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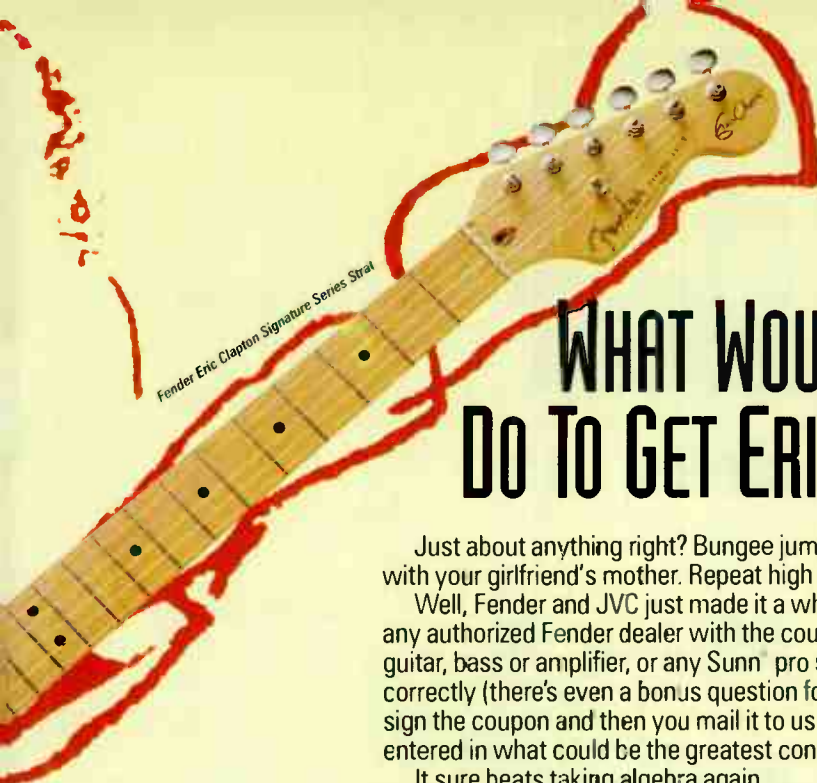
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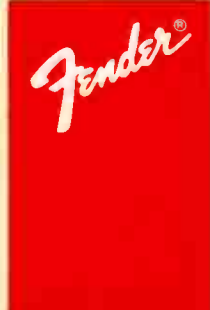
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SEPTEMBER 1992 • ISSUE NO. 167

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The recent Elvis stamp excitement inspired us to go spanning the globe in search of Presley philatelists.

What's The Weakest Link In Your Sound System?

Professional audio systems are only as good as the weakest link in the chain. Whether you rely on your system for sound reinforcement or recording, to earn a living or just for fun, each "link" has to be the finest it can be. You get the best performance from the best components and, more importantly, from components that are designed to work together. A matched system.

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JOE SATRIANI

FRONT MAN

You were recording the album to follow Surfing With the Alien when we talked about the pressures of being an instrumentalist who happens to sell hundreds of thousands of records.

I'll tell you something: When *Surfing* was released in '87, my wife Rubina and I were flat broke. I couldn't get anyone to book me a tour; it would have been a loss of \$10,000 a week just to play clubs. So the pressure was, "Hmm, this music stuff is cool, but we gotta pay the rent!" Today, if someone says, "Wanna contribute a song to this soundtrack? We need it Thursday," that's pressure, but only if I want to use it to make myself play for 16 hours straight. I might say, "I don't like this movie anyway," and just shine it on. [laughs]

When they handed you a platinum record for Surfing a few weeks ago, was it a confirmation?

That's the biggest thing, because when we did it we were wrapped up in what we wanted. We had very little money and experience, a few songs. And the attitude we developed in order to continue was, "Screw everybody else, and if they like it, it'll be so incredible." There were no models to follow, so everything we did was out on a limb. The angst and intensity fade a bit, what remains is acceptance, and that's mind-blowing—that so many people enjoyed in a natural way something that was cathartic. It is a confirmation. You can't help but say, "That's a pat on the back, so do what you want, because what you're working on now might turn out like that record you thought you were out of your mind to record. And have fun pushing your boundaries."

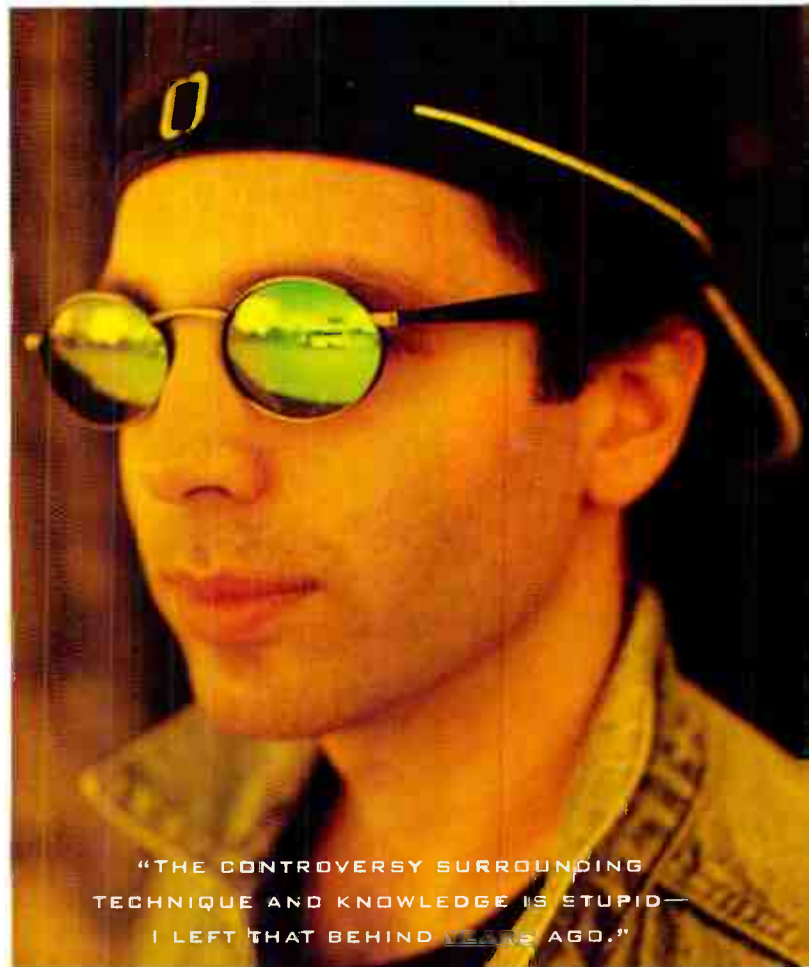
There are fads in playing guitar, and in thinking about playing. It's now in vogue to denounce proficiency. You're coming back with a record called The Extremist, yet it's the most inside thing you've done.

Could be, but see, for me to jam in superlocrian mode for three minutes, that's just as simple—and/or difficult—as playing a blues for 64 choruses, know what I mean? To someone who doesn't listen to music from around the world, superlocrian mode sounds strange, or intellectual. To me, all that matters is, "What am I trying to say?" So arriving at the chords, rhythms and ensemble interplay to do a song like "Friends" took more advanced musicianship than what may sound complicated to someone not as entrenched in music. If they can draw a line between the subtleties of "War" and the over-the-headness of "Motorcycle Driver," great. But will they know how clever I was not to put a major or minor third in any of the chords in the verse? No. And I know that sound pushes their buttons a certain way; I worked hard on that. A lot of people will think, "Oh, exotic scales." [laughs] I bet if you played it for someone from Algeria they'd say, "Where's that note? How come he left it out?"

All the tired, stupid controversy surrounding technique and knowledge, I left that behind years ago. I was a teenager when I said, "I'll experience everything, play what I like, and I'm not gonna let anybody tell me phrygian dominant is 'outside' and pentatonic is 'inside.'" To me there is no difference.

"Crying," about your father's death, is a passionate performance.

I have a rough time talking about it because I don't want to feel it all over again. But when something is that important to you, to get it wrong is like a sin. There's a more brilliant version in terms of the playing, but it had the minor-key refrains removed so it would be four minutes. On a later session I played it the way it was before I got professional about it: where I was getting dressed for dinner and walked over to the keyboard and an explosion of suppressed emotion came out. Everyone said, "Man, how come we're not



"THE CONTROVERSY SURROUNDING
TECHNIQUE AND KNOWLEDGE IS STUPID—
I LEFT THAT BEHIND YEARS AGO."

recording that?" It was because I was afraid to get into it again. What's on the record is what I thought would just be a guide to let the band know how to massage the tempo—and at the end of the take there was silence around the room. It had the truth. It couldn't be a professional recording of a tune written in a professional manner that just happened to be about a sensitive subject. Then it just would've been a song, that's all it would've been.

But doesn't playing it mean dragging yourself through it every time?

Absolutely, [laughs] and at times I curse myself: "If I'm gonna drag my heart along with my notes, I might as well drag it into songs about good times." But when something's on my mind, out it comes. Yeah, I have to play that for the rest of my life...but knowing I got it right is a hurdle, because with other records, every time I hit the stage it's me against myself, saying, "Maybe you can get it right this time, buddy." [laughs]

When you get back into your life after something affects you so deeply, is there guilt in trying to be happy?

I can't figure it out. That's why I play music. But my dad, he would never stand for that. He's the one who would say, "Push the limit, go out and make your life. Practice hard and play truth on the instrument." At least that's how I deal. Because that's what my dad told me.

MATT RESNICOFF

ROAD TO RECOVERY

Being in my 30s and liking Guns N' Roses (June '92) is cause for some concern with my peers and family, who feel I have regressed. Not so! GNR's musical style is reminiscent of the music I grew up with in the '70s. I admire Axl's tenacity and his ability to take risks. He has managed to take his negative experiences and build on them to become positive.

Leslie B. Cypert
Webster, TX

During their *Appetite* heyday, Guns N' Roses' music could speak for itself. These days, I suppose, they need to compensate for a clichéd, flat and uninteresting album by playing on a very big stage, wearing cycling shorts and going off in public on any imaginary crisis they can think of. Forget "racist" or "sexist" or "homophobic" or even "chronically tardy": The best tag to hang on the boys these days is "boring."

Joe Frezza
Detroit, MI

It's tough enough at the newsstand these days without music mags ripping each other. In your Axl Rose interview, Bill Flanagan calls *Circus* "insubstantial debris." Lighten up, Bill. Actually, *Circus* didn't turn to exclusive hard rock coverage until about 1982. Axl was 20 by then. As a "troubled child" with "forbidden access to rock culture," Axl was probably reading *Circus* stories by the likes of Loder, Fricke, Crowe and Kaye on mainstream as well as metal rockers. Even Lester Bangs filed a few record reviews.

Circus is like Kiss. We'll never get any respect from the highbrow music mags. But a large segment of the music-buying public wants to know more about the metal scene, and we deliver the goods. And when we do a cover story on Def

LETTERS

Leppard, we even spell Joe Elliott's name correctly.

Gary Cee
Managing Editor
Circus Magazine

It sure is rare to see Axl Rose and Metallica in the same issue. Am I reading *Circus* or *Teenbeat*?

Michael H. Fell
Kenosha, WI

So Slash doesn't like being classified as "mainstream"? It's hard not to consider a band "commercial" when it molds its live shows around a string of MTV hits, drum solos and unaccompanied guitar solos. If Guns N' Roses had come up in the heyday of Sabbath, Zep, the Stones and Aerosmith, they wouldn't rate a quarter of the attention they now receive.

Paul Strobell
San Marino, CA

Thanks for the interview with Axl. I too am surviving sexual abuse (exorcising demons) and the more insight I get on this issue the better my world becomes. To Axl: Hope your wounds are healing.

Kathleen Hoxey
Cleveland, OH

Axl's words were inspiring, healing and touching. Good luck to Axl and his inner child Billy as they begin recovery and letting go.

Red Rose
York, PA

ROAD WARRIOR

Finally an article on the great Mitch Ryder (June '92). Fred Goodman did a fantastic job. I saw Mitch in 1984 in Tempe, Arizona; believe me, this was not an "oldies" show. The band was as solid as a

rock! Mitch sang with more conviction and soul than any young upstart band around today.

Tom Valenzuela
Mesa, AZ

Your recent article featuring Mitch Ryder was great! The article, however, mentioned that Mitch played on a tour with a number of groups including Three Dog Night. Three Dog Night never participated in this tour. We are, however, very busy with our concert season, and will be playing all over the continent as Three Dog Night has since 1969. We enjoy your magazine and look forward to your unique perspective on our business.

Danny Hutton
(lead singer, Three Dog Night)
Hollywood, CA

ON THE ROAD

I'm glad Don Law (June '92) is doing his part to keep ticket prices down. I only had to pay 32 bucks apiece for my Santana tickets. What a trendsetter!

Peter Beauregard
Attleboro, MA

I greatly respect Steve Morse's writing for the *Boston Globe* as well as *Musician*—he's the best rock journalist working for a daily newspaper, along with Gary Graff of the *Detroit Free Press* (as I hold a similar position with the *Denver Post*, I keep track of these things).

But a certain piece of misinformation continues to be disseminated. Steve writes that Don Law "booked the first American date for Led Zepplin." The band's first gig in the U.S. was on December 26, 1968—in Denver, Colorado. The band was booked by promot-

er Barry Fey to open for Vanilla Fudge at the Denver Coliseum (the Zep wasn't even listed on the bill). Please, guys, acknowledge Denver's part in this minor bit of rock trivia. Steve also writes that "MCA has bought out longtime promoter Barry Fey in Denver." MCA bought out Fey's partner, Michael Cohl, and his Toronto-based company CPI.

G. Brown
Denver, CO

HIT THE ROAD

Jill Bardinelli's review of the Beastie Boys' *Check Your Head* (June '92) pissed us off. Even though she "claims" to like Anthrax, I don't think that she is a music fan.

A bunch of pissed-off,
smart-aleck New Yorkers

Comparing the Beasties to Anthrax is the same as comparing Ice Cube to Bob Dylan. Hey Jill, open your mind and check your head.

Chris Mistretta
Carteret, NJ

WRONG ROAD

Tell road warrior Jim Macnie (Metallica, June '92) that Charlotte is not North Carolina's capital city (Raleigh is). In the future please supply your writers with maps for out-of-town gigs.

Joe Vanderford
Chapel Hill, NC

ERRANT

Yes, we know Gilbert Stuart didn't paint Washington Crossing the Delaware (see page 54 in this issue). And of course we're certain all of you knew it was painted by Emmanuel Gottlieb Lutzé (1816-68).—Ed.

Please send letters to: *Musician*,
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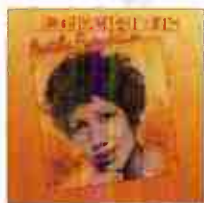
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PAUL KELLY

Comedy Tonight

rock songwriters to come along in years. "America was in our dreams. When I came there for the first time, it was a shock—but it was a shock of recognition. I knew the place before I got there, and when I got there it was everything I expected it to be. It seemed very familiar. Everywhere you went there was a song or a movie or a TV show that that place belonged to."

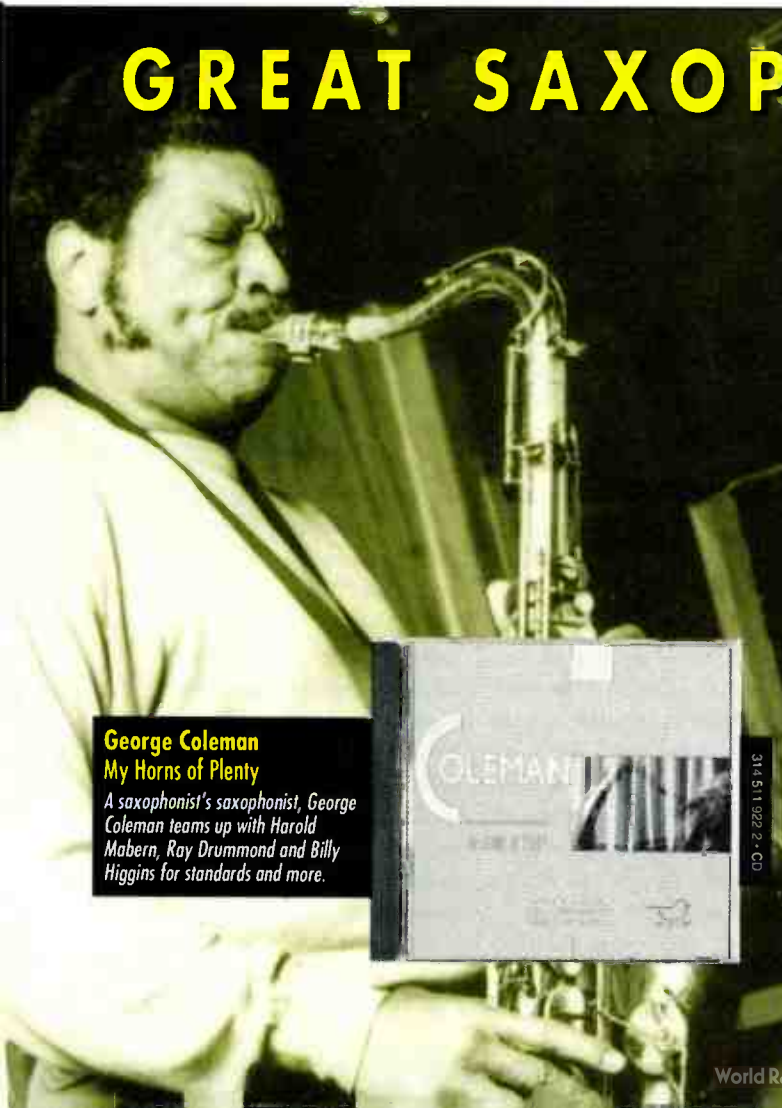
After A&M dropped Kelly in 1989, he kept making records in Australia; now his 1991 album *Comedy*, already certified gold back home, has been released in America by the independent Doctor Dream label. The album—his last with his longtime band the

Messengers, with whom he's parted amicably—contains 18 songs with all the elements that typify Kelly's songwriting: acutely drawn ruminations on memory and regret, celebrations of small victories and piercing love songs—with complications. "Most of my songs are love songs," says Kelly, "but I notice when I write them, there's more than two people involved: children, ex-husbands, old boy-friends.... When people get together, they don't just take on the person. They take on the other person's family, their history."

"I'd love to write simpler songs. But those other people keep creeping in. And that's how it is, isn't it?" **STEVE PERRY**

Paul Kelly's romance with America didn't begin when the Australian rocker got his first U.S. record deal in 1987. "I fell in love with America long before I ever got there," says the soft-spoken Kelly, whose three records on A&M in the late '80s marked him as one of the finest—and least well-known—

GREAT SAXOPHONISTS PLAY

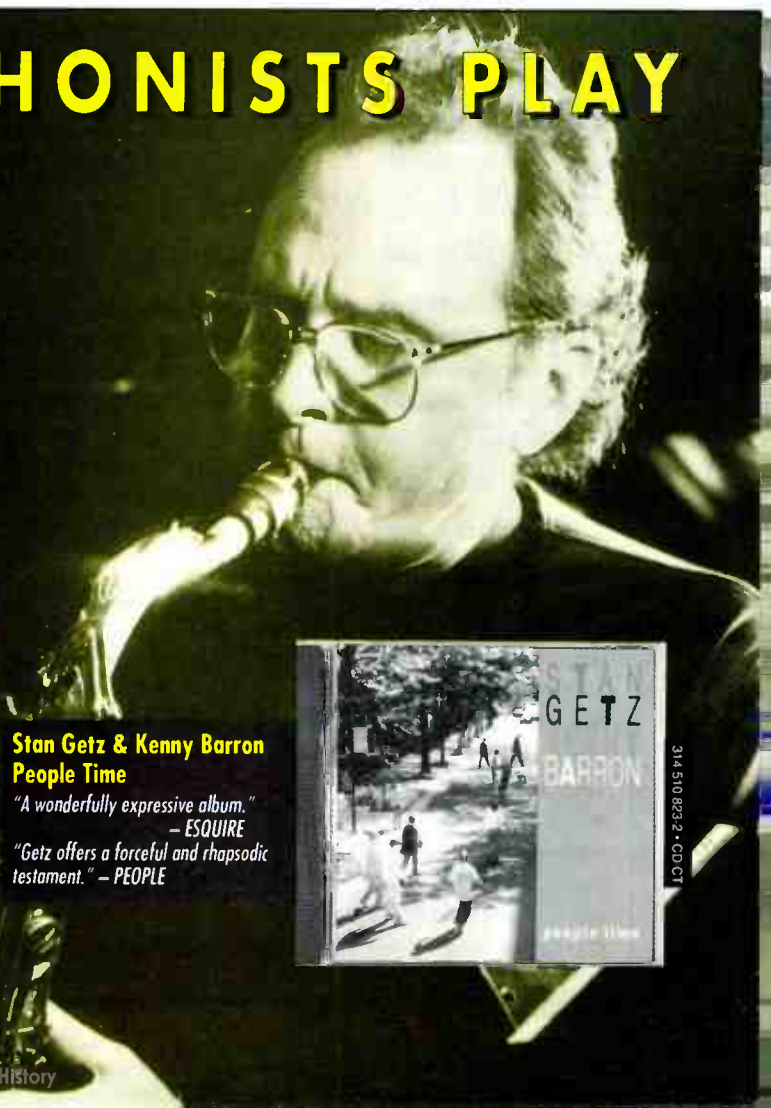


George Coleman **My Horns of Plenty**

A saxophonist's saxophonist, George Coleman teams up with Harold Mabern, Ray Drummond and Billy Higgins for standards and more.

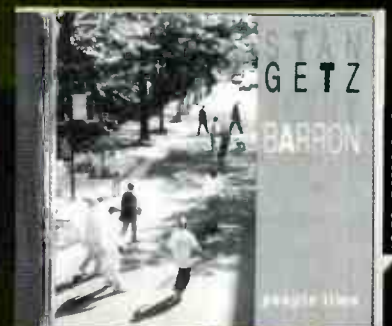


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THE PAHINUI BROTHERS

Among fans of traditional Hawaiian music, no name looms larger than Gabby Pahinui, whose soulful singing and mastery of the slack-key guitar inspired Ry Cooder, for one, to call him his greatest influence as a musician. But after Gabby died in 1980, some of that tradition threatened to go with him. "Our family just fell apart," recalls Bla Pahinui, who, with brothers Cyril and Martin, had often performed with their father. "We kept in touch, but we stayed far away."

Twelve years later, the Pahinui Brothers have finally reunited on a new record for Private Music, co-produced by Cooder and also

featuring the likes of David Lindley, Jim Keltner and Dwight Yoakam. Mixing classic Hawaiian sounds with inspired interpretations of John Lennon's "Jealous Guy" and Steve Earle's "My Old Friend the Blues," it's an album that should surprise fans and novices alike.

"Martin is a rock 'n' roller," Bla explains. "Cyril has Gabby's slack-key tradition—and I'm kind of a wacko dude," he laughs. "So, we can get a lot of combinations."

While the eclectic song selections suggest their musical adventurousness, the Pahinuis' arrangements and vocal harmonies underscore their family's roots. "I grew up with the British Invasion



SUSAN TITELMAN

and the Grateful Dead," Martin says. "But Hawaiian music will be with us forever. We can never forget where we came from."

"The whole experience brought us closer together as a family," Bla notes. "To be honest, I wasn't sure

it could ever happen. I'll be 50 in September. But my dad used to say, 'My sons, their day will come.'" Bla clasps his hands together in a gesture of gratitude. "And now that day is here."

MARK ROWLAND

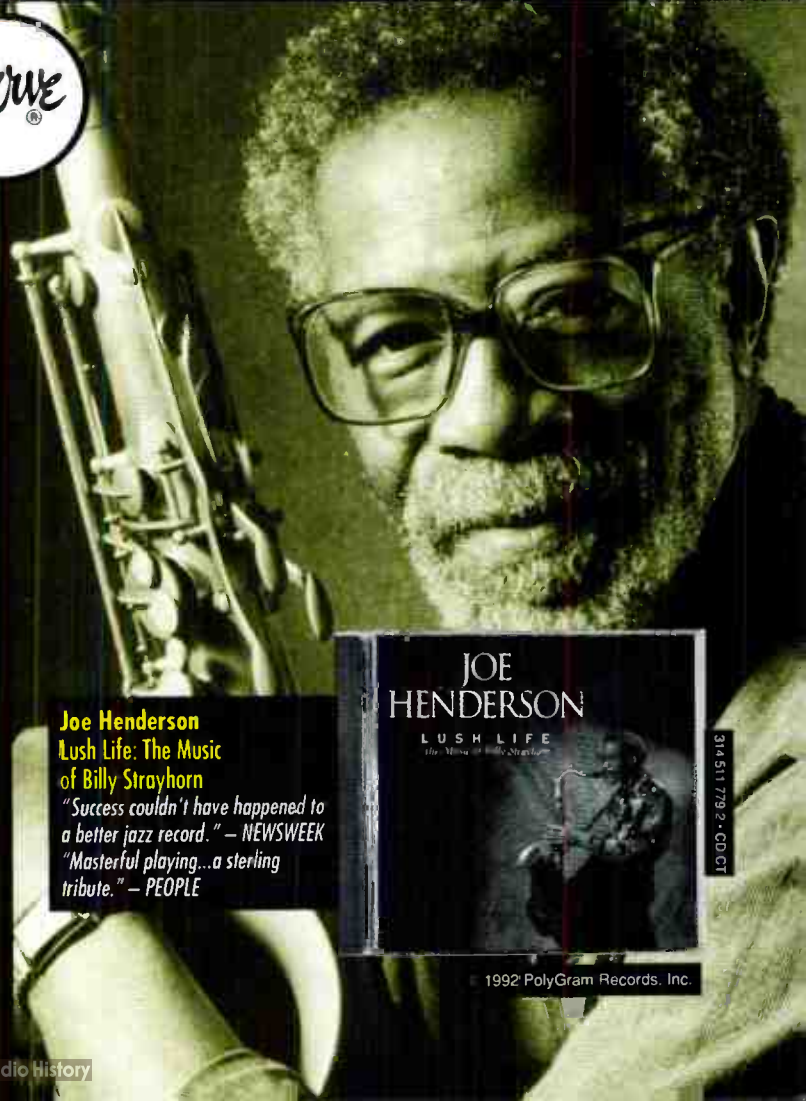
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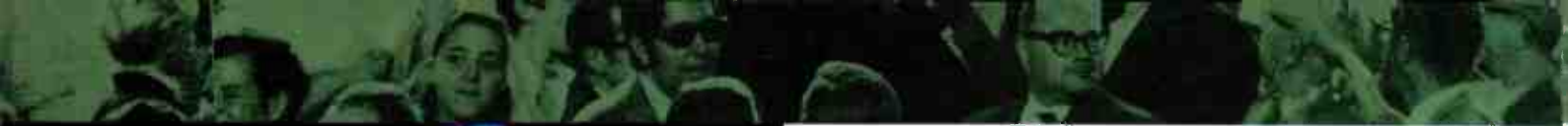


Joe Henderson Lush Life: The Music of Billy Strayhorn

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MICHAEL WILSON

DAN BAIRD

Satellite Out of Orbit

Dan Baird knows his limitations—he may have good hair, but he'll never sound like Rod Stewart. "I can sit there and gargle with gravel and smoke 50 packs of Camels a day. It just won't do it." Still, the former Georgia Satellites frontman will push himself now and then. On his solo debut, Baird wipes the smirk from his face during "Pick Up the Knife." "It's more about a feeling than a little story about little people. This is about me falling in love even though I didn't want to."

Such pensive fare hardly seems like the shape of things to come, though. The new album's

title: *Love Songs for the Hearing Impaired*, on Def American. "I thought it was a specialty label," says Baird. "If you don't listen to the record loud, it's no fun."

Throughout most of *Love Songs*, the man whose self-described "thin little voice" drop-kicked "Keep Your Hands to Yourself" through the Top 10 goalposts six years ago sticks to simple, twangy rock 'n' roll comedy. Baird prefers to leave the mental stuff to Byrne, Eno and Sting. "You guys go think," says the 38-year-old Atlantan, "I'm gonna sit around and make sure my butt's in it."

JEREMY HELLIGAR



material issue

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SUZANNE RHATIGAN

Je Ne Regrette Rien

Suzanne Rhatigan remembers the day she came face to face with the devil: He appeared in the form of a recording contract from Stock Aitken Waterman, the much-maligned British production team responsible for the bland pop of Rick Astley, Kylie Minogue and others. "I was horrified. I had been singing backing vocals on a lot of their records, so they offered me a deal," recalls the Irish-born singer over raspberry torte in a New York cafe. "I just couldn't see doing that kind of music, so my lawyer tore up the contract." Not surprisingly, SAW viewed the action as an insult, and Rhatigan was banished from their studios.

Realizing how difficult it was for an unknown singer to attract quality songs, she took up songwriting—even though she'd never written a tune in her life.

The results are on her debut *To Hell with Love*, a collection that showcases Rhatigan's ability to go from feral growl to sensual whisper within the same song. Produced by Fred Maher, the album features Bernie Worrell's distinctive keyboards, Robert Quine's guitar and the bass of Matthew Sweet. "It was a series of happy accidents," says Rhatigan. "There's not one thing on the album I regret, whether it sells two copies or two million."

Either way, it's unlikely retailers will forget Rhatigan. Trying to

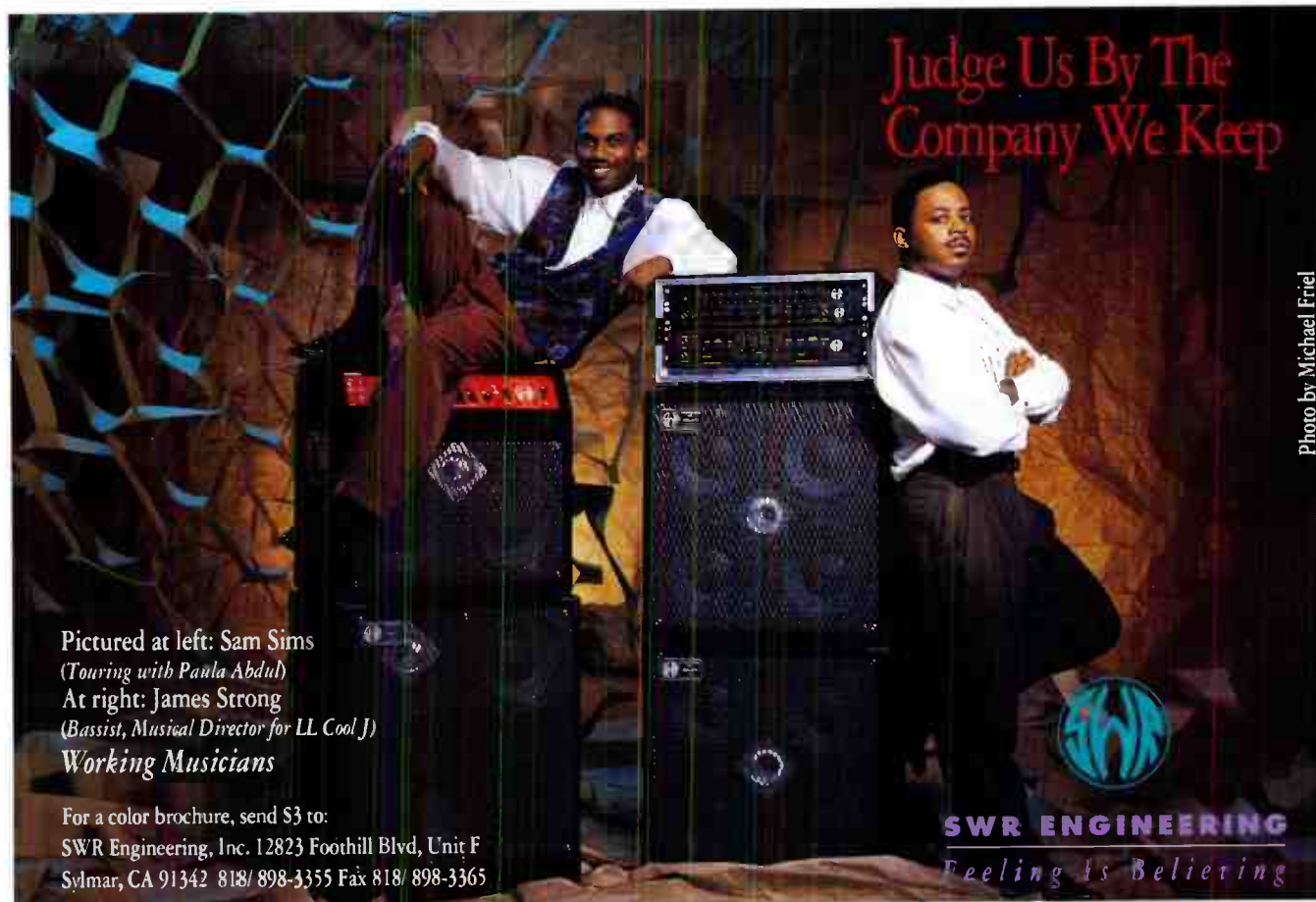


LAURA LEVINE

stand out among the dozens of acts playing at a national record retailers' conference this past spring, she coyly strolled across the stage and yanked down her guitarist's jeans; however, she didn't expect his boxers to come down with them. "I was morti-

fied. My pride, of course, wanted me to be remembered for my music," she says. "But then I decided not to worry about it because I do hate people who take themselves too seriously, especially before they've proven anything."

MELINDA NEWMAN



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Pictured at left: Sam Sims
(Touring with Paula Abdul)
At right: James Strong
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ON STAGE



PRINCE IN LONDON

PRINCE AND THE NEW POWER Generation played a week of shows in June at London's Earls Court, a big ugly barn with the ambience of a farm-team hockey rink. From the time Prince beamed onstage in a Star Trek tube no one in the audience sat, everyone danced and many mouths hung opened.

Like Hammer, Prince had male dancers, rappers and hootchie-cootchie girls stepping, flipping, leaping, skating and doing splits across the different levels of his multi-tiered stage. Like U2 he had banks of video screens pumping out images and information, and a belly-dancer. Like Kiss he had jets of flame shooting high into the air, and artificial lightning storms. Like P-Funk he had a huge ancient astronauts' mothership sailing over the stage. He had a big bed that flew him over

the audience while he made out with sexy lingerie babes. Prince had everything every other big stage act including *Cats* has, all going at the same time. It was hilarious.

But what kept the extravaganza from being just the biggest Las Vegas revue in the world was that Prince and his band are superb musicians. While the hoopla and explosions and handstands were dazzling the rubes, the players were smoking. Bassist Sonny Thompson, drummer Michael Bland, guitarist Levi Seacer, keyboard player Tommy Barbarella and singer/keyboardist Rosie Gaines all wore flashy costumes

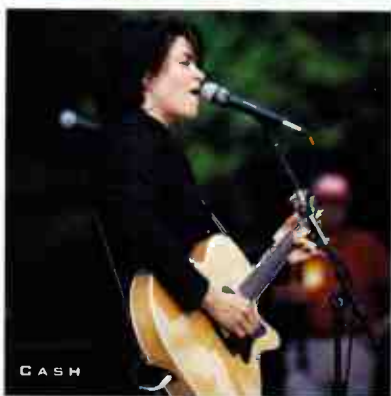
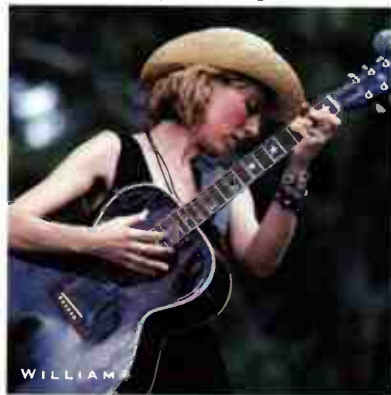
and joined in the general carnival atmosphere, but the presence of the dancers and special effects allowed them to remain focused on playing. Prince himself unleashed powerful guitar solos in his post-Hendrix rock style—and in contrast with Seacer's blues licks.

That sort of dichotomy was the musical subtext of the concerts. Opposing styles were constantly being forced into the same song. "Delirious" was given a blues solo. On "Jughead" rapper Tony Mosley's hip-hop was cut off by Rosie Gaines' gospel singing—"What the hell is that!" Mosley shouted and the hip-hop slammed back in. The juxtapositions were not only musical. During "Live for Love" the dancers marched onstage holding guns—and held a pistol to Mosley's head while he rapped. Prince sang love songs into a mike mounted on a gun barrel, looking like he was about to blow his brains out. Throughout the shows peace was thrown up against war, romance against rape, East against West, and man [cont'd on page 22]

ROSANNE CASH & LUCINDA WILLIAMS

THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF HOOT-in' and hollerin' in recent years about the commercialization of country music. Crossover mega-stars like Garth Brooks and Clint Black are cited by their detractors as examples of what happens when cowboys are exposed to too many Billy Joel records. Then again, there are artists like Rosanne Cash, who strode onto the stage at Central Park on June 27th to the gorgeous guitar intro from "What We Really Want"—the same riff Elvis Costello used to open "Our Little Angel"—and proceeded to deliver a set of buoyant country-rock that was pop-savvy without pandering to pop clichés.

Among the show's highlights were songs from her most recent album, 1990's lovely, introspective *Interiors*. There was the sinuous "Dance with the Tiger" and "This World," a tender but sobering testament to the singer's social conscience. Cash introduced the latter by confessing, "I used to not



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feel comfortable playing this one, but then I saw Lou Reed and I realized you can say anything you want to. Eight years of therapy, one night of Lou Reed..."

Cash's sassy wit was in fact as evident in her banter between numbers as it was in her singing. She introduced lead guitarist John Levinthal as "the guru of cool," and drummer Denny McDermott as "a man who's managed to turn fear and anger into great art." Indeed, Levinthal proved a radiantly lyrical player, embellishing numbers like "Halfway House" and a new ballad called "Seventh Avenue" (written for an

album that will be released "God only knows when...hopefully this winter") with chiming fills that evoked Mark Knopfler. McDermott and bassist Zev Katz lent an infectious, driving energy to rootsy rockers such as "Hold On" and "And the Wheel Goes 'Round."

Lucinda Williams, who opened for Cash, was a little more country-folk and a little less rock 'n' roll. Her hour-long set was long on bittersweet ballads well-suited to her warm, tremulous mezzo-soprano and well-served by the thrifty acoustic accompaniment, which featured Williams on rhythm guitar, Gurf Morlix on lead and David

Mansfield on violin. Williams introduced several songs from an album due this summer, *Sweet Old World*, among them an affectionate ballad, "Little Angel, Little Brother," and a bluesy scorcher called "Hot Blood." Morlix was particularly effective on the latter song, complementing its wily lyrics with tangy slide work, while Williams' own playing directed the fervent pace of "I Just Wanted to See You So Bad" as emphatically as any drummer or bassist could have.

"I don't talk that much between songs sometimes," Williams told the crowd, a bit apologetically, but when she did, it was with a dry, deadpan sense of humor that served as a foil to her achingly emotive singing. Cash joined Williams on harmony for the wistful "Something About What Happens When We Talk," and Williams returned the favor during Cash's encore, leading inevitably to some tongue-in-cheek female bonding: The women reminisced about a tour they did recently with fellow genre-blender Mary Chapin Carpenter. "Three broads with three guitars, we called it," Cash chuckled.

That encore also included a straightforward but stunning take on the same pop song Cash had alluded to at the beginning of her program: "Our Little Angel," one of Costello's loveliest melodies and one of a countless number of songs evincing country's seminal and enduring impact on rock. It was a fitting final note for a set that had drawn so shrewdly and lovingly on both genres.

—ELYSA GARDNER

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SONGS FOR A DYING PLANET

PRINCE

[cont'd from page 20] against woman. Whether you came out of it believing in the reconciliation of such opposites or of their inevitable separation probably depended less on Prince than on what prejudices you brought in with you.

Prince also introduced new material, including the gangster glam "Sexy Motherfucker" and a no-holds-barred Johnny Mathis bedroom ballad called "Damn U." He did snatches of "My Name Is Prince," which is a better theme song than "Hey Hey We're the Monkees," "In a Big Country" and "We Are the Clash" rolled into one, and proclaimed in the general direction of Michael "King of Pop" Jackson, "Come to your senses, there are no kings—only Princes."

And while Prince often remained as aloof as Gatsby surveying the great party he's thrown, there were moments during these shows—especially when Prince rapped—when he seemed to be willing to consider joining the fun as well as standing above it. When he crosses that last barrier—the barrier separating him from the community he inspires—Prince will have done everything.

—BILL FLANAGAN

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SONIC YOUTH'S BOMB POP



SOME DAYS IT LOOKS AS IF AMERICA IS HELD TOGETHER WITH baling wire, Scotch tape and a few dabs of dum-dum, its virtues derived from its messiness. Last month, on this nation's birthday, two wholly American bands built something substantial out of rag-tag elements. Fireworks exploded on and offstage as Sonic Youth and Sun Ra's Arkestra spewed celebration sounds in Central Park, hitting a red, white, black and blue zenith.

With a week of New England dates under their belt, the Sonics never sounded better. After a decade of calibrating a balance of skronk and melody, irony and earnestness, their music has taken on confidence without abandoning its crucial ragged spontaneity. That's heard throughout *Dirty*, arguably their most riveting disc so far. A few nights earlier in Newport, they trounced through "Chapel Hills," which calls for Jesse Helms' head on a plate. Bassist Kim Gordon told the moshers to step back because people up front were being crushed; guitarist Thurston Moore put on his best psycho-slacker face and quipped, "Yeah, or else everybody take two steps forward." Just a yuk, one of Thurston's fortes. He quickly reminded that he didn't want "anybody killed or nothing." But nudging toward the danger zone, no matter where it might lie, is a key aspect of the band's agenda.

That tack has taken them to places they don't even care to be. The last shows before the Northeast spin were in arenas, opening for Neil Young. "We got two soundchecks in three months, and it's actually more fun that way," claimed Gordon during dinner at a Thai restaurant in Connecticut. "It was three months of finding out about the politics of arena rock," adds Moore, sucking an ultrasugared iced coffee. "We're interested in Neil Young's legacy, so the experience was cool. But he didn't learn much about us, and we just stayed in our room—put on a black light and played eight-tracks. It's weird, just now outside the club some kid said we changed his whole idea about music. He had long frizzy hair and a tie-dye shirt; he saw us with Neil. All it takes is to turn around one Deadhead freak and we're satisfied."

"A kid at a truck stop told me he used to be into us but then discovered the Grateful Dead," counters Gordon, "so we're down one." "Yeah," admits Thurston, "last night a girl tried to get her six bucks back from the soundman."

Goo, their first record on a major label, found the band bracing its once-wobbly studio gait, *Dirty*

"All it takes is to turn around one Deadhead and we're satisfied."

advances the same. Butch Vig, the producer who brought Nirvana's cement-pond sound to the top of the charts, was at the board. The frags are razored, and the slabs more solid than ever. The poison now has poise.

"That clarity was part of Butch's involvement," says drummer Steve Shelley. "We've been working on that, and finally found a producer who could capture the mess, but make it a clear mess."

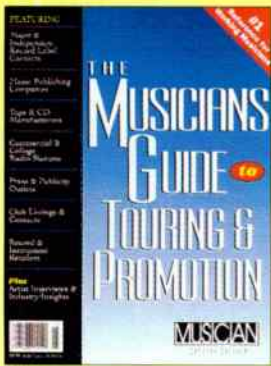
"Is that who that guy was?" queries Thurston, defusing any kind of here's-how-it's-done music talk. Earlier he had mumbled that "selling records is an annoyance," but in the marketplace, Sonic Youth has never backpedaled. Advancements are made with each album. In a post-Nirvana atmosphere, you can bet that Geffen hopes *Dirty* will stick on the wall longer than *Goo*, and there's little reason why it shouldn't.

"There's always development going on," assures Thurston. "It's not like the people who keep rewriting the same record over and over. We have a style, but it's conducive to change."

"It's just familiarity," says [cont'd on page 31]

BY JIM MACNIE

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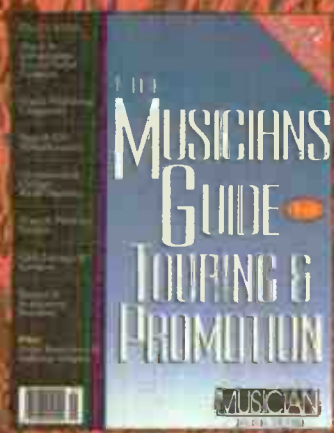
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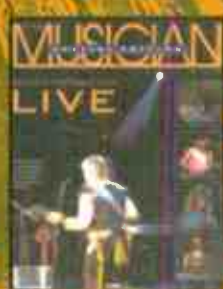
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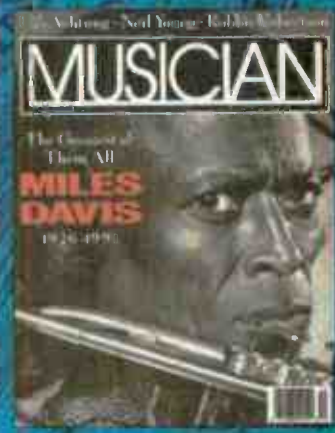
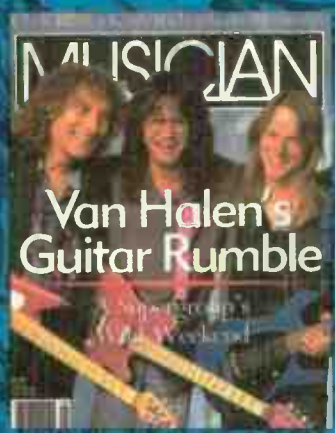
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hint of James Brown.”*

computer and calls up his discography.

But McBride has also sidestepped the “I’m-so-cool-I-don’t-react” pose common to many rising stars. I play him a cut from a Kenny Barron album, and when he hears the drums he yells, “My man! Lewis Nash!” Several days later, he phones to report that Benny Carter has invited him to play on his next record. Thrilled, McBride calls it a milestone of his career. Considering his career, that’s not faint praise.

McBride brings diverse influences to his music. His father, Lee Smith, played bass with the Philly International R&B groups, gigging with Billy Paul and others; Chris’ interest was further enhanced by his mother’s old Motown albums. “That’s where I got my nostalgia thing,” he figures, “because I never listened to current stuff, it was always the ‘60s.”

His uncle, Howard Cooper, was “the real jazz nut in the family,” having played with Kahn Jamal and Sonny Murray. His first influence, Ron Carter, was all over the records in his uncle’s collection. “*And Jazz at Massey Hall* with Dizzy and Bird and Bud and Mingus and Max: That album slapped me in the face!”

A partial scholarship to Juilliard was McBride’s “excuse” to leave Philly. “I moved to New York on August 29, 1989,” he says proudly. “I wanted to go to school, but my priority was to do what I’m doing now. I’m not going to say Juilliard was a waste of time, because I got what I wanted out of it. But a lot of teachers were ‘out’ on me because I wanted to play jazz instead of focusing on the classical thing.”

Bobby Watson tracked McBride down by leaving messages with all his teachers. (Chris was living at the Y.) “We played Birdland a few days later. By the time the school year ended, Hargrove had started his band, so I totally lost interest in school.” He jammed regularly with Jesse

IT SEEMS HE WAS BORN WITH THE BASS IN HIS HANDS, HIS MOVES guided purely by sound. He is a natural, a once-in-a-generation phenom. He is 21 years old, and he’s done 32 recording sessions in the last two years. He’s from Philly, he’s got soul and he’s superbad.

Christian McBride is taking New York by storm. He’s played with Bobby Watson, Roy Hargrove, Benny Green, Joe Henderson, Mulgrew Miller. Recently he appeared at Lincoln Center on a Freddie Hubbard/Joe Henderson big-band production, and he’s about to go on the road with Chick Corea’s Akoustic Band. After that, he’ll do a Philip Morris-sponsored tour, divided into two groups—young lions and masters. For McBride it’s a troublesome distinction. His age places him squarely in the first group, his experience in the second.

Has success turned his head? “I’m happy about it, but it has made me a little scared,” McBride admits. “I realize I’m gonna have to work extra hard to keep it this way: keep on praying and keep on practicing.” As he talks, he’s settling deeply into an armchair, wearing a Mets baseball cap (he’s been known to hang in complete uniform), a T-shirt and jeans. He proves willing to digress at length on boxing heroes like Sugar Ray, Ali or Joe Louis; his own modified box haircut is a “Floyd Pateron.” The laid-back attitude is belied, however, when in answering a question he pulls out a pocket

BY KAREN BENNETT

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Davis, meeting scores of musicians, while renewing ties with players he met back in Philadelphia. Buster Williams was one of them. "I met Chris when he was 14," Williams remembers. "Something about him reminded me of Ray Brown. He had such a pure, excited attitude, no pretense. I also felt he came from a good family; you could just see Mom and Dad in him."

Joe Henderson agrees: "I heard about this youngster who was beyond his years as a bassist. When I came to New York to sign with PolyGram, a vice president took me to Bradley's, where he was playing with Gary Bartz, George Cables and Roy Hargrove, and I was thoroughly impressed: All the stuff I heard was true."

He points to McBride's strong mix of feel and training. But let's get technical: What is this guy doing? "One thing is playing without an amp," McBride says. "I stopped in high school. Now I put a mike right over the bass. I'm concentrating on getting a big sound out by myself, because that's what all the great bass players did."

"I'm trying to deal with more quarter notes. What really swings is this"—he claps in 4/4 time—"just holding the band together. Slick stuff gets in the way. My concept now is to deal with basics—learn the changes thoroughly and play straight time. A lot has to do with drummers. If the drummer plays busy, you *can't* be in the way... just keep walking and hold the fort down."

Talk of rhythm brings to mind his main man. "As long as I'm on this earth playing bass, there will always be some James Brown in everything I play. It can be the oldest of swing songs, like 'My Melancholy Baby,' and there will be a hint of James. One thing that made James funky is his famous songs, like the original 'Lickin' Stick,' are nine minutes long, and the whole time the rhythm section is not playing one thing differently. Which goes back to basics: They kept that pulse without straying. Now, how can you have that much *discipline* while James is up there talkin' to the band and carrying on?"

Jazz and James Brown? Recently, McBride led a trio at Bradley's. One night, following a set of standards and a few originals, he announced that he would let the audience figure out the final tune. Then he walked his trio through a swinging rendition of "Gonna Have a Funky Good Time." Yes, in a jazz club. And the audience clapped along, in straight time. 

BASIC STUFF

C HRIS has an old Juzek bass—"I don't know how old"—with Thomastik Weich strings. His mike is an Electro-Voice RE 20.

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[cont'd from page 25] Gordon. "The more you hear a brand name, the better you feel about buying it. When a new toilet paper comes out on the market, you're scared of it at first. Most people still are—Neil's audience was shocked by us."

"The mainstream is leaning a little more toward us and we're leaning a little more toward the mainstream," says guitarist Lee Ranaldo.

"Maybe sound-wise, but not songwriting-wise," parries Thurston. Correct. "Youth Against Fascism" calls Bush a "war-pig fuck" and suggests that Clarence Thomas buy a subway token to hell. "Swimsuit Issue" castigates the image industry by indicting models as tools. When Gordon's done with her list of guilty parties, you might never look at *Elle* or Paulina the same way.

"We've been trying to figure out what 'obsequious' means for a couple of days now," says Lee. "It was in 'Doonesbury' and stumped us all." Everyone at the table then tries to define "recalcitrant," and the conversation peels out, Moore at the wheel. The line between earnest and facetious is trampled, reminding me that he had originally asked which group I wanted to interview, "the downs or the intellectuals?" The group's raw 'n' roll is made by a confluence of both.

"Here, have a Bomb Pop T-shirt," smiles Shelley as they get ready to assault New London. "What's a Bomb Pop?" I ask. "You know, a summertime ice pop shaped like a bomb." Let's see—image chosen because it's a cool metaphor for their musical *modus operandi*?

"Naw," drawls Thurston, "because we suck." 

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THURSTON MOORE uses a Fender Jaguar, a couple of Jazzmasters, a Tele copy "that my brother made" and a real Tele, too. He plugs into a Peavey Roadmaster that drives a Marshall bottom with Celestion speakers. LEE RANALDO plays "a most excellent Travis Bean," a Gibson SG, a Rickenbacker 12-string, a Fernandes Strat copy and "three—count 'em—identical Telecaster Deluxes from the early '70s." All of his others are "Jags and Jazz with DiMarzio Super Distortion pickups." Such sounds travel through a MESA/Boogie Mark III and a Marshall bottom. They use Ernie Ball strings. KIM GORDON plays a Gibson Thunderbird bass through a MESA/Boogie, 440 plus. "Today I bought a huge Marshall bottom with four 15s, so I'll use that too." STEVE SHELLEY's drums are "round and made of wood"—and they're Bradys. Zildjian cymbals.

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JOAN ARMATRADING SQUARES OFF



SHE'S 15 ALBUMS TO THE GOOD NOW, BUT WE KNOW CURIOUSLY little about the offstage Joan Armatrading. She likes it that way, because what she's always offered up instead is a varied array of songs of unmistakable emotional translucence. She'll let us know her through them. Most would grant her as much permanence as pop can claim, based on just a handful of her best. If you take 1976's pleading "Love and Affection," where her lilting voice dances hypnotically with a horn, or that year's "Down to Zero," where she steps into the territory of her great mentor-at-a-distance Van Morrison with both her lyrics and her trumpeting, wailing vocal, Armatrading's subtle power is evident. She set herself apart as a master of courageous emotionality as early as her tidy acoustic psalm from her first record, "Whatever's for Us": "Speaking of life you ask how, how right you are to reveal our love/Heed not a lie, fear not to trust/'Cause whatever's for us, for us..."

It's therefore no surprise that the title track of her new *Square the Circle* is about making someone 'fess up ("Tell me/What you've got on your mind/Tell me/Tell me"). "You've probably been in that sit-

BY FRED SCHRUERS

*"I've never done folk.
People have
a misconception."*

uation with somebody," says Armatrading. "You can tell they've got something on their minds and they're doing everything else but tell you."

As with several of this album's songs, Armatrading's vocal is declamatory, even regal—the Nina Simone in her coming out. In fact, most of *Square* steps, quite nimbly, in the jazzy back 40 of pop that Sting has insistently been walking in recent years. "With this record," says Armatrading, "I was steering it deliberately a certain way. I knew I wanted an acoustic-sounding guitar, but I wanted it to be electric. I knew I didn't want to be playing sort of heavy rock 'n' roll; I wanted certain things, like 'Crazy' and 'Can I Get Next to You,' to be a bit more jazzy—going back to the [1977 LP] *Show Some Emotion* sort of bit. I had a very good idea what I was aiming for."

What "Crazy"'s aiming for is an almost Steely Dan caginess, folding jazz's gangly limbs into a pop box. On "Can I Get Next to You," Richard Cottle's hop-scotching organ break summons up Jimmy Smith's fluent, middlebrow jazz style, and Joan herself takes a similarly showy turn on guitar (the Hendrix echoes in her fretwork are just another curiosity in her vaunted eclecticism).

"I've never done a folk scene," says Armatrading, perhaps anticipating a little resistance from the faithful hordes of female fans in sensible shoes who will sing earnestly along with ballads like "Willow" at concerts. "People have a misconception." She traces it to her first American tour, when she performed solo after abandoning her band just prior to the tour. "I had my band ready to come over and at the very last minute it just became too complicated—they thought, 'Okay, Joan's going to America, the land of opportunity, we're gonna ask for a zillion pounds.' I thought, I'm just gonna end up coming back totally in debt and bankrupt and it's not supposed to work like that."

Armatrading also claims to be apolitical, despite her new record's "If Women Ruled the World." "What I'm saying is not really a question of a reversal of roles, to put women in charge of everything and leave the men out. I feel that in any sort of negotiation among men, it quite often feels antagonistic—everyone wants to prove their power. I say, 'Women would rather talk than fight...' You just feel that women would sit down

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and try to come to a peaceable answer. I've heard men say with pride on the television, 'My son was killed at 19 in the war.' You feel a woman saying the same thing is really sad—she wants her son there. She thought he was gonna be a doctor. She didn't want to see him dead at 19." Yes, Margaret Thatcher sent British boys to die in the Falklands, but she was a woman alone. "There aren't enough women for her to deal with to be able to get this empathy stuff happening—you can't do it on your own."

It was Armatrading's mother who spawned the career that has seen this 42-year-old woman

occasionally rule the charts in her 20-year career. "I started to write because my mom bought a piano and put it in the front room. I was never a fan of anybody and I got into music simply because I started to play—made up these little tunes and put words to them. I didn't start by learning anybody else's songs first."

Armatrading was three years old when her parents emigrated from the West Indies island of St. Kitts to Birmingham. One of six children, she remained behind with her mother's people on Antigua until, at age seven, she got on the plane alone. Her fireman dad had become a bus driver

(and now works for the railway). "I've actually never said their names," says Armatrading gently when asked. "I think I'll stick to that. I don't know why I've never said it." A pause and a laugh—"It's Mr. and Mrs. Armatrading."

Growing up in a largely white Birmingham suburb, the already solitary-minded Joan "started writing songs at 14. At that point [1964] there really wasn't anybody else for me to be influenced by; there weren't loads of women writing their own songs and singing them in that way—there wasn't another black woman who was doing what I was doing."

Enter, five years later, her *Whatever's for Us* collaborator Pam Nestor. "When I was 19 or so, she asked me one day to put some music to these lyrics she'd written...before I knew it we'd done a few songs." Although Pam shares credits on that LP and Graham Lyle (formerly of Gallagher and...) is credited with help on a melody on *Square*, "I've never sat in a room with anybody to write. I explained to him that I'd never sat with anybody to write a song and I wouldn't do it now. He thought I was strange but he didn't mind too much."

That's the independent Armatrading of "Me Myself I," but what she wrought with Lyle was her mother's favorite song, "Wrapped Around Her" (about an unfaithful man), requested recently by Mom at a soundcheck on the tour that will bring Joan to the States this fall. Meanwhile, her label has sorted through this somewhat elusive collection and issued the lulling "True Love" as a single. "That one is a little bit me," admits the songwriter, who tends to disclaim autobiography. "The idea of a love that really works is a nice concept, isn't it?"

At once true and tongue-in-cheek, but the old-guard fans may feel better served by "Can't Get Over You," an anthem rich in the familiar Armatrading dynamics. "And I can't get over/How I tore my whole world apart," she sings, spewing heart-felt vibrato over Linda Lewis' backing cries. It's retro Joan amidst the new jazziness, but it offers the Armatrading that makes for a phenomenon her following shares with her friends: "I'm always surprised that people don't come to me and say, 'Joan—you wrote that about me.'" ☺

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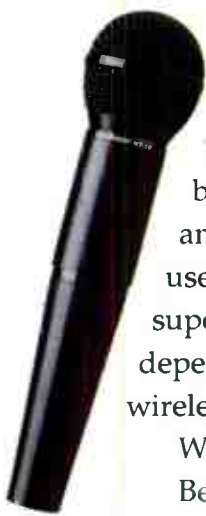
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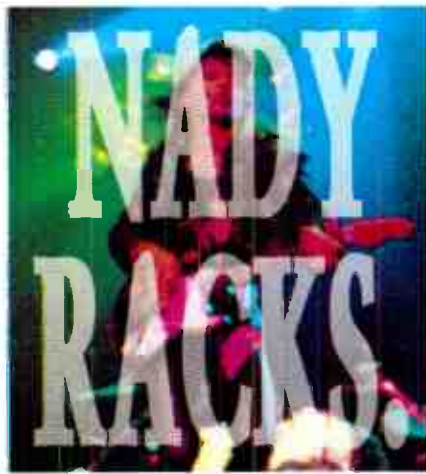
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SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S REVENGE



WHEN SOMERSET MAUGHAM, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS secretary-companion, Gerald Haxton, left England in late 1916, he anticipated the benefits of a long ocean voyage. He was still convalescing from a serious lung ailment, aggravated by two exhaustive years of British Intelligence duty in the First World War. It was winter time in England, cold and damp, and his doctor had recommended a voyage across sunlit seas, so Maugham was bound for Honolulu by way of San Francisco. The writer and his secretary eagerly looked forward to all the promises the travel brochures guaranteed in the balmy isles of Hawaii, referred to with uncharacteristic sentimentality by Mark Twain as “the loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean.” For Maugham it was also a working holiday: He was en route to Tahiti to research the life there of Paul Gauguin, the model for the central character of Maugham’s later, most successful novel, *The Moon and Sixpence*.

During many long interviews with Maugham at his Villa Mauresque, on Cap Ferrat of the

BY WILMON MENARD

French Riviera—years later, of course—he conveyed to me his still-remembered delight with a winter’s passage across a summer sea: “The Pacific is inconstant and uncertain like the soul of man...the trade wind gets into your blood, and you are filled with an impatience for the unknown.”

What was going on in the world as Maugham walked down the gangway of the *Great Northern* passenger liner into Honolulu? World War One was raging; Pancho Villa’s Mexican rebellion was at its height...In America and the Hawaiian islands, in particular, everyone was humming the current popular song “I’m Down in Honolulu Looking Them Over,” written by Irving Berlin and sung by a very young Al Jolson.

“It was quite a light, bouncy number,” as Maugham remarked, “sort of a jazzy tune to make young and old bob their heads, snap their fingers and do a little jig. Even the taxi driver taking us to our waterfront hotel was humming it.” At the Moana Hotel on the beach at Waikiki, the

*Driven nuts by a
song, a great writer
retaliated.*

Hawaiian string orchestra was playing it, while a grass-skirted hula-dancer pantomimed the lyrics with supple hand symbols and gracefully gyrating hips.

One night, out of curiosity, Maugham decided to visit Honolulu’s notorious Iwilei red-light district, reached by a side street near the harbor, over a precarious wooden bridge and along a rutted roadway, with rows of tiny green-painted bungalows on either side. Each prostitute’s workshop was exactly alike: a small parlor containing a chair, a gramophone with morning-glory horn—blaring out “I’m down in Honolulu looking them over.” Beyond, the bedroom, with a chest of drawers, a bar of coat-hooks and a canopied double bed with curtains. Maugham wrote of this visit: “Wandering seamen from ships in port, soldiers, American sailors from gunboats in harbor, mostly drunk—Chinese, Japanese, Negroes and Hawaiians—strolled past in the night, and desire seemed to throb in the air...a silent procession, studying the women in the windows; now and then one makes up his mind, and slinks up the three steps that lead into the parlor, is let in, and then the door and window are shut and the blind is pulled down.”

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Maugham and Haxton boarded the S.S. *Sonoma* on December 4, 1916, bound for Tahiti, by way of Pago Pago. But the passenger-liner didn't drop her lines until 7 p.m., awaiting a delayed passenger. She proved to be a blonde, buxom woman in her late 20s, who staggered up the gangway at Pier 7, lugging a gramophone with a morning-glory horn. A seaman, standing beside Maugham at the rail tightening a line, chuckled and inclined his head toward the late-comer: "She's from Iwilei," and a salacious wink, "I know her well, one of the best there."

In his published diary, *A Writer's Notebook*,

Maugham described her: "Plump, pretty in a coarse fashion, perhaps not more than 25 years: she wore a white dress and a large white hat... She had left Iwilei after the place was raided.

"I'll be damned if the band on the dock, playing a bon-voyage for our tardy departure, didn't repeat that now maddening tune, '*I'm Down in Honolulu Looking Them Over!*'"

The fugitive from Iwilei was carried on the passenger list as "Miss Thompson." She had her cabin just two removed from Maugham and his companion Haxton. "It was bloody bedlam!" snorted Maugham to me, as he described the

voyage from Honolulu to Pago Pago. "A steady traffic of ship's officers and unattached male passengers to her cabin night and day, and all the time that bloody gramophone of hers playing that same, ear-splitting tune over and over! I thought I'd go out of my mind!" He blew out his breath explosively. "You can believe me, I was relieved when I walked down the gangway in Pago Pago." But when he reached the boarding-house on the outskirts of Pago Pago, he found that "Miss Thompson" had her room next to his. He had planned to continue to Apia in Western Samoa, but a bad storm blew up and there were rumors of a measles and smallpox scare in Pago Pago, so all inter-island travel was under an embargo. "So there Gerald and I were, marooned in a dilapidated lodging-house, upon whose corrugated iron roof the heavy tropical rain beat incessantly. And next door that outrageous strumpet entertained lusty Samoan lovers until the wee hours of the morning—and all the time her gramophone blared out the same single disc.

"She went out of her way to annoy me! I would sometimes call to Gerald if he were below on a bench beside the bay: 'Tea-time, Gerald!' The dreadful doxie thereupon would rap on the thin wall partition, yoo-hooing, 'Nooky-time, you bloody Limey!' What hellish punishment I endured, twisting and tossing on my sweat-sodden mattress in that disreputable hovel, while the blonde whose played her one disc, with the rusty springs of her bed grinding out an accompaniment. Oh, I was planning a suitable revenge, you can be sure, for that escapee from the Iwilei red-light quarter of Honolulu!"

Maugham used her last name in his short story "Sadie Thompson," no doubt acquiring it from the *Sonoma's* passenger list. A few years before Maugham passed away in 1965, I told him: "But her first name was *May*, Willie, not *Sadie*." He responded, "Oh, well, no harm done. She never surfaced to sue me. And I'm sure you'll agree that *May* is much too demure a Christian name for my randy doxie. *Sadie* is more in keeping as a first name for her raunchy profession. Anyway, I did finally have my revenge on that Iwilei floozie. Certainly, she must be the first whore who ever paid off."

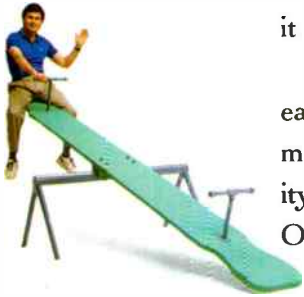
"Miss Thompson" became the play *Rain*, which in turn became a Broadway musical. The play, in turn, was filmed as *Sadie Thompson*, starring Gloria Swanson, *Rain*, starring Joan Crawford and *Miss Sadie Thompson*, starring Rita Hayworth. "I realized almost two million dollars in book, stage and cinema royalties off that rowdy blonde harlot! Quite a profitable transaction, wouldn't you say?"

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GEORGE

HARRISON

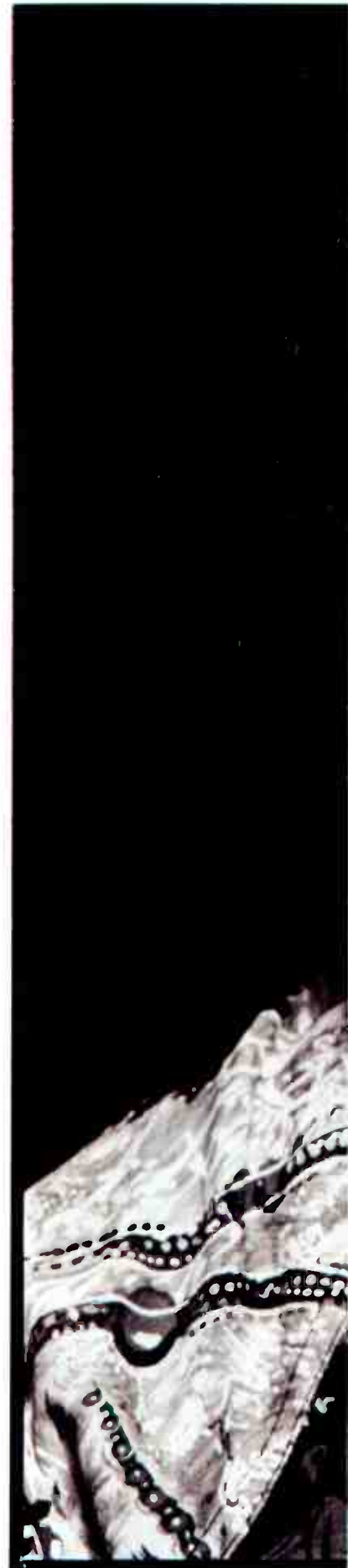
THE DARK HORSE CANDIDATE

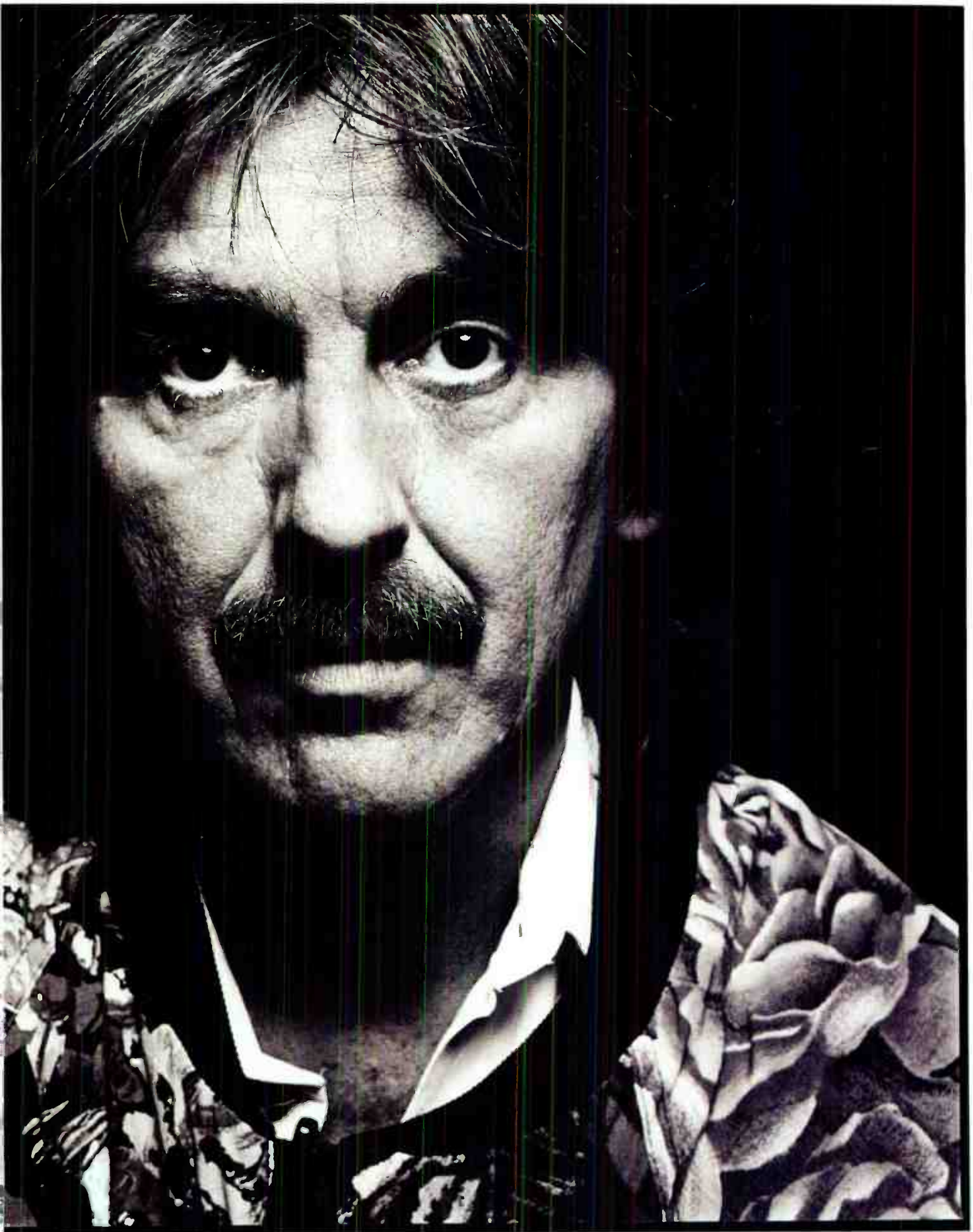
GEOURGE HARRISON's Handmade Films office is tucked away in a neat brownstone on a quiet mews south of Hyde Park in London. The rooms are simple and tasteful, the shelves filled with records, videos, film reels and books (a Bible, "Jesus in India," various Beatles studies and bios). On the floor sits a large plaque from Capitol Records, still wrapped in packing material, on which are mounted 13 Beatles CDs. The woman who answered the door gestures to the greenery beyond the large windows and says, "George will come through the garden." She turns to leave the room and adds, "You'll hear a noisy car first."

All of which confirms what we all know about George Harrison. He's a rock legend ("legend" is an overused appellation but this guy was *lead guitarist with the Beatles*) with mystical inclinations and a man who disdains glamor but loves gardening and fast cars. All at once the quiet English afternoon is filled with the sound of an auto engine churning, popping, revving, stalling, backfiring and generally behaving like a car in a Loony Toon. Then, around the bushes and through the shrubs, comes George Harrison, rushing and laughing.

Harrison has a lot to be happy about. After staying away from the concert stage

INTERVIEW BY BILL FLANAGAN





for 17 years, he successfully toured Japan last Christmas with Eric Clapton and Clapton's band, and enjoyed the experience enough that in April he played his first-ever London solo concert. His recording career was reignited by his *Cloud Nine* album in 1987 and two discs with the Traveling Wilburys. Now Harrison's laying plans to assemble his own touring band and to release *George Harrison Live In Japan*, recorded on the Japanese tour. That album mixes songs from Harrison's Beatles years ("Taxman," "If I Needed Someone," "Something," "Piggies") with solo hits from the '70s ("Give Me Love," "What Is Life," "My Sweet Lord") and '80s ("Got My Mind Set on You," "All Those Years Ago," "Devil's Radio"). During this week in late June the U.K. is caught up in a relapse of Beatlemania: *Sgt. Pepper* is moving back up the charts exactly 25 years after it first appeared and Paul McCartney's 50th birthday is evoking genuflecting newspaper and television tributes to the genius of all things Beatle.

Harrison is bemused by the silliness of celebrity and convinced of its irrelevance to leading a satisfied life. He has been making solo records for three times as long as he made Beatles records but shows absolutely no anxiety about competing with the glories of the '60s. After all, from "Here Comes the Sun" to "Cloud 9," it's all George Harrison music.

MUSICIAN: *When you went back through your material for the Japanese tour, was there any old song you thought you should do that, when you heard it again, you said, "Wow, that stinks"?*

HARRISON: Not really, no. There are always songs I don't like and everybody else does. Ones that make my toes curl. "Don't Bother Me," for instance. It's just that period when you're naive. But the public, the fans seem to like anything. The band liked stuff I wasn't thinking they would like. I mean, now my whole attitude has changed as well. There were songs I had become bored with because they were singles that had been played to death, like "My Sweet Lord." Also because I had that lawsuit that went on for years. It drove me bananas, that one. For a period of time I just couldn't listen to it, I didn't want to hear it. Same with "Something," because I'd heard it so many times in elevators. And "Got My Mind Set on You" was played a lot. But my attitude changed a lot. I really enjoyed playing "Something" and I realize now, like I realized when I wrote it, it's actually a really good tune. [laughter] It's a very good tune and it's really good to play because it's got all the nice changes and solos. That one just gives me shivers every time! I played a solo and then Eric played a solo. I'm lucky that I got to the point where they're all like new tunes for me.

MUSICIAN: *I heard it was a little tougher for Clapton to slip into the role of sideman than he had anticipated.*

HARRISON: No, I don't think so. I think he really liked it. Eric's done it before. He played with Roger Waters, the ARMS benefit. He was fine. And he did his own segments in the middle of the show. You don't hear that on the record. Between "Piggies" and "Mind Set on You" Eric did 30 minutes. I think he was fine.

MUSICIAN: *Someone on the tour told me, "Eric's really generous, but he is Eric Clapton, so if George criticized him he bristled a bit."*

HARRISON: [laughs] Well, you know... It's probably a hard thing to give

up your band. I think it was a fine thing for him to do. He offered the situation. Actually I turned it down at first. Eric and Eric's manager were quite keen for me to do it, spent a lot of time talking me into it. Ultimately I made the decision not to, and then I thought, well, it's an easy copout not to do it. I think it would do me more good if I said yes and got myself out of a rut. Also, just to show myself that it's no big deal to go out and get onstage. It'd been quite a while since I'd done it. And also at that time it was important that Eric get out of the house and do something. So there were a number of reasons to do it. I'm not saying there weren't occasions... I remember once there was this huge feedback going on and I couldn't figure out where it was coming from. Then I figured out it was coming from Eric's amp. That was the only time he ever got a bit peeved at me—when I came up and said, "Ah, it was you!" He said, "No it wasn't, I'm always in control of my guitar!" [laughs] But it was no big deal.* I had lunch with him the other day. We're friends, everything's cool.

MUSICIAN: *Just before the British elections in April you played a benefit show here in London for the Maharishi's new Natural Law Party.*

HARRISON: Yeah. Just like in America, people are bored with the politicians. The political parties may have slightly different policies, but basically they're all the same. It's a real low-level game, that's how I see politics. They don't have any kind of budget for Gulf wars or Falklands wars, but if it's for national health or something it's hard to get them to put any money in. Maharishi got the TM instructors to put themselves up for election. It was a very long shot because they only put themselves up 10 days before the election. It was just to create a stir. They printed a manifesto which was really good. A lot of the party politicians think of it as a joke. For me it was a stand just to say, "Look, I'm not impressed with any of you politi-

cians, so I'm going to put my vote with the Natural Law Party." It's kind of a wind-up, really. The public ought to realize that they don't have to vote for the same old degenerates year in and year out.

MUSICIAN: *That's why Ross Perot is doing so well in America. He may be a kook but a lot of people just want another option.*

HARRISON: Exactly. The thing is, in America it's hard to get anywhere because look at Bush! He was the head of the CIA. He's got the whole sleazy, corrupt world of politics all working for him. But you know, it's a reflection of who the public are. The people get what they deserve from their own choosing. You can criticize Bush, but in a way he's a result of the American people, just as Mr. Major and Mrs. Thatcher are for the British. What we have to do is raise the consciousness of the public and then they won't stand for these people.

MUSICIAN: *Of course, just as a schoolteacher hates the troublemaker who gets good grades, the system really hates a wealthy person who speaks against the system. The attitude is...*

HARRISON: "Hey, we're taking care of you!" They just want you to close your eyes because they take care of the rich. It's stupid. I don't

"HOW MANY BEATLES
DOES IT TAKE TO
CHANGE A LIGHTBULB?
FOUR. JOHN, PAUL,
GEORGE AND RINGO.
WHATEVER HISTORY
THINKS, THAT'S
WHAT IT WAS."

*Another version of this story holds that the noise Harrison was hearing was the rumble from the house P.A. Not having been onstage in years, George didn't know what it was and accused various members of the band, including Clapton, of feeding back.

even feel a part of the system. I can't relate to it. It's more and more difficult for me to even think about it. But that's why we did this show. They formed this party to throw a spanner in the works and try to create some kind of inspiration in case there were any people interested in something different from the same old thing.

MUSICIAN: *It was interesting for the general public to see you still up there supporting the Maharishi. People assume that the Beatles were interested in the Maharishi for about six months and then rejected him. In fact you have stayed very devoted to Indian philosophy and music for the last 25 years. Was it painful for you when the other Beatles publicly rejected it, and John wrote "Sexy Sadie" about Maharishi?*

HARRISON: Yeah. I called it "Sexy Sadie." The title John had was not nice at all. At least he realized that. Because there was *nothing that ever happened* except that there was a fella who was supposedly a friend of ours who stirred up and created this big fantasy. [Note: Beatles pal Magic Alex Mardas told John and George that the Maharishi might have made sexual advances to one of the woman pilgrims. This led to a confrontation between Lennon and the Maharishi and Lennon's returning to England.] There was never anything that took place. Paul and Ringo were never into it anyway. John and I were. The others came along

to see what was going on. I think Ringo and Paul had actually left there before this. I was leaving because I was going to south India to do some filming with Ravi Shankar. We left in a bit of a hurry, that's really all that happened. I think John had been seduced by Yoko Ono and he was going into his downward spiral that he went through for the next five years or so. But the Maharishi didn't do anything. All he did was learn a lesson. The Beatles attracted so much publicity that it made it look like it was some kind of hippie cult. Now it's gone the other way, they look like business people. But the Maharishi has done a lot of work with universities, with science and medicine. Without the Beatles around it's more low profile. And I think it's better that it's like that. But for me, I was a bit disappointed in John.

But you know, that's what life is. We're all under a huge cloud of ignorance. Some of the people who think they're the most intelligent people on this planet are still engulfed in ignorance. That's the nature of the relative world, the good/bad, yes/no, up/down, left/right. Everything is shadowed in this duality. By being encased in this body the soul forgets its true self and starts identifying with the ego, and off you go into this huge hallucinatory world we live in. It's sad when people miss the point, but it doesn't really affect God. [laughs] It doesn't matter how many CIA agents are in the Grand Old Party, God goes wailing on.

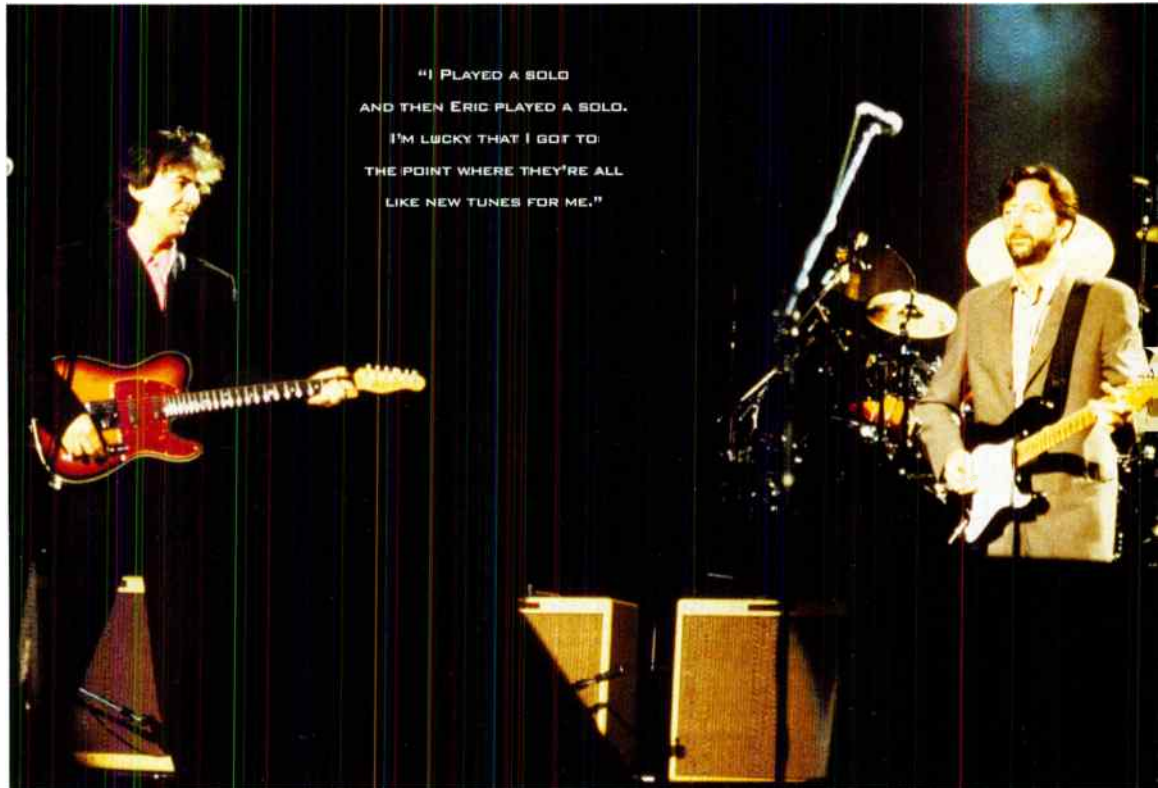
MUSICIAN: *It's too bad that your song "Not Guilty" was left off the*

White Album; it was sort of the antidote to "Sexy Sadie."

HARRISON: "Not guilty of leading you astray on the road to Mandalay." It should have been on the White Album, but in those days we had a lot of things to wade through before we got to "Not Guilty."

MUSICIAN: *Couldn't leave off "Wild Honey Pie" or "Revolution 9."*

HARRISON: Yeah, exactly. Even "Revolution 9," Ringo and I compiled that. We went into the tape library and looked through the entire room and pulled main selections and then gave the tapes to John and he cut them together. That whole thing, "number nine, number nine," is because I pulled box number nine. It was some kind of education



"I PLAYED A SOLO
AND THEN ERIC PLAYED A SOLO.
I'M LUCKY THAT I GOT TO:
THE POINT WHERE THEY'RE ALL
LIKE NEW TUNES FOR ME."

program. John sat there and decided what bits to cross-fade together, but if Ringo and I hadn't gone up there in the first place he wouldn't have had anything. You know, nothing's what it appears to be. We're doing a Beatles film now. Finally. This thing that's been laying in cans for years. We did a bit of an interview for it and during the course of the questions this thought came to my mind which sums up the whole Beatles years: "How many Beatles does it take to change a lightbulb?" The answer is four. John, Paul, George and Ringo. Whatever history thinks, that's what it was. I just read in today's paper that *Sgt. Pepper* is jumping 103 places in the British album chart.

MUSICIAN: *What, did you sell it for a Levi's commercial?*

HARRISON: It's been 25 years since it came out. There was a program the other night about it; everyone must have decided to check it out.

MUSICIAN: *Tell me about this Beatles documentary, The Long and Winding Road.*

HARRISON: It's on its way, it's being made. There is a lot of footage that everybody's seen, but we've also been going through our cabinets and finding old eight-millimeter stuff. The guy who's assembling it has 45 minutes of the first reel and Pete Best hasn't even joined the band yet! So it could end up as *The Civil War*.

MUSICIAN: *Let's talk about your other group, the Traveling Wilburys. The second album had some hilarious stuff—the doo-wop voices*

singing, "Seven, seven, seven" and then Dylan comes in with "Deadly sins." Were you all falling over laughing?

HARRISON: Well, we were at first. Bob really is a very funny person and he comes up with some off-the-wall things. It's our duty to try to make that off-the-wall thing actually work. It's different having a quick laugh to then taking it to its conclusion and making it into a record. It was a bit difficult finishing "Seven Deadly Sins." We almost thought of elbowing it off the album. But it's just hysterical.

MUSICIAN: So the Wilburys will go on?

HARRISON: I think so. The Wilburys is definitely something worth keeping around. It's just hard 'cause everybody's got their own careers. The first album was so successful and the second one came at the time of the Gulf War. I remember the first bombs were dropped on Baghdad when we were in the costumes to make the video for the second album. And the economy went down. So that record didn't sell as many as the first one. It did okay. Nobody ever talked about it but I think subconsciously we figured maybe that was the end. Maybe one was enough.

And of course, you can't discount Roy. Roy had a big following as well. That helped sell four million. [laughs]

MUSICIAN: You're starting another studio album soon. Will you ask Jeff Lynne to produce again?

HARRISON: I haven't really thought about it. Maybe not. He's living in America. Jeff's done so many records now. I don't want to automatically make it sound like that again.

MUSICIAN: On songs like "When We Was Fab," and obviously on the live album, you've returned to the Beatles' musical vocabulary. Paul and Ringo have also started using that sound again. For a long time you stayed away from it.

HARRISON: Not consciously. When you split up you just go your own way.

MUSICIAN: But you wouldn't have done "Fab" 10 years earlier.

HARRISON: Yeah, maybe not. Right. Because at that point you're just trying to get away from it. But you put space between things and then you can see it. There was a lot of pain and suffering with the Beatles, but after time you

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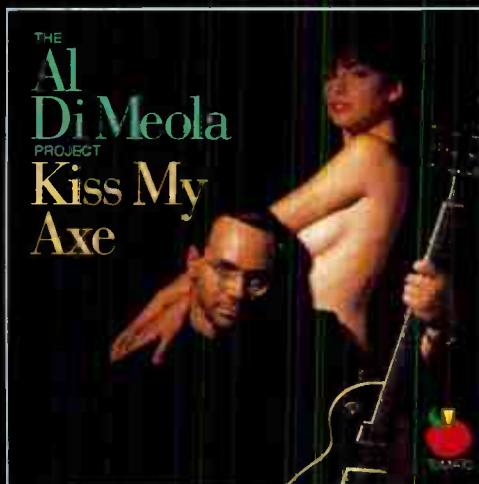
AX MAN

On the road **GEORGE HARRISON's** main guitar is a Roy Buchanan Bluesmaster made by the Fritz Brothers. For slide, he plays an Eric Clapton model Stratocaster. He occasionally reaches for his '58 Les Paul, and recently bought a bunch of new Gibsons, 200 and 2000 series. Gary Moore turned George on to Tube Buster pedals. A home studio maven, George likes Neumann microphones. He records with Studer tape machines, has a custom-made board with old fashioned faders and Cadac components, and Tannoy monitors.

George is still wary of MIDI, sequencers and digital sound. "There are components to our keyboards that can be MIDI'd. I'm not a fan, although this album was done digitally for convenience's sake. I didn't want to have to slave two 24-track analogs. So it was very convenient, but I'm not a fan of digital or MIDI. I like music being played by things that sound like instruments. I can't stand drum machines. Everything sounds the same! Although the keyboards are getting much better. I've done a lot of work with Chuck Leavell and Greg Phillinganes and I realize some of the samples are highly improved; the harpsichord and strings on 'Piggies' were brilliant. But I don't like that jingly DX7 keyboard sound. To me it sounds like a bag of little nails."

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AL DI MEOLA



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forget about it and just remember the good things. Also with "Fab," as some people may know, Jeff Lynne and ELO were very influenced by the Beatles. I think Jeff got a lot of fulfillment out of doing that.

MUSICIAN: I just read an interview with Ringo in which he said Don Was had to push him to use Beatles styles, and Elvis Costello said the same thing about writing with McCartney.

HARRISON: Yeah, but you see, Elvis Costello probably wants to be a Beatle. That's the thing. They all want to be in the Beatles, really.

MUSICIAN: You're considering touring in late '92 or '93. Would you use Clapton's band again?

HARRISON: I could do. They're not doing anything after September. I talk to them all the time. They would like me to say, "Okay, we're going on the road." I don't know, maybe I can form another band with some of the players I used to play with. For some reason drummers seem to be keen, I've got loads of drummers saying, "Can I play with you?" I'd like to do a big tour everywhere, but not all in one shot. I don't want to do two years or one year or even

six months like some people do. But I can see now why they have to, because it costs so much with transportation, vari-lights, staging, trucks. You have to do a hundred shows to get into profit. Once it's rolling, why stop? I don't really want to do that. I wouldn't mind if a situation existed where you could go out for three weeks, come home for three weeks, go out for three weeks. But it doesn't really work financially. I can see why people go on the road all the time. Bob Dylan's always on the road and he plays small places and doesn't have vari-lights and all the clutter of a big tour. But I think I would have to do a big hit-and-run thing and then go home. I'm not going to be out there my whole life.

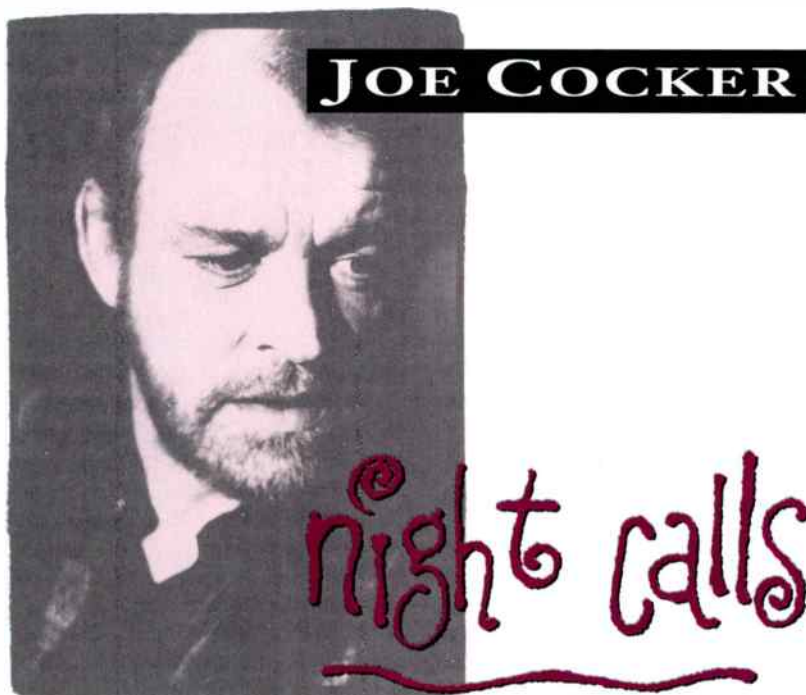
MUSICIAN: A lot of musicians who left the road for years have returned: Dylan, McCartney, Ringo, the Who. There seems to be a common feeling of, "Well, I'm a musician. This is what I do."

HARRISON: I didn't really feel that, although when I did the tour I really enjoyed playing. I have a conflict; I don't particularly want to play to audiences. I like to play in a band, but I don't particularly like the adulation, the attention, all that focusing on me. I like the idea of playing in a band and the people liking the music without this specific adulation. I don't like that at all. It's unhealthy to be the star. You know, it's a business and people are dependent on fans. They whip up hysteria to collect fans so that they can make more money. But I don't see it like that. I am—or was—a musician. I wasn't supposed to be a novelty that people come and look at, like we became in the Beatles. We became a kind of obsession. And that side of it makes me uncomfortable. But having said that, it's fun to play each night and see if you can do better each time.

MUSICIAN: What do you think makes people want to treat musicians or actors as gods? What makes some people pass from "I love his music" to "Let me touch the hem of his garment"?

HARRISON: I don't know. It's one thing liking and being inspired by somebody, but I don't like it when it becomes fanaticism for the fans. Or the stars! It's definitely an ego thing where the stars go home and nobody pays any attention to them. They don't see themselves on the television and the magazines and they can't stand it. They're under the illusion that they only exist through object referral. "This is my car, this is my office, these are my friends, these are my fans, this is my new suit." It's seeing the self in relation to objects as opposed to the self being something that exists regardless of whether it's got a suit, a

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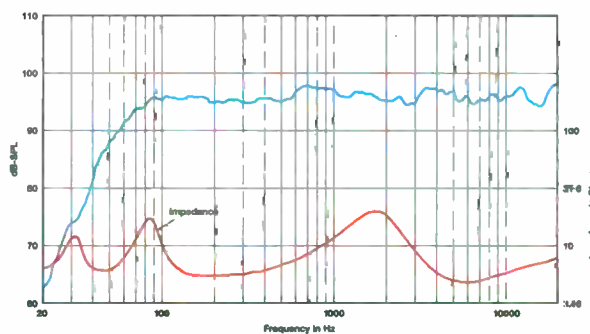
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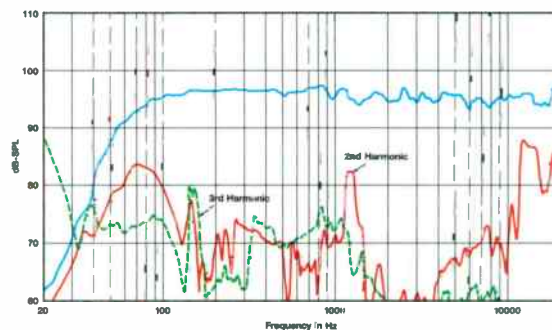
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car, a house or even a body.

I'm sure a lot of these people go around thinking, "I am Prince," or whoever. He probably thinks he's *Prince*. These people actually think that they are these stars. It's ignorance, basically.

MUSICIAN: *You have a very rare perspective 'cause you've been to the height of fame with the Beatles and out the other side.*

HARRISON: And I don't subscribe to it. It's totally bullshit. Stardom and fame is bullshit that sucks you in and if you're not fortunate you can get so sucked in that you start believ-

ing it. You think you are superduper. And people are fickle. One minute they like you, then they don't. That's the nature of this world: relativity. You only have love because of hate, they're both half of the same thing. If you accept the pleasure you're going to be setting yourself up for the pain. The thing is to be unattached to the game and then the loss doesn't mean anything.

MUSICIAN: *Well, that's something to strive for, but is it really attainable? Not just in show business but in life?*

HARRISON: You can, you can. It takes time

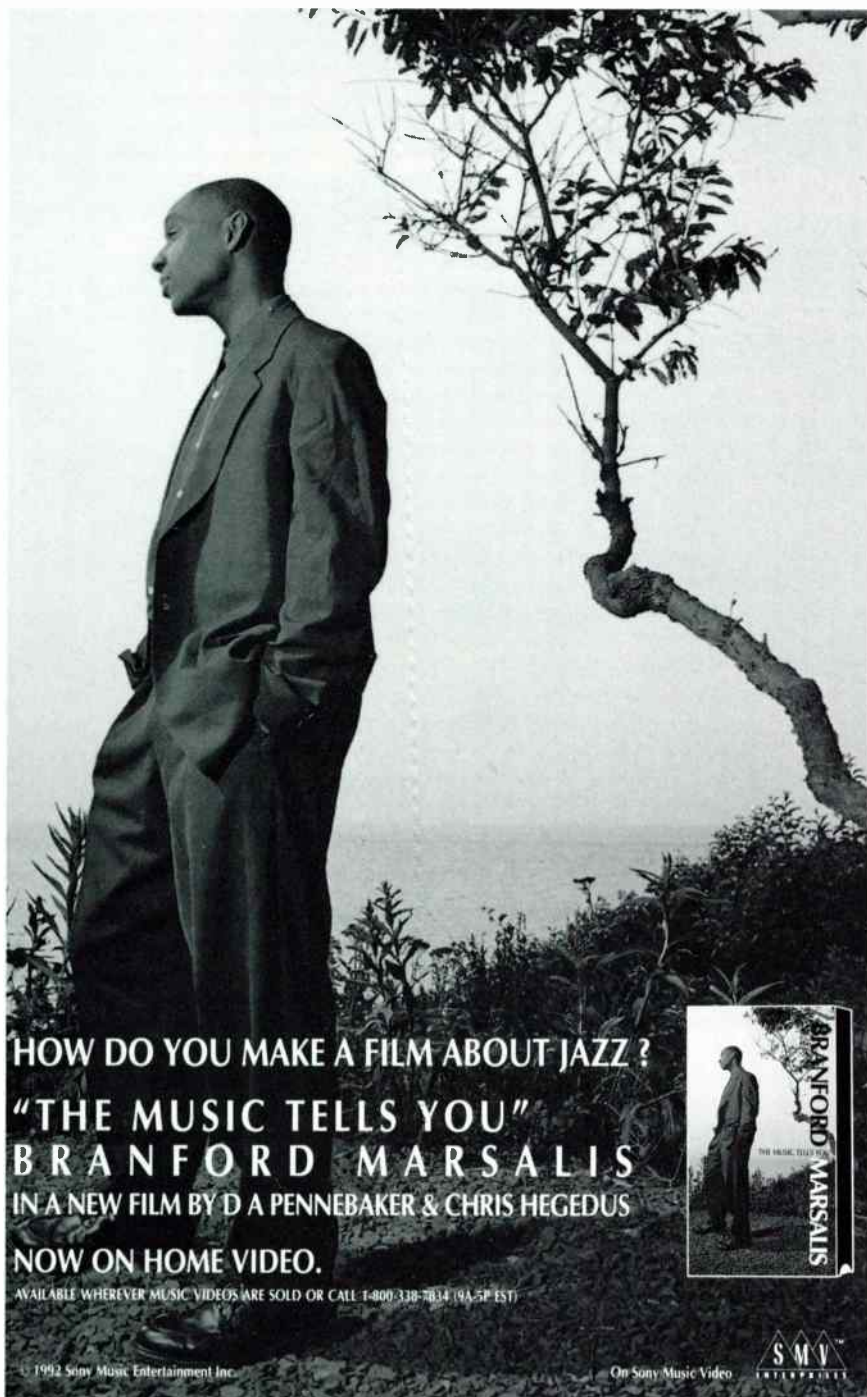
and it takes practice and you just have to keep remembering. For me or for most people who have been fortunate enough to have all the things most people dream about. We've got the fame and the fortune. That's really what most people in life are looking for, they think that's the answer. We got it relatively young and then we realized. Since I've been about 22 or 23 I've really been saying the same thing: We've been there, we've been famous and rich and that isn't it. You've got to look somewhere else. Look inside and do meditation. That's the answer. Meditation is the key to get from darkness into the light, from suffering into pleasure, from ignorance into wisdom. It doesn't matter if you're a beggar, you can still find God. It doesn't matter if you're the greatest guitar player in the world, if you're not enlightened, forget it. [laughs] People go, "It's alright for you to say, you've got all that money!"

MUSICIAN: *You produced Madonna's movie Shanghai Surprise. During that filming the press was hounding her and you went down to talk to her about handling such media madness. Now is it possible for you to relay this enlightened, spiritual attitude toward stardom to someone...*

HARRISON: Like her? [laughs] It takes time. The hard thing is, everybody is all mixed up together. You get a body to gain experience. Through experience we gain knowledge, and through knowledge we get liberated. We're all in these bodies, but we don't know who's who. Some people may have evolved out of cabbages and other people have been reincarnated from angels. So everybody's going around and around and we all need to go through whatever experience our karma creates. We have to learn the lessons that will take us to the next level. Some people get stuck. Some people are just like animals who don't know anything. Other people are quite a way down the line.

MUSICIAN: *Do you feel that the good fortune you had early in life, the enormous success of the Beatles, means that you four were being rewarded for virtues accrued in past lives?*

HARRISON: I don't know if that was good! Who would want to do that? When we started we just wanted to become musicians, to make a record. The Beatles was a brilliant thing that happened, but if you look at it from another point of view, what a waste of time! The potential danger of forgetting what the purpose is supposed to be in life and just getting caught up in this big tangle and creating more and more karma. I wouldn't want to do it again.

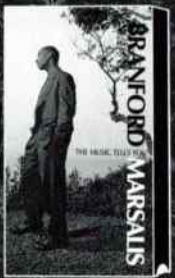


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**THE ADVENTURES OF
BONO'S BOMB SQUAD**



I

JUST KICKED BONO IN THE head. He didn't notice. He's asleep at my feet and I accidentally banged him with my shoe when Larry Mullen climbed across my lap to try to catch some winks on the seat at my right while the Edge, on my left, leans against the



bus window, either dreaming or gazing out into the northern English night. I can't tell for sure.

It's three in the morning and we've been travelling for three hours. Edge, Larry and I are on the back seat of a hired bus. Bono, dozing in the aisle, has his arm draped across his wife Ali, who is asleep on the seat in front of ours. Further up the bus I can see Adam Clayton creeping past the unconscious Greenpeace people with another bottle of champagne. U2's manager Paul McGuinness is awake up there, as is their lawyer who warns Adam what to say and what not to say to the police if we're arrested. Adam, who

has been busted before, says don't worry, he's now working on how to *not* get arrested. Then he sips his champagne with the daredevil suave of James Bond on a secret mission. This cramped scene might be kind of cozy if we were not eluding police roadblocks on our way to hook up with a Greenpeace ship to sail down the Irish Sea to row ashore carrying barrels of radioactive waste to dump at the leukemia-producing door of one of the most dangerous plutonium plants in the world. When I climbed aboard this bus in Manchester at midnight I was asked to accept legal liability if I am arrested, drowned or riddled with cancer as a result of join-



LARRY, ADAM, BONO AND EDGE ABOARD THE SOLD: "WE HAVE TO DRESS UP LIKE COMPLETE WANKERS TO MAKE THIS POINT."

ing U2 as they circumvent the British court injunction which has been issued to stop them getting near this little atomic cesspool on the English coast. Next time, I told McGuinness, let's do a phoner.

Four hours ago U2 were onstage in Manchester, playing another superb set in the series of superb sets that have marked the Zoo TV tour. Edge unleashed breathtaking Hendrix-like solos on "Bullet the Blue Sky" and "Love Is Blindness" that were beyond what I had imagined to be his ability. Lou Reed, who joined the band for "Satellite of Love," enthused backstage that Edge was now alone out in front of his guitar-playing peers. (He may never climb to the top limb of the tree of technique, but for creativity on his instrument, Edge is in the vanguard.) Also backstage was Peter Gabriel, who has been at recent U2 shows in New York and London, too, and who said that while other acts might leave him impressed, U2 truly touched his heart.

The TV screens that flash messages at the audience during U2's shows had new slogans last night: "Fallout," "Plutonium," "Mutant," "Radiation Sickness," "Chernobyl." The concert had been planned as a rally to protest the Sellafield nuclear plant (which dumps radioactive waste into the Irish Sea) adding a second processing facility for the atomic byproducts other countries don't want. Bad enough, Greenpeace and U2 felt, that this plutonium mill sends radiation to the shores of Ireland, Scotland, England and Wales. Bad enough that the leukemia rate around Sellafield is three times the national average. But now they want to add to it a collection point for deadly waste from all over the earth? That was the last straw. So U2, along with Public Enemy, B.A.D. II and Kraftwerk, agreed to play a concert for Greenpeace the night before a licensed protest rally was to be held outside

Sellafield. When the nuclear facility found out that a whole lot of people might show up, they went to court and got an injunction against the protest, claiming it was a *concert* that could attract thousands of rock fans who might do damage to the properties of local residents. This specious argument convinced the British court. But then, Sellafield is owned by the British government.

Onstage in Manchester Bono told the crowd, "They've cancelled a peaceful demonstration on the grounds of *public safety!* These people are responsible for the deaths of innocent children, for God's sake. Public safety doesn't come anywhere near them!" Later he added, "Don't let them gag you! We only live 130 miles from Sellafield. So do you in Manchester. It's a lot farther to Number 10 Downing Street!"

When the concert ended U2 climbed aboard this hired holiday bus and lit out into the night. The Sellafield injunction prohibits U2 from setting foot on any of the land near the nuclear facility, but says nothing about the sea. So Greenpeace hatched the plan of U2 coming in by water and proceeding only as far onto the beach as the high tide line, reasoning that the injunction did not apply to the ocean. On the bus, Bono announced his intention to cross the (literal) line in the sand and step onto Sellafield soil, but the Greenpeace organizer insisted that any such deliberate provocation would be contempt of the injunction and could lead to the court seizing all of Greenpeace's assets. U2 should abide by the letter of the law. She went on to say that the sand we would be stepping on was irradiated sand, the water we would be wading in was irradiated water. Everybody swallowed hard but nobody chickened out.

"We heard tonight they're setting up roadblocks in a radius 20 miles

Photographs by Anton Corbijn

around Sellafield,” Edge said. “If we get stopped there may be some sort of showdown with the cops. Right now we’re guests on a Greenpeace action. We don’t know what’s going to happen.

“There’s a fair amount of scientific evidence to suggest that pollution from Sellafield has had an effect on the health of people living on the east coast of Ireland. Impossible to prove but connections can be made. We’re members of Greenpeace, so when we heard about Sellafield 2 we got even more pissed off. The British Nuclear Fuels people have been effective at stopping the groundswell of concern and anxiety about it through huge TV campaigns presenting Sellafield as a safe, well-controlled, well-monitored, efficient and benign installation. They will spend a few million pounds per annum on TV adverts extolling the virtues of Sellafield. They even opened a visitors’ center! They’ve got some very slick PR people.”

“The biggest advertising agency in England,” Larry Mullen added. “They are also the publicity people for the government. Sellafield is owned by the government and therefore has all the protection that the government can afford it, i.e. MI6 and MI5 [*British intelligence*]. People from Greenpeace and any other organization that oppose what’s happening at places like Sellafield are on these lists. They have difficulty getting jobs because the lists go into computers and companies ring up and check out the names. It’s all very underhanded and seedy. The whole thing is sick.”

Larry went on: “After we did Amnesty International and Live Aid and a lot of benefit concerts, Bono and I sat down and talked about how we were going to approach the future. We came to the conclusion that maybe the best thing to do was leave Amnesty—continue to support them, obviously, but doing more concerts may be a mistake for now—and let’s do something for Greenpeace. We’ve donated to them for a long time, we’ve done gigs with them, but we’ve never actually been involved in an action. When this came up it was an opportunity.

“It would be nice if we didn’t have to do this kind of shit, ’cause it’s *nothing* to do with rock ‘n’ roll. Absolutely nothing to do with it. This is crazy, Live Aid was crazy. That we’re travelling in a bus trying to get to Sellafield is an indictment of how our government and the British government is responding to environmental problems. The fact that Sting has to go out to the Amazon! There’s a guy who goes out there and puts his ass on the line. Peter Gabriel is another. And people go, ‘Aw fuck, another benefit.’ I have great admiration for Peter Gabriel and Sting for the amount of work they do, because they’ve been *slagged* from one end of the British press to the other.”

Now, with Larry and Edge asleep, I step over Bono and find a seat next to Adam. Owing either to the champagne or the risky expedition, the bass player is in a reflective mood. “People get into rock ‘n’ roll for all the right reasons and then end up getting out for all the wrong reasons,” Adam says quietly. “They get into it out of naivete, and then when the naivete runs out they think, ‘This isn’t what I expected’ and they want to quit. I was just thinking how lucky I am to be in a band, to be one of four and not alone. No matter what hap-



MCGUINNESS DRILLS HIS BOYS



ADAM AND EDGE BEAR THEIR BURDEN

pens, at least I always know that I have three friends.” I ask Adam if I should turn on my tape recorder and he says no, no, let’s just talk. So we do, and the member of U2 who most often comes across as the party guy, the funny one, the rowdy of the group, reveals himself to be a thoughtful character very sensitive to being caught up in a great lifetime adventure.

DAWN COMES EARLY in the hinterlands on the summer equinox, the longest day. By 4:30 the sky is light and we have crossed the Cumbrian lake country, shaken off the cars that followed us, avoided the police roadblocks and reached the Irish Sea. Bono rouses B.P. Fallon, U2’s pal, court philosopher and DJ, crying, “B.P.! Let’s have some appropriate music on the blaster!”

“Something like ‘Get Up, Stand Up’?” asks B.P.

“No,” Bono answers, “I was thinking more, ‘Theme from Hawaii Five-O.’”

We crawl out of the bus, blinking like newborn moles, and survey the cold cold ocean, the steep stone steps, and the orange rubber life rafts that wait to ferry us to the Greenpeace ship. We are told to trade in our shoes for high rubber boots and to zip ourselves into orange survival suits before casting off. Five minutes later we’re tearing across



the waves and that little ship on the horizon is getting bigger and bigger. Bono is looking professionally heroic in the ocean spray, as a second Greenpeace raft—this one bearing a film crew and photographers—chops alongside us, immortalizing his nobility. It's as if Washington had crossed the Delaware with Gilbert Stuart paddling next to him in a canoe, furiously painting.

We pull up alongside the Greenpeace ship *Solo* and more cameras—along with the brave hippie crew—gaze down from the decks and wave. The size of the Greenpeace vessel is impressive when you're bobbing next to it in a dinghy, as is the knowledge that these people spend their lives throwing themselves into peril in defense of the ecosystem. One Greenpeace ship was blown up by the French government. U2 might be, as Bono says, rock stars on a day trip, but they're day-tripping with heroes.

"Throw out your treasure and your women and you'll be fine!" Bono shouts up from our raft. Then we tie on and start scurrying up the metal stairs along the hull of the ship. The captain explains that it will take two or three hours to sail south to Sellafield, so we might as well wiggle out of our flotation suits and have some breakfast. (I make the mistake of asking for a Coke; from the Greenpeace reaction you'd think I requested a club to beat baby seals.) The *Solo* is sort of a combination of the Staten Island ferry and a college dorm—a big

functional vessel with cute notes and nicknames stuck on the doors of the individual sleeping cabins. A woman from a London newspaper who caught wind that *something* was going to happen on this trip and horned her way aboard begins interviewing any U2 member she can corner. The Greenpeace film crew shoots Adam looking at nautical charts on the bridge. A Thor-like mate who's perhaps been at sea too long quietly tries to convince Bono to hire him as a roadie. One woman present suggests that one of the U2s go take a nap in an empty cabin. When he does she tries to climb into bed with him. He barely escapes with his pants.

Adam and I find an empty room to talk. An emotional subtext of this operation is that Sellafield is a British facility polluting the Irish Sea, and U2 are an Irish band. Radiation recognizes no borders, but the history of British oppression and Irish resentment gives this particular action an extra edge. Adam was born in England to British parents. Does he see this as an issue of nationalism?

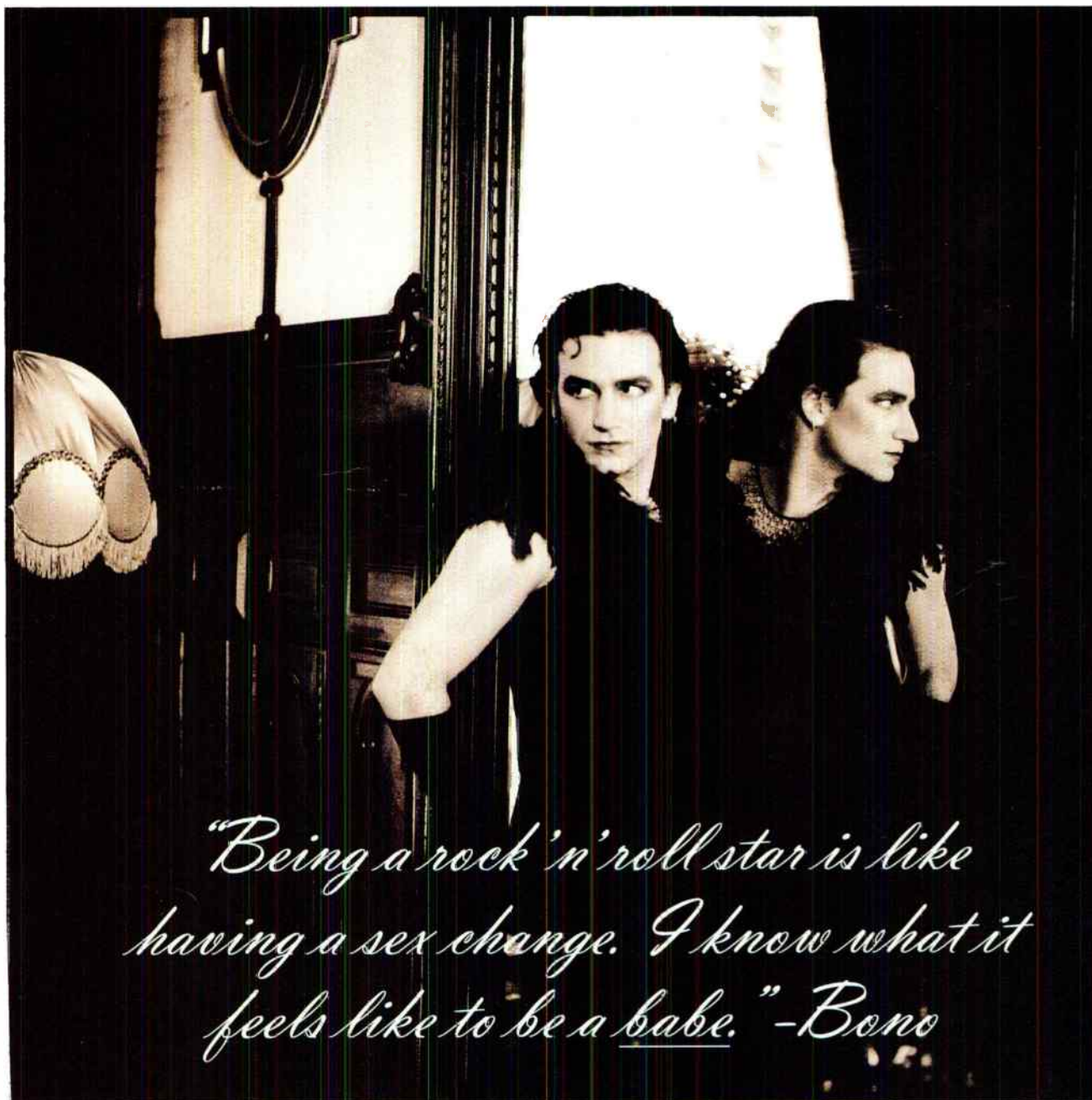
"There is a nationalism issue but more it's an *arrogance* issue," Adam answers. "The idea that if you put something this dangerous into a part of the world that is fairly primitive like the Lake District, you can get away with it because the people are relatively unsophisticated by Whitehall terms. The arrogance is much more offensive than the nationalism."

During the last six months U2 have erected a bit of a screen between their public images and their personal lives and convictions. After spending the '80s exposing themselves through their music—and being mocked and caricatured for it—the band has, on *Achtung Baby* and the Zoo TV tour, embraced irony and glitz—symbolized by Bono's beetle shades and the mirrored suit he wears onstage. What has become clear, though, as the tour has progressed, as fans have gotten past the surface production of the album and into the emotional heart of the songs, is that U2 are still

putting their blood into the tracks. They're just being a little less obvious about it. The band switched gears before—from the mystical moodiness of *Boy* and *October* to the straight rock of *War*, and from that rock to the Eno watercolors of *The Unforgettable Fire*. Adam sometimes embraced such turns reluctantly. Not this time.

"This is definitely a turn that couldn't have come sooner as far as I'm concerned," the bassist declares. "I think this is something everyone in the band wanted early on but didn't know how to get to. We always wanted to be able to be just a rock 'n' roll band, but in a way we developed the other possibilities of the band precociously, *before* being a rock 'n' roll band. It happened that way because of the way music was in the '80s; there was a lot of surface and not much substance and we didn't feel comfortable with that surface without learning something about the substance. So we started to mine into gospel, blues, early rock 'n' roll. We wanted to go back and find out what it was all about before we felt confident presenting a version that represented the spirit of what *we* had."

Adam is interrupted by a summons to head below deck for a briefing. I'm left thinking of a line from *Achtung Baby*, a line Bono told me applied to Adam long before the other three U2s got loose enough to join him: "Give me one last chance, we'll slide down the surface of things."



"Being a rock 'n' roll star is like having a sex change. I know what it feels like to be a babe." -Bono

By 7 a.m. the gruesome towers of Sellafield are looming on the horizon like Mordor. The *Solo* drops anchor about a mile out. The Greenpeace organizer announces it's time for all those who are going ashore to get into their rubber boots, face masks, and hooded radiation suits. We all look like big stuffed animals, except for the absurdly handsome Larry Mullen, who puts his radiation suit over his black motorcycle jacket and then pulls his leather lapels out through the zipper. With his shades and army camouflage cap, Larry is the epitome of combat rock. "I invented cool," he drawls, "and you're on a boat with me."

Bono and Edge, on the other hand, look like burritos with sunglasses. They stare at each other, trying not to laugh. Bono reaches out and takes his partner's hand. "Edge," he says romantically and they embrace as the gawking Greenpeacers fall down laughing. "Talk about safe sex!" Bono shouts from his space suit. "You can't get much safer than this!" Adventure, radiation and sleep deprivation have con-

spired to cast a goofy mood over U2. The hooded suits don't help.

The Greenpeace team are loading barrels of radioactive sand from Irish beaches into the rubber rafts. The idea is that U2 will hit the beach and deposit these barrels at Sellafield's door, a graphic example of what Sellafield is pumping out to Ireland. On the shore Greenpeace activists from England, Wales and Scotland are hauling barrels from their own countries' beaches to the factory. Paul McGuinness watches them through binoculars. Then the manager turns his attention to a special project for his boys. Paul has with him a copy of the Beatles' CD *Help!* with its cover shot of the Fab Four waving Navy signal flags. Paul has eight red flags and a booklet of instructions on how to spell out letters. He summons U2 to the top deck and lines them up and they begin learning to spell out first "H-E-L-P" and then "F-O-A-D"—a favorite expression of Larry's that abbreviates "fuck off and die."

Great rock band though they are, choreography has never been

U2's strong suit. They spend a lot of time getting their signals backwards (they are following McGuinness, who is facing them, which gets confusing) and hitting each other with flags. During the difficult "Switch!" from "H-E-L-P" to "F-O-A-D," Adam pokes Bono in the eye. Eventually the entire exercise degenerates into a sword fight with semaphores. Then a great commotion comes up the stairs from the lower decks. It's time to invade England.

"I feel like a wally in my Wellies," says Larry as he stomps around in the rubber boots ("Wellingtons") we have been ordered to re-don before wading in the atomic water. As U2 prepare to board their landing craft the Greenpeace organizer notices with a start that Bono has on his feet not Wellies but his own leather motorcycle boots. "You can't wear those!" she insists. "That water is radioactive! Whatever you wear into it has to be discarded afterward!"

"It's okay," Bono says, "I won't get my feet wet."

"You don't understand," she says. "Weighed down by the barrels, the rafts can't get all the way up to the shore. You're going to have to wade in!"

"Get my feet wet!" Bono sputters, adopting a spoiled, *Spinal Tap* accent. "Oh no no no, this whole thing is off!"

A quick search finds no spare rubber boots on the *Solo*. The weary Greenpeace leader says, "It's alright, Bono, I understand you can walk on water."

As U2's rubber raft skims the surf toward the nuclear shoreline, the tension that ran through all the preparations for this adventure has given way to a Monty Python mood. Still, as the camera boat runs alongside them, the bandmembers and McGuinness raise themselves into serious, photogenic poses. The main purpose of this expedition is to give the newspapers and TV an image that will draw attention, if only in the second paragraph, to how dangerous the Sellafield facility is. So as they approach the shore, U2 get focused on that objective.

Nearing land U2 can see Greenpeace activists in white radiation suits lined up like an army of ghosts along the line where public beach turns into injunctioned no-man's-land. They can see reporters and cameramen. They can see bobbies with a photographer, taking pictures of U2 with a flash camera on a sunny day from a half-mile inside the Sellafield land. Behind the plant gates are paddy wagons, too. (*Paddy wagon*: another great token of contempt for the Irish.)

U2's raft gets as close as it can to the shore and then, before Bono can get his shoes wet, a huge Greenpeace member splashes into the brine, lifts the singer out of the raft and carries him to the beach. Bono holds up his arms as he's hoisted, waving "V" signs at the reporters who rush toward him, clicking and snapping. Bono is deposited on the sand and he turns and stares nobly back toward the *Solo*, the journalists dancing around him like a maypole. Not one reporter pays any attention to



Edge and Adam, standing in the water struggling to hoist their barrel of poison sand. While cameras capture Bono from every angle, Edge and Adam grunt past unnoticed, lugging their radioactive burden.

At the high tide line U2 dump their barrels and convene a press conference. "I actually don't believe Sellafield 2 will go ahead," Bono tells the reporters. "Word is that at the highest levels people are very nervous about this. They just spent millions of pounds on it—nobody wants to admit it was a mistake, so they have to continue. It will be a great scandal later, when the real facts come out. That's all we can do—bring the facts out. We're a rock 'n' roll band! It's kind of absurd we have to dress up like complete wankers to make this point."

After all the pictures have been taken and all the reporters' questions answered, McGuinness and U2 confer. The bus that brought them to the sea has

managed to make its way down here. If they hike a mile or so down the beach they can get on board and drive out of here, rather than returning to the *Solo*. That strikes everyone as fine. They walk away from the reactor, eventually coming to a town. Local children make saucer eyes as they see this phalanx of creatures in white body suits emerging from the shore. Edge is the first one off the beach and a waiting broadcast journalist at a pay phone ropes the guitarist into a live radio interview. The local kids start poking each other and gasping, "It's the Edge!" One little boy calls out to his even littler friend, "Richie! You want to see Bono? That's him down there!" The smaller boy runs up and stares. He sees a figure in a hooded body suit. "That's Bono?"

The kids start lining up for autographs. U2 peel off their protective gear and deposit it in Greenpeace bags. Bono is told he should probably throw away his motorcycle boots—even if they never touched the water, the sand at Sellafield is dangerous. He chucks them away. Then a local couple come up and start tearing into one of the Greenpeace activists. "Our child died from leukemia caused by that plant!" the husband says angrily. "You come here for a day and you go away! What do you know! We have to live with this all the time!" He storms off. His wife slaps the Greenpeace volunteer, then turns and follows her husband.

Back on the bus Bono leans his head on his wife's shoulder and the coach begins to pull out. Bono glances out the window—and sees that one of the juvenile U2 fans is proudly making off with his irradiated boots. "Oh hell! Stop the bus!" The kid refuses to give up his souvenirs until all four members of U2 give him their autographs.

As we head down the highway away from Sellafield we pass—facing the other way—a series of police roadblocks. There they are, all lined up and waiting to stop U2 or Greenpeace from approaching the plutonium plant. As we fly past the cops, Larry shouts out the window and waves.

During the long drive back to Manchester Bono—who has become father to two children since U2 last toured—talks about readjusting to

A black and white photograph of Joan Armatrading sitting on the floor, playing an acoustic guitar. She is wearing a dark jacket with white horizontal stripes on the front and dark pants. Her hair is dark and curly. The background is plain white.

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the rock star life. "Going out on the road is not difficult," he says. "The real problems start when you come home, readjustment. When you're on the road, everything is put second to the gig. You have minders who follow you out at night to make sure you come back and play the next concert. And when you come home, the *cluster fuck* mentality you bring back from the road can be very funny. Like the whole room key thing. When you're on the road a room key is like your dog tag. It gets you home at night, it pays your bills. I've had situations where a month after a tour has ended I'll be in Dublin and I'll give some nightclub owner a key from the Ritz-Carlton in Chicago instead of cash, and he'll look at me like 'What the fuck is he on?' I'm an itinerant at heart. When I was 13 my mother died. I lived alone with my father and it was a house, but it wasn't really a home after that. I always ended up sleeping on the floor of other people's places. I've been doing that since I was 14. Wherever I am, I'm happy enough."

We get into talking about the selfishness most musicians, most artists, cultivate on the underside of their dedication to their art. "We're living a fairly decadent kind of selfish, art-oriented lifestyle," Bono says. "There's nothing to get in the way of you and your music when you're on the road. Real life doesn't raise its head."

I quote back at Bono his lines from "The Fly": "Every artist is a cannibal, every poet is a thief, all kill their inspiration and sing about the grief."

"Yeah," Bono sighs. "I hope I'm not like that, but I suspect I might be. And I really hate that picture. The great thing is, under the guise of 'The Fly' I can admit to all this shit."

U2 are now six months into an 18-month journey. So far it's been a wild trip. I arrived in Dublin last January to a message from Bono: "Welcome to Nighttown." Crawling out of a pub 24 hours later he insisted we sing the Monkees theme as we walked into a tunnel, Bono oblivious to the oncoming headlights. After nearly being run over he confided that in planning the Zoo TV tour he had already suffered one great disappointment: "I wanted us to register in hotels this time under the names of the Monkees. Edge, of course, was to be Michael Nesmith."

"Oh yeah," I said, "the wool-hatted guitarist."

"Naturally I would be Davy Jones. I was afraid Adam would object to being Peter Tork but he went for it right away! But it all fell apart because Larry refused to be Mickey Dolenz!"

The next day I asked Edge about this. Edge said that Larry wasn't the problem; the problem was that the Monkees were more famous than U2! What was the sense of checking into hotels under aliases better known than your real names? "We'd still be getting fans ringing the rooms but it would be somebody else's fans!"

Two months later U2 played a triumphant concert at Madison Square Garden. Crowded into the backstage reception room afterward were all sorts of well-wishers—including Bruce Springsteen and Patti Scialfa. Bruce complimented Bono on managing the hard feat of pulling off an arena show filled with surprise, and then Bono explained how throughout the concert he had been distracted by the thought of one obnoxious Wall Street trader who had accosted him in the hotel bar. The yuppie bragged that he and his pals had bought a string of tickets from scalpers, just the sort of thing U2 had been bending over backwards to stop. "All through the show tonight," Bono said, "I kept finding this one jerk coming into my head." He mimed slapping himself. "I kept thinking of him sitting out there smirking."

Springsteen looked at Bono and said, "That's pathetic!" Bono

ADAM CLAYTON plays Fender Precision basses and uses a Moog Taurus Mark I pedal MIDI'd to an E-max Plus sampler. His switching system is a Bradshaw Rocktron. What are Adam's effects? Well, he puts on a sophisticated accent... Oh, effects! Boss Chorus Ensemble and OD-S1 distortion pedals, an Ibanez UE400 Multi FX, an Ibanez DM1000 digital delay, a 120-X and a Drawmer DS201 noise gate. All this is transmitted by a Sony wireless. His tuners are a Korg DT-1 and a Boss YU-12. Adam's preamps are two Alembic F-28s and an Ampeg SVT II-P; he has BSS FDS-360 Crossovers. The power amps: two C-Audio SR707s, two C-Audio RA 3000s and a C-Audio RA2000. All of this majesty comes out of two pairs of JBL speakers—4755A and 4745A. The bass is miked with Sennheiser M421s and a Countryman direct box.

LARRY MULLEN's drums are all by Yamaha, except for his snare, which is made by Brady, an Australian company. It's a small snare (12") which he discovered while recording *Achtung Baby* and which is, according to drum tech Sam O'Sullivan, "the sound of the new stuff." Cymbals are Paiste Signature series and his sticks are Pro-Mark 5As. He plays Latin Percussion congas on the acoustic songs, hits a Latin Percussion cowbell and carries two Rhythm Tech tambourines. Here's how the drums are miked: the kick with a Beyer M88, the snare with a Shure SM57 on the bottom and a B&K 4006 on top. The hi-hat's got a B&K 406, the overhead cymbals a B&K 4011; the rack and floor toms are hung with M421s.

U2's vocal mikes are Shure SM58s and Beta 58s. Their wireless system uses Samson and Vega mikes with Shure capsules. Larry's wireless headset mike is a Sennheiser M420 (same with Bono on "Bullet the Blue Sky").

BONO's guitars are a Gibson ES-175 and a Hummingbird acoustic. He uses a Vox AC30 amp and a Sony wireless with Bradshaw's Rocktron switching system. He uses Rotosound strings and blows a Hohner harmonica.

We listed EDGE's guitar gear in issue 161; check that for specifics. He's still playing a Les Paul Custom, a Rickenbacker 12-string and two Strats. Edge's Vox and Randall amps are miked with Shure SM57s.

In the front of the house U2's crew have an ATI Paragon Series console with a 40-input board and a Claire Brothers console with a 32-input board. The boards are used in tandem, and by using effects to split signals it gives the soundmen 90 channels to work with. Among the effects are an Eventide H-3000, four Yamaha SPX1000s, a Lexicon 2480L, three Lexicon CM70s and one AMS DMX 1580-S. All the MIDI is controlled by a device called "Synco-Logic," which allows the engineers to hit a single button for each song and all the effects for that song switch on and line up.

Take a deep breath, here comes Edge's keyboard/computer list: Video Time Piece and MIDI Time Piece by Mark of the Unicorn; an Akai S1100 sampler; an E-max Turbo II, ProCussion, Proformance/1 piano module and RM45; a D4 and a Data Disk by Alesis; a Waldorf Micro Wave; an Audio Architecture Function Junction; a Yamaha SPX90 II, an SY77, a DX7 E and PD2500; a Roland PC200; Korg MIDI pedals, SDD 2000 and A2; a Rane SM26 mixer; a Mac custom made for U2 by Current Music Technology, a Mac RGB 13" monitor; Opcode's Vision; a Maxcon Series 2 mixer by Conneaut Audio Services; DAC mini optical disk storage; and a 600 Meg Drive made by Diki Devices.

looked taken aback and Bruce laughed and said, "It's because we're such egomaniacs! We've got to win over every last person in the place!" Bono started laughing, too.

It's too bad that some people think of the singer as a sourpuss. Bono's a card. Right now he's torturing the whole bus with his imitation of a drunken Irish lounge singer. He's howling over the tour



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HEARD IN ALL THE RIGHT PLACES

guide mike, mumbling drunken dedications, singing awful songs and daring anyone to come take the microphone away from him. When I think of times I've spent with Bono, I mostly remember laughing. The problem is that when people get as famous as U2, other people start treating them like gods or freaks. So they have to build a protective bubble in which they can be themselves. Inside the bubble they can be as they've always been, with no rock-star baloney. But from outside the bubble they look strange and distorted.

When I think back on U2 in 1992, though, I probably won't think about any of this. Unless my testicles are irreparably irradiated, I might not even think first of the Sellafield landing. No, when I think back on U2 in 1992 I suspect I will think first of the swinging models-and-transvestites party the band threw at the chic Manhattan nightclub Nell's in March.

Officially, it was not a party at all. It was the video shoot for "One" with *Rattle and Hum* director Phil Joanou. Upstairs lights and cameras were mounted and Bono, with a few great-looking extras around him, was sitting at a table mouthing the song's lyrics over and over while a tape played. Downstairs the basement party rooms were full of gorgeous young female models and wild transvestites from the New York demimonde. Larry, Adam and Edge were there, too. Edge was being painted by a makeup woman while tray after tray of catered food was laid out. There were big plates of M&Ms and Hershey's Kisses and chocolate chip cookies and Bazooka bubble gum. The bars were opened and free drinks were being pumped out by barmaids as striking as the models.

Upstairs Bono had to lip-sync "One" for seven hours. Downstairs the rest of the band and their staff and friends and the models and the transvestites partied and waited to be called to the set and partied some more.

What can one say about a soiree where all the women are professional beauties and all the men are gay? A happy Adam Clayton explained, "If you can't pull tonight you're hopeless." Every time the cameraman changed film Bono bounded down the stairs, trying to get into the fun. Then, just as he'd raise a glass to his lips, his name would be shouted and he'd have to go back and mime under the hot lights some more. At 10 p.m. Bono leaped into record producer Hal Willner's lap and began telling us about U2's being introduced from the stage by Frank Sinatra to an all-star Las Vegas audience. Sinatra gave the band a big buildup as they stood at their table, hamming it up, waving to Gregory Peck and all the other Hollywood celebs and Sinatra added, "And they haven't spent a penny on clothes!"

A series of voices, like echoes through the Grand Canyon, came down the stairs: "Bono! Bono! Bono!" He sighed and went back to work. A huge Divine-like drag queen leered at U2's drummer's backside and told her friend, "I've got to get Larry Mullen's room number!"

At midnight I wandered onto the set and Bono engaged me in an intense discussion of what he hoped to accomplish with the Zoo TV tour. He talked about embracing irony, the stupid glamor of rock 'n' roll, the mirror balls and limousines—without abandoning the truth at the heart of the music itself. He compared it to Elvis Presley in a

a string of winners

U2's the edge

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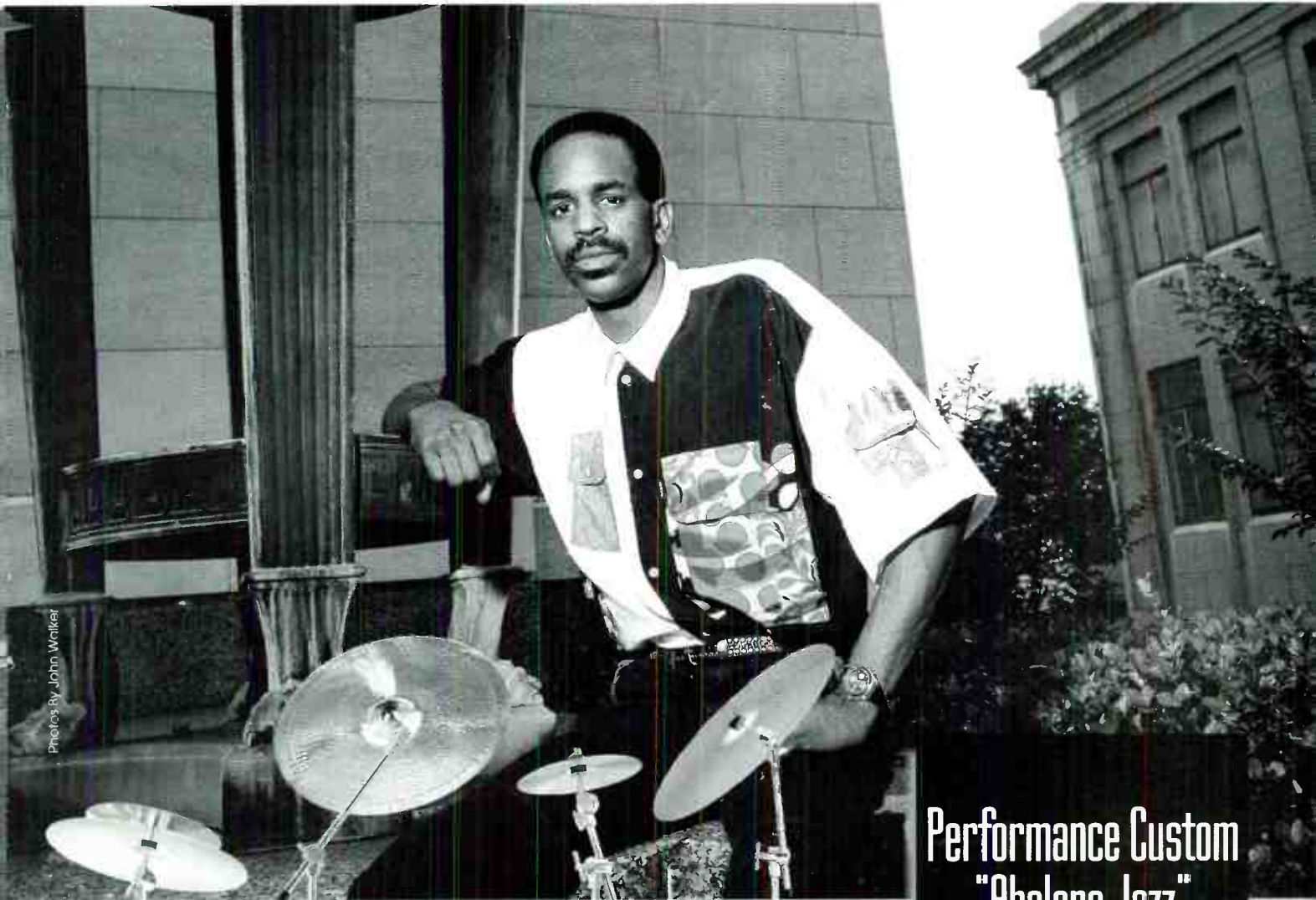
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jumpsuit singing "Love Me Tender" to a weeping woman in Las Vegas. It might have been hopelessly kitsch, but if the woman believed in the song and Elvis believed in the song, it was not phony.

"Basically," Bono said, "it's waking up to the fact that there's a lot of bullshit in rock 'n' roll, but some of the bullshit is pretty cool. That's important to me, because we thought success was this big bad wolf. It seemed to compromise us, to make us look like charlatans. Getting all this money for things we'd do for free. I thought they'd

shut us up finally because, how do you write about some of the stuff that I'm interested in writing about and be in big business? Suddenly I felt gagged. If I wrote a song about the Gulf War then that would be making money out of the war! I couldn't write a song about faith and doubt anymore because that would turn me into the preacher in this glass cathedral of rock 'n' roll. So I decided the only way was, instead of running away from the contradictions, I should run into them and wrap my arms around them and give 'em a big kiss. Actually write about

hypocrisy, because I've never seen a righteous man that looked like one. So I wrote about that, and actually turned myself into, literally, 'a preacher stealing hearts in a travelling show.' That's a line from 'Desire' that the character in the mirror ball suit is based on. 'For love or money.' Rather than write about the character, *become* the character. Rather than write about some sleazy psycho, become one. I didn't realize these sleazy psychos had so much fun!

"I always felt like 'The Fly' was this phone call from hell. You know, with the distorted voice and shit. It's a call from hell—but the guy likes it there! 'Honey, I know it's hot here...but I like it!' Another subject that I'm interested in is rock 'n' roll itself—the medium and the machine. We're having fun playing with that, with the technology, with the whole palette of colors. What would Dali or Picasso do if they had video at their disposal? If they had samplers, sequencers, drum machines, electric guitars, photography, cinematography? Rock 'n' roll is a subject I've really enjoyed writing about. I hope that comes through on the album. One of the greatest contradictions of rock 'n' roll is that it's very personal, private music made on a huge public address system."

At 1:30 in the morning Edge was seated in a chair in the middle of the downstairs room talking intently to a model. One of the drag queens had taken off her huge, heavy, helmet-like wig with ostrich feather and left it on the chair behind Edge. Hal Willner, who had been drinking beer all night and was now slightly out of focus, picked up the wig, weighed it in his hands and then studied the back of Edge's head. Hal crept up behind the oblivious Edge like Hiawatha and started maneuvering to drop the great hairpiece onto Edge's behatted dome. Suddenly a harpy-like voice cut across the party: "PUT DOWN MY WIG!" Hal looked up to see a fierce, bald drag queen looming toward him. He dropped the wig and bolted.

By 3 a.m. it was dawning on Larry, Adam, Edge, the transvestites and the models that they might never be called to the set. "One" was quickly becoming an all-Bono video. The mood downstairs started getting a little edgy. Nell seemed to have let some of her regulars slip in. Author Jay McInerney appeared and was telling a young woman, "When I wrote my first novel, *Bright Lights, Big City...*" Paul McGuinness noticed a Manhattan society type surreptitiously snapping photos. He cornered her and she

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told him in vague *Vogue*-speak that she only had her camera with her because she was coming from a party at Anna Wintour's place. McGuinness didn't believe she was really the spaced-out socialite she pretended to be—he thought she was an undercover newspaper photographer and tore into her. I thought the manager was being paranoid, but the next night I saw the woman again, shooting pictures of a Sting Rainforest benefit for a New York tabloid. Yep, she said, McGuinness had her pegged. That's why he's a big-time manager.

It occurs to me now, months later, that not only did Adam, Larry and Edge never get into the "One" video, but neither did all the transvestites. I ask Bono why the drag queens had been assembled, filmed standing around eating and drinking, but never used in the final cut. "Originally," Bono said, "the idea of the video was that these were men whose understanding of women was so low that they dressed up as women to try and figure them out. That was the kind of absurd, Sam Beckett point of view we had. It wasn't related to transvestitism. And then

we thought, 'Oh God, this is an AIDS benefit single! After the years it's taken the gay community to finally convince people that AIDS is not a gay issue, here's U2 dressing up as women!' That's what actually stopped that video going out."

Bono explained that there was film of U2 in drag, too. "It had been based on the idea that if *U2 can't do this*, we've got to do it! We were in Santa Cruz, this island off Africa, at carnival time. I've been going to carnivals for a few years. It's an interesting concept because it means *carving*—flesh, meat-eating before Lent and the run up to Easter. I'm interested because it's not a *denial* of the flesh, it's a celebration. We were there, [photographer] Anton Corbijn was there, everything was getting a bit silly, and we couldn't get out into the carnival looking like us. So rather than just dress up in fancy masks, Anton suggested that we dress up as women. So we went for it and," Bono starts laughing, "nobody wanted to take their clothes off for about a week! And I have to say, *some* people have been doing it ever since!"

Wait, I say, what was the initial reaction of the handsome, ultra-masculine and nonsense-hating Larry Mullen Junior to this idea?

"Two short, clipped words," Bono answers. "The funny thing about Larry was that, okay, he got into the dress and he put on the makeup, but he was *fighting* with it. He wouldn't take off his Doc Martens and when he was sitting he'd put his feet up on the table. But as macho as he tried to be, he still looked like some extra from a skin flick. That was the irony. Whereas *Adam* was just getting people to do him up in the back and swapping makeup tips with any girl that passed. You know, suddenly he could own up to being interested in their underwear!

"The whole business of being in a rock 'n' roll band is just so ridiculous," Bono says. "I was thinking, it's like having a sex change! Being a rock 'n' roll star is like having a sex change! People treat you like a girl! You know? They stare at you, they follow you down the street, they hustle you. And then they try to fuck you over! It's a hard thing to talk about because it's so absurd, but actually it's valuable. When I'm with women I know what it feels like. I know what it feels like to be a *babe*."

This bus ride back to Manchester from Sellafeld has now lasted about three hours, and McGuinness has been promising us a breakfast stop the whole way. We pull off at a roadside tourist cafeteria and everyone pours

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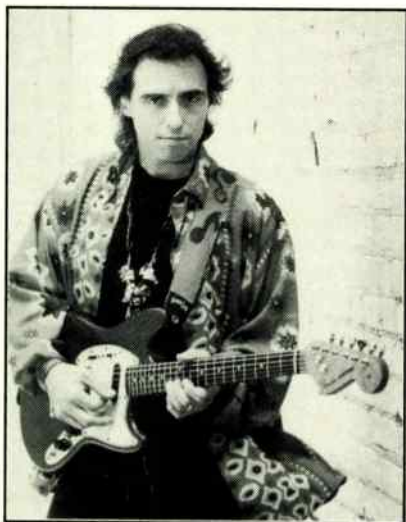


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out and starts lining up for sausage, ham, uncooked bacon and all the other artery-hardening, cloven-hoofed delights of British cuisine. In the restaurant Bono tries to convince Edge to come outside and sit in the grass but Edge grumbles that he's seen enough outdoors for one day.

When the trip resumes, Bono suggests we head to the back seat of the bus and try to do our formal interview. We talk for about half an hour. As we approach Manchester I say, "Well, of course, Bono, everybody must be asking you about all the references to oral sex

in your new songs...."

"WHAT?" Bono sputters. "Bill, you've turned to the wrong page in your notebook, you're asking me Prince questions!"

Listen, I say, to these lines from recent U2 songs: "Surrounding me, going down on me," "You can swallow or you can spit," "Here she comes, 6 and 9 again," "Did I leave a bad taste in your mouth"...

"Ahh," Bono mumbles something about 69 being one of the most equal sexual positions and then strongly suggests we get *onto another subject*.

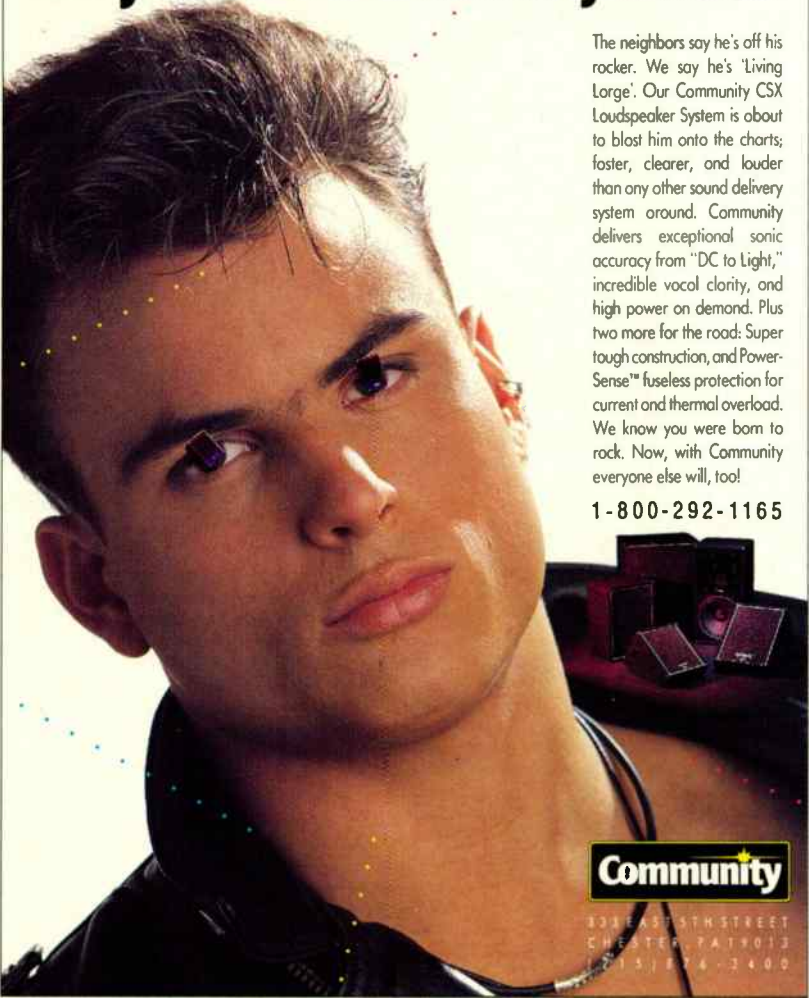
Okay, I say, in "One" you sing, "You say love is a temple, love the higher law. You ask me to enter, then you make me crawl." That's a hell of a sacrament/sin, temple/vagina metaphor; it's like Yeats' "Love has pitched his mansion in the place of excrement."

"Yeah, whoa," Bono exhales. "That line, you really touched on something. You know, it was no accident that Jesus was born in the shit and straw...." The bus comes to a halt. We're back in Manchester at last. We head into the hotel to pick up our bags and check out. U2 have a plane waiting to take them back to Dublin. Bono asks me if I want to come along. No thanks, I say, I've left all my clothes in a laundry in London and I've got to get them back. Anyway, this damn story is too long already. People will quit reading back at the radioactive beach.

Five days later I'm back home in New York when Bono calls. He asks if I saw our Sellafield adventure on the TV news and in the papers. He says the nuclear industry tried to counter all the coverage Greenpeace got by sending PR men out to stand on the beach in their shirtsleeves, "looking as if they were going to build a sandcastle." The nuclear spokesman really screwed up by telling reporters that U2 had no right to get involved in Britain because they were Irish and they should be home in Belfast trying to stop kids from building bombs. That mixed-up statement (aside from its bigotry, Britain considers Belfast part of the U.K.) brought angry charges of "Paddy-bashing" down on the unfortunate public relations man. Then he mentions our bus interview.

"I thought I might have blown it. I might have been flip, I'd been up all night. And it's important to get it right. I'm very nervous about the whole interview thing. That's one reason we haven't done many. I feel maybe sometimes I should just shut up. I don't know when I'm going too far! People tell me afterwards. So I have to think now, as I'm doing an interview, 'Am I being a megalomaniac?,' 'Is this embarrassingly honest?,' 'Am I embarrassing the group?,' 'Am I embarrassing myself?' Hell, it gets hard to have a conversation these days!" He laughs. "I feel there is something about U2 that the mainstream media just don't understand. They don't quite get it so they try to get hold of this cartoon: 'Oh, they're the guys with the white flags who want to save the world and make a pile of money while doing it!' There are certain artists anyone can get: 'Oh, they're a party band, they get into trouble!'

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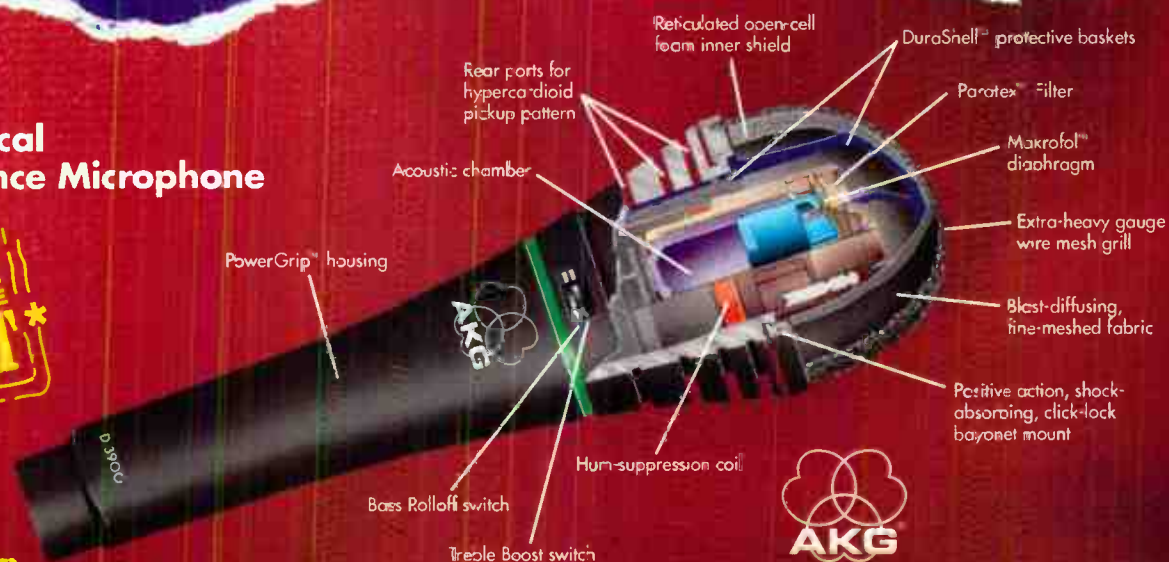
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U2 is kind of awkward in that respect. People don't know where to place us. And people can't figure out why we're as popular as we are. We're not the biggest, the fastest, the shiniest. We can't dance! It's a bit like the Grateful Dead. Nobody can quite figure out why this happens. And I think people therefore reach for the cartoon.

"And the other thing is, when you do interviews it's seen as self-promotion. We didn't do interviews when *Achtung Baby* came out because we didn't want to appear to be selling the record—and then people tell

you you're being reclusive and acting like mega-stars. Also, anytime we open our mouths in a serious interview the tabloids here will look for a line that's interesting. I've been stung so many times. So, you know, there's a lot of subjects I'm interested in discussing with you, and I will. But I get reticent because the tabloids will take them up. Still, I don't want to homogenize the thing and end up not talking about anything. There has been enough jive. I know there has to be some content. And I know for that I have to open up a bit. But you can understand why

that's difficult. Maybe you can do me the favor of explaining how hard it is for me to give an interview. Maybe that's important."

Consider it explained, Bono. And consider how tricky it is to bury all this revealing stuff way down deep in a long article, among the jump pages and the fractional ads, where the readers who really care about U2 will find it while those who don't will have given up and flipped to the record reviews.

"I think I was talking to you about Jesus being born in the shit and straw," Bono says. "I suppose the '90s equivalent of that is Las Vegas, the neon strip. I found in amongst the trash to be a great place to develop my loftier ideas, and a great disguise as well."

It's interesting to find your loftier ideas in the debris, I say.

"Yeah," Bono says. "It's the best place for them. Because they don't call themselves big ideas down here. They don't draw attention to themselves. They don't have a big sign saying 'ART.'" He pauses and sighs, "I'm desperately trying to think how can I talk about this and not sound like a complete asshole."

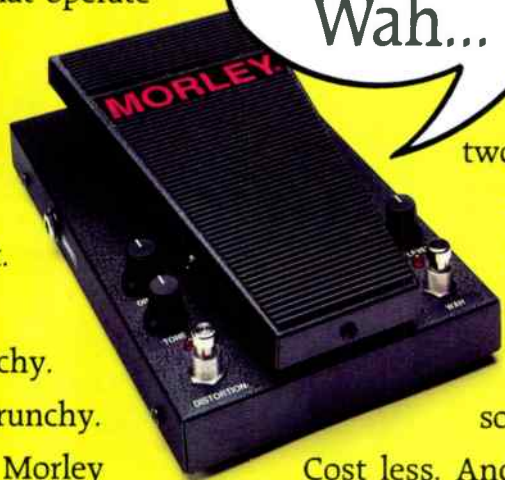
"People might think that where U2 is right now is much more throw-away, but I think the stuff we're throwing away is maybe much more interesting than what you'd at first suspect. I've never been as turned on about rock 'n' roll as I am now because there seem to be so many possibilities. Sex and music are still for me places where you glimpse God. Sex and *art*, I suppose, but unless you're going to get slain in the spirit by a Warhol or Rothko, I think for most of us *art is music*."

"We're looking for diamonds in the dirt, and the music is more in the mud now. Our heads may still be in the clouds, but our feet are definitely dragging the dirt and we are looking for shiny moments. Those shiny moments, for me, are the same as they've always been. There are big words for them, like 'transcendence.' I'm still interested in the things of the spirit and God and the mind-boggling idea that He might be interested in us. And faith and faithfulness, sexually and spiritually speaking."

"Everybody's in a state of confusion sexually in the '90s. Love and sex are just up for grabs. Nobody knows what to make of them. Marriage looks like an act of madness, if grand madness. One thing I actually like about the drug culture, though I'm not really part of it, is that it acknowledges the other side, the fourth dimension that everybody else kind of buries. For a hundred years people have been told they don't have a spirit,

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and if you can't see it or can't prove it, it doesn't exist. Anyone who listens to Smokey Robinson knows that isn't true.

"We've got more contradictions onstage now than ever before. I think it's a very interesting tension that that brings about. People are made to choose between flesh and the spirit when people are both."

Yeah, I say, on the Zoo TV tour and on the *Achtung Baby* album you're trying to balance things that are perceived as opposites, though in fact they may not be.

"Yes," Bono says, "that's an important

point. What look like opposites but may not be, like plastic and soul."

Like sex and God?

"Exactly."

Where's your ethical line now? What subject would U2 refuse to sing about?

"There's none. By singing about something you make it clean. Because you bring it out into the open."

Edge told me last winter that the themes of *Achtung Baby* were "betrayal, love, morality, spirituality and faith." A lot of the songs deal with the temptations that disrupt and might

destroy a marriage. Edge's marriage broke up during the making of the album. How much did that shape it?

"Well, I was going down that road anyway," Bono says. "But certainly... I don't know which came first, to be honest. The words or what Edge went through. They're all bound up in each other. But there are a lot of other experiences that went on around the same time. It all gets back to the fact that it's an extraordinary thing to see two people holding on to each other and trying to work things out. I'm still in awe of the idea of two people against the world, and I actually believe it *is* to be against the world, because I don't think the world is about sticking together. AIDS is not the only threat, you know. AIDS is the big bad wolf at the moment but I see all the threats. I see people's need for independence, their need to follow their own ideas down. These are all not necessarily selfish things. Everything out there is against the idea of being a couple: every ad, every TV program, every soap opera, every novel you buy in an airport. Sex is now a subject owned by corporations. It's used to sell commodities. It is itself a commodity. And the message is that if you don't have it, you're nobody."

"You know, I've had my problems in my relationship. It's tough for everybody. I think fidelity is just against human nature. That's where we have to either engage or not engage our higher side. Certainly I'm not trying to come up with easy answers. It's like in school when they tell you about drugs. 'If you smoke drugs you'll become an addict and you'll die in a week.' They don't tell you even half the truth. I think the same is true about sex. You know, if you tell people that the best place to have sex is in the safe hands of a loving relationship, you may be telling a lie! There may be other places. If the question is, can I as a married man write about sex with a stranger, 'yes' has got to be the answer. I've got to write about that because that is part of the subject I'm writing about. You have to try and expose some myths, even if they expose *you* along the way. I don't want to, in this interview, talk about my own relationship, because I've too much respect for Ali to do so. What I'm saying to you is, I may or may not be writing from my own experience on some of these, but that doesn't make it any less real."

Bono and I talk on, we talk for more than two hours. He gives me a quote from Sam Shepard to sum up: "Right in the middle of a contradiction," he says, "that's the place to be."

"It's not often that someone comes along with this much to offer the guitar community."

— Mike Varney, *Guitar Player*

"He's really scary. Amazing speed and his phrasing is just beautiful... When you hear him, you fall to the ground with your teeth chattering."

— Paul Gilbert, *Mr. Big*



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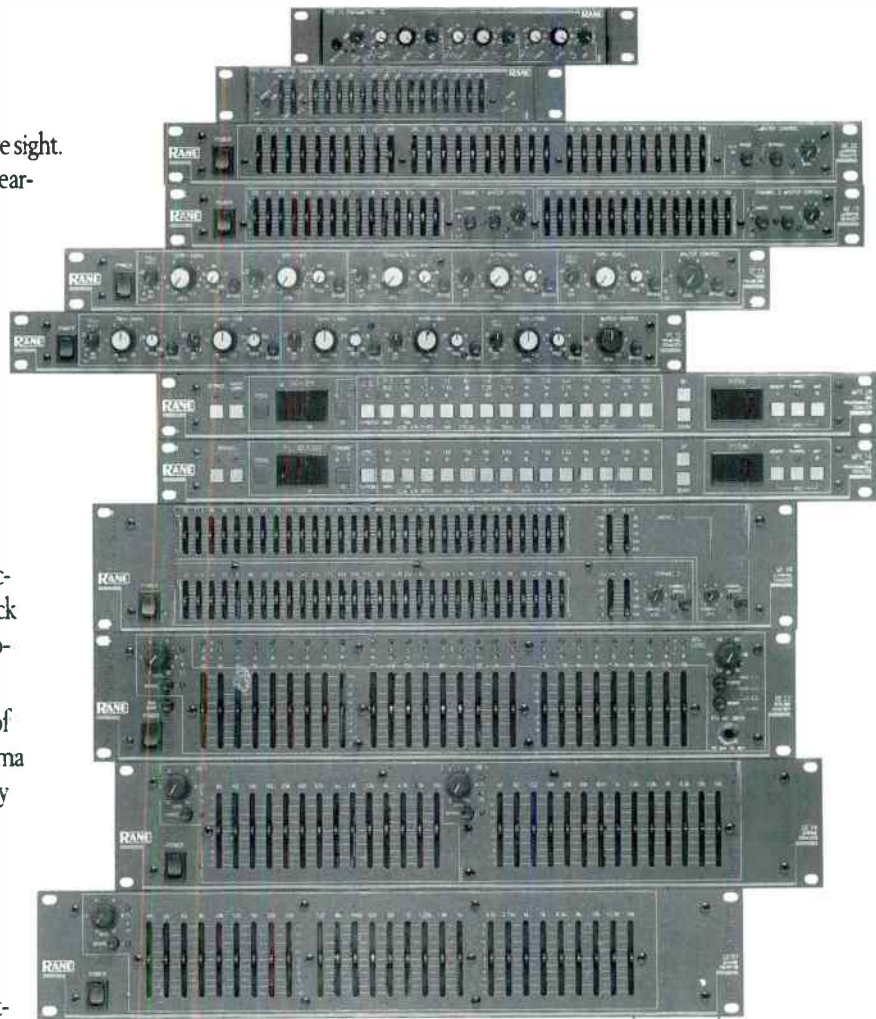
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TELEVISION

They came, they played, they broke up....

For too many people Television lasted about as long as it takes to read the above sentence. The band dissolved almost immediately upon the release of its second album. That was 14 years ago, and fans still haven't forgiven them. • Until now, that is. Like running a film backwards, the group has reunited—and recorded an album—with the seeming haste that characterized their dissolution. If a tree falling in the forest with no one around can make a noise; if one hand can clap; then never has a reunion created such a loud buzz among such a small audience. • What the hell for? • “It’s amazing,” bassist Fred Smith says. “I go out with other people on tour and it never fails that someone tells me, ‘I heard you when I was 13 and you changed my life.’” • Along with Patti Smith, Television usually gets credit for founding an alternative rock scene in mid-’70s New York City—which begat “punk rock” which begat “new wave” which begat seven times seven hundred bands (some of them even famous) which begat whatever you’re listening to right now on college radio. And they did it all without making any money. • Unlike their namesake, Television achieved the rarefied position of honor without profits. They

The Great Lost Band Fin



TELEVISION

paved the way for a scene in which they never appeared comfortable. Their fellow new wavers believed in a short/sharp/shock technique apotheosized by the Ramones. Television would get entwined in extensive dual-guitar interplay, ignoring showmanship for an entrancing combination of fluttering melody, hypnotic rhythm and singer/guitarist Tom Verlaine's oblique lyrics. Those who were caught up in the magic found them irreplaceable and compared them to the Grateful Dead. Those who weren't called them "an ill-natured hippie band" (a *Creem* vox populi) and compared them to the Grateful Dead. • Whatever their approach, one thing about Television was certain: They sure weren't selling records. But bandwatchers attributed their abrupt break-up to another cause. Onstage the sparks that flew between Verlaine and guitarist Richard Lloyd sometimes seemed more than musical. "It was easier working alone than with Richard," Verlaine said a year after the split. For his part, Lloyd added almost simultaneously, "I don't think we could work together again. I am not going to let anybody be in control of my life the way he wanted to be in control of my life." • At first Television's demise had a happily mitotic effect: Verlaine and Lloyd promptly issued solo albums in 1979. As the '80s bogged down into the '90s, though, the ex-members' career paths, while divergent, were plainly equally random. Verlaine, with a string of

ds Itself • By Scott Isler



solo albums behind him, could always count on respectable critical notices, minimal sales and low visibility. The less prolific Lloyd lost time battling a drugs-and-alcohol problem; he emerged victorious with a stunning “comeback” album *Field of Fire*—if you could find it. (Later released in the U.S., it was originally on a tiny Swedish label.) Since 1985 he has added only a live album to the “Richard Lloyd” bins, while playing with John Doe and Matthew Sweet. The Television rhythm team of Smith and drummer Billy Ficca got by playing, separately, a variety of music with a variety of bands.

Surely the idea of reviving, if not—shall we say, for argument’s sake—“exploiting” the Television name must have occurred to these guys at one time or another. And it did. Smith and Verlaine would “always toss around the idea” of a reunion, the former says. (Smith has appeared on every Verlaine solo album, so there’s clearly no artistic difference there.)

The idea also appealed to Lloyd. The guitarist now says his earlier, anti-Verlaine remarks were made “to shut up all the people who kept telling us to get back together. There have been times when it appeared to my emotional side as an albatross around my neck. Here I am pursuing other things and I’m tagged with this “Television, Television.”

By the late ’80s Lloyd had mellowed to the extent that his then-manager, Jim Fouratt, tried reassembling the Television set. Verlaine was signed to a British label, Fontana; his A&R person, Fouratt says, “always wanted to put Television back together again.” According to Fouratt, Lloyd “asked that what happened last time not be repeated, which was that Tom took credit for everything in terms of publishing. And he asked that he be able to sing a couple of songs in performance, and do a song of his own or with Tom on the record. Tom absolutely

refused.” (Lloyd shared songwriting credit with Verlaine for one song on each of Television’s two earlier albums.)

In mid-1990 Verlaine was out of his Fontana contract—the culmination of what Verlaine calls a “nightmare with my beloved A&R man.” Coincidentally or not, later that year the Television reunion got back on track. Neither Verlaine nor Lloyd were with the managers who had faced off during the earlier reunion talks. Now there was more than talk.

Billy Ficca received a phone call, he remembers, that “we’re gonna try to get together in a studio and see what it’s like, just jam. I was kinda surprised. After all these years! I was intrigued. It was good before.”

“It was important to see if the energy was still there,” Lloyd says. But after 20 minutes of playing in the rented space, “it was very evident. It wasn’t like anybody was coming out of mothballs, or was now working as a computer specialist.”

“We just jammed away,” Smith recalls; “we didn’t play any songs in particular. In the middle of it I realized it started sounding like we were onstage somewhere back in 1978: rotten monitors and everybody noodling. We said, ‘Hey, we can do this, no problem.’”

A Los Angeles–based lawyer, Fred Davis, solicited interest from record companies. The band went with Capitol, a label that’s had spectacular success reviving the career of Bonnie Raitt. Television entered New York’s Sorcerer Sound studio early this year and emerged in June with its third album. The title of it is *Television*.

“ALL OF US [in the band] hate profiles,” Tom Verlaine says of the honorable profession of journalism. “I *really* hate it.”

He might have his reasons. Over the years Verlaine has been sub-

**“Nobody knows about the band’s d
time. I’ve never seen two people wh**



jected to his share of ill-informed, quasi-literate reporters quoting him out of context (present company excluded). [*That's not what he says, Scott. —Ed.*] Professionally, he has gone through enough managers and record companies to suggest a problem with authority figures. Personally, his retiring manner and preference for privacy aren't endearing attributes in the very public entertainment world to which he reluctantly belongs. Taken all together, Verlaine strikes some people as a consummate control freak.

"A few people said, 'Don't work with him; he's difficult,'" notes his current manager John Telfer. "But he's an artist—and no more difficult than anybody who's intelligent and doesn't stand fools."

"I gotta tell ya," Verlaine (real name Rose Selavy) laughs about Television's reunion, "I find it so tedious to talk about. It's like asking some guy who works in a Ford factory for 20 years how'd he come to build that engine.

"To me it's such a total lark. Maybe 'lark' is a little bit too light a word 'cause it implies I'm not serious. I'm serious in the context of a band—being serious about presentation, doing the best you can at a given time. But in terms of it being an entity that has any longevity"—he laughs again—"that completely remains to be seen. It's a totally 'if' thing based on a whole pile of factors."

One of those factors, to cynical minds (present company excluded), could be the aura surrounding Television's name and status in pop-music history. Verlaine says he "seriously thought about" the reunited Television taking a new name. Capitol "wouldn't buy into it, though. The company obviously wants to exploit the name. Even if we didn't sell that many records, it's much better having somebody

know something about you than being a name that no one ever heard of. Right now, for better or worse, there's a whole pile of people who never saw the group who want to see it.

"The whole survival joke is a huge consideration."

Verlaine's survival is a consideration to fans of his ethereal, affecting music. "It doesn't cost much for me to live. Except, of course, my clothes!" he jokes. Asking him to evaluate his career draws a laugh. "My non-career?" he corrects the interviewer. "My excuse for a career? Honestly, I never think about the word 'career.' I've had managers, the minute they say it to me, they look at me and they just roll their eyes."

He may laugh about his career, but Verlaine is serious about his art. "He's very well versed in theory and harmony, more so than most people," says Mario Salvati, who has engineered all Verlaine's albums since 1984.

"He called me up one day from England," Smith says, "and said he spent six months just practicing every day and kind of boldly stated that he really knew every millimeter of the instrument. I went over and started rehearsing with him for a tour, and he amazed me. He was always an interesting and really good guitar player, but you could tell he'd studied hard; he didn't hit a wrong note ever. He has a lot of musical knowledge. He can write a bridge in three seconds flat. If it doesn't work on the first try he'll try the weirdest chord you can think of against the weirdest notes, and it usually works."

Despite a forbidding image, Verlaine has consistently championed one of music's most consumer-friendly elements: melody. "It's odd," he muses, "that in the '80s melody, more than ever, should have gone out the window. Not to say that we're writing great melodies; we're

**dynamic....Everybody fights all the
o didn't fight at least twice a week."**

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For the new Television album TOM VERLAINE relied mostly on his trusty Fender Jazzmaster and Stratocaster, the latter often used for chording. Also appearing were a Vox "with a vibrato arm that wouldn't stay in tune," a hollowbody Gibson and hollowbody 12-string Harmony—"they're much better than people give them credit for." For effects Verlaine employed "a lot of wacky little '60s boxes...generally not featured on the main part of a song, but a little bit that comes and goes." Among them were an Electro-Harmonix delay, a Fender Dimension 4, a Musitron and a tube Echoplex "that was in a fire and the plastic melted off. So sometimes it distorts and sometimes it doesn't." His amplifier was a Valv-O-Tronics, a new tube amp made by Television techie Robert Derby. Tube fan Verlaine also used old Ampeg, Danelectro and Sears Silvertone amps.

RICHARD LLOYD has held onto his 1961 Strat as his main instrument. The other guitars he played on *Television* were reissues of a '62 Strat and Tele, and a "rare Gretsch double-cutaway cat's eye thing." Formerly a D'Addario string-bender, Lloyd now swears by Dean Markley Super Long Plays, .010 to .046. "They keep their tone, they stay in tune and they don't break. Television used to pop strings left and right." Besides borrowing Verlaine's Echoplex for a preamp, Lloyd hooked up an MXR green box and a custom "Brownie" preamp. For amps, Lloyd trundled in "all these wonderful old Fenders—a 1950 Deluxe, '55 Tremulux—and a '59 Ampeg Jet, a '63 Vibroverb. Some of the most expensive ones, you turn around and go, 'Hey, that sounds like a Pignose!'"

"I bought all these basses," FRED SMITH says, "and wound up using the same bass that was on *Marquee Moor*: this little student-model Ampeg." Not exclusively, though; he plugged in a Ginell on two songs, and a Fender Precision on a third. Strings are D'Addario round-wounds. He adds chorus occasionally; "live I'll end up using a compressor and noise gate, maybe a flanger—nothing heavy." His studio amp was an Ampeg V-15. Picks are Fender heavies.

Drummer BILLY FICCA has a Pearl black-lacquered MLX maple-shell set. Until his old Pearl Jupiter brass snare gets repaired he's using a Pearl metal floating snare. The toms are 12", 13" and 16"; the bass drum is 22". His Zildjian cymbals include an 18" K custom ride, paper-thin 17", a medium-thin 19" and a big 20". The famous hi-hats are 15" live, smaller for recording. Sticks are Zildjian 3As; "I don't like nylon tips because they fly off!"

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probably part of the aspect of modern life that has to do with the absence of melody. In the '40s you had a melody that would float. On this record that's definitely true of some of the guitar things I'm doing. I have no interest in going whacko-whammo with another guitar solo. It's more, 'develop something that stays with the heart of a song.'

"I don't think I've written any melodies as good as most TV show themes in the '50s."

Television would be inconceivable without Verlaine, but there's more than Verlaine to the group. "A huge part of what the group is and what it always did," Verlaine says, "is work things out. Sometimes it's me arranging and sometimes it's Richard cycling around for a while and coming up with a bit that he places here and there. A lot of it's repetition, developing a mood—when to play, when not to play, whether to play a chord. It's all rehearsal. I'll generally have a structure, or in some cases a song with a lyric or verses. We'll just start bashing it out. Usually the first thing we might try something different with is the beat. It's really down to details, like should the hi-hat be eighth-notes or quarter-notes. Then maybe we'll try harmony notes on bass, or Fred will throw in a bass run that the guitar will end up doubling somewhere along the line. In the meantime words or vocal melodies are floating over the top of this stuff," he laughs. "So you might have a song that's really raunchy end up turning more sweet."

"Tom writes the songs," Lloyd says, "and then the band contributes parts which Tom 'edits,' remaining a kind of musical director. There have been times when we'll play something and Tom says, 'I can hang a song on this.' We're very synergistic."

Verlaine edits himself as well, sometimes ruthlessly. The song "1880" was inspired by sentimental poems printed in Gilded-Age newspapers. "I'm fond of some of that stuff 'cause it's so innocent. The lyric basis of that song is my guitar part. That song went through all sorts of changes before it ended up being what it is, these two guitars weaving around. It's not even really rock 'n' roll except it's got this eighth-note bass and this beat almost like a Rolling Stones song.

"A lot of songs get thrown out 'cause I don't have patience. The vocals are sung last in the studio but often I'll sing while we're doing a song just so everybody knows where they are. I have had to write lyrics over because when the track was done it was so different than what the original auditory imagination of the song was, that the lyric [cont'd on page 110]

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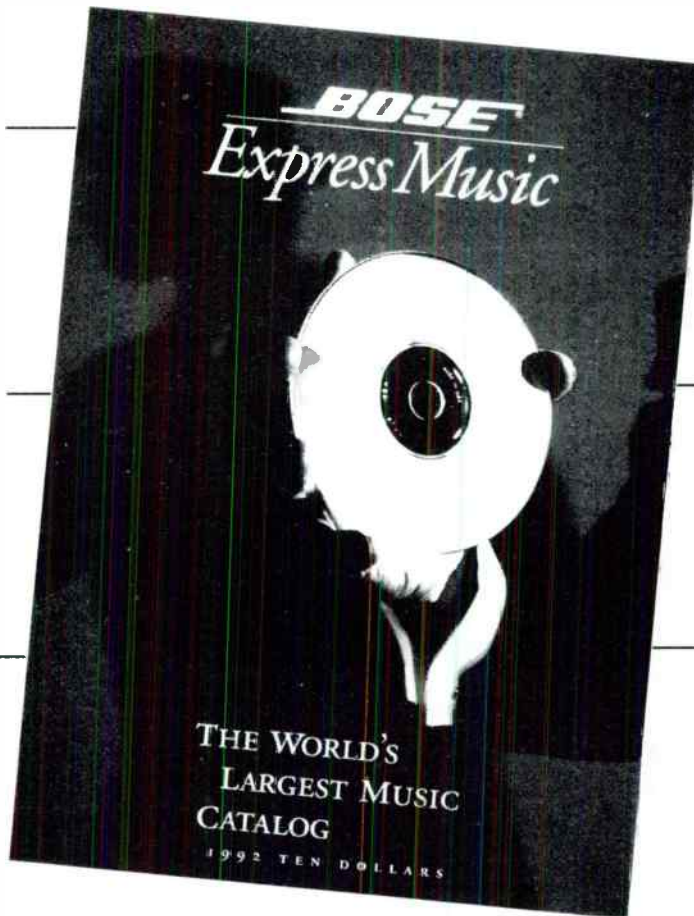
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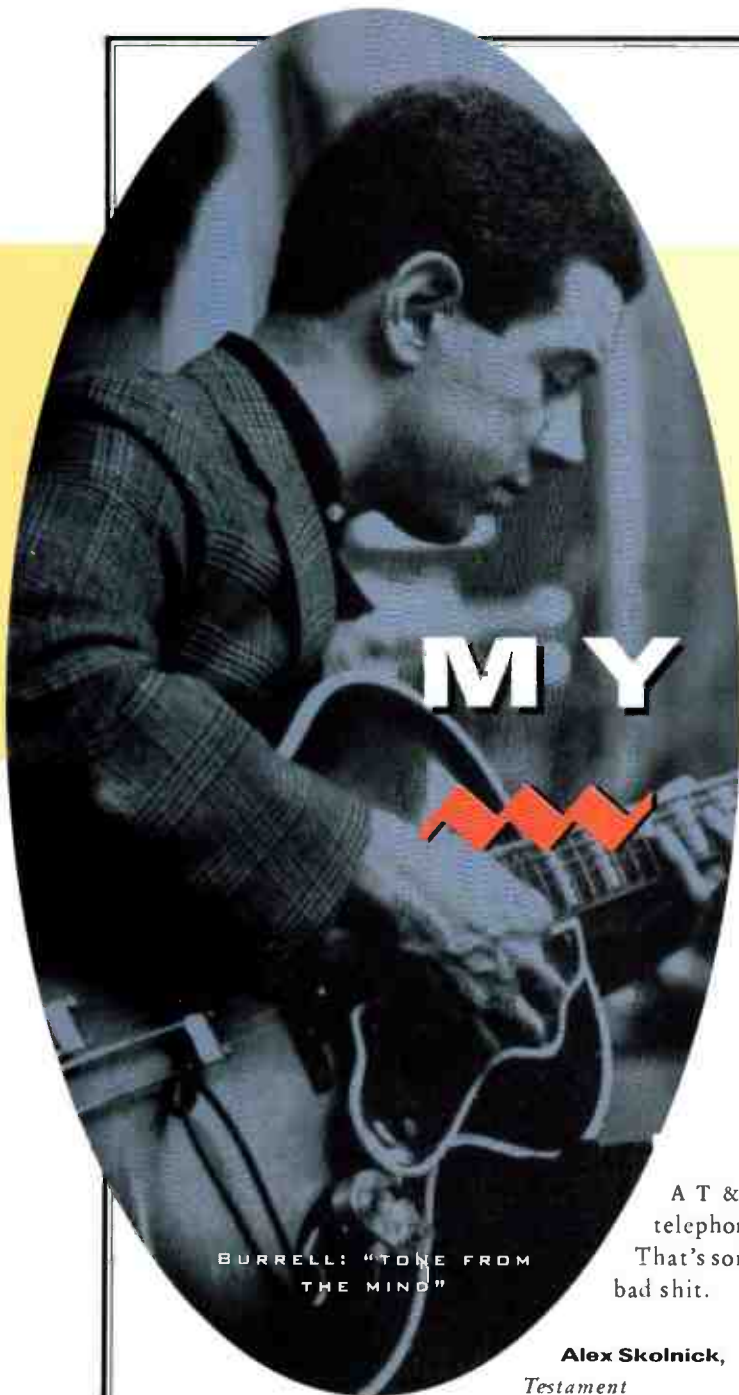
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BURRELL: "TONE FROM
THE MIND"**Kelvyn Bell, *Kelvynator***

Buzzy Feiten's solo on "Superwoman" from Stevie Wonder's *Music of My Mind*. Then Larry Carlton on the *Crusaders One* album—he's great throughout the record. The last is Vernon Reid on the introduction to "Information Overload," the one where he sounds like an

**Alex Skolnick,
*Testament***

The moment I heard Eddie Van Halen on "I'm the One" I pictured myself playing it—the most energetic music I'd ever heard. There are several solos between the verses and the rhythm playing, right up until the grand finale. I've learned it, but to this day there are a couple of licks

A T & T telephone. That's some bad shit.

Steve Morse

The Alvin Lee solo on "Going Home" from Woodstock was great at the time. I think about Crosby, Stills and Nash saying they were terrified that day, and Lee just went out and destroyed it—really having fun. He was using real slick pull-offs and hammer-ons. But the one I'm going to go with is Jeff Beck on "I Ain't Superstitious." It's not a solo per se, just continuous little breaks. The delay and wah-wah. I don't know if he was using a slide, but I think he was. Great phrasing, real attractive sound. As a teen I had tried to learn his Yardbirds solos in my cover band, but "Superstitious" was something completely different. It really stands out.

Vernon Reid

Amos Garrett's solo on "Midnight At the Oasis" is perfect. But I think the greatest "electric rock guitar" solo of all time has got to be Hendrix doing "The Star Spangled Banner." It was the first



ALVIN LEE: "DESTROYER"

LONNIE JOHNSON:
"A FREAK"



solo that was more—*much* more—than a solo. It's an orchestral rendition on guitar. Maybe I shouldn't put it in context of where the country was at, but I haven't heard a solo that went beyond notes and went into just, everything else, you know? Between that

His comping is classic Jim Hall, and he develops his solo by taking one little idea, staying with it and making rhythmic variations of it. There's a two- or three-note thing he starts moving around, and there are points where Bill's comping goes da-dah, so Jim

THE SOLO

and "Machine Gun," well, the whole "Machine Gun" song is staggering. There are better solos in terms of playing and all that, but in terms of what it can actually mean to play the guitar—more than notes, licks, chops—and to be about everything that was happening in the country.

Mick Goodrick

There's so many good things Pat [Metheny] and Scofield and Stern and Frisell have done, it would be hard to pick one, so I'd go with the version of "My Funny Valentine" by Jim Hall and Bill Evans, from *Undercurrents*. Every note they play should be put in a time capsule. That was for years the standard by which we judged that kind of music. Not that there haven't been a lot of great Hall solos, like on *The Bridge* with Sonny Rollins, but it's not just what Jim plays, it's also the way the two fit together.



LONNIE MACK: "CHAOS"

goes da-dap, they kinda go back and forth, then they start hitting the same ones *together*—like one person playing two instruments. And it really swings, the time is great—no bass, no drums, just piano and guitar.

Paul Geremia

The thing that immediately comes to mind is something Lonnie Johnson did with Ellington in the late '20s, "Hot 'n' Bothered." It's done with a 12-

BY JIM MACNIE



JIMI: "ORCHESTRAL, DYNAMIC"



EDWARD VAN HALEN:
"JEFF BECK MEETS
BENNY GOODMAN"

string, one of the first guitar solos that you hear on a record. It was a different style than his solo work; he had to fit the arrangement, of course. I never heard him play anything like that by himself—he usually used a more simple approach, always tasteful. With Ellington he adjusts to the situation wonderfully; it's a really quick tune and the invention and speed of his improvisation rises to the occasion. He kicks ass working those swing rhythms.

Henry Kaiser

Certainly the most impressive guitarist I've heard in my life is Derek Bailey. This 62-year-old Englishman has, over the course of about 100 albums and CDs, completely redefined the state of the art of modern guitar playing. Bailey has the most technique and the most advanced and expressive improvisational capabilities of any guitarist on the planet. Since his recordings are nearly impossible to find in the U.S., I suggest you write to Incus Records, 14 Downs Road, London E5 8DS, England and order a copy of his most recent solo recording: *Solo Guitar Volume 2*. The first track, "Ten 10," is one of the most phenomenal things that I've ever heard. I'm astounded by the fact that one man could come up with so many unprecedented technical and musical ideas on the instru-

ment. In a word: *inspirational*.

Mark Day, *Happy Mondays*

I know it's clichéd, but you can't help but mention Hendrix. The solo on "Red House" sticks out. The track I'm thinking of was recorded live in America somewhere, I got it during the mid-'70s on a British compilation. I like to listen to live recordings—get away from the studio trickery. And don't forget Mick Ronson; if it wasn't for him I don't think that David Bowie would have gotten as far as he did. His playing on "John, I'm Only Dancing" was great. And there's little quirky bits in "Ziggy Stardust" that tickle me fancy. And Dave Gilmour takes a great solo on "Another Brick in the Wall." Gets away from the textbook approach.

Joe Satriani

Ohh, that's almost impossible. Maybe the backwards solo from "Are You Experienced?" There's a bunch I hold up as the coolest: "Voodoo Chile (Slight Return)," and if you had to pry me off of Hendrix, "Since I've Been Loving You" by Jimmy Page, "Red Alert" by Allan Holdsworth, and "Where Were You" by Jeff Beck. That's more mindblowing as time goes by. But "Red Alert"—man! God, it just builds and builds, it always sets my heart beating way too fast. [laughs] What a great solo.

Adrian Legg

The Shadows, in England, had that great clean, lovely, shiny guitar sound, the first real electric guitar sound. And I still remember Lonnie Mack's "Wham!"—I only ever heard it *once*, and I've hardly dared listen to it again because it blew my mind when I heard it and I'm afraid of being disillusioned! [laughs] It caused a lot of chaos in me.

John Scofield

I don't have a favorite solo, but when asked I keep thinking of a tune from a Django Reinhardt record I got at age 12: "Minor Swing." It's on an RCA record called *Djangology*.

Rory Block

I'm thinking about Willie Brown, but it really comes down to Robert Johnson, probably "Crossroad Blues." Beyond that melancholy soulfulness that you can't put your finger on that makes him extraordinary, he's mixing every syncopated style from the Mississippi. That song combines everything in the most spontaneous-sounding pattern. I'll never reproduce it, but I sometimes feel I'm getting close when I allow rhythms to have spontaneous delays. In classical music there are fortissimo and pianissimo and all these words that mean "delay now," and it's up to the artist to figure out how much. There's perfect clock rhythm and beyond that, which is more brilliant, is being able to move the beat according to inspiration. Emotional rhythm. That's what he had. My latest hero is Mark Knopfler, but that's another story.

Peter Dettmold, *Reducers*

Pete Townshend's solo on "I Can See for Miles." Because it's

one note, and it's better than "Cinnamon Girl," which is also one note, because it's the right note. It's perfect. Just listen to it.

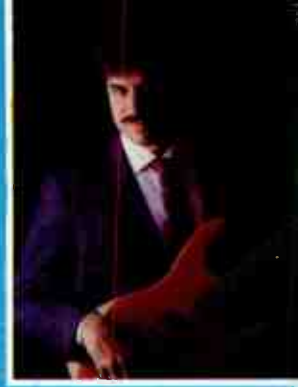
Jean-Paul Bourelly

One of mine has got to be Albert King's "Cross-Cut Saw." On that one he's got the power, and he's like a singer. He made me understand how guitar players can make their stuff breathe. We pick so we don't have to take a breath and sometimes that sounds like a run-on conversation. Albert might not have the greatest technique, but he sure understood how to make it speak. He put weight behind almost all of his statements. Let the listener take in one part, and then come back with something else. That's called phrasing, man.

Marshall Crenshaw

"Hello, Mary Lou" and Emmylou Harris' "Two More Bottles of Wine." I caught my father putting just the guitar leads from those songs on a driving tape. That's James Burton. Plus Bo Diddley's "Who Do You Love," where the tone and attitude are impeccable. I believe it's Jody Williams. A lot of George Harrison solos, especially those that seem worked out in advance, like "And Your Bird Can Sing." But what I finally figured out was that the best solo ever is "Machine Gun" by Hendrix. It's unbelievable. Sense of humor, drama, emotion and imagination—it's a challenge to keep up with it as a listener. The ideas never stop, the intensity never drops. He starts with this really tense note, holds it for like 16 bars, and then just hammers away. Plus, it ends when it's supposed to end.

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Gary Lucas

Has anyone mentioned Lou Reed's break on "I Heard Her Call My Name"? I thought that was a pivotal solo because it goes into the free, Coltrane and Ayler realm. At that time I was ignorant and couldn't hear like that. But I loved the amphetamine sound. He says, "And then my mind split open," but it sounds like his head is splitting open, an explosion on the guitar and these joyous rushes of whoop and shriek. To me it sounds happy at the same time it sounds demented. Syd Barrett and David O'List from the Nice are great. Check out "Dawn" from the first record. And One String Sam, a country blues guy who plays a wire attached to the side of a barn with a knife. They call it a diddey-wah in some places. The song's called "I Need \$100."

Glenn Phillips

Well, mine would be the second half of Mike Bloomfield's solo on "East/West" by the Paul Butterfield band; the first half they do the long, modal, Indian-type jam, and then the second half takes off in a different direction. That's the part that had a tremendous effect on me regarding not only playing technique, but musical possibilities. His playing had personal commitment, but also a great sense of humor. You could really hear that in the Electric Flag stuff. Bloomfield didn't try to cop the sources, he built on them. Today there's lots of blues playing that just sounds exactly like the sources, and to me that's not what it's about. He's not really acknowledged that much, and I'm kind of surprised that he's gotten lost in the historical shuffle.

Elliott Sharp

Not only the guitar, but all the music on Sonny Sharrock's

Monkey-Pockie-Boo. I got it in a Woolworth's in Ithaca, New York for 99¢, and it killed me. It's not as if I was unprepared for it: I'd been reading LeRoi Jones' *Black Music* and was into Trane, Ornette and Cecil. I took it home and blew my mind while driving my roommates crazy. It has complete viscerality and insanity. At first I couldn't even tell what was guitar because Linda does a lot of singing on the record. It was a totally "other" conception of sound. Asking questions like "What is music?"

Nels Cline

I won't say "Manic Depression." I'll say Jim Hall on "Secret Love" from a Japanese Horizon record with that Don Thompson and Terry Clarke Trio, 1976. I don't gravitate toward wistful major keys, but he's so economical and restrained yet so consistently inventive. On this solo there's something memorable in every idea and little twist and also on the coda going out. I think of them all the time. When I first heard it my conception of music was much less informed; with this one, the smarter I get the better it sounds. For pure sound it's John McLaughlin on Miroslav Vitous' "I Will Tell Him on You" from *Mountain in the Clouds*. Or "Blues for Spacegirl," Thurston Moore's track from *Guitarriorists*.

Charlie Sexton

"All Along the Watchtower." It's orchestral in the dynamics, going through the Hendrix book of tricks. The Echoplex, the Vox wah-wah, the slide. Plus it's very melodic. It's a great road map to what guitarists should know. And Beck too. I bought Jagger's *Primitive Cool* just for the guitar. Warowwoowheeahhh—hey

Beck, what is that, a fuckin' saxophone you got there? Half the time you think he's a whacked-out harmonica player. And then there's the Pistols. Great.

Bill Frisell

What came into my mind when I heard the question was older things that still excite me. Wes Montgomery, say. But the truth is that recently I was most excited by John Hiatt playing acoustic—just four quarter-note triads. He was solo, and what he was playing—just strumming up and down, and the rhythm—defined the feel of each tune so well. It wasn't hard to understand, just a C chord. But the way he was being musical with it transcended that it was a guitar, and for me that's one of the heaviest things someone can do. The guitar doesn't really mean anything anymore to me, just music. So that got me, more than hearing a million notes. Or Jim Hall's stuff with Rollins, Paul Desmond, Art Farmer—the way he interacted with a horn. And Ali Farka Toure really messed me up.

Leo Kottke

The first thing I thought of was the solo Buddy Holly took on "Crying, Waiting, Hoping," because it may be the first guitar idea that really snagged my ear. I was a kid in Oklahoma just beginning to play. The funny thing was that it wasn't the kind of guitar I wanted to play. But all the melody sense he had as a writer was in that solo. It was simple and just right. He was a tricky player, great rhythm. I just ran into Gary Busey, who has Buddy's guitar, and when I played the thing it had that Holly sound—can you believe that? Until he pulled it out I

never thought I'd be struck by somebody's guitar, but I'm tellin' ya, I'm telling ya.... My second choice would be "It's Easy When You Know How" by Lonnie Johnson. I don't know anybody who has figured that one out. Lonnie was a freak.

Walter "Wolfman" Washington

It might be Wes or Johnny "Guitar" Watson, things that have real meaning in the context of the song. But Kenny Burrell on "Mighty Low" really takes it. He lets the tone of the guitar express the different ins and outs of what he's trying to explain. It really opened my eyes to Kenny; he was playing with Jimmy Smith. When I saw him in person, he had the same tone as he did on the record and I said to myself, "I'm gonna have to get me a guitar like he has." Ha-ha. Try to capture that myself. But the tone comes from the mind, not the guitar.

Jim Hall

Charlie Christian's playing on "Solo Flight" with Benny Goodman, and arranged by Eddie Sauter, gets my vote for musicality and intelligence.

Paul Gilbert, *Mr. Big*

I know mine. Being a youngster, it's Eddie Van Halen's solo from "Out of Love Again." It was very influential, and still sounds good. "Eruption" might have scared me more, but "Love" has all this really cool vibrato and the essence of spontaneous Van Halen playing, fitting in with the wild grooviness of the tune. I'd just gotten into my first loud band—it's major when you're 12 or 13—and I remember wanting to play something like that really loud. ♪

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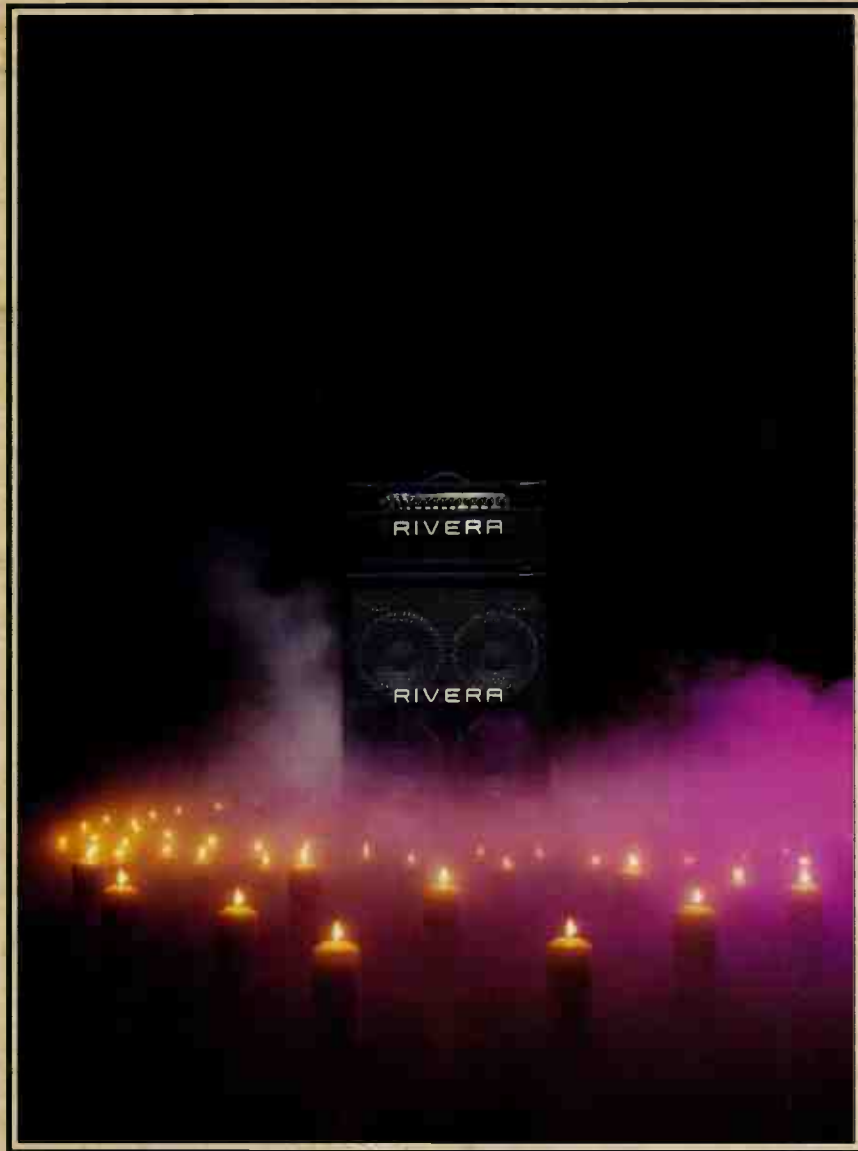
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GUITAR SPECIAL

BUCKETHEAD, WHAT'S IN THE BUCKET?

FREDDIE KING MEETS FREDDY KRUEGER

BY MATT REBNICOFF

A MAN COATED THREE-DEEP IN SODA cans is riding a unicycle around a graffiti-splattered locomotive, Vernon Reid is photographing a large dead chicken in a red satin bag, and a long-haired kid in a yellow raincoat, masking tape around his wrists, is holding fast to a Kentucky Fried Chicken pail. From inside the bucket peers a featureless face, made of white plastic.

"Oh, your face, man," someone tells him, "there's a crack in it."

The kid looks miserable. "Yeah, I know, it cracked a little, and I don't want to crack it any more." Someone suggests epoxy, and he responds with beach-bum monosyllabisms, then gets dead serious again. "I wanna look like this, but I don't know how." The French director

shouts through the mind-bending heat: "Hhhrea-dy, evhrywaan, places please: Brain, Bootsy, Buckethead...."

There were two names pasted on Brian Carroll's wall, those of Michael Jackson and Bootsy Collins, the musicians he longed to accompany as he sat in bed entertaining macabre fantasies and practicing. At 22, lanky, red-faced Brian has nearly conquered the guitar, and more than half his dream. The video being shot for "Animal Behavior" has him suffering decapitation by a rocket-launching mutant robot while aping the insane, leaping guitar lines he improvised alongside Bootsy, keyboardist Bernie Worrell and Limbo-Maniacs drummer Brain in an outfit called Praxis. Sanctioned by Bill Laswell, *Transmutation* (*Mutatis Mutandis*) is one of the widest-reaching

and most important records this year, and Carroll's outstanding shtick as Buckethead is a pantomime that's either frightening or mesmerizing, depending on who you ask or how you listen. And as at least one spurned manager, record company and journalist bent on turning him into this week's guitar hero have learned the hard way, Carroll is making it difficult for the sharks to get close. Consider the offer: Adulation by a guitar magazine or two, a couple instrumental records, clinic tours through local music shops answering questions about string brands. Where will that leave him in a few years? In his bedroom among a pile of old magazines, a couple of free guitars, diminishing returns on a very, very bad haircut. So what does he do? He puts a bucket on his head and disavows all conventional human contact.

Reid spots him sitting alone under the abandoned dockhouse, fiddling with his mask, and gives him his phone number in case he ever just wants to rap. Their common interest in the bloody chicken in the ditch notwithstanding, Vernon understands the disaffection Brian feels. "A lot of guys you meet who are like *this*," Vernon gestures, miming furiously virtuosic guitar playing, "are usually like *this*"—he puts a fingertip to the end of his nose and pushes his head

back. "He's a staggering player, but talk to him about it and he'll close up like a clam." It could be that the near-dysfunctionality of years locked away woodshedding serves well as a shield, warding people off and letting him hold a place for the highest bidder. But it's not that simple.

There was the Red Hot Chili Peppers audition, where that band's singer picked Brian up at the airport only to discover on the way to the rehearsal hall that he had never heard their music; once plugged in, he played complete non sequiturs until the other musicians put down their instruments and applauded as he continued alone, soloing and gyrating robotically. There's the manner in which he ambles over to take his place for a shot on the pier, drops and blithely kicks his Steinberger against a three-inch-high lip that goes straight over to the water. There's the spectacle of him in the studio with his hero, hard at work, bucket majestically perched.

"That and the mask," Bootsy laughs. "Everything you seen, that's pretty much the way it was, and *dog* it, he's got these robot moves, and he was doing all that while he was *playin'*. Strange things goin' on, and that's just *him*, you know? He's got *so much talent*, and the mixture is freaking me out: hardcore metal, rock, he's got it all, and on top of what we're doing it makes it a whole 'nother thing. Just to *hear* this cat...I've *done* everything else, so that's my next hurdle, and I wouldn't do it with nobody other than a kid like Buckethead."

That's refreshing, since few guitarists from southern California these days who approach Bucket's visual and harmonic ideal would have any idea what a Bootsy Collins *is*. To Laswell, who envisioned Praxis as a sort of random juxtaposition of characters, Buckethead is a humble, open mind; he's presenting him in solo shows in Japan and hopes to record him with an African kora player, and perhaps Tony Williams. Bucket takes it all in; he quacks out country fingerpicking, immortally high-powered atonal lines, hip-hop punctuations. Utterly creative, riveting stuff.

"I don't think he wants to be considered a guitar player or associated with that scene," Laswell says. "He's seeing things conceptually: He has graphic ideas, themes—it's not a philosophy but it's certainly the beginning of an aesthetic. He wants to develop a character and create environments where he can be original and pure, not just as a guitar player, as a person. People think he plays just fast, [*cont'd on page 110*]



GUITAR SPECIAL

MICHAEL HILL: PERSONALIZING THE BLUES

PULLING NEW SOUNDS FROM AN OLD STYLE

BY MAC RANDALL

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE A GUITAR scream, it helps to have big hands. Michael Hill has them. Check the fingers: They look like they came out of a box of Garcia y Vega cigars. As Hill plays his Steinberger in his Brooklyn apartment, his right pinky rests on the volume knob while his left middle finger is tucked into a brass slide. The slide is only half the length of a normal bottleneck; on Hill's finger it looks like a gold ring. As he moves it across the strings, he fades the volume in and out, producing delicate pedal-steel-like effects. Ditching the slide, he rips off a few brutal cross-picked 16th-note licks, racing from one end of the fretboard to the other. Then he turns to a favorite weapon in the Michael Hill arsenal: seriously sick string-bending, delivered with vicious vibrato and a searing tone.

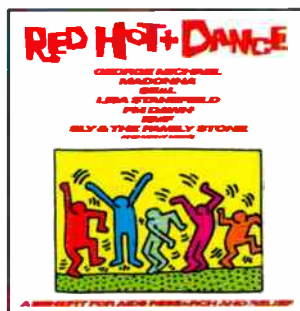
"Someone once called Hendrix and Cream 'loud blues,'" Hill chuckles, "and I thought,

'Yeah, that's what I'm after.' I think the essence of guitar is bending some strings and letting those notes sing. Jazz guitar is cool, but when jazz guitarists play blues, they don't turn it up and make the shit scream! And that's what I like."

Michael does most of his screaming in Bluesland, the band he's fronted for the last five years. Moving smoothly between genres while always maintaining a hard-hitting groove, Bluesland makes polyglot party music with a social conscience. Hill, a longstanding member of the Black Rock Coalition, calls it "Culture Rock": "It's the expression of different parts of our culture. And not just blues—funk, rock, reggae, jazz, it's all important. That's why the band's called Bluesland; that comes from a book by LeRoi Jones called *Blues People*, but we try to make a point that all these styles of music we grew up playing and listening to are connected. What Bluesland brings to the table is a con-

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scious sense of a continuum of African people.”

The main thing that makes the complicated equation work is Hill's playing, which brings together elements that at first might seem disparate. Then there's his sound: rough around the edges, warm underneath. "Tone is critical. Lots of opera singers have incredible range, but it doesn't matter if they don't have that sweet sound. The vocal quality of the guitar is most important to me. That comes from Hendrix, who changed my life, and other players who've been special to me—Buddy Guy, Roy Buchanan, Jeff Beck."

Hill uses several methods to get that vocal sound. One of the most striking is the aforementioned combination of volume swells and the unusual half-size slide. As he explains, "I don't use open tunings, so I only need a slide to cover two or three strings at a time. I just love the smaller size." While saying this, he moves the slide up past the fretboard for a few extra-high notes—"the Steinberger's great for that," he remarks. Michael's partial to the upper octaves; these days, when he picks up his well-worn '70s Strat, he forgets it's only got 21 frets. "You don't really need the three extra ones

[Steinbergers have 24], but I find I spend a lot of time up there now," he says.

Another trademark of Hill's playing is his two-handed work. But we're not exactly talking Van Halen-esque tapping here. "I've been working a lot on this harmonics technique recently," Michael says, and proceeds to demonstrate. Hitting a D with his left hand on the 3rd fret of the B string, he gradually bends up to an E. As the pitch rises, he moves the middle finger of his right hand to a spot just over the 15th fret; once he's reached the E, he lightly touches the same string with that finger, triggering an octave harmonic while the original note still hovers in the background. The technique is related to, but not the same as, the harplike plucked harmonics of players like Chet Atkins and Lenny Breau, and can be heard on Hill's solo in the middle of "Bluestime in America," Bluesland's contribution to the Black Rock Coalition sampler *The History of Our Future*.

"When you hit that harmonic," Hill says, "it's basically getting the same range as this"—he plays the E on the 17th fret—"so you think, 'Why should I do this?' But then you realize the harmonic's a whole different quality; the note slides into something else, it's two shades of one note."

Hill has also been working on other ways of playing harmonics, including both the regular plucked method and Billy Gibbons-style, combining the thumb and pick on the right hand to get a higher note. His picking hand roams across the strings, searching for the most resonant spots. "You really have to put in the time shedding so locating them becomes second nature," he says, "and I've never been overly prone to shedding, though I do try to practice at least two hours every day. I'm basically self-taught; my sense is that if [cont'd on page 113]

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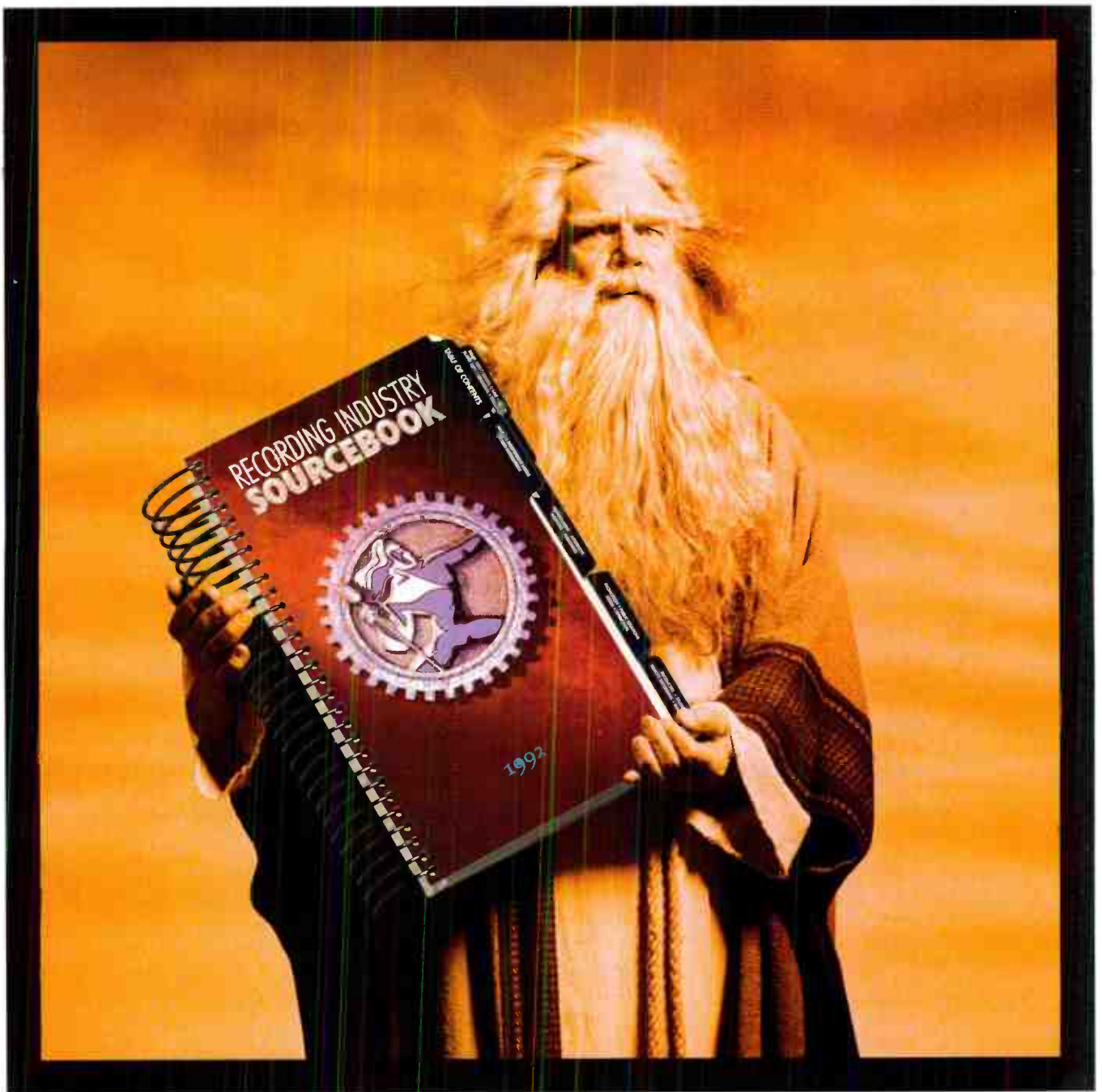
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HILL'S STREET BLUES

MICHAEL HILL's main guitar at the moment is a Steinberger GL4TA, although he plans to resurrect his '75 Fender Strat sometime in the not-too-distant future. He plugs into a Paul Reed Smith HG70 solid-state combo with two 12" speakers and channel-switching. "They only made about 180 of them, but it's the best amp I've ever used." On the floor's a CryBaby wah-wah and a load of Boss boxes: compressor, Super Overdrive, digital delay, pitch-shifter, noise gate and a Dimension for chorus effects. Hill's halfsize slides are made by Dunlop; he's got them in brass and nickel.



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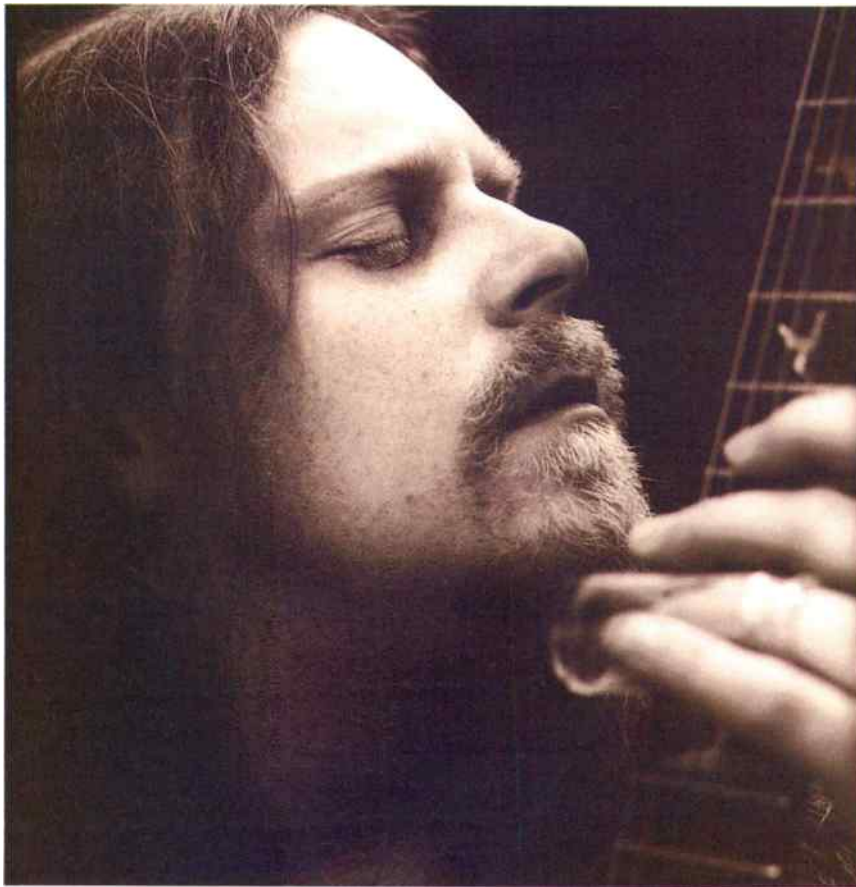
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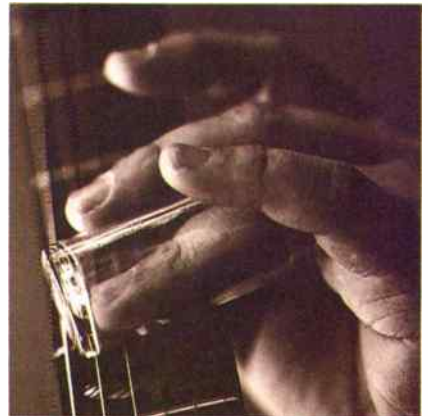
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SLIDE PLAYING IN STANDARD TUNING

BY RICK MATTINGLY

IN THE OLD DAYS," WARREN HAYNES says, "it was Duane Allman playing slide and Dickey Betts playing lead. After Duane died, Dickey played slide, but there wasn't Dickey Betts lead guitar along with it. It was one or the other, and that altered the sound of the Allman Brothers. Even when Dan Toler was in the band, it was him playing lead and Dickey playing slide. But since I joined, slide and Dickey's lead are back in the picture at the same time. That had a lot to do with the sound of the first four Allmans records, which is the sound a lot of us fell in love with."

Sitting barefoot on the edge of his unmade hotel bed, Haynes combines the demeanor of a country boy (which he is) with the ingratiating friendliness of a Nashville studio musician

(which he was), without the pretension of many guitar heroes (which he's becoming). While he considers slide to be one element of his style, his ability to blend the tradition of Duane with a modern approach has made him a major voice in the Allman Brothers Band.

Some of the tradition is in the slide itself. "I have a couple of old Corriciadan bottles that belonged to Duane," he says, "as well as some I had before I ever met these guys. I also keep a supply of the reissue Corriciadan bottles. Sometimes I use brass. On acoustic guitar I like a thick glass slide because the weight tends to help a bit. If you can play with a drinking glass that's eight inches high and four inches across, you get a great tone, but it's impossible to get the intonation right. So you have to compromise between good tone and control.

"I wear the slide on my ring finger. Duane used his third finger, too, but Dickey wears it on his bird finger—his middle finger. It depends on how you can best chord with the other fingers. A lot of players put the slide on their pinky so they can chord with the first three fingers."

Pulling an acoustic from its case, Warren stuffs his third finger into a bottle as he explains a major difference between his approach and Duane's. "Duane played in open tuning and I play in standard tuning. Most open-tuning licks are based around blues harmonica phrases from the '20s and '30s. Duane often imitated blues harp tone and phrasing, but with a different edge. Playing in standard is harder. It's not as easy to play Delta blues licks, but there are patterns and boxes. It's never going to sound exactly like open tuning, though. The closest it comes is on the B, G and D strings, where you get that major chord. But if you hit any other strings along with them, it won't be an open-tuning sort of chord. So I lean on those three strings."

As Warren uses the slide, his left hand moves fast to get from note to note. "In open tuning I wouldn't have to move as much," he says. Still, couldn't he go to a higher string and avoid drastic leaps? "Keep the size of the string in mind," he replies. "You get a lot more bottom end out of wound strings. A lot of people only think about what's easier to get to. But Duane would play high up on the neck a lot to get the power of the bigger strings. He'd play this note," Haynes says, striking A on the 10th fret of the B string, "up here," moving to the 14th fret of the G. "Ry Cooder would play it on the B to get that thin, Delta sound. Duane was more into that gutsy Little Walter harp sound."

Despite the compromises he makes to use standard tuning for slide, Haynes feels it's more



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flexible. "In open tuning you're stuck with open-tuning licks. With standard I can play anything that pops in my mind without having to transpose. Also, you get a minor chord with the first three strings, which is harder in open tuning. Another advantage is you can switch between slide and regular lead at the spur of the moment. I play slide through most of 'Good Clean Fun', but in the middle there's a twin-guitar riff that would be ridiculous in open tuning."

Using just his first, second and fourth fingers, he plays some lines, his bottle-clad third finger sticking out from the fretboard at an awkward angle. Many of his runs are played with the fingers working in pairs: the first and second or the first and fourth. "A slide on your finger almost turns you into Django Reinhardt, because for certain licks you only have two fingers to deal with. But I like it. I do some stuff in 'Blue Sky' and 'Dreams' where I combine slide and fingerstyle. Sometimes I'll just put slide at the end of a phrase," he says, playing a short run and then sliding into a chord at the end, "or I'll alternate within the phrase."

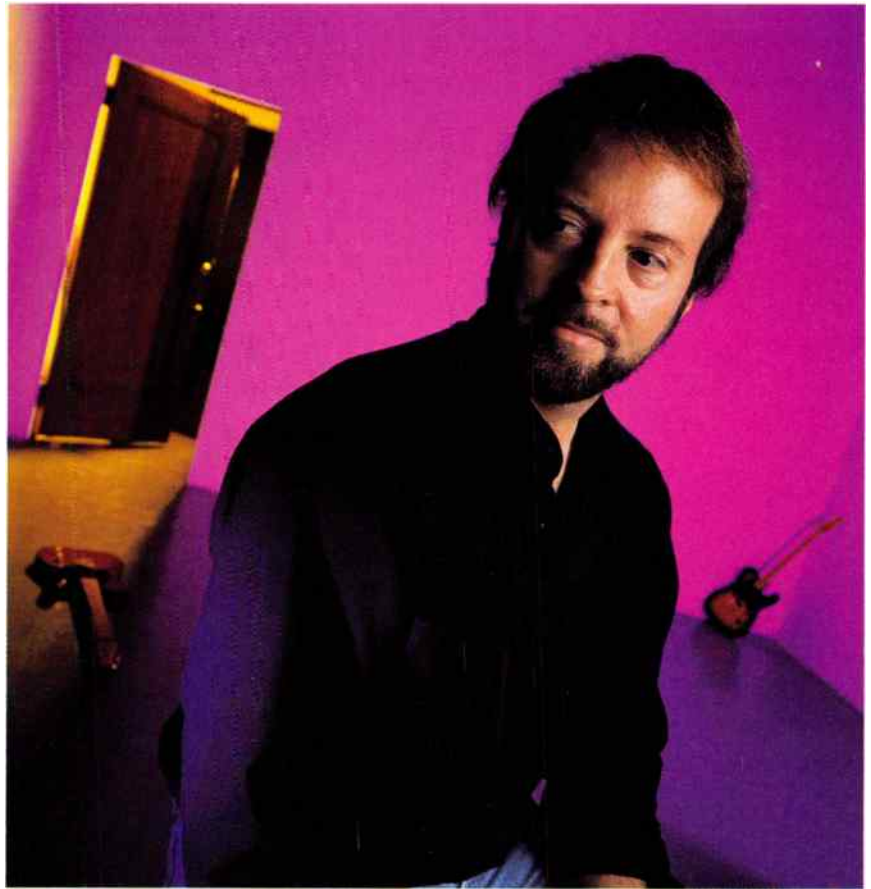
Haynes plays another line, mixing slide technique with regular notes. Often, he uses the slide for vibrato. "It's similar to a whammy-bar vibrato, because you can move a whole chord back and forth."

Having one finger stuck in a bottle surely prevents playing mechanical patterns, he says. "It's good for any musician to get away from his clichés. You have licks that aren't clichés to other people, but are clichés to you because you've been playing them so long. So any obstacle that keeps you from falling into patterns has got to be healthy." ❧

BOTTLENECKING

WARREN plays a '59 reissue Les Paul, a Fender American Standard Strat with Eric Clapton electronics and Paul Reed Smiths. He uses Gibson strings, .010 to .046. His acoustics are Washburn and Takamine.

For stage, his amp is a 100-watt Soldano. In the studio he uses a 12-watt Gibson from the '50s with a six-inch speaker. "Crank it to 7 and it sounds like it's choking to death," Haynes says. His speakers are Electro-Voice 12-Ls.



GUITAR SPECIAL

JERRY DONAHUE: TAKING TELE 'ROUND THE BEND

THE BRASS NUTS OF A COUNTRY FIREBALL

BY ALAN DI PERNA

MOST PEOPLE THINK OF THE TELEcaster as just one type of electric guitar. For Jerry Donahue, it's an instrument unto itself. He's spent some 30 years evolving a supercharged country-pickin' style based around the tonal nuances and design quirks of Leo Fender's noble creation. But then, you'd expect no less from the guy who Albert Lee recommended to replace Richard Thompson in Fairport Convention in 1972. Since leaving the Convention in '75, Donahue has divided his time between England and the U.S., playing with Joan Armatrading, Warren Zevon and Gerry Rafferty, among others. Jerry's maple-mangling fretwork can also be heard on his 1986 solo album *Telecasting*, and on the forthcoming disc *Neck of the Wood*.

Donahue was a kid when he ran into his first Tele-mentor, sessioneer Gerry "Last Train to Clarksville" McGhee. "He was the first person I saw do a behind-the-nut bend," says Donahue, settling onto the sofa at his tiny, instrument-cluttered Hollywood apartment. Taking up one of his new signature-model Fender Teles, he illustrates the technique: pushing down on the string behind the nut to raise the pitch.

"Gerry McGhee did it to emulate Scruggs pegs—you know, the banjo style, where they use the tuning keys to take a string down a tone, then up again. But I thought if you could do that, there's lots of other possibilities."

An understatement. Jerry launches into a series of behind-the-nut moves that get progressively more astounding, especially when you consider that the left hand both frets the

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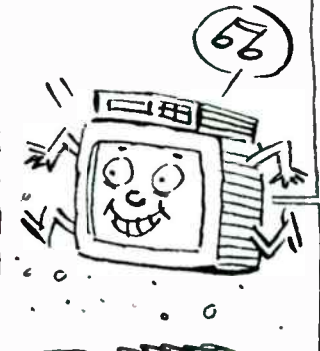
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notes and reaches back for the bend. First there are two-string bends. He's fond of taking the D and G strings up to E and A—a trick he says works well in A major as well as E minor. Then there are what he calls "contrary-motion bends." Bend one string behind the nut; then, while slowly releasing that bend, press down on the adjacent string with the same finger, bending that string up. "The tones cross midstream," says Jerry. It's a high and lonesome sound.

Jerry often combines behind-the-nut bends with fretting. One of his favorite ideas is to play a D7 chord and then reach back behind the nut

to bend the C (second string, first fret) up to D. "You can fret anything up to around the second fret while reaching behind the nut," he advises, "and you've still got a lot of possibilities in just about any key."

Before you try these things at home, bear in mind that Donahue uses relatively light strings (.009s to .042s) and stresses the importance of using a bone or a brass nut: "The strings just saw right through the plastic ones." Also, while such tricks work on most guitars, the Telecaster headstock has a particularly deep angle in relation to the fingerboard, which makes it ideal for behind-

the-nut bends. "You can take the low E string all the way up to A," says Jerry. "On a Strat, you'll hit the wood long before you get there."

A big hop in Donahue's musical development came at age 14, when his family moved to England. There he fell in with the English folkie set that teamed stellar guitarists like Ray Smith, Richard Thompson and Albert Lee in a dizzying array of bands, including Fotheringay, Poet and the One Man Band, Head Hands and Feet, and, of course, Fairport Convention. Lee influenced Donahue's picking technique and use of open-string runs. Jerry holds the pick between his thumb and first finger in the usual fashion, and uses the other three fingers for picking the G through high E strings. "That way, I'm not locked into having to play adjacent strings when I do a run," he explains. "I can do big jumps."

But everybody knows pedal-steel-style bends are the signature sound of country guitar. And nearly every guitarist knows the most basic country bend, where—in G, for instance—you hold a D at the 10th fret on the high E string while bending from A to B on the B string, also at the 10th fret. Jerry points out a few ways to spice up this basic move, one by pulling off from D to C while releasing the bend; another simply by bending the G-string F up along with the B string, so that you're bending to the root and the third simultaneously.

Jerry demonstrates an even cooler double-string bend, in A. It begins with a bend on the G string from B to C#, at the fourth fret. "Bend toward the B string," says Jerry. "Then, when you feel that B string touch your finger, pivot so that both strings are caught beneath the ball of your finger. So when you return the G string, you'll also be dragging the B string up a semitone. Which is to say, you'll be raising one note up to the fifth while bending another back down from the major third."

Yowtch! Yeah, it hurts at first. But it sure sounds sweet.

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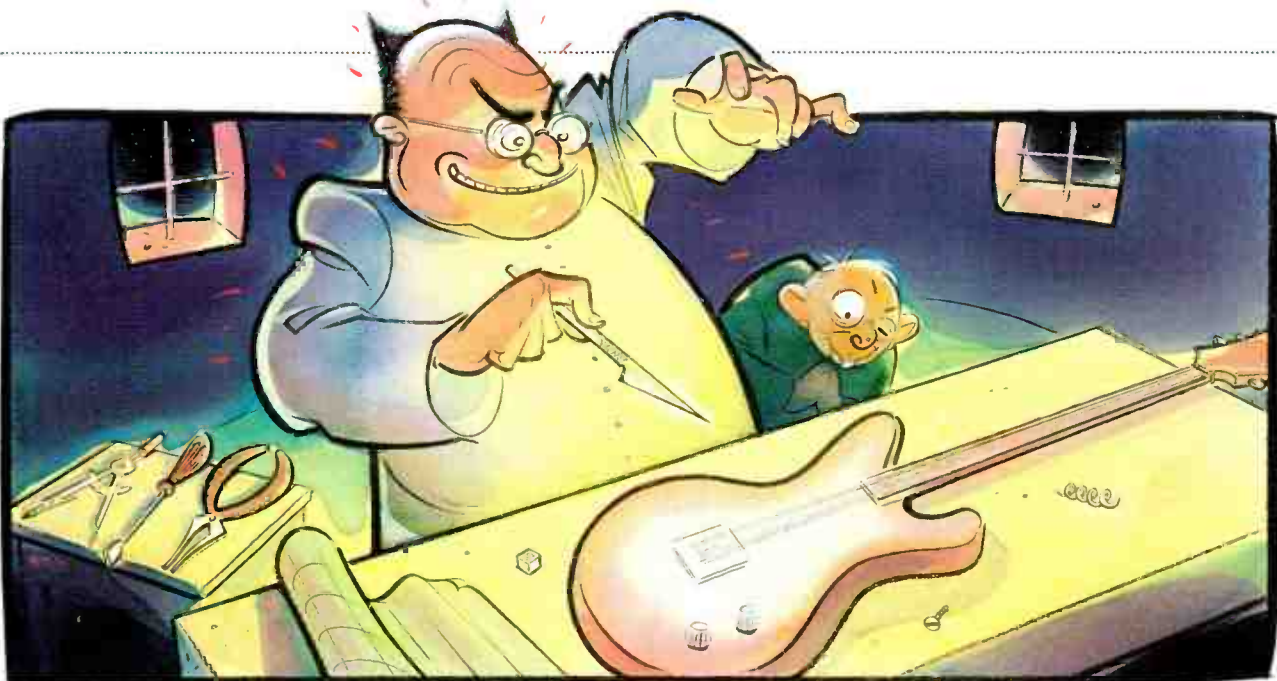
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WACKY GUITAR INNOVATIONS



YOU DON'T SEE MANY VIOLIN MAKERS STRAYING FAR FROM the designs Antonio Stradivari refined in the early 1700's. But thank God modern musical instrument manufacturers never seem to know when to leave well enough alone. Within a decade from the debut of the solid-body guitar it looked like that instrument's design had reached its apex with the Les Paul, Tele and the Strat. Then the '60s came along and manufacturers went berserk with either space-age body shapes or hot-rod paint jobs. In the '70s you could choose between a guitar that looked like it came directly from a lumberyard or an exact, made-in-Japan copy of an American classic. The '80s saw the advent of Strat-mania, where guitar companies seemed to hire more custom van painters than luthiers.

So what's the trend for the '90s? If the PARKER guitar is any indication, the electric is going on a heavy diet. Ranging from 2½ to 5 lbs, this may be the thinnest and lightest solidbody electric guitar ever. But unlike the frivolous innovations of the past, this instrument is based more on the sound production principles of a Stradivarius or a Martin. On an acoustic guitar, the body top generates most of the tone when it vibrates; the back and sides act as a resonating chamber. Stradivari and classical guitar makers like Torres realized that a thin top vibrated more easily and produced louder and richer sounds. The Parker's body functions the same as an acoustic guitar top, but doesn't need a resonating chamber to project sound. The body is made of carefully matched soft, light woods like spruce, redwood, mahogany or poplar. A thin skeleton of carbon fiber reinforces a super-thin body strong enough to hold strings and withstand whammy bar abuse. The neck has 24 stainless steel frets, which are more durable than nickel. Some models come with a Fishman piezo pickup mounted in the bridge, allowing the instrument

to create an authentic amplified acoustic guitar sound. Parker manufactures five different models, including the Fly bass (four- and five-string versions). Prices range from \$1200 to \$1900.

Other inventors are trying to change the way guitars are played. The HIPSHOT Trilogy replaces the bridge on a Strat, Tele, P- or J-bass and enables the player to tune each string to any of three preset notes. It's ideal for musicians using open tunings or needing to transpose quickly. To change tunings, you simply flip the lever for each string into the desired position—play all the Sonic Youth and Albert Collins covers you want and only bring one guitar to the gig.

The HAMMER JAMMER (Freed International) steals an idea from piano and applies it to guitar. The device mounts on the neck or below the bridge and allows you to strike the strings percussively with small rubber hammers. It's especially effective for playing patterns that you would normally fingerpick on acoustic guitar. Things can get pretty noisy on an electric, but on an acoustic this device produces a sharp, loud attack not unlike a hammer dulcimer.

Remember Jimmy Page's "Dazed and Confused" solo, where he plays with a violin bow? Now, a flat violin bow is not made to play over a guitar neck's relatively flat radius. The curved PIRANHA guitar bow (Hello Mfg.) is 2½ inches long and made of a synthetic monofilament developed by DuPont. After a few minutes' practice, it's easy to produce sounds similar to a viola; if you can't get the hang of it, it's great for truly annoying scratchy noises.

Ingenuity is alive and well in America. But I'm surprised no one's invented a guitar with the two things guitarists need most: an ashtray and a beer cooler.

CHRIS GILL

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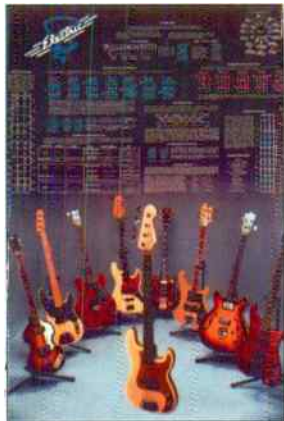


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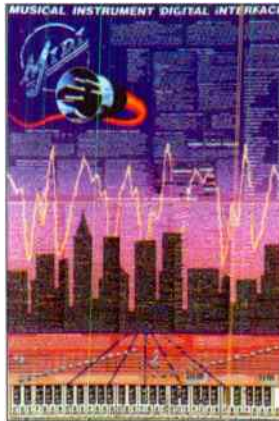


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CHARVEL SURFCASTER

New Wave from Texas

The guitar universe has been caught firmly in the grip of Strat clones since the early '80s, and although guitars based on Fender's curvy classic still dominate the marketplace, a few other types of electrics have been popping up. Some, like the Surfcaster from Charvel (base price \$995, with figured top, \$1,095), break away from the pack, and look, play, and sound different. Inspired by some cool axes of the '50s and '60s—notably Rickenbackers, Gretsches, and Danelectros, with a little Fender Jaguar thrown in for asymmetry—the Surfcaster is fun and functional.

My first gander caught the large, white, mock-pearl pickguard and two Chandler lipstick-tube, single-coil pickups that bring to mind old Danelectros. My peripheral vision picked up on the cat's-eye soundhole, which harkens back to the Gretsch Synchronomatic and several Ricks. Knurled metal knobs (shades of Fender!) and the almost-triangular pearlloid fret markers also vied for attention.

It's a lot to look at, but how does it play? Pretty well. It has the same 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ "-scale length of a Strat, but the wider, flatter fingerboard profile you'd find on most Gibsons. The result is good sustain, easy bending, and plenty of room for your fingers to grab a handful of string on this rosewood slab. The trapeze-style tailpiece and tune-o-matic bridge let you intonate the instrument while getting extra ring from the strings.

The deluxe model I tested had a mahogany body with a figured maple top and a transparent orange finish that showed off the maple's stripe. Also available is a solid poplar body without the figured maple top. In any case, you get a maple neck—good for brightness and sustain. I like the control layout—simple, with one tone and one volume. The Surfcaster's volume control is close enough to reach for swells, but far enough away to keep your hand off it when you're strumming your brains out.



Even unplugged, the Surfcaster has a different sound due to its semi-hollow body. It's louder without an amp than many solidbodies, and when you plug in a tasty resonance is brought out by the single-coil pickups. For those who don't want to stray too far from the Stratting crowd, a push/pull built into the master tone control lets you put the pickups in and out of phase. Out-of-phasesness results in a nasal

quack sound similar to Mark Knopfler's signature, while the in-phase setting is more supported. A two-way selector lets you choose bridge or neck pickup, or a combo—nothing fancy, but good for lead/rhythm sounds.

If you want an interesting variation, try the 12-string (base price \$1,195; with figured maple top, \$1,295). It has a slightly wider ebony fingerboard, and its integrated bridge/tailpiece connects the strings firmly to the body for extra sustain. Controls and pickups are the same, as are the tuning machines—the only parts of the Surfcasters I wasn't crazy about (they look like the Sperzels that graced many a vintage Fender, but I'd give up the look for more precise, modern tuners). The tone is Rickenbackerish, but not quite as jangly—good for crunch rhythm. Personal note: I like the red-to-blond sunburst on the 12-string, which gives it a more Rick-like appearance than the 6-string's uniform orange topping.

These are fun guitars with a distinctive look, sound and personality, well-made and very playable. If you're looking to get out of the Strat-clone box and into something flashier, the Surfcasters should be high on your hit list.

TOM MULHERN

SOUNDBITES

SOLDANO's new Hot Rod 50-watt head. Soldano has also begun production of the X99, a prototype of which was turning heads last January NAMM. MIDI-controlled motors allow this guitar preamp to cut through the usual mess of circuitry, digital switches and transistors and actually come out with the warm tube sound intact. **DIGITECH** showed off their DHP-5000 Digital Harmony Processor, which packs all the features of the discontinued IPS-33B Harmony Processor, but will give Brian May clones five harmony parts rather than the measly two previously available. The company plans to ship the DHP-5000 this fall.

Move over, **OVATION**. ART is using material found in the wings of jet fighters in its Attack Module carbon fiber-composite guitar amps. The stuff is way tougher, a lot lighter and less dense than wood, so more of what comes out of the speaker gets to your ears. If you're getting back to acoustic, take a look at the new catalog from **HOMESPUN TAPES** (Box 694, Woodstock, NY, 12498). Maybe it's the company's rustic location, but their instructional videos emphasize picking over shredding. Start with **HAPPY TRAUM's** two-volume "Learning To Fingerpick." A walking textbook of picking styles, Traum is a good teacher who knows how to correct bad habits. After you master that, add a little swagger to your thumb with **JORMA KAUJONEN's** method. Finally, you're ready for the company's **DOC WATSON** tape. This easy-to-follow video shows you how to add flash to your playing with some surprisingly easy-to-execute picking tricks. Play, magic fingers!

PETER CRONIN

If you want a great ear for music:

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"I can now hear and identify tones and the key in which a song is played just by hearing it. My sight reading has improved. I can also recall and sing individual tones at will. My music teacher and classmates are amazed at my advancement!"

"I wish I could have had this 30 years ago!"
R.B., voice

"The information I received was worth more to me than most of the instruction I had received up to that point. Everyone who plays must know about this!" J.T., guitar

"I can listen to a song and still hear it hours later in my mind."

"In three short weeks I've noticed a vast difference in my listening skills." T.E., guitar

"It feels like I'm singing and playing 'my' notes instead of 'somebody else's' notes—like music is more 'my own.' Improved delivery because of being able to make more natural music."
L.H., voice/guitar

"Someone played a D major chord and I recognized it straight away."

"I enjoy listening and playing more and I get new musical ideas as a result."
S.C., guitar, bass

"I never before thought it was possible to obtain Perfect Pitch, but now I know it is." T.S., piano

"It's like hearing in a whole new dimension."
L.S., guitar

"I'm able to play things I hear in my head a lot faster than ever before. Before I started the course, I could barely do it."
J.W., guitar, keyboards

"Perfect Pitch is like learning a foreign language. Before, things don't make sense, and then things become more and more clear as you progress. It's not just the memorization of a pitch. The pitch colors of the tones have a subtle feeling; every pitch is distinct and has its own 'personality'."

"When I hear music now it has much more definition, form and substance. I don't just passively listen to music anymore, but actively listen to detail. With Perfect Pitch I can make up my own mind about what and how I feel when I hear music, and also know why I feel that way."
M.U., bass

"After just a few minutes of your instructions, I could locate an F# by ear—even when it was hidden in a group of several tones!" G.B., synthesizer

"You can imagine my joy when I listened to your tapes for the first time, went to the piano, and made the startling discovery of Perfect Pitch! I started crying and laughing all at the same time."
J.S., educator

"I began to transcribe Queensryche *Silent Lucidity*. It seemed simple. I forgot about it until I happened to be in a music store and saw a \$25 book with the song 'in it. It was transcribed totally wrong from the way I figured it out."

"Mr. Burge has given me the key to what I once considered a closed door."
D.H., Ph.D., voice/piano professor

"I believe! It works just because it's so simple."
S.P., sax

"When I heard the first tape I could hear the pitch color differences Mr. Burge described. At first I thought it might be my synthesizer, so I tried other synthesizers. I could still hear the differences."

"Now I listen more carefully to the sounds of the notes and how they blend together. While working on a piece I was writing, all of a sudden I heard the pitch color of each note. I revised the piece immediately. I'm much happier with it now."
W.H.P., synthesizer, guitar

"Then I picked up the latest *Guitar for the Practicing Musician*. It was exactly the way I transcribed it months ago. Let's say that I grinned like a little kid with candy."
D.O., guitar

"Perfect Pitch is an invaluable asset in my musical career. I feel if every musician could hear as I do, they would realize how useful it is, and how delightful."
H.M., voice

"It brings me to the root of their R.C., piano

"It's hard to describe. It's like hearing more of the piece or the different feelings evoked because of the key it's played in."

"I can listen to myself better and hear what I'm doing, allowing me to express myself better."

"All music listening is improved quite markedly on the level of happiness, as you pointed out on one of the tapes."
S.H., jazz guitar

"Never again will I listen to music as before. My playing has improved and I am able to easily transcribe note-for-note many Eric Clapton songs I had wanted to for so long."
H.K., guitar

"It's amazing how easy and simple Perfect Pitch is. After understanding it, it was like the pitches were at the tip of my ear."
C.L., piano, guitar

"The life and breath of feeling part of what we play can be more fully experienced through this knowledge of Perfect Pitch."
D.S., piano

"I hear a song on the radio and I know what they're doing without my bass guitar."

"It all boils down to taking the time to listen."
M.B., piano

"This is absolutely what I have been searching for."
D.F., piano

"I am convinced that a finely tuned ear is the greatest gift that I could ever give my students."
J.F., music teacher

"This course could replace, or at the very least, cut in half the time lavished on seemingly obsolete ear-training courses currently taught."
M.S., music teacher

"My improvisations have improved. I feel more in control of what I'm doing."
I.F.B., Costa Rica

"It's strange how some things that seem so hard are so simple."
D.W., flute

"I used to sleep in instead of practicing in the morning, but since starting your course I haven't skipped one day. My improvisations have improved."
M.S., piano/synthesizer

"Perfect Pitch for a musician is more valuable than gold."
E.V., guitar

"Although I was at first skeptical, I am now awed."
R.H., sax

"I can't understand why it's remained a secret for so long."
B.T., music student

"A few days after starting the course the music did seem more colorful and vibrant."
J.P., guitar, Australia

"I have already acquired abilities I never dreamed of having 2 years ago, as well as an overall zest for music. You've really made a difference."
M.C., piano, Germany

"Last Tuesday night in rehearsal I was listening to the soloist play and I recognized F#. I was so excited that I..."

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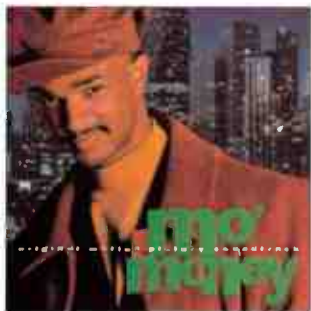
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HIT MEN JIMMY JAM AND
TERRY LEWIS

DANCING FOR DOLLARS



MO' MONEY
(PERSPECTIVE/A&M)
RED HOT + DANCE
(COLUMBIA)

Charity albums, where various performers donate tracks to a collection whose proceeds benefit a worthy cause, and multi-artist film soundtracks, where movie and record conglomerates band together to stroke each other's bank accounts, are nothing new. But whether they've sold or flopped, they've always felt like strange animals to

pop fans who expect an album to unveil a unified work by one band or singer/songwriter. Such projects forfeit ambition; their philanthropic or show-biz origins limit them.

In 1990, producer Steve Lillywhite's *Red Hot + Blue* experimented with edgy, postmodern renditions of Cole Porter songs done by everyone from the

Thompson Twins to the Jungle Brothers. Now there was an ambition that couldn't be denied, even beyond the benefits its sales provided for AIDS research. *Red Hot + Dance*, billed as "the second major project" from the same U.K.-based charity, leads with new music from George Michael, three songs that range from the smart come-ons of "Too Funky"

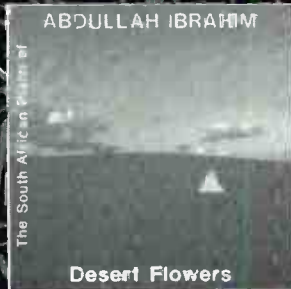


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THE LOST WORLD**

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(BLUEMOON 79175)

an eye on the past



**ABDULLAH IBRAHIM
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**MITCH WATKINS
STRINGS WITH WINGS**

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(ENJA 79679)

a vision for the future



**BARBARA DENNERLEIN
THAT'S ME**

YOU'D BE HARD-PRESSED TO FIND A MORE COLORFUL WOMAN IN JAZZ MUSIC TODAY. BARBARA DENNERLEIN AND HER EXPRESSIVE HAMMOND B3 ORGAN PRESENT A VIBRANT, AND SPONTANEOUS SET OF ORIGINALS ACCENTED BY INCREDIBLE SOLOING AND HER ELECTRIFYING ENSEMBLE FEATURING RAY ANDERSON, DENNIS CHAMBERS, BOB BERG, AND MITCH WATKINS. PREPARE TO BE BLOWN-AWAY! (BLUEMOON 79183)

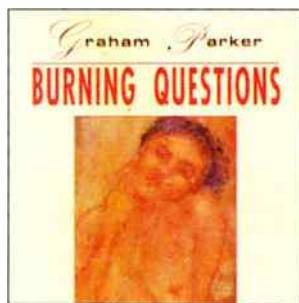
and "Happy" to the lesser "Do You Really Want to Know." Then it offers a brilliant Sly & Robbie remix of "Supernatural," a fanciful Madonna tale previously available only as the B-side of her British "Cherish" single.

Madonna and Michael, to be sure, are major names. But the rest of the album—which includes great-to-interesting remixes of hits like Lisa Stansfield's "Change" (which was too vocal-heavy originally), Seal's "Crazy" and PM Dawn's "Set Adrift on Memory Bliss"—works better as a strong statement of how club music moves, thinks and assembles itself right now. Especially for people who rarely see "white labels," the just-off-the-presses 12-inches that feed the creativity of dance record-makers, it's an essential listen. And when, near the end of the set, Todd Terry remixes Sly & the Family Stone's "Thank You (Falettin Me Be Mice Elf Agin)" not with contempo self-indulgence but rather with a lucid appreciation and understanding of that '60s dance milestone, the depth of *Red Hot + Dance* becomes apparent.

The tradition of the multi-artist soundtrack, which heated up during the mid-'80s when Hollywood discovered that MTV connection, is a dubious one. For every *Something Wild* or *Vision Quest*—worldpop and AOR arguments, respectively—there are a thousand turkeys that fully deserve their bleak market fates. You wouldn't expect Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis, two rock-educated pros who've pursued unified album-making for a decade with prestigious results, to toss off a collection, or sink their style into soundtrack goo. And with their *Mo' Money* extravaganza, they've done neither.

Instead, they summarize, as per their famous command of mainstream black pop, the current state of the art. One key to the scope of their ambition is "The Best Things in Life Are Free," a masterly duet where Janet Jackson's lovely vocal parts leave her sounding as great as Luther Vandross (!). Elsewhere, ballads and jams by Johnny Gill, Caron Wheeler and Color Me Badd jump around next to hip-hop-spawned tracks by MC Lyte, Big Daddy Kane, Public Enemy (the swell "Get Off My Back," not done with Jam-Lewis), and others. From the *Mo' Money* All-stars' "Mo' Money Groove" (which nicks a lot of the vibe of early Trouble Funk) to Sounds of Blackness' "Joy," *Mo' Money* tells a black pop story similar to Quincy Jones' *Back on the Block*. But Jam and Lewis make it live and breathe. And on a soundtrack, yet.

—James Hunter



GRAHAM PARKER
Burning Questions
(CAPITOL)

PAUL KELLY AND THE MESSENGERS
Comedy
(DR. DREAM)

MY BLOOD'S STILL BOILING!" EX-claims Graham Parker, seconds into *Burning Questions*. That's no surprise, since he's dedicated his career to portraying the lone figure railing against an absurd universe. In fact, it's hard to imagine him without a healthy supply of righteous anger, although he flirts with that very scenario in the second half of this surprisingly strong album. Having just dropped a bomb on right-wing nuts in the blistering "Here It Comes Again," Parker unclenches his fists for "Mr. Tender," an intimate ballad highlighted by a "vow to lose the venom in my toughness," an intention restated in the gentle "Worthy of Your Love."

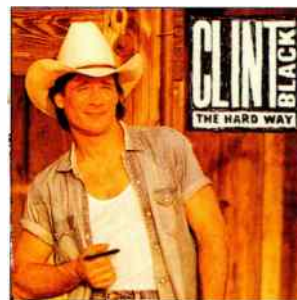
Happily, there's plenty of bile and raw nerves elsewhere, plus some of his catchiest tunes in a decade. "Too Many Knots to Untangle" sets existential angst to a gleaming pop melody, while the poignant "Just Like Joe Meek's Blues" uses the legendary wacko producer and suicide victim as a catalyst for high drama. (Nice "Telstar" quote, too.) In a striking throwback to the late '70s, "Platinum Blonde" recreates the spastic energy that marked fellow auteur Elvis Costello's early days, complete with images of sexual treachery and a tense chorus worthy of *This Year's Model*.

Now the bad news. On his fifth label, Parker must feel he has to hit a home run every time, but his insistence on being super-serious becomes wearisome. *Burning Questions* needs the change of pace a few throwaway tunes would provide.

If he's incapable of composing them himself, Parker could borrow from Paul Kelly, who apparently has filler to spare. Not to knock the talented Australian songwriter or his Messengers, whose crisp folk-rock knows few peers. However, probably nobody could come up

with 18 winners, as they've foolishly tried to do here. Anyway, *Comedy* clicks more often than not, especially when Kelly combines his mild voice with dark sentiments, on the snappy "Your Little Sister (Is a Big Girl Now)," a study in ambivalent lust, or "I Can't Believe We Were Married," which coats deep regret with a jaunty veneer. His Everyman persona adds an acid edge to the tales of gossip and resentment: Cheerfully closing with the cynical "Little Boy Don't Lose Your Balls," he's got to be speaking from bitter experience. Folks who acquired the Kelly habit through his A&M albums are advised to look a little harder for *Comedy*. It's worth the effort.

—Jon Young



CLINT BLACK
The Hard Way
(RCA)

IN THE HEAT OF ACHY-BREAKY-GARTH-fueled country music crossover, it's easy to forget the big splash of Clint Black's debut record *Killing Time*, a few years back. Balancing pop turns and Texas tradition in songs that owed as much to James Taylor and the Beatles as they did to Bob Wills and Merle Haggard, Black's was the kind of authentic guy-next-door success story that country fans love. Since then, however, the singer married a movie star, ran into management problems and released a disappointing second effort that left critics wondering just how many hooks he really had under his hat.

With *The Hard Way*, Black sounds like a man trying to get back a little ground, and it seems to have put the edge back in his songwriting. Taking over production and augmenting his regular band with some of Music City's finest, he hits the ground running with "We Tell Ourselves," as tasty a slice of pickup-truck philosophy as he's yet served. The title song features some weirdly appropriate electric sitar lines from guitarist Hayden Nicholas. And while some of Black's lyrics are recycled ("these are the good old days"), he'll turn around and wrap up a line like "a man has his will, but a

woman has her way” in a melody that’ll make you swallow it whole.

And ain’t that what a good country song oughta do? Like the rest of today’s young crop of singers, Black grew up hearing as much rock ‘n’ roll as country; his knack is mixing large doses of both to come up with straightforward songs that remain true to those influences. In an era when the biggest-selling country stars have more in common with Wayne Newton than Hank Williams, that’s refreshing.

—Peter Cronin



SANTANA

Milagro
(POLYDOR)

A WESOME. FOR THE MOST PART THIS set, Santana’s first release on Polydor after a brief infinity with CBS, could have been issued 20 years ago—though the sound wouldn’t have been as creamy. It’s not just that the group is plowing old musical ground but that leader Carlos Santana seems to have gotten through the past two decades with his idealism unscathed. At a time when a lot of people are embarrassed about being too politically correct—you gotta hand it to conservatives, they sure know how to derail the discussion—Santana is still excerpting Martin Luther King speeches (hasn’t even moved on to Malcolm yet!), still professes to believe that music is the healing force of the universe, still believes that “we can make it work.” As if anyone still had a clue as to what “it” is.

But if Santana’s philosophy has grown cataracts, his guitar playing remains clear-eyed and invigorating—and, fortunately, heavily featured here over his rather anonymous-sounding current band, a stout aggregation but not immune to the blinding influence of post-’70s fusion. Carlos has long admired the heroic improvisers of jazz, and while it wouldn’t be fair to hold him to that standard, he has a rock/jazz sensibility that combines cheap thrills with existential responsibility. Sharply ecstatic on the fast ones, plumply melodramatic on the

slow, he can energetically parse the kozmic flash on the title cut or take a fearsome solo with a three-days’ growth and dubious breath on “Red Prophet.” Or dial down and reach for pop pathos on the ballad “Somewhere in Heaven” with the shameless instincts of a crooner ready to fall to one knee and sob.

So the dinosaur continues to roar even though the surrounding vista seems more than a little frayed. On the other hand, as Samuel Beckett once moaned, the old questions, the old answers, there’s nothing like ‘em. What’s so bad about feeling good? What’s so funny about peace, love and understanding? What’s wrong with this picture?

—Richard C. Walls



MEGADETH

Countdown to Extinction
(CAPITOL)

I T MAY BE DAVE MUSTAINE’S GREATEST luck and worst misfortune to be the guy who got out of Metallica alive. Like many a terminated employee, he managed to leave the company with a stockpile of goods, if not a golden parachute—in this case, enough whiplash-y licks to help fill the void at the dawn of a new metal era. Unfortunately, Mustaine hasn’t developed sufficient skills to keep him competitive in today’s market. Ex-colleagues James Hetfield and Lars Ulrich continue to not merely push, but redefine, rock’s envelope at every juncture. But while his fifth Megadeth exercise, *Countdown to Extinction*, reveals a band and a sound that have never been slicker, Mustaine’s talents have never seemed so modest.

There’s Mustaine’s voice, for one thing, which seems to have two settings—cartoony-scary and cartoony-cartoony, of which both slots have been jammed more comprehensively by 1) every death metal group with a cheesy harmonizer or 2) any punk funk bungle by Mike Patton or Primus. There’s Mustaine’s guitar concepts, which narrow the gap between diddy and widdly. And there’s his “politics.” Apocalyptic fits like “Symphony of Destruction,” “Architecture of Aggression” and “Countdown to Extinc-

tion,” informed by strictly by-the-click drumming and arrangements more conservative than any of Dan Quayle’s habits, come off as convenient poses rather than clarion calls to action, revolutionary or otherwise. It’s as if the form entirely nullifies the content—then again, as Megadeth slouches closer toward Hollywood than Babylon, maybe that’s the point. But like another often witty, equally egocentric and frequently misguided Dave, whose interviews have become more entertaining than his music, unless Mustaine gets some better advice (or maybe just a better band) soon, he may discover that what he’s rapidly counting down to extinction is a career.

—Deborah Frost



JOHNNY CASH

The Essential Johnny Cash (1955-1983)
(COLUMBIA)

F ROM HIS FIRST RECORDINGS IN 1955 with producers Sam Phillips and Jack Clement at Sun Studios in Memphis, through his 25 years on Columbia Records, this collection follows Johnny Cash from his days as an almost unbelievably prolific songwriter, through his interpretations of works by such varied writers as Harlan Howard, Carl Perkins, Shel Silverstein, Merle Travis, Bob Dylan, Rodney Crowell, Jagger-Richards, Kris Kristofferson, Nick Lowe and Bruce Springsteen. Throughout, Cash’s delivery carries the ring of truth, be it via the harrowing narrative of “Long Black Veil,” or the understated dignity of Springsteen’s “Highway Patrolman.” Said to have written more than 1000 songs in his lifetime, Cash’s musical influences derive from poor Arkansas white folks, later tempered with Memphis rock and blues, and finally folk music. The common thread is sincerity; from “Hey Porter” through “I’m Gonna Sit on the Porch and Pick My Old Guitar,” Cash’s songs have an accessibility and believability seldom found, even among country’s “new traditionalists.”

Cash often exhibited rock ‘n’ roll sentiments in a country format; digitally restored, Luther Perkins’ in-your-face gui- [cont’d on page 110]

NEW RELEASES

ROCK

BY J. D. CONSIDINE

CLANNAD

Anam

(ATLANTIC)

CONSIDERING HOW BLITHELY we Americans have ignored Clannad in the past, only the most optimistic will expect this latest attempt—half new material, half “best of” and wholly hoping to make hay off the *Patriot Games* soundtrack revival of “Harry’s Game”—to finally put the band over. Still, between the lush atmospherics of “Uirchill An Chreagáin” and the passionate power of Máire Brennan’s duet with Bono on “In a Lifetime,” only the most hard-hearted listeners will remain unconvinced.

MARY CHAPIN CARPENTER

Come On Come On

(COLUMBIA)

TOO TUNEFUL TO be marginalized and too smart to settle for hack work, Carpenter is less a product of Nashville’s rejuvenation than proof that the singer/songwriter aesthetic is back. If the subtle intelligence of “He Thinks He’ll Keep Her” doesn’t convince you, the groove-driven grace of “I Feel Lucky” will.

INNER CITY

Praise

(VIRGIN)

KEVIN SAUNDERSON MAY have invented techno, but that doesn’t mean he has to play by the rules. Instead of the brisk beats and soulless samples rave fans have come to expect, he and Paris Grey serve up a sound built around P-Funk and gospel that not only obliterates most techno clichés but shows the style to be more innately musical than any rave-fave on the scene. High praise, indeed.

WARRANT

Dog Eat Dog

(COLUMBIA)

DESPITE THE DUMB-ASS reputation garnered from *Cherry Pie*, there’s plenty of intelligence flickering beneath the high-gloss surface here. Sure, “Machine Gun” and its ilk offer a few variations on the usual rocka-rola rave-ups. But it’s not until these guys get into the dark recesses of tunes like “Andy Warhol Was Right” that Warrant unleashes the sort of inspired weirdness that elevates them beyond another California rock cartoon.



ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK, SINGLES (EPIC SOUNDTRAX)

AS IF TO prove he’s still a rock critic at heart, the soundtrack Cameron Crowe assembled for his latest film comes on like an insider’s guide to the Seattle grunge scene. No Nirvana (too obvious? or too tied to Geffen?) but plenty of tasty tidbits from Pearl Jam, Soundgarden, Alice in Chains (a killer), Mother Love Bone, Screaming Trees (a sleeper) and Smashing Pumpkins. Not to mention a pair of solo beauts from retired Replacement Paul Westerberg, one of which—“Dyslexic Heart”—delivers the album’s best metaphor. Don’t wait for the movie.

CARTER THE UNSTOPPABLE

SEX MACHINE

1992—*The Love Album*

(EMI)

LIKE A LOT of things English, Carter U.S.M. doesn’t really translate on this side of the Atlantic. It isn’t that we Yanks won’t get gags like “Do Re Me So Far So Good” or “The Only Living Boy in New Cross”—a pun’s a pun. But even devoted Anglophiles will be stymied by this team’s music, a working-class parody of the Pet Shop Boys that makes sense only if you worry about the Pet Shop Boys’ class-consciousness in the first place.

DR. JOHN

Goin’ Back to New Orleans

(WARNER BROS.)

WHAT MAKES THIS return to roots compelling isn’t its panoramic take on Crescent City soul—a postcard view the Dr. has been peddling since the

days of *Gris-Gris* and *Gumbo*—but that it relies as much on his imagination as on the city’s history. Meaning that no matter what he gleans from forgotten gems like “Careless Love” and “Didn’t He Ramble,” he pulls just as much from such originals as “Litanie des Saints” and “Fess Up.” Who says you can’t go home again?

SHUDDER TO THINK

Get Your Goat

(DISCHORD)

NOT YOUR STANDARD harDCore act, Shudder to Think pushes the knotty guitar groove of Fugazi to such cerebral extremes that songs like “Love Catastrophe” and “Goat” verge on art-rock. Except that art-rock never kicked this hard.

BILLY RAY CYRUS

Some Gave All

(MERCURY)

SOME DON’T GIVE a damn.

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— ROBERT EVANS, LAWRENCEVILLE NJ

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JAZZ

BY JIM MACNIE

TONY REEDUS

Incognito

(ENJA)

THIS LEFT-OF-CENTER BLOWING session, the forthright drummer's first date as a leader, brings out the best of its participants—something to which every record date should aspire. With Dave Holland, Gary Thomas and Steve Nelson, Reedus crushes clichés like “vibes sound nice” and “rampage is anachronistic.” Nelson waxes itchy and precise; Thomas (who flutes around, too) has never sounded so supple or playful. (And charged: The outright swing pieces are where he dumps that mechanical feel which mars his own discs.) Holland you know about. And the leader vanquishes complacency in each quite pliable measure.

B BOLD SOULS

Sideshow

(ARABESQUE)

THEY SOUND GARGANTUAN—all that bottom. But the second date of Ed Wilkerson's little big band is mired with arrangements that occasionally lumber, which is what happens when the tuba gets as much time as the trumpet. But once you get used to these deep, ominous hues, the Souls' distinctive fluency is unmissable. The composer is always thinking orchestral, so solos aren't as crucial as movement. And when the ensemble does bust out, you realize just how wise Wilkerson's pen has become. Hollywood: Get this guy a soundtrack deal.

CHARLIE HADEN QUARTET WEST

Haunted Heart

(VERVE)

NOSTALGIA CAN BE treacherous, but Haden's bop ensemble bars the door on schmaltz, allowing only consummate invention into this program of tunes from Hollywood's lush life. These interpretations of pop/show pieces snuggle up to the extraordinarily melancholy originals (by Jo Stafford, Jeri Southern and Billie), but the real accomplishment is the graphic way in which the band essays its emotions and ideas. They're as tight and compelling as the MJQ in a good mood, making this cool Left Coast songbook teem with fervent yet tender élan.

MALACHI THOMPSON

The Jaz Life

(DELMARK)

THIS WINDY CITY stalwart has made a hard bop record that sounds a lifetime or two away from what that term means in the hands of even the

most talented of today's kiddos. There's elbow room galore (especially by the bulldog reeds of Joe Ford and Carter Jefferson), yet it's not just a knock-off session; informality is never confused with slackness. Call it the tightest after-hours session ever.

MICHAEL FORMANEK

Extended Animation

(ENJA)

THIS BASSIST'S TUNES never stop striving for contrast. Sweeping dynamics—mountains spilling into grazing territory, electronic guitar sounds segueing into the human breath of reeds—are crucial to this modernist confab. Deployment is everything, and Formanek's crew (Tim Berne, Mark Feldman, Wayne Krantz and Jeff Hirshfield) give the stuff a kick. Maybe it's because they're all pals. Shows you what happens when a dialect leans toward becoming a language.

ANTHONY COX

Dark Metals

(ANTILLES)

IT'S A FEW months old, but it would be a shame if this unique record, which suggests that introspection needn't be passive, fell through the cracks. One message: How you play your lines is as telling as the lines themselves. That makes Dewey Redman sound almost elegant, and it allows Billy Higgins to create a tidal wave with just a caress of his cymbal. Cox hears bop as a refined language—there's enough poise here to please John Lewis.

THE CLIFFORD JORDAN BIG BAND

Down Through the Years

(MILESTONE)

NYC's cloth-napkin bistro Condon's gave Jordan a steady spot to hone his girthy ensemble, and his live date from the club suggests that the savvy vet understands that too tight ain't right. So instead of dastardly polish, we get a disc of gutsy swagger. At its heart is the authoritative growl of the leader's tenor, one of jazz's most sentient sounds. Here, he squawks as much as he smolders, reminding that romance can have its harsh side.

CRAIG HANDY

Split Second Timing

(ARABESQUE)

WHERE MANY YOUNG horn players compress their ideas and ball up their influences, Handy takes a stroll, lets it all hang out, blabs on a bit. What you wind up digging is his sweep: Propulsive phrases can be spit out or etched with legato sensuousness. Both wind up sounding cunning, and killer too, aided in the latter process by Ralph Peterson's generous supply of oomph, and Robin Eubanks' inspired blat.

REISSUES

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Run Mascara; Here Come the Girls

Volume 3

(SEQUEL)

THE FIRST TWO volumes in this series concentrated on '60s U.K. female singers who give the term “obscurity” a good name. *Run Mascara* crosses the Atlantic for some palpable contemporary hits by Shelley Fabares, the Raindrops, the Essex and the Toys. The rest of this 20-track, 10-artist compilation is no less enjoyable for digging deeper. The title cut is one of three (none available domestically) by the Exciters, with Brenda Reid's typically blazing lead vocals. Earl-Jean's unforgettable original version of “I'm into Something Good” and Elena's racy “Evening Time” are among the other, occasionally Phil Spector-esque, delights. (West Heath Yard, 174 Mill Lane, London NW6 1TB, England)—*Scott Siler*

ORNETTE COLEMAN

Change of the Century

(ATLANTIC)

MAX ROACH

*The Max Roach Trio Featuring the
Legendary Hasaan*

(ATLANTIC)

TWO REISSUES OF tremendous historical value. Kind of hard to believe what a brouhaha Coleman's music created back in the late '50s and early '60s, given the classic values depicted on each of *Change of the Century's* joyous tunes (even the out ones like “Free” and the title cut). This music is as natural as a spoken word, and one has to believe that if Ornette had come out playing his magnificent blues “Ranblin'” or his charming dance “Una Muy Bonita” on electric guitar, rather than alto, his writing and melodic gifts as an improviser wouldn't have seemed so...radical. Max Roach's recording with piano innovator Hasaan—out of print for decades—is full of sonic hand grenades, and there's nothing like it in all of jazz. Some pianists can take a honky-tonk piano and make it sound like a Steinway, while others can make a Steinway sound like a honky-tonk; Hasaan was of the latter school. His dense, broken improvisations are full of rhythmic complexity and unsettling harmonies, and he seems to bend notes at will with his furious tonal clusters. Art Davis provides the gravity, and Roach's playing is innovative even by Max's lofty standards.—*Chip Stern*

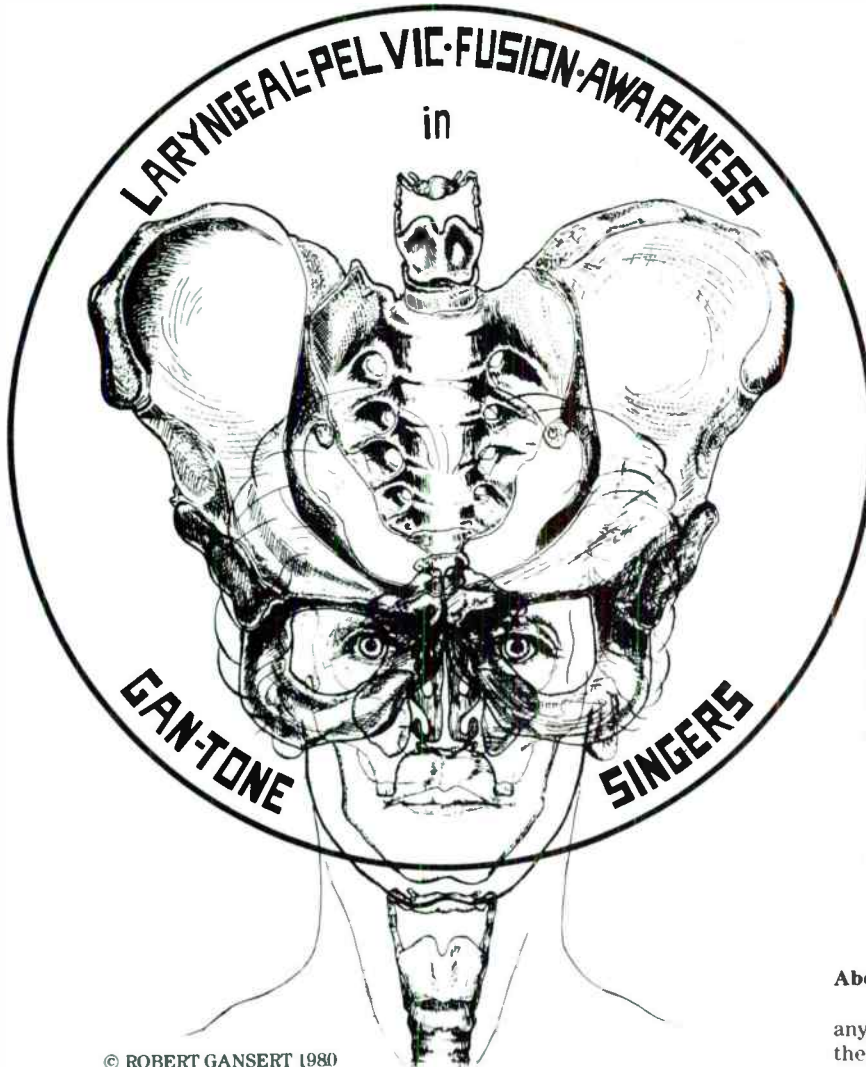
DAVID BOWIE

Scary Monsters

(RYKODISC)

BOWIE'S LAST GREAT album, *Scary Monsters*, applied elements from Bowie's previous three

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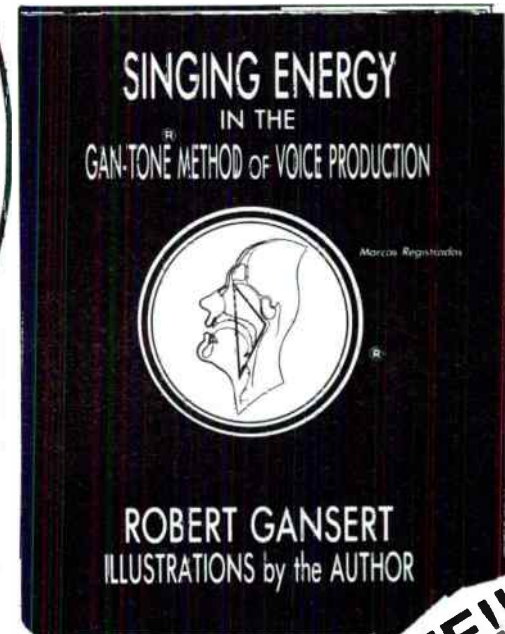
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records (Fripp's screaming guitar, Eno's "accidental art" ideas) to a terrific set of songs, wrapped it up in a loud, tough sound that echoed everything from John Lennon to Sly Stone's *There's a Riot Goin' On*, and still managed to sound like Bowie. It's the urban nightmare he's been trying to recapture ever since. With bonus tracks.—*Thomas Anderson*

JOHN LEE HOOKER
Don't Turn Me from Your Door
(ATCO)

WITH SO MUCH John Lee available these days, how can you make the right choice? Among many valuable reissues, here's a flawless collection drawn primarily from 1953. Except for Howlin' Wolf, Hooker is probably the scariest and most demanding of the big-name post-war bluesmen. But where Wolf posed a threat to public order, the Hook seems more dangerous to himself than to anyone else: His despondent vocals and repetitive electric guitar chords are the warning signs of a man drowning in sorrow, no relief in sight. This naked anguish makes the title track almost painful to behold, though it's impossible to turn away from his eloquent moan. Mesmerizing.—*Jon Young*

VIDEO

BRANFORD MARSALIS
The Music Tells You
(SONY MUSIC VIDEO)

D.A. PENNEBAKER'S DOCUMENTARY about Branford Marsalis makes us look at the saxophonist with fresh eyes. Because he is so well known and such a vivid personality, because his image as the hot young gun has been so firmly fixed, it is almost a shock to realize that Branford is assuming the stature of a jazz master. Pennebaker lets us hear that for ourselves, while he points our eyes toward the endless bus rides, highway breakfasts and one-night stands that constitute the jazz musician's life. As Branford says at one point, rock stars can take a year off, a jazz man's got to keep gigging. His best joke: How does a jazz musician make a million dollars? Well, you start with two million.... Branford took his new job with "The Tonight Show" in order to quit touring—which means the period of his life that Pennebaker has documented is already history. Aren't you glad you didn't miss it?—*Bill Flanagan*

RECORDINGS

[*cont'd from page 105*] tar work effectively punctuates those themes. Another obvious highlight is the inclusion of several live cuts from recordings at Folsom and San Quentin prisons, made during Cash's wilder days. It's clear where his sympathies lie when he belts out such classics as "Cocaine Blues," "Folsom Prison Blues" and "San Quentin." Talk about your captive audience!

Cash's voice changes greatly from the early days to the 1980s. The Sun recordings feature more tuneful delivery with some range; later, he develops—or falls back on—the more relaxed, almost recitation-like style that he's carried into the present. He never did mind stretching the boundaries of his genre—although most tunes fall well within the standard three-minute mark, "John Henry" clocks in at more than nine minutes, as the singer characteristically goes to bat for prisoners, Indians, drunks and war vets. Cash took his guns to town.

In a time when boxed sets are being released on an almost weekly basis, here's one artist whose work deserves to be saluted for consistency and integrity. Don't stop now, Johnny.

—Ray Waddell


BUCKETHEAD

[*cont'd from page 88*] which is not the case; he listens, he's evolving rhythmically, he's interested in diverse music. It's not just a guy playing fast guitar. There's a whole other voice in there."

"He's just incredibly fast," laughs Bootsy, "I mean, *incredibly*—you know that thing about the hands are quicker than the eye? Okay, I believe that now. And before he records he takes about a half-hour, exercising. Bernie and I never exercise, we just kinda laid right on it, so I'm learning something from him. That's really payin' off, and hopefully it sparks the live thing back in the industry, because for a minute it looked like a dead-end street for all of us."

If anyone understands Brian Carroll, if there's a science-fiction parallel for Buckethead, it's Collins: James Brown's bassist at 15, a key piece of Parliament/Funkadelic at 22. "Once you get stereotyped it's hard to break out, because don't nobody *want* you to break out!" He laughs ironically. "That's rough."

Buckethead has been lying immobile under a board in a makeshift shed for 20 minutes. No one is watching; the crew is across the dock setting up. Later, as they repeatedly shoot a sequence with Worrell, Bucket stands off-camera, wrapping himself in a disgustingly filthy car-seat cushion, using it as a shield, then fighting it off. He seems a child, somehow perverse in his innocence, a neurotic reaction to the wayward priorities of the business he's entering. Does that make him special? Either as a pathetic victim of that sensibility, or a brilliant performance artist. Again, it depends on how you listen. "Most of this trip is such bullshit that he's not gonna be able to work with many people," agrees Laswell, "so it's lucky he's finding his way. He's in no hurry. The whole thing is a mystery, which is what it should remain, because

music is, as well. People shouldn't concern themselves with him unless they have something to say about his guitar playing. What he does with his bucket is his business." 

TELEVISION

[*cont'd from page 78*] wasn't gonna work.

"Call Mr. Lee" was an example of that. It was a real manic song about three months ago. By the time it was done, "This doesn't really work." Instead of "Let's do it again," this desperate situation of some spy locked up in a foreign country, this cinematic kind of '60s spy film was more like a European spy film—kind of weird but not real exciting, like people sitting around in hotel rooms, a girl with a raincoat.

"I had a meeting with about eight people from Capitol yesterday and they all wanted lyric sheets right away, 'cause either they can't make them out or can't make any sense of them!" Verlaine laughs. "There are definitely little stories and plots behind these. But by the time they get edited down, the basic gist of the plot disappears. What you end up with is a character talking about a situation they're in that doesn't really get spoken of in the song. I guess that's what makes 'em different."

Lyric sheets aside, Capitol has been a model of corporate enlightenment. "The record company was very cool," Salvati says. "They totally left us alone. The A&R guy called up once and asked if he could come down. He sorta was embarrassed because nobody wanted to bother us. He came down and said, 'Just gotta do my job.' He hung around for a bit and then split. At one point the president of the record company came down and told everybody he liked what he heard."

As the ultimate show of faith in the band, Capitol let Television produce themselves; Verlaine and Smith share "executive producer" credits. Verlaine, used to producing himself, wouldn't have it any other way.

"I've met just about every big producer in the world once and had dinner with them," he says, "and never once came away impressed. A lot of them are incredible shits. You wouldn't believe it. Real shits. You don't even wanna be in the same room with 'em. They just sit there and scream at you, especially the English ones. Like, 'Fuck you! How'd you ever get a fucking record deal?' They think they're psyching you up to play a guitar solo and you just wanna go kill 'em. It's an idiotic way of dealing with people."

So *Television*—like all of Verlaine's preceding albums—will be [*cont'd on page 113*]

THE MUSICIAN CHARTS

THE TOP 100 ALBUMS

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

1 · 31	BILLY RAY CYRUS <i>Some Gave All</i> /Mercury
2 · 1	KRIS KROSS <i>Totally Krossed Out</i> /Kulihouse
3 · 2	RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS <i>Blood Sugar Sex Magik</i> /Warner Bros.
4 · —	MARIAH CAREY <i>MTV Unplugged EP</i> /Columbia
5 · —	WILSON PHILLIPS <i>Shadows and Light</i> /SBK
6 · 7	PEARL JAM <i>Ten</i> /Epic Associated
7 · 11	THE BLACK CROWES <i>The Southern Harmony and Musical Companion</i> /Del American
8 · 4	GARTH BROOKS <i>Ropin' the Wind</i> /Capitol
9 · 3	DEF LEPPARD <i>Adrenalize</i> /Mercury
10 · 15	SIR MIX-A-LOT <i>Mack Daddy</i> /Def American
11 · 6	GARTH BROOKS <i>No Fences</i> /Capitol
12 · 13	GENESIS <i>We Can't Dance</i> /Atlantic
13 · 10	EN VOGUE <i>Funky Divas</i> /Atco EastWest
14 · 8	ZZ TOP <i>Greatest Hits</i> /Warner Bros.
15 · 21	METALLICA <i>Metallica</i> /Elektra
16 · 27	DAS EFX <i>Dead Serious</i> /Atco EastWest
17 · 5	QUEEN <i>Classic Queen</i> /Hollywood
18 · 14	WYONNA <i>Wynonna</i> /Curb
19 · 9	THE CURE <i>Wish/Fiction</i>
20 · 12	U2 <i>Achtung Baby</i> /Island
21 · 17	BEASTIE BOYS <i>Check Your Head</i> /Capitol
22 · 18	BONNIE RAITT <i>Luck of the Draw</i> /Capitol
23 · 19	MICHAEL BOLTON <i>Time, Love and Tenderness</i> /Columbia
24 · 22	LIONEL RICHIE <i>Back to Front</i> /Motown
25 · 30	ENYA <i>Shepherd Moons</i> /Reprise
26 · 16	NIRVANA <i>Nevermind</i> /DGC
27 · 46	ANNIE LENNOX <i>Diva</i> /Arista
28 · 44	JODECI <i>Forever My Lady</i> /MCA
29 · 35	BOYZ II MEN <i>Cooleyhighharmony</i> /Motown
30 · 29	COLOR ME BADD <i>C.M.B. Giant</i>
31 · —	FAITH NO MORE <i>Angel Dust</i> /Slash
32 · 26	VANESSA WILLIAMS <i>The Comfort Zone</i> /Capitol
33 · 33	GARTH BROOKS <i>Garth Brooks</i> /Capitol
34 · 43	INDIGO GIRLS <i>Rites of Passage</i> /Epic
35 · 20	"WEIRD AL" YANKOVIC <i>Off the Deep End</i> /Scotti Bros.
36 · 25	MICHAEL JACKSON <i>Dangerous</i> /Epic
37 · 52	BROOKS & DUNN <i>Brand New Man</i> /Arista
38 · 47	CELINE DION <i>Celine Dion</i> /Epic
39 · 48	TLC <i>Oooooohhh... On the TLC Tip</i> /LaFace
40 · 41	AMY GRANT <i>Heart in Motion</i> /A&M
41 · 24	BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN <i>Human Touch</i> /Columbia
42 · 53	OZZY OSBOURNE <i>No More Tears</i> /Epic Associated
43 · 23	SLAUGHTER <i>Wild Life</i> /Chrysalis
44 · 59	R. KELLY & PUBLIC <i>ANNOUNCEMENT</i> <i>Born into the '90s</i> /Jive
45 · —	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>MTV: Party to Go, Vol. 2</i> /Tommy Boy
46 · 50	KISS <i>Revenge</i> /Mercury
47 · 32	BRYAN ADAMS <i>Waking Up the Neighbors</i> /A&M
48 · 45	ALAN JACKSON <i>Don't Rock the Jukebox</i> /Arista
49 · 37	NATALIE COLE <i>Unforgettable</i> /Elektra
50 · —	GUNS N' ROSES <i>Use Your Illusion I</i> /Geffen
51 · 65	ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT <i>3 Years 5 Months & 2 Days in the Life of...</i> /Chrysalis

52 · 38	REBA MCENTIRE <i>For My Broken Heart</i> /MCA
53 · 80	SOPHIE B. HAWKINS <i>Tongues and Tails</i> /Columbia
54 · 28	SOUNDTRACK <i>Wynona's World</i> /Reprise
55 · 36	HAMMER <i>Too Legit to Quit</i> /Capitol
56 · 66	LORRIE MORGAN <i>Something in Red</i> /RCA
57 · 54	BODY COUNT <i>Body Count</i> /Sire
58 · 75	SOUNDTRACK <i>The Commitments</i> /Beacon
59 · 34	UGLY KID JOE <i>As Ugly As They Want to Be</i> <i>Stardog</i>
60 · 84	GUNS N' ROSES <i>Use Your Illusion III</i> /Geffen
61 · —	FIREHOUSE <i>Hold Your Fire</i> /Epic
62 · 49	MR. BIG <i>Lean Into It</i> /Atlantic
63 · 51	TRAVIS TRITT <i>It's All About to Change</i> <i>Warner Bros.</i>
64 · —	QUEEN <i>Live at Wembley</i> /Hollywood
65 · 40	BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN <i>Lucky Town</i> /Columbia
66 · 58	SOUNDTRACK <i>Beauty & the Beast</i> /Walt Disney
67 · 39	IRON MAIDEN <i>Fear of the Dark</i> /Epic
68 · 68	XCLAN <i>Kodis</i> /Polydor
69 · 57	CYPRESS HILL <i>Cypress Hill</i> /Ruffhouse
70 · 42	MARIAH CAREY <i>Emotions</i> /Columbia
71 · 92	FU-SCHNICKENS <i>FU-Don't Take It Personal</i> /Jive
72 · 70	K.D. LANG <i>Ingenu</i> /Sire
73 · 62	HAL KETCHUM <i>Past the Point of Return</i> /Curb
74 · —	PETE ROCK & C.I. SMOOTH <i>Meca and the Soul Brother</i> /Elektra
75 · 55	YANNI <i>Dare to Dream</i> /Private Music
76 · 60	RICHARD MARX <i>Rush Street</i> /Capitol
77 · 67	TRISHA YEARWOOD <i>Trisha Yearwood</i> /MCA
78 · 64	BLACKSHEEP <i>A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing</i> <i>Mercury</i>
79 · —	JON SECADA <i>Jon Secada</i> /SBK
80 · —	JIMMY BUFFETT <i>Boats, Beaches, Bars & Ballads</i> <i>Margaritaville</i>
81 · —	TOM COCHRANE <i>Mad Mad World</i> /Capitol
82 · 72	MELISSA ETHERIDGE <i>Never Enough</i> /Island
83 · —	SOUNDTRACK <i>Sister Act</i> /Hollywood
84 · 81	ORIGINAL LONDON CAST <i>Phantom of the Opera</i> /Highlights <i>Polydor</i>
85 · —	TROP <i>Deepa</i> /Atlantic
86 · 69	AARON TIPPIN <i>Read Between the Lines</i> /RCA
87 · 85	THE BLACK CROWES <i>Shake Your Money Maker</i> <i>Def American</i>
88 · 90	DIAMOND RIO <i>Diamond Rio</i> /Arista

89 · 96	A TRIBE CALLED QUEST <i>Low End Theory</i> /Jive
90 · 61	TORI AMOS <i>Little Earthquakes</i> /Atlantic
91 · 74	TESLA <i>Psychotic Supper</i> /Geffen
92 · —	CECE PENISTON <i>Finally</i> /A&M
93 · —	SOUNDTRACK <i>Badmotorfinger</i> /A&M
94 · 76	NAUGHTY BY NATURE <i>Naughty by Nature</i> /Tommy Boy
95 · —	GEORGE STRAIT <i>Holding My Own</i> /MCA
96 · 94	JOHN ANDERSON <i>Seminole Wind</i> /BNA
97 · —	MADONNA <i>The Immaculate Collection</i> /Sire
98 · 73	SAWYER BROWN <i>Dirt Road</i> /Curb
99 · —	SOUNDTRACK <i>Far and Away</i> /MCA
100 · 87	QUEENSRYCHE <i>Empire</i> /EMI

The Musician album chart is constructed by Billboard magazine from information collected, compiled and provided by Soundscan, Inc. © 1992 by Billboard/BPI and Soundscan, Inc. The concert chart is based on Amusement Business Box Score reports for June 1992, © 1992 by BPI Communications.

MINER FOR A CHART OF GOLD

WHEN BILLBOARD REORGANIZED ITS charts last year, it shook people up: You mean, the charts weren't eternal categories, scientific reflections of reality? Yeah, right. Proximity to the *Billboard* office has a few advantages, if you happen to be into the social history of numbers. In the '20s a new genre was created and named: "race" music, records bought by black Americans. The category found its way into *Billboard*—actually, as a sub-genre of "Folk," along with "hillbilly," as country was then rather snottily called. By the early '40s, *The Billboard*, as it was still called, was running two separate charts for black and country: the "Harlem HR Parade," drawn from record stores in a bunch of different black communities, and "Folk," which now denoted country. On February 17, 1945, the Harlem Hit Parade became the "race" chart; the first number one race record was Pvt. Cecil Grant's "I Wonder." In "Folk" that week were, among others, Tex Ritter ("Jealous Heart") and Gene Autry ("Don't Fence Me In," by that well-known hillbilly Cole Porter).

After the war, the term "race" began to seem pejorative. A *Billboard* reporter named Jerry Wexler, who afterwards mysteriously vanished from journalism, is generally credited with the new term: "Rhythm and Blues." The R&B chart debuted, with no fanfare, on June 25, 1949 (number one: Charles Brown's "Trouble Blues"; number two, "The Hucklebuck," by Paul Williams—no, not that Paul Williams. Also present: Atlantic Records' first hit, Sticks McGhee's "Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee." A far cry from Ice Cube. In fact, ponder for a moment the incredible stylistic changes in R&B in the last 40 years, compared to comparatively static country. One revolutionizes, one gives comfort to the shell-shocked).

Anyway, it must've been a busy few days in the office that week. Also on June 25, the "Folk" charts became "Folk (Country and Western)" as *Billboard* came to recognize the essential differences between John Jacob Niles and Cowboy Copas. Number one in the brand-new genre was Hank Williams and His Drifting Cowboys' "Lovesick Blues" (a song penned by Tin Pan Alley guys in the '20s). C&W didn't lose its "folk" predicate until November 15, 1952, when Hank's "Jambalaya" was number one. Number two: Slim Whitman with "Indian Love Call." Slim's still

TOP CONCERT GROSSES

1	Grateful Dead, Steve Miller Band <i>Soldier Field, Chicago, IL</i> /June 25-26	\$3,116,462
2	Grateful Dead, Steve Miller Band <i>Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, NJ</i> /June 14-15	\$3,106,542
3	Grateful Dead, Steve Miller Band <i>Rich Stadium, Buffalo, NY</i> /June 6	\$1,680,770
4	Luciano Pavarotti <i>Sheffield Arena, Sheffield, England</i> /June 3	\$1,544,284
5	Grateful Dead, Steve Miller Band <i>Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Stadium, Washington, DC</i> /June 20	\$1,493,050
6	Grateful Dead <i>Coca-Cola Star Lake Amphitheatre, Burgettstown, PA</i> /June 22-23	\$909,709
7	Grateful Dead <i>Charlotte Coliseum, Charlotte, NC</i> /June 17-18	\$875,693
8	Grateful Dead <i>Richfield Coliseum, Richfield, OH</i> /June 8-9	\$797,003
9	Grateful Dead <i>Knickbocker Arena, Albany, NY</i> /June 11-12	\$722,178
10	Jimmy Buffett & the Coral Reefer Band, Evangelina <i>Garden State Arts Center, Holmdel, NJ</i> /June 16-17	\$488,242

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TELEVISION

[cont'd from page 110] as uncompromised as they wanna be. But where does Verlaine end and Television begin?

Having worked with Verlaine both solo and in Television, Mario Salvati can spot the differences. "There are certain things that Television is that Tom Verlaine isn't—specifically, Richard's playing and Richard's parts within the songs. Richard's a real rock 'n' roll guitar player."

"One thing that happened when we got together at the end of '90 and jammed," Smith says, "more than Tom or Richard's guitar being there, was Billy's hi-hat. The way he plays his hi-hat is unlike anything else. One day they'll discover the Television sound is Bill's hi-hat playing. The rest of it is superfluous." Unprompted, Salvati seconds Smith's notion: "Some of the stuff Billy does with his hi-hat is just incredible."

Inevitably, though, the spotlight will be on Lloyd and Verlaine, together again after all those years. "I know everybody's waiting to find out what happened between the two of them," Salvati smiles. "There were no fights at all. There were some discussions—nothing out of the ordinary. I've been involved when bands have had fistfights in the studio; I shut the console off and I go home. This was nowhere near anything like that."

"I did play a number of songs for Tom that I had written," Lloyd says, "and asked him, are any of these Television songs? Fully expecting him to say no. It just made no sense to push that. It's counterproductive."

Ficca maintains intra-band relationships are better than they were in the '70s. "We're more mature. About time, for crissake."

"I don't see a problem with doing another record if Capitol wants it," Smith says. Telfer similarly states the reunion is "not intended to be a one-off. You don't suddenly reactivate a legend without giving it your full shot. But who knows what can happen."

Verlaine—typically?—looks through the glass darkly, and finds it half empty. "It really won't surprise me if this isn't happening nine months from now," he laughs. "I frankly think this record will be the same thing in this year that [Television's debut] *Marquee Moon* was in that year: A group of people will like it. It won't be the people that liked the old ones, it'll be a new group of people: 'What the fuck is this?'

"Nobody knows about the band's dynamic. A few girlfriends go around and say, 'Oh, this guy's fighting with this.' Everybody fights all

the time. I've never seen two people who didn't fight at least twice a week no matter what they're doing. Either they fight with their bosses or they quit their jobs or they simmer or stew. Fighting's just a part of being alive."

Television. See them while you can.

MICHAEL HILL

[cont'd from page 90] you can work with a teacher, if your temperament is such that that works for you, it's faster and you can get to things without having to go the long way around. I plan to study with someone eventually, 'cause I'd like to get more into reading and doing jazz. But for me, the blues will always come first.

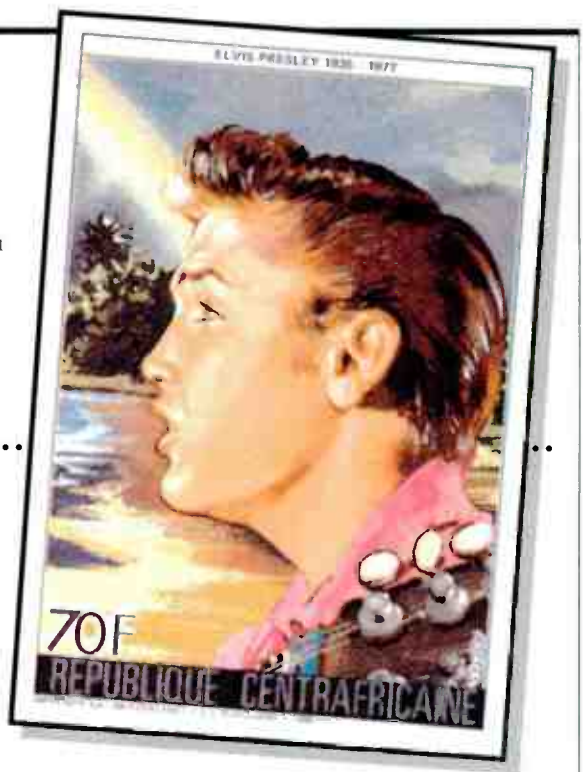
"I remember Sammy Davis said that once people have seen the greatest dancer, singer, whatever, they've seen it; they don't need to see it again. What keeps them coming back is *you*. If they like you, it's because of the personal spirit you project and not just the skill you've developed. To me, the spiritual aspect of music is most important. That's what you're trying to get to through all the playing and practicing and studying. You want to be able to pick up your instrument and tap into that place that everybody can feel."

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