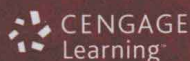


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职场英语阅读第一书

# 巨星之秘

## Superstar

Doug Campbell 著  
张燕译



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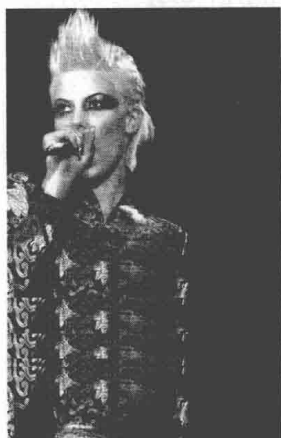
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## Chapter 1

# Ladies and gentlemen

**Skim read the chapter once.**

- Why does the concert stop?
- What is John's job?
- Where does Simon want to go tonight?

I have always loved those few minutes before the beginning of a concert. The audience is waiting for the star to come on stage. It's quiet, but everyone is looking forward to the show. And tonight I'm about to step on to that stage. The crowd is chanting: "Johnny, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny!"

Suddenly I can hear a voice announce: "Ladies and gentlemen, would you please welcome the greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world. It's Johnny and the Diamonds!" The audience is going crazy. The spotlights are so bright I can't see the crowd, but I can hear them shouting, "Johnny, Johnny". They're getting louder and louder, chanting "Johnny, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny!"

Actually, now I can hear only one man. He is saying, "Johnny, Johnny, wake up! If you don't get up we'll be late for work."

Oh, no. Not again! My flatmate Simon was right — I had slept too long and had just had another of my dreams about being a rock star. But it was only a dream. This was

a really bad start to my day.

I've always wanted to be a rock star. I play the guitar and sing, and I've even written a few songs. I *think* they are good, but I don't know for certain. Maybe my dad was right when he said that it was important to have 'a real job'. My 'real job' is working as an accountant. My friend Simon works in the same office and so we share a flat. It's nine to five and it pays the bills, but I want more than that.

When I was at college I had a band. It was all I was interested in. When I went to a lecture, I spent most of my time writing a list of the songs that I wanted to play at our next gig, instead of taking lecture notes.

At our concerts we played the current hits and we were great. Everyone said that we should try to get a record deal and that we could be famous. Perhaps we would sell millions of CDs and play concerts all over the world. Around the college campus people recognised us and said, "There goes Johnny and his band."

After we all left college we still kept the band going, but then some people got jobs and they didn't have time to practise. We didn't quit, but we never really had time to play. We said we would get together soon, but that was a long time ago.

Now, six years after leaving college, I sometimes talk to Simon about my band. He is nice about it, but then he usually gets bored. But he's a good friend, so one night, a

few months ago, he said to me, “Come on Johnny, let’s go to Rory’s Club. There are two bands playing there tonight. The headliners are brilliant. They can really rock!”

## Chapter 2

# Pay to play

**Skim read the chapter once.**

- What is the name of the band?
- Why does the singer start to cry?
- What does John tell the band?

When we arrived at the club, the support band was on stage. The main group everyone had come to see would be on stage later. People ignored the support act, but they were actually pretty good. They were called The Bus Drivers, which I thought was a pretty stupid name, but the band was tight and they had a fantastic girl singer.

She really had something. She looked and sounded like Mariah Carey. She was beautiful and sang the song like she meant every word. Here was someone with real talent. The club was getting fuller, but no one had come to see this support act. No one was paying attention. Only the drunks in front of the stage watched the band, but they were horrible to the lead singer. “Hey, gorgeous! We didn’t come here to see your stupid band, so get off!”

They couldn’t stop laughing. “Hey, sweetheart! Come here and give me a kiss,” one of them shouted at the singer. The bloke threw some of his beer at her. She stopped singing and started crying.

Suddenly, a huge completely bald man came on stage. It was the manager of the club, Rory, and he wasn't laughing; he was angry. He reached for the microphone. "Whoever threw that beer is going to be thrown out of this club now. I don't care if you've got a ticket. This is my club, and I won't have rude behaviour. Now show some manners and let this girl sing."

The men down at the front of the stage behaved themselves after that, and the girl and her band finished off the set. I had really enjoyed their music and I wanted to meet them. I went forward to the stage and introduced myself to the bass player as they were clearing away their equipment.

"Hey, that was a great set," I said. He smiled. "Thanks, man, but we won't be playing here again."

"Oh, don't worry about those idiots," I said, looking back at the group of noisy men.

"No, that's not the problem," the bass player continued. "The manager of the club wants us to pay. He wants us to 'pay to play'!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"He doesn't think we can attract an audience, and so he wants us to sell a minimum of £100 worth of tickets to our mates. He wants us to pay to play! There's no way I'm going to do that," explained the bass player.

The rest of the band came over and joined in. The lead singer — I still didn't know her name — said, "I'm

sure we can get some of our friends to come along. We need to play more gigs and get the experience. ”

Everyone nodded except the bass player.

The lead singer continued. “Have you heard about that TV show *Talent Tonight*?”

And then I did something that was crazy — really crazy. Without thinking I said, “Oh, I know one of the producers of that show. ”

They all swung around to look at me. “You do?” they said together. It was a lie and I still don’t know why I had said it. I told them that I would speak to the producer about getting the band on the show. Suddenly, before I realised what I was doing, I was giving them all my mobile phone number and saying that they should ring me on Monday.

Why did I lie to them? It was crazy, but I suddenly thought this was a big opportunity for me. There are lots of different jobs in the music business, and here was a good band that could be a really great band with the right manager. I could be that manager. Why not? Sometimes, you just have to take chances in life.

I had no experience as a manager of a pop group, but I decided that I would make some phone calls and do everything I could to get them on the show. The next few days were going to be very busy for me.

## Chapter 3

# Making a demo

**Skim read the chapter once.**

- Who does John phone?
- Who are brothers?
- Who chooses the demo song?

“*Talent Tonight!*” said a very friendly voice on the telephone. Her voice became less friendly, when I started talking.

“Oh, hello,” I said. “I’m the... er... manager of a great new band and we would like to be on your show. We have a fantastic singer and...”

“Send in a demo,” she said, in an even more unfriendly voice.

“Oh, yes, of course. We can send you one in the next couple of weeks. Should I send it to the producer?”

“Yes, if you want to. Our address is on the website. Thank you.”

“Thank you very much. Goodbye.”

I already knew that there was information on the website. How did she think I had found their telephone number? Phoning the *Talent Tonight* production company was easy, but there was still a lot of work to do. We had to make a demo, a demonstration of our music.

Unfortunately, hundreds of other bands and singers would also send in a demo. Everyone wanted to be on the programme. Our demo had to be better than all the others.

As soon as I hung up, the bass player called me. His name was Steve and he was the oldest member of the band. When the others had talked after the concert at the club about wanting to be pop stars, he had looked bored. "I've seen it all before," he had said. "It's not easy."

Everyone calls me John or Johnny, but Steve liked to call me Johnny Boy. When I told him that I had contacted the production company, he didn't care — not like the others. They were all so excited. I brought my briefcase to their next band practice. I wanted to look like a manager. This was the music business.

There were four people in the band. Tiffany was the name of the singer. There was Steve and then there was Tyler, the drummer. On guitar was Tyler's brother, Zak.

Zak obviously loved talking. When they were playing songs, he would suddenly stop and ask me a question. "Why do we have to make a demo? That's expensive." I explained that the producers needed to hear a demo before we could have an audition.

I'd spent time looking at the production company's website, and it said that the demo for *Talent Tonight* should not be an original song of our own. We needed to choose a song that everyone knew. So the band tried to decide

which song to record, but they just couldn't agree.

Zak wanted a song with lots of rock guitar, but his brother Tyler wanted a song with lots of loud drums. Steve suggested that they play a song by the Beatles.

"Everyone knows the Beatles," he said.

But Zak was not a Beatles fan. "That music is so old. My dad likes the Beatles." Tiffany wanted to sing a love song and suggested a few. During this conversation Tyler said nothing. He just continued to hit his drums. He was driving me crazy!

While they were arguing about the song, I began to worry that I might have made a mistake. Were these people really going to be pop stars? They couldn't even decide on which song they wanted to play. And how was I helping them? I was just sitting there with my briefcase and trying to look like an important part of the band. But really I was doing nothing.

Then suddenly the band decided on a song Tiffany had heard on the radio. I didn't know it. She started singing it and everyone started playing. No one said anything — they just played. It sounded great! We all looked at each other and smiled. Everyone felt confident again.

## Chapter 4

# In the recording studio

**Skim read the chapter once.**

- Who pays for the recording?
- Who arrives at the studio with Tiffany?
- Where does the band go while Steve and Bill are setting up the drums?

Nowadays people can record hit songs in their bedrooms on their computer, but the band wanted a more professional sound... especially Steve.

“I want to record in a proper studio. This isn’t for fun. We are a professional band.”

Zak agreed but said again, “That’s expensive.”

I was the manager of the band and so it was time for me to speak.

“Erm, I know it’s expensive, Zak, but I’ll take care of that. You worry about the music and I’ll worry about the money.”

In fact, I did have some savings. I had been saving money because I wanted to move out of my rented apartment and buy a small place of my own. But that could wait. This was a really good opportunity for me. If the band became pop stars, I would make lots of money. It was time to invest in my future — and my future was in