



## PICASSO JR.

*After a Decade of Bombast,  
Painter Julian Schnabel  
Wants to Be Our Own Picasso*

BY MICHAEL STONE



## CHECK MATES

*Gingham Chic Is Fashion's  
Latest Retro Maneuver.  
Look for It on the Beach*

BY MARTHA BAKER

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# NEW YORK

In the Leadership Vacuum  
After L.A., Will **ROSS PEROT**  
Become America's

# RESCUE FANTASY?

By Joe Klein



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**T**HE MUSIC BUSINESS IS FULL OF people who can't dance—but that doesn't stop them. It's early January, and the Ritz-Carlton near Palm Beach, Florida, has played bemused host to a three-day convention—cum—est session for some 70 survivors of a record-industry bloodbath. Just before Christmas, when the British-based EMI ingested both SBK Records and Chrysalis, the three labels had 350 employees. Now there are just over 200. These 70 are the ragged elite of the infant EMI Records Group North America. They're youngish, they're freeish, they're employed, and, by God, they're going to dance!

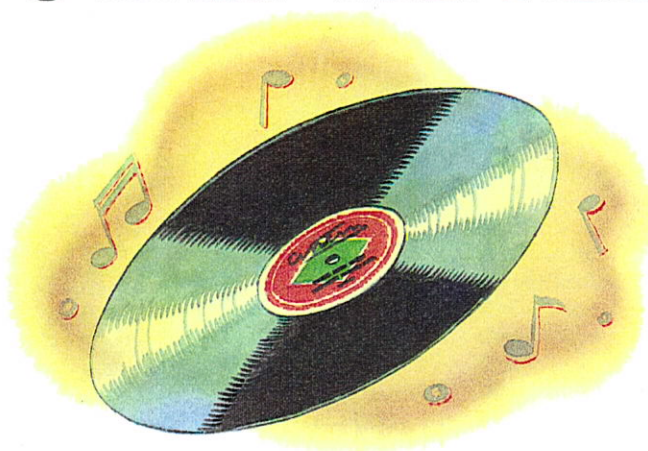
So dance they do—clasping hands, snaking through the Ritz-Carlton's grand ballroom in whacked-out jackets and dresses, stenciling frenzied figure eights into the rug—the whole room breathing and releasing pain.

Presiding serenely over the mayhem is a man whose impish grin might be childlike if it weren't pinned on with a fat cigar. He doesn't tan well, so the sun has made him seem boiled. In fact, with his oval body and baldish top, he resembles a sweet potato. A sweet potato poised to become the second-richest man in the music business.

He is Charles Koppelman, but everyone—from his gardener to Madonna—calls him Charles. The man who exudes informality and easy charm is never Charlie, never Mr. Koppelman. He just may be music's new Mr. Big.

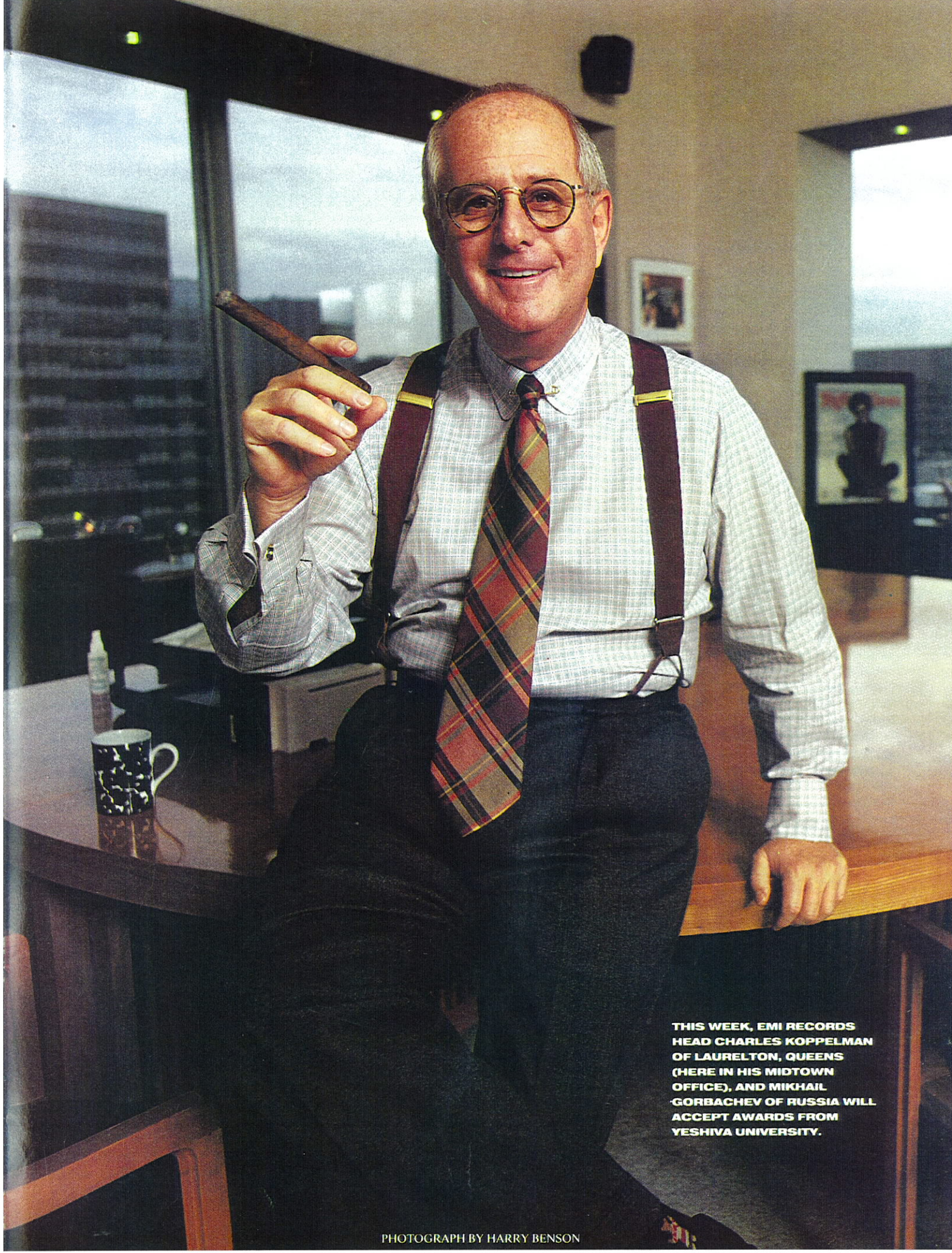
At the three-hour roast leading up to this moment of spontaneous combustion,

# CHARLES IN CHARGE



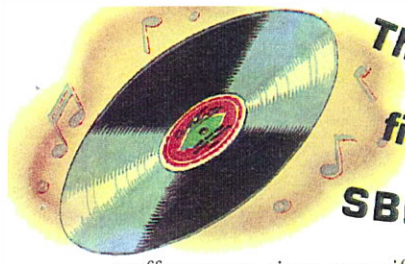
*After 33 Years of Hits and Misses,  
Music's New Mr. Big Gets Into the Groove*

**By MARTIN KIHN**



**THIS WEEK, EMI RECORDS  
HEAD CHARLES KOPPELMAN  
OF LAURELTON, QUEENS  
(HERE IN HIS MIDTOWN  
OFFICE), AND MIKHAIL  
GORBACHEV OF RUSSIA WILL  
ACCEPT AWARDS FROM  
YESHIVA UNIVERSITY.**

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON



**Though Vanilla Ice is cool toward Koppelman, the world's first white rap superstar keeps producing new songs. SBK has no plans to put out an album anytime soon.**

staffers were given gag gifts. Most were humiliating, but Koppelman got a red felt king's crown and cape. The award's presenter, a large promotion man who had been handed a copy of EMI's sexual-harassment policy as his gift, said, "Come up and get what you rightly deserve."

Koppelman bounced to the podium, threw the cape over his rounded shoulders, dumped the crown on his head, and started sucking a huge *faux* cigar. "You know," he smiled, "I already did."

Although it took decades for him to reach this room, Koppelman has indeed arrived. At 52, he has a net worth just shy of \$100 million (though an upcoming deal may more than double that). Not bad for a career that began 33 years ago with a stint playing Yogi Bear on a novelty hit. He's spent most of his working life as a music publisher, quietly building assets and gaining clout—meanwhile producing songs for Barbra Streisand and Lionel Richie, among others, and discovering singer Tracy Chapman in a coffeehouse near Tufts University. After selling his publishing company for a startling \$200-million profit three years ago, Koppelman began a record label that had one of the most successful launches in history. Its biggest triumph was Vanilla Ice, who recorded the first rap single ever to hit No. 1 ("Ice Ice Baby"). Vanilla Ice followed another coup: signing the coveted trio Wilson Phillips—two daughters of Beach Boy Brian Wilson and one daughter of Mamas and Papas singers John and Michelle Phil-

lips. His label netted an estimated \$60-million from Vanilla Ice and Wilson Phillips alone. Now, as chairman and CEO of EMI Records Group, Koppelman oversees the careers of Sinéad O'Connor, the Pet Shop Boys, Roxette, Slaughter, Queensrÿche, Smokey Robinson, Billy Idol, and about 40 other artists.

"Charles was always highly respected as a publishing guy and always recognized as having really great ears," says top music-industry lawyer Allen Grubman, who's done work for Koppelman since the early seventies. Grubman's clients, for whom he negotiates contracts, include virtually the entire record business, from Bruce Springsteen to Michael Jackson. "There aren't that many really creative people in our business, people who can recognize talent. You can count the guys who have it on the fingers of one hand. And this guy has it."

"He's like a walking shot of adrenaline," attests Brandon Tartikoff, the former head of NBC Entertainment who now runs Paramount Pictures. "In any meeting, any encounter, any phone conversation you have with him, you get pumped up about what he is doing for you, what you are doing for yourself, what we can possibly be doing together. In that sense, he's one of the more impressive entertainment executives that I've ever met. He makes me feel like an underachiever."

Hearing what people think of Charles Koppelman can sometimes resemble ascending into a heavenly choir. Employees talk movingly about lifesaving personal loans and hospital-room upgrades; colleagues launch into speeches on integrity, loyalty, and charm. And this week, Yeshiva University's Cardozo School of Law will give Koppelman its first Distinguished Achievement Award; sitting next to him on the dais, also to receive an award, will be Mikhail Gorbachev. Koppelman is either the Second Coming of Christ or the world's greatest actor.

Still, nobody's perfect in everyone's eyes—especially a man who's passed a few people on his way to the top. The most common salvo fired at Koppelman is that he champions bland and inoffensive pop music. Another complaint is that he spends far too much to acquire and market artists, driving up everybody's costs and decreasing the profitability of the record business. Yet another, related gripe is that he has a tendency to overhype. While zealous marketing seems to have done little to harm Wilson Phillips, it backfired for Vanilla Ice, who became a whipping post for comedians and critics virtually overnight. (Although Vanilla Ice is now

cool toward Koppelman, the world's first white rap superstar keeps producing new songs. SBK has no plans to put out an album anytime soon.)

Whatever happens to Koppelman or to his artists, the EMI Records head is eternally sanguine. Watching his employees wend through the Ritz-Carlton ballroom, he lets his cigar go out. Then he stands and, cautiously at first, joins in the dance.

**A** FEW DAYS later, Koppelman descends from his office on Sixth Avenue to find

Rocky Henderson, his driver of nearly a decade, holding open the back door of his black turbocharged Bentley. Bunny, whom Koppelman married 28 years ago, is sitting on the backseat speaking on the phone. She's a fast-talking, thin woman who looks fabulous in fur, does a lot of charity work, counts the notoriously prickly Barbra Streisand among her good friends, and says "huh" instead of "her." While the couple is driven downtown toward Madison Square Garden, Jesus Jones's "Right Here, Right Now" comes on the radio. They're an SBK band; Charles turns them up loud.

"He's always done that," Bunny says, putting the phone down and patting her husband on the shoulder. "He's involved with so many songs, he's always turning up the radio."

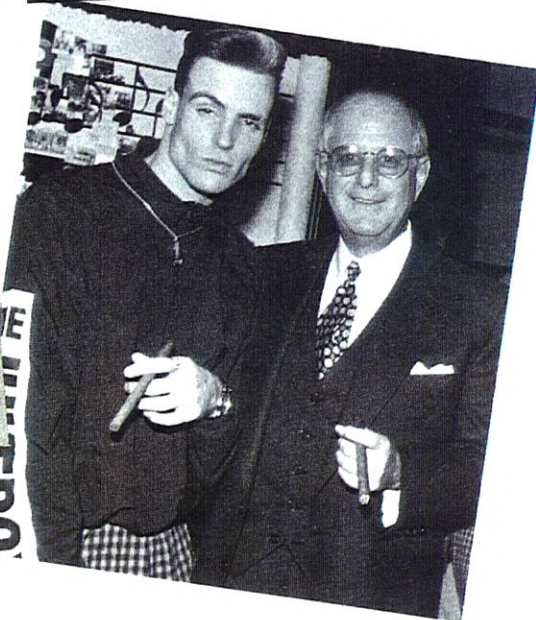
Those lucky enough or rich enough to have floor tickets for Knicks games are now allowed to enter through a side door at the Garden. "It's great they did this," Charles says. "Now it's like the L.A. Forum." He's right: There are Knicks girls at halftime, and Pat Riley, erstwhile coach of the Lakers, hovers morosely across the court. The Knicks start the night with a 20-9 record, but they play poorly—flubbing easy jump shots, disintegrating into self-doubt.

Koppelman's first-row seats are so good, he's been hit by three out-of-control players. If he hadn't gone into the music business, the executive says, he'd be coaching the Knicks. They'd probably be



**WITH TEEN FAVE WILSON PHILLIPS.**





**THE MUSIC-MEISTER WITH (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) SLAUGHTER, TRACY CHAPMAN, VANILLA ICE, BARBRA STREISAND, AND GLORIA ESTEFAN AND SMOKEY ROBINSON.**

doing better. "What's gratifying to me," he says as Atlanta pulls off an astonishing steal, "is that everybody here knows SBK, and a couple of years ago it didn't even exist. EMI, which was kind of a joke, wants me to make its initials as well known and respected as SBK." He watches as Patrick Ewing misses a lay-up. "You know, if you can't have fun in the music business, what business *can* you have fun in?"

At the game, Koppelman is in his element. Take the tickets. Nominally \$150 apiece, they can't be had for money alone. First, you have to pass the Frank Murphy test. Murphy negotiates player contracts and acts as the Garden's social gatekeeper. Koppelman passed, of course: "He thought I'd bring in a lot of the kinds of people who'd attract attention," he says with barely disguised glee.

At each time-out, Koppelman stands and mingles. He chats with Allen Grubman and with longtime partner Martin Bandier, who founded SBK with him and now runs EMI Records Group's music-publishing arm. Someone asks Koppelman how he likes seeing his name on Tufts University's Koppelman Art Gallery, which he donated partly in honor of Tracy Chapman. "It's pretty neat," he says. "But *you're* used to seeing your name on *buildings*." The man he's talking to is Jonathan Tisch.

**T**HE EIGHTIES ARE OVER, BUT NO ONE has told Charles Koppelman. Like Time Warner's Steve Ross, an executive he greatly admires, Koppelman lavishes high salaries and bonuses on pet employees. (He pays one of his general managers well over \$1 million a year.) Every day, he draws on about ten Cuban Cohibas, each of which costs nearly as much as ten packs of cigarettes. His shirts are from Charvet in Paris. Fioravanti, whose clientele runs from corporate raider Ron Perelman to Las Vegas kingpin Steve Wynn, makes his elegant suits. His personal jet is a twelve-seat Gulfstream II. During the week, he and Bunny live at the Carlyle. These days, David Geffen's favorite architect, Charles Gwathmey, is designing a new place for the couple on the Upper East Side.

Then there is the house out in Roslyn Harbor, Long Island, a secluded seaside enclave for the quietly wealthy. Five stories, designed by Stanford White—a veritable vision in pink, with an attentive staff and an enormous Mitsubishi television set in almost every room. During the summer, five gardeners prune the shrubbery. On the wall in Koppelman's sitting room, there's a Leroy Neiman portrait of Charles finishing up a golf swing while Jack Nicklaus looks on admiringly. (Actually, Koppelman

is a 21-handicap golfer; the best game he ever shot was an 81.) And scattered throughout the house are epergnes—elaborately ugly, vase-like centerpieces—because Bunny is considering writing the world's first book about them.

Downstairs, in one bathroom, there's a tray of napkins embossed with the names of all the Koppelmans—Charles, Bunny, Brian, Stacy, Jennifer. Brian, 26, whom Charles credits with actually finding Tracy Chapman, just started working for his father while attending Fordham law school at night. "His family's really the most important part of his life," says Stacy, 24, who's studying law at Hofstra. (Jennifer, 22, is a senior at Tufts.) Except during winters in Florida, Charles's parents live with him most of the year. There are at least five phone calls a day between Charles and Bunny, as many again hurtling in from the kids and their fiancés. An assault of family pictures. A crush of intimacy.

"I think that people basically are very impressed," says Allen Grubman of Koppelman's reputation as a family man. "He has this whole family thing that's been there forever. And he seems to be very loyal to his old friends." Don Rubin, SBK's head of artists and repertory, is a friend from Koppelman's college years. Gary Klein, now an EMI head of creative services and the producer of such hits as Dolly Parton's "Here You Come Again,"



THE EXTENDED KOPPELMAN CLAN ON GRAMMY NIGHT, 1992.

admits. "I went from bowling at the Green Acres bowling alley on a Tuesday to being on the Saturday-night Dick Clark show. It was like the furthest thing from reality." And while touring the Catskills with the group, Koppelman ran into music impresario Don Kirshner on the basketball court at Grossinger's. This led to an audition in New York, and Kirshner signed Koppelman and Rubin—whose performing careers had by then taken a nosedive—as songwriters. The pair earned \$25 a week alongside such luminaries as Neil Sedaka and Carole King. In 1963, Kirshner sold his company and offered to elevate the pair to management. "I think he was politely telling us we were never going to make it as artists," says Rubin.

Their salaries skyrocketed to \$125 and then \$175 a week, at which point they proposed to their girlfriends. No longer

has been a friend for 27 years. And Martin Bandier's been in business with him for seventeen years.

The Knicks lose, 109-94. But neither Bandier nor Koppelman seems particularly depressed. Ever since halftime, which the Koppelmans spent in a VIP lounge stocked with a free buffet and a very tan Tom Brokaw, Bunny has been chatting with activist Roy Innis, from the Congress of Racial Equality. He seems to have charmed her. At least, that's what she tells Charles as they walk arm in arm back to the waiting car.

She's talking fast—"You know, I grew up in a black neighborhood, I taught in a black school, so I felt right at home"—as the Bentley swallows her.

**B**UNNY KOPPELMAN WAS RAISED IN A tiny apartment over her father's drugstore in St. Albans, Queens. The old man had a bad back, which she inherited, but he did what he could. Still, it was a tough neighborhood. To her, Laurelton—on the Queens-Nassau border—was Beverly Hills.

Laurelton, of course, is where Koppelman was raised. Both he and his sister, Roz Katz, paint a picture of almost nauseating domestic ease: "It was really a great place to grow up," Katz recalls wistfully, "with a movie, an ice-cream parlor, and two schools." Their house, just off Merrick Boulevard, cost \$500 the year the Japanese invaded Pearl Harbor. Dad commuted to a Manhattan printing company, and when Charles was thirteen, Mom went to work as a secretary so the kids could go to college. "We were their whole life," Katz says. "Everything revolved

around us. We had a real strong sense of security—that our parents were behind us no matter what. And Charles always seemed to be the one that was in the middle of everything. Quietly—because he's not a loud guy."

Although he was forced to play the piano, Charles's only real interest was sports; he'd play stickball and basketball and organize games for the neighborhood kids. He was also a comedian, coming down to dinner one time dressed in drag, with a kerchief around his head. Once, when he broke a window and the neighbors complained, Koppelman's mother grew so incensed that the window had been in the way of her son's ball that, for many years, she wouldn't speak to them.

Banking on becoming a physical-education teacher (his mother told him it was a secure job), Koppelman entered Adelphi University on Long Island. Overnight, his world changed. With a couple of his brothers at Alpha Kappa, one of whom was Don Rubin, he formed a singing trio, the Ivy Three. One day, Koppelman called Rubin and told him they had an audition in the city. "So we get to the Brill Building," says Rubin, "and he says, 'I gotta go up and make sure they're ready for us.' About an hour later, he comes down and says, 'There were a couple of problems, but I straightened it out.' We have the audition, we get the contract. Afterwards, I find out from Charles that we really never had an audition." He'd gone knocking on doors and found Shell Records, owned by a dentist from New Jersey.

The group's only hit was "Yogi," a spoken novelty record about the cartoon bear; it peaked at No. 8. "I did get a taste of that rock-and-roll frenzy," Koppelman

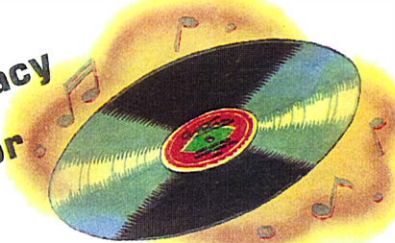
worried that her son would starve for his art, Koppelman's mother spent the money she had been saving for him on a new set of living-room furniture. In 1964, Rubin and Koppelman went out on their own, intending to concentrate on music publishing and also produce records for other labels to distribute. Music publishing, which involves the ownership and administration of song copyrights, had long been the unglamorous stepchild of the music business. Koppelman says he chose publishing over a record label because all the publishers he saw had tans and smoked cigars. It was a neglected business: "I had a clear field. It was a piece of cake." His biggest success of this era was the Lovin' Spoonful.

Four years later, Koppelman and Rubin sold their company for \$3 million. "I thought I was a millionaire," he says, "but I was at that time leading a life-style I could barely afford." Problems with the sale reduced Koppelman's payday to about \$500,000. Contractually barred from re-entering the music business for a time, he started Homeowners Emergency Services, a kind of on-call handyman company whose employees were required to wear mustaches. Subcontractors stole a lot of his equipment, and Koppelman went on *To Tell the Truth* to joke about it.

Before he knew it, he'd been out of the music business for a year and couldn't get back in. He decided the only way to restart his career would be to go to work for somebody else. So in 1971, he took a job as the head of CBS's music-publishing arm. The \$35,000 salary didn't even cover his chauffeur and car payments.

"I think Charles has got imaginative intensity, drive, and genuine enthusiasm

**"Was I lucky that my son went to Tufts and heard Tracy Chapman? Was I lucky that the guy walked in the door and gave me the Lovin' Spoonful? You bet I was."**



combined with a great deal of personal warmth," says Clive Davis, then head of CBS and now president of Arista Records. "I don't think one sees these qualities together much in any business, let alone music."

Koppelman spent four years at CBS and ended up as head of artists and repertory for Columbia Records, where he signed Journey and Janis Ian. But he'd never liked having a boss, so he left CBS in 1975 to form the Entertainment Company with Martin Bandier and real-estate developer Sam LeFrak. In the next nine years, the company's song catalogue grew; Koppelman paired Diana Ross and Lionel Richie on "Endless Love," and Barbra Streisand and Barry Gibb on "Guilty," which sold 15 million copies worldwide. After Bandier and LeFrak's daughter divorced and the company dissolved, Koppelman tried his hand at television with the *American Bandstand*-style *This Week's Music*, which quickly lost \$1 million.

In 1986, he and Bandier heard a rumor that CBS was thinking of selling its publishing division, which owned the rights to everything from "New York, New York" and "Singin' in the Rain" to many of the songs of pop-metal rocker Jon Bon Jovi. Bandier asked his friend Stephen Swid, a financier and the owner of *Spin* magazine, to look into the rumor; he knew Swid had the ear of Larry Tisch, who was then a 25 percent shareholder in CBS. Eventually, Swid was able to persuade CBS Records president Walter Yetnikoff to start negotiations with the Swid-Bandier-Koppelman partnership.

Swid did most of the talking. ("These guys are terrific guys," he says now of his former partners, "but they're not deal guys.") By most accounts, Koppelman was desperate for the sale. During one meeting, after his accountant told him to bow out because the banks would make him personally guarantee a loan for \$20 million, Koppelman stood up, pulled out his pants pockets, and said, "They can't come after me. I don't have anything." Four months later, the catalogue was theirs, and the three men put their initials together to form SBK Entertainment World.

"The day we closed on that transaction," Koppelman says, "I couldn't speak. I had tears in my eyes. I called my wife and said, 'It's done, it's over, our kids are protected, our grandchildren are protected.'" Friends recall that he began going

to dinner parties around town, saying, "Now I have the money that I've been accustomed to spending."

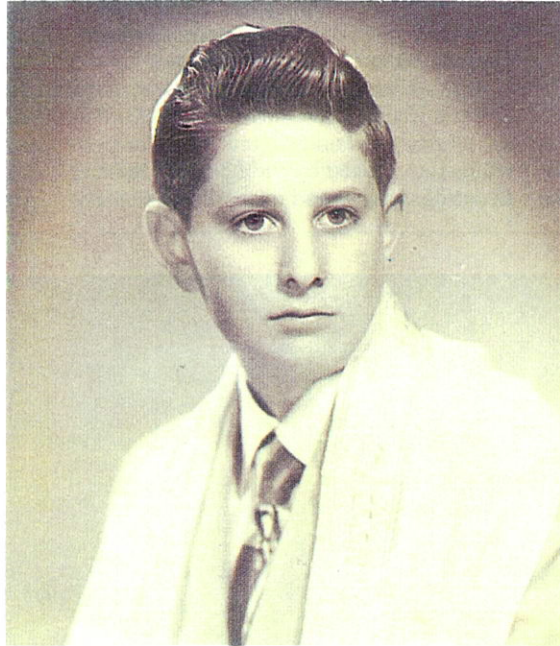
He was right. Although the three paid \$125 million for the catalogue—only \$4.5-million of it in cash from Koppelman—they were able to turn around and sell it to EMI three years later for \$337 million. (Song catalogues had benefited enormously from the rise of compact discs, which provided a new way to use old songs. Also, the congressionally mandated song royalty rose from about 4.5 cents to almost 6 cents per use. What's more, the cost of using songs in commercials rose astronomically.) In the end, Koppelman netted about \$60 million from the sale.

As part of the deal to buy SBK's song cat-

started to get the sense that if I set my mind to something, I could win at it, even if I didn't have the skills somebody else had.

"But I'm lucky too. Was I lucky that my son went to Tufts and heard Tracy Chapman? Was I lucky that the guy walked in the door and gave me the Lovin' Spoonful? You bet I was. But I'm also a workaholic. When [show-business lawyer Peter Lopez] called me about Vanilla Ice, it was on a Friday. I was at home in my pool, but I was also working. And I heard it. I went in on Monday and said, 'We've got a monster on our hands.' My wife has an expression: 'Luck only comes to visit. It doesn't come to stay.' You have to rely on your instincts, your ability, your perseverance."

Then he flashes that impish grin—the one that seems to say he knows he's no genius. "But I'll tell you—it's definitely better to be lucky than smart."



**THE FRESHLY BAR MITZVAHED KOPPELMAN.**

alogue, EMI started SBK Records as a fifty-fifty joint venture, putting Koppelman in charge. When it purchased the half of SBK Records it didn't already own last November, EMI paid Charles about \$30 million as a first installment; his second check, which comes in 1993 and is tied to gross sales, could be for as much as \$400 million (although most estimates are closer to \$100-million). And that's not counting bonuses he'll earn as chief executive until his contract runs out in 1995.

How did it all happen? Koppelman considers the question. "I think I'm smart," he says. "And I talk about being focused until I get myself bored. That's a good thing that I have—I really can concentrate on the thing that I'm doing and clear out everything else. It was when I was in my late teens that I

**M**R. LUCKY LIGHTS A cigar. He's sitting high above his customers—42 stories over Sixth Avenue, across the street from the Time-Life Building. One block south is Radio City Music Hall, scene of the

Grammy Awards show in late February, where singer Natalie Cole accepted the Record of the Year award for "Unforgettable," sarcastically thanking EMI "for graciously letting me out of my contract." Cole's split with EMI had been infamously bitter and may have contributed to the firing of Koppelman's predecessor last November. To

Koppelman, Cole's remark was undoubtedly a reminder of how far he has to go to burnish EMI's lackluster reputation.

You can't hear the city up here. Central Park looks almost benign. This office impresses everyone but Koppelman. It's the size of a putting green. There's a globe, a gift from Bunny and the kids. Tracy Chapman on the cover of *Rolling Stone*. A framed Al Hirschfeld caricature of his family. Matching Frank Lloyd Wright chairs. A stuffed Yogi, in honor of the hit that started his rise. And a Pee-wee Herman doll that Koppelman bought as a sign of support just after Herman's arrest for indecent exposure.

For all his accessibility, Koppelman is almost inscrutable. Nobody—least of all Koppelman himself—seems to know why

It's a business where optimism definitely helps, and Koppelman has always had plenty of that. But this afternoon, he looks pensive. And when his cigar goes out, as it often does, he doesn't even bother to relight it. Staring at the blank Quotron machine in his office, he says he unloaded every stock he owned yesterday, a day after the ticker closed at another record high.

**D**ESPITE A SLIGHTLY BETTER THAN expected Christmas, 1991 was a middling year for the music industry. After a decade during which sales doubled to \$7.5 billion, they fell 11 percent during the first six months of last year. There was a proliferation of small labels, many of them inspired by SBK's first-year success. "It looked real easy," says Koppelman, "and it ain't easy." Too much product glutted the market.

The backlash was almost predictable: PolyGram laid off more than half the staff at its Island Records and A&M labels, and MCA also let people go. "The mature market that we saw in 1991 certainly is going to make everyone look at the costs involved in start-up labels," says Fifield. Even he admits that EMI lost money worldwide on SBK's releases last year. Undaunted, the company realized a long-time ambition in March, when it snapped

up the world's largest independent label, London-based Virgin Records, for just under \$1 billion.

Of more immediate concern to Koppelman, however, are stories that EMI Records is cutting its artist roster by 50 percent and will release only half as many albums in 1992 as it did in 1991. Still worse, there are rumors that new releases by Wilson Phillips and Slaughter are being delayed because of confusion at the label. Koppelman says there are between 40 and 50 artists signed to his label—down from 105 before the merger. And he denies having had to delay any big releases.

"He faces, with all of us, the challenge of the future," notes Arista's Clive Davis. "But Charles is a survivor—he's gone through some things in the past and come out on top, and there's no reason to think he won't do the same thing now."

Still, something's clearly amiss. Koppelman admits there are certain parts of his current job ("the corporate side, the budgetary side") he doesn't like. Then he

reminisces about the hard times—1974, when he knew he didn't want to stay at CBS but didn't know how to get out; 1983, when his TV show bombed. "There were some sleepless nights," he says wearily. And even now, he worries: "What if you have the best ears in the world, but that great artist doesn't show up? Or if every tape that comes in is just horrible?"

But Koppelman's not giving up. "I am definitely an optimist," he says, sparking his Cohiba defiantly. "These weren't difficult times because I doubted myself—I never doubted myself. They were just difficult times, when no matter how I focused or how I tried to get myself up, it just wasn't clicking right. But I have tremendous resolve, and I do have a great deal of confidence. I do believe you have to feel that you can win in order to win. So much of it is mental. Opportunity—clearly. Luck—without question. But I believe there are winners and losers." He draws a cloudlet of very expensive smoke into his mouth. "And I think it's in your psyche."



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reminisces about the hard times—1974, when he knew he didn't want to stay at CBS but didn't know how to get out; 1983, when his TV show bombed. "There were some sleepless nights," he says wearily. And even now, he worries: "What if you have the best ears in the world, but that great artist doesn't show up? Or if every tape that comes in is just horrible?"

But Koppelman's not giving up. "I am definitely an optimist," he says, sparking his Cohiba defiantly. "These weren't difficult times because I doubted myself—I never doubted myself. They were just difficult times, when no matter how I focused or how I tried to get myself up, it just wasn't clicking right. But I have tremendous resolve, and I do have a great deal of confidence. I do believe you have to feel that you can win in order to win. So much of it is mental. Opportunity—clearly. Luck—without question. But I believe there are winners and losers." He draws a cloudlet of very expensive smoke into his mouth. "And I think it's in your psyche."



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