartic

blowing. Osby, who's worked regularly with Jon Faddis and Jack DeJohnette, is a measured soloist and yet emotionally intense; he plays without cliché and conveys the unassailable dignity of someone completely confident about his aesthetic.

If Osby's *Theatre* feels seamless and integrated, Smitty Smith, one of several great young drummers coming up—he's worked with Sonny Rollins, David Murray, Art Farmer/Benny Golson, among others—has put together a more traditional, cut-by-cut album. The weight here is less on formal emotionalism and more on the who's who collection of young burner soloists—Steve Coleman, Ralph Moore, Mulgrew Miller, Wallace Roney, Robin Eubanks—and Smith's incessantly inventive drumming. As a composer, he's written a set of archetypal tunes that span Oliver Nelson-ish charts on "Miss Ann," to a Horace Silverish blues on "The Creeper"; they feel self-assured, the work of someone who had to prove to himself that he could do the tradition perfectly before moving on. But the real story here is some extraordinary solos—Steve Coleman's furious, oblique charge through "Miss Ann," and Wallace Roney's sleek, fragmented approach to "Just Have Fun."

RACK ATTACK

Buy any two Alesis Micro Series Signal Processors and get a free Micro Rack Adapter. Ask your Alesis Dealer for details.

FOR THE ABSOLUTE BEGINNER TO THE ABSOLUTE PROFESSIONAL ...THE ABSOLUTE BEST

In the few months since the Alesis Microverb was first released it has established itself as the new **digital reverb standard** in personal and professional music studios around the world.

Bold statements need factual support. How about these facts:

The design of Microverb is based on years of exhaustive research into the phenomena of spatial acoustics so that the sound of Microverb rivals even the most expensive digital reverbs. And Microverb has been nominated for the 1987 Technical Achievement and Creativity Awards of MIX Publications...other products nominated cost as much as 40 times more than Microverb! What's our secret? The heart of Microverb is an Alesis designed custom VLSI signal processing microchip using 16 bit linear PCM encoding with 90dB dynamic range. In other words, Microverb is **technically superb.**

Alesis digital reverb programs are legendary for their uncolored accuracy and warmth. 6 small reverb programs, 7 large, 2 gated and 1 reverse. Plates, rooms, halls, chambers, caverns and deep space. All these sounds are available to help you create deep, rich drums, lush strings and keyboards, super funky and tight rhythm tracks, or a brilliant sheen on lead instruments and vocals. Serious users tell us our reverb programs are the acoustic foundation on which they build their mixes. In other words, Microverb is **superbly musical.**

Front panel rotary knobs control input, mix and output levels. A continuous rotary knob selects the programs. Stereo input as well as output are provided on ¼" jacks. Plus, there's a defeat jack for convenience. Microverb accepts any level from the weakest guitar or mic signal to professional +4dbv console output levels. The dry signal is conveniently maintained in stereo allowing series connection of several Microverbs when you're not using a mixer. So an ambient program can be utilized to create body for drums and instruments through the first Microverb, and a plate, hall or chamber can be used on the second Microverb for a spacious reverb with smooth decay. In other words, Microverb is **instantly and effortlessly accessible...and flexible.**

The one third rack space extruded aluminum case is 19" rack mountable with the Microverb Rack Adapter. You can rack mount one, two or three or simply set them free standing on your amp, mixer or keyboard in only 5¾" of space. In other words, **you can take this digital reverb anywhere.**

And you will. Because like every other Alesis product, Microverb is a breakthrough not only in design and performance but also in price. This means that you can afford to dedicate a Microverb to vocals, another one to drums, one for keyboards and guitars, and a spare for last minute creative urges. The sound of multiple digital reverbs (the sound you hear in every major record production done today) is now affordable to *anyone* who loves to make music. Your music deserves it.

Don't settle for anything less. You can afford the absolute best.

Microverb's suggested retail price is $249. Alesis provides free educational materials and brochures to help you get the most out of our products and music processors in general. We encourage you to take part. Ask your Alesis dealer or write to:

LOS ANGELES:
Alesis Corp. PO Box 3908
Los Angeles, CA 90078

LONDON:
6 Letchworth Business Center
Avenue One, Letchworth
Hertfordshire SG6 2HR

ALESIS
STUDIO ELECTRONICS

Everything floats on the crunching waves of Smith's drumming. Here's one more powerful debut that reaffirms ideas, innovation and virtuosity as commonplace among young jazz musicians. It's been a long time, but jazz has personalities again. – **Peter Watrous**

STING

Nothing Like the Sun
(A&M)

Batten down the charts, the demolition man is back. But hark; he returns not in the stomping boots of the victorious pop god, but on little cats' feet. Indeed, the music on this double LP is so lithe and lovely that giving yourself over to it is like becoming enmeshed in a web of silk. The raw third-world rhythms that propelled much of the Police's music went to Stewart Copeland in the divorce settlement (yeah, I know, the split isn't official), and, as with Sting's previous LP, *Nothing Like the Sun* is awash in the textures and shadings of jazz. A high caliber of musicianship is required to execute this sort of thing, and, Sting being a man of taste who can afford the very best, guest players include Mark Knopfler, Eric Clapton and Gil Evans. This is state-of-the-art big-budget pop.

What's surprising is that music of such emotional depth and conscience should be produced within the insulated vacuum that comes with mega-success. The album is said to have been inspired by Sting's experiences as part of the Amnesty International Tour, a growing appreciation for the feminine component of the human psyche, and the recent death of his mother; half of the dozen songs it includes address themes of death, loss and struggle. With each of these songs, the protagonist (Sting) walks through one or another dark valley, at peace with the laws of the universe, crying out against oppression when a cry is called for, casting a com-

passionate eye at the drunk baying at the moon. It's subtly politicized music that sucks you in before you're able to distance yourself from the disturbing points it often seeks to make. The best—and most complex—of the songs written in this mode, "The Lazarus Heart," is one of the most mysteriously moving songs this gifted songwriter has yet produced. It's so strange and haunting you'd think he borrowed it from Van Morrison.

Sting fleshes out the album with a rockin' love tune, a serviceable remake of Jimi Hendrix's "Little Wing," a track about Noah's Ark (it's some kind of metaphor, I guess), and an anthem to individuality that's stitched together with the refrain "be yourself" (that's easy for him to say). No, nobody'll ever accuse Sting of a deficiency in self-esteem, nor—as this ambitious album proves—can he be faulted for resting on his laurels. There's a holy sensuality about this music, a persuasive clarity and ease that's virtually irresistible. I expect we'll be hearing a lot of *Nothing Like the Sun* in coming months. – **Kristine McKenna**

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD.

Happy?
(Virgin)

Public Image Ltd. has been a lot of things—audacious, abrasive, aggravating, eclectic—but *Happy?* It's hard to imagine that term being applied to the band without a mitigating edge of sarcasm. Yet *Happy?*, PIL's eighth album, manages to sound almost jovial at times; from the bouncy, Byrd-like pulse of "Seattle" to the slow, shimmering surfaces of "Fat Chance Hotel," it's far and away the band's most commercial effort ever. Is this a trick, or what?

After all, John Lydon (or Johnny Rotten, as he reportedly again wants to be known) isn't exactly famous for his market acumen. Rather than settle into a relatively comfortable career as a

professional punk, his post-Sex Pistols career has instead careened from style to style in search of the most fitting mode of expressive iconoclasm. Thus, *Metal Box* (or *Second Edition*, as it later came to be called) flirted with disco and dub, *The Flowers of Romance* was fraught with Arab and African overtones, and *Album* (also available in *Compact Disc* and *Cassette*) verged on high-gloss metal. So what does that make this—his pop period?

Yes and no. For all its studio sparkle, the basic outlines of *Happy?* are consistent with PIL's output since Lydon broke with guitarist Keith Levene. The first two post-Levene PIL albums, *This Is What You Want, This Is What You Get* and *Album*, seemed almost a reaction against Levene's intricate, noodling eccentricities, as Lydon punched back with sleek, muscular semi-metal guitars. But because Lydon was working with session players most of the time, there was a ham-handed glibness to the approach.

Happy?, on the other hand, makes eloquent use of its swirling rhythms and shifting textures. Playing power guitar against a twanging bouzouki or alternating bristling, overdriven ostinatos with cool, synthesized arpeggios, the arrangements here are wonders of musical brinksmanship. "Open + Revolving," for instance, adroitly shuffles a half dozen instrumental figures, gradually building tension until Lydon digs into the final chorus with the help of—what else?—a female soul choir.

But where *Happy?* really pays off is with hooks: Lydon has never been the most tuneful of song-stylists, but his yowling, sing-song delivery has never been more alluring. Sometimes that's abetted by backing vocals, as in "Rules and Regulations" or "The Body," sometimes by charismatic characterization, as with "Fat Chance Hotel." Sometimes it's just the song itself ("Seattle" being the best example). All of which manages to make *Happy?* seductive and intoxicating in a way few albums ever are. *Happy?* If PIL puts out a few more like this, I'll be delirious. – **J.D. Considine**

ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Robbie Robertson
(Geffen)

Following a decade of silence, broken only by tantalizing bits of soundtrack work, Robbie Robertson is back. So, of course, you're all ready to start digging *Son of Stage Fright*, right?

Wrong. Although rife with trademarks of the Band—the stinging guitar, deep-rooted melodies and mythically-inclined lyrics—*Robbie Robertson* is not an easy piece. Reach for a familiar handle and it'll slip away. Search for those homespun grooves, and you'll find they don't quite fit. Instead, this marvelous album reflects the present just as much as the past, and will probably still sound fresh and timely ten years from now.

Start anywhere you like, but no track indicates what's coming after. "Fallen Angel," a red herring if ever there was one, leads off the LP with an excursion into misty ambience à la Peter Gabriel's *So*. Gabriel himself contributes keyboards and backing vocals to this sad, slow lament for a lost companion. At the other extreme, "Sweet Fire of Love" recruits all of U2 for a heroic raveup in the spirit of *The Joshua Tree*. The shrieking six-string tradeoffs between Robertson and The Edge at the end could almost be called psychedelic, except that implies a tackiness never found in Robbie's music.

Robertson isn't simply glomming onto other people's styles, either; the floor-shaking "Testimony," also featuring U2, has a revival-meeting soul, while "Broken Arrow" inspires fond thoughts of Big

Pink. It's easy to picture Richard Manuel delivering wistful lines like "Who else is gonna bring you/ A bottle of rain."

At times, the dense sound (courtesy of producers Robertson and Daniel Lanois) seems almost *too* big, as rockers and ballads alike are sculpted to massive proportions. Powered by brutal chords, "Hell's Half Acre" casts an overwhelming spell of dread and loathing to depict the horror of war; the jittery insistence of "Showdown at Big Sky" suggests the song was recently plucked from chaos and could easily return there. Are these larger-than-life settings an attempt to hide vocal shortcomings? Put it this way: Onscreen in *Carny*, Robertson lacked a "real" actor's moves, but dominated the film with quiet authority. Here, his husky

sincerity has a similar emotional resonance that makes technical limitations meaningless. Anyway, the languid "Sonny Got Caught in the Moonlight" proves the man can sing pretty when the occasion demands.

Ultimately, *Robbie Robertson* is less a showcase for performances (however inspired) than an obsessive attempt to seize the essentials of experience, which by their nature can't be grasped. Whether breathing the fire of love, reliving the destruction of cultural icons in the thundering "American Roulette," or "stirring up some ghosts" on an evocative voyage "Somewhere Down the Crazy River," Robertson illuminates his songs with a fevered romanticism that's exhilarating and exhausting. After this unqualified triumph, what will he do for an encore? – **Jon Young**

PLATTERS THAT MATTER

1. Townes Van Zandt – *At My Window* (Sugar Hill Records, P.O. Box 4040 Duke Station, Durham, NC 27706)
2. The Mighty Lemon Drops – *Out of Hand* (Sire Records)
3. Cruzados – *After Dark* (Arista)
4. Buster Poindexter – *Buster Poindexter* (RCA)
5. Richard Barone – *Cool Blue Halo* (Passport Records)
– Peter Cronin

PAUL KELLY & THE MESSENGERS

Gossip
(A&M)

Paul Kelly has been recording since 1979, but this is his first American release. It's hard to figure out why, because *Gossip* is tremendous. There's a thin line between derivative and evocative, and Kelly consistently lands on the right side of it. Throughout this sprawling 15-song collection (with two more worthy tunes on the CD version), he offers up echoes of everyone from the Searchers ("Leaps and Bounds") to the Doors ("Incident on South Dowling") to *Sandinista!*-era Clash ("Stories of Me") to punk skiffle groups ("Tighten Up")—and these don't count the broad blues, rockabilly and road-song influences.

Yet Kelly emerges with a distinct voice; he draws strength from his sources, but doesn't regurgitate their ideas. His Messengers have a soft touch with ballads ("Stories of Me" may be the least self-pitying drunken lament sung from the point of view of the boozer), but the band's metier is all-out crunch-ravers like "Down on My Speedway" and "Darling It Hurts." The mix is all Kelly's and Steve Connolly's guitars, but drummer Michael Barclay grounds the band. He plays few fills—alternately nudging and pulling songs forward—so his rare elaborations of the beat are dramatic and effective. Kelly and co-producer Alan Thorne keep the arrangements spare and unpredictable.

Long albums usually just reveal someone who won't shut up, but the Messengers are expansive-minded performers who need the room (and this extended album is mostly excerpted from an Australian double album). Paul Kelly's career can go in at least a dozen directions right now—it will be fascinating to

hear where his ambition leads him.
– **Jimmy Guterman**

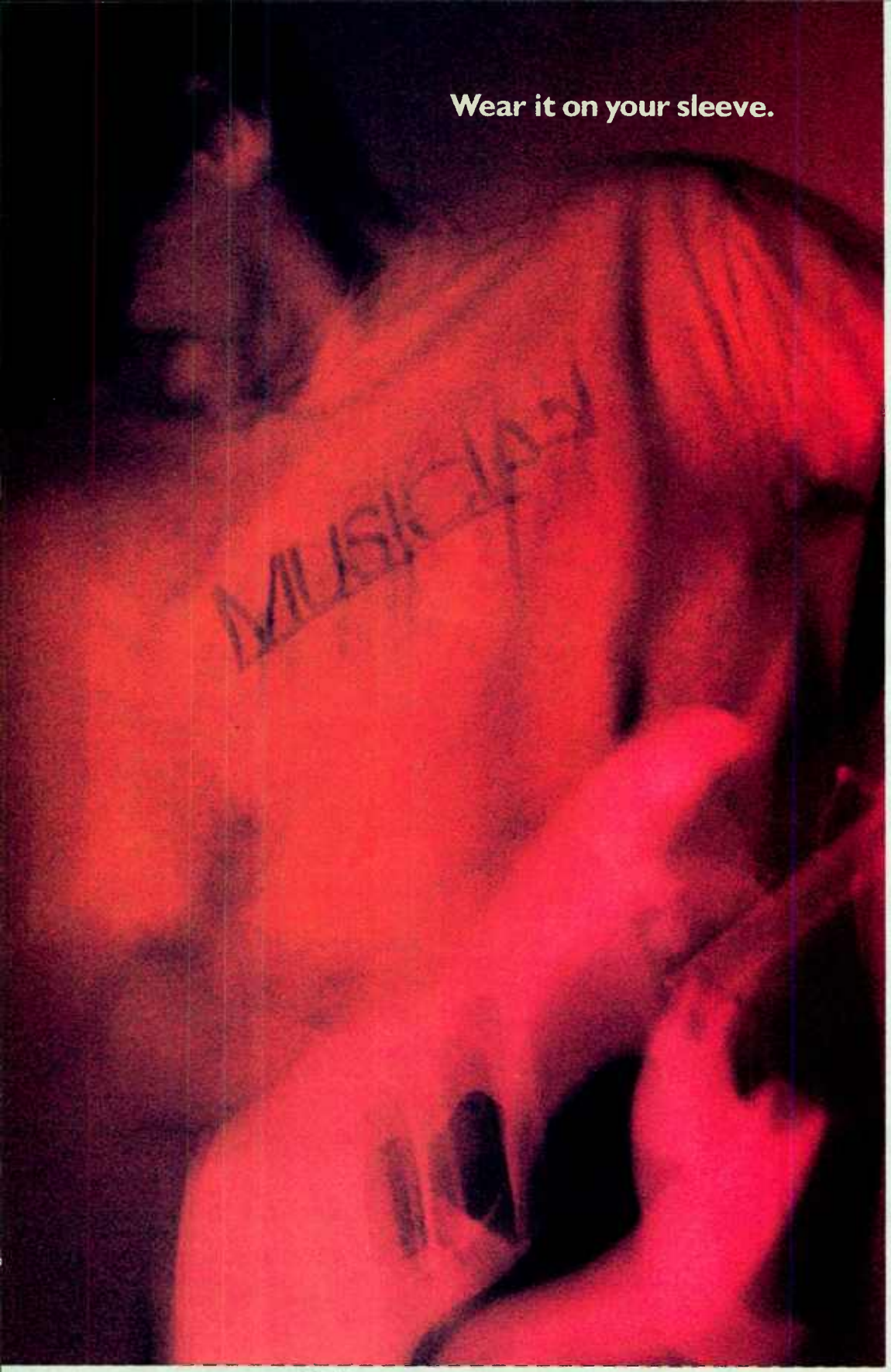
MARK STEWART & MAFFIA

S.A.N.D.
(Upside)

Those who like their aural broth tepid and mild will likely have the living bejayzus scared out of them by this second salvo from former Pop Group singer Mark Stewart and his stalwart band of ex-Sugar Hill Gang rhythm aces.

S.A.N.D. alternately grooves, clangs, blathers and smokes through a highly charged landscape of ferocious sound. Stewart, a past master of politically oriented *paranoia moderne*, groans and shrieks in an Ian Curtis style over the dubbed-out batterings of percussionist/programmer Keith LeBlanc (creator of the unforgettable single "Malcolm X/No Sellout"), bassist Doug Wimbish and guitarist/keyboardist Skip McDonald. These crack rap transplants can shift gears in a twinkling, from Satie's "Trois Gymnopedies" to monster funk, from hard-rock thumping to brittle, startling noise. It's musical terrorism of the most militant sort.

The architect for this fearful, apocalyptic boil is producer Adrian Sherwood, whose experimental work with Prince Far I, Lee Perry and his own stable of English reggae instrumentalists has taken the Jamaican studio art of dubbing to its extreme. For Sherwood, players are merely utensils in the sonic kitchen as he cooks up a manic, chaotic, highly potent brew. Using echo, reverb, found material, harsh editing and every deconstructive gizmo at his disposal, he stirs sound into a dizzying, assaultive blast. The resultant work may go off the deep end more often than not, but those bored with the conservative shallows of commercial pop can raise a little *S.A.N.D.* and find it to their liking. This baby is *way* out there. – **Chris Morris**



Shortsleeve T-Shirt
100% Cotton, Black or Red

Shortsleeve Sportshirt
50% Cotton, 50% Polyester
Blue or Black

Crewneck Sweatshirt
50% Cotton, 50% Polyester
Black or White

Sleeveless T-Shirt
100% Cotton, Black or Red

Satin Tour Jacket
Black

Baseball Cap
Corduroy, Black or Red

	Color	Size	Qty.	Price ea.	Total
Shortsleeve T-Shirt				**$8.00**	
Sleeveless T-Shirt				**$7.50**	
Crewneck Sweatshirt				**$14.00**	
Shortsleeve Sportshirt				**$18.00**	
Satin Jacket				**$45.00**	
Baseball Cap (not shown)				**$7.50**	
Add $2.50 postage and handling for all orders.					**$2.50**

Send check or money order to:

NEW ENGLAND PROMOTIONS
386 High St.
Fall River, MA 02722

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Total enclosed $

Name

Address

City

State Zip

MUSICIAN WEAR

ROCK
SHORT TAKES

Mick Jagger
Primitive Cool (Columbia)

It's been so long since Jagger's first-person lyrics could be taken literally, there are moments when even *he* seems to have trouble believing his lines ("No Peace for the Wicked," indeed). When he stops playing the professional bad-ass, though, he turns out to be unexpectedly wise ("War Baby"), industrious ("Let's Work") and endearing (the whole album). Gee, imagine what he could do with a band that worked with him on a regular basis....

Fela Anikulapo Kuti
Teacher Don't Teach Me Nonsense (Mercury)

Ten years after releasing *Zombie*, Mercury has re-signed Fela, and, frankly, it was well worth the wait. Even though the ranks of Fela's band, Egypt 80, have swollen to 26 not counting singers and dancers, the group is anything but unwieldy; between the rough-edged energy of the horns and the loping rhythmic interplay of the drums and guitars, this is the most intoxicating ensemble he's fronted. Here's hoping it won't be 10 years before the next installment.

Mark Knopfler
The Princess Bride (Warner Bros.)

This may seem pretty slight stuff—mere movie music, either done up in period garb like the mock-medieval "Florin Dance," or as standard film fare, like the fluttering violins and heroic brass of "Guide My Sword." What makes these tunes matter is Knopfler's narrative sense, which holds each piece in place, right up to the happy ending of Willy DeVille's soulful "Storybook Love."

Loverboy
Wildside (Columbia)

Take a walk.

Julie Brown
Trapped in the Body of a White Girl (Sire)

When she plays for laughs, as with "Girl Fight Tonight!" or "I Like 'Em Big and Stupid," Brown's wicked wit and vamp-ish cool come across like Madonna as if dreamt-up (though not quite sent-up) by Tracey Ullman. But when she plays it straight, she's just another wanna-be.

Oran "Juice" Jones
G.T.O. Gangsters Takin' Over (Def Jam)

Give him a ballad with the melodic heft of "I Just Can't Say Goodbye" and his falsetto takes on the honeyed luster of vintage Smokey. Hand him a nasty groove, like the one rolling behind "Cold Spendin' My $ Money," and he's as icy-hot as prime Eddie Kendricks. But let him talk about women, and he sounds like just another misogynist jerk.

The Winans
Decisions (Qwest)

As the high-gloss groove of "Ain't No Need to Worry" effortlessly indicates, this decidedly modern gospel quartet is righteous in every sense. And though their sermonizing may get annoying at times ("Right, Left in a Wrong World" may make you yearn for the relative subtlety of Pat Robertson), the power they pull from "Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Me" bears witness to the fact that sometimes preaching helps.

Jethro Tull
Crest of a Knave (Chrysalis)

According to the advance press, Ian Anderson fine-tuned this album by auditioning it before demographically selected focus groups, making it perhaps the most calculatedly commercial album in recent memory. So why does it work so well? Could it be that keeping an eye on the bottom line has helped shore up Anderson's wandering melodic sense? Or has the LCD been his proper milieu all along?

Black
Wonderful Life (A&M)

With its moody, melancholy chorus and aura of wistful regret, the title tune sounds like the Bryan Ferry hit that got away—which alone should be enough to make Black worthy of notice. And even if the rest of the album doesn't quite maintain that standard, neither does it fall much short, making *Wonderful Life* a most auspicious debut.

Mr. Mister
Go On... (RCA)

Based on previous performances, it would be easy to write these guys off as Toto Too. This time around, though, there's a kernel of passion within these songs, suggesting that something more than mere sound is at stake. Will wonders never cease?

Celibate Rifles
Roman Beach Party (What Goes On)

For all the rough-hewn intensity behind the Rifles' fevered rave-ups, there's a certain classicism to the group's sound. Obviously, the band has appropriated punk's love for cathartic noise as well as garage-rock's pop minimalism. But what raises the Rifles above the rest is that the songs here manage to make both virtues seem so fresh you'd think the band invented them. (Box 169, 151 First Ave., New York, NY 10003)

Pet Shop Boys
Actually (EMI Manhattan)

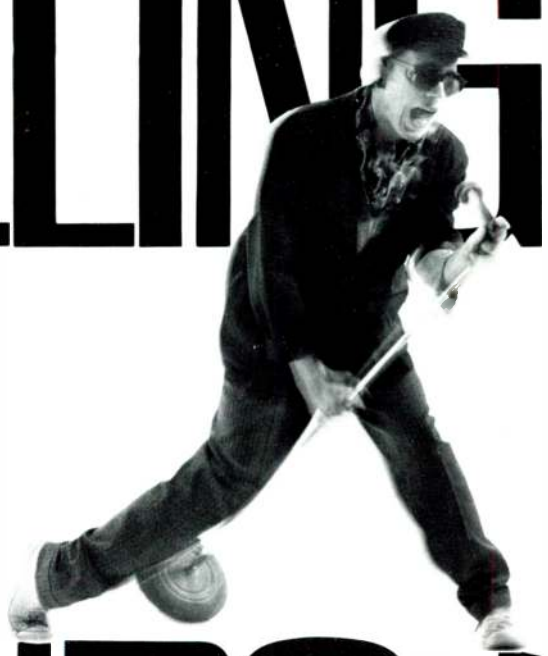
Slick and shiny, the synthetic gloss of the Pet Shop Boys' pop adds a new wrinkle to Britain's fashion-conscious scene: mannequin music. Meaning that no matter how attractive the sounds surrounding him, there's nothing remotely life-like about Neil Tennant's singing.

Bobby Sutliff
Only Ghosts Remain (PVC)

Like most of the New Southern rock mafia, Sutliff is a sucker for shimmering, strummed acoustic guitars and thick, whispery harmony vocals, lending the likes of "Same Way Tomorrow" or "Stupid Idea" the same basic sound as almost any Mitch Easter production. But when he pushes his guitar solos to a Verlainian extreme, as on "Second Choice," Sutliff shows that he's at least a cut above the rest. (Jem Records, 3619 Kennedy Road, S. Plainfield, NJ 07080)

J.D. CONSIDINE

CALLING ALL BANDS!



Announcing the return of the Best Unsigned Band Contest. MUSICIAN Magazine, in cooperation with Warner Bros. Records, invites you to send your best original songs for the chance to be one of ten bands featured on an upcoming MUSICIAN-Warner Bros. LP.

JUDGES

All entries will be reviewed by the editors and publishers of MUSICIAN Magazine. Finalists will be submitted to an all-star panel of artists/producers, featuring Mark Knopfler, Elvis Costello, T-Bone Burnett and Mitchell Froom.

PRIZES

Ten songs will be chosen to appear on the MUSICIAN-Warners compilation, to be produced in early 1988. A complete 8-track home-recording studio featuring Otari, JBL and Beyer Dynamic products will also be awarded for the one song chosen as the cut above the rest. Deadline for all entries is December 15, 1987.

Read all the rules carefully, fill out the entry form below and send us your best tunes today. If your music deserves to be heard, we're ready to listen.

GRAND PRIZE

Otari MX5050 Mark III/8½" Eight Channel Recorder with CB-116 Auto Locator and CB-110 Remote plus MX-5050B-11 ¼" Recorder

Soundcraft Series 200B Mixing Console

JBL/UREI 6260 Power Amplifier

JBL 4412 Studio Monitors

Beyer Dynamic M88, M260, M201 and M69 microphones plus cables and stands.

MUSICIAN RECORDS OTARI JBL beyerdynamic

RULES

No purchase necessary. One cassette per artist/band. Maximum two songs per cassette. **Name, age and address of each band member, photo of band/artist and a $5.00 handling fee must accompany each cassette and entry form (or facsimile).** All entries must be received by December 15, 1987. All music must be original. If chosen, artists are responsible for final mix to appear on album. Artists cannot be signed to a label. Tapes become property of MUSICIAN Magazine and will not be returned. Artists retain rights to their music. All decisions are final. Employees of MUSICIAN Magazine, Warner Bros. Records, JBL Professional, Otari, Beyer Dynamic and affiliated companies are not eligible. Void where prohibited.

Name of artist/band

Address

Telephone Number

Contact Name

Submitted song titles

Signature and date

SEND ENTRY TO: Musician, Box 701, Gloucester, MA 01931-0701

SHORT TAKES

BUFFALO CHIPS: James Blood Ulmer once looked as if he might become the Thelonious Monk of the guitar. But about the time writers began to sing his praises (likewise, I'm sure), Blood became a lightning rod for the, oh, let's call it the punk jazz/new wave progressive downtown movement in the pre-MTV era. Eight years later and the train has long left the station, yet Blood shows no signs of emerging from pseudo-pop mists. Pity. ***America—Do You Remember the Love?*** (Blue Note) is a likeable country-blues synthesis, but in trying to make an "important" statement, it succeeds only in being ordinary. The instrumentals are some boss drones, but Ulmer's singing raises mumbling to a new level of incoherence; the songs reprise often-traveled chord progressions and turnarounds of the last decade; and the lyrics are the usual well-intentioned drivel jazzmen equate with song form. Dr. Stern prescribes one part bacon grease in a tincture of Captain Beefheart/Talking Heads/Tom Verlaine. Or more to the point, a return to bluesy modulations and group improvisations worthy of his mettle—and some adults to help him play them...Did you know that one of jazz's greatest drummers is now a lawyer on Manhattan's Yupper West Side? Pete "LaRoca" Sims emerged briefly for an inspiring residence at Lush Life a few years back, then resumed his normal routine. We refer members of the jury to his solo recording ***Basra*** (Japanese Blue Note), featuring Steve Swallow, Steve Kuhn and Joe Henderson, for compelling evidence of Sims' innovative approach to the drums...WOODCHOPPER FALLS: The dateline was Los Angeles. The headline accompanied a poignant picture of an old, emaciated man in sunglasses being comforted by a young woman. "WOODY BAILED OUT—Bandleader Saved from Eviction by Radio Station." Woody Herman, one of America's premier big band leaders for 50 years: a progressive thinker who reached out to the likes of Dizzy Gillespie and Igor Stravinsky, who acknowledged change while keeping *his* style, who hired and encouraged young musicians. Battered by the IRS, floored by a heart ailment in March, requiring 24-hour attention and oxygen, now given the bum's rush from his own house by landlord William Little (who bought the house at an IRS auction). Is it possible we can treat our artists with such contempt? If you'd like to pass the plate and help out, or simply say hello, contact radio station KKGO in Los Angeles, 10880 Wilshire Boulevard, L.A., CA 90024. They've been picking up Woody's rent, and would doubtlessly pass on your best wishes...

Three first-rate contemporary releases: Pat Metheny Group/***STILL life (talking)*** (Geffen), George Benson and Earl Klugh/***Collaboration*** (Warner Bros.), Grover Washington, Jr./***Strawberry Moon*** (Columbia). The more I listen to these records, the stronger the connecting link in all three fusions appears to be the influence of Brazil: soft, lyrical yet rhythmically buoyant—the perfect party mixer. Metheny's effort is the most sophisticated, and finds him narrowing the gap considerably between his "jazz" records and his "fusion" efforts, which sometimes became a tad bombastic. Lyle Mays' synth work is innovative in its orchestral textures and musicality, the use of wordless vocalists and percussion reflects Milton Nascimento's hold on their soul, and the group work and soloing is strong. Benson and Klugh luxuriate over a strong, funky Harvey Mason/Marcus Miller rhythm section in a lyric bit of blowing that eschews pomp for good glossy grooves. Grover, a more problematic subject for the jazz snob writer, finds his roots strongly in the lush Philly soul of the last 20 years, more so than in blues or his guiding light Coltrane. When his funk and samba grooves sway in controlled foreplay and his horn does the talking, I can enjoy my white wine spritzer and the wealthy socialite I'm trying to make time with. Vocals by Jean Carne ("The Look of Love") and Mr. B.B. King (in a contemporary setting on "Caught a Touch of Your Love") don't break the suede spell. But the abysmal "Monte Carlo Night" is the kind of pompous, self-satisfied nouveau quiche posturing that sends me screaming for a stiffer drink and a chainsaw.

Fortunately, Hank Crawford still makes records that feature The Blues with conviction, and his extraordinary good taste in calling his latest album ***Mr. Chips*** (Milestone) only serves to highlight what is his most successful outreach in some time. Leon Thomas' vocalizing on "You Send Me" was an inspired idea for a cover, as is the instrumental "Stand By Me," but none of it would work if Crawford's Memphis/Texas evocations didn't ring so true, or if the rhythm team of Cornell Dupree, Richard Tee, Wilbur Bascomb and Bernard Purdie didn't have their feet planted so firmly in Southern regional soil.

Of course jazz as a mix of hard bop, blues, gospel and soul is at the heart of contemporary fusion (even if their flesh is weak), and nothing sums that up quite like the rich, simmering tenor of Ike Quebec on ***Blue and Sentimental*** (Blue Note). Quebec's title tune pays homage to Basie's *other* tenor, Herschel Evans, godfather of honking and shouting hornmen from Illinois Jacquet on up, and soulmates Grant Green, Sonny Clark, Paul Chambers and Philly Joe show just how "contemporary fusion" is not truly an additive process, but a subtractive one. Put back the grease!

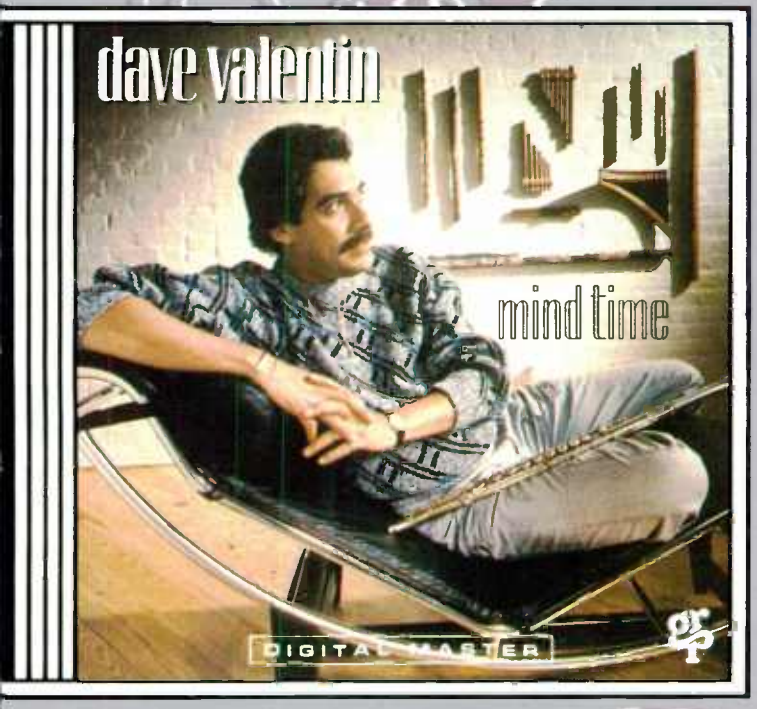
CHIP STERN

TOM SCOTT
STREAMLINES

Legendary saxophonist, **Tom Scott,** expands the horizons of contemporary jazz with **Streamlines**. . . A definitive sound that is captivating, vibrant and moving. Supported by a classic all-star lineup including—**Richard Tee, Eric Gale, Michael Landau, Neil Stubenhaus, Michael Fisher, Randy Kerber & Joseph Conlan. Streamlines** is a masterful performance.

Only on GRP— Where Artistry Meets Technology

double shot that's Hot



DAVE VALENTIN
MIND TIME

The world's #1 jazz flutist, **Dave Valentin,** presents **Mind Time** —A brilliant expression of irresistible rhythm and beauty blended with the lyrical sounds of **Earl Klugh, Bill O'Connell,** and a formidable array of incomparable players. The triumph of **Mind Time** is **Valentin's** unique style filled with a sense of poetry and passion.

Only on GRP— Where Artistry Meets Technology

Available on Compact Discs, High Quality Cassettes and Records

THE DIGITAL MASTER COMPANY

indie
SHORT TAKES

Hasil Adkins
The Wild Man (Norton)

As if last year's reissue of '50s and '60s Adkins (*Out to Hunch*) weren't too much, here are newly recorded gems from a West Virginian cultural resource. Adkins' rockabilly, with its catatonic pulsebeat, follows its own rules, but the evidence here suggests there's more to the wild man than "Do the Scalp": a touching version of Merle Haggard's "Turning Off a Memory," for example, or Adkins' own wistful "Still Missing You" and "She'll See Me Again." On the last-named, he accompanies himself on what sounds like a de-tuned guitar. He may get sentimental, but he's still Hasil. (Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10003) – *Scott Isler*

Jerome Harris
Algorithms (Minor Music/PolyGram Special Imports)

Guitarist Jerome Harris is perhaps best known as a progressive *bass* guitarist whose ranging, behind-the-beat backflow often suggested a more centered, funkified Jack Bruce/Steve Swallow-type lyricism. He plays across the neck of his guitar in the Durham-Christian tradition, and his lines sing with loose arpeggiated directness. Harris is a synthesist of a conservative, post-McLaughlin/Miles/Metheny style, and though it all tends towards dance, its focus is on group improvisation—not second-hand pop drop. Harmonically varied, uncluttered vamps, featuring Kenx Werner's acoustically jazzy synth textures and Marty Ehrlich's intuitive, contrapuntal reeds. Wish Jerome's axe had *two* necks.
– *Chip Stern*

Richard Lloyd
Real Time (Celluloid)

Hard-edged, melodic guitar rock doesn't get more real than this. Lloyd's live set, recorded at CBGB, is a neat summation of his virtues and career to date. The songs, from Television days and two earlier solo albums, are an articulate blend of sensitivity and stomp, imbued with a feeling of utter guilelessness by Lloyd's fragile vibrato. And his bright, burly playing neatly defines guitar heroism without sacrificing form for flash. Gratuitous consumer tip: The cassette's got two more cuts than the record, and the CD's got three. (330 Hudson St., New York, NY 10013)
– *Ted Drozdowski*

I-Tones
Something We Share (I-Tones Music)

One of the few modern reggae bands less obsessed by either "crossing over" or Rasta mythology than by the sheer musicality of Bob Marley and pre-Wailers rock-steady Jamaican vocal groups, the I-Tones' self-produced debut bears tribute to the conviction of a band that spent ten years together refining that vision. Featuring a catchy cover of "Walk On By," the real grooves are in the title track and the easy skanking "Love Is a Pleasure." Singer Ram's vocal grace is set off with refreshing clarity by a group that, in the best reggae tradition, knows exactly what *not* to play. An album of both obvious and subtle charm. (P.O. 253 Central Square Station, Cambridge, MA 02139) – *Mark Rowland*

Carmaig De Forest
I Shall Be Released (Good Foot)

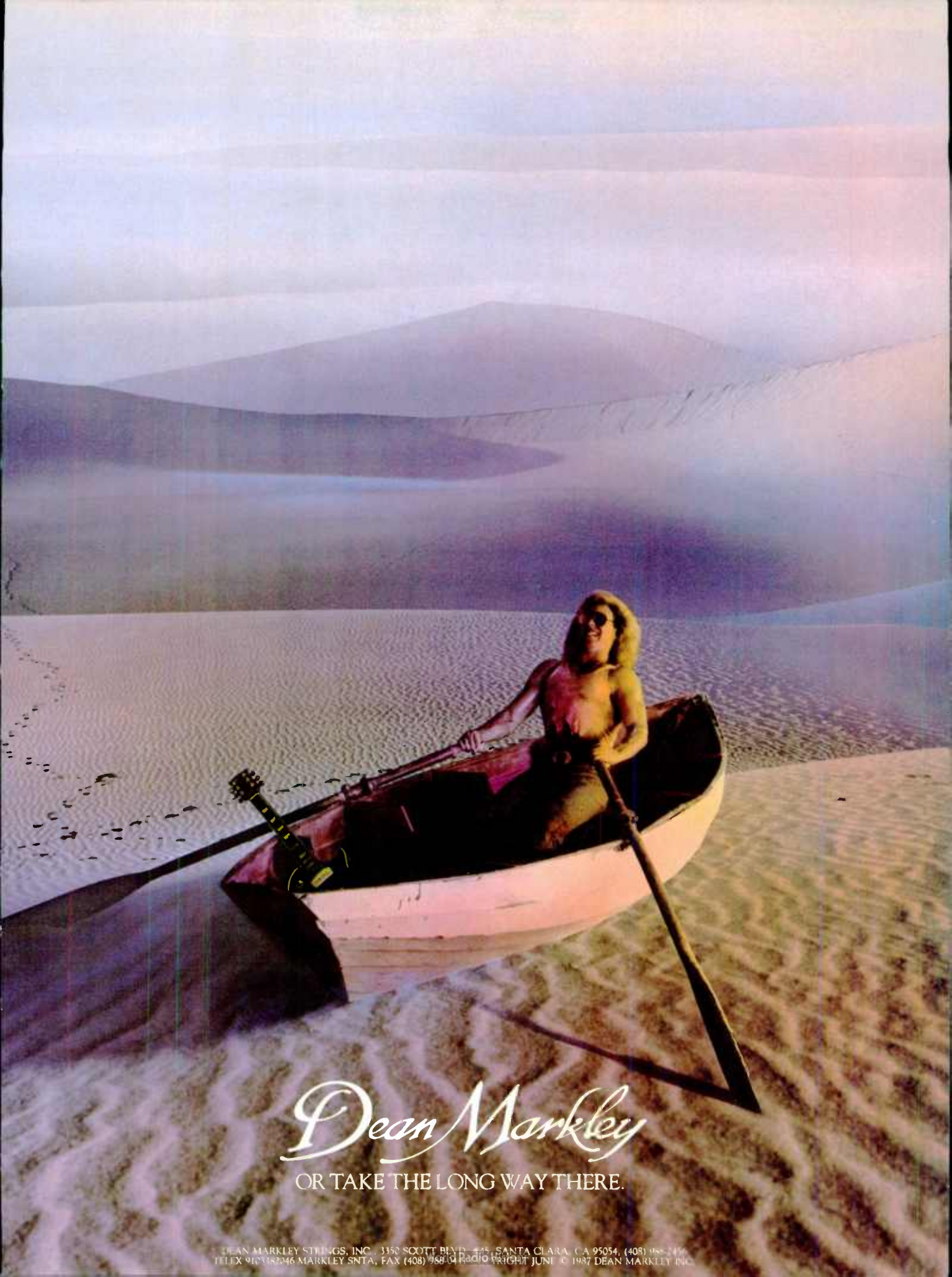
Imagine Jonathan Richman with an acerbic edge and you've got some handle on this auspicious debut. De Forest's minimalist accompaniment helps highlight the melodies on such deceptively simple tunes as "Possibilities" and "I'll Be Your Angel"; tempos vary wildly, but not so much that you miss Carmaig's funny, sometimes tender, more often scabrous wordplay. "Hey Judas," which compares Reagan's legacy to Jim Jones' and Hitler's, is the obvious standout, to which I say "extremism in the defense of sanity is no vice." Produced by Alex Chilton. (34 Liberty Street, #4, San Francisco, CA 94110) – *Mark Rowland*

Various Artists
The Bristol Sessions
(Country Music Foundation)

Long before country music was a format, it was a bridge between the various strains of folk music and its rural audiences. *The Bristol Sessions*, an aural museum piece recorded in the Tennessee/Virginia border town of Bristol in 1927, marks the birth of commercially recorded country music. Featuring such soon-to-be institutions as Jimmie Rodgers, the Carter Family and Ernest Stoneman, these 36 tracks boast plenty of dexterous picking on traditional acoustic instruments and yodeling vocals, with some heavy-handed harmonies tossed in. Devoid of pretension, this is country music at its most minimal, allowing the heart behind the music to shine through. For historians, fans, collectors and the curious, it's a real treat. (4 Music Square East, Nashville, TN 37203) – *Holly Gleason*

Sigmund Snopek III
WisconsInsane (Dali)

Who says the concept album's dead? Not Snopek; *WisconsInsane* is a quaintly chauvinistic tribute (of sorts) to his home state. Cheerfully eclectic music broadens the appeal. Between anthems like "Thank God This Isn't Cleveland" are more personal tunes that transcend locale, mostly about change and loss. It's a homey but professional affair: Snopek's band is two-thirds of the Violent Femmes, and among the guest artists is legendary Stooges saxophonist Steve MacKay. (Chameleon Music Group, 3355 W. El Segundo Blvd., Hawthorne, CA 90250) – *Scott Isler*



HOTLINE
800-223-7524

HOW TO ORDER AN AD

Regular Classified (ads without borders): 20 word minimum. $2.50 per word, minimum $50 per insertion.
Classified Display (all ads with borders): $140 per column inch per insertion; $130 per column inch for six consecutive insertions; $122 per column inch for 12 insertions.
Bold Face Caps: First line, additional $20.
Box Number: Count 7 words for our box # and address and add $4.00 per insertion for handling.
Payment Must Accompany Order.
Deadline: Two months prior to date of publication. **All ad cancellations must be in writing and mailed to the Musician Classified Department.**
Address All Ad Orders:
Jeff Serrette
Musician Classified Ad Dept.
1515 Broadway, New York, NY 10036
Phone: (212) 764-7388

ACCESSORIES

MIRAGE MEMORY EXPANDER only $269.00! INSTANT RECALL OF 10 SOUNDS. Easy Installation. Information—Virtual Engineering, 2004 Fernwood, Victoria, B.C., CANADA V8T 2Y9 604-537-2476.

BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

LARGE CATALOG—MUSIC BOOKS—Guitar, Bass, Drums—Instruction books & tapes. $1.00 (refunded with first order). Music Warehouse, PO Box 390M, New Market, VA 22844.

PLAY BLUES GUITAR like the pros! Easy to learn. No music to read. Amazing new method. Satisfaction guaranteed. $5.00. Famous Books, 5358 Maryland 2A, Chicago, IL 60615.

EMPLOYMENT

FIND BANDS TO JOIN. Find musicians and gigs. Write: MUSICIANS NATIONAL HOTLINE, Box 7733, Murray, UT 84107. Phone (801) 268-2000.

FOR SALE

ATTENTION GUITARISTS: FREE catalog! Achieve sound performance with "I.C. Sound" effects, effects kits, steels, publications, accessories. I.C. Sound, Box 9, Rouses Point, NY 12979-0009.

DON'T BUY ANYWHERE until you've seen our free catalog: Fender, Gibson, G&L, Martin, Ovation, Rockman, Boss, Marshall, strings, books, accessories, pro-sound. Fast friendly service! Guaranteed delivery! We ship everywhere! Mountain Song Music, P.O. Box 4502, Estes Park, CO 80517, (800) 762-5968 Ext. 5542.

NEW! HANG YOUR GUITAR

- Convenient, safe, beautiful guitar display or storage.
- All select hardwood, hand finished in dark mahogany.
- Holds most any guitar or bass (except headless models) flat against your wall.
- Easy Installation, hardware included.

Postage paid in continental U.S., satisfaction guaranteed. Send $26.95 for double rack (holds 2 guitars) or $24.95 for single rack to:

Great Racks
"AXE RACK"
PO BOX 3746
MANKATO, MN 56002

FX RACK

ECONOMICAL 19" RACK MOUNT "FURNITURE" FOR THE PROFESSIONAL OR HOME STUDIO.

FX RACK FEATURES:
- Holds up to 18 "spaces" of equipment.
- Attractive black textured vinyl laminate.
- Shown with optional wheels.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A DEMONSTRATION
CALL OR WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE

FOUR DESIGNS COMPANY 6531 GROSS AVENUE • CANOGA PARK, CA 91307 (818) 716-8540

INSTRUCTION

PLAY ANY SONG BY EAR INSTANTLY! GUARANTEED!! Guitar or keyboards. Improvise like the masters. Free information! Bates Music-MN, 9551 Riverview Rd., Eden Prairie, MN 55344.

FREE CATALOG: INSTITUTE of Audio-Video Engineering, 1831 Hyperion (MU), Hollywood, CA 90027. Recording School. (800) 551-8877 or (213) 666-2380. Approved for International Students. Financial aid available.

MUSIC/VIDEO BUSINESS

Get started on a career in the music/video business. Five locations—Atlanta, Dallas, Denver, Ft. Lauderdale or Seattle. Learn fascinating behind-the-scenes techniques, play a key role backstage or at the controls. Top pro training in studio/concert/video production, artist representation/management, retail/wholesale, promotion/marketing, copyright law, publishing, much more. Employment assistance. Financial aid available. For information: Atlanta, 800-554-3346; Dallas, 800-441-1577; Denver, 800-525-6556; Ft. Lauderdale, 800-327-7603; Seattle, in Washington 800-352-1110, outside Washington 800-345-0987; or write:

MB
Dept. 13
3376 Peachtree Road, N.E.
Atlanta, GA 30326
Specify city.

INSTRUMENTS

GUITARS — Pedal steels, Dobro, National. Vintage, new. Martin, Taylor, Guild, Ovation; Gibson mandolins, banjos; Kentucky, Goldstar, Stelling, Wildwood, Mastertone; D'Angelico, amps, multi-trackers, books, accessories. FREE 72-PAGE BROCHURE. MANDOLIN BROS., 629 Forest, Staten Island, NY 10310. (718) 981-3226.

AN AFTERNOON WITH JACO PASTORIUS

Believed to be Jaco's last known recording recorded on June 19, 1987. This tape is 40 min. of Jaco talking, joking, philosophizing, playing piano and of course, the bass. This is a live 2 track recording unedited and uncensored. This tape will surely become a collector's item. There will only be a limited amount produced and sold. A portion of the proceeds will be used to set up a trust fund for Jaco's children's education. Make checks or money orders payable to Lauran Productions, Inc. to the amount of $9.95. Please include $1.00 for p/h. Allow 4 to 5 weeks for delivery. P.O. Box 490906, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33349-0906.

REPAIR GUITARS? FREE 80-page catalog packed with tools and hard-to-find parts for guitars, banjos and mandolins. Stewart-MacDonald, Box 900Z, Athens OH 45701. (614) 592-3021.

FREE ELECTRIC CATALOG—Instruments by Kramer, ESP, Stinger, Fernandes, more. Also effects, strings, Tascam multi-track recorders, Casio synethesizers, Martin guitars, straps, pickups, accessories. Discount prices. ELDERLY INSTRUMENTS, 1100 N. Washington, POB 14210-AG5, Lansing, MI 48901. (517) 372-7890.

GUITAR & BASS PARTS—necks, locking nuts, pick guards, bridges, tremolos, electronics, knobs, screws, tuning keys and more. Write for free catalog. ALLPARTS, PO Box 1318, Katy, TX 77492.

MISCELLANEOUS

Listen...

Before You Buy!

- **Time Delay**
- **Reverberation**
- **Crossovers**
- **Noise Reduction**
- **Compressor/Limiters**
- **Expanders**
- **Spectrum Analyzers**
- **Parametric EQ**

Don't have regrets about paying too much for a lesser product. In demos and comparisons, we'll show you why we're Better! Our Factory Direct sales allow us to produce a Superior product and offer it to you at a Lower price... Call or write for a free full length Demo Album and 24 page brochure.

Write to: **LT Sound, Dept. M-3, P.O Box 338**
Stone Mountain, GA 30086
In Georgia Call (404)493-1258
TOLL FREE: 1-800-241-3005 — Ext. 14

MUSICIANS

MUSICIANS EXCHANGE! BANDS/musicians: Your serious referral service for working musicians. Make the right connections. P.O. Box 742681, Dallas, TX 75374 (214) 392-1455.

MUSIC OPPORTUNITY/RECORD CONTRACT We will present your demo tape to major record executives. Service FREE if not accepted. 25 years experience in industry. For details, S.A.S.E. MILESTONE MEDIA, Dept. MM, P.O. Box 869, Venice CA 90291.

LIVE MUSIC! MUSICIANS & SOUND engineers, get the most out of your live performances. For a copy of "The Fundamentals of Live Sound Engineering" send $5.00 to: Third Coast Associates, 7530 North Lamar, Suite 205, Austin, TX 78752.

AKAI SAMPLER SOUND LIBRARIES!! The best, most usable, and unique disks for your S900, X7000, S612. 6 disks for $50. For info and orders—(213) 281-7393.

PROTECT YOUR LYRICS AND MUSIC! How to obtain copyrights and licensing. Send $5.00: Labels, P.O. Box 2526, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

HIP, HOT, HAPPENIN' new label—very open-minded—willing to invest in your band—send demo and promo package: Screaming Clam Records, Box 1856 Trinity, Hartford, CT 06106.

WE'RE SIGNING BANDS!! We've got 15 years experience handling platinum artists for some of New York's top management companies, now we're going into business for ourselves. And we want to sign a few acts we can build into super stars. If you've got the songs, style, and perseverance, send tapes, pictures and video (if available) to: Rock Island Management, 729 7th Ave., Dept. M, New York, NY 10019. (212) 744-7747.

TOSH from page 40

audience got a little out of hand.

Dean Fraser's sax solo of "Many Rivers to Cross" cooled things down. Horace McIntosh, Tosh's oldest son, read one of the lessons; Andrew, a year younger at 19, sang two of his father's songs in an evocative voice and manner. Writer/broadcaster Dermot Hussey read a eulogy that remembered Tosh as an artist of great talent and integrity. The most poignant moment came as the coffin, carried by sons Horace, Andrew and Steve, Sly Dunbar, Robbie Lyn and Carlton Smith, left the arena to the horns of Dean Fraser's posse playing "Amazing Grace," and went into a white van for transportation to Belmont. The lead car of the procession, ablaze with the colors of Rastafari, bore a marijuana plant and the words, "This bud's for you."

SUNDAY: Dermot Hussey sat on his verandah on a very still morning. It's been a long, hot summer in Jamaica; with elections imminent, the heat should be with us for a while. Bob Marley was shot just before the 1976 elections, but survived. Whoever shot Peter Tosh took better aim. Hussey recalled the good times he had when he went on tour with Tosh to Brazil, and mused on the law of the ghetto: "The ghetto is very powerful....Its people can't escape from it....They might move away from it, but it always reaches out and claims them in the end."

The story of who killed Peter Tosh is unfinished. The mood in Jamaica, heavy after his death, has almost returned to business as usual. The airwaves, which opened briefly to play his work—even the banned "Legalize It" and "Buk-in-hamm Palace"—are back to their former playlists. The shock returned October 2 when Marlene Brown reportedly was shot at, but not injured, by four men with M16s who passed her car as she was pulling into her driveway in the early morning hours.

The police have arrested Dennis "Leppo" Lobban, the frequent visitor who is rumored to have taken a firearms rap for Tosh 13 years ago. He was released nine months ago; Tosh was reportedly supporting him and then suddenly ceased payment. Lobban, who was present during my interview, isn't talking, but speculation is that the other two men have since left the island. Police believe the shooting to be the result of a feud, but feuds were Tosh's way of life.

On October 8, Marlene Brown said the story that Lobban did time for Peter was a lie. "Peter met Lobban the same day I did. He came out of jail nine months ago, with no money, no place to stay, and Peter helped him. Lobban is a murderer, a hit man, hired [with the other two] to kill Peter. Peter Tosh died an innocent man because they wanted to get Peter out of the way. He died for money. No drugs, no robbery was involved. His own friends turned around and killed him. Peter was at the lead [in reggae]. Certain people could not stand him in front. When those people is at the front, we'll know who the guilty one is."

When he died, Peter Tosh was disillusioned, unhappy and tired of fighting. "The only place you get peace is in the cemetery," he once said. If so, he finally has it. M

PASTORIUS from page 100

jumping into fountains naked, going amok in the Orient. I just didn't see him that much.

I think he had a beautiful animal wisdom that I don't see as a *madness* at all. It's something that we lost. You could view it in this time as a madness, and certainly it could be seen as a madness. Maybe I have the same madness but it's not so expressed. In Jaco I saw some of those expressions as a celebration of life. Strange behavior, certainly. But...I love animals and Jaco loved animals. To run down the street taking off his clothes was different if he did it than if you did it. I don't think of it as demented. I know he lost it at the end, you couldn't talk to him. It was tragic. And coke inflamed his mean side. Coke shuts off the heart and allows meanness or anything that's lying there—a cruel wit—to develop. We all have it. In whatever form, it's lying there.

I saw him for the last time in New York a couple of years ago. I went to an art opening with a group of people. We came out and were looking for a place to eat. We saw this little restaurant across the street with a hand-painted sign: "Jaco Pastorius tonight." So I went across to see him. We all walked in and he was sitting at the bar. I went up and tapped him. When he turned his face to me he was just...gone. It was a gone face. And then life returned to it, he said my name, and we hugged. He hugged me like he was drowning. Then he switched into this gear: He started yelling my name around the club. "Joni Mitchell is the baddest! She's the only woman this, she's the only woman that." Until it was embarrassing. Everyone concerned was embarrassed. The room was embarrassed, I was embarrassed. He kept hollering my name. It was a very small club, there were maybe 10 people present. Anyway, we ended up jamming for a minute. I just got up and started improvising on this electric piano. There was a vocal mike on it, with a cord draped along the back of the piano. At one point Jaco moved forward and he short-sheeted me for a joke; he pulled the cord down so it ran along the keyboard from middle C down—it was an obstacle course. In trying to move it back up, I inevitably hit a clunker and somebody in the audience yelled out, "Never mind the mistakes, Joni!" Jaco was laughing. So I just stopped and said, "Look, this isn't going to work. I'm just going to let Jaco play and I'll sing to him." So I grabbed the mike and let him take the lead.

He used to play "out," but there's out and then there's *out*. This was not good. It was frustrating. It was heartbreaking. And so I just let him play and I followed him and sang with him. That way no matter where he went I could try and be supportive. But he was not in the mood to be supportive. That particular evening, he was a saboteur.

The day after Jaco died I went back and listened to *Mingus*. I went back, basically, to reminisce. And gee, there was some beautiful communication in that playing. I hadn't listened to it for years. The grace of the improvisation on that record—there's space, and then one voice comes in. It's not three people grabbing, feeling a pressure point coming up and all landing on it at once. Jaco was not a road hog at that point. When you put him in that chemistry with Herbie and Wayne, I think they all played splendidly. "Courtesy" sounds so formal, but it was the best of musical manners. And the voice that they speak in when they do come in! I thought that was some really good playing. And there were a lot of magic evenings like that. M

LEPPARD from page 82

hand and lights up. "I can do things now with my fingers that I never dreamed of. Like tying shoelaces."

With obliging good humor, he gives me a lesson in one-handed shoelace tying. The trick is keeping one lace taut by standing on it with your opposite foot, but my untrained fingers still fail to come up with a decent knot.

"...Well, you get the idea. The only thing that's a real pisser is cutting a slice of bread when my girlfriend isn't in. That's the only thing I really miss, being able to steady things. My left arm didn't do all that much, 'cause I'm getting on okay now."

Another issue the entire band agrees on is that they never considered getting another drummer, despite a dozen or so ghoulish phone calls from guys (mostly in the U.S.) who wanted a gig. And they all agree that Allen is a *better* drummer now because he's been forced to stop playing fills.

"Yeah, the old thing of overplaying and getting too complicated is not really an issue anymore. Now I have to try to complicate things. You just use beats more sparingly. It's what you *don't* play, whereas before it was 1-2-3-4, boom-bam-crash, every man for himself. Let there be drums."

Allen compensates with his left leg, which is now noticeably bigger than the right from playing what amounts to a second identical rack of foot pedals. The upper part of the kit looks about half there because everything has to be in close proximity. Allen also broke his right arm badly in the same place his left arm was torn off and is considering switching from his Simmons electronic pads to regular drums. "No disrespect to Simmons, but this arm is the only one I've got, and I have to look after it. In this situation, in a hard rock band, you always overhit and my arm gets stiff. Playing pads isn't as healthy as playing drums. Hard surface, you know. On the other hand, I can pace myself a lot better because of the electronics. The actual physical effort isn't anything like it used to be. You don't have to attack the drums, which is nice when I'm doing background singing....There are still some things I can't do that I would love to do, but I'm getting on with it. It's like anything else, it doesn't come all at once."

Hell of a place to learn, playing in front of 20,000 people every night.

"Yeah, but it's the best place to learn. Bouncing off audience reaction, seeing what works and what doesn't. I've always done that, since I started playing when I was 11 or 12 years old. My first gig was in my Mum and Dad's living room, all the friends and neighbors around. That was it—just playing the drums to get people smiling. I joined Def Leppard on my fifteenth birthday, just barely out of diapers."

Well, there isn't much else to do in Sheffield.

"It's a pretty boring place. Like Pittsburgh, if you know what I mean. It was the band or the factory. We were determined to make it, because of the alternative."

Didn't you have a problem with school?

"My mother and father told me to leave. Supposedly I was to play only a certain number of shows per week, but I kept falling asleep during lessons anyway. There's all these kids in school, and none of them has got jobs to go to. So my mother and father said, 'This kid here has his work cut out for him, and you're saying he's got to stay in school for another three months and destroy his chances with the band? You're saying forget about the band and do schoolwork when he's got a good job?' We just didn't understand their logic." M

It takes a winning team to build a winning pedal.

The 1987 Music and Sound Award

The ballots are in. The DigiTech PDS 1002 has been voted 1987's most innovative foot-controlled, effects/signal processor product. That's how it was honored at the Music and Sound Awards, held recently at the 1987 NAMM Exposition.

Best in a tough field. Pretty impressive when you consider it was judged by music dealers across the country.

But music dealers aren't the only ones singing the praises of the PDS 1002. It's getting outstanding reviews from musicians nationwide. Musicians who cast *their* votes by making the PDS 1002 the largest selling digital delay pedal in the country.

The design team of the PDS 1002, from left: Frank Nelson, Bonnie Miller, Rob Urry, Bill Brotherton and Jim Pennock.

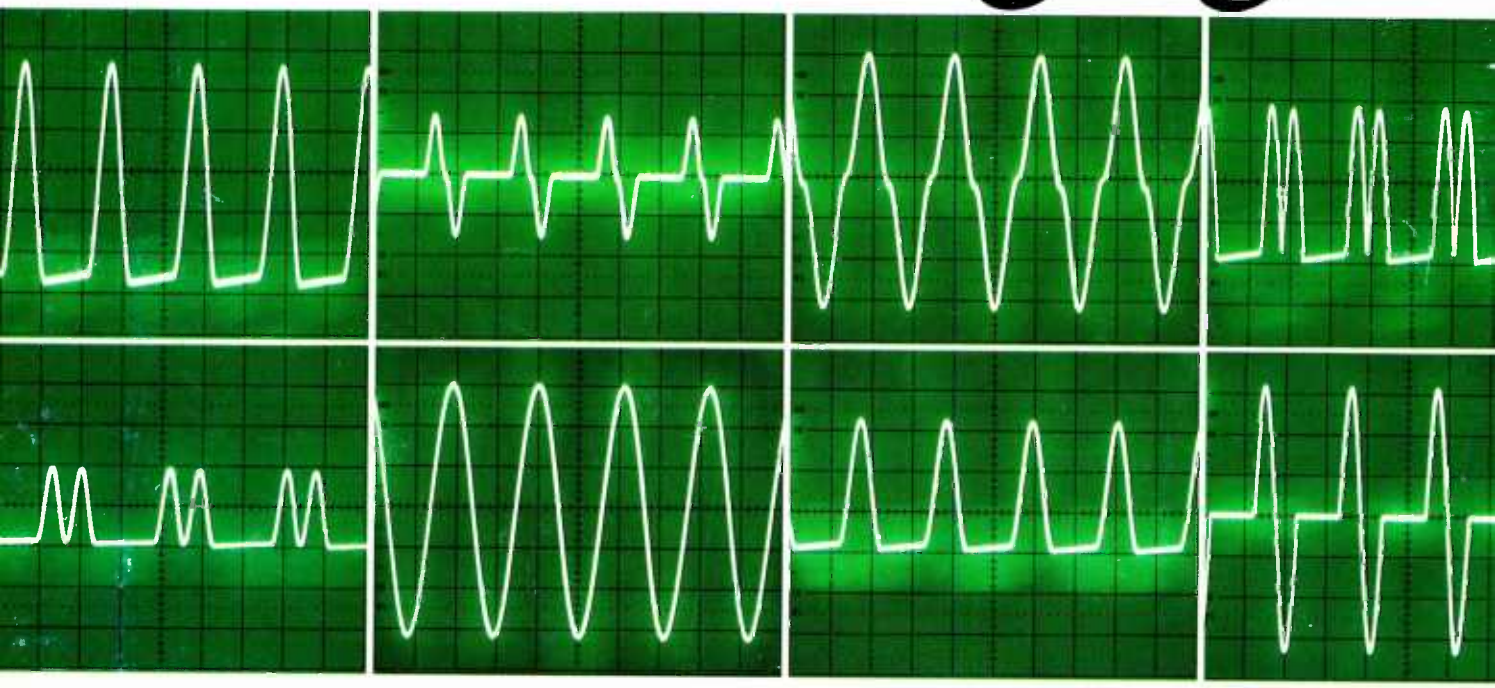
For digital effects including sound-on-sound, infinite repeat and delaying up to two seconds, there's just no contest.

The entire staff at DigiTech is proud of the PDS 1002. Proud that their work has been recognized. And proud that their product is manufactured in the U.S.A.

For a full-color catalog of our entire line of quality signal processing equipment, write 5639 South Riley Lane, Salt Lake City, Utah 84107. (801) 268-8400.

DigiTech
Start at the top.

It understands more than sine language.



The new TX81Z is the first FM tone generator from Yamaha that offers eight different waveforms for each operator. So besides sine waves, now there are seven other exciting waveforms you can play with.

This not only increases the almost limitless sound possibilities of FM, it also gives the four-operator TX81Z a "six-op" sound. Yet the TX81Z is still compatible with other Yamaha four-operator synths and tone generators.

The TX81Z's Play Single mode lets you play voices with 8-note polyphony. There are five banks of 32 voices to choose from, including 128 preset voices and 32 user voices, programmable from the front panel.

Twenty-four additional performance memories let you play up to eight voices at one time. Instrument 1, for instance, could be a piano voice with 5-note polyphony while instruments 2, 3 and 4 could be monophonic voices. Note limits, MIDI reception channel, voice numbers, detune and volume settings for each instrument can be instantly changed in this mode.

Eleven preset and two user-programmable micro-tunings let you play a harpsichord voice, for instance, in authentic mean-tone temperament, or gongs and bells in Balinese gamelan scales.

And three effects including Pan, Transposed Delay and Chord Set (which assigns up to four notes to be sounded by a single incoming note) let you add greater expressiveness to your music.

And you get all this at a price that translates into a great deal.

Hear the new TX81Z FM tone generator at your Yamaha Digital Musical Instrument dealer. For more information, write: Yamaha Music Corporation, USA, Digital Musical Instrument Division, P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622. In Canada: Yamaha Canada Music Ltd., 135 Milner Avenue, Scarborough, Ont., M1S 3R1.

100
1887-1987
A Century of Quality

YAMAHA.