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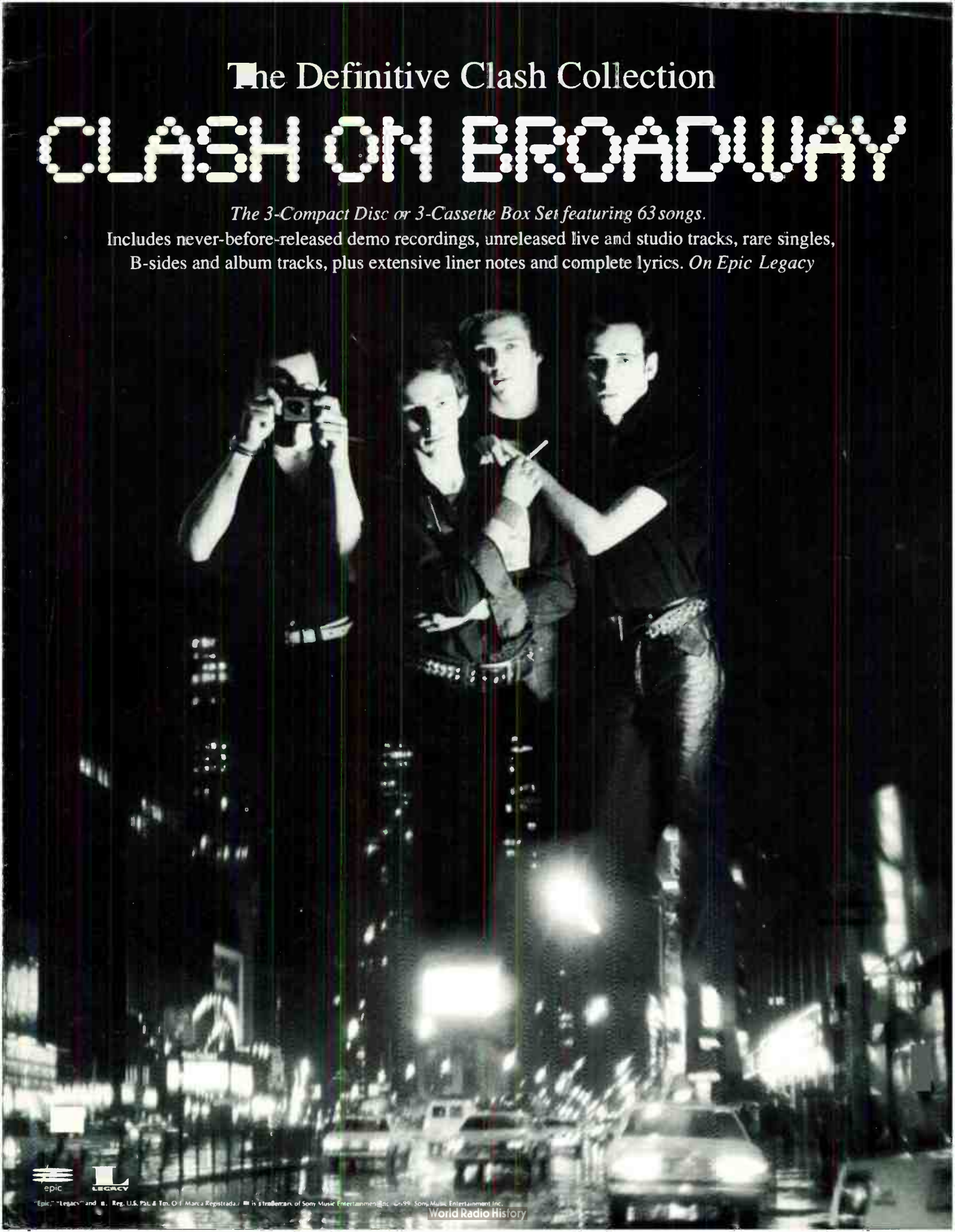

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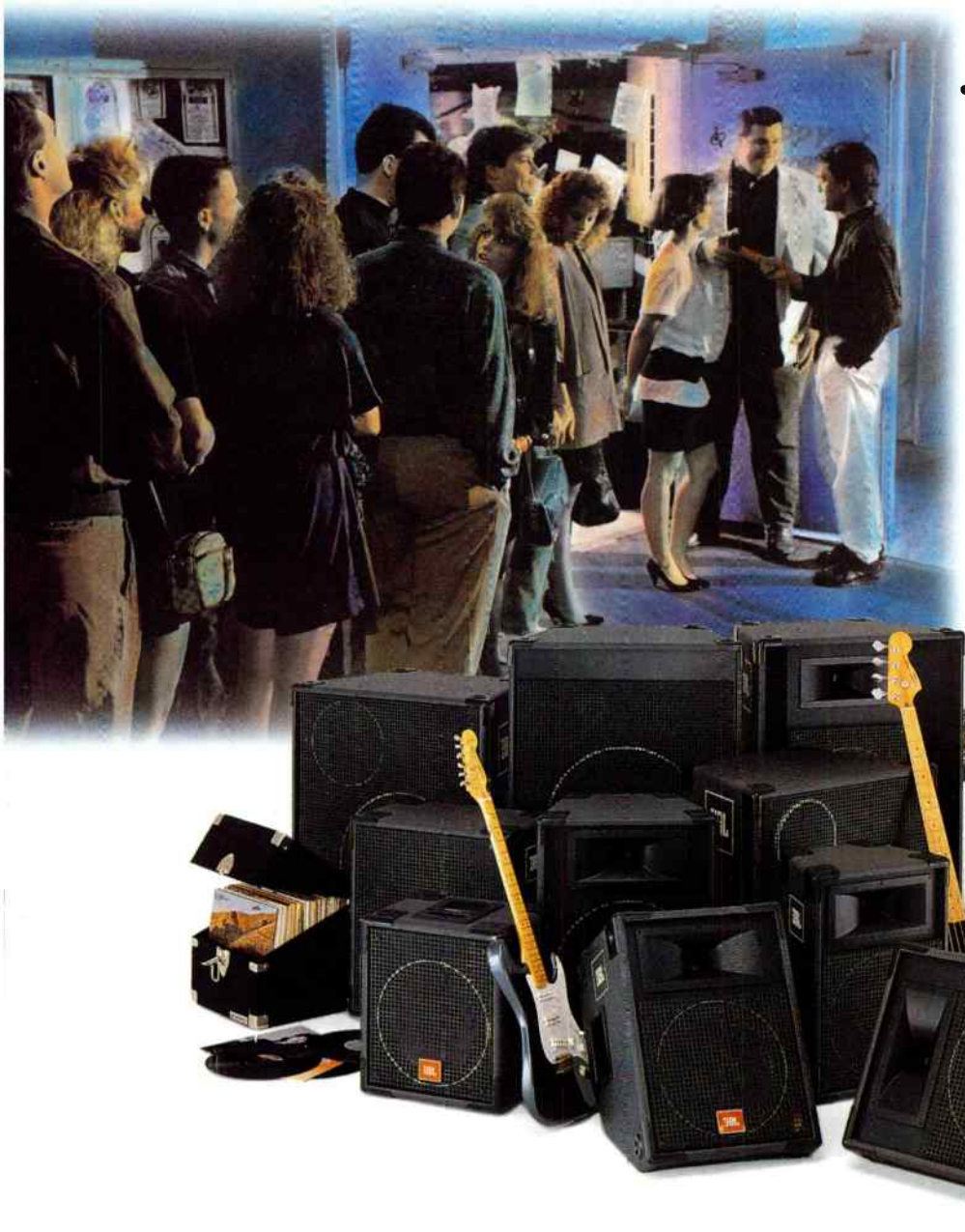

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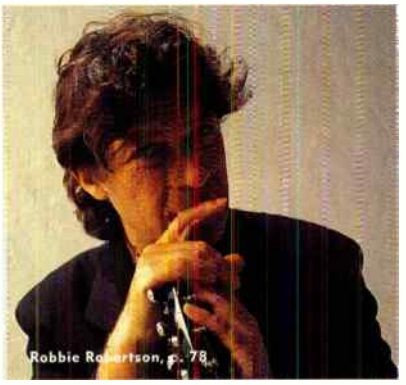
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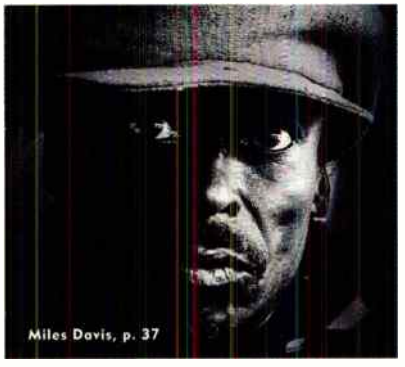
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Cover: Miles Davis photographed in Malibu, California February 1986 by Aaron Rapoport. **This page** (from top): Patrick Harbron, Anton Corbijn, David Cowles, Merlyn Rosenberg.

U2 Achtung Baby

ISLAND

Neil Young

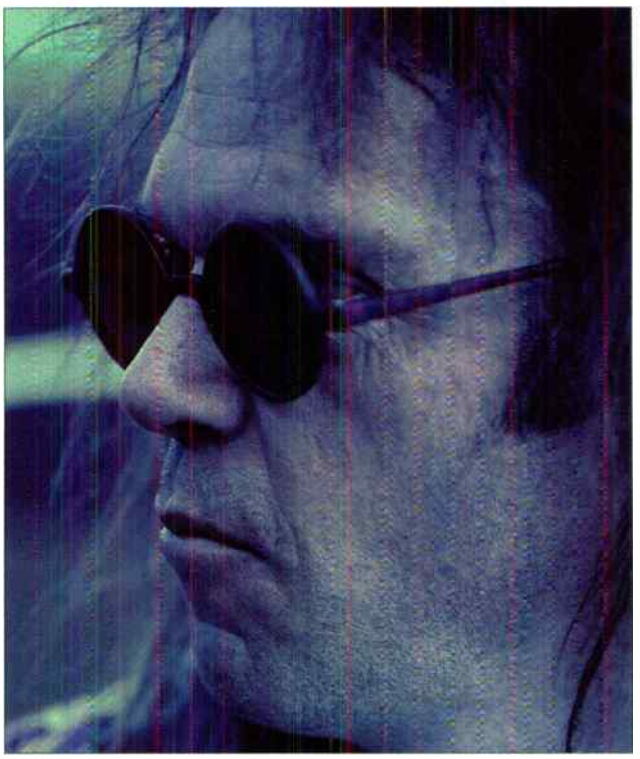
What's the best way for you to write?

I pick up things from people on the streets, in airports, at parties. The night before last I was at a party at a friend of mine's in Baltimore and saw a lot of people that I normally wouldn't see, exposed myself. After all the people asked me for autographs and everything, there were other, laid-back people who I could hang out with, pick up information about their lives, pick up stories. I'll just let it absorb and the lyrics come easily.

Can you see yourself doing something as strenuous as the Ragged Glory *tour 10 years from now, at 55?*

I think I *could* do it 10 years from now, but I don't know if I would. This was a completely exhausting experience. Fifty-four shows in three months is a lot of shows of that intensity and duration. And so now I'm going to go out and play acoustic. Sit-down acoustic, not even walking around. Just me, in a small enough place for that to work. If everybody listens.

That's the way my life is—very extreme. I go from one opposite to the other. I don't see how much further than *Arc* [the nothing-but-feedback CD culled from the *Ragged Glory* tour] I could go into a metal-crazed kind of expression. I think I pushed the envelope on that one. I think it defines a whole new region of exploration for me, and possibly for others. There's no boundaries. No beat. Right there you've dropped a huge load that used to hold you back. You were constrained by the beat. Everybody says, "The beat is the heart of rock 'n' roll." and I agree with that, the beat is where it's at. The masses go for the beat. But *Arc* is like being inside of a very big thing. I equate *Arc* to that movie *Fantastic Voyage*—it's like a trip through a power chord. The chord may last like five or six seconds, but it takes 35 *minutes*, at the size we're reducing ourselves to, to go through it. To me *Arc* is more art and expression than anything I've done in a long time. I've told Warner Brothers that *Tonight's the Night* was a sure thing compared to *Arc*. It's elevator music for maniacs. Those guys with the pickup trucks and blaring speakers—if you wanna make a statement, guys, put *this* on! This is white rap! It has no beat! Very few words and no beat!



"I have no technique! I *do* have technique, but it's very gross. You don't really recognize it as anything but noise."

Do you ever think, "Wow, I've got to integrate these different sides of myself"—acoustic folk and screaming rock?

They don't go together.

But you're one person.

Yeah, they get carried around together. But they don't go together.

What's your response to people who say your electric playing is primitive?

Well, I think they're right. I'm proud of it!

You don't compare yourself to technique-happy guys; you approach it expressively—

Aw yeah—I have no technique! I do have technique, but it's very gross. There *are* nuances and fine things about what I do, but they're done in such a brash way they're disguised; you don't really recognize them as anything but noise. I'll go for things that I know are going to be wrong, with a vengeance. Like, "Eat this"—one note, flat, and just grind on it, and then *slowly* bring it up into tune. To me that's an expression; it's like a knife going into you and being turned until it reaches the target.

Does it ever feel odd to be the father of three and a middle-aged guy playing howling rock guitar?

Well, when I started playing I was an adolescent and no one else played it before; we were the first generation who started playing this psychedelic/acid-rock kind of thing. And I just never outgrew it. There was never a reason to stop. What example is there to follow? Rock 'n' roll was never *there* before—why shouldn't it get old? I mean, everything else gets old, why can't I get old, and why can't I keep doing it? I can get old and still rock until I fuckin' drop, who cares? There's no rule.

Your next record's going to be called Harvest Moon *and it'll be acoustic.*

Yeah. Everybody's been asking me to do this for years, and I'd go, "Well, I don't feel it, I don't wanna do it." But after I did *Arc*, and took it so far out there, I wrote these songs and I looked at 'em and said, "Oh my God, there it is!" It's with the Stray Gators, same band I used on *Harvest*. It's gonna be beautiful and we start cutting in two days.

—Tony Scherman

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LETTERS

Riot Goin' On

THANK YOU FOR PRINTING AXL ROSE'S side of the St. Louis story (Sept. '91). It's easy to lay the ugly blame at the charmed feet of the Manic Rock Star. But to me, Axl is a mensch, who acted out of principle and the desire for self-preservation. The loathsome behavior that night belonged to the impotent security people and another body of humanity crassly waiting to capitalize on any opportunity to turn violent. Axl's stand was honest and gutsy, the very qualities which make G N' R a potent band.

Judy Kushner
Los Angeles, CA

I'M A GUNS N' ROSES FAN, EVEN though I've had reconstructive surgery to repair a shattered cheekbone that was the result of taking a bottle in the right side of my face at a G N' R concert in Phoenix in July of '88. I don't blame Axl Rose, the promoter or the theater. I'm sure I could have tried to sue somebody, but why? Nobody would gain anything except the lawyers.

Axl is right when he says he doesn't have much in common with his fans. After all, only a half a dozen people in the world really know what it's like to be the front man for one of the most talented rock bands on earth. I bet it ain't easy being Axl.

Barry W. McCutcheon
Panama City Beach, FL

AS A YOUNG MUSICIAN I BELIEVE AXL had a right to do what he did. Bootleggers make millions off of the real musicians and Axl was getting sick of it. Leave Axl alone! He just wants to play his music.

Todd Velardo
Montrose, NY

THE MICKEY MOUSE WATCH AXL Rose is wearing on your cover is aptly placed. The Napoleonic stance, however, is not.

Gregory W. Urban
Elkhorn, WI

I LIVE FOR THE DAY WHEN MUSIC journalists focus their cover stories on talent and talent alone. Granted, *Musician* has had quite a few fine pieces in the past. Your current article regarding the conduct of Axl Rose was a waste.

Lynn Sallitt
Davidsonville, MD

LIGHTWEIGHTS! YOUR INTERVIEW with Axl Rose was as hard-hitting as a summer breeze. If the sycophant who wrote it wasn't kissing Axl's ass and exonerating him from any responsibility in the St. Louis incident, he was doing his best to goad Rose into lashing out at security, fans, the press and the world in general.

Sammy Oakey
Roanoke, VA

IS BABU BARAT IN LOVE WITH AXL Rose? One would think so after reading his "interview" of Axl. This has to be one of the least objective and most one-sided tellings of an event that I have ever seen.

John Steinmetz
Overland Park, KS

DO YOU PEOPLE REALLY CONSIDER this talentless, idiotic sod a musician? Granted, these assholes are a large force today. So are New Kids. Why not cover talent, not trends?

Michael C. Gravatt
St. Louis, MO

WITH A SONG LIKE "NIGHT TRAIN" and Slash always holding a bottle of Jack Daniels, how can Axl be so hypocritical as to try and blame the riot on the fans being drunk?

Dean
Upland, CA

Mac Classic

AFTER HAVING READ DENNIS POLkow's two-part feature (Aug./Sept. '91) on "Paul McCartney's Liverpool Oratorio," I feel compelled to commend Mr. Polkow for his insightful look at an extraordinary human being. Especially interesting for me were Mr. Polkow's informative discussions with Carl Davis. What Mr. Davis validated for me was a feeling I always felt from what I read about McCartney, that I would "actually like him" and find him to be "a good-hearted man."

Nina J. Paris
North Caldwell, NJ

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS SOMEONE (Dennis Polkow) has finally covered a story about Paul we don't have to blow dust off of. Don't worry, Paul, for those who know music, you sit right alongside Cole Porter.

Frank Lombardo
Nescopeck, PA

DENNIS POLKOW'S ARTICLE ON PAUL McCartney's return to Liverpool was just what I had been looking for. I thought it was incredible to read about his detailed childhood memories and what he was like as a school boy. I don't know about anyone else, but I am having a hard time picturing Beatle Paul playing some "mean basketball" at the school.

Sean Caughey
Fair Lawn, NJ

I DARE YOU TO GO AT LEAST SIX months without doing an article on Paul McCartney.

Timm Buechler
Appleton, WI

I HAVE ALWAYS APPRECIATED YOUR wonderful photographs and articles on Paul McCartney over the years. I especially wanted to thank you for the last piece by Dennis Polkow. It is refreshing to see a magazine sophisticated enough to run a story on a musician who is not 22 and only able to sing in extended monosyllables. Thanks for keeping me up on my fave rave.

Patti Denys
San Juan Capistrano, CA

Endangered Wood

WILL THE MAKERS OF GUITARS please stop using endangered tropical wood? Last year an area the size of the state of Washington was cleared in the tropical forests, a rate of destruction that is 50 percent worse than in the previous decade. Although I appreciate the qualities of mahogany or rosewood, I cannot condone the use of these species in the making of instruments any more than their use in paneling, furniture or other decorative products. It is time that all guitar players understand that they contribute to the destruction by buying guitars made from Honduran mahogany, Brazilian rosewood, ebony or any other non-sustained wood source.

Steve Picou
New Orleans, LA

Shure-Fire

PETER CRONIN'S ARTICLE IN THE JULY '91 "Developments" concerning inexpensive condenser and dynamic mikes was informative and well-written. One point requires clarification: Mr. Cronin described the Shure SM94 as a mid-priced dynamic mike, when in fact it is a condenser unit capable of being phantom- or battery-powered. Thanks for the opportunity to bring this to your attention.

Brian Johnson
Microphone Products Coordinator
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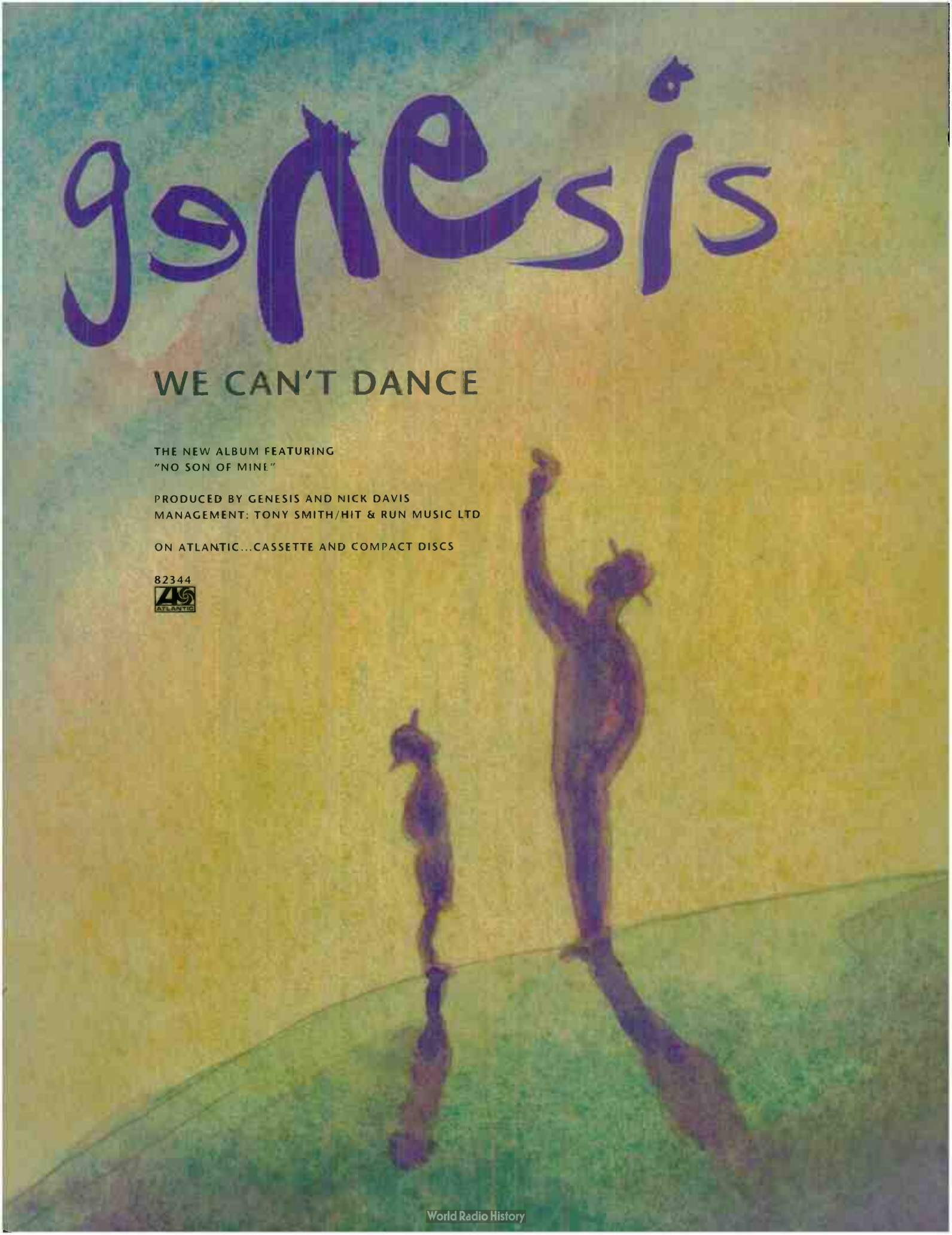

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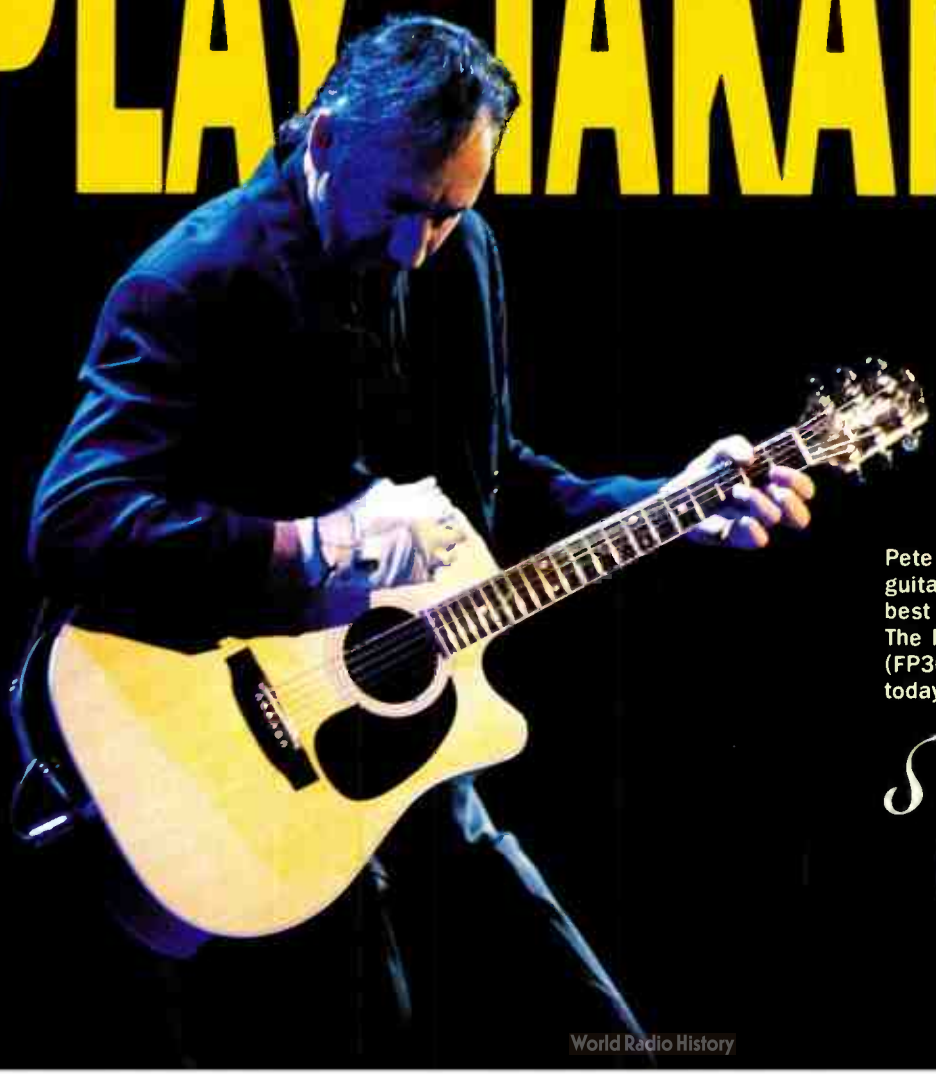

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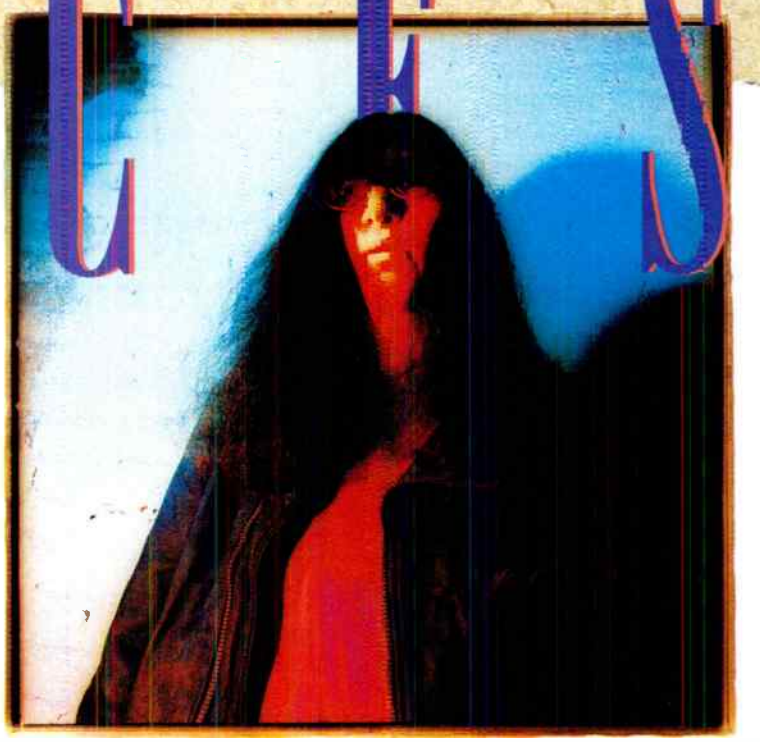


Billy Bragg

LIFE AFTER SOCIALISM

IS THE WORLD READY FOR A MELLOWER BILLY BRAGG? THE British singer/songwriter, known for his biting social and political commentary and for love songs that are cynical as often as they're tender, says that there's "less ideological certainty and more human emotion" on his new album, *Don't Try This at Home*. On "Sexuality," the LP's saucy first single, he even pokes fun at his politically correct, romantically paranoid image ("I've had relations with girls from many nations/I've made passes at women of all classes").

"My songwriting hopefully reflects what's happening in the world around me," says Bragg. "We're moving away from capital-P politics and back towards more personal manifestations now. I don't want to write about subjects of the mid-'80s when we're in the early '90s."

The new album also marks the first time Bragg has felt comfortable in allowing this work to be produced: "I've been quite minimalist before, because I felt style was secondary to content, but I'm confident now that my message is clear enough that a little bit of production isn't going to hurt." Bragg's sound man Grant Showbiz was tapped to do the honors, with Electronic guitarist Johnny Marr—whom Bragg has known and worked with since Marr's early days with the Smiths—co-producing on three tracks and playing on two. Also featured on *Home* are singer Kirsty MacColl and, on a folk-flavored track called "You Woke Up My Neighborhood," R.E.M.'s Peter Buck and Michael Stipe.

When Bragg tours, don't expect any flashy stuff: He has about as much patience for the theatrics of bands like Foreigner and "bloody Jethro Tull" as he does for capitalist economics. "Have those people not seen *Spinal Tap*?"

ELYSA GARDNER

The Ramones

15 YEARS OF PUNK

IT'S BEEN 15 YEARS SINCE THE RAMONES CRASH-LANDED ON THE music scene with an exquisite explosion of elemental rock 'n' roll energy. Though they've fooled around with a few stylistic distractions (including occasional heavy metal flirtations and a peculiar pop liaison with Phil Spector for 1980's *End of the Century*), the "fraternal" foursome from Queens have never forsaken their fascination with slamming frenetic, three-chord, punk rock études into a '60s pop cushion.

Over the years the Ramones' high-speed blend of Buddy Holly, the Beach Boys and Black Sabbath has earned the respect of rockers far and wide, from metal mavens like Anthrax and Motorhead to punk pop enthusiasts like the Pixies.

"I know that we're a staple," says frontman Joey in a characteristic deadpan. "But we're not just this and nothing more. I mean, we're pretty universal in our influences and tastes—and how we inspire other people and what inspires us. I think we're the blood and guts of what rock 'n' roll always was."

In the Ramones' case, blood and guts translates into some 11 albums and a perpetual touring schedule. "This year especially," confirms Joey. "We spent most of our year in Europe, 'cause we're a mega-band overseas. And we keep kind of discovering and going into new countries. We did Spain twice...and recorded a live album in Barcelona." In addition to that double live set, there will be a new studio album by year's end as well as the second installment of *All the Stuff and More*, a series of CD reissues designed to bring the Ramones' past albums into the digital age.

"The best rock 'n' roll was always basic," Joey concludes. "Whether it be Buddy Holly or Little Richard or the Who or the Stones or the Beatles or whoever. All the good stuff was always simple, but it had all the spirit, the real *stuff*."

SANDY MASUO

Photography: Peter Horvath (top)

FACES

Boozoo Chavis

RAGIN' CAJUN

"FOLLOW ME—IF I'M WRONG, YOU'RE wrong too." That's zydeco bulldog Boozoo Chavis letting his band, the Magic Sounds, know exactly what he expects from them. Boozoo's wrong is very, very right. It's a strikingly different approach than most of the zydeco being recorded these days, a method that invests in the power of singularity. "It's simple," says Chavis in explanation. "Those other guys aren't playing it the correct way; they changed the music around and it doesn't churn like it should."

Spend a night on the dance floor at a Boozoo gig, where uproar often becomes synonymous with joviality, and you will understand how the exuberant 60-year-old from Louisiana defines churning. Rhythm is what his virtually irresistible zydeco is all about. Every instrument in the band is geared toward pronouncing the beat: a complex endeavor that the Magic Sounds execute in a stunning manner. Boozoo cut a cornerstone of the idiom, "Paper in My Shoe," over 30 years ago. "But we sound better now than we did back then," he says. "You don't need a lot of chords, you just need the correct feel; if we don't get the feel, we don't play the song. And we must be doing something right, because people sure do jump around and laugh."

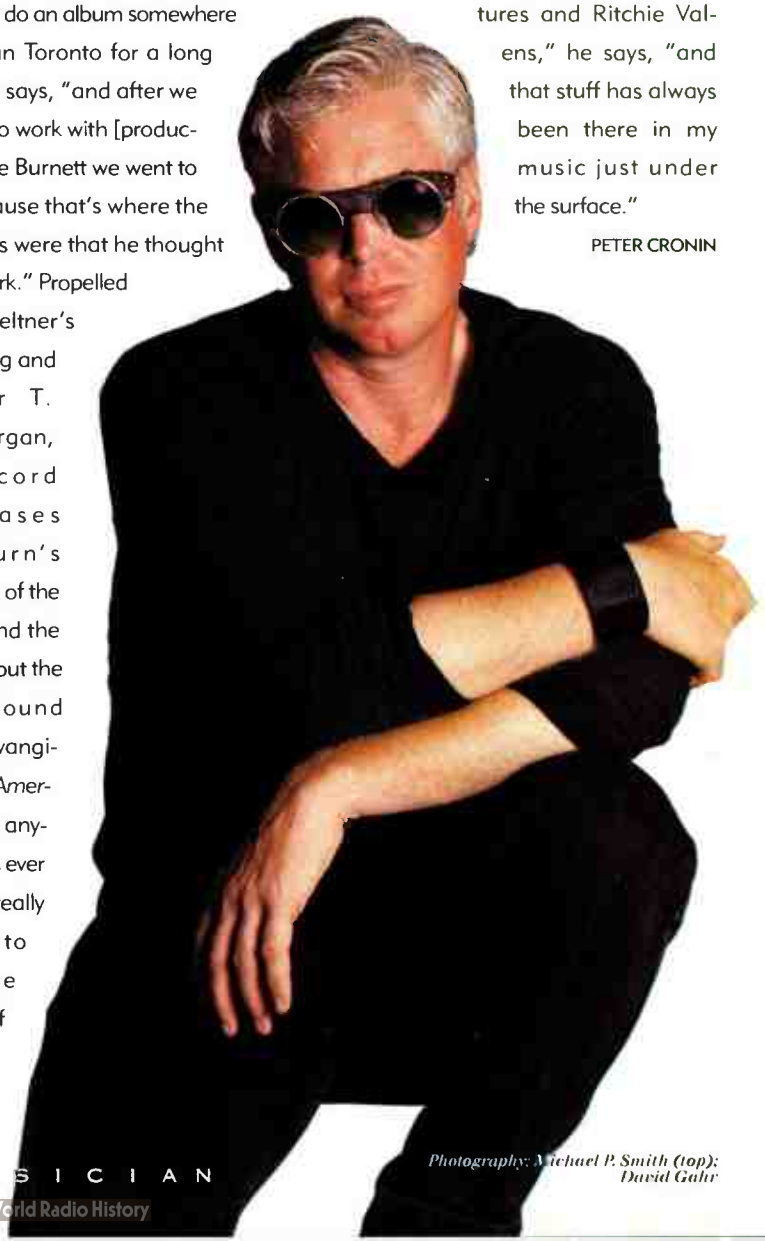
JIM MAGNIE

Bruce Cockburn

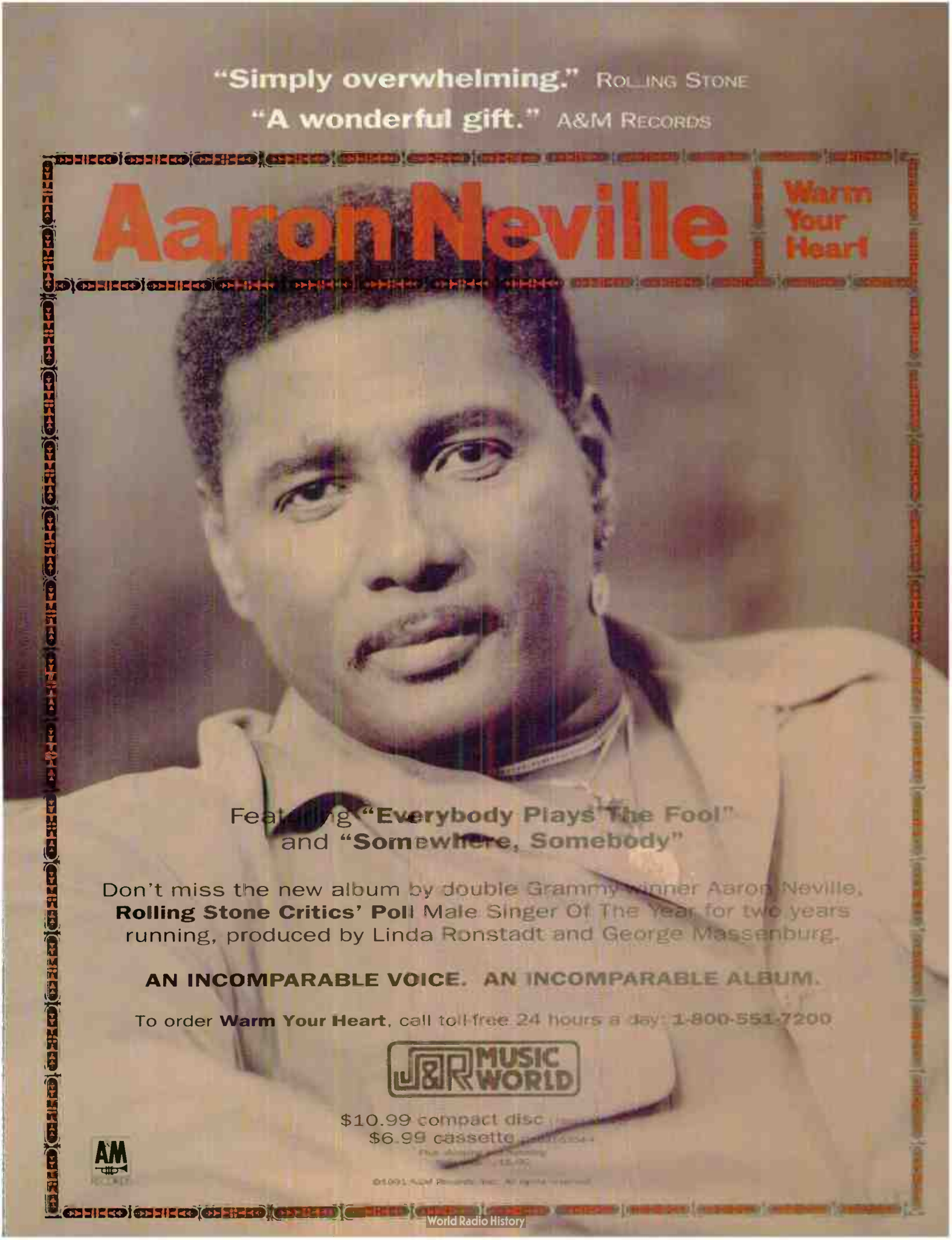
COMING TO AMERICA

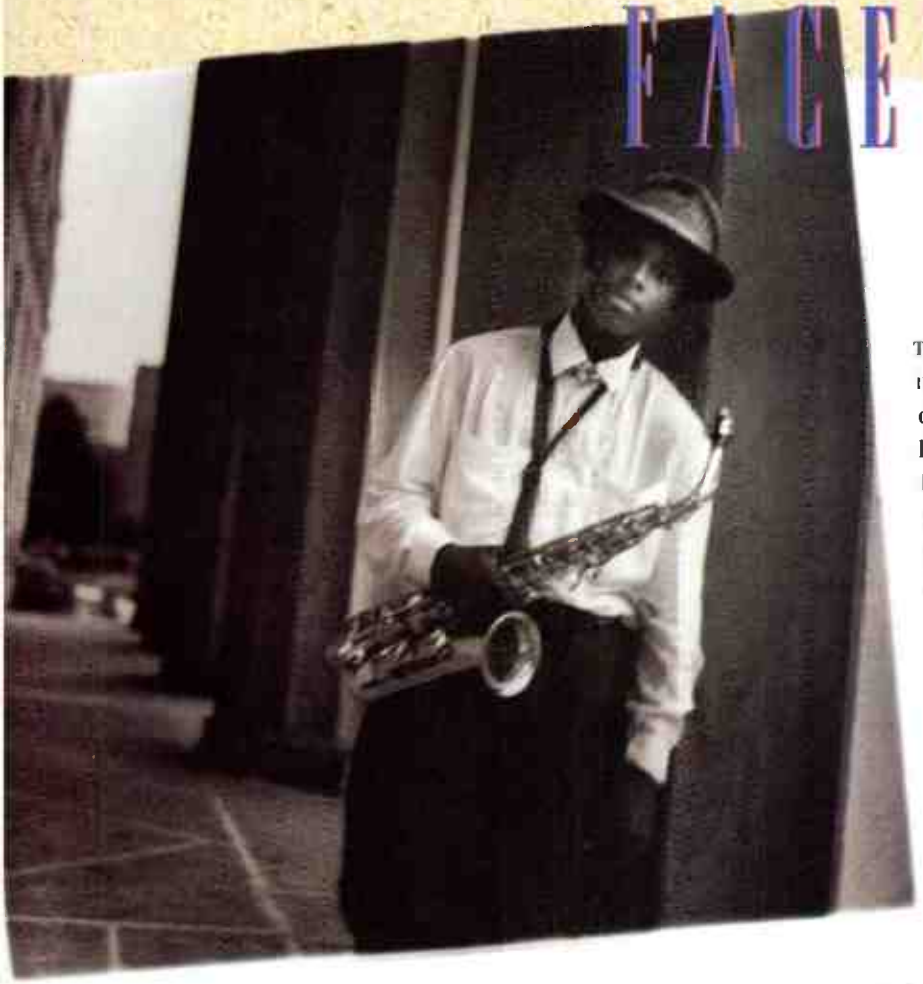
IN TWO DECADES OF MAKING RECords, Bruce Cockburn has released 19 albums, all of them recorded (and most of them sold) in his home country to the north. For his twentieth, the just-released *Nothing but a Burning Light*, the Canadian crusader traded his rocket launcher for a bow and arrow, and with the plight of Native Americans as a thematic launching pad, decided to record in the U.S. for the first time. "I've wanted to do an album somewhere other than Toronto for a long time," he says, "and after we decided to work with [producer] T-Bone Burnett we went to L.A. because that's where the musicians were that he thought would work." Propelled by Jim Keltner's drumming and Booker T. Jones' organ, the record showcases Cockburn's usual mix of the topical and the spiritual, but the songs sound leaner, twangier, more *American* than anything he's ever done. "I really wanted to keep the song itself central to things as opposed to a jazzier approach that I've taken in the past," Cockburn says. "Booker T. does that automatically I think; just understated but right-on-the-money kinds of parts. When it'd drift, we'd rein it in, so there was also an element of deliberation." There's even an environmental surf tune that Cockburn wrote for the folks at Greenpeace called, appropriately enough, "Action Speaks Louder." "I grew up on the Ventures and Ritchie Valens," he says, "and that stuff has always been there in my music just under the surface."

PETER CRONIN



Photography: Michael P. Smith (top); David Gahr





Amani A.W. Murray

'MANI DON'T PLAY THAT!

I'M HOPING THE FACT THAT I'M A KID WILL CAUSE A LOT OF OTHER young musicians to look at my album, or hear me play somewhere, and not turn away immediately because they assume, from stereotypes set by the media, that jazz is for older folks or nothing but ballads. I wouldn't want to listen to ballads all day." All this and an "A" average for 15-year-old alto saxophonist Amani A.W. Murray, who must qualify as the youngest jazz musician with a major-label recording contract.

A talent night on "Showtime at the Apollo" helped bring Amani to the attention of GRP label honchos Dave Grusin and Larry Rosen. On Amani's debut, he enlists the elite of the jazz world: Clark Terry, Roland Hanna, Bob Cranshaw, Benny Green and Billy Hart, all supporting Amani's R&B-ish alto through tunes by Charlie Parker, Sonny Rollins and even some originals.

A student at New York's Jazzmobile Workshop since age nine (!), Amani studied with tenorist John Stubblefield and managed to attract the attention of Wynton Marsalis, who taught him some theory and history. "Everything I learned I got from the Jazzmobile," says Amani. "Tuition is what, $40? Twenty weeks of six hours a day—you can't beat that with a stick! I was the first really young kid to go there." Regarding his musical future, Amani is sure of one thing: "I want to sustain my level at this point. And definitely attempt to raise it."

KEN MICALLEF

Steve Turre

LET IT SLIDE

TROMBONIST STEVE TURRE—THE BURNING BOPPER, BURnished balladeer, sliphorn *salsero* and plunger whiz you can hear with Dizzy's orchestra or Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy, and glimpse on "Saturday Night Live"—has a hard-bop sextet on his new disc *Right There*. And there's a twist: The front line is trombone, John Blake's violin and Akua Dixon's cello. (There's a Blakeyish cut with Wynton and Benny Golson for contrast, but it just makes the working six seem even fresher.) "That three-horn sound's played out—you're not gonna beat the old Messengers with Curtis, Wayne and Freddie," says Turre. "But I like the voicings you can get in a sextet format, and the weight of two strings balances trombone."

There's a particularly strong hookup between Dixon and Turre, whose axes have similar range and heft; never mind that they're married. On Dixon's inspired duo rethinking of Ellington's "Echoes of Harlem," Steve plays the wah-wah stuff he learned from Duke alumnus Quentin Jackson, and Akua sketches the rest of the band. It's a reminder not to sell cello short. Turre can relate to that, given the trombone's second-class status in a trumpet and tenor world. "I hear all the time the trombone can't sell," he says, "but what did Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey play? The instrument will sell—you just have to sell it."

KEVIN WHITEHEAD

Photography: Jeffrey Krantz (top); Linda Covello

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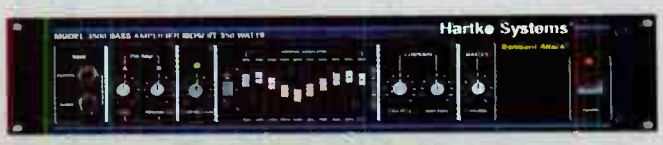

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THE MUSICIAN CHARTS

Presented by maxell

Top 100 Albums

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

1 • 9	**Metallica**	*Metallica*/Elektra
2 • 1	**Natalie Cole**	*Unforgettable*/Elektra
3 • 2	**Bonnie Raitt**	*Luck of the Draw*/Capitol
4 • 3	**Color Me Badd**	*C.M.B.*/Giant
5 • 4	**Boyz II Men**	*Cooleyhighharmony*/Motown
6 • 7	**Michael Bolton**	*Time, Love and Tenderness* Columbia
7 • 6	**C&C Music Factory**	*Gonna Make You Sweat* Columbia
8 • —	**Garth Brooks**	*Ropin' the Wind*/Capitol
9 • 73	**Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band**	*The Fire Inside*/Capitol
10 • —	**Rush**	*Roll the Bones*/Atlantic
11 • 12	**Garth Brooks**	*No Fences*/Capitol
12 • 5	**Van Halen**	*For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge* Warner Bros.
13 • 10	**R.E.M.**	*Out of Time*/Warner Bros.
14 • —	**Soundtrack**	*The Commitments*/MCA
15 • 14	**Extreme**	*Extreme II Pornograffitti*/A&M
16 • 8	**Paula Abdul**	*Spellbound*/Captive
17 • —	**Naughty by Nature**	*Naughty by Nature*/Tommy Boy
18 • 13	**Amy Grant**	*Heart in Motion*/A&M
19 • 89	**Bell Biv DeVoe**	*BBBD—Bootcity! The Remix Album*/MCA
20 • 11	**Soundtrack**	*Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves* Morgan Creek
21 • 24	**Queensryche**	*Empire*/EMI
22 • 17	**The Black Crowes**	*Shake Your Money Maker* Def American
23 • 15	**D.J. Jazzy Jeff & the Fresh Prince**	*Homebase*/Jive
24 • 21	**Mariah Carey**	*Mariah Carey*/Columbia
25 • —	**Dire Straits**	*On Every Street*/Warner Bros.
26 • —	**Guns N' Roses**	*Use Your Illusion II*/Geffen
27 • 20	**Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers**	*Into the Great Wide Open*/MCA
28 • 36	**Travis Tritt**	*It's All About to Change* Warner Bros.
29 • 31	**The Geto Boys**	*We Can't Be Stopped*/Rap-A-Lot
30 • 18	**N.W.A.**	*Efil4zaggin*/Ruthless
31 • 19	**Skid Row**	*Slave to the Grind*/Atlantic
32 • —	**Guns N' Roses**	*Use Your Illusion I*/Geffen
33 • —	**Tesla**	*Psychotic Supper*/Geffen
34 • 22	**Scorpions**	*Crazy World*/Mercury
35 • —	**Mariah Carey**	*Emotions*/Columbia
36 • 25	**Luther Vandross**	*Power of Love*/Epic
37 • 30	**Firehouse**	*Firehouse*/Epic
38 • 29	**Seal**	*Seal*/Sire
39 • 16	**Soundtrack**	*Boyz N the Hood*/Qwest
40 • —	**Stevie Nicks**	*Timespace: Best of Stevie Nicks* Modern
41 • 35	**Jesus Jones**	*Doubt*/SBK
42 • 26	**EMF**	*Schubert Dip*/EMI
43 • 23	**Heavy D. & the Boyz**	*Peaceful Journey*/MCA
44 • 27	**Candy Dulfer**	*Saxuality*/Arista
45 • 33	**Rod Stewart**	*Vagabond Heart*/Warner Bros.
46 • —	**Ozzy Osbourne**	*No More Tears*/Associated
47 • 41	**Ricky Van Shelton**	*Backroads*/Columbia
48 • 43	**Alan Jackson**	*Don't Rock the Jukebox*/Arista
49 • 45	**Garth Brooks**	*Garth Brooks*/Capitol
50 • 44	**Marky Mark & the Funky Bunch**	*Music for the People*/Interscope
51 • —	**Randy Travis**	*High Lonesome*/Warner Bros.
52 • 49	**The KLF**	*White Room*/Arista
53 • —	**Richie Sambora**	*Stranger in This Town*/Mercury
54 • 34	**Trisha Yearwood**	*Trisha Yearwood*/MCA
55 • 37	**Roxette**	*Joyride*/EMI
56 • —	**Neil Diamond**	*Lovescape*/Columbia
57 • 32	**Another Bad Creation**	*Coolin' at the Playground Ya' Know!* Motown
58 • 50	**L.L. Cool J**	*Mama Said Knock You Out*/Def Jam
59 • 48	**Madonna**	*The Immaculate Collection*/Sire
60 • 53	**Clint Black**	*Put Yourself in My Shoes*/RCA
61 • 61	**Aaron Neville**	*Warm Your Heart*/A&M
62 • 28	**3rd Bass**	*Derelicts of Dialect*/Def Jam
63 • 39	**Wilson Phillips**	*Wilson Phillips*/SBK
64 • 42	**Lenny Kravitz**	*Mama Said*/Virgin
65 • 46	**Soundtrack**	*New Jack City*/Giant
66 • 59	**Original London Cast**	*Phantom of the Opera Highlights* Polydor
67 • 84	**Chris Isaak**	*Heart Shaped World*/Reprise
68 • 47	**DJ Quik**	*Quik Is the Name*/Profile
69 • 40	**Anthrax**	*Attack of the Killer B's*/Megaforce
70 • —	**Karyn White**	*Ritual of Love*/Warner Bros.
71 • —	**Ratt**	*Ratt & Roll 8191*/Atlantic
72 • 60	**Michael Bolton**	*Soul Provider*/Columbia
73 • 71	**Bonnie Raitt**	*Nick of Time*/Capitol
74 • 62	**Tanya Tucker**	*What Do I Do with Me*/Capitol
75 • 55	**Reba McEntire**	*Rumor Has It*/MCA
76 • —	**Bryan Adams**	*Waking Up the Neighbours*/A&M
77 • 58	**Marc Cohn**	*Marc Cohn*/Atlantic
78 • 51	**Ice-T**	*O.G. Original Gangster*/Sire
79 • 56	**Alice in Chains**	*Facelift*/Columbia
80 • 79	**Van Morrison**	*The Best of Van Morrison* Mercury
81 • 97	**Lorrie Morgan**	*Something in Red*/RCA
82 • 54	**Hi-Five**	*Hi-Five*/Jive
83 • —	**Red Hot Chili Peppers**	*Blood Sugar Sex Magik* Warner Bros.
84 • 52	**UB40**	*Labour of Love II*/Virgin
85 • 95	**Don Henley**	*The End of the Innocence*/Geffen
86 • 38	**Soundtrack**	*Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey* Interscope
87 • 66	**Huey Lewis & the News**	*Hard at Play*/EMI
88 • 77	**BeBe & CeCe Winans**	*Different Lifestyles*/Capitol
89 • 67	**Enigma**	*MCMXC A.D.*/Charisma
90 • —	**Bad English**	*Backlash*/Epic
91 • —	**Doug Stone**	*I Thought It Was You*/Epic
92 • —	**Harry Connick, Jr.**	*Blue Light, Red Light*/Columbia
93 • —	**Vanessa Williams**	*The Comfort Zone*/Wing
94 • 93	**Harry Connick, Jr.**	*We Are in Love*/Columbia
95 • 57	**Cher**	*Love Hurts*/Geffen
96 • —	**Diamond Rio**	*Diamond Rio*/Arista
97 • 63	**Dolly Parton**	*Eagle When She Flies*/Columbia
98 • —	**The Cult**	*Ceremony*/Columbia
99 • 69	**M.C. Hammer**	*Please Hammer Don't Hurt 'Em* Capitol
100 • —	**Big Audio Dynamite II**	*Globe*/Columbia

The Musician *album chart is produced by the* Billboard *chart department for* Musician, *and reflects the combined points for all album reports gathered by the* Billboard *computers in the month of September. The concert chart is based on* Amusement Business *Box Score reports for September 1991.*

Top Concert Grosses

1	**Grateful Dead** *Madison Square Garden, New York, NY/September 8–10, 12–14, 16–18*	$3,747,519
2	**Grateful Dead** *Boston Garden, Boston, MA/September 20–22, 24–26*	$2,039,659
3	**Rod Stewart** *Meadowlands Arena, East Rutherford, NJ/September 24, 26–27*	$1,430,685
4	**Grateful Dead** *Richfield Coliseum, Richfield, OH/September 4–6*	$1,206,923
5	**Van Halen, Alice in Chains** *Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA/September 13–14*	$990,762
6	**Van Halen, Alice in Chains** *Pacific Amphitheatre, Costa Mesa, CA/September 10–11*	$939,333
7	**Barry Manilow** *The Paramount, New York, NY/September 25–28*	$764,900
8	**Luther Vandross, Lisa Fischer, Sinbad, Sounds of Blackness** *Capital Centre, Landover, MD/September 17–18*	$699,360
9	**Rod Stewart, Santana** *Carrier Dome, Syracuse University, Syracuse, NY/September 28*	$562,500
10	**Paul Simon** *Hollywood Bowl, Hollywood, CA/September 27*	$505,733

Demographics, Take 2

Not to harp, but o trend we espied o few months ogo has sharpened so dramaticolly that it whispers, begs, screams for more ottention.

Kids. Mysteriously, they're buying less ond less recorded music, while the 30-plus set scorfs up more ond more. Erstwhile hippies wha once fed on Hot Tuna ond granolo evidently still require their music fix—hey hey, my my.

The latest RIAA (Recording Industry Association of Americo) survey is out, ond if the money dropped on records by 30-and-older consumers was up five percent in 1989, in 1990 it jumped *eight* percent. Meanwhile, 10-to-19-year-olds, whose clout stoyed pretty much the same in '89, spent on omozing seven percent less in 1990. What ore kids *doing*? Buying dope, booze, sneakers? Feeling the ultimate trickle-down of recession: ollowance cuts?

The folks making the biggest leap ore 35-plussers. Sure, o lot of 'em ore headbonging to Neil Young (mid-volume, not to wake the baby), but *Billboard* pundits whisper that there's on even older, still-ignored morket segment to be greened: the over-50 crowd. Barbra Streisand's pink-boxed *Just For the Record*, the first box to hit *Billboard*'s reconfigured olbum chart, debuted at o bullish #38 on October 12; Horry Connick, the oldsters' new favorite, has *four* olbums in the Top 200. Not to mention the continued chart ride of Nat Cole's doughter, doing her doddy's hits. My wife's grandfather just bought hisself o spiffy multi-CD corousel ond he's stockin' up on product.... But where's the kids? — T.S.

BACK ISSUES

8. VSOP, Jarreau, Mingus
15. McCoy Tyner, Freddie Hubbard
15. Chick Corea, avant jazz, Big Joe Turner
21. Brian Eno, Talking Heads, Weather Report
24. Bob Marley, Sun Ra, Lydia Lunch
34. Tom Petty, Dave Edmunds, Wayne Shorter
36. Grateful Dead, Zappa, Kid Creole, NY Dolls
37. Black Uhuru, Bill Wyman, Rickie Lee Jones
46. Willie Nelson, John McLaughlin, the Motels
64. Stevie Wonder, X, Was (Not Was), Ornette
67. Thomas Dolby, Chet Baker, Carl Perkins
70. Peter Wolf, King Crimson, Sly + Robbie
71. Heavy Metal, Dream Syndicate, Tina Turner
77. John Fogerty, Marsalis/Hancock, Los Lobos
79. Jeff Beck, Alison Moyet, John Hiatt–Ry Cooder
93. Peter Gabriel, Steve Winwood, Lou Reed
94. Jimi Hendrix, The Cure, Prince, .38 Special
101. Psychedelic Furs, Elton John, Miles Davis
102. Robert Cray, Los Lobos, Simply Red
104. Springsteen, The Blasters, Keith Jarrett
108. U2, Tom Waits, Squeeze, Eugene Chadbourne
112. McCartney, Stanley Clarke, Buster Poindexter
113. Robert Plant, INXS, Wynton Marsalis
115. Stevie Wonder, Sonny Rollins, Joni Mitchell, Johnny Cash
116. Sinéad O'Connor, Neil Young, Tracy Chapman
117. Jimmy Page, Leonard Cohen, Lloyd Cole
118. Pink Floyd, New Order, Smithereens
119. Billy Gibbons, Santana/Shorter, Vernon Reid
120. Keith Richards, Depeche Mode, Steve Forbert
121. Prince, Steve Winwood, Randy Newman
122. Guns N' Roses, Midnight Oil, Glyn Johns
123. Year in Music '88, Metallica, Jack Bruce, Fishbone
124. Replacements, Fleetwood Mac, Lyle Lovett
125. Elvis Costello, Jeff Healey, Sonic Youth
126. Lou Reed, John Cale, Joe Satriani
127. Miles Davis, Fine Young Cannibals, XTC
128. Peter Gabriel, Charles Mingus, Bob Mould
129. The Who, The Cure, Ziggy Marley
130. 10,000 Maniacs, John Cougar Mellencamp, Jackson Brown/Bonnie Raitt
131. Jeff Beck, Laura Nyro, Billy Sheehan
132. Don Henley, Rolling Stones, Bob Marley
133. The '80s, Daniel Lanois, Syd Straw
134. Grateful Dead, Stevie Ray Vaughan, Paul Kelly
135. Aerosmith, NRBQ, Richard Thompson, Max Q
137. George Harrison, The Kinks, Abdullah Ibrahim
138. Tom Petty, Lenny Kravitz, Rush, The Silos
139. Paul McCartney, Cecil Taylor, Kronos Quartet
140. Robert Plant, Suzanne Vega, Soul II Soul, Drums
141. Jimi Hendrix, David Bowie, Bob Clearmountain
142. Sinéad O'Connor, John Hiatt, World Party
143. Steve Vai, Michael Stipe, Malmsteen/McLaughlin
144. INXS, Neville Bros., Lou Reed/Vaclav Havell
146. Slash, Replacements, Waterboys, Pixies
147. Robert Johnson, Bruce Hornsby, Soul Asylum
148. Pink Floyd, Neil Young, Art Blakey, Black Crowes
149. Jerry Garcia/Elvis Costello, NWA, Pink Floyd
150. R.E.M., AC/DC, Top Managers, Jim Morrison
151. Eddie Van Halen, Fishbone, Byrds, Chris Isaak
152. Stevie Ray Vaughan, Morrissey, Drum Special
153. Bonnie Raitt, Tim Buckley, Sonny Rollins
154. Sting, Stevie Wonder, 15th Anniversary Issue
155. Paul McCartney, Axl Rose, David Bowie
156. Dire Straits, Jesus Jones, Paul McCartney
157. Jimi Hendrix, Frank Zappa, Primus, Eddy Fogerty
SP1. Best of the Beatles and Rolling Stones
SP2. Masters of Metal, Metallica, Def Leppard, more

33
The Clash

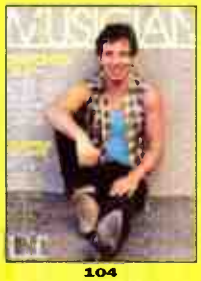
115
Stevie Wonder

130
10,000 Maniacs

151
Van Halen

142
Sinéad O'Connor

132
Don Henley

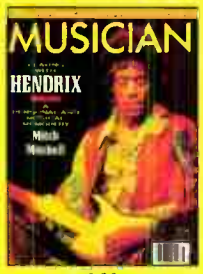


104
Bruce Springsteen

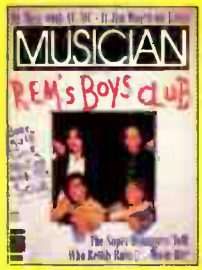
122
Guns N' Roses

128
Peter Gabriel

112
Paul McCartney



141
Jimi Hendrix



150
R.E.M.

117
Jimmy Page

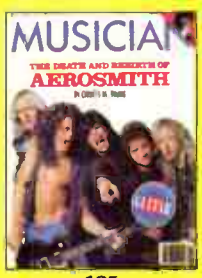
118
Pink Floyd

113
Robert Plant

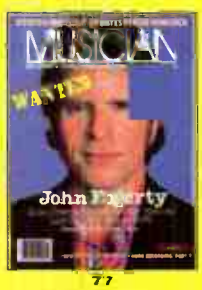
127
Miles Davis

134
Grateful Dead

144
INXS



135
Aerosmith



77
John Fogerty

105
John Coltrane

123
Year in Music

143
Steve Vai

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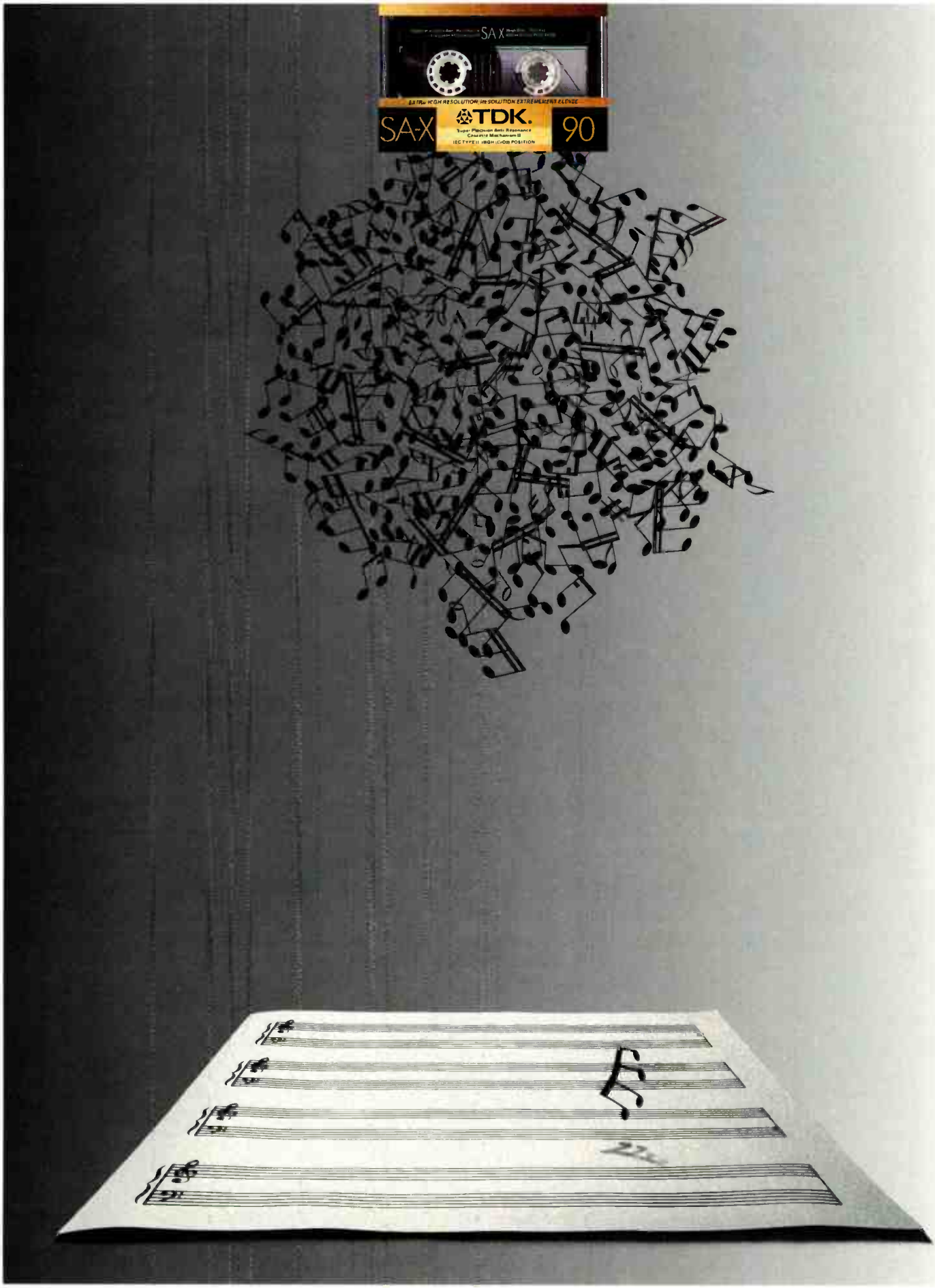

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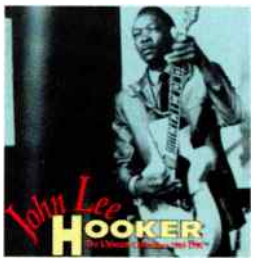

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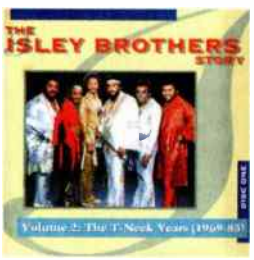

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The Blue Aeroplanes

PURE POETRY FOR NOW PEOPLE

By Mat Snow

"I'M A WRITER," IS HOW GERARD LANGley, perma-shaded leader of the fast-rising Blue Aeroplanes, declares himself on official forms. And he can prove it. When the band sent out review tapes of their 1990 album *Swagger*, nestling among Langley's own lyrics was an uncredited setting of the poem "The Applicant" by Sylvia Plath. That no critic remarked on the presence of an acknowledged literary masterpiece amidst his offerings could only suggest to Gerard that he is just as good as she. And on the Aeroplanes' latest album, *Beatsongs*, Langley is confident that with his dramatic rendering of "The Boy in the Bubble" he has improved upon Paul Simon's original. Modest he isn't. But neither is he alone in thinking that after seven years of trying to escape a reputation for whimsicality and studied Bohemianism, the Blue Aeroplanes, from the west English city of Bristol, have staked out a genuine claim to substance and originality.

"I've been obsessed with music since I was 13," says Langley. "The first gigs I saw were by the Incredible String Band. Nobody then thought you could actually be in a band, but by the time I left college, with punk, everybody was. I started with punk, and I'm 32 now." One of that era's countless inspired amateurs, Gerard edged into Bristol's arty rock scene in the early '80s armed with a scrapbook of short stories, poems and interviews. Landing a gig as a singer doing covers of old Kinks and Velvet Underground songs, "I realized Lou Reed was not singing, not hitting any notes. He implies a melody."

That is the kind of vocalist Gerard is. He can't, or won't, sing a given tune, but he can imply a melody over a riff. Riffs and counter-riffs played by up to four guitarists are what the Blue Aeroplanes are all about. And stretching and twisting poems to fit over those riffs is what Gerard is all about. "The most disappointing thing I've heard in the last three years," he sighs, "is that Laurie Anderson is taking singing lessons. She'll sound like Kate and Anna McGarrigle and never be able to say, 'This is your captain speaking' in that low voice ever again. It's only a fashion that people feel they have to write a set little melody and follow it. The French don't do it in their chansons.

"There is," concedes Gerard, "a Bohemian atmosphere to Bristol. It's all low-key; everybody dresses down. We might seem a pretty arty band, but not in Bristol. What the dancer and I do [live, the Aeroplanes employ the services of a dancer, Wojtek Dmokchowski: "Cheaper than a light show," explains Gerard] are the only con-

Photograph: The Douglas Brothers/Onyx

cessions. Everything else was too straight for Bristol. They didn't like the straightness, the folkiness and the pop shit we put in. They could handle the dancer, they could handle the gabbing. But what they couldn't stick at any price was the '60s guitar and the folk influence. That's what they fucking hated." Indeed, from the Aeroplanes' debut in 1984 with *Bop Art* (actually a collection of Langley's demos; he formed the first line-up of the band afterwards to play the songs live), they've fought an uphill struggle against local disdain and critical caution. When, around 1984, R.E.M. became fashionable in Britain, "that made the acoustic, folky style more acceptable. But only for American groups. We're more in the mainstream in America than we are here, and accepted as such."

In addition, for years Langley had to contend with a constantly shifting membership; in the early years so many members of the band were in college that long tours could never be set up. So in 1988 Gerard forced the issue by setting up a 20-date tour—"and that's when half the band left." But their replacements (and the band now numbers eight, with several more occasional players) have proved a far more committed line-up.

The aim of their records, says Langley, is merely to capture clearly the music arrived at in rehearsal. They recorded *Beatsongs* in Los Angeles' Ocean Way Studio, for example, "because it has the best [*cont'd on page 119*]

Hi-Brow Tech

ANGELO BRUSCHINI plays a Gibson ES-175 through an ACT preamp, Peavey power amps and Marshall cabinets. HAZEL WINTER and ALEX LEE play Gibson 335s through standard Fender Twin Reverb amps; RODNEY ALLEN uses Rickenbacker 330 and 360s through a Vox AC30 reissue. "Rickies have a nice top-end crunch; my 175 hos got o lot of bollocks, and the 335s have a midrange. All three together project into this massive sound," says Angelo. For recording they use acoustic guitars made by Kincade Brothers of Bristol ("all kosher European woods, no Brazilian rainforests"), and live they use Takamines. PAUL MULREANY plays Sonor drums and cymbals. ANDY MCCREETH plays Gibson 335 and Fender Precision basses through an SWR amp. ROBIN KEY twiddles an E-max sampler, and GERARD LANGLEY sing-speaks into Shure SM57 microphones.

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Modern Jazz Quartet

40 YEARS OF VIRTUOSITY

By Jim Macnie

"YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU," declares Milt Jackson with a dead serious look in his eye, "so I'm not in it for the money. My satisfaction comes from knowing that our music will have a legacy; future generations will enjoy it. The most important thing is what you do while you're here."

The Modern Jazz Quartet, the vibes master's main context for expression for the last four decades, will undoubtedly cast a long shadow over musical history. But they ain't gone yet. Last night the MJQ captivated a throng of tourists at NYC's Blue Note by injecting an almost unparalleled sense of finesse into a scad of hard-hitting and lyrical blues pieces. By allowing tiny moves to resonate with maximum import, they create an aesthetic of subtlety. It's a place where the triangle tings of percussionist Connie Kay can chime like church bells. Or where a bowed bassline by Percy Heath can roar like a plane setting down. No wonder crowds have been responding to it for 40 years.

John Lewis, Percy Heath, Connie Kay, Milt Jackson

"I think the constant improvisational aspect of the music is what keeps people coming back," explains Jackson. "There's always the question of how the creativity of the jazz act will come about each night. That's what keeps us interested too."

"A large part of the attraction is the virtuoso element," offers pianist John Lewis. "That's what the music stands for to me. It's been developing since the '30s, and it came to fruition with the beginning of bebop; you had to either be a virtuoso or not play. And I'm not only talking about the solos; you had to be well equipped."

Lewis should know. Like Jackson, he was in the thick of things during bop's baby days. Both were part of Dizzy Gillespie's seminal orchestra. "One night Dizzy told the horn section to take a break, their lips were getting weak," recounts the vibes player. "He said, 'Jackson, you and [Ray] Brown are making more money than anyone else, so start earning it.' The audience reacted immediately. We decided that when the big band broke up, we'd stick together."

With Lewis, Brown and Kenny Clarke on drums, 1952 became the year that the Milt Jackson Quartet made their recording debut. It was also the year they broke up: Clarke and Brown split, replaced by Kay and Heath. "John didn't want to be a sideman to me," Jackson says, "which is quite cool. But I didn't want to be one either."

"We had to get a name that was no one's name," says Heath. "But," interjects Jackson in a candid whisper, "the hip people all know what the MJ stands for."

What it stands for is quality and innovation. Applying the ardent blowing of bebop in a vibes/piano/ bass/drums context was a radical move, shifting the way the music was heard. Lewis' sophisticated tunes turned their back on the jam session mentality, relying on the canniness of his structures and the collective poise of the players to get through them.

"John wrote stuff that suited the instrumentation," smiles Heath knowingly, "which often included European forms like fugues. I'd only been playing five years and they were hard for me. Things like 'Vendome' and 'Concorde' are tough. I was coming out of a 'Give me the chord changes and I'll walk for a while' mentality, and he said, 'Percy, you've got to get some lessons.' It was constant rehearsal, grueling sometimes; I remember being up in Lenox, Massachusetts, where it was beautiful out. I'd want to go fishing and John would say, 'Okay, there's practice this afternoon at one p.m.' Real frustrating. But ultimately it pays off."

Photograph: George Lange/Outline

JOHNNY WINTER

Let Me In

The illustrated man is back! Legendary Texas blues guitarist Johnny Winter debuts on Pointblank with *Let Me In*. Guest musicians include Billy Branch (harmonica), Jeff Ganz (bass), and Tom Compton on drums. Johnny is a hard-working no-nonsense artist who has built a career on substance.

JOHN LEE HOOKER

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LARRY MCCRAY

Ambition

Ambition is the U.S. and Pointblank debut for McCray. His guitar style is likened to the three Kings – B.B., Albert, and Freddie, but more. McCray has a style of his own, mixing blues, soul and hard rock/funk. It's been said, "the blues renaissance starts here."

WALTER WOLFMAN WASHINGTON

Sada

For the last twenty years, Washington has been polishing his skills in New Orleans' afterhours clubs, developing a style that draws from New Orleans street music, gospel, funk grooves and above all, soul! *Sada* is marked with velvety guitars and rousing horn arrangements.

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Lewis, who believes his compositional talents overshadow his pianistic prowess, recalls that one of the main attractions was the fact that "it just felt so easy at first, especially coming from Dizzy's arrangements. At first we didn't need to worry about writing music; Milton has always known plenty of tunes, believe me."

It was Jackson that was often featured. "I had tried my hand at many instruments, but my father said I wouldn't get anywhere being a jack of all trades. When I discovered the speed control on the vibes, and realized that it matched the vibrator technique of singers, I went all vibes. It was all I needed."

Jackson's take on bebop—that its rigorous turns should be approached with like-minded ardor—helped bring some bluesy grit to the proceedings. "At heart, it's a physical music," says Jackson. "That's one of the things I learned playing with Charlie Parker. You put every bit of energy that you have into it. It's fascinating to watch what happens to listeners; we reach out and grab people some nights. When we first started, I wasn't prepared for the Bach type of thing that John introduced. I was never a great reader. I finally learned to read and now realize that it's very important to our sound."

The MJQ went their separate ways from 1974 to 1981, which only made them more sought-after. Finally, they just couldn't say no to a prestigious and lucrative Tokyo gig. "We were all doing our own things," shrugs Heath, "but we had a meeting and found out the parts didn't equal the sum." Lewis: "With all the traveling we'd done, it was a chance to actually pay attention to our families. But getting back together felt just fine too."

MJQ: 40, a multidisc retrospective of their Atlantic work, positions them as grand old men, players who have weathered many of jazz's stylistic wrinkles ("Could you imagine us playing fusion or whatever they call it?" cackles Heath). But the current vitality suggests they don't rest on past accomplishments. After making records for the Beatles' Apple label, jamming with Itzhak Perlman, swingin' the White House and trading precision tips with the Kronos Quartet, they're still looking around corners.

"None of that stuff was half as exciting as playing with Charlie Parker anyway," scoffs Jackson. "Hey," offers Heath, "our music is still changing. Lewis is forever hearing parts of his tunes that he's unsatisfied with. Just when I think I've got something straight, it reads different."

Such tinkering makes thinking on your feet a requirement, which might be why the MJQ projects such a sober demeanor onstage. "You know, with this music, if you don't stop and listen, you've missed it," says Heath. "We've tried to leave behind the image of the entertainer with the constant smilin' and teeth flashin'. What we are saying is, 'Let's try to advance this art form.'"

"That kind of thing is for the media," Jackson says. "They're always deeming some people heroes and leaving others in the dust. I mean Elvis Presley—was he really that great? Hell, no! But he's presented that way. I realize that it's not a black majority in this society, but it's tough knowing that they're always going to put someone else up front. It just takes a little more intelligence to get into this music."

Milt Jackson plays Deagan Vibes' Imperial Model, Console 5, Connie Kay uses Sonor drums, Percy Heath has a 200-year-old Ruggieri bass and John Lewis plays a Steinway Concert Grand. Ⓜ

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L SERIES

Making Stars the SBK Way

THE HOTTEST NEW LABEL HAS A HIT MENTALITY

By Thom Duffy

MILES FROM THE MANHATTAN offices of SBK Records, in the expensive backyard of label chairman and CEO Charles Koppelman, SBK A&R chief Don Rubin is discussing the drive for success needed by new acts.

"The main thing we try to instill in artists is the work ethic," says Rubin, sitting in the shade of a patio umbrella. Nearby, singer/-songwriter Russ Irwin is working on his tennis game. Nashville newcomer Billy Dean is working on basketball layups. And over by the pool, singer Francesca Beghe and rockers Kingofthehill are working on their tans.

SBK staff and artists have convened at Koppelman's luxurious Long Island home for a company outing. It marks the second anniversary of a major label built largely on market-savvy A&R work with new acts—at a time when other start-up companies have paid big bucks for big names to top their new rosters. Performers unknown three years ago—Wilson Phillips, Vanilla Ice, Technotronic, Jesus Jones—have given SBK a platinum stronghold smack in the pop mainstream, right where Charles Koppelman wants it.

Behind SBK's enviable track record is an A&R process that is keenly tuned in to the power of pop image, intimately tied to the marketing and promotion machinery, and ultimately dependent—Koppelman says again and again—on the quality song. That is the SBK way.

It is a process driven by the team of Rubin and Koppelman, whose relationship goes back to the late '50s and the campus of Adelphi University on Long Island (where they formed the Ivy Three with a classmate and scored a Top 10 novelty hit, "Yogi," about the cartoon bear). While the buck stops with Koppelman, who oversees the entire SBK operation with label president Martin Bandier, Rubin and his staff handle day-to-day A&R.

Charles Koppelman (above) and Don Rubin of SBK Records

"We pretty much said from the start that this is not intended to be a boutique-type label," says Rubin, watching tug-of-war teams on Koppelman's back lawn. "We hope to reach every format of music."

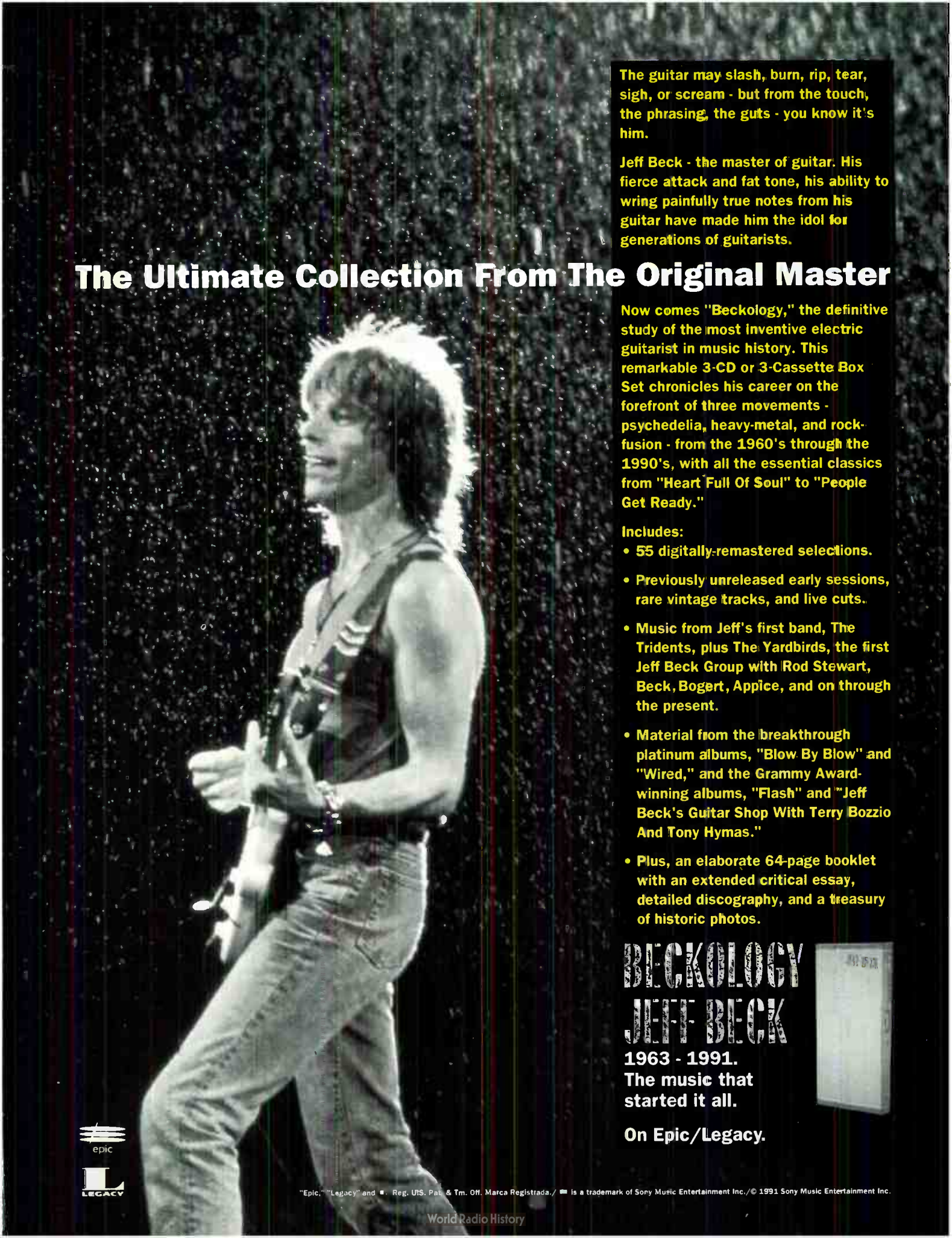
And reach them by the throat. SBK goes for potential pop blockbusters, wherever it may find them, in whatever genre. "It comes every which way," says Rubin of talent leads. "Producers, managers, agents. Apart from that, we get in something like 300 or 400 tapes a week from unsolicited sources. We had our semi-annual A&R meeting until about one o'clock last night and one problem we discussed was what to do with the volume of tapes that come in. You hate not to listen to even one because you really never know what that one will uncover, especially when you're dealing in discovering artists."

New artists anxious to help SBK discover them won't have an easy time. Demo tapes that make it through the door usually arrive via industry professionals such as attorneys or publishers. And with the label's single-minded focus on breaking every act into the Hot 100, SBK is unlikely to sign and develop more than one act in the same genre at a time. The label began working on British alternative-rockers Blur, for example, only after Jesus Jones hit it big.

"We're trying to devise a system now to cope with the flood of unsolicited demos," Rubin says. "But we still have to devote most of our time to the current roster."

SBK Records, wholly owned by EMI Music, also has an in-house talent pool

Photograph: Sylvia Otte



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LEGACY

through its relationship with EMI Music Publishing, of which Koppelman is also chairman and CEO.

As publishers, Koppelman and Bandier long felt cheated by the decade-old record company practice of paying new acts only 75 percent of the standard mechanical royalty rate for their own songs, through the "controlled composition" clause in new-artist contracts. Bandier has called the practice "statutory rape."

As record company partners, the two executives eliminated the clause in SBK's recording contracts. It is the only major label to have publicly done so. The policy gives SBK some leverage in signing artists who write their own material, says Rubin. "We also make a very big effort to sign the publishing rights [to EMI Music] to acts we record for SBK," he adds. "It's not a must but wherever possible, we try."

Although SBK added veteran acts like Smokey Robinson and Phoebe Snow to its roster this year, the label has nurtured most of its stars from the ranks of newcomers. "We very much prefer, quite honestly, the development process," says Rubin, describing how SBK builds a marketable image. "Signing, developing, putting the act together with a producer, with songs, and molding the entire situation."

The SBK way does suggest, however, that some artists are more suited for the label than others. "That's very true," says Rubin. "There are acts that will be totally true to their school and there's nothing you can do to try to style or create something, other than what they feel is within them," he says. "But we try as best we can to give our expertise in every area of creating a star—with the artist's input as well. We can't totally remake someone and we don't try to. We try to take the best attributes an artist has...and inject as much as we feel is necessary to properly market and sell that artist."

While they focus on song selection and production of their acts, SBK A&R execs stay close in touch with SBK's marketing department under VP Ken Baumstein and promotion team under executive VP/GM Daniel Glass. "Very much so," says Rubin. "We really have to guide the product creatively and hope that the way we style it is not only right creatively but right for the marketplace."

So the SBK way demands more than a strong head of A&R, says Rubin. "You need someone who is sensitive to everything, not just a promo guy or a music guy."

That all-around guy at SBK, of course, is Charles Koppelman. Several days after his backyard bash, Koppelman is in his huge office at SBK, overlooking the peaks of the New York skyline. He pauses to take a call from Smokey Robinson ("This guy is our Rod Stewart," he enthuses. "He's our Phil Collins") before turning his attention back to A&R. "The common denominator in all these genres of music is quality of song and mainstream appeal," Koppelman says, in a phrase he repeats like a music-biz mantra. "If you look at the artists we've signed and broken through," he continues, "it was always the class of the field."

Critics who rank hits from multi-platinum rapper Vanilla Ice alongside, say, a novelty tune about Yogi Bear, might disagree. But Koppelman scoffs at the idea that SBK's roster has lacked critical credibility.

"I don't care about critics or reviews," he says flatly. "I remember years ago, I read a review in the New York *Post* or *Daily News* that panned Dolly Parton's record 'Here You Come Again.' That was the same week it was number one on three [*cont'd on page 119*]

John Mellencamp

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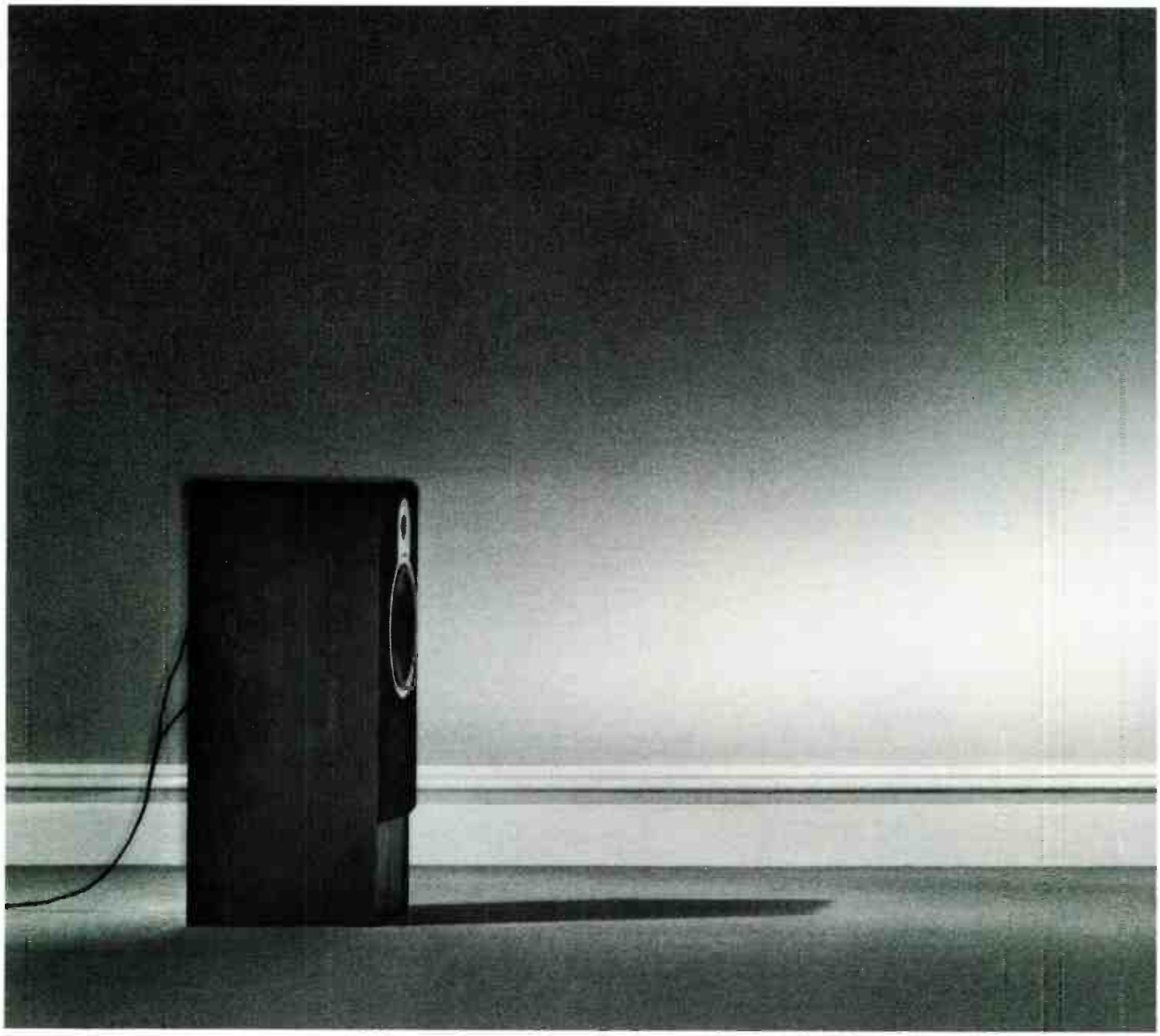

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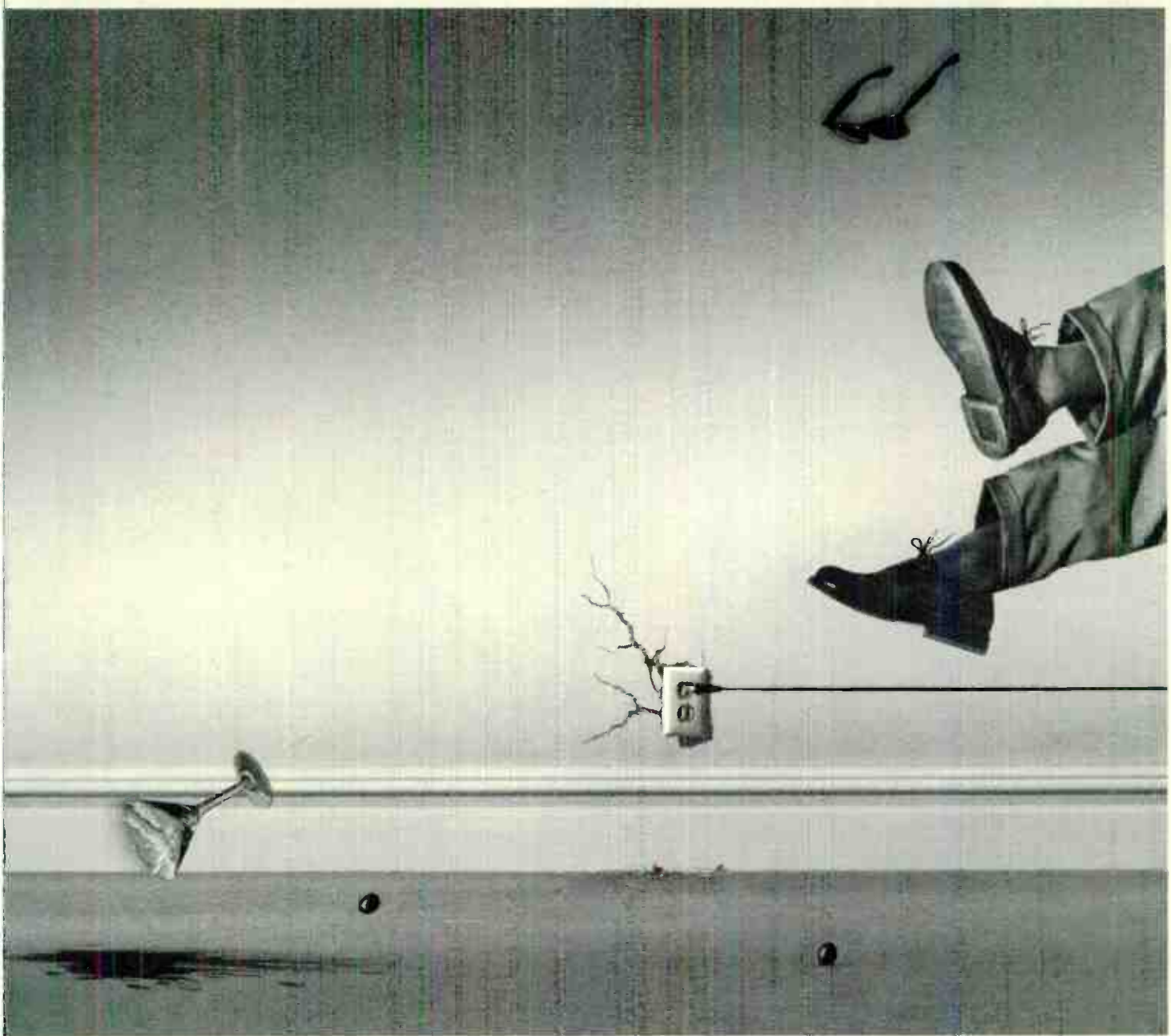

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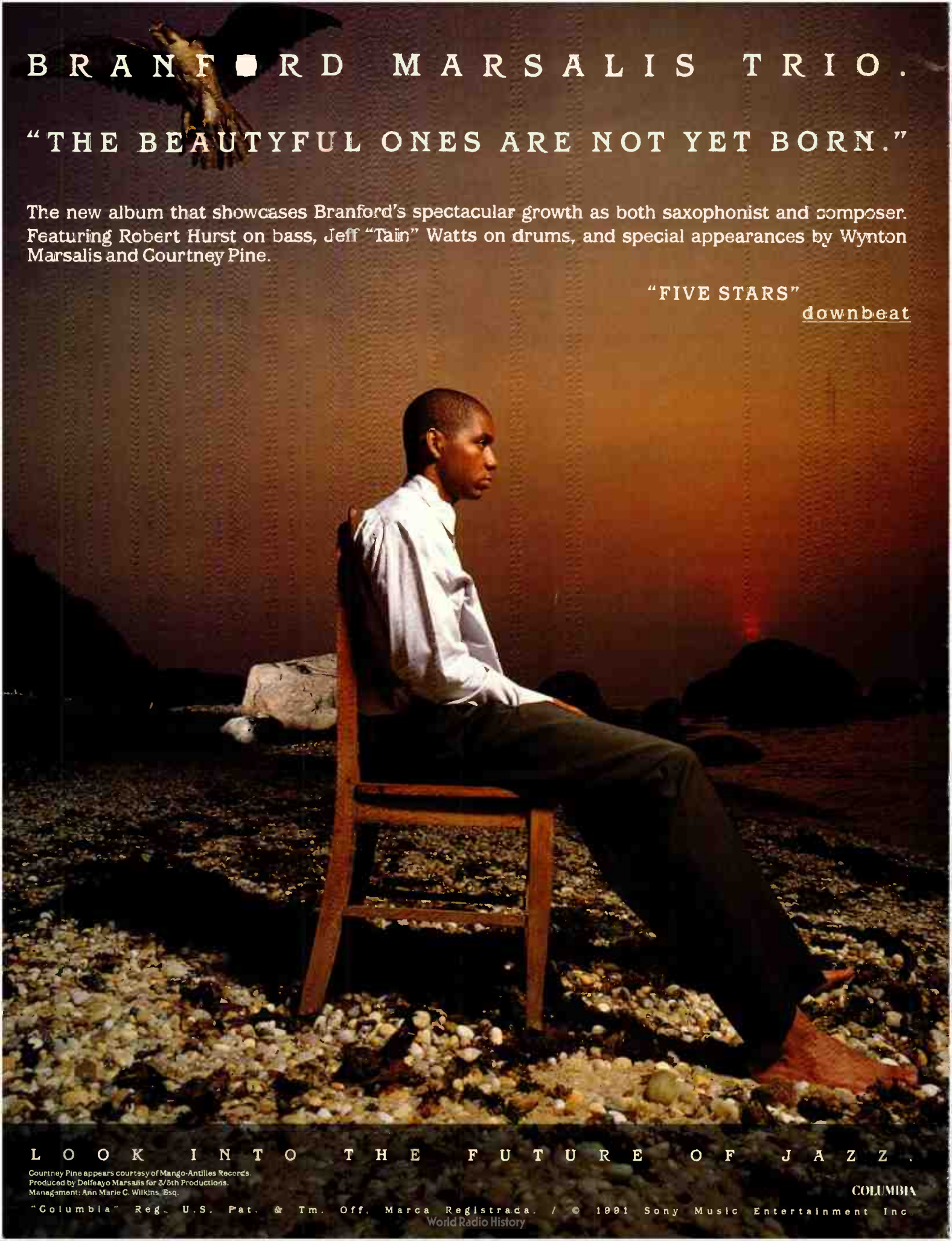

MUSICIAN
DECEMBER 1991

Sketches of MILES

Miles Davis liked to drive Ferraris and he liked to drive them fast. On one of the many occasions he was stopped by police for exceeding the legal limit, Miles explained that his speedometer was broken. Then how can you tell how fast you're going, he was asked. Miles replied, "I can hear it."

Miles Davis meant many things to many people. Some would argue that, as a classic Gemini, he was many people. Vastly differing portraits might be drawn by his family, his friends, his fans, his critics, and each no doubt would be valid in its way. But the astonishing array of artists who shared his music were all these things and more. For

Photo by David Gahr

remains the wellspring of Miles Davis' legend and his legacy. Off the bandstand, he could be funny, nasty, shy, clownish, generous, selfish, cold, loving—the whole nine yards of human comedy. When he picked up his trumpet, he let turn the key to his soul.

Here then are sketches of Miles by some of the people who knew him best. They were his compadres and fellow travelers in a journey that moved from bop to cool to modal to fusion to funk without ever abandoning the probing spirit that is jazz. Some, like Dizzy Gillespie and Max Roach, are legends themselves; many are well on their way. Some are close friends of 40 years' standing, while others remain distanced observers. None would claim to truly know the essence of Miles Dewey Davis III. How could anyone? But night after night, they could hear it.

➢ MAX ROACH

When he came to New York in the '40s, we roomed together. Miles was always inquisitive, restless. Even when we were playing with Charlie Parker, he was dealing with the Nonet, the *Birth of the Cool*, which made history—even if it took eight years for the record to come out. He knew you cannot write the same story over and over. You have to draw on new ideas. And Bird was a great teacher! 'Cause we never heard him practice. We'd be playing six or seven shows a night in these clubs. And the first set, he'd play something hard and fast that would literally destroy us. I'd be sweating and Miles would be going, "pfft"—we'd all be struggling. When we recorded, the first time we'd see the music was at the studio. Bird would write the tunes on the way there, or between takes—like you were writing a letter, you know. He was the improvising master.

MILES tried to reiterate that the only Jazz Tradition is that there is No Tradition."

Of course, Bird was the main reason Miles came to New York. Bird played Miles' music as well—"Half Nelson," "Milestones." But man, he would just wash us away on the bandstand, nightly. I remember when Bird died in 1955. We were commiserating our loss the day after. And Miles said, "Yeah, he died before we had a chance to get even."

Miles had the Midas touch, I must say. Everything he did, from the Nonet to the electric stuff, was profound musically, and then eventually it would start turning into revenue, too. But he never cheated on his artistry—or on anything, for me. Those rhythms he created when he got into the electric thing I began to hear behind rap and everything else. He's one of the many who's always searching, but one of the few who makes it work—the people go along. And as Miles has proven in his painting, it doesn't have to manifest itself in only one dimension.

He was a serious painter! I went over to his house and there were canvases in every room. He took it up as therapy, 'cause Miles always had some kind of problems with his body. He was always trying to build it up—that's how he got into boxing. I hadn't seen any of this marvelous work until I ran into him in Spain, where they were having an exhibition. He looked at me with that cat-who-just-swallowed-the-mouse look of his and said, "Max, I'm making more money with my paintings than I do playing the horn."

Onstage, he wasn't the type to just stand there and snap his fingers and grin—he wasn't that type of person. But he knew, everyone would look at him whether he was playing or not. So when Cannonball or Coltrane would solo, he'd turn away so the audience would turn their attention to them. He got criticized for that, but I think it was correct. Everywhere he went he carried that charisma. You knew Miles was there. He didn't have to say a word.

He was 360 degrees music. Even at Juilliard, he used to practice out of a clarinet book, which for a horn player is ridiculous. Every day was analyzing this, taking that apart, no matter if it was Louis Armstrong or Bartok. Even his electric things were subtly done. For all that power it was never distorted. It's the way he did everything, with discretion and a kind of personal genius. The Midas touch.

When he married Cicely up at Bill Cosby's house, he wasn't well at the time. The ceremony was at midnight and people weren't even sure if he was gonna make it. We were all trembling when Miles came in. But later on we were talking about it. And Miles said, "You know, when I look down at the end of the bed, I can't tell the difference between Cicely's legs and mine." He had a great sense of humor.

➢ DIZZY GILLESPIE

In the early days, before he went with Charlie Parker, he'd want to find out from me, "What were those weird notes?" So we'd go to the piano—he didn't play piano at that time—and I'd hear the chord with that note in it and point it out to him. But then he really went way out with that. He'd hit that note three or four bars before its time, then hold it until it resolved. He did that all his life. And it would resolve, 'cause he knew what he was doing. But before that, man, he didn't know about the piano.

Most of the time we were together, it was about music. He knew what he was doing, as far as style. He wasn't interested in playing like me, I don't think. He learned very early that he didn't have to use all the notes that Charlie Parker and I were using. Once he said that he wanted my fingers and Freddie Webster's style.

After he became a bandleader, we didn't see as much of one another. Years might go by. But when I went into the hospital, he'd call and ask if there was anything he could do. When he was in the hospital I called him, but I didn't speak to him. He couldn't talk. But his daughter and his sister were there, so I'm sure they told him.

He's got a special place in our music. We'll miss the guy.

➢ J.J. JOHNSON

Our friendship began while he was going to Juilliard. Later, I played trombone in his band. We'd just played a club date in Philadelphia. Miles said, "J.J., let's go to New York, just for tonight, and come back tomorrow." I said, "Miles, we've had quite a bit to drink, don't you think we oughta..." "What the hell, J.J., let's go." I said, "Okay."

We got into Miles' Ferrari. Miles said, "J.J., I can't make it. You

Interviews by Mark Rowland, Josef Woodard, Karen Bennett, Matt Resnicoff, Tony Scherman and Jim Macnie. Also, thanks to: Kei Akagi, Dave Brubeck, Benny Carter, Ron Carter, Pete Cosey, Joey DeFrancesco, Robben Ford, Charlie Haden, Marilyn Mazur, Jason Miles and Gary Peacock.

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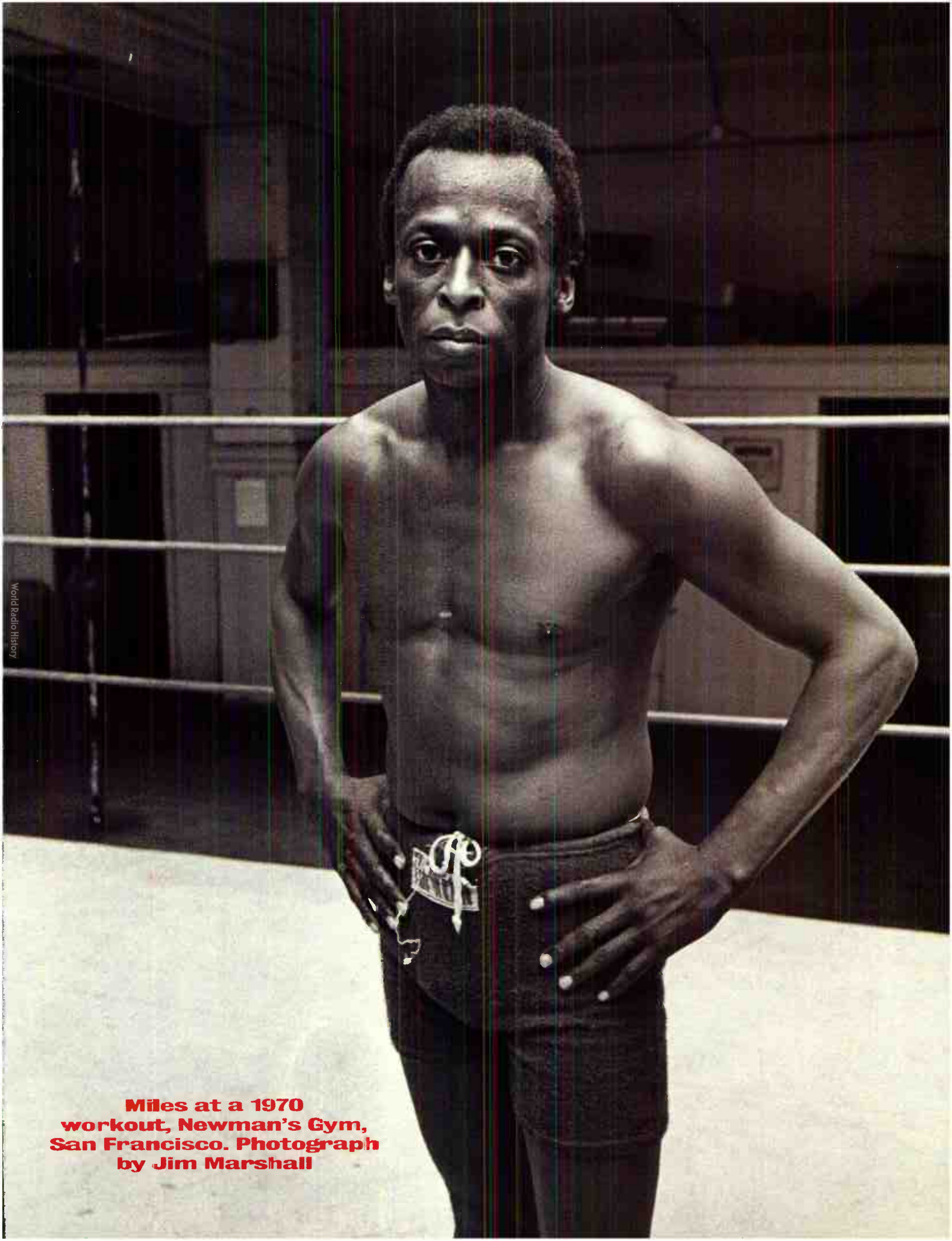
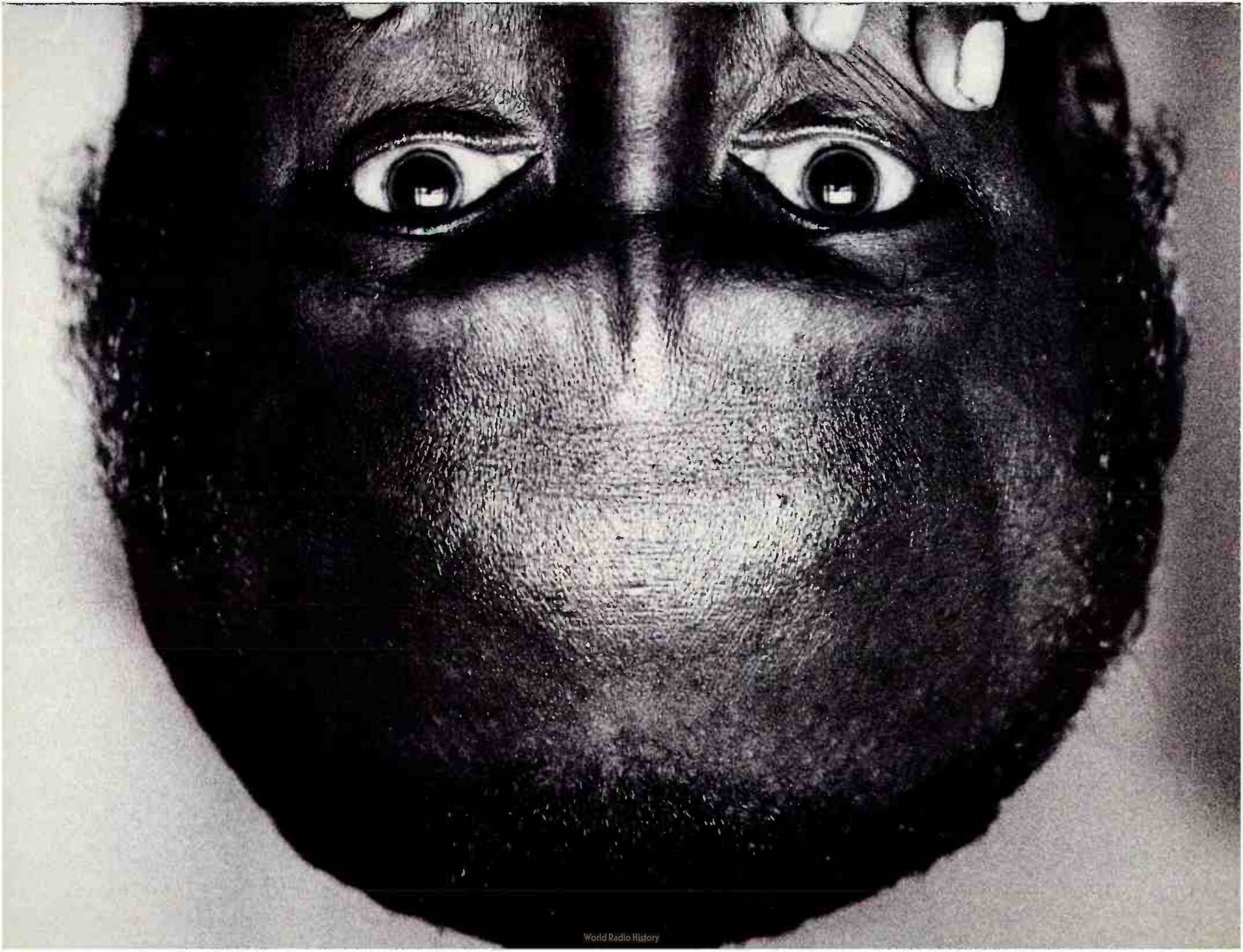


Miles at a 1970 workout, Newman's Gym, San Francisco. Photograph by Jim Marshall



drive." "Me, drive your Ferrari? You gotta be kidding!!"

"J.J., you drive!" I drove. We got to New York City. And got a speeding ticket along the way. We got to Miles' home and he said, "You take the Ferrari to Jersey," where I lived. I said, "Take your Ferrari to New Jersey?" He said, "Yeah! Keep it as long as you like. When you get tired of it, give me a ring." His baby, his flaming-red Ferrari, I kept for seven days. There is no experience like driving a Ferrari.

I returned to the jazz scene by way of doing college clinics and master classes. Students are very proficient in the ensemble part of their jazz endeavors, but when it comes to solos, they run into difficulties. What I do is this: I say, "Listen, class, I have brought with me a Miles Davis album, a very famous album called *Kind of Blue*. One of the cuts is 'So What.' I'm going to play for you a portion that will include Miles Davis' solo. I'll play it two or three times. Listen as if you were a surgeon about to perform a delicate operation. Listen clinically to every note Miles plays. He's never in the stratosphere, he never plays fastfastfastfast. It is sheer lyric beauty. Listen, listen, listen to this solo." Because I say to the world, not just to the class, it is the quintessential example of the language and the syntax of jazz.

Miles at Newport 1990. Photograph by David Gahr

➢ JACKIE MCLEAN

I joined his band when I was 18, and I was awed at first. 'Cause he had been standing next to my master, Charlie Parker. Sonny Rollins was in that band, so I was the baby on the block—I was just trying to keep up. But after a while we became friends.

He always had that desire to be a superstar, to be with the cream of society. You know, like at one table you'd have Clark Gable, Muhammad Ali, Veronica Lake and...Miles. Sonny and I had other goals. But he was a regular guy with the fellas. He used to be a lot of fun. We'd go to the movies. He'd love to giggle at stuff. If you did something to make him laugh, he'd beg you to do it again. He loved Philly Joe's sense of humor, and Philly Joe was constantly on call to keep him happy.

I see a relationship with Lester Young, the way they told a story, and the economy of expression. Lester could play five notes and put you under his spell, and the same with Miles. I saw that as my goal with Miles, to get a sound as identifiable as his, along with the economy and choice of notes.

When he started using electric instruments, I still loved the things he brought out of the trumpet. He took music designed for bass guitar and vocals, took the vocals away and put the trumpet there and pushed to another level. But Miles could have played country western and his sound would make it his. Besides Dizzy, who is the king for me, Miles is my favorite stylist. It was a very lonely expression. You felt like he was pulling himself through the trumpet.

Of course I disagreed with some of his statements in recent years. Putting down traditional music—"spitting in the cradle" is how I put it. And I don't care how he rationalized that what he played over some vamp was as meaningful as what he played on "Round Midnight." But he definitely had the charisma. He could ignore you, make terrible statements—and the minute he hit a note all was forgiven.

Billie Holiday always carried around the blues. Miles wasn't like that at all. He never wanted you to see the blueness in him once he put the trumpet down. He had that facade for the world: "Leave me alone." But underneath the facade he was very soft, and people who were close to him saw it. Especially around someone like Art Blakey. 'Cause Art was the real tough guy. I was in Miles' band with him—I mean, it was Miles' band, but everyone knew Art was the boss. And Miles would become very soft in his presence.

➢ LEE KONITZ

Miles was very much a listener—all through his life. He was always paying attention to the arrangers. With the *Birth of the Cool*, the beautiful part was the feeling of hanging out and sharing ideas. Miles was chosen as the head of the group for his appeal, for the possibility for him to get the band work—which we didn't get much of. He was a sideman really; Gil Evans or Gerry Mulligan or Johnny Carisi were calling the shots. But he's also a catalyst of sorts. By listening and allowing people to function, he's come up with lots of great music.

I was in Europe when Miles died and I thought about the recent declaration that Norman Schwarzkopf was a hero. And I thought, Norman Schwarzkopf brought fucking destruction. Miles was a real hero: He brought beauty into the world.

➢ JIMMY COBB

Miles had the best band in jazz—Coltrane, Cannonball. I used to go to the gym with Miles and take pictures of him. He'd call me because he couldn't sleep. I'd tell him, "Don't call me because *you* can't sleep, *I* can sleep!"

He used to mess with everybody who came in the band. He told Bill Evans he had to make love to all the guys in the band. Once we were sitting in the car, having a little discussion. Bill went to say something and Miles said, "We don't want no white opinions." Bill didn't know how to take him, because most of the time he was putting everybody on. I'll probably start giggling when I think about him, because he was really a funny guy.

Photograph from preceding pages by Anton Corbijn

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➢ HERBIE MANN

We used to have the same girlfriend—not at the same time. We all have that same ambition with women, Miles just lived out our fantasy. I would even go to his tailor. He reinforced that feeling, to strut your stuff if you can get away with it. Miles always did. I always tried.

I was playing with him a few years ago, and after my set I was backstage watching. He's out there making faces, back to the audience...then he looks backstage and sees me. And with his back to the crowd he gave me this big smile and waved like a little boy. That was the affinity I felt with Miles, with that "Little Boy Blue." To me, that *was* Miles: a lonely, sad little boy, crying in the night.

➢ TONY WILLIAMS

In the '50s, Miles and Max Roach were speaking like men, acting like men. I saw them and said, "That's the life I want to live." Miles showed you how you carry yourself. He inspired people to think *beyond* what they thought they were capable of. The time I'm talking about, from 1957 on, this is before the civil rights movement of the '60s, before anyone knew about King or Muhammad Ali or Malcolm X. Miles was a person that people of my generation looked to for those things. So when the '60s came, I didn't need anybody to tell me "We shall overcome." I was already living it.

➢ HERBIE HANCOCK

The first day I showed up at Miles' house to play, Ron Carter and George Coleman were there, and Tony Williams. Miles stayed upstairs, coming down maybe once a day. He'd peek his head in the door and then go back. One day, Philly Joe Jones and Gil Evans came down and listened. We found out later that Miles had called them and said, "Come listen to my new band." He was listening to us through the intercom.

At the end of the third day, Miles said, "Okay, tomorrow we have to meet at 30th Street Studios at 3:30 to record." I said, "What? Does that mean I'm in the band?" I thought I was just auditioning. He said, "It means you're making a record." We recorded half of what's on *Seven Steps to Heaven*. That was on my fourth day with Miles.

What we were trying to do with that band was to combine straight-ahead playing with the influence of the avant garde. We called it "controlled freedom." At first Tony and I would play freer behind George Coleman and more straight ahead behind Miles, until one day Miles said, "Why don't you play behind me the way you play behind George?" We said, "Really? Okay." This was at a club in Detroit. The next day, we dropped all that stuff on him. We wouldn't play time or I'd use strange voicings—all kinds of things. Miles' body was twisting and jerking. He was trying to find a way in there.

The next day, he wasn't jerking so much. By the third day, not only did he have it down, but *I* was the one that was jerking and moving around. Right after that, Miles said, "I don't want to play chords anymore." The next record we did was *E.S.P.*

The only thing he wanted us to do was to try new things and to

work on things. You didn't even have to sound good. He hates it when you go onstage and play what you practiced. Basically, the two bands that were on the '60s leading edge were Miles Davis and John Coltrane—which is interesting because Coltrane had played with Miles. So it all comes from Miles.

➢ BUSTER WILLIAMS

The first night I worked with him, Miles called "So What." During those days he was playing real fast; it was right after he made *E.S.P.* I was nervous, my hands were sweating, and I muffed the line. Miles, like a truly compassionate parent, turned around to me, and while holding his horn in one hand, ran his hand down the strings of my bass with the other, and said, "Try it again." Then he stomped it off at the same tempo and I played the shit out of it. I felt like a cat purring when you rub its neck. Like this was my mentor. And when I asked him after the gig, "Miles, what am I supposed to be doing up there?" he said, "When they play fast, you play slow. When they play slow, you play fast."

➢ GARY BARTZ

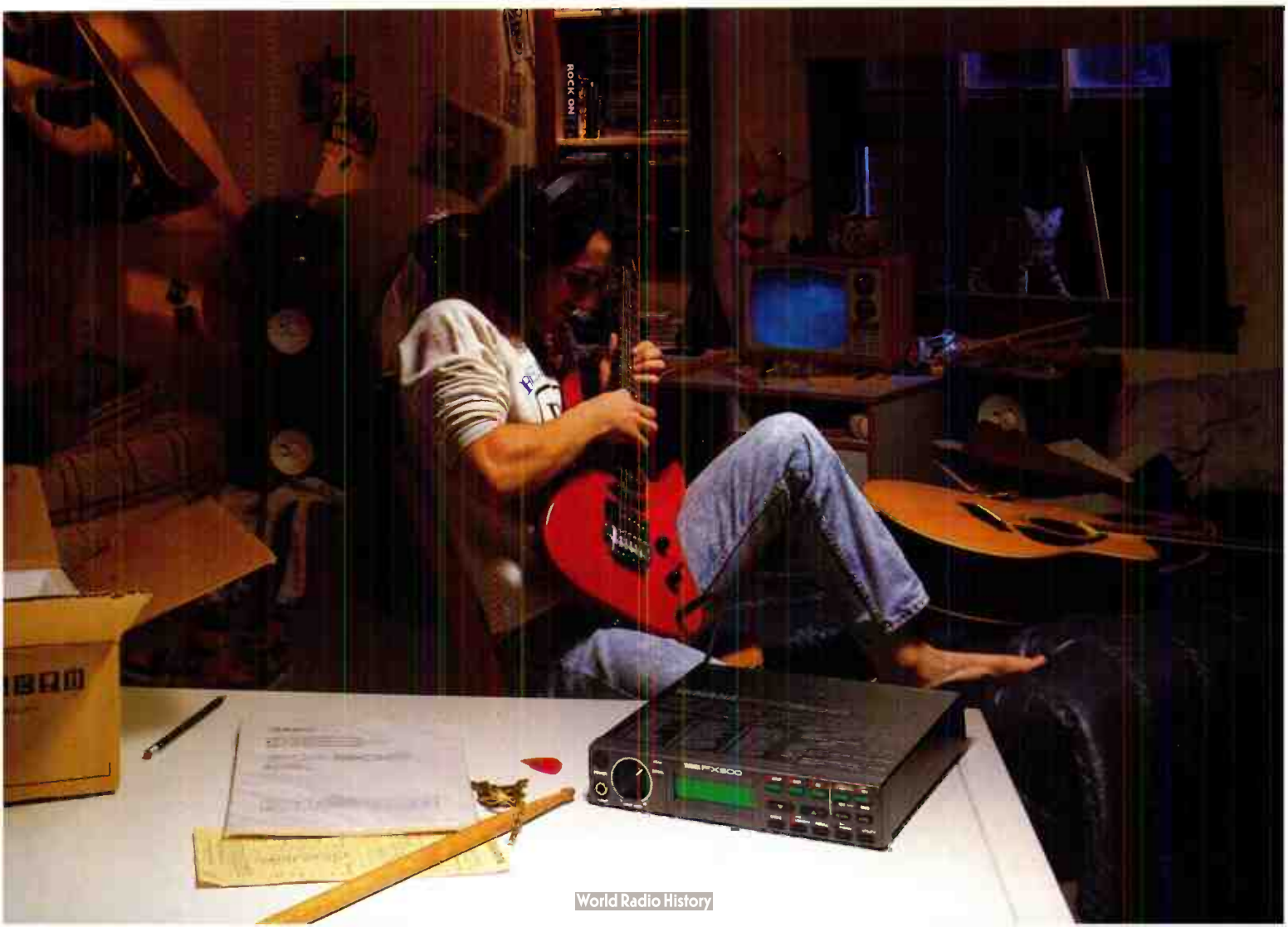
For me, the first person to transcend the decades was Coleman Hawkins, but the difference between him and Miles was that Coleman's sound retained the older style. Whereas Miles' sound was always up to date. And for me, there will never, ever be a better bandleader on earth, because he knew how to be a bandleader yet be one of the members of the band at the same time. He could hang just like a sideman.

I remember coming to a concert where they had a big catered meal set out for everyone, the musicians, roadies, soundmen. This may have been at Lincoln Center. I went in there and I got all excited, and I went and said, "Miles, man, you gotta see all this food they got here." And Miles said, "I didn't come here to eat."

➢ WALLACE RONEY

At the Montreux Festival this summer, I got a chance to hang with Miles for three days. I was never supposed to play on this concert, but when they rehearsed the [Gil Evans] orchestra, they needed somebody to play Miles' part. We rehearsed for a couple of hours and then Miles came in. Kenny Garrett was joking that he knew Miles must be coming because his horn was shaking. I heard a voice behind me say, "Hey, you sound good as a motherfucker on that." And Miles handed his horn to me. I said, "No, man, you come up and play it." He said, "No, act like I'm not here." I finished playing, next thing I know he and I were playing together. The next day he gave me more stuff to play. By the time it got to the concert, we were sharing everything. If it wasn't for Miles, I would have been just listening to this concert.

On top of that, we hung. He was telling me everything he could think of about music, like he was trying to cram 45 years of music into three days. I didn't know he was ill, I didn't think he was going to die, but maybe he did. Things just spilled out; he talked about Bird, Dizzy, Monk, everything you could think of. He knew how much I love him and he said that's cool, because that's the way he loved



Dizzy. I'd like to do with Miles' style what he did with Dizzy's style. Take it and make something very personal out of it, that would be my best tribute to him.

➢ DAVE LIEBMAN

When he asked me to play with him I was playing with Elvin Jones, who was sort of a mentor for me. And I didn't want to leave. We were at the Village Vanguard, and Miles came down three nights in a row. Finally Elvin asked, "What does he want?" I told him. And Elvin said, "If he wants you, you got to go."

That period with Miles was very chaotic musically, not clear or settled as his earlier years. The rhythm section was funk—Miles was being influenced by Sly and Hendrix. There were few melodies, it was very free and weird. You'd do something, and if he didn't say anything you just kept doing it. It took me three or four months to get the picture of what he wanted. It was very electrified. But it's an underrated period. He never really got a chance to finish it, he got sick and it ended, so it wasn't a neat package. The sound was extraordinarily abrasive. The sound systems then weren't like they are today. I mean, it was loud!

Music was his serious, deepest side. He liked ballet, boxing, painting, but the other stuff, like his various affairs, I always felt like that was his way of keeping busy between playing. Like he was bored. But on the bandstand, there was no jive. It was almost religious, like bowing to the gods, that you had to pay them back for their giving you this ability. You'd see it backstage. Five minutes before we'd go on Miles would get real quiet. Not pseudo-religious or anything, but he'd be hearing the music in his mind. And everyone else in the band would get with that. So by the time you went on you were ready.

If he'd gone into movies he would have been a class A director, because his timing was impeccable. Once we flew from a gig in Tokyo to Beirut—22 hours. We never got off the plane. I remember looking into the first-class section at Miles and he was slumped over, out. When we landed he went to the hospital. I know it sounds funny but none of us were that shocked, because this had happened before—it was like he'd come back from the dead. He was very sick. The show was postponed for three or four days. Then we got onstage and there he was, and we were all happy to see him, of course. We were standing next to each other on the stage. And he looked over at me from behind those big sunglasses and said, "That was close." Then he proceeded to play. He was just so dramatic.

➢ CHICK COREA

He allowed things to happen. He didn't try to confine our tendency to play free music, for instance. He could have said, "Hey look, could you keep to this tempo? Could you not play such wild shit?" But he never did. He even participated in it to a degree. But mainly he allowed that freedom of expression to exist as an atmosphere in his band. The spirit of creation present when we were there playing—you could never trade that for anything.

➢ KEITH JARRETT

One night at a small club in New York, Jimi Hendrix was at one table and Miles was at another table. It was a pretty freaky time. I walked past Miles and he said, "You shouldn't be a pianist." He could see I was hearing something that the piano wasn't doing.

When Chick Corea left, Miles said, "Well, which instrument do you want to have?" I said, "I don't know. Bring 'em both." This was an organ and a Fender Rhodes. Much of the time, I was playing the same lines in unison on both instruments. So the phasing could shift between the two notes.

The sad thing is that that band—while everyone knows it exists—there is no record of it. Anybody who was in Boston at the Jazz Workshop when we were there for two weeks that winter, is still vibrating from that, I'm sure. Miles was healthier than I'd ever seen him. He was playing longer and harder and not getting off the bandstand at all, even though it was a tiny stage. Jack DeJohnette and I would look at each other in amazement at the amount of energy he was using.

The day after Miles died, the trio had a concert. I realized when we played that night that we had been getting closer and closer to that '60s rhythm section sound that Miles is responsible for. Kicking the beat around and kicking bebop on a little trip. It made me want to try and define what that is that we've lost. It is pure intent. Miles was a resonance and when he died, we lost the resonance. For all the young players who were playing in this room, the materials of the walls just changed.

➢ MIKE STERN

I was playing at the Blue Note with Billy Cobham and all of a sudden there wasn't any drummer. Miles had called Billy offstage and told him, "Tell your guitar player to be at Studio B at six o'clock." A week later he called me for the final tune, and really liked the guitar solo. I was weighing about 50 pounds more than I do now, so he called me Fat Time! [*laughs, rasping*] "'S hap'nin', Fat Time?" [Saxophonist] Bill Evans called and said "He's gonna call that tune 'Fat Time'—you got a tune named after you." I was thrilled.

I was amazingly in awe of him anyway, and very scared. The interesting thing was, he was nervous, too. He hadn't played for six or seven years, just holing up in his apartment. He was more vulnerable generally, which he was anyway, an extremely sensitive person, so he was leaning on us a bit more. On the very early gigs, at soundcheck, he'd walk out in the seats and say, "Turn up, turn down," trying to get the sound just right. He didn't know what he wanted; he was searching. He was letting me play more than *I* wanted.

I went to his house in Malibu one time and just hung out. He was really nice. Cooked me some chicken. His dishwasher was breaking and he said, "I cook you the chicken, you gotta do the dishes!" So I threw the dishes in this machine and the water was coming out everywhere and I said "Miles, your dishwasher is fucked up!" and he said, "Mike—ask me about a *chord* or something."

The poor drummers would get the worst. One time he stopped the band and said, "Do you know what I'm lookin' for?" and the

drummer said, "No, I don't." Miles said, "I don't either, but keep going and I'll tell you when it's right." And when it was right for him, it didn't matter what anybody said. "Oh, Miles, man, I sounded like shit on that take." He'd say, "Fuck you, it's going on the record."

➢ JIMMY HEATH

He had excellent taste in everything in life.

➢ JOHN SCOFIELD

I was with Dave Liebman at Seventh Avenue South in '81; Miles came in, he was starting to come back. He said, "Hey man, you sound good," and I said, "Oh Miles, it's great to have you back on the scene." He said, "Shut the fuck up." He would say things I wouldn't take from other people. Miles got away with it just because the people who wanted to play with him really loved him. I think he was a very angry person. But he was also incredibly generous with compliments, and would tell me I was a fantastic musician. That gave me the confidence to do what I'm doing now.

Miles almost didn't make it through retirement. He was sick, and he realized he had to play in order to live. To me, anything he did was okay because he was just trying to survive. He didn't want to work hard at being an innovator at the very end. He didn't want to say it, but he wanted to play good music and make great money. The music he made prior to his retirement was tortured in that he *had* to find something new. *Tutu*—that was different, but it was also what he described as "people music." He wanted people to come to his gigs and dig it, you know? He didn't want to be an esoteric jazz legend. Nobody else could do big long tours *every* summer and fall and sell out stadiums all over Europe. And these people were not jazz snobs; they just dug Miles. He could make a believer out of a non-jazz person with the beauty of his sound and his rhythm and his notes. That's pretty heavy.

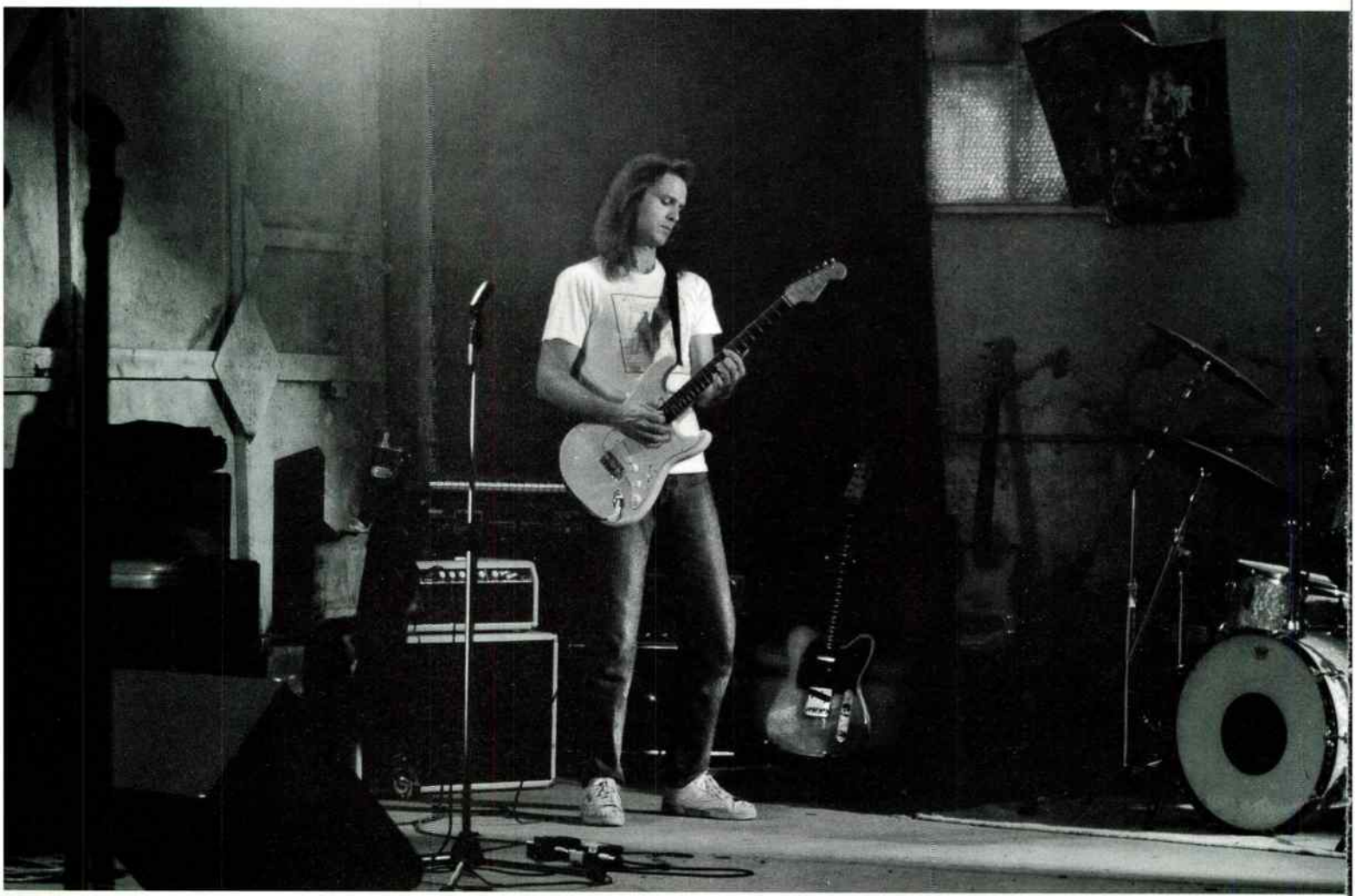
➢ BOB BERG

You know, in some ways he was very humble. We'd come offstage and he would say, "I didn't play shit tonight." It amused me, hearing that from Miles. But it humanized him. Here was a guy with his fears and insecurities, just like any other player. People get very carried away sometimes with their stories and opinions of him. There were plenty of times I saw him as a guy just trying to make it.

➢ CARLOS SANTANA

I first met him in '69 at Tanglewood. Like most rock 'n' roll players I was scared to death of him at the time. The only analogy I can give is that people who play at his level are the ocean, and I was used to swimming in a pool. I know he has a reputation that he can be a black panther, who can scratch and take your head off with one or two comments. But when we talked, he was really encouraging and kind.

With all respect to John Coltrane or Bob Marley or Jimi Hendrix,



they became immortals because they died. Miles was immortal before he died. I have a video of Muhammad Ali's first fight with Joe Frazier in Madison Square Garden. And everybody was looking at Miles when he came in. I mean everybody, including Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier. He was that powerful.

➢ JOE ZAWINUL

We never talked about music. We talked about politics, people, a little philosophy. Boxing probably was the longest subject. We used to work out at the Stillman's gym in New York. Sometimes at his house, I would box with him. The last time we boxed was in Bordeaux this July a little bit, and he was very strong, man. He did a couple of nice little moves.

Just this summer, I said, "How come you never come to my house? I'm on the way to Los Angeles." He said, "Well, give me your address. I'll come by with *one* of my cars." That status thing—he always cared about that. When I used to come to his house, he'd say, "Hey Joe, I got more money in my pocket than most motherfuckers make in a year."

During the time when he was away from the business, I'd go to his house and sit down at his piano. He'd be on the other side, moving a couple of sculptures he had on the piano—to be inspiring. While I'd be fooling around with music, he would cook soup or something. In my New York visits, I'd always take time to go to his house, take him something to eat from Zabar's, talk to him a little bit, tell him to come back out. He'd just say, "Ah, fuck that music. I have more money than ever."

Miles used to crack me up. But during that time, he didn't laugh anymore. One day in New York, he was the worst I had ever seen him. He snorted up coke by the boatload. He gave me money to pay off the drug dealer. I thought, "What am I doing here? I have a family." I said, "Miles, I don't know what you're doing with yourself, but I'm leaving here." And I did. I didn't see him for years. Frankly, I thought he wasn't going to survive it. The way he was going and as fragile as he looked, he was really running on overtime.

➢ JACK DEJOHNETTE

Miles ignored the word "can't."

➢ MARCUS MILLER

He always said that the way he stayed young was to have a bad memory. But while we were working on the last album, he talked about the '40s, when he was in Bird's band. I get the feeling that was probably the most exciting time for him. There's nothing that can replace the first time playing with your idols. He'd tell how Bird used to count the song off at a ridiculous tempo and play two choruses, then leave Miles alone to play and go downstairs and hang out. I think those times really shaped his mentality, and all the terror stories you heard about Miles putting on other people he worked with, Bird put *him* through that. I think he was kind of paying Bird back for the rest of his life.

People get greedy; they love what the guy did at one point, but when he does something different, it makes them feel old. But you can't

expect everyone to move through life like Miles did. I think the criticism affected him, deep down inside, but he just got hurt and moved on.

➢ WAYNE SHORTER

Art Blakey would start with the music, then go on to sociology. Miles would come from all sides. Like, he would talk about "home training." He would say that no one had a right to come to his house unannounced. When he lived on 77th Street he had a sign that said, "If you have no official business here, don't ring the #?*%!! bell!" And what he was talking about was respect. Dealing with a record contract, it was like, "Miles, you have the most lucrative contract of any jazz man." Yeah, but it's still a *jazz* contract, you know what I'm saying? Miles knew that was a drop in the bucket.

Even when people write things about Miles, there's enough curiosity for someone to think, "Let's find more material on this man." I'm reading the paper here and it says, "He was born the son of a dentist, an oral surgeon...Miles Dewey Davis III never needed the money." And you go, uh-oh, is there a book out on him? He sounds like Bruce Wayne, you know? And Miles playing the trumpet was like jumping into the Batmobile. Son of a dentist by day—but Miles Davis by night! Musician, Prince of Darkness!

I would say Miles came into the world with a lot of fortune. To a guy on the street, the word fortune probably means green money. But his fortune was the way he could see how even everyday conversation was backed up with brainwashing stuff, from the words "hello" to "how are you doing?" So Miles put his fortune to the test. You know he was warned at certain junctures by people who said they had his interests at heart. "Miles, you're gonna lose your audience, they're not gonna go for it..." Part of his fortune was having convictions. And by putting it to the test, he bared himself as a naked soul. With all the finery he wore and the staging, he was naked. 'Cause if you go out there with all that sharp stuff, you better back it up! You have to be a man of substance.

Miles would say, "It's like a blueprint of a spaceship. You can show it to somebody, but it's different when you say, 'I'm gonna get in there!'" Miles did that, he got into the deep water and started swimming. Now, we're going to make sure that Miles was not alone.

I saw his last show, at the Hollywood Bowl, a few weeks before he died. It was my birthday! He wanted me to come into the dressing room. I noticed that he was much more fragile than six weeks before, in Paris. He had something to say to me, a very positive message—vertical, straight toward the stars. As I was going toward my seat, the band was already onstage, playing this rhythm with a "mysterious" harmony. Even hearing the harmony, it created a mystique, you know. And then, right across all that mystique, Miles played "Happy Birthday" to me. Yeah.

The last number that he played, I knew he was tired. It was the first time I ever heard that kind of fatigue coming from him. Now I know, it was the illness. But even when he was tired, his tone had a solidness and fullness—each note, each expression. It was like when you're drinking that cold glass of lemonade. And right at the bottom, just before it goes, there's a coldness that tastes the best. Ⓜ

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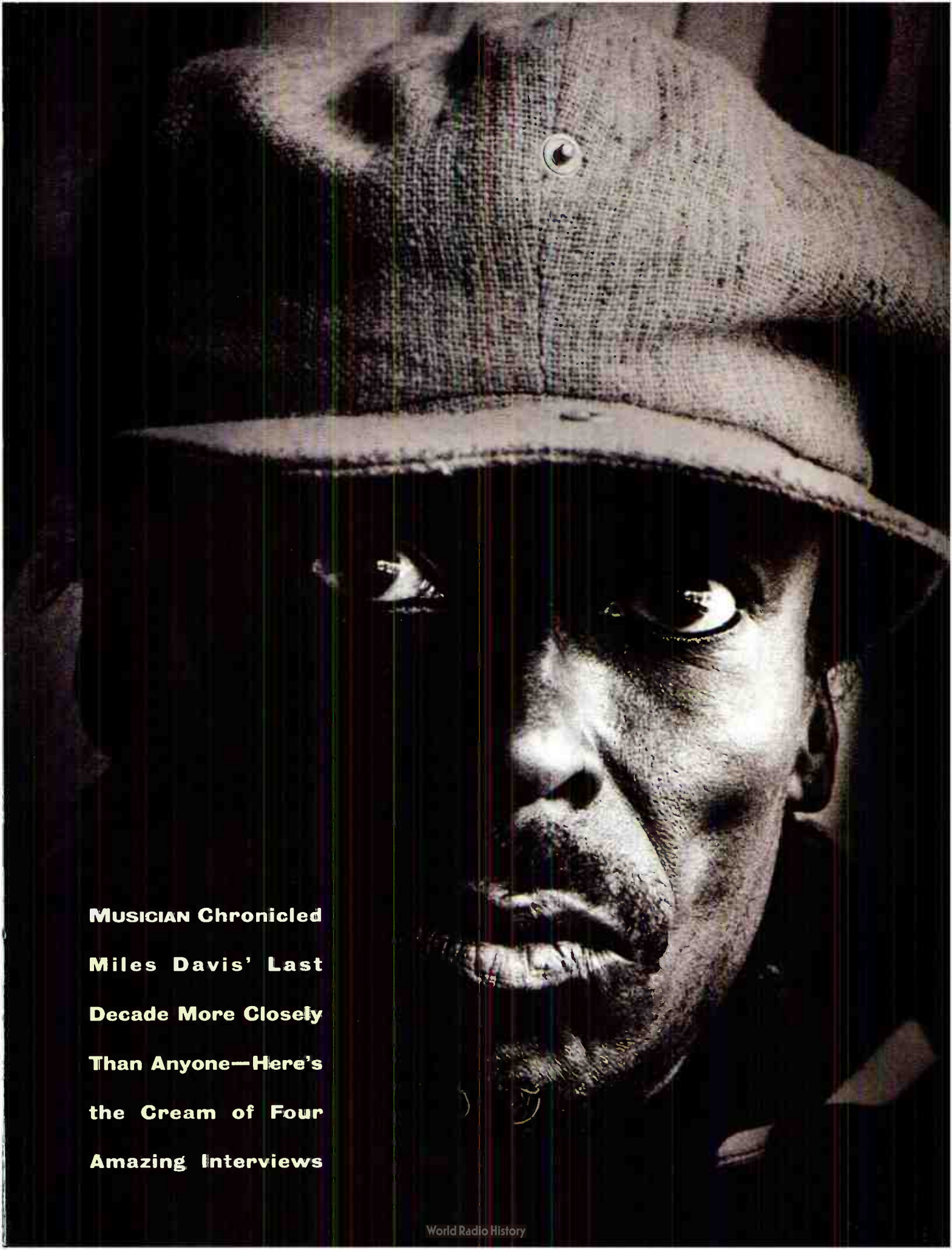
MILES DAVIS A Life in Four Scenes

"...I don't really think about death," Miles said. "I don't think people die, you know what I mean? I don't believe their head stops. I don't know what happens; they have to come back and be around somewhere. I can't see where Gil Evans is dead at all. He's not dead to me. People like your mother and father, you can always tune in to them. I get this kind of thing sometimes, like when a little breeze blows a door open in New York, in my apartment; things that old folks tell you, they have something. My sister said that she smelled my mother's perfume. I can see things I've never seen before. I don't believe that thoughts get lost. I can pull in Gil, or my parents, whenever I want to."

Photograph by Anton Corbijn



MUSICIAN Chronicled Miles Davis' Last Decade More Closely Than Anyone—Here's the Cream of Four Amazing Interviews

Imagine this article as a movie. The above scene is in Malibu, California, spring 1989. The scene starts with the waves of the Pacific and a voiceover, then cuts to the 63-year-old face of the speaker. In a gray modern house overlooking the ocean, Miles Davis is being interviewed by Musician*'s Peter Watrous for a July 1989 cover story. Davis, says Watrous, walks with a limp, and his eyes "have the milky white circles around the iris that old people get." Cut to:*

Eight years earlier—summer 1981, Montauk, Long Island. The porch of a beach house overlooking the Atlantic. Writer Cheryl McCall is conducting the first interview Miles Davis has agreed to give since emerging from a five-year hibernation in his Manhattan brownstone. The Musician *cover story will appear in early 1982.*

What were you doing for those five years?

Nothin'. Gettin' high. I didn't *feel* like playing the trumpet, didn't *feel* like listening to music. Didn't want to hear it, see it, smell it, nothin' about it.

Was that tough? Music is your whole life, isn't it?

That's not my while life. Music is three-quarters of my life. Ninety percent.

You must have gotten really depressed.

Bored is the word. So bored you can't realize what boredom is. I didn't come out of the house for about four years. Everything would come to my house. You know, everything you want, you can get. All you have to do is ask for it. I didn't go to the store. I didn't go anywhere. Try it sometime.

"I write the music and I create the music and I play the songs that I love. Can I go now?"

December 1986, Malibu. A sunny, breezy afternoon on the rear terrace of the Malibu house. Miles Davis is talking to Mark Rowland for Musician*'s March 1987 issue.*

Staying at home for five years didn't bother me at all. I just didn't feel like playing. But then Dizzy came around the house and said, "What the fuck are you doing? You were put here to play music!" So I started back.

Summer 1984, New York City. Tom Moon interviews Miles in the picture-windowed dining room of the trumpeter's new Manhattan apartment. Davis "radiates health;" in black baggy pants, loose-fitting khaki shirt and wide leather belt, he is "a swashbuckling sophisticate." Publicist Sandra de Costa is also present. Moon's story will appear in November 1984.

I just found out what people like about me. The reason they know me on the records is because my sound is different from any trumpet player. I went to Japan, and I was backstage, and the mike was on, and I played a run, and they start applauding. They recognized the sound. I said, "No shit!"

I can't believe that. Of course you know you have a sound.

You know, I never thought about it. Gil keeps tellin' me that. He says, "Whenever you feel depressed, just listen to *Miles Ahead*, and listen to 'Springville.'" He says, "That's all you have to do." When I'm driving in my car in California I like to listen.... I couldn't drive 'cause of this leg. After I got it fixed, the doctor told me to just cool it, said I have to drive an automatic. I went nuts, man. When they said I could drive again I started to kiss him. If I was a woman I'd have laid down and opened my legs....

➢ *Montauk, 1981:*

When you were a kid, what did you think you were going to be?

I thought I was going to be the greatest thing I ever attempted, in whatever I attempted. I knew whatever I did, if it wasn't good, my father was gonna strangle me.

He was a real perfectionist?

He was a professional surgeon. An oral surgeon. Yeah, it was strict. Not religion, but it was strict.

➢ *Malibu, 1986:*

My father had three degrees by the time he was 24 years old. He skipped high school and went straight to college. I used to work in his office every day, and think, how could he have done that—and in 1924?

➢ *Montauk, 1984:*

What was your mother's name?

Cleota. She was a very beautiful woman. She was pretty and very... blank-faced. Just like you're looking at me...no expression. My sister and brother used to give shows every night and I was the audience. They would sit me down and say, "You ready, Junior?" I said, "Yeah, I'm ready." Here they come, dancin'. I said, "No, you'll have to do better than that shit." They say, "Don't you like that?" I say, "No, I paid my money, come on, give me something." Then they'd do some steps again. I'd say, "That was good." I'd applaud.

You started the horn at 12? Thirteen?

Twelve. Fourteen I was making three dollars a night. Fifteen I was making six. Sixteen I was making $100 a week.

➢ *Malibu, 1986:*

By then, all the cats had heard about me—but I didn't know it. They were coming into clubs where [Clark] Terry and I used to jam. All the great players came through St. Louis, you see. Billy Eckstine had Bird and Dizzy. We heard Jimmy Lunceford, Freddy Webster. So I knew everyone before I went to New York. When McKinney's Cotton Pickers came they offered me $25 a night, but my mother wouldn't let me go. My father's best friend—he was a real estate broker but they'd both worked their way through college playing music—heard me practice and he brought me a book. "See this? These are chromatic scales and you can't do nothin' till you learn that." So I learned it overnight. Robbie Danzig, one of my best friends, would say, "Check this record out," and we'd copy the solos.

➢ *Malibu, 1989:*

The tone that we had in St. Louis, that we all got from listening to a guy called Levi. Levi was crazy. He'd start laughing and they had to take him back to the asylum.

My friend Duke Brooks lived right across from school, and he'd get so high his mother put him on the porch and made a room for him. He was about four years older than me, but he played like Bud [Powell]. He'd say, "I got something to show you." The piano was right there. He smoked so much reefer: reefer, piano and the bed, that's all he had in there. We played "Airmail Special," everything that the Benny Goodman sextet played. That was a good band: he and I, a bass player and a drummer.

➢ *Malibu, 1986:*

My tone came from my instructor, Mr. Edgar Buchanan. He had that real "nice" sound, not too big, and guys from St. Louis played like that—Clark Terry, Harold Baker. When I told my father I wanted to go to Juilliard, he said, "You can go. Do what you want to do—but *good*."

Portions of Tom Moon's 1984 *Musician* interview appear here for the first time.

Photo by Algot Zimmer

Marvin "Smitty" Smith

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➢ *Montauk, 1981:*

What was New York like when you first arrived?

Oh man, I was very excited when I first came. I used to walk in the rain. I'd never seen a place like that before. *Subways*. All sorts of pastry, until I tried the pastry, and it tasted like shit. It wasn't scary, because I wasn't looking *up*. I had one thing to do,which was go to Juilliard. I was getting an allowance, $40 a week. I blew it takin' care of Bird and Dex and all them guys.

You were rooming with Charlie Parker?

He roomed with *me*.... Gene Ammons and I [started doing heroin]. First we started snorting it, then we started shooting it.... I should have thought about it a little bit. I stopped after about three or four years, cold turkey. My father bought me a new five-gaited pony. We had 500 acres near St. Louis, in Milstead, Illinois. I stayed out on the farm until I was straight. [My father] had a big colonial-type farmhouse, and I went in there and shut the door and didn't come out. I did that for about two weeks. My father was next door and I was sure not gonna let him hear me holler and scream.... Had a plan though, see, I'm gonna jump out this window, and luckily I'll break my leg and then they'll give me something and I'll be cool, you know? Maybe I'll hit my head on something, knock me out for a while.... Then I said, "No, might break my arm, can't play the trumpet, fuck that. I'll just stay here." So each day it got better and better.

➢ *Malibu, 1989:*

[As a developing player] what were you thinking about yourself, your playing?

Me? I didn't have time to think about myself. I was too busy playing.

But to get to something distinct musically, you have to think.

I was thinking about what chord Dizzy was playing.

But you leave all this open space in your playing...

If you get a good rhythm section, why blow over it? I play against a rhythm section. They push you. That's what it's all about. You have to fit in, not over, *in*. Like you fit *in* a chord, not over a chord. You do all of that to goose a rhythm section, 'cause they get tired of playing like this [*imitates a drummer playing a ride cymbal over and over*] if you don't do nothing. Tony Williams played with one of them trumpet players, it wasn't Freddie Hubbard, might have been Wynton. Put his sticks down. Tony's like that anyway. If he doesn't get a chance for interplay, he'll get fed up. If you're not going to play with the drummer, why not get a drum machine and hook it up?

➢ *New York City, 1984:*

Now it's changing. You don't have a big band arrangement; you've got synthesizers, and it's full, but it's not stiff. Like when you hear some patches on the synthesizer, like we use on "JP," you can't write that; what instrument's gonna play that? It's endless what you can do with different patches. You could take four notes, and put steel drums, electric drum, chimes, bagpipes, strings and brass together. When you hit that, it's gonna sound like the world did it.

➢ *Malibu, 1989:*

I think people are trying to close the chapter of the book called Miles Davis. I know the nature of man, which is to do that. People don't like to talk about the same thing over and over again. [But] I kept trying to keep the music going, change the colors.... That's my nature.

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mouth, his vocal cords, we're talking about his musicianship; he's a motherfucker. Maybe he has to let off steam.

➢ *Montauk, 1981:*

What do you look for in a person to play with you?

His carriage, first. His carriage of the instrument. You can tell whether he plays or not by the way he carries the instrument, whether it *means* something to him or not. Then the way they talk and act. If they act too hip you know they can't play shit. So you don't bother with them.

You get these young guys in your band, and they go off in other directions.

I didn't know they were that young. I don't pick a guy because he's young. [Though] Coleman Hawkins once told me not to play with anybody old because they'll be hard to bend to the way you want them to play.

➢ *Malibu, 1989:*

Nobody can sound like Coltrane. 'Cause it's Trane. First place, he had one tooth out. And it took Coltrane a long time to mature and ripen. Lucky Thompson and I used to talk about chords and shit, so I'd give Coltrane four or five chords to run on one chord, and he's the only one that could do it, he and Lucky and Bird and Coleman Hawkins. Benny Carter could too, if he chose to.

➢ *Malibu, 1986:*

I was out [in Los Angeles] in 1946, when Bird got sick. I came out here with Benny Carter's band, just to see how he was. They had put him in [the mental health facility at] Camarillo. I went out to see him. He was sedated, but he knew I was there. They had him behind a wire fence, and it was real dark. I stayed there and talked to him, and he didn't say nothin'. That shit fucked me up.... When you give an artist like that shock treatment—and that's what they did—you know, your fingers don't move anymore.

➢ *Montauk, 1981:*

Could you have ended up like Charlie Parker, dead that prematurely?

I'm not as selfish as he was. Bird was really selfish. If you had some dope he'd want all of it. If you had some food, he'd want all of *that*.

There had to be a real self-hatred or—

I don't think so. People just say that kind of thing. He loved life. He had a lot of fun. If people had left him alone, he would have been all right.

If who had left him alone?

People saying you can't use this dope, and to keep from getting busted you have to use all of it. What could be any worse than whiskey? It's got my liver all fucked up.

➢ *Malibu, 1986:*

[Saxophonist] Bob Berg's playing his ass off. But Bob's feeling a little funny, now that [saxophonist] Gary [Thomas] is there. Bob says to me, "The guy's playin' my shit." I said, "Look, Bob, I had Coltrane and Cannonball together! What the fuck are you talkin' about?" But you know, he's got a little chesty since he put a microphone in his tenor. I told him, "Bob, you play too fuckin' loud, you play too *long*..." I tell you, a man's ego is something else. Especially a white man. I mean, it's not his band!

➢ *Malibu, 1986:*

Keith [Jarrett] played so nice I had to give him two pianos. He'd go like this—*[imitates Jarrett in a pianistic frenzy]*. I'd say, "Keith, how does it feel to be a *genius*?"

➢ *Malibu, 1989:*

Gil's mind was like a computer. He'd call me up in the middle of the night and say, "You know that part where Teddy Wilson did this, or Fletcher Henderson did that?" If I took him to a record date of mine and I'm playing, he'd pull me over: "Remember, you have a round tone. Remember that"...He's one of the few music lovers that I know. If I have to make a decision about something, I can always say, "What would Gil say right here?"

Gil knew he was going to die. He just didn't

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want to die around anyone he knew. That's why he went to Mexico. Around people, he'd get the routine: "Hey man, you sure do look thin."

➢ *Malibu, 1986:*

Wynton Marsalis? I don't know about him, man. But I know he doesn't talk like that when we're alone together. "Preserve this" and "preserve that"—the way we're going we'll have blacks back on the plantation. I mean, it already *is* preserved. Isn't that what records are all about?

Why did you leave Columbia Records?

Different reasons. When we did [the record that became *Aura*], I wanted $1400 for a digital remix and Columbia wouldn't pay it. And then [Columbia jazz head] George Butler calls me up. He says to me, "Why don't you call Wynton?" I say, "Why?" He says, "'Cause it's his birthday." [*Withering look*] That's why I left Columbia.

➢ *Malibu, 1986:*

I think Prince writes great music-hall songs. Like the ones they used to do in Britain. He wrote me a letter and said, "You gotta hang out with me and Sheila E., 'cause a lot of people have to find out who you are." He signed it "God." [*Cracks up*] Prince is a funky little dude, ain't he?

➢ *Montauk, 1981:*

You must realize that in some ways you're in a class by yourself.

I am. It's no burden, it's just that I can't play like anyone else, I can't fight like anyone else, I can't do *anything* like anybody else. I'm just myself. And I don't fuck around with music because I love music.

➢ *Malibu, 1986:*

Teo Macero said your music corresponds to your relationships with the women in your life.

[*laughs disparagingly*] That has nothing to do with it. There's worse things that can happen to you than a woman, you know; things that make your heart race. Music can help that. That's why they put it in hospitals, offices, elevators—why a woman sings when she puts a child to sleep. Somebody asked me, "What would you do if your wife left?" And I told him, "I'd play a Bflat major seventh. And then I'd feel alright."

➢ *New York, 1984:*

[*Listening to a Paris concert tape with Moon and publicist DeCosta*] You think we're some small change, Sandra? No small change here, dear. I got through playin' in Paris, I said, "Fuck it." You'd be surprised what it does to you, to play like that. Ain't nothin' left. Girls be wantin' to fuck you, you say, "I'm not gonna fuck you *and* play. Didn't you get enough when you listened to me? You can't do both. See me tomorrow."

➢ *Montauk, 1981:*

I don't mess with married women.

➢ *Malibu, 1986:*

This woman brought her little boy to a show, and the whole time he just looked at me like this [*widens his eyes, saucerlike*]. Just stared at me. I said to the woman, "Why don't you buy him a Casio?" She said, "I did that. He just wants to play trumpet." So I said to him, "Okay, let me see your teeth." He kept looking at me. "Well, maybe you can play trumpet. If you don't suck your thumb. You gotta wait a couple of years, though. You're still too young to even hold a trumpet."

He just kept staring at me, never let his eyes go. So I said, "Alright. I'll teach you when you grow up."

➢ *Montauk, 1981:*

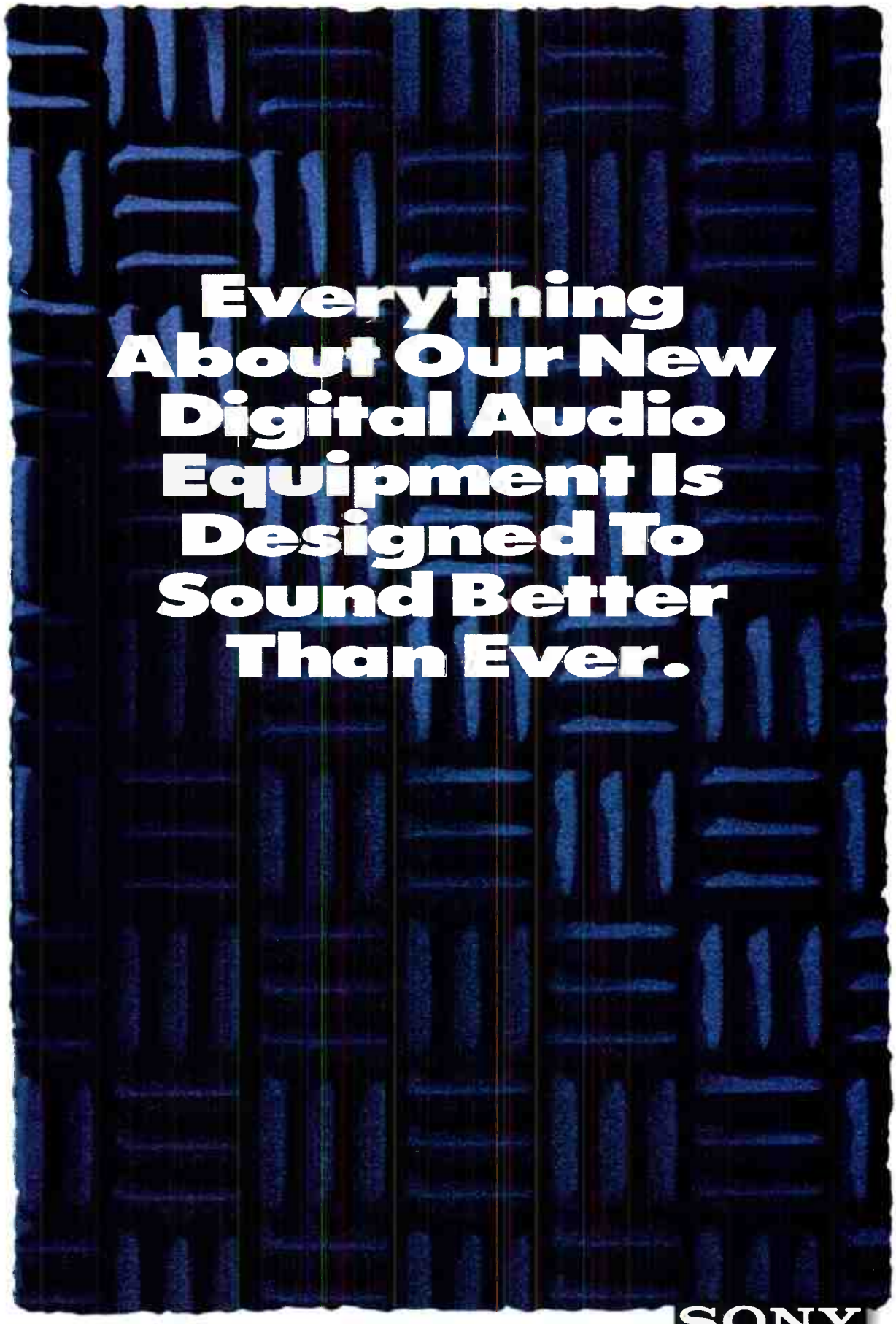
You've said that you're not an entertainer. Is that still true?

Yeah, I'm an entertainer. I got a certain amount of ham in me. I don't know. I'm doin' what I'm doin' but I know I'm a big ham. It doesn't take away from the music, because I just enjoy what I'm doin' at that particular time.

Have you taken a lot of heat because you were one of the first [jazz musicians] to be a superstar?

Am I a superstar? I don't know that.

Why do you think everyone's so excited that you're playing again?



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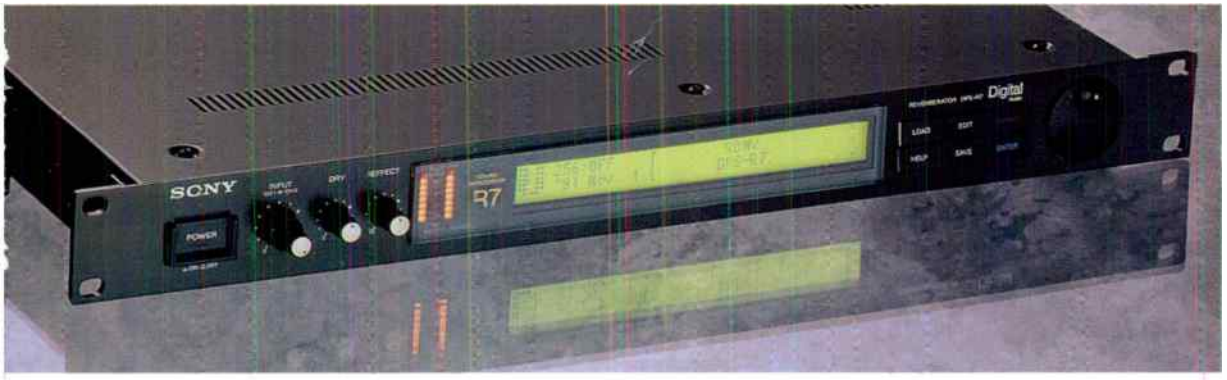
ANALOG I/O: BALANCED +4 dBs (+24 dBs MAX.), UNBALANCED –10 dBs (+10 dBs MAX).

MAXIMUM SIMULTANEOUS EFFECTS (TEN): 4 PRE EFFECTS (2 PER CHANNEL), 2 REVERB (1 PER CHANNEL), 4 POST EFFECTS (2 PER CHANNEL)



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[*Sings to the tune of "Bette Davis Eyes"*] 'Cause I got...Betty Grable's legs.... They wouldn't let me sing. Next album I'm singing. Sure, I'm gonna siiing some sooooulful ballads....

What are your plans now? Are you going to stay active?

I'll stay active till I *die*, now.

What makes you angry?

Everything.

What makes you happy?

Little things. Everything doesn't make me angry. It takes a lot to make me angry enough. It's not that I'm angry, it's the way I speak. I don't *lie*, so it comes off like that.

Is there anything you want that you don't have?

You, Cheryl, I want you, but I know I can't have you.

Besides that.

I want a cigarette boat.

A cigarette what?

Boat. Speedboat. I want me a solar-energy house.

I don't have any more questions, Miles. I just want to know who you think you are.

My brother says I'm King Tut reincarnated.

Who do you *think you are?*

I don't know, I think I'm a fellow.

Well then, what moves or motivates you?

When I hear some good music it motivates me to the...nth degree.

But you also create the music.

I know. I'm King Tut. I write the music and I create the music and I play the songs that I love. Can I go now?

➢ *Malibu, 1989:*

That thing that came out [*referring to an article claiming Davis had AIDS*], I didn't read it. I think an ex-wife must have had something to do with that. Sounds like some shit an ex-wife would do. Bitches are vicious. Maybe she thinks some girl will read it and won't want to fuck me. I got pneumonia in Europe, and I never did get rid of it. Once you stay here for a few days it gets better. So I stay here, exercise and the other day the doctor told me the pneumonia was all gone. I don't have AIDS now. I don't think I'm going to sue. You have to say, "You already got mad at that, don't get mad again." But women are vicious. It's just a way of thinking some women have. If they can't have it, nobody else will. The only thing I can think of that I haven't done is to live to be 90, and I'm not 90 yet. I'm going to do it, too.

➢ *Malibu, 1986:*

When the time comes, I don't think I'll really die. The spirit will still be there. I am gonna wear this body out, though, 'cause I'm wearing it out now.

When they went into my hip they were supposed to stay four hours and they stayed about 10, 'cause they found out there was nothing there. Can you imagine that? It was like being dead for 10 hours. I woke up and it was dark. Cicely was there, saying, "You're doing fine, Miles."

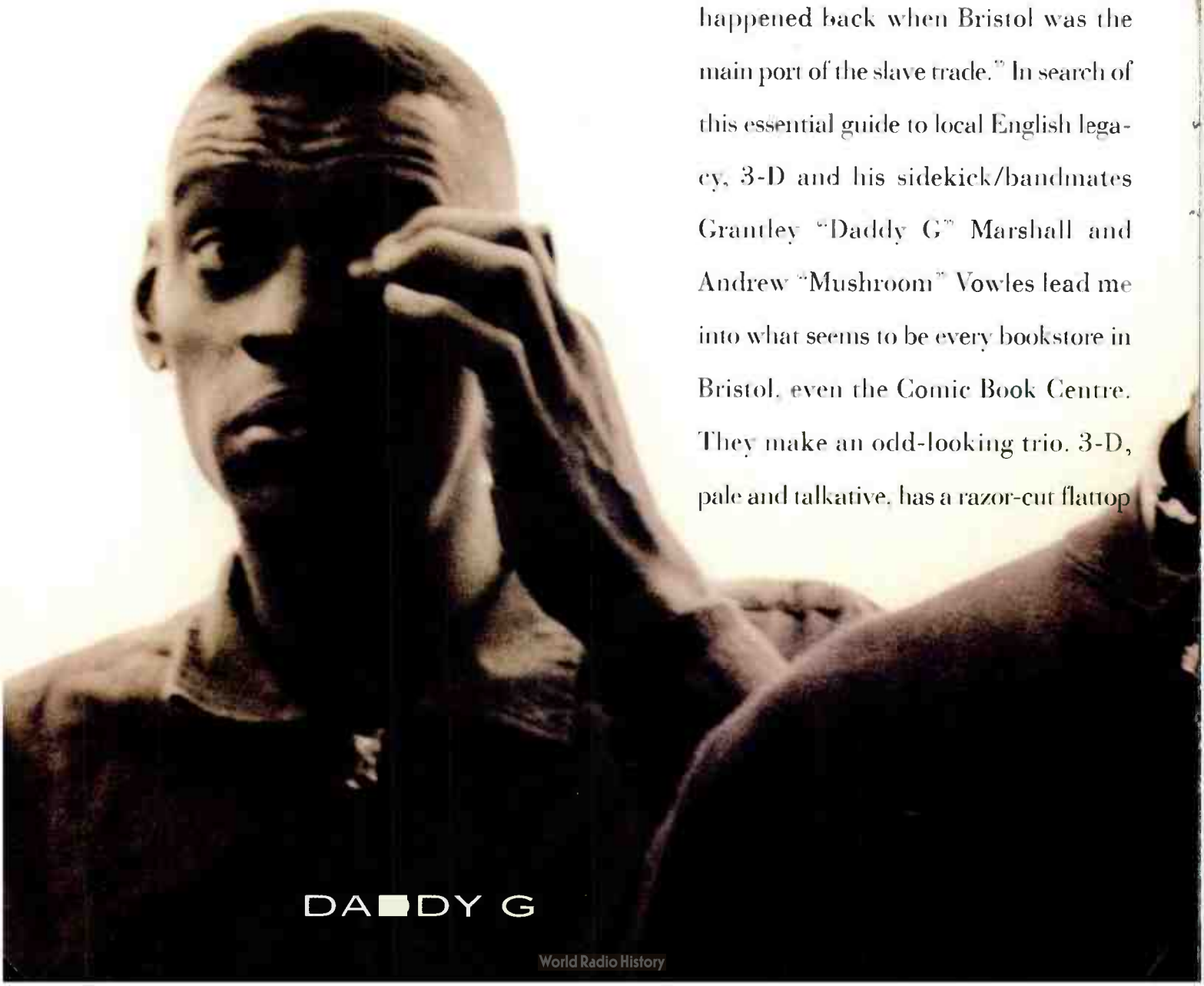
I think dying should be about the same, right? Except that you'd drift into it, and you'd know that you weren't going to wake up. So you could direct it. Have a jury trial to decide whether you're going to heaven or hell. Put your assets and your faults...your assets and your faults... [*his voice drifts away, as if he's already going over some personal calculations*]...But I think they'll say, "Well, he's the only one who can play like that; we better let him in."

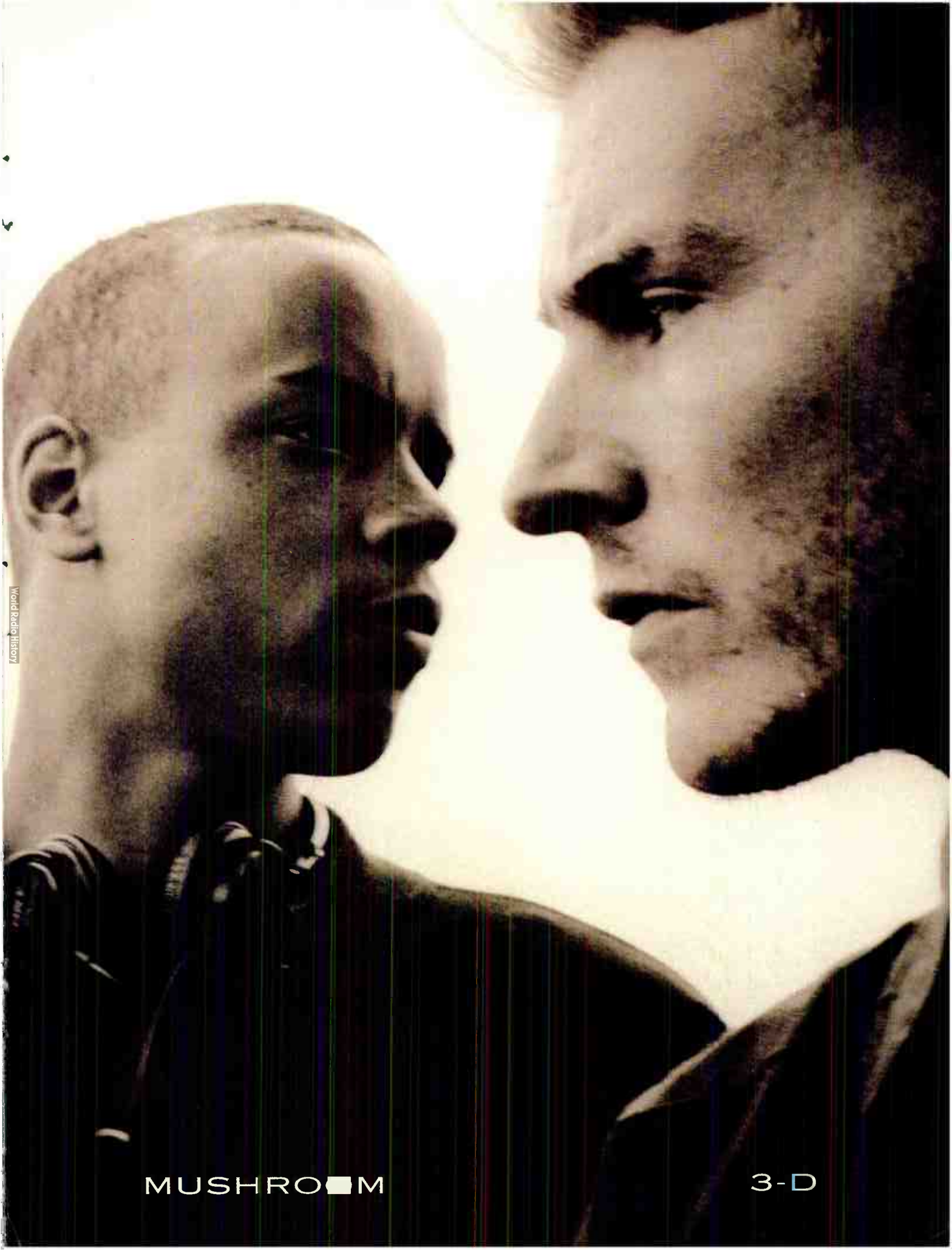
MASSIVE ATTACK

Assault by Seduction * *by Daisann McLane*

The Shocking History of Bristol is a book that, says Massive Attack's Robert "3-D" del Naja, I certainly must buy while I'm here in town. "It tells the stories about this city that they don't teach you in school—the scandals that happened back when Bristol was the main port of the slave trade." In search of this essential guide to local English legacy, 3-D and his sidekick/bandmates Grantley "Daddy G" Marshall and Andrew "Mushroom" Vowles lead me into what seems to be every bookstore in Bristol, even the Comic Book Centre. They make an odd-looking trio. 3-D, pale and talkative, has a razor-cut flattop

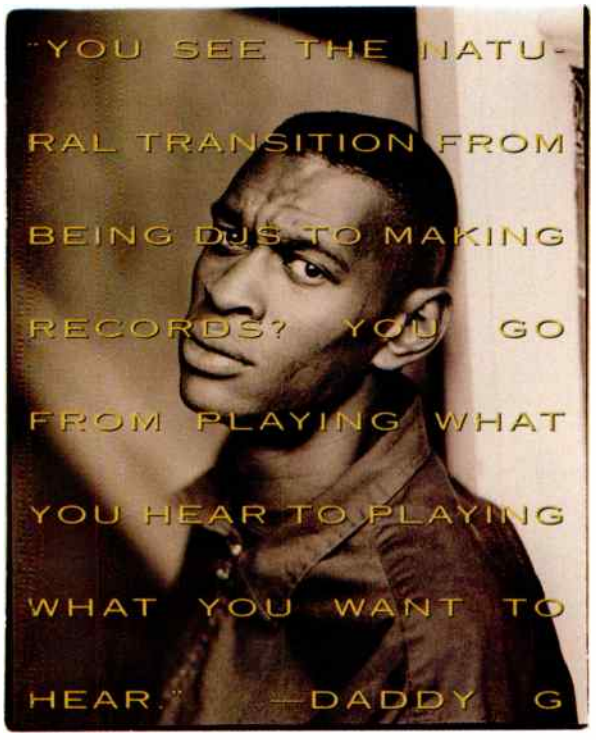
PHOTOGRAPH BY THE DOUGLAS BROTHERS





that stands up like a lawn at attention; Mushroom is tan, dreamy-eyed, distant. G, a lanky West Indian giant, has a starkly shaved head and a wisecracking cool that could withstand gale-force winds. Together, they're living proof of how much has changed in Bristol since the days when it was the launching point of the infamous middle passage.

Massive Attack's *Blue Lines* is not at all the kind of record you'd expect to come out of a multi-racial English city with a shocking past. Gentle, low-key, with an almost narcotic warmth, the album effortlessly blends R&B, hip-hop, reggae, rock and jazz into a mysterious, heady soulscape as far removed from the freneticisms of current house and hip-hop as cognac is from mezcal. Massive Attack's mix of sampled sounds, strong, melodic vocals, hip-hop technology and '70s American soul nostalgia puts them in the same camp as their British neo-wave-soul cousins, Soul II Soul and PM Dawn. But with one big difference: Attack's dreamy sonic collages are too slow for dancing. At least for the kind you do in public.



At a time when heavy metal and dance music rule the charts, Massive Attack chooses to add melody to the groove, to insinuate rather than scream. (Could 3-D be the first whispering rapper?) But being different hasn't hurt them: *Blue Lines* has gathered some of the most enthusiastic press raves for a first album in recent memory, both in the U.K. and stateside, and the group's a big pop hit across Britain and Europe.

If the critics cheer, they're also going bananas trying to define what exactly Massive Attack's music is. Dance music? Pink Floyd goes to Jamaica? Early '70s soul meets high-tech hip-hop? With rappers, scratching, guest vocalists shuttling through on almost every track and quotes and references ranging from Isaac Hayes to the Sex Pistols, it's hard to pin *Blue Lines* down. In the stores it lands in the "Soul/Dance" bins. Laments 3-D, "If they had our record in every category that it might be placed, a lot of very different people would find it." Adds Mushroom, speaking up suddenly and definitively, "I, myself, would file this record under *jazz*."

Resolving the question of what to call the music is easy compared to the headache of what to call these music makers, none of whom are "players" in the traditional sense (only Mushroom plays a bit of keyboards). Massive Attack is not a band, at least in the five-guys-frolicking-on-the-album-sleeve way we've been used to thinking of bands since the '60s. Former Bristol DJs, these three are the guiding force behind a loose, fluid collective of talent that includes a rotating pool of singers (on this album, Jamaican star Horace Andy and velvet-voiced Shara Nelson), rappers, musicians, engineers and Neneh Cherry manager/producer Cameron McVey ("Booga Bear"). I press them, "So what, in fact, does each of you do?," trying to get a handle on the Massive creative process.

Instantly and matter-of-factly, Daddy G responds, "I, actually, do nothing." Judged by old-school standards, he's hardly kidding—how do you classify as "musician" somebody whose main role is to sample bits off his favorite records? But this is the '90s, and just as punk leveled rock 'n' roll in the '80s and upended the hierarchy of chops, bands like Massive Attack are pushing back the boundaries of what we define as musicianship. (Remember how parents made a big deal of the fact that none of the Beatles could read music?) Massive Attack is part of a new musical movement, one that puts aesthetics and total knowledge of pop history before technical proficiency. This isn't guitar territory; what you need out here is a sensibility and a sequencer.

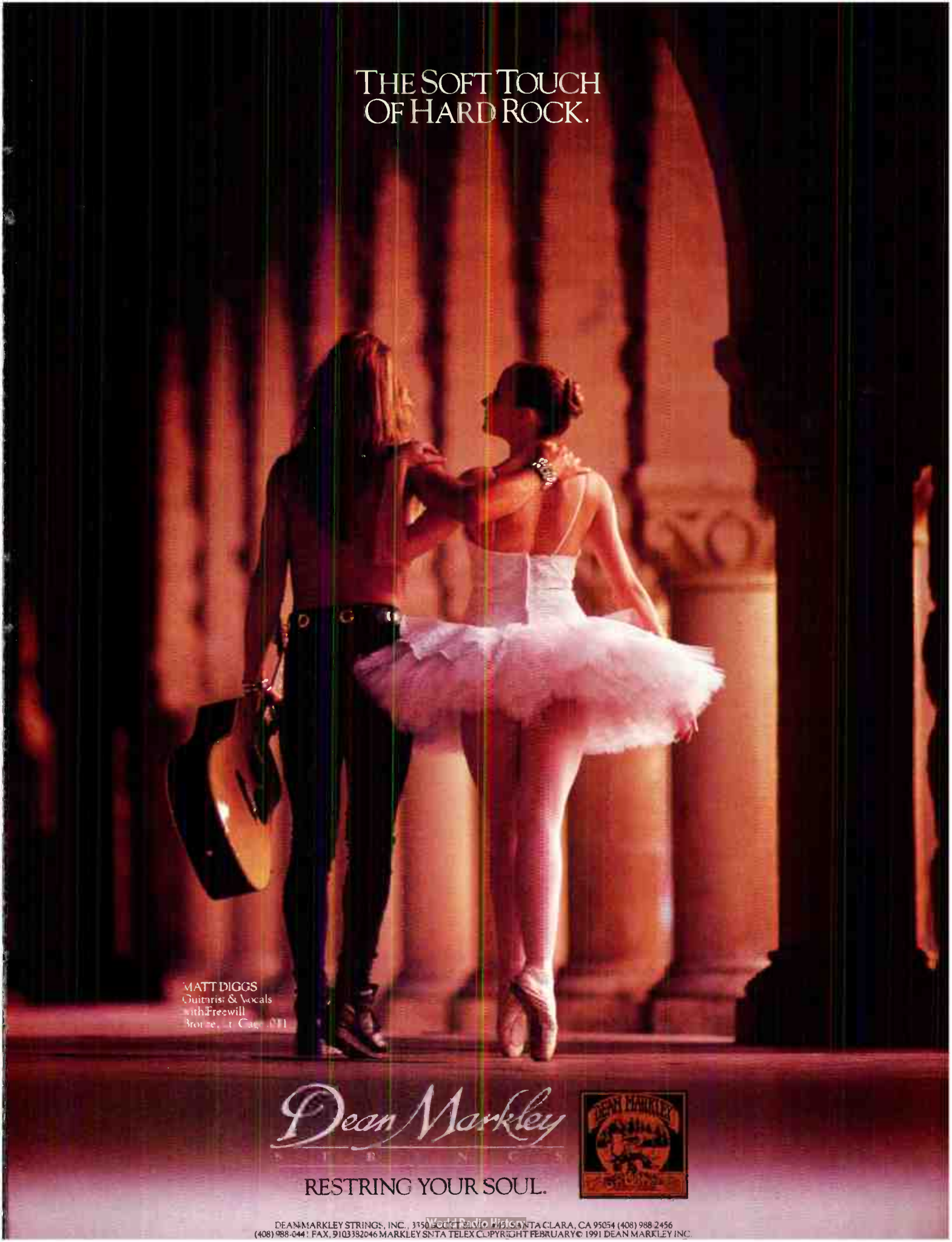
"WE'RE NOT BORN OUT OF THE MUSICIAN THING, WE'RE BORN OUT OF THE DJ thing," says 3-D. Sitting in Daddy G's car in the middle of the vast, green-carpeted grounds of an old slaver's estate (now a public park), the guys are trying to explain the roots of their music to the Yank journalist, a process involving more cross-cultural translation than you'd think. Let's look, for example, at the '80s. "Did you see the movie *Wild Style*?" asks Daddy G excitedly. "Remember the song 'Buffalo Gals'!" Sure, I remember that disappointing "rap" movie and that lame Malcolm McLaren attempt to cash in on a trend. So? G stares incredulously. "They changed *everything*!" What is for me only a tiny footnote to the rise of a new black urban culture was an Event that blew the U.K. out of its post-punk languor.

And Grantley Marshall, namesake of the prime minister of his parents' home, Barbados, sold off most of his reggae, held on to his Sex Pistols, invested heavily in rap and dance discs and formed a new sound-system posse with Nelle Hooper and Milo Johnson: the Wild Bunch. "We shared the punk mentality: break rules musically, break the law. Minor anarchy, totally against the grain," Daddy G remembers. They held forth on Wednesday nights at the Dugout, a now-legendary Bristol club, mixing reggae's King Tubby with the Sex Pistols, old Curtis Mayfield and whatever American club track was hot that week.

G had seen the light at a Kurtis Blow concert that featured a DJ, onstage, right next to Blow. Kurtis Blow's DJ *was his entire band!* The power and potential of the DJ now revealed, the Wild Bunch set out to explore the idea further. They didn't merely play for an audience so much as create sonic theater: One didn't simply "go to the Dugout"—you entered their movie. You didn't dare approach the Wild Bunch platform and ask for some Robert Palmer—they'd just laugh in your face. No, you nodded or danced the night away, or simply stood in awe, wondering, *What will these guys do next?*

The Wild Bunch grew in size, the most important addition being Robert del Naja, a half-Italian up-and-coming rapper and former graffiti artist (his work still adorns Bristol walls and he's been shown in British galleries). At first he performed his raps to whatever groove happened

Photograph: Onyx



to be spinning on the table. Later, he and the DJs would work out a performance in advance around chosen bits and pieces of records. Further along, and especially after half-British, half-Dominican Mushroom joined the posse with his RX7 drum machine, they'd mix original grooves with recorded ones, creating a new, original track for each rap. Eventually they'd cut the best tracks on acetates. "You see the natural transition, don't you?" interjects Daddy G. "From being DJs to making records."

Multi-racial, cross-cultural and often operating on a chemically induced level of consciousness, the Wild Bunch's Dugout Wednesdays were a happening that drew the curious from as far away as New York. By the time local burghers had banded together to close them down, the "Acid Warehouse" movement (which basically multiplied the Dugout-style scenes by a thousand and moved them outdoors two summers back) was well in gear, and there was no lack of work for adventurous DJs. The Wild Bunch posse, however, went through a few changes: 3-D and G split for Japan and spent a dismal three months without work, wandering Tokyo with cadged pizza in their coatpockets. Nelle Hooper went to London, where he ended up as part of Soul II Soul. Mush went to New York to search unsuccessfully for his Dominican father, who'd abandoned him and his mum when he was three; when he got back to Bristol, 3-D and G were home from Tokyo. They got an offer to do a party, reformed and jumped back into the scene, calling the party, and the posse, Massive Attack.

20,000 Records and a Timestretcher

ANDREW "MUSHROOM" VOWLES' must-haves include two Yamaha RX7s—"my first drum machine, and in my opinion the best drum machine ever made. On the RX you can take sounds to stupid extremes. It's freaky, really; its decay makes a snare last forever."

The warm, mysterious keyboard washes on Blue Lines are an amalgam of Mushroom's classic old keyboards, sampled records and samples of keyboard sounds. Mushroom is looking for a Hammond B-3 to complete his keyboard collection, which includes some Rhodes pianos, a Hohner and "a really rare Arp." He laments: "You can't really get an old keyboard sound on a new keyboard. It's just not the same. Drums are easier because you're just sampling one hit. But to recreate a certain keyboard sound, you have to find original equipment. If you want to make a film that looks old, you have to find old film stock."

Mushroom is fond of popping into music stores, picking up for a song the ancient, add keyboards nobody else wants, like his old Crumar Composer—"3-D calls them my Cheese Boards. Cheap sounds draw you to them. I find there's three categories of sounds: You can have, say, real strings, or something digital trying to be real strings, or you have synthesized cheap strings, where the company has tried to make them sound like real but anybody can tell they're not. My choice would either be 1 or 3."

Massive Attack's two other essential studio weapons are Akai's MPC60 sequencer/sampling drum machine, and the Akai S1000, which enables them to lengthen or shorten a sampled bit of music without altering its pitch. "I call it the Timestretcher," says Mushroom. "The first time I saw it, I said, 'Man, this thing is frightening.' You look into it and it has this intense aqua-blue screen with silvery letters, and it's like stepping into a hotel, walking down corridors of numbers." He could well be describing one of Massive Attack's dreamscapes. "You really could get lost in those corridors."

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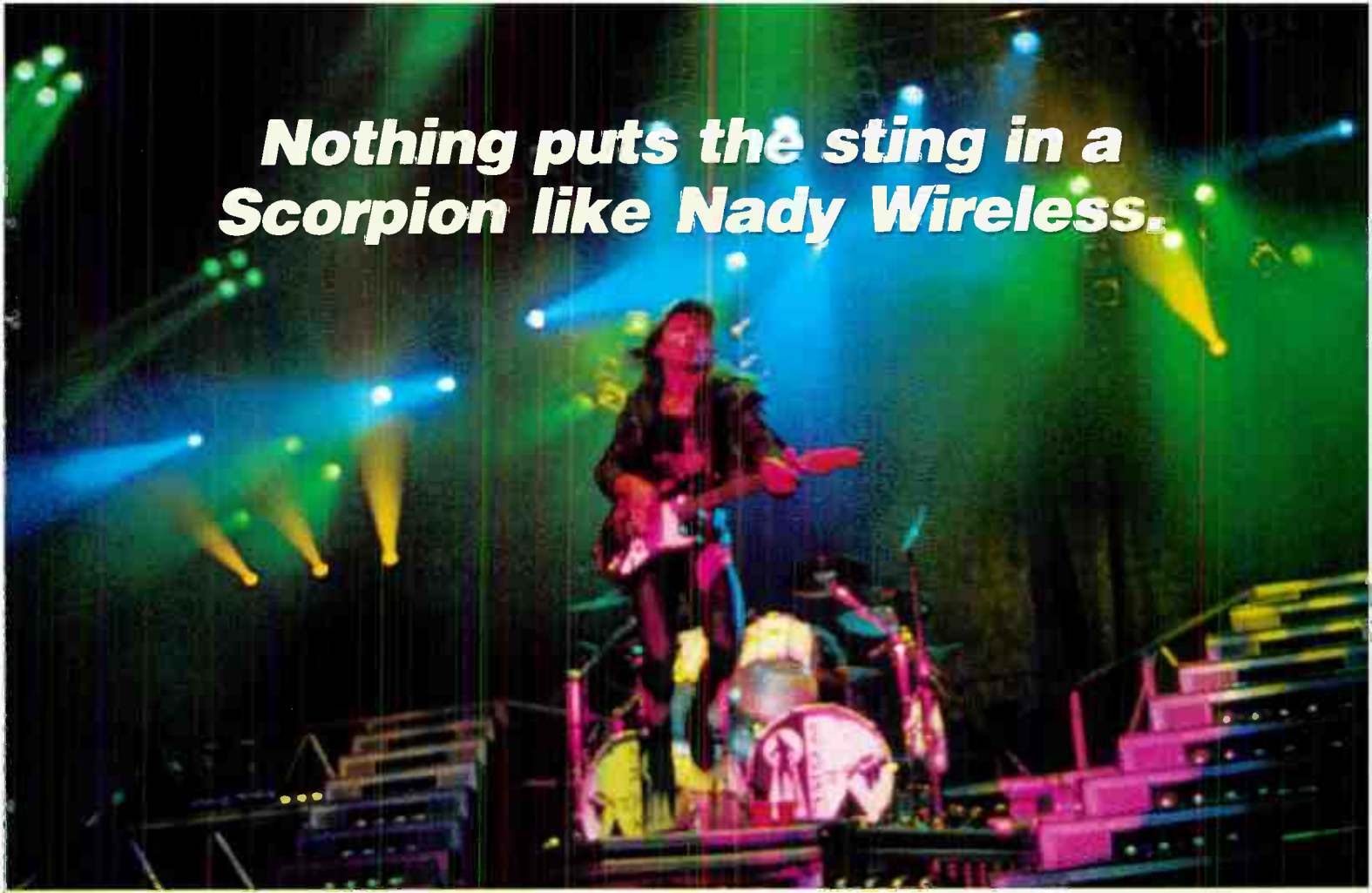

Photo: Ross Pelton

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IT'S BRISTOL, THEY INSIST, THAT GIVES THE BAND its vibe; they all agree there could be no Massive Attack in another city. "Bristol is a laid-back, easy place," says 3-D, whose lullaby-like raps on *Blue Lines* cuts like "Daydreaming" are meditative discourses on whatever seems to occur to him at the moment, and a far cry from the confrontational declamations of, say, Public Enemy. "We make lazy, observational music, almost looking out the window watching things go by," says del Naja. "This isn't dance-floor music, it's thinking music."

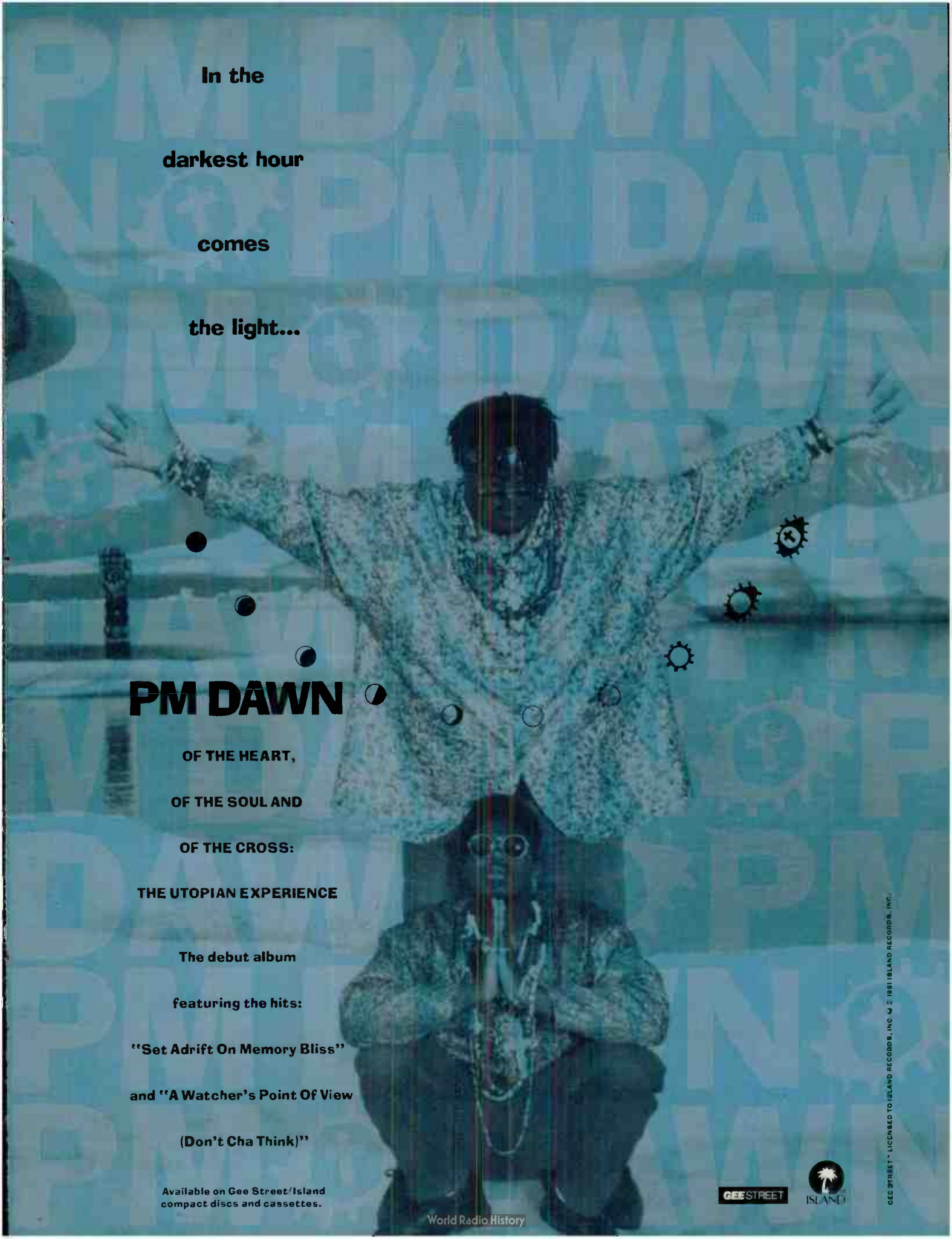
"There's no great urgency about surviving in Bristol. If you get really skint you can borrow off a mate," says 3-D, who's spent most of his adult life on the dole. "Not like in London, where you have to be really aggressive to get by. In London, with A&R men lurking 'round every corner, your music tends to get more manic just in order to get noticed." The Bristol boys, on the other hand, were quite content to let their sound system, their "happenings" and their music drift along in the same lazy way. "Whatever music we do, it just ends up getting slower and slower as we work on it. The next album might just end up all ballads. Who knows?"

Not even Nelle Hooper's Soul II Soul success could shake them from their Bristol daydream; they watched as their former mate climbed the charts, but they stayed put. Their reputation, however, was growing, and when Cameron McVey and Neneh Cherry needed some input on Cherry's debut, they called in the Bristol crew, who worked on that best-seller and went on to do remixes of Boy George, Peter Gabriel (whose world-music complex, WOMAD, is minutes away in Wiltshire) and the incredible Pakistani singer Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan on his new Virgin album *Mustt Mustt*. In the end, Massive Attack didn't seek a record deal—they were pushed. "It was Cameron who channeled our creativity into one force," says Daddy G. "Basically, he gave us a good kick in the ass."

THEY FACE ONE PROBLEM JUST NOW, EXplains 3-D as we walk by the riverfront. To crack the U.S. market you have to tour. But how does a nouveau non-band like Massive Attack give a concert? They absolutely won't lip-synch, or do anything phony onstage, maintains 3-D. Instead, they envision re-creating the original Massive Attack parties in clubs throughout the U.S., where they'll present new, real-time versions of *Blue Lines*' cuts in a multi-media environment that's sort of like..."You have raves over in the States, yeah?"

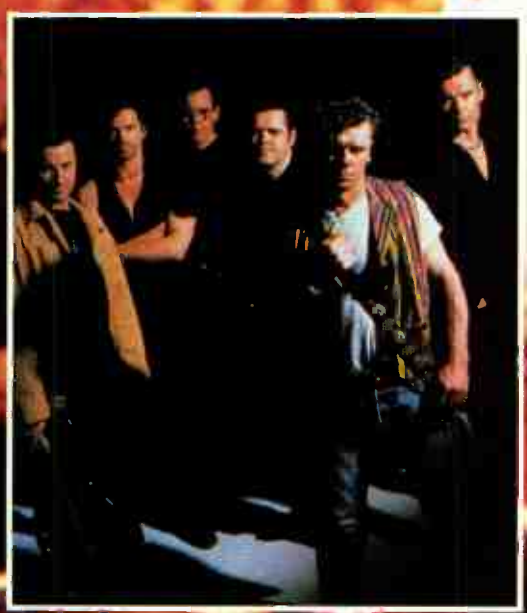
Well, I haven't actually been...though I've heard about raves, successors to the Acid Warehouse happenings. Before I can finish, Daddy G and Mushroom are racing down a cobbled alley, shouting for me to follow. Their radar ears have detected a bassline in the night and they're hot on its trail, which winds to a damp basement pub. Descending a steep flight of stairs, we're greeted by whomps of killer woofers. Inside the pub there's nothing to see, literally, because a dry-ice machine is pumping dense white fog into every corner. I am blinded by whiteness. Strobe lights hammer away like *paparazzi* gone insane. Reflexively, I grab 3-D—or is it G?—by the shoulder, and follow him to the center of the chaos.

Ten minutes later, we're back on the quiet street. "It was a naff rave, that," apologizes 3-D. "Sorry we couldn't find you a better one." Breathless and discombobulated, I tell him not to worry. "But it does really get your blood running, doesn't it?" smiles Mushroom. Indeed it does, and if Massive Attack can figure how to create a similarly all-encompassing environment, but around their gentle groove, there's a party I'll find a whole lot harder to leave.



INXS

LIVE BABY LIVE



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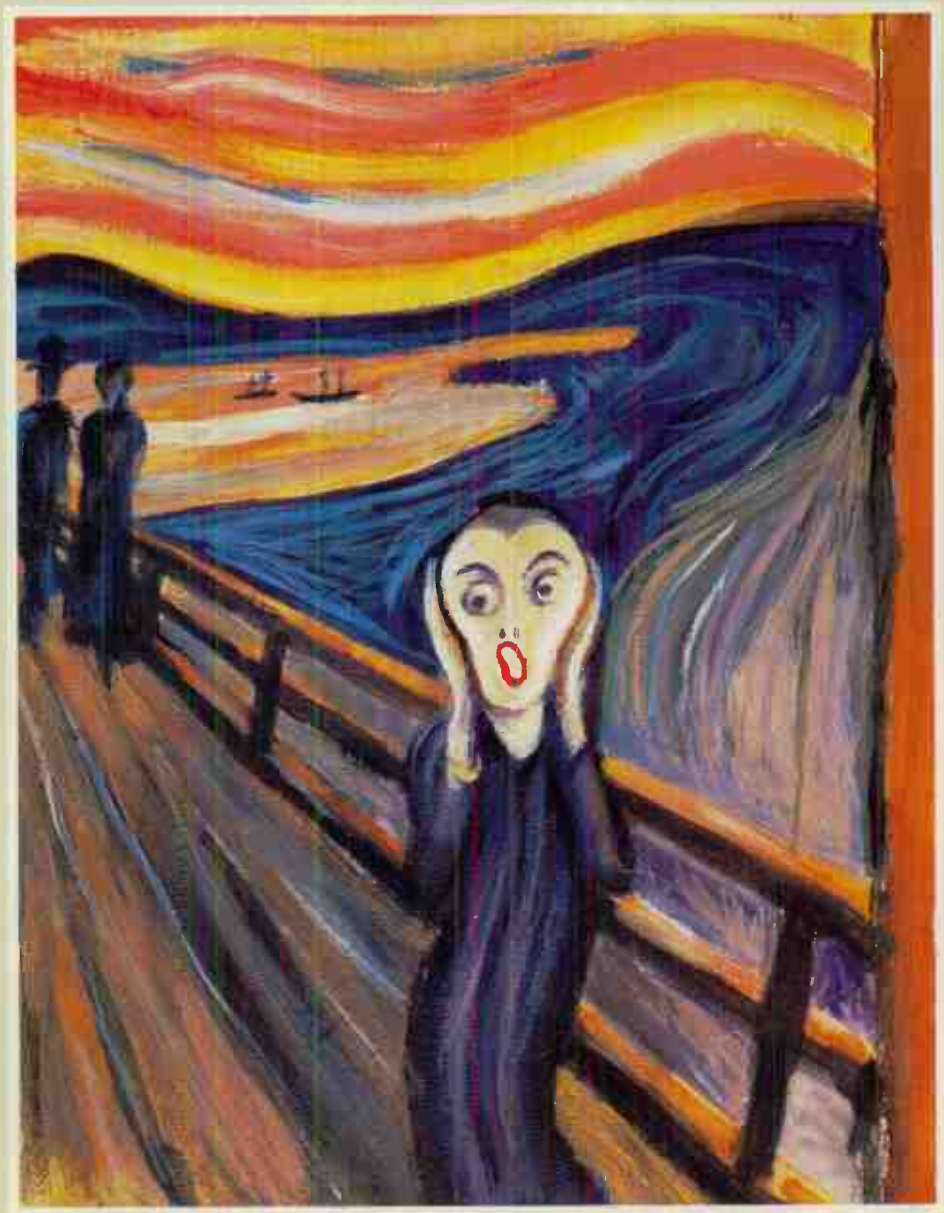
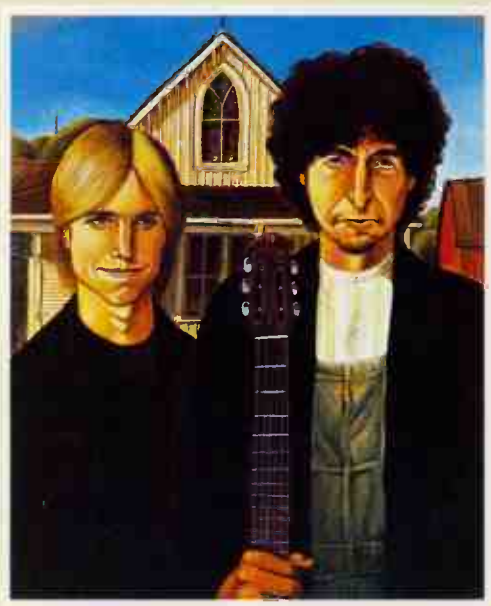


Sinéad O'Connor by Edvard Munch

MORE MUSICIAN MASTERPIECES

Paul McCartney by René Magritte



Tom Petty & Bob Dylan
by Grant Wood

David Bowie
by Salvador Dalí

Guns N' Roses by Jean-Michel Basquiat

Janet Jackson by Mark Kostabi

Public Enemy
by Keith Haring

Michael J. Soldano
on the new
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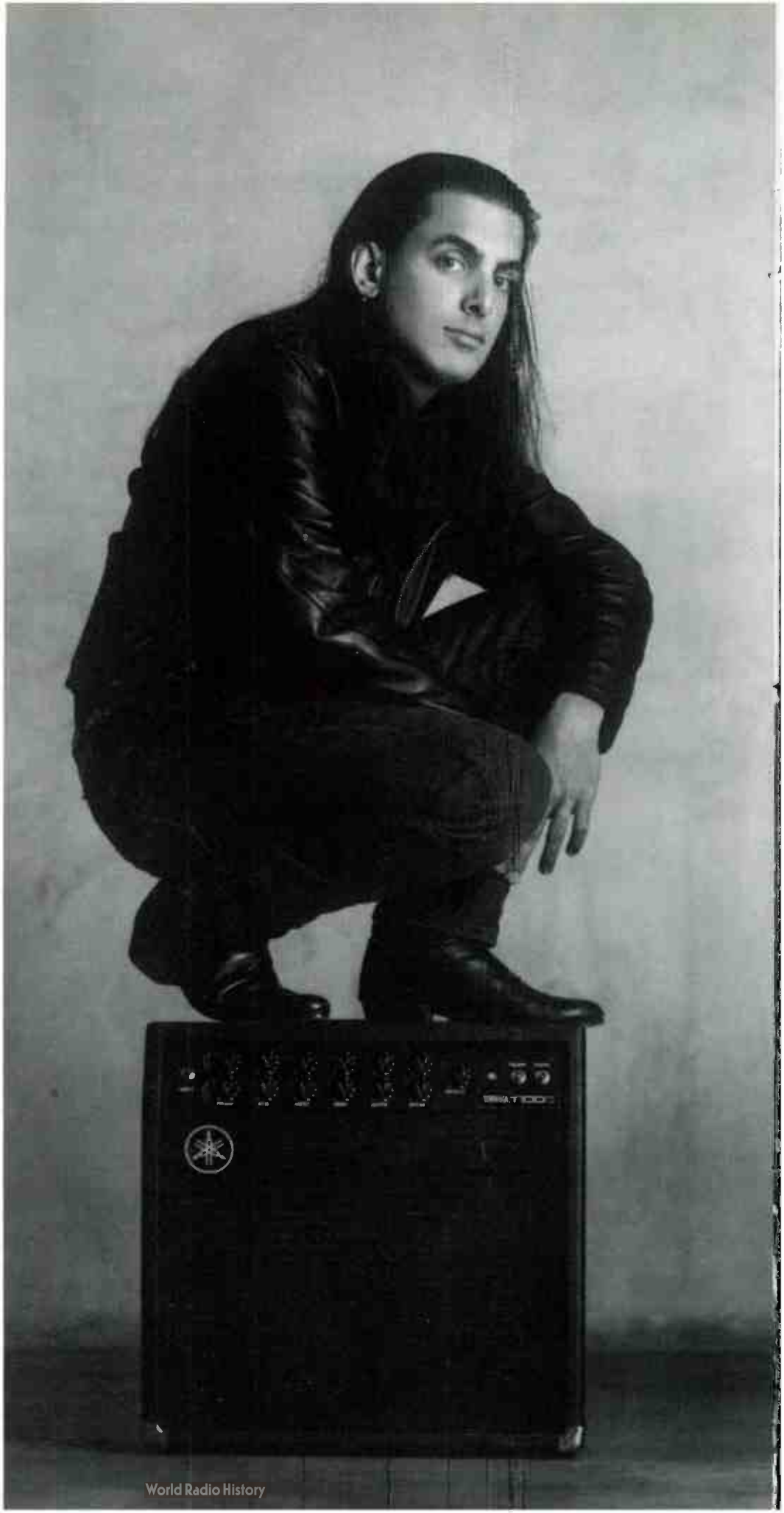

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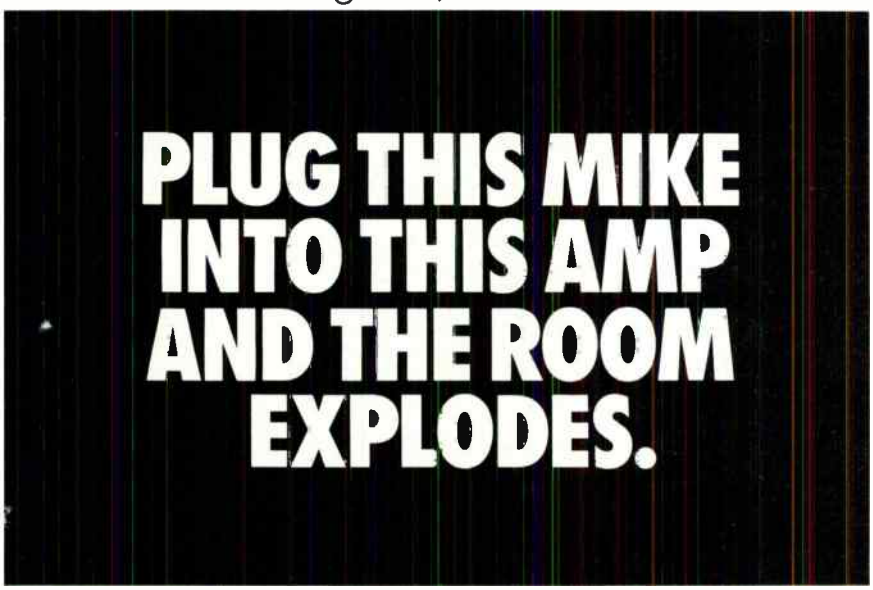

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T U B E A M P S

Youngblood
The Wild Youth of
Robbie Robertson

Before *Storyville*, before the Band, a Toronto street punk headed down the Crazy River. BY TONY SCHERMAN

Walk down the long road
Your back against the wind
Where you can lose yourself again
I've been down the old road
But that was long ago
I want you to walk with me

"Sign of the Rainbow," 1991

IT SEEMED LIKE A YEAR since he'd had a second to relax. The sun was going down over Central Park as Robbie Robertson, alone in one of the Ritz Carlton's penthouse suites—let David Geffen worry about the tab—stretched out on the sofa and gave his brain a rest. *Jesus*, this album had been too much. They were always too much now, these three-year, three-city extravaganzas. Percy Sledge sure hadn't been cut this way, or "Be-Bop-a-Lula," or "Hey Boba Lou," for that matter, one of the first songs Robbie ever wrote, back in the days of old Ronnie Hawkins. Robbie laughed to himself. Someone had recently sent him a CD, *The Best of Ronnie Hawkins and the Hawks*, and his son Sebastian had immediately appropriated it. Now what kind of exotic, raw world would

Photography by Patrick Harbron

a 17-year-old kid conjure from that rackety, trebly, lurid music his dad had made when *he* was 17? What would he make of those prehistoric photos? Suddenly, Robbie found himself trying to explain, not precisely to Sebastian, but to someone just like him, someone who hadn't been there, just what it had all been like, all those years ago, what it meant to collide with the land of your dreams, a crazy Southern world that would hold your imagination in thrall for more than 30 years...See, Robbie began, when I was 16 I got on this road, and I never looked back...

Ronnie Hawkins and the Hawks, before the evening busts open, *circa* 1960–61. From left: Stan Szelest, Hawkins (with mike), Robbie on the Telecaster and Levon Helm.

Even as a little kid I felt different. I'd go with my buddies to see these rock 'n' roll shows that came to town, and I'd say, "That's what I'm gonna be doing." They said, "Gimme a break, you're gonna be working in the factory or the gas station just like us, what are you talking about?"

We weren't *poor* poor but we weren't middle-class. My mother and stepfather worked in this jewelry place, plating jewelry, making jewelry. My options were to work in some company, this or that factory, but I just never had the hands for it. God, I don't know what would have happened if I hadn't become a musician. I would've figured something out. I was just a little smarter than these people, in some ways. I don't mean in a school sense; it's just that I had stronger ambitions. I don't know where they came from, I just always had them. I never imagined, I never thought, *ever*, that I was going to be an average Joe—I wouldn't know how.

MY MOTHER'S NAME WAS ROSEMARIE CRYSLER AND when she was young she was gorgeous, extremely pretty. She's a Mohawk from the Six Nations Reservation, above Lake Erie; the town in the middle is Hagersville. She came to Toronto to live with an aunt and met my father; when he died she married a man named Robertson. I was an only child and my name is actually Jaime Robertson; my relatives still call me Jaime. It's pronounced "Jamie"; it's got nothing to do with the Spanish "Jaime"— my mother thought the regular spelling looked too much like "Jammie," so she took the name from a book about Indians that had some kind of Spanish connection. She thought, "Well, isn't this a nice-sounding thing," but when you're going to school you could get kidded with a name like Jaime. "Robbie" just evolved from Robertson, and it wore well.

Back then, being half-Indian wasn't like today, it wasn't that cool, so I just didn't talk about it much. When it seemed kind of attractive was when some of my cousins or uncles came over, and they were these great-looking people that laughed a lot, that played music. My mother's grandfather was this wonderful character with white hair and a white mustache and a cane; I'd run by and he'd reach out and hook me with that cane, kind of reel me in and tell me a little story, and it struck me, what a beautiful little gift that is, to hook you in, lay somethin' on you and then turn you loose.

When I was maybe 10 my mother took me to this guy for guitar lessons, and I was heartbroken when he set the guitar on my lap. Hell, real boys don't play with the guitar on their *lap*. My hands weren't big enough to get around a guitar's neck, so that's what he taught me—Hawaiian guitar. I figured it was better than nothing. And that's the only musical training I've ever had. I took quite a few lessons from the guy; he was this Hawaiian named Billy Blue. But the picture, finally, wasn't what I had in mind. I had Hank Williams in mind and the music to "The Hawaiian War Chant" in front of me.

Until I became obsessed with music, I did fine in school. Music just took over everything on me. It wasn't a situation where they could say, "Okay, straighten up and do your schoolwork!" I couldn't do anything about it, it just had me. I stayed up in my room late at night listening to WLAC out of Nashville, and I listened to this guy the Hound, this disc jockey from Buffalo. I was studying music, I was studying the beginning of rock 'n' roll.

By 14 I was in a band called Little Caesar and the Consoles, playing all New Orleans stuff: "Don't You Know Yockomo," "Blue Monday," so already I was a fool for the sounds from that city. Then I had two groups of my own, Robbie Robertson and the Rhythm Chords and Robbie and the Robots. Pete Traynor, who became the founder of Traynor Amps, which in Canada is like Fender, was this inventor-type guy in the group, and he made a guitar for me with antennas and wires coming out, all kinds of shit hooked up to it. That was why we were the Robots. My first guitar was a Harmony so I didn't mind Pete drilling holes in it. Pete had his own band, which I was in, called Thumper and the Trambones. Someone just pointed out to me that "trambone" is the old-time New Orleans pronunciation of "trombone." Why that was our name I have no idea. It just was.

There were other little bands along the way; I can't even remember the names. But I was only 15 when I hooked up with Ronnie Hawkins. Ronnie's always said, "If I hadn't hired him he'd be dead or in jail," and I guess I *was* a punk. I was a street kid for sure, he's right about that.

I'd written "Someone Like You" and "Hey Boba Lou," and Ronnie took great pride in being able to eye a comer—"What, this 15-year-old kid wrote these songs?" He figured if I could write, I could hear, and since he was looking for new songs he brought me to New York City, to the Brill Building, and introduced me to Pomus and Shuman, Leiber and Stoller and Otis Blackwell and they all played songs for us and

Grooming (previous page): Allyson Carey/Crystal

Ronnie'd ask me, "Did you hear anything?" Did it strike them as odd, this 15-year-old kid? God, probably! I sure tried to act like it wasn't.

Ronnie made it clear to me that I was on the list of prospects for the Hawks. I don't remember the first time I'd met them, I kind of just passed in their direction: Levon and Will "Pop" Jones and Jimmy Ray Paulman and Lefty Evans—all Southern boys, but their circuit took in Canada. I thought Levon was something special the first time I heard him play, before I even met him. All of 'em, live they had this kind of *smooth power*; it was quite dynamic and violent. I found Levon to be... well, to the best that I could see, the majority of the stuff that I was really connected to came from the South. And he kind of represented that to me. And he didn't let down my fantasy of what this thing was. He was very real and authentic and he was so musical, with such a love for music. It seemed like he came right from Mecca.

ANYWAY, SOME OF THE GUYS WERE GETTING HOMEsick for Arkansas, or wanted to settle down. The first to leave was Lefty Evans, so for a few months I played bass, which I'd never played in my life. I'd play the tonic, or some little boogie figure; Levon was very helpful in teaching me a kind of style of bass. But this was a temporary thing. Whatever it took to get to the other thing....

Then Ronnie went back to Arkansas and next thing I knew, he called from Fayetteville. The guitar players had left, first Jimmy Ray, then Fred Carter Jr. Ronnie told me to come down. I had to lie, I had to plead, I did everything to talk my mother into this. I promised her it was just temporary, that I'd be back in school. I couldn't afford not to do this thing, I didn't want to always say I'd missed my opportunity. Oh yes, she could've said no—oh, absolutely. But the things I was always saying I was gonna do—she was a believer. Maybe no one else believed me, but she did, so she let me go.

I took a train to Fayetteville, and going through all these states, and getting closer and closer—and this was the first time I'd really be away from home—to me, it was almost a religious experience. I was going over yonder, to the source, to the land where rock 'n' roll was born. You come out of Missouri up into the Ozarks and it gets twisty and turny; it felt like this was a real dangerous ride, it seemed like this thing was gonna flip over and hey, he's going way too fast—oh shit, don't tell me I'm going to die just when I'm about to get to the *source*, 'cause that's often the case in stories—you know, the guy dying with his hand outstretched.

The train made it fine, and when I got off—ahh, the smell of the air: Mm—*mm*, wasn't this something! It was kind of *sweet* and it was just right for me. The way the wind blew, and the way everybody was moving, it was all just right for me. This was just the threshold, just a teaser for what was to come, but everything was right up to specs.

We went down the mountains through Little Rock to southern Arkansas and Mississippi Delta country, where Levon was from. And this was another thing altogether. There'd been something refreshing in the Ozarks, and you wouldn't call this refreshing at all. This was *still*. Everything was extremely foreign. I remember Levon saying, "In this part of the country, there are eight black people to every white." This was a whole other tune, this was what I'd pictured all along, this was where you could hear music comin' out of the night.

Everything gets flatter and flatter, and wetter, and swampier, and you smell the dirt, and I'd never seen stuff growing, like rice, in a field of solid water. But the most noticeable thing was the rhythm of the place. People walked in rhythm and talked this sing-song talk; when I'd go down by the river at Helena, the *river* seemed to be in rhythm, and I thought, "No wonder this music comes from here—the rhythm is already there." I'd hear something at night and not know whether it was an animal or a harmonica or a train, but it sounded like music to me, everything sounded like music. And every day at 12:15 the radios would go, "What time is it? Pass the biscuits, it's King Biscuit time!" and you'd hear this harmonica, "Waa—waaaaa!," and it was Sonny Boy Williamson, "brought to you by Sonny Boy Meal!" And the jukeboxes were like bein' in heaven, but what blew my mind was that in the places we played, the audiences weren't just a bunch of kids, it was everybody—old people, too, from the poorest to the richest, everybody checkin' it out and gettin' wild. I'd never *seen* a beer-flow like this.

From the very day I got down there, I was on a mission. There was no chance Ronnie was going to say, "Son, it isn't going to work out." That's how I saw it; for Ronnie this was a provisional deal, it was, "Nobody knows if you'll be good enough. We'll see how it works." And I had some tough acts to follow. Jimmy Ray Paulman and Fred Carter Jr. were, both in their own styles, *really* good. And they were grown men losing their hair—old guys, to me—and I was 16.

When I'd gotten off the train in Fayetteville, all Ronnie's friends started to laugh. They looked at me like I was an immigrant from Yugoslavia, wearing these winter clothes and a reversible coat. Ronnie was laughing too: Half like, "Hey, take a look at *this* guy" and half "Oh Lord, I hope this is gonna work." For the first time he probably saw how young I really was.

City boy a long way from home, Robbie the fledgling Hawk: "How'd *he* get in here?"

All I wanted was to fit into this Southern world. I didn't want anybody all of a sudden to say, "How'd *he* get in here?" My job in life was to make this work. If these people had said, "Around here, we eat chicken's heads and fuck pigs," I would've said, "Order 'em up."

The one who really saved my ass in making it work was Levon. He was my best friend, my big brother. He taught me the tricks of the trade. Ronnie taught me the sexual tricks of the trade; with Levon it was, here's the angle on this, the inside scoop. Style, and Southern musical things. He took me to his home and his family was just the greatest. His dad owned land and leased some; he grew cotton and was deputy sheriff for a while in their town, Marvell. His name was Jasper Diamond Helm. And Levon's mom, the way she cooked! They called his mom Shuck, Diamond and Shuck. Two sisters, Modena and Linda, and a brother, Wheeler.

They always told stories down there, Levon's uncles, about water

Photographs: Showtime Archives/Toronto and Steve Thompson (left): Harold Kudlets

moccasins and king snakes. Boy, that made me just spooky as hell. It was almost a sport where they'd go at night, trying to catch a certain fish or something, and they had to put their hand in the end of these underwater logs and a lot of times they'd get bit by a moccasin. The moccasins were these snakes that were kind of *fat*. Poisonous, and *fat*. So these guys would be like, "Aw, fuck, man, I got bit," like, how inconvenient, and they'd cut it and drain it out and hope that took, and if not they'd have to go to the doctor. That was their sporting life.

After me came Rick, Richard, then Garth. I felt like Garth was a phenomenon, we all did, the most amazing keyboard player there was. He was playing in an R&B band in Detroit on the sly; his parents didn't want to know about anything that wasn't classical music. Something like Glenn Miller might have been tolerable; hopefully something more like Glenn Gould. At 20, Garth was exactly the same as at 50—*exactly*. Talked reeaaal sloowww. He whored around a little less than everybody else, I guess; he was always inventing something, figuring out something, God knows what he was doing, but whatever it was, he was real busy doing it.

Under Ronnie's tutelage I became much better looking overnight. Southern girls—Levon had always talked about the great Southern girls—and when I first met 'em, just to hear 'em talk was a sensual experience, and hypnotic, and you just wanted them to *talk on*. Sure I fell in love, many times. One or two big times. Only the deal was, in this lifestyle your job was *not* to fall in love. Ronnie's concept was to have good-looking guys that'd make girls come to the places you played, because then guys would come. But if you had a girlfriend, you'd sit with her instead of mingle. If you were no longer on the prowl you weren't really doing your complete job. It was just Ronnie's technique of business. I remember Rick nearly got fired one time for having a girlfriend.

And Ronnie *hated* it when I started reading a lot. At 19, 20, I suddenly became a book junkie. Biographies, European writers, Camus, I used to just read and read and read. Faulkner, Tennessee Williams. Steinbeck really engrossed me: *East of Eden* and especially *The Grapes of Wrath*. I got hungry for information you couldn't necessarily get in truckstops, for things that weren't a main ingredient for learning how to play this kind of guitar, or fitting into this life. And Ronnie hated it. Reading—this had nothing to do with the *thing*. He could see a kind of sophistication coming over me. My speech was changing, I had a bigger vocabulary, I'd talk about things he didn't want to hear about. Especially things that were at all mystical. I remember one day, I really thought he would fire me. I was reading this book *The Ways of Zen* and he saw it, and he just wanted to puke. "The fucking ways of motherfucking Zen. In my goddamn band. Shit, son." He was just disappointed. Ironic, because his mother was a teacher. But not his father. Jasper Newton Hawkins was no teacher. He was a barber. A dangerous barber. He was a drunk. He nearly cut off somebody's ear one time.

Once I caught on to stay it became this minor legend rippling around among Conway Twitty and Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee and Johnny Cash, all the guys that played the same circuit. "Ronnie's got this kid on guitar." I remember in Tulsa, this little Indian kid who just stood in the crowd and watched me, studying everything; years later it turned out to have been Jesse Ed Davis. All I did was practice. Nobody ever worked harder at it than me. Constantly. Anywhere, anytime.

At one point Ronnie had wanted Roy Buchanan; I might've won out strictly because Roy was too weird. He was—I don't know, he was a bohemian of the period. I thought he was *really* very, very good, the most remarkable guitar player I had seen. I remember asking him how he'd developed his style, and he said with a straight face that he was half wolf. "Oh, geez, Roy, thanks, that explains it." He was always saying he wanted to settle down but he needed to find a nun to marry.

Roy had really high goals; he wanted to be a completely remarkable musician. I don't think he ever got fully comfortable with recording. The times I saw him live, in a room—like when he was trying to cut my ass—that was when I saw him play really good. We were playing a summer resort on Lake Huron and Roy came up there like a gunfighter and we had this blues blowout, him and me. I think he outplayed me on technique, but I might've had more fire, more rage and fire; from playing with Levon and Ronnie I'd gotten a screaming dynamic. But he had more tricks than me.

And Bo Diddley made a noise that absolutely fascinated me. Just his approach, the idea of guitar, drums and maracas, was very savage. Now, Bo and his guys.... We were staying at the same hotel as them, the Warwick Hotel, this kind of sleazy hotel in the hooker section of Toronto. We were playing at Le Coq d'Or and Bo was playing at the Edison. So I woke up one morning and Jerome was in my room. Jerome was Bo's maracas player and sidekick. I'd heard all the stories about Jerome, that he carried a machete and a money belt, didn't believe in banks, and I'd seen him perform and thought, "Oh my God, where is *this* coming from?" So I was scared. I thought, "What the fuck is gonna happen now?" I just didn't know at all what his reason for being in my room was. I tried to act like everything was completely normal. Finally I said, "Uh, Jerome, how come you're here? How come you're not in your room?"

"I don't have a room."

"Why not?"

"Because you got a room." He didn't want to spend money on a room. He was looking for a place to crash! He said, "No problem, man, I'll just sleep in that chair over there, I don't care." And another time I was back in the hotel. Now, after you played your music, the guys in the group maybe had some girl they knew to take out; you know, find some company. So I'm just following suit, trying to keep up with the big guys. I've got this girl, and I run into Bo after his gig. So I tell him what room I'm in, and the girl and I go back to the hotel. I'm kinda thrilled about the encounter with Bo. I start getting changed, and Bo Diddley comes to the door with his guitar. Man, what have we got here? He came in the room, sat down, took the guitar out and just with his foot stomping on the floor, started playing his "I'm a Man" beat and making up a song about what he was going to do to this girl as soon as he got rid of me. I didn't know how to deal with it and the girl was scared out of her mind. She took off. I have no idea what Bo was thinking; I guess he was just gonna see what happened. I haven't seen him since. But just the look of the guy! He had this white sport jacket and big black horn-rimmed glasses, and these moves; I couldn't imagine where they came from. Ronnie did his camel walk, Chuck Berry did the duck walk, and Bo did the snake walk—I don't know what you'd call it, but it was pretty lusty.

Stuff like this was happening all the time. You're on the road, tonight here, tomorrow night there, bing bing bing, in a Cadillac with a trailer. You just kind of do this stuff, you do

this thing, you don't know exactly how it's affecting you and sometimes the best you can do is say, "I'm infatuated with everything about this, I'm infatuated even with its evilness." Even that's appealing to you, even if it's a little bit scary, because of the folklore it evokes, that comes out in songs like "Who Do You Love," where they sing about these voodoo things. And from these songs what you'd get was this kind of southern mystique where you'd hear regular rock 'n' rollers like Bo Diddley singing about voodoo charms, and everybody talks about this stuff, you see it in everyday life, it isn't just coming over the soundwaves, it's right in front of you.

Wherever you're from originally, you become so accustomed to it that you take it for granted. And if you're at a ripe age a big impression can be made upon you. You meet a new situation like this that's so extreme, so different, and it explodes in your soul. It just shook me inside. It changed my walk, it changed the way I sweat, it changed my philosophy of life—God, make a *list.*

Everything was different. The tobacco smelled different. The soda pops were different. They didn't drink Coke and Pepsi, they drank RC Cola and Dr. Pepper. Biscuits with gravy on them, blackeyed peas and hominy—what the hell kind of food was this?

And all these stories! I didn't know whether they were true but they came flyin' at you. In Fayetteville you'd go in the furniture store and there was this guy named Killer Tuck, who had stories and phrases and punchlines and an attitude a storybook couldn't buy. Further south, it seemed everyone was like that. There was Charlie Halbert, who owned the *Delta Queen* that crossed the river from Helena to Mississippi; he owned the hotel right near the Delta Supper Club, where we played and which was supposedly the location of the famous story of the guy who got thrown out of a club, came back with a chainsaw and sawed the bar in half, just levelled the place, and Charlie was an amazing character, sort of a patron of the rockabilly arts, and he gave us a place where we could set up, *real* nice setup, and this was such a reservoir of phrases and talk and rhythms and characters and faces that I felt not let down for one second, and this little town West Helena had the strange guy downtown who everybody kids and puts up with—really, *really* one of these towns out of those great novels—and there's the black section where Sonny Boy Williamson lives and does his radio show, and everything is every*thing*, just one bit after another, and it all worked for me.

Same with New Orleans, though that was more of a slow build for me. This is probably

Proud Shoes

ROBBIE'S standby is a '47 Fender Broadcaster, "the best pick-it-up plug-it-in great-sound guitar I've ever had." He used an Epiphone Howard Roberts on Storyville's "Breaking the Rules" and a custom Washburn electric with extra frets—it goes up to high E—on "Day of Reckoning." Guitarist BILL DILLON, whose atmospherics are all over Storyville, built Robbie the guitar in the photo; it's the shape and size of a lap-steel but played normally. Robbie used an old Vox amp but mostly "I used a Rivera, quite a beautiful amp, a little more complicated than I can understand." On his "Resurrection" solo he had recourse to his hot-rodded, bronze-plated "Last Waltz" Strat. He's got too many acoustics to mention, including some beautiful turn-of-the-century ones. Keyboards: "I write on this little Yamaha thing, a—lemme see here—a PSR70," and a Steinway Vertigrand upright.

the most musical place in America. When we first went there I thought, "Oh God, this is just a bunch of beer-drinking fools." The place itself, and the characters, didn't become vivid until I returned many times. It's got levels on levels. You go back to Chicago and it's always Chicago, but New Orleans, as I dug deeper into it, had so many elements that fascinated me.

Now if somebody asks, "So how did all this result in your songs?," I have no idea. I was only there. I don't look at it from a doctor's point of view, I just see what the results were and I say, "That's what it did." I don't know how Virgil Kane emerged—there he was. I never lay in the backseat of a car listening to a radio like in "Somewhere Down the Crazy River," I just *should* have. I don't know why I wrote those songs. All I can tell you is, you take a guy who's obsessed already, music has completely overtaken all the senses of his body, and you put him at 16 years old in a place on the Mississippi Delta, then it is sure as hell gonna stimulate his imagination. You take a kid who's got this natural fondness for stories, and expose him to a place where people talk in these, these rhymes of life and everything has a saying and it's all like lines of songs—well, you can pretty much guarantee the result. If the South exploded inside me, those songs I came to write were the fallout.

One of the last things that happened to me in the South was that we finally met up with Sonny Boy Williamson. We went to this area below Helena looking for him, asked around, and there he was, comin' up the street in a derby hat and a briefcase for his harps. Levon said, "My name's Levon and I come from Marvell and grew up listening to you, and we're in a band and we wanna go somewhere, play some music." So Sonny Boy said okay and took us to this woman's place where you could buy corn liquor. He played, and there was a little kid drumming on a cardboard box, and quite well, but guys kept hitting on us: "Want some corn? Dope? Girls? Anything you want, man." Finally Sonny Boy said, "There are some people here who are not respecting my position in the musical world!" Everybody looks around innocently: "Who, me?" Sonny Boy said, "Fellas, let's get out of here." So we went to our place and played. Sonny Boy said, "Whoa, you boys can play." He thought we were just fantastic. He was old but he seemed fine to me, he had this *look* in his face and these little wiry few strands of Fu Manchu whiskers down there—boy, he looked good. And played his *ass* off.

We got hungry, and decided to go down to what they called Niggertown for some barbecue. We were sitting in this restaurant just havin' the time of our lives and all of a sudden these two patrol cars come *zooming* up, lights flashing. Shriek to a stop. The doors open and these cops get out. Adjust their pants. Walk into the place real slow: "Well what have we here?" Levon said to us, "Just be cool, I'll handle this." He said, "Hi, my name is Levon Helm, I live in Marvell, my daddy's Diamond Helm, he's the sheriff up there and my Uncle Pudge is—"

"Well I guess your Uncle Pudge'd be real proud of you down here in Niggertown eatin' with a bunch of got-damn niggers."

"Well, it's just good barbecue, Officer, and good barbecue is good barbecue." Levon was pullin' out every charm stop he could, but there was no budging. Finally the cop said, "Here's what's gonna happen. You boys are gonna get in that nice shiny car of yours, and you're from here so you know the quickest motherfuckin' way out of town, so you'll just go ahead and use it. And we just don't wanna see you no more here. Maybe they

put up with this shit up in Marvell, but here in Helena we don't like anybody comin' down and eatin' with a bunch of fuckin' niggers. We all together on this?"

Sonny Boy did nothing. He never even looked at 'em. This was not new to him. But Levon finally said, "Well goddamnit, do you know who this gentleman is? This man is famous the whole fuckin' world over! This here is the legendary Sonny Boy Williamson. And it's an honor to be in his presence!" The cop was just lookin' around. "So as I was sayin', this nice shiny car out here? While it's still shiny and still out here you better just heed my words...." Well, we could see there was nothing we could say and the next step was they might just have taken us and beat the shit out of us.

So anyway, they run us out of town. Sonny Boy was okay. He was where he belonged. We'd said, "Don't worry about it, Sonny Boy, we'll get in touch. We're gonna figure this whole thing out and we're gonna have a great goddamn time with it, too." He absolutely wanted to play with us. He knew we weren't some dickhead band. We talked to our booking agent, who said, "Well, this is gonna be hard. Where you gonna do this? Not in the South, not in most places."

Then Sonny Boy died, and we got this call from Albert Grossman for me to come and meet with this guy Bob Dylan, come up to New York about something or another. If we'd gone with Sonny Boy, God knows where I'd be now. Dead or in jail. Who *knows*?....

THE SUN WAS DOWN, THE ROOM IN SHADOW, SO Robbie just sat in the half-darkness. He'd never realized they were all still so vivid to him: Billy Blue and the Hound, Charlie Halbert and Killer Tuck and crazy Jerome, and the big tawny river, stretched out in front of him for the first time. Jesse Ed and Roy, dead.... Robbie Robertson, a street punk in Armani, sat lost in thought. Roadhouse to penthouse—sometimes it seemed like a million years, sometimes like it had all happened overnight.

When the phone rang he had to haul himself back to the present. "Hello? Oh yeah, hi." The label was bugging him for quotes, some kind of statement about the album. "No, I haven't forgotten. I'll do it now, before I do forget." He grabbed a pen and flicked on a lamp.

"The roots of *Storyville*," he finally wrote, "go pretty far back. When I was 16 I went down South with Ronnie Hawkins, this rockabilly guy, and it changed my life. A lot of times you go somewhere and you think, 'Geez, I thought it was going to be better than this—nobody told me about the mosquitoes.' And the South had a lot of those problems, but it worked for me. I thought that it was all kind of *musical*. If the South exploded inside me, a lot of the songs I came to write were the fallout.

"But maybe the fallout has fallen. We really did mix up some gumbo here; musically even more than lyrically, *Storyville* is a very, very southern thing. I just can't say it any fancier than when I got done with *Storyville* and listened to the whole thing down, it felt to me like a summing up, a culmination, of the whole phase of my life that started when I went down South. I think I might finally have gotten this out of my system—these southern exposures. I think maybe I've lived that dream now; maybe I can go on to new dreams."

He stopped right there and lit a cigarette; it was a nice dramatic little ending. But before he knew it, his pen was moving. "But yet again," he wrote, "yet again, you might find me in about 10 days at the Absinthe Bar on Bourbon Street. Or stopping off in Clarksdale, Mississippi, just to wander around." M

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Guitar

Marty Friedman: Flash of the Titan

Road chops, Chinese music and playing through Megadeth's changes

By MATT RESNICOFF

HIS FATHER'S GOVERNMENTAL work brought him to lands far away, so Marty Friedman had soaked up the culture of Germany, Washington, D.C. and Hawaii by the time he'd recorded with his first band, no longer content with the single-note lead voice of his instrument. "I was doing these Brian May–style stacked guitars, which was weird live, but I was really into counterpoint and harmony. Hawaii was my woodshedding period. I never went to the beach for three years," he laughs. "Why couldn't I have done my shedding in Washington, D.C.?"

Much of it was difficulty for difficulty's sake, a concept Marty and Jason Becker took to new heights for two discs as Cacophony, a riotously fast-tempo outfit built around harmonies that suggested gothic metal and contemporary classical ideas simultaneously. Marty played all but drums on his solo *Dragon's Kiss* between tours with Jason that convinced the duo they might do better if they split. Both guitarists were in escrow—and still only in their early 20s—when David Lee Roth solicited Becker for *A Little Ain't Enough* and a friend of the band Megadeth set Marty up with a successful audition in February 1990.

Careful not to get mired in lines that sacrifice melody for familiar patterns, Marty favors unpredictable intervallic leaps, especially those pointed up by the structure of the Asian and Eastern musics he encountered while living in Hawaii. "That music has been around for 2000 years and it's so developed," he says. "Indian music is incredibly difficult to grasp; what they call a scale might contain all 12 notes. I said, 'That's my goal: to not think of music in scales.'"

So for the last couple of years, Marty's been devoutly pro-choice: "Choosing notes is a guitarist's main ammunition," he says. "Consecutive notes can have nothing to do with one another—all that matters is how they sound over the chord in the rhythmic time it's in. I have my mind open to use any note at any time. I want it where intelligent guys will say, 'Wow, that's neat,' and idiots will say, 'Duh, that's cool.' And I need to like it, so that's three people to please," he laughs. "Mainly myself. But if I do something

Photograph: Merlyn Rosenberg

insane like a 12/7 over 15, and I get wood on it from being able to play something that difficult, nobody else is going to care."

Though he was with Megadeth only a few weeks before recording *Rust in Peace*, and spent most of that time learning the catalog, Marty came up with at least one universally acceptable solo. "Lucretia"'s progression is generic to metal—a measure of F#min, of E, of D, half-measures of B and C#—over all of which could be played F# pentatonic or minor. "No way," Marty said. His solo followed the chords as though each had nothing to do with the one preceding. He plays the notes F#, B, C#, D, C#, then C *natural*, C#, to an F#min arpeggio with a nine, G#, added: F#, G#, A, C#, down through C, A, F# and C#, C. "It's gliding along melodically rather than sounding like an exercise," he says. "The addition of the C passing tone in the very first phrase is weird. After I start the phrase with B, I start the next one with C; it usually would make sense to do the same thing twice. For the E chord I go into a major-sounding realm"—he plays C#, C, A, G#, B, A, G#, and a trill to E. "On the D, I try to make a relatable melody by doing a simple riff twice, maybe in a different position." He hits A, B, F#, and then a second time one octave up. Marty then grinds out a blues lick in the key of F#, first hitting the F natural and making the bend to F# sing like a voice. "Normal guys might not hit such a major note there. But if I do, I give it a jerk before the vibrato so it jumps out."

When the F#min tonic returns, Marty plays arpeggios that shift between minor and major, all over the same chord. "The major keeps you interested," he explains, accenting the major third, A#. "It's boring to arpeggiate the chord you're playing over, because you're not adding anything that's not already there.

"I also wanted to get into changing minor, major and augmented and have it be listenable, and the way to do that is to play like you mean it; a lot of notes sound like mistakes if you don't play them with conviction. [Co-producer Mike] Clink listened to the solo and said, 'I don't know—it's kinda out.' I said, 'Come back in a minute and listen again.' It grew on everybody," he smiles. "It took a while."

A year of touring—the Clash of the Titans tromp through Europe, opening for Judas Priest back home—helped establish the new Megadeth as a powerful outfit, ready for the first time to write democratically. Friedman's task now: shed the road chops locking his fingers into the old set list, gather ideas for the next record and hope not to play himself "out." "You don't recognize how weird something is until you learn and play it," he says. "Those are the best phrases. But I don't want people to think, 'That's totally weird.' I just want them to say, 'That sounds like Marty.'"

Rustin' Pieces

MARTY FRIEDMAN beats hell out of Jackson Kelleys and a Japanese Jackson Thunderbird. He runs a Bogner preamp for rhythm and a Tubeworks preamp for lead, each with a VHT power amp and a Yamaha SPX900 with a clarifier patch, "like a Marshall with no boxes, but more reliable. In Megadeth, Dave Mustaine and I play so differently; apart from his wah-wah, we both have 28-space rigs with mostly the same stuff, and it sounds completely different."

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MUSICIAN

Drummers: Listen to Africa

Ginger Baker and Ronald Shannon Jackson give lessons

By Chip Stern

DESPITE THEIR DIFFERING BACKgrounds, Britisher Ginger Baker and Texas native Ronald Shannon Jackson meet up at the pass where American and African rhythmic sensibilities overlap. For both, drumming serves a storytelling function. Rhythm is a progenitor of song, and the melodies in their groups' music seem to arise full-blown from rhythm itself.

"The whole thing is a marriage between everything that came from Africa and military drum techniques," says Baker in his drowsy drawl. "The only way Africans in the U.S. could get to play the drums was to play the military ones, so they had to learn the rudiments. They discovered how out of even one rudiment, things could lead anywhere at all. That's where jazz came from, although it has changed considerably. Now and then, you get a jazz drummer playing a whole African drum chorus part—that's what I attempt to do."

His new album *Red Warrior*, Jackson says, "is based more on a concept of African drumming than Western drumming. All swing is, is dancing in time. Even where the swing originates on the hi-hat pedal on the title tune, I put it where it would be if I found myself in any grouping of African drummers. You're not confined to *ching-ching-a-ding* on the ride or that 16th-note hustle beat on the hi-hat; it's actually a combination of those two feelings, animated by the ritual polyrhythmic pulse at the core.

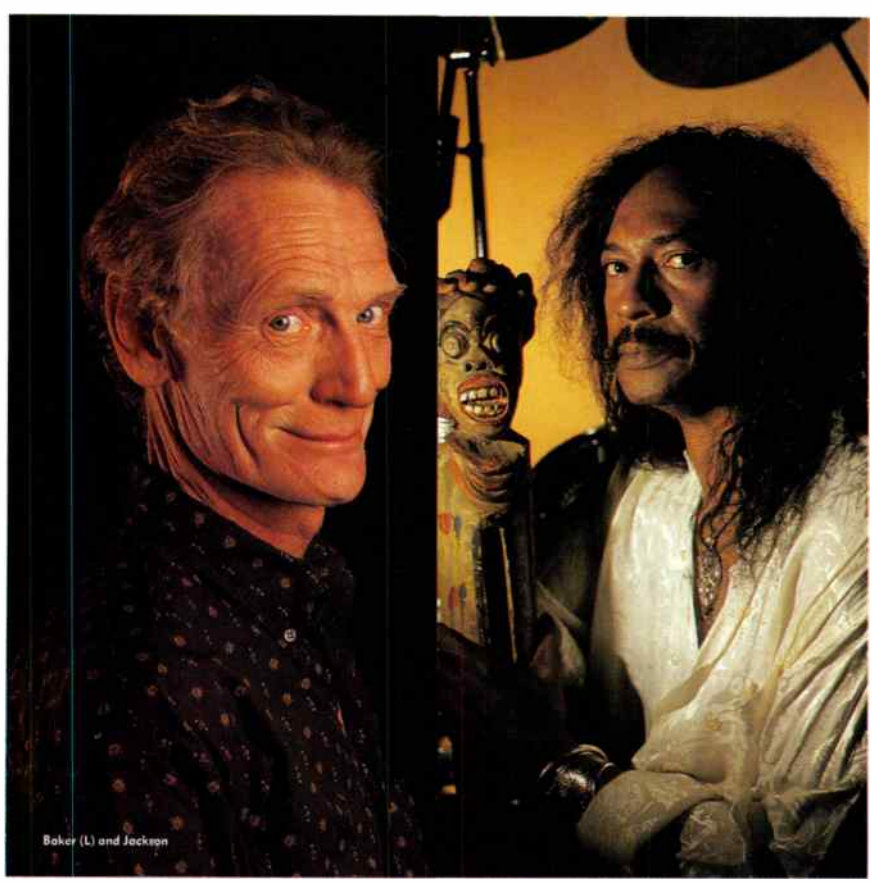
"In America," Jackson continues, "it's about who can play with technique; in Africa, drums are a means of communication, like the telephone. In certain rituals, African drumming's not so much about technique as about a state of spiritual and physical being.

"For me, the main difference between African and American drumming is that Americans lead from the right, Africans from their left. Americans lead from perfection, and Africans lead from the function of conversation—it's not about drumming.

"Say a drummer wanted to sound like a tribal drum ceremony happening within a shuffle beat. That's where I could incorporate African flams—using flams, but leading from the left to get away from the standard resolutions, and running through the bar lines continuously—not every time you start a new phrase. You create your own transformations that way, staying within a steady, established time pattern, but moving around anywhere you want—which is what shamans do, setting up a form of hypnotism through rhythmic transformations. You can get to the same thing through a Lawrence Stone book [*Hand Control*], though Stone puts it in a Western, marching drum context. The African style, incidentally, uses a matched grip—more about equal strength and emphasis in both hands, not all right-strong, left-weak."

"Timekeeping is very important in African music," Baker adds emphatically. "Traditionally, the timekeepers are these kids who are learning to be drummers. Their first gig is as timekeepers. In fact, you have two sections of drummers playing together, all night long. I've been at a funeral where the drummers played nonstop for more than 14 hours, and it was a 12-piece thing where two kids are timekeepers, playing straight four all the time. And the lead drummers—the guys who do the talking, the solo playing—were changing patterns over the top, all playing in different times.

"I'm always striving to create four rhythms at once: to play those other two parts—which are made up by three people—with my kick, and play some of the solo drum on top. So I'm always using one foot—generally my left—as a timekeeper.



Baker (L) and Jackson

Photograph: Karen Miller (L); Aldo Mauro

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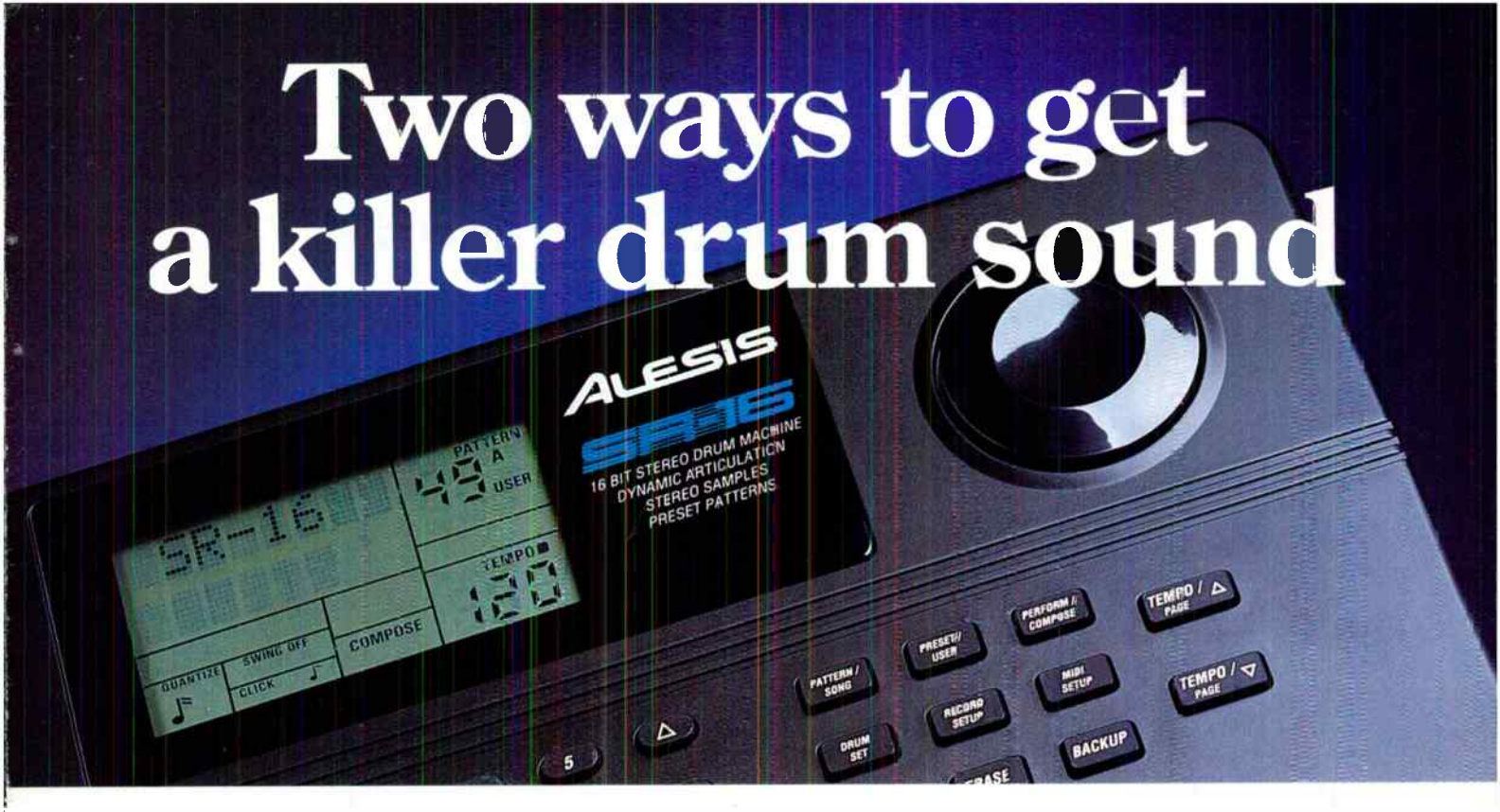

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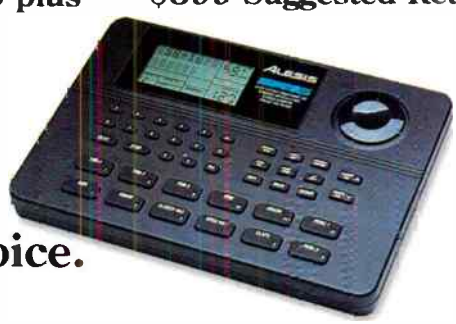

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Constantly. I'll switch between the hi-hat and the left bass drum [*Baker has used two bass drums since the '60s*], always keeping time with that foot, and using my right foot for all the in-betweeners. That is where it should be. And this is where I fault most every young drummer I hear: None of them seem to use the hi-hat as a timekeeper. When you listen to Art Blakey, you can always hear that hi-hat going—it's the timekeeper. You get set on a four pattern and stay there, and after a while some of the rhythms start playing themselves on automatic pilot and you can leave there and do things on top of that. Yet because of the steady time in there as a reference point, you can't lose it.

"Sometimes it switches up," Ginger continues, "and I leave the timekeeping to one hand, play triplets with the two bass drums, play ride cymbal with one hand and fill with the left. The right hand becomes a timekeeper in a situation like that, but there's always something keeping time. Always. That's the point I try to get across to drummers at clinics: Everything else they do is okay, but have it happen *in time*. Yet it's not only about keeping time, it's also about swinging." Ginger demonstrates a pattern with straight eights on the hi-hat, played with just the foot (one-and, two-and, three-and, four-and), while playing a 12/8 triplet feel with his hands and right foot (emphasizing one-*trip*-let, two-*trip*-let). "See," he smiles, "it has that tick in it from the hi-hat side all the time. The fact that that's there puts the whole 12/8 thing into a different mode." In other words, American rhythm is monorhythmic; African rhythm is polyrhythmic. Remember that, and you're into the territory.

Talking Drums

GINGER plays Ludwig Super Classics, fitted with Ludwig Silver Dot Rocker heads. His two bass drums are 20" each. His cymbals are a mix of K Zildjians, A Zildjian sploshes, some old A Zildjian rides and hi-hats and a Wuhan. He uses Ginger Baker Zildjian sticks.

RONALD SHANNON JACKSON plays Sonor Signature Series drums, with 24" and 20" basses; the heads are by Evans. His cymbals are a combination of Sabian HH and Paiste Signature Series. He uses Zildjian 3A sticks.

Piano

Kenny Kirkland's Style

The improviser's secrets ❖ By Tom Moon

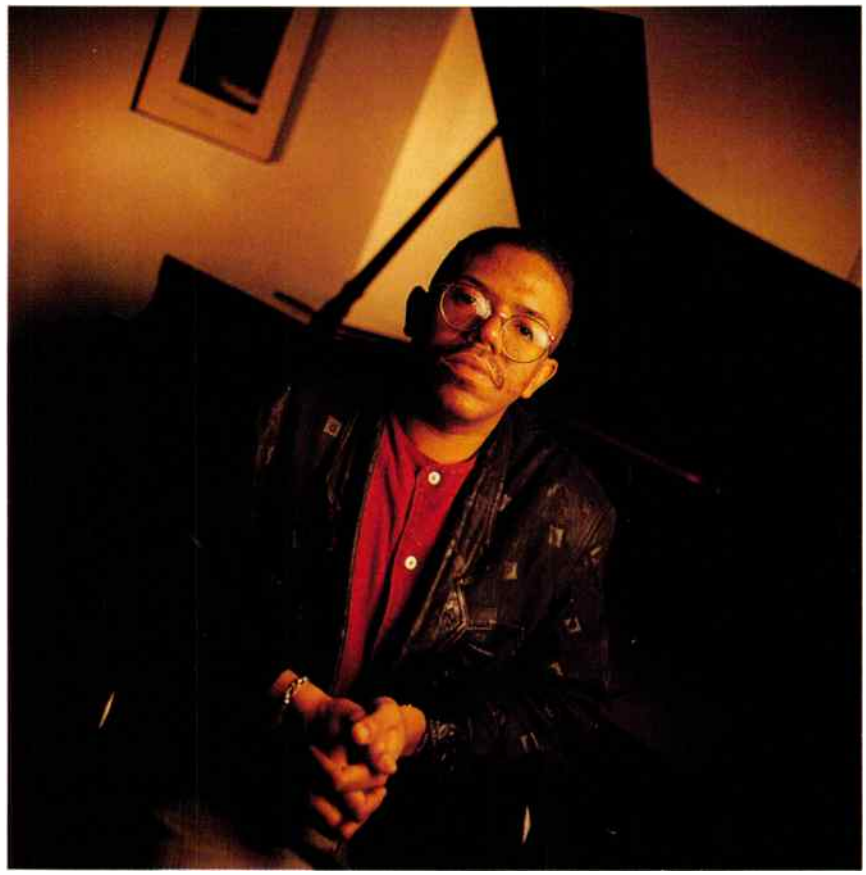
NO, KENNY KIRKLAND IS NOT undergoing some weird psychological torture, but he's wincing all the same. He has been asked to examine his solo on "Chance," an original from his debut solo album. Instead of noticing the high points, he's chronicling missed opportunities.

"I could've done more," he says of a pedal point similar to the one used by John Coltrane on the coda to "Lazybird." He stops the tape, shakes his head. Kirkland, 34, is in a funny position: He's a newly anointed bandleader with a record on a major label. He could easily believe the hype and think every note is wonderful. And at the same time he's a student of improvisation who is only too eager to notice—and correct—his shortcomings.

He moves to the piano. "The ideal on a pedal-point thing is that you can play the chords on top of each other. You'll superimpose a triad over some seventh chord. I didn't do that this time. There's no fancy stuff here that I usually would do: The take felt good, so I decided to just play the chords and let it end. But I could've done more with it."

The pedal points are only the first sore point. "When I'm soloing, I usually play the same voicing in the left hand," he says, acknowledging a problem that vexes lots of great pianists. "And that keeps everything in the same tone. When you change the voice, the right hand is suddenly freer—you encourage yourself to play something different."

And that is what most improvisers look for: something to help jar a solo out of the well-traveled routes from dominant to tonic, tension to release. Kenny groans about the tyranny of the ii-V-I progression,



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the backbone of jazz harmony, and says he's working to "unlearn" the patterns that many players use to outline chords. The goal is improvisation rather than recitation; Kirkland knows he's playing well when he surprises himself. "I know it's not inspired if I can intellectually understand everything. When I have to re-learn a tune to see what I did, that's a sign I'm really playing."

But Kirkland admits it's hard to get around "the licks," especially on the road: "With Branford [Marsalis], we'd play the same tunes for a year. By the end of that, you feel you're doing less and less playing, when you're actually playing more notes. That's why I got into writing—to set up different vibrations, different types of chords than what you'd play on a standard. Chords I wouldn't know what the scale is, that stuff."

"Chance" is a perfect example: "The way these changes are set up, with the Bflat/A, the Eflat/A resolving to a Dmin9—if I played it bebop-style—" he outlines the harmony in awkward arpeggios—"it just wouldn't work. There are no ii-Vs. I used other types of chords to resolve, like F#min11 to Dmaj#9flat5, so instead of playing routine lines over routine changes, you are forced to play a real melody.

"What I'll do to start a solo is find a little intervallic thing that's easy to remember, and try to play that through the whole A section of the tune. I'll save the fast stuff for later on. I always think of Keith Jarrett, who can play real spare and lead you through his thought process for a long time. When he does play fast, it has a lot of impact."

To keep his solos uncluttered, Kirkland constructs his lines the way a horn player would. "I try to sing the lines in my head, and take breaths like a saxophone player.

Kirk Land

KENNY KIRKLAND'S acoustic piano is the Steinway Grand, Model B. But he often writes using a full electronic studio, and used some of the following equipment on his GRP debut: the Korg Wavestation, an E-mu Proteus II, a Korg M1 keyboard and rack, the Casio FZ1 sampler, the Akai S900 sampler, the Macintosh SE30 computer, the Roland Super JX rack, a Yamaha DX7, and Sony and Denon DAT machines.

It makes you restrain yourself, which is good, and it forces you to link the little melodies and intervallic things into a theme. I'll try to put it in canon form, and involve both hands, basslines, everything. But I try to stick to the melody. The less I play on a chord, the more I like it."

As a solo is progressing, Kenny may interrupt his lyrical reverie to engage in rhythm-section sparring. That means playing unusual syncopations. "The idea is to create a whole other tempo. I don't like to repeat things somebody else has played, so I'll listen for ways to build on a rhythmic pattern that the drummer has already set in motion, or create a whole separate meter."

At the same time, he'll tinker with the harmony. If he's playing a standard, he'll alter chords to create instant reharmonizations. "I learned this from Herbie Hancock. Instead of playing the old ii-V Gmin to C7, I'll play a Gmin to a Cmaj9, with a sharp five. That makes for some unusual resolutions. Also with standards, I'll slip in the tritone substitution on some of the dominant chords, or maybe move up in minor thirds. I studied classical harmony, and I try to incorporate that, too. Any chord can be a V chord if it has a resolving effect."

Kirkland's solo on "Chance" follows the "July 4th Fireworks" theory—start small, end with a big flourish. The things that help him get there: increasingly aggressive rhythmic displacement, impressive triplet and 16th-note runs, and thick, two-handed block chords. Kenny's not ashamed to say these are trademarks of some of his favorite pianists—Hancock, Chick Corea, Jarrett and Wynton Kelly. At one point, he slips in a classic Kelly blues turn that at first seems out of place. Not to Kirkland: "'Chance' isn't that type of Wynton Kelly tune. But that's part of what I like, so I added it. You'll usually hear me play some basic blues thing in every solo."

Though Kirkland's first exposure to jazz was Hancock's fusion-oriented 1974 *Headhunters* album, he's researched the solo structures and tactics of many of the great players. "You want to take it somewhere," he says, more a scientist evaluating data than an obsessed imitator. "You want it to constantly build, so you're making a climax happen, bringing it up there yourself. Of course, at that point you don't want to be thinking about that. It just happens."

Joe Lovano: Learning on the Bandstand

Saxman preaches empathy over technique ❖ By Tom Moon

LOOKING AT THE THEORY TEXTS and treatises on improvisation that litter the jazz education world, you might think the quickest way to become a jazz giant is to master mathematics. You might get the impression that once the basic technique is under control, the music comes automatically.

Joe Lovano, the under-recognized tenor saxophonist, will teach you otherwise. He remembers a visit to Barcelona last year with drummer Paul Motian's trio. Lovano set a roomful of anxious musicians straight by showing them that jazz is not dependent on 90-mph licks or sleight-of-hand gimmicks. "They were quizzing [guitarist] Bill Frisell in particular. They wanted to know everything about his playing, his equipment. Bill just stood there for about 20 minutes without saying anything. Finally I said, 'It's not about notes, it's about using your imagination.'"

If it were a book, the Joe Lovano Approach to Improvisation would emphasize listening and de-emphasize rote learning. The book would help aspiring soloists cultivate group interaction, and it would preach Lovano's gospel of mastering the context: the idea that you should be able to react, in a musically cogent fashion, to whatever comes at you, whether it's bop or a Spanish ceremonial march.

Though there's a need for it, Lovano, 38, has no plans to write such a book. He's in the middle of an intensely creative period, handling a different gig almost every day: the Paul Motian Trio, the John Scofield Quartet, the Mel Lewis Orchestra, Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra, Tom Harrell's Sextet, his own Wind Ensemble and Don Grolnick's sextet.

Lovano's strikingly original U.S.-label debut, *Landmarks*, finds guitarist John Abercrombie and drummer Bill Stewart tackling knotty but never dense compositions designed to encourage interplay. He sums up his philosophy in one sentence: "To really develop in this music, you have to leave yourself and what you think you know, and try to learn what other people know."

Lovano started with a thick, burly tenor sound from the Ben Webster mold, got control of basic harmony and phrasing and finally took full advantage of the wisdom his father—a Cleveland barber-by-day, tenor-honker-by-night—offered him. Because his father was in the clubs, often playing opposite national names, Joe heard everybody. As he grew older, he began to pick up the wisdom of the bandstand. While most of his peers worried about notes, Lovano was tackling concepts, reconciling his father's pre-bop traditional approach with the angrier music he heard from John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman. A stint at the Berklee College of Music in 1971 found him doing still more reconciliation: Playing in Gary Burton's ensemble with a group of seniors, he was unprepared for the freer, modal sounds he encountered. "My training had been standards and bebop, and suddenly I was being asked to play all these different forms, open forms with deceptive resolutions. That turned me on—the combination of that sound with what I came in there with. I knew what I wanted to work on after that."

Reaching beyond the well-worn boundaries of standard songs, Lovano tries to create genuine melodies where sing-song scales have too long sufficed. His lines avoid conventional eighth-note patterns; he plays as though lives are at stake.

From playing with Elvin Jones, Lovano learned how to make music at slow tempos come alive. "I loved to play ballads with Elvin, because he would tell me to take my time. He'd hit the downbeat, and

Photograph: Larry Ford

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it would carry you for the whole phrase. He has this very musical way of organizing time, which made playing ballads very demanding. But once we had the confidence to get together on a ballad, everything else clicked."

From Bill Evans, Lovano learned the importance of adjusting one's approach to fit the situation. "I used to play the chords as they came, one after the other. We did 'Body and Soul,' and right after my solo started, I realized Bill was ahead of me on every chord. I knew that varying the harmonic rhythm was one of his things, but it still twisted me around. As we went along, I became loose enough to move with him. I thought about it for months. He got me to start anticipating changes, playing the chord but at the same time moving into the next one earlier. People used to tell me I sounded laid-back when I played, but not after that."

Listening to Evans, Lovano learned about the magic of articulation. The way you attack a note, he'll argue, is just as important as the note choice itself. "On a piano, the notes are the same for everybody. Ten cats can sit there and each one will have a different sound. How does that happen? It's the way they hit the note, the way they hold the notes, the attack and the release. To be able to hear Wynton Kelly as opposed to Bud Powell—that's a heavy lesson. Jazz articulation, no matter what the instrument, is what makes the music you play personal, like a signature."

And from Elvin Jones and others, Lovano learned about the importance of loving the music. "I remember sitting in the dressing room of Ronnie Scott's in London, and Elvin came in, rubbed his hands together and said, 'Let's have some fun.' That's what it's ultimately about. And if you do love that horn and love the music, you'll end up studying players on all different instruments. I tell my students to check out everybody, to really listen with full attention. The history is very important. You might not be a piano player, but those Bud Powell trio records can teach you some things. And you've got to listen to the people who are around you now, because these are the cats you're gonna have to play with someday."

These lessons are all interrelated, Lovano believes: They all depend on an open mind and open ears. "So many cats get locked into a style, or get obsessed with playing everything they know on a chord. You have to draw inspiration from a lot of sources in a playing situation. You have to react not only to the tune—my dad was big on honoring the melody, or at least incorporating it—but to the people you're playing with, all the possible polyrhythms coming from the rhythm section—everything."

Too many aspiring improvisers, Lovano feels, spend too much time playing straight-eighth-note music. "Playing with somebody like Paul Motian lets you know how little of the rhythmic terrain most jazz players are covering. I get my students to build their rhythmic sequences from whole notes and half notes, not just quarters and eighths. Pretty soon they start to hear polyrhythms, and they get to the point where they can play big across-the-bar-line figures. Everybody who ever played this type of music had a heavy concept of rhythm—they could speak a language of their own, even sitting on the same note all day."

Lovano is aware that it might be unrealistic to expect students who are still grappling with basic harmony to function at this level of rhythmic subtlety; still, he says, such study is essential to the development of sympathetic, interactive improvisers. He mentions his gig of the previous evening, a trio date with Motian and Frisell at the Knitting Factory, as an emblem of that sort of playing. "It's complete interpretation, and it can change in an instant. If somebody plays a figure that suggests a new set of polyrhythms, Paul will go with that. That's really what improvisation is—to be free enough to be able to move in any direction, without letting the instrument or the tune limit you." Ⓜ

Reed Only

JOE LOVANO plays Selmer "balanced action" tenor saxophones, one of which his father bought in the late '40s. He attributes his broad, rounded sound to a mouthpiece made of grenadilla wood—unusual for saxophonists, who gravitate toward metal mouthpieces—that was handmade for him by Francois Louis of Brussels. The mouthpiece, says Lovano, is roughly equivalent to a 10-star Otto Link. He uses Prestini #4-strength reeds.

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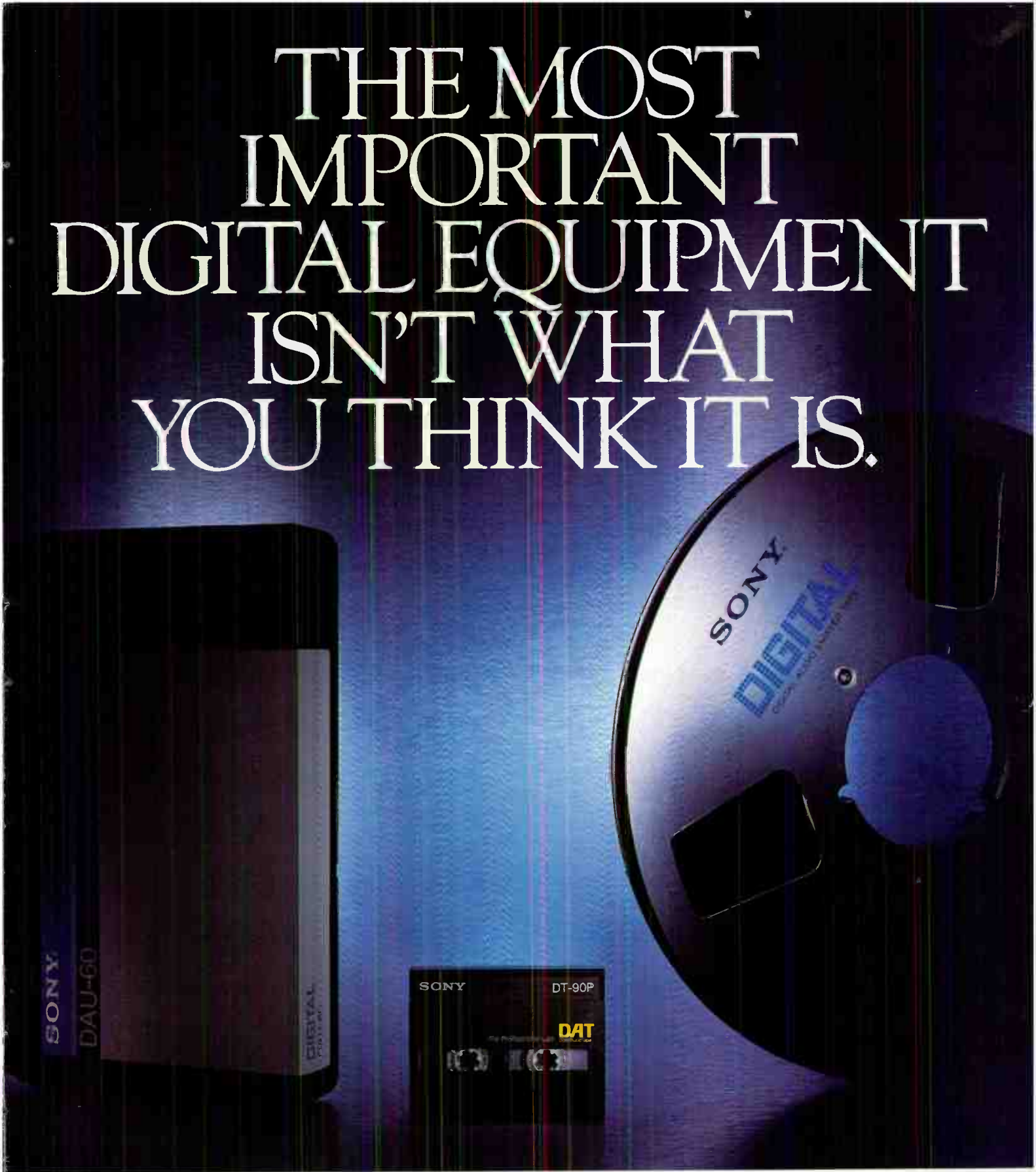

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Suing Soundalike Singers

Is it legal to copy a singer's vocal style? ❖ By Stan Soocher

THE FIRST TIME MITCH RYDER heard a Canadian broadcast of a Molson beer commercial that featured his great '60s rave-up "Devil with a Blue Dress," he couldn't remember whether he had done the vocal for the ad, too.

"My first response was curiosity. I do commercials from time to time, especially here in Detroit. The singer in the beer commercial sounded just like me, but I spent a couple of days drawing a blank."

Before long, Ryder's curiosity turned to anger and he filed suit in a Michigan federal court. But the judge dismissed the case last December in a pre-trial ruling. "He said something like he wasn't going to have any of this type of nonsense in his court," Ryder recalls.

Ryder recently appealed, then settled. Still, the case raised an issue that's become central to all artists' careers: At what point do rights attach to an artist's name, voice and likeness; and in the age of merchandising, what can an artist do to protect the economic value that may arise from what is known in legal circles as the "right of publicity"?

This is the same issue that really underlies the recent suits (since settled) by background singers Martha Wash and Yvette Marine, who claimed they deserved credit as lead vocalists on recordings by Black Box, C&C Music Factory and Paula Abdul. The publicity issue also may apply to legal actions over sampling pre-recorded sounds for new recordings. No court has decided whether sampling constitutes an infringement of the original artists' rights. Meanwhile, artists have recently made big gains in soundalike suits filed in California.

For instance, in 1988, for the first time anywhere, a federal appeals court ruled that a celebrity has a California common law property right to bar unauthorized vocal imitations. The ruling came in Bette Midler's suit over use of a soundalike in a Ford ad. Midler had refused to do commercials, so Ford's ad agency hired a former Midler backup singer to impersonate Miss M singing "Do You Wanna Dance."

To secure this protection against unauthorized soundalikes, the Midler court said a celebrity must prove that his or her voice is both distinctive and widely known over a broad geographic area. (In an ironic twist, the trial judge ruled that Midler could be barred from singing in court for fear that she would alter her voice to more closely imitate the singer imitating her.)

"Soundalike protection" was expanded in 1990 in a suit Tom Waits filed over a Frito-Lay corn chips commercial. The $2.75 million jury award for false advertising and harm to reputation included what is known as "punitive" damages, an amount added to actual damages just to punish a defendant.

Frito-Lay is appealing the jury's ruling. Meanwhile, Waits grouses, "It got difficult at trial because, to argue that I had no property right, the other side was comparing me to artists with greater audiences and more impressive record sales. But the guy in the corn chips commercial had done a cabaret act where he imitated me onstage doing some of my songs. Also, the musicians and producer of the commercial had used a recording of mine as a reference track."

Adds Ryder, "It's our voices that make us—at least allow us to be recognized for our individual, unique achievement. I don't work for a big corporation with pension and retirement funds. The way I make it is to sing. My voice is my trademark."

More than a dozen states currently provide for a statutory right of publicity. Many more have carved out some publicity rights through case law, though the extent of protection varies. California's statutes, for example, extend protection against unauthorized uses of name, actual voice

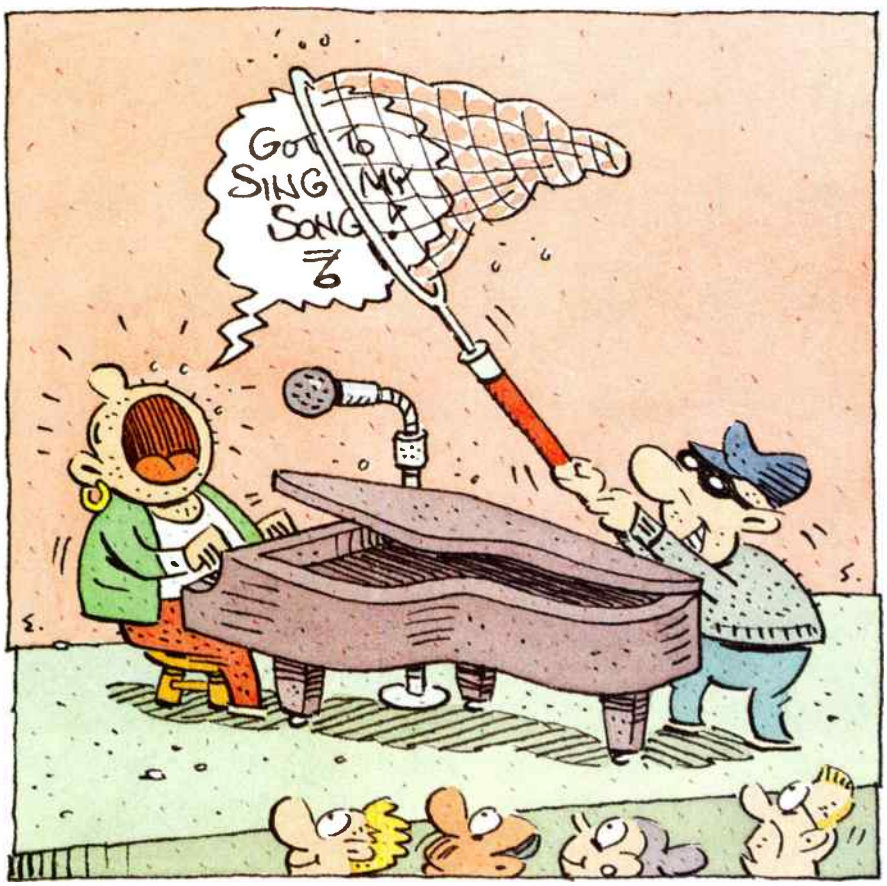

Illustration: Elwood H. Smith

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New York, on the other hand, has no right of publicity. The state bans some unauthorized uses of name or likeness, but not voice. This led to the dismissal last year of a soundalike claim filed there by the rap group the Fat Boys over a Miller beer commercial featuring a heavy-set Joe Piscopo rolling around on the floor. Fat Boys lawyer Scott Martin reports, "Though the judge said there's no soundalike claim under New York's right-of-publicity statute, he did indicate the soundalike issue could be used to further the group's trademark claim." To counter New York's limitations, some artists there have established, in states with greater protection, corporations to which they transfer the right to use their name, voice and likeness.

A federal trademark statute known as the Lanham Act has also been included as a cause of action in suits over unauthorized uses of an artist's name, voice or likeness, but with only occasional success for soundalike plaintiffs. The basic requirements of a Lanham Act claim are a likelihood of consumer confusion "as to the source of a product or service used in interstate commerce." In 1987, a California federal court ruled in favor of Motown Records on a Lanham Act claim over a beef stew commercial featuring Supremes soundalikes cooing "Baby Love." But the court also held that Motown's unfair competition and right of publicity claims were pre-empted by federal copyright law, which permits vocal imitations.

Nevertheless, Carlos Santana recently tried to extend soundalike protection to his guitar style when he filed a suit in San Francisco federal court over a Miller beer commercial with a guitarist playing "Black Magic Woman," which Santana has featured on some half-dozen of his albums. "He has developed a proprietary interest in...his musical sound, which is the most significant attribute of his identity," claimed Santana's complaint. The suit was settled in May.

But according to Santana's lawyer David C. Phillips, even a local band could have enforceable rights in who they are. "It would depend on record sales, artist contracts and the amount of exposure to audiences," Phillips says. "If a band was well-known enough that an advertiser thought it could take advantage, the band might have a claim." Ⓜ

Performance

Sparks Fly on E Street

By BILL FLANAGAN

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY'S MUSIC HAS ALWAYS CONTAINED A SENSE OF GOOD TIMES FADING AWAY. JOHNNY Lyon and Steve Van Zandt had a band that was about to get signed in the mid-'70s. When their pal Bruce Springsteen invited Steve to join the E Street Band, it was decided that Steve would still write songs for and produce his old group. After *Born to Run* excited the first wave of Bruce-mania, Johnny and the Jukes took up residence at the Stone Pony, an Asbury Park nightclub. Kids lined up to catch a glimpse of that old magic before it left the Jersey shore forever. Even as a new act, Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes were saying goodbye to better days.

WHAT
Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes, Bruce Springsteen & Little Steven
WHERE
The Stone Pony, Asbury Park, NJ
WHEN
September 26, 1991

In September, Bruce, Steve, E Street bassist Garry Tallent and drummer Max Weinberg convened in Asbury Park to give Johnny's new album a collective push. *Better Days* reflects on faded glories and the struggle to stay loyal to youthful dreams in middle age. The album was produced and largely written by Steve, resuming a role he gave up in 1978. Johnny and Steve have both made fine records since their glory days, but neither achieved much commercial success. *Better Days* is both a last shot at the brass ring and a hard trip through the human cost of frustration. Steve seems to write more personally when he's writing for Johnny than when he's writing for himself.

This Jersey supergroup gathered at the Stone Pony to make a live video for Johnny's new single, "It's Been a Long Time." Johnny, Bruce, and Steven share vocals on the song, which celebrates the good old days with glasses raised high. The day before the shoot, Johnny and the E Street/Jukes ran through a set's worth of new material (though the Jukes groaned at having to play the Jukes' two warhorses—"The Fever" and "I Don't Want to Go Home"). At first the musicians played a little tentatively. The E Street alumni looked to Bruce as bandleader, but Bruce made a point of deferring to Johnny. To make things more awkward, the whole time the musicians conferred, joked and debated, the video director was swooping around them with a hand-held camera.


Traveling Asburys

By the next day at dinnertime, the Stone Pony's stage had been extended, movie lights were raised, tracks were set up for cameras and the room swarmed with people shouting into walkie-talkies. Johnny was off in a corner, banging a pinball machine and fending off the demands of all the people tugging at his sleeve. At 7 p.m. an audience began to surge in, and at 8 everything came alive. Johnny's singing has improved with age, and the band rose to the moment as if they were back in the arenas. Songs that on record came off as nostalgic and painful turned into celebrations when played live. The hurt in the lyrics was drowned out by the joy in the playing. Southside Johnny has gone the tricky route of maintaining musical loyalty to R&B and blues while choosing lyrics that explore the trials and triumphs of a life spent devoted to bar-band music. What's poignant when you hear it alone in your room is joyful when belted out in front of a dancing crowd.

It was a treat to see Johnny, Bruce, Steve, Max, Garry and even guest star Jon Bon Jovi sharing a stage in a small bar. But the real treat was to hear music so simple and direct played so well. And then to realize that there is nothing simple about it. Ⓜ

Photograph: Larry Busacca/Retna

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Musician Magazine, in cooperation with **JBL**, **Shure** and **Sony**, is pleased once again to invite all unsigned artists to submit their original music to our 4th **Best Unsigned Band Contest**. All entries will be reviewed by the publishers and editors of Musician Magazine. Finalists will then be submitted to an all-star panel of music industry judges featuring the likes of **John Hiatt**, **Bootsy Collins**, **Chrissie Hynde** and **Don Was**. The celebrity judges will ultimately choose the artists to appear on Musician's "Best of the BUBS" CD, which will be delivered to music and program directors at hundreds of radio stations, record execs, A&R departments, publishing companies and music journalists throughout the country. The one band singled out as everyone's fave will also take home a grand prize equipment package valued at over $15,000. If your music deserves to be heard, we're ready to listen. Just read the rules carefully, fill out the entry form and send us your best on cassette.

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Rules No purchase necessary. One cassette per artist/band. Maximum two songs per cassette. Name, age and address of each band member, photo of band/artist and a $15.00 processing fee must accompany each cassette and entry form (or facsimile). **ALL ENTRIES MUST BE RECEIVED BY DEC. 31, 1991.** All music must be original. If chosen, artists are responsible for final mix to appear on CD. Artists cannot be signed to a label. Tapes become property of MUSICIAN Magazine and will not be returned. Artists retain rights to their music. All decisions are final. Employees of Billboard Publications, Inc. and affiliated companies are not eligible. Void where prohibited.

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CONTACT NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

COUNTRY

DAY PHONE EVE PHONE

SIGNATURE/DATE

MUSICIAN

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The SY99: Yamaha's Highest Number Yet

WE MENTIONED THE SY99 BRIEFLY last month, but Yamaha's new top-of-the-line synth merits a more in-depth look. It expands the traditional strengths of FM synthesis, while compensating for some of its more glaring weaknesses.

☞ **Physical Ed:** At 53 pounds, the SY99 is a heavy mother (shades of the old Yamaha CS80!). The 76-note keyboard has a medium-firm plastic feel. To the left, there's one pitch wheel and *two* mod wheels. The second wheel, which is center-detented, comes in handy for a slew of things—like varying the phase of a sync sound while doing the usual LFO mod shtick with the other wheel. Wheee!

☞ **Cruising the Presets:** Boy, was I disappointed when I powered up the SY99 and instantly found myself mired in twerpy, twinky FM "Rhodes" patches. Will synthesis ever be free from the Ghost of DX7? Moving on, I was pleasantly surprised to find that the SY99 is pretty good at emulating what's usually thought of as FM's antithesis: fat analog timbres. There's a few choice "moogy" patches on board, as well as some of the best Hammond recreations I've heard anywhere. All around. the SY99 seems to have more bottom than any previous Yamaha synth. The string and brass patches are good-to-adequate. Drums are a bit bare-bones and lacking in transient sizzle. Acoustic pianos are weak. There's a fine selection of swirly Instant New Age Album patches. Just lay a few heavy books on the keyboard and go get lunch.

☞ **Programming Depths:** The major gag here is that the SY99, like its predecessor the SY77, lets you use sampled waveforms as modulators in FM algorithms. This, of course, is a far cry from the original FM synthesis, wherein you rubbed two sine waves together and prayed for some puny sonic spark. In fact, it's such an improvement that Yamaha calls this process *Advanced* Frequency Modulation, or AFM. Many miles down into the operating system (I could smell the sulphur), I finally got to crossbreed a simple synthesized waveform with what must have been a Republican sample: It sounded like a human voice saying "Bush" with actual enthusiasm. The results were extremely resonant. Strange harmonics flying everywhere. Aural Dali! Additive to the 10th power! A little thin, natch, but this *is* still FM.

Since sliced-up samples have become the basic language of modern pop, there's something appealing about synthesizing with sample slivers. Mind you, unlike the average dance hit, the end results bear absolutely no resemblance to the original sample. Which brings us to another point about the SY99. It can read sample data from other brands of samplers, on 3.5" diskettes. But it can only load up raw waveform data. Which means there's tons of dicking with diskettes and geez, we're running out of space.... Suffice it to say that. no, you can't just load up your favorite Kurzweil piano sample or Ensoniq sitar and simply start wailing.

☞ **Bitch, Bitch, Bitch:** Obviously, the SY99 is a deep machine. (The owner's manual is 351 pages!) The user interface is cool, but maybe only 90 percent there in terms of user-friendliness. For example, while you're setting the panning for individual voices in a multi patch, you can't actually *hear* the voices. And when using the onboard sequencer—which is quite good on the whole—each playback of what you've recorded lands you in, hey, playback mode: which means you have to waste a keystroke and distract yourself from the music long enough to re-enter record mode. Still, by today's standards, 90 percent hassle-free is pretty damn good.

☞ **Postscript:** The SY99's an impressive synthesizer. But after a hard day's work with the thing, it sure felt good to pick up my Hohner Marine Band and lay down a nice, simple harp overdub.

ALAN DI PERNA

Photograph: Susan Goines

Zooming in on the Zoom 9030

THERE ARE SOUNDS IN HERE THAT TEMPT YOU TO think of the 9030 as a rudimentary guitar synth with trimmings, rather than as the all-purpose guitar processor it is. All one-half-rack-space, harmonizing 10 zillion sounds of it. Jeez Louise.

The Zoom has no dry default tone to build on; you chip away at one of the company's cleverly fashioned and fashionable presets ("Vai-Able," "Purple Rain," "Eddie Van-driver," etc.) to create the sound you need. The adventure can be rewarding but irksome, since any one of the company's screamer tones might quietly contain perfect EQ for a really practical and beefy clean sound, and an apparent "Jazz" setting may be too hollow to cut through, or might even have an underlying harmonizer setting that could really fly with fuzz. But the sounds are there for the diligent.

Zoom provides banks upon banks of options, including bypassable effects modules, flexible reverb, chorus, delay, overdrive, combo/stack delineations—very many of which are fully simultaneous and print well to tape.

An intelligent footswitch helps group sounds together for performance convenience, and though a multilingual instruction manual trumpets the footswitch's parameter-tweak capability, it's easier just to step on the sucker for general patching and twiddle the 9030 manually than to go into cultural conniptions trying to follow the edit process through the pages. Four small knobs handle hand edits, which are smooth but can skip when increments are really tight and you're in a pinch for tone. And pinch you will; this is an astounding box. In all fairness to Zoom, one concern is its stage application, since the speaker fidelity of common guitar amps will probably block some of the high end the unit is capable of producing, and a headphone audition may be more impressive than a live demonstration. For home recording, though, it may be all you'll ever need.

MATT RESNICOFF

Recordable CD Is Here!

"COMPACT DISCS ARE GREAT. BUT YOU CAN'T RECORD ON THE DAMN THINGS." THE NEXT TIME SOMEONE hands you that old line, just hand them $20,000 and send them down to their local high-end audio store to pick up Denon's new DN-7700R, the first completely self-contained CD recorder system to hit the market. This prohibitively priced wonder records in a "Write-Once, Read-Many" (WORM) format (discs sell for $35–40). The unit comes with an audio interface that supplies full A-to-D/D-to-A conversion, and a nifty onboard computer prints table-of-contents info, so you can pop the disc out and play it back on any CD player—just like that! The DN-7700R was unveiled at a recent Manhattan press conference and the sound quality was nearly as awesome as the implications for the future. With the technology in place, the folks at Denon promise that it won't be *too* long before they have a recorder available for a quarter the price.

PETER CRONIN

Sound Bites

TWO NEW BOXES FROM J.L. Cooper offer some nice affordable options for synchronizing sequencers to tape. The Sync-Link is a Macintosh MIDI interface that reads and generates all formats of SMPTE time code plus the "Smart FSK" code that's compatible with other Cooper products. It also supports MIDI Time Code, Song Position Pointer and Direct Time Lock. All for $199. The high-tech class system must be eroding, since Cooper's new Poor People's Synchronizer, the PPS2, sells for only about 30 bucks less and can also read/generate SMPTE and convert SMPTE into MIDI Time Code or Direct Time Lock. It too can read and write "Smart" FSK.... New from Diaz Amplifiers is the Vibramaster 1, an all-tube outboard spring reverb that was first used by guitarist G.E. Smith on Bob Dylan's 1989 tour. Though its tone and look are vintage, the Vibramaster is smaller than Fender's old outboard reverb unit.... In other tube news, Summit Audio has a new dual-tube compressor/limiter, the DCL-200. It couples two 12AX7s with Summit's own discrete 990 op-amps in the output stage. Linked stereo and dual mono modes are available. Compression ratios range from 1:1 to +1:7.... Finally we have the new Version III from Frontal Lobe, the people who came up with that supercharger/memory expansion box for the Korg M1. Version III, however, is a generic box that works with all synths, providing an integrated MIDI librarian and 16-track/32-channel MIDI sequencer with numerous editing features. You can get a 9000-note version for $749 or the big 49,000-note economy size for $899.

Photograph (top): Linda Covello

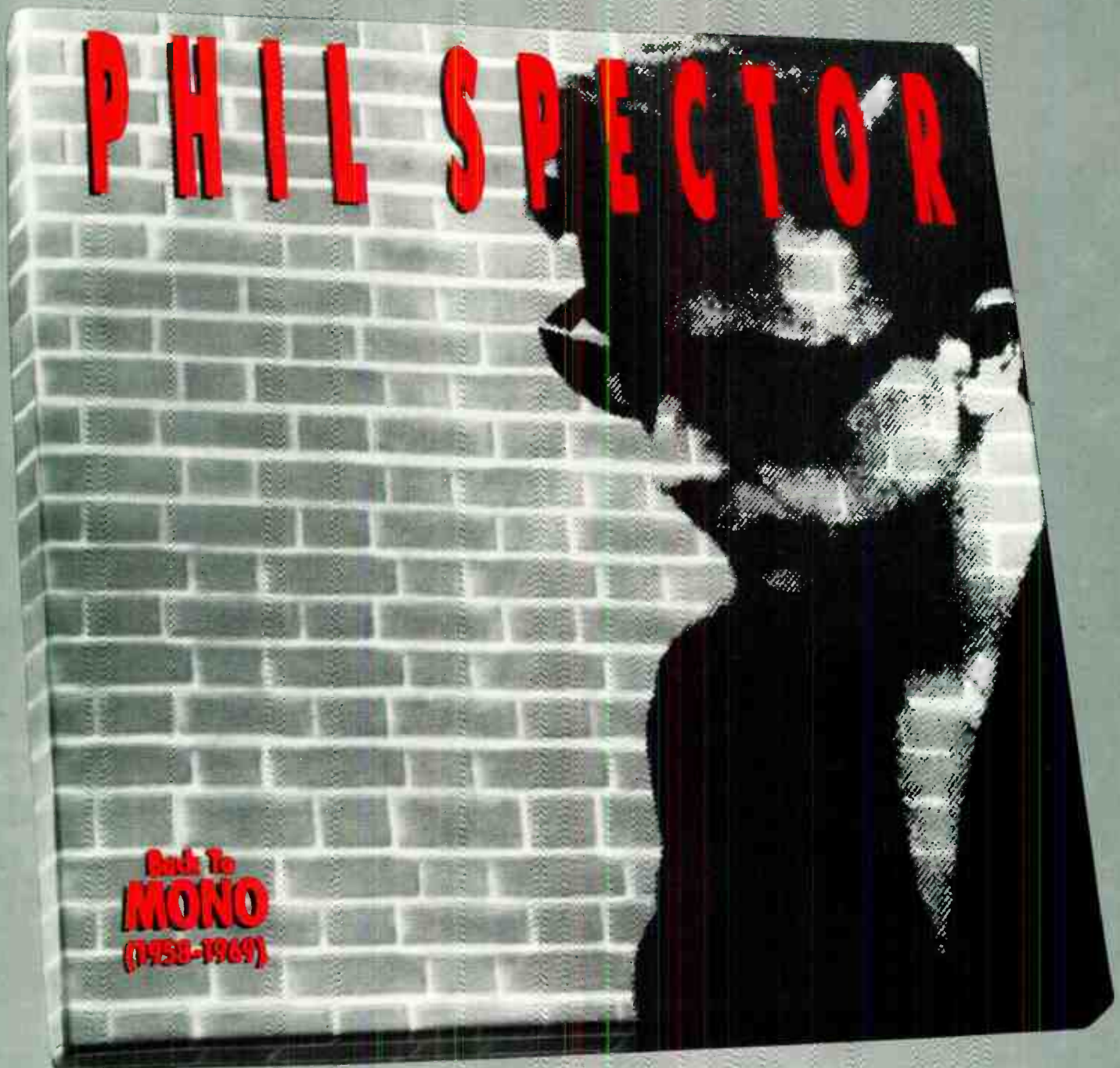
U2 in Nighttown

Achtung Baby
(Island)

IN THEIR HEYDAY, THE SOUND OF A NEW ROLLING STONES RECORD WOULD always be a shock. The first time you heard "Ruby Tuesday," "2000 Light Years," "Gimme Shelter" or "Miss You" you said, "*That's* the Stones?" At first it sounded like a terrible mistake, but once you got used to it, it always made perfect sense. U2's first studio album in four-and-a-half years carries the same sort of jolt. The record blasts open with a barrage of electronic sounds and distortion. Bono's voice is processed so heavily it barely sounds human. If you strain you can make out what he's saying: "I'm ready...ready for what's next."

The most important rock band of the 1980s redefines itself for the '90s. U2 began as a group specializing in mood, ambience and spirit. As they grew, their writing and playing became more focused. *The Joshua Tree*, their 1987 smash, cemented U2's image as strong, straightforward men speaking directly. The documentary album and film *Rattle and Hum* brought that journey to an end. On their new album U2 have not so much moved on as they've backed way up and turned down a

Photograph: Anton Corbijn



PHIL SPECTOR

Back To MONO (1958-1969)

TO KNOW HIM IS TO LOVE HIM
THE TEDDY BEARS
CORRINE, CORRINA
RAY PETERSON
SPANISH HARLEM
BEN E. KING
PRETTY LITTLE ANGEL EYES
CURTIS LEE
EVERY BREATH I TAKE
GENE PITNEY
I LOVE HOW YOU LOVE ME
THE PARIS SISTERS
UNDER THE MOON OF LOVE
CURTIS LEE
THERE'S NO OTHER LIKE MY BABY
THE CRYSTALS
UPTOWN
THE CRYSTALS
HE HIT ME (IT FELT LIKE A KISS)
THE CRYSTALS
HE'S A REBEL
THE CRYSTALS
ZIP-A-DEE-DOO-DAH
BOB B. SOXX AND THE BLUE JEANS
PUDDIN' N' TAIN
THE ALLEY CATS
HE'S SURE THE BOY I LOVE
THE CRYSTALS
WHY DO LOVERS BREAK EACH OTHERS HEARTS?
BOB B. SOXX AND THE BLUE JEANS
(TODAY I MET) THE BOY I'M GONNA MARRY
DARLENE LOVE

DA DOO RON RON
THE CRYSTALS
HEARTBREAKER
THE CRYSTALS
WHY DON'T THEY LET US FALL IN LOVE
VERONICA
CHAPEL OF LOVE
DARLENE LOVE
NOT TOO YOUNG TO GET MARRIED
BOB B. SOXX AND THE BLUE JEANS
WAIT TIL MY BOBBY GETS HOME
DARLENE LOVE
ALL GROWN UP
THE CRYSTALS
BE MY BABY
THE RONETTES
THEN HE KISSED ME
THE CRYSTALS
A FINE, FINE BOY
DARLENE LOVE
BABY, I LOVE YOU
THE RONETTES
I WONDER
THE RONETTES
GIRLS CAN TELL
THE CRYSTALS
LITTLE BOY
THE CRYSTALS
HOLD ME TIGHT
THE TREASURES
(THE BEST PART OF) BREAKIN' UP
THE RONETTES
SOLDIER BABY OF MINE
THE RONETTES

STRANGE LOVE
DARLENE LOVE
STUMBLE AND FALL
DARLENE LOVE
WHEN I SAW YOU
THE RONETTES
SO YOUNG
VERONICA
DO I LOVE YOU?
THE RONETTES
KEEP ON DANCING
THE RONETTES
YOU, BABY
THE RONETTES
WOMAN IN LOVE (WITH YOU)
THE RONETTES
WALKING IN THE RAIN
THE RONETTES
YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELIN'
THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS
BORN TO BE TOGETHER
THE RONETTES
JUST ONCE IN MY LIFE
THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS
UNCHAINED MELODY
THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS
IS THIS WHAT I GET FOR LOVING YOU?
THE RONETTES
LONG WAY TO BE HAPPY
DARLENE LOVE
(I LOVE YOU) FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS
THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS
EBB TIDE
THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS

THIS COULD BE THE NIGHT
THE MODERN FOLK QUARTET
PARADISE
THE RONETTES
RIVER DEEP-MOUNTAIN HIGH
IKE & TINA TURNER
I'LL NEVER NEED MORE THAN THIS
IKE & TINA TURNER
A LOVE LIKE YOURS (DON'T COME KNOCKIN' EVERYDAY)
IKE & TINA TURNER
SAVE THE LAST DANCE FOR ME
IKE & TINA TURNER
I WISH I NEVER SAW THE SUNSHINE
THE RONETTES
YOU CAME, YOU SAW, YOU CONQUERED
THE RONETTES
BLACK PEARL
SONNY CHARLES AND THE CHECKMATES
LOVE IS ALL I HAVE TO GIVE
THE CHECKMATES

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produced by phil spector / mastered in analog under his supervision by larry levine & jody klein / arranger jack nitzsche / art direction iris keitel & mick rock / cover design mick rock & judy virsinger / book design lloyd ziff design group, inc. / essays tom wolfe & david hinckley / concept lenne gillk

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whole different road. They're back to creating sonic landscapes, but the clear pools of *Boy* and rushing clouds of *Unforgettable Fire* have been abandoned for a garish urban nightscape. *Achtung Baby* sounds like Times Square or Piccadilly Circus at 11 pm on a July Saturday. It's full of pushing and shoving, loud arguments, hip-hop beats, bursting images and screaming guitars. Some of the lyrics sound like they were read off the T-shirts in an all-night souvenir shop, like they were recited by a man in that late-night state of sensory overload where you babble words you just overheard.

The central character on this expedition through urban perdition is a man messing up his secure home life by charging out into the night's temptations. The album is full of romantic and spiritual anguish, of the bargains made between couples and the recriminations they throw at each other when those deals are breached. "We're one," Bono sings, "but we're not the same." It seems less a comfort than an excuse. There is an album-long metaphor of the moon as a dark woman who seduces the singer away from his virtuous love, the sun. In the middle of side two the singer, lying in the gutter in a vain attempt to throw his arms around the world, looks up and sees the sun rising. He asks, "How far are you gonna go before you lose your way back home?" Then he starts crawling home, exhausted, elated, ashamed, satisfied and nursing a bloody nose. That would be an easy place for the album to end, and in the Andy Capp world of most rock 'n' roll, that's usually where we fade out. U2 don't let us off the hook so easily. The darkness of the doubts raised here cannot be exorcised by a night on the town. The last three songs of *Achtung Baby* (the title evokes emotional fascism, the dictatorship of fidelity) face the big issue of how couples begin to reconcile the suffering they force on each other. In "Ultra Violet" the singer pleads with his love to light his way home, only to find that "the day is as dark as the night is long." The couple crawl into bed together, unable to sleep. The singer marvels at his own hypocrisy: "I must be an acrobat to talk like this and act like that." They decide that if they can't sleep, maybe they can speak their dreams out loud and "begin responsibilities." Finally they conclude that "Love is Blindness," the inability to distinguish day from night.

Achtung Baby is dense, tough and endlessly surprising. U2 have wisely decided to not talk about what it means to them until listeners have a chance to sort it out for themselves. That's real smart. Those who look for God in all U2's work will hear the album as a struggle to maintain faith. Songwriters will focus on Bono's suggestion that artists deliberately play havoc with their lives in order to keep coming up with good material. Everyone who pays attention to U2 will use the album as a mirror. But what's most important is that *Achtung Baby* suggests to those of us who thought we knew U2 that we didn't know them so well after all. For a band beginning their second public decade, that's a great accomplishment. **—Bill Flanagan**

Karyn White

Ritual of Love

(Warner Bros.)

◆

Vanessa Williams

The Comfort Zone

(Wing/Mercury)

◆

Lisa Stansfield

Real Love

(Arista)

KARYN WHITE AND VANESSA WILLIAMS EXtend an American tradition, begun at Motown, of doing whatever it takes in up-to-the-minute studios to make old R&B as fashionably correct as this season's skirt lengths. A young Briton, Lisa Stansfield works in an equally passionate tradition of soulsters who believe, rightly, that this U.S. tack of keeping R&B *moving* has yielded so much great stuff that they'll craft versions in their U.K. basements if they must. Otherwise, these three follow-ups aren't so similar. Which is good; they give the lie to formula.

Even before Janet Jackson's *Control* crossover, Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis had taken up where Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers left off. The Chic team meshed flying guitars into increasingly new-wave drumming; Jam-Lewis virtually minted the self-contained keyboard computer hit. Doubters keep predicting that their moment has passed, while Jam-Lewis keep refining and expanding the gigantic dimensions of their Minneapolis sound. Karyn White collaborates five times with other producers on her new album, yet *Ritual of Love* announces itself as a Jam-Lewis thing as soon as her unflashy voice, gamely, tries to flash through the rocking "Romance." More laid-back arrangements, epitomized by the Jam-Lewis ballad "One Heart," better suit White's natural, church-bred alto-soprano. That's where *Ritual of Love* shapes right up.

"Superwoman," White's breakthrough song, was done by L.A. & Babyface, the black-pop Cerruti to Jam-Lewis' Armani. It's interesting that Vanessa Williams' *The Comfort Zone* has really gone for it without resorting to either team of powerhouse producers. Instead, she's worked with a variety of folks, and the result is one of the most convincing multi-producer singer albums in recent memory. The Kipper Jones–produced title song and "Freedom Dance (Get Free)" are effortlessly aware dance tracks that never strain to be cool. The same is true of Dr. Jam's "2 of a Kind," "Work to Do" and "Running Back to You" (done with Kenni Hairston and Trevor Gale). With Nashville's Keith Thomas, Williams delivers top-notch ballads like "Save the Best for Last," "Just for Tonight" and "Goodbye." Throughout *The Comfort Zone*, her voice shines through: she's sexy, assertive, curious, sure-footed. Here's something you don't get every day: down-to-earth glamor.

Like *The Comfort Zone*, Stansfield's *Real Love* is a knockout, but it's altogether different—sly. When she brought '70s soul-disco back to dignified life with last year's "All Around the World" smash, the trick was that the British twentysomethings who made it *weren't* pros; they represented the high end of the U.K.'s amateurist ethic. *Real Love* goes with this for its first few songs: "Change," the title tune, and the shameless "Set You Free" find Stansfield singing beautifully for those of us who loved '70s pop music. She then does a silencing ballad called "All Woman," a dry-eyed dramatization of class, money and sex that's as good as anything Elvis Costello's written. Stansfield also applies more contemporary touches, whether Soul II Soulish or—on the future #1 "Time to Make You Mine"—Prince-derived. And on "Symptoms of Loneliness and Heartache," she sings: "I don't see emotion or quality of life/Just symptoms of loneliness and heartache." She seems to be offering her shrewd and heartfelt music as at least something to redress this imbalance—in other words, what singers like Karyn White and Vanessa Williams have done for years. It's why pop-soul music will never die.

—James Hunter

John Prine

◆

The Missing Years

(Oh Boy)

MISSING? SURE. JOHN PRINE'S BEEN ABSENT from the major-label spotlight for some time; however, *The Missing Years* proves you can flourish elsewhere. Foolishly touted as one of the next Dylans two decades ago, he really does resemble ol' Bob now, though the husky charm of the singing recalls the regular guy of *New Morning*, not the mercurial poet. Prine sounds so comfort-

able in his skin these days that you might be lulled into thinking he's just a wide-eyed bumpkin. At one point he even drawls, "My head is just as empty/As the day is long." Bull!

For all the easy pleasures of these folk 'n' country grooves, Prine concentrates on what's missing, meaning innocence and true love. Trouble in mind, he opens by remembering James Dean ("Picture Show") and closes with a loopy, picaresque tale of divinity betrayed ("Jesus the Missing Years"). Between these meditations on the perils of fame, Prine offers a battered if still hopeful heart, confronting the many faces of romantic distress in "All the Best," "Everybody Wants to Feel Like You," et al. An engaging rendition of Lefty Frizzell's "I Want to Be with You Always" offers some solace, without overcoming the eloquent sadness of "Way Back Then." While there's nothing new about having the blues, the refreshing casualness of his angst keeps self-pity and resentment to a minimum.

The Missing Years doesn't lack nifty collaborators, with vocals by Bonnie Raitt, Bruce Springsteen, Tom Petty and Divinyls' Christina Amphlett (huh?), a song co-written with John Mellencamp, predictably great playing from aces like Albert Lee and David Lindley, and efficient production by Heartbreaker Howie Epstein. Forget 'em all, 'cause only Prine's dog-eared persona matters. He may miss the target when it comes to hipness, but on the cosmic hit parade, where corny junk like truth and beauty comes first, he's way bigger than Guns N' Roses.

—Jon Young

Larry Young

◆

The Complete Blue Note Recordings

(Mosaic)

ORGANIST LARRY YOUNG (1940–78) IS PROBABLY best remembered for his work with drummer Tony Williams' Lifetime and as a member of Miles' *Bitches Brew* crew. But before that, Young went through a well-documented developmental journey. Now Mosaic has gathered together the nine albums he made for Blue Note during the '60s—three under the leadership of guitarist Grant Green, six on his own—and packaged them with their usual labor-of-love distinction.

By the early '60s Jimmy Smith had set the standard for modern jazz organ—a funky bop adapted to the instrument's ability for both sustain and percussive effects. Young, though, had other ideas, already evident on the Grant Green set *Talkin' About* ('64). Though bluesy licks and glosses were never far from his reach, Young favored more abstract post-bop phrasings and Coltrane-like repetitions. The other two Green sets are more conventional, but Young's first two Blue Notes as a leader—*Into Somethin'* ('64) and *Unity* ('65)—are left-of-center post-bop classics, the former with sometime avant-gardist Sam Rivers on tenor, the latter with then-muscular Young Turks Joe Henderson on tenor and Woody Shaw on trumpet. With Elvin Jones on drums, the energy, variety and sheer joy of the structured spontaneity feels timeless. Somewhat less admired—somewhat less *known*—are Young's remaining four Blue Notes; taken in sequence one can follow the artist investigating the limits of the musical freedom which was in the air, responding to and anticipating new trends while trying not to lose touch with his audience. *Of Love and Peace* ('66) is some serious '60s shit, a sextet taking a both-barrels-blazing approach which makes the expressive liberties taken on Young's previous albums seem almost dainty. *Contrasts* ('67) backs up from the communal blow-out thing, but is also a prescient jump on the fusion impulse, specifically its early and loose post-New-Thing phase. *Heaven on Earth* ('68) is a calculated bid for audience approval, and apart from a couple of intriguing mood pieces, the least interesting album here. Finally, *Mother Ship* ('69—not released till '80) is a quartet update of *Unity*, post-bop sliding into spacey fusion with the added attraction of Lee Morgan's never-overwhelmed trumpet.

The range of Larry Young's achievement—from the mellifluous first probings of the Green sessions to the vigor and excitement of his early sides as a leader, to the explosion of possibilities he eventually detonated—makes this collection more than just an archive. Young has a lot to say to those willing to listen; the possibilities his music suggests are far from exhausted. (35 Melrose Place, Stamford, CT 06902)

—Richard C. Walls

Mr. Bungle

◆

Mr. Bungle

(Warner Bros.)

I'VE NEVER BEEN A BIG FAN OF FRANK ZAPPA. IT always seemed to me that whenever he stumbled onto an accessible riff, he would play it twice just to get your hopes up, and then go into 10 minutes of atonal weirdness interspersed with fart jokes. Anyone who got bored he accused of not knowing good music if it bit you on the butt.

I think of Frank Zappa when I listen to Mr. Bungle, a collaboration among John Zorn of Lower East Side fame, Mike Patton of Faith No More and various other musicians playing under assumed names. The music is a cross between jazz and metal with occasional soundbites from porn movies and someone taking a dump. It's funny if your response to shock is laughter. If your response to shock is shock, you'll bum out.

Perhaps Mr. Bungle would hold more interest as an avant-garde theater piece. Without a troupe of spastic dancers and a psychedelic light show, you are left to consider the lyrics, which have a lot of powerfully dismal imagery. "Squeeze Me Macaroni" works pretty well, burying corporate America under a colossal load of sundry excretions and emissions. "Stubb (A Dub)," about a dying dog with glaucoma, leaves you wondering why a dumb animal is deserving of such cruelly unsentimental treatment. It isn't funny, it isn't stunning enough to be a good gross-out, it's just dismal. So why do I need it? Excretions and emissions in the absence of transcending artistic purpose tend to lie there and stink.

—Charles M. Young

The Family Stand

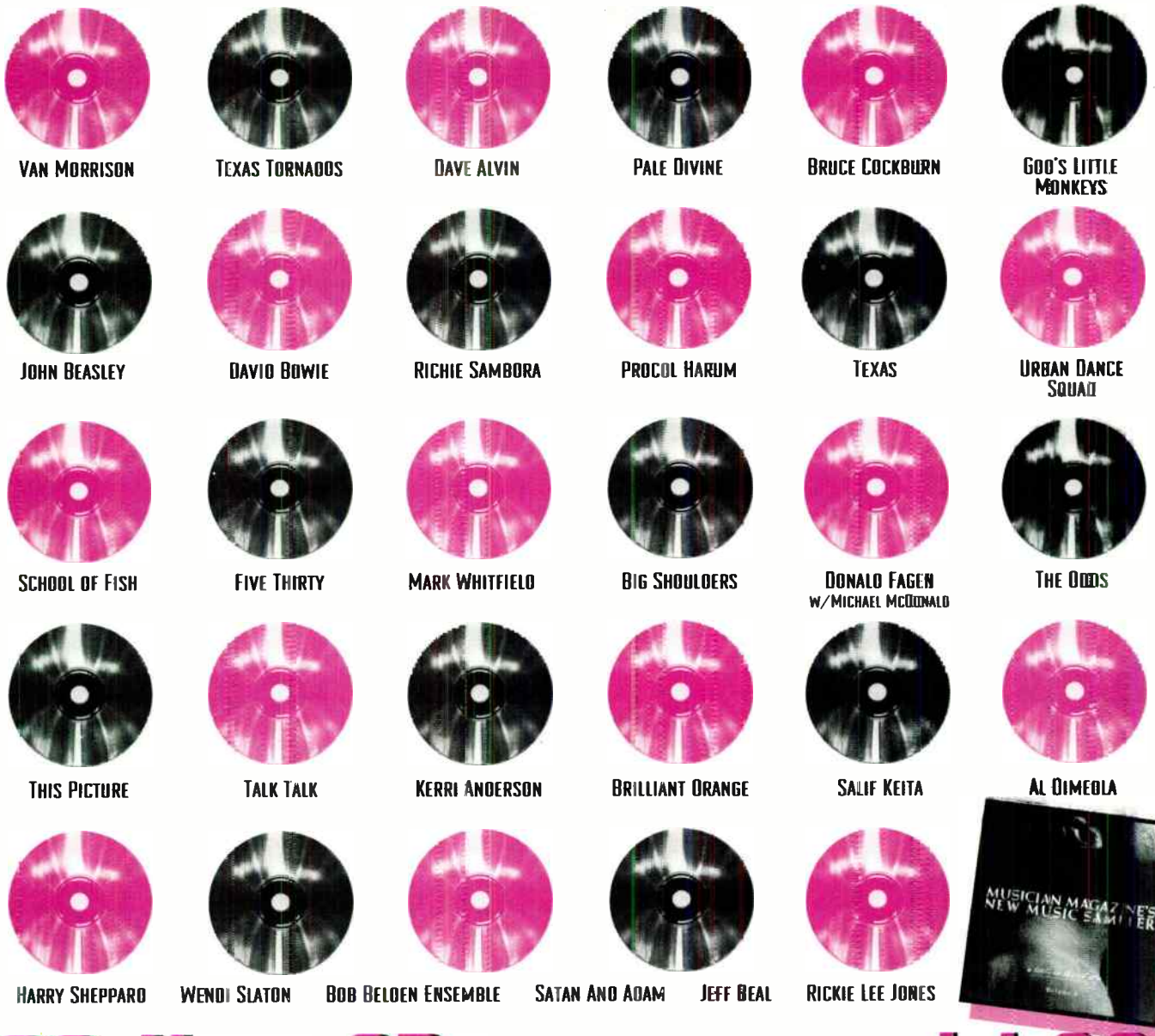
◆

Moon in Scorpio

(Atlantic)

LESS GUITAR CRAZY THAN LIVING COLOUR, LESS just-plain-crazy than Fishbone, the Family Stand mix styles with aplomb. Though the identity that should result from this synthesis of influences hasn't yet emerged, the trio's enthusiasm, sincerity and cleverness make *Scorpio* not a bad deal.

The group's name invites a comparison to Sly, but that'd be stretching it—Rufus, Cameo, Prince are more like it. "Sky Is Falling" and "Chakra Love," e.g., evoke *Parade*-era Prince; on "You'll Never Be" one expects Larry Blackmon to suddenly pop up; guest guitarist Vernon Reid leaves his mark and several of the backing vocal glosses are, yes, Beatlesque. The results are altogether more aggressive than their last album *Chain*, which had long stretches of ordinary soul balladeering. Not only is the music tougher and more energized, but lyrically the songs are more ambi- [*cont'd on page 118*]



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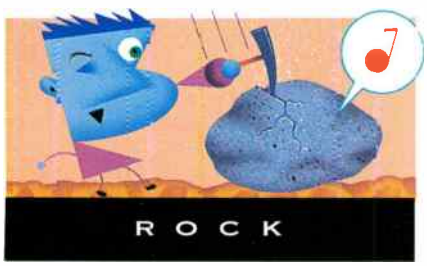


BY J. D. CONSIDINE

ARTHUR BAKER & THE BACKBEAT DISCIPLES
Give In to the Rhythm |RCA|
The writing is rock solid, offering full-blown songs instead of the usual beats-and-hooks assemblages most dance acts opt for, and the singing is sensational. Al Green's ecstatic "Leave the Guns at Home" would itself be worth the price of the album, but Wanda Nash's exultant "House of Love" and the girlish charm of Nikeeta's "Let's Start from Scratch" are equally celebrative. Take the title at its word, though; with beats this soulful and insistent, you *will* give in.

PEARL JAM
Ten |Epic|
With a bloodline that includes Green River and Mother Love Bone, it's no surprise that Pearl Jam excels at the sort of sonic assault expected of Seattle heavy rockers. But for all the aural overkill of rockers like "Why Go," the Pearl Jammers travel beyond, from the artful slow burn of "Once" to the semi-pop gloss of "Black," to the understated ebb and flow of "Oceans." Not to be missed.

SOUNDGARDEN
Badmotorfinger |A&M|
Don't make the mistake of calling this music "metal." Heavy, sure; few bands can push a riff to the speaker-shredding extremes these guys achieve on any given chorus. Instead of the rigid rhythms and monolithic structures most metal bands seem locked into, however, songs like "Outshined" or the constantly churning "Somewhere" are as rich in texture and dynamics as prime Led Zep (to cite another heavy non-metal band) and every bit as stunning. Hear and believe.

WARREN ZEVON
Mr. Bad Example |Giant|
Snarling and sardonic, Zevon sounds like his mean old self again, churning out commentary as cutting as the title tune's send-up of American entrepreneurialism. But it isn't all cheap laughs; his most affecting songs are those, like "Finishing Touches" or "Quite Ugly One Morning," which touch on truths too revealing to be laughed at, too telling to ignore.

DEL THA FUNKEE HOMOSAPIEN
I Wish My Brother George Was Here |Elektra|
With an album title nicked from Liberace (!) and a perspective that could best be described as De La Soul West, Del is definitely a rap original. But it's not the wordplay that puts his album over so much as the beats, which run from the Southern soul groove of "Same Ol' Thing" to the P-Funked pulse of "What Is Booty."

TEXAS TORNADOS
Zone of Our Own |Reprise|
The debut, wonderful as it was, came across as an all-star one-off; now the Tornados sound like a band. And if hearing Augie Meyer's Vox organ lock in with Flaco Jimenez's accordion on a Doug Sahm rocker like "Is Anybody Goin' to San Antone" isn't enough to put you in the ecstasy zone, hearing all three line up behind Freddy Fender for "Oh Holy One" ought to be.

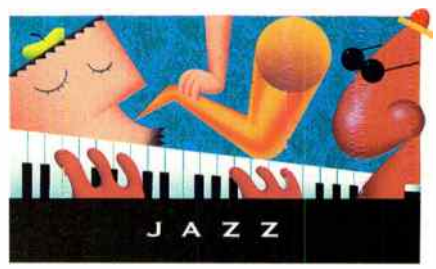
OZZY OSBOURNE
No More Tears |Epic|
No longer the bat-biting bozo, Ozzy sounds downright respectable here, with some songs—"Mr. Tinkertrain," say, or "Hellraiser"—having a markedly melodic bent, and others ("Zombie Stomp") showing a sense of humor. It isn't his inimitable squeal that carries the day so much as Zakk Wylde's screaming guitar, but hey—how much change can one album manage?

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Tom's Album |A&M|
With 10 semi-authorized takes on Suzanne Vega's "Tom's Diner" included here, this ought to be subtitled *Sampling for Fun and Profit*. Of course, most offer more of the former than the latter—or was Mats Höjer's Swedish translation, "Tages Kafé," a Scandinavian smash?—but the best are complete transformations, offering interpretations as divergent as Nikki D's "Daddy's Little Girl" or Beth Watson's Gulf War comment, "Waiting at the Border."

BRYAN ADAMS
Waking Up the Neighbours |A&M|
When he rocks, he sounds like a post-lobotomy Rod Stewart; when he plays sensitive, he's as convincing as a low-budget special effect. If this guy is Canada's idea of what a rock star should be, is it any wonder the Quebecois want out?

RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS
Blood Sugar Sex Magik |Warner Bros.|
Though the Peppers have always flirted with funk, *Blood Sugar* pumps the beat with a vengeance, almost to the exclusion of all else. And though that may mean that "Give It Away" is little more than slamming drums and swooping bass or "If You Have to Ask" is all white rap and chicken-scratch guitar, both remain preferable to the acoustic corn of "Breaking the Girl."

TOAD THE WET SPROCKET
Fear |Columbia|
A good melody may be its own reward, but in the studio it's the arrangement that often puts the song across. Witness Toad the Wet Sprocket, whose material may be quirky and low-key, but whose sense of sound—how to layer vocals or when to move from guitar to mandolin—is unbeatable. Who could be afraid of that?



BY CHIP STERN

COUNT BASIE
The Roulette Live Recordings of Count Basie & His Orchestra (1959–1962) |Mosaic|
Yet another phenomenal sermon on the mount from the world's premier packager of collector's editions of clas-

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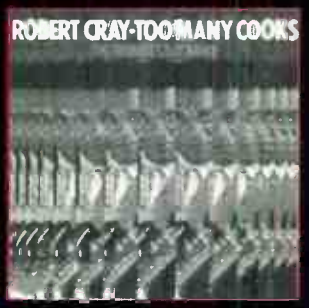

Robert Cray
Too Many Cooks
Cray's very first LP, capturing him just as his unique style was emerging. Features "Who's Been Talkin'," "Too Many Cooks," "If You're Thinkin' What I'm Thinkin'" and "I'm Gonna Forget About You".

70386

Various Artists
The Great Tomato Blues Package (2 CDs)
The most comprehensive blues collection ever assembled. Forty five classic tracks from Lightnin' Hopkins to Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Muddy Waters, B.B. King, Albert King, John Lee Hooker, Chuck Berry, and Robert Cray.

70388

John Lee Hooker
The Cream
Acclaimed as the greatest live recording made by Hooker. Features 12 classic Hooker cuts, including: "Tupelo," "Boogie On" and "I Want You To Roll Me."

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sic jazz. Where the riff-happy '50s and '40s Basie aggregates were basically small groups disguised as big bands, this '50s band was a relentlessly swinging engine of destruction, highlighted by trumpeters such as Snooky Young, Thad Jones and Joe Newman, and reed masters like Frank Wess and Frank Foster. And outside of Buddy Rich, there's never been a big-band drummer with the combination of chops, precision and feeling possessed by Sonny Payne (although Payne's fill-in on the Sweden sessions, Mr. Louis Bellson, is no slouch either). Every creamy reed riff and brass explosion is punctuated in fire as Payne settles the suave tempi of Basie and guitarist/rhythm machine Freddie Green, then veers into another galactic area code. Elsewhere, it is the writing of Thad Jones, Neal Hefti and Ernie Wilkins that stands out. After eight swinging CDs, it's obvious where most of the modern big-band tradition derives from.

HARRY CONNICK, JR.

Blue Light/Red Light [Columbia]

Is Harry Connick, Jr. God or goof? Artisan or hair stylist? Bit of all, it would seem. Where his previous releases *He Are in Love* and *Lofty's Roach Souffle* took much of their charm from a tradition originally charted by the likes of Chet Baker, Mel Tormé, Nelson Riddle and Thelonious Monk, here Connick is leaning on the heady collaborations between Basie and Sinatra (apparently buying into his fans' superficial comparisons to ol' blue eyes). And try as you like, it's hard not to get caught up in the toetapping spirit of Connick's conceits, although some of you will make an effort on general principles. As Connick harvests acre after acre of swingin' swayin' corn, he doesn't so much redefine the singer/big band tradition as recapture its noir sentiments for a generation of slumming yuppies and sentimentalists—which includes me, I reckon. That he carries it off with élan bespeaks a deeper talent than the hype conceals. Maybe sometime soon he'll take his fans for a more heady ride (say something along the lines of an Eckstine/Gillespie big band), and grow out of his vocal zoot suit into the threads of a great improviser/arranger. He's got a shot.

MARK WHITFIELD

Patrice [Warner Bros.]

On the few occasions I've seen Whitfield live, echoes of Charlie Christian predominated, but on record he leans on vintage George Benson. What validates this second effort is the sense that Whitfield has more on his mind than cueing you in about all the Wes Montgomery records he owns. First there are a couple of interesting jazz settings for spirituals. Then there's a funky downhome kind of hang that does more than simply pay lip service to traditional blues sources. All are animated by an easy-going lyric grace, and the contrasts he achieves between amplified and acoustic guitar, in solo, duo, trio and quartet settings. Co-conspirators Ron Carter, Jack DeJohnette, Kenny Barron and Alvin Battiste add spice to the stew.

KENNY DREW, JR.

Kenny Drew, Jr. [Antilles]

For all the balderdash about the bumper crop of jazz tadpoles currently glomming media attention and record contracts (not without merit, but come on, gang, every generation has had its blush of young talents), it's refreshing for someone to come along with the pedigree of Kenny Drew, Jr. His father was one of the more esteemed keyboardists to emerge from the shadows of Monk and Bud Powell, and Drew, Jr. has the makings of an original player as well. I'm struck by his command of the comp, the ease with which he develops his line, the freshness of his writing and his winning way with ballads. But mostly, by the sense of a young musician who is already very much his own man.

KENNY BARRON

Quickstep (Enja)

Quickstep is the kind of driving ensemble recording that used to be the norm 20, 30 years ago, and would but that Enja could keep it coming—they might wake up and find themselves the Blue Note of the '90s. Here's a flawless pianist, who in some better world would be a keyboard tradition unto himself. Barron has his own voicings, his own way of getting from one note to another, and a bright, distinctive manner of pushing a band, feeding and goading them on without stepping on anybody's feet. And brother, is this a band: trumpeter Eddie Henderson for starts, tenor innovator John Stubblefield, and the airborne rhythm of David Williams and criminally underrated Victor Lewis. Each has a striking compositional voice to match their chops. Barron's understated lyric grace ("Until Then," with its echoes of Monk and "Have You Met Miss Jones") and shimmering, elliptical lines (Stubblefield's "Once Upon a Time") are free of any compulsion to dazzle you with footwork, making *Quickstep* virtuoso beauty of the highest order.

MIKE STERN

Odds and Evens [Atlantic]

Hitting the distortion button on Miles Davis' behalf tended to obscure Stern's guitar roots in Wes and Jim Hall. And while *that's* certainly not the focus here, Stern is finding himself a comfortable midground between traditional jazz urges and the more aerobic charms of funk. His snaking lines employ distortion to elongate the vocal impact of each note, and the results suggest some of the better Miles and Weather Report, with players like Dennis Chambers and Bob Berg along for the ride. What makes *Odds and Evens* work more than his previous Atlantic releases is the sense that Stern's arrangements have grown less heavy-handed, and he's beginning to find less garish venues for his undeniably ample chops.

JUDY MOWATT

Look at Love [Shanachie]

Were she not a Jamaican Rasta performing socially conscious reggae, Judy Mowatt might have achieved pop stardom. The former Bob Marley backup singer has an emotionally forceful vocal presence, sweet yet stunningly communicative, on a par with the best modern R&B songstresses. Aided by the flexible riddims of coproducers/sessionmen Sly Dunbar, Robbie Shakespeare and Michael "Home T" Bennett, the grooves on her latest solo effort range from dubwise dancehall to deep-roots to Soul II Soul–ish stylings. More of an interpreter than a composer, her take on UB40's "Watchdogs," like a previous cover of that group's "Sing Our Own Song," imbues the material with added depth and soul. Whether rhapsodizing about her Rasta faith (Marley's "Jah Live"), African womanhood ("Lioness in the Jungle," "Warrior Queen") or unitarian concerns about the future ("Tomorrow Nation"), Mowatt's keen devotion to her cultural heritage and transcendent delivery offer a crossover antidote to dumb-love divas.—*Tom Cheyney*

JAMES CARR

Take Me to the Limit [Goldwax]

The return of Memphis soul veteran James Carr would be an event even if his pipes had gone rusty: His near-catatonic state had for years prevented him from staging any kind of comeback. But on his first new album in decades, Carr still sounds as troubled and hurt as he did back in '66, when he poured his heart into classics like "The Dark End of the Street" and "Pouring Water on a Drowning Man." His register is lower, but like Elvis in the early '70s, Carr picks up the slack with relaxed and confident phrasing and a growl that epitomizes longing and lust. Musically, this is a cut above the Malaco variety of Southern soul updates—a plinky drum machine, but horn charts right from the Stax/Volt pantheon. (Box 30166, Memphis, TN 38130-0166)—*John Floyd*

JACK WALRATH & MASTERS OF SUSPENSE/HIRAGA

Gut Feelings [Muse]

A serious and largely successful attempt to bridge classical and improvisational music, in the tradition of Ellington, Mingus and Schuller. Trumpeter Walrath leads a jazz quintet (with piano, bass, drums and sax) and a string octet through an admirably diverse program—from Mingus to Messiaen. The risk in any such effort is the possibility of the strings sounding flat and unnecessary, yet most of Walrath's arrangements match the vitality of the rhythm section, sometimes deeply melodic, often downright creepy. There are moments when the seams of these pieces show, and the octet could have been put to better use on "Jump Monk." But the brilliant version of the Albinoni-Giazotto Adagio for Strings and Organ more than recompenses; if you didn't know better, you'd think that bluesy trumpet solo in the middle always belonged there. Well, maybe it did.—*Mac Randall*

WHEN PEOPLE WERE SHORTER AND LIVED NEAR THE WATER

Porgy [Shimmy-Disc]

Yes, this really is almost all the songs from *Porgy and Bess*—after a fashion. George Gershwin wouldn't recognize his music, since so little of it survived the band's arrangements. DuBose Heyward and Ira Gershwin probably wouldn't recognize their words, generally buried under the sonic onslaught. But if nothing else, this *Porgy* is an unqualified victory for equal-opportunity casting. B.Y.O. libretto. (JAF, Box 1187, New York, NY 10116)—*Scott Isler*

DAVE ALVIN

Blue Blvd [HighTone]

True to its title, *Blue Blvd* finds the peripatetic ex-Blaster plumbing emotional depths to the accompaniment of rootsy musical archetypes. Only the final "Dry River" offers any glimmer of hope, and by then the listener needs it. Despite the unremittingly downbeat songs, the album has its rewards: "Wanda and Duane" updates Chuck Berry's "You Never Can Tell" after the love dissipates; and "Haley's Comet" is the best song about rock 'n' roll's tragic hero since Thomas Anderson's "Bill Haley in Mexico."—*Scott Isler*

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Exquisite Corpses from P.S. 122 [What Next?]

Not quite as compelling as its predecessor, but this latest document from NYC's slow-vis abstractionistimprovising camp does wax très fluent in the plink/chip/blur vernacular many seem to think is dead. These 30 participants say it ain't, and back up their opinion with utterances that get squashed into 18 short stories. It's the process which glues the stuff together—between the diversity of instrumentation and compression of personalities, they fashion a well-rounded, if temporary, nation. (Box 15118, Santa Fe, NM 87506)—*Jim Macnie*

JOHNNY SHINES AND SNOOKY PRYOR

Back to the Country [Blind Pig]

The cliché which says that real blues is about feeling is ancient, but it ain't wrong. At least that's the lesson learned on this date, which features the voice of an undisputed master, the harmonica of a consummate stylist and the guitar of a very convincing baby boomer. Shines has got what every Fab Bird and Nighthawk wants: impeccable timing and an authoritative stance. His slurs enhance sentiment, kind of like Lester Bowie's do. Trading off raspy vowels with Young's windy harp and John Nicholas' drum/strum (he's economic and expressive throughout), he gives you an idea of how jazz erupted from the blues. And when Johnny does R. Johnson's pop tune, you can hear a house party starting. This is the most enjoyable blues disc I've heard since the Jack Dupree comeback. (Box 2344, San Francisco, CA 94126)

—*Jim Macnie*

SPIREA X

"Chlorine Dream"+2 [4AD]

"Speed Reaction"+3 [4AD]

Between these seven cuts on two CD singles (mini-EPs?) there has to be at least one good pseudo-'60s 45. Only electronically aided rhythm betrays "Chlorine Dream," which opens with a 12-string Rickenbacker flourish. "Jet Pilot," on the other disc, furthers the Byrds infatuation. Other musts: droning vocals, wah-wah, naughty drug references, even funky percussion. Far out.—*Scott Isler*

THE BONZO DOG BAND

The Peel Sessions

TIM BUCKLEY

The Peel Sessions

NICO

The Peel Sessions

[Dutch East India Trading/Strange Fruit]

The albums are EP-length, the packaging spare-all-expense—but it's fascinating to hear these studio performances made for BBC legend John Peel's radio program. These three cult objects live up to their aura. Nico is haunting as ever on her 1971 solo recording: just a woman, her harmonium and her disquieting visions. The Bonzo Dog session, from 1969, is a treat for fans as two of its hilarious four songs (loosely speaking) were never re-recorded. The 1968 Buckley captures him at his most mesmerizing, backed only by guitar and percussion. (Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)

—*Scott Isler*

MATERIAL

The Third Power [Axiom]

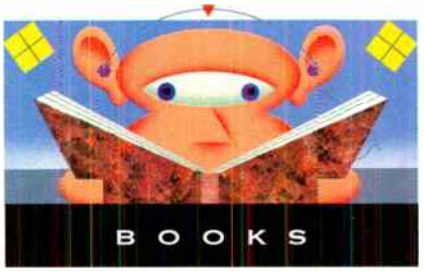
Hidden away in the reggae-funk of Bill Laswell's latest is a remake of Funkadelic's 1973 "Cosmic Slop," itself a "Hickory Holler Revisited" revisited and relocated in the ghetto. This version is declaimed with true schlocky pathos by Gary Shider. Herein lies proof that '60s-style soul shtick, in at least a semblance of its old sentimental glory, can be wedded to '90s-style global/ironic funk. Remarkable cast for the album: string section arranged by jazz vibist Karl Berger; brass section arranged by Henry Threadgill (idiosyncrasy you only notice in hindsight); the JB Horns; H. Hancock, Shakespeare/Dunbar and rappers Michael G. and Baby Bam. Worth it for "Cosmic Slop" alone and then some. Laswell's notion of band as loose assemblage, with some summoned for one album, others for another, is highly creative.—*Tony Scherman*

SOUL VIBRATIONS

Black History/Black Culture [Redwood Cultural]

One of the more surprising beneficiaries of the '80s Nicaraguan cultural renaissance, this English-speaking group from that country's Atlantic coast employs reggae as their vehicle for social commentary, with healthy portions of other Caribbean rhythms thrown in. "Rock Down Central America," with its chunky guitar lead-ins and anthemic chorus, addresses the effects of the civil war on the *costeños*, or coastal dwellers. The band shows its flexibility on "Read Oh," a pro-literacy tune based on the traditional maypole rhythm, an uptempo style akin to Jamaican mento or Trinidadian calypso. (Redwood Cultural Work, Box 10408, Oakland, CA 94610)

—*Tom Cheyney*



SAVED! THE GOSPEL SPEECHES OF BOB DYLAN

ed. Clinton Heylin [Hanuman Books]

More a thick tract than a book, this tiny volume collects 62 speeches, song introductions and ramblings from Dylan's *Slow Train Coming/Saved* period. Half the time it seems like someone was putting words in Dylan's mouth and half the time he seems to have been speaking from his heart, as—with varying degrees of coherence—he deals with topics ranging from then-current happenings in Iran and Afghanistan as signs of the apocalypse, to good-natured snipes at Bruce Springsteen, among others. Though nothing much is revealed, it's still a curio for you fans out there. (Box 1070, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113)—*Thomas Anderson*

LIVING IN AMERICA: THE SOUL SAGA OF JAMES BROWN

Cynthia Rose

[Serpent's Tail]

Texas-born expatriate Rose takes a brisk, well-reported look at the almost alchemical way the turbine of Brown's ego and a divining-rod taste in sidemen forged his New Superheavy Funk; many of the book's original insights are supplied by JB sidemen like Maceo Parker and Fred Wesley, whose reminiscences are bluntly revelatory. But Rose steps far beyond musicology to relate Brown's music to the sweep of black political, religious and cultural processes in the U.S. and U.K.; as the book's subtitle suggests, the Godfather's influential accomplishments are viewed in a righteously epic light. It's a high-water mark in R&B criticism.—*Chris Morris*

JIMI HENDRIX/ ELECTRIC GYPSY

Harry Shapiro & Caesar Glebbeek

[St. Martin's Press]

Untainted by mindless idolatry or sensation-making sleaze, this 700-page biography is the most complete, and certainly the most diligently researched, bio we're likely to get on the axe supreme. Not that it's more illuminating than earlier works: Hendrix, as he was in life, remains a frustrating enigma, despite mounds of testimony from several hitherto uninterviewed sources. But for once the emphasis is on musicianship. Shapiro and Glebbeek provide astute analysis of Hendrix's influences and musical/thematic development, as well as trenchant observations about why the guitarist's career hit a post-*Electric Ladyland* wall (*Electric Gypsy* is especially unflinching in its revelations of music biz finagling). Add to all this a nearly day-by-day chronology, a detailed discography and copious details about Hendrix's guitars and equipment, and you have the ultimate headrest for Jimi freaks.—*Chris Morris*

MEFISTOFELE

Conducted by Giuseppe Patane [Sony]

Generally considered to be a second-tier opera with a poetic libretto (composer/librettist Arrigo Boito devised the lyrics of the later Verdi masterpieces *Otello* and *Falstaff*) but only so-so music, *Mefistofele* is in fact not only tuneful but throws itself into the juicy *Faust*-legend melo-

dramatics with late-Romantic gusto. Structurally it's a mess, but then it's an opera, right? In the musical scheme of things the devil must be a bass, declaiming with a cavernous rumble; Samuel Ramey is the rumbler, alternately proud, ironic, sneering. Placido Domingo makes for a sad Italianate Faust, Eva Marton a somewhat hyper Wagnerian Magherita. If that's not international enough for you, the various angels and cherubs are Hungarian. Altogether, a rousing show.—*Richard C. Walls*

TORU TAKEMITSU
riverrun, Water-ways [Virgin Classics]
This could be the musical equivalent of an Annie Dillard essay, finding inspiration in the way elemental microworlds work their wonder. But even as these performances by the London Sinfonietta fawn over nature's "beauty," they incorporate the turbulence inherent in all growth. Maybe it's the Far Eastern viewpoint—the way stillness isn't necessarily equated with innocence—or maybe it's simply Takemitsu's talent. But even when these works get overly pensive, the tension thwarts listlessness.—*Jim Macnie*

MILLADOIRO
castellumhonesti [Green Linnet]
Like Ad Vielle Que Pourra, this septet from Spain futz with moribund folk music traditions and elicit a wonderfully bastardized whatzis as a result. It's lush, like the green fields of Galicia, the northwest corner of the country from which it stems. But whenever it veers toward the overripe (like, say, contempo Morricone), which happens more than once, another cultural influence arises to alleviate the preciousness—there's a Middle Eastern wind blowing through here for sure. Thank the instrumental balance too: uillean pipes and bouzouki unite to challenge the ornate harps, and Moncho Garcia Rei's hand percussion always seems to cut through the corn. Plus: the louder the better. (45 Beaver Brook Rd., Danbury, CT 06810)—*Jim Macnie*

ARCADO
Behind the Myth [JMT]
Recalling the provocative advances made by the String Trio of New York over 10 years ago, this collective—bassist Mark Dresser, violinist Mark Feldman, cellist Hank Roberts—use their unique construct to go both ways. Their first record was a tad moribund. This disc is more striking, offering textural exams to go with their rambling riffositions. Still, you long for the trio—each a heavy hitter—to break these pieces wide open. That would put them in front of the myth.—*Jim Macnie*

NEW ART JAZZ ENSEMBLE
Seeking [hatART]
Before the formalism of his much-heralded Suite, John Carter, along with partner Bobby Bradford, was dealing in post-Ornette blowing pieces whose lyricism was absolutely luscious. This date from '69 is one of two the quartet released for the Revelation label, and should be entitled *Finding*. Carter's known for his fleet clarinet work, but here his tenor sounds as frank as it does quixotic; Bradford's phrasing has long been adroit and dignified. The proof is "Karen on Monday," a minimalist ballad that the MJQ should adapt, which set the tone for similar work by Air and other modernists. Captivatingly sparse, it relies on pure intimacy, and reminds that the avant garde recognized the worth of other exclamations besides the scream. (4106 Therwil, Switzerland)
—*Jim Macnie*

FLOYD DIXON
Marshall Texas Is My Home [Specialty]
DON & DEWEY
Jungle Hop [Specialty]
GUITAR SLIM
Sufferin' Mind [Specialty]
LITTLE RICHARD
The Georgia Peach [Specialty]
LLOYD PRICE
Lawdy! [Specialty]
Fantasy, Inc. seems determined to do right by its new ownership of the treasured Specialty Records catalog. The latest releases in the "Legends of Specialty Series" include over 20 tracks each on CD and run the gamut from blues to R&R to Little Richard. The accompanying booklets are worthy of the music: They include photos, artwork and knowledgeable essays (mostly by series supervisor Billy Vera). *Anal retentives please note:* The Little Richard and Guitar Slim material is noticeably more echoey than on previous reissues; and the latter deletes most of the studio chat found on Uk Ace's equally recent *The Things That I Used to Do* CD but adds a little of its own. Claims to the contrary, two of the "previously unissued" Lloyd Price alternate takes aren't. And who razored the second sax chorus on Richard's "Ooh! My Soul"? These are still swell.
—*Scott Isler*

SONIC YOUTH
Goo [DGC]
Because their promise of a new day is eons away from Paula's, indie rock's chief ironists realize that they ain't never going to get sandwiched into a John Norris Hit Block. But that doesn't mean that they can't invest Geffen's ducats on some visuals. The Sonics are vidiots just like the rest of us, and have got fantasies for all of their fleshy toonz. Here you'll find 11, one for each *Goo* track. Each is marred—tedium sets in more than once—but almost every one contains flashes of self-explanatory brilliance. These guys know what they're about.
—*Jim Macnie*

RECORDINGS

[*cont'd from page 112*] tious—which to some will *not* be a recommendation. There's a fair share of generic complaining—about not getting played on the radio, about the suckiness of life here in freedom's bosom—but generally they articulate discontent with a minimum of cliché. The New World Order is a catchphrase which occurs at various points on the album (including the song "New World Order") and at first you assume that, like just about everyone, they don't know what it is, just that they're agin it. But when you get to the lines "John Wayne's dead/Woodrow Wilson's resurrected" on the title cut you figure they're hip that N.W.O. isn't some crypto-fascist code word but rather Bush's anachronistic attempt to cast himself as an old-style Great Statesman and newest curator of the American Century. Chuck D should be so insightful.

Also successfully aspiring are "Quiet Desperation" (Thoreau-ing down?), the echt-Gospel "Where Does Mommy Live" and the thoroughly depressing ballad "The Education of Jamie," a paean to ethnicity as self-defense and a reminder that not everyone in our great pot is allowed to melt. Not bad for a young band whose hook is the increasingly ho-hum concept "we do all genres." They've got the smarts. If they could just find their voice, they could be dynamite.

—Richard C. Walls

Iron Prostate

◆

Loud, Fast, and Aging Rapidly
(Skyclad)

JUST WHO THE HELL DOES CHARLES M. YOUNG think he is? For the answer, refer to the myriad articles and reviews he's written for this magazine, as they are more about Charles (or "Chuck," as he is affectionately known by his fellow music-biz parasites) than they are about the subject about which he was sent to write. After years of enduring the imminent deadlines, nerdy editors and meager pay that are the everyday lot of the lowly music journalist, Young has ever-so-slowly come to the realization that the rock stars he interviews make shitloads of money and live in much nicer digs than his roach-filled Manhattan hovel. So, not surprisingly, he joined a band. What *is* surprising is that, after hearing these guys play, someone let them into a studio to record. What's downright shocking

is that the record they made actually succeeds on its own meat-headed level.

Loud, Fast, and Aging Rapidly takes as its central theme the plight of the geriatric rock 'n' roller. Wasted, out of shape, barely able to afford the rent on his hovel, the character in songs like "Rock 'n Roll Nursing Home" and "Hell Toupee" sounds an awful lot like most of the people I hang around with. But there's hope in these guitar-drenched grooves. From the subway-tunnel sex of "Motorwoman" to the acoustic guitar–driven "Hellshaft," a paean to the joys of physical love, Iron Prostate suggests that we all have the ability to pull ourselves up out of the muck and make a change for the better. Look at Charles M. Young. They asked him to do the liner notes—and he actually wrote about the band! —**Peter Cronin**

BLUE AEROPLANES

|*cont'd from page 24*| collection of mikes and valve equipment—a beautiful, warm sound." Gerard, though, was not entirely happy with producer Larry Hirsch. "Producers like Larry are like HAL, the computer in *2001*: They feel they've got this mission to save you from yourself. Mostly a producer is there on behalf of the record company, but in our case that isn't so. In an argument, in the end we're going to win it because we have a good relationship with our record company."

The Aeroplanes have no set rules as to which come first, words or riffs. The trick is to join the two elements as seamlessly as possible. "R.E.M. are kind of an art band as well, but they write fairly conventional songs, then put a lot of arty stuff in it. Our thing is different. We start off with an art premise, then we try to sound as much like a pop band as possible—until we've refined our craft so that we can play to a whole load of 17-year-olds who don't give a fuck about art or whether it's a poem or not."

SBK

|*cont'd from page 32*| formats of radio. What does that say?

"SBK Records is a creatively driven company," he says. "It's an A&R-driven company. But since I'm also a promotion man and recognize the realities of the marketplace, we're real quick to adjust and adapt to the needs of radio...within the boundaries of good music and protection of our artists.

"What we've done at SBK Records is really concentrate on—after the music—artist imagery, on developing an artist that has a much greater aura than just a hit record. It really requires an artist we believe has the talent and discipline to take them the distance," says Koppelman, echoing his senior VP of A&R.

SBK's intense attention to an artist image and nurturing young stars begs comparison to the hit-making machine of Motown in the '60s. But it is the promotional clout and artist-development strategy of another label that inspired SBK. "I grew up a tremendous fan of Columbia," says Koppelman, a veteran of the label. "In the '60s, '70s and '80s, Columbia developed artists and careers. That's what I hope we're doing."

Is SBK ultimately a label that Koppelman—publisher, producer, promoter and song man—has created in his own image? He doesn't flinch from the idea.

"Yeah, believe me, it's a label in my image. But go through my history." He holds up a hand and begins naming artists with whom he topped the charts even before launching SBK. "Dolly Parton, Glen Campbell, Diana Ross, Barbra Streisand, the Four Tops, the Loving Spoonful, the Turtles, Tracy Chapman, Gregory Abbott.

"When I listen to the radio, I hear more songs that I've been involved with than anyone. I've just rattled off number ones. Classics. Appeal to everybody, little kids, adults. Everybody.

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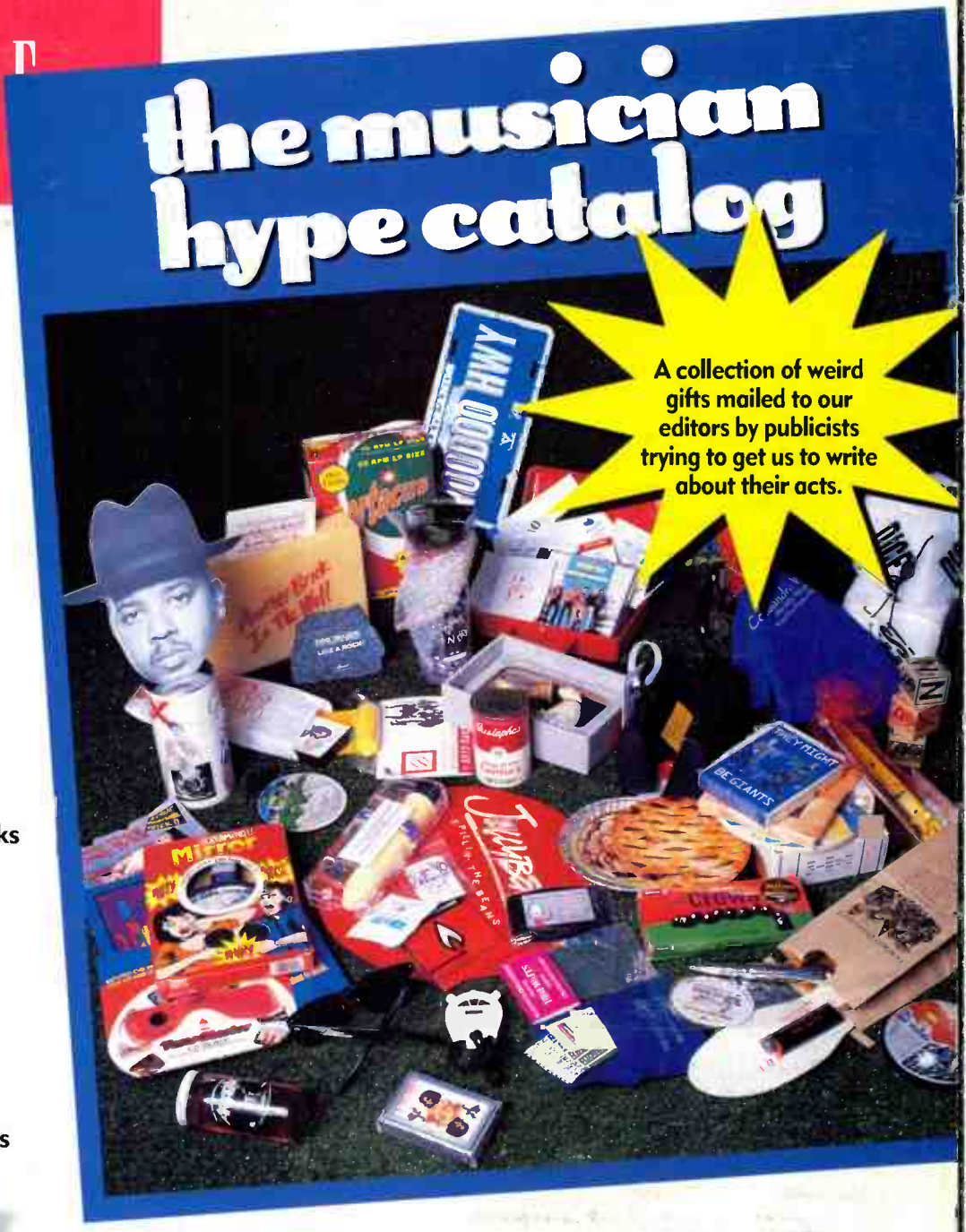

including:

- one can of 3 Mustaphas 3 condensed soup
- a Bernadette Cooper screaming mirror
- an AC/DC stopwatch
- INXS building blocks
- a Roger Waters styrofoam brick-in-the-wall
- a Tom Waits Hang-on-St. Christopher medal
- RCA salt & pepper shakers
- Jon Lucien body and bath oils
- a Crowded House chocolate cake
- a jar of Anthrax Killer B. honey
- ZZ Top cheap sunglasses
- Andrew Dice Clay fuzzy dice
- a Kix "Girl Money" bank
- a Badlands license plate
- a Jane's Addiction Lollapalooza lollipop
- a Bob Seger "Like a Rock" rock
- one Jellybean Benitez jelly-bean jar
- Rolling Stones "Flashpoint" matches
- a Cliff Eberhardt shoe liner
- a S'Express vibrator (with batteries)

Photography: Linda Covello

THE GSP 21 PRO BY DIGITECH

FEATURING 54 PRESETS WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE GSP 21 PRO BY

Steve Vai, George Lynch, Jennifer Batten, Vito Bratta, Bruce Kulick, Steve Lukather, Neal Schon, Michael Angelo, Glenn Tipton, K.K. Downing, Brad Gillis, Tim Kelly, Alex Skolnick, Ted Nugent, Eric Peterson, Tommy Shaw, Michael Fath, and more.

Includes full-function foot controller for total, no-hands access to all programs, patches and parameters. In addition, the foot controller enables you to control other MIDI units in your rack. Plus, with the user-definable Speaker Simulator, you can tailor your GSP 21 Pro sound to any instrument/amp/speaker combination.

Effects include: ❑ Exciter ❑ Compression ❑ Heavy Sustain, Metal Tube, Rock Tube, and Overdrive analog distortions ❑ Stereo, Ping-pong, Multi-tap, and Slapback digital delays ❑ Digital Mixer ❑ Chorus ❑ Flange ❑ Large/Small Room, Gated, Reverse, and Ultimate Reverbs ❑ Comb Filter ❑ Noise Gate ❑ Graphic EQ ❑ Speaker Simulator ❑ Stereo Imaging

Features include: ❑ Full programmability ❑ 192 presets (64 user-definable, 128 non user-definable) ❑ 23 effects, up to 10 at a time ❑ Effects in/out on the fly ❑ 20-bit VLSI processor ❑ 20Hz to 18 kHz bandwidth, S/N ratio 90 dB, THD less than 0.08% ❑ MIDI controllable ❑ Headphone jack ❑ Stereo/mono input and output

DigiTech

The Sound of the '90s

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Current GSP 21 owners can purchase a GSP 21 Pro upgrade kit, which includes a PROM and installation instructions.

By tonight, you could actually become a famous drummer.

What if you had a drum synthesizer that let you synthesize yourself?

Then hang on to your psyche and look at Yamaha's new RY30 rhythm programmer.

The RY30 is the first programmable drum synthesizer that not only gives you real drum sound but real drum feel. From real live drummers. Like Peter Erskine. Dave Weckl. Matt Sorum. Tommy Aldridge. Dave Garibaldi. And you.

It's not just more techno wizardry at work here, it's Yamaha's experience from making drums. Then listening to the artists who play them. Then taking apart their drum kits, their patterns and unique rhythms, their style, expression and nuances, their very souls. And then we put all we learned back into the RY30, plus each drummer on a neat little card.

Now the fun really starts with the RY30's programming wheel. In realtime you can toss in a pitch bend, a filter, an envelope, and change the velocity. All for each individual voice. And all with CD quality, 16-bit sampling.

The Artist Series cards can also be used on the SY55, SY77, TG55 and the TG77 keyboards.

Check one out at your Yamaha music dealer today. And tonight, someone just might ask for your autograph.

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