

KORG TECHNOLOGY DELIVERS THE SOUNDS OF THE LEGENDARY B-3 "TONE WHEEL ORGAN" AND THE FAMOUS 147 "ROTATING SPEAKER" IN ONE COMPACT, PERFORMANCE PACKAGE.

To get that Tone Wheel Organ/Rotating Speaker sound, musicians had no choice but to lug around oversized, over-weight equipment.

That is, before the New Korg CX-3 Combo Organ.

The CX-3 weighs just 23 pounds, and yet it delivers the full sound and the feel of the real thing. A full five-octave keyboard; nine drawbars plus presets; "feather touch" electronic switching; "overdrive" and "key click" effects; plus the traditional B-3 percussion, variable volume, decay, bass and treble controls. Plus, the Korg CX-3 features a built-in rotary speaker effect that "speeds up and slows down" the simulated upper and lower baffles at different rates! It even operates like the real thing... from the keyboard or from a remote footswitch

board or from a remote footswitch.

You already know Korg for making things better. This time we made it better... by making it lighter.

NOW AVAILABLE! KORG BX-3 (Dual Manual version of CX-3 with Chorus Vibrato)

Unicord 89 FROST STREET, WESTBURY, NEW YORK 11590



fact that just about all k music is based on the n beat. So when you're ng or practicing, a good can sound awfully flat but the proper beat nd it. The BOSS Dr. hm lets you write up to 16 ur own drum rhythms,

you don't have to be a

nmer to do it.

cts Play or Write Function -

3 Drum, Snare Drum, -

shot. Accent

Writing rhythms is done out of real time so you don't have to synchronize yourself to the machine. All you need to do is push two buttons in a certain order, and your rhythm will be played back in perfect time.

The Step method used by the Dr. Rhythm breaks each measure into 16 (or 12) steps, each step corresponding to one sixteenth note. To program a rhythm, select a sound (such as the Bass Drum) and walk your way through the measure, pressing the "Note" button on each of those steps where

you want to hear the Bass Drum, and the "Rest" button on each of those steps where you don't.

Other sounds and Accents are programmed in exactly the same way except the Hi Hat which is preset to sound every eighth note, every sixteenth note, or not at all.

sixteenth note, or not at all.

Once you have programmed a rhythm, it stays stored in computer memory until you change it, even when the power is turned off. The sixteen different memories available in the Dr. Rhythm can be used for variations on the same rhythm or fills and

breaks so that by rotating the Program Selector from one rhythm to another, an entire percussion track can be played for multitrack recording.

-Programs a Note

Programs a Res

Once you understand the basics, there's almost no limit to what the Dr. Rhythm can do. It can even send trigger pulses to synthesizers and sequencers. The Dr. Rhythm can be a very solid foundation for your next musical achievement.





NO. 32, APRIL, 1981

Brian Eno has quit hanging around airports and has taken to hanging around Africa. In a conversation with Mikal Gilmore he talks about his recent movements and how they figured in his two most recent collaborations with David Byrne.



David Byrne and Talking Heads wert from being a stark and disaffected new wave band to a large communal groove oriented one David Breskin questions Byrne about past and future changes



OF STREET

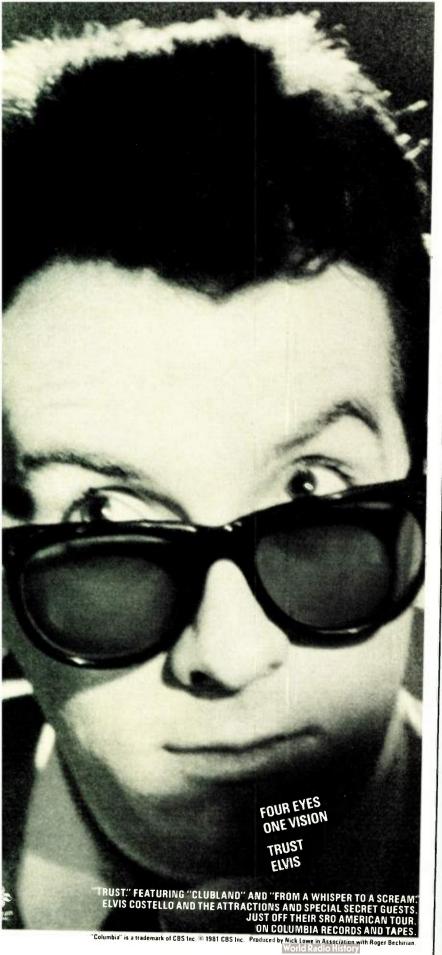
Air is Henry Threadgill Steve McCa I and Fred Hopkins who got together 15 vears ago through the AACM and are now the finest jazz trio playing Rafi Zabor reports

Table of Contents

Columns & Departments

Letters	8
Music Industry News	10
John Fogerty/Dave Marsh	12
Garland Jeffreys/Brian Cullman	16
Beach Boys/Geoffrey Himes	18
John Scofield/David Breskin	24
Bootlegging, Royalties and The Moment/Robert Fripp	28
Faces	32
Records	90
Rock Shorts/David Fricke	82
Jazz Shorts/Rafi Zabor	84
The Collector/Andy Doherty	98
Features	
Black Rock and Roll/Pablo Guzman	35
Talking Heads/David Breskin	40
Brian Eno/Mikal Gilmore and Spottswoca Erving	48
Air/Rafi Zabor	54
Muscle Shoals/Leon Topar	61
Christia	
Studio Cuitor (John Amera)	400
Guitar/John Amaral	
Best Buys Reader Service	
NOUGE DETVICE	72

Cover Photo: Deborah Feingold



Co-Publisher/Editor Sam Holdsworth

Co-Publisher/Ad Director Gordon Baird

Assoc. Publisher/Advertising Gary Krasner

> **Art Director** Sam Holdsworth

Managing Editor/N.Y. Vic Garbarini

Staff Photographer

Deborah Feingold Sales/Promotion

Paul Sacksman Scott Southard Laura Nagan

Thom Darcy Associate Editors

David Breskin Jonathan Baird Rafi Zabor

Production Manager Jane Winsor

Art Assistant

Laurel Ives

Administration Cindy Amero

Stephanie MacKillop Michelle Nicastro Fay Baird

> Typography Don Russell

Main Office/Production 42 Rogers St., P.O. Box 701

Gloucester, MA 01930 New York Advertising/Editorial MUSICIAN, 1515 Broadway, 39 fl.

N.Y.C., N.Y. 10036 (212) 764-7300

Contributors

Lester Bangs, Bob Blumenthal, Crispin Cioe, Tam Copi, Chris Doering, Robert Ford, Dan Forte, Robert Fripp, David Fricke, Allan Tannenbaum, Dave Marsh Peter Giron, Lynn Goldsmith, Vic Gar-

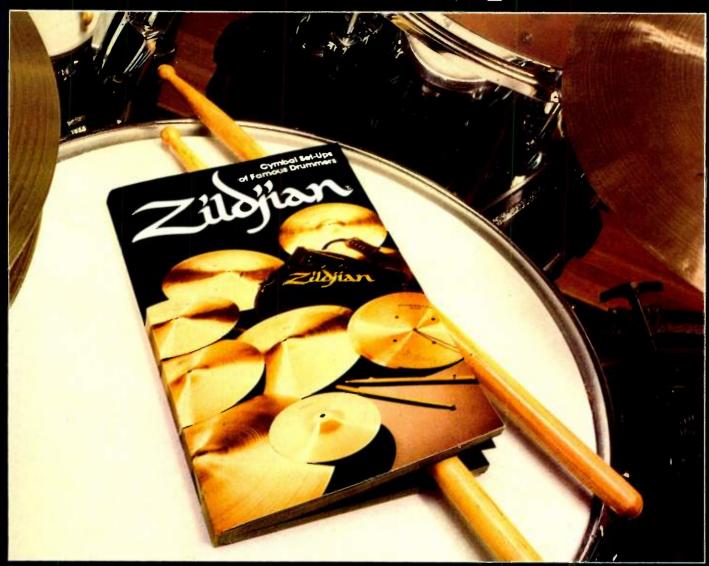
barini, Mark Mehler, Robert Palmer, Ebet Roberts, Michael Shore, Chip Stern, Zan Stewart, Cliff Tinder, Roy Trakin.

Chairman And President: W.D. Littleford. Executive Vice President: Jules Perel. Senior Vice Presidents: Mort L. Nasatir, Broadcasting; Gerald S. Hobbs, Billboard, Musician & Amusement Business Groups; Patrick Keleher, Art & Design Group. Vice Presidents: William H. Evans Jr., Treasurer, Lee Zhito, Billboard Operations; John B. Babcock, Product Development Mary C. McGoldrick, Personnel. Secretary: Ernest Lorch. Corporate Managers: Charles Rueger, General Manager of Publishers Graph-

ics; Ann Haire, Director of Planning & Market Development

Musician, Player & Listener (USPS 431-910) is published ten times a year by Amordian Press, Inc., P.O. Box 701, 31 Commercial St., Gloucester, MA 01930. (617) 281-3110. Amordian Press. Inc. is a wholly owned subsidiary of Billboard Publications, Inc., One Astor Place, 1515 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036. Musician, Player & Listener is a trademark of Amordian Press, Inc. 1981 by Musician, Player & Listener al. rights reserved. Second class postage paid at Gloucester, MA 01930 and at additional making offices. Subscriptions \$18 per year, \$34 for two years, \$48 for three years. Canadian, and \$1 per year; elsewhere, add \$6 per year, U.S. funds only. Subscription address: Musician, Box 989, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737. Postmaster send form 3579 to above address. Manuscripts and artwork are welcome, however, we assume no responsibility for their return, although all due care will be exercised.

Next to your Zildjians, you need Zildjian's new Set-Up Book.



Announcing the first cymbal set-up book with hundreds of the world's greatest drummers showing you how they match up the sounds in their heads and the Zildjians under their sticks.

No one but Zildjian could offer you this complete and comprehensive reference book on most of the jazz, rock, and recording drummers you know, have heard of, or would like to be. Because no one but Zildjian has so many world famous drummers performing their greatest hits on their cymbals.

If you're playing drums with any kind of musical group or wish you were, you've just got to have this book of set-ups, bios, and photos of today's best drummers.

Zildjian Cymbals are the only serious choice for all of them. And the Zildjian Cymbal Set-Up Book is the only way you'll get so much serious reference material all in one place. For your copy, see the Zildjian dealer nearest you. Or send \$4.00 to cover postage and handling to Zildjian, P.O. Box 198, Accord, MA 02018.

Next to Zildjians, what I need most is the new Zildjian Cymbal Set-Up Book. I'm enclosing \$4.00 to cover postage and handling. Send my copy to:

Name	
Address	
CityState (Please print or type.)	OR THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY O



Avedis Zildjian Company, Cymbal Makers Since 1623, Longwater Driye, Norwell, Mass. 02061 USA

The only serious choice.

LETTERS

WHO'S DUMB AND UGLY?

I just received my first issue of *Musician, Player & Listener.* I was very surprised to find out that your magazine is another of many gross rock music magazines that are making this nation a bad place to live. I ordered your magazine thinking I could get some idea on how to improve my playing, not to see dumb and ugly faces on the cover. Cancel my subscription and refund my money. Adrian Anderson

Lexington, MO

A LIGHT IN JERSEY

Thank God for Dave Marsh! He lets Rockers speak for themselves. His fantastic article on Bruce Springsteen is proof of this. Just as the critics cut the Boss down, Dave helps remind them of what he has given the people of New Jersey. A little hope and a distant light in the darkness goes a long way. Thanks a lot, Dave!

Susan M. Atlantic Heights, NJ

NEW WAVE SUPPORT

I find your magazine to be eminently readable and enjoyable and Dave Marsh's Springsteen piece to be the best I've yet come across on America's greatest-ever musical property.

Not so pleasant, however, was the apparent anti-New Wave bias harbored by some of your writers and readers. Will this stupid denunciation of Punk/New Wave ever cease? While this hatred of the new movement among otherwise intelligent people is unfortunate, it is also understandable. Most of the hopeless shlock that plagues and hampers New Wave eminates from this side of the Atlantic, and so it is only natural that most of the New Wave-haters reside in America. What sensible person wouldn't dislike punk poseurs such as Blondie and Pat Benetar and the rest of their ilk? On the other hand, it's genuinely difficult to imagine what sad state our beloved rock and roll would have fallen into without the kick-in-the-pants impetus of the best of the new music (in my humble opinion the Pistols, Jam, Clash, XTC and Heads). Anyone who thinks that New Wave is a musically constricted fad should simply lend an ear to Sandinistal, Sound Affects, or Remain In Light.

Alex Weir Collinsville, IL

BOOTLEGGING

I love and respect your magazine. I realize that you are well supported by the record industry, but bootlegging is not the 2.1 million dollar theft that "counterfeiting" is.

Most times persons purchasing boot-

legs already have the artist's officially released product. There is no market in the trade for pirates, but only unavailable music that the record company feels is unprofitable, unworthy, or whatever.

I am a personal friend of the already "nipped" bootlegger and I can honestly and personally say that bootlegging is not the fraudulent money-making business your magazine projected but rather a labor of love.

I just felt that this needed to be said to all the others who have not yet heard any bootlegs. I'm all for a Springsteen Live LP, and besides, what's wrong with owning a copy of Dylan's Royal Albert Hall? Tom Messina

La Habra, CA

DAWG DELICACY

I thoroughly enjoyed the Springsteen issue (No. 30). The article on David Grisman was superb. My compliments to the chef on that "Dawg" delicacy. Barry W. Ward

Yonkers, NY

SAPPHO'S REVENGE

The very short and annoying review by David Breskin in your February issue on Betty Carter's new LP The Audience. displays a clear example of what she has fought against and conquered all her years as a jazz musician. Breskin's apparent subtle disapproval of "ego strength" that a woman like Betty Carter may have over particular men of weak personalities (or those with sophist careers), makes his criticism sardonic, rather than constructive. Breskin is right in one respect however; one does not have to like her. But he has failed miserably in not seeing beyond certain aspects of her personality and quite possibly, even his own. It may be that the power of her heart and soul is just too electrifying for a little 6 volt like Breskin. JoAnne D. Jimenez Brooklyn, NY

LEAVE LESTER ALONE

Re: "Open Season on Lester" excerpts in *Musician* No. 30.

To set the record straight, Neil Young's "Time Fades Away" was the first live record with all new songs, not Jackson Browne's "Running On Empty." My compliments to your staff for their fine work. After the Hendrix and Springsteen issues, I'm going to buy the magazine just for the covers.

Why is everybody picking on Bangs? They should leave the old fart alone. Vincent A. Kuntz Gainesville. FL

BEYOND THE APEX

As a recently introduced fan of your magazine, starting with the Jimi Hendrix issue, I must commend you on the tremendous strides made between that issue and your February masterpiece.

With nine years in retail music I've read, subscribed to, or have been given free copies of every magazine ever published (including Mojo Navigator Rock and Roll News!), and find your Springsteen issue to be the apex of rock journalism! Your Chart Action, Faces, Record Reviews, Rock Short Takes, all hit the mark, and "The Collector" by Andy Dougherty was a very nice surprise for an album collector like myself. Fripp and "Signatures" were good reading. Keep up the high standard you've achieved and I'll see you at the newsstand each month.

Howard White Youngstown, OH

LENNON

Ever since I saw your "Would you buy a ten-record-set from this man" cover, I got hooked on your magazine and its freedom from the hermeticism that mars, oh, *Rolling Stone, Creem,* and *Downbeat.* However, please, no more sentimental milksop about Lennon—his murder has scarred us enough without every hack and his brother rubbing the wounds with printers ink.

Raphael D'Lugoff New Brunswick, NJ

YES, VIRGINIA

My compliments to Dave Marsh and *Musician* for their outstanding look into the workings of Bruce Springsteen. Yes, Virginia, there is at least one "superstar" who will genuinely place his supporters before his own ego! It is quite reassuring to know that even though today's concert and vinyl prices are sky-high, Bruce continues to give a 110% effort to make both, excellent values.

M.G. Levinson Maryland Heights, MO

BEND BUT NEVER STOOP

I am always constantly amazed at the consistent quality of journalism contained in MP&L. Some of the publications in your genre tend on one hand to be overly technical - while others are nothing more than an expensive National Enquirer. I enjoy reading about the musicians I listen to, but I really don't care who they were at what concert with, and where they go dancing when they want to be seen by the editors of whatever magazine they seem to be listed in. ----. I am pleased to see that you have never stooped to such levels to gather a circulation.

I do not mean to sound pretentious or holier than thou but I would rather read Robert Fripp speak on the future of the music business than read Mick Jagger being interviewed on what kind of Coke he puts up his nose and does he use a gold or pewter tooter and who are you sleeping with. As regards to the latter — frankly it is none of my business.

Name Withheld on Request

Everything you want in multi-instrument keyboards-more or less.



MORE

OR LESS



If you've been playing only one keyboard, and its single sound is getting you down, our new SK Series gives you more. More sounds to play with, so you can play more of today's sounds.

If you've been spending more time setting up than playing, our new SK Series multi-instrument keyboards give you less. Less hauling, patching, fuming and fussing. And more music. More easily.

There are three models in the series—the SK50D, the SK30 and the SK20. The chart points out their features. But a few words about some of their individual characteristics are in order.

Not only can you get many different sounds simultaneously, but you can also mix those sounds in many different ways.

With the split keyboard on the 20 and the 30, you can play different voices simultaneously with your right and left hands. The 50D offers two 5-octave keyboards.

There's more, of course. The Tremolo gives you the best rotating speaker effect in the business and the organ has percussion for the B-3 sound. There's the Ensemble for chorus effects. The solo synthesizer is touch-responsive, and the Poly-Synth has full oscillator, filter and envelope generator control.

But instead of going on, we invite you to visit your Yamaha dealer. Because we feel that once you lay your hands on an SK, you couldn't want for more. Or write for more information: Yamaha, Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622. [In Canada: 135 Milner Ave., Scarb., Ont. M1S 3R1]

Because you're serious.

	SK20	SK30	SK50D
Organ Strings Poly-Synth Solo Synthesizer Organ Bass Bass Pedals (Optional)	000	0000	000000
Leslie Jack Tremelo/Ensemble Organ/String/Poly-Synth Presets Split Keyboard Dual Manual	0000	0000	000



music

industry

news

Trouble in AOR Land

"Progressive rock" stations in the A area are dismayed by the latest Arbitron figures which show erosion of he AOR audience in favor of top 40, nit-oriented programming by AM and M competitors. Both KMET and CLOS, who have been using emarkably similar formats, seem to have misplaced the pulse of the 18 to 24 year olds who comprise the target of AOR radio.

Different theories of the decline abound. Most agree that the emphasis on heavy metal has alienated women and minority listeners. Other explanations involve the long reaction ime to new albums and singles, since he DJ as programmer tends to play what he is more familiar with; preprogramming, while admittedly less creative, is far more responsive to new movements in new wave and unk & roll. Most progressive rock stations are avoiding a real selfanalysis, but if the next Arbitron confirms this audience migration, change on the FM band will be ar-reaching.

3lank Tape Bonus

Island Records' new One Plus One nusicassette series has drawn fire rom the British Phonographic Industry BPU). The line consists of a 90 ninute BASF chrome cassette with an sland release on one side and the other side blank, presumably to record some other record. The industry is in a snit despite the fact that the chrome ape gives a much higher quality ecording than the standard tapes sold by labels. Naturally, anyone who has purchased an album at artificially nflated prices only to find burps and

skips will find Island's first release in the series, Stevie Winwood's Arc of the Diver, a fresh idea with much merit, but the moguls solemnly warn that "home taping is gradually killing the music industry in this country and it's particularly unfortunate that Island should embark on this venture at this time." For shame, Island! Actually improving the quality of your product!

Buy ABBA

ABBA, the Swedish musical conglomerate, is placing stock in their company, Stockholm Badus, on the Swedish stock exchange in March. By 1982 shares will be available also on the London and New York exchanges. Finally, corporate rock that *really is* corporate rock!

Music Movies

The following are some manifestations of the music industry's love affair with the silver screen. Keith Emerson and Ry Cooder are doing movie soundtracks; the Police are shooting concert film featuring elements of "A Hard Day's Night," while Teddy Pendergrass has a part in an upcoming Warner Brothers film; Deborah Harry was seen lunching with Francis Ford Coppola and Tom Waits is scoring Coppola's next film, One For the Heart, an interesting alliance of grandiose vision and sleazy sentiment.

Chrysalis has financed Dance Craze, a film focusing on 2-Tone bands like the Selector, Madness, the Specials, and the Beat. It is already in English theaters, but no date yet for an American release. Finally, in an announcement sure to thrill Doors fans, John Travolta has signed to play

bestselling bio No One Here Gets Out Alive. Rumor is that Marlon Brando will make a cameo appearance as the Lizard King's father, though Deborah Harry is also being considered for the part [Ed.: Huh?].

Chart Action

The ghost of John Lennon haunts the top of the pop LP chart as *Double Fantasy* continues to sell. Below him both in terms of chart position and quality are Kenny Rogers, Neil Diamond's *Jazz Singer* soundtrack, and coming up hard is REO Speedwagon's *Hi Infidelity*, looking like this year's model heavy metal band. Oh, yea, Styx, recently voted by a large group of adolescent females America's favorite band, is cruising to gold with something called *Paradise Theater*. Pop-corn anyone?

Among the more surprising commercial successes of '81 have been the Alan Parsons Projects' *Turn of A Friendly Card* and Kool & the Gang's *Celebration* (the title cut was a #1 single). Disappointments include Earth, Wind & Fire's *Faces*, an expensive double album set that didn't captivate buyers, and Rockpile's *Seconds of Pleasure*, which rushed up the chart behind weeks of touring and critical hype, but displayed zero staying power.

Kool & the Gang's "Celebration," Dolly Parton's "9 to 5," Blondie's pseudo-reggae "The Tide Is High," and Rod Stewart's R&Bish "Passion" held down the top singles spots. Look for Tierra's cover of Gamble & Huff's tune "Together" to perhaps crack the top ten.

On the black side of music, both the albums and singles charts are dominated by a man named Lonnie Simmons. This ex-clothing store owner produced the Gap Band (a #1 black album and single) and Yarbrough & Peoples (a #1 black album and single). Not bad.

The country album chart is getting boring. Kenny Rogers, Anne Murray, Eddie Rabbit, Willie Nelson, and Dolly Parton seem to own the top 10. Where is Slim Whitman when we need him? Thankfully the country singles chart is always full of entertaining titles such as Stephanie Winslow's "Anything But Yes Is No," "You're the Reason God Made Oklahoma" by David Frizzell & Shelly West, and Mickey Gilley's musical question "A Headache Tomorrow (Or A Heartache Tonight)?"

On the pop-jazz charts Grover Washington's Winelight, Joe Sample's Voices in the Rain, and Earl Klugh's Late Night Guitar are all ahead of Weather Report's Night Passage and Dexter Gordon's wonderful Gotham City. Draw your own conclusions.

GARLAND JEFFREYS





A rock 'n' roll adventurer returns after his #1 gold smash in Europe, with musicians from The Rumour and The "E" Street Band.

And an album which says it all. "Escape Artist!" On Epic Records and Tapes.

Hind G

"Epic" is a trademark of CBS Inc. © 1981 CBS Inc. Produced by Garland Jeffreys and Bob Clearmountain for Ghostwriter, Inc. Executive Producer. Dick Wingste Management. Free Heller.

World Radio History

WHERE HAS JOHN FOGERTY GONE?

nameless dread descend on the body politic, how relevant the work of Creedence Clearwater now seems.

By Dave Marsh

e were stuck in Phoenix on Election Night, the only East Coast radlibs in that part of the desert. Our plan was to spend the evening noled-up in front of the hotel room television, deciphering returns and fishing for omens. But by check-in time, the show was over. Six o'clock, Mountain Time, and the race had been run and won.

"Jesus," I thought. "The sun's not even down yet." It was one of those rights when I hope it will linger, for fear hat once it disappears, light will never eturn. It was sinking fast enough.

A song insinuated itself into the back of my mind, and as though it had ideas of ts own, the music stayed around for the next few days: an insistent choogling hythm propelling a flat voice wailing timestore doom with rockabilly overones. Cheap, nasty sentiments, the kind ordinarily like but wanted to avoid at hat time. Somehow, this music wouldn't et me desert them. "I feel rivers overlowing," the song said. "I feel the voice of rage and ruin... There's a bad moon on the rise."

"Bad Moon Rising" is a John Fogerty song, and it is no surprise that it was one of his that came to mind on the night America saddled itself with a Boraxo uture. Fogerty's songs have always been equally clear and morbid, rock and oll's version of a balance of terror. The pest Creedence Clearwater Revival hits strip the world down to its basics and hen slowly rebuild its complexities. never relaxing the pressure. This is a rick akin to reggae, hillpilly ballads, the plues. It was John Fogerty's genius that made such songs, their portent continually awful, not just accessible but absoutely buoyant. Yet beneath the exhilaration there was always dread; someimes explicit ("Who'll Stop the Rain"), ust as often a subtle undercurrent of knowledge that even the best times will soon enough give way to something far worse ("Lookin' Out My Back Door").

These days, records as grand as Blonde on Blonde or as unvarnished as The Rolling Stones Now seem a little dated. Somehow, the very simplicity of Fogerty classics like "Bad Moon Risng," "Who'll Stop the Rain," "Have You Ever Seen the Rain," "Lodi" and "Fortunate Son" keeps them not only fresh, but surprisingly relevant. At a time when even the Rascals were seduced by psy-



Obsessed with the utter failure of communication, Fogerty was a man for our time.

chedelic flim-flam, Fogerty never discarded the basic rock and roll schematic. The concerns of Creedence remain contemporary: rockabilly riffs, moody bass lines, posers and egalitarianism, paranoid vulnerability, the spaces between responsibility and apocalypse, snap-and-crackle rhythm. You can listen to a record like Rockpile's Seconds of Pleasure as nothing more than Creedence pastiche, or perhaps an outline of what that band might be doing if it had managed to hold itself together.

John Fogerty, from the vantage point of a decade past his success, now seems the great lost American rock and

roller of the Sixties, Creedence virtually the only American band that didn't miss the point of the British Invasion. At the beginning, of course, Fogerty was nobody's genius. For most he was simply the most interesting voice on pop radio; the hipsters put their money down on the acid-rockers across San Francisco Bay. It's always been said that Fogerty's downfall was trying to prove himself the peer of the Dead and the Airplane. A good theory, until you realize that the 11-minute Creedence workout of "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" now stands with Quicksilver's "Who Do You Love" as the only extended Bay Area jams which remain listenable rather than ludicrous

For Creedence and Fogerty, the cycle now comes full circle, partly because today's critics, the arbiters of respectability, are a bit younger and wiser and full of fond memories of Creedence as teenage radio music, but mostly because the CCR approach was the only productive one right along. Speak your piece and shut the fuck up; pull no punches. So a record as marginally interesting as *The Royal Albert Hall Concert*, which Fantasy released with no fanfare and the wrong title — it was actually recorded in California — gets rave write-ups.

I don't think that the new live album is much superior to the roundly (and wrongly) panned Live in Europe. Neither gives a fair picture of the band I saw at the Grande Ballroom in 1970, which had aggression stamped in every move, and played everything tightly, powerfully, above all, LOUDLY. It sounded exactly like the records (an accolade, I think) except when they extended the solos and breaks, repeating the same phrases until you thought the tension would snap not the song but the room.

That tension is at the heart of the revival of interest in John Fogerty's music. Pessimism, paranoia and puritanism (he's the perfect feminist rocker, never having written about love relationships at all) are carried to such extremes in his work that it's easy to miss what really distinguishes the appearance of those attitudes: their offhandedness, as though such terminal inability to connect was not a private problem, but a universal one.

In this regard, Fogerty goes a lot continued on next pg.

Tom Browne. Bernard Wright. Dave Grusin. The Hot New Line-Up From The Number One Progressive Label.

Tom Browne. His first album was acclaimed as one of the most brilliant debuts of the year. His second album turned Tom Browne "trumpet player" into Tom Browne "hitmaker"—in one smooth step becoming the country's

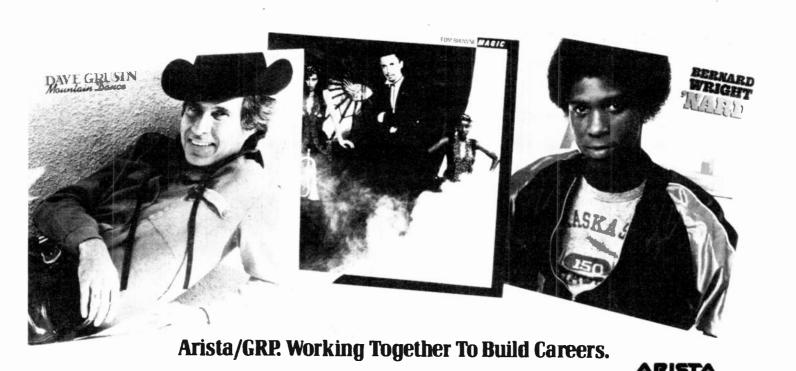
#1 crossover jazz album, and boasting the #1 R&B single. His latest album is called *Magic*, featuring "Thighs High (Grip Your Hips And Move)" − another bound for #1 classic from this great young star. ¶ Speaking of

young, some people would call <u>Bernard Wright</u> a kid. But *man*—can he play. 16 year old 'Nard has played piano since he was 8, and has created his own wonderful and innovative world of music. Discovered by producers Dave Grusin and Larry Rosen while he was playing on Tom Browne's *Browne Sugar* (to

which he also contributed an original composition) he was soon signed and now delivers one of the year's most impressive debuts. © <u>Dave Grusin</u>'s musical expertise is legend; helping to build the careers of many a talented young

artist—Tom. Bernard, Angela Bofill, Dave Valentin to mention only a few. Dave Grusin is a virtuoso pianist (he's played on many of the hit albums he's produced) and is also known as one of the most talented arrangers

and producers in the business. Mountain Dance is already being hailed as a major jazz release. Tom Browne's Magic, Bernard Wright's 'Nard, and Dave Grusin's Mountain Dance—three great new albums from Arista/GRP—always at the forefront of the contemporary music scene.



Continued from previous page

further than even Elvis Costello, who by comparison is a bleeding heart. Costello takes each betrayal personally - a sign he has some hope the situation might be otherwise. Fogerty takes each betrayal for granted. "I pulled out from the platform, nobody raised they hand," he sings in "Crosstie Walker." "There were no tears of regret from that runaway train." Fogerty sings those lines with an absence of outrage. They might be a description of his career.

In her illuminating essay in The Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock and Roll, Ellen Willis says that such fatalism

represents Creedence's great limitation. On the contrary, to me it's such fatalism which makes Fogerty relevant. In the happiest song he's ever written, "Lookin" Out My Back Door," Fogerty ends up asserting that tomorrow will certainly (not even probably) be miserable. And even though he claims to be content with the moment, he's clearly lying - the way the music changes, opening up to reveal previously concealed dead spaces around the voice, denies the very possibility of contentment.

Fogerty is obsessed with the utter failure of communication, which makes him a great deal like Elvis Costello. Just as

surely, he disdains all forms of reformist and revolutionary rhetoric - much as the punks do now, the Clash notwithstanding. Yet he's incapable of anything like the anger expressed by the next generation of rock and rollers. In fact, the only songs of recent vintage I can imagine Fogerty having written are Bruce Springsteen's "The Ties That Bind" (which quotes him) and Neil Young's "Powderfinger." Lest we forget, Fogerty never would have written "Born to Run" or "Sugar Mountain." He never knew that much hope.

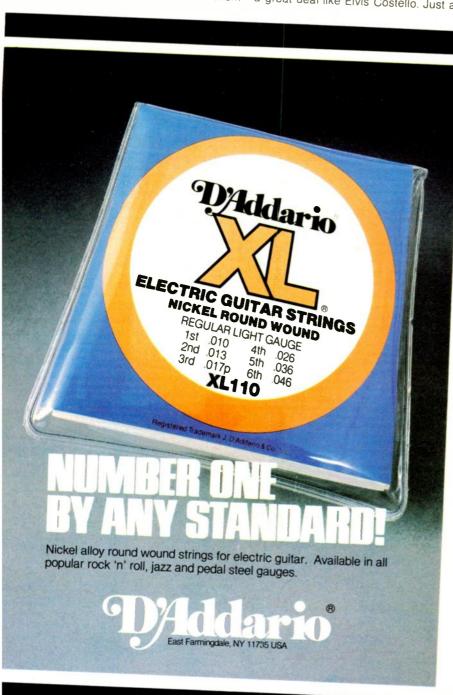
It's hard to decide what tense to use with Fogerty. After Creedence split in 1973, he made two solo albums, The Blue Ridge Rangers, and one under his own name for Asylum in 1976. Since then, he's been woodshedding - I hear he's been working on his drumming. presumably the weak link in the oneman-band approach he adopted after CCR (which began in 1959) broke up. But I also hear Asylum has rejected a couple of albums. At a time when Tom Petty screams about the possible retail price of his records, and Rotten makes harassing record companies his favorite sport, it's typical that Fogerty never spoke a word of public complaint. I wouldn't be surprised if he never made another record again — or if a new one showed up tomorrow. That's fatalism for you, and Fogerty's fatalism is about as great as any American artist since Mark Twain.

Yet he's everpresent anyhow. Performers as diverse as Emmylou Harris and the Brooklyn reggae group Jah Malla have recently covered "Bad Moon Rising," as if to acknowledge that this song, written at the moment of Nixon's ascendancy is in fact the perfect song for Reagan's regime. When he was recording prolifically, it was said that Fogerty lacked the charisma to be a star of great proportions. I suspect he could be a major force now. Whatever John Fogerty does in the future, his music will be there. Only a month after Reagan's election, John Lennon was murdered; even for a fatalist, that was an omen to reckon with. Two weeks later, during Bruce Springsteen's Madison Square Garden concert, Bruce stopped the band early in the set, took a deep breath, and sang the only song I know that sums up my feelings about Lennon's murder.

Long as I remember, the rain's been coming down Clouds of mystery pouring confusion on the ground Good men through the ages, trying to find the sun And I wonder, still I wonder,

Who'll stop the rain

Springsteen didn't introduce the song, or explain it. He didn't need to. Like all of Fogerty's music, it spoke for itself. That is, I suppose, the advantage of fatalism.



WHY SPEND \$200 MORE ON A BETTER TAPE DECK WHEN ALL YOU NEED IS \$2 MORE FOR A BETTER TAPE.



No matter how much you spend on a tape deck, the sound that comes out of it can only be as good as the tape you put in it. So before you invest a few hundred dollars upgrading your tape deck, invest a few extra dollars in a new Maxell XLI-S or XLII-S cassette.

They're the newest and most advanced generation of oxide formulation tapes. By engineering smaller and more uniformly shaped oxide particles, we were able to pack more of these particles onto a given area of tape.

Now this might not sound exactly earth-shattering, but it can help your tape deck live up to its specifications by improving output, signal-to-noise ratio and frequency response.

Our new XL-S cassettes also have an improved binder system, which helps keep the oxide particles exactly where they're supposed to be. On the tape's surface, not on your recording heads. As a result, you'll hear a lot more music and a lot less distortion.

There's more to our XLS tape than just great tape. We've also redesigned our cassette shells. Our new Quin-Lok™ Clamp/Hub Assembly holds the leader firmly in place and eliminates tape deformation. Which means you'll not only

hear great music, but you'll also be able to enjoy it a lot longer.

So if you'd like to get better sound out of your tape system, you don't have to put more money into it. Just put in our new tape. IT'S WOR

M**axell** Tr'S Worth It.

Marell Corporation of America, 60 Oxford Drive, Magnachie, N. J. 07074

GAKLAND JEFFREYS' ESCAPE TO FAME

tion with the elusive spotlight may yet put him over the top, but at what cost?

By Brian Cullman

"Nowadays when a person lives somewhere, in a neighborhood, the place is not certified for him. More than likely he will live there sadly and the emptiness which is inside him will expand until it evacuates the entire neighborhood. But if he sees a movie which shows his very neighborhood, it becomes possible for him to live, for a time at least, as a person who is SOME-WHERE and not ANYWHERE."

- Walker Percy, The Moviegoer

arland Jeffreys has been struggling for most of his life to be SOMEONE as opposed to ANY-ONE, to be certified by celebrity. And, according to his particular algebra of need, he has, since his first album back in 1973, surrounded himself with celebrity, both literally and figuratively. He name-drops more than any artist since Marc Bolan, filling his songs with Lon Chaney, Chairman Mao, Jackie Robinson, Victor Hugo, Charlie Chaplin, Humphrey Bogart, Paul Cezanne, Salvador Allende, summoning them and insisting on speaking, or at least soulspeaking with them. And he has continually surrounded himself with supporting musicians who are famous or near-famous: Dr. John, the Persuasions, James Taylor, Phoebe Snow. On his new album, Escape Artist, the list is almost terrifying: the rhythm section from the Rumour, the keyboard section from Springsteen's E Street Band, Bowie alumni G.E. Smith and Adrian Belew on guitars, and Linton Kwesi Johnson, Big Youth, Lou Reed and David Johansen on vocals. Jeffreys' implicit, naive hope is that fame is contagious, that if he stands close enough the spotlight will find HIM as well, that he will finally be celebrated and, being famous, finally know who he is:

All the kids where I come from Tell the same old story They want to be in a rock 'n' roll band And get them a piece of the glory. — Garland Jeffreys © 1980 Yes, but to put it another way:

Yes, but to put it another way:

Once everybody had a place
among the nameless. Now we
can't afford to be anonymous.

Carol Muske

Jeffreys was born 37 years ago in Brooklyn and into a world of restrictions and contradictions. Being part black, part white, and part Puerto Rican, he



Waiting for Fame's invitation: "Come in here, child, no cause you should stand outside."

was continually an outsider, never sure what rules (or whose rules) he was playing by. Small wonder one of his favorite songs while he was growing up was 'The Hucklebuck," a novelity record that celebrated a new dance while refusing to teach you the steps: You do the hucklebuck/ You do the hucklebuck/ And if you don't know how to do it/ Then you're out of luck.

After attending college in Syracuse and studying art for a year in Florence, Jeffreys returned to NYC in the midsixties and began kicking around the clubs, playing with different bands, recording an album with a group called Grinder's Switch, and, in 1973, finally getting his own self-titled album on Atlantic Records. It was filled with a moody optimism and sassy acoustic R&B and you could hear Frankie Lymon and Leroy King of the Students ("Every Day Of The Week") and Arlene Smith of the Chantels ("Maybe") in his voice, in the effortless vibrato and pure attack: vet you could also hear a latent rocker in there — Garland Jeffreys presented a man who had somehow assimilated doowop, pre-Motown R&B, Sam Cooke, the Velvet Underground, the Young Rascals, and Bob Dylan, and made something of his own out of the whole mess. The album was acclaimed, and a followup single, a dark and powerful anthem of a song, "Wiid In The Streets," was released and became a minor hit. But nothing happened.

With no label and no band, Garland began hustling again, playing small clubs, usually accompanied by Alan Freedman on an amplified acoustic quitar. I saw them about this time at an upper east side club not known for its generosity of spirit or hospitality to performers. Patrons often made an extra effort to eat their dinners. Jouder than the musicians could play, and the overly efficient Chinesa busboys were under strict instructions to count the silverware during anything resembling a ballad. In the midst of this tiasco, just as it looked like Alan might set nis guitar down and start swinging punches, Garland very quietly began singing an old song by the Students, "I'm So Young." Pretty soon now/I'll go to sea./Then my baby/Will have seen the last of me. The pain and the ache of his voice cut through that club, and for a moment there was total. almost awed silence. It was a scene Garland has played many times in just the same way: when the rules no longer make sense, transcend them.

In 1977, Garland signed with A&M and released Ghost Writer, an angry and muscular record that fused his earlier influences to reggae and latin beats and continued on pg. 92

World Radio History



Maybe you're ready for Ramsa.

You get to the point where professional equipment makes a serious difference. Where anything less holds you back. And when that day comes, you're ready for Ramsa — the new sound reinforcement equipment from Panasonic Professional Audio Division.

With Ramsa, you can choose the system that works best for you with mixer-amps, mixers and line array speakers, all designed for fast setup, with a minimum of lines and clutter.

Take our extremely versatile mixer-amp (WA-140). In addition

to its two 60-watt channels (from 20Hz to 20kHz into 8 ohms with 0.3% THD), the WA-140 gives you a 4 mike mixer, 5 point equalizer, 2 phono and 2 aux inputs. Add the Ramsa line array speakers (WS-130 or 135) which resist burnout even when you're really cooking.

There are also Ramsa line array speakers with built-in amps (WS-160 or 165). When hooked up to our portable mixer (WR-130), this system is versatile enough for both sound reinforcement and recording. And both speakers

World Radio History

employ horn drivers for wide dispersion and extended high frequency response.

Add Ramsa hand-calibrated unidirectional microphones with floating suspension and double windscreens to produce a sound that won't let you down.

So when you think you're ready for Ramsa, call 800-447-4700 (in Illinois, 800-322-4400) and audition the new name in sound reinforcement.

Panasonic Professional August Street

PROFESSIONAL AUDIO DIVISION

THE BEACH BOYS' SCHIZOPHRENIA

Nostalgia revue or compositional avant-garde? The Beach Boys unique studio work lurks quietly behind their well-oiled memorabilia machine.

By Geoffrey Himes

n July 4, 1980, the Beach Boys sat at the base of the Washington Monument and played to a vast sea of half a million listeners. The band played almost nothing written after 1968, relying instead on the sure-fire cheer-winners like "California Girls" and "I Get Around." It was a rather bizarre form of nostalgia: a high percentage of the crowd consisted of bronze-thighed 15year-olds in cut-offs. These kids - who had never seen 1964, much less California — were bouncing around as if they were kicking up the sand at pre-Vietnam Laguna Beach.

That very same week, the Beach Boys' newest release, Keepin' the Summer Alive (Caribou/Epic) was a dying on the shelves of Washington's 9 record stores. The record has all the E swooning beauty of the concert favorites, but no one cared. In the bargain bins of those same stores. The Beach Boys Love You (Warner Brothers), collected dust. That 1977 release is Brian Wilson's most ambitious and successful work of the decade. It ranks with Fleetwood Mac's Tusk, Steely Dan's Katy Lied and Neil Young's Zuma as the best California rock albums of the decade. At \$2.49, they still couldn't get rid of it.

What's going on here? How can the Beach Boys draw a Woodstock-sized crowd to an outdoor concert, but not sell enough records to crack the top 50?

Since 1973, the Beach Boys have been two very different bands. The concert band is a well-oiled, hugely successful nostalgia industry. The studio band puts out quirkily baroque records that no one but its fiercely devoted cult ever notices. The concert band behaves like Elvis Presley at the Las Vegas Hilton in 1972. Like Presley, the Beach Boys occasionally produce a moment of awesome power on stage. But the main order of business is milking the memories. The studio band behaves like Jonathan Richman at Beserkley Records in 1976. Just as Richman's ideas have fueled the success of the Cars and Talking Heads, Brian Wilson's ideas have fueled the success of Paul McCartney and Fleetwood Mac. Like Richman, Wilson now composes music that's highly personal, a bit childish, stubbornly unhip, undeniably original and irredeemably uncommercial.

Unfortunately most people believe



Surf Survivors; back: Mike Love, Brian and Dennis Wilson; front: Bruce Johnson, Carl Wilson, Al Jardine.

that the concert band is all that's left of the Beach Boys. For all practical purposes, the Beach Boys on record are an obscure cult band. The story of how their often brilliant records have remained a secret involves frowning critics, ultraconservative record companies, feuding band members and a severely troubled genius: Brian Wilson.

Brian Wilson singlehandedly invented California rock in 1962 when Capitol Records signed his band of two brothers (Carl and Dennis), a first cousin (Mike Love) and a classmate (Al Jardine). Working with the unlikely combination of Four Freshmen harmonies, Chuck Berry chords, Phil Spector production and his own adolescent instincts, Brian conjured up a musical score for the utopian California he imagined.

My favorite picture in Rock Dreams (Popular Library) - Guy Peellaert's book of rock 'n' roll paintings - is the one of Brian Wilson. An overweight, partially deaf Brian sits alone in a room of crumpled newspapers and empty beer cans. With his back turned to the picturesque seascape outside the window, he picks out a strange chord progression on the piano. No doubt that progression would evoke a world far more hospitable than anything outside that cramped room. Brian was so shy that he never even tried surfing. The only way he could relate to the world was through his music, and in the end music wasn't

enough. Brian's creativity was responsible for the Beach Boys' success in the '60s, but his personal problems were responsible for difficulties in the '70s.

No music in rock 'n' roll is as satisfyingly optimistic as Brian's. Harmonies at the end of a simple I—IV—V progression are only as satisfying as the song's short reach. Even in his earliest songs, Brian had a much longer reach. He regularly stuck in substitute minor chords; often his restless bass lines would only imply the chord roots; he would reprise melody lines in new keys; he would set triplet harmonies against 4/4 chording.

Back when they were kids, Brian taught his brothers and cousins to sing with perfect pitch in their Hawthorne, Ca. garage. When he started arranging, he felt confident that he could write vocal counterpoints and harmonies at close intervals without his singers slipping off track. Thus you not only hear backing vocals at octaves and fifths on Beach Boys' records but at thirds, fourths, sixths, sevenths and ninths as well. Ever since, the use of harmonic sixths and ninths has been a key feature of California rock from the Byrds and Jackson Browne to Fleetwood and Steely Dan.

There are famous stories of Brian teaching instrumental parts to veteran studio musicians in L.A. Guitarists would swear up and down that their part just wouldn't work in a given song; didn't this fat kid know the basic rules of arrang-

Last year, Sheena Easton exploded on the British pop scene.

This year she's here...



Includes the first hit "Morning Train" (Nine to Five)

Produced by Christopher Neil

On EMI Records & Tapes

EMI AMERICA

JOHN SCOFIELD'S BRILLIANT CAREER

teeth, rush hour jams, "snowflake", and the Studio Stud.

By David Breskin

~~~~~

ohn Scofield is smoking. Huffing, puffing, you know the rest. Susan Scofield, wife, sits at a table with a cassette recorder. She's recording. Sometimes, when John raises his voice too loudly, she walks out on him. Tonight, she perseveres. John is playing loudly, apparently not too. Relaxed and jolly, John Abercrombie, friend, guitarist, smiles beatifically from a couch in the back of New York's Jazz Forum, where tonight the jazz is felicitous.

Scofield leads his trio of bassist Steve Swallow and drummer Adam Nussbaum through the six-pack of songs that comprises his translucent new record, Bar Talk, which is not only his finest (and a three-way pun at that), but the finest guitar trio session since Metheny's Bright Size Life in '76. Rocking back and forth on firmly planted duck feet, cigarette dangling a la Elvin, amp exhaling long breaths of silvery metallic precision. Scofield reaches to straddle the point where hard swing, blues feel, rock energy, and post-bop improvisational elegance come together like so many states in the Southwest: John Scofield's Four Corner's Monument.

His voluminous lines - which a few vears back struck me as little more than zazzy rollercoasters of unrelieved emotion - tonight are well-paced, orderly, intricate. Mobius strips of sound, they still swoosh and swag like they always did, but now they're effectively scissored by open spaces and sutured by block chords. What's more, Scofield's sound isn't monolithic in the manner of so many electric guitarists: he often shifts from a light, sweet, pastoral voice to a dark, nasty, grimy one within a single thematic passage or solo. "Those are the two faces of the music I know, the two faces of what I am," he explains. "The beautiful European harmony and then the blues feeling. My heart is one with B.B. King and Otis Rush, but I know about all the other notes too.'

All the other notes, indeed. But just because he knows about them, doesn't mean he feels compelled to play them all the time. In this regard, Scofield's different from the heroic fusioneers, whose last hope. Al DiMeola, undermines ungodly talent with penny artistry on a nightly basis. Scofield's style — despite his voracious lines — is as much one of feeling as of agressive technique. He fits in the gaping hole between the Charlie



John Scofield: "Jazz is a risk, you should always risk something."

Christian-through-Jim Hall players and the virtuosic McLaughlin tradition — a niche shared by John Abercrombie and Pat Metheny. Abercrombie fills the space with distanced romanticism, Metheny with open-country enthusiasm; Scofield attacks it, borrowing from both edges, with blue-bop ferver.

#### Pop Metaphor Time In The Big City

Cold as an undertaker's smile, full of night and flu and the wail of obscurity, a belligerent wind kicks off the Hudson. towards which our subject advances with iced eyes and bent back. The interviewer, who accompanies him, stopped extracting pertinent data for music magazine column three-beers-at-the-corner-bar ago. They're headed for Westbeth, an artists' co-op (formerly a Ma Bell lab) on the fringe of the condemned highways, decaying piers, and gay life that is west Greenwich Village. Clenched 'tween the teeth of the frostbite westerly. Scofield shudders, "You feel this? Shhheeeeeetttt! This is my life, man, this is my god damn life." Pertinent data.

#### Voice Over: The Medium Is

"The act of improvising is my whole life, playing what I feel every second. The legacy left us, starting in this century, shaped by people like Louis Armstrong, has nothing to do with color. What came down in this country changed *all* our lives. Me, I'm a true fusion person: I grew up with the King-

ston Trio and Muddy Waters which led me to Robert Johnson which led me to Yardbird to Coltrane to Miles which led me to Stockhausen which led me to Bartok to Bach to Beethoven. There are no ethnic borders: Coltrane came through pure thought, and so did Bach. Pure art, pure sound; twelve notes and what's in between. That's all that matters Makes no difference if you're from Vienna or the Deep South or Tokyo or Wilton, Connecticut.

#### Flashback Montage: Co-opting The Old Science Teacher 101

Wilton, Connecticut, midd.e-class suburbia. Mother rents guitar for John, age 11. John reads in some music rag that the Beatles came from Chuck Berry and Little Richard. (Imagine that?) Begins listening to blues gee-tar, B.B. to Grant Green and the groove players. Pre-pubescent John gigs in integrated bands, integrated clubs in Conn. bluecollar towns. A sentimental education. Finds a bassist - good God! - with James Brown records. Forms The Skylarks. Adam Nussbaum, age 8, hangs around their rehearsals; prococious lil' feller. John does poorly in high school, despite allowing both art and science teachers to play in band. Homework: trekking to NYC for the Mothers, Paul Butterfield, Muddy Waters, Gary Burton, Coryell, Hendrix.

Stymied by first page of Plato's Diacontinued on next pg.

#### **New from ECM**

#### **Gary Peacock** Shift In The Wind

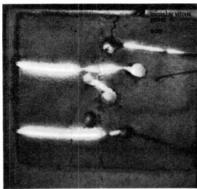
Shift In T. cWind



ECM-1-1165

Gary Peacock, bass. Art Lande, piano. Eliot Zigmund, drums.

#### **Miroslav Vitous** Miroslav Vitous Group



Miroslav Vitous, bass. John Surman, soprano saxophone, bass clarinet.

Kenny Kirkland, piano. Jon Christensen, drums.

#### Haden/Garbarek/Gismonti Folk Songs



ECM-1-1170

Charlie Haden, bass. Jan Garbarek, tenor and soprano saxophones. Egberto Gismonti, guitar and piano.

#### Walcott/Cherry/Vasconcelos Codona 2



Collin Walcott, sitar, tabla, sanza, timpani, voice. Don Cherry, trumpet, melodica, doussn'Gouni, voice.
Nana Vasconcelos, berimbau, talking drum, percussion, voice.

**ECM** 



# When you can afford to play anything, you don't play just anything.



Bill Watrous plays a Bach Stradivarius trombone. Can you afford to play anything less? See your Selmer dealer for a firsthand look at the world's finest brass instruments.

Vincent Buch Division of the Selves Company, Elkhart, Indiana 16515.

Räch

Give the goft of music

logues in entrance test for St. John's college. Rejected. U. Conn. - also rejected. Where to? To Boston, Guitar Heaven. Enrolls at Berklee through '73. Learns to read and write. Takes from Mic Goodrick, the guy in Bahstin at the time. Teaches John Jim Hallesque lefthand-hammer-strings/right-hand-justglance-with-pick technique. Aha!! Gary Burton waits for rush hour to end before driving home, jams with eager boys at John's pad. Daily rush hour, daily jams. 1974! Goodrick can't make Gerry Mulligan date at Jazz Workshop, sends in young John. Leads to Mulligan/Baker Carnegie Hall Reunion and record; "My roommate drove me down to the gig with my little amp and I just kinda slid into Carnegie Hall. I was scared, scared totally shitless and it's on the record; I get lost, stone lost on 'Bernie's Tune'."

Even better, a gig with Airto. Opens for Cheech and Chong somewhere in Jersey. "Many, many things thrown at us, a real treat." That's entertainment. Airto splits, will send for band. Uh-huh, sure. Never does. "That was my first big break." Gigs with drummer Horacee Arnold. Billy Cobham hears and likes, snags Sco when Abercrombie deserts for DeJohnette. Two years with Billy. Labelled, ugh, a "fusion" player. Becomes guitar hero, jazz version, in Europe. Called "Snowflake" by members of allebony Cobham-Duke band. Learns Latin — "straight up and down eighth notes" - from Billy. Mixes with Elvin poly-swing, Tony drive, Jack rabbit chop. Plays with 'em all.

Voice Over: 0 To 60 MPH In 8.2 "Why did fusion die such an early death, at least creatively? Because guys started making Big Money and then everybody wanted to make a big record on a backbeat, or a funky record, and finally now they could do it. The whole thing got formularized to the max: people forgot they were playing music. Everybody played to what that audience wanted, and that audience responds to speed and technique. It's just juvenile. It's like: who has the fastest car? You can go to the auto show and the boat show too."

#### Scene 3: Escape From Linear City

The Gary Burton Quartet plays the near-empty Ivanhoe Theatre in Chicago. Scofield, who'd filled the chair vacated by Pat Metheny, rips through a series of vehement, earthy, violent solos - fine in themselves, but awkward in the context of Burton's dreamy pastels. (Image: Bull Scofield charging through Burton's china shop.) It's as if Scofield, stripped to his guitar more than visa versa, was soloing in a different room from the rest of the band: a room where vertical wars with horizontal, rough edges splinter and poke, a conspiracy of sixteenth notes hover in the corner. Out the only window, he could see a train continued on pg. 92

ARTHUR BLYTHE'S "ILLUSIONS." He's made the Top-10 albums lists for 1980 in *The New York Times, High Fidelity* and *The Boston Phoenix.* 

Why haven't you heard him?



Arthur Blythe continues to win the critics' praise. Jay Cocks of *Time* says"this man uses his sax like a blowtorch." Robert Palmer places him "in the front ranks of modern saxophonists." Leonard Feather calls his alto "the most provocative new horn to project itself into jazz prominence." Neil Tesser acknowledges "... no one is more deftly affecting the ballyhooed fusion of funk and the avant garde."

Arthur Blythe. "Illusions."
One of the best kept secrets of the music world.
On Columbia Records and Tapes.

#### FREE ARTHUR BLYTHE SAMPLER!

Now you can join his fans with an absolutely free 7''  $33\frac{1}{3}$  sampler of the most-respected alto jazz player of today. Just fill in the coupon below.

| Yes, I definitely want to hear Arthur Blythe.<br>Please send a sampler to: | Mail to:                              |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Name                                                                       | Arthur Blythe Sampler                 |
| Address                                                                    | PO. Box 5690<br>Terre Haute, IN 47805 |

# Bootlegging, Royalties, and the Moment

By Robert Fripp



here are two sides to bootlegging: professional and amateur. I recognize that at its real level music beiongs to everyone. In fact, the ownership of music is a fairly recent phenomenon. It began in the 19th century, and was firmed up in the 20th by the Copyright Act of 1911, the formation of the PRS in 1914, the Composer's Guild (straight) in 1944, the Songwriters' Guild (popular) in 1947 and the Copyright Act of 1956. All these reinforced the notion of music as personal property; this is our market background.

Given that background, if money is made by the sale of my work then I wish to receive my share of it. All the sex scenes in "Emanuelle" feature music lifted from "Larks' Tongues in Aspic, Part II." Following a lengthy legal action, my rights as composer have been acknowledged and a settlement made out of court. The implication that receiving royalties for one's work is inherently bad I find very queer and somehow peculiarly English, I espouse, through the Drive to 1981, "Action in the market place but not governed by the value of the market place." This presents all the dilemmas regarding money that any sane soul might need. Having lived in the States, I've seen some of the contradictions of a commercial culture, the other side of the famed "American

Dream." And I'm familiar with Proughon's "property is tneft," communalistic philosophy and praxis, and some of the arguments of the Leveller Ranter and Digger movements of the 17th century - all reactions against our widespread belief in the sanctity of private property.

Facing all the hazardous contradictions borne by that sanctity, the real issue is surely: what might one do with one's royalties? The principle I follow is that proprietary advantage involves proprietary respons bility; that is, if one makes more money than one needs, there is an opportunity to use it socially. Different religions traditionally recommend giving 10 to 15% of one's income to charities; the church tithe was compulsory; our tax system is supposed to enforce the proprietary responsibility, by involuntarily redistributing income more equally than if it is divvied up, willy-nilly, by market forces. I recognize that different kinds of people want — and therefore feel they "need" - different standards of living, and that mine is higher than some and lower than others. The wide difference between class levels seems queer, the exploitation and social pretension it involves is offensive

What I've chosen to do is to support a farming project in Cornwall, an adult education experiment in the States and

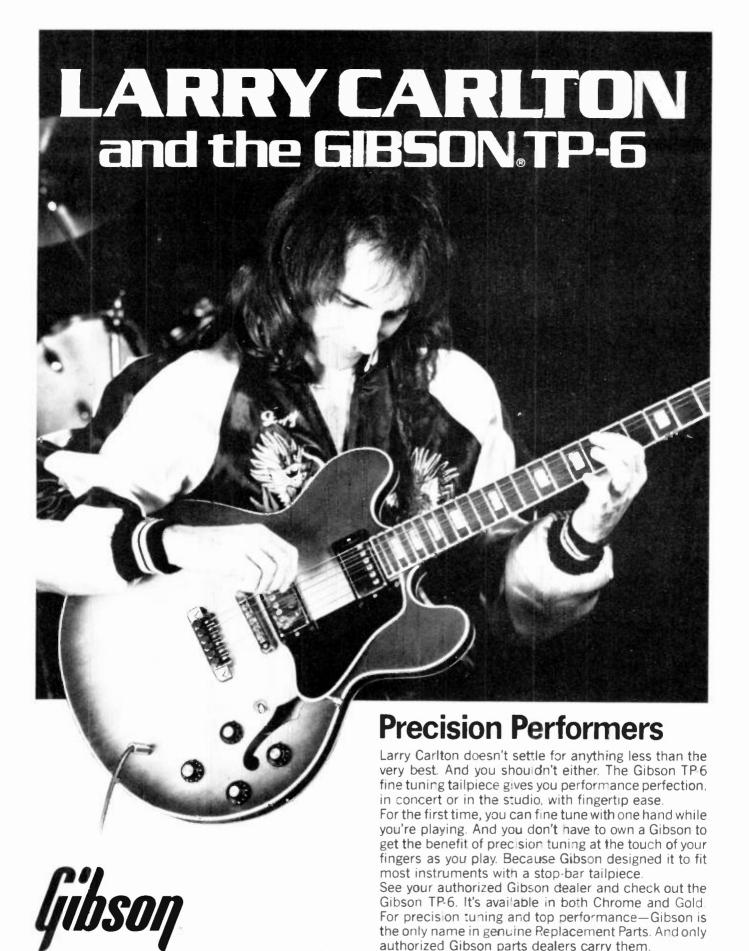
hospital is bankrupt, the farm and school are in serious trouble. The League of Gentlemen has a deficit of \$30,000; my house has no hot water and rain leaks through the roof; and, keep in mind, I wish to remain financially independent of the industry so that my musical choices remain personal and musical. And then there are those concert-goers and record-buyers and ideologues and "fans" who criticize artists who seek full royalty payment for their work and who try to halt exploitation of same by profiteering bootleggers. Forgive me but I find their posture exasperatingly naive.

Conversely, I have great sympathy for amateur bootleggers. With them, enthusiasm for the music is the motive. After all, are not the best Charlie Parker tracks live bootlegs? I also know quite a few performers who don't mind, such as the Instant Automatons in England, who have gone so far as to provide a facility wherein audience members may hookup their cassette recorders to the hall's mix-board. Admirable, but not for me. My views are generally known by my audience; to bring a recorder is a deliberate violation of the ground rules, at best a broach of courtesy: it's rather like taking notes of a personal conversation to circulate or publish later. This from someone who's been a steady fixture on bootleg lists for over seven years

Now we come to the humanistic and philosophical reasons why I oppose the furtive taping of live music. I am seeking the quality of attention, of being in the moment without expectation and without history, the moment between the human being and the human animal behavioral psychology so terrifyingly describes. As Blake put it: "He who bends to himself a joy/Does the winged life destroy." Experiencing a piece of music repeatedly in an active state has its own qualities and merits. On tape music is music: good, bad, lively, lethargic, spirited, or whatever. In live performance the music is still music but there is another element: the music mediates a relationship between the player and the listener. This relationship is very fragile and easily spoilt. To try to pin it down disrupts it, much like writing down one's thoughts during a meditation significantly disrupts the very process of meditation. For some players this presents no difficulties, as with cameras, but it does for me. After all the years and miles I've covered with music, I've fully realized the significance of the relationship between player and listener; what in music could be more primary, more valuable? And yet it's treated so cheaply so often. To experience a piece of music once and only once is to experience that relationship in its most crystalline form. It cannot be repeated: how many times can one lose one's virginity?

"This will prove a brave kingdom to me, Where I shall have my music for nothing.

-Shakespeare, The Tempest



A Division of Norlin Industries, Inc.

P.O. Box 100087, Nashville, TN 37210

For Replacement Parts/Pick Ups brochure, send \$1.00 to cover postage and handling to Gibson Literature Department

# THE MACHINE THAT HOLDS THE WORLD TRACK RECORD.



The Tascam Series 80-8 has become the most popular 8-track multichannel recorder in the world. Its reliability has been proven in basements,

garages, and recording studios every-where.

The results produced on

the 80-8 are a matter of record. Sometimes gold.

The 80-8 proved a new standard was needed. Eight tracks on half-inch tape. 15 ips only. This new format allowed us to create a combined record/reproduce head, with full frequency response in the sync mode.

The 80-8 proved multichannel recorders could be relatively easy to operate. Our Function Select buttons determine the record, monitoring and dbx\* status. One button for each track. The 80-8 proved that performance and versatility could be affordable. Signal-to-noise is better than 95 dB (weighted) with our integral dbx unit (Model DX-8). Once installed, it's totally

automatic. And our new

Variable Speed Control\*\*lets you adjust 15 ips ±20% to solve tough cueing and timing problems or add creative effects.

The 80-8 is proving that in professional recording, results are all that count. Because to us, pro means results. On demand.

For payment.

If you agree, see your Tascam
Series dealer for the machine that can prove it. Because it makes sense to do business with the people who have the track record.

\*Registered trade mark of dbx, Inc.
\*Installation required; a new DC servo-controlled motor is included.

## TASCAM SERIES

TEAC Professional Products

©1979 TEAC Corporation of America, 7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, CA 90640

# FACES



#### **ELVIS COSTELLO**

The four-piece band that Elvis Costello anchors looks simply too small, like something you'd hire for a bargain wedding. The gear is basic, stripped down, so gangly keyboardist Steve Nieve and drummer Bruce Thomas look like their knees are about to tip over instruments looted from a toy-shop There's just one vocal mike, which Elvis, looking jowly and soon to be sweating heavily under his gray groom's coat, straddles protectively throughout the evening. Bathed in basic white spotlights, they look like very small potatoes.

On a Sunday evening at Manhattan's Palladium, they were absolutely riveting From Costello's first appearance, singing "Just A Memory" sans band on a darkened stage, he avoided making any false moves by scarcely moving at all. He just stood there crooning his guts out. While the show was well larded with big beat rock 'n' roll tunes e.g., "Radio Radio", introduced with "Things haven't really changed much, have they?") this show was what we saw coming with the material on last year's Get Happy—a song stylist's tour de force.

You wouldn't quite call it pretty singing, but it certainly was finely nuanced, melodic, even studious. Never, however, lacking in passion. During cer-

tain quieter numbers, like *Trust*'s "New Lace Sleeves" or the obligatory "Alison," Costello keeps himself gathered like a cat padding softly into snatching-range of a bird. When the fevered moment comes — "Sometimes I wish I could *stop* you from talking..." — it's generally reinforced by a brutal rim shot and an almost involuntary seizing gesture with his left hand.

The Rumour's Martin Belmont came on to play guitar midway through the set, but the real standout was bassist Pete Thomas, whose fills were sometimes throaty and percussive, sometimes neatly executed chirps and skids, but always an intelligent augmentation of the mood.

A week after his Palladium gig, at the Capitol Theater in New Jersey, Costello would spice the set with Irma Thomas' "I Need Your Love So Bad" and the Temptations' "Don't Look Back"; in New York, the most interesting nugget was Patsy Cline's "She's Got You" - hardly a better country tune than Costello's own likeably formulaic "Different Finger" The winding, hesitating melody line of "She's Got You" is so similar to that of "You Don't Know Me" that Costello's phrasing sounded for all the world like the man whose name he so notoriously took in vain, Ray Charles.

It seems that we now have an Elvis Costello who wants to perfect his art,

not his attitude. He even grinned twice when Squeeze's Glen Tilbrook, fresh from a hot opening set and bouncing around like a spaniel, joined him for a rousing version of "From A Whisper To A Scream". In one final display of musical brotherhood, Costello vamped into Stevie Wonder's "Master Blaster" in the middle of "Watching the Detectives," ending a slam-bang hour of song in the same peak form he'd begun in. And Costello in peak form is satisfying indeed. — Fred Schruers

#### **PHILLY JOE JONES**

It was one of those nights. A large, far too empty nightclub, in this case Bill Cosby's Hangout/Syncopation, the long room not really designed for music, a little more money put into the decor than usual, and the pickup quartet onstage playing "Tune Up" (clapclapclapclapclap), "Stella by Starlight" (clapclapclap), "Green Dolphin Street" (clapclapclap) and even "Misty" (clap). It's terrible when you can hear every clap What's wrong with this picture was that the drummer wouldn't quit, announcing the band as if to a thousand and obeying all the courtly rules of stagemanship. And then, when he sat down behind his instrument, declining resolutely to bow to circumstance and be uninspired. Instead he did everything that has made him one of the greatest drummers of the last thirty years.

If Max Roach is the supreme logician of the instrument, then Philly Joe Jones is the master ironist. He pulls the beat apart, puts his foot through it and then returns to normality and grace as if nothing had happened; he averts his face slightly from the set as if he were too good to look at it while working on magic no one has ever been able to cop. Throughout the first set, his quartet of Charles Davis on tenor, Hugh Lawson on piano and bassist Cecil McBee played at the round of standards as if that's all they were. But Jones attacked them as if they were opportunities for fresh invention and outrage, opening up grievous gaps in their structure with unnerving two-beat fills, stoking the band during the solos, taking his usual stupendous fours or long solos full of surprise, and taking pains, even on such a tune as "Misty", that his brushwork should be the most faultless and elegant on earth. I suspect that this is the kind of spine you must have to be a major

artist. Contenders take note. Jones' cymbal beat coasted regally on, untroubled by the insults heaved up from bass drum, tom-toms and snare, just as Jones himself refused to be distracted from his appointed rounds.

The last time I'd seen him, in the unaccustomed context of the Bill Evans trio, he'd conducted the same master class in a different language, keeping a smile of delight on Evans' face and demonstrating with sublime arrogance what drummers should have been doing with the Evans trio all along. On this night, he got to his band members after a few tunes, and by the end of the first set McBee had arisen to his own full stature, Lawson's workmanlike bop was beginning to take on greater depth, and Davis began to try harder (doesn't he play baritone at all anymore?) By the time Philly Joe was outquessing the gods of rhythm on his theme, - "Killer Joe", his band was with him and the club had begun to fill. - Rafi Zabor

#### RY COODER

The band came on an hour late, as bands do. But as soon as they hit down on "Little Sister," an old Elvis tune which Ry Cooder covered on Bop 'Til You Drop, I forgot my sore feet, the overcrowding of the Ritz, and the endless procession of drunks squeezing behind, in front of and over me on their way to nowhere. Cooder's current road band is the latest in a series of seemingly off-the-wall combos that work together perfectly, and a dance band par excellence. The rhythm section, which is John Hiatt's rock 'n' roll quartet when they're on their own, navigates the uncharted waters between rock, R&B, and reggae with a power and punch that totally eclipses Ry's studio bands, while the gospel duo of Bobby King and Willie Greene Jr. supplies the authentic doo-wops, along with enough classic R&B dance steps and hand jive to make them a show in themselves.

The top of the pyramid is, of course, Mr. Ry Cooder himself, virtuoso of fingerstyle and slide guitar, whose laconic, understated stage presence is the perfect balancing force for all the hysteria going on behind him When the band and the singers really get cooking, like on "634-5789" from Borderline, he might get a little...emphatic, but he never loses the unself-conscious dignity of the old bluesmen



who were his early models. The contrast between his stoic presentation and the abandon of the band heightens the dramatic tension of the music to the point where the audience has to release it. Which they did, whooping, hollering and demanding three encores.

Critics have been trying to pigeonhole Ry Cooder for years, failing, and taking out their frustrations on him. Those who see him as a folky carp at the obvious inauthenticity of a middleclass white boy singing songs like "Bourgeois Blues" or "Shine," while those who see him as a rocker wish he would do what every other rock star does and use the music merely as a

vehicle for heroic posturing. But Cooder refuses to make a myth of himself, though the ingredients are all there - he picked up the guitar at four years of age, sat at the feet of folk icons like Rev. Gary Davis and Jesse Fuller during the Ash Grove's '60s heydays, soloed on the Stones' "Sister Morphine" (and taught the Glimmer Twins a number of tricks including "Love In Vain"), inspired Duane Allman to play slide, contributed to the debuts of Capt. Beefheart, Randy Newman, and Little Feat. Ry's is a "jes folks" approach to music. He is one of us who happens to be a musician, and who intends his music as a useful part



#### RY COODER

of our lives. The songs he picks to record, whether by Burt Bacharach or Blind Blake, all deal with the joys and pains of everyday life, give us a chance to witness our own lives, as opposed to participating vicariously in someone eight sife-as-myth. Musically, he's much too eclectic to fit any bill and getting better with every record. — Chris Doering

understated passion. Like when he brings the entire width and depth of his bigger-than-bad self, debonairly, to "Everyday I Have The Blues" — which as in't really a song anyway, but an intuitive memory of Blues, unlearnable, a biological part of every Bluesman.

Now Otis, he's just a little bit devil.

Southpaw's got the devil's hand that's what they say 'round my home parts, Louisiana. (Why, I've been with my left-winged momma when gas station attendants wouldn't touch her credit sips on account of that devil's signature.) In Otis' case, the devil is a mixed blessing: good for bad guitar playing (too much, his 'I Can't Quit You Baby,' talk about devil's signatures), but bad for getting good recording contracts. Poor Otis cid five years time, '59 to '64, at Duke Records, during which they released all of five singles. Seems Otis was a threat to Duke's then fledgling Bobby "Blue" Bland.

Tonight at our table his talk rambles around his friend in Chi, his family, God, the carelessness of record companies. He hands out Judgements tempered with faith, he looks good all the time. "Business ain't always great," he grins, "but then that's God's business I guess." Someone indiscreet comes by, calls him the greatest. Otis, used to this stuff, rejoins, "Weil okay, make me a star." — Marguerite Core

#### ONE-NIGHT-STAND

Once upon a time, there was a big recording company with a major commitment to jazz music. Some of their music was good for listening, for people who liked to listen. The rest of their music was good for elevators, for people who had the word "OTIS" stamped on their stereos. One day some movers and shakers at Big Records got together with some promoters and, lo and behold, decided to throw a bi-coastal jazz piano jamboree; first for tan bodies at Dorothy Chandler Pavillion and then for pale faces at Carnegie Hall. This would be Major.

And on that long awaited day, squeezed into Jordache's and smelling of sushi, the jazzy multitudes strutted their jazzy way to Carnegie Hall. Outside there was a great commotion. So Major was this event that sellers were scalping pale faces (and dark faces) to the tune of \$150.00 a ticket. And this, remember. in the midst of the Great Recession. Oh, how the people must have needed the jazz music in those days. So Major was their need that Big Records decided to capture the event with many cameras and tapes so that the intra-coastal peons of our land might receive vicarious jazzjoy pleasures via a Cable TV show, a video-disc cassette, and a "major

No old-fashioned jam session this one night stand, the program featured eight "unique" sets, plus a lengthy intermission. A voice was needed, an MC, to fill the dead air while stagehands rearranged Steinways. And his name was Ed Williams, MC, on that special night, stood for Master of Condescension. So between the 10-15 minute sets, Williams filled the great hall with a flatulence unequaled at any jazz event before or since: he cheered our hostages, Gipper Reagan, our founding fathers, the democratic process (it was inauguration night!!), the hostages, Eubie Blake, the brass at Big Records, the hostages. Pointing to Hutcherson's vibraharp, he asked the crowd if it knew who Arthur Blythe and Roland Hanna were (for it was an elevator-oriented crowd) and followed their "set" with the insight, "The combination of alto sax and piano is a very serious one - 1 haven't heard music like this lately;" he ventured a definition of Funk ("Funk is primitive and primitive is pure"); and finally, while cameras and tapes and pianos were being synced for the grand finale, he read Ellington behind the closed curtain over a chorus of boos. Yes indeed, Mr. Ed really was a talking horse's ass.

And in between the banter of this corporate jazzbiz Woodstock, there was a roll call of the music: each artist gave his name, rank, playing style, and was dismissed. Ninetyseven-year-old Blake opened to a still half-empty hall (nothin' like respect for the elderly); Barron/ Hutcherson exuded class (the audience was restless, needed a fix of ConEd); Franklin/Klugh/Pointer won applause only for unison riffs ("Turn it up" yelled the Carnegie mob); Earland/Duke went imperialistic for the hostages ("When Johnny Comes Marching Home"); James-/Laws/Carter lacked only the highpitched whine of a dentist's drill for counterpoint; Herbie/Dukey/Stanley plugged-in soul'd out, won the evening's only standing O (though Herbie couldn't discipline his unruly electric rhythm machine). Just as Stanley struck up "School Days," they were whinnied off the stage by Mr. Ed. The mob booed. Just wait, said Ed, have we got something special for you.

Finally the finale, the grand piece of resistance: six pianists in tails and tuxes seated at six grand pianos which formed a circle around bass and drums. And they played in unison (Carnegie's perfect acoustics made the sextet sound like one piano) and they played one-by-one, and unfortunately, no Busby Berkly dancers descended from the heights to dance on the pianos and it dragged on and on and on and Herbie (Oh! Ah! gasped the crowd) went inside the piano and then, wouldn't you know it, they'd kept old Eubie up past his bedtime and pushed him out into Barron's chair and Eubie, God Bless Him, farted right into the Olympian pretension of the pseudoclassical moment by playing a rousing "Three Cheers For The Red, White, and Blue."

And in case you missed it, boys and girls, the moral of the story is: Don't ever, ever expect much from a One Night Stand. — David Breskin

#### **OTIS RUSH**

If Otis Rush doesn't have the blues. then he puts up one hell of a front. Since the '50s, his blues has become one of the only appreciating products of urban America. With just a few swipes, the man's left hand does more for the destiny of a pre-Japanese Epiphone than a whole horde of Alligator artists attacking the tradition on a good night. Approaching the bues from upside-down and backwards has always had its merits and Otis being a lefty and all makes him sort of have to have an approach, but that's not the half of it. The more-than-half of it is all in Rush's vocal attack; a raw cut saw he sorta drags across your log.

Otis in New York, at Tramp's, on a vague y missionary mission of reminder to the decadent and mindless about what's really what, didn't break stride once in two nights of rejentlessly consummate artistry. Like Fred Astaire, only Otis sweats. No one could say when and where he was last seen playing so much guitar. Not only in sheer numbers of notes, but I mean so much guitar: between moans, short bursts in the same manner as those maddening New York fire engine blats Does hometown Chicago have the same kind? Must. (Maybe they were designed after Right Place, Wrong Time came out, Otis' '71 Capital sessions that first hit the stores in 76 as Bullfrog record 301, which was a proud day for Advent, 'Frog's parent company, and our nation.)

Drunker and drunker, a friend kept calling him the Miles Davis of the blues. Huh? What? Who? Why not: Rush's voice, his phrasing, has Miles' mature kind of urgent but elegantly

OTIS RUSH



# WIN A S6,000.00 SUNN PROFESSIONAL SOUND SYSTEM



This professional 3-way stereo sound system represents the high quality sound products that have made Sunn famous for years. It consists of the new Sunn SPL 2212 twelve channel stereo mixer, the Sunn SPL 4120 dual ten band graphic equalizer, Sunn's SA 21 dual 200 watt power amplifier, two Sunn SPL 8730 passive crossovers and one 17½" rack. To complete this 3-way system included are two Sunn SPL 8218 low frequency enclosures, two Sunn SPL 8300 mid frequency horns and two Sunn SPL 8500 high frequency tweeters.

**REGISTER TO WIN:** Simply sign up at any authorized Sunn dealer by May 30th, 1981. No purchase is necessary. A drawing will be held by Sunn Musical on June 27th, 1981. While entering to win this \$6,000.00 sound system be sure to check out all the other fine Sunn products at your nearest Sunn dealer.

sunn ())
-Mapture the fivergyw-

Sunn Musical Equipment Company A Hartzell Corporation Company 19350 S.W. 89th Avenue Tualatin, Oregon 97062 (503) 638-6551

Sunn Musical Equipment Company and Hartzell Corporation employees are not eligible for this contest, world Radio History

# Black Rock and Roll







By Pablo Guzman

# The black threads stitched into the white fabric of rock and roll are revealed in a revisionist view of rock. These threads now come to the forefront again with the music of Prince and the Bus Boys.

"Black Rock and Roll?" A contradiction in terms, you say, two elements that could self-destruct if side by side. Possibly, but first I might ask you to look at black music on its own terms, standards and value systems. Rock 'n' roll made by black artists has really been with us all the time, and has re-emerged in the '80s with all its original power and insight.

Rock 'n' roll is by nature the most democratic of the five major streams which feed contemporary North American music: R&R, rhythm 'n' blues, salsa, country & western, and jazz. But ever since the idolmakers had the dauphin three of Elvis, Jerry Lee, and Bill Haley supplant the true unholy trinity of Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, and Little Richard, ever since "critics" and other "tastemakers" joined in to manufacture this thing called "rock 'n' roll" out of what had been rhythm 'n' blues, the most democratic of today's music has suffered from apartheid of the crudest sort.

Parallel to the course of (white) rock — R&R, rock, heavy metal, glitter rock, art rock, punk, new wave, power pop — have been developments in (black) rock — R&B, soul, fusion, funk. It's all been part of the rock 'n' roll process in the United States; however, the existing apartheid has relegated half that joyous noise to a cultural ghetto labelled "Black" something or other, while calling its Caucasian twin the whole schlemiel — not just "White" something or other. To the average fan rock 'n' roll is a

white thang; and this is a crime.

At one time we could have excused the parallel existence of Jerry Lee and Little Richard, Rod Stewart and Sam Cooke, Joe Cocker and Ray Charles, K.C. and Sly, but ignorance is no longer an excuse. Recent releases and performances by Prince (*Dirty Mind*) and the Bus Boys (*Minimum Wage Rock 'n' Roll*) in particular call this too comfortable system of apartheid into question.

Everyone — everyone — agrees that rock 'n' roll can be traced to rhythm 'n' blues. The difference lies in where and how the separation occurs. Majority thinking (supported by most media) has it that rhythm 'n' blues went its shufflin', grinnin' way until some point circa 1956 when, thanks mainly to the so-called King, rock 'n' roll sprang magically full-blown and evolved (or de-evolved — Ha!) into rock. Implicit in this creed is that the R&B line of development is black, the R&R line is white. And rarely do the twain meet.

I disagree. First, yes, there was rhythm 'n' blues. And then came rock 'n' roll. Not because of Elvis, or even Tom Parker and Alan Freed. It was because of electricity. At the point Chuck Berry electrified the rhythms of acoustic Blind Lemon Jefferson, at the point Bo Diddley urbanized the rural blues of Leadbelly, at that point was rock 'n' roll created. In their early days Elvis and Jerry Lee plugged-in to that already ongoing process, much as white sharecroppers

jammed along with black counterparts decades earlier to create what is now falsely considered to be exclusively white country & western.

By virtue of origin, rhythm, stance, and delivery, the rock 'n' roll baby was decidedly black, to the consternation of forthright racists across the land. As the baby matured, what (white) America added to it were technology (the studio and its techniques, the ramifications of electricity) and capital, i.e., financing and marketing.

Make no mistake, capital played a key role in creating (white) rock. The idol-makers agreed that The Beat forged a new, lucrative market; they also agreed that they could not and would not be able/be inclined to sell Screamin' Jay Hawkins or Little Richard to the (white) mainstream. They needed "acceptable" figures; even the early Elvis scared some, so Pat Boone was invented. As Fred Astaire was promoted over Bojangles, as Sophie Tucker was over Bessie Smith, so too do we see Bill Haley, Fabian, and Mick Jagger.

The work of Fifties idolmakers and their descendants is done today by (white) rock DJs and critics. They are the ones who ride point for those who continue to profit from the schism of 1956 which split Rock into Black and White. Every time a (white) rock critic attempts a 1500 word piece comparing Mick Jagger's "moves" to Freddie Mercury's without realizing such talk is



ttle Richard, the king/queen of rock 'n' roll, has had the dublous distinction of being one of ie most ripped off artists in rock.

iken to survey the year's rock output iat really only surveys its (white) rock alf, you have a perpetuation of the Big e. Similarly, every time a (white) rock idio station thinks it's "progressive" by aying some Jimi or Otis or Sixties lotown or Al Green and does not play urrent material like Prince, every time kunk Baxter's breakthrough quitar solo "Hot Stuff" can be dismissed because onna Summer represents "nigger iusic" (true story heard in NY and LA) because "our audience can't relate to sco," the lie continues. And the chism widens. That is the background. et us now trace the rise of (black) rock

Rock 'n' roll stamped with the black

osurd after you've seen James Brown

Michael Jackson, every time a poll is

xperience has passed through four eneral phases of growth so far: early ock 'n' roll (1955-1963); soul (1963-368); rock (1968-1975); funk 'n' roll 975-present). This is obviously an bitrary separation and one that is not ithout overlap. Black music has always een about a continuum, providing phesion at any given moment between op and jazz and funk and gospel and ues inversely related to the lack of phesion in daily black life. If one could t in a time machine at the Apollo Theae in Harlem, one would not perceive uge breaks in the tradition. Bo Diddy's music flowed more naturally into ames Brown's groove into The upremes' and the Four Tops' Las egas revues than might be thought. he soulfulness of approach and xpression linked these very different jusical styles. At the heart of the survial of the rock 'n' roll idiom in black rusic is a unity and eclecticism that aces Ella's records next to Sly's next to ick James' in the same collection.

aradoxically, many blacks regard

ethro Tull, Traffic, and Cream as influ-

ences even as much of the contemporary white audience has ignored black artists and participated in the racist "disco sucks" backlash.

The characteristics of early rock 'n'

roll are epitomized by Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, and Little Richard. Their time and their music served as the transition from the rhythm 'n' blues of early Professor Longhair, the mellow pop of later Nat "King" Cole, and the most cubist postbop of Thelonius Monk. What their sound sought was the isolation and exaltation of The Beat, and it raised this golden calf in a way that was loud, simple, electric, and wild. Very soon the way in which The Beat was so startlingly projected - Chuck Berry's duckwalk while playing; the sheer outrageousness of the under-appreciated, mascara'd, wigged-out Little Richard; Screamin' Jay Hawkins steppin' out of his coffin would become as important in defining this music as electric guitars and heavy bass/drum bottom would be in establishing The Beat itself.

From the jump, rock 'n' roll was a music "for the kids" who seized upon the volume, lyrics, and The Beat with a zealous thirst. Which is as it should be. Rock should always keep the kid alive in those of us past 24 and be free to be remade by those younger than us. The kids also provided the key link by creating the dances that accompanied The Beat, a crucial factor that distinguishes (black) rock from its counterpart. The Beat became the staple of white rock for many years, as the Kennedys did the twist, the Beatles and Stones infected America's teenage millions with sinister jungle rhythms, and the psychedelic rock barns of the late sixties simply did without seats in favor of wall to wall gyrational expression. Then, everyone started sitting down in comfortable concerts, removing themselves, demanding a perfectly packaged show module.

Unly lately, long after the gays starte the disco movement, have "dance roc clubs" reminded the whites how centra dance is to rock.

The early rock 'n' roll years came t an end not so coincidentally with the ris of the Black Power movement. Jame

Brown and I Feel Good" marked th beginning of a brand new day. Rathe than dropping older musical forms sucas the blues and rock 'n' roll becaus they had been appropriated by whites blacks simply kept going and were s much farther ahead at refining dance rhythms and new harmonic forms that "soul" seemed like a totally differer kind of music. In reality, however, th sympathy for rock 'n' roll was still unde the surface, not discarded in the as heap of black musical history. Arrange ments tightened and The Beat wa fleshed out with orchestration t enhance the One; brass, voices, organ added guitars and percussion, set i syncopation around the basic elements "Soul" and what it was, who had it an who didn't, was argued about like fun today. Groups like the Young Rascal and hits like the Spencer Davis Group' "Gimme Some Loving" (featuring 15 year-old Stevie Winwood), which go play on soul stations long before talk ( crossover, gave rise to the term "blue eyed soul." What had been simple wa now more complex as The Beat grew i diversity to embrace the rough Souther fire of Stax/Volt, the bare-bones drive of Soul Brother Number One, the slicknes of Motown, and the off-the-wall funk of stuff like Dyke & the Blazers' "Funk Broadway," which made Wilson Pick ett's cover sound like Perry Como. Since the parallel worlds of (black

Since the parallel worlds of (black and (white) rock do not exist in vacuum, happenings in one affect thother, and so the post-Beatles excite ment of mid-Sixties (white) rock would naturally carry over into the barrios and ghettos. Almost as many Latin and blackids turned on to the Dead, Airplane Who, Yardbirds, Cream, and electric Dylan as white kids. Small wonder SI and Jimi rose to meet the demand.

Hendrix, who had come out of the Isley Brothers' rock experience, was . black speck in a sea of white milk, He took the separations between white and black, drowning them in oceans of bliss ful feedback. The man was ahear ("1983, a merman I should be"); he wa the primo player on the central instru ment of rock ("I can play Clapton, but he can't play me!"), a master of electricit and virtuosity. Hendrix also expander the frontiers of rock, sending sparks into the frontiers of other idioms; McLaughlin and Dimeola and heavy guitar fusion were his stepchildren. As heavy as Jimi was, we should keep

in mind that he could not do what Syl vester Stewart, aka Sly, did. Between "Dance to the Music" in the summer clove and "Thank you (falettinmebemi

# SANDINISTAI

# WRITTEN WITH LOVE SEALED WITH A KICK



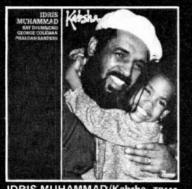
A THREE-RECORD SET
SIX SIDES OF THE PICTURE AT A SPECIAL LOW PRICE
ON EPIC RECORDS AND TAPES

Production The Clark Communication

"Epic" is a fractionary of CBS Inc. C 1981 CBS to

# \*THECLASH\*

#### New from Theresa:



IDRIS MUHAMMAD/Kabsha TR110 Featuring: Ray Drummond, George Coleman, and Pharoah Sanders



RUFUS REID/Perpetual Stro! TR111 Featuring: Eddie Gladden, Kirk Lightsey

# Pharoah Sanders REJOICE

Featuring: JOSEPH BONNER, ART DAVIS, JOHN HICKS, BILLY HIGGINS, BOBBY HUTCHERSON, ELVIN JONES, and others TR112/113

# Joseph Bonner IMPRESSIONS OF COPENHAGEN

Featuring: PAUL WARBURTON,
J. THOMAS TILTON and others





Prince's sexual ambivalence and disturbing stage presence are more shocking to the mainstream black audience than to the Kiss-Coopered out white kids.

celfagin)" in the fall of '70, Sly rode roughshod on one of the largest U.S. aud ences of any act in rock history. His dominance of the charts, radio and stage was complete because Sly pulled his audience together from freaks, blacks, whites, Latins, & Asians. With his band, studio innovations, and material, Sly set new standards from sound to language to fashion to music. The Family Stone live boggled the senses. No one else was close.

After Sly and Jimi showed the black audience how the exploding idiom of rock could be used, there was no going back to the safeness of "Baby Love." Three major albums were seminal in this new rock idiom: Stevie Wonder's Music of my Mind, Marvin Gaye's What's Going On? and Curtis Mayfield's Live. These "concept" albums opened black heads for days, incorporating so many forms of late sixties rock and synthesizing them in new terms. War, Mandrill, Kool and the Gang, Santana, New Birth, Donny Hathaway and Al Green all created in this new form. Salsa, that dynamic form of Latin music, went through its most progressive period, spearheaded by the vanguard work of Ray Baretto and Eddie Palmieri. Jazz too experienced an exciting upheaval via organic fusion, paced by such pioneers as Sun Ra and Miles (who viewed Sly as his only peer in rock), and early creations of Weather Report, Mahavishnu, Hancock, and Return to Forever.

The two groups that would form the nexus that defined the next phase, funk 'n' roll, first came together in the early Seventies hard rock period: Parliament-Funkadelic and Earth, Wind & Fire. Funk 'n' roll is where we are at today, fourth generation (black) rock. Self-contained groups are the norm, and an even more intense, multi-textured swing is the thing. Cameo, Instant Funk, the Gap Band, Kid Creole & the Coconuts, Mother's Finest, Mutiny, T-Connection, Con-

Funk-Shun, Junie, Mtume, Zapp. the Sweat Band, Rick James & the Stone City Band, Chic, Slave, Bootsy, the Brothers Johnson, and all the rappin' DJs are part of the funk 'n' roll explosion. All these artists have resurrected this same tradition of black rock 'n' roll. added new wrinkles and contemporary perspective, and woven it into the funk. As has been the case throughout, there is a vin and vang effect at work, out of which comes forward motion: the poetry of Chuck Berry vs. the abandon of Little Richard; the roughness of Stax vs. the polish of Motown; Sly/Jimi, P-Funk/ Earth, Wind & Fire. Signs of what's coming in the Eighties can be gleaned from the contrasts (as well as the similarities) between the Bus Boys on the one hand and Prince on the other.

On both Minimum Wage Rock N' Roll and in live performance, the Bus Boys are sure attention grabbers. At first it appears this is so because it "sounds like" (white) new wave in blackface. Closer scrutiny reveals that songs like "Johnny Soul'd Out," "There Goes The Neighborhood," and "Minimum Wage" are really direct descendants of "Roll Over, Beethoven." "Dr. Doctor" can be traced to "Bo Diddley" and Little Richard would have loved "KKK." Live, that early rock 'n' roll exuberance is evident throughout the Bus Boys' act.

That the Bus Boys, five blacks and a Mexican, have chosen to be promoted and marketed at this time like a (white) rock act reflects a damned good business decision on their part and does not place them musically, as some would have it, in the (white) rock tradition. More power to their business acumen; it correctly reflects the state of things since the Schism. Hopefully they will soon reach a point artistically and commercially where more black audiences will be exposed to the significance and fun of the Bus Boys. It is a reverse crossover

continued on pg. 94

**World Radio Histo** 

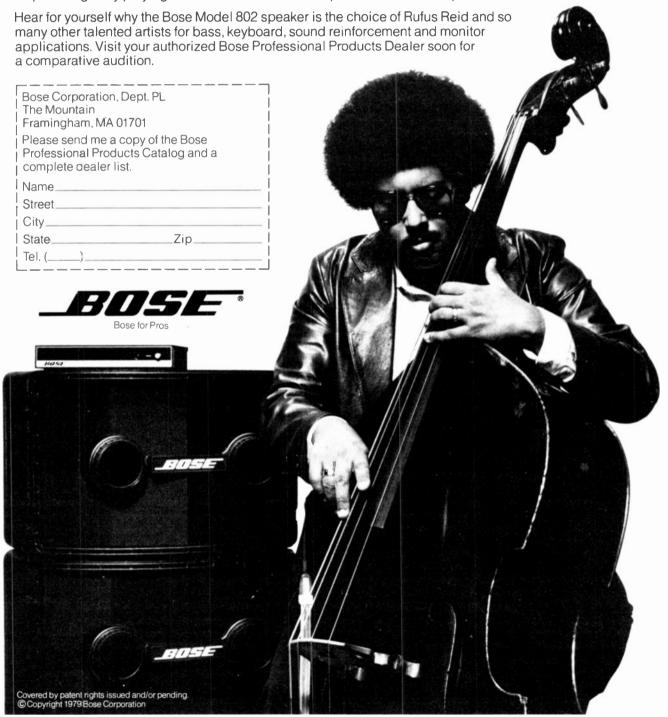
#### Rufus Reid on Bass and Bose®



Rufus Reid. Acoustic and electric bass artist with Eddie Harris, Nancy Wilson, Thad Jones—Mel Lewis, and Dexter Gordon. Teacher, clinician, and author of "The Evolving Bassist." A bassist's bassist. When Rufus Reid performs, he wants the subtlety of his playing and the tonal beauty of his 150-year-old upright bass to come through to his audience. So he uses a pair of Bose Model 802 cabinets as his speaker system. Here is what Rufus Reid says about Bose and bass:

"With the 802 System, I am able to get greater clarity and definition than with the other speaker systems I have used. The 802 lets me hear more clearly what I am playing and really home in on the fundamental pitch, all the way down to low E. Its broad dispersion gives my bass a sense of spaciousness that allows me to play at lower levels and still be heard everywhere. Using the Bose 802 system has

helped me get my playing a lot cleaner because it amplifies all of the little problems so I can hear them."



#### BY DAVID BRESKINI

"As he was carrying the wood away, dancing and staggering on, he met over a million 'homeless-ghosts' of his kind who were listening to my cry as a radio. Whenever these ghosts met him and listened to my cry which was a lofty music for a few minutes, if they could not bear the music and stand still then the whole of them would start to dance at the same time as a madman."

- Amost Tutuola, My Life in the Bush of Ghosts

he author is Nigerian, the context is mythological, the narrator a small boy wandering warily through the African Bush, but the subject of the passage, our subject, is a 28-year-old American pop star who, just now, is coiled in the corner of his near-empty new loft in Soho, New York City, watching a videotape of genuine African dancers in a genuine native village moving to genuine African drumming. Our Scottish-born subject happens to have a record out with the same title as Tutuola's novel, happens to

have a collaborator (see Eno story when you're done here) just back from a music safari in Ghana, happens to have seen the light beaconed by the civilization that sprung up at Oldavi Gorge, right under Dr. Louis Leakey's nose in that neat film they show in high school.

Or see it this way: the sensitive psycho-killer with Carepackage eyes and no compassion leaves the West, takes himself to the river, drops himself in and swims upstream into the heart of the heart of darkness and finds, at its source, the rhythm of the rhythm of light, life. He wishes to remain there, yet he wishes to move on — within an arm's reach from where he sits, thoughtful and angular on the sofa, is a tape labelled "Music of Indonesia." a penciled note with (the Indian violinist) L. Shankar's phone number on it, and The Jackson's *Triumph* on cassette. *Remain In Light*, but move on...

David Byrne will. Talking Heads probably will. Brian Eno, their producer, most certainly will — though perhaps not in their company. The focal point of all this movement is, of



course, their movable Afro-funk-psychedelic feast, Remain In Light. Easily the most exciting popular effort of 1980, it was also the best dance disc since Parliament's Funkentelechy vs. The Placebo Syndrome and one of those rare pop records that jazz and modern classical listeners didn't turn up their noses at. Most importantly, Remain In Light signalled a musical, emotional, and philosophical change within Talking Heads - most notably, within the head Head, David Byrne.

One, two, three. From the first three beats of the African drum that literally and symbolically announces the record, we know everything will change its shape: the impetus will become polyrhythmic, not straight Beat; the vocals will be chanted, preached and talked, layered and woven in circular patterns, not whooped and shrieked in solitary confinement; the tone will be affirmative and spiritual, not sardonic and paranoid; the parts will be interlocked and communal, not autonomous and individualistic. In time, the music would explode the familiar quartet of Christ Frantz. Tina Weymouth,

Jerry Harrison and Byrne (hey, remember the '70s?) into a nonet featuring P-Funk freeboardist Bernie Worrell and ex-Bowie, ex-Zappa guitarist Adrian Belew. And don't mistake that red-splotched cover of Remain In Light for just another groovy graphic: those Heads are wearing face paint. those Heads are wearing techno-tribal masks.

The missing link in our pilgrims' progress from Fear Of Music to Afrunk delica was Byrne's collaborative work with Eno, My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts. It was to precede Remain In Light into the market-place — Eno calls it a "laboratory" for that record, Byrne a "blueprint" - but events conspired to hold back its release until this March. On it we can hear the rising tide of part-ethnic stylings, a growing concern for what idealists call the World Village: Algerian Muslims chant the Qu'ran, American evangelists testify, Georgia's Sea Island singers spin a folk tale, a Lebanese mountain singer calls from the hills, an exorbist goes after Jezebel on a New York radio station, an Egyptian pop singer slithers through a maze of



percussion, an "inflamed caller and smooth politician" are stolen from a radio call-in show and reduced to electronic gibberish. These are the "found" voices on the record, the ghosts, if you will; Byrne and Eno, and a small army of percussionists, supply the accompanying rushes of rhythm and the washes of color. It's funny, it's arty, it's high-tech ethno-pop. And you can dance to it.

Talking Heads, talking bodies, talking spirits, talking drums: David Byrne is talking about the things that matter to him these days. The light of this one — and only this one — is slowly bulled away by the clock, leaving his unlit loft darkened. Byrne speaks slowly, pausing for thought after every question, every sentence at times. His voice — so jolting and wounded on Falking Heads' first three records, so messianic on *Remain In .ight* — is barely above a whisper. He talks as a young man with an old man's soul might talk.

**MUSICIAN:** When did your fascination with ethnic musics begin?

**3YRNE:** Oh, I started listening to it when I was in high school, getting records out of the library. But it wasn't until about three years ago that I started looking for pop records from other parts of the world. I was interested if there might be some sort of merger of forms happening. Perhaps there were groups somewhere playing in traditional styles using electric guitars or whatever. And sure enough that does happen. So I looked or African pop records and Brazilian pop records, that sort of hing. Also, some Islamic music, and I've also listened to ndonesian music — which has some good rhythmic stuff — and some real nice Vietnamese records. But the African nusic was the easiest to relate to right away. **MUSICIAN:** Because of the rhythmic impetus?

**3YRNE:** Yes, because of all the similarities to what is now American music. It was very exciting, very fascinating for me o hear things in that music which are also a part of American unk music and other kinds of black American music. I think he main difference between the African ethnic music and American funk is that some of the textures are real different; he overall textures and the combinations of instruments they use, the way they build an orchestra, is very different than just guitar-bass-drums-percussion. So overall, it might have the same structure but still a very different sound to it. It was a good starting point for inspiration.

**MUSICIAN:** In terms of the funk on this side of the ocean, I would assume George Clinton's Parliament-Funkadelic thang caught your ear.

**3YRNE:** Uh-huh, most definitely. But I started out listening to some of the older stuff: James Brown, Kool & The Gang, Sly Stone in the late '60s and early '70s.

**MUSICIAN:** I don't suppose your exploration will stop with the Afro-funk-psychedelic fusion of the last two records. I hear rou're going to check out some Gamelan music in Indonesia. **3YRNE:** That's right. I'm going to Bali after our tour of Japan. A guy contacted me who had been doing some recording in long Kong and had been to Bali and had contacts for me. It seemed like a good opportunity to check the situation out, to work with some musicians over there and see what might bevelop. It's not like that music is my #1 favorite or anything, but it's a chance to check it out.

**WUSICIAN:** In the meantime, you're plowing ahead with your work in visual art forms — photography and video. At one point, wasn't your visual art more developed than your music?

**3YRNE:** I always felt I could go either way, at any time. **MUSICIAN:** Do you feel you bring the same rationalistic rigor o your art that the mathematician or systems analyst brings to his work?

**3YRNE:** Yeah, I do tend to look at things that way sometimes. t's useful, it amuses me. But the final decision on whether something stays or goes is usually based on some sort of ntuitive thing, not on whether it fits into a system or a conceptor a theory. It has to sound right.

**MUSICIAN:** Our society insists on a large dichotomy between rationality and intuition...

so hard to use both at the same time, or to use either one when the other one fails. If one doesn't seem to be leading anywhere, use the other one. For instance, if I go into a studio with nothing planned, I could piddle around on my instrument to see what happens intuitively. Now there's a chance I might get something, but it seems like there'd be more chance if there was some sort of process I was using to construct the piece. If I formulate a structure, then I have to be intuitive within my restrictions — and that can be more productive. A lot of people who compose or dance or whatever go through this process in their heads; they just don't externalize it, or talk about it.

**MUSICIAN:** Using strict formal parameters for a project doesn't necessarily mean it can't open up as you go along? **BYRNE:** No, as long as you don't let it block you from keeping your ears open to what's happening as the project develops. Sometimes things can happen in the opposite way: you can start with a very loose concept or notion or a direction and then you just improvise off of that. Then you go back and look or listen to the improvisations and pick out the interesting bits and formalize those. You might find an interesting pattern, then pick it out and learn it. I just did a videotape out on the west coast that involved me dancing in it, and that's the way I did the rehearsals: improvising within a general framework in front of a little port-a-pack video camera. I'd look back and pick out the good parts and just do those moves again.

MUSICIAN: Sort of like visual bio-feedback?

**BYRNE:** Yeah, only I'd have to walk around to the monitor later. I'd review it and say, "That was a good move, that one really connects. It's just abstract looking enough, it doesn't look like I'm just miming something." That was the kind of thing I was looking for. I would pick out moves that would fit into that category and do them again.

MUSICIAN: Do you enjoy dancing?

**BYRNE:** Yes, but I don't think I'm very good at it. I started dancing a lot on stage during the last tour. The music we were playing made me want to dance more and the fact we had more musicians freed me from having to concentrate and be at the microphone all the time. And that gave me the confidence to go ahead and do it. But now I feel I have to buckle down and work at it; there seems to be a big difference between dancing for enjoyment, to express yourself, not caring what it looks like, and dancing because you want it to have a certain visual look to it. In this case, on the videotape, I'm dancing to "Once In A Lifetime."

MUSICIAN: It's a curious phenomenon, how dancing to a given piece really affects the way one listens to it, or hears it. BYRNE: Yes. I can show you some tapes of dancing that illustrate that pretty well. I have one of African dancing, where the music is really pretty fast rhythmically, but their dancing looks like it's in slow-motion. In fact, you'd be convinced it was in slow-motion until you see somebody walk by in the background at normal speed. And so that dancing can make you hear a slower rhythm happening inside — or around — the faster rhythm. Likewise, I have a tape of some dancers in L.A. called the Electric Boogaloos, who do a lot of ticks, little jerks for just a second. [Demonstrates by moving shoulder and arm in minute robot-like fashion.] This makes you hear other beats, off-beats, that you might not have paid much attention to.

**MUSICIAN:** Dancing also activates the listener, makes him less of a consumer and more of a participant, more completely involved in a mind-body-spirit sort of way.

**BYRNE:** Yeah, I think when people dance they immediately eliminate that mind-body separation. There is an open flow between them. And in a way, it's not even necessary to dance sometimes when the music is real funky, because you hear it almost as much with your body — even if you're not moving —as with your ears. So your own rhythm interprets it.

**MUSICIAN:** The participating listener also might help turn the music from the more passive realm of art-for-consumption to something more like ritual or social event, as with so-called "primitive" cultures?

BYRNE: Uh-huh. If you call the kind of music we're doing now BYRNE: Uh-huh, but it doesn't have to be such a split. It's not world Radio History.

BYRNE: Uh-huh. If you call the kind of music we're doing now "non-hierarchical" then performing it for a community in a way

. .



The new, expanded Talking Heads, from left to right: Steven Scales, Chris Frantz, Gilette McDonald, Busta Cherry Jones, Adrian Belew, Jerry Harrison, David Byrne, Tina Weymouth, Bernie Worzell.

describes the way a community can be organized, that it can work without having that kind of hierarchy. So the music becomes a sort of aural demonstration.

MUSICIAN: Music as metaphor?

**BYRNE:** Yes, as a metaphor for a social system. It doesn't even require thought when you hear it. It communicates more directly. People might hear a piece of music that's organized in a particular way and really enjoy it — because that's the way they'd like other things to be organized. Maybe it sithe kind of social organization they're comfortable with, so the music really connects to them on some sort of deep level.

**BYRNE:** Yeah. [Laughs, long pause.] Yeah, it does sound pretty idealistic. Yet most art shoots for the same sort of thing: it comes to work as a metaphor for something else — a way of organizing people socially or a way of looking at the world. I guess if you look at it this way it's not so idealistic; most times, music and art aren't necessarily trying to change the world so much as just demonstrate a structure that can exist, and does exist, that people might be able to relate to.

**MUSICIAN:** Given the direction of your music and the emphasis on community, how does the Talking Heads community function? I don't suppose you could call it a non-hierarchical or democratic one, since you and Eno have been most responsible for the direction of the music.

BYRNE: The problem is that people tend to confuse "non-hierarchical" with "democratic." They equate the two. So it's one thing or the other: there's either a dictator and a bunch of people being bounced around, or, everybody's equal. But there's other ways of working things that work quite well. Like in Japan, there's a definite hierarchy, but no one feels put-upon. The people at the lower end of the hierarchy feel that's their place. The general attitude is: that's where they belong and they are to be respected for it, respected for their ability to fit into their niche.

**MUSICIAN:** Yeah but David, in the wrong society that has dangerous implications. Or even in the wrong pop group.

If you call the kind of music we're doing now 'non-heirarchical,' then performing it describes the way a community can be organized, that it can work without having that kind of hierarchy."

**BYRNE:** Well it works in Japanese society because of their respect system — a person is respected to the extent he fits into his proper place. I think other things can work this way. Different people are good at doing different things — so they're definitely not equal, but they may be mutually respected by one another for doing whatever job it is they do. The tricky part is being mutually respected. It's difficult to make it work, but I think it's possible.

**MUSICIAN:** Hell, if you're patterning your music from the spirit and sensibilities of African music, maybe you're patterning the T. Heads after African society? As I understand them, African tribal societies are not exactly "democracies" in the western sense.

**BYRNE:** If one kind of decision has to be made in the tribe or cult, then there is a small society within it that makes that particular kind of decision. If the crops fail, the farmers might consult the people who deal with spirits. And so on and so on. There are different people who decide different things in the community. Now there may be a head governing body...

**MUSICIAN:** But if you bring all that back to this side of the Atlantic for a second, it somehow ends up as a "Talking Heads in Trouble" headline in *Rolling Stone*..

**BYRNE:** And I feel that that kind of thing is a shame, because it takes attention away from the music and things that I think are much more exciting than the difficulties of keeping a band together. It's a real shame, it brings them down to the level of

"This music has helped me,
helped make me more optimistic,
given me faith in human beings a little bit.
The fact that our music implies a
different kind of social order was
a way out for me."

jossip. Anything I say can get reduced to grist for the gossip nills.

**MUSICIAN:** Implicit in the judgement, "Talking Heads in Frouble," is a notion that interpersonal friction is detrimental to he making of good art. Nonsense. Think of that first Mahavishnu Orchestra. Friction can create heat and heat ain't such a bad thing for music...

3YRNE: Yeah, I know what you mean.

**MUSICIAN:** Now what about what you've called the "rock nusicians's capitalistic way of thinking" in the way your music works now. Could you flesh that out a bit?

3YRNE: A guy named Max Weber wrote a book in the '20s I hink called The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism. He was attempting to explain how a peoples' spiritual foundaions lead them to a particular economic way of life, how their eligious and moral upbringing leads them to a social and economic attitude. I think this is true for rock musicians as nuch as anyone. They've grown up in a society that values competition, the whole dog-eat-dog beat-out-the-other-guy kind of thing. So they're bound to play music in the same way: rying to out-solo the other guy, trying to play louder than the other guy, et cetera. All that's very different than the kind of nusic we're playing, where you have to leave a lot of holes in what you're playing in order for the other parts to be heard, where the whole thing doesn't take off unless you can hear lots of different people's parts popping in here and there. This is not to say we negate ourselves as individuals, but that we get something by restricting our individual freedoms that we couldn't get otherwise. The whole feeling this music generates or me — the whole community of interlocking parts — is otally different than what rock does. Presently, I don't feel I have any connection to rock and roll. In a lot of rock music people tend to play all the time, or at least as much as they can get away with

**MUSICIAN:** Didn't you go through a phase of basic American ago-laden individualism, that sort of playing?

**BYRNE:** Sure, and that works: you get a kind of music that fits hat whole way of thinking. But I just happen to be real excited by other kinds of things.

**MUSICIAN:** Is your current music an arrival or a direction or perhaps only a stage? How do you think about it?

**3YRNE:** [Puzzled.] I don't know. I don't know what we're gonna do next. I guess it's a direction.

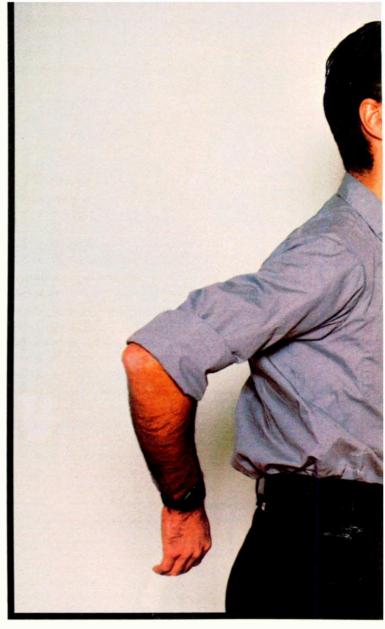
**MUSICIAN:** Do you have any fear that you might find yourself either duplicating or regressing from *Remain In Light?* 

**3YRNE:** Not really. I'm ambivalent about all the pressure to some up with something new.

**MUSICIAN: NEW AND IMPROVED...** 

**3YRNE:** Yeah, and I put the pressure on myself, it's not like it's but upon me by the record company or the critics. I put it on nyself that I'm supposed to come up with something new and mproved each time. And I think it's probably not necessary. It seems perfectly reasonable to be able to enjoy music without naving to be startled and shocked every time you put on somebody's record. [Laughs.]

WUSICIAN: Seems reason enough to explore other media. 
3YRNE: Well, I have been doing work in video. I did a project vith Toni Basil of the Locker Dancers, and I helped out Bruce Conner with a couple of films to music from Bush of Ghosts, and one I did myself. All this occupied me for a good while and spent a lot of money on these things. And I've been doing hese photos [points to huge, warm-toned prints lying on the



floor] for the past few years that I've only just had blown up. **MUSICIAN:** What kind of parallels do you draw between your music and your visual art?

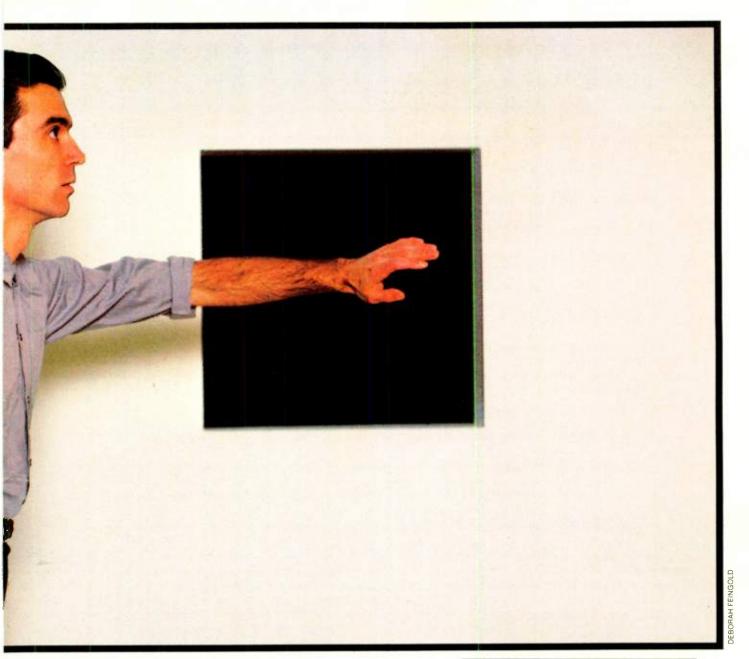
**BYRNE:** The method, the working process can be real similar. I don't really know what the visual arts give me that music doesn't, or visa versa. I have noticed that they tend to feed back to each other, one into the other.

**MUSICIAN:** I know you used to do copier art with Xerox machines or whatever while at Rhode Island School of Design, and I wonder whether there's any connection between that activity and incorporating the "found" vocals in *Bush of Ghosts* or your musical posture in general?

**BYRNE:** I did copier art because I wanted my work to be easily accessible and not available only to the few people who could afford it. I also didn't want it to have that "aura" that fine art in galleries has — you know, don't touch 'cause this is *precious* stuff. Yes, a lot of that attitude carried over to the way I approach music. I didn't go into music to create something only a few people would like. I didn't try to make it incredibly commercial either, just not precious. As far as using the found vocals as "copies" of something, I've never made that connection myself [laughs] but maybe that's true though.

I've always felt there's more to something than exists on the surface. Even something like a landscape painting, the way in which it's done might make it about a lot more than just a

**World Radio History** 



landscape. Might be a whole way of looking at the world. Or take an ordinary, literal set of lyrics about a subject everybody knows. Real mundane, like a love song. But there are a whole lotta ways those lyrics can be dealt with: phrasing, the choice of an odd word here or there, the texture of the music, the rhythm make it something much more than just two lovers.

**MUSICIAN:** Speaking of phrasing, you get a lot of mileage out of unusual phrasing and insistently rhythmic phrasing on *Remain In Light.* One thing that comes to mind is the ungrammatical, almost pathetic, line in "Houses In Motion": 'She has closed her eyes, she has give up hope.'

**BYRNE:** I got that right off the radio. That's exactly what the guy said, so I didn't change it. It sounded too nice the way it was. It sounded much sadder that way.

**MUSICIAN:** I know the incessant "And the heat goes on" chorus in "Born Under Punches (The Heat Goes On)" was lifted from a *New York Post* headline. And the four verses of "Once In A Lifetime" were taken right out of the mouths of preachers you'd heard. How much do you use found materials in developing your ideas and lyrics?

**BYRNE:** On and off a fair amount. Not all the time. Many times found materials are just a jumping off point or a way of getting some inspiration. They may put me in a frame of mind I wouldn't otherwise be in, and once I'm there I can write the rest of the lyrics myself.

"In Remain In Light, there's a positive, affirmative feeling, but there's also a mysterious, other-worldly feeling. Almost all the vocals we put on it have to do with some kind of religious experience."

**MUSICIAN:** Hey, I mean Picasso put news clippings into *his* African-influenced art, no reason why you shouldn't.

**BYRNE:** [Great laughter] Well the thing I like about using something like that is that the listener doesn't need to know that phrase came from a *Post* headline for it to work in the song. If you start working on songs where the listener has to be privy to inside information, you get yourself in trouble.

A lot of modern writing refers to other works for instance, and if you don't know them, then you're really left out in the cold. But I still think you can have stuff that refers to other things and comes from other sources, as long as it works by itself — as is — first. The other stuff is just icing on the cake.

**MUSICIAN:** Nor does it seem necessary to explain to your listeners that *Remain In Light* is based on African rhythms and

his very thing. How come? BYRNE: Because I wanted to have more interesting interviews. It was my way of saying, "These are the things I want to

alk about." I thought the letter was a way to push the critics in that direction, that they'd write more interesting reviews.

MUSICIAN: Don't you think a helluva lot of the critics might have taken the record as a plain, ole funk album if you hadn't ndicated where all this stuff was coming from, including which books on African art? BYRNE: I can't tell if that would have happened. Could be. I wouldn't have been surprised. As it was, I wasn't surprised by he favorable press it got because when I finished it I thought, 'Gee, this is a good record...I think." But I always felt wary, I hought maybe they're all gonna jump on us for this — for doing something we're not supposed to be doing. [Laughs] Now if they all had hated it, I guess I might think twice about it. **MUSICIAN:** Alright, David, how about the White Man's Burden? **3YRNE:** Hmmm, what is that exactly? Is that where the white man's burden is to go among the heathens and convert them o Christianity?

**MUSICIAN:** Yes indeed, but I'm talking about the modern nusical equivalent. The white man goes into the "primitive" culture of Afro-America or Africa or Brazil and extracts the plack music — "improves" it to continue the metaphor — for a white audience that won't listen to it or go hear it played by plack people. Or as Hugh Masekela put it, African music won't catch on in the States until some producer gets four British boys to learn Swahili. **3YRNE:** I understand what you're saying. Now in our case, he band is currently half-black. But I know the same audiences wouldn't come if it was just Bernie, Busta, Colette, Steven and Nona. We tried to be a little more sensible about all that. A big difference between what we're doing and what many have done in the past — as you've described it — is that they never

gave credit to their sources. If nothing else, we've given credit

o everybody we've been inspired by - be it African or the

Funkadelics or whoever. That's important. The issue you raise

**MUSICIAN:** Have you been drawing an integrated audience

**3YRNE:** It's real slow for that to happen. There were a lot of

s a difficult one...

o your concerts?

atin kids at our Central Park show. It's happening a little bit, out a lot less than we would like. I'll be disappointed if it doesn't begin happening more. A lot of it has to do with radio airplay; it would help if we got played on a station like WBLS [a N.Y. soul station). MUSICIAN: 'BLS plays white "trash" like Peter Allen and Devo, but no room for Afro-funk? BYRNE: Sure, sure. Maybe they just didn't go for the stuff. **MUSICIAN:** Certainly the new record has even less of a

chance for airplay. In any case, how did you run across Amos Tutuola's novel, My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts? 3YRNE: We had run across references to the book in other books on African culture — a lot of which were very scholarly and I finally found it at City Lights Bookstore in San Francisco, Previous to that, I just thought, "Gee, what a great

itle." And the book didn't disappoint me, it was all you'd expect

rom a book with that title. MUSICIAN: There are many passages about song and dance and fear and joy throughout the story, and one in particular struck me as strongly reflective of your story going as you have from the anxiety and dread that characterzed Talking Heads through Fear Of Music to the much more affirmative attitude of Remain In Light. The narrator says, "I forgot all my sorrow and started to sing the earthy songs which sorrow prevented me from singing about." **BYRNE:** Yes, that's a very nice quote. I think I understand

demanded a completely different attitude. The anxiety of my

yrics and my singing didn't seem appropriate for this kind of

music; this music is more positive, though a little mysterious at

had these qualities.

stuff. Peoples' personalities have more than one facet. Gee the audience must be fair and let the artist deal with more than one side of his personality. I know this can be tricky in the music business; people get used to a person's songs being from one point of view and then they identify him as such. They tend to identify the actor with the part he's playing. I mean: the villains of soap operas have been attacked on the street for being so rotten. But most people do have more than one side MUSICIAN: Sometimes the problem for listeners is deciphering whether the personality the artist presents is truly himself

BYRNE: It was a matter of writing from a different part of

my personality, one that didn't come out much in our earlier

or herself, and how much is unadulterated affectation. Take the U.S. version of punkdom, for instance. BYRNE: Yeah, only now perhaps in some of the "surf punk" bands in L.A. do you find punks who are really punks: Mean as Hell, and not just the creators of an interesting persona. MUSICIAN: Do you think of the voices on Bush Of Ghosts as ahosts? BYRNE: No. But I think of the music on the record as very

spiritual, so you might connect that with ghosts. MUSICIAN: How spiritual? BYRNE: It's difficult to explain. I think it's a combination of the rhythms and the more mysterious textures and sounds. Like Remain In Light, there's a positive, affirmative feeling there but then there's also a mysterious, other-worldly feeling. Almost

exorcist" vocal to take Kuhlman's place?

all the vocals we put on it have to do with one kind of religious experience or another... MUSICIAN: Which in a couple of cases intersect with current political experiences, like with the "Unidentified indignant radic host" railing against our lack of nerve in the you-know-what crisis and on the other side of the coin, you include Algerian Muslims chanting Qu'ran. Where did you get the "Unidentified

BYRNE: Right off the radio. It was a phone-in show, people

called in to have this guy drive off the evil spirits. There's

another guy in California who has you put your hands on the TV screen and he puts out his hands to touch yours and heal you through the TV. MUSICIAN: Can you imagine yourself in a similar role? BYRNE: What, telling people to put their hands on the set? MUSICIAN: C'mon David, you know what I mean... BYRNE: Helping to heal people? Preaching? Yeah, in a way, I

radio throughout the U.S. I think they're dealing with a similar aesthetic; in the more exciting preaching I think they're going after a thing similar to the music. But I'm not very direct about it though. I like to plant just the seed of an idea in someone's head rather than telling him exactly what I think.

get a lot of inspiration from the evangelists one hears on the

MUSICIAN: With a lot of those testifyin' preachers, there seems to be a contradiction — or a tension — between what they're actually saying and the way they're saying it. **BYRNE:** Yes, sometimes there is. Sometimes their delivery is

real ecstatic, but what they're saying is so conservative and moralistic. It's hard to reconcile the fact that these guys are

going absolutely berserk while they're telling everyone to behave themselves. And they're madly raving, jumping all over the place. In that kind of preaching - like in a music piece — as much is said in the delivery and the phrasing as in

the words. What's important isn't what's literally being said. MUSICIAN: Let's take the words from Remain In Light for example. They were after-thoughts, second thoughts, side thoughts, etc. you jotted down and all the critics gonna spend BYRNE: Well yeah, because I don't completely understand

intuitive sense about them. Only later, after the critics have

continued on pg. 106

10,000 words explaining them... what I've done. I have definite ideas about which phrase is what that means. I feel less afraid of many things now, feel right for a line and which is not, but I couldn't tell why. Some of more confident. And I think the music was important in that it my choices don't make sense in any logical way, I just have an

explained it all to me or enough time has gone by, do I have a

# RESEARCH: PROGRESS MESA ENGINEERING



The direction of progress at MESA/Boogie is to further refine the harmony of the old and the new in the music instrument tradition. While the old traditions of masterful hand-craftsmanship and individual personal service are at the core of the MESA concept, so also is a ten-year history of advancement through meaningful innovation. To complement our legendary line of ultra compact amplifiers, we are pleased to announce the new 300 series MESA/Boogie guitar and bass systems. As we continue to offer new standards of performance and player satisfaction, and as the old and the new, the large and the small continue to blend, here at MESA Engineering one timeless element, above all, remains primary: Quality.

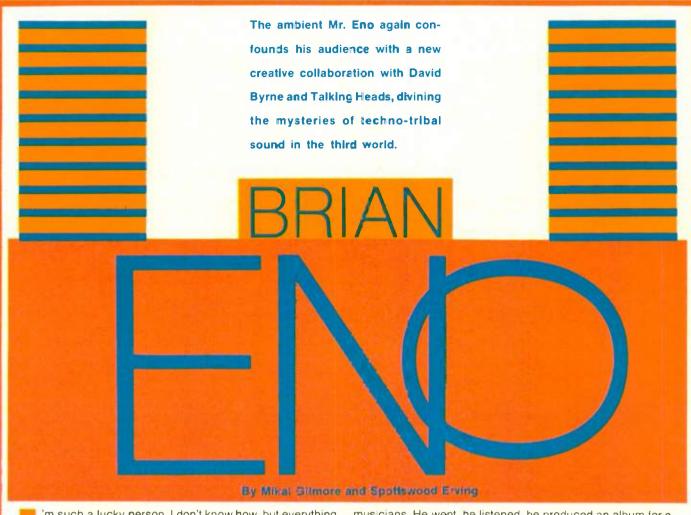
|       | mation on the entire M/B | line to |
|-------|--------------------------|---------|
| NAME  |                          |         |
| CITY  |                          |         |
| STATE | ZIP                      |         |

Enclose \$1,00 for postage and handling please  $_{\mbox{\scriptsize MP}}$ 



AVAILABLE DIRECT and through a few very select dealers 1317 ROSS STREET PETALUMA, CA 94952

MESA Boogle Ltd



'm such a lucky person. I don't know how, but everything happens to me just as I want it to. What's funny is I don't even *believe* that some people have a benevolent destiny that keeps endowing them with little gifts. Yet here I am, sort of contradictory proof of that very thing."

For Brian Eno, one such little gift was the opportunity to produce a once in a lifetime record, Talking Heads' Remain In Light. His third production effort for the band, and the first in which he asserted his standing as a full-fledged group member, Remain In Light took the band way beyond the conventions (relatively speaking) of their earlier rock records: its provocative blend of dense dance rhythms and mazy vocal webs established it overnight as the first convincing fusion of New Wave ambition and African sensibility.

Another little gift came in the unlikely form of a legal setback. The estate of one Kathryn Kuhlman, recently deceased evangelist, denied Eno and David Byrne permission to use her voice — which Byrne had taped off the radio — among the other "found" voices on their then-completed collaboration, My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts. Their ghastly sacrilege thus nipped in the bud, Eno and Byrne went back and reworked that track, and then figured they'd fiddle with another, and then another, and so on... until the album, according to Eno, was vastly improved. Serendipitous revisionism never had it so

good: Bush Of Ghosts turns out to be a richly rhythmic amalgam of art-rock, punk-funk, found vocals, and eerie electronics — all in all, a disquieting montage of modernism and primitivism unlike anything previously produced by popular artists.

Yet a third gift — hardly little, this one — came by way of a United Nations emissary. He brought Eno an invitation from Ghana's Ministry of Culture asking him to attend their art festival and linger for a while if he liked, possibly record with some Ghanian

musicians. He went, he listened, he produced an album for a local group, he played with them, he recorded: Eno in an Afro-musicologist's heaven.

"I had this idea." Eno said, "that it would be exciting to introduce African — and particularly Ghanian music — to Western Culture in a big way. And I don't mean as a novelty form, but as a way of asserting that this is incredibly stimulating music, that it stands in comparison with anything happening here. Well somehow the Ghanians caught wind of my aspirations and thought it a worthy idea to invite me over. I'm also quite interested in Arabic music, but it's a little harder to come to terms with, partly because that North African melodic sense is very different than ours.

"You see, I've developed this strong feeling about what's happening to so-called 'primitive' and ethnic tribal peoples. I believe that the complexity of their music stands as a symbol of the richness of their societies, and I hope that people, upon listening to this music, might think that if these cultures can produce music this intricate and this intelligent, then they can't really be 'primitive'"

In a sense, the aesthetic precepts that Eno is working from bear similarity to the musical idealism that guides the Clash in Sandinista\*, and the untutored iconoclasm that serves Public Image Ltd. in Flowers Of Romance: they all seek to expand the

vernacular of Western popular music — and perhaps deepen the possibilities of life itself — by melding traditional rock forms with remote cultural modes. In Eno's case though, there are few bridges to burn: "I fried to maintain an enthusiasm for punk, but there just isn't much happening there in the way of ideas. Finally, I realized, Goddamn!, there's a whole world of interesting music out there. Why bother about this little scene right here? So what if punk dies off? There's stuff going on in South Africa

orld Radio History



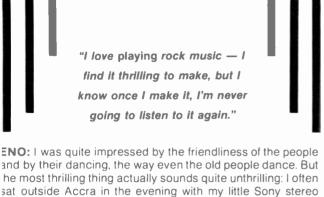
places. Normally, the phone is the worst possible medium for any kind of serious exchange of ideas. Not for Eno. But then, if nothing else, his entire career has been a prime example of an artist's ability to transcend mediums. **MUSICIAN:** First things first, how was your month in Ghana?

The following interview took place on the telephone, of all

happen

comes of that.

improvisation.



ecorder and my headphones and just listened to whatever

was going on. Since there wasn't much traffic, I could hear

sounds it would ordinarily mask; insect sounds, people in the distance, night birds, various kinds of frogs, and all sorts of

distant drumming from all different angles — from very, very

ar away the drums would drift in and drift out as the wind

changed. I spent a great deal of time just listening to the

environment, that was the thrill of going to Africa for me, those apes are a more accurate record than any kind of photograph MUSICIAN: Might you use those tapes as part of the project you began recording with Ghanian musicians? ENO: Perhaps, but I can't work on top of them because those apes are thick with subtlety and sometimes very faint. I might, nowever, use them in conjunction with a video project like the one I constructed in San Francisco awhile back; I shot large buildings, office buildings with no people in the frame and dubbed onto the tape a "Sounds of a Cameroon Village" Folkways record. The contrast was really fascinating: totalitaran buildings, no humans, and a soundtrack of people talking and working and goats and chickens clucking! MUSICIAN: Speaking of dubbing "found" aural materials, which of course is an integral part of Bush Of Ghosts, I'm curious as to what precedents influenced your use of that technique. ENO: Oh yeah, that's important, because we wouldn't want anyone to think this was our original idea. Holger Czukay's Movies used the same technique a few years ago, and both he and I got the idea from Stockhausen, who was using the technique fifteen years ago. I would also point to "I Am The Walrus," which nicely uses found vocals, and the most crucial

ones for me were by Steve Reich. He did some records in the mid-'60s, first Come Out and then It's Gonna Rain, which were wholly composed of found voices. No instruments, just voices. This was extremely important for me. I don't claim originality, but I do hope other people use found materials in the future instead of writing cruddy songs like they do now. MUSICIAN: You once said that your "dream group" would sound something like a coalition of Parliament and Kraftwerk. It seems that the two new records shoot for that ideal. ENO: Actually, my ideal group is getting bigger all the time. If I were to respond to that question now, I would add into the equation Ladysmith Black Mambazo [a South African acafreedom, of course, is avant-garde jazz, which I find by and large a dead loss. It operates on the assumption that if you remove all constraints from people, they will behave in some especially inspired manner. This doesn't seem to me to be true in any sense at all — not socially, and certainly not artistically The point is that the typical jazz or even rock concept o improvisation is based on the theory of the individual breaking

loose of something. The African version is based on the idea o

the individual making an important, timely contribution to a

MUSICIAN: There's very little music on any of your previous

records that could prepare us for Bush Of Ghosts and Remain

ENO: I first became aware of it about 1972, through a record

by Fela Ransome [presently known as Fela Anikulap-Kuti], bu it didn't occur to me that there was any way of joining my interest with African music. Partly, that's because at the time - this was just after I'd left Roxy Music - I was going through a phase where I was mostly interested in working by myself

In time, I found myself drawing closer to that vision o communal creativity. In fact, I've become pretty bored with

working on my own. The types of interactions I'm after occu

when there are certain misinterpretations of an idea among a number of people. For example, you have six or seven musi-

cians working on a single piece, yet each one approaches i from a slightly different angle. As a result, you get a useful

collision of views: one person decides to push a beat in a

different way from somebody else, and an interesting tensior

MUSICIAN: What you're describing sounds a lot like jazz

ENO: No, not really. It isn't related to the idea of the improvise being given his freedom while the rest of the band holds the

threads of the piece together. The pinnacle of that view o

In Light. When did your interest in African music begin?

and African music is nothing if not social music

social event. Talking Heads is an ideal example of that kind o communion; their whole style involves sociorhythmic interconnectedness MUSICIAN: Which makes Bush Of Ghosts radically different than Remain In Light; it seems more like an act of collage than a work of communion. ENO: Well, there was a lot of influence from one to the other. started some basic tracks for Bush Of Ghosts nearly two years

ago, and then in January of 1980 I invited David into the project as a full collaborator. We finished one version of the record then went into the studio with the Talking Heads with the feeling that we wanted to expand some of the same ideas we'c been working on. For instance, "Once In A Lifetime" has David's preacher rap on it, which is very similar to some of the evangelist rants on Bush Of Ghosts. More explicitly, what we were interested in promoting was this idea of interchange between what we knew of American music and what we understood about African music, which we don't claim to be a comprehensive or even accurate understanding.

As it turned out, Remain In Light succeeded in a number of

places where Bush Of Ghosts had failed. So I suggested to

David that we shouldn't release our project until we had

rethought it a bit. Initially, he wasn't very keen on that idea, but

then the Kathryn Kuhlman episode came up, and we were

forced into a position where we might have to scrap the album Actually, I was pretty pleased by that, because it meant we had to work at least on that one track, and if it meant that, then there would be no harm in doing a few other things as well. Since then, we've changed quite a lot of it, and it has become a much

better articulation of our original design. MUSICIAN: How extensive was your role in the Talking

Heads record? ENO: I explained to everybody before we began the record that I wasn't going to produce this one in the normal sense. In fact, originally I didn't want to produce it at all. I told the group that the only way I cared to work these days was collabora-

tively, and that on top of that, I had a very stong idea about the

**World Radio History** 

pella group]. Abou Abdel Said [an Arabic farfisa player] and a

much larger rhythm section. Lately, I've been trying to write

songs that have strong rhythmic undercurrents, but also very complex vocal overlayers — sort of a merger of the West

African talking-drums style and the South African part-singing

tradition. On certain tracks of Remain In Light — such as "The

Great Curve," which has about four or five interlocking vocal



"There was this whole accent in rock & roll on heroic instrumentalists who could play quickly, skillfully, and technically. That isn't what music is really about."

direction I wanted their music to go.

I don't mean to give the impression that the Talking Heads were sitting around without ideas of their own, nor that I was exactly imposing mine on top of theirs. This was a direction they were headed in anyway, though perhaps they hadn't articulated it to any great extent. We all share the belief that music should have something to do with exploring ideas.

Anyway, I did take a very dominant hand on this record, though there are places where I did almost nothing. My policy as a producer and collaborator has always been that you should do what's necessary for the musical event at hand, and if the necessary thing is to leave it alone, then you do that. That's what I expect of musicians as well.

**MUSICIAN:** Yet another view of your role in the Talking Heads — and even some of the group members themselves have expressed this — is that you and Byrne have more or less taken over the band for your own ends.

**ENO:** That's a statement I would like to guard against. Let me tell you something that might help in that regard. After we had finished *Remain In Light*, I called a meeting of the Talking Heads to decide how we were going to divide the royalties. Traditionally, a song consists of lyrics, melody and arrangement, witn royalties being divided a third each. But that didn't reflect the reality of this record, so a continuation of my producer's role was to formulate a list of what I considered the factors in making it.

One factor, obviously, was melody, and another lyrics. A third element was the project's conceptual direction — which is to say that the choices people made musically weren't based on preference or whim, but upon fulfilling that African objective I mentioned earlier. A fourth one was who originated

specific musical ideas. When we were standing out there in the studio playing, someone would come up with an idea which might be incredibly simple, yet for some reason would trigger everyone else off. In some cases, that idea never appeared in the final piece, but since it was the anchor upon which the music was moored, you have to give credit for it. The final factor is who constructed the situation in which this could happen. Clearly, in the case of the Talking Heads this was a group thing. The fact that all the band members — and not just me and David — were emotionally and conceptually and aesthetically ready for that music at that time, and were not only prepared to let it happen but to actively engage in it, is probably the single most important factor.

There seems to be a simplistic view at work about the Talking Heads, which is that David Byrne and Brian Eno are the directors of the group's ideas, and that they even produced a record beforehand that had several of Remain In Light's ideas on it. To offset that, I'm saying these other creative considerations are equally important. The fact that Remain In Light came out sounding the way it did — rather than the way Bush Of Ghosts sounds — is because it was the Talking Heads who made that record.

MUSICIAN: The kinetic rhythmic density of *Bush Of Ghosts* is quite a departure from the placid, impressionistic style of music that characterizes so much of your recent work, like *Music For Airports* and *The Plateaux Of Mirror* [the latter with pianist Harold Budd]. Yet that music was also originally an act of deviation, an about-face from the avant-pop inroads you had made with Roxy Music and your early solo albums. You seem to have fluctuated between extremist, seemingly incongruous musical modes.

either hasn't been explored or wasn't being explored at the time of a particular project of mine. You see, there's been this whole aesthetic on the rise in rock & roll — which in fact mirrors the avant-garde movement of the '60s — that places greatest import on the artist shocking his audience into some new kind of recognition. The whole idea is based on a methodology of horror — like the work of Hermann Nietsch, that artist who slaughters animals — and it just doesn't work. Anybody who attends an extremist performance by an avant-garde artist has already tacitly accepted the artist's premise. Likewise, we all know what we can expect from bands whose

shock methodology — and this too no longer seems original or engaging. In fact, in this context the only really shocking things are delicacy and beauty.

What I'm saying is, the realities of life aren't only harsh. Some realities are beautiful, and choosing to concentrate on them shouldn't be regarded as a mortal sin. One of art's functions is to present you with the possibility of a more desirable reality. Now some people may regard that as an escapist stance, and, indeed, maybe it is. I can't deal with the world in a lot of respects, so I want to study other possible worlds. I need to find what it is I want in a world and see if I can move this one towards that. One way I do that is creating, through music, a simulacrum of the world I want.

**MUSICIAN:** Yet you produced the *No New York* collection, which featured music by some of the most artfully nihilistic and abrasive New Wave bands to date. In fact, you're widely regarded as one of the principal movers and shakers behind the whole punk and post-punk movement.

**ENO:** I don't claim any special role in generating New Wave. It just happened to be a movement of people giving special emphasis to musical values I once had an interest in — although people well before me, like the Velvet Underground, had already focused on the same ideas. When the punk revolution happened — and these ideas received new attention and were combined in new ways — it still wasn't too much a revelation for me.

However, one influence I think I had in New Wave — and I'm quite pleased about it — is that I was one of the people who popularized the notion that music isn't only the province of musicians. When I first started making records, there was this whole accent in rock & roll on heroic instrumentalists who could play quickly, skillfully and technically. I thought then, and still think, that isn't what music is really about. I was a non-musician at the time — I couldn't play anything — and I wanted to make the point that, just as one doesn't have to be an

an adept instrumentalist to make effective music. In fact, it's what I would describe as a painterly style of music, because the musician uses the instruments as a paint brush and the studio as a canvas.

**MUSICIAN:** And how does this idea or ideal translate into the actual making of music?

**ENO:** I always work directly onto tape. Usually I'll be doing something like plugging a rhythm box into an echo channel, and as I'm turning knobs and fiddling with possibilities I'll hit a point where something fairly unique starts to happen, like a complex rhythmic construction. From there, I start to pile things up on tape, and try to figure where the net result is leading to. This is a fairly empirical way of working, in which *form* is the guiding concept.

Another method — and this is the one that characterizes nearly all of my Ambient projects — is first to conceive a structural proposition. In *Discreet Music*, for example, there are two concurrent melodic cycles at work, but each lasts for a different length of time. Of course, since they're different lengths, the cycles always overlay in different ways. So what was important was to construct two different melodies that were not only compatible, but compatible at every possible collision point. In this method, *system* is the guiding principle, and in fact, dictates form.

**MUSICIAN:** What kind of territories do you see exploring in the immediate future?

**ENO:** Well I'm pretty sick of rock music, pretty sick of anything that's in that sphere. The thing is, I love playing it — I find it thrilling to make, but I know once I make it I'm never going to listen to it again.

What I'm working on now, since Ghana, is landscape music, imaginary landscapes. I want to construct, in music, a geology and then a geography and then a landscape that sits on top of it. And then I want to populate these places with creatures, some of which might be, eventually, human.

# NEW FROM EDITIONS EG.

### A) KILLING JOKE

thick pulsating dance rhythms from the UK, includes their hit "Change"

B) THE LOUNGE LIZARDS cool sounds from the hot New York combo

### C) ROBERT FRIPP

LET THE POWER FALL Frippertronics—the culmination of the "Drive to 1981"

### D) BRIAN ENO

DISCREET MUSIC the classic album, now available in a new package







# Take the FURCEful step up!



You no longer have to settle for a "blow-out" prone, unknown, off-brand or imported replacement loudspeaker for your instrument cabinet.

Force is here. Force is diecast frames. Force is 150 watts of real-world power handling capability. Force is a five-year warranty. Force is everything you'd expect a premium loudspeaker to be —for only slightly more than you'd expect to pay for a "Garden-Variety" replacement speaker! Force, the speaker of tomorrow is available to-day in 10," 12" and 15" sizes at your music or sound dealer.



600 Cecil Street, Buchanan, Michigan 49107 In Canada

Electro-Voice, Div. of Gulton Industries (Canada) Ltd. 345 Herbert St., Gananoque, Ontano K7G 2V1.



By Rafi Zabor

Some people think that when John Coltrane's sweet dream of God inally broke him out of his body and he died, jazz lost some irreplaceable portion of its innocence. A friend of mine got all worked up to the une one 2 A.M. last week: "Maybe folks figured out that intensity can kill you and decided not to chance it. You heard anybody compress that much into a single voice since Trane? Everybody since has been working in the sure knowledge of their own incompleteness. It seems some retreated into formalism and others anarchy, and the young cats still in the mainstream knew that the props had been knocked out from under them."

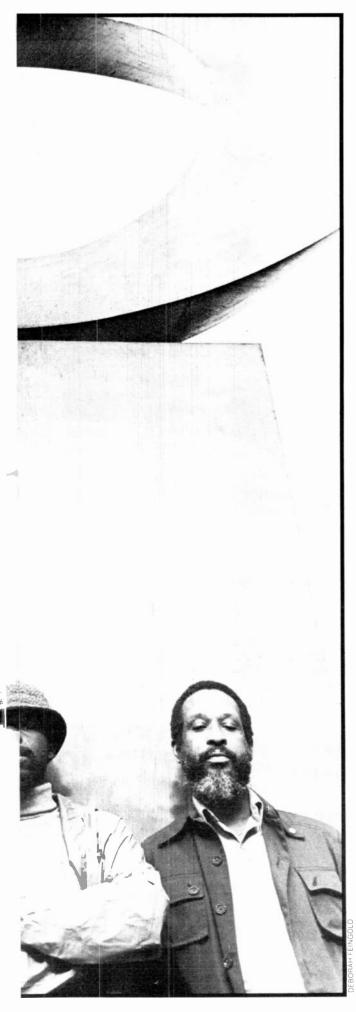
"You think it's over?" I asked him, having heard too much good music ately to agree, also not believing things worked the way he said they did.

"I think someone's gonna come along sooner or later and scare the shit out of all of us, shake life against death so we can hear the bones rattle...I went to hear Ricky Ford, and he did everything you could possibly do on tenor for about a zillion choruses: ideas, swing, screams, he had it all, and you know what? I was bored. You've gotta do somehing more these days than just play solos, you've gotta have something conceptual..."

"What makes you think it was his problem and not yours?"

"Because when I saw him with Mingus, he was just incredible. Vingus had the balance, form and energy both. Lots of mere formalism but there now, blip music, it's not optimistic stuff, it comes out of retreat I hink, maybe diminished possibilities."





An inquiry into the properties of Air, unfixed,

unpredictable, dense, ethereal, and storm

forceful. Henry Threadgill on reeds, flute

and hubkaphone shatters geometry and

supports contradictions; Fred Hopkins drills

into bedrock and tears open safes with his

fingers on the bass; Steve McCall raises the

continent and decimates abstraction on drums.

"It's not an encouraging time," I said.

"I can sit through the decline of Western Civ without attending to every minute particular of its failure to connect, you know? Much less buy a ticket. Roscoe Mitchell's a genius but no one's been able to follow him and keep it creative..."

"George Lewis," I suggested. "Braxton, Leroy Jenkins, Leo Smith And if you want to find people working both sides of the action there's Muhal, Julius Hemphill, Arthur Blythe."

"But you can't talk about great soloists, not in the Coltrane sense," my friend maintained. "It is possible, barely, to talk about great bands. The Art Ensemble on the one hand. Weather Report on the other, musicians who would be incomplete without each other but who together really gel, really add up."

"What do you think of Air?" I asked him.

"Loved Air Lore. Haven't seen them live in ages. Have you?"

As a matter of fact I had. I'd seen them last winter in Cambridge at Jonathan Swift's and two years before that at Axis in Soho in New York Axis in Soho was an art gallery that came into play toward the end of the loft jazz scene, just before the clubs started hiring musicians out of the A.A.C.M. I knew Air only by reputation. They were being talked up as the number two band out of Chicago, after the Art Ensemble. Drummer Steve McCall, bassist Fred Hopkins, reedman Henry Threadgill, a trio

McCall turned out to be an expansive and incomparable free jazz drummer with a detailed and variegated style free from the technical obsessions that devour so many good drummers and leave them.

proverbial best-man-to-have-come-along-on-his-instrument-in-years, the most propulsive free-time bassist I'd heard, and a soloist capable of dense, dark explorations into the nature of the bass that could be by turns probingly lyrical and starkly amelodic. I was particularly impressed by his ability, shared by McCall, to pursue a strong and independent course without shattering the group context. Hopkins' and McCall's penchant for playing lead was encouraged by the reticence of Henry Threadgill on flutes, alto and tenor saxes, and hubcaps.

Threadgill's playing was composed largely of fits and starts. His energies seemed almost forcibly divided between an evident intensity of feeling and an overwhelming obsession with form, so much so that his solos were like snippets cut from a larger and unfortunately inaudible work. A typical Threadgill performance on alto would begin with angular lines and fragments set sharply one against the other and at odds to the rhythm - the density of sculpture rather than the energy of dance. Finally, as the rumblings of Hopkins and the explosions of McCall gathered momentum, the saxophonist would descend from formal matrix to direct expression, though most often only briefly, before restating the theme and taking the piece out. Now here was an interesting musician. You could see what he was after and that he didn't always get it, but the flavor of his sour toned alto was so distinctive you'd want to hear more. His tenor work was more accessible because of his warmer tone on the larger horn and because he tended to use it, powerfully, on ballads. His careful, distanced flute work was influenced by the Japanese shakuhachi, and he played the hubkaphone - two rows of hubcaps strung between stands, and a couple of small gongs — with an entirely charming refinement of touch and technique.

Air simply added up to a different total than any band I'd heard. They built their music from the ground up, though nettled by form weren't academic, and had cast some unusually strong elements into the alembic. I was fascinated, even thrilled, but my hunger was fundamentally unappeased. There was something in this band that was only beginning to come through.

After that Soho gig. Air's generally excellent series of American albums began to come out, first to critical and then to more generally popular acclaim. Henry Threadgill's critics (he had no public ones but people were grumbling to the tune of why doesn't he play more) were silenced by his amazing charts for his own X-75, an album for four reeds, four basses and solo voice, and by the ultimate achievement of Air Lore, a contemporary treatment of Scott Joplin and Jelly Roll Morton that was one of the most graceful tightrope acts of modern times, the best jazz album of 1979, and a probable classic. Not incidentally, Hopkins and McCall began an independent career, first with pianist Hilton Ruiz - later with Stanley Cowell and John Hicks — as a house rhythm section at the Tin Palace. Called the Great Jazz Rhythm section, they also played with Arthur Blythe, as In the Tradition. All of which made me eager to find out what they'd been up to since I'd last seen them. When they turned up in Boston I made a beeline to

One thing they'd acquired was an audience. The crowded Cambridge club was a far cry from the empty art gallery in Soho. The evening began politely enough, as Threadgill picked up his flute and the band played Hopkins' vamp-based 'G.v.E." Threadgill kept his flute tone nicely modulated as McCall got comic with his mallets: unexpected punctuations, sudden hushes, surprise cymbal delights. The audience's response was similarly genial and Threadgill moved to alto. He began Threadgillianly enough — the piece was best not lisened to as an alto lead — making his way through a typical web of notes and motifs toward a logical and fitting climax. This analysis sufficed for about the first three minutes, at which point I scrawled across the top of my notes: "Goddamn McCall!" The drummer had begun to warm up, you see, and was putting out waves of energy such as could raise the North American continent six feet out of the water. I play some

know what's involved, but McCall was unbelievable: no band's ever gonna be too abstract with *him* in it. He played with more rhythmic impetus than I've ever heard in free time; it was an unstoppable expansion, yet it didn't obscure what the rest of the band was doing.

Hopkins was drilling stone as usual; it was a powerful excavation, cables vibrating in the dark. He too has found fundamentally new things to do on his instrument and his style may be the first wholly successful dissonant one for the bass. The intervals he's found, and the range in which he plays them, are so completely in keeping with the nature of the bass that he never pressures the instrument into modernity, only uncovers something that's long been there to be done. His independence of line is extraordinary, his sound completely personal. His work reminds me of the phrase LeRoi Jones once pinned to Jimmy Garrison: "Sounds as if he could tear open safes with his fingers."

And what was Henry Threadgill going to do in the face of this onslaught? Irresistable force meets immovable object? Punctuation and geometry exercises were just not going to cut it. He was either going to rise to the challenge or go down flailing. He rose to it. I remember geometry shattering and punctuation going out the window as all the energy he had held in suspension began rushing out of him in an unbroken flow of long runs and broad smears of alto. The piece ended. There was awe in the nightclub. Threadgill picked up his tenor. Could this go on? The piece began with some broken-field running and then it happened again: the rhythm section built up a greater head of steam than they had on the first piece, first in free rhythm, Threadgill doing some tremendous, visceral playing, and then moving through a fog of rhythms to a fast four. Several times I asked myself if I really believed what I was thinking, that I had not heard a rhythm section swing this powerfully since Elvin Jones and Jimmy Garrison behind Coltrane. Yes, and again Threadgill rose to the occasion. After some initial hunt-andpeck, he kicked into something like Sonny Rollins' blues "At McKie's," and sustained a long solo of the kind I had hoped to hear from him but never thought I would. Sitting there in the audience, I came to feel that the whole promise of the lofts of two decades was paying off here and now: Air was making a music wholly modern in its terms without sacrificing any of the past's richness, a music as bitter as the times we live in but still full of the power of the unimpaired heart.

### "It's a vital time for all the people to say what they like, because the record people clearly don't know what to sell. Disco didn't work."

The second set was no let-down. It began with a lovely flute piece which moved into a sort-of bossa, McCall doing wonderful things by distributing what would normally be played on the cymbals over the entire set. (He can generate the rhythmic largesse of Elvin Jones with relatively simpler technical means.) They continued with pieces that were both labyrinth and escape, with Threadgill sounding like a man able to support extreme contradictions within himself — and hold them there — without being jogged into superficial resolutions. A pedal-tone tenor dirge followed, bringing Threadgill and the audience down from the heights until Air faded-up into a let's-all-tip-our-hats-to-Mister-Rollins calypso that set the tables dancing and threw a party for the end of the night. I remember going down to New York a few days later, telling everybody what I'd heard, not being believed by anyone.

### Air Talk

Once in the city, I did a round of interviews with the band. McCall in his loft, and Hopkins and Threadgill at the Tin Palace, where the saxophonist was debuting his splendid sextet. I first asked McCall if Air had become a harderswinging trio since he and Hopkins had played with Blythe. **McCALL:** That depends on the way we feel. There are any

**World Radio History** 



"We never spend too much time in the studio, where it gets too stale or too perfect and you lose the enthusiasm. When that begins to happen, we drop the piece and come back to it later."

number of ways to play a lot of those pieces you heard in Boston. It was just the way we felt that night. We might swing more one night, play more abstractly the next.

**MUSICIAN:** Even though the second also piece that night didn't go into tempo, it seemed to be a lot harder than similar pieces in the past.

**McCALL:** Interesting you should say that. That piece, "Difta Dance," we usually play in strict tempo, and there was a fast 3/4 piece we played that night called "Dance Of The Beast," and we played that one more abstractly, we didn't feel the time. **MUSICIAN:** You have an odd, yet somehow tremendously effective, drum sound in the context of a small combo.

McCALL: I've been experimenting with tunings for a long time. The greatest influence on the way I play was piano players, strange as that might seem. I've always thought of the drums as a melodic instrument. There were times I'd go for specific tunings, but I got it down so that I can use my ear, and I finally found some cymbals. Paiste's, that are sensitive enough and have the range, that are high and clear enough so that I can pretty much cover what the guys are gonna play. It's just like piaying the piano. I like to play hard but you don't want to cover up the other players.

**MUSICIAN:** What you do for Air reminds me a lot of the way Blakey used to play for Monk.

McCALL: Yeah, he was one of my big influences I like Art's fire and swing, so when I get into a swing thing you can usually hear a lot of Blakey, a lot of his influence. He's amazing. Hoved the things he did with Monk.

When we finished talking we snapped on the TV and watched David Rockefeller explaining that, heh heh, no no, he didn't really rule the world, and then I drove down to the Tin Palace, where Threadgill's sextet blew me away. Afterwards, Hopkins and Threadgill and I found a quiet table and began to talk

MUSICIAN: I really like this sextet (with Hopkins on bass; Muneer Abdul Fattah, cello; Pheeroan Ak Laff, drums; Olu Dara, trumpet; Craig Harris, trombone). The voicings you get

are pretty incredible.

**THREADGILL:** I love this band, 'cause I get to work with a much broader palette. Hey, Rachelle! Get us some rotgut. Rot gut. You know, some drinks that'll make us talk. Truth serum Rot gut. Martell.

**MUSICIAN:** I asked Steve this question already but I'll ask you too. Do you think Air's become a harder-swinging band? I've never heard you play the way you did in Cambridge.

**HOPKINS:** Every time we approach a composition it's likely to be new, 'cause we're striving to get something new out of it. Unfortunately when someone gets to hear a band one time they decide that's what the band does. There's so many different sounds in this trio.

**THREADGILL:** We've been playing our own music for so long and by now we have so many ways of approaching it. Sometimes listeners don't even recognize pieces we've recorded because we play them so differently.

HOPKINS: I don't think bands are swinging more, I just think the listeners are beginning to catch up... Someone's only heard us a couple of times, it's impossible for them to know what we can do. We've been working together for eight years, we have all these compositions and every time it's different, it's always becoming something else. We've played a lot of rags around this town and no one noticed it until we recorded Air Lore

**THREADGILL:** We've been playing that music for years, that's why we came together in the first place. We've been playing that music longer than any we've got. Different music requires that we grow. We have some music that just lays on the band as soon as we get it, some music we've got to get it and work it out, acoustically and otherwise. It makes us grow, think more.

**MUSICIAN:** Then how would you say the band has developed really?

**THREADGILL:** I think we've got a more unison feeling — **HOPKINS:** Yeah.

**THREADGILL:** — a unison feeling, the group's like an octopus...

**HOPKINS:** At any time it might be a hot night for me, the music will accommodate the fact that I'm playing a lot. Or it might be a hot night for Steve, the same composition will accommodate hum playing a lot. The development is loose.

MUSICIAN: The band records well.

**THREADGILL:** We get our things really together before we go into the studio.

**HOPKINS:** All the albums we have, everything was done in one take.

HOPKINS: We don't edit. It's direct-to-the-disc MUSICIAN: Howard Hawks, the film director, once said that the camera liked certain actors, Bogart, for instance, I think the studio likes you, that the nature of what you do lends itself to recording THREADGILL: We've been very happy with the technical

side, and we never spend too much time in the studio, where it gets too stale or too perfect and you lose the enthusiasm. Generally when that begins to happen we drop the piece and come back to it later. MUSICIAN: I liked X-75, Volume I. Is there going to be a

THREADGILL: I hope there's gonna be a Volume 2. I just ound the perfect place to record it, the Birdhouse in Washing-

on, D.C. I'm gonna get it out if I have to do it myself. HOPKINS: I like Montreux Suisse Air. It came out so well, but

t didn't get all the hoopla of Air Lore. People have to think back on it THREADGILL: We're gonna take our music straight to the people in the 1980s. **HOPKINS:** It came from the people. Before all this recording

and stuff, the music was part of the communities, and the communities decided who were the best bands. In the last ten or fifteen years things have changed, with the promoters and ecord companies and so on. So it's a vital time for all the beople to say what they like, because the record people clearly don't know what to sell. Disco didn't work. What I hear rom the audience in this club, that affects what I want to play.

**HOPKINS:** Oh yeah. America's finally beginning to recognize ts own artists, maybe out of embarrassment, 'cause the Eurobeans, historians, musicologists, they know everything. And you come to your own country, they don't know shit. That hasn't been dealt with. Shame on you. What's that record? Shame...on...you! MUSICIAN: Henry, I heard you were playing with James Chance, James White & the Blacks. Punk jazz and like that. How was it?

MUSICIAN: This music has a good audience now, good

**FHREADGILL:** Just a gig. Performing my function as a musician. I also play for weddings, funerals (people in my family die - I go play at their funerals), marching bands, parades, it's just nusic to me, you know? I don't get into any lifestyle or cultural aspects of what anybody is doing. The press wants to make

something out if it, there's nothing to make out of it. They may know 'bout the punk jazz gig, but there's a lot of other things hey don't know about either; a whole lot of other people I work gigs with don't get the press, don't get the ear of the press. HOPKINS: It's very unfortunate that what finally gets heard nationally or internationally depends on what the market is about at that time and governed and controlled by so many other factors. We've got music in our book that we've never ecorded and is therefore not recognized as something that happened. But it did. Just like this thing with Arthur Blythe and Steve and John Hicks (In the Tradition). For what was happenng. In the Tradition made a lot of sense. But we didn't get ogether because people wanted to hear tunes again. Arthur called me and said you want to work with me? I said yeah I'll be

here and all of a sudden everybody said Hey, that's a hot

pand! So some folks said, here it is, But...just think about all

he other bands ain't nobody heard yet! Like Olu Dara's band. I

naven't heard any hoopla about that band, and they're hot,

THREADGILL: That's a bad band

**HOPKINS:** Hot

THREADGILL: Bad. HOPKINS: Hot, man, make you get up out your seat, dance-That's why I say people got to take it in their hands what kind of things they want to hear. The record companies — not to criticize them — but sometimes they don't know THREADGILL: It's time to forget about them because they're ust interested in specific areas of the music, they're never interested in the entire spectrum. The music is too broad, you

ignored. That's how history gets written. HOPKINS: Of course, a big problem. I mean, how in hell do they know? If they're not out there every night, checking out all the bands, how do they know what's valid? And I'm not knocking my personal success, I mean people are talking about me and all this stuff — good. But there are so many musicians out there playing good music who for one reason or another aren't written about. People don't know they're even here. And it's a real drag, 'cause I work with them all the time THREADGILL: It's gonna even itself out HOPKINS: This decade...this is the decade of clearing up

public and the general businessman are so influenced by what

the record companies dictate, in terms of what they select from your music to record. That's one of the big let-downs

MUSICIAN: The press does the same, of course, Whatever

the people who are writing are able to deal with becomes the

official version of what's happening, and the rest is forgotten or

THREADGILL: We have to go back and play. Play they did. Threadgill's sextet, with its strong compositions and soloists, was one of the unexpected delights of 1980.

Threadgill's bittersweet flavor marked all their music, which ran from New Orleans to Ellington to the hardest of bop. When

the house!" he called out. "Drinks for everyone! Set 'em up!

But all that was a year ago. Since then I've managed to hear

continued on pg. 68

the set was over, three Senegalese musicians in the audience got up to play drums for awhile, and when that was over Threadgill walked laughing through the blue smoke and scattered applause, banging on the surface of the bar, "Drinks on

Air Dispersed

**INSTRUMENTAL AIR** "Hey, Henry. Good to see you. Listen, I have to talk with you about reeds and saxophones for about five minutes.

okay?" "Uh uh," said Henry. "I ain't gonna say a word about that stuff. I'm trying to get some new instruments right now, I'm dealing with about four or five different companies and I can't say a word." Oh, I see. At least I can ask Fred Hopkins about his bass

and his amplification. He projects one of the best acoustic sounds on his instrument and ought to have a few words to say. Fred? "Uh uh, nope. I don't want to give any credit to

he wanted to tell me about amplification. He had used a

Univox for years but had recently switched to a Bose

those people." What? Well, here's good of Steve. At least we talked about cymbals in connection with his style. That's a Rogers drum set over there, 22 inch bass, 13"x9" and 16"x16"

tom-toms, left-handed setup because he's a lefty, but that doesn't look like a Dyna-sonic snare, I'll just ask him in the middle of this friendly conversation what it is. "It's a Ludwig Black Beauty," he said, looking suddenly bored. "Excuse me, I've got to go.' At least Hopkins wasn't serious. There was a good deal

speaker and an Acoustic 1500 amp. The pickup was by Polytone. He was looking forward to changing to a Walter Woods amplifier, which seemed like the best thing out there. It produced, he said, "the clear true sound of your instrument," his biggest concern. Sometimes it was hard to tell; what sounded good onstage might sound bad off, and vice versa. With Charlie Haden, Hopkins projects the most individual amplified acoustic bass tone in the business. Was his instrument (like Haden's) an old one? "No, it's that

look inside at the label to check the spelling... Between tunes on the last set, the band nearly home. Steve McCall remembered me, pointed at his ride cymbal with the end of a stick: "Hey Rafi! This one's Turkish..."

rare thing, a manufactured instrument that happens to

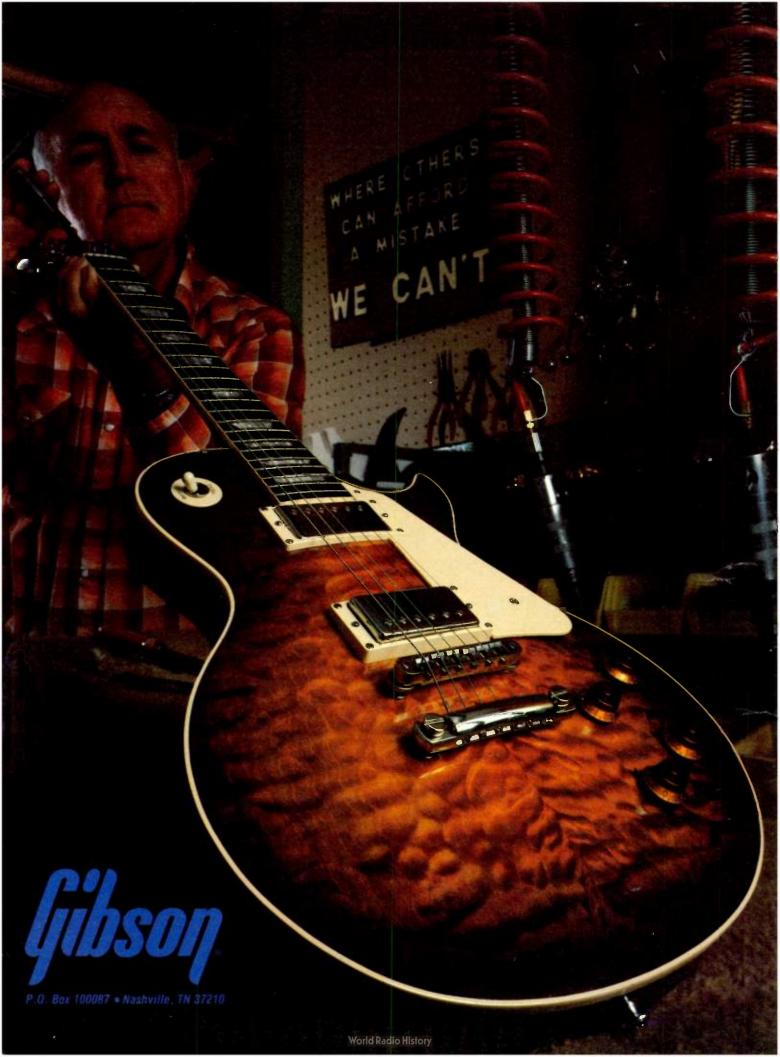
sound good. It's not old at all. It was made here in America,

a Stradi-arius. No 'v.' It's a play on Stradivarius, I'd have to

### ELECTRO **H** HARMONIX **SALE**

The entire range of **ELECTRO-HARMONIX** devices is on sale now at **WHOLESALE PRICES** at leading music stores throughout the world. Now you can get the best sounds at the best prices. Shop around! If none of the stores in your area have these units on sale then you can buy them direct using the coupon below with a 10 day money back guarantee if the units don't blow you away.

| MODEL        | PRODUCT NAME                                                                       | LIST                    | SALE            | MODEL            | PRODUCT NAME                                                                                                          | LIST               | SALE     |
|--------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------|------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|----------|
| 0225         | SLAVE 200 Rackmount 200 Watt                                                       | \$399 00                | \$168.00        | 7451             | DRM-15 E-H Digital Rhythm units with                                                                                  | \$229 00<br>299 00 | \$139.00 |
| 0300         | RMS Power Slave Amp VOCODER 14 Matched Band Rack- mount Unit                       | 799 00                  | 299.00          | 7460             | DRM-32 15 and 32 beats respectively<br>Programmed by the slickest most soulful<br>Motown and NYC R&B studio musicians |                    | 174.00   |
| 0400         | MINISYNTHESIZER 2 lbs., 5 octave range, full performance capabilities              | 249 00                  | 169.00          | 7 <b>66</b> 0    | in hundreds of session hours  MINI MIXER Four mixable inputs                                                          | 99 00              | 74.00    |
| 2001         | LPB-1 Power Booster Can boost your amp power up to 10 times Make                   | 25 00                   | 18.50           | 7700             | POLYCHORUS With flanging chorus, slapback echo modes and companding                                                   | 215 95             | 139.00   |
|              | your small amp sound like a Marshall Stack                                         |                         |                 | 7811             | MEMORY MAN Stereo Echo Chorus                                                                                         | 26 <b>9</b> 00     | 159.00   |
| 1001         | LPB-2 Power Booster Same as LPB-1 but in a foot operated unit                      | 33 50                   | 24.50           | 7850             | <b>DELUXE MEMORY MAN</b> Echo with Chorus, Vibrato and Companding                                                     | 3 <b>49</b> 00     | 219.00   |
| 1005         | SCREAMING TREE Treble Booster Adds razor sharp bite that cuts                      | 33 50                   | 24.50           | 7860             | ECHO 600 600 millisecond delay                                                                                        | <b>39</b> 9 00     | 339.0    |
| 1010         | SWITCHBLADE Channel Selector Instant switching between accessories or amp channels | 21 50                   | 16.50           | 7900             | MICROSYNTHESIZER A sensational multiprocessor for guitar Outsells all brands of guitar synthesizers in the            | 299 00             | 189.00   |
| 1300         | RTG Random Tone Generator<br>Mellow random scientific music Par-                   | 89 00                   | 36.00           | 7950             | world combined  BASS MICROSYNTHESIZER De-                                                                             | 299 00             | 189.00   |
|              | ticularly effective with Memory Man echoes                                         |                         |                 | 8000             | signed specifically for bass guitar <b>GUITAR SYNTHESIZER</b> Used by                                                 | 1 495 00           | 595.00   |
| 2008         | MUFF FUZZ Distortion Fuzz with edge                                                | 34 00                   | 23.50           | 9203             | Steve Howe of YES  DOMINO THEORY Sound sensitive                                                                      |                    |          |
| 2010         | 5X Junction Mixer Input Output                                                     | 14 00                   | 9.50            |                  | light tube                                                                                                            | 49 95              | 29.50    |
| 3001         | CLONE THEORY Chorus effect with                                                    | 126 00                  | 79.50           | 9390             | 3 PHASE LINER Electronic Necklace                                                                                     | 39 95              | 19.00    |
|              | Vibraflange Sensational on bass guitar<br>A fluid orchestral effect                |                         |                 | 9550             | CORONA CONCERT Gas Flask ELECTRONIC DRUMS                                                                             | 195 00             | 79.00    |
| 3003         | BIG MUFF PI Distortion Sweet vio-<br>lin-like sustaining sound used by Jimi        | 58 00                   | 39.00           |                  | SPACE DRUM Popular disco effect now also used in Reggae                                                               | 99 00              | 59.00    |
| 3004         | ATTACK EQUALIZER Makes your                                                        | 8 <b>9 95</b>           | 29.50           | 5310             | PANIC BUTTON Assortment of police siren sounds                                                                        | 89 00              | 35.00    |
|              | Gibson-type guitar sound like a Fender Strat                                       |                         |                 | 5320             | SONIC BOOMER Tuneable drum over 10 octave range                                                                       | 8 <b>9</b> 00      | 35.00    |
| 3053         | <b>DELUXE BIG MUFF</b> Big Muff & Soul Preacher in one box                         | 130 00                  | 89.00           | 5330             | ROLLING THUNDER Low frequency noise bursts                                                                            | 89 00              | 35.00    |
| 3060         | GRAPHIC FUZZ Noiseless dynamically sensitive distortion combined with graphic EQ   | 139 00                  | 100.00          | 5350             | SUPER SPACE DRUM Space drum with modulation capabilities used by the CLASH                                            | 129 00             | 87.00    |
| 30 <b>75</b> | HOT TUBES Vacuum tube overdrive simulator                                          | 94 00                   | 58.00           | 5360             | CRASH PAD Variety of pink noise                                                                                       | 129 00             | 87.00    |
| 3800         | VOLUME PEDAL Great for tape re-                                                    | 85 00                   | 59.50           | 5370             | sweeps CLAP TRACK Hand clapping drum                                                                                  | 149 00             | 92.00    |
| 4100         | DOCTOR Q Envelope Follower—For                                                     | 55 00                   | 33.75           | 5380             | with tape reverse options SEQUENCER DRUM 8 variable                                                                   | 199 00             | 119.00   |
| 4250         | BASSBALLS Twin Dynamic Enve-                                                       | 91 95                   | 39.95           |                  | tones in a unique percussion controlled memory unit                                                                   |                    |          |
| 4300         | lope Follower For Bass Guitar SILENCER Noise Gate Line Noise                       | 79 00                   | 39.50           | 5385             | CLOCKWORKS Controller & Percussion Brain                                                                              | 229 00             | 119.00   |
| 4500         | SOUL PREACHER Sustainer Com-                                                       | 89 00                   | 49.50           |                  |                                                                                                                       |                    |          |
| 4800         | pressor for long undistorted sustain  SMALL STONE Phase Shifter The                | 79 00                   | 39.95           | Pleas            | e ship at SALE price:                                                                                                 |                    | MPLI     |
| 4909         | #1 selling phase shifter in the world AC/DC 9 VOLT BATTERY                         | 13 50                   | 10.50           | Model #          | Product Name                                                                                                          | Sae P              | rce      |
| 5100         | ELIMINATOR<br>ELECTRIC MISTRESS Flanger                                            | 109 95                  | 69.75           |                  |                                                                                                                       |                    |          |
| 5150         | Shimmering comb filter sweeps DELUXE ELECTRIC MISTRESS                             | 129 00                  | 83.50           |                  |                                                                                                                       |                    |          |
| 5200         | Flanger Used by Pink Floyd  ATTACK DECAY Creates a variety of                      | 199 00                  | 67.00           |                  |                                                                                                                       | 1018 S             |          |
|              | bowed and plucked sounds                                                           |                         |                 | Card #_          |                                                                                                                       | Expiration<br>Date |          |
| 5800<br>5950 | BAD STONE Phase Shifter DELUXE OCTAVE MULTIPLEXER                                  | 99 95<br>1 <b>99</b> 00 | 58.00<br>119.00 | Signatur<br>Namo | e                                                                                                                     |                    |          |
| 7100         | Octave Divider POLYPHASE Great for voice or guitar Studio phase shifter            | 199 00                  | 139.00          |                  |                                                                                                                       |                    |          |
| 7300         | with envelope following mode  GOLDEN THROAT II Voice box with                      | 149 00                  | 109.00          | CHV              | State.                                                                                                                | 20                 |          |
| 7600         | mouth tube 10 BAND GRAPHIC EQUALIZER with footswitch                               | 123 95                  | 79.50           | ELEC             | CTRO·HARMONIX·27 W23 ST·N                                                                                             | NY·NY·10           | 010      |



# \* Tuelcome 70 CITY MUSCLE SHOALS THE RECORDING CAPITAL of the World

Anatomy of Alabama hitmaking as told by five laid back boys who can't shake the musical Midas touch, creating tracks for the likes of Aretha, Wilson, Millie, Willie, Seger, Boz, Stones, Traffic, Dylan and many more.

By Leon Topar



ith his ever-present cigarette and headphone in place, Barry Beckett settles down behind the keyboard of the Hammond B-3 and eases into a slow, gospel-tinged riff. The organ is situated just so, Beckett later admits, so that he can lean back against the studio's

soundproof wall and play at the same time. A minimum of energy expended for the optimum result.

David Hood plugs in his Alembic bass and begins playing on the tonic, as Jimmy Johnson hits staccate guitar chords with more than a touch of slap-back echo. "What chart?" Johnson hollers across the room. "Ain't no chart," Beckett answers.

Randy McCormick flips on the Wurlitzer electric and starts playing a melody he's been working on recently. Roger Hawkins listens from his drum booth for several choruses before coming in with a rhythm pattern to fit the song. He changes grooves at almost every turnaround, with each drum lick altering the tune's complexion just slightly.

After twenty or so minutes the jam fizzles out, not so much because of disinterest on the band's part, but because it's time to move on to something else. "Let's do something up," offers Beckett. "Start a tempo." Before anyone can decide on a meter. Beckett starts another, fasier organ riff. "Yeah, that's snakey."

What we're doing now." Beckett later explains, "is we're coming up with grooves." Barry Beckett, keyboardist, producer, one-fifth of the famed Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section, and part-owner of Muscle Shoals Sound Studios, is seated behind a formica table at Southland, a family-style Muscle Shoals diner, surveying a generous plate of barbecued pork. We jam, and tape everything, then go back and listen, and put things together. What we have to do next is come up with the right melodies and hooks based on the grooves."

Beckett, who looks more like a road crew than a musician, is talking about the Rhythm Section's latest project, and one of

their most difficult to date, the first album as a group. "We've tried to record group albums twice before, but the first time we did it with singers. So it was like we were a back-up group. Then we tried one where we each wrote songs individually, but there was no direction to it. We want this one to be right."

In the fourteen years since Beckett joined Johnson, Hawkins and Hood, the Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section has served as back-up band on an unparalleled number of hit albums and singles. And although their initial notoriety came as a result of their soulful arrangements behind the likes of Wilson Pickett and Aretha Franklin, their list of musical credits is now as diverse as it is lengthy. The Rolling Stones, Traffic, Rod Stowart, Willie Nelson, Millie Jackson, Linda Ronstadt, Boz Scaggs Albert King, Joan Baez the Staple Singers, Bob Seger, Simon & Garfunkel (both separately and together) and innumerable others have made the trek south to employ the versatile talents of this super-section, rent their studio and most of all just soak up the creative energy that this sleepy town seems to inexplicably foster. Seminal rock and R&B producer Jerry Wexler, who nelped put Muscle Shoals on the map as well as the charts when he brought Pickett and Franklin to Alabama in the mid-60s, has been back in the studio in recent years, with Dire Straits and Bob Dylan - producing Communique for the former and Slow Train Coming and Saved for the latter reach co-produced incidentally by Barry Beckett)

When asked the inevitable question — What is it about Muscle Shoals that makes it so conducive to turning out hit records? — Beckett doesn't just answer he demonstrates. He meticulously butters an ear of combread, takes a sip of iced tea, and leans back in his chair. "It's extreeemely laid-back."

The Muscle Shoals region is actually made up of four small towns: Florence, Sheffield, Muscle Shoals and Tuscumbia. It sits about twenty miles south of the Tennessee border and smack dab in the middle of the Bible Belt, which means it's



Muscle Shoals nitty gritty, from I. to r.: Bassist David Hood: "It's like going to hit producer's school."

Drummer Roger Hawkins: 'It's not how good you are technically, it's the feel you add to it."

Keyboardist Randy McCormick: "The purpose is to

mold the band around an artist."
(avboardist Barry Beckett: "What we like best is to

Keyboardist Barry Beckett: "What we like best is to be left on our own."

Guitarists Jimmy Johnson: "We move very fast, as fast as the artist wants to go."

about a half-hour drive to the nearest "watering hole." You see, Muscle Shoals is in a dry county, which means that the sale of any alcohol not for rubbing is prohibited. On any Saturday night, a steady stream of cars can be found heading tue north, through a truck-stop of a town called Zip City population: two gas pumps), toward the Tennessee border. Just on the other side sit one country & western, one rhythm & plues, and one disco club, each with a parking lot the size of a ootball field filled with cars with Alabama plates.

Although a sign at each end of the city greets passersnrough to "Muscle Shoals, Hit Recording Capital of the
World," local folks don't take too much notice of the studio's
goings on. Beckett enjoys relating an anecdote about one of
he Section's first nights in their new facilities at 1000 Alabama
Avenue in Sheffield: "We were working late one night, and the
police drove up. asked us if we had a dance permit." He
aughs. "We're cutting a record, and they want to know if we
have a dance permit. After that, we decided we'd better go to
the Kiwanis Club and the other community groups and explain
what it is we do."

Actually, the building that now houses Muscle Shoals Sound Studios, formerly a Naval Reserve armory, was the site of many a local dance in the late 50s and early 60s, and the members of the Rhythm Section (then members of various local bands) often played there. These days the converted armory, which sits on the banks of the Tennessee River, houses two state-of-the-art studios, a publishing company, and the recently founded Muscle Shoals Sound record label (distributed by Capitol), in addition to a kitchen, a pool room, photo lab, spacious offices for each of the five Rhythm Section.

members and other employees, and indoor parking

The Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section set up shop at their current address three years ago, having previously churned out hits from 3614 Jackson Highway, which they also owned. Prior to purchasing that studio, in 1969, the Section was the house band at Rick Hall's FAME studios, also in Muscle Shoa's.

Hall produced the first Top Ten hit out of Muscle Shoals in the early 60s, "You Better Move On" by a local bellhop named Arthur Alexander. With the money he made from that disc, Hall built FAME studios and rounded up bassist Norbert Putnam, organist David Briggs, and drummer Jerry Carrigan to serve as the house band. The rnythm section backed another local singer, Jimmy Hugnes, on FAME's first million seller, "Steal Away," which was followed by "Everybody" by Tommy Roe and the Tams' "What Kind Of Fool."

Jimmy Johnson had begun working for Hall in 1962 as "administrative assistant" (janitor, gofer, secretary) and soon began engineering sessions. In 1964 FAME's main guitarist, Terry Thompson, passed away, and Johnson moved from the control room into the studio. "Terry Thompson played kind of like Steve Cropper," Johnson recalls, "rhythm and semi-lead So when he died it took two of us to replace him — myself and Junior Lowe. I stopped engineering at that point."

Johnson handled primarily rhythm guitar and Lowe began a string of evolving lead guitarists that has continued to this day — noluding Duane Allman, Eddie Hinton. Pete Carr, Wayne Perkins, Tippi Armstrong, Larry Byrom and Duncan Cameron of the Amazing Rhythm Aces. Around the time that Thompson died, the other members of the FAME rhythm section were collectively lured away to Nashville, so Rick Hall had to search for new players. In addition to his studio chores, Johnson led a popular band on the fraternity circuit called the Delrays, featuring the drumming of Roger Hawkins. David Hood played bass in a rival band called the Mystics. "We played a thousand of those 'Belushi parties,'" exclaims Johnson "Exactly like Animal House," according to Hawkins.

"I can tell you two houses right now at the University of Alabama," declares Jimmy, "that are exactly like that — right down to the togas."

Not unlike the Otis Day & the Knights portrayed in the movie Animal House, the Delrays and the Mystics, and even the Id Radio History



bands Barry Beckett played in in Birmingham, specialized in R&B and old-time rock & roll. Johnson reminisces: "Colleges had these little cult songs. like 'Mama Lootchie.' 'She's my hootchie kootchie, they call her Mama Lootchie.' And 'Annie Had A Baby,' 'Snake-Eyed Mama.' They'd say, 'If you don't know 'Snake-Eyed Mama' you ain't shit!' So you had to learn 'Snake-Eyed Mama,' you know. Terrible song."

"I don't even remember where any of these songs came from," David Hood muses, "but you had to learn them"

Johnson does remember. "'Snake-Eyed Mama' was a little record by Andy Anderson & the Dawnbreakers. The *original* Rolling Stones were from Jackson, Mississippi. There was a band called the Rolling Stones — long before the English group, of course. They had a black Cadillac and everything; they were hip. And they were good — they were like gospel singers. I remember one time they played right in this building [1000 Alabama Ave. when it was still an armory]. We walked in — they had their black Cadillac and everything — and we just had our eyes buggin' out. Years later I heard about this band called the Rolling Stones, and I thought it was them. Joe Toe & the Rolling Stones, from Jackson, Mississippi. They were big in the South.

"We used to battle the Webs," Johnson continues, "Bobby Goldsboro's group. They were good. We'd be next door trying to drown them out."

"We didn't really *try* to drown them out," Hawkins c arities; "we were just loud."

"We were loud as shit," Johnson boasts.

"And my band never had a bass player," Beckett points out; "I played it on the piano. Those notes would just fly out. I'd hit it so hard, with two fingers, that the hammers would just — pow! — fly out of the piano."

The type of music the 'Bama boys were listening to in their formative years was, as Jonnson put it, 'mostly black. There were a lot of black guitar players in the South. One night we were playing at the Phi Kappa Sig house, and Slim Harpo was playing next door. We took our break and we were listening: 'I'm a king bee. buzz all night long..' It sounded so good. We walked over there, and it was one little amp with a 12" speaker, and everyone had a little set of drums with one cymbal. And I'm sure they all came in a Chevrolet [laughs]. But it sounded so smooth.''

Around 1965 the schedule at FAME began eclipsing the weekend frat gigs. At that point the rhythm section consisted of Hood, Hawkins, Johnson, keyboardist Spooner Oldham, and either Junior Lowe or Marlin Greene on guitar. Muscle Shoals' reputation as a hit factory grew during the mid-60s, with such chart toppers as "When A Man Loves A Woman" by Percy Sledge, "Mustang Sally" by Wilson Pickett, and "Sweet Soul Music" by Arthur Conley (produced by Otis Redding and engineered by Jimmy Johnson).

But, in Johnson's words, "it wasn't until 1967, when Barry came in, that we really developed. That's when things started."

Barry Beckett, the only member of the Rhythm Section not native to the Muscle Shoals area, was born in Birmingham, Alabama, just six hours before Jimmy Johnson [both are now 36]. Beckett studied classical piano for some ten years before joining a rock & roll band at about age sixteen. Along with Floyd Cramer and Ray Charles, Beckett lists Mantovani as an important early influence. "He had a laid-back sound," Barry explains, "The echo he got on those old records was the best "He had this thing with the violin section where their timing was just a little off. I used to come home from school and put the speakers on each side of my head and listen to that."

Beckett later studied some music theory at University of Alabama, but dropped out to join a band, and moved to Pensacola, Florida. There, a disc-jockey named Don Shroeder asked Barry to play on a record he was producing by a vocal duo, James and Bobby Purify. Beckett suggested they go to Muscle Shoals to record, which they did, and the record, "I'm Your Puppet," sold a million copies. When Spooner Oldham left the section to move to Memphis, Beckett inherited the keyboard chair.

In 1967, having already produced successful sessions in Muscle Shoals with Wilson Pickett, Jerry Wexler brought Aretha Franklin, just signed to Atlantic, to Alabama where she cut "I Never Loved A Man" and "Do Right Woman — Do Right Man." Soon Wexler was flying the rhythm section to New York (where Aretha felt more comfortable) to supply back-up licks on classics like "Respect," "Chain of Fools," and "Dr. Feelgood."

In 1969, Hawkins, Hood, Beckett, and Johnson pooled their assets, along with a promise of steady business from Wexler and Atlantic, and bought Bevis Studio, at 3614 Jackson Highway in Sheffield, a former casket factory.

During their first year at Jackson Highway, a reporter from *Rolling Stone* came to town to check out the scene, hung around unobtrusively for a few days, and left, presumably to write a story based on his observations. Well, Boz Scaggs never wrote anything for *Stone*, but he did return a few weeks later with the magazine's editor/publisher, Jann Wenner, who co-produced Boz's first and only Atlantic LP at Muscle Shoals Sound Studios.

The album didn't get noticed until years later, primarily due to the inclusion of a thirteen-minute tour deforce called "Loan Me A Dime." Scaggs' descending 6/8 arrangement of Fenton Robinson's slow blues fades in with a short organ solo by Barry Beckett with a strong grand piano overdub (also by Beckett) underneath. Duane "Skydog" Allman enters with a few vocal-like teasers on guitar, before Boz's distinctive voice, sort of a country nasal twang with a dose of the blues, sings: "Somebody Ioan me a dime...I need to call me old-time used-to-be." After two choruses, Allman's Les Paul returns, this time spitting out stinging phrases over a stop-time. Four horns punch in, buoying the guitar, before Boz wafts back in: "I know she's a good girl...but at that time, I just didn't understand..."

Scaggs punctuates his last vocal line with a holler to the band, and Roger Hawkins turns the rhythm pattern into a jousting match with Allman, changing the accent from the 1 and 4 beats to the 3. Almost imperceptibly, Hawkins turns a 6/8 slow blues into a fast shuffle, as Skydog constructs a masterpiece solo based on the horn riff. The horns drop out, leaving the guitarist to blow at center stage. After 12:48 the song fades out, leaving listeners wanting (and Allman, no doubt, playing) more.

ear as anyone can remember, the "arrangement" just fell ogether in the studio. That's the way the MSRS works best. "Boz pretty much left us on our own," Beckett recalls, "and nat's what we all like best." "The most specific things are usually the bass lines," John-

elong with Boz Scaggs — or anyone else, for that matter. As

on points out. "Sometimes producers or artists will have a pecific bass line they want David to play or a groove they ant Roger to play. Keyboards and guitars are pretty free. "Working with Bob Seger is a lot of fun," Jimmy continues, because he comes in, lays down the song on the piano or uitar, then Barry or Randy will make up a chart, and Bob just ets everybody go for themselves. If there's something he oesn't really like, he'll voice it, but if anyone wants to take it gain, we'll do it over. We go after it jointly. We came in here for wo days and cut eleven sides for Against The Wind. That's bout eight hours a day, all five of us.' The charts the section uses are, in Randy McCormick's rords, "just schematics. Barry used to write all the charts, and ow I write most of them. We take it from the demo or whatever nd translate it to a number chart [1 equals the tonic, 5 equals ne dominant, 4 the subdominant, etc.].'

"The actual licks aren't written," Hawkins explains. "Some if the anticipation is, but what you actually play is not written that's up to you to come up with.' "The beauty of the number chart," Johnson feels, "is that ou can change keys three or four times, but the chord sheet's n the right key all the time. Randy will make up the chart, ecause he's the keyboard player, and copy it on the Xerox nachine. So we all use the same chart, and that way we're ast. There's less confusion that way.

Barry says, 'We want this tempo, this feeling, this key, so many ars of intro.' Click, click, click... You'd be pretty amazed at the layback the first time through. There's a lot of acts where we o in and do first or second takes all day. Dr. Hook, Bob Seger first or second takes. Then there's acts where we go to take 5, and you don't know why."

"It's mostly the producers who do that," Beckett feels,

because they don't know what they're looking for, and don't

"I tell you," he stresses, "you get that laid-back, good ole

oy image down here, but you watch us in a session, you see

ome serious business. We move very fast — as fast as the

rtist wants to go. If the machine is rolling and the communi-

ation is passed out...you run down the first song, Randy or

now how to get it." Hood agrees: "The worst thing is working for people who lon't really know what they're doing, when we do kind of know vhat to do, but they won't let us help. And they make us sit nere and go through all this torment, while they're searching." In recent years each of the section members have been ble to avoid this sort of torment by producing sessions them-

elves. "We've played with a lot of great producers," Hood

tates, "and it's kind of like going to the hit producers school. hey all work differently. A lot of them don't really know any-

ning about engineering, but they just have an ear. Jerry

Vexler is not a musician, but he knows what feels right, and he

nows when the singer's out of tune and things like that. But he

an't tell you what notes to play."

orking on a bigger thing."

The first hit record produced by any Rhythm Section nembers at Muscle Shoals Sound was "Starting All Over .gain" by Mel & Tim, back in 1972. That was directed by loger and Barry, although it has been Beckett who has spent

ne most time in the control booth in recent years. As Hood xplains, "The keyboard player has to get things together for ther people. So Barry and Randy both get a lot of experience nat a bass player or drummer wouldn't get, because they're

Following the Mel & Tim session, Beckett co-produced an

Ibum by Pete Yarrow (formerly one-third of Peter, Paul &

points out, "it's just the feel you add to it. When I first wanted to get into the studios, I had Motown records on my record player, set up right beside my drums, and I learned what Benny stand, but it's what you add to the song."

To cover so much territory as expertly and tastefully as the MSRS does, the musicians obviously have to do some home work, according to Hawkins; "Usually, every time I sit down to

listen to something new I'll be really inspired. I don't look at it as licks I have to copy or a style I have to steal in order to give a

producer what he asks for. The bottom line is, it inspires me. "And we've had groups take *our* stuff, our sound, and look a it through a microscope, and try to duplicate it," Johnson

Hawkins sums up Wexler's innate talent: "He knows when Benjamin, their drummer, was doing. At the time I didn' 's right and when it's wrong. And when I say right, I mean real understand, but later on I realized why he did what he did. At that time I had an attitude like, 'Well, I'm a good player, why

listened to Barry for years, along with the rest of the guys, and got to hear them playing together. Very early on, when I used to come and watch them cutting sessions, I got the impression that the purpose in mind was to mold the band around an artist to know the right moments to step out and shine, and then the right moments to step back and support." Johnson elaborates: "We try to become sort of a chameleor and bring them out. We never try to overshadow an artist.'

ago, around the same time MSS moved into its present facilities. Although at 28 Randy is seven to nine years younger than the other members of the section, much of his musical experience has been similar. "Although I came along at a later stage," he says, "I was still playing in a band that played R&B for this area, because most of the kids were into it." McCormick's first recording session, in 1969, was, coincidentally with Percy Sledge. And much in the same way that Jerry Wexler used to instruct Beckett to "play piano like Aretha,"

Randy can recall being asked to sound like Barry on more than

admits, "and even by Spooner Oldham and David Briggs.

"Of course I've been influenced a lot by Barry," McCormick

"It's really not how good you are technically," Hawkins

Working with Bob Seger is a lot of fun, because he comes in, lays down the song on piano or guitar, and just lets everybody go for themselves. We go after it jointly." To pick up some of the slack resulting from Beckett's extracurricular activities, the section recruited Randy McCormick from nearby Rogersville, who had been hanging around MSS much like Hood and Hawkins had hung around FAME during the days of the Delrays and the Mystics. McCormick officially

joined the Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section about three years

of Yarrow's background singers on that LP, Mary MacGregor

Barry then teamed up with colleague and mentor Jerry Wexler

to co-produce a Sanford-Townsend album, followed by Dire

Straits' platinum Communique, Dylan's Grammy-winning

Slow Train Coming, and its follow-up, Saved. Typically, Beckett gives a lot of the credit for the success of the LPs to Wexler,

As Beckett's time and energy are absorbed more and more

in production work, which sometimes takes him out of town (to

Los Angeles to produce Stephen Stills, to New York to co-

produce Phoebe Snow with Phil Ramone), he has less and

less time to spend on the very thing that got him into the music business, the keyboard. "I miss it a lot," he laments. "Just

recently I got a piano in my home - because before I was always playing here [in the studio]. Sometimes I just sit down

and hit it hard, then get up. It releases emotion. I need that.'

"The worst thing is working for producers who

don't know what they're looking for, when we

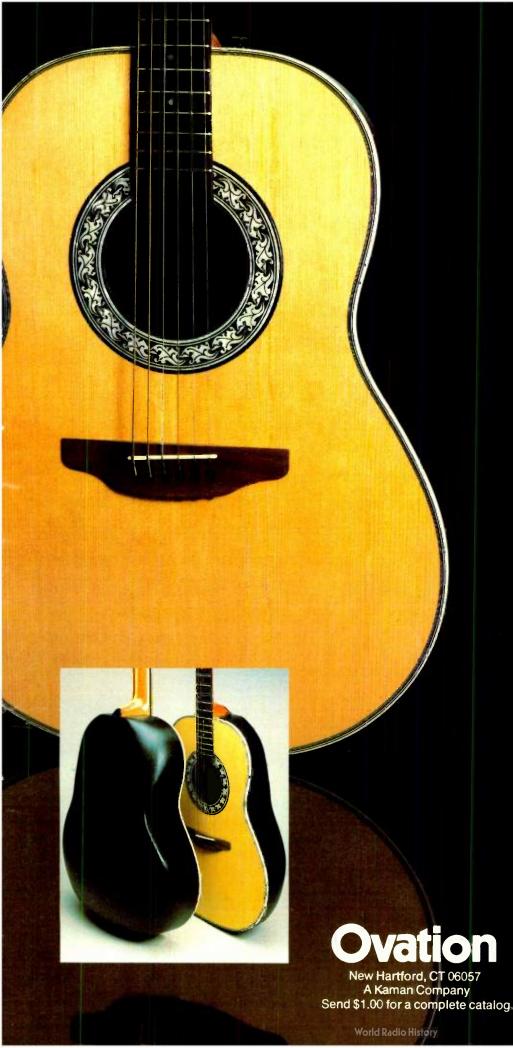
do kind of know and they won't let us help.

"the best teacher I could possibly have."

can't I play on those records?' Back then I couldn't under-

volunteers, "but it always comes out different. That happens a

a few occasions.



# the Guitar that turned its back on tradition.

Tradition says that acoustic guitars should be made with flat backs and sides. In 1966, we took a closer look and found a better way.

A smooth, reflective surface.
The body of an acoustic guitar is an air chamber. Its main job is to amplify and project the vibrational energy coming off the guitar's soundboard. Sound waves bounce off the instrument's back and are reflected out the sound hole.



The science of acoustics says that a smooth, non-porous surface is the best reflector. To check this principle, we tested the best flat-backed guitars on the market. Science was right.

Their wooden backs absorbed the tops' energy. Braces and squared-off corners trapped the sound inside. Roundback prototypes, on the other hand, showed outstanding projection throughout the entire guitar range. The smooth, rounded back pushed-out the sound more efficiently. Each note was clear and strong. Deeper bass, brighter treble. The amount of air inside the guitar body affects tone. Because different styles of music demand different tonal qualities, we've developed two body sizes: the deep-bowl and the shallow-bowl. Our deep-bowl guitars have more air volume to give you a warmer, fuller sound that helps you fill an auditorium. If you're a lead player, the shallow bowl gives you the extra cut you need in the mid and treble ranges to be heard over other instruments. Play the Ovation roundback. It will change your ideas about traditional acoustic guitar design.

"It's evolution," declares Hawkins. "because I've played drum patterns that other drummers have then played on other records, and I'll have to get *their* record to see how they played *my* lick. A lot of times you'll be listening to a record trying to learn your own lick [laughs]."

Johnson concurs: "I was listening to short-wave radio the other night from Australia. And I'm listening to this track, and really getting into it. I was halfway through it before I realized it was us with Helen Reddy [laughs]."

"I've read articles by musicians regarding studio work," Hawkins offers, "and it gets down to an attitude of, like, selling out. I have never ever, not one time, deep down felt like I've sold out. As a matter of fact, I think I'm a better musician for being able to cooperate with and play with a wide variety of artists. Because that, to me, is more of a challenge than anything."

So what will the long-awaited group album by these masters of musical disguise sound like? Will the ultimate back-up band have a hard time finding their identities as leaders?

"You've hit on it," admits David Hood.

"Not the style so much," Johnson feels, "just our direction

The LP, soon to be released on Capitol, will be produced mainly by Hawkins and Beckett, who describes the group's sound as "soft rock more or less, with R&B inflections." Hood points out, "This is probably the only band where everybody won't want to have their hand on the mike." "Because we know how that is," interjects Jimmy.

While the MSRS could no doubt coax innumerable superrockers to return the favor and back them for once, they plan to keep the project in the family, adding only lead guitar on some cuts, probably by Wayne Perkins or Mark Knopfler.

"See, we're not making the record so that we can go out on the road or anything," explains Johnson. "We're doing it to express ourselves, instead of expressing other people, which is usually our job."

"We all started out just doing this for the fun," says Hawkins; "then we found out we could make money, and for a time we were overbooking ourselves — and I'd say that was doing it for the money. What I strive for now is the feeling I had when I first started playing. That's what got me into this business, and that's what I want to stay close to. Because there's something honest about that."



### Muscle Shoals' Equipment

The keyboard setup at Muscle Shoals Sound Studios is used (completely interchangeably) by Barry Beckett and Randy McCormick. It includes a 10' grand piano, Hammond B-3 organ, Wurlitzer and Rhodes electric pianos, Hohner Clavinet, and a Prophet synthesizer by Sequential Circuits. Also available are a Minimoog and various string machines.

Roger Hawkins' set of Pearl drums consists of a 20" bass and four mounted Pearl Cannon toms (no floor toms at present), sizes 8", 10", 12", and 14". Roger uses a variety of snare drums for different sounds — a Pearl 5½x14" metal, a Yamaha 6¼" wooden, a Slingerland 6" wooden, and occasionally a Ludwig metal. Hawkins does his own padding the old fashioned way, using Kleenex and tape, and is "constantly tuning and messing with the lugs for different songs." Cymbals are Zildjian: 13" hi-hat, 22" ride, 18" medium-thin crash/ride, and two 12" crashes.

David Hood's sound comes primarily from an Alembic bass, strung with bright-flat or roundwound strings (most any brand), and played through a 60-watt Fender Bassman head with a two 12 Bassman bottom, circa 1963. "Since 1976 the Alembic has been my number one bass," says David. "I bought it at Manny's in New York — never played it or anything — brought it home kind of on a trial basis. At first I didn't know how to work it or anything, but I've gotten to where I really like it, because the notes don't disappear. I love Fender basses, too. That's what my first bass was, and I still play Fenders some. But my oldest one, a Fender Jazz Bass, was stolen on the Traffic tour [1973], so I bought a new Fender, but I could never get a new one to sound like

that old one. So for several years after my original one was stolen, I was sort of foundering around looking for something that had a solid sound. That's what the Alembic has."

Jimmy Johnson's trademark has for years been a Fender Telecaster ("It sort of defines my personal sound"), but lately he's been using a Music Man Sabre I much of the time. He explains: "The Tele is extremely noisy, and with two or three gadgets hooked into it engineers were always wanting to use a noise gate, which I hate. At the old studio, the boards were very dirty, so the Tele didn't matter as much. But when we changed to the NEVE console we've got now, the sound was so clean it prompted me to change guitars. With the Telecaster I'd use an Orange Squeezer [by Dan Armstrong] to get that preamped feeling, a higher signal. The Music Man has a preamp, so as soon as I got that my noise problems were over. Also, I love the neck and the phase-shifting. Now I'm having a preamp put into my Tele."

For amplifiers Johnson alternates between a Fender Vibrolux, a Marshall 50-watt head, and several small amps. "I do a lot of split-offs," he points out, "so I'm almost always amped and going direct [into the board] at the same time." Among Jimmy's huge collection of effects devices, his favorite is the Roland Boss Chorus.

Johnson describes his technique as "very little string bending, predominantly thick rhythm, and I play extremely hard and percussive." Owing to this, Jimmy uses what he calls "telephone cables" for strings — top to bottom, .013, .017, .026 (wound), .036, .046, .052 (all Ernie Balls), which he changes nearly every day. "I like a bright sound," he emphasizes.

World Radio History

# "My Lab Series amp takes all the bumps, and still gives a smooth performance."

—B.B. King

Not many artists are on the road as much as the great King of Blues. That's why B.B. travels with Lab Series. He needs an amp that can stand up to a rough ride and still stand out on stage. Night, after night, after night. Lab Series is built to do exactly that, with solid pine sides, road rugged electronics and more secure speakers than other amps.

But there's a lot more to Lab Series than meets the street. Inside is advanced circuitry that gives every Lab amplifier sound capability beyond its size. And, Lab engineers have designed more flexibility into fewer controls. So you get all the range you need, from pure clarity to hot distortion. And overdrive without overload. You can change your picking attack, add sustain or acoustic flavor. It's the kind of tone control every musician wants. Whether you're crying the blues, or playing your own favorite color.

Lab Series. Amps that are built to take it. Take it from B.B. King.





A Division of Gibson, P.O. Box 100087, Nashville, TN 37210

**World Radio History** 

### **Musician T-Shirts!**



Your choice of black regular or fancy French cut black or beige. All with a bright blue Musician logo emblazoned shamelessly across the chest.

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ shirts.

Black Regular □S □M □L □XL @ \$5.95.

Black French □S □M □L □XL @ \$7.95.

Beige French S M DL DXL @ \$7.95. French shirts run small, order one size up.

Please add 75¢ postage each.
U.S. funds only, please. Total \$ \_\_\_\_

Detach and mail with your check to: Musician, P.O. Box 701 Gloucester, MA 01930 an album that bears out their claim to being a more multiplication band than is popularly supposed. *Air Raid*, the second session for the Japanese Whynot label (Whynot PA-7156), is the hardest-swinging album in their discography and was recorded a year and a half before their first American session, *Air Time* on Nessa. Though I haven't had a recent chance to hear Air, I have heard Threadgill's sextet and Hopkins and McCall with In the Tradition in the past month.

The sextet has matured even further and its repertoire has been expanded. These days its book runs from dirges — one of which, called "Slow Suicide At The Baths," sounds like "White Christmas" sardonically reharmonized — to a fast Hallelujah march, to a vamp-based hard bopper that would do the Jazz Messengers proud, to Henry Threadgill's famous one-note calypso, complete with new horn voicings every time you hear it and Dara conjuring *carnival*. Threadgill does his own conjuring of blues and the abstract truth.

And I found In the Tradition a lot hotter than its Columbia recordings. Blythe was terrific, as always, but he was overshadowed by the rhythm section. I heard it as McCall's night. He filled the onrushing rhythm with off-center accents and played a series of solos as breathtaking for their melodiousness as for their rhythmic freedom and dynamic range. The group as a whole left me wishing that there were a dozen bands out there as good as In the Tradition or Threadgill's sextet. I don't expect, however, to hear another band even remotely like Air.

As In the Tradition finished its final set at Seventh Avenue South I hear, in the middle of a storm of applause, some bozo in the back of the club banging on a table with a bottle and yelling, "Encore! En-core! Oncore!" I turned my head to see precisely which dry-cleaner from Des Moines was blowing off steam only to find Henry Threadgill propped against the rear wall, grinning like a lunatic and raising his bottle again. "Oncore!"



### OUR CLAIM TO FANE

### Fantastic Raw Frame Speakers!

We at FANE have been waiting for the right time to tell you folks in the colonies about our line of instrument loudspeakers, and in the next few months we will! Until then, you'll just have to rely on the word of some of our friends who've used us.

ROLLING STONES THE WHO
PINK FLOYD FLEETWOOD MAC
CHET ATKINS MOODY BLUES
RUSH RICK WAKEMAN
MANFRED MANN



### **BUT YOU DECIDE.**

### Synclavier Il's 30 minute stereo demo record will blow you away.

The violins and cellos are so true, you can hear the rosin on their bowstrings. The Hammond B-3 sound is undiscernable from a real B-3. The trumpets bell like real trumpets. The xylophone gives you the distinct sound of mallets nitting the wooden bars. The cathedral bells are so resonant, you can feel the overtones. The kick drum and wood blocks have the snap of real life. The human whistling sound even captures subtle changes in breathing.

And once you have a sound on

Synclavier II, there's no limit to what you can do with it. Synclavier II offers more real time control than any other synthesizer in the world.

You can alter the bow stroke of your violin for each sep-

arate note during a live performance. You can adjust the amount of breath blowing across the sound hole of your flute to create double tongueing and overblowing. You can bend your guitar notes and change the vibrato depth during solos. And only Synclavier II gives you an absolutely real snare drum that lets you increase or decrease the amount of snare on the drum.

Synclavier II comes preprogrammed with over three dozen real instruments. In addition, there are over 100 unique sounds, many of which have never before been pos-

sible on any synthesizer. Each of these sounds can be instantly recalled with the touch of a button. And this is just the beginning.

You can modify all of these preproarammed sounds any way you wish and then store them. Or create sounds from scratch and store them as well. The number of sounds you can store is unlimited.

We invite you to listen to a startling sample of the incredible sounds of Synclavier II. Better sit down when vou listen.

For a copy of Synclavier II's stereo LP, send

your address plus \$1.00 to: New England Digital Corp., Main Street, Norwich, VT 05055. (802) 649-5183

Western U.S. N.E.D. Rep., 6120 Valley View Road. Oakland, CA 94611. (415) 339-2111.

Please allow 4 weeks for delivery.



World Radio History

# RECRD REVIEWS

**Phoebe Snow** 

Rock Away — Mirage WTG 19297



Phoebe Snow was usually too artful and eccentric for her own good. Her own songs tended to be uninvolving exercises in sensitivity and self-

congratulatory vulnerability. Within the framework of gentle, detached melodies that "tastefully" acknowledged both urban folk and nightclub jazz influences, her outlook seemed to be that life and love are really unfair and really painful and that happiness exists only alongside (or within) the pain. An intelligent lyricist, Snow was expert at emotional

detailing, but the overriding gloom of songs like "Poetry Man" (remember, the guy's married), "I Don't Want The Night To End" (talk about looking for misery), and "Cash In" ("Things must have a price, play it as it lays") wasn't very appealing. Then, too, her quirky, quavering delivery and her studied posture obscured her real potential as a soulful,

gospel-touched belter. "Gone At Last," with Paul Simon, was one of her finer performances — and outside material, nowever clever or risky the choice (Gershwin, "Let The Good Times Roll"), lost its distinction.

Snow's first album in some time, the

aptly titled Rock Away, is a major sur-

prise. Teaming Greg Ladanyi (Warren Zevon, Jackson Browne) and Richie Cannata (Billy Joel's sax player) as producers might have resulted in some confusion of focus - L.A. meets L.I.?, but Snow has never sounded better or more relaxed about what she's doing. Lots of familiar studio session stars from both coasts work up an essentially "Jackson Browne-rock-sound" (energetic but nothing out of hand), then everyone tampers with it enough to reflect the volatile combination of players, producers, and artist. Snow includes only three original songs - two are, 'tis true, sensitive; her seven interpretations of others' material evidence a rock convert's enthusiastic desire to embrace a

wide range of possibilities. Songs by

Carolyne Mas, Allen Toussaint, Bob Dylan, a crisp, down home reading of "Gasoline Alley" - each calls for certain special ingredients to be thrown into the bubbling, sometimes crackling mixture. "Have Mercy" is unexceptional and Dylan's "I Believe In You" is treated too seriously, but mostly Snow respects the songs' origins and gets off on her shifting surroundings. Her singing is looser and rougher than in the past; as she responds to Richie Cannata's sax solos and plenty of fine guitar work, she hits some bad notes and some really good ones, and it's a pleasure to realize that fun and a "rocking good time" are finally far more important to Snow than "tastefulness" and "thoughtfulness."

Rock Away is a treat. — Jim Feldman.

### Elvis Costello & The Attractions Trust Columbia JC37051



Oh Elvis. The nasty persona has afforded him money, beautiful women (Bebe Buell, for one) and all the other evils of materialistic or materialistic parts.

rialistic culture (including media attention) he puts down in song, but the distance from his audience the persona creates has sometimes hurt his music. Sure the melodies have always been great - the reworkings of Beatles and Motown lines imaginative, the bridges the best in rock. But the production he's employed has often veiled his music as much as distinguished it from more conventional pop. On last year's Get Happy!, in particular. he retreated (to Holland) behind a thick, roller-rink organ wash at the same time he pushed Stax and Motown riffs forward. My attention was less immediately drawn to the 20 great songs than to the strange twist of a stand-offish pose he threw at us.

What makes *Trust* his most commanding album since *Tnis Year's Model* is its forthrightness. He's placed his nasal, sometimes straining vocals out on the front porch for all to see its frailties and poor imitations of American country singers—but also to sense World Radio History

more of its emotional resonance, especially on songs like "Shot With His Own Gun" and "New Lace Sleeves." More importantly, Steve Nieve finally takes his paws off the organ sustain and lays out the melody on the more evocative and less concealing acoustic piano. Coupled with the renewed presence of the guitar (including the work of Martin Belmont), this gives *Trust* a more open, brighter feel.

The music ranges from the Bo Diddley-chuggin' "Lover's Walk" to a Kurt Weillish and overgrandiose "Shot With His Own Gun." The ground between includes the pulsing piano chording "Strict Time" and a slow but punchy descending organ mood piece called "Watch Your Step," the album's stand-out. His themes, as always, focus on emotional fascism, the imperialism of the bedroom. Here, too, a less postured stance on Elvis' part brings the point home more truly. The scenario in "Pretty Words" of the geezer who reads the headline "Millions Murdered," tucks the paper under his arm, and trades pleasantries with his wife — says more about the banalities of human interactions than, say, the more stilted scene of "Two Little Hitlers" from Armed Forces.

Trust is the social compact — in the Costello mythology, the mode of dupe. But as the album's title, I think it indicates his increased trust in himself — and his audience — to play it straight, without the defensive snigger and obfuscating, nasty pose. — Barry Jacobs

### The Clash Sandinista! — (Epic)



The slapstick guerilla politics have never sounded more outlandishly unfashionable. Gone are the triple-front-line punk harmonics & amphet-

amine raw power. Ditto for the crunching metallic guitars. And, to top it all off, this three-record I-o-n-g player is fully one-third filler. But, despite enough foolhardy flaws to sink any ordinary diamond, Sandinista offers more than a few gems-in-

the-rough to reward the diligent prospector. The Clash may be victims of their own overweaning ambitions, but the music's daring fusion of multinational pop idioms is a stirring declaration of belief in the global community. Clashpolitics are only orthodoxly-leftwing on the surface — at their root are Joe Strummer's heady humanism, Mick Jones' sentimental heart and Paul Siminon's terra firma muscularity.

Most of Sandinista! was recorded in a burst of activity in New York and certain tracks reflect the non-stop energy of the city's multi-ethnic street life — as in the buzzsaw rapping of "The Magnificent Seven," the heavy metal soul of Eddy Grant's "Police On My Back," the videogame cocktail conversation of the discold "Ivan Meets G.I. Joe," or the hardened-over crooning vulnerability of Mick Jones' horror that "Somebody Got Murdered." Like a big-budget James Bond movie, Sandinista! shifts locale in the flash of a jump-cut, from the Irish-jig fiddle of Timon Dog's "Lose This Skin," to the demented wide-screen, sing-song napalm-burn of "Charlie Don't Surf," to the Angloid avant-garde dobbling of "Mensforth Hill," to the heavy Jamaican patois and Mikey Dread dub of "Living In Fame.

The sheer variety of musical styles on Sandinista! makes it impossible to digest the album all at once, as songs fade in and out of the whole, with hooks to be discovered where you least expected them. Even the elongated studio dub experiments, in many ways the ultimate doodling indulgence, attain a relaxed pace which segues with abrupt efficiency into the more urgent cuts.

In its blaring headline lyrics and up-tothe-moment pop distillations, Sandinista! aims for daily, rather than eternal truths. The moralizing of the first album has turned into the neo-realist Sometime In New York City observations of "Washington Bullets," which details how a leftist guerilla group, known as the Sandinistas, were able to topple Somoza's military dictatorship in Nicaragua. The key to the song lies in Strummer's triumphant insight into the real reason why the Sandinistas were triumphant: "For the very first time ever/When they had a revolution in Nicaragua/There was no interference from America/ Human rights from Amerika!" No longer are the Clash intent on tearing down society; with Sandinistal, they have accepted the much harder responsibility of slowly building their world back up. At times, the Clash's collective mind works faster than their ability to express coherent ideas and they fall victim to an embarrassing naivete. Although filled with peaks and valleys, at its best, Sandinista! makes you realize it is precisely that innocence which may be our last hope for salvation. Or am I overstating the case a bit? Either way the Clash will make you listen. - Roy Trakin



### Britain's Post Punk Brave New World

By John Piccarella

ncouraged by trendy press, the postpunk English scene has been a maze of fads, crazes and revivals. Punk's essence, the forced forward motion of its rhythm, has continued to invigorate the music, while artier styles have embellished the atmosphere and the dress code, that important, diverse and divisive component of English teen sociology. Punk's pessimism, while continuing to inform the politics of major bands like the Jam and the Clash. has given way to an aggressive positivism, signalled by the reactionary dance-crazy ska bands that were the last big thing.

Currently the most popular new group, Adam and the Ants, whose King of the Wild Frontier has just been released. borrows flamboyant costumes and adventurer poses from pirate and American Indian legends, in a celebration of noble savagery. With two drummers, the Ants work from snareless rhythms that recall both Indian "war dances" and Captain Beefheart. The sound is fleshedout with tribal chants and an impressive variety of guitar voices that range from Hendrix to Public Image Ltd. Their primal, almost ceremonial songs, and 'we're all warriors" sloganeering invites anarchic vibes. Catch phrases like "Artmusic" and "Antpeople" lend their audience a fanatical sense of belonging to their Lord of the Flies Utopia. Their disregard for other music, as superbly anthemized in "Antmusic," "Unplug the jukebox and do us all a favor..." marks their threatening cultism as fascistic though the blatantly campy sex-image aura is clearly rhetorical, having the same kind of appeal as The Rocky Horror Picture Show.

Blitz club owner Steve Strange who fronts Visage also takes to fantastic costuming of the occult decadent variety. Supported by Midge Ure and Billy Currie from Ultravox, and Dave Formula and John McGeoch of Magazine (McGeoch recently joined Siouxsie and the Banshees), Strange's mannered vocals are surrounded by electronic orchestrations. Based in robot-disco rhythms borrowed from Kraftwerk, Visage, though more sophisticated than Adam and the Ants. is merely stylish fluff.

Equally fluffy and even more stylish, Kilimanjaro by the Teardrop Explodes is a similar coloristic new-wave/pop synthesis. Though originally a real band from Liverpool, the Teardrop Explodes. like Visage, is essentially a lead singer Julian Cope, with backing musicians. Dominated by an intricately arranged mixture of trumpets and producer David Balfe's keyboards, Kilimanjaro provides an aurally engaging setting for Cope's genuinely achieved vocal hooks. "Sleeping Gas," "Treason," and especially "When I Dream" were all great singles, and the newest "Reward" offers Teardrop's punkiest rhythms and most classic rhythm-and-blues horn arrangement. These songs are highlights of Kilimaniaro's bright and consistent sound.

Also produced by Balfe, Crocodiles, by Echo and the Bunnymen, is a much sparer, darker record. Leader ian Mc-Culloch was originally a member of the Teardrop Explodes and co-wrote "Books," which is on both groups' albums, with Cope. But Echo and the Bunnymen stick to a three-chord sixties rock and a straightforward rhythm and lead guitar instrument lineup. In "Rescue" their current FM hit, McCulloch sums up his dazed vulnerable sensibility, "Is this the blues I'm singing?" with an abundance of animal imagery: Bunnymen, Crocodiles, Monkeys, and in "Villiers Terrace" a surreal vision of people as kittens: "...rolling round on the carpet/biting wool and pulling string." Echo and the Bunnymen's guitar centered hallucinogenic sound is true to the basic materials of both punk and acid rock.

With song titles like "India," "We Love You." and "Flowers" and a name like the Psychedelic Furs, you'd expect real hippie music. But even more than the Bunnymen, with a hard beat, gritty guitars and Johnny Rotten vocal style, the Furs are pure and powerful punk, trashing flower power the way Roxy Music trashed fifties rockers. And because

continued on next page



Box 461.4106 Therwil/Switzerland

they don't sound psychedelic at all they are the reference standard that gives the lie to the revival.

Labelled the next big thing, both by themselves and by much of the rock press, the young Irish group U2 recombine elements of punk, pop and art-rock, achieving at times both the hard edge of a group like the Psychedelic Furs and the dreamy elegance of the Teardrop Explodes. Their debut album Boy mixes slowed-punk 1-2 drumming and ringing. dense guitar harmonics borrowed from Public Image Ltd. with strong pop vocal hooks and teenage visionary lyrics in a glittering and spacious production. The balance is carefully orchestrated between The Edge's guitar work and Bono Vox's vocals to create a poetic atmosphere that might seem precious if not for the tough-minded rhythm section. The band's best trick is the chiming glockenspiel or xylophone doodling that rings from a distance through the guitars. recalling both Phil Spector's and dub master Augustus Pablo's use of this instrumentation.

Coexisting alongside the psychedelic revival, almost like Motown growing up with the British invasion is a singular revivalist group called Dexy's Midnight Runners. Punkish and rough-cut like the ska bands, they are a full-blown soul revue, characterized by utterly classic and authentic horn arrangements and a quitarless rhythm. As both parody and homage, the torch song fervor of their vocals recalls Bryan Ferry in both style and intent, though they lack his polish. Searching for the Young Soul Rebels, as its title suggests, is about trying to find love in the numbing depression of postpunk British teen culture. Mixing offbeat horn-teased romps with blues dirges, Dexy's Midnight Runners wring some life out of these cliches. In the album's final track, "There, There, My Dear," they conclude, "I've been searching for the young soul rebels...I can't find them anywhere... Maybe you should welcome the new soul vision." And maybe you should...Or would you rather be an Ant?

Archie Shepp/Horace Parlan Trouble in Mind, Steeplechase SCS1139 Max Roach/Archie Shepp The Long March, hat Hut 2R13



People who want to discuss Archie Shepp in terms of style — as in "he used to be so avant-garde and now he plays so mainstream" — can

go right ahead, but to me Archie Shepp is about a particular depth of expression anterior to whatever styles it may take hold of and use. True, he used to sound, on tenor, like a man trying to scream

through a throatful of blood and now he's more lushly Websterian. True too, he's an inconsistent player — not for nothing are the Archie Shepp bins in the used record stores among the most perpetually full — but that's partly because at the emotional depths at which he operates there are few guidelines and no guarantees, and when Shepp is inspired he is capable of all kinds of exhilarating crimes against the quotidian. Of the two albums I have in hand, the Steeplechase date is, by chance, the most mainstream and the most completely rewarding.

Shepp's duets with Horace Parlan are a series of ageless slow blues, as superior to the dithering of historians as they are deeply embedded in human experience. He plays tenor and soprano, and the soprano work is the best I've heard from him. Sometimes, when he coasts in over the piano chords, it sounds like a clarinet that's been lost in the ether since 1920 and only now stumbles into the world. At other times, Shepp sounds like a parched Sidney Bechet: a voice stripped as dry bark, pure blues, the back porch collapsing, the old chair propped against the logs. On tenor he is at his most romantic on "Careless Love Blues" and his most unpredictable thoughout, ready to rise from a whisper to a scream within a single phrase or raise a startled run up from anywhere at all, Parlan, whose trio album Blue Parlan. also on Steeplechase, was one of the best piano records of last year, takes a back seat, accompanying Shepp well and taking a few brief solos that sustain the mood nicely. Album of the month, easy

The double set of duets with Roach has its moments too, among them Shepp playing more explicitly out of his Coltrane bag than usual on the fast tunes "U-Jaa-Ma" and "It's Time"; the drummer's four solo pieces, three of them tributes to other drummers (Big Sid Catlett, Jo Jones, and J.C. Moses); and, above all, the long blues threnody of "South Africa Goddam," which might be worth the price of the album.

Side one is taken up by the title tune. which features Roach at his most unrelenting with fast march figures that phase in and out of regular rhythm; in the face of this engine, Shepp has little to do. and the piece works only intermittently. On Roach's recent duo album with Anthony Braxton, most of the freeassociative charm derived from the play of two minds meeting in a context of unpredictability. It's appropriate to play tunes rather than free-associate with Shepp, but somehow the highest potential of the Roach/Shepp tandem was never gotten at. There were similar problems on their first recorded meeting, a studio date for a French label, still unavailable here, on which two out of four sides work marvelously, and two hardly at all. Is it that the tenor/drums format is too systematic and dry? Maybe

### How serious are you about an electric piano?



We know how an acoustic piano should sound and how it should feel. We've been building them for almost a century.

That's why our electric grand pianos sound and feel like our acoustic grands. And our electronic pianos feel like our acoustic pianos while making unique sounds of their own. We wouldn't have it any other way. If you wouldn't have it any other way either, read on.

<u>The Electric Grands</u>. The CP-80 Electric Grand has the sound and feel of a full-size grand, yet it is compact, sturdy, and ready for heavy duty touring.

With no soundboard, and the strings anchored to Yamaha's exclusive Humid-A-Seal Pin Block, tuning stability is excellent.

The treble and middle strings are similar to those used on Yamaha concert grand pianos. Extensive research by Yamaha has produced bass strings that, though shorter, retain all the rich, full-bodied character of an acoustic grand.

There are 88 independent permanently mounted piezoelectric pickups for the entire keyboard. This gives you highly accurate sound, with wide, even frequency response.

Controls include volume, bass, middle, treble, tremolo on/off, tremolo speed, and depth and power on/off.

The CP-70B retains most of the features of the CP-80 and consequently has the same true acoustic feel and sound. Yet its price may make it more attractive for your specific needs.

<u>The Electronic Pianos</u>. The 76-key CP-30 has a wide repertoire of sounds that transcend the usual "one-color" sound of other electronic pianos. Different combinations of voices may be assigned to each of the two channels, giving a true stereo effect.

The CP-30 is velocity-sensitive so when you strike the keys harder, it gets louder. The only moving parts are the keys and the reliable leaf switches they activate.



The CP-20 is a single-channel unit with similar features at a lower price.

The portable CP-10 (not pictured) is the newest addition. It features 61 keys and a built-in EQ. For more complete information write: Yamaha, Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622. (In Canada, write: 135 Milner Ave., Scarb., Ont. M1S 3R1.) Or better yet, visit your Yamaha dealer for a demonstration of the keyboards that take true acoustic sound and feel as seriously as

you do.

Because you're serious.



the towering "South Africa Goddam" -Shepp testifying and Roach shading for him with infinite care, there is evidence of what can be done. - Rafi Zabor

Al Green The Lord Will Make A Way - Myrrh MSB 6661

Marvin Gaye In Our Lifetime Tamla T8-374M1



Soul music bridges the gap between the bedroom and the pulpit with the best soul men link ing the roles of sinner and saint. Like Sam

Cooke before him, Al Green combined

sensitive understanding of worldly themes and made the best soul records of the pre-disco '70s. As the decade wore on, though, his outlook grew increasingly religious; he established his own church where he could sing and preach the gospel in a more suitable setting and his album releases became more sporadic and idiosyncratic.

Though he has always recorded some overtly religious material "Jesus Is Waiting," "My God Is Real," "Belle" - The Lord Will Make A Way is Green's first album of gospel standards and his first in a six-LP deal with Myrrh and Word, Inc., a born-again-Christian propaganda organization.

The music ranges from the insistent rhythms and third-beat drumming of "In The Holy Name Of Jesus" and "I Have A Friend Above All Others," reminiscent of



### Bill Evans

"His touch was remarkable for a perfect control that came from great strength. The nuances were exquisite—every line a different voice with its own intensity and color, and every voice a song . . .

By following his convictions to their logical conclusions, he opened vast areas to investigation by other jazz musicians. In this, and many other respects, he was a pathfinder, even for those who don't yet know enough to begin the search."

-Chuck Israels Musician



Bill Evans. Featuring Eddie Gomez and Eliot Zigmund. You Must Believe In Spring. Produced by Helen Keane and Tommy LiPuma.



On Warner Bros. records & tapes.

funky church music of the title cut which sounds more like tunes from his post Willie Mitchell LPs The Belle Album and Truth 'N' Time.

Unlike those LPs which were gospel inflected and religious in intent if not in content — The Lord Will Make A Way is Al Green's half of a conversation with God. And that's a problem which limits the appeal of this LP. In spite of the soar ing octave jumps on "None But The Righteous" or the confidence in provi dence of the title cut and "Pass Me Not," it's hard for the non-believing listener to make a one-to-one identification with the singer.

Hopefully as Green grows as a gospe singer (he's not a "soul" singer any more), he'll regain that tension betweer fear and ecstacy, between the saint and the sinner that made The Belle Album so special.

Marvin Gaye used gospel-like shouts and swoops in some of his early hits, bu his ambition was to be a jazz singer Since wresting artistic control of his records in 1971, Gaye has followed a moody, jazz-tinged path, though religior has always been a part of his music More than gospel testifier, he is singing preacher and records like "What's Goin On" and "Inner City Blues (Make Me Wanna Holler)" were the sort of socia comments one might hear from the pulpit. He extended his moralizing through Here, My Dear, a chillingly persona account of his marriage and divorce.

In Our Lifetime is about the here-and now, and presents the image of life as a pilgrimage, a journey in which our goal is to make ourselves more aware of the world around us.

"The artist pays the price/So you won't have to pay/If only we would listen/To what they have to say," he sings describing songs of "wisdom...loving...hating" and how we must learr from them all in order to lead a fuller more righteous life.

While Green's music concerns man's possible redemption in heaven, Gaye's songs describe the limits of life on earth So a sexy number like "Love Party" sounds sad, not lusty, with its achino vocals and the reminder that life is transitory and we're not around for long. The climactic "oooohhhh, baby, let's make love" of the title cut is also tinged with this melancholy.

In spite of this outlook, the LP has a lush, Garden-of Eden sound character ized by soft, haunting background vocals, Gamble-and-Huff-like muted trumpets and xylophone flourishes straight from the Carribean. Not only does Gaye mix the saint and sinne identities, he dresses up his resignation in some high-class pastels. - Stuar Cohn

Aretha Franklin — Aretha, Arista AL-9538. This is Franklin's most serious effort in many an album to retrieve the



Provocative



Curiously Refreshing

Musician: The Magazine of the pro's, road-tested tough by stars like Bonnie Raitt. Guarantee yourself a full year of the finest music in the world. Or give it to a friend. As Bonnie says, "Hey, I actually buy this mag with my own money. Now will you guys put me on the mailing list?"

Sorry, Bonnie, no freebies, but just use the handy card and we'll be yours for a whole year. Or get it for a friend. Musician: the perfect gift.



Visually Stimulating

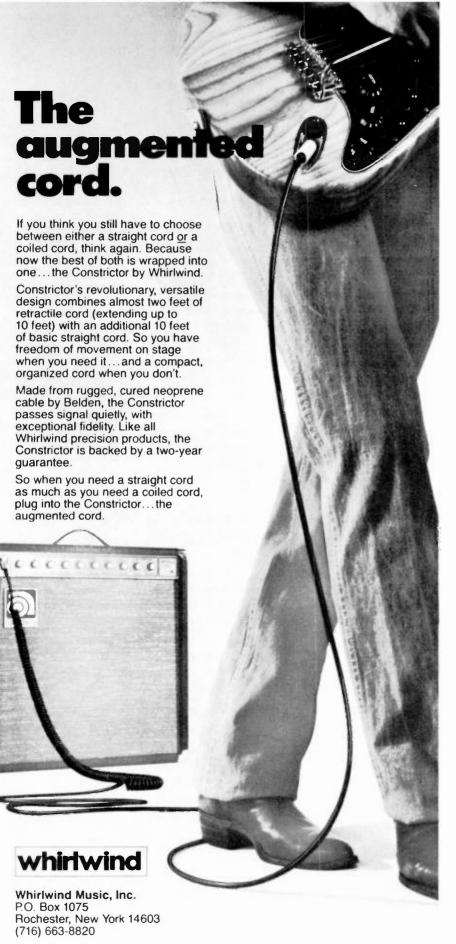


Boffo!



## **BACK ISSUES**

| No. 18 Pat Metheny, Jazz Organ, Dire Straits No. 20 Steely Dan, Session Players, Jeff Lorber No. 21 Brian Eno, Reggae Festival, The Bear I No. 22 Stevie Wonder, Rock and Jazz in the 70s No. 23 Sonny Rollins, Townshend, Bonnie Raitt No. 24 Bob Marley, Sun Ra, Free Jazz & Punk No. 25 Bob Seger, Julius Hemphill, Tom Petty No. 27 Hendrix, Peter Gabriel, Charlie Christian No. 28 Mark Knopfler, Roxy Music, DeJohnette No. 29 Mike McDonald, Capt. Beefheart, Oregon No. 30 Bruce Springsteen, Best in Rock & Jazz No. 31 Steely Dan, John Lennon, Steve Winwood Please send me magazines at \$3.00 each. (\$4.50 for each copy mailed outside U.S.) |                            |                            |                                  |  |  |  |  |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------------|--|--|--|--|
| I have enclosed \$ U.S. funds only.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                            |                            |                                  |  |  |  |  |
| ☐ No. 18<br>☐ No. 20<br>☐ No. 21                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | □ No. 22 □ No. 23 □ No. 24 | □ No. 25 □ No. 27 □ No. 28 | ☐ No. 29<br>☐ No. 30<br>☐ No. 31 |  |  |  |  |
| =                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                            | Zip                        |                                  |  |  |  |  |
| MUSICIAN, P.O. Box 701, Gloucester, MA 01930                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                            |                            |                                  |  |  |  |  |



it never fit anyone else since she let it slip off in the mid-'70s. Everyone involved tries so hard to get it just right Clive Davis at Arista figures he can do it for Dionne Warwick, so he'll do it for Aretha Franklin Arif Mardin, who produced so many of Franklin's great Atlantic sessions, is in charge of half of Aretha. The other half goes to Chuck Jackson, who has worked with Natalie Cole (who pursued the crown actively for a while). Even the Original Sweet Inspirations with Cissy Houston are called in to help out. But the album is a painstaking re-creation that lacks the spark that set Franklin off during her reign. What's missing is good material Except for "What A Fool Believes" (you'l either love it or find it truly bizarre) and the utterly silly Franklin original, the razzle-dazzle "School Days" (a shameless show stopper), the material is serviceable and malleable, and so what There is no challenge in Aretha Greatness needs to be inspired, not practiced - Jim Feldman

Gang of Four Gang of Four, Warner Bros. EP Tom Robinson Sector 27, I.R.S.

The last twitch es of the dying Left or the first angular thrusts of the New Right? It's you Move. The Gang of Four's solemn Marx ist orthodoxy is

consistently contradicted by the music's irresistible pulse and vacuum-like Black Holes. Does anyone really ponder the iniquities of the competitive laissez-faire marketplace while they're getting dowr to "It's Her Factory?" The tension in this British group's music arises not only from the band's very imprisonment in a system they openly criticize. How can they preach discipline and restraint while their music openly encourages the opposite?

The new, 4-song EP released by Warners shows the Gang of Four at peak form. The heavily syncopated, echoec beat underlying the chanting of John King and the bit-off snippets of Andy Gill's gnarled guitar characterize the stark three-dimensional outline of "Armalite Rifle" and "He'd Send in the Army." But even as the band carves out a unique niche with its hard-edged danceable sound, they choose to take refuge behind an uncomfortably doctrinaire Marxist dialectic. And, while the music does provide an ironic counterpoint, the lyrics themselves convey impersonal dogmas or repeated wisdoms rather than useful provocative observations.

Perhaps the greatest blow to the libera cause is the disaffection of do-gooder



### Keith Jarrett and James Newton on the Classics

By Rafi Zabor

Now that the Mississippi River is twenty-four feet below normal and New York within a hundred days of drying up I feel vaguely foolish monitoring the rise and fall of the Third Stream, but life is returning to the old estuary and it's time to keep a tally. It was John Lewis's dream, or Gunther Schuller's, that jazz and European classical music might cohabit and be fruitful - and why shouldn't consenting art musics get together now and then? - but like most attempts at a fusion of musical idioms it was doomed to intermittent magic at best. Art forms grow from the inside out, not through an agglomeration of externais and the best wishes of friends and family. The late 50s produced a few interesting pieces, like Lewis' "Sketch" and, even better, some of Moondog's miniatures, like "Lament for Bird," but the Third Stream went the way of all good but unnecessary ideas and was for the most part forgotten. Ellington and Mingus, being themselves, were superior to style and could do anything they wanted and be genuine. Cecil Taylor was also inevitable, and thrived, and when the 70s avant garde started tossing out unclassifiable pieces of music it wasn't because people were playing mix 'n' match with art forms but because deeper dislocations and discoveries had taken place. Schools, said Nabokcv, are for fish, not artists, but artists swim too and there's only so much water in the world. Even very good artists will find themselves paddling in the same direction now and then.

Keith Jarrett is an artist of the old school if ever there was one, and the unfortunately named *Celestial Hawk*— is that what the Cosmic Chicken turns into when it leaves the barnyard?— for piano, percussion and orchestra, is a fairly straightforward attempt at a Major Work. When I put myself in a sympathetic frame of mind I find ample beauties in the piece. The opening, for example, is a slow gathering of strands such as might make up a world— and in fact the first blossoms of this world are fresh— but then, after some trombone

whoops taken fairly verbatim from Alan Hovhaness, tonality begins to splinter and, as so often happens at the equivalent point in one of Jarrett's solo improvisations, the piece begins to lose its forward motion and much of its shape. It recovers in Jarrett's trilling cadenza (improvised?) and the sweepingly lyrical passage that follows it before more Hovhaness brass-writing, this time for trumpet, ushers in a second turbulent episode. Jarrett's big developmental crises of tonality come off more like tantrums than confrontations, as if he's shied off just short of coming to grips with his feelings and his material. Melody unhitches itself from rhythm and begins its own ungrounced striving, the percussion rattles menacingly but fails to strike - Mahler reached similar impasses on a grander scale, with stronger themes. Jarrett's yearning to go beyond himself, like our own, is real; and, like us, he's still partly unprepared for the journey. I think he's brave to make the attempt as publicly as he coes. Certainly no one this side of Braxton has been picked on as mercilessly. When The Celestial Hawk flapped its wings in concert the classical critics got out the old 12-gauge and blasted away over by the henhouse, but they wouldn't have wasted the buckshot on him if he wasn't in some sense the real thing.

What irks people about Jarrett is not that he's pretentious but that he's pretentious and an artist. He may not be able to grapple with the big forms yet, but he does understand beauty. Jarrett is best, almost uniformly, in his moments of repose, when he lets himself go and gives lyricism free reign. When he lays his grand designs aside, his artistry almost never fails him; he is himself, and therefore free. In The Celestial Hawk he tries to set his armies marching the way you're supposed to, but his troops are in disarray, wearing ten different kinds of uniform on three different fields of battle, and their general is lying on his back in the long grass, writing poems about the sky. This is no way to win the symphonic continued on next pg.



# "IF IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, WON'T SELL IT TO YOU

So says Frank "Mickey" Toperzer, President of Drums Unlimited, Inc., and one of the nation's foremost percussionists, educators, and clinicians



An accomplished percussionist who has appeared and recorded with such diverse musical luminaries as Igor Stravinsky, Henry Mancini, Dave Brubeck, the National Symphony Orchestra and others, Mickey Toperzer founded Drums Unlimited in 1962.

To this day he remains steadfast to his original idea of providing the student percussionist, educator and professional with an infallable source of virtually every and any quality percussion related instrument or accessory.

"I stand behind every item offered for sale at Drums Unlimited," says Mickey. His personal commitment to excellence and complete satisfaction of his customers remains the strongest in the industry, and has made . . .



# Drums unlimited

Since 1962, Percussion Merchants to the World. 4928 St. Elmo Ave., Bethesda, Md. 20014 (301) 654-2719

Send \$2.50 today for your personal copy of the PERCUSSION PUBLICATIONS CATALOG, the world's most complete compliation of percussion music, methods, and literature. Catalog price is deductible from your first \$10 order.

# ammo

WORLD'S LARGEST DEALER

# Electronic Keyboards

OBERHEIM ● ARP ● MOOG ● YAMAHA ● WURLITZER CRUMAR ● RHODES ● HOHNER ● MULTIVOX ● KORG CAT/KITTEN BY OCTAVE ●RMI ● NOVALINE ●WLM STEINER • PROPHET • HELPINSTILL ROLAND O ROBELLI

### AMPLIFICATION & EFFECTS

BGW ● ACOUSTIC ● YAMAHA ● PEAVEY ● POLYTONE JBL ● TAPCO ● ROLAND ●QSC ● EMILAR ● TANGENT ELECTRO-VOICE ●MXR ● ROSS ● ALTEC ● PIGNOSE CETEC-GAUSS ● BIAMP ● CERWIN-VEGA ● HIWATT ASHLY ● ELECTRO-HARMONIX ● DOD ● MARSHALL BOSE • KUSTOM • FENDER • DELTALABS A/DA ● LAB ● MU-TRON

● CALZONE AND ANVIL CASES ●

Why wait? Call us now - we probably have it in stock.

CALL 212-347-7757 or 516-485-2122



301 PENINSULA BOULEVARD HEMPSTEAD NEW YORK 11550



wars — ask Beethoven — but it is worth waiting for when it comes.

I'd trade it all, though, for the fresher and more continuous breeze that blows through James Newton's The Mystery School, a less ambitious and more wholly natural piece of work. The album contains three compositions for wind quintet - Newton's flute plus tuba, bassoon, clarinet and oboe/English horn and its best and longest piece, entitled "The Wake" in memory of Dr. Howard Swanson, is something I expect to be listening to with identical and/or increasing pleasure for years to come. There isn't much to analyze in it; successes like this don't leave much behind for the junkman. Five relatively brief composed sections bracket solo or duo improvisations. The first few phrases generate most of the thematic material, which Newton develops in lyrical and impressionistic variations and to which he gives fullest form in a simple, affecting, blues-tinged dirge that also serves as a final recapitulation. The part-writing is excellent, the execution magically right, and the piece has what contemporary classical music lacks almost completely: melody, melody, melody. Clarinetist John Carter and Newton take, I suppose, the best solos, with the greatest emotional and technical range, but Red Callender, John Nunez and Charles Owens serve both the spirit and the letter of the piece as well as anyone could have wished, and what remains in memory is the harmoniousness of the whole. "The Wake" is beautiful as a day can be beautiful, or a moment in which you remember who you are, and the next time someone starts yammering at me about what Black music can or cannot be and how the European influence s a dangerous and dissociative virus, I'll pop on a copy of this album and smile. Newton may not fill Carnegie, but he fills me just fine. M

cont. from pg.77 Tom Robinson, whose TRB (Tom Robinson Band) revived the lost art of the protest song with anthems such as "Right On Sister" and the uplifting "Glad To Be Gay." Tom observed what the Gang of Four, Public Image, Ltd., Joy Division and the Cure were up to in the way of political ambiguity, and disbanded TRB to form Sector 27, a more experimental outfit that confronts society's bitter paradoxes head on, with a Freudian, rather than New Deal, bent. The results are now on a Stave (Peter Gabriel, XTC) Lillywhite-produced LP that contains some of Robinson's most intense, yet melodic work.

"Invitation," "Not Ready" and "Can't Keep Away" deal with Robinson's homosexuality in blunt, often painfully honest and personal terms. The musical backing, with androgynous guitarist Stevie B. providing some uncanny Keith (PiL) Levene licks and the rhythm section

unabashedly copping the Gang of Four's jagged meter, tries hard to be hip. But Sector 27 is at its best when the band sticks to Tom Robinson's strength — neither experimentation nor improvisation, but songwriting — his proven ability to come up with memorable verses and catchy choruses. Pop songs like "2-4-6-8 Motorway" are what made the TRB so special in the first place.

The depressing thing about Sector 27, though, is Tom Robinson's new found pessimism; his abdication of the liberal's belief in man's goodness and perfectability. "I never expected pie-in-the-sky, but anything is better than a kick in the eye," sings Robinson. From a die-hard, one-time activist like him, that's sad. — Roy Trakin

Defunkt - Defunkt Hannibal 1301. These days, serious jazz cats who decide to play dance music are —take themselves to be — as rebellious and avant-garde as the ones who decided not to in the '40s. Great; reversals and cycles are always provocative. But how Defunkt got slapped with the "punk jazz" label is beyond me. Ain't no punk in Defunkt, though songs like "Thermonuclear Sweat" and "Strangling Me With Your Love" — the latter of which contains the lines, "You look at me as if you had no eyes/but when you touch me I have no skin" - strike decidedly New Wavey postures. And "jazz" is hardly what I'd call it: we have here eight tracks of standard funk, peppered (thankfully, but not sufficiently) with short solos.

So the question is: how's de funk? Mediocre unfortunately, something like a sped-up fusion of mid-'70s Chicago with the Ohio Players. Mundane (sooo hippp!) lyrics, Joe Bowie's ever-present and one-dimensional singing, tired P-Funk synth/guitar vamps, Chic bass lines, formula handclaps, and chants of "Make Them Dance" and "Party Hearty" undermine Defunkt's stab at an open marriage of jazz, funk and punk. All 'n all, a major disappointment. — Spottswood Erving

Sadao Wantanabe —Bird of Paradise Inner City 6061. Is Wantanabe crazy to invite such direct comparison with Bird, playing nothing but Parker classics in Parker's style? No, the thing really works: Wantanabe has created an amazingly accurate, tasteful re-creation of Bird. And I can't stop listening to it. He depends on Bird for the stylistic force of the music, but he uses his intelligence and poise to circumvent the obviously literal. Avoiding exact transcriptions of Bird solos, he instead weaves his phrases as Bird might have, all the while utilizing Parker's conceptual trade marks. Whereas the obvious approach to "Embraceable You" is to take Parker's 5note motivic starting point and expand upon it, Wantanabe sticks closer to the original melody, giving us another look at what Bird might have done. The only thing that might bother Parker purists about this tribute is Tony Williams' postbop approach to the drums. But for me this adds an interesting twist. And there

are few musicians around better suited to this music than Hank Jones and Ron Carter. After so many recent fusion releases, I almost forgot Wantanabe could play like this. — Cliff Tinder

Jack Bruce And Friends — I've Always Wanted To Do This Epic JE 36827. If Jack Bruce had done what he always wanted from the beginning, then Cream may have wound up a crushed-velvet lounge act rather than psychedelic apostles. But, surprisingly, the effect might have been just as uplifting. On his new solo record, Bruce displays a mature, pareddown sound of jazzy, minor-key melodies with a bit of funk and a lot of smoky atmosphere. Rather than blues guitar bully treatment, David Sancious' lilting piano provides a more subtle seduction on songs like "Hit and Run" and "Running Back," setting out the melody in delicate chord blocks as Bruce croons thickly up above. Guitarist Clem Clempson gently prods the melody and even drummer Billy Cobham's usually heavy tom-tom hand comes down lightly. This is one Bruce super-troupe that jams less and says more — better. — Barry Jacobs Michael Stanley Band — Heartland (EMI). Although Clarence Clemons guests on sax on three cuts, Heartland isn't Springsteen a la Ohio, some telling document steeped in working class angst. Yet the title isn't exactly false packaging. Digesting this album is much like a drive on the interstate through Central Ohio - not a lot of character or scenery, but the time passes pleasantly



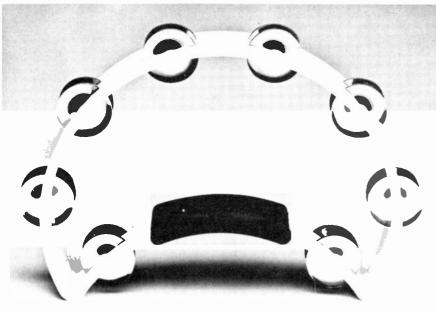
is MSB's strongest effort to date, the outfit's faceless lack of a style still plagues them. It's a credit to the concept of craft — an art itself — that this band has gotten as far as they have. Since his two early Seventies solo discs. Stanley has displayed a knack for writing efficiently workmanlike and appealing songs, and newcomer Kevin Raleigh who penned "He Can't Love You," a sizable hit off the album — seems just as dependable. The arrangements beg for the tired phrase "tasteful": always appropriate and properly tailored, never intrusive or slipshod. Consequently this is an easy album to like, but a hard one to feel any true love for, because it lacks the risk, passion and turbulence that is

should be. - Rob Patterson **Pylon** — Gyrate DB db-54. With titles like"Danger," "Precaution," "Volume," and "Gravity," it's no wonder Pylon's songs are as bleak as a lonely highway late at night. The group's sound is equally unsettling, with Vanessa Ellison's crazed, paranoid vocals the highlight. Her untamed shrieking has a tense, constricted edge to it, making her a sort of new wave Janis Joplin. The band complements her wailing with lean, laconic punk/funk riffs, Michael Lachowski's mobile bass in the lead. Like Gang of Four, Pylon makes terse but eloquent rock 'n' roll out of simple

scraps of sound. Another singular group

from Athens, Georgia, birthplace of the

1980 Rhythm Tech Inc.



THIS IS THE RHYTHM TECH TAMBOURINE.

It looks different because it's designed to feel different. The difference is the location of a cushioned grip within the frame's overall center of gravity. This patented design puts more perceived mass where it belongs: in your hand. That makes a big difference in control and response, and that's the important difference to you. the player. The Rhythm Tech Tambourine requires less effort to play, which conserves your energy and enhances your technique and endurance.

Distributed by: C. MEISEL MUSIC CO. 2332 Morris Ave. Union, NJ 07083 201-688-8500

204 Artesia Blvd Torrance, Calif. 90504 213-321-1155

Our sound is different, too. Stage and recording professionals helped us develop an optimal jingle formula. As a result, the Rhythm Tech Tambourine creates a clear distinctive sound that holds its own in today's multitrack environment.

Professionals like Ralph Mac-Donald, Steve Gadd, Jeff Porcaro and Lenny White appreciate the difference of this instrument. It's not your standard tambourine... but it will be.



511 CENTER AVE. MAMARONECK NY 10543

Ave., NE/Atlanta, GA 30307). — Stuar Sir Douglas Quintet — Border Wave

Takoma TAK-7088. In a strangely

pleasing way. Border Wave sounds a once dated (vintage 1965) and remarka bly contemporary. The reason is that rock has returned to the values leade Doug Sahm has always stood for — sim plicity, raunch and sincerity. Then, too there's the music itself — Augie Meyers shrill, peppy Vox organ work has beer widely imitated in New Wave circles and the master proves here that the original is still the best. The new songs particularly "It Was Fun While It Lasted" and "Tonight, Tonight," are upbeat and spunky, while intriguing covers o "Who'll Be The Next In Line" and "You're Gonna Miss Me" add new lustre to old material. Reunion LPs like this one often promise much but deliver little -Border Wave is an impressive excep tion. - Barry Alfonso

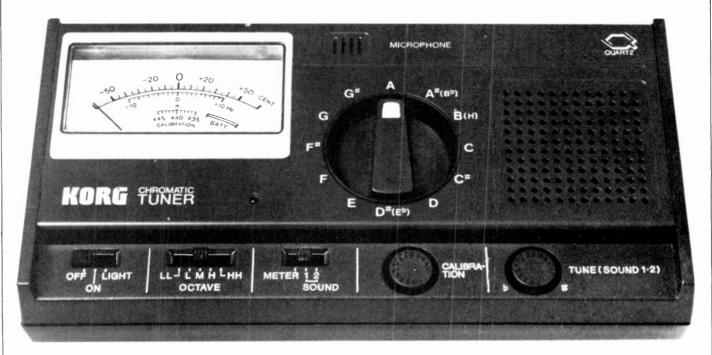
Dexter Gordon — Gotham City, Columbia JC 36853. With a highly dangerous band like this - Cedar Walton, Percy Heath, Art Blakey, Woody Shaw (on one cut) and George Benson (on two cuts - Gotham City had the potential to be Dexter's hottest Columbia release. And if it had been recorded three or fou years earlier, it would have been volcanic. His playing somehow doesn' pack the same punch these days though it's still quite respectable, especially on "The Blues Walk" and "Gotham City.

The band is the real story: Blakey burns and Benson comes out from under his oppressive rock and really rolls into "Hi Fly," proving he can stil play jazz guitar and even work up a sweat after all these years in the shade Even Woody blows with more fire or "Blues Walk" than on his own recendates. Columbia should take Bensor and the rhythm section back into the studio, put the album out under Walton's name (so Warners' doesn't get mad and release one of Benson's best dates ever. - Cliff Tinder

Jody Harris/Robert Quine, Escape Infidelity JMB-237.

This Escape is a package tour. Your guides: two of New York's wildest guitar players. "Up in Daisy's Greenhouse' takes us to Africa: herds of wildebeests lumber across a silent plateau. The dateline for "Pardon My Clutch," a computerized rockabilly, reads "Memphis 2001." And "Termites of 1938" brings us back to New York City; imagine yoursel hanging by your fingertips from the top of the Empire State Building while you listen to this thriller. It's all quitar here tapelooped and treated and posing with a rhythm machine. Even the players have lost track of who did what. If you want, you can pick out a barbed-wire Quine lick or a classic Harris twang - or you can just sit back and enjoy the scenery. — Stuart Cohn M

### STAY IN TUNE...



### WITH KORG.

### KORG SETS A NEW STANDARD IN INSTRUMENT TUNING— THE WT-12 OUARTZ STANDARD CHROMATIC TUNER.

Korg engineering is recognized as leading the industry in developing new technology at affordable prices. That's why KORG is replacing the world's best instrument tuner, the KORG WT-10, with the new WT-12 Quartz Chromatic Tuner.

- The new WT-12 employs the same Quartz
   Technology found in the world's most accurate timepieces as its tuning calibration standard.
- Its tuning range has been expanded to 7 octaves. (The WT-10 had a 5-octave range.)
- The earphone jack and earphone (included) greatly facilitate tuning conventional pianos, as well as virtually every electric piano on the market.
- Electric instruments can be played through the WT-12, eliminating the need to disconnect from amplifiers while tuning.

- An extremely accurate built-in microphene permits easy acoustic tuning.
- The WT-12's large illuminated VU meter readily provides the best combination of information and accuracy. (It even permits tuning offperfect-pitch when desired).
- A built-in reference tone and speaker guarantees tuning accuracy.
- The WT-12 operates on either AC or batteries. (An AC Adaptor, batteries and a leatherette carrying case are included).

The new WT-12 Quartz Chromatic Tuner. Another good reason to stay in tune with KORG.



#### **KORG GT-6 Tuner**

For all string instrument twing, electric or acoustic. Features built-in nicrophone (for acoustic tuning): input output jacks (for direct electric tuning): calibration and battery check switches; large illuminated meter. Wrist strap and batteries included.

Stay in tune with...



Rocket 88s, Bunnys, Toots, Speedwagons, Blue Angels Dexys and more, more, more!

By David Fricke

### SHORTTAKES









cury) After scoring with one of the best (if not the best) debut albums of 1980, this sorely underrated Atlanta band delivers a five-star followup. Vocalist-keyboard man-songwriter Tom Gray specializes in songs of suburban angst, acked-up by guitarist Rick Price's neoneavy metal grind and colored in shades of psycho by Gray's spooky yowl and phantom-of-the-punk-club synthesizer work. Like "Money Changes Everything" on the last LP, "Heart in the

Street" is an instant classic. And the

nstrumental "Ambush" could turn out to

The Brains — Electronic Eden (Mer-

be the New Wave "Telstar." Joan Jett - Bad Reputation (Boardwalk) Ex-Runaway picks up where Suzi Quatro left off with occasional help from some Sex Pistols and Blondie boys. She makes a damn good case for the glamrock revival and even goes to the source, covering two Gary Glitter tunes. Not only is it fun, but it sparkles with commercial potential. Well, Kim Fowley, what do you think of your little girl now? **Toots and the Maytals** — Toots Live (Mango) Jamaica's answer to Otis Redding caught live in London, at his best, skanking madly to the beat of a crackerack band while longtime Maytals Raleigh Gordon and Jerry Mathias cool nim off with their breezy gospel harmonies. The LP also doubles as a greatest

butts about it. **Bunny Waller** — Bunny Waller Sings the Wallers (Mango) Who better to recut the early Jamaican hits of the Wallers, to bring tem back alive, than an original Waller? You may not recognize many of the ten songs — except for Curtis May-

nits package, featuring such Toots roots

as "Pressure Drop," "Funky Kingston,"

'54-46," and their classic '60s ska hit

'Monkey Man." On your feet...and no

field's "Keep on Moving" done Jahwise, these are all pre-Catch A Fire — but there's no mistaking the hot "riddim" of Robbie Shakespeare and Sly Dunbar or Bunny's evocative crooning. The beat is reggae, but the sound is pure soul.

**Donnie Iris** — Back on the Streets (Midwest/MCA) This Pittsburgh popster looks more like Elvis Costello than Buddy Holly did. Don't let them black horn rims fool ya. He sings lead and harmony vocals like 10cc (and I mean all original four of 'em) and with producer-keysman Mark Avsec has made an album of winning idiosyncratic pop that sounds like the Cars meet Badfinger. He loses some of his momentum on Side Two, but the five tunes on Side One (Iris opens with his best shot, "Ah! Leah!") would have made one hell of an EP.

Ben Mink — Foreign Exchange (PVC/Passport) On vacation from Canadian art-rockers FM, violinist Ben Mink embarks on a pleasure cruise through a variety of ethnic and atmospheric sounds, from the Mahavishnuish "Shoreleave" and Eno-fied "Round Trip" to the Turkish delight of "Akiba's Night Out" and the classical clowning of "Manish Tuna." Neither self-consciously hip nor mawkishly commercial, Mink shows he has good chops and the taste to match them.

Rocket 88 (Atlantic) Who needs young soul rebels when we've got old English blues pros Charlie Watts, Jack Bruce. Alexis Korner, Ian Stewart, and ex-Savoy Brown pianist Bob Hall making merry in a West German nightclub on a program of chops showcases such as "Roll 'Em Pete" and "St. Louis Blues'? Korner seems to have lost his voice somewhere along the way, but boogie woogie sax star Hal "Cornbread" Singer

takes up the slack, blowing hearty tenor throughout.

lan McLagan — Bump in the Night (Mercury) Refried Faces frolic, by a championship sideman who bravely carries on the booze 'n' blues tradition of his old band. The tunes aren't all 100 proof, but this sure beats the latest egg laid by Rod Stewart.

Phil Collins - Face Value (Atlantic) The Genesis drummer finally gets his solo two-cents in, but the end result is worth much more. Forget the big name guest stars - Eric Clapton, Stephen Bishop, the EW&F horns. Concentrate instead on the seamless fusion of electro-poptones, jazzy inflections, cool R&B understatement, and sparing flashes of art-rock grandeur, all topped off by Collins' plaintive wail. He does a funky custom job on Genesis' own "Behind the Lines" and turns the Beatles' "Tomorrow Never Knows" into 21st Century psychedelia. Gabriel LPs notwithstanding, this is the best Genesisrelated album since A Trick of the Tail. U2 - Boy (Island) What do you get when you combine the pop savvy of the Undertones, the angry young thrash of Public Image Ltd., and the tortured eloquence of Joy Division? The Irish quartet that made this brilliant, exhilarating record: eleven intense, yet articulate outbursts of song that together stand as the '80s answer to My Generation.

The dB's — Stands For Decibels (Shake/Albion import) New York punkpoppers the dB's had to go to England to get their debut LP released and now America can know what it's been missing — young, loud, and snappy post-British Invasion pop sounds of the Big Star/Flamin' Groovies variety spiced with rogueish garage-band moxy. They continued on pg. 86

**World Radio History** 

### Simon Phillips-Beck's Backbone



Simon Phillips has done some amazing drumming with some amazing players like Jeff Beck, Pete Townshend, Brian Eno and Stanley Clarke.

What drums are Simon's? The strongest name in drums, of course, Tama.



### The Strongest Name In Drums

Send \$2.00 for a full-color Tama drum catalog to: TAMA Dept.M.
PO Box 469 Bensalem PA 1(8)20
327 Broadway Idaho Falls ID 83401
In Canada 6355 Park Ave. Montreal PO H2V5H5



By Rafl Zabor

### SHORTTAKES

Sixty-five albums in search of a eviewer. How many will make it into the column? Only my copy editor knows for sure. Probably the best playing I've neard on a new release all month comes rom John Coltrane, some of whose 1957-58 sessions for Prestige are eissued on Come Rain or Come Shine Prestige 24094). The tenorist, still ensed for his leap into fulfillment and oblivion, delivers classic improvisations on "Slowtrane," "Trane's Slo Blues" and the title composition among others, form and fire in memorable balance and ten years left to live. He was about to carry his new command of his instrument and nimself from Monk's band back to Miles Davis' and is accompanied here by Prestige standbys like Red Garland. Paul Chambers, Art Taylor, and Donald Byrd, who keep the music moving and don't get in his way. As if, at that point,

The Coltrane legacy appears more

iterally than usual in the latest collabo-

anvone could.

ration of Joseph Jarman and Don Moye, Black Paladins (Black Saint 0042). The music is rendered less ascetic, more modal and melodious, than in their usual duo format by the addition of excellent African bassist Johnny Dyani, who also plays some plano on the album, sings, and contributes the most tuneful original, "Mama Marimba." Jarman puts in one of his most coherent performances on record, Moye gets to fly, and it's one of the albums of the month. As is Muhal Richard Abrams' finest ensemble album to date, Mama and Daddy, (Black Saint 0041), notable for the success of its abstract (as opposed to representational) pieces and for the remarkable title tune in which the introductory scoring airily evokes Scott Joplin before Baikida Carroll and the full band come in on the downbeat to play some blues. Uptempo solos by Abrams and George Lewis complete what has to be one of the best pieces of new music of the year. Amina Claudine Myers has two new records out, both of them good. Amina Claudine Myers Salutes Bessie Smith (Leo 103) features her on both piano and vocals, one side of Bessie's compositions, one of her own. Myers is strong enough to play simply and has at least as much gospel as blues sensibility. On



Poems for Piano (Sweet Earth 1005) she manages to use some of both on "Sunday Comedown" and elsewhere ably lends herself to the more impressionistic purposes of Marion Brown, whose compositions make up the album, but I like the Bessie Smith album better, possibly because of her singing but also because the Archie Shepp/Horace Parlan album on Steeplechase has whetted my appetite for good contemporary blues. (Available from NMDS, 500 Broadway, NY, NY 10012.)

Tete Montoliu turns in a typically impeccable bcp date on I Wanna Talk About You (Steeplechase 1137), accompanied by George Mraz and the ubiquitous Al Foster. The pianist's touch is extraordinary and his imagination unfailing; I wonder how he felt about the one or two funny-sounding keys on the otherwise acceptable piano. He probably had a million laughs. Montoliu also has a solo album out on Contemporary this month, but I haven't heard it; if it's anything like the solo concert I heard about the time of the recording, it'll be worth picking up. Two albums have come out this month from pianist Andrew Hill, Strange Serenade and Faces of Hope (Soul Note 1010 and 1013), the first a trio album with Alan Silva and Freddie Waits, the second a solo set. I wonder how many people share my taste for solo Hill. Ever since his Artists House date I've loved his long digressives and the oddly blocky pointil-

lism of his current style (notice especially his atomization of Lee Morgan's "Ceora"), but he can be frustrating when you're in the mood to hear melody develop the way it usually does, without inexplicable silences and interruptions. The trio album smokes, with some especially furious bass playing from Silva. Dizzy Gillespie, you remember him, finds himself in an odd and bassless trio on Digital at Montreux 1980 (Pablo Live D2308226), and he's digital all right, using his fingers faster than any other trumpeter in the business, also puffing up those funny cheeks, with only Bernard "Pretty" Purdie on drums and Toots "Toots" Thielemans on quitar behind him. Purdie sounds like Shannon Jackson before the clock exploded and Thielemans seems at a loss for what to do. Shoulda been a duo album - in fact for the most part it is. Gillespie plays and sings some blues, performs "Manteca" without the usual reference to Georgia, and on one cut twangs a funky Jew's harp and exhorts the audience to "Get that booty." What a card. Recommended.

The excellent series of albums from the Moers Festival in Germany has finally found an American distributor (Daybreak Express; 169 7th Avenue; Brooklyn, NY 11215). **The Music Revelation Ensemble** (No Wave — Moers Music 01072) is actually the James Blood Ulmer quartet that shook so many continued on next pg.

**World Radio History** 



### THE MARK III BASS. CONSIDER THE ALTERNATIVES

Compare the Peavey Mark III Series Bass<sup>™</sup> amp to any bass amp in the store or on the stage.

Compare the Mark III's advanced features such as DDT® compression, six-band graphic equalization, bi-amp capability, parametric EQ, Automix, and complete patch panel capability against the best.

Compare the Mark III's advanced electronic circuitry and dynamic range.

Compare the Mark III's record of performance and reliability.

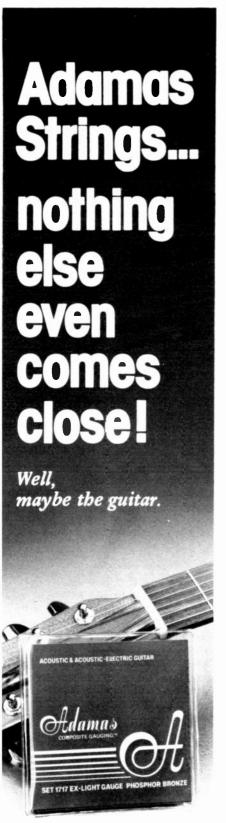
You'll find exactly what leading professionals the world over have found.

The Peavey Mark III Bass<sup>™</sup> amp is in a class by itself. Anything else is second best.



PEAVEY ELECTRONIC CORPORATION
711 A Street/Meridian, MS 39301

© 1981





plays an elusive and fiery kind of electric guitar and David Murray a free and slippery sort of tenor, but most of the shaking seems to come from drummer Shannon Jackson, who sounds like Bernard Purdie after the clock exploded and is kind of terrifying. Plenty of waves here. Ulmer's pieces are excellent, his one sort-of vocal is funny, and you'd better pick up a copy if you want to find out, or remember, what the fuss was about. I'd also like to put in a word for tenorist Fred Anderson, who came boiling up out of Joseph Jarman's Song For in the late 60s and should have gone on to conquer the world but didn't. Another Place (Moers Music 01058), although it suffers from some of the haphazardness of festival recordings, proves Anderson to be the most underappreciated jazz musician of his stature and throws in, as a bonus, some blistering playing by the even more unknown Chicago trumpeter Billy Brimfield, trombone impossibilities from George Lewis, and the somewhat irritating drumming of Hank Drake. Anderson is a powerful post-Coltrane stylist from whom we'd better hear more in the future. Trombonist Ray Anderson, no relation, has begun to give Lewis some competition in the trombone wiz department and appears on three new albums this month, two with the Barry Altschul trio (Somewhere Else -Moers Music 01064, and Brahma -Sackville 3023) and his own Harrisburg Half Life (Moers Music 01074). I'd recommend either of the Altschul albums - fascinating trio, with the immaculate Altschul facing the raucous Anderson over Mark Helias' bass over the meltdown tribute

Among the unexpected pleasures of the month were Bobby Bradford/John Stevens' Volume 1 (Nessa n-17) on which Bradford, Ornette Coleman's early trumpet associate, teams up (in 1971) with Stevens' surprisingly apposite Spontaneous Music Ensemble and its Ornettish lead altoist Trevor Watts (best cut "His Majesty Louis"); Jane Ira Bloom's unaffectedly lyrical soprano playing on the first side of her Second Wind (Outline 138); and, most of all, Jerry Gonzalez' album Yo Yo Me Curé (American Clave 1001), which features some of the best Porto Riqueno drum polyphony I've heard recently, Latino recastings of Shorter's "Nefertiti" and Monk's "Evidence," and Hilton Ruiz playing "The Lucy Theme," of all things. Creative music strikes again. All three albums available from NMDS, and recommended

ECM is still in business, don't you know, and **Charlie Haden/Jan Garbar-ek/Egberto Gismonti**'s Folk Songs (ECM-1-1170) is an advance over their first album, though I still can't warm to Garbarek's tales of the frozen north, and Haden, the musician I most want to hear in the trio, is oddly buried in the mix

doubt-ridden pilgrimages in search o truth! More creaking fingerboards! In a word, more Haden. Another odd ECN three-way conjunction has done bette on its second album. My favorite cut or Codona 2 (ECM-1-1177) is Don Cherry's instant African folk-tune "Malinye," but compare the grandiosity of its treat ment with the directness of Dyani's sim ilar "Mama Marimba" on Black Paladins The Third World has some rough edges last time I looked, and fewer tympani Nana Vasconcelos knows better, and Collin Walcott should. For those a home in the European sector, I'd recom mend Eberhard Weber's Little Move ments (ECM-1-1186) over Miroslav Vitous' Group(ECM-1-1185) because its superior compositions and Charlie Mariano's reedwork give it the edge. Moving right along now, Prestige/

Milestone has come out with three twofers besides the Coltrane set mentioned earlier, and all can be recommended the **Wes Montgomery** set (Yesterdays Milestone 47057) for recollecting the last of his organ trio sides, the Eddie Jefferson (There I Go Again, Prestige 24095) for offering a fine precis of the late singer's career through 1969, and Joe Henderson's Foresight (Milestone 47058) for putting Power to the People Tetragon (tete-a-tetes with DeJohnette) and "The Kicker" back in circulation Some more Inner City reissues of material from the (French) Vogue labe came in the other day, and I've had time to verify that Clifford Brown, The Paris Collection, Vol. 2 (Inner City 7011) contains still more impeccable trumper playing from a man who apparently never put a bad note on record and who retains all his power to refresh the heart Don Byas, Master Balladeer (Inner City 7018) contains more than ballads, but the ballads are what makes the album live. If you want your heart torn out melted and put back in, meet Byas at the intersection of Hawkins, Webster, and Young...For those who must hear the best vibes played on record this month. point out Larry Vuckevich's album Blue Balkan (Inner City 1096), where Bobby Hutchson supplies what you need. Next month, more from Moers, hat Hut, Black Saint, India Nav, Soul Note, the tunes America loves to hear... M

Rock Shorts cont. from pg. 82
can play it straight ("I'm In Love," "Big
Brown Eyes"), tough ("The Fight," with
its slinky slide guitar fills), or completely
off the wall (the Beefheartian guitar ref
erences in "Espionage," the Numanoic
calypso of "Cycles Per Second"). While
dB may stand for decibels, the db's
simply stand for a good time.

Blue Angel (Polydor) Would this New York five-piece consider it an insult if said they were the next best thing to the first Blondie album? Blonde bombshel continued on next pg

**World Radio History** 

### Buddy Childers, Bob McCoy, Bobby Shew, and Walt Johnson. Making and breaking tradition.

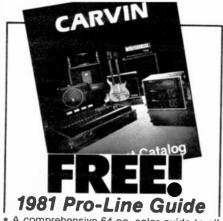


You can either follow tradition or you can make it. Yamaha and the top trumpet players you see here are doing both. With a new line of trumpets that does away with traditional problems. And sets a new pace.

It's a line of trumpets for the bold, the daring. For Buddy Childers, Bob McCoy, Bobby Shew and Walt Johnson. And maybe for you, too.

For more information, write: Yamaha Musical Products, A Division of Yamaha International Corp., Box 7271, Grand Rapids, MI 49510.

**E** YAMAHA



 A comprehensive 64 pg. color guide to all Carvin Pro-Line equipment including illustrations, technical information and specifications with Special Direct Prices.

 Carvin's new products for the 80's include; double neck guitars, modular power amps up to 700w RMS. Recording and road mixing boards, JBL Pro speakers, bi-channel tube guitar amps, Parts, plus much, much more.

As we introduce you to the finest Pro Equipment available, you'll appreciate Carvin's policy of selling Direct for exceptional values.

Write:CARVIN Dept. MP80, 155 Industrial Ave.,
Escondido,CA 92025 • Phone: (714)747-1710

|         | CARVIN FREE CATALOG |
|---------|---------------------|
| Name    |                     |
| Address |                     |
| City    |                     |

MP80

State

three Shangri-Las in one. Now all they need is songs up to the calibre of their Barry Mann-Cynthia Weil cover "I'm Gonna Be Strong."

Sir Douglas Quintet — Border Wave (Takoma) Check one: The best part about this album is (a) the reunion of three-fifths of the original SDQ, including Augie Meyer's freaky Farfisa and Johnny Perez's slapshot drumming (b) red-hot covers of the Kinks' "Who'll Be the Next in Line" and the 13th Floor Elevators' "You're Gonna Miss Me" (c) eight new Doug Sahm originals including the classic-to-be "Down on the Border" (d) its punked -up Tex-Mex sound (e) all of the above. Make mine (e).

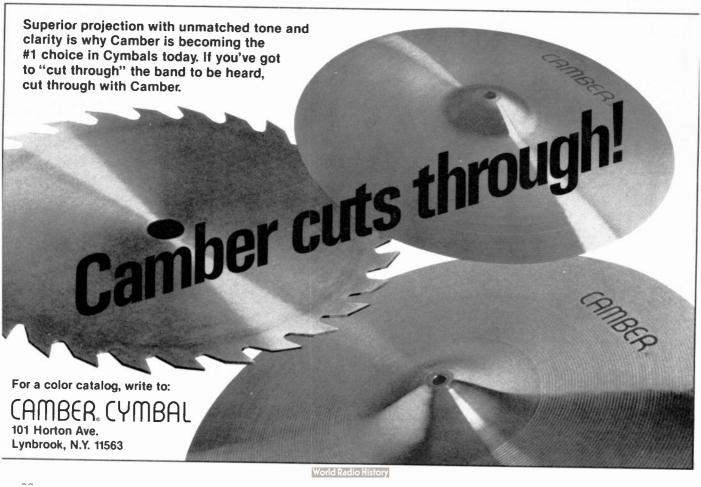
**Journey** — Captured (Columbia) A few million fans will violently disagree, but this double live opus sounds just like Journey's studio album — AOR rock that's DOA.

REO Speedwagon — Hi Infidelity (Epic) The lighter side of heavy metal, REO forges rock-hard hooks and durable melodies at their anvil. Sure, these are AOR sounds too, but the result here is more power than pomp: Gary Richrath's crunchy guitar, Kevin Cronin's boyish but resonant tenor, and a rhythm section that hangs tough on PG-rated rockers like "Shakin' It Loose" and the Bo Diddley-style bust-out "Don't Let Him Go." Small wonder this is a top ten

Various Artists — Monsters of Rock (Polydor) Rainbow, Scorpions, Saxon, April Wine, Touch, and Riot, all recorded live and loud in front of a Mongol horde's worth of headbangers frolicking in the mud at England's Castle Donington last year. On your feet or out the door.

Blues Brothers — Made in America (Atlantic) The Un-Righteous Brothers, Joliet Jake Belushi and Elwood Akyroyd, wring the very last laugh — barely half a chuckle — out of their white soul shtick on their third LP (if you count the sound-track to their multi-million dollar bomb of a movie). And they come close to losing even that after Aykroyd's right-wing political babbling in the middle of "Green Onions." These guys want to be black, but they sound like a whiter shade of pale.

Dexy's Midnight Runners — Searching For the Young Soul Rebels (EMI America) Now meet the Self-Righteous Brothers, an English white soul band that's too concerned with what it's saying — as opposed to how it says it. DMR, which recently suffered a major split in the ranks, attacks ace tunes like "Burn It Down," "There, There, My Dear," and "Geno" with a tight Stax-Volt sound. But the liner notes, "theme" production touches, and their mythic quest for a lost tribe of British young screams "MESSAGE." In aiming for the conscience, they miss the soul by a mile. ▶





# PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT. AND HOHNER MAKES THE PERFECT PRACTICE PIANO.

If you play piano or keyboards, here's how you can practice anywhere you like: indoors or out, in your bedroom or backyard, on the road or on vacation. Just use a Hohner Pianet T with headphones and you won't need an amplifier, wall outlet or even batteries. Pianet T delivers the

sound and feel of a true piano at a weight of only 38 pounds.

The affordable, portable Pianet T from Hohner. For piano or keyboard players, it's practice made perfect.

### HOHNER UNDERSTANDS. M. Hohner Ing. Hicksville, N.Y. Hohner Ganada, Ing. Don Mills Ontario

(Capitol). Or how the back-to-basics approach of Wild Honey (Capitol) prefigured The White Album (Capitol).

As good as Pet Sounds was, it was the first Beach Boys album not to go gold. Pressure came from the concert band to make the studio band return to the old surfing formulas. Brian, though, went to work on an even more ambitious project, first called Dumb Angel and then Smile. "Good Vibrations," the classic single that Brian accurately described as a "pocket symphony," was a tune-up for the project. After many tapes had been made, though, Brian abandoned the project. The feuding within the band had reached an impasse, and Brian decided he couldn't continue or leave — they

rerecorded some of the songs and put them out as *Smiley Smile* (Capitol). People who have heard the original *Smile* tapes swear they are unlike any music they have ever heard, sort of like Phil Spector producing "The Charles Ives Big Band Meets the Thelonius Monk Singers."

The heartbreak of Smile coupled with the commercial failure of Smiley Smile and Wild Honey made Brian even more of a recluse. After writing almost every song for the Beach Boys' first 12 albums, Brian's contributions dropped to five songs on 20/20 (Capitol, 1969), three on Surf's Up (Reprise, 1971) and two on Holland (Reprise, 1973). He was no longer a full-time member much less the

leader of the group he founded. By 1973, the group was in serious financial trouble. An attempted move to Holland had been a catastrophe. Warner Brothers wanted hit singles; critics wanted sociological themes, Brian wanted solitude. Mike Love and then manager Jack Rieley hit on the solution: they'd make the Beach Boys an oldies group. The live show changed emphasis dramatically from post-1967 songs to pre-1967 songs. A national tour with Chicago in 1975 established the concert band as a lucrative arena act

Meanwhile the studio band continued to put out records in relative obscurity. The quality varied greatly with Brian's level of interest. On every record, though, there were at least two brilliant Brian songs. With the Beach Boys' usual luck, the record companies gave their biggest promotional push to the two weakest albums: the 15 Big Ones (Reprise, 1976) and L.A. (Light Album) (Caribou, 1979). Except for a handful of tracks, those two records are the embarrassing lowpoints of the Beach Boys' career.

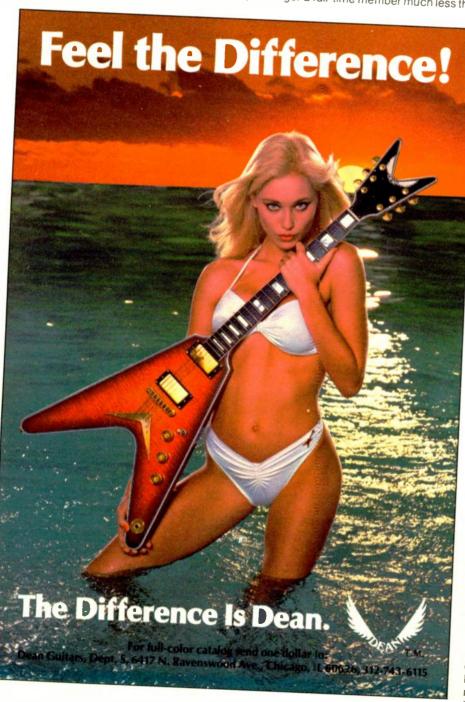
In 1977, Brian made another album, Adult Child, that Warner Brothers declined to release. Tapes from that album reveal a couple of big band swing tunes, two pocket symphonies and a couple of solo performances by Brian that rank as the most revealing moments of his career. Whether we'll ever see it or Smile depends on CBS, which now controls the Beach Boys' huge library of unreleased tapes.

In the late '70s, Brian Wilson was divorced by his wife and went back into the hospital with yet another breakdown. This year the familiar rumors that "Brian is really back this time" have surfaced again. Who knows?

Brian has not lost his talent. That's obvious from any close examination of his '70s albums. Nor has he shaken his personal problems. He has given no extended interviews since 1976, but I've spent many hours with Carl Wilson, by far the stablest and sanest member of the group. Carl is very protective of his older brother. "Actually Brian's accomplished a lot," he maintained in 1979. "Even if he doesn't do anything else, he's made a place in popular music. Now he's working on the human side. For so long, he related solely on the musical side."

That night I stumbled onto Brian backstage at the Capital Centre in Maryland. With a shaggy beard and shaky hands, Brian looked like a bear just out of hibernation but before his first cup of coffee of the year.

"Why haven't you been writing more?" "It's a dry period," Brian claimed. "I only write when I feel it. I don't like to manufacture something. I'm just not that inspired." "What's missing that inspired you before?" Brian stared at his feet. "Girls. Girls that I like "IM"





An elegant gold brass bell. Its extra percentage of copper provides a warmer, darker sound with better projection.

A carefully engineered new trigger mechanism on the 2 new Symphony bass models. Newly designed, it is actually an in-line dual trigger operated by thumb and middle finger. The specially built adjustable spatula gives your hand a customized fit.

And, as always, the famous King slide. All models feature this industry standard. It is won't leak internally. There's even a curved bell brace that says King with every note you play.

King trombones are made the traditional King way with many steps painstakingly executed by hand, from the lapping of slides through final buffing and polishing.

New King Trombones. They're everything you expect of a King. And a whole lot more.

> King Musical Instruments, Inc. 33999 Curtis Blvd., Eastlake, Ohio 44094

Play your best with a King.

The following companies would love to send you info on their products and services. Just send along this column with your choices checked and we'll do the rest. \_ Marshall ..... 2

| <br>Korg          | 3  |
|-------------------|----|
| <br>Boss          | 4  |
| <br>Zıldjian      | 7  |
| <br>Yamaha Organ  | 9  |
| D'Addario         | 14 |
| <br>Panasonic     | 17 |
| <br>LaBella       | 21 |
| <br>Washburn      | 22 |
| <br>Selmer        | 26 |
| <br>Gibson        | 29 |
| <br>TEAC 30,      | 31 |
| <br>Sunn          | 34 |
| <br>Mesa Boogie   | 47 |
| <br>Electro-Voice | 53 |
| <br>Hohner        | 59 |
| <br>Gibson        | 60 |
| Ovation           | 65 |

\_ Pearl ..... 67 New England Digital . . . 69 \_\_\_ Yamaha Synthesizer.... 73 \_\_ LeBlanc..... 74 \_\_ Whirlwind . . . . . . . . . . 76 \_ Fane ..... 79

\_\_ Unicord Tuner ........ 81 \_\_ Tama Drums ......... 83 \_\_\_ Peavey ...... 85 \_ Kaman Strings ...... 86

Yamaha Trumpet ..... 87 \_\_\_ Camber . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 88 \_\_\_ Electro-Harmonix ..... 89 \_\_\_ Dean Guitar ...... 90

\_\_\_ King Insts..... 91 \_\_\_ Shure ..... 93 \_\_\_ Guild ..... 95 \_\_ GHS..... 97 

\_\_\_ Fender Strat ..... 101 \_\_\_ DOD Electronics . . . . . 103 \_\_\_ DiMarzio . . . . . . . . . 105 \_\_\_ MXR..... 107 \_\_\_ Audio-Technica..... 108

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_ Return to M, P&L

P.C. Box 701, Gloucester MA 01930

added some of the heat that the Rolling Stones used to command. Critical raves followed, louder this time, and for a moment Garland was everybody's favorite son, the crown prince and the next in line. But again nothing happened, sales were sluggish, and the spotlight moved away. Two more records were recorded and

released with little fanfare and less sales. One Eyed Jacks was a somewhat empty exercise, filled with top New York studio musicians undercutting all of Garland's natural rhythms, and American Boy & Girl, though far more spirited, still fell short of the promise of his first two alhums

himself and fame seems the most unbridgeable, Garland's emerged with Escape Artist, an album that's stronger and more exuberant than anything he's recorded in years. "Modern Lovers," "R.O.C.K.," or the passionate re-working of "96 Tears,"

might give him the hit he's been trying for for so long, and for once the band (solid working players instead of session pros) is as strong and agile as his singing. On the new album, the Frankie Lymon in his voice has been filtered straight through Elvis Costello, but it's a fairly comforta-

ble marriage: passionate but never too

The new songs are catchy, if more

studied, less intuitive and angry than

suspicion.

those that graced Ghost Writer and his first album, but the longing in them and in his voice still comes through. After ten years, Garland Jeffreys keeps knocking on the door of the radio, hoping that the man will finally appear and say, "Come on in here, child, no cause you should stand outside." And it's this longing, this desperate will to succeed, that may ultimately pull him through. But fame is only fame. Jeffreys also

- especially since he's so obviously gifted. He has a strong, often haunting voice, consistently inventive phrasing, a genuine talent for hooks, and some of the best musicians in the hemisphere backing him up. But there is no emotional resonance, no discernible heart informing these songs. In the past, he's evinced anger ("Wild In The Streets," "City Kids," "I May Not Be Your Kind") and evoked a very tangible past ("Ghost

Writer," "She Didn't Lie"), but he hasn't

written a truly convincing love song

since "Lovelight" on his first album. It's

not that his songs are dishonest (there

are painfully honest lines scattered

insists we take him seriously as an artist

and it's frustrating that we can't -

hit, he may relax enough to trust himself and get on with his own work and rely or his own name, his own talent. Meanwhile, he's off on tour backed by Gra ham Parker's band, with Bruce Springsteen's road manager, singing with Elvis Costello's voice.

#### **Erratum** Only the North African heat or the

NYC cold could have made me confuse a dead French film director with a large and living American, Paul Bowles wrote soundtracks for Orson Welles, not Jear Renoir, as previously reported. The similarity of their names must have caused the confusion. Apologies to all concerned, living and dead. M Now, just as the distance between

Scofield cont. from pg. 27

passing in the night. A four-years-many miles-later explanation: "I wanted to play a certain way which wasn't into Gary's thing, though I love his music. My sound must have been a reaction to tha style. I was listening to Coltrane daily, for hours and hours. I was playing nothing but single note lines, just like a horr player. It was Linear City for me. Bu when I joined Dave Liebman's group which was pianoless, and formed my own trio, I heard what chords would add to the music. I used to never, never ever

think of playing a chord during a solo.'

#### far from the cold wink of reason and Scene 4: Scofield's Dialogues Between a circuit of Japan with native

son Terumaso Hino and a trek arounc Australia with his own group, Scofield goes domestic. While taping new music for the road, he lounges on a carpet that crawls with album covers, turtles and ash trays. If he wanted, he could do up a fine tape of Mingus, Konitz, McShann Orsted-Pederson, Liebman, and Cobham with only one common denominator: Scofield as a sideman. The interviewer, good natured pest that he is. nudges the discussion toward the nexus

of art and economics. John, how many records have you been on since the Mulligan date in '75? About 60, says Susan No, it can't be that many, says John. Yes it is, says Susan. Is that too many John? have to make a living, says John, it's only recently I could even afford to say "No" once in a while. Would you like to have some of those dates back to try again? Of course, says John, but jazz is a risk you should always risk something These days there are a lot of cats who just want to set up something perfect for themselves on their own records

Susan, laughing, in response, says the

career of Scofield The Studio Stud has

the classic four stages, beginning in the

mid-'70s and ending who-knows-when

1) Who in the hell is John Scofield? 2

through the record), but most of them Get me John Scofield! 3) Get me someone who sounds like Scotield! 4) Who ir are so self-occupied, so caught in creatthe hell is John Scofield? So it goes ing and perpetuating his own mythology, that there simply isn't room for another [Funny how that comment gets around person. No room in the mirror. David Spinozza said the same thing in Success doesn't always cure self-Musician August 1979.] continued on next pg involvement and insecurity. Neither



### now! **VOCAL MASTER®** simplicity comes to PRÔ MĂSTER™ performance

### fact:

The Shure VOCAL MASTER probably started out more entertainers than any other sound system in history —tens of thousands are still in use. It is in that tradition that Shure proudly introduces the PRO MASTER 706 Power Console and 709 Loudspeaker System—new products with state-of-the-art features, PLUS the outstanding reliability and ease of operation (even for first-time users) that made the VOCAL MASTER so popular

This is a versatile system combining plenty of power with professional performance; in fact, veteran performers agree that the PRO MASTER delivers a new

order of audio clarity and purity.
Put it together: the new 706 Power Console, featuring a 200-watt amplifier, and a pair of the new moderately priced 709 Loudspeakers. An outstanding combination at an unbeatable price!

The PRO MASTER 706 Power Console features

- 200-watt amplifier, with 10-band graphic equalizer
- Eight-channel mixer, with logically located controls FEEDBACK FINDER™ to help eliminate
- feedback fast
- PATCH BLOCK™ rear panel simplifies hookup
- LED status indicators alert you to potential problems The PRO MASTER 709 Loudspeaker features
  - 150-watt power rating
  - Three piezoelectric tweeters and 15-inch woofer
- \* Easy-to-carry enclosure with plenty of output
- Plus it's super portable: the console and two speakers fit in most supcompact cars!

See it today at your Shure dealer, or write Shure for Brochure AL647

Shure Brothers Inc., 222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, IL 60204 In Canada: A. C. Simmonds & Sons Limited Manufacturers of high fidelity components, microphones. sound systems and related circuitry



Loudspeaker System

### THE COLLECTOR

By Andy Doherty

James Brown and Wilson Pickett are still with us. It's their records that have disappeared. This absence can be attributed almost exclusively to the awful things that were done to soul records on weekends. Ninety per cent of the Wilson Pickett and James Brown albums pressed since history began got played to death all night at loud parties and were junked in the morning with the empty cans and bottles.

Today there are new parties needing the services, but it's been years since Pickett's classic Atlantic LPs (In The Midnight Hour, The Wicked, The Sound Of, The Exciting) have been easily available in anything short of wargame shape or greatest hits collections. Value on these out-of-print albums, when they can be found in playable shape, has accrued accordingly, and can be calculated by looking to the East for a reference.

When the desirable Picketts became hard-to-get, the Japanese, who have to have everything, began reprinting them. Japanese albums tend to cost somewhere near fifteen dollars per disc by the time we see them. Extrapolate from that figure: If the reprint is worth fifteen dollars, then the funkier American original with the heavy cover has to be worth more.

Not all of Pickett's albums, mind you, are worth this kind of money. The bulk of the man's LPs are common and likely to remain that way. His later Atlantic albums (Hey Jude, In Philadephia) are not going anywhere as investments. Nor are his RCA albums, not even the one with Wilson chalking his cue on the cover. Something — though this is a long shot — could eventually happen with the 1976 album, Chocolate Mountain (on Wicked Records), because it doesn't seem to have sold more than a dozen copies.

A reissue campaign has also begun for James Brown, with the reprinting — albeit behind different and therefore less-desirable cover art — of Live at the Apollo Volume I. But talk about barely scratching the surface! King Records released dozens of James Brown albums, many of them first-rate and most of them hardly ever offered for sale anymore. A few of the earliest albums are rapidly approaching the fifty dollar barrier in good condition. Even copies of later albums like Papa's Got A Brand New Bag and the double Live at the Apollo Volume 2 are easily worth between fifteen and twenty dollars.

Anyone as prolific as **Brian Eno** will eventually present problems for the collector who has to have everything. As the years go by and things go in and out of print, the problems multiply because Eno is somewhat, shall we say, esoteric, and his records have never been produced in any sizable numbers. Then the problems really get out of hand as Eno became involved in a multi-media extravaganza, *In a Land of Clear Colors*.

Technically, *In a Land of Clear Colors* is a book, a fancy printing of a science fiction story by Robert Sheckley with fourteen illustrations by Leonor Quiles. Packaged with the book is a record. The record provides a dramatic presentation by Pete Sinfield drawn from the text and backed up by an Eno soundscape. Only a thousand copies of this hefty package have been printed and the price is only a hundred dollars.

Thanks, Eno...I think. It's difficult to imagine what record collecting will be like if projects like this one become the norm. For those of you who just can't quit, the mailing address is: c/o Martin Watson-Todd/Galeria el Mensajero/Santa Eulalia/Ibezia, Baleares, Spain.

Write first to make certain the price hasn't gone up.

A trick to collecting records successfully is to be on the lookout for talent under-appreciated in its time. History has a way of catching up with the talented ones and acknowledging their efforts. A target for such revisionism could be **Joe Ely** and the people associated with him in Austin, Texas.

Much has been made of Ely's talent in these and other pages, but rarely has a critical-ravorite sold as few records. His first and arguably best album (on MCA Records) is still listed in catalog but has already gone through at least some remainder bins and is rarely seen in stores.

As a result, Ely could easily have a few tough-to-get records on his hands in a few years. What will definitely be rare records, no two ways about it, are the albums made by two Ely henchmen, **Butch Hancock** and **Terry Allen** Hancock, whose repertoire has been tapped by Ely for numerous songs, has put out a pair of albums to date on Rainlight Records (210 Post Road Drive/Austin, Texas). Allen, backed by Ely and members of his band, has done three albums for Fate Records (63 West Ontario Street/Chicago.

#### White Jazz Guitarist

"All the critics, and everybody who believes 'em, are looking for the latest, newest thing. That's why the free players get so much press. It's all, hey, who's gonna be the next Great Black Man or the next Brubeck or whatever. All this looking for what comes next and who comes next is total bullshit because Armstrong played the most beautiful choruses imaginable and that's what jazz improvisation is, and that's that. And you know what, some of my best friends are white drummers. Really."

#### Scene 5: Back To The Head And Out

Scofield's filing down the edges of his big black cat, "Fat Dancer." (Right, right, a tune for the cat.) He purfles the two-part melody with tacks on the cool blues section and lace when it gives way to the sunshine of a gospelish chord progression. Then, a humid smear of notes and he's into his solo. By the time his cigarette renounces its ash, which tumbles dangerously shirtward, the head of that damn cat has been stroked, dismantled, vivisected, squashed, abandoned, reclaimed, bathed, renovated and polished, polished to a chordal finish that's lustrous and worn and warm from the friction. Around the room, smiles puncture the bluegrey smaze. Warmer still, for Scofield, the flash of applause for Christian, for B.B., for Hall, for Otis, for him. M

#### Scofield's Guitars

Scofield uses a tremendously and endearingly beat up 1958 Gibson ES 335, in cooperation with medium Light Gauge strings and a Polytone Special Mini-Brute 4 amp. On occasion, he also picks at an Ibanez Artist Series model, and an Ibanez acoustic.

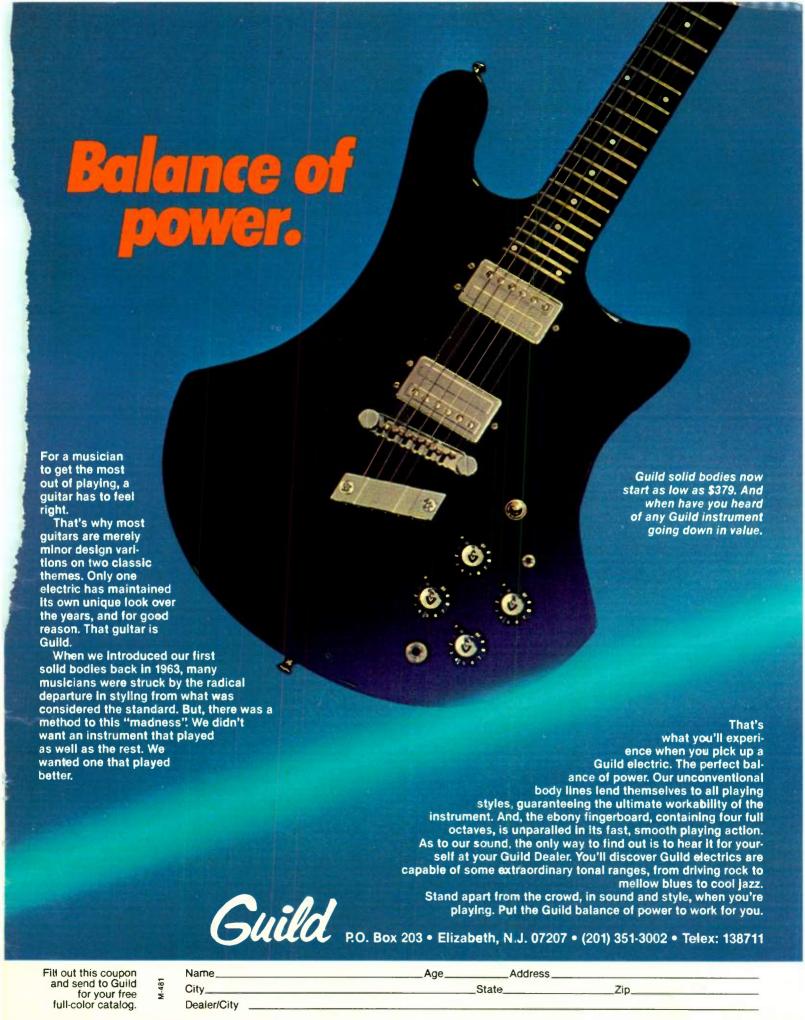
Black Rock cont. from pg. 38

Kid Creole & the Coconuts would also like to make. Remember, Hendrix only began to be appreciated by a majority of blacks *after* his death.

The Bus Boys and Kid Creole, August Darnell's extension of Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band, represent a part of the latest trend in funk 'n' roll which might be characterized as Art Funk. This is the Roxy Music of soul. There's a definite swing, it's tied to dance, but it's all a vehicle for the Concept, for the lyrics and persona.

As opposed to the Bus Boys, Prince has far more readily-identifiable swing with the black audience. If the Bus Boys want your head, Prince aims for your groin. Prince live and the new *Dirty Mind* album, however, are causing quite a controversy among audiences attuned to the "standard" funk of, say, Rick James. Prince uses many more of the

continued on next pg.



### mandolin bros.44

'The Guitar of Your Dreams is now Affordable"



\*The Martin 1939 D-45 Reissue \* is an exclusive project of Mandolin Bros. Ltd. with the C.F. Martin Organisation.

- Only 91 of these superb pearl-inlaid. scalloped-braced guitars will be produced by Martin, just as only 91 pre-WW2 D-45s were made 1933-42.
- The originals, now prized collector's items costing over \$10,000 each, are virtually unobtainable.
- Our Limited Edition of 91 individually numbered quitars, with Martin molded thermally-protected hard shell case and five year warranty . . . . . .... is only \$2800.

Quantity strictly limited - order now! Fine vintage and new acoustic and electric guitars, banjos, Gibson and Washburn mandolins can be played at our plush showroom . . . or shipped everywhere.

MANDOLIN BROS. LTD.. 629 Forest Avenue, Staten Island, NY 10310 Toll Free 800 221-6928/NY 212 981-3226 Discounts to 41% off-Lowest prices known!

vince of (white) new wave - sparse instrumentation, metallic mix, straight 4/4 drive, neo-decadent lyrics — than the (black) mainstream is currently comfortable with. His deliberately ambiquous sexual persona and odes to cunnilingus and sibling incest have caused dancers to pause in mid-boogie. It seems ironic that the white rock audience, well-adjusted to the theatrical norms of shock by Alice Cooper, Kiss and Bowie, are more ready to look through Prince's sexual ambivalence and stage posturing than the black audience, many of whom are plainly dismayed; but the sheer musical ability of the man, (on his albums he plays all the tracks: drums, keyboards, guitars, you name it) is hard to avoid, even if you have to close your eyes to hear it. The Beat carries any doubters over the hump. A later interview convinced me that such doubters are mainly the critics and the squeamish; the kids are all right.

"I don't like to speak of influences," he says softly, "because..." A shrug. "I just play. I don't mean to imply any disrespect; I hope this won't get misunderstood. But, yes, I was exposed to the radio, and when we first played clubs we did Top 40 requests. But I hated that ... in a way, maybe it's good we came from Minnesota...the isolation, the fact that music broke there later, left us on our

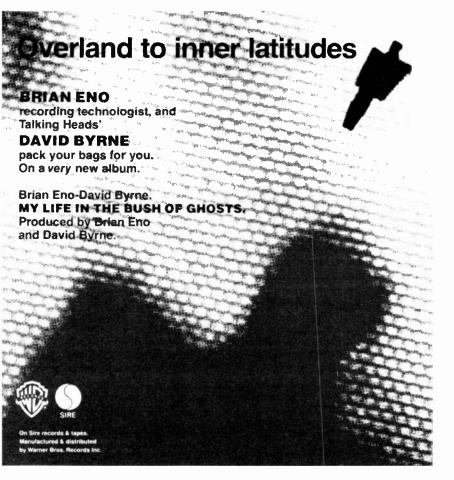
After a while we played what we wanted n the clubs. I wanted it to be as universal as all the Top 40 I'd heard but I didn't want to be that, understand? I've never really sat down and listened to Sly. unless a friend had it on at a party. But I've never studied him, or Funkadelic, though I met George Clinton briefly recently, and it does seem as though we have some things in common. But to be honest, I don't know much about what anybody else is doing.

"I don't really relate to what came before. That's history and I'm making music for now." In this regard Prince is in the same spiritual league as the punks and what they've wrought. When I mention this and groups like Devo and the Clash he comes closest to expressing anger in the interview and says with a slight hint of sneer, "Maybe, but those guys can't sing." That's an observation I've made countless times when trying to figure out the fascination for nonsingers like Jagger and Debbie Harry. After you've heard Teddy Pendergrass and Aretha wail, how can you settle for screeching? In the name of rock 'n' roll?

It all reminds me of a line Robert Christgau used to define the doings in post-punk rock, "They don't swing with a vengeance," or words to that effect. Imagine. Not swinging with a vengeance. He meant it as though it were a rather interesting, positive attribute of this bold new leap forward for rock. Ah, perhaps that's true in (white) rock, where a side effect of the Schism turns things, Alice-like, on their head. Values have become twisted. Sure, I might check out the stuff Elvis Costello makes for a goof or a divertissement; but after I've slummed I'll know where to go for a healthy dose of the real thing. It may be funky like Prince or so-phis-ti-cated like the Bus Boys, but again, it's got to swing.

In Prince and the Bus Boys lies the future. There is also a challenge in the manner their music goes out to radio programmers and critics in the (white) rock idiom; simply, if you could dig Sly and Jimi, why can't you get next to this? Who knows? Maybe we're on the verge of a new unity from both sides of rock's main street.

Meantime, circumvent those who stand between you and discovery. You've probably been exposed to the Bus Boys already. Why not search out Kid Creole's Off The Coast Of Me and pick up Prince's Dirty Mind. Why not try Funkadelic's "Who Says A Funk Band Can't Play Rock?" and James Brown's "Give It Up Or Turn It Loose," or go back to reclaim Santana's "Soul Sacrifice" at Woodstock and Little Richard's "Tutti Frutti." Or listen to Marley's "Exodus" and Betty Davis' "He Was A Big Freak," Aretha's "Dr. Feelgood" and Donna Summers' "Hot Stuff." I think you'll agree it's all good rock 'n' roll.



## GHS Electric Guitar Strings Four Different Types, Each With a Different Sound and Feel . . .

Choose The Set For You.

**EACH TYPE AVAILABLE IN** A VARIETY OF SETS FROM ULTRA LIGHT TO MEDIUM.

> **PRECISION FLATWOUND** Traditional flatwound mellow tone. smooth & punchy

4

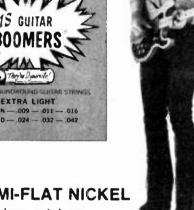


### DYNAMITE ALLOY ROUNDWOUND, For ultimate brilliance and volume. The **POWER STRINGS!**



### SEMI-FLAT NICKEL

Nothing matches the bright, clear tone and semi-smooth feel of GHS nickel quitar strings.



### 0

### **BRITE FLATS**

Rich sound and very loud. Exceptionally smooth. (Ground roundwound construction.)



Manufactured by GHS Corporation 2813 Wilber Avenue, Battle Creek, Michigan 49015



GHS Strings 1980

Guitar Strings

### 

### Jazz from every corner of the globe. Some old, some new, all good.



Dan Siegel THE HOT SHOT IC 1111



Judy Roberts
THE OTHER WORLD
IC 1088



Django Reinhardt
THE HOT CLUB OF
FRANCE (1936-1937)
(w. Stephane Grappelli)
2 lp set (the reissue of
the decade!)
IC 1104



Sadao Watanabe BIRD OF PARADISE (w. H. Jones/Ron Carter/ Tony Williams) (Dedicated to Chas. Parker) IC 6061



Tommy Flanagan TRINITY (w. Ron Carter/ Roy Haynes) IC 1084



Susannah McCorkle JOHNNY MERCER'S MUSIC IC 1101



Eddie Jefferson THE MAIN MAN IC 1033



Terumasa Hino DAY DREAM IC 6069



Art Farmer
AT BOOMERS
(w. Cedar Walton)
IC 6024



Toshiko Akiyoshi NOTORIOUS TOURIST FROM THE EAST IC 6066

DAN SIEGEL The Hot Shot

SAMPLE/BROWN/MANNE

THE GREAT JAZZ TRIO

LAURINDO ALMEIDA Concierto De Aranjuez

Love For Sale

The Three

TIC 1111

TIC 6003

TIC 6007

TIC 6031

### CHROMIUM CASSETTES

Laboratory Standards at a cost you can afford! The best jazz, on the best tape, at the best price.

- 8 to 1 duplication
- copies from 15 and 30 lps master tapes
- BASF Super Chrome "Pro" tape
- 5 screw fully aligned tape casings

Here's a new product from Inner City just tailored for jazz fans who like to "travel" with their favorite jazz. Priced at \$8.98 each, and produced to "lab" standards, we'll match these cassettes against any in the world, for high fidelity, tone, and all the virtues that tape brings to music. There are now 27 available. Fifty will be out by April 15th. Write for your free catalogue. We've packaged excitement into our cassettes. You should hear them!

#### INNER CITY RECORDS \$8.98 Sugg. List Price

TIC 1005 JEAN-LUC PONTY/

|          | STEPHANE GRAPPELLI     |
|----------|------------------------|
|          | Ponty/Grappelli        |
| TIC 1016 | EDDIE JEFFERSON        |
|          | The Jazz Singer        |
| TIC 1026 | JEFF LORBER            |
|          | The Jeff Lorber Fusion |
| TIC 1033 | EDDIE JEFFERSON        |
|          | The Main Man           |
| TIC 1040 | STAN GETZ Gold         |
|          | (extended play)        |
| TIC 1046 | DAN SIEGEL Nite Ride   |
| TIC 1056 | JEFF LORBER Soft Space |
| TIC 1078 | JUDY ROBERTS           |
|          | The Judy Roberts Band  |
| TIC 1095 | TIM EYERMANN &         |
|          | EAST COAST OFFERING    |
| TIC 1096 | LARRY VUCKOVICH        |
|          | Blue Balkan            |
| TIC 1097 | CYBILL SHEPHERD        |
|          | Mad About The Boy      |
| TIC 1098 | WAYNE JOHNSON          |
|          | Arrowhead              |
| TIC 1102 | BUNNY BRUNEL Touch     |
| TIC 1103 | ARNI EGILSSON          |

| TIC 6040                                        | ABBEY LINCOLN<br>People in Me                         |  |  |  |
|-------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|--|--|--|
| TIC 6052                                        | LEW TABACKIN Rites of Pan                             |  |  |  |
| TIC 6062                                        | SADAO WATANABE<br>California Shower                   |  |  |  |
| TIC 6064                                        | SADAO WATANABE<br>Autumn Blow                         |  |  |  |
| TIC 6068                                        | TERUMASA HINO<br>City Connection                      |  |  |  |
| CLASSIC JAZZ RECORDS<br>\$8.98 Sugg. List Price |                                                       |  |  |  |
| TCJ 23                                          | STEPHANE GRAPPELLI<br>Homage To Django<br>(ext. play) |  |  |  |
| TCJ 31                                          | EARL HINES Plays<br>George Gershwin (ext. play)       |  |  |  |
| TCJ 120                                         | HELEN HUMES                                           |  |  |  |

#### CITY SOUNDS RECORDS \$8.98 Sugg. List Price

TCS 101 SNEAKERS Ear Cartoons
Extended Play Cassettes are: \$12.98 each.

Let The Good Times Roll



Bassus Erectus

Quintet Of The Hot Club of France (1936-1937) (ext. play)

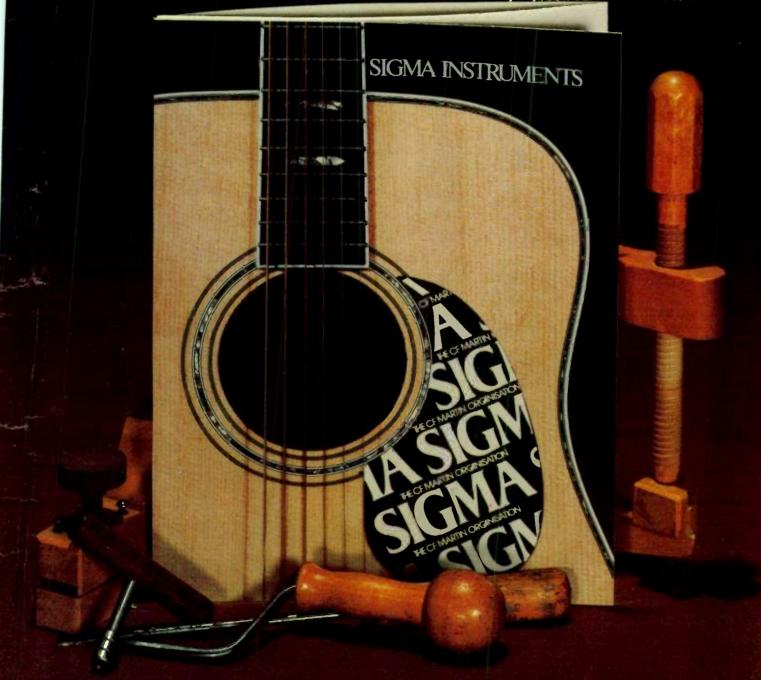
TIC 1104 DJANGO REINHARDT

### THE BOOK ON SIGMA

Over ten years ago C. F. Martin & Company introduced the Sigma guitar; designed with Martin Dreadnought characteristics but imported from the Orient. Today, Sigma has grown from a small selection of Dreadnoughts to a complete line of acoustic guitars at an affordable price.

Whether you choose a Second Generation solid top Dreadnought or select from the Sigma 3 Series, each instrument follows manufacturing standards established by C.F. Martin personnel. Before leaving the Nazareth facility, every Sigma is inspected and adjusted by Martin trained craftsmen. And, once you purchase a Sigma, the Martin concern for quality continues. Should a problem develop that's covered under warranty, a network of authorized Sigma Warranty Shops are available to service your instrument.

Martin wrote the book on acoustic guitar manufacturing. To see what we've done with our imported line, send for "THE BOOK ON SIGMA". C.F. Martin & Company, Box 329 Nazareth PA 18064

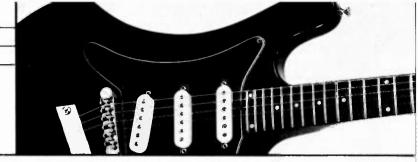


MARTIN AND SIGMA GUITARS ARE THE OFFICIAL INSTRUMENTS OF OPRYLAND, U.S.A.

### 21000

**GUITAR/JOHN AMARAL** 

**BLUES GUITAR PART 3** 



Last month's column dealt with playing on the basic Blues progressions which were solidified about the turn of the century. I stressed the importance of learning the Pentatonic scales inside and out, and explained the four basic approaches to playing with Pentatonics on Blues. This month we'll start to look at Blues just prior to the invention of Bebop. I have transposed each example to Bb, to accommodate Bb instruments. [Ed. note: For those who came in late, John defines a "do" Pentatonic scale as 1, 2, 3, 5, and 6 in the major key, and a "la" scale as that same scale begun on the sixth, or "la" degree, which is 1, minor 3, 4, 5, and minor 7.]

The first example is "Blue Monk" which follows the standard form introduced last month in "St. Louis Blues." The four basic approaches were:

- 1. Play Do Penta on each chord root
- 2. Play La Penta on each chord root
- 3. Switch off between Bb Do Penta and Bb La Penta
- 4. Use the mode gotten by combining the two



The new material is the introduction of IV7, which doesn't change the harmonic possibilities at all, and #IV°7 which, as I stated last time, came from Gospel music. On #IV°7 use Bb La Penta or E Diminished. As they are symmetrical, Diminished scales repeat their tonalities every three frets.



In "Gospel Blues," there are three new situations. The II—V progression in bar 4 became the most common sequence in Modern Jazz and Pop. There are six ways to treat it:

- 1. Bb Do Penta for both chords
- 2. F La Penta for both chords
- 3. F La Penta on F-7, Bb Do Penta on Bb7
- 4. Bb La Penta for both
- With any of the other possible Penta applications:
   F-7: F La, G La, Bb La, C La
   Bb7: Bb Do, Ab Do, Eb Do, E Do, Bb La, Ab La, Eb La, F La
- 6. With chord scales: F-7: F Dorian, Bb Dorian; Bb7: Bb Mixolydian, Bb Altered





The second new situation is the chromatically descending dominant seventh chords in bars 7 and 8. The Bb7 and G7 are of the greatest importance as they define either end of the chromatic sequence. The easiest way to treat this sequence is by moving your melodic motive on the Bb7 down chromatically with the chords. There is another approach, closer to the tonality, which is indicated below. Although there is insufficient space here to explain why in depth, the reason that these chord scales are correct is that they require the least alterations from the primary tonality of Bb.



The third new situation is in bar 9, a II7 chord. As before, the first thing you can try is to use the same Do Penta or Mixolydian licks on the chord root that are possible on all the dominant seventh chords in Blues. Again, there is a hipper way: use Lydian b7. The best examples of this tonality are in the Duke Ellington tunes "Take the A Train" and "Mood Indigo."



As the chord scales may be new to many of you, I've given only one fingering for each. If you would like more help with fingerings, see my book *Guitar Modal and Tonal Improvising*. Have a good time playing. Next month: Part 4







What looks like yesterday, sounds like tomorrow and can help make you a legend in your own time?

It's the Fender Strat." The styling and sound of the legendary Stratocaster" plus a whole new technology to produce a whole new range of tones you've never heard before.

The music you grew up on. It's all here in The Strat. On the outside, the original Stratocaster styling and feel—candy apple red or Lake Placid blue body,

smaller head with painted cap and white pick guard. On the inside, a brand-new concept in electronics from Fender Research & Development that offers you the traditional biting Stratocaster sound plus...

The music you're growing into. With the flick of a finger, you switch from the standard Stratocaster mode to a nearly unlimited combination of new, thicker sounds. You create your own sounds using the new pickup combinations in the two high output, shielded pickups and one super-hot X-1 pickup in the lead position.

The Strat's brass bridge maximizes string vibrations and sustain. And the synchronized tremolo arm is removable for extra comfort and convenience.

Today's legends are already playing the Strat. Right now Frank Zappa and the Blues Brothers are adding new dimensions to their music with The Strat. You can see The Strat at your authorized Fender dealer...or your favorite bandstand.

It could be the two most legendary guitars you've ever played.

Fender



#### THE MARKET REPORT: NAMM 1981

Twice a year, America's music dealers and manufacturers meet in a colossal marketplace to inspect and wrangle over the coming year's crop of musical instruments. To one who's never been to NAMM, it's roughly equivalent to walking into the Emperor's Harem. Every possible form and quality of musical instrument is there, varying from Volkswagens to Cadillacs in booths that range from a luncheonette to Hugh Hefner's living room.

What was different about this year's NAMM? A little historical perspective: The mid-70s saw an explosion of the market and a change in musicians' needs. The simple days of just the guitar and amp were passing. A much wider range of extras became available to the musician in the form of a whole range of effects, keyboard and synthesizer separates, equalizers, mixers, guitar parts and accessories. The age of specialization had arrived. Companies boomed. The money moved faster and all sorts of new and old companies began tooling up to get some of this boom business. Instead of two or three companies making each instrument, 1978 saw ten, twelve or fifteen possible choices. Prices were up, sales were up and production continued to be expanded by everyone. However, as we now remember, the economic climate shifted in 1979 and 1980 and times became tougher. Some companies became overextended. Musicians became more cautious or broke. The boom was off. Those whose marketing couldn't adjust or hadn't seen it coming began to have problems, both old recognizable names and new ones too. It was economic Darwinism at work.

However, NAMM 1981 saw some new leaders and some very exciting instruments and presentations amid a show that could otherwise be described as a Holding Pattern for the Instrument Industry. Among the more exciting booths and products were the Unicord Room with the Korg Trident and CX-3; TEAC with their modular mixing systems; the TAMA Drums at the TAMA/Ibanez booth; the Dragon Drums; Peavey, JBL, C+R and Yamaha in general; the Linn electronic drums; the Sequential Circuits' Prophets and finally MXR, DOD and Electro-Harmonix effects lines, both new and old.

Comeback of the Year had to be MOOG who had taken some impressive turns for the new in product, display and management. The Most Impressive At NAMM Award had to go to Roland whose booth both educated and entertained you, whose demo band was far and away the best and whose TR-808 Rhythm Composer, rack mounted effects, amps and keyboards kept their room perpetually jammed with dealers and musicians.

The upshot of '81 NAMM: The variety and versatility of products available is more impressive than ever. Some of the names and rankings had changed but this show had a more sensible feel than past NAMMs where the boom made the market seem out of control. The overall atmosphere conveyed the industry feeling that better times were ahead and we agree. As always, it pays to look closely, it pays to shop and it pays to know what you need. There are some fantastic choices available in the music stores and we advise musicians to investigate on their own. — Gordon Baird



MXR Innovations has developed its Limiter for professional musicians in order for them to achieve the dynamic control and noise-free sustain that studio-quality compressors and limiters give the recording engineer.

Limiting is a technique that has been used extensively in recording to control dynamics by limiting transient peaks and excessive signal levels and raising the "lowest" dynamic levels of the music to a selected point where the signal is more uniform. The Limiter is housed in a diecast aluminum case. It is ACpowered and includes an LED active-state indicator and solid-state switching. MXR, 740 Driving Park Ave, Rochester, NY 14613.



The Roland TR-808 Rhythm Composer is a revolutionary rhythm device that can be used in a number of applications from recording and composing to live performance. Among its many operating features is its ability to write and record 32 percussive rhythms incorporating up to 11 different sounds plus accents. Each of these percussion sounds has its own level control for full mixing flexibility over the total sound.

Once the various rhythm patterns are written and stored in computer memory, they can be arranged to perform an entire composition's percussion track by means of a Compose function. The Composed Track can last up to 768 measures in its entirety, or can be broken into 12 different segments of 64 measures each for playing 12 different songs. The TR-808 can be used in odd times, too. Roland, 1285 Mark St., Bensenville, IL 60106.

modular mixing system to Tascam's Creative Series Product line, the System 20. The uniqueness of the system is in its absence of switches and the resulting remarkable flexibility. The System 20 operates much like an electronic patch-bay; the operator has access to all signals at all relevant points along the signal path.

The basic unit in the system is the Master Module (\$395.00). There are six inputs, six output busses, and provisions for four track monitoring. Four channels of parametric-type equalization and additional transformer isolated units (4) can be added at \$350 each to expand the system to a musician's needs. Also pictured is the meter unit at \$150. TEAC, 7733 Telegraph, Montebello, CA 90640.

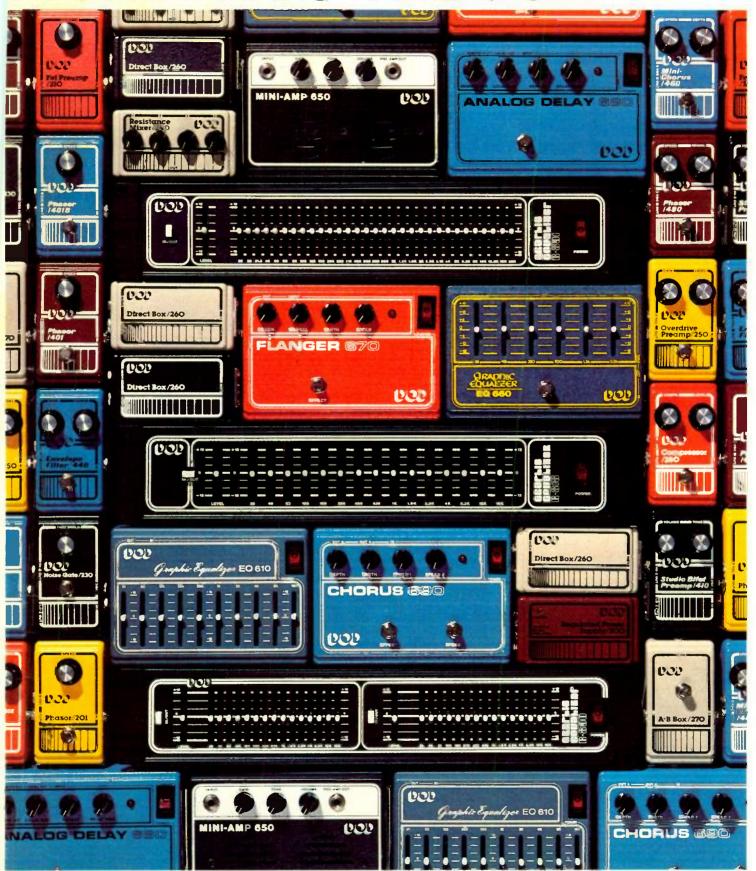


Korg announces the X927 "Trident": A highly advanced, eight voice programmable, polyphonic synthesizer with triple layering capabilities and split keyboard. Trident offers the performer three separate, distinctive polyphonic sounds which can be used individually or simultaneously: Strings, Brass, and a programmable polyphonic synthesizer section which can store 16 usercreated programs for recall.

The significance of the new Trident lies in its "layering"... the ability to create two or more different sounds with a single chord depression. The Korg Trident provides full and stunning layering effects, utilizing all eight voices for each sound. It's the equivalent of a 24-voice polyphonic synthesizer with programmability in one package. Unicord, 89 Frost St., Westbury, NY 11590.



### **SOUND IMPROVEMENTS**



### Classified

#### **BOOKS**

JIMI HENDRIX-GUITAR TRANSCRIPtions: A spiral bound booklet containing 12 songs -Purple Haze - Foxy Lady - Wind Cries Mary —Third Stone from the Sun — All Along the Watchtower — Manic Depression — Red House — Star Spangled Banner - Little Wing - Untitled Instrumental - Hey Baby (New Rising Sun) - Message to Love Tablature and commentary on each song included. "Sound like the real thing." Send \$6 & 50¢ postage (Foreign orders - \$1 postage) to: TRAN-SCRIPTIONS, P.O. Box 03035, Portland, OR 97203.

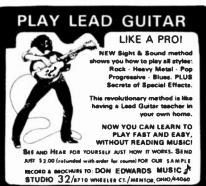
#### INSTRUMENTS

DRUMMERS! Drum Recovering Kits are available! Over 30 choices for Pearls, Sparkles, Flames and Woodgrains Send \$1.00 for full into and samples (refundable on first purchase). Precision Drum Company, 151 California Rd., Yorktown Heights, NY

LEFT-HAND GUITAR SHOP: New, Used & Vintage; complete access. Write 6421 Lignum St., Springfield, VA 22150. (703) 971-4618.

#### INSTRUCTION

DJ-NEWSCASTER-TV CAMERAMAN-Sportscaster-Announcer-Studio Technician. Financial aid and VA benefits American Academy of Broadcasting, 833 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, PA 19107 (215) 922-0605 Call collect.



### MUSIC SPEED READING

Quickly increase your speed and accuracy in music sight reading. NEW & EASY method shows students and professionals how to train the eye in reading music. Developed by one of America's outstanding performers and teachers, David R. Hickman. Currently in use at Juilliard, North Texas State, and many other schools. MUSIC SPEED READING \$9.95. We pay shipping. FREE MUSIC CATALOG with every book Order yours today.



#### **MISCELLANY**

JAZZ MAIL ORDER SPECIALISTS. Imports, domestic labels, independents, budgets. Send \$2.00 for Master Catalog. 88 pages of jazz and blues. Fast service. Foreign orders welcome. Write Dept. M, Daybreak Express Records, P.O. Box 250, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215.

SKINNY NECKTIES. 100% polyester with a satin finish. Pink, Pink-Red, Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Sky-Blue, Navy-Blue, Beige, Brown, Dark-Brown, Black, White. Send money order for \$4.50 each to: Ties, P.O. Box 1814, Pacoima, CA 91331.

**BUTTONS: TOP QUALITY OVER 500** 

designs - New Wave, Stones, Who, etc. Send \$1 for catalog + free sample. Dealer inquiries welcome. Button & Badge Power, Box 34194, Station D, Vancouver, Canada V6J 4N1.

JOHN LENNON MEMORIAL PLAQUE. Everlasting tribute. 7" x 9", full color, wall hanging hook. Only \$7.95 postpaid. Modeverbest, Box 1089-M, Doylestown, PA 1 8901.

#### **MUSICIANS**

MUSICIANS REFERRAL CENTER OF Houston has helped thousands of bands and individual musicians get together since 1977. Looking? (713) 975-0797. 8208 Westpark, Suite 205, Houston, TX 77063, SAVE THIS AD!

YOU COULD GET SIGNED BY ANSWERING THIS AD. Send your demo to AVANTI ARTISTS, 200 West 57th Street, S. 302, NY, NY 10019 for evaluation and possible placement at major labels! Include a self-addressed stamped envelope if you wish material returned.

DRUMMER WANTED: Avante Christian artrock band seeks percussionist with definite Palmer influence. High-tech kit a must. Presently recording Demo at 24 track facility. Send recent photo, kit description, and cassette (any quality). Angel Wind Productions, P.O. Box 7812, Chicago, IL 60680

#### **PHOTOS & POSTERS**

GIANT POSTERS, BLACK & WHITE or color, made from your pictures, album covers, etc. Also, wallet size, 8"x10", stamps, badges, belt buckles. SASE: Calypso Gifts — Old Towne, Southwyck, Toledo, OH 43614.



SPRINGSTEEN OR RONSTADT SAMPLE Professional Color Photos of every rock band, including top female performers. Fast service! Highest quality! Catalog \$1. Dorian Boese, MS-Box 2413, Scottsdale, AZ 85252.

#### **RECORDS & TAPES**

IMPORTED AND JAPANESE AUDIOphile LPs - Huge selection of American, European, English, and Japanese Folk, Jazz, New age/Wave music. New arrivals daily. Many domestic titles available on superior Japanese pressings. Fast service. Send for free update sheet of recent arrivals. Most thoughtfully compiled catalogue of imported and domestic records available - \$1. ALCAZAR, Box 429 Dept. M, Waterbury, VT 05676. Dealer inquiries invited. 802-244-8657.

A RECORD STORE IN YOUR MAILBOX! With new releases from \$5.49, Imports, Independents, Budget, Cut-outs, Buttons, Posters, LPs and Tapes from \$1.99. Send \$1.00 (refundable) for 275+ page catalog. SQUARE DEAL RECORDS, PO Box 1002P, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406.

WORLD'S LARGEST RECORD COLLECtors magazine - Goldmine. Over 50,000 records offered each monthly issue. Sample \$3.00 (U.S.). Free music book catalog - rock, jazz, oldies. Goldmine, Box 187-MU, Fraser, MI 48026.

THE COMPLETE STORE FOR THE Serious Record Collector. Extensive selection. New, used, discontinued (classical, opera, jazz, shows, popular, etc.) TOP DOLLAR PAID for your collection. PRINCETON RECORD EXCHANGE, 20 Nassau St., Princeton, NJ 08540 (609) 921-0881.

IMPORTS & JAPANESE AUDIOPHILE

LPs - Largest selection in the East of British, European, Japanese, and Reggae LPs. Many domestic titles available on superior Jap pressings. New arrivals daily. 45s too! Same day service. Frustrated? Try us first! Send for free Feb. catalogue, Pure Pop 115 S. Winooski, Burlington, VT 05401. Tel. 802-658-2652. Dealer inquiries invited.

TOP DOLLAR PAID for good condition LPs al types. We'll travel for quantity. Nuggets - Boston (617) 536-0679.

FREE! HOTTEST AUCTION LIST anywhere, 4 times yearly, Finest Record Store, 2400 8th Ave., Greeley, CO 80631. Send your want list anytime

HARD-TO-FIND RECORDS - We offer the best prices and fastest service, carrying the finest in reggae, blues, jazz, rock, bluegrass, oldtimey, British Isles and American folk music and more, on domestic and imported labels. Free catalog. Roundup Records, P.O. Box 147, Dept. M, Eas Cambridge, MA 02141.

FREE JAZZ AUCTION LIST: 10", 12", LPs and 45s. Elmwood Record Sales, Box 1023M, Elmwood, CT 06110

LIVE ROCK-CONCERT TAPES. Available on reel, cassette, cartridge tapes. Send stamp for catalog. MD Tapes, RD2 Box 306, Milford, NJ 08848

### AUGUSTUS PABLO

ROCKERS MEETS KING TUBBYS IN A FIREHOUSE

### THE GREAT NEW DUB ALBUM

by one of Reggae's respected and influential musicians



"Augustus Pablo is single-handedly creating the future of Dub, making his pulse ours."

Randall S Grass - Village Voice

Ask for it at your local store — on Shanachie records and tapes - Shanachie 43001

REGGAE, SKA, and rock steady recordings from Jamaica, U.S., U.K. Wide selection of curren and classic LPs, 45s. Illustrated catalog listing records, T-shirts, more - 50¢. Retail/wholesale Sinbad: POB 701 M; Athens, OH 54701,

JAZZ LPs: RARE and collectible from 1950's and 1960's. Also jazz vocal and literature. Free auction list. Gary Alderman, Box 9164, Madison, W 53715.

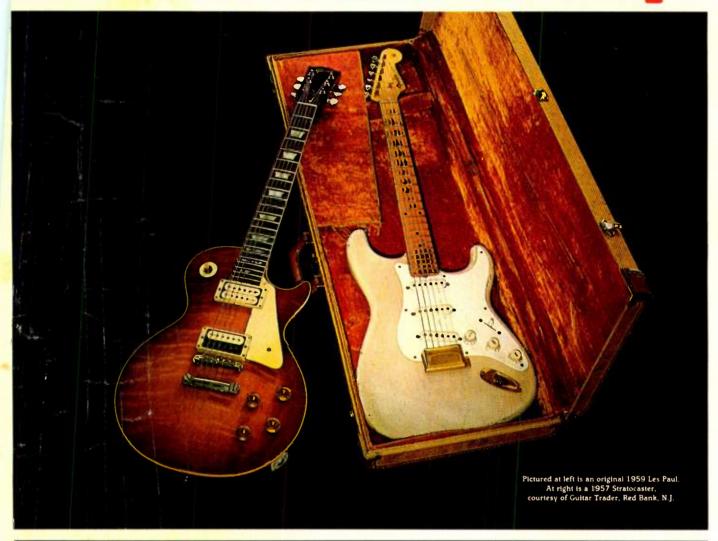
#### T-SHIRTS

DRUM T-SHIRTS...Ludwig, Zildjian, Tama Gretsch, Remo, Synare, \$8 each. Send money order to: JUST DRUMS, 52 Main, Pittston, PA 18640, (717) 655-6365. Call or send for catalogue

CHARLIE PARKER T-SHIRTS! Also Elling ton, Coltrane, Holiday (also women's shirts) Dolphy, Monk, Miles, "Bebop Lives," Mingus, Buc Powell, Dizzy, Dexter Gordon. Original designs, sat isfaction guaranteed. S-M-L-XL, \$7,00, BIRD LIVES P.O. Box 87M, New Lisbon, WI 53950.

CLASSIFIED: \$1.25 per word, \$25.00 minimum. DISPLAY: \$100 per column inch. Frequency discounts available. Call Laura at (617) 281-3110.

### Their sound made history...



### .. history repeats.

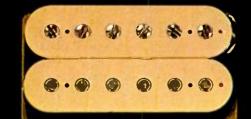
A newer guitar doesn't have the natural warmth and clarity of an instrument that's been played for 20 years.

This is why the DiMarzio PAF and VS-1 are not merely attempted copies of vintage pickups—
they are made to recreate the characteristics that have given these instruments the reputation they hold today.

Listen to the DiMarzio PAF and VS-1 and you will hear what we mean.

Available at all DiMarzio dealers.

VS-1

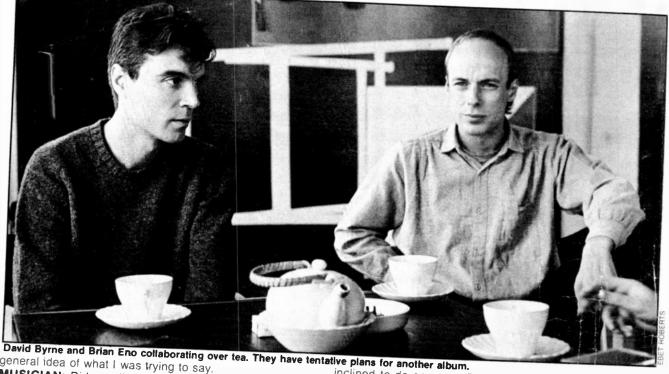


PAF

**DiMarzio** 

Musical Instrument Pickups, Inc. 1388 Richmond Terrace • Staten Island, N.Y. 10310 • (212) 981-9286

Gibson Les Paul and Fender Stratocaster are trademarks of Norlin and C B.S. and are not affiliated with DiMarzio.



general idea of what I was trying to say.

MUSICIAN: Did you find that the pieces were writing you instead of visa versa?

BYRNE: Yeah, I find that's true with a lot of music. It's generally thought it's the singer who puts the emotion into the song, but I think most times it's the other way around — it's the music which brings the emotion out of the singer. A piece of music, if it's exciting, demands a certain response from the vocalist, and the music brings out those emotions.

MUSICIAN: Now that some time has gone by, how do you feel about them?

BYRNE: I still think my voice is a little shrill when I talk or preach or whatever. That could be improved; it needs to have a deeper, richer quality, and I need to stop clipping my words and phrases as much as I do. Gosh, what about the words? I know you're thinking. I still haven't tried to figure them out. But they work as I intended them to: they have that implied religious, spiritual feeling. Impired, but not stated. I wanted to get a spiritual ambience in the words.

MUSICIAN: Tom Wolfe's great phrase for the '70s, "The Me Decade and The Third Great Awakening' somehow got shortened and secularized into just "The Me Decade." But it seems your new emphasis on spirituality is very much a part of our society's great awakening.

BYRNE: Yeah. I'm part of the same society so I'm probably part of the same phenomenon. The fact that our music implies a different kind of social order was sort of a way out for me, a way out of all the predicaments our society has gotten itself into. It's made me optimistic about things, it's been very rewarding to see how things work out on a musical level we've achieved more by collaborating and cooperating than we could have achieved by everyone asserting their individuality. It's exciting.

MUSICIAN: Maoist Pop?

BYRNE: Yes, and one of the things that was so exciting was that it wasn't just the theory that was good or moral, but that everyone shared in the ecstatic experience when it worked. It wasn't like we all got together to build a house or anything; working together was its own reward. And the reward was spontaneous. This music has helped me, helped make me optimistic, gave me faith in human beings a little bit; whereas, if I was just to read the headlines everyday, I might write really nihilistic songs.

MUSICIAN: You couldn't write another Buildings And Food ecord if you tried?

3YRNE: It would be sort of hard. It's just not something I'more

inclined to do anymore. But I get wary of talking about the spirituality thing. There's all these rock stars who have gone mystic, you know, Bob Dylan has found Jesus and gone soft or

MUSICIAN: Don't worry, we won't cast you as the Jerry Falwell of Afro-Funk. But on those first three records, you were writing lyrics from all sorts of different viewpoints, contradictory or otherwise. I mean: there were so many points of view. it was almost like Value Relativism — nothing is better or worse than anything else. In retrospect, wasn't this a bit of a cul-de-sac for you?

BYRNE: In a way, yeah. Because if you get too far into that, then you start thinking of all the possible ways of looking at something and you'll never be able to make a decision about it. For instance, let's say you're driving down the street and see a billboard, and you try to decide: should that be there or shouldn't that be there? There's so many different ways you can look at it: you could say it's an ugly object obscuring nature, or you can say it's a beautiful object because it says so much about our society. In the process, you'll never be able to make a decision. You can reason and reason. Which is fun, but it's mental masturbation. It's fun, but you can get stuck after awhile.

I think I'm out of that phase. I think in a way I was driven into it because people tended to identify me by the songs I wrote, and say. "That's what he's like." So I thought, "O.K., I'll show 'em, I'll write one from the opposite point of view!" And so on. It was a challenge. But I've stopped doing that now.

MUSICIAN: How has it been working with Eno?

BYRNE: Fine, fine. I don't know what I'll do in the future though. We have tentative plans to work on another record together. I don't know what it would be like. We didn't even know what Bush Of Ghosts would end up like when we started. I was pretty excited by that project the whole time I was working on it. The whole record, like Remain In Light, was composed in the studio. That technique eliminates the problem of trying to get a texture, a sound you've developed while rehearsing, onto the tape. Instead, by composing in the studio you get the sound first and then decide where and how you can fit it in. Once you've got it on tape you can never lose it you don't have to try recreating it again.

Not that there weren't days when we tried a bunch of things in the studio and most of them didn't work, and I'd come back home thinking, "Wow, what a waste of time. Lost it I guess."

MUSICIAN: You had "give up hope?"

BYRNE: Naw.