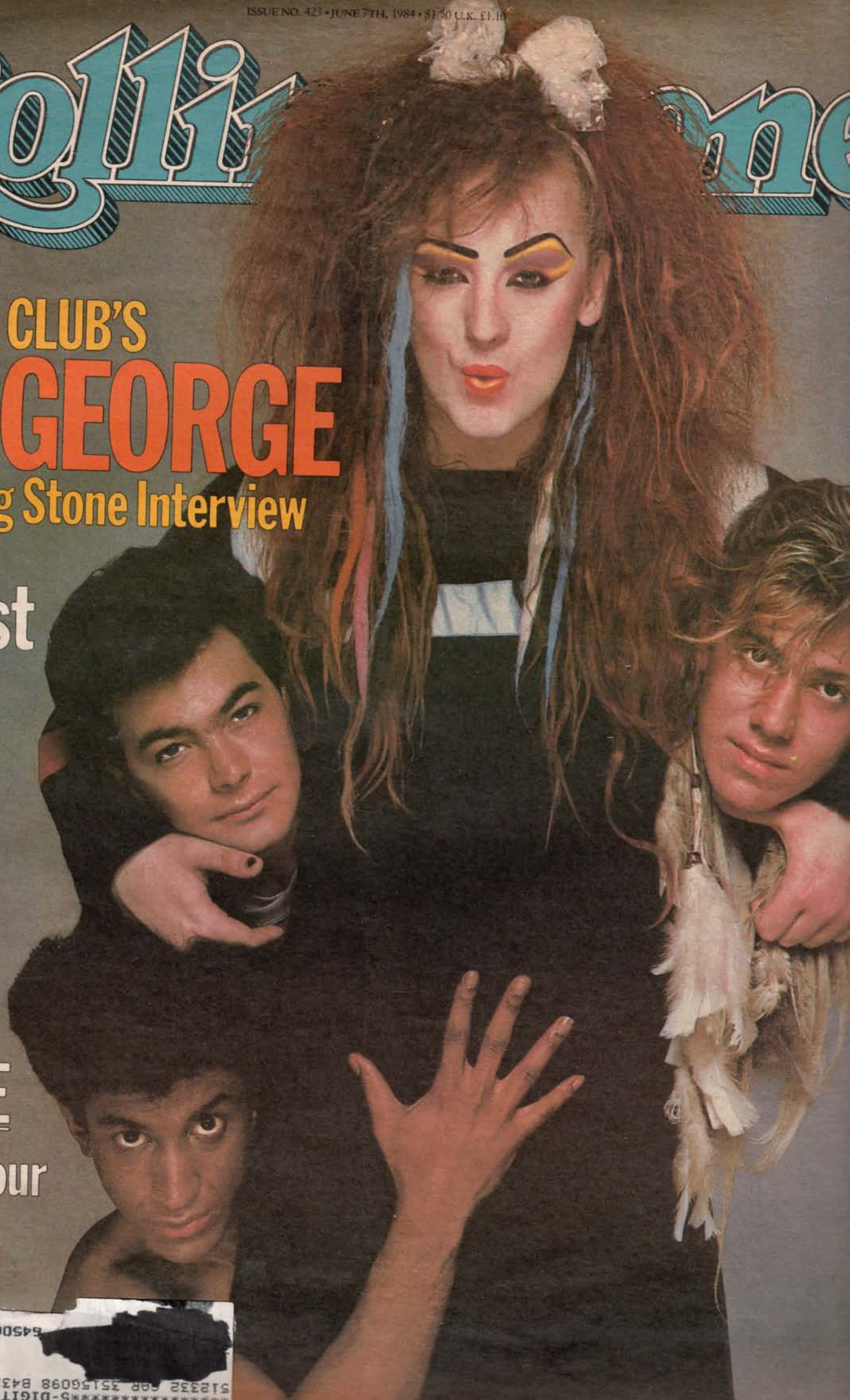


# Rolling Stone

## CULTURE CLUB'S **BOY GEORGE** The Rolling Stone Interview

The Last  
Days of  
Dennis  
Wilson  
HOW TO  
GET OFF  
COCAINE  
Jacksons Tour  
Chaos



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# CONTENTS

ISSUE 423: "ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS"



## Features

**THE ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW: BOY GEORGE** *Worldly-wise at twenty-two, this eccentric and controversial pop star is making history.* By Nancy Collins ..... 12

**QUITTING COCAINE** *Practical advice for the user who wants to stop.* By Ira Mothner and Alan Weitz .... 29

## National Affairs

**REAGAN AND CANCER** *Warning: Four more years of Reagan may be hazardous to your health.* By Robert Love ..... 8

## Music

**CHRISTINE McVIE** *From London to L.A., from hard-core blues to soft rock — and she's still on an even keel, sane as ever.* By Christopher Connelly ..... 32

**JACKSONS UPDATE** *Confusion reigns in the Jacksons' camp as their massive tour approaches.* By Michael Goldberg ..... 38

**SPRINGSTEEN PREVIEW** *He's got a new album, 'Born in the U.S.A.,' and a major summer tour in the works.* By Christopher Connelly ..... 40

**MABEL MERCER (1900 — 1984)** *This legendary pop songstress elevated cabaret singing to the level of serious art.* By Stephen Holden ..... 43

**THE SMITHS** *One of Britain's hottest bands is out to save rock & roll.* By James Henke ..... 45

## Records

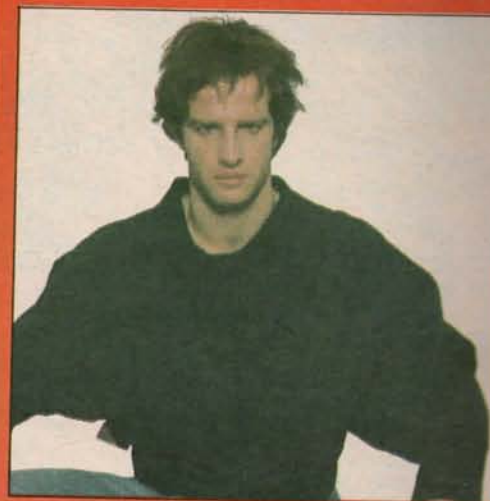
**LOU REED, ROGER WATERS, BOBBY WOMACK, ICICLE WORKS, INXS, JOHN CALE, DENISE LASALLE, RUBÉN BLADES** *and others reviewed in this issue* ..... 47

## Electronics

**TELEVISION BREAKTHROUGH** *Stereo television is coming to America. Plus, reviews of video, audio and computer products.* By Martin Porter ..... 55

## Departments

**LETTERS** ..... 7  
**CHART** ..... 61  
**CALENDAR** ..... 43



**TARZAN WITH CLASS**  
Christopher Lambert gets a new Jane: Catherine Deneuve. Plus, news on Boz Scaggs, George Clinton and Neil Young. Random Notes, by Christopher Connelly ..... 10

**THE FINAL DAYS OF DENNIS WILSON**  
No one could stop this troubled Beach Boy — except himself.  
By Michael Goldberg .. 19



**COVER:** Photograph of Culture Club (clockwise from top: Boy George O'Dowd, Roy Hay, Mikey Craig and Jon Moss) by Richard Avedon, Miami, April 1984.

chipper "Man of Two Worlds," the feel is isolated, removed, vaguely distant. Ultravox may think it's on the cutting edge, but many of this album's moments are Blitz Club, circa 1980.

At its best, *Lament* sounds like the first nostalgic technopop record. —CHRISTOPHER CONNELLY



### ICICLE WORKS

Arista  
★★★

Icicle Works are a young Liverpool group whose first album is like an aural rummage through a Haight-Ashbury head shop. It's all here: cosmic particles of thought afloat in an ether of backward guitar solos, sitarlike drones, squealing feedback and a recorder piping breathily along in a manner redolent of drugs and Donovan. And that's just *one song* ("Nirvana, we adore you," goes the chorus).

The Icicles bring a fresh urgency to the psychedelic-pop formula, interrupting their cranium-bending reality detours ("Culling time.../In the camp of unused dreams") with double-time choruses, Antmusic-style snare-drum rolls and minor-key melodies that hit like the first blast of autumn's chill.

The band seems fixated on elemental, outdoors things — trees, seasons, birds, deserts, dragonflies — seeing in the natural world a paradigm for the matter of living. Within a song, Icicle Works build, by addition, from mantralike calm to gale-force climax. The thrilling choruses and rollicking psych-pop punch of "A Factory in the Desert," "Whisper to a Scream (Birds Fly)" and "Chop the Tree," to name but a few, will shake you into a state not unlike ecstasy. Tune in and turn on.

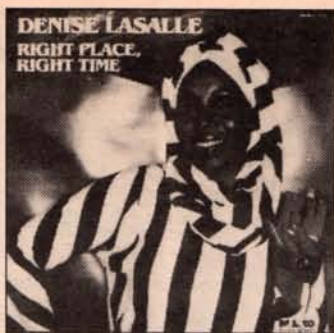
—PARKE PUTERBAUGH

### ISLAND EXPEDITION

We sat in a tree  
Chewing green leaves  
When I said to her  
"Why don't we toast the  
parrot?"

We did, and were not hungry  
any longer.

—Ulf Kirchner



### RIGHT PLACE, RIGHT TIME

DENISE LASALLE

Malaco

★★★

Denise LaSalle makes misery hilarious. Her voice is gritty, grown-up, Southern; the music's the sort of bluesy soul you can expect from Malaco, the home of Z.Z. Hill. Like Hill, LaSalle favors settings that are almost old-fashioned, they're so simple. Her singing brings to mind Millie Jackson, the only other woman I can think of who'd spit out a line like, "You can take your jive and stick it where the sun don't shine." Her voice doesn't dig its nails into you, but her songs usually do.

On the funny side: There's the scolding of a loose-tongued fool in "Keep Your Pants On," the not too pitiable "Your Husband Is Cheating on Us" and the big-business notion of opening up a "Love School." Single men, it seems, will get squeezed in for free. She may pass out some dopey advice, as in "Treat Your Man like a Baby," but she sees the world through down-home eyes, watching "former beauty queens" slide into "cold cream, pink rollers and a bad attitude."

On the more serious side is the slow seduction of a number she wrote called "Right Place, Right Time," which finds her trading lines with Latimore. "Baby, let me taste your kiss," she sings, all phony naiveté. "What in the world we gonna do with a night like this?" As if she didn't know. —DEBBY MILLER



### CARIBBEAN SUNSET

JOHN CALE

Ze/Island

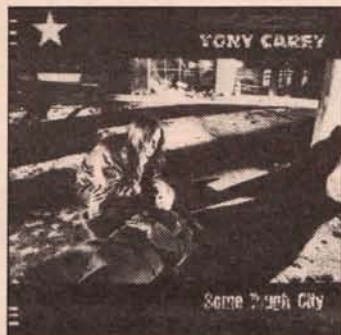
★★★

Hungry for Love," the opening track on *Caribbean Sunset*, is a state-

ment of renewed energy and intent from John Cale. Cale flexes his vocal might over the locomotive push of his band — which includes Brian Eno — boldly asserting that "You can walk on water/Cause you're feeling strong." As usual, Cale's world view is doomy: Bombs and guns and nuclear arsenals and "the silly people tryin' to run the world" course through these songs like poison. But *Caribbean Sunset* finds Cale fighting back with fierce, driving rock & roll that tries to exorcise the apocalyptic chaos all by itself.

The extremity of Cale's expressive rage may prove too much for the faint of heart. His dilemma, which fuels that rage, seems to be how to halt the world's sure, steady march toward annihilation without denying the darker, animal side of human nature that makes life such a dangerous thrill. There is menace lurking about the edges of even his nontopical songs, making it seem as if his is an undifferentiated damning: paranoia à go-go. *Caribbean Sunset* is a nonstop scream atop a roller coaster of bracing, careening music played at manic tempos. Cale followers will delight in his resurgent vigor; Go-Go's fans need not apply.

—PARKE PUTERBAUGH



### SOME TOUGH CITY

TONY CAREY

MCA

★★

Tony Carey peoples his songs with troublemakers like Uncle Sonny, Little John and the Kid — urban losers in fedoras who've been out of work since Bruce Springsteen's first album. They get hassled by the welfare man, run from the loan sharks. The scenarios are the stuff of TV cop shows, complete with the feeling that the grime is a little phony.

Still, Carey, an Algonquin Indian from California who also records with a group called Planet P, writes catchy melodies. His first big hit, "A Fine Fine Day," is a strong tune reminiscent of Bob Seger — or maybe, considering its grandiosity, Meat Loaf. Though the story's told mostly with just Carey's high voice, a big rock & roll sound washes in for the chorus, which welcomes Uncle Sonny home from the slammer.

A former keyboardist with Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow, Carey plays most of the instruments himself, including the guitars. An illuminating touch, the little figure from "Layla" that keeps visiting "The First Day of Summer," shows he can do better than the mainstream tough rock of songs like "Eddie Goes Underground" and "Reach Out." —DEBBY MILLER



### BUSCANDO AMÉRICA

RUBÉN BLADES  
Y SEIS DEL SOLAR

Elektra

★★

*Buscando América* is an album one feels obligated to like; it's the major-label debut of the highly touted, Panama-born salsa star Rubén Blades. Unfortunately, though, Blades' talent just doesn't translate.

Blades wields great influence in Spanish-speaking North, South and Central America, not just as a singer, songwriter and bandleader, but as a political commentator. Several of the tracks on this album offer political statements embedded in literary narratives: stories about a workaday cop, about the families of

### JUNE 1980, BOULDER

The line of mountains,  
delicate,  
smashed china with violets,  
the streets revolving, stinking  
softly.  
The drugs languish within us,  
move like the cars passing,  
leaves turned in the wind.

—Jeanne Meyer

### THE NICEST OF HOMES

the nicest of homes  
the biggest  
the best  
the one with the most features  
the largest lot of land  
in the nicer neighborhood  
is the one  
for the doctor  
and his second wife

—Michael Casey

"disappeared" South Americans and about a radical priest gunned down while saying Mass. The songs are sung in Spanish, and though that needn't be a problem, the music on *Buscando América* fails to convey the passion and intricacy of Blades' writing. In addition, he's not a terribly prepossessing singer, his tunes are totally subsidiary to the lyrics, and though the musicians are clearly talented (especially pianist Oscar Hernández), the playing never catches fire. Thus, even the stirring content of "El Padre Antonio y el Monaguillo Andres" or "Desapariciones" remains an abstraction; the messages go from the lyric sheet to the head without touching the heart. —DON SHEWEY



**MIRROR MOVES**  
**THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS**

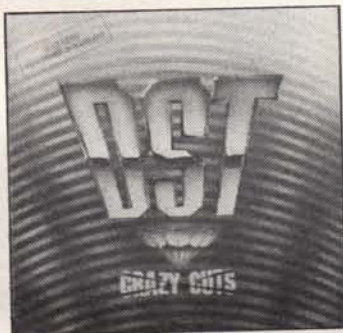
Columbia

★★

**B**ig drums, big sounds — yeah, but where's the groove? That seems to be the problem with this fourth record from the Psychedelic Furs, the neohippie, punk-era, have-it-your-way band of Brits. Vocalist Richard Butler continues to sport the odd Bowie touch to complement his lugubrious version of a Johnny Rotten sneer, and the backing still swirls around with more textures than a garment-center sweatshop. The small problem is that it doesn't seem to go anywhere.

The Furs are still capable of commanding an impressive sonic charge: "Here Come Cowboys" certainly sounds direct enough, and "Alice's House" also boasts some Beatle-ish touches. But by the time all the instruments turn up and Butler begins his Brit-on-barbs snooze-singing, the tracks are so murky you're looking for a pillow instead of a dance floor. This is apparently the sound the Furs want, and in that context, workouts like "Heartbeat" and "High Wire Days" have their rococo charms. It's "The Ghost in You," with its dreamy woodwinds and percussion, that figures to be *Mirror Moves'* most attractive track — but oy, that Butler! "It's gets so hard at times/To take it serious," he moans in "Here Come Cowboys." Yeah, but who's laughing?

—CHRISTOPHER CONNELLY



**D'YA LIKE SCRATCHIN'**

**MALCOLM McLAREN**

Island

★★

**SCRATCH TRAX**

**THE WILLESDEN DODGERS**

Jive/Arista

★★

**"CRAZY CUTS"**

**GRANDMIXER D. ST.**

Island 12"

★★★★

**T**hanks to the success of Herbie Hancock's "Rockit," scratching — manually moving a record back and forth under a stylus to create rhythmic patterns — has become the hottest trend in dance music since the advent of rap. But, as is often the case when people rush to cash in on the latest fad, not every recent scratch release has been of the same high quality as "Rockit."

The Hancock single wasn't the first to use scratching; "The Adventures of Grand Master Flash on the Wheels of Steel" introduced the practice in mid-1982, and Malcolm McLaren's "Buffalo Gals" was the funk novelty of 1983. In fact, "Buffalo Gals" was successful enough that McLaren has now taken the song, surrounded it with four other scratch tracks and released a mini-LP called *D'Ya Like Scratchin'*. Unfortunately, none of the material on

the record is new: "World's Famous" and "Buffalo Gals" are both from McLaren's *Duck Rock* album, while the other three cuts are from the twelve-inch versions of "Buffalo Gals," "Double Dutch" and "Zulu's on a Time Bomb." Even worse, none of the other songs here is as good as "Buffalo Gals"; most are just filler, artfully constructed by producer Trevor Horn and featuring relatively unimaginative scratching.

Still, that's better than *Scratch Trax*, a two-record set made up of rhythm-section passages recorded at various tempos (listed beats per minute), only a few of which deliver any scratching. Some of the cuts suggest existing dance hits — "No. 10" bears a strong resemblance to Man Parrish's "Hip Hop, Be Bop (Don't Stop)," while "No. 7" applies the synth line and basic groove of George Clinton's "Atomic Dog" — and a resourceful DJ could use this record to extend a dance track by cutting from the actual hit to the soundalike rhythm break. In addition, a DJ could use *Scratch Trax* for some impromptu live scratching — in the end, that's the real value of *Scratch Trax*: as a DJ tool, not as something to listen to at home.

But one shouldn't get the idea that every scratch record is of questionable quality. "Crazy Cuts" is the one notable exception. It's the single debut by Grandmixer D. ST., the turntable wizard whose scratch solo lights up "Rockit," and it employs both the same rhythm section and strategy as the Hancock hit. With Material's Bill Laswell and Michael Beinhorn laying down the basic groove, D. ST.'s whooshing and whopping turntables float just above Daniel Ponce's congas and just below Bernard Fowler's vocals, providing an ongoing rhythmic commentary to the piece. Even though D. ST. is never the focus of the tune, the very fluidity of his scratching keeps the record slightly off-balance, giving it a level of tension well suited to the dance floor and making it the most worthwhile of the currently available scratch records.

—J.D. CONSIDINE

**CLAUSTROPHOBIA**

**just you & me &  
the ghost of lost love —  
the room's so crowded &  
one door locked forever**

—H.J. Cording

**FATHER'S MAD**

**Mother doesn't defend me.  
She sits at the table,  
peeling apples  
with a long thin knife.**

—Barbara Metzler



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