

Recession Hits the Music Biz • Black Crowes • Neil Young

MUSICIAN

FEB 91

INSIDE PINK FLOYD

Syd Barrett, David Gilmour & Roger Waters

One Lost his Band, One Lost his Friend, One Lost his Mind

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ISSUE No 148

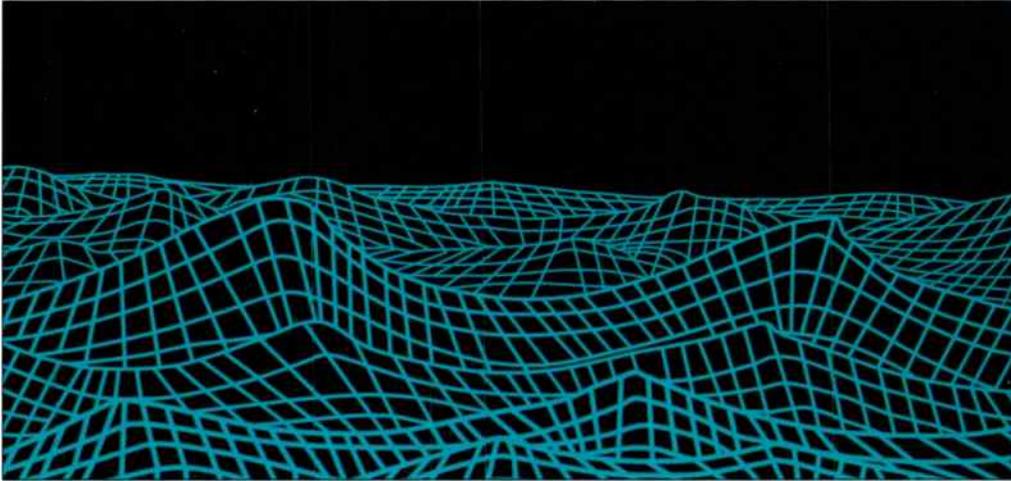
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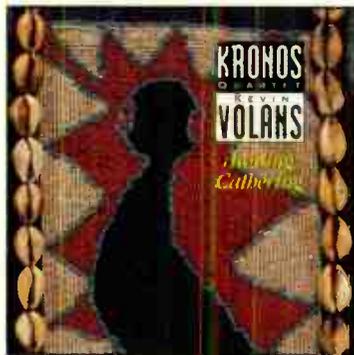
KRONOS QUARTET



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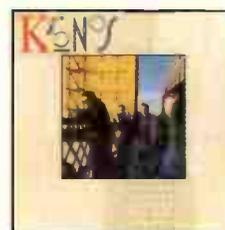
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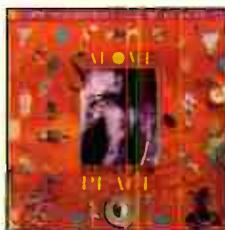
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World Radio History

WORKING MUSICIAN

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BERNIE WORRELL

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BY ALAN DI PERNA

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DANNY GATTON

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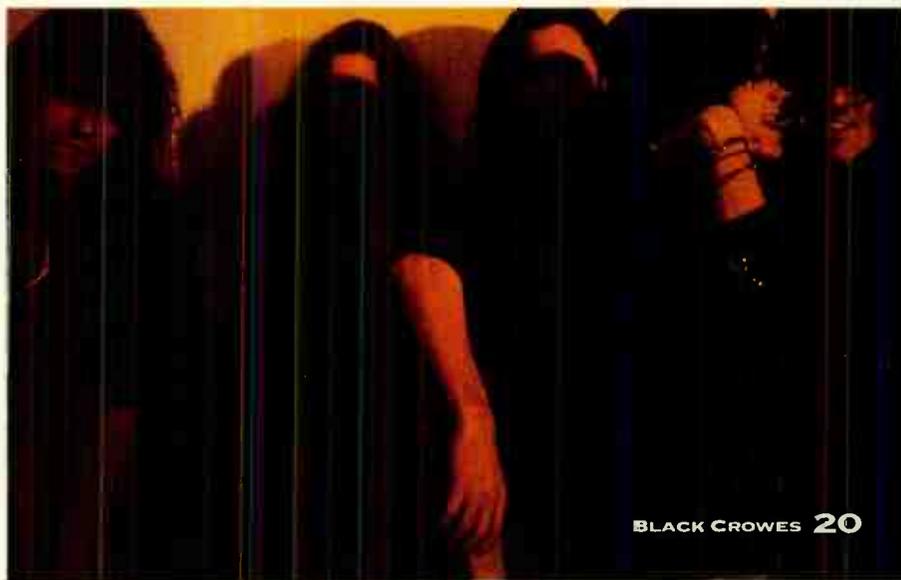
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BY FRED GOODMAN

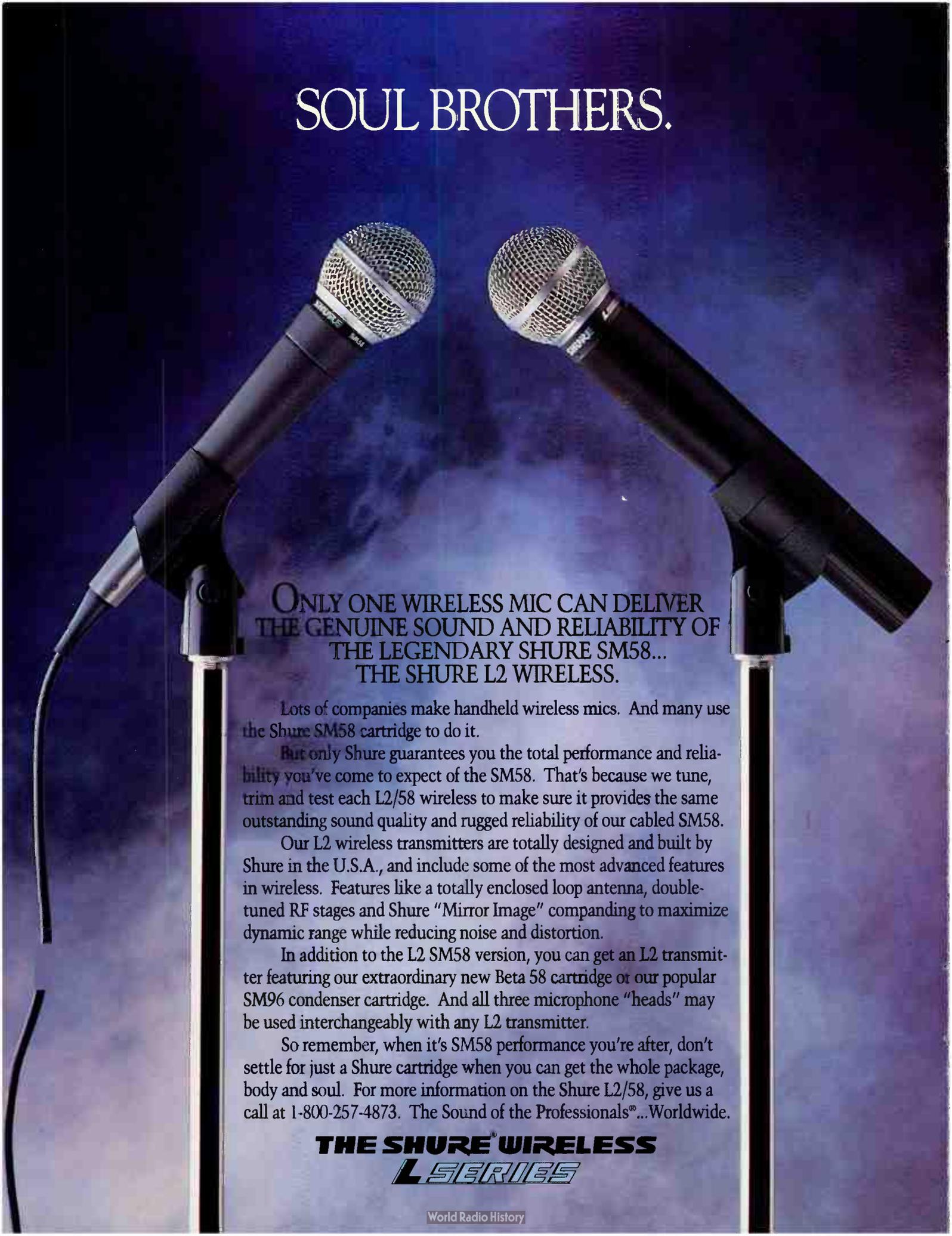
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HOW TO NAME YOUR BAND

BY PETER DONKOVICH

SOUL BROTHERS.



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Bill Wyman

The Stones played really well on the Steel Wheels tour, better than I've ever heard the band play live.

We did tighten up. We rehearsed longer, for a start. What we especially did was we got the tempos right. We had timed count-ins for every song, which we'd never done before. "Miss You" used to be so fast I couldn't play the bloody thing! I'd say, "Come on, Keith, don't start it off that fast!" and he'd say, "Oh, that was just an accident, it'll be alright tomorrow," and it'd be the same thing. This time we held all the tempos exactly the same, which was a great improvement. And we worked endings out. We never did that before.

We never did *soundchecks* before, really. It's a joke, but we never did. And we had two very straight and brilliant keyboard players who kept that discipline and kept us in shape. The Stones have always had a sloppy, almost falling-to-bits rhythm; it wobbles a bit and that's part of the charm. But you can get that and be precise as well. We got the starts right and the middle breaks and the endings. Even then, Keith would still blow right through the breaks and play all over them. But generally it worked out very well.

Woody was impressive this time.

He played really well, because he was told not to run around and to concentrate on the music! In previous tours he'd tear ass all over the place, forget all his solos, forget where he was, couldn't hear, and just make these horrible noises and fall over. Once again: discipline. He stuck to his place and it really worked.

Do you play guitar?

No. I did rhythm bits on my solo albums but I'm not a guitarist. I never learned chords. I'm a really strange bass player. I was musical as a child, clarinet and piano lessons. From that I was able to anticipate where a chord change would be, melodically. If we were working on a song I might say, "Oh, there's a better chord than that, Keith, try to find another," and he'd find it. But I never learned chords. If they say, "A to

D and then to G," I would not be able to follow that quickly on the bass. I'd have to find it. But I can *feel* it. I don't think there's another bass player in the world who doesn't know chords. If I'm on the G on the second string and they say, "Go to C sharp," I have to think, "Where is C sharp on the bass?"

How do you rank Keith and Woody as bassists?

"THE STONES
RHYTHM WOBBLERS
A BIT. THAT'S PART
OF THE CHARM."

Not very highly. Keith has good basic ideas but he doesn't play them very well. It disturbs me when I listen to his bass on some things. I'm bloody sure if I played guitar it would disturb him greatly! He'll find a really good line on the bass—like on "Happy"—but his timing on the bass isn't very good. And Woody just plays too much, I think. I often pull him back and say, "Look, Woody, if you're going to play bass on this, put in some bottom notes. Don't keep wandering around on the top, soloing all the time. Put a couple of low ones in just to keep it together, something to hang onto." Jeff Beck probably wanted Woody to be busy. It probably worked in the Jeff Beck Group, but it doesn't work in the Stones. Charlie's a great drummer but he's basically a simple drummer. I stay simple with him and that works very well.

Have the other Stones reacted to Stone Alone, your autobiography?

No. When the band does solo projects no one takes much notice of them, really. I sent them all a book but they were all on holiday after the tour. We all just met yesterday afternoon, actually. We had one of our usual six-monthly get-togethers to go through business stuff, tax stuff. At the end of the meetings we always have a chat about "What are we going to do next year and the

year after?"

Certain members of the band—I was not one of them—said that they don't want to work for at least a year, maybe two.

I said to Mick, "Have you read the book yet?" He said, "No, I haven't read it yet." It's still at his office. It didn't go off to Bali or wherever he's been. We don't talk about solo projects; you don't talk about Woody's solo album or Mick's Australian tour. A few days earlier, when Woody was in hospital with his legs injured I said, "Have you read the book?" He said, "No, you sent it to my house and the next day someone came along and stole it, so you're gonna have to send me another." Charlie doesn't even read books really, but his wife liked it very much. Andrew Oldham phoned and said he thought it was very even-handed. He thought he came out a bit nicer than he's ever come out in a book on the Stones. And I thought I really slagged him off!

Where do you draw the line between telling the whole truth and saying, "I still have to work with



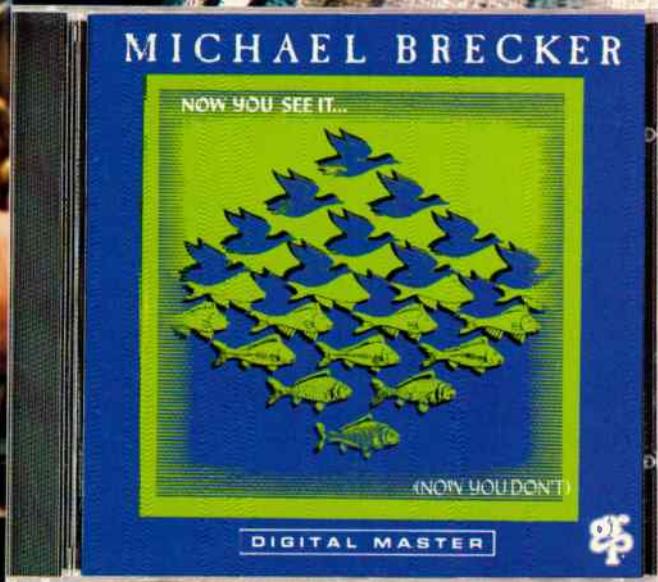
these guys—I'd better not tell that story?"

You do have to hold back just a little bit on some things. I wouldn't delve into Mick and Marianne's private lives. I wouldn't talk about Mars bars and things.

—Bill Flanagan

MICHAEL BRECKER

NOW YOU SEE IT... (NOW YOU DON'T)



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CHRIS CAMOZZI
Guitarist with
Michael Bolton &
Mariah Carey

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LETTERS



Stevie Remembered

BOTH MATT RESNICOFF'S EPITAPH and Dean Markley's tribute (Nov. '90) to Stevie Ray Vaughan were lovely remembrances of a man whose music and honesty will be sorely missed. It makes me so damn sad to know that he's gone. Rest in peace, Stevie. We loved you.

Jay Blackburn
Seattle, WA

THAT MONDAY WHEN I HEARD THAT Stevie Ray had died, I listened to his music all night and cried a river of tears. The river will never stop flowing every time I hear Stevie Ray. But I will never stop dancing, either, every time I hear his music.

Beth Nedrow
Aurora, IL

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN WAS A GIVER. He gave love, warmth, kindness, but most of all, soul. You could open your heart to his music because you knew it came from way down deep inside, a place we usually keep hidden, but a place Stevie shared with us.

Andrea S. Thrasher
Double Oak, TX

I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR being the only magazine to acknowledge the untimely death of Stevie Ray Vaughan (except *Rolling Stone*, who threw together some

half-assed tiny article about his memorial service). And the "moment of silence" tribute from the Dean Markley company was beautiful.

Kevin M. Farrow
Chicago, IL

I WAS NOT TOO SURPRISED when *Rolling Stone* thought it more important to put the women of "Twin Peaks" on their cover. But I was dismayed at the fact that somehow to *Musician* Jimmy Page seemed to be a more relevant and appropriate choice for a cover than Stevie Ray.

Robin Lubatkin
Storrs, CT

STEVIE RAY SHOULD'VE HAD THE cover all to himself.

Sonia Ann Moss
Jamaica, NY

Turn the Page

THE FIRST THING I DID WHEN I SAW the cover of the November issue of *Musician* was scream! Then I composed myself and immediately read the Jimmy Page article.

Thanks to Matt Resnicoff for a terrific article. Now we can only hope that Robert Plant will put his ego on hold for a bit so that the best group of the '70s will be able to prove they can still rock 'n' roll.

Kim Andrews
Jersey City, NJ

I'VE ALWAYS PAID CLOSE ATTENTION to what Jimmy Page has been doing as a solo artist, and I thought that it was unfair of Matt Resnicoff to mention the Zep reunion at the Atlantic Records celebration the way that he did. I've heard Jimmy play guitar several times since then and his playing sounds great.

Laurie May
Leesburg, IN

ENOUGH ENOUGH ALREADY WITH articles on Jimmy Page, Robert Plant or anybody or anything to do with Led Zeppelin. No more about that highly overrated band and anyone connected to it for at least five years. It's absolutely shocking to me that a godawful, bombastic con job of a band like them could be so popular in its original heyday, and, worse, be even more popular 10 years after they broke up. Together they were nothing less than pompous, obnoxious, melodramatic, self-indulgent, lugubrious, narcissistic, bloated and unnecessarily excessive, and in concert were even worse.

D.A. Kelly
Louisville, KY

THE TITLE OF THE LIVE YARDBIRDS bootleg album (Nov. '90, page 62) was *Live at the Anderson Theatre*, not *Emerson*.

Dave McLeod
Greenwich, CT

Kick Out the Jams, Monkeys!

THANK YOU, DAVE MARSH, FOR THE impassioned article on Rob Tyner and MC5. It was completely refreshing to read about a man so passionate and religious about his life and music. Tyner the "Art Warrior" has hit the nail on the head when he said man has descended from lemurs instead of apes because lemurs live in fear. In a time where videos and power ballads are essential for success, it's nice to know there was a time when fire and passion ruled.

Matt Cameron
Seattle, WA

SOMEONE NEEDS TO TELL ROB TYNER that lemurs are monkeys!

Jonny Gillespie
Keeper

Fort Wayne Children's Zoo
Ft. Wayne, IN

End of the Innocence

NICE JOB ON MACKENZIE ROCKMAN. But are you sure you want Don Henley in the cast as Arnie, the epitome of money-grabbing lawyers? This is the man who has sung: "Cross a lawyer with a godfather, make you an offer you can't understand," and the hauntingly true "A man with a briefcase can steal more money than any man with a gun."

Mark Brown
Philadelphia, PA

I FOUND THE THOUGHT OF BRIAN Wilson playing the part of the slightly retarded character on "L.A. Law" insulting! Brian is a genius, and should be celebrated as such, not dismissed or made fun of! Hey, George, Jeff, Bob, Tom and Jim... How about making Brian a Wilbury?

Yann Poisson
New Haven, CT

Contests & Awards

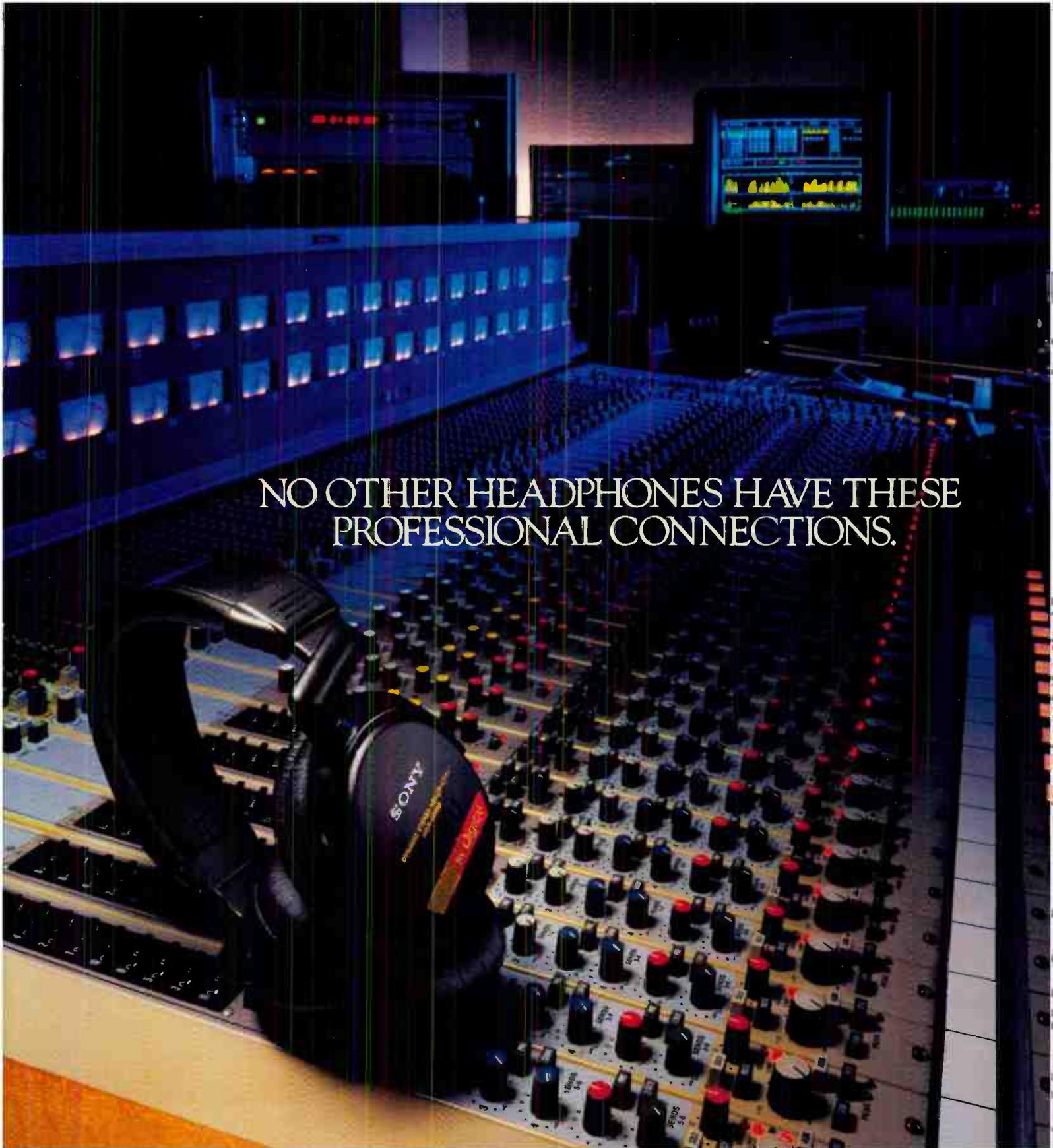
HEALEY HELL-RAISER KENT LINDERMERE of Roxbury, CT and Cray contestant George Fox of Cincinnati, OH are winners in the FENDER/MUSICIAN Fall '90 guitar promotions.

Musician has won the Deems-Taylor award for editing and publishing the lost diaries of Charles Mingus in issue 128. Congrats to Tom Moon, Stephen Davis and Sue Mingus for their tireless work. All the rest of you: Order the back issue!

Erata

THE BAND TIPPA IRIE WAS INCORRECTLY spelled Tippa Trie in *Faces* (Dec. '90).

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“Ooooh, Ooooh, A
Mmm, Mmm, Uu
Hahhh, Hahhh, M
Mmmmm, Yea, Yea
Baby It's Alright!”

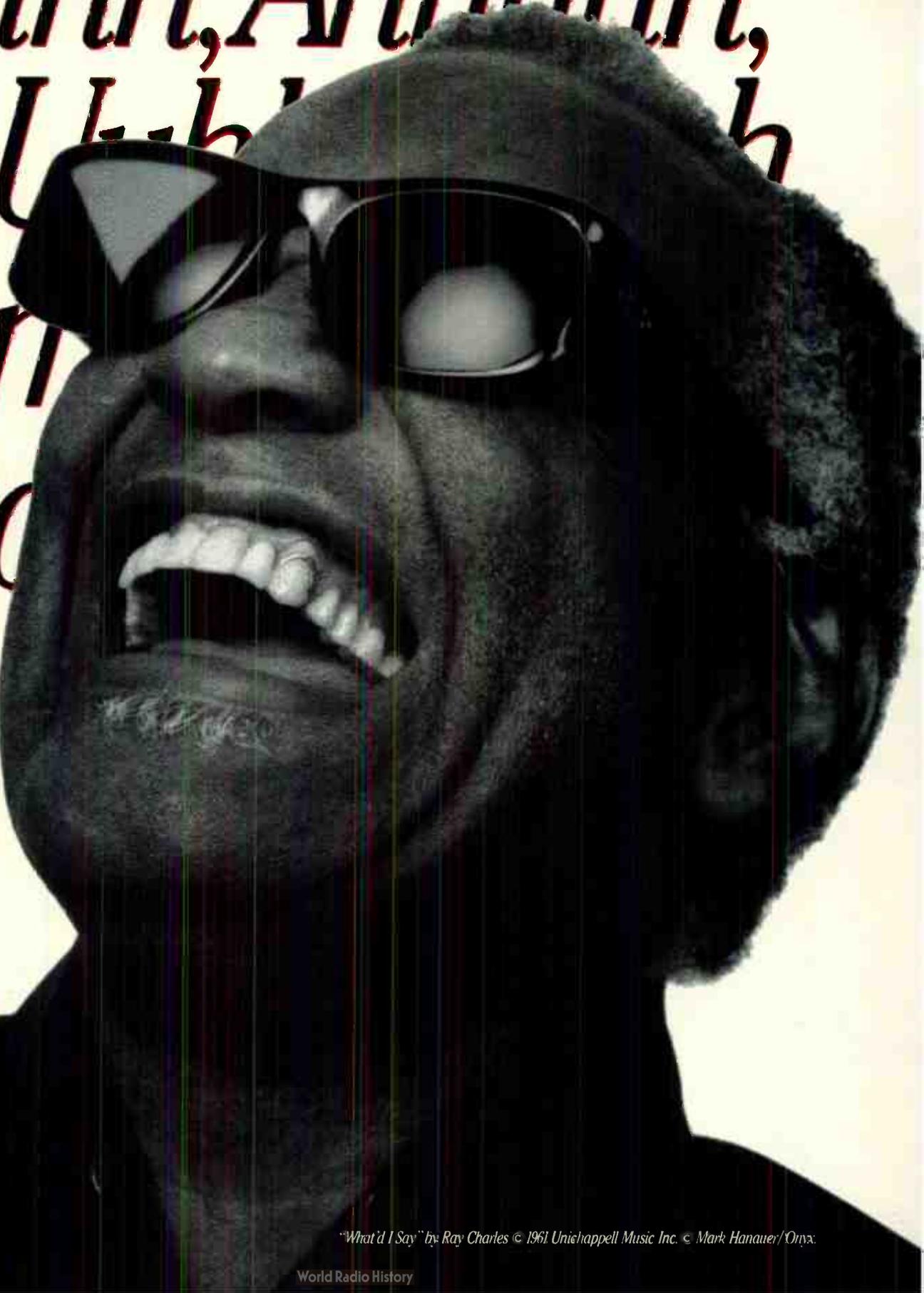
—Ray Charles on the new Rhodes Keyboard.



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"What'd I Say" by Ray Charles © 1961 Unichappell Music Inc. © Mark Hanauer/Onyx.

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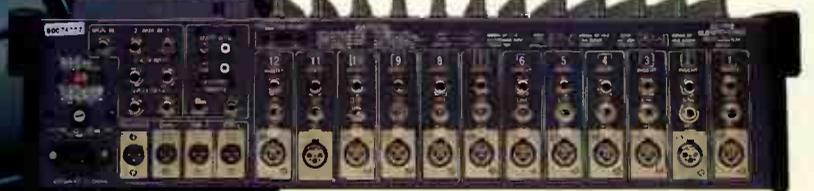
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FACES

Cocteau Twins

THE MUSIC OF SOUND

"People think, for some reason, that we're quite musical," chuckles Simon Raymonde, one third of the Cocteau Twins. "But it's not something I ever really think about."

Nor should he. After all, one of the most endearing aspects of the group's shimmering, soft-focus sound is its utter lack of self-consciousness. As singer Elizabeth Fraser puts it, "I enjoy talking about music, but I can't dissect and break down our music, because it's such a natural process. It's just not thought out to that extent."

But neither is it just a happy accident. Although Raymonde admits that he and bandmate Robin Guthrie are "pretty shit at playing everything," he also makes it plain that instrumental technique has never been a priority for the band. Instead, what the Cocteaus focus on is the *sound* of music.

"That's where a lot of the songs actually come from, the sound of it," he says. "I mean, if you just plug a guitar into an amplifier, it sounds, essentially, quite boring. You find yourself just playing rock riffs, because that's the history of that sound. But if you put it through some peculiar effect, you create something you haven't heard before, and that inspires you."

J.D. CONSIDINE



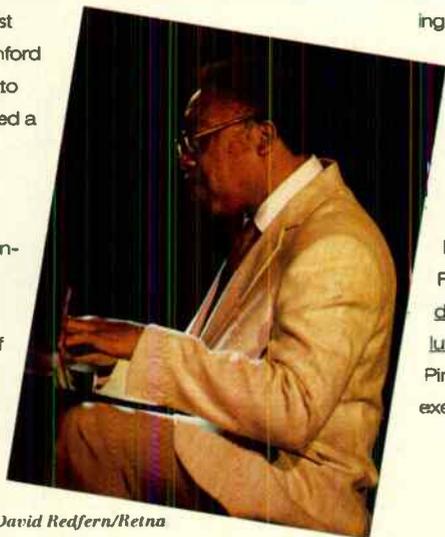
Ellis Marsalis LIVE LONG AND PROSPER

If you can manage to live long enough and do anything, there's a point when people are going to notice," Ellis Marsalis says. At 57, the New Orleans jazz pianist who fathered Wynton, Branford and Delfeayo is stepping into the limelight. He's just signed a multi-record contract with Columbia Records.

Like Wynton, Ellis has a classical technique and training, the legacy of a 1950s musical education which did not deem jazz worthy of the classroom. Miles Davis, who has taken jazz

in more directions than a compass, has intimated that learning classical music is the worst thing a jazz musician can do.

"I don't think you can



make a blanket indictment like that," says Marsalis. "You see, I've got a son named Wynton, and he's got a whole lot of people imitating what he's doing—playing jazz—and needless to say, he was a classical musician."

Ellis has spent the last 12 years with the New Orleans Center for the Creative Arts, teaching hot young musicians like Wynton, Branford, Terence Blanchard and Kent Jordan. Recent work with Wynton (*Standard Time, Volume 3: The Resolution of Romance*) and Courtney Pine turned out to be warm-up exercises for his new contract. But

the main reason for the elder Marsalis' musical renaissance is simply that he never lost his chops. And he never pressured his kids into music.

"Wynton could have been a scientist, anything. See, it didn't make any difference to me. I've seen what they call stagedoor mommies and stagedoor daddies. Those are people whose ambitions were never fulfilled and they live 'em through their kids. I never stopped playing. I had no reason to live anything through my kids. Had I quit playing, I would have probably been a real pain in the ass." —GEOFF OSSIAS

'Til Tuesday AIMEE'S BOARDING HOUSE

At a benefit for the homeless at New York City's Ritz in October, 'Til Tuesday, a new band with an old name, played a showstopping set. Singer/songwriter Aimee Mann and drummer Michael Hausman—the survivors of the original lineup—have traded in the MTV pop of their 1985 hit "Voices Carry" for a loose, energetic folk-rock a little like World Party's. The new sound owed a lot to the new members, Buddy Dodge and Jon Brion, both of whom switched off guitar and bass with Mann—and infected the band with enough irreverence to play "Voices Carry" with the bass and drum pattern of the Beatles' "Tomorrow Never Knows."

"The first time I had fun onstage was the first time I played with these guys," Mann says. "Everybody feels so good that they'll try anything. Jon will play the guitar solo from 'Good Vibrations' or 'Mister Rogers' Neighborhood.' It's a lot less precious."

The new looseness has confused record companies, though. 'Til Tuesday parted ways with Epic Records in early '89. Unable to afford a full-blown tour, Mann suggested to her apartment-mates Dodge and Brion that they take their living-room jam sessions into some clubs. They've been playing together since. Mann admits that she's in a race with her new bandmates to see if she can get the new 'Til Tuesday signed before Brion or Dodge

scores a solo deal. Why not just throw everybody's best songs into 'Til Tuesday? "Everybody wants to sing," Mann answers. "And nobody thinks a democracy is possible or even desirable."

Mann admits to feeling a little cornered by 'Til Tuesday's MTV image. "Our first tour was opening for Hall & Oates in arenas," she says. "That made me feel I had to be an *entertainer*, which I'm patently unsuited for. I don't know how to entertain and, really, I don't want to entertain. I just want to go out and sing and be interesting musically."

BILL FLANAGAN



Alison Krauss A 19-YEAR-OLD'S OLD-TIME COUNTRY SOUL



Alison Krauss is a virtuoso bluegrass fiddle player, but that fact might not hit you after listening to *I've Got That Old Feeling* (Rounder). There's not a lick of virtuoso fiddling on it. "I'm more into complementing the songs," says the 19-year-old Krauss. "Instead of playing a lot of notes, I'm trying, if I can, to play the right ones. I hear older tapes of myself and think, 'Why did I do that?' You grow—play more tastefully. There are things I used to do I would never do now."

Another thing she doesn't do anymore is participate in fiddle contests; about five years ago she became notorious for scarfing up top prize in a slew of Midwestern competitions. "My parents and I drove all the time, sometimes even hit two or three a weekend. Yeah, I was a real contest queen."

These days, with three very impressive recordings under her belt, Krauss doesn't have to work so hard to prove herself. "I'm not striving for a hit. We just want to play bluegrass." Yet the way Krauss' tunes ("melody songs—real easy to remember") address their plentiful hooks, a broader market seems inevitable down the line. She and her ensemble, Union Station, earn praise at every turn—sometimes for their nonchalant precision, sometimes for the leader's rich, immediately identifiable soprano. They may have that old feeling, but it definitely has a few new twists.

JIM MACNIE

NEWS

Big record chains like Musicland, Trans World Corp. and Sound Warehouse have refused to stock the latest CD by the popular children's troubadour Raffi, but not because Raffi suddenly gotten randy. Raffi's contract with MCA Records stipulates that *Evergreen Everblue* be released without the wasteful cardboard longbox package, and retailers are crying that the naked CD jewel box doesn't fit their old record bins. Both MCA and Raffi are standing firm by their efforts to prevent the unnecessary destruction of our forests, and are willing to withstand the financial consequences. So millions of kids will go without Raffi. The record stores can afford to boycott a children's artist—but will they be so tough against big stars? Geffen Records will ship Peter Dinklage's imminent *Shaking the Tree: 16 Golden Greats* without the longbox, and U2 is said to be planning alternative packaging for their next disc. Over at A&M, only the first 300,000 of Sting's new *The Soul Cages* will be released in the familiar longbox form. The rest will incorporate an innovative new paper case featuring environmentally unsound, disposable plastic stiffies that recall that familiar longbox look so precious to retailers. —MATT REINCOFF

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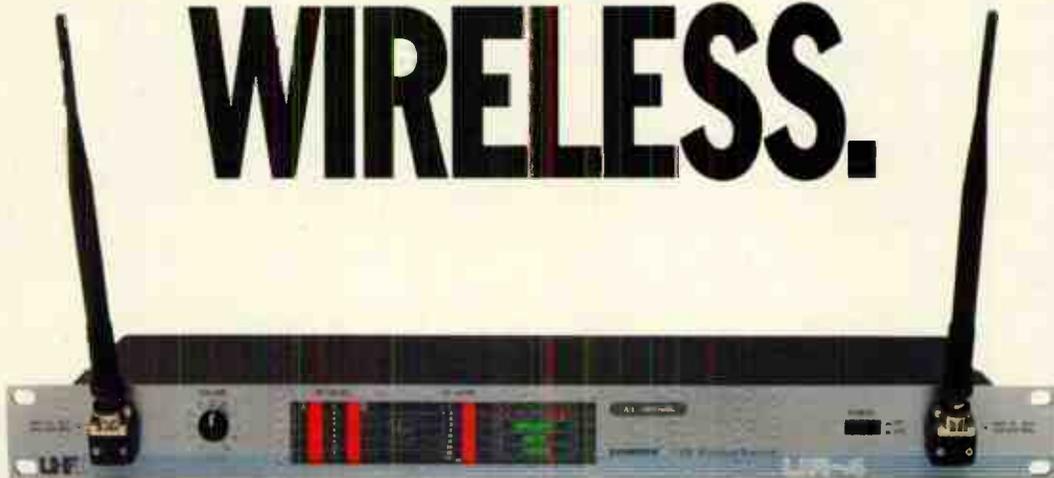
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*In case you were reading so fast, we wanted to remind you that this ad is about UHF, not VHF wireless. †As long as you are reading our ad this closely, we thought we'd tell you who they are: Yukinaga Koike, Doug Bryant, Takao Horiuchi, Susumu Tamura. ‡dbx is a registered trademark of Carillon Industries.

Top 100 Albums

The first number indicates the position of the album this month, the second its position last month.

1 • 3	Vanilla Ice <i>To the Extreme/SBK</i>
2 • 1	M.C. Hammer <i>Please Hammer Don't Hurt 'Em</i> Capitol
3 • 4	Mariah Carey <i>Mariah Carey/Columbia</i>
4 • 55	Paul Simon <i>Rhythm of the Saints</i> Warner Bros.
5 • 2	AC/DC <i>The Razors Edge/Atco</i>
6 • —	Whitney Houston <i>I'm Your Baby Tonight/Arista</i>
7 • 53	ZZ Top <i>Recycler/Warner Bros.</i>
8 • 6	Wilson Phillips <i>Wilson Phillips/SBK</i>
9 • 29	Bette Midler <i>Some People's Lives/Atlantic</i>
10 • 5	George Michael <i>Listen without Prejudice Vol. 1</i> Columbia
11 • —	Traveling Wilburys <i>Vol. 3/Columbia</i>
12 • 12	Poison <i>Flesh and Blood/Enigma</i>
13 • 9	Bell Biv DeVoe <i>Poison/MCA</i>
14 • —	The Cure <i>Mixed Up/Elektra</i>
15 • 7	INXS <i>X/Atlantic</i>
16 • 15	Garth Brooks <i>No Fences/Capitol</i>
17 • 8	Vaughan Brothers <i>Family Style/Associated</i>
18 • 10	Warrant <i>Cherry Pie/Columbia</i>
19 • 30	Soundtrack <i>Pretty Woman/EMI</i>
20 • —	Phil Collins <i>Serious Hits...Live!/EMI</i>
21 • 48	The Black Crowes <i>Shake Your Money Maker</i> Def American
22 • 14	Jon Bon Jovi <i>Blaze of Glory/Young Guns II</i> Mercury

23 • —	Clint Black <i>Put Yourself in My Shoes/RCA</i>
24 • —	Led Zeppelin <i>Led Zeppelin/Atlantic</i>
25 • 40	Deee-Lite <i>World Clique/Elektra</i>
26 • 11	Queensryche <i>Empire/EMI</i>
27 • —	Madonna <i>The Immaculate Collection/Sire</i>
28 • 39	Janet Jackson <i>Janet Jackson's Rhythm Nation/AM</i>
29 • 23	Nelson <i>After the Rain/DGC</i>
30 • 71	Al B. Sure! <i>Private Times...And the Whole 9!</i> Warner Bros.
31 • —	Steve Winwood <i>Refugees of the Heart/Virgin</i>
32 • —	Paul McCartney <i>Tipping the Live Fantastic</i> Capitol
33 • 20	Too Short <i>Short Dog's in the House/Steve</i>
34 • —	Scorpions <i>Crazy World/Mercury</i>
35 • 18	Michael Bolton <i>Soul Provider/Columbia</i>
36 • 19	Slaughter <i>Stick It to Ya/Chrysalis</i>
37 • —	Eddie Brickett & New Bohemians <i>Ghost of a Dog/Geffen</i>
38 • 15	Soundtrack <i>Ghost/Varese Sarabande</i>
39 • 35	New Kids on the Block <i>Step by Step/Columbia</i>
40 • 16	L.L. Cool J <i>Mama Said Knock You Out/Def Jam</i>
41 • 63	Damn Yankees <i>Damn Yankees/Warner Bros.</i>
42 • 24	Soundtrack <i>Twin Peaks/Warner Bros.</i>
43 • 41	Pebbles <i>Always/MCA</i>
44 • —	Guy <i>The Future/MCA</i>
45 • 37	Winger <i>In the Heart of the Young/Atlantic</i>
46 • —	Big Daddy Kane <i>Taste of Chocolate/Cold Chillin'</i>
47 • 17	Faith No More <i>The Real Thing/Slash</i>
48 • —	Candyman <i>Ain't No Shame in My Game/Epic</i>

49 • 25	Anita Baker <i>Compositions/Elektra</i>
50 • 27	Judas Priest <i>Painkiller/Columbia</i>
51 • 70	Tony! Toni! Tone! <i>The Revival/Wing</i>
52 • 28	Keith Sweat <i>I'll Give All My Love to You</i> Vintertainment
53 • 22	Iron Maiden <i>No Prayer for the Dying/Epic</i>
54 • 31	Megadeth <i>Rust in Peace/Capitol</i>
55 • 33	Randy Travis <i>Heroes & Friends/Warner Bros.</i>
56 • —	Tesla <i>Five Man Acoustical Jam/Geffen</i>
57 • 26	Depeche Mode <i>Violator/Sire</i>
58 • 86	UB40 <i>Labour of Love II/Virgin</i>
59 • 47	Maxi Priest <i>Bonafide/Charisma</i>
60 • —	Lynch Mob <i>Wicked Sensation/Elektra</i>
61 • —	Pet Shop Boys <i>Behavior/EMI</i>
62 • —	Trixter <i>Trixter/Mechanic</i>
63 • —	Various Artists <i>Red Hot & Blue/Chrysalis</i>
64 • 85	Carreras-Domingo-Pavarotti <i>Carreras-Domingo-Pavarotti in Concert/London</i>
65 • 93	Daryl Hall John Oates <i>Change of Season/Arista</i>
66 • 38	Johnny Gill <i>Johnny Gill/Motown</i>
67 • —	Ralph Tresvant <i>Ralph Tresvant/MCA</i>
68 • —	Freddie Jackson <i>Do Me Again/Capitol</i>
69 • —	Debbie Gibson <i>Anything is Possible/Atlantic</i>
70 • 65	Carly Simon <i>Have You Seen Me Lately?/Arista</i>
71 • 59	Heart <i>Brigade/Capitol</i>
72 • 21	Phil Collins <i>...But Seriously/Atlantic</i>
73 • 43	Jane's Addiction <i>Ritual de lo Habitual</i> Warner Bros.
74 • —	New Kids on the Block <i>Merry Merry Christmas</i> Columbia
75 • —	Van Morrison <i>Enlightenment/Mercury</i>
76 • 32	The Righteous Brothers <i>The Righteous Brothers Greatest Hits/Nerve</i>
77 • —	Morrissey <i>Bona Drag/Sire</i>
78 • —	Jimmy Buffett <i>Feeding Frenzy/MCA</i>
79 • —	Cinderella <i>Heartbreak Station/Mercury</i>
80 • 52	Garth Brooks <i>Garth Brooks/Capitol</i>
81 • 44	Indigo Girls <i>Nomads Indians Saints/Epic</i>
82 • 36	Prince <i>Graffiti Bridge/Paisley Park</i>
83 • 50	The Robert Cray Band <i>Featuring the Memphis Horns</i> Midnight Stroll/Mercury
84 • —	Stevie B <i>Love & Emotion/LMR</i>

85 • —	Yanni <i>Reflections of Passion</i> Private Music
86 • 72	Harry Connick, Jr. <i>We Are in Love/Columbia</i>
87 • —	New Kids on the Block <i>No More Games/Remix Album</i> Columbia
88 • 58	Black Box <i>Dreamland/RCA</i>
89 • 34	Living Colour <i>Time's Up/Epic</i>
90 • —	Barry Manilow <i>Because It's Christmas/Arista</i>
91 • 42	N.W.A. <i>100 Miles and Runnin'/Ruthless</i>
92 • 57	Reba McInire <i>Rumor Has It/MCA</i>
93 • 56	Mötley Crüe <i>Dr. Feelgood/Elektra</i>
94 • —	K.T. Oslin <i>Love in a Smalltown/RCA</i>
95 • 61	Concrete Blonde <i>Bloodletting/I.R.S.</i>
96 • 45	Neil Young & Crazy Horse <i>Ragged Glory/Reprise</i>
97 • 68	Clint Black <i>Killin' Time/RCA</i>
98 • —	Eton John <i>To Be Continued.../MCA</i>
99 • 69	The Kentucky Headhunters <i>Pickin' on Nashville/Mercury</i>
100 • 60	Slayer <i>Seasons in the Abyss</i> Def American

The Musician album chart is produced by the Billboard chart department for Musician, and reflects the combined points for all album reports gathered by the Billboard computers in the month of November. The record company chart is based on the top 200 albums. The concert chart is based on Amusement Business Box Score reports for November 1991. All charts are copyright 1991 by BPI Incorporated.

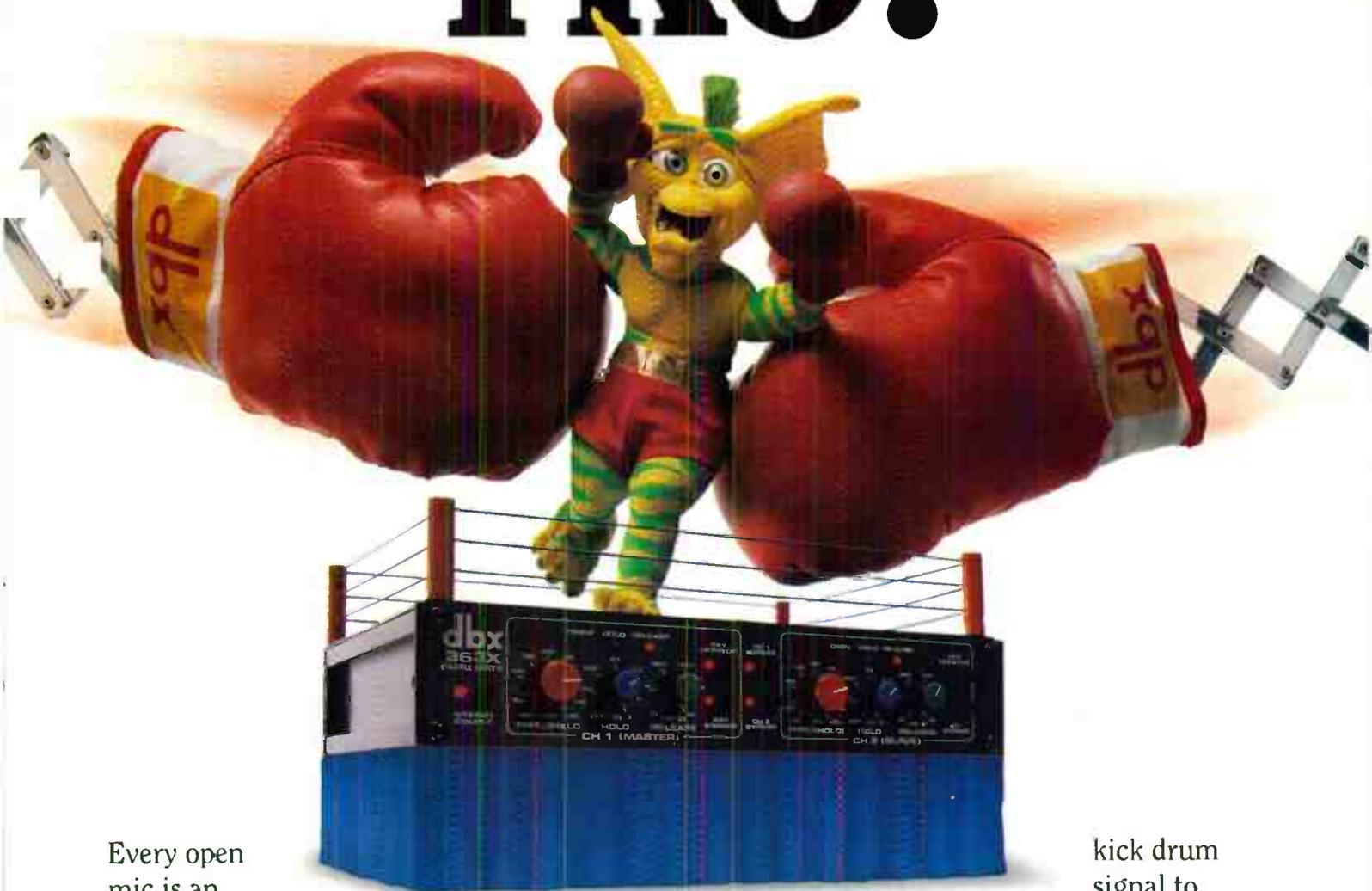
Top Labels

1	Columbia
2	Atlantic
3	Warner Bros.
4	Capitol
5	MCA
6	Elektra
7	Arista
8	Mercury
9	SBK
10	EMI
11	RCA
12	Sire
13	Epic
14	Virgin
15	Atco
16	Geffen
17	Chrysalis
18	Enigma
19	Wilbury

Top Concert Grosses

1	New Kids on the Block, Perfect Gentlemen, St. Paul, Good Girls <i>Joe Louis Arena, Detroit, MI/November 15-18</i>	\$1,809,225
2	Billy Joel <i>Target Center, Minneapolis, MN/November 15, 15-16 & 19</i>	\$1,677,284
3	New Kids on the Block, Biscuit, Perfect Gentlemen, Brenda K. Starr, George Lamond, Good Girls <i>Richfield Coliseum, Richfield, OH/November 25-26</i>	\$892,400
4	Billy Joel <i>The Summit, Houston, TX/November 25 & 28</i>	\$654,836
5	AC/DC, Love/Hate <i>SkyDome, Toronto, Ontario/November 9</i>	\$606,246
6	ZZ Top, Jeff Healey Band <i>Great Western Forum, Inglewood, CA/November 25-26</i>	\$573,330
7	New Kids on the Block, Biscuit, Brenda K. Starr, George Lamond <i>Thompson-Boling Assembly Center & Arena, Knoxville, TN/November 30</i>	\$561,850
8	ZZ Top, Jeff Healey Band <i>Tacoma Dome, Tacoma, WA/November 18</i>	\$466,840
9	ZZ Top, Johnny Van Zant <i>St. Louis Arena, St. Louis, MO/November 7-8</i>	\$450,300
10	New Kids on the Block, Perfect Gentlemen, Rick Wes <i>Bradley Center, Milwaukee, WI/November 11</i>	\$437,850

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THE BLACK CROWES GO HIGHER

"CHRIS AND I HAVE ONE UNWRITTEN RULE: WE can't hit each other in the face." That's Black Crowes guitarist Rich Robinson, describing his relationship with his big brother.

Come again? In a separate conversation, here's singer Chris Robinson: "For us to write songs is a matter of hurling insults back and forth, then punching each other." Which isn't necessarily bad, he's quick to add. "Without that creative tension, we wouldn't have the thing I call the divine spark."

Thus, the Robinsons carry on rock's proud tradition of squabbling siblings that includes Don and Phil Everly and Ray and Dave Davies of the Kinks. However unsettling such mutual abuse must be for bystanders, the Crowes have flourished in the charged atmosphere. A sleeper smash approaching the one million mark in sales, the Atlanta quintet's *Shake Your Money Maker* is a roaring set of blues-based rock that's evoked enthusiastic comparisons to Rod Stewart's Faces and mid-period Stones. "People say, 'What about the Rolling Stones?' Of course! But that's so obvious," exclaims 24-year-old Chris, a classic extroverted frontman. "My textbooks were everything from *Exile on Main Street* to Funkadelic's *Uncle Jam Wants You* to Gram Parsons' *Grievous Angel*."

Rich: "If people hear the Stones, that's fine, but they may be missing Humble Pie, Sly and the Family Stone, Prince, Aerosmith, even the Jackson 5." Anyway, he adds, "All music is an interpretation of previous music. Jimmy Page and Keith Richards both listened to Muddy Waters, but had totally different interpretations."

If the Robinsons ever incorporate all their influences, the Black Crowes will be a pretty strange animal. Dad Stan Robinson was a minor teen idol who cracked the Hot 100 in '59 with "Boom-a-Dip-Dip," going on to open shows for Sam Cooke and Bill Haley. He joined the folk boom as one of the Appalachians, who entered the charts in '63 via an acoustic version of "Bony Moronie" (!). And growing up, they heard everything from Bill Monroe to John Coltrane and Jimmy Reed.

Throughout grade school, their musical activity was confined to Chris buying lots of records and Rich nicking the ones he liked. All that changed in '85. "My mom and dad call it 'Black Christmas,' when I got a bass and Rich got a guitar," laughs Chris. "I couldn't play like Bootsy Collins, but I could almost play like Paul Simonon of the Clash, so we

formed a little punk band in the basement. Rich started learning to play but I couldn't figure out the bass to save my life. Rich traded it and his guitar for a better guitar."

While Chris worked up the nerve to become lead singer (and learned to stay on key), Rich explored the six-string. "I remember messing with the tuning keys and listening to Led Zeppelin. When I tuned the A string down to where it sounded cool, things made a lot more sense and we started writing songs."

Recalls Chris, "I grew up going to see groups like the Gun Club and Dream Syndicate. I knew they wore their heart on their sleeve and loved what they did, but some-

times it seemed like they were just kickin' dirt up in the air. What I wanted to do was kinda like that, but I couldn't see anything wrong with being the biggest band in the world, as long as you did it on your own terms."

The brothers Robinson work it out
By Jon Young

The current lineup was set in '88, with Johnny Colt the seventh bass player to grace the group and Steve Gorman the fourth drummer. Jeff Cease signed on as second guitarist, allowing Rich to pursue offbeat tunings. "I can barely play in regular tuning anymore," he grins. "On the album a few songs are in regular and I use a capo on a lot of tracks. Some are in open-G, open-E and a couple in open-A. It's a pain in the ass for my guitar tech!"

Before landing a deal, the Crowes flirted extensively with A&M. "They farted around for over two years," remembers Rich, "spending a lot of money for demos. But we were never under contract. George Drakoulis, a junior A&R man, wanted to sign us, but was told we weren't metal enough." Instead, he jumped to Def American. With Drakoulis producing, the Crowes cut *Shake Your Money Maker*. "Luckily, Rick Rubin had nothing to do with us," notes Rich, a tight smile on his lips. "He wasn't there for any of the sessions."

Chris concedes he's surprised at the



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Crowes' quick rise: "I figured we'd have a good career in the minors first, and maybe not even get to the majors." Now it's happened with a vengeance. "I feel the same as I did a year ago," he muses. "Maybe after someone lays a huge check on me I'll be corrupt, and you'll see me with Kip Winger singing duets on MTV, wearing clothes from the Gap."

For a self-professed music "geek" like Chris, mainstream exposure can lead to odd encounters. "I run into people all the time who say, 'I love the blues—you know, Jeff Healey and Robert Cray.' Now, they're fine," he winces, "but I'm talking about Skip James' 'Devil Got My Woman' and Mississippi Fred McDowell. That's the blues!

"After our cover of 'Hard to Handle' came out somebody asked, 'How do you feel bringing Otis Redding to the masses?' I'd never thought of it, but for kids who know nothing beyond MTV, that's what we're doing."

The Robinsons see songwriting, with all the attendant fireworks, as the most important step in the creative process. Says Rich, "We have a new song called 'The Words You Throw Away.' I played the music for Chris for a month and he kept saying, 'I hate it.' Finally he told me, 'I love it. Let's put it in the set.' It always happens that way," he sighs.

Still, Chris feels they've mellowed over the last year. In fact, he waxes positively corny contemplating his sibling. "I took my brother for granted in school. I never understood why he couldn't be like me and just have a good time. But I learned a lot watching Steve Tyler and Joe Perry when we were on the Aerosmith tour. While we were onstage, I'd think, 'That's my kid brother over there. I love that guy more than anything in the world!'"

Even bad dudes don't have the blues all the time. 

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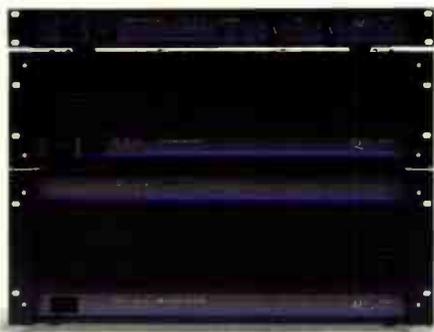
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THE CRASH OF '91

WALL STREET HAS NEVER PAID MUCH ATTENTION to the record industry, so the takeover mania of the '80s came late to the business. When it finally arrived, it did so with a vengeance: Virtually every large American-owned record company was bought, sold or involved in a merger in the last five years.

For those of you joining us late, here's the scorecard: MCA, having acquired Geffen and Motown Records, has itself just sold out to Japan's Matsushita (CBS also turned Japanese when Sony purchased the record operation in 1987). RCA, sold to General Electric, saw its record division quickly spun off to Bertelsmann of West Germany, which already controlled Arista. Britain's Thorn/EMI, which owns the Capitol and EMI labels, bought Chrysalis but lost out in its bid to acquire Geffen; they also bought a huge music publishing company and financed the start of hot newcomer SBK. Dutch-owned PolyGram opted to increase its market share by buying A&M and Island. Warner Bros., the last American-owned international record operation, managed to stay American, but only through a huge merger with Time Inc.

With sky-high prices being paid for the few remaining record operations—Island, which currently boasts exactly one bona fide superstar in U2, sold for \$270 million; A&M, also pretty cold for the last two years, fetched over \$500 million—two things happened. First, prices got even higher as the number of available properties diminished. Second, a lot of people started new record companies either to try and avoid paying inflated prices or in hopes of building something and selling it off for a huge profit. David Geffen's label had been in business just 10 years—hardly enough time to build a really deep back-catalog—when he had sold to MCA for \$550 million in stock.

All seemed rosy until that grim old bastard, reality, decided to show his face. In August 1990, when people began leaving all their pocket money at the gas pumps, record stores felt it immediately.

"We just had a big Number One record with Maxi Priest," says Phil Quartararo, president of fledgling Charisma Records. "We sold about 500,000 records. In a good market, we would've sold about 700,000 to 800,000. If that's any indication of the marketplace, we're 40 percent off." Quartararo is quick to point out, however, that several record companies have recently reported the biggest sales weeks in their histories as a result of Christmas retail orders.

Still, a recession is going to take its toll. The question is, who's most vulnerable? And now that we've got a new crop of owners, how are they going to deal with it?

Did all that wheeling and dealing in the '80s doom the music industry?

By Fred Goodman

The answer to the latter question seems to have been delivered already. In November, PolyGram made massive staff cutbacks at its two properties, Island and A&M. At Island, as many as half of the employees may be let go; at A&M, once the jewel among boutique labels, the staff is being completely reformed. "PolyGram has taken the hearts out of both companies," says a former PolyGram senior executive. "I was shocked by the cuts at Island. And the image of A&M was always of a company that was unbelievably independent. Now that they're owned by a multinational, you're just going to have a bunch of hired hands."

Perhaps no one was as shocked by the changes at A&M and Island as their former owners. Sources say Jerry Moss, the "M" in A&M, fought bitterly with PolyGram head Alain Levy against the cuts. Likewise, Chris Blackwell—who was every letter in Island—





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is said to have come very close to leaving the company over the changes. Both men have discovered the downside of cashing out: After a lifetime spent building and shaping their companies, they are no longer in charge. Although Moss continues to be involved in running A&M, Island's president, Mike Bone, is clearly a PolyGram employee. Blackwell is little more than the head of A&R for the label he once owned.

Management at A&M is trying to roll with PolyGram's punches. "In the last few years we were trying to be huge," says one veteran A&M executive. "We're going to return to being the boutique label that we used to be."

There's no doubt that A&M was very good at doing some things when it was independent; it remains to be seen whether that huge PolyGram infrastructure can deliver the same way. "A&M always went for the left-of-center artists," says the label exec. "We sold a lot of records with people like the Neville's, Suzanne Vega and Toni Childs. Records by David Baerwald and the Neville's didn't sell well this time." One way A&M worked these kinds of artists was through its alternative marketing department. That function has been absorbed by PolyGram.

A&M still takes good care of artists. "I feel 100 percent good about the effort at A&M," says Morty Wiggins, who manages the Neville Brothers. "Their creative development and publicity departments are terrific." But he's less pleased with the job PolyGram has done distributing and selling the Neville's recent *Brother's Keeper*. "They've got some bugs to work out." He's being kind. According to executives in and outside the PolyGram web, PDG—PolyGram's distribution arm—is one of the least efficient in the industry.

Manager Will Botwin, whose clients include A&M's John Hiatt, says Hiatt's career has suffered as a result of the buyout. Botwin says Hiatt's most recent album, *Stolen Moments*, was the highest debuting release of Hiatt's career, but failed to get the support it needed. "It was off the charts in two months," Botwin says bitterly. "I'm very disappointed and I hold the transition responsible. I have the utmost respect for Jerry Moss, but I lay this on the label."

With no results forthcoming, Hiatt, who tours heavily, came off the road. "We're not gonna go trudge around Kansas or Oklahoma City under these circumstances. It's disheartening," Botwin concludes. "John's been around and he sees the signs of death

better than a lot of the record guys.”

While Island and A&M are being handicapped by the inefficiency of PolyGram, there's little doubt that the astronomical prices paid for the labels are an incentive to control costs today. “The deals were over the top,” says the former PolyGram executive. “RCA dropped out of the bidding for A&M at a much lower number because they had distributed A&M and were privy to the realities. And the reality is that A&M hasn't delivered. Island's had some success, but overall you just can't justify the deal.”

Unlike PolyGram, MCA will not have to live with its recent buying spree. The West Coast firm also went out shopping for market share—first co-acquiring Motown for \$60 million (a moribund company at a good price), then Geffen for \$550 million (a good company at an insane price)—and was then itself bought by Matsushita. Incidentally, the \$550 million worth of MCA stock David Geffen got for selling out to MCA was worth \$700 million in the Matsushita deal. Not bad, considering that he hasn't even released any records through MCA yet.

MCA said it was selling out to Matsushita because it needed the deeper pockets of the Japanese electronics giant in order to compete. At the record division, MCA Music Group Chairman Al Teller voices similar concerns when he says survival in the record industry will be tougher in the coming months: “I think we're in for a downturn. All the economic signs are that we're in a severe recessionary environment.”

Although Teller predicts that all labels will become more selective about the artists they're willing to take on, he says that the spate of new labels born in the last year or so will be the most vulnerable. “I'm not sure how many are going to make it,” he says. “I think that they're in for some tough sledding and that we'll see a shake-out.”

The people who have started those labels see things a little differently. Irving Azoff, who preceded Teller as the head of MCA Music, is one of the record executives who didn't fail to notice the prices the majors were paying to acquire independently-owned labels. Azoff now heads his own Giant Records, backed and distributed by



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Warner Bros. Though he's a new startup with no track record or muscle, Azoff says the recession can help him.

"In a weird way, things feel the same as they did in '87 when I went to MCA," says Azoff. "There was a lot of cutting back, a lot of firing, a lot of not picking up artist options. I feel like the same thing is happening now. But if anything, that can help me—a 10 percent drop in business could kill a big company but it doesn't matter to me because 10 percent of nothing is still nothing. At MCA I had to worry about feeding a distribution system. Now, I've just gotta pick right twice a year and I'm a fucking genius."

Azoff says a recession will force big labels to cut their overhead the way that PolyGram has already pared down Island and A&M. That, he says, spells opportunities for new players like Giant. "Guys get conservative when times are bad," he says. "That means there will be seasoned executives and established artists available."

You don't have to be a bottom-feeder to feast, though. Two new labels are off to strong starts by beating the majors in pick-

ing and developing artists. "Charisma and SBK," says Azoff with admiration, "are really rolling the dice."

SBK was begun last year as part of the deal that brought SBK Music Publishing to Thorn/EMI. As part of the \$285 million purchase price, the British firm agreed to fund a label for SBK principals Charles Koppelman and Marty Bandier. Since then, the company has scored more than its share of hit records, all of them with new artists: Technotronic, Wilson Phillips and Vanilla Ice.

If SBK is new, its tactics are old: They are reputed to spend more money on radio promotion than anyone else. SBK has added one new wrinkle, though—a management division. Not only does the company publish music and release records, it manages artists. SBK's clients include Pet Shop Boys, signed to sister label EMI. The company also manages—you'll love this—Wilson Phillips. Yep, they record for SBK, and their songs are published by SBK/EMI Music. So who makes sure the record company and music publisher aren't screwing Wilson Phillips? SBK management.

They're a lot more subtle over at Charisma. The label, while not the overwhelming success SBK is, has made a very solid start. Much of the key staff is drawn from sister-label Virgin Records, so they haven't had to waste time getting to know each other. Label president Phil Quartararo is a first-rate promotion man and was a key player in Virgin's U.S. success.

Like other newcomers, Quartararo sees the majors as particularly vulnerable to a bad economy. "The people who are overextended are the ones who have decided to fatten their rosters and acquire companies without securing their base. You've gotta build a basement before you can have a house, but the game has been market-share for the last two years." Still, Quartararo believes Charisma will have to cover a lot of musical ground to be secure. "You have to be a full-service label," he says. "If you're not multi-faceted, you are susceptible to changing fashions of artist, consumer and radio."

"Suppose you just want to be a rock label. If the mode swings in any area—artist, consumer or radio—you're finished. But if you're deep you're not the victim of the music culture's swinging pendulum. The staying power is in being broad."

One way in which large record companies are trying to get broad is by moving into related businesses. The current vogue is to enter the concert business. MCA has a successful amphitheater management and construction division, and owns Winterland, the biggest concert merchandiser (T-shirts, programs—all that expensive stuff they soak you for at concerts). Merchandising is a tough business, but it can have huge rewards. Indeed, Winterland hit the jackpot with New Kids on the Block, who have almost certainly generated more licensing income than the Beatles. CBS Records recently purchased Pace, a Houston-based concert promoter, in order to build amphitheaters, or sheds, the open-air summer venues that now dominate the concert business. PolyGram has followed suit, buying New Jersey-based Metropolitan. They will build still more sheds and are looking to buy a merchandising company.

The big problem here is that there aren't too many sheds left to be built in America—most of the markets that can support them already have them. Besides, there's little reason to think amphitheaters are good for the concert business. Though a huge success at first, they've succeeded in turn-

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ing rock 'n' roll touring into a seasonal business (with more than a little help from those mega-tours that have to play football stadiums). Everyone tries to tour in the summer now, with the result that there just isn't enough money in each market to support all these shows at once. This past summer was the first soft season since the advent of the sheds.

Ironically, business in the fall and early winter has been surprisingly good—which leads one to believe that the concert industry is mismanaged, rather than the victim of a stormy economic climate. Jimmy Koplik, president of Metropolitan, says that there are strong current tours—ZZ Top, Iron Maiden and Judas Priest. One thing all these tours have in common, though, is a strong opening act: Black Crowes for ZZ Top, Anthrax for Iron Maiden and Testament and Megadeth for Judas Priest. “We’re seeing stronger bills already,” he says of the current recession. To give you an idea of how tough things already are, Cheap Trick is currently opening for Heart.

He also sees ticket prices falling a few dollars, even for major tours, and predicts that T-shirt prices and parking rates will soon follow suit. One thing Koplik does not see is a reinvigorated scene for smaller venues.

Like his record-biz brethren, Koplik would like to see things open up a bit more so new artists can develop. Like them, he lays a large part of the blame on radio. “Fifteen years ago John Hiatt would have been all over the radio,” he says wistfully. “I’d love to see album radio get interesting again. I love what they play—but I’m 41. At my age, I shouldn’t be the person who loves what they’re playing.”

It’s hard to disagree, but this kind of carping is the truest indicator that the record business really is in a recession. Radio bashing has traditionally been the record industry’s own equivalent of anti-Semitism: Whenever times get tough, label presidents start suggesting that all their problems would disappear if someone would just kill the program directors.

Of course, you didn’t hear too much complaining about those calcified playlists when Atlantic was releasing Led Zeppelin’s back catalog on CD, or when Capitol was putting most of its promotional energy into rolling out CDs of Beatle albums. But now that those vaults are pretty well cleaned out, somebody’s actually going to have to make some *new* music. And right now, there are

only about five stations in America willing to play it. One other thing will make this recession tough on radio: Since most of the record companies are now owned by hardware companies, that other recession standard, “Home Taping Is Killing the Record Business,” won’t be getting worked by the labels.

Perhaps the record companies can find some new enemies for this recession. Or, when a few labels do begin to fall by the wayside, they can ask themselves why so many people were interested in putting out the same kind of records. Because the truth

of the matter is that none of the labels acquired by the majors at inflated prices release music that the parent labels weren’t already perfectly capable of signing and selling. And not one of the new startup labels is going to expand the breadth of the market by signing any bands that the majors wouldn’t sign. That would require being progressive—and God knows where that would lead.

“In the music business,” says one executive, “long-term planning is thinking a week ahead.”

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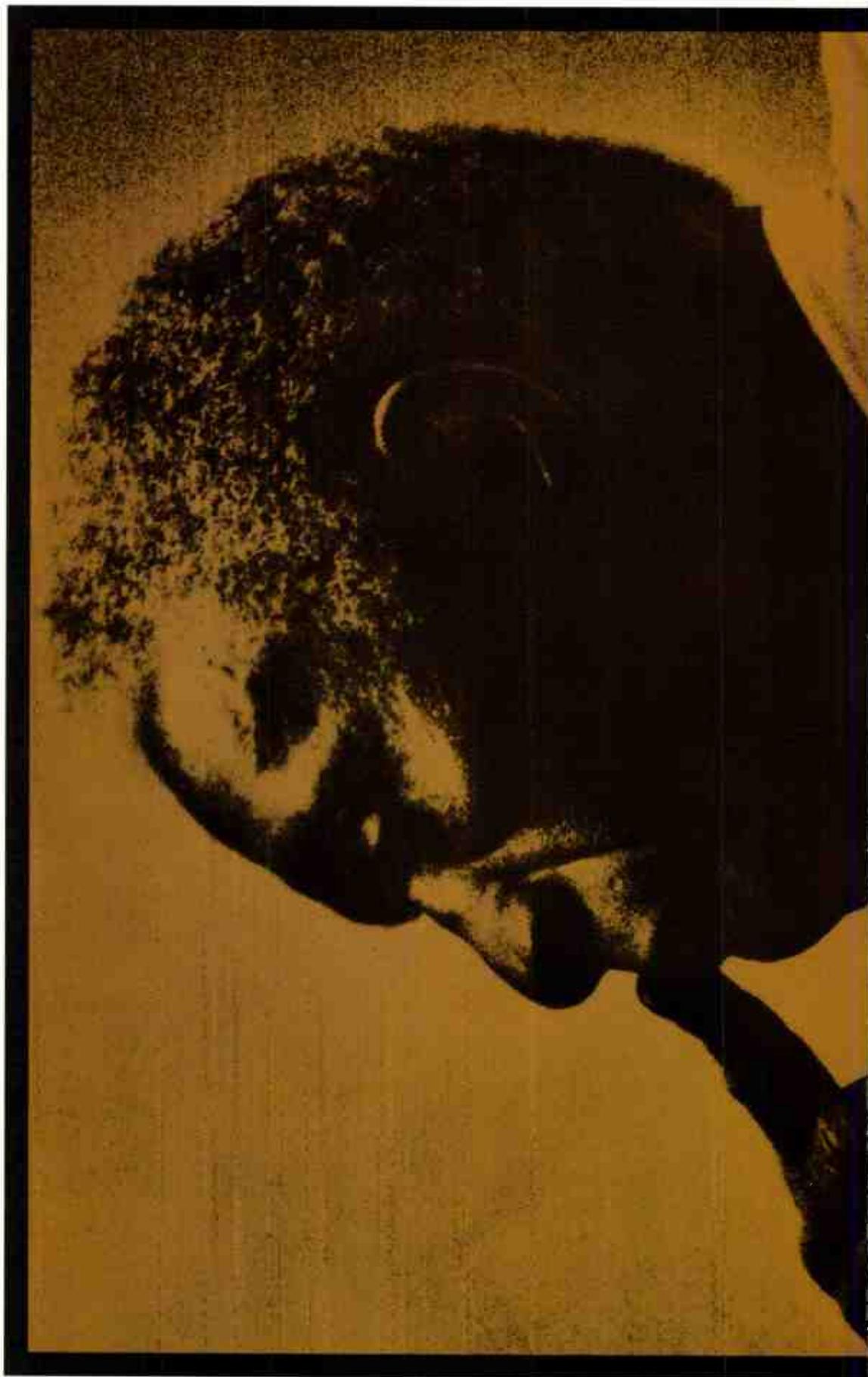
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AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR PIANIST Walter Davis Jr. last June, several speakers took the podium to offer tributes and reminiscences. The final speaker was Art Blakey, who addressed the congregation as if they were his children. "I can see y'all didn't learn a thing from Walter," he admonished. "Look at you, all walking around with your chins dragging on the ground."

There was muted laughter from the crowd, half self-conscious, half relieved. "Walter has *made it!*" Art thundered. After reminding his listeners of Davis' enormously joyous spirit, he added: "From the moment we're born, we are preparing for death. What matters is what we do in between." In his five minutes at the lectern, Blakey gave the kind of performance he was

R

famous for: He delivered a powerful message that lifted the spirits of the audience and guided them back to the pursuit of happiness.

In October, there was a memorial service for Art Blakey, whose drums stood unmanned behind the altar at the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem. Though the service had been moved to a significantly larger church than St. Peter's, where most of the jazz community's services are held, there was standing room only. Between speakers, whose anecdotes about Blakey prompted frequent laughter, there was music. (Art's daughter Evelyn Blakey provided both. "I'm Art's first-born," she said, pausing to add, "as far as I know." Then she launched into a stirring rendition of "God Bless the Child.") With Essiet Okon Essiet on

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bass and Kenny Washington on drums, a host of Jazz Messengers past and present paid tribute to what Art Blakey accomplished in his 71 years in between the tumble from birth to death.

He kept jazz alive in a way no other single musician has, by establishing and continuously regenerating the Messengers, a group whose beautiful changes have spanned 40 years and whose members have included, among others, Clifford Brown, Lee Morgan, Freddie Hubbard, Wayne Shorter, Kenny Dorham, Hank Mobley, Benny Golson, Woody Shaw, Valeri Ponomarev, Jackie McLean, Lou Donaldson, Jymie Merritt, Bobby Timmons, Walter Davis Jr., Horace Silver, Cedar Walton, John Hicks, Gary Bartz, Johnny Griffin, Sahib Shihab, Bobby Watson, James Williams, Wynton and Branford Marsalis, Terence Blanchard, Joanne Brackeen, Mulgrew Miller, Donald Brown, Benny Green, Kenny Garrett, Robin Eubanks, Philip Harper, Peter Washington, Javon Jackson—and old friend Curtis Fuller, who will lead the latest edition of the Messengers now that Blakey is gone. The list is seemingly endless. And while it is an obvious fact, it is astonishing to reconsider that behind this legion of musicians, there was only one drummer.

Art Blakey, whose Muslim name was Abdullah Ibn Buhaina, and was often called Bu, was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and started studying the drums in grade school. He also played the piano, which is what he was doing with his band one night in Pittsburgh when a listener requested a tune that Art didn't know. Erroll Garner happened to be there, and took over at the keyboards. Art moved to the drumkit, and the rest, as they say, is history. He went on to work with Mary Lou Williams, Fletcher Henderson and Billy Eckstine. He recorded some of the most memorable jazz albums on the Blue Note label, working with Miles Davis, Charlie Parker, Sonny Rollins, Dizzy Gillespie and Thelonious Monk. As the leader of the Jazz Messengers, his name became almost synonymous with a school that provided invaluable training and a kind of unspoken accreditation for young jazz musicians. Through his music, Art served as an ambassador to the world, literally preaching his gospel at the end of each set: "From the Creator to the audience direct: split-second timing."

Art is remembered here by some great musicians, most of whom are former Messengers. I will remember him not only as a legendary drummer, but as a humanitarian with a great sense of humor. "People aren't meant to be alone," he said to me one night in the kitchen at Sweet Basil, reflecting on his life as an only child—and, perhaps, on the eight children who survive him. On another occasion, as he was making his way through a crowd of fans, he had this to say: "When you write about me, say whatever you want. Just make sure you spell my name right."

HORACE SILVER

FIRST AND FOREMOST, Art was one of the great drummers of all time, a master musician, and he continually amazed all the guys in the band with his consistency of performance. He hardly ever had a bad night. Of course his band was a great channel through which a whole lot of young cats got their start; now that he's gone, it's like Juilliard's been shut down. They have various music schools around the country, but there's nothing like that on-the-road experience, where you're playing with other young guys and some old pros, and a guy like Art is leading you and urging you on. Years ago, we knew harmony, but we couldn't read good; today they read the hell out of it, but if you want to be a good jazz musician, you have to learn how to improvise and solo. We want to keep this music

alive, but we also want to keep it well. And this is what they cultivate in a band like Art Blakey's. We're all going to miss him and I love him dearly.

JAVON JACKSON

THE BIGGEST THING Art taught me is to be a man and to have your own ideals. He was a father figure, a friend, a person you confide in. I was able to relate to him in a lot of different ways, even though he was older. That's why I asked him to be the best man at my wedding. When I joined his band, I was a 21-year-old boy, and within three years he turned me totally around; my whole perception of life became straightforward, like he was. He never said what people wanted him to say, he said what he wanted to say.

The bandstand was hallowed ground to him. You couldn't get on the bandstand and halfway play. He could be sick or ailing, but when he got on the drums, that was something that would take all the sickness and problems away.

PHILIP HARPER

IF THERE WAS EVER really and truly the strongest man in the world, that's how I would describe Art Blakey. Right until he left, he had an attitude of somebody who was about 18 years old. It kept him moving. And something most people don't realize is that Art was one of the most sensitive men you could ever meet, even within this very bold and strong attitude. When I was in the band, I had a family, a wife and kid, and when we had to go out on the road Art made sure I had half of my money before I even left home. He gave me his baby crib for my daughter, a beautiful oak crib, he just called me up one day to come and get it.

One of the greatest things about working with Art is that he never had the "attitude" of a bandleader. He would lead the band by getting everybody else to *their* leading potential. When he first called me for the gig, two days before we had to go out, he said, [*imitates Art's growl*] "Hey Philip, I got a gig and we're going to go out. But I need a *man*. Get your shit together and come on." I had two days to run around and collect all this music and learn all the stuff.

Art taught me how to play ballads, which I really liked to do. One day he sat me down in a room and taught me the words to several songs. He sang "Blue Moon" and "You've Changed." After that day it just took off for me, I did my ballad and I got a standing ovation, and had to do another ballad right after that. Sometimes while I was playing he'd be sitting back there singing the tune. He knew all the lyrics.

Another great lesson came one day when we were in Japan and a bunch of Japanese guys came up to Art, bowing and repeating, "So great, so great." And Art said, "God is great. Only God is great. I can only try and achieve a certain level of excellence." And that he did. But it's hard not to call Art Blakey great. Working with him was definitely the greatest experience in the world for me. I have had nothing yet to equal the feeling of first finding out that I was going to be a Jazz Messenger. That was a dream. Because I used to put on those records, turn out the lights and imagine that I was Lee or Freddie. And Art was sitting back there saying, "Blow your horn."

JOHN HICKS

THE FIRST TIME I went to Europe, to Japan, my first recording, the first compositions of my own that were recorded—all that happened with Art. At first, I had to learn all this music that these

DAUGHTER EVELYN BLAKEY PERFORMING
AT HIS MEMORIAL SERVICE, OCTOBER 1990

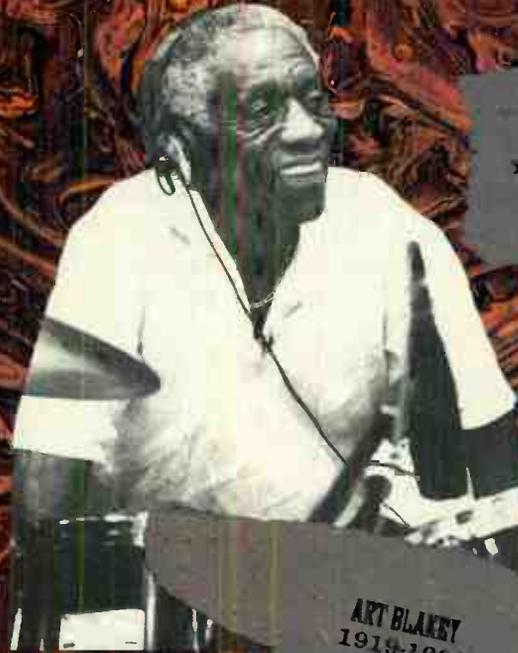


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"ART BELIEVED IN THE MUSIC.
HE LOVED BRINGING JOY TO PEOPLE."
WYNTON MARSALIS

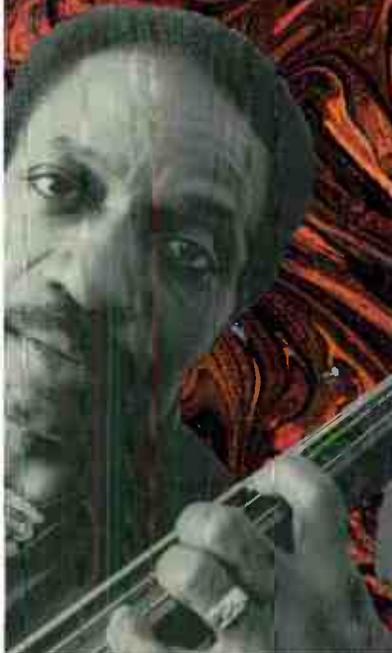
"HIS SOUND WAS LIKE THUNDER,
YET EXTREMELY DELICATE."
JOANNE BRACKEN



"ART CONSTANTLY AMAZED US,
LEADING AND URGING US ON."
HORACE SILVER

ART BLAKEY
1919-1990

"HE'S LIKE A SPIRITUAL FATHER TO ME."
BILLY HIGGINS



"HE TAUGHT US TO MATCH
THE STRENGTH OF THE WORLD AROUND US."
PEBBIE WORKMAN



other folks had written over the years, but the first thing he asked me was, "You got any tunes?" And if you didn't have any right then, you were gonna have some! I think most of the people who played in his bands have come up with at least one or two decent tunes that keep being played and recorded by other people.

I was thinking earlier today about things that you learn with Art that you don't think that much about, and I've been watching others like Wynton, Terence...all these guys have a certain decorum, a way of being up on the bandstand, like taking a little bow when you're introduced, that comes directly from Art.

Musically, he had a way of letting you know how to construct a solo, not to start at the very top end but to build it. He also gave you a very good idea of how not to play too long—and not by cutting you off. He knew when enough was enough and he let you know that. You learned that the object is to communicate some kind of real message or idea. And when that's done, move on.

WYNTON MARSALIS

THE MOST AMAZING THING about Art was his tremendous strength; not just physical strength, but integrity. If you were around him, that integrity would rub off on you. He believed in the music and he loved people. If he could walk, he would be on the bandstand, because he loved playing and he loved bringing joy to the people. He looked out for a lot of musicians down through the years, gave some of them drumkits and other things. When I started, I couldn't believe that I was going to get to play with him, especially since I'd sounded so sad when I'd sat in with him. But he would give you *time* to develop. He wouldn't pass a hasty judgment on you.

FREDDIE HUBBARD

I FEEL VERY BAD about his death. It's such a great loss. I called him the day before his birthday and Art told me to bring him a gift. I said, "What do you want me to bring you?" And he said, [*snarls like Art*] "Well, you can bring me somethin'! Bring an old sock!"

I was proud to have been a part of his teaching, because I feel as though he was a prophet, and we were the messengers. He said, "You play this music and you respect it and you love it, because when you die the only thing you can leave is a reputation. The Creator gave you this gift and it's up to you to carry it on." That's what he instilled in me.

He had my idol in his group, Clifford Brown. When I heard him, I picked up the trumpet. And the band that we had with Art was one of the best groups in the world. Wayne [Shorter] was writing the hip shit, Art was leading the band; when we would rehearse he'd say, "Go ahead, run it down," and he'd listen. Then when he sat down to play, he made the arrangement whole. With him not reading, it was all by instinct, it was being able to *hear* something, not like a guy studying music. It was the most creative experience in this music that I've ever had.

He helped me so much, not only in music but as a man. One time we had a disagreement, and he said, "You're not the boss, you're not even the straw boss!" And I said, "Well, who's the straw boss?" And he said, "Wayne." So I quit the band. Then he came to my hotel room, and got down on his knees with tears in his eyes and begged me to come back. So I said okay. The next second he was up and he said, [*growls*] "Well then, get up and put your clothes on!" And I said, this is some different kind of man.

One time we were between Kansas City and St. Louis, and he had

some woman with him. We had just left a restaurant, and the police stopped us and the sheriff said, "Get out of the car, boys, we hear you left that restaurant without paying your bill." So Art gets out and the sheriff says, "What's your name?" And Art says, "Abdullah Ibn Buhaina." His Muslim name. And the sheriff says, "How do you spell that?" I laughed so hard; now who would know how to spell Buhaina? So they let us go.

BRANFORD MARSALIS

MOST BANDS JUST listen to each other theoretically—if you play F#, they play F# and they grin at each other like they're doing something hip. But Art was the one who really listened. He used to tell me, "You've got good reflexes, use them." He'd tell me stories: "Charlie Parker would be playing and a fine woman would walk in the club and he sees her and plays, 'Where Have I Known You Before?' An hour later, some sailors would come in and he'd quote 'Anchors Aweigh.'" What he was telling me was that the quote is valid because it relates to something in the present. Most musicians play the quotes they practiced. Art realized that the real essence of what bebop represented was gone, because now everyone played "prepared."

Art was a very good showman. He was always smiling when he played, and he had that whole routine down. I didn't like that at first. [I thought] you were supposed to be a young black man with an attitude. But now when I do my show, we tell jokes; it's not as prepared as Art's routine was but I understand now that when you're playing some music as difficult as this, you have to find an alternative way to bring the audience in, because left to the merits of their own intelligence, they wouldn't know what the fuck was going on.

The funny thing about being on tour with rock bands is that these guys think they're wild. People used to ask me if it was wild [working with Sting] and I'd say if you multiplied it 10 times, it wouldn't amount to one week with Art Blakey. He was the original wild man, and he did some funny shit, but most of it is unpublishable.

GARY BARTZ

WHAT ART DID WAS give you confidence in yourself that you are a musician, because if you can come in and play after people like Clifford Brown and others who've gone through his band, you know you've reached a certain plateau in your musicianship. But he didn't allow you to get a big head; he made you realize that you're just a man. For example, one night after I had been with the band about six months, he hands me the mike and says, "Make the announcements." And he left. I'm a very shy person and all of a sudden I'm gonna speak in public! I couldn't even remember Art Blakey's name! He got me over my fear of the microphone, and I learned how to have a rapport with the audience.

I got to know Monk working with Art because they were good friends and Monk used to come in all the time when we worked. Seeing those two together was a trip. They were like Heckyll and Jeckyll. Monk used to pick Art up after the gigs in his big car, and they would go off to the Baroness' place.

I began to really grow up in Art's band. But I noticed that, in every band that he ever had, he would plant seeds of doubt. If a sax player came by, he would ask him to join the band in front of you, and the person who was in would say, "I guess I'm out." You start thinking ahead: You're not always gonna be in the band. I guess in essence he's letting you know that even though now you've got a gig, you



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Photos by Neil Woodard & Ken Blagomir

can't stagnate.

One time, in 1966, we had come back to New York from a gig in Cincinnati, and all that week we were hearing advertisements on the radio for Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers at the Jazzmobile. Neither Hicks nor I had heard from Bu about this, but we figured, "Well, we know where we're working." So we went up there. We could hear music from all the way down the block. And there was the Jazzmobile moving down the street, with Art and a whole new band!

I feel like I've lost another father. He was family. I guess that's what he meant most of all to music: He brought us together, he made us all one family, because we all worked with Art, including Miles. I never got fired with Art; he would just hire other people in my place, and he would call me when he needed me, so I felt like I was always in the band, like I never left the Messengers. Unless he fired you and never called you back, you were always a Messenger.

REGGIE WORKMAN

I KNEW ART WAS SICK, but I didn't realize it was that bad. Last time I saw him at Sweet Basil, I went up and said, "Art, you don't look too good, why are you out here working?" He said playing the music made him happy. His spirits were so high most of the time and that is something that he gave to the world not only in his music, but in his demeanor.

One of the great things that he taught each of us who passed through his school was to be strong in your convictions. To have the courage to put forth an idea with a profundity and a strength that would match the strength of the world around you. And to believe in whatever it is that you're doing, to make sure that your voice will reign in a professional and convincing manner.

MULGREW MILLER

I VE NEVER SEEN a mature man, by which I mean a senior citizen, with that kind of vitality. There was nothing old about Art Blakey.

BENNY GREEN

A RT BLAKEY HAS ALWAYS been my favorite musician because of the feeling he projects through his drums into the listener. When I first got on the bandstand with Art I was terrified, because I'd been listening to his records and going to see the band for years, and he was this great figure that I looked up to. When I walked on the bandstand, Art looked at me. And the look he had in his eyes said so much: It said that he'd seen the look in my eyes so many times before, over so many years, and that he wanted me to have confidence, because he chose me and I wasn't the first musician he'd chosen, and I wasn't gonna be the last, and we were on the bandstand to make music for the people. He said so much with just his eyes, he inspired me in a very large way to play; he inspired me for life.

One of the things Art taught me about playing music is that you should never let what is happening in your personal life be a detriment to your performance. If you're going through any personal changes, when you step on the bandstand you need to leave all your mortal drudgeries aside, and remember that you're there to help the people who have come to hear you forget whatever may be happening in *their* lives that needs soothing. Art taught me that the spirit of the music can not only restore lost emotions in the listener, it can

allow the listener to feel things they've never had a chance to experience before.

JOANNE BRACKEEN

T HE THING THAT EVERYBODY has noticed is that since he's left, it's as if he hasn't left at all. I think that's because he lived fully and shared his musicianship and every aspect of himself with all the people he came in contact with. As for me, I think I was probably the only woman to have worked for any length of time in his band. He called me his adopted daughter. He was like a philosopher, or an actor; this guy could tell stories you'd know could not possibly be real—but that story would become real, and that's how he played too. He was one of the very rare people who was able to keep the genius of childhood alive in himself throughout his whole life. Just like a little kid for whom everything is new.

He had to be one of the most helpful people to musicians who ever lived. He would pick all kinds of people for his band—short, tall, black, white—and whoever he picked was good. He loved the mixture of the races; that was how he lived his life, he felt that everything should blend. The sound that he got on the drums was remarkable and not duplicated by anybody that I've heard. It was like thunder, and yet could be extremely delicate. He was one of the most fantastic people that I've met, or that I could even imagine.

BILLY HIGGINS

H E HAD THAT BREATH of life that he could breathe into a person and into the music. His Muslim name was Abdullah, and Abdullah means slave servant to Allah, and so he already knew what he had to do: He was a Muslim in deed. He's the one who got me to come to New York; he's been like a spiritual father to me from the late '40s till now. I feel a close association with him behind the drums, and with what he represented. Believe me, he'll be missed. I know I miss him already. But that just means the drummers have got to play three times as much as they're playing now.

BUSTER WILLIAMS

W HEN YOU PLAY trumpet or saxophone you have to develop an embouchure to get a sound, to get your own sound. It's kind of hard to comprehend developing an embouchure on the drums, but the sound Art Blakey got somehow sounded unique. He was a champion of setting a groove, and of dynamics. Some of the greatest moments that I've had in my career were playing with Art. When he decided he wanted me in his band, he just called me one day and told me to come to the club and bring my bass. That was it! He was a real father figure, a mentor and a friend.

BEN RILEY

I THINK MY MOST lasting impression of Art is the understanding he had for the younger players. He always had advice that was helpful. I remember one time I was doing something, I was probably pressing, and Art came up to me and said, "You know you have nothing to prove. Just go off and have fun." And I always remember that, especially when things get rough. So physically, he's no longer here, but spiritually, Art will always be here. He's a guy that, if you knew him, he'd touch you, and if you didn't, you listen to the records and he touches you. Those recordings with Dizzy and Monk—it almost sounds like they're going to walk through the door! Art left such a heavy message that you have to feel it.

CLIFFORD JORDAN

THERE ARE PEOPLE who come into your life from time to time who help you along the way. I met Art when I was in jail. I was 18 years old. Art and Miles had got busted and he was in for three days, and he was talking about his Muslim ties. I stuck with him for three days in the L.A. County Jail, and I ate all his pork! (They were serving green hot dogs, the food was awful.) And then, about six years later in Chicago, I was embraced and befriended by the Jazz Messengers. They always let me play with them when they came to Chicago, and they encouraged me to come to New York. So I did, and Art was on my first recording session. Art Blakey was placed on earth to give encouragement to our art form, and to prove that no isn't the answer. He led a true life of an angel. Long live the message and the rhythm.

CURTIS FULLER

IDON'T THINK a good player learns to play real *deep* unless you come through Blakey. The way he breaks up a beat, he literally drives you into the ground. The press roll, the little staccato triplets he plays behind you...he instigates, provokes you, almost; he takes you to another level. Like having the right woman. Other drummers can keep the tempo, or do fancy things, but Art is not a hotshot. He's all about playing, in the most primal way. He's doing it to get the max out of you. Some drummers get in your way, some drummers try to dictate to you; Art was just a steady climb into the explosion.

Art was more like a father to me, because I lived with him years ago. We were very close. I was the first trombonist in the band; there

were those who didn't want another piece in the band, because it would cut into their money, but that was the sound Art wanted, so he insisted. He went to bat for me.

My nickname in the band was Deputy Dog. It stuck! I played with Lee and then again with Freddie and Wayne. *That* was a band. Everything this current band plays is what we played; sometimes they even play our solos!

Something else that Art instilled in us that you don't hear too much of today even in large bands was, when you play, play dynamically. He knew about dynamics. He didn't read music—neither did Buddy Rich. What he liked about me was my resourceful playing. He used to say, "Don't dig a hole for yourself, say what you have to say and get out of it." No 20-minute solos! I can't do with a trombone what guys do with a saxophone.

You know, when I was very sick years ago, Art came to the hospital. When I woke up he was holding my hand. And he said, "If you die, I'll kill you."

It was very strange, because for days before he died, I'd call the hospital, but Art was too sick to talk. Then one night I got a call, and a guy said, "Someone wants to talk to you." And Art got on the phone and he said, "Deputy, get your horn and go take care of the band." And the next day Benny Golson told me Art was gone. So I'm taking the band to Japan. I loved him. That's about the size of it. 

Photo credits page 33: Art Blakey photograph: Teri Bloom/Retna; others from top left clockwise: Gilles Larrain/Retna; Leslie Ann Lyons; David Redfern/Retna; Alison Perry/Retna; David Redfern/Retna; Pat Blashill; Photofest

BOB BERG JIM BEARD ART FARMER DIZZY GILLESPIE BENNY GOLSON CHARLIE HADEN
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 HILTON RUIZ JOHN SCOFIELD
 MARVIN "SMITTY" SMITH PHIL WOODS

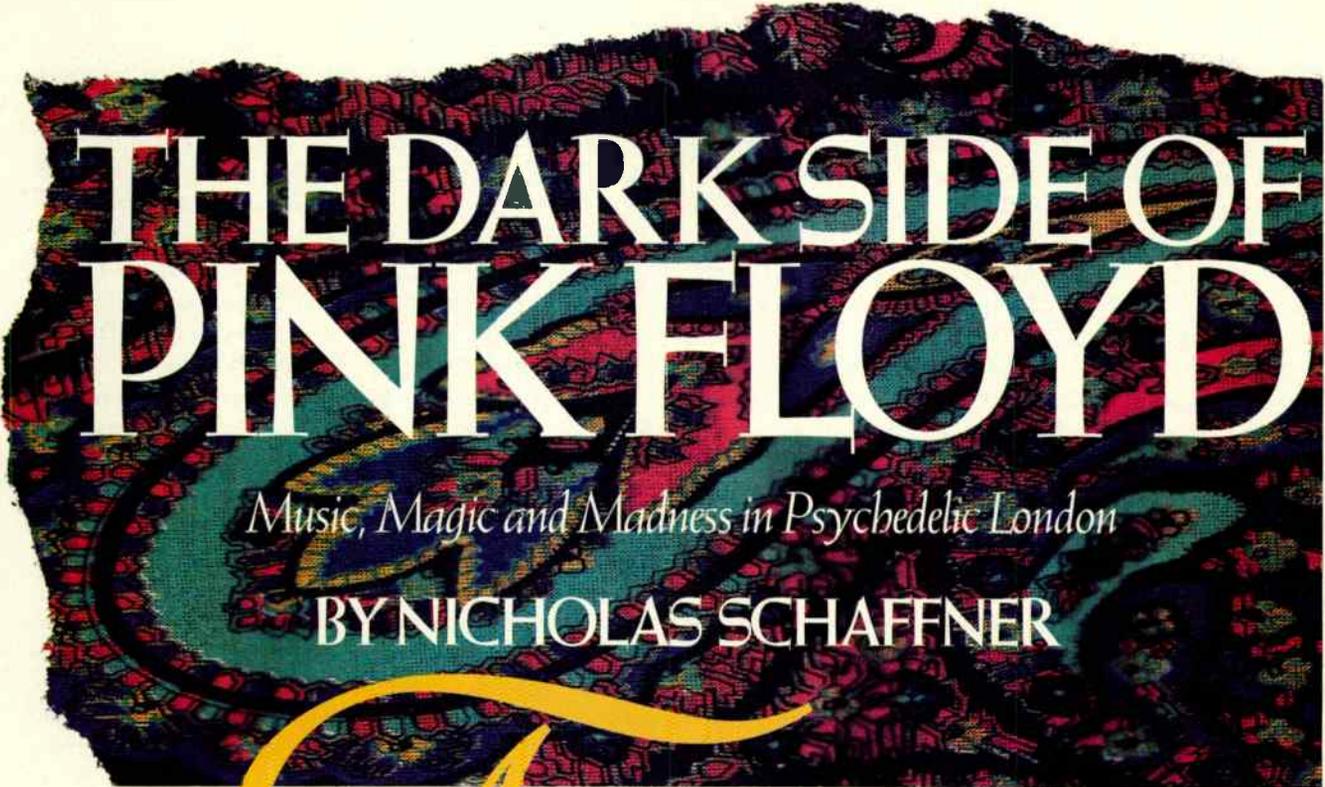


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THE DARK SIDE OF PINK FLOYD

Music, Magic and Madness in Psychedelic London

BY NICHOLAS SCHAFFNER

THE FINAL WEEKS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL'S MOST MAGICAL YEAR CAUGHT BRITAIN'S MOST PROMISING NEW BAND IN AN EXCRUCIATING DILEMMA. IN 1967 PINK FLOYD EPITOMIZED THE EMERGING REVOLUTION THAT HAD ALREADY TRANSFORMED THE LOOK, SOUND AND MESSAGE OF THE BEATLES, THE ROLLING STONES AND OTHER ESTABLISHED POP IDOLS. AS "THE MOVEMENT'S HOUSE ORCHESTRA"—BASSIST ROGER WATERS' PHRASE—PINK FLOYD WAS ALREADY RENOWNED FOR THEIR FUTURISTIC MULTI-MEDIA CONCERT HAPPENINGS.

DURING MUCH OF THE SUMMER OF LOVE, THEIR SECOND SINGLE "SEE EMILY PLAY" HAD RIDDEN THE BRITISH CHARTS. THE FIRST PINK FLOYD ALBUM, *THE PIPER AT THE GATES OF DAWN*—RECORDED IN THE SAME ABBEY ROAD BUILDING AND AT VIRTUALLY THE SAME TIME AS

From: *Saucerful of Secrets: The Pink Floyd Odyssey*, Harmony Books.



The original Floyd (from left):
Nick Mason, Rick Wright, Roger
Waters and Syd Barrett



the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*—entranced listeners with its innovative blend of lyrical fantasy, melodic pop inventiveness, spaced-out improvisation and surreal sound effects.

But for Waters and his two former architecture college classmates, drummer Nick Mason and keyboard player Richard Wright, any aura of promise and triumph had been all but nullified by the problem of Syd. The band's songwriter and artistic catalyst, as well as the sole member endowed with unalloyed pop star charisma, guitarist Syd Barrett had provided Pink Floyd with its voice, its identity, even its mysterious name.

Onstage, when the players weren't altogether obscured by visual projections and flashing lights, Barrett would dominate the lineup with the intensity of his presence, ominously flailing his cape-shrouded arms between transports of interstellar feedback. On record, the words and music evoked a magical world—peopled by futuristic space travelers, rocky horror transvestites and the gnomes and unicorns of English fairy-tale lore—that was distinctively Barrett's own. "The imagination that he had..." Rick Wright marvels a generation later. "He was brilliant. And such a nice guy."

Pink Floyd without Syd seemed unthinkable. Yet, the way Syd was going, the prospect of the band continuing with him was becoming hardly more conceivable. Sometimes Barrett was so remote as to be almost invisible; other times he was simply impossible.

In London's "underground" and pop music circles, tales of Syd's erratic behavior were already legion. Pink Floyd had been invited to make three consecutive appearances on the televised hit-parade countdown "Top of the Pops." For their first performance, Barrett and his bandmembers were arrayed in satins and velvets from the exclusive pop-star boutiques that lined the King's Road. The next time 'round, Syd retained his Summer of Love finery—yet looked as if he had slept in it over the past week. Then, for the third show, he arrived at the TV studio resplendent in a trendy new costume—but clutching a pile of smelly old rags into which he changed just before the Floyd's appearance.

Friends and associates variously attributed Barrett's metamorphosis to some long-dormant mental dislocation; to the pressures of terrestrial celebrity on a highly strung 21-year-old visionary artist; and to a steady diet of LSD and other such brain-frying substances. Whatever the cause, everyone could agree the situation was going from mad to worse.

While Syd lingered before a dressing room mirror at a gig in late '67, priming up a luxuriant Afro—the obligatory *Hendrix perm*, as

Roger Waters would call it 12 years later in *The Wall*—his exasperated colleagues finally hit the stage without him. This prodded Barrett to take decisive measures: Crushing the contents of a jar of his beloved Mandrax tablets, he ground the fragments into his hair along with a full tube of Bryl-cream. Syd then joined the group onstage, where the heat of the spotlights turned his unique beauty treatment into a dribbling mess that left the oblivious star looking, in the eyes of their dumbstruck lighting director, "like a guttered candle." The only note to emanate from Syd's guitar all



THE FLEDGLING PINK FLOYD SOUND, CIRCA 1965 (LEFT TO RIGHT): MASON, WATERS (BACK), SYD, BOB CLOSE, WRIGHT

night was an endlessly repeated middle C.

The rest of the band decided that they had to augment the line-up with another singer/guitarist to pick up the slack Syd so often left. The blond sometime-model David Gilmour seemed the perfect choice—he was as steady and easygoing as Barrett was not, and had known and worked with Barrett even longer than the rest of the band. Growing up with Syd in Cambridge, Dave had taught him Stones licks before the pair developed the guitar style each in turn would make famous. In the likely event that Barrett might not be all there during a gig, Gilmour could flawlessly recreate all his parts and few would be the wiser.

For a while, the other Floyds and their managers discerned a possible solution in the precedent set by the Beach Boys, whose similarly mercurial songwriter and resident genius Brian Wilson was left at home to compose when the band went off on tour. But Barrett's harrowing new songs "Vegetable Man" and "Scream Thy Last Scream" hardly seemed calculated to boost the Floyd's popular appeal. And "Have You Got It Yet?" appeared to acquire a completely new melody and chord progression each time Syd rehearsed it with his col-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMIE HOGAN



leagues. Calling the piece "a real act of mad genius," Roger Waters later remembered: "I stood there for an hour while he was singing... trying to explain that he was changing it all the time so I couldn't follow it. He'd sing, 'Have you got it yet?' and I'd sing, 'No, no!'"

Roger was out of all patience with Syd. Perceiving Pink Floyd's dreams of fame and acclaim fast slipping, he responded to Barrett's transgressions with a withering antagonism that the bassist was to rue profoundly in the years to come.

One afternoon in February, 1968, Waters, at the wheel of the band's oversized old Bentley-Rolls, was making the rounds of Pink Floyd's various London habitats prior to the drive down to the next gig in the southern provinces. Barrett, living in suburban Richmond, was always the last to be collected. "Shall we pick Syd up?" said one of the group. "Oh, no, let's not," groaned another. And in that moment, everyone suddenly understood that they much preferred simply to manage without him as best they could. There was to be no looking back: When they returned to EMI's Abbey Road studio to record their second album, a bemused Syd was sometimes left holding his guitar in the reception area while the others put down tracks for *A Saucerful of Secrets*.

On April 6, 1968 it was confirmed that Syd Barrett was no longer a member of Pink Floyd. As far as the London pop music media—and even the group's managers—were concerned, that news flash spelled the end of the Floyd. Syd, after all, *was* Pink.

Barrett never did accept the notion that Pink Floyd was anything other than *his* group. He continued to turn up unannounced for subsequent Floyd shows at "alternative" London clubs like Middle Earth, planting himself at the front of the audience and leveling an unblinking stare at Dave Gilmour throughout the admittedly shambolic performances. "It was a paranoid experience," said Gilmour. "It took me a long time to feel a part of the band."

Gilmour says his contact with Syd throughout the '80s was limited to "a bit of checking on whether his money was getting to him properly, stuff like that. And I asked Rose, his sister, whether I could go and see him. But she didn't think it was a good idea, because things that remind him of that period of his past tend to depress him. If he sees me or other people from that period, he gets depressed for a couple of weeks. It's not really worth it."

The closest anyone came to re-establishing contact was in Octo-

ber 1988, when BBC's Nicky Campbell persuaded a family spokesman to mark the appearance of *Opel*, a Syd compilation, by saying a few words on his show. Sister Rose's husband, hotel manager Paul Bream, let it be known that Barrett was pursuing "a very ordinary sort of lifestyle"—albeit one devoid of any regular human contact beyond an occasional shopping trip with his elderly mother—and "doesn't play any musical instruments anymore."

As for Syd's musical career, that was a "part of his life which he prefers to forget now. He had some bad experiences, and, thankfully, has come through all the worst of these, and is now able—fortunately—to lead a normal life here in Cambridge."

In Cambridge, tucked away on a cul-de-sac in his little semi-detached suburban home, the man who named Pink Floyd follows a quiet, solitary existence. Among his pastimes, only the unfinished canvases—painted in a style that is, to say the least, *abstract*—give any indication that this is an individual of any exceptional sensibility. The rest of Roger Barrett's time is whiled away tending to his beloved garden and his coin collection, watching TV, reading and endlessly rede-

corating his cozy Shangri-La. He has not touched a guitar in years, and the only music he ever listens to is jazz and the classics. This portly, balding, middle-aged man is not entirely unaware of that other life he led as "Syd," or of the ongoing fascination with his extinguished alter-ego's work and legacy. Syd's Floyd records continue to bring in more than enough to subsidize Roger Barrett's modest needs; he rarely buys anything, and money in the bank means nothing to him.

While his family and few friends are grateful that he is "getting better" with each

passing year, it remains painfully difficult for him to communicate with other human beings on almost any level. But though he seldom ventures beyond his English garden, the man who was once Syd is settled and reasonably content—and almost determinedly ordinary as he shuffles through his simple daily routines. Sometimes, he even dreams that he will soon be well enough to hold down a nine-to-five London office job, and commute every day into the big city.

WE were interested
in the business of being a pop
group: Successful! Money!
Cars! Most people get involved
in rock music because they
want that sort of success."

—NICK MASON

From: *Saucerful of Secrets: The Pink Floyd Odyssey*, by Nicholas Schaffner, to be published in May of 1991 by Harmony Books, a Division of Crown Publishers, Inc. Copyright ©1991 by Nicholas Schaffner. All rights reserved.

DOMINATED SINCE THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY BY ITS WORLD-RE-
nowned university, Cambridge is exceptional for its affluence and



sophistication, and for its unspoiled medieval character and scenic beauty.

Unlike some other British rock luminaries, the leading lights of Pink Floyd never pretended to be “working-class heroes.” Their backgrounds were strictly white-collar, their parents downright distinguished. Doug Gilmour was a professor of genetics and his wife Sylvia a schoolteacher turned film editor. Max Barrett was a police pathologist also known as one of Britain’s leading authorities on infant mortality. Mary Waters was a schoolmistress active in local politics; her husband had also been a teacher, specializing in religious training as well as physical education.

Eric Fletcher Waters, however, was long dead—gunned down in 1944 in Italy. Waters senior was only 30 when he died, only a few months after his third child had been born on September 6. Along with 40,000 other British soldiers, he was slain in a reckless British campaign to cap-

ture the bridgehead of Anzio from the Nazis. One need look no further for the source of the chip on the shoulder that marked George Roger Waters throughout his years with the Floyd—to say nothing of the militant anti-militarism that cauterized his song lyrics. In Waters’ terminology, the absence of his father amounted to the first—and the worst—brick in his wall.

Anyone familiar with the album and film of *The Wall* will recognize certain details drawn from Roger’s childhood: stumbling upon his father’s uniform, and a scroll of condolence from King George VI, in one of his mother’s drawers; rescuing a dying animal, only to be made to toss it in the garbage by her; getting packed off to a grammar school staffed by Dickensian sadists bent on purging their hapless little victims of any spark of creativity or individuality. “It was terrible,” Waters would recall in 1979. “Never encouraging them to do things, not really trying to interest them in anything, just trying to keep them quiet and still and crush them into the right shape so that they would go on to university and *do well*.”

All further bricks in the wall, but animated in Roger’s magnum opus by a certain amount of caricature. *Some* of his teachers were “very nice guys,” he admitted; and his mum did give him a “reasonable view of the world and what it was like—or as reasonable as she could.”

As a young teenager, Roger’s favorite pursuits included playing

with toy guns (and shooting real ones)—and staying awake at night with his “wireless” tuned to American Forces Network or Radio Luxembourg (a memory that he was to draw upon 30 years later with his solo album *Radio K.A.O.S.*): “In a solitary way, the radio station was the first thing I established a kind of relationship with, outside of my family or school.... It’s not bombarding you or forcing you into corners, and yet you’re getting other people’s ideas through it, more so than with television. There’s no image on the radio. Radio is much easier to concentrate on. You can’t watch TV in the dark because it makes it light.”

He was less enchanted by his weekend apprenticeship as a naval cadet, despite attaining the rank of Leading Seaman. In one prophetic incident, his young subordinates, riled by Roger’s overbearing manner, mutinied and beat him up. Waters summarily turned in his uniform and was slapped with a dishonorable discharge. He became instead the chairman of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament’s local youth chapter.

Also attending Cambridge County High School for Boys were several colleagues-to-be. One of Roger’s classmates was Storm Thorgerson—son of Mary Waters’ closest friend and future mastermind of the Floyd’s classic album covers. Two grades below them was Syd Barrett, with whom Storm became increasingly friendly, and two

below *him* the latter-day second Floyd (and Roger Waters’) guitarist Tim Renwick—who cherishes memories of Syd’s stint as his Boy Scout patrol leader.

Roger Keith Barrett—born on January 6, 1946—was raised in a large house on Hill Road, the nicest street in Cherry Hinton, by loving parents. A popular and successful student, his passions ranged from camping and sports to drama and painting, at which he particularly excelled. His father was a classical music buff around whose prized grand piano young Roger Barrett (or “Syd,” as he came to be nicknamed) and his two brothers and two sisters would regularly be drawn into musical family get-togethers. Max also encouraged his youngest son’s interest in music with the gift of a banjo—and then, at the boy’s insistence, a guitar.

When Syd was 14, however, the idyllic picture shattered with Dr. Barrett’s sudden death. Storm Thorgerson proposes this trauma as the first “catalyst” in his friend’s eventual dementia. It was, in Waters-speak, the first brick in Syd’s wall.

Storm’s lifelong “best mate” David Gilmour was born exactly two months after Syd, on March 6, 1946. In marked contrast to Roger Waters, the athletic young Dave was raised by permissive, easygoing parents characterized by one Cambridge friend as “fairly Bohemian, pretty trendy for that time.” Gilmour found his calling at 15 when he inherited a cheap Spanish guitar from a neighbor.

RICK used to
tune everybody's guitars.
Syd couldn't be bothered and
Roger was tone deaf, didn't
have a clue."



By 1962 Cambridge, like most British cities, was enlivened by a thriving music scene, with well over a hundred local bands springing up on both sides of the town-and-gown divide. Among the lesser of these was Geoff Mott and the Mottoes, whose lineup encompassed Syd Barrett on a proudly acquired electric guitar for which he had constructed a small amp. Partly to help Syd get his mind off his father's death, the ever-indulgent Mrs. Barrett encouraged her son's band to rehearse and perform in the spacious front room of the home that reduced circumstances had obliged her to turn into a boarding house. The Mottoes' repertoire consisted of current British hit-parade fodder like Cliff Richard's Shadows, with an occasional stab at Chuck Berry.

A frequent visitor to their gigs was Barrett's older school chum Roger Waters, who would roar into Hill Road on his beloved old AJS motorbike—but had yet to evince great interest in playing music.

Like all Syd's Cambridge friends, the Mottoes' drummer Clive Welham detected few signs of incipient musical genius—or mental instability. Welham regarded Barrett first and foremost as “an excellent painter, a much more talented painter than musician. To be honest, Syd was a very rookie guitarist. Even when the Floyd became famous, his real skill was his innovations rather than his musical ability.”

Dave Gilmour and Syd grew close at Cambridge's College of Arts and Technology. “He was in the art department,” recalls Gilmour, “and I was doing modern languages. He and I, and quite a lot of other people who were interested in music, would hang out in the art school every lunchtime and play songs, with guitars and harmonicas.”

The songs played at such gatherings were by British artists—the Beatles and their successors. Gilmour—much the more fluent guitarist—helped Barrett figure out Keith Richards' licks; the pair also experimented with slide guitar and echo boxes (not to mention hashish). But until the Floyd's brief incarnation as a five-piece in early 1968, their musical partnership extended only to a handful of acoustic sessions at a Cambridge club called the Mill—and dueting for spare change on the streets of southern France.

Dr. Gilmour, meanwhile, had been drawn overseas—to lower Manhattan, in fact—in the “brain drain” of Britain's top scientists and scholars, able to command vastly higher salaries in America. (“Roger,” Dave once quipped, “lost his father in the war; I lost mine in Greenwich Village.”) Always encouraged to be independent by his parents, Dave was left to fend for himself in a small flat on Mill Road. “He was pretty hard up in those days,” says Clive Welham. “Just a pair of jeans and a donkey jacket, that was about it.”

Gilmour recalls nights of playing U.S. military bases in a cover band called Jokers Wild and collapsing into bed at 4 AM—only to rise three hours later to tackle odd jobs. (Among these, the most lucrative—for a blond, handsome youth like Dave—proved to be posing as a male model.) All of which helped instill in the easygoing guitarist his underlying grit, and a determination to succeed on his own terms that was to resurface during the Floydian civil wars a generation later.

While Gilmour and Jokers Wild remained based in Cambridge, Waters and Barrett moved to London to pursue their destinies as, respectively, an architect and a painter. At Regent Street Polytechnic, Waters—having acquired a guitar after becoming a Stones fan—fell in with fellow architecture students Rick Wright and Nick Mason, who shared a flat in Highgate and wanted to form a band.

Born July 28, 1945, Richard William Wright (son of Bridie and Cedric) had attended a haberdasher's prep school before changing to architecture. “I didn't want to be an architect,” Rick recalls. “I wanted to be a musician. Jazz was my main love then. The only time I've ever stood in line for tickets was for Duke Ellington, when I was 17.”

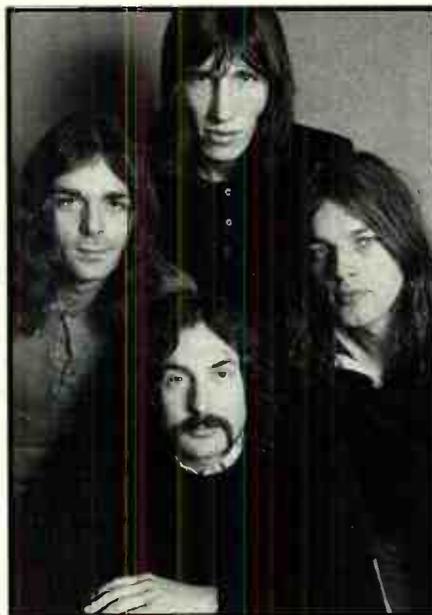
While all the Floyds were well-off by the standard of aspiring '60s rock 'n' rollers, Nicholas Berkeley Mason was rich. He was raised by

Bill and Sally Mason in a stately home on one of the most exclusive streets of London's exclusive Hampstead district. The Masons' driveway was often rendered impassable by flashy sports cars, including the Lotus Elan and Aston Martin that Nick himself already owned around the time he linked up with Wright and Waters.

Sigma 6 was the name of the first band featuring Waters, Wright and Mason—on, respectively, lead guitar, rhythm guitar and drums, none of which they particularly knew how to play.

Waters moved into Mason's Highgate pad. Given the tendency of students from Cambridge to seek one another out in the big city, it was hardly surprising that two acquaintances from home should also wind up

there—and begin playing in Roger's band. One was Bob Close, a fellow student at the Regent Street Poly and an accomplished jazz guitarist who cut his teeth in a group called Blues Anonymous. The other was Syd Barrett.



WATERS (TOP) TAKES OVER, BRINGING IN DAVE GILMOUR (CENTER RIGHT) TO COVER FOR SYD



"With the advent of Bob Close," Waters recalled, "we actually had someone who could play an instrument. It was really then that we did the shuffle job of who played what. I was demoted from lead guitar to rhythm guitar and finally bass. There was always this frightful fear that I could land up as the drummer."

Syd very quickly clashed with the incorrigibly square Close—who failed to share the art student's fascination with guitar feedback and echo boxes, let alone his burgeoning interest in Eastern mysticism, supernaturalism, ESP and LSD. Bob bailed out—leaving Syd, almost by default, fronting the group.

Barrett found more permanent lodgings near the West End theater district, at 2 Earlham Street, which several Cambridge acquaintances had already made their home. These included Susie Gawler-Wright, whose live-in boyfriend Peter Wynne Willson, a lighting technician at the New Theatre, was to become one of Syd's closest friends and artistic partners.

Barrett was profoundly troubled by an incident that Storm Thorgerson suggests may have been the second catalyst for what was to come. Many of Syd's Cambridge "gang"—most of whom had already sampled LSD—became deeply involved with an Indian-based religious cult called Sant Mat, or the Path of the Masters. "A lot of people tried to capture Syd and force him into their religion," says Susie—who was one of its adherents.

"So Syd and I went to a hotel in the center of London to meet the Master," Thorgerson recalls. "Syd was seeking initiation to become, as it was called, a Sat Sanghi." Barrett was rejected by the Maharaji Charan Singh Ji on the grounds that he was a student who should focus instead on finishing his courses. Though he seldom discussed it with his friends, they sensed that Barrett took the inscrutable guru's rejection very personally. Henceforth, he would feel obliged to seek his enlightenment elsewhere—notably through artistic expression, and through chemicals.

The strange moniker Syd bequeathed to his band was suggested not by a drug vision but by two obscure names in his record collection: Georgia bluesmen Pink Anderson (1900–1974) and Floyd "Dipper Boy" Council (1911–1976). The Pink Floyd Sound's early choice of material was less esoteric, consisting mainly of Rolling Stones hits and chestnuts like "Louie Louie" and "Road Runner." The one feature to set the group apart from 10,000 others playing the same numbers at parties and pubs was the instrumental breaks, pregnant

with distortion, feedback and possibilities, during which the guitarist (increasingly abetted by the Stockhausen-influenced keyboard player) would drive his stolid little R&B band into another realm entirely.

The Pink Floyd Sound was first billed as such at London's Countdown Club in late 1965—a gig for which the four students received £15. During the next several months, Jokers Wild and the Floyd often opened shows for one another in their respective bailiwicks of Cambridge and London. One memorable evening, Gilmour and Barrett—"twin luminaries from a small town," as Thorgerson puts it—co-starred with their bands at a large party in Shelford, just outside Cambridge. The "cabaret" slot—during which an acoustic act or a comedian would give the dancing crowds a respite from the amplified rock 'n' roll—was filled by a struggling New York folkie named Paul Simon.

THE EMERGING LONDON COUNTERCULTURE gathered steam with a series of Sunday afternoon happenings at the Marquee Club, the celebrated Soho venue where the Rolling Stones, the Yardbirds and the Who had launched their legends. "Spontaneous Underground"—

roughly equal measure jam session, costume party and free-for-all—offered a British variation on the American Be-in.

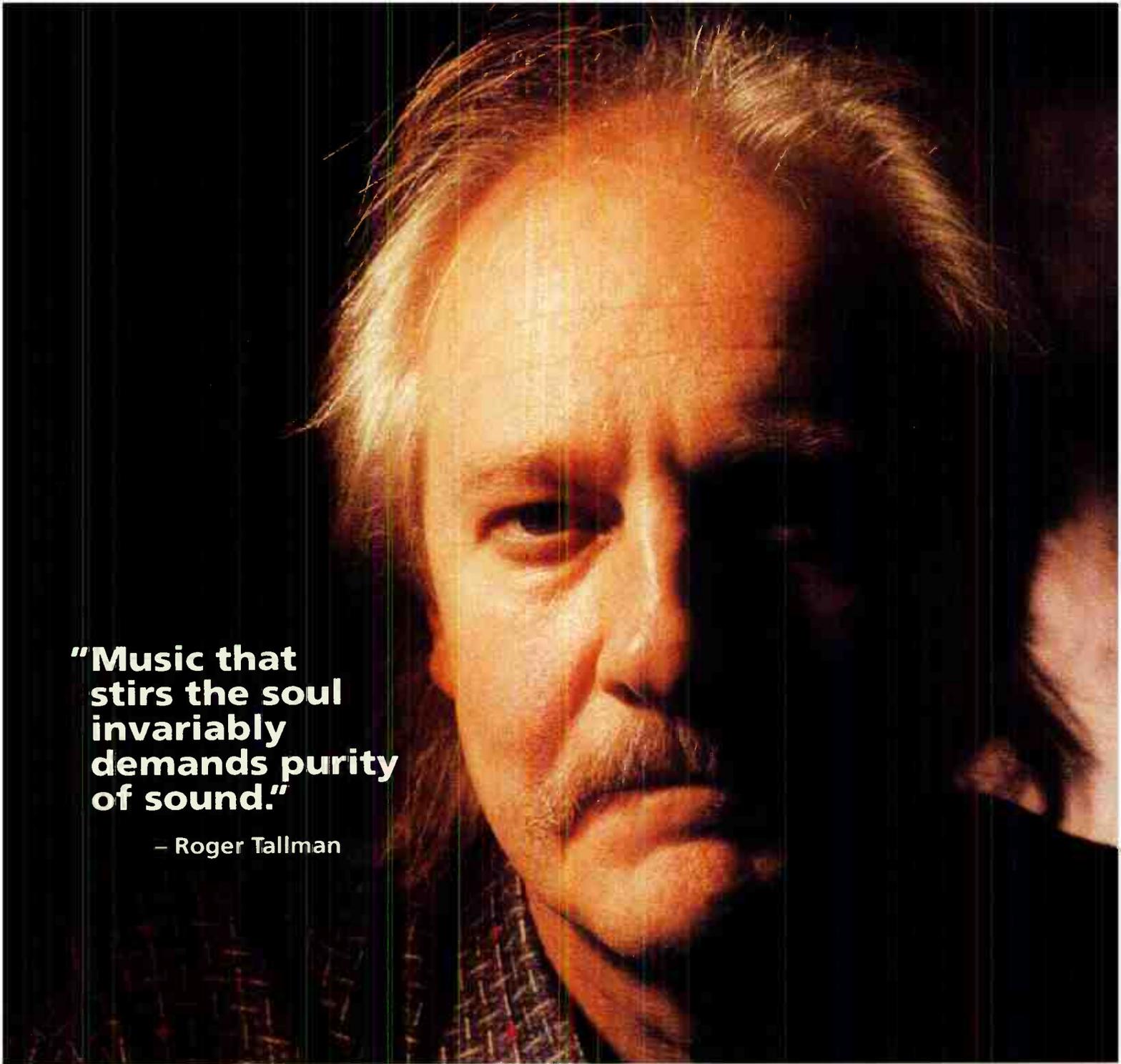
The invite to the inaugural Marquee happening in February 1966 read: "Who will be there? Poets, pop singers, hoods, Americans, homosexuals (because they make up 10 percent of the population), 20 clowns, jazz musicians, one murderer, sculptors, politicians and some girls who defy description..."

Though a rock band or two might be included in the afternoon's entertainment, no one act could expect to be the sole focus of attention. Eight-millimeter films flickered on the wall throughout the performances, and little distinction was made between player and audience. The latter were encouraged to dress as outrageously as possible, and to contribute to the mayhem with such "found" instruments as toilet plungers, mailing tubes and transistor radios.

On March 13th came the Spontaneous Underground debut of a group of four students identified by the inscription on the bassist's amplifier as the Pink Floyd Sound. John Hopkins was there. "There weren't many people, maybe 40 or 50," he recalls. "The band was not playing music, they were playing sounds. Waves and walls of sounds, quite unlike anything anybody in rock 'n' roll had played before. John Cage had done stuff like that. And suddenly here were

I was demoted from lead guitar to rhythm guitar and finally bass. There was always this frightful fear that I could land up as the drummer."

—ROGER WATERS



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World Radio History

these young art students playing the same crazy stuff. It blew a lot of people's minds. It was exciting."

Local scenemaker Peter Jenner was trying to get an experimental record label off the ground. It dawned on him that under the terms of his fledgling avant-jazz label's contract with Elektra, "we'd have to sell millions of albums to make any money. We couldn't even pay off the recording costs out of our two percent royalty. I concluded we needed a pop group—because I thought pop groups made money."

One Sunday in May, Jenner dropped by the Marquee. As far as many of the Spontaneous Undergrounders were concerned, the chief attraction that afternoon was one of the first of the great pink jellies (known to Americans as Jello) that were to become an obligatory feature of alternative-London happenings. Several daring young hipsters doffed their Kings Road finery to squirm in the pink ooze—to the music of the appropriately named Pink Floyd Sound.

"I have this recollection of walking 'round the stage at the Marquee," says Jen-

ner, "trying to work out where the noise was coming from, who was playing it. Normally you'd have the bass, *bomp, bomp, bomp*; the piano, *clink, clink, clink*—and, *clang, clang, clang*, that's the guitar. But during the solo instrumental bits, I couldn't work out whether it was the guitar or the keyboards. It wasn't neat and tidy like most pop music, which I'd found quite boring: *My baby loves me, yeah, yeah, yeah*, with the same chords going 'round and 'round."

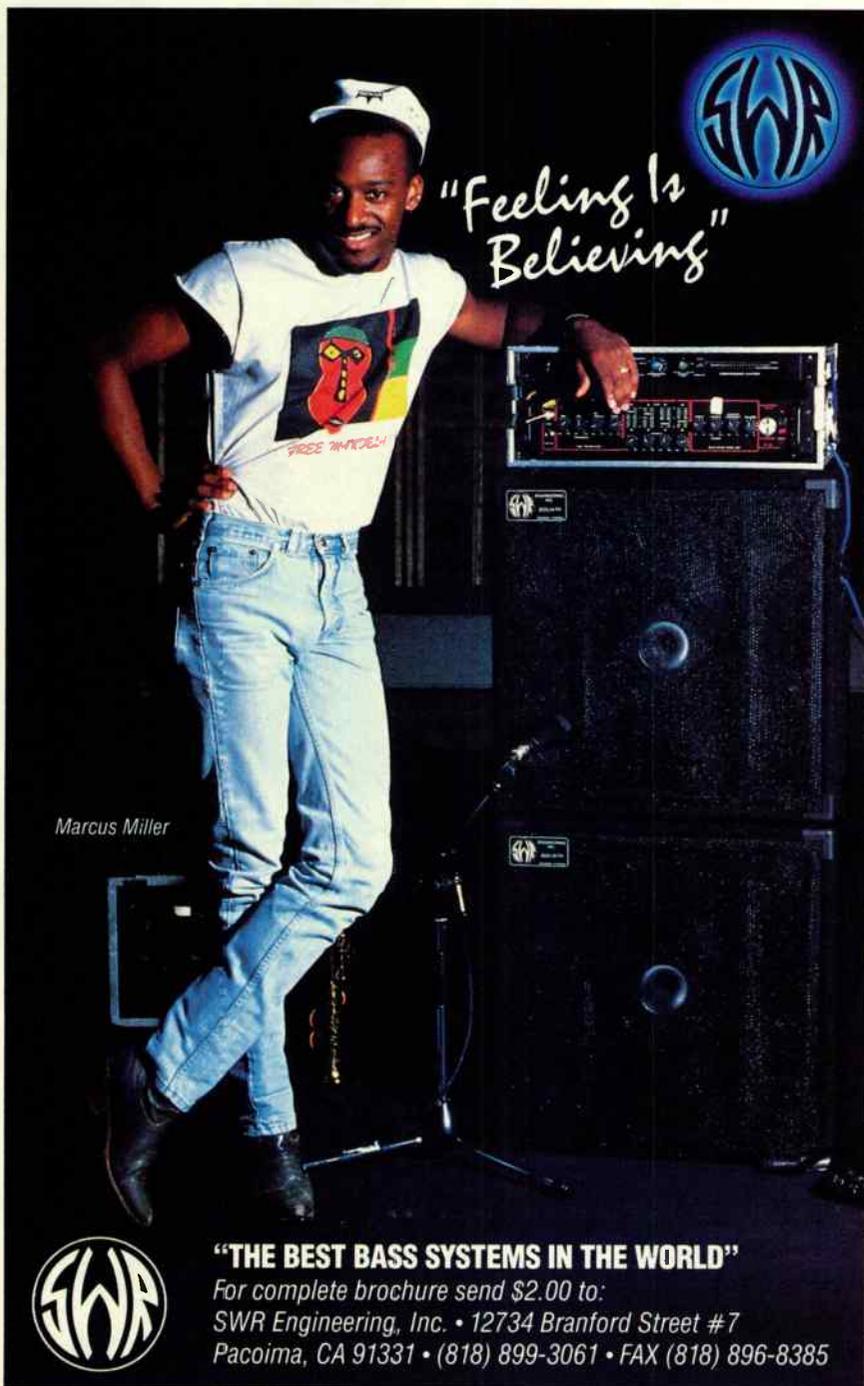
Jenner subsequently tracked down the bassist and drummer at their flat in Highgate. In a 1973 interview, Roger Waters recalled Jenner proclaiming, "You lads could be bigger than the Beatles"—and we sort of looked at him and replied in a dubious tone, "Yes, well, we'll see you when we get back from our hols," because we were all shooting off for some sun on the Continent."

After their summer break, Barrett, Waters, Mason and Wright were ready to talk business with Jenner and his friend and prospective partner Andrew King. The four students had no manager or agent, minimal equipment in varying states of decrepitude and a van about to give up the ghost. After they agreed to throw in their lot with Jenner and King, one of the latter's first gestures was to buy them about £1000 worth of new instruments and amplifiers. (These were almost immediately stolen, obliging the musicians to acquire yet another set of gear on the installment plan.) Jenner turned Syd Barrett on to such performance techniques as rolling ball bearings down guitar strings—and suggested that Pink Floyd rid their name of the superfluous "Sound."

The original plan to turn the Floyd into a flagship for Jenner's DNA Records was quickly forgotten, after Roger insisted that what the group really needed was a full-time manager—a role that Peter and Andrew enthusiastically agreed to share.

Rick Wright has described early Floyd performances as "purely experimental for us and a time of learning and finding out what we were trying to do. Each night was a complete buzz because we did totally new things and none of us knew how the others would react to it."

Writer Barry Miles nonetheless recalls that after a typical Sound and Light Workshop the Floyd "took questions from the audience, while earnest young avant-gardists like myself asked about multimedia experiments and all the rest of it. It was an 'educational event.' Very serious."



Marcus Miller

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Syd Barrett was now sharing the top floor of Peter and Susie's house with his lookalike girlfriend, model Lindsay Korner. Good-natured and comparatively low-key, Lindsay was to remain devoted to Syd through all the ups and downs of his Floyd years.

Now that the Pink Floyd were taking flight, Syd had abandoned his canvases to create "music in colors" instead: writing songs with a flair and dedication that astonished even his closest associates. His typically "underground" enthusiasms and influences—Chinese oracles and childhood fairy stories; pulp sci-fi and J.R.R. Tolkien's tales of Middle-Earth; English folk ballads, Chicago blues, avant-garde electronics and Donovan, the Beatles and the Rolling Stones—all percolated in the cauldron of his subconscious to re-emerge in a voice, sound and style that was uniquely Syd.

"In the early days," says Wynne Willson, "much more time would be spent writing numbers than performing. He would be building towards a performance rather than writing for a record. Writing the lyrics for a number, he would compose the basics of it—and then endlessly play around with how he was going to take his improvisation during the gig. Those were halcyon days—everything was very pleasant then. It was going exactly the way Syd wanted. He would have endless time to write and play.

"I can remember him sitting around and playing with lyrics, and copious quantities of grass and hashish would be smoked. It was all very mellow—and later became far too pressured and plastic."

"He was very, very much the creator of the group in those days," says June Bolan. "When he would sit at home and write a song, he'd think of what the drummer ought to play, how the bass line should be. He played very good rhythm as well as lead, and he'd know what he wanted to hear. He'd go into rehearsals and say to Nick, 'This is what I want you to play'...and that's how it would come out."

Sumi Jenner never found Syd very communicative: "He just expressed himself through his music." Her husband remembers Barrett as "the most creative person I've ever known. It was extraordinary—in those few months at Earham Street he wrote nearly all his songs for the Floyd and the solo albums. It was all very casual, done off the top of the head. No tortured genius sweating through his pain. When people write without any inhibitions, they write so

much better than when they start getting concerned that they're great writers."

Peter Jenner's own most tangible contribution to this output, however inadvertent, may be found in the power-chord leitmotif of "Interstellar Overdrive"—the long instrumental freak-out that became a highlight of Syd's performances with the Floyd. It began with Jenner's attempt to serenade Barrett with the guitar hook from Love's version of Burt Bacharach's "My Little Red Book." "I'm not the world's greatest singer; I've got a terrible sense of pitch," says Jenner. "He played

back a riff on his guitar, said, 'It goes like this?' And of course it was quite different, because my humming was so bad!"

The overnight flowering of Barrett's creativity was soon evinced onstage. "He took you into a whole other world," recalls Sumi Jenner. "The others always seemed to be struggling to keep up with him." During the course of the shows' centerpieces—30- to 45-minute freeform disarrangements of "Interstellar Overdrive" and "Astronomy Domine"—Barrett would transform into a dervish; unleashing salvos of feedback, the

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guitarist would wave his arms in the air as the colored spotlights cast his looming shadow onto the screen behind. Syd's Floyd, Miles observed, "would walk out on incredibly dangerous limbs and dance along crumbling precipices, saved sometimes only by the confidence beamed at them from the audience sitting a matter of inches away at their feet. Ultimately, having explored to their satisfaction, Nick would begin the drum roll that led to a final run-through of the theme, and everyone could breathe again."

Rick Wright's good nature, at least,

appears to have been evident right from the start—as was his inherent vulnerability. One friend from the early Floyd days remembers him as "gentle and sweet," yet "willowy and shaky." Though initially twitted by his colleagues for always seeming to play the same lick no matter what the song—Rick's Turkish Delight, they called it—Wright was Barrett's closest partner in the Floyd, both socially and musically.

"In the early days," says Jenner, "Rick used to tune everybody's guitars. Syd couldn't be bothered—wasn't terribly good

at it, but could if he had to—and Roger was tone-deaf, didn't have a clue. I never rated Roger's bass playing—no wonder he didn't like me. I never got over the fact that Roger was tone-deaf, and couldn't tune his bass. He wasn't an instinctive musician like Syd."

Nonetheless, at least one key associate—producer Joe Boyd—recognized Waters' driving bass style, with its trademark octave swoops, as a major component of the Pink Floyd sound. Equally important to the Floyd's early success, the bassist was himself driven: It was he who assumed the responsibility of organizing the group's activities, and of serving as their articulate press spokesman. The fact that Waters was slightly older—and, at six-foot-one, somewhat taller—also contributed to his aura of authority within the Floyd. Jenner does credit Roger for being "incredibly hard-working and committed"—and, without question, "the *strongest* personality in the band."

On the night of October 15, 1966 Pink Floyd inaugurated the Roundhouse—which has since become an established London venue for both musical and theatrical events. Advertised as a "Pop Op Costume Masque Drag Ball," the event attracted the cream of London's fashion, art and pop-music worlds, dazzlingly arrayed in caftans, floral pajamas and antique military regalia. Paul McCartney and Marianne Faithfull were there—dressed, respectively, as a white-robed Arab and a partially disrobed nun.

Upon arrival, each ticketholder was ceremoniously presented with a sugar cube (albeit one that, unlike so many then in circulation, lacked any active ingredient. Much of the audience, however, proceeded on the premise that their cubes *were* spiked.).

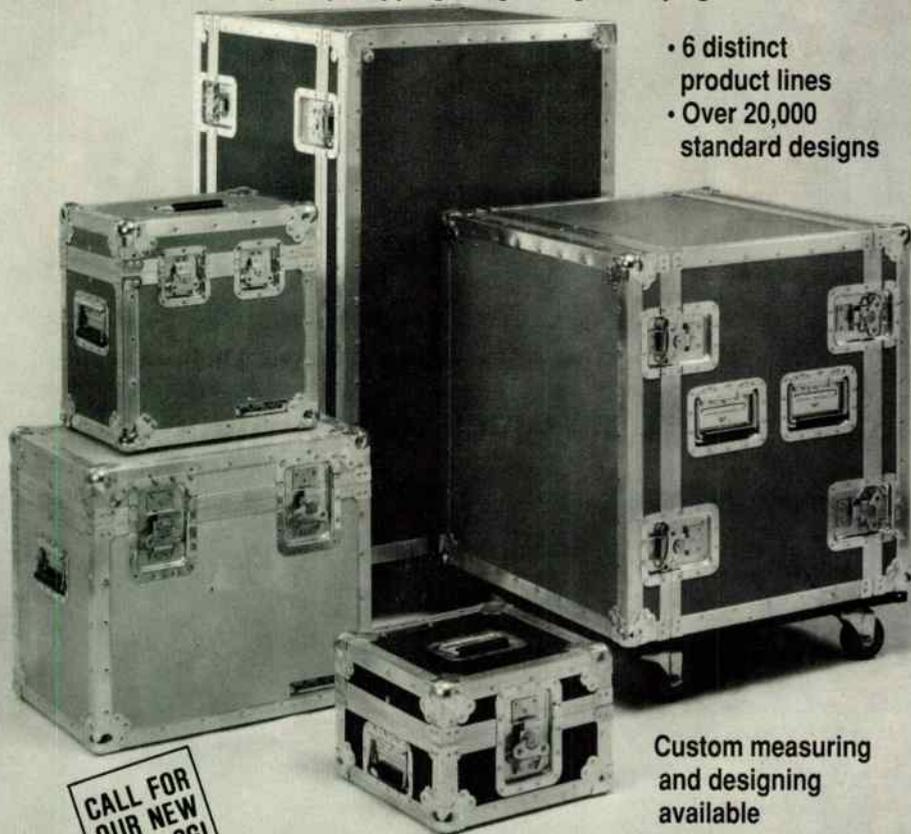
The Floyd rose to the ecstatic occasion with their most powerful performance to date. Their light show was especially striking in the enveloping darkness of its barely wired surroundings. According to *IT* magazine, the Floyd "did weird things to the feel of the event with scary feedback sounds, slide projections playing on their skin...spotlights flashing in time with the drums." In keeping with the evening's total unpredictability, the concert came to an abrupt and dramatic end when the Roundhouse's power blew out during "Interstellar Overdrive."

The Floyd's Roundhouse performance earned a mention in the *Sunday Times*—their first in an established British newspaper:

"At the launching of the new magazine *IT* the other night a pop group called the

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Pink Floyd played throbbing music while a series of bizarre coloured shapes flashed on a huge screen behind them. Someone had made a mountain of jelly which people ate at midnight and another person had parked his motorbike in the middle of the room. All apparently very psychedelic."

The piece concluded with remarks by Roger Waters: "Our music may give you the screaming horrors or throw you into screaming ecstasy. Mostly it's the latter. We find our audiences stop dancing now. We tend to get them standing there totally grooved with their mouths open."

By the time they began playing at UFO, London's hottest underground club, Pink Floyd's light show had a permanent impact upon their relationship with their audience. Because the individual performers tended to recede into (and be obscured by) the overall presentation, they were rarely recognized offstage and thus were able to cultivate the anonymity that was to remain a Floyd hallmark even after the group had become world-famous.

One individual presence did make itself known amid the paisley swirl. "Syd was recognized," says Peter Jenner. "He was marked out almost instantly as a 'star.' Everyone was in love with him."

It was at UFO that Cream lyricist Pete Brown "first saw Barrett doing 'the act.' With the leaping around and the madness, and the improvisation he was doing, my impression was that he was *inspired*. He would get past his limitations and into areas that were very, very interesting. Which none of the others could do. Quite frankly, the rest of them were not even competent. Syd's songs were so magical and groundbreaking. The whole thing was animated by those songs and his personality. It might be overly poetic, but you could almost say that he appeared to exist and live in those light shows—a creature of the imagination. His movements were orchestrated to fit in with the lights, and he appeared to be a natural extension—the human element—to those melting images."

"It was at UFO that everything started to jell," says Wynne Willson. "There's no doubt that the music they played at UFO was the best they ever did. It's a shame there were no live recordings made there. Syd's improvisations would go on for extended periods, but would be absolutely immaculate."

Nick Mason, however, remembers the UFO performances in a slightly more ambivalent light. "It was almost a sort of punk

thing—very free. It's funny when you're improvising and you're not particularly technically able: It's one thing if you're Charlie Parker, it's another thing if you're us. The ratio of good stuff to bad is not that great. In the very early Pink Floyd days in the clubs like UFO, there were people definitely prepared to go on the basis—perhaps because of the state they were in—that we were being great 80 percent of the time rather than 20 percent. But there was a hell of a lot of rubbish being played in order to get a few good ideas out."

The discrepancy between these recollec-

tions of the UFO gigs ("they *were* great 80 percent of the time," insists Peter Jenner) may be traced back to the diverging attitudes and lifestyles within the Floyd camp at the time. Barrett and Wynne Willson *believed* in the miraculous new age arising all around them. Waters and Mason were content merely to provide the musical soundtrack—even as they set their sights on broader-based pop success for the band. (Not that Barrett wasn't initially attracted to the glamor of stardom.)

As early as January 1967, Mason readily admitted that the psychedelic movement

between brains and legs
a lot can happen

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Lust

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had “taken place around us—not within us.” Much as these words may also have applied to Waters, Barrett could hardly have been more unequivocal in his embrace of the underground’s ideals and excesses. One close associate states that Waters and Mason actually “represented exactly what Syd was rejecting. Even though they were now playing in a rock band, they were very pleased with themselves for having been architecture students, for having followed that nice upper-middle-class script.”

By the beginning of 1967, LSD had come

to rival cannabis as Barrett’s drug of choice at Earlham Street. “Syd was the only one of the group,” says Wynne Willson, “who was part of the—these words sound absurdly pretentious now—consciousness-expanding experimental movement. Which isn’t to say we didn’t take acid for fun, but we were anticipating some *progress*.”

At first, the acid seemed to raise Barrett to even greater heights of inspiration and creativity. There were a few dodgy moments, such as when the police appeared at 2 Earlham Street’s purple-painted door in search

of a sometime-tenant with a heroin habit and a criminal record, and Barrett—in an era when “the fuzz” were a byword for paranoia even if a “freak” *wasn’t* tripping—seemed to lose all powers of motion or speech as he fixed the men in blue with (in Susie’s phrase) “huge horror eyes.” (Fortunately another charming lady friend of Syd’s named Carrie Anne stepped in to distract the bobbies with small talk and tea.)

On February 1, 1967, the Pink Floyd officially “went professional,” shelving their college careers to focus on the band. “Mind you,” bantered Nick Mason—who still thought he might return to college the following year—“the best chance for an architect to find clients is in show business. I’m always on the lookout for someone who has half a million pounds to spare and wants me to design him a house.”

The Floyd’s priority now, however, was to put out a record. A hoary EMI executive named Beecher Stevens, having heard “a lot of fuss about their music and lights and so on,” had sniffed around All Saints Church, accompanied by his A&R man Norman Smith. Smith was best-known as a longtime engineer for the Beatles—whom Stevens, during his previous job at Decca, had deemed (to his subsequent embarrassment) undeserving of a record contract. Stevens rated the Floyd “weird but good”—yet was given pause when “one of the boys, and some of the people around them, seemed a bit strange.”

Hoping to excite more record-company interest, the Floyd went into Chelsea’s Sound Techniques Studios with Joe Boyd to record “Arnold Layne”—a catchy Barrett-penned fable about a kleptomaniac transvestite. The late January sessions also yielded an early version of “Interstellar Overdrive” and a proposed B-side hastily rewritten as “Candy and a Currant Bun” after someone from the BBC took exception to the original title “Let’s Roll Another One.”

EMI’s top brass were suitably impressed, and upped the ante to a then-considerable £5000, contingent upon the band agreeing to work exclusively with a staff producer at EMI’s Abbey Road studios. Stevens was determined that a sober-minded citizen—specifically, Norman Smith—“keep a firm hand on the sessions.”

Upon its March 11 release on EMI’s Columbia label, the creepy yet seductive “Arnold” drew both controversy and acclaim. *Melody Maker* hailed it as “an

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amusing and colourful story about a guy who got himself put inside whilst learning of the birds and the bees...without a doubt, a very good disc. The Pink Floyd represents a new form of music to the English pop scene so let's hope the English are broadminded enough to accept it with open arms."

Those who didn't included the popular and hipper than-thou pirate Radio London, which slapped the "smutty" platter with a ban. "If we can't write and sing songs about various forms of human predicament," responded Waters, "then we might as well not be in the business." Wright suggested that "the record was banned not because of the lyrics—because there's nothing there you can really object to—but because they're against us as a group and against what we stand for." The song's 21-year-old author said that "Arnold Layne just happens to dig dressing up in women's clothing; a lot of people do, so let's face up to reality!"

A little controversy, of course, has never harmed sales; the music and production, moreover, did not stint on good old-fashioned pop hooks. A decade later (on Capital Radio's "Pink Floyd Story" series), Nick Mason said "Arnold Layne" was expressly devised to establish the Floyd as "a hit parade band.... We were interested in the business of being a pop group: SUCCESSFUL—MONEY—CARS—that sort of thing. Good living. I mean, that's the reason most people get involved in rock music, because they want that sort of success. If you don't, you get involved in something else."

"Arnold Layne" did crack the British Top Twenty—just barely—which was actually a better showing than all but two of the Floyd's singles were to achieve throughout the rest of the band's career. Yet the record rose far higher in underground London, and by dint of endless playings became a virtual anthem at clubs like UFO.

"'Arnold Layne' was probably the first-ever pop hit that dealt in an English accent with English cultural obsessions and English fetishes," declares Pete Brown. "There had never been anything quite like it; everyone had been behaving like Americans."

Many of the group's early associates agree that were it not for the tireless efforts and devotion of Jenner and King, the Pink Floyd might never have taken off as they did. Yet Waters was already betraying impatience with the duo—especially with the more nervous and intense King. This was dramatized that spring, on the Floyd's first

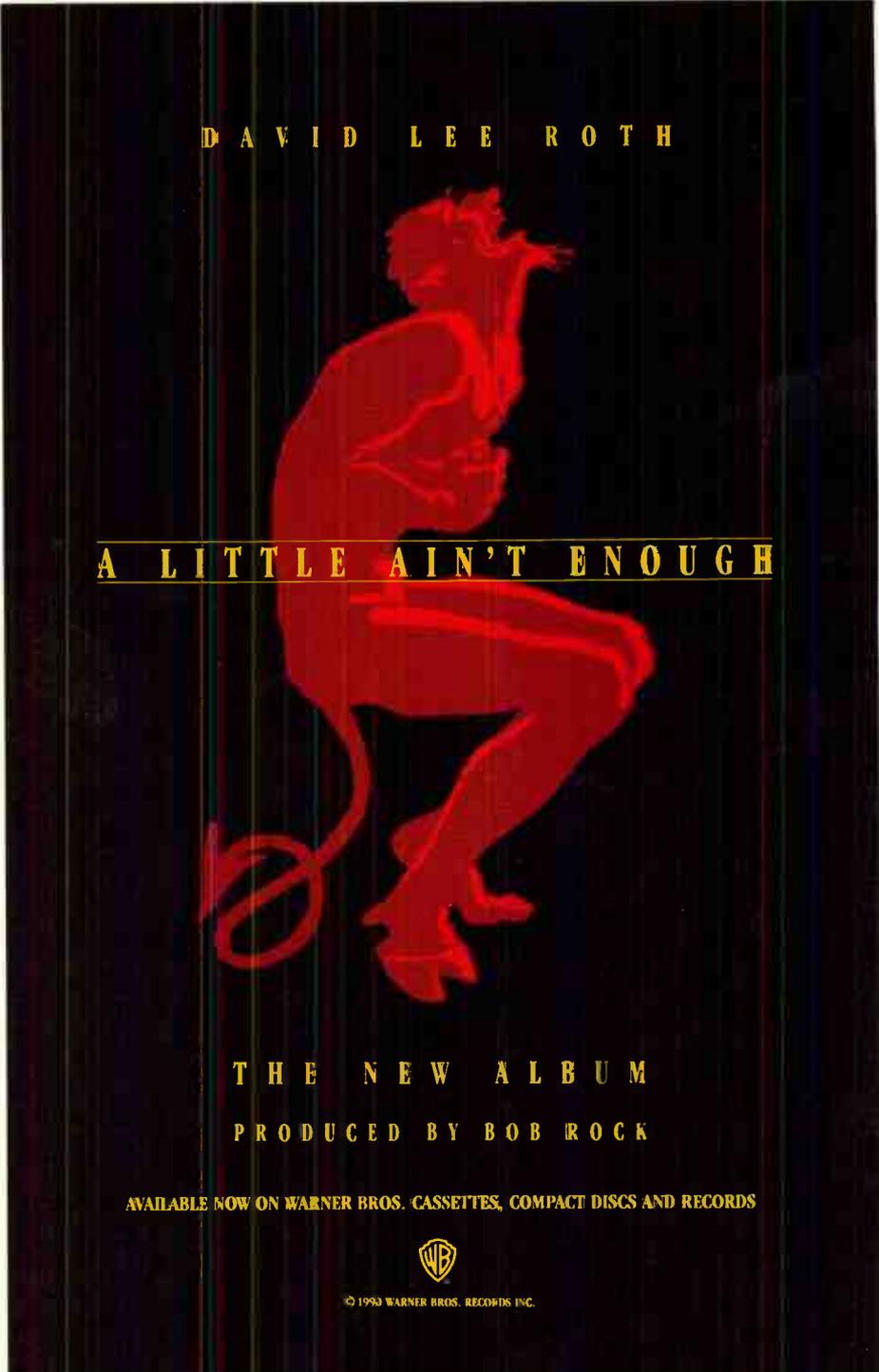
European tour, when Andrew managed to drop the contents of his pocket into a Copenhagen drain while fumbling for his keys—and Roger turned on him, sneering, "We can't have a manager who throws our money down the drain, now, can we?"

Though Norman Smith had already taped such tuneful Barrett compositions as "The Gnome" and "The Scarecrow" at Abbey Road, both he and the Floyd's managers instantly recognized a new ditty called "Games for May" as the most suitable follow-up to "Arnold Layne." Syd then

changed his title to "See Emily Play."

Barrett later put forth the story that "Emily" had materialized whole-cloth in a dream—à la Coleridge's "Kubla Khan"—after he dozed off in the woods. Be that as it may, the lyric was directed at a flesh-and-blood Emily well-known to the UFO crowd—the "psychedelic school girl" daughter of the aristocrat author Lord Kennet. Arnold the sex fetishist made way for Emily the flower child....

"See Emily Play" was a hit. Radio London listed "Emily" almost in- [cont'd on page 25]

The image shows the cover of the Pink Floyd album 'Arnold Layne'. The background is black with a red silhouette of a person in a crouching, contorted pose. The text is in yellow and white. At the top, 'DAVID LEE ROTH' is written in yellow. Below that, 'A LITTLE AIN'T ENOUGH' is written in yellow. Further down, 'THE NEW ALBUM' and 'PRODUCED BY BOB ROCK' are written in white. At the bottom, 'AVAILABLE NOW ON WARNER BROS. CASSETTES, COMPACT DISCS AND RECORDS' is written in yellow, followed by the Warner Bros. logo and '© 1990 WARNER BROS. RECORDS INC.' in white.

DAVID LEE ROTH

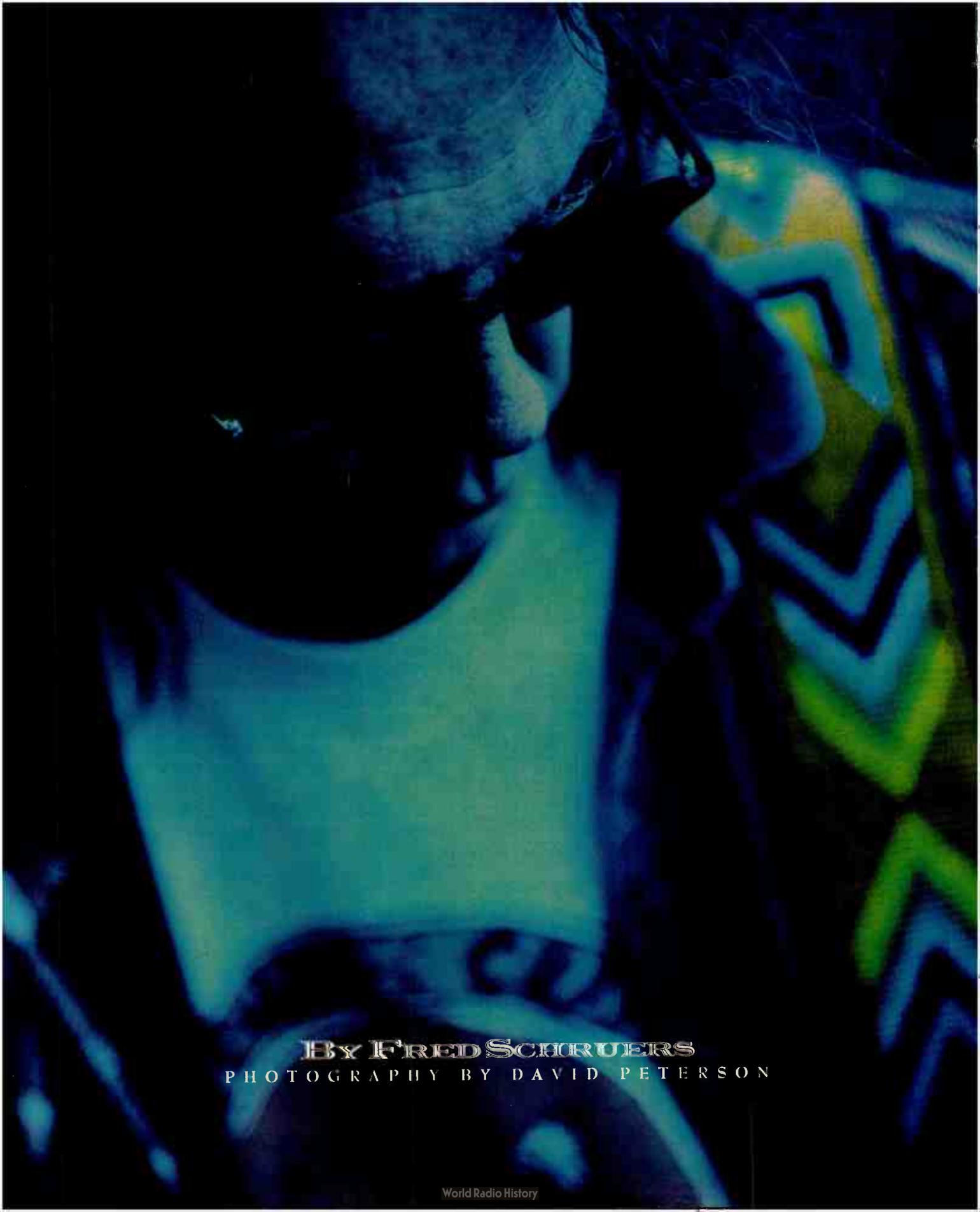
A LITTLE AIN'T ENOUGH

THE NEW ALBUM

PRODUCED BY BOB ROCK

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BY FRED SCHRUERS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID PETERSON



NEIL YOUNG

Right this minute out here on the Pacific Coast Highway in Malibu, the future of gutbucket rock stands in some question. Neil Young, clad in a pair of flip-flops, his wiry bird's nest of hair flipping this way and that in the updraft as everything from Maseratis to dumptrucks

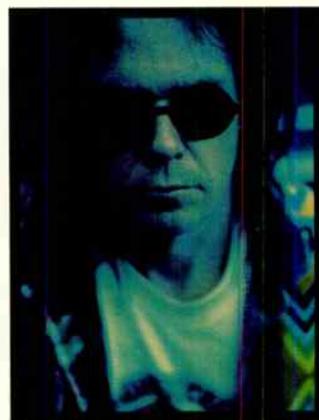
bears down, is halfway across the six-laner with only a symbol—double yellow stripes to front and rear—protecting him from becoming road pizza. He and Crazy Horse would look like a lost

family of crows if not for the more substantial figure of Frank "Poncho" Sampedro. Frank looks nimble on his feet in his ponytail and

RAGGED tenny runners,

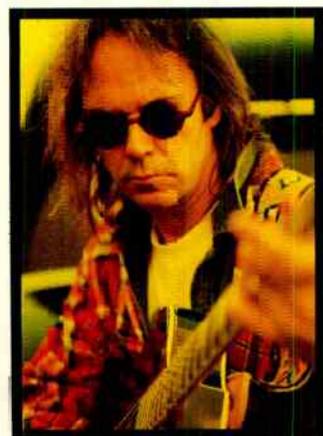
and the wiry Ralph Molina could probably skitter out of harm's way.

But bassist Billy Talbot, sunglassed and long-haired like 45-year-old



Neil, seems to move about with an eternally bell-bottomed air. ✦ Amid scores of poser bands

still trashing their first hotel rooms, the members of this troupe are genuine-article rock 'n' roll



outlaws, determinedly going against the grain with the low-tech, largely unrehearsed, chunky guitar rock of *Ragged Glory*. Their leader's high, scratchy voice, as warm and recognizable a conveyance for lyrics as any around, can still turn effectively snide or anguished in the mid-

BUT RIGHT

dle of a verse, and his guitar playing can still run the gamut from prettily, melodically legato to angrily telegraphic, never losing his signature sound. The last sessions Neil did with this bunch were for 1987's up-and-down *Life*. Now, after some deep research into the potential of bigger-band sounds with *This Note's for You*, Young is back as part of the freewheeling Crazy Horse quartet, the clear leader but somehow happily subordinate to their usual ragged-but-right (hell, but glorious) recording ethic.

In fact, having been told in the middle of this parlous stretch of highway that a friend had said how pleased he was at again hearing some "Crazy Horse violin concertos," he begins barking into a proffered tape recorder right on the spot. "Yeah, it is classical," he admits, looking momentarily abashed at his own terminology. "It's rooted in the classics, it really is—the development of themes and grandness and all of this bullshit that goes in there." He pauses with a can't-go-on-meeting-like-this look as a load of liquid nitrogen thunders by, blotting out sun and speech. "It's cool," he declares. "I love it." And you don't rehearse much? (It's hard not to quiz my captive audience, even though I can see the "Young, Band, Area Man Killed Crossing PCH" headline.) "No," he hollers. "There's a theme at the beginning and end, every song has got a theme we learn. It comes at the beginning and the end of every instrumental—that's how you get in and out of the verse. That's all—everything else is improvised."

At long last a break in the traffic lets us scurry across to the barbecue place that's been selected for today's seminar. Young (who's been clutching that celebrity accoutrement of our day, an Evian bottle) and band are ready to consume quantities of beef and poultry. This is his old turf—he lived not far south in

Topanga, just north in Zuma, and he's often recorded nearby at Wally Heider's—and the storefront establishment we now completely fill is clearly familiar turf. "Haven't seen ya in a while," the guy behind the counter ventures. "Well," says Young amiably, "we finished the record." A brief pause. "Still ain't seen ya in a while," ventures the guy. "Well," says Young, not about to be trumped in a contest of dueling absurdities, "I quit eatin'."

Ralph is "the quiet one" every band has, Billy steps in for sporadic runs, offbeat but effective, and Frank, like the inspired rhythm guitarist he is, has a way of herding some of his bandleader's wackier observations back into the mainstream. When they're asked if their recording dates were rigorous, it's Frank who steps up first: "It was a sweet job, it wasn't painstaking. Fast and fun, wham-bang! The only hard part was picking out takes after we did all the recording."

Neil: "That was the hard part, 'cause we never listened to playback." Nor did they have many leftovers, he adds, musing deeply: "No, nothing....Oh, 'Born to Run' [not the Springsteen song], 'Box-

car,' 'Interstate' [no, not outtake titles from Bruce's *Nebraska*]. What about 'Natural Beauty'—that's probably the acoustic thing that should be on the record. We forgot to listen to that."

They're informed that their interviewer's mistaken notion, after he got a tape of the album, had been to listen to it while running errands in the car. "No," grins Neil, "you gotta go on a long trip to hear the whole record. There are three songs that are longer than nine minutes, and the whole record's 57 minutes long." Is he bucking for a gold star from Ralph Nader? "Hey, my next record might be 36 minutes, and it'll be on a CD too." In fact, *Everybody's Rockin'*, Neil's 1983 visit to the early rock era, was about right for an extended grocery run. "Probably the shortest. But that was the style of the record. At the time depicted on that album, the songs were short. Everything was in perfect perspective.

"*Freedom* was over 60 minutes, and it was done on a metal master [like *Ragged Glory*]. We got a couple more dB that way, because with direct metal mastering, nothing caves in, everything stays up. Instead of doing it acetate to vinyl—they make it out of that shit, the canyons are too skinny—they're metal, so they stay in there."

Given our geographical position in the middle of his old stomping grounds with Crazy Horse, it seems apt to ask Young about the changes over the years. In the mid-'70s, he caused a stir with some public hints that he was planning a change. "Yeah, that was in '75. We'd just recorded *Zuma* and *Tonight's the Night*. It was, 'I dunno what I'm gonna do about those guys—have to get all fucked up by myself.'" Young had been living in relatively remote Topanga Canyon then—a landscape strewn with horses, dogs that lived in the yard, junked cars

rusting next to gleaming new Volvos. Crazy Horse was up in Laurel Canyon, where life was also easy but the drugs were harder. "Yeah," says Billy, "Laurel Canyon with all the rock 'n' rollers. Neil lived there too for a while."

Neil: "Yeah, but I got sick of all the—it was like a slum for me. I had to move out of the neighborhood. Moved to Topanga with the upper crust." He tilts his head to the band: "We rehearsed 'Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere' up there, remember, then took it down to Wally Heider's. Remember the first time we played 'Cinnamon Girl' up there—we were fucking Egyptians, man, rolling pyramids across the desert. Had this whole picture of what it was supposed to sound like." And what time of night would that have been? "It was in the middle of the afternoon! We played it loud enough for everybody in the neighborhood to hear us, too—opened up all the windows to make sure they would."

Then as now the Young recording ethic was to cut tracks, not build them. "We hate doing that, never do that," explains Young.

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

FFRANK: I have a '53 Les Paul gold top. I play through a Vox top with a Marshall bottom. Never used that before—always used the old Fender tweed amplifiers. For playing rhythm guitar I used a really heavy set of strings—I think my low E string was .068, that's almost a bass string.

NEIL: Frank's are big strings—with a lot of sustain. Hard to knock out of tune. I've got real light-gauge strings on my guitar, it's like a whole other sound.

FRANK: Like a beautiful woman laying on a big oak bed.

NEIL: My guitar is really nice. Actually, I've got two now. I traded Jim Messina for my black Les Paul, traded him a Gretsch for it, and a gold one, same vintage, same setup. Over the years I've lost the original pickups on each so now on each of them I've got one humbucking pickup and one Firebird pickup. Real light rock 'n' roll-gauge strings and a Fender Deluxe amp that goes to a preamp. Sometimes I go right through the Fender, sometimes I go through effects. The back end of the thing is the Baldwin Exterminator—it exterminates anything that gets in its way, wipes out the high end and has a real beautiful sound—more bottom, more funk—with its own reverb unit.

BILLY: I've used a Fender Precision bass with a Telecaster neck since 1962 and a MESA/Boogie 400 bass amp with some Ampeg bottoms.

RALPH: "That's right: Ludwig drums, Zildjian cymbals."

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"That's for fucking wimps, and there's a multitude of them out there, just doing little piece by leetle piece."

Weren't the Eagles taking a year to layer their albums in the same town, maybe the same studios, where you were slamming them out? "We didn't know 'em well enough," says Young, "to walk in and say, 'What the fuck are you guys doin'?" After his contentious mid-'80s years at Geffen, when the label sued him for delivering "uncharacteristic" product, Young seems happy back on his old Reprise label at Warner Bros. *Ragged Glory* was selling respectably through the last two months of '90 and the tour in the new year seemed likely to kick it into gold status. "It's kinda ironic," says Sampedro. "They leave us alone, and we just end up making them happy." "Yeah," adds Young, "instead of them trying to tell me what to do. Making me unhappy and pissed off."

Artistic freedom is a blessed state indeed—but didn't Crazy Horse feel a little restless during the back-to-back sequence of *Re*ac*tor* (1981), where they were part-timers, and *Trans* (1983), where they were completely excluded?

"Well," allows Frank, "*Re*ac*tor* shocked me. I couldn't believe it was done when it was done. I thought we could have done a better job, done more, recorded a little more. And the other one, *Trans*, we didn't have a lot to do with, so I really don't have a lot to say about that record."

Billy: "It was experimentation time, ya know?"

Neil: "It was just where I was at the time. My life put me in a place where that was what I was doing. I was experimenting with

things...the only fucking problem was I was 'Neil Young.' Problem one and problem googolplex and every problem in between would have been solved if it wasn't me." In fact, Young was suffering considerable personal turmoil at the time, dealing, for the second time, with a child who'd been stricken with a disabling congenital disorder. But time has let him, and may someday let the pop pundits, look at those two contrary records as needed growth time. "You take the original product," he says, flashing what one English writer has called his "mad frown," "put it in a meat grinder, and it comes out the other end a complete original copy—every one a duplicate of the next, Neil II, III, IV, V, VI, all coming off the line."

For the *Ragged Glory* sessions, Young and band set up in a rough-hewn studio Neil's built on his sizable ranch property south of San Francisco—a "big, big plywood-roofed room," as Sampedro puts it, with Young adding, "On stilts. We've gotta be able to groove. Ralph didn't like this room, but he played great on this record. I thought he played greater than any record we've played on. It wasn't until after we finished playing the record," adds Young with a sideways smile at his drummer, "that Ralph told me he didn't like the sound."

"No," says Ralph as he laughs with the rest of the table, "I said it at the beginning. It's just that swing we get, I couldn't hear it." That he indeed played it is clear from a minor interruption that comes next. Even as lunch turns up—the double slab of barbecued chicken with onion rings, the baby-back ribs, the roast chicken, etc.—a local construction, central-casting-real-person sort of guy pipes up as he walks by, "Hey, Neil, I heard your tape. Sounded real good."

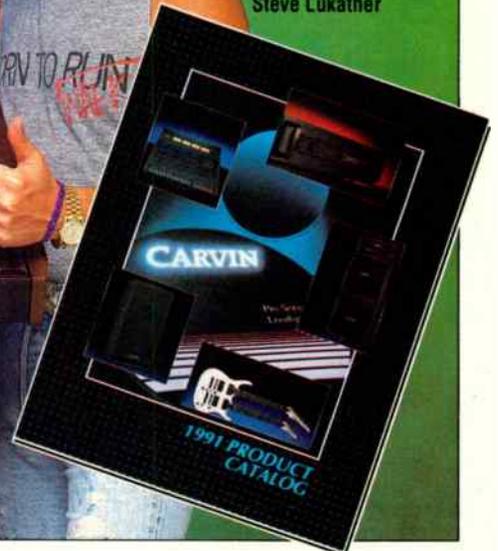
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"All right," says Neil, unfazed by this advance distribution of his product. "Thanks a lot, man." He shakes his head at the ad hoc way the sessions came: "I was still trying to finish some of the songs while we were rehearsing—wondering, 'Well, shit, maybe some song should have a third verse.' Never could get any further than where I was. We played the songs a couple times a day for a couple weeks, then one day we knew we were done—that was the day we cut 'Farmer John.' It was a one-shot deal."

Frank: "That's the only time we ever played it."

Billy: "Frank asks Neil what's the first song he ever played in a rock 'n' roll band, and Neil's answer was"—Billy air- and mouth-guitars the opening chords to "Money."

Neil: "So then he asked me, 'Why don't you play something you did with your old high school band?'"

Frank: "Yeah, one of your old Canadian-high-school-type favorite songs?"

Neil: "'Farmer John' was good for those college bars in the East. I see Daisy Mae from *Li'l Abner* every time I hear that song. That was the last day of recording—we started recording on a Thursday and finished on a Monday, three days short of three weeks." Pretty quick for these days, one observes, teeing Neil up for a characteristic zinger: "These days don't have shit to do with us."

After the almost folk-era topicality of *Freedom*, with songs like the angry "Rockin' in the Free World," Young's indeed working on more timeless themes of love and its alienations. "I thought this was a folk album with a good rock 'n' roll beat," says Frank. "I don't hear any

political songs so I guess it's really not folk music...." He turns to Young: "You're just singing about folks."

Before we discuss "Days That Used to Be"—should Young maybe send Bob Dylan a note thanking him for the melody to "My Back Pages"? "It is the same melody in three or four notes, and there's no doubt about that, but it lends itself to bringing you back there. For the efficiency of the lyrics, it's in keeping with what the song is about to have a nostalgic twist on it." Any message in there for his old bandmates from Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young? "Yeah, but it's about everybody from that generation. It's to me as well as everybody else. Ya know, I was driving my wife's BMW just the other day. She has a nice little pink garter stuck up there. Thank god for that, gave the thing a little edge. Yeah, took the curse off the B'mer.

"What's the difference—I got a new car, it's just 30 years old. The most modern of my own cars is a '62 Chrysler LeBaron, four-door hardtop. I got a '53 Buick Skylark, Body Number One, the prototype. I got a lot." Young snaps out of it with a self-chiding grin. "But I don't want to flaunt my riches to the public. There could be somebody writing a letter to *Musician* saying, 'What the fuck do we give a shit about Neil Young's fucking cars, he's got so much money....' Unfortunately, that's my lot in life, I have to be a fucking rich hippie and buy old cars."

It's time to flip the tape. "Check it out, man," Neil advises, "we might have to do the first part of this interview again."

Frank: "When Neil does a great solo in a song, and somebody says, 'Can you play that again?' That would be what doing this whole interview again would be like."

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Neil: "We'd have to call Dean Stockwell and get a 'Quantum Leap' arranged to do that."

Clearly, Neil has not gone all mellow just because he's one ribs sandwich to the good. He's got the bright light turned on himself now, but it's clear he'll start swinging it around soon. "I have plenty of indulgences. I'm a very material guy."

"He has 10 guppies," says Frank.

"I do have the guppies. I keep 'em in a miniature lake I spent a lot of time building. It's beautiful; the water circulates through. I decorated it with moss and things out of the forest."

"It's inside," he adds, his notorious quizzical eyebrows arching as he peers over his shades. "I have a replica of Brian Wilson's sandbox in my dining room—I do. And I think Brian's gonna come by someday and let me know if I did a good job or not. Dr. Landy is not invited, he can't come."

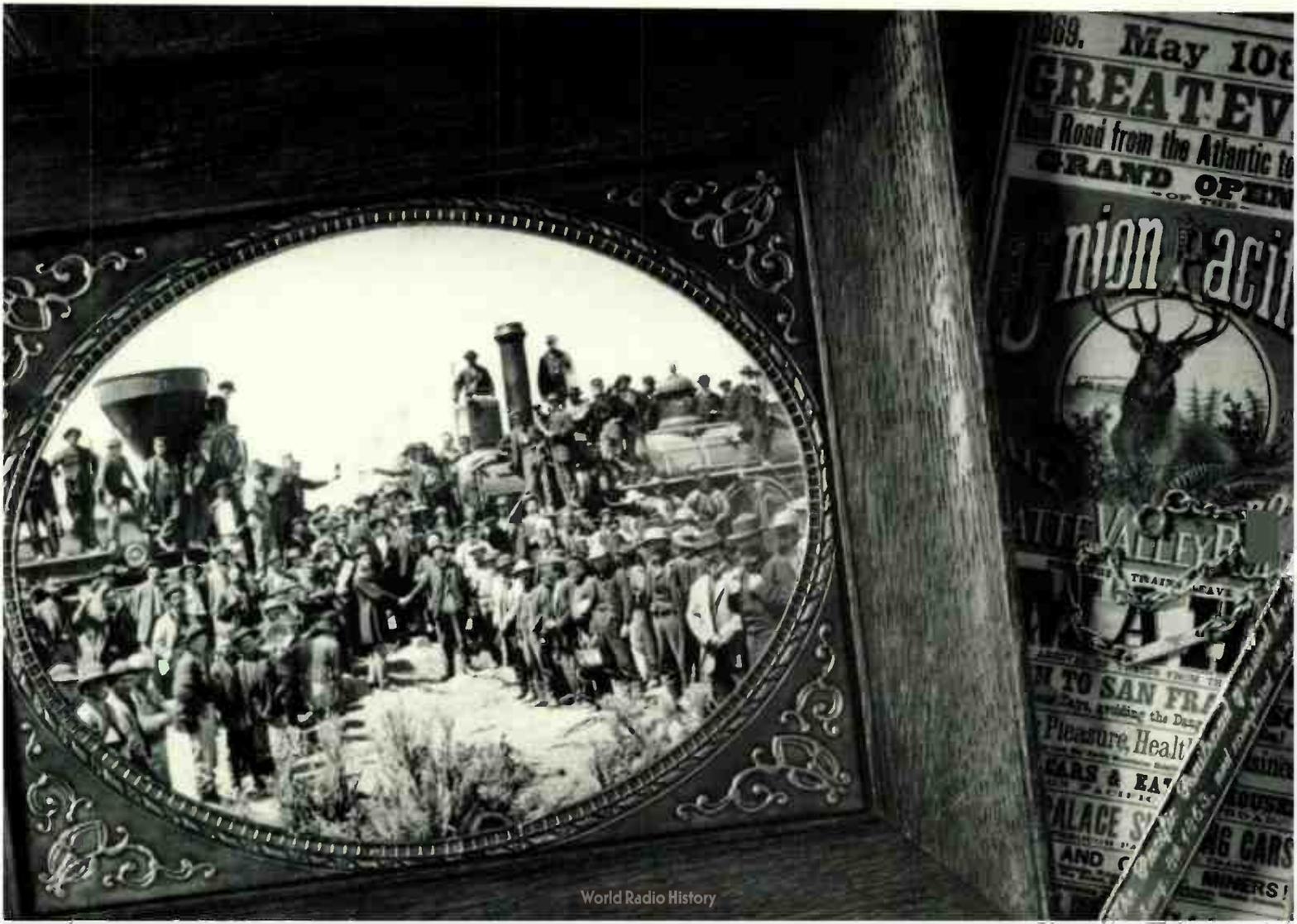
In fact, Young seems to feel a certain kinship to the Beach Boy maestro who planted his piano in 12 tons of sand. "I met him a couple times—seemed like a really nice guy. Of course, he's a genius, it's a cross to bear. But that's what he is, a fucking walking lightbulb—doesn't have the glass, just the filament."

If we looked back in on Neil Young circa 1971, down and isolated at home with crippling back troubles, we might see a similar soul. "Ummm, yeah-yeah, kinda, because I was taking a lot of drugs—had to take a lot of drugs to keep me down. I was on Soma compound—doesn't that sound heavy?" He deepens his voice, sounding like a record with a hand laid on it: "So-maaaahhh

commm-pound. That and Michellllloooob—the night belongs to Mic-hel-ob." And his typical day then? "Horizontal hero, 12 hours. I didn't even have any TV at the time. I was just out of it—I did drugs and stayed down."

"Now," he adds, brightening, "I have a personal trainer. I take him on the road with me and I work out three times a week. I work out before each performance to get my blood level where it should be. You get to be my age and you don't stay fit to walk onstage... I'm not 19, it's not like I'm going berserk 'cause I'm good enough to play and have people go nuts. I'm not rushing at that level, I'm rushing on a deeper level. I get my blood level up so when I go out there people see me at the top of my game, whatever that might be."

Young's appearance on "Saturday Night Live" in '89 playing "Rockin' in the Free World" backed by Sampedro, along with bassist Charley Drayton and drummer Steve Jordan, is ranked by most who've seen it as the hottest two-some minutes of rock that show ever aired. Lunging forward, snarling the lead, jerking at his guitar strings like at so much barbed wire, Young popped right out of the tube with the pick-up band in his wake. How? "I removed myself from the whole fucking scene. Some of them are really nice people, Dana [Carvey] and Jon Lovitz, but I just ignored the whole thing, went to a room in the other end of the building, never hung out, never watched the show, completely ignored the skits. Steve and Charley were playing with us on the gig and Poncho and I went up and trashed their dressing room, fucking graffiti, broke everything in it and painted it with spray cans. Then we heard from NBC they



wanted to give us the bill, and I said, 'Hey, take it out of our check.' We probably got scale for doing it."

Frank: "We got \$658."

Moments before showtime, Young worked out with his trainer—"Pushups, situps, I worked up a real sweat to be where you should be at the end of a stage show. No wonder everybody looks like old farts playing 'Saturday Night,' everybody's being cool, but that don't have shit to do with rock 'n' roll. In my mind, you gotta be jacked, into it, man, it's fucking life and death and you're only as good as your last note. So I had to ignore what was going on there. I never do live rock 'n' roll on TV—that was a huge exception to the rule—and I probably never will again. I was very, very lucky that I played well and everything came off good."

Frank: "We played a version of 'Fuckin' Up' at soundcheck. We just hated going down there for—what was it?—blocking. They wanted us to play the song we were gonna play but we did that instead."

Neil: "Right—you guys just move the camera around like we were playing and we'll watch you do what you would do. I mean, get Janet Jackson, for Chrissakes, you know exactly where she's gonna be."

"Did you see the second time they showed it? They straightened it all out. That shows what a bunch of dipshits they are. Why clean that up? You miss the point completely. That's why I didn't play the show for 15 years and why I won't for another 15. That band was put together for a moment in time. The whole energy was focused on, 'Okay, we're just a little slat in the sky,' but we went out there locked together and we were great for that fucking song."

Billy: "I saw Neil up there with those two guys playing bass and drums and I thought, 'That's pretty good.' I told Neil on the phone, 'That sounded pretty close.'"

Neil: "Those guys, Steve is a pro and Charley is a master of the bass, they're great musicians, but Crazy Horse is not about that. They don't belong on television. We're going for the vibe, and if the vibe is a bunch of jerks lookin' at us, we're gonna sound like jerks. Crazy Horse is meant to play live in front of people who love Crazy Horse, then the music will come out. Put us anywhere else and we sound terrible."

Something about the memory of that "SNL" appearance has Neil charged up now: "We want to see people who look healthy and are lost in the music, dancing. Beautiful bodies moving, people grooving on each other and on us and our music.... We don't want to see these dildo jackheads in the first row—the record company or more likely the promoter or the radio stations they give free tickets to. All these dinkbrains that are in front, I hope they get crushed."

It seems natural to ask if a tour is in the works. "All I can say is: 'You've heard the greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world, now Smell the Horse.' Whatever part you're looking for, it'll be there—the Smell the Horse Tour '91. We're playing in venues that are not sponsored by anyone, indoor arenas I'd like to play in before they fall down. Like the Boston Garden, the Forum in Montreal, Maple Leaf Gardens, Madison Square Garden before it becomes so expensive no one can even go anymore."

"We're gonna try to charge the tickets like a Grateful Dead ticket

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so we don't have to add on these expenses that the groups with sponsors add to everything—and pass onto the public under the guise of saving money by having a sponsor. What they're really doing is creating these mega-fucking shows that have nothing to do with music.

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If I don't know—if I'm even a little foggy on the whole concept—I'm certainly not gonna tell this guy. Not with all these sharp plastic utensils in close reach. "Plus," Neil continues, "it'll be the first tour you can smell. We haven't figured out how we're gonna get the horse around without a sponsor, but we're gonna try. People get the music directly from the horse's mouth, and when this great song stops after 15 minutes, the horse is going nuts. It goes..." Here Neil does a short series of grunts and whinnies you had to be there to appreciate. "...Then all this draft and smell of shit comes out over the whole audience. That's the 'Smell the Horse' tour." Complete with the sound effects? "That's 'Hear the Horse,'" Neil says confidently. "We're saving that."

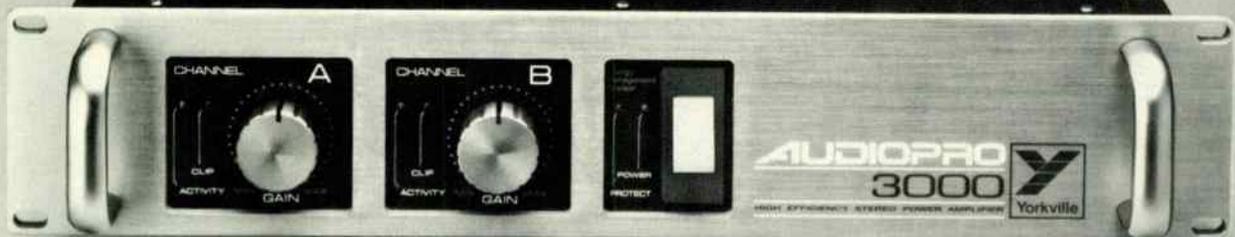
A COUPLE WEEKS AFTER SURVIVING OUR STROLL ON THE PACIFIC Coast Highway, we find Neil Young closer to home: in Mountain-

view, California, soundchecking the compact outdoor Shoreline Amphitheater. He's headlining a show that includes Steve Miller, Jackson Browne, Edie Brickell and New Bohemians and Elvis Costello. The \$300,000 they'll raise will benefit the Bridge School, co-founded by Neil, his wife and others to help kids who suffer from problems similar to those of their own sons. When Elvis Costello pops through the backstage gate in rabbinical beard and long coat, heads swivel. Greeting him fondly after a double take, Browne sputters, "It's—it's a whole *trip*," which seems to sum things up.

During his set, in the middle of "Veronica," Costello bangs a few changes out on his acoustic during one chorus and suddenly is doing a verse from Neil's "The Ways of Love." The composer, standing in the wings with his wife, grins with pleasure and regards Costello much as the dog looks at the old Victrola on the original RCA labels. Costello's "Tramp the Dirt Down" precedes target Margaret Thatcher's unseating by just a few days, and when Elvis runs over his allotted time to big applause, Neil sends him back on, saying, "Go for it—go!" then joins in on "Alison."

Young and Crazy Horse burn through "Love and Only Love," "Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere," "Days That Used to Be," "Helpless," "Down by the River" (Costello returning the favor and singing the choruses alongside Neil), and finally, with the whole troupe plus guests like Chris Isaak onstage, "Rockin' in the Free World." If this is a preview of 1991's projected tour, the Horse is going to come up smelling like a rose. 

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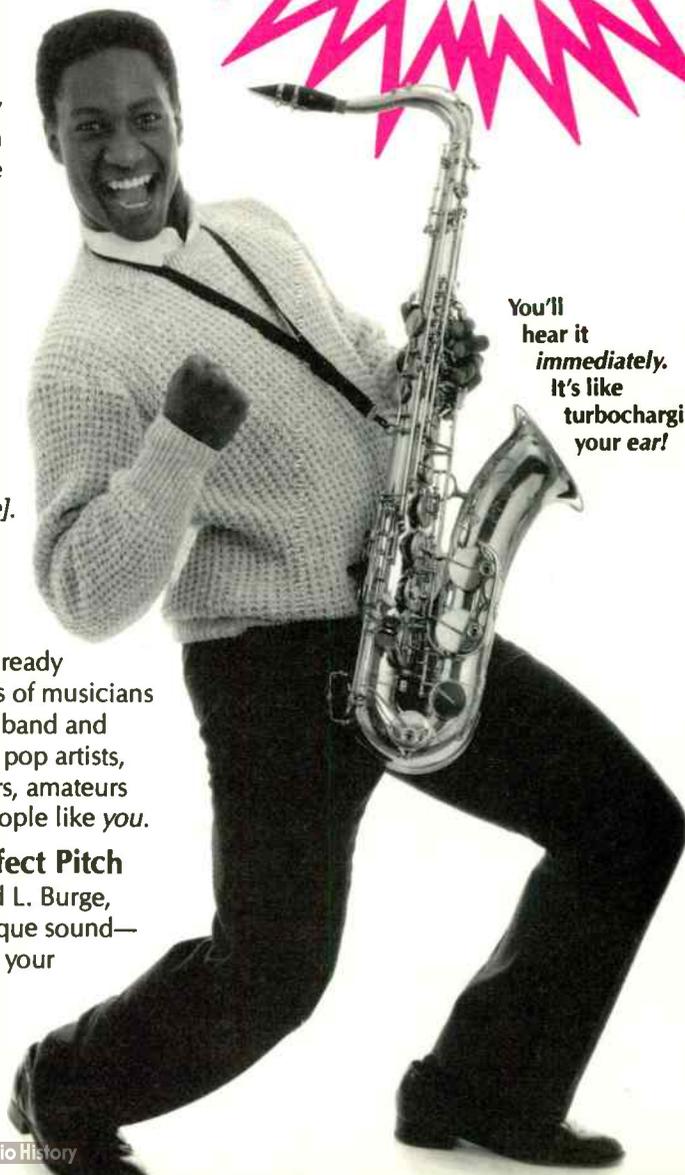
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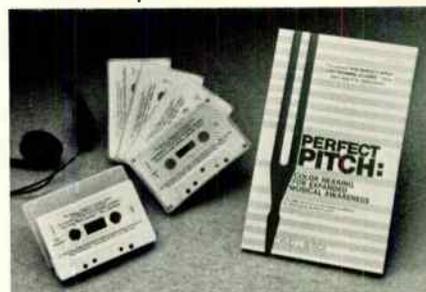
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ASPECTS OF THE FUNK

Jamming with keyboardist
extraordinaire Bernie Worrell

By Alan di Perna

NO NO, IT'S ALL IN THE WRIST ANGLE. First of all, stand here." A grinning Bernie Worrell grabs me by the shoulders and pushes me to the center of my keyboard stack. He's illustrating a fundamental technique of funk clavinet playing—slapping that thang. Much like a bassist, Worrell often uses the flat of his thumb to make a clav line pop. At the end, his thumb comes down on the keyboard in a slashing diagonal, just glancing over the B key, then landing hard on the C. "See," he says encouragingly, "it all comes from the

classical thing. *The Hannon Studies.*"

It's odd to hear a streetwise funk monster cite a musty old piano exercise book. Until you learn his history, that is. Bernie was a child piano prodigy, a fate that ultimately led him to the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. That's where he first started playing out at local jazz clubs. Around 1969 George Clinton recruited Bernie to play keyboards in Funkadelic. Maybe it was all those years of abetting Clinton's particular lunacy that made Worrell such a musical chameleon in later life. He became an auxiliary member of Talking Heads: the

keyboard lifeblood of hits like "Burning Down the House." And he's done records with everyone from the Stones and Pretenders to Black Uhuru, Fela, Sly and Robbie, Ginger Baker, and Manu Dibango.

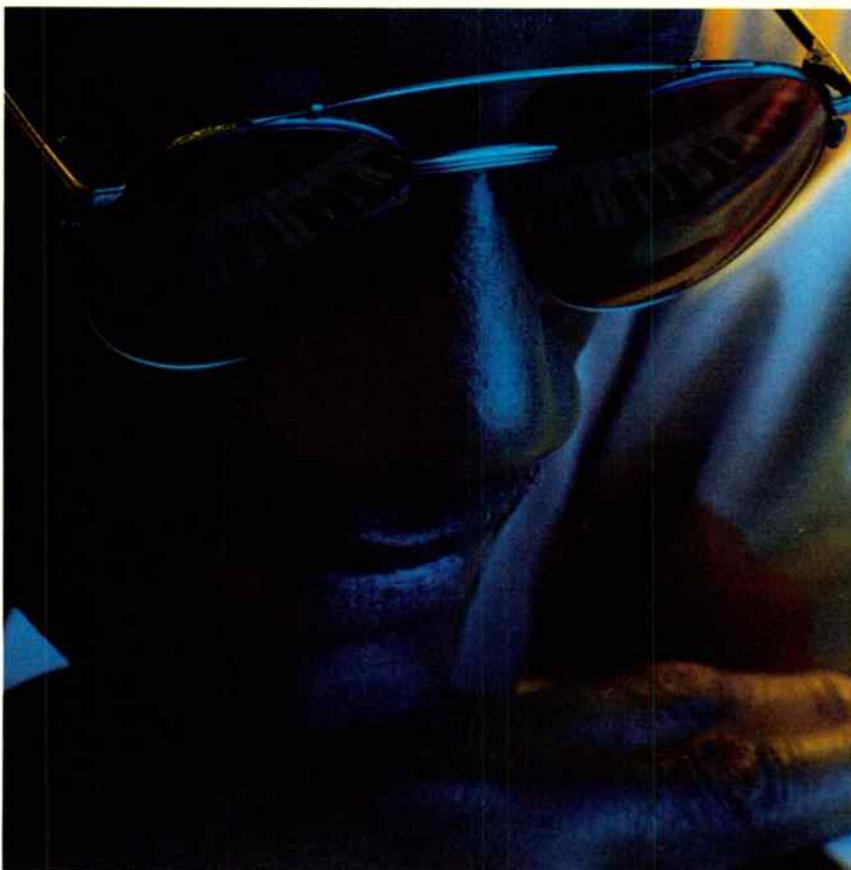
Many of these artists return the compliment on Worrell's latest album, *Funk of Ages*. Keith Richards lends some bluesy licks to "Y-Spy" while Sly and Robbie anchor the reggae flavor of "Real Life Dreams" and "Sing." Herbie Hancock lays some avant synth lines over a demented version of the old standard "Ain't She Sweet," a track that also boasts a country bridge where Bernie and Gary "Mudbone" Cooper yodel like two good old boys while rock guitar ace Jimmy Ripp picks the five-string banjo.

"Merging musical styles is what I have fun at," Worrell laughs. "Which is what David Byrne was also doing when they asked me to join Talking Heads. They recorded almost the same way as Parliament/Funkadelic, which is to go in the studio and just jam on different ideas. Work out the arrangement then and there."

Which is also how Worrell did most of his own record. "Ain't She Sweet" was one of the tracks he arranged with his cohort from P-Funk, Bootsy Collins. "That bass line is a combination of Bootsy and me. When Bootsy brought the track in, he was doing this on electric bass." Bernie dials up a bass patch and plays a one-note figure with a syncopated quarter-note feel. "So I added this." He plays a busier root-IV-V-octave pattern an octave up from the electric bass riff. "You put them together and...heh, heh."

Playing the two parts simultaneously involves some wicked syncopations, but Worrell pulls it off. A shy, self-conscious guy when not behind the keyboards, Bernie is starting to warm up. A lot of his synth-bass style, he explains, was inspired by Collins, particularly the signature way he works pitch-wheel manipulations into bass phrases. Many of these moves—which Bernie pioneered on the Minimoog bass track for P-Funk's "Flashlight"—have become a standard part of the synth-bass lexicon. "Those pitch-wheel bends are just me trying to simulate the way Bootsy does this..." Bernie mimes a string slide on the bass.

But back to funk clav. It's a style that owes almost as much to drumming as it does to conventional keyboard technique. So how does Bernie like to divide the work between hands? "This is the genius hand," he answers, holding up his right hand. "And this



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PICKING DANNY GATTON'S BRAIN

Some of the tricks that make the world's
greatest unknown guitarist great

By Gene Santoro

other one is the anchor." We explore this with another passage in C, this one with a flatted fifth "blue note" that resolves to a fourth. My tendency is to use my third finger for this, sliding down from the F# to the F natural while my pinky holds down the C above. Bernie rejects this fingering, opting instead to play the F# with his second finger and the F with his thumb, while his pinky holds the high C.

"That's not so much of a stretch," he comments. "Whereas the other way, your wrist is off-centered a bit. Here it's more natural. You don't have as far to move."

I counter that I want my thumb free to reach the C below the F, but Worrell doesn't look convinced. "Your left hand can get that. It's there to give your right hand more freedom."

Bernie demonstrates with one of his seminal clav licks, from Chairmen of the Board's early-'70s single "Finders Keepers." "At the session, the producer said, 'Bernie, you know Stevie's "Superstition"?' "Worrell starts to play the classic lick, motioning toward his left hand with his head. "See? Straight fours. Only I don't like to cop anybody else, so I came up with this for 'Finders Keepers.'"

The left-hand feel becomes more syncopated, but stays on a single note, F# root. The right hand does some dense, rapid chording: "That's F# diminished into F dominant 7, C# minor, to F#, which is the common tone. Then to B to F# 7." As the passage continues, the root shifts to A, then B. Bernie reharmonizes the right-hand chords accordingly but keeps the leading tones the same.

"The roots are simple, really," he concludes. "I to III to IV: your local 7-Eleven on the corner. But it's what you do with those simple changes that counts. Every time." ♪

JUNK OF AGES

I DON'T WANT to do a gear list," says **BERNIE WORRELL** with a dismissive gesture. "Come to my shows and see what I got. Most of what I play is Roland D-50 and the Hohner Clavinet." Bernie also discloses that for those signature wah-wah clav passages he puts his Hohner through a Dunlop CryBaby wah-wah pedal and/or a DOD envelope filter. The Hammond B-3 organ he uses on sessions actually belongs to his mother. "It's at her house. I play it when I'm in the studio, but my mom won't let hers go out on the road. So they have to rent one for me."

AT 46, DANNY GATTON IS STILL A well-kept secret, especially compared to the guitarist he came up with in D.C.—Roy Buchanan. Although Gatton's blitzkrieg runs entwine rockabilly, jazz, country and blues with seamless virtuosity; although musicians up and down the East Coast have long haunted his gigs, Gatton's first crack at a major-label deal came only last year, thanks to Elektra A&R head Howard Thompson. The result is *88 Elmyra Street*, an all-instrumental bash that gives Gatton's encyclope-

dic storehouse of licks and his jumpcut sensibility a serious staging area, from the funky "Muthaship" to the Caribbean-inflected "Red Label," from the title cut's James Burtonish rockabilly raveup to a "Sleepwalk"-evoking cover of the Beach Boys' "In My Room."

The album's title is the D.C. address where the pudgy axman grew up. His older sister brought home '50s Top 40 hits by Fats Domino, Elvis and Jerry Lee, and his parents had a lot of big band and western swing records—Charlie Christian, Benny Goodman, Django. "So I was always surrounded



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Photo: Mark Lejaloha

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with a variety of music," he says, "even before I learned to play." It was hearing Les Paul (still his hero) that got Danny thinking about playing.

He started on banjo. "That," he says, "was indicative of what I would become. I'm pretty much self-taught. Once I took up the guitar, I made a point of learning to incorporate five-string banjo rolls. 'Mystery Train' got me into that, when I was 12. It wasn't until '71 that I switched from using banjo picks to a flatpick and fingers for those rolls. I never had any fingernails, from working

on cars all the time and doing sheet metal for a living. So when I grew enough of a nub of a fingernail, I switched. Seeing Lenny Breau in '68 ripped the top of my head off. He was the king. He played with a thumb-pick and all four fingers, but used his little finger on high notes, and that little nail gets an entirely different, brighter tone. So now I've got a real long little fingernail.

"'Funky Mama' [on *88 Elmyra Street*] shows you how I mix things up. The solo's got its banjo section, right out of 'Foggy Mountain Breakdown.' Then there's the

pedal-steel part, then the jazzy part, these long runs that go across bar lines. That's what I'm thinking while I'm doing it. It's just that I'm hearing it two bars before you do.

"Whistlers [Gatton-ese for harmonics] come off the middle of my right-hand ring finger. Roy used to play them with upstrokes; he's the one who turned me on to these little jazz picks I still use. I used to get whistlers off my thumb, but then one day I was doing 'Sugarfoot Rag' in three- and four-part harmony and accidentally pinched a whistler in there. So I've done it that way ever since.

"My single-string jazz playing isn't up to where it was 15 years ago," Gatton continues. "There were things I got off Howard Roberts, like whole-tone and diminished scales and variations, that I ran into the ground at the time; I'm starting to rediscover them again. I still revert to the root too many times, especially at the ends of solos."

Despite his staggering knowledge of music history, Gatton is unpretentious about how he puts it all together. "Basically, it's options. At every turn there are maybe 10 or 15 possibilities. It depends on the groove of the song. To start with, what's the correct attitude toward this tune? If it's a shuffle, I'm inclined to think one of two things to get started: the front-pickup jazz tone, or the treble-pickup, Roy Buchanan kind of thing. There are a lot of places where I think about options. At the end of a verse, for instance, looking for a turnaround I'll hear a hook. Whether it's rock 'n' roll or jazz or even classical music, if the line means something to me I'll throw it in.

"The secret to that is a whole lot of experience and planning ahead when you're playing. If I don't, I'll paint myself into a corner and won't have a window of escape. A lot of rockabilly and blues and rock guitarists think in riffs. I don't. That's because of a jazz background; improvisation makes you do that. If you only play one bag, you're inclined to learn only the things in that bag. So the more authentically you can play more styles of music, the better off you're gonna be.

"One of the hardest things to learn how to do for me is edit," Gatton continues. "When I was younger I overplayed all the time. I've started to understand I don't have to show off everything I know at once. It's only the last couple of years I've begun to feel like all this stuff I know is really coming out *me*. It's the old thing: Less is more. A melody you'll whistle on the way home instead of a bar-

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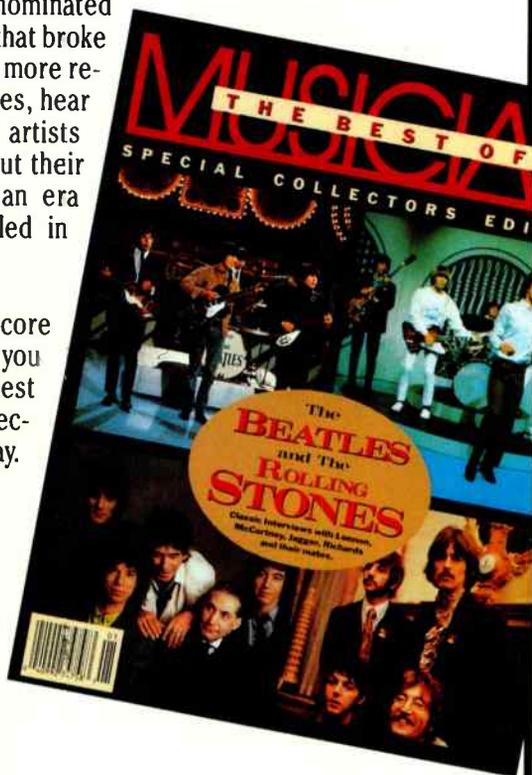
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rage of licks. That's why all the tunes on this album have simple melodies. The middle sections can get a little crazy and some of the substitutions are off the wall, but they're subtle, in that Pat Martino bag. Incorporating that into rock 'n' roll is something nobody ever does.

"That's where tone comes in. If you tried to play straight front-pickup jazz guitar licks in the middle of my stuff, it wouldn't work. But when you do it on the Tele's back pickup and it's tearing your head off, it works. Most rock lead guitarists don't play chords; they play notes. But I played in a trio forever, and I had to learn how to play chords. Then after hearing Lenny do three things at once, I started looking for inside voicings so I could voice things more like a piano player. A lot of guitar chords are boring. I make up my own. I kinda know what the chords are, and I know what key I'm in, but I really don't think about it that way. I like that mystery. I can hear it; I don't care what it is. That comes from listening to records and picking things up that way."

Gatton says he thinks more in terms of organ and piano than guitar, probably a holdover from old Jimmy Smith, Jimmy McGriff and Groove Holmes records. "Especially Groove Holmes. That's where those pedal-tone licks I do came from. I hold one note down on, say, the D string, and play all this other stuff up on top of it. Organ players used to put matchbooks in the keys to keep a drone going, then play things over the top with the other hand. That kinda thing just drives me nuts; I love that, the grunge of a funky B-3." That love had fallout on *88 Elmyra Street*: For "Fandigus," with its rock-meets-Dixieland feel, he put a fan by his amp to mimic the Leslie cabinet's revolving-horn sound.

One thing that makes Gatton into more than a hot-licks anthologist is his mordant wit, a coiled sense of irony that can open into vaudeville turns, like when he drops TV theme-song snippets into his solos. "I don't take what I do *that* seriously," he says. "I like Spike Jones, you know? I love sneaking things in there for the folks who are really listening. I just try to make 'em work."

Gatton's simple rig reflects the simple fact that his dazzling sonic shifts and effects come from prestidigitation, not electronics. "I just use a guitar, an amp and a cord," he grins. "I've got that little Boss delay pedal for rockabilly slapback echo. I've got my Tele

and Vibroluxes, a couple of them. Vibrolux is the magic amp; just the right amount of watts. And I've got to have that vibrato for the organ-background stuff I do."

He's happy with the new Danny Gatton model Telecaster. "This one's got some things on it regular Teles don't. The neck's bigger, but I got used to it. It's got an extra fret, a dot at the first fret and zirconium position markers along the side. The bridge is stainless steel, and there's that notch (at the bottom) so you don't bust your little fingernail. The bridge saddles are already drilled

at four degrees so they'll play in tune. The toggle switch is bent just enough so that the tip of your finger can get the toggle switch without turning that volume knob down. The knobs themselves are a little bigger than Broadcaster knobs, and have a serious gnurl. The volume pot is absolutely even from zero to 10. The tone pot comes on at three, goes wah, and then from three up doesn't do anything, so I can go wah-wah when I need to. The pickups are by Joe Barden. It's a one-piece swamp ash body painted with lacquer, not polyurethane; the neck



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doesn't have any finish."

Gatton's approach to string care is unorthodox. "I hate new strings. I usually leave 'em on there for a few months, until they're so dead the E string just pops apart. New strings are real slippery—you go to make bends and the string goes *poop!* out from under your finger and you look like a fool."

The Gattton solution: beer and cigarette ashes. "In a panic one night, I dipped a little

beer in an ashtray, put it on a rag and wiped the strings down. It got all the oil off, made 'em feel like they were a day old, and killed the bottom strings dead. So you gotta be careful on the bottom strings—don't do it too much, unless you're a jazz player. If you wanna brighten 'em up again, all you gotta do is snap 'em, and it knocks the funk out. I told Fender, 'We should sell this stuff.' They weren't interested. And now I'm giving away the secret." 

pegboard back in 1954, producing his first six-string bass in 1956. He was soon building instruments for Sears and Roebuck under the Silvertone moniker; at its peak Danelectro was producing hundreds of guitars a day. What they lacked in precision and consistency, Daniels' instruments made up for in funkiness and price. You could pick up a top-of-the-line model for about a hundred bucks!

Lately the Danelectro six-string bass sound has found a home at the top of the pop and country charts on songs like the Fabulous Thunderbirds' "Tuff Enuff" (not coincidentally produced by Edmunds) and Clint Black's "Killin' Time," which is punctuated by the six-string licks of guitarist Hayden Nicholas. "I approach it very differently than playing a standard guitar or bass," says Nicholas. "I pop the string a lot. On 'Killin' Time' the notes that are accented are popped and the notes in between are picked. I just sort of slip the strings between the pick and my finger and pull, so I don't have to move my pick at all." Dealing with thicker strings has presented Nicholas with a whole new set of problems: "When you pop a string of that size there's a certain amount of time delay," he says, "so in the studio I had to consciously play on top of the beat." Even though the Danelectro is tuned like a guitar,



RETURN OF THE SIX-STRING BASS

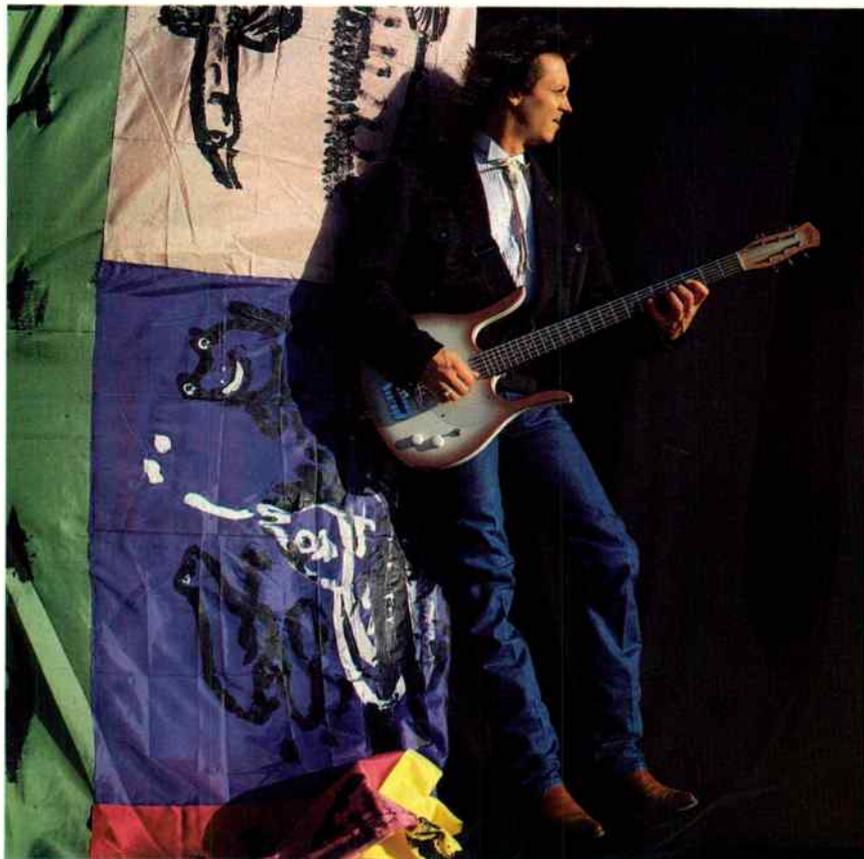
More and more guitarists are using a lowdown old trick

By Peter Cronin

AUDIENCES ARE HAVING A TOUGH time figuring out just what that bizarre-looking thing is. Judging by its big, fat strings and way-low sound it could be a bass, but it's guitarists that have been reaching new lows on this old instrument. The Danelectro six-string bass is popping up on records ranging from the country of Clint Black, Highway 101 and the Desert Rose Band to the twisted fingerpicking of Leo Kottke to the high-tech rockabilly of Dave Edmunds. It was Edmunds who, in the early '80s, brought this curious instrument out of mothballs for his *Information* album. "I was fascinated by the sound and I ended up playing it on every track," he laughs. "I can't imagine what we would have used in its place." Edmunds first heard of the Danelectro six-string bass through Duane Eddy; in addition to his trademark orange Gretsch, Eddy was incorporating the sound of the Danelectro even then. "Duane told me he'd used the six-string bass on 'Because They're Young.'" Edmunds says, "so I went right out and bought one."

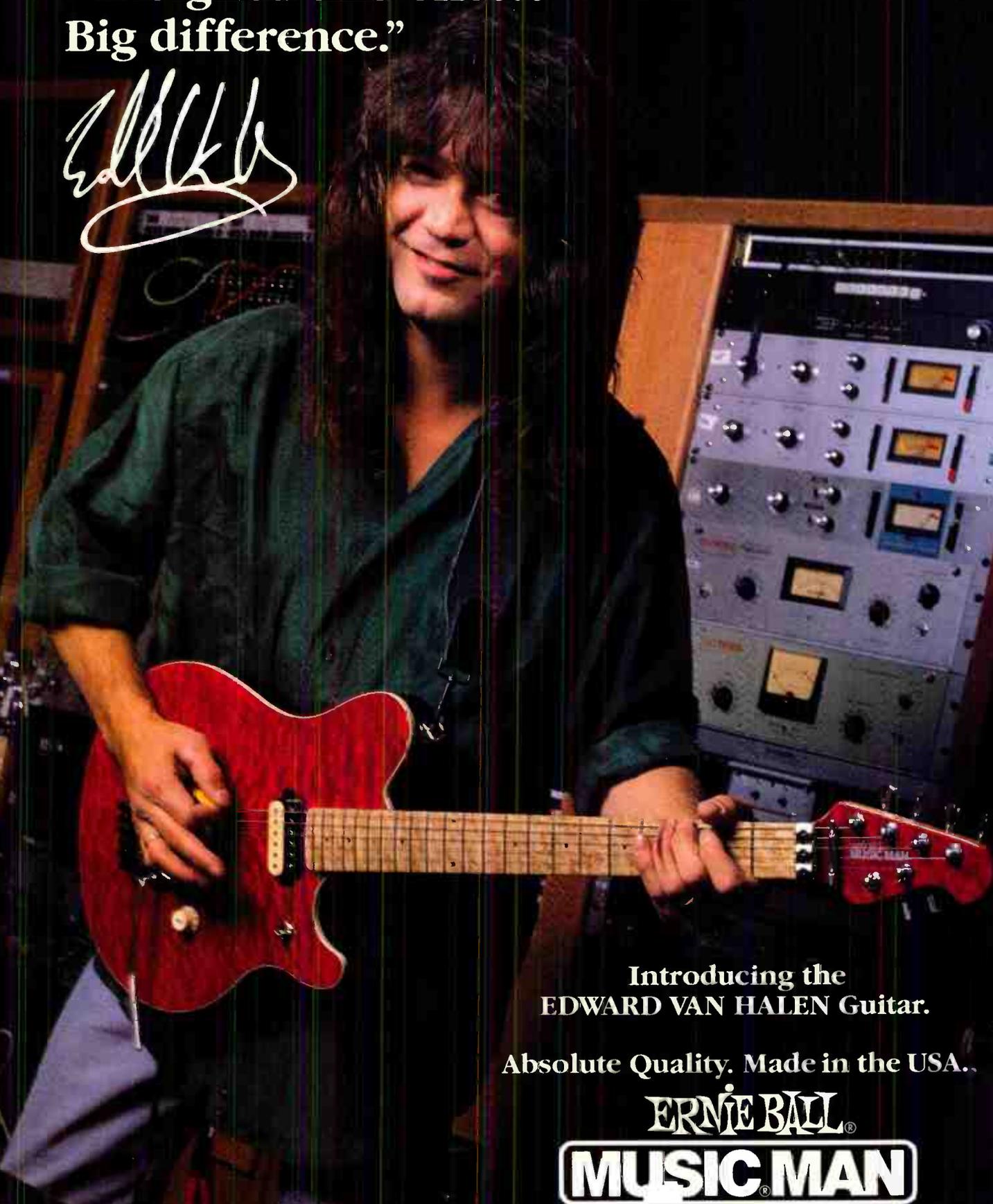
The instrument was the brainchild of Nathan Daniels, the Dan in Danelectro and undisputed king of guitar kitsch. His New Jersey factory was the birthplace of countless six-string oddities, and his guitars have

long been favored by innovative players like Jimmy Page and David Lindley. Eschewing the traditions and materials of his more established competitors, Daniels started making electric guitars out of Masonite and



Hayden Nicholas deep-sixes his "Jones Guitar."

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it's pitched one full octave lower. "Mostly I use it for single-line embellishments to project a theme," Nicholas says, "or a lot of times it'll be two notes: just the root and maybe a fifth with it."

Nicholas plays what has become known simply as a "Jones Guitar." He was turned on to the six-string bass by Highway 101 guitarist Jack Daniels, who was completely taken with the instrument's sound, if not the playability. Daniels decided to approach Jerry Jones, a Nashville guitar builder, about making him a more consistent version of the highly unpredictable Danelectro. "I had just finished blueprinting one for a friend," says Jones, "and I told Jack I wanted to build six of 'em." Several months later Jones had sold his six original Danelectro copies and the Jerry Jones Guitar Company was off and running. "Danelectro did not have a professional clientele," Jones explains. "I couldn't find two of their pickups that to my ear sounded alike, and the necks were the same way." Jones made his own components, trying to bring consistency to their design without sacrificing the baritone twang or mondo-bizarro "Longhorn" look of the old Danelectro. "I hesitate to knock the original," he says. "Even though it has shortcomings it's such a brilliant idea."

Leo Kottke agrees. After trying a prototype Jones six-string at last year's NAMM show in Anaheim, Kottke ended up taking it home. "I'd been trying for years to find something that could get down that low and still be played like a guitar," Kottke says. "There's a need for a guitar in that register, and the proof is that in the classical repertoire there is a baritone guitar which is operating in the same ballpark." On "Little Snoozer," from *That's What*, his latest album, he attacks all six strings with fervor, applying acrobatic

JONES BARITONES

JERRY JONES feels like he's "diggin' up bones" in his Nashville shop, making old Danelectros better than new. His six-string basses currently available include the Longhorn, with its megacutaways, and a more sedate-looking single-cutaway model. Also available are doublenecks in all combinations. Jones has started producing virtually all of the Danelectros once made by Nathan Daniels, including the incredibly cool Coral Electric Sitar and a 31-fret guitar/man-dolin hybrid called the guitarlin.

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fingerings to the bass and turning the song into a bouncing rumble-fest. "If you pick one of these things up you'll go back to what you did when you started on the guitar because it likes simpler stuff and it likes rhythm, which is usually what you're into in the beginning," Kottke explains. "If you write you'll probably end up writing a couple of things on it immediately."

While Kottke basks in the lowness of his Jerry Jones bass, the Desert Rose Band's John Jurgenson takes advantage of the full range of his old "Dano," even using an octave pedal to coax out at least two necks' worth of notes. On "Desert Rose," the band's signature tune, Jurgenson fires off a flurry of triplets way up on the neck before dropping abruptly to an impossibly low E and climbing with eighth notes all the way up to finish where he started. "It's just like an acoustic flatpicking solo on the six-string bass," says Jurgenson. "Going way down to the open E, you just have to have a light touch."

Nashville guitarist Mike Henderson has found a way to overcome even that problem. He put that trademark growl on John Hiatt's "Real Fine Love" using a touch that is anything but light. "I've got a bunch of old Danelectro guitars that I've strung down low," Henderson explains. "I use big fat guitar strings and tune 'em down to A or C. When somebody calls me for a session, that's what they usually want me to do," he says. "I love low-sounding stuff and that's what I've become known for." Henderson's guitar approach also allows him to play some of the swampiest slide licks around without getting stuck in the mud. "I do that a lot," he says, "but it's not what you would call regular slide guitar because I'll use the slide for two or three bars of a solo and use my fingers the rest of the time."

Since Dave Edmunds was the one to dust the instrument off in the first place, it's only appropriate that he should bring its low-down sound into the studio of the '90s. On "All Men Are Liars," a cut from *Party of One*, the album he recently produced for Nick Lowe, Edmunds found a unique way to capture the Dano sound without having to fumble with his ornery old hard-to-tune Danelectro six-string bass. "That thing is a dog to play, so I just put it right into my Roland S-50 sampler," Edmunds says, singing the song's elephantine guitar hook. "I was bending the notes with the keyboard's pitch-bender. It sounds fabulous—and for once it stays right in tune!"



PETER ERSKINE'S OPEN DRUMMING

**Veteran offers shocking advice:
"Play what you *don't* know."**

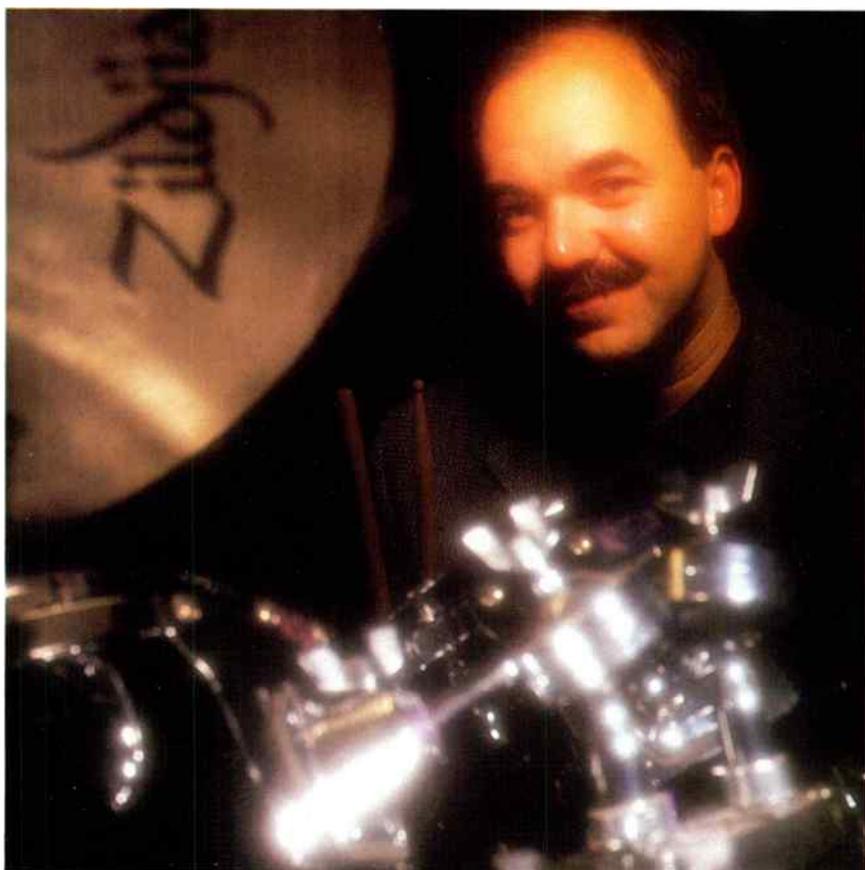
By Rick Mattingly

DRUMMERS COME UP TO ME AND SAY things like, 'I'm having trouble applying double paradiddles and ratamacues to the kit,'" Peter Erskine says, shaking his head. "I tell them to forget about that stuff. If you're conscious that you're playing a ratamacue, there is something wrong with your music-making."

Hearing him play with John Abercrombie, Bass Desires, Kenny Wheeler, Gary Burton or any of his many other musical associates, one senses that Erskine equates good drumming with musical phrases

instead of licks. It also involves being more subtle in terms of defining the form and structure of the tune. "It's funny, because I began my career in big bands," Erskine says, "and in that situation, there is a lot of structure. You're basically playing to serve the chart, and everything is fairly apparent in terms of the beginnings and ends of phrases. It's not very subtle at all."

"One day at a rehearsal with the Stan Kenton band, I was hitting every accent and cutting every figure—something I think drummers do just to prove that they can actually read," he laughs. "Afterwards one of the



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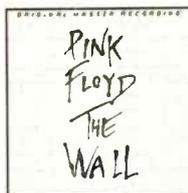
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writers came up to me and said, 'I've got 15 guys hitting these figures. I don't need you to do it too.' So I started thinking about ways that I could play with a lighter touch and not be so obvious about everything."

Peter discovered that orchestration on the drumkit could make a big difference. "Most drummers tend to end phrases by playing something on the snare drum and then hitting a cymbal and bass drum. *Bam*—there it is, right in your face. But you can often play the stronger part of the beat on the weaker part of the kit. You can hit the

snare instead of the bass drum, and a lot of times I like to crash a small cymbal without a bass drum underneath. Texturally, it's wide open. It's like putting a lovely question mark at the end of the phrase; that leads you to the next phrase, instead of just ending every phrase with an exclamation point."

When Erskine started playing with smaller groups, he was able to apply some other phrasing ideas: "I was getting more and more experience playing music that wasn't so obviously boxed," he says. "I really sensed that I couldn't 'gift-wrap' my phras-

es, ending them with these pat devices that would get me from one phrase to the next.

"Paul Motian and Jack DeJohnette best exemplify the kind of playing I was aspiring to," Peter says. "Here's the thing: You never hear drummers who can imitate Jack, right? Why? Because Jack doesn't have a bunch of licks that he uses over and over. But plenty of guys can imitate Billy Cobham or Steve Gadd or Dave Weckl, because there are things they do that you could latch onto right away. I'm not saying anything negative about that, because they have created a vocabulary that works well for the kind of music they play. But for a more fluid kind of playing, there are no set licks."

One habit many drummers find hard to break is using the bass drum to mark the beginning of a bar or phrase. "A lot of drummers are stomping the bass drum on downbeats because they don't have enough confidence in their timekeeping abilities on the ride cymbal. The bass drum becomes the drummer's anchor. So start with just the basic jazz ride pattern on the cymbal and make sure that the quarter-note pulse is steady and that the swung eighth-note subdivisions are clearly articulated. As you develop your strengths on the ride cymbal, not only will you gain ability and confidence, but you will also start to internalize the time. Then you can start experimenting with different phrasings.

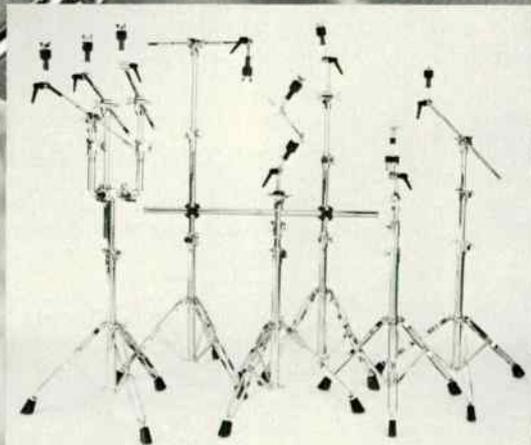
ERSKINS

PETER ERSKINE has a couple of Yamaha Custom Maple drumkits: For recording and more contemporary music he uses a 20" bass drum with 8", 10", 12", 13" and 15" tom-toms; for other gigs he uses an 18" bass drum with 12" and 14" toms. "That kit gives me the best focus and seems to inspire some of my most creative drumming," Peter says. He uses a Yamaha 4x14 Peter Erskine Signature snare drum. All drums are fitted with Evans Genera heads.

Erskine is using a new Zildjian "Pre-aged" K 20" Dry/Light ride, a 20" K Custom ride, an 18" K medium ride with three rivets, 14" and 15" K crashes, an occasional 17" for recording, 14" New Beat hi-hats and sometimes a couple of K splashes. Peter strikes with Vic Firth Peter Erskine model sticks or Firth 7As. He brushes with Firth Jazz Rakes or Calato Ed Thigpens. Erskine carries a Real Feel practice pad wherever he goes.

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"The next step," Peter continues, "is to play the swung eighth-note subdivisions in different parts of the bar. But always keep a strong focus. Imagine the ride cymbal is the string on a bass and your stick is a finger plucking it. It's easy to just let a stick bounce over a cymbal, but a bass player has to make a very specific motion for each note, and that's how you should play the cymbal.

"Once you are comfortable doing that, you can get away from the steady quarter-note and not state every beat. Maybe play the 'and' of 4 and let it ring into the next beat, then pick it up again. But always keep the forward motion; when you start playing again, come in at exactly the right time."

Once a drummer becomes confident with timekeeping on the ride cymbal, Erskine suggests doing basic independence exercises on the snare and bass drum. "Just be able to play simple rhythms on and off the beat," he says, "with the ride cymbal providing the 'motor.'"

"Now you're ready to play some music. Don't just start throwing in triplets all over the place. Take a simple motif between two drums and develop it. It's almost like serial composition technique, where you take a tone row and invert it, then do the retrograde inversion, and so on. Play with dynamics and with an awareness of where the notes are falling in the bar."

Erskine does not advise boxing these motifs into four- or eight-bar phrases. "You want to get away from those predictable blocks of timekeeping. I always play on the form of the tune, but within that, I might play a nine-bar phrase. That's part of going over the bar line. It's like wearing baggy shorts and a T-shirt instead of a suit and tie.

"Remember that 'creative' does not equal 'busy.' A few notes well placed make a lot more music than a whole bunch of notes squeezed into a short amount of time. Try this: Sit down at the drums and play some whole notes. How little can you play over a period of a few minutes and feel comfortable? Really listen to the tone of some isolated hits on the cymbal or bass drum or toms, and just appreciate the *sound* of the instrument. Some guys paint themselves into a corner with wall-to-wall drumming; everything is loud and fast. It's hard to make music when you put yourself under that kind of pressure. Your creative mind shuts off and you're just playing stuff you know how to play and that you know will work. Take a chance. Play something you don't know." 

PERFORMANCE

DON'T BOSS ME NO MORE

By Kristine McKenna

THERE'S A LONG AND AUSPICIOUS CONNECTION BETWEEN ACOUSTIC MUSIC AND social activism, perhaps because acoustic—whether folk, bluegrass or blues—has always been the poor man's music. So when Bruce Springsteen, Jackson Browne and Bonnie

Raitt decided to do a benefit concert for the Christie Institute, it made sense that they leave the electric arsenal at home. Given the spirit of the acoustic shows at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles, it's ironic that they were hardly accessible to the common man, with a decent seat going for \$100 a pop. But the Christie Institute knew that Springsteen, who's been absent from the concert stage for two years, could easily sell out the hall at twice that price. And sell it out he did.

A watchdog agency devoted to informing the public of things the U.S. government would prefer go unnoticed, the Christie Institute played a central role in exposing the C.I.A.'s questionable involvement with the war in Central America, and worked on behalf of the Karen Silkwood case against the nuclear power industry. Jackson Browne has supported the organization since it was founded in 1980, and the issues the institute represents are obviously important to Raitt and Springsteen, who gave brief pep talks midway through their sets.

However, it seems unlikely that the legion of Bossheads moaning "Brooooo" like a herd of howling cattle ever gave a thought to the Christie Institute, nor are they likely to. Rather, they came to pay obeisance to a man who has clearly had his fill of the idol/role-model gig. Much to his credit, Springsteen seemed uninterested in reclaiming the throne he abandoned in 1988; moreover, he seemed less than pleased with the slavishly adoring response his dignified, understated set elicited. He repeatedly asked the audience to "Please be quiet so I can concentrate on the songs" and when an enraptured fan shrieked, "We love you!" he crisply replied, "But you don't really know me." He forged on with an 80-minute set featuring material from every phase of his career. Highlights included five tunes from his brooding folk masterpiece *Nebraska* and a handful of new songs—one of which, "Red Headed Woman," he dedicated to Patti Scialfa and Bonnie Raitt.

Local press coverage of the show tended to focus on Springsteen's return, ignoring the fact that Raitt and Browne turned in equally strong, if not superior sets. Browne's performance in particular was a revelation. Browne is so vociferous in his role as social activist that it's easy to forget he's an artist of considerable gift and complexity. Accompanying himself on guitar and piano (with occasional backing from Scott Thurston and Debra Dobkin), he pulled one treasure after the next out of his song bag. Browne is most effective with his earlier songs, which have a moving simplicity that speaks more eloquently than the overtly political tunes he's currently writing. But regardless of what he's singing, he never blows a note. He's an effortlessly impeccable vocalist.

Raitt, of course, is on a major roll these days, but you'd never guess it by her self-effacing manner. She directed herself towards showcasing the talents of the stellar cast of songwriters she's come to appreciate over the years: John Prine, Mississippi Fred McDowell, Sippie Wallace and one of music's great lost geniuses, Paul Siebel. She joined Springsteen and Browne for an encore of Dylan's "Highway 61 Revisited" and "Borderline," a tune written by Ry Cooder, John Hiatt and Jim Dickinson. All told, the show was a rousingly successful exercise in balance. Without resorting to sanctimonious preaching, all three performers made it clear that this was a show with a larger purpose. In the meantime, it was no sin to groove to the music. 

1991
Bruce Springsteen,
Jackson Browne,
Bonnie Raitt
at Shrine Auditorium,
Los Angeles
November 16, 17





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WHEN DOES YOUR STUDIO BECOME A BUSINESS?

Zoning laws say,
“Don’t try this at home.”

By Craig Anderton

WE’VE ALL HEARD THE PHRASE “Tape a record, go to jail.” If you live in Broward County and sell 2 Live Crew, it’s “Sell a record, go to jail.” But are you ready for “Make a record, go to jail”?

Some big-time studio owners think you should at least be shut down if your home studio is in violation of zoning laws, which is a polite way of saying... “if your home studio is taking business away from us.” According to a survey in *Pro Sound News* magazine, 22 percent of studio owners

nationwide feel that home-based studios provide “very much” competition, and 39 percent feel it “to some degree.” Furthermore, 59 percent believe that producer/artist project studios—a cross between a home and commercial studio—provide either very much or some degree of competition. With costs skyrocketing, a few studios are in serious trouble. But are home studios the root cause?

Some people think so. The Hollywood Association of Recording Professionals (HARP) sounded the initial alarm in late 1989, when home studio owner Chas San-

ford circulated a glossy brochure advertising his facility. City officials closed down his studio for being in violation of zoning laws. Instantly the battle lines were drawn: the feisty independent vs. city hall. Free enterprise against entrenched and powerful interests.

Yet this isn’t a clear-cut case of good guys and bad guys, but just another instance of technology evolving faster than the legal system’s capacity to absorb change. Up until about 15 years ago, it was inconceivable that home studios could compete on the basis of sound quality. A studio was a business, and run like one; the owners had to pay property taxes and comply with local ordinances specifying everything from how your sidewalk should be constructed to the spacing of the street lamps outside. A home studio was merely a place to produce hissy demos and sketch out song ideas.

Then the technology changed to where home studios could turn out recordings whose quality was indistinguishable from that of the majors. Society changed, too; in the world of desktop publishing and the home office, the home studio seemed, well, right at home.

The legalities, however, didn’t change. If a home studio is a business, it’s supposed to play by the same rules as any other business. Most home studios ignore these rules and the zoning laws that determine what you can and cannot do in your home. This will continue to affect the musical balance of power. Before any speculation, let’s investigate how we got in a position where home recordings could even start to compete with music made in million-dollar facilities.

Although analog recording was rejuvenated through noise reduction and better tape formulations, nothing changed the face of home recording as much as when hardy souls hooked up \$1000 Sony PCM-F1 digital audio adapters to \$400 VCRs and found they could produce master tapes indistinguishable from tapes made on analog recorders costing thousands of dollars more. A few years later DAT (Digital Audio Tape) recorders, essentially a miniaturized version of VCR technology adapted for audio, provided the same result in a more convenient format.

Meanwhile, MIDI was also changing the rules. Musicians could record at home on a cheap personal computer using inexpensive sound generators, then take their disks into big studios and feed their data to Fairlights, Emulators and Synclaviers. Pro



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studios were used solely for mixdown at a considerable savings. MIDI also extended a home studio's capabilities. If you wanted to upgrade from eight tracks to 24, it was cheaper to sync a sequencer to tape and use the sequencer to drive electronic sounds, thus freeing up a multitrack deck to record only those sounds that couldn't be "MIDI-fied"—voice, sax, piano, etc.

MIDI also allowed for automated mixing, previously the domain of \$100,000+ consoles, and automated signal-processing effects; digital reverbs that now cost under \$200 outperform early designs that cost close to \$10,000. Alternate controllers for guitar, drums and wind instruments gave non-keyboardists access to sequencing and sound generation. Within just a few years it was possible to produce CD-quality recordings at home with relatively inexpensive equipment.

Although recording acoustic sounds remained the Achilles heel of small studios (good mikes and treated acoustic spaces don't come cheap), digital had the answer: Sampling keyboards, whose prices had

plummeted with costs of memory and microprocessor parts, could closely mimic acoustic instruments. Meanwhile, manufacturers like Ensoniq and Roland were busily developing disk libraries of acoustic sounds recorded by top engineers, using great mikes, in studios with superb acoustics. If that wasn't enough, third-party developers like Prosonus and Valhalla produced CDs of acoustic sounds designed specifically for recording into samplers.

All of which means that home studios are not going to go away. Neither will zoning laws. According to Patricia Lalongo of the Los Angeles Planning Department, they exist "to protect the integrity of single-family areas," but in practice, there is simply not the personnel to check and see if the law is being violated. As a result, if you're so unobtrusive in your home studio that no one knows you're there, the odds of being prosecuted are slim. But if you have a studio in a residential neighborhood and cause a day-and-night stream of people unloading equipment, there are going to be complaints—and at that point, the law kicks into action.

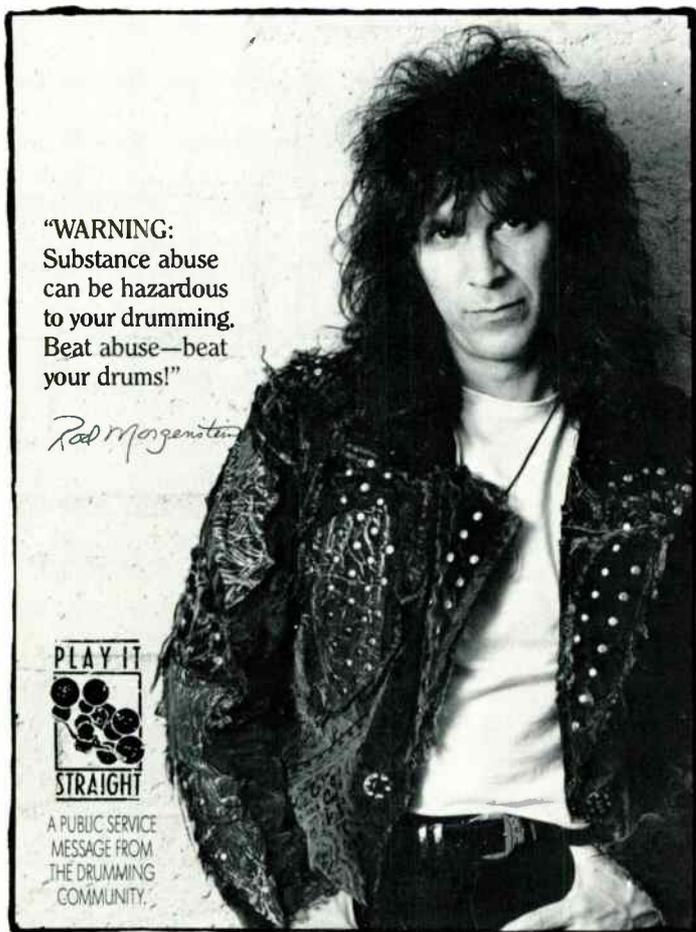
Currently, the dividing line seems to be whether you use your studio for yourself or rent out its services. Once selling begins, the studio becomes just another business, subject to all the same business rules. However, changes are afoot in the world of zoning laws. Lalongo has drafted new regulations that would legitimize low-impact home businesses. These proposals are in flux; they've been sent to the L.A. Planning Commission twice, and returned for revisions. In general, though, the new laws would permit home businesses under certain conditions and specify restrictions on client visits and deliveries.

Does all this mean that the big studio will soon be extinct? Some believe that the only studios getting hurt are those that specialize in demo work and those without big rooms and mike collections. Others see positive results: If more people do pre-production at home, more people will book time to finish those projects at commercial facilities. And quite simply, major studios can make even better sounds. Major studios have nine-foot grands; home studios have samples of nine-foot grands. Despite what some marketing types would like you to believe, there is a difference.

We may see the evolution of "super studios" that act as a mothership to the home studios in a particular region. It would be the place to go to make Dolby SR backup tapes, do a mix on a board with expensive long-throw faders and great outboard EQ, record acoustic groups or take advantage of sophisticated workstations that only larger facilities could afford. Professional engineers have mixed feelings about clients bringing in work started at home; some home recordists take a know-it-all attitude when they do work in a big studio. But the advantage is that clients are now more educated about the recording process; they're flexible and realistic about what can be accomplished.

Whatever the future brings, the studio wars are the heat produced by the friction of the past rubbing against the future—a process perhaps accelerated to an absurd degree by the explosive rate of technological change. The argument will only get more interesting, but hopefully, recordings—whether produced at home or in a megabucks commercial studio—will do the same. 

Thanks to Randy Alberts and Frank Serafine for their contributions to this article.





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Ronald Shannon Jackson



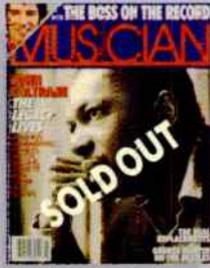
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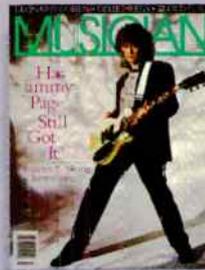
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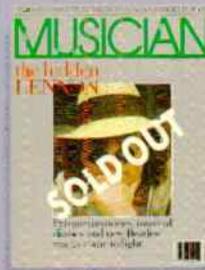
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GETTING YOUR PRE-NAMM JOLLIES

New amps, axes,
synths and disk drives

By Alan di Perna

ANOTHER YEAR, ANOTHER WINTER NAMM show. As always, the big annual Los Angeles gathering of instrument manufacturers will provide some sure-fire hints about the gear we'll all be playing in the coming year, how much we'll be paying for it, whether it'll be any good and all those other issues that confront today's thinking players—and playful thinkers. And as always, a handful of with-it manufacturers have reported in early to *Musician*, enabling us to bring you this sneak preview.

First off, if you're thinking about buying a guitar amp, you might want to wait till the new NAMM gear hits the stores. Like the much-anticipated amps that high-gain guru Mike Soldano has designed for Yamaha. Soldano's own killer amps are dead expensive for many, but the Yamaha/Soldano line should start at a mere thousand bucks. They're going to be American-made, with lots of point-to-point wiring. Yamaha is planning four models: a 50W head, a 50W combo, a 100W head and 100W combo. Each will have two totally discrete channels: a Fenderish clean one and an over-

drive channel that is reportedly identical to one of Soldano's own top-dollar, hand-built amps. Only don't go looking for the Soldano name on the front panel; Mr. S's esteemed moniker is slated to appear only on a back-panel design credit. These amps will simply be the Yamaha T50, T50C, T100 and T100C.

Things sure have been popping in the U.K. lately: England's getting a new prime minister and Marshall's got a whole new line of amps. It's called the Valve/State series. "Valve" is what the Brits call tubes and "State" is short for solid-state, i.e., transistors, i.e., the "other" amp technology besides tubes. The key to it all is a new output stage Marshall has developed, called the Energy Return System. Make no mistake: This is a solid-state output stage. Only it's got two modes. One is the conventional solid-state mode, which uses voltage-shift to modulate speaker output, providing that "tight," transistor output sound. The second mode uses current-shift, which reportedly delivers a very tube-like sound. Marshall is planning a whole Valve/State line, including some hybrid combos with tube front ends and Energy Return power stages. As always, the amps will be handmade in England.

In other high-voltage developments, Thunderfunk has come out with a compact combo version of their great screaming monolith of a stack. The Micro-Combo has a single Celestion G12H-100 12" speaker in a tidy little cabinet, a 12-spring reverb and a choice of their 50LS, 50ELS, 100LS or 100ELS heads as an amplifier section. Prices should start at \$1795. SWR Engineering has updated its ever-popular Goliath and Goliath Jr. bass rigs; the new guys are named, amazingly enough, Goliath II and Goliath Jr. II. SWR has improved the crossover, increased power handling and made the cabinetry tougher—all without jacking up the price. Nice one.

But there's more to life than guitar amps. There're also power amps. Like everything else these days, power amps are becoming computerized, digitized things. We expect to see some fresh examples at NAMM, including Crown's new Macro-Reference amplifier. In addition to its regular analog input, the Macro-Reference has a digital input that will accept modules accommodating a host of popular digital audio formats. The 760W-

per-channel stereo amp will go for \$3500.

QSC is another power amp company exploring



The 424 Portastudio, Tascam's latest version of the popular four-track, is a bargain at \$549.

"...hum?!"

Dear Yamaha Guitars,

I have been approached by several guitar companies in the past. Although honored, I usually discourage any attempt to replace my old favorites. Regardless of this, you proceeded to impress me with your eagerness to push technology and craftsmanship to their limits. I am thankful for your commitment, patience, determination, and my custom R&Z. "...hum?!"

Sincerely,

By Labor

Photographed on location at Rampart Studios, Houston



1990 YAMAHA CORPORATION OF AMERICA,
Synthesizer, Guitar and Drum Division,
6600 Orangethorpe Ave., Buena Park, CA 90620

the idea of removable, interchangeable input modules which allow for future interface with computer gear. They've dubbed the idea "open input architecture" and introduced it in September on their EX 4000 amplifier. QSC will be bringing out two new EX series amps, one with 500W-per-side and another with 400W-per-side, called the EX 2500 and EX 1600.

Meanwhile, the big guitar industry shakeout continues, with Kramer being the latest company to fall into financial difficulties and go Chapter 11. But fear not: There will be plenty of swell new guitars at NAMM. The latest Fender will have a



Yamaha's rockin' new hollowbody (above), the AES1500; SWR Engineering has improved Goliath bass rigs (right) at the old price; Korg is showing three new multi-effects boxes: the A2 (below) is an enhanced version of the popular A5; the Hohner Amadeus harp (bottom) has reeds of a new alloy that let you blow harder and longer.

new, double-cutaway body shape. Fender also has three new additions to its Heartfield line. The carved-top Elan is aimed at the PRS/Pensa-Suhr market. The RR 58 and 59 are set-neck mahogany instruments with a vintage

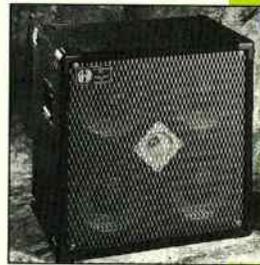
better than the classic Gibson P-90 pickup," quip the Y-Boys.) And don't overlook the four new Attitude basses: the Standard, Standard V, Custom and Deluxe.

This latter is a four-string with an innovative six-pole pickup design.

In the wild world of synths, E-mu plans to introduce a whole new keyboard line at NAMM.

They've also got a new module called the Procussion: a slew of Emulator III percussion samples in a one-rack-space box at a fetching price.

The E-mu crew have also got an upgrade for the EIII that bumps the machine up to 32 megabytes of internal RAM. And owners of the E-mu Proteus/1 and Proteus/1 XR may want to check out a new expansion board by InVision Interactive for those instruments. The \$495 board goes by the name of Protologic and adds four megabytes of memory and 192 new sounds: organs, percussion, guitars, basses and other much-needed goodies.



Korg will introduce a new rack-mount version of the Wavestation synth. The Wavestation A/D has all the features of its keyboard counterpart—except the keyboard. And you'll be able to plug in any external instrument or sound source and process it through the A/D's on-board effects processor. Korg has even laid on some new effects, including two vocoders. Korg will also introduce three new spinoffs based on everybody's fave multi-effects box, the A3. The weekend starts with the A5: a pedalboard unit that will come in three different formats: guitar, bass and general multi-effects versions. The A2 is an enhanced edition of the A5, adding stereo inputs and outputs and a new stereo reverb algorithm. And the A1 is really...well...A-1, with digital inputs and outputs, plus analog stereo I/Os and an all-new DSP chip.

The world's cheapest eight-track? That's how

Tascam is billing the new 488 Portastudio. It's essentially a Tascam 888 MIDiStudio without the MIDI. For \$1599 you get [cont'd on page 97]



Shure VP88

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for studios and samplers

MID-SIDE (MS) MIKING IS AN OLD AND VERY effective engineering trick for recording a realistically three-dimensional stereo image. In classic MS you have two microphones or a stereo mike with dual cartridges. One is unidirectional (cardioid) and captures the center of the stereo field. The other is bidirectional (figure-eight) and captures the sides of the stereo field. The three-dimensional effect is achieved by "decoding" the side signal. It's split in two and one of the signals is placed out of phase with the other.

All this engineering esoterica may seem a bit much for the average musician. But what if you've got a home studio or stereo sampler and you're just burning to try MS? That's what makes Shure's new VP88 microphone (\$995, pictured below) so cool. As microphones go, this is a big mother—over 11 inches long. The two capsules are mounted in the front part of the mike, with the mid element out front and the side element positioned perpendicularly right behind it. Ergo, there's no way to mess up placement of the two elements and get nasty phase cancellations.

The VP88 can be phantom-powered or driven by an onboard battery, which means it's fully compatible with modest home recording-type consoles that don't have phantom power supplies. The VP88 also comes with a special adaptor cable that converts its five-pin output jack to two standard XLR lines, which also makes it very compatible with the kind of gear the average musician has lying around.

If you want to do your own MS decoding, you just select the MS option on the VP88's second onboard switch. But if you'd rather not monkey with decoding—and here's the beauty part—the VP88 will do it for you, internally. You even get your choice of three stereo fields: a very wide one on the High setting (which gives you a high amount of side level relative to mid level), a medium-sized amount on Medi- [cont'd on page 97]



Heavy metal guitars are a bit like sex: People can't seem to get enough of them—especially if they start young. Yamaha is taking its Pacifica line in this direction with the new 1200 series. Here too, we're looking at an angled headstock and ultra-thin neck. This one has a carbon graphite rod for stability and Yamaha's compound radius fingerboard. The pickups are custom-wound DiMarzios available in various combinations. Yamaha's also got an interesting new hollowbody rock guitar, the AES1500. It's kind of like the old Gretsches, only the top is specially braced to make the guitar less feedback-prone. The pickups are Yamaha Q-100s. ("One

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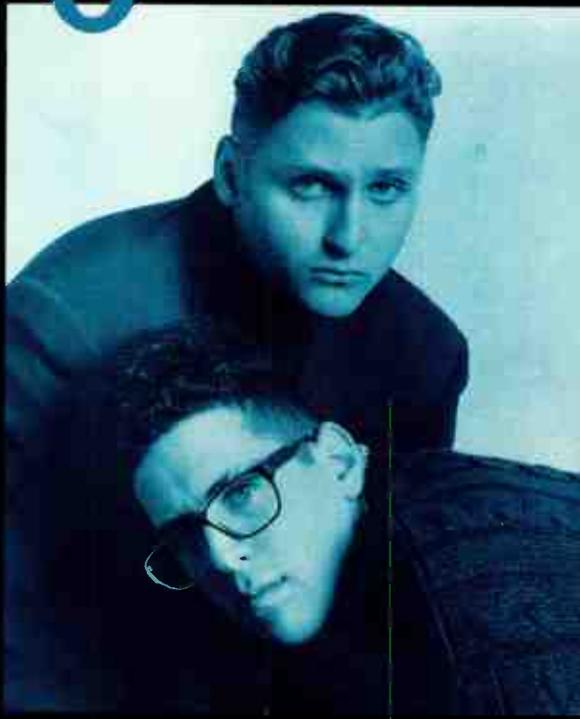
SOUND OFF!

"I do not like green eggs and ham. I do not like them Sam I am."

—Dr. Seuss, *Green Eggs and Ham*

If you don't like it, eh yo money grip, then don't listen. If the hoodlums and derelicts that create such "artless" mumbo jumbo fall short of your approval, exercise your free choice, beg to differ, and throw some Perry Como wax on your Victrola. True indeed, the question of freedom of choice is the issue; however, millions do choose to listen to an array of musical forms which some consider obscene and explicitly profane. The millions most likely include your children, your cousins, your garbage man, your gynecologist or even your friendly neighborhood Dice Clay. As for your children, you probably don't pay them enough attention. Thus, your solution: infringe upon everyone's constitutional rights instead of monitoring your children's own musical choices. Thus far, in every debate of those heinously explicit lyrics, the bottom line always focuses on the impressionable minds of youth. It seems thus, the crux of the matter manifests itself in the systematic breakdown of the family ties and communication in America: the land of the free and the home of the big-buttred bitches, 9 millimeters, and a record buying public that "wants some Pussy." Perhaps marriages should be stickered in the future—surely most rappers enhance the psychological disorders of youth as much as a good divorce. The problem lies within the inherent racism, sexism and violence that this country has slowly but surely nurtured via "the idiot box."

A few months ago, M.C. Serch and I were invited along with Kool Moe Dee and various "geniuses" to discuss the music censorship issue with a Broward County sheriff, a rapper who's received so much press I refuse to scribe his name, and of course our chair-catching leader, Geraldo. Serch and I, ever cautious as to which shows, etc. we participate in, went against our gut feelings and appeared since it seemed a worthy cause. A synopsis: Geraldo kicked some weak rhymes (what a scrub); the sheriff butchered the English language; Geraldo referred to Moe Dee as "Kool"; a Harvard professor referred to black youths as "hormones in sneakers" (as if white kids had never possessed both); the guy who's getting all that free press exhibited his justified anger, and then swore a lot; a mongoloid-like Bible Belter told all of us she'd bring the wrath of God upon us, and finally, Serch and I gave Geraldo a strong gas face! Geraldo, the



original media-whore, the famed Capone safe-cracker actually sided with the gheri-curl lookin', sequined suit wearin' Southern pseudo-preacher that Luther Campbell referred to as an "Uncle Tom." Serch and I had been gassed, venturing into the bounds of media-exploitation, done in by the head sphincter himself, Geraldo. Who determines what "obscene" is, and is there a fair parameter which determines when a composition is deemed art? An answer is as difficult as the question is ambiguous. Having majored in English at Columbia University, I've encountered more than a few works of literature which rival our contemporary works of hip-hop filth in both vulgarity and profanity. No one seems to criticize the core curriculum which neglects all Afro-Asiatic achievements in lieu of the readily acceptable works of Greek thought, and furthermore, no one is up in arms to sticker Sapphos, *Symposiums*, *Gargantuas* and *Ducameros* at Barnes & Nobles. Does a sticker put the devil back in hell, or does it actually sell more records? To imply that one body of lawmakers can decide for us what is acceptable and creatively innovative is absurd. The fact the question is even raised irks my every sensibility, for it is only common sense that we are endowed with the inalienable right to

choose. However, this is America, a country that once counted blacks as 3/5ths persons for purposes of representation in Congress, oppressing a people on basis of color and now speaks of suppressing the musical and lyrical artform which the same black community has created. Perhaps Tipper Gore and some of the other pro-censorship pioneers should spend some quality time in America's ghettos and housing projects far from their prissy, lily-white Utopia. Art imitates life itself and the hip-hop compositions of today are a product of the economic and social ills we have neatly passed off into America's ghettos. Isn't it ironic that this sector of society is speaking its mind and the bureaucrats are up in arms. Come on around the way Tipper—I'm sure by the end of your visit you're likely to have received a healthy dose of bumps and bruises, it's a sad fact of everyone's life in this environment. Suffice to say, your "new look" wouldn't go over too well at your next social gala.

Prime Minister Pete Nice
Thival Bass

MUSICIAN

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Eight-Hour Solo Flights

Mosaic unearths the Benedetti recordings

The Complete Dean Benedetti Recordings of Charlie Parker
(Mosaic)

OVER THE LAST THREE-AND-A-half decades, Charlie Parker's musical breakthroughs have been pored over, deciphered, freeze-dried and reconstituted in a manner usually reserved for great literary figures such as James Joyce and William Faulkner. And if anything, Bird's death has served to confer on his work a sense of logic and beauty that grows more verdant with each passing year.

Unfortunately, the popular focus on Bird's legendary hedonism has tended to obscure his stature as *the* dominant stylist and

improviser in American music. Thus we have movies like *Bird* celebrating the hackneyed popular archetype of tragic Negroes wallowing in their own degradation, whereas a movie like *Amadeus*, for all its poetic license, managed to place the focus where it belonged—squarely on the music and on the notion of how genius is nurtured and squandered in this world. While this historic seven-CD (10-LP) boxed masterpiece from Mosaic doesn't seek to account for the mystery of Bird's genius, it makes a pretty compelling case for Parker's mystic impact on musicians of his generation, and on their descendants.

Recorded in 1947–48, these tracks specifically reflect the obsessions of saxophonist Dean Benedetti, a musician who, having heard the word, spent the rest of his life divining the intricacies of Parker's style (Benedetti died in 1957). Now available commercially for the first time, this collection stands with Columbia's *The Complete Recordings of Robert Johnson* as the most important musical discovery of 1990. Born in obsession, they must be experienced in a comparable state. For myself, I did most of my listening when falling asleep, leaving my CD player in the eternal cycle mode, coming in and out of consciousness throughout the night to focus in on some little fragment.

Why? Because we're talking about eight hours of almost nothing but Charlie Parker solos. Benedetti first began to record Bird on a portable disc-cutting device (later progressing to paper-backed tapes). Ninety-nine percent of the time, to conserve needles and discs, he only recorded Bird. (Which is why no less an innovator than Thelonious Monk gets cut off as he sits in with Bird on his own "Well, You Needn't.") Meanwhile, the demos of Benedetti himself included here show how, through his dedicated studies, he progressed from a pretty fair Hawkins-style tenor player to an acolyte capable of playing along with the master's studio recordings note for damn note and inflection for inflection.

This Mosaic set comprises Bird's work through entire engagements at Los Angeles' Hi-De-Ho and New York's Three Deuces and Onyx. They detail the machinations of Bird's art over the course of an evening in a nightclub—both brilliant and glib—sometimes presented in chronological order, other times edited into sound collages. Even for a fanatical scholar like Phil Schaap (who knows more about most jazz musicians

than their own mamas), the three years it took to catalog, clean up, comprehend and ultimately collate these fragile recordings into a comprehensive vision must have seemed like an eternity in bop limbo. The sound quality is wildly inconsistent, ranging from ragged to surprisingly clear, but engineer Jack Towers makes 'em sound like God's own bootleg reels, and from the clunky sound of Bird's 1947 West Coast accompanists to the streamlined purr of his 1948 New York band, the overall impact is one of wonder. Whatever did we do to deserve a belated Christmas card like this?

—Chip Stern



Run-D.M.C.

Back from Hell
(Profile)

TIME WAS, NOBODY COULD TOUCH RUN-D.M.C. They were the hardest of the hardcore, with bigger beats and tougher rhymes than anybody on the scene, from the epochal thump of "It's Like That" to the echoing throb of "Run's House." That edge even held through their pop hits—"Walk This Way," "Mary, Mary"—as if to prove that the pride of Hollis compromised for no one.

But as self-crowned Kings of Rock, their reign hardly went unchallenged. First it was L.L. Cool J, then Public Enemy. And after a fight with their record company sidelined them for a year, and their foray into film (1988's *Tougher Than Leather*) went straight to video, the Hollis Crew lost ground and face. By the end of the decade, Run-D.M.C. may have been revered as rap's elder statesmen, but the emphasis was definitely on the elder.

So, it's comeback time. But *Back from Hell*, despite its fire-and-brimstone title, emphasizes the rest of Run-D.M.C.'s sound—rapid rhymes, crisply coordinated vocal interplay and a straight-from-the-street perspective. It kicks off with a we-bad

boast, but there's a twist: What we hear beneath the vocal hyperbole on "Sucker D.J.'s" is Jam Master Jay scratching the beat from the team's original we-bad boast, "Sucker M.C.'s." It's a nice nod to history, while making the point that this group is still building on their original promise. Build they do, from the pumping insistence of "Pause" (what MC Hammer's groove would sound like if it had any teeth) to the densely sampled swirl of "The Ave." (love the reggae interlude).

Admittedly, there's little here likely to turn your head the way "It's Like That" or "Rockbox" did, but so what? Despite what Audio Two or Ice Cube might think, nobody's young forever. And it's one thing to put out a single entitled "What's It All About," quite another to come up with an answer. Run-D.M.C. does both.

—J.D. Considine



CINDERELLA

Heartbreak Station
(Mercury)

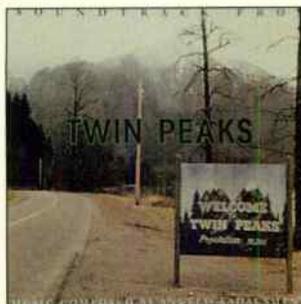
HOW PHONY IS TOO PHONY? OPINIONS vary on the value of sincerity in rock, but something's clearly amiss when the only genuine thing about a band is the lust for fame and fortune. Cinderella front-dude Tom Keifer agrees: The quartet's third album betrays a yearning to speak from the heart, man, to make sounds with an emotional resonance more enduring than the latest flashy video. But their influences are often so second-rate, the temptation to turn out witless commercial junk so strong, *Heartbreak Station* becomes a battleground for opposing forces. You can practically see poor Keifer, angel on one shoulder, devil on the other, struggling to do the right thing.

Who among us wouldn't be tempted, seeing the marginally talented prosper from hollow arena rockers and noxious power ballads? Grabbing the easy bucks with their awful '86 debut *Night Thoughts*, the 'drellas have since tried to inject grit and substance

without losing the platinum touch. Confusion can erupt: "The More Things Change" combines cool, stinging slide guitar with an idiotic pop chorus, while "Sick for the Cure" boogies nicely, only to succumb to the busy production. In their desire to seem bluesy, the boys employ armies of axes and lots of cowbell, apparently meant to denote soulfulness. And for the ultimate in excess, don't miss the frantic competition between barking guitar and the Memphis Horns in the sub-funky "Love's Got Me Doin' Time."

Despite the attempts to get real, the shameful truth is that Cinderella still excels at catchy garbage. The ferocious "Love Gone Bad" could give Bon Jovi a run for the money; "Electric Love" captures the full dramatic power of Keifer's generic yowl. They finally get it right on "One for Rock and Roll," a jaunty salute to the big beat highlighted by mandolin and pedal-steel. It figures that *Heartbreak Station's* best track celebrates their craft, because Keifer and company really, really want to be artists—when they're not doing Satan's bidding, anyway.

—Jon Young



ANGELO BADALAMENTI

Twin Peaks Soundtrack
(Warner Bros.)

Industrial Symphony No. 1
(dream of the broken hearted)
(Warner Bros. video)

WITHIN THE LAST SIX MONTHS, DAVID Lynch has become a *cause célèbre* to a degree that normally makes discerning cult fans shrink away in horror. How can anything so popular be worthwhile? And why does that damned "Twin Peaks" theme stick to the memory so doggedly?

Not to be lost in the hype is the working relationship of Lynch and his musical better half, Angelo Badalamenti, the veteran who has been writing with and for Lynch since being called in as a vocal coach for Isabella Rossellini in *Blue Velvet*. Now, you can hear

the bizarre fruits of their labors in multiple formats. It began with their production of the dreamboat pop album by the unabashedly white singer Julee Cruise earlier this year. The *Wild at Heart* soundtrack features mostly outside stuff from Richard Strauss to Powermad to Chris Isaak, along with bits of Badalamenti's incidental music.

The "Twin Peaks" soundtrack album, on the other hand, is a mesmerizing curio that holds up well under non-visual scrutiny. Badalamenti's music is central to what makes the show work. Full of stylistic change-ups, the music slips from soap operatic themes to ethereal atmospherics to cocktail-lounge-back-alley swing (replete with cool-daddy walking bass lines and snapping fingers).

The magic is all in the arrangemental blend. Tremolo'd and twanged-up guitar parts throw the otherwise sweet theme music askew. The ever-popular "Laura Palmer's Theme" moves from an ominous low drone, laid out in haunting synth tones, to the sappiest sort of melody etched in "As the World Turns"—brand piano octaves; nightmare vision gets confused with Hallmark card aesthetics. When the piece is reshuffled for the later "Love Theme," the synth and woodwind textures echo Philip Glass of *Glassworks* period.

"Dance of the Dream Man" finds a lazy sax solo over finger-snapping rhythm, interrupted by eerie vibes paraphrasing "Last Tango in Paris." Much more than a companion piece to the TV show, the "Twin Peaks" album works like new age music for those who hate the stilted earnestness of new age: The music bubbles at the fringes of a modernite's consciousness, not exactly a gag, but not straight-faced, either. Here is music for those who give not a damn who killed Laura Palmer, but love the very process of mystery.

As for *Industrial Symphony No. 1* (*dream of the broken hearted*), you really had to be there. The opening event for last year's New Music America at Brooklyn Academy of Music, Lynch and Badalamenti fitted a series of their songs with surreal 3-D images and called it a show. Searchlights scoured the stage, and figures sliced through dry ice smoke on a war zone-like post-industrialist set. Pity poor Julee Cruise, all dolled up with uncomfortable places to go—i.e. singing from the trunk of a car or suspended high above the stage from guy wires.

In a case of crafty recycling, the musical

elements are snatched from the various Lynch/Badalamenti projects (which, last November, were still fresh to public ears). Michael Anderson, the sagely dwarf from the now-infamous backward-masked dream scene in "Twin Peaks," cavorts about the stage and narrates a scene from *Wild at Heart*. Thus, we are served leftovers before-the-fact, albeit from fine meals.

What's lacking in this crudely-filmed stage show, of course, is the subversive sense of polish that defines David Lynch work—however depraved the subject matter. But as part of the anatomy of a fertile collaboration, *Industrial Symphony No. 1* is a worthy footnote in the growing body of collectible Lynchworks.—Josef Woodard



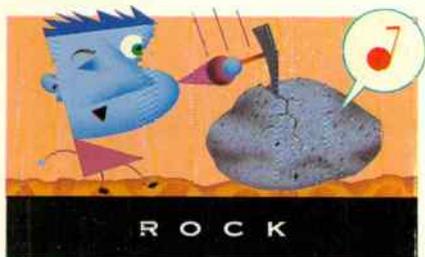
SOUNDTRACK

The Hot Spot
(Antilles)

AMILES DAVIS SOUNDTRACK IS NEWS. Miles playing with blues patriarch John Lee Hooker, and in the company of Taj Mahal, is a surprise. Rounding out this quintet are Hooker's producer and slide guitar great Roy Rogers, and the eminent New Orleans drummer Earl Palmer. From this gathering emerge some intriguing aural textures—blues 'n' boogie meets jazz cool. But textures alone rarely make for compelling music. In other words, don't expect anything like Davis' celebrated improvisations on *Elevator to the Gallows* (the 1957 film score he did for Louis Malle). *The Hot Spot* is more like a bunch of formidable guys sitting around doodling.

What went wrong here? Start with the leader, or lack of one. With his own groups, of course, Davis often selects musicians whose personal style and sound reflect his musical direction, then lets them play with relative freedom. Such a tactic might have worked here. But Davis isn't in charge of this date, and musical supervisor Jack Nitzsche provides little in [cont'd on page 95]

SHORT TAKES



BY J. D. CONSIDINE

KING'S X

Faith Hope Love [Megaforce/Atlantic]

No more typical of hard rock than Prince is of R&B, King's X has a sound of its own. Avoiding metal's traditional guitar-and-aggro approach, this band emphasizes vocals, countering crunchy, blues-edged guitar with lush, Beatlesque chorales and spirited, gospel-style harmonies. Idiosyncratic? Sure, but irresistible, combining Def Leppard's pop smarts with Queensrÿche's ambitious invention. Prepare to be converted!

STEVE WINWOOD

Refugees of the Heart [Virgin]

Not as obviously commercial as *Roll with It*, and much the stronger for it, *Refugees* returns Winwood to the jazzy introspection that has always marked the high points of his solo career. Which is not to say the album is without its share of uptempo groovers—"One and Only Man" or the fatback "Come Out and Dance" are proof enough of that—just that it refuses to be defined by them.

CHET ATKINS

MARK KNOPFLER

Neck and Neck [Columbia]

For high-class pickin' and grinnin', you couldn't ask for better (particularly the pickin' part). For sittin' and listenin', well...maybe you oughta wait for the instructional video.

BLUE PEARL

Blue Pearl [Big Life]

Like most dance records these days, *Blue Pearl* is essentially a two-part operation, with a diva-in-training out front and a synth-savvy studio whiz programming beats

in the background. Here, however, the diva is a Pink Floyd protégée and the whiz a member of Killing Joke. That puts an entirely different spin on the sound—"Naked in the Rain" pours rhythm, "Chemical Thing" is itchy addictive and "Running Up That Hill" does Kate Bush proud.

TESLA

Five Man Acoustical Jam [Geffen]

Given that the material ranges from twangy interpretations of album-rock oldies ("We Can Work It Out," "Truckin'") to acoustic renditions of the usual arena-rock fodder, it's tempting to applaud the band for its daring and versatility. That is, until they admit that the cover they truly covet is the hippy-dippy "Signs."

MOVEMENT EX

Movement Ex [Columbia]

Though there's nothing unusual about proselytizing rappers, there's definitely something different about Movement Ex. Partly, it's a fondness for jazz-rock samples—Deodato's "Zarathustra," BS&T's "Lucretia Mac Evil"—partly a straight-up Afro-Islamic message. But mostly, it's their intensity, lending them an edge every bit as visceral as the gangster rappers, but infinitely more positive.

DEBBIE GIBSON

Anything Is Possible [Atlantic]

Except my liking this.

RAY CHARLES

Would You Believe [Warner Bros.]

With another voice to react against, like Peggy Scott's in "Let's Get Back to Where We Left Off," Charles sounds good; given a moderately witty lyric like "Child Support, Alimony," he'll work it like a pro. But leave him alone with his synths, and he'll show less imagination than the average demo maker.

MANNHEIM STEAMROLLER

Fresh Aire 7 [American Grammmaphone]

An ideal choice for those who like the idea of digital audio, but don't care much for music.

LYNCH MOB

Wicked Sensation [Elektra]

After all those years languishing beneath Don Dokken's

ego, you'd think George Lynch would be itching to strut his stuff. And strut it he does. But if you figured Lynch Mob to be no more than a forum for guitar grandstanding, you figured wrong. Sure, the solos are hot stuff, but it's the context (read: songs) that carries them. Not to mention a hell of a good rhythm section.

THE SIMPSONS

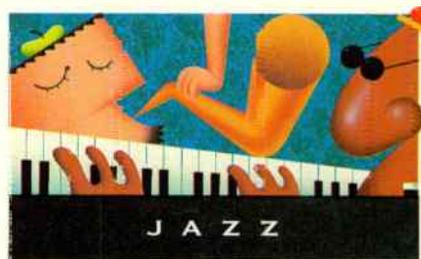
The Simpsons Sing the Blues [Geffen]

Okay, *The Voices Behind the Simpsons Sing the Blues* would be more like it. But they *do* sing well. "Blind Lemon-Lime Homer" weighs in with a credibly whiny "Born Under a Bad Sign," and though Lisa's "God Bless the Child" is a bit out of character for an eight-year-old, the kid has a future on the club circuit.

MORRISSEY

Bona Drag [Sire/Reprise]

Heard individually, these singles were not without their moments of brilliance, from the dreamy growl of "November Spawned a Monster" to the lush, suburban languor of "Everyday Is Like Sunday." But taken en masse, Morrissey's poetic petulance wears thin in a hurry.



BY PETER WATROUS

RENEE ROSNES

For the Moment [Blue Note]

Since the Blue Note label is no longer a player on the jazz scene, pianist Renee Rosnes' second album comes as a shock. Rosnes is a brilliant arranger, and on the standard "Summer Night," she takes her rhythm section through what seems like 20 or so tempo changes, executed with unerring precision. The rhythm section—Ira Coleman on bass and Billy Drummond on drums—is absolutely

BRING HOME THE LEGENDS



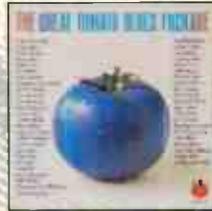
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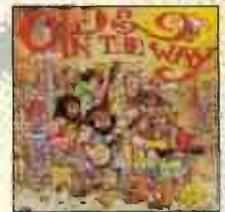
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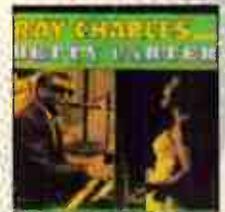
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empathetic, while Rosnes, using scraps of her melodies or lines suggested by the compositions, structures everything. She's also smart enough to record Joe Henderson—she works with him occasionally—and while it's odd to have him as a sideman, it's better than no Joe Henderson on record at all.

GERMAN ROSARIO
German Rosario [Ansonia]

It takes about two bars to get the point: Rosario, a Puerto Rican hill country singer and guitarist, has arranged a small masterpiece of a record. Using a handful of stringed instruments, clarinet, bass and assorted percussion instruments, he tears through a set of tunes that at times sound Andalusian or European, and at others, Caribbean. There's a deep melancholy to the songs, emphasized by the stately rhythms of the string instruments, but denied by the African rhythms percolating in the percussion section. (750 Paterson Ave., East Rutherford, NJ 07073)

MUSIC REVELATION ENSEMBLE
Elec. Jazz [DIW]

The ensemble, for those of you who weren't around in the early 1980s, consists of David Murray on tenor saxophone, Blood Ulmer on guitar and the rocking Amin Ali and Cornell Rochester on bass and drums. Way back then it seemed as if punk/funk/jazz or some mixture thereof might just make it as more than a trend. Wrong again. But it doesn't mean that its main ideologues aren't capable of getting it on; *Elec. Jazz* is a late-period gem, full of great tunes (five to be exact, but who's counting) and inspired playing in the harmolodic mold.

LES CHAMPIONS DU ZAIRE
Homage à Franco O.K. Jazz [espera]

What's the band to do when the boss kicks off? Make a record in his honor, obviously. After Franco, Zaire's biggest pop star, died, his band went into the studio and cut a chillingly hot record. Using synth drums and layers of overdubbed guitars, they've come close to making an art-pop album. One cut, "Bon Retour," has a Philip Glass-like section, where about 30 guitars slowly permutate a figure over 10 minutes, chiming and clanging and just being gorgeous for the hell of it. (Stern's African Record Store, 598 Broadway, New York, NY 10012)

THE PIANO BLUES
Paramount Volume 1, 1928-1932 [Magpie]

The 15 or so pianists on the album have nothing much in common except their lack of a profile, and the ability to record extraordinary blues pieces, usually greased by an almost scary sense of swing. The more famous names on the compilation—Little Brother Montgomery, Skip James—do as well as the rest, people like Blind Leroy Garnett, whose "Chain 'em Down," recorded in 1929, has elements of ragtime and syncopations that sound a bit like Professor Longhair. The Magpie piano series has been legendary for some time now; this and a Leroy Carr reissue are the first of the CD versions.

WYNTON MARSALIS
Soundtrack from Tune in Tomorrow [Columbia]

Each new Marsalis album brings something new. Clearly indebted to Ellington's composing and arranging from

the late 1950s on, this soundtrack resonates with Jimmy Hamilton-styled clarinet and Ellingtonian small-group-arranging textures and ideas. Interspersed are organ pieces and songs by the great New Orleans singer Johnny Adams and by Shirley Horn. While this is all impressive, it's a bit scholarly, sounding like an exercise—his last album, remember, managed an idiosyncratic mixture of Ellington, New Orleans and Coltrane. And here's a comparison—brought up by the material, not by spite: Ellington and Strayhorn knew how to write melodies, which Marsalis hasn't learned to do yet. Which reminds me: Where are all the great late Ellington records on CBS? Why haven't they been reissued?

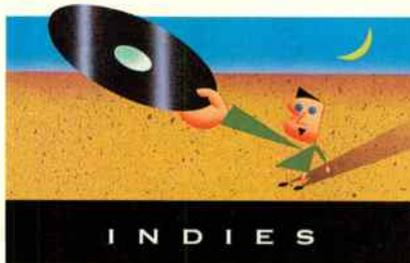
BOBBY PREVITE
Empty Suits [Gramavision]

Previte's slowly staking a claim to compositional territory undiscovered by other composers. Mixing Ennio Morricone, rock, funk, ethnic stuff and jazz all together, he's come up with an evocative and airy sound that's loaded with the ramifications of each style without actual imitation. This time around he's working with roughly the same group of people he always has, but his sound has expanded, with large swells of music hovering, fog-like, over his bounding percussion. The rapprochement between the pop textures of the electronic ensemble and the art impulse makes this music appealing; in its reworking of references, it disturbs memories.

BENNY CARTER
PHIL WOODS

My Man Benny, My Man Phil [Musicmasters]

Jazz is so dependent on the construction of musical personalities that a purely formal idea like pairing two alto saxophonists together in front of a rhythm section to play melodies, improvise some, then repeat melodies, actually works. Depending on the personalities: In Benny Carter we have one of the founding fathers of American improvisation. In Phil Woods we have a bebop machine, whose obvious intricacies balance Carter's subtle harmonic manipulations. Without pretense, a brilliant album.



THE ORDINAIRES
The Ordinaires [Bar/None]

The chi-chi Zep update was good for media coverage, but this classical/improv/jazz/pop *mishigas* will be their longterm claim to fame. Still, Zep covers get you in the door, and that's something other porto-orchestras—the Microscopic Septet, say—don't understand yet. With hummable tunes that are long on verve, the Ordinaires roll their dissonances in digestible tablets—you can swallow them without water. And if you think that the Stones appropriation is due to a lack of in-house melodic know-how, just live with the fuel-injected thematic

material of "Grace" for a while, or pat them on the back for inverting the pomp of "Ramayana" into a poor man's anthem. Crucial for anyone who wants to understand the parameters of '80s fringe music.

—Jim Maenic

HAPPY THE MAN 3RD
Better Late... [Wayside Music Archive Series]

For a brief moment in the '70s, once the Brits had pretty much said all there was to say in the field of art rock, Happy the Man made its statement. Led by keyboardist Kit Watkins, the group recorded two alternately profound and ponderous albums for Arista that displayed deft instrumental teamwork and ears tuned to unorthodox (and sometimes rewarding) improvisations. The band was dropped from Arista in the late '70s, then made one final demo, in February of '79, before dissolving. Though *Better Late...* is rough (and flecked with distortion that betrays its live-in-the-primitive-home-studio nature), it does capture what was good and not-so-good about the band. On the plus side: the gliding melodies, the decidedly non-orchestral texture of guitars atop electric piano atop keyboards, the assertive and intelligent drumming of Coco Roussel. On the minus: guitarist Stanley Whitaker's mewling, accusatory voice ("Who's in Charge Here" sounds like the work of a high school anarchist who refused to grow up), and Watkins' overuse of Genesis signature syncopations and hemiolas. (Box 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906)

—Tom Moon

ANDY SUMMERS
Charming Snakes [Private Music]

With this album, Summers takes a big step away from the new-age noodlings of *Mysterious Barricades* and *The Golden Wire*. With some great tunes (the intelligent ballad "Charis," the majestic "Rainmaker"), some good of space improv and some rippin' solos à la Beck (or the Police), it's bound to gratify old fans. There's plenty of famous guests, including one Gordon Sumner on the pseudo-reggae title track. Though Herbie Hancock and saxist Bill Evans are all over this stuff, when Andy lets the killer distortion fly on "Innocence Falls Prey," you know who's running the show. Welcome back.

—Mac Randall

JOE HIGGS
WITH THE WAILERS
Blackman Know Yourself [Shanachie]

Joe Higgs is a legendary reggae figure whose following in the United States has never approached that earned by his many protégés, among them Bob Marley, Bunny Wailer and Jimmy Cliff. Higgs has quietly recorded several forthright, sturdy records (including 1985's *Triumph* and 1988's *Family*) that are too concentrated and direct to be dismissed as the autumnal work of an aging pioneer. *Blackman Know Yourself* is perhaps the most consistent of his recent recordings: It offers some strong new Higgs compositions, as well as an ominous new take of "Steppin' Razor," a Higgs song that, in the '70s, became a trademark of Peter Tosh, and songs associated with Marley. Higgs' band, led by bassist Aston "Family Man" Barrett, sounds in awe of its leader, but Higgs doesn't need them to push him. He has his own agenda, and all else be damned.

—Jimmy Guterman

RECORDINGS

[cont'd from page 91] the way of musical composition or concept. Though he's credited with writing the film score (which, among other things, has an unmistakably Delta sonance, though the movie is supposedly set in Texas), this soundtrack comes across as little more than a series of atmospheric fragments. Nitzsche has an awe-inspiring resume of credits from rock to Hollywood, but with artists of this caliber, who needs a company writer?

There are a few pleasures, notably the delicate, eerie "Gloria's Story," on which Bradford Ellis' synclavier fleshes out one of Nitzsche's few stabs at a melody. But overall, this is the kind of recording people will use as background music when their friends come over. It's Bluzak. —Celestine Ware

PINK FLOYD

[cont'd from page 51] stantly—at Number One. And so the Pink Floyd, willy nilly, became pop stars.

There was at least one bad omen. David Gilmour, back from Europe to buy replacements for Jokers Wild's stolen equipment, dropped by Sound Techniques to visit Syd during the "Emily" sessions. He was thoroughly nonplussed when his old chum "just looked straight through me, barely acknowledged that I was there. Very weird...."

THE FIRST PINK FLOYD LP WAS COMPLETED IN July 1967 and released in early August. Over 20 years and some dozen albums later, Rick Wright still cites it as one of his two or three favorite Floyd records (as does David Gilmour—who wasn't even on it). "I love listening to it, just to listen to Syd's songs," says Wright. "It's sad in a way as well, because it reminds me of what might have been. I think he could have easily been one of the finest songwriters today."

The Piper at the Gates of Dawn was a remarkable achievement. It is also the work on which Syd's mythic reputation is almost entirely based, and one that provided the blueprints for albums his colleagues were subsequently to make in his absence.

Piper was, as June Bolan says, "very much Syd's baby—and such a wonderful baby." Throughout the making of the album, according to Andrew King, Barrett "was very hard on himself. He wouldn't do anything unless he thought he was doing it in an artistic way." His distinctive flair extended even to

the then normally humdrum mixing process, when Syd "would throw the levers on the boards up and down apparently at random, making pretty pictures with his hands."

Even stripped of such gimmickry, Syd's playing is highly innovative and expressive. Melodic solos abruptly give way to harsh dissonance, and Dylanesque strumming to improvisation wherein key and time signatures are all but forgotten. Barrett was among the first rock guitarists to experiment with the wah-wah pedal and echo box, and transformed slide guitar into a fixture of the Floyd's thoroughly English dreamscapes.

Unlike his later work, *Piper* captures Barrett in full command of his creative powers. Only "Bike" seems to teeter on the edge of psychosis:

*I've got a cloak, it's a bit of a joke,
There's a tear up the front, it's red and black.*

*I've had it for months,
If you think it could look good,
then I guess it should....*

At the end, the listener is invited into Syd's "other room"—and all hell breaks loose. His collage—barrage!—of clockwork sound effects bears no discernible relation to the rest of the song's content, and thus sounds all the more diabolical and demented.

As much of *Piper* demonstrates, the Floyd got maximum mileage out of limited studio facilities. "Astronomy Dominé" (on which Jenner can be heard reeling off the names of stars and galaxies through a megaphone) shows the band using studio effects such as echo virtually as another instrument. Much of the credit is due Norman Smith—and, indirectly, George Martin and the Beatles, for whom Smith had engineered every album up to *Rubber Soul*. *Piper* abounds with studio wizardry borrowed from the Fab Four, notably the double-tracking of the vocals, which was applied to Barrett's even more liberally than it had been to Lennon's and McCartney's, and which contributed in no small measure to their otherworldly textures. Smith also coaxed the same distinctive thud from Mason's drums that he and Martin had with Ringo Starr's—by the same method of covering them with tea towels.

The two camps were formally introduced towards the end of April, when Barry Miles was hanging out with Paul McCartney at Abbey Road during one of the final *Pepper* sessions. Told by an engineer that Pink Floyd was working in the next studio, Miles mentioned it to Paul—who proposed that

they stop by to say hello. George Harrison and Ringo also tagged along.

"Paul was patting them on the back, saying they were great and were going to do fine," Miles recalls. "He wasn't being patronizing; it was almost like the Beatles passing on the mantle—at least some of it—and acknowledging the existence of a new generation of music. In my discussions with him, McCartney had always been convinced that there would be a new synthesis of electronic music and studio techniques and rock 'n' roll. He didn't see the Beatles as being quite the vehicle for that. But the Pink Floyd, he thought, were the very stuff that we'd been talking about."

"I'm sure the Beatles were copying what we were doing," adds Peter Jenner. "Just as we were copying what we were hearing down the corridor!"

For Pink Floyd, however, the party that much of the rest of the turned-on tuned-in world would remember as the Summer of Love was apparently doomed to end almost before it had begun. The night after *Sgt. Pepper's* release—on June 2—the Floyd returned to Joe Boyd's club UFO for the first time in months.

The club was as packed as it had ever been, with the likes of Jimi Hendrix, Pete Townshend and a flock of Yardbirds and Animals joining a mob of eager new fans, would-be hippies and plain old tourists. Yet the Floyd were obliged to use the same entrance as everyone else, before fighting their way to their dressing room.

On their way in they passed Joe Boyd, who later told Barry Miles, "It was very crushed, so it was like faces two inches from your nose. They all came by—'Hi, Joe!' 'How are you?' 'Great!' I greeted them all as they came through, and the last one was Syd.

"And the great thing with Syd was that he had a twinkle in his eye; he was a real eye-twinkler. He had this impish look about him, this mischievous grin. He came by, and I said, 'Hi, Syd!' And he just looked at me. I looked right in his eye and there was no twinkle. No glint. It was like somebody had pulled the blinds—you know, *nobody home*."

The next issue of *IT* charged that the Floyd "played like bums" that night. Only in retrospect did it become apparent that Syd Barrett was beginning to crack. M

Next month in Musician: Syd Barrett's public crack-up and Roger Waters' takeover split Pink Floyd down the middle, as the Summer of Love gives way to the Winter of Madness.

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One of the big high-tech buzzes at NAMM will probably be hard disk recording, particularly when linked to MIDI sequencing. We recently saw a simply topping British system for the Atari ST and Mac SE called the Plasmeq Stereo Hard Disk Recorder (SHDR). The ST has always been the affordable music computer; and at a projected U.S. price of \$1199 (\$1099 for the Mac version), the Plasmeq is pretty affordable too. "Hard disk recording for under two thousand!" the Plasmeqians enthuse. Because the system itself does most of the digital audio data-crunching, the host-computer's RAM is left free for other things—like sequencing.

Meanwhile Digidesign—the company that pioneered this hard disk + sequencing gag—is coming out with its own hard disk drive. It's a 660 megabyte, high-speed SCSI called the Pro Store. It comes in a 19" rack-mount format, goes for \$3995 and is one of the few drives, says Digidesign, that can format enough memory capacity to master an entire album or CD.

Finally, can harmonica players really French-kiss better? Only if they have an

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SHURE VP88

[cont'd from page 86] um and a small amount on Low. The High setting yields a spacious, dramatic field which is excellent for sampling. But for multitrack applications, where the MS tracks are to be mixed in with other tracks, you may find yourself going for Medium or Low. In all settings, localization of sound sources within the field is extremely accurate.

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EMG—PO. Box 4394, Santa Rosa, CA 95402 (707) 525-9941.....	27	Yorkville Sound Inc.—4600 Witmer Industrial Estate, Niagara Falls, NY 14305 (716) 297-2920.....				60

1. B-MOVIES. Among the cult and camp classics that have been appropriated, often in altered form, are *All the Fine Young Cannibals*, *2000 Maniacs*, *Plan 9 from Outer Space* and a George C. Scott film entitled *They Might Be Giants*. Duran Duran christened themselves after a character from the Jane Fonda sci-fi fantasy *Barbarella*. The Searchers took their name from a John Wayne western. Heaven 17 was the name of a fictional group mentioned in *A Clockwork Orange*. And then there's the Liverpool group who took theirs from a poster advertising Sinatra's film debut: "Frankie goes to Hollywood."

2. THE BLUES. For reasons still poorly understood by sociologists, during the '60s young white British men commonly suffered from the delusion that they were aged blacks from the Mississippi Delta. Consequently they were prone to forming bands named after old blues songs, like Muddy Waters' "Rollin' Stone Blues," Bo Diddley's "Pretty Things" and Slim Harpo's "Moody Blue." Syd Barrett renamed his band, initially called the Architectural Abdabs, after Georgia bluesmen Pink Anderson and Floyd Council. Reginald Dwight took his stage name by combining those of saxophonist Elton Dean and singer Long John Baldry. And back in the colonies, Jorma Kaukonen's dog, and later his band, was named after a nonexistent blues singer called Blind Thomas Jefferson Airplane.

3. PEOPLE. Another possibility is to name your band after someone you know. It might be the piano tuner who owns your rehearsal hall (Marshall Tucker) or the gym teacher who harassed you for your long hair (Leonard Skinner). Famous folks are also fair game. Among those so honored are the inventor of the seed drill (Jethro Tull), billionaire Howard Hughes (via '70s one-hit wonders the Hues Corporation, who gave us "Rock the Boat") and adolescent porn queen Traci Lords (the band changed its name to Lord Tracy to avoid legal difficulties). And don't forget Hatchet Molly, the Southern prostitute who, according to legend, had a nasty habit of castrating clients.

Of course, those of a more self-centered nature will want to name their band after themselves. You could simply give the group your own name, as everyone from Carlos Santana to Jon Bongiovi has done, or use the law firm approach, à la Crosby, Stills & Nash or Emerson, Lake & Palmer. But it's far more creative to combine your group members' first initials (Abba) or the rhythm section's surnames, as Mick Fleetwood and John McVie did. In a similar vein are the wonderfully self-descriptive Band of Susans and Three Johns.

4. FOREIGN LANGUAGES. Raiding other tongues, you can make a potentially offensive name more palatable to the public. It's unlikely that "Saturday Night Live" would have booked a

group called "Kiss My Ass," but a shortened version of the Gaelic equivalent, Pogue Mahone, proved to be acceptable. Names which seem boring in English, like the Wolves or Power Station, sound far more interesting translated as Los Lobos and Kraftwerk. Procol Harum is garbled Latin for "beyond these things." Hüsker Dü, Swedish for "do you remember," was also the name of a board game in the '50s. The Cruzados derived their name from a Spanish slang word for heroin. Spanish outfielders chasing pop flies yell Yo La Tengo, "I have it!" Scritti Politti is a bastardized version of the Italian term for "political magazine." In Tu Nua is the Gaelic translation of "in a new kingdom," and Black Uhuru named themselves after the Swahili word for "freedom."

5. WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS. The writings of Burroughs have inspired the names of at least four bands: Soft Machine, Naked Lunch, Dead Fingers Talk and Steely Dan, the last a nickname for a dildo. No band has ever taken its name from a Danielle Steele novel.

6. PARODIES. Where did Chubby Checker and the Celibate Rifles get their names? Fats Domino and the Sex Pistols.

7. AUTHORS OTHER THAN WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS. Why not name your group after a favorite novel? Note, however, that the following have already been used: John Kennedy Toole's *A Confederacy of Dunces*, Hermann Hesse's *Der Steppenwolf*, Zane Grey's *Riders of the Purple Sage* (1912), Willard Manus' *Mott the Hoople* (1849) and W.H. Davies' *The Autobiography of a Supertramp*. Uriah Heep was the name of a poor Dickens character before it became the name of a poor British metal band. Poets have also left their mark on rock nomenclature: His Bobness named himself after Dylan Thomas, Tom Verlaine after the French poet and the name of Jim Morrison's band was derived from William Blake: "If the doors of perception were

10 WAYS TO NAME YOUR BAND

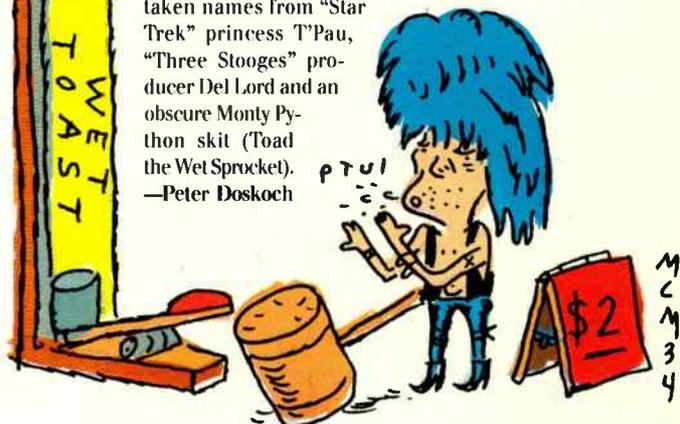


cleansed/All things would appear infinite." Playwright Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi* inspired the name of Cleveland's Pere Ubu. The Velvet Underground was named when a friend of the band found a book by that title. And early-'70s California folkies the Joy of Cooking took their name from Irma Rombauer's culinary classic.

8. CHANCE. If you can't decide on a name yourself, why not let providence choose for you? The Commodores picked their nom de funk by randomly pointing at a page in a dictionary; Mitch Ryder used a phone book. A Scottish band popular with 10-year-old girls in the '70s was named when their manager stuck a pin into a map of the U.S. and it pierced Bay City, Michigan. If you'd rather not choose a name at random, let a random person choose it: Journey was named in a contest held by San Francisco's KSAN-FM.

9. COMIC STRIPS. Love & Rockets took their name from the Hernandez Brothers' underground comic. A group of country rockers wanted to name themselves after the strip "Pogo," but couldn't get permission, so they had to settle for Poco. A '50s British comic called "Dan Dare, Space Pilot of the Future" featured aliens from outer space called Mekons. And the Thompson Twins were named after characters from the European comic "TinTin."

10. TELEVISION. As a generation raised on TV began forming rock bands, it was inevitable that the tube would influence what musicians called themselves. (One wonders how many bands will be named after Nintendo games.) Two of the premier American new wave bands were Talking Heads (TV term for talk and news shows with no action) and Television (once Tom changed his last name to Verlaine, he had new initials: T.V.). "The Beverly Hillbillies" inspired the Bodeans, named after Jethro Bodine, and Dash Rip Rock, after Elly May Clampett's movie star beau. Other bands have taken names from "Star Trek" princess T'Pol, "Three Stooges" producer Del Lord and an obscure Monty Python skit (Toad the Wet Sprocket). —Peter Dinklage



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