

# MUSICIAN

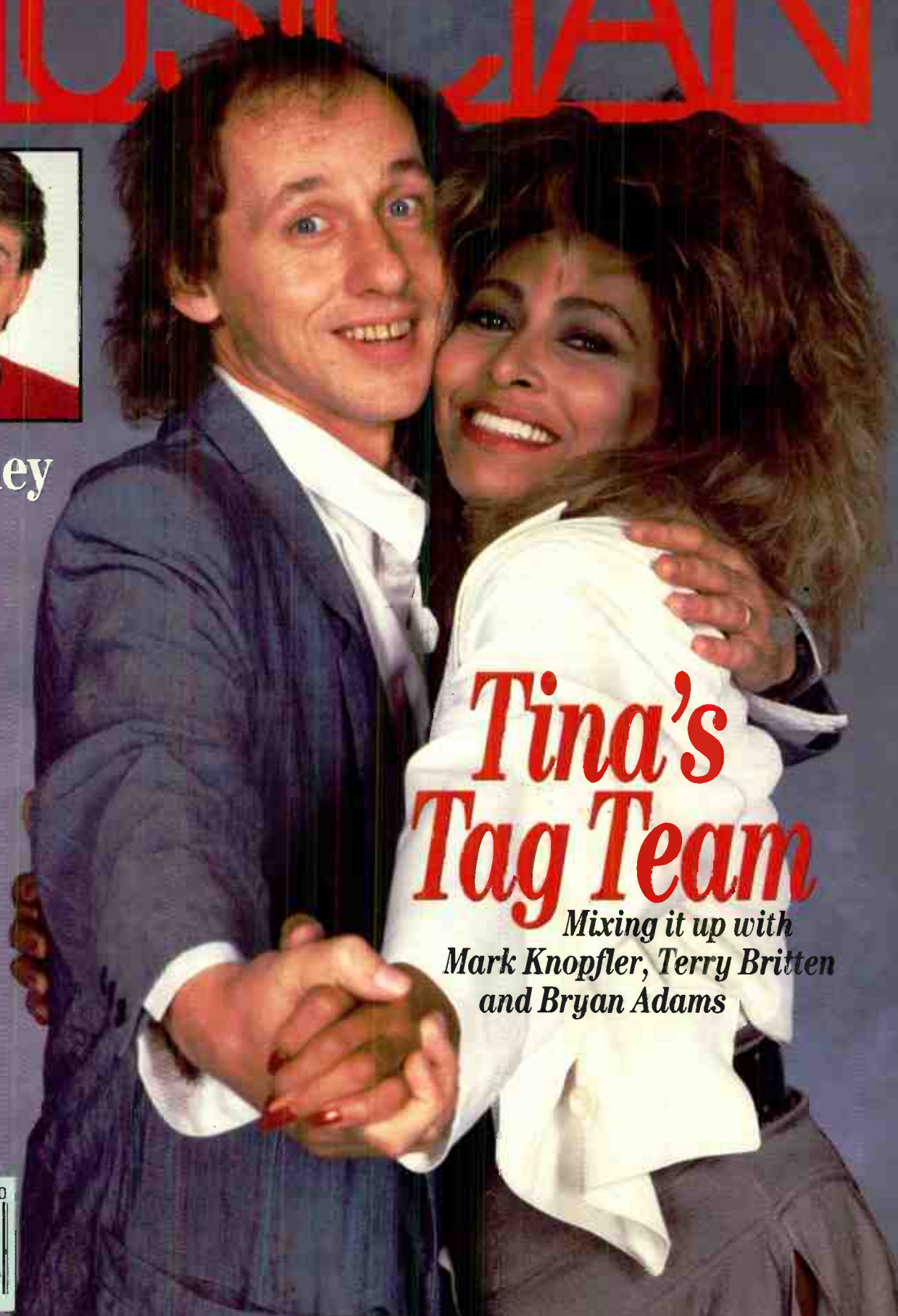


## McCartney

mouths off about George, Ringo, Yoko, drugs, critics, Wings and his long struggle with Lennon's ghost.

Is Genesis Really Trying?

Is Zappa Really Funny?



## Tina's Tag Team

Mixing it up with Mark Knopfler, Terry Britten and Bryan Adams



# Why should a sampled piano respond like a grand?

## Expressiveness.



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*Keith Emerson, Keyboardist/Composer*

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**SG-1**



World Radio History

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**DDD-1**



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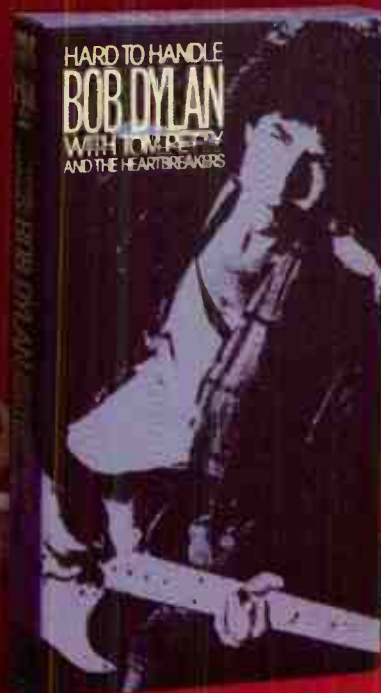
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American Gothic: "So they loaded up the truck and they moved to Beverly."

## PETER CASE

BY STEVE HOCHMAN

VICTORIA WILLIAMS  
AND HER HUSBAND  
GET SIMPLE AGAIN

Recently Peter Case took his wife, Victoria Williams, for her first visit to his home town of Hamburg, New York, a community of about 7,000 near Buffalo. Ever since he left for San Francisco in 1972 at age seventeen with no more goal than wanting to be a musician, trips home have been unpleasant experiences. This time, though, Case discovered that—surprise—he liked the place.

"This is the first time I felt comfortable there," he says. "I think I always felt a little threatened by it. I just didn't have that any more. Part of it may be going back with Victoria—not proud, but feeling good about where you're from.

I've been hard on my parents and that place, but it's really soulful. I want to live there." Case laughs at those last words, as though surprised to hear them come from his mouth.

Lately Peter Case has been finding a lot of soulful places in his life. Just a few years ago, though, when he was leading Los Angeles' critically-acclaimed (but commercially-ignored) Plimsouls, he often seemed angry and restless. His raw, powerful voice and edgy, electric guitar-driven rock songs were always sharp as Ginzu's, but even the best examples (notably "A Million Miles Away," which brilliantly updated—and soared beyond—"Eight Miles High"), were undercut by an aura of emotional turmoil.

Now, three years after breaking up the Plimsouls and retreating from the rock wars, Case, thirty-two, is a changed man. You'd hardly know he was once a grungy San Francisco street musician ("I was one of those guys you see walking down the street with long hair and a guitar around his neck and everybody crosses the street when he goes down") and then a member of a L.A. punk-era band called the Nerves ("There was real nihilism with that").

Sitting on the living-room couch of his and Williams' rented barn-like house in the Laurel Canyon of L.A., he seems rooted, confident and comfortable with himself. Having taken the last three years off to rediscover the basic values of his music, playing acoustic shows in local clubs and traveling across the country a couple of times, he's returned to the pop world, bearing an excellent debut solo album and freed of the burdens that had dogged him for years.

It's not like everything in his life has changed, though. "We're broke as the Ten Commandments right now," muses Williams, sitting at the kitchen counter. Even with both Case and Williams sporting new record contracts (she is currently working on her debut for Geffen), it's not like they expect to experience a sudden surge of upward mobility.

That sort of focus on success caused Case to retreat in the first place. "When I was with the Plimsouls, every time we made a record there'd be a bunch of people going 'This is going to be it! This is the biggest thing since sliced bread,'" Case says. "I think people in the L.A. scene wanted another band to go out and do it. We never did it. It got really painful, really harmful to the

people involved."

But doesn't Geffen hold the usual sort of hyped expectations for Case's new album? "It hasn't been a case of people having any great commercial expectations for it," Case says of what has thus far been a refreshing experience. "It may be a dark horse or something. Who knows? At least it has a chance." "They think it'll be critically acclaimed, but that nobody'll buy it," Williams adds.

As much as a sympathetic record company has helped, though, Case knows that the worst pressures come from within. For his ability to cope with them, he gives a lot of credit to the Christian faith he developed during the waning days of the Plimsouls. "Success doesn't

hold a candle to things that are really important," he says. "It doesn't matter if you're acoustic or electric or if your record goes gold."

Aligned with this belief that the Cases share was an increased sense of security in their ability to survive as musicians through even the hardest times. As he puts it, "If you have a guitar and a suitcase you can go anywhere." In Williams' words, "I feel it's a gift to be able to do this. If worse came to worst, I could go out with my guitar and play for a meal."

Friends and fellow musicians have also provided a solid anchor and, when Case got on the comeback trail, essential guidance. Foremost was T-Bone Burnett, who produced Case's new album and co-

wrote some of the songs, and who will co-produce Williams' LP with his former Alpha Band mate Steve Soles, who is also Case and Williams' manager.

"I flew down to Texas and lived in Ft. Worth with T-Bone for a couple of months and just got up every day and wrote songs," Case says. "I would just sit there with a guitar in his living room and sing. T-Bone brings a certain kind of boldness to things he does, and honesty. He teaches you to stand up there and not second guess yourself."

A small-towner herself, Williams left her home near Shreveport, Louisiana in 1979, headed for L.A. with ambitions not much more specific than Case's had been when he started out. Among her adventures along the way was a year of sleeping on any available sofa, going home broke and depressed, trying out New York and becoming involved in improvisational music with Steve Swallow and Anton Fier, and then returning to L.A. where she got caught in a hurry-up-and-wait cycle of concerts and demos.

Case and Williams met in an L.A. club a couple of years ago. One of the first things about her that caught his attention was what he identifies as a lack of fear. Despite having fallen through the music industry's cracks numerous times, she was plugging away with her songs about thrown-away shoes and thrown-away people. Her misleadingly innocent appearance and her high quavery drawl drew increasing notice, but still little interest from record companies.

The two were married in the spring of '85 in a ceremony performed by the Reverend (and R&B great) Johnny Otis, in whose church gospel choir Williams had once sung. Ever since, they've been something of the unofficial Prince and Princess Charming of the L.A. club scene. With Case's favored 30s-era traveling salesman look (thrift-store bought baggy suits and rumped hat) and Williams' natural waif-like appearance, they are as perfect a match visually as emotionally.

"Victoria seems like a complete original," Case says. "She goes up and just makes up whole songs and lyrics on stage." The relationship has been fruitful musically, as the two have performed for the past year together and apart, and with various other musicians including an ad hoc folk aggregation dubbed the Incredibly Strung Out Band. "We're sort of three artists, Victoria Williams and Peter Case and Victoria-Williams-and-Peter-Case," he says.

*Peter Case* is an album of "songs of sin and salvation" (as it says in Case's somewhat cryptic liner notes) that have all the edge of his Plimsouls best, but a wider



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musical and emotional perspective. The material ranges from the haunting Appalachian-style ballad "Walk In The Woods" to the murderous "Small Town Spree" (which features a killer string arrangement by Van Dyke Parks) to such joyous rock-outs as "Satellite Beach" and "Old Blue Car."

Throughout, the sound and arrangements are stunning, with notable contributions coming from co-producer/key-boardist Mitchell Froom, associate producer/bassist David Minor, and a host of guests including Jim Keltner, John Hiatt and Roger McGuinn.

All in all the album lives up to the promise and mystery of rock 'n' roll that first attracted that young lad in Hamburg. Case explains that attraction in the song "Steel Strings," where he mourns the innocence of the days when kids used to "play with shaky hands/Guitars strung up with rubber bands," and rockers were larger-than-life heroes who "used to play in the courts of kings," whereas now "They're only made of steel when they're on steel strings."

"Back then there was no rock criticism. You would have to figure it out

*continued on page 22*

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## INSIDE CASE'S CASE

Since breaking up the Plimsouls, Case has played acoustic guitar almost exclusively. On his solo album he played a 1958 Gibson, the model of which he couldn't remember. "It's a small guitar, a parlor guitar," he says. "T-Bone gave it to me. It just sings." Fearing the ravages of the road, Case decided to leave that guitar at home for his current tour. "I picked up a new Gibson J-45. It's the best of the acoustic/electrics. It's got a real warm sound."

For his harmonica, Case favors the Huang Silvertone Deluxe, made in China (he couldn't say which China), a complete set of which he recently bought while in New York. "They're the best sounding and the least expensive," he says.

Williams used to own a 1941 Martin D-18, but it was stolen during her first stay in Los Angeles in 1979. A few years later, she replaced it with a 1960's model of the same instrument. "I bought it in a pawn shop in Baton Rouge, but it's not as good as the other," she says, but adds that the sound does seem to be getting better with time. She also occasionally plays a 1962 Fender Stratocaster with a rosewood fingerboard.

Williams plays some keyboards as well. "I used to play the Vox Continental organ. It's kind of got that real vibrato sound. I don't play that too much anymore." In the studio she plays some piano and, occasionally, a Yamaha DX7.

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**PEARL**

World Radio History

# DAMAGED HANDS

BY SCOTT ISLER

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN'S  
AND U2'S DRUMMERS  
FACE THE MUSIC  
ABOUT WORK HAZARDS

**M**ax Weinberg knew he was in trouble the day after he recorded "Born In The U.S.A." "I woke up and my hand hurt," Bruce Springsteen's drummer recalls. "I'd really played hard that night."

Hand problems were nothing new to Weinberg. "My hands always hurt after we played in the early years, but I never thought about it." Around 1982, though, he started having "intense" difficulties. After a concert he'd have pain in the back of his thumb "from playing eighth-notes for four hours. I would get injury from concussion from my left hand, and repetition with my right hand.

"I always figured I was such a wild maniac playing drums, I played so hard, that hurting never bothered me that much. Until I woke up and couldn't move my hand. I pushed as hard as I could and I couldn't open up my fingers."

You don't have to be a musician—let alone the drummer in America's most popular rock group—to have nightmares about physical incapacity. But Weinberg's position in the E Street Band imposed some unique responsibilities: pounding the skins up to four hours a night, over two hundred nights a year. "I've always felt a real duty to go out there and not just play the show but play like it's the last show," Weinberg says. "That's probably why I hurt myself.

"The first thing I did was find an alternative way of playing, develop three or four different grips. That's just a short-term remedy. Eventually you start wearing down other things." Weinberg also turned to his gym trainer for advice, and consulted doctors. "One guy said it was my diet, one guy said it was my nerves. I didn't know what to think. One guy said to find a new career."

Then Weinberg called the Juilliard School, which recommended he get in touch with Dr. Richard Eaton, co-chief of hand surgery at St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital Center in New York; the hospi-



Mullen and Max: Are they losing their grip?

tal's Miller Institute for Performing Artists is unique in its focus on performing-arts medicine. "He came in," Eaton says, "with what is a fairly common diagnosis, in hand-surgical practice, of trigger finger. The only thing that was unusual was the way he had achieved it."

Trigger finger, for you non-medical students, is a form of tendonitis—an inflammatory swelling of tendon due to repeated injury (or "trauma," as they say in the trade). A drummer's hands are constantly gripping and hitting something," Eaton explains, "and the shock is being transmitted up the stick to the hand of the holder. Those sticks vibrate; they're bouncing many times a minute times the number of minutes you're playing. It's an astronomical number." When the tendon (the connection between muscle and a joint) swells, friction prevents it from gliding back and forth. In the case of trigger finger, this means one or more digits locked in place.

U2 may not play as long in concert as the E Street Band, but the Irish group has many other traits in common: uplifting songs, a charismatic lead singer—and a damaged drummer. Larry Mullen's thumb became sore during U2's 1985

U.S. tour. At a soundcheck in San Francisco's Cow Palace, Mullen says, "I put my hand in a bandage. I picked up a drumstick and my hand wouldn't close on it. I freaked out. It was five o'clock." The band's production manager contacted a hospital, and Mullen received a painful cortisone injection in his hand. At least he could then play that night.

Weinberg also took cortisone for his hand—with rest, the conservative treatment for trigger finger, according to Eaton. It didn't work. "I had ten shots right into my tendons," Weinberg says. "Cortisone eventually will break down the tissue, and it screws up the body's defense system. Aspirin is better. I was taking up to thirty, forty aspirins a day at one point."

Eaton wasn't too big on cortisone treatment either: "It's a pretty strong hormone and you don't like to use it excessively." But by then Weinberg was on tour with Springsteen. "His career was on the line," Eaton explains, "so you kinda bend the rules a little bit."

After three weeks on the road, Weinberg's left ring finger was completely inoperative. "For fifteen months it just gave me nothing but aggravation. It was

horrible. I used to have to bend it around the stick. We'd do 'Trapped,' where I have to switch to playing back-beat on the snare, and my finger wouldn't go around the stick the right way. The first time I noticed it I missed a beat; I couldn't get it off the stick in time."

After his cortisone injection, Mullen's hand was okay for the next two weeks. Then it got sore again—worse than before. He saw a New York doctor who warned him about cortisone and put him on "really heavy painkillers. I was taking painkillers before I went onstage; I was taking all sorts of shit just to try to take away the pain. I didn't like it very much. I got back to Dublin, didn't play for about three weeks, and my hand was fine.

Then I got on my motorcycle for a ride, and my whole hand freaked out."

When Weinberg came off the Springsteen tour, it was time for the Moment of Truth: To operate or not to operate? Having a trigger finger released, Eaton says, "is a fairly straightforward mechanical operation." Not to Weinberg. "I was so scared," the drummer recalls. But he agreed. "My mother, my mother-in-law and my wife went with me the first day to hold my good hand."

He ended up going into the operating room three times to have seven fingers released. Eaton notes that Weinberg responded better after each operation. The first time he didn't keep his hand elevated afterward—a necessity to reduce

swelling. Consequently, "it took eight months for me to be able to bend this finger. After that I got hip." After the last operation, "I tied my hand to a cymbal stand while I slept. For a week I had it over my head, and it healed in two weeks."

Mullen thought he had trigger thumb. Weinberg suggested he see Eaton, who asked the U2 drummer about any childhood injuries. "I did remember when I was a child I fell, I think it was on glass," Mullen says, "and it went into my hands." After receiving treatment, "I told my parents there was still something in there. They didn't believe me." Eaton doesn't think it's glass, but he does feel Mullen may need an area explored at the base of his thumb: "He may have no choice but to have something done, or change careers."

Mullen wants to confer with his fellow band members before deciding on a plan of operation (pun possibly intended). "It's hard for them to understand," the most youthful U2er says. "Music is such a simple thing. You start getting into things like surgery and it makes it complicated. All I want to do is play drums. Suddenly I'm spending \$600 for a day with a doctor telling me I need to get my hand sliced open. That's hard for me to deal with."

"It convinced me," Weinberg says of his injury, "that I am, in fact, an athlete. I've had an athletic-type injury. Playing drums is so physical. When we were coming up, playing eight hours a night, that's when I did the damage. There used to be blood all over my drums when I was a kid."

Since his operations, Weinberg has changed his technique to reduce the musical self-abuse. "I try to play lighter. I consciously try to release my grip as I hit the drums. I don't play as many cymbals." There are also preventive practices. Before a show, Weinberg will warm up for about a half hour; "it gets the blood flowing." Afterward he'll stick his hands in ice water for twenty minutes. The precautions are more than worth his job's payback, which isn't just material.

"I get a tremendous thrill out of seeing 100,000 people moving with that beat," Weinberg admits. "When you start doing a lot of fills, you don't see them moving as much." He laughs. "My job is to get 'em up and dancing, and keep 'em up."

"His mouth speaks truth," Mullen agrees. He believes that less is more, and hasn't changed his approach since U2 started playing arenas. The biggest change is the increased stage lighting. "That was frightening for me. I didn't

*continued on page 22*

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# DON PULLEN

BY JIM MACNIE

## A ROMANTIC AVANT-GARDIST PLAYS THE WHOLE PIANO

The wind is picking up as I cut across West 4th St. Turning into a friend's apartment to get out of the cold, I find she's in the throes of a painting party. "Who did you interview?" she asks. I tell her. "Oh," chimes one of the painters whose English seems tentative. "Don Pullen!" He drops his tools and hunches over, arms stretched wide, fingers prone, a mixture of concentrated joy and angst in his face. He is playing air piano.

Now, in these new age days, you've got to be careful when talking about pianists, for Don Pullen does not play "air piano" (wafting and thin), white wine piano ("let's lunch"), or even have a nice day piano. He plays earth piano—thick, dark and rooted ideas sprouting all over the keyboard. He plays whiskey piano—bluesy raunch that sways while it swings. He plays point blank piano—you can hear his runs *outside* whatever club he's playing in. He plays the whole piano, and in that light the painter kid has done a fair imitation.

With an attack that can be either graceful or punishing, the forty-two-year-old Pullen sits before his instrument, initiates a theme, and proceeds to wring every variation thereof. By turns he can sound dramatic, joyful, witty or plaintive. During a solo presentation he'll be bent, sprawled, reaching, his body English seemingly fueling the creative process. His right hand shoots the keyboard's top end like a machine gun ripping through wind chimes. Just as often he balances that by mercilessly dropping depth charges with his left, punctuating a statement or redirecting a mood. On his most exuberant excursions he conjures most of the piano's history into one sweeping phrase.

As we sit in the back room of New Music Distribution Service in lower Manhattan, I ask the nattily dressed, somewhat shy bandleader if this distillation of past music is deliberate.

"I'd like to say that it is," he laughs,

"but actually it just happens. People want you to say that you have a lot of control over what you're doing. But I really don't want that."

Pullen's talking creative control—the flow of ideas—rather than physical prowess. Two weeks earlier at the Village Vanguard his highly hailed quartet (co-led by tenor player George Adams) scalded through an early Wednesday night set that sounded more like a final Saturday night roar, and Pullen's technical facility was evident and exacting. Driven by a relentless rhythm section of Dannie Richmond on drums and Cameron Brown on bass, the Pullen/Adams Quartet has become one of the more reliably risky units of the day, maintaining a link between the tenets of tradition and more open-ended sonic possibilities.

into a record store in Topeka and pick up the latest Don Pullen cassette. That makes the pianist happy, but he'll save the hoorays for later.

"A lot of writers call us the best, but we're still like an underground favorite," he sighs. "We haven't captured the mainstream in America yet. What people call jazz these days is really some kind of rock. We're concerned with cultivating an audience, but we don't write down to people. Some say I can't play this way and reach masses of people, and I think that's wrong: I'm *always* audience-conscious. But what we've done, in spite of that, is play even harder."

Pullen's populist aspirations may surprise listeners who still associate him with the avant-garde stylings of the 60s, when Pullen first gained some measure



"I found that constantly playing 'free' led to a dead end."

"Nothing surprises me with that group," claims Pullen. "We've been able to stay together because of our work in Europe, which has helped our rapport. If this Blue Note thing happens the way we plan, it'll be just like starting over." The "Blue Note thing" Pullen's talking about is the band's label debut, *Breakthrough*, which among other things signals a rare opportunity for a contemporary jazz leader to escape distribution limbo. Since Capitol Records handles Blue Note's distribution, you'll be able to walk

of acclaim. But what kind of avant-gardist has a history in bump and grind organ combos? What kind chooses the time-honored quartet as his primary musical setting? Or displays such unabashed romanticism in his work? What Pullen should be known for is his range.

"I *do* consciously use any idea that makes itself felt to me," he continues. "Those that show up most often are those that jibe with my whole musical experience, whether it's from the classical"—bits of his "Evidence Of Things

Unseen" do recall Gershwin—"or the blues. All the music you've ever heard in your life is somewhere in your head. I don't reject that, I use it."

Growing up in Virginia, Pullen was inspired to play by watching his cousin, Clyde Wright, gig with Dinah Washington. College in North Carolina found him picking up pocket money in "R&B slanted" dance bands. As the 50s turned into the 60s, meetings with Chicago players like Muhal Richard Abrams suggested that conceptual restrictions were enemies of creativity. By the time he showed up in New York and started playing with underground hero Giuseppe Logan, his style had begun to congeal.

"Music reflects the times and is also

political," muses Pullen. "When I teamed up with Giuseppe the air seemed charged, it was time for a change in the music. [Stylistically] I was struggling to keep up with him and not very sure of myself, but the joy of playing was there; the excitement of knowing you're on the trail to something wonderful, and the feeling that if you could just get a bit more out of the instrument you'd really be hittin'."

Since that time Pullen has addressed that challenge in—with?—a variety of forums. He was at the fulcrum for many of the 70s' most invigorating sessions, establishing liaisons with Sam Rivers, Joseph Jarman and Don Moye, Hamiet Bluiett and Beaver Harris. Then there's

Pullen as a solo artist, and his latest ensemble, a quintet which boasts a front line of trumpeter Olu Dara and altoist Donald Harrison, and a rhythm section of Bobby Battle on drums and Fred Hopkins on bass. "What I play with George Adams is different from what happens with the Quintet," he observes. "Fred's worked with me, Bobby's been with me since the organ days in Queens, and they make me play different. Different roles for different groups: Hopefully, I'll always have that option."

But the trademark cascade swipes of Pullen's right hand were first made manifest during his stay with Logan. You know those jarring two-note chords that Monk could resonate your whole body with? Pullen's followed Monk's lead but upped the ante to include knotty, full-fisted clusters, propelled by pancaked palms and jackhammer digits. At times he's like a street con playing a shell game, switching cupped hands at blinding speed, daring you to pick the one where the blues is hidden. As he fuels these dissonances with unyielding energy his logic and articulation of such a seemingly random gaggle is surprising.

"That just sort of happened," Pullen admits. "I remember thinking that it was the only method by which I could play what I was hearing. I've learned to become more accurate with it, shift tonalities, play the right notes. I liked the way horn players sang on their instruments and bent their notes. I wanted to do it on the piano."

No doubt this aggressive versatility helped launch Pullen into that tornado of a band headed by Charles Mingus in the mid-70s (which also included Adams and Dannie Richmond). The marriage of musical "in" and "out" suited few bands like it did Charles'; but when Pullen joined the group was in a lull.

"Mingus was on some kind of medication," he recalls, "and it had made him a dummy. He'd get on one note and just stay there. Everybody else was saying, 'C'mon, let's play.' Hamiet Bluiett would point his horn right at Mingus and blow him away, and then we'd all start to blow. Finally Mingus said, 'Well, y'all ain't gonna leave me out of this, it's my band!', and he started to come to life again; you could see his spirits lift."

One of the lessons Pullen picked up from the bassist/composer was how far a strong melody could be taken, which if anything has become Pullen's calling card as a composer. Those who had pigeonholed him as a free player had those preconceptions handed to them on a plate. Hidden in Pullen's melodies were trap doors which opened to give an improviser three or four angles to investi-

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gate. And they all swung.

"Ornette says he writes just to have something to play. I found that constantly playing 'free' did lead to a bit of a dead end; it all began to sound alike. A well-written head can steer the music in a more particular direction."

Pullen's got plenty of them. There's the pan-Slavic rhumba of "Song For The Old Country," the crystal convolutions of "Double Arc Jake," the trad-soaked staccato of "Thank You Very Much Mr. Monk." Throughout, his deft use of challenging lines mixed with conventional swing structures satisfies both sides of the brain. While Pullen's left hand keeps a rein on the pulse (be it rollicking or soothing), the right gallops or strokes out a melody. With some players this dichotomy could seem fractured and grating, but Pullen keeps his emotional revolving door well oiled. "I'm glad there is romance in my work," he says by way of explanation. "I tell my students to make the instrument sing: That way, you get a lyrically romantic approach. Coltrane's tone was like that. Adams has it too."

As Pullen attracts more notice, it appears that his audience cultivation techniques—planned or unplanned—are working. "If people like what you do, they stay with you year after year," he concludes. "Mingus had people stick with him. I want to keep my music on such a level that people who hear me today will hear me twenty years from now. And they'll enjoy what I'm doing. ♪

## HANDS from page 16

have lights on me for five years! 'I better not make *that* face!'"

Weinberg's story has a happy ending. At press time, Mullen was still avoiding surgery and unsure what was causing his problem. Although the two drummers' injuries are different in origin, "surgery is surgery," as Weinberg notes. Both musicians have reaped the rewards and the burdens of their craft. Weinberg says Eaton told him that hands weren't made to do what he was doing with them.

"But hey," the E Street resident smiles, "we're rock 'n' roll drummers and we're not gonna stop." ♪

## CASE from page 12

yourself," Case says. "You'd go down to the record store and get this completely weird record that nobody'd ever heard of and you'd take it home and it'd be great. Now it's a huge business and all the routes have been traveled. I just wanted to get away from that."

It would seem that Case succeeded in his quest. Sinking back into his sofa, he assesses the state of his life. "It *is* kinda like the old days," he says. ♪

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# GWEN GUTHRIE

## *Emancipation Proclamation*

**A**natural club anthem—a liberating theme—Gwen Guthrie's "Ain't Nothin' Goin' On But The Rent" contends love has little to do with it: "No romance without finance / Gotta have a j-o-b if you wanna stay with me," reasons the hook. Cold and brutal; upbeat and down, this statement is rooted in "an old southern expression that's one of the realities of life." So says its New Jersey-born singer, who also wrote and produced. As part of her new Polygram deal, she is finally calling the shots.

"It's very important for me to have creative control," Guthrie insists, alluding to the "frustration" of being on two labels that didn't give her that authority. "CBS showed



ness going on down there." "It probably did look like that," Chris Blackwell says, noting that "it didn't seem to make sense to have her produce herself because at the time we hadn't seen anything that she'd done which was successful."

A few weeks earlier, Guthrie's *Just For You* LP was re-

# SMITHEREENS

## *Thoroughly Mod, Thoroughly Modern*

**W**e've seen the rise and demise of synth-pop, the rockabilly revival—virtually every musical trend—and we've kinda stuck to our guns," explains Pat DiNizio, the lead singer, songwriter and rhythm guitarist of the Smithereens. No doubt; these boyhood friends from Carteret, New Jersey survived seven years on New York's club circuit to emerge with a debut LP on the independent Enigma label. Although they cite such influences as the Beau Brummels, Manfred Mann and particularly the Beatles, the Smithereens are staking out their own territory. "I don't view it as retro at all," DiNizio says. "The influences are there but the production is modern."

The Smithereens preceded the cult punk movie of the same name. The teen film *Dangerously Close* included their bitter "Blood And Roses" on the soundtrack and brought the band considerable attention. Now they're touring with headliners as diverse as ZZ Top, the Hooters and the Ramones; their album is getting widespread airplay; and a "Blood And Roses" video is on MTV.

But the hoopla is unlikely to threaten the Smithereens' solidarity. "We've been through everything that can possibly happen to a band and have survived with the same guys," DiNizio boasts. And they'll probably be called just another overnight success.

—Elliott Murphy

# FACES

News Stories  
by Scott Isler

me total disrespect," she charges. After she supervised what was to be her debut LP, the company brought in an outside producer to overdub new tracks. "And with \$25,000 left in my recording fund," Guthrie says, "they had the nerve to go over budget!" "Devastated," she gave up her expensive studio equipment and a successful career singing jingles, and retreated to Jamaica. The record never came out.

Later, renewed, Guthrie signed to Island Records. She had no problem working in Nassau with Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, but she still wanted to produce herself. "Chris [Blackwell, the president of Island] wouldn't hear of it," she says with a note of bitterness. "I think it was because I'm a woman; there was a lot of macho busi-

ness going on down there." "I co-produced that with Deodato," she says, "but they paid him the big bucks. They liked the album's direction, but they said it sounded under-produced; they wanted more production. I said, 'Let me do it.'"

Blackwell, who maintains he still likes Guthrie, agrees that *Just For You* was not successful: "It was a bit of a hodge-podge. Certainly at one time she was in charge of production. But she was going through a very tough personal time. I don't think I stopped her producing it."

"Chris knew what I could do," Guthrie says. "He was impressed by the CBS masters I did in '79. But he just tried to hold me back, not letting me realize my full potential. I don't believe in that. That's why I left. Slavery is over, honey."

—Havelock Nelson



ERIC GLADSTONE





## BANANARAMA

### Assertiveness Training Pays Off

**W**e're not a normal rock band," says Bananarama's **Keren Woodward**—and that's true any way you look at this synth-friendly update of the girl-group sound. The British vocal trio captured America in 1984 with the enthralling "Cruel Summer," yet neglected the traditional follow-up of heavy touring and promotion. When they finally returned to the chart fray recently, the unlikely vehicle was a manic remake of Shocking Blue's bubblegum classic "Venus." How come?

"We'd already recorded a whole album, but still needed a really commercial single," Woodward explains. "We

knew 'Venus' would work because we'd been singing it for four years. Then our producers refused to cut it." Indeed, having completed fifteen tracks for the *True Confessions* LP, Tony Swain and Steve Jolley balked at the prospect of further studio work. Undaunted, Bananarama summoned the more compliant Stock, Aitken and Waterman (of Dead or Alive fame) and "Venus" headed for the charts again.

The determined 1986-model Bananarama is a far cry from the shy version first heard on vinyl five years ago. "There was no career plan," **Siobhan Fahey** recalls. "We didn't know if we were good,

bad or indifferent." Attributing the lull in U.S. activity to disorganization rather than a casual attitude, Bananarama is preparing to do the conventional and hit the road with a band for the first time. (Previous public exposure has been limited primarily to TV lip-synching and singing to backing tracks in European discos.) This shift into high gear doesn't faze the once-timid threesome in the slightest. "It's all a matter of confidence," Woodward says. "We used to be so embarrassed about the way we sang. But once you realize people enjoy what you're doing, it's a lot easier to be enthusiastic."

— Jon Young

### All Zat Jazz

Leave it to the French to deliver a potent cinematic antidote to Hollywood's superficial dabbling in jazz. In Bertrand Tavernier's film *Round Midnight* tenor sax hero **Dexter Gordon** gives a remarkable performance—and not just behind a reed. Gordon acts the central role of a brilliant but self-destructive musician who plays Paris and is befriended by a passionate fan.

*Round Midnight's* look at the jazz world is as uncompromising as its music. All the onscreen playing is live, drawing on Herbie Hancock (who also composed, arranged and conducted the incidental music), Bobby Hutcherson, John McLaughlin, Ron Carter, Freddie Hubbard, Wayne Shorter, Tony Williams and others. See it while you can.



### Reagan Nixes Tape Tax

The Reagan administration has spoken, and it's not in favor of a tax on home audio tape recorders. On August 4 the Patent and Trademark Office of the Commerce Department testified in the Senate against the Home Audio Recording Act. The bill would levy a five percent tax on the wholesale cost of most tape recorders, and a twenty-five percent tax on the cost of dual-well dubbing decks.

Instead, patents commissioner Donald Quigg proposed the industry adopt CBS' decoding system: Antiduping chips in new tape recorders would make it impossible to tape encoded recordings. Record companies presumably would also manufacture unencoded recordings at a higher price. Quigg decried the Senate bill's arbitrary rates and complicated procedures for collecting and distributing the revenues.

It's a sweltering early summer Sunday afternoon, and all's well on the homefront at the Laurel Canyon HQ/fortress, *chez Zappa*. Mom is in the kitchen fetching beverages for the various guests or popping into the editing room, where Frank sits snugly with a couple of nicely-dressed women from *Money* magazine. There they sit, humbly listening to a playback of Zappa's most recent effort, ostensibly for public radio—an unrepentantly hard-edged, over-the-top urban pastiche with comic Eric Bogosian. There are nervous giggles and pinched guffaws in the room as the air quivers with rapid-fire lewdness covering such redeeming topics as castration, phone sex, racial slurs, sexist jibes and other garden variety gonzo filth.

Elsewhere on the Zappa estate, Moon is still glowing over getting Max, her new golden retriever; the first thing Max did when they brought him home was bark twice and jump into the pool. Twelve-year-old Ahmet, who announced his intention of starting a band yesterday, is working out with a synth-playing chum in the Utility

Muffin Research Kitchen, the state-of-the-

art-in-home studio. Dweezil is in and out with his friend (Donovan's son); they've started a mock-metal band called Druid, and are writing a tune called "Jamie, I Hate Your Afro." Mom isn't amused. "Did you like Dweezil's song?" she asks Frank with a scowl. "He didn't sing it for me," says the old man, "he just told me about it."

"Stupidest thing I ever heard. So hideous."

Dad grins through his Dutch Masters facial hair: "I told him a rhyming line for it, something about 'that haircut in 1973.'"

Introducing Frank Zappa, family man, incurable *enfant terrible* and one of the hardest working, least categorizable men in show biz. After forty-five years and over two dozen albums, he has survived with his scabrous wits intact. He still gets a rise from a slobbering punchline to a dirty joke or an intelligently articulated anti-social quip. His music veers between scatological cabaret and compositional virtuosity.

He's posited some of the most dizzyingly intricate scoring in the guise of rock, and has brought several young monster players to the forefront. But many can't get past Zappa's penchant for dirty-ol'-man baritone narra-

rageous crusader for free spirits in American life?

His latest venture may help clarify these questions. An avowed digital disciple who bought one of the first Sony digital decks and continually upgrades his digital recording system, Zappa has an inherent interest in the technological advances of Compact Discs. He has signed an extensive retrospective release deal with the all-CD company Rykodisc; eventually all his old titles will be packaged for CD, along with new work geared for the medium.

No longer tied to the guitar, Zappa has become increasingly involved with the Synclavier as a compositional tool.

His newest compositions are intergalactic chamber music of the most riveting, quasi-tonal brand. "It's scary what you can do with a typewriter," Zappa grins.

What else is afoot *chez Zappa*? He's moving toward the purchase of his own satellite television channel, programming "everything you always wanted to see on television, unscrambled." Is he pursuing this out of a sense of mission? "You bet it's a fuckin' mission. If you look at the rest of the broadcasting on, if it's not purely religious, it's already been tainted by the pressure from these groups.

royalties from record sales or tour receipts.

**MUSICIAN:** *Do you distinguish between your "serious" instrumental work and your more pop-oriented endeavors?*

**ZAPPA:** No. The way I look at it, it's all the same thing. It's a guy imposing his will or his taste on musical material. It's all made out of the same stuff: the twelve chromatic notes of the scale. It's equally serious and it's equally stupid, either way you want to look at it. Or it's equally worthless, but it's all the same stuff.

I'm delighted to write something very simplistic and stick it up against something technically hard to do because they complement each other. Serious music is even more serious in contrast to "Louie, Louie."

**MUSICIAN:** *But usually composers like to steer clear of the "Louie, Louie" side, leave that to somebody else.*

**ZAPPA:** That's because what is known as a composer these days is a guy who owes his ass to a university and in order to keep their pedigree or their tenure or whatever they're trying to keep, they have to give this illusion of dead seriousness because the people who run the universities don't have a clue or

# ZAPPA

## THE LICENSE TO BE A MANIAC

tion and bathroom humor. Who is this Frank Zappa, purveyor of ribald fantasies and the uneasy union of Kurt Weill, Edgard Varèse, Muddy Waters, R. Crumb and Len-ny Bruce? Is he a frustrated, formidable self-taught modern composer and agile intellectual led astray by arrested adolescence? Or a cou-

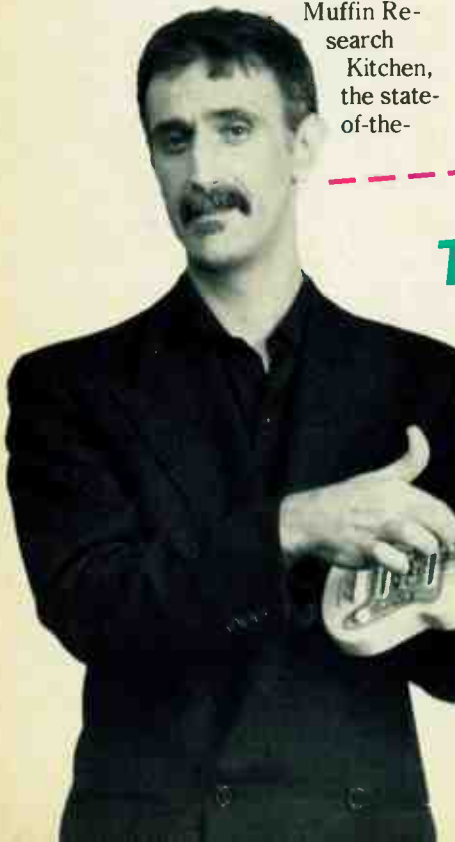
Somebody's got to stand up and say, 'Hey, this is nonsense.'"

**MUSICIAN:** *Would you say that the composer is a fairly negligible character in America?*

**ZAPPA:** It's a miracle or a fluke that a guy earns his living from writing music. I still am baffled by how I'm able to do it. I don't have condos or major stock investments supporting me. What comes in that enables me to buy equipment that I turn around and make music with are actual

sense of humor.

There are a lot of committees involved and in order for any five or ten people to agree on something, it has to be emasculated to the point where the nincompoop quotient goes way up. There are too many committees around and too few people willing to put their ass on the line. And unless *somebody's* ass goes on the line, you don't really come up with substance. Committees abhor substance. They'll do whatever they can do to delete substance from whatever it is



they're doing. The minute you have to make a decision palatable to an entire group of people, there's a lot of ass-kissing and politics that has nothing to do with the matter at hand, which is pushing the musical frontier as far as it will go, or the audio frontier. Whatever it is, you just want to get out there and deal with it. You should have the opportunity to be a wild man, go and do whatever you want. Experimentation needs to be done, because if you don't experiment, what do you have to work with? The same old things you already have. Society is truly ignorant if it stifles the work of people who are willing to take chances, because the fruits of that experimentation are the benefits for the rest of the people sitting at home waiting to find out what's happening to them.

Other countries will win in the GNP battle. Ignorant American companies who cut their operating costs by shrinking their R&D depart-

**BY JOSEF  
WOODARD**

ments. They're short-termers. They have to elect idiots to their government who will be dumb enough to sign protectionist legislation that will try and keep the good stuff out of the United States so they can sell their shitty stuff. At least we're consistent; we're short-sighted in terms of the arts, in terms of business and we're short-sighted in terms of who we elect to public office.

In an industrial society, the value of a composer is nil unless he's writing jingles or doing movie scores. Where is the use for so-called art

**&★!?!★'EM  
IF THEY  
CAN'T TAKE  
A JOKE**

music in an industrial society? Who needs it, especially if it's dissonant or, when there are words involved, you're dealing with topics that might distress a Republican?

You have to keep your spirit going to plow your way through that. A lot of people give up. It's not just that they can't sell it and make a living from it. Most people are gregarious. They like to have friends. They like to have some kind of a social environment. They like to belong. When somebody comes along and says, "We hate you because you do this stuff," eighty to ninety percent of the people are going to stop doing that just so they can have some buddies.

I was invited to be the keynote speaker at the American Society of University Composers at the Ohio State University, and I picked up some information. I heard a story about someone who overheard a conversation about some people from the Froom Foundation. The word went out that Froom was only funding minimalists. [*Cops a robotic nerd*] *Froom's funding minimalists*. The word went out like wildfire and the next thing you know, everybody's got a chimpanzee and an echoplex. That's the way it is. You want a grant? There it is. That's art. You have to do *this* art.

**MUSICIAN:** *Minimalism has apparently*

## FZ ON CD

**MUSICIAN:** *What is the nature of your deal with Rykodisc?*

**ZAPPA:** That's been quite some time in the negotiating. The basic deal is eight titles per year, one year with two one-year options leading to a total of twenty-four titles. The selection of which titles were to be released was not left up to me entirely. I had to argue with [Rykodisc president] Don Rose about what to put out. He wanted a certain amount of archival material included. That's their market research.

**MUSICIAN:** *How have you digitally renovated old material?*

**ZAPPA:** What we did was to take analog masters and transfer them from two tracks to twenty-four. The engineer would bring those two tracks back up through the board and re-equalize and add echo or whatever, using modern-day equipment to get this stuff as sharp as possible for digital release. Here's the two tracks playing back through the board, with another analog phase through the board, then back onto another two tracks on the multi-track and then D-to-D from the multi-track to the cassette. So we lost one analog generation, but the only thing that you could have picked up would be system noise or if you had compression, you might pick up compressor noise. But I would say that in ninety-nine percent of

*conquered the buzzword of two decades ago—serialism. It must relate to the accessibility of triads.*

**ZAPPA:** It also has repetition. It's the kind of music that a board member's wife could almost understand. It's like wallpaper. It does have a kind of interior decorator twinge to it. And if the three notes that are repeating are the proper three notes, it's roughly the equivalent of a pop music hook so you could almost walk out of the hall humming the composition. Dah dah dah. Hey, what a great piece that was!

**MUSICIAN:** *I can't see you doing that, minus the interplay of a band or other creative collaborators.*

**ZAPPA:** Oh, you're very wrong. I've had a number of requests during the last year to write things for groups and it's always tempting. The money is even good for some things. But, in my mind, I know what it's going to sound like when they start playing. No matter how good they can count, no matter how good they think they can count, it's not going to be correct. Even if they wanted to be correct, they can't be because there are physical limitations as to what human beings can do.

If I need to write human being music, it probably won't be in the technical vein, it will just be more "Louie, Louie"-like,

the cases, this results in an enhancement of the sound rather than taking the original masters and just running them straight through without touching them.

The audio hardware business moves pretty fast and new tools come out every year that give you even more control over your signal. The hippest one recently has been the Aphex Dominator—a wonderful compressor. It's especially good for digital because when you run out of bits, you're dead. You can set a ceiling on that thing and your signal does not go beyond it.

**MUSICIAN:** *Have you re-treated some of the musical parts?*

**ZAPPA:** Some of the original masters which I'd owned had been stored so badly by the former owners that the oxide had actually worn off the tape on the two-track masters, so it was impossible to go from two tracks to the digital. It required a remix. I had to dig up the original, in this case, 8-track and 12-track masters of these albums. I decided that I would add new digitally recorded drums and bass. That's been done to *We're Only In It For The Money* and *Ruben And The Jets*.

Some people prefer it. Maybe five percent of the people who have heard it say they wish I would have left it alone. But there was no way to leave it alone, because the original masters were trashed.

**MUSICIAN:** *How did you go about spiffing it up?*

**ZAPPA:** Well, one of the things that you

because bands do that well. They can play the fuck out of that kind of stuff. This [*points to the Synclavier*] is not especially good for it. But for other intricate things [*smacks his chops*], it's got it.

**MUSICIAN:** *I guess you've long been disgruntled with orchestras who don't satisfy your intentions.*

**ZAPPA:** An orchestra is very much like a dinosaur in that the head is real tiny and the body is real big and by the time the thought goes from there to here, the tail has already rotted off. That's the worst thing about writing for an orchestra.

If you write a score, it's very much like being in a monastery and doing monk work. One page takes you a whole day. It goes by in a second and you're building this recipe for a noise. You plan it out scientifically. You know that this and this will do that and that. You take it to a copyist and a couple of mistakes happen there. There might even be some mistakes when my score is copied, those are passed along. Finally, you take it to the orchestra and they don't want to play your music because you're alive. They don't like to play anything other than triads. Orchestras sound fabulous playing triads; it's another triadic medium.

Besides that, they already know the classical repertoire and it's like a bar band that already knows the top forty,

gain there is your digital dynamic range. You put digital drums on it and suddenly you gain a whole new perspective. In the original recording, the drums were mono because you didn't have all that many tracks for the drums. When you record masters now, the drums are six tracks. Also, the drummer and bass player in this instance were much better musicians than the original guys who played the parts. Some of the songs were changed a little bit in order to take advantage of the extra skill of the performers. Then it was all re-mixed with digital echo and all the things that you use nowadays.

**MUSICIAN:** *So you had no qualms about changing the existing work? It's a sort of necrophiliac thing to do.*

**ZAPPA:** First of all, it's a necrophiliac thing to do to buy those old records, but the market for them is immense, to the extent that there's a guy in Milan—probably the Mafia—who has taken copies of the early albums, rephotographed the covers and completely pirated the record, and then sells them out of the back of a car or something to record stores. I've gotten ahold of some of these bootlegs. There's a market for those things: original copies of those records—*Freak Out* was selling for seventy-five bucks.

So I decided I would repackage the things and make them sound as good as they possibly could, since people want to buy them.

# J O H N Z O R R I

On *THE BIG GUNDOWN*, "the Lower East Side's reigning musical thinker" (*Vogue*) reworks the music of Italian film composer Ennio Morricone [*The Good, The Bad and the Ugly, Once Upon a Time in the West*]. "Like Bernard Herrman's work for Alfred Hitchcock, Nino Rotás for Fellini films, or John Barry's for the James Bond movies, Morricone's writing for Sergio Leone marks one of the pre-eminent composer-director collaborations...Zorr's foxy, intrepid arrangements latch onto the soundtracks only to crack them open." (from the liner notes)

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and if you come and say, "Hey, why don't you play 'Radio's Broken' from *Jazz Discharge Party Hats*," they're not going to do it. And the conductor probably is not too thrilled about it because he can always look and sound better playing Beethoven than if he's doing something new. Everything is stacked against you.

All these are real good reasons for getting yourself a computer.

**MUSICIAN:** *But what about the performance aspect? There's not much theatricality or intimacy in just activating machines in a dark hall.*

**ZAPPA:** But wait a minute, why does it have to be heard onstage? This is direct to disc, direct to tape. That's where the real income for a composer is going to be, off sales of records, certainly not sales of tickets in a 500-seat hall. What do they pay for a piece to be performed live? A guy's lucky to get fifty dollars or a hundred dollars, or he gets \$1,000 for the world premiere.

If you expect to earn any income from being a composer, you have to get it from royalties and the best place to collect those is from sale of a record, CD or film score. But certainly not from live performance. It pays the worst.

**MUSICIAN:** *How do you proceed composi-*

*tionally on the Synclavier? Does it open up new pores in your creative mind?*

**ZAPPA:** That's a good question. I don't know how to answer it. It allows me to do music the way I always wanted to do it, just go in there and do it. You can play that in, just blast it in there and then edit and tweak it. It's kind of like being a sculptor and being able to manufacture the substance that you're going to sculpt at the same time. If you're a sculptor, you get some rock, some metal or wood and then chisel at it and get to do your thing with it. But if you wanted to sculpt a completely unknown element, you can do that, just build a sound from scratch that never existed before.

**MUSICIAN:** *How many of these pieces have you done? Is this a primary focus now?*

**ZAPPA:** [Points to his disc file] See these floppies? Most of them contain compositions. There's an average of six per disc and there's a couple of hundred discs. I tend to work on the whole library a little bit; I'll grab a disc at random and edit onto it, do two or three different pieces in a night. They all improve and evolve over time, not only as the ideas get more refined but as the hardware comes on line. Some of the things were started before we even had sampling. So when the

sampling arrived, we put samples instead of the synthesizer sounds so the piece becomes completely entirely different, so you see it and treat it a different way. When the new editing software came on board, you could do more things.

**MUSICIAN:** *Skipping idioms for a second, it seems that your bands have been testing grounds for young virtuosically inclined players. Do you have your antennae up for fresh talent?*

**ZAPPA:** Don't even have to, because I get tapes all the time, resumes. If I walk down the street, odds are fifty-fifty that somebody's going to step up and say, "Hi, I'm a guitar player" or a drummer. We keep a file of these people and if for some reason somebody in the band doesn't want to do a tour or gets fired or something, we immediately go to the file and see who the next contestants would be. And then we audition.

**MUSICIAN:** *What do auditions consist of?*

**ZAPPA:** A combination. Usually the roughest ones are the drum auditions. We had forty contestants the last time we auditioned for the drums and twenty-five for the bass. I think Chad Wackerman qualifies as a pretty fabulous drum discovery and I think Scott Thunes qual-

*continued on page 46*

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Otari 1985

## After Solo Successes and a Decade of Progressivism, Is Making Genesis Albums Getting Perfunctory?

By Timothy White

### IS GENESIS REALLY TRYING?

The reason Genesis was formed in the first place," says Phil Collins, "is that back in the days when they were in school at Charterhouse nobody else would play the band members' songs! Tony and Mike are not natural musicians, they're not virtuosos. They learned to play their instruments because they wanted to write music."

"The first song Peter Gabriel and I wrote together ended up on the *From Genesis To Revelation* album in 1969," laughs Tony Banks. "It was called 'The Serpent' and it showed the progression we'd gone through from classical training to picking out Beatles songs on the radio and playing them by ear. My first compositions consisted of using every chord change no one else had used. Then I started to streamline things with Peter, who'd sing."

"In the old days of Genesis, we used to write without too much thinking about the voice. The songs would be built up with great elaborate backing and then you'd have to fit the vocals up on top. Whereas now the vocals are very much a part of the basic writing. So you can stay on much simpler chords for longer, I think, when you've got a person warbling away there."

The warbler, of course, is Phil Collins, and what Banks is trying to say is that it's easier—and faster—to create pop records built around a crooning pop idol than experiment with complex rock forms in which the vocals are just one, albeit crucial, element. At its worst, on early 70s albums like *Trespass*, *Nursery Cryme* and *Foxtrot*, Genesis' semi-heady explorations amounted to a lot of turgid, bookish tinkering without a satisfying structure. At its best, the thought put into the dramatic expansion—and compression—of conventional pop song forms made for arresting rock 'n' roll.

But both the unique musical and the academic milieu from which Genesis emerged have changed forever. For one thing Charterhouse is no longer a boys school. And Genesis, of course, is no longer the progressive rock outfit it was founded as during the audacious heyday of the Nice, etc., the torch of musical de-

terminism having long since been passed from the broody Gabriel to the group's upbeat working-class singer/percussionist. Phil Collins, a native of Chiswick in London and educated at the local grammar schools, joined Genesis in 1970, and he steadily steered the band in a conventional pop direction, commencing with *A Trick Of The Tail* in 1976.

Tony Banks have been toned down to where they seem mere coloration.

It's fascinating how enticing a once-challenging band can be as it slips towards accessibility. Initially the listener wonders if it's a mixture of shared experiences and mutual ground gained that makes the latest yield so familiar. Then one draws back as an endless stream of



Moe Rutherford, Larry Banks and Curly Collins in need of a lift.

Even the most loyal fans of the band have become restive in the face of the skimpy pop legerdemain that is Genesis' sixteenth album, *Invisible Touch*. With Collins as the prime mover, cuts like the title track and "In Too Deep" are the sure-fire ear candy he's grown adept at churning out since his solo career and his Hollywood "Love Theme" chores ("Against All Odds," "Separate Lives") caught fire. But the rest of the record consists of unfocused, superficial fare that would be unsuitable for Phil's offbeat output with Brand X, let alone partner Mike Rutherford's more polished eclecticism on *Mike & The Mechanics*. Even the always-adventuresome keyboards of

like-sounding product suddenly decorates the airwaves and the cumulative message becomes undeniable: the process has grown perfunctory, the reunion relegated to a calendar appointment, the reputation now a selling point.

If *Invisible Touch* is to stand as Genesis' unabashed statement of purpose after a three-year hiatus, what can we deduce about the future?

**MUSICIAN:** Explain how, with your incredible schedules, all of you managed to squeeze in another Genesis album.

**COLLINS:** Well, when we finished the last tour two or three years ago, we said to each other that we would get together





# "TOMORROW'S STANDARD"

\*STAND-ARD (stan' dērd), *n.* 1. Something established as a rule or basis of comparison in measuring or judging quality, value, capacity, extent, etc. 2. Something used by general agreement as a type, model, or pattern.

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to do an album after I'd done some solo stuff and Mike and Tony had done their things. We arrived at the date of September, 1985.

We live near each other and kept in touch, and we went in there with no music written. We'd begin with a blank piece of paper, I'd turn the drum machines on, Tony'd turn his keyboards on, Mike would turn his guitar on. I'd start singing, they started playing, and we just improvised our way through three months of writing songs.

**MUSICIAN:** *Genesis does all its recording these days in the Farm, your studio in Surrey. Do you have trouble getting yourselves in there to make these records?*

**RUTHERFORD:** It's never hard. I find it harder getting out, actually. We work pretty long hours. We go in about eleven a.m. and work until between one and two a.m. the next morning, otherwise the adrenalin and momentum go. So often you heard about people spending six and seven months on an album, which I personally could never do. That's because they're going at it slowly. I like to keep the momentum going, or I really go off the ball.

You know, Phil and Tony and I used to bring in material. But with the last three albums—including *Invisible Touch*—because we're apart so much, we've decided to keep Genesis for the actual act of us writing together, the chemistry. So we just jam. Then we put the song down very early on. We try to get Phil to sing on as much as possible, giving us guide vocals, and let the drum machine take care of the basic rhythm track. If we have a great vocal line, Tony and I can vamp on an A-chord for sixteen bars, but if you're just laying it down instrumentally you think, "God, this is boring!"

So we lay the tracks down with a drum machine, Phil singing, guitar, keyboards. The chances are we haven't spent too much time on the song, so it's down while we're still into it and it's still fresh. Tony probably hasn't worked on his keyboards yet and I haven't gotten my guitar part right so we have to go in and replace things and patch, but what you got is a basic framework with a certain energy to it, a magic we can shape. Most of the time, Phil then puts actual drums in to replace the drum machine.

**MUSICIAN:** *Do you look upon Genesis as a comfort to your careers, a place you can return to when you're weary or battered by your other involvements?*

**RUTHERFORD:** [Firmly] I don't see Genesis as a safehouse. I go into it quite a bit more edgy than that. It doesn't feel safe. Every new album I think, "I wonder if it's going to work this time." There's no reason to think it's always

going to work just like that, but so far it always has.

**MUSICIAN:** *Can you envision a time when there may not be a Genesis?*

**COLLINS:** We never really know what's happening. As far as we're concerned Genesis is still alive and kicking. And the individual solo things will carry on, because that's just as important to me as the band.

**MUSICIAN:** *Is collaboration still meaningful to your individual growth? What do you get from it?*

**BANKS:** The collaboration brings things significant out in me, I know it does. On



Rutherford: "God, this is boring!"

my own I tend to go for slightly more complicated kinds of music, particularly with harmony. But I find that when I'm with the other two I write some very simple things. A song like "That's All" is very much my kind of thing musically, but it's the sort of thing I find difficult to write on my own. I'm not quite sure when I've written something good in that area; I need somebody to help me.

It's similar with Phil. I think that with his own music he tends to get very much into a groove. He does it very well, but he goes for a verse-chorus type of format. He likes the repetition but he gets a nice roundness to his songs. Nevertheless you can be made to stretch out more and he has that side to him. We bring things out in each other.

**MUSICIAN:** *With the last few Genesis albums, there have been no individual credits, and individual authorship has been assigned only sporadically during group history. What part does this policy play in the current outlook of Genesis?*

**COLLINS:** In the early days, up until *Trick Of The Tail*, we thought it would alleviate any problems about people pushing their own songs forward for singles or for preference. So if everybody received equal money then nobody had any axes to grind. So we had everything from the early days up to *Trick Of The Tail* listed as "Genesis," although we had various different combinations of members writing the songs. "Firth Of Fifth" (on *Selling England By The Pound*) comes to me as an example of something that's all Tony's. That's a song that I'm sure a lot of people thought Peter wrote.

So when *Trick Of The Tail* came around we thought that, as Peter had left and we were very strong as a group, we would show people who wrote what. So for those people that thought that Pete wrote everything, we'd get a bit specific. And that's when you get the individual credits starting.

But now the last album and everything but one song each, I think, on *Abacab* and all the new album, are all group songs. There's no one conning anybody else: they're thirty-three-and-a-third each. I don't bring my songs in, Tony doesn't bring his and neither does Mike. We just come in with nothing and make it up as we go along.

**BANKS:** We tend to do the music as a group and the lyrics individually. And we did three each. I did the lyrics to "Domino" parts one and part two, and also the lyrics to "Anything She Does." Phil did the lyrics to "Invisible Touch," "Tonight, Tonight, Tonight" and "In Too Deep," and Mike did the lyrics to "Throwing It All Away" and "Land Of Confusion." The only one that became a little bit more substantial than was originally intended was "Land Of Confusion." When Mike started writing the lyrics he was thinking of a *Mad Max* movie sort of scenario, but as it went on he started relating it to our present state in the world.

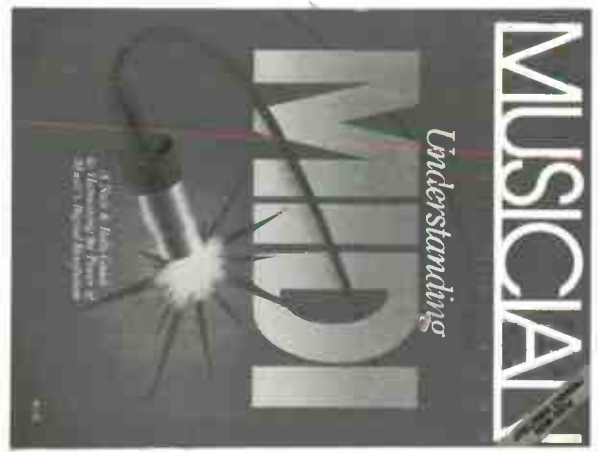
We tried a lot of the songs different ways—fast, slow, and so on—as we went along, and the one that most obviously changed for me was "Anything She Does." It looked at one point like it was going to be a heavier and longer piece, and it turned into a very light weight thing that was nicer. If we'd done it the other way it would have been more ordinary for Genesis. Now it stands up as an ultra-fast pop song that works very well.

As for the title track, we were improvising on the rhythm section of what later became "The Last Domino" and Mike began to play a light little chord riff that didn't fit. But Phil simultaneously began mumbling something about an "invisible touch" and I decided to join in,

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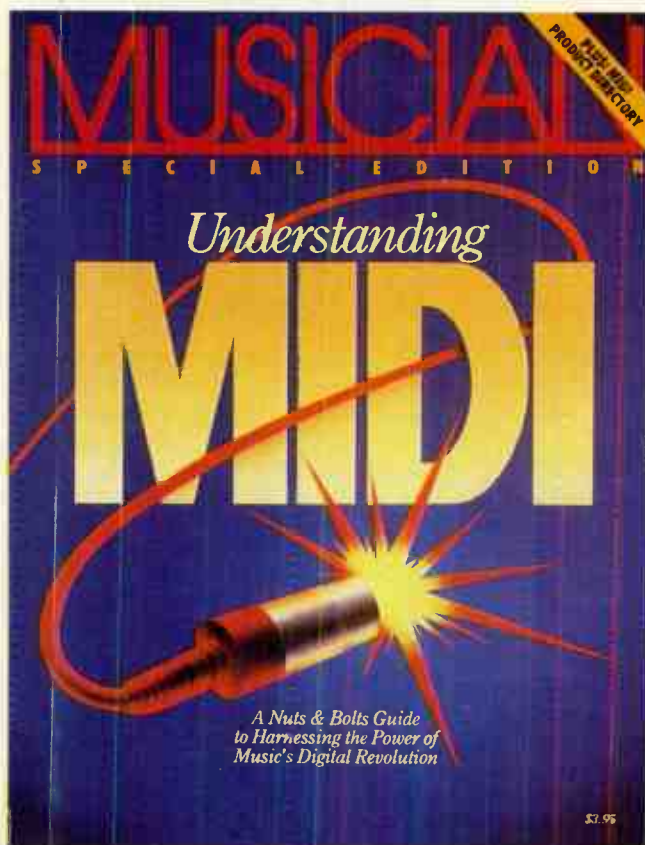
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trying to supply a few more chords to the effort. That's how it came about.

**MUSICIAN:** *At this point, how do you view Genesis' work?*

**BANKS:** For me, one of the most significant songs from our early career was "Supper's Ready" from the *Foxtrot* album in 1972. It was long but it was putting soft bits against loud bits and fast against slow with a good, coherent lyric. We'd worked on it in pieces, and it was an extremely exciting thing that surprised us, even, when we finally heard it. And it proved to be an excellent live song.

*The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway*

was designed to be taken as totally individual songs or taken as one piece. In the main it worked, but I think the story's a bit overcomplicated and perhaps it didn't resolve as well as it might have. But there are some great moments on that.

The *Wind And Wuthering* album has always been a favorite of mine because it contained two of what I consider my best songs, "One For The Vine" and "Afterglow." There were more romantic, feminine kinds of songs, if you like, but they represented a certain peak.

I went for years without hearing or even remembering how many songs went on the old albums, but since

they've been appearing on compact disc I've been listening to and really enjoying them again.

**MUSICIAN:** *Phil, this year marks your sixteenth anniversary with Genesis, since you signed on in 1970 in response to a Melody Maker ad for a "drummer sensitive to acoustic music."*

**COLLINS:** Right, and they were looking for a guitar player at the same time, who turned out to be Steve Hackett, of course. I was a professional auditioner; I didn't have a job. [Laughter] I went to auditions for Manfred Mann's Chapter Three and Vinegar Joe, which Robert Palmer was singing with at the time. And I didn't get any of them!

When Peter left and we decided to carry on, we were working on the album that would become a *Trick Of The Tail*. We were looking for a singer and someone who would come in as another member to write. We heard a lot of good voices but we didn't find anybody who we thought was special, and nobody we thought we'd like to have as a writer, because we were getting very tired as a four-piece writing unit.

I'd teach a few verses of the songs to the guys who were coming down for auditions and I ended up doing it better than they did. At least this was what I was told by the other members. I wasn't too aware of how good I sounded or whatever, but I was always going to do some of the slower songs, the ballads, because my higher voice fitted songs like "Ripples" and "Entangled." But the heavier songs, like "Squonk," for instance, I was an unknown quantity completely. It was only that we went into the studio with all the music written and still no singer. I tried, one by one, singing all the songs, and "Squonk" was the first song that I actually sang.

As soon as I started singing we felt we had the makings of doing it under our own steam, just the four of us.

**MUSICIAN:** *Since 1976 you've been the one with the greatest influence on the group's sound, and you've pushed the group in a more percussive but openly pop direction.*

**COLLINS:** When I started singing, I sang more percussively because I was a drummer. I even sang the old songs more percussively. I think that after *Face Value* in 1981 a whole area had opened up drum-sound-wise. When I worked with Peter on his third album, I met Hugh Padgham and we got some great drum sounds that have since set precedents. I feel the credit for that gated sound is as much mine as anybody else's, because I was *playing* on it. It was the part that was written with the sound that was as important as the sound, almost. So I brought that into the group,

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because that's what I was into.

I think with *Abacad* and to some extent beforehand with *Duke*, I've spent more time on the music. That's to say I was more of an equal partner in Genesis. Before, my strength was probably arranging and things like that. Whereas when I found myself in 1978-79 without my family, who'd left me—I mean, my wife had left me—I had a lot of time on my hands, and I was able to dedicate more time to the group. It seemed like I was becoming more dominant, but in fact it was thirty-three-and-a-third contributions-wise.

**MUSICIAN:** *Tony, you've been cautious in your outside work, doing only two solo records, plus the movie soundtrack for The Wicked Lady in 1983.*

**BANKS:** *A Curious Feeling* was more a concept and mood album, really, but the other, *The Fugitive*, had actual songs. I thought the songs "And The Wheels Keep Turning" and "This Is Love" from *The Fugitive* had hit potential but in this business you need something else beyond just having the song. You need to be able to present yourself. But it's difficult for me to be a front man, it's not a natural thing for me. I can do the musical side of it, but the rest I find far more difficult.

The movie soundtracks are another outlet, an area I certainly wanted to get into when I first started doing it. Nowadays there's too much emphasis placed

on using pop singles in movies for my own taste. I'm more a great fan of the Ennio Morricone film scores for the old spaghetti westerns, where the atmosphere is virtually created by the music.

**MUSICIAN:** *Mike, how about your feelings on the success of Mike & the Mechanics. Are you pleased, surprised, too tired to have an assessment?*

**RUTHERFORD:** At the moment I'm on the Mechanics tour and the current joke is "Wildmen Of Rock," because at quarter to eleven in the evening on a day off, when one's image of rock 'n' roll is hard partying, we can be found in the restaurant falling asleep over our dessert.

**MUSICIAN:** *The Mechanics' three big hits all sound like the work of different bands.*

**RUTHERFORD:** That's down to the material and the producer. Chris Neil should be given lots of credit, because this time around I realized certain things I'm not good at. I wasn't going to sing again, and I'm not good at putting the final song together. I can write the damn things, but I've got the verses in the wrong order and I've got a piece that shouldn't be there. I need someone like Chris Neil to come in and do a bit of fine-tuning.

"All I Need Is A Miracle" is a good example of how I work with Chris Neil. The verse came from one of my songs,

*continued on page 97*

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DEVELOPMENTS

By Jock Baird

## SUMMER N.A.M.M.: NO HO HUM

I'm sure many in the audience will breathe a sigh of relief when I promise not to even mention MIDI guitar this month. And perhaps you're right, maybe we've gotten a tad myopic about it—after all, there were plenty of other big stories at this summer's N.A.M.M. show in Chicago, right? No, not according to most press reports and informal handicappers who rated the show a sleepy one—one trade journal even dubbed it the “ho hum show.”

Well, ho hum it was not, folks. Most of the new equipment action did have more to do with refinement than breakthrough, but just to show you how wide awake we all were, let's examine four genuinely new music technologies at Chicago N.A.M.M. Yes, they are all software products, which shows you where the MI cutting edge still lies, shakeout be damned. And they are also, each in its own way, important.

I have to start with **Laurie Spiegel's** mouse-driven composing program for the Macintosh, simply because it's so original and so cheap. Spiegel is a New York-based “so-called avant-garde” composer/soundtracker who also spent years in some high-octane programming environments. “Most people don't realize how wonderful computers are,” she observes, “They're only using them as tape recorders.” To prove her point, Spiegel wrote a program that would gen-

erate sophisticated contrapuntal compositions in real time by moving a mouse across a grid created by running two piano keyboards along the horizontal and vertical axis. The output comes out as MIDI data, which means you can drive any sound you want. It's really an intuitive composition machine. Do you have to think only diatonically? No, a menu lets you also go pentatonic or chromatic.

I may not have clearly described her program, because I'm not at all clear how it works. Spiegel even yelled at me for taking too long to figure out what was going on (not your routine N.A.M.M. exhibitor). But after watching her weave two pairs of voices in parallel contrary motion with the flick of a mouse, making really evocative, usable music with it, I don't care how it works. Some of our non-keyboard-playing readers would kill for a program like this, but all they have to do is send \$80 to Laurie Spiegel, 175 Duane Street, New York, NY 10013.

More familiar but equally original was an IBM software/hardware package called **MegaMix**, which promised automated multi-track mixdown of up to forty tracks—for very few dollars. Not that original? Ah, but unlike the AHB CMC series and the Akai 8-track MIDI mixer, MegaMix works with any board. How, you might well ask? Through the buss ins and outs—just set all your master volumes all the way up, and the IBM (or clone of choice) will manage your volumes, groupings, muting, soloing, and play/record switching—but not eq or effects. You can cut and paste different mixes together, and the mouse-driven editing scheme makes level changes on the screen a breeze. MegaMix starts with a 16-track basic unit for \$2000 and adds 8-channel expander boards at \$600 a pop. Call 516-864-1683 for more info.

Another software/hardware combo, this one for the Atari ST, managed to set a few minds a-boggling. It's a professional sampling program with its own visual editing system developed by a bright young fellow named Wendel Brown. Using an Atari 1040ST's megabyte of on-board memory, the **ADAP SoundRack** gives twenty seconds of 16-bit stereo sampling at a rate of 44.1 kHz, and then

lets you mix, cross-fade, loop, and even draw your own graph waves—you also get digital effects processing and a real-time oscilloscope. You can divide that twenty seconds into sixty-four simultaneously accessible samples.

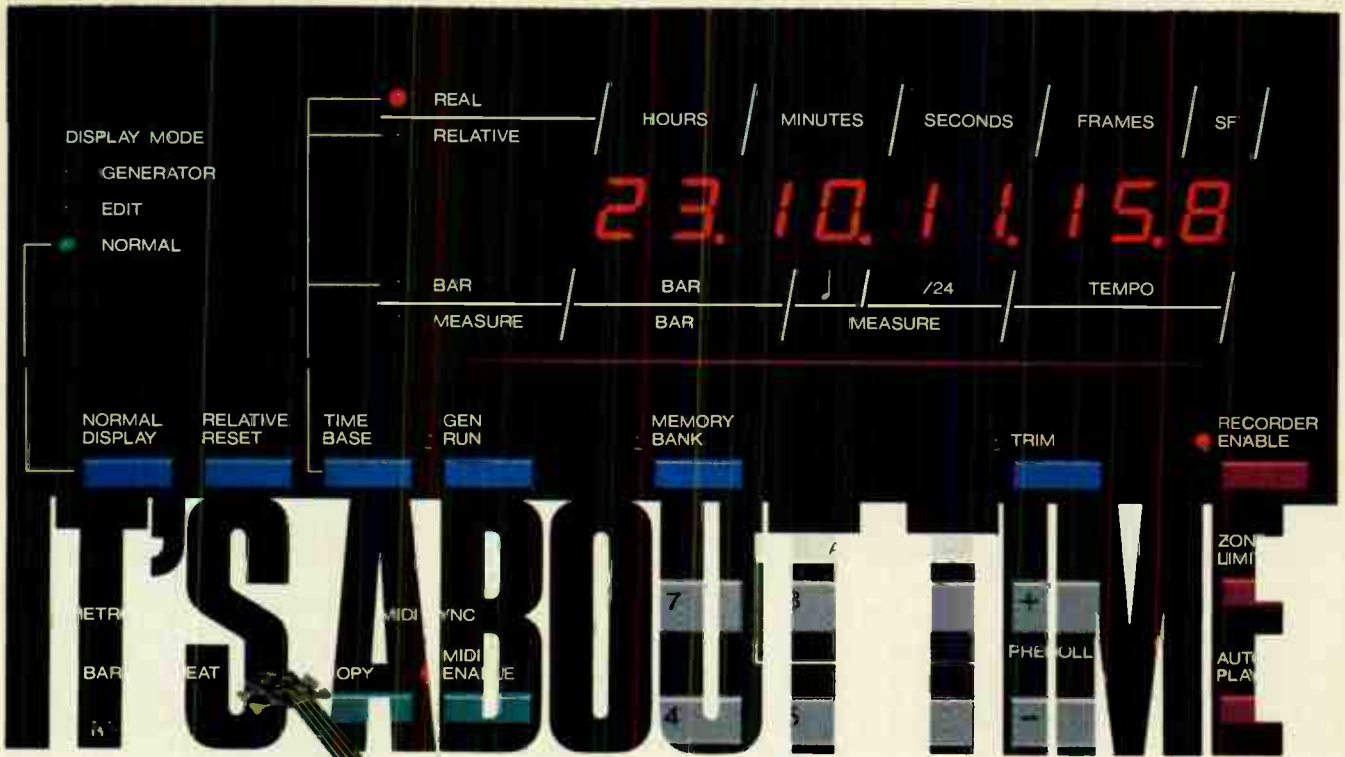
Okay, so it's a competitive sampling machine. But now let's bring on some \$1200 60-megabyte Atari hard-disk units—you can daisy-chain up to eight. Eight times sixty times twenty seconds? Holy hard-disk, Batman, that's 160 minutes! Enough for a whole film soundtrack. How does the computer access all that memory? Though a virtual buffering system that is loading the next twenty seconds while it's playing the current one. So what we really are talking about here is full-service digital recording and editing for less money than a decent mixing board. ADAP is now being refined in a cooperative venture with Brown's **Nilford Labs** and that ubiquitous Atari powerhouse **Hybrid Arts**. This could be big.

The fourth New Product comes from **Digidesign**, that li'l ol' software company from Palo Alto that's been churning out Sound Designer editing programs for the major samplers. Now they've got something that turns the Mac and most samplers into a sophisticated digital synthesizer—with blue-chip editor. Called **Softsynth**, the program lets you create sounds out of thirty-two oscillators (or harmonics), using additive synthesis.

Hybrid Arts' remarkable ADAP sampling system



Yamaha's high-end, big-noise MIDI kit



Finally, someone tied everything together — MIDI, SMPTE and the tape recorder — in one smart package. The company is Fostex and the product is the Model 4050. Much more than an autolocator, it provides a level of automation never before available.

Now musicians and songwriters have direct access to SMPTE time code, the universal time standard. Sync all your MIDI clocks and the tape recorder to SMPTE for rock stable timing.

Program and edit with a new level of confidence and accuracy. Features include:

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The 4050 is the first autolocator to think musically.

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There are some serious envelope editing features, a harmonic mixer to create so-called "timbre events" (tonal variations that can be placed anywhere in the sound), and more high-tech high jinks. One limitation is that it doesn't kick the sound out in real time—it's only when you load into your sampler that you can use it, but a digital synth for \$300?

But why call this one of the top four rookies of N.A.M.M.? Simply because there's got to be more to sampling than just copying real instruments. If we're using all this new technology simply to replace an acoustic piano, what's the point? Softsynth is the most significant step yet towards a new sampling ethic, the generation of brand new sonic compounds. It's something that cuts the difference between digital synthesis and sampling in half.

#### ELECTRONIC PERCUSSION

Recently, the trend in electronic drums has resembled a limbo contest—who can go the lowest and still remain standing. But that tide may be reversing, as evidenced by a new \$2000 system from **Yamaha** that is anything but low-rent. Most surprisingly, it's only a MIDI controller setup—actual sound generation has to come from an external synth—naturally, a TX816 is recommended—or drum machine. The pads and hardware incorporate a lot of Yamaha drum smarts, particularly the multi-layer cushioning systems and the hollow kick drum for better rebound. The MIDI brain does everything from program storage and kit setups to gating and dynamic note shifting (that is, playing higher or lower notes depending on how hard you hit the pad). Will the pros take to it? Well, J.R. Robinson and top percussionist Alex Acuna sure did in a wild, very musical duet-with-sequencer.

A totally new drum kit and brain from **Dynacord** also hit the floor under the **Europa** banner. **Dynacord**, of course, had a decent sample-based kit already, but in a coop venture with two star Oberheim engineers, Marcus Ryle and Michel Doidic, they did a complete re-think. The result is the MIDI-fluent ADD-one, still sample-based, but with more on-board modification clout, more useful memory access features, and space for two add-on EPROM boards. The pads, a skewed parallelogram shape, are pretty cool, as is the Drum-Caddy tree hardware setup

And yet the most dynamic company on the electronic drum front may be **Simmons**, who has been breaking its product lineup into more specialized and affordable units to take advantage of the splin-



E-mu makes its under-\$3000 sampling move with the prodigious E-Max.

tering market. Take, for example, separating the MIDI interface from the SDS9 and selling it separately for \$400 as the TMI (and providing an alternative to their own pricey MTM). Or making a new MIDI-accessible percussion expander synth module called the SDE. Or four-socket EPROM expansion boards for the SDS7. Or a new five-channel 200-watt combo amp made especially for drums, the SDC200. But Simmons' biggest coup was getting virtually all of the SDS9's sound quality into the \$900 SDS1000. Whether it's a whole new kit or just a component in a built-up system, Simmons is going to be in there fighting for the business.

A related percussion development is a new \$1095 Eprommer from **Oberheim**, logically named the Prommer. It loads chips for every known unit on the planet, and will transpose, reverse, modulate, envelope and more. It also holds up to sixteen samples in memory, and



Alesis MIDIFEX: packed with presets

can be driven (monophonically) via MIDI. (Oberheim, on the rebound, also had Matrix-6Rs all over the show floor.) Another notable prommer was a Mac software package from **Digidesign** called **Burner**—this one does all the usuals, plus will split sounds on a single chip and be able to receive telecommunications

data patches from PAN or an electronic bulletin board.

When I started talking about new instruments a while back, many of you probably thought I was going to mention one of the three new MIDI percussion controllers that set everyone talking. Yes, they are new, but boy are they expensive. And just a tad gimmicky. Sure the **Dynacord Rhythm Stick**, shaped just like a guitar, can put a percussionist at stage front, and let him flip between eight voices, but \$900 for a pad to drive a drum machine? I had a little more enthusiasm for the **Brocktronics MIDI Suit**, a Dadaesque leather suit with built-in pads (the bass was in the foot, of course), but wouldn't you have to wash it after every gig? I took the **Palmtree Airdrum** system more seriously (for \$1900 I better)—this was a kind of MIDI maraca that uses "directed energy" to generate MIDI notes. There's a large choice of shake directions to trigger a sound. For a skilled percussionist, Airdrums seems a pretty natural and usable instrument, but with that price tag, that skilled percussionist will also have to be working a lot. The electronic/MIDI implementation on this is excellent, by the way. Definitely worth a phone call—(619) 452-5199.

#### SAMPLING

As if ADAP weren't enough, Chicago N.A.M.M. saw three new digital samplers. One was the **Kurzweil 150** we mentioned in August, a worthy attempt to put upper-price-range clout to work in the below-\$3000 market. Another was E-mu's \$2600 version of the now legendary Emulator, called the **E-Max**. There were only two samples ready, but if the gong is any indication, this machine is going to sound great. It samples seventeen seconds at 28kHz, with seven other time/rate variations, allows for stacking and crossfading of two samples on the same voice, and has full-service analog processing. Then throw in the multi-

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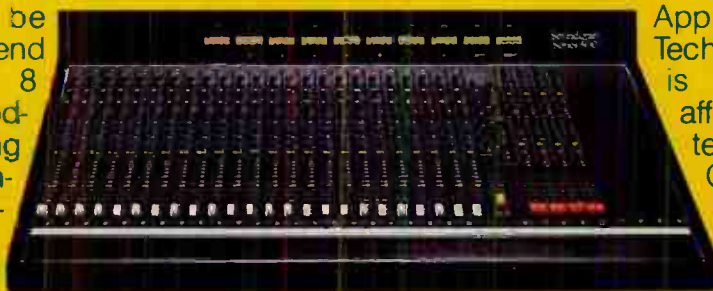
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*Appropriate Technology*

track MIDI sequencer, an arpeggiator and an RS-422 computer port for fast data transfer. And we give extra points for aesthetics—this is literally a gorgeous instrument, from its artful diagonal panel layout to the pitch and mod wheel design. Bravo E-mu!

The third major sampler was the Akai S900. This is a mega-improved version of their rack-mount S612, and only gets under \$3000 by five bucks. It's a 12-bit job, has about twelve seconds of sample memory at a rate of 16kHz, and holds up to thirty-two samples. And yes, it cross-fades, loops, and has an RS232 port, but no, it has no filtering ability (you have to buy a separate Akai synth equipped for that). The S900 also has a fabulous two-lines-of-80-characters-each LCD display—it scrolls across horizontally to view an entire directory, for example. It also allows for a very user-friendly page-oriented operating system, with lots of helpful prompts and suggestions. And not only is Digidesign working on a voice editing package, but Akai is readying a program to turn the S900 into an additive synthesizer similar to Softsynth.

#### SOFTWARE

I know, you thought I was already done with software, but there's always more. How about Syntech guest Clint Howery

of Professional Innovations, who designed a speech input operating system for a MIDI sequencer so his blind twelve-year-old keyboard-playing daughter Tane could run it. You basically record in a set of spoken commands and then when you repeat them, the computer matches your order with the on-file samples. Howery is also selling a rack-mount IBM-compatible with a built-in TV screen for \$1400—the gigging, sequencer-based musician's wet dream. Call Clint at 805-581-2078 and say you saw his daughter on *That's Incredible*.

Speaking of IBM, Roland had Kentyn Reynolds do a complete rehab on his MPS program, and the new version clears up a number of knotty problems. For example, in the old MPS, to change between the sequencing and scoring modes, you had to save all your data and keep only a phrase. Now you can toggle back and forth. There's also now a loop function, so you don't have to copy eight bars over and over just to get a groove going. It will now punch in not just at the beginning of a bar, but on any beat in a bar. And its graphic capability is beefed up by supporting the new Computer Graphics Interface (CGI), the art world's version of MIDI—now when a plotter runs out those notation files, it's camera-ready publishable. The new version is

called MESA, goes for \$500, reads all existing MPS files and MPS owners will get a substantial trade-in.

#### SIGNAL PROCESSING

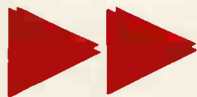
The phenomenal success of the Alesis MIDIVERB has taken much of the industry by surprise. The idea was simple: design a stereo reverb with such excellent presets that no one would need to write their own, make it MIDI-controllable and sell it for \$400. It set off bombs in the home recording underground. Now Alesis comes out with son-of-MIDI VERB, MIDIFEX. Multi-tap digital delays, five reverbs, stereo generation, gates, filters, panning, special effects...this \$400 box has a lot in there. How do they do it? One factor is a new kind of computer architecture called RISC, which reduces the possible instructions a programmer needs to enter so it can execute fast. MIDIFEX's only negative is that the bandwidth stops at 10kHz. But even for the more discerning recordist, both Alesis units make great number two or three processors.

Two other MIDI-accessible signal processors from ADA will really appeal to guitarists who want to hop on the MIDI express. The first, the MP-1, is a programmable tube preamp that has three gain stages, three bands of eq, a chorus and effects loop. So what? That means you set up your favorite sounds, from clear and shimmering to forceful and fuzzy, and put them into 128 patch locations, then call 'em up with a footswitch. Aha, a MIDI amp without the amp! Fiendish. The other ADA idea is a MIDI equalizer—fourteen bands of programmable eq with 12 db cut/boost, all savable to 128 programs. And I've got a feeling ADA has a few more of these up its sleeve.

#### ANALOG GUITARS

Sure I wasn't going to mention that other subject, but who said anything about their analog counterparts. Particularly Grover Jackson's ongoing high trajectory. Last show, Grover cut a deal with IMC to have them make Charvels in Japan. IMC must have liked what they saw, because they brought the rest of Jackson Guitars under its wing. Jackson is undertaking an ambitious replacement pickup/hardware offensive, including some nice active eq jobs, and decided to help set up Neal Schon with his own guitar line. But Grover's still found time to build some new guitars, one of which is a classy arch-top neck-through-the-body neo-Les Paul for \$2200 that takes the breath away. Jackson's also developed a bizarre painting technique using a contracting black material that

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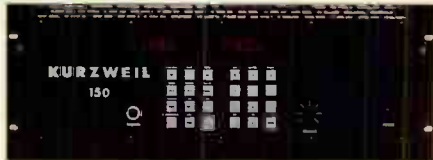
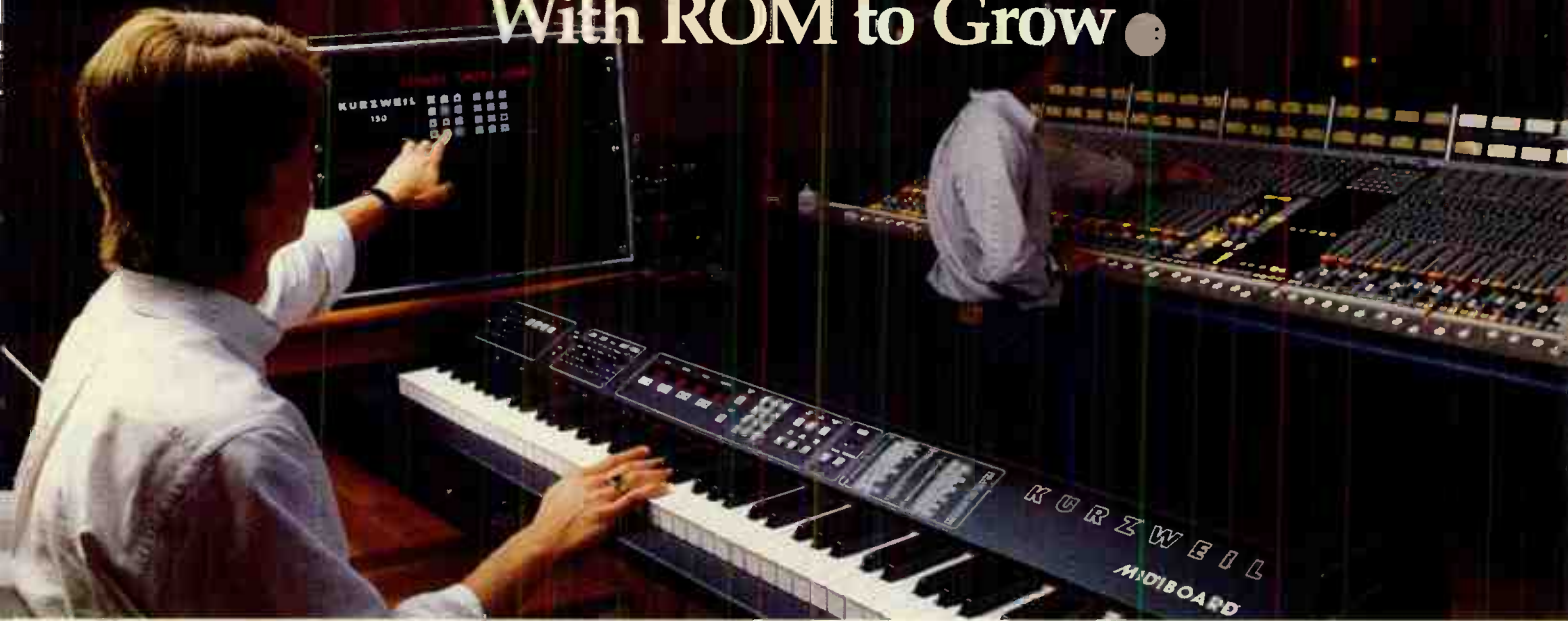
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### MIDI

Of course the Kurzweil 150 offers full MIDI implementation. With OMNI, POLY and MULTI modes, the Kurzweil 150 will be a leading component in your MIDI setup... And for only \$2,995\*.

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goes on over a bright color and then shrinks away to let the undercolor burn through. Savage stuff.

And you gotta love this story. Gibson closes its Kalamazoo, Michigan plant where many of its greatest instruments were made and consolidates in Nashville. What do all those workers do? They don't take it lying down, hell they start their own company. **Heritage Guitars** is run by all those same people who ran the Gibson production line in the 60s, and their guitars clearly show it. They do a lot of custom work, and will build whatever you want, but their standard-issue Les Paul, with cut-down body weight to eliminate bad posture, is plenty fine. Appropriate to its America-first predilections, Heritage also offers a complete range of patriotic inlays like flags, eagles, the Statue of Liberty and the space shuttle (not many orders for that one, I suspect).

**Hartley Peavey** has an even better America-first program, though. He opened a plant in England to sell his products to the Europeans, a virtual one-company crusade against the U.S. trade deficit. Robert E. Lee would be proud.

That wasn't all we saw in Chicago, but it's all I've got room for this month. Having been wide-awake for four exciting, equipment-packed days, I gotta sleep sometime y'know. **M**

## ZAPPA

from page 30

ifies as a good bass player. Vinnie Colaiuta and Terry Bozzio were legendary auditions. Arthur Barrow was. They're easy to spot. You just have to wait and wait and when you hear the right guy, he sticks out like a sore thumb. Arthur Barrow walked in and played "St. Alphonso's Breakfast" on the bass and then topped it off by knowing seventy-five percent of the songs I ever recorded. He was genuinely interested in playing that music. He's now working with Giorgio Moroder.

Colaiuta was amazing. I'd say "play this, play that." Whatever it was, he could play it. "Thirteen in one hand, eleven with the other, do something else with your feet," and liking it and being natural about it. For polyrhythms, I've never seen anybody who had that kind of animal grasp of what polyrhythms are supposed to sound like. It's unfortunate that he wound up doing studio stuff where he doesn't get a chance to be the maniac that he truly is.

They're out there, I know there are fabulous musicians out there. I'm talking about people who love music and would rather do music than anything else—truly devoted. Unfortunately, not all of them look good enough for MTV, so they are going to have trouble with a record

contract anyplace. The record industry is too tied to the visual medium. Eventually they're going to find out that they've hoisted themselves by their own petard, because by tying their product to the visual medium, they've tied their asses to MTV and are neglecting the bulk of the American consumers who like music. You're not listening anymore, guys.

**MUSICIAN:** *So obviously you're not leaping feet-first into the video realm.*

**ZAPPA:** I've already made one. I'll tell you what: Take a look at *200 Motels* from 1971. You will see that all of the theory of doing a video—in other words the cross between the visualization of the lyrics of the songs intercut with people playing the song—is in *200 Motels*. You should have seen what I went through trying to explain that to United Artists at the time.

Well, just look at how videos get financed. If you're with a record company, the company puts up the money in advance and they take it out of your royalties. They're making you bend over and they keep the rights to the video. What is this?

I did one video in 1980 financed by CBS. I have a foreign distribution deal with them and they wanted to use the video to promote things foreign. So I did a song called "You Are What You Is." I hired a guy like Ronald Reagan and I put him in an electric chair. I also had a black person spewing Pepto Bismol while saying the word "Mercedes Benz," which tended to keep the video off the air.

**MUSICIAN:** *I can't imagine why.*

**ZAPPA:** Hah. Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke. No reason why the video shouldn't be done.

**MUSICIAN:** *"Valley Girl" must have been an unexpected hit for you. Did you have any idea it would take off that way?*

**ZAPPA:** No, I didn't. I didn't have any idea that "Yellow Snow" would be a hit and neither did anybody at the record company and neither did anybody anywhere. It was totally "how the fuck did this happen?" There are two really good examples that the smartest people at Warner Bros.—completely unprepared for "Yellow Snow"—and CBS—our distributor at the time of "Valley Girl"—neither of them had the slightest hint that this record would go. They all think they know, until you catch them with their pants down; then they don't know shit.

In the case of "Don't Eat The Yellow Snow," it was also an accident. A disc jockey in Pittsburgh on a station that had a policy of playing novelty records of the 60s received the album in the mail, listened to "Yellow Snow," which was ten minutes long and said "My god, it's a modern-day novelty record," cut it down

*continued on page 85*

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35  
**The Doors**  
Carla Bley, Bob Marley



41  
**Miles**  
Genesis, Lowell George



46  
**Pete Townshend**  
Warren Zevon, Squeeze



50  
**Billy Joel**  
Pink Floyd, Corporate Rock



54  
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# BONNIE RAITT

## STILL TAKIN' HER TIME

BACK ON A RECORD LABEL, BACK ON THE ROAD,  
THE BURBANK BLUES MAMA DOES IT HER WAY

—MOSTLY.

*"There were girls out there with backpacks!"*

It's been seven years since Bonnie Raitt last played Wichita, Kansas, and, frankly, she expected a little more in the way of...er, social progress. Why, god knows. The venue, the Cotillion Ballroom, looks like the next attraction should be Buddy Holly & the Crickets: What appear to be huge Christmas-tree ornaments hang from the domed ceiling. Rafters radiate from the center, making the place resemble the inside of a 1950s UFO. The stage is at one end of the circular structure: l-o-n-g rows of tables are arranged perpendicular to it. Bonnie, I don't think we're in Burbank anymore.

Notwithstanding her incredulous reaction to the crowd, Raitt plays a typically generous set—and the audience responds with a roaring enthusiasm born of landlocked desperation. Raitt and her backing band, Padlock, charge through a survey of her fifteen-year recording career. She belts out bluesy pop in a burnished soprano similar in color to her auburn hair. A moving

BY SCOTT ISLER

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS CUFFARO/VISAGE

performance of Eric Kaz's "River Of Tears"—dedicated to Richard Manuel, who sang harmony on Raitt's studio recording—opens with her own bottleneck guitar solo. Accompanied only by guitarist Johnny Lee Schell (and later bassist Jim "Hutch" Hutchinson), Raitt turns more traditional, playing the old "race" tunes that first won her renown; on Buffalo Springfield's "For What It's Worth," though, she alters a line to "South Africa, what's going down?" The full band works up to a whumping version of Wilson Pickett's "Three Time Loser," and manages to squeeze in a couple of encores before the eleven o'clock curfew—and a lightning bolt that temporarily plunges the place into near-darkness. It's certainly not obvious that Raitt is recovering from an upset stomach (and worse) occasioned by some very greasy barbecue sampled the previous day in Tulsa. Ah, the road life.

Whether her stomach is in Kansas or some other state, for Raitt there's no place like home on the road. Her touring band is her family, with the considerable advantage that she gets to pick the members; a good sense of humor is as important as technical ability. The current Padlock is an amiable crew, highlighted by keyboard player Ivan Neville (Aaron's son)—at

twenty-six the baby of the group, a junk-food junkie and something of a living cartoon character.

But Raitt, like the old blues song, ain't gonna play no second fiddle. Wichita is the last stop on this first leg of her tour. The next morning, as per the road manager's orders, the band—obviously not used to a.m. hours illuminated by daylight—lounges in the hotel lobby awaiting a lift to the airport and temporary dispersal. Raitt is the last one to show up, perhaps reflecting her statement that "basically, I'm a lazy person."

She's also one of the boys, spearheading a running gag of imaginary groupie/sex escapades. Raitt and Schell are flying to Austin, Texas for an appearance at Willie Nelson's Farm Aid benefit. Upon arrival, before hotel check-in they have to go to a Mexican restaurant. The place has

paper table coverings and crayons for the artistically inclined. Raitt grabs a crayon and immediately scrawls a phallus. She covers it up when the waiter arrives.

Bonnie Raitt is a walking contradiction. She's a white blues mama who's the daughter of a Broadway musical actor; a bawdy feminist; a partyer with a social conscience. Still self-conscious about her freckles, she won't go out without applying "spackling." The stencilled sign on her equipment case reads *Bonnie Raitt/Fragile*, but don't you believe it. "I have the constitution of an ox. I look like an ox," she quips. Raitt quips often. She's an animated, raspy talker, with the polished delivery of a stand-up comic, and can sniff out a double entendre at fifty yards. "I've gotten older and wiser," she remarks, "but I've also gotten a lot funnier."

Her well-developed, sometimes self-deprecating sense of humor is a career necessity. Although she released almost an album a year throughout the 70s, Raitt's new *Nine Lives* is her first since 1982's *Green Light*. In 1983 Warner Bros. Records, her longtime label, dropped her from their roster; in 1986 they picked her up again. The title *Nine Lives* refers to more than Raitt's number of albums.

Not that she hasn't been active these last four years. There are always tours, which Raitt prefers to recording anyway. "It's much more pleasant to a group to get paid to go out and have a party all the time," she says. "I mean, getting onstage and doing that isn't exactly the most unpleasant thing there is. Being in a studio to me is like a term paper." In a throwback to her earliest gigs, she recently toured with only Schell for backup. "There's not that many people that can play (acoustic) guitar and keep an audience for an hour and a half," she boasts. "Cause we lock the doors."

But seriously, folks: Bonnie Raitt comes from delta country—the delta of Ventura and Golden State Freeways. She was born in Burbank, California thirty-six years ago. Her grandparents were musical; both her parents sing and play piano. Her father, John Raitt, portrayed Curly in an early (1944) touring company of *Oklahoma!* A year later he created the role of swaggering Billy Bigelow in *Carousel*. In the early 50s, the Raitts (now a family of five) relocated to New York for John Raitt's starring role in *The Pajama Game*. After a two-and-a-half-year stint, they shuttled back to Los Angeles for the film version.

The young Bonnie's musical taste was a bit schizoid; she was a member of an Elvis Presley fan club who took Doris Day as a role model. "She made freckles respectable," Raitt says in her defense. Growing up freckled and red-haired, Raitt recalls, "you knew you were different—especially in California, if you couldn't get a tan."

Partly thanks to her older brother's record collection, she picked up on rock 'n' roll and especially rhythm 'n' blues. At eight she started piano lessons and got a cheap acoustic guitar. She didn't take guitar lessons, but soon figured out the basic chords required for folk songs. That same year her parents—both devout Quakers—enrolled her in an upstate New York summer camp run by Quaker friends of theirs. Although hardly a religious summer school, the camp did have Sunday-morning meetings to try to instill moral values. Bonnie returned for the next seven summers, absorbing eastern-liberal pieties (this was the peak of the civil-rights movement) along with the water sports. The soundtrack was Odetta, Peter, Paul and Mary, and Bob Dylan. "Before I knew it," Raitt says, "I became the little camp troubadour."

Her next musical revelation came with a listen to the *Blues At Newport (1963)* compilation; the album included Mississippi John Hurt, John Hammond, John Lee Hooker, and Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee. Raitt was hooked. "I just couldn't get enough of the blues. It's real hard to explain why one person hears the blues and goes crazy, and another person goes off and listens to Barry Manilow. I always liked R&B more than I liked Neil Sedaka and surf music. So it would make sense to me that I would like the blues."

When her father got his last Broadway engagement in *A Joyful Noise* in 1966, the Raitts again pulled up stakes and relocated to the east. For Bonnie that meant switching from a Hollywood high school to a Quaker boarding school in Poughkeepsie, New York—"which was fine with me, 'cause at that point I really couldn't take L.A." Two years later she entered Radcliffe, chosen as much for its high ratio of Harvard boys to female 'Cliffies, as for Cambridge's political/musical scene.

At Radcliffe Raitt got to sample what was left of the folk and

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 CONTROL  
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But seriously, folks: "Basically I'm a lazy person."

blues clubs. She also started hanging out with Dick Waterman. Fifteen years her senior. Waterman had exhumed the legendary Son House and was managing other blues headliners like Buddy Guy and Junior Wells. With Waterman, Raitt made weekend trips to the electric-blues fountainhead of Chicago's south side. She was "in heaven" as the only white female in attendance at the blues clubs. "Then those guys found out I could play, and it was hysterical. I looked like a little round cherub. I had hair down to my waist, and bangs. It must have been very strange for them to see me picking up a National guitar and playing Robert Johnson."

Raitt left Radcliffe after two and a half years. She was majoring in African studies in hopes of working in Africa with the American Friends Service Committee. Instead she went to Philadelphia, worked for the AFSC there, and returned to Cambridge determined to succeed at music. Raitt was never into contemporary psychedelic rock. "I missed that whole drug culture," she jokes. "I got directly into the alcohol culture."

After little more than a year of playing clubs, Raitt took a quantum leap when Warner Bros. Records gave her a production deal: She got \$40,000 an album and "complete artistic control." She admits her debut album was "real funky"; it was recorded in Minnesota on a four-track. The following, Woodstock-based *Give It Up* fared much better at broadening Raitt's cult following. A third album, *Takin' My Time*, did better still, and reflected a new Raitt infatuation.

"I just went crazy when I heard Little Feat," she recalls. "When I heard *Sailing Shoes* I was just floored. That was a synthesis of all kinds of music. All of a sudden I found out that I

could go to L.A. and find people that were playing the kinds of music I wanted to do. The folk scene on the East Coast had changed. I really needed some new blood. Cambridge was getting kinda collegy for my taste. I was already twenty-three and was"—a haughty tone here—"much more sophisticated."

Indicative of her enthusiasm for Little Feat, Raitt got the band's Lowell George to produce (and play on) *Takin' My Time*. The good intentions weren't enough; that hardy perennial, "artistic differences," got in the way. "Even though we were friends," Raitt explains, "it was just a little bit too—personally involved, if you catch my drift." Exit George, replaced by a pre-Orleans John Hall. Despite the hassles, Raitt considers the record one of her favorites, a "model" of "the kind of music I like."

Unfortunately, the production delays and re-recording drove up costs to almost twice Raitt's budget. Plus she was getting better record reviews than sales reports, at least to Warner Bros.' taste; Raitt estimates *Takin' My Time* initially sold 200,000 copies. "At that point Warner Bros. came in and said, 'Guess what? This little "artistic control" business isn't working!' They didn't talk about making a Melissa Manchester record, but let's face it: Everybody wants a hit single. They felt I should have one, and they felt I was getting too personally involved with the people I was working with. They said, 'Pick someone that's

had a hit.'"

She chose the New York-based Jerry Ragovoy, whose soul credentials were impeccable. He had produced the Majors, Howard Tate and Garnet Mimms, whose hit "Cry Baby" he co-wrote. Ragovoy also wrote or co-wrote "Time Is On My Side" and "Piece Of My Heart." "He'd written a lot of R&B hits that I really liked," Raitt says, "so I said, 'Let's get completely out of L.A. and go to New York. I'll make an R&B/soul record.'"

The result, *Street Lights*, was an uptown record, all right—perhaps more than Raitt bargained for, with a lot of strings and horns. "At the time it was very hard for me to take. I didn't have that much to do with picking the musicians." Raitt still had a hand in choosing her material, but she doesn't think the album "captures what makes me good." If it was any consolation, the public felt the same way. No hits, no singles.

Raitt's next album, *Home Plate*, found her allied with producer Paul Rothchild—"a logical choice for me. He was somebody who had hits, and had worked with people who like to party." She chuckles. "I mean, Paul Butterfield, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison—I went, 'That's the guy for me!'" She picked the album title "because it was like I'd been around all the bases: I was back in L.A., working again with [Little Feat keyboard player] Bill Payne, John Hall and my live band."

Unlike *Street Lights*, which was too slick for her taste, *Home Plate* was to Raitt's liking. By 1975, though, she was facing resistance from increasingly restrictive radio programming. "I was a little bit too black for the white stations, and too white for the black stations. They didn't know where to put me. All the East Coast critics and fans kept thinking Warner Bros. was



**"I missed the drug culture; I got directly into alcohol."**

making me do these records with horns to try to sound like Linda Ronstadt. Which was completely wrong: I helped arrange the horns on *Home Plate* and had a real good time recording it." The album charted considerably higher than any of Raitt's previous records, grazing *Billboard's* top forty. A year after its release, though, sales were disappointingly small—at 150,000, about the same as Raitt's first LP.

With her sixth album Raitt finally got a single—and struck gold. *Sweet Forgiveness* (again with Rothchild as producer) sold half a million copies propelled by an unlikely version of "Runaway," the Del Shannon oldie. The success couldn't have come at a better time. Raitt's record contract was up for renewal,

and the industry was enjoying a boom period. She was set to work with friend and producer Peter Asher, a hot property for his million-selling albums with James Taylor and the dreaded Linda Ronstadt. Columbia Records made her an offer; Warner Bros. matched it. Raitt's good fortune allowed her the luxury of taking time off to devote to political work, notably co-founding the anti-nuke Musicians United For Safe Energy.

*The Glow*, released toward the end of 1979, was criticized for its apparent commercialism. Raitt refutes any charges that she's been manipulated in the recording studio. [BR: *Insert off-color joke here.* – Ed.] "Each record is something I wanted to do at the time," she maintains, "with the exception of *Street Lights* being a little more arranged. Ironically, everybody thinks *The Glow* was real studio-ized. It was made in a really short period of time with hardly any rehearsal." The album was cut live in the studio; Raitt's vocals are first or second takes.

For that still-elusive hit single, Raitt planned to release her version of Sam & Dave's "I Thank You." Labelmates Z.Z. Top, however, beat her to it. The next choice, "You're Gonna Get What's Coming," garnered a Grammy nomination but little else. *The Glow* ended up "in that no-man's land among my fans. They didn't understand my move to more rock 'n' roll." To Raitt, though, it was "a natural progression." Her albums always blended rockers, R&B, ballads "and some Jackson Browne-type songs." The only ingredient missing from *The Glow* was a dash of "gut blues"—"but how many Sippie Wallace songs can you do?" she asks rhetorically. "I don't feel the need to put a generic blues song on a record just because it says 'Bonnie Raitt' on the cover."

The subsequent *Green Light* was her most rocking album yet. The music reflected the good-timey influence of NRBQ (whose members contributed two of the record's ten cuts) much as *Takin' My Time* reflected Little Feat. Raitt's changing

## AX-RAITTED

**B**onnie Raitt tends to chose guitars for the shape of their neck "because my hands aren't that large." She primarily plays two Fender Stratocasters. One is a 1963 sunburst that used to belong to Robin Trower. It's been "Schechtered"—retrofitted with the same pickups as an original stock Strat. Until a year and a half ago, according to her production manager Mason Wilkinson, Raitt used D'Arco strings, but now she prefers a GHS set of .011, .015 and .017 plain, and .028, .042 and .052 wound. Her other, natural-finish Strat is for slide work; it has a custom neck reinforced for higher action. On this guitar her strings (also GHS nickel-wounds) are a .013, .016 and .020 plain, .032, .042 and .052 wound. Wilkinson says this slide Strat is from the mid-60s; Raitt thinks it's from around 1960 but doesn't seem overly concerned: "I don't look at serial numbers on a guitar any more than I look at them on men. I keep trying to find out where they're printed!"

For amplification, Raitt insists upon a Jim Kelly amp with a twelve-inch JBL speaker. Her slide guitar goes through an old MXR Sustain pedal; she also has a Boss tuner on a pedalboard.

On the acoustic side, Raitt plays a 1979 or '80 Martin cutaway with a factory bridge pickup. This sometimes goes through a Boss chorus pedal. The strings, either Guild Phosphor Bronzes or Martin Marquis, are .012, .016 and .018 plain, .035, .045 and .056 wound. She also has a 1929 National dobro with a plywood body and fourteen-fret neck. She uses a National thumb pick and clear plastic Dobro picks on her other fingers.

Guitarist **Johnny Lee Schell** usually plays a 1967 sunburst Strat with stock pickups and jumbo frets for a better sustain. His 1967 Gibson Les Paul is still serviceable despite a neck that's broken three times. The humbucker pickup is new. The strings are GHS. Other instruments on call are an early-70s Telecaster with open

tuning and no low E-string; and Raitt's own former mainstay, a 1955 Gibson L-75 hollow-body. Schell's amp is a smaller Jim Kelly reverb than Raitt's, non-switchable and with a ten-inch speaker. But Schell stacks it with a MESA/Boogie Mk. III head and single cabinet. An MXR analog delay coupled with a Boss chorus pedal go into the Jim Kelly amp; an Ibanez rack goes into the Boogie. In the keyboard department, **Ivan Neville** (yes, Aaron's son) plays Raitt's Yamaha DX7 MIDI'd to a Roland JX3P. He also has a Korg chorus pedal. **Marty Grebb** has his own DX7 (not MIDI'd) atop a Yamaha CP-80 piano. Grebb's saxes are a King Super 20 alto and King tenor. His delay effect comes from an old Korg tape echo unit plugged into the monitors.

**Jim "Hutch" Hutchinson's** bass is a graphite-neck 1984 Bassstar by Stars Guitars. It's strung with Ernie Ball Group III roundwounds: .045, .065, .080 and .100. His back-up instrument is a mid-60s Fender Jazz bass. Hutchinson plugs into a new Innovative Audio tube pre-amp, and a Crown DC-300 amp. His two Altec-Lansing custom cabinets house one fifteen-inch speaker apiece. He also has an MXR Phase-90 unit.

**Tony Braunagel** sits behind a Gretsch natural-finish drum kit with a Ludwig Speed King bass pedal. The kit has Gauger shock-mounted rubber rims, and May-EA system microphones inside the drums—mostly Shure 57s, but an AKG D12 in the bass drum. He has a Ludwig 14 x 5½ Black Beauty snare and a chrome 14 x 6½; three toms—eight-inch, ten-inch and twelve-inch—rack-mounted on a twenty-inch kick; and a sixteen-inch floor tom. Cymbals are Sabians.

On the road, Raitt, Schell and Hutchinson are probably singing into Beyer M-88 microphones. Grebb and Neville have Shure SM57s, with Grebb's sax taking a Shure SM58. Schell's Kelly amp gets an SM57; his Boogie and Raitt's Kelly have Sennheiser 421s.

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BRIDGE ..... IBANEZ EDGE  
OTHER FINISHES ..... BK (BLACK), CI (CHERRY ICE), DWB (DARK WINE), IVB (IVORY)

FINISH SHOWN: PR (PEARL RED)  
STRING LOK ..... TOP LOK III  
HARDWARE ..... CHROME  
PICKUP ..... 1BZ  
CONTROL ..... 1V  
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NECK ..... MAPLE 1 PC, OIL FINISH  
FINGERBOARD ..... ROSEWOOD  
NO. OF FRET ..... 22  
BRIDGE ..... IBANEZ EDGE  
OTHER FINISHES ..... CI (CHERRY ICE), DWB (DARK WINE), IVB (IVORY), PL (PEARL)

FINISH SHOWN: BK (BLACK)  
STRING LOK ..... TOP LOK III  
HARDWARE ..... CHROME  
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BRIDGE ..... IBANEZ EDGE  
OTHER FINISHES AVAILABLE

FINISH SHOWN: PL (PEARL)  
STRING LOK ..... TOP LOK III  
HARDWARE ..... CHROME  
PICKUP ..... 3 X SUPER 7F  
CONTROL ..... 1V, 1T, 5 WAY  
FUNCTION ..... BK (BLACK), PR (PEARL RED)



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### RG440

BODY ..... BASSWOOD  
NECK ..... MAPLE 1 PC, OIL FINISH  
FINGERBOARD ..... ROSEWOOD  
NO. OF FRET ..... 22  
BRIDGE ..... IBANEZ EDGE  
OTHER FINISHES ..... BK (BLACK), DWB (DARK WINE), IVB (IVORY), PL (PEARL), PR (PEARL RED)

FINISH SHOWN: PB (PEARL BLUE)  
STRING LOK ..... TOP LOK III  
HARDWARE ..... CHROME  
PICKUP ..... 2 X SUPER 7F, 1BZ  
CONTROL ..... 1V, 1T, 5 WAY  
FUNCTION ..... DUO-SOUND

taste was bred of frustration. "Disco just pushed me over the edge," she states. "I was so pissed off that black radio was so separate from white radio. After seven albums of, 'You don't like this? Okay, let's try *this!*' I'm just doing what I do. Obviously there wasn't a place for me. FM progressive radio had taken a big hike. Black radio had that unmerciful chest-thump. I would like heavy metal better than I would like most of the disco stuff going on."

On *Green Light* Raitt joined forces with the Bump Band, a Stonesy group originally assembled for keyboard player Ian McLagan (the ex-Face who toured as part of the Stones in the late 70s). Raitt's voice tended to become just another element in the raucous mix, but the record overflowed with high spirits. "A lot of people were shocked at the record's raw sound," Raitt says. "Warner Bros. was real shocked, I know that!"

The label might also have wondered if it was getting its money's worth. *Green Light* made a less impressive chart showing than *The Glow*, which hadn't done as well as *Sweet Forgiveness*. The day after Raitt finished *Green Light's* follow-up, *Tongue & Groove*, Warner Bros. informed her they were not picking up her option.

She was devastated. She'd spent a year and a lot of money on the new record, even going so far as to recut songs to the label's satisfaction. Besides the completed album, she had a tour lined up and was scheduled for a video shoot in five days. Raitt now acknowledges that Warners' decision to drop her was financial, not artistic. The boom days, when Raitt had resigned, were over. In addition, Warner Communications Inc., the record company's corporate parent, had taken a big loss on its Atari computer division. Warners' December, 1983 purge included not only Raitt but Van Morrison, T-Bone Burnett and Arlo Guthrie. At least she was in good company.

Raitt was left holding the tapes, but Warner Bros. was holding the bag. "They said, 'You can take the tapes somewhere else,' but they put an override on the cost of the album to try to make back some of the money they'd advanced me." The asking price was \$400,000. There were no takers. "I wasn't exactly the hottest property on earth," Raitt admits. "I hadn't been making hit records. It was an awkward time."

Even without a record label, Raitt was still a concert draw. She continued to tour, dipping into her pension and savings when necessary—which was often. Late last year Warner Bros. and Raitt reached a new agreement. Warners would release half of *Tongue & Groove*. "I felt the need to update the record and get something commercial that would be played on the radio," Raitt says.

That sounds like the Warners party line. Felix Chamberlain, associate director of A&R at Warner Bros., claims that *Tongue & Groove* "wouldn't sell more than *Green Light*." Both albums were produced by Rob Fraboni. "I like a lot of the Fraboni stuff," Chamberlain says of the producer's work with Raitt, "but between them they didn't come up with a hit."

The subtly re-titled *Nine Lives* retains four of the 1983 Bump Band recordings. Raitt and Padlock went into the studio with producers Bill Payne and George Massenburg and cut five new tunes. The "new" LP also includes a song Raitt recorded for the soundtrack of *Extremities*, a Farrah Fawcett film. (In 1980 Raitt placed a song on the million-selling *Urban Cowboy* soundtrack album.)

Perhaps now more than ever, Raitt is praying for the Hit. Warner Bros. has an option for six more Raitt albums. One of *Nine Lives'* new tunes is by Bryan Adams. "I have to care whether or not I have a hit record," Raitt says bluntly. "Because if you don't now, your hands are tied. You can't tour; you really can't do anything unless you have wider acceptance. And there's a whole generation of kids out there who have no idea

who I am."

Her search for suitable material is doubly urgent as Raitt writes virtually nothing herself. Her three originals on *Give It Up* stem from a time "when I was really, really hurt. I feel like, if I have something to say, I'll say it. But otherwise, there's a whole army of people that are going through the same thing I'm going through. I don't have any ego problems. The songs that I pick feel like they're saying exactly what I want to say." She's more worried about who gets to a song first. The competition includes Emmylou Harris, Maria Muldaur, Nicolette Larson, Barbara Mandrell, Anne Murray—"There's lots of people that are all looking for the same songs."

A popular album would further allow Raitt to devote more time to political projects. "If I'm more effective musically," she says, "I'll be able to be more effective politically. Of course I enjoy singing and love being a musician, but to me it's a means to an end." And there's no shortage of ends. After participating in the July 4 Farm Aid show, for example, she plans "to be involved with a lot of Senate races. People should focus on local elections. The idea is to stack the Senate and House with people who 'feel more like I do.' That sounds horrible, but that's what democracy is."

Apart from worrying about the condition of the planet, Raitt is in quite an upbeat mood these days. Even her delayed album has a silver lining: "It wouldn't have done as well in '83 as it's going to do now." She cites Stevie Ray Vaughan and the Fabulous Thunderbirds as evidence that the musical tide has turned her way.

As another omen, early this year she signed with new management, severing a relationship with Waterman that lasted half her lifetime. "I didn't have a manager per se," she says, describing Waterman as her agent. Now she's planning on more soundtrack work (both film and television), and—instead of preaching to the converted on her tours—opening for a bigger act to expand her audience.

"I recognized, after *Green Light* wasn't promoted, that I needed a new manager to work the record company. Frankly, it is a business. You have to have a lot more savvy in terms of image. It's just more competition and less air space. I'm not the video type. Radio and movies in general are ignoring the twenty-five-to-fifty-year-old generation. We've got to find a way to make records that are palatable to them that aren't necessarily Lyle Mays."

Such steely determination any yuppie would envy. But Raitt's not in it for personal aggrandizement. She's too independent for that. "Anybody who knows me who thinks someone's gonna tell me what to do obviously knows that's wrong. On the other hand, people don't know me, so maybe they think I'm being force-fed hot dogs. It's just not the case. I'm much too strong a personality. It doesn't mean enough for me to be in this business and be a star, to be pushed around."

After a "real painful" breakup last year—"I really got my heart slammed against the wall"—on top of financial problems and departing musicians, things could only get better. "It's great for me to see all this political activity happening, and at the same time my record thing's clearing up, my personal life's clearing up—my skin's clearing up!" she laughs. "I didn't think I deserved to be as unhappy as I was. I'll take the responsibility if I do it to myself, but it's pretty hard to be struggling at every turn. It gets frustrating to put record after record out and not have them be received well."

"I finally got my career back on the line. I don't think it's going to be as bad as it was. Even then it wasn't bad 'cause I was touring all the time. It can't be bad if you're playing every night."

Even in Wichita. ❧





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# Tug of War

## Paul McCartney wants to lay his demons to rest.

"THERE ARE SO MANY MEMORIES THAT COME flooding in," Paul McCartney says. "It's like a psycho session the minute I get on this stuff. It's like I'm on a couch and I'm just trying to purge it all."

The memories are of the Beatles, of course, and the emotions that need purging are the competing guilt and pride the great songwriter feels about his collaborations—personal and musical—with John Lennon. "It *would* just be a maniac," McCartney says of Lennon's death. "It wouldn't be a car accident. I kind of expected to just say, 'He was a saint, he was al-

ways a saint, and I loved him as a saint.' But that would be a lie. He was one great guy, but part of his greatness was that he wasn't a saint. He was pretty sacrilegious and pretty up front about it; that was half the fun."

The room in which McCartney spins his "psycho session" is almost immeasurably tasteful. It is on the second floor of the London building from which he directs his activities. The windows overlook the neatly trimmed lawn of Soho Square, filled this afternoon with office workers and winos. There is a forest of deco mahogany woodwork, a de Kooning on the



wall, and a Wurlitzer jukebox of archetypal splendor.

Wearing fawn moccasins, yellow socks, and a blue and white striped shirt and trousers, McCartney looks in good shape. A week previously I had watched him interviewed for a BBC documentary; his face had seemed pudgy and drawn, attracting your attention to the gray hair that has irrevocably transformed the appearance of the famous mop-top. Perhaps on that day, however, he was simply worn out: when you reach forty-four, lack of sleep can wreak a toll on your appearance.

Today, even though he has been in the studio until three in the morning, re-mixing the next single off the new *Press To Play* album, he looks to have lost ten years: you are struck by how clear his skin is, and how alert his eyes.

He seems sensitive to the manner in which some aspects of his good nature are seen now almost as clichés. When the phone rings incessantly in the room (the outside line to the main switchboard having somehow become diverted to it) he graciously asks an assistant to get the telephone company to fix it. "Very diplomatically done," I comment, without any

**"John felt we were vindictive towards him and Yoko. In fact, I thought we were quite good. Many people would have said, 'Look, man, she's not sitting on our amps.' I think John suspected meanness when it wasn't really there."**

irony. But I have failed to recall how Paul's legendary "diplomacy" was perceived by John Lennon as evidence of his "smarmy" nature. Although he is quite clearly only being considerate to the assistant, my throwaway compliment causes him to visibly tense.

Part of McCartney's agility as a communicator has frequently been the paradoxical mastery of revealing nothing whatsoever of himself to journalists. This was particularly notable during the interviews he gave for *Give My Regards To Broad Street*, an almost unprecedented barrage of publicity in which it seemed that the more people he spoke to, the less he actually said. But perhaps this was not unconnected with a comprehension of the transparent insubstantiality of the work. "Broad Street?" he says now. "You don't stop things just because they're not good; if you've done a bit of work you put it out: I mean, if Picasso's painted a thing..."

Today, however, Paul McCartney is immensely forthcoming. Possibly this in turn is a reflection of the confidence he feels in his new LP, a work that stands almost on a par with *Band On The Run*, his finest solo record, and which in many ways seems to have a direct conduit to post-*Sgt. Pepper* Beatles albums.

The principle strength of the new LP is the quality of the songs, six of which McCartney co-wrote with Eric Stewart, the writer of such 10cc standards as "I'm Not In Love," a song that is almost a parody of a McCartney love ballad. ("It's quite close to my style, that. In fact, I could say it's a McCartney rip-off, but quite close to my style is a more diplomatic way of putting it.") The numbers were written, he says, in the manner in which he would work with John Lennon, sitting side-by-side, watching each other search for appropriate chords.

The interview has a relaxed, conversational tone, with no sense of formally structured questions and answers. In the cold light of print, however, his replies occasionally seem almost petty in their self-justification, a curious consequence considering that such an emphasis is completely absent when Paul is delivering the words to you in person.

"When people come to interview me," he says, "they come

with a clipboard and it's not full of questions—it's full of 'facts.' They just go to the files and look it up. That's how I've become known as *the one who broke up the Beatles*. That's how Willie Russell wrote his play [*John, Paul, George, Ringo... and Bert*]. I rung Willie up. I said, 'Wait a minute, man. John broke us up! Don't you want the real story? How did you get your info?' And he said, 'I got it from the newspapers.' So the problem for me is that it's kind of been historically cemented in place with movies and na-na-na. I have to go to work a bit at correcting that. 'Cause I don't want it to go down like that. I want people to get a slightly more balanced view."

**MUSICIAN:** *You've been in the studio all night re-mixing tracks from the new album for single release. How do you feel about the new LP?*

**MCCARTNEY:** I like it. I have a lot of trouble saying, "I think it's great." I wish I was just a fan and I could genuinely like it without seeming wildly immodest. I can't be objective yet. It's going to take me a couple of months. I can just listen to *McCartney 1*; I like that one. This one is growing on me.

**MUSICIAN:** *So how do you react to criticism?*

**MCCARTNEY:** When I see bad reviews, it'll hurt me. I am giving myself a bit easier time in life these days. I've gone through so much criticism, and not just from critics. From people like John, over so many things, that like a fool I just stood there and said, "Yeah, you might be right." I just accepted that I was to blame for all those things I was said to be the cause of. I'm beginning to see it a bit differently now. I'm beginning to see a lot of what they say is *their* problem, not mine.

John was going through a lot of pain when he said a lot of that stuff. He felt that we were being vindictive towards him and Yoko. In fact, I think we were quite good, looking back on it; many people would've just downed tools in a situation like that, would've just said, "Look man, she's not sitting on *our* amps while we're making a film." That wouldn't be unheard of. Most people would just say, "We're not having this person here, don't care how much you love her."

But we were actually quite supportive. Not supportive enough, you know; it would have been nice to have been really supportive because then we could look back and say, "Weren't we really *terrific*?" But looking back on it, I think we were okay. We were never really that mean to them. But I think a lot of the time John suspected meanness where it wasn't really there.

**MUSICIAN:** *He was presumably fairly paranoid.*

**MCCARTNEY:** I think so. He warned me off Yoko once: "Look, this is my chick!" Just because he knew my reputation. We knew each other rather well. I just said, "Yeah, no problem." But I did feel he ought to have known I wouldn't. That was John; just a jealous guy. He was a paranoid guy. And he was into drugs...heavy. He was into heroin, the extent of which I hadn't realized till just now.

It's all starting to click a bit in my brain. I just figured, "Oh, there's John, my buddy, and he's turning on me." He once said to me, "Oh they're all on the McCartney bandwagon." Things like that were hurting him, and looking back on it now I just think that it's a bit sad really.

**MUSICIAN:** *I saw that story in the Observer the other week, about the manuscript of the Apple Beatles biography and the vitriolic comments John made in the margins.*

**MCCARTNEY:** I think that shows the sort of pain he was going through. Look, he was a great guy, great sense of humor and I'd do it all again. I'd go through it all again, and have him slagging me off again just because he was so great; those are all the down moments, there was much more pleasure than has really come out. I had a wonderful time, with one of the world's most talented people. We had all that craziness. But if someone took one of your wedding photos and put "funeral" on it, as he did on that manuscript, you'd feel a bit sorry for the guy. I'll tell you



**And another thing—he was always bumming my ciggies!**

what, if I'd ever done that to him, he would've just hit the roof. But I just sat through it all like mild-mannered Clark Kent.

**MUSICIAN:** *This was hurting you, presumably.*

**McCARTNEY:** Not half.

**MUSICIAN:** *When did you actually get a perspective on it?*

**McCARTNEY:** I still haven't. It's still inside me. John was lucky. He got all his hurt out. I'm a different sort of a personality. There's still a lot inside me that's trying to work it out. And that's why it's good to see that wedding/funeral bit, because I started to think, "Wait a minute, this is someone who's going over the top. This is paranoia manifesting itself." And so my feeling is just like it was at the time: He's my buddy, I don't really want to do anything to hurt him, or his memory, or anything. I don't want to hurt Yoko. But, at the same time, it doesn't mean that I understand what went down.

I went at Yoko's request to New York recently. She said she wanted to see me, so I stopped off and rang her, and she said she couldn't see me that day. I was four hundred yards away from her. I said, "Well, I'll pop over any time today; five minutes, ten minutes, whenever you can squeeze me in." She said, "It's going to be very difficult." I said, "Well, okay, I understand; what is the reason by the way?" She said, "I was up all night with Sean." I said, "Well, I understand that. I've got

four kids, you know. But you're bound to have a minute today, *sometime.*"

She asked me to come. I'd flown in specially to see her, and she wouldn't even see me. So I felt a little humiliated, but I said, "Okay 9:30 tomorrow morning, let's make an appointment." She rang up at about 9:00 and said, "Could you make it tomorrow morning?"

So that's the kind of thing. I'm beginning to think it wasn't all my fault. I'm beginning to let myself off a lot of the guilt. I always felt guilty but looking back on it I can say okay, let's try and outline some things. John was hurt; what was he hurt by? What is the single biggest thing that we can find in all our research that hurt John? And the biggest thing that I can find is that I told the world that the Beatles were finished. I don't think that's so hurtful. I know he said it was for publicity for my album, but I don't even think *that's* hurtful. Big deal! We waited four months after the group broke up and then I announced it.

I'll tell you what was unfortunate was the method of announcing it all. I said to the guy at the office, Peter Brown, of book fame, "I've got an album coming out called *McCartney*. And I don't really want to see too much press. Can you do me some question-and-answer things?"

So he sent all those questions over and I answered them all.

We had them printed up and put in the press copies of the album. It wasn't a number. I see it now and shudder. At the time it was me trying to answer some questions that were being asked and I decided not to fudge those questions.

We didn't accept Yoko totally, but how many groups do you know who would? It's a joke, like *Spinal Tap*. You know, I loved John, I was his best mate for a long time. Then the group started to break up. It was very sad. I got the rap as the guy who broke the group up. It wasn't actually true.

**MUSICIAN:** *But legally you had to do that to get out of the contract with Allen Klein, didn't you?*

**MCCARTNEY:** Yeah, legally I had to. I had to take the other Beatles to court. And I got a lot of guilt off that. But you tell me what you would have done if the entire earnings that you'd made—and it was something like the Beatles' entire earnings, a big figure, everything we'd ever done up to somewhere round about "Hey Jude"—was about to disappear into someone's pocket. The guy I'm talking about, Allen Klein, had £5 million the first year he managed the Beatles. So I smelled a rat and thought, "£5 million in one year! How long's it going to take him to get rid of it all?" So I started to resist, and I was given a lot of pressure. The others said, "Oh, you're always stalling," when I kept refusing to sign Klein's contract.

**MUSICIAN:** *But the others suspected you of looking after number one by wanting to bring in your wife's family as managers.*

**MCCARTNEY:** Obviously everyone worried that because it was my father-in-law, I'd be the one he'd look after. Quite naturally, they said, "No, we can't have him." So in the end it turned out to be Klein. And I said, "Well, I want out of this. I want to sue this guy Klein." They said, "You can't, because he's not party to any of the agreements." So it became clear that I had to sue the Beatles. So obviously I became the baddie. I did take the Beatles to the High Court, which was a highly traumatic period for me, having to front that one out. Imagine, seriously, having to front that one out.

**MUSICIAN:** *How did you feel through all that?*

**MCCARTNEY:** Crazy, just insane. So insecure. Half the reason I grew the beard.

**MUSICIAN:** *People often put hair on their faces to hide.*

**MCCARTNEY:** It's often a cover-up. And I had this big beard and I went to the High Court and actually managed to save the situation. But my whole life was on the line at that point. I felt this was the fire, this was the furnace. It had finally arrived. And



The harmony wasn't perfect; just better than anyone else's.

gotta make a record, I'll actually sit down and write songs. This could be interpreted as being overpowering and forceful.

**MUSICIAN:** *I'd heard that you were the driving force of the Beatles but that John would be more interested in doing anything but what the Beatles were supposed to be doing.*

**MCCARTNEY:** Yeah, I remember doing *Let It Be*. We sat around the table in Apple and I came up with this idea that we should get it on film. John said, "Why? What for?" I explained a bit more. He said, "I get it. You want a job! Yeah, that's it!" But it seemed strange to me that he *didn't*. He seemed quite happy languishing out in St. George's Hill in Weybridge.

I always wanted to make the group great, and even greater. When we made the *Let It Be* album, and it was a bit crummy, I insisted that we make *Abbey Road* because I knew what we were capable of. I didn't think that we'd pulled it off on *Let It Be* and then with the Phil Spector remix, we kinda walked away from that LP. In fact, the best version of it was before anyone got hold of it: Glyn Johns' early mixes were great but they were very spartan; it would be one of the hippest records going if they brought it out. But before it had all its raw edges off it, that was one of the best Beatles albums because it was a bit avant-garde. I loved it.

So then we were doing *Abbey Road* and I got some grief on that because it took three days to do "Maxwell's Silver Hammer." You know how long Trevor Horn takes to do a mix for Frankie? It takes two days to switch on the Fairlight! I had a group in the other day, spent two days trying to find the ON switch! That's what we're into these days, you know.

I'm sure I did piss people off at the time, much as I tried not to. It just seemed to me when we had a session booked it was a cool idea to turn up. Like *Sgt. Pepper*. George turned up for his number and a couple of other sessions but not for very

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"Hunter Davies was on TV that night [of Lennon's murder] giving a very reasoned account. I thought it was, well, tasteless. Ready with the answers, aren't we?"

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we used to get shakes in our voices in court. We used to get the Nixon shakes, something we'd never ever had before. So we went through a lot of those problems. But the nice thing was afterwards each one of them in turn very, very quietly and very briefly said, "Oh, thanks for that." That was about all I ever heard about it.

But again, John turned it round. He said, "But you're *always* right, aren't you?" See, there was always this thing. It seemed crazy for me because I thought the idea was to try and get it *right*, you know. It was quite surprising to find that if you did get it right, people could then turn that one around and say, "But you're *always* right, aren't you?" It's like moving the goal posts.

I mean, it occurred quite a few times because I'm pretty ruthless, ambitious, all that stuff. No more than anyone trying to break into show biz, but I can be pretty forceful. If we've

# EYE OF THE ZOMBIE JOHN FOGERTY

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much else.

**MUSICIAN:** *George was supposed to have resented you for always getting on his back.*

**McCARTNEY:** He did resent it. On *Abbey Road* I was beginning to get too produncery for everyone. George Martin was the actual producer and I was beginning to be too definite. George and Ringo turned around and said, "Look, piss off! We're grown-ups and we can do it without you fine." For people like me who don't realize when they're being very overbearing, it comes as a great surprise to be told.

So I completely clammed up and backed off; "Right, okay, they're right, I'm a turd." So a day or so went by and the session started to flag a bit and eventually Ringo turned round to me and said, "Come on...*produce!*" You couldn't have it both ways. You either had to have me doing what I did, which, let's face it, I hadn't done too bad, or I was going to back off and become paranoid myself, which was what happened.

A lot of Wings was to do with that I'd been told that I was so overbearing. If the guitarists in Wings wanted to play a solo a certain way, I wouldn't dare tell them that it wasn't good.

The other example that really pissed George off was when

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"I was the first one in the group on coke. I knew the time was up when Jim Webb—'Up-Up And Away'—offered me a toot. I thought, 'Hello, this is getting too popular!'"

---

we were making "Hey Jude" and he was answering every line through the whole song! I just said, "No man, I really don't want that, it's my song." The rule was whosever song it was got to say how we did the arrangement for it.

That pissed him off, and I'm sure it pissed Ringo off when he couldn't quite get the drums to "Back In The U.S.S.R.," and I sat in. It's very weird to know that you can do a thing someone else is having trouble with. If you go down and do it, just bluff right through it, you think, "What the hell—at least I'm helping." Then the paranoia comes in: "But I'm going to show him up!" I was very sensitive to that. I remember sitting for hours thinking, "Should I say this thing?" In the end it always came down to "You should have said something." So it's very hard to balance that. In the end I have to say that sometimes I was overbearing and sometimes they liked it.

**MUSICIAN:** *Do you have much to do with them now?*

**McCARTNEY:** I'm just starting to get back with them. It's all business troubles. If we don't talk about Apple then we get on like a house on fire. So I've just started to see them again. I had a great day the other day when George came down to visit me and for the first time in billions of years we had a really nice time. George was my original mate in the Beatles.

**MUSICIAN:** *More than John?*

**McCARTNEY:** He lived near me in Upton Green and I lived in Ardwick Road, half a mile away, so we took the same bus to the same school, and then we got guitars at about the same time. We went through the Bert Weedon books and learned D and A together and we were quite big buddies then. That was something I'd missed for all these years. We'd got all professional and Beatles and everything, and you lose that, obviously. He just came down the other day and we didn't talk about Apple and we didn't touch an instrument. It was just back as mates, like on the bus. He's very into trees and planting and horticulture, as I am more now, and so we talked about planting trees. It was great to actually relate as two people and try and get all that crap out the window.

**MUSICIAN:** *He seems to be emerging more now anyway.*

**McCARTNEY:** We're all kind of coming to. We all brushed off

this whole Beatles episode and sort of said, "Well, it's no big deal." Obviously it's a big deal! It was a *huge* deal! If there ever was a big deal, that was it! So I don't think half of us know what happened to us really. I can never tell you what year anything was; literally the years all go into a haze for me. I keep seeing pictures of myself shaking hands with Mitzi Gaynor and I think, "I didn't know I met her." It's that vague. And yet I look as straight as a die in there.

**MUSICIAN:** *Were you on speed or something?*

**McCARTNEY:** I don't think so. I think it was just that life was speeding; you just met Mitzi Gaynor for five minutes and then you'd go and meet Jerry Lewis' kids. It becomes very difficult after a while to know if you met fifty of them. I keep seeing weird photos of me with people that I didn't even know I'd met. It's embarrassing. Bowie's got that problem too; he's got huge periods of his life where he just does not know what happened.

**MUSICIAN:** *When the money started to come in, were you aware of that or were you just living your life and you'd hear suddenly you were worth so much?*

**McCARTNEY:** We used to ask them, "Am I a millionaire yet?" and they used to say cryptic things like "On paper you are." We'd say, "Well, what does that mean? Am I or aren't I? Are there more than a million of those green things in my bank yet?" And they'd say, "Well, it's not actually in a *bank*... we *think* you are." It was actually very difficult to get anything out of them. The accountants never made you feel successful.

We had the whole top five in America and I decided I wanted to buy a country house. I wasn't asking for the world. In those days it would have cost about £30,000 top. So I went to the accountants and they said, "You'll have to get a mortgage." I said, "What do you mean, *mortgage*? Aren't we doing well yet? We've got the whole top five in the biggest market in the world! There's gotta be some money coming in off that!" They always try and keep you down. So you didn't actually get much of a feeling of being very rich. The first time I actually saw checks was when I left Apple, and it wasn't me that saw them, it was Linda, because we'd co-written a few of our early things.

**MUSICIAN:** *There are lots of stories about you and money. Miles, once the editor of International Times, who was a friend of yours in the mid-60s, told me about finding your MBE and a bunch of £20 notes stuffed into a sock drawer in your bedroom at the Asher house.*

**McCARTNEY:** Yeah, I've heard that story too. I never remember actually having a wad of money like that. Still, it was nice of him not to nick it anyway, wasn't it? I did know Miles very well. He was my mate. We had many a wondrous stoned evening in his place listening to all sorts of stuff.

That was another of the interesting things. I think that I've got a certain personality and if I give charity I don't like to shout about it. If I get into avant-garde stuff, I don't particularly shout about that either. I just get on with it. So way before John met Yoko and got avant-garde, I was the avant-garde London bachelor with Miles in my pad in St. John's Wood. I was making 8mm movies and showing them to Antonioni. I had all sorts of theories of music—we'd put on a Ravi Shankar record to our home movies and it'd synchronize. John used to come down from Weybridge, looking slightly goofy and saying, "Wow! This is *great!* We should do *more* of this!"

I used to do a lot of that, but it never really came out. When John went avant-garde you knew about it! He just had enthusiasm for whatever he was doing. I'm not as upfront as John was. I'm a different personality.

I used to sit in a basement in Montague Square with William Burroughs and a couple of gay guys he knew from Morocco and that Marianne Faithfull-John Dunbar crowd doing little tapes, crazy stuff with guitar and cello. But it didn't occur to me to rave about William Burroughs in the next *NME* interview I did.



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**“The worst part of Live Aid was watching it on television after”: Paul carrying on with a dead mike.**

Maybe it would have been good for me to do that.

Yoko met me before she met John. You won't hear that from them, 'cause they're Scott & Zelda. They want the story just how they put it out. She turned up for a charity thing. She wanted manuscripts, any spare lyric sheets you had around. Ours tended to be on the backs of envelopes and to tell you the truth, I didn't want to give her any. They were very precious to me and the cause didn't seem so great. So I said, "Look, my mate might be interested," and I gave her John's address. I think that's how they first hooked up, and then she had her exhibition, and then their side of the story started to happen.

I feel as though I have to justify living, you know, which is a bit of a piss-off. I don't really want to have to sit around and justify myself; it's a bit humiliating. But there are lots of things that haven't come out. For instance, when John and Yoko busted up their marriage, she came through London. He was in L.A. doing *Pussy Cats* with Nilsson and having a generally crazy time of it all, fighting with photographers and haranguing the Smothers Brothers, all because he genuinely loved Yoko and they had a very deep, strong relationship. But they were into all sorts of crazy stuff, stuff I don't know the half of. A lot of people don't know the half of that. Hints of it keep coming out in books but you never know if you can believe them....

**MUSICIAN:** *You mean occultism?*

**MCCARTNEY:** All sorts. I certainly did get a postcard from Yoko saying, "Go round the world in a southeasterly direction. It'd be good for you. You're allowed to stop at four places."

George Martin got one of those and he sort of said, "Would it be alright if I go to Montserrat?" and she said, "No." Actually, John did the voyage. John went in a southeasterly direction around the world, but we all kind of went, "Sure, sure we'll go 'round the southeast."

Linda and me came over for dinner once and John said, "You fancy getting the trepanning thing done?" I said, "Well, what is it?" He said, "You kind of have a hole bored in your skull and it relieves the pressure." We're sitting at dinner and this is seriously being offered! Now this wasn't a joke, this was like, "Let's go next week, we know a guy who can do it and maybe we

could all go together." So I said, "Look, you go and have it done, and if it works, great. Tell us all about it and we'll all have it." But I'm afraid I've always been a little bit cynical about stuff like that—thank God!—because I think that there's so much crap that you've got to be careful of. But John was more open to things like that.

Anyway, I was telling you about the marriage break-up thing. Yoko came through London and visited us, which was very nice. Linda and I were living in this big old house in St. John's Wood. She came by and we started talking, and obviously the important subject for us is, "What's happened? You've broken up then? I mean, you're here and he's there." She was very nice and confided in us, but she was being very strong about it. She said, "No, he's got to *work* his way back." Which was good. She would have been mad to just go and prostrate herself at his feet.

I said, "Well look, do you still love him?" and she said, "Yes." So I said, "Well, would you think it was an intrusion if I said to him, 'Look, man, she loves you and there's a way to get back'"—sounds like a Beatles song. I said "Would that be okay? I'd like to be the mediator in this because the two of you obviously have something pretty strong going." She said she didn't mind and we went out to visit him in L.A. in that house where all the crazy things went on. I took him into the back room and said, "This girl of yours, she really still loves you. Do you love her?" And he said he did but he didn't know what to do. So I said, "You're going to have to work your little ass off, man. You have to get back to New York, you have to take a separate flat, you have to send her roses every fucking day, you have to work at it like a bitch! Then you just might get her back." And he did. But you won't hear that because then I'm in the story. I mean, if you hear it from John's point of view, it'll just be that he spoke to Yoko on the phone and she said to him, "Come back."

**MUSICIAN:** *Was it the kind of thing where there are two blokes who are good mates and one of them finds a girl and then the friendship breaks up?*

**MCCARTNEY:** "Wedding Bells" is what it was. "Wedding bells

# The Thin Man becomes a Fat Boy

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Dualing pianos. DX and Mirage keyboard sounds complement each other perfectly. The electric piano sounds in particular combine the synth punch of the DX with the realistic timbre and dynamics of the Mirage. In fact, any synthesized sound takes on a new dimension when combined with the sampled acoustic counterpart. Strings, brass, mallets and fretted sounds take on a new personality when doubled on the Mirage.

The bells are stringing. The impressive bell sounds of the DX come alive with orchestral richness when combined with the Mirage string sounds from Ensoniq Sound Library Diskette 3. Depending on



how you balance the levels, the effect can be either subtle or startling. While you've got the strings loaded into the Mirage, try some of the DX synth bass sounds (especially percussive variations) and hear how well the strings support the bass.

Digital Doo-wop. The "Tah" and "Doo" vocal samples from diskette 17 add new life to many of the old standby DX sounds. Try the "Tah" and DX brass sounds together. Use the "Doo" with the caliope. The human voices add a jazzy sophistication to even cliched patches.

## The Special Effects Department

With pitch and mod wheels, velocity sensitivity, after touch, breath controller and pedals, the DX is among the most expressive synths. If the truth be known, the new Mirage operating system (version 3.0 and up) was developed specifically to take advantage of these DX features.

Through the magic of MIDI, the DX and the Mirage can be configured many different ways. For instance, you can modulate the Mirage LFO from either the DX mod wheel, breath controller, foot pedal controller, volume pedal, after touch or even the data entry slider. And all independently of how you are controlling your DX.

So you can use after touch to modulate a DX string sound while using the DX mod wheel to control vibrato of the Mirage sampled strings.

The Mirage has the ability to vary the mix between the two oscillators of each voice. The solo rock guitar sound on diskette 6, for instance, has a heavy guitar

sound on one oscillator and a harmonic feedback sound on the other. You can vary this mix with any of the DX control functions. A favorite of Mirage/DX players is to use the DX after touch to control the mix. Playing the keyboard normally gives you that "wide-open-through-a-couple-of-stacks" sound, and pressing extra hard will bring in the feedback. A little practice with the pitch and mod wheels will earn you a convincing guitar technique.

## Remote Territory

Changing sounds and programs on the Mirage is simply a matter of pressing a few buttons, but if you want to rack mount your Mirage you can just as easily change sounds and programs right from your DX



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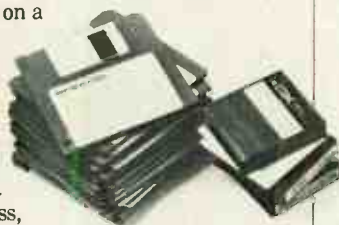
over MIDI. Pressing one button on the DX can change your entire set-up from a sweet string background to a sizzling solo sound on both the Mirage and DX.

## A Marriage made in Malvern

The Mirage/DX partnership is a natural. Although the instruments are designed and built on opposite sides of the globe, they go together like hot dogs and mustard (or sushi and soy sauce). If you own a DX-7, bring it down to your authorized Ensoniq dealer and let it spend some time getting friendly with a Mirage Digital Multi-Sampler.

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are breaking up that old gang of mine." We used to sing that song. It was like an army song and for us the Beatles became the army. We always knew that one day "Wedding Bells" would come true, and that was when it did.

Trouble is, in trying to set the record straight I don't want to blame John. I did this thing recently with Hunter Davies and they pulled out the one line, "John could be a maneuvering swine." Well, I still stick to that, but I'd better not say it to the *Sun* because I'm just going to get hauled over the coals again.

I'll tell you exactly why I said that. We had a business meeting to break up the Beatles, one of the famous ones that we'd been having—we're *still* having them seventeen years later, actually. We all flew in to New York specially and were at the Plaza for the big final settlement meeting. John was half a mile away at the Dakota and he sent a balloon over with a note that said, "Listen to this balloon."

Around the same time at another meeting we had it all settled, and John asked for an extra million pounds at the last minute. So of course that meeting blew up in disarray. Later, when we got a bit friendlier—and from time to time there would be these little stepping-stones of friendship in the Apple sea—I asked him why he'd actually wanted that million and he said, "I just wanted cards to play with." It's absolutely standard business practice. He wanted a couple of jacks to up your pair of nines.

**MUSICIAN:** *You got an awful lot of shit for saying "It's a drag" after he'd been killed.*

**McCARTNEY:** Yeah. I think why some politicians are so successful is that they have a little bleeper box in their heads and before they say something they run things through and they can see it as a headline. If it doesn't look good they edit it. I have that sometimes, but in moments like that all my bleepers go out the window.

---

"George came down the other day and we didn't talk about Apple or touch an instrument. We talked about planting trees. It was great to relate as two people and get all that crap out the window."

---

I wasn't going to stay at home watching the television news. George Martin rang up to ask if I wanted to cancel the session and I said, "No way, I've got to work through this day." We worked on a track called "Rain Clouds." Paddy [Moloney], the aeolian pipesman of the Chieftains, worked on that. He was the right sort of character to see that day, cause Paddy's like a leprechaun. It was nice to have a sort of magic person around. It was as if he was a sort of guru sent to help that day out. So we just sort of beavered on, and without meaning to, people would make jokes. "We'll do the film next week, we'll shoot it." And the minute you heard the word "shoot" you kind of went, "Huuuh urh." Everytime you spoke you seemed to say "shoot" or "kill me" or all these terrible things. Eventually I thought, "I've got to go home now, there's no more work to be done." And as I came out of the place somebody stuck the proverbial microphone in the window of the car, which I'm mad enough to have open because you see, I'm quite outgoing and I was telling the fans, "Thank you," "It's alright." But, anyway, I said, "It's a *dra-a-ag*." If I could've I might've just lengthened that word "drag" for about a thousand years, to get the full meaning.

By the time the editors got to it I'm just one of a million punters making a comment: "McCartney was asked by our reporter in downtown London last night at nine o'clock his feelings on hearing of the death of his dear friend. His answer was, 'It's a

drag.' Hey ho! On other matters, in the Philippines." And people hearing it said, "It's a *drag*? That's what he *said*?"

Hunter Davies was on television that night, giving a very reasoned account of John. All the puppets sprang right up there. I thought it was well tasteless. Jesus Christ, ready with the answers, aren't we? Aren't we just ready with a summary? Mind you, Hunter had admitted to us years ago that he already had our obituaries written. They're on file at the *Times* and they just update them, which is chilling to learn. So obviously he just pulled out his obituary for John and went to it.

The question is, which is the more sensitive: my thing or his thing? He was the one I rang up about "maneuvering swine" too, so it shows what a buddy he is, he immediately put it in print.

That incident reminded me of John saying, "We're bigger than Jesus," which was a Maureen Cleave article for the *Evening Standard*. John and Maureen were good friends and in that context it was actually John saying to the church, "Hey, wake up! We're bigger than you." He meant that the church congregations were in decline.

But you take it out of context, you send it to Selma, Alabama, you put it on the front page and you've got little eleven-year-olds thumping on your coach window saying, "Blasphemer! Devil worshipper!" I'll never forget the sight of a little blond kid trying to get to us, and he would have done it, if he'd have got to us. I mean, at eleven, what does this kid know of life and religion or anything? He'd just been whipped up.

It's like Philip Norman's book *Shout*. It's shameful the way it says that George spent the whole of his career holding a plectrum waiting for a solo. To dismiss George like that is just stupid, nothing less. George was a major influence musically. The only thing I'm thankful for is that now the truth is starting to come out, and when I see that "wedding" changed to "funeral," I start to realize that it was John's problem, not mine.

**MUSICIAN:** *What was his problem, do you think?*

**McCARTNEY:** Heroin, a slight problem.

**MUSICIAN:** *When did you know he was doing heroin?*

**McCARTNEY:** When he was living in Montague Square with Yoko after he'd split up with Cynthia. He never actually told us, no one ever actually saw him take it, but we heard. I was very lucky to miss that whole scene. I was the first one on coke in the group, which horrified the whole group, and I just thought, "No sweat." The minute I stopped, the whole record industry got into it and has never stopped since. I knew the time was up when I saw Jim Webb—"Up Up and Away"—offering me a toot. I thought, "Hello, this is getting way too popular."

**MUSICIAN:** *When was this that you were doing it?*

**McCARTNEY:** In L. A. It was *Sgt. Pepper* time, it was my circle of friends; the William Burroughs, the Robert Frasers, the Rolling Stones crowd, and we'd use it to wake up after the pot. But that was quite short-lived and I hated it. I soon got the message that it was a big downer. There's a story that sums up all that drugs thing. When I went out to L. A. at the time of that *Pussy Cats* album I was offered angel dust. I said, "What is it?" and they said, "It's an elephant tranquilizer." I said to the guy, "Is it fun?" He thought for a moment and said, "No, it's not fun." So I said, "Okay, I won't have any then." That sums it up, you know. You had *anything* man, even if it wasn't fun! You sort of had to do it—peer pressure. I was given a lot of stick for being the last one to take acid. Now I wish I'd held out, in a way, although it was the times. I don't really regret anything, actually. I remember John going on *Old Grey Whistle Test* and saying, "Paul only took it four times! We all took it twenty times!!" It was as if you'd scored points....

**MUSICIAN:** *Real twenty-pints-a-night-stuff, isn't it?*

**McCARTNEY:** It really is! That's it, exactly! Very Northern. It's the same thing. If you get it right with one crowd of people,

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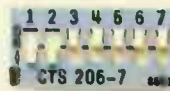
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it's wrong with another crowd, so you can't win. But it was great times and I really don't regret it. I love a lot of what we did; we had screwed-up moments too, but who doesn't?

Like Geldof—there's this guy who does great stuff, but that doesn't mean that he's a saint. In fact it's often the opposite with these people; it just means that they've got Go Power.

I love the story where they finished the *USA For Africa* record and Geldof is buzzing, and Michael Jackson and his family were all having a light meal at about three in the morning. They're all devout Jehovah's Witnesses and they were all sitting there and Bob walks in and says, "You lot fucking disgust me!!" The jaws just drop.

He didn't make himself too wildly popular. I think that's why he got a bit elbowed in the States. They never mention him. It's the American guy they always mention, I don't even know what his name is. Ken something. They all thank him. They never say, "And by the way, he got the idea off this mad Irish bog bandit."

**MUSICIAN:** *How did you feel at Live Aid? The first time you'd been on stage for ages and it all went wrong.*

**McARTNEY:** When the mike went I felt very strange. It was very loosely organized and I turned up not knowing quite what was expected of me, other than that I had to do "Let It Be." So I sat down at the piano, looked around for a cue to go, there was just one roadie, and I looked at him for a signal. I started and the monitor was off and I thought, "No sweat, this is BBC, this is world television, someone's bound to have a feed, it's just that my monitor's off."

Then I wondered if the audience could hear, because I knew some of the words of "Let It Be" were kind of relevant to what we were doing. Anyway, I thought, "This is okay, they can hear me, they're singing along."

I just had to keep going, so it was very embarrassing. The terrible thing was that in the middle I heard the roadies come through on the monitor, shouting "No, this plug doesn't go here!" I thought, "Hello, we have problems!" The worst moment was watching it on telly later.

The event itself was so great. It wasn't for my ego. It was for people who are dying and it raised over £50 million, and so it was like having been at the battle of Agincourt. It's something you'll tell your grandchildren about.

**MUSICIAN:** *That's your mother invoked in "Let It Be," isn't it?*

**McARTNEY:** Yeah. I had a lot of bad times in the 60s. We used to lie in bed and wonder what was going on and feel quite paranoid. Probably all the drugs. I had a dream one night about my mother. She died when I was fourteen so I hadn't really heard from her in quite a while, and it was very good. It gave me some strength. In my darkest hour, Mother Mary comes to me. I get dreams with John in, and my Dad. It's very nice because you meet them again. It's wondrous, it's like magic. Of course, you're not meeting them. You're meeting yourself, or whatever....

**MUSICIAN:** *What about "Lady Madonna"?*

**McARTNEY:** Lady Madonna's all women. How do they do it?—bless 'em—it's that one, you know. Baby at your breast, how do they get the time to feed them? Where do you get the money? How do you do this thing that women do?

**MUSICIAN:** *Was it very traumatic when your mother died?*

**McARTNEY:** Yeah, but I'm a bit of a cover-up. People like me don't find it easy to have public grief. But that was one of the things that brought John and me very close together. We'd both lost our mothers. It was never really spoken about much; no one really spoke about anything real. There was a famous expression: "Don't get real on me, man."

## BOSS SPECIAL SET-UPS/2



**MUSICIAN:** *How did you feel about all the stick Linda got?*

**McCARTNEY:** I feel sorry for her. She got a lot of stick, more than we admit to. It made us stronger, really; the thing I'm beginning to understand now was that we were just two people who liked each other and found a lot in common and fell in love, got married and found that we liked it. To the world, of course, she was the girl that Paul McCartney married, and she was a divorcee, which didn't seem right. People preferred Jane Asher. Jane Asher fitted. She was a better Fergie. Linda wasn't a very good Fergie for me and people generally tended to disapprove of me marrying a divorcee and an American. That wasn't too clever. None of that made a blind bit of difference; I actually just liked her, I still do and that's all it's to do with. I mean, we got married in the craziest clothes when I look back on it. We didn't bother to buy her a decent outfit. I can see it all now; why people were amazed that I'd put her in the group. At the time it didn't seem the least bit unusual. But I even had quotes from Jagger saying, "Oh, he's got his old lady up on stage, man."

A lot of people give her stick for playing with one finger, but as a matter of fact the Moogs in those days were not polyphonic. You can only play them with one finger; you can play them with five if you like, but only one's gonna register. And by the time she did the '76 tour with Wings, she was well good at stuff and actually I was quite surprised. I mean, she was holding down the keyboard job with one of the big bands in the world. From knowing nothing! I mean, the balls of the girl!

But along with the public condemnation, there were always millions of people who liked her. Our shows always did okay, and our records occasionally did okay. Occasionally we'd have a whopper burger that'd suddenly make it worthwhile. Then we'd have our big whopper failures, but as long as you measure

them against your successes, it's alright.

**MUSICIAN:** *How do you feel about the Wings output?*

**McCARTNEY:** I was never very happy with the whole thing but I'm actually starting to think that it was a bit churlish of me, because I'm meeting a lot of people now who had a completely different perception of the whole thing. I met a nurse recently who was a Wings fan! I mean, forget me, forget the Beatles; she was an actual die-hard Wings fan. I didn't think they existed.

A lot of the younger people coming up didn't really know the Beatles history. There are people who don't know what *Sgt. Pepper* was. We find it a bit difficult to understand. It's like not knowing what *War And Peace* is. So it's okay. I was never very pleased with the whole thing, but I'm warming to it now. I'm starting to look at it through my own eyes, and saying, "Wait a minute. What did we do? Where did we go wrong?" Most people would give their right arm for the Wings career, to have hits as big as "Mull Of Kintyre," "My Love," "Band On The Run," "Maybe I'm Amazed."

**MUSICIAN:** *But it came to an end when you were busted in Japan. How did that happen?*

**McCARTNEY:** It happened we got some good grass in America and no one could face putting it down the toilet. It was an absolutely crazy move. We knew we weren't going to get any in Japan. Anybody else would have given it to their roadies but I didn't want them to take the rap. It was lying on top of the bloody suitcase. I'll never forget the guy's face as he pulled it out. He almost put it back. He just did not want the embarrassment. But it's a hysterical subject and I'd prefer to skirt 'round it these days, because I don't want any of the pressures that go with it, so I'm telling everyone, "Stay clean, be cool."

I'm pretty straight. I know what crazy is.



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# MEGA WOMAN CONQUERS THE WORLD

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**QUEEN TINA DOES NOT WANT ANY MORE  
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QUEEN TINA WANTS TO ROCK 'N' ROLL**

It is the day of the latest Royal Wedding, which seems to occasion more attention from fawning American TV correspondents than their British counterparts. Unless one happens to be lining the parade route, the most telling sign that pageantry's afoot is the unusual number of drunks clutching Union Jacks as they stumble from pub to pub. Events are considerably more serene in the plush garden districts west of Hyde Park, where a very different sort of Queen is enjoying temporary residence.

She is your typical black, beautiful, Buddhist, forty-seven-year-old rock superstar. She is an ex-wife whose marriage could have inspired Dante to find the tenth circle of hell. After singing and recording for over thirty years, she made her first solo album; *Private Dancer* sold over fifteen million copies. The making of her new one, *Break Every Rule*, includes contributions of varying degree from Mark Knopfler, David Bowie, Terry Britten, Bryan Adams, Rupert Hine, Phil Collins, Eric Clapton, Steve Win-

**BY MARK ROWLAND**





wood, Branford Marsalis and Paul Brady, among others, and none of them had to be asked twice. She does not carry her American Express card for purposes of identification. She is, of course, Tina Turner: the singer as auteur.

Tina's dressed simply but fashionably, little jewelry and less makeup, and there's not a line in her face. Relaxing with soup and veggies in this enormous sitting room, with its skylight and stained glass windows, its splendid staircase and grand piano, she exudes the composure of a woman in her element, an ocean and several cultural vistas removed from the city limits of Nutbush, Tennessee. Music is but one sextant by which she tracks that journey.

"I've always been attracted to music other than R&B and blues," she is saying. "That starts from being a little girl and changing the knob to stations that I liked, to country & western and some that were sort of pop. Not that most children love the blues that much," she observes. "But as I grew older I covered a lot of pop material, and it always seemed natural to me, like mixing colors. I'm already soulful you see, and my attitude is, if I get a white boy that's not too soulful to play with me, you're gonna get something that's not too overpowering, because he's not so directly tuned in.

"I think that in the earlier days, with Ike's music, we were too close emotionally. He was playing exactly what I was singing, and maybe that's too much for the ear. Great *live*, but to sit and hear it over and over again on a record? At least with my music now, if I'm in certain moods I can actually listen to it. I'll hear 'What's Love Got To Do With It' or 'Let's Stay Together' in a restaurant. But you can't play that older stuff for people in restaurants," she laughs. "They'll never digest their food."

"Now, these English guys," she goes on, "they tell me more about songs I've recorded that I've forgotten, and how it inspired them to start playing. I'm still shocked to hear phrases by the Rolling Stones that sound so black, or Bryan Adams, or even the Beatles, and I wonder where they get it from, and they start telling *me* about blues and R&B! So I think opposites attract. But here I want to say 'rock' rather than 'pop' music. Rock is closer to R&B, but with a different mentality. It's like copying something but 'not exactly.' And that's the borderline I'm on."

She grew up in a time and place when such musical connections were waiting to happen. During the 40s, the area bounding southern Mississippi was the main track of a musical underground railroad, transporting delta blues north and R&B south, country west and western east. Eventually, in Memphis, the freight reached critical mass, detonating in an explosion we now call rock 'n' roll.

Tina sang in church, but soon patterned her approach after more secular stylists—Ray Charles, Jackie Wilson, Little Willie John and especially Sam Cooke, "the only person I ever wanted to sound like. Because I never did like my voice. I've learned to accept it because I've found a few things to do with it," she laughs. "Instead of 'thing' I'll go 'thang' or sing 'oww' or else something that seems to match this silly voice of mine. 'Cause there's nothing I can do about it: I can't sing pretty. 'Till The Real Thing Comes Along' is about as close as I can get, and there I have to relax so much it feels like bathroom singing. You'll never hear me sound like Diana Ross or Barbra Streisand—no way you get a little bird-like vocal out of here."

The best thing about the recognition she received from *Private Dancer*, she suggests, is that it finally forced recognition of herself as primarily a singer, as opposed to a dancer or stage performer, which historically contributed to the more notorious aspects of her reputation. "Now when people say 'I like your singing' I take that as a great compliment, because it means they've accepted my *way* of singing. I mean, it's not al-

ways about singing pretty. I can't imagine anyone singing"—here she trills daintily—"Everybody must get stoned.' It's gotta be, 'evvvrbuddy!'" she growls in an imitation that would make Dylan blush. "Now *he's* got a style. And that's what it comes down to, now. Tina Turner's got a style."

'Course if Tina had her druthers, she admits, her own LPs would veer considerably harder toward guitar-slashing, head-banging white noise rock 'n' raunch. "And I will do that," she pledges. "*Private Dancer* was not rock, but I made it more that way in concert. I played those songs faster, and raunchier; Terry Britten came to one show and said, 'You turned "What's Love" into a different song.' Yes! I'm hinting to these guys what I want. And this time they came closer. But let's face it, none of these guys are rock 'n' roll producers. Maybe Bryan, and we can say that Mark is closer than Rupert and Terry. But sometimes, when you have a dream, like when I wished for a solo career, you have to wait a bit for that to happen. Am I gonna be a fool now and say, 'Well, if I can't do *all* rock 'n' roll, I just won't have a career'? Right now my audience is the whole world. Do you know what it's like to sing for the *whole world*?"

Well, no.

"And rock is like, minority music: People tend to put it down even when they love it, right? My manager Roger says to me, 'Darling, it's hard to make a rock 'n' roll album—they all have to be good songs.' And that's true. But"—and now Tina's voice has suddenly elevated into the trance-like fervor of the Acid Queen—"I still want to do it. I want to have it in my hands and say, 'Here's all the raunch that they put a label on me for. And I mustered up all the energy of all that was out onstage, and now it's in my hands. Because haven't I covered everybody else's songs and turned *them* into rock 'n' roll? And yes, I will do that. Because *I am* rock 'n' roll."

As quickly as it was summoned, the evangelical storm recedes. Tina Turner sits back in her chair. She smiles sweetly.

"But I can wait."

## It's Gonna Work Out *Fine*

It's no secret that England holds a special place in Tina's heart, nor mystery why. Fans here recognized her first solo venture, on Phil Spector's "River Deep Mountain High" as a pop classic, even as it flopped in the States. The Rolling Stones provided the Ike & Tina Turner Revue with a massive and appropriate forum for crossover success by inviting them on tour, and while it's common knowledge that Mick did his best to nick Tina's dance steps, his very willingness to follow her ferocious performance onstage compels some admiration for his nerve. Brit loyalists helped Tina pick up the shards of her career after leaving Ike in the 70s by packing halls for her shows, and buying her records. Heaven 17's Martyn Ware produced her comeback singles, covers of the Temptations' "Ball Of Confusion," and Al Green's "Let's Stay Together." When the latter hit number three on the British charts, and Capitol Records responded by demanding an album within weeks, it was left to Tina's manager Roger Davies to solicit such decidedly limey acquaintances as Mark Knopfler, ("Private Dancer"), Rupert Hine ("I Might Have Been Queen"), and Terry Britten ("What's Love Got To Do With It").

"For the last record we were a little short on time," notes Hine, who co-wrote "I Might Have Been Queen" with his wife, Jeannette Obstoj, produced "Better Be Good To Me," and then cut both vocal tracks with Tina in one day. "I remember routining them in my car on the drive out to my studio. It's raining and we're wearing raincoats; we're stalled at a traffic light en route. And there is Tina, you know, sitting in the passenger seat shouting 'And I might have been Queen' at the



**Knopfler: "On liberating herself Tina released a tremendous amount of energy."**

top of her lungs and stomping on the floor with her foot. And I could see people standing on the curb, in the rain, staring at us, as if they were saying to themselves, 'Ah, and that would be Tina Turner,' as we're pulling away. That was our rehearsal."

This time around, the producer/songwriter otherwise known for his work with Howard Jones and the Fixx was given more advance warning, along with rather cryptic instructions from Davies. "He said he wanted to show a more 'substantial' side of Tina," Hine says in his clipped, careful tones, "by which I took to mean tracks that stretched a little further." He also entertained a request from Tina that Hine put together a song like Foreigner's "I Want To Know What Love Is."

One listen to *Break Every Rule's* title track and "I'll Be Thunder," the tune which serves as its coda, lets you know that Hine took both ideas to heart; the former updates Foreigner, while the latter is just about the most over-the-top production number since "River Deep Mountain High" propelled Phil Spector into an early retirement.

"Jeannette wrote the lyrics to that one, which I carried around for weeks. I knew they needed a commanding orchestration, but it wasn't one of those things I could just sit down and work on; I sort of had to wait for the inspiration to come. After awhile I began to wonder if it would. Anyway, I was visiting Tina in L.A., where we were to attend her HBO premiere that evening; and while I was waiting for her to change, I went over to one of the pianos on her ground floor—she has two, and they each have a specific character about them—and I suddenly wrote the whole song in about nineteen minutes. During which I would hear the odd comment from upstairs, as by now Tina was in quite a hurry to leave."

Hine convinced her to give the song a run through on the piano. "We sat together, and Tina—she has this remarkable ability to sing along with you the first time. Later I placed the key. It was important that on the last chorus she hits that note which is at the peak of her range, for the right emotive impact—what I'd call her 'yeastal range,' where the voice still has

all its strength. That turned out to be quite higher than I thought."

Hine's lavish arrangement for "Thunder," ("The Godly production with the heavens opening," as Tina puts it) was achieved by using the full gamut of electronics; "my real instrument, if you like," Hine explains. "We did actually consider an orchestra but that seemed a bit icky, you know, like putting it all on a pedestal." Still he admits, "it's nice to be able to do something a bit further-reaching and not be panicked that it probably isn't suited for mid-morning radio." Tina did reject Hine's idea about using a gospel choir in the middle of the tune, however, "because I don't want to go to church. I relate totally to what Patti LaBelle does, but I enjoy the fun of *not* being that serious. Actually, what ruined 'I Want To Know What Love Is' for me was that choir in their video. To me that song was about a woman wanting this guy, and then he takes her in his arms and it's love. And all of a sudden here comes this choir! Aggh! There goes my illusion," she laughs. "I was going to cover that song too. But I think that's what Rupert gave me with 'Break Every Rule.'"

In fact, Hine's song is a considerable improvement, a lushly romantic dance number with a bass line that could make even the Washington Wives vibrate. "I didn't want to get so ambitious that it all feels acrobatic, like 'Here are all these show-cases,'" says Hine. "This one is fairly easy on the ear." The only problem from Tina's perspective was the song title: originally Hine wanted to call it "Slave." "Well," he admits, "not a very good title for Tina, I suppose."



**Bryan Adams:**

**"She stood there with one hand on her hip, about a foot back from the microphone.... I knew we were done."**



**B**ryan Adams wasn't given any instructions about what to write, just what not to write. "We were told not to write anything about her life," he recalls. The song he came up with, "Back Where You Started," is instantly recognizable as an Adams rocker, but the song was very much written with Tina in mind: "It's a story about her life."

He remembers seeing Tina perform for the first time a few years back in Vancouver clubs—"I'd be the guy standing on the table, howling at the moon. I just couldn't believe that a woman would get up in front of maybe two or three hundred people and just give everything she had. It was pretty inspirational." They met for the first time last year while putting together the duet single "It's Only Love," and subsequently shared about twenty dates on a European tour.

"Which I figured gave me one advantage in the studio," he says. "I've never produced a singer before, but I did sing *with* her, and I know what she can do. We only had a few hours together, so the important thing was to get that one great take. Maybe I pushed it a little: I could definitely tell when she'd had enough. She stood there with one hand on her hip about a foot back from the microphone. She never said, 'Aren't you guys done yet?' or anything like that. But she gave a look that said 'Uh-huh.' And I knew we were done."

**M**ark Knopfler offers the most succinct appraisal of Tina Turner's artistry: "She's Megawoman. The way she works, she does her homework, so by the time she comes in to record she's absorbed the spirit of the thing, right down to inflections. If you want something like vibrato, she'll say, 'Oh, you mean right here?' and boom, there it is. She'll do almost anything in any key, and her mike technique from all those years of singing..." He suddenly becomes conscious that he's leading a parade of superlatives. "I know words like 'incredible' get used an awful lot," he admits. "But Tina is *heavy*."

Having contributed the title track to *Private Dancer*, Knopfler left the production to others, citing time commitments. In the intervening two years he's approached superstar status himself, but agreed to produce two tracks on this LP; Paul Brady's "Paradise Is Here"—"because he's a mate"—and his own "Overnight Sensation"—"because I want to like it." The remark suggests something less than delight with "Private Dancer"'s arrangements, but Knopfler won't say that, only that this time, "I didn't want to be in the position of hearing the song and wishing something else had been done with it." He's been in the studio working on both tracks for several days, and the effort shows on his face.

"Paradise Is Here" turns out to be a richly melodic composition, but Knopfler's relatively spare production gives the track plenty of room for the singer to make it her own. "She has such a dynamic range you don't want to do much to constrict it," adds engineer Neil Dorfsman. "Though with singers I do tend to ride the vocal faders to help them along when we're recording. Following Tina feels like I'm riding a rollercoaster."

"She sings as though she's twenty-two and making her first record," Knopfler declares. A long-time fan from the Ike & Tina days—"who wasn't?"—he suspects that "the repressive situation she was in for so long contributes to that. On liberating herself she released a tremendous amount of energy, a yearning to express herself—which I think is what's being celebrated by the millions of people who identify with her."

"She came in a few weeks ago to do the guide vocals—the guide tracks mind you—and she opened up so much they turned into master vocals. We had a ball! Now she's telling me she can do even better; that ought to be interesting to hear. But I tell you, I'd be happy to record Tina if all she did was laugh."

Tina Turner remembers the first time she ever heard "What's Love Got To Do With It." "I thought it was such a wimpy song. I hear it on the radio now, and I *still* think it's a wimpy song. I refused to sing it at first, but Roger kept bringing it around

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**Terry Britten:**  
**"Tina hated**  
**'What's Love.'**  
**She said to**  
**me, 'This is the**  
**hardest vocal**  
**I've done**  
**in my life!'"**



every day. After a while when he'd come over I'd hide."

Even after penning Tina's biggest hit, Terry Britten remains a virtual unknown, but hey, that's progress. Before that he was a complete unknown. "Which is exactly the way he likes it," Tina posits. "He's not into the whole success craze. He doesn't enjoy that tension. He just wants to write. But I hope he finally gets some recognition now, 'cause I just love the guy. And I think he will. This is his time."

Having written five songs for the new album, including the projected singles "Typical Male" and "What You See Is What You Get," as well as producing David Bowie's "Girls"—in short, the entire first side of the LP—Terry Britten has risen from his cachet as Tina Turner's secret weapon to take his place as a major pop talent. That he and partner Graham Lyle will come into serious demand as songwriters upon this album's release is a prediction akin to forecasting that the Boston Celtics will win most of their games this year. And if that's an unlikely fate for this shy and eccentric craftsman, whose idea of a good time is hanging out in his room and discovering new guitar tunings, Britten has only his manners to blame. "Roger said to me, 'Write some hits!'" he reveals; ever the gentleman, Terry graciously complied.

"Roger also said, 'I'm only going to take your strong songs for this record,'" Britten recalls, "which sounded fine to me. Nobody should want to be part of a record with two great songs and the rest filler; I buy albums like that all the time and I'm sick to death of it. That's why I still enjoy records like *Rumours*," he adds, in a telling reference. "I want to enjoy a record from beginning to end. I swear the main reason CDs are popular is so people can jump from track one to track five."

Britten's cheery, self-deprecating manner, combined with a rather diminutive physique, beard and sparkling eyes, gives the appearance of an elf—no doubt the perfect foil for Tina's more formidable persona. "Certain things I'll do on my demos are very, very white," he admits with a grin, "then she'll put a little twist on it and it comes out Otis Redding. Now that I know her better, I can write more for her personality. 'What You See Is What You Get,' for instance, was composed thinking of her

live performance, the way she gets off the guys in the audience while making fun of the whole thing—she's always very fond of that put-down aspect," he chuckles. "Whereas 'Afterglow' is more autobiographical, painting a picture of being on the road. Actually that was the second tune I wrote with Graham Lyle.

"The first was 'What's Love,' which of course Tina hated. But she also said to me at the time, 'You know, this is the hardest vocal I've done in my life, including 'River Deep Mountain High.' Because it was so opposite her natural way of singing—so low, and cool, and with an off-beat rhythm. And when we were finished, she said, 'Now people will say Tina Turner can sing.' I'll never forget that. I mean, of course Tina Turner can sing. But isn't it amazing the way we perceive ourselves?"

If one subscribes to the Tina theory of attracting opposites, Britten's early training for the position was ideal. He grew up in Manchester ("the Hollies and all that rot," he says with obvious affection), moved to Australia at twelve, and a couple of years later quit school to play in a pop 'n' roll band. Mostly he played covers of everything from the Four Seasons to Hendrix, notably with a group called Twilight. Among Twilight's fans was one young Roger Davies ("He came to see us when he was still in short pants"). When the band landed a record contract and had to come up with original material, Terry began writing songs. "Quite a few number ones in Australia, actually," he says almost apologetically. "We came as far as we could out there."

Once they even got as far as Abbey Road. "The Beatles were next door doing 'Penny Lane,' and we could hear the bass line coming out the door. The thrill of my life to that point was George Harrison coming into the loo and saying, 'Hoos it guin?' I said, 'Great, great!' We shared the toilet—quite a thrill."

The Beatles reference is hardly a casual one for Britten, whose own favorite songs begin with "Strawberry Fields" and "Eleanor Rigby" before seguing to "Surf's Up" and "I Heard It Through The Grapevine." ("He's such a hippie," Tina sighs.) What Britten particularly admires about 60s music—black and white—was that ability to evoke strong moods. After moving back to England he supported himself as a session guitarist—an unusual profession for someone who doesn't read music, but then Terry was a specialist, hired to come up with unusual riffs or melodic fills—in short, "atmosphere." He eventually quit ("too soul-destroying") to write his own material, and that ability to project ambience has become his signature, from the smooth-as-silk Al Green rhythm beds on "Afterglow" to the stormy *Wuthering Heights* air of desperate longing he weaves around David Bowie's "Girls." Even a song as straight-ahead as "What's Love" features some eerie melodic inversions.

"I'm just an ear player," Britten avers, "I don't know anything about music. I'm a tuning freak; I spend days in my room making them up and then chords to fit them. There may only be three chords in my song, but the structure of the notes lends a different atmosphere. Sometimes I change the root as well as the bass, which Tina finds very odd. I tell her, 'Once you've got the melody it all works.' Live can be difficult though. I know that onstage for 'What's Love' or 'We Don't Need Another Hero' she's had to change the root back again."

"But what's great about Terry," Tina says later, "is that if he comes up with something I really don't like, he *will* change it for me. You see, you can't put a jazz-type chord in rock 'n' roll for me, because that takes me into another world. I get so locked into what I'm hearing, that if something doesn't fit, it takes me away, even just a note. I'm very sensitive to those traditions, and I have to go by feeling."

In that sense, Tina and Terry are very much alike. Ironically, for *Break Every Rule* Britten found himself guiding some of the same heroes who'd originally inspired him—including Eric



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Clapton and Steve Winwood. During "What You See Is What You Get" Terry got to record an Eric Clapton solo, but according to Tina, "he got so excited he recorded it an octave lower than it was supposed to be," eventually having to replace it with one of his own.

"When you use the big names," Britten admits, "there's a temptation to give up your own responsibility when someone else comes in with an idea. And then you're going down a different road. But Tina's so great about that. She says, 'We all draw from the past. They did their thing, but this is your time!' Meaning, I think, 'Trust yourself.' She has such wisdom," he says admiringly. "You can't help but be loyal to her after that."

## The Son of a Preacher Man

This album," says Tina, "was written as if I'd written it myself." To write or not to write—for many singers the answer is obvious, for some not obvious enough. Most simply can't do it, at least not well enough to match the efforts of the composers hired in their stead. But that's hardly the case with Tina. Her own songwriting canon from the early 70s is small but impressive; the most obvious example, "Nutbush City Limits," is as deft a memoir as any in rock. In addition, as Rupert Hine puts it, "She has an experience of life that goes well beyond her obvious life experiences."

"I'd like to write about fun experiences," Tina explains, drawing a breath, "and I haven't had enough fun yet. The memories I have now are still about my marriage. I don't want to *sing* about that, you know? The words to the song Mark wrote, 'Overnight Sensation,' go something like, 'I guess I've been working a long time, working in the back line...but I have my dreams.' It's sort of a joke because I've been around so long. I would have loved to have written that, but I'm so sick of it that I don't even want to remember. Someone else can put that in a fun context. I don't have anything fun to say."

She takes a sip of coffee and measures the thought. "I have tried. I sit down with a pencil still, and I look at it, and you know how sometimes when you've had a drink you get really *wise*?" She draws out the word sardonically. "Really heavy. Then you get your pencil and after you look at it later you say, 'Oh phooey.'" She laughs quietly.

"I want to make this a reality for you, though. It's almost like saying, 'I've been working on this job a long time, and I don't like my boss anymore. I don't like this kind of *work*.' And then later somebody might ask you if you ever want to go back just to see the building. But you don't even want that, because you finished that job. The whole time you were there you didn't like it. You did it to earn your money, to pay your rent. There were all kinds of obstacles back then, so you stayed until you hated it—hated your life.

"Then you close the door on that, and I did. I have not played an album of mine since I left Ike. And if I walk in somewhere and people are playing that stuff, I tell you, it still scares me. I have flashbacks in my dreams, I'll wake up and still think I'm there and I'll go...ehhh!" She gasps. "I know it's been ten years now, but no one can realize what that was like for me. And someone can say, 'I don't think it was so bad.' But isn't it always mental? Because obviously, I did write. So I must have a mental block about that. And that's getting into serious stuff. You're talking about psychiatric therapy!" she laughs. "I don't want to work so hard to break down *that* wall. I don't want to do it that way. And these guys are writing about it anyway; I don't have to.

"I have been laughing a lot more lately," she continues more brightly. "But I've also been working. So what would I write

about but backstage, dressing rooms, buying clothes and costumes and getting ready for my work? I've been on this ten years steady *since* I left Ike, except that I was not a slave this time, I was on my own. So I still haven't had a lot of Mick Jagger's kind of fun," she giggles.

But now some of those memories are emerging from their recesses; one can almost feel Tina battling to reconcile her spirit with them. "I don't think I was a dumb woman for staying with Ike," she is saying. "I think it took a smart woman, because we had a business and there was money involved, and because there was family. When I left I left for all or nothing, except what I learned from Ike Turner, which was a lot. I think I became a great performer. He was a very good businessman too, and I'd made tons of money—more that was lost, you know? So I did walk out with flying colors. It wasn't something you could see or touch until I did it, but I knew what I learned. And I'm gonna say, Ike could have been a great man, except that he followed the wrong light. But there was a lot learned from him. I tried to prove that to him and to help and protect him—to prove I was his friend—and that is why I stayed so long. That's why I didn't become a drug addict or an alcoholic. I just became a coffee addict!"

She pours herself another cup. "And that's what I left with—knowledge, endurance, discipline and the coffee drug."

The portrait she's painting of her former husband suggests a cross between a Zen master and a bad genie.

"I think so," she agrees matter-of-factly. "He had followers. There were things I wouldn't even write about in my book, because he's still alive; he might come back!" She laughs, a little nervously this time. "The guy was incredible. He really became his own king, and I gotta tell you, it seemed like black magic to me. We're not talking about voodoo now, we're talking about a whole way of life. You know when you read about people who worship things other than what healthy people worship, because they think *they* are the normal, healthy ones—and there's about ten of them, right? He was just totally going over to the dark side. All of the sudden he put value on people who lit his cigarettes, and I'm over here going, 'I'm making *money* for you, can you see that? Hello?'"

"I didn't know anymore at what time he could have hit me and it would have killed me. Because it was not just a fist anymore, by that point it was like, *that* thing." She points to a sturdy wooden statuette on the coffee table. "I saw people with broken arms and teeth and I thought, 'Am I next?' It was all getting very paranoid and masterly. When I'd go down the steps to that place, it felt like I was going down the steps of hell.

"And I know he's suffering now," she says soberly, "but I can't go back. You know where the Bible says, if you look back you'll turn into a pillar of salt? And I hate to make Ike sound so horrible, because my wish for him is to do what Eric Clapton did." She is referring to the guitarist's arduous recovery from heroin. "Because Ike can sing as well as Eric, and he can play guitar, though it would take him a bit of work now. But you can only speak the truth about someone to get their attention, and Ike's ego is too big, he was too much of a king to step down and start over, like I did. Maybe I can be blamed for not going back to help. But I did all my helping while I was there. I wish him well. I do it in my mind. But I will not do it with my body."

## Let's Stay Together

I'll tell you one thing that's unusual about being with Tina in the studio," says Bryan Adams. "It was actually easier to work with her when her manager was around. You got the feeling he made her feel more comfortable. They seemed like the best of friends."





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"You have to give the guy a lot of credit for this success," adds Mark Knopfler. "You couple honesty and efficiency by a manager with a singer who has patently got it—well, just look around the industry and you know how important that is."

It is hard to think of a manager whose own contributions have been more tangible than Roger Davies', or whose demeanor seems less suited to the task. He's a large man, affable and accommodating—the sort who actually answers his own phone. His casual veneer can be deceptive, however, as one discovers while trying to track him on successive days in London, New York, Nashville and Los Angeles. He also demonstrates considerable musical savvy, for it was Davies who rescued Tina from the one fate worse than hell—Las Vegas—and put her together with Britten, Knopfler et al, then held firm when the singer balked at some of his choices.

"The people we've been working with are basically a reflection of my own taste. She didn't even know they existed," he points out. "But by that time we'd built up something of a trust. When she first came to me her feeling was, 'I know what to do onstage, but not on a record.' We've had a lot of disagreements along the way, but at the end of the day I usually got my way. I think she feels like, 'Why hire this guy if I won't listen to him?'"

Shortly before meeting Tina, Davies had emigrated to the U.S. from Australia, carting with him a background as a jack of all trades in the music biz there, and "enough money to make a go of it for a year." He was working for an office and no salary for another manager named Lee Kramer, then personally and professionally involved with Olivia Newton-John. When the romance paled, Davies stepped in the professional breach—"I was like the meat in the sandwich." Kramer began dating one of Tina's backup singers, and soon there was Tina herself, looking for some professional guidance. Kramer was im-

mediately gung-ho, Davies more wary.

"I must admit, I didn't know what to do," he says now. "She was completely out of the public eye. She was still a great performer of course, but with this terrible band and tuxedos." He shudders at the memory. "Yet she needed the money from those gigs to survive. And I needed the money I was making with Olivia Newton-John to survive." By the middle of a tour in the Far East, Davies knew the moment of reckoning had arrived. "It was time to do something drastic. She had all these leeches around her. And while we were in Bangkok, one night, I told her, *you have to fire everybody*. And she said, 'Well, if that's what we need to do.'"

"Fire everyone," says Tina drily. "I remember that. Roger's not that easy to understand sometimes; I think if I had met him when I was younger I would not have. But I'd felt an intuition there from the start. He didn't need to be there all the time; he could just come into a situation and scan it out. I liked having that space. And he's very direct. He tells you what he thinks and then he leaves, and then you do your own reasoning to see if it makes sense to you. And he's a hard worker, which I respect a lot. At the same time, we're so different: I'm a woman, a singer and a dancer, and Roger is like"—she gropes for words to encompass the gap—"a white Australian. Talk about opposites! I'll go over to his house for a party and it's like, 'Oh, puhlease, Roger, change that music.' The difference is, my party tapes are things I like. The songs he chooses were hits."

After Bangkok, Davies helped assemble the sharp outfit which currently serves as Tina's live band, then went about raising her industry profile with strategically placed gigs at the Ritz in New York. He discovered a fellow believer in Capital Records producer John Carter, who helped sink \$50,000 of the company's money into making demos for an eventual album.

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(One of these tracks, a cover of the Motels' "Total Control" appeared on the *We Are The World* LP.) "I give Carter a lot of credit," says Davies. "The rest of the company wasn't behind it; he was out there on a limb. But as for the sound I knew we needed another direction."

When it came time to put together *Private Dancer*, however, Davies was not exactly besieged with outside offers to help. He's not bitter about that—it takes a special breed of manager to be bitter when the album sells millions anyway—but he's not the type to forget past loyalties either. It's no accident that six of Tina's past collaborators were invited back on board (Knopfler, Britten, Hine, Bowie, Brady and even Martyn Ware, who produced three covers that will appear as B-side singles; Al Green's "Take Me To The River," Sam Cooke's "Havin' A Party" and "A Change Is Gonna Come"). Which didn't leave much room on the boat for anyone else.

"Of course we were approached by a lot of other producers and songwriters this time," Davies notes. "It's very flattering. Of course it's now worth a lot of money for them to be on it. Which I don't blame them for." For one moment, he reveals the edge of his carefully contoured manner. "But where were they when we needed them?"

## Havin' a Party

It is early afternoon in London, a few hours before daily showers will dampen the bustle at Oxford Circus. Up in the main sound room of Air Studios, a few floors and several innovations of soundproofing removed from the general din, it's the last day of recording Tina's album. As Mark Knopfler, Neil Dorfsman and a few studio hands await her arrival, there's an expectant buzz in the air. Some of it is in fact quite discernible, coming from a faulty wiring connection in the monitor system, and assistants rapidly juggle wires and jacks in an effort to nix the problem.

A few minutes later she coasts in, looking more petite than usual; it could be the flats she's wearing. Possibly she's just playing Stan Laurel to Davies' Oliver Hardy. She gives Knopfler a knowing once-over and asks innocently, "Mark, why are you looking so pale?" He chuckles wanly. A few minutes more banter, then Tina rubs her palms together with firm exuberance. "Okay," she says, "let's sing."

She stands behind the glass, swaying slightly as the opening bars of "Paradise Is Here" boom from the monitors. The combination of artful, ascending melodies and brisk rock rhythms are perfectly cast for Tina's luxuriant timbre and provocative growls. She makes the most of it, wrapping her voice around each phrase like a boa, deftly skipping the tightrope between ecstasy and plaint. By the final choruses, she's gliding with the kind of emotional abandon only the most confident and competent pop singers can hope to muster. Only as the backing track fades does it become apparent that she's breathing harder, like a track star at the end of the first heat. "She's something, isn't she?" Dorfsman whispers.

Knopfler, wearing the producer's traditional look of concern, asks for another take; Tina readily complies, and flies home with a completely different set of flourishes from the take before. There's a break. "I'm not tired," Tina observes without pride, lounging in a chair next to the mixing board. "I could do this all day. Though it is unusual for me to be singing in this low a register. I have to be careful because it's so easy to overdramatize, or at least make it sound that way. It's a little like acting on film: I have to be careful not to make the inflections too broad."

By the third take, Knopfler's frustrations are becoming more noticeable. Perhaps Tina has done her homework too

well, for Mark is at loggerheads reconciling the rough and tumble "master" tracks he'd fallen in love with a few weeks earlier with these considerably more polished versions. "Why are you singing 'but paradise is easy?'" he asks at one point. "It should be 'coz.'" Tina consults the lyric in front of her and shakes her head. "'Coz' you've got your 'but' down here," she cracks. Everybody laughs, but the time has arrived for more intimate mediations between producer and singer. Knopfler clears the room. A few hours later, one can still hear the now-familiar "Paradise" melody wafting into the hall. Even when you're Megawoman, it seems, making a record can be a pain.

So what happened?

"Well, the first time I'd gone in to do that song, I didn't really know it," Tina explains. "It was just supposed to be a guide. But Mark loved it. Now the other day, when I went back, I was ready to do it much better. Well, isn't this too familiar? He wanted me to go back to that old, innocent touch. Of course, I'm not the one who has been listening to that demo for weeks," she laughs. "These guys, they always ask, 'Don't you remember how you did it on the demo?'" She shakes her head in amused exasperation. "'No, I don't! You're the one who's been listening to it!' In other words, he wanted corrections that were minor, and I'd gone major. But then people seem to like it more when you're less sure of yourself, when you're guessing. They like you on that edge."

"One thing about the studio," Mark Knopfler explains, "is that people aren't really capable of a hundred percent performance every time, so you have to tune in to their needs. With Tina—she's such a performer, that it's important to establish that you're an appreciative audience. And yet she's so good, she can act it out and convince people that she's really there even when she isn't. What finally happened the other day: I got a hand microphone for her. I realized it made a big difference for her to hold that instead of reading off the lyric sheet. I mean, the mike she was holding was just a dummy; the real one wasn't visible. Yet she sang a million times better that way. Just because it's more dramatic, I guess. It's so much more of where she's been."

## A Change Is Gonna Come

The album complete, Tina's sitting for a photo shoot in the penthouse suite of one of New York's better hotels. Decked out in a tight electric blue dress, spiked heels and even spikier wig, Tina's a shutterbug's dream. But as the crew adjusts the lights, the corners of her mouth droop in a look of patient suffering. Her body language is reflective of a woman who does not particularly enjoy such exposure. One of the great performers of our era, her silent performance here gives the hint of revelation. She is not having a good time.

For while Tina may be resigned to her reputation as a sex symbol, it is far from her true metier. "In the past people only saw her in sexual terms," Mark Knopfler observes, "which is a mistake. Sure, there's legs this and legs that, but it's more vitality and fun. It's a celebration she shares with her audience."

"In a strange kind of way, I've always been embarrassed about sex," Tina admits. "I guess no one would ever think of me as shy. I rarely use profanity, you know. Sometimes I'm shocked at what people say. I don't want to say raunchy things because I think, psychologically, I really don't want that as an image. Raunchiness is what I do best, I suppose, and I enjoy it—but I have limitations."

That image gained considerable force from Tina's tensile rendition of Otis Redding's "I've Been Loving You Too Long," immortalized in the documentary *Gimme Shelter*. "Jimmy

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Thomas, who was in the group, used to do the song that way, and one night I was feeling naughty, and I started playing with the mike. I do like to play with a lot of things, and then I get myself tagged. This time Ike wouldn't let me stop doing it, and the next thing you know here are the headlines, 'Tina Turner Pornographic.' I was embarrassed—I didn't even know what 'pornographic' meant. I did that song for an entire year, and I hated it, and when I see it on TV now, I turn it off. I do love the song, but I won't do it any more, because people expect that kind of performance. The fact is, I'm pretty straight. You're not gonna get me on red sheets and flames and all that. I made my mistakes, and I learned from it."


So now it's Tina's time again. There will be singles, and there will be videos (MTV is actually promoting a Tina Turner month) and the publication of her autobiography, and a world concert tour that bodes to last until late 1987, and then there will finally be a break, a long break according to Roger Davies, "because even if she's not worn out by then I will be." Then there will be more records, perhaps even that rock 'n' roll LP ("Oh, I hope not," Davies sighs, "but I suspect she'll get her way") and no doubt films too, and certainly something more; for Tina Turner, if you haven't figured it by now, is very much a woman of purpose.

"I am almost fifty years old," she is saying, "and I think if I had not learned something in all those years, then you would have to say that I have lived a very foolish life. I have learned a lot about spirituality, and when I'm tired and finally fed up with all this other stuff, I think I would like to teach. Now please don't say I want to be a preacher!" she fairly shouts. "That's working too hard! But a teacher tells people about their experiences in life, and hopes they can find a way to relate it to their

own.

"That's what the later years will probably be like. I can't say I won't lecture—I don't know what form it will take yet, 'cause I haven't figured it out. But I see how lost the world is, and how you need to know that help comes from within; the harmony that people talk about, that peace comes from individuals working on themselves, not just for the president or the king and queen. I'm a Buddhist now, but there's a mainstream of thought in all religions that's like common sense; a unity. That's what I'm talking about.

"If you are loving, and giving, you can accomplish what you want. After we finished in the studio the other day, Mark and I were chasing each other around and laughing, we were making fun of all kinds of silly little things. And there was a golden glow of memory of being produced by Mark Knopfler. We got what we were trying to get. People think their power is in coming on very strongly, like"—she puts on a maniacal smile—"This is what I want.' That's not it. Egos come out of that and clash, and you can't create something beautiful. But when there is a harmony, everything is connected and it can become joyful. How do you control anger, after all? With love and a smile.

"And coming from Tennessee, and the white races, being sensitive to who you're around—wasn't that a kind of preparation? That is what I've gathered, and what I've kept. I remember working the chitlin' circuit years ago, a black crowd in black clubs. And a lot of the women would sit there and fix me with an attitude. I used to work on those women, to make them smile. Because I was trying to say, 'You don't know me. You don't know me. And you don't like me. And I don't know what it is. But I am here to perform for you. And I would like to see if I can make you laugh this day.'" 

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# The Secret To Perfect



## ZAPPA from page 46

to three minutes and transferred it to tape. Cut it down, put it on cart, put it on the station which was part of a chain. It instantly goes into the top twenty, it's picked up on all the stations on the chain.

In the case of "Valley Girl," it was a hit from the minute it went on the radio. They played it on KROQ (once a rock novelty station), the phones exploded. Next thing you know, they had an acetate. It wasn't even released. It was something that people wanted to hear. The worst thing about that record is the fact that nobody really listened to it. They listened to the slang in there, it has a reasonably good beat, a couple of nice chords in it, but it's a monologue record. People didn't even listen to what the song was saying. The whole coverage of the song barely mention of what the song was really saying, that these people are really airheads.

**MUSICIAN:** *With all your Synclavier adventures, have you given up on the guitar.*

**ZAPPA:** No. The problem about me playing the guitar is that what I like to do on it has probably less of a market than the weirdest stuff I've done on the Synclavier. People have a very low toler-

ance for those kinds of guitar solos. People who like it, really like it and people who don't like it, really don't like it and there are far more of them than those who do like it.

You have to choose—what are you going to spend your life on? I can't be good at everything, let alone *do* everything. There are people who have dedicated their lives to playing the guitar. They practice it every day, they eat, sleep and breathe guitar notes. I don't. I like to play it. I can't just sit down and play by myself; I need a band to do what I do and that makes the overhead really expensive, because nobody wants to play the background for a guy playing guitar for free. You have to pay them to make them sit there and do that.

Not only that, you can't just get anybody off the street to do it because they can't do it. There are only certain people I can play with that can follow it. I give that a ninth ranked priority behind everything else. I wouldn't say that I'll never pick it up again. In point of fact, if I put a show together, I probably will pick it up again so I can play with the band.

I need some awfully good reasons to go through the back-breaking effort to literally learn how to play it all over again.

It hurts when you've lost all your callouses and you've got to start again. You just feel like shit. Even if the ideas might still be there, in order for them to get from your head to your hand, you've got to redevelop all the muscles in your fingers and your wrists so that you think and it appears there and there's no dinosaur syndrome where it takes a week to get down there.

**MUSICIAN:** *There have been album cuts, such as that lyrical little instrumental "Zoot Allures," that suggest you could have followed the trail of the guitar instrumentalist if you chose to.*

**ZAPPA:** It would be impossible to, because my reputation is based on stuff that's verbal. In fact, only the smallest percentage of people who know my name know that I even play a musical instrument. One time my wife went to the market to buy food, wrote a check and the guy at the checkstand says, "Zappa? You're married to Frank Zappa the comedian?" That's the way it is.

I'd be delighted if more people thought I was funny. I *am* funny [snickers]. Don't you forget it. I make myself laugh most of the time, but then again I spend more time with myself than I do with other people so I have to to keep going. ▣

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THE WOODENTOPS

*Giant*  
(Columbia)

**W**ow. The Woodentops' LP *Giant*, the quintet's major label debut, is a relaxed carnival ride through a variety of pop styles, a series of canny British takes on American pop that break little new ground but find surprising life in fields you'd think had been plowed under. It's a mistake to claim Next Big Thing status for them—the band doesn't yet have the ambition or lyrical specificity necessary—but this is an auspicious introduction to a young band still finding its voice. Like Katrina & the Waves in their indie days, the Woodentops veer on the edge of precocity but reel themselves back before the first pretention sets in—they relish their insular control. Bob Sargeant's sympathetic production captures nearly as much excitement as his (English) Beat productions did, while presenting the group in a deliberate, straightforward manner.

One of *Giant's* greatest strengths is that it's so modestly framed. Guitarist Rolo McGinty writes and sings with terse assurance, allowing the songs to envelop him, instead of the other way around. He alternates a sweet singing voice with more acidic conversational tones; a wistful, balladic sigh ("Good Thing," a soothing love song, is drenched in la-la harmonies) with more desperate, tension-filled raves. The soft, midtempo "Give It Time" sounds like Aztec Camera, but less stuffy; a stray horn line leads to McGinty's short, delicate scat on the fade, an illumination of his debt to American soul. On the easy pop groove "Love Affair With Everyday Livin'," McGinty's acoustic guitar accentuates the rhythm, allowing Alice Thompson's appropriately cheesy organ to propel them into roller-rink heaven.



The Woodentops don't rock out as much on vinyl as live, but the few upbeat tracks here hint that they should. "Get It On," a funky workout, features a cascade of synthesizer hooks, while McGinty spits nails. (An earlier version appears on a low-key compilation EP, *Well Well Well*, on Upside Records.) "Love Train" is chunky rockabilly, and a decidedly British-sounding inversion; but Simon Mawby's guitar sounds are derived more from Brian Setzer than Carl Perkins. Better is "History," late Beat-sounding hard pop, and the organ-navigated "Travelling," as the intensity of both McGinty's singing and the band's playing recalls Rumour-era Graham Parker. When McGinty raises his voice as the song slams shut, it's a shock.

The Woodentops are sometimes too polite for their own good, but you can say that about a lot of British pop bands. They're still developing, though, and watching them grow up in public is going to be fascinating; *that* you can't say about many. — Jimmy Guterman



DARYL HALL

*Three Hearts In The Happy Ending Machine*  
(RCA)

**W**hen is a solo album not an ego trip? When its promulgator uses it to deconstruct his pretty-boy image and puncture the public's perception of his narcissism? *Sacred Songs*, Daryl Hall's maiden effort sans John Oates, did just that. Though it stiffed in the marketplace, the hip credibility and artistic

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self-confidence Hall gained from that LP's belated release seemed more than a little responsible for the duo's subsequent skein of success.

Now Daryl's going it again without his short, mustachioed sidekick, but this time the stakes are different. His talent—creative or commercial—is no longer at issue. And as there's nothing left but having a good time, who better to call than that master of studio hi-jinks, Most Valuable Producer David A. Stewart? Like Hall, the ubiquitous Eurhythmic was raised on a diet of 60s Britbeat, 70s soul and 80s synthpop; he cloaks Daryl's plaintive croons in a similar tapestry of idioms. Forget *Sacred Songs'* stark, unadorned psychodramas; with the tuneful Stewart at the helm, *Three Hearts* is more like *Imagine* than *Plastic Ono Band*.

Daryl's still got his gaze turned inward: These songs employ "I" more often than Howard Cosell's column, as Hall would have us believe that a guy who looks and sings like he does has romantic problems. And while you have to admire his ability to crank out the catchy single (notably "Dreamtime"), it's also funny how Hall's siren-like hooks—the clipped reggae beat of "I Wasn't Born Yesterday," for instance, or the Middle East *cum* psychedelized fuzztone axes which suggest Princystyled funk on "Next Step"—undercut Hall's insistence that he's no fad-mongering fashion plate. This LP's trendiness is just *too* seductive.

Don't get me wrong: *Three Hearts* ain't chopped liver. But where *Sacred Songs* was a declaration of artistic independence, *Three Hearts* isn't much different from the last few Hall & Oates albums, typically avoiding the issue of what Daryl's really like, while Stewart plays the foil. In the end, *Three Hearts* seems about two too many.

— Roy Trakin

## RICHARD THOMPSON

*Daring Adventure*  
(Polydor)

I'm nearly in love"—not the sunniest sentiment in the world, but it's about as close to upbeat as Richard Thompson gets. One of rock's foremost pessimists, Thompson heads on an emotional course here that practically begs for mood elevators.

Not that *Daring Adventure* isn't a noteworthy achievement: It may even outdo both *Hand Of Kindness* and *Across A Crowded Room* for sheer emotive power. But the thematic content, bile-



spattered and riddled with depression, is so relentlessly, corrosively negatory that one practically has to hang onto the living room furniture to make it through a single spin.

As on his other solo records since the dissolution of his marriage to ex-wife Linda, romantic inertia, betrayal and longing are the primary themes. At his worst, Thompson is capable in wallowing in unattractive contempt for womankind: "A Bone Thru Her Nose" and "Baby Talk" (the latter practically a rewrite of "Two Left Feet") are unappetizing forays into vitriolic misogyny. Regret is his stronger suit, with "Jennie," "Missie" and "Long Dead Love" stunningly effective ballad ruminations on burned-out affairs.

Not all of the songs resolve into self-pity; "Dead Man's Handle" is an extended metaphor in the manner of "Wall Of Death," while "Al Bowly's In Heaven" is a nostalgic track which bears comparison with the Pogues' version of "And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda." But the majority of the album, hammered home by Thompson's strangled Telecaster tone and groaning vocals, is solipsistic more often than not, sometimes troublesomely so.

As ever, Richard Thompson has produced some very potent and unnerving work here. Yet you can't help but wish at times that somebody would clap the guy on the back, tell him to buck up, and buy him a couple of beers. — Chris Morris

## THE DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND

*Mardi Gras In Montreux*  
(Rounder)

If decades of drab Dixieland combos have left you thinking that the New Orleans notion of collective improvisation is mere fabrication, prepare to be converted. The Dirty Dozen Brass Band is no Dixie band, but builds from the same aesthetic, namely the marching brass band format that led most musical processions through the streets of New

Orleans. The line-up is astoundingly historical—two trumpets and a trombone lay down lead lines over a bed of sousaphone (can't carry no tuba), snare and bass drum, with tenor and bari sax filling in the gaps. But the approach is utterly contemporary.

Where the Dirty Dozen breaks ranks is through their relationship between rhythm and melody; instead of putting the former in service to the latter, this band views the two as equal. As a result, they cough up all sorts of tuneful trash to keep the groove going. That's the basic idea behind "The Flintstones Meets The President (Meets The Dirty Dozen)," which pairs that modern Stone Age family off against the "Star Spangled Banner," reveille and other parade ground faves. Neither jazz nor pop, it swings just the same.



Ultimately, that's the band's big secret. Despite their occasional free-form flourishes, the Dirty Dozen aren't improvisational geniuses so much as great ensemble players, and it's that unity that makes this album kick. About the only complaint any listener could possibly have is that they're even better in the flesh, but until you can book them into your living room, this will have to do. (Rounder Records, Box 154, N. Cambridge, MA 02140) — J.D. Considine

## HOWARD HEWETT

*I Commit To Love*  
(Elektra)

Although good voices abound in black pop, Howard Hewett is something else again. More than a fine set of pipes, the former Shalamar Svengali is an Oscar-caliber performer who squeezes genuine emotion from the most predictable lyric, whether he kicks up the tempo or croons smooth and sweet. *I Commit To Love* has its flaws, but Hewett isn't one of them. He's a marvel from start to finish.

This being Howard's first solo outing, he takes special pains to stake out his

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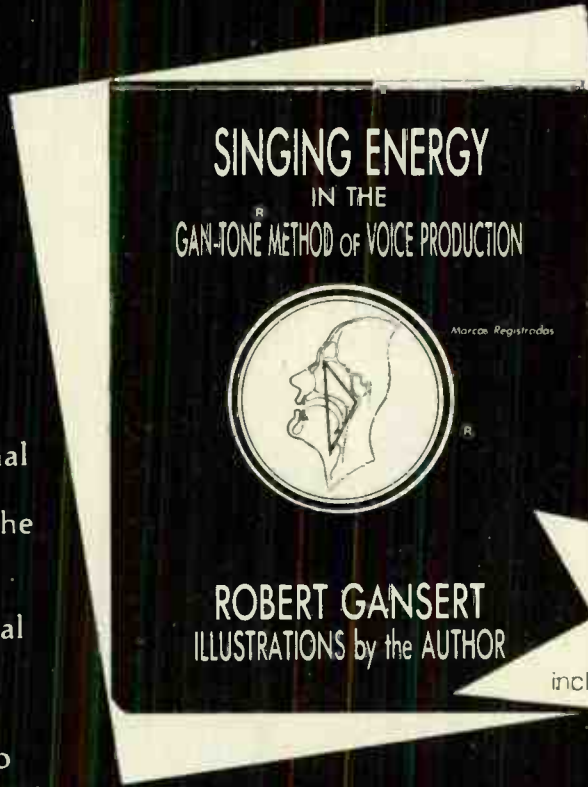
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turf. Given the title, it's no surprise to discover a series of meditations on the power of amour, delivered with an obsessive intensity Bryan Ferry would admire. Jumpy, rock-inflected tracks like "Last Forever" and "Eye On You" recall the later Shalamar hits "Dead Giveaway" and "Dancing In The Sheets," but without the aggressive posturing that marked those efforts. "Eye On You" derives its charm from electric falsetto bursts (a Hewett specialty), while "Last Forever" makes the old-fashioned assertion, "I'm not looking for a one-time love affair / I want you here for the rest of my life." (Not a sentiment to be scoffed at in these troubled times.)



The less hurried stuff really taps into Hewett's dramatic powers. The morose "Stay" turns our hero loose for a tour de force of bended-knee desperation, as he shivers, moans and practically sobs trying to halt a departing lover. "I'm For Real," a dewy-eyed, devotional ballad, offers balm to ears deafened by the rote sentimentality of Richies and Manilows. The prayerlike "Say Amen" closes the show by linking earthly passions and religious fervor, suggesting one is a variant of the other.

It's too easy to concentrate on the tantalizing edge in Hewett's singing and overlook the LP's shortcomings, including antiseptic production work by a variety of collaborators. Not to mention the merely good-to-fair quality of the material; in today's competitive arena, Howard Hewett needs his own "Beat It" to earn the appropriate acclaim. But *I Commit To Love* will do, at least until that monster comes along. And it will.

— Jon Young

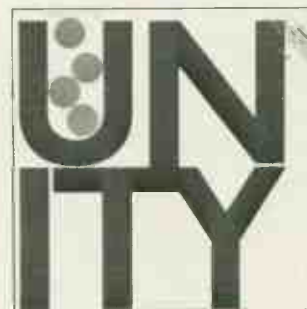
## LARRY YOUNG

*Unity*  
(Blue Note)

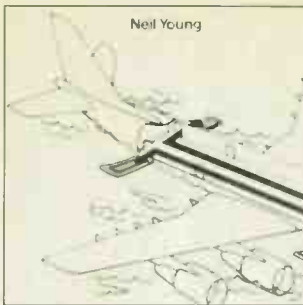
When Larry Young passed away on March 30, 1978, the evolution of the Hammond organ ceased, and this origi-

nal from Newark slipped into the mists of obscurity. Despite memorable contributions for such trendsetting musicians as Jimi Hendrix, Miles Davis, John McLaughlin and Tony Williams, Larry Young disappeared in the stylistic cracks between house-rocking organists like Jimmy Smith, R&B groove merchants like Booker T. and white noise bombasticons like Lee Michaels and Keith Emerson. Now, one of the rarest and most precious stones from the Blue Note vault is back. Young's pivotal second date as a leader, *Unity*, is perhaps the greatest jazz organ record ever.

In his pre-Lifetime incarnations, Young was a probing modernist, heavily influenced by the Coltrane Quartet. He created a lithe melodic line and an uncrowded comping style far removed from the amphetamine dirt bike tactics then in vogue among funky organists. His sound is plucky, rounded and percussive, and mercifully free of heavy, Leslie-induced vibrato; he lets wily chord voicings and escalating rhythmic inventiveness carry the emotional weight, opening up the organ stops to produce longer tones instead of simply getting louder. On "Softly As A Morning Sunrise" he subtly employs vibrato for a spectral shimmer, and on a breathtaking duet with Elvin Jones ("Monk's Mood") uses diminuendo to dramatic effect. For a front line, how about a youthful Woody Shaw and Joe Henderson at their zestful, exploratory best, with the former contributing some of his most delightful writing on the mysterious, modal "Zoltan" (with echoes of the composer Kodaly), "The Moontrane" (featuring a protean Jones explosion), and the loping "Beyond All Limits" (wherein Young whips out pulsing basslines with the fleetest feet in Hammond history).



Through it all, Young's continuum of sound cajoles the soloists without ever overpowering them, his own solos spiraling and polyrhythmic with nary a BBQ cliché in sight. That Larry Young played so much and was heard so little remains one of the enduring tragedies of the last two decades. — Chip Stern



## NEIL YOUNG

*Landing On Water*  
(Geffen)

Will this be one of the weird ones? Or down-home Neil? He certainly keeps us guessing, while traveling from technowiz to retro-rockabilly to neo-country faster than most of us change haircuts. But one thing's as perennial as a hurricane: Neil Young is a man at home with his demons. And he delights in dragging up the hoary creatures for the rest of us to hear.

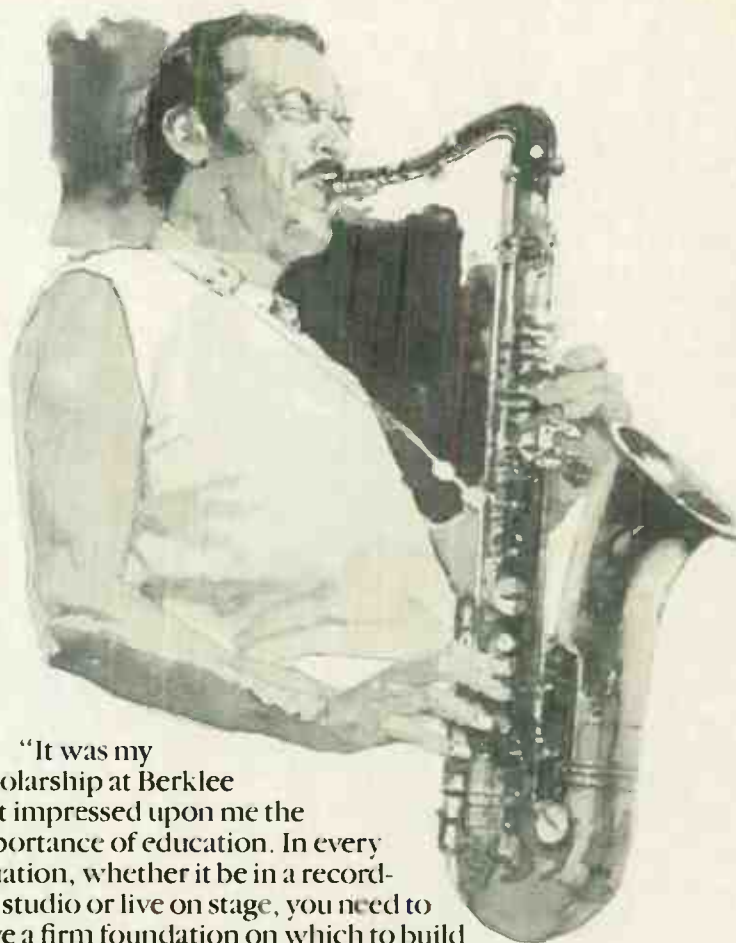
*Landing On Water* mixes Lennon-esque raging and a junkyard percussive backbeat, further serrated by a Tom Waits edge and Young's best guitar playing since Crazy Horse. Neil has cast his lot with the "Let there be drums!" crowd; the juxtaposition of a sonic torment against his pleading tenor is strangely attractive. It's his heaviest sound in ages, with lyrics to match. You'll drop into rewind just to be sure he really *did* sing "...but the Wooden Ships were just a hippie dream." By god, he did. And since David Crosby went to jail in Texas, maybe Neil's got something there.

He sings with the angry surrender of the aging outsider who awakes one day to smell the coffee; reality has grabbed him like a fishhook and society is reeling him in. In "People On The Street" the desperation of that scene is insanely contrasted with a reggae beat and a cool jazz vocal bridge. "I Got A Problem" opens with a heart-stopping scream before Neil shyly confesses that he's feeling strange. (I take him at his word.) "Pressure" delves into these "problems": TV, video, the Eldorado and the Mercedes Benz—the plight of modern man. Everything we want wants to kill us.

Damn if this Young weirdness isn't the perfect antidote for the Milquetoast vitality of today's pop music. "Violent Side" reveals a loner's attempt to settle down and show some restraint as the walls of rage close in. It succeeds beautifully, backed by the most pure-voiced choir

*continued on page 97*

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*The credits of Grammy-Award winning saxophonist Ernie Watts ('66) include sixteen years on the NBC-TV's "Tonight Show" Orchestra; studio sessions for major jazz and pop figures such as Cannonball Adderley, Quincy Jones, Frank Zappa, The Jacksons, Neil Diamond, etc.; and recording for film and television including "Ghostbusters," "Tootsie," "Grease," "Hill Street Blues," "Fame," "Cagney and Lacey," and many others.*

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**Rodney Crowell**  
*Street Language* (Columbia)

This is being called a crossover attempt in country circles, but that's just marketing talk. There's no point in Crowell crossing over—he's already there. Sure, he's a bit on the slick side (you can't hang around Nashville that long without picking up a *few* bad habits), but even if his band lacks the raw edge of, say, Jason & the Scorchers, their playing still packs the same power. And if Mitch Easter ever writes a song as good as "Let Freedom Ring," he'll never have to write another complaining postcard to this column.

**Gwen Guthrie**  
*Good To Go Lover* (Polydor)

The best thing about Gwen Guthrie's delivery is how much she *doesn't* do. Unlike soul stylists who pull out all the stops to pound your pulse into submission, Guthrie has absorbed enough from reggae to understand the power implied in holding back. Thus, "Ain't Nothin' Goin' On But The Rent" is kept at a steady simmer as the singer effortlessly rides the groove, until the rhythmic hooks become part of the melody and vice-versa. Guthrie's touch is so sure that even the Carpenters' "Close To You" somehow sounds funky.

**That Petrol Emotion**  
*Manic Pop Thrill* (Demon)

This Ulster aggregation is being called the new Undertones, thanks to the presence of the O'Neill brothers and semi-Tone Ciaran McLaughlin. But there's more to this band than songs about chocolate and girls. The Petrols get political points for their common-sense stand against British colonialism, while the heart of the band retains its ability to balance melody and noise. Some songs recall the quirky pop of the *Positive Touch* period, but the best bits—"Fleshprint," "It's A Good Thing," "Tight Lipped"—match that melodicism with an unbeatable guitar attack, making the title no idle boast. (928 Great West Rd., Brentford, TW89EW, England)

**UB40**  
*Rat In The Kitchen* (A&M)

As assiduously as UB40 has assimilated reggae's rhythm, the group's strength has more to do with melody. Just consider the way "Don't Blame Me" builds its beat off the piano hook, which in turn sets up the bassline, which gives Ali Campbell more than enough support for his equally tuneful vocal. Even the dub half of "Rat In Me Kitchen" layers enough melody into the mix to make the heart of the groove hummable, giving UB40 the sort of pop appeal few roots-rockers can muster.

**Mahmoud Ahmed**  
*Ere Mela Mela* (Crammed Discs)

This record, compiled from the recordings of one of Ethiopia's biggest singing stars, offers a startling glimpse at some of the most gorgeous, least heard music in Africa. With cool, jazzy guitar and organ layered over dense, polyrhythmic drumming, the sound is not unlike a native equivalent to *Filles De Kilimanjaro*, except that Ahmed sings with a wailing, Middle-Eastern inflection that puts an entirely different twist on the proceedings. A taste worth acquiring. (149-03 Guy R. Brewster Blvd., Jamaica NY 11434)

**The Connells**  
*Darker Days* (Black Park)

Because the Connells' playing is so rhythmically direct and melodically allusive, the band's classically constructed songs offer more kick than most post-garage bands muster. Which is more than enough reason to hope for more. (1614 Park Drive, Raleigh NC 27605)

**Bananarama**  
*True Confessions* (London)

Between their thin, trebly voices and near total reliance on unison singing, Bananarama is as close to an old-style girl group as can be found today. Part of that identity suggests an unhealthy dependence on producers. But how many other voices could infuse these songs with such sexy insouciance?

**Sigue Sigue Sputnik**  
*Flaunt It* (Manhattan)

The gimmick: The band sold advertising space between songs. The problem: The ads are more interesting than the songs.

**Andy M. Stewart,  
Phil Cunningham, Manus Lunny**  
*Fire In The Glen* (Shanachie)

The best traditionalist music understands the importance of style over instrumentation, which is why Cunningham's synths sound as authentic as his accordion or Lunny's bouzouki. Mostly, though, the song's the thing, and Stewart turns in some winners. From the hauntingly mournful title tune to the quiet beauty of "Ferry Me Over," this is the sort of album likely to make a fan of any listener. (Dalebrook Pk, Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ 07423)

**Oran "Juice" Jones**  
*Juice* (Def Jam)

When he's singing falsetto, Juice is a love man in the grand tradition, with a warm, keening upper register and a sense of phrasing that shows he knows his Smokey. But when he gets into one of his monologues, like the one that tags "The Rain," he shows a street side to his personality that's anything but pretty. That sudden shift from falsetto flourish to seething resentment can be quite a jolt, but never a put-off. Not only does Juice sound more believable than the Force M.D.'s, the rhythm tracks have twice the pop.

**The Monkees**  
*Then & Now... The Best Of The Monkees* (Arista)

Given the Monkeemanía rampant in MTV-land, it's hard to blame the remaining Monkees for trying to cash in on nostalgia by tucking three new tunes in among these oldies. Of course, understanding their motives is hardly the same thing as *liking* the songs, but then again, who but fanatics will ever listen beyond "(I'm Not Your) Stepping Stone"?





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**Dave Burrell***Windward Passages* (hat ART)

Just when you thought it wasn't safe to go out and purchase a solo piano record again, here comes the perennially underrated Dave Burrell with two LPs worth of original ideas that form the basis for his long-term project of the last decade—a jazz opera. There's a rich programmatic feel to this set, instead of the usual modal doodling; stride, ragtime, bop and Evansesque impressionism commingle with Monk-Taylor clusters, boogie woogie, R&B and Burrell's own sunny lyricism—not in some vague collage of effects, but as part of a living, breathing continuum. Most satisfying. (N.M.D.S., 500 Broadway, New York, NY 10012)

**Kenny Barron***1-1-1* (Blackhawk)

Here's another excellent piano set from a keyboardist with a distinctly original touch and style, heard in Van Gelderish splendor in a series of duets with the estimable bassists Ron Carter or Michael Moore. Barron's milieu is the lyric generation of pianists who came out of Bud Powell and Monk in the 50s, and on (solo) performances like "Round Midnight" he can be engagingly rhapsodic. On "C Jam Blues" he enlivens a charming little riff with so much harmonic innuendo and counterpoint he seems to exist in two dimensional planes simultaneously.

**Michel Petrucciani***Pianism* (Blue Note)

Like Chick Webb, Petrucciani has transcended the cruel reality of his physical afflictions through sheer force of will, creating an uplifting lyric swing on the piano. *Pianism* shows him moving past earlier influences through a fervent duality between left and right hands (check out the polyrhythmic implications that crown his "Night And Day" solo as well as the serpentine counterpoint of his own "Our Tune"). Palle Danielsson and Elliot Zigmund give his improvisations a fluid, relaxed urgency, making for gypsy-like ebb and flow.

**Dexter Gordon***Our Man In Paris* (Blue Note)

If there's a jazz truism you can bank on, it's that 60s Blue Note Dexter is the joint, and that *Go* and this 1963 reissue are the Maui Wowie of the litter. Fellow expatriates Bud Powell and Kenny Clarke give this date a primal bebop buoyancy reflecting an innate understanding of their children's subsequent evolutions as well as Gordon's own looser conceptions. Looser, yes, with a more sterling tone and greater timbral brinksmanship—but not a bit less lushness or rogueish wit, be it on the endless elisions of "Scraple From The Apple" and "Night In Tunisia" or the heavy petting perfection of "Stairway To The Stars."

**Tony Fruscella***Tony Fruscella* (Atlantic Jazzlore)

Spectral lyricism from one of jazz's more elusive nocturnal orphans. Dead at forty-two in the summer of '69, Fruscella's tiny recorded output has long been out of print, adding to the trumpeter's legendary status; which, to the uninitiated, compares favorably to the taut introspection of 50s contemporaries Miles Davis and Chet Baker. But there's something else happening on these 1955 sessions featuring Allan Eager (with charts by Phil Sunkel). Like a frozen tear, notable neither for melancholy nor whimsy, Fruscella's dark circuitous brass sonnets sigh in Lestorian detachment at a world too preoccupied with its own escapism to pay much attention to his. Pity.

**Jack Walrath***Jack Walrath Quintet At The Umbria Jazz Festival* (Red Records)

Take a first-rate trumpeter/composer/arranging whiz (one of Mingus' last collaborators); brass trumpet-trombone front line (Glenn Ferris); and a swinging, sensitive rhythm section with a loose bop/blues/R&B modernist conception (Michael Cochrane, Anthony Cox, Mike Clark). Get some gigs in Europe, attach a tape machine to the soundboard, and

wahla—a solid live document of post-Messengers acoustic commitment. Walrath's tone and improvising are in the Kenny Dorham tradition, and his writing reflects the broad Ellington-Mingus scope. Although these are basically blowing sessions, the playing encompasses a dozen postures and styles.

**Bola Sete***Jungle Suite* (Dancing Cat Records)**Michael Lorimer***Remembranza* (Dancing Cat Records)

Easy as it is to throw darts at Windham Hill's devoutly gothic granola (it's glib fun, and you can do it at home), let's give Will Ackerman and company credit for defining their alpha ray genre, pleasing their fans and popularizing the cost-effective, sonorous "live-to-1/2-inch-two-track" recording techniques which make for the most seductive, alluring "room sound" imaginable. And while I find pianist George Winston's Vince Guaraldi-inflected Jarrettynerisms more engaging live than on record, his Dancing Cat subsidiary has produced some gems for which we should only kiss his blessed argyle ass.

Bola Sete, the Brazilian eight-ball, has an elusive style all his own; on a steel-strung classical guitar, his evocations of Brazil, Mexico, Africa and the East (mid-nearfargone) paint harmonic sweeps of all forests. *Remembranza* has spent more time on my home and car stereos than any other recording of the past three years. Michael Lorimer is America's preeminent classical guitarist (a notion Segovia endorses with loving liner notes and three ruminative compositions). His technique is clear and dynamic, with a radiant tone that ranges from cello and french horn to koto-like timbres, all animated by a firm, swinging sense of rhythm and contrast that's All-American. His virtuosity never obscures a sensibility for Tarrega, Turina, Albéniz or Villa-Lobos, and his arrangement of the Cello Suite #1 in G Major (transposed to D Major) by J.S. Bach, the original bebopper, is so breathtakingly pure you could dance into tears.

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# YOUNG

from page 91

since "You Can't Always Get What You Want." Neil's guitar playing is occasionally majestic, reaching pitches of intensity usually reserved for his more inspired live shows.

But the angry Young man has also casually thrown in some of his most danceable numbers in years, from the Talking Heads-ish "Hard Luck Stories" to the chain gang rhythm of "Bad News Beat." Overall, it sounds like Neil made a great record here without even trying; or else that's just the reason why it works so well. — Elliott Murphy

# GENESIS

from page 38

the chorus from another, and the intro from another! That's a prime example of how we work, pulling the best from each demo. To me, it's a really good pop song, and I almost use pop in the critical sense. It's a simple, direct, melodic, happy song, which is unusual for me because I'm normally full of doom and despair.

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Joel even commenting recently that it might be wise for you to stay home with your family and take on less of a workload. You do turn out an incredible amount of stuff.

**COLLINS:** Personally, I tried to learn by my mistakes with my first wife and my family. Now, I allot two months of the year, when the kids come over from Canada—where they live—so I spend the summer with them. I'm more aware now of trying to make things work. Although, having said that, I always tend to keep myself very busy.

[Tensely] But that's because I enjoy it, and I have a very understanding wife who comes everywhere with me. She knows what makes me tick.

[Changing subjects, smiling] Looking back, I think I would have liked to have been a soccer player. I've always viewed the drummer in a band as being like a goalkeeper. The thing rests of falls on him. A good band with a lousy drummer isn't a good group. A lousy band with a good drummer, you've got some chance. The same is true with goal-tending—although I'm probably too short to be a goalkeeper. ☐

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## SOFTWARE

### EMULATOR II

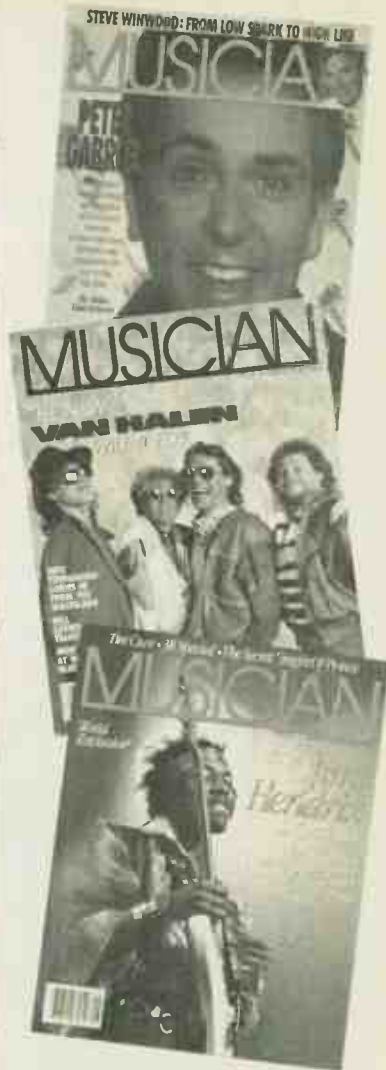
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# BACK ISSUES



- 76 Paul McCartney
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# STUDIO GUIDE

## M I D W E S T

### TRIAD STUDIOS

1910 Ingersoll Ave., Des Moines, IA 50309  
(515) 243-2125

**Owner:** Richard Trump, Bill Synhorst, Joe Borg  
**Studio Manager:** Richard Trump  
**Engineers:** Rick Condon, Tony Schmitt, Bill Synhorst (tech. dir.)

**Dimensions of Studios:** A: 38 x 24 B: 18 x 21 C: 5 x 10  
**Dimensions of Control Rooms:** A: 22 x 21 B: 18 x 13 C: 10 x 10

**Tape Recorders:** Otari MTR-90 II, 24-track, Tascam 58, 8-track, Tascam 62-T, 2 track, MCI JH 11K0B, 2-track, Nakamichi DMP 100, 2-track, Revox PR-99, 2-track, Tascam 52, 2-track, Otari MX-5050B, 2 track, Tascam 44-OB, 4-track, Tascam 122B, cassette, Eumig FL 1000, cassette.

### ZENITH/db RECORDING STUDIO

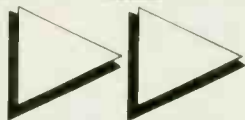
676 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago, IL 60610  
(312) 944-3600

**Owner:** Coken & Coken  
**Studio Manager:** Ric Coken  
**Engineers:** Chris Field, Pete Gale, Luis Quiroz  
**Dimensions of Studio:** 1100 sq. feet  
**Control Room:** 350 sq. feet  
**Equipment:** MM1200, ATR104.2, ATR440-4, AG350, MCI:JH16 2" Otari MX70-1"

### PEARL SOUND STUDIOS LTD.

47360 Ford Road, Canton, MI 48187  
(313) 455-7606 (Detroit area)

**Contact:** Ben Grosse  
**Equipment:** SSL/Studer/AMS, etc.  
**Dimensions of Main Studio:** 40 x 50 x 20  
**Control Room:** Sierra design/full outboard  
**Recent Projects:** George Clinton (Capitol), Nazareth (Phonogram Int.), Tackheads (WB's)



## THE RECORDING WORKSHOP

455 Massieville Rd., Chillicothe, OH 45601  
(614) 663-2544

**Studio Manager:** Brian Stritenberger  
**Description:** 3 24-track studios, 2 automated; 2 16-track studios; 8-track media production studio with audio layback; MIDI music pre-production room

### ROYAL RECORDERS

Americana Resort Hwy. 50, Lake Geneva, WI 53147  
(414) 248-9100

**Recorders:** (2) Studer A800 24-track, Mitsubishi X-850 32-track digital, Studer A80 1/2" 2-track, Studer A80 1/4" 2-track, Mitsubishi X80A digital 1/4" 2-track  
**Mixing Console:** Solid State Logic 4027E with Primary and Total Recall Automation—64 Mono Channels plus 8 Stereo Channels  
**Vintage Tube Microphones:** Neumann Telefunken: (6) U47, (3) M249, (3) M250, (2) M269, (1) 251, (2) 254, (2) 253, AKG: (2) C24, (3) C12, (4) C12A, (1) C60, (1) The Tube, Shoeps: (2) M934B Sony: (2) C37 A. Aitec: (1) 29B.

**Microphones:** Neumann: (3) U87, (7) KM 84, (1) U47 FET, AKG: (2) 414, (6) 451, (2) 452, (1) D12, (1) D707, Shure: (8) SM57, (4) SM 81, (1) SM 7, (1) 565, (1) 546, (1) 55 S, Sennheiser: (5) 421, (2) Profipower, Shoeps: (4) SKM 5, E.V.: (2) RE 20, (1) 668, Sony: (1) EMC 50, Beyer: (1) M 101 RCA: (1) D77X

We have a large assortment of outboard gear, such as nine discrete chambers and AMS 1580 DDL's. We also have one of the largest tube microphone collections available.

### RAVEN RECORDERS

14804 West 117th Street  
Olathe, KS 66062  
(913) 829-2727

**Owner:** Mike Elrod  
**Studio Manager:** Bill McWillie  
**Tape Machines:** 3M-79 24-track, 3M-79 2-track, Studer A-62 2-track, Scully 284-B 8-track, Ampex PR-10 2-track  
**Consoles:** Trident 80-B 32 x 24 x 24, Allen and Heath 1616 16 x 8 x 16  
**Outboard equipment:** Eventide 1745, Prime Time, SPx90, Rev 7, Complimiters, Quad 8 gates, Time Cube, etc.

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Murray Allen  
president  
Foote Kirkpatrick  
studio manager

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Chicago, Ill. 60611 312/642-6465

## N O R T H E A S T

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### THE EDISON RECORDING STUDIO

228 West 47th Street, New York, NY 10036  
(212) 921-0505

**Owner:** National Video Center/Recording Studios, Inc.  
**Studio Manager:** Obie Hemsey  
**Engineer:** Gary Chester  
**Studio Designer:** Tom Hidley  
**Dimensions of Studio:** 40 x 50 x 20, fits up to 60 piece orchestra  
**Dimensions of Control Room:** 22 x 22  
**Tape Recorders:** 2 Otari MTR-90 24-track; Studer A 820; ATR 104, 102; Center Trk Sync; 1/2" 2-track  
**Mixing Console:** 56 Input SSL 6000E with computer, synchronizer and total recall  
**Monitor Amplifiers:** Bryston 4Bs  
**Monitor Speakers:** Urei 813s; Yamaha NS-10; Aurotones

**Echo, Reverb and Delay Systems:** 2 EMT 140; 2 AKG BX 20; 1 AMS RMX-16; 2 Yamaha Rev 7; 1 Roland SRV-2000; 2 Lexicon Prime Time II; 2 Lexicon PCM 42; 4 Marshall Tape Eliminators; Harmonizer 949, 4 Valley People Kepex II; Cooper Time Cube; Full digital capabilities

### WEST 55TH STUDIOS

240 West 55th St., New York, NY 10019  
(212) 757-7185

**Owners:** Bill Tesar, Rita Leone  
**Dimensions of Studio:** 20 x 40, CR: 20 x 20, Iso: 9 x 9  
**Recorders:** Otari MTR-90 24-track, Studer B67 & Sony 701 digital 2-track  
**Console:** Harrison 2824 with 8 extra return channels  
**Outboard:** AMS, Lexicon, Quantec, Drawmer, Yamaha and much more  
**Instruments:** Emulator II+, SP-12, TX816, Simmons, Linn and more

### RED ROCK RECORDING

RD #1, Box 208  
Saylorsburg, PA 18353  
(717) 992-5777

**Owners:** Kent Heckman, Lois Brownsey  
**Engineers:** Kent Heckman, Mark Heath  
**Description:** In the Pocono mts with Sony 2" 16-track; MIDI; MacIntosh 512 w/Total Music; DX7 w/TX816 rack; E-mu SP12 drum machine; Lexicon 200; PCM 70; SPX90; and more goodies!!



### BIAS RECORDING COMPANY, INC.

5400 Carolina Place, Springfield VA 22151  
(703) 941-3333

**Owner:** Bill McElroy and Bob Dawson  
**Studio Manager:** Gloria Dawson  
**Dimensions of Studio A:** 16 x 20 + Iso room 16 x 28 (with 14' ceiling). **STUDIO B:** 16 x 20  
**Dimensions of Control Room A:** 20 x 20 B: 20 x 20  
**Tape Recorders:** 2 Ampex MM1200 24-tracks; 6 Studer B-67's, Studer A-67, Sony F-1 and Nakamichi DMP-100 Digital Processors  
**Mixing Consoles:** API 2488 24-Channel with Fadex Automated Mixdown; API 1604 16-Channel console  
**Monitor Amplifiers:** Bryston and Crown  
**Control Room Monitors:** Sierra Hideley Monitors  
**Studio Monitors:** JBL's  
**Echo, Reverb & Delay:** EMT and AKG Reverb units; Lexicon 224, Lexicon 200, and PCM-60 Digital Reverb; PCM-70 Digital Effects Processor, Lexicon Prime Time; Eventide Harmonizer

### UNIQUE RECORDING STUDIO

701 7th Ave., New York, NY  
(212) 921-1711

**Owners:** Robert Nathan, Joanne Georgia Nathan  
**Studio Manager:** Bill Dexter  
**Engineers:** Chris Lord Alge, Tom Lord Alge, Bob Rosa, Steve Peck, Michael Finlayson, Roey Shamir, Joe Blaney, Peter Robbins, Kennan Keating  
**Tape Recorders:** Studer A-800's 24-track, Studer 820 1/2" 2-tracks, Studer A810 & B67 1/4" 2-tracks, Nakamichi MRT cassette decks  
**Consoles:** (2) 48-channel Solid State Logic with total recall, Neve 3210 8068-MKII  
**Monitor Amplifiers:** Yamaha, Crown  
**Monitor Speakers:** Urei 813's, Yamaha NS10M  
**Echo & Reverb:** AMS, DMX 1580S, AMS-RMX 16, Sony DRE 2000, Lexicon 24 XL, PCM-70, Quantex QRS, Klark-Teknik DN-780, URSA Major Space Station

## N O R T H W E S T

### TARPAN STUDIOS

1925 Francisco Blvd. East, Suite G  
San Rafael, CA 94901  
(415) 485-1999

**Owner:** Narada M. Walden  
**Studio Manager:** Janice Lee  
**Engineers:** Dave Frazer, Gordon Lyon, Dana Chappelle, Matt Rohr, Stuart Hirotsu, Doc Shaffer (systems eng.)

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