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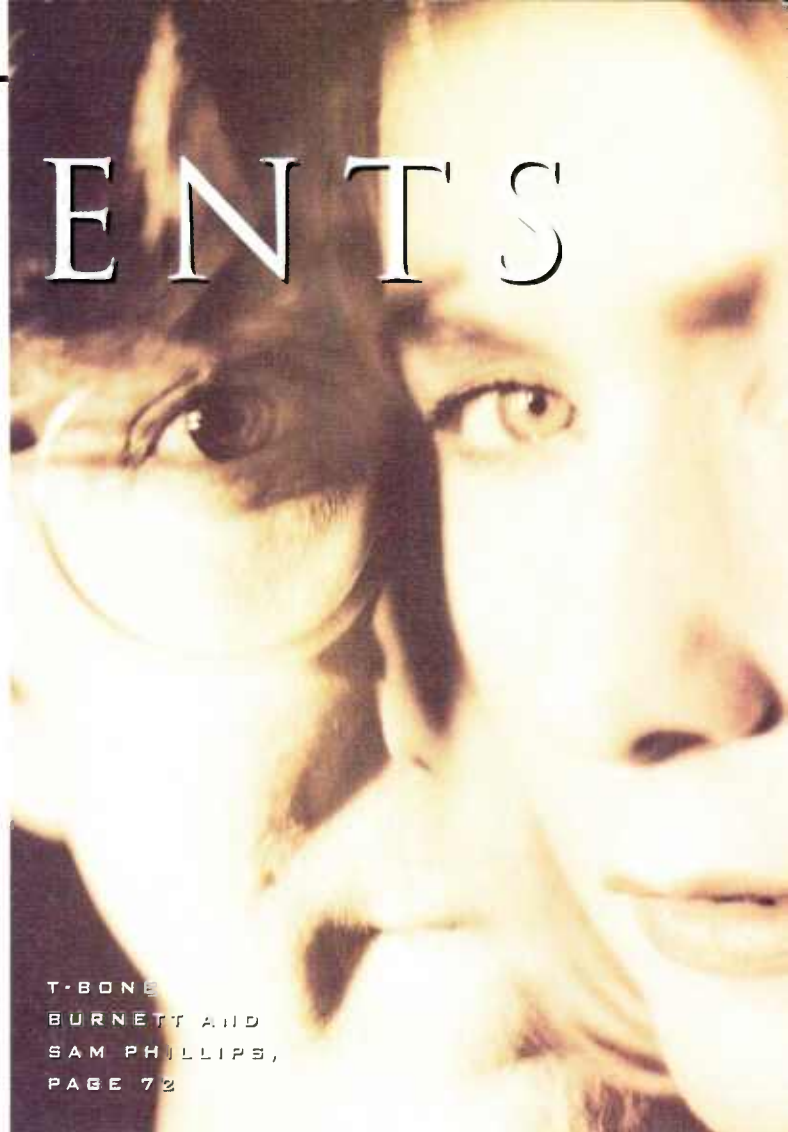
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Led Zeppelin photographed by Chuck Pulin/Starfile, 1977

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# MICHAEL HUTCHENCE

# FRONT MAN

*How important to you is your time away from INXS? You seem to be the kind of person who has to go his own way a lot.*

Yeah, I sort of live a bit of a gypsy life in a way. That's probably important for the band. They're mostly homebodies.

*You have a house here in Australia as well as one in Hong Kong and another in the south of France. Do you consider Sydney to be your home?*

It was home. Not anymore. I spend a fair amount of time here, three months a year, recording and doing INXS things. I've always traveled a lot myself, even before the band started. I like to travel; I wouldn't really call anyplace where I am at the moment permanent. I'm either doing something with the band or leaving someplace where I was to go back to where I thought I was going to be. [laughs]

*You and your bandmates are quite different—particularly you and your songwriting partner, Andrew Farriss. Yet your working relationship produces strong results.*

Maybe it's because we are different. We bring in professional respect for one another. It's the traditional method, really—get together and work it out. Andrew's a very unusual kind of guy. He sees the world from a very solid viewpoint—his viewpoint, out. I sort of come from the opposite angle. So it's a good combination.

*How do you and Andrew work together? What's the process?*

He has a lot of music; sometimes there'll be 15 songs in a particular mode. We get together and I listen and listen and eventually start to get an attachment to certain pieces of music. You have to be hard, in a way. Lyrically, I'll have a certain amount written. Lately I've been writing in a stream. I really like that. I do it in the studio too.

*INXS has always toured heavily, but over the last year you've spent most of your time in the studio. Are you glad to not be on the road?*

It's a hard question to answer after 14, 15 years of being on the road without sounding like I hate it or something. It's not that. I think we've all decided after 14 years of only having seven albums that there's a kind of imbalance going on. Not to take anything away from the effort we've put into playing our music all over the place; we just decided to create more and repeat it less on the road.

*Are you able to write on the road?*

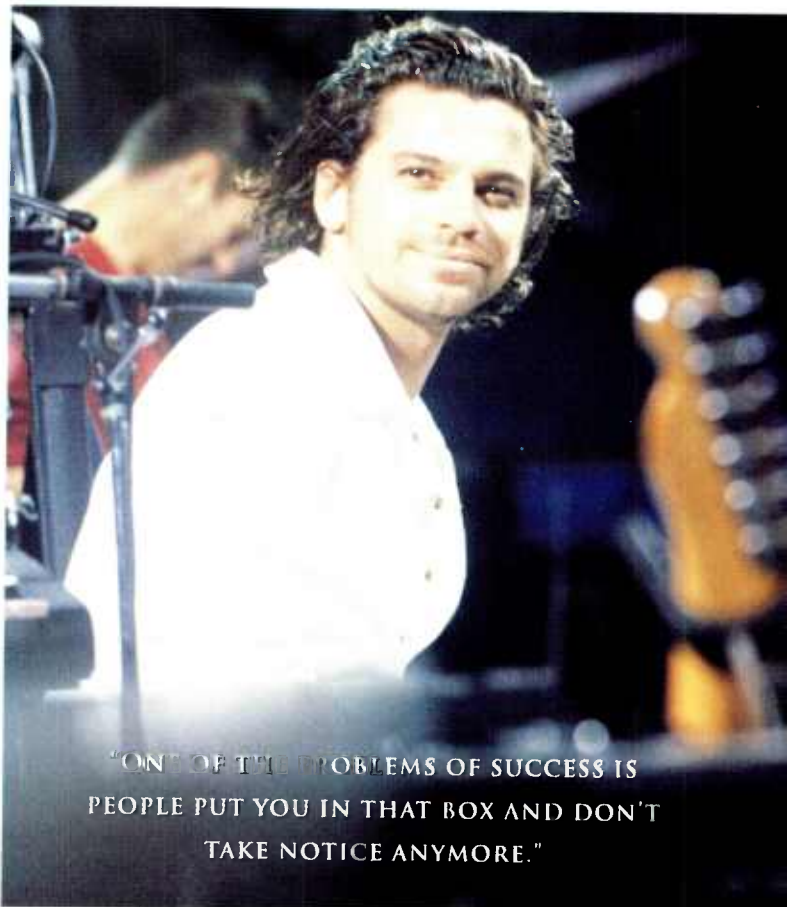
Yeah. Andrew tends to write constantly. He's pretty pragmatic.

*But you're not. How do you approach the work end of it?*

Under pressure, usually. I tend to do it in spurts. I do a lot of living. It's pretty hard to write if you're living in an ivory tower somewhere, so I try and live my life the way I see fit and gain more experience and turn it toward music.

*How did that get translated into your new record? Welcome to Wherever You Are is a good bit different from X, and quite ambitious.*

Yeah, I think it is. We really got a lot of renewed energy when we were finishing the last tour, before we made this album. It's much more free-wheeling and careless. We're really not as concerned about our music in the normal way. We wanted to go in the studio and say, "Who are we? What is this thing called INXS? Let's go in there without anyone around." We started recording and in four weeks we finished it. We



"ONE OF THE PROBLEMS OF SUCCESS IS PEOPLE PUT YOU IN THAT BOX AND DON'T TAKE NOTICE ANYMORE."

found that with everything out of the way, we could work fast and be happy with it. I'm really proud of this album. I'm looking forward to seeing how people take it.

With *X* we made a seamless record where all the influences worked together on each song. It all kind of linked together and was quite smooth. We wanted to move on in our music, and on this album we have. A fair number of the songs are much heavier and harder. We took a song and said, "Okay—we're going to go down this street with this song all the way and not compromise it with, 'Gee, we also do this—we better put a bit of this in there.'" So when it's a rock song it goes charging down that alley and doesn't go anywhere else. And when it's a ballad, it's really a ballad. And if it's something weird, it's really weird. So each song stands out a bit more clearly.

*The album has a psychedelic feel, and you used strings on a couple of tracks.*

I hope it's going to surprise people. One of the problems of having a couple of years of success with albums is people put you in that box and don't stand up and take notice anymore. "INXS? Oh, yeah—I like them." But they move on. And on this album I'd like to turn them around again.

—Fred Goodman

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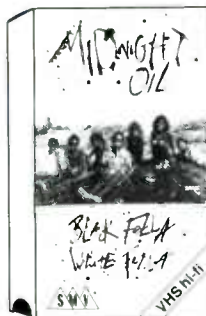
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MISMATCH

Due to a production error, the Rick Allen photo on page 53 of the April issue was flopped. Many readers took note of the fact; here's a sample.

I was not surprised to read that Rick Allen miraculously reestablished his career as a drummer for Def Leppard. After all, I would expect anything is possible when a man can change his one remaining right arm (see page 56) into his amputated left arm at will during the time it takes to complete one photo session (see page 53!).

Bruce A. Kauffman

Rick Allen lost his left arm in an automobile accident, not his right arm. I am certain that I am one of many readers who noticed this error. I hope to see better work in future publications.

Kathryn M. Then  
St. Cloud, MN

I hate it when magazines can't print pictures correctly.

Jim Halvorson  
Healdsburg, CA

Don't play games with Def Leppard or their fans; haven't we been through enough already?

Eric Landon Stuller  
Marysville, WA

In your Def Leppard article, you wrote this about Rick Allen, regarding his accident: "His career seemed over, but Allen had other ideas. With encouragement from his bandmates, he developed a style of drumming to compensate for his physical misfortune."

You should have expanded on this point. His new technique is to rapidly switch his arm from one side to the other, as evidenced by your accompanying photos.

Jeff Mishik  
Roswell, GA

# LETTERS

"The guitarist dropped dead": That is the coldest thing I've ever heard. I love reading your magazine but this really got me mad.

Def Leppard fan

I guess I shouldn't have been surprised by such a sensational, supermarket tabloid-style cover. Rick Allen lost his arm, yes, but I'm sure you would have rather said "The Drummer Was Horribly Disfigured" but you managed to retain a little respect for Allen because he's still alive. Life and death have nothing to do with gaining or losing respect. In this case it's the title of your magazine—*Musician*—which is what Steve Clark was, first and foremost. How could you callously splash "The Guitarist Dropped Dead" across your cover, especially after printing Rick Savage's obviously painful account of the last few years of Steve's life?

Kristin Nash  
Huntington, WV

Great story, great writer, great music, and quite a great tribute to the greatest band in rock 'n' roll! Just one thing...How is it that you praise them so greatly, yet refuse to even spell their names correctly (e.g. Joe Elliot)? You expect this kind of mistake from metal magazines, but *not Musician!*

Michelle Mahoney  
Foxboro, MA

Okay, who said it first? The quote "deep and meaningless" was used to describe a certain type of music in two different articles in your April issue. Charles M. Young attributed the quote to Robert Plant in an article about Live, while Mark Rowland attributed the quote to Joe Elliott, who was describing the

music of Def Leppard. While the rest of the world may be able to sleep at night without knowing the answer to this question, I found the quote amusing and would like to know to whom the credit belongs.

D. B. Stinson  
Washington, DC

It's from our first Robert Plant cover story in March '88.—Ed.

DAZED & CONFUSED

If Nile Rodgers really wants to know the difference between Chic and Led Zeppelin (April '92), I'll kindly inform him: If Led Zeppelin was not the greatest and most influential rock band that ever existed, it was certainly one in a very short list. If Jimmy Page is not the greatest and most influential rock guitarist of all time, he, too, is one in a very short list. "Stairway to Heaven" is the most requested track in FM radio history.

Absolutely none of the above can be said for Nile Rodgers or Chic. Note how the only thing Rodgers can lay claim to in his favor is that "he [Page] sells one million, we sell six million." Well, we now see where Rodgers' true spirit is.

Mike Ayodo, Zep fanatic  
Pittsburgh, PA

I'd like to offer a short bit of comfort and respect for Nile Rodgers, when he contrasted the use of the song "Revolution" for the crass Nike commercial and the use of "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" for California raisins: To be disgusted by Nike's commercialization while enchanted by the Raisins is not a matter of having less respect for R&B than rock 'n' roll. I think that what we're looking at here is the difference

between unmitigated propaganda and a tribute. The Raisins strike me as being something on the order of *Fantasia*—a richly composed piece of music giving inspiration for a clever piece of animated visual art.

John Bromka  
Marcellus, NY

MISTIME

Based upon the date of birth of k.d. lang and the date of death of Patsy Cline, may I suggest that research of the word "mentor" is in order (April '92).

A small but irritating point.

R.E. Harrington  
Big Bear Lake, CA

OVERSIGHT

Hey, you forgot Nowhere Man in the "Legion of Rock Superheroes" (April '92). (Illustration below.)



Paul Capovino  
Chicago, IL

MISSED

The following Best Unsigned Band contest semi-finalists were omitted from last month's announcement of winners:

Dreams Made Flesh, Stoneham MA; Sadhappy, Seattle WA; The Specs, Mill Valley CA; Stained Mecca, Sheffield AL; Sal La Spina, Evergreen Park IL; Someone's Baby, New York NY; Mari Mari, Warren RI; Experience Wheeler, Eldersburg MD; Love Henry, Hoboken NJ; The Knowmads, Waltham MA; Michael Lampkin, Santa Barbara CA; Men from Earth, Clearwater FL.

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“Just Like A Man”

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# ACES

## POPS STAPLES BRINGS TWANG TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD



"WE'RE LOSING THIS generation," says a spry 77-year-old Roebuck "Pops" Staples, "so I'm trying to say something that will bring people's minds back together." *Peace to the Neighborhood* is only Pops' second solo effort since the Staples Singers released *Sit Down Servant* 37 years ago. "I'm just

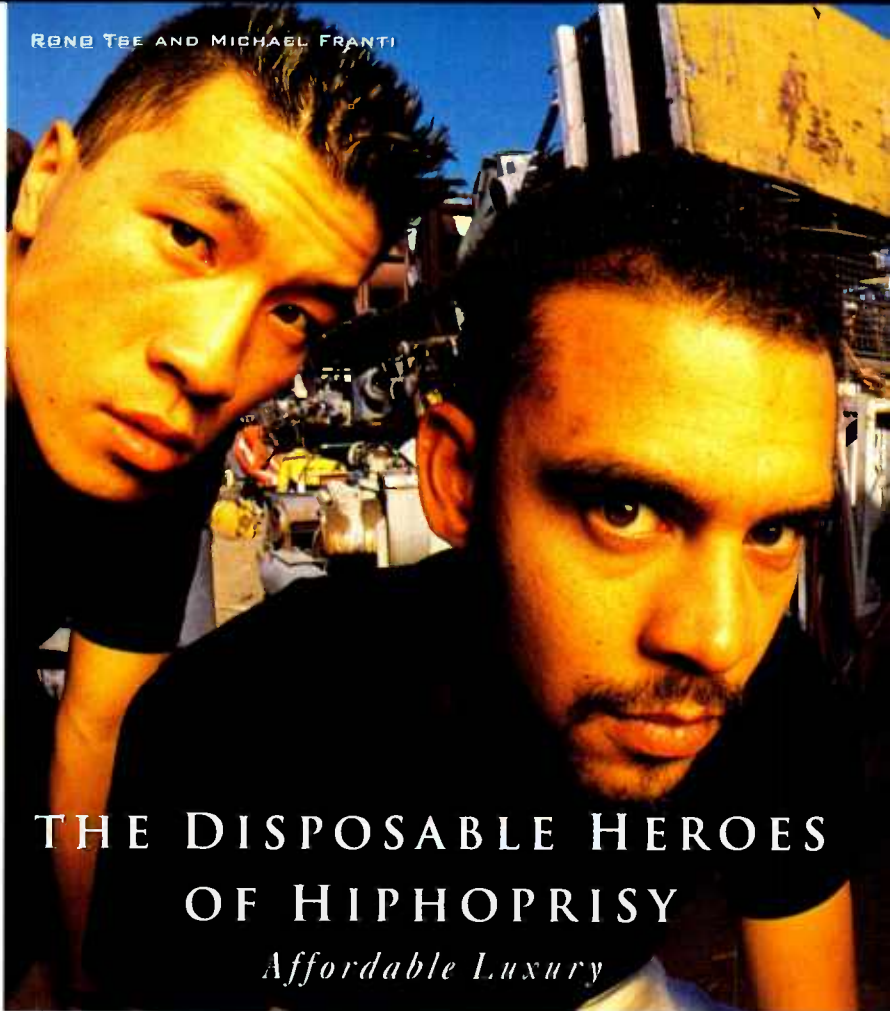
hoping that some young people will hear this record and take notice to every song, because every song's got a little message in it that we should try to abide by."

Pops has enlisted a lot of folks to help spread the word. Bonnie Raitt spent her birthday with him, her band and Jackson Browne recording Browne's "World in Motion," the album's first single. Ry Cooder, who had originally planned to produce *Peace to the Neighborhood* before he became too tied to Little Village to complete the project, produced and played (with fellow Villager Jim Keltner) on two of the album's 10 tracks.

The Staples Singers—Pops and daughters Mavis, Yvonne and Cleotha—join forces for the first time in six years on several songs, including the classic "(This May Be) The Last Time." Says Pops: "Virgin Records was crazy about the song. I wouldn't have thought of doing it, but they wanted me to do it for two purposes—they loved the song, and the Rolling Stones cut it back in the '60s and didn't admit that I wrote it."

Pops has been particularly busy lately. In addition to *Peace to the Neighborhood*, he appears on the latest albums by Michelle Shocked and Abbey Lincoln, and plans to tour throughout Europe and the USA. Soon he heads to the Third Annual Pops Staples Park Festival in Drew, Mississippi, where he grew up (for a while, on a plantation with Charley Patton) immersed in the blues. "All those guys in Mississippi, I was influenced by their playing. I said if I ever got to be a grown man I was going to make me a record. So I'm just now fulfilling that." **FRED BECKLEY**

RONO TSE AND MICHAEL FRANTI



## THE DISPOSABLE HEROES OF HIPHOPRISY *Affordable Luxury*

**I** USED TO FEEL ISOLATED when I saw what was going on in music and the media," says Michael Franti, the stern voice of the Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy. "I thought I was the only person who felt the way I did. Now I know I'm not."

That's for sure. The San Francisco duo's debut, *Hypocrisy Is the Greatest Luxury*, has struck a chord with an audience he calls "disenfranchised young people" and most anyone else open to challenging, cliché-free rap. As partner Rono Tse pounds out unyielding beats with an angle grinder, tire rims and other offbeat implements, Franti unleashes stinging, sophisticated critiques of show-biz racism, homophobia and video addiction, among other ills. His assault on the status quo continues the tradition of iconoclasm practiced by such diverse troublemakers as Public Enemy and Jello Biafra's Dead Kennedys—behold the Heroes' sizzling remake of the DK classic "California Über Alles." However, Franti says his diatribes have a different intent: "I've always been a shit-stirrer by nature, but I never felt confrontation was the most effective way of doing things. I'd rather have people come away with new questions."

While conventional wisdom suggests the sophomore effort is more difficult than the first, the Disposable Heroes aren't conventional. Now writing lyrics for a second album (not counting a 1988 LP with the Beat Nigs for Biafra's Alternative Tentacles label), Franti is unfazed by the challenge of a follow-up. "I always write about what's happening in my life, and there's a lot of stuff I didn't touch on in the first record," he notes eagerly. "Lately I've been working on a song about AIDS testing, which is something I put off a couple of years myself because I was afraid of the outcome. I finally had it done recently and the results came back negative. Then there's one called 'Love Is the Shit That Makes Life Bloom.'" Franti chuckles, "You never know when you might step in it!" Stay tuned... **JON YOUNG**

PHOTOGRAPHS: KEN SHARP (POPS STAPLES); JAY BLAESBERG (HIPHOPRISY)



# CHAINSAW KITTENS

*In yer face, Oklahoma*

**M**OST UP-AND-COMING GLAM-ROCKERS wouldn't admit to changing lyrics to avoid embarrassing their mothers, but Tyson Meade's mother gets embarrassed really easily. "It would be fine if I was Garth Brooks. But she says, 'You're the only man I know who paints his fingernails!'"

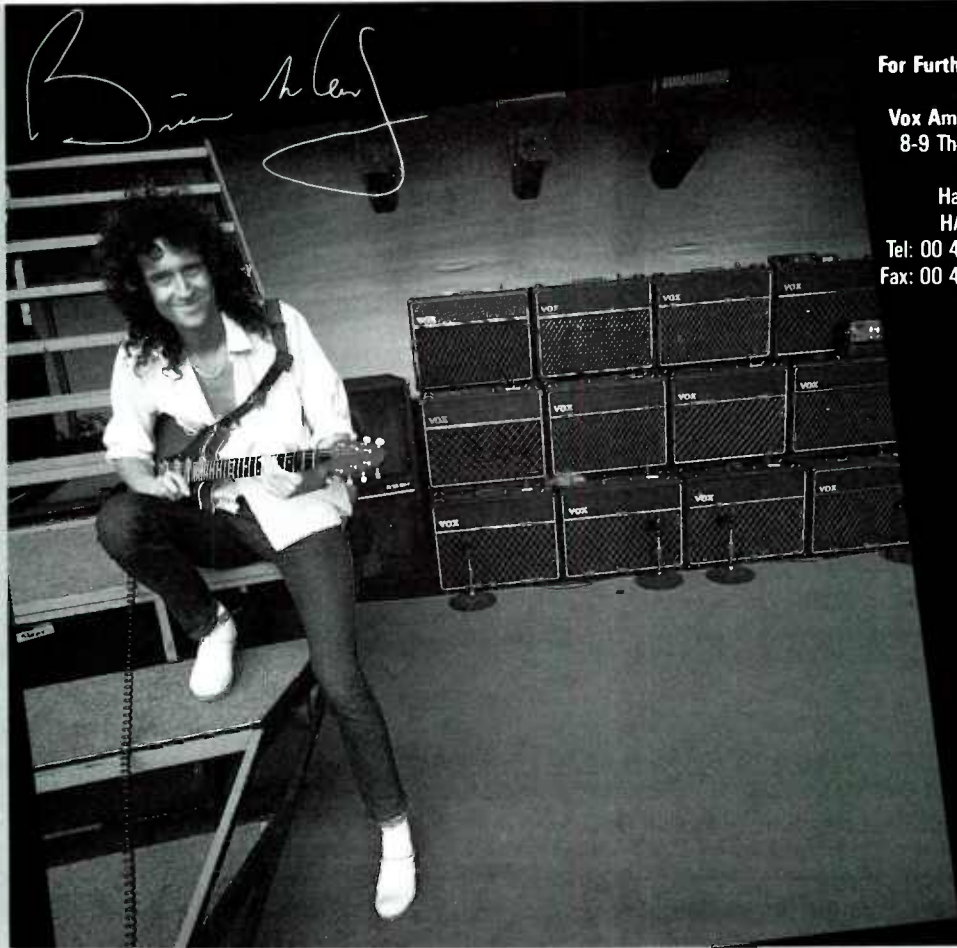
The Chainsaw Kittens' *Flipped Out in Singapore* contains straightforward rockers with dissonant riffs, combined with their glam appearance, the music causes something of a stir in their hometown of Norman, Oklahoma. "I feel like I'm always being watched," Meade confides. And the album enhances this "freakish-for-Oklahoma" stance with tunes like "High in High School," which he calls "one of those songs some 16-year-old can crank in his Trans-Am cruising through the school parking lot during lunch hour. It could be 1993 or 1973."

JEFF RINGER



Although guitarist Trent Bell expresses admiration for Nirvana ("They're opening so many doors for bands like us"), Meade still wants the Kittens to sport the '70s rock-star vibe he so admired in his youth. "I want it to be like when I was a kid and I'd see pictures of Aerosmith, Queen, the New York Dolls or Iggy Pop. I don't wanna look like the boy next door. Maybe in 10 years I'll wanna be James Taylor, but right now I wanna make in-yer-face rock 'n' roll."

ROB KEMP



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## MARVIN THE MANDOLIN MAN

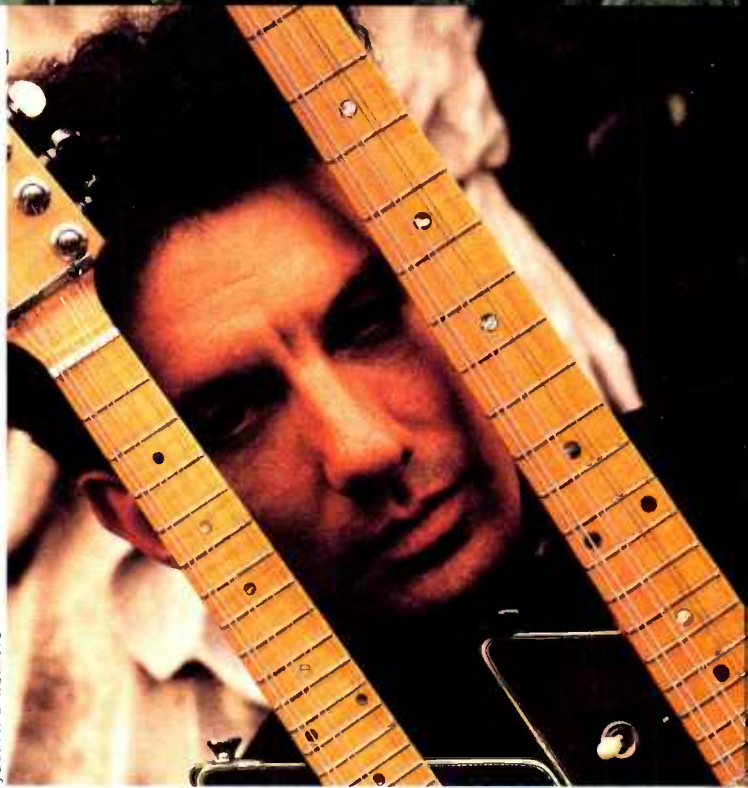
*Alone after Lone Justice*

**I**'M NOT A SIDEMAN KIND OF GUY," says Marvin Etzioni, explaining why he left Lone Justice at a time when many were hailing the Los Angeles band as the new country-rock Messiahs. "I just can't stand there and take a paycheck. I have to be creatively involved in the arrangements and in the songs. That's really what makes me tick."

Marvin has gone on to produce and write material for such varied talents as Voices of the Beehive, the Williams Brothers, Toad the Wet Sprocket and Peter Case. Now comes *The Mandolin Man*, an achingly private and personal collection of semi-acoustic songs that at times recalls John Lennon and Leonard Cohen. "I'm sure when someone first heard Lou Reed they said he sounds like Dylan," Marvin says. "People need a reference. But after a while it's going to have its own place."

Don't try to pigeonhole Marvin as a dark, reflective folkie, though. His next album *Bone* includes a Hendrixian version of "The Star-Spangled Banner," with Marvin on double-neck mandolin augmented by a wah-wah pedal. "Sometimes I think of influences in terms of cinematography. *Mandolin Man* was like Woody Allen. *Bone* is more like a Ken Russell film."

CRAIG ROSEN



JOSEPH D'ALESSIO



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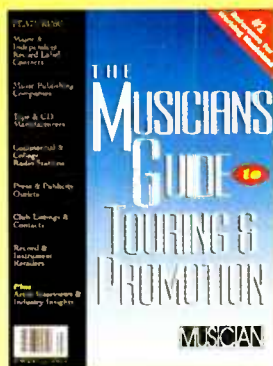
"Master of the steel pans" *Billboard*

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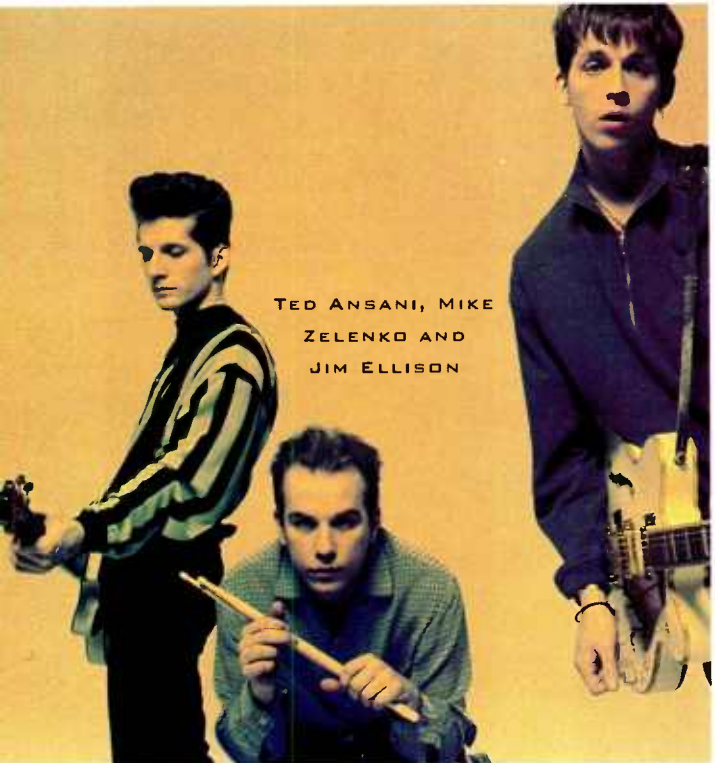
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TED ANSANI, MIKE ZELENGO AND JIM ELLISON

# MATERIAL ISSUE

## *Silk Purse from Kid's Ears*

THE CLASH DID IT; SO HAVE GUNS N' ROSES AND NIRVANA. Now Material Issue drummer Mike Zelenko wants access to the ears of both the "punk rock kids" and the "average Joes." Guitarist Jim Ellison thinks the band might have a chance.

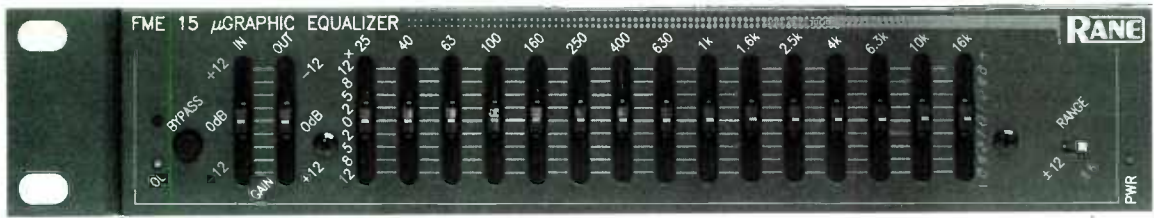
"We're not busting the walls of rock or anything," Ellison says, "but we're one of the few bands that have been able to take the thrashiness of punk rock and the melody of pure pop and make them work hand in hand."

On their new album, *Destination Universe*, Material Issue perfect the melodious hard pop of their 1991 debut, *International Pop Overthrow* (fondly described by Ellison as "the world's greatest demo tape"). The six-year-old Chicago trio's favorite subject is still girls, girls, girls, and as usual, their tall tales come with a twist. But don't be fooled by the buoyant melody of "Ballad of a Lonely Man": The song's title character unloads his woes on a bartender, kills his girlfriend and then commits suicide.

Ellison takes his material from his own experiences, from the lives of friends and from street episodes involving strangers. Though he puts in lots of hours at it, his writing process can be chaotic. "I don't know what I'm doing. I sit down in front of my television and play the guitar and just start babbling."

JEREMY HELLIGAR

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# NICKY HOLLAND

*Carole King meets Bernard Herrmann*



**N**ICKY HOLLAND, A GRADUATE OF LONDON'S Royal Academy of Music and a classically trained pianist since she was six, remembers the moment when pop music gave her another option. "When I was 11 I heard Carole King's 'It's Too Late' in a dance class," she says. "It immediately struck me—music, lyrics, everything. It was the first musical language I learned that I didn't read. I put the classical music away and learned each song by ear."

Reminiscing over corn soup in a Manhattan cafe a few days before the release of her promising debut, Holland says she's never been sorry about those lost symphonies. "Since then I've written *song* songs, because I want my music known in my lifetime," she explains with more than a trace of humor.

Although she's written songs with many pop notables (Hal David, Tears for Fears, Lloyd Cole, Robert Bell, Franne Golde, Ellen Shipley) and is excited about touring behind her new record, Holland admits that she'll always find time to pursue a co-aim: composing for films. She's already worked on two John Hughes movies, *She's Having a Baby* and *The Great Outdoors*, and speaks with awe of Bernard Herrmann, who scored many of Alfred Hitchcock's classics.

Indeed, there's something cinematic about *Nicky Holland*. Of the instrumental "Prelude," she says, "It was a filmic approach. I wanted a soundscape that takes you on a gentle ride and then surges into the first song, 'Ladykiller,' a *film noir*-ish '60s soundtrack with less sweet lyrics. 'Independence Days' is very close to me. It's about doing what I'd put off for a long time and really wanted to do. I knew if I finished that song, I could finish the album and that I could do this." PAUL NELSON

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Photo by Michael Friel

**Pictured at left: Sam Sims**  
(Touring with Paula Abdul)  
**At right: James Strong**  
(Bassist, Musical Director for LL Cool J)

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# ON STAGE



FONTAYNE, ALFORD, SPRINGSTEEN, SIMON, BITTAIN

## BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

**W**hen Bruce Springsteen returned for his encore at the Bottom Line on May 6th a voice from the audience yelled, "Play something from the new album!" The club cracked up. For the last 90 minutes Springsteen had cranked out bare-knuckled versions of his new material and nothing but his new material. Springsteen debuted his new band in the same New York club where he launched *Born to Run* with a week of shows in 1975. "It's been a long time since I've been on this stage," he said. Then, glancing at the people staring up at him from the tables, he added, "Funny—it looks like all the same people are here." The crowd applauded and Springsteen deadpanned, "Except you all look a lot older and I look the same!"

Well, maybe nobody really looked the same (and maybe half the people who claimed to have been at those shows 17 years ago were lying), but as Springsteen tore through "Better Days," "Local Hero" and "Lucky Town" it was possible to believe he had not aged.

His new band is guitar-dominated in the great Rolling Stones tradition. Springsteen and Shane Fontayne traded leads all night while bassist Tommy [cont'd on page 24]

## SIMON & GARFUNKEL

**E**very adult has certain old relationships that defy mature logic. When Simon and Garfunkel reunited for a charity show on May 4th at Broadway's Brooks Atkinson Theatre they fell into 25-year-old mannerisms as quickly as adult brothers at Thanksgiving dinner. Singing together accompanied only by Simon's acoustic guitar, Garfunkel clasped his hands like a choirboy and beamed. Simon, who conveys relaxed authority in his solo shows, played with downcast eyes and an "aw shucks" expression. Garfunkel's voice faltered a bit early on—maybe from nerves or maybe from having to hit those boyish high harmonies after age 50—but as the duo moved from "The Boxer" into "Scarborough Fair," "Mrs. Robinson," "America" and "Homeward Bound" they relaxed and fell in together. By the sixth song, "Sound of Silence," the years and the rough spots had fallen away.

Also on the bill were Mike Nichols and Elaine May, who opened the show with 30 minutes of their old skits. After Simon and Garfunkel played six songs, Nichols and May did another 40 minutes. Art and Paul reappeared for one song, "Old Friends," and the evening adjourned. Good cause or not, the brevity (about 30 minutes) of Simon and Garfunkel's [cont'd on page 24]

## B.A.D. & ROTTEN

**I**n September 1978, I saw Sid Vicious play Max's Kansas City. He spent much of the performance shuffling papers, reading the lyrics as he sang them. His girlfriend Nancy Spungen, the most obnoxious human being I ever met, stood next to him for no discernible reason other than craving to be looked at. Self-destruction hung in the air thick as the cigarette smoke. At the same time, the show was peculiarly exhilarating. Sid had somehow assembled this wonderful back-up band of Jerry Nolan on drums, Arthur Kane on bass, Steve Dior (of the Idols) on guitar and the Clash's Mick Jones on guitar. Jones especially dazzled the crowd. What Sid was to negative charisma, Jones was to positive charisma. He just knew how to hold a guitar, knew how to move, could play standard punk riffs with such enthusiasm that they seemed fresh. The only thing he wasn't was dangerous, and



of that Sid had an oversupply.

Almost 14 years later at the Ritz, headlining the MTV "120 Minutes Tour," Jones as the leader of B.A.D. II could still play standard riffs with disarming simplicity. His punk rock has evolved into dance music, somewhat monotonous unless you're actually dancing. Most of the crowd was dancing, clearly came with the expectation of dancing, and that's what they got. What they didn't get was danger and frenzy. Jones sings a lot like Al "Year of the Cat" Stewart, a gently nasal alto that conveys comfort and humanity and minimal adrenalin. Playing with a DJ who scratched and sampled throughout the set,



A photograph of Paula Abdul performing on stage. She is wearing a dark, sequined outfit and has her hair styled in a high, voluminous bun. She is holding a microphone in her right hand and a single red rose in her left hand, which is being held up by another person's hand from the bottom of the frame. The background is dark with purple and blue stage lights.

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Jones relied on electronics for much of the energy, and it wasn't enough. The crowd cheered loudest when he dropped the disco and reverted to three-chord rock in the "Should I Stay..." mode. I wanted to love it, but the truth is, I was a bit bored. I won't remember this show in 14 years.

Johnny Rotten's latest version of PIL played a set calculated to annoy, and for a crowd that was hungry for some little remnant of the Sex Pistols to experience, it worked. Rotten has renewed his persona this time out by reviving the gross-out aspect of

punk: mooning the audience, pulling Tampax from betwixt his buttocks and tossing them to the crowd. If you caught one, you'll probably be able to auction it at Sotheby's for big bucks someday. A dancing pear with the head of a troll, Rotten seemed to want to mock Madonna. Madonna already does a fine job of mocking Madonna, so what was the point? His band of multi-cultural surfers played well enough but were ultimately just another rock band. In this time of rebellion in the streets and raging voters, the gross-out seemed oddly out of touch. Why shock peo-

ple out of their apathy when they aren't apathetic? If anger is an energy, what is Johnny Rotten using it for? I don't know and he doesn't either. But I may remember the Tampax in 14 years. —Charles M. Young

## SPRINGSTEEN

[cont'd from page 22] Sims and drummer Zachary Alford kept the rhythm straight and hard. Roy Bittan, the lone holdover from the E Street Band, held back on the keyboards until about halfway through the set, when the grittier *Lucky Town* material gave way to upbeat songs like "Roll of the Dice" and "Man's Job." Springsteen had a little tuning trouble (which he blamed on living in Beverly Hills) and was astonished when his old Telecaster started giving him problems late in the set. "I can't believe it!" he said. "I've had this guitar for 20 years! I paid \$185.00 for it. And I was pissed 'cause I thought I'd overpaid." But if the band was still finding its feet as a unit, the power of the material—and the passion of Springsteen's delivery—could not be denied.

Springsteen talked about the "justifiable rage" that had led to the riots in Los Angeles the week before as a lead-in to a haunting version of "If I Should Fall Behind." When his electric gave him trouble he asked for a Takamine acoustic and played a lovely solo "My Beautiful Reward," a song that he said his wife Patti refers to as his great disclaimer. After the set Springsteen mingled with the audience, posing for pictures and signing autographs. As impressive as it was to see Springsteen play a club set, by the end of the night it felt comfortable, too. As if, if all his celebrity vanished tomorrow, going back and starting over would be the most natural thing in the world. —Bill Flanagan

## SIMON & GARFUNKEL

[cont'd from page 22] performance made the ticket prices (\$100 to \$500) hurt a little.

The evening recreated what now seems to have been the last moment of innocence in American popular entertainment. The earnestness of the early Simon and Garfunkel songs was a million miles away from the hard experience that has informed pop music (including Simon's) since the late '60s. The comedy sketches were period pieces with jokes about Albert Schweitzer and Sal Mineo. As Nichols said when introducing a skit about a horny high school senior trying to convince a girl to go all the way, who would have believed in the early '60s that someday this material would speak of a more innocent time? —Bill Flanagan

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**Philadelphia:** This exuberant act, comprised of incredible musicians and one of the best rhythm sections in Philadelphia, blends a seemingly endless fund of ideas with funk, rock and country styles.



### T-Fun

**San Francisco:** Appealing for their daring combination of rock, rap and punk, these four energetic musicians exhibit an unmatched display of explosive energy and dedication that is matched only by their infectious sense of humor.



### Thrillcat

**New York:** Enhanced by driving guitar rhythms and punchy bass, this trio's blend of colorful harmonies and expressive lyrics can be heard on radio stations stretching from New York City to Boston and Providence, R.I.





**The Basics**

Houston: Hailed by the *Houston Post* as being in "the forefront of a forthcoming Anglo-Hispanic rock solidarity," the four-member group has forged their overnight success into an appearance on *Buscando Estrellas*, the Budweiser-sponsored Latin Star Search program that was viewed by more than four million people worldwide.



**The Missiles**

Houston: Dubbed "Houston's Best Original Rock Band" by the *Houston Chronicle*, this established group sets a new standard for rock and roll with their riveting guitar riffs and intelligent, cynical, often amusing lyrics.



**The Blue Chieftains**

New York: Combining a genuine rock sound with country influence, this group has risen out of the city's "roots rock" movement, and as the *New York Daily News* describes it, the Blue Chieftains sound is "rhythmic, catchy and a lot of fun to hear."



**Moncho Santana**

New York: Now leader and principal singer of a 14-member band, Salsa musician Moncho Santana brought his impressive Latin sounds to the New York music scene after singing with homeland Colombia's most popular salsa band.



**B.B. Chung King & The Screaming Buddha Heads**

Los Angeles: Praised throughout Southern California by area critics and fans alike for their raw blues sound, this five-member band delivers songs with steel-strong lyrics and a blues-rock sound that attract fans of all ages.



**FOC**

Miami: A multi-talented, creative machine, this seven-piece ensemble draws its members from numerous cultural backgrounds and generates a sound from a variety of musical influences including soul, salsa, rap, rock, funk, jazz and many more.



**Neon Prophet**

Phoenix: Known as a reggae institution for the past five years, this group plays a unique blend of reggae music ranging from "sweet harmony singing" to "dance hall deejaying."



**The Fenwicks**

Orlando: With a strong vision and unprecedented sound, this six-member group has made a tremendous impact on the alternative music scene with their own invention of acoustic funk, defined by furiously packed, tightly structured, addictive melodies with a highly theatrical and aggressive stage show.



**Rick Broussards' Two Hoots & A Holler**

Austin: Winning "Best Roots-Rock Band" at last year's 10th Annual *Austin Chronicle* Music Awards, this trio's combination of rock and country is the core of their expansive style.



**Flywell**

San Diego: Labeled the number one band in San Diego for the past three years, their music is a satisfying mixture of straightforward rock and roll with blended harmonies. *World Radio History*





# BUD LIGHT BEER

P R E S E N T S

## Bud Light's 1992 "In

Concert" talent line-up is *stronger* than ever with a wide ranging audience that stretches from the East Coast to the beaches of Southern California!



### The Cutaways!

**Philadelphia:** Musically this nine-piece band might be compared to the likes of Joe Cocker, Sly & the Family Stone, or AWB, but their blend of funk-tinged soul-rock is all their own.



### The Chisel Bros. featuring Thornetta Davis

**Detroit:** This band's thoroughly contemporary update of traditional blues and R&B styles has earned it kudos from the *Detroit Free Press* and other media, but most importantly, from the public.



### Highway 61

**Los Angeles:** Performing for capacity crowds at every show, this four-member group offers an unforgettable stage performance with their remarkable blend of '70s rock-n-roll, laced with a heavy, '90s-style blues groove.



### Joan Collaso and Company "C"

**Chicago:** Having put years of performing experience to use in becoming one of Chicago's most respected jazz/R&B acts today, five accomplished musicians are the core of this incredible sound that features Joan Collaso, a renowned professional vocalist since the early 1980s.



### The Loft

**Baltimore:** Recently named "Top Rock Band in the Mid-Atlantic" in a fan survey that ranged from New Jersey to Virginia, the band performed more than 220 dates in six states last year, including performances with The Connells, The Black Crowes, See No Evil, Child's Play, Aldo Nova and others.



### La Banda Loca

**New York:** The high-energy salsa group, featuring 14 members from the Dominican Republic, has become one of the preferred bands of the Latin community boasting a hit song on local radio stations.



### Food For Feet

**Los Angeles:** Established band members from Los Angeles-based groups, including the successful Oingo Boingo, have come together to form a band who incorporates varied influences such as West African sounds, with pop melodies and a touch of Hispanic flavor.



### Reddog

**Atlanta:** This Atlanta-based blues/rock trio, which — according to *Guitar World* — puts out "Southern-style rock and blues that cut right to the bone," was nominated for "Best Blues Band" in the New South Music Awards.



### Son Mayor

**Los Angeles:** Appealing to both contemporary adults and older-music lovers, this 10-piece salsa band has a vibrant image and strong sense of comradery with the core of its talent being the Ortiz brothers, Erasmo (Ery), Julian, Alfredo and Oscar.





**The Remainders**

**Chicago:** One of the Midwest's most noteworthy "gumbo rock" bands, this up-and-coming group was named a first-round semi-finalist in *Musician's* "Best Unsigned Band in the U.S." competition and are praised by the masters for their mix of Zydeco, Cajun, Ska, Afro-Caribbean and rootsy pop.



**The Bow'ry Boyz**

**Phoenix:** This five-member act recently achieved Arizona's "Best of Phoenix" and was the first-ever unsigned band to be nominated in the heavy metal category in the New York Music Awards.



**Leandro**

**Dallas:** Considered to be one of the hottest country acts in the Dallas/Ft. Worth areas, Leandro and his band are steadily gaining exposure on the country music scene having opened for some of today's most prominent country music stars including Randy Travis and George Strait.



**Jean LeGrand**

**San Antonio:** Inspired by the blend of Spanish and country music, this Tejano Music Award winner showcases a brilliant musical style that mixes traditional Tejano music with a fresh '90s arrangement.



**The Gooneybirds**

**Minneapolis:** Best described as "eclectic, improvisational folk-rock," this seven-piece ensemble draws in fans with its stylistically unique sound developed from a classic rock base and the creativity of the band's songwriting.



**Tattooed Love Dogs**

**Sacramento:** With a strong following all along the California coast, this band masterfully combines various styles into a broad and flavorful sound, which can best be described as "the Stones doing Hank Williams Sr. — A country-rock-surf-rhythm thang!"



**Tony Tatis**

**Miami:** One of the top merengue performers in the U.S., this multi-talented singer, composer, director and producer has won numerous awards for his music, including an award at the First Latin Music Festival in Orlando, Fla.



**Spang-A-Lang**

**San Francisco:** A major force in the Bay Area music scene since 1984, this unconventional band showcases elements of funk, soul, R&B, blues, pop and jazz, all blending together to create an upbeat, contemporary and infectious dance groove.



**The Badlees**

**New York:** Described by *Cashbox* as having "heartfelt singing and songwriting backed by real instruments," this group stands out as a great rock and roll band with definite pop appeal and a live performance that is well-rehearsed, but sparked by spontaneity.



**The Twist Offs**

**Cleveland:** With an unconventional three-piece brass section and a high-powered live performance, this group mixes original rock with amusing stage antics that distinguish them from other area acts.





# Budweiser

P R E S E N T S

**B**udweiser's 1992 "In Concert" program brings you 26 of the *hottest* bands from around the country, ranging in style from traditional blues and driving rock and roll to the sultry rhythms of R&B, jazz and Latin.



### bat mastersons

**Dallas:** Rising out of Dallas' Deep Ellum music scene as dynamic contenders in the national music arena, this four-member group creates a perfectly balanced combination of raw, alternative-radio sounds and '60s mod pop.



### Forecast

**Cleveland:** In existence for six years, Forecast is a six-piece fusion-jazz band out of Cleveland whose original songs offer a sophisticated blend of jazz, funk, rock, reggae and pop music.



### The Deanna Bogart Band

**Baltimore:** Having been voted "Best Piano Player" by *Maryland Musician Magazine*, she continues to impress crowds at clubs and festivals with her own creative style of rocking "boogie woogie," blues and jazz.



### Tragic Sam

**Hartford:** Combining hook-laden music with emotionally charged performances, this premier group has created a unique blend of music that transcends categories and expands the traditional definition of rock and roll.



### Bitten and Scratched

**New York:** Labeled one of the hardest working bands in New York, Bitten and Scratched describe their mix of blues, jazz and rock sound as "harsh and honest."



### Charlie Pastorfield and the Believers

**Washington, D.C.:** Playing modern rock and roll songs with a solid rhythm and blues backbeat, this four-member group was described by *Creating Loafing Magazine* as having "a gift for bluesy pop and hard-kicking R&B."



### Slammin' Gladys

**Los Angeles:** Showcasing funky rhythms, blues undertones, complex harmonies and occasional guitar/saxophone duets, this group quickly gained attention while touring the East Coast with Warrant in 1991.



### Son Seals

**Chicago:** In addition to headlining several of the nation's leading blues festivals, this highly acclaimed blues songwriter was awarded the prestigious "Handy," presented by the Blues Foundation in recognition of the late W.C. Handy, for the Contemporary Blues Album of the Year.





**Kid Davis and the Kowpokes**

**Philadelphia:** Falling under the general heading of "American roots rock," this dynamic trio's style is actually a masterful blend of rock and roll, rockabilly, blues, swing, country, and even a bit of Tex-Mex and New Orleans sounds.



**Flashback Alley**

**Sacramento:** With a "no-nonsense" approach to rock and roll, this band strays from the current music trends and instead creates a hard-driving sound that successfully combines the talent of five accomplished individual musicians.



**Everardo y Su Flota Musical**

**Chicago:** During its career, this Hispanic group earned "Best Group of the Year" recognition by performing on several television shows in Mexico City, and was recognized as the "Best Musical Group" by the United Radio Announcers of Chicago.



**Barrage**

**Orlando:** Winning "Best Keyboards" at the 1991 Florida Jammy awards, this five-member group has become one of Florida's hottest rock and roll bands with an incredible stage show.



**David Myles and Mylestones**

**Detroit:** High in demand on the club circuit is David Myles and Mylestones, a five-member rhythm and blues band whose show is as powerful visually as it is musically.



**The Urge**

**St. Louis:** With a sound described as energetic, crazed and powerful, this five-piece groove unit has been tearing up the Midwest with their live act and a distinctive mix of ska, funk and reggae.



**Farrcry**

**Miami:** Dominating the hard-rock scene, this trailblazing group is known for its big, energized, metal-tinged sound that is driven by fresh lyrics and powerful vocals.



**The Farmers**

**Chicago:** Through hundreds of highly charged live shows and an acclaimed 1990 album, this group has cultivated a large and enthusiastic following with an original sound from such influences as Big-Band jazz, '50s-style R&B, and the hard-driving rock group, the Ramones.



**Heavy Metal Horns**

**Boston:** Finishing in a tie for "New Favorite Band" in Boston's Magazine's "Best of Boston Poll" in 1990, this culturally diverse nine-piece band offers an eclectic mix of rock, jazz, soul, reggae, R&B and world beat.



**Walk The Chalk**

**Tampa:** Consistently one of the best-rated, most popular bands in the Tampa Bay area, this group showcases catchy melodies and rhythms that have a distinctly pop sound.





# Budweiser

PRESENTS



## David Cedeño Orchestra

**New York:** In the escalating Latin music scene, this group has become a favorite of salsa fans delivering a refreshingly different mix of trumpet, bass, baritone sax, trombone, piano, bongo, congas, timbales, chorus vocals and guitars, and an explosive stage performance.



## Chuck Hall and the Brick Wall

**Phoenix:** Showcasing a powerful mixture of blues and rock, Chuck Hall and the Brick Wall has rapidly climbed to the top of the Southwestern U.S. club scene by focusing on strong original tunes that have brought the band to the forefront of their local music scene.



## Les Exodus

**Minneapolis:** This six-member reggae group, known as one of the most hard-working international ensembles, features accomplished musicians from around the world, including Tanzania, Trinidad, St. Croix, Antigua and Chicago.



## Cats:Choir

**San Francisco:** With a style that focuses on lots of groove, heavy bass and guitar, Cats:Choir, a melodic rock band was voted the "Best of the Bay" in a demo contest sponsored in part by *Bay Area Music Magazine* and Tower Records, and received a five-star review in *Kerrang!*, a leading British heavy metal magazine.



## Hung Jury

**San Diego:** While remaining true to their own individualistic ideas and beliefs, this five-member band has developed into a single-minded group that has a growing legion of fans who are responding enthusiastically to their soulful music, passionate lyrics, and energetic, spark-filled shows.



## Section Eight

**Atlanta:** Combine a heavy blues, classic rock and metal influence with more than 20 years' experience, and you have the main reason why this group, one of the most talked-about bands in Atlanta, has expanded its following opening for such national acts as the Bullet Boys and Molly Hatchet.



## Miss Molly & The Whips

**Houston:** Voted "Best R&B Blues Band" by the Houston Press Music Awards, this act is clearly one of the hottest unsigned bands in Texas, knocking down its competition with a sophisticated playlist that includes rock and roll, rhythm and blues and a little bit of country.



## Triple X

**Pittsburgh:** In addition to being awarded "Best Metal Band" by the National Record Mart/*In Pittsburgh Magazine* Awards for two consecutive years, this determined four-member group has played more than 500 power-packed shows across the Eastern states.

## Additional Information:

If you have any band input, questions, or comments, please direct them to:

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# WHY HAS MUSIC BECOME WALLPAPER?



**I** WAS DRIVING DOWN THE PALISADES PARKWAY ONE DAY IN THE EARLY '80s, turned on the jazz station WRVR and Dolly Parton was on. I started switching the dial, thinking I wasn't tuned in right. The DJ came on and said with enthusiasm, "That was Dolly Parton, and next we're gonna have Tex Ritter!" I pulled over and called the station. They put me through to the booth and my friend there said, "Al, I can't talk now. I'll call you in a couple of hours." Everybody was calling the house; it was like Black Sunday. He called that night. "It was awful: A semi trailer truck pulled up at 10 in the morning and they told us that we're changing to country music. Whoever stays will get a raise. A couple of us left, but some of us had nowhere to go." I said, "At least tell the people who've been listening all these years that you've made a change. You're freaking people out." "We're not allowed to mention anything about it."

That was the beginning of the end here in New York, the death of the progressive period and the transformation of jazz to an easy-listening format; what followed were many years without a pro-

BY AL DI MEOLA

gressive jazz station. Where on the dial can you listen to contemporary musicians play their music, improvise and say something new with their instrument? The overriding fear is that exciting music turns potential listeners *off*, and that's what's happened with pop-jazz: Now, even if they played adventurous music, fans that would normally buy it will not be there because they can't sit through the other garbage the pop-jazz stations program. To hear something hip you've got to sit through a lot of happy-saxophone music. You wind up popping in a cassette.

My neighbor might not agree. Larry Rosen's a nice guy, but he created a label that radio has adopted as a signature sound. I don't know who's written the policy up there at GRP Records that prohibits exciting music, but they forgot about hundreds of thousands of fans. Most of the GRP artists sound the same, and radio has adopted that whole concept. Chick Corea stands out on the label. I think Chick on one hand wants to play ball and on the other wants to be

## *A fusion hero sounds off*

Chick Corea. We used to have long conversations about conforming to radio and that to do that you have to cut out the guts of your piece. Could you imagine "Duel of the Jester and the Tyrant" on CD 101, New York's soft jazz station? It would be *wonderful*, but they would never play it. It sucks to have to conform to bullshit. One of our heroes having to do that isn't something I want to see.

Critics didn't help the situation. Towards the end of the '70s and into the '80s, they had a problem with fusion because it relied heavily on technique and didn't incorporate the elements of harmony prevalent in most straight-ahead jazz. It got a bad rap, but was selling hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of records for big groups like Return To Forever, Weather Report and Mahavishnu. I've talked to a lot of writers who criticized fusion who would welcome it back after what they've been hearing. In the early '80s the soft-jazz artists gained momentum and were adopted by the WAVE formats across the States. I was told by a rep from one of these stations in San Francisco that if it gets too passionate they can't play it. There is absolute, documented policy on those formats prohibiting records that exhibit too much emotion. I've had my record company point out, "There's a section here

where you play this run all the way up—*wrun-up!* They had a problem with that. And in this other section where the drums got too..."—they don't want to use the word "exciting" because it would just look too foolish—"...it's not in the easy-listening category to have those elements in your music." Someone paid to be a consultant actually tells the station what people want to hear. I'd like to meet that guy.

What are kids weaned on MTV and VH-1 going to see that will inspire them to become virtuosos? Where are the people who learned to play their instrument? We grew up in a time

when you could hear an Eric Clapton or Jimi Hendrix solo. You don't even hear a *keyboard* solo anymore. You've got to have role models. But video and radio outlets for people playing instrumentals are next to none.

In 1980 I made an acoustic recording with John McLaughlin and Paco de Lucia. *Friday Night in San Francisco* initially didn't please CBS, my label at the time. They had a lot of momentum with my electric records *Elegant Gypsy* and *Casino*—those sold two million each—so they were looking to put me into the arena status as a guitarist. Paco, John and I accepted a two-

month tour of Europe together that was a major event. *Friday Night* sold a couple of million records, which is unheard-of for an acoustic live album. But the bulk of those sales were in Europe and South America. Obviously we had plans to continue touring. People at CBS in the U.S. weren't very happy about me going off doing that. They associated success with electric music.

I have a big problem with my own country. The bulk of the success good music has is outside the States, and it's due to the way young people are brought up in other countries: They understand classical music, know composers and compositions, learn two or three languages—they have a much better education. Even though it's government-controlled, most foreign radio doesn't have one format, and they might play James Brown, then a classical piece and then Keith Jarrett, so the kids aren't brainwashed into liking only rap or heavy metal because they think that's cool. So many entities in the music industry here, especially radio and TV, don't feel they're in the business of education; they're in business. But they don't realize how much money they *could* make. The marketing underestimates the audience tremendously.

Same with television. VH-1 plays the same acts that are on MTV! Why not play some alternative videos? They could still play Peter Gabriel—I love that. But why not a video of Kronos Quartet? Do they think people would not like it? They couldn't be more wrong. And this country glorifies non-musicians like rap artists: They never learned to play an instrument, they don't know how to sing, and record companies are pouring millions into promoting this stuff while a lot of name musicians are struggling out there. I believe a lot of the record executives are embarrassed by it!

I travel, I see what's going on in the field. You can't hear Allan Holdsworth anywhere, and he's doing some really creative stuff. Who's to say people aren't going to like it? Some businessman telling a station they shouldn't play it, some guy who knows nothing about music being paid a lot of money for the service? The system's screwed up! The millions of dollars record companies are putting into rap and jive glamour metal? If that's all you shove down a kid's throat, they'll *think* they like it to be hip. A record executive may say, "Well, wasn't that always the way with rock 'n' roll?" Hell no! The Beatles, the Who had substance. We grew up with varied formats: You could hear R&B and then something from England. That doesn't exist today. People are afraid to talk about it. Does *anybody* think Guns N' Roses' version of "Live and Let Die" is good? Does anybody at [cont'd on page 42]

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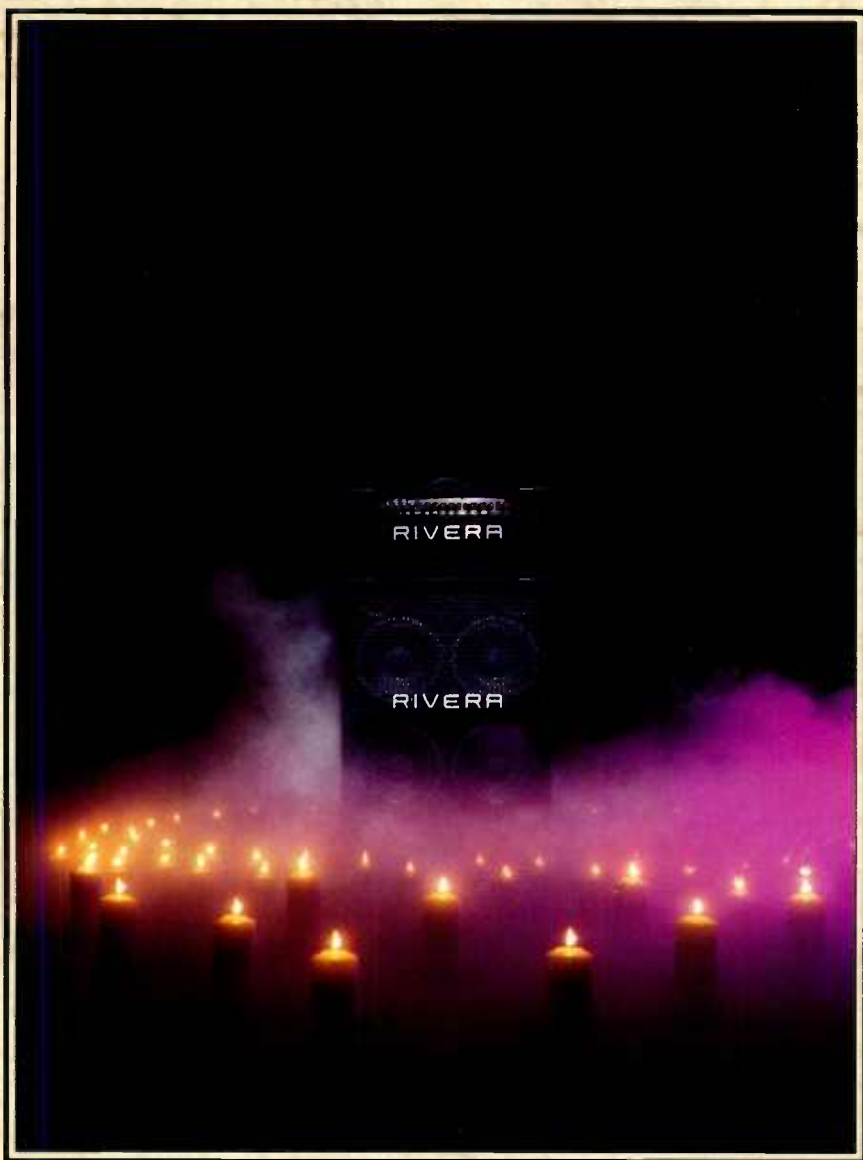
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# PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFUL: WAYNE HORVITZ



**T**HE PRESIDENT HAS LANDED AT SLIM'S, THE SAN FRANCISCO nightclub that Boz Scaggs built. Under a porkpie hat, perched unpretentiously at his keyboard setup, sits that group's leader, Wayne Horvitz. A swollen standing-room crowd has packed itself into the place for a star-studded double-header of the new music fringe; tonight the President is opening for Horvitz's close pal, the maverick guitar hero Bill Frisell.

Horvitz doesn't disappoint. He guides his ensemble through lovably loopy tunes which manage to sound at once familiar and foreign, weird and danceable. A variety of grooves rock the house, whether they're achieved with full-on backbeats by drummer Bobby Previte, quasi-Indonesian polyrhythmic webs, twisted second-line feels or spacious rhythms. Guitarist Stewart Cutler and saxist/clarinetist Doug Weiselman slather bluesy solos on top of Horvitz's wry, rumbling études. And when Horvitz solos, which is rarely, he gets the oddest tones from a DX7 this side of Don Preston or Sun Ra.

Even odder, as the reaction at Slim's suggests, Horvitz is getting more popular. "The audience is a lot younger than we expected—which, to me, is really great," he remarks a few days after the gig. "That meant there were some people there who weren't your basic improvised music geeks who have been following us for a million years," he laughs.

Horvitz fits the image of a reluctant avant-garde geek himself, an innovator who's come in from the cold. In his music, cerebral ideas are often softened by an enigmatic sense of humor or a rock 'n' rolling irreverence. When he speaks, he's equally careful to avoid pretense or music-speak clichés. Cecil Taylor and the Art Ensemble of Chicago rank high on his list of influences, but he also confesses to a hankering for Hank Williams—Jr.

He's come a long way—literally—from the downtown New York scene where he cut his teeth in the early to mid '80s. For one thing, he and his wife, pianist/composer/singer Robin Holcomb, have moved from Hoboken, New Jersey to the chic wetlands of Seattle. More to the point, Horvitz, along with Frisell, John Zorn and a few others, are transcending the "New Music" ghetto. As an improviser, Horvitz can venture into the cosmos of abstraction with the best of them, but he's still sold on the power of a hook—some memorable thematic thread, whether it's a Roscoe Mitchell riff or a Marvin Gaye song. "If I can achieve that in a song, I'm very happy," he says. "The little bridge riff that Stewart plays in 'Philip' or the theme to 'Hearts Are Broken' or 'The Front' get inside of

*"Our audience is young—  
not your basic  
improvised music geeks  
who've been  
following us for years."*

me. And I wrote them," he adds dryly, "so I hope they get inside other people, too.

"I take one idea and twist it around, and it's often a game of playing with major and minor thirds and flat sevenths and sixths. I also twist them rhythmically—playing the same passage in eighths and then, two bars later, offsetting it by a quarter note."

"Variations on a Theme by W.C. Handy," from the President's most recent record, *Miracle Mile*, is a good example of Horvitz's mutated approach. While writing it, he had devised a characteristically skewed rhythm track and was having trouble grafting on a melody. Then, he paraphrased the Handy classic "St. Louis Blues" and, voilà—a triumph for, as Horvitz puts it, "that kind of bastard Charles Ives approach." "St. Louis Blues," in fact, has a nostalgic ring for Horvitz, who was introduced to the song as a 14-year-old trying to play blues piano. A music teacher handed him a simplified version of the tune. "Naively, I thought that was kind of like

BY JOSEF WOODARD



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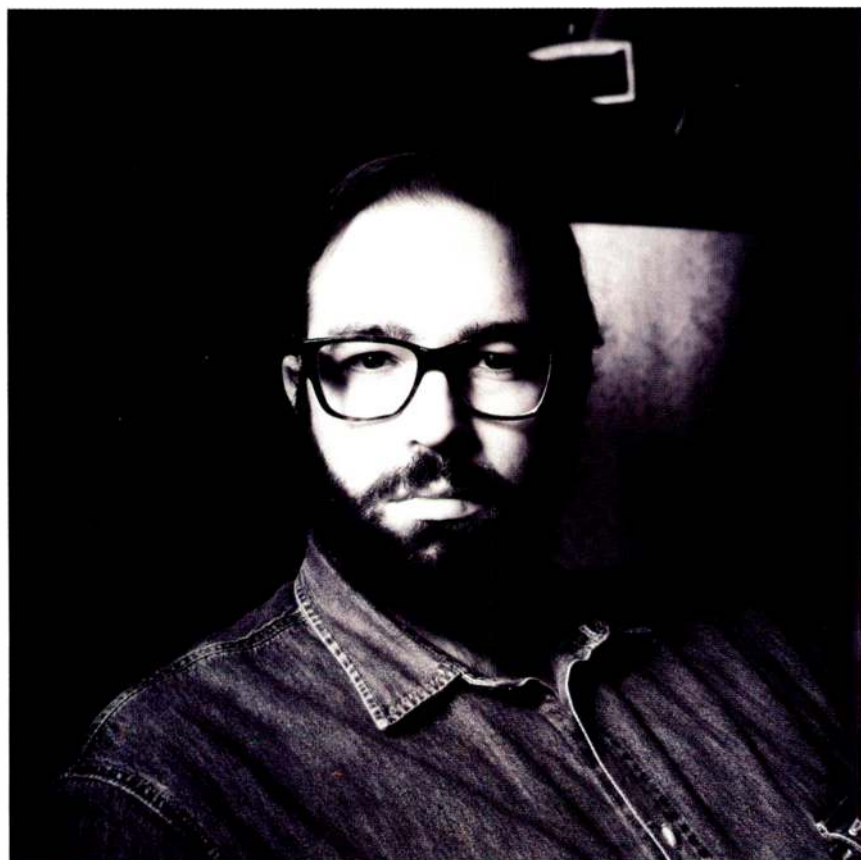
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# ARTIST TO PRODUCER TO PRESIDENT



**I**T IS ONE OF MY GREAT BEEFS THAT A&R IS NOT SUFFICIENTLY A PROFESSION," Davitt Sigerson says. "In the day when the A&R person had a knowledge of all the creative processes, it had the feel and shape of a profession. These days, there are A&R people who do that job, but many don't. Many people sniff around and see what's blowing."

Sigerson is talking about shaping the A&R strategy of Polydor Records, where he was named president in early 1991. He came to the job with a perspective shaped on the other side of the desk. Sigerson has been a recording artist, with two discs on Island Records. He's best known, however, as a producer with a knack for balancing the compelling and the commercial for the likes of Tori Amos, David + David, John Doe, Ernie Isley and numerous others.

"Having spent my whole life on the other side, I've always had ideas about how this job ought to be done," Sigerson says. "A lot of them come down to how you handle people. I know that every decision that I make is very close to the heart and identity of people involved."

BY THOM DUFFY

Under Sigerson, Polydor has wooed Santana from his longtime deal with Columbia Records, signed critical faves like Jules Shear, compiled CD sets for catalog artists like James Brown and nurtured a diverse roster including dance-pop hitmaker Cathy Dennis, rappers X-Clan, album-rockers the Men, "anti-folk" hero Paleface and the singer/songwriter billed as (E). Sigerson's staff includes VP/GM Hooman Majid, A&R VP Dennis McNamara, A&R director Leotis Clyburn, West Coast A&R director Lori Graves and A&R manager Joe Bosso. Marketing and promotion of Polydor's albums is executed by the PolyGram Label Group under Rick Dobbis.

"One reason the label is diverse is my taste is diverse," says Sigerson. "If I spend an evening listening to music, I'll go from Hank Williams to Vanessa Williams to Vaughan Williams." A lot of the new signings, he says, "were personal passions, people I had interest in for a long time. In general, if I have to deliberate over something, and I start to do my little cost-benefit trip

## *Polydor's Davitt Sigerson*

on it, I can count on the fact that I'll make the wrong decision."

Sigerson is excited by two current talent developments. "I won't try not to say the 'N word,'" he jokes. "We'll just say Nirvananirvananirvana. But the trend, which in my opinion began with Mother Love Bone, is back to real rock 'n' roll bands. Rock 'n' roll is when a bunch of musicians plug in and make music that evolves not according to some radio programmer's idea of where the hook should fall, but to a different set of demands. A lot of this music is selling.

"The second exciting thing is that in rap and hip-hop, people feel compelled to talk about real life now. There are some manifestations of that I'm not comfortable with, but on the whole it is a growing art form. We're experiencing a dialogue between black and white music in a way that I don't think has happened before."

Sigerson holds strong opinions about the A&R role record execs should play. He has often encountered A&R staff taking an album credit as executive producer. "I would assume that any A&R people who are doing their job are doing the job of an executive producer," he says. "They supervise the flow of money so the producer has resources, without being given so much the mission gets confused and monies get

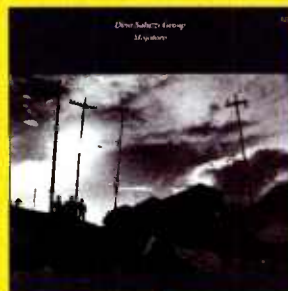


# ECM

## charles Lloyd

Notes from Big Sur

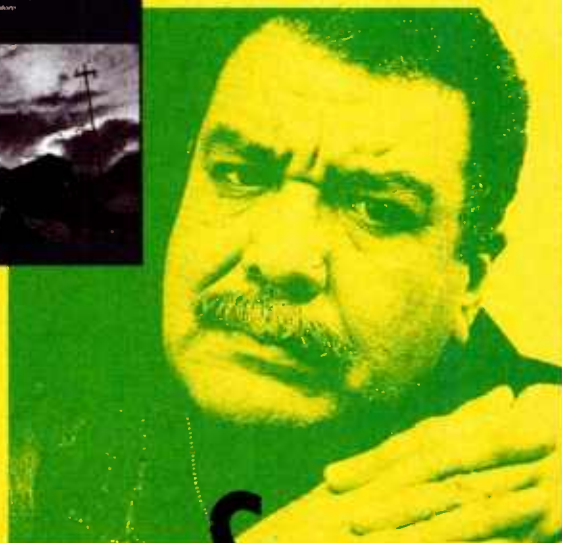
with:  
Bobo Stenson  
Anders Jormin  
Ralph Peterson



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## ralph Towner

Open Letter  
w/ Peter Erskine



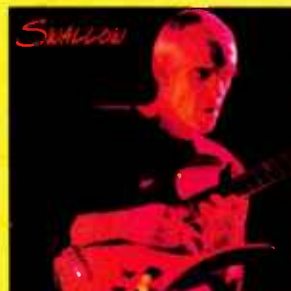
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## steve Swallow

Swallow

featuring:

Don Alias  
Robby Ameen  
Carla Bley  
Hiram Bullock  
Gary Burton  
Steve Kuhn  
Karen Mantler  
John Scofield



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Gary Burton appears courtesy of GRP Records  
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blown. The second role is a creative function which can mean combining artist, song and producer. And this goes as much in the case of artists who write all their own songs. 'A&R' and 'executive producer' should be synonymous."

Then what should a band do if some A&R guy offers them a deal with the understanding that he takes executive producer credit—and royalty points along with it?

Sigerson would not object. An executive producer's points usually don't come out of the artist's pocket. More important, when that

A&R person is key to realizing the act's commercial potential, "that is a creative function deserving some performance-based reward.

"My problem is not credit or compensation," says Sigerson, "but that too often the work is not being done and talented artists are left to slide out of the business after a couple of good records, when they could be building to something great. As a producer, I've made records with A&R people who were helpful to the process. Sometimes, there were A&R people who had absolutely no talent but were big enough goofs that we were able to circumnavigate them."

Sigerson brings to Polydor a long-term view of artists' careers. Of course, lots of record execs use that line while asking for the next hit single. Sigerson backs up his talk with realism. "I'm not hit-oblivious," he says. "If you're patient, there's a good chance that good music will find its audience. That means I'm not into hype and putting all my eggs into one or two baskets.

"You can make a record for 30 or 40 or \$50,000. I made one this year for \$5000 and stand a good chance of having that individual recoup and grow into a career. You decide what each project needs, and part of that is knowing what the project can earn back."

And a good part of A&R, says Sigerson, is knowing an artist well enough to work together intimately over the long haul. "Artists need A&R people, who they know that, if they did something great, they would get it. Because you get two records into it as an artist and you've written out your first bunch of subjects, or played out that groove that got you signed. And you need someone to help you find your way into the rest of your life and the rest of your music." ❧

## DI MEOLA

their record company, Geffen, ever question themselves? When a *tremendous* artist like Joni Mitchell makes a great album that has a hard time getting airplay, there's something wrong with the system. Miles Davis did TV commercials for CD 101. He has this incredible discography, and the one tune you *might* hear is a Cyndi Lauper tune—the weakest thing he ever did. That's not creative programming. That's not going to get people to listen to your station.

Great playing has been sacrificed for simple melodies. "The melody's got to repeat 400 times, and if you can remember it, that makes it hip." That simply does not constitute a great song. We come from a rich music where the emphasis is not just melody but harmony, rhythmic variation, dynamics. God forbid your music has dynamics—as soon as it comes into a lull and there's space, the tune's not radio-friendly. It's got to have that consistent rhythm throughout and be three-and-a-half minutes. We're afraid to allow ourselves to feel depth in music. It's become background music, and the deepest music, classical and serious jazz, is pushed in the background as a result.

Perhaps there's a happy medium. We all want to be heard; we don't want to be left out in the middle of nowhere. I just want to turn on the radio and be excited, and that hasn't happened in a long time. ❧

*Al Di Meola's latest recordings are World Sinfonia and Kiss My Axe.*

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1) All entrants must be U.S. residents and 21 years of age or older as of July 30, 1992. 2) Size of group must be between 1 and 7 members. Non-playing vocalist(s) must be counted in group number. 3) The "Tanqueray Rocks" talent contest is a competition for rock-n-roll bands. 4) Entries must be submitted in audio cassette form no longer than 20 minutes in length, clearly labeled with the name of the band, the band's leader/spokesperson, address and daytime and evening phone numbers. All music and lyrics must be original. A clear black and white photograph depicting all band members must be submitted as well. The same members on the tape must appear with the group if they place in the semi-finals and finals. Proof of age for each group member must be submitted with entry. 5) All artists retain the rights to their music except as provided in paragraph 12. 6) Entries must be postmarked no later than Thursday, July 30, 1992 and must be accompanied by an official entry blank or reasonable facsimile signed by the leader of the group. Only one entry per group is allowed. Tanqueray is not held responsible for lost, late or misdirected mail. 7) Semi-finalists and finalists will be chosen by a panel of independent judges. Judging will be based on musicianship, creativity, technique, originality and performance potential. The decision of the judges will be final. By entering this contest, each group member acknowledges that Schieffelin & Somerset Co. shall have the right to use each entrant's name or likeness in any promotional activities relating to this contest without compensation or obligation to the entrant. 8) Tanqueray will use cassettes sent in only for this contest. The cassettes will not be reproduced for any purpose. Cassettes will only be returned if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. 9) Three semi-finalists will be chosen to perform in each semi-final city. Contestants must indicate which semi-final contest they wish to enter. Semi-finalists will be notified approximately two weeks prior to the semi-finals. See the entry form for locations and dates. 10) One finalist from each semi-final city will be chosen to compete in the final competition in New York on Sept. 9. 11) If any entrant is unable to appear at either the semi-finals or final, an alternate will be chosen. 12) Each entrant acknowledges that his/her performance may be filmed, video-taped, recorded, and/or photographed by Schieffelin & Somerset Co. The film, videotape, recording and photographs of this performance may be used for any purpose whatsoever, including the commercial sale of same, without payment of any compensation to entrant or securing of any additional permission from entrant. The filming, video-taping, recording and/or photographing may include the final competition in New York and/or the semi-finals in Las Vegas, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia or Miami. By entering, each entrant represents and warrants that the musical routine performed by each band is original and will not infringe upon or violate the rights of any third party, and that entrant's participation in this contest will not violate any pre-existing recording contract with any third party. Each group member by entering this contest agrees to all terms of this competition. 13) Semi-final prizes: \$1,000 plus a Gibson Les Paul Studio guitar (approx. retail value \$800) in each semi-final city. Grand prize: \$10,000, and an 18-month non-exclusive endorsement contract for all Gibson-owned products. 14) Employees and their families of Schieffelin & Somerset Co., Tower Records, the Gibson Guitar Corp. and their affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and public relations agencies, as well as licensed alcoholic beverage wholesalers and retailers are not eligible to participate. Contest is void wherever prohibited by law. Contest is not open to MS, TX, or UT residents. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. The winner and/or entrants will be required to sign an Affidavit of Eligibility and Release. 15) Federal, state and local taxes on prize money are the sole responsibility of the winners. 16) Semi-finalists are responsible for travel and accommodation arrangements to their chosen semi-final city. For appearance at final event in New York City, each band will be provided airfare and hotel accommodations.

Name of Band \_\_\_\_\_  
 Leader's Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 # Band Members \_\_\_\_\_  
 Evening Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_  
 Daytime Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

I/We wish to enter the semi-finals in (check one):  
 Las Vegas Sunday, 8/16 at Shark Club  
 Chicago Thursday, 8/20 at China Club  
 Boston Tuesday, 8/25 at Paradise Rock Club  
 Philadelphia Thursday, 8/27 at Chestnut Cabaret  
 Miami Location and date to be determined

I've read the rules and affirm that this entry is in compliance with them.  
 Signature of leader \_\_\_\_\_

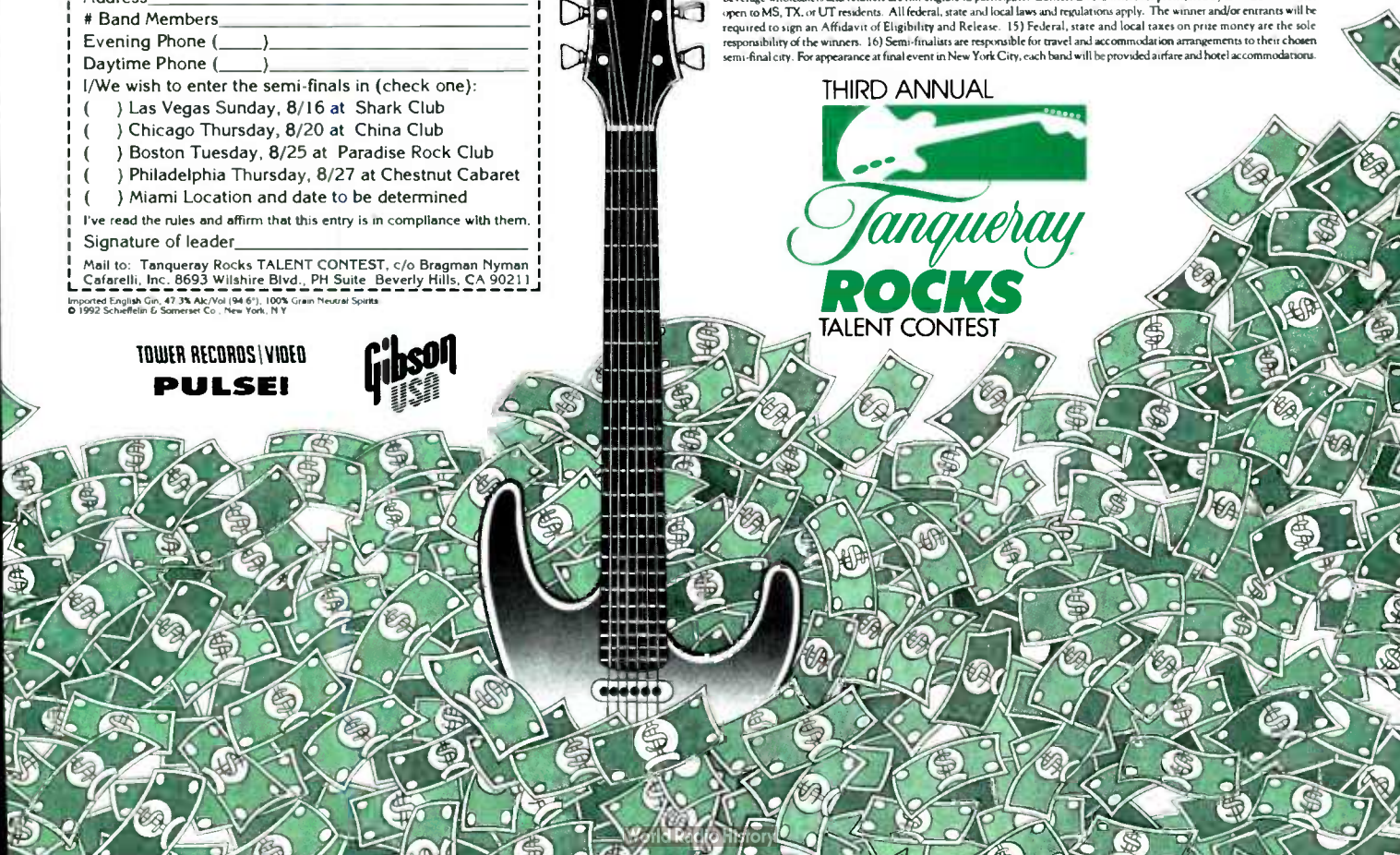
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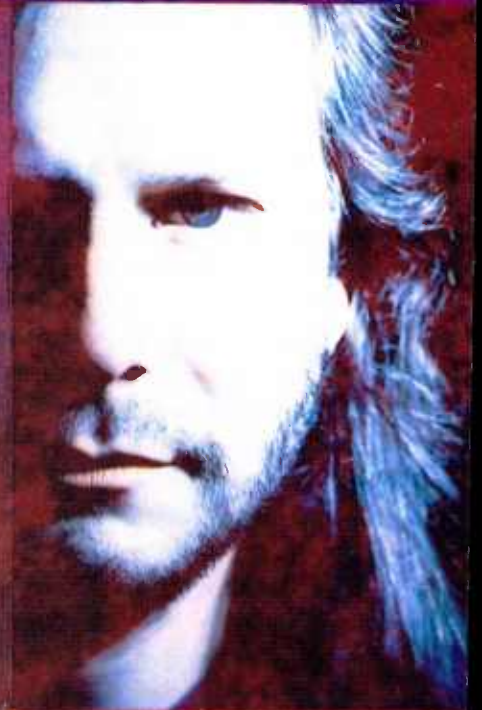
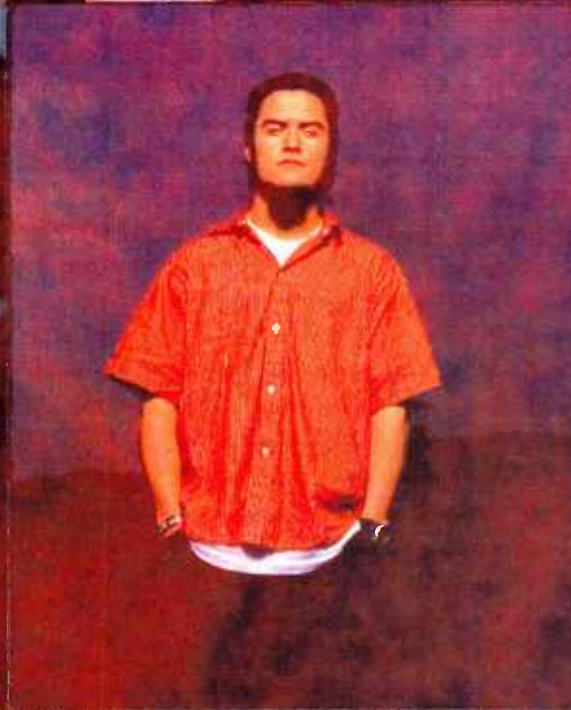
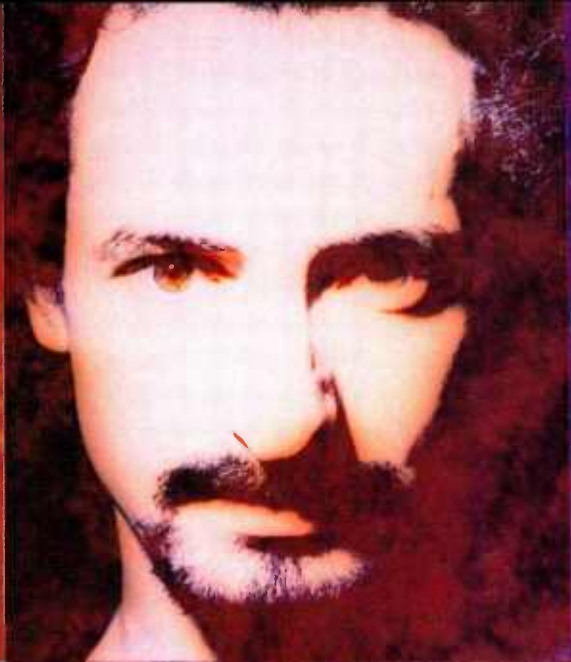


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ES MOINES is the capital city of Iowa, but in the jargon of rock promoters it's a "tertiary market," bypassed by most major tours in favor of the college communities in nearby Ames or in Iowa City. Even the kids who live here seem apologetic about their status: "It's only Iowa, whaddya expect?" A perusal of the local weeklies shows that the biggest upcoming attractions here are Lou Christie and Mannheim Steamroller's

# FAITH NO MORE

*Can they  
drop  
the second  
bomb?*

BY ROY  
TRAKIN

PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY KIM  
STRINGFELLOW

Christmas Show. But for the moment, though, there's Faith No More, opening for Robert Plant on a U.S. tour that will take them to such outposts as Laramie, Wyoming and Muskogee, Oklahoma. With non-stop video rotation for their first hit single, "Epic," they've just caught a wave of recognition that will eventually result in nearly two years of touring, from London to Chile to Rio to Japan and Australia. At this point, they're literally waiting for the payoff. "MTV programs these videos for free, you know," complains bassist Billy Gould. "Being famous without making any money is a drag."

Tonight they're taking in the scene at the Celebrations Disco, itself an odd mirror of MTV culture. On one floor there's a country band playing a twangy version of Tone-Loc's "Funky Cold Medina"; on other floors kids are dancing to video's greatest hits. Despite their current celebrity, the members of Faith No More stroll through the club without much fuss—until, quite suddenly, a teenage girl grabs at guitarist Jim Martin, whose long hair and beard suggest a cousin of the Furry Freak brothers. The girl's excited—is it really him? Still, she's not entirely convinced until Martin graciously agrees to remove his cowboy hat so she can see the bald spot on the top of his head. Yep, it's there, all right, just like on TV.

Back at the Airport Holiday Inn, Faith No More fractures into decidedly individual pursuits. Gould is in his room experimenting with Somatomax, a health food potion sold over the counter for the purpose of releasing hormones from the brain, with the side effect of getting one high. Gould's old

Catholic school chum Roddy Bottum is practicing the Nestle's theme song on his accordion, a skill he'll unveil at their show the following night. Drummer Mike Bordin feeds quarters into a pinball machine on his way to a record score, then wanders upstairs, where he's reading a biography of the French writer Céline. The new guy, Mike Patton, who'd joined the band for the recording of *The Real Thing*—and who's had more than a little to do with Faith No More's subsequent rise to the top after years of frustration—keeps mostly to himself, still not entirely comfortable with the rest of the group.

Walking through the motel, Jim Martin strolls by a room rented by about 15 high school kids for the express purpose of smoking pot and boozing it up. "Hey dude, you came just in time," exclaims one guy vacantly, standing in the doorway while behind him several young girls lie cowering under the covers. "We're just about to rape our girlfriends." Martin declines the invitation, muttering under his breath, "How *River's Edge*."

At road-weary times like these, it's hard to figure who Faith No More has less in common with, its audiences or each other. But then, it's surprising that these guys stuck together in the first place, let alone tapped into a chord of mass adulation. A band that thrives on contradictions and the breakdown of musical category, Faith No More has been dubbed post-punk, post-funk, funk-metal, thrash, rap, art-rock, hard rock, hardcore, avant-punk and neo-metal. They've opened for Metallica, Billy Idol, Soundgarden and Guns N' Roses without ever seeming out of place; at one memorable Hollywood Palladium show, they were joined by rapper Young M.C. for a version of "Epic," and later by Ozzy Osbourne for a finale of "War Pigs." As their success has mushroomed, it's become fashionable to talk about Faith No More as leaders of a new musical movement. But no one can quite figure out who else is part of it.

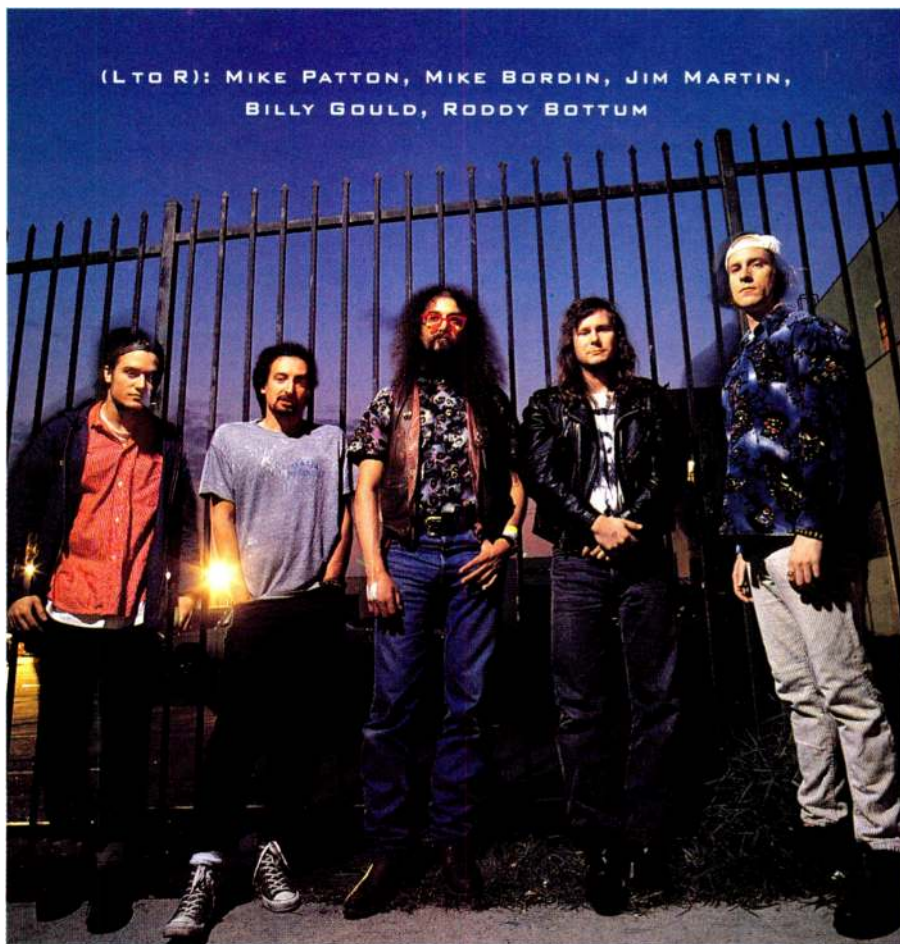
Except, perhaps, their fans. In concert in Des Moines the following night, Patton is transformed into a dervish whose every move commands attention. The band's sound is anchored by Bordin's tribal thump and the buzz of Gould's bass, while Bottum's keyboards range from cocktail flourishes to techno-dance textures. Guitarist Martin provides thunderous metallic crunch. They segue from the Commodores' "Easy" into a dissonant rant, "Surprise! You're Dead," while incorporating references from sources as various as New Kids, Public Enemy and the theme from *Midnight Cowboy*.

Hardly the kind of set normally associated with pop stardom, but then Faith No More has never set its sights on that. It's just, uh, happened. "They don't play by the normal rules," observes their manager John Vasilious. "They don't base their lives around success, fame or fortune. People are either going to jump on their train or they won't."

An aberration? Perhaps. Or maybe a signpost for the future. "We've left a lot to coincidence," as Billy Gould puts it. "And coincidence has worked really well."

Gould grew up in Hollywood, gigging in local bands before moving up to Berkeley to study philosophy. There he began jamming with Mike Bordin, known as "Puffy" for his '70s Afro, who was taking a course in African drumming. Soon the jams included Randy Bottum, an old bandmate and current roommate of Gould's, who was attending the University of San Francisco. Collegians and sons of lawyers all, the trio naturally were virulently anti-establishment—especially when it came to music.

"We had heard influences to death," Gould recalls. "We were all broke,



(L TO R): MIKE PATTON, MIKE BORDIN, JIM MARTIN, BILLY GOULD, RODDY BOTTUM

living together in a real shithole. We had broken up with our girlfriends. It was a time of great change, we were getting slammed in all kinds of different directions and this is what came out of it. We just realized it was something good."

Gould's funk-driven bass was an outgrowth of his listening to post-punk outfits like Joy Division, Psychedelic Furs and Killing Joke (he also counts the Germs and Sex Pistols as major influences). But as crucial to the nascent Faith No More sound were Bordin's tribal percussion and Bottum's eclectic keyboards, a sophisticated counterpoint to the walloping beat. Still, Gould recalls, "we needed a guitar sound which cut through like a slap in the face."

They found it in an unlikely leather-clad package. Black Sabbath fan Jim Martin, from the East Bay suburb of Hayward, was, as Gould recalls, "the kind of guy who hated people like me, while I'm the kind of guy who hated people like him." They clicked. Gould's mate Chuck Moseley became the singer on the strength of an open mike-night audition: "He just ran in and started to scream and get wild. It was kind of an omen."

Their energy and diversity were the core of their strength. In 1985 they recorded an album at a little eight-track studio in Oakland run by Matt



Wallace in his parents' garage. Wallace, who's gone on to produce the Replacements, among others, stuck with the band. When the sly, sarcastic "We Care a Lot," which simultaneously sent up and celebrated punk nihilism with a checklist of then-current events, became a club hit, the band loaded into their '66 Dodge and stolen trailer to set off on a cross-country tour.

Eventually they were signed to Slash Records, home of such seminal L.A. punkers as Fear and the Germs, and released *Introduce Yourself* in 1987. Nothing happened. *The Real Thing* arrived three years later, but just before its recording Chuck Moseley was deposed as singer in favor of Mike Patton, who was given all of two weeks to write the lyrics for the music.

A year-and-a-half after Des Moines, the members of Faith No More are bunkered in an L.A. recording studio putting together the final mixes for their new album, and maintaining their cool facade. "They're just as normal and weird as they've ever been," says Matt Wallace during a break. "Unfortunately, they haven't changed at all," he adds dryly, "though they have gotten to be much better pool players since we've been here."

Watching Martin and Bottum patiently work their cue sticks in the next room, it's easy to believe it. On the surface, nothing's changed. Nothing, that is, except the pressure of trying to follow up a million-selling record when many observers, including some in the band's record compa-



HE RECORD COMPANY  
SAYS STUFF LIKE, 'YOU'VE CREAT-  
ED THIS NICHE FOR YOURSELVES  
AND NOW YOU'RE ALIENATING  
ALL THE PEOPLE WHO THINK YOU  
BELONG IN THAT NICHE.'  
THAT'S A TERRIBLE THING TO  
SAY TO ANY BAND."

"We had nothing to lose," Bordin explains. "We knew that if we didn't make the change it'd be like we were putting in time at McDonald's. We knew we were writing good songs and we knew how talented Mike was."

For Patton, playing at the time before crowds of 50 with his self-described Laurel & Hardy death metal band Mr. Bungle, there wasn't much to lose either. "I was real skeptical when I first got the offer to join," he admits. "I was scared and had never done anything like this before, so I approached it as an experiment."

Patton has since displayed a rare talent for lyric and theatrical psychodrama, inhabiting an unlikely palette of characters that so far includes a vampire, a terrified infant, a gigolo and a beer-guzzling trailer dweller. "You definitely have to abandon the notion of being yourself," he says. "With some of our more poppy songs, I try to write instinctually bitter lyrics because they make a good juxtaposition."

After *The Real Thing*, Faith No More drew praise from members of Def Leppard, Metallica, Guns N' Roses and Talking Heads, but for eight months the record went nowhere. Then from left field came a Grammy nomination for "Epic" for best Heavy Metal performance. A month later MTV jumped on the video, the single became a Top 10 hit and the album went on to sell over a million copies.

Surprised much? "I never had any doubt it would happen eventually," Bordin replies with characteristic nonchalance. "It's like in *The Gods Must Be Crazy*: Selling Coca-Cola before anyone knows what it is."

ny, consider that success a fluke.

Indeed, behind the usual air of wise-cracking, put-down levity that surrounds Faith No More is a near-palpable current of tension. After hearing a bit from a new track, "Everything's Ruined," the band asks to be alone while they discuss the mix. Moments later, some of the pressure that surrounds the making of the record begins bubbling to the surface.

"Since the last record did so well, we felt we had the opportunity to pretty much do what we wanted," Bordin is saying. "Of course, that's always been our attitude, but we felt we'd proven ourselves. Our record company didn't really fuck with us at all. But now that the album's finished, they're coming in with suggestions. They're a little worried about what we're doing."

Of course, anyone who's actually listened to FNM's first three albums knows they've never been simply about "Epic," an odd Top 40 hit by any standard. Nonetheless, their label has already forced them to abandon the album title they'd wanted, *Crack Hitler*, in favor of *Angel Dust*. Go figure.

"They're trying to make us worried about our own music," declares Patton. "They say stuff like, 'You've created this niche for yourselves and now you're alienating all the people who think you belong in that niche.' That's a terrible thing to say to any band."

"The bottom line is, everyone's trying to save his ass," adds Bottum.

"Which I think is great," Patton adds. "It must mean we're doing something right."

## Bring it all back home.

The Allman Brothers Band brings together the hottest moments of their sold-out '91 tour on the new album, "An Evening With The Allman Brothers Band"—over 75 minutes of nonstop, hard-drivin' proof that The Allman Brothers are one of the all-time greatest live bands.

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Among other things, they're anxious to dispel a widespread view of Faith No More as the forerunners of some sort of punk-funk fusion scene, leading to comparisons with Red Hot Chili Peppers, Jane's Addiction, Primus, etc.

"People said we were responsible for this musical movement, but no one really wanted that to happen," says Patton. "I don't think anyone in this band wants to be considered a funk-metal guru. We're not like frat boys, y'know."

"Our more commercial songs give us the freedom to do these other weird things," Gould explains. "There are some really ugly songs on this album. And there are the more crafted ones. One in particular is about as blatantly commer-

### ARTICLES OF FAITH

**G**uitarist **JIM MARTIN** still plays his two Gibson Flying Vs onstage, including a 1959 model and "an old one I bought in a pawn shop." At home, he has a Gibson Les Paul, a Gibson ES-125, a Gibson mandolin, a Gibson banjo, a Danelectro bass and a Hondo-2 banjo. He plays through a MESA/Boogie amp and 300-watt Marshall cabs, with four 12" speakers. He also uses a Roland Jazz Chorus amp, a Morley Power Wah Fuzz (the old-style 110-volt unit they discontinued) and a Seymour Duncan pickup in the bridge position which uses two nine-volt batteries. "It's a good crunchy pickup," says Jim.

Keyboardist **RODDY BOTTUM** plays a pair of E-max Emulators through Peavey amps. His home recording setup, capable of 99 tracks, includes a Macintosh computer and Opcode Studio Vision software.

Bassist **BILLY GOULD** plays a Japanese Aria Integra bass and is currently checking out a custom-made 20N with a graphite neck, manufactured in the Bay Area by Joe Zon. He plays through a Peavey CV120 power amp. "When we first started," he said, "I had a really shitty little Peavey amp which distorted just right. And a lot of the way we wrote our songs was around this shitty little sound. Peavey is the only amp that can duplicate it. The coolest are the old Peavey Mark IIIs with a distortion knob on 'em."

Percussionist **MIKE BORDIN** plays a five-piece Yamaha Recording Custom set with black finish, including a maple snare, two rack toms, a floor tom and bass drum. His six-piece Zildjian cymbal setup includes New Beat hi-hats, a 19" K China Boy, an 18" K crash/ride, a 21" Z light Power ride, a 19" K dark crash and an 18" K medium crash. He uses Vic Firth Rock model sticks, played with butt end.





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cial and disgusting as you can get. But it's fun to do that. It would be a lot easier just to recreate the last record—bands are getting signed to nice deals just on how closely they can approximate what we did. Maybe it's because we kinda set the standard for a certain time period of what's cool, I don't know. All I know is the record company didn't expect 'Epic' to be a single, even though it was our favorite song on the album. And we did the video we wanted to do because everyone was telling us the single was gonna bomb anyway, so we might as well do it our way. And that's how it happened. Because it came naturally, we never really felt the pressure of having to duplicate it. This band has a reputation of achieving a certain degree of success by being ourselves. As long as we continue to do that, we'll be alright."

Still, the stakes are higher now. According to producer Wallace, *Angel Dust* cost \$200,000 to make, as compared to \$80,000 for *The Real Thing* (still cheap compared to recent million-dollar tabs run up by, say, Metallica). In addition, the guys are under the gun to have the record out by May 16, when they begin a European tour with Guns N' Roses and Soundgarden. So, along with the good-natured jibing, there is an underlying edge. At the moment, for instance, the affable Martin seems to be the recipient of several barbs aimed at his alleged absence during the album's creation.

"That's a crock of shit," he says flatly. "As far as I'm concerned, I did my job fully. But there was a lot of tension this time, even dissension. I brought in two songs, and one was left by the wayside. Lack of interest on one side leads to lack of interest on the other. It comes from being scared, feeling the pressure."

And while the rest of Faith No More deny Patton's continuing involvement with Mr. Bungle has affected the recording of *Angel Dust*, Martin isn't so sure. "How could it not? Perhaps it would have been a little less painful to do this album. I felt a huge sense of relief when it was finally finished. It seemed like everyone was overly fussy."

On the other hand, having Patton around from the start did result in a more unified, if not altogether coherent, vision. "Mike was around from the start this time," nods Gould. "The thing about our music is, it's a vibe. And the big thing was, he writes to fit the vibe of each song. It's like we're painting or making a sculpture. We're trying to communicate a mood and create a world, make a movie. He's absorbing each of the songs and creating characters to go along with them. He's really putting himself into it. He didn't have the time to do [cont'd on page 102]





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IMMY PAGE was alone in the boathouse underneath his home, inspecting the equipment and the instruments that were collecting dust. A lot of them dated back to the Yardbirds' days; some of them were even older.

Barely two months earlier, by the end of Led Zeppelin's first American tour, Led Zeppelin had worn out and virtually destroyed much of the old Yardbirds equipment it had been using. Unlike Peter Townshend, who intentionally would smash and mutilate instruments as audiences roared their approval, Zeppelin just played them to death. But Pagey, ever frugal, didn't relish investing very much money, if any, on new gear for the upcoming second American tour, which would begin in just two weeks in late April 1969. How could he resurrect some of this equipment, he asked himself, without crippling the band's already shaky profit and loss statements?

Some blown-out Fenders from the Yardbirds'

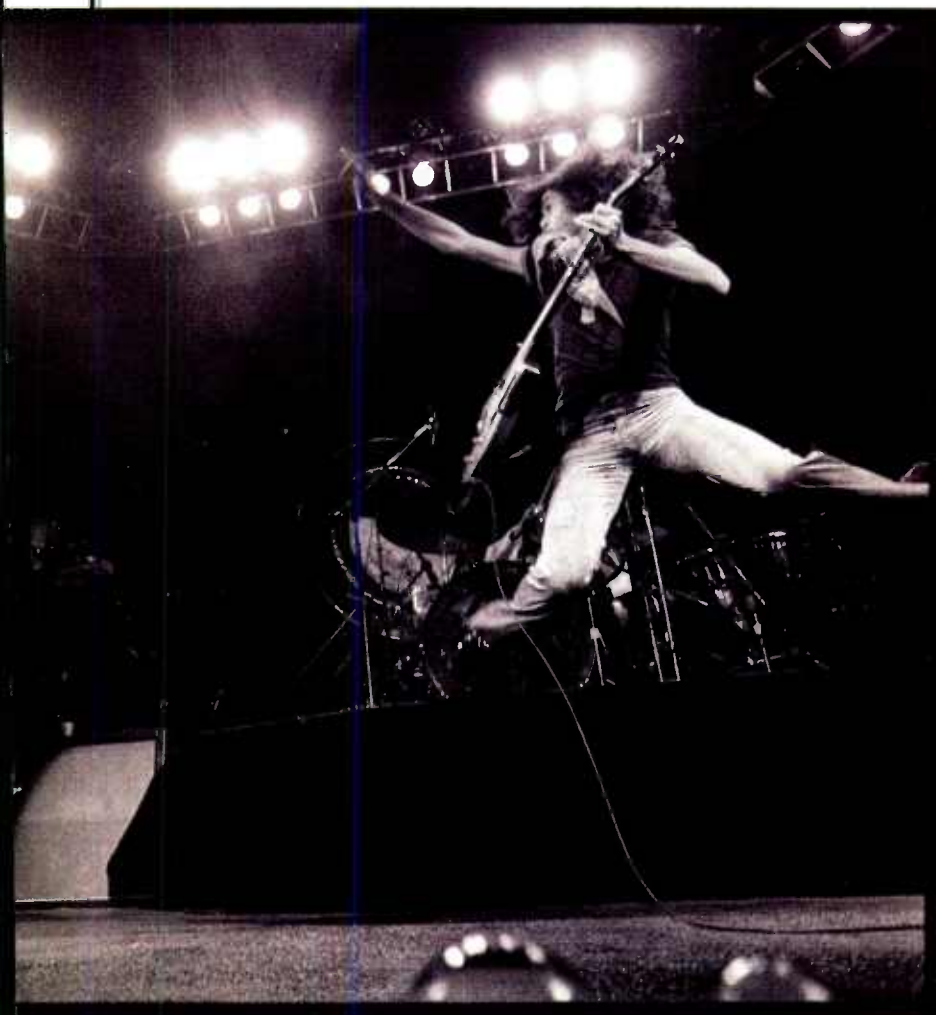


days were being stored in the boathouse. The Rickenbacker gear from the first Zeppelin tour was next to it, and even though it was still usable, Jimmy didn't think it was up to his standards. The fans might not notice, he thought, but he would.

It was a real dilemma for a perfectionist like Page. He wanted everything to be precise and exact. At the same time, however, the mere thought of spending thousands of dollars on new gear was agonizing. Led Wallet had met Led Zeppelin head-on, and at least for the moment, it was a stalemate.

That night, Jimmy had a brainstorm. He picked up the phone and called Clive Coulson, who was going to be joining us as a roadie on the new U.S. tour. "Clive, I want to get some Marshall gear before we leave for America," Jimmy told him. "That's pretty expensive stuff," Clive said. "How much can we





spend on it?"

"We're not going to spend a damn thing," Jimmy exclaimed. "With some tools and a little creativity, it's not going to cost us anything."

When Clive and I arrived at Jimmy's house the next day, Pagey explained what he had in mind: He told Clive to remove the backs from both the Fender and the Rickenbacker cabinets, take the speakers out of each and place them in the opposite cabinet. Then he instructed Clive to take the Fender cabinets—once the Rickenbacker speakers were inside them—to Sound City near Piccadilly Circus, and trade them in for some new Marshall equipment.

"With the import tariffs, Fenders are the most expensive amps you can buy," Jimmy said. "They'll never know that there are Rickenbacker speakers inside the Fender cabinets." It worked. Clive returned from Sound City with two sets of new Marshall speakers... without spending a quid. Led Wallet was the victor this time.

During their second U.S. tour, the band didn't have the luxury of merely basking in the nonstop applause. They were being constantly pressured by Atlantic Records to move toward completion of their second album, *Led Zeppelin II*. The first album had entered the *Billboard* charts at number 99, and then catapulted its way into the Top 10. Even-

tually, it would spend 73 weeks on the charts, including reappearances as late as 1979—10 years after its release.

"Can't Atlantic just be happy counting the money from the sales of the first album?" Robert Plant complained one day. "I hate being under the gun like this. It's not fair!"

"Why don't we be more blunt about it," John Bonham suggested. "Let's just tell them to fuck off!"

Despite anxiety over facing record-company pressures in the middle of a tour, Led Zeppelin was also thoroughly professional. They

realized they had a contractual commitment that they needed to take seriously. Jimmy and Robert began frantically writing songs in hotel rooms ("Whole Lotta Love," "Ramble On"), sometimes scribbling lyrics and notes on hotel stationery. Robert wrote a complete lyric on his own, "Thank You," for the first time, which he dedicated to his wife. On occasion, these songs were rehearsed and recorded just hours after they were written.

Whenever we had a day off, wherever we were, Jimmy would find an available studio—Ardent in Memphis, Gold Star in Los Angeles—and the band would isolate themselves there from early evening until late at night, adding one more track to the album. Robert occasionally entered the studio alone to record some voiceovers. He laid down the lead vocal for "Whole Lotta Love" in a single take ("I was right on the money the first time; there's just no way to improve upon it").

"Whole Lotta Love" got an enormous amount of Jimmy's attention in the studio. With Robert's vocal already on tape, he spent hours building everything else around it. For the descending chords, he used a metal

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slide and a reverse echo effect. The same backward echo technique also appeared on "Ramble On."

A lot of the effects in "Whole Lotta Love" and the rest of the album emerged from pure experimentation. Jimmy would sit down in the control room with the engineer on that second album, and they'd literally start playing with the dials, turning them one way, then the other, seeing what kinds of sounds they could create. For "Whole Lotta Love," they produced a dizzying onslaught of screams, screeches, squeals and squalls.

Jimmy also worked tirelessly by himself, mixing "Bring It On Home," then "What Is and What Should Never Be." He added 12-string picking to "Thank You," and a barrage of Gibson overdubs to "Ramble On."

It would sometimes make me nervous just to watch Pagey in the studio. He would become much more anxious there than he ever did onstage. No matter how well prepared he was, he rarely seemed completely satisfied. He always wanted something a little closer to perfection. His confidence would ebb and flow. Sometimes, after hours of mixing, he would bury his face in his hands, as if trying to smother the tension and hide from the reality of still more sessions, still more work on an album that never seemed to end.

On several occasions, Jimmy and I would catch a plane into New York from a gig in Minneapolis or Chicago. I would carry the unfinished tapes on the plane with me, wrapped in foil. We'd grab a taxi to A&R Studios, spend half a day there and then fly out to the next concert. It was grueling, punishing and terribly stressful. But he felt it had to be done.

When our schedule kept us running non-stop, we yearned for a halt

in the action, but when there was finally time to relax, we soon found ourselves bored out of our minds. "It's hard to figure," Bonzo observed one day, popping the cap on a bottle of beer. "Either we're running so fast that we're ready to collapse, or we have so little to do that we're going crazy."

I could see the battle fatigue taking its toll on Jimmy. His face seemed drawn. The circles under his eyes were getting darker. He started smoking more cigarettes than usual.

One night, Jimmy was facing several more hours in the studio to complete "Living Loving Maid (She's Just a Woman)." The song wasn't anyone's favorite—it was never played in any live concert. In the studio, Jimmy's work on that cut never quite produced anything that really excited the band. At one point, as his own frustration level grew, Jimmy moaned, "Don't we get any time to enjoy our success? Don't we ever get any time off?" He paced the floor, lit up another cigarette and somehow talked himself into getting back to work.

By that summer, I sensed that Zeppelin was, more than ever before, a band of equals. Perhaps Pagey and John Paul Jones were the senior partners in terms of musical experience, but they never pulled rank. Everyone respected one another's talents. Rarely did they verbally express their admiration for one another, but you could see it in the appreciative glances they offered one another onstage, or the subconscious nods of their heads that seemed to communicate some regard for what each of them was contributing.

Zeppelin spent one of our days off watching other rock musicians





perform at an outdoor festival at the Singer Bowl on the New York World's Fair site in Flushing Meadows. Vanilla Fudge, Jeff Beck and Ten Years After topped the bill. Alvin Lee, the guitarist for Ten Years After, was a terrific performer, and I remember how amazed we were watching him...the lightning speed of his fingers as he cradled and nursed the guitar from one song to the next.

"He's just great," Jimmy said, with his eyes spellbound by Lee's fingers. Not too many musicians could captivate Jimmy that way, and I found it almost as interesting to watch his reactions to Lee as to observe Lee himself.

As Ten Years After played, however, Bonham seemed to grow restless. He had been drinking all afternoon, and was eager to leave. "Hang in there, Bonzo," I told him. "We'll be outta here in an hour or so." Finally, Bonham was almost jumping out of his skin, moving from one location to another, scratching his arms, draining still another bottle of beer. Then, in an instant, he became like Mr. Hyde, with a devilish gleam in his eye that virtually transformed him into the mischievous Bonzo. I could see trouble on the horizon.

"I'll fucking fix him!" Bonham shouted, pointing at Lee. "Watch this!"

Bonham grabbed a carton of orange juice from the buffet table, and walked just far enough onstage to get within striking distance.

"It's time for a juice break!" he screamed. "Alvin, do you want some juice?"

Without waiting for an answer, Bonham heaved the juice carton and its contents toward Lee. In an instant, the juice splashed on the guitarist and his instrument. As the crowd roared, Lee gasped as he was bathed in the cold liquid. "What the hell's going on?" he shouted, glaring at Bonham. "You motherfucker!"

Lee had fury in his eyes. He continued to play, but kept eye contact with Bonham. Maybe it was the alcohol, but Bonham didn't seem intimidated. He shook his index finger at Lee, as if cautioning him to keep his cool.

"Don't let a little thing like this bother you," Bonham yelled. "Orange juice is good for you. Vitamin C, you know."

As Lee continued to play, he raised and pointed his guitar toward Bonham, as if it were a sword or perhaps a machine gun. The situation only got worse for Lee. The orange juice quickly dried and his hands and the guitar became sticky. His fingers just couldn't maneuver properly from fret to fret. He was forced to slow his pace. He struggled

through the group's remaining songs.

By the time Lee left the stage, he was outraged. He steamed past us toward his dressing room. "You're an asshole, Bonham," he mumbled. "A real asshole."

Bonzo, however, was overjoyed. He began laughing uncontrollably about the chaos he had created.

"Bonzo's got to get a grip on things," Jimmy said to me. He seemed genuinely concerned about the mayhem that often occurred when Bonham and alcohol got together. "He's his own worst enemy. Maybe he's *our* own worst enemy, too."

"He's just blowing off steam," I said. "If he didn't let it out this way, he might be punching somebody."

But Bonham wasn't finished for the day. He waited patiently for Jeff Beck to take the stage about an hour later. Late in Beck's set, an even more inebriated Bonham stumbled onto the stage. I desperately lunged for him and grabbed him by the shoulder, but he broke away. "Don't worry," he said. "I'll be just a minute, Richard. I'm coming right back."

Beck glanced at Bonham, but with no orange juice in sight, continued to play, styling his way through "Rice Pudding," seemingly undisturbed by the unannounced walk-on.

Bonham gyrated for a minute or two, and then talked Mick Waller into relinquishing his seat behind the drums. Beck stopped playing as Bonham perched himself on Waller's stool. Bonzo grabbed the drumsticks and immediately began pounding out a stripper's beat.

"Oh no," I thought to myself. "This is getting out of control."

The drums thundered. The cymbals vibrated. The crowd started clapping in time to the rhythm. As Bonham's excitement level rose, he egged on the audience to make even more noise. And they did.

Offstage, Plant and I began giggling like schoolboys. "He's a lunatic," I said. "They should lock him up."

As the crowd roared even louder, Bonzo leaped from the drummer's chair and ran to center stage. Immediately, he began peeling off his clothes. Layer by layer. Bump after grind. First Bonzo's shirt came off. Then his pants. By this time, Plant and I were encouraging him to keep going. In moments, he was down to just his undershorts.

"More?" he squealed into the nearest microphone.

"More!" the crowd shouted back.

Bonham slipped off his underpants. The crowd went absolutely berserk as Bonham stood before them in only his birthday suit. At that moment, Peter Grant, Zeppelin's manager, sprinted onto the stage like an Olympic runner charging out of the starting blocks. "You son of a bitch!" he shouted as he rushed toward Bonham. At the same moment, a half dozen uniformed policemen were climbing onto the stage, salivating to make an arrest.

Peter reached Bonham before the police did, picked up his naked drummer and raced backstage. They ducked into an empty dressing room, slammed the door and locked it.

"You fucking bastard!" Peter roared. "If you aren't dressed by the time the police break down this door, you're out of the band!"

Bonham, suddenly acting quite sober, sheepishly followed orders. He grabbed a pair of pants and a shirt that were sitting on a shelf within arm's reach. The clothes were a couple of sizes too small for Bonham, but Peter didn't care.

"Do you know what you're doing?" Peter fumed. "Do you realize that you're jeopardizing the future of this entire band by the way you

behave? What's wrong with you, John? Are you trying to ruin things for everybody?"

Bonham didn't answer. Once he was dressed, he and Peter opened the door and paraded politely past the policemen, neither uttering a word. The rest of the band joined up with them at the rear entrance to the stage, and we headed toward a car that was waiting for us. We hurriedly left, hoping that the entire incident would be forgotten by the time Bonham had sobered up. Fortunately, it was.

## ROCK AND ROLL

**I**N THE IMMEDIATE aftermath of the release of *Led Zeppelin III* in October 1970, the band collectively decided to return to the studio. Part of the fourth album was recorded at Island Studio in London in December, but after Christmas, Zeppelin moved to Headley Grange, relying on a mobile recording studio. The house had a comfortable feel to it, one that allowed the band to relax and let their creative energy flow.

"Misty Mountain Hop" was written at the Grange. So was "The Battle of Evermore" and three others. And then there was "Stairway to Heaven." Robert improvised most of the lyrics for "Stairway" during the rehearsals as he sat in front of the roaring fireplace, looking for some way, he said, to describe spiritual perfection. Jimmy listened and was just blown away by what he heard. From the beginning, he felt that this song could be something special, that Robert had eclipsed everything that the young singer had written before.

Late at night by himself, Pagey worked on molding "Stairway" into a cohesive unit, using the Telecaster and building guitar track upon guitar track until he had the powerful instrumental harmonies he wanted. He recorded three different guitar solos, none of them similar, and finally chose the one he thought was best after agonizing over them in the studio late one night.

"If any song from this band has timeless qualities, I think it's 'Stairway to Heaven,'" Jimmy said, beaming like a proud father as he listened to the playback in the studio.

Jimmy was so impressed with Robert's lyrics on "Stairway" that he decided to take a hiatus from lyric writing himself. "It's not that hard a decision," he thought. "Robert has grown so much as a songwriter." Pagey told Robert, "I'll defer to your talents for now."

As Jimmy spent more time in the studio, he became obsessive about each song on the new album and how it might be improved. He'd listen to individual moments in individual songs, and then the entire product as a whole. While piecing together the folk-oriented "The Battle of Evermore," he and Robert debated how to give it a more distinctive sound. Robert felt that another voice was needed to give a richness to it. Finally, he suggested inviting Sandy Denny to sing on it with him.

The recording of the fourth album was completed in February 1971. As it was being prepared for release, there was some talk of calling it *Led Zeppelin IV*. But Jimmy was against it. He didn't even want Led Zeppelin's name, nor the album's catalog number, anywhere on it. "The music is what matters," Jimmy argued. "Let people buy it because they like the music. I don't want any writing on the cover! Period!"

Executives at Atlantic Records were outraged at Jimmy's suggestion but ultimately, they agreed to meet the band's demands. The album

would be released without a title, and with no words on the cover. On the front, there would be a photograph of an old hermit bracing himself with a cane, and carrying a bundle of wood on his back. To Jimmy, who was getting deeper into metaphysical readings, the hermit represented wisdom, self-reliance and harmony with nature.

Jimmy was accumulating a large collection of books about the occult and the supernatural. He never talked about it much with the band, and he never tried to get any of us to become believers in a particular metaphysical concept. So even though it all seemed a little weird to us, none of us ever interfered with whatever wavelength Jimmy might be on at the moment.

We flew first-class to Japan in late September 1971, and from the opening day, I could sense that this was going to be an eventful tour. At the very first concert at Budokan Hall in Tokyo, before Robert had even sung a single note, he was already nursing a split lip. It attracted a lot of attention from reporters, although Robert consistently declined to discuss it with them.

"It's really none of your fucking business," Robert shouted at one journalist. "It's just between me and Bonzo."

Bonham and Plant had an interesting love-hate relationship. They had been pals for so long, and sometimes they bickered like spouses who knew each other too well. Their quarrels were usually over trivial things, and any bad blood never really lasted very long.

Backstage at Budokan Hall, the two of them continued an argument they had been having for weeks—a dispute over which of them would assume responsibility for a £37 petrol bill for an automobile ride to Scotland they had taken together. Bonzo had paid for the gas, but became tired of asking Robert to reimburse him.

Finally, in Japan, Bonzo grew weary of the debate. He figured that the most expedient way to make his point was with his fists. He swung at Robert, connecting with his lip, drawing blood and leaving it cut and swollen.

Robert was stunned, more from emotional rather than physical pain. He began cursing at Bonham while dabbing his lip with a handkerchief. Within minutes, however, the concert began. I never heard them discuss Bonzo's punch again.

"Robert and I have known each other for so long that there's never any maliciousness in these fights," Bonzo told me later. "We just lose our tempers sometimes."

## TRAMPLED UNDERFOOT

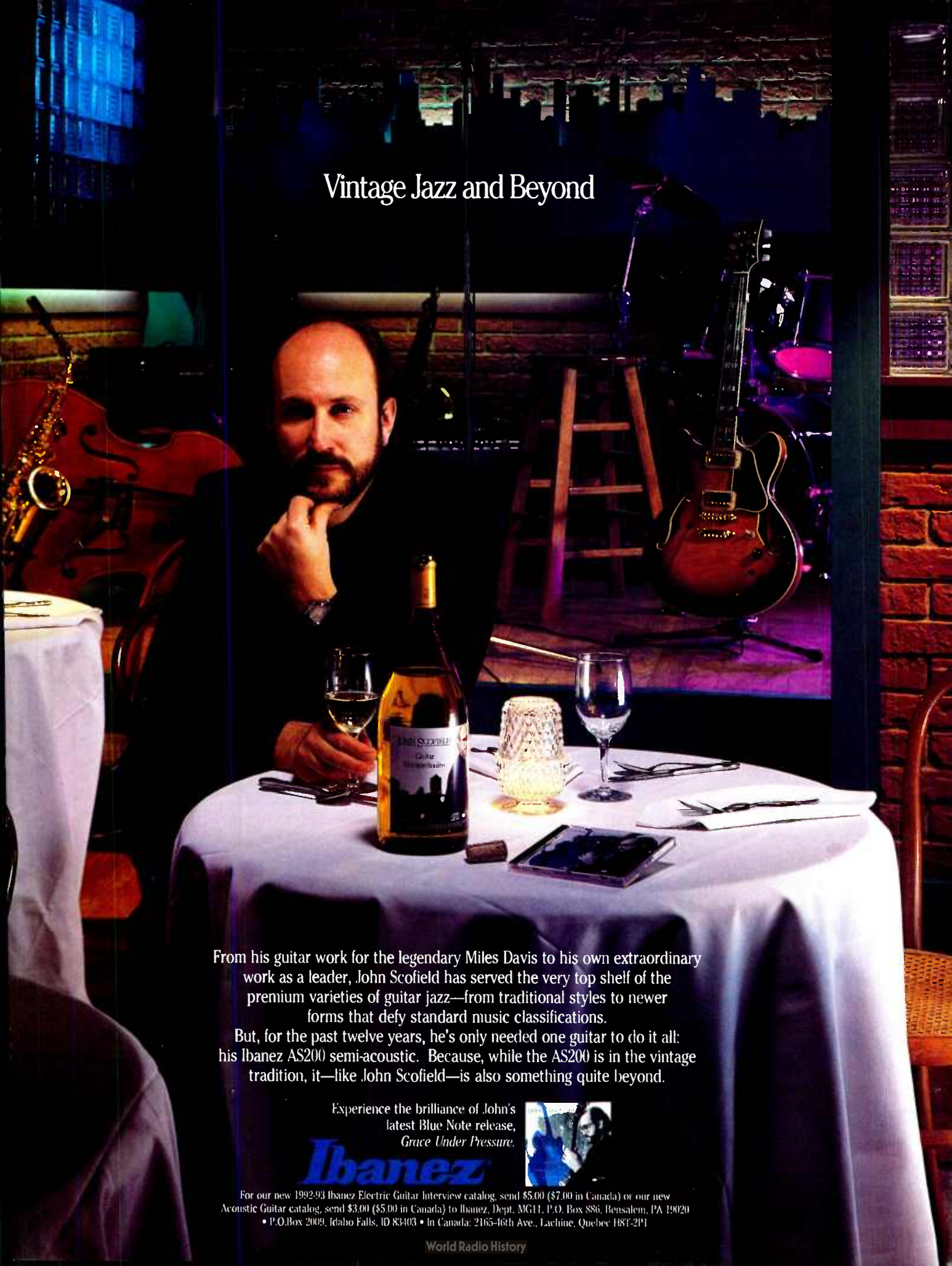


**O**N LED ZEPPELIN'S 1977 tour, I became increasingly uneasy about how the band was functioning. Onstage, the music continued to be so strong that, at least while they were performing, it eased some of my anxieties about the band's longevity. But offstage, we spent less time with one another as the tour progressed, as though we were staying in different hotels, not just down the hall from one another. When we did socialize, streaks of hostility or maliciousness toward one another sometimes surfaced.

Robert was more short-tempered than usual offstage, caught up in the frustration of the incomplete recovery of the leg he had injured in a car



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crash nearly two years before. A few minutes before the band took the stage at the Capitol Center in Landover, Robert cornered Johnny Bindon and me backstage, and began raking us over the coals. "What do you bastards do to earn your money?" Robert boomed, punctuating his sentence by poking his finger into my chest and then into Johnny's. "While I'm singing my ass off onstage, you guys don't do shit."

"I go and collect the fucking money, that's what I do!" I countered. "If I didn't do that, you bastards would be hitchhiking out of here, not taking limos!"

Robert added, "Well, if you guys really want to make yourself useful tonight, go into the audience and get some nice girls for me."

I was pissed. "What an arrogant son of a bitch!" I said to Bindon. Shortly after the concert started, Bindon and I decided to give Robert what he wanted—and drive him a little crazy, too.

We waded into the audience, and spotted five gorgeous girls barely in their teens, sitting together in the front row. I leaned toward the birds, introduced myself, and said, "After the concert, girls, we're going to get you a limousine and take you out to Led Zeppelin's airplane. The band wants to meet you and they'll give you drinks and autographs."

After the concert, I told them, "There's one thing I have to tell you. When you get on the plane, I don't want you to talk to Robert. He gets temperamental sometimes, and if you say the wrong thing, you might be sorry. So if he tries to talk to you, don't say a word. Just give him a blank stare. Okay?"

They seemed puzzled, but they all nodded their heads.

Once we had boarded Caesars Chariot, Robert saw the girls, and with a grin on his face, said to me, "They're fucking beautiful. Richard, you're finally earning your damn money!" Robert proceeded to flaunt himself as much as possible in front of the girls. He took his shirt off, and smiled as he promenaded down the aisle.

Just before we landed in New York, Robert finally gave up. "Those are the coldest little bitches I've ever seen."

Robert and I remained at odds during the tour. Whenever he was rude to me, I'd try to torment him in some way. I got another chance during one of the band's six concerts at Madison Square Garden. A girl named Audrey had been following Robert from city to city. She was a bit of a pest, but rather harmless. Before the start of the first New York concert, I saw her in the audience, sitting in an aisle seat about 20 rows from the stage.

I told our lighting crew, "When Robert sings 'Stairway to Heaven,' I'm going to have one of the roadies send this girl down the aisle. When I cue you, shine the spotlights on her. I think we'll be able to see right through her dress."

After "Achilles Last Stand," the band segued into "Stairway to Heaven." As Robert started singing, one spotlight stayed on him while the other four lit up Audrey, parading down the aisle like it was her wedding day. The girl was absolutely beaming. I had already alerted security to let her climb up on the front of the stage. With most of the spots on her, the dress almost became transparent.

Everyone on the stage was hysterical—except for Robert. Bonzo was laughing so hard he almost stopped drumming. As the girl shyly stood beside him onstage, Plant glared at me with an evil look that said, "Your days are numbered, Cole."

After the show ended, Plant was furious. He chased me through the backstage dressing rooms, eager to score a knockout punch. He never caught me. With his bad leg, his sprinting was no match for mine.

On our last day in Seattle, Bonham and I had wandered into Plant's empty hotel room. We were on the balcony, gazing out on Puget Sound. I was lost in my own thoughts, and Bonzo was bouncing on one leg.

"Let's toss the room refrigerator into the ocean!" he snickered. Why not? We picked up the small refrigerator in Plant's room, carried it onto the balcony and heaved it over the side, sending it splashing into the sound.

Robert happened to be in Pagey's room down the hall, and from his vantage point, had seen the refrigerator doing a belly flop. "That's great!" he shouted, running out onto Jimmy's balcony. Then he spotted us perched outside his own room, laughing hysterically. He suddenly realized that it was *his* refrigerator that had taken the dive.

"You assholes!" he screamed. "There were six bottles of Dom Perignon in that refrigerator! Damn you!"

"Oops!" Bonzo quipped. "Did you sense that Robert was angry? Why is Robert always so angry?"

For the last of six L.A. Forum concerts, the band invited Keith Moon to join them onstage during the last encore. The crowd became delirious as Moonie played the congas and the kettle drums for "Whole Lotta Love." In the excitement of the moment, however, none of us realized that Keith was standing directly on the part of the stage where the pyrotechnics crew had positioned the smoke bombs, which were programmed to ignite at the end of the song. As the last note of "Whole Lotta Love" drifted from the stage, the bombs exploded in something resembling a Fourth of July fireworks show—right under Keith's ass. Poor Moonie must have leaped three feet into the air, letting out a scream and running off the stage with a look of absolute terror on his face.

"You knew that was going to happen!" he screamed at us afterward. "You wanted to scare the shit out of me, didn't you?"

On the flight home, Bonzo stared out the window of the plane and said, "The longer you tour, and the more successful and the bigger you get, the more touring just becomes a fucking chore. It's work. We make a lot of money, but we don't have a life. With the bodyguards, we're imprisoned by our own success. Sometimes I think it's a fucking nightmare."

## ALL MY LOVE

**I**N THE SUMMER OF 1977 we were scheduled to play before a sold-out crowd at the Superdome. The governor of Louisiana was supposed to make us "honorary colonels." Not long after we had checked into the Maison Dupuy Hotel, Robert got a phone call from his wife. I transferred the call to his room. A few minutes later, Robert appeared in my doorway in a daze.

"What's the matter?" Bonham asked.

"It's Karac," Robert said, shuffling forward and lowering himself into a chair. "My son's dead."

"Oh, my God," Bonham gasped, jumping to his feet.

I put my head in my hands, letting the shock sink in.

"I want to go home," Robert said, choking on his words. "Get me home."

Robert somberly told us what little he had learned from his wife about his five-year-old son's death. Karac had become ill



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with a lung infection, and within 24 hours, his condition deteriorated dramatically. An ambulance was summoned to the family home, but before Karac had even reached the hospital, he died.

"It puts things in perspective, doesn't it?" Robert said. "I've got all this money and all this fame, but I don't have my son anymore. How much is all of this really worth?"

How ironic, I thought, that this 1977 tour had been so full of turmoil and hostility. The band members had drifted as far apart as they had ever been on a tour. There was constant

tension. There were arguments and anger. Nevertheless, when a real crisis like this one struck, it deeply affected all of us, and instantly brought us together. All the disagreements and dissension that had seemed so important over the past few weeks suddenly became very insignificant.

Karac's funeral was held later in the week. Aside from Robert, Bonham was the only member of the band who attended the services; the others, along with Peter, were still in the States. Robert was in terrible anguish through most of the ceremony, and he appeared ex-

hausted. He kept his composure, but his eyes were puffy. He had obviously been crying.

After the services, we went back to Robert's farm. Robert asked me where Peter, John Paul and Jimmy were. He was clearly disappointed that none of them had attended the funeral, particularly Jimmy, his writing partner.

For about an hour that afternoon, I sat with Robert and Bonzo on the lawn of Plant's farm. We drank some whiskey and tried to talk about the good times, but it was hard. Robert was clearly preoccupied. "It just doesn't make sense," he said. "Why Karac?"

"I just need time to think," he said. "I need to sort things out."

Almost immediately, the media started reviving the myth of the "Zeppelin jinx." A tabloid in London quoted a psychic as saying that more bad times awaited the band. An FM disc jockey in Chicago claimed that "if Jimmy Page would just lay off all that mystical, hocus-pocus occult stuff, and stop unleashing all those evil forces, Led Zeppelin could just concentrate on making music."

I doubt that Robert ever blamed Jimmy's dabbling in the occult for his own tragedies over the past two years. Curses and jinxes just weren't anything that Robert could relate to. As for Jimmy, he was angry about all the talk about Zeppelin's bad karma or curse. "The people who say things like that don't know what in the hell they're talking about," he told me, "and Robert sure doesn't need to hear that kind of crap. A lot of negative things have occurred recently, but tragedies happen. Why do they have to make it worse by talking that way? Why don't they let Robert mourn in peace?"

Through most of 1978, the band members rarely saw one another. Peter Grant urged the others to continue to give Robert the space he needed, and that eventually he'd come around. In December 1978, sixteen months after the death of his son, Robert felt he was ready to go back into the studio. "Maybe I waited too long," he said, "but I just couldn't push myself. I had to let the enthusiasm come back on its own. I'm anxious to get going and see what happens."

The band began rehearsals for a new album at the EZEE Hire in London. It seemed like an eternity since the Oakland Coliseum concert in July 1977—the last time the band had seriously played together. In the first few hours in the studio, they knew Zeppelin was going to come back. John Paul thought to himself, "We're going to be as good as we always were."

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We flew to Stockholm to record a new album—*In Through the Out Door*. Jimmy encouraged the band to drive themselves in new directions. So they experimented. Plant and Joesy incorporated a samba beat into “Fool in the Rain.” In “Carouselambra,” John Paul took over and directed the 10-minute saga, opening the throttle on his own keyboards only to back away for Pagey’s double-neck guitar magic on his Gibson. From cut to cut, John Paul leaped from the mellotron to the electric piano to the clavinet.

Joesy and Plant sat down and wrote “All My Love” together, one of the few songs in Zeppelin’s history for which Pagey did not receive songwriting credit. When they recorded it, John Paul performed a magnificent classical solo, but it was Robert’s singing that brought everyone to a standstill. Some people thought that “All My Love” was Robert’s tribute to his son, Karac. Certainly Plant’s singing was never more emotional or touching, bringing sensitivity to every note. For that cut, Jimmy ended up using Robert’s first vocal track. Bonzo felt it was the best he had ever heard Plant sing.

Pagey was convinced that “In the Evening” would shatter any skepticism that might exist on whether Led Zeppelin could come back strongly. Robert sneered his way through the song as though he were daring the critics to ever again discount this band. The rest of the album, Jimmy felt, was icing on the cake.

*In Through the Out Door* was released on August 20. Fans were starving for some fresh Zeppelin, and in America alone, the new album sold a staggering four million copies. That stimulated renewed interest in the band’s earlier records as well, and by October, all nine Zeppelin albums were in the *Billboard* Top 200. In an era when rock ‘n’ roll bands rose and fell with the speed of lightning, Led Zeppelin was more popular than ever, more than a decade after it had taken flight.

## IN MY TIME OF DYING

“RICHARD, SOMETHING BAD has happened to one of your Led Zeppelin boys.”

Julio Gradaloni had a grim expression on his face as he nervously shuffled through his briefcase, finally pulling out a newspaper and placing it on the table in front of us. Julio was my attorney. He was sitting across from me in the visiting room at Rebibia Prison near Rome. I had been imprisoned there for two months—on suspicion of terrorism, of all

things. During those weeks behind bars, I was bewildered and frustrated, desperately and futilely trying to convince the police and prosecutors that my arrest had been some kind of blunder, that I was no more likely to blow up buildings in Italy than would the Pope himself. But on this particular morning in late September 1980, Julio took my mind off my own problems.

“One of your musicians has died,” Julio said.

I stammered, “Was it—was it Pagey?” Jimmy is so frail, I thought, so weak. Maybe the cocaine, the heroin had finally taken their toll.

Jimmy’s body must have just given out.

“No,” he said in a steady tone of voice. “Not Jimmy Page. Here’s what the article says. ‘John Bonham, drummer of Led Zeppelin, was found dead yesterday in the home of another member of the world-famous rock band...’”

Julio continued to read. But after that first sentence, I stopped hearing his words. I became numb, braced my hands against the table and bowed my head. I swallowed hard, and could feel my heart palpitating.

“Bonham is dead,” I began repeating silently to myself. “Shit, I just can’t [cont’d on page 76]



Todd Kaplan / Star File

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# AMERICA





# AMERICAN MUSIC CLUB

## MARK EITZEL,

PHOTOGRAPHS  
BY WILLIAM  
MERCER MCCLOUD

## UNDERGROUND

## HERO

*I was sick  
of love so I just  
stopped feeling  
But I couldn't find  
anything to  
take its place.*

"SICK OF LOVE" BY  
MARK EITZEL



## BY BEN FONG-TORRES



THE AMERICAN MUSIC CLUB is a rocking contradiction. Those who know their music think of singer/writer Mark Eitzel as a man locked in dread. In fact, his loyal bandmates swear, he's a cheerful sort—except, say, at eight in the morning, in a motel room, on tour, facing another trip in a crammed '74 Dodge van that's had more breakdowns than Richard Lewis. • But when Eitzel speaks up for himself, he takes you on an emotional seesaw ride. And he appears to be the last to know which way is up. He is explaining why he'd rather tour than stay home. "I don't need to have a life," he says in a sing-song voice, half-whining, half-whimsical, that recalls his singing. "What would I do with it? Become miserable and make others miserable. I think it's a better thing to keep traveling." • Critics love the American Music Club. *Rolling Stone's* professional listeners not only listed AMC's latest, *Everclear*, as one of 1991's five best albums, alongside R.E.M., U2, Nirvana and Guns N' Roses; they also anointed Eitzel "Best Songwriter." The laurels clearly excited

the five members of the AMC, but they're not sure they add up to anything. "It doesn't make sense," says Eitzel. "We're getting pegged as, like, the best-kept secret, which really gets on your nerves after a while. Our critical acclaim doesn't help sell any records, really."

In fact, the raves set up too-great expectations. "I've started reading reviews that go, 'When the band came to town, I thought, from their press kit, it'd be the second coming of Christ. But they're just a rock band.'"

Eitzel shrugs. "That's all we are."

And yet, the reviews have finally pushed AMC out of the ranks of struggling young bands. Never mind that they've been together for nine years, put out their first record in 1986 and are all thirtysomething.

ago, he stopped drinking (except, he says, for the "occasional bender"). Talking, he wraps a lengthy piece of thread around his fingers, as if he's about to do some string tricks. When he's excited, his close-knit eyebrows begin to dance along with his voice, but most of the time, he's tying tourniquets on his digits. Over the course of an hour, for no apparent reason, he strips to an undershirt and pants.

"The story of the band," says Eitzel, "isn't anything particularly fascinating. It's just like the story of any rock 'n' roll band. We got together, we started playing and took it from point A to point B."

Sorry, Mark, but, as Columbo would say, there's just a few problems. For one thing, there's the matter of the reactions they inspire. *Option*, a



**"WHEN YOU'RE  
A DRUNK  
YOUR PERSONAL-  
ITY BECOMES  
A PRODUCT OF  
THE DRUG,  
WHICH IS NOT A  
BAD THING—  
IF YOU DON'T  
HAVE A  
PERSONALITY."**

*The Boys in the Band: (L to R)  
"Vudi" Pankler, Dan Pearson,  
Mark Eitzel, Tim Mooney,  
Bruce Kaplan*

They've struggled to get five albums out and have never known how any of them have sold. They all had day jobs and plowed the money they made into the band—usually into repair bills for the van.

"We've been doing this independent crap for a long time," says Eitzel. "We knew we were destined to do something else or else come apart." A few minutes later, talking about the band's new home with Warner Bros. in North America and Virgin Music everywhere else, Eitzel shrugs off the deal. "It's all very well, but we just continue. We're always going to do this."

Eitzel and the band—guitarist Vudi, bassist Dan Pearson, drummer Tim Mooney and steel guitarist/keyboardist/producer Bruce Kaplan—sit around in the living room of a flat that looks like a Hollywood prop man's idea of a poverty-stricken rock musician's place. A visitor is advised to test any chair he plans to sit in. It's furniture even Tom Waits would sneer at.

With their big new deal they're looking to the future. "We're trying to get sponsorship with Rogaine and Hair Club for Men," says Eitzel, pointing to his own receding hairline as well as those of Vudi and Kaplan.

Eitzel, who's 33, sits with a doughnut and a cup of coffee. A year or so

smart little magazine on the edge of the music scene, calls AMC "an erratic, invigorating and frightening band," while other critics are driven by Eitzel's songs to unwriterly excess. Witness Allan Jones in *Melody Maker*, who describes AMC's territory as "this landscape of dread, these epitaphs to the world's soiled dreams, the charred ends of dislocated lives."

To this, and to the endless comparisons of Eitzel with doomed pop figures like Tim Buckley, Nick Drake and Ian Curtis, Eitzel offers a furrow of his close-knit brows. "It kinda makes me feel a little dubious," he says, "because nobody writes reviews of those writers and says, 'Oh, the end is near.' They write, 'Oh, this is a beautiful thing.'"

"People like Pinter, Samuel Beckett—who're not exactly up guys—that's more where I'm coming from," Eitzel continues. "I knew I was writing sad music and not compromising on my feelings in my songs. Writing is a way to sidestep issues, and I find these reactions weird because I have to start answering for it."

Eitzel is casual to the extreme about his work. If it's a defense mechanism, he's an accomplished engineer. Asked when he began thinking of



# GLORY DAYS.

The old man's stash. . . he wouldn't let anyone throw it away.  
His eyes got that far away look when he told 'bout a girl he once  
wrote a song for. . . 'bout a game he played on a muddy field. . .  
and how one time, he saw Buddy Holly.

Dust off his guitar and restring it with Bronze,  
it'll answer a few questions.

*Dean Markley*  
S T R I N G S

RESTRING YOUR SOUL.

himself as a real writer, he answers with a sing-songy, questioning voice: "Probably earlier this year?"

As for the paucity of lyric sheets (only the U.S. release of the 1988 album *California* carried one), Eitzel remarks: "People can make up better lyrics than I can. When they find out the real words, they're usually disappointed."

In the studio he's his usual contradictory self. He doesn't care about song arrangements, either the band or the producer can do it. "It can be any style, any genre. I just wrote this new song, 'The Torture of St. Cruelty.' It's about weakness. At first, I thought, 'No drums. It's just going to be acoustic guitar and a string section.' Now, I'm thinking, 'Let's try drums and maybe we'll do it heavy metal.' To me, the song's realized as long as it does the same thing to me inside. And if a song doesn't groove, we'll just drop it."

Not that Eitzel will let the band kill off just any song of his. "There's one song Tim hates, but will play one day." Mooney, sitting low in a wrecked sofa across from Eitzel, laughs. "It's called 'I Spent the Last Five Years Trying to Waste Half an Hour,'" he says. "It's like the statement he wants to make... forever."

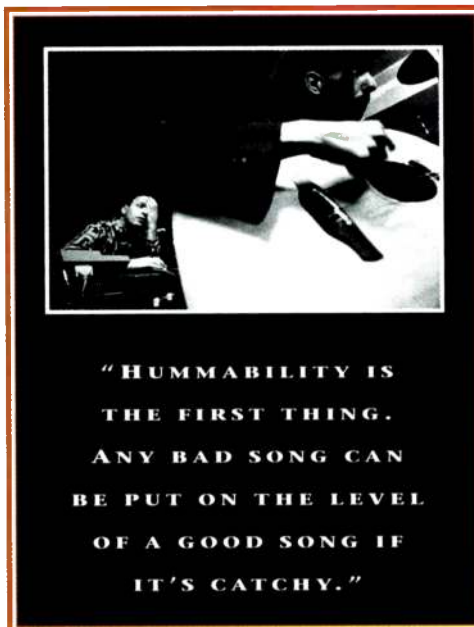
For all the band's kidding, Eitzel has grown in stature as a songwriter. Momentarily setting aside his distaste for his own work, he offers his ingredients for a good song. "Hum-mability is the first thing. Any bad song can be put on the level of a good song if it's catchy." Honesty, which Eitzel has in the past placed at the top of his list, comes second today. "There's not a lot of irony in me," he says. "If I feel things, I have to say them pretty much as they are. It's corny, but I'm into corn." And third is "being in the right place at the right time. 'Peggy Sue' wouldn't have had its kick if it hadn't been Buddy Holly, in Lubbock, at that time."

Eitzel, who was born the year Holly died—1959—is from Walnut Creek, across the Bay Bridge from San Francisco. Military parents took him into England and Taiwan before he found himself planted, at age 19, in Columbus, Ohio. By then, he'd tried his hand at songwriting—"really bad poetry set to music," he says—and listened voraciously to the soundtrack of *2001: A Space Odyssey* (with special attention to Gyorgy Ligeti), Tchaikovsky's "Le Pathétique," free-form jazz and Yes—"when it got really intense, and there were like a thousand different things going on at once and intermeshed beautifully. When you really know music, it's not working well at all. But when you're a kid and you've got the headphones on, and you're trying to hear God, it's good for that."

The younger Eitzel also liked Elton John, America ("They went to high school with my sister"), Neil Young and the Beatles. But in Columbus, his first band was punk-rock; his second, post-punk, a shades-of-Joy Division outfit called the Naked Skinnies. In 1980, they made the logical decision to relocate to San Francisco. The band, which Eitzel described as "artists trying to make supremely pretty music," made its way up the ranks of the Bay Area punk scene, ascending to the Mabuhay Gardens, a Filipino restaurant-turned-West Coast CBGB's.

One night, the house was packed; a woman known as "Goddess," beloved in the scene, had died, and, in tribute, admission was free. "Our first two songs were 10 minutes each. I played one note on my guitar and sang atonally. We drove everyone out." He was banned from the Mab. "I thought my life was over," he says.

He soon disbanded the Skinnies and formed the American Music Club. It was a strange group, says Vudi. "There were two women singers and one guy who played sheet metal and trumpet. They all quit on him." If Eitzel is an intense performer today—and he's been compared with Van Morrison at his jazzed-up, most frenzied state—he was an even more excitable boy a dozen years ago. Eitzel remembers a show in Berkeley when, in the middle of the last number, he fled. "I went into the Oakland hills and slept in somebody's backyard. I was freaked out by the show. I have a tendency to read people when I'm onstage; I take on their load. Sometimes when I fail in a crowd, I get so embarrassed, it's hard for me to even face myself. I've gotten a lot more seasoned since."



"HUMMABILITY IS  
THE FIRST THING.  
ANY BAD SONG CAN  
BE PUT ON THE LEVEL  
OF A GOOD SONG IF  
IT'S CATCHY."

After the AMC fled, Eitzel began gathering what became the current lineup, beginning with two musicians with country roots—guitarist Vudi (who also logged time with a new wave band that got bounced from the Mab for playing too slow) and bassist Dan Pearson. The 1985 version of the AMC (before Mooney and Kaplan joined) made a record, *The Restless Stranger*, which they released through local musician/producer Tom Mallon, whose studio was the first home for numerous underground bands. Mallon became AMC's producer and hooked the band up with the tiny Southern California label Frontier Records, which released their next two albums, *Engine* and *California*. By *California*, Mallon had joined as bassist, and his wife Leslie Rule became the band's manager.

The American Music Club was greeted with raves, especially in England, where appreciators of AMC's mix of rootsy country, folksy angst and punk anarchy seemed numerous. As Eitzel once told an English magazine, *Vox*, the British "are not afraid of bands that are hard to categorize. Americans have always had a problem with us because how do you categorize the American Music Club? Americans like the broader statement, and I think the English are able to take something a little more subtle."

Americans who had no problem with AMC had a problem finding them. The band was vulnerable to an irrefutable law of the record business. As Kaplan puts it: "Independent records cannot get any distribution."

Eitzel continued to write, and the band worked small nightclub gigs. That's as Eitzel liked it. "I'd rather play a small bar than open up for anybody," he says, even though AMC has reached its largest live audiences as an opener for such acts as Billy Bragg and Sonic Youth. "We were forgotten after 30 seconds of their first song," he recalls. "And rightly so."

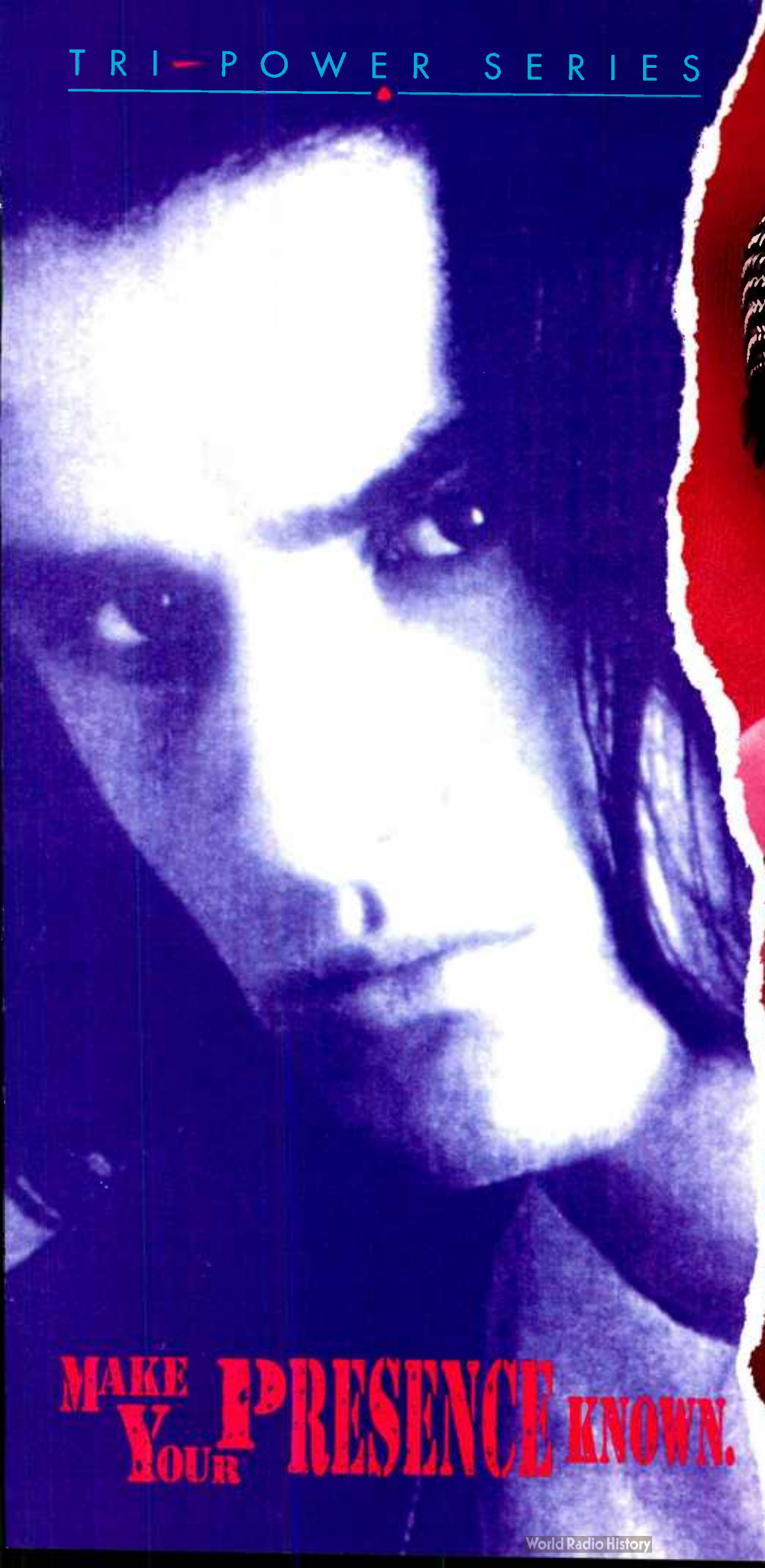
Eitzel is at his best in an intimate setting. When AMC ran out of money recording *Everclear*, he got a call from Demon Records, the British label that released *Engine*, *California* and AMC's fourth album, *United Kingdom*, in England. Demon wanted to fly Eitzel to London to cut a live album.

With blessings from the rest of the band, Eitzel did a solo show at the Borderline in early 1991. Unplugged, he was starker and more direct than he ever was with AMC, and the resulting album, *Songs of Love Live*, is as clear as the dark cloud that is Mark Eitzel gets.

While Demon prepared to release Eitzel's live set, AMC had a roller-coaster ride ahead in the United States. Frontier made a distribution deal with BMG, which would have connected AMC with one of the biggest conglomerates in the industry. But the deal fell through, and the band split



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with both Frontier and Mallon. Rule left soon after. Alias, a West Coast independent, picked up the band and issued *Everclear*, which, for all its critical glory, has sold only 22,000 copies worldwide. It was the law of independent records kicking in.

Deciding once again that it was time to move on, AMC and its new management negotiated a buyout from Alias, began talking with the big labels and wound up in a unique situation, signing with two labels belonging to rival conglomerates (Warner Bros. with the Warner Music Group and Virgin, now owned by Thorn EMI).

"We decided it'd be best to bifurcate the deal," says co-manager Wally Brill. "We wanted that care and attention of the people who signed the act. It's hard to get a foreign licensee excited about an act you've signed in your own country." Virgin UK won AMC over with its "feror," says Brill, while in the States, Elektra, Giant and Warner Bros. were the most enthusiastic. "We wanted a situation where the power structure of the company played the record at home because they loved it, not just because their A&R department had signed it," says Brill. "That's what we have. They're fans."

Aside from allowing him to leave his day job as a librarian and pick up a monitor to use onstage, the rewards of the new deal don't seem readily apparent to Eitzel. "One good thing about being on majors is that they say, 'We love you guys.'" But, he adds, free-falling into another contradiction, "you know that if we do a record that sells like our records have been, they won't love us anymore. That kind of love is like loving someone because you like her tits. I'll love you as long as you have those tits."

For all its years as an underground band, AMC has no aversion to commercial success. "The sky's the limit," says Eitzel, who cops to trying for a pop single with "Rise," a song he wrote for a friend dying of AIDS. He wrote the song, he says, "because I wanted to make AIDS an issue with the band. I'm not a politician, but AIDS is about politics because our government spends more on every B-1 bomber it makes than it's ever spent on AIDS research. A generation is dying, and it's genocide." He stops, as if wearied by the subject, or by his own voice. "I don't know; that's how I feel."

Given Eitzel's intentions, "Rise" is strangely elliptic, more anthemic than polemic, with crashing drums and cymbals, rolling bass and swelling voices behind Eitzel as he sings,

*Maybe what you need is some food for your eyes  
To make them rise...*

*Tell me how to make something beautiful  
flash before your eyes*

# QUEEN

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### MUSIC CLUBS

**M**ARK EITZEL uses Gibson Chet Atkins and Takamine acoustics, through a MESA/Boogie .50 Caliber amp; he also has a Tascam Portastudio 424, a Roland DEP-5 processor and a Shure SM58 mike. BRUCE KAPLAN's Dekley pedal-steel runs through a Peavey Rockmaster preamp, an ART SGE Mach II processor, a Lexicon LXP-1 and an Evans FET-500 amp, with a Furman AR-117 power conditioner. In the studio he plugs in an Ensoniq ESQ-1, a Proteus and a Roland JX-8P. DANNY has an ESP bass with Seymour Duncans, a Takamine C-130, a Kentucky mandolin, a '20s five-string and a '40s tenor banjo, and runs through MESA/Boogies. VUDI's TransTrem-equipped Klein guitar goes through his Boogie Mark III; also on hand are a Martin D-28, a Telecaster, a Gretsch Astro-Jet and a Jerry Jones Longhorn Guitar-lin. TIM MOONEY uses Gretsch drums, Zildjian cymbals, Remo heads and Vic Firth sticks, with an ancient Rogers hi-hat stand.



*And make them rise*

There is no direct AIDS message, Eitzel acknowledges, unless he brings it up in interviews. "Actually, it's not a very good song," he says. "You don't make commercial music by trying to make commercial music. It could've used some rearranging, it didn't need as many choruses and it needed better lyrics. But you stop and say, 'Well, this is what it's meant to be; okay, fine.' You relinquish control after a while."


Eitzel wraps his string of thread ever tighter around the fingers of his left hand. He is uneasy spouting off. "I don't like hearing the [political] things I'm saying from singers. I think love songs are the most powerful statement you can make." Eitzel's eyebrows are dancing again.

"I want to hear soul," he says. "It's like Billy Bragg. I think he'd suck unless he writes great love songs, and he does write genuine love songs that reveal a lot of himself. That's the thing that linked Billie Holiday and Hank Williams. They put themselves out."

Eitzel recalls meeting a couple after a show in Detroit. "They were in their 60s, and I sat and talked with them a long time. I said I tried to do what Hank Williams and Billie Holiday tried to do, and he got really excited. I guess that's what he listened to. Those are great American artists, even though they kinda bought the martyr complex and they self-destructed. They were killed by America." As a telephone rings in the distance, Eitzel gets up. "Listen to me, this pompous son-of-a-bitch. I gotta get the phone."

Eitzel is not dumb enough to put himself at Holiday's and Williams' level, nor to follow them to early graves. And, just as he used the bar scene in plenty of his earlier songs, so he writes these days about stopping drinking. "I decided to have more than one style of expression," he says. "When you're a drunk you express that: the liquor. Your personality becomes a product of the drug, which is not a bad thing—if you don't have a personality. But I do."

As a kid, he says, "I was a completely self-obsessed little prick, and I would much rather turn back into that than to be nothing but a drunk. Not drinking makes my songwriting worse in some ways. My scope is not as narrow; I'm not always depressed out of my mind. On the other hand, I've got to grow as a person and as a songwriter, so I do find myself writing, I think, better songs."


Others, the self-deprecatory side of him has him adding, would totally disagree. "People tell me what I'm writing is shit compared to the early stuff." The old Eitzel might have nodded in quick agreement. But inside, the new one, he says, is thinking, "I'm just starting. Give me a break." 

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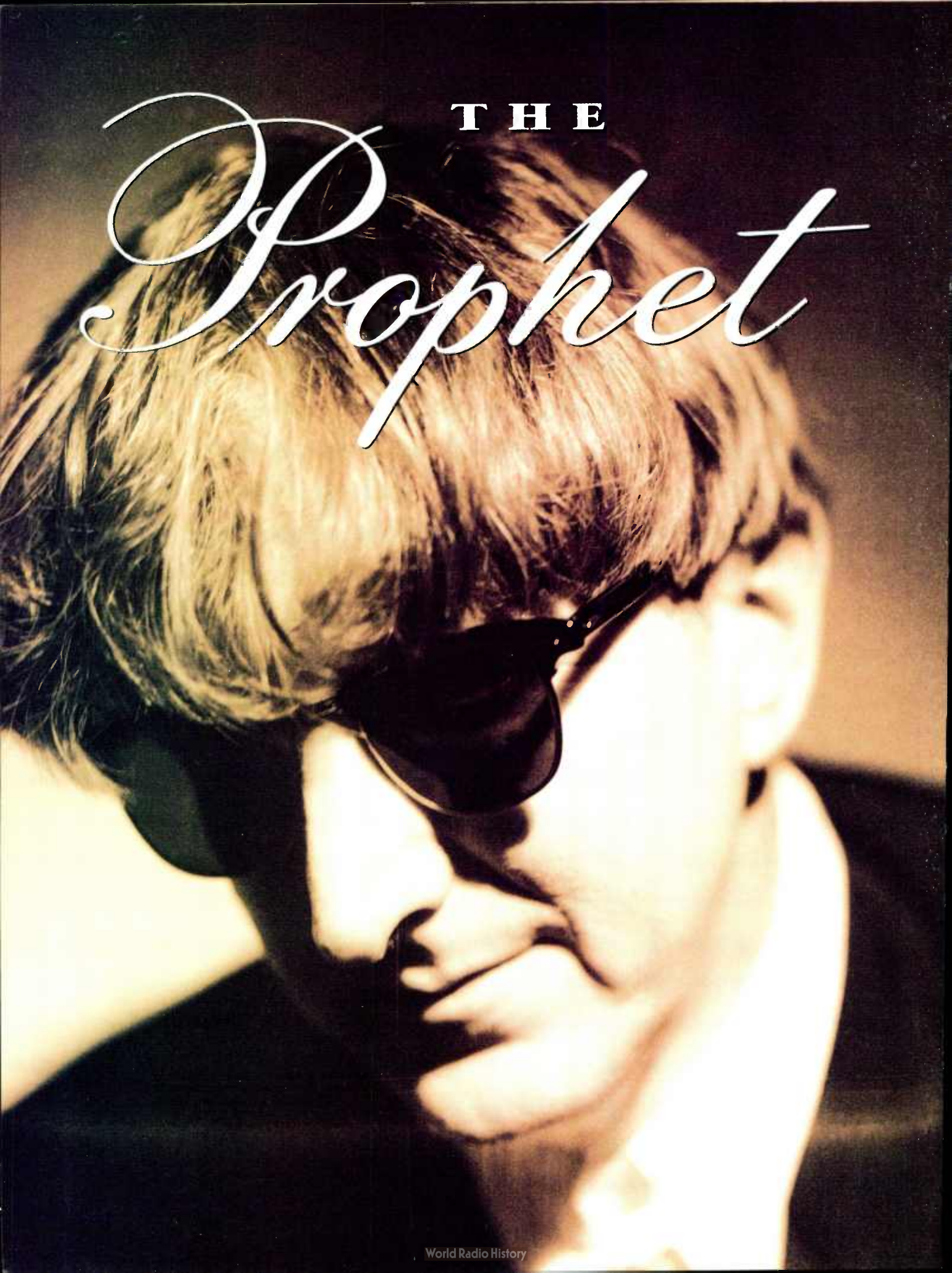
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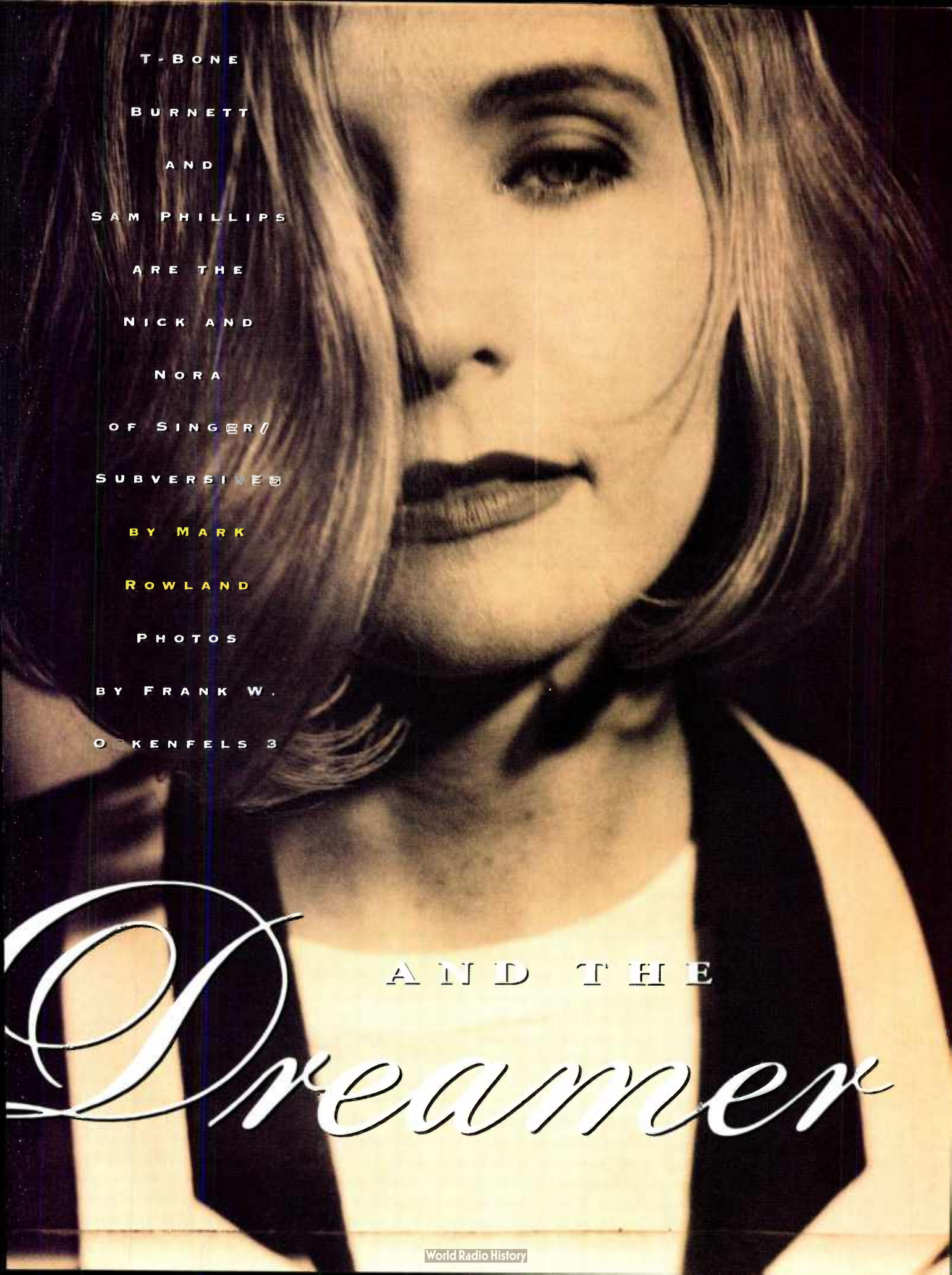




THE

*Prophet*





T-BONE  
BURNETT  
AND  
SAM PHILLIPS  
ARE THE  
NICK AND  
NORA  
OF SINGER/  
SUBVERSIVES  
BY MARK  
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AND THE  
*Dreamer*



IT'S A QUIET AFTERNOON in Los Angeles, or maybe it just seems that way now that the city is no longer on fire. People are back to doing the usual things, going to work or fighting traffic or eating in restaurants while talking about other restaurants. Sam Phillips and her husband, T-Bone Burnett, are sharing a booth in a pleasantly modern and capacious Santa Monica deli, which is fine, but as a native Angeleno Sam has a thing for the older joints. The other night, she reveals between bites of a salad, they journeyed to Chasen's, a popular eatery among rich, elderly Republicans. Though she'd

grown up in Hollywood Sam had never been there before, but the place fulfilled all expectations. Frank Sinatra was even sitting at the next table.

Yeah, but didn't you feel a little out of place?

"Well, the thing is," T-Bone explains, "I can pass for a Republican. I can put on the suit and tie and fit right in." He offers a wry, thin smile. "And nobody there would ever guess that I'm capable of getting up and slitting their throats."

He has a point. Burnett, lanky and pallid, his eyes blinking behind circle-framed glasses, and Phillips, blonde, slender and fashionably attired, are a deceptively conventional couple. In conversation they deliver rapier thrusts to political, cultural and religious establishments with the warmth and good spirits of companions at a dinner party. On record, where another form of throat-slitting takes place, they convey moral fervor with disarming melodies and solid links to familiar folk-pop traditions. Call them singer/songwriter/subversives.

Like a lot of married couples, they tend to play off each other's remarks, set up each other's jokes and occasionally anticipate each other's thoughts. For all that, both insist this dual interview will be their first and their last. "It's the cute factor," Sam explains.

"The *People* magazine factor," T-Bone elaborates. "As one of my truest friends told me, 'If you ever end up in *People* magazine, you know you've done something wrong.'"

What's not said is the understandable reluctance of two artists to risk having their work and identities merged in public. Not that it's likely to occur. Burnett's and Phillips' values may share a common bedrock, but their ways of looking at the world do not. As his music suggests, Burnett's manner is openly entertaining, while Phillips is more reserved, elliptical. He's witty, she's droll. He rails against the material world, she alludes to one that's internal. He's a prophet. She's a dreamer.

"I don't think I have much influence on T-Bone," Phillips says. "He keeps writing songs about his past relationships, and I can't get a song in edgewise there. I do love to sit in the studio and listen to him, but I don't do anything on his records." She smiles happily. "I'm complete dead weight."

Burnett has produced Phillips' last three records. Still, he figures, "Sam doesn't really let me into her songs. She won't let anybody in. I'm not offended by it—you know, a person has the right to their own thoughts. In the atmosphere we're living in today, I would say the only thing they can't take away from you is your thoughts.

"As a producer, Sam gives me a lot of openings to push things around, but in general I have a small effect. Maybe because her songs are so dreamy and personal in that sense. It's hard to say, 'I think your dream is more like this.' The power we have with each other would be more in the area of encouragement."

"Yes," Phillips agrees. "Like, 'Darling, I encourage you not to sing that song one more time or I'll shoot you in the head.'"

"Not that anything Sam does actually sucks," Burnett gallantly observes. "But sometimes I just have to tell her that to keep her solid."

A few days earlier, they'd driven over to the offices of Phillips' record label, Virgin, where Sam played some of her new songs for a few of the execs. Nobody said they sucked, and Phillips was given the go-ahead for a new record, with T-Bone producing. Her last two, *The Incredible Wow* and *Cruel Inventions*, were marked by increasingly elaborate and unpredictably textured arrangements; Phillips hopes the next project will be less complicated.

"I think the experimenting wore us out a little bit in the past. I was just trying to find what was right for those songs, but it took a while. These songs are a little simpler and maybe easier to figure out," she adds hopefully.

Burnett, meanwhile, has just finished *The Criminal Under My Own Hat*, his first album in three years and a strong return to the relatively spare, narrative, song-driven style of earlier records (notably *T-Bone Burnett and Trap Door*), and very unlike the rococo-rock of his last effort, *The Talking Animals*.

"This run of the last 10 years making my own records, there was never any plan or thought to it," he explains. "I would say that I hate the way *Proof Through the Night* came out, for instance. I mean, I like the songs, but the record just seems so Hollywood-sounding, so overblown and...useless."

Gee, maybe you should review it when it gets reissued on CD.

"I will!" he promises, lighting up at the thought. "I'd love to give myself a really bad review. I always give myself a much worse review than anyone else possibly could. Except maybe Lester Bangs—I always admired his ability to spew venom over almost anything," he laughs. "Sometimes over almost nothing."

*The Criminal Under My Own Hat* spews its share of venom, and as the title suggests, Burnett doesn't spare himself. The overtly political numbers, like "Humans from Earth" and "I Can Explain Everything," are scabrously funny ("Ogden Nash is one of my great heroes," he notes). But they're balanced by gently nuanced performances that pull at the heart—songs of regret and devotion like "Every Little Thing" and "Any Time at All," songs of hope without faith ("The Long Time Now") and faith without hope ("It's Not Too Late"). It's an album that dovetails from personal to philosophical to religious; sometimes, as on "Primitives," in the course of a song. Burnett's other records haven't shied from emotions or large themes, but what's striking about *Criminal* is that, for the first time, he sounds genuinely assured of not only what he has to say but how he wants to say it.

That's a small irony, for throughout the '80s Burnett was among the premier producers in popular music, a dependable shoulder to be leaned on by the likes of Elvis Costello, Peter Case, Roy Orbison and Los Lobos. "But working on other people's records uses all your cre-





ativity and after enough years of that everything was gone," he says. "It was too much work and not enough play. I think *The Talking Animals* was written from a pretty bleak perspective and well of inspiration. I got bitter."

"He got bitter and then he got married," Sam remarks.

"Maybe bitter is the wrong word," T-Bone decides. "Just empty. Eight years of Reagan—he's superfluous, but all he personified, the greed and self-interest—it got to a point where I could see nothing good in the world. And I thought, if I feel this way, what's the point of saying anything? I better go find a reason.

"So after producing *Spike*, I basically quit. I didn't listen to music, I didn't do anything. I played golf and got outside and played with my kids [Burnett has two children from a previous marriage]. This album I didn't even try to write. I decided I wasn't gonna write unless I just did, in order not to make it into work at all. Which is where the golf came in. I used golf as almost a Zen exercise. And I learned some valuable lessons. I learned

that a person who is able to concentrate and focus can do almost anything. That's a thing I've noticed about all people who have fruitful, productive lives. They set their sights on a goal and nothing can get in the way. I've never really had that kind of focus before in my life."

"I was in New York with a friend who's an artist," says Phillips, picking up the thread, "whose method was throwing paint on a huge canvas—and after it dried he'd take it down and decide where the painting was and crop it. I learned something from that—he wasn't editing himself as he goes along. That's the toughest thing for me. I'll try anything that will displace me, or put me in some other zone..." She catches herself and laughs. "How's that for southern California?"

"It's bitchin'," says T-Bone.

"I was watching a '60s girl group on TV recently," she continues. "Maybe it was the Shangri-Las. And their performance had no consciousness of the camera. Whereas now you can go to malls and get a glamour shot." She gestures out the window. "You can get plastic surgery in this mall across the street. It's sci-fi. Everyone knows where the camera is, and it's a disease that's hurting music in the long run.

"There are people who can sing a million licks or write a good enough lyric to make millions of dollars. But I've always liked music I could connect with in terms of my own experiences. Something that sound-

ed real. If it doesn't ring true, it's not interesting to me at all."

Though separated by generations and geography, parallels emerge when Burnett and Phillips talk about their early years. Growing up in Fort Worth, Texas during the '40s and '50s, John Henry Burnett was the only child of a troubled marriage; he recalls feeling like a loner, alienated by the hypocrisy of the church, attracted to the soulful, lonesome strains of Hank Williams and Jimmy Reed. In a way Burnett's musical career, zigzagging as it does from rockabilly to country to rock, from bands to productions to solo tours, suggests a desire torn between a yearning to be part of a firm community and the romantic call of those drifting troubadours. (It's fitting that Burnett got his first break on Bob Dylan's 1975 Rolling Thunder Revue, which managed to be a bit of both.)

Leslie Phillips grew up in the '60s and '70s, the middle child in "a standard dysfunctional house" that stimulated another sort of loneliness. "I was having a tough time dealing with my family being in a million pieces and it was cathartic for me to distance myself from the pain by putting it in

a song," she says. "And because of that pain I've always been interested in metamorphosis and when that can happen to a human being, emotionally and spiritually. I've always loved that theme throughout literature. I think that's what attracted me to Christianity the most."

In the early '80s Phillips recorded three albums for the Christian label Word, which sold well; indeed she was known in some sectarian quarters as the "queen of Christian rock."

But she became increasingly disenchanted with the "fearful and controlling" aspects of white Christian fundamentalism: "I was making a lot more money than I am now, I'll tell you that. It wasn't a career decision to quit gospel music, it was a soul decision—and a turn-of-the-stomach decision," she adds, a little grimly. "Believe me, I will write my sleaze book someday."

Burnett and Phillips were introduced by a mutual friend who thought Burnett would be a good choice for the change in musical direction Phillips wanted for her final album on Word, *The Turning*. Obviously, they hit it off. "It was something that grew," says Burnett. "We became really good friends."

"I liked him immediately because he was tall," Phillips deadpans. "I thought, 'This would be convenient—no more having to stand on a stepladder to reach a can of soup. No losing him in a crowd, either.'"

On their recent records, Phillips often suggests soul-searching as an antidote to the corruption of the modern world, while T-Bone, on songs like "Tear This Building Down," takes a more militant approach. Call it the difference between new and old testaments.

"I don't really like the aesthetics of church," Sam confesses. "I think there's meaning to be found in it, but it's like going to the Salvation Army if you're looking for a good used jacket. You've got to look through a lot of junk and a lot of times you won't find anything."

"I don't see it that way at all," T-Bone counters. "I feel like every time I go to church, God is there. And I don't think God is in all churches, by the way. Well, I take that back—God is in all churches. I don't think God is in all pulpits."

"But I love rituals. I love that human beings use knives and forks instead of throwing down food on the table and just starting to graze. I love the fact that we have ceremonies when someone dies. It's a matter of respect and dignity, which is terribly important to humans. I think what we've just seen here in Los Angeles is a result of lack of ritual, lack of dignity. If a

person doesn't get respect he won't give respect."

The conversation takes a turn toward the recent riots across the city and the nation; like everyone else in town, we try to sort out meaning and signposts for the future among the ashes. Sam picks up the bill for lunch and we stroll up the street to a local bookstore, where T-Bone gives me a copy of Howard Zinn's *A People's History of the United States*; next door, he buys "rice dream bars," which are basically popsicles made with politically correct ingredients. They taste great. Strolling back down the street, he and Sam discuss the prospects of taking in a movie later. For the moment, at least, the future's looking brighter.

Do you ever think about having kids together?

"Being married and in show business and working together a lot, that's enough challenge for now," Phillips says. "But I'm a step-parent to T-Bone's children, and one thing he's managed to do really beautifully is communicate

#### THE TUNING

**T**-BONE BURNETT recently picked up two Gibson reissues, a Nick Lucas and an Advance Jumbo ("I had an original Jumbo from 1936, the most beautiful guitar you ever heard; it got stolen and I mourned it for years"). He played an old Gibson archtop on several songs on his album; for Sam's *Cruel Inventions* he used a Gretsch Tennesseean with flatwound heavy-gauge Gretsch strings, a prototype wooden small-body National guitar with Fender heavy-gauge strings, and an old Kay electric with Gibson flatwound medium-gauge strings. He has a Fender electric 12-string "made sometime between '58 and '62—it's the only 12-string I've ever known that you can leave in a case for a year and it stays in tune." His picks are Fender mediums. "Mostly I choose picks by the color." All his guitars, he notes, were made prior to 1963. "I have only one amp, a Vox AC30. And my only rack is on the back of my pickup truck."

SAM PHILLIPS has a Nick Lucas reissue also—"it works well on the road with my voice." But her prize is "my 'Beatle' guitar"—a Gibson J45 with a pickup and volume knobs like the one John Lennon played in *A Hard Day's Night*. She owns a Chamberlain, but no piano. Her last two albums were recorded with an old RCA 77 ribbon microphone and a Telefunken 250, respectively.

with his children, which is no small thing in these times. So he's going in the right direction. You know, for a blind man in the dark. And isn't that what being a parent is?"

"The biggest problem would be logistics, I think," says T-Bone. "We're not in the same town much of the year, so we sort of catch each other in passing. That would be pretty difficult on children, until we get more stability. We would have to start working together. But that would be fine with me, to have kids on the road," he goes on, warming to the thought. "Have a baby born in a trunk. That wouldn't bother me at all. And have them not go to school and not be socialized..."

Sam laughs nervously. "Just so they eat with their forks and knives. To have a little tradition."

"Yeah," says T-Bone. "Especially the knives." 

#### LED ZEPPELIN

[cont'd from page 63] believe it. Not Bonzo. Why Bonzo?


"Does the newspaper say what he died of? Was it drugs?"

"Well," Julio said, "they don't know yet. But they say he had used a lot of alcohol that day. It sounds like he drank himself to death."

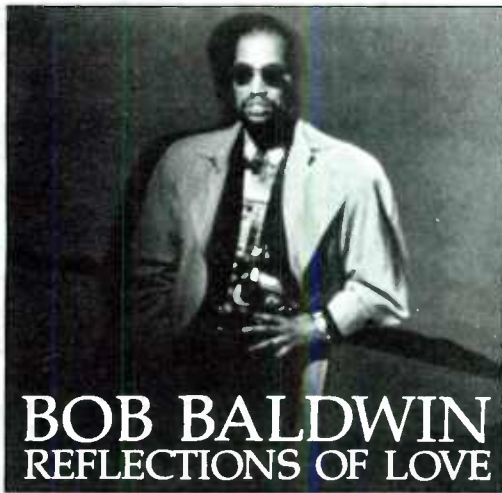
I was numb for days, living in denial. Eventually, I realized the full impact of Bonham's death. With his passing, my own life was forever changed. In addition to the loss of a precious friend, I had lost my job as well. Instinctively, I knew that Led Zeppelin had died with Bonzo.

Bonham's funeral was held at Rushock parish church, not far from his farm in Worcestershire. Nearly 300 fellow musicians and fans attended the services. The remaining members of Led Zeppelin were there. They shunned reporters, who were already asking them about the future of Zeppelin. The band had little to say to each other, either. They were all trying to get used to a world without Bonzo, and trying to make some sense out of what had happened.

Robert Plant seemed to take it hardest. He had known Bonham since they were struggling musicians still in their teens, aching for a break that might turn them into Somebody.

For both of them, that success happened. But Robert's life had been marred by tragedy, including the death of his son. And now Bonzo had paid the ultimate price. What was it about the life of a musician, Plant wondered, that devours people? He didn't have any answers. 



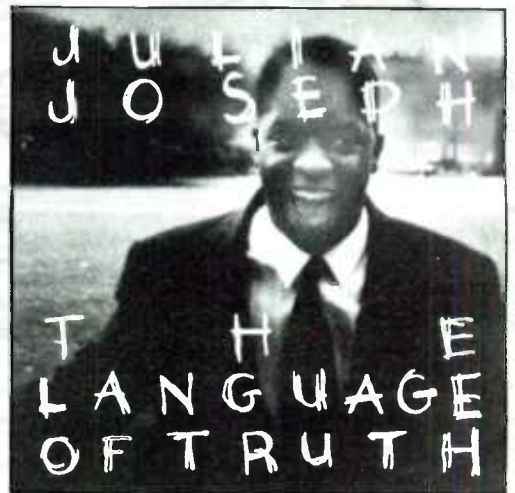


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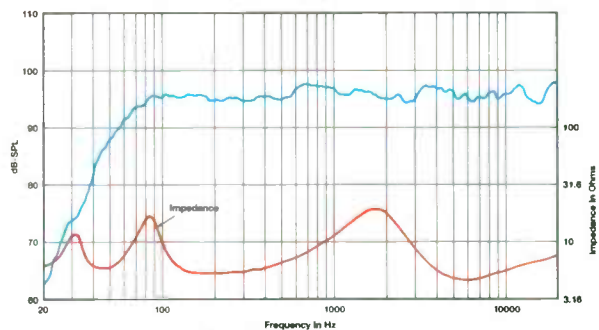
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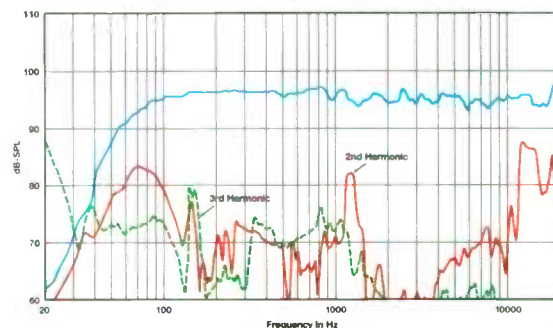
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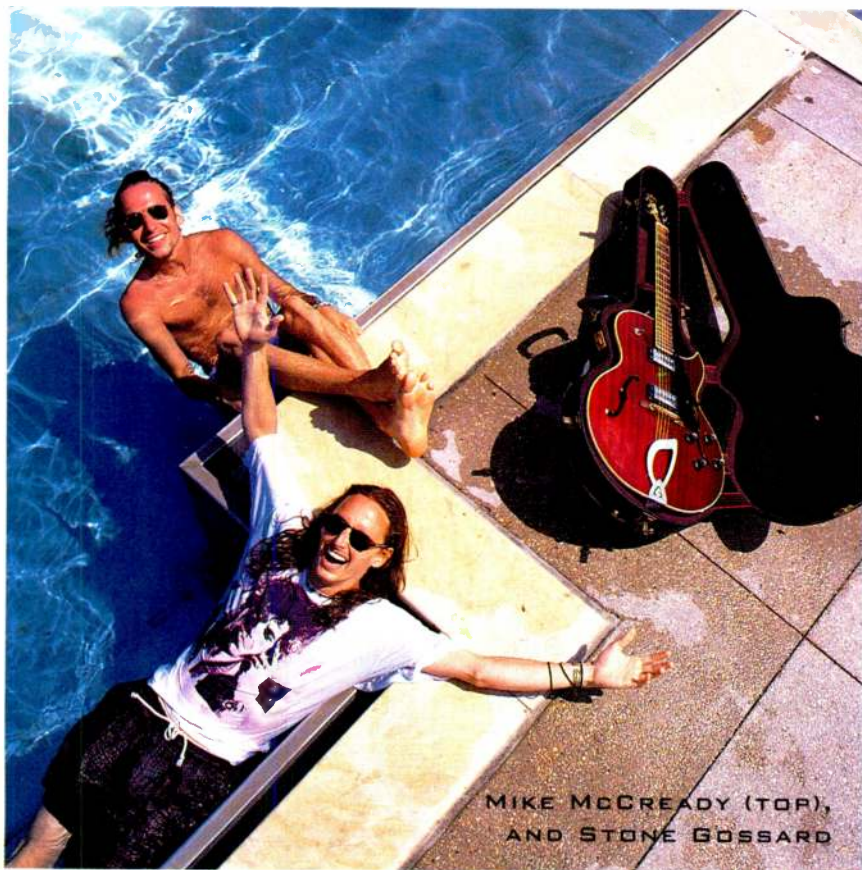
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# WORKING MUSICIAN

MUSICIAN MAGAZINE \* JULY 1992



## Guitar

### PEARL JAM, UNTUNED

*Alternate tunings climb the alternative charts*

by ALAN DI PERNA

STONE GOSSARD OF PEARL JAM HUNKERS down on the hot asphalt in the parking lot outside a California theater, waiting for soundcheck. He messes with the tuning machines on his road-worn sunburst Les Paul, and it becomes clear why it's so hard

to figure out the songs from the Pearl Jam record, *Ten*. At first, the tunes all seemed based on straightforward rock chord progressions, but when you try to nail them down, the exact notes elude you. As Gossard works his fretboard, the reason for this is revealed: alternate tunings! But even the tunes that aren't based on them benefit from the unique sense of chord shapes that Gossard—who is also the band's principal songwriter—has developed.

"Yeah, it looks pretty bizarre at first," says

lead guitarist Mike McCready, who sticks to conventional tunings. "When me and Stone first got together, I said, 'What the hell is he playing?'"

"We're pretty opposite as players," adds Gossard, "so we complement one another. It's a tradeoff between us. You'll hear Mike's guitar come up for the solos, but there are a lot of songs where my rhythm parts are playing the main riff."

A track from *Ten* called "Garden" provides a good case in point. It's in dropped-D tuning (D, A, D, G, B, E, low to high); just bring your low E string down a whole step. Gossard's delicately latticed rhythm figure is the instrumental focal point of the intro and verses. It's based on an Am6 with a flat 7th, which Stone plays up on the seventh fret, holding down an A on the D string and an F# on the B. The A, G and high E strings ring open. The melody is formed by pulling off from F# to E on the B string (seventh to fifth frets), then from B to A, resolving to a C played on the G string, at the fifth fret.

The dropped low string comes into play for the chorus. The first chord, Amin, is formed by stopping the low three strings at the seventh fret and the high three strings at the fifth fret. Stone just calls the second chord a D, although sticklers might want to call it a D sus4 9 over a G bass. Anyway, it's much easier to play than say: Just lay a finger across the fifth fret. The third chorus chord is a G, which is played by stopping the three low strings at the fifth fret and the two high strings at the third fret, letting the G string ring open. Check it out: The pattern fits the hand very comfortably and offers a cool way to bring new life to some familiar changes.

"That's how I write these days," Gossard observes. "Every new tuning seems to lead to a new song. There are probably three or four different tunings on the record. 'Even Flow' and 'Oceans' are in open-D, so it's just D, A, D, F#, A, D. And 'Deep' is in an open slide tuning: E, A, C#, E, A, E. So it's like an A major kind of tuning."

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But even Gossard's playing in standard tuning seems influenced by his work in alternate tunings: He's always looking for chord shapes that let open strings ring. *Ten's* big single "Alive" illustrates this—and the way that Stone and Mike interact on a track. Stone plays the distorted main guitar part on the verses, starting with an A chord on the second fret, then sliding up to barre the seventh fret, picking out the riff notes—E, F#, A and B—on the seventh and ninth frets. Mike lays a clean-guitar foundation beneath this, playing variations on a fifth-fret A barre chord.

"Alive"'s anthemic chorus chords are simple and direct: E, G, D, A. But Gossard voices them all up around the seventh through ninth frets, letting open strings ring wherever possible and picking out the notes that make up the chorus' guitar submelody. Again, McCready's playing anchor, pounding out the changes as regular open chords on the first through third frets.

Gossard is still up around the ninth fret for the B-to-F# setup to the bridge, after the second chorus—reaching up to play the E flat passing note between the two chords on the low E string, 11th fret. But for the bridge proper (A7, D, B7, E) he moves back down to the first through fifth frets. When the solo kicks in (over the chorus chords) Stone simplifies his voicings, blocking out fifth- through tenth-fret barre chords while McCready cuts loose with a screaming, extended solo.

"I never play the solo the same way twice," the lead man confides. "On the video version of 'Alive' I copied the solo that Robby Krieger did on the Doors' 'Five to One.' But then, Ace Frehley already copped that solo in a Kiss song, 'She.' So I guess it's alright, huh?"

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**S** TONE GOSSARD plays Gibson Les Paul Customs with Duncan Alnico II pickups, a Gretsch Roundup and Gibson Chet Atkins semi-acoustics. He uses an Ernie Ball switcher/pan pedal to blend his Marshall JCM800 rig and his blackface Fender Twin. His stereo chorus pedal is a Boss and his strings are Ernie Ball .011s. MIKE MCCREADY's main axe is a Fender '62 Strat reissue, but he's been seen strumming Pauls and a Jerry Jones Danelectro copy. He plays through a Marshall JCM800 and two Fender Bassman reissues. Effects include a Dunlop Rotovibe, a CryBaby wah, a t.c. electronics multieffects unit and a SansAmp (as a distortion unit). Strings are GHS .011s.



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World Radio History

# TRILOK GURTU'S AMAZING ASSEMBLAGE

*East meets West in a one-of-a-kind drumkit*

by TONY SCHERMAN

WHERE ARE WE, A JAZZ CLUB OR the back room of a pawnshop? Let's see: One eggshell, coupla seeds rattling around inside. Indian bells, Sicilian bells, African rattles, African cowbells, clear polyethylene bags, duck calls, pebbles and rocks and a set of woodblocks tuned to the "Marseillaise." One plastic water bucket, full. Dimestore children's toys—"Kinderspiele," says their owner, a Bombayan now settled in Germany. A pair of tablas, on which he's a classically trained master. Looming behind the water bucket, a 22-inch Wuhan gong that Trilok Gurtu almost never simply hits. Mouthing hisses against it, he'll scrape its ribbed surface for a sibilant "shwoop" just like the effect at the beginning of the Beatles' "Come Together." Or he might hit a hand cymbal and plunge it into the water; resonating against the gong, the hand cymbal's pitch drops, a soft clang crystal-clear in the silence. "That's when it's happening for me," says Trilok Gurtu, "when I can use silence. If there's too much playing—ooh, horrible!"

Though he can swing furiously, whipping up a demonic chatter, Trilok Gurtu is in love with silence, a drummer who sees his role as scattering a few well-chosen sounds across a void of no-sound. To that end, he plays probably the oddest, most whimsical set of drums in the world, a hybrid, like its owner, of East and West, raga and jazz, clay and chrome. Born in junkshops and trashcans all across Eurasia during Gurtu's '70s vagabond-gypsy days ("I had no money to buy instruments so I just put things, tins, anything, together"), refined in the '80s ("I added cymbals, then tom-toms, then slowly-slowly I put in a snare, then a hi-hat and everybody said, 'Wow, it's good!'" ), the kit keeps evolving, through two solo albums, 1988's more ethnic *Usfret* and 1991's gorgeous *Living Magic*, through long-running stints with Ralph Towner's Oregon and the John McLaughlin Trio. On the damp afternoon before a McLaughlin show, Trilok Gurtu, trilingual, tri-

continental former hippie street musician, entered an empty New York jazz club, unzipped his leather jacket and, hoisting himself onstage, walked an observer through the thicket of percussion.

Gurtu plays on one knee, poised over a bite-sized (10-inch) Brady snare that rests on the floor, inside a conga stand. "The 10-inch, it has become my mark. A louder snare would kill everything; if the snare is loud, the whole kit must be loud. This snare lets me play *very* soft—loud, too, if I like."

Flanking the snare are three normal-sized ride cymbals and three splashes on a vertical rod,

ward, like a goalie stopping a puck.

Listening to Gurtu on record produces an odd sensation. Not only are those bass-drum figures unbelievably fast, but the kit's sound is single-tiered; there's no up-from-under thud of a kick drum. That's because there is no kick drum. Mounted in a flat metal frame are three single tom-tom heads, the two smaller ones Gurtu's "rack toms," the third, surprisingly resonant, his "bass." The lack of a real bass drum is Gurtu's crucial subtraction, the key to his sound.

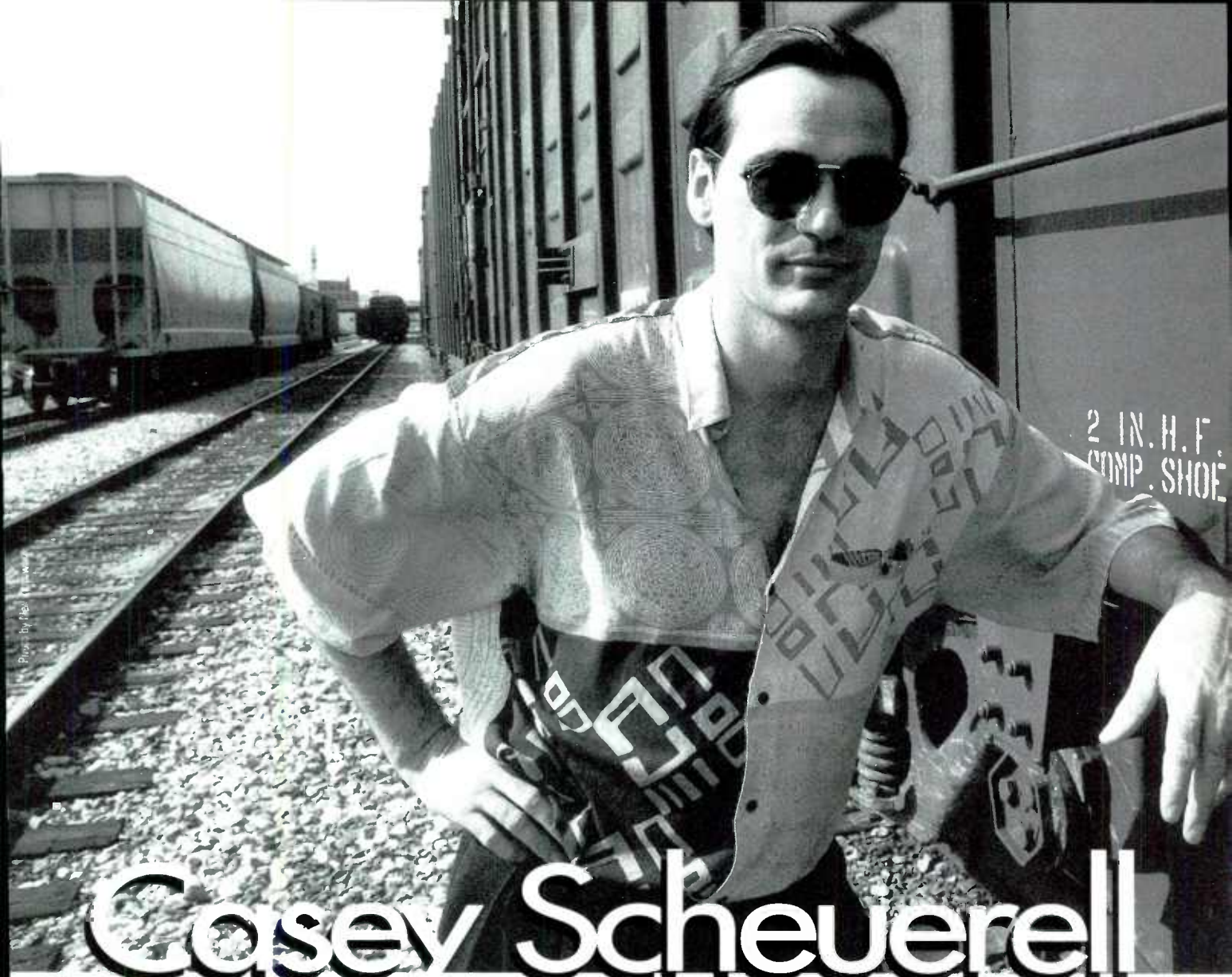
"Not having a bass drum gives everybody much more room to play. Everyone is so used to having a bass drum. When they see my kit they think, 'He can't do without it.' Afterwards they say, 'Shit no, I don't miss it!' You can't even tell there's no bass drum. You know this Mike



Gurtu's miniature crash cymbals. A full-sized crash would be overbearing; "this way, everything is in balance." The drummer and a friend built his stubby little hi-hat stand ("Looks professional!") following a design by the late Collin Walcott, Gurtu's Oregon predecessor. To play it, Gurtu, still on his right knee, juts his left leg for-

Shrieve, this drummer? He heard *Ecotopia* by Oregon and he tried to tune his bass drum to my note! He did everything to get my bass drum sound and he couldn't, then he came to my gig and said, 'Where is your bass drum?' 'I don't have a bass drum.' 'Man, I spent like hours and hours!'...





# Casey Scheuerell



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## WORKING MUSICIAN

Playing like this, I had to find different ways of stroking [sticking]." Instead of, say, two left-handed 16th notes on the snare followed by two 16ths on the kick, he'll play all four notes with one hand (he faithfully practices two-, three- and four-stroke rolls): two beats on the snare, then, with a lightning move, two on his "bass." Doesn't he feel limited, using only three limbs? "If I felt limited, I would have changed the setup. And it's not that I cannot play kick drum. I play kick drum today with Oregon, kick drum and conga. Incredible sound! Kick drum, right foot; conga, right hand; left hand, cowbell or *bayan* [the bigger of the two tablas]."

Straddling musical worlds, unfortunately, strains a 40-year-old body. "Some yoga people I know seem to think I'll have trouble, they ask me how I kneel so long. I say, 'Oh God, don't ask!' One week ago I suddenly couldn't walk. I got a cold in my feet. On my knee. Now it's better. Some sort of rheuma, I don't know; I just hope it doesn't happen again. I believe it'll get okay, so it gets okay. If I feel a little stress, I cool it. I don't know how long I can do this. I just pray it all works out.

"This set is my formula, it fits me. I can play traps, then turn around and play *percussion*. I can play tabla [he'll even tap his snare drum with his fingers, tabla-style], or traps *and* tabla. I can match anything with anything.

"I still own a conventional trap set, but I stopped performing on it in '81, '82. Because I want to express myself in the way I want to. I'm not doing this to be different, it's just my sound"—the sound of an Indian percussionist-turned-jazz drummer who learned on the floor and wants to stay there. "The trap set was born in America, from marches. But I'm not an American, so why should I play like one?"

### WORLDBEATERS

**J**ust the facts: Brady 10" jarrah snare; four tom-tom heads (Remo 6" and 8" FiberSkyn Two and 10" and 14" PinStripe); A. Zildjian 22" ride with rivets, K. Zildjian flat ride, 18" K. Zildjian pang, 10", 8", 6" K. Zildjian splashes; Zildjian Jazz sticks. Brady, says Triok, is building him two jarrah tom-tom mounts to replace his funky old metal ones. He stashes everything in a trap case, a cymbal case and a tabla case.



*Bass*

## WHEN THE BOTTOM DROPS OUT

*The five- and six-string bass revolution*

by TOM MULHERN

**D**ESPITE AN ONGOING RECESSION, the bottom hasn't fallen out of the music business. You might say that the bottom has gotten gradually *deeper*—at least within the music itself. Practically everyone who's anyone playing bass today uses a 5- or 6-string part of the time. Even Paul McCartney's trademark Hofner violin bass now shares duties with a Wal 5-string. And 6-string is the choice of the Grateful Dead's Phil Lesh, Clapton's Nathan East, ex-Chick Corea virtuoso John Patitucci and Jimmy Johnson (of Flim & the B.B.'s, Allan Holdsworth and currently with James Taylor). Jimmy Haslip puts 6-string sting into the Yellowjackets' mellow jazz, and Jason Newsted occasionally drives his 5-string

deep into the bedrock with Metallica. It's there in rock, jazz, country, soul—and everywhere else. It's also become a force for change in the instrument, amplification, pickup and string industries; builders from Alembic to Zon, and even long-established, large companies such as Fender, Peavey and Yamaha, are offering extra-string models.

Why are basses being fitted with more than four strings? As synthesizer use became widespread in the late 1970s and early '80s, keyboardists started supplying more and more basslines and could easily reach notes below the bass' open E string. A lot of 4-string pluckers were being sidelined, but some decided to fight back by borrowing an idea that orchestral bassists had used for eons: an extra string tuned below E. Following the usual format of tuning open strings to perfect 4ths (E, A, D, G, low to high), they added a low B, and some even a high C. Session great Anthony Jackson



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cooked up the concept of a bass with a higher and lower string in 1973, receiving his first 6-string contrabass guitar from luthier Carl Thompson two years later. (Today he wields the eighth generation of contrabasses, a Fodera.) The only slightly less cumbersome 5-string flourished because it could reach the heights and depths of most synths, while allowing players to explore the subtle dynamics exclusive to stringed instruments. However, whether extended bass continues to gain popularity or even continues to exist concerns Jackson not one iota: "I never judged its success by its popularity. And it doesn't matter what instrument something is played on; it's the music you play that's important."

The first 5- and 6-strings weren't without their problems. Joseph Zon says it wasn't easy building a 5-string to sound like a 4-string, citing its unusual construction and need for pickups that could transduce the extra range. Luthier Michael Pedulla says that getting a low B to sound right was a major hurdle. Yet another initial difficulty: Recording and reproduction technology wasn't up to speed. In October 1984, Neil Stubenhaus, one of the

West Coast's busiest studio bassists, reported that although some sessions then called for bass notes below low E, the generally low fidelity of TV speakers made it impossible for such notes to be reproduced. High-tech has since proliferated—CDs, stereo TV broadcasting, car and personal stereos with "bass consciousness."

The expanded range of 5- and 6-strings also posed new problems for the designers of bass amplifiers. In the pre-Jackson bass era, it wasn't necessary for a speaker cabinet to accommodate frequencies below around 40 Hz (cycles per second). The low B string necessitates another half-octave of subterranean support, all the way down to around 30 Hz. Designer Steve Rabe, who heads SWR Amplifiers, says, "Going 10 cycles lower is a *lot*, because you need speakers that can handle it and greater power to pump the very low frequencies."

So far, nearly everything standing in the way of the 5- and 6-strings' evolution has been surmounted, and as the instruments get more popular, manufacturers are driven to produce better gear. Nathan East recalls his

session experiences: "Years ago, I'd bring a 5-string into the studio, and they would wonder why I was rattling their speakers," he laughs, "but now they look at you funny if you only come in with a 4-string." (East is not only a devotee of the extended bass *guitar*, but is among the relative handful of bassists who utilize an electric upright outfitted with five strings.)

If 5- and 6-strings have caught on, are 7- and 8-string basses lurking over the horizon? Although there are unusual exceptions—John Entwistle often played custom eights, and Jonas Hellborg just received a custom 10—the fingerboard on a 6-string is already about as wide as the *average* bassist's hand can stretch. And it would be impractical to go any lower on a bass, since strings would be difficult to make, tune and play (if a low E string averages .105" and a low B comes in at .145" or .150", then a low F# below that would be nearly as thick as a pencil). And everything from the basses' necks to the amps and speakers would have to change radically. Of course, if the war between bassists and synthesists were to heat up again. . . .



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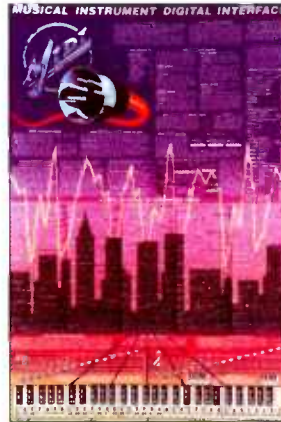


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## Keyboards

# JENS JOHANSSON, SWEDE IN MOTION

*Surviving Yngwie, on  
the subway upward*

by MATT RESNICOFF

**T**HROUGH THE TUNNEL, ACROSS industrial backstreets, up the stairs and inching toward dawn, the sound of a man working gets louder and louder. Anders Johansson is banging a ladder with drumsticks—not to fix the ladder, not to fix the landlord's wagon, but to delight Jonas Hellborg, who hunches over Greenpoint Studio's console with his ponytail swinging in the faders. They decide they need a click track for an overdub but can't bother with the drum machine, so the younger Johansson, keyboardist Jens, punches at a fierce-looking machine in the wall, securing a button with duct tape so that a metronomic tick raps into his brother's headphones. Things get very quiet as Anders takes polyrhythmic liberties and finishes his solo album. Jonas, a most accomplished bass subversive, is delighted. He retrieves another master tape and plays back the assembled trio's recent work—some of the *heaviest* metal going, and a harsh, harmonically deep respite from their individual credits: Mahavishnu, Ginger Baker, Yngwie Malmsteen, Ronnie James Dio. The three Swedes are smiling.

You would rightly suggest that after experiencing Malmsteen, the Johanssons can play or endure absolutely anything. In the balcony at his first Yngwie show since departing the band, Jens grimaces at the guitarist's profane patter and drunken stage behavior. "This sounds like Survivor," he laughs; surveying backstage antics after the show, he gets depressed by the vapidness of the entourage, the contrived corporate sludge mentality that robbed the music of its fire. "There's no chaos; there's too much control here, in the band, in the sound," he says. "When we first came over from Sweden, people were interested because we were doing something *different*."

Jens isn't strictly versed in the discipline of music theory—fist-slammng a digital reverb in his bedroom a few days later, he betrays even less patience with technology—though his music is happily twisted and his manner irrever-

ent enough to allow him to move from Yngwie's demanding harmonic minor- and diminished-based dungeon rock to spare textures or traditional acoustic piano for Ginger. To grab the listener, he shapes his phrasing to emulate the fluidity of the human voice, and he relies on the pitchwheel for formal bending and as an organic substitute for programmed vibrato; he uses guitar effects to offset the static quality of most synthesizer generators.

Still, Jens is a calm savage with minimal interest in every current synth player except Steve Hunt, and that refined taste represents the tip of a deep reserve. On a subway one afternoon, he

the opening epic on Jens' *Fjäderlösa Tvåfotingar*. He worked the theme through several chords based on that parallel motion, beginning on a chord voiced A, D, E, then another a major third down, F, A#, C—both over C#; for the second sequence, he puts a C bass note under the A chord to create a dissonant minor second against the C#, and an F# under the F. The progression moves through F#, B, C#/A to E, A, B/F, then drops a half-step: E flat, A flat, B flat/F#. The bass notes are set up to create very deliberate tensions.

Jens writes music on a computer program called Cubase, which stores entire orchestrations and allows him to modify specific parts without disturbing the whole. He advises composers who use sequencing programs to turn off the screen when listening back to their arrangements.



noticed that the two beeping tones accompanying the closing train doors descended a major third, and that both cars surrounding his own followed that same pattern, beginning on different notes. He memorized them and wrote out the resulting sequence—three cars, six notes, two triads, and the kernel for "A Mote in God's Eye,"

"When you see the parts coming up you listen to it in a completely different manner," he says. "You see this two-dimensional picture of your piece with different parts, in a linear sequence; it's different from the one-dimensional thing you get when you're just listening and don't know what came before or after. You're at [cont'd on page 105]





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# QUADROPHENIA IN A BOX

**E**NSONIQ HAS ENTERED the multi-effects ring and has thrown down the gloves with a vengeance. The new DP/4 digital processor may cost \$1495, but with just two rack spaces it can readily take the place of even four stand-alone processors. Furthermore, this chrome-knobbed *wunderbox* is capable of some sounds that would be difficult or impossible to achieve with even four other processors.

Easily accessible via the DP/4's fully outfitted rear panel and '50s/retro-looking front end are four *effects processors* (A, B, C and D). Four *input source configurations* determine which of the four audio inputs and outputs are active. There are also four preset types. The first three preset types determine whether one, two or four of the processors are active simultaneously; the fourth preset type, called "config" preset, describes the complete configuration of the DP/4's processors and input sources. All these variations can get confusing, so let's tackle them methodically. First, regarding the four effects processors: Each has 43 highly programmable effects algorithms avail-

was especially amazed to hear that when I mixed a four-input source signal to stereo outputs, each of the four "mono" 1-unit presets actually had simulated stereo outs. For instance, I could have four separate stereo delays or reverbs—which is almost like having eight outputs! Finally, to the config preset mode, which has 100 memory locations to store not only preset types (stock or modified) but also input source configurations. This can be very useful if you change the DP/4's setup in the course of a mixdown or live performance. Of the Ensoniq's 400-memory total, 200 are factory ROM presets and 200 are user-programmable.

Listening to the DP/4's algorithms one by one, it's clear that a lot of thought went into their development. The reverbs are very smooth and realistic-sounding; they're competitive with some algorithms on \$3000+ boxes, and are distinctly better than the sort of reverb found on most \$500 multi-effects boxes. The other professional-sounding algorithms, from the compressor to flangers, are instantly usable and eminently programmable. And unlike a typical multi-effects box, which decreases in performance when effects are added, the DP/4 uses its four processors to maintain top-grade sound for each algorithm.



able—including 11 different types of reverb, a smorgasbord of delay variations (including some combo effects, such as "EQ-Vibrato-DDL"), several pitch transposer modes, various all-digital amp simulator and distortion algorithms, compressors and gates, and much more. There are also three algorithms that use more than one processor, including an impressive vocoder. (Don't you miss one-sound spring reverbs?)

The DP/4 can be set up to operate with one, two, three or four input sources. This flexibility effectively allows it to behave as four different types of boxes: from a single, very powerful multi-effects device to four separate mono devices—and everything in between. An internal "patchbay" routes the preset types in a variety of ways, including serial, parallel and feedback modes. (The feedback and series modes can sound drastically different from a parallel mode, since algorithms' outputs can be "fed back" to the inputs of others, and can sound dramatically unique. If this reminds you of Yamaha FM synthesis, you're on the right track.) On top of all this there's an internal mixer which can mix most of these configurations to a combined stereo output. I

My only sonic complaints are with some of the guitar amp/speaker/distortion algorithms and presets. Some of these settings lacked dynamic response, and in general these presets were programmed too "hot"—good for metalheads, but I would have preferred a few more "warm-sounding" factory presets. Still, there were numerous presets that sounded fine with guitar and bass, including chorus, flanging, wah-wah and more.

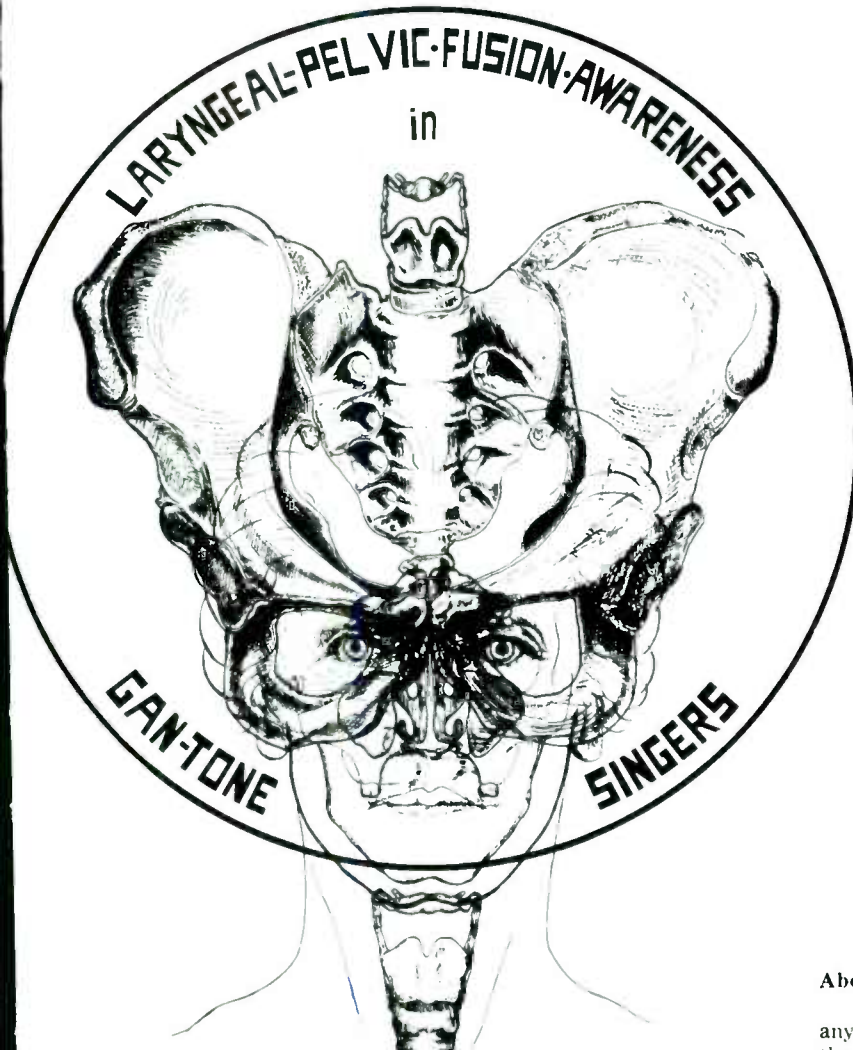
This box runs deep and wide—possibly too deep for some users. If words like "programming" and "multi-unit feedback loops" induce fear, you may find the DP/4 overwhelming, and you might not use many of its capabilities. In this case you're probably better off with one or two of the lowlier digital processors on the market.

However, if you need lots of effects, enjoy tweaking and programming, have the time and patience to grasp this complex beast by the horns and have 1500 bucks, then you'll love the DP/4. Simply, it has more sound-variation potential than any other signal processor on the planet. Calling all sonic enthusiasts: Ensoniq has a real winner.

BRENT HURTIG



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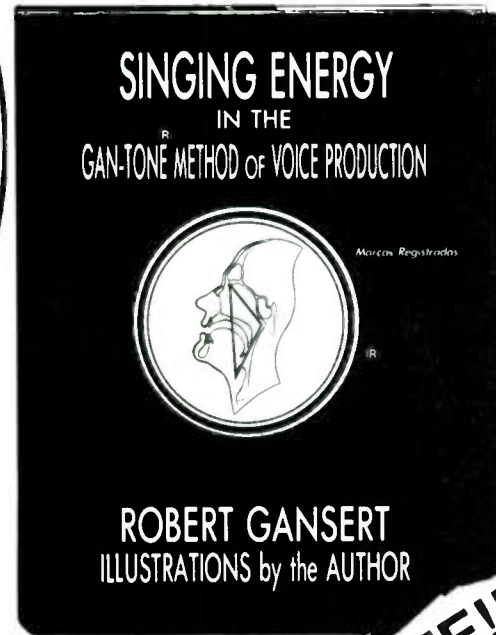
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## MEGABYTES FROM MISSISSIPPI

**P**EAVEY HAS BEEN making durable, working-man's amps, instruments and sound reinforcement gear for a long time. Over the past few years they've taken the plunge into the world of keyboards and synthesizers, becoming one of a handful of American manufacturers seriously active in the field. Those hard workin' folks from Mississippi dive in a little deeper with the DPM SP, a 16-voice, 16-bit, variable-rate sample playback module. It comes factory-loaded with 2 megabytes of RAM, expandable with standard SIMMs up to 32 megabytes! Four polyphonic 1/4" audio outputs are available as individual outs or stereo pairs, along with the usual MIDI in/out/thru. A SCSI interface is standard, allowing the unit to be connected directly with a hard drive, or to any other device sporting a SCSI interface, such as a computer.

The SP combines the usual sample-editing capabilities of a sampler (trim, loop, etc.) with a wide range of synthesizer functions. Filters, envelopes and LFOs are implemented in ways that will be familiar to anyone who has ever used even a modest analog synth, but are powerful enough to satisfy just about any need. Up to 255 samples can reside in the machine at any given time, depending on how the memory is allocated (lots of short samples, fewer long ones). Peavey offers the Prosonus sample library on 1.4 meg disks that can be loaded from the SP's internal high-density floppy drive. Sounds from other samplers can be transferred to the SP via MIDI as long as the source sampler supports Sample Dump Standard (SDS). Users of computer-based sound editing programs such as *Alchemy* and *Sound Designer* can send SDS files as well (Peavey expects direct sup-

port from at least one of these software companies soon).

For those who want to sample on their own, Peavey offers the DPM SX Sample Expander. This rackmount device, with a memory expandable up to 16 Mb, is intended as a sampling "front-end" for not only the SP, but for any device that accepts SDS files. The design of the SX is spartan, to put it mildly. Audio inputs, consisting of a 1/4" line and an XLR mike input (with phantom power), are mounted on the front panel for easy access. Input level, sample rates and sample trigger are selectable from the front, but are easier to use and offer more flexibility when controlled from the SP. An optional SCSI interface allows for faster communication (up to 50 times faster than MIDI) with the SP. Sampling is mono only, but samples can be linked to create true stereo. Although remote-control Macintosh software is available for the SX, none currently exists for the SP. It would be helpful to have, given that unit's small LCD display.

With a list price of \$999.99 for the SP and \$349.99 for the SX, this



combination makes a very attractive option for those looking for a new sampler or just interested in increasing their firepower. Add to that the fact that SIMMs seem to be dropping in price every time you turn around, and you'll probably end up with one of the more powerful packages available for the least amount of bucks. Hey, not too bad for a bunch of Americans.

BILL SEERY

## SOUND BITES

**W**hat better place to hold a sort-of-a-NAMM show than at a sort-of-a-resort like Atlantic City? Reportedly the list of exhibitors for this summer's industry schmooze-fest was growing steadily, but kicked into high gear with news that some big guns like **YAMAHA** would be there. Speaking of whom, the boys from Buena Park took advantage of the Frankfurt Musik Messe to introduce the SY85, a 61-key, 30-note-polyphonic synthesizer that delivers many of the same features (Advanced Waveform Memory, programmable effects) as their big ol' SY99 for a lot less money. Another new option for the first-time synth buyer is **ROLAND's** JV-30, a 61-key, 24-voice-polyphonic, 16-part-multi-timbral synth that conforms to the new General MIDI spec and puts tons of easily editable PCM-based sounds at your grubby fingertips for a mere \$1195. Opcode has unveiled the Studio 4, a 128-channel, 8-in/8-out MIDI and SMPTE interface. Besides multiple MIDI channels, this box provides similar processing and patching capability to the Studio 5, but without that unit's ability to stand alone. In other words, you'll have to bring along your computer.

You might think the trash can ambience of *Kiko*, Los Lobos' new record, was created by some astronomically expensive studio gear. Not! "Just about every sound was put through a **SANSAMP**," says saxophonist Steve Berin. "We just dialed it in through the effects buss and got this wonderful speaker compression." That was the stomp box. In an upcoming issue we'll take a close look at the new rackmount version. In the "they all sound alike" department, the folks at **BEYERDYNAMIC** swore up and down that their S170G Guitar Wireless would perform better because the bodypack was designed to accept a guitar's way-high impedance. So we put the unit through an on-the-gig test and got very un-wireless-like attack and sustain. Actually, wireless setups in general sound better and are easier to use than ever. The Beyerdynamic was a snap to set up, and playing guitar is a blast when you've got nothing to get tangled up in.

**OOPS.** If you went looking for the fab new Roland products that were mentioned in our April NAMM wrap-up, you probably had a rough time. What we called the JV-800 is really a JD-800. The D770? That should be a D-70. The JW-30 is actually a JW-50, with a 49,000-note sequencer, not 4900. Whew.

BY PETER CRONIN



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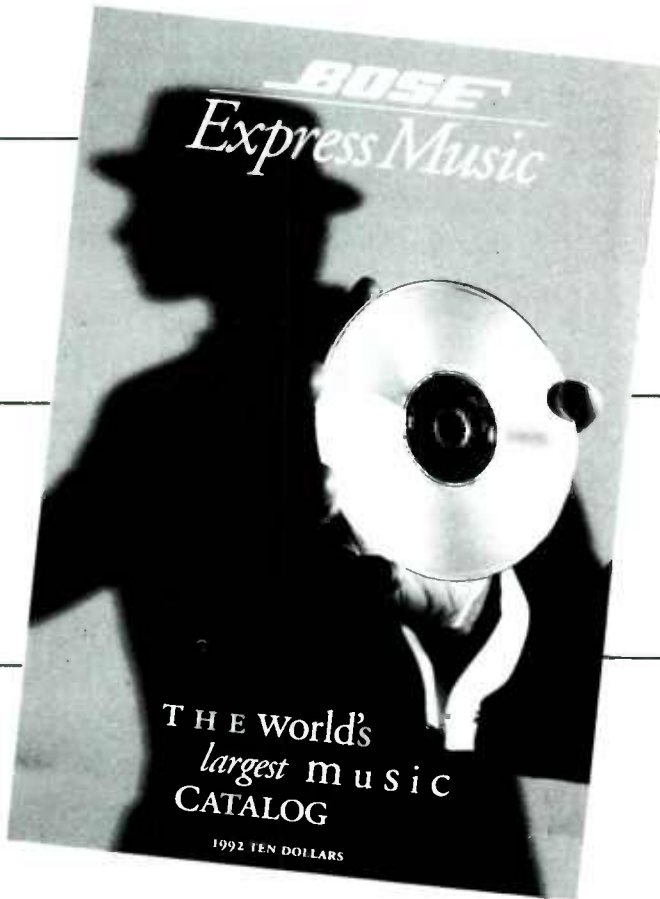
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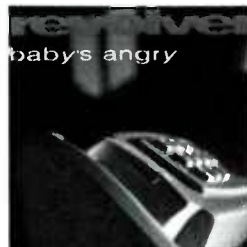
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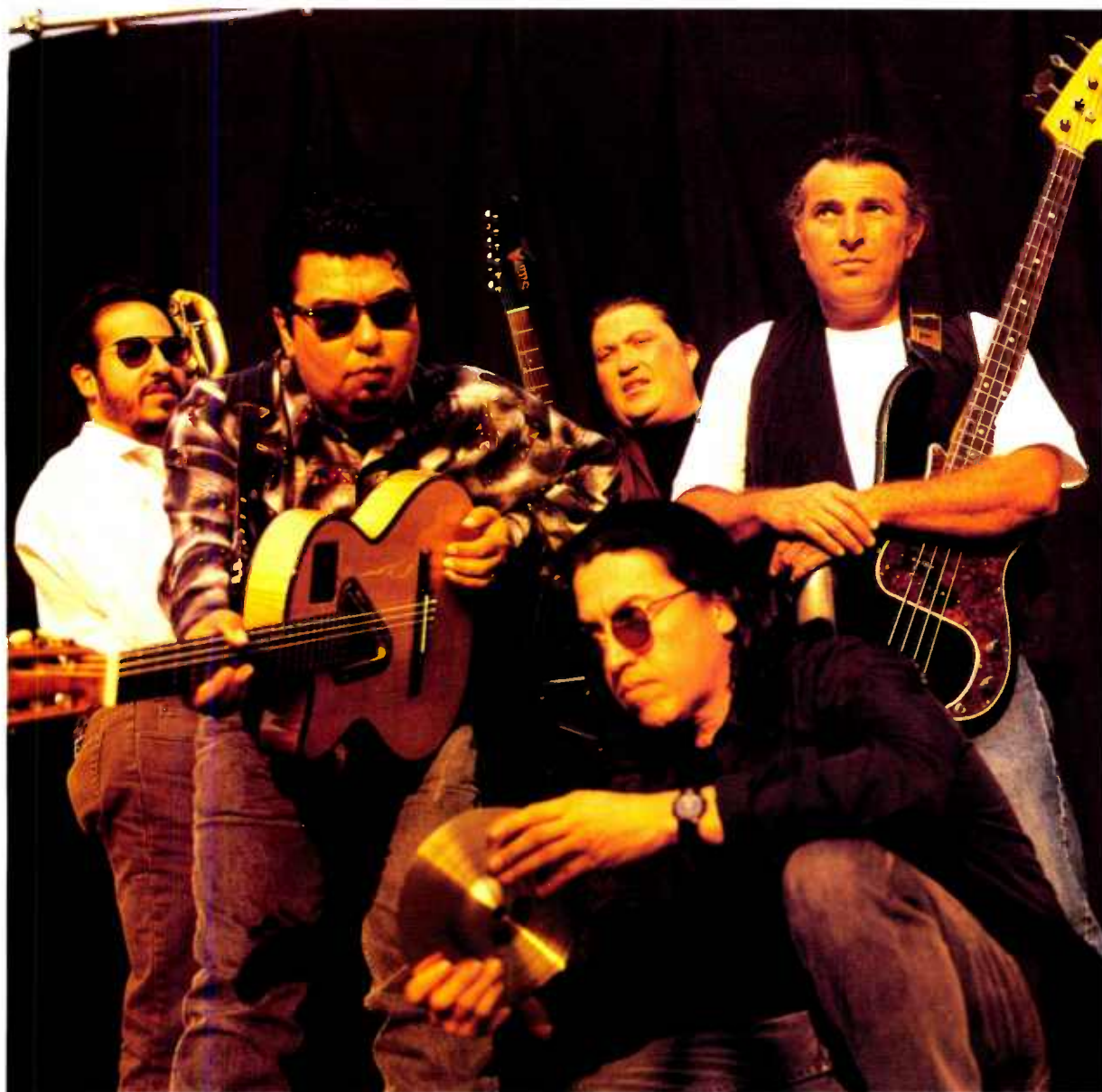
## revolver baby's angry

"Revolver seem immaculately, effortlessly right..."  
NME



# CAROLINE





LOS LOBOS  
KIKO  
(SLASH/  
WARNER BROS.)

## DOWN-HOME COOKING

**G**od blessed Los Lobos with a ton of talent. But sometimes it seems like each of their virtues comes with a catch. Call 'em a grand melting pot of rock 'n' roll, blues and traditional Mexican sounds—or a band without focus. Each of their records contains gorgeous songs—yet they've never made the masterpiece they keep promising. David Hidalgo's heartfelt vocals imply an appealing decency rare in pop—

until cheap sentiment threatens to break the spell.

At 16 tracks running nearly an hour, there's plenty to savor on *Kiko*, another charming, imperfect Los Lobos album. As usual, East L.A.'s finest tell stories of ordinary folks in tight spots with thoughtful compassion. The bluegrass-tinged "Two Janes" finds comrades fleeing loveless lives à la *Thelma and Louise*, as clod bystanders assume "they must have been insane,"

while "Short Side of Nothing" uses waves of shimmering guitars to dramatize a desperate longing for redemption. You see Hidalgo's limitations on "Whiskey Trail," a scorching raveup. For all the angst he pours into confessing sin, the man comes across as a nice guy, not a candidate for damnation.

That's where Cesar Rosas comes in. A tough, no-nonsense foil to Hidalgo's nurturing frontman, Rosas would have been com-

fortable barking out a Willie Dixon tune at Chess studios way back when. While he only takes the spotlight twice, “That Train Don’t Stop Here” and “Wicked Rain” provide the crucial ballast that keeps *Kiko* from drifting into excess sensitivity. When Rosas says his baby’s gone, you just know he’s guilty.

Actually, everybody does his share to keep things jumpin’. Co-producing with buddy Mitchell Froom, they’ve thrown plenty of wild cards into the deck, concocting a mix that can be strange and thrilling: Steve Berlin’s sputtering sax often surges to the fore like an abrupt 3-D effect, and hints of dissonance allude to a non-linear universe behind the accomplished licks. Likewise, the odder songs have the dizzy, hallucinatory quality of fever visions. A spooky, Ellington-like breeze, “Kiko and the Lavender Moon” dreams of “green shoes/Haircuts and cake.” Highlighted by Venezuelan harp (not harmonica), the breathless “Saint Behind the Glass” suggests religious fetishism in bloom, while the giddy “Dream in Blue” rides a spiffy New Orleans rhythm, courtesy of sublime drums, to celebrate “Little kid dreams/That never, ever go away.”

Of course, you won’t find the Los Lobos we hold dear out on some weird fringe; look instead to “Peace,” a reassuring country blues. With the real world getting stranger by the day, we need David Hidalgo and crew the way we need friends and loved ones. Don’t take them for granted or blame ’em for not being hipper. After all, you don’t love your mom any less because she’s uncool. And these guys boogie a lot better than she does.

—Jon Young



LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM

*Out of the Cradle*  
(REPRISE)

**O**UT OF THE CRADLE IS SMART, CRISP, wonderfully catchy, and just the album Lindsey Buckingham needed to make after leaving Fleetwood Mac. Though his two prior solo albums, 1981’s *Law and Order* and 1984’s *Go Insane*, were indeed nifty, they’d always seemed mildly gimmicky, as if they were thera-

peutic diversions from the inherent nuttiness of being in a monster band. Now that he’s kissed that band goodbye with about as much class as possible—imagine, he didn’t want to tour just to make a bundle—the big cheese is standing alone, and, uh, he ain’t limburger.

Since most of Buckingham’s time with Mac was spent being its sole rocking dude, it’s no surprise that *Out of the Cradle* rocks, so to speak: “Countdown” and “Wrong” wouldn’t sound out of place on *Rumours*. Yet freed of his former constraints—he doesn’t have to supply melodic hooks to Christine McVie’s modest melodies and Stevie Nicks’ wackier-by-the-minute dirges anymore—Buckingham really soars on the ballads he’s previously never needed to provide. The guitarist’s devotion to the Brothers Wilson has been demonstrated in the past, but “Soul Drifter”—its backing vocals the perfect merger of “The Lonely Sea” and Ronnie & the Daytonas’ “Sandy”—is about as perfect as pop music gets. Ditto “Surrender the Rain” and album closer “Say We’ll Meet Again,” which somehow captures the *gestalt* of the Mermaids’ “Popsicles and Icicles” without—and this is really Buckingham’s greatest gift—sounding hambone or retro.

It’s been five years between Buckingham’s last Mac hurrah, the still undervalued *Tango in the Night*, and *Out of the Cradle*. People at his record label were jokingly calling this one *Out of the Studio*, and that’s funny, to a point, but hey, guys: If the man needs a sandbox in the studio, get him one. And you wondered why Stevie Nicks wrote “I Can’t Wait”?

—Dave DiMartino



XTC

*Nonsuch*  
(Geffen)

**M**OST BANDS THAT MAKE IT TO THEIR fifteenth birthday have an excellent idea whether they’re ever going to succeed or not. Typically, XTC is the exception. Their previous album was their highest-charting in nearly a decade. A mere three years later—you can’t say they rush things—here comes *Nonsuch*. Could

this be XTC’s *breakthrough*?

Like the preceding *Oranges & Lemons*, *Nonsuch* is a dense hour of music: 17 songs, and with guitar solos you can count on one hand. The new album, though, has better digested the ’60s influences that made *Oranges & Lemons* sound confusingly close to XTC’s pseudo-psychedelic alter ego, the Dukes of Stratosphere. Not that Andy Partridge still wouldn’t like to have recorded the Beach Boys’ *Smiley Smile*, and at times he attempts to do that here.

The solidly constructed songs put across the often felicitous word play with shifting guitar/keyboard textures, catchy phrases and medium tempos. Thematically Partridge’s compositions deal with love, politics and the human comedy; since for Partridge the personal is political, the most intriguing results come from blurring these topical boundaries. “Humble Daisy” wafts pastoral imagery toward pacifist ends before shifting into apostrophic romantic sentiment (“I’ll lay upon you until somebody else will”). The perky “Omnibus” playfully eulogizes women of all colors—some of them real—in a paean to universal love. But Partridge’s tour de force here must be “Rook”; with impressionistic piano block chords and yearning, dreamy lyric, it is simply an art song.

This is no “background” album, though one could conceivably dance to it. “I believe the printed word is more than sacred,” Partridge avows in “Books Are Burning,” undoubtedly inspired by Salman Rushdie. *Nonsuch* makes clear his own allegiance to art, verbal and musical. XTC’s fans always knew that, but it’s nice to have confirmation from the source—even if it means waiting a few years between albums.

—Scott Isler



BASEHEAD

*Play with Toys*  
(IMAGO)

**L**ONELY GUYS, HERE’S SOME SOUNDS ‘specially for your pitiful selves. The creation of young Michael Ivey, Basehead meanders lazily through a mutated funk terrain similar to Prince in his less strident moments. *Play with*



*Toys* has plenty of chatter, but it's less rap than sketch comedy, following Ivey's struggle to survive a broken heart, aided by a concerned pal and liberal doses of alcohol. When not talkin' trash with his buddy, who implores him to "consider the positives," our hero croons pathetically, insisting he's happy on the woeful "Not Over You" and surveying his ruined mind in "2000 B.C.," meaning brain cells. The dude's so low you need a spatula to scrape him off the floor.

Don't be misled: Behind the amusing sad-sack facade percolates a keen intelligence. Though spare arrangements and production reflect the album's low-budget roots, Ivey spices the music with tasty guitar, while cookin' live drums steer clear of hip-hop and rock clichés. Above all, he carries on the noble tradition of the crabby outsider, debunking himself along with the status quo. The genuinely pretty "Ode to My Favorite Beer," one of many booze jokes, inspires cheap laughs (calling Dean Martin!); on the other hand, it's also a potent critique of self-indulgence. Despite the mumbled vocals, there's no missing the scathing social commentary of "Better Days," indicting a system that trains the young for a gig at Burger King, or the title track, inspired by children wielding guns and knives. The opening and closing covers of James Brown and Prince by hill-billy nitwits Jethro and the Graham Crackers are plenty hilarious, whatever the deeper intent.

Michael Ivey may well be a holy fool, dispensing truths in the guise of a buffoon, but that doesn't convey the playfulness, the wit and the sheer good grooves of *Play with Toys*. Very excellent indeed!

—Jon Young



ANNIE LENNOX

*Div*  
(ARISTA)

THE SHIVERY WARMTH OF ANNIE Lennox's expansive alto was largely responsible for making Eurythmics the most soulful of the techno-pop bands that cropped up in the early '80s. No pop diva is properly dressed without her hooks in place, however, and Lennox's ex-partner Dave Stewart—Eurythmics' primary composer—fitted her with

some sumptuous ones. From the graceful lyricism of "Here Comes the Rain Again" to the driving catchiness of "Would I Lie to You," Stewart's music would have served any number of fey-voiced Englishmen making records 10 years ago well; Lennox's vocals only elevated the duo above the status of other hit-worthy New Wavers like...well, can anyone name the original members of Human League?

*Div* marks Lennox's first outing as a solo artist, for which she's written eight original songs and co-written two. It's a fairly bold experiment, and the results are mixed. "Why" recalls the Cars' "Drive" with its melancholy synth lines and hopeless urgency; in terms of melodic development, though, this one's a road to nowhere. The buoyant, cannily syncopated "Walking on Broken Glass" finds Lennox on surer ground, as does "Little Bird," a percolating bit of electro-pop boasting the album's most infectious chorus.

"Little Bird"'s lyrics reflect a recurring motif on *Div*—that of a woman made wiser and more resolute by heartbreak. It's one of our more enduring clichés, of course, but as anyone who's heard Bonnie Raitt's or Sam Phillips' recent work can attest, it can still work wonders when rendered with insight or a twist. Lennox misfires with "Legend in My Living Room," a banal account of a young girl gone wrong, and the self-exploratory "Money Can't Buy It" comes off as pedantic. But when she sings, on the insinuating ballad "The Gift," about being freed from shame by a nonjudgmental lover, Lennox sounds self-aware; and her Lotte Lenya-inspired take on the Al Dubin/Harry Warren tune "Keep Young and Beautiful" (a CD bonus track) makes a gleeful mockery of social obsessions with those qualities. Lennox's chops as a songwriter are still uncertain, but her ability as an interpreter can still turn many a blue-eyed soul crooner green with envy.—Elysa Gardner



ROSIE FLORES

*After the Farm*  
(HIGHTONE)

WESTERN BEAT HAS BECOME THE latest catch-phrase to describe that

wide range of country artists whose songwriting and singing styles are decidedly left of Nashville, spiritually and geographically. Rosie Flores, long a fixture on Southern California's thriving C&W club scene, has stepped up and declared herself queen of this new movement, and if her new record *After the Farm* is any indication she's got a fighting chance of holding on to the title.

The transplanted Texan singer/songwriter/guitarist certainly sounds looser and more confident here than on her major label debut, a noble but mixed effort on Reprise from a few years back that went directly to the bargain bins. Although that release did a nice job of showcasing Flores' smoky, out-of-breath delivery and her knack for milking the dickens out of a country lyric, she seemed somewhat boxed in by Dwight Yoakam producer Pete Anderson's heavy-handed direction.

Maybe it's the more homey feel at Hightone, her new, decidedly smaller label; or maybe it's the last few years' worth of non-stop gigs, but on *After the Farm* Flores is playing more guitar and writing better songs. Most importantly, the singer sounds like she's having a blast.

The songs were written by Flores or cowritten with buddies like Guy Clark or Jimmie Dale Gilmore. Like those two artists, Flores takes a hard-headed look at matters of the heart, avoiding the pun-driven, formulaic approach of Nashville's hit-cranker-outers. "This Loneliness" is as straightforward a take on the heartbreak and frustration of lost love as you'll find, especially with Greg Liesz's slinky lap steel to push the point.

Flores has a hell of a band, and Liesz, drummer Donald Lindley, bassist/engineer Dusty Wakeman and guitarist Duane "DJ" Jarvis lay back effortlessly into these songs. West Coast pickers have always been able to give the Nashville cats a good kick in the ass when they needed one (where do you think the Telecaster and the pedal steel got their first big break?), and these bar-band vets play with an unadorned, flatly stated feel that is pure California country.

Flores is not one of those singers who "makes it look easy." She has a tendency to sound like she's trying really hard, sometimes a little too hard—the overwrought singing on "Oh Heartache" brings to mind a beer-soaked Karla Bonoff. But throughout *After the Farm*, Flores' lovably desperate vocals make the occasional lyric cliché easy to forgive. After all, she is the queen.

—Peter Cronin

## NEW RELEASES

## ROCK

BY J. D. CONSIDINE

KISS  
*Revenge*  
(MERCURY)

WHAT MAKES THIS the best Kiss album in over a decade isn't the production, though Bob Ezrin has given the band an edge you could shave with; nor is it the playing, no matter how much the guitars slash and the vocals soar. No, what sets this album apart is its spirit, a gut-level commitment that brings out the best in every song on this album. And considering what that covers—from powerhouse rockers like "Heart of Chrome" to slow-burning ballads like "Every Time I Look at You" to sizzling sex songs like "Domino"—this must be the sweetest revenge of all.

POPS STAPLES  
*Peace to the Neighborhood*  
(POINTBLANK/CHARISMA)

A TRUE TRADITIONALIST, Pops Staples understands that you have to nourish the roots if you want the rest of the plant to flower. But he's also smart enough to realize that the flowers, not the roots, are what matter. So despite the strength of straight blues like the Ry Cooder-sized "Down in Mississippi," the best moments here don't just stick to the slide-guitar austerity of Delta blues, but apply that approach to more modern styles, be it gospel funk ("Pray on My Child"), Memphis soul (the Al Green-style "America") or mainstream rock (like the Jackson Browne/Bonnie Raitt "World in Motion").

RODNEY CROWELL  
*Life Is Messy*  
(COLUMBIA)

WELL, OF COURSE it's messy, Rodney. You can't expect the Nashville highlife when your slow songs stress introspective intelligence over soppy sentimentality, any more than you can cross over with rockers that ride a two-step rhythm instead of a backbeat. But hey—if we wanted neat, we'd listen to Garth Brooks, right?

ARMY OF LOVERS  
*Massive Luxury Overdose*  
(GIANT)

THESE SWEDISH PRANKSTERS are far better at clever concepts than killer dancebeats, meaning that

ARC ANGELS, *ARC ANGELS* (DGC)

WITH A FRONTLINE OF *Charlie Sexton* and *Doyle Bramhall II*—arguably the hottest axe-slingers in Austin—and the same rhythm section that anchored *Stevie Ray Vaughan*, the Arc Angels ought to be a one-way ticket to guitar heaven. But these guys also recognize that you can't have great solos without good songs, and focus their energy accordingly. The standout moments—"Paradise Cafe," "Good Time," "Spanish Moon"—have less to do with fretboard fireworks than solid songwriting.

most of this album is given to campy extravaganzas like "Candyman Messiah" or "Walking with a Zombie." But when they do come up with a worthwhile melody—as with the gloriously Abba-esque "Crucified"—it's almost enough to forgive their excesses.

YO-YO  
*Black Pearl*  
(ATCO/EASTWEST)

SURE, SHE'S BRASH, brainy and nobody's fool, but what makes this album a jewel is the way Yo-Yo not only balances feminist pride with no-nonsense sexual politics, but ties it all to the funkier beats this side of James Brown. Now, *that's* intelligence....

SLAUGHTER  
*The Wild Life*  
(CHRYSLER)

NOT BEING THE most original group of hook-mongers on the hard rock circuit, much of *The Wild Life* is likely to leave you with a bad case of *déjà écouté*, from the Zep-isms of "Times They Change"

("Immigrant Song," anyone?) to the Queenly overkill of "Days Gone By." But anyone who'd buy the notion of Slaughter being even remotely wild isn't going to worry over a purloined hook or two.

## JAZZ

BY PETER WAITROUS

PAUL MOTIAN  
*Bill Frisell and Joe Lovano with  
Paul Motian in Tokyo*  
(JMT)

LIKE A DREAM by Monet, this is all color. Recorded live, Frisell floats his opaque chords, while Lovano, the dissonant figure in the trio, barks out counter lines. Motian patters at the drums. The whole idea of not having a bass (or whatever) seems like disruption, which in the land of heads, solos and more heads, is a good idea. The group rarely works like a band without a bass, thankful-



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701 Chainsaw Kittens - *Flipped Out In Singapore*



702 Webb Wilder - *One and Only*



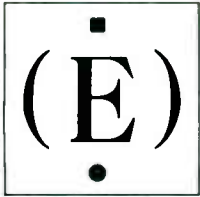
703 Leon Russell - *Anything Can Happen*



704 Matthew Sweet - *Girlfriend*



705 The Church - *Priest + Aura*  
The new album includes "Priest" and "Aura"



706 E - *A Man Called E*



707 Rise Robots Rise - *Rise Artist Introduction*



708 Al Stewart - *Rhymes In Rooms*



709 Ben Schultz Band - *In A My Artist Introduction*



710 Rude - *Going Blank Again*



711 Kid Rock - *Back From The Dead*  
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712 Charlie Watts Quintet - *A Tribute To Charlie Parker*  
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713 Sarah McLachlan - *Solace*  
Featuring "Into The Fire" and "The Path of Thorns (Terms)"



714 The Beyond - *Crawl*  
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715 Happyhead - *Glee Happyhead*  
Featuring "Fajulous"



716 Michelle Shocked - *The Homeless To Homeless*



717 Pantera - *Vulgar Display Of Power*



718 KTC - *NONSUCH*



719 The Soup Dragons - *HUNTWILD*

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ly, and the freedom allows them all sorts of improvising room.

**CHUCK HIGGINS**  
*Pachucko Hop*  
(SPECIALTY)

PURE '50S GENRE music, West Coast style. Made on indie labels (in this case Specialty), honking and shouting has a peculiar hitless, faceless charm. There's some singing on this, and Jimmy Nolen, later of James Brown's band, is on guitar, but the pleasure here comes from Higgins' endless variations on tenor blues. The style wasn't completely closed off either, with hints of pop and mambo, among other things, thrown in.

**JIMMY GIUFFRE**  
*Jimmy Giuffre 3, 1961*  
(ECM)

GEEZ, MAYBE THERE'S something to this theory that white people from the North are ice, and black people from the South are full of vitality and expression. Because here are two long discs of cool, chilly playing. Even on the Carla Bley tunes (too many to mention here), Giuffre on clarinet, Paul Bley on piano and Steve Swallow on acoustic bass wander into frozen moments. Beautiful ones as well: Though this stuff is in some ways the precursor to new age and ECM, it still relies on musicianship to get its point across. Where Cecil and Ornette and others were getting expressionistic, these guys were going inward, looking for freedom in quietude. It works, for them at least.

**GARY THOMAS**  
*The Kold Kage*  
(JMT)

FUSION BLOWS, AND I don't care if people like it, either. Even in its supposedly avant forms, like this, it asks for and gets clichés from the improvisers. Made by people who are better at playing jazz, it just sounds lame and condescending—"Pop music? It's simple, anybody can do it." The rapper here sounds like a Sugar Hill reject circa 1981 (and dated isn't how pop music is supposed to sound). Thomas, who can be brutal and inventive, sounds tired. (And tired isn't what you're supposed to sound like on your own record.)

**COUNT BASIE**  
*The Complete Decca Recordings*  
(GRP)

THE CAT'S PAJAMAS, the ne plus ultra, the best and the brightest, etc. Here's the root of all that is good in American music. Recorded between 1937 and 1939, this music defined swing, as the soloists—Harry "Sweets" Edison, Lester Young, Buck Clayton, Basie, Herschel Evans and Jimmy Rushing—defined their individual instruments.

No other big band reached their smooth intensity and drive. Even the stranger tunes, like "London Bridge Is Falling Down," have gorgeous solos. The mastering is mostly better than the atrocious job done by MCA on their first volume of this stuff; it's wonderful to hear Jo Jones rocking out on "Sent for You Yesterday," one of the great cuts of music ever recorded.

**JOE MORRIS TRIO**  
*Flip and Spike*  
(RTI)

MORRIS HAS ETCHED his place in the alternative guitar world, working the line between James "Blood" Ulmer and his own imagination. Things are carefully thought out here: All the lines make sense, all the parts fit. On a track like "Itan," there's even an elongated groove. It's spare trio music, but it doesn't feel empty.

**INDIES**

**PAL SHAZAR**  
*Cowbeat of My Heart*  
(SHIFFAROE)

LIKE HER HUSBAND Jules Shear, who produced this record, Pal Shazar has a way of making uncomplicated narratives summon emotionally complex truths. She's also a deceptively offhand singer who communicates edge and tenderness without ever sounding affected, and whose likably eccentric cowpop arrangements are mostly rooted in a respect (and gift) for melody that Marshall Crenshaw could admire. In other words, this hard-to-find indie isn't just a find—it's a debut. (Send \$12 to Shiffaroe Records, Box 1185, Woodstock, NY 12498)—*Mark Rowland*

**THE UPTOWN STRING QUARTET**  
*Just Wait a Minute*  
(BLUE MOON/MR)

KRONOS HAS THE attitude and Turtle Island has the swing. But for range, invention and pure feeling, I'll take this second album by the Uptown String Quartet. The selections here, which include works by Charlie Parker, Benny Golson, Jimmy Heath, Don Cherry and Cecil Bridgewater, give some indication of the Uptown's taste and shared jazz roots. But their real aim, as evidenced by their interpretations of "Amazing Grace" and James Brown's "I Feel Good," is to move fluidly within the entire spectrum of black musical culture. The four classically trained women who comprise this group certainly have the chops, and there are times here where the music seems to lift up and sail on the spirit of their home-grown improvisations. This could be the start of something big.

—*Mark Rowland*

**RISE ROBOTS RISE**  
*Rise Robots Rise*  
(TVT)

THESE POP SCAVENGERS cook up an audacious stylistic stew, mixing hip-hop beats with Hendrixian feedback, juju guitars with jazz trumpet and soul harmonies with cybernetic sequencers. But thanks to the melodic coherence of songs like "If I Only Knew" and "The Way We Move," the Robots rise to the occasion like a post-industrial Sly & the Family Stone, delivering a sound that's infectious, audacious, irresistible.—*J.D. Considine*

**SUMI TONOOKA**  
*Taking Time*  
(CANOID)

SO MANY QUALITY records seem to have been released lately by well-known jazz pianists that it's easy to miss this one. But *Taking Time*, which also features saxophonist Craig Handy and the estimable rhythm section of Akira Tana and Rufus Reid, suggests the emergence of a first-rate player and composer. From the relaxed Milesian groove of the title track to the delicate "Shadow Waltz" to the variegated textures of the aptly titled "Seriously Speaking," Tonooka's writing is focused, her technique assured and her playing, which at times recalls other pianists as dissimilar as Mary Lou Williams and Mal Waldron, emotionally evocative. It's an album worth discovering.—*Mark Rowland*

**VIDEO**

**CAROL KAYE**  
*Bass I: Music Reading Practice*  
(C. KAYE BASS VIDEOS)  
*Bass II: More Music Reading*  
(C. KAYE BASS VIDEOS)

INTENDED FOR PLAYERS who know their way around the bass but not the bass clef, these instruction tapes are designed to defeat the fear of sight-reading. Kaye's basic lessons—that meter is harder to read than note, but easier to deal with when you can recognize basic patterns—are practical, and the straight-from-the-session tips she provides can be illuminatingly helpful. Though a sparkling on-screen presence she's not, she offers her information in a straight-up, "here's how to practice" fashion. (Box 3791, Littleton, CO 80161-3791)

—*J.D. Considine*

**BILL EVANS**  
*The Universal Mind of Bill Evans*  
(RHAPSODY FILMS)

THIS 45-MINUTE B&W of Bill Evans in 1966 is part conversation, part recital and entirely fascinating. Under the gentle prodding of his brother Harry, the usually reticent pianist suggests the philosophy that



rudders his musical talents, then proceeds to demonstrate the connection on the standard "Star Eyes" and a trilogy of Evans compositions. It's rare to hear musicians speak with Evans' self-knowledge, doubly surprising to hear Evans speak much at all. One caveat: Like a bad pot joke, the narrative is occasionally interrupted by inane clips of Steve Allen "explaining" the importance of jazz as high art. (Box 179, New York, NY 10014) —Mark Rowland

**BOOKS**

**GRATEFUL DEAD COMIX #3**  
(KITCHEN SINK)

ILLUSTRATED LYRICS AREN'T the most fascinating comic fare, but the Deadhead Funnies are worth reading in spite of the limited concept. It helps that the series relies on quality cartooning—this issue includes Tim Truman's surreal, spaghetti-Western rendering of "Sugaree," and a wonderfully droll take on "Tennessee Jed" by Wayne—but the series is at its best when stretching the limits to include material as well-written and exquisitely drawn as Terry Laban's on-the-road opus, "Red Rocks '82." —J.D. Considine

**ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW**  
**ABOUT THE MUSIC BUSINESS**

*Donald S. Passman*  
(PRENTICE HALL)

A PROMINENT INDUSTRY lawyer of 20 years' standing, Passman delivers a lucid, detailed and frequently entertaining compendium of knowledge that lives up to its title. Written with neophyte pro musicians in mind, it covers the waterfront from how to choose one's business associates to the various ways one may be screwed by one's seemingly beneficent record company. With the artist's interests forefront, but devoid of axe-grinding, most of these kernels of knowledge are not likely to date quickly, even in a biz as mercurial as pop music. If you want a thorough education in a hurry, this is the book. —Mark Rowland

**AS NASTY AS THEY WANNA BE**

*Luther Campbell & John R. Miller*  
(KINGSTON PUBLISHERS LTD.)

IT'S FASHIONABLE FOR wimpy liberals to whine about saving the First Amendment for the likes of Luther Campbell, the auteur behind the decidedly ribald 2 Live Crew. The truth of the matter is more like the reverse—Campbell, as savvy an entrepreneur as you'll find in pop music, has also become a courageous defender of free speech, a willing point man who puts his money where his mouth is, and (what shouldn't be underestimated) a burr up the ass of right-wing zealots who'd love to get their paws on higher game, except that Campbell refuses to go

away. 2 Live Crew's sexual burlesque isn't everyone's cup of tea. But as this tough-minded memoir suggests, Luther Campbell is a very smart guy with a reasonable code of honor and a hard-earned knowledge of racial, social and corporate politics. Sometimes, the job makes the man. (1A Norwood Ave., Kingston 5, Jamaica) —Mark Rowland

**COLLECTING PHIL SPECTOR**

*John Fitzpatrick & James Fogerty*  
(SPECTACLE PRESS)

THE TITLE CONJURES images of pickled body parts in Mason jars. But this book concerns Spector-the-man less than Spector-the-name-on-the-label. Half essay, half lists, it's a handy if pricey compendium of information—by obsessives for obsessives. With Spector, there are a lot of those. (Available from Popular Culture Ink, Box 1839, Ann Arbor, MI 48106) —Scott Isler

**REISSUES**

**STEPPENWOLF**

*Born to Be Wild!*  
*A Retrospective*  
(MCA)

TWO CDS CAN sure hold a whole lotta Steppenwolf. Besides the usual hits (including two versions of the title track), this anthology goes back to the band's beginnings as the Sparrow, and forward to the present—with singer John Kay the sole common denominator. Regardless of decade, Kay's anthemic songwriting remains effectively portentous...and some of it's even still timely. —Scott Isler

**ARETHA FRANKLIN**

*Aretha Gospel*  
(MCA)

WHEN THE REVEREND C.L. Franklin's famous sermons were recorded in his church in the 1950s, the engineer had foresight enough to record Franklin's daughter and star soloist, delivering Clara Ward-inspired renditions of gospel standards. Thus we have this artifact of a 14-year-old Aretha Franklin soaring through "Never Grow Old" and "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood," accompanied only by her piano and the congregation's exhortations. Rustic sound quality aside, the performance is remarkably similar to the Aretha the world would later discover. And the instances where her voice cracks help humanize a talent that so often seems beyond the reach of mere mortals.

—Thomas Anderson

**NICK DRAKE**

*Fruit Tree*  
(HANNIBAL)

THIS FOUR-CD SET, originally released on vinyl in 1986, collects everything recorded by the enigmat-



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SHORT TAKES

ic English folk-rock singer/songwriter—the albums *Five Leaves Left* (1969), *Bryter Layter* (1970) and *Pink Moon* (1972), plus the posthumous collection *Time of No Reply*. Drake, who died of an accidental overdose of antidepressants in 1974, was an introspective, jazz-tinged artist whose work had more than a little in common with that of contemporaries Van Morrison, Tim Buckley and Tim Hardin. But even his gayest work was tinged with an all-consuming darkness uniquely his; by the time he penned such harrowing late work as "Pink Moon" and "Black Eyed Dog," he was gazing steadfastly into the void. His songs, crooned in a voice of pure smoke, are poetic yet bleakly disquieting. He remains the most prodigious and disturbing artist to emerge from his musical generation.—*Chris Morris*

VARIOUS ARTISTS  
*Have Moicy!*  
(ROUNDER)

IT'S GOT GREASY-SPOON existentialism ("What Made My Hamburger Disappear?"), an ode to tying on the feed bag ("Slurf Song") and a bit of pidgin French ("Midnight in Paris"). But the real reason for picking up this newly CD'd classic of early-'70s flannel music—excellent to shoot pool to, but it also works around the hearth—is the camaraderie that refuses to stop spilling out of it. Almost 20 years have gone by since Peter Stampfel, Michael Hurley and Jeffery Fredricks aligned themselves, but the high spirits and silly-assed mysticism herein still make you realize that all hipie excursions weren't vacuous.—*Jim Macnie*

SHAKTI, WITH JOHN MCLAUGHLIN  
*Shakti, with John McLaughlin*  
(COLUMBIA/LEGACY)

JAZZ AND CLASSICAL. Indian music seem an unlikely pairing, the former's potential for free improvisation versus the latter's strictly disciplined composition. But the subcontinent's time-honored traditions also make room for players to explore the farthest reaches of the raga. When John McLaughlin formed Shakti with several young Indian virtuosos, he sought the vast expanses of extended blowing, a place where both Coltrane and gurus had trod. This live date from 1975 opens with the heady rush of "Joy," a barnburner showcasing the group's astounding interplay, especially among the British guitarist, violinist L. Shankar and tabla genius Zakir Hussain. After the brief meditation of "Lotus Feet," Shakti evens things out on the nearly half-hour "What Need Have I for This—What Need Have I for That—I Am Dancing at the Feet of My Lord—All Is Bliss—All Is Bliss," a bravura buildup of tension and release.—*Tom Cheyney*

FAITH NO MORE

[cont'd from page 50] that on the last album."

As a consequence, *Angel Dust* is the big-budget, Cinemascope version of what Faith No More has been doing from the start, with the swaggering assertiveness success can bring. Stylistically, the music is still all over the place, from the "Shatt"-styled funk basslines which open "Crack Hitler" to the Gregorian chants on "Smaller and Smaller," from the industrial ranting of "Jizzcobber," Patton's tribute to onanism, to the toybox piano which closes "Malpractice." Holding it together is the now-patented FNM sound: Bordin's stomp, Gould's funk-in' bass, Bottum's idiom-tripping keyboards, Martin's metallic shards. Patton shows more range as both character and narrator, in his Waitsian snarls on "RV" and the histrionic huckster pitchman of "Land of Sunshine," Axlish nasal plaints throughout "Everything's Ruined" and maniacal sturm und drone on "Malpractice." Patton can segue from muezzin-like chanting to an exaggerated tongue-in-cheek croon to a gruff hip-hop rap—sometimes in the course of a single song.

"Mike Patton has done a great job on this record," says Gould. "He's put a lot into it and that's all you can ask. As long as he does that, he can do whatever he wants."

If Faith No More appear poised at the precipice of Guns N' Roses/Nirvana-scale visibility, *Angel Dust* suggests it's because they've stayed true to themselves, following an uncompromising path that continues a collective obsession with neurotic dread, sexual frustration and the specter of imminent apocalypse. The music's thrust is anthemic, but the words slyly undercut any comfort derived from rock 'n' roll utopianism. Faith No More are at least trying to avoid becoming rock dinosaurs trapped in the tarpits of changing fashions.

"Hey, the only thing that can fuck us up is us," Gould points out. "Because we are really unpredictable. There's always that random thing hanging over our heads. Anybody can do anything at any time and just blow it. And we always like to push it to that point."

"But this is what we wanted to do. We're kind of objectionable people anyway. If we're hanging out at a bar or something, we're the big-mouthed assholes. And part of our art is like that, too. Who knows about what the commercial viability of doing something like this is? Probably very little, but it's fun. Anyway," he says, "we're getting old. It's time to start doing what we want."



# THE MUSICIAN CHARTS

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## THE TOP 100 ALBUMS

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

1	—	DEF LEPPARD <i>Adrenalize</i> /Mercury
2	—	KRIS KROSS <i>Totally Krossed Out</i> /Ruffhouse
3	—	BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN <i>Human Touch</i> /Columbia
4	1	SOUNDTRACK <i>Wayne's World</i> /Reprise
5	—	WYNONNA <i>Wynonna</i> /Curb
6	2	GARTH BROOKS <i>Ropin' the Wind</i> /Capitol
7	3	NIRVANA <i>Nerve</i> /DGC
8	16	RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS <i>Blood Sugar Sex Magik</i> /Warner Bros.
9	—	BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN <i>Lucky Town</i> /Columbia
10	6	UGLY KID JOI <i>As Ugly As They Want to Be</i> /Stardog
11	13	QUEEN <i>Classic Queen</i> /Hollywood
12	61	EN VOGUE <i>Funky Dystax</i> /Atco East West
13	7	U2 <i>Achtung Baby</i> /Island
14	4	GARTH BROOKS <i>No Fences</i> /Capitol
15	5	METALLICA <i>Metallica</i> /Elektra
16	14	GENESIS <i>We Can't Dance</i> /Atlantic
17	11	BONNIE RAITT <i>Luck of the Draw</i> /Capitol
18	10	MICHAEL BOLTON <i>Time, Love and Tenderness</i> /Columbia
19	9	MICHAEL JACKSON <i>Dangerous</i> /Epic
20	23	PEARL JAM <i>Ten</i> /Epic Associated
21	24	BRYAN ADAMS <i>Waking Up the Neighbors</i> /A&M
22	18	VANESSA WILLIAMS <i>The Comfort Zone</i> /Capitol
23	12	BOYZ II MEN <i>Cooleyhighharmony</i> /Motown
24	35	SOUNDTRACK <i>Beauty &amp; the Beast</i> /Walt Disney

25	15	COLOR ME BADD <i>C.M.B./Giant</i>
26	20	HAMMER <i>Too Light to Quit</i> /Capitol
27	21	MARIAH CAREY <i>Emotions</i> /Columbia
28	17	MR. BIG <i>Lean Into It</i> /Jive
29	8	NATALIE COLE <i>Unforgettable</i> /Elektra
30	30	SIR MIX-A-LOT <i>Mac &amp; Daddy</i> /Def American
31	25	SOUNDTRACK <i>Rush</i> /Reprise
32	19	ENYA <i>Shepherd Moons</i> /Reprise
33	22	AMY GRANT <i>Heart in Motion</i> /A&M
34	27	GARTH BROOKS <i>Garth Brooks</i> /Capitol
35	33	BLACKSHEEP <i>A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing</i> /Mercury
36	32	CYPRESS HILL <i>Cypress Hill</i> /Ruffhouse
37	—	BODY COUNT <i>Body Count</i> /Sire
38	47	RICHARD MARX <i>Rush Street</i> /Capitol
39	26	OZZY OSBOURNE <i>No More Tears</i> /Epic Associated
40	28	JODECI <i>Forever My Lady</i> /MCA
41	41	MELISSA ETHERIDGE <i>Never Enough</i> /Island
42	45	YANNI <i>Dare to Dream</i> /Private Music
43	31	REBA MCENTIRE <i>For My Broken Heart</i> /MCA
44	63	TLC <i>Oooooohhh... On the TLC Tip</i> /LaFace
45	39	QUEENSRYCHE <i>Empire</i> /EMI
46	29	NAUGHTY BY NATURE <i>Naughty by Nature</i> /Tommy Boy
47	40	TRAVIS TRITT <i>It's All About to Change</i> /Warner Bros.
48	34	PRINCE AND THE N.P.G. <i>Diamonds and Pearls</i> /Paisley Park
49	64	AARON TIPPIN <i>Read Between the Lines</i> /RCA
50	86	HAL KETCHUM <i>Past the Point of Rescue</i> /Curb
51	46	RIGHT SAID FRED <i>Up</i> /Charisma

52	—	ZZ TOP <i>Greatest Hits</i> /Warner Bros.
53	66	M.C. BRAINS <i>Lovers Lane</i> /Motown
54	51	VAN HALEN <i>For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge</i> /Warner Bros.
55	37	GUNS N' ROSES <i>Use Your Illusion II</i> /Geffen
56	79	TESLA <i>Psychotic Supper</i> /Geffen
57	54	LISA STANSFIELD <i>Real Love</i> /Arista
58	—	"WEIRD AL" YANKOVIC <i>Off the Deep End</i> /Scotti Bros.
59	—	LYLE LOVETT <i>Joshua Judges Ruth</i> /Curb
60	88	K.D. LANG <i>Ingenuetude</i> /Sire
61	36	R.E.M. <i>Out of Time</i> /Warner Bros.
62	38	GUNS N' ROSES <i>Use Your Illusion I</i> /Geffen
63	—	THE CURE <i>Wish</i> /Fiction
64	49	TEVIN CAMPBELL <i>TEVIN</i> /Qwest
65	48	C&C MUSIC FACTORY <i>Gonna Make You Sweat</i> /Columbia
66	52	PAULA ABDUL <i>Spellbound</i> /Capitve
67	57	PANTERA <i>Vulgar Display of Power</i> /Atco East West
68	53	ALAN JACKSON <i>Don't Rock the Jukebox</i> /Arista
69	82	ORIGINAL LONDON CAST <i>Phantom of the Opera Highlights</i> /Polydor
70	—	MARK CHESNUTT <i>Longnecks &amp; Short Stories</i> /MCA
71	44	SOUNDGARDEN <i>Badmotorfinger</i> /A&M
72	62	SOUNDTRACK <i>The Mambo Kings</i> /Elektra
73	59	STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN & DOUBLE TROUBLE <i>The Sky Is Crying</i> /Epic
74	92	2PAC <i>2Pacalypse Now</i> /Interscope
75	56	KEITH SWEAT <i>Keep It Comin'</i> /Elektra
76	81	TEARS FOR FEARS <i>Tears Roll Down—Hits 1982-92</i> /Fontana
77	50	VINCE GILL <i>Pocket Full of Gold</i> /MCA
78	—	SLAUGHTER <i>Wild Life</i> /Chrysalis
79	—	DAS EFX <i>Dead Serious</i> /Atco East West
80	73	TRISHIA YEARWOOD <i>Trisha Yearwood</i> /MCA
81	—	BESTIE BOYS <i>Check Your Head</i> /Capitol
82	—	BROOKS & DUNN <i>Brand New Man</i> /Arista
83	—	CELINE DION <i>Celine Dion</i> /Epic
84	72	TRACY LAWRENCE <i>Sticks &amp; Stones</i> /Atlantic
85	42	HARRY CONNICK, JR. <i>Blue Light, Red Light</i> /Columbia
86	—	R. KELLY & PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT <i>Born into the '90's</i> /Jive
87	—	SAWYER BROWN <i>Dirt Road</i> /Curb
88	—	SOCIAL DISTORTION <i>Somebody Between Heaven &amp; Hell</i> /Epic

89	78	LITTLE VILLAGE <i>Little Village</i> /Reprise
90	—	TORI AMOS <i>Little Earthquake</i> /Atlantic
91	76	MARKY MARK & THE FUNKY BUNCH <i>Music for the People</i> /Interscope
92	68	LUKE <i>I Got Shit on My Mind</i> /Luke
93	90	COLLIN RAYE <i>All I Can Be</i> /Epic
94	71	GERALD LEVERT <i>Private Line</i> /Atco East West
95	43	SOUNDTRACK <i>Juice</i> /Soul
96	97	2ND II NONE <i>2nd II None</i> /Profile
97	58	TANYA TUCKER <i>What Da I Do with Me</i> /Capitol
98	70	AMG <i>Bitch Betta Have My Money</i> /Sleazy
99	74	JOHN ANDERSON <i>Seminole Wind</i> /BNA
100	—	THE BLACK CROWES <i>Shake Your Money Maker</i> /Del 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 April. The concert chart is based on Amusement Business Box Score reports for April 1992. All charts are copyright 1992 by RPI Communication.

## THE LATEST ROUNDUP

THE NEWEST RIAA (RECORDING INDUSTRY Association of America) "Consumer Profile" came out just as we were going to the dogs. I mean press, so let's take a look at the feeding habits of America's music consumers. As has already been widely ballyhooed by Nashvillean pitchmen, country's way up (8.8 percent of total U.S. sales in '90, 12.5 percent in '91); collegians (the 20-to-24 set) rose from a five-year 1990 low of 17.1 percent to 18.7 in '91 (still a full percentage point below '89 and almost four points below 1988); children's music, of all things, is booming—all those new collections of fading folk-rockers' kiddie songs have actually dented the market, boosting children's music from a miniscule 0.4 market share to 3.3. What's incredible, or ridiculous, is that children's music accounts for almost as many dollars as classical, for Caswell's sake—3.3 percent to 3.0.

Poor old jazz dropped for the second year in a row, from a five-year high of 5.7 in '89 to 5.2 in '90 and 4.3 in '91. That figure's so low, one individual could affect it: Branford's "Tonight" still will put his next album into at least a few middle-American homes. (When you consider that Garth Brooks has sold, that's right, 17 million albums, the country boom takes on a suspiciously one-man tinge. You do the 'rhythmic, but if Garth didn't exist, country's numbers would no doubt shrink; if Garth went disco, that genre's living dead would no doubt come hunching and haunting back.)

What else? The 20-to-24-year-olds' jump reflects the mainstreaming of Nirvana, Soundgarden & Co. (the Chili Peppers, now thoroughly non-alternative, are selling astonishingly: in mid-May they were number 3 in *Billboard*, after 32 weeks on the Top 200. America finds ever-new ways to embrace degeneracy).

One last stat of note. For the last five years (and presumably much longer) the RIAA has shown the South accounting for America's biggest share of record buyers by far, 32.1 percent in '91 to the Midwest's 24.1, the West's 22.5 and the tin-sared Northeast's 21.3. But things have always been that way. What the RIAA numbers reflect is only an embourgeoisized, digitized, rec-room spin on the great traditions of the fish fry, the juke joint, the revival meeting, the hoodlum, the fiddler's convention... Tell me I'm perpetuating stereotypes, but down South, music matters more. —TS

## TOP CONCERT GROSSES

1	U2, The Pixies <i>Tacoma Dome, Tacoma, WA/April 20-21</i>	\$1,099,425
2	U2, The Pixies <i>Los Angeles Sports Arena, Los Angeles, CA/April 12-13</i>	\$792,300
3	Eric Clapton <i>Reunion Arena, Dallas, TX/April 25</i>	\$486,080
4	U2, The Pixies <i>Reunion Arena, Dallas, TX/April 5</i>	\$447,175
5	Eric Clapton <i>Coliseum, Birmingham-Jefferson Civic Center, Birmingham, AL/April 28</i>	\$393,250
6	Eric Clapton <i>The Pyramid, Memphis, TN/April 29</i>	\$387,023
7	Van Halen, Baby Animals <i>St. Louis Arena, St. Louis, MO/April 15</i>	\$370,414
8	The Music of Andrew Lloyd Webber <i>Fox Theatre, Atlanta, GA/April 21-26</i>	\$370,120
9	Van Halen, Baby Animals <i>Target Center, Minneapolis, MN/April 17</i>	\$350,800
10	U2, The Pixies <i>San Diego Sports Arena, San Diego, CA/April 15</i>	\$345,600

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September 92	July 6
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January 93	November 6
February 93	December 9

## JOHANSSON

[cont'd from page 88] one particular point in time, and on the screen you don't feel that atmosphere."

He hails up a neoclassical opus from his hard disk, complete with drums and simulated rhythm guitar, that sounds good enough to be a record. It might turn into one; he's thinking of doing a group of such tunes to cash in on the visibility he gained with Yngwie, where he had the distinction of providing an integral second lead voice alongside the egomaniacal guitarist. If Yngwie was generous with Jens' solo time, the generosity stopped there; though he quit years ago, the keyboardist says he noticed at least one uncredited section of his own music on Malmsteen's latest CD. And though his fusillades in that band often pushed into the complex realm of heavy fusion, particularly on early pieces like *Rising Force's* "Far Beyond the Sun" and "Little Savage," Jens finds the soloing process fiendishly difficult to explain. He's trying to overwhelm his ears rather than his hands.

"The physical barriers are there," he says, "but I tend to think it's all the same, the psycho-

logical and the physical. There's so many barriers that you shouldn't really separate them. But if you do, the psychological's the worse, because you tend to like things you heard before and you have to make yourself do weird things. You learn to like things more than you did when you first tried them out, but that's part of the charm of developing."

## SWEDE TOOTS

JENS' main board is a modified Korg Poly Six with painted keys, a sanded silver panel and the sound that he says endures through it all. Also on hand are an Oberheim Matrix 12, two Matrix 1000s and a DPX-1 sample player. There's also a Korg CX3 organ, a Leslie and a MiniMoog, in storage back in L.A. since before the Yngwie blowout and the Dio gig. He uses a Korg PME40X modular effects unit for color, and composes on an Atari 1040 ST computer with the Cubase sequencing program, MIDI'd to a Roland D-20 and whatever other synths he has available—especially that Poly Six.

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# NEW LOCATIONS FOR THE ROCK & ROLL HALL OF FAME

**G**roundbreaking for the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame building in Ohio has been announced yet again and delayed yet again. Latest word is that the city of Cleveland has until the end of 1992 to come up with the needed funding before everybody finally admits that building a multi-million-dollar I.M. Pei structure to honor rock is like having a dinner at Spago to honor Mother Theresa. We know that the real reason the construction keeps being delayed is because all the spirits of rock 'n' roll, from Elvis down, want the Hall of Fame to be where it belongs—in Memphis.

But let's say Cleveland gets it together and they actually do start shoveling in '93. By the time that costly palace opens its doors Soundgarden will be eligible for induction. So, given that a) public interest fades a little more every day and b) they're running out of legends to induct and getting close to the Cat Stevens years, we call on the music community to get itself organized and find a temporary home for the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame. We have some ideas.

## 1. STING'S HOUSE

Hey, he's got a big place in Manhattan, a house in London, a pad in Malibu and who knows how many other homes. The Hall of Fame could just set up shop in whatever house Sting's not using at the time.

## 2. PENNSYLVANIA STATION, NEW YORK CITY

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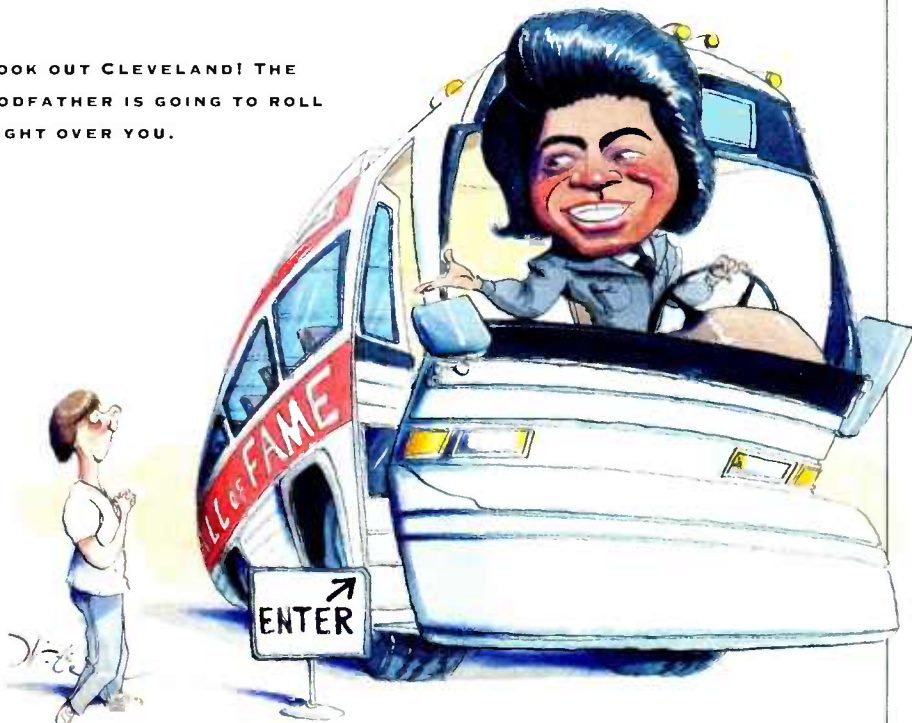
## 3. THE APARTMENT WHERE KEITH MOON & MAMA CASS DIED

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## 4. 1515 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

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## 5. JOSHUA TREE STATE PARK

U2 immortalized Joshua Tree, but its greatest claim to history is that this is the place where Gram Parsons' stolen body was burned by his road manager, allegedly fulfilling a promise to Gram that his corpse not fall into the hands of his family. The family sued for the cost of the incinerated coffin.

## 6. JAMES BROWN'S TOUR BUS

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## 7. THE HYATT HOUSE HOTEL, LOS ANGELES

Sunset Strip's a Hall of Fame in itself, from Mann's Chinese Theatre to Ben Frank's. But the "Riot House," where rock bands from the Doors on feted groupies and hung from the ledges, is the most famous monument to rock's excess. Tourists could book the elegant Guns N' Roses room, stay in the Alice Cooper suite or get married in the Jimmy Page Black Chapel. Big spenders could book the John Bonham rec room and wreck the room. ♪



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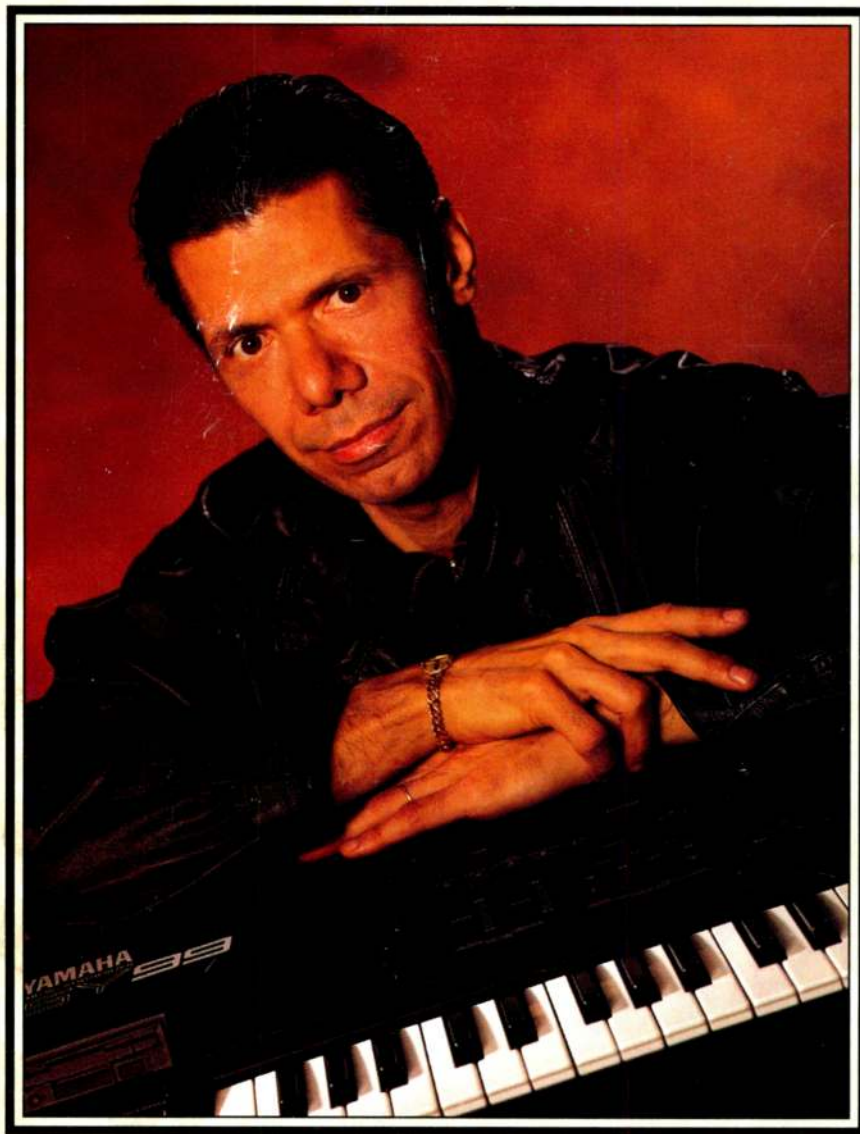
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